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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year *One Dollar* | Dearborn, Michigan, October 30, 1920 | Single Copy *Five Cents*

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Life of the Farm Loan System Threatened

The interests of the farmer and of every man the farmer feeds are being threatened by powers which seek to control both the producer and the consumer. The extent of the attack and the possibilities of its success are discussed in this article.

Shackling the Flood Devils of the Miami

Ever since the glaciers invaded Ohio and gouged out the Miami Valley, that part of the country has been at the mercy of destructive floods. Now man is engaged in a struggle with nature to determine whether this evil shall continue and the result is the greatest flood prevention project ever attempted in this nation.

Why the Jews Dislike the Morgenthau Report

A Quarter of a Million Polish Jews are entering the United States. You have read yards of Jewish newspaper propaganda about Polish "Persecution." Did you ever read what an American Jew, sent by President Wilson, has to say about it? Probably not—Because the Jews don't want you to.

When an American Woman Can't Vote

An interesting and informative article dealing with the experiences of a Daughter of the American Revolution who discovered that under the confusing laws of citizenship she had been deprived of her right to the ballot.

The Man Who Made Harold Bell Wright

How the "Dickens of the Rural Route" rose from an itinerate pastor of the Ozarks to a place among the most popular American authors. Though critics laugh at and profess to scorn his writings, his books sell by the millions.

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Many Men of Many Minds

Gifford Pinchot.—The people of the United States are the most wasteful in the world—wasteful in living, wasteful in manufacturing, and wasteful in their failure to conserve our national resources.

Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz.—If all our potential water powers were developed and every raindrop used, it would not supply our present energy demand.

Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, financier.—The Military party in Japan believes in a mighty army and navy. Japan is commercially, today, under a handicap which I should hardly attempt to analyze if it had not been done for me by the Japanese themselves. This handicap is the policy of the so-called Military party, which of recent years has been so strong as almost to constitute an actual super-government.

Boris Brasol, former district attorney of Petrograd.—The Bolsheviki have tried to convert the peasants into staunch believers in communistic ideals. They have endeavored to convince the peasant that he ought to give up his land but the property-owning instinct is something which the Bolsheviki simply cannot subdue. Much in the same way they are unable to compel the peasant to surrender the surplus crops to feed their Red gangs in the cities. The peasant contends that there is no need of producing more than he himself is able to consume since industrial production has ceased entirely and he can obtain nothing in exchange for his surplus.

Russian Peasant Refuses to Surrender Land

Rev. Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale University.—Education of a type adapted to the special needs and conditions of a given people is absolutely essential if that people is to be raised to a higher level of civilization. Nothing has struck me more in my recent travels than the determination of the forward-looking nations to try to fit their backward races through education for as large a measure of self-government as their capacities warrant.

H. G. Wells.—The abolition of war is no casting off of ancient, barbaric, and now obsolete traditions, no easy and natural progressive step. The abolition of war, if it can be brought about, will be a reversal not only of the general method of human life hitherto but of the general method of nature—the method, that is, of conflict and survival. It will be a new phase in the history of life, and not simply an incident in the history of man.

John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency.—Excessive interest rates offered in New York artificially draw money away from outside communities through their banks and often leave legitimate enterprises starved or pinched.

Dr. Marion LeRoy Burton.—Socially, we have achieved results worthy of our democratic aims. We have no actual class distinctions. Men and women of ability are freely given the chance to pass from one group to another. Leisure classes are rapidly becoming extinct. Respectability no longer attaches to social parasites.

Ernest P. Bicknell, Red Cross deputy commissioner.—Taken as a whole, Europe has made marked progress toward recovery from the effects of the war in the twenty-two months since the armistice. There have been periods of depression in every country, during which the gravest fears for the future were entertained, and in which little progress was made. A new spirit has taken hold of the western nations during comparatively recent months, and, barring a serious setback in the immediate future, their progress toward complete rehabilitation from this time forward should be rapid.

Red Cross Official Believes Europe Shows Gain

Honorable Arthur Meighen. Premier of Canada.—Every citizen who has the energy and ambition should have a chance to earn and receive adequate compensation for services rendered. Do not forget as well that, after compensation exceeds the value of services rendered, a stagnation of industry and unemployment are bound to follow.

Luis Carlos Portillo, consul general of Mexico.—A decade such as Mexico has suffered naturally has put the country back a great deal in development, and we cannot expect to overcome this setback, or repair the ravages of revolution in a day, or in a year, but, given time, Mexico will be as quiet, as hard at work and as prosperous as any country of its size in the world.

Sherman Rogers, editor.—Bolshevism has spread in the state of Washington.

Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Gailor, Episcopal bishop, of Tennessee.—We have inherited some unfortunate prejudices. We have had too much aristocracy in our traditions. We are too horribly respectable. Our ancestors left us traditions of state's rights. Well, the country had a fight for four years over that subject, and, so far as the country goes, it was settled for all time. But we never have had a fight in the Protestant Episcopal Church over this matter of rights, and, as it never has been settled, we have been lumbering along burdened by state's rights, diocesan rights and the independent bishop.

Baron Hayashi, Japanese ambassador to Great Britain.—War, even if successful in a military way, is not a paying proposition nowadays.

G. K. Chesterton.—The Socialists often demand real rights; they most certainly denounce real wrongs; but it is very difficult to get them to deal in any words so simple as right and wrong. It is only when they have called the workman a proletarian that they will consent to become conscious of his existence at all. They are dealing with great popular and unpopular realities that are as plain as poison and blood and beer. But they always dilute these definite things with watery floods of indefinite.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.—If the vote had been granted to women some 25 years ago, women's influence would have so leavened world politics there would have been no war.

Isaura Gabaldon, Philippine commissioner.—I wish to be careful to emphasize that the Filipino people have very friendly feelings toward the United States. We realize more than anyone else that you have rendered us a great service in assisting us to prepare ourselves to take over the responsibilities that will come with independence. We are practically unanimous, however, in desiring a Philippine republic, and we desire it for precisely the same reasons that you Americans desire a republic.

Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel, Anti-Saloon League.—Prohibition is not a failure. It is going through the same experience that state and local prohibition laws were subjected to in many places. Of course, the law is not very well enforced in some places because some public officials are derelict in duty and others are corrupt. The league will keep on guard. If we could win the fight with the odds all against us, we can hold the fort when the enemy is outside.

Anti-Saloon League to Stand Guard on 18th Amendment

George Creel.—The United States has sent some 14 notes to Mexico on the oil question. The attitude of this government has not varied in any particular from the time of sending the first note in 1916 to the present time. All we demanded then and all we demand now is the protection of American lives, rights and property, such as is accorded to foreigners in every civilized country of the world.

James A. Davis, Chicago Association of Commerce.—No richer harvest was ever offered to the fake stock-jobber than that of the present time. It is safe to estimate that at this very moment there are more than $1,000,000,000 worth of wildcat "investments" being offered to the public in this country. The United States leads the remainder of the world combined in the amount of money lost annually in financial swindles. States which do not have blue sky laws, notably New York State, are in the lead in the number of shady stock flotations. In New York State alone there are $100,000,000 worth of securities being sold which we refused to qualify under the Illinois securities laws.

Viscount Grey.—The best I can suggest is to make it clear that the very starting point of our policy is our conviction of the incapacity of the British Parliament to manage purely Irish affairs, and our determination to put an end to this tragic failure. And I want to see it clear beyond power of misconception, that within certain limits, frankly and honestly stated by us, Irishmen are not only free to arrange their own government but must do so.

President de la Huerta, of Mexico.—Our one desire is to form part of the concert of civilized nations by respecting all established principles for the development of a free people. Mexican laws are not confiscatory, and I formally declare it has never been our intention to give them such an effect. Nothing is more untrue than the assertion that the Mexican Government has forcibly deprived foreigners of their property. Mexico will pay all it justly owes in conformity with all recognized principles of international law. The outside world should be satisfied with this solemn promise.

M. Clyde Kelly, Representative from Pennsylvania.—One of the difficulties encountered in plans to stimulate building has been the unwillingness of private banks to lend money to home builders at low rates, it is said, because they can receive greater interest by lending to speculators.

Miss Mabel Boardman.—Woman suffrage, whether we approve of it or not, is no longer an opinion, but a fact, and with suffrage will undoubtedly come the additional duty of civic responsibility and, to a certain degree, of official service.

Judge J. W. Woltz, Buffalo, New York.—Under prohibition a man brings home his entire pay envelope to his wife. He comes home good-natured, not half drunk and surly and he takes the wife and the babies out to the movies. The change in home conditions is very great, and is a matter for rejoicing.

William Jennings Bryan.—The world is weary of war. If blood is necessary for the remission of sins, enough has been spilled to atone for the wrong done by all who live upon the earth. If sorrow is necessary to repentance and reform, enough tears have been shed to wash away all the crimes of the past. This last plague would seem to have been sufficient to release the world from bondage to force—if so, mankind is ready to turn over a new leaf and set about the task of finding a way to prevent war. The work will be made easier by the fact that equal suffrage brings woman's conscience to the aid of man's judgment and thus hastens the triumph of every righteous cause.

Blood Enough Shed to Redeem All Sins, Says Commoner

Samuel Gompers.—In the American Trade Union, founded upon the democratic control of the rank and file, there is no power lodged anywhere to call a general strike in the United States.

E. W. Howe.—I have never been able to understand that writing men are the real intellectuals. I should say that the intellectuals are those who have the best common sense and apply it most usefully.

Sir Charles Addis.—You will be making a great mistake if you attach the importance of revolution, as naturally attached to revolutionary countries in Europe and in the West, to an Oriental country like China. These revolutions are bloodless revolutions. The Chinese, perhaps more than any other people, have a standard of rectitude, a deeply-rooted, innate belief that right is might, and that those reforms which are brought about by force are not likely to be permanent or salutary to the people.

John Burroughs.—No one else looks out upon the world so kindly and charitably as the pedestrian; no one else gives and takes so much from the country he passes through. Next to the laborer in the fields, the walker holds the closest relation to the soil; and he holds a closer and more vital relation to nature because he is freer and his mind more at leisure.

Samuel G. Blythe.—The average American is an awkward radical. He functions clumsily as a red, a pink, or even as a mere glow. Communism is as vague to his understanding as internationalism, and internationalism means the foreigners in a certain part of the city who are always getting into trouble with the police. Since the war he has learned the term "Bolshevism," but that ordinarily types uncut whiskers, low brows and exploding bombs to him. If he has any radical ideas he cloaks them by saying he is a progressive, which is a status from which he can work in either direction and which enables him to retain standing with neighbors.

Average American's Politics Not Even a Pale "Pink"

Vilhjalmur Stefansson, arctic explorer.—The time is surely coming when a very considerable part of the world's supply of meat will be raised on the grazing lands, within and around the Arctic Circle, and when settlements of people will find life not only endurable but congenial along the highways leading to the North Pole.

James Lord, labor investigator.—Mexico is today consuming an increasing quantity of American-made products and with the peaceful development of the country this consumption is certain to increase rapidly. Of course there are many conditions in Mexico that are far from ideal. It is no easy task to uproot the peonage system, and the removal of illiteracy presents a staggering problem. The important fact, however, is that progress is being made and that there is a sincere and intelligent effort to meet the needs of the people and to develop the marvelous resources of the country.

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When an American Woman Can't Vote

By HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN

THIS is the story of the second time I became an American citizen. The first time was when I was born in Milwaukee; the second, when I was naturalized in San Francisco.

There were booths in all the department stores labeled: "Register Here"; "Women, Do Not Neglect Your Citizen's Duty." So one morning I stopped at the desk in the Emporium. The registrar began at once with pencil and blank. She asked my name, address, birthplace, politics; my husband's name, address, birthplace—right here the mayor-to-be lost one vote.

"Is your husband naturalized?"

"He has made declaration of intention to become so."

"Hm, Hm," she said thoughtfully, "I don't think you can vote, then. I'm afraid you have lost your citizenship."

"What!" I was somewhat startled. "Why can't I vote? I'm a native American citizen, a descendant of illustrious Americans who fought to make this country a country, and of others who later fought to keep it a United States. I, not a citizen of my own country? I—why I can't understand! And besides I've voted before," I ended lamely.

"Well, I think that the same law that conferred United States citizenship on me, deprives you of your citizenship. I was born in London, married an American and acquired his nationality. We had better not go on with the registration. I'll look into the matter at the city hall to make sure and phone you if you'll leave me your number."

I did. In a day or two she telephoned to tell me that our law made me, the American wife of a Canadian, a "Subject of King George!" "Any American woman who marries a foreigner shall take the nationality of her husband." Section 3, Act of Congress, March 2, 1907.

"But I haven't taken any Oath of Allegiance to Great Britain!"

"Neither have I to the United States," she answered. "It doesn't seem to be necessary in naturalization by marriage."

"Oh!"

Can you beat that? I was mad all through—yet I still had sense of humor enough left to think it screamingly funny—but nevertheless I was angry. Just plain angry. A descendant of a general of the American Revolution, a D. A. R. and a Subject of King George all in one! Whew! History studied in a New England primary school had left me no love for a former king of that name. In fact I have never quite recovered from a violent prejudice against England engendered in those early schooldays. I fairly hated the persecutors of the Pilgrims. And I hated still more becoming one of their nation. I really believe I could have stood with better grace being a French citizen or even an Italian or Dutch subject. But a subject of King George! Ugh! It's silly, I know—I would denounce anyone else for having the same feeling. Don't you think our public school history is at fault in this respect?

An Expatriated Patriot

EXPATRIATED! Involuntarily expatriated! Our laws on that subject are interesting. The old general doctrine was that "no person can, by any act of his own, without the consent of his government, put off his allegiance and become an alien." But times changed and in 1868 Congress declared that "Expatriation is the voluntary renunciation or abandonment of nationality or allegiance. The right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all people." In 1907 the modes of expatriation were defined also by Congress:

1. By naturalization in a foreign state.
2. By taking the oath of allegiance to a foreign state.
3. By residence of a naturalized citizen of the United States in a foreign state.
4. By desertion from the army or navy.
5. By marriage of an American woman to a foreigner.

Then follows this choice bit: "An American citizen shall not be allowed to expatriate himself when his country is at war." That ought to have let me remain an American. Or else someone should have dashed in and stopped my wedding crying, "Halt, she cannot expatriate herself! Her country is at war!" So far as naturalization is concerned, it seems we have still to prove that women are people. I wonder if there was any penalty I should have paid.

There was nothing for me to do, but wait till Will could become a citizen. I could not apply for naturalization myself, for these only are capable of being naturalized, if they can read and write and are of good moral character:

1. A free white person.
2. A person of African nativity or descent.
3. An American Indian, except a member of the five civilized tribes in Indian Territory (now a reservation in Oklahoma).

When Will became a citizen I'd be one—not before.

Queer laws—Mark Twain must have been more sad than merry when he said: "However, such is the human race. Often it does seem a pity that Noah and his party did not miss the boat."

Several months passed. The time came for Will to make his petition for naturalization. The whole thing was somewhat complicated because he had made the declaration in Texas. However, in due time, the California office notified the Texas office and their notary to take depositions from two citizens regarding Will's residence there. Well and good; but by that time his San Francisco witnesses here had moved away from the city, and it was not at all convenient for them to come to the superior court in the city for the hearing of Will's case. Week after week went by. Nothing was done. Will couldn't proceed without his witnesses. They couldn't come. I grew more and more weary of being an alien in this my native land.

Will was awfully busy. So I volunteered to go to the naturalization examiner's office to make arrangements for a substitution of witnesses. There I met a courteous gentleman who listened gravely to my request.

"Why can't they come?"

"They do not live in the city. It is inconvenient for them."

"Where are they?"

"Stanford University."

"Stanford University! What's that? An hour's ride. Inconvenient! Bah! It's anarchy! We'll subpoena them!"

He hadn't looked so turbulent. One simply can't subpoena one's friends. He talked at length on the subject of witnesses, "the most selfish people in the world." He told me of many witnesses in many other places who wouldn't drop everything else to help in this—the greatest work of all—the Americanizing of our foreign-born. We talked of women and marriage and citizenship.

"I understand that the suffragists are working to change that law."

"But they'll never succeed if I have any influence."

"Why?"

"Too much trouble has been caused the United States Government by American wives of aliens residing in foreign countries and seeking United States protection. A very complicated and bothersome source of trouble." He seemed very wise and learned in this, his own particular field, so I guessed we women were in for it; our husband's birthplace would regulate our nationality and allegiance.

Hunting for Witnesses

WE FOUND that we were both born in Milwaukee (a happy discovery). We had even more in common. We had both lived in the East and in the South, and knew many of the same places. We both loved Texas. I encouraged him to go on. He was happy to be able to say, without fear of contradiction from a native daughter, that he truly thought there were other states with charms quite equal to those of the Golden State. It's true that I'm a Californiac along with all the other Easterners and Westerners and "Subjects of King George" who claim this state as home. But it was a relief to get some of the pique against the whole naturalization system out of my own system by just listening to him criticize California.

I still intended to substitute witnesses, get Will naturalized, and become a citizen myself with no more delay. We went back to our starting point. He saw that we couldn't subpoena our friends. We would have to wait till they could come, or were too ill, or dead, or out of commuting distance. I expressed a hope that we could finish up before they went on their summer vacation.

"They are going away?" he asked.

"Yes, in a week or so."

He assumed out of the state. I didn't correct him. He would accept substitute witnesses when they had departed.

Will was frankly shocked. And still more shocked when I asked why I—expatriated through no crime and not of my own volition, and not eligible to regain my own nationality until death or divorce did us part—should hesitate to outwit a mere judge in an American court.

But Will, not I, was going before the court to swear to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and being of the stuff that makes good citizens, said "No." His no means no. So that ended that. After all we'd have to wait for the original witnesses!

However, I had made up my mind that I was going to vote for a President this November, and you know that a newly naturalized citizen can't vote for three months after citizenship is granted. Well, I went back to the examiner's office. I pretty nearly told him the truth. Mr. L., the witness, was not very well; chronic heart trouble, and was at his summer camp near by.

If the examiner had a sense of humor, there was no give-away twinkle in his eye when he gravely promised to accept that illness as a valid reason for the substitution. At last it was all settled. Before another week Mr. and Mrs. S. would come from Stanford to help naturalize us.

The Right of Citizenship

ANOTHER little chat with the examiner and a couple of books from his reference library revealed to me this history of the development of our naturalization laws regarding women. Looks as if we had grown backward.

"Naturalization is the act of adopting a foreigner and clothing him with the privileges of a citizen. A naturalized citizen becomes a member of society, possessing all the rights of the native citizen, and standing, in the view of the Constitution, on the footing of a native." (Since Will's naturalization, do you think that I am a native-born American citizen or a naturalized American citizen?)

Away back in Revolutionary days a certain Ann Shanks married a British officer and returned with him to England. Now for some reason or other the Supreme Court was called in and it declared that "marriage with an alien produces no dissolution of native allegiance of the wife. It may change her civil rights, but it does not affect her political rights or privileges. The general doctrine is that no person can, by any act of their own without the consent of the government, put off their allegiance and become aliens If it were otherwise, then a *femme alien* would by marriage become, ipso facto, a citizen, and would be dowable of the estate of her husband, which is clearly contrary to the law."

Along in 1839 our Supreme Court again handed out a decision that "a *femme covert* might be naturalized even against the consent of her husband."

It wasn't until 1855 that an alien woman acquired citizenship by marriage to an American. An Act of Congress on February 10 of that year states: "Any woman, married or who shall be married to a citizen of the United States, shall be deemed a citizen." Eleven years before, in 1844, Great Britain had passed precisely the same law, conferring citizenship on alien wives of British subjects. They went ahead of us then, and again in 1870 when a new Act of Parliament ruled that "a married woman shall be deemed a subject of the state of which her husband is for the time being a subject." We reached that stage in 1907 under Roosevelt. I'll get to that later.

Even now things didn't run smoothly for the State Department. Case after case was decided this way and that. For instance, in 1862 Attorney-General Bates held that Mrs. Preto's marriage to a Spanish subject in the United States and her later removal to Spain did not deprive her of her native citizenship. In 1877 Solicitor General Phillips decided that the marriage of Mrs. D'Ambrogia, an alien-born woman, to a naturalized citizen of the United States conferred on her "a permanent status of citizenship defeasible only as in the case of other persons," and further held that "her subsequent marriage with an alien did not affect this status." Then there was Mrs. Berthemy, born in France of American parents. She married a Frenchman and lived in France until his death. In 1866 Attorney-General Stanberry ruled that she was not a citizen of the United States. Yet nine years later, in 1875, it was uniformly held that a father's naturalization conferred the same privilege on his minor children. Now in the case of Campbell vs. Gordon, the child remained in Scotland fifty years, married and lived with an alien husband until his death, and still the United States court held her an American citizen though the grounds of the decision are not clear.

In the same year the Degallado case brought this opinion: "It would seem that the marriage of a female citizen of the United States with a foreigner, the subject of another country by whose laws marriage confers citizenship upon the wife of a subject, and her removal out of the jurisdiction of the United States and residence in the country of her husband's citizenship would divest her of her native citizenship. But it does not necessarily follow that she becomes subject to all the disabilities of alienage, for instance, as inability to inherit or transfer real property." Similarly in 1890 it was held "that her American citizenship was held for most purposes to be in abeyance during coverture, but to be susceptible of revival by her return to the jurisdiction and allegiance of the United States."

More Acts of Congress

STILL another decision had to be made in 1883. A French girl came here with her parents. They did not seek naturalization. She married an American citizen, and at his death married Mr. Pequinot, also a native of France who never sought naturalization. Then we learned that "an alien who has once become a citizen by marriage which is subsequently dissolved may resume her alienage by marriage to a native of her own country."

Nellie Grant Sartoris, General U. S. Grant's daughter, settled her case in a more original manner. Her husband was a British subject. Likewise she became one, and lived in England until his death. On her return home she petitioned the restoration of her American citizenship. So, the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled and declared she was "unconditionally readmitted to the character and privileges of a citizen of the United States." That was in 1896.

Verily, they had had trouble, trouble, trouble. Still even our most recent legislation won't wholly mollify the women. Here it is, in the Act of March 2, 1907: "To resolve any further doubt that might exist because of variant decisions of the courts and opinions of secretaries of state as to the effect of the marriage of an American woman to an alien, the citizenship commission of 1906 recommended, and Congress enacted the following: Any American woman who marries a foreigner shall take the nationality of her husband. At the termination of the marital relation, she may resume her American citization if abroad, by registering as an American within one year with a consul of the United States, or, if residing in the United States at the termination of the marital relation, by continuing to reside herein." In the same manner has the matter been fixed by statute in most civilized countries.

Not one word of the American woman who loses her citizenship though she never steps foot out of her native United States of America!

Mercy, how I have digressed from my own simple story! The naturalization court interested me greatly. I went along, not because there was any need whatever for me, but just to see what I could see. A small room it seemed to me (I had never been in a court before), and fairly crowded. Seated probably a hundred people. Folks sat mostly in groups of three. Foreigners, the larger part Italians and Spaniards. There were a

(Concluded on page 12)

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.

C. J. FORD, Vice President.

E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 1, October 30, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3 1879.

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Recapitulation

TWO years is a short time in the life of a man, a shorter period in the life of a nation and but a second in the history of the world, yet there are those who view the condition of the nations at the approach of the second anniversary of the armistice with alarm and who profess to feel that the world as a whole has done very little toward its own redemption.

Russia, they say, is in the grasp of what appears to be nothing better than anarchy. Austria is prostrated. Poland is in arms. Ireland is in rebellion. France is dissatisfied with the spoils of the victor; Germany is impoverished by the price of defeat and England and Italy are torn by labor disturbances. There is peace at home, but even here we are discovering that one cannot dance without paying the piper and we are facing the bills for our period of national and private extravagance.

The indictment sounds serious enough but before agreeing with the pessimists who think that everything is wrong, would it not be well to consider just how long the world was desperately sick before we attempted to pass judgment on the time necessary for its recovery?

It is claimed that the World War was 40 years in the making. We know that it lasted four years. Therefore, but one-twentieth of the time spent in making the war and only half the time spent in fighting it have so far been occupied by the period of spiritual and material rebuilding.

It is true that Russia has been undergoing revolution for four years. Is that too long a period? The French Revolution lasted for 10 years and kept all Europe an armed camp.

Admit that Austria is slow in recovering! What else can be expected of an empire which was politically and geographically demolished and which must actually be born again?

Poland in arms is but the reflection of Russia's condition. Ireland in rebellion is only indirectly a result of the war. Italy and England have difficult labor problems on their hands, but it is noticeable that the Bolshevik movement which was at the bottom of Italy's unrest is collapsing, and it cannot be said that the strikes and riots in England are much worse than several similar occurrences in the United States.

France may be dissatisfied but she is being paid. Germany may be impoverished in material wealth, but not in industrial spirit.

The period which we have entered in our own country may seem lean, but it has been balanced by the fattest years that this or any other country ever saw. We have known that the silk shirt era could not last forever, that eventually we must put on our overalls and go back to work, and to the credit of the people it can be said that thus far the change is being accepted philosophically.

Does it mean nothing when one considers the fact that, with the exception of Russia, the nations which bore the brunt of the war are hard at work paying their debts? Does it mean nothing at home that we are experiencing a bountiful harvest, that prices are coming down and that industry is rapidly adjusting itself to the changed conditions?

One does not need to be a silly optimist to see these things. It is, in fact, impossible to deny them. No man, unless he suffers from mental myopia, can look back on the condition of the nations as they wallowed through the quagmire of war two years ago without realizing that civilization's recovery has been a wonderful thing, or without feeling that this anniversary of armistice day should be marked by a spirit of thanksgiving rather than by one of apprehension.

The Alarm Clock Habit

A YOUNG man who always depended upon an alarm clock to awaken him in the morning one night forgot to wind it. In consequence of this, he overslept and missed an appointment in regard to an important position he was seeking. When he arrived he found it filled; another had been on time and secured the place.

"It was all on account of the alarm clock," he said to his friend when relating the incident. "No," rejoined the other, "it was because you depended upon the alarm clock and not upon yourself."

There are many people, both men and women, who have the alarm clock habit. They do not like to think for themselves. They depend upon some one else to tell them when a thing should be done, and oftentimes how it should be done. They like to lean upon somebody rather than to take the initiative. They say, "If I get into a tight place I will ask someone what to do. Why should I worry to work out the plan myself?"

In business there are many alarm clock men. If they are told to do a piece of work, instead of figuring out themselves the best way to do it, they will ask someone else. Everything they do is by rule of thumb. If the whistle was not blown at noon the probability is they would not go out to lunch. They want to be called and not to do the calling.

Isn't it a splendid thing to think for yourself? To decide for yourself? To act for yourself? To feel that through your own efforts you are building character, and business, and prosperity? To know that, although you may take counsel of older and wiser heads, the final decision in any matter is yours, and yours alone? To have the courage to do without waiting to be bolstered up by someone else whom you have learned to lean upon?

Try it for a week and see how it turns out. Let every day of the seven be a day of "derring do." Relegate the alarm clock of your mentality to the dust heap of failures to be found along the road of life. Look up and get your time from the sun, and let its rays guide you, and at the end of the week you will have forever done with the alarm clock habit.

A Fair Price for Wheat

NO ONE will contest the justice of the wheat growers' claim to a profit on their crops and, while the proposition has not proved sound in industry, one may even incline sympathetically toward their demand that the price of wheat be high enough to cover the "cost of production plus a reasonable profit."

But what is the cost of production?

Is the price of $3 a bushel, demanded by the farmers, based on carefully compiled statistics, or is it merely an arbitrary figure?

The public is not disposed to ask the farmer to work without profit, but at the same time it would like an answer to this question before accepting the proposed price as equitable, and it would seem as if the organizations which stand as the farmers' spokesmen would perform a service by coming forward with a reply.

The general supposition is that the figure is merely an arbitrary demand and if this is true there is no reason for believing it will be accepted with equanimity by the consumer.

With every business enterprise in the United States straining to meet changing conditions, with prices dropping and with labor facing a more or less doubtful winter, the farmer will need to present strong proof that he cannot afford to lower the price of wheat, or he will lose his case.

If, on the other hand, the farmer can show the justice of his claims, and at the same time can prove his charges that the reduction in the wheat and corn market has been the work of manipulators bent on securing control of the nation's food supply at a low price with the intention of raising prices as soon as their hold is secure, the public will make common cause with him and both producer and consumer will benefit by the closer relationship which will result.

Wanted: An Advertising Law

IT IS probable that one of the measures which will be proposed at the next session of Congress will be the enactment of a law against fraudulent advertising, aimed at the promoters of wildcat stock companies.

It is said by bankers, and agreed to by government representatives, that the public has been robbed of millions upon millions of dollars of savings during the past two years through the sale of worthless stocks.

The government attempted to do what it could soon after the close of the war but without much avail. The Capital Issues Committee, which protected the public from worthless stocks during the war, disbanded and its services were no longer available, the post office could not police the country effectively with the force and means at its disposal, and so the work was finally turned over to the Federal Trade Commission.

Efficient as the commission usually is in handling matters entrusted to it for disposal, it labored under a considerable handicap in this case since there was much doubt as to its powers, and because it was already deeply engaged in important work.

The investors' protective bureau of the Chicago Association of Commerce reports that there are at least a billion dollars' worth of wildcat securities being offered to the public at the present time. One hundred twenty million dollars' worth of fraudulent stocks have been driven out of the state of Illinois alone this year and public confidence in securities, formerly at a very low ebb, has been greatly restored.

It is found, however, that the blue sky laws of the various states are not in themselves sufficient to cover the situation. There is a need, it appears, for a national law which will compel the promoter of securities to prove the statements in his copy before his advertising is given to the public.

The trouble with most of the laws aimed at fake stock promoters is that they do not operate until the swindler has fleeced a number of victims. The thing that is needed is a law that will lock the door before the horse is stolen and there is good reason to believe that a national advertising law will fit the situation.

Business Schools for Farmers

MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is preparing to conduct 50 business schools for farmers this winter. According to the farm management bureau of the college, there are still a great many farmers who handle their accounts on a hit-or-miss system which is never accurate and generally so misleading that it does actual harm.

The bookkeeping system which is to be taught will be simple and practical. Its object is to enable the farmer to determine the cost of all his crops, so that he may find out which ones are making him money and which are sold at a loss. Armed with this knowledge he can search intelligently for errors in farm management.

The Department of Agriculture has but lately completed surveys of farm profits in three important regions of the United States which reveal the astonishing fact that most of the farms studied are earning less than $500 a year net profit, for their owners.

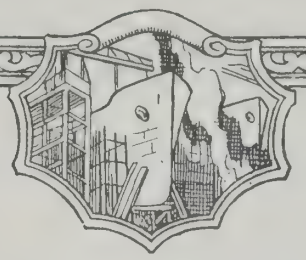
The studies covered seven-year periods in two of the areas and five years in another. Representatives of the department made yearly visits to the farms listed and compiled their figures with the assistance of the owners, so that the results are as accurate as care could make them.

The first group of farms studied was in the hill country of Ohio, the second in the corn belt of Indiana and the third in the dairy region of Wisconsin, from which it will be seen that the districts chosen were fairly representative of the nation.

Not all the responsibility for small profits can be laid to low prices, because during the last few years of the experiment prices were very high. Some of the blame undoubtedly rests on errors in farm management and it is here that the keeping of a set of farm accounts will prove invaluable.

The farm is the food factory of the nation. It needs the same efficiency in management, the same attention to holding down overhead expenses, the same detailed information concerning cost of production, that a factory must have to be successful. And it is a hopeful sign to note that this fact is so generally acknowledged that one college is finding it necessary to open fifty winter business schools to meet the demands of farmer business men.

Mr. Ford's Page



UNEMPLOYMENT has two sides. The first and most urgent, of course, is the individual side. A man's job is the means by which he negotiates with the rest of the world for his support. His job is the certificate of his right to be a man among men, because he is doing a man's part. When anything occurs that separates the man from the job, or that renders the job temporarily unnecessary, there is a break in the alignment of individual affairs. When this happens on a large scale, when many jobs suddenly become unnecessary for any reason whatever, the dislocation is serious. It is felt everywhere, of course, but it is felt most keenly just at that point where individual need and supply, or family need and supply, meet.

The other side is society's side. Unemployment is a detriment to society at large. It is not to be estimated in money, for this is one of the numerous instances where the interjection of the dollar sign gives a wrong significance to the whole matter.

Now there are two statements which are true, namely: There is always something to be done, and, There is no one but ourselves to do it.

Even in the face of unemployment it is always true—There is always something to be done. Suppose we see large groups of idle men from the building trades. They are unemployed. For the time being they appear useless to themselves and to everyone else: at least, unemployment tends to make a normal man feel that way. So, there they are—a large, intelligent and useful group—idle. What is the cause? Isn't the world crying about a shortage of houses? Aren't there enough demands for homes to keep the building trades working at full time and overtime for years to come? "Yes," someone answers, "but, you see, there is a shortage of building materials. These men have nothing to do because they cannot get materials."

Oh! there is nothing to be done in the building trade, because there is something to be done in the building material trade, is that it? So much learned; then there really is something to be done. There is unemployment here because there ought to be more employment yonder.

Or take a large factory somewhere which has closed down. You ask the men why they are not at work. "Can't get any coal," they say. Why not? "Not producing it at the mines." Very well; here is unemployment at the factory because there is not sufficient employment at the mines.

You go to the mines and inquire what is the trouble. "Can't get any cars." Then you go to the railroads and inquire into their trouble. "Can't get cars made fast enough."

The result of the whole tour is a pretty clear idea that certain men are not able to work because there are not enough men working somewhere else. Either the producer of raw material is handicapped, or the transportation of the material is handicapped and the result of insufficient employment at one place is unemployment at another.

And yet, while men here are saying, "Nothing to do," conditions yonder are crying, "Much to be done." That is the point. There is always something to be done.

If men cannot work because the material cannot be shipped, then the "something to be done" is on the railroads. If men cannot work because coal is scarce, then the "something to be done" is at the mines. If the building trades are idle because there is a scarcity of lumber, then the "something to be done" is in the great labor forests. The world's job never plays out. There is always something to be done!

Now, the second truth comes in just here: there is no one but ourselves to do it. The conditions at mine, forest, railroad do not right themselves. If it were a shortage of hay, we should have to wait until the hay season rolled round: the condition would right itself. But a shortage at mine, railroad or forest is not iron-bound by natural law, it is remediable by labor. Unemployment does not remedy anything. The very best it does is to wait for insufficient employment elsewhere to catch up. Sufficient or extra employment elsewhere will, naturally, make it catch up all the more speedily. If there were 20 men divided into four equal groups working on a job, and if one of the groups fell behind to such an extent that it held up the other three, what would be the logical thing to do? Have the three hindered groups turn in and help the group which had hindered them by falling behind, would it not?

Men do this on the farm, in the shop, in the store. When the stock clerk downstairs is slow in getting the stock up to the showcases and counters, the merchant does not close his store until the stock clerk can get the stock upstairs. No, he sends help downstairs and gets the stock up as quickly as possible in order that trade may not be interrupted.

Why are we not as wise in the industrial field at large? Why cannot there be a systematic and wisely managed transfer of men in order to prevent the failure at one point tying up the work at another point? This transfer, of course, actually does occur after a fashion. But it is a very haphazard fashion. We expect "labor conditions," or "economic conditions," or "business conditions" to right themselves by the accidental and undirected flow of the needed element toward the place where it is needed.

But men do not direct their own business that way. They do not say, "There is a shortage in the tool shop, but it will right itself; when the rumor gets around, men will begin to drift that way." No. They say, "Send 100 men to help them out in the tool shop."

In the great world of industry we largely trust to rumor to effect the change, and it is not effected very readily in these days. There have been numerous instances during the last two years when a mobile force of labor, available for three months here, or six months there, would have been sufficient to fill up all deficiencies and would have provided just that masterful reinforcement in the production or transportation of material that would have kept all business on an even keel.

There are always those who object to a suggestion like this on the ground that it smacks too much of officiousness on the part of employers. Shifting men from place to place, they say, is not agreeable. It savors, somehow, of indignity.

It need not be a matter for employers at all. Let it be entrusted to the government, or some co-operative department controlled by employers and employes for the purpose of maintaining an even balance between Agriculture and Mining, Transportation and Manufacture, and thus keep employment steady.

As to the shifting of men, there surely ought to be flying squadrons of young men who would be available for emergency conditions in harvest field, at mine, in shop, or on railroad. If there was danger of loss from fire, everybody would run to prevent it. If there is danger from loss by unemployment, people should be equally ready to run and prevent it. If the fires of a hundred industries threaten to go out for lack of coal, and 1,000,000 men are menaced by unemployment, it would seem both good business and good humanity for a sufficient number of men to volunteer for the mines and the railroads to prevent that occurrence.

There is always something to be done in this world, and there is only ourselves to do it. The whole world may be idle, and in the factory sense there may be "nothing to do." There may be nothing to do in this place or that, but there is always something to do. It is this fact which should urge us to such an organization of ourselves that this "something to be done" may get done, and unemployment reduced to a minimum.

THE world has never yet come to the point where there was nothing to be done. There is always something waiting to be done. In the most "idle" times, when shops are closed and men are out of work, there is always much that should be done. That is one of the mysteries of unemployment. With so many things waiting to be done, why should there be idle times? It seems to be a matter of distribution—like the question of food. If we could distribute labor, if we had mobile organizations of young men, who would serve as flying squadrons, going here for three months or there for six months as they might be needed to keep industry on an even keel and keep supply and transportation moving in order that every shop might be kept busy, it would help out one side of the problem.

The Man Who Made Harold Bell Wright

Message in "That Printer of Udells" Caused E. W. Reynolds to Publish First Book by "Dickens of the Rural Route"

By JOHN B. WALLACE

THE title of this article may sound like a pun but you may rest assured it was not intended for one. It is the truth but not all the truth, for if Elsbery W. Reynolds made Harold Bell Wright, conversely Harold Bell Wright made Elsbery W. Reynolds. If ever two men were interdependent for success they were these same two. The sheer business ability and untiring industry of the one and the genius of the other might eventually have brought them prosperity but it is doubtful if either would have attained his present pinnacle of fame and fortune. It took the mysterious hand of that master alchemist, Fate, to transform these two men—one a struggling bookseller, the other a poverty-stricken preacher—into millionaires of national prominence.

A peculiar kinship of spirit brought these men together and knitted them into bonds of friendship that have remained intact to this day. Wright has always insisted that Reynolds is the only man who understands him. Reynolds says that the inspiration of Wright's abiding and unshakable faith gave him the courage to persist in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties.

As I sat, the other day, on the spacious porch of the Reynolds mansion at Relay Heights, in Southern California, and allowed my eyes to roam over the magnificent estate—one of the show places of the Southland—it was hard to realize that some three decades back the owner had been ringing doorbells in the small towns of the Middle West in the humble and despised rôle of book canvasser.

The face of the man beside me was the face of a dreamer, a student. If you did not know the man your first guess would be that he was a college professor. Only the keen glint in his eyes and the square set of his jaw betrayed the man of affairs. But behind the soft-spoken courtesy, the kindliness of his manner, one caught a hint of that egotism that is ever present in men of strong will, an egotism tempered by dearly bought knowledge of human limitations. One sensed that here was a man who had risen through his own efforts, a man to lean upon but not one who leans, a man who liked to grant favors but not to ask them. And to one knowing the proud spirit of Harold Bell Wright, uniting the sensitiveness of the artist with the zeal of the exhorter and the positiveness of a genius, the thought involuntarily comes, how has the friendship of these men, both of such positive temperament, persisted unimpaired throughout these long years?

Perhaps the story of their lives is the answer.

Mr. Reynolds attributes his success to the lessons he learned through necessity.

"Necessity is as truly the mother of success as she is of invention," he says. "Many a man fails to find himself until forced by adverse circumstances. Then he makes or breaks."

Mr. Reynolds was born on a farm in Missouri. He went to a country school and then for a couple of years to a grade school in a near-by town, after which he was turned adrift to hunt for a job. Purposeless, with no definite ambition, he drifted from one job to another his only object being to find something which would enable him to exist.

Attracted by the glittering inducements held out to book solicitors he started out as a canvasser. He soon found that the promise of big money for easy work was a myth. He found that he had tackled one of the hardest games in the world, a job replete with heartbreaking disappointments. But his pride was engaged and he would not quit. Book canvassing is the acid test of salesmanship. The canvasser is not only trying to sell something that the customer does not want, usually cannot afford, but is compelled to invade the victim's home to do so. But young Reynolds found in it a freedom which he loved and an uncertainty that appealed to his spirit of adventure.

"There is no better training for a young man than ringing doorbells," he told me, as his eye strayed over his countless acres of orange trees. "It teaches him persistency, courtesy and gives him a knowledge of human nature that he can acquire in no other occupation. It was the knowledge I gained by talking to people in their homes that enabled me to realize the appeal of Mr. Wright's books. It enabled me to direct my advertising straight to the heart of the people who make up the backbone of America. That is why you will find his books, not in the homes of the wealthy and cultured, but on the little shelf beside the family Bible in the farmhouses and in the small towns. It is not always given to us to see that, although we seemingly are making no progress toward the great goal of success, we are unconsciously acquiring the qualities and experience that will eventually bring reward."

Book canvassing finally brought the young solicitor to Chicago where he spent ten of the best years of his life vainly trying to get a foothold. At last discouraged with the meager opportunities of a salaried man he determined to go into business for himself. With his own capital, amounting to but $115, he incorporated the Book Supply Company. Then began the real battle. Time after time it seemed as if nothing could prevent the little company from foundering. But somehow Reynolds always managed to pull it through. And then in 1901 came the event that was finally to set his feet on the broad highway of achievement.

Mr. Reynolds had always been an ardent church worker. While attending services one Sunday he heard Harold Bell Wright, a minister from Kansas who was substituting for the regular pastor, deliver a sermon called "Sculptors of Life" which so impressed him that he sought the visitor out after the closing prayer. This meeting proved to be the turning point in both of their lives.

Mr. Wright had also endured a life of toil and privation. He had contended with not only poverty but ill health. Born in 1872 at Rome, New York, he had been one of four boys, only two of whom survived. Left motherless at the age of ten, this boy, shy but proud, was early sent forth to do battle with the world. He had some talent as a painter and it was toward an artistic career that his first ambition was directed. Lacking the means to study under a master he was forced to turn his ability to such humble channels as decorating and house painting. While in the little quarry town of Grafton, Ohio, he had been converted to the doctrines of Christianity and his imagination fired by the possibilities of reformation in that field, he resolved to abandon painting and become a minister. With this end in view he—at the age of twenty—entered the preparatory department of Hiram College. He had no means whatever and was forced to labor after hours to subsist.

The strain of overwork proved too much for his not overly strong constitution and he was soon forced to quit college. He sought to regain his health in the Ozark Mountains in Southern Missouri where he obtained employment at farm work, painting and sketching during slack intervals.

It was here that he gained the keen insight into the character of the mountain folk that enabled him to picture them so accurately in "The Shepherd of the Hills" and other of his books. It was here also that he preached his first sermon. He found a peculiar appeal in his ministry to these simple people and soon he accepted a regular pastorate at Pierce City, Missouri. His salary was $400 a year and a large portion of that in garden truck. .

Soon after his marriage he received a call to Pittsburg, a little mining town in Kansas. Here in this rough little city the young minister found ample work for his crusading spirit.

It was while fighting evil in this little town that he conceived the idea for his first book, "That Printer of Udells." This was an exposition in story form of ideas for church reformation which he had been expounding from the pulpit. He saw that the church as it was then conducted was accomplishing but little good in the reformation of the community and he wanted to reorganize it on a more practical basis. He had no intention of writing a novel when he began the story but intended reading it to his congregation in lieu of a sermon. His friends, however, persuaded him that the work had merit and he set forth to Chicago to find a publisher.

Immediately he found himself confronting a stone wall of prejudice. Publishers could see no money in a book with a religious theme, especially with the scenes laid in the present. That was the day of the historical novel and the swashbuckler romance. Disheartened, Wright was about to return to his little church at Pittsburg when he met Reynolds.

Encouraged by the enthusiasm with which his sermon had been received he asked the book dealer to read his story. Mr. Reynolds readily consented but told Wright that he could not consider publishing it as his company was not a publishing house but mail order booksellers.

To alleviate the author's manifest disappointment, Mr. Reynolds promised him his assistance and advice in getting the book published elsewhere if he found it meritorious.

"I had hoped you could find means to publish it yourself," Wright told him. "I thought maybe it could be printed with paper covers to sell for about fifteen cents. I did not write the book to make money. I want to get my message before the world."

He was told to call the following Friday as the book dealer was too busy to read the novel except in the evenings after work.

When Wright next called upon his newly found friend a surprise awaited him.

"Mr. Wright," the publisher said, "I have decided to publish your book myself. If I can break even on it I will be satisfied in the knowledge that perhaps it will do for some other man what it has done for me."

As Mr. Reynolds repeated this conversation the other day he



HAROLD BELL WRIGHT



Mr. Reynold's beautiful home in Southern California, a show spot of the Golden State.

turned to me earnestly. You could see that despite the long interval of years he was still affected.

"There was something about that manuscript that took hold of me," he said. "We were having more than our share of business troubles and reverses at the time but after reading 'That Printer of Udells' I felt like taking off my coat and pitching in with renewed vigor. I felt also that a book that would inspire me like that would inspire others. The result justified my faith."

It was indeed from a business standpoint a desperate venture—an unknown writer and an unknown publisher. By straining his credit to the utmost Mr. Reynolds was able to raise $10,000 with which to finance its publication. A large portion of this money was spent on advertising. The first edition was twenty-five hundred copies. More than a half million copies have been sold. The book broke even financially in its second year.

Thus did the man whose books have year after year topped the list of best sellers get his first hearing. No small part of the immense sale of his works has been due to the clever advertising of his publisher. Mr. Reynolds knows this part of the business from the ground up.

"It is not as simple a matter as it would appear," he explained. "Logically, you must first sell the jobber, then the dealer and lastly the public. But in reality the process is reversed. The public must be sold first; that is, the demand created. Very few book dealers are real salesmen. They simply wrap up the goods and take the money. The publisher is the real salesman. He creates the demand by advertising. But he must see to it that the jobber is stocked with the goods to meet the demand. Otherwise his work is wasted."

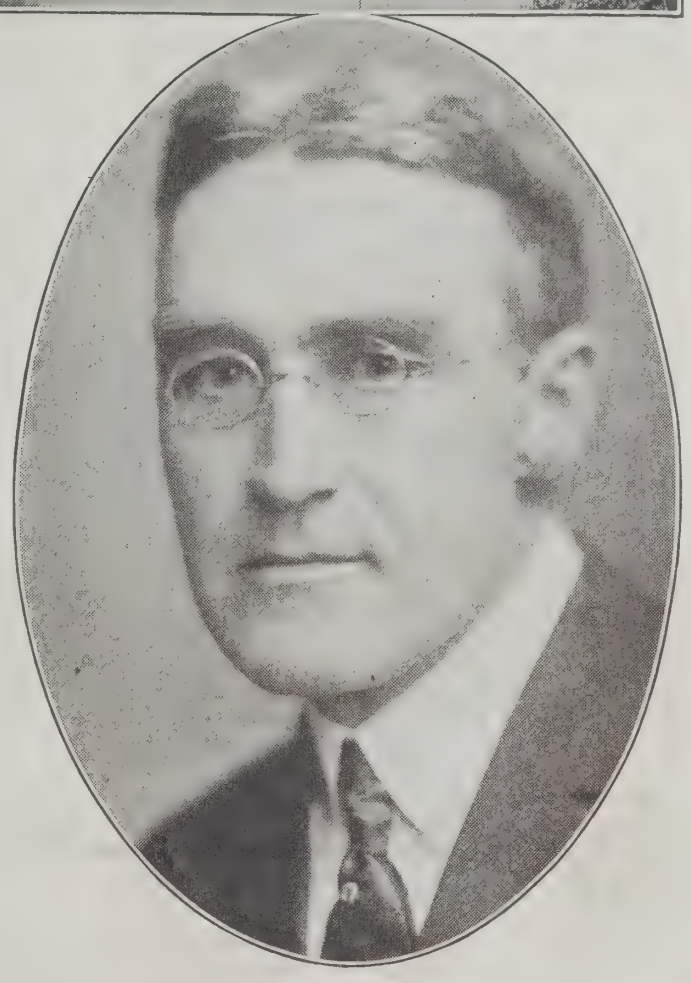
Mr. Reynolds does not agree with the critics who argue that Wright's books would have but small sale if it were not for the extensive advertising done in their behalf.

"No amount of advertising can put over a book unless it has merit," he said. "People may read the first one through curiosity but they read the second because they like the author. Mr. Wright's books have had a steadily increasing sale. The last two have each gone well over the million mark."

Perhaps no modern writer has aroused the discussion among the critics that Mr. Wright has. Every new book is the signal for an outburst of sarcasm among the reviewers. Mr. Wright has never outgrown a certain crudity of style. In his later books there is a tendency toward melodramatic effect that seems somewhat strained and artificial. But like many writers greater than he, what Mr. Wright lacks in finished technique he makes up in the power of the message he conveys. All his books have been written with an underlying purpose that grips the reader. The lack of polish is forgotten long before the message loses its force. He reaches the people he wants to reach. What more could be desired?

Both Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Wright have deserted the Middle West and settled in California. Mr. Wright, whose health is far from robust, spends a great deal of his time in the deserts and mountains of California, Arizona and Nevada. Most of his later books have been written while on the lonely desert or high in the mountains. He is very fond of the outdoors that has permitted him to retain the vitality to complete his life work.

Mr. Reynolds also came to California in search of health. The strain of the terrific struggle of his younger days was too much for even his country-bred constitution. He has gone back to the soil and personally superintends his immense fruit ranch. Already, he declares, he has added ten years to his life.



E. W. REYNOLDS

In his little study among the pepper trees on his half million dollar estate he plans the advertising campaigns for each new book by Mr. Wright but he leaves the execution of his plans to his associates. Twice he has left the Relay Heights home to superintend the filming of two of Wright's books but ten months out of the year will find him busy among his orange groves.

Many authors have importuned him to read their works but he turns a deaf ear. He has published only one man's books. Harold Bell Wright has had no other publisher. It is a matter of sentiment with him. Perhaps some day he will change his mind but he doubts that he will ever find another Harold Bell Wright.

The Romance of Soapstone

ROMANCES and soapstones may seem far apart; they may be now, but they were in other days about as close as romances and diamonds. Long ago diamonds were a real-for-sure luxury within the reach of few. So, of course, romances hinged upon other mediums.

When our fathers and mothers went to school, pencils of lead encased in wood, also pads of scratch paper, were uncommon. Susie had a slate, Johnny had a slate, likewise Susie's sister and Johnny's brother; almost every one of the boys and girls had slates. They also owned pencils of stone which gave out an unpleasant grinding or screaking noise when used. At rare intervals somebody would acquire a lighter colored pencil which possessed the envied quality of moving softly over the surface of the slate. The fortunate boy or girl would invariably proclaim it "a daisy 'cause it's soapstone."

In those old days of the long ago it was no small honor to have or to hold a smooth-marking pencil of soapstone, the acme of excellence by virtue of its ability to glide along without complaint. Of course, Johnny and Susie and the other unfortunates became frankly covetous. All the fellows would immediately begin to talk "a trade." Presently some sprightly, coy wearer of pigtails would proceed to put the unselfishness of the owner and the vulnerability of his heart to the acid test by asking a loan of the magic pencil "till recess." His compliance often revealed the identity of the girl whom he had been secretly adoring all the while. His resurrection of the scratcher which he had shoved to the farthest corner of his desk betokened a childhood romance budding and flowering with the fragrance of that in Whittier's exquisite poem, "In School Days."

Don't tell me that plebeian old soapstone has not played a real part in the motivation of Cupid's darts and arts. In that pencil rôle, however, it is now a has-been.

Soapstone is the name that loosely designates many minerals with differing properties. They are alike, nevertheless, in one respect; all have a peculiar feel or texture that reminds one of soap or, indeed, of grease.

Your grandfather and grandmother, possibly your father and mother, can tell you that soapstone can't be beat as a footwarmer. In the age before the introduction of the hot water bottle of rubber which we know so well today, stones and bricks were successfully employed in caring for the sick and as a rude sort of portable stove to make travel in winter less rigorous and more comfortable than it would be without the device. The preferred material was soapstone, for, though slow to warm up, it assuredly retained the heat.

This rock, scientifically termed steatite, is mined in Germany and the British Isles, also in many of our states including Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Georgia and Virginia. The quarries of Vermont undoubtedly produce the best grade for heating purposes, whereas the Virginia variety has established its superiority for fabricating or general manufacturing.

As acids do not affect soapstone, chemists use it as a substitute for cork stoppers, though glass is now more popular. Tailors mark cloth, for cutting or altering, with a type of soapstone that approaches talc in softness and which also serves as the body or base of many tooth and face powders. Tire talc, employed by chauffeurs to prevent friction between the inner tube and the outer casing, is usually nothing more than ground soapstone. Shoe dealers use this same material for dusting new footwear so it will slip on and off easily. This soapstone, or steatite, is a member of the talc family though somewhat more compact than the mineral possessing that name.

When carpenters are idle, the market for this greasy substance is largely becalmed; when these planers of wood and drivers of nails are rushed, the quarries show an increased business. Thus soapstone has become a dependable indicator or barometer, revealing the "ups" and "downs" of building activities.

Today the romance that started with the loaning of a soapstone pencil never happens; for both the pencils and the slates have gone out of style. The mineral now assists Cupid in two ways, and I surmise it is every bit as effective as in the long ago. Would feminine wiles be half as fetching if they were not abetted with face powder? And there are no statistics on how many shoe clerks have been bewitched while waiting upon some fairy-like customer, dusting the clever creations of leather, and trying them on a pair of dainty feet encased in a pair of silken hose.

Why and Because

Why do we use the expression "apple pie order" when we mean that things are exactly in their right place?

Because every Saturday a certain Puritan dame, Hepzibah Merton, made a practice of baking two or three dozen apple pies which were to last her family through the week. She placed them on the shelves in her pantry, labeling each according to the day of the week on which it was to be used, and the pantry, thus arranged, was said to be in apple pie order.

Why is an unmarried woman called a spinster?

Because women were prohibited from marrying in olden days until they had spun a full set of bed furnishings and thus, until their marriage, they spent much time at the spinning wheel and were, therefore, "spinsters."

Why do clergymen habitually wear black?

Because when Martin Luther, in 1524, laid aside the habit of a monk and adopted the style of dress prevailing at the time, the Elector of Saxony used to send to him from time to time pieces of black cloth, that color then being fashionable at the court. Luther's disciples thought because he wore black, it became them to do so, and thus it came about that the clergy generally grew to regard it as the only proper color for them to wear.

Why is a woman's allowance called pin money?

Because at the beginning of the fifteenth century pins were considered a very acceptable present by women, who up to that time had used wooden skewers. Sometimes money was given with or instead of pins, and was called "pin money."

Why do we say: "Mind your p's and q's"?

Because in ancient times, behind the door of each alehouse there hung a slate, on which was written, P., which stood for pint, and Q., which stood for quart. A number was placed opposite each customer's name, according to the amount he imbibed. He was not expected to pay until Saturday night, when he had to "mind his p's and q's."

Why the Jews Dislike the Morgenthau Report

The Samuel Report Is Printed Everywhere, But the Morgenthau Report Is Not. U. S. Jews Prefer to Have Americans Read the British Report. Why?

IT SEEMS a far cry from the Jewish Question in the United States to the same Question in Poland, but inasmuch as the Jews of the United States are constantly referring to Poland for propaganda purposes, inasmuch as there are 250,000 Polish Jews arriving in the United States on a schedule made by their brethren here, and inasmuch as the people of Poland have had their own illuminating experience with the World Program, it would seem that Poland has something to teach the United States in this respect.

Especially is this true since it is impossible to pick up an American newspaper without finding traces of Jewish anti-Polish propaganda—a propaganda which is designed to take our eyes away from the thing that is transpiring at the Port of New York. If a reader of these articles should say, "Let us not think about Poland, let us think about the United States," the answer is that he already is thinking about Poland the way the Jews of the United States want him to think, and the fact that he is thinking according to Jewish wishes in this respect incapacitates him up to a certain point to understand the entire Jewish Question in this country.

Three chapters back in this series we presented part of a hearing before a United States Senate committee on the census question as it affected the Jew. The immigration question appeared as part of that inquiry. Then followed an article which showed that Jewish authorities adopt principles exactly opposite to those which had been defended before the United States Senators. A third article followed showing how Jewish leaders resent the influence of the Modern State upon Judaism. All these subjects are essential to a well-rounded understanding of the Jewish Question as a whole in its relation to the United States.

Today we go back to the home of that quarter of a million people who are so rapidly being landed on our shores to see what they did there, and to find the basis for Jewish propaganda statements that these people are fleeing from "persecution."

We have five official witnesses whose observations have been printed under the seals of the United States and the British governments. The American document is a "Message From the President of the United States, transmitting pursuant to a Senate Resolution of October 28, 1919, a communication from the Secretary of State submitting a report by the Honorable Henry Morgenthau on the work of The Mission of the United States to Poland." It is Senate Document No. 177.

This document includes also a supplementary report signed by Brigadier General Edgar Jadwin, United States Army.

Morgenthau Displeased the Jews

THERE is a certain mystery about this document. Though an edition was printed for public circulation, it soon became extremely rare. It seemed to disappear almost overnight. The copy from which this present examination is made was secured with the utmost difficulty. The head of that American Mission, which remained in Poland from July 13 to September 13, 1919, was Henry Morgenthau, an American Jew, who had been United States Minister to Turkey, a man of excellent public and private reputation.

It is commonly said that the Jews did not like his report, hence its scarcity. This much appears: The Jewish press has never made much of it; it is not cited in Jewish propaganda; it has not had the endorsement of American Jewry. The reason appears to be this—that it told the calm truth about the situation of the Jews in Poland, and made very fair observations.

But it is indirectly that American Jews show the opinion which they hold of the Morgenthau report, and it comes about in this way: When the American Mission left Poland, the British Mission arrived, and remained until December. The chief member of the British Mission was an English Jew, Sir Stuart Samuel, whose brother Herbert is now High Commissioner of Palestine. He was accompanied by a British military officer, Captain P. Wright, who also submitted a supplementary report. The two reports were submitted with an introductory report by Sir H. Rumbold, British representative at Warsaw.

Now, of all five reports, the Morgenthau, Samuel, Jadwin, Wright and Rumbold reports, *the Jews of the United States have circulated only one*—the Samuel report. It has been printed in full in newspapers at advertising rates; it has been circulated broadcast as an American Jewish Congress Bulletin. Any number of Samuel reports may be obtained, but none of the report which a member of the American diplomatic service made and which the President of the United States transmitted as a Message to the Senate.

Why? Because four reports examined the situation all round and reported it without bias, and if they were printed in the United States and spread broadcast before the people, it would throw an entirely different light on the Jewish propaganda in favor of Polish immigration in enormous numbers.

Even when the Jews of the United States published the Samuel report, they did not publish the Captain Wright report which accompanied it. In the American Jewish Congress Bulletin, the Wright report was condensed, mutilated, and shorn of its real meaning; while in the *Maccabaean,* the reports of Rumbold and Wright are treated without courtesy and the Samuel report published in full.

Jews "The Most Favored People"

THAT the reader may form his own conclusions, the testimony of the five official witnesses (or six, if we count Homer H. Johnson, who signed the American report with General Jadwin) will be given on the principal points; the agreements and disagreements will therefore be noticeable.

1. *ON THE GENERAL SUBJECT OF PERSECUTION.*

Sir Stuart Samuel says: "Poles generally are of a generous nature, and if the present incitements of the press were repressed by a strong official hand, Jews would be able to live, *as they have done for the past 800 years,* on good terms with their fellow citizens in Poland."

Note how easily Sir Stuart talks about repression of the press. The Polish Press has at last obtained freedom of writing. It is exercising a privilege which the Jewish Press of Poland has always had. But now that it speaks freely of Jews, repress it with a strong hand, says Sir Stuart. He would not dare suggest that in England where the Press also is finding its freedom. As to the Yiddish press in Poland, the reader will find some information in Israel Friedlaender's essay, "The Problem of Polish Jewry." Friedlaender was a Jew and his book is published by a Jewish house in Cincinnati. He says:

"The Yiddish press sprang up and became a powerful civilizing agency among the Jews of Poland. The extent of its influence may be gathered from the fact, which curiously enough is pointed out reproachfully by the Poles, *that the leading Yiddish newspaper of Warsaw commanded but a few years ago a larger circulation than that of all the Polish newspapers combined.*"

Henry Morgenthau says (par. 7)—"The soldiers had been inflamed by the charge that the Jews were Bolsheviks, while at Lemberg it was associated with the idea that the Jews were making common cause with the Ukrainians. *These excesses were, therefore, political* as well as anti-Semitic in character."

And again (par. 8)—"Just as the Jews would resent being condemned as a race for the action of a few of their co-religionists, so it would be correspondingly *unfair to condemn the Polish nation as a whole* for the violence committed by uncontrolled troops or local mobs. These excesses were apparently *not premeditated,* for if they had been part of a preconceived plan, the number of victims would have run into *the thousand instead of amounting to about 280.* It is believed that these excesses were the result of a widespread anti-Semitic prejudice aggravated by *the belief that the Jewish inhabitants were politically hostile to the Polish State.*"

Sir H. Rumbold says: "It is giving the Jews very little real assistance to single out, as is sometimes done, for reprobation and protest *the country where they have perhaps suffered least.*"

Captain P. Wright says: "It is an explanation often given of what may be called, according to the point of view, the idiosyncracies or defects of the Jews, that they have been an oppressed and persecuted people. This is an idea so charitable and humane that I should like to think it, not only of the Jews, but of every other people. It has every merit as a theory, *except that of being true.* When one thinks of what happened to the other 'racial, religious and linguistic minorities' of Europe in modern times . . . . *the Jews appear not as the most persecuted but as the most favored people of Europe.*"

Brigadier General Jadwin states clearly that the "persecution" cry may be regarded as propaganda. He says:

"The disorders of November 21 to 23 in Lemberg became, like the excesses in Lithuania, a weapon of *foreign anti-Polish propaganda.* The press bureau of the Central Powers, in whose interest it lay to discredit the Polish Republic before the world, permitted the publication of articles . . . . in which an eye-witness estimated the number of victims between 2,500 and 3,000, although the extreme number furnished by the local Jewish committee was 76." (p. 15)

And again: "In common with all free Governments of the world, Poland is faced with the danger of the political and *international propaganda* to which the war has given rise. The *coloring,* the *invention,* the *suppression* of news, the *subornation of newspapers* by many different methods, and the *poisoning by secret influences of the instruments affecting public opinion,* in short, all the methods of malevolent propaganda are a menace from which Poland is a notable sufferer." (p. 17)

Of course, all this propaganda has been Jewish. The methods described are typically Jewish.

Speaking about the number killed, Mr. Morgenthau estimates the total at 258; while Sir H. Rumbold says that only 18 were killed "in Poland proper," the others having been killed in the disorders of the war zone. Sir Stuart Samuel estimates the total killed at 348.

2. *ON THE GENERAL CAUSE OF JEWISH TROUBLE BEFORE THE WAR.*

Sir Stuart Samuel—"The Jews in Poland and Galicia number about 3,000,000. . . . Public opinion had been aroused against them by the institution of a virulent boycott. This boycott dates from shortly after the by-election for the Duma, which took place in Warsaw in 1912. . . . Business relations between Poland and Russia were very considerable in the past, and were generally *in the hands of the Jews,* not only in the *handling* of the goods exported, but also in their *manufacture* . . . . Initiative in business matters is almost entirely *the prerogative of the Jewish population.* . . . Nearly the whole of the *estate agents* who act for the Polish nobility are of the *Jewish race* . . . . Attention must be paid to the fact that *Jews form the middle class almost in its entirety.* Above are the aristocracy and below are the peasants. Their relations with the peasants are not unsatisfactory. The young peasants cannot read the newspapers and are therefore but slightly contaminated by anti-Semitism until they enter the army. I was informed that it is not at all unusual for Polish peasants to avail themselves of the arbitrament of the *Jewish rabbi's courts.*"

That shows the Jews to have occupied a very favorable position in Poland and is to be remembered in connection with the previous quotation from Sir Stuart in which he says that if the incitements of the Press were repressed by a strong official hand, "the Jews would be able to live, as they have done *for the past 800 years, on good terms* with their fellow citizens in Poland."

Jewish Control of Polish Business

LET us take the points made by Sir Stuart, and observe what the other witnesses say about them:

(a) Beginning with the point as to the Jews' monopoly of business in Poland:

Sir H. Rumbold—"Sir Stuart Samuel would appear to be mistaken in his appreciation of the part played by the Jews in the pre-war business relations between Poland and Russia and in the *industry* of the former country. Whereas it is true that goods exported from Poland were to a large extent *handled* by the Jews, *only a small percentage of those goods were actually manufactured by them.*"

Captain P. Wright—"In Poland until the last generation *all business men were Jews:* the Poles were peasants or landowners, and *left commerce to the Jews;* even now certainly much more than half, and perhaps as much as three-quarters, of business men are Jews."

"For both town and country I think it a true generalization to say that the *East Jews are hardly ever producers, but nearly always middlemen.*"

"Economically, the Jews appear at the very outset as *dealers, not as producers,* nor even as artisans, and chiefly *dealers in money;* in course of time the whole business and commerce of Poland became theirs, and they did nothing else."

(b) With regard to the "estate agents" mentioned by Sir Stuart Samuel:

Captain P. Wright—"Poland is an agricultural country, but the East Jews, unlike the West Jews, play a large part in its country life. Every estate and every village has its Jew, who holds a sort of hereditary position in them; he markets the produce of the peasants and makes their purchases for them in towns; every Polish landowner or noble had his own Jew, who did all his business for him, managed the commercial part of his estate, and found him money. . . . Besides this, nearly all the population of nearly all the small country towns is Jewish, corn and leather dealers, storekeepers and peddlers, and such like."

(c) Regarding Sir Stuart's assertion that "Jews form the middle class almost in its entirety," with the nobles above them and the peasants beneath them (a typical Jewish position—dividing Gentile society and standing between the parts), this illustration may help to make it clear:

Captain P. Wright—"It is instructive to try and imagine what England would be like under the same conditions. Arriving in London, a stranger would find every second or third person a Jew, almost all the poorer quarters and slums Jewish, and thousands of synagogues. Arriving at Newbury he would find practically the whole town Jewish, and nearly every printed inscription in Hebrew characters. Penetrating into Berkshire, he would find the only storekeeper in most small villages a Jew, and small market towns mostly composed of Jewish hovels. Going on to Birmingham he would find all the factories owned by Jews, and two shops out of three with Jewish names."

Captain Wright is trying to give the people at home a picture of conditions in order that they may understand how Poland feels. The Jewish press strongly resented this. Sir Stuart Samuel's report is notable for the number of things he mentioned, and the few he explained.

3. ON THE GENERAL CAUSE OF TROUBLE ARISING DURING THE WAR.

Sir Stuart Samuel—"The fact of their language being akin to German often led to their being employed during the German occupation in preference to other Poles. This circumstance caused the Jews to be accused of having had business relations with the Germans . . . . The Government publicly declared its disapproval of boycotting, but a certain discrimination seems to have been made in the re-employment of those who served under the German occupation. I find that many Jews who thus served have been relieved of their offices and not reinstated, whereas I can find no evidence of similar procedure in regard to other Poles."

Sir H. Rumbold—"The fact of Yiddish being akin to German *may* have been the reason why the Germans employed a large number of Jews during their occupation of Poland, although a great many of the Poles with a good knowledge of German could have been found. *There is this difference, however, that the Poles only served the Germans by compulsion,* as they considered them to be their enemies."

Brigadier General Jadwin—"During the German occupation of Poland, the Germanic character of the Yiddish vernacular and *the readiness of certain Jewish elements to enter into relations with the winning side,* induced the enemy to employ Jews as agents for various purposes and to grant the Jewish population not only exceptional protection, but also *the promise of autonomy.* It is alleged that the Jews were active in *speculation in foodstuffs,* which was encouraged by the armies of occupation with a view to facilitating export to Germany and Austria." That is, the Jews were the means by which Poland was to be drained of its food supply.

Captain P. Wright—"But the high day and triumph of the Jews was during the German occupation. The Jews in Poland are deeply Germanized, and German carries you over Poland because Jews are everywhere. So the Germans found everywhere people who knew their language and could work for them. *It was with Jews* that the Germans set up their organization to squeeze and drain Poland—Poles and Jews included—of everything it had; *it was in concert with Jews* that German officials and officers toward the end carried on business all over the country. In every department and region they were the instruments of the Germans, *and poor Jews grew rich* and lordly as the servants of the masters. But though Germanized, *the accusation of the Poles that the Jews are devoted to Germany is unfounded.* . . . They have no more loyalty to Germany—the home of anti-Semitism—than to Poland. *The East Jews are Jews and only Jews.* . . .

"It had seemed certain that one of two, the German or the Russian Empire, must win, and that *the Jews, who had their money on both,* were safe; but the despised Poland came in first. Even now the Jews can hardly believe in its resurrection, and one of them told me it still seemed to him a dream."

Mr. Morgenthau does not touch this matter in his report.

4. WITH REFERENCE TO THE BOYCOTT, THE METHOD BY WHICH THE POLES SOUGHT TO LIBERATE THEMSELVES FROM THE JEWISH STRANGLEHOLD.

Sir Stuart Samuel—"This boycott dates from shortly after the by-election for the Duma, which took place in Warsaw in 1912 . . . During the war, owing to the scarcity of almost everything, the boycott diminished, but with the armistice it revived with much of its original intensity . . . . A severe private, social and commercial boycott of Jews, however, exists among the people generally, largely fostered by the Polish press. In Lemberg I found there was a so-called social court presided over by M. Przyluski, a former Austrian vice president of the Court of Appeals, which goes so far as to summon persons having trade relations with Jews to give an explanation of their conduct. Below will be found a typical cutting from a Polish newspaper giving the name of a Polish countess who sold property to Jews. This was surrounded by a mourning border such as is usual in Poland in making announcements of death.

(translation)

"Countess Anna Jablonowska, resident in Galicia, has sold her two houses, Stryjska street, Nos. 18 and 20, to the Jews, Dogilewski, Hubner and Erbsen. The attorney of the countess was Dr. Dziedzic; her administrator, M. Naszkowski. Will the Polish public forever remain indifferent and passive in such cases?"

This illustration of Sir Stuart brings to mind a practice common in England. It is related on page 123 of "The Conquering Jew," by John Foster Fraser, published by Funk and Wagnalls, New York, 1916: "The housing question in the Whitechapel district has reached such a pitch that there are large blocks of buildings where 'No English Need Apply' is a common legend. Whole streets are being bought up by Hebrew syndicates, whose first act is to serve notice on all Gentile tenants."

It is also worth stating in this connection, that some of the feeling which has recently led to race riots in American cities has been engendered by the practice of small Jewish real estate syndicates purchasing a house in the middle of a desirable block, ousting the tenants and installing a Negro family, thereby using race prejudice to depreciate the property in the entire block and render it purchasable by the Jews at a low price. Thereafter the property is lost to Gentile ownership or use.

It may be that in Poland a similar condition exists which makes the sale of property into Jewish hands a kind of disloyalty to the people generally. Apparently the Poles think so. "Racial prejudice" is not a sufficient explanation of such beliefs: there is always something pretty tangible beneath them.

The "boycott" was merely this: an agreement among Poles to trade with Poles. The Jews were numerous, well-to-do, and in control of all the channels of business. They own practically all the real estate in Warsaw. The Jews claimed that the so-called boycott (the Polish name for it is "the co-operatives") was "persecution."

Sir H. Rumbold—"It must be further remembered that under the influence of economic changes and owing to the fact that since 1832 the Poles have not been allowed to hold posts in the government, they were gradually obliged to take to trade, and competition between the Jewish population and the Poles commenced. This competition became stronger when the Russian Government allowed co-operative and agricultural societies to be started in Poland. The co-operative movement is becoming very strong and will undoubtedly form an important factor in the development of economic relations in Poland, so that indirectly it will be bound to affect the position of the small Jewish trader.

"In so far as the Polish Government are able to do so by legislation or proclamations, the boycotting of the Jews should be prohibited. But I would point out that *it is beyond the power of any government to force its subjects to deal with persons with whom they do not wish to deal.*"

Henry Morgenthau, however, takes a more reasonable view than his British co-religionist, Sir Stuart Samuel. Mr. Morgenthau says:

"Furthermore, the establishment of co-operative stores is claimed by many Jewish traders to be a form of discrimination. It would seem, however, that *this movement is a legitimate effort* to restrict the activities and therefore the profits of the middleman. Unfortunately, when these stores were introduced into Poland, they were advertised as a means of eliminating the Jewish trader. The Jews have, therefore, been caused to feel that the establishment of co-operatives is an attack upon themselves. While the establishment and the maintenance of co-operatives may have been influenced by anti-Semitic sentiment, *this is a form of economic activity which any community is perfectly entitled to pursue.*"

It is not difficult, therefore, to see through the eyes and minds of these five men the situation that prevailed in Poland. Eight hundred years ago, Poland opened her gates to the persecuted Jews in all Europe. They flocked there and enjoyed complete freedom; they were even allowed to form a "state within a state," governing themselves in all Jewish matters and doing business with the Polish Government only through their own chosen spokesmen and representatives. The Polish people were their friends, evincing neither religious nor racial antipathy to them. Then Europe fell upon Poland, divided her asunder, until in the roster of the nations there was no more Poland, except in the hearts of the Polish people. During this period of Poland's humiliation, the Jews grew to be a mighty power, ruling the Poles, regulating their very lives. The Great War came with its promise of liberation and the restoration of a Polish free government. The Jews were not favorable to that restoration. They were not Poland's friends. The Poles resented this and at the signing of the armistice when they were free to express their resentment, they did so. Many regrettable things occurred, but they were not unintelligible. They had explanatory backgrounds. Even the armistice was not the end. The Bolsheviks from Russia came down upon Poland, and once more, so the Poles strongly declare, the Jews were against the land that had sheltered them for 800 years.

These are a few of the facts. Another article will be required to complete the story. In the meantime enough has been said to show the utter wrong which Jewish propaganda in the United States has done to Poland. But the purpose was not altogether to injure Poland; it was also to blind the American people, and cause them to view with equanimity the great influx of those same Jews into this country.

A book containing over 200 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Another dastardly outbreak of anti-Semitism has been discovered—Jewish Christians ask permission to live in Palestine! Think of it! In *The Scribe,* a Jewish publication of Portland, Oregon, is an editorial entitled, "Hebrew Christians." It is very instructive. It reads in part: "Albinos are generally objects of pitying animosity. Dime museums used to advertise dismal hybrids to attract the curious. Some forms of religious enterprise still go in for this sort of thing and send about the country Jews hired to dress and talk like Christians. It is one of the most appalling sensations to hear one of these obvious brothers of Gideon calmly banter the bond beliefs in the salvationist theory of our day. It gives one a sickish feeling. When one realizes that he does it to make a living, one pities a fellow Jew who has to carry such a heavy cross. One Mark John Levy has been hectoring the Jewish Congress. He importunes it to allow Hebrew Christians to live and be a part of the Palestine nation. Mr. Levy is naturally not at all sincere in his request. He knows that a maverick like that will be as much in place in Zion as a Jewish doctor ushering in a Christian Science church. What he really wants is to show off and to issue proclamations and to make himself solid with the superannuated celibates who are putting up the money for his salary and expenses. He badgered B. G. Richards into writing him a polite and formal note, and he published it. As a sample of how polite B. G. R. can be, it is great and I will say welcome, and it also tells Mark to get up and not clutter up the doorstep with his trash. He wants to contribute to the congress. He is refused the privilege. He wants to live in Palestine . . . ." The rest of the editorial, very coarse in its allusion to Christianity, is reserved to a future time. For the present, it is sufficient to know that Hebrew Christians are not wanted in the Hebrew nation.

At a secret meeting of Jewish leaders which was held at Chicago to discuss THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S series of Jewish articles, it was decided to employ a large committee of scholars, regardless of race or religion, to attempt some offset to the articles.

"In Rumania the Jews of Bessarabia receive special 'emigration' passports, which, without taking the responsibility of declaring the bearers to be Rumanian subjects, give them the right to leave the country. These special passports are accepted by the American authorities. The American consulate in Warsaw gives visés to about 5,000 Polish Jews a month, and the consulate in Bucharest gives visés to about 1,000 Bessarabian Jews."—Chicago *News.*

One thousand "Hebrew Brothers" met in New York, October 17, and considered THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S articles. They appointed a committee of five to attend the next session of Congress and urge the passage of a law against that paper.

Herewith is presented the contribution of one prominent American rabbi to the study of the Jewish Question—"insult," "psychic disturbance," "clumsy," "stupid," "libel," "screed," "contents of old garbage pails," "abysmal ignorance," "malignity," "forgery," "abominably false," "dastardly," "defamation," "skulking," "pogromism," "hooligan," "columny."

Henry Morgenthau made $500 political campaign contributions for himself and each of his 11 grandchildren.

Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, of New York, recently preached a sermon denouncing the articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. The church in which this clergyman preached was for years known as The Church of The Messiah. He expunged the name of "Messiah" and selected a Jewish rabbi to become associate editor with him on *Unity,* a paper formerly edited by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago.

At Ellis Island, more than 6,000 immigrants are detained on account of disease. With few exceptions they are Jews from Poland.

Shackling the Flood Devils of the Miami

THE eyes of the engineering world are turned today toward the Miami Valley of Ohio, where there is being carried on the greatest flood protection project under construction in any part of the world. Engineers have come from China and Japan, from almost every country of Europe, from South America and from all corners of our own United States to study the materialization of the ingenious plans, formulated by the greatest engineering talent of this country, to save one of the most fertile of America's garden spots from the horrors and losses of the great floods which have so often laid it waste.

Although the impelling motive which fostered the creation of the Miami Conservancy District and the work which is being done under its authority was the great flood of 1913, the valley has always been subject to disasters of this kind and has been swept time and again by disastrous periods of high water. The records show that there has been a great flood in the Miami region at least once in every ten years and that on many other occasions the water has been high enough to cause great loss throughout the rural districts.

The Miami drainage basin lies in Southwestern Ohio. It has an area of 4,000 square miles, including all or parts of 15 counties, eight cities or villages and thousands of highly developed and very productive farms. The chief tributary streams of the Miami River are Mad River, Stillwater River, Four Mile Creek, Twin Creek and Loramie Creek. The Miami is something over 150 miles long, extending from the Lewiston reservoir to a point 20 miles below Cincinnati where it joins the Ohio.

Dayton, the principal city, lies just below the confluence of the Stillwater, Mad and Miami rivers while Hamilton is in a still more vulnerable position since Twin Creek, which is a vicious stream in the time of heavy rains, empties into the Miami River above the city and adds greatly to the flood problem of this community.

Excessive rainfall in the valley is always the forerunner of flood waters. This is due partially to the soil composition and partially to the exceedingly large number of drainage ditches which, while they improve thousands of acres of land, carry the water off very rapidly and turn the normally placid tributary streams of the main river to raging torrents overnight. The bed of the Miami is not proportioned to care for excessive discharges and the natural result is that even a moderate flood causes it to overflow its banks and spread across the lowlands, while any such flow as that experienced during the several high water periods of the valley's history always results in great damage.

The first agitation for flood prevention works arose in the cities of Hamilton and Dayton and both of these communities summoned experts to study the situation with the view to making channel improvements which would carry the flood waters by. In the course of the surveys it was discovered that while this method promised the earliest results it was not an adequate solution of the problem. In the first place the river channels in and about the cities had a capacity of only 33 per cent of the 1913 flood, and the work of enlarging them meant the expenditure of millions of dollars in grade changes, the construction of levees and bridges and the destruction of a vast amount of highly developed property.

In addition to this feature, it was apparent that such channel improvements would offer no protection to the valley at large but would merely serve to hurry the waters through the cities and spread them upon the defenseless agricultural lands. Enlargement of the channel throughout the entire valley was not practical because it would mean a 90 per cent addition to the present river bed for a distance of approximately 150 miles, an expense which would be prohibitive.

The cities, considering all of these things, decided to sacrifice their immediate safety for the sake of safeguarding the whole valley through some comprehensive plan of flood prevention and instructed their engineers to make studies to that end. The people were quite well aware, when they took this step, that it meant a delay in safeguarding their own interests and that it meant also they would bear a heavy burden of taxes for improvements spent in protecting property other than their own. It is to their everlasting credit that they chose the big and the broad way, restraining their impatience to see dirt flying immediately and counting the community gain rather than the private cost.

The plan finally recommended and adopted consists of a series of five retarding basins or reservoirs formed by building dams across the valleys of the Miami and its tributaries. There are permanent conduits in the base of the dams through which the streams flow at their normal rate in ordinary times.

The theory of the project is that when heavy rainfalls create a flood and the rivers rise these conduits will permit the water to pass downstream only as rapidly as the river channels can accommodate it while all in excess of this will accumulate in the retarding basins behind the dams. The result will be that a flood like that of 1913, in which almost one and one-half million acre feet of water rushed down the valley in four days, will now be held back by the dams, stored in the reservoirs and released gradually over a period of two weeks or more.

These five reservoirs will have a capacity of 900,000 acre feet of water (an acre foot is the amount of water necessary to cover one acre of land to the depth of one foot) or 60 per cent of the total amount of water that passed down the valley in the flood of 1913. This, with the discharging capacity of the permanent conduits at the base of the dam, will enable the retarding basins to control a flood 40 per cent greater than that of 1913, assuring what the engineers believe to be an adequate margin of safety under any possible conditions.

There were several factors favorable to such a plan as this. One was the existence of natural basins in the valleys, another was the fact that the composition of the soil was excellent for the construction of earth dams and a third was the presence of natural foundations of bedrock at strategic points for the construction of spillways and conduits.

The finest engineering talent of the country was summoned to the valley to test the theory of this plan, and before a single dollar had been spent on equipment or the first dirt thrown, the District had received repeated assurances that it was on the right road.

Practically five years were spent in developing the plans on which the work of construction is now proceeding, or about a year longer than it is expected the actual work of building will consume. "Make sure you're right then go ahead," was the motto of the board of directors and nothing could move them from that position. Time has proved that not a day of their deliberations was wasted because the time devoted to surveys and planning made it possible to gather a picked corps of experienced engineers, to build up the nucleus of a construction force and to determine exactly what equipment would be necessary to carry on the work. Consequently when construction work started in earnest it struck and held a pace which has shattered all previous records in tasks of this kind.

The dams, which are the most imposing part of the work to a layman because of their great size, are being built along lines developed during a long and careful study. The causes of failure in 200 dams built in the past were thoroughly analyzed and every care taken to profit by these lessons and to insure works which would stand for all time.

It may not carry much significance to the lay mind to say that nine million yards of earth and 190,000 yards of concrete will be used in the five dams and their appurtenances, but there should be no difficulty in visualizing these figures when it is explained that the lowest of the five dams is 65 feet high and 3,340 feet long while the crest of the highest dam is 120 feet above the valley and 4,660 feet in length. All the dams are 25 feet wide at the top and their crests will be used for highways. Their thickness at the valley level varies, the Huffman dam being 380 feet wide at its base, while the Englewood dam has more than three times that breadth. The outer surfaces of the slopes will be covered with soil and planted to grass and hardy shrubs. Paved gutters will care for rainfall in a manner which will preclude any danger from erosion.

The hydraulic fill method has been adopted in the building of the dams as being both superior to and more economical than the older method of roll fill. One of its advantages is that the bulk of the work is done by machinery and this is immediately noticeable to the observer who visits one of these giant works for the first time. There are fewer men in sight on the Englewood dam, which is the largest of the five, than one may sometimes see on a stretch of state road under process of construction.

The process on the Englewood dam, which is followed with small variations on all the other barriers that are being thrown across the valleys, is interesting and is easily grasped. Construction cars are filled with earth at a point above the dam known as the "borrow pit" and this material is then hauled to a position alongside the dam and dumped into a so-called "hog box" where it is washed down by hydraulic streams into a revolving "grizzly" or screen. In the screen the large stones are thrown out while the earth and gravel sifts through and is carried by the water into great pumps which hurl their contents through lines of steel pipes.

Converging streams from these pipes work from each side of the dam. The gravel being heaviest falls and comes to rest soonest while the sand and clay is carried in toward the heart of the structure and settles so that with the passing off of the water there is left an impervious core, which is flanked on each side by thick walls of stone and gravel. Thus the dam, at one operation, is endowed with both imperviousness and strength, the two qualities which are absolutely essential in a work of this kind.

If six hundred men with teams could be placed on one dam and worked to the limit of their strength they could not deliver as much material as these two pipelines are capable of doing. Rather significant of the spirit of the whole work is the way in which the valley has harnessed its ancient enemy and put it at work in defense of the lands it once despoiled.

Next to the dams themselves the feature of the work which is of the greatest interest lies in the massive concrete outlet structures. At three of the dams the outlet works and spillways are combined and at the remaining two they are completely separated but in all cases the principle of the outlets is the same. It is not believed by the engineers that the spillways will ever be necessary, but the conduits are the key of the whole project.

It is necessary that these openings, which are permanent and without gates, must be kept open, and to prevent floating masses of timber from obstructing them rows of concrete piers are to be built in the stream above while booms strongly anchored to masonry will also assist in holding back drifting debris. To prevent erosion by water, the bed of the stream as well as the toe and the slopes of the dam near the entrance to the conduits will be paved with stone.

Below the downstream end of the conduits there is built what the engineers know as a hydraulic jump. This is, in effect, an artificial channel of concrete and is constructed with a view to destroying the terrific force with which the water leaves the conduits under the heavy head developed in the retarding basins. This ingenious plan was worked out in actual detail upon small models before being adopted. As the stream is shot forth from the conduits at a rate as high as 60 feet a second, it whirls down a series of irregular steps, plunges into a deep pool of comparatively still water and almost simultaneously dashes against a massive 15-foot concrete wall and throws up a standing wave of considerable height and volume. Leaping this barrier the water falls into another pool and again strikes a strong wall which throws it into the air a second time. So thoroughly has the current been broken by this time and so greatly has its strength been dissipated in foam and spray that it leaves the last barrier comparatively tame, flowing steadily and powerfully to be sure but minus the wild velocity it possessed when it boiled forth from the conduits only a hundred feet back.

It is estimated that a flood 40 per cent greater than the one of 1913 would cover 35,600 acres of territory behind the five dams. In the beginning it was hoped that easements could be procured for a reasonable fee that would give the district the right to flood those acres which lie in the retarding basins. The owners, however, asked such a high price for the easements that the district decided it would be cheaper to buy most of the land and accordingly purchased 35,000 acres. This has since proved to be one of the best investments of the entire project. The land, lying mostly in the river bottoms, is the richest of the valley and the district lost no time in employing a farm manager and a force of men to work its new fields. Some of the remaining land has been leased, there being about 100 acres which are renting for $100 an acre while several farms have been resold at a profit to the district. The prospect seems to be that the district, because of its foresight in purchasing this land will not only make considerable profit on its holdings, but will have all the flood rights necessary and in addition to this will be richer by the creation of several hundred acres of beautiful park property along the banks of the little lakes which will be formed at four points in the valley.

It has been shown that instead of impoverishing the lands in the reservoirs the dams will be a positive benefit and will make them even richer than they are today. In the past the floods have frequently destroyed large sections of valuable farming land. In some instances the waters stripped off the top soil and in others it buried the fields under deposits of rock and gravel. In both cases the land was made useless for agricultural purposes. Now, however, with the flood waters held back by the dams and lying in comparative quiet, the rich silt which they carry will be deposited on all those acres within the retaining basins.

The benefits to be derived from this protection by 75,000 pieces of property were estimated by the board of appraisers to amount to $75,000,000. This estimate became the basis of a 30-year bond issue from which $35,000,000 was realized. Of this amount Dayton and Hamilton stand by far the greater share.

In the agricultural districts only those lands which receive a direct benefit from the flood prevention work are taxed. The cities, however, pay a general flood prevention tax and in addition to this, the owners of property which receives protection pay an additional

(Concluded on page 15)

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS ON GREAT PROJECT

The greatest flood prevention work of the kind ever attempted in the United States.

To cost $35,000,000 when completed in 1922.

District extends up the Miami Valley 100 miles, contains 8 cities and includes parts of 9 counties.

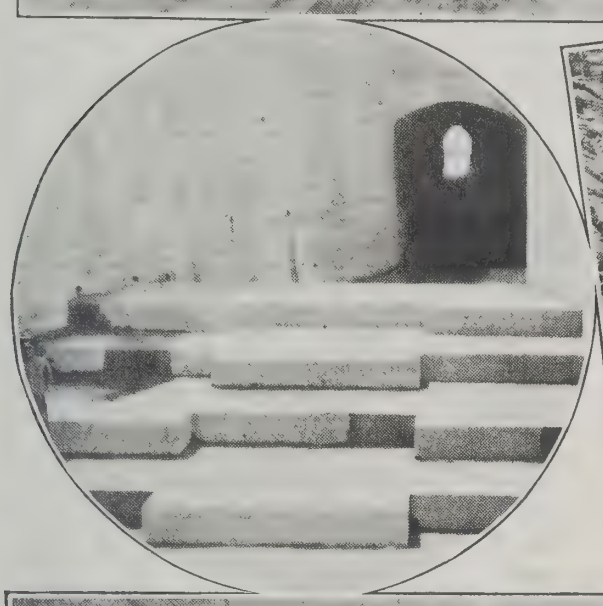
Project consists of five great dams and retarding basins supplemented by channel improvements in the cities and at other strategic points.

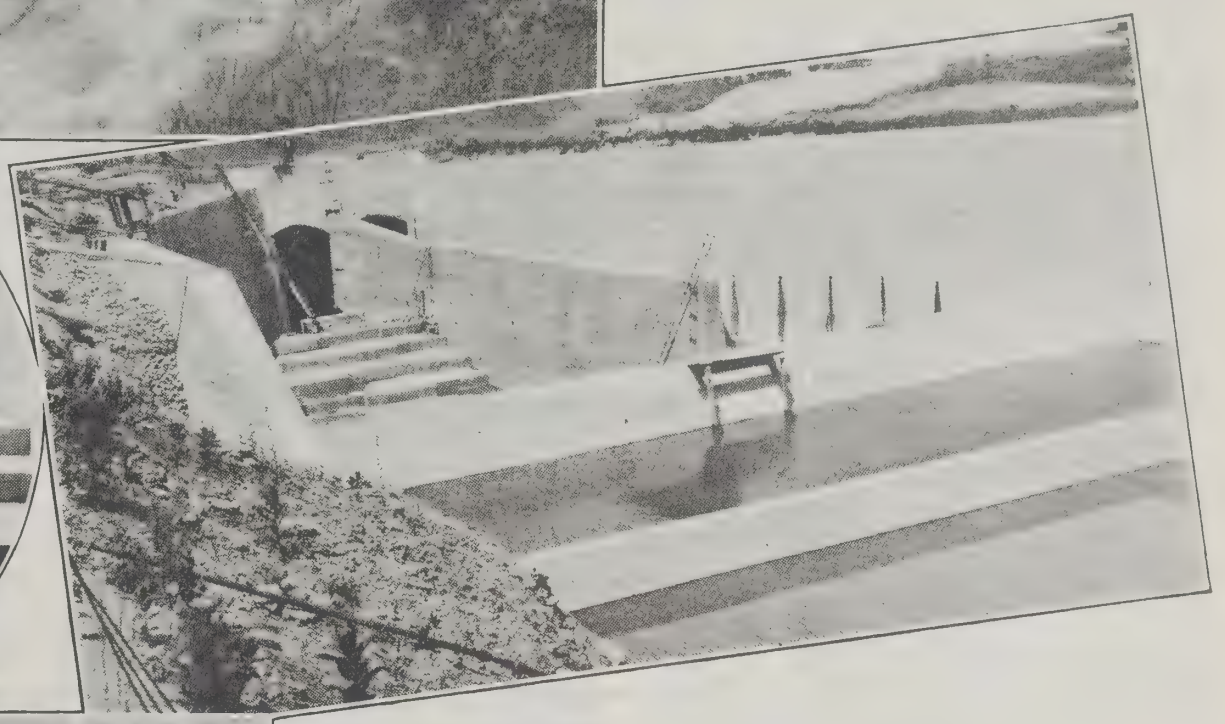
Permanent concrete conduits at base of dams are so proportioned that no more water can pass through them than river channels will carry away. All flood water in excess of this will be held by dams in retarding basins, and will run off gradually.

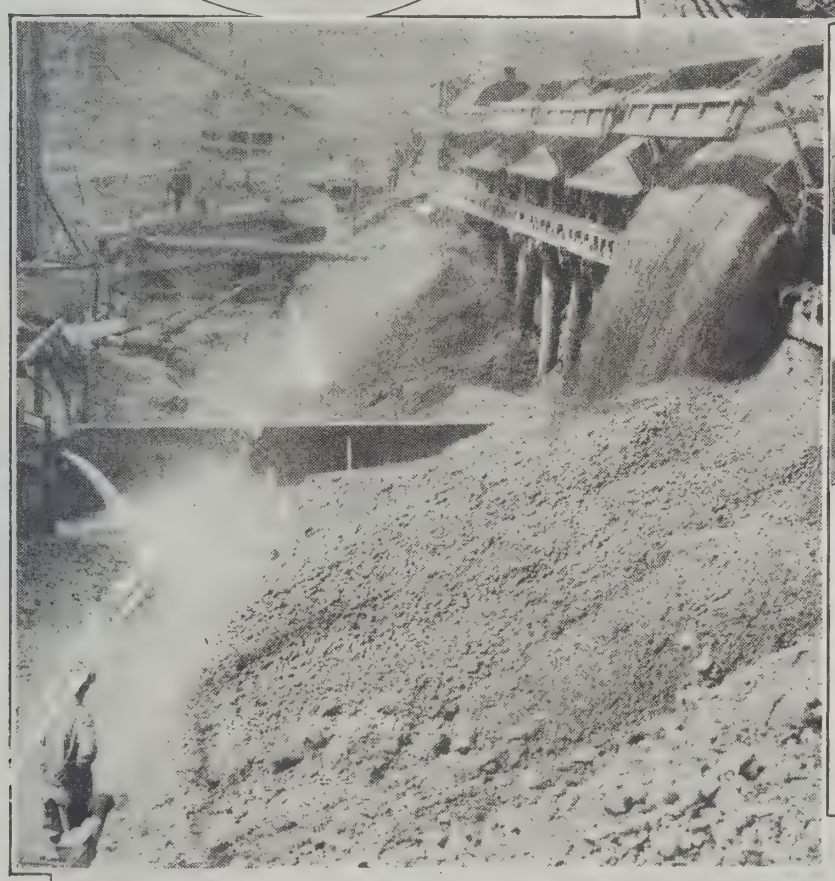
When construction is finished a flood 40 per cent greater than that of 1913 will flood one-third less territory. The 1913 flood did $100,000,000 damage in cities. A similar flow of water now will cover only the farm lands and will enrich instead of despoiling the valley.

Fitting the Fetters on an Ancient Enemy











The photograph in the upper left hand corner shows flood waters passing through the conduits of the Germantown dam. Immediately under this are two views of the conduits and the hydraulic jump. Below are two photos showing processes in the building of the earthen dams, described in the article on the opposite page. The photograph at the bottom gives an impression of the massiveness of the dams.



All England One Great Laboratory

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, October—(By Mail).

ONE could record a good many injuries that the war has inflicted on us, not only material but moral. War is an ugly thing, a method of barbarism, whatever be the heroic virtues which it evokes, and it would be a miracle if the vices of the barbaric character, like greed and violence as a means to acquisition, did not follow in its train. But there are some things on the credit side in this country and among them the recognition, bred at the time when our fate hung in the balance, of how much we stand to gain by scientific research work into the principles which lie at the base of every industry and the application of them to the processes of manufacture.

Of course there was a good deal of important research work done in this country before the war but it was generally admitted that we were outdistanced in this respect by both the United States and Germany. Nor was there much doubt about the reason. The individual British manufacturer was too conservative in his ideas and too anxious to see quick returns on expenditure to be enthusiastic about scientific research, especially in the broader forms in which he could not see the likelihood of profit by the immediate application to his own particular concern of the results to be obtained. Further, there was on the part of the smaller concerns a sense of independence and a trade jealousy that prevented the co-operation which would have made possible research on a large scale. There were, of course, notable exceptions but on the whole we were in the habit of citing foreign example with regret and envy, especially the German research work in chemistry which had built up a great dye industry, based originally on the discoveries of an Englishman, Perkins, but exploited and developed by foreign enterprise and insight.

The war brought a change. The stimulus was of various kinds. The whole of the technical side of the war—armaments, explosives, equipment—called for the researcher and inventor and forced both the government itself and private enterprise in state service into volcanic activity. Commerce gave a similar impulse. England was shut off from many of the sources of supply for indispensable articles of use. She had to find the means of producing them herself during the war and she was inspired by the incentive that she might produce them afterward, in time of peace instead of her rivals. Necessity and commercial ambition worked together.

The government formed an important committee of our most distinguished men to direct and stimulate research and placed £1,000,000 at its disposal for distribution among the research associations to be established in the various industries. I am aware that $4,000,000 or thereabouts will not seem to be a large sum to the imagination of a country where the benefactions of rich men to the cause of education are conducted on a scale which puts all other peoples to shame, but it should be compared not with the greater that might be done but with the very much less than has been hitherto achieved among us. And the project is succeeding. Eighteen research associations have already been established. Some 2,500 firms have guaranteed them subscriptions for five years, during which they will be assisted by state funds. Some industries are raising a big fund of their own, like the linen trade and the cotton trade, which is aiming at a quarter of a million sterling. What sort of industries, it may be asked, are sufficiently wide-awake to join in this co-operative research? Among recent adherents are manufacturers of rubber and tires, motors and accessories, motorcycles and cycle cars, linen, glass, shale, oil, silk, cutlery, leather and pottery.

Besides, in the cotton trade the formation of a very vigorous research association has been followed by a development which is significant, even though at present small. Five of the Oldham cotton spinning firms have founded scholarships for training students in science and technology, partly under the supervision of the research association of the industry. This principle, were it generally adopted by our industrialists, would lay firmly the foundation of future success in the cotton trade. It is impossible to repeat too often the old tag that Knowledge is Power. The manager of the Oldham cotton mill who has worked his way up from the status of a boy "hand" has never yet been able to understand that the existence and prosperity of the Lancashire cotton trade in home and foreign markets must depend on the scientific study of all its processes. If he is beginning to understand now, if his idea of "education" is at last broadening out, it is a happy sign both for the industry and the nation. Other industries also are waking up. The Woolen Research Association is establishing a small mill purely for the work of research on a manufacturing scale; the cement and the glass industries are experimenting in a similar way with regard to furnace construction and fuel economy. The woolen and cotton trades have established their own institutes; so has the linen industry, which is experimenting near Belfast in the cultivation of flax; the glass and the cocoa, chocolate and jam trades are establishing their own research laboratories. Such investigations may not have their results all at once, but assisted by the more fundamental research work, which is being done by other hands, results they will have eventually and those of great advantage to the industries.

This kind of research work, organized by the industries themselves, is only part of the present outburst of activity. The state committee, with a number of allied boards, carries on a large range of separate inquiries. One investigation which is typically important and well worth citing is the work of the Fuel Research Board, which has been investigating the question of fuel for motor transport—a problem which is made more and more urgent by the great increase in motor traffic, the growing demand for commercial vehicles and the rising price of petrol. The public is always talking of the possibility of some cheap substitute for petrol, of which we already need 250,000,000 gallons a year and shall want more and more. The Fuel Research Board has investigated closely the possibilities of power-alcohol as a substitute for petrol but with no conclusion that is cheering for the motor owner harassed by the constant rise in price.

The price of petrol now is about 4s. 6d. The research board says that power-alcohol for commercial purposes cannot be produced from any vegetable substances in this country because the supply is insufficient, and if it were not, the expense would be prohibitive—even the raw material for a gallon of spirit would cost 7s. in the case of barley, 8s. 6d. for potatoes and 3s. for mangoes. Besides, all such things, whether home-grown or imported, have a higher value of their own as foodstuffs. The board, however, has struck a most interesting line of investigation, of which in the future, near or distant, much may be heard. "In the tropical portions of the Empire there are vast quantities of vegetation of rapid growth forming an enormous reservoir of the sun's radiant energy, affording a practically inexhaustible source of supply of power-alcohol, if a cheap and simple process, either chemical or bacteriological, were available and could be applied commercially on a very large scale. Research work in this direction has been initiated but it must take time . . ."

Meanwhile the research board refers us to coal as the cheapest alternative source of power. The amount of heat that can be obtained for 21s. from petrol at 3s. a gallon would cost 52s. from alcohol at 5s. a gallon, but gas from coal or coke would cost only 3s. or one-seventh of the price of petrol. The difficulty with gas, of course, is that of providing light and safe containers for motor vehicles of all descriptions and establishing refilling stations in sufficient quantity. During the late stages of the war a great many motor vehicles were equipped in this way but the refilling was always a difficulty and the use of gas fuel seems almost to have disappeared. It is likely to grow again if the price of petrol continues to rise and in any event the whole question of fuel for motor transport is obviously one of those on which research work is of most immediate use.

But the activities of the government committee are multifarious. It makes grants to deserving students at the universities and to independent research workers and it aids the proper equipment of research laboratories. The fuel board was impelled by the reports which it received of the use of pulverized coal in the United States to send over an investigator. His report of what he saw has already gone to its second edition and the fuel board at once decided to establish a small pulverizing plant of the latest design for the purposes of its own experiments. That is a small but concrete illustration of the usefulness to industry of our new research organizations.

Another region of inquiry is concerned with the composition and economical use of building materials—a subject which has never before had the importance which it has now, when houses cannot be built because of the lack of bricks and bricklayers and every species of earth material is being tested and tried in the hope that it may prove to be cheap, easily handled and available in large quantities. Perhaps of even greater permanent importance from the national point of view are the inquiries into the means of preserving fish and meat, fruit and vegetables. Even during the hardest times of the war, quantities of foodstuffs went to waste because of the present lack of knowledge of the means of preserving them and at any given moment the same is true today, as when, for instance, a glut of fish is offered to the markets. As a first step a grant is being made to Cambridge University for the establishment of a low-temperature research station. To take one point only, it has hitherto been possible to preserve mutton by freezing, but not beef. The researches of the Food Investigation Board have now discovered a means of freezing beef also without damage, but the experiments have been small, and it remains to obtain results which can be applied on a large industrial scale. When that is done we shall have won an addition to our food resources like that produced by the arrival of frozen mutton.

The study of home-grown timbers, the commercial gas-cylinder, lubricants, the corrosion of metals, the atmospheres of deep and hot mines are among the many subjects of the new research. But it is needless to multiply instances further. I have said enough to show that both state and private industry have begun to awaken to the absolute need of research work if we are to keep abreast of our principal competitors. Industrial researchers and inventors we have always had: in systematic and organized inquiry we have been too backward. Whether we shall now achieve success depends on the sincerity and persistence of our devotion to the task—and of course also on the exertions of our rivals, about which your readers will know more than I.

When an American Woman Can't Vote

Concluded from page 3

few Russians and Swedes. Strangely quiet they all were while we waited a half hour, a whole hour, and fifteen minutes more for the judge to arrive.

A very busy man was he—substituting for the regular judge away vacationing. When he came, he came with a clatter, his clerk following close behind. A genial fellow, that judge, fairly young and bald. It's a mistake for a young judge with a bald head to have a gurgling sense of humor. His judicial dignity is somehow gravely compromised. He reminded me of Humpty Dumpty. He took his seat facing us silent, eager-eyed, rather tired-of-waiting would-be citizens. At his right, the clerk was by this time busily rustling papers, and calling out in a monotone: "Number 6437802, Jonassi Marconorazzi!" A shuffling of feet followed and Number 6437802, Jonassi Marconorazzi and his witnesses approached the stand. They were sworn in. The petitioner took the stand to the left of the judge.

Now the examiner ceased his aimless wanderings about the room, took his place before the judge. He turned first to the witnesses.

"Your name, sir?"

"Where were you born?"

"Since what date have you known the petitioner?"

"Ever since that date, during all that time, do you know him to have lived here, to be of good moral character, and attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States?"

Attention was then turned full force on the petitioner himself. Poor soul, little he knew what was in store for him. His turbulent, volcanic self took possession of the examiner. He snapped out his questions. Of all the rudeness!

"Have you read the Constitution?"

"Are you married?"

"Living with your wife?"

"Why not?"

"Who is Woodrow Wilson?"

"Who are the Senators from California?"

"Who makes the laws of San Francisco?"

"If we got into a war with Italy and you had five brothers fighting in the Italian Army, would you fight for the United States?"

"Sure?"

"Ever been arrested?"

"All right! Granted! Next!"

The questions didn't sound so offensive, and each man had a somewhat different set hurled at him. Indeed they were not too offensive. It was the judge who made me furious. His elbows on his desk, he rested his bald, fat, empty head in his hands—his good-natured face showing nothing but whole-hearted delight in the amusement he found in the applicant's answers. "Haw! Haw! Haw!" he would roar out and slap his clerk on the shoulder. Can you imagine greater discourtesy and rudeness?

Well, the farce continued. Numbers and names were called. Men took their places. Questioned, ridiculed, dismissed. The ridicule was in direct proportion to their shabbiness of dress, and haltingness of speech. The cruelty, the snobbery of it! It brought to mind a recent cartoon of Tony Sarg's entitled, "We'll Americanize You Yet."

On leaving the stand the petitioner proceeded to the clerk and side by side they stood with their right hands half-heartedly raised. As a matter of fact the clerk was leaning half over his desk, left elbow resting on it. The "ex-foreigner" was saying, "Yes, yes, yes." Then it dawned on me that the jumbled sounds the clerk was mumbling at breakneck speed was the oath of allegiance. I'd never have recognized it, though I knew it by heart.

Now, by the taking of that oath, that foreigner's wife, probably illiterate, and his minor children also became American citizens! Granted the same privileges that had been snatched away from me, an American-born, a university graduate, a recent teacher in our public schools!

That foreigner, in fact any *man* who is a citizen, has the power of conferring citizenship by adoption. Moore's International Law Digest tells us: "The only mode of adoption by which a private person can confer citizenship upon an alien is that of marrying a female of foreign birth." He is limited, though, in the matter of increasing his family by adoption, for "citizenship cannot be conferred on an alien child by adoption by an American citizen." Still, by the Act of 1901, when "an alien woman marries an American citizen, *her* minor children become citizens by virtue of her acquired citizenship."

Back again to my own story. Time had slipped away faster than we had anticipated, and unless Will's case was called soon, he was going to be late to an urgent engagement. So I, not being needed, slipped away to telephone a message for him. In a few minutes I was back at the court room door, anxious not to miss Will's case.

The bailiff held the door open for me, saying—but my eyes caught Will and his witnesses already on the stand. My ears heard not the bailiff but the examiner: "Your Honor, I am familiar with this case. Everything is O. K." No questioning at all.

That was all. Will was an American citizen and receiving the congratulations of the judge. I was no longer a subject of King George.

Einstein Theory Causes Scientific War

IF THE United States were helplessly in debt, its people half starved, its government shaky, its industries crippled, and if it owed a huge foreign indemnity for the collection of which alien armies camped on its soil, it would be hard to picture anyone paying attention to the grave problem of whether light rays are bent on entering a gravitational area. Much less would it be imaginable that newspapers should give the pros and cons columns of space and that mobs should form over the matter.

That is roughly what is happening in Germany, and Albert Einstein is the cause of it all. Einstein is the founder of the theory of relativity which is so abstruse that only twelve men in the world are said to be capable of understanding it thoroughly. Seemingly many more have grasped it in Germany, for his theory is now the center of a gigantic debate, with hosts of partisans on both sides, hard words passed and rougher words lurking in the background.

This could happen nowhere but in Germany, where the study of science, in fact any study, has always been more controversial than anywhere else and where thousands have taken sides on questions of pure knowledge which they themselves did not understand. In fact it has been claimed that Germans have spent their lives in difficult study solely to be able, at the end, to say to some professorial college, "There, I told you that you were all wrong."

The Einstein Battle rages fiercely. Paul Weyland, his chief antagonist, in an opening statement called the distinguished theorist a "ruthless manufacturer of mathematical fiction," and his chief followers, "chalk physicists." These were hard words, and duly reported in the papers.

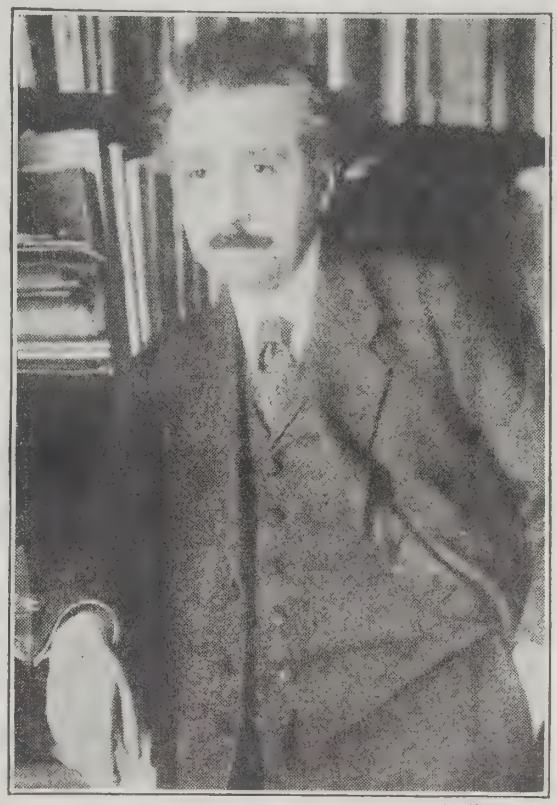
Some of Einstein's journalistic supporters seem to be much at sea as to his theory, but insist he must be all right because otherwise the Swedish savants would not have given him the Nobel prize. This is rather good reasoning at that, and doubtless serves a multitude of supporters who do not know or care whether an object viewed from a moving body traveling in the direction of the light rays is larger or smaller or neither.

Einstein is popular in many quarters because he is a German who has, despite the ill opinion formed of Germans during the war, compelled the recognition of foreigners. With others he is unpopular because of his alleged pacific attitude during the war, and all this adds to the general jollity.

Battle has been largely joined over three points of his theory: One his dictum that light rays are bent on entering an area of gravitation, another his deductions from the variations of the orbit of the planet Mercury, a third his deductions and theories on the red rays of the spectrum. These are abstruse matters and quite beyond the ken of the ordinarily well educated.

It seems to matter very little whether it is as Einstein says that the ray bending was proved by observations during the eclipse of the sun in 1914, or whether the truth is with his opponents who claim that he observed the effect of the sun's corona. Whether the Einstein theory or the Newtonian law accounts for Mercury is a thing over which few Americans will lose sleep.

Nevertheless they enrage and excite Germany. When Weyland and Professon Gehrke, the shock troops of



(C) Keystone

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN

the opposition, opened the battle at Philharmonic Hall in Berlin, the hall was packed. The renowned relativist was in a box with his daughter, taking the attacks calmly, even smiling now and then.

Herr Weyland fired first. He announced that he had come to explode the "Einstein fiction," but was criticized for not explaining what this fiction was, the audience standing sorely in need of finding out exactly what Einstein meant. He then attacked the newspapers and the scientific press for advertising the theory.

Supporters of Professor Einstein began to scream at him, "Get to the facts," and the speaker demanded that these disturbers be, "put into the air."

Finally he called Einstein and his followers scientific Dadaists, and concluded that his ideas were all wrong and anyhow he had stolen his notion of Mercury.

Professor Gehrke made a better impression. He outlined the Einstein theory, said it was a brilliant intellectual feat, but useless. He proceeded to show that Professor Einstein had altered his theory since first announced. He was a humorous speaker, and received a good reception.

In the end, however, he said that the Einstein theory was not the Einstein theory at all, but had been printed in a book by a Hungarian writer, Palagyni, in 1901.

This should have ended a pleasant evening, but after the meeting a number of students chased Professor Einstein home and threatened to cut his throat. This was not the first mix-up that he has had with the students, mostly ardent German Nationalists and militarists, who were annoyed by his politics. Earlier in the year they broke up several of his lectures because it had been arranged that they should be free to the public. This the students, who had paid the university fees, declared was unfair and eventually by means of bringing fish horns to the lectures won their point.

Of course at the meeting, Professor Einstein had no chance, but next day he had his innings. He threatened to leave Berlin flat if any more trouble ensued.

"I seem to myself," he said, "like a person who lies in a comfortable bed but is plagued by bedbugs. My closer colleagues have treated me with all possible consideration. For some months, however, since the announcement of the English eclipse expedition, which substantiated my theories, I have been attacked by certain persons on non-scientific grounds, and in the end I wish peace."

He does not shrink from criticism, he said, and this was shown by the fact that he had himself asked the scientists for discussion of his theory of relativity. Then he grew angrier and said that the explanations of Dr. Gerber as to Mercury were not explanations at all. That was also true of the work of others in the red rays of the spectrum.

Moreover, said Professor Einstein, he had never heard of Palagyni and did not read Hungarian.

Altogether, the controversy threatens to go on for at least two years and then take a new lease of life. Two years is set as the time in which observatories in England and Germany, now testing the theory of relativity, can make a report. Meanwhile the professor and his opponents must call each other names on the basis of pure reason.

Taking Books to the Farm in Auto Libraries

SOME bright man (or was it a woman?) has at last realized that long rows of books neatly stored away on hundreds of gloomy looking shelves in town and city public libraries are about as useful to the masses of people as unsheared wool, unpicked cotton, or undug spuds.

Thousands of dusty volumes are being resurrected from their places of burial in ornate-fronted libraries and sent out into the rural districts where live the sort of people who are not only hungry for something to read, but who will satisfy such appetite if given the opportunity. Country folk, you know, are not burdened with the all-consuming problem of spending their evenings Movie-ing, Shimmy-ing, Dansant-ing or Chop-suey-ing.

Realizing the voracious book appetite of country people, the American Library Association is busily engaged in blazing the way for city and county libraries to adopt this new system. Library officials are having constructed special automobiles which have facilities for carrying hundreds of books and magazines. With capable young women in charge these "library autos" are sent out on the side roads of the country districts, away from the main arteries of traffic, where they stop at each farmhouse and give father, mother and all the children full opportunity to select the kind of publications that appeal to their individual fancies.

Maryland, Delaware and Minnesota are taking the lead in this new line of educational and country-satisfying work, and the results are said to be more satisfactory than the backers of the movement ever dreamed would be the case.

On "Library Auto" day children can be seen perched on the fences all along the route eagerly awaiting the coming of the "nice book girl" in her wonderful fairy-like machine. Mothers, busy with baking, washing, mending, cooking, cleaning and dozens of other household duties, stop for a few moments every now and then, and going to the front door, look far down the road for dust signs indicating the approach of the book wagon. Of course some one will ask, "Why go to all this bother and expense taking books out to the country? Why not let the country people come in to town and get them? We (Mr. Carnegie and ourselves) have erected these big beautiful libraries, and they surely ought to show a little appreciation by coming to them for their books."

There are two answers to this question. One is that the rural resident cannot drop in at the library any time he pleases. Such a visit often means an inconvenient trip of 10 miles or more. The second answer is that whereas the average individual finds it hard, and sometimes impossible, to browse among the shelves of the modern library, he can make himself completely at home among the more modest supply of books in the auto libraries.



Country people getting books from the "Auto Library."

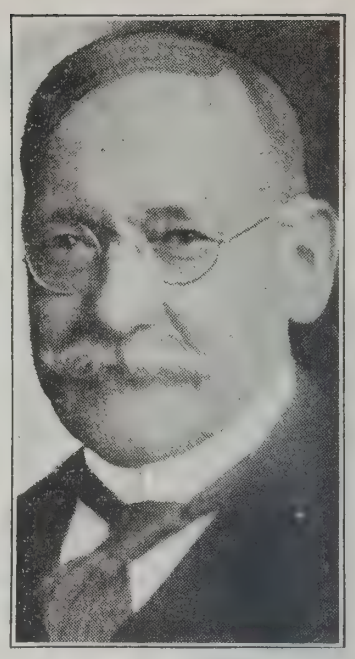
When the rolling bookshelves draw up at the farmyard gate the librarian merely unfastens the doors on the side of her truck and there you are—all the treasures of romance, adventure, science and history at your fingertips.

There, in the sunshine of the road, before your home or standing in the shadow of your big maples, the library is robbed of all its mystery. The librarian turns out to be a very human person who likes doughnuts and cider and apples and who is only too willing to chat with you and to make helpful suggestions.

The plan should work splendidly in the rural communities and if it does, the librarians who conceived it will have done something well worth while for rural America.

A Crisis in the Farm Loan System

By W. W. FLANNAGAN



W. W. FLANNAGAN

W. W. Flannagan is a Virginian, and as such is a fighter and a fair one. He has a real story to tell about a fight which interests every farmer, and therefore every other man in the United States. Flannagan is on the side of the farmer and the man who eats the food the farmer raises. That's everybody. He has been "up against" the powers that want to keep both the raisers and consumers of food in their strong financial grip. Flannagan believes that grip should be struck off.

A PENDING case in the Supreme Court of the United States entitled *Charles E. Smith* vs. *Kansas City Title and Trust Company* is attracting much attention from its present, and what may become its far-reaching effects upon the agricultural interests of the country.

The suit in question was brought in the Federal Circuit Court at Kansas City, Kansas, to test the constitutionality of the Farm Loan Act, and was inspired by the Farm Mortgage Bankers Association of America. Smith, the plaintiff, is a stockholder in the title and trust company named, and this company was alleged to have had under consideration an investment in Farm Loan bonds which, under the Farm Loan Act, are declared to be "instrumentalities of the government," and as such exempted from all taxation. Smith procured an injunction to prevent such investment. The Federal Land Bank at Wichita and the First Joint Stock Land Bank of Chicago which issue such bonds, intervened, and the Circuit Court promptly dissolved the injunction, from which the plaintiff appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

The case was argued at Washington by eminent counsel early in January of this year, the Federal Land Banks being represented by ex-Justice Charles E. Hughes, the Joint Stock Land Banks by ex-Attorney-General George W. Wickersham and the plaintiff by William M. Bullitt, of Louisville, Kentucky. Without expressing any opinion, in April the court ordered the case restored to the calendar for reargument in October, when the court reconvenes from its summer recess.

The effect of this order was construed by the Farm Loan Board to be the destruction of any market for Farm Loan bonds, and the board ceased to function as to any new business. The banks organized under the Farm Loan Act are dependent upon the sale of Farm Loan bonds for funds to lend to the farmers.

Anticipating such a market through the operation of a banking syndicate of bond dealers, previously employed by the Farm Loan Board, the Federal Land Banks had borrowed from the commercial banks about $15,000,000, pledging Farm Loan bonds as collateral security, and had also approved loans applied for to a much larger amount.

Under these circumstances the Farm Loan Board appealed to Congress to extend for 1920 the operation of a law passed in 1918, which appropriated $100,000,000 for the purchase of Farm Loan bonds, during each of the fiscal years of 1918 and 1919, of which only about $135,000,000 had been so used during the two years. Such legislation would have allowed the purchase of $65,000,000 of bonds and made available that amount for additional loans to farmers. But Secretary Houston, in a letter addressed to the chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, objected to this full extension of the operation of the law of 1918, and asked that the purchase of bonds be limited to such bonds as were secured by loans approved prior to March 1, 1920, in which restriction the Farm Loan Board acquiesced, and Congress acted accordingly. The effect of this was that the banks were limited to commitments already made (in amount about $30,000,000) and discontinued all efforts for any new business.

By direction of the board, the banks severally reduced their operating forces to a minimum, and the board itself reduced the number of employes in the bureau at Washington about one-half.

Farm Mortgage Bankers Association

THE Farm Mortgage Bankers Association of America which, as stated, instituted these legal proceedings, consists of dealers in farm mortgages and, prior to the passage of the Farm Loan Act, had a lucrative business in the purchase and sale of such mortgages.

This business consisted in lending money, for periods from three to five years, at the best interest rate obtainable, usually with a commission added, and disposing of these mortgages with or without endorsement, so as to leave a profit in the transaction. In some cases the mortgages taken were pledged with some trust company as collateral security (with the right of substitution), the lender issuing its own collateral trust bonds, bearing a lower rate of interest, against same—the bonds being disposed of to the public. As the farm mortgages usually matured in less than five years, and as the bonds ran for terms of ten to twenty years, the opportunity was given for an increase in the rate of interest with each renewal of the mortgage, and also an additional profit in the way of another commission.

The Farm Mortgage Bankers Association maintains that the maximum interest charge should not be fixed by law at six per cent per annum, claiming that competition properly adjusts this, but fifty and more years of experience has demonstrated the fallacy of such a theory, and that farmers have always heretofore paid "all the traffic will bear." Statistics compiled by the agricultural department show that the average rate of interest on mortgages paid by farmer borrowers throughout the United States, prior to the passage of the Farm Loan Act, was in excess of seven and one-half per cent. In many states of the South and Northwest such rates ran as high as 10 per cent. The lowest rate (included in this average) prevailed in the state of New Hampshire, where rates were 5.3 per cent, due to the fact that farm mortgages there held by savings banks are exempt from state taxation. Under the Farm Loan Act, a uniform rate throughout all the states has been established for farm mortgages, this rate in no case exceeding six per cent per annum; the great majority of loans have been made at five and five and one-half per cent, no commission being charged. A commission charge in addition to interest is a penal offense for any loan made under the Farm Loan Act.

In addition to the uniform reduction of the average rate of interest charged on farm mortgages, during three years the Federal Land Banks have extended benefits to 130,000 farmers by making loans for terms running from 20 to 40 years. All loans are made upon the amortization plan of payment, under which a semi-annual sum (called installment) of $32.50 for each $1,000 borrowed, pays interest at the rate of five and one-half per cent per annum, and also discharges the principal of the debt in 34½ years. The mortgage loan once secured, there is no worry about renewals, and none should exist about the final payment under the small installments required. The borrower has the option of paying off the whole, or any portion, of the debt at any interest period after the expiration of five years.

Land Banks Under Farm Loan Act

THERE are two great separate classes of banks chartered under the Farm Loan Act which have no direct connection with each other, though both are chartered by and under the supervision of the Farm Loan Board. They are known, respectively, as Federal Land Banks and Joint Stock Land Banks.

The Federal Land Banks have restricted territory, in which they can each make loans, which is called a district and consists of several states—except in the case of the state of Texas, which is a district in itself. The country has been divided into twelve districts and one Federal Land Bank is located in each district. These banks are intended to operate exclusively in the interest of the farmer borrowers, who are organized into local associations called National Farm Loan Associations. These associations are the only beneficial stockholders of the Federal Land Banks entitled to vote at shareholders' meetings; the capital stock held by the government can vote, but such stock does not share in dividends.

The other class of land banks, known as Joint Stock Land Banks, are organized with private capital. They are each limited in territory, in which loans can be made, to two contiguous states; they have the same limitation of six per cent as to the rate of interest which may be charged, and are prohibited from any additional commission charge. They are under governmental supervision and subject to official examination. They make loans through agents of their own selection, and have no connection whatever with the farm loan associations.

The loans already made by the twelve Federal Land Banks aggregate about $360,000,000. Some of the loans have been voluntarily paid off in full, and all which have run for one year have been slightly reduced by amortization payments. The principal of the actual amount of loans in force July 31, 1920, is $344,475,809, represented by 124,590 existing borrowers. All borrowers are locally united into Farm Loan Associations which are chartered corporations, and there are now in operation 3,985 of these associations. They are located and doing business in every state of the Union. As there are only about 3,000 counties in the United States, it will be seen that the average is more than one for each county. Through these associations, properly supported and financed, the machinery already exists for carrying out the avowed purpose of the Farm Loan Act, "to provide capital for agricultural development."

They now own $17,404,615 out of the total $24,337,860 capital stock of the Federal Land Banks. The stock originally subscribed by the government, $8,892,130, is being rapidly reduced by additional subscriptions for stock which these associations make, such addition being five per cent of every loan made. The government has already been repaid from this source $2,050,450.

The Federal Land Banks have issued bonds in the amount of $329,600,000. They have sold to the public $152,342,200. The government has purchased $173,285,000 and they have on hand the unsold balance of $3,972,800.

The 29 Joint Stock Land Banks have outstanding loans to farmers in the aggregate amount of $79,406,446; they have issued bonds to the amount of $75,285,000 of which they have sold to the public $59,669,300, the balance on hand being $15,615,700. The government has never purchased any bonds from the Joint Stock Land Banks, nor made any subscription to their capital stock.

The Associated Farm Mortgage Bankers take great credit unto themselves for having "suspended" the business of the land banks. They have a very clever secretary who, on behalf of the association, has for many months been flooding the country—including the members of Congress—with propaganda, seeking to arouse public sentiment against the tax exemption provision of the Farm Loan Act. He maintains that this exemption gives the opportunity for men of large incomes to become "tax-dodgers," through the purchase of Farm Loan bonds, and almost weeps at the distressing loss to the United States Treasury thereby. The question of the loss of public revenue, by freedom from taxation of municipal securities, of insurance company assets, of Federal Reserve Banks, and of all other exemptions, does not seem to disturb him. If he can only save to the Treasury the "farthing" income a tax on Farm Loan bonds might yield, he will rest content with the "pound" loss to Uncle Sam from all other exempted securities. Of course, everybody sees through this sham anxiety, and understands the selfish interest which prompts the procedure.

With the wonderful amount of good already accomplished under the provisions of the Farm Loan Act, more beneficial to the farming interests in the short period of its existence than its most ardent supporters ever anticipated possible, it seems inconceivable that its enemies attacking it from purely selfish motives will be allowed to destroy it. *Nor are the supposed friends of the Farm Loan Board free from criticism. To rest supinely quiescent, drawing full salaries, and doing nothing constructive, pending the decision of the Supreme Court, cannot be considered commendable leadership.* Whether the decision of the court is favorable to the banks or unfavorable, there is no foresight displayed in the way of some suggested method for securing funds for the continuation of "providing capital for agricultural development," through additional legislation or otherwise. A favorable decision creates no market for five per cent bonds through a bankers' bond selling syndicate, this being the only method heretofore adopted by the board for disposing of Farm Loan bonds, except to ask Congress for an appropriation for their purchase.

The method of a bankers' bond selling syndicate, as employed by the Farm Loan Board on behalf of the Federal Land Banks—for the purpose of distribution, must be considered a failure when the figures show that out of the total bonds issued less than 47 per cent has been marketed under such arrangements. The Joint Stock Land Banks, which have not had the supervision or assistance of the Farm Loan Board in disposing of the bonds issued by them, make a much better showing—as the figures indicate that they have marketed through their own efforts nearly 80 per cent of the bonds which they have been authorized to issue.

Federal Land Banks Self-Sustaining

FORTUNATELY, the Federal Land Banks have attained the position where each one of them is self-sustaining, with the volume of business already secured. They have a gross income per month of about $1,600,000 and a net income of over $250,000 a month after paying all administrative expenses and providing for interest on all outstanding bonds. They have also accumulated a reserve fund, from and including undivided profits, aggregating $2,326,668. If they should, therefore, have to continue the policy adopted for them by the Farm Loan Board, in refusing new business, their administration expenses could be largely reduced and their undivided profits considerably increased.

It is this forced policy of inaction, *this tacit acknowledgment of defeat by the Farm Mortgage Bankers Association*—as the assumed result of an undecided lawsuit, which is criticised. It is the failure to suggest to Congress some method, and to ask for such relief as was needed, in order that the farm loan business might be continued, which is condemned.

The case before the Supreme Court was argued early in January, and Congress did not adjourn until June. It was apparent to all of the friends of the system, during this time, that even a favorable decision by the court would not enable the only method adopted heretofore for securing funds, namely, through a bankers' bond selling syndicate, to be continued or relied upon.

There is another matter which the friends of the Farm Loan Act view with much concern. Judge Charles E. Lobdell, of Kansas, who lately succeeded

(Concluded on page 15)

Protection, Not Punishment, Her Aim

A POLICEMAN had just brought into the court room a frightened, defiant boy of eleven years whom he had caught swinging on the back end of a street car. The law had been violated.

The judge of the juvenile court heard the officer's report. The policeman told how he had caught the "prisoner" red-handed, swinging on the car, in open violation of a city ordinance.

Judge Camille (Mrs. T. F.) Kelley leaned forward over the great desk and in even, earnest tones, thanked the officer, on behalf of the court and the "dear" child's mother for his vigilance and protection in bringing the child in before the boy, through thoughtless indiscretion, had been unfortunate enough to lose a leg or his life.

The officer was dumfounded. The boy's face brightened. The officer had seen only the law violation. The boy had thought only of the punishment.

The officer, transformed into a hero, left the court room in a glow of self-satisfaction. The boy remained to learn from this remarkable woman judge of the new order of things—a court whose aim is protection, not punishment.

Judge Kelley, recently named juvenile judge at Memphis, Tennessee, is the first woman ever appointed to a judicial place in the South. She believes that the "children's hour has broken upon the world—that hour 'between the dark and the daylight' that is known as the children's hour, the dark of the past with its false ideas of child life and the daylight of the future with its visions of child psychology."

Parents, uncles, aunts and neighbors will no longer say "go see what the children are doing and tell them to stop," if they adopt the doctrine of this woman.



MRS. T. F. KELLEY

The idea of using a long series of don'ts as reminders to restless juveniles, in search of mischievous occupation—of something to do—has given way to the suggestion of right rather than wrong, and the supervised recreation on the playground with its wholesome expression of youthful spontaneity and force has taken the place of the tack in the teacher's chair and the competitive fight at recess where small victims give gruesome entertainment to larger boys.

Judge Kelley is the mother of three children. She has never been a suffragist but now that women have the right of full suffrage she hopes "that every woman will see her new enfranchisement as an open door offering her the opportunity to make better education a part of every political platform and a privilege toward getting better child welfare legislation."

"What part, in your opinion, does the juvenile court of today play in this scheme of reconstruction? Is the juvenile court the discipline of fear and punishment or the discipline of loving protection and teaching?" Judge Kelley has been asked.

"My concept of a juvenile court is a strong arm used to supplement home care and training, or to supply a home if it does not exist, and a place where parents may go for counsel, concerning the life problem of their child. It is the arm of protection that holds the child thought in correct channels until it is strong enough to stand alone; the protection of right training that heals the bruised concept of sin."

If it becomes absolutely necessary to send a child to a "reform school" Judge Kelley insists that the child know such a step is not taken as a punishment but rather as protection so that the child may be trained to a service to himself and the world.

Boys particularly, it seems to Memphis' new juvenile judge, face a lot of hard knocks which might be avoided. Nor does she believe a little petting will make the boy a "mollycoddle."

Listen to this.

"Poor little old boys. I have always felt sorry for them. We tenderly shield our girls, but we push a "mere" boy off into the "shallot patch" to grow, saying the harder he takes life the sooner he will be able to become a man.

"A boy's heart starves for tenderness, and if mothers and fathers gave their boys more expressed love and tender consideration, they would not become "unconscious" the first time a real, sweet, fresh, young girl crossed their path."

Judge Kelley thinks we have featured morals too strenuously. Instead she believes more emphasis should be given to education and recreation.

Mrs. Kelley has been "Judge Kelley" only a few months. The first month—May of this year—she handled 133 cases. In June there were 143 cases. Of this number, 77 were not placed on the records because they were "first appearance" cases and Judge Kelley has decreed that no record is to be made of such cases.

She does not seek to send as many children to the reformatory as she can, but she strives to save them from themselves. She does not seek to have the state, county and city train the children, but rather seeks to have the parents train the children with the court's support. In the case of orphans, she is particularly careful and has found good homes for a majority of the orphan children who have been before her court.

Children may enter her court in a stubborn resistant mood but they never leave it in that frame of mind.

Judge Kelley, a descendant of one of the state's oldest families, is a sister of the late Howard Hawthorne McGee, one of Tennessee's most loved and gifted poets.

She is well versed in child psychology. Her own children are fifteen, thirteen and ten years old, the two older being boys. During her absence from home the children, who of course have the supervision of a governess, have been taught to submit all disputes and difficulties to her over the telephone. Her decision in cases thus referred to her is final.

Mrs. Kelley, during the years when she could spend all of her time with the children, taught them to accept without argument her rulings, and now that the disputes reach her via the telephone rather than face to face, the children accept with equally good grace any decision she may reach. She gives an attentive ear to both sides of such problems and hands down an impartial decision. One of her first official acts was the abolition of uniforms for children in the reformatory school and the adoption of an honor system. Tale bearing is not tolerated. No officer or employe of the court is permitted under any circumstances to strike a child.

Prohibitive rules have been done away with. Instead, Judge Kelley has had printed a list of affirmative rules, telling the children many good things they may do. Children at the reformatory school are allowed to play and they are permitted to talk at meals. Improvement is more rapid and more certain under the new system and many apparently incorrigible children have been restored to homes within the period of a few weeks.

Just now Judge Kelley has a plan for the purchase by the city of a large lot opposite the juvenile court for the use of juvenile delinquents as a playground. Supervised recreation, she insists, will do more than any form of punishment.

A Crisis in the Farm Loan System

Concluded from page 14

Mr. George W. Norris as Farm Loan Commissioner, and who is the commanding influence in the board, not only from his personality—which is most agreeable—but also as "chief executive officer," is opposed to the conduct of the business of the Federal Land Banks through the intervention of the National Farm Loan Association, as provided in the Farm Loan Act.

He would have loans made to the farmer borrowers through agents selected by the banks, when approved by the board, and require these borrowers to take stock direct in the Federal Land Banks, thus destroying the local associations entirely. Already a bill has been introduced by Congressman Strong, of Kansas, providing for the "voluntary" liquidation of associations, which is a stepping-stone toward carrying out these views. *It is said that Judge Lobdell was formerly the president of the state organization of the Mortgage Bankers Association for the state of Kansas.*

Ex-Senator Henry F. Hollis, the real author of the Farm Loan Act, but for whose untiring effort and persistent determination no rural credit legislation would have been agreed upon by the Sixty-fourth Congress, in a recent letter to the "National Board of Farm Organizations" at Washington, D. C., says:

"I wish to give my hearty indorsement to the plan of the organization of a union or alliance of Farm Loan Associations, and to urge in the strongest terms the retention of the present co-operative Farm Loan Associations under the Federal Farm Loan Act.

"The question of organizing local associations of farmers was carefully considered by the various committees and the decision, not only to permit the farmers to organize locally along co-operative lines, but to compel them to do so if they desired the benefits of government assistance, was reached with substantial unanimity in favor of the co-operative plan.

"The Farm Loan Act was the result of exhaustive and expensive personal study of the European co-operative banks and societies. It was intended that the Farm Loan Associations should set an example and serve as a nucleus for further extensive co-operation along the lines of purchasing, selling, insurance, stock raising and standardization of market products. The formation of several thousands of these local loan associations demonstrated the importance of the movement.

"I wish merely to testify that the whole subject was carefully investigated by the committees which worked out the Farm Loan Act, and that the decision was deliberately and intelligently reached.

"Experience under the act merely strengthens my personal belief that the Farm Loan Associations should be continued."

The Farm Loan System is facing a crisis, and is headed for severe reverses, unless its friends intelligently rush to its assistance.

A Strange Royal Gift

IN 1834 the emperor of Morocco, being in a repentant and conciliatory mood for having committed many misdeeds in his past, decided to atone for some of them by presenting to the United States certain tokens of his affection and good will. Accordingly, to the American consul at Tangier he gave two horses and a lion with the suggestion that they be forwarded to the President at the city of Washington.

With the "greatest pleasure" the worried consul accepted the horses and the lion. He was too much a diplomat to offend the emperor by refusing the gift; but he really did not feel equal to the occasion and assuredly did not relish the job of having them safely transported across the ocean. No cables connected him with his homeland, for the device for sending messages through water had not then been invented.

When the horses and the lion arrived at Washington, President Andrew Jackson and the members of his cabinet were a bit disconcerted. Then somebody had a happy thought that resulted in the matter being called to the attention of Congress. Strange to say, the eminent legislators displayed no disposition to hesitate; for early in February, 1835, they

"Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby, authorized to cause the two horses received as a present by the consul of the United States at Tangier, from the emperor of Morocco, to be sold in Washington City, by public auction, on the last Saturday of February, 1835, and to cause the proceeds thereof to be placed in the Treasury of the United States; and that the lion received in like manner, be presented to such suitable institution, person or persons, as the President of the United States may designate." The resolution was approved February 13, 1835. Then the Secretary of State indited a letter to the emperor of Morocco expressing the great pleasure of the American Government and President Jackson at receiving such a truly magnificent gift.

The deluded old emperor of Morocco probably never knew that the horses were sold at public auction, or that the lion lived thereafter in an iron-barred room of a menagerie.

Shackling the Flood Devils of the Miami

Concluded from page 10

sum for the benefits which they are to receive. Thus far there has been almost no difficulty in the collection of these taxes. Indeed, it is shown by the records that the percentage of delinquents is exceedingly small, far smaller in fact than the average number of delinquents on state, county or municipal tax rolls.

The benefit to property is figured on the difference in its value before and after flood protection, and the cost of the works is estimated at about 50 per cent of these benefits. Thus, on an added valuation of $1,000 the assessment will be $500 if paid in cash. Five per cent interest is added when the assessment is paid in annual installments over a period of 30 years.

In only one way does it appear that the project falls short and that is in the failure to make provisions for the development of electric energy. Stones which are set in the face of the concrete work of the dams emphasize this by proclaiming the fact that the structures are never to be used for the generation of power.

It seems that during the days when the Conservancy Act was still before the legislature and its fate very doubtful, the favorite argument of the opposition was that public money would build the dams but private interests would use them for power purposes. This threat was probably a back fire inspired by interests which would have been seriously disturbed by the erection of publicly-owned hydroelectric plants, but which did not dare come out openly and oppose the plans for flood protection.

The leaders of the Conservancy movement, fearing for the success of their campaign and probably failing to see the duplicity of the attack, met the charge by pledging the public that, if the laws passed, the dams would never be used for anything except the protection of the valley.

That pledge is unworthy of the spirit which fostered such a mighty undertaking as the Miami Conservancy project. One wonders how a people, who show the vision that the people of the Miami have exhibited in planning for their future safety, could have surrendered such an enormously valuable right as that which lies in the development of their water power. And it is impossible to believe that the time will not soon come when they will awaken to their loss and take steps to bring about an amendment of the act.

When that time comes the public will be able to judge by the identity of those who oppose the amendment just what interests were at work seven years ago.

As the work nears completion every precaution is being used to protect it against sudden floods. The conduits in the base of the dams have been left much larger than they will be when finally finished and other outlets have been prepared for high waters. The Englewood dam at its unfinished end is to be protected by a heavy rolled fill during the fall, winter and spring months. With the memory of the 1913 flood still fresh, the district is taking no chances of a repetition of that disaster and the thoroughness with which this last detail of the work is being watched is symptomatic of the spirit of the entire project.

"It must never happen again," said the people of the valley when the waters of the great flood had receded and the towering dams which will fasten the shackles so skillfully upon the flood waters of the future are the result of that determination: a tribute to the vision of a people who were willing to forget the immediate tomorrow and build for the ages.

Briefly Told

A 7,500-ton concrete tanker recently sailed from San Diego, California.

Perfumes with the fragrance of jasmine, musk and hyacinth used for scenting expensive soaps originate in a coal mine. Pitch, creosote, oils, carbolic acid, antiseptics and high explosives are all hidden in a lump of coal.

The Modern Health Crusade, a competitive system of hygiene, numbers among its members about 4,000,000 children in the United States.

After a careful investigation the government has decided that 6,000 lobsters which were transplanted from the Atlantic Coast to Pacific waters were evicted by riotous crabs, and are now conducting the world's longest retreat via the Panama Canal.

The United States has paid the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad $30,000,000 for the "rent" of its properties during the time the railroads were under the control of the government during the war.

Two million twenty-three thousand out of 2,728,000 persons driven away from their homes in France by war had returned up to April 1, 1920.

A French automobile builder has designed an airplane that can be used either as a monoplane or biplane.

Cup-shaped oil reservoirs in the end of each leaf afford continuous lubrication to a new automobile spring.

Two army trucks surrounded by a large guard of troops passed through the streets of Portland, Oregon, and the general belief was that gold was being shipped to Japan. It turned out that the trucks contained 2,000 quarts of whisky for military hospitals in California.

In the Tower of London is kept the golden ampulla, or anointing cup, made for the coronation of Charles II.

Sixty-one per cent of the present stand of saw timber lies west of the Great Plains.

The famous race horse, Man o' War, receives more personal attention than any being, human or otherwise, since Cleopatra. He has a retinue of servants and is housed more expensively than the Gaekwar of Baroda or the Jhilwar of Jhock.

Sam P. Coles, "King of the Newsboys," of London, has been married to Miss Adele Victoria Robertson, who won many medals for service in the Canadian Red Cross during the war.

Under English common law no one has a right to bathe in the sea. The law has been tested and upheld, but not generally observed.

A substitute for absorbent cotton is being obtained from pine cellulose.

A first-class private in the American Army is now permitted to wear one chevron.

Sawdust, treated with certain acids, has been found to be a good feed for cattle when judiciously mixed with other fodder.

Forest examiners cruising timber in the Deschutes National Forest of Oregon discovered a tunnel-shaped cave more than a mile in length.

Hugh Jennings, who resigned as manager of the Detroit baseball team after 14 years' service, will take up the practice of law, a profession which has engaged his attention during the baseball off-season since his graduation from Cornell University.

Workers in the government-owned and operated coal mines in Alaska have threatened to strike unless granted a raise of $1.50 a day.

A church was built at Santa Rosa, California, and every part of it, except the flooring, came from one tree, a giant redwood which yielded 78,000 feet of timber and many shingles.

Ice forming on the Yukon River October 8 has resulted in steamers being shut in for the winter.

The interior of the Okefinokee Swamp of Georgia has never been visited.

Artesian well diggers in Montana recently discovered coal of merchantable grade and in great quantity.

Brazil is preparing to provide a federal body which will conserve and develop her national resources.

In Utah, machinery is being taken to a mine and certain rare ores brought to the railroad by airplanes in a few hours. Formerly six weeks were required to make the journey by wagon.

The blossom of the wattle, a tree of the gum family, has assumed a distinct national significance and has been recognized as Australia's floral emblem.

An American Indian in California is the owner of a bee ranch of 900 stands that produced 33 tons of honey this season.

The provisional government of Mexico has issued an order stating that a license for selling liquor will not be issued to an American.

Airplane travel has become so common in France that innkeepers in villages have complained to the government against the numerous fliers who rise early and fly away forgetting to pay their bills.

Adam Duncan, who is credited with the development of the tomato from a decorative vine to a favorite of the table, is dead at Hillingdon, England, aged 80 years.

Eckhardt von Schack, former German vice-consul-general at San Francisco, who has been granted a parole from Leavenworth Prison, hesitates to leave because a deportation warrant awaits him.

General Leman, Belgian hero, whose fight at Liege held up the German advance long enough to give the Allies a chance to prepare for the Battle of the Marne, is dead. He was the only Allied officer whose heroism inspired the Germans to return his surrendered sword.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year *One Dollar* | Dearborn, Michigan, November 6, 1920 | Single Copy *Five Cents*

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Helping the Indian to Reconquer America

Oil and Ideals—They Mix Them in Oklahoma

The rich western state has not forgotten, even in the midst of the mad rush for the wealth which spouts from its soil, that it owes a duty to the present and to future generations of boys and girls.

Jews Use the Peace Conference to Shackle Poland

Do you know that the Jewish Sabbath was established in Poland by the Peace Conference, in which the President of the United States concurred? Polish Jews are coming in hordes to this country—will they ask for the same discriminatory laws here?

The Patron Saint of the Dairy Industry

The story of Dr. Stephen Moulton Babcock, who developed the milk testing machine which made possible the expansion of the dairy business of the world and who threw away a fortune in these words, "The test is not patented."

A Thumb-nail History of the Great War

Many Men of Many Minds

William Jennings Bryan.—War arouses all the brute in man and a flood of passion drowns all kindly feeling. War creates a profession that perfects itself into a science. War creates standards of honor as false as those which supported dueling. War teaches that revenge is a virtue and retaliation a patriotic duty.

Charles Clifton, president, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce.—The passenger automobile has already geared a world to a new efficiency of commerce, a new standard of life, a new philosophy of thought. It is aiding in solving the acute housing problem; it has increased by one-sixth the man power of the country by transporting workers more rapidly; it has aided the banking business, increased labor efficiency, increased health and checked crime. Already the giant power wielded by the use of the automobile is reflected in a stimulated national life.

S. Yoshino, Japanese professor.—The voice of liberalism in Japan is still weak, and is liable to be drowned in the general cry for expansion on aggressive lines.

Edward Hungerford.—Can you conceive of a man who would erect a huge office building in a remote locality without giving a thought to securing tenants? The state of New York is in a like position. It has constructed a great barge canal and does not quite know what to do with it.

I. D. Graham.—The remedy for the farmers' troubles is organization. They are organizing for self-protection as never before. And they are going to succeed, but not as I. W. W., or through any revolutionary fraternities of that ilk. They have tried organized effort in a desultory sort of way in past years, but they did not go far enough. The farmers are beginning to realize that collectively their most efficient ally is co-operative buying.

Farmers Organize and Plan Use of Buying Power

Sir William Wiseman, British banker.—As to the economic situation in Europe, there is no getting away from the fact that it is far from normal, far from good. But I believe it will slowly improve, and we are past the worst of it. But the improvement will be accompanied by a number of political troubles which will bring economic setbacks. The British coal strike is one of these. The strike and other troubles will have the effect of setting back our economic recovery in proportion to the time the troubles last.

Franklin K. Lane, former Secretary of the Interior.—I am not expecting that the cost of labor will fall off, even in the worst of times, to its pre-war stage, for I believe that the real differential between directing labor and manual labor will never again be as great as it has been.

Roberto V. Pesqueira, confidential agent of the Mexican Government.—It is my business to build up these necessary co-operation contacts, promoting an association in expansion and development that will mean much to both countries. Mexico has well been called the treasure house of the world. We mean to guard our tremendous resources against the exploitations of the past, but there is no touch of narrowness in our program. Those who work with us will share with us.

Dr. Edward Benes, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Czecho-Slovakia.—A settled peace will be impossible in Europe as long as the relations between Poland and Russia are not friendly.

Albert W. Atwood.—An increasing number of historians and other students regard Bolshevism as a vast Asiatic fanaticism, a migration westward of Asiatic hordes bent upon conquest, exactly like the followers of Mohammed, who swept into Europe in early times and threatened to engulf Western culture and civilization; the movement is likened to the epidemics from the East which have nearly conquered Europe at various times. The students hold that Bolshevism has merely adopted a few of the catch phrases of Marx to fool the workers in other countries; that the movement is not essentially economic at all, but solely a new form of frenzied fanaticism, such as Islam was in its day.

Suggests Bolshevism Is Epidemic of Asiatic Fanaticism

V. Blasco Ibanez.—When an American laughs he laughs all over. He throws his mouth open as wide as possible and makes as much noise as he can. An American may be out of sight in the next room; when you hear him laugh you can be sure he is an American.

Louis Graves.—There is no prohibition issue in North Carolina. The affair is settled. If a vote were taken on the question today the dry majority would be far greater than it was when the wets and drys lined up against each other for their state-wide fight in 1908.

Dr. J. Lewin, Russian editor.—The Bolshevist leaders have abolished the right to strike because they declare workmen who are working for themselves must not strike against themselves. Now workers cannot leave their places of employment if they are discontented with conditions, but must obey the man in charge of the factory. In other words, a revolutionary government, calling itself a soviet government and claiming to represent a dictatorship of the proletariat, has been forced within two years to subject this ruling labor class to a system of government which prevailed in Russia one hundred years ago.

Russian Workers Can't Quit in Soviet Factories

Sir Gilbert Murray, Oxford professor and Liberal leader.—The outbreak of international blackguardism which dominated the general election of 1918 queered the pitch for any wise or generous reconstruction of Europe. It determined the downward road of European civilization and, in spite of occasional convulsive struggles from the British prime minister, handed over the main direction of policy in France and England to the worst elements of public life. After 1918, the Peace Conference stumbled on from incompetence to worse than incompetence. Britain made no allowance for the effect these things were having on American opinion. Instead, we felt as if, obviously, so that every American could see, the people governing us were not England, while the real England which hated militarism and never thought about oil wells and imperial tariffs was more desperately in need of help than ever before in history. And meantime America hardly knew of the existence of our real England and as our need became more desperate, America became more disgusted and more aloof. Yet I go on hoping and believing in America. I believe she will, in some form or other, join the League of Nations.

Charles H. Cunningham, former trade commissioner to Mexico.—American bankers and business men forfeit their great opportunity in Mexico by becoming frightened at every sign of a revolution. Concerns controlled by other countries sit tight and saw wood during a revolution and come out of it more solidly entrenched than before.

Thomas A. Edison.—I have been at work for some time building an apparatus to see if it is possible for personalities which have left this earth to communicate with us. If our personality survives, then it is strictly logical and scientific to assume that it retains memory, intellect and other faculties and knowledge that we acquire on this earth. Therefore, if personality exists after what we call death, it is reasonable to conclude that those who leave this earth communicate with those they have left here. Accordingly the thing to do is to furnish the best conceivable means to make it easy for them to open communication with them.

Edison Seeking to Communicate With the Departed

Frederick Houk Law, educator.—It is hard for the advocates of prohibition to picture the Pilgrim Fathers drinking beer—but drink beer they did. Shortly after the landing of the Mayflower, on the first celebration of Christmas, the ship's captain showed his good will toward his passengers by sending ashore a large supply of beer—which was received with joy and thanks. In 1646 the Pilgrims paid the cost of magistrates by levying a tax on wine, strong liquor and tobacco—and the people of Plymouth bought enough of the articles named to provide the needed funds.

Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant and publicist.—France is torn by conflicting emotions—a desire to secure the indemnity which she needs and a fear lest, in permitting Germany to gain the economic power necessary to pay the indemnity, she would create a rival who would later crush her. In Germany I found what seemed to be a general agreement that until the amount of the indemnity is fixed, no real progress toward German industrial reconstruction can be made.

Edwin T. Meredith, Secretary of Agriculture.—Speculation and reckless inflation of land values have been much in evidence during the last year or two, and until this movement is checked, it will result in conditions which are highly detrimental not only to the farming interests of the country, but to our entire economic structure.

Joshua W. Alexander, Secretary of Commerce.—Unquestionably the country is on an economically sound basis. We have the raw materials and we have the capital. As a matter of fact, we have a surplus of raw materials in some lines, as indicated by the fact that the producers of wool are finding it difficult to market their product. We have large agricultural crops, which, of course, have always constituted the backbone of our prosperity.

Richard S. Hawes, president of American Bankers Association.—With a prospective decrease in prices and increase in the disposition of industrial and labor leaders to recognize their mutual obligations and duties, both to each other and the public, we may reasonably look forward without alarm to better adjustment of the forces of labor and capital. Production in the country is now somewhat above the pre-war level and showing indications of improvement.

William Mather Lewis, director, savings, United States Treasury.—Economic knowledge has been confined to a few university professors, financiers and advanced college students. The science of finance is a closed book for most of us. When we are sick we consult a doctor, when we need legal advice we see a lawyer, but when the investment bug bites us, instead of consulting a reliable banker or broker, we sneak up an alley and pass our hard earned cash to someone who has hypnotized us with his fair story of sudden wealth.

M. P. Boynton, D. D., Chicago pastor.—Gambling is an ancient vice. It is one of the sins that has most tempted and oppressed human flesh. The gambler is a disgusting personality. He is the wreck of a man. He is the sum of the loss of all values. He lives in an abnormal world. He is to all intents and purposes insane. He is intoxicated by gold. His yellow streak is all that is left of him. He is the essence of social poison; whatever he touches dies. He is blind to beauty, deaf to harmony, and dead to the really vital things of life. The value in wife, children, home, business, friends are as nothing to the gambler in his passion for gain.

Describes Gambler as a "Sum of the Loss of All Values"

Cardinal Gibbons.—I am in favor of very different world arrangements and of "checks and balances," to use the words of our political fathers, from those that made possible what happened in 1914. Do you recall how it came? There were a few letters from foreign ministers, half published, or not at all. A few telegrams exchanged between emperors and kings and then rivers of blood began to flow to the Niagara of suffering at which we, dumfounded and almost helpless, still assist.

Fred C. Kelly.—A man who says a thing can't be done should bear in mind that his testimony is entirely negative. In court negative testimony never gets as much weight as positive. If one witness says he heard a clock strike at a certain time, and another man declares that he didn't hear such a sound, the one who says he *did* hear is more likely to be telling the truth. When a man tells me a thing isn't so, I ask him: "Then what are the facts?"

Sat Hing Kan, successful Chinese merchant.—There are hundreds of young men in China and America having splendid native and foreign college educations, well balanced in Chinese etiquette and custom and acquainted with American customs, who could serve American firms in getting Chinese trade. Yet they are seldom invited to do so, nor do Americans pay the slightest attention to them while they are in this country at school.

Franklin H. Giddings.—A "public" is always in one way stronger and in one way weaker than the body of producers to which it is related. It is stronger because it is bigger, and when it is aroused and organized it is irresistible. It is weaker in so far as it is less homogeneous, less compact, usually less well organized and less continuously "on the job." The public, therefore, is irregular, uncertain and often erratic in its behavior. Corporations and governments can exploit the public, bully it, and tyrannize over it a long time and impudently before the clumsy collective creature rouses and rebels, but when that creature does rouse and rebel the offender may as well throw up his hands.

Public Temper Is as Uncertain a Thing as TNT

Forrest Crissey.—In these days of hair-trigger labor discussions it is pleasant to announce that there is at least one thing on which virtually all men in industry, from lowest to highest, are of one mind. This is the strategic importance of the foreman.

A Thumb-nail History of the World War

By H. O. BISHOP

ARMISTICE day will naturally bring back to the minds of all Americans the innumerable vital details of preparation and execution that made it possible for the American Expeditionary Forces to achieve such notable victories.

The high spots of the great conflict are herewith presented to the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in boiled-down paragraphs of gripping interest.

The war cost the people of the United States considerably more than $1,000,000 an hour for more than two years.

The direct cost was about $22,000,000,000, or nearly enough to pay the entire cost of running the United States Government from 1791 up to the outbreak of the European war.

Our expenditures in this war were sufficient to have carried on the Revolutionary War continuously for more than 1,000 years at the rate of expenditure which that war actually involved.

In addition to this huge expenditure nearly $10,000,000,000 were loaned by the United States to the Allies.

The army expenditures were over $14,000,000,000, or nearly two-thirds of the total war costs.

During the first three months our war expenditures were at the rate of $2,000,000 a day. During the next year they averaged more than $22,000,000 a day. For the final ten months of the period, from April, 1917, to April, 1919, the daily average was over $44,000,000.

Despite the fact that the army expenditures are less than two-thirds of our total war costs, they are nearly equal to the value of all the gold produced in the world, from the discovery of America up to the outbreak of the World War.

The pay of the army during the war cost more than the combined salaries of all the public school principals and teachers in the United States for the five years from 1912 to 1916.

The total war costs of all nations were about $186,000,000,000, of which the Allies and the United States spent two-thirds and the enemy one-third.

The three nations spending the greatest amounts were Germany, Great Britain and France, in that order. After them came the United States and Austria-Hungary, with substantially equal expenditures.

The United States spent about one-eighth of the entire cost of the war, and something less than one-fifth of the expenditures of the Allied side.

Of every 100 American soldiers and sailors who served in the war with Germany, two were killed or died of disease during the period of hostilities.

The total battle deaths of all nations were greater than all the deaths in all the wars in the previous 100 years.

Russian battle deaths were 34 times as heavy as those of the United States, those of Germany 32 times as great, the French 28 times, and the British 18 times as large.

The number of American lives lost was 122,500, of which about 10,000 were in the navy, and the rest in the army and the marines attached to it.

In the American Army the casualty rate in the infantry was higher than in any other service, and that for officers was higher than for men.

For every man killed in battle seven were wounded.

Five out of every six men sent to hospitals on account of wounds were cured and returned to duty.

In the expeditionary forces battle losses were twice as large as deaths from disease.

In this war the death rate from disease was lower, and the death rate from battle was higher than in any other previous American war.

Inoculation, clean camps, and safe drinking water, practically eliminated typhoid fever among the troops.

Pneumonia killed more soldiers than were killed in battle. Meningitis was the next most serious disease.

Of each 100 cases of social diseases recorded in the United States, 96 were contracted before entering the army and only four afterward.

During the entire war, available hospital facilities in the A. E. F. were in excess of the needs.

Two out of every three American soldiers who reached France took part in battle. The number who reached France was 2,084,000, and of these 1,390,000 saw active service at the front.

Of the 42 divisions that reached France 29 took part in active combat service. Seven of them were regular army divisions, 11 were organized from the National Guard, and 11 were made up of National Army troops.

American divisions were in battle for 200 days and engaged in 13 major operations.

From the middle of August until the end of the war the American divisions held during the greater part of the time a front longer than that held by the British.

In October the American divisions held 101 miles of line, or 23 per cent of the entire western front.

On the first of April the Germans had a superiority of 324,000 in rifle strength. Due to American arrivals the Allied strength exceeded that of the Germans in June and was more than 600,000 above it in November.

In the battle of St. Mihiel 550,000 Americans were engaged, as compared with about 100,000 on the North-



ern side in the battle of Gettysburg. The artillery fired more than 1,000,000 shells in four hours, which is the most intense concentration of artillery fire recorded in history.

The Meuse-Argonne battle lasted for 47 days, during which 1,200,000 American troops were engaged.

The American battle losses of the war were 50,000 killed and 236,000 wounded. They are heavy when counted in terms of lives and suffering, but light compared with the enormous price paid by the nations at whose sides we fought.

When war was declared the United States had 55 training airplanes, of which 51 were classified as obsolete and the other 4 as obsolescent.

When we entered the war the Allies made the designs of their planes available to us and before the end of the hostilities furnished us from their own manufacture 3,800 service planes.

Aviation training schools in the United States graduated 8,602 men from elementary courses and 4,028 from advanced courses. More than 5,000 pilots and observers were sent overseas.

The total personnel of the air service, officers, students and enlisted men, increased from 1,200 at the outbreak of the war to nearly 200,000 at its close.

There were produced in the United States to November 30, 1918, more than 8,000 training planes and more than 16,000 training engines.

The De Haviland-4, observation and day bombing plane, was the only plane the United States put into quantity production. Before the signing of the armistice 3,227 had been completed and 1,885 shipped overseas. The plane was successfully used at the front for three months.

The production of the 12-cylinder Liberty engine was America's chief contribution to aviation. Before the armistice 13,574 had been completed, 4,435 shipped to the expeditionary forces, and 1,025 delivered to the Allies.

The first flyers in action wearing the American uniform were members of the Lafayette Escadrille, who were transferred to the American service in December, 1917.

The American air force at the front grew from three squadrons in April to 45 in November, 1918. On November 11 the 45 squadrons had an equipment of 740 planes.

Of 2,698 planes sent to the zone of the advance for American aviators 667, or nearly one-fourth, were of American manufacture.

American air squadrons played important rôles in the battles of Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne. They brought down in combat 755 enemy planes, while their own losses of planes numbered only 357.

When war was declared the United States had sufficient light artillery to equip an army of 500,000 men, and shortly found itself confronted with the problem of preparing to equip 5,000,000 men.

To meet the situation it was decided in June, 1917, to allot our guns to training purposes and to equip our forces in France with artillery conforming to the French and British standard calibers.

It was arranged that we should purchase from the French and British the artillery needed for our first divisions and ship them in return equivalent amounts of steel, copper and other raw materials, so that they could either manufacture guns for us in their own factories or give us guns out of their stocks and replace them by new ones made from our materials.

Up to the end of April, 1919, the number of complete artillery units produced in American plants was more than 3,000, or equal to all those purchased from the French and British during the war.

The number of rounds of complete artillery ammunition produced in American plants was in excess of 20,000,000 as compared with 9,000,000 rounds secured from the French and British.

In the first 20 months after the declaration of war by each country the British did better than we did in the production of light artillery, and we excelled them in producing heavy artillery and both light and heavy ammunition.

So far as the Allies were concerned, the European war was in large measure fought with American powder and high explosives.

At the end of the war American production of smokeless powder was 45 per cent greater than the French and British production combined.

At the end of the war the American production of high explosives was 40 per cent greater than Great Britain's and nearly double that of France.

During the war America produced 10,000 tons of gas, much of which was sold to the French and British.

In round numbers, we had in France 3,500 pieces of artillery, of which nearly 500 were made in America, and we used on the firing line 2,250 pieces, of which over 100 were made in America.

The problems of feeding and clothing the army were difficult because of the immense quantities involved rather than because of the difficulty of manufacturing the articles needed.

Requirements for some kinds of clothing for the army were more than twice as great as the pre-war total American production of the same articles.

To secure the articles needed for the army the government had to commandeer all the wool and some other staple articles in the United States and control production through all its stages.

The distribution of supplies in the expeditionary forces required the creation of an organization called the services of supply, to which one-fourth of all the troops who went overseas were assigned.

American engineers built in France 83 new ship berths, 1,000 miles of standard-gauge track, and 538 miles of narrow-gauge track.

The signal corps strung in France 100,000 miles of telephone and telegraph wire.

Prior to the armistice 40,000 trucks were shipped to the forces in France.

Construction projects in the United States cost twice as much as the Panama Canal, and the construction overseas was on nearly as large a scale.

During our 19 months of war more than 2,000,000 American soldiers were carried to France. Half a million of these went over in the first 13 months and a million and a half in the last six months.

The highest troop carrying records are those of July, 1918, when 306,000 soldiers were carried to Europe, and May, 1919, when 330,000 were brought home to America.

Most of the troops who sailed for France left from New York. Half of them landed in England and the other half landed in France.

Among every 100 Americans who went over 49 went in British ships, 45 in American ships, three in Italian, two in French, and one in Russian shipping under English control.

Our cargo ships averaged one complete trip every 70 days and our troop ships one complete trip every 35 days.

The cargo fleet was almost exclusively American. It reached the size of 2,600,000 deadweight tons and carried to Europe about 7,500,000 tons of cargo.

The greatest troop carrier among all the ships was the Leviathan, which landed 12,000 men, or the equivalent of a German division, in France every month.

The fastest transports were the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, which made complete turnarounds, took on new troops, and started back again in 19 days.

The average American soldier who fought in France had six months of training in this country, two months overseas before entering the line and one month in a quiet sector before going into battle.

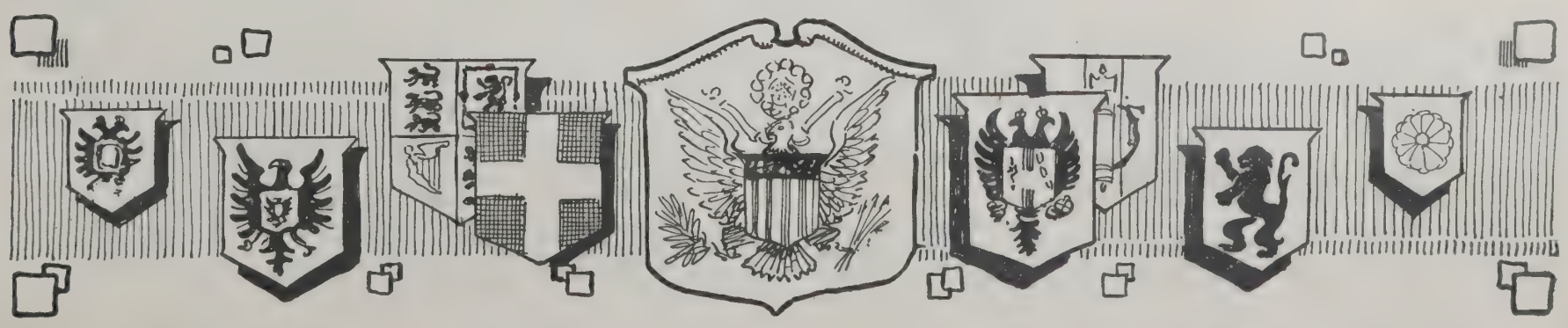
Most soldiers received their training in infantry divisions which are our typical combat units and consist of about 1,000 officers and 27,000 men.

Forty-two divisions were sent to France.

More than two-thirds of our line officers were graduates of the officers' training camps.

France and England sent to this country nearly 800 specially skilled and noncommissioned officers who rendered important service as instructors in our training camps.

When war was declared the army had on hand less than 600,000 Springfield rifles. Their manufacture was continued, and the American Enfield rifle designed and put into production.



The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 2, November 6, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Rebuilding the Rural School

THERE was a time when the little red schoolhouse was the hub of the American educational system. But as the cities grew and more and more students made demands upon the universities, the rural school lost its pre-eminence. Men and women who entered educational work and received the training of universities and normal colleges almost invariably sought the larger fields of endeavor so that the standard of teaching in the country school fell further and further behind that in the cities.

Today educators are awakening to the fact that they have been like builders who construct a 16-story building on a foundation built to support two stories. They realize that the rural school is weak and that until it is strengthened the entire structure of American educational work will be faulty. It is as a result of this awakening that the men and women who guide the schools of the country are agitating in their state conventions for the immediate rehabilitation of the rural school, the introduction of modern methods of pedagogy and of the newest courses of study.

Rural education should be as much a part of the national program of educational work as university education and, while the two cannot be compared in any sense, it is certain that the rural school, since it supplies the fundamentals without which the other cannot exist, is the more important of the two. Lack of recognition of this has been responsible for the fact that educators generally came to look with condescension, if not contempt, upon positions in rural schools. And because the educators themselves placed a low value on the services of the country school-teacher it was but natural that the salaries paid those holding such positions were little better than the wages of unskilled labor.

It may take some time to rehabilitate the rural school but the task must be accomplished if we are to hope for the repopulation of our farms by progressive men and women. Few fathers and mothers will be willing to rear a family in a community which offers only the most meager educational advantages to its children, and intelligent parents will not willingly go back to the land, as they are being urged to do, until they are assured they will not deprive their children of the opportunity for an education by so doing.

Fortunately, each state is the sole guardian of its educational system and once the state boards of education can be brought to sense the necessity of giving special attention to the country schools the work of reconstruction will be quickly accomplished.

It is the task of the trained educators to awaken the public and the public's official servants, and their new interest in the rural problem is a hopeful sign that they are preparing to discharge this responsibility.

Prohibition's Friendly Enemies

DISCOVERY by the Federal authorities that bootleggers have been disposing of poisonous brews by camouflaging the bottles with counterfeit internal revenue stamps and labels is another instance of the way in which the rum runner destroys his illicit business and strengthens the efficacy of the very law which he seeks to destroy.

Up to the time of the announcement by Federal agents that large quantities of counterfeit stamps had been found in the possession of members of whisky rings in several parts of the country, the purchaser of contraband goods believed the seal of the revenue stamp afforded him complete protection. It was practically his last refuge, for his faith in unlabeled goods had been destroyed by the knowledge that the contents of unsealed containers were apt to be anything from wood alcohol to embalming fluid.

The announcement by the government that revenue stamps and even the labels of famous brands of liquors have been counterfeited in large quantities will do more to hasten the enforcement of the prohibition laws than a thousand special officers. Just as the first wood alcohol deaths dealt a blow at the illegal traffic which all but wiped out the sale of unsealed liquors, so the news that these deadly poisons are now masquerading under fraudulent stamps and labels in the guise of government-bonded goods will destroy in time the bulk of the illicit trade which remains.

There is no need to worry greatly over the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Its enemies are automatically destroying themselves by their own conscienceless greed.

Federal Divorce Legislation

WITH suffrage a fact we may expect to witness a recrudescence of activity in the movement to amend the Constitution, wipe out the varied state laws on divorce, and substitute Federal legislation therefor.

Divorce itself is scarcely a greater evil than the unsatisfactory state laws that now permit persons to go their respective ways. Scandals of the divorce court are not uncommon to the readers of daily newspapers, but there can be no remedy for such conditions with the present system obtaining.

One jurist recently said:

"I do not see why uniform laws on divorce are not as necessary as uniform bankruptcy laws. It would be possible for the local courts to administer and handle divorce cases just as naturalization work, provided for by Federal laws, is carried on in local courts. When a divorce case is filed, Federal officers could look up the case to be sure there is no collusion, and then the case could be tried in the regular way in the circuit court. It would be possible to get after men who move from one state to another to avoid paying alimony to their helpless wives and children."

As suggested, it would introduce a more serious note in marriage if it were known that the stern hand of Uncle Sam were raised to see that justice was meted out impartially to all.

Friends

A SHORT time ago a London newspaper offered a prize for the best definition of "A Friend." Among the many thousand answers which were received, the one that was awarded the first prize was:

> "The first person who comes in when the world goes out."

The second prize was given to the definition sent in by a small boy, who wrote:

> "A friend is a feller who knows all about you and likes you just the same."

Both of these definitions are worthy of thought.

How many times has every one needed a friend "when the world goes out" through the death of a loved one, the wreck of business or the failure to achieve one's most cherished desires! In those moments, many whom we have considered to be our friends have forsaken us. With the loss of money our so-called friends have melted away. With the decline of power and position those who have flattered us and made us believe that their friendship would be everlasting, are found among the missing. It is on those occasions that the first person who is ready to lend a helping hand, to breathe a word of consolation in our sorrow, be he the acquaintance of a day or of a lifetime, is a true friend.

In these days of rush and hurry, of moving from place to place as business or other requirements may dictate, we make many acquaintances, but few real friends, and as a man or woman advances toward middle life the chances of making new and tried friends diminish. It is those we have known since childhood, our schoolmates, our college chums, our first associates in business who are our staunchest friends. Never in the glamour of the new, who come to us with fair words and specious promises but who fade away like morning mists before the sun when storms of adversity arise, should we let go of an old and tried friend.

Shakespeare knew the value of an old friend when he wrote:

> "Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

Yes, the old friends are the best—the "feller who knows all about you and likes you just the same."

Colloids in Character

IN A recent article in the *Scientific American*, Karl Knipe describes a colloid as that state of matter which lies between the world of size and form, of solid matter and the hazy realm of invisible electrons, atoms and molecules.

Rather highbrow—but interesting, when we consider that what is meant is that a colloid is so infinitely small that it cannot be seen even through an ordinary microscope, and a special attachment has to be used.

It is these colloidal particles in the human body which keep it from leaking when water, coffee, tea or other liquids are poured into it. We are not rubber-lined, and were it not for the colloids—well, something would happen.

In the industries colloids are most important, and are found to be a component of such products as glue, cement, rubber, inks, dyes, and so on. Nature also claims them. The asphalt from the pitch lake in Trinidad is full of them, and it is these colloids which give it such stability when used as a pavement.

The study of colloidal chemistry is most fascinating because it emphasizes the fact that it is the small things that are, very often, the most valuable. This is true in the moral as well as in the scientific world.

Charm is that intangible something that cannot be defined, and yet without which a person has lost much of his attractiveness. In character it is a colloid which binds the more rugged traits together and makes a pleasing whole. A man may be honest, virtuous, square in his dealings with all men, and a tireless worker, yet if charm is lacking he somehow fails to attract and draw people to him.

Tact is another colloid in character. How many persons there are who are as good as gold, dependable and true to the core, and yet are so outspoken and blunt in giving their opinions, and in their criticism of others, that they are disliked and avoided. It is so easy to say a thing in a pleasant way that will not offend, that it seems strange anyone should do otherwise. There is no reason to stir up a hornet's nest simply because you happen to have a stick in your hand. Let the colloid of Tact become a part of your make-up and see how much better people will like you.

Simplicity is another of these atoms which go to make up a disposition to be desired. The ostentatious man or woman, who with vulgar show and flashiness of dress endeavors to make a favorable impression, always fails except among those of his own kind. But every one is impressed with simplicity. The soft voice, the gentle touch, the quiet performance of duty, are the colloids in character which hold a person's love and friendship for the one who possesses them.

Memory experts tell us that the linking of a certain object with what we want to remember is a sure way of bringing it to our mind, when that object is again seen.

The next time you walk upon asphalt pavement, let it suggest to you, because of the colloids which it contains, the three colloids of character which have been enumerated, Charm, Tact and Simplicity, which every one should desire to possess.

Politeness and Profiteering

THE public would be more interested in the announced determination of coal mine operators to assist the Department of Justice in eliminating high prices if the operators said anything about making a material reduction in the cost of fuel. While expressing themselves as extremely willing to assist the Attorney-General in any way and while deploring unreasonably high prices, the operators declare they do not believe much profiteering exists and that if it does exist they themselves are not participating.

Boiled down, what the operators really subscribe to is a belief that prices should come down, but not *their* prices, and this, of course, is an attitude which at once wrecks all hopes for a material reduction in the cost of coal.

Everyone who has anything to do with mining, handling, transporting or selling coal has now participated in the game of "passing the buck." Mine owners, sales companies, railroads and retailers are all making just a bare living—if you will accept their verbal and forget their excess profit statements.

And, by the way, what possible good did the Department of Justice expect would result from their invitation to the coal mine operators to reduce profits? Is it possible that the department entertained the delusion that interests which have successfully and continuously exploited the public for the last two years would reform and lead better lives just at a time when winter is coming on?

Is it possible that there is that much credulity in the world?

Mr. Ford's Page

"WHAT a comfort it is to find a statesman who did not succeed by his tongue," says Gamaliel Bradford in his *Atlantic Monthly* study of Grover Cleveland. And perhaps there has been no period in our history when such a statement could have been received with more chuckling satisfaction than just now. We have had a long period of great talk. Some of it is destined to be remembered and quoted for centuries. But great talk needs great fulfillment, and great fulfillment usually takes place in silence. It is altogether probable that we have entered upon a period when the capacity to do things will supersede the capacity to descry great things in prophetic vision.

The world was a quarter of a century "saving up," so to speak, for a great test of military strength. It "blew in" its 25-year accumulations in four years. It is somewhat surprised that it has not recovered from its headache in two years. The recovery so far, however, might have been very much worse than it was.

The financial effects of the war are still with us. A great deal of money was manufactured in order to carry on the vast expenditures necessary for war, until there seemed to be plenty of money for everything and everybody. Financiers knew that this "expansion" was only a business device, but the people were allowed to think it was prosperity. It is somewhat strange that the people, who ultimately give to money whatever value it has, should have been in the dark about it. A great deal of advice was given against "extravagance," but the incitement to extravagance was not mentioned. The people were not told as they should have been: "Now, this apparent plentifulness of money is in appearance only. Some of these dollars represent wealth that hasn't been created yet. So be careful what you do with them, for you are not only spending your present, but you may be also mortgaging your future."

That condition still affects our lives. The readjustment period has arrived. It is fraught with certain inconveniences, but not necessarily with hardship or danger. When things go unequally something has to stop while something else catches up. The greatest inconveniences of this period arise from our present inability to transfer men from the departments that have to stop, to the departments that have to catch up. There are enough men on slack time in the city shops to harvest the great apple crop that is going to waste, and to get in other crops only partly harvested. But as there is no social spirit for such things, there is, of course, no social organization of them, and the consequence is that the wise and necessary thing is left undone.

But adjustment of money conditions and industrial conditions is not difficult. Far more difficult is the adjustment of ideas. Since 1914 a great many persons have received brand new intellectual outfits. Many are beginning to think for the first time. It is astonishing—this awakening of the mind in people. Suddenly they open their eyes and realize that they are in the world. Then, with a thrill of independence, they realize that they can look at the world critically, stand apart from it, cross-examine it, and perhaps find it faulty.

The intoxication of thus assuming the masterful position of critic of the social system, which it is every man's right to assume, is unbalancing at first. The very young critic is very much unbalanced. He is strongly in favor of wiping it all off, like a false sum of figures on a slate, and starting out anew.

We have that situation to meet everywhere, but as humanity is a whole, every disorder is usually found to break out in one place. The anti-social virus engendered by the war has broken out in Russia. It is there that the disease can be studied under the best conditions. There we learn that the minority and not the majority determines destructive action. We learn also that men may decree social laws all they please, but if they come in conflict with natural laws it will be found that Nature is more inflexible than czars. We learn also that every such frenzy must finally come back to the old ways.

Russia will presently return to the old ways.

First, the return will be to Freedom in Work. Some people say, "Russia will have to go to work," but that does not describe the case. The fact is that poor Russia is at work, but her work counts for nothing. It is not free work. In the United States a workman works eight hours a day; in Russia, he works 12 to 14. In the United States, if a workman wishes to lay off for a day or a week, and is able to afford it, there is nothing to prevent him. In Russia, under Sovietism, the workman goes to work whether he wants to or not. The freedom of the citizen has disappeared in the discipline of a prison-like monotony in which all are treated alike.

Now, Freedom is made up of things like that—freedom to work a decent length of time and get a decent living out of it; Freedom to arrange the little personal details of one's own life. It is the aggregate of these minor forms of freedom which makes up the great idealistic Freedom; and it is these minor forms of Freedom which lubricate the everyday life of all of us. Russia must return to Freedom in work, and she will be forced to return by the very pressure of natural law.

Again: Russia will have to return to the Service of the Masses by the Specialists. The Soviets said, "We don't want the experience and ability of those who formed the middle and upper classes; we can get along without it." But the result did not make good the boast. Russia could not get along without intelligence and experience. As soon as she began to run her factories by committees, they went to rack and ruin; there was more debate than production. As soon as they threw out the men who "knew how," tens of millions of dollars' worth of precious materials were spoiled, and the real support of the country was destroyed.

Why? Simply because a few, a very few persons, who "knew how" and who had previously put their "know how" at the disposal of the masses of the people, had been refused the chance to serve longer, because they belonged to "the middle class."

Let this Russian Soviet idea of class die out of the United States, just as it is dying out of Russia. The Soviets are combing the country now to find the starving *intelligentsia* whom they thought they could get along without. They are offering the engineers, the administrators, the manufacturers, the foremen and superintendents who fled, large sums of money if they will come back. Bolshevism is now crying for the brains and experience which she treated so ruthlessly at the first. The masses of the people are simply masses, without direction they find, and not one man in a thousand is fitted to direct others.

There is a very sinister element in this country, desirous of creeping in between the men who work with their hands and the men who think and plan for the men who work with their hands.

There never was in this country a traitor more dangerous than the man or party or race that seeks to split the American people into two opposing classes.

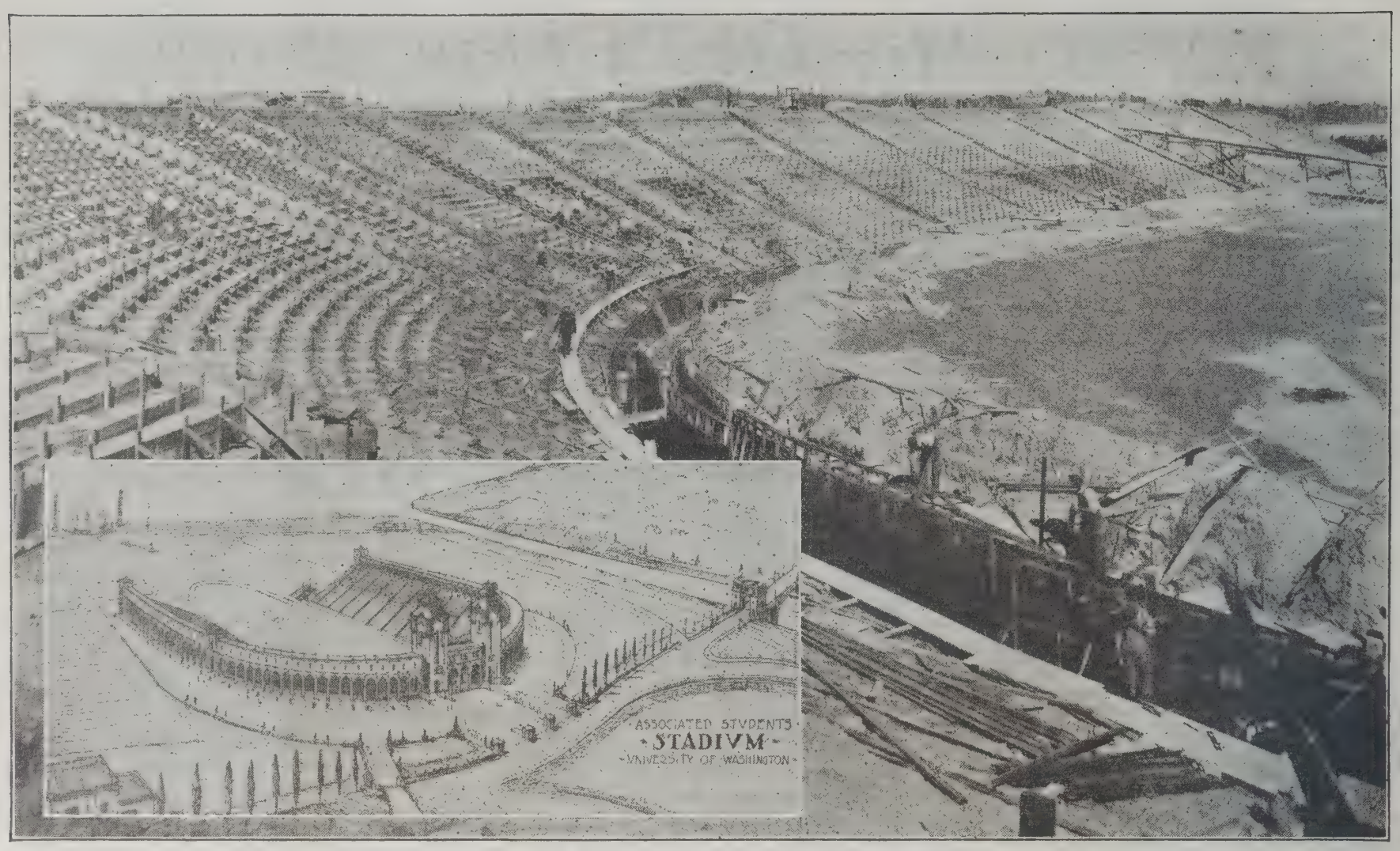
The same influence that drove the brains and experience and ability out of Russia, are busily engaged in raising a prejudice against the same qualities here.

One thing—a most precious possession of any nation, to be safeguarded at any cost, is the Unity of our People.

We must not suffer the stranger, the destroyer, the haters of happy humanity, to divide our people. In unity is American strength. In American disunity is the strength of the enemy of true Freedom.

THE period of talk will doubtless be succeeded by quiet action. Words do very well for programs, and for the frames of action; but fulfillment comes in deeds. We have always been more or less a wordy people. We have indulged, as a people, a penchant for orators. But we have discovered that it is mostly the silent men who do things. The old story about using so much steam in the whistle that there is none left for the wheels, is more than humor—it is philosophy. It is mighty easy to recreate the world in a speech, or reorganize society on paper. Men who actually put into practical operation the new thing, who prove its worth and get it established, may not go down in the list of word-producers, but they are the real statesmen.

Western University Builds Largest Stadium



The University of Washington stadium in course of construction and (insert) architect's drawing of the big bowl.

THE largest stadium in the United States and an amphitheater as commodious as any in the history of the world is being built on the campus of the University of Washington at Seattle, without the use of a horse, steam shovel or a scraper, the excavation being completed with the removal of 187,000 tons, with the employment of only forty men.

Competent engineers say that if the same unique system of construction had been followed in the building of the Yale Bowl at New Haven that that amphitheater would have cost $100,000 less and that the last seats, which were delayed to allow the ground to pack, could have been put into place two years earlier.

In building this stadium Seattle engineers are simply putting into practice the lessons they learned in the extensive and famous regrading of Seattle's business and residential section. Forty years ago what is now this city's business and residential areas was a string of high and irregular hills covered with a dense growth of fir and cedar. Seattle had to make its terrain level before the city could be built and what has been done in the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest in the last forty years is a tribute to the famous Seattle spirit.

When it came to building a stadium the engineers decided to make dirt run uphill and agreed that instead of using labor to form the steps and earth embankments on which the concrete is poured for seats, that water, which had the dirt in solution after picking it up when the hydraulic ram tore down uneven areas of the field, would deposit the earth in forms which were built up just as the seats are to be. It was a new departure in stadium construction and engineers who did not know what had been accomplished in Seattle's regrading said it was not possible. That it is not only possible but profitable and a time-saver is proved by results to date. Never in the history of the world has such accuracy and speed in stadium construction been attained as in the construction of the University of Washington stadium, say engineers who have seen the partially completed structure.

The ground was broken May 1, 1920, and the game between the University of Washington and Dartmouth November 27 will be played in the stadium, which will have a seating capacity of 30,000, and when the additional seats are placed the huge bowl will accommodate 60,000 spectators.

The site chosen is on the shore of Lake Washington and before the work was started it occupied a series of hills and valleys, rolling and irregular. It was decided to bring everything down to the level of the playing field and build up a sloping earth embankment for the seats, with the surplus earth to be used to level up the adjoining ground for practice fields and auto parking. Here was where the new construction feature entered.

A hydraulic giant was used to tear down the elevations and the water flowed to the center of the site at the rate of 2,000 yards a day. There was a settling pump lower than the grade and a pump then forced the water which held in solution sand, dirt and humus, up about forty feet to the top of the bank above where the seats were being constructed. On the sides of the amphitheater had been built wooden forms. The water flowed along and deposited a large percentage of the sand it held in solution. The dirt and humus, being lighter than sand, did not drop into the wooden forms but flowed off and back into the lake. The result was that with continual pumping of the saturated water sufficient sand was dropped into the forms to make permanent solid packing, just the shape desired and just the form of the mold.

The inside measurement of this huge stadium is sufficient to allow for a playing field 487 feet by 268 feet, and from the top of one row of seats to the row of seats on the opposite end will be 565 feet the long way of the field and 424 feet across.

The Great Land Hunger

NO HUNGER in all experience equals the human hunger for a bit of ground and a home on it. Nationalism has been much discussed recently; to some a bogie, to others a promise.

Czecho-Slovakia is the first country to attempt, in a practicable way, to solve that great land hunger with nationalism. The experiment is worth noting. In the first place, Czecho-Slovakia is easily the foremost of all the new states arising from the war. It has moved steadily along its appointed track, re-creating industries, instituting educational programs, saying little and sawing wood until today it is a solvent entity, and presents a model of a working democracy.

Neither the Czechs (or Bohemians), nor the Slovaks, nor the Moravians—the three races making up the state of Czecho-Slovakia—are Bolshevik; if you were to call them Socialists they would be astonished. They are Democrats, pure and simple; yet they have adopted nationalism in the great matter of land and, so far as can be judged, it works.

The law was passed April 16, 1919; it was passed unanimously by the National Assembly, representing all Czech political parties. By its provisions the state seizes land belonging to those who possess 150 hectares of arable land or 250 hectares of any kind of land including woods. This law invests the state with a sort of trusteeship over the seized land; in time it all will be given over to private persons, and on lease to public and private corporations.

A hectare is slightly less than 2½ acres. A cadastral acre, however, is an acre reckoned for taxation purposes and is a little more than a half hectare, being of less territory than an ordinary acre. In this article the hectare may be reckoned roughly at 2½ acres.

Now Bohemia, Slovakia and Moravia in 1914 were typical lands of the Old World. The peasants had nothing; a few landowners everything; these landowners were nobles, but not Bohemian nobles. They were the descendants of Magyars and others on whom the Austro-Hungarian crown had bestowed the estates.

Bohemia measures 5,195,000 hectares and at the last census had 6,769,548 inhabitants. There were then 868,402 separate landed possessions, and of these estates only 306,003 persons owned arable land. But 43 per cent of the Bohemian owners held an acre or less, a total of 373,273 ownerships being squeezed into 50,439 hectares. That is to say 45 per cent of the landowners held only 1 per cent of the land. At the extreme other end of the list 245 owners, holding more than 2,000 hectares each, held together 1,147,419 hectares or 28.3 per cent of the available area.

A study of the several divisions of pasturage, orchards, meadows, gardens, woods, lakes and moors would show the same disproportionate ownership which, of course, was common to all other aristocratically settled countries.

Moravia, with more than 2,600,000 inhabitants and 2,222,000 hectares, had only 275,000 persons owning arable land. Similar figures apply to Slovakia, to Silesia, and to neighboring areas.

Thus the land hunger throughout the peoples subject to the old central empires, and more particularly to the varied races under the Hapsburgs, was completely stifled.

How did this come about? History tells the story: the dominant position of the chiefs, the influence of despotic rulers and of the church. As early as the twelfth century vast Czech areas had been concentrated in large estates, and these estates themselves were consolidated again into still larger possessions by families among the nobles who intermarried. The Hapsburg rulers placed their favorites on the land, and from them came many of the estates whose names indicate very clearly their origin: such as Liechtenstein, Waldstein, Marradas, and others.

In fact after the Hapsburgs had finished, scarcely a quarter of the land remained in the hands of the original owners.

The fact of the matter is—and it explains the success of the new land office of Czecho-Slovakia—the land reform is so self-evidently and universally the program of the whole people, that there is no party to protest against it. The land office has started its work, and thousands of the most needy persons are becoming owners of land; the work is proceeding quietly and in good order, as does everything else in this sane little state. The idea is supported by the opinion of the whole people, and this insures its success.

It is certainly no utopia; it is the oldest and deepest of all man's material desires.

To Make a State a Better Home for Children

Shawnee Rotarians Seek to Build Ideal Cities in Oklahoma

WHAT do most people think about when they hear the name of the sovereign state of Oklahoma? The answer is easy. They think of oil and probably of some oil stocks they happen to hold.

So much publicity has been given Oklahoma by the promoters of oil companies that the public has acquired an impression the state grows derricks in about the same profusion that a cactus grows spines and that the one interest of the inhabitants is in getting as much profit as is possible out of their great natural resource, without much regard as to how they get it.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Oklahoma is new and it is rich but it has a good many interests besides its wealth and some of them could be copied to excellent advantage by a number of older and more firmly established commonwealths.

For instance while some of the states which profess to be leaders in social development are complacently preening themselves over their standings in the census returns and talking about nothing except how big they are, Oklahoma has launched a campaign to determine which of her cities is the best community in which to rear a family.

Shawnee started the movement. Her rotary club had heard of the success of similar campaigns in Kansas a few years ago and asked William A. McKeever of the extension division of the University of Kansas to visit them and outline a program.

Dr. McKeever is probably the best known authority on child welfare work in the United States. It was he who first called the attention of the nation to the fact that while it was giving much attention and spending tremendous sums on improving the breed of cattle, it was forgetting to develop its greatest asset—its boys and girls. There was no trouble, Dr. McKeever said, in getting advice from expert authorities on the proper methods of bringing up an orphan calf, of taming a recreant mule or of training a balky horse. But when it came to children parents had to work out their problems alone. He advocated community campaigns as one method of awakening interest in the coming generations and he demonstrated the value of his idea in more than 40 cities of his home state.

That is the man for us, said the Shawnee rotarians and they sent for him. "We want," they said, "to make Oklahoma the best state in the Union in which to found a home and raise a family. What shall we do?" Acting on Dr. McKeever's advice the rotary club announced that it believed Shawnee to be the best city in Oklahoma, and that it was willing to contest for the title and a prize of $2,500 with any medium-sized community in Oklahoma. The contest, which will last for one year, will be decided on 10 points, the scoring to be done by a body of impartial judges who will visit every community and measure its standing.

Play comes first on the list and the judges will look to the facilities for adequate, safeguarded play.

Industry is next and here attention will be given to industrial training at school, character building, employment during vacation, condition of employment of juveniles under 16 and systematic thrift instruction.

Management, equipment, methods of contact with community, modern methods of instruction, management of athletics, adequateness of number of teachers, salaries, and the like.

Modern methods of nursing, health inspection, clinics, hospital service, dental inspection, handling of contagious disease, and the like.

Management of the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts or Campfire Girls, facilities for camping, hiking, boating, service work of scouting organizations. Lessons in Americanization.

Management of the motion picture, the dance situation, the cigaret problem, the theater, and the general club life of the young.

Facilities for weekly social experience of all adolescent young people, social management in the high school, and the churches and homes.

Youths in young people's church societies, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., enrollment, management methods in Sunday schools, how these bodies meet the play and recreational interests of the young.

Clubs and societies of men and women studying and dealing constructively with juvenile problems, projects accomplished and under way, and the like.

Adequateness of housing, health, sanitation, and other comforts of industrial classes and of the families of lower economic status; together with remediable methods and measures.

A standard plan of campaign will be adopted in every community which enters the contest and will be closely followed for a year before the awards are made. The home, the church, the school and the community will all be represented by committees, with the superintendent of schools as ex-officio chairman of the combined central committees.

There will be a committee of three or more on home life and home training of the children with some mother and member of a woman's club as chairman:

A committee on school method and equipment with the superintendent of schools as chairman and with two or more interested patrons as members;

A committee on church and Sunday school training and advantages, with chairman and personnel to be selected by the clergymen of the city;

A committee on the community welfare of the young, welfare of the children—playground and social entertainment of the growing population—with a member of some men's club as chairman and other members selected at large.

The points which will be to the cities' greatest credit in the scoring are not the points which the residents usually show visitors. For instance, there will be no credits for the number of homes on "millionaire's row" but there will be credits for good housing conditions, substantial dwellings, and for the number of mother's clubs and parent-teachers' organizations.

The grading of the schools will be based on the number, construction and condition of the buildings; the efficiency of the teachers' methods of instruction, equipment, social program, athletics, playgrounds and—this last should be noted—teachers' salaries.

The churches will be scored on the work they do in their young people's organizations and the manner in which they tie this up with real service to the community.

The community will be called on to make possible the full development of the programs of the other three bodies. It will be held that it is the community's duty to provide supervised playgrounds, to keep clean streets, to wipe out unsightly spots, to force the maintenance of clean alleys and backyards and to regulate forms of commercial amusements.

Objectionable pool rooms, doubtful picture shows, and questionable enterprises of every kind which cater to the boys and girls must be regulated and, so far as is possible, displaced by community athletics, pageantry, amateur dramatics and other interesting means of enlisting the enthusiasm and attention of children.

It may be noted that while much attention is to be given to facilities for play, the matter of work has by no means been overlooked. Particular stress is to be laid on employment for children and youths during the summer or vacation months. At this period of the year, when every community turns its youngsters loose to their own devices, giving them nothing in the way of opportunities for supervised play, the cities entering this campaign will be required to show that there has been systematic teaching of thrift and that methods of employment have been provided. Gardening will be on the summer program and prizes will, of course, be offered for the best results. Repair work and community service, including the mowing of lawns, the washing of automobiles, the cleaning of backyards and alleys, whitewashing fences, window washing and renovation of unsightly spots in or about the city, will be included in the summer program and the workers, always supervised, will be paid by the city or its business men's association for their labors.

Another plan which the cities will adopt will be to enlist them in a practical carpentry course in which they will manufacture much of the equipment used on the playgrounds as well as flytraps, bird houses, sand boxes and summer shelters for the city parks, and as wide a variety of objects as is possible, so that the individuality of all may be expressed.

As an incentive to thrift, banks and business houses are to be asked to provide cash prizes for the groups which accumulate the largest deposits of earned funds during the summer.

It will be seen that the purpose of all these programs is to associate industry, thrift and community service in such a manner that they become inseparable. The child, for instance, will not be taught industry without learning also a lesson in community spirit, nor without being taught something of the value of thrift. And finally, through his experience as a member of a group, he will learn the value of time, cooperation and of concerted effort.

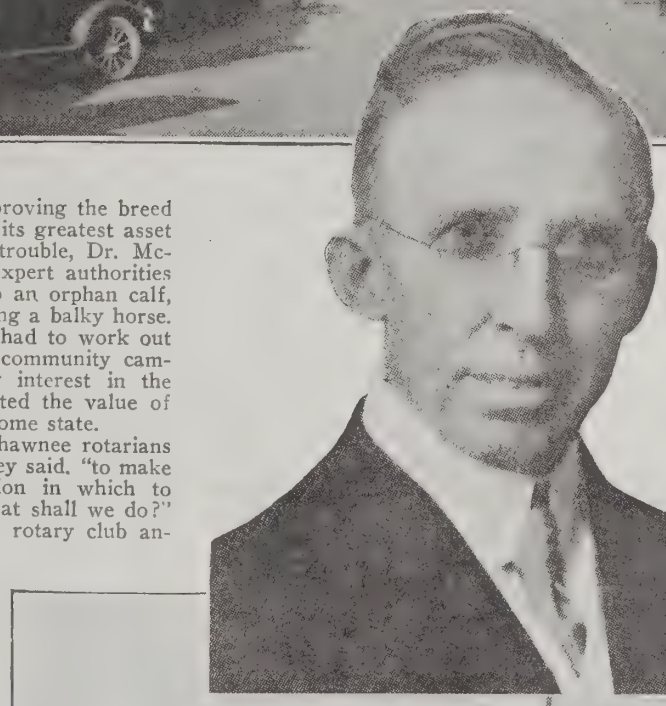
It is recorded that when Kansas tried out a modification of this plan the cities which entered became so interested before the close of the campaign that they wiped out every questionable pool room, stopped the surreptitious sale of cigarets and improved their schools, their streets and their recreational opportunities in a manner which far exceeded the expectations of the university. Many of the cities gained in population as a result of the campaign and it was even shown that in a large number of instances Kansas drew families from outside states.

Oklahoma hopes for great results. The whole state is bound up in the movement originated at Shawnee and it is believed that when this campaign is completed, one will be launched among the smaller towns and villages.

They want something better than a slogan in Oklahoma. They want better homes, better schools, better social conditions and they propose to get them. So—after all—they promote something besides oil deals in Oklahoma.

Ideals—for instance.







Above: The business section of Shawnee, showing the wide, clean, well-paved streets typical of western towns. Below: The Shawnee high school building. Insert: Dr. William A. McKeever, of the University of Kansas, whose work it is to interest the public in better crops of girls and boys.

Jews Use the Peace Conference to Bind Poland

Jews of Poland Demanded a State Within a State: Peace Conference Established the Saturday-Sabbath and Gave Jews Public Money

THERE is one difference between the Polish report of Sir Stuart Samuel and those of the others, which illustrates a difference between the Jewish mind and the general mind. The type of mind represented by the other investigators, Captain Wright, Brigadier General Jadwin, Sir H. Rumbold and even Henry Morgenthau, is the type of mind which looks behind events for causes.

Here is, for illustration, trouble between the Jews and other people. It is a continuous situation. There is always trouble between the two. We seldom hear of it, however, until the Jew begins to get the worst of it. As long as the Jew remains on top, making the Gentile serve the Jewish plan, there is no publicity whatever. The Gentiles may complain as much as they like, may protest and rebel—no international commissions arrive to investigate the matter.

Trouble between the Jews and other people is designated as trouble only when it begins to grow inconvenient for the Jew. It is then that he sends the cry of "persecution" around the earth, though the plain fact may be that he is only being nipped at his own game. The Poles saw how the Jews clung together in the most admirable teamwork, a minority absolutely controlling the majority because the minority formed a close corporation and the majority did not. So the Poles said: "We will take a leaf out of the Jews' own book. They work co-operatively among themselves; we, therefore, will work co-operatively among ourselves." Which they did, and at once the cry of "persecution" resounded loud and long; propaganda was begun against the good name of the Poles, more resentment followed, regrettable violence ensued, and the dispute still continues.

Jewish reports of these disturbances rarely go beyond the fact that Jews are suffering from certain acts of the Polish populace. Incident after incident is given with full detail, and with a very apparent journalistic appreciation of horror. Names, dates, places, circumstances are all in order.

Searching for the "Why" of Events

VERY well. It is no part of this article to deny or minimize the suffering of Jews wherever or for whatever cause it may occur. There is nothing whatever to be said in extenuation of injustice inflicted on the humblest human being. The murder of even one person, the terrorizing of even one family, is a very terrible thing to contemplate. It is a great pity that the world has become so accustomed to the piled-up tales of horror that it no longer has any sensibilities left to feel the shame and degradation of these things. From the days of Belgium onward, all races in Europe have suffered, and by sympathy all races in America have suffered with them, though it is a fact that we hear more, far more, about the sufferings of the Jews than of any other people.

There is, however, this reaction of the practical mind: Why do these things occur? Grant that robberies, assaults and murders described in the complaints have occurred, *why should they occur?*

Are the Polish people naturally given to perpetrating such acts? Have such acts marked the residence of the Jews in Poland for the last 800 years? And if the Polish people are not naturally abusive, if the story of the Jews' residence in Poland has been mostly pleasant, what causes the change now?—that is the way the practical general mind works. It seeks to know the background.

Mr. Morgenthau, apparently, put in too much of this background, though at that he put in very much less than the other investigators, except Mr. Samuel. Therefore, Mr. Morgenthau's report was pigeonholed by American Jewry, because the facts make very poor material for the kind of propaganda which American Jewish leaders had in mind. Apparently they did not dare publicly to criticize or renounce his report; they simply passed it over. Captain Wright, who endeavored to put in all the background he could find to make Polish conditions comprehensible to the British people, has been handled insultingly by the Jewish press. They don't want investigation. They want sympathy for themselves and denunciation for the Poles.

Eighteen Persons Killed in Poland Proper

IN AMERICA we are inclined to believe that every condition is explainable: it may be reprehensible, but it is intelligible; we believe that the explanation is the first step toward the remedy.

Mr. Morgenthau does not speak of "pogroms" at all. In this he sets an example that certain hysterical American Jews ought to follow. The present series of articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is a "pogrom" (some Jewish spokesmen speak as if each separate article were a "pogrom") in the hectic but uninstructive oratory of Hebrew lodge meetings. But Mr. Morgenthau exercises more precision in the use of words. He says:

> "The mission has purposely avoided the use of the word 'pogrom,' as the word is applied to everything from petty outrages to premeditated and carefully organized massacres . . . ."

On one point all the reports agree, namely, that the unjust killing of Jews has been on a scale so much smaller than that alleged by the propagandists that there is no comparison. In that part of Poland where war disorder was less common, 18 persons were unjustly deprived of their lives. For the whole territory during the entire period when it was being overrun by various elements, Sir Stuart Samuel admits, apparently with reluctance, that he can count only 348. Captain Wright says: "I estimate that not more than 200 or 300 have been unjustly killed. One would be too many, but, taking these casualties as a standard with which to measure the excesses committed against them, I am more astonished at their smallness than their greatness." Sir H. Rumbold says: "If the excesses had been encouraged or organized by the civil and military authorities, the number of victims would probably have been much greater."

Composite Report of Lemberg Excesses

THAT the reader may see how the various reports run with reference to specific charges of brutality, the agreements and divergences are set down. Look at the reports concerning what happened at Lemberg.

1. The excesses occurred November 21-23, 1918. The city was taken by Ukrainian troops, formerly in the Austrian service. (Samuel, Morgenthau, Wright, Jadwin.)

2. "General Monczyunski raised a Polish army, about 1,500 in number, consisting of men, women, boys, some of them criminals, and, after a severe struggle, succeeded in capturing half the city, the other half of which remained in the occupation of the Ukrainians." (Samuel.) "A few hundred Polish boys, combined with numerous volunteers of doubtful character, recaptured about half the city and held it until the arrival of Polish reinforcements on November 21." (Morgenthau.) "When the German troops revolted all over Poland at the time of the armistice, and the whole edifice of German organization fell to the ground in a day, a few Polish officers raised a small volunteer force in Lemberg, numbering between 1,000 and 2,000, which was composed of boys, roughs and criminals, and even women in uniform. For nearly a fortnight they fought in the streets against the Ukrainians and on the arrival of a similar force . . . . drove the Ukrainians out of town. This was really a splendid feat of arms." (Captain Wright.)

3. "The Jewish part of the population of Lemberg declared itself to be neutral." (Samuel.)

"The Jewish population declared themselves neutral, but the fact that the Jewish quarter lay within the section occupied by the Ukrainians, and that the Jews had organized their own militia and, further, the rumor that some of the Jewish population had fired upon the soldiery, stimulated among the Polish volunteers an anti-Semitic bias that readily communicated itself to the relieving troops." (Morgenthau.)

"During this struggle the Jews proclaimed themselves neutral; but, though I do not think they gave any armed assistance to the Ukrainians, their neutrality was highly benevolent to the Ukrainians and probably helpful. They thought the Ukrainians would win." (Captain Wright.)

4. "In the result *none of the military commanders* responsible for these events *has been punished.*" (Samuel.) "As early as December 24, 1918, the Polish Government, through the ministry of justice, began a strict investigation of the events of November 21 and 23. . . . In spite of the crowded dockets of the local courts, where over 7,000 cases are now pending, 164 persons, ten of them Jews, have been tried for complicity in the November disorders, and numerous similar cases await disposal. Forty-four persons are under sentences ranging from 10 days to 18 months. Aside from the civil courts, *the local court-martial has sentenced military persons to confinement for as long as three years* for lawlessness during the period in question." (Morgenthau.) Speaking of the general subject of punishment, Captain Wright says: "The Government has inflicted a good deal, though an insufficient amount, of punishment; these punishments it has never published, for fear of Polish public opinion." And Brigadier General Jadwin, of the United States Mission, says: "If complaints as to slowness and uncertainty of military and government punishments and relief were heard, as they were, it seemed nevertheless to indicate that orderly process of government was in operation."

5. "*No compensation has been paid* for the damage done." (Samuel.)

"This mission is advised that on the basis of official investigations the government *has begun the payment of claims* for damages resulting from these events." (Morgenthau.)

"*Payments had begun to be made* in Wilna, Pinsk and Lemberg before our departure from Poland." (General Jadwin.)

The occurrences in Lemberg were bad enough, to be sure. But Sir Stuart Samuel let it be understood that all the blame rested with the Poles. The other investigators gave reports that explain the matter, although no report could excuse it. And all but Samuel agreed that the Polish Government did what it could to repair what had occurred and to prevent recurrences. This from the American report is worth considering: "General Jadwin was present at the taking of Minsk and a personal witness of the strenuous efforts of the military authorities toward preventing acts of violence." The fact seems to be that as soon as any sort of order could be brought out of the chaos of war, the disorder ceased. And yet we read, even today in our newspapers, of "thousands and tens of thousands of Jews being slaughtered in Poland."

Further, to indicate that these events did not occur without Jewish provocation to a certain extent, there is the case of Pinsk. This was on April 5, 1919.

1. Pinsk had been recaptured from the Bolsheviki a short time before. The population was overwhelmingly Jewish, only 25 per cent being Polish (General Jadwin, Captain Wright.) The Polish officer had only a very small detachment of men, and the Bolshevist lines were quite close. The Polish officer was treated with coldness by the Jews, and he suspected them of friendly relations with the Bolsheviki; he was very anxious. He had posted notices that any unauthorized meeting would be punishable by death. (Captain Wright.)

2. The Government Organizer of Co-operative societies had given permission for the Jewish co-operatives to meet for discussion of the plan to join other co-operatives. (Samuel, Morgenthau, Wright.)

Jewish Soldiers Act as Informers

3. "It seems that *two Polish soldiers* . . . . and another soldier . . . . informed the military authorities that they had information that the Jews intended to hold a Bolshevik meeting on Saturday in what is known as the People's House, being the headquarters of the Zionists." (Samuel.) "This meeting took place in the offices of the Zionist organization, which is very anti-Polish." (Wright.)

". . . . it is recognized that information of Bolshevist activities in Pinsk had been received by *two Jewish soldiers* . . . " (Morgenthau.)

"The town commander with judgment unbalanced by fear of a Bolshevik uprising of which he had been forewarned by *two Jewish soldier* informers . . . ." (General Jadwin.)

"After the meeting had ended and been formally closed, a great many members of the co-operative association remained in the same room talking together; other members of the Zionist organization, including ladies, were in the room at the same time. This collection of people must have presented the appearance of a meeting, and I think the members remaining in one room were numerous enough technically to constitute a meeting. *There was some insolence in this and the previous behavior of the Jews: Sir Stuart Samuel pointed out to the witnesses that their authorized meeting itself had been a breach of the Sabbath,* and therefore a grave religious offense." (Captain Wright.)

All of the investigators agree in denouncing what followed. Captain Wright says that the Polish officer would hardly have acted with such promptitude if the prisoners had been others than Jews.

General Jadwin sums it up thus: "The Pinsk outrage . . . . was a purely military affair. The town commander with judgment unbalanced by fear of a Bolshevik uprising of which he had been forewarned by *two Jewish soldier informers* sought to terrorize the Jewish population (about 75 per cent of the whole) by the execution of 35 Jewish citizens without investigation or trial, by imprisoning and beating others and by wholesale threats against all Jews. No share in this action can be attributed to any military official

higher up, to any of the Polish civil officials, nor to the few Poles resident in that district of White Russia."

Sir Stuart says: "Under the present local administration Pinsk is once more peaceful, and the relations between the Christian and non-Christian inhabitants have become normal."

It is sometimes forgotten here in the United States that for Poland the war is not yet over. Poland is now a free nation—on paper—but her freedom seems to be a day-to-day tenure, dependent on fighting. Bolshevism made serious inroads on her. Wherever the Bolshevik Red armies swept across Poland, the Jews met them with welcomes. This is no longer denied, even in the United States: it is explained by the statement that the Bolsheviki are more friendly to the Jews than are the Poles—a statement which readers of our recent articles on the Jewish character of Sovietism can well understand.

When the Poles beat back the Reds, they commonly found that the Jews had already set up Sovietism, as if they had long awaited it and were well prepared. It is scarcely strange, therefore, that the Poles still retain their suspicions.

The Jews do not want to become Poles. That is the root of the present difficulty between the two peoples. Sir Stuart Samuel barely touches it—"On several occasions the resentment of the soldiery and civil population was aroused by the Zionists' claim to *Jewish nationality as opposed to Polish nationality.*" Mr. Morgenthau goes a step further—"This had led to a conflict with the nationalist declarations of some of the *Jewish organizations which desire to establish cultural autonomy financially supported by the State.*" Mr. Morgenthau, you will observe, gives a wider peep into conditions.

The Jews' Anti-National Demand

BUT the best description of the situation is given in the report of Captain Wright:—"Their (the Jews') party program in Poland is to have *all Jews on a separate register.* The Jews thus registered are *to elect a representative body of Jews,* with extensive powers of legislation and *taxation;* e. g., it could tax for purposes of emigration. This body to be *handed over by the Polish state a proportionate amount of money* to spend on Jewish charitable and financial institutions. Besides this separate organization, a number of seats proportionate to their numbers to be set aside in every local and in the national legislature. A sixth or seventh of the Polish Diet to be *occupied only by Jews to be elected only by Jews.* Some Jews also demand separate law courts, or at least the right to use Yiddish as well as Polish in legal proceedings. This is the practical program, but the ambition of the advanced section is *national personal autonomy* granted in the Ukraine by one of the ephemeral governments of the Ukraine, the Ukrainian Central Rada, on January 9, 1918, and called the Statute of National Personal Autonomy, of which I have a copy. It organizes the Jews as a nation with full sovereign powers; the Ukrainian *bank notes were printed in Yiddish* as well as in Ukrainian."

People sometimes ask, where is the proof of the program of the Protocols? It is everywhere the Jewish leaders have attained power, and everywhere they are striving for power. The Protocols can be written out of Jewish rabbinical writings; they can be written out of Jewish tendencies in the United States; they can be written out of Jewish demands in the Balkans; they can be written out of Jewish achievements in Russia. They represent the Jewish program, ideal and real, at every stage of modern history.

Do you ever hear of this Jewish program in Poland when you are invited to sympathize with the 250,000 Jews who are being brought from Poland to the United States? Will these people leave their ideas outside New York Harbor?

Incidentally, Captain Wright's full investigation of the Jewish program may throw some light on the refusal of American Jews to circulate his report, although it was attached to the report of Sir Stuart Samuel which is being so widely circulated.

However, that his government at home might fully understand the situation, Captain Wright draws an illustrative parallel:

"If the Jews in England—after multiplying their numbers by twenty or thirty—demanded that the Jewish Board of Guardians should have extensive powers, including the right to tax for purposes of emigration, and that a separate number of seats should be set aside in the London County Council, the Manchester Town Council, the House of Commons, and the House of Lords, to be occupied only by Jews chosen by Jews; that the president of the board of education should hand over yearly to the Jews sums proportionate to their numbers; if some were to demand the right to have separate Jewish law courts, or at least to be allowed to use Yiddish as well as English in the King's Bench and Chancery Division; if the most advanced even looked forward to a time when Bank of England notes were to be printed in Yiddish as well as in English, then they might well find public opinion, even in England, less well disposed to them . . . ."

In view of this state of affairs, it cannot be regarded as a fact of minor significance that the Jewish investigators who must have known all this virtually concealed it, and that the other investigators brought it forth to general knowledge. Neither is it of minor significance that the Jewish press has absolutely suppressed these facts even while pretending to give the results of the British Mission's investigations. Insulting references have been made to Captain Wright's report in a Jewish publication of the better class, because he made references to certain practices which are common among the Jews in Poland. It may be said, however, that the references made by Captain Wright are in great restraint compared with the number given in the recent book by Arthur Goodhart. Whether Mr. Goodhart is a Jew or not, the present writer cannot now say. He is a Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. He is "lately Captain, United States Army." He was transferred from the army at the suggestion of Mr. Morgenthau, to act as counsel for the Mission. And he says on page 161—"After dinner Mr. Morgenthau attended a meeting of the B'nai B'rith Lodge, the only chapter of this Jewish organization in Poland. No branches had been permitted in Russia before the war, as it was a secret society and therefore illegal in the Czar's Empire. Major Otto and I, not being members, walked round the town." Mr. Goodhart, as counsel of the American mission, makes an excellent witness as to the kind of people who are coming in such large numbers to this country. But their sense of their own political importance and power is the principal point for Americans to consider.

The Peace Conference Binds Poland

THE Peace Conference did not tend to bring unity in Poland; it rather established the disunity for as long a period as the Treaty of Versailles remains to rule the world. The reader has just seen Captain Wright's description of what the Jews demanded. Let the reader now understand what the Peace Conference decreed.

Poland is prohibited from having an election on Saturday. Poland is prohibited from having a registration on Saturday. The Jewish Sabbath is established by law, and government and courts must govern themselves accordingly. Do what you like on Sunday—order elections on Sunday, as the Poles sometimes do—but not Saturday; it is the Jews' Sabbath!

"Article 11—Jews shall not be compelled to perform *any act which constitutes a violation of their Sabbath,* nor shall they be placed under any disability by reason of their refusal to attend courts of law or to perform any legal business on their *Sabbath* . . . . Poland declares her intention to refrain from ordering or permitting elections, whether general or local, to be held on a *Saturday,* nor will registration for electoral or other purposes be compelled to be performed on a *Saturday.*"

What the Bolsheviki did in Russia, the Peace Conference did in Poland—established the Jewish Sabbath.

The people who saw this strange setting up of Jewish customs as a part of the law of the land, one of the authorities for such action being the President of the United States, are now flocking to the United States in large numbers. Is it unreasonable for them to believe that if the President of the United States could bind Poland to Jewish custom, it is all right to bind the United States too?

Moreover, the Jewish separate schools were established by law in Poland. Poland's great trouble has resulted from her lack of schools in which *all* the population could imbibe Polish ideals expressed in the Polish language. The Peace Conference authorizes the continuance of that source of trouble.

In Article 11, "the Jews" were mentioned. In Article 9, the term used is "Polish nationals." The reader will save himself a great deal of misunderstanding in the perusal of European news if he will translate the clause "racial, religious and linguistic minorities" to mean simply Jews. They are the "minority" that is at the bottom of most of the difficulty, and they are the minority that is most heard of. It was this minority that dominated the Peace Conference.

"Article 9—Poland will provide in the educational system in towns and districts in which a considerable proportion of Polish nationals of other than Polish speech are residents, adequate facilities for insuring that in the primary schools instruction shall be given to the children of such Polish nationals through the medium of their own language. . . .

"In towns and districts where there is a considerable proportion of Polish nationals belonging to racial, linguistic or religious minorities, *these minorities shall be assured an equitable share in the enjoyment and application of the sums which may be provided out of public funds* under the state, municipal or other budgets for education, religious or charitable purposes."

Public Money for Jewish Purposes

BUT even that is not all. The Polish State is to hand over the money, but the Jews will distribute it:

"Educational committees appointed locally by the *Jewish* communities of Poland will, subject to the general control of the state, provide for the distribution of the proportional share of the public funds allocated to *Jewish* schools in accordance with Article 9. . . ."

It is most amazing how "racial minorities" are dropped the moment money comes into view, and the definite term "Jew" is substituted.

More than all this, "the United States of America, the British Empire, France, Italy, and Japan, the principal allied and associated powers, on the one hand; and Poland, on the other hand," (so the text of the treaty begins) together make of all these special privileges, not a national agreement on the part of hard-pressed Poland, but an international demand on the part of the League of Nations. Article 12 stipulates that all the agreements affecting "racial, linguistic and religious minorities," which is mere diplomatic camouflage for "Jews," shall be placed under the guaranty of the League of Nations. This lifts the Jews in Poland completely out of Polish obligation. All they will have to do is to complain to the League of Nations—and International Jewry will do the rest.

The United States was a party toward the writing of these stipulations into the treaty. The American people are not yet a party to their enforcement.

There are a quarter of a million of these Jews coming to the United States from Poland. You have read their demands in Poland. You have read their achievements in the Peace Conference.

Do you say, as an American citizen, that you are ready to take for the United States the dose of Jewish medicine, which the Peace Conference gave to Poland?

Do you say, in view of what has been said about the whole situation, that the Jews are showing anything besides a wicked and gloating spirit of revenge in the way they have propagandized against Poland after humiliating her in the Peace Conference?

A book containing over 200 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

The Jewish propaganda play which appeared in Washington under the title "Undesirable Friends" is now appearing in New York as "The Unwritten Chapter." Regarding it, one New York dramatic critic writes in his paper: "Dressed out in patches of history retailored to fit, Louis Mann stepped on to the stage of the Astor Theater last evening as Haym Salomon, a hitherto little known hero of the Revolutionary War with whom the authors in the case are determined the present generation shall become acquainted, even if they have to be anachronistic about it. In this play, packed with noble sentiments about America and the Jews who helped to make these United States what they are until there seemed nothing left to say on either side, one is presented with about a three-quarter length portrait of the man who was Israelite, banker and patriot all in one. Before the portrait is finished, a goodly portion of history has been shown the door, a certain amount has been made on the spot, and what is fact has been so combined with what is fancy," and so on.

Although Jews insist that the immigration laws of "the outside world" shall be very lenient to them, they have made the immigration laws of Palestine so stringent that it would be difficult for many Jews to get in.

The Jewish character of the immigration now passing through Ellis Island is attested by the fact that most of the Sunday afternoon entertainments given on the island are purely Jewish in character.

There was a rather small riot in Jerusalem at Easter. The Jews of the city have already collected $100,000 in damages from the new Palestine Government under Sir Stuart Samuel.

When Sir Stuart Samuel made his report to the British Government, he recommended that the British representative be given a secretary who could speak Yiddish. This, of course, means a Jew. It is becoming quite the custom, we understand, to equip Polish diplomats, as well as diplomats accredited to Poland, with Jewish secretaries. But Sir H. Rumbold, who was British representative in Poland when Sir Stuart visited there, deprecated the recommendation, intimating that such a secretary would hardly be more than an agent watching the interests of the Jews as those interests were fixed by the Peace Conference.

The "Palestine Directory" lists nine architects, 44 lawyers, 32 stockbrokers, 52 wine and liquor dealers and 45 confectioners.

There are 110 Jewish students in McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

The inventor of Esperanto, the universal language, was a Jew.

The Era of Motor Transportation in England

Fleets of Charabancs and Lorries Fill Highways, Carry Merchandise and Passengers to All Corners of Island

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, October—(By Mail).

A FEW months ago, when the ministry of transport was established in this country, there were many critics who said that the new minister, Sir Eric Geddes (who was a railway manager) meant to use his office for the glorification of the railways and the diminution of the roads and motor transport. There is no sign of this as yet, but whether it be so or not, we are becoming more and more conscious that the era of the motor vehicle and the revival of the long neglected road are now upon us.

The phenomenon is one which strikes the mind at every turn. It is not only a question of light motor cars, though these during the later stages of the war and since the armistice have increased enormously in number, but also of heavier traffic of every description. Every big town now has its fleets of charabancs for travel and for pleasure, and if on occasion a tramway strike breaks out, the troubles of the public are mitigated to an astonishing degree by the influx of squadrons of charabancs from the adjoining towns. In many districts it is notorious that a passenger may reach his destination more quickly, comfortably and cheaply by charabanc than by railway, for the simple reason that the motor vehicle goes as straight as is possible to its destination, taking the difficulties as they come, whereas the railway follows a fixed, undeviating course to which traffic of all kinds, if it would use the railway at all, is obliged to conform. Besides the charabancs, motor buses are multiplying enormously. More than anything else they are helping to link up the villages of England with the market towns on which they center.

More important than these vehicles from the commercial point of view are the motor lorries, which are to be seen in droves on our principal roads distributing merchandise from one end of the country to the other.

Once or twice recently in Lancashire an official census has been taken which illustrates the extent and growth of this new motor traffic. For seven days, during twelve hours a day, an account was kept on the road between Preston and Blackpool, the popular Lancashire seaside resort. Two thousand three hundred and eighty-one motor omnibuses and charabancs, 879 motor lorries and 30 motor lorry trailers passed along the road. On the road from Preston to Lancaster in the same period there were 1,746 motor buses and charabancs, 902 lorries and 64 trailers, while at a chosen point of the Liverpool-Manchester road there were 3,267 lorries and 589 trailers. Another census has given us a comparison between recent figures on the Manchester-Liverpool road and figures for seven days in June, 1912. To take only the heavy commercial traffic, there were 94 motor lorries in 1912 and only one trailer, whereas in the chosen period this year there were 2,010 motor lorries and 336 trailers. Taking all kinds of motor vehicles, the traffic this year was more than seven times as numerous and more than ten times as heavy in tons as it was in 1912. And besides all this expansion, with its obvious significance to the energy and industry of the country, there is the opening of the era of the power-driven machine in the fields, which means a new chapter in agriculture and perhaps, if we are quick enough to adopt the lessons of the times, a revival in the efficiency and prosperity of what is still our largest industry.

Like many another transformation in our social state this outburst of motor transport dates from the war. It is roughly estimated that during the war there was an increase of some twenty-five thousand motor vehicles in Lancashire and Yorkshire alone. Everyone knows now how in France and Belgium the army discovered the incalculable value of the ubiquitous motor in running the campaign. A large part both of the men and of the supplies for the great offensives were moved up by motor. One has only to read the books written by the various chiefs-of-staff that are now being published to realize not only that the supply system was dependent on the motor vehicles, but that without the motor it would have been flatly impossible to rush up and concentrate silently within a few days the troops necessary for any great attack. With the armistice the motors of all kinds used in the army began to come gradually into civilian usé. Then in October, 1919, came the great railway strike and the country seemed face to face with imminent danger of starvation. Strange to say, when the strike was over, the supplies of foodstuffs in the hands of the retail traders were larger than they had been when the strike began. (There was the single exception of sugar, which is hard to handle.) The motor vehicle had saved the country. Not less than twenty-five thousand motor vehicles of all kinds had been employed in the work of distribution, which consisted in conveying goods by motor transport to a number of principal centers and from them to all the adjoining places by subsidiary motor services.

It was realized now that a new force had arisen—a new ally for commerce, a new competitor for the railways. It is not realized less today when railway fares and freights are much higher than they were a year ago. As soon as the strike was over the chambers of commerce throughout the country petitioned the government that something should be done to maintain for the use of the state the motor services which had already saved the country from disaster. For a time the government directed that the surplus motor lorries used during the strike should be employed to relieve the congestion of goods at the docks and on the railways, but when that was done motor transport became once more a matter for private enterprise. The automobile association has just put forward an ambitious scheme for organizing the commercial motor transport of the country. The idea of the scheme is to organize the collection of goods to be carried by motor lorry and to prevent lorries returning empty, as our railway wagons so often do, on the return half of their journey. The association has between five hundred and six hundred agents who in their various areas will register the requirements and the offers of merchants and manufacturers and will fill up the cargoes of the motor lorries traveling to and fro. "There is thus in being," says a report on the scheme, "a system of clearing houses covering an area between Wick in the north of Scotland and Penzance and Dover in the south. A plan for eliminating dead mileage, that is to say, mileage run without a load, may be illustrated in this way. A Manchester haulage undertaker who may be conveying goods to Burnley will send to the clearing house agent at Burnley a form indicating the type and carrying capacity of the vehicle he is sending and the kind of goods he is prepared to carry. The Burnley agent will thereupon notify him as quickly as possible as to the consignments which he has registered and which may be suitable for his vehicle on the return journey." The railways, of course, are likely to continue to enjoy at present their advantage in pulling a very heavy load over a long distance, but for the shorter distances and for the convenience and expeditiousness of direct transport, the motor vehicle, there is no doubt, has an increasing pull on the favors of the industrial world.

But a new weapon like this brings new problems with it and some of them are difficult. Roughly speaking, there has been no great expansion or development in the road system of England for the last seventy or eighty years, that is to say, during the life of the railway system. When the railways came in, the road went out. An astonished world, unable to foresee the time when vehicles mechanically propelled and shod with rubber and steel would run on roads, believed that the railways were the final word of efficiency and that the roads so freely used before could be neglected. We shall have to pay heavily now for the mistakes of our forefathers. There is an enormous wear and tear on our main roads. Motor traffic, and heavy traffic too, is spilling over on the side roads of the country and wearing them to pieces, to the distress of the local authorities and to the dismay of the inhabitants who have to pay the piper. Many of our towns, small and great, are now the arteries through which flows an immense stream of traffic. But nevertheless they are not equipped with the broad trunk roads and exits which they need to carry the motor stream. Elsewhere, all over the country, there are complaints of the roads which are too light or too narrow for the heavy and broad vehicles that use them and there are demands that the roads should be widened or the vehicles diminished in breadth or certain roads barred altogether to motor traffic. It is estimated that, even as things are, £40,000,000 a year is being spent upon our roads. It is estimated also that at the present moment from 40 to 50 million pounds could be profitably expended, without regard to annual upkeep. For the purposes of maintenance the new motor taxes will provide almost nine millions a year, which is a good round sum, but no one suggests that it is as much as we shall need, especially now that the ministry of transport is completing its survey of all the roads of the country, which is to show us both what ought to be done now and what lines the road system of the future ought to follow.

One word about taxation. The new taxes bear severely upon one class of motor user who is at least as deserving as any other. No one has complained much of the new taxation on commercial vehicles or motor buses, but the ordinary motor car is to be taxed £1 per horse power and this will prove a specially severe burden to the owner of the light popular car who, of all the motor users, puts his machine to the most profitable use. Still, there are anomalies of every kind in our taxation today and where there is an absolute necessity to raise so many hundred million pounds there will be hard cases everywhere. The one moral which emerges from all recent experience is the increasing value, to the individual and to the community, of the motor vehicle, and we, therefore, who are free traders think it reasonable to ask that everything be done in this country to make free and open the importation of the motor car of every sort, so that a new instrument of progress may be placed as generously as is possible at the disposal of the people.

Your Own United States



The mornings often roll tossing seas of mist into the valleys, from which emerge at intervals craggy tops, glistening glaciers, and far-distant mountain peaks. This photograph was taken from a height at Indian Henry's. Mount St. Helens is lost in the mists forty miles away.

He Gave Up a Fortune to Save an Industry

Dr. Stephen M. Babcock Invented Milk-Testing Machines Now Used the World Over

By FRED L. HOLMES

STANDING on a pedestal in a room of the dairy school building at the University of Wisconsin is a device that has done more to promote the dairy industry in the world than any other single invention. It is the Babcock milk test invented in 1890 and "given free to the world."

Close by is the new agricultural chemistry building. From it any morning about 11:30 o'clock one may see a tall, gray-haired man, slightly stooped, wearing a soft wool cap, leave the building and enter one of the by-streets toward his modest cottage home. He goes early for lunch to avoid the crowds at noonday and shambles along at a gait that is said to have been characteristic of Lincoln. This is Dr. Stephen Moulton Babcock, the inventor. He is the most unpretentious person on the faculty—yet the one who is most world renowned.

The old philosopher who declared that "necessity is the mother of invention" stated a truism that finds demonstration in every decade. Inventions revolutionize industry and change the plodding history of nations. The cotton gin of Eli Whitney was an economic factor in the bringing of the Civil War. It gave an impetus to cotton culture that made the expansion of slavery in the southern states inevitable. The twine binder made possible the harvesting of boundless acres which geography maps of the great Northwest three-quarters of a century ago marked as "The Great American Desert."

"Co-operative dairying, stimulated by the invention of the centrifugal cream separator, needed a method of precision like the Babcock test to measure milk value," said Dean H. L. Russell, head of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture in discussing the influence of this invention on the wonderful advance in dairying. "If Dr. Babcock had not succeeded when he did in producing the simplest and most effective test, some other name would have been associated with the test, for under the stress of economic pressure it had to come."

What does the invention do to advance the dairy industry? The Babcock milk tester reveals the amount of butter fat in milk. It makes it possible to determine whether all of the cream has been removed from the skimmed product. Waste is eliminated. More important, it provides a simple method whereby the farmer may test the production of each cow in his herd and determine whether the animal is a "boarder" or a "money maker."

Millions of dollars have been saved in products formerly wasted to the farmers and the commercial world by the invention. The development of the dairy industry throughout the United States has been placed on a plane where cost of milk production can now be as accurately determined as a manufacturer is able by shop accounting to arrive at the cost of a finished product. Strong, productive herds are the result.

"The cow, from an economic viewpoint," continues Dr. Russell, "is simply a manufacturing plant through which is run so much raw material in the form of nutrients to turn out the finished products, milk and cream. Many of these manufacturing plants are run at a dead loss, but their owners do not know it, as they are too indifferent to take the trouble to keep books so that they can find it out. This is one of the lamentable defects in farming as a manufacturing enterprise. In any other phase of industrial activity, such negligence of business methods would spell bankruptcy. The Babcock test and a pair of scales make it possible for every farmer to keep accurate accounts with each cow in his herd, and where this is done it does not take long to convince the owner that the cow that does not pay her board had better move on. He learns that it pays to farm by scientific rather than by rule of thumb methods."

With the introduction of the centrifugal cream separator in 1885 butter-making gradually shifted from the farm dairy to the commercial creamery. There was, however, no method of determining the richness of milk and each patron was paid by the "pooling" system, on the basis of volume of milk sold, and this regardless of whether it had a high or low degree of butter fat.

"Moreover, no encouragement was afforded the progressive dairyman to deliver pure fresh milk containing a high percentage of butter fat," says H. W. Potts, of the Hawkesbury Agricultural College. "He received the same price for his milk averaging 4 per cent butter fat as the non-progressive supplier whose milk contained only 3.4 per cent fat. In those days it was not an uncommon sight to see leeches and young frogs in the sieves of the receiving tanks at the separating stations or factories—dumb evidence of the nature of the adulteration."

There was chance for fraud. Farmers with good herds were dissatisfied. Creameries that did not prosper suspected the farmers. The incipient dairy industry was endangered. Dean W. A. Henry was head of the college of agriculture at the time. He had attended a farmers' convention at Belvidere, Illinois, at which the dairymen declared that some method must be devised for testing milk, or there would be no growth to the industry. Dr. S. M. Babcock, university chemist, was consulted. It is easy to talk about such things, he replied, but scientists have been working for such a discovery for years, but an attempt by him could do no harm.

The pathway of discovery is crowded with many pitfalls and discouragements. For months in his laboratory, Dr. Babcock labored. Time and again when the way seemed clear to definite results, some unforeseen obstacle arose which delayed and baffled. Days turned into months and still no discovery. Finally a little odd-looking machine was constructed into which graduated test tube bottles of milk were placed and a drop of acid added. These when whirled at a certain speed separated the cream from the milk. Here was the discovery at last. But it still required months of practical tests to verify the results. Trial after trial was necessary to make certain that the apparatus would respond accurately under each and all circumstances. The machine was so simple that it seemed almost impossible to believe that the demand of the farmer and commercial milk buyer had been answered.



DR. STEPHEN M. BABCOCK INSPECTING A HOLSTEIN COW

Before his invention of the milk tester, the only method of telling the standard of a cow was through the amount of butter churned from the milk. The Babcock test, which was given free to the world, places the dairy industry on a scientific basis.

Finally the results were given to the world in a state bulletin issued in 1890. The last line in the published report read: "The test is not patented."

With that sentence a fortune was thrust aside. What a competence Dr. Babcock might have reaped from a patent may be realized when it is known that the Babcock tester is found in every factory and on most farms where modern dairying is practiced today; not in the United States alone, but in England, Germany, Denmark, Finland, Russia and Argentina, as well as Australia and New Zealand.

Following the discovery began the work of agricultural colleges and dairy associations in educating the farmers to use the device. It was taken to farm institutes where it was demonstrated with the greatest interest. Dairy schools came into existence in every state to train men in lines of cream factory and scientific dairy operation. Soon the invention found its way into the rural schools. In many a farm community today it is difficult to find a child over 10 years of age who cannot tell what the variation of one-half per cent in the milk test will have on the size of the farm's monthly milk check.

The Babcock milk tester is the pedestal upon which modern dairy education is founded.

The world is slow in showing gratitude to its benefactors—nine years after the invention, the Wisconsin legislature signally honored Dr. Babcock by conferring upon him the largest bronze medal ever struck in England. It was presented to him at the bar of the legislature in 1901. The medal bears the following inscription:

> "Recognizing the great value to the people of the state and to the whole world of the inventions and discoveries of Stephen Moulton Babcock, of the University of Wisconsin, and his unselfish dedication of these inventions to the public service, the State of Wisconsin presents to Professor Babcock this medal."

Other honors now came. In 1901 the dairymen of New South Wales, Victoria and New Zealand sent him an oil painting representing an Australian dairy scene. He was given the grand prize at the Paris exposition in 1900, and in 1901 the grand prize at the St. Louis exposition.

Because of the historic importance of this invention to the world the story of the invention was recently filmed, while all the persons interested in the discovery were still living. Again Dr. Babcock had his way. At no time is a charge to be made for showing this film, which remains the property of the state as a living picture of historic interest. There are three actors in the film—Ex-Dean W. A. Henry, who was head of the agricultural college when the test was invented; Dr. S. M. Babcock, the inventor, and President T. C. Chamberlin, who was head of the university when the discovery was made.

Offers of higher salaries do not attract Dr. Babcock. A commercial firm offered him a salary ten times as large as he was receiving, but he turned it down.

"I am working on a couple of unfinished experiments and cannot accept the position," was the burden of the reply.

A busy life has been spent by Dr. Babcock in laboratory investigation. He was born in New York and educated in Tufts College. For a time he was an instructor at Cornell, but in 1887 joined the staff of the University of Wisconsin. Age has not dimmed his youthful ardor for scientific investigation. Retired as an emeritus professor in 1913, he has continued his work as actively as before.

Even though he is past seventy-seven years, the laboratory, with its countless ill smelling acids, its big glass casks of crystalline distilled water, its flickering gaslights and powerful microscopes, is his greatest enjoyment. Here he works from morning until night, ever pursuing the wonders and mysteries of nature. Reluctantly he breaks the monotony with an occasional lecture to a university class.

"What makes you and me, the plants and the trees, grow?" seems an absurd question to ask here. A statement by Dean H. L. Russell announced in an obscure bulletin recently indicates Dr. Babcock is traveling fast after this secret "in both animal and plant life."

"Dr. Babcock has been carrying on studies in this subject for several years," says Dean Russell.

"He has discovered important relations existing between the presence of such water in plant and animal tissues and respiratory processes of living cells," continues the dean. "The formation of this internal water changes the cell contents, disturbing the equilibrium of the cell, and causing a movement of food materials toward the cells. This process continues as long as proper nutriments are available to supply the waste caused by respiration.

"It has been shown that the action of the 'metabolic' water plays an important part in the germination of seeds. It is also the chief source of succulence of ripened fruits. It seems quite probable, also, that the increase in water content and the development of sap pressure during the resting period of deciduous trees, as well as the early growth of buds in the spring, is due in large measure to this cause.

"Observations made upon various insects, such as clothes moths and grain weevils, which subsist entirely upon air-dried materials containing less than ten per cent of water, indicate the presence of over fifty per cent of water in the tissues of such insects, which difference can seemingly be accounted for only on the supposition that this 'metabolic' water aids in the development."

Dr. Babcock is still hoping to wrest some new scientific fact of world importance from the heart of nature.

Haskell Institute—The Indians' University

By E. B. CHAPMAN

THIRTY years ago the "ghost" dances had been held in the Dakotas. The tom-toms had been beaten; the medicine had been made. The time for the Messiah to come was at hand. He was to appear, drive the white man from the land and restore it to the Indians. Chief Big Foot's braves were preparing for the uprising that was doomed to end in Wounded Knee, Mission and other battles, described usually as "the War of the Messiah."

Sitting Bull and others had aided Big Foot all through the summer in inciting members of sixteen tribes to take the warpath.

Various stories were told of how the Messiah was to appear. One version was that he would appear as a buffalo, but still would be a man. He would separate the whites and Indians. The whites would be placed in front of this combination deity, man and animal, and the Indians behind.

At a given signal the earth would open just in front of the Messiah and roll back, burying the whites and leaving the nation for the red men.

Of course the Indians would have to fight. The Great Spirit could not be expected to aid a people whose warriors were unworthy. But as a token of the help of the spirit there was the invisible shirt which the medicine men had been inspired to prepare. Made of war paint and other ingredients it was to render the wearer impervious to bullets. Sitting Bull himself had seen, even talked with the Messiah. A star guided the great warrior to the place he had seen the coming spirit. With such an ally the efforts of the Indians could not fail. The hunting grounds of the fathers were to be restored.

Of course the plan brought only slaughter. Far from destroying the whites, it ended forever serious Indian uprisings. Never again was the red man to make a pretentious effort to regain what he had lost to the whites. Sitting Bull was slain. Big Foot perished at Wounded Knee where braves, squaws and children fell before the volleys of the soldiers. The invisible shirt proved useless. The chiefs were killed and the Messiah apparently had deserted his followers. There is more than one side to the story back of the Dakota uprising. There are the reports of starvation among the Indians and the broken promises that make the records of government dealings with the Indians something in which Americans take little pride. The appropriation to provide food and clothing for one band of Indians to withstand the rigors of a Dakota winter with its months of ice and blizzards, from fall until spring, was one cent a day per Indian. There were pleas for help that went unheeded until army heads, charged with keeping the Indians from the warpath, interfered.

Long before the ill advised uprising, however, a new plan of dealing with what then was a serious problem had been launched. It had occurred to some one that a better, cheaper plan than killing Indians would be to make them useful members of society. Schools had been opened for Indians in various sections, particularly the Middle West. But as long as there was hope of throwing off the yoke of the white man the Indians scorned to embrace his culture. In many cases it was difficult to obtain pupils enough to fill the schools. As one educator expressed it, "if the reservation agent and the prospective pupils were willing the parents objected; if the parents and children were willing the agent would not consent."

With the final crushing of Indian efforts to regain their lost possessions by war, accomplished virtually when that ravine at Wounded Knee was filled with dead and wounded Indian men, women and children, came a quickening of interest in the schools. Indian education flourished in the nineties.

A few years before the last uprising worthy of the name was being plotted a young teacher entered the government service at Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, who was destined to have an unusual influence in the lives of thousands of Indians. There was little to indicate it at that time. His classes were the first and second grades. The pupils were from 18 to 40 years old. All looked alike to the young teacher, acted alike, seemed slow to learn, stolid and uncommunicative. A homesick Cheyenne pupil would steal out of the dormitory each evening and play weird Indian airs on an Indian flute. The new teacher said later he never had forgotten the lonely moments the music inspired.

A few days in the schoolroom, however, and the new teacher began to note individuality in his pupils. Their tones of speech, ambitions, capacity for study and dispositions varied like that of other pupils he had taught, but these things had not appeared on the surface. The pupils began to interest the new teacher. That interest has been growing for 34 years. The young teacher, H. B. Peairs, superintendent of Haskell now, almost built the school. Becoming superintendent in 1898 he saw the institute change from a small school difficult to fill with students to the institution it is today where almost every trade is taught, where pupils are taken through ten grades of school work, where virtually all the stenographers, bookkeepers and clerks in the service are trained; a place with 50 buildings, a staff of 75 instructors and employes and known in every state in which there are Indians. Sixty-four tribes are represented in the school this year.

In 1910 came promotion. Mr. Peairs was made general supervisor over all the schools in the Indian service. It was an opportunity for further observation of the Indians, a broader study of their needs and a more general service to them. But after seven years, in which time he was traveling from tribe to tribe and school to school, he returned to Haskell. His first year back at the old school saw the biggest enrollment in its history. Eleven hundred pupils attended.

Today he knows hundreds of Indians personally. Some of his pupils are grandparents. More than 100



Above: Students at work in garden at Haskell Institute.
Below: H. B. PEAIRS, superintendent of the school.

students enrolled in Haskell today are sons and daughters of his former students. A man with thinning hair, bronzed and weather-beaten, entered the school office a few weeks ago. Mr. Peairs welcomed him as a former pupil. The man explained he had attended the school in the late eighties and wished to enroll his son.

Under Mr. Peairs and others at Haskell, Indian education ever has been along practical lines. A few weeks ago one of the big newspapers of the Middle West featured on its front page the announcement that the board of education would provide courses in practical housekeeping at the schools for Negroes. Indian girls have been receiving such instruction at Haskell almost since the founding of the school in the middle eighties. Long ago it was realized that if Indian homes were to be made brighter and living conditions better the mothers must be made better wives, mothers and housekeepers. The girls are taught not only the preparation of food but the food value of the articles prepared. They are taught not only to keep house correctly but to make virtually every garment they wear. Half a day is spent in the schoolrooms, studying books; the other half is devoted to the practical work of the home.

Boys and young men also spend half a day in the schoolrooms. The other half is spent at the trades, the dairy barn, with the stock-growing teachers or on the 1,000-acre farm where agriculture has been taught since the inception of the school. Yet it was comparatively recently that the nation was awakened to the value of vocational training in the public schools.

In late years pupils in the public schools have been impressed with the importance of the frequent bath, the gospel of the toothbrush and the golden texts of sanitary surroundings. These things were being taught Indians at Haskell a quarter of a century ago.

And what has been the result of this education?

One result has been the elimination in the Middle West of that never failing topic of discussion in the nineties, "The Indian Problem." In the extreme West there still is such a problem. It is due to lack of schools there offering the advantages Haskell offers. But there is no Indian problem in the Middle West except to fill the smaller schools. In thousands of cases the Indian children attend the public schools. Some go to church schools for their work up to the fourth grade, then to Haskell. The Indian youth has become discerning. If he is going to spend time in school he wishes something practical for a subject of study and he has a more varied list to choose from at the Kansas institution which is the government's largest Indian training school. Where the Indian department has seen fit to abolish the reservations, the Indians have been absorbed by society and are filling their places as its members. Stay all night at the best house in a large number of Middle West villages and towns and the chances are you have been a guest in an Indian's home.

Where there are reservations, fine homes and cultivated fields have replaced the tepee and the hunting grounds of 40 years ago. And the leading men of these communities almost always are former Indian school students, a surprising number of them former Haskell students.

The results of years of teaching the rudiments of health and sanitation are shown by the Indian census which reveals the Indians, disappearing rapidly in the nineties, an increasing race.

Grandsons of the men who fought the white man's advance into the country west of the Mississippi instead of planning raids on settlements, the taking of scalps and lives spent in hunting and fishing now look forward to being mechanics, farmers, bookkeepers, stenographers.

Only a small per cent of Haskell students graduate. A year or two in the school fits the pupil for work at which he can earn good wages and he quickly foregoes further training in the school shops for work at the trade he has been learning. Boys with a year or two in the paint shop, the garage, the print shop, the blacksmith shop, the tailor shop, the carpenter shop and the wagon shop can earn good wages while completing their apprenticeship. They go from school into industry and generally make good at their chosen work, so the object of the school training has been attained and the place is left open to another Indian without the rudiments of a trade.

A few months ago Mr. Peairs wished to know something more definite about the work of Haskell graduates. A questionnaire was prepared including these subjects:

What number are self-supporting?

By what activities are they self-supporting?

What is their standing in the community in which they live—good, fair or poor?

How many of each?

How many are regarded as successful? As total failures?

How many have received no benefit from their training?

Of the less than 400 graduates concerning whom the questions were asked and the records checked, virtually all were self-supporting except in cases of physical disability. Reports showed 345 were considered successful and only three as total failures. All, with the exception of four graduates, had a good or fair standing in their own communities. Of that number all but 33 were scored as good, the standing of only four being poor.

There is a wide range of activities listed by the self-supporting graduates. It includes farming and clerical work as the favorites. Then come bank cashiers, salesmen, ministers, railroad men, motor car mechanics, postmasters, school disciplinarians, chicken raisers, bookkeepers, real estate and loan men, inter-



preters, milliners, telephone operators, construction supervisors, editors and owners of newspapers, abstract men, sales managers, millers, nurses, band directors, teachers, including principals of schools, draftsmen, engineers, plumbers, electricians, matrons, tailors, printers, painters, fruit growers, stockmen, postal clerks, bakers, music teachers, merchants, carpenters, laundresses, shoe and harness makers, soldiers, sailors, foundry workers, blacksmiths, insurance solicitors and superintendents of Indian schools.

A group of thirty graduates earning the largest salaries showed combined yearly salaries amounting to $67,170. The highest salary paid a graduate is $7,500. It is received by the sales manager of a milling company. Another, an oil company employe, receives $5,700. The principal of a school in the South receives $4,000. Only 66 students gave the salary received. Those salaries amount to $101,402.

Not large as large salaries go? No. But it should be remembered that these graduates are the first generation since the War of the Messiah. The fathers of these graduates, for the most part, were regarded as savages.

The majority of Indians, not being citizens and being barred from citizenship by law, were not subject to the draft in the war. Yet records show more than 8,000 Indians were in the army and navy. Of that number more than 6,500 volunteered. Indians bought more than 15 million dollars in Liberty bonds, according to a report of the Secretary of the Interior and the women (daughters in hundreds of cases of the squaws charged 30 years ago with mutilating the bodies of slain soldiers) did a vast amount of Red Cross work. The records show 450 former Haskell students served in the army, navy and marines. Is it not significant that agents of the kaiser, charged with inciting Negroes to revolt, promising Mexico part of the United States in return for a war against this country, and on the lookout for agencies through which trouble might be stirred up in the nation to weaken it in the war, nowhere are charged with having been given even a hearing by this race, which in Europe, would have been regarded as a conquered people?

"I believe, as a result of the war, when the flower of the Indian manhood marched shoulder to shoulder and fought side by side with the other races that make up the nation, Congress soon will provide for the greatest event in Indian history," Mr. Peairs says. "I believe every Indian soon will be given full citizenship. Citizenship long has been the right of the Indian, in my judgment, but has been denied him. Because of the showing made I think it soon will be bestowed."

Steps already have been taken to grant citizenship to those who served in the war and to all except full-blooded Indians.

Mr. Peairs pointed out as a danger to Indian education the offering of big wages as the result of the labor shortage. It would take young Indians from school just at the time the training would be most valuable, he said.

A follow-up system of keeping in touch with former graduates now has been adopted at Haskell. Twice each year letters are sent to the address of every known graduate. The system is not complete because fires have destroyed all records at the school. But the list is becoming more complete each month. The idea is that by keeping in touch with the former students the educators may be of more service to their charges.

"We believe that in this way we can help the former student solve problems that will insure against his lapsing again into the old tribal life of uselessness," Mr. Peairs said and told the story of two boys, Navajos, who, denied by their parents the privilege of returning to Haskell after a year in the school, ran away from the reservation to continue their training.

There still are many tragedies in Indian homes because of the white man's education. In many Indian settlements in the West, families all sit upon the floor, eating from a cloth spread upon it. Children from such families are sent to schools, learn the ways of civilization and, going home, cannot bring themselves to live like their parents. In some cases these children are not allowed to leave the reservation because of the rulings of Indian agents. But they cannot live under the conditions at home and the old Indians refuse to change. There is nothing left the student but to return to the old life or leave home. And neither choice is pleasant, altogether.

And yet, the system which has made possible these improvements in the race is responsible for the most difficult "hurdle" the Indian student has to take. Generally the Indian student is not self-dependent. The government always has furnished what the Indian had, whether it was good or bad, sufficient or insufficient. He has come to wait for the government to provide. That only is to be expected because of the paternalistic attitude of the government for a century, educators say, but every effort to combat it is made and the results are beginning to be seen.

Problems in the training of the Indians vary with the locality. The most difficult problem in training Indians from the oil sections of Oklahoma is to get them to work.

"We came to school," the youths and young women whose oil incomes amount to hundreds of dollars a month, in some cases, explain. "If we wish to work we'll get out and go to work."

More Indians take up trades than farming. Add stock growing to straight farming and it carries a great appeal. But the lure of the city is strong upon the Indian as well as the white youth. The trades appeal more than agricultural pursuits, stock growing and dairying. Indians prefer boulevards to dirt roads, the crowded streets to the quiet of farm life.

But Indians of today have learned that their fathers went about it in the wrong way when they sought to recover the land lost to the white men. They are learning rapidly that they must excel the white man at his own culture if they wish to beat him; that the way to regain the land is to get the white man's money through industry or business and buy the land from him; that one must make it produce more and better crops and that the white man's mode of life means more comfort and greater joys than existed in the good old days when Indians died by the thousands in an effort to restore.



AN INDIAN CLASS IN TOUCH TYPEWRITING.

Why and Because

Why does a dog turn around several times before lying down?

Because in his wild state, the dog lived in jungles, as the wolf and fox do now. Before lying down he turned several times in order to tramp the leaves and grasses down and away from his body and thus secure a flat resting place. The instinct still survives though there is no reason for the practice.

Why is 13 called a baker's dozen?

Because in olden times a baker who gave short weight was subjected to severe penalties, and to be on the safe side he always added an extra roll to the dozen to make up for any possible deficiency in the others, and thus safeguarded himself.

Why does a woman "give the mitten" to a man when she refuses him?

Because when women wore half gloves, or mitts, they could withdraw the hand from the grasp of a lover and leave only the glove therein. In this way the unwelcome suitor was made to understand that his attentions were not wanted.

Why are elephants afraid of mice?

Because mice strongly resemble a little animal known as the chacana, which feeds on a small berry especially liked by the elephant. Chacanas live in the ground after the manner of prairie dogs, under the bushes, and are often trampled upon by elephants. In their fright the little animals run up the tubes of the elephant's trunk, their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected. An agonizing death is almost invariably the consequence to the elephant.

Why is the first period of married life known as "the honeymoon"?

Because of an ancient custom in the northern nations of Europe. The bride and bridegroom, for a month after the wedding, drank a wine made from honey as their principal form of nourishment. It was called the honey-month or moon.

Why was the sandwich so called?

Because the Earl of Sandwich (1718-1792) on one occasion, not wishing to leave his place at the gaming table, called a waiter and ordered some slices of bread with ham between them to be brought to him, so that he could go on playing without interruption. To this combination his friends gave his name.

Why is noon the traditional and fashionable hour for wedding ceremonies?

Because the hour became the customary one in England many years since, for the reason that the bridegroom could not be relied upon to be sober any later in the day than twelve o'clock. It was naturally desirable that he should be responsible for his promises, and unless he was in a state of perfect sobriety this could not be. Hence the precaution of a noonday wedding.

Why do the stars twinkle?

Because their light passes through variously heated and moving currents of air which act as a refractor. Much twinkling foretells bad weather, because it denotes that these aerial currents are more disturbed than usual.

Why are sailor's trousers always made wide at the bottom?

Because, in the course of ordinary small boat duty, a sailor generally goes barefooted, and in making a landing on a beach he grasps his trousers and pulls them up to the thigh, thus landing through the surf with dry clothing. Another reason is that with wide trousers at the bottom a sailor can easily kick them off in case he falls overboard, or is obliged to go overboard in a great hurry.

Professor Forecasts Weather Fifteen Months in Advance

DO YOU wish to know the amount of rainfall there will be next summer and the months in which most of it will come?

Get the government records for the locality and turn to 1916. The chances are, 21 out of 26, the rain and its distribution will be the same as in 1916, according to computations of Dinsmore Alter, Ph.D., professor of astronomy at the University of Kansas, at Lawrence.

In support of that statement are records showing that weather repeats itself every five years, as regards rain.

That, however, is not the only discovery Professor Alter believes he has made. There is also the relationship of rainfall, earthquakes and sun spots. It was his study of earthquake and sun spot records that led to his conclusion there was such a thing as a cycle of rainfall.

Alter's search of information regarding earth shocks led to his consulting Chinese records, said to date back to before the birth of Christ. The records indicated, the professor says, that the tremors are most frequent at periods separated by fifteen months.

The data compiled in searching the Chinese records were checked against sun spot records kept in Germany since about the time of the signing of the American Declaration of Independence. Thus it was learned that earth shocks were most frequent when sun spots were at a minimum.

Then the dates when sun spots were at a minimum and earthquakes at a maximum were compared with the records of the United States Weather Bureau. That investigation, Professor Alter says, showed that 21 times out of 26 the earthquake maximum, the sun spot minimum and the heaviest rainfall came together.

Thus, the professor believes, he has established definitely a 15-month cycle of rainfall. At that rate earthquake and rainfall conditions would repeat themselves every five years.

The first rainfall records investigated by Professor Alter were those of the corn growing states of the West. The weather bureau records at Lawrence are the oldest in Kansas. It is interesting to note, in connection with the reported discoveries believed to have been made, that bumper crops of corn were grown in states east of Central Kansas in 1920, 1915, 1910 and 1905. That was because the rains came late in the summer in those years, at the time when it was needed most by the corn.

The abnormally dry weather over the eastern half of the United States last winter and the heavy rains in August fit nicely into the new system of weather forecasting. Weather bureau reports show that half a million acres of corn in Iowa were beaten down by the late rains. Five years ago thousands of wheat fields in the Central West went uncut because the wet weather prevented the harvest.

It is not claimed for the new theory that it is infallible. Occasionally in the scheduled dry part of the cycle comes an exceedingly wet month. A month without rainfall sometimes appears in the wet part of the cycle. But the daily weather forecast of the government, representing the furthest advance in that line known to the world, is correct only 85 per cent of the time, according to bureau officials.

Professor Alter has no plan to exploit what he declares is his discovery. His ambition has been to have the announcement of his work made by a scientific magazine of high standing. He refuses to talk about that, but it is understood he is to realize that ambition soon.



PROFESSOR DINSMORE ALTER

Quiet, conservative, young to be the discoverer of a method of forecasting the weather a season ahead, the professor is said to be one of the most approachable men at the university. He is active in American Legion circles, belongs to the Lawrence Chamber of Commerce and is extremely reticent about publicity. In that respect he is in wide contrast to the old-time "rainmaker" and the professional long-distance forecaster.

He does not claim perfection for his theory but believes sincerely, as do scientists at the university with whom he has talked of his discoveries, that he has arrived at the "farthest north," so far, in predicting weather conditions fifteen months ahead.

Rediscovering the Elephant Seal

DURING the winter of 1911, the United States Government sent out an expedition to make deep-sea investigations. When the expedition reached Guadeloupe Island, on the coast of Lower California, the man in charge decided to go ashore, and to his delight, they found on a strip of sandy beach not more than three hundred feet long, and flanked by high, impassable cliffs, a herd of more than one hundred northern elephant seals sunning themselves. As the naturalists had believed that the northern elephant seals had become extinct, the discovery of such a large herd was of great importance. There is deep water all about the island, and the ship was anchored as near the shore as possible, so that the men could study the animals freely. Six small seals, about a year old, were captured alive and taken on board the ship. These were for study and exhibition purposes. The expedition spent two or three days in studying and photographing the animals in their native haunts.

The elephant seal is so called because of its great size, and because of its nose, which is very long—sometimes eighteen inches from its tip to the eye—and shaped like an elephant's trunk.

The animals average about fifteen feet long, and ten or eleven feet in girth. Some of the males are longer than that, one animal being recorded as actually measuring twenty-two feet. The newly-born seals, or pups, are about four feet long, and generally very fat. These are black in color, while the adult seals are a yellowish brown. The skin is very thick.

Unless they were actually teased, the seals did not pay any attention to the men, some of them did not even raise their heads. If they were driven to move they would settle down again, first covering their backs with sand, which they threw up with their front flappers. When those that went into the ocean returned, they got out of the water very slowly, spreading the flappers to get the benefit of each wave. When they are out of the water they crawl slowly, though they are able to crawl great distances. When crawling, they resemble huge inchworms, for they arch the body, drawing the hind quarters forward, and shifting the fore quarters with the front flappers braced outward.

These seals fight frequently. They crawl slowly within striking distance, and then, rising on their front flappers, draw back their big noses, open their mouths very wide, and strike at one another with their large teeth. Although they wound each other on the neck, they do not do any great harm, for the skin is very thick. The fighting is not of a desperate nature, and does not last long.

Although much has been discovered about these rare animals, the scientists have never been able to find exactly what they eat. The captured elephant seals refused to eat for more than two weeks, but after they reached the aquarium in New York, they lived on fresh fish cut into moderate-sized pieces. It is supposed that the elephant seals live on live squid, and sardines.

The northern elephant seal has existed as a race under very hard conditions. Previous to 1865 the animal was killed in very great numbers for its oil.

As far as the United States Government expedition has been able to find out, this animal is found only on Guadeloupe Island. It is slowly increasing in numbers, and it is hoped that it will not be molested by hunters.

The island is not inhabited, and the Mexican Government, which owns the island, has not as yet interested itself in the protection of these animals. The United States Government, however, is working to see that some steps are taken toward saving the rediscovered northern seal.

Stories of Old Home Songs

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

LET TYRANTS SHAKE THEIR IRON ROD

WILLIAM BILLINGS was, without a doubt, one of the quaintest figures in the history of American music. Born in Boston in 1746, he died there in 1800. As a young man he derived much amusement from the gentle occupation of writing down the music that surged within him. Before his time, the music used in the United States was brought from Europe. When war came, however, the people turned away from the English airs and sought the works of Billings.

"The American Revolution," Frederic Louis Ritter, in his "Music in America," declared, "caused the colonists to go against everything that was British. The innocent old psalm tunes received a part of the momentary patriotic hatred; and with the tea, the British tunes were also thrown overboard."

This rude, crude sort of a man was a diamond in the rough; today, of course, we would not consider him a diamond at all. He had music in his soul, and he hummed vagrant strains as he labored in a tannery. He sang and taught music; then he ventured to fashion complete hymns and martial bits for the colonial army. Critics have called him an awkward harmonist and a "worse contropuntist"; but, as Ritter pointed out, this man nevertheless had the "genius and zeal to write words and music that moved the hearts and nerved the arms to strike for freedom in those early days."

He has often been wrongly rated as the earliest, or first, native writer of music in America. This title undoubtedly belongs to Francis Hopkinson who composed "My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free" in 1759 when Billings was only thirteen years old. Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia in 1737. It is generally accepted, however, that Billings was the first American to produce a war song. "Yankee Doodle," the favorite war song of the Revolution, was the work of Dr. Richard Shuckburgh of the British Army; he wrote it to ridicule the shagginess of the colonial militia that assisted in the fighting against the French and Indians.

The songs of Billings were woefully lacking in correctness and finish, for he had received no education in music or literature. The people of his day accepted them eagerly and sang them likewise. He exhibited poetic fire and real patriotism, also some inventive ability. He wrote a song of five stanzas, set it to his own tune of "Chester," called it a battle hymn, and dedicated it to the army. One commentator has said that this song beginning with the line, "Let tyrants shake their iron rod," was played on every fife in New England. This statement seems a bit extravagant; yet when one considers the spirit of the soldiers that endured such privations as those at Valley Forge, it does not seem impossible.

"Billings paraphrased the psalms of David and brought them to date," a Chicago journalist has said. "Appreciating the religious fervor and the spirit of the day, he made them hymns of battle. The people, familiar with their Scriptures, firm in belief in the justice of their cause, found only natural an application to themselves of the old songs of bondage of the children of Israel."

Though described as a mixture of ludicrous, eccentric, commonplace, smart, honest, patriotic, and religious elements, Billings was the prophet that made of Boston a musical city. During his time, he did more for the musical advancement of New England than did any other man. He was a revolutionist, in several applications of the word. Into the church he introduced the violincello, also the pitch pipe for the singers. He is also said to have originated the concerts in New England.

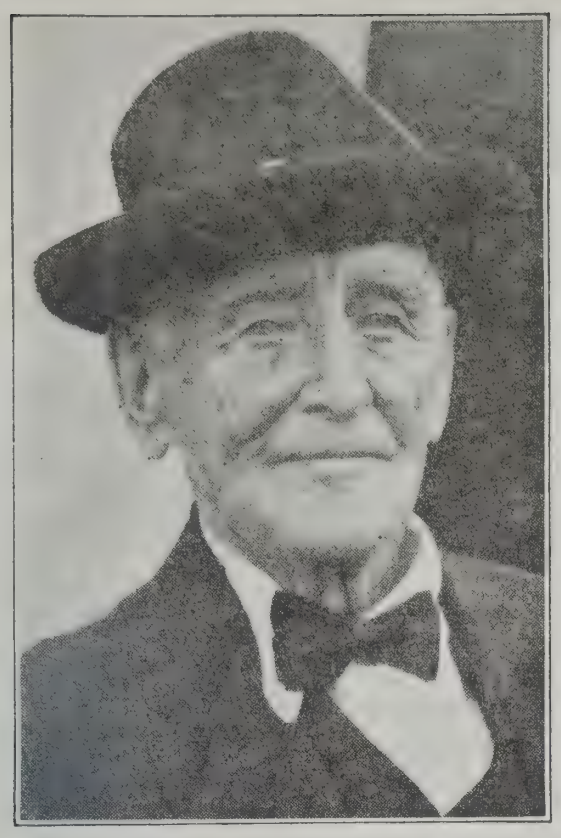
His first publication in book form was "The New England Psalm-Singer." Eight years later, in 1778, he issued "The Singing Master's Assistant" which grew in popularity to such an extent that it became known as "Billings' Best." During the war of the Revolution he composed many patriotic songs and proved himself to be a man of remarkable energy.

"This zealous patriot," Colonel Nicholas Smith lamented a few years ago, "who was the first to teach the American people to sing anthems of praise and songs of victory, has no monument, not so much as a simple stone slab, to mark his resting place in a Boston graveyard."

This statement might be made about dozens of men who contributed more than their quota in the development and strengthening of the nation. The American people are too busy to honor some of the departed heroes and pioneers; this is a condition that may be profoundly regretted, but it can scarcely be overcome or righted while the chasing of the "Daddy Dollar" remains paramount, with the expression of gratitude entirely secondary.

Although William Billings has no monument of stone or marble, this pioneer Bostonian is not forgotten. He has monuments in the printed words of certain books; they are paragraphs that tell his rank in the general scheme of things.

"His compositions," says the American History and Encyclopedia of Music, "showed considerable musical genius, being much more pleasing in vigor and melody than the old English tunes then in use. His music became so popular that it was used by the churches almost exclusively. He may really be considered the founder of American church music."



"UNCLE" JOHN DAUBNEY,
101 years old, whose philosophy of living is to keep "movin'."

Past the Century Mark: Still Going Strong

METCHNIKOFF wrote long on how to live 100 years, and then died before he was seventy. "Uncle" John Daubney never thought much about how to live, but spent his time "workin' and livin'."

And on October 6, Uncle John celebrated his 101st birthday at his home in Taylors Falls, Minnesota, in the beautiful valley of the St. Croix, where he started logging in the wilderness 75 years ago.

"Yes, sir, I'm a hundred and one," Uncle John is saying with a chuckle these days, and in that chuckle there's more of the joy of attainment, more of the zest of living than money can buy or words describe.

Dean of all the pioneers in Minnesota, he's the last of the "Forty-Niners" and the only surviving member of the Old Settlers' Association.

"It's great to be alive," he was saying in that rich, mellow voice the other day as he walked up the streets of the quaint old town where he makes his home. "Livin', just livin' is fun."

He walked briskly, and without a cane, a ruddy complexion, gained from years out in the open forming an appropriate setting for the smile that flitted across his face. His mind was as active as when he first braved the Minnesota wilderness, and as he walked along the street, he talked of the things that had happened in this 101 years of life.

"How can you keep so well—what is the secret?" came the question.

"Keep movin'," Uncle John replied.

"If you think you can't do nothin', then you can't. If you lay down on your back, you can't do nothin'. That's why these fellers get old and die at 60. Why, they're just kids and ought to just be enjoyin' life.

"Why, I work every day. Maybe I dig two or three bushels of potatoes, or somethin' like that every day. Last summer I went out and pitched hay with a bunch of the young bucks. That was fun. I showed 'em I still can do it. An' I do just as well as they can; at least so't seemed to me.

"Workin' and keepin' active is everything. When I'm not workin', I'm movin' round, walkin'. If I quit bein' active-like, I'd drop off like the rest of 'em.

"Yes, I'm a hundred and one, they do say, an' it's written in the family Bible. But, by golly, I can't seem to realize it."

He stopped to laugh.

"I used to think thirty years ago I could do as much as any of 'em," he went on. "When I was seventy, me and another young feller walked five miles an hour for ten hours. He was pretty good. He kept right along with me.

"I guess I couldn't walk 50 miles a day now. Still I don't know. I could go twenty today all right."

Uncle John underwent an operation a month ago for the removal of a growth on his forehead. He was given ether and the operation was performed one morning. That afternoon he was up walking around as if nothing had happened.

Before the week was over he had taken an eight-mile hike to another town.

" 'Nother thing," said Uncle John. "No use worryin' about things. The elephant's stepped on me pretty hard some times.

"But them's the ups and downs of life, as Maloney used to say. 'Yesterday I dined with the governor,' Maloney would tell me, 'and today I am drunk with Tom Flynn.' "

His sides shook with laughter as he recalled the incident.

That laugh of Uncle John's is very much a part of his philosophy of "livin'. "

"Yes, sir, the elephant's stepped on me, and no mistake," he went on. "Sometimes there weren't no water to get the logs down, and them was rough times. Four winters I slept outdoors. No hotels, no nothin'. I 'member once I'd a froze if I hadn't a walked all night. I had four pair of heavy blankets, and when I camped I rolled up. Pretty soon, I felt like I was goin' to freeze. So I got up and broke a path in the snow—it was two feet deep—and walked all night.

"An' the Injuns were wild. They'd scalp you slicker'n kite in a minute if they took the notion.

"Now things are easy. We have everything. Trains go to Chicago in twelve hours—flyin' machines, roads and bridges. There's everything. Cities, wonderful, and all here where there wasn't anything, only trees and wilderness. Sometimes I feel like pinching myself to see if it's all real."

Then he stopped to reflect.

"Isn't this a beautiful place?" he asked, raising his arm to the hills of the St. Croix, resplendent in the multicolored garb of the autumn leaves.

"Now if these here people who lives in cities and just think of makin' money and livin' fast would get out here," he said, "they'd live longer. I've lived hereabouts in the trees for somethin' like 75 year, and I love 'em. You know, down here we got wells in the solid rock 40 feet deep. The water fallin' made 'em, I says, says I. Some others has explanations, but I say it's the water. Time does funny things."

Uncle John wore a beard until four years ago. The men at Taylors Falls got to joking him about getting old. So home he went and cut it off.

He reads the newspapers without glasses. He eats any food that others eat, and always sleeps soundly. He never complains and talks about himself only when questioned. In fact, his genial, good nature is the legend of Taylors Falls. He's never been sick, except once when he had a fever.

Twice a year, he goes to Decorah, Iowa, to visit a brother, Wilson Daubney, who is 98 years old.

A great oak that stood in his yard at Taylors Falls weathered the storms of the St. Croix Valley for decades, and then there came a day when its top broke in the wind, and the old tree died. And now the people of the town point out the stump of the tree and tell how Uncle John outlived the oak.

Scoring in a Score of Years

IN MARCH, 1900, summarily ordered by the president to leave the University of Kansas as an objectionable agitator representing an organization not permitted at the university, and warned never to return; in March, 1920, en route to Europe at the request of European leaders to present the viewpoint of American students on the liquor problem to European universities—this is the experience of Harry S. Warner, educational secretary of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association.

In 1900, Kansas was legally dry, but prohibition was not established in the social consciousness of the state. Mr. Warner, then just out of college and on his first trip as traveling secretary for the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, went to the University of Kansas to visit the student prohibition club. This organization, small and influential, was officially a Prohibition party organization, as indeed was the national I. P. A. at that time. One rule of the university provided that chapel announcements must be in the hands of the dean twenty-four hours in advance. Warner, ignorant of this rule, went to the chapel platform with a student and handed in an announcement of a meeting for that day. The announcement was not read. After chapel, Mr. Warner was summoned to the president's office and roundly scored for violating a rule of the university. He was further informed that neither he nor the I. P. A. were wanted at the university, and he was told never to return.

In the spring of 1920, Mr. Warner sailed from New York on an eight months' trip among the universities of Western Europe in response to repeated urgent invitations from university leaders there. He has visited practically all the universities of Great Britain, and the principal universities of France, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, and some of the leading institutions of Norway, Finland, Germany and Italy.

Harry S. Warner is known wherever the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association is known. Since Washington's Birthday, 1900, he has devoted his time and energy tirelessly to this organization. First as a traveling secretary, then for twenty years as general secretary, he has been the executive head of the movement. He has visited and spoken in 270 colleges and universities; for seventeen years he has been editor of the "Intercollegiate Statement"; he has edited five series of study topics on the liquor problem; he is the author of "Social Welfare and the Liquor Problem," which is ranked first among American publications by leading temperance workers; and all this time he has been secretary of the board of directors, and much of the time treasurer of the organization as well. Few men have done as much work as he, and done it as well for any organization.

Largely because of his power to inspire thinking college men, the organization has accomplished much. Knowledge, decision, action—this was the strategic method of approach.

An oratorical contest system produced 10,000 original orations for delivery before a total of 3,000,000 people. Emphasis on study courses induced 100 colleges and universities to present courses of study in their curricula, and 125 more to arrange volunteer study courses on the liquor problem. The facts of the problem were presented to 100,000 students annually by trained secretaries. Hundreds of lecture courses were conducted. Journalistic contests secured the publication of masses of original prohibition material. As many as 2,000 students served in local prohibition campaigns in a single year. Drinking customs in universities were investigated and fought. Hundreds of petitions and thousands of letters were sent to legislators. During the war the I. P. A. furnished the executive force to carry on the work of the United Committee on War Temperance Activities in the Army and Navy, through which twenty-two constituent organizations functioned in every camp and cantonment, both at home and abroad. And all this was done with almost incredible sacrifices on the part of college and university students, and because of the flaming purpose kindled by the efforts of this man.

Such a program played no small part in training the leadership which finally won the victory for the prohibition movement.

Students of other lands are eager to know about these accomplishments of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. They ask about the future plans of the organization, now that this nation is dry by Federal constitutional provision.

It is the message of the why and how of American prohibition, and the part that the students have played in this reform, that Mr. Warner has been telling to the university students of Western Europe in response to their requests. And everywhere he has told it—Oxford, Cambridge, University of London, University of Zurich, Heidelberg, Geneva, and the University of Lyons—there has been the keenest of interest manifested. More than that, he was one of the outstanding figures at Karlstad, Sweden, recently, when representatives from nine different countries met in an international student prohibition conference. The formation of a world student anti-alcohol organization is the probable outcome of this conference. In fact, a temporary organization has been formed preliminary to the calling of another international conference next year and completing such an organization; the name of this ad interim movement being the World Student Anti-Alcohol Federation. This body passed resolutions of strong protest against the invasion by foreign liquor interests of countries now engaged in a struggle against the liquor traffic, especially Norway and China.

Not only does the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association in its present world work have a chance to touch the students of other nations through the world federation mentioned, but here at home a most strategic opportunity presents itself—work among the foreign students.

Many of these men are already leaders at home and are here for a short time to increase their knowledge in their own specialties. To influence them is to influence the nations of the world. That the I. P. A. has seized this vital task is evidenced by the fact that through their inspiration there have been organized in the universities and colleges of America the Chinese Students' Prohibition League and the Latin League Against Alcoholism. Similar organizations among the students from other countries are in the process of forming. The Chinese students' organization alone has over 900 members, practically half of the entire number of Chinese students in America.

They also hold oratorical contests, investigate conditions relative to the effects of prohibition, and are introducing these facts into China.

Thus has Mr. Warner, through the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, scored in thorough fashion in a score of years. It is always significant when college students come to grip with vital social problems. Hence, more scoring may be expected in the next score of years through the World Student Anti-Alcohol Federation.

Briefly Told

General Ludendorff, who commanded more than 7,000,000 men in the German Armies during the war, is now a "buck private" in the Bavarian home guard.

San Salvador, smallest of the Central American States, is preparing for an inrush of oil men owing to the discovery of petroleum near the eastern frontier.

The plan of a missionary to transplant a colony of Koreans to a tract of land in Alabama fell flat when the state commissioner of agriculture refused to welcome the scheme.

A great relief map of the world, showing all known physical conditions of the globe, is being prepared by the United States Shipping Board.

Premier Witos, of Poland, is a peasant who was put into the position as a figurehead when the Russian advance threatened Warsaw. He likes the job, however, and his shrewdness and keenness have caused the failure of several attempts to oust him.

General Pershing will be a member of the committee to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the death of Napoleon, May 5, 1921. Marshals Foch and Haig and General Diaz, of Italy, are the other members of the committee.

Texas has a new law aimed at preventing strikes in ports and railroad terminals and imposing heavy penalties for interference with workers during labor disturbances in these industries.

It is proposed that the commissioners of the District of Columbia be given permission to take part in congressional debates.

The 10 invaded and pillaged departments of France have produced this year 500,000 tons of wheat and one-fourth of the nation's oat crop.

More than 1,200 nuns in the Roman Catholic diocese of Newark, New Jersey, have registered to vote. They will cast the ballots under the names they bore before entering orders.

The battleships Iowa and Indiana, which cost millions of dollars to construct, are being used as targets for the big guns of the new fleet and the bombs of seaplanes.

Empowered to purchase $20,000,000 worth of electrical equipment for new plants at Melbourne, Australia, a commissioner from that commonwealth has arrived in San Francisco.

An explorer and wealthy clubman of London with 40 followers is embarking on a cruise in search of an island in the South Seas where taxation is unknown.

Indians of the sheep country in California are buying automobiles, silken hose and other expensive products.

Acting upon the advice of scientists at the University of California, Chaulmoogra oil, which has arrested the progress of leprosy, will soon be used in the fight against tuberculosis.

The skeleton of a prehistoric animal believed to be over 200,000 years old was unearthed recently in Nebraska.

A sneeze means a great impending calamity to the Hindu mind. Whatever happens on the day that one hears a sneeze is sure to turn out ill, they say, and the Indian will enter upon no undertaking of importance on such a day.

A Canadian has perfected a process of tannage whereby rabbit fur is fastened firmly to the skin and the fiber toughened, which will open a source of almost unlimited supply for a new low-priced fur.

Notification of an increase in rent is not a legal notice if sent by mail in Chicago.

Over 5,000 mules and burros daily pass over the La Paz-Yungas road in Bolivia, which goes from La Paz up and over the Andes and down into the valley of the Unduavi.

The War Department has sold surplus property which originally cost over $1,000,000,000, at a recovery of 63 per cent.

All of the unsurveyed mangrove islands in the Caloosahatchee River, Florida, have been designated as a new government bird reservation.

Two states of Northern Mexico, Sinaloa and Sonora, will return $7,000,000 from the garbanzo (native bean) crop this year.

The average tax burden per capita per annum in France is now 420 francs.

Japan is planning to build 2,225 cars and engines, including 190 locomotives, 457 passenger cars, 50 electric cars and 1,528 freight cars.

The German Government has bought for cash 22,046,000 pounds of American lard at 24 cents a pound.

In 40 years the percentage of Kansas farms operated by tenants has more than doubled. More than 19 million acres of Kansas land is operated under lease.

Four million persons make returns under the Federal income tax.

The state of Oregon has been asked to appropriate $50,000 to handle the attempts to evade the law by means of stills in various parts of that state.

Resources of the banks in the United States exceed the combined bank assets of all other leading nations, with $53,000,000,000 assets in national and state banks, savings banks, trust companies and private banks.

Due to the fact that salmon are taken largely during the spawning season it is believed that this fish will soon be exterminated unless artificial propagation is resorted to.

The wife of a rancher on the Columbia River in British Columbia last year cleared $1,800 trapping with 60 traps.

Farmers of certain sections of Iowa will burn corn instead of coal this winter, a ton of corn having a smaller market value than a ton of coal.

Charlotte, North Carolina, requires a $500 bond to be put up by every taxicab driver in the city. This bond will be forfeited automatically for a violation of the prohibition or vice laws.

Sir Charles Renaud, a black fox used for breeding purposes, is valued at $18,000.

Java furnishes the larger part of the world's supply of quinine.

Sylvia Pankhurst, whose suffrage activities in England caused her to serve many days in prison, is in jail again, this time on a charge of publishing seditious literature.

Every house in the city of Dawson, Yukon Territory, has been stocked up with caribou meat for the winter, and it is estimated there are at least 30,000 of the animals running at large in the vicinity.

General Alvaro Obregon, president-elect of Mexico, has been the guest of several states of the Southwest during October. He has returned to Mexico confident of early recognition by the United States.

One hundred and fifty-four thousand seven hundred vehicles enter and leave New York City daily.

King Alexander, of Greece, who died from the bite of a monkey, was placed on the throne without his subjects being consulted, and much against his own wishes. He married a girl who was not of the royalty or nobility.

The British bark Manrewi, laden with gasoline from San Francisco to New Zealand, is equipped with a wireless telephone, the first sailing vessel ever to be so equipped.

The schooner Bertie Minor, known as the "ocean hobo" has returned to San Francisco, her home port, after an absence of 15 months during which 40,000 miles were covered. So numerous are the South Sea Islands that the skipper spent four months locating a newly established sugar station in the Fijis.

Discovery of a race of pygmies, averaging only four feet in height, is reported by an explorer who returned from Central Africa. The tribe is called the Mambuti and they are known as daring hunters of elephants and rhinoceroses.

A duck that is quackless is being imported into the United States to take its place with the seedless watermelon and the puckerless persimmon. It is known as the muscovy, comes from Russia, and weighs seven pounds dressed when only three months old.

There are about 175 parts in a watch, and in the course of assembling a timepiece it is estimated that 2,400 operations are performed.

American cities would profit by the example of Paris which offers three gold medals each year to the designers of the prettiest houses.

Since the establishment of the republic in China and the waning of the popularity of the queue that nation is losing one of its greatest trades, the export of human hair.

By means of the crescograph, a device invented by Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, an Indian savant, a number of London scientists have been able to watch a plant growing and study the beating of what in vegetable life corresponds to the heart of an animal.

The British food controller reports that food prices in Great Britain have reached the highest level ever recorded, exceeding largely the high prices of the war period.

The world record for distance telephoning was made by a combination of wire and wireless phones, conversation being carried on between an operator at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, 30 miles from Los Angeles harbor and the steamer Gloucester, 200 miles off Philadelphia.

The government is running down thieves who appropriated $500,000 worth of platinum from army ordnance stores during the war. The precious metal was stripped from delicate timing, sighting and firing instruments. A woman has been arrested.

The University of Washington is teaching the use of the old-fashioned hand loom for weaving towels, table linen, spreads, covers and dress goods.

Spruce is used in the manufacture of airplanes because of its great strength in comparison with its weight, its uniform texture and its freedom from defects.

Under a new marriage law a Swedish husband and wife may dissolve their marriage on agreement, or legal application.

Men and women who fail to vote in Czecho-Slovakia are sentenced to jail.

Beneath the ruins of a temple in Egypt scientists have discovered a subterranean necropolis containing thousands of mummified bodies of the sacred Ibis, each neatly packed in crumpled papyrus (ancient Egyptian manuscripts) which, say investigators, appear to consist of everything from love letters to washing bills.

A member of the Russian royal family escaped from the Bolsheviki with family heirlooms baked in a loaf of bread.

An architect has completed designs for a proposed landing field for airplanes, to be built over the roof of two of New York's largest hotels.

The Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture is experimenting with the manufacture of motor fuel from dried leaves.

George Washington made chaplains a part of the American Army. He issued a call for ministers to join the colors about the same time that he wrote his famous order against profanity in the Revolutionary Army.

A second cable from the mainland to Vancouver Island is to be laid immediately at a cost of $350,000.

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year *One Dollar* | Dearborn, Michigan, November 13, 1920 | Single Copy *Five Cents*

Be a Servant, Mr. Harding, Not a Leader

THE campaign is over and a decisive pronouncement by the American people has left no doubt as to the public intention. Whether the vote can be interpreted as a mandate, and if so, what the mandate is, will furnish matter for discussion. But that there was a strong desire for a change of administration, even the most ardent partisan would find it hard to gainsay.

The campaign itself represented a dearth of constructive ideas. Practically the only issue which the candidates discussed with any degree of coherence and continuity was the issue of the League of Nations. Yet it was not the League of Nations as idealistically conceived, but only a certain method of projecting the United States into a League which permitted a certain binding of American action by international military obligations. No one will doubt for a moment that if the issue had been stated as, "Shall we vote for Peace?" the expression would have been just as many millions strong for peace. Neither will anyone doubt that if the question had been, "Does the American people favor a League of Peace?" the answer would have been as decidedly in the affirmative. But the impression was very deep among the people that the present conditions of League membership make it somewhat resemble a League of War, and the United States is sick of war and all that pertains to it.

Taken in all its elements, it has been a strange time. The White House exerted practically no weight in the political development of the campaign, from the time of the conventions onward. Indeed, it may be said that the decline of Mr. Wilson's influence in contemporary American politics began before his second return from Paris. This, together with the strange apathy with which the sick man in the White House has been regarded, may be accounted for by the letdown which occurred in public hopefulness between the opening and the closing of the Versailles conference. On the matter of the strange lack of sympathetic expression for Mr. Wilson, however, it is perhaps to be remembered that the public has never been made fully aware of the extent of his physical disability.

The election of Mr. Harding, as he himself has very frankly said, was not a personal tribute to the man. All that was said at the time of his nomination concerning his lack of public fame was true. He was but little known. It is perhaps a testimony to the fact of his being well known, though only to a few, that those who knew him went so far as to indorse him for the Presidency. They felt he had the capacity to rise to presidential heights. It was Woodrow Wilson who once said that "no man is fit to be President until he is made President," which has been often true.

Mr. Harding, however, gradually grew in the esteem of the people as the campaign progressed. Questionable in August, he grew into acceptability before November. He exhibited poise and discretion in several difficult matters, as well as a disposition to speak his mind as clearly as possible when speaking was called for. He maintained the personal dignity and the intellectual simplicity which we have been taught to expect in aspirants for the Chief Magistracy. His eventual selection for the office was received with a degree of quiet and a modesty of expectation which augur well.

If Mr. Harding is wise, he will see to it from this day forth that he shall not become entangled with some of the forces which proved the undoing of Woodrow Wilson. If he will always look away from the men who will try to surround him, to the millions of Americans who have elected him; if he will always refrain from alliances or acts which he would hesitate to exhibit in every city and under every circumstance; if he will be distrustful where the people are distrustful; if he will only abide by the few strong instincts and the few plain rules which have always proved our best guide and defense, his administration will be successful and his name honored.

It is not brilliance that the American people expect of Mr. Harding, but soundness and dependability. There have been administrations so brilliant that they got in the way of the Nation, and impeded its normal development. After all, the great thing is the American Nation. *It* is the central spectacle. *It* is the exalted entity which must be served. The Administration is but one of the servants.

There have been Presidents who struck so compellingly certain chords which rule the popular imagination, that they quite obscured the American Nation. They have been, as it were, in the place of the American Nation. They were the central spectacle, they the exalted entity. Not so, however, with our most useful Presidents. We can forego a great deal of genius if we can only get enough of the salt of Yankee common sense in the White House. That sort of sense has always proved quite adequate for internal or international affairs.

No President really leads the American Nation. He may formulate what it is thinking; he may say what it is saying, but ultimately it is the American Nation that decides and leads. The Nation will stand by the President who stands by the Nation.

The coming four years may be quiet years politically. Presidential fireworks may be wholly lacking. If so, well. The country needs to be allowed to find its feet again. It needs the sense of confidence that its general manager in the White House is attending to his job, in all its details. With this confidence, the country will go back to its own job and start in anew.

THIS WEEK

New Crusade for Children's Rights

What to Do to Obtain a Patent

New West in Denver's Civic Center

Jew Versus Non-Jew in New York Finance

Another article in the interesting and most vital magazine series ever published in America.

French Political Hegemony in Europe

Introducing His Majesty, King Peanut

Old Atlas and the Changing World

Editorials, Interesting Departments, Splendid Illustrations, Mr. Ford's Page, and Short Bits of Information Well Worth Reading.

Many Men of Many Minds

Talcott Williams, journalist.—We shun crisp diction, fresh from the people. So all speech began. When a tongue ceases to spawn new words, fresh phrases, novel images, thought and progress stop also. The closer to daily life and speech is the writer's pen or the click of the typewriter keys, the more active, the more efficient, the more effective is the utterance of the writer and the life of the people. So long as accepted and acceptable writing accepts and shares the daily changes of the vocabulary of the market place; so long as both live and move and have their being in the sun of passion, action and achievement, the more lasting, pungent and penetrating is the literature of the period.

Frank Tannenbaum, economist.—The average professional criminal begins his career as a boy, often as a child. Some of them begin their lives of "crime" as early as the age of seven. More than twenty per cent of our criminals are under twenty-one.

Richard T. Ely, professor, political economy, Wisconsin University.—Failure after failure marks the successive steps in the downward course of Russia under Bolshevism. The Bolshevists wanted collective property in land and collective management. They robbed the old landowners and stopped the sane and very remarkable land reform then in progress, but by turning land over to the peasants they have merely strengthened the class that adheres to private ownership. Yet the peasant proprietors do not enjoy the full blessings of private property in land, because, rightly, they feel insecure in their titles. When the peasant becomes rich, will not a poor peasant seek to dispossess him? When robbery begins, when and where will it stop? But that is not all. Bolshevism having paralyzed industry, the people in the cities have nothing to exchange for what the peasants produce except worthless paper, and of that the peasant has had enough.

Land Hunger of the Peasant Blocks Bolshevism

W. W. Roper, head coach, Princeton University.—The difference between the old game of football and the new is, roughly, the difference between a battle of full-witted rams, butting each other as stupidly as tenaciously, and a clash between two masters of fence. There is a thrill in both of these but I think most of us will find a keener thrill in lightning thrust and parry than in patient forehead bumpings.

Guy Hayler, of London, president of World Prohibition Federation.—Throughout India there is a general feeling that, under further measures of Home Rule, prohibition will be almost universally adopted. News is to hand from South America that the evils resulting from alcoholism demand strong and immediate attention. Regarding the great continent of Africa, it is noted with thankfulness that the Covenant of the League of Nations declares in favor of "the prohibition of abuses such as the slave trade, the arms traffic, and the liquor traffic."

M. Francois Marshal, French minister of finance.—Impartial Americans who have traversed France this season must have noticed the industrial and agricultural activity in every province they visited. Our exports have increased from one-fifth of our imports during the first half of last year, to one-half of the imports for the first half of this year, representing a 72 per cent gain in value.

J. L. Benton, director of Philadelphia Textile Manufacturers Association.—Between 110,000 and 125,000 employes of textile mills in Philadelphia will be out of work this winter unless they watch their step. The weeding out has already begun. Approximately 40,000 have already been dropped. Whether the remainder will follow depends to a considerable extent upon the workers themselves. The textile manufacturers are not opposed to unions, but they are opposed to radical leaders and are going to the mat here and now with them.

Luther B. Bewley, director of education for Philippine Islands.—Probably the greatest unifying factor and the most potent tie of political union in every country is a common national language. English is more appropriate as a national language than any other because it is the best suited for communication with the outside world.

Melvin T. Copeland, of the School of Business Administration of Harvard University.—As long as the money market remains stringent price declines are likely to continue. Eventually, after the stocks of merchandise on hand at the present time are partially liquidated, the accumulation of banking reserves and the tendency to curtail production in some industries may be counted upon to reduce the strain upon our credit resources. Sooner or later this will tend to bring about lower discount rates on commercial loans.

Daniel T. Murphy, vice president, Northwest Irrigation Association.—If, as an irrigationist, I were seeking to convey luminously to another, unlearned in my science, the spirit, the soul and the atmosphere of the western art, I had rather use the word "aquaculture" connotatiously, than "agriculture" correctly; for irrigation—greater than either—lies between the two.

Daniel Willard, president, Association of Railway Executives.—If the railway managers are men of vision, if they realize their responsibilities as semi-public servants, as well as trustees of property of great value; if they feel that the policy of private ownership of property is upon the whole the best policy, I believe they will succeed in their undertaking and private ownership of railroads will continue.

Frank H. Simonds, war correspondent.—No one can fail to remark the odd circumstance that whereas, a century ago, all Europe was united against the radicalism of France and the doctrines of the French Revolution, France stands now almost the single unshaken stronghold of conservatism, against the radicalism of the Continent, and, for that matter, of the British Isles.

Camille Flammarion, French astronomer and scientist.—As a scientist I cannot affirm that the soul is immortal. I do affirm that the soul lives long after the body is dead, and that in time man will be able to control the fluids which make communication between the realm of death and life possible.

Fred C. Kelly, journalist.—Before hiring a man on the strength of his letters of recommendation, it is well to remember that there is many a man to whom one might give a strong testimonial in order to get rid of him.

Edwin A. Goewey, sporting editor.—If professional baseball is to be rescued from the crooks and returned to its once honored post among the world's sports, the game must be given the most thorough house-cleaning it ever had. No more whitewashing of men who demonstrate that their pledged word means nothing to them, no more sidestepping of deliberate violations of the rules for fear that publicity will interfere with the click of the turnstiles, no more tricky playing to win games!

Everett Kimball, professor of government, Smith College.—Seriously, the ballot is the most important political instrument we possess. It is our weapon. What care and ingenuity was displayed in designing and testing the Springfields and Brownings that the American Army used! How carefully the soldier was instructed in the mechanism of his weapon! With what good effect he used it! But in civil life the ballot is even more important than were guns in war. We may talk of public opinion, of good government and bad. We may write letters to the newspapers. But the ultimate and final way we have of controlling the political action of the government is by our vote. The ballot is our sole and ultimate weapon.

Ballot Your Bullet in Defense of Good Government

Thomas A. Edison.—I believe that life, like matter, is indestructible. There has always been a certain amount of life on this world and there will always be the same amount. You cannot create life; you cannot destroy life; you cannot multiply life.

Count Johann-Heinrich Bernstorff, former German ambassador to the United States.—The Russo-Polish War threatens us with grave dangers. Germany must maintain strictest neutrality because any other policy would lead us to destruction. We who desire the peaceful reconstruction of Germany on a democratic basis must keep in check our own Bolsheviki, and those few who would like to put their swords at the disposal of the Entente for the fight against the Bolsheviki.

Theodore Roosevelt.—After a certain not very high level of material well-being has been reached, then the things that really count in life are the things of the spirit. Factories and railways are good up to a certain point; but courage and endurance, love of wife and child, love of home and country, love of lover for sweetheart, love of beauty in man's work and in nature, love and emulation of daring and of lofty endeavor, the homely work-aday virtues and the heroic virtues—these are better still, and if they are lacking, no piled-up riches, no roaring, clanging industrialism, no feverish and many-sided activity shall avail either the individual or the nation. I do not undervalue these things of a nation's body; I only desire that they shall not make us forget that besides the nation's body there is also the nation's soul.

Rev. Mr. Benjamin H. Spence, secretary, Dominion Alliance.—One former provincial official is now in the penitentiary for using his position in conjunction with the big interests for bootleggers and others. The law which he brought into contempt has never recovered from the damage done nor shaken off the odium. Some people learn by bitter experience. Evidently quite a number of such people live in British Columbia. South Carolina and Saskatchewan tried an almost perfect system of government control and it was a failure. Both replaced their laws with prohibition.

Kenneth L. Roberts, correspondent.—No prophet who ever lived, and no student of immigration, no matter how weighty his brain, is capable of figuring out the number of foreigners who can be assimilated by the United States in a given period of time. If they are allowed to live in the slums and ghettos and foreign settlements in which they are now living, they cannot be assimilated. There isn't a chance of it.

George Ellery Hale, director, Mount Wilson Observatory.—Go out under the open sky, on a clear and moonless night and try to count the stars. If your station lies well beyond the glare of the cities, which is often strong enough to conceal all but the brightest objects, you will find the task a difficult one. Ranging through the six magnitudes of the Greek astronomers, from the brilliant Sirius to the faintest perceptible points of light, the stars are scattered in great profusion over the celestial vault. Their number seems limitless, yet actual count will show that the eye has been deceived. In a survey of the entire heavens, from pole to pole, it would not be possible to detect more than six to seven thousand stars with the naked eye. From a single viewpoint, even with the keenest vision, only two or three thousand can be seen.

Visible Stars Not as Numerous as Popularly Believed

Henry Grady, United States trade commissioner to Europe.—The necessity of the United States seeking other foreign markets than Europe is made further imperative by reason of the falling prices of commodities in this country. We must seek these other markets to keep up American production of industries.

F. Roger Miller, secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Macon, Georgia.—The United States is the only nation in the civilized world that has ignored housing as a national problem. The condition has been developing for years—it is not an outcome of the World War. Only 20,000 new homes were built in 1918. Twenty times that number were needed. Our normal increase this year calls for the construction of 1,250,000 dwellings.

Meredith Nicholson, writer.—In private affairs we resent being fooled, for to be swindled reflects upon our intelligence and is an affront to our dignity. In public matters we are stupidly tolerant of political tricksters and prone to indulge them, even to grin good-humoredly at their cleverness and insolence.

General Alvaro Obregon, president-elect of Mexico.—The Mexican Government is strong, popular and ready to comply with its international obligations, and I believe Mr. Wilson will have no objection to sanctioning recognition. I also believe that the people of the United States in close touch with us in commerce desire such recognition.

Charles E. Mitchell, president of National City Company.—It is, after all, merely a question as to whether or not all classes of American commerce are willing to co-operate to bring about sane, slow but steady deflation or whether resentment against the inevitable, accompanied by bitter attempts of one class or another to avoid for itself the burdens and sorrows of deflation by shifting processes, which must ultimately be futile in effect, will force the old economic law to take us all by the nape of the neck and shake us through panic to a proper recognition of and submission to her inexorable requirements.

Francis H. Sisson, vice president of the Guaranty Trust Company, of New York.—If one of the partners in our industrial business agrees to do a certain thing in a certain way, and fails, the firm contracts become impossible of fulfillment. If Labor agrees to supply effort at a given price, and Capital agrees to furnish certain supplies upon which Labor may expend its effort, both must recognize their responsibility. It has been said that the laws of contract are inviolate, and they must be. If we will consider the matter for a moment, a violation of contract precipitated the world into the most terrible war in its history. When contracts become impossible of fulfillment credit is injured and once more the industrial structure rocks.

The New Crusade for Children's Rights

By FRANK M. CHASE

RIGHTS—rights of women, rights of the public and now rights of children. Where? In Kansas, of course. One scarcely thinks of the Sunflower State nowadays without also thinking of rights of one kind or another. But what could be more natural than that the women of this state, the first to gain the right to vote, should lead in the crusade for the rights of their children? This they are doing, and with such vision and high purpose as to set new standards in social progress.

An unfortunate circumstance of child welfare work is the popular misconception of it. Our view of it, generally speaking, is distorted and narrow. Child welfare involves very much more than feeding and clothing the impoverished children of the slums or benefiting the abnormal boy and girl in some way. The needs of the normal child on the farm deserve as much consideration as those of his less fortunate cousin starving in the tenement. In its best sense child welfare is a perfect example of democracy, admitting of no class or racial distinctions.

Happily, such is the conception of the Kansas women. Acting on this broad basis they have laid out their program in such a way that every person in the state with the welfare of a child at heart, may pull together for the good of all the state's children. To accomplish the greatest good, for the most children, in the shortest time possible, is their high ideal.

The directing force of their effort is the Kansas Women's Committee on Child Welfare. This consists of one representative from each of twenty leading state organizations, who represent the special interests of children. It is better described in the words of its secretary and organizer, Dr. Florence Brown Sherbon, as "an adventure in teamwork, born of the desire of the women of the state to work together in some big organic effort, rather than in a multitude of isolated, unassociated projects."

Doctor Sherbon is chief of the Division of Child Hygiene of the Kansas State Board of Health. As the members of the committee would tell you, she is also the real inspiration behind this remarkable movement. Of winning personality and herself a mother, she is able to convey to others her broad vision of child welfare. To her ability to inspire and to arouse enthusiasm must be given much of the credit for the wonderful success in co-ordinating the women's organizations of Kansas into a powerful unit for advancing the interests of children.

Upon its organization, in October, 1919, the committee adopted the Minimum Standards for Child Welfare as a general working outline. These standards were formulated by the International Conference on Child Welfare held at Washington in May and June, 1919, and are being promulgated by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor. They are generally considered the best existing statement of the minimum protection that children should receive.

With these standards as a basis for its activities, the committee laid plans to proceed along three important lines: first, survey the entire state, to determine the existing conditions with reference to the various interests of childhood; second, engage in an educational campaign for the purpose of suggesting remedial measures for each community's particular defect; third, work for the appointment of a children's code commission.

To the great joy of the committee, the last-named phase of its work was the first to be accomplished, and practically without effort. Governor Henry J. Allen was found to be deeply sympathetic with the movement to better the opportunities of the children. On but learning of the plan of the Kansas Women's Committee on Child Welfare, therefore, he eagerly acquiesced in it. As a result the Children's Code Commission is now at work.

The survey, which has been in progress since last spring, is turning considerable new ground in the field of child welfare. To those persons who are accustomed to think of a child welfare survey as an investigation covering an isolated district of a city, made by well-to-do young women spending their spare time in settlement work, the Kansas survey would appear as a revelation indeed. In the first place, it consists of a detailed investigation of the entire state, being the first child welfare survey to do so. It is also distinctive in that each community is surveying itself. Thus the community finds its defects through its own efforts; and, having uncovered them in this way, it may be depended upon to remedy them speedily. In the remedial work the state committee renders assistance, when called upon to do so, but the burden of providing the relief rests upon the local initiative. By thus applying the democratic principles of self-help and self-determination to the conduct of the survey, child welfare is given its rightful meaning as something for all children instead of for only those in need of special care.

The scope of the survey is limited to an attempt to uncover actual community conditions as to: first, children in industry; second, the health of mothers and children; third, dependent, defective and delinquent children. Every precaution is being taken to keep the survey strictly impersonal. That the entire procedure may be kept on a plane above gossip, the survey workers are instructed to permit no names or personal data in any written form. Facts, not names, are sought.

Determined upon doing a thing, Kansans usually set about their task with the ardor of crusaders. The campaign for their children's welfare is no exception to the rule. In the method of organizing for the survey and in the zeal displayed in carrying it out, indeed, one is reminded of the war drives in which the state successively "went over the top" with colors flying. And if the enthusiasm manifested in the surveys of the first counties is any criterion, the colors are not going to trail on the ground in the present crusade.

This survey, which will reach eventually into every nook where a child might exist, is being directed by the Kansas Women's Committee on Child Welfare through a succession of chairmen for the congressional districts, counties, and towns or cities. In the rural communities the school district is the survey unit, the local chairman appointing two or more canvassers for each district. In cities the territory is divided according to local needs and conditions. The canvassers work in the neighborhoods in which they reside, and there has been no difficulty in obtaining sufficient workers to conduct the survey or in securing the answers to the questions. The questionnaire used by the canvassers fills six typewritten pages, providing for the gathering of every possible bit of information bearing on the welfare of the state's childhood. The survey of Riley County, which was one of the first to be made, illustrates the organization necessary for gathering the statistics and the enthusiastic willingness of the people to do their share of the work. In this county the entire survey was planned and executed in one month. Despite unfavorable weather, the collecting of the information in the rural districts required but one week; while in Manhattan, the leading city of this county, the survey was completed in one day. About two hundred and fifty women were chosen to make the canvass in this city. At the blowing of a certain whistle at nine o'clock in the morning, the pre-arranged signal, every canvasser began her part. So carefully and minutely was the city districted that no worker had to spend more than one and a half or two hours in making her calls.



DR. FLORENCE BROWN SHERBON

Chief, Division of Child Hygiene, Kansas State Board of Health

Not one person in this county refused to supply the information requested by the canvassers. This was largely due to the fact that a thorough publicity campaign carried on through speakers and the press had prepared the way for them. Everyone knew beforehand of the survey and its purposes.

In arranging the surveys the aim is to interest and give a share of the work to every local women's, civic, business and religious organization. Usually this is not difficult to do, the advantage of the child welfare survey to a community is so evident; for it should be remembered that such an investigation unearths the good points of a community as well as the weak ones. The extreme willingness of the people to share in this work is well expressed by Doctor Sherbon, who has said: "The people of Kansas were never so alive to the interests of the children as they are at the present moment. Everybody wants to do something for Kansas children. If 'everybody' can only get behind a plan which is organic, elastic and permanent, it should be possible to accomplish much during this reconstruction period. Social ideals are now fluid, but will rapidly set into the permanent mold of post-war habits and traditions. Now is the time to shape these ideals for the lasting benefit of children and society."

From the beginning of the campaign the state committee has urged the women's organizations to discuss child welfare in their meetings, that their communities might be in better shape to remedy their deficiencies after the survey had unearthed them. To aid them in doing so, the Kansas members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae prepared a set of twelve club study programs based on the International Minimum Standards.

These programs consist of references which have been carefully selected with a view to assisting interested groups in preparing popular presentations of the various phases of child welfare. They are so arranged that several short papers may be developed on each phase of the subject. The general topics are as follows: children in industry (in two parts); maternity; infancy; the pre-school age, two to six; school children (in two parts); adolescent children (in two parts); dependent children; defective children; delinquent children.

Through these programs the organized women of the state are being brought to see the many ways in which they can promote the welfare of children and to understand the community's relation to everybody's child. They are a new and distinct contribution to the literature on child welfare, and have been widely commended by public health workers. The college women have also prepared authoritative outlines containing extended references on each of the foregoing topics, for the use of communities desiring to make detailed studies of their particular problems.

Another valuable contribution to the educational part of the campaign was made by the Women's Bar Association of Kansas. This organization has a representative on the state committee, through whom it pledged to answer all requests of women's clubs for information concerning the state laws which bear on child welfare.

This survey which the women of Kansas are directing is no spineless and toothless affair. It is not being made, as many surveys have been made, for the purpose merely of gathering information. Its well-defined object is to find the weak spots of the state and its communities with respect to child welfare, in order that remedial measures may be trained upon them.

As soon as the results for the state as a whole are known and tabulated they will be placed before the Children's Code Commission, to aid it in shaping legislation to meet the special needs of Kansas. Each community will also be urged to follow up the survey by attending promptly to its greatest need. For its assistance the state committee has community programs worked out to fit the various local needs uncovered by the survey. Thus, if a community becomes aware of a bad milk situation, this committee is prepared to put it in touch with the best available aids and to offer suggestions for putting on a pure milk campaign. If the community decides, after the survey, that it should have a school nurse, or a county nurse, the committee will suggest methods of getting one. Another community may feel that the results of the survey justify it in trying to obtain a full-time county health organization. Still another may have a critical recreation, delinquency or school hygiene problem. Whatever the problem, the help of the state is volunteered in meeting it.

As an illustration, one of the first cities of Kansas to make its child welfare survey found that its special need was a children's health center. On the other hand it obtained much satisfaction through learning that it was caring especially well for its defective, dependent and delinquent children. The residents of this city, incidentally, were so well pleased with their good showing that they straightway volunteered the money for correcting its weakest spot.

It is not unlikely that the Kansas women will add to their other influence in bringing about the program for the rights of their children the power of the vote—their vote. "While the communities are carrying out their various follow-up activities," said Doctor Sherbon in addressing the survey workers, "the fall elections will occur. It is to be hoped that this survey will inject some new issues into local and state politics, and that the votes of the people will be given to those men and women who will pledge themselves to a platform of children's rights.

"When the legislature convenes and the Children's Code Commission submits report, this survey machine should convert itself into a gigantic legislative committee to see that a constructive legislative program goes through.

"This federation of effort and interest should persist until every local condition inimical to the well-being of children is corrected, and until every weak law is strengthened, all necessary new legislation passed, and then be passed along to the next generation in order that the legislation may be enforced and social education proceed along its evolutionary course.

"Kansas women have won their rights. They are in a new crusade for children's rights. The thing which we have undertaken is tremendously important and significant. From the spirit shown it bids fair to be another achievement in which Kansas will lead out and set a pace for the world. Kansas has been at the head of the procession in prohibition, women's suffrage, and in cigaret and industrial legislation. It seems certain that she will be a leader in the new crusade."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 3, November 13, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Fate of Class Movements

THERE is one feature of the election, overlooked in the natural interest in the main developments, which will receive more attention as time passes and final results are tabulated in a form which will permit accurate comparisons. That feature is the collapse of the claims of the so-called class movement in the United States.

The Socialist party claimed that it would garner as high as five million votes. The Farmer-Labor party expected to receive the support of hundreds of thousands of progressive Republicans and Democrats. The Non-PartisanLeague believed it would sweep an extensive section of the West. But none of these things came to pass. The Socialists showed a gain, to be sure, but the total vote for Debs will, on the face of the present returns, be closer to two millions than to five. The Farmer-Labor party did not even dent the consciousness of the American people. The people had sized up the party, its platform and its candidates during the Chicago convention and had decided that this was not the third party, but merely a false alarm.

The Non-Partisan League, which has ruled North Dakota for four years, electing state and congressional officials and enacting a large number of class laws, had high hopes of gaining a foothold in Minnesota, Montana and Colorado. It not only failed in its campaigns abroad but suffered some disastrous reverses in its own camp, and while it succeeded in saving a fusion candidate for United States Senator and re-elected a number of state officials, it lost the state legislature and one of its two members of Congress.

Those who feared that the parties which represent class interests would attract an imposing number of votes based their beliefs on the assumption that there was not only a strong undercurrent of class spirit in America but that there existed a sentiment of general dissatisfaction with the conservative spirit of the two major parties. This view has been widely press-agented but apparently its only result was to make the American people fear the worst but work for the best.

It becomes evident, therefore, that one of the outstanding facts of the recent election is that the American citizen believes in home-made political thought; European fashions in political garments do not overwhelm him. He is content to wear the old, honest, homespun politics, of American manufacture, varying the cut now and then to agree with more modern lines, but clinging always to his faith in a fabric which he believes will wear the best.

In other words the American citizen makes a poor Red. He is not even a Rose Pink.

Paying Paul But Starving Peter

THE Osage Indian reservation in Oklahoma contains some of the richest oil lands in the United States and the development of their resources is bringing undreamed-of wealth to the owners. It is estimated that the least any member of the Osage tribe will receive in 1920 will be $9,000, and since the families generally consist of four or five members there will be between $36,000 and $45,000 distributed in many of the Indian homes this year.

From time to time the newspapers print new incidents reflecting upon the manner in which the Indians dispose of this sudden wealth and one reads of a red man who sends a taxi after a pound of beefsteak or of a brave who buys an expensive, high-powered car and hires a chauffeur to drive him endlessly through the streets of the nearest town.

Perhaps some of the incidents have been exaggerated but the sudden showering of wealth upon the Indians and their inability to handle their money wisely, which is the foundation of all these stories, exist in fact.

There is some poetic justice in oil being found on lands turned over to the Indians by the white men but the pitiable part of this whole thing is that when fortune finally decided to smile upon the red men she chose one little group which is no more entitled to the oil lands of Oklahoma than thousands of other Indians in the United States.

The Osages who now summon their limousines and drive into the village in upholstered luxury to do their shopping were placed in Oklahoma by the government several years ago, and given the lands they now occupy in lieu of a barren reservation they occupied in Kansas. It would be pleasant to record that the Osages toiled willingly upon the broad acres of the new state and that as the result of their labors fine farms took form and great herds of cattle grazed and grew fat upon the land. But it cannot be so written. The white man, of course, says the Indian was lazy. The Indian, perhaps with considerable justice, retorts that the white man kept the best land and gave him a tract of poor soil which was adapted to neither farming nor stock raising. At any rate the Osages dragged out a miserable existence in their new homes and did not bother to improve their title to their lands by dint of industry. Then oil was found and in less than a year the Indians were on the road to wealth and the reservation gave signs of becoming the richest community in the United States.

At least a share of the money from oil and leases in the Osage reservation should be devoted in some way to advancing the conditions of the 250,000 Indians in the United States whose title as wards of the government is certainly as good as those of the lucky red man of Oklahoma, and many of whom are living today in genuine poverty.

The thing can be done easily enough. There will be no trouble whatever in finding worthy ways of investing this money so that its benefits will be perpetuated and will serve to educate and to better the opportunities of future generations of these first Americans. All that is needed is a little constructive thought, and after our long record of injustice, of cruelty and of bungling kindness in our treatment of the Indians it would seem that we would do well to consider it.

Well Done, Wisconsin!

WISCONSIN announces with pride—and rightly so—that 87.7 per cent of the farms within her borders are cultivated by the owners. With many states complaining of a drift away from the land, this record has not been achieved in Wisconsin without cause, and one will rightly imagine that the efforts put forth to accomplish such results must have been so pronounced that they will not be hard to discover.

Wisconsin, like many north and northwestern states, has thousands of acres of uncultivated cut-over lands. Like all such states it also is anxious to see such lands settled and developed. The difference between Wisconsin and some of its sister commonwealths lies in the way it has gone about the accomplishment of its desires. Where other states left the colonization of their lands to real estate dealers, honest or otherwise—and history shows they were often otherwise—Wisconsin has officially recognized her responsibility and has taken pains to perform this duty faithfully with regard to both the settlers and the state's best interests.

The immigration division of the state is in charge of the work. It safeguards home seekers against promoters who offer worthless lands for sale; it keeps an eye on land agents, censors their advertisements and handles the publicity which the railroads give to undeveloped lands. Last year alone it gave honest advice to 14,000 colonists in search of farms and was actually responsible for placing almost 1,600 families.

One of the immediate results can be seen in the figures which show that while many states record an increased number of tenant farmers or abandoned farms during the last 10 years, Wisconsin can point to an increase of six per cent in farm ownership during that time.

The true results cannot, of course, be measured now. Only the future can tell how bountifully Wisconsin will be repaid for the care with which she tended the flame of hunger for land ownership until it glowed so brightly that it outshone the alluring glow of the cities. But none can doubt that among the richest rewards will be that type of ideal citizenship which is ever characteristic of American communities where men own their homes.

Watch This Movement

LOOK over your newspapers carefully and see if you can detect a new dose of pro-whisky propaganda. Not that your local editor or newspaper owner is that kind of a man; it is in the material he buys from the big syndicates and special writers.

The new pro-whisky propaganda has two main lines of attack.

The first is that prohibition is going to cost a lot of money for enforcement. A very suspicious amount of publicity is being given to the cost of enforcement last year. Interests who saddled the country with the incalculable costs of poverty, crime, insanity and drink-sodden citizenship, are now becoming very tender of the public purse in the matter of keeping the whisky woff out of the land.

The second line of attack is that prohibition is not prohibiting. Of course it isn't; the interests that own the whisky see to that. But the saloon is prohibited, millions of men are drinkless and sober who would otherwise be but half-men today. With the help of the straggling army of topers who will guzzle their drink as long as they can obtain it, the interests which own the liquor are making a desperate attempt to keep up the semblance of a whisky business in defiance of the law in order to impress the people with the fallacy of prohibition.

The liquor in the United States is owned and traded in illegally by one class of people almost exclusively. It is a class which has always lived off the corruption of another class. It is a small class, conscienceless, rapacious, and bound together by ancient bonds. This class poisons the flesh with whisky, just as it poisons the mind with ideas of social disorder. The insistent propaganda which is now being spread broadcast through the American press on the plea of writing something interesting is hastening an exposure of some importance.

When newspapers and theaters join to keep King Booze alive—whose work do you think it is?

By Trial and Failure

IT IS said that a young associate of a great inventor once came to him discouraged, with a disheartening story that he had been working on a machine and could not succeed in making it go. "Well," replied the inventor, "keep on fooling with it till you do."

He understood the man and knew that he had worked for many months, earnestly and patiently, to achieve perfection in this particular piece of mechanism. He also knew that life is made up of a series of experiments, and that we hope each turn will bring the success for which we are striving. But the patient inventor also knew one thing more: he knew that if an honest endeavor is persisted in, success is sure to come.

So it was that the younger man turned again to his task and—as luck had it—that very day happened on the lucky combination of working parts for the machine which "made it go."

The principle of "trial and failure" is one well recognized among scientific men. It means that when a certain combination of chemicals or machine parts fails to produce the desired result, the experimenter simply counts the time spent on it as bringing him just that much nearer the solution of the problem—one more step has been taken, one more of the unknown number of wrong possibilities has been eliminated.

It's just one more trial and failure—but in the end, the proper combination must be found, the last difficulty overcome by force of sheer persistence, and the goal achieved.

In life we struggle until we learn the way that brings Success, the real Success, with a capital "S."

In the end, if we persist in earnest always bending every effort to reach a definite goal, that goal will some time—perhaps in years, perhaps in days—appear. It may require hundreds of determined efforts—each followed by a discouraging failure—but one never knows when the next attempt will be the lucky one.

Who knows how much the world has been advanced by the persistence of the men who have continued to stand up, with determination, after many crushing failures, and said through clenched teeth: "I will try it again—and again—and again"?

And who knows how many life failures might have been turned to brilliant successes with just one more try for success?

Success doesn't step forth and salute the quitter. Unless you've already discovered it, it is still in waiting—yours perhaps at your very next effort.

Don't quit—don't even think of quitting—until you've found it!



Mr. Ford's Page



IT BECOMES more and more apparent that the mind of the nation is in a hopeful, forward-looking mood, quite free of the uncertainty and apprehension which a little while ago was present. The long solemn striking of the hour is usually a period of rest, when strange presentiments and questions come to mind, but when the long drone of the strokes has died away, initiative flows in again and the mind awakes to the calls and opportunities of the new hour.

The clock-strokes of destiny are sometimes months and years long, and the reverberations longer still. In the affairs of humanity the great things do not occur in a flash and die out like a rocket; they come into being gradually, mount to their crisis, and disappear with discouraging slowness. Very few lifetimes are long enough to see the completed cycle of even the lesser events.

But, though this be so, there is a consciousness within the mind whenever the new era is actually begun. It is like dawn, when even the air is different, and a new magnetism seems to thrill through all things. And there is a sense of this newness in the air today. Men are more convinced than ever they were of the eternity of the right, and of the possibility of sincerity maintaining itself through countless errors until the right way is won.

No one who is socially conscious would think of denying that the right way in many things is yet to be found, but it is usually a mistaken social consciousness that insists that the wrong things are here by intention. Men do not make mistakes by intention, and there is no way of learning the right way except by making mistakes.

Mistakes, whether they occur in the social region or in the building of a new machine, occur as the result of active research. The mind knows the end which it wishes to reach. It sees an opening here, and enters it. It explores far enough to discover that the opening does not lead where the mind wishes to go. Another opening is explored in like manner, and withdrawn from. And so on, experience being gained at each step.

This is not waste, by any means. It is not evil. It is not blameworthy. It is part of the material of knowledge. You know your way from your home to the shop, but a real part of that knowledge is the other knowledge that certain other ways do not lead to the shop. That negative knowledge is in the back of your mind, unused; but it is a part of knowledge just the same.

In the matter of living together in society the same rule obtains. What does not work, we know is wrong. What does not work perfectly, requires improvement. What breaks down periodically, requires strengthening. But if the whole thing is wrong, it will not work at all, except perhaps destructively and wastefully. In mechanics there are many things that will work, but not well. Take, for example, the numerous accounts we read in the papers of the discovery of a new fluid fuel. A man announces that he has discovered a new motor fuel which has given such-and-such a performance at such-and-such a cost. Maybe he has. After months of research he doubtless has. But there are other points to be considered. Is there enough of his basic material to produce millions of barrels of that fuel a month? If not, he has discovered something, but he has not discovered *the* thing. And then there is the effect of that fuel on the motor that uses it. Some new fuels are discovered, no doubt; they make things go, no doubt; but some of them completely destroy the motor that uses it. Drive 75 miles and the machine is ruined. It is obvious, then, that although a discovery has been made, it is not *the* discovery.

But the work is not lost. The individual's personal ambition may be frustrated, but his usefulness remains just the same. He has demonstrated something. But the wise world is not in a hurry to be off with the old and on with the new until it is demonstrated that the new can bear the burden which the world will have to place upon it. We may grant that many of our ways of doing things are crude; we can look forward to a time when those who come after us will improve vastly on what we have done. Still, we may be confident of this, that within our range of knowledge and necessity, we have made things work, we have found certain principles, and while there may be newer and better applications of these principles, we have laid the foundations.

Certain foundations have been laid in the region where we adjust our relations to each other as social beings. We all have the same needs, and we are all subject to the same necessity of supplying them. And that necessity is relentlessly the same: needs can be supplied only by work, someone's work. Not only relentless but inevitable in this necessity, for it is marvelous to consider how very, very few in the world can live without work. There are a few aged, a few ill folk, a few pitiable offspring of the wealthy—that is all. Of the rest of the world, of any condition, those who work are a mighty ocean, those who do not are but a handful.

There are parts of the world where this principle of work is not understood, but it is painfully forcing its way into understanding. There are perhaps more parts of the world where the differences in work are not completely understood. Some work in one sphere, some in another; the spheres fit one another. In the ordinary household the husband is the breadwinner, the wife the manager of all the home affairs; both work in their own way, and the product of their joint toil is the home. In the industrial world these spheres are duplicated, the managerial and the manual, both of them being more commingled than ever before, and the joint product is service to the world and a living for the men who render the service.

What needs to be done is obvious—the winning of security for those who work, whatever their work may be. All human affairs are mutable; the factor of individual discipline steps in at unexpected moments; there are troubles and difficulties of one kind or another assailing all people of all kinds. Sorrows and joys, disappointments and anxieties, losses and tragedies are not the monopoly of any one group. Every life is very much like another these days.

But it should be made possible—indeed, it is perhaps not too much to say that it can be made possible—for every man to be assured at least that there will always be the opportunity for work afforded to him. The basic insecurity of the industrial realm may at least be abolished, even though the other insecurities of life remain what they are.

Perhaps one way out will be the adoption of the old adage not to put all of our eggs in one basket. The farmers of the South have learned the risk of the one-crop system. If the whole farm year is staked on one crop and that crop fails, there is total loss. But with a variety of crops the danger is decreased.

Now, employment today has tended to fall into one basket. There is a variety of work to be done in the world, but most men confine themselves to but one kind, and when for any reason slackness occurs there, they suffer idleness. This is due, of course, to the way in which industry is organized.

There are three main divisions of work: growing the food and clothing which people use; manufacturing the tools with which these necessities are raised and turned into articles of use; transporting both to those who need them. Growing, Making and Carrying—these are the three principal things we do. And as there is always something to do in all of these lines, at least always in two of them, unemployment would not occur if industry were organized with a view to the whole need. This would seem to be one direction in which progress can be made for the purpose of giving security of employment. And with this assured, other improvements could be undertaken without that stress of mind and need which makes so many advances.

EXPERIENCE is partly made up of mistakes. Knowing what not to do is an integral part of knowledge. If the machine does not work very well, it may not need to be scrapped, but adjusted. The fact that a machine, a method or a system works at all, without destroying itself and others, may prove that it can be made to work more perfectly. Some people favor scrapping the social system. But if it works, even though jerkily, it may only need adjustment. There is no ingenuity in simply destroying things. If work is fundamental, if industry is really a beneficial and productive fact, then the jerks and imperfections which accompany it, like unemployment or uncertainty of employment, would seem to be susceptible of adjustment. Cure the defects without destroying a fundamentally good and tried method.

His Goats Save the Lives of Hundreds of Babes

SAVING the lives of hundreds of babies and small children throughout the United States by raising milk goats as a diversion from his law business is the unique pastime of W. F. Reeves, of Marshall, Arkansas, in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains.

Mr. Reeves has found time during his eight years' experience to build up one of the finest and largest herds of milk goats in the country. There is an enormous demand for them because of the strength-giving qualities of their milk. It is so great, in fact, that Mr. Reeves disposes of his animals almost exclusively to parents of weak and sickly babies. He has never advertised, yet he cannot supply one-tenth of the calls that come to him. Most of the inquiries are from references furnished by the United States Department of Agriculture.

There are not many farmers or breeders who will "waste time" with goats, for most of them look on a goat as a "pesky nuisance" and will not have one about the farm. The goat's reputation has gone ahead of him. He is pointed out as the laughingstock and ridiculous joke of animal creation and the scavenger and ragamuffin of the barnyard. But Mr. Reeves did not ask for "a character" when he started raising milk goats. His concern now is to raise enough of them to feed the little bits of humanity whose digestive organs are out of kelter or whose lungs have been touched with the poisoned finger of the White Plague. The babies come first. Then if Mr. Reeves has any extra goats to sell, he finds a ready market with persons suffering poor digestion or those with tubercular tendencies.



W. F. REEVES, Arkansas milk goat breeder, and a pure-bred Toggenburg buck valued at $1,000.

His experience with milk goats has given the Arkansas lawyer a profound respect for the little animal so thoroughly disliked on many hands.

"The milk goat is the cleanest of any domestic animal," remarked Mr. Reeves, apparently mindful of the reputation of goats in general. "They are the healthiest of all domestic animals, too," he added. "They are not subject to the ills, such as pneumonia, that attack sheep and they are more prolific, hardier and cheaper to keep than sheep. A recent government report shows that of the 150,000 animals tested, not one was found to be afflicted with tuberculosis, whereas 20 per cent of cattle are infected with the germ. They are easy to raise, quick to mature and my experience is that they are the most profitable farm animal. They are great 'labor saving devices,' too. A herd will clean up rough brushy land quicker and cheaper and better than the average farm hand. They are good milk producers. My does average five or six quarts a day and there are milk goats with records of 12 quarts, or as much as a good family cow produces."

While Mr. Reeves does not profess to be an authority on the medicinal qualities of goat's milk, he is a close student of all investigations by American and other authorities.

"Some of the most eminent experts say that the milk goat is practically, if not wholly, immune from tuberculosis and that their milk repels tuberculosis germs," he explained. "A great many calls come to me from all parts of the United States for goats for tuberculosis sanitariums. I cannot begin to supply the demand. Most of my experience, however, has been with raising goats for weak babies, especially babies with defective digestive organs. There are not enough milk goats raised in the United States to supply the needy children in the half dozen largest cities, to say nothing of the small places. That is one reason why I have confined most of my sales to people who are trying to save the lives of babies."

Mr. Reeves has no goats for sale now and probably will not have for months if he supplies the calls he already has on file. His herd sometimes gets as low as 100 milk does and these sell readily at $75 and $100 each. He has sold doe kids four or five months old for $25 and the bucks bring $10 to $25 each at weaning time. The registered pure-breds command as much as $200 and some fully grown ones have been sold for $1,000.

"There are not more than 2,000 pure-bred milk goats in the United States today and only eleven imported pure-bred ones are alive," he declares. "Importation was stopped in 1910 by the government and the fine ones consequently are very scarce. There are but three good breeds of milk goats, of which the Toggenburgs, from the valley of that name in Switzerland, are the most numerous. They have been used in Switzerland for hundreds of years. Other breeds are the Saanens and the Nubians."

The common strains of goats are very numerous in the United States, especially in developing regions where there is wild land to be improved. Many farmers in Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi use them to clear up underbrush and they multiply rapidly. Good success has been made in these states with the Angora or mohair producing goat, which clips five or six pounds of mohair a year. But Mr. Reeves' experience with milk goats probably will result in a gradual change to this breed of animal.



Photograph selected for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT by National Park Service, Department of the Interior.

This is McDermott Lake and the Many Glaciers Hotel, reached by a good automobile road on the eastern side of the park, from the porches of which an inspiring and ever changing panorama is spread before the tourist. Glacier Park is chiefly remarkable for its picturesquely modeled peaks, the unique quality of its mountain masses, its gigantic precipices, and the romantic loveliness of its two hundred and fifty lakes.

America's Master Yegg on Honesty as a Policy

AMERICA'S self-styled master yegg-man, whose conquest of fortune during fifty-seven years netted him nearly three million dollars, now is, at 84 years of age, almost penniless and in jail on a forgery charge. His exploits with the chilled steel drill, nitroglycerin, and a trained nervous system, combined with years of laborious study of his profession, are almost beyond conception. He is the originator of a system of nerve action by which he says no safe in the world can resist his touch more than an hour. And he says he has robbed so many banks that he has lost all idea of the number. But he's done. His profession has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The foregoing is the outline of a criminal career, which, Federal authorities say, is one of the most astounding in the history of world criminology. The master yegg-man, said to be the only one in the world whose robberies have made him millions, is Harry Muldoon, recently discharged from the United States penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. As he walked forth from the main entrance a free man he was met twenty feet down the broad walk by a United States marshal, who placed him under arrest on the present charge of forging and raising a United States money order. He will stand trial in Wisconsin for the alleged forgery.



HARRY MULDOON

One who stands before him cannot help feeling his personality; and when he speaks in a quiet, modulated voice one marvels at the misdirected genius. Tall and straight as an Indian, with snow white hair and moustache, he presents a picturesque appearance that might easily confine him to the pages of fiction as some dashing hero of distant years. When he dwells on the fallacies of crime, there is a peculiar appeal in his voice, but at no time is there an indication that he speaks from a point of retribution or an easement of conscience. His reflections are of a reminiscent nature and bear evidence of having been carefully thought out. In view of his demeanor his arraignment of crime carries an argument of such force that it convinces.

The verdict as Muldoon gives it:

"Any man who conceives the idea of gain by theft is an ignoramus and a fool."

Muldoon is humiliated and mortified at the accusation of forgery. He says he has about as much use for a forger or burglar or a swindler as he has for a pickpocket; and that class of men he likes about as well as snakes.

At the close of the Civil War when the nation was glorifying the peace, Muldoon, who had been a dispatch runner for General W. T. Sherman, went to Chicago and there met some friends who gave him his first lesson in the art of breaking open strong boxes.

"After my first trip out," as he puts it, "I was satisfied I would be a tremendous success. That element of daring risk, the spirit of conquest, knowing you were out-thinking some fellow who believed he had his money safe from theft, furnished a spice to existence that made life worth living.

"Then the finer points came. The tickling of the combinations; listening for the fall of the bolts in the door; the loading of a charge, carefully guarding against destruction of the contents on one hand and not having a strong enough charge on the other, were too compelling to resist. You know those were the days before the boys learned to work down their fingers on emery paper to make them sensitive for the detection of the fall of door bolts."

As he recalled the earlier incidents, he smiled broadly. Then he continued:

"I remember once when the boys working with me blew the money all to pieces and blame near blew the building down. But those were the days when we bought our 'soup' already prepared. You know, we had many things to learn. And one of those things was to make our own 'soup.' Ready-made stuff was not uniform in strength. Since then I have made gallons of it."

Asked where he got his finer points of the game, Muldoon rubbed his hands in interest and replied:

"A British robber who had robbed most of the strong boxes in the ancestral homes of the nobility in one district and had gotten very little except mortgages came to America for a more profitable footing. His first job was excellent but a patrolman changed place with his lookout and he came out in the arms of the law.

"I befriended him and spent the proceeds of several good jobs to clear him. We became very friendly and he wanted me to go in for the big stuff. He demanded that I learn the machinist's trade and I told him I had already learned it before I went wrong. This delighted him for he said it would make my instruction much easier.

"We studied together—the mechanism of every make of safe known, how many bolts each had in the door, the weight of the steel, the heft and quality of the steel in the inner door. He, of course, knew all the British makes but he had to freshen up on the American designs.

"Throughout our study I conceived my own system which no other member of the fraternity understood, and which I shall carry to my grave a secret. I can say this much about it. With the use of one drop of acid on a certain place on the safe I can register the fall of the door bolts as easy as the ordinary man can hear a chime clock toll. No sound is detected by the ear. It registers on my nervous system which I intensify through mental effort only when I tackle a difficult job."

Muldoon says his most successful robbery was perpetrated in New York State "about" 40 years ago. He says he and three pals entered a bank and got away with nearly $800,000 and that no one was ever apprehended for the crime.

"After we made this haul," Muldoon recalled, "we tried the climate of Europe. Paris got acquainted with us shortly after and we set the town on fire. Then we visited other European capitals. When our finances gave out or about so, we decided to come home and replenish.

"I settled in Chicago and became a local political power. Many a dollar that I had coaxed out of some stubborn 'Black Lucy' went to help make some alderman, judge or district attorney. And in some cases I helped make the governor."

In the latter years Muldoon says he worked as a locomotive engineer. He said for four years he let the "Black Lucys" alone. Then came the big riot, during Cleveland's administration, in Chicago, and he lost his job. The lure grew on him and he disengaged several thousands of dollars from a small bank "four hundred miles" from Chicago.

"In the Middle Western state," Muldoon said, "I met up with some of my earlier associates and they told me they had been up to a business house trying to crack a famous safe known as the Boston Nutmeg. I began kidding them and they challenged me. I had never been up against the Boston Nutmeg but I told them if they would do the 'outside work' I would bring them out the money in a few minutes. They countered with the proposition that I could have it all if I got in.

"Well, there's no use wasting more time telling about it—I came out in just fifteen minutes with the money in my pocket. They went in and took a look. I kidded them some more and they told me of eight more just like it in that locality. It took me four days to get all of them and then I had a fortune. One thing I rather hated though—the makers had put out a burglar proof guaranty to stand all losses if they were robbed. The company went broke."

Pressed for the approximate number of safes he had opened Muldoon said he could not remember but they were many. After an hour's reminiscences Muldoon told how he arrived at his conclusion that there was nothing in his profession now.

"You see," he began, "you get next to the business and you can't quit. If a man could do one great big job and then retire forever he would be well off, but that's not the history of any business. It's the lure. That's why the business is no good. You are bound to get caught if you keep working and when you are once caught and sent up you have lost your standing of respectability. Then you never can beat back.

"A man just gets it in his blood. When you get the old combination open, get the outer door to fanning the wind, that flaming desire to get at the inner door lures you on. If it wasn't for them a man might quit. It's the fun of setting your charge on the inner door and pushing the outer door shut before the fuse is lit that charms you. Then comes the puff—sometimes a rumble, sometimes a jar—but generally enough to wake some of the home folk up. Then you have another element of risk—the get-away.

"But after a man has had fifty-seven years of it and does eight and one-half years in prison, he comes to know that no matter how smart you are, you are bound to be caught. That's why I am done. I know it's a game you cannot win at. I know that I am smarter than the men who make the safes but I likewise know the law is smarter than myself."

The Oldest Bank Building in America

WITHIN twenty miles of where the first English settlement in America was made at Jamestown is the scene where Captain John Smith records the story of his rescue by Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian chief, Powhatan. Within a circle of twenty miles is to be found the oldest Protestant church in America; the kitchen where Martha Washington cooked in good colonial style; the college which has graduated three Presidents; Bruton Church, in which more men of historical importance have worshipped than in any other church in America—and Yorktown, where Cornwallis surrendered to Washington.

Although Yorktown has a population of less than two hundred, it has two banks, both of which are working in what are probably the two oldest buildings used for banks in America. One of these banks, operating under state and trust company laws, is housed in the historic oldest custom house built in America—erected in 1715. Here the ships for Philadelphia were once compelled to enter and clear. Here at one time was the gathering place of the financiers of the early colonists. Wall Street has taken away the financiers but has left the same old building with its same old walls of English brick, some twenty-four by forty feet square and two stories high.

Today the cashier welcomes the visitor with true Virginia hospitality. There is no rush—nobody hurries in Yorktown. Everyone has all day tomorrow not yet touched.

Friendliness and hospitality are more important in Yorktown and Virginia than profits—except when some outside profiteer has entered upon his field of work in Virginia. The average Virginian thinks more of the past than of the future and more of friendship than of profits. The modern automobile is doing more to change the Virginian from his good old easy-going ways than anything that ever came to America.

Just across the street from the old custom building is another building housing the work of the First National Bank of Yorktown. The town and surrounding country are so prosperous that there seems plenty of business for two banks. The building appears more quaint and ancient than even the custom house building erected in 1715.

Both of the buildings are priceless souvenirs of a past age and time of colonial glory. To change the outlines of either would seem like sacrilege and disloyalty to the Colonial Fathers. It is well that they are used as banking institutions until such time as wealthy lovers of history shall buy them and donate them for preservation to some historical society.





Above: The First Custom House in America. It was built in 1715. Here the ships to and from Philadelphia once entered. It was old when Cornwallis surrendered his army and the Declaration of Independence became independence in fact.

Below: The First National Bank, of Yorktown, Virginia. It is one of the many preserved buildings of colonial days still to be found in Virginia. The old brick walls bear witness to its age and its quaint architecture is pleasing as a study in colonial work.

Jew Versus Non-Jew in New York Finance

The Struggle for Jewish Supremacy in the American Financial World; The Silent Resistance of the Gentile Coalition in Wall St.

THE Jewish problem in the United States is essentially a city problem. It is characteristic of the Jew to gather in numbers, not where land is open nor where raw materials are found, but where the greatest number of people abide. This is a noteworthy fact when considered alongside the Jews' claim that the Gentiles have ostracized them; the Jews congregate in their greatest numbers in those places and among those people where they complain they are least wanted. The explanation most frequently given is this: the genius of the Jew is to live off people; not off land, nor off the production of commodities from raw material, but off people. Let other people till the soil; the Jew, if he can, will live off the tiller. Let other people toil at trades and manufacture; the Jew will exploit the fruits of their work. That is his peculiar genius. If this genius be described as parasitic, the term would seem to be justified by a certain fitness.

In no other city of the United States can the Jewish Problem be studied with greater profit than in the city of New York. There are more Jews in New York than in all Palestine. The communal register of the Jewish Kehillah (or Kahal) of New York sets the population at about 1,527,778. "The next largest Jewish community in the world, that of the city of Warsaw, is estimated to have been between 300,000 and 330,000 Jews, about one-fifth as many as we estimate for New York." (Communal Register, 1917-1918.) "If we accept the estimate of the number of Jews in the world as about 14,000,000, one Jew out of every ten resides in New York."

As a population, the Jews exert more power in New York than they have ever exerted during the Christian Era in any place, with the exception of the present Russia. The Jewish Revolution in Russia was manned from New York. The present Jewish government of Russia was transported almost as a unit from the Lower East Side of New York. The New York Ghetto has long since overflowed the lower East Side. Brownsville, Brooklyn, is a Jewish town, with its own language, theaters and press. The upper East Side of New York is practically in large sections a Jewish ghetto. The prosperous West Side and the middle class section of the city north of Central Park are practically Jewish.

The Center of American Jewry

WITH the exception of one great department store and a few lesser ones, all the large department stores in New York are Jewish. Men and women's ready-to-wear apparel, laundries, furriers, the general run of shopkeeping is practically monopolized by Jews. The legal profession is predominantly Jewish. It is estimated that of the 27,000 news stands that control the distribution of New York's reading matter, 25,000 are in the hands of Jews. There are 360 synagogues on the East Side of New York alone.

The New York Kehillah is a very powerful organization, whose membership strength is not accurately known. It may be described as the Jewish government of that city. It was organized in 1908 as the result of a statement by General Bingham, then police commissioner of New York, that the Jewish population, which then amounted to 600,000, contributed 50 per cent of the criminals of the city. The Kehillah is the bar before which the authorities must answer for statements or acts touching the Jewish community. Its power is very great and its methods far reaching.

Politically, while the rest of the country is entertained with the fiction that Tammany Hall rules the politics of New York, the fact is rarely published that the Jews rule Tammany.

But it is not the possession of power that constitutes an indictment of any people; it is their use or misuse of it. And if the fact of power is established, no misuse of it being found, the fact has a commendatory side. If the Jews who flock to New York become American, and if they do not work ceaselessly to twist Americanism into something else; if they strengthen the principles and traditions of America, and do not cease to vitiate the one and abolish the other, the judgment upon them must be one of friendship.

However, to establish the fact of Jewish power, one need not remain in the ghetto nor in the mercantile districts. There are higher fields awaiting survey.

In Wall Street, the Jewish element is both numerous and powerful, as might be expected of a race which from early days has played an important part in the financial operations of the world.

This is not to say, however, that Jewish influence in American financial affairs is paramount. At one time it threatened to be, but American financiers have always been silently aware of the International Jewish Financier, and have endeavored quietly to block his game. Time and again the contest has seemed to turn in favor of the Jew, but when the widespread secret wrestlings of the two powers have been suspended for a moment, it has been found that American finance has maintained its superiority, if only in a slight degree. The Rothschilds were the first to be beaten on American soil; the story of their hidden hand in American finance, politics and diplomacy is a voluminous one; but even their finesse did not avail against the sterling worth of American Business—not "American business" as it has come to be known now that thousands of Jews are scattered about the world, representing themselves to be "American business men" although they can scarcely speak English!—but American Business as represented by the combination of American ability and American conscience. If the reputation of American business has suffered, it is because something other than American methods have been used under the American name.

Character of American Finance

IN THE New York financial district, Jewish finance makes itself felt through its private banking institutions. As distinct from the great trust companies and banks of deposit, the private banker utilizes his own capital and that of his partners and associates.

Jewish finance differs radically from non-Jewish finance in the fact that Jewish bankers are essentially money-lenders. They may underwrite great flotations of bond and stock issues for railroad and industrial companies, governments and municipalities, but these securities are immediately sold to the public. There is a quick money turnover. The public carries the bonds; the Jewish financier gets his money. The Jewish banker himself rarely has a permanent interest in the corporations he finances. Non-Jewish bankers usually feel obligated to retain a connection with the enterprises they have financed, in order to assure the investors a proper administration of funds; they feel obligated to contribute to the success of the investments which they handle for other people.

The Jewish banker keeps his capital liquid. The cash is always in his coffers. This is essential to his position as one who deals in money. And when the inevitable day of financial stress arrives, he profits greatly by the higher value then placed on liquid capital.

Far and away the leading Jewish banking house in Wall Street is that of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. The head of this great firm was the late Jacob Schiff, whose associates were his son Mortimer, Otto H. Kahn, Paul M. Warburg, and others, who have taken prominent parts both in public life and giant financial operations. Other private Jewish banking houses may be named as follows: Speyer & Company, J. and W. Seligman & Company, Lazard Freres, Ladenburg, Thalmann & Company, Hallgarten & Company, Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne, Goldman, Sachs & Company, as well as others of relatively less prominence. These firms enjoy a high reputation for financial integrity. They are cautious bankers, skillful in their operations, and sometimes brilliant in their financial strategy.

There is much control of industry, from the financial side, represented by Jewish power in Wall Street, and they have gained a monopoly of many metal markets. Large, prosperous Jewish brokerage houses are on every hand. The further one goes down the line of speculative operations, the more of the Jewish race one finds to be active in the work of company promotions and the marketing of oil and mining stocks.

No Jewish Bank President in Wall St.

YET one amazing fact stands out from the mass: there is not, at this writing, a Jewish bank president on Wall Street; that is, a president of a bank of public deposit. Of all the great banks of public deposit and corporation finance, the enormous trust companies whose individual resources often run up to $400,000,000 and whose combined resources approximate many billions, not one of them has Jewish management or Jewish officers.

Why is this so? Why have the powerful banking families of Wall Street surrounded themselves so carefully with non-Jewish associates? Why has this great dividing line been drawn between members of the Jewish and non-Jewish races in the financial district that manages the financial resources of the nation?

Why? The answer to the question is in the custody of the stronger and sounder financial heads of Wall Street.

Only here and there will one discover a Jewish director in the boards of some of the lesser banking institutions.

The situation may be due merely to a shrewd analysis of the public mind. Rightly or wrongly the public prefers not to confide its money to an institution under Jewish control. It is true that in certain uptown sections of New York there are a few banks of a local character which are completely under Jewish management. But even the Jews prefer to deposit their money in banks which are free of Jewish control.

The situation may also be the effect of the unfortunate experience which the public has had with Jewish management of banks in the past. Several large failures have served to impress upon the public mind a certain peculiarity which attached to the Jewish element in those failures. The public has not forgotten, among others, the failure of Joseph G. Robin, whose real name was Robonovitch. He was an Odessa Jew. In an incredibly short space of time he built up four large banking institutions in which public money was deposited. He wrecked them all. His failure was most sensational and caused untold suffering. Robonovitch's career illustrated very vividly the extent of the gifts and energies of the Jew from Russia, his wonderful faculty for building up large concerns through chicanery, and his cowardice and duplicity in the hour of defeat. This banking career ended in a felon's cell.

However, one fact of importance, a fact that should be reassuring to the general public, is that the men to whom is entrusted the crucial task of putting to work and keeping at work the financial resources of the United States have hedged themselves about with a non-Jewish wall of great strength and long standing.

Jews Fight for Power on Exchange

THE effort of Jewish interests to gain control of the Stock Exchange is also an interesting story, and although the record shows a steady Jewish gain toward the end they desire, it is slow; but there are indications that the relentless persistence for which the Jew is noted, will prevail in the end—that is, if stock gambling continues to prove an alluring source of wealth.

When the Jews gain control of the Stock Exchange they will, for the first time, possess the power to wrest public banking control from the non-Jewish group.

There is a silent resistance to Jews on the Stock Exchange also, in virtue of an unwritten law, just as there is in the banking world of Wall Street, and the story of the counter-resistance calls for an historian.

It is related by Sereno S. Pratt that in 1792 there was a little office at No. 22 Wall Street for the public sale of stocks. A number of men, engaged in the business of buying and selling, were accustomed to meet near a large buttonwood tree which stood near 68 Wall Street. In 1817, the New York Stock Exchange, about as present constituted, was organized.

The Stock Exchange is a private institution. It is practically a commission club in private hands. It is not incorporated.

Its membership is strictly limited to 1,100 men.

There are only two ways by which an outsider can become owner of a seat on the Exchange—by obtaining it from the executor of a deceased member, or by purchasing from a retiring or bankrupt member.

These memberships or seats cost at present more than $100,000. About ten years ago a seat could be bought for $77,000.

The Stock Exchange is ruled by a Governing Committee of 40 members. For many years no Jew was elected to this Committee. Of recent years, an occasional Jewish broker has succeeded in being admitted to this upper group, but not often. This position, however, has not been the main objective of Jewish traders. When they secure a sufficient number of seats on the Exchange, they will take care of the matter of control in their own well-known way.

The two barriers which at present operate to prevent a large inroad of Jews are these: first, a silent resistance on the part of the other members against the admission of Jews, a resistance which is said to date from the earliest formation of this famous trading institution. And, second, the restrictions which are placed by the constitution of the Stock Exchange itself on all applications for membership.

The Governing Committee of 40 has a Committee on Admissions which comprises 15 members and which considers all applications for membership. As the membership is fixed at 1,100 and as no new seats are ever sold, a new member can gain entrance only through the transfer of an existing seat. But even such a transfer is under the strict control of the Committee on Admissions, to whose scrutiny the name of the applicant must be submitted, and whose two-thirds approval is necessary to his being seated.

But one outstanding characteristic of the Jewish race is its persistence. What it cannot attain this generation, it will attain next. Defeat it today, it does not remain defeated; its conquerors die, but Jewry goes on, never forgiving, never forgetting, never deviating

from its ancient aim of world control in one form or another. So, though it would seem impossible that Jewish membership in the Stock Exchange could increase under these conditions, the plain fact is that it has increased. Slowly but surely the Jews are gaining numerical power on the floor of the Exchange. And they are doing it with a subtlety that is amazing.

How do they do it? In the first place, no Jewish member ever transfers his seat to a non-Jew. In times of market dullness, when the prices of seats drop, and the demand is not so keen as usual, Jewish bidders offer, invariably, the highest sums to the seller. Then, in the case of the bankruptcy of a non-Jewish member, the receiver is almost compelled by the demand of creditors to accept the highest bid for the transfer of his membership; and, of course, a Jew is always at hand to make the bid as high as necessary. These are the two principal methods by which Jewish membership in the Exchange is being increased.

Changing Names to Cover Nationality

ANOTHER method, however, is more insidious than all the others combined. It is based on the rather common practice of adopting non-Jewish names or professing some phase of the Christian faith. The "changed name," or, as Jews know it, "the cover name," is a very potent part of the policy of concealment. In an advertisement, on business stationery, at the head of a magazine or newspaper article, such names as Smith, Adams, Robin, serve as a "blind." The stage is flooded with Jewish actors and actresses, but their names are very distinguished Anglo-Saxon. Jewish papers often print jokes based on this habit of changing names. For long-distance dealing, or any business that is carried on "unsight and unseen," the name-veil is very useful. On this account, many Gentiles would be surprised to learn the extent to which they are involved with Jews, whose names give no indication of Jewishness. And this very system, an old American name, coupled with membership in some Christian sect (preferably one of the newer sects), has accounted for some memberships in the Stock Exchange which probably would not otherwise exist.

It is interesting to tabulate the growth of Jewish membership as shown by the old directories of the Exchange.

In the year 1872, with a total of 1,009 members, there were 60 Jews.

In 1873, with a total of 1,006 members, the Jewish membership decreased to 49.

In 1890, with membership limited to 1,100, there were 87 Jews.

In 1893, with the same limit of membership, there were 106 Jews.

At the present time, still with the same rigid limitation of membership, there are 276 Jewish members.

It is said that the Jewish membership is really somewhat larger than the last figures indicate, owing to the fact that some of the Jewish members bear non-Jewish names and have adopted some phase of the Christian faith and have cut themselves off, outwardly at least, from the Jewish community.

The figures show, therefore, that Jewish membership increased from 5⅞ per cent of the total in 1872 to 25 per cent in 1919.

In its reference to the Stock Exchange under the head of "Finance," the Jewish Encyclopedia states that Jewish membership is "only 128," "a little more than 10 per cent." The date of these Jewish statistics is not given. The article quoted has, however, an argumentative as well as informative purpose. The statement concerning the 10 per cent membership on the Exchange is made to call attention to the fact that "Jews form at least 20 per cent of the whole population of New York, and much more than that percentage of the business section." The Jewish population of New York City has since increased to 25 per cent of the whole, and the membership on the Stock Exchange has increased to the same point.

But it has taken 47 years for the Jews to gain that 25 per cent membership. Their control of the Exchange, at the given rate of progress, is only a question of time.

In spite of these details, it is probably a fact that the Jewish speculators in the New York financial district greatly outnumber the non-Jewish speculators. Speculation and gambling are known historically as special propensities of the Jewish race. While many Jews patronize non-Jewish firms, the great mass of them follow in the speculative path of the leaders of their race. In Europe, where their financial control is more firmly fixed and of longer standing than here, it is rarely that the Jews are caught in speculative failure. They are sometimes found in speculative scandals, but seldom in any scandal involving losses to themselves. As a rule they dabble in "Jewish" securities, and in Wall Street one hears many stories concerning the victories or defeats of "the Jewish following."

Some of the biggest Jewish sensations which ever occurred in the United States, sensations which disclosed by their lurid light the interlocking of Jewish finance, politics and racial objectives, have been brought to light by occurrences in Wall Street. It is probably the nature of these disclosures which accounts for the strong and silent anti-Jewish resistance which characterizes straight American finance.

Meanwhile, to leave the exalted sphere of Wall Street, banking and brokerage activities, let us descend to the street level of the Curb Market in Broad Street. Here the Jewish brokers flourish in their oil, mining and stock promotion offices. They are so numerous as to give a Semitic cast to the vicinity, as if it were a quarter in a foreign city. It is true that these concerns are frequently operated under non-Jewish names, but that is merely part of the Jew's consciousness that, in financial matters, whether rightly or wrongly, he is under suspicion. Gentile names carry with them no such handicap.

The "Sucker List" of Gentiles

GOING still further down the line, in shadier lanes, in semi-hidden offices, may be seen numerous members of the Jewish race who are identified with no established market which deals in securities. These are the true parasites of the Wall Street environment, they are the camp followers without status. Their work is that of fraudulent stock promotion, and they enter upon it with a zeal and an energy which nothing can dismay. Their purpose is to make money without labor, to get money without giving value, and in this they are immensely successful. It is amazing the number of these men who make immense fortunes; it is equally amazing the continuous crop of unwary, poorly informed, and unsuspecting Gentiles who send their money from all parts of the United States for the worthless bits of paper in which these Jewish parasites deal. It is a most heartless business; it has not even brilliance in its deviltry. It is the old-time shell game in other terms. The operations of these men are mostly conducted by mail or telephone. They deal in "sucker lists," and they circulate "market letters" by which, under the pretense of giving disinterested advice to investors, they seek to boom their own shady game. These "market letters" are, of course, innocuous to those who are informed and who can read their fraudulent import between the lines, but they are dangerous to the honest but uninformed minds of tens of thousands of thrifty people.

Pursued by detective agencies, watched constantly by the government secret service, exposed by the newspapers, placed on trial in the courts, convicted and sentenced to terms in prison, this type of Jewish swindler is undeterred. Where other men would regard exposure as a lifelong shame, this type regards it simply as a trifling interruption, as a sailor would regard an accidental tumble overboard.

The Lower Orders of Parasites

THERE are lower depths still, where bald theft and violence prevail. The persons most found there are the henchmen of the lower type of speculators. The stories of criminality in Wall Street, a numerous and startling list, involving sometimes the high, but mostly the low, and all marked with a peculiar racial and groupal cast, have at times challenged the attention of the whole world, but as is usually the case with the general publication of such stories, the fundamental explanatory facts are omitted.

But it will be seen, as the story of actual conditions in Wall Street and its financial environs is unrolled, that there are always the two elements—Jewish and non-Jewish. It is perhaps the only non-Jewish coalition in America, this silent resistance which American finance is making to Semitic control. It is, in a sense, unnatural to the American mind, but has been forced as a defensive against the strong offensive operations of the Semitic coalition. If there is ever in the United States a strong non-Jewish combination, it will be the direct result of the ancient Jewish coalition against non-Jews. The condition in the United States at this moment, with regard to the financial question, is this: The Jewish coalition goes lower, but it does not yet go higher than non-Jewish control. It is struggling to go higher, but has thus far been estopped. It is believed that when the people are made aware of what is transpiring, it will be forever estopped.

As readers of former articles will remember, the attack upon Capital represented by the disorderly forces who operate under the forged banner of "Progress," is an attack against Gentile capital only. The only financial managers attacked in the United States are Gentile managers. In England also, the same attack is made. Readers of the newspapers know what strenuous efforts are being made in that country to wreck railroad and coal mine administration by a constant series of strikes. But what readers of newspapers are not told is that the railroad and coal mines are still in Gentile hands, and that the Bolshevist-led strike is a Jewish financial weapon to wreck these forms of Gentile business, that they may easily fall into Jewish hands.

A book containing over 200 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Commenting on the fact that Alexandre Millerand, the new president of the French Republic, has "frequently been the subject of anti-Semitic attack," the *Libre Parole*, of Paris, constantly referring to him as "M. Millerand-Cahen," a Jewish journal proudly asserts: "M. Millerand has never concealed his origin and has always shown the warmest sympathy toward our co-religionists." President Millerand's mother is a Jewess, Melanie Cahen by name, from an old but decayed Jewish family of Paris. His wife is also a Jewess.

Oscar Heiler, former American Consul General at Constantinople, has been appointed American Consul at Jerusalem.

"Read the history of Plymouth Colony by Bradford, peruse the sermons of Robinson, delve into the thought of Brewster, and the indebtedness of those leaders in the Pilgrim movement to the writers of the Old Testament stands out clear and indubitable. The theocracy of ancient Israel was reproduced in the theocracy of the Pilgrim Fathers." Rabbi David Philipson at International Fellowship meeting, Boston, in celebration of the Tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

The first Jewish Constituent Assembly of Palestine was convened in Jerusalem on October 7. Women delegates were seated over the protests of the orthodox Jews. Although the labor element is in the majority, no ultra radical legislation is likely, the capitalist group having the assembly well in hand.

Felix M. Warburg has returned from abroad. The cables reported him as being opposed to further immigration of Jews into the United States. This he indignantly denies as a "malicious slander." The immigration of Jews, along with other mysterious developments, is noticed in the direction of the Argentine. France is also complaining about the great numbers that are thronging to Paris.

Vienna reports that the Galician general Galeski has ordered an investigation of the Zionists, especially the organization called "Hashimur" which gives Jewish youths military training.

Soviet Russia is much interested in Hebrew literature, has issued ten volumes of the Hebrew classics and a number of Hebrew textbooks from the government printing press at Charkow.

A protective bill has been introduced in the Hungarian lower house prohibiting the ownership of newspapers and theaters by Jews, and limiting their real estate ownership to one house.

The Kovno correspondent of *Glos Narodu*, a Warsaw paper, declares that Colonel Ward, the British consul at that place, while ostensibly caring for British interests is in reality a Jewish representative and much more concerned with Jewish than with British interests, to which work his office is almost exclusively devoted. Ward is a pronounced Zionist and very friendly with the Jews.

Szcmon Askenazy, who is a Jew and also the Polish Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, has this to say about the Peace Conference's shackling of Poland: "I declare my conviction as a good Pole and a good Jew, that this Statute—the gift of honest and well-intentioned men—was a disaster alike to Jew and Pole." As to reports of the terrible condition of the Jews in Poland, and reports that anti-Semitism was rife in that country, he said: "Both kinds of reports are false."

The reports of Henry Morgenthau, Brigadier General Jadwin, Sir Stuart Samuel, Captain P. Wright and Sir H. Rumbold, on the Jewish problem in Poland have been published in full in a pamphlet issued by the National Polish Committee of America, 1214 North Ashland avenue, Chicago.

According to Louis Marshall, in a reminiscent article in the Jewish press, the late Jacob Schiff once refused to shake hands with President Taft. Mr. Schiff desired the President to break off relations with Russia over the Jewish passport question. Mr. Taft refused. Thereupon Mr. Schiff left the White House without the usual courtesies, saying to Mr. Marshall: "This is the commencement of a campaign which we must win," and offering to supply all the money necessary. The Jews did win; and the United States did sever the Russo-American commercial treaty.

Richard Korish, the Jewish lord mayor of Wexford, Ireland, was arrested by the English authorities

Two men, named Levy and Samuel, were arrested by the French authorities upon their arrival at Paris from Constantinople. The sum of 72,000,000 rubles was found in their trunks.

What One Must Do to Obtain a Patent

By EMMETT C. HALL

THE average American starts inventing things about the age of ten, when he "thinks up" a "little jigger" consisting mostly of a bacon rind, which will more or less automatically grease the bucksaw, or a "contraption" to keep the cow from switching him in the face with her tail while he milks, or a "do-funny" of blotting paper to permit him, after all, to carry his Christmas fountain pen without drowning himself in ink, or something of equal interest and, to him, importance. Later on he will mentally construct or make or compound all sorts of devices, ranging from a better can-opener to a typewriter ribbon that carries its ink like a lamp wick carries oil, and sometimes he will even make a model, or try his process out. For a day or two he will be much excited about it and think he has a fortune in his grasp, and then either find that the thing has been on sale at the ten-cent store for years, or wear out his enthusiasm talking about it and finally let the idea die from neglect. In the vast majority of cases it doesn't make much difference, for the idea probably isn't new, even though he has never seen such a device in operation but, unquestionably, once in a while some one lets a fortune slip through his fingers in this way.

There is not one chance in a million that if you deliberately sat down with the determination to think of something new that you would succeed in producing anything that had not been familiar in a similar if not identical form for many years, but the thing which is the inspiration of a moment of need, mentally created to fill an actually experienced want, whether serious or trivial, *may* be new, and if so, the possible reward is too great to chance losing it. It is almost a certainty that if you have invented some useful, practical thing, no matter how small, insignificant and simple, or even an amusing novelty of no practical value except that it really *does* amuse, you will if you act wisely make a great deal of money from it. And it may be remarked right here that the small, simple, inexpensive utility is much more apt to make money for the inventor than many far more important discoveries. Games of a mechanical nature and popular appeal are almost certain money-makers.

The first thing to do, of course, is to find out if your invention is new, useful and practical. It may be possessed of two of these three qualities and, lacking the third, be worthless. For instance, it might be new and useful, but not practical by reason of its expensiveness. Discreet inquiries among those who might know of such a thing, if it existed, will determine whether it is familiar to others even though it might not have been to you.

Any person is at liberty to inspect United States patents, but it is not convenient to the average person to do so, and even if one chanced to be in Washington, an untrained searcher would make poor progress, and the services of a patent attorney should be enlisted. It is not necessary to employ a patent attorney to secure a patent, but the Patent Office itself advises the employment of one. To the average inventor it means a saving of a little money at the very beginning, if the patent is not allowed, and may mean the difference between a valuable and a worthless patent, irrespective of the merit of the invention. As all the records of the Patent Office are at Washington, and it is there that arrangements must be made, it saves time and a roundabout method to employ one of the firms located at the capital. Most of the larger firms will, without charge or the placing of the inventor under any obligation, report as to whether, in their opinion, an invention is of a class to entitle it to patent protection, *if new*. This opinion does not deal with the question of newness. If the report is that the invention does not come under any one of the classes to which patent protection is extended, there is nothing to do but drop the matter. Under the law a patent may be granted for any new and useful process; machine, article of manufacture, composition of matter, novel design. A "process" is a means used to accomplish some result, and the newness is to exist in the means, not the result—as, for instance, a patent could be obtained upon a new means of applying the material to the backing to make linoleum. A "machine" is any mechanical construction which *does* something, as a steam engine, a typewriter, a phonograph, or a telephone. A phonograph record, or a new sort of key for the typewriter, for instance, would be an article of manufacture. "Composition of matter" embraces most chemical compounds, "patent medicines," metal alloys, the preparation of the materials for match-heads, but not the method by which the material is applied to the stick, and so on.

If the invention is reported by the attorney as apparently patentable, a "special search" should be ordered, to determine whether or not the invention appears to be new. This means examining all the patents that have been issued of classes analogous to your invention. The attorney will report whether the invention seems to be new and whether, in his opinion, a patent might be obtained. The attorney does not, of course, guarantee that a patent will be issued, even if the invention seems new, but long familiarity with the practices of the Patent Office enables him to judge with considerable accuracy what its action will be on a specific application. For this service most of the attorneys charge but a nominal fee, usually $5, and the service is well worth this amount. If the report after search is unfavorable, the inventor can drop the matter, and be out only the $5. If the report is favorable, he can go ahead with renewed hope. If no attorney is employed, there is no way (other than personal search) to determine what are the prospects of a patent being allowed except to make formal application, and this requires the payment of a fee of $15. If the claim is rejected, this fee is lost.

Assuming a favorable report by the attorney, the next step is the formal filing of the application for patent. This is a highly important step, and the one in which the attorney is most valuable. A patent protects an invention only in so far as it is described in the specifications filed with the application for patent—this has been the invariable attitude of the courts in patent litigation. The drawing of the specifications, therefore, is of vital importance, for all possible claims must be asserted therein, no future additions or amendments being permitted. Instances are not uncommon wherein inventors have failed to so describe their inventions as to gain full protection, so that with trifling changes in details the devices have been put on the market by others, to the ruin of the original inventors. "A patent," merely, may be of no real value if its limitations are too great, and here is found the difference between a good and a poor patent attorney. The poor attorney may not grasp the basic idea of the invention, but content himself with protecting petty details, or he may be too lazy or indifferent to his client's interests, after having received his own fee, to "fight it out" with the Patent Office. The good attorney will see to it that the specifications are the broadest possible, and will make every effort to have the patent allowed as claimed. Just how an inventor is to be able to distinguish the sheep from the goats is a problem, of course. Unless one has personal knowledge in the matter, the only thing to do is to pick out the firm of best general reputation. The application papers are sent to the inventor for signature, and if the claims made therein do not seem to him broad enough, he should ask why, and insist that they be made so if no good reason to the contrary is forthcoming.

If the invention is so simple that it can be described with unmistakable clearness, an attorney is perhaps not needed, after the search of the existing patents, but few inventions worth bothering about are of this class. The applicant for a patent is required by law not only to describe his invention fully, but particularly to point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery. The rules and forms of the Patent Office are exact and rigid, and must be fully complied with. They are fully set forth in the "Rules of Practice in the United States Patent Office," a book which will be sent free of charge if a request is made to the Commissioner of Patents. This book also contains specimen specifications. All necessary blank forms will also be supplied without charge by the Patent Office.

The total government fees for a patent amount to $35, $15 being paid when application is made, and $20 within six months after the allowance of the patent. Attorney's fees are usually about $30, with an additional charge of $5 for drawings. It is, of course, advisable to have a distinct understanding in advance as to how much the attorney proposes to charge for his services.

In the matter of time elapsing before a patent may be granted, no one attorney is better than any other, nor can any attorney hasten the process in any way. All applications are examined and passed upon in the order in which they are received, with absolute impartiality, and an application by Edison receives no more consideration than one by John Smith. An inventor should never, under any circumstances, endeavor to exert political influence, as it would be worse than useless. The time required to pass upon an application may vary anywhere from a few days to a year, according to the nature of the invention and the class in which it belongs—some class-divisions of the Patent Office are well up with their work, while others are far behind.

Patents are not granted upon any device, process or composition of matter which is intended for use in a manner or for a purpose contrary to law, as gambling equipment or food adulterations, and no application for a patent upon a perpetual motion machine will be received, unless accompanied by a working model which will actually work. Needless to say, there have been no patents issued on machines of this class. Use of an invention, by the public or in public, for two years, bars it from patent. Merely to "think of" a thing is not inventing it in the full sense, and if someone else, even afterward, gets the same idea and applies for a patent, he will be held to be the true inventor.

That Texas Turkey Trot

"WHERE do all the turkeys come from? Seems as if everyone had a turkey at Thanksgiving—where do they grow?"

Such a question is asked by many a small member of any family living in an ordinary American small town. They have seen turkeys, probably some farmer beyond the town has a flock of six or eight, but never enough to make clear why at two holidays, Thanksgiving and Christmas, they are so plentiful that almost every family can boast of one. Chickens and ducks they know to be common, but where do the turkeys come from?

And a remarkable point is the fact that not any of the members of the average dinner table can correctly answer his question.

"Oh — from the farmers," says Uncle George. But what farmers?

There are portions of the United States were turkey-raising is the chief industry. It is true that turkeys can be found in almost every vicinity, but they are not numerous. The farmers in the eastern states bordering on Canada have gone in for turkey-raising lately, but the big turkey state is still Texas. And, in spite of the fact that hundreds of thousands of pounds of the luscious meat are sold each year for "fancy prices," turkey-raising is on the decline today.

There are several reasons for this. To begin with, turkeys are the hardest fowl to keep alive, the mortality being extremely high, and secondly, in the great grain districts, turkeys are found to be disastrous. They range through the fields and damage the crops to some degree, which is naturally not conducive to good neighborliness. Of the six varieties popular in this country the Bronze is probably the best, the hardiest, and the heaviest. Four weeks are required for hatching and about fifty per cent of the brood lives to feather. Exposure to dampness, a sudden cold night, close confinement, improper feeding, can all be blamed for the loss of life. However, if the amount of time necessary for their care can be given the young turkeys, they can be raised.



Driving the holiday turkeys to market.

As soon as the poults are old enough they are placed on the range, where they look after their own feeding, rustling for grasshoppers and other insects, green vegetation of almost every kind, and such nuts as chestnuts, acorns, and so on. They need a large range, since close confinement is found to be one of the reasons for losses with these birds. Turkeys are fattened for the market about the first of October, the quantity of food being increased from day to day until generous measures of wheat, oats and corn are given as well as the food they pick up on the ranges. In Texas, most of the turkeys are fattened on nuts, acorns being a favorite food. The marketing season starts about the middle of November, that is, for Thanksgiving, and is fairly brisk until the latter part of December, which takes in the demand for Christmas, and also for New Year's. The farmers who have small flocks and sell to the towns near by generally get their orders direct, but the turkeys for the larger towns and cities that come to the family table by way of the butcher shops are killed, dressed, packed in refrigerator cars, and shipped away to their destinations.

Cuero, Texas, is probably the largest turkey center in the United States. It is in this town that occurs the famous annual "turkey trot," when thousands of turkeys are driven in to the town from the surrounding country. It is a day of festival, for turkey-raising is the chief industry, and on the day they sell their flocks, the men and women of the neighborhood receive credit which will be their chief means of support for the following year. And many of them, those who raise hardy birds and devote their time exclusively to the industry, grow rich in their endeavors. Cuero boasts slaughterhouses and dressing plants, also excellent railroad facilities.

So, when you sit down to your Thanksgiving dinner you will know your turkey probably came from Texas.

Spirit of New West in Denver's Civic Center

By LILLIE GILLILAND McDOWELL

A RECENT movement in a southern city, looking toward the planting of trees on its streets in honor of the great writers of the South, attracted widespread attention. Denver's Colonnade of Civic Benefactors, as evidenced by its name, will honor Denver citizenry, thus it is a hall of fame unique and distinctive. The names of all Denver citizens, living or dead, who have helped substantially toward the beautification or cultural development of the city, are to be carved upon its columns. The board which will determine the names to be thus inscribed is composed of Denver citizens. The colonnade, which with the theater forms the arc of a circle, is appropriately built of Colorado gray sandstone, in keeping with the other buildings which make up the Center.

The outstanding feature of the Greek theater, which is a community theater, all its entertainments being free to the public, is the big glass curtain which is lowered at the back of the stage when the theater is in use. This curtain permits the audience to look through the stage upon the street at its rear, and also serves as a sound deflector. Thus the acoustic properties of the stage are unexcelled. When not in use the curtain is raised by machinery into archways of the colonnade, the machinery operating from a basement room. This arch is copied after the proscenium arch in Denver's great auditorium, making the structure of the colonnade the most unique in the country.

Denver's Civic Center is a part of a great plan originated by Mayor Robert W. Speer, now deceased, who was one of the foremost authorities on municipal government in the world. The plan embraced the improvement and extension of parks, boulevards and playgrounds and the building of the Civic Center, the latter to form the nucleus of the whole park and boulevard system. It was so planned as to supplement and connect the work already carried out; and was so far-reaching in its scope as to make the need for further acquisition of lands unlikely in this present generation.

When the Civic Center project was launched, Denver had 29 parks, with a total acreage of 1,984. The city now has 37 parks, including 18 supervised children's playgrounds. There are 18 miles of improved parkways.

The Civic Center plans embrace the aggregation of public buildings in a central location. The state capitol building formed the logical nucleus for this. Its site, on the brow of Capitol Hill, commands an unexcelled view of the Rockies. It is built entirely of Colorado granite, at a cost of $2,800,000, and is flanked on the south by a handsome state museum building. Its grounds are beautiful, with trees and statuary, the latter embodying the spirit of the West. Four blocks immediately flanking these grounds on the west are converted into a plaza, which, with its buildings, forms the Civic Center.

The most commendable feature of the Civic Center project is perhaps the caution and slowness with which it has been pushed forward since its inception more than 15 years ago. Mayor Speer, after the project was well on foot, took advantage of a brief period during which the commission form of government prevailed in Denver, thus deposing him as mayor, and visited some of the great cities of Europe and other countries, making a careful study of their plazas and civic centers. He noted that some of these had taken thousands of years for their completion from the time of their inception, and resolved to emulate in a degree this example in so far as practicable in a bustling, hustling city of the West, and although several cities of the United States have already pushed the construction of civic centers to completion, Denver refuses to be shaken from her conservative attitude.

Many features are yet in the embryonic stage, no designs having been adopted. Among these are a fountain to be placed in the southern extension of the Center to correspond in general outline with the Pioneer Monument, which occupies a projecting triangle on the north, and two statues, illustrative of the spirit of the West, which will be placed in the Central Plaza. This plaza will appropriately be known as the Plaza of the Past.

The history of how Denver has carried this immense project to its present stage is most interesting and sets an object lesson in civic pride which other cities may well emulate. The plan as first proposed by Mayor Speer in 1904 was opposed bitterly by a group of taxpayers, so that at the close of his second term in 1912, only the land had been acquired. This, however, was a long step forward, as the land alone cost the city $1,500,000. The city then secured the services of an expert, Charles Mulford Robinson. The Robinson Civic Center plan was presented to the voters January, 1906, but met with defeat because of the heavy expense involved. During this same year, MacMonies, the sculptor, visited Denver to make a study of his Pioneer Monument, now a part of the Center. He suggested the present site and plan of the Center to the art commission, and the commission passed favorably upon it. The following year an independent commission was appointed which included a dozen prominent citizens. A thing that greatly favored the project at this time was the fact that all the lands to be included in the Civic Center were located in the East Denver Park District, which district, the oldest and richest in the city, had up to this time acquired all its parks largely through donations and without special assessment upon its taxpayers.

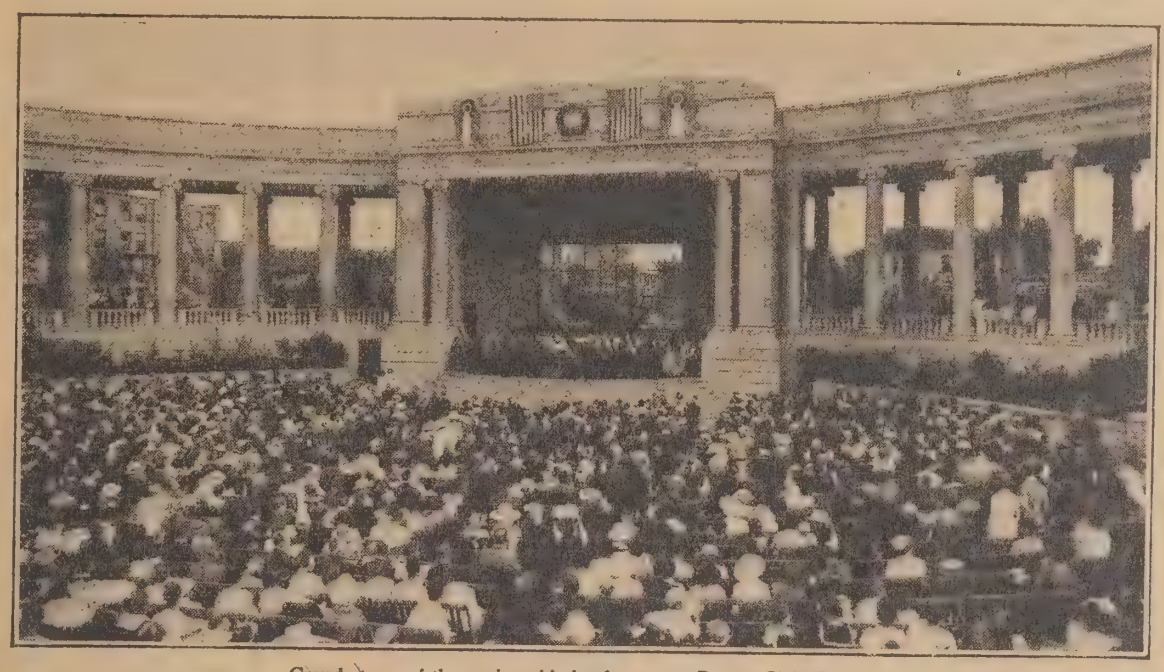
But perhaps the greatest factor in the success of the plan was the organization of a Civic Center Association. It was a sort of information bureau in connection with the projected movement in the east district, and slowly but surely educated the public to the benefits of the plan. Incidentally Denver received much free and widespread advertising through this work of its citizens.

The Court of Honor, the outstanding feature of the whole project, was the conception of Mayor Speer. So stimulating to civic pride did it prove, that since the announcement was made Denver has received from her citizens gifts of archways, art collections, fountains and the like, approximating $400,000 in value. The Vorheis Memorial archway, now in course of construction, and to be erected at a cost of $125,000, was the gift of Mr. J. H. P. Voorheis, an early pioneer of Denver, who left his entire fortune to the project. It will form a beautiful and fitting addition to the center, its plans including a waterscape, pylons and statuary.

It is planned that further improvements on the Civic Center will be made in so far as practicable without cost to the taxpayer. The Colonnade of Civic Benefactors, dedicated last year at a cost of $185,163, was erected by funds derived from an annual income paid by the telephone company for street improvements. Statues on the state house grounds are the gifts of private citizens. Other contemplated monuments will be paid for by the city from some special fund.

The smaller decorative features of the Center are noteworthy. Among these are: The two beautiful pictures on either inner side of the archway of the colonnade (these are "The Trapper" and "The Prospector" by Allen True); the sunken gardens immediately in front of the theater; the formal lawn lying between the library and the projected art building, the decorative detail of this lawn consisting of pylons and ornamental lighting fixtures, the whole flanked by a low railing of Grecian design.

That Denver appreciates and makes use of the advantages offered it through the Center is proven by crowds which attend its semi-weekly band concerts, the auditorium which seats 5,000 always being comfortably filled. The theater was completed during 1919 and the city celebrated its first community Christmas there when immense crowds gathered each evening during the pre-Christmas week.



Crowd at one of the semi-weekly band concerts, Denver Civic Center.

Why and Because

Why is the rabbit or hare associated with Easter and Easter eggs?

Because in Europe as well as Asiatic countries the hare has been from ancient times the symbol for the moon, and the movable feast of Easter is governed by the lunar orb. The moon is the "open-eyed watcher of the night," and the hare is a nocturnal animal. The young of the hare are born with their eyes open and are said never to close them. In many parts of Germany the children firmly believe the myth that the hare lays the Easter egg, and the association of the moon, Easter rabbits, and Easter eggs is everywhere the same, with its symbolism of spring and the awakening of life.

Why is the cross placed on Good Friday buns?

Because the Good Friday bun is associated with the ancient "bonn" which was an offering of cake, or sweetbread, to the gods. Cecrops is supposed to have introduced this bread which bore the marks of two horns. The Greeks are believed to have substituted a cross later, apparently for the easier division of the round bun into four equal parts. Maitland, in his account of London, 1739, ascribes the cross to the bakers, who, perceiving the great profit that arose to the clergy from the use of the symbol, adopted it for their buns.

Why do we always shake hands with the right hand?

Because in the days when people were not as peaceable as they are now, every man carried a sword or dagger to defend himself. This sword was worn on his left side, where the right hand could quickly grasp it for use in time of peril. When a man wished to show that he was friendly, he extended his right hand, which would be clasped by the other's right hand, if he, too, meant peace. Thus each would be sure that the other would not draw his sword.

Why is the fourth hour marked IIII on clock and watch dials, instead of IV?

Because, when the first clock, resembling those in use today, was made by Henry Vick in 1370, for Charles the V, of France, surnamed the Wise, the king found fault with the Roman numeral IV. He said it should be IIII. Vick ventured to suggest that the king was mistaken, whereupon Charles roared: "I am never wrong! Take the clock away and correct the mistake at once on pain of my displeasure." The figure was altered to IIII and has so remained ever since.

Why is it customary to mount a horse from the left side?

Because, in the days when a sword was an essential part of a man's dress, and hung at the left side, mounting from the right side would have necessitated taking hold of the scabbard and placing it over the saddle with the hand needed to assist in mounting. By mounting from the left side the sword hung clear and allowed easier action.

Why is a man called a "bridegroom" at his wedding.

Because in primitive days, the newly wedded man had to wait upon the bride and serve at her table upon his wedding day, and thus was a "groom" on this occasion.

Why is Ireland called the Emerald Isle?

Because of the richness of its verdure, the term being first used by Dr. William Drennan, the author of "Glendalloch," and other poems, published in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Why do soldiers fire a volley over the grave of a dead comrade?

Because in days gone by, when superstition was practically universal, it was generally believed that making a noise kept away evil spirits, and the passing bell came into vogue for that reason. When firearms were invented, volley firing was substituted for the passing bell, the belief being that the sound of battle would be more efficacious in the case of a soldier.

Why do we speak of giving a person the "cold shoulder"?

Because of the custom once prevalent in France of serving to a guest who had outstayed his or her welcome a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast as a hint for them to go.

Why do we speak of the "near" and "off" horse?

Because in the days when the driver walked beside the horses his position was always at the left, with his right next to the team. Therefore, in driving a pair, the horse on the left was nearer than the one on the right. The "near" horse is always the one on the left.

The Political Hegemony of France in Europe

Views of Republic and Britain for Obtaining Better Europe, Differing Fundamentally, Are Not Expected to Be Changed

By W. P. CROZIER

THIS news-letter by Mr. Crozier, with whom the readers of The Dearborn Independent have become well acquainted as a result of his correspondence discussing the problems of the British Empire and its relation to the Continental nations, has to do with the extension of French influence in European capitals and the activities of French diplomacy.

Manchester, England, November—(By Mail).

AMERICANS are deep in the dust and turmoil of their presidential election, of which the loud echoes reach us over here, and we wonder whether they have time to be aware of what is going on in Europe. Twelve months ago an acute American journal wrote that the result of the war and of the Treaty of Versailles had been to confer on France the political hegemony of Europe, and on the whole this was a true saying. The activity of the French Foreign Office has been and is remarkable in almost every capital in Europe. From the Baltic States down through Central Europe into every little country on the Danube and beyond, the French diplomatists are busy spinning the webs of their new Europe—spinning and re-spinning, for as fast as their work is done events unravel it, and with or without changes it is done afresh.

Hegemony, however, implies that where one leads the others follow and, as time went on, it became evident that in spite of all the diplomatists' denials a certain divergence was growing between France and her principal allies, England and Italy, not to mention that declaration of President Wilson's, which sent a thrill of annoyance throughout France, to the effect that the militarists were in the saddle at Paris. For some time there has been a coldness between France and Italy, for Italy and France, like France and England, think each of them that the other is following only its own selfish interests. So, recently, a meeting was brought about between the French and Italian premiers. It ended, as such meetings always do, in the most sugared declarations that complete and cordial agreement had been reached between the statesmen, but alas! with such qualifications as that each country reserved the right to follow its own policy toward Russia, these policies being notoriously opposed.

Differences Growing for Months

THE divergencies between France and England have been growing for months. They became worse when M. Clemenceau handed over the premiership to M. Millerand. They remain unabated now and since M. Millerand intends as president, according to his own plain declaration, to carry out his personal policy, they are likely to become worse rather than better. On some of the principal questions both of tactics and of principles, England and France are pursuing separate paths. The French press, whose attacks on England are bitter and persistent, declares categorically that France will no longer pursue the course into which she was recently persuaded by Lloyd George with regard to Germany nor will she join with him in his Russian policy. Everything that M. Millerand has lately done and is now doing bears this out. One would not lay all the blame unreservedly at the door of France. The French say that it is Mr. George who insists on a separate and independent policy. The truth is that the views of the British and French governments for obtaining a revived and a better Europe are differing fundamentally and it is becoming more and more difficult to reconcile them.

Take the case of Germany. The fixed intention of France is to take her stand on the letter of the Versailles Treaty, to insist on the literal and punctual fulfillment of every clause and to exact penalties from Germany in every case of non-fulfillment. France demands her pound of flesh. The amount of reparation to be paid by Germany was to be fixed by the reparations commission on which Germany herself should have no voice. This meant that Germany was liable to be crushed, year after year, beneath a burden which she would be unable to support. There neither was nor is any prospect of wringing from her the sums which in theory she undoubtedly owes by way of reparation. Without shipping, without a large part of her resources in coal and other raw materials, she is clearly incapable either of paying a full measure of reparation or of getting on her own feet again.

French Act Independently

THE British Government at length came to take the view that the literal interpretation of the treaty would work to the profit neither of the Allies, nor of Europe, nor even of France; that since Germany would be able to pay something, it would be better to talk with her across a table and find out what that something was; that in short both for the purpose of obtaining reparation and for the purpose of our own good health it was necessary to have some regard to the economic health of Germany.

These are two different policies. That of France is to wring from Germany all that can be got from her and to keep her down in an economic sense indefinitely; that of England is to look rather to the general revival of Europe and to help Germany not only to help herself but to pay her debts to the Allies. With this policy in mind Mr. George persuaded the French premier to go, however reluctantly, to the Spa Conference, which the Germans also attended. That conference was to be resumed later at Geneva, but in the meantime there was a financial conference at Brussels from which France has drawn certain conclusions. She discovered there that she is not likely to obtain much financial aid from other countries whether neutral or allied. The United States, the French press says, made it clear that any assistance which she henceforth gave to France must be conducted on a business and not on a philanthropic basis. That was both reasonable and inevitable, but the French drew from it the deduction that they must get what they could from Germany independently. They entered for a time upon separate negotiations at Berlin with regard to reparation. Their press proclaims exultingly that no more will be heard of the Geneva Conference. It is a further step on the road to independent action on which France first embarked when she sent troops to seize more German towns as a penalty for German action in the Ruhr. Unquestionably it is a rebuff to Mr. George, who stands by the policy of a conference of all the Allies jointly with Germany.

The Disarmament Question

THEN there is the question of disarming Germany. Some time ago the French quite reasonably raised a great outcry over Germany's failure to disarm according to the Versailles Treaty. The question came up at Spa and the German Government promised immediate compliance. Northern Germany has now disarmed but not Bavaria. In Bavaria alone, it is believed, there are more troops in arms than the whole of Germany ought now to be maintaining, but the government at Berlin is powerless to make its will effective. But the most curious thing is that France makes no protest at all about Bavaria. There is a political reason for this: not many months ago France insisted on sending a special representative to Bavaria in defiance of the protests of the German Government, and now there is in Bavaria a strong clerical and monarchist party which France favors and supports. All these troops that are maintained in Bavaria are in the hands of the reactionary monarchist leaders, among whom are the great Ludendorff and Prince Rupprecht, of Bavaria, himself. At any moment a coup d'etat may take place in Bavaria and the monarchy be re-established and, if it comes, it will be with French approval and support, for France, so anti-clerical and republican at home, is clerical and monarchist abroad wherever her policy demands it. This is the reason why of late she has drawn much closer to the Vatican. Her policy demands a strong Poland against Germany and Russia, and Poland is clerical. It demands a strong Bavaria against North Germany, and Bavaria is clerical and monarchist in sentiment. It demands also a monarchist Austria, since a republican Austria will always be in favor of union with Germany, and Austria, of course, until the war, was the chief Catholic state in Europe.

At the present moment, it should be realized, French policy supports a monarchist reaction in three countries, Bavaria, Austria and Hungary. The Austrian National Assembly is threatening to take a vote on the question of union with Germany. The Treaty of Versailles forbids that union, whatever the opinions of the peoples concerned may be. This was done at the instance of France, which is furious at the latest news. If the monarchy were restored in Austria, she thinks the evil day would be at least postponed. In Hungary the motive is different. France looks round everywhere for allies against revolutionary Russia. A monarchist Hungary is her best hope on the southern front and in fact she recently angled for Hungarian aid against the Bolsheviki, promising assistance of all kinds. The Central European papers are full of an alleged treaty of alliance between Hungary and France. The result, at all events, has been that the small states who hate and fear the Hungarian reactionaries have joined together in a league of their own, the so-called "Little Entente."

If then, Hungary is at daggers drawn with this new league, if the reactionary monarchies which we had thought we were finally rid of were set up again in two or three states which had destroyed them, if Austria is threatened with a monarchist *coup*, all this would not be done without the support of the diplomacy of France. Europe at the present day is not to be understood unless it be remembered that the aims of French policy are the permanent enfeeblement of Germany, the surrounding of her with a ring of hostile states who are all to be the clients and protegés of France, the prevention at all costs of co-operation between Germany and Russia (which is the nightmare of the French as it is of some Englishmen like Mr. Winston Churchill) and the overthrow of revolutionary Russia. Europe is not to be understood, either, unless it be remembered that these jugglers' combinations which the French produce in Southern Europe are looked on with the utmost suspicion by Italy. The break-up of Austria removed a burden that had long weighed over Italy. When Italy sees that owing to French policy the small states that arose from the ruins of the war are beginning to draw together into larger units, it is little wonder if she feels resentful toward her ally France.

Russian Problem Causes Dissension

MOST notable of all is the divergence between France and her allies over Russia. I have seen it reported in America that Lloyd George is for peace with Russia solely because of English domestic politics. That is not so. He has long been convinced that if we ourselves and Europe as a whole are to regain social and economic health there must be peace in and with Russia. That is the origin of the commercial negotiations and of the political peace which, despite the recent rupture, will almost certainly follow before long. France agreed to these commercial parleys. In the middle of September, M. Millerand said, "I have loyally carried out that agreement," but in fact he speedily withdrew from the negotiations. Mr. George, until he recently dismissed M. Kameneff, steadily pursued the idea of a general peace with Russia. M. Millerand himself said, "There must be an end of war with Russia." But in fact he and his government gave formal recognition to General Wrangel and are lending him active aid. Mr. George is for peace; France is for war. What are the French aims in Southern Russia, where as is just announced she is making a new effort in support of Wrangel? No one is quite sure, but a document from one of her agents not long ago described the Ukraine as a "beautiful colony" for France. And a well-known authority on Russian affairs, whose writings are as much read in America as here, observed to me the other day that in his opinion the only explanation of French activities and French policy toward Russia was that she aimed at creating a great "sphere of influence" on the shores of the Black Sea. All statements that may reach America to the effect that Mr. George is weakening in his purpose and is submitting to the policy of France in respect of Russia should be treated with complete distrust. Their principles and aims are different and it is difficult to see how they can now be reconciled. At present they appear to lead to an end in which England will be found at peace with Russia while France continues to make war.

Sacrificing the Future?

FRANCE knows her own interests best, but to many of us she appears to be shortsighted, sacrificing the future to the present. If she could build up, as she desires, a grandiose Poland as a barrier between Germany and Russia, how unhappy would be the plight of such a state in twenty or thirty years' time or perhaps less. Some day the great Russian people will revive. Germany cannot for all time be made a slave-state working for her neighbors. Permanent hostility to Germany and Russia will not prevent them eventually from establishing contact, over the body of Poland if there be no other way. Justice will not permit that Austria for all time should be kept apart from the Germany that she desires to join. Not always can Germany and Austria and Russia be kept outside the League of Nations and finally, to go to the foundations of the question, how can France herself gain in the long run by prolonging strife and civil war over a large part of Europe, by perpetuating the reign of the old diplomacy and the old doctrine of force, and by frustrating the idea of international co-operation and the inter-dependence of civilized communities? For ourselves we make no bones about it. We are no more interested now than President Wilson declared himself to be in 1918 in partial leagues and counter-leagues, which make only a barrenness and war. We maintain that our own well-being and the well-being of the great countries and vast populations of Central and Eastern Europe depend on peaceful co-operation and that it is our duty as well as our interest to pursue these, if possible, in accord with our ally, France, but if necessary, alone.

Introducing to You His Majesty—King Peanut

Don't Scorn Him! He Is Becoming More and More Important. Thousands of Acres Now Given Over to Crop

By R. P. CRAWFORD

THE King of Nuts! Surely there is no other nut in all the world that can claim this title, save the peanut. For years it was associated only with the street vendor, but today—a few years later—there is probably no nut with such a wide variety of uses. Hogs and cattle grow fat, vast mills turn thousands of tons of the nuts into a famous oil of commerce, peanut butter has become a staple article, and peanuts have even become one source of flour. The story of how the little nut helped to redeem Southern agriculture is a story by itself. For the last three years, at a very conservative estimate, more than a million and a half acres on an average have been planted to peanuts in this country every year. Last year, 1919, approximately $80,000,000 worth of the nuts were sold from the farms of this country. Contrast this with $7,000,000 worth of the nuts raised in 1899, and $18,000,000 worth in 1909, and one gets some idea of the growth of the industry in this country. More than three times as many acres are devoted to peanuts in this country as twenty years ago, and yet the peanut was one of the earliest crops to be grown in America.

Its products now form articles of world commerce. The manufacture of peanut oil, which was long confined to Europe, is rapidly becoming a flourishing industry here. Most people, especially in the North, do not know that the peanuts themselves are a superior hog feed, and in many sections of the South the hogs are simply turned out to harvest the crop. The trailing vines make a good hay for cattle. Peanut oil cake, another cattle feed, is one of the by-products of the industry.

Did one ever hear of "creamed peanuts on toast" or of peanut bread? A short time ago the United States Department of Agriculture set out to discover some of the uses and food properties of the peanut, and some eye-openers have been the result. As incredible as it may seem, the investigators for the Department of Agriculture, H. S. Bailey and J. A. LeClerc, found that a pound of peanuts furnished 2,700 calories, three times as much as a pound of beefsteak and five times as much as a pound of eggs. In fact, it was ascertained that a pound of whole peanuts contained a half pound of fat and a fourth of a pound of protein. These scientists became so enthusiastic over the possibilities of the peanut that it caused them to characterize it as "one of the most nutritious foods known to man." A satisfactory bread is made by combining peanut flour with wheat flour.

In fact, the story of the peanut is one of the most romantic stories of American agriculture. It now seems to be generally agreed that the peanut is a native of tropical America, probably Brazil. The early American colonists brought some with them, planted them, and gradually developed the famous Virginia peanut. For years it was the custom of practically all plantations to have at least a little patch devoted to the nut. But for the most part, the peanut was still a novelty, being planted mainly for the sake of the children, and as the years went by a few were always harvested for the commercial market for roasted peanuts. But then came the great peanut revival, or rather extension, brought about by the development of proper machinery for harvesting and handling the crop.

Peanuts got their real start in the South due to ravages of the boll weevil on the cotton crop. When a search was being made for a crop to substitute for cotton, the peanut was hit upon. The peanut can often be grown where corn cannot be raised to advantage, since it does well even in the drier sections of the Southwest. Peanuts have been known to yield satisfactory crops where corn did not yield more than five bushels to the acre. Peanuts also have the advantage of enriching the soil the more they are grown, since being a leguminous crop they supply nitrogen.

The peanut is unique in that it ripens beneath the ground. In planting it used to be necessary to open the furrow with a plow or other implement, drop the peanut in, and then cover it with a cultivator or some other implement. Now the work is largely done by means of peanut planters. With these machines the entire planting is accomplished with one operation. In fact, all along the line it has been the development of modern machinery that has brought the peanut to the fore. Formerly in harvesting it was the custom to pull the plants out by hand or simply use a one-horse plow. Today the larger growers use a machine something like a potato digger. Pulled by four horses, such a machine can dig eight to twelve acres a day. With this method most of the soil is loosened from the peanut, again avoiding much hand work.

The stacks of peanuts scattered over a field are a unique spectacle. First, poles three or four inches in diameter and seven to eight feet long are secured. They are set into the ground a foot or so and made secure. About eight inches from the ground two pieces of lath are nailed crosswise. This prevents the peanuts coming in contact with the ground. The vines are wound around the pole, the pods being kept to the center. A bunch of the vines are pressed down over the top of the stake, or grass or weeds are used to form a secure top over the stack. The peanuts being near the center of the stack have a circulation of air and are protected from the inclement weather. Although efforts have been made at various times to improve this method of stacking, most of them have been unsuccessful and this plan has stood the experience of many years.





Above: Revolving drums used for roasting peanuts before being made into peanut butter.

Below: Spanish peanuts, showing the root system. The plant gathers nitrogen from the air and stores it in the nodules on the roots, making the plant a valuable one for the soil.

The peanuts are cured for three or four weeks in the stack before they are picked or threshed. Peanut picking time used to be quite an event in the South, and this arduous duty usually fell to the colored hands about the plantation. But today picking machines are used for this work, doing away with the hand labor. Often common grain threshers fitted with a special cylinder are used for removing the peanuts from the vines. In the case of a typical peanut picking machine, the work is done by pulling the vines over a frame covered with wire mesh. On the lower side of the screen is an endless belt of rubber brushes. As the nuts drop through the screening they are scraped off by these brushes. A good picking machine will handle from two hundred to four hundred bushels every day. The nuts are then ready for market and either are placed in warehouses to await a higher price later in the season, or are sold direct to the numerous factories in the South.

Today peanuts and hogs are synonymous in many localities, and the hogs simply do the harvesting. Sometimes the peanuts are planted between rows of corn. The cattle can then be turned in after the corn is harvested to eat the fodder and peanut tops and the hogs are finally turned in to eat the peanuts. Often successive plantings of peanuts are made at intervals of fifteen to thirty days so that there is a constant supply for the hogs until late in the fall. The hogs are confined to sections of the field by small portable fences. The average yield of peanuts to the acre under fair conditions is about thirty-four bushels in the shell, while a good yield is sixty bushels with a ton or ton and a half of hay an acre. Yields as high as one hundred and fifty bushels, with two tons of hay, have been recorded. The peanut hay for one year had an estimated valuation of approximately $20,000,000.

There are two principal varieties, the Virginia peanut and the Spanish peanut. The Spanish type averages about 70 per cent kernel while the Virginia type averages only 65 per cent. The Spanish peanuts are usually smaller and are especially well adapted to the manufacture of oil, while the Virginia type are the ones usually used for roasted peanuts. The two are generally combined in the manufacture of peanut butter, since the Spanish nut gives a smoothness, and the Virginia nut a flavor to the product.

The peanut butter industry is one that has come to the front in recent years. In fact, contrary to the general impression, probably less than a fourth of the total crop is sold as roasted peanuts. The peanut butter manufacturer usually secures shelled nuts. The nuts are roasted in machines something like coffee roasters. It generally takes about a half hour to roast a batch of nuts. Then the peanuts are blanched, this being done by machines which have a set of brushes running against a corrugated plate, thus removing the little red skins. The peanuts are then carried over screens through which there is a strong draft of air which removes any small pieces of the skin. Women also pick out any bad or decayed nuts as they are carried along on a long canvas belt. Then the nuts are fed into the grinder. Usually the Virginia and Spanish nuts are used in equal parts, or two or three parts of Spanish to one part of Virginia, a better product being secured when the two varieties are blended. Salt is added as the nuts are ground.

The peanut oil industry is becoming one of the great peanut side lines of the country. For instance, the production of refined peanut oil for the three months ending June 30, 1920, was more than 20,000,000 pounds. Formerly Marseilles, France, was the great center of the oil industry. But today American factories are rapidly challenging the supremacy of the foreign product. In fact, the manufacture of peanut oil in the United States did not begin until about five years ago. Peanut oil may be made either from the unshelled or the shelled nuts. Needless to say, the best oil is made from those that are shelled. The oil is usually secured by pressing the nuts, and after the first pressing a second pressing is made, often with the nuts heated, to secure all of the oil. The second pressing yields a lower grade of oil, usually used for soap. The first pressing yields a good edible oil which can be used for cooking. The residue after the pressing forms a cake which can be used for stock feed. Peanut oil may enter into the composition of the various vegetable margarines and also the lard substitutes.

The possibilities of the King of Nuts have probably just begun to be realized. As with many another article of trade, they are limited only by the ingenuity of the farm and factory.

The Old School Atlas and the Changing World

Among Changes Six Years Have Wrought Is Establishment of Eleven New States in Europe as Result of Great War

IF YOU want to spend a really sad evening, take a turn with the old school atlas. Tentative atlases are beginning to appear but it will be a little time yet before things are steady enough for an honest-to-goodness atlas, like father used.

The old school atlas stayed put for a long time; a few little items changed here and there, but not enough to muss up the maps. Now when you open the book at any of the war-ridden countries, you find things that aren't; places with tragic memories; whole states which have shifted.

None more tragic, perhaps, than the map of the old German Empire, even though that of Austria-Hungary tells a more dramatic story.

However . . . .

In that happy distant spring of 1914 there were on the continent of Europe 24 separate states (counting the German Empire as one). Today there are 35 (still counting Germany as one).

That really tells the story of the era. That sums up more or less the tangible historic consequences of the war, for the birth of a state is of more consequence than the death of a king.

Three of the neutral states have been directly affected by the war. They are Denmark, Luxembourg and Liechtenstein. Denmark lost Iceland. Bless me, had you forgotten that? Iceland declared its independence in December, 1918, and forced from the Danes recognition of its sovereignty. Christian X, king of Denmark, is also king of Iceland, but the title is a separate one, and that forms the only link between the two countries. Iceland has a healthy national debt of $500,000 and is well on the way to be numbered among the fancy powers who live on credit. She has a university and a mercantile marine, a parliament and a cabinet, but no railways and no army or navy. Her area is 40,000 square miles and her population 100,000.

Luxembourg has always been considered a sort of appendage to the German Empire, was included in statistical surveys of the German iron ore district, and was part of the German Zollverein. But today public opinion in Luxembourg is divided between economic union with France and economic union with Belgium, the former having the majority of adherents. France and Belgium being on the best of terms, neither of them is pushing the matter.

The tiny principality of Liechtenstein—a mere speck on the map between Austria and Switzerland—was formerly a dependency of Austria. Liechtenstein includes a population of 10,000—equal to a small American town. In November, 1918, the 10,000 threw off the Austrian yoke and declared themselves a free and united people; so they issue their own postage stamps and have made tentative approaches to Switzerland with a view to becoming a member of the Swiss Confederation. So much for the neutrals. Now look at Germany. In 1914 the empire included 25 separate political entities, with Alsace-Lorraine. Today there are 18; Alsace-Lorraine has passed to France; and Germany has contributed territory to Poland, Belgium, France, Denmark, Czecho-Slovakia.

Moreover there is a tendency toward unity among many of the German states, and the only apparent obstacle to a large central movement is the aloofness of Bavaria. Bavaria because of her size, always has been jealous of Prussia, or of any movement which tends to submerge her own identity. Already, however, the Free State of Coburg has joined Bavaria; while the remaining seven Thuringian states have formed a new combination, under the title Thuringia. The smallest Thuringian principality had only 216 square miles and the largest 1,397 square miles. The new Thuringia has 4,548 square miles and a population of 1,500,000.

New Austria is in a bad way. She now has a population of 6,000,000 instead of 29,000,000. Moreover the territory around Vienna is no longer sufficient to support the city, and hence hunger is acute. The Austrians desire to form some sort of union with the German federation. They are Germans, in every sense of the word, and their attitude is logical. The only objection to such a union naturally would come from Italy. Recently, however, a special committee of the Italian parliament reported favorably on such a union, which they realize is an economic necessity for the Austrians.

Under Clause 88 of the St. Germain treaty, however, Austria is forbidden to compromise her independence without the consent of the League of Nations; in other words, can't self-determine on her own account, although the treaty itself was founded strictly on that principle, thus freeing Czechs, Magyars, Croats, Slovaks, Jugo-Slavs, all of whom have formed such political arrangements as they pleased.

Austria, nevertheless, contrasts well enough with Hungary, for Austria represents an up-and-doing spirit, while the Magyars are reactionary and willing enough to let things be indefinitely. Hungary is still officially described as a monarchy, and the Magyars have little if any interest in the forms of democratic government. Within the past two weeks the whole of the former Hapsburg empire has become excited at the publication in the Socialist organs of Austria and Czecho-Slovakia of documents tending to show a Magyar conspiracy directed against the new states, and planning for a reconstruction of the dual monarchy under a Hapsburg and with Hungary as the chief state.

The most important of the new states in that part of the world is Czecho-Slovakia, where amazing progress has been made, quietly but perseveringly. Its boundaries are not yet wholly settled, but President Thomas G. Masaryk has not allowed this to impede reconstruction, and it is probable that Czecho-Slovakia is the most stable state in Central Europe.

Greater Serbia is still in a state of flux. The war has increased Serbia by three times; in 1914 her area was 33,000 square miles. The Jugo-Slavs have not been able to make such headway as the Czechs and Slovaks to the north, and to this delay Italy has contributed something over the Fiume dispute. Just at present Greater Serbian ambition wishes to annex Montenegro, and proposes to follow D'Annunzio in Fiume and the Poles in Vilna by presenting the world with a *fait accompli*. Montenegro does not wish to be annexed, and the powers are opposed to such an event, hence Greater Serbia may find therein the first serious check to her course of empire.

There are three new states in the Caucasus very much in the news, although the chances are that none will be in the news very much longer. They are Armenia, Georgia and Azerbijan. At present the Turkish Nationalists are invading Armenia in a thorough fashion; the Bolsheviki are camped on the frontier and Georgia is talking about "defending her neutrality" —she having promised Armenia to remain neutral. Armenia has a chance of life, due to the world interest aroused in her behalf. Georgia doubtless will disappear, and Azerbijan scarcely exists. No one knows definitely the status of any of the states.

The Ukraine—Russia's granary—is the most confused state in Europe; it has no central government, no army, no boundaries, and no capital. The Ukrainians are an ambitious people, but at present have no rallying point except General Petlura, the peasant leader, and his following rises and falls with his success and failure in the field. The Ukrainians have sent out numerous missions to raise money with which to build the national fortunes, but the internal confusion not unnaturally makes investors wary.

Doubtless the most impressive changes in the destiny of nations are to be seen in the former Russian Empire. Nine states have been created out of old Russia, of which three in the Caucasus and the Ukraine already have been noted. Of the other five, two certainly are permanent factors in the new Europe; these are Poland and Finland, and both have been recognized by the powers. The other three states are the Baltic States, and have been more or less recognized and are thought to be in a fair way to establish themselves as permanent elements in reconstituted Europe. Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania are free republics and seem disposed to adopt the best democratic traditions. They are showing constructive ability, and an evident desire to avoid falling under the thrall of either Finland or Poland; both these states would like to head the "Baltic group."

In addition to these nine states out of Russia there are vague entities in Siberia and in Southeastern Russia, such as the Daghestan and Kuban republics. Then there is Russia proper, to which the Soviet and Wrangel are rival claimants.

Poland and Finland represent two widely different interests. Both have an old civilization and are enjoying a manner of renaissance. But Finland never has lost a certain recognized individuality, while Poland was depressed by its several invaders and kept so purposely. Finland possesses tradition, literature, music, industry, all of which might surprise the world if the world were not in the habit of considering Finland as a crude outpost of civilization.

Of Poland, of course, there is no lack of information, and while German, Austrian and Russian Poland differ very much from each other, the effort of the Poles to unify her portions receives the sympathy of the world, although it is conceded that the state has grave days to pass. The whole problem of existence for these new Baltic States rests on the future of Russia proper. There is and always has been from the first revolution a powerful body of Russian statesmen intent on seeing a reunited Russia. This idea has as its first principle the absorption of the Baltic States into the new Russia, since all the Baltic ports are in the possession of these states. Out of this idea, and supposing the new states cling to their independence, there is the suggestion of a federal Russia, which should include even Poland.

No one supposes Finland ever will be in such a federation. Finland, in spite of all the czar could do, held herself strictly aloof from Russia and was amazingly successful in wringing concession after concession from the autocracy. Her interest lies more with Sweden and the Europe of France, Britain and Scandinavia, than with the Europe of the Slav.

Your Own United States



Everywhere, between and touching the icy glacier fingers, are gorgeous gardens of luxuriant wild flowers. "As if Nature," writes John Muir, "glad to make an open space between woods so dense and ice so deep, were economizing the precious ground."

Trade—Commerce—Industry

A pamphlet of 128 pages, presenting a summary of the mineral production of the United States in 1919, has been issued by the Geological Survey, Department of the Interior. Copies may be had on application to the director of the United States Geological Survey.

So serious is the loss of alcohol in transit from bonded warehouses to laboratories and manufacturing plants that the government is considering the possibility of requiring purchasers to medicate the alcohol before removing it from the warehouse so that it will be unfit for beverage purposes.

The Navy Department is offering five old warships and 25 miscellaneous vessels for sale. The department expects to realize $1,000,000 on these vessels.

Military experts believe Russia has enough munitions to continue her war against Poland for five years. These munitions consist of military supplies furnished to the old imperial régime by the Allies and to material captured from various anti-Bolshevik leaders who have been sent against the Soviet Government.

The Department of Justice has announced that it intends to invoke the Lever Law in curbing the profit-taking in the sale of lemons. The department specifically names the retailer as the profiteer and states that the lemon growers are getting the smallest return on their investment that they have been forced to accept in many years.

Four hundred thousand dollars' worth of pure-bred American live stock was sold in South America the first six months of this year. Reports received by the Bureau of Markets indicate that live stock trade with South America can be developed very rapidly and that the opportunities there for the stock raisers of this country are excellent.

Campaign contributions may not be included under the heading of "charities" when making out an income tax return. The income tax regulations hold that "contributions for campaign expenses are not deductable from gross income."

The Bureau of Statistics of the Geological Survey announces figures in its report of November 1, which shows that the coal mines have produced more than 12,000,000 tons of coal weekly for three successive weeks. The production for the present year is now 8,500,000 tons behind 1917, 43,500,000 tons behind 1918, but 51,000,000 tons ahead of 1919.

The United States Geological Survey has published a bulletin on fuel briquetting in 1919. The following subjects are covered: production, value, raw materials and binders and list of plants. Copies may be secured on application to the director of the Geological Survey, Washington.

The foreign-trade bureau of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce has combined with the local representative of the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and export managers of large industries in the organization of a world trade club with a membership of 100. The object of the club is, of course, the promotion of the foreign-trade interests of St. Louis and the Mississippi Valley. It will hold regular meetings and authorities in various lines of export trade will be brought to St. Louis regularly to talk before the members.

German goods are again arriving on the British market in considerable quantities. Dealers are said to be stocking German Christmas goods, in preference to articles of British manufacture, because the imported products are the more attractive. The Germans are delivering toys three weeks after the placing of orders and although their prices, except in the case of jointed dolls are somewhat higher than those of British manufacturers, the trade prefers the imported goods. Many small British concerns which engaged in the manufacture of toys during the war are said to be closing down as the result of the new competition.

The supply of natural gas is so near the point of exhaustion that glass manufacturing concerns are installing their own gas producing plants and for the first time in the history of the industry will rely upon coal for their fuel. The public utilities commissions of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and West Virginia have announced that the use of the small supply of natural gas which remains will be restricted to lighting and heating homes. It is feared that as a result of the change the price of glass will not follow other building material down the ladder of readjustment.

It is expected in Washington that the organizations which represent the farmers will carry their appeal for financial aid in the marketing of crops before the next session of Congress.

The shortage of railway cars has become very acute in Canada. The railroads have issued statements showing that much of their rolling stock is held in the United States. It is pointed out that the United States will probably face a lumber shortage in the Middle West as a result of the crippling of the Canadian lines.

The October report of the Federal Reserve Board expresses the opinion that recovery from war and post-war conditions is proceeding rapidly in the United States and that, although there has been some suspension of activity, the economic situation shows signs of strength and all signs point to the accomplishment of the transition without undue disturbance. One of the outstanding features of the month, says the report, was continued caution in buying, due to the belief that the period of price readjustment is not yet closed. The retail trade on the whole reported moderate increases in net sales over the same month of the previous year but the board states that the usual fall activity is lacking. One reason for this is found in unseasonable weather. Reports from many sections were to the effect that the retailer is awaiting developments before renewing his stocks. This is said to have hit the cotton mills and textile factories and the shoe and leather industry a hard blow. The general condition of labor is said to be good, despite the fact that there have been decreases in wages in some employment centers.

Canada, during the last twelve months, bought goods from her neighbors to the cost of $919,000,000, and exported goods to the value of $513,000,000. Canadian imports from the United States during that period exceeded the exports to this country by $400,000,000.

The seriousness of the exchange situation for Argentine firms importing American goods and the danger of America losing trade to Europe was the subject of discussion by the United States Chamber of Commerce, in its weekly review of affairs in Buenos Aires recently It was stated that while many American houses are carrying Argentine clients to the limit of their abilities by extending credit, additional renewals, constantly solicited in large amounts, make forced payments imperative. A probable solution would be offered by American investment in high-grade Argentine securities or through American loans to Argentina. Another suggestion that met with approval was that the Federal Reserve Board should permit member banks to rediscount Argentine paper.

Officials of the Bureau of Internal Revenue are considering the advisability of designating the places at which commodities containing alcohol can be sold. It is suggested that the sale of extracts may be limited to grocery stores and delicatessens, that only drug stores be permitted to sell medicinal preparations and that perfumes be limited to drug stores and department stores. This would eliminate the sale of medicines by country grocery stores.

The consumption of milk was increased 30 per cent in Spokane, Washington, through a campaign conducted by the state agricultural college and the Spokane Farm Bureau.

A late Treasury report puts the amount of outstanding Liberty bonds and Victory notes at $19,534,018,933, as compared with the original issue of $21,432,913,636. This is a reduction of almost nine per cent. The great share of the bonds returned have been handled by the sinking fund and bond purchase fund. Bonds have also been accepted, to a certain extent, in the payment of state and inheritance taxes.

Belgian business men have taken a new interest in export trade and an official committee, appointed to make a study of the conditions surrounding Belgian exports, has just finished a lengthy report. The committee recommends the immediate development of the Belgian merchant marine as the quickest and surest way of getting the desired trade.

The Comptroller of the Currency announces that the banks of the country are withstanding the strain of the transition period in an excellent manner. The report says in part: "Rapid and violent alternations of expansion and contraction have subjected our business fabrics, our financial system, and especially the banks of the United States to the most severe test of efficiency and stability that can be imagined. They have met this unprecedented test in a way to prove their solid strength and the wisdom and fidelity of those who direct them. The figures and facts must give the American people and the world increased confidence in the safety and power of the banking and business interests of this country."

The sale of toys in the United States, during the year 1919, amounted to nearly $100,000,000. It is estimated that $80,000,000 worth of these toys were of domestic manufacture. The manufacture of toys has been developed in this country during the last six years to a point where the United States now exports in steadily increasing quantities. It is said that many American toys make a particular appeal because of their scientific and mechanical nature. No other country, it is claimed, has developed instructive and educational toys in the same degree as the United States.

Austen Chamberlain, the British chancellor of the exchequer, recently said that while he could not welcome Australian corporations as borrowers of short money under the present circumstances (which would make them competitors with himself in Great Britain's hour of need) they would always have the British Government's good will when they invited investors to take up long-term issues for the development of the commonwealth.

Kansas farmers are using more than 14,000 tractors. Between March 1, 1919, and the same date in 1920, the number of these machines in use in that state increased from 8,684 to 14,370, or 65.5 per cent.

Governor Kelly, of the Australian Commonwealth Bank, recently announced that the commonwealth's total indebtedness of 700,000,000 pounds sterling was carried by a population of 5,000,000.

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UNIV OF ILL URB A ILL

Briefly Told

El Paso, Texas, is having its annual visitation of "boomers," itinerant workers who stay long enough in one town to get funds to carry them to their next objective. The sunny slopes of California are calling the boys from the cold northern cities.

One hundred and fifty tons of ballots were stuffed into the ballot boxes of New York City on election day.

Four hundred thousand dollars monthly will be required to run the League of Nations next year.

"Orangeade" and "orange crush" that never come closer to an orange than the tanks of a synthetic chemical laboratory are hereafter to be deemed "misbranded," and the venders prosecuted accordingly.

The ancient astronomical instruments, seized in Pekin by Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, of the German Army, in 1901 at the time of the Boxer trouble, and taken to Potsdam, have been returned to the Chinese Government.

One ton of wheat straw will produce the equivalent of forty gallons of gasoline, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

The most northerly air service in the world is between Porjus, Sweden, and Suorvajaure in Lapland.

A hatchery with a capacity of 10,000 eggs will be used by a poultry products company in Montana. The products will be used to supply the Yellowstone and Glacier national park hotel systems with fresh eggs and poultry.

One hundred and ninety thousand men are being educated in the United States Army schools.

Thirty-five thousand head of Texas cows are to be sent to Germany for the purpose of rehabilitating the depleted dairy herds of that country.

A new invention in wireless telegraphy makes it impossible for eavesdroppers to listen in on reports of the League of Nations assembly which meets November 15.

For the first time in their lives many European children born during the lean war years will enjoy the taste of sweets next Christmas as a result of price declines in America.

Thousands of Frenchmen are no longer able to afford a daily meal of meat or eggs because of the soaring cost of living in France.

The continual rise in prices in the last few years has been the chief reason for the small number of business failures.

Italy proposes to collect all the bodies of Italian soldiers who died fighting on the mountain front and give them fitting sepulchre on one of the highest peaks, probably San Michele. It is proposed that a simple, noble monument be erected under which will rest together officers and soldiers, rich and poor.

Doping race horses was claimed by a Chicago race horse trainer as the reason for his having in his possession 62 quarts of whisky and $3,000 worth of narcotics.

Iceland will have a world's fair next June in Reikiavik, for the edification of the Eskimo.

A periscope of iron pipe projecting from a coal pile in a ship's bunkers at Antwerp led to the discovery of a stowaway in the coal who was using the pipe for breathing purposes.

A British imperial Polar expedition will make a six-year geographical, geological and meteorological survey of the continent about the South Pole with a view to commercial development of the frozen tract.

Out of the world's registration of 8,750,000 motor vehicles for 1920 the registration of motor vehicles in this country is 7,558,848.

The recent British coal strike is estimated to have cost 300,000,000 pounds sterling.

A 60-year lease of a tract of 400,000 square miles in Northeastern Siberia has been acquired by an organization of western American financiers who have exclusive rights to develop coal, oil and fisheries.

Industrial depression in Japan has affected the luxury shops of Tokio where Japanese souvenir dealers are forced to turn their endeavors to the sale of more necessary articles.

Great Britain exported 26,400,000 pounds of candles in 1919.

To hand over his business to the local trade union to be run for the profit of the union for two years is the public offer made by an English oil merchant.

Gold braid on the uniforms of Mexican generals and diplomats has been abolished.

Apparently the whole world wants to know about the court of industrial relations established in Kansas last winter. Inquiries concerning it from officials of eight foreign countries and seventeen states of the Union, the Philippines and Porto Rico, have been received by Governor Henry J. Allen. Members of 15 state legislatures have written his office that they intend to draft bills providing for the establishment of similar courts.

The boys of the country are rushing into the army in unprecedented numbers. During October more than 17,000 enlisted, most of them for three-year periods.

Fifty-one million dollars was furnished by the American Red Cross to war-stricken Europe last year.

The citrous black fly, an insect pest which attacks many plants in Cuba, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Canal Zone and other tropical fruit countries is becoming so noxious there that the Agricultural Department is considering disinfecting all shipments from those countries.

Rats from the trenches of war-ridden France are invading Paris.

Dustile tungsten, a new metal used by electric companies to double the efficiency of electric lamps, is worth from $50 to $150 a pound.

An airplane of which the wing surface can be increased or diminished during the flight and the speed proportionately varied has been successfully demonstrated at Paris and is said to resemble a bird in flight.

Sea sleds capable of carrying airplanes out in mid-ocean are being developed by a Boston concern.

The name "Old Faithful" has been given to an oil well in Kansas because the well today is producing just as well as the day it was brought in, eighteen months ago.

Twenty tons of apples—every one perfect—were distributed to the crowds on the main downtown streets of Seattle during the Apple Day parade held in that city, October 30.

A modern Noah's Ark docked in New York Harbor recently when a freighter arrived with 4,000 specimens of animals, birds and reptiles captured in Central and Northern Australia for the Bronx Zoo.

Large numbers of fossil sea-shells recently found on the coasts of the Andes Mountains indicate that the strata forming the mountains were once submerged below the level of the sea.

The United States is the world's largest coal exporter.

For visiting the battlefields of France, luxurious automobile trailer hotels have been provided in which six persons can live conveniently.

The race between the Gloucester schooner Esperanto and the Nova Scotian fisherman Delawana was different from the American cup race in that the hardy sailors of the fisher boats prayed for wind, and more wind.

Freight train operation is more costly than that of passenger trains.

The State Department, swamped by appeals to consuls in Europe for assistance to Americans stranded there, has issued a statement advising Americans to take plenty of money when they make a journey abroad.

William S. Benton, a British subject, was killed by Villistas in Mexico. The Mexican Government has agreed to pay his widow $10,000 and $2.50 a day pension as long as she remains unmarried.

Hundreds of tons of foodstuffs have been dumped into the sea at Havana due to congestion on the wharves.

Hog Island shipyard at Philadelphia, which cost the government $70,000,000, was offered for sale and brought $4,000,000 as the highest bid. The yard will be closed February 1, 1921, and will be held until better business conditions bring bids more in keeping with its value.

Dueling has been legalized by the legislature of Uruguay.

Omaha, Nebraska, has had its first arrest on a charge of "reckless aviation." A flyer who was charged with disturbing the peace by flying very low through the business district was let off with a warning that the next time he would be fined.

After fifteen years of waiting the great memorial to General U. S. Grant in the botanical gardens at Washington is to be dedicated next spring. The memorial, which contains great bronze groups of many arms of the military service, is one of the largest in the world.

Governor W. P. Hobby, of Texas, will go to Mexico City to attend the inauguration of President Obregon, December 1. President Obregon recently visited several states of the Southwest as the guest of the governors.

In Japan the police have the power to grant divorces.

The only persons able to vote without a struggle in Chicago were expert paper hangers. The ballot was nearly a yard square.

Emperor Wilhelm continues to buy only German goods when possible.

By a clause in a special treaty concluded soon after the first Punjab war the maharajah of Kashmir has the right—which he exercises—of prohibiting the importation into his territories of pork pies.

Field Marshal Lord Haig, who led the British armies in France, was Gold Stick-in-Waiting on King George during October.

The oldest occupied dwelling in the United States is at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Eddie Guerin, who escaped from the French penal colony of Devil's Island, is under arrest in London on a charge of picking pockets and assaulting the police. Guerin was sent to Devil's Island for life after a Paris bank robbery in 1901.

J. W. Patterson, said to be the tallest man in the United States, died at Texarkana, Texas. He stood seven feet five inches.

Nome, Alaska, center of the gold rush of 1900, when it had a population of 15,000, now has only 200 inhabitants.

Omoto-kyo, a new Japanese mystic religion, proclaims the approaching end of the world.

The much disputed question of the carrying of ammunition aboard the Lusitania when it was sunk by a German submarine has been revived by the statement of Dudley Field Malone, former collector of the port of New York who checked the ship's cargo on her last voyage, that there was aboard 4,200 cases of cartridges for England, or a total of 11 tons of black powder. The Lusitania was not armed, Mr. Malone said.

Owing to overcrowded conditions in the Washington, D. C., schools, a plan is being considered to use motion picture theaters of the city as classrooms.

Warren G. Harding, president-elect, made 171 speeches during his campaign.

The housing problem in Mexico is so acute that the cities of Tampico and Vera Cruz are considering the use of knockdown houses as a temporary relief.

There were three deaths to two births in France last year.

English churches are allowing films of a religious nature to be shown to their congregations.

Successful experiments upon 59 persons suffering from leprosy led officials of the United States Public Health Service to believe that they have at last found a cure for that disease.

Knut Hamsun, Norwegian author, who won the 1920 Nobel Prize for literature, was formerly a conductor on the old Halsted street horse car line in Chicago in the early eighties.

Lenin anticipates a sudden collapse of the Soviet by keeping six automobiles at the Kremlin gates for escape when the storm breaks, according to reports from Copenhagen.

The crops of Poland this year will be but 60 per cent of normal as over half of them are in raided lands.

The French nation is facing a period of economic difficulties because the fever of speculation has not abated and other elements, such as the uncertainty of reparations payments, political war clouds and the budget, have combined in prolonging the abnormal conditions.

The roots of violet plants are used for fuel in China.

A woman in Iowa, 93 years of age, not content with the novelty of voting for the first time, sent her absent voter's ballot by airplane from Pasadena, California.

Plans to put a set of boxing gloves in every Chicago school for the use of pupils are being made by the chairman of the finance committee of the board of education of that city.

The National Consumers' League will hold its twenty-fifth annual meeting in Philadelphia this month. Prominent speakers will discuss cost of living problems.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year *One Dollar* | Dearborn, Michigan, November 20, 1920 | Single Copy *Five Cents*

Prospects of a Church Reunion in England

War has made denominations increasingly conscious of their divisions, and clergy feeling growth of indifference are attempting welding.

Louisiana Will Have World's Largest Zoo

Thousands of acres have been set aside for the maintenance of a refuge for things of the land and air, where they may live, unhunted and unharried.

America's Dreadful Waste of Infant Life

A study of Mortality rates in the United States reveals that community and economic conditions are chief factors. Interesting charts are used to illustrate the situation.

The High and Low of Jewish Money Power

Herewith is presented a brief survey of both ends of Jewish influence in Wall Street, a discussion ranging from legitimate banking to large thefts of Liberty bonds.

Census of 1920 Bespeaks a Sound America

Great shifting from country to city declared not to be alarming, as result of analysis of figures from one hundred agricultural counties and comparison with conditions in 1910.

Trespassing on Burroughs

A story in which the gentle octogenarian and an unexpected visitor "talk of many things."

Many Noteworthy Features

There are of course "Mr. Ford's Page," editorials, sparkling short features and illustrations.

A Novelist of the Screen

Relating the novel work of a writer who, like thousands of others, has gone into the films.



Many Men of Many Minds



Henry McBride.—Painters in America have grievous cause for quarrel with the writers of America and are strangely patient under it. I refer to the indifference of the writers to the studio output, an indifference so complete that it would be insolent were it not also weak. To be sure Americans of all sorts are indifferent to this output but that only makes the crime of the writers—who have less excuse than our pork packers for burying their talents in a napkin—the more aggravating.

Henry de Man.—World-citizenship is a state of mind. As the ideal of a cultured minority, it is as old as Christianity. It is not incompatible with patriotism. The beginning of world-citizenship is—citizenship.

L. Ames Brown.—The scientific facts against the use of tobacco by young persons are overwhelming.

H. G. Wells.—The victor in the next great war will be bombed from the air, starved, and depleted almost as much as the loser. His victory will be no easy one; it will be a triumph of the exhausted and dying over the dead. Unless mankind can eliminate or control its pugnacity, no other prospect seems open to us but decadence, at least to such a level of barbarism as to lose and forget again all the scientific and industrial achievements of our present age.

Next War Victor Will Suffer Nearly as Much as Loser

J. C. Long.—The farmer of today affords the best clothes, subscribes to the foremost magazines, comes into town to see the latest show, knows more about the League of Nations than does the State Department, and snaps his fingers at the erstwhile wax-mustached villain who used to hold the fatal mortgage.

Carl Akeley, naturalist.—The comparatively few men who have tried to study the elephant have not gained as much knowledge as you would imagine they would, because until you've tried it you can't realize how extremely difficult it is to study the live African elephant.

Lothrop Stoddard.—Not merely by theoretic preachment, but by sustained practice, by consistent conduct extending over decades, the Scandinavian nations give the world a concrete example of a group of nations settling fundamental disputes without war, in a spirit of reasonable fairness and with increasing friendship and co-operation.

Eleanor Beers Lestrade.—In the heart of the South American forest, in a region that is called by the natives "Behind God's Back," is a waterfall that for its width is the highest in the world, but as the trip from Georgetown, British Guiana—the nearest point of civilization—is long and difficult, it has not been seen by more than a hundred white men, and, at the most, ten white women.

F. A. McKenzie.—Japan has re-created a spirit of nationality among the Korean people, and by her very harshness has tempered that spirit into a deadly weapon against herself. She has destroyed liberty. She has the country one great prison.

President-elect Warren G. Harding.—We must put our postal service upon a new basis.

Carl Dientsbach.—Mathematicians once maintained that it was impossible to carry the size of an airplane beyond certain definite dimensions—dimensions dictated by theory. Why? Because the weights increase as the cubes of the similar dimensions, while the areas of the supporting surfaces increase only as the square. The ratio of weight to area increases as the linear dimensions until the point is reached where the machine will not fly. How came the mathematicians to be in error? They forgot that the most sacred law of the cube held good only when a large airplane was a geometrical copy of a small one. When an airplane is so designed that it is *not* a copy of a small one, there appears to be no limit to the size it may reach. When this was proved, the law of the cube vanished in the wake of many other scientific superstitions.

How Big a Plane Can Be Built? No Limit, He Says

Sir Auckland Geddes, British ambassador to the United States.—The British Government will welcome the co-operation of the Government of the United States in dealing with the problems of the East and the West and that so far as trade is concerned it stands today by its old policy of fair trade and equal opportunity.

Homer L. Ferguson, president of Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company.—A successful man is a man who, without more than a reasonable and average breaking of luck, attains an honorable and respected position in *whatever* line he goes into. I do not define success as the ability to accumulate a large amount of money. It happens practically without exception that the successful man *does* get all of the money that he needs or wants to have; but since the earning capacities of various vocations differ markedly, it is wholly unfair to measure success by a money standard.

David Lloyd George.—What the government is offering to Ireland is partnership in the greatest empire the world ever has known, at the height of its power.

Brander Matthews.—When all is said that needs to be said and when we have set up a few score Americanisms over against a few score Briticisms, we cannot help seeing that the divergences between British English and American English are relatively very few, if only we keep in mind the immense vocabulary of our ever-expanding language.

Charles S. Barrett, president of the National Farmers Union.—Under the governmental urge to feed the hunger-stricken people of the world, our farmers, at enormous sacrifices of both money and labor, endeavored to produce adequate crops this year. Despite this fact, the farmers have been forced to bear the brunt of a deflation policy instituted by the government, a policy which is the basis of the farmers' present financial troubles.

Hsu Un Yuen, councilor, Chinese Cabinet.—There exists a friendly spirit between the people of China and America that is found between the peoples of few nations.

Professor A. S. Pearse.—What a scientist, and particularly a zoologist, has as a reward for choosing poverty is freedom—for gaining a place among his own kind, for thought, for spreading ideas, for new discoveries. To those with scientific instincts, nothing could pay for the loss of this. The minister has the satisfaction of doing good, but is a slave to his creed; a lawyer may be great and good, but in the last analysis makes his living from the troubles of his fellows; the physician does good and makes money, but leads an harassed life at the beck and call of his patients; the banker has easy hours, may do good and become wealthy, but must lead a mean, penny-pinching, sordid existence at best. To those who prize free minds—Ho for the life of the scientist! Poverty be—withstood!

Why the Life of a Scientist Is to Be Preferred

Henry Van Dyke.—Democracy is a word variously employed. It signifies a government, a theory, a way of living, and (like Boston) a state of mind.

F. W. Galbraith, Jr., national commander, American Legion.—Disabled soldiers are regarded as mere cases. They appear to be sheaves of papers rather than the nation's heroes.

Thomas A. Edison.—If we are to make any real progress in psychic investigation, we must do it with scientific apparatus and in a scientific manner, just as we do in medicine, electricity, chemistry, and other fields. I purpose to furnish pyschic investigators with an apparatus which will give a scientific aspect to their work.

William Jennings Bryan.—The President should resign and turn over his office to Mr. Marshall, on the condition that on the convening of Congress in December, Mr. Marshall appoint Senator Harding Secretary of State and himself resign. The law then would make Mr. Harding President and with the Republican support in Congress, he could at once put into operation the plan for the United States to enter into an association of nations for peace.

William G. McAdoo.—Under our political system, it is always better to have one party control at Washington than to have divided authority.

James B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank of Chicago.—If a man is promoted solely on seniority, he is worth exactly the market rate in his locality for such a position. Not a cent more! For he has put himself into the class of a *marketable commodity,* instead of into a *personality* class. He has no trade-mark which sets him apart from the common run of men in his position. A commodity can be bought and sold in the market. But if you get out of the commodity class, by demonstrating that you possess individual abilities—such as exceptional thoroughness, or unusual industry, or uncommon initiative—then you become a specialty. And, as such, you can, in effect, fix your own salary.

Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell, statistician.—We are now blaming ourselves for our absurd performances in 1919. They were absurd; but what we did in that year of madness the whole world was doing—several of the nations on a more extravagant scale than ours. The recovery from this fit will also be an international spectacle and its consequences of price reductions, liquidations, bankruptcies and—let us hope—eventual resumption of hard work at making useful goods will run their course over all the continents.

What the Year of Madness Will Bring in Its Wake

Edith R. Spaulding, M. D.—It is interesting to watch a child who is taken up each time he cries. The smile of perfect contentment and satisfaction that glows in his face when this means of quieting him is resorted to is sufficient evidence of the cause of his crying and of the satisfactory fulfillment of his desires. Such constant yielding to his wishes upsets the balance of his life.

Enrico Malatesta, Italian revolutionist.—Why should I kill kings? I would sooner kill chickens, for chickens are good to eat. But kings, of what use are they?

Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins.—If society were once freed of militarism and of grind-poverty, what a difference on the earth! Then we might hope, without foolishness, that in time all other things would be added unto us.

Stephane Lauzanne, editor-in-chief of *Le Matin.*—France today does not want to hear any talk of parleys with the Soviets. It is a question, I would almost say, of religion. France believes in the religion of property, and the Soviets wish to destroy property. France believes in the religion of the sovereignty of the people and of the equality of the citizens; the Soviets recognize only the sovereignty of a small class of laborers and intend to make the nine-tenths of the citizens slaves of the last tenth. No business, no compromise with that. One may come to terms about a debt, one may compromise on a payment; but one cannot come to terms or compromise on a principle.

Dr. Charles Aubrey Eaton.—What we are coming to in the modern world is a form of personal distinction which results from high quality of character and mind rather than from clothes, cash or the ability to make a loud noise.

Dr. E. J. Dillon.—Alvaro Obregon, is not only the most distinguished and influential representative—he is to a noteworthy extent the creator of those moral and intellectual forces still widely scattered and seemingly inadequate, which appear destined ultimately to save Mexico from the irreparable ruin into which it was gradually sinking. He stands on a higher moral and intellectual level than his race. He is endowed in a greater degree with those special aptitudes which distinguish the people of the United States, and in addition he displays some of the most valuable traits of the Mexican race.

Obregon Pictured as Man Able to Save Mexico

Professor W. B. Pillsbury, psychologist at University of Michigan.—Cold feet may induce a dream of walking barefoot through snow; a dog shaking the bed may start a dream of a storm at sea.

The Census Bespeaks a Sound America

A CHANGE in the domiciliary status of William Y. Saunders of, we'll say, Cross Corners, Nebraska, is causing the "whither-are-we-trending" economists to suffer from brain fag. It seems that Mr. Saunders and Mrs. Saunders and the little Saunderses were not found on the old Saunders homestead when the census taker called in January of this year. Inasmuch as they were there in 1910 and in 1900 and maybe on numerous preceding decennial years, their absence this year caused quite a shock.

Failure to find the Saunders family in its old rural haunt inspires many to wonder if agricultural life isn't shrinking to the point whereby our food supply may be threatened in the not far distant future. For so many Saunders families and other families failed to answer from "real country" farms the roll call of the census that, it seems, undisputed farm population will show a decrease in the 1920 census returns.

The explanation probably is that William Y. Saunders has merely moved to town, where his children can attend better schools and his wife reach a more prosperous church than were available to them in the country. Very likely he is just as much a farmer as ever and is contributing just as much, probably more, to agricultural production than he ever did. The fact that he has moved to town, from which by reason perhaps of an automobile and good roads he can yet direct his farm, may reflect more favorably than disfavorably on the condition and state of agricultural life in these United States in the year of 1920.

That American farming life is tending somewhat toward converging in towns and villages, that agricultural production is keeping apace with demand despite an apparent decrease in "real country" population and tremendous increase in "urban" population—that, succintly, American life is still sound and distributed on a healthy basis, no matter what changes have come about, are among the things which United States Census tabulations to date clearly reveal.

Yet the changes which tabulations to date show or suggest are intensely interesting and in many ways they are of exceeding importance. The growth of population shown for the last ten years is rather under expectations. Instead of there being at least one hundred and ten millions of us, as nearly everybody expected, we number only a little more than a hundred and five and one-half millions. The rate of increase in total population was less than for several previous census periods. For the first time in our history, American population failed to double during the last thirty years because of decline in rate of growth during the last ten years. This is attributed by the census people to the effect of the war in cutting off immigration and, in slight measure, to the epidemics of influenza which ran up the death rate for a year or two.

The growth of population is less significant than the changes in its distribution which the 1920 census is showing. The most puzzling change is in that division defined by the Census Bureau as "urban" and "rural." By "urban population" the bureau means all those people who live in towns and cities of 2,500 or more inhabitants. That type of our population has grown either tremendously or outrageously, depending upon whether you are a pessimist or optimist. It now clearly constitutes more than one-half of all our population. More than twelve million Americans now live in "urban" territory than so lived in 1910. The rate of growth was 28.6 per cent for the last ten years. By "rural population" the Census Bureau means all those people who live in towns and villages of less than 2,500 inhabitants and the open spaces of unrestricted and unincorporated "real country." They constitute only 48.1 per cent of the total population, and show a growth of only 3.1 per cent during the last ten years. But if we eliminate all incorporated communities and consider "real country" only, we find that the undisputed farm population has actually decreased. Preliminary figures issued by the Census Bureau show that 227,355 fewer persons actually live in pure rural territory than so lived in 1910; and that that type of population constitutes only 38.8 per cent of all.

From those figures the pessimistically inclined may draw very gloomy deductions as to the future. Superficially, they would indicate that mouths to be fed are increasing, though not so fast as of yore, quite rapidly, while hands for producing food to fill those mouths are decreasing. If the analysis were correct there could be but one meaning, scarcer and costlier food and other farm products. But such an analysis isn't necessarily correct, nor even nearly correct.

In the first place, as in the case of the Saunders family we have noted, more farmers have probably left the farms than have quit farming. And each person engaged in farming is producing more than ever before, with prospect of continued and accelerated increase. This latter circumstance no doubt accounts for much of the shifting of farm population to the cities, that is to say, the farms do not need so many hands as in the day when farm machinery lent less aid than it does now in producing crops.

No doubt, however, there were other and less healthy causes for some shifting of population cityward, for example, high wages. But since the census was taken, many of those causes are not operating so forcefully as they did. It is now the opinion of some agricultural department experts that the trend of population is now actually from city to country.

The trend of farmers toward the more comfortable life afforded by the urban community is shown by the substantial growth in the population of those villages and towns that are so small as to be classed with rural territory. They show an increase of nearly two millions, or 21.5 per cent, constituting a total population that now comprises nearly 10 per cent of all the people in the country.

While there was great shifting of population as between sections, particularly in the direction of industrial areas affected by the war, there were no changes in that direction which seem to forebode any serious national problems, unless it be the extraordinary growth of the very large cities. There are no such radical state gains as were shown in 1910 when three states recorded population increases of more than 100 per cent. In fact, the largest percentage gain made by a state during the last census period is 63.1 for Arizona. New York state shows a gain of only 13.9 per cent, and that of New Jersey, a characteristically "industrial" state, gained only 24.4 per cent. Pennsylvania, another "industrial state" gained only 13.8 per cent, and California gained 44.1 per cent. Only three states show decreases, Mississippi, Nevada and Utah, and in each case the decrease is small.

It is not very difficult to explain the census figures on total population. It is quite difficult to explain those on the number of farms found in operation when the figures were gathered last January. They show that there has been only a slight gain in farms. This was a great surprise to the best experts, even those in the United States Department of Agriculture. They were confident the 1920 census would show at least 7,000,000 operating American farms, while it actually shows only 6,459,998, against 6,361,502 in 1910 and 5,737,372 in 1900. Heretofore American farms have increased in number at the rate of about one per cent a year, while for all of the last ten years the increase was only 1.5 per cent.

One-half the states actually show decreases in the number of farms. It is significant, too, that no one of those that showed decreases in 1910 now shows increases. New Mexico, which showed an increase of over 100 per cent during the first decade of the century, discloses a decrease for the last ten years. The Far West generally shows increases in the number of farms, New England shows decreases, most of the South shows increases, and in the Middle West it is a set-off between slight increase and small decrease."

Does the failure of farms to increase in number indicate larger farms? The complete figures on that item are not yet available but those which have been announced indicate that, as usual, the American farm shrank in size during the last ten years. However, the first hundred counties whose figures were tabulated report that the shrinkage was in unimproved rather than improved land. In those countries, representing nearly one-half the states, there was a small increase in the land actually under cultivation. And the shrinkage in the number as well as the size of the farms is not reflected by decrease in agricultural output. While the figures on that item are not complete, partial tabulations indicate that farm production has kept up fully with growth in the country's population. This is proven definitely for the counties and states that have been fully tabulated.

The reason production seems to have kept up in the face of a declining farm population and area is evidently because of farm machinery. All the reports show phenomenal growth in the value of farm assets grouped in "farm implements and machinery." Virtually every county tabulated shows that those values have outgrown all other farm values. It is not all due to the fact that farm implements and machinery cost more than they did ten years ago, but undoubtedly much of it is due to the fact that farms are now stocked with much more and better implements and machinery. Invariably the value of that item of farm assets is shown to have grown more than 100 per cent during the last ten years. It has outgrown even the increase in the value of land, which, however, has gained at a greater rate than was shown for the decade 1900-1910. The first 142 counties whose figures were tabulated showed increases in the value of farm lands and buildings averaging 70 per cent. They included all the counties of two New England states, where increases were small, and an undue proportion of other eastern states where farm land has not gone up so much as in other sections of the country. About one-half the counties so far reported on show increase in the value of farm lands averaging 100 per cent or more. About one-fifth shows increases of 200 per cent or more. That on the whole is a healthy sign, for if farming as an industry were in the "bad way" that other figures can be made to indicate there wouldn't be that eagerness for land that is expressed in heightening values. Yet in many localities growing values, expressed in land, have had a depressive effect on agriculture. The small farmer has been driven from many communities by inability to buy land. It is interesting to note that a compilation of figures so far disclosed on land values shows the greatest increases were in those counties, taken together, where tenantry is reported on the increase. Yet it is reassuring to note also that only about one-third of the counties report increase in tenantry.

Hence, the census figures announced to date do not give body to the probably choicest morsel constantly chewed upon by the "whither-are-we-drifting" type of agricultural economists. The returns from nearly two hundred counties may be unrepresentative, but they indicate that tenantry, instead of causing farm life in America to be dominated by absentee ownership as it is abroad, is probably declining. And in most of the country the percentage of tenants when compared with owners directing their own farms is not so large as many think.

The advances made in the use of farm machinery is reflected in substantial decline in the horse population on farms as it has declined even more decidedly in cities. In the first one hundred counties 309,620 horses were reported this year, as against 326,258 in 1910. But that ancient competitor of the horse, the mule, is not suffering in like manner. The districts that have been reported on show big increase in the mule population, which proves that despite the growing use of automobiles and tractors, the farmer is far from dis-

(Concluded on page 12)

What the First 100 Agricultural Counties Show

	Census 1920	Census 1910
Number of Farms	151,442	150,156
Acres in Farms	15,986,102	16,147,812
Improved Acreage	8,039,084	7,899,318
Number of Horses	309,620	326,258
Number of Mules	164,484	120,791
Number of Cattle	1,236,449	1,084,716
Number of Hogs	1,379,786	1,195,326
	(1919)	(1909)
Corn Acreage	49,458,275	46,152,604
	(1919)	(1909)
Wheat Acreage	9,673,204	8,323,590
	(1919)	(1909)
Oats Acreage	8,340,368	10,192,138
	(1919)	(1909)
Hay Acreage	1,690,078	1,468,772

States represented, but not in equal proportion—Arkansas, Alabama, California, Georgia, Florida, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Ohio, North Dakota, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin.



The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 4, November 20, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:
1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

Fix the Price of Coal

ANNOUNCEMENT is made by the Senate committee which has been conducting an investigation of the coal industry that unless the men responsible for the manner in which the business is conducted will reform their methods a proposal to nationalize the mines will be submitted to the next Congress. Either the price of coal must be reduced voluntarily, states the committee, or the government will find it necessary to take control of the situation.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT took occasion some time ago to discuss the coal situation in this country and in doing so pointed out that there is no possible reason, except greed, for the price of coal. It was able to trace the cost of producing, shipping and marketing coal from the time it is dug out in the mines until it reaches the consumer's bin, and this revealed the fact that the financial interests which control the coal fields make three profits on every ton of coal they sell. Nor is this all, for it was also shown that the consumer, in addition to paying these three profits once, pays a tax on the ton of coal which he bought last year and the ton which he will buy next year.

How utterly ridiculous it is that a nation which produces half the coal of the world and has more than half the world's supply in its mines should be forced into a position every winter where it must submit to extortion or run the danger of freezing to death.

Senator Calder, of the committee, is declared by the newspapers to have stated that legislation will be proposed which will include price fixing at the mines. It is to be hoped that the Senator has been quoted correctly and that the committee will lose no time in carrying out its intentions when Congress is called. There is no longer much guesswork about the cost of producing a ton of coal. The government has any amount of data on the cost of production and shipping. If these are not enough Congress has access to the records of the Treasury Department, which reveal the extent of the tremendous profits piled up by the coal mine operators of late years. With these figures on hand it need not be difficult to fix a fair price. The mining interests may not like it, but they have no one to blame but themselves.

The report of the committee has also developed an interesting side issue, for it has revealed the fact that the nation is not nearly so well prepared to face the winter as has been supposed. The fact that the mines have been producing more than 2,000,000 tons a week for the past several weeks has been pointed to so frequently that a belief has arisen that there is enough coal for any emergency. Now it is admitted that these figures do not mean much because the reserve supply is low and the current demands are so great that only a small amount of the weekly production can be counted as surplus.

The mine operators say prices will undoubtedly fall soon. But the mine owners have been saying that same thing for months now and prices are still excessive. The country will know how much reliance to put in such promises and so should Congress.

A Forward Step

THERE is promise in the recent awakening of organized labor to the fact that increased wages carried beyond certain points cannot bring about a permanent amelioration of working conditions. In Baltimore twelve thousand workers in the building trades refused the hourly increase proffered, thus taking an important first step toward a restoration of pre-war prices.

The scarcity of man power caused by the raising of a huge army was such that labor in common with many employers took advantage of conditions to profiteer. The result has been prices out of all proportion to cost. These prices have begun to fall, but the readjustment cannot be complete or satisfactory if we are compelled to witness workers demanding war wages and pre-war prices for that which they consume.

Production is the chief factor in the restoration of normal conditions, and although exports admittedly are in a bad way, due to the exchange situation, continued increased output for domestic consumption will do much toward bringing about price levels that may be considered more normal than those which have obtained.

And to obtain a satisfying production necessarily there must be the co-operation of labor, whole heartedly given. It will bring a reward, a contentment that recent conditions never could hope to effect.

The Graft Disclosures

THE influence of the disclosures of graft in the building trades of New York City will not be confined to the metropolis. They will make themselves felt throughout the country in many ways and for a long time to come.

Justly or unjustly labor will suffer heavily from the impairment of public confidence. The public will not be swift to forget the tale of extortion and graft which is being drawn out on the witness stand and it will view with suspicion any future acts on the part of labor which are not so thoroughly grounded in justice that their fairness is obvious.

In disowning the grafters, labor has acted wisely but it will need to go much further than this. It will need to support the prosecution unanimously; it will have to curb its more radical members and last of all it will need to show considerable tolerance and forbearance in its dealings with the public.

Public confidence is the most valuable of all labor's weapons. Labor must hold that at any cost and it can hope to do so only by proving that such conditions as have existed in New York find no support whatever in its councils.

Out of the Depths

IN THESE times of research and invention nothing need be lost permanently. That which in the days gone by would have been considered beyond recovery may now be retrieved without great difficulty. Eric A. Dime in a late number of "Science and Invention," describes a method of raising a sunken ship, no matter in how many feet of water it may be resting.

According to the writer, huge chains are placed around the hull of the ship, to which are attached enormous air and watertight pontoons. When everything is ready, these latter are pumped full of air and the ship, with its treasure, which had been considered gone forever, rises slowly to the surface. The secrets, which for years have been buried beneath the waves, may now be brought to light, and the ship's cargo, in many cases unhurt by the action of the water, together with the vessel itself, are recovered. That which was lost had come back once more from out of the depths.

That nothing is lost beyond recovery is true in more senses than one.

A man's good reputation may have vanished overnight as the result of an indiscreet act. Years of good living may have gone for naught before the blast of an insidious enemy whose vicious tales have been believed by the multitude. Innocent words and actions may have been twisted and distorted until they conveyed a meaning entirely different from what was intended. A man's reputation may have gone to the winds, but it is not lost forever. It can be retrieved. A frank statement of the case, return to the paths of probity, an honest effort to regain the confidence of your fellow men will succeed in the end, if you don't give up hope.

Position may be lost and won again. A man's or woman's standing in the financial, mercantile or social world may totter and collapse and seem to fly away like the thistledown before the wind. That most precious of all possessions, health, may fade. Yet all is not lost.

It was Browning who said:

"Then welcome each rebuff,
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting, that bids not sit nor stand, but go."

The Salvation Army has a motto which is painted in a prominent place in all their barracks, where it will be seen upon entering the hall. It is:

"A Man May Be Down But He's Never Out."

Make that motto yours, and see how fast you will "come back."

A will to determine, faith in one's ability to accomplish, and the helping hand of another, will work wonders and bring any man or woman back from out of the depths.

California and the Japanese

AT LEAST one thing has been accomplished by the majority given to the Japanese Land Exclusion Act in California; it has convinced the nation and probably the State Department of the fact that Californians are united on the question.

There has been a vast amount of propaganda spread in the Middle West and the East by those who were opposed to the passage of this act, and one of the natural results of the circulation of these arguments was the germination of doubt concerning the real sentiment of California. The counting of the votes, however, wipes all this away. For the people of California to have carried the act by a two to one vote would have been amply sufficient to smash all arguments that the movement was a selfish one fostered only by a few interests. But when it is endorsed by a vote which seems likely to be three to one or even better, the remainder of the nation cannot fail to realize that such unanimity cannot exist where a cause is wholly without merit.

At the same time that the people of California were casting their ballots in referendum which resulted in the passage of the new law, the courts of the state declared its legality and the last possible point of weakness in the front presented by the western state was effectively shored up.

The State Department and the nation at large now have something definite upon which to stand in their consideration of the exclusion of Japanese from the ownership of agricultural lands. One, therefore, may look for definite pronouncements in the near future.

Hope Springs Eternal

THE delight, which those who still hanker for personal liquid liberty in the form of malt, spiritous or vinous liquors, feel over the recent decision of the Supreme Court seems a trifle childish. The very great majority of the American people have no stock of intoxicants hidden away and the decision which says that a man may have access to the wet goods he acquired legally before the country went dry is going to affect a very small number of people.

The rather reckless talk in which some newspapers have engaged to the effect that the decision means the release of the 45,000,000 gallons of whisky stored in bonded warehouses is not worthy of serious consideration. There is nothing in the decision which can be constructed as meaning that the Supreme Court intends to open the floodgates and drown the country in whisky.

The fact is, those who profess to see hope for the breaking of the long dry spell are merely those who want such an occurrence. The wish in this case is clearly father to the thought.

The blow struck at home brewing by the order to Federal officers to stop the sale of hops and malt should convince even those simple souls who cling to the belief that the prohibition issue is not settled, that the government is not interested in enlarging any of the fissures through which trickles of moisture are escaping.

The Shipping Expose

SENSATIONAL disclosures as to conditions which have prevailed in the Shipping Board may well match the revelations made during the war of the tragic waste in attempting to formulate the aircraft program.

Graft seems to have been part and parcel of the operations of the workers on great fleets built by America to meet conditions brought about by U-boat sinkings, and there is pleasure to be found only in the fact that there is no taint of suspicion against the executives of the board, and that, as a matter of fact, Admiral Benson, the present head of the board, in no wise was responsible or able to thwart that which already had existed when he entered office.

So far-reaching is the report, and so many are the ramifications of the enterprises engaged in by those who were given employment, that at times the amazing statements reach the ludicrous. The report about the ship that was stolen by its skipper, and is now up for sale on the west coast of Africa, is well-nigh beyond belief.

It is to be hoped that the investigation by the congressional committees will be continued until every angle of the situation has been brought to light, and those who permitted such things to come about, be named.

And, too, we may inquire further into the wooden-ship proposition with profit. There are scores anchored end to end in various harbors in the country, and no use can be found for them. Also, there have been no purchasers. Is it possible that there are persons who are waiting for conditions even more favorable to take over this vast fleet?

Mr. Ford's Page

ONE of the American poets has a line which runs somewhat like this—"All of good the past hath had, remains to make our own time glad." He probably had his own special thought about that fact when he wrote the words, and being a poet it is quite likely that some aspects of the truth, or illustrations of it, did not occur to him. But the heart of any great utterance, the quality that makes it live, is its element of truth. And many a truth is uttered, the full meaning of which is not comprehended by him to whom it is given to utter it. There is a prophetic element in truth—the future keeps fulfilling it.

If you begin even at so common a point as house furnishing, the poet's line still holds good. There was something about the old-fashioned furniture that not only satisfied the demand of utility but also satisfied the eye. The old chairs were not only strong and comfortable, but because they were that they were graceful also. They were pleasant to look upon as well as rest upon. They became "old-fashioned" in the eyes of a succeeding generation, and were displaced by strange designs which were often neither useful nor ornamental. But now, do you notice, they are coming back, the old-fashioned rocking chairs, the old-fashioned straight chairs, the old-fashioned sofas and the old-fashioned tables. And for no other reason than that they satisfy better than the new-fashioned ones.

This is perhaps more generally noticeable in the return of fireplaces. It was once the fashion to board up the fireplaces in old-fashioned homes and "paper" over the space. Stoves were all the style. Stoves, of course, are useful, but people like to see the fire. Children love to see the "eyes of fire" shining through the sliding front doors of the kitchen cookstove. Adults like the sight of fire in the old-fashioned "self-feeder," now rechristened the "base-burner."

But none of these satisfy like the free leaping flames of the fireplace, and it is becoming quite the custom in many parts to build even the smaller homes with fireplaces. Our contact with fire is about the only natural contact we can keep in our city life. Fire is elemental. Fire is common to the earth beneath and the stars and suns above. We feel united again to the natural order in the presence of domestic fire. Simply to look at it—how it draws our gaze, how it fascinates us into dreams and visions!

There is a passage in the Bible which says all this in a few words: "I am warm; I have *seen* the fire." The very sight of fire, domestic fire, is comfortable both to the spirit and the body. The fireplace is coming back because it is one of the good things of the past which the present is not willing to let disappear.

It is so with wheels. In the earlier days everyone, or nearly every family, had its own conveyance. It was so much a necessity, a family necessity, that no one thought of it as a luxury. Animals were cheap, conveyances were easily constructed.

Then with the invention of steam transportation and the growth of cities, individual conveyances began to decrease in number, so much so that in England the term "gigman," or a man who owned a gig, was descriptive of aristocracy. Until a few years ago everyone, except a comparative few in the whole population, traveled by train or street car. And although the railway did a great deal toward diminishing the greater distances, it tended to increase the lesser distances. The intercommunication of the community was decreased. People could not so easily get about their immediate environment. It became difficult even to cross the space of a city. Wheels for local conveyance became fewer and fewer.

But once more the world is on wheels, and it will never get off them again. Individual and family transportation is not only a nation-wide but a world-wide fact. Instead of there being less wheels under personal direction in the future, there will be more and better ones. What the past found good and necessary, the present is finding good and necessary, and it will be the same in the future.

So, you could go through the whole round of daily living and find the old things coming back. We are even going back to the use of water power to a greater extent than ever our forbears did. It may be that we shall sometime find many of the old-time domestic arts return to the household. What an influence for good it would have on trade at large if the households of the land learned again what constitutes good quality in clothing and food. We are being clothed with shoddy because we do not know how to identify good quality in the goods we buy. Our mothers could run their fingers over a piece of cloth and tell to the thread what constituted it. They were good buyers because they knew material qualities. But since the household arts have disappeared, we are at the mercy of the adulterator in foods and fabrics and other manufactured materials. Who knows but that the spinning wheel may yet return alongside the fireplace, the old settle, and the family conveyance? Who knows but that the family bake oven will return also? One thing is quite clear, if there were more of the art of baking bread in the land, the price of bread would more nearly conform to the price of wheat than it does now. But this phase of return to the old ways awaits a period of invention which will put at the disposal of the housewife the same improvements which have come to pass in other fields. We may yet see contrivances appear which will make the household more a self-sustaining community than it now is. Contrivances that shall separate the work from the drudgery will revolutionize the work of housekeeping, as they have done in other fields.

One former practice ought to come back at once, and that is the good old-fashioned habit of providing for the winter. All-the-year-round industrialism has had a tendency to make us an improvident folk in this regard. The fervor of the old-time Thanksgiving arose from the fact that men could see their winter provisions ahead of them. They had a feeling of snugness and security. The woodpiles were ample, the cellar was stored with the substantial necessities of life. There was no dread of the ordinary preventable lacks of supply.

It would seem that this practice is well worth restoring and preserving. It is an undeniable fact that although we live in cities, although we have largely left the agricultural field, we are still affected by the seasons, just as it is true that although we have practically abolished night from our cities, we are still affected by the night. Civilization has not abolished winter in the least, only a few of its physical discomforts.

We should be approaching the winter in a better frame of mind if we could think of all the families of the country as well provided against their winter needs. If we could feel today, in looking abroad on our country and the world, that like the bees and the squirrels, the families of the earth had kept winter in mind all through the allurements to summer extravagance, and had fortified themselves against the slackness and needs of winter, it would generate a spirit of thankfulness which would be entirely purged of selfishness and would itself constitute a hymn of happiness.

The old ways were not so foolish after all. They met the old necessities, and the old necessities are with us yet. Life is a business to be managed, and a great many people are "poor managers." This is not because they cannot be anything else, but simply because they have not grasped the idea that life is to be *managed*. The home is a little corporation in itself and needs something of the wise foresight, the wise repression of unprofitable impulses which keep other institutions solvent and afloat.

The old industry, the old thrift, the old preference of the necessary rather than the unnecessary, will help bring back something of the old material security.

IF A thing is old, it is a sign that it was fit to live. Old families, old customs, old styles survive because they are fit to survive. We notice it now in the return of the old styles in furniture: utility and beauty were more perfectly blended in the furniture of our fathers than in the gingerbread fashions which succeeded them. The old-fashioned fireplace is returning also. The closed fire is a good thing and will survive; but the open fire is good too, and is coming back by tens of thousands every building season. Old-fashioned hospitality ought to come back, and old-fashioned politeness and honor. And the very wise habit of imitating the squirrels, and laying by in store for the winter. It would be a much happier Thanksgiving if we could know that everyone was stocked up against the needs of winter.

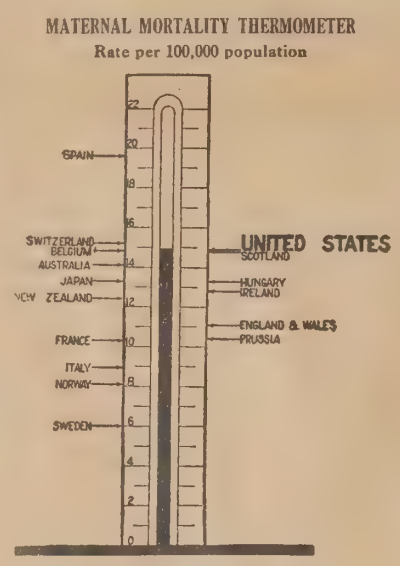
America's Dreadful Waste of Infant Life

A Study of United States Mortality Rates Reveals That Community and Economic Conditions Are Chief Factors

By AARON HARDY ULM

IN ONE of the last addresses made to members of the medical profession, General Gorgas, the army surgeon who in his work at Panama showed how the tropics can be made healthful, scarcely mentioned medicine and sanitation. He talked tax reform. He made the assertion that the application of a certain radical change in imposing taxes would do more for general health than perhaps all research work regarding germs and antitoxins that have been or will ever be made. The reform he said would relieve economic and social pressures that have more to do with producing bad health than do the specific diseases that cause ill health. In particular, he argued, the tax reform in question would have on housing an effect that alone would add immensely to the health and average length of life of the people of the country.

What he said regarding the predisposing causes of ill health and shortened lives among all the people is perhaps many times more applicable to illness and mortality among infants. A study of infant mortality brings one to the inevitable conclusion that the numbers of infants that die in proportion to the numbers that are born are governed more by community factors and economic conditions than by the bacilli and bacteria that are the immediate causes of most of the diseases from which infants die.



The United States lost over 16,000 women in 1916. We have a higher maternal death rate than any other of the principal countries except Spain or Switzerland.

Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.

"A baby that comes into the world has less chance to live one week than an old man of 90, and less chance to live a year than one of 80," says Bergeron. And that high risk of death is not in the case of babies due to inherent natural conditions as in the case of old men. Of course a certain percentage of babies are doomed to early death by inherent weaknesses, in part due to causes that perhaps cannot be overcome. But authorities hold that Nature strains every possible point to give every baby a fair chance to live. Some go so far as to assert that even the condition of the mother has little to do with the new-born baby's strength, that Nature will always sacrifice the mother on behalf of the infant. Hence those authorities maintain that babies of all classes, that is, of well nourished as well as poorly nourished mothers or leisure-laden as well as burden-laden mothers, are equally strong and vigorous at birth. But others assert that Nature cannot or does not go that far, and that, while Nature does her best, the condition and the environment of the mother have much to do with the infant's start in life.

Whatever the causes and the ultimate meaning of the high mortality among infants, it has been clearly demonstrated that, in this country and most other countries, it is much higher than it would be in a reasonably perfect order of society. In fact, students of the subject say that infant mortality in the United States is more than twice as great as it should be. That is to say, about 150,000 more babies die within the first year than should be the case.

Despite our habit of boasting of the superiority of our country over all others, statistics show that several other countries have lower infant mortality rates, which the authorities agree are the best available barometers of the true happiness, well-being and future outlook of a country and a people.

In New Zealand only fifty of every 1,000 children born die before they are a year old. In the birth and death registration area of this country the infant mortality rate is about double that of New Zealand. For the entire country it is probably higher. In 1910 it was estimated at 124, but undoubtedly there has been substantial reduction. Sweden, Norway, Ireland and Australia all have lower infant mortality rates than the United States, whose rate is much lower, however, than those of many other countries. Chile, if we omit heightened European rates caused by the war, leads with a rate of about 300. Russia has a rate of more than 200. In some parts of China and India the infant mortality rate is more than 500. *Only one of every two children born ever see a birthday anniversary.*

One cannot escape the impression that the infant mortality rates of different countries run somewhat parallel with the various countries' reputations for progress and the economic well-being, intelligence and character of their inhabitants. And if you examine the rates for various localities in the United States you will be impressed with a like comparison.

The infant mortality rate does not run evenly for all parts of the United States. In one notable city it was only 41 for 1919. It is of some significance that the city in question—Brookline, Massachusetts—contains a population that ranks first in the country for average wealth. And Brookline is noted for its culture, too. Another city, El Paso, Texas, reports a rate of 245 for 1919. It is due perhaps to a large Mexican population. Burlington, Vermont, with a total population similar in size to that of Brookline and also of similar climate, reports a rate of 150. Many other cities, large and small, show rates exceeding 100. Minnesota has the lowest rate for any state.

Differences in infant mortality rates are due in only small part to variations in climate; in fact, it is questioned whether climate has any kind of direct influence on the matter.

There is wide disagreement as to the relative importance of the numerous "causes" that are believed to affect infant mortality. At best, the students of the subject know only what phenomena go hand in hand, as a rule, with high rates, and what phenomena are absent when there are low rates. That phenomena bear upon all the equations of living existence. The experts are coming more and more to believe that things which can be controlled only by community action have more to do with the situation than the things that can be controlled within the home.

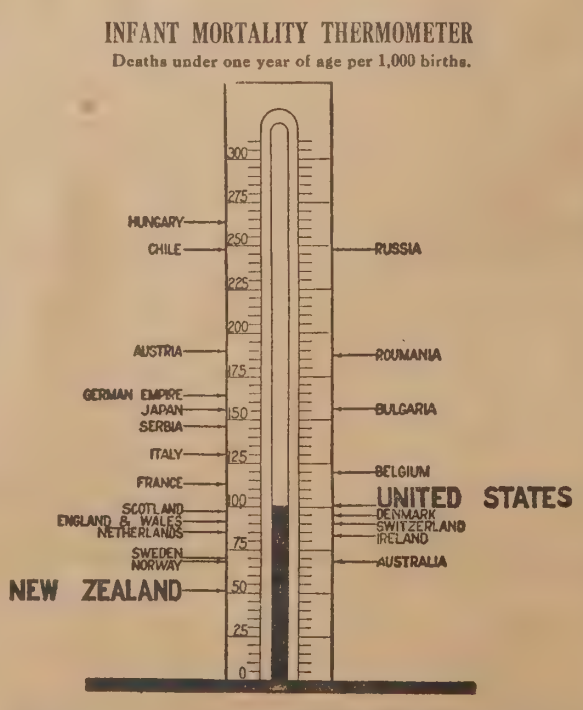
"Infant mortality is the most sensitive index we possess of social welfare and efficient sanitary administration, especially under urban conditions," says Sir Arthur Newsholme, perhaps the greatest authority on the subject.

Surveys made by the United States Children's Bureau, under the direction of Miss Julia Lathrop, its director, show that infant mortality is even a more far-reaching "index" than indicated by the famous British expert.

Those surveys consisted of sending expert investigators into different cities, where first-hand inquiry was made with regard to the history of every child born in the city within twelve months. House to house canvasses of homes were made and mothers were examined not as to births and deaths of offspring but as to every environmental condition.

The statistics show, when analyzed, many surprising conditions. Among other facts they prove that infant mortality rates run almost parallel with the incomes of fathers. For Baltimore families, where the fathers earned less than $550 a year—the figures are for 1915—the infant mortality rate was 288.6. For those where the fathers earned between $550 and $849 it was 178.3, decreasing with increase of income until the rate fell below 50 for infants born to mothers whose husbands earned $2,000 or more a year. Baltimore is the largest city that has been surveyed, but like parallel—though the percentages vary—between the rate of infant deaths and family income was found in all. Investigations made in Germany and Great Britain show a similar parallel, the figures often being more extreme than those for America.

There was like parallel between the infant mortality rate and all those things which income usually reflects. In Johnstown, Pennsylvania, the rate for houses into which water was piped was 117.6; in houses that depended for water on wells and pumps it was 197.9. In streets where there were sewers the rate was higher than where there were none. In one city it was found that for babies born in homes that contained bath-tubs the mortality rate was only 72.6; for those born in homes without bath-tubs it was more than double, or 197.9.



Within the first year after birth, the United States loses 1 in 10 of all babies born. It ranks eleventh among the principal countries of the world. New Zealand loses fewer babies than any other country.

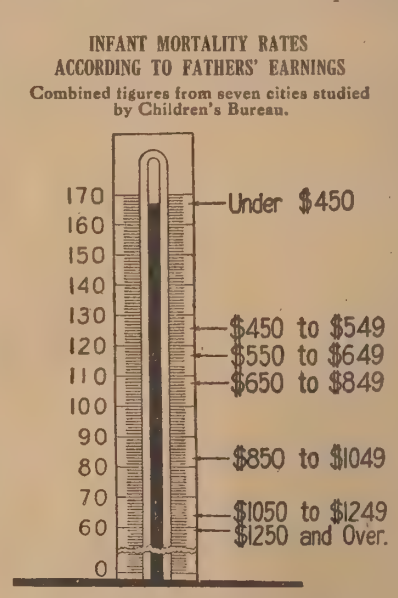
Rates are for latest available years up to 1916.

Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.

When the figures were arranged by different localities in cities, by wards usually, a clear divergence reflecting the character and tone of the sections of the same community was shown. In the slum sections it is always highest, in the select communities always the lowest.

Where mothers were wage earners before the births of the children, the infant mortality rate is always higher than for other women of the same class; when they work out after the babies are born the death rate is still higher.

Among foreign-born mothers it is invariably higher than among white natives; among foreign mothers who can't speak English it is higher still; among those who can't read and write a further increase is found. And there are like differences between death rates for infants born to literate and illiterate native mothers. There is wide difference of opinion as to the direct bearing of mere ignorance on the infant mortality rate. Sir Arthur Newsholme says it is very slight. "But the ignorance among the working class mothers is dangerous," says he, "because it is associated with relative helplessness.



The baby death rate rises as the fathers' earnings fall.

Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.

"What is needed is for environment of the infants of the poor to be leveled up toward that of the infants of the well-to-do and for medical advice and nursing assistance to be made available for the poor as it is for persons in higher social station."

The Children's Bureau surveys also show, incidentally, that the age of the mother and size of the family have much to do with the infant's chance of survival. The lowest rates are for mothers between 20 and 30 years old, and for the second child. Below twenty and after thirty years of age, the mother has greater risk of losing her baby in infancy, and after the second child the chances of the baby dying within one year after birth increase in proportion to the number of other children that precede it.

Housing, or rather crowding, is so clearly reflected in infant mortality that one expert ventures to say that he can approximate living conditions in a city with its infant mortality alone as data to work from. The rate rises and falls with the number of people per room living in dwellings where the little ones are born, and also in slight measure as the infant sleeps—in the same room with its parents or in an adjoining room.

Nobody can tell definitely how far government reflects itself in the infant mortality rates. Some say they are perhaps the best of indexes to the character of municipal government. For the water and milk supplies, municipal sanitation, in addition to housing laws, have immense effect on the health of babies.

"A high infant mortality rate today is a greater disgrace than a high typhoid rate," says Dr. William H. Davis, chief of the vital statistics division of the United States Census Bureau, "for a high typhoid rate may be due to one milkman's carelessness, or to the laxness of a few city officials in not properly safeguarding the water supply or the milk supply. But a high infant mortality rate reflects upon the clergy, the physicians and nurses, the school-teachers and editors . . . . it reflects upon the intelligence of the people."

Yet Dr. Davis belongs to the group of experts that discount the direct effect of even poverty—the least disputed of all "causes"—on infant mortality.

"Extreme poverty may be an important factor in some cases but in this country the problem is largely one of education," he says. He points out that the rate of infant mortality follows that for intestinal troubles.

All experts admit the high importance of mothers feeding their babies. Much artificial feeding, of course, is due to indifference, social interests and such; but an immense amount of it is due to the economic pressure which finds worst expression in the forcing of many mothers to be wage earners before the birth or during the infancy of the child.

From whatever point you view the subject, you must arrive at the conclusion that a high infant mortality rate reflects conditions that are disgraceful to communities; for it has been proven by experience that by community action high rates can be brought down, and largely by it alone. And it isn't very expensive to the community, taking just a little concerted scientific effort to see that every baby born within the com-

(*Concluded on page 12*)



Hybrid heron, Louisiana heron crossed with snowy heron.



Louisiana heron, covering her eggs.



Snowy herons, producers of the aigrettes of commerce.

Louisiana Will Have World's Largest Zoo

By HARRY H. DUNN

STRETCHING for approximately seventy-five miles along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and extending inland an average width of seven miles, an area of more than 500 square miles, the largest zoological garden in the world is being established within the boundaries of the United States, by the state of Louisiana. More than three-fifths of this great tract, larger even than the "Elephant Park" planned by England in the heart of equatorial Africa, is now owned by Louisiana under permanent law that it never be sold or leased or used for any purpose whatsoever but refuge for the wild things of the earth and air, that no firearms of any kind, save those belonging to the wardens, be allowed upon it, and that it at all times be open to ornithologists, naturalists, and nature photographers.

On these lands, all so far given to the state made famous by Audubon, all the many varieties of bird life indigenous to Louisiana are now living and increasing. On them the snowy heron, driven to the verge of extinction by the plume hunters, who took the beautiful aigrettes at the price of the bird's life, have returned to breed by thousands. The roseate spoonbill, once thought to be on its way to join the great auk and the Labrador duck in extinction, breeds there in annually increasing numbers, while during the migratory season—since this great zoo lies directly under the main lanes of Mississippi Valley migration—the photographer and student are compelled to drive the Canada and snow and blue-fronted geese and the mallards and teal and pintails from his path as he walks on Avery Island, or Marsh Island, or over the huge tract given to the state by the Rockefeller Foundation.

The present tract is administered by the Louisiana State Department of Conservation, which had the greater part of it for five years under probation, demonstrating to the donors that these islands and prairies and bays and bayous and marshes could be maintained free and safe sanctuaries for the wild life of the whole Mississippi Valley. At the end of those five years—this year these tracts are being turned over to the state of Louisiana, through the state department of conservation, to be the property of the state forever. The Louisiana legislature recently passed an act enabling the state to accept these tracts, and no sooner was this act a law than Governor John M. Parker, commissioner of conservation, M. L. Alexander, and Edward A. McIlhenny, who, nearly thirty years ago, originated the idea of the great zoo, and was the first to give land to the state for this purpose, began work on a project to obtain the remaining land to make up the solid front of 75 miles on the Gulf of Mexico.



M. L. Alexander (left) commissioner of the Louisiana State Department of Conservation, discussing an oyster with Dr. George W. Fields, oyster expert of the United States Fisheries Bureau. Mr. Alexander has complete charge of the world's largest zoo.

Lands in the zoo today consist of 13,000 acres, valued at $130,000 and given to the state by Charles Willis Ward and Edward A. McIlhenny, in 1911; 78,935 acres, valued at $780,000, given by the Russell Sage Foundation, as the result of efforts by Mr. McIlhenny, and 88,247 acres valued at $660,000, given by the Rockefeller Foundation. All these foundation gifts, as has been intimated above, were made five years ago. Thus, there is a total of 180,232 acres, valued at $1,570,000 now in the zoo.

The lands to be acquired consist of two strips, one of 43,000 acres, in Vermilion Parish, between the Russell Sage and Rockefeller Foundation gifts, and valued at $675,000, and the other of 86,000 acres lying between the Ward-McIlhenny gift and the Rockefeller Foundation gift, and valued at $300,000. As will be seen, these strips separate the present tracts, and prevent their being welded into one whole zoo. Negotiations have progressed so far and so favorably with the owners that the Louisiana state authorities are convinced they will be in possession of the lands within ten months, if not before that time.

Persons whose idea of a zoo pictures a number of huge cages filled with animals and birds would be disappointed in coming to this, the greatest zoo in the world, for there is not a vestige of a fence, far from a cage and not a house appears save at rare intervals the cottage of a warden, or the landing place of some of the armed fleet of motor boats which day and night patrol the waters of Vermilion, Cameron and Iberia parishes, through which the great wild life refuge extends. The combined tracts will take in at least three bays, three large lakes and several small ones, and a score of islands in the great marsh. They include salt water, out to the three-mile limit of Uncle Sam's domain; salt marsh lands, fresh-water marsh lands, fresh-water lakes and bayous and rivers; oak-covered islands, and cypress-covered swamps.



E. A. McILHENNY,
Originator of the wild life refuge idea.

On these lands today lives every variety of animal life known to Louisiana, from the black bear of the canebrakes to the muskrat of the river banks, and from the bald-headed eagle of the oak-covered islands to the humming bird of myriad hues flittering above the wild roses on the upland. To them in winter comes every variety of bird that migrates into or through the United States, from the tiny swallows to the huge and rare swans. Albatrosses, boobies and frigate birds have been seen on Marsh Island, which the Russell Sage Foundation gave to Louisiana, and the mysterious Anhinga, or snake bird, believed to be the most direct of all bird descendants of the flying reptiles, nests in safety, fearless of man, on the Avery Island reserve.

And it all began nearly 30 years ago when Mr. McIlhenny, then a boy on his father's large estate at Avery Island, noted the visits of the plume hunters in their great, slow-moving luggers, the decks covered with the skins of slain birds. He connected these plume hunters with the disappearance of the roseate spoonbills, the snowy herons, the American egrets, and other birds from the swamps and marshes whereon they once nested in myriads.

Selecting Willow Pond at Avery Island as a place where they would be safe, he hunted the swamps for several days until he found two nests of the snowy heron, that beautiful bird from the nesting female of which are torn the aigrettes for milady's headgear. These he reared in a large cage on the pond, and kept them tame and familiar until the time for the migration. The next year they returned, and nested, and so on ever since, flying southward to Central America and back in the spring, until today there are at least 2,500 pairs nesting on Willow Pond alone, and probably as many more pairs scattered through the remainder of the reserve.

Gradually other birds came to nest at Willow Pond, until the greatest bird colony in the world was built up there, and became, with the rising in Louisiana of men who foresaw the fate of all American wild life if its slaughter were not checked, the nucleus of the 500 square miles of natural zoological garden now being arranged in that state. A railroad runs to the border of this vast area at one point, and neither it nor any other railroad will ever be allowed to touch it anywhere else. The proposed route of the Intercoastal Canal runs for some distance along its inland boundary, and Calcaiseu Lake lies close to its western line. All these furnish natural navigable waterways by which the great zoo may be patrolled. It is estimated that, in addition to the four patrol motor boats each armed with a one-pound rifle and manned by four wardens in addition to the crew, some 150 land wardens, and five or six automobiles will be required to safeguard the zoo, more guardians being required as the wild life increases and the temptation to slaughter becomes greater.

Already there have been pitched battles between the agents of the state department of conservation and poachers, the last of which, no later than last year, was a gun fight of more than half a day between one warden and six poachers.

These Texas Rangers of the swamp, on foot, mounted on horses, riding in motor cars and clinging to the deck of a 40-foot motor boat in the rough waters of the gulf, have driven virtually every poacher from the thousands of acres comprised in the wild life refuges. Squatters, few in number, were bought off, if they had titles, or compelled to quit the state lands if they had no right to them while a few were taken into the organization as wardens, and have done efficient work there. Thus the only bars on the cage of the world's largest and most densely populated zoo will be the couple of hundred agents of the department of conservation, and its only boundaries the streams and the imaginary lines which mark its bounds on paper. There is no physical reason why the inhabitants of this bird and animal paradise should not spread from it throughout the wilder parts of Louisiana.

Picture to yourself, if you can, a place of pleasant lands, flowing streams, quiet lakes, shallow brooks, deep rivers, wide bays, all fringed and bordered and dotted with groves of oak and cypress and tulip and bamboo, meadows covered with lush grasses, hills groved with oaks that were tremendous trees when Columbus was a child in Genoa, and lay it all down in the heart of the mystic, legend-haunted country of Evangeline and Gabriel, and you will have some idea of the physical aspect of this, *your* forever free zoo. Fill it with more birds and animals than you can imagine, and you will get some faint idea of the wilderness Audubon saw when he sketched his birds.

Walk with me on Hell-Hole Bank, on Marsh Island, and literally shove the wild geese out of your way, while one hundred yards outside the unmarked boundary of this sanctuary, you could not approach within a thousand feet of the flock. Step with me into a flat-bottomed john-boat and pole through the trees where 20,000 herons are nesting, feeding their young or covering their eggs with as little attention to you and me and the click of the camera as they pay to the protected herds of deer that wander to their pool to drink.

Walk through the oaks on the knolls and hear a choir of bird voices raised in an everlasting song of thankfulness for freedom from all danger, save that of the wandering snake, or the predatory rat. Then think what all this means to the people of this America who are to come after us, when the bird life of the nation has been reduced to nothing, as the biologists tell us it will be in these United States within the next twenty years at the present rate of slaughter. How much more worth while it is now to expend the money of the state and of the United States on such a vast protected home for the living wild life, than on plate glass cases for the dead animals and birds that once flourished so bountifully on this continent!

The High and Low of Jewish Money Power

A Brief Survey of Both Ends of Jewish Influence in Wall Street: From Legitimate Banking to Large Thefts of Liberty Bonds

JEWISH high finance first touched the United States through the Rothschilds. Indeed it may be said that the United States founded the Rothschild fortune. And, as so often occurs in the tale of Jewish riches, the fortune was founded in war. The first twenty million dollars the Rothschilds ever had to speculate with was money paid for Hessian troops to fight against the American colonies.

Since that first indirect connection with American affairs, the Rothschilds have often invaded the money affairs of the country, though always by agents. None of the Rothschild sons thought it necessary to establish himself in the United States. Anselm remained in Frankfort, Solomon chose Vienna, Nathan Mayer went to London, Charles established himself in Naples, and James represented the family in Paris. These were the five war-lords of Europe for more than a generation, and their dynasty was continued by their successors.

The first Jewish agent of the Rothschilds in the United States was August Belmont, who came to the United States in 1837, and was made chairman of the Democratic National Committee at the outbreak of the Civil War. The Belmonts professed Christianity and there is today a Belmont memorial, called the Oriental Chapel, in the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights.

Rothschild power, as it was once known, has been so broadened by the entry of other banking families into governmental finance, that it must now be known not by the name of one family of Jews, but by the name of the race. Thus it is spoken of as International Jewish Finance, and its principal figures are described as International Jewish Financiers. Much of the veil of secrecy which contributed so greatly to the Rothschild power has been stripped away; war finance has been labeled for all time as "blood money"; and the mysterious magic surrounding large transactions between governments and individuals, by which individual controllers of large wealth were made the real rulers of the people, has been largely stripped away and the plain facts disclosed.

Jews in International Finance

THE Rothschild method still holds good, however, in that Jewish institutions are affiliated with their racial institutions in all foreign countries. There are Jewish banking firms in New York whose connections with firms in Frankfort, Hamburg and Dresden, as well as in London and Paris, can be traced by the mere matter of the signs over the doors. They are one.

As a leading student of financial affairs puts it, the world of high finance is largely a Jewish world because of the Jewish financier's "absence from national or patriotic illusions."

To the International Jewish Financier the ups and downs of war and peace between nations are but the changes of the world's financial market; and, as frequently the movement of stocks is manipulated for purposes of market strategy, so sometimes international relations are effected for mere financial gain.

It is known that the recent Great War was postponed several times at the behest of international financiers. If it broke out too soon, it would not involve the states which the international financiers wished to involve. Therefore, the masters of gold, that is, the international masters, were compelled several times to check the martial enthusiasm which their own propaganda had aroused. It is probably quite true, as the Jewish press alleges, that there has been discovered a Rothschild letter dated 1911 and urging the kaiser against war. The year 1911 was too early. There was no such insistence in 1914.

Not only do these foreign financial affiliations cast a different light on purely national matters affecting the peace and prestige of the peoples, but they tend toward an extra- or super-nationality. When these foreign affiliations enable Jewish bankers to excel in the more highly specialized forms of finance, such as foreign exchange, they also enable them to exercise almost complete control over international money movements.

There is no question whatever of International Jewish Finance being deeply concerned in the matters of war and revolution. This is never denied as to the past; but it is just as true of the present. The league against Napoleon, for example, was Jewish. Its headquarters were in Holland. When Napoleon invaded Holland, the headquarters were moved to Frankfort-on-the-Main. It is remarkable how many of the International Jewish Financiers have come out of Frankfort—the Rothschilds, the Schiffs, the Speyers, to name but a few. The racial affiliations running all through the world of international finance are readily recognized.

These associations produce in Jewish banking circles a constant tendency toward control or monopoly of certain lines of industry which are identified with the fields of finance. The rule is, once control is gained, all non-Jewish interests must be driven out. "Jewish financial interests have rarely been connected with industrials," says the Jewish Encyclopedia, "except as regards some of the precious stones and metals, the Rothschilds controlling mercury, Barnato Brothers and Werner, Beit & Company diamonds, and the firms of Lewisohn Brothers and Guggenheim Sons controlling copper, and to some extent silver." To this, of course, may be added whisky, wireless, theaters, the European press and part of the American, and a number of other fields. The list will be made complete in this series of articles before they are finished.

The Jewish Encyclopedia continues:

"It is, however, mainly in the direction of foreign loans that there has been any definite predominance of Jewish financiers, this being due, as before stated, to the international relations of the larger Jewish firms."

American Jews' Foreign Relations

IN ORDER that the senseless denials of certain portions of the Jewish press may be checked, it may be said that Jewish authorities do not deny such statements as are made about Jewish international financial control, although they declare it is not as strong as it once was. "Of more recent years," says the Jewish Encyclopedia, "non-Jewish financiers have learned the same cosmopolitan method, and, on the whole, the control is now rather less than more in Jewish hands than formerly."

This is true, at least as far as the United States is concerned. Previous to the war, the status of many of the Jewish financial concerns in Wall Street was stronger than it is now. The war brought about a condition which threw a new light on the internationalism of Jewish finance. During the years of American neutrality there was opportunity to observe the extent of the foreign affiliations of certain men, and also the extent to which ordinary national loyalty was subordinated to the business of international finance. The war really forced a coalition of Gentile capital on one side of the struggle, as against certain blocks of Jewish capital which were willing to play both sides. The old Rothschild maxim, "Do not put all your eggs in one basket," becomes perfectly plain when transposed into national and international terms. Jewish finance treats political parties the same—bets on them both, and so never loses. In the same way, Jewish finance never loses a war. Being on both sides, it cannot miss the winning side, and its terms of peace are sufficient to cover all advances to the side that lost. This was the significance of the great swarming of Jews at the Peace Conference.

Many of the Jewish houses on Wall Street were originally the American branches of long established houses in Germany and Austria. These international firms were accustomed to support one another with capital, and maintained other intimate associations. Some of them are linked by intermarriage. But the bond above all is the Jewish racial bond. Most of these houses received a severe setback during the war, because their over-seas associations were not of the right kind. But this setback is expected to be only temporary, and the Jewish financiers will again be ready to give battle for the entire financial control of the United States.

High-Water Mark of Jewish Control

WHETHER they will be successful, the future will decide. But a strange fatality seems to follow all forms of Jewish supremacy. Just as the capstone is ready to be placed upon the edifice of Jewish triumphs, something occurs and the structure shrinks. It occurs so often in Jewish history that the Jews themselves have been exercised to find an explanation. In many cases "anti-Semitism" offers the readiest excuse, but not always. Just at the present time, when the light which was shed by the fires of war has revealed so many matters formerly hidden in shadow, the awakening of world attention is called "anti-Semitism," and the explanation is given that "after every war the Jew becomes the scapegoat"—a curious admission which would lead a less self-centered people to inquire, Why?

But so handy and so untrustworthy an explanation as "anti-Semitism" does not account for the failure of Jewish financial interests to become absolutely dominant in a country like the United States. Anti-Semitism among the people does not surge high enough to injure those securely entrenched behind great financial influence. The silent resistance of the Wall Street financial group or of the New York Stock Exchange, for example, is not anti-Semitism. It is not a hindrance to the Jews in doing business; it is opposition to an apparent program for total control which is sought not for the general good, but for a racial benefit.

It was only a few years ago that the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company was commonly regarded as being destined in the near future to win complete financial supremacy in Wall Street as an underwriting and money-lending institution. There were many reasons for this belief, among them the fact that Kuhn, Loeb & Company were the financial backers of Harriman in his terrific railroad duel with James J. Hill. But the prophecy regarding this financial institution was never realized. Untoward events intervened, in no way affecting the financial integrity of the firm, but bringing it into the light of undesirable publicity not of a financial character.

In the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, Jewish finance in the United States reached its high-water mark. The head of this firm was the late Jacob Schiff, who was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main and whose father was one of the Rothschild's brokers. One of Jacob Schiff's associates, Otto Kahn, was born an Mannheim, and was early associated with the Speyers, who also originated in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Another associate, Felix Warburg, married into Jacob Schiff's family. Jewish finance has spread, but it has not risen higher than in this firm.

A flank movement, however, has been attempted which may bring Jewish ambitions nearer the goal of their desire. Checked in Wall Street, Jewish financiers have sought out other American centers, and even foreign centers whose future influence on American affairs promises to be considerable. The first flank movement is toward Central and South America. It may be said that the financial assistance, practical and advisory, offered to Mexico during the most unsatisfactory period of her relations with the United States, was given by Jewish financial groups. The attempt to gain influence with Japan seems to have come off rather badly. It is known, of course, that Jacob Schiff gave material assistance to Japan in the war with Russia. This was explainable on the ground of good business and also of a desire to revenge Russia's treatment of the Jews. Mr. Schiff used the opportunity also to instill the principles, which have since grown up into Bolshevism, into the minds of Russian prisoners in Japanese war camps. But more than that, the idea appears to have been to add the newly rising Japanese power to the string of Jewish financial conquests. Jewish finance already has a foothold in Japan, but it appears that Mr. Schiff's hopes in this respect were not fully realized. The Japanese are credited with knowing much more about "the Jewish peril" than even the United States does, and they were exceedingly wary. They kept the business deal strictly a business deal, and Mr. Schiff was said to have been displeased with Japan generally. This is well worth knowing at this time, especially in view of the propaganda which seeks constantly to cause misunderstandings to arise between the United States and the Empire of Japan.

A Flank Movement From South America

BUT South America appears to be the latest objective. It must be remembered that the Jews exercise a world control in two departments: in movements of men, and in movements of money. No government, no church, no school of thought could order the movement of 250,000, half a million, or even a million people, from one part of the world to another, shifting them as a general shifts his army, but the Jews can do that. They are doing it now. It is only a matter of ships. From Poland, where Jewish special privileges have been written into the law of the land by the all-powerful Peace Conference, and where it would seem that the Jews have every reason to remain, there is a great movement westward. It is not a stampede, as the American Commissioner of Immigration says, although it may look so from this side. It is an orderly movement, as can be seen when the American Jewish directors on the other side are observed. And part of it is being directed to South America. It is said that after a period of training in the United States, some of the immigrants who are now landing here will be shipped south again.

The other mastery which the Jews exert in a world degree is that over the movement of gold. Without giving expression to what the purpose may be, there is this to be said: a large movement of Jewish men and Jewish gold proceeds toward South America these days. And there is said to be a large movement of other materials, which when interpreted by the Protocols can mean but one thing.

The next attempt for control of the Americas may come from the South, where the Jews are already stronger than their numbers would indicate, and where their revolutionary proclivities have already come into play as between the various states.

These rebuffs and these strategic flank movements do not, however, complete the record. We are now speaking of American finance only. The Jews have not been restrained elsewhere as they have been in Wall Street. They exercise a very ominous control in a number of other fields, each of which will be taken up in detail in due time. For the present, our attention is being directed to New York and its financial district.

We have just shown the high-water mark of Jewish control as it has been reached up to date in the Street. There is another aspect of Jewish influence on the financial affairs of America which is not so flattering to that race. If Jewish financial activity does not go higher, it goes lower and finds its way into darker channels than does any other form of financial activity in the country.

The Sensational Bond-Theft Conspiracy

IT WOULD make a sordid tale, the operations of the Robins, the Lamars, the Arnsteins and the others who have contributed to the long roll of criminality produced within the shadow of Wall Street, and the only point that could be served by its retelling is that such criminality is predominantly Jewish. This is not to say that it has the approval of the Jewish community, but it is very significant that while whole volumes of abuse have been heaped upon THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S very modest effort to state the status of the Jewish Question in America, the leaders of Jewry have been silent about the criminal financial operations of those who could be made to feel the displeasure of their race. The Jewish passion for the defense of the race, regardless of the degree of guilt, is well known to every prosecuting attorney, although it must be said that during the investigation made some years ago which revealed the business of commercialized vice to be under Jewish control, certain public-spirited Jews commendably aided the work. This aid, however, did not prevent the severest opposition to certain publications which gave notice of the facts which the investigators were finding.

The country was lately astounded by the revelation that stocks and Liberty bonds to the value of $12,000,000 had been lost through a systematic series of thefts in Wall Street.

Beginning with the spring of 1918, messengers sent out by New York Stock Exchange firms to make deliveries of stocks and bonds to other houses, in the course of ordinary business, began to disappear as if the earth had swallowed them up. For a time these disappearances were without explanation.

Wall Street is really a small district. Most of its business is done within the space of a city block. Messengers on their trips sometimes went only to another floor in the same building, or to an office across the street. Yet in those short trips they would disappear with all their securities, seldom to be heard of again.

Up to the summer of 1918 the absconding messenger boy was a rarity. The type was regarded with good-humored indulgence on the Street. They were generally happy-go-lucky youngsters, and the steadier heads among them graduated into clerks in the commission houses.

The labor shortage struck Wall Street, along with other sections of the country, and messenger boys were difficult to find. During this period there was also a great expansion in business. Nearly everyone in the country possessed bonds of some kind, and these changed hands in unparalleled quantities. On the floor of the Stock Exchange, daily transactions in bonds up to $20,000,000, and in stocks up to one or two million shares, were common. Following the sales, the stocks and bonds were transferred from seller to buyer by messenger boy. It was not unusual for irresponsible lads to be running from office to office in Wall Street with $250,000 each under the arms.

Then, with the shortage of boys, another type of messenger began to appear, and with this type the trouble began. Disappearances and losses became more frequent and costly. The indemnities paid by the insurance companies reached such staggering figures that the custom of issuing blanket insurance was withdrawn. Various expedients were adopted to solve the mystery; boys were required to travel in pairs, guards were posted throughout Wall Street, the best detectives in the land were assigned to the matter, but without avail.

There was a strong disinclination in Wall Street toward publishing the figures of the losses, for fear the publication might be destructive of public confidence in the Street's financial condition. But the news was known in the underworld and drew to New York criminals from all parts of the country. For a time all efforts were fruitless; the losses continued and the mystery deepened.

Then, suddenly, in the early part of 1920, certain arrests were made and confessions obtained, which disclosed one of the most amazing criminal conspiracies in the history of the United States.

There was proved the existence of a vast Jewish conspiracy to loot Wall Street. It was found that a band of astute Jewish criminals, many of them wealthy men, some of them ex-convicts, had created an organization by which Wall Street financial houses were to be plundered.

Bands of young Jews, mostly of Russian origin and living on the East Side, had been shaped into being. These lads, instructed by clever Jewish principals, applied to Wall Street messenger agencies for employment in brokerage houses. It was part of the plan for them to assume good, honest-sounding Anglo-Saxon names. The "cover name"—how often we meet it!

These lads turned over their stolen stocks and bonds to the heads of their organizations, who in turn passed the securities on to the Jewish principals, who were for the most part members of the criminal band of "confidence men" in the White Light district—the "bank-roll men," whose immunity from punishment has always been one of the standing puzzles of Gentiles residing in New York.

These Jewish criminals were aided by Jewish lawyers in their transactions. The stolen stocks and bonds were taken to Cleveland, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and parts of Canada, where they were pledged as collateral for loans in an apparently legitimate course of business.

Low-Water Mark on the "Street"

ONE of the messenger boys refused to deliver his stolen securities for the small sum he was offered for them, and ran away to enjoy alone his ill-gotten wealth. His hiding place was discovered and members of a band of Harlem assassins were sent for him, with instructions to find where the securities were. If they were on the boy's person, he was to be killed at once. This band entertained the boy with drinks and women for several days until they learned that the securities were sewed inside the lining of his coat. They took him for a "joy-ride" into the country, and his dead body was afterward found, typically slain, with about two dozen dagger wounds in his body.

In one instance a non-Jew was inveigled into the nefarious scheme, and the method was also typical. The Jewish principals wished for another clearing-house through which to dispose of their securities, and were "tipped off" that a young non-Jewish broker was on the verge of bankruptcy. He was "helped out" and given what appeared to him to be a very profitable piece of business. Once in the power of his "friends," and deeply entangled in their game, he tried to get out of it. He was threatened with death. The Jewish principal said to him: "I don't want any double-crossing here, or I'll kill you in a minute. If I can't do it—if I am locked up—there are plenty of my gang who will do it."

Upon the arrest and confession of this non-Jew, many of the Jewish principals fled New York, traveling, as usual, under their assumed Christian names. But their identity had at last become known, and although many of their messenger-boy dupes have been made to suffer the penalty for their crimes, the leaders are at this writing yet free, and the most powerful influences seem to be invoked to protect them from the ordinary operations of the law. A few have been captured, but although their accusers are the most powerful banking, brokerage and surety companies on Wall Street, a power greater still seems to defend them from the treatment usually accorded known criminals.

One of the ringleaders has defied the courts with impunity and still walks the streets. Jewish theatrical managers in New York have headlined his actress wife, a Jewess, presumably because of the added prestige it gave her to be the wife of the world-defying bond thief.

Insolence Toward the Authorities

THAT is the element which strikes something like consternation to the heart of the ordinary lover of law and order—the insolence with which these wealthy Jewish criminals regard all the agencies of the law. They are defended by clever lawyers, and the attitude of the Jewish press and Jewish population toward them is compact of sympathy and admiration. Why not?—since most of the individual victims of the thievery are Gentiles, and the general victim is Gentile capitalism itself!

There is complete silence on the Jewish side regarding this reign of crime. And yet inevitably the Jews themselves must suffer most from it. The New York Kehillah has completely ignored this outbreak and its exposure. The spokesmen of Jewry, so voluble against non-Jews, have no word to say to those whom they would probably call their "co-religionists." Yet it is well enough understood that so closely combined are all the influences in New York Jewry that a determined effort on the part of the leaders could clean up many untoward conditions now existing. But there seems to be a distinct aversion to anything that will indicate a division of one class of Jews against another. It is a racial instinct, evidently, to protect the threatened one no matter how richly he may deserve punishment.

It is this fact which puts the finishing Jewish touch on the whole matter. It may, of course, be an accident that all the criminals and their tools, with an occasional exception, are Jews. That of itself might not be a reason, in the extreme sense, for labeling the condition with a racial name. But the silence, the approbation in some quarters, the very active sympathy in others, all combining as a racial protectorate around the wrongdoers, is the more regrettable manifestation of the two.

A book containing over 200 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

The *Literary Digest*, in the issue of November 6, gives a one-sided statement of the present discussion of the Jewish Problem in America. It is very interesting in view of the claims of that weekly to give a fair view of both sides. The bulk of the article, seven-eighths of it, is given up to Jewish defense. In the same issue, an article on recent immigration mentions eleven nationalities, but not the Jews. This is also unrepresentative of the American press, most of the newspapers which have discussed the question at all having mentioned the Jews. The founder of the firm which publishes the *Literary Digest* was Isaac Kaufman Funk, whose name appears as chairman of the board of the Jewish Encyclopedia.

Seven steamship lines are advertised in Warsaw papers as having arranged to supply kosher food in the ships' messes as a concession to the large Jewish emigration.

The railroad tickets of Palestine bear English, Hebrew and Arabic printing.

George Kahn, a Jew, has been appointed one of the permanent Danish representatives on the League of Nations.

"An epidemic of baptism" is the term which the Jewish press gives to the numerous conversions to Christianity now occurring among Austrian Jews. It may be significant, this frequency with which Jews attribute unworthy motives to themselves at every step.

In an editorial which condemns efforts made to study the Jewish Problem in this country, the Boston *Transcript* says: "Aside from Lenin himself, there are, indeed, few really prominent Russian Bolshevists who are not Jews."

This is from an editorial in the Toledo *Israelite* of November 5: "Last year, we understand that six million copies of the New Testament were sold in America. . . . There is real pathos in these figures for *every copy of the New Testament is breeding anti-Semitism.*" (The italics are ours.)

Sir Alfred Mond, a British Jew who specializes in nickel and newspapers, speaking in London on the subject of Zionism, said, "Jews have been financing all other countries, and must now finance their own country."

The Greek Government has ordered the deportation of certain Jews from Russia whom the Jewish press describes as "refugees." The Greek Government undoubtedly would use another term to describe them. With the Jews, every world traveler is a "refugee" and every detected criminal "a persecuted Israelite."

The British High Commissioner in Palestine, Sir Herbert Samuel, has made obligatory the use of the Hebrew language on all official documents.

The Jewish press is now giving indications of its purpose in stimulating Socialist organizations. It appears that part of the Socialist's education is devoted to the idea that anti-Semitism and reaction go hand in hand. With this "education," the Socialists are expected to remain impervious to any facts that may be presented concerning the Jews. The magic word "reaction" will suffice for everything. American socialism, however, may not prove so accommodating.

Baron Edmund Rothschild will soon visit Palestine.

Russians who are immigrating into Servia from Russia are bringing with them a strong anti-Jewish feeling, according to reports in the Jewish press. The reasons assigned by the Russians are based on Jewish Bolshevism in the Russian country.

Rev. Mr. Elias Newman, of Chicago, Illinois, described in the Jewish press as a minister of the Presbyterian church, has preached a sermon against the present discussion of the Jewish Problem. Mr. Newman hardly appears to advantage on the Jewish pages. Everything he says is precisely the same, even to the order of the ideas, as the standardized refutations which Jewish spokesmen have been making for some weeks. It is regrettable that Christian clergymen should allow themselves to be used in this manner.

Prospects of a Reunion of Churches in England

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, November—(By Mail).

IN ENGLAND it was a favorite topic of discussion between 1914 and 1918 whether the war would lead to a great revival of religion. There was much, especially in the earlier days, which seemed to suggest it. Professions of the highest ideals were made by the leaders of the people and accepted warmly by the rank and file. There was a general consciousness that the country was fighting for a sacred cause. There were reiterated appeals with many degrees of emotion to the approval and support of heaven. It is true that the terms used in this country as in some others seemed sometimes to suggest that it was a strictly nationalistic deity, patriotically supporting the chosen people, whose name was called in aid. Still, the religious idea was more in the air than it had been. Many people unquestionably felt a new need for divine support, just as the prevalence of death in every quarter of the land made them feel, some for the first time, others more sharply than they had ever done before, the need for belief in immortality.

The war has gone and with it the idea of a revival of religion. The ablest of our English deans was asked not long ago to discuss the change which in his opinion had come over religion in England during and because of the war. He replied that there was no change and therefore nothing to discuss. There was, he thought, the same faith and fervor in a fraction of the people, the same conventional support of the general body of churchgoers, the same indifference and apathy on the part of the people as a whole. There is no question about this. So far as the bulk of the population is concerned there is no change of heart, no quickening of spiritual impulse, no revival such as has come over one country or another in religious history from the time of the great founders of religion down to that of John Wesley himself.

No doubt it was foolish to expect that any such revival would take place. After all, war is a method of violence, a reversion to the crude force of barbaric man and normally it stimulates and feeds on every form of passion. It has little contact with the religious spirit except in the moments of exaltation which may coincide with the early aspirations of a great struggle but rarely persist when a prolonged war is working itself out through the appropriate barbaric means. The war spirit still persists and shows itself almost every day in the abrupt and violent activities of the social organism. When under the stress and strain of war, men were driven to work together with more thought of the community than of self, but that is gone or nearly so. Every man for himself is the spirit left by the war, which on the religious side has increased the self-sufficiency of the individual rather than any sense of dependency upon a higher power.

War Has Brought Sentiment

ONE thing, however, the war has done. It has made the churches in England increasingly conscious of their divisions. The divisions of the Christian church have long been a scandal of Christianity and to the layman it has always been astonishing that the devout followers of the churches, and especially the clergy, should have realized so little the discredit which a divided church brings on them. Many of these differences could be justified by no intelligent person. Not to mention the cleavage between the great Orthodox and Roman churches, we have in England here, besides the Church of England, a large number of dissenting or nonconformist denominations and in some cases as in that of the three Methodist bodies (the Wesleyan Methodists, the United Methodists and the Primitives) it would puzzle any ordinary man or woman among their adherents to explain what differences of true religious belief justify such a severance into separate organizations overlapping in their work, each with its own churches, officials and ministry.

Differences of administration and social distinctions there certainly are, but what has that to do with true religion? When some of these dissenting bodies split off from the parent church the grounds of dissension may have been serious enough, but nowadays they are little more than formal, there is no reality about them and no sincerity of feeling, but to an indifferent public they give ground for constant criticism. If the churches cannot heal their own unsubstantial wounds, how shall they heal the wounds of others that are real? Organized religion is on the decline in England and it is no doubt the recognition of this, together with some stimulus derived from the testing times of the war, which has prompted the clergy, both Anglican and Methodist, to make a new and serious effort for reunion.

Three Movements Under Way

THERE are at the present time three separate movements on foot.

The first is that which has been started by the Anglican church to procure reunion with the Free Churches of England. The Anglicans, of course, desire also reunion with Rome and with the Greek Orthodox church. Some of them, indeed, are very much more anxious about this than about their own countrymen of the Free churches, but the majority of them, being well aware that the differences with Rome are more fundamental, have thought it wiser to begin with their own nonconformists.

There is a project which now approaches its final stage for the reunion of the three Methodist bodies, an achievement, I suppose, long consummated in the United States. This proceeds from the Wesleyan Methodists and the detailed scheme is now before the local governing bodies of the church and if all goes well there may be a successful finish to the negotiations in some two or three years' time.

The third movement is one to form a close federation of the Free churches. There would, that is, be a definite number of representatives of each of the churches acting together on a common council. We have already had for a good many years the so-called Free Church Council. Wesleyan Methodists, however, have always fought a little shy of its political activity. They are the least political of the Methodist organizations and for a long time included a large leavening of Conservatives because they draw more adherents from the prosperous middle class than does any other Methodist church. But this is in every way the least important movement of the three.

The bishops assembled in the great conference at Lambeth recently have made an appeal for Christian reunion. It contains a confession which, considering its source, is one of the most remarkable that has ever been made by an ecclesiastical body. The bishops say that while the original causes of division in the church were not wholly blameworthy, the principal factors in producing them were "self-will, ambition and lack of charity among Christians," and that these highly un-Christian qualities "together with blindness to the sin of disunion" are still mainly responsible for the continuance of division. This is a new voice indeed. Hitherto the ecclesiastics of the church have almost always contended that the divisions were based on differences of principle for which they at least were not responsible and it is clear that as soon as any Christian body becomes willing to confess to error and express contrition the door to reconciliation is thrown open wide.

The bishops, however, have laid down the conditions of reunion. Some of them will cause no difficulty to Free church men. The acceptance of the Holy Scriptures and of the principal creeds and communions could be accepted without difficulty by almost any Christian. The crux comes with the question of the episcopacy—the status and commission of the bishops. The Lambeth bishops specifically say that they do not deny the "spiritual reality" of the ministries of other communities. They do, however, suggest that the ministers of these other communions should accept reordination at the hands of the bishops. In other words, they are insisting on the doctrine of apostolical succession and this insistence will be widely taken by Free church ministers as denying the validity of their own commissions as ministers in their own churches. The bishops, it is true, suggest that Anglicans on their side should accept some form of commission or recognition such as would commend them to the Free churches. But the fact is that at the present time they do not require any such commission to make them so acceptable and they are therefore offering nothing in comparison with the demand which they make. It is very doubtful, according to present indications, whether the ministers of the Free churches, whatever else they may agree to, would submit to being reordained by the bishops of the Church of England.

Nevertheless, the whole spirit of the bishops marks a great advance. It is the approach not of superiors to inferiors but of equals to equals—a change the more marked in that the Anglican church still represents a higher social standing and a higher learning as compared with nonconformity. It indicates therefore an impulse of the Christian spirit in the bishops and they have given earnest of their sincerity in urging that the Anglican authorities should everywhere invite the other organizations to deliberate with them on the means of bringing about reunion. It will not come yet, but for the first time it has become a question of practical politics.

Methodists' Differences Slight

THE differences between the three Methodist bodies ought to be easy to adjust. They relate rather to administration than to doctrine, to practical details than to principles. There are divergencies among them as to the respective powers and status of the ministers and the laity, the Wesleyans giving a greater authority to the ministers, as becomes their more direct descent from Anglicanism, while the United Methodists and the Primitives accord a larger part in church government to the laymen.

These are constitutional differences, but there are also considerations of sentiment and of social prejudice. Some of the opponents object to merging their "identity" in a larger body, while the Wesleyans for the most part come from a rather higher social stratum than the others. The farmer, it is sometimes said, is to be found in the Wesleyan Methodist chapel, his laborer in that of the Primitives'.

But clearly all this, though it explains why the cleavage between the churches has subsisted so long, has nothing to do with the spirit of Christianity or of true religion. The question of the division of power between ministers and laymen does not justify a breach in the Christian church, let alone a breach which has lasted scores of years. One cannot get away from the belief that the divisions in the church have persisted largely because of the lack of the religious spirit in its leaders, and that because the churches have so much lacked true religion the rest of the community has been content to go without it too.

America Has Greatest Caves

CAVES are no longer the dwelling place of man but they are still among the most curious of natural wonders. They are so dark and mysterious, and many of them have such interesting histories, that our curiosity concerning them is as keen as in the days when they were the hiding places of bandits and pirates.

The United States perhaps has more unusual cave formations than any other country. In the first place, we have the largest one, as far as has been discovered. This is the Mammoth Cave, about 85 miles from Louisville, Kentucky.

Parts of this great cave have been explored for a distance of over 150 miles and maps made so that the guides themselves cannot get lost. The main body of the cave is only about three miles long, yet parts of this section furnish the famous halls and domes, some of which are 175 feet wide and 125 feet high.

This cavern has many small lakes and rivers, the best known of these being Echo River, which reverberates an echo to an untold distance, repeating the sound of your voice until only a whisper is heard at the last. The fish in this and the other bodies of water are white and have no eyes. There are also crickets, bats, flies, beetles, spiders and other queer blind creatures to be found here, and it is interesting to watch them when they are taken out into the light. Being blind, their movements are quite slow and cautious when compared to their kind that are alive out in the open.

In taking a hike through this world's largest cave the guides light up the way so that many beautiful things can be seen, such as the Star Chamber, where the lofty ceiling is studded with snowy crystals that glisten like diamonds. When white men first discovered Mammoth Cave they found many stone arrowheads, pieces of torches and other relics which indicated that it once had been a meeting place for the Indians, and for all we know countless numbers of war dances may have taken place in the famous Star Chamber just mentioned.

Wyandotte Cave is another one of our great caverns and ranks next to Mammoth Cave both in size and interest. It is in Crawford County, Indiana, and so far has been explored for more than twenty-three miles. In its depths are found many formations similar to those of its bigger sister, one of the chambers being 200 feet high and 300 feet broad. The temperature and moisture in the air are so even that you can walk a great distance without feeling the least fatigue until coming out into the open once more. But if you happen to be one of those few folks who do not indulge in hikes you'll certainly feel the results of the long walk after sitting around for a few minutes.

In Page County, Virginia, is Luray Cave, where many things of interest are to be found. One room in this cavern is called the Fish Market, on account of the flat fishlike stalactites that are arranged about the walls, and many visitors have declared that they can recognize the forms of several kinds of fish. In Giant's Hall there are many bright rocks that glisten in the torchlight, while in what is called the Cathedral there is a stone organ formed of different lengths of this substance, which upon being struck with a piece of metal gives out musical tones. Simple music can be played upon it, and of course the various echoes cause it to sound like several instruments being played, each of them in just a little slower time.

Numerous other fairly large caves are to be found in our country, as there is scarcely a section of it in which none is found, but the three mentioned are the most famous ones, so we now pass over to Europe for more interesting items about caves. The largest one in Ireland is Fingal's Cave, situated on the Island of Staffa, off the coast, and originally formed by the constant washing of the waves. There is very little room to hike around in this cave, for most of the floor is of water, but when the sea is calm a nice boat trip can be taken into its depths. Fingal's Cave is 42 feet wide at the entrance, 22 feet wide at the end and 66 feet high, which, of course, makes it seem quite small after speaking of our big inland caves, but it must be remembered that this cavern was formed by the waves of the sea alone, so this fact makes it very remarkable.

England and Scotland have many caves, though most of them are small. Along the rocky coast of Scotland can be found caverns formed by the waves, but in Peak Cave, Derbyshire, England, there is much of interest. One peculiar thing about the English caves is the marvelous relics found there, Peak Cave having furnished the greater number. When first explored it contained fossil remains of rhinoceroses, lions, hyenas and other wild beasts now found in parts of Asia and Africa. This seems to indicate that England was once a tropical country. Stone axes, hammers and other implements also were found, showing that the people of that day lived in caves. Peak Cave is not a very large one, as it is only about a mile in length and 600 feet below the surface.

The deepest cave known in the world is one found near Frederickshall, Norway, it being 11,000 feet. Think of it, almost two miles deep! But it is worth the trip down into its depths, for many of the wonders of nature are to be found there. However, when it comes to real beauty and interest there are no caves that can excel our own.

Trespassing on Mr. Burroughs

By GEORGIA JACKSON

"THAT'S Mr. Burroughs' fence you ate your supper on," said the gray lady. I wasn't surprised. It looked like the sort of fence Mr. Burroughs would have—a low stone wall, topped with ivy, where a hungry hiker might find a bare spot to make coffee and drink it the while she gladdened her eyes with the green slope edged with shrubbery and the leisurely Hudson beyond.

"I ought to call and pay my respects," I said. So I went down the steep path from the highway, past a friendly calf, to a summerhouse overlooking the river, where I could see the top of a gray head above a high-backed chair, and a young woman sitting on a bench. At the sight of the top of that gray head I felt the thrill of trepidation which only comes when one is going to see for the first time a celebrity one has heard about all one's life. I was right. The top of the gray head belonged to Mr. Burroughs. He rose to greet me—frail, but vigorous, keen-eyed, aureoled with gray hair and beard. My heart did homage to his true venerableness. His face is a fine face. When he spoke, it was with a gentle, even voice that gave no hint of age. Neither was there hint of age in his simple, kindly words. I explained my intrusion, saying, "They tell me I ate my supper on your fence."

He laughed indulgently. "You should have come in and eaten it in my summerhouse," he replied. "I saw you on the road this afternoon when I was out driving, and I said to my friends, 'There's a girl out for a walk.'"

One of the trees near the summerhouse had sent a branch down near his chair. "See what I have here," he said, pulling the branch down a little. It was a bird's nest, with four blue-green speckled eggs in it.

"What kind of bird is it?" I asked, rather ashamed not to know.

"Oh, the little social sparrow," he replied. "She sits there by my ear and broods on her eggs, and I sit here in my chair and brood on my thoughts." A twinkle came into his eyes and his voice. "I don't think she will addle the eggs, but sometimes I am afraid I addle my thoughts. Maybe you'd like to see my study where I hatch them out," he added, and led the way, only a step or two, to a little square building, delightfully covered with bark outside. Inside, the study consists of one spacious, well-lighted room, with front windows opening on the river. Of course there are books marching around the room in built-in bookcases, and these yield ground only to those honored rivals, a generous fireplace and windows where the trees can look in at their busy friend. In the midst is a large writing table with an orderly litter of papers on it. Mr. Burroughs sat down in the comfortable working-chair beside it, and I thought how many times he must have lifted his eyes from his writing to let them rest on the Hudson gleaming through the trees. He waved his hand toward a cluster of portraits near by.

"I have some of my friends with me, you see," he said.

His friends! I rather knew whom to expect; Roosevelt, of course—a handsome full-length photograph; Whitman, John Muir, Edison, and many other familiar faces. There was a group of older scientists and philosophers. Then there was Carlyle, and several fine pictures of Emerson.

"I see you like Emerson," I said. "I grew up on him."

"So did I," he said with enthusiasm. "That portrait of him I picked up in London. It must have been taken when he was over there."

"Speaking of growing up," I said, "one of the things I fed on was your 'Serene I fold my hands and wait.' That was my introduction to you, and was one of my dishpan poems. I hated to wash dishes when I was a little girl, and relieved the tedium by memorizing poems I liked."

Edison's photograph reminded me of the holiday these two and others took together last year; Mr. Burroughs smiled as I mentioned it. "Yes, we had a fine time," he said, and spoke of similar projects on foot. "Mr. —— says he wants the party to go to Europe—to take a house in London and then tour the country and the continent from there, going through the war district," and to my inward astonishment at the thought of such a jaunt for an octogenarian, he added quite casually, "I don't know which of the plans he will finally adopt, but I told him I was ready for any of them, though I prefer Europe."

As we left the study, my conscience smote me, and I prefaced a withdrawal with a remark about "taking up so much of his time."

"My time isn't worth much this time of day," he said. "You are quite welcome to stay if you wish."

So we sat down in the summerhouse and talked.

"You have another home a few miles from here, haven't you?" I asked.

"Yes—Slabsides—just a cabin in the woods. We're going over there for a picnic tomorrow. This place we call Riverby. In the summer I usually spend some time up at Roxbury, where I was a boy."

One of my reasons for wanting to talk to Mr. Burroughs had been to get confidential information about some other writers. So I asked him in general about some "naturalists" whom I had recently heard were improving upon nature.

"I can smell a nature-faker," he said, and raised his head with a whimsical gesture, breathing in a great sniff, "just like I can smell a skunk. They always give themselves away."

I mentioned a well-known name, tentatively.

"Yes, I'd be rather careful about him," said the gentle old man. "I've known for a long time now that he wasn't quite right, and I'm glad other people are beginning to find out. I'd like to have him know that I think he's a faker," his smiling eyes swung around to me, "but you can see I wouldn't quite like to sit down and write him that I think so. Now I wouldn't call Mr. —— a faker," he went on, "because he is frankly a romancer. He doesn't take liberties with nature and then say it's true." Another was summed up: "He's a good fellow—I think he's a good fellow all right. He can imitate the call of wild animals the best of anybody I ever knew. He sent me a very cordial invitation to come out to his place this spring, but I told him I had an engagement at that time with the Vassar girls, and of course I couldn't disappoint them." In general Mr. Burroughs was a discerning critic, and a kindly one, generous in his praise of his colleagues.

I spoke of Viscount Grey's little book "Recreation," in which he tells of taking Roosevelt to hear the English birds. Mr. Burroughs had not seen it. "Roosevelt told me about that walk," he said. "I must send for the book."

"He had to make Roosevelt wade across a mud puddle," I said, "but the Colonel didn't mind it."

"Mind it!" said Mr. Burroughs with delight. "I should say not. He would go into a stream up to his waist and think nothing of it. The last outing I took with him was down at a place they called Pine Knot—a big barracks of a house miles away from anywhere. They lived and cooked downstairs and slept upstairs. He took me along to help him name his birds. I've never written that up yet; I will some day."

He began talking of his reading, and naturally it was not long before we got to the heart of things.

"I am convinced of a directing intelligence," he said, after disposing of this scientist and that philosopher.

"These birds and these trees know what to do; something tells them. There is the law in everything. I believe that God is in everything—immanent. And therefore my friends tell me I am a pantheist. But the good church folk say that God is a spirit; and I say, 'Where is he?' and they answer, 'Why, everywhere.' So in the end we agree. As for immortality—I see nothing to prove it—"

"Or to disprove it?" I suggested.

"Or to disprove it. There is one thing," he brought his hand down with a light blow of contentment on the arm of his chair, "if there isn't immortality, we'll never know it. And if there is immortality, we'll have to accept it and put up with it the best we can."

In a moment he went on. "I have a book now going through the press in which I have tried to say how these things look to me—a sort of summing up of the conclusions of four score years of reading, observation, and thought. I call the book "Accepting the Universe." You remember that Margaret Fuller once said she accepted the universe, and when Carlyle heard it, he said, 'Gad, she'd better!'" He smiled thoughtfully and then epitomized the book for me. But here I am quoting his words not from memory, but from the book itself, which has just appeared: "I have concluded . . . . that this is the best possible world, and these people in it are the best possible people. The heart of Nature is sound. I feel toward the great Mother somewhat as a man does who takes out a policy in an insurance company: he believes the company is solvent and will meet its obligations. I look upon the universe as solvent and worthy of trust . . . . Theological grounds do not count with me. I want nothing less than a faith founded upon a rock, faith in the constitution of things. The various man-made creeds are fictitious, like the constellations—Orion, Cassiopeia's Chair, the Big Dipper; the only thing real in them is the stars, and the only thing real in the creeds is the soul's aspiration toward the Infinite."

It was growing dusk when I rose to go. "I'll never forget this as long as I live, Mr. Burroughs," I said, and he sped me on my way with kind words.

The gray lady called to me as I went by her gate, "Did you see him?"

"Yes," I said, "I've had a long talk with him."

"He's a fine old man," she said heartily. "The minister sometimes preaches about him. He says this would be a better world if there were more men in it like Mr. Burroughs."



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MR. BURROUGHS ENJOYING HIS STUDY

Waiting

SERENE I fold my arms and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

A Novelist of the Screen

By JOHN B. WALLACE

THEY say that God loves the Irish. If that is true He certainly loves Mary O'Connor, for she is Irish from the tip of her toe to the crown of her auburn head. Miss O'Connor is a big woman, big physically, big mentally and with a great big Irish heart. And she needs every one of these qualities to hold down her job of editor-in-chief of the scenario department of the Famous Players, Lasky Corporation, the largest motion picture concern in the world.

Miss O'Connor picked a most fitting day for her début in the motion picture game eight years ago. It was on the seventeenth of March that while visiting relatives in San Francisco she received a telegram stating that the script writer of the Vitagraph had fallen and broken his leg and would she please come and take his job. She packed up that morning and left for Los Angeles. Today she is probably one of the highest salaried women in pictures with the exception of some of the big stars.

Miss O'Connor was no tyro in the writing business when she joined the movies. She had been a feature writer on eastern papers and had spent three years in the editorial department of *Munsey's*. But writing for motion pictures in those days was a new line for everybody and she has grown up with the business. From the Vitagraph she went to that greatest of all picture producers, David Wark Griffith. From him she imbibed that enthusiasm and loyalty to her work that is her most outstanding characteristic. She has witnessed the evolution of the scenario from the crude notes of a stenographer taken at conferences between the directors, film writers and actors to its present form of literary art.



MARY H. O'CONNOR

In fact the only rise I got out of Miss O'Connor during our interview was when I inadvertently alluded to continuity writing as hack work. She soon showed me my error and I hastened to explain that it was but a poor choice of words and that I had really meant detail work.

I had but little conception of the extent of the scenario department of a big film company until I started down the long corridor that leads to Miss O'Connor's office. For half a city block I was flanked on both sides by dozens of little offices from which issued the clackety-clack of typewriters grinding out continuity. This last, while not a new word in the dictionary sense, is new in its present meaning. It refers to the preparation of a story for the screen and goes into details of action that are never dreamed of in writing a novel or short story. Every movement that the actor is to make in bringing out the action of the story is put down in black and white.

Continuity writing is a new art—one that pays most liberally and is attracting hundreds of experienced writers from the newspapers and magazines. But even these experienced writers do not start off with éclat. They find that they are indeed in a new game, so new that the rules are not yet formulated and not all of them succeed. A good continuity writer requires above everything a vivid imagination. They must see things from the angle of the camera and they must have a fine eye for detail.

Miss O'Connor has small patience with the so-called schools for scenario writers.

"Fakes!" she ejaculated contemptuously. "They can only at the best teach a few fundamentals. The things that go to make up a successful writer for the screen are not things that can be imparted any more than you can make a successful author or short story writer by giving a few lessons in rhetoric. It must be in the writer just as the talent must be in the artist or the musician. Given the talent the screen writer will soon pick up the technique."

"What would you advise then for the person ambitious to become a scenario writer?" I asked. In asking this question I'll confess I had an ulterior motive, for I, like you, dear reader, have a sneaking notion that I have the greatest plot for a scenario that has ever been filmed concealed about my person.

But Miss O'Connor, if she smelled a rat in the arras, gave no sign.

"I would advise such a person," she replied earnestly, "to study pictures. To take novels and try to scenarize them. When I was breaking into the business I would attend picture shows and jot down the number of cuts. I would then endeavor to see where I could improve the action if I had been making the picture; where I would prolong such action or cut sooner. Then I would take novels or short stories. I would figure out where I would begin my action; what scenes I would leave out and what scenes I would add. The way to learn to write novels is to write novels. The way to learn to write scenarios it to write scenarios." This, mind you, in spite of the fact that Miss O'Connor each morning rakes in her paper from the area way in fear and trembling lest she find a scenario concealed within it. She told me a story of a scenario that arrived at the office one day and appended to it was a postscript stating that the author was also an expert layer of cement and if the story was not up to snuff he would be pleased to bid on any jobs of concrete that she might have.

While not exactly a worker in concrete I took the hint and, resolving to stick to my trade, forbore to mention my own idea for a scenario.

Miss O'Connor is vice president of the Screen Writers Guild and being the only woman officer of this most exclusive organization esteems the honor very highly.

"The qualifications for membership in the guild," she said, "are such that only recognized writers for the screen can be admitted. Even well-known writers of novels and short stories must serve their apprenticeship in screen writing. The purpose of the organization is to raise the standard and ideals of the profession as well as to insist upon a better rate of compensation for the writers of original screen stories. After all, the story is the thing and why should the author receive but a tenth of the sum that is paid the actor who interprets it?"

Miss O'Connor believes that the day of the star is past in pictures and that the era of the writer is just dawning.

"I was talking today with Douglas Fairbanks," she said, "and he told me that he was going to take a long vacation. Mary Pickford is making no pictures now. William Hart is quitting for a time at least. Charlie Chaplin is talking vacation and is not working at present. Do they see the handwriting on the wall? When they are gone there will be no one to take their places—except maybe a few new types such as Charles Ray, but from now on the play will be the big attraction, not the star."

She believes that the day of the picturization of the novel is also about past. This is because of the fact that the supply of available novels is about exhausted.

"Comparatively few novels lend themselves to filming," she said. "An author can take a chapter describing the emotions of his hero or heroine. On the screen it can only be a flash. The majority of our novels, and this includes some of the greatest, lack sufficient action for screen purposes. Even in the ones we use we have to add to and leave out so much of the plot that it is sometimes hardly recognizable. This naturally causes great anguish to the authors but it has to be to get it over on the screen. We have paid as high as $40,000 for the picture rights of a novel but it was the name we were buying."

So convinced is Miss O'Connor that the day of the original writer for the screen has arrived that she herself is about to resign her position as editor-in-chief and devote her entire time to writing feature films. At the present time she is initiating Sir Gilbert Parker, the great Canadian novelist, into the mysteries of scenario writing.

"When men like Sir Gilbert and James Barrie, whom we have also under contract, and writers like Gertrude Atherton and Rex Beach take up original screen writing," she argued, "it certainly proves my contention that the day of the writer has arrived in filmdom. A few years ago great authors sneered at the pictures as being beneath their dignity but thanks to Griffith and others they are beginning to realize the artistic possibilities."

Reverting to the passing of the stars, I asked Miss O'Connor if she did not think that the stars themselves were much to blame for their wane in popularity.

"Well it takes a pretty level head to stand prosperity," she admitted. "People may be gifted in some lines and not in others. If, however, you are referring to certain scandals I must say the public has sadly misjudged some of our stars. I know them personally and cleaner minded or better moraled persons never lived, although I suppose it would be impossible to convince the public to that effect. No, the star system is dying out not because of lack of merit in the stars themselves but because motion pictures are evolving to such a plane that stars with unique personalities are not necessary to make them popular."

Miss O'Connor predicts the revival of the costume play in pictures.

"We have nearly completed the cycle," she said. "War plays, problem plays, western plays, we have just about exhausted the repertoire. The bucolic and sex plays are having their day now. The time for the "Knighthood was in Flower" type is soon to come again. At least that is my guess."

The Census Bespeaks a Sound America

Concluded from page 3

pensing with all animal power. The growth of the mule population is probably due to the fact that the automobile has decreased the value of the horse as a varied convenience, suitable for field, vehicle or saddle; many farmers that used to keep a horse or two for pleasure as well as practicable use now gets along with a motor car and a mule or two. In fact, for duty requiring mere strength the mule is rated by many experts as far superior to the horse.

It is refreshing to note that though the first hundred counties show only slightly more farms and smaller farms than in 1910, acreage planted to the chief crops was larger in 1919 than in 1920. This is true of corn, wheat and hay. More cattle, too, are found on the farms, though the counties represent fewer of the cattle states than in 1910. There appears to have been an increase in cattle even in New England, quite to the surprise of the experts who have assumed that virtually all forms of agricultural activity were on the decline in that section. And as for hogs, the record is better than for cattle; the swine increase in the area reported on to date is unusual. But the hog population is subject to much and sudden fluctuation, depending on general conditions.

If values tell anything, the fact stands out clearly that agriculture has progressed wonderfully in America during the last ten years, despite some incidental indications to the contrary. In 1900 all agricultural property in this country was worth approximately twenty billions of dollars. In the ten years ending with 1910, the value doubled, reaching a total of forty billions, rated then as phenomenal. There is little doubt that the census of 1920 will show that those values have more than doubled.

The value of the products of the farm has kept apace with that of the farm itself. Nearly all the reports that have been consolidated show that the crops of 1919 were worth 100 per cent and over more than they were worth in 1909. Particular crops, like fruits and vegetables in Delaware and New England, show value increases of more than 200 per cent.

But in the face of other creditable showing for the farm, the well-known farm mortgage seems, from preliminary consolidations, to be more than holding its own. Those communities so far reported on show about the same number of mortgages as ten years ago. And the size of the mortgages have kept apace with the growing value of the farm and the declining value of the dollar. Usually they have doubled in average amount.

Census figures announced to date are of course preliminary and in some cases referred to in this article incomplete. But enough has been made known to indicate trends that the final figures will very likely bear out—trends that in some respects are surprising but yet on the whole indicative of a sound America and especially a sound American agriculture.

America's Dreadful Waste of Infant Life

Concluded from page 6

munity gets the care it is entitled to. The far-reaching extent to which that may lead depends upon how thoroughly and lastingly a community wants the work done. It may reach into the very heart of a community's economic life, to housing, sanitation, moral tone, even to the policies of employers of labor, especially with reference to women workers, to the wage scale paid in local industries, rents, and numerous other equations.

When, about twenty years ago, New York City took note of its then disgraceful infant mortality rate, the community's effort to lower it aimed only at looking after the sick babies of the poor. Though the work was well done, it had little effect on the infant death rate. Then they began to look after the infants of the poor while the infants were well with the view of keeping them well. Then the death rate began to come down and is now relatively low.

Most of what is being done directly for the welfare of mothers and infants is sponsored by unofficial philanthropy, like the work of the organization supported by the Red Cross and the numerous children's aid societies in cities. The United States Children's Bureau has long carried on a campaign of education.

Several large cities have tackled the problem officially.

It is now being urged that the Federal Government take the lead in the work. A bill providing a substantial appropriation to be distributed among states putting up equal sums for maternal and infant welfare is pending in Congress and, if reached, will probably be passed at the coming session. It represents a probably wise step, particularly as to motherhood which, aside from infants, presents certain statistics that are perhaps more disgraceful than the run of infant mortality rates; for we lead the world in the percentage of women, as compared with number of births, who lose their lives becoming mothers.

But infant mortality rates will be brought down only by vigorous community action, and lastingly only by that kind of action which will tend to raise the general economic and social tone of American life.

Before you accept the truth of a community's boasting regarding its livableness or its character or that of its inhabitants take a look at its infant mortality rating. Of course in a few cases the rate is high because of many infants not born in the community being drawn there by infants' homes and hospitals. Sometimes, too, a rate for one year may be due to a passing epidemic. But high rates over a series of years tell a story that no other figures, perhaps no other data of any kind, can give.



BACK TO NORMALCY

By JOHN BENSON

The Elephant sat on the White House lawn
Watching the Donkey pack up to be gone.
While the Donkey looked for a brief survey
The Elephant heard the Donkey bray:

I have a misgiving
The High Cost of Living
I'm handing to you as my heir
Will be a vexation
The same as taxation,
But why in the deuce should I care?
The old League of Nations
And foreign relations,
You'll find they are far from a joke,
And if unemployment
Should mar your enjoyment—
It's nothing to me if you choke.

The Elephant looked at the azure dome,
He turned to look at his future home,
He looked at the Donkey and winked his eye
And trumpeted willingly his reply:

The problems you're stating
Are not agitating
My mind, not a one of them robs
The luxuriating
Of just contemplating
The fact that I've got all the jobs.
Let problems come screaming
In regiments teeming,
I gaze with a conquering eye,
For—joy everlasting!—
From eight years of fasting
I'm back where they serve out the pie!

And then there came advancing
An enormous horde a-dancing
Like an army that was marching to a jazz.
In the dust of its migration
It was yelling its elation,
"We are here to give the Democrats the razz!
For we're going to take positions
In accordance with traditions
And we'll *'raus mit* all the Democratic gang!"
And they stopped before the portals
While emitting sundry chortles
As they lifted up their voices and they sang:

Oh Normalcy, sweet Normalcy,
Our orisons we make to thee.
Back to that beatific state
In good old eighteen ninety eight,
When old Mark Hanna rang the gong
To summon in the hungry throng!
Oh good old days, so far and free,
Oh happy days of Normalcy,
When good Mark Hanna fed us high
From soup and fish to nuts and pie.
Back to the good old days we go
For Normalcy is when, you know,
Republicans are round the pot
And all the Democrats are not!

And when they ceased their singing
Came the gentle breezes bringing
From the governmental offices about
The dim reverberation
Of the doleful ululation
Of the Democrats preparing to move out.
Oh the bulk of their intoning
Was as of a giant moaning,
As the southern breezes carried it away,
And the music softly creeping
Set their hearers all to weeping
As the Democrats were understood to say:

We had a wonderful, wonderful time,
But it's over now.
Spending our millions like spending a dime,
But it's over now.
Ordering cities to spring from the ground,
Ordering millions of soldiers around,
Right at the spot where the orders abound,
But it's over now.

We've had a wonderful, wonderful day,
But it's over now.
Drawing the government's bountiful pay,
But it's over now.
Now we have got to go out in the wet,
No more munitions, no contracts to let.
Out in the world with our living to get,
For it's over now.

And then from the stills of the southerly hills
Came murmurings distant and faint,
And each head was bare for the old Southern air
That was sung with a note of complaint.
Oh, each bared his head as one does for the dead
And hushed the harsh speech in his mouth
As he harked to the word but imperfectly heard
Of the ghost of the old Solid South.



Oh way down South 'mid the four bit cotton,
Gosh almighty, things are rotten,
Come away, come away, come away, come away.

They've taken Oklahoma, away, away,
They've put the bee on Tennessee,
The South ain't what it used to be,
Oh my, oh me, away down South in Dixie.

Away down South where Democrats
Wore long tailed coats and high silk hats,
Come away, come away, come away, come away.

They've put us in the cooler, away, away,
The South of yore, it ain't no more,
We never saw the like before,
Oh my, oh me, away down South in Dixie.

As each in sentimental mood
Dashed teardrops from his nose
There came an infant nearly nude,
In torn and shabby clothes.
Her hair was fair, her face was sad,
Her eyes were blue and mild.
Then up spoke one and cried, "Bedad,
"Now who is that there child!"

She looked at him as though appalled,
Though no one threatened her,
And timidly she said, "I'm called
The League of Nations, sir.
I am a little orphan girl,
To none do I belong."
She twisted at a golden curl
And then began her song:

"Oh who will take the orphan in,
Oh who will shelter me,
That once to emperors was kin
In lands beyond the sea?
For I was born in pomp and state
In far-off Sunny France,
And everybody called me great,
My glory to advance.

Then strong men felt the starting tears
And many heaved a sigh;
While some but boxed the infant's ears
More smacked her in the eye.
For round the crowd a murmur ran
That laid their pity flat
As man went whispering to man,
"The child's a Democrat."

Then the Donkey said to the Elephant,
"They're getting a little bit rough."
But the Elephant said with a roguish smile,
"They're treating her well enough.

"Just hammer the kid when it's small
And it will be good when it grows,
For that is a fact on which I act
And one that everyone knows."

The Donkey said to the Elephant,
"They'll murder her with that stuff."
But the Elephant said like a wise old bird,
"Oh no, the kid is tough.

"We'll kick her around for a year
And wallop her till she's flat,
And then our concern her love will earn
And we'll adopt the brat."

And while they argued pro and con
A solemn group was coming on,
Of men of aspect most severe,
Aloof and chill, reserved, austere,
Whom all observed with awe and fear,
Who cast about a pallor drear,
Who could not see but seemed to hear,
Whose awful presence could besmear
The sun with soot, cause winds to veer,
And clouds the orbed moon to blear.
From far and near men came to hear
Their voices bleak, their voices clear
That stabbed like knives in every ear.
Thus spoke the Nation's Last Resort,
The Dread, Unchallenged, Highest Court.

Parties come and parties go.
(Give him a writ of Fee, Fi, Fo.)

We go on till the end shall come.
(Give him a writ of Fee, Fo, Fum.)

Presidents come with every tide.
(Writ of Fo Fum Fee denied.)

We go on and we never die.
(Give him a writ of Fum, Fo, Fi.)

Wars may wage, but we are not moved.
(Writ of Fo, Fi, Fum approved.)

None there are as great as we.
(Grant him a writ of Fo, Fum, Fee.)

Some are high, but we are It.
(Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum, here's the writ.)

A Firewood Forest for Every Town

A GOODLY portion of the people of the United States would eventually be able to laugh at miners' strikes and railway tie-ups if they were to follow the excellent advice of Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Forestry Association. Pack, you know, is the man who has gained an international reputation as a result of everlastingly and eternally talking and writing upon the subject of planting trees. According to the belief of this hustling and exceedingly useful man, no person—man, woman or child—has really commenced living until he has planted a few hundred trees on some highway or in a lot or field.



CHARLES LATHROP PACK

Mr. Pack is strongly urging the municipal authorities of every hamlet, village and town throughout America to immediately secure an adequate-sized piece of land and plant trees on it for the purpose of creating a municipal wood lot which would mature in the not far distant future. He believes that by pursuing this course it would be but a comparatively few years until many homes would be heated largely with the use of wood, using coal only during the severest zero weather of the winter.

Six hundred years ago the town of Zurich, Switzerland, started a municipal wood lot and it has been a good paying proposition through all those hundreds of years and it is still going strong. The area of the Zurich wood lot is 2,840 acres. The annual income to the city from the sale of firewood from this forest is seven dollars an acre.

It was in the year 1309 that the far-seeing citizens of Zurich put this forest under official management, and it has been steadily increasing in value ever since.

Farm owners also ought to adopt a wood lot policy for their own benefit. There is enough waste land on every farm in the country to grow enough trees to furnish stove wood, fence posts and other low grade lumber for all time to come. It might not be a bad idea to have at least one tree-planting day on all farms every year, and everybody should participate in the festivities.

The state of New York has already set a laudable pace in the matter of establishing municipal forests. In 1912 the legislature of that state enacted a law making it possible for counties, towns and villages to acquire through purchase, lease, gift, or condemnation, lands having tree growth or forests on them, or lands that might be suitable for the growing of trees.

It is ardently hoped that a similar measure will be passed by the lawmaking bodies of every state in the Union before another year has passed around.

Tree planting such as outlined above is not only a good thing from an economic viewpoint but it is of incalculable benefit in regulating stream flow, protecting watersheds, providing shelter from wind and storm, and furnishing homes for insect-destroying birds and food game.

The people of the state of New York are in dead earnest in their determination again to make it a commonwealth of beautiful and valuable forests.

Near the little town of Lacona, an enterprising lumber concern has planted more than half a million trees on farms abandoned on account of their lack of fertility. These trees were planted largely under the careful supervision of the New York State College of Forestry. The freshmen from this school are so efficiently organized that 21 of them can plant 35,000 trees in the short space of one week. These young men, in addition to the commissary staff, were organized in three groups of seven each, and one of these seven was elected each day as the leader of the party for that particular day. The other six were divided into mattock men and setters, and the work proceeded so systematically that over 1,000 trees were planted daily by each pair of workers.

Forty-five thousand trees were planted last spring in the publicly-owned forest at Malone, New York.

The children of the public schools of Watertown, New York, set out 10,000 trees, and the children of the Newburg schools followed with 5,000. The New York State Conservation Commission has planted literally millions of trees on state-owned lands.

Why not get the habit?

The Scillies for Sale

THE only reason the Scilly Isles get into the news just now is because the Prince of Wales is going to sell them. And that brings forth the reasonable comment: "I didn't know he owned 'em."

Well, he does, and he is. Who will buy them is another matter, but if anyone would like to purchase a nice sea-front group of islands, 140 in all, now's his opportunity.

How does the Prince of Wales come to own them? With the exception of the eldest son, none of the sovereign's children enjoy any privileges except a pension and the courtesy title of "prince." For example, they are not peers by birth and King George had to raise his second son, Albert, to a dukedom (Duke of York) to give him a seat in the House of Lords. And so far he's scarcely warmed it; Albert doesn't care for statecraft. But the eldest son gets a lot of privileges, and among those which precedent gives him is the duchy of Cornwall and York. The importance of the duchy of Cornwall and York is that it produces revenues; and the Scilly Isles belong to Cornwall, hence to the Duke of Cornwall and York, which is one of the titles (and a profitable one) of the Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales has curious ideas about property. Recently he visited his duchy and was shocked to find a lot of slum cottages. He ordered them cleared out, although it was carefully explained to him that they produced steady income, slum or no slum. However, he cut down his income by abolishing them. Now he says he wants to get rid of the Scillies—for cash.

The Scilly Islands are 25 miles west by south of Land's End, which is the southwest tip of England. They are the first glimpse of land afforded the ocean voyager who is making the port of Southampton from America. Of the 140 islands only 40 are distinguishable from mere rocks, and but five of these 40 are inhabited. Altogether they comprise a circuit of 30 miles.

They are granite and sand mostly, with steep cliffs, and treacherous passages between the rocks. Wild fowl abound and while the first impression is discouraging enough it is a fact that, besides the fishing industry, the Scillies produce large crops of potatoes and great quantities of flowers. The latter, narcissi in particular, are shipped to British markets.

The islands passed to an abbey, and a family named Blanchminster shared the government with the abbot in the fourteenth century. This is mentioned because the Blanchminsters used to punish a felony by taking the convicted person to a certain rock in the sea with two barley loaves and one pitcher of water to be left on the rock until drowned by the tide. Incidentally the abbot got all the taxes and returns except wrecks and whales, which were reserved for the Crown.

Latterly, the islands have prospered under judicious government. The five inhabited islands (all of granite as mentioned) are St. Mary's, Tresco, St. Martin's St. Agnes and Bryher. The total population is slightly more than 2,000. Hugh Town in St. Mary's is the capital, occupying a sandy peninsula crowned by the height known as the Garrison, with Star Castle, dating from Elizabethan days. The islands contain all manner of remains of prehistoric monoliths, stone circles, rock basins, and so on. They have also a more gloomy collection, débris from the hundreds of wrecks brought about by the treacherous nature of the waters near by.



Photograph selected for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT by National Park Service, Department of the Interior.

YOUR OWN UNITED STATES

A feature of Rocky Mountain National Park is its profusion of cliff-cradled, glacier-watered valleys unexcelled for wildness and the glory of their flowers. Here are lily pads growing in snow waters in Wild Basin, whose wealth of lake and precipice still remains unexploited and known to few.



The Three Arts



Agriculture

Manufacture

Transportation



The Department of Agriculture has completed a survey on the cost of producing beef in Northern Illinois that indicates that cattle cost the stockmen and farmers from $12 to $17 a hundredweight, delivered at the market.

The Bureau of Animal Industry has approved the eye test for detecting tuberculosis in cattle.

To answer a general demand for information concerning the possibility of citrous-growing in the South, the Department of Agriculture has covered the subject in Farmers' Bulletin 1122.

Business reviews forecast an increase in the cost of fertilizer materials.

Reports that a German scientist has succeeded in making artificial wool are incorrect. Experiments are being made but have not yet met with success.

More than one thousand tons of tomato seeds are thrown away annually by northern pulping plants. It is estimated that if reduced to oil and stock food this by-product would have a total value of $86,000.

Holland is again shipping considerable quantities of potato flour to the United States. The flour is used chiefly in this country for the sizing of paper.

Europe has made much more rapid progress in the recovery of her dairy industry than was deemed possible. As a result exports of condensed milk from this country dropped 89,000,000 pounds from June, 1919, to August, 1920. Conditions in the condensed milk industry are said to be critical. A large number of factories will close.

Large shipments of Danish butter have been received in the United States.

American vessels of more than 1,600 gross tonnage, which enter British ports after December 1, will be required to carry wireless.

Germany is now manufacturing a sole leather made from waste leather, which is suitable for the heels of shoes.

Owing to falling prices in food, clothing and other necessities, less than fifty executive workers are now employed by the Department of Justice in investigating charges of profiteering.

The three American delegates to the International Institute of Agriculture, which closed a 12-day session in Rome this week, were Dr. Thomas F. Hunt, dean of the college of agriculture of the University of California; Leon M. Estabrook, chief of the Bureau of Crop Estimates, and Harvey J. Sconce, former president of the Illinois Agricultural Association.

The government is encouraging in Alaska the development of crops adapted to the short growing season.

It is estimated that the upkeep of a light tractor capable of doing the work of four horses is $250 a year, while the cost of maintaining four horses is figured at $896 for the same period. Hay and feed for the horses are figured at $810, shoeing at $24, wear on harness at $12 and depreciation of horses at $50. The cost of fuel for a tractor for an average season is placed at $100, cost of repairs and overhaul at $50 and depreciation at $100. The net result is a saving of $646 for the farmer who uses a tractor.

Cotton mill workers in an eastern city have accepted a reduction of from 15 to 20 per cent in wages.

The officials of the Tanners' Council of Chicago report that cheaper shoes will be seen on the market soon, due to the decreased price of leather.

July was the greatest month in railroad history, in point of operation, according to the Federal Trade Commission. The total of ton miles was 40,232,000,000—an increase of 15.2 per cent over July, 1919.

The United States Shipping Board will dispose of all housing projects which it controls.

It has been announced that a Japanese company capitalized at $25,000,000 has been organized with the intention of entering upon the exploitation of any petroleum deposits that may be discovered on the west coast of Mexico.

Public utility plants produced electricity to the amount of 29,114,000,000 kilowatt-hours during the first eight months of the present year. Thirty-eight per cent of this was produced by water power.

Up to October 1, the United States exported 1,150 locomotives. This is more than were exported during all 1919.

English woolen manufacturers are turning out cheaper lines of cloth to meet the demand of the public for lower prices.

The International Bureau of Weights and Measures announces that the Swiss have succeeded in remedying variations in timekeeping due to the expansion and contraction of the parts of a watch.

Great Britain is about to begin research work in India to determine the feasibility of producing cheap power alcohol on a commercial basis.

The American Farm Bureau Federation will meet in Indianapolis, December 6, 7, 8, for the purpose of formulating a national agricultural policy.

Nine types of American farm tractors were entered in the International Farm Tractor Exhibition held in Rome.

Canada announces a fifty per cent increase in immigration. The British Isles furnish most of the newcomers.

According to news from Baltimore, garment workers in that city face a long period of unemployment. Many manufacturers are said to have cut down work to a day basis.

The relaxation in the iron and steel trade continues. It is estimated, however, that the mills are operating at 80 per cent of their capacity.

The total of cars loaded with commercial freight in the week ending October 9 reached 1,009,787.

"American business," says Warren G. Harding, President-elect, "is not a selfish, privilege-seeking monster. The agitator who so describes it and the statesman who treats it with abuse and suspicion, forget that American business is the daily labor of the whole people and the clothes upon their backs and three meals a day. More vital to the wage earners, who are ten to one greater in number than business executives, is the continued prosperity of America. Business in America is not big business; it is little businesses—all the units of production, even the single machine in the shop and the farm and the home. American business is a vast fabric woven through the up-going years by the daily tasks of a faithful, virtuous people."

New Government Publications

Report of Federal Trade Commission on price of farm implements. Forty cents. Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

The Horse Power Problem on the Farm. Department Agriculture. Free.

Farm Bookkeeping. Farmers' Bulletin 511, Department Agriculture. Free.

Milk for the Family. Department Agriculture Circular 129. Free.

The Manufacture and Use of Peanut Butter. Department Agriculture Circular 128. Free.

Milk Plant Equipment. Department Agriculture Bulletin 890. Free.

A System of Field and Office Records for County Extension Workers. Department Agriculture Circular 107. Free.

Express rates, 1920; decided August 11, 1920. Commission report. Five cents. Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

Lloyds reports the gross tons of shipping under construction in American yards, September 30, as 1,772,000, or half that of a year ago.

Mexican imports for the first four months of 1920 were 92,000,000 pesos.

The right to explore oil lands in British possessions throughout the world has been granted to American companies. This is a reversal of the British policy.

The United States export trade to Asia and Oceania in 1920 will considerably exceed $1,000,000,000. To South America the total for 1920 will exceed $500,000,000 against $147,000,000 in 1913; to Africa $140,000,000 against $29,000,000 in 1913, and to Europe over $4,000,000,000 as against $1,500,000,000 in 1913.

After nine years' occupation of Korea by Japan, four-fifths of the total of 10,000,000 yen in the Postal Savings Bank belong to Japanese.

The Federal Foreign Finance Corporation, a $6,000,000 enterprise to finance foreign trade, was organized in New Orleans, November 6, at a meeting attended by 100 of the leading bankers of the South. The bank's purpose will be to finance the foreign marketing of all of the South's staple products and manufactures with particular attention to cotton, rice, sugar and lumber.

The Forestry Service announces that the use of wood preservatives is on the increase in the United States. Approximately 140,000,000 cubic feet of wood were treated in 108 plants during 1919.

The Department of Agriculture uses oil to stop sand sifting into cuts on the Columbia River highway.

Present figures indicate that the railroads of the United States will break all records this year for volume of freight transported.

Government officials believe that German manufacturers will invade the United States markets soon with goods priced far below the market.

Washington announces many farmers are carrying out their threat to hold crops for higher prices.

The Department of Agriculture of the Mexican Government expects to spend 600,000 pesos this year in purchasing agricultural machinery which will be retailed in turn to Mexican consumers. Two hundred thousand pesos are already available.

Under a Finnish law which takes effect January 1, the national government will build all highways.

It is said that the recent advance in Canadian freight rates has practically halted lumber shipments from the Prince Rupert consular district to the United States.

Charges that officials and employes of the United States Shipping Board have wasted millions of dollars and that there has been almost unlimited graft, are made in reports to the House Committee on Shipping Board Operations. So serious are the charges that it seems certain Congress will take cognizance of them immediately upon convening.

Canada is interested in the report that the Pennsylvania Railway, the Canadian Pacific, Essex Terminal and Canadian Steel Corporation are jointly interested in a plan for transportation and industrial development which will involve an expenditure of $200,000,000. Plans provide, it is said, for the entrance into Canada of the Pennsylvania lines over a new international bridge crossing the Detroit River.

A 30 per cent increase in toy production in the United States is predicted for 1921 by one of the chief toy manufacturers.

The nation's stock of gold amounts to $2,194,000,000. Of this sum $1,196,000,000 is held in vaults as a protection against panic. The United States holds about 33 per cent of the world's monetary supply of gold.

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URBANA ILL

Briefly Told

The French Academy is giving deep consideration to the plan to admit into the French language such well-known terms as "full house," "flush," "straight," and other terms of poker. Benjamin Franklin introduced the famous game to France and the American terms were adopted into the vernacular. The "doughboy" of 1918 did much to popularize the game and pauperize the poilu novice.

Michael Condon, chief clerk of the University of Michigan, is dead after 62 years' service in the institution. He served under all of the five presidents of the university and saw it grow from two small buildings to become one of the largest educational centers in the United States.

A Lynn, Massachusetts, cook insisted that her employer transport her to church in a car every Sunday morning. He did so, but one morning an accident befell, wherein the cook was injured, and she now sues him for $10,000.

In a battle of ballots for election to the Hall of Fame, Mark Twain easily defeated his more vocabular opponent, Noah Webster.

A 75-year-old lady of Little Falls, New Jersey, cast her first vote on election day, and was dead 36 hours later.

The "solid South" showed the results of winter immigration from the North, many tourist towns in Florida, Texas and other Gulf States giving a heavy return for Harding.

Over 2,000 persons went through the White House gates three nights after election and cheered the President. Mr. Wilson was wheeled out in a chair and responded by bowing his head.

A "phantom herd" of buffaloes, reported for years by Indians to be grazing in the Mackenzie River Basin in the Canadian Northwest, has at last been discovered by a white man, F. H. Kitto, a Canadian engineer. He estimates the herd at 1,000 head and says the Indians of the country report a larger herd farther north.

Trotsky says: "I know danger is coming. I realize the possibility of a severe winter, but though three-fourths of the population die of hunger and cold, the remainder will survive to carry through to victory world revolution."

United States guards were recently removed from the international bridges between the city of Juarez, Mexico, and El Paso, Texas. Removal of the troops was due to the restoration of peaceful conditions in Mexico.

President Taft's son Robert has been elected to the Ohio house of representatives.

The bullfighters of Spain are considering concerted action with the object of obtaining higher pay.

Ludendorff's book on the war is judged by enemy officers to be the truest account thus far coming from the German side. He says the German Army was defeated and worn out in 1916.

Pedro Zamora, the last bandit leader in Mexico, has surrendered, together with 15 followers.

The next eclipse of the sun to be visible in the United States will occur in 1923.

A perfect substitute for radium has been produced through a chemical process which purifies mesothorium. Mesothorium is a by-product of gas-lamp mantles and is found in monazite ore.

Boston reports say that retail shoe prices have been reduced from $3 to $5 a pair on ordinary styles.

A shark in Saigon Harbor, Indo-China, failing to take a baited hook, was fed a large piece of pork containing chlorinated fresh lime. The action of the water on the lime caused an explosion which threw pieces of shark meat 300 yards away in the mangrove thickets.

After reading an interview by Eugene Debs, the London *Morning Post* is "emboldened to suggest that prolonged periods of seclusion (enforced if necessary) might be made part of the normal education of all politicians."

One New York hotel had 450 Cuban sugar millionaires among its guests. Then sugar slumped, and some of them had to borrow real cash to get home.

The United States uses approximately 48,670,000 barrels of oil in a month.

The sardine pack on the Maine coast aggregates 2,500,000 cases, worth $15,000,000. About 6,000 persons are employed.

The National Guard is to be kept at full strength in peacetime and will be available for minor emergencies according to a statement made by the Director of the War Plans Division of the General Staff.

"Pilgrim" half-dollars, 300,000 of them, have been issued by the United States Mint to commemorate this, the 300th year of the Pilgrims' landing.

Approximately 12,000,000 people live under the American flag outside of the continental area of the Union.

When William Jennings Bryan spoke at the University of Michigan, the largest auditorium in the state was too small by thousands of seats, and the Commoner had to repeat his address next day.

Forty-six per cent of all wood used in the nation is required on its farms.

At the foot of Mt. Ararat, the traditional resting place of Noah's Ark, the Armenians recently defeated the Turks.

More than 73 per cent of the workers in factories in Japan are women.

They are raising tobacco in Hampshire, England, for the first time since James I's "Counterblast to Tobacco" outlawed the industry, and Cromwell's troops trampled down the crops.

Houses advertised for sale in England are often seized by ex-service men, who install their families therein and offer to pay rent.

There are eight million unnaturalized aliens in this country.

Better grade of work in ready-made clothing is produced outside of New York. Yet in New York the wages of the clothing trade run from $55 to $85 a week, as against $25 to $35 elsewhere.

The British Government is using its obsolete warships as floating laboratories for the study of the formidable foot and mouth disease, and the discovery of a preventive or cure for it.

Ten wards in the city of Glasgow voted to abolish the saloons, the most revolutionary occurrence in Scotland in two centuries.

A total of 6,978 persons were killed and 149,053 injured on United States railroads during 1919.

William Hohenzollern has received more than $25,000,000 in salary as King of Prussia, since his flight to Holland.

The green iguana, a kind of lizard about three feet long, is a favorite food of the natives along the Amazon, and cannot easily be told from chicken.

E. O. Excell, noted singer and hymn-writer, was recently reported near death. He began life as a bricklayer, but one day Sam Jones, the evangelist, discovered him singing at his work.

A New York department store runs an elevator for men only from Fifth Avenue to the tenth floor where men's furnishings are sold.

Colonel House, of Texas, was President Wilson's "mystery man." Another Texan, F. E. Scobey, of San Antonio, is cast for the same part for Mr. Harding.

The unearthing of human skeletons measuring more than seven feet in length in California indicates that that state was once inhabited by a race of gigantic Indians.

"A man may buy that which he cannot own."

Mrs. Juliette Low, founder of the Girl Scout movement, is 70 years old.

Lloyd George has espoused the cause of prohibition in Great Britain.

Each time that the Russian Soviet Government has won a military victory, or saved itself by retreat, the operations have been directed by Leon Trotsky, minister of war, who is not a soldier. Trotsky's latest achievement has been the defeat of Wrangel's army in South Russia.

Alkali water affects ducks in much the same manner that certain indiscreet home brews bother men. At Dobson Lake, Oregon, thousands of ducks have died from drinking alkaline water, and the government is preparing to divert the remainder to a pure water lake near by.

The theft of British uniforms in Ireland has enabled Sinn Feiners to throw suspicion of violence on the British soldiery, according to statements made in Parliament. The term "uniformed men" instead of "soldiers" is beginning to appear in the dispatches.

Members of the wealthy Osage Indian nation have purchased airplanes for pleasure purposes.

Georgette Le Blanc, former wife of Maurice Maeterlinck, is in the United States.

American women paid $750,000,000 for rouge, lip sticks and powder and perfume during 1919, according to government war tax returns.

The end of Turkey is foreshadowed by the tripartite agreement entered into by Great Britain, Italy and France last August, and made public recently.

Iceland proposes to utilize her numerous waterfalls in carrying out an extensive program of water power distribution.

Berlin University has arranged a course of study on the British Empire.

The old Swiss watch, once so popular with the American people, has given first place to the modern American watch.

McAlester, Oklahoma, is reported to have come out "even" in the presidential election. Cox and Harding were given an equal number of votes.

Last year the United States produced $667,204,000 worth of rubber products.

A new "Congressman" is Alice Robertson, who runs a restaurant in Muskogee, Oklahoma. She did her campaigning while her customers ate their meals.

Alaska's population is 54,718, a decrease of 14.9 per cent in the last decade.

The proposed new constitution for Illinois includes the privilege of intermarriage between whites and Negroes, and provides equal rights for Negroes in every sphere.

One-armed veterans are employed in the factory of a London carriage manufacturer.

London's fog expert has a machine on which he weighs and otherwise records each fog that comes to Victoria street. The solid matter deposited by a fog weighs six tons per square mile. For all that, fogs of the "London particular" brand are diminishing year by year.

Pipe smoking seems to be on the increase among London women, and fashionable cigar stores display dainty small briars, some set with precious stones. It is said there is a growing demand for these.

Former German Crown Prince Frederick spends much time making horseshoes at the village blacksmith shop in Wierengen, Holland.

A Kansas college professor has established a wireless weather report service for farmers.

An instrument making it possible for the blind to hear the printed page was recently invented in England.

Radium valued at $13,000 was thrown into a wash basin by a patient in a Utica, New York, hospital who felt annoyed by its heat. It was later found in a sewer pipe near the hospital.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year *One Dollar* | Dearborn, Michigan, November 27, 1920 | Single Copy *Five Cents*

The Thoughtful Are the Thankful

THESE words are in season or out of season according as you view the Day of Thanksgiving as a period or a beginning. The date of this issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is two days past the officially appointed Day, though many readers will receive it earlier.

But if this paper comes after the Thanksgiving feast, and these words fall under the eye of any who fancy that Thanksgiving is "over," because forsooth the 25th of November is past, the message may be that much more effective.

Thanksgiving is not a day on which we exercise our much neglected emotions of gratitude, and then lay them away for another year; it is a day when, if we use it wisely, we adopt an entirely new attitude toward life, or correct an attitude twisted sadly awry. We tend to fall into a very bad temper with regard to life and things in the grind of the workaday world, and one of the signs of this bad temper is to regard all we have received as a debt long owed to us, instead of a gift whose giving or whose taking is beyond us.

This is temper more than thought, and the function of thought is to correct the aberrations of temper.

Directly a man begins to think—not brood, nor fear, nor indulge the common human propensity to bathe in black forebodings—that moment he finds himself set in a way to thank.

Thinking always precedes thanking; the thoughtful mind is the thankful one.

There is nothing we have but what we have received, and the utmost effect which human labor has on the fundamentals is to establish our worthiness to receive it.

Life was given us. It is a great gift. We feel it to be a great gift, when we stop to think of it. Life is not a holiday, but a school, a discipline. It has its tests, its hard places from which neither money nor power, neither culture nor character can exempt us. All eyes weep betimes, all hearts ache. Everyone who has lived knows the pain of broken plans, the pain of revised visions. By the same token, all lives have known the fundamental joys, those joys which are essential in our humanity. Stripped of accidental gear, all lives are very much alike.

We have to be thankful that life is what it is, when we are thoughtful about it. Our freedom to change the fundamentals is limited and is exercised at our peril, but our freedom to adjust our reactions to them is almost boundless, and it is in this freedom that life finds its fullest abundance.

The fundamental blessings are life—sheer physical being; thought—the growing part of man; work—the forthputting of power; love—the activity of the higher nature; society—which begins and ends in the home, for society is composed not of separate individuals, but of groups bound together by ties of blood and of emotion.

Deprived of any one of these, all the accidentals of possession or place become dead. But these, the fundamentals, are the inheritance of all—the world is just that wisely ordered in the provinces where man's disturbing hand may not interfere.

Thanksgiving Day should mark a period when we begin anew to assay the ore of life. In order to appreciate, we must apprehend. We do not know what we are worth because we do not take stock; and we do not take stock as we should because we are slaves of the fallacy that Life can be reduced to material terms. When, after beating down all the high principles of the soul, we do at last reduce life to acres and dollars and tons, we look up from our work in a daze to find that the true values of life have fled. And we must seek them where we lost them, in the simplicities of thoughtfulness and duty.

Grant that life is largely conditioned by its material environment, even there, as a nation and a people, we have cause to make this Thanksgiving the point of a new departure in appreciation.

We have just passed through a period of perturbation and foreboding. The period of adjustment has been long delayed, longer than after most wars, giving us a breathing spell before the actual moment of accounting came. It has come. It promises not to be severe nor long drawn out.

These matters depend more than we realize on the spirit of people. The courage or depression of the public mind is an *economic fact*. It is, without the slightest doubt, one of the chief economic facts. Coins and commodities are not the chief economic facts by any means; they are the camp followers.

That, then, is a cause for gratitude, that the conditions which we have named economic, and have fancied hovering over us as uncontrollable as the storm clouds, are amenable to the spirit of the people.

Thankfulness growing out of thoughtfulness makes for a sound tone of mind; and out of this a spirit of courageous expectation arises; and out of this spirit comes the power to arrange the material environment aright. That is the code of prosperity: by being thankful, we create the causes of further thankfulness; by counting our blessings, we see them increase under our hand.

THIS WEEK

Going Back a Half Million Years
A Hunt for the "Missing Link"

Put Citizenship Into Curriculum
The Evolution of a Tough School

Ontario's Premier Is a Fighter
Coalition Strong as Year Ends

And Behold America Has a D'Israeli!
Being Excerpts From Official Documents
Compiled After Congressional Hearings

Food Plight in Germany Desperate
Little Improvement in Situation

New Gladiator Enters the Arena
Farm Movement Causes Discussion

Architects in New Profession
Problems of the Movies Described

There Are Many Other Features, All Worth Reading, Together With Good Illustrations, Presented in This Number.



Many Men of Many Minds



Captain Francis McCullagh, correspondent.—Lenin's future is more uncertain than was ever the future of a Russian emperor. With a wilderness of blood and horror behind him, with a highly volcanic soil trembling beneath his feet, and with clouds of inky blackness veiling his future, few human beings have ever been enveloped in more tragic menace and mystery than this prosaic, common looking man. Outlawed by every government, anathematized by every church, cursed by his millions of victims, he can never leave Russia alive, he cannot stay in Russia and live.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg.—It was impossible for us to win after 1918, on account of the British blockade which, despite our sharpest submarine warfare, cut our food supply. Arrival of American troops broke the west front deadlock, added overwhelming power to the Allies and made possible their winning of the war. American attacks in the Argonne, our main line of retreat when we were shortening the line in Belgium and Northern France, actually won the war.

Roberto V. Pesqueira, Mexican Government agent.—As the United States must see, it is a new Mexico that faces the world in pride and confidence. From border to border there is peace. Not a single rebel remains in arms against the federal government, and a whole nation thinks in terms of law and order and reconstruction. On September 5 our citizens cast their votes in due accord with democratic procedure, and Alvaro Obregon, the great soldier-statesman chosen to be president, is supported not only by a coalition of parties, but by a union of faith and patriotism.

Alfred Amer, president of the Southern Interstate Hotel Association.—Aside from all the myriad benefits the prohibition of the liquor traffic has worked, it undoubtedly has had a beneficial effect on the hotel business throughout the country, despite statements of representatives of the liquor interests to the contrary. As a result of prohibition, the general public, every time it goes to a hotel, pays less for its accommodation and its food than it would have had to pay, under prevailing high costs, had liquor remained on sale.

Woods Hutchinson, M. D.—In future we are to eat in *nems* instead of calories, in "milks" instead of "coals." We shall measure our food by the milk jug instead of the coal scuttle.

Leo Pasvolsky.—Russia has ceased to exist as a nation and has merely become a powerful base of the world revolution. Moscow has ceased to represent Russia and has become the storm center of this rapidly gathering hurricane of destruction. A small group of men, chosen by the Second Congress of the Third or Communist International, is prepared to make a bid for greater world power than was ever dreamed of by Kaiser Wilhelm or any of his historic forerunners in the domain of world conquest.

Russia Is Simply Base for World Revolution

Viscount Kentaro Kaneko, president of the American-Japan society.—History shows that Japanese-American relations are inseparable. Yet, today, to my great sorrow, there are some Americans who disregard this history, misunderstand the mind of the Japanese and try to destroy the friendly relations between the two countries.

C. C. Nieh, president of Shanghai Chamber of Commerce.—We have used America as our model; China wants to become modern. We are seeking the light of Christian principles, both in our civic and industrial life. The American Y. M. C. A. is the greatest factor in China today. The organization has made it possible for thousands of Chinese students to obtain an advanced education in America. These young men and women return to China to become leaders in the civic, professional, industrial and commercial life of that country.

Harriet Connor Browne.—Out of every dollar we appropriate, do we want to spend over 68 cents for debts on past wars, over 20 cents to build up a big army and navy to handle future wars, leaving less than 12 cents with which to develop our farms and forests, our roads and schools, fight disease and establish social justice?

General Leonard Wood.—This country is governed by public opinion. Intelligent public opinion cannot be built up without honest and widespread publicity, publicity which is based upon intelligent findings of facts.

Forsythe Sherfesee, forestry adviser to the Chinese Ministry of Agriculture.—Scanty as is the total precipitation over North China, it is still sufficient to relieve the country from most of the drought damage from which it suffers if it were so conserved and managed as to become available during the necessary periods of little or no rainfall. And it is in this respect that forests unquestionably are of the very first importance; for a forest cover converts a watershed into nothing more or less than a huge natural reservoir, or figuratively speaking, an enormous sponge which absorbs the water as it falls and later gives it out slowly and comparatively regularly when it is needed.

Calvin Coolidge.—More than the fundamentals of character building and of education we have a right, as a people, to expect from the public schools that they shall in very truth be the cradle of an American character. That, so far as the nation is concerned, is the great obligation and responsibility and opportunity of the public schools—to be the cradle of an American character. To discharge that commission successfully, what have the people a right to expect that the public schools shall teach? Is it not, first of all, love of God in all his manifestations and respect for those who reverence God in their own way? Is it not also respect for law as a first step toward obedience to the law? Respect for law if inculcated in the future citizens of America will inevitably make them obedient to the law and constitute one of the first evidences that they are true Americans.

First Duty of Our Schools as Seen by Gov. Coolidge

Charles J. Mead.—Protection is the only method by which America can retain her position as the leading creditor nation of the world, a position she is fast losing under a free trade régime, as European and other nations gradually get back to normal conditions.

Edward B. Bruce, president of the Pacific Development Corporation.—The Chinese are essentially a peace-loving, law-abiding people, and today you can do business in China with firms that have been in continuous existence and have met their every obligation for over 600 years. Is such a firm, with such a record, a poor business risk? In all the history of China, so far as I know, and I have taken special pains to find out, China has never defaulted on a single foreign obligation. Do you wonder that a people knowing this and proud of their record resent the imputation that an army is a necessary witness to a contract?

William C. Gregg, correspondent.—A bill has passed the United States Senate and is pending in the House giving about eight thousand acres of the Yellowstone National Park to Idaho irrigationists. There are more falls and cascades in this small corner than in all the rest of the park put together. A two-hundred-foot dam can be thrown across the Falls River Canon outside the park that will store probably twice as much water as is proposed in the park. Idaho, adjacent to the park, and so much interested in it, certainly does not know—cannot know—that there is water storage outside the park and that her proposed invasion is as inexcusable as it is shortsighted.

Woodrow Wilson.—In plenty, security and peace, our virtuous and self-reliant people face the future, its duties and its opportunities. May we have vision to discern our duties; the strength, both of hand and resolve, to discharge them; and the soundness of heart to realize that the truest opportunities are those of service.

General Bramwell Booth, head of the Salvation Army.—The war is over and now the most crying need of the world is the need of assisting depressed humanity. India, Japan and, in a lesser degree, China are today breaking down the prejudices of centuries and opening themselves to the forces of progress and reformation. Prohibition is sweeping the world. But it is education that is needed, for reformation cannot be brought about by legislation.

Alvaro Obregon, president-elect of Mexico.—My mind is fully made up to give all necessary aid to the development of agriculture. There is a law which permits the introduction into the country of all classes of agricultural machinery and farm implements free of duty. This law will be observed and importation of farm machinery will be encouraged. Experiment stations will be established and stimulus given to all branches of agriculture, with special attention to those products which are referred to as articles of export.

David Lloyd George.—Bolshevism will pass away. If Russia falls into the hands of anarchy it may be a generation before it is redeemed. It is a dead loss to Europe. It is worse—it is a festering thing which will poison the atmosphere of the world. Therefore, in spite of everything, we persevered to try to secure peace. I know the difficulties—thwarted by suspicions on all hands in Russia, in Europe, in Britain, divided purpose in Russia, divided purpose in Europe, and, above all—there is no use pretending—we have been dealing with men who, unfortunately, did not realize how important it is that they should respect their own obligations. In spite of all that we mean to persevere, because we realize the danger of a Russia sunken and sodden in anarchy.

S. S. Frazer, secretary, Texas Cotton Ginners' Association.—The people have been living too easy for the last few years. Anybody could make a living without much effort and they expect these conditions to continue. The time has come now, however, when people are really going to have to work for a living. The old teaching that man shall live by the sweat of his brow still holds good, and this is the only way he can live.

Herbert Hoover.—No one shrinks from asking for charitable support more than I do, yet my chief occupation for five awful years has been begging at the feet of the civilized world. I cannot promise never to beg again, but I can pray with the rest of you for such rapid improvement in world conditions that I shall never again find it necessary. There are thousands of American families, both native and foreign-born, who out of their prosperity can afford to help the helpless children of Europe to live through this winter of their distress. The head office of the American Relief Administration is 42 Broadway, New York.

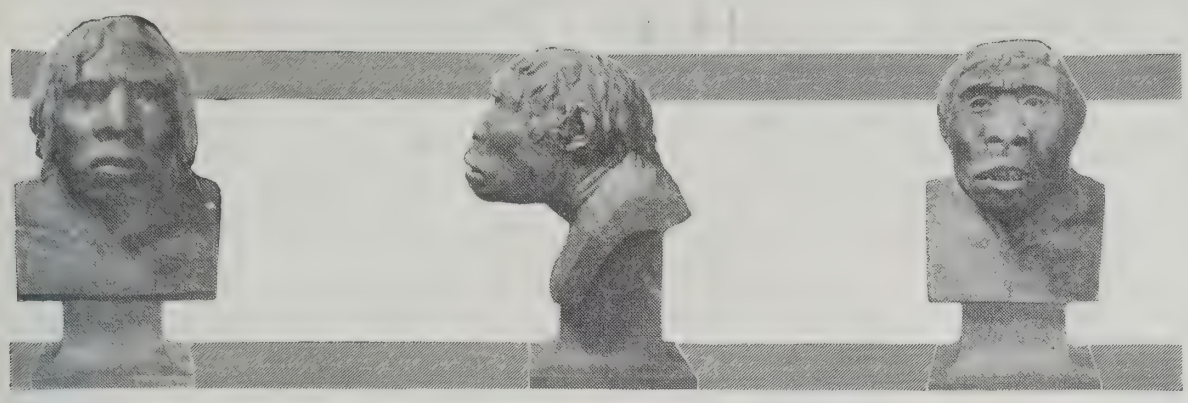
Crawford Vaughan, former premier of South Australia.—Australia deliberately adopted the American constitutional model, applying it to a dominion of a monarchial empire. It seems to me that this must be the form of any imperial constitution adopted for the British Empire. The powers of the imperial Parliament must be strictly defined, the remaining powers being vested in the states. Such powers, for instance, as the making of peace or war, the supreme control, subject to similar limitations as those now existing, of the army and navy, the ambassadorial representation abroad, the conclusion of foreign political treaties (not necessarily binding any state without its consent)—these are typical of the powers that might be conferred upon the central authority.

British Imperial Constitution in Statesman's Eyes

Dr. H. C. Taylor, chief, Farm Management Bureau, Department of Agriculture.—Farmers will not burn corn instead of coal unless they are driven to it by economic necessity. If the prices of farm products are adjusted to pre-war levels no more rapidly than are the prices of things the farmer must buy, agriculture can be counted upon to continue the course it has taken for many years, but if the prices of farm products fall and the prices of other things remain high, the farmer will be compelled to reorganize his business on a more nearly self-sufficing basis, produce more largely to satisfy his own wants and give less attention to production for the market. This would result in a decrease in the commercial supply of farm products.

Alfredo Pimenta, Portuguese writer.—Without public order no nation can live and maintain itself, and for 12 years past there has been no government in Portugal that has mastered this question of the maintenance of public order.

Going Back a Half Million Years: A Hunt for the "Missing Link"



NEANDERTHAL MAN
—Restoration by McGregor.

PITHECANTHROPUS OF 500,000 YEARS AGO
Front and profile, as restored by McGregor.

MINING for Adam, the original of the homogenous, or for Jocko, his cousin, the progenitor of our scratchiferous relatives, the gorilla, the orang and the chimpanzee, is by no means a simple affair. Rather it is a matter of refined diplomacy, of fluent linguistics, skilled engineering, deep scientific and historical knowledge and hard and patient work, according to Roy Chapman Andrews and Walter Granger, botanist and paleontologist respectively for the American Museum of Natural History.

These two men are in charge of plans for the most pretentious expedition into ancient times ever planned. Together with geologists, archeologists, zoologists, anthropologists, and various other kinds of scientific investigators, they expect to sail from San Francisco February 1, 1921. Their destination is a rather indefinite point in chronology, which we may place roughly at 500,000 years B. C.

The entire expedition plans to make the round trip to the far-ago era within five years. Somewhere in the subsoil of half a million years ago, the paleontologists hope to find the physical remains of our more or less disreputable antecedents.

Remnants of our ancestors in the shape of a stray molar or two, a petrified cheek, and a worn-out jawbone or so, are to be brought back and placed in the Asiatic Building of the museum in New York. There these revered relics will be mounted and placed where Americans who dote on ancestors may come and worship.

Chief among the objects sought is the "Missing Link," which modern scientists believe spans the interval between manlike monkeys and monkey-like men. Whether the Third Asiatic Expedition, as the prospectors for old Adam are to be called, finds the remains of the highly civilized ape, the least civilized man, or the being in which monkey and man divide fifty-fifty, members expect important discoveries.

The mystery of Central Asia which the American savants seek to pierce has always been a fruitful source of speculation. To dissolve this mystery, even the most modern portion of it, is a serious task. To attempt to read the record of the ages which Nature has sought to conceal by upheavals of strata, by glacial scrapings, and by shifting sands, is a proceeding against which even the spirits of heathen gods fight through the superstitious minds of native idolaters.

But the mystery, in both its modern and ancient aspects, the members of the expedition propose to solve. And they expect to bring back to America a collection of Central Asiatic discoveries which will make the American Museum the repository for the largest number of concrete bits of Asiatic knowledge in the world. Specimens of the present-day fauna and flora of Tibet and Mongolia, together with fossil remains of the obsolete animals which roamed the district science has accepted as the birthplace of the human race are among the relics sought.



WALTER GRANGER
Paleontologist of the expedition.

The expedition is being financed by J. P. Morgan, George F. Baker, W. A. Harriman, and several other wealthy patrons of the museum.

The personnel which is being arranged by the associate curator of mammals, Mr. Andrews, will include an imposing array of individuals.

There will be linguists able to converse fluently with the half-wild, little-known tribes of interior China, whose language partakes more of a jerky system of noun designation which was a characteristic of early races than of the well-rounded sentence construction of modern peoples.

Diplomats able to smooth away the fears and evade the superstitions of these strange races are among the important members of the party.

The hill tribes and plainsmen of interior China in themselves are studies which will adequately satisfy the desires of the expedition. Little is known of the living natives of Asia. The remnants of about 30 odd tribes are disappearing, yet almost nothing is known of their origin. One of these races, the Lolos, contains physiognomical traits akin to those of the Caucasians.

Should the linguistic and diplomatistic skill of the expedition be sufficient, its members are hopeful that inquiry among these tribes will enable much of the relationship between the various races of men to be determined. Central Asia is the territory from which the Neanderthals, first of the known races of men, invaded Europe. These beings, of small chin and retruding foreheads, were nevertheless of known large cranial capacity. From Asia, paleontologists believe, by means of the land-bridge which once existed at Bering Straits, the first of the American Indians came to this continent. The Asiatic expedition members hope to trace in Central Asia the featural resemblances of the Indians to modern Caucasians.

Perhaps the greatest test of the diplomatic skill will come when the members of the expedition seek to enter Tibet. This forbidden land, although nominally under the sovereignty of China, has actually been for centuries under the rule of the Dalai Lama, who today is practically the only survival of the ancient combination of spiritual and temporal power.

The present Dalai Lama rejoices in the name Ah-wang-lo-pu-tsang-to-pu-tan-chia-ta-chi-chai-wang-chie-chueh-le-lang-chieh. He is 38 years old, quite a remarkable age for a Dalai Lama by the way. The Grand Lama, despite the fact that he is the personification of all spiritual and temporal power, had previously had a habit of dying when he reached the age of 20.

Under Tibetan belief, the Dalai Lama is the reincarnation of one of the avatars of Buddha. The divine essence or spirit lingers for a time in the body of the Lama, then tiring of its physical abode, departs and enters the body of a new-born child. This departure and entrance to a new body of the great god's soul is always accompanied by a series of remarkable portents which increase the superstitious awe of the Tibetans, although the omens always have worked out in accordance with the desires of the bureaucratic priesthood which continues to rule, Buddha or no Buddha.

The present Lama seems to have been of a hardier type than his predecessors, or possibly Buddha likes Ah-Wang-Etcetera's body the best. Anyhow he has lived long past the age at which Buddhas are supposed to change their abodes. Eight years ago when the Younghusband expedition went into Tibet, the Grand Lama fled from Lhassa. Later he returned and since that date the Tibetans have concluded treaties with the British Government whereby the English agree no further exploring expeditions shall cross the Himalayas in return for the promise of the Tibetans not to ravage any of the Hindu cities. These treaties have cut down the number of efforts to unveil Tibetan mysteries. The Third Asiatic Expedition, however, coming from the north and east has a chance of learning some of the secrets of the land of the Grand Lamas. Just how much the learning will include depends on the success of the American scientist-diplomats in allaying the fears of the fanatically religious natives who believe that their immortal souls are creatures of Buddha.

Farther north in Mongolia and East Turkestan, with a special reference to the Gobi Desert, some of the difficulties of the searchers will be less. But the physical difficulties of the expedition will be correspondingly greater.

And here it is that the real important work of the scientists lies.

Here, according to Mr. Granger, the actual mining for the fossil remnants of the world's oldest races must be carried on.

"The reasons which induce us to go to Central Asia to seek traces of the original men are not the result of guesswork," said Mr. Granger, "and the work we shall do there will not be haphazard. Research of nearly all science during the past century has pointed toward that district.



ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS
Botanist of the American Museum of Natural History, who, with Mr. Granger, is planning trip into Asia to hunt for "Missing Link."

"The scientific and historic records show that the Neanderthals, the first race known to have overrun Europe, came from Central Asia. American Indians show facial resemblances to the Mongols. The accepted theory is that the American aborigines reached this continent from Asia by the land-bridge.

"In the territory we shall visit, conditions are favorable to discoveries of pre-historic men. The chief of those conditions is that the great portion of the soil is loess, or wind-blown soil. It is under this kind of soil that fossils are most frequently found. Granite or lava formations or any kind of soil which owes its present condition to a melting process can, of course, have no fossil remains. But under the shifting loess, perhaps hundreds of feet down, we may expect fossils to lie.

"The search for such fossils is merely a matter of knowing where to go and going there. We proceed along canyons, river beds or depressions of other kinds. To persons trained and experienced in fossil-mining there comes almost as by intuition the knowledge of the place where the remains may be found. Science will learn much even though only a few relics reward the search.

"The last great find dealing with the origin of man was the pithecanthropus fossil remains, consisting of part of a skull, two molar teeth and a thigh bone. On these few relics, theories have been constructed of the race 500,000 years ago. Another momentous discovery was that of the so-called Heidelberg man, whose existence is placed at about 250,000 years ago.

"We do not expect any easy time in excavating for fossils. In fact we require a diplomacy even more skillful than will the members of the expedition who try to learn the secrets of the living races in Tibet. Our diplomats must combat deep superstition.

"Natives of Central Asia have long looked on fossil remains as having wonderful medicinal qualities. Fossil remains of mastodons, mammoths, horses, reptiles and men are alike revered. The remains are known as "Dragons' Teeth."

The advance guard of the expedition will leave in February and will establish headquarters in Pekin. There the aid of the existing Chinese Government will be obtained.

With a gradually increasing personnel, the expedition will move slowly into the interior.

The first year is to be devoted almost entirely to the study of zoology and paleontology. The researches in those lines can be carried on in connection with the vastly important efforts of gaining the friendship and confidence of the natives, as the exploring party moves toward inner Mongolia or Tibet, whichever seems the most feasible scene for early investigations.

In the second year the expedition leaders hope and expect to gain entrance to the Mongolian and Tibetan fastnesses. A geologist will join the party and together with the paleontologists he will study soil and strata conditions with a view to determining the proper places for the excavations for the progenitors of the race. In the third, fourth and fifth years, archeologists and anthropologists will appear.

Science is already rubbing its hands in gleeful anticipation of the results in fossil and living findings and in groundwork for deductions.

As for the rest of us, we shall probably take a few looks at our newly unearthed old ancestors, shudder at their archaic style of beauty, and then agree with Mrs. Edward M. House, wife of Colonel House. Mrs. House recently visited the Museum of Natural History and saw the reconstructed Pithecanthropus and Neanderthal men. She believes in self-determination of ancestors.

"You may have those awful looking creatures for your ancestors, if you desire," was Mrs. House's comment, "but for my part I shall take Adam and Eve."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 5, November 27, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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What Victory Meant for Them

THE Versailles Treaty has ended the careers of four of the men who penned their names to that historical document. And one of the two remaining leaders of Allied thought balances his political self perilously through the medium of a coalition government.

The Versailles Treaty satisfied no one, least of all seemingly the people of the countries who had emerged victorious from the war, and had dictated the terms of peace to the Central Powers.

France's dissatisfaction early was manifested, and since that dissatisfaction became pronounced we have witnessed the terrible Tiger, claws sheathed, writing fiction for an American magazine.

Then there was the Baron Orlando, over whose head the President of the United States appealed to the Italian people. The Italian people responded to neither statesman. They repudiated the Wilsonian suggestions and later repudiated the man who had opposed Wilson. It was a little matter of Adriatic coastline territory, among other things, that upset the equilibrium of the Latins. As a result, the name of Orlando not only has disappeared from Page One, it's not even mentioned in the dispatches.

Came the "solemn referendum" in the United States. And we awakened on the morning of November 3 to behold a Solid South shattered for the first time since 1868.

Of even more recent date is the telling of the sad story of one Venizelos, hailed not so long ago as the foremost statesman of Europe, the savior of Greece, and as one who had brought his country to a world importance impossible save for the leadership of him who held the trust and devotion of the people of Greece. And what did this solemn referendum disclose? That the people of Greece were as fully unappreciative of what had been done for them as they were appreciative of what had been done to them. And so Venizelos, Liberator of Greece, is about to become an exile, if an even more tragic fate does not thwart this plan.

So we come to Lloyd George, and Saionji, of Japan. The former not only has been a victim of much criticism over his foreign policy, especially that part which has to do with relations with Russia, but domestic affairs have been becoming more and more unruly and perturbing. In by-elections the swing away from the coalition has been marked.

Every silk mill in Japan is closed, and the war prosperity has been replaced by a misery and discontent that has reacted strongly against the government. So far Mr. Saionji, the capable Japanese who obtained so much for his empire at the so-called peace table in France, has weathered the storm at home.

Perhaps, just perhaps, of course, if there had been a bit of justice tempered with mercy, and a moment's consulting now and then of the Fourteen Points that made the end of the war possible, there would be less discontent, less uncertainty in government in the world today. But statesmen gathered, and played according to the only rules they knew.

Such is the fate of statesmen.

The Price of Success

A MAN to whom success had come solely as the result of his own persistent efforts always kept in a prominent place above his desk a card which contained seven questions:

"You want success. Are you willing to pay the price for it?

"How much discouragement can you stand?

"How much bruising can you take?

"How long can you hang on in face of obstacles?

"Have you the grit to try to do what others have failed to do?

"Can you go up against skepticism, ridicule, friendly advice to quit, without flinching?

"Are you strong on the finish as well as quick at the start?

"Success is sold in the open market. You can buy it—I can buy it—any man can buy it who is willing to pay the price."

The chief reason why so many people do not attain success is that they do not desire it strongly enough to pay the price. They become discouraged at the failures which are sure to attend their initial efforts. They think that they have only to hitch their wagon to a star, and the star will draw them skyward. They would like to get to the summit, but they want to ride instead of making their way up on foot.

An army of young men and women enters the success contest every year. They are fresh from the schools and colleges, the farms and the cities. They have set their aim high—they desire success. The sad part of it is that the majority of them will fail to attain the goal—not because their brain power is deficient, not on account of their bodily strength giving way, not for the reason that there are not opportunities to succeed on every hand, but because when the time comes for success to exact payment from them, they will not pay the price. And the one price that every man and woman must pay if they ever achieve success is work.

It is work that breaks down the barriers, and overcomes obstacles, and surmounts the difficulties that are found on the road to success. It is work that pushes aside everything that may be in the way of the aspirant for the prize.

"Work, Work, Work," was the motto of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Voltaire's motto was *"Toujours au travail"*—"Always at work."

Scott's maxim was "Never be doing nothing." He was a phenomenal worker. The Waverly novels were written at the rate of twelve volumes a year.

It is said that Michael Angelo always kept a block of marble in his bedroom, so that whenever he could not sleep at night he might get up and work, that no time need be wasted.

A lady once asked Turner the secret of his great success as a painter. His reply was: "I have no secret, Madam, but hard work."

Thomas A. Edison is a living example of how a man may win success by keeping everlastingly at it.

"The gods sell anything to everybody at a fair price," says Emerson.

Do you want success? It may be yours if you will but pay the price.

Mr. Harding in Panama

JUST as Senator Harding was preparing to leave for his visit to the Panama Canal the official publication of the Canal Zone announced that the big waterway showed an operating profit of $2,387,599 for the last fiscal year. Undoubtedly the news gave Mr. Harding food for reflection on the journey.

It is well known that the President-elect has favored giving American ships free use of the canal and that he is expected to recommend to Congress the reenactment of the measure providing such privileges. He was one of the strongest opponents of President Wilson at the time that executive forced a repeal of the law giving free tolls to vessels flying our flag and he has not indicated anything which causes the belief that he has changed his opinion.

At the same time the visit of the President-elect to the canal may be taken as evidence that he has not closed his mind to the subject, that he is willing and anxious to know the facts and that he proposes to get as many of them as he can at first hand.

One thing which Mr. Harding will undoubtedly consider is the extent to which American ships contributed to the canal earnings and whether the loss of the tolls they paid would turn this surplus into a deficit. Against this he will need to balance the importance of the newly-built American merchant marine, and finally he will have to weigh them both in relation to our changed relations with the nations since the repeal of the free tolls measure, considering particularly our present position on the subject of the Treaty of Versailles with its Covenant of the League of Nations.

All things considered, it is probable that Senator Harding is doing a very wise thing in going to the Canal Zone to study matters at first hand just now, and it is certain that one result of his visit will be to add to the nation's confidence in his judgment when the time comes for him to pronounce it.

Leave Russia's Troubles to Russia

GENERAL WRANGEL'S army has been destroyed, wiped out in fact, and no longer constitutes a menace to the present Soviet Government. So endeth the fourth tragedy—Denikine, Kolchak, Yudenitch and Wrangel—in the book of Russian blunders of European statesmen.

This latest disaster will, it is to be hoped, convince continental Europe that bad as the present government may be, it is folly to attempt to overthrow it by employing adherents of the old czarist régime, or by working from the outside. In truth, the results of such efforts are worse than folly, for not only have they all met with failure, but each failure has strengthened the grip of Lenin and his tribe and has prolonged their days of power.

France alone of all Russia's former allies has persistently refused to admit that this is so. It was France who was responsible for Wrangel and it is France that must bear the responsibility for the latest success of the armies of Communism.

There were two clear courses open in dealing with Russia. One was to treat her as an enemy and make war upon her; the other was to leave her alone to work out her own destiny. The first course could not be followed because the people of neither Great Britain, France nor of Italy were willing to fight Russia. The second course could easily have been followed but because of the love of European statesmen for meddling, it was abandoned and instead of keeping to the broad, clear way, the Foreign Offices went stumbling off into a jungle of intrigue and underhand alliances with any adventurer who was willing to take a chance against Lenin.

It is all very well for Lenin to preach internationalism to the world, but the only way he can maintain his power is to keep the flame of nationalism alive at home. As long as he can point to the fact that the enemies of Communism are reactionary left-overs of czarism and are drawing their support from foreign governments, he can rally the factions which fight him at home and turn them against the outside, for it is the old game of employing a counter-irritant to distract the attention of your enemies and Europe furnishes Lenin the opportunity. We in this country saw how the principle worked in our dealings with Mexico. Unpopular as Huerta was, he was not half so unpopular as we were when we intervened to assist in unseating him. All the factions forgot their domestic differences and wanted a shot at us.

Events have proved the wisdom of the course taken by the United States in Poland. The rest of the world can apply it to Russia with good results. Let Russia alone.

Lenin has troubles enough to please even France. The people of the cities have no work and consequently no money with which to buy food. The peasants have food but they refuse to part with it without pay and Lenin dares not force them to accept the worthless Communist scrip. They are the weak link in his chain as it is and he dares not put too much pressure on them for fear their patience may snap.

German and English delegations have visited Russia to observe the workings of the Soviet and have returned with reports which have turned labor in their countries solidly against the doctrines of Communism. This fact alone constitutes a greater safeguard to Europe than any amount of military missionary work.

Left alone Bolshevism will hang itself and with Wrangel's failure driving home for the fourth time the lesson that intervention only delays this happy event, it may be hoped that the point will be seen and its significance retained.

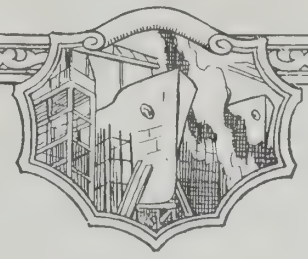
The Next Postmaster

IT IS too much to expect that the American postal service will undergo any change for the better during the last few months of the present administration. It is not too much to expect that with the Republican administration we may see the appointment of a man who will undertake the regeneration of the service.

Salaries should be raised, the weeding out of the unfit and the appointment of the fit should be undertaken, and, what is most important, there should be a definite policy that would bring about a restoration of the morale that once made the American postal service the most efficient organization of its kind in the world.

And above all, let us not have a profit fetish such as that which has caused the ruin of the service.

Mr. Ford's Page



A NUMBER of people here and there have been discussing the Pilgrims, who come to these shores three centuries ago and began a community life which has borne their impress more or less ever since. Many persons seem to have a grudge against the Pilgrims. It is half amusing to hear the descendants of later Pilgrims of another class berate the Mayflower passenger list.

There is a very distinct tendency observable in many quarters and under many guises to change romantic administration of the Pilgrims into a critical contempt for them, not for the purpose of getting a true light on the men and women who landed at Plymouth, but for the purpose of weakening the idea which has come to us from that little company.

It is true that we owe certain traditions to the Pilgrims which we can throw off or not, as we choose. But it is a question whether the only possible substitute would not be a step down.

The Pilgrims were moralists, who saw the world in the light of a moral government, and if this conception is unwelcome to the men of today it is because it conflicts with certain degenerate tendencies. Man, even at his worst, is something of a reasoning being; and whenever he wishes to go in a direction against which the old tradition militates, his first act is consciously or unconsciously to formulate a new philosophy which sanctions what he wishes to do.

But it is probably true that when most of the so-called "blue laws" are examined in a spirit of fairness, they may be viewed as attempts to nip in the bud a number of tendencies whose lush maturity at the present day constitutes our most serious problems. As a nation we might have been more somber had we kept the spirit of the Pilgrims, but certainly we should have been sounder.

For a long time, though dead, the Pilgrims formed the conscience of the nation, and even now the bitterness with which many speak of them would indicate that they still form an uncomfortable part of the national conscience. One of the signs of a normal conscience is its power to cause discomfort.

The Pilgrims were adventurers and pioneers so far as the material world is concerned, but they were conservatives in the world of idea. They were not seeking to establish the untried and unproved, but were protesting against that which had been superimposed to the great disadvantage of the tried and proved. And so, it was a new land they sought, but not a new mode of society; they sought rather the oldest and most natural form of society, that which was governed by the community spirit, in which freedom and responsibility balanced each other.

They were only a few score folk; and the pioneers are always few in number. That is one of the compensations of the pioneer, that he is at once relieved of the crowd.

The difficulty comes when the pioneer believes himself to be a constable armed with a warrant to drag the whole world into the path he is breaking. The true pioneer does not regard himself as a constable. He breaks his path in the serene confidence that if it is a good way to the desired objective, the rest of the world will soon make it a wide, well-trodden road.

The Pilgrim sought something for himself, but it is a law of life that when one seeks good for himself he is also finding it for others, if it be a real good.

It may even be said that he sought special privileges for himself, and special privileges are not to be condemned if they be good; for it is the history of special privileges, if they be good, that they become the general privilege and then the established right, because they are good.

Every right we have today was first a "special privilege." One class gained it, and then another, until it became the publicly secured right of all.

***THE PILGRIMS** were men who listened to their leadings and obeyed. They were not different from others, save in that. And they found that their leadings did not betray them. The voyage did not constitute their great achievement; it was their willingness to change their sphere of life for an Idea. It is the Pilgrim test. That is where most of us fail. Are you willing to come down in order to go up? If you are, then you may consider yourself emancipated from the most prevalent fear that exists today. To be what we may, many of us have got to start again, and to start again we have got to go back, and that is where most of us say to our Leading—"No, I'm afraid to do that." But the Pilgrims DID IT.*

The Pilgrims had also a religious faith, which has this advantage for pioneers, it saves them from feverish impatience. When a man believes only in himself, he is impatient to get things done in his own day, and if he fails, the hope of his life goes out in incurable disappointment. But if a man believes in the moral government of the universe, if he believes that the right is not wholly dependent on him, though his own moral manhood may depend on his loyalty to the right, then he has a secret key to the apparent slowness with which the Right assumes its reign. He does not overstep himself in his haste. He does not resort to coercion. He waits in confidence, making it his main concern that he be true at the post of duty to which destiny may have assigned him.

But what of the Pilgrims of today? Where would one go today to be a Pilgrim, the earth being so well subdued in its material sphere, at least seemingly so.

Even the Pilgrims did not escape human society; no man can do that by merely traveling, his main avenue of escape is in himself. And it was not human society from which the Pilgrims desired to escape so much as they desired to escape *to* a society more human.

This is a question hardly worth discussion, because the discussion is usually carried on by and for those who are not and never will be Pilgrims in any sphere whatsoever. It is surprising how few there are in any generation who have the Pilgrims spirit.

The Pilgrims were city people, to begin with, men with trades. It was not so much their crossing the ocean as their entrance upon an agricultural existence that constituted their daring. They went from the city to the land, and they went to untamed land at that.

This is a point very often overlooked. None of the orators and writers seem to think it worthy of mention. Yet when you consider the Pilgrims as they were, and then the conditions they came to, you will see that it is not a minor point.

That avenue is still open. There is more land available today than the Pilgrims could get. Yet the human pilgrimage does not turn that way. Men are enamored of what they think is their physical comfort, although as a matter of fact much of the physical comfort of today is simply the opposite thing. Men are not comfortable in their bodies under an unnatural mode of life, no matter how comfortable the appointments of a modern house may appear to be.

Men today would do many things if they were guaranteed against loss. If the government would carry us, or someone would nurse us along, and treat us tenderly, we would be willing to do a number of things. And for that reason a number of things are not done—the spirit of the pioneer is not in us. If it were, we would follow its bidding and go where it led, and we would then find that it has secret resources which had been unsuspected before. There seems to be a reservoir of strength and illumination and courage waiting to be of service to the spirit that will venture forth in obedience to guidance. It is not luck but Providence that has provided caches of supplies along paths still invisible, but waiting to be broken by the obedient feet of the pioneer.

Young men especially, who have not as yet so committed themselves that they are speculating with the lives or rights of others, need to know this, that, as the Pilgrims found wild food and a spring of water, so the pioneer in every field finds that the Spirit has preceded him, arranging that his tests shall not be too severe.

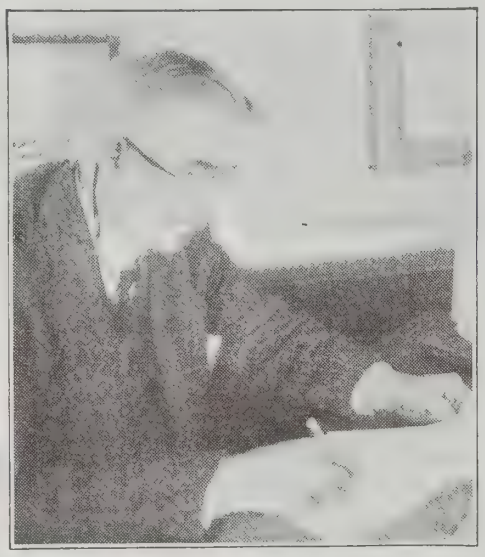
It is of no avail to advise anyone to be a Pilgrim in any sphere. The Pilgrim is born, not made. Like the wild fowl, he hears the call of another clime and wings his way thither.

But there are many Americas in other spheres, still waiting. There are Plymouth Rocks jutting from many shores to receive adventurous feet The surface of the world may be populated, but the secrets of the soil beneath and the secrets of the spheres above still wait silently for the sailing of new Mayflowers.

He Put Citizenship Into the Curriculum

By ZOE HARTMAN

CAN citizenship be taught in the public schools, like arithmetic or, perhaps, physics—by the laboratory method? A Chicago principal, Professor John L. Lewis, graduate of historic Oxford University and postgraduate of the School of Faith in Humanity, says it can be done and has proved it by establishing a real laboratory of citizenship, in which he has been conducting a remarkable sociological experiment. Thirteen years ago, when he became principal of the Raymond Public School, its reputation as one of the "toughest" schools in Chicago was well enough earned to daunt the stoutest pedagogical heart. Situated in one of the most congested districts, with a small percentage of its attendance colored, it had a strongly unruly element that had long menaced discipline and educational progress.



PROF. JOHN L. LEWIS
Principal, Raymond School

In the words of Professor Lewis: "It was not a school at all, but a group of rooms. No pupil had any respect for anyone but his own teacher and the principal—and none too much for them. The disregard of law and order was simply staggering. The first few months of my régime, I was frequently called upon to go out on the street and settle shooting affrays among the older boys. The walls of recitation rooms and halls were defiled with obscenities—the only form of schoolroom decoration the school had at the time. I was told that the pupils were hopelessly bad."

Yet today, with 95 per cent of its pupils colored and the neighborhood more congested than ever, the Raymond School stands a model among public school discipline, good manners and school loyalty.

What's the answer? Self-government—real, aggressive, democratic self-government in the schoolroom, which Professor Lewis has been working for the last twenty years to perfect. Among his 800 pupils, most of whom he knows personally, he founded the Law and Order League of the Raymond School, with branches in every room above the second grade. Its purpose is set forth in the preamble of its constitution, which in imitation of the more illustrious Federal document reads: "We, the pupils of the Raymond School, pledge ourselves to do all we can to uphold the law of the state, the ordinances of the city of Chicago, and the rules of the board of education; and we will use every endeavor to raise the citizenship of the members to the highest point of efficiency, and in order to accomplish these ends, a league is hereby constituted." The details of organization, as well as the various provisions of the constitution, have been worked out largely by the pupils, with the aid of suggestions from the teachers and Professor Lewis, so it is not a case of a ready-made government autocratically imposed on the school by the authorities.

The room leagues are formed when two-thirds of the pupils of a grade, all in good standing, sign their names to the league pledge, which is usually tacked up at a conspicuous place in each classroom, with plenty of room below for the pupils' signatures. This is the common method of enrolling new members at the opening of each school year.

This miniature school republic has two departments, executive and judicial. The executive includes a president, vice president, secretary and commissioner of elections, all elected by popular vote at the regular semi-annual elections, with all the formality and balloting machinery of an adult election. As no pupil having a low grade in deportment is eligible to run for any office, it is easy to see how the ambition to hold office, which runs riot throughout the school, may become a more effective chastener of conduct than the old-time birch rod.

The executive department has charge of the league's monthly meetings and, through the president, appoints about a dozen committees to carry on a host of school activities. Most important among these are a girls' and a boys' athletic committee; a street, yard and alley committee to see that the streets and alleys around the schoolhouse are kept clean; an entertainment committee to provide suitable programs for all sessions of the Law and Order League; and a fire commissioner, who conducts all fire drills, tests the fire apparatus and makes monthly reports to the board of education.

The biggest results in league work, however, are achieved by the judicial department, whose courts are the remarkable fruit of a suggestion made by a chronically erring urchin. Sent to the principal's office for the 'steenth time by an exasperated teacher, the boy thus plaintively unburdened himself to Mr. Lewis: "What's the use? People don't see things the way a feller sees 'em. Teachers don't. If us kids could get together we could make each other behave!" Now the secret of Professor Lewis's success is in no small degree due to his readiness to adopt a good idea, no matter if it emanates from the humblest pupil. In a flash, he caught the youngster's point of view, namely, that the young folk felt they understood each other better than any adult could understand them and so were better qualified to judge each other.

. Two courts, a boys' and a girls', were at once organized for the whole school, with separate, smaller courts for each room, thus forming a judiciary system that not only revolutionized the school but transformed the young sinner who suggested it into one of the school's staunchest upholders of law and order. Each court has its own officers, consisting of judge, clerk, sheriff, and the defending and prosecuting attorneys, chosen by popular ballot at the regular elections.

Each court has its own jury, selected by lot, with every child in the school liable to jury service. Do they like it? They love it! The overwhelming majority of these young citizens wouldn't for anything dodge a chance to sit in judgment on their mates. Once Professor Lewis had grasped this important bit of psychology, he hadn't the slightest difficulty in mobilizing public opinion against wrongdoers in the Raymond School. No jury, however, is permitted to serve for longer than two weeks in succession, thus making it practically impossible for any clique to get control of the jury and mete out private vengeance instead of justice.

The grand jury, that is, the big school court, meets in the school assembly hall regularly every Tuesday morning, first the boys' court and then the girls' court holding an hour's session. These sessions, which are carried on without the presence of teachers or principal, are stern business affairs, attended only by the officers, the jury, the witnesses and the accused, who are brought in by the sheriff as each case is called. The grand jury has jurisdiction over offences committed on the playground and in the basement and the corridors, such as fighting, profanity and riotous disorder.

The room courts, which meet at least once a week and, in emergencies oftener, handle smaller offences confined to the limits of the various rooms, such as being repeatedly tardy, misbehaving in line, petty thieving and cheating. One teacher reports that the room court in her grade practically stamped out cheating, by making life a burden to the persistent cheaters.

In order that too severe a strain may not be put on the juvenile sense of justice, the sentencing of the guilty is left to all the court officers, instead of to the judge alone. The punishments meted out by the courts are unique and rarely ineffective. One of the most humiliating sentences is that the guilty one shall be put in charge of his teacher, following her wherever she goes and never once getting out of her sight. Another sentence that wrings the withers of the guilty is to be referred to Professor Lewis—the last word in punishment. Rioters in the halls or on the stairs are frequently sentenced to spend a dozen or so recesses marching up and down the stairs from top floor to basement in charge of the sheriff. Sometimes an entire room falls into disgrace and is punished by its own court by being voted out of the Law and Order League for a period, as when one of the upper grade courts voted the grade out of the league for a week on account of some loud talking in its cloakroom. On another occasion, the directorate, a body composed of all the league officials, the judges of the courts, the chairmen of the various committees, and the presidents of all the room leagues, suspended another entire room from the league for a month and condemned it to take its recesses alone because it had been persistently disorderly in marching up and down stairs. Such suspensions automatically deprive all pupils in the guilty room from serving on juries or discharging the duties of any offices they may hold during the period of the sentence—a heavy punishment. Another time, some new pupils from the South helped themselves to some sweets from a peddler's cart just outside the school grounds—an outlawed offence at Raymond School, where peddlers' carts have long been immune from pilfering. The grand jury caught every culprit and scared them half out of their wits by imposing heavy sentences.

"Most of the disorder which the league now has to handle," explained Professor Lewis, "arises from our having to absorb large numbers of colored children migrating from the South. They misunderstand our system, mistaking self-government for license; so they proceed to 'start something' and the first thing they know they are jerked up before the grand jury or the room jury and sentenced, after being given to understand that they have disgraced the school by their conduct. Under the pressure of an adverse public opinion, the great majority of them soon become good citizens."

Of course, there are a few extreme offences that the courts do not attempt to handle, turning the few incorrigibles over to the teachers or Professor Lewis.

The question at once arises, does justice ever miscarry in the league courts? A few instances are on record, to the great chagrin of the pupils, who are consoled, however, upon learning that the proportion is insignificant when compared to miscarriages of justice in adult courts of law. The league has the recall to aid it in weeding out injustice and inefficiency, the chief requirement being a petition of 25 per cent of the vote cast at the previous election. The directorate receives the petition and orders the election commissioner to call a special election. Only last spring, the clerk of the boys' court (grand jury) was recalled by a large vote because he played favorites, neglecting to call certain cases of offenders who were his friends. Shortly after this election, a petition was started to recall the sheriff of the boys' court, who had permitted his deputy to kick a member of the jury during the solemnities of a court session and in the presence of a visitor. Why hadn't the sheriff at once "fired" his deputy, who had acted thus in contempt of court? (Any willful disorder in the courtroom is "contempt of court" and is severely punished.) The boys were disgusted by the weakness of their sheriff and demanded an official with some backbone!

The court system has been especially successful in eliminating tattling. Instead of being carried to the teachers or Professor Lewis, all complaints against offenders are lodged with the clerk of the particular court that has jurisdiction in the matter and this official notifies the accused and the witnesses. The innocent have learned not to fear trial, because of the pains taken to sift the evidence. Though any pupil may make the charge, the room courts require the testimony of at least two witnesses to prove it. If only one witness is available, it must be a pupil with a reputation for truthfulness to secure conviction. And somehow, the injustice of false arrest by the accused's mates doesn't rankle after acquittal as does a false accusation made, all in good faith, by a teacher or a principal!

What do the teachers think of the league? When Professor Lewis first founded it, most of them agreed with the rest of the world that he was a mild sort of lunatic. Today they are practically unanimous in pronouncing the Raymond School the nearest earthly approach to a teachers' paradise. For twelve years they have not had to patrol the halls or supervise the basement and playgrounds or keep an argus eye on the behavior of their broods in the assembly hall. If a teacher is called out of her room, the room league keeps faithful guard.

As for the parents, they stand solidly behind the league, while many parents from other districts are so eager to have their children attend the Raymond School that they sometimes tell "yarns" claiming residence in the district so that the school authorities will admit their children. And many a poor colored mother has gladly gone out to work by the day so that her older children will not have to leave Raymond and go to work before completing the eighth grade.



BOYS' GRAND JURY—Raymond School.

Thanks to the high degree of justice in Professor Lewis's system, the school has no race problem, for the colored pupils, though greatly in the majority, never draw the color line.

Professor Lewis does not particularly emphasize the facts that the school corridors and basement are no longer defaced by scrawlings, that no cigaret has been smoked on the school premises in seven years, and that fighting is severely under the ban of the league. The result which he finds supremely important is that the Raymond pupils are putting into daily practice lessons in running the machinery of government, such as voting, officeholding and jury service, which should add greatly to their efficiency as citizens. Better yet, the school, living in an atmosphere of responsible self-government, has learned to like law and order and to prefer it to disorder.

Ontario's Farmer-Labor Premier a Fighter

Year's Administration of Canadian Province by Drury Cabinet Ends With Government of Class Coalition Stronger Than at Its Inception

JUST a year ago there came into power in the Province of Ontario, as a result of a political revolution which smashed both the old parties, a Farmer-Labor Government. All its members were new in politics. Not one of them had ever held political office before and only one had served in a legislature. One was a broom maker by trade, another was a locomotive engineer who, as he laughingly explains, literally stepped from a cab to a cabinet; the others, with the exception of a lawyer retained to act as attorney-general, were practical farmers, the kind who toil in the fields from daybreak to dark and milk the cows and do the other chores by lantern light.

Nearly everyone said such a government couldn't last. It was in the first place an unnatural coalition between farmer and trades unionist. In the legislature this coalition at best by counting everybody at all sympathetic could not depend on a majority of more than one or two. The ministers' lack of experience would lead them into traps and even if luck saved them from disaster from this cause, the supposedly fire-eating radicalism and class consciousness of the movement would be certain to assert itself so strongly that the community would be shocked and rise up to remove, forcibly if necessary, the offenders. Most prophets said the administration wouldn't last the first session. Others gave it a year.

Well, the year is over. The government has not collapsed. On the contrary, it is no exaggeration to say that with one possible exception it is at this moment stronger with the people as a whole than any government the province has had in a generation. This Farmer-Labor cabinet has avoided the class appeal. Its leader again and again has emphasized his desire to make his government a people's government and for the present he seems to be succeeding. But other politicians have announced their love of all the people and traded on the classic phrase of government of the people, for the people, by the people. And one must look elsewhere than in words for an explanation of the strength this Farmer-Labor coalition has achieved.

The government has developed strength not by expected radicalism which has not been in evidence, not chiefly by its progressiveness, which has been moderately in evidence, but by its courage. Already on a number of occasions it has shown backbone to a degree that, having in mind the supineness of most governments in the face of popular clamor and powerful interests, has been quite surprising and refreshing.

For example, the hero of Ontario for fifteen years has been Sir Adam Beck, the head of the provincially owned hydro-electric enterprise who after a long and hard-fought battle, humbled the private power monopolists and gave Ontario perhaps the cheapest light and power in the world. Previous governments and the old political parties, it is no overstatement to say, feared the very name of Beck. So decisive was his ascendancy that it only had to be proved against any candidate that he was anti-Beck and his chances of election went glimmering. And Beck, combining with unusual public spirit a certain autocratic turn of mind, used his popular ascendancy to the full, carrying through his policies with a high hand.

Drury Holds Up Sir Adam

WHEN the Drury cabinet came in Beck was in the act of launching as an outgrowth of his power policy a great radial railway scheme. The public didn't know much about it but, as Beck was sponsor, assumed it was all right and that as no one would dare ask questions it presently would be in operation. But it had failed to take into account Ernest Drury, the new Farmer premier, and was dumbfounded one morning to read that Drury had held up the whole radial scheme. Up to this point there had been no one in the province who had dared to question Beck's dictum about anything. But Drury said, "I have to be shown." And at present an exhaustive examination by experts into the whole complicated project is proceeding. A curious feature is that many persons, who were and remain decidedly pro-Beck on general issues, believe that in this particular issue Drury did the right thing. They are accepting Drury's assurance that he has only friendship, not hostility, for Beck's projects. Should there be evidence later of hostility—and there have been sinister rumors—the situation would change in a twinkling.

Meanwhile the incident has made the Farmer premier a hero with big business. Beck to big business personified the rising menace of mobocracy. He was the head and front of the public ownership movement. Many times the big interests thought they had him scotched but were disappointed. He fought them with their own weapons and with their own ruthlessness. With the public, regardless of party, a unit behind him, the outlook for them was hopeless. No maiden in distress was ever more overjoyed or more surprised at the figure of the rescuing knight than were the big interests when they found that it was the radical premier from the farm who first had courage to stand up to their oppressor. An Englishman might as well challenge the Crown and the Church of England and the authority of Parliament and an American might as well question the virtue of the Declaration of Independence as for an Ontario politician to question the Beck policies. But Drury has done that thing and so far has not been struck dead by the lightning bolt.

In the legislature itself Drury quickly was called on to show his mettle. Remember on a strictly party division he might count on a majority of one, or thereabouts. Doubtless with this in mind some enterprising member started a round robin to increase the members' sessional indemnity. In a day or two nearly all the members of all the parties had signed it. High cost of living made the case plausible and if everyone was unanimous, who would criticize? Then the premier who had on assuming office cut his own salary by several thousand dollars a year heard of the round robin. He immediately made a public announcement to the following effect:

"I do not believe this to be an opportune time to increase public expenses and there will be no increase in the members' indemnity." The round robin died right there. There wasn't a single insurgent to threaten the premier with his political life.

Will Compromise—on Unessentials

DRURY followed this defiance of his following in the legislature with a defiance of the political machine of his party—no less. For the Farmers' party has—perhaps more properly is—a political machine. The United Farmers of Ontario, commonly known as the U. F. O., based on solid commercial benefits, has unique cohesive advantages, particularly when there is at the head of it an aggressive and able executive, Mr. J. J. Morrison. Now Drury in a peculiar sense is beholden to the organization for his position; for while he in association with Morrison was active in the U. F. O. from the beginning, he was not a foremost leader in



ERNEST DRURY, Premier of Ontario

the political campaign which resulted in the U. F. O. victory. He was not even a candidate in the election and he was brought in as leader only after the battle had been fought and won.

It was not long until he showed a disposition to break loose from the U. F. O. executive. And on a definite issue, not in itself important, came a test of strength. Drury found the civil service suffering from lack of a superannuation and pension scheme. So he formulated a modest system providing for the retirement of aged state servants on pensions running up as high as $1,500 or $2,000 in the case of those of the greatest age and service. Morrison openly opposed the scheme and denounced it as setting up a privileged class. Many thought the end of the administration was at hand. But Drury didn't blink an eyelash. "We believe this act to be a matter of simple justice to faithful servants and we are going on with it," he said. The U. F. O. rebellion died and the scheme is now law.

Again he took his life in his hands with Labor, the other wing of his coalition, and on Labor's pet issue, the eight-hour day. It came up on a large government work employing several thousand men. The government didn't receive the full force of the assault, for a commission intervened but the ultimate responsibility of the government was apparent to all and it didn't hedge. There was a strike. Drury insisted that if the state's interests were to be safeguarded there must be maximum production and capital expenditures must be kept down. The strike petered out and the men are working more than eight hours.

It would be a mistake if it were assumed from the foregoing that this Farmer premier is a swashbuckler breathing defiance to all and sundry. Nothing could be further from the truth. In no instance has Drury permitted the issue to become a contest of personal strength. Rather he kept himself in the background and discovered the art of putting forward the issue as a stone wall barricade against his opponents. When they came up against that wall they appreciated the hopelessness of their cause but without resentment.

Nor must it be supposed that Drury is always unyielding. On unessentials he can compromise as quickly as anyone and his way through his first session of the legislature was notably expedited by his uniform good temper, spirit of conciliation, and disposition to make concessions necessary to reach common ground.

But to have stood firm before the challenges of his personal following in the legislature, of his political party, of organized labor, of the most powerful non-political movement in the province is a unique record for one year. And it is not surprising that for sheer courage he has won much respect. And he has displayed more than courage. Despite inexperience, despite his precarious tenure which with many politicians would have been fatal he has displayed an almost uncanny surefootedness, and has yet to make a cardinal error.

And what has been the year's record of the Farmer-Labor Government in matters of legislation and administration? As already intimated there has been little radicalism. But the year has been unusually active in legislation. This may have been due to the fact that the members were nearly all new. In addition Drury, making a virtue of the group system which has replaced the bi-party division of the house, sought and obtained the co-operation of all groups in the initiation and perfection of legislation.

The Labor group made its presence known through three advanced pieces of social legislation, a mothers' allowance act providing for pensions for widows with children, a minimum wage act to be applicable to all female employes except domestic servants and farm laborers and an amendment to the already excellent Workmen's Compensation Act increasing the scale of payments from 55 to 66 2-3 per cent of the workman's previous earnings. Labor men were disappointed at the scale of payment provided in each of these instances, the Farmer ministers being conservative in such matters, but on the whole were well satisfied to have the principles established. The mothers' allowances are now in operation under a central board, with district representatives.

Constructive Legislation Adopted

THE only piece of legislation against which could be made any allegation of a class appeal to the Farmers was an act launching an extensive scheme of highway improvement, but with motor transportation looming so large, the cities as well as the farmers were gratified by it.

To increase revenue the government had recourse to a doubling of the taxes raised by death duties, a point of some significance as showing a community of interest between the supposedly conflicting viewpoints of Laborites and Farmers on a vital matter of public policy. This cabinet also picked up a million dollars by imposing a tax of $7,500 a day on every race track.

Altogether more than 250 bills were considered by the new legislators in their first year. Among these passed was one designed to purify elections, one to implement the effectiveness of prohibitory liquor legislation, one to extend the provincial government railway to James Bay, one to assist local co-operative marketing associations, one to appoint a minister of mines, and others covering the widest range of activities. While not spectacular it is a record of usefulness rarely achieved by any of the former party governments.

In administration, the watchwords of the Farmer-Labor coalition are economy and honesty. Its economy provides another reason for the growing respect of the business community. In the lands and forests department, these unsophisticated men from the farm and the workshop have unearthed a sore that has been festering for a generation. Great areas of timber limits, it has been found, have not been yielding the dues to the province that the law requires, and the government after investigation is selling out to recover sums of money estimated in the millions. This also required courage, for up till recent years the chief private fortunes of the province had their basis in the lumber trade and it has been said that the lumbermen have made or unmade more than one Ontario government.

If Honorable E. C. Drury continues as in his first year he may remain premier of Ontario for an indefinite period. But already there are rumors that he may be before long translated to the federal arena. In that field the time is ripe for progressive forces to attain power. But as long as those forces remain divided as they are, there is a prospect that the present government, weak though it is acknowledged to be, will remain. Neither Mr. Crerar, the western Farmer leader, nor Mr. King, the Liberal leader, seems to have the capacity to secure co-operation and cohesion between the opposition groups. It has been suggested that Mr. Drury is showing the qualities that would fit him for the task. If he receives the call and is successful he will be the next premier of Canada.

"D'Israeli of America"—A Jew of Super-Power

Do You Know Anything About "Barney" Baruch? He Was the Real American Power From Plattsburg to Versailles

ALTHOUGH the war had the effect of decreasing Jewish power in Wall Street by temporarily hindering, but perhaps not altogether breaking off, the communication between Jewish financial houses in the United States and their associates overseas, it also had the effect of greatly increasing Jewish wealth in this country. It is stated upon the authority of a well-informed Jewish source that in New York City alone fully 73 per cent of the "war millionaires" are Jews.

The mistake should not be made of assuming that because of the temporary setback in Wall Street, the war meant a total setback for the Jewish program. It did not. Jewry emerged from the war more strongly entrenched in power, even in the United States, than it was before. And in the world at large the ascendency of the Jew, even where he was in control before, is very marked.

A Jew is now President of the League of Nations.

A Zionist is President of the Council of the League of Nations.

A Jew is President of France.

A Jew was President of the committee to investigate the responsibility for the war, and one incident of his service was the disappearance of vital documents.

In France, Germany and England, the financial power of the Jews, as well as the filtration of their dangerous ideas of social disorder, have greatly increased.

It is a most remarkable fact that in those countries which can justly be called anti-Semitic, the rule of the Jew is stronger than anywhere else. The more they are opposed, the more they show their power. Germany is today an anti-Semitic nation. Yet, in spite of all that the German people have done to rid themselves of the visible show of Jewish power, it has entrenched itself more firmly than before, above and beyond the reach of the German popular will. France becomes increasingly anti-Semitic, and as the anti-Jewish wave rises, a Jewish President appears. Russia itself is anti-Semitic to the core, and the Jew is Russia's new tyrant. And at a moment when, as all Jewish spokesmen inform us, there is a world wave of anti-Semitism—which is their name for a new awakening of the nations to what has been going on—what should occur but that at the head of the League of Nations, in a position which but for the absence of the United States would constitute the Chief Magistracy of the World, a Jew appears. Nobody seems to know why. Nobody can explain it. Neither previous fitness nor public demand pointed him out—yet there he is!

"The D'Israeli of the United States"

IN OUR own country we have just had a four-year term of Jewish rule, almost as absolute as that which exists in Russia. This appears to be a very strong statement, but it is somewhat milder than the facts warrant. And the facts themselves are not of hearsay origin, nor the product of a biased point of view; they are the fruits of an inquiry by the lawful officials of the United States who were set aside in favor of a ready-made Jewish Government, and they are forever spread upon the official records of the United States.

The Jews have proved for all time that the control of Wall Street is not necessary to the control of the American people, and the person by whom they proved this was a Wall Street Jew.

This man has been called "the pro-consul of Judah in America."

It is said that once, referring to himself, he exclaimed: "Behold the D'Israeli of the United States!"

To a select committee of the Congress of the United States he said:

"I probably had more power than perhaps any other man did in the war; doubtless that is true."

And in saying so he did not overstate the case. He *did* have more power. It was not all legal power, this much he admitted. It reached into every home and store and factory and bank and railway and mine. It touched armies and governments. It touched the recruiting boards. It made and unmade men without a word. It was power without responsibility and without limit. It was such a power as compelled the Gentile population to lay bare every secret before this man and his Jewish associates, giving them a knowledge and an advantage that billions of gold could not buy.

Doubtless not one in every 50,000 of the readers of this paper ever heard of this man before 1917, and doubtless the same number have clear knowledge of him now. He glided out of a certain obscurity unlighted by public service of fame, into the high rulership of the nation at war. The constituted government had little to do with him save vote the money and do his bidding. He said that men could have appealed over his head to the President of the United States but, knowing the situation, men never did.

Who is this figure, colossal in his way, and most instructive of the readiness of Judah to take the rule whenever he desires?

His name is Bernard M. Baruch. He was born in South Carolina 50 years ago, the son of Dr. Simon Baruch, who was a medical man of some consequence. "I went to college with the idea of becoming a doctor, but I did not become a doctor," he told the Congressional Committee. He was graduated at the College of the City of New York when he was just under 19 years of age. This college is one of the favorite educational institutions with the Jews, its president being Dr. S. E. Mezes, a brother-in-law of Colonel E. M. House, the colonel whose influence and disfavor at the White House has for a long time been a favorite subject of wondering speculation on the part of the American people, though it scarcely need be so any longer.

His Wall Street Apprenticeship

APPARENTLY young Baruch knew exactly what he wanted to do, and set out to do it. He says he spent "many years" after his graduation in certain studies, "particularly economics" as related to railroads and industrial propositions. "I tried to make Poor's Manual and the financial supplement of the Financial Chronicle my bible for a number of years."

He could not have spent very "many years" in these pursuits, for after going down to Wall Street as a clerk and a runner, and when he was "about 26 or 27" he became a member of the firm of A. A. Housman & Company. "In about 1900 or 1902" he left the firm, but he had meanwhile gained a seat on the Stock Exchange.

He then went into business for himself, a statement which must be taken literally in view of his testimony that he "did not do any business for anybody but myself. I made a study of the corporations engaged in the production and manufacture of different things, and a study of the men engaged in them."

In answer to questions intended to disclose the exact nature of his operations before he suddenly appeared as the man who "had *more power than perhaps any other man did in the war,*" he stood off from any intimations that he perhaps engaged in mere buying and selling of stock. "My business then became the organization of various enterprises," he said, "and in connection with that, I, of course, did buy and sell stocks .... If I organized any concern, I naturally took a large interest in it, or I would not organize it if I did not believe in it, and I stayed with the development of that concern; and then if I cared later on to sell it, I would sell it."

Pressed by the examiners for a still more detailed account of his activities in business, he said:

"Well, I was instrumental in the purchase of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company; in the purchase of Selby Smelter, Tacoma Smelter, and various copper, tungsten, rubber—I was instrumental in building up one of the great industries in rubber in Mexico, which was the establishment of the source of supply of rubber, and developed a large concern there for the production of raw material, which is still going on ....

"I became interested in the new process of concentration of low-grade ores in the Mesaba Range, but the interest I had particularly in steel was in the study of the present-day organization, in order to get myself posted so that I could intelligently buy or sell their securities ...."

A Matter Still Needing Light

IT IS an important point, one not made very clear in the testimony, what interests Mr. Baruch held at the beginning of the war. His previous activities in various fields, principally perhaps the field of metals, had been important and numerous. In any case, as a young man, he is found to be master of large sums of money, and there is no indication that he inherited it. He is very wealthy. What change the war made in his wealth, if it made any change at all, is a matter on which nothing may be said now. Certainly many of his friends and closest associates reaped great quantities of money from their activities during the war.

Now, as to the point of his business connections just prior to the war, this testimony appears:

> Mr. Graham—"You continued in the operation of these various businesses, in the formation of companies and the flotation of their stocks, and in your business in the Stock Exchange and elsewhere *up until the time of the beginning of the war?"*
>
> Mr. Baruch—"I was gradually getting myself away from business, because I had made up my mind to retire, and I had been getting less active with that end in view, and I was not very much in sympathy with the organization of companies. I am not criticising other men who engage in business that resulted in profits even before we had gotten into war. *I had made up my mind to leave* and do some other things that I hope to be able to do now; *but that process was interrupted by my appointment as member of the advisory commission* without any suggestion or without any knowledge or idea it was coming."

Does he mean that the process of getting out of business was interrupted by his appointment on the advisory commission, which appointment led straight to his complete rulership of the United States at war?

> Mr. Jefferis—"Had any of the members of the advisory commission been engaged in the production of raw materials or in manufactured products, or not?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"I had."
>
> Mr. Jefferis—"In what way?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"I had made a rather deep study of the production and the distribution and manufacture of many of these raw materials. I had to make an intensive study of these things in order to do the things I was engaged in."
>
> Mr. Jefferis—"You were not running any raw material production?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—*"I was interested in concerns—* I was interested in the study and production of a great many of these things, because I developed and organized concerns which did it."

Does he mean that he was interested in concerns at the time of his appointment? This would be an interesting point to clear up.

How Did He Meet Woodrow Wilson?

ANOTHER matter which would be not only of interest, but of great usefulness in explaining the gathering of a Jewish government around the President during the war, is the question of Bernard M. Baruch's acquaintance with Woodrow Wilson. When did it begin? What circumstances or what persons brought them together? There are stories, of course, and one of them may be true, but the story ought not to be told unless accompanied by the fullest confirmation. Why should it occur that a Jew should be the one man ready and selected for a position of greatest power during the war?

Mr. Baruch, in his testimony, sheds no light on this question. He had opportunity to do so, had he wished.

> Mr. Graham—"I assume that you were personally acquainted with the President prior to the outbreak of the war?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"Yes, sir."
>
> Mr. Graham—"Up to the time that you were appointed as a member of the advisory commission, had you ever had any personal conferences with the President about these matters?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"Yes, sir."
>
> Mr. Graham—"Had he called you in consultation or had he talked to you about these matters and about the matter of your appointment before you were appointed?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"Never suggested anything about the appointment, because I would have told him that I would prefer not to be appointed."
>
> Mr. Graham—"Do you now recall, Mr. Baruch, how long before you were actually appointed as a member of that advisory commission you had your last conference with the President?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"No ...."

That is not all of Mr. Baruch's answer, but it is his reply to the question. Having said "No," Mr. Baruch became very communicative on another matter. His complete reply is—

"No; but I can tell you something that may be of interest, and that is probably what you want to know. I had been very much disturbed by the unprepared condition of this country, so much so that I was one of the first men to support General Wood in the Plattsburg encampment, and I think he will admit I gave him the first money and told him whatever he did I would guarantee to stand behind that movement, which happily only took a few thousand dollars so far as I was concerned, having caught the public approval and it went ahead, and in that relation naturally one had to

think about the mobilization of the industries of the country, because people do not fight alone with their hands; they have got to fight with things."

It is thus shown that Mr. Baruch was a forehanded gentleman. It was only the year 1915. The European war had then not become more than an amazing spectacle to the mass of the American people. But still Mr. Baruch was convinced we were going to have war, and he spent money on his guess. The government which was then "keeping us out of war" was also consulting with Mr. Baruch who was already ahead of the government in creating the atmosphere of war in this country. If the reader, by a mental effort, can reconstruct the year of 1915, and then put into his picture of that year the element of which he was not then possessed, namely, the activity of Mr. Bernard M. Baruch and other Jews, he will see that he did not know much about what was going on, even if he did read the newspapers with attention!

"I Thought a War Was Coming Long Before"

TO PROCEED with the examination, following the place where Mr. Baruch made his interesting disclosure of his part in the Plattsburg experiment:

> Mr. Graham—"That was about 1915, was it not?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"Yes, 1915; and I had been thinking about it very seriously, and I thought we would be drawn into the war. I went off on a long trip, and it was while on this trip that I felt there ought to be some mobilization of the industries, and I was thinking about the scheme that practically was put into effect and was working when I was chairman of the board. When I came back from that trip I asked for an interview with the President. It was the first time I had seen the President since his election, so far as I can remember now."
>
> Mr. Graham—"You mean his first election?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"His first election, yes."

So it is probable that Mr. Baruch, if any stress may be placed on the manner of his words, had known the President before. Ordinary men, who meet the President seldom, usually have a very clear recollection of those meetings. The fact probably is that Mr. Baruch saw the President so frequently that he found it difficult to distinguish the meetings in his memory. He describes the visit referred to:

"I explained to him as earnestly as I could that I was very deeply concerned about the necessity of the mobilization of the industries of the country. The President listened very attentively and graciously, as he always does . . . . and the next thing I heard—some months afterward . . . . my attention was brought to this Council of National Defense. Secretary Baker brought it to my attention. This was the first time I had met the Secretary of War. He asked me what I thought of it."

Mr. Graham—"That was before the bill was passed; before it became a law?"

Mr. Baruch—"I think it was. I am not certain about that. *I said I would like to have something different.*"

This is rather important. A Council is a *council.* Mr. Baruch wanted *something different.* Eventually he did get something different. He got the President so to change matters as to make Mr. Baruch the most powerful man in the war. The Council of National Defense eventually became the merest side show. It was not a Council of Americans that ran the war, it was an autocracy headed by a Jew, with Jews at every strategic point down the line. What Mr. Baruch did was very masterly, but it was not in the American manner. He did what he set out to do, but it is seriously to be questioned whether any man ought to have done what he did, and probably no one but a member of his race would have wanted to do it.

Mr. Graham—"Did the President express any opinion about the advisability of adopting the scheme you proposed?"

Mr. Baruch—"I think *I did most of the talking.* I do not remember what the President said on that subject, but I think it can be best seen as expressed in the bill."

Mr. Graham—"Did you impress him with your belief that we were going to get into the war?"

Mr. Baruch—"I probably did. I would like to tell you exactly, but I do not want to guess at it."

Mr. Graham—"That was your opinion at the time?"

Mr. Baruch—"Yes; I thought we were going to get into the war. *I thought a war was coming long before it did.*"

The examination then reverted to Mr. Baruch's conference with the Secretary of War, in which the former had said he "would like to have something different."

Mr. Graham—"Mr. Baker said he thought that was the best that could be gotten at that time?"

Mr. Baruch—"I got that impression. Whether he said so or not, I do not know, but I got that impression that that was the best that could be gotten at that time."

If the event had not turned out exactly as Mr. Baruch planned it, a great deal of his testimony might be discounted on the principle of the natural boastfulness of the Jew after a scheme has succeeded; but there is no discounting anything that he says. The President did exactly what Baruch wanted in a thousand matters, and what Baruch apparently wanted most of all was a ruling hand upon productive America. And that he got. He got it in a larger measure than even Lenin ever got Russia; for here in the United States the people saw nothing but the patriotic element; they did not see the Jewish Government looming above them. Yet it was there.

Was It Brains Alone—Or?

THE ouncil of National Defense, as originally constituted—"the best that could be gotten at that time." though Mr. Baruch "would like something different"—was headed by six secretaries of the Cabinet, the secretaries of War Navy, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor. Beneath this official group was an advisory commission, of seven men, three of whom were Jews; one of these Jews was Mr. Baruch. Beneath this advisory commission were scores and hundreds of men, and many committees. One of the groups subordinate to the two groups just mentioned was the War Industries Board, of which Mr. Baruch was originally merely a member, Daniel Willard being the chairman.

Now, it was this War Industries Board which became the "whole thing" later on, and it was Mr. Baruch who became the "whole thing" in that board. The place where he was put became the cornerstone; he became the chief pillar of the war administration. The records show it; he himself admits it.

What influence reached into this Council of hundreds of Americans and chose a single Jew to be their undoubted lord and master for the duration of the war? Was it Baruch's brains that elevated him? Or was it the suggestion of Jewish finance already well forward in its work of mobilization?

There is no desire to minimize the Baruch brain. Brains and money are the Jews' two greatest weapons. No Jew is picked for a key place who has not brains. Baruch has brains. He is a ceaseless wonder among men who know him. He can do six things at once and control the most colossal operations without fuss or fever. He has both brains and money.

But there is something for Jewry to learn: brains and money are not enough. There is another element which even brains cannot cope with, and which renders money cheap. The chess-playing expert may mystify and compel admiration; but the chess-player does not rule the world.

So, Baruch did things. But Trotsky also has done things. The point is this: Are people to be carried away by an appeal deliberately made to their imagination, or are they to scrutinize what has been done, and weigh its consequences?

Ruled From Washington to Palestine

THE Jews could do greater things in the United States than even Baruch has done, if the opportunity offered, acts of superb ease and mastery—but what would it signify? The ideal of a dictator of the United States has never been absent from the group in which Baruch is found—witness the work, "Philip Dru, Administrator," commonly attributed to Colonel E. M. House, and never denied by him.

As a matter of fact, Baruch could probably do a better job than Trotsky did. Certainly, the recent experience which he had in governing the country during the war was a very valuable education in the art of autocracy. Not that it is by any means Mr. Baruch's possession alone; it is also the possession of scores of Jewish leaders who flitted about from department to department, from field to field, receiving a post-graduate course in the art of autocracy, not to mention other things.

Before Mr. Bernard M. Baruch got through, he was the head and center of a system of control such as the United States Government itself never possessed and never will possess until it changes its character as a free government.

> Mr. Jefferis—"In other words, *you determined what anybody could have?"*
>
> Mr. Baruch—"Exactly; there is no question about that. I assumed that responsibility, sir, and *that final determination rested within me."*
>
> Mr. Jefferis—"What?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"That final determination, as the President said, rested within me; *the determination of whether the Army or Navy should have it rested with me; the determination of whether the Railroad Administration could have it, or the Allies, or whether General Allenby should have locomotives, or whether they should be used in Russia, or used in France."*
>
> Mr. Jefferis—*"You had considerable power?"*
>
> Mr. Baruch—*"Indeed I did, sir . . . ."*
>
> Mr. Jefferis—"And all those different lines, really, ultimately, centered in you, so far as power was concerned?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"Yes, sir, it did. *I probably had more power than perhaps any other man did in the war; doubtless that is true."*

What preceded Mr. Baruch's attainment of this power, how far his power reached and how it was used, will be our next inquiry.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

A Jew is now President of the League of Nations. Two weeks after the American elections, this which many feared actually came to pass. Paul Hymans, of Belgium, was the man chosen. Thus "the Jew league" is complete. The only question is, whether the Jews exhibited their accustomed astuteness in permitting this thing to occur so soon. It is only in the hour of victory that the Jew's shrewdness seems to desert him. With Leon Bourgeois, an ardent Zionist, president of the League Assembly, the control would seem to be complete. The only Jew who sat in with the Big Four in the Peace Conference is also an officer of the League. The wisdom of the United States in staying out of the League may now be more apparent to some people than it was before.

"The Red Shield (Rothschild) and the Red Flag (Communism) are two emblems of one and the same thing."

Albert D. Lasker, whose name has recently been given to a new plan of baseball organization, is head of the Lord and Thomas Advertising Agency and prominent in the activities of the Chicago Jewish community. He was in charge of publicity for the Republican party during the recent presidential campaign, and has been mentioned as a possible member of the next cabinet.

Great excitement is reported to have prevailed in the Jewish community at Warsaw because Rabbi Perlmutter gave his nationality as Polish instead of Jewish.

England, which is so constantly referred to by the Jews as their best friend, admitted only 590 aliens during August.

A growing practice of the Jewish press seems to be the writing of letters to prominent men giving a version of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S articles, and asking written opinions concerning it. To prevent the possibility of mistake, it would not be more than fair if the articles themselves were studied, instead of a biased report being accepted.

Eleanor, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Guggenheim, of New York, is reported to be engaged to Viscount Stuart, M. C., son and heir of the Earl and Countess, of Castlestewart, of Stuart Hall, County Tyrone, Ireland.

The immigrant flood is being felt in Montreal also, where, as the Canadian *Jewish Chronicle* says, "The problem of feeding and housing them is growing ever more acute." The Jewish people coming to Canada today, says this paper, "belong to a superior class. They are clean and intelligent looking, and they seem to be well-developed, mentally as well as physically."

Describing the rush to America by Jews in Poland, Arthur Ruhl, the well-known correspondent writes: "It may appear to be moving slowly, but as a matter of fact, in comparison with the emigrants of the near-by countries, who have to wait months, often, even to have their applications acted upon, these Polish applicants are particularly favored. They fill out their papers one day, and, as a rule, get their passports the next. At the rate they are being hurried through, indeed, some 250,000 Polish Jews will have gone to America in the next year from Warsaw alone." Everywhere else Mr. Ruhl traveled he found the utmost difficulty put in the way of people wishing to come to America, which leads him to say that "the phenomenon in Warsaw and Danzig seems to call for explanation."

The author of the Jewish editorial quoted last week, in which the expression occurred: "Every copy of the New Testament is breeding anti-Semitism," was Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee, of Toledo. The New Testament is thus classified with "The Merchant of Venice" as an undesirable book. The next logical step would be to insist that it be barred from public libraries.

The immigration restrictions which the Jews themselves have placed upon Jews desiring to enter Palestine are so stringent that none of the Jews now being brought to the United States could possibly be admitted to Palestine.

The London public has just noticed that the customary cross has been omitted from the Cenotaph in Whitehall. The designer was Sir A. Mond, a Jew.

German Food Situation Has Improved Little

By JOHN A. MURPHY

Berlin, October—(By Mail).

GERMANY is slowly recovering its breath for the peace struggle. This struggle is already begun in the home. For those who bore with and survived the self-denials and semi-starvation of 1916-1917, the present comparative plenty is a wonderful change, yet even now food and fuel are so scarce as to be pinching at times. With the exception of a few localities meat is tantalizingly scarce. Meat almost is unknown save for the weekly dole given by the government. The writer had been in Germany four months and outside the cities had eaten (lightly) of beefsteak only twice and not at all of mutton. "American bacon" is procurable at times on the government ration cards but is usually coarse salt pork masquerading as bacon and is for the most part the remnant of military supplies.

Sugar is unknown in many millions of families, as is white bread. Lard is used as butter by those fortunate enough to have it and with chopped apples and onions is a popular substitute for butter.

Many lived through the last winter absolutely without heat in their homes and the outlook for this winter is that thousands will suffer similarly; the best estimate is that 40 per cent of the regular heat will be obtainable. Of course this means 40 per cent of normal heat for those who can afford to buy coal. There are many too poor to buy either food or fuel.

The deprivations the German people are suffering are heightened by the heavy taxes. The workman is taxed 20 per cent of his wages and the housemaids and servants are taxed 10 per cent of their monthly wages, which sum is deducted by the employers and paid to the government. But those who remember the "year of the turnips" contemplate the situation today with satisfaction and I have heard the remark, "This is heaven compared to 1916-17."

The German people are fast becoming vegetarians. They have learned to live with little or no meat, without sugar at all, without white bread and they realize that although not so fat, they are as strong as when permitted to enjoy a meat diet.

The German appetite for beer is gradually lessening; one reason is that the quality of the brew has deteriorated as the demands for grain for food increased. In certain districts, Silesia for instance, prohibition is practically in operation. Many thousands of beer-drinkers are turning to their "coffee" which is drunk in immense quantities although it is often only a substitute for the genuine beverage. This question of the quality of the national drink has been taken up by the government and within the last few weeks the authorities decided to ask the brewers to increase the alcoholic content of their brews. Recent advertisements indicate that such change will be made.

Life for the peasant is drab and dreary. Conditions encourage the farmer to eat the eggs of his poultry. The farmers are organized and through their chosen leaders make frequent demands for privileges or rights unheard of before the coming of the republic, privileges the refusal of which has created discontent and even revolt leading to violence. Owners of farms in some instances have been treated with personal violence at the hands of their angry tenants. There has been a great increase in the wages as well as addition to the perquisites and privileges of the peasants—milk for their families, a greater supply of food from the land that they till, and the limitation of work to the eight-hour day.

The love of the land, the open, is very strong in the German and this is evidenced by the groups of wanderers of young people of both sexes that one meets constantly tramping the country roads and the beautiful forests that are such a feature of German landscape. These groups vary from six to a dozen or more and they camp out at convenient houses arranged along the routes. For the most part they are accompanied by two or more musicians of their set and both instrumental and vocal music echoes among the trees as the "wandering birds" tramp along between stopping places on their journey. The parents of the younger folks are said to approve of these outings and base their approval on the ground of health. Groups of older people, too, are frequently met. All these "hikers" are supplied with knapsacks or *rucksacks,* as they are called here, strapped upon their backs and thus their hands and arms are free to swing a walking stick.

Horses are comparatively few but for the most part are kept in excellent condition. The horses that do the work are not neglected. The lack of cows has been met in many households by the possession of goats and the milk from these economical animals is eagerly sought in both city and country. One sees herds of yearling cattle, giving promise of future increase in dairy products. In the meantime what milk there is in excess of that used on the farms is reserved for infant children and certified invalids.

As the sanitaria are, of course, favored in the distribution of food favors it has come to be suspected that many with fat purses have taken refuge in the sanitaria to get the advantage and benefit of more and better food. Of course this is difficult to prove but the authorities, it must be said, are infinitely patient in all respects as regards the application of the food restrictions and the numerous rules for enforcing them. These observations would be incomplete were not reference made to the other needs. Many children are still without shoes, others possess a sandal-like affair with wooden soles; these are often, apparently, homemade and protect only the sole of the foot. Even those able to buy such shoes as are worn are poorly shod, as worth-while boots and shoes are very expensive. How these will pass the coming winter is a question. Socks and stockings are also hard to find and there are many girls and women with shoes or sandals but without stockings.

More from design probably than otherwise disabled soldiers are not often met in public places; these seem to be cared for in various ways so that the public is spared such reminders of the ravages of war.

What the future has in store for Germany is still "in the lap of the gods." It awaits the solution of the problem of food; of the development of the situation in Russia; of the solution of the crisis that is generally regarded here as imminent in European affairs.

Germany's determination to carry out the terms of the armistice is now being put to the test. She is now engaged in wrecking machinery that cost her many millions and one reads advertisements from the government for bids on offers for sale of motors and other parts of airships, planes, seaplanes, and so on, "in lots of 1,000 to 10,000." Another test is now being made: the demand for the surrender of arms by the people in accordance with the Peace Treaty has been formally made by proclamation and at this writing the reports are favorable to a general compliance with the demands of the government.

Perhaps the most discouraging feature of Germany's present condition is the continued low value of the mark.

Your Own United States



Mauch Chunk, Pa., isn't a mammoth city, but it has "mammoth scenery" all around it, which makes it a place of such beauty that it is much visited. So that tourists can see the city in all its loveliness, the city built a switchback railway, said to have been the first in America, which takes you flying around the corners and up and down hills.

The Crisis for Armenia

NOW that Armenia has reached what looks like her final crisis, wherein is contained the decision whether she shall continue to exist as a separate and independent state, it is interesting to observe exactly what the Armenians have done since they became "free." It is almost the first time, possibly, that anyone has ever written of the Armenians as a state, and *not* as martyrs. This article has positively nothing to say about atrocities and therefore should be worth reading.

Just at present Armenia is facing some angry Turks on one front, some cynical Bolsheviki on another front, some uninterested British on another front and some extremely neutral and fearful Georgians on another front.

The reason the Turks are angry is because a good slice of Armenia was lately Turkey and because they have lost so much elsewhere that they are inclined to recover from the weakest enemy, which is Armenia.

The reason the Bolsheviki are cynical is because they don't believe in nationality, and think the state of Armenia is a thin joke which shortly will evaporate to the wealth and prosperity of those who may happen to be at hand.

The reason the British are uninterested is because British money is in Baku, the famous oil city, which the British selected for the capital of Azerbaijan; and the state of Azerbaijan is so very sick that the British officer in command cannot afford to sit by any other sick bed at all.

And the reason the Georgians are extremely neutral and very fearful is simply because there is no one particularly interested in their progress, although several are mildly interested in their dissolution.

The Armenian Republic was established in May, 1918. The treaty of peace the European Allies later concluded with the Turks gave the Armenians 8,000 square kilometers, including Lake Seven. If you want to get Armenia on the map, look for Mt. Ararat; Mt. Ararat was the center of ancient Armenia and was the landmark where the Russian, Persian and Turkish divisions of Armenia met in 1914.

The 8,000 square kilometers given the Armenians did not comprise the equal in resources of any single state in the American union. It was largely in ruins, and its desolated country had been swept bare of cattle and grain. During two years the Armenians gradually added to this domain, until in May, 1920, it included 52,000 square kilometers and plans were on foot for another 8,000 or 10,000 square kilometers.

And at this point the Turkish Nationalists became interested. It is, however, a fact that ever since they declared their independence two and a half years ago the Armenians have been fighting. A former Armenian president has put it neatly enough: "There are times when guns and rifles go off by themselves." And the Armenian guns went off, simply because the Armenians found themselves surrounded by Turks, Tatars, Kurds, Georgians and a few other excited groups, all having ambitions, more or less defined. So the Armenians fought in May, 1918, and have been fighting since and are fighting yet, the rifles continuing to go off.

They first fought the Georgians, and it was following this (in which they were successful) that the Armenians stepped out a bit in the general direction of the Bosphorus and quietly absorbed the formerly Turkish cities, Kars and Aleksandropol. Here there is fighting now. They fought with the Tatars (always allies of the Turks) to conquer Shusha, an ancient Armenian province possessing extremely rich soil, and occupied it, to the utter and continuous discontent of the Tatar state of Azerbaijan. However, the Tatars know that the Armenians will only be permitted to push them just so far, because of British interests in Baku. Of course Britain fought the Turks and the Tatars. But it's a funny world.

Armenia, however, has made far more progress than is generally realized. Armenia now talks of Armenia Irredenta, just as Italy used to talk of Italy Irredenta when they wanted to recover the Austrian Tyrol. As Italy, as Serbia, as Greece, as Poland, as Lithuania, so now is Armenia, ambitious and eager to restore the full measure of ancient glory. Her government, to date, has been fairly harmonious. She has had three presidents, who succeeded each other as events made it advisable. The first was Johannes Kachatzouni, who gave three sons to the battlefield, and was the outstanding figure of the declaration of independence. Mr. Kachatzouni resigned to come to America to stir up Armenians in the United States. Alexander Khatisian, who coined the happy phrase quoted earlier in this article, succeeded him. Khatisian is a remarkable man; he was mayor of Tiflis when the czar ruled in Russia; Tiflis then was known as the capital of Caucasus, and a very prosperous place. Khatisian has made an enviable record since he led the Armenians astutely through their earliest and darkest hours of liberty. Mr. Khatisian resigned to tour Europe in the interests of the Armenian Republic, and has been succeeded by Dr. Ohanjanian. He was chosen as especially fitted to conclude a treaty with Soviet Russia, which he did; although there are confessed doubts as to how seriously the Bolsheviki regard the agreement. They are still camped on the frontier.

A definite program of reconstruction has been launched, even while fighting continues The outstanding feature of this side of the work is an educational system, which so far includes one university and 758 schools. The chief difficulty seems to be the lack of funds, but as the Armenians plead for a loan chiefly on the ground of army needs there has been some reluctance, in Allied centers, in view of the generally speculative conditions of the Caucasus, to respond. The two ex-presidents are canvassing the Armenian colonies all over the world to raise this loan.

If Armenia is a long way from being a strong and stable state, there are not wanting signs of healthy effort and a sound direction on the part of her leaders. At least, she looms up definitely, when you look close enough, and is actually creating the elements of good government.

This is sufficient to warrant general interest. And, as promised, this is all argued without any reference to atrocities.



(C) Gilliams Service

All England is now talking about Jessie Stephens, a pretty twenty-seven-year-old representative of the working classes, who at present dims in political interest the noted Lady Astor whose election to Parliament caused so much discussion, particularly in this country because of her American birth. Miss Stephens warns men to beware, for she is boldly out and feels confident of being elected to Parliament at the General Election. She is considered one of the best organizers in England, and a fearless and capable speaker. She toiled for years at selling newspapers, as a domestic servant, a grocery clerk, a truck driver and many other menial tasks. At present Miss Stephens is a labor councillor of the borough of Bermondsky.

It Has No Capital, Just a Stamp

THERE is a new republic in Europe; it has no capital—in fact, has no territory at all; it has, therefore, no government, no army, no navy, no police, no taxes, and no citizens to pay them.

It has, however, a postage stamp.

This is the Republic of Alsace-Lorraine. It exists in the persons of a committee of three: Count Rapp, Rene C. Ley and H. Muth.

Messrs. Rapp, Ley and Muth started this business of a republic before the French occupation. So they were forced to cut and run at the armistice. They found a refuge in Switzerland, whence they directed two lengthy appeals to President Wilson, protesting against bestowing Alsace-Lorraine on France, and neither of these he acknowledged. M. Millerand, commissary general for the French Republic in Alsace-Lorraine, heard all about it and Messrs. Rapp, Ley and Muth were indicted, tried (in their absence) and sentenced to deportation for life.

The three republicans then lodged a formal complaint with the secretary-general of the League of Nations, Sir James Eric Drummond, suggesting that the League reverse the decree of the Peace Conference. They then (in July, 1919) placed the whole matter before Gustav Ador, president of the Federated Council of Switzerland. The only report of the result of this conference is by Count Rapp who quotes M. Ador as being extremely sympathetic while regretting very much that Switzerland could not complicate her position in foreign affairs by espousing it. The members of the Swiss foreign department also agreed that it was too bad the Federated Council of Switzerland would have to forego all intervention in so extremely difficult a question.



Stamp is nation's sole claim to recognition.

After flitting from Berne to Basle, and from Basle to Berne, the committee of three landed in Baden-Baden, which has been their headquarters. Here they are printing and distributing broadcast statements of their case; here, also, they designed a very pretty postage stamp which, however, for the present, they put inside their mail, using the ordinary stamps of existing predatory states for the outside.

Now, don't run away with a wrong idea. It is true the committee feels kindly toward Germany; but union with Germany is not their objective. They have good historic ground for their argument, and they have a crowning argument in the fatal weakness of the Versailles Treaty—the failure to provide a plebiscite in Alsace-Lorraine which, almost certainly, would have given the territory to France, and at the same time, would have removed the fluent cry now raised of annexation.

If the republic of three men could have its way it would unite with Switzerland, but the Swiss are too wise to consider or encourage such an ambition. Failing that, they want independence, even if as a French protectorate; with their own ministry, parliament, militia and so forth.

The committee of three claims to represent "Young Alsace." Some of its arguments are fatuous but they are not without good logic, and when that logic is founded on self-determination, it gains strength.

Of course the Republic is doomed to confine itself to the house in Baden-Baden.

But it is an interesting situation. And the postage stamp is easily the prettiest design in all Europe.



"John Brown's Fort" at Harper's Ferry, W. Va., is here shown in use as a fertilizer and farm implement storehouse. It has been torn down since this photograph was taken and removed to the campus of Storer College, which is a school for colored students, just above Harper's Ferry. In this building, John Brown, the noted Abolitionist leader and a score of whites and Negroes fortified themselves. After an all-day fight Brown and 6 men were captured and subsequently executed. The "fort" itself stood where the Harper's Ferry railroad station now stands until it was torn down, sent to Chicago and there erected again as an exhibit for the World's Fair in 1893. The building was used merely as a storehouse for a number of years. Recently Storer College secured possession and now uses it as a museum.

Hurricanes Robbed of Their Destructive Power

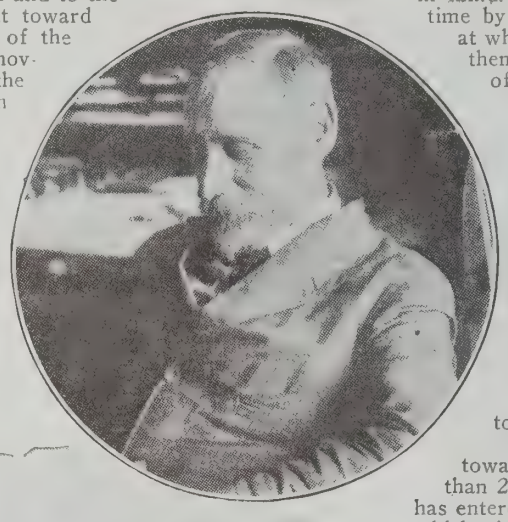
By HARRY H. DUNN

CITIES along the Gulf of Mexico Coast of the United States are resting easier, ship owners have lost half their worries, marine insurance rates are dropping and the families of ship officers and sailors are no longer the prey of the storm-fear, since the weather bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture has announced the discovery, by Dr. Isaac M. Cline, forecaster at New Orleans, of a new and accurate method of foretelling the coming of these hurricanes, within 10 to 12 hours after they enter the Gulf of Mexico, and from 24 to 48 hours before they become dangerous to coastal cities or to shipping leaving any of the ports.

For twenty years, Dr. Cline, who has been stationed in the service of the weather bureau all along the gulf coast, from Key West on the east, to Galveston on the west, has been working on his theory that the height of the tides along the gulf coast tell accurately of the approach of the hurricane long before even the sensitive barometer warns of the coming storm, and that these tides not only tattle on the hurricane, but that they tell its location, direction, velocity, destructive ability, and approximately where it will hit the shore.

During those twenty years, from the beginning of 1900 to the end of 1919, despite the work of the barometer, of wireless warnings from ships, and the steady labor of observers all along the coast, hurricanes raging into the Gulf of Mexico from their mysterious birthplace in the tropical Atlantic took 7,225 lives on the gulf coast of the United States, and inflicted property damage of $105,642,000. This is an average of rather more than 360 lives a year, and property loss of $5,282,100 every twelve months, though, as a matter of fact, all this destruction of life and property occurs in the months of August, September and October. The storms are annual events.

Contrasted with this are the figures for the year 1920, the first hurricane season in which Dr. Cline's new method of warning by the height of the tides has been in effect. This year, though the hurricanes were severe, and one of them in particular hit inshore shipping and the coast with terrific fury, only 18 lives were lost, two rather small vessels wrecked, and damage to ports and towns estimated at less than $100,000. The answer to this great problem in subtraction, of course, is that the cities and towns and ports, the ship operators, the fishermen and the people generally had time, in the four days of warning given by Dr. Cline and the New Orleans branch of the weather bureau, to prepare for the storm, to know just where, at what times, and with what force it would hit. Next year, the loss probably will be almost nothing, provided all ship owners heed the warnings, all the fleets of small boats lay in their berths and the towns prepare their water front properties for the hurricane, which, according to Dr. Cline, is very punctual in keeping the dates the rising tides make for it.







Top—Dr. Isaac M. Cline, district forecaster, stationed at New Orleans, whose discoveries rob hurricanes of their terror; second—A so-called storm-wave; third—Studying barometer at Shipping Board's engineers' school; bottom—Studying rescue of persons from storm-stricken vessels.

The secret of the discovery is merely this, in Dr. Cline's own words, as he told it to the correspondent of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

"With the approach of a hurricane to the gulf coast, the tides rise from the center of the hurricane's path to the right of that path, and are lowest at the left of the course the storm is taking. Thus, if a hurricane be approaching the coast, between, say, New Orleans and Mobile, and if the tide is notably higher along the mouth of the Mississippi River, and notably lower on the Mobile coast, then the hurricane will strike closer to the mouth of the Mississippi, and New Orleans, than to Mobile. This announcement would be known to the tide observers from 24 to 48 hours before the barometer gave warning of the coming storm."

Quoting his own statements from a recent United States Weather Bureau report entitled, "Relation of Changes in Storm Tides on the Coast of the Gulf of Mexico to the Center and Movement of the Hurricanes," he says:

"The waves and swells of greatest size and length are developed in the near right-hand quadrant of the cyclonic area, and move through the smaller waves in the front of the storm, and are carried by inertia to the shore in the direction in which the cyclonic area was advancing at that time. The waves sent out in other directions, being smaller and shorter, do not persist long after leaving the cyclonic area and soon flatten out and disappear. The transference of water with the long waves and swells causes rises in the water along the coast, which increase as the storm approaches. The rise of water along the coast, in front of the line of advance of the cyclonic area, beginning 12 to 24 hours after the hurricane enters the gulf, indicates the rapid movement of the waves through the storm area and across the gulf.

"From a study of the movement shown on the different charts and figures, collected by me during the past twenty years, this speed is shown to vary from 30 to 45 miles an hour. The rapidity with which the waves travel depends both on the extent of the cyclonic area and the intensity of the winds that develop the waves and swells. The water rises at the shore in the front and to the right of the point toward which the center of the hurricane was moving at the time the waves started on their journey.

"The rise at shore of the water from the hurricane shows long in advance of any change in the barometer. Take, for example, the hurricane of September 11-14, 1919: When the barometer at Burrwood, New Orleans, Galveston and Corpus Christi was either stationary or falling only a few hundredths of an inch, the water, first at Burrwood, later at Galveston, and then at Aransas Pass, was rising by feet, telling the story of the movement, and of the change in the course of the storm as plainly as it could be told without words.

"In using the information conveyed by the tides in forecasting the movements of hurricanes, the tides as predicted by the Coast and Geodetic Survey should be plotted for each hour, whenever a storm appears on the gulf. The height of the tide above mean low tide should be telegraphed from coast stations with each observation, and these should then be plotted over the predicted tides. The place where the water exceeds the predicted tides, and continues rising, is in the line of advance of the hurricane at the time that particular water started on its journey.

"The intensity and extent of the hurricane are indicated—when the hurricane itself is at a considerable distance of space and time—by the rapidity of the rise in the water and the extent of the coast over which that rise is taking place.

"The time between the commencement of the rise in the water at shore and the arrival of the hurricane will depend upon the rapidity with which the cyclonic area is advancing, and the intensity of the hurricane.

"If the point of greatest rise in the tides shifts to right or left, this shift indicates that the storm is changing its course in that direction toward which the increased rise is taking place. When the crest of the storm tide is coincident with the crest of the regular tide, the height of the water will be greater by more than one foot for hurricanes of equal intensity, than when the crest of the storm tide is coincident with low tide, and in forecasting storm tides this must be borne in mind. The regular tides are not obscured at any time by the storm tides, except at or near the point at which the storm moves, or will move, inland, and then for only about 12 hours before the passage of the center of the hurricane.

"The highest water occurs a few miles to the right, and about the time of the passage, of the center of the cyclonic area. At points on the coast some miles to the right of the line of advance of the center of the storm, the highest water occurs on a line drawn through the center of the cyclonic area at right angles to the line of advance of the hurricane, about the time of the passage of the center of that storm across that line. The high water extends for only a short distance to the left of the point where the center of the storm moves inland. High water, however, is experienced to the right of the center for a distance varying from 100 to 200 miles.

"The water commences rising at the shore toward which the cyclonic area is advancing less than 24 hours after the center of that cyclonic area has entered the Gulf of Mexico. The waves and swells which give this rise must have moved through and out of the rear right-hand quadrant of the storm area within 12 to 15 hours after the center of the storm entered the Gulf of Mexico. This indicates that with a 'fetch' of 150 to 200 miles in the rear right-hand quadrant of the cyclonic area, the winds furnish sufficient energy to develop waves and swells of a size and length that travel 30 to 45 miles an hour, reaching the middle gulf coast, 400 miles distant, in 10 to 15 hours, and to reach the Texas coast, 800 miles distant, in 15 to 20 hours.

"Strong currents are created in the right-hand segment of the cyclonic area, which move, in the main, coastwise, toward the line along which the cyclonic area is advancing. The fact that two gas and whistling buoys, in the storm of August, 1915, and three in that of September, 1919, were carried two to eight miles, nearly parallel to the coast, shows the force of these currents. If these buoys had been moved by waves, they would have been carried in toward the shore, and not along the coast.

"The high water attending the hurricane is frequently referred to as a 'tidal wave,' or a 'storm wave,' but it is not a wave in any sense of that word. It is a culmination of the water from successive 'storm waves' reaching shore, covering a period of two or more days, with a gradual rise which increases as the center of the storm approaches.

"The 'storm tide' results from the physical forces of the hurricane, driving the large waves forward and transferring the water in the same direction as the line of advance of the hurricane. In the open sea this 'storm tide' is not so great, probably not exceeding, in the greatest storm, more than five feet. The obstruction formed by the coast line acts as a barrier and the water gradually banks up, as it does against a dam thrown across a stream.

"The rise in the water at shore frequently is against opposing off-shore winds, as was the case in 1900 and 1915 at Galveston, Texas, and in 1919 at Corpus Christi, Texas. In such cases, the off-shore winds force the waters backward on the stream, retarding the rise. Then, when the winds shift and come in with the storm, the rise in water is much more rapid, and, consequently, much more destructive. The diminished pressure near the center of the hurricane will have some effect on the height of the water. The weight of one inch of mercury is about equal to that of one foot of water. Thus, the increase of the height of the water due to diminished pressure at Galveston, during the 1900 storm at Galveston, for example, with the barometer at 28.48 inches, could not have exceeded 1.5 feet, yet the storm tide was 15 feet."

With this ability to foretell virtually all necessary information regarding an approaching hurricane, shipping on the Gulf of Mexico can be warned of a storm more days in advance than are required to cross the gulf. In other words, a steamship in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico, warned immediately a hurricane enters either the Yucatan Channel or Florida Strait—the two most usual avenues of entrance for these storms from their little known point of origin in the tropical regions of the Atlantic—has abundant time either to proceed to safety out on the Atlantic by the channel through which the storm is not coming, or to seek anchorage in a harbor of the West Indies or of Mexico, or even to return to the ports of some one of the five states which border on the New World Mediterranean. Similarly, shipping can be held, at a flash from the wireless, at those gulf ports whence the sea lanes of trade would lead them across the hurricane's path, while those ports from which the paths of shipping would not meet the advancing storm can send out their fleets as usual. Shipping coming in from south or north or east or through the Panama Canal likewise can be warned, and can so alter their courses as to miss the storm, or can lie up in convenient ports until it has passed.

A New Gladiator Enters the National Arena

THIS is the first of two articles on the great "farm movement" in the United States. It summarizes the growth of co-operation and organization among the farmers and reveals some degree of the astonishing strength and scope of their activities.

As "once the embattl'd farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world," so the farmers of today are preparing to enter upon a legislative battle for what they consider their economic freedom.

A second article will deal with the farmer's grievances and will outline the program of legislation which he is determined Congress shall consider.

THERE are certain signs, not difficult to read, which would seem to indicate that this nation is approaching a new legislative era, an era which will be the third distinct period of the kind within the memory of the present generation.

Back in the days of the McKinley tariff it was industry that received the attention of the lawmakers. Then labor pushed its way to the front and now we have the farmer. Powerfully organized, united in his desires, the agriculturist stands waiting the coming session of Congress to step forward with a program for farm legislation which, if accepted, will bring about as vital changes in the nation as have any of the measures passed during the last 20 years at the behest of either industry or labor.

Agriculture has long lagged behind the movement of the age toward combination. This slowness to respond to the impulse of all modern industrialism to combine resources and to do business on a large scale may be due in part to the fact that the farmer is an individualist, but at any event, the farmer remained aloof during all the earlier years of the era of organization and co-operation.

No longer than five years ago there were many who questioned the feasibility of the Federal Farm Loan on the ground that the American farmer is constitutionally averse to conducting any sort of business in combination. Since then this project has taken root in even the richest farming communities and to its influence may be attributed the awakening of the farmer to the value of collective effort.

Co-operate farm mortgages have revealed in an astonishing way the supreme position of the land as security in times of stress and the farmer, realizing that he is in possession of the premier security of the nation, has made up his mind that he must organize as the best means of promoting and protecting his interests.

Of course, farm organizations of some sort have existed in the United States for 75 years. The Grange, the Farmers' Unions and the Equity Societies have been unceasing champions of the need for united efforts and have done practically all the pioneer work. For many years they were only moderately successful. That they lived through the long, lean period is a tribute to the courage, the purpose and the farsightedness of the men who directed them. Now the tide has turned. The movement has suddenly gained strength and has developed such an impulse toward organization, such a haste to catch up, such a belief in the efficacy of organization, that the multiplicity of movements, unions, bureaus, councils, societies, boards, federations and confederations becomes almost confusing.

A recital of the mere titles of those national organizations that are concerned with the general agricultural interest is impressive. There are the Granges, the several Societies of Equity, the National Conference on Marketing and Farm Credits, the National Co-operative Association, the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America, the National Farmers' Congress, the Farmers' National Council, the National Federation of Farm Bureaus, and the American Agricultural Organization Society. Of the great organizations named only three extend back in origin to the last century and the majority have come into being in the last decade, while several of the most important and active are the growth of the last four or five years.

In a survey of farm organizations one notes that they are roughly separable into two sorts of organizations. The first is concerned with general principles and purposes, originating in the social sense, and some of these, notably the Grange which is the oldest of all, include the whole farm family in their membership and have rituals, following the custom of secret orders. But beginning in this local way to meet a social craving, they have widened out into federations and as they have done so they have come to express the farm thought on problems and issues that touch the farm interest nationally. Highly organized and important bodies of this last mentioned character are the Grange, the Farmers' National Congress and the American Association for Agricultural Legislation. The other is primarily and directly concerned with the farmers' specific business and is co-operative in the ordinary business sense for profit of the members. Of this class are the Farm Unions or Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America, the three independent federations of Societies of Equity, the National Agricultural Society, which operates more as promoter and advisor than as an actual co-operative business in itself. These several national co-operative societies have hundreds of local societies.

A still further distinction may be made among the farm organizations for there are a number that are not strictly bodies of farmers but confederations of affiliated bodies whose national headquarters, ordinarily at Washington, stand for the farm interest and represent it before the country. Such are the National Board of Farm Organizations, the Farmers' National Council and, in a degree, the Farmers' National Congress.

In addition to these there are other movements springing up which are backed by traders and leaders of finance. They are young yet and there has been scant opportunity to observe their purpose, but it seems altogether probable that the intent of those who have sponsored them is to fashion them into opening wedges through which entrance may be forced into the inner councils of the farm movement. It is a shrewd plan and may be fairly accepted as proof that at least some of the captains of trade recognize the quarter from which the next great national movement is coming.

No doubt the branching out of the farmers' retail, wholesale and manufacturing enterprises has been partially responsible for awakening these men to what is taking place. Six years ago there was said to be not over 500 or 600 co-operative concerns in the United States. Today the number exceeds 4,000, handling, as the secretary of agriculture estimated in the last annual report of his department, upward of $1,500,000,000 annually through the marketing of farm products, the operation of elevators, warehouses, fire insurance companies, wholesale houses, retail business and the purchase or manufacture of goods.





The farmer does not stand upon ceremony in his organization meetings. He will use anything from a circus tent to a village hall.

In order to understand the strength of the farmer politically as well as economically, one will do well to study the organizations which he has built up, noting their scope, their efficiency and the great number of their members.

One of the typical co-operative societies will answer for all, therefore let us consider the Farmers' Equity-Union, one of the three large Equity Societies. This body was organized in 1910 in Illinois and operates chiefly in the Middle West. It is selected for description over all other like societies because of its unique feature of central exchanges. The local exchanges are organized at small market points and are carefully chosen. They market the products of their members and purchase machinery, lumber, coal, fertilizer, flour, butter and other commodities. At the close of the year there is a fixed three per cent dividend to stockholders and a distribution of profits or savings, the individual member's return being prorated according to the business he did with the exchange.

The large central exchanges of this society are situated at Denver, Kansas City, Chicago and Lima, Ohio. These are also stock corporations, the stockholders being the local exchanges. There is a three per cent dividend and a distribution of profits. The Equity-Union conducts what is probably the largest co-operative creamery in the nation at Aberdeen, South Dakota, doing a business of approximately $10,000,000 a year.

To obtain a sense of the scope of the present farm organization movement, however, one must also make a brief survey of the class of organizations which are not distinctly co-operative but represent the general farm interests. In doing this one naturally begins with the Grange, of which it is scarcely necessary to say more than that it is the oldest and best known, as well as one of the most powerful and extensive of all farm bodies. It was organized in 1866 and its annual meeting is attended by 4,000 delegates representing 600,000 members, most of whom are in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan.

The National Board of Farm Organizations is a confederation of thirteen large national farm organizations. In a sense it is the clearing house through which they voice their sentiment on national legislation. It has headquarters at Washington and is one of the most powerful exponents before the public of the common thought and interest of the American farm.

An organization with a somewhat similar purpose, although essentially political, is the Farmers' National Council, a bureau conducted at Washington. In spite of many bitter controversies with more conservative and less political farm organizations, the National Council has survived for 10 years and is more active today than ever before.

A national body which is quite unique in its organization is the Farmers' National Congress. It is a pioneer national agricultural body growing out of a meeting of representative farmers in 1881. From that year it has met annually to discuss agricultural problems and political questions relating to farm interests and is one of the most powerful exponents of the agriculturist. It is constituted of members named by the governors of states or by the state agricultural society, in case the governor fails to act. Members of the congress must be men engaged in agriculture and are usually representative and leading figures in their states, often with a national reputation. The significant feature of the Farmers' National Congress is the annual platform of resolutions, always a comprehensive utterance in behalf of the American farm. It is represented in Washington by the National Board of Farm Organizations.

One of the youngest and still most powerful of the greater national farm organizations is the National Federation of Farm Bureaus. It originated in the Middle West in the organization of a few local farm bureaus, whose only purpose at that time was to aid the local farmer by bringing him expert advice and modern scientific agriculture as taught in the agricultural colleges. These bureaus employed a local or county farm agent at a salary to visit farmer-members on call without cost to them other than their annual dues of $2.

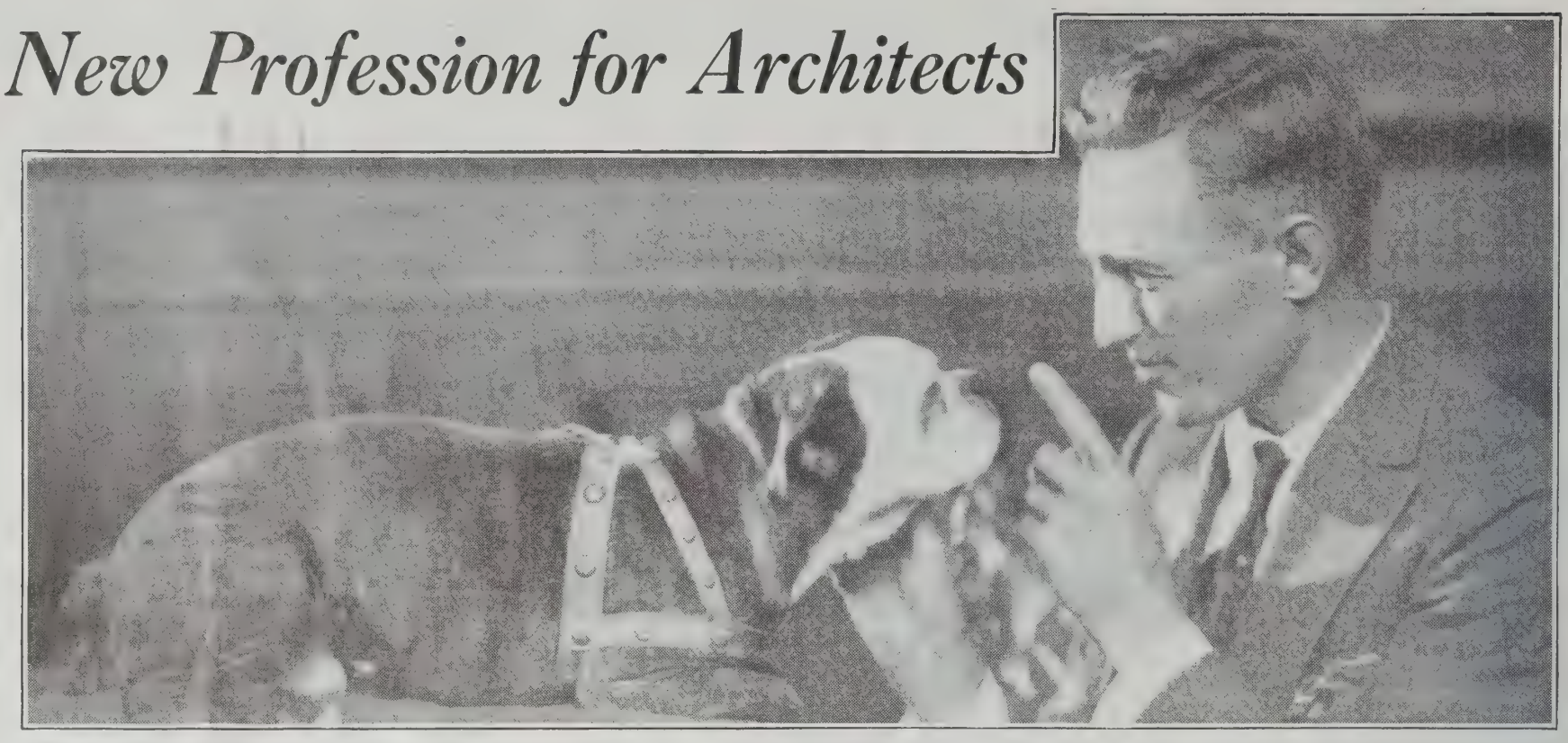
Looked upon with suspicion and derision at first by practical farmers, the farm agents very quickly overcame these prejudices and the farm bureaus soon spread from county to county and from state to state, so that within four years a national organization was formed in which more than 37 states are represented with a total membership of almost a million and with a fund of $200,000 available annually for any work which the national body undertakes. Young as it is this giant among the farm organizations seems to have found itself and to have developed very definite plans for the future.

Some idea of the influence which the organizations briefly described here have already had upon the course of national legislation may be obtained from reading over a partial list of the measures which they have sponsored and helped to place on the statute books. These bodies were a power in urging the creation of the interstate commerce, they backed postal savings banks, the pure food laws, parcel post, rural credits, prohibition and restriction of immigration.

While it has been necessary to omit reference to many strong organizations, enough has been set forth to suggest the extent and earnestness of this movement. It is evident that co-operation has taken firm root in the soil of the farm and that its growth has been spontaneous and sincere rather than artificial.

It must be very evident also that these organizations, representing two-thirds of the farmers of the nation, have invested the agriculturist with a new political dignity and that the time has passed when the politicians can wave him away. The farmer himself knows this and the next Congress will certainly see his forces in the field behind the broadest legislative program ever framed by the agricultural interests.

New Profession for Architects



ELMER E. SHEELEY, art director of one of the largest film studios in the country, and "Fifty-Fifty Boy."

By JOHN B. WALLACE

IT HAS always been the pride and ambition of the architect to build something substantial, something that will last, a monument to his genius that would preserve his name to posterity. And now comes the moving pictures to offer him a field in which all of his masterpieces are embalmed in celluloid. The actual set which he designs is as ephemeral as a woman's whims but the picturization of it may be preserved for centuries.

But does he appreciate it? Elmer E. Sheeley, art director for a film company in California, says he does not. Mr. Sheeley ought to know, for he has eight of them working constantly under his supervision.

"The boys certainly grumble a lot," he explained with a smile. "They claim that we depart from every method of technique and design that they have been taught. Perhaps they are right. But we are giving them as much as we take away."

"Probably the statement will provoke a storm of criticism from the architectural profession," he went on seriously, "but I maintain that the profession will be richer from the advent of the motion picture. We are teaching them that they can do things which they have asserted were impossible. They say it can't be done and then they go ahead and do it."

Mr. Sheeley is not an architect himself although he has been a draughtsman. He was a scene painter in St. Louis until 1915 when he came to Los Angeles to work for Flagg as a foreman in that great scene painting house. Mr. Sheeley saw the future that was opening for his craft in the new industry and six months later had joined a film corporation. From there he went to the company by whom he is now employed, where he has charge of the designing of all the sets built in the immense studio.

Mr. Sheeley's experience in the technical details of stage work has fitted him admirably for his present position. Exterior sets are after all only interiors on a larger scale. And interior sets in the motion pictures apparently differ very little from the regular sets on the stage of a theater. The differences that do exist are caused by the fact that one is to be viewed directly by the human eye and the other through the eye of the camera. A slight difference indeed to the uninitiated but one of immense importance to the men who make pictures.

The art director in motion pictures bears somewhat the same relation to the technical director as an architect does to a contractor in ordinary construction work. The art director has charge of the designing of the sets while the technical director has direct charge of their construction.

The first thing that the producer does when a new picture is contemplated is to give a copy of the script or scenario to the art director. He is usually given the first or at least the second copy because he must have the sets built before the picture can be made. Even before the scenario is written the outline of the plot is given the research man who must delve into the literature of the period in which the story is placed. He then puts the information he has gathered at the disposal of the art director, who plans his sets and puts his draughtsmen to work.

The work of a scenic draughtsman is of an extremely varied nature. One week he may be designing a Moorish castle or a Grecian sarcophagus, the next a modern bungalow or a group of houses in a village street.

Very little of his work can be original. The greatest asset of the motion picture is realism and the scenes must be laid in spots that actually exist. Therefore the motion picture architect must be essentially a copyist. But what a school it is for him! It would be strange indeed if new and startling developments in architecture are not evolved from this varied and most unusual experience.

"I had one man working for me," Mr. Sheeley stated, "who had been a teacher of architecture in college. When he left us to go into other lines, he said that his experience in the pictures had taught him lessons that he considered invaluable."

The majority of the architects in the motion picture studios are young men. It is a young man's game. Youth proves more adaptable, more receptive to new ideas. But not even all young architects make good.

"Our greatest difficulty," said Mr. Sheeley, "in breaking in new men, and this applies to both young and old, is that they wish to build their sets too substantially. They lay too much emphasis on stress and strains. They do not realize that a good steel cable will hold a set so solid that it will stand in wind and earthquake where big brick and stone buildings will be demolished."

"I had to let a man go a short time back," he continued, "for that very reason. He was an excellent designer. When he designed a set it was perfect in every detail and it was built for keeps. But he spent too much time on unnecessary details. He was too conscientious. In what might be called legitimate architectural work he will be a success but not in this business."

Perhaps the greatest asset gained by young architects in the motion pictures is the study of angles through the eye of the camera. In no other business are things so far from what they seem.

The problem of the architect therefore is to know what parts of his building to elaborate and what parts he can skimp. He learns this through a study of the script of the play that is to be filmed but the scenario does not tell him all. He must have some practical knowledge of the possibilities of the camera and this knowledge is only gained through actual experience.

There has been a great change in the business management of the motion picture industry in the last few years. A director can no longer squander carelessly vast sums in filming a picture. He must account for every cent he spends. Consequently it is up to the architect in designing his sets to plan his work so that there will be no unnecessary expenditures. Their motto might be paraphrased, "A million dollars for effect but not one cent for waste."

Mr. Sheeley is now engaged on a picture that will run well into three quarters of a million dollars before he will be able to call it finished. This is not stage money but real hard cash, as anyone who has seen the sets can realize.

One set is an exact replica of the casino of Monte Carlo. It was estimated that the set would cost $65,000 to build. The other day when I saw this set it was about two-thirds completed and the cost had already exceeded the original estimate of the finished structure. There are half a dozen other large sets belonging to this same picture. This of course is to be an unusually big production but few of the so-called feature pictures run under $100,000 in expense. Some of these sets will not be a total loss after the picture is completed. The Monte Carlo set for instance will probably be allowed to stand and can be rented to other companies which may need that particular setting for a picture.

Quite a number of the larger sets are built with a view to permanency. Universal City is dotted with such sets, among them being a New England street, a Louisiana street and a western street. Another interesting set is an exact replica of a section of Chinatown in San Francisco. The realism in these sets even goes so far as to provide the banana peels and other rubbish on the streets.

The illusion is so perfect that it is almost impossible for the visitor to realize that the backs of the buildings in these streets are nothing but a mass of studding and framework held solid by strong steel cables. This is of course not true of all of them, some of the cottages, churches, and so on, in the village streets being bona fide structures.

It requires an enormous amount of research work to obtain such fidelity to details and in order to cut down expense and get better results, the art directors of the various studios around Los Angeles have formed an association. The association employs men who do nothing but research work. They have collected a splendid library which is at the disposal of the members and are prepared to answer any and all questions regarding the habits, costumes, architecture, and so on, of the people of any period in the history of the earth. For the first time in history the antiquarian has been provided with employment that is lucrative as well as interesting.

The art of camouflage which came into prominence during the World War is carried to the nth degree in the pictures. In fact most of the experts in that line were recruited from the movies. But often what will fool the naked eye will not fool the camera and this opens up a new line of study for the art and technical directors.

The art director not only employs a number of architects and draughtsmen but he also has a corps of scene painters. Many of the illusions in pictures are the same as upon the stage; for instance, an interior may be used in which is a view through an open window. Now it would be a matter of great expense to build the sets required to give this perspective. Instead the scene painter is called in and he so deftly paints a view of the outdoors that the spectator never realizes that he is gazing upon canvas instead of nature.

The position of art director in a film corporation is no sinecure. He must have a general knowledge of architecture, painting, electricity, photography, history and practically all of the arts. He must have a keen sense of the artistic as well as be a practical man of affairs. Such men are rare and are paid accordingly. It is a new profession opening up to young men and one with a big future. The art and technical directors are ranked with the stars in importance in a motion picture studio and while the public hears little of them the producers well know their worth.



Mr. Sheeley pointing out some of the mosaic work on a set for a $750,000 film.



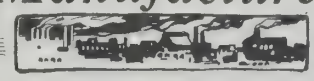
The Three Arts



Agriculture

Manufacture

Transportation



According to statistics prepared by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the cost of operating a freight train was $1.89 in July of this year against $1.54 in July of 1919, an increase of 23.2 per cent. In February, 1920, the last month of government ownership, the cost was $1.91.

It is estimated by the Mexican embassy that Mexico will produce 144,000,000 barrels of oil this year. This is one-fifth of the world's production.

Successful experiments on a large scale convince the Department of Agriculture that a practical method has been found of saving peach orchards from the peach tree borer. Crystals of an insecticide are sprinkled around the base of the infected tree and covered with earth. The substance forms gas which kills the borers. Millions of dollars have already been saved to Georgia orchard men through this discovery.

The British Admiralty is making tests of a new motor fuel known as natalite which is said to be a by-product of sugar factories.

The dairy division of the Department of Agriculture is assisting dairymen of Dubois, Pennsylvania, to conduct a co-operative milk distributing plant.

The miners of the country took three holidays election week with a consequent loss in production of 714,128 tons of coal—enough to have supplied a city of 200,000 population for a year.

England is attempting experiments in surfacing highways with slabs of a rubber-like composition which deadens the noise of heavy traffic.

At a general meeting held in the city of London recently, the shareholders of the Direct United States Cable Company accepted an offer from the British Government to purchase the company's properties, equipment and stock cable, for the sum of 570,000 pounds sterling.

Clothing manufacturers insist that clothing prices will drop until next spring finds the price tags reading only 25 per cent more than the prewar figures.

Republican members of Congress who are now in Washington say that there is no hope for reduced taxes until 1923.

The first steps have been taken in the formation of a national organization of canning crop vegetable growers. The Federation of Farm Bureaus is fostering the movement.

While each increase in the price of gasoline is exasperating to the motorists, it is interesting to note that these increases amount to much less in the course of a year than is generally supposed. An increase of five cents a gallon, for instance, means but $17 to the man who drives his car 5,000 miles in the course of a year and who gets 14 miles to the gallon.

France faces a deficit of from 300,000 to 400,000 tons of fresh meat yearly for some years to come. The shortage will be met in part by the use of fish, but much frozen meat will be imported.

For the first time in four years flour has gone below $10 a barrel.

The latest government estimate of the grain crop of Canada makes the yield of wheat nearly 4,000,000 bushels more than at the end of August. The total yield of wheat is now put at 293,361,000 bushels compared with 193,260,000 bushels for 1919. The acreage yield of all wheat per acre for the whole of Canada is put at 16 bushels compared with 10 bushels last year.

Europe's debt to the United States, incurred since the armistice, in private commercial transactions, now exceeds $3,000,000,000 and closely approaches $3,500,000,000. Exports to Europe upon an unprecedented scale account for some of this unfunded balance. Officials state that fluctuations in exchange may become severe at any time.

The dairy division of the Department of Agriculture reports that many creameries throughout the Middle West have cut fuel bills 20 per cent by utilizing their exhaust steam.

The Mexican sugar crop of 1921 is estimated at 100,000 tons. Forty thousand tons of this will be exported.

The Calumet & Hecla and subsidiary mining companies have made a 15 per cent cut in all wages and salaries.

Birmingham, Alabama, is to have a new hydro-electric plant costing over $10,000,000 and will furnish 120,000 horse power.

Transatlantic freight rates are falling as a result of a rate war over the lessening quantities of exportable goods.

Plant diseases, which might have been prevented, cost the farmers of the United States tremendous losses in 1919. The following figures of losses are official; wheat, 112,000,000 bushels; oats, 50,000,000 bushels; sweet potatoes, 40,000,000 bushels; tomatoes, 185,000 tons; cotton, 850,000 bales; peaches, 5,000,000 bushels; apples, 16,000,000 bushels.

The Department of Agriculture advises that pullets be moved into winter quarters before they begin to lay.

The Australian Government handles all grain, storing it, making export sales and chartering ships. The only charges assessed against the farmer will be the government's actual expenses. There will be no middleman's profit.

The Bureau of Markets announces that it has just completed the task of running down a story that 80 carloads of potatoes were dumped into the Delaware River and that the yarn has absolutely no foundation. Stories of food dumping, the bureau states, are usually without foundation.

President Wilson has appointed Admiral W. S. Benson chairman of the Shipping Board for a term of six years.

The American Forestry Association has announced that a united campaign will be made at the next session of Congress by all interested industries, for a national forest policy.

The British export prohibition of condensed milk has been removed.

Investigation by government agents has shown that it does not pay the farmer to tan his own leather. The results are uncertain and the hides are seldom of a high enough quality to command top prices.

Fur buyers are authority for the statement that the supply of muskrat skins is decreasing at the rate of 50 per cent annually.

The Association of Railway Executives announces that the car shortage is being overcome.

The Interstate Commerce Commission denied the application for the Southern Pacific Railroad for a government loan of more than $5,000,000 to purchase new equipment.

New Government Publications

Diseases of Apples in Storage. Farmers' Bulletin 1160. Department of Agriculture. Free.

Feeding Garbage to Hogs. Farmers' Bulletin 1133. Free.

Effect of Winter Rations on Pasture Gains of Yearling Steers. Department of Agriculture, Bulletin No. 870. Free.

Thermal and Physical Changes Accompanying the Heating of Hardened Carbon Steels. Scientific Paper No. 396. Price 5 cents. Bureau Standards.

How to Build a Home Ice House. Farmers' Bulletin No. 1078, Department of Agriculture. Free.

Tree Surgery. Farmers' Bulletin 1178. Department of Agriculture. Free.

Spotted Apple-Tree Borer. Department Bulletin No. 886. Department of Agriculture. Free.

The second national boys and girls' dairy-cattle judging contest was won by a team of three boys from Missouri. The Illinois team won second place and Texas took third.

The Association of British Chambers of Commerce has resolved that there should be no English resumption of trade with Russia until that nation pays her old debts.

China exported almost $1,000,000 worth of carpets to the United States in 1919.

The Geological Survey reports that the use of oil as fuel, in place of coal, is growing very slowly. Only in the regions near the oil fields has the change been such as to make oil a competitor of coal.

Despite many statements which have been made to the contrary, experts in the government service declare the feeding of garbage to swine is a practical means of pork production. A new bulletin, No. 1133, has been issued on the subject by the Department of Agriculture.

Experiments carried out by the Bureau of Markets show that baled cotton suffers severe damage by long exposure to the weather. A bale of cotton, left in the open on the ground was damaged to the extent of 370 pounds in eight months.

The number of automobiles exported by American firms during the fiscal year of 1919-20 has increased enormously over any previous year. Commercial cars sold abroad numbered 24,345 and passenger cars, 115,519.

The rapid agricultural development of their section of the country and the high cost of farm labor has induced the farmers of Saskatchewan to spend $6,000,000 for tractors this year. Districts which were known only to hunters and trappers a short time ago are now producing record-breaking crops.

The secret service issues a warning against a counterfeit $20 Federal Reserve note on the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City, Missouri. The counterfeit is printed from photographic plates, on two pieces of paper. The bill is too thick and is half an inch short.

A conviction has been obtained under the new Pennsylvania law which makes it a misdemeanor to issue a check when there are not sufficient funds credited to the account to pay it.

The Panama Canal earned a net profit of $2,387,599 during the fiscal year ending June 30.

Public ownership is growing in Canada. It is announced from Ottawa that $1,120,000,000 has been invested in publicly-owned enterprises. These include railways, telegraph lines, telephone systems, waterworks, electric light and power plants.

Serious attention is being given to the problem of preventing the Mississippi from changing its channel and leaving New Orleans high and dry. A conference of 227 Federal, state and city officials was held recently in Louisiana.

Private operation of the railroads for the first six months after the end of Federal control will cost the Federal Government a total of $656,000,000, according to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The United States dollar was quoted at 7 pesos in Chile recently, the highest since early in 1915. The price has climbed from about 5 pesos during the last four months. Heavy fiscal expenses, depreciation in the value of raw material for export and increase in values of imports are said to be causes contributing to the decline.

"American agricultural machinery is important in Norway," states Nels A. Bengtson, of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. "In general the high quality of American tools and mechanisms is conceded and the expression is frequently heard that American goods rank first in quality but are somewhat higher in price."

The United States Shipping Board sold vessels aggregating $24,676,040 between August 1 and November 1. Fifty-nine ships were sold.

Briefly Told

The census of the seal herd on Pribilof Islands this year shows as a total, 1,500,000 seals, the largest number known since the government took charge of the seal industry.

Due to improper ventilation in the mines at least 1,000 metal miners die annually in the United States, causing a loss of time aggregating millions of dollars and untold suffering to the miners and their families.

Strong tobacco smoke blown into glass cases containing small pieces of thin paper soaked in germ-cultures such as the bacilli of cholera, influenza, diphtheria, typhoid fever and meningitis proved that tobacco smoke can affect only the weakest germs and then only after long exposure, the experiment showing no affect on the typhoid and diphtheria germs.

A Franklin penny, the first copper coin to be authorized by Congress, has been found on the homestead of one of the settlers in Dover, Massachusetts.

The first flight made over the equatorial Andes was made recently by an Italian aviator flying from Guayaquil to Cuenca, a distance of 120 miles.

A Kentucky man "got mad" at a judge when sentenced to jail, and became a candidate for the judgeship. He defeated the judge, although still in jail, and the county is wondering what he will do if the judge ever is unfortunate enough to be brought before him.

There are fifty-four kinds of paper money in the United States.

An Ottawa, Illinois, banker was locked in his vault by a bandit. Failing to open the time lock, bank officials asked Joliet penitentiary to lend them an expert safe-cracker, but the warden was unable to find a graduate blower who felt capable of handling a modern safe.

On armistice day this year the United States Army, which two years before had numbered more than 4,000,000 men, was still 70,000 short of its present authorized strength of 280,000 officers and men.

A Kansas City policeman resigned because he was assigned to a muddy beat.

Oregon high schools paid $1,500 for sheepskin covers of diplomas of graduates.

The death rate in the United States in 1919 was the lowest yearly average ever recorded. The rate was 12.9 per 1,000 persons, and nearly 10 per cent of the deaths was from tuberculosis.

A boy in Newcastle, Indiana, found $1,300 worth of gold in a pot while digging a basement under a house. A daughter of the former owner of the house, and the farmer who now owns the place, both laid claim to the gold, but the judge ruled that "finders are keepers."

China has but 6,000 miles of railroads while her natural resources warrant the construction of more than 300,000 miles.

To eliminate gambling and opium smoking among Chinese in this country, the Chinese National Welfare Society in America is establishing industrial schools and persuading the Chinese to attend American schools where they may occupy their time and their thought with trades and industries.

Hungary signed the Treaty of Peace with the Allies with the draping of black flags and general mourning throughout the land.

During October there were residing in Paris more than 22,000 Americans, exclusive of tourists.

E. W. Stanford, of Farmersville, Texas, dug a sweet potato weighing more than 10 pounds.

Experiments made by a London scientist prove that bats are directed in their flight by a special sense of hearing and by sound waves.

A pound of sugar or butter in Russia costs a month's pay of an ordinary workman.

French cooking is not what it used to be, complain many visitors to France. It is becoming more and more difficult to find apprentices for the pastry trade.

The automobilist in London has only to sign a statement giving name, age, type of car, and so on, and pay $1 to obtain a license to drive.

Engineers seeking a good road up Mount Rainier found one already to their hand by using Nisqually glacier. A tractor solved the problem of taking tourists up the ice-river road.

All Warsaw went into mourning at the funeral of Sergeant Sophie Poukopwicz, "the Heroine of Plock," who died from wounds received in battle against the Bolsheviki.

In China 20,000,000 persons are being fed on a famine ration by relief societies.

There were fewer tourists in Cuba last winter than during any period in the recent history of that island, according to the Cuban commissioner of immigration.

The urban population of the United States is about 4,000,000 more than the rural, while in 1910 the rural was about 7,000,000 more than the urban.

Tarrant County, Texas, has erected a large apartment house at a cost of $16,000. Apartments in this building will be rented to teachers at a nominal rental of $5 a month to supplement their meager pay.

Mexico is beginning to divide fractionally the many large ranches of Sonora and is planning to sell the subdivisions to small farmers.

To stimulate building in New Jersey, it has been decreed that dwelling houses erected between now and October 1, 1922, will be exempt from taxation for the next five years.

It is estimated by the National Tuberculosis Association that $2,000,000 is annually thrown away by residents of New York City in the vain hope of curing tuberculosis and that fake "cures" defraud the public of this country of from $15,000,000 to $25,000,000 yearly.

The encroachments of salt water have reduced the Tampico oil field's production about 50 per cent in the estimation of prominent oil men in Mexico.

Armed bands of outlaws are attacking towns in the vicinity of the Hartz mountains in Germany, terrorizing the inhabitants, cutting the telephone wires and committing crimes.

A race of 40,000 head-hunting cannibals declared to be the smallest human beings, as a race, was recently discovered by an explorer in the New Hebrides.

Oil derived from the liver of sharks caught off the coast of California is used as a leather preservative.

The former German emperor's annual tax assessment will enrich the village of Doorn $13,265.

Maine has 5,151 rivers and streams and 1,620 lakes, according to a recent survey.

Yellowstone Park entertained 79,777 tourists during the 1920 season.

The United States supplies 69 per cent of the world's output of petroleum.

Important archeological finds have been made in Oregon recently. A prehistoric cemetery containing stone utensils and copper ornaments was unearthed at one point on the Columbia River and at another locality were found picture writings chiseled on the cliffs.

A plant for the manufacture of jelly from seaweeds has been newly established in California.

Because of fuel oil shortage, naval vessels equipped with oil-burning engines were recently ordered to reduce their speed.

When the 1920 census was taken a few months ago in Breckenridge, Texas, the count showed a scant 2,000 persons. Now there are 25,000 in the town. Oil, of course.

Plans for a paper conservation campaign to avoid waste and conserve scraps of paper were made at the opening session of the American Paper and Pulp Association's convention recently held in Chicago.

Consumers of soft drinks have paid $51,000,000 to the Revenue Department of the government. This would indicate that the soft drink business is in excess of $500,000,000 a year.

New England, self-supporting in lumber twenty years ago, now has to import one-third of the amount used. It has $300,000,000 invested in wood and forest industries employing over 90,000 wage earners.

Only 5.3 per cent of the farms in the United States are electrically equipped.

Saloons in all the larger towns of Mexico are to be closed from noon Saturday until 9 o'clock Sunday morning.

The United States is short more than 1,000,000 homes.

Chicago's city council advises the housewives of that city to bake their own bread and smash the high bread prices.

Statistics show that as cold weather approaches and work grows scarcer, the army recruiting stations do more business.

At the coming session of Congress a bill will be introduced to wipe out trading in grain futures where no grain changes hands. As the bill will affect only gamblers and will not interfere with the business of legitimate grain dealers, the farmers are in favor of its passage.

Military training has been compulsory in New Zealand since 1910.

Japanese who are leaving California because of the new anti-alien law in that state are going into Texas where during the last two months they have acquired by lease or purchase one-fourth of the irrigated land in the Rio Grande Valley.

Governor John M. Parker, of Louisiana, has issued a call for a meeting with the object in view of devising ways and means to prevent the Mississippi River from cutting a new mouth, through the delta, to the Gulf of Mexico, by following one of its old mouths, the Atchafalaya River, down to a point about 100 miles west of New Orleans.

The jinrikisha men of Japan have hitched their two-wheeled carriages to motor cycles, to the great increase of modernity, although at the loss of a certain picturesqueness.

To carry on its campaign for the election of officials favorable to labor cost the A. F. L. only $50,000, according to reports. The claim is made that "60 enemies of labor" have been defeated.

A certain territory on the coast of Peru has been set aside by the government and given over to American concerns for development in the belief that American machinery and methods will set an example in the raising of cotton, sugar and cocoa.

New York police have been assigned to stop motor vehicles on the streets and examine them, sending those in need of repairs to a garage and giving certificates of good condition to the others.

A handcuffed bicycle rider recently made a 10,000-mile trip through the eastern states in less than seven months.

The cost of the British Army of Occupation on the Rhine was 3,600,000 pounds sterling a year.

Approximately 190,000 immigrants will enter Canada this year.

The French franc, which has sagged in value from about 20 cents to about five cents is now known throughout the country by the good American name of "nickel."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year *One Dollar* · Dearborn, Michigan, December 4, 1920 · Single Copy *Five Cents*

Fill New Niches in Gallery of "Immortals"

An interesting story, with illustrations, on this year's election of illustrious Americans to the Hall of Fame at New York University.

Hope for the League: The Meeting at Geneva

In which Americans are presented with the British liberal thought which hopes for the entrance of the United States into the League.

Jewish Dictatorship of the United States During War

Bernard M. Baruch admits that he had more power than any other man in the war. You will agree with him when you read the scope of his authority. His hand touched every vital chord of national life:

Men for the Draft
The Cost of Living
Capital for Industry
Priorities for Power
Women for Factories
Materials for Production.

All this power was conferred upon him by Woodrow Wilson, the President who has been criticised for playing a "lone hand." He has been charged with being jealous of power. Both charges are untrue. He delegated great power to Jews and to Jew-controlled Gentiles. He counseled continually with a secret cabinet of Jews.

Christmas in the Pueblos of the Aborigines

A charming story, pleasingly illustrated, of the holiday customs and traditions of the New Mexican Indians.

Pancakes in Prison Like Bread Upon Waters

The chord of responsiveness struck by warden of Minnesota prison when he varied the diet of prisoners.

Mr. Ford's Page--Editorials--Short Features

There is as usual the splendid variety of editorial features, interesting illustrations and short bits of worth-while information.

Tagore, in America, Seeks Aid for University

The venerable philosopher of India discusses western and eastern universities, and the results that come from the two schools.



Many Men of Many Minds



Henry L. Doherty.—The petroleum business needs assurance that it can proceed in the development of new sources of supply in a competitive and non-restricted manner. Government regulation and medd'ing will check the initiative of oil companies, resulting in a restricted output.

V. Blasco Ibanez.—Our own society is indeed imperfect. It is something we have succeeded in getting by centuries of effort. Governments, perhaps, may be overthrown without too much disturbance. Whatever happens when a government falls, people may be sure that some other will take its place. But the overturn of a society, the destruction of what we have before we know what we are going to get, the desertion of a tested (even though defective) system to fall back on theories which have never been tried—that is a different matter.

W. G. Harding, President-elect.—We have only to be independent and free and untrammeled and unmortgaged to write the supreme fulfillment. We choose no aloofness, we shrink no obligation, we forsake no friends. We never have; we never will. But we built in nationality and we do not mean to surrender. We crave fraternity; we wish amicable relations everywhere; we offer peace and choose to promote it but we demand our freedom and our own America.

No Surrender of Nationality, Says Harding

Nicolai Lenin.—Russia will not feel safe until revolution has swept at least one country of Western Europe. Until that happens the Soviets always will be in danger.

Hugo Stinnes.—Germany in her present situation can pay nothing. Her financial and economic structure is so near collapse, and every condition related to or dealing with finances or industries is so shifting and so uncertain that there is absolutely no basis such as is inevitably necessary to proceed from. There is not a man or a commission in Germany, France or England who can say what Germany might eventually be able to pay. What we do know is that if present conditions continue we are going to utter ruin, and the day is not far distant when German money will have no value whatever.

Lord Rathcreedan.—The suspense and restlessness apparent in Europe regarding the attitude of the next administration of the United States toward America's entrance into an association of nations is needless. I find the opinion general throughout the nation that while the United States must safeguard the Monroe Doctrine and other American rights and institutions, the nation is prepared to enter whole-heartedly into co-operation for the reconstruction of Europe and will approve of any program which will prevent future wars.

Karl H. von Wiegand.—In the so-called death camps of Siberia the prisoners died so fast last winter that graves could not be dug fast enough in the deeply-frozen ground. The corpses were stacked up like cord-wood near the hospitals and allowed to freeze together solidly and were then buried at that spot when the thaw began. Before the ground began to freeze this winter great numbers of graves were dug at the camps to be in readiness for those thousands who will die before spring. These yawning graves, according to the returning men, have a most depressing affect on the prisoners at the camps.

Describes Yawning Pits Waiting for Their Victims

Herbert D. Brown.—I do not wish to minimize the importance of eliminating all waste in the government's civil establishment. I would have the people get full returns for every penny expended in running the government. But what I should like to have understood and understood clearly is that, whittle away as we may, we can only reduce the total public expenditures by perhaps a fraction of one per cent.

Guy Magee, Jr.—China offers today more allurements both to the legitimate promoter and to the professional exploiter than any other quarter of the globe. With four hundred million people, a market of tremendous potentiality already established, cheap, intelligent labor abundant, money worshiped, and a national spirit yet lacking—what could present a more inviting field for enterprise?

Clifford B. Upton.—America inevitably and automatically will become the greatest nation in the world, for it will become that of the most prosperous individual citizen. To my mind the most important detail of the education of American young people concerns this simple matter of thrift—and their elders need the teaching quite as much as they do, although I do not believe the habit (nothing more) can be as readily established among older people as among the young. That is what makes the teaching of it to the young a matter of such prime importance. If we could find some way of inducing the workers in America to save out of their income a tenth, the nation instantly would spring to an importance and a happiness hitherto unknown in human history.

W. L. McKenzie King.—Men there are in the ranks of both capital and labor, and among the professed friends of each, who care for nothing quite so much as their own position and importance. They see naught of the natural desire of other men to govern themselves; they are ever ready to sacrifice principle, and to foster prejudice, in order to gain power, whether its expression be found in position, in the acquisition of wealth, or in a multitude's applause.

Constantine, former king of Greece.—I insist upon a plebiscite for my return or the return of one of my sons. It is for the Greek people to decide.

S. M. Felton, president, Chicago Great Western Railroad.—It has been estimated that to enable the railways satisfactorily to handle the traffic now being offered and also provide for the growth of traffic, there ought to be built 30,000 miles of yard tracks and siding in the three years, 1920-1922.

General Leonard Wood.—We must keep a watchful eye on our immigration. We must see to it that this country is not flooded with undesirable immigration and that great numbers of people who have been engaged in destroying government, who have no sound ideas of government, are not allowed to crowd into this country already overloaded in many sections with unassimilated material. We must drop the idea that singing the national anthem and carrying our national flag on patriotic occasions is all that is necessary for Americanization.

Keep Watchful Eye on Immigration, Is Wood's Warning

James H. Collins.—The longer Bolshevism persists the greater will be its ultimate deficit among liberals and industrial workers everywhere, and the wider their recognition that present schemes of government are flexible enough for all purposes of improvement when people know how to use them to the utmost advantage.

Lincoln Eyre.—Italy's recovery from the economic ailments caused by the war, and from which she has been a greater sufferer, perhaps, than any of the other victorious nations, is largely dependent upon the "front" she presents to the rest of the world, at present far darker and menacing than it really is. Consequently foreign capital, disinclined to risk in far-off lands money that can be invested safely and almost as profitably at home, gives Italy the cold shoulder.

Professor C. T. Murchison.—From an economic point of view, the conclusion seems warranted that the seller's guaranty against price decline in a general sense serves no good purpose. In only exceptional circumstances does it actually contribute to the best interests of all the factors in industry. The investigations of the Federal Trade Commission reveal that a large percentage of those who resort to the price guaranty do so unwillingly and under protest.

Lieutenant Edward T. Harrison, U. S. A.—The people around Coblenz are better off than they have ever been in their lives. There are 16,000 in the American forces in Germany, and 9,000 of these are quartered around and near Coblenz. They spend their money freely, and the Germans seem to like the Americans tremendously. The wives of the American officers find the shopkeepers extremely amiable and delight in the shopping districts.

Aba Riva Kliot, Russian merchant exile.—America seems like heaven to me. Soviet Russia is hell.

Rear Admiral David W. Taylor, U. S. N.—While the submarine may be given offensive features to enable it to deal in some fashion with the surface vessel from beneath the surface, the submarine is essentially a vulnerable and, if I may so express it, a precarious type; is necessary today and probably will be for many years to come, but could not be relied upon as the main feature of a navy.

Lord Robert Cecil.—The biggest stumbling-block to acceptance of the League by the United States, I believe, is the question of six votes for the British Empire, but Great Britain cannot afford to quarrel with the dominions.

W. S. Kies.—The inequalities in the distribution of wealth stand out more strikingly in Europe than in America. For centuries the toiling masses have received, as their share in the distribution of wealth produced, nothing beyond the means for the barest existence. The few of the aristocracy, on the other hand, have not only grown wealthy, but have flaunted their wealth and have spent money wastefully and extravagantly. The war enabled the few to make enormous profits, and an example of riotous expenditure was given the masses of every country. A mass consciousness has begun to assert itself in Europe. The leaders of the people argue that the great masses fought the war, suffering and enduring its greatest hardships, and are entitled to more of the good things of life and to a standard of living beyond that which is necessary for mere existence. A solidarity and commonness of purpose is rapidly developing among leaders everywhere in Europe.

Solidarity of Purpose Developing Among European Leaders

Edwin T. Meredith.—It should be clear, I think, to everyone in the United States that unless the farmers receive adequate prices for what they produce there will not be a permanent agriculture in America, and without a permanent agriculture there can be no permanent prosperity anywhere in the land. The solution of the problem, therefore, is as much a matter of interest to the business man as it is to the farmer and the agencies which are working to improve and develop agriculture.

Sidney L. Gulick.—Japan's rising problems of feeding and satisfying her enormous and rapidly growing population of highly intelligent and extraordinarily active individuals are terrifying to contemplate. Already she has 2,688 people to every square mile of cultivatable land, and her people are increasing about 700,000 yearly. For many decades there will doubtless be unlimited opportunity for Japanese emigration to Manchuria and Siberia.

Joseph W. Rowe.—There are ample manifestations of growing public confidence in the Mexican Government. The people now show no hesitation in depositing money with banks, and several new banking institutions recently have been opened. The distrust which led the heirs of big estates representing very large values to refrain from registering their holdings under Carranza has disappeared, and these properties are being listed. The government income totals about 18,000,000 pesos a month, which is more than any former government ever received.

Confidence Grows, Mexicans Place Money in Banks

Leon Bourgeois.—There is an empty chair. It remains there empty. Never has it been removed. We have sat, eight of us, in the council meetings of the League. There has always been this ninth chair waiting for its occupant. That chair is America, and I would not allow it to be placed against the wall. The chair is silent, but it is there. One day we trust it will speak. We are like a family which has lost a son. But the chair is ready against his return, and we listen for the lifting of the latch, and his entry into the fold.

The Rev. Mr. Glenn Flynn.—Some men almost want to apologize for being good, while they will take it as a compliment if it is intimated that they are not living just as they should be.



LOOKING OVER THE ROOFS OF NEW MEXICAN PUEBLO.

Christmas in the Pueblos of the Aborigines

By H. G. TINSLEY

THE spirit of good will and festivity that characterizes millions of homes at this season is as much in evidence in the aboriginal pueblos in the Southwest as elsewhere. It is true that there is a wide difference between the customs and observances of Christmas in cities of the palefaces and in the quaint old towns of the American Indians. The Indians know nothing of Kriss Kringle and his pack of reindeer; they have no Christmas carols, no gifts of dolls and dressing gowns and fancy sewing baskets as are found in all well-regulated houses of white people. Lo and his family never tasted plum pudding or cranberry sauce, nor knew the delights of mince pie, and no black-eyed child of Lo ever saw a Christmas tree and shouted with joy at a fat, furry Santa Claus appearing mysteriously on the scene to distribute candy and toys. But, just the same, in their own way, the Pueblo Indians have Christmas delights not unworthy of communities which have lived in the sunshine of a waxing civilization for long centuries.



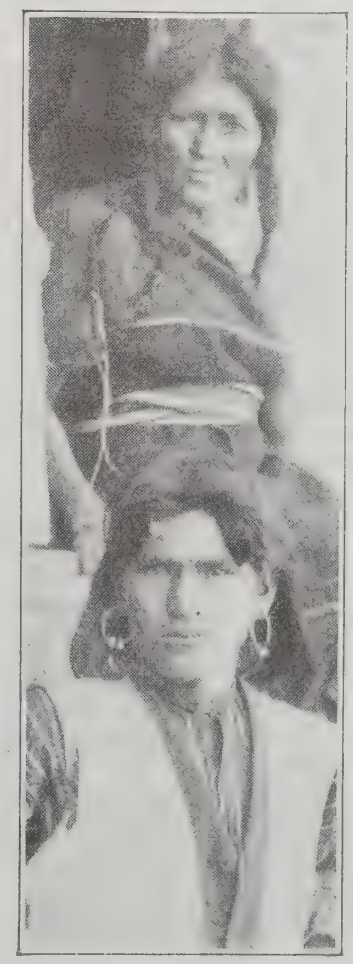
Pueblo girl in front of her parental home at Laguna, New Mexico.

The supreme idea among the red people in the pueblos is to forget grudges, be happy, and to have a feeling of fellowship for all mankind—and what more lovely idea may possess anyone? The Pueblo Indians have taken kindly to the teaching of the missionaries, who have been among them for more than 200 years. In some respects their abandonment of the pagan customs has spoken touchingly of their fidelity to the new religious belief. They observe a catalog of saints days in the church calendar, several with general demonstrations. But to them no day in the whole year compares with the glory of Christmas. Easter comes nearest.

The principal Indian pueblos in the territories are Laguna, San Juan and Isleta. There are a half-dozen others in New Mexico, but none has quite such unique phases of life or so intelligent a population as these mentioned. Laguna is the largest and oldest pueblo in Central New Mexico. It was seen by Coronado when he and his army marched to conquest in 1540. Its people have customs centuries old, and they live in stone houses—terraced, squat and crude affairs—that date back more than 200 years. The town is situated on the Santa Fe Railroad, about seventy miles west of Albuquerque, and is one of the picturesque points that eastern tourists watch to see. The Indians in Laguna are an agricultural race, and their zealous labors in their little grain fields among the foothills, and in their melon patches, and their industry among their flocks of sheep and goats awry popular notions concerning the perennial laziness of all Indian bucks.

The approach of Christmas is noted in Laguna weeks ahead. Everyone in the old aboriginal pueblo is alive to the importance of the season with what the Indians think is the very best kind of gaiety. The flocks are driven in from the mesa, the jerked beef is cut and hangs on lines everywhere drying in the warm sunshine, and the adobe granaries are overflowing with corn and beans. The women have ceased their weaving for the year.

The Indian boys now, after their long, hot summer season off among the sun-baked hills with the family goats and sheep, have an abundance of leisure, and may hunt for days at a time with the old household gun to seek a fat antelope, a brace of wild geese, and occasionally a mountain goat. Now the good housewives in the pueblo get ready for a grand season of baking and stewing preparatory to the whole week of feasting when the Christmas holiday comes. Brown bread is baked by scores of loaves, jars innumerable are filled with jam made from berries from the canyons, and the juiciest haunches of mountain goat or antelope (products of little Lo's prowess as a sportsman) are put away to dry, and be ready for roasting, on the last days before the holiday season arrives. The more thoughtful housewives in the pueblo provide bountifully with olla, a red drink made from zinfandel grapes, and a concoction of tizwin, or fermented juice of the cactus. Two days before Christmas the cedar chests in each home of the aristocratic Indians are opened and all the finery that the family has owned for generations is pompously brought forth. It is a memorable occasion in every home, and the black-eyed children stand about with open-eyed wonder. There are sprawling hats, trimmed with tinsel for children, bits of red and blue woolens for girls, dozens of beaded moccasins of several colors, necklaces of shells and agates, tortoise shell rattles, that are worn in the sacred dances, fancy buckskin leggins and black and red serapes for the women and gaudy sombreros and flaming sashes of wool for the men and youths. The last day of all before Christmas, the quaint little storehouses are swept, the baked and stewed provisions are set away in quantities enough for a small hotel, and all is ready for a week of merriment.



Typical of the Indian groups.

Christmas eve is ushered in amid a jangling of bells on the towers at the ancient adobe Franciscan mission church. Possibly a dozen shot guns may be fired in salute, and little Indian boys may cheer and yell. The aborigines know Christmas eve as *la Buena Noche*, and about all the events in the pueblo date from or before *la Buena Noche*. For untold generations it has been the custom to dance in the church on *la Buena Noche*. It is looked upon there as a pious duty to the Great Spirit. After the dance, mass, as prescribed by the church, takes place. Forty young men and women perform the dance. They are chosen by the chief of the pueblo, and no greater honor ever comes to anyone in Laguna than to be chosen for the dance on *la Buena Noche*. The good old padre at Laguna has tried several times to persuade the aborigines to abandon the dancing in the church. He has argued that it is impious and not like the customs of others in the same faith. But it has all been in vain. The Indians decline to give up this custom which was observed by their fathers ages before the missionaries came among them. Moreover, they do not see why, if dancing on the mesa at the harvest season is pleasing to the pagan rain gods, dancing in the church on the eve of the anniversary of the birth of the Son is not pleasing also to the *Tata Deas* that the missionaries have taught them about.

When the discordant bells are rung in the church tower on Christmas eve, every human being in Laguna who moves a step goes quickly to the church. It would be hard to find a stranger and more picturesque grouping of human beings. From the altar rail to the church doors the floor is crowded. A few curious Americans have come from the cattle ranches miles away; a sprinkle of cowboys are there in buckskin suits and great heavy boots from which monstrous spurs clank, and besides, a few Navajo Indians with cheeks streaked with vermillion and blue, raven hair down their backs and with gaudy serapes of wool across their big square shoulders. Not a word is spoken while the assemblage gathers; the faces of all but the children are impossibly stolid.

An old man with flowing white hair rises, and in the native language orders a space made down the center of the church for the ceremonies. Several young bucks force the spectators back and out of the building to make room, and the orchestra and singers start up. There is a hoarse drum made of dry sheepskin stretched over a half barrel. A squaw beats that. Four young men have stringed affairs made of mesquite wood, similar to very crude violins. These are scraped back and forth in the sole effort to make a noise in time with the drum beats. When a space ten feet wide has been forced by the officious and gesticulating bucks, at a signal the dancers come trooping from outdoors into the open space. That is always a grave moment. No bridal party was ever stared at and envied more than those twenty young bucks and twenty squaws all gorgeously decked for this occasion.

The men are bare to the waist, their chests and backs painted in a half-dozen startling colors; huge bracelets of silver and brass encircle the upper arms, their heavy shocks of hair hang to the shoulders, and their faces are a ghastly white. At the waist they wear embroidered kilts of red; yellowish leggins (calzoncillos) are fastened about their calves and beaded moccasins—generally the heirloom of the family for generations—are worn on their feet. Behind each kilt dangles the skin of a wildcat or a fox. Some of these decorations have been used in such dances for fully a century, a few for longer periods. Each male dancer holds a sacred gourd filled with pebbles, like a rattle, in one hand and a bunch of long eagle feathers in the other.

The dressing of the women dancers is more gaudy and generous. Each wears a bright red or blue overgown (the manta) from her shoulders to her knees. It is the product of weeks of labor and planning, with all its variegated embroidery. From the knees down

(*Concluded on page 13*)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 6, December 4, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Strikes on the Farm

JUST when labor seems willing to go back to work in earnest the farmer makes ready to go on strike. There are several movements on foot to keep this year's wheat and corn crop off the market until prices regain what the farmer thinks is a fair level. At the same time the cotton growers of the South are organizing to cut down next year's acreage and bring the quotation up to the point which the farmers look upon as normal and necessary.

The movement in the South differs from that in the West and Northwest in that it gives promise of being more solidly organized. It appears to be backed by the leading newspapers, by business men, state officials and bankers. Nobody seems to question the propriety of the proceedings or to doubt that the plans proposed will be quite generally adopted.

At a meeting to be held in Memphis next week, at which the list of speakers will include such men as the governor of a Federal Reserve district, the governor of a state, the president of the American Cotton Association, the Secretary of Agriculture, bankers and a Senator or two, plans are to be laid for determining what percentage of the number of acres usually planted to cotton will be planted to other crops next year.

The *Commercial Appeal,* of Memphis, one of the great newspapers of the South, sums the arguments of that section up without any attempt at equivocation. It says editorially, "The present surplus of cotton and half a crop next year will about meet the demand. The cotton now picked is selling below cost. Why, then, rush into certain loss . . . .? There is going to be little credit for cotton growers next year. A big acreage will not be financed." The issue is thus clear cut and easily understood. Righteously or not, the South is planning to reduce the production of cotton in anticipation that the artificial shortage thus created will bring up prices. It is working on the same theory as that adopted by the corn and wheat growers of the West and Northwest, and if its plans seem more reprehensible it is only because they are stated more boldly and are backed by a more solidly organized movement.

No fair mind can feel that it is unnatural for the farmers, whether they raise corn, wheat or cotton, to be somewhat exasperated with the present trend of affairs in the world and domestic markets. The farmer sees his market fall but notices that this decrease is not passed on to the public. Wheat hits the toboggan, yet the price of bread stays up or, in some favorable instances, drops one, two or three cents a loaf. Cotton quotations fall far, far below the fat prices of war years, yet the cost of cotton goods does not decrease correspondingly. There is logic, therefore, in the farmer's argument that somebody who stands between the grower and the consumer must be making an unnatural profit.

One may, however, agree with the farmer in his belief that he has a very real grievance, without accepting the solution proposed as proper or even as a probable means of correcting a bad situation. The public will be the sufferer if the grower carries out his plans. Let the farmer make no mistake about that. And in time the increased price which the consumer pays for farm products will be handed back somehow to the farmer again in cases where the farmer is a consumer instead of a producer.

Before these farm strikes become settled realities, it might be well for those who are the leaders in the movements to consider the fact that this is not the first time men have tried to increase their profits by decreasing production and that there has never been an instance recorded where the experiment has been a lasting success.

Normalcy

"BACK to normalcy" has become the popular phrase of the day. Everybody subscribes to it because everybody interprets it to suit himself. The man who agrees with you on the desirability of attaining a state of normalcy may not agree with you at all on the location of that state. To you it may mean an opportunity to hire his labor for less money. To him it may merely mean a time when he will pay less for your products.

Normalcy is not a sheltered harbor where we can float blissfully at anchor, secure from the changing seas and winds of the world. One does not "go back" to normalcy. One goes forward. There is no going back. Civilization is ever advancing. The world is full of men and women who long for a return to some safe anchorage where they found life sweet and untroubled, but time, like a great river, sweeps us all relentlessly along, now plunging over great falls, now rushing through rock-torn rapids, again flowing peacefully between green woodlands warm and beautiful in the sunshine.

There is nothing absolute about normalcy. It is distinctly a relative condition. It may be one place today and another tomorrow. It is the average of all conditions, good, bad and indifferent, the real point in our existence which marks the sum of human progress. If we disturb the balance we must strike a new average and it is this process that is taking place today.

Too Busy

A LITTLE boy was looking out of the window at the starlit heavens pondering, perhaps, on the great world beyond.

"Mamma," he said suddenly, "will I go to heaven some day?"

"Yes, dear, if you are good."

"And will you be there?"

"I hope so. And papa too," she added.

The boy shook his head positively.

"No," he said, "papa won't be there. He couldn't leave the store."

There are thousands of men and women who are so engrossed with the one thing that they are doing that they think they are too busy for other things. They cannot "leave the store."

The business man wrapped up in the details of his schemes for acquiring money cannot afford time for anything else. He believes that the one goal to be reached is that of wealth, and while on the road to success he banishes all else from his mind. His family have all the money they need, a house, a car and the advantages of social position. Beyond a hurried dinner at night he rarely sees them, and his children are indeed strangers to him.

There is the woman who is too busy with her maze of social and club engagements to give much thought to her household. The care her children should receive she delegates to others, and the little ones grow up without the loving affection and solicitude of a mother who is too busy with other things to give them what is their right.

Thousands of men and women are so busy in their quest for pleasure and excitement as to exclude every other thought. That they could reach out a hand to help those who are less fortunate than they never enters their head. They have no time to take from the pursuit of pleasure "to look about and stretch a hand to a comrade quartered in no-luck land."

One of the great curses of present-day life is that everybody is "too busy," as Robert Burdette puts it, "to get away from the crowd for a while, and think, to stand at one side and let the world run by, while you get acquainted with yourself."

If you want to know what actual happiness is, to possess real peace of mind, to feel that contentment which satisfies, do not be so busy with the things that you are doing that you cannot give a little bit of your time at least to those things which enoble and enrich life.

Do not be too busy with the store.

France Should Learn

FRANCE is the most military nation in the history of the world. A history of France, with but a few added chapters, would be the history of world warfare.

It seems that France will never learn. The call of glory is in the nation's blood. Only French love of the trappings of military life could have led a nation to follow blindly a Napoleon and those before and after him. There has ever been a man ready to take advantage of the foolhardy valiance of France.

The lesson of military disaster seems to have no effect upon the French mind. Combined with a headlong diplomacy, this war spirit has led to French expeditions of failure that have dotted the earth—Montcalm in America, Napoleon in Egypt, Russia and at Waterloo, Soult and Massena in Spain, Leclerc in Haiti, Maximilian in Mexico, Napoleon III at Sedan.

Today France has more than 800,000 men under arms. She pleads the danger of future aggression on the part of Germany, that Germany which is no longer a military power in any sense, and hardly a political entity. Under cover of this plea, France is overrunning Europe, either with its armed forces or with those forerunners of armies, the French diplomats.

France fights the Soviets by backing Poland, but Poland quickly makes peace with the Bolsheviki. The military clique then turns to Wrangel only to witness his being driven out of Russia. Again France learns nothing. It forms the Little Entente, and does not fail to supply it with arms and assurance of support. A writer in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT recently declared that militarism is in the saddle in France. Militarism has always been in the saddle of France to its own sorrow and the grief of the world. Before the dim days of Caesar it was there, and remains so today.

It would be well for the people of the United States not to be blinded to this condition of a people. It was war on England, not love of liberty, that caused France to aid us in those days. France today backs Wrangel for the same reason. He is fighting an "enemy of France." That is all France wants. The spirit of war is in its bone and sinew and Millerand is only one of an almost endless line of leaders who have played upon this spirit and given it free rein.

We have been taught to look upon Germany as the personification of militarism, but that nation was but a big raw recruit, goose-stepping dazedly under machine leadership into battle, whereas the French child is swaddled in a military cloak, raised on military history and toys, attains manhood only in the military atmosphere, and hopes to die holding aloft a battle-torn tricolor and shouting, "Vive La France!" He seeks not to know the field or the cause that will bring that glory.

Such may be glorious, but it is pretty poor material for citizenship in the world today. We need work now, not war, and while no man can work better or harder than a Frenchman, what good can come of labor directed to such an end? France needs a prophet to tear away the falsity of glory, and to teach her that the time is soon to be here when the sword's only use will be to decorate the museums of history. As long as France loves war for war's sake her leaders will always be able to find some "menace" that will keep the country bristling with bayonets and echoing to the death-call of the bugle.

A Thought for the League

COMMENTING upon the debate at Geneva at which members of the League of Nations decided the time has not yet arrived to consider the problem of disarmament, one of the leading French journalists accuses the League of insincerity, and it must be admitted that his arguments have force.

To the mind of this French editor there is nothing to prohibit the nations of the world entering into an agreement to build no more super-dreadnoughts and to confine their navies to smaller and less expensive craft. Likewise, he says, there is no reason for continuing to build great siege guns and other monster cannon when light artillery is ample to take care of any internal or external police duty.

In 10 years the cost of the highest type of battleships has increased from less than seven million to forty million dollars. Consider then the costs of maintaining such a navy and try to justify the expenditures when all that is needed to obviate them is a simple agreement between the great powers that competitive fleet building shall cease.

Twenty-five per cent of the taxes raised by the United States this year have been devoted to military purposes. Almost sixty-eight per cent of these taxes have been spent on defraying the expenses of recent and previous wars. Only seven cents out of every dollar was used constructively by the government.

What is the reason that "the time has not arrived" to consider the reduction of world armaments?

Mr. Ford's Page

WHEN every theory of price reduction is weighed, there is one simple human truth that has more persistence and force than all of them, and it is this: price reduction must be started by those who can stand it best. Those who have benefited by high prices during the past three or four years must be the first to cut down. And this description includes most of the established manufacturing and selling class.

There is a way to pull down prices by pulling down wages, and it has this merit in the eyes of certain members of the business class, namely, that it enables them to make their adjustments without taking a loss.

Reduce the wages, they say, and thereby you will be reducing the cost of production, and by the time the accumulated stocks of goods produced on the old schedules are gone, the prices can gently descend into a lower position.

It is a very good theory, with this exception—it leaves out of account the great producing public who must somehow live during that period when abruptly lowered wages will have to meet a very slow decline in the cost of living. That is, it is a very good theory for the man with money, but it is cruelly hard on the man who depends on his wages.

Everyone knows that though money has been plentiful enough during the war period, and the people had a sense of well-being because of the inordinate rise in their receipts from labor, the gain was not always a real one. Many people who resisted the temptation to extravagance were able to save something, but many others—especially those who lived in cities and rented their homes—found that even "war wages" did not go much further round than the old wages did.

Besides that, there was the mental distress of seeing an apparent gain on one hand being taken away by a very serious increase in costs on the other hand. To earnest people there seemed to be a sort of mockery in it—the promise taken away almost as soon as given. Of course, every lure was held out to people to spend their money wastefully, and this took what the high cost of living had overlooked.

Now, the question arises: If adjustment will cause loss, as it certainly will, who ought to bear it? From a purely humane point of view, those who have the widest margin to turn around upon ought to bear it. People who have very narrow margins, or those who are just able to make both ends meet, ought not to be asked to bear the brunt of the burden.

There is no denying, however, that the lower level *could* be reached by a general reduction of wages, but it could only be reached at the cost of much distress—and there has been distress enough in the world since 1914.

Cutting wages is the easiest and most slovenly way to handle the situation, not to speak of its being an inhuman way. It is, in effect, throwing upon labor the incompetency of the managers of business. If we only knew it, the present situation is a challenge to every manufacturer to put more brains into his business problems, to overcome by management what other people try to overcome by wage reduction. Management in the use of materials and labor is an important factor in costs anyway; a poorly managed business costs much more to run than a well-managed business and, of course, it is the public that pays for the poorly run business.

So that is the challenge today. Make better commodities in a better way; by doing so you are able to give the public more for its money and the workman more for his work.

The time is here for managerial brains to illustrate by profitable feats its real value in the industrial system. Everyone who studies the times knows that the place which management occupies is not always acknowledged as it should be. Labor has made its place; management must make its place; and the way to do it is for management to assume the burden of adjusting industry to the needs of the time.

That, however, is a special problem. The main thing in most people's eyes is the money reward of labor—wages. To tamper with them before anything else is changed is to evade the real issue. And if the real issue is tackled first, reduction of wages may not be necessary, at least on the scale that some appear to be contemplating now.

The immediate practical point is that, in the process of adjustment, someone will have to take a loss. And who can take a loss except those who have something which they can afford to lose?

But the expression, "take a loss," is rather misleading. Really no loss is taken at all. It is only a giving up of a certain part of the profits. It is profit-sharing in a way that does not bring any advertisement or any praise for being a "philanthropist."

The other day a hardware merchant in a small town said a wise thing. He said, "I expect to take a loss of $10,000 on my stock last year. But, of course, you know, it isn't like really losing that much. We hardware men have had pretty good times. Most of my stock was bought at high prices, but I have already sold several stocks and had the benefit of it. Besides, the ten thousand dollars which I say that I will lose are not the same kind of dollars that I used to have. They are, in a way, speculative dollars. They are not the good old dollars that bought each 100 cents worth. So, though my loss may sound big, it is not big. And at the same time I am making it possible for the people in my town to go on building their houses without being discouraged by the size of the hardware item."

That was a wise merchant. He would rather take less profit and keep business moving, and keep his stock at high prices than prove a barrier to the progress of his community. A man like that is an asset to his town. He has a clear head. In the end he will not be the loser. He is better able to swing the adjustment that way, than by cutting down the wages of his tinsmiths and delivery men.

It is mighty poor business to keep on with anything that slows up business.

Just now the public is apprehensive. Winter is coming on and there have been rumors in the air. Everybody has become suddenly careful. The observers of business describe the condition as "a buyers' strike." The public is not spending its money as it did only recently.

What is the answer? Meet them half way. Make it worth their while to buy. The wholesalers have, in a measure, done their part. The banks also have shown commendable wisdom in the counsel they have given the smaller business men. But it is regrettable that the counsel of the banks has not been followed as readily as heretofore. When the banks give advice looking toward the increase of profits, they are very readily followed. Why not now, when their advice looks toward keeping business going on an even keel?

There is no intention here of laying any burdens on the man who is not able to bear them. But it behooves every business man to make a study of his concern and see how much more serviceably and economically he can manage it—not by the poor economy of making others pay, but by making an improved system pay the difference. This is going to be the test of business—better management in the production and distribution of commodities, which means business for the future.

If there is just a lurking desire to wait until after the Christmas trade—don't wait. Do it now. Your Christmas trade will be all the better for it. If the people "skip Christmas" this year, the "waiting until after Christmas" will prove to have been poor business.

MUCH of the talk about price reduction is merely a mental fumbling round for some excuse to postpone the reduction. There are no two ways about it: the way to reduce prices is to reduce them; and the ones to begin the reduction are the ones who began the increase. Leaders must lead the procession both ways, going up as well as coming down, or their leadership may be called in question. From a purely human point of view, the burden of any period of change ought to be borne by those most able to bear it. Losses always follow wrong economic conditions, just as gains accrue during wrong economic conditions; those must endure the one who have enjoyed the other. And it is not loss at that; it is wise investment.



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SIDNEY WEBB



(C) Keystone

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY



(C) U. & U.

MRS. HERBERT ASQUITH



(C) Keystone

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS

European Portraits, 1920

By GEORGE F. KEARNEY

THE memories of a foreign newspaper correspondent soon become an interesting portrait gallery of conspicuous men. The little incidents attending his many interviews and those great moments in the lives of statesmen which it is a newspaperman's business to watch, become a fascinating personal history of Europe. People form an even truer picture of Europe today than ever before, for the tide of life runs rapidly, and the story of Europe is told less by the evolution of principles and more by the grim struggles of personalities.

For three months now I have been drifting throughout Europe asking questions of great leaders, watching the men on the floor of the House of Commons, living amid an odd collection of diplomats during the Spa Conference and pursuing elusive "Peace" conferences in bewildered Ireland. Just now they are assuming some order in my mind, for on leaving England for the Continent one sits back and says, "Now I am ready to hang my portraits in a special room labeled Modern Types, 1920, but, dear me, they are so many I hardly know where to begin and whom to eliminate!"

Certain men, however, must be hung conspicuously in this memory gallery. There is, of course, Lord Northcliffe, whom we shall meet in his luxurious lair in the *Times* office. Then there is Lloyd George, with his free and easy smile, whom naturally we shall see at many phases of today's history. About him it is necessary to place M. Millerand, the French prime minister, M. Delacroix, the Belgian prime minister, the distracted Herr Fehrenbrach, the German chief delegate to the Spa Conference, and several of Mr. Lloyd George's astute lieutenants. We must pay some attention to conspicuous English statesmen such as Lord Robert Cecil who figures so prominently in thoughtful English circles, to Mr. Asquith and his interesting wife, who is the greatest living exponent of "Margotism," to George Lansbury, the "doyen" of English radicals and the editor of the pro-Bolshevik Labor journal, the *Daily Herald*, and we should certainly watch closely those Radical leaders in the British Labor party and the rambunctious dissenters from their Evolutionary program.



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LORD NORTHCLIFFE

The dominating figure in all English thought is Lord Northcliffe. People continue to refer to him as the reincarnation of the Napoleonic mind. Indeed his army of editors, directing newspapers and magazines with immense circulations throughout all England, have all the appearances of the Napoleonic hordes. Individually, the Englishman is wearied of this strenuous character, but he has made and unmade prime ministers, and even today his thoughts are, curiously enough, the Englishman's thoughts with regard to their prime minister, Mr. Lloyd George. It is, again, simple when we realize that nearly every Englishman reads one of Lord Northcliffe's papers.

Lord Northcliffe is naturally a character worth studying. Innocently one enters his office in search of an interview. It is readily granted. He is a well-built, stocky, energetic man, extremely nervous but decisive in all his movements and speech. His face is complex, bearing all the lines of an intense thinker, and a man of great mental activity. It is the face of a vain man, arrogantly conscious of his power, yet sincere, kindly and sympathetic. His hair looks as though it were in perpetual need of combing and expresses a certain disorderliness about this overworked man.

An interviewer soon loses all illusions that he has come to receive answers to questions. Instead, this super-newspaper reporter wilfully turns the interviewer into the interviewed. For over an hour the world's most strenuous journalist plies questions on his bewildered victim, which reveals his amazing interest in the smallest details of American life. He is keen to know how this or that man in American public life is getting along, the legal status of Mary Pickford's marriage with Douglas Fairbanks, the details of newspaper mergers, the activities of the American Legion and the entrance of the ex-service man into American politics, the latest trend of the American motion picture industry, the results of recent municipal elections, and countless other points of interest. There are probably few men in America who know as much about American life as Lord Northcliffe, for he has traveled extensively throughout the country and has made it a point to study the newspapers in every chief American city. He is a very keen student of newspapers. He knows their origins, the history of their development and the men who have achieved success in journalism. In this he is like a great general who studies faithfully the tactics of the military men of the world.

At the end of the interview one retires in bewildered amazement at the sight of this great figure closing up his business for the day. One's last memory of Lord Northcliffe is of this strenuous man surrounded by three secretaries, glancing hastily over letters and signing them, O. K.'ing articles submitted for his approval and dictating instructions to his correspondents throughout the world. It would be very foolish to underestimate not only the power but the sincerity of this man. He has been wilfully spiteful, arrogant and overly self-confident, yet he grasps tightly the one essential principle in these days. He has insisted on the utmost accuracy in all his papers in the presentation of foreign news and the London *Times* goes far out of its way to express tolerantly and express candidly any difficult situation that arises in the relations between England and the world. Just this basis for a world policy, this understanding of the aspirations of the peoples of the world as distinguished from the interests of any one nation, just this intelligent sympathy with the tangle of national viewpoints in the world is a valuable contribution to world understanding.

Here is the substance of the interview which turned out to be a lesson in catechism: "I never allow a man to write an article for any of my papers," he said, "concerning America, or in fact any other nation, who has not been recently in that country and who has not a sympathetic appreciation of its national aims and life." It is interesting to note that Lord Northcliffe has a special American secretary, Mr. Louis Tracey, who remained in New York in the service of the British Information Bureau and every bit of American material reaching the Northcliffe papers is carefully scrutinized by this sincere student of American life.

By way of curious contrast, we shall now hammer at the door of George Lansbury in the office of his Labor newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, who has recently figured in the news as a recipient of Bolshevik gold for its pro-Bolshevik propaganda. Lansbury cannot see anything wrong with the Soviet form of government and the policy of his paper, which has a circulation of 300,000 and the support of a strong trade union element throughout Great Britain, is daily to hand out to its readers a very pleasant picture of England after a social revolution. At the Labor Conference we watched him make an impassioned plea for British Labor to join forces with the Third International meeting at Moscow which was dominated by Lenin. The burley Labor leaders applauded him roundly, for he is a very popular man among all the working people of England, but they voted overwhelmingly against committing themselves to the violence advocated by Lenin.

It is much easier to make an appointment with Lord Northcliffe than it is to arrange an interview with his most strenuous protagonist, Mr. Lansbury. Our cards are presented at the office of the *Herald* through a little hatchway behind which there peeped a red-headed office boy. He looked us over with great suspicion and finally consented to pass the cards on to the head office boy. In the meantime the hatchway was closed down and one heard the conference held on the other side of the partition. The hatchway opened again and the head office boy took a good look at us. He said nothing, then closed the hatchway and shuffled off on a mission. They were then passed on to another functionary and finally to Mr. Lansbury's secretary. The secretary did not deign to come out into the outer office, to mix with the proletariat, so the message is sent out to us that we must write out our request for an interview. Naturally, our curiosity was considerably heightened by the apparent inaccessibility of this very, very great prophet.

We stormed his citadel again, and lo! we were invited to luncheon. We waited nervously for the coming of the great man and occupied our time talking to a cockney gentleman with a very pleasant voice. This chap had just written a book, on Russia in fact, and he seemed to have a great deal of fun anticipating what his critics would say. Everybody seems to be writing a book on present-day Russia, so we wondered whether he was the famous Colonel Malone or a certain Mr. Keeling who had just returned from a Russian prison.

Then somebody said, "I say, Gawge—come along to lunch," and we realized that we had been tricked by his office force. We had been actually in the presence of George Lansbury.

Lansbury is one of those high-hearted idealists whom everybody in London declares is the last of the early Christians. He is a clever propagandist, unscrupulous in the pursuit of his ends, and curiously set in his ideas. On the other hand, he is a very lovable old gentleman, for he is earnest in his beliefs and devoted to the working out of principles which he does not consider dangerous. He occupies many positions, the most interesting one being that of mayor of the borough of Poplar in London where he has the adoration of a unanimous constituency. Contrasted with Lord Northcliffe he knows nothing, and cares less, about America. His newspaper is distinctly anti-American.

These two great figures in English journalism —Northcliffe and Lansbury—each wielding a terrific influence in the minds of the English people, are two instances of men who have stepped out of the original function of the journalistic profession and have used mediums, powerful in circulation, for the wilful domination of public opinion with their own views. In neither the *Daily Herald* nor the Northcliffe publications can one get an accurate picture of what is really going on in England. They are survivors of the old-time era of personal journalism in which the theories of the proprietor or editor seem of more concern than the actual truth of any situation.

We will reserve the story of Lloyd George until we display the rest of the pictures in our Spa Conference group. Let us pass on to the House of Commons and look down from the press gallery on the greatest men that England can produce. It is a great era in the history of personalities in England and the House is filled with remarkable men and brilliant speakers. We shall select the newer men first, but our mind will inevitably come back to that great towering statesman in English politics, Lord Robert Cecil.

One of the men who is making the most noise in the House of Commons today and seems to be forcing himself on the attention of the English people by his fondness for asking inconvenient questions is Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy. He is a young man with considerable force and a picturesque manner which inspires the interest of the English people in his future. He is endeavoring to express the ex-service man's viewpoint in the House of Commons and seems to be doing it remarkably well.

There is in contrast to him the pathetic figure of Colonel Cecil Estrange Malone, a pink and white complexioned youngster who was originally elected as a Coalition Liberal. His entry into the House of Commons occasioned considerable comment, for Colonel Malone is undoubtedly a brilliant young man.

Then something happened. He was one of the first M. P.'s to journey through Russia and he came back, after his brief stay, thoroughly converted to the Bolshevik idea. In the fiery expression of his opinions he became unmanageable in his own party, and we saw him at the Labor party convention at Scarborough being booed out of the party for his lack of respect of their proposals. He then hopped into the British Socialist party where he was received with the tolerance they accord to a young "careerist." Resenting this, his next jump was into the real Communist party of Great Britain and even these wild radicals find some difficulty in preventing a further hop left on the part of the strenuous Colonel Malone.

In the meantime his peaceful little constituency in a quiet country district looks with dismay on their representative whom they elected on a platform of "Kill the Kaiser, Prevent Bolshevism, and Make Germany Pay." He is not in the least alarmed by these solemn warnings of his constituency, and when told that he had not the slightest chance of being returned to the House of Commons he declared:

"When next I come to Parliament I hope it will be behind a Red army that will seize Whitehall and end forever this reign of Parliamentary ineffectualness."

Should we mention in passing Horatio Bottomley, M. P., before we discard his photograph as one unworthy of real consideration? Bottomley is a conspicuous example of the practical outcome of "dictatorship of the proletariat." He knows exactly what the ignorant people want and gives it to them in his *John Bull*. He feeds their prejudices, their lust for scandal and is a troublesome, although powerful, figure in British public life. As a man he is big, oily and fat with the cynical smile of a race track frequenter.

In striking contrast to this there is that great political figure, Lord Robert Cecil, whose influence is incalculable on the thought of the country. Lord Robert is a member of the famous Cecil family who have long been the traditional leaders of English political thought. The Cecils have always been a bit beyond their own time, and they have functioned in the history of English political thought as clear-headed prophets rather than as active statesmen. Lord Robert held but one position with the government, and resigned over some apparently small question of church policy. He seems to have functioned best, so far, as an academic student of politics. When Lord Robert talks, his speeches are invariably quoted in full in all the newspapers. They are always worthy of the attention they receive. In that sad period of the history of the League of Nations when the Russian-Polish question proved the ineffectualness of the League in great political questions, Lord Robert's criticism that "There cannot exist two international bodies—the council of the League of Nations and a supreme council in Europe —at one time" is the most strikingly true analysis of the situation. He has been the strong conservative advocate of an established policy on the part of the British Government toward Labor, and is well considered by his Labor opponents as a man of rare honesty and honor. His phrase, "If Bolshevism can be considered the scarlet fever of civilization certainly it can be said that England is suffering from a sympathetic sore throat," is now echoing through Europe.



"BOB CECIL"
—From a cartoon by Bert Thomas

He is a great advocate of a League of Nations as the only solution for Europe's difficulties, and the practical means for saving the British Empire. As its strongest friend he is its greatest critic but he never allows his disappointment for the present League to destroy his faith in a League that will function properly. Lord Robert is a tall man, very thin; more Hamlet is he than the Dane and one can but wish that he would one day cry out in dismay on the floor of the House, "Oh cursed spite that I was born to set this world aright." In these days he is frequently mentioned as the successor to Lloyd George as prime minister of England, but the Englishman shakes his head and tells you that the Cecils best perform their function when they remain aloof from practical political affairs.

Another interesting figure is, of course, Mr. Asquith, who has been returned to the House of Commons and is becoming the chief critic of the Coalition Government. His hair is a bit whiter than in the old days before the war and he shows plainly the weariness of his fateful career during the first part of the war.

Just now the interest centers mostly in his wife, Margot Tennant Asquith, who has written an amazingly frank autobiography in which she has discussed with appalling candidness her old friends among that famous sect the "Souls" which played so important a part in the recent history of England. She has known seven British prime ministers intimately and in this book she has discussed them with great frankness.

Most English mothers consider "Margotism" a menace to the younger generation. The young ladies of English society today are endeavoring to ape the inimitable Mrs. Asquith in the balderdash methods of her love making which she so frankly describes. Her book has given rise to considerable confusion among the clubs of the West End, for society "buds," of the past and present, are threatening to write similarly frank stories of their lives.

It is needless to say that Mr. Asquith adores this unusually stimulating wife and the little ceremonies that are exchanged between them are of real interest to the English people. At exactly half past one they may be seen dining together in their home at 44 Bedford Square. Many people make it a point to pass by this place each day at this time to see this remarkable couple at luncheon. When they are finished Mr. Asquith conducts her to the door of her motor and he stands, with the wind tostling his white hair, until the automobile turns the corner. We get a quaint insight into the charm that still prevails in English life expressed in these little courtesies exchanged between two remarkable figures in the history of modern England.

Certainly the most interesting men figuring in the newspapers of today are the leaders of the British Labor party. We journeyed up to Scarborough and watched them in action at their annual convention. One is not impressed with the intellectual leadership of this party, but naturally there are a number of very fiery leaders.

We were, of course, impressed by the remarkable partnership of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, who function so readily as two great storehouses of information for the Labor party. They are a most amazing pair. Mr. Webb is a short, rather stout man, Prussian in appearance, with the full beard of a Frenchman, the bronzed appearance of a Scandinavian and the calm face of a Hollander. Of this pair Bernard Shaw has said, "They are the ablest couple in England, and the accident of their marrying one another was so impossible as a mere piece of luck that it has restored faith in Providence to a Darwinized world." In this article in which he reviews their book on "A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain," he blandly asks: "I wonder how many eons will elapse before some historian startles England by a gorgeous rhetorical passage on the happiness of the twentieth century in enjoying the counsels of that extraordinary partnership known as Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Will nobody write a festival play entitled 'The Fortunate Marriage' to celebrate the golden wedding of this amazing pair?"

Mr. Webb is very spry and we watched them taking long walks on the sands together, hand in hand, and *always in step*. Sidney Webb sat on the platform with the secretariat of the Labor party during the convention while Mrs. Webb sat back in the shadow of her husband. Frequently Sidney turned to Beatrice with a know-

(Concluded on page 11)



(C) Press Ill. Service
LORD ROBERT CECIL



(C) Press Ill. Service
ALEXANDER KERENSKY



(C) Press Ill. Service
ROBERT SMILLIE



GEORGE LANSBURY

The Scope of Jewish Dictatorship in the U. S.

Money, Men, Materials; Wages and Prices; All Placed in the Hands of Jews by President Whom Many Believe Played "A Lone Hand."

THE common criticism made against President Wilson that "he played a lone hand" and would not avail himself of advice, can be made only by those who are in ignorance of the Jewish government which continually advised the President on all matters.

While the President is supposed to have been extremely jealous of his authority, this view of him can be maintained only by remaining blind to the immense authority he conferred on the members of the Jewish War Government. It is true he did not take Congress into his confidence; it is true that he made little of the members of his Cabinet; it is also true that he ignored the constitutional place of the United States Senate in the advisory work of making treaties; but it is not true that he acted without advice; it is not true that he depended on his own mind in the conduct of the war and the negotiations at Versailles.

Just when Bernard M. Baruch, the Jewish high governor of the United States in war affairs, came to know Mr. Wilson is yet to be told; but just when he got into and out of the war are matters about which he himself has told us. He got into the war at Plattsburg, two years before there was a war; and he got out of the war when the business at Paris was ended.

"I came back on the *George Washington*," he testified, which means that he remained at Paris until the last detail was arranged.

It is said that Mr. Baruch was normally a Republican until Woodrow Wilson began to loom up as a presidential possibility. The Jews made much of Woodrow Wilson, far too much for his own good. They formed a solid ring around him. There was a time when he communicated to the country through no one but a Jew. The best political writers in the country were sidetracked for two years because the President chose the Jewish journalist, David Lawrence, as his unofficial mouthpiece. Lawrence had the run of the White House offices, with frequent access to the President, and for a time he was the high cockalorum of national newspaperdom, but neither that privilege nor the assiduous boosting of the Jewish ring availed to make him a favorite with the American public.

Why the Jews Changed Party Front

AMERICAN Jewry was Democratic until it had secured the last favor that Woodrow Wilson could give, and then it left the Democratic party as with the indecent haste of rats leaving a sinking ship. Baruch staid rather ostentatiously spending his money for motion picture appeals in favor of the League of Nations, but it is entirely probable that he has a genuine interest in the new administration.

For one thing, there may be investigations. It remains to be seen whether the investigations which the Republican majority in the House began to make with regard to war expenditures will be continued. There are those who profess to believe that they will not be continued, the explanation being that such investigation as was made before election was solely for the purpose of securing campaign data, or creating a political atmosphere unfavorable to the Democrats.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the Republicans will not rest under that imputation, but that they will rigorously pursue the investigations that have been begun. There are two reasons why this should be done; first, that the country may know, with a view to future contingencies, what was "put over" on the government during the war; second, that the full sweep of Jewish influence in this country may be exposed. The second reason is not expected to appear very weighty to practical politicians, and that is no matter, for if the first reason is deemed sufficient, and if the investigations are honestly made, then inevitably the Jewish power will be further exposed. It is linked up at every stage of the business.

This may have had something to do with the sudden desertion of the Democratic party by the Jews. They may have swung over in order to have something to say about the pursuit of further investigations. Already the counsel is being heard, "Let bygones be bygones," "The people are tired of investigations, and don't want any more"; already attempts are being made to introduce fresher issues to deflect the public mind from war affairs, and the attempts are doubtless Jewish in their origin.

That portion of the public who are awake to the Jewish Question will do well to observe with care the attitude of the new administration toward completing the investigations. The Jews did not flock to the Republicans for nothing. The country is entitled to know what was done with the fabulous amounts of money spent during the war. The people are entitled to know who were their masters, and who were responsible for certain strange situations which were created.

Members of the House, Senators, and other officials should, at the very least, pay particular attention to the directions from which influences against further inquiry come.

Now, as to Mr. Bernard M. Baruch, who for some as yet undefined reason was made head and front of the United States at war, we have his own word on several occasions that he was the most important man in the war.

"I probably had more power than perhaps any other man did in the war; doubtless that is true," he told Representative Jefferis.

And again: "We had the power of priority, which was the greatest power in the war . . . . Exactly; there is no question about that. I assumed that responsibility, sir, and that final determination rested within me."

And when Representative Jefferis said "What?" to that startling statement, Mr. Baruch repeated it:

"That final determination, as the President said, rested within me."

Representative Graham said to him: "In other words, I am right about this, Mr. Baruch, that yours was the guiding mind . . . ."

And Mr. Baruch replied: "That is partly correct—I think you are entirely correct . . . ."

The Scope of Baruch's War Power

NOW, in what did Baruch's power consist? Briefly, in this—in the dictatorship of the United States. He once expressed the opinion that the United States could have been managed that way in time of peace, but he explained that it was easier in war time, was made easy because of the patriotic mood of the people.

It is not sufficient, however, to say that Mr. Baruch's rule constituted a dictatorship of the United States; it remains to be shown just how rigid and far-reaching that dictatorship was. The reader may recognize at what point the Jewish rule touched his affairs also.

Mr. Baruch, who had the "final determination" of everything, says that his power extended to the needs of the Army and Navy, the Shipping Board, the Railroad Administration, touched also the Food and Fuel Administrations, and besides all that had a vital control of the Allies' purchases not only in the United States, but also in other countries with reference to certain materials.

There were $30,000,000,000 (Thirty Billions of dollars) spent by the United States Government during the war, all of it raised by taxation and bonds. Of this sum, $10,000,000,000 (Ten Billions) was loaned to the Allies and spent here—all of the purchases being viséed under Mr. Baruch's authority.

As told by himself, his power consisted in the following authorities:

1. **Authority over the use of capital in the private business of Americans.**

This authority was nominally under the Capital Issues Committee, the controlling factor of which was another Jew, Eugene Meyer, Jr. Here is another inexplicable circumstance. Was he the only banker in the United States capable of exercising a dominant influence? Why did it happen that a Jew should be found in this important position too? Is it only accident? Was there no design involved?

Well, it was necessary during the war for anyone wishing to use capital in business enterprise, to lay all his cards on the table. He was required to reveal his plans, his ground for expecting success—in brief, tell the Jewish rulers and their Jewish representatives all that he would tell in confidence to his banker in negotiating a loan. The organization which a few Jews perfected was the most complete business inquisition ever set up in any country. And that the knowledge thus gained should always be sacredly guarded, or always honestly used, would be expecting too much of human nature.

Having the "Say So" Over Gentile Business

MR. BARUCH gave some instances of this, though they were not the instances that are calculated to throw the most light on the inner workings of the organization. He said:

"The capital issues committee (*where Mr. Meyer reigned*), in the Treasury Department, had a man who sat with the War Industries Board (*where Mr. Baruch reigned*), and who always came to the War Industries Board to find out whether the individual or the corporation who wanted this money was going to use it for the purpose to win the war. To cite a case that happened at Philadelphia, that city wanted to make extensive public improvements; New York City wanted to spend $8,000,000 for schools, which would take an enormous amount of steel, labor, materials and transportation. We said, 'No, that won't help win the war. You can postpone that until later on. We cannot spare the steel on all these various things.'"

Very well. Does Mr. Baruch know of an enormous theater which a Jewish theatrical owner was permitted to build in an eastern city during the war?

Did he ever hear of non-Jews being refused permission to go ahead in a legitimate business which would have helped produce war materials, and that afterward—afterward—on almost identically the same plans, and in the same locality, a Jewish concern was given permission to do that very thing?

This was a terrible power, and far too great to be vested in one man; certainly it was such a power as should never have been vested in a coterié of Jews. The puzzle of it becomes greater the deeper it is probed. How did it occur? How *could* it occur—that always, at the most critical and delicate points in these matters, there sat a Jew enthroned with autocratic power?

Well could Mr. Baruch say—"I had more power than any man in the war." He could even have said: "We Jews had more power than you Americans did in the war"—and it would have been true.

2. **Authority over all materials.**

This, of course, included everything. Mr. Baruch was an expert in many of the lines of material involved, and had held interests in many of them. What the investigators endeavored to learn was in how many lines he was interested during the war.

In lines where Mr. Baruch was not expert he, of course, had experts in charge. There was Mr. Julius Rosenwald, another Jew, who was in charge of "supplies (including clothing)" and who had a Mr. Eisenman to represent him. Mr. Eisenman was on the stand for a considerable period with regard to uniforms, the change made in their quality, the price paid to the manufacturers (mostly Jewish) and other interesting questions.

The great Guggenheim copper interests, who sold most of the copper used during the war, was represented by a former employe; but undoubtedly Mr. Baruch himself, who was much interested in copper during his business career, was the principal expert in that line.

Every Line of Industry in His Hand

IT IS impossible to escape the names of Jews all down the line in these most important departments. But, for the present, attention is called to the scope of Mr. Baruch's control in the country at large. It is best stated in his own words:

"No building costing more than $2,500 could be erected in the United States without the approval of the War Industries Board. Nobody could get a barrel of cement without its approval. You could not get a piece of zinc for your kitchen table without the approval of the War Industries Board."

3. **Authority over industries.**

He determined where coal might be shipped, where steel might be sold, where industries might be operated, and where not. With the control over capital needed in business, went also control of the materials needed in industry. This control over industry was exercised through the device called priorities, which Mr. Baruch rightly described as "the greatest power in the war." He was the most powerful man in the war, because he exercised this power.

Mr. Baruch said that there were 351 or 357 lines of industry under his control in the United States, including "practically every raw material in the world."

"I had the final authority," he said. Whether it was sugar or silk, coal or cannon, Mr. Baruch ruled its movements.

Mr. Jefferis—"For instance, this priority that you had would decide whether civilians should have any commodities for building?"

Mr. Baruch—"Yes; if we had not had that priority committee the civilians would have had nothing."

Mr. Jefferis—"Did they get anything?"

Mr. Baruch—"They got all there was."

Mr. Jefferis—"Did you sit with these priority boards at any time, or not?"

Mr. Baruch—"Sometimes; not very frequently. I was ex-officio of every one of the committees, and made it my business to go around as far as I could and keep in touch with everything."

Mr. Jefferis—"And all these different lines, really, ultimately, centered in you, so far as power was concerned?"

Mr. Baruch—"Yes, sir, it did. I probably had more power than perhaps any other man did in the war: doubtless that is true."

That, however, was not the full extent of Mr. Baruch's control over industry. The heart of industry is Power. Mr. Baruch controlled the Power of the United States. The dream of the Power Trust, an evil dream for this country, was realized for the first time under the organization which this single individual formed. He says:

"Not only did we endeavor to control the raw materials, but as well the manufacturing facilities of the country. We established priority uses also for power . . . ."

4. **Authority over the classes of men to be called to military service.**

Baruch pointed out, virtually pointed out to the Provost Marshal of the United States, the classes of men to be taken into the army. "We had to decide virtually the necessity of such things," he said. "We decided that the less essential industries would have to be curbed, and it was from them that man power would have to be taken for the Army." In this way he ruled chauffeurs, traveling salesmen, and similar classes into military service. It was, of course, necessary that some such ruling should be made, but why one man, why always this one man?

5. **Authority over the personnel of labor in this country.**

"We decided upon a dilution of men with women labor, which was a thing that had always been fought by the labor unions."

Making Costs Eat Up the Income

6. And now behold as complete an illustration of one part of the Protocols as ever could be found in any Gentile government. Readers of previous articles will remember the passage:

> *"We will force up wages* which, however, *will be of no benefit to the workers,* for we will at the same time *cause a rise in the prices of necessities."*

Mr. Baruch at one time was inclined to sidestep the matter of fixing wages; he did not like the expression. But that the reader himself may decide, we quote the testimony in full:

Mr. Jefferis—"Did the War Industries Board fix the price of labor?"

Mr. Baruch—"If you can call it that way, but I would not say so; no, sir."

Mr. Jefferis—"I am trying to get at what you did."

Mr. Baruch—"No, sir; we did not fix the price of wages."

Mr. Jefferis—"What did you do?"

Mr. Baruch—"Just what I told you."

Mr. Jefferis—"Probably I am a little dense, but I did not catch it if you told me."

Mr. Baruch—"When the price-fixing committee fixed the price of steel, we will say, they said, 'This price is agreed upon, and you shall keep wages where they are'—and those were the wages that were prevailing at the price we fixed. At the time prices were fixed at first they were very much higher than the prices that we fixed."

Mr. Jefferis—"When you got the price of any of these low materials you would fix the price of labor that was to be employed in producing them?"

Mr. Baruch—"To the extent that it should remain at the maximum of what it was when we fixed the price."

Considering the weight of Mr. Baruch's authority, and the stipulations he made, this was to all intents and purposes a fixing of the rate of wages.

Jewish Dictatorship in Full Flush

NOW, as to the fixing of prices, Mr. Baruch is much more positive. In answer to a question by Mr. Garrett, Mr. Baruch said:

> *"We fixed the prices* in co-operation with the industries, but *when we fixed a price we fixed it for the total production,* not alone for the army and the navy, but for the Allies and *the civilian population."*

The minutes of one of the meetings of Mr. Baruch's board shows this:

> "Commissioner Baruch directed that the minutes show that the commission had consumed the entire afternoon in a discussion of *price-fixing, particularly with reference to the control of the food supply, grain, cotton, wool,* and raw materials generally."

Mr. Graham—"Tell me something else: How much personal attention did you give to the matter of price-fixing?"

Mr. Baruch—"In the beginning, considerable . . . ."

At another time Mr. Baruch said—*"There was no law at all in the land to fix prices."*

Mr. Jefferis—"We grant that, *but you did it."*

Mr. Baruch—*"Yes, we did it,* and we did a great many things in the stress of the times."

Here was one man, having supreme dictatorial power, at both ends of the common people's affairs.

He admits that of the 351 or 357 lines of essential industry which he controlled, he fixed the prices at which the commodities should be sold to the government and to civilians. In fixing the prices, however, he made wage stipulations. The matter of wages came first—it entered into Mr. Baruch's computation of the cost, on which, to a certain extent, he based the price. Then, having decided what the producer was to receive in wages, he decided next what the producer should pay for living. The producer himself may answer the question as to how it all turned out! Wages were "high," but not quite so high as "living"; and the answer to both is in the testimony of Barney Baruch.

That is not the whole story by any means. It is inserted here merely to find its place in the list of authorities conferred on Mr. Baruch.

How completely Baruch felt himself to be the "power" is shown by a passage which occurred when he was trying to explain the very large profits made by some concerns with which he did business.

Mr. Jefferis—"Then the system which you did adopt did not give the Lukens Steel & Iron Company the amount of profit that the low-producing companies had?"

Mr. Baruch—"No, but we took 80 per cent away from the others."

Mr. Jefferis—"The law did that, didn't it?"

Mr. Baruch—"Yes; the law did that."

Mr. Graham—"What did you mean by the use of the word 'we'?"

Mr. Baruch—"The government did that. Excuse me, but I meant we, the Congress."

Mr. Graham—"You meant that the Congress passed a law covering that?"

Mr. Baruch—"Yes, sir."

A Merited Rebuke

Mr. Graham—"Did you have anything to do with that?"

Mr. Baruch—"Not a thing."

Mr. Graham—"Then I would not use the word 'we' if I were you."

Whether Mr. Baruch slipped up there, he best knows. Just as he had power to give the workers wages, and take it away again by price-fixing, so he had power to allow the raw material corporations to make fabulous profits—and it would not be at all unthinkable that he also had something to do with taking part of it away again. He said once, "We took away 80 per cent"; then he confessed it was a slip. Of the tongue, or of his prudence?

Certainly, the profits he allowed were so large that even where the 80 per cent was paid back—where it *was* paid back (there were all kinds of evasions and frauds)—the profits were still enormous.

And 73 per cent of the "war millionaires" of New York, in spite of the 80 per cent, are Jews.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Mayor Hylan, of New York, has recently vetoed a measure which would allow Jewish teachers in the public schools to absent themselves on Jewish holidays without loss of pay. This is to be remembered in connection with the efforts of Mr. Untermeyer to implicate Mayor Hylan in the building contract frauds.

England's new peeress, Jose Collins, who was recently married to an earl, had a Jewish mother, Lottie Collins, of "Tarara-boom-de-ay" fame.

In response to the attack made upon the Polish Government by Jewish deputies, the minister of war defended the "secret orders" issued by his office by saying that they had been previously submitted to Mr. Henry Morgenthau, and had been approved by him.

The Free City of Danzig has required a five-year residence to precede full citizenship. This is the identical requirement made by the United States. But the Jews have laid complaint before the League of Nations against the city of Danzig.

Foreign observers know more about what is occurring in the United States than do many Americans. The Amsterdam *Handelsblad* has an article describing the Bolshevik Sunday Schools in American cities. The government, of course, has known of them from the first. There are Young Men's Communist Associations (the Bolshevist Y. M. C. A. in America); there are also Young People's Societies of Communistic Endeavor (the Y. P. S. C. E. of Bolshevism). That is, the evangelistic and educational machinery of the church is parodied at almost every point.

The intelligent Jews of the United States are extremely displeased with Rabbi Wise's attack on THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. "It furnishes a stronger weapon against the Jews," says one writer, "than ten Jewish congresses could give." The judgment on Rabbi Wise is not at all surprising; indeed the intellectual bankruptcy of the Jewish rabbinate has been terribly exposed by the attempted substitution of abuse for refutation. But why admit that regular Jewish congresses also are dangerous things for the Gentiles to know about?

Thanks to Jewish influence at Washington, Leo Keena, a Jew, has replaced Mr. Rankin as American Consul General at Warsaw. Keena says he is ready to visé 1,000 passports a day if necessary. His predecessor apparently did not visé Jewish passports rapidly enough to suit Mr. Warburg and Mr. Baruch.

Regarding the Hungarian situation, Bishop Prohazka says: "Anti-Semitism, as such, does not exist in Hungary. Our anti-Semitism is such as bids us look upon the Jew as an essential portion of the nation, but to prevent him gaining a preponderance over us. We are not faced by the problem of anti-Semitism, but by that of racial self-defense. Our attitude of defense must not be looked upon by the Jews as a matter of hatred. Merely for the sake of liberalism we must not suffer that half the lawyers and the majority of the medical men in the country be Jews."

The Jews are just now very much aroused against the Presbyterian church and the American Red Cross: against the former because it has appointed a missionary to the Jews; against the latter because it maintains a Jewish section of the Foreign Language Information Service. As both the Presbyterian church and the Red Cross are non-Jewish institutions, this opposition could always have been assumed without the necessity of the present outbreak to confirm it.

Pressure is already being brought to bear on President-elect Harding to swing him completely over to the service of Jewish aims. What neither the Irish nor the Poles would have the temerity to do, the Jews are demanding as a right. Mr. Harding, however, has the example of the Wilson administration before him as a warning.

The Chicago *Sentinel,* a Jewish publication, describes the recreation centers which are established in swarming ghettos for the use of Jewish children, by the lovely name of "missionary holes."

Jacob Billikopf was personal secretary to Jacob H. Schiff. Like many others, Mr. Billikopf is giving his reminiscences of the great Jew financier. After one story, Mr. Billikopf adds: "Thus spoke the man who was *powerful enough to drive the mightiest of the earth to despair and to ruin a whole country by uttering one word*—thus spoke Jacob H. Schiff."

In Poland, where the Jews claim they are "persecuted," the Polish War Ministry has created the office of Chief Rabbi with the military forces.

The exception which is made in favor of Jews by the prohibition laws has been so widely abused that the authorities have taken notice of it. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has issued new instructions on the matter. The complaints that are made usually implicate rabbis and wine-dealers. Usually the wine-selling is a monopoly, and the monopolist, of course, is a Jew. Recently a Jewish paper complained because a Jewish comedian was springing a joke on the stage, whose point was the rabbinical discretion in the issuance of wine permits. In St. Louis Missouri, the permit of the Jewish wine monopolist was cancelled. He was the son of the rabbi. The Reform rabbis are said to be willing to use a grape juice substitute for religious purposes.

Charlie Chaplin is an English Jew. The Jewish papers are having a little fun among themselves over the divorce of Charlie from his wife, who is also a Jewess. One of the complaints was that when Mrs. Chaplin arranged a "Christmas tree," Charlie would not come home to see it. Of course not! Why should he? Christmas is a time to trade with Gentiles!

Marcus Blankenburg, High Commissioner for the South African Union in London, is a prominent Jew.

A. Decker, Warsaw correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News,* recently wrote that the American Joint Distribution Commission is spending money to encourage Jewish immigration to the United States. This, of course, greatly stirred the Jewish press here. Decker was writing "anti-Semitism"! It was suggested that influential Jews see Victor Lawson, who owns the paper, and have Decker discharged. But Decker is not the only person in possession of the facts. There is more going on in this emigration matter than the Jews want anyone to know.

Lord Sydenham has made a statement showing that the recent coal miners' strike in England was the work of Jewish agitators. It is a noticeable fact that all the industries at present attacked by the disorderly elements of English labor are Gentile industries. No great strike has ever been brought against Jew-controlled industries anywhere. The reason is that the fomenters of industrial disorder are Jews under strict Jewish control.

Victor Young, the talented violinist, who recently made a successful debut in America, has a romantic history. He was the son of a Jewish tailor and was caught in the revolutionary upheaval in Russia until a few months ago.

Fill New Niches in Gallery of "Immortals"

FROM earliest times it has been the custom of nations to honor their illustrious dead. Some countries have done it in one way, some in another. The Greeks and Romans loved to enshrine their dead in marble, and marble statues of many of the greatest among the ancients are still in existence.

France elects its most distinguished living men to its Academy, where they are termed "Immortals."

Only within recent years has America come to a realization of its wealth of illustrious men; and it was in 1900 that the Hall of Fame of New York University was founded.

Built on a bluff overlooking the Harlem River, and across from the north end of Manhattan Island, it commands a noble, panoramic view. Elections to the Hall of Fame are held every five years. The first was held in 1900; the result of the fifth has just been made public. For these various elections, nominations are invited from the public at large, and more than sixty of the available one hundred and fifty spaces have now been filled.

Names of nominees are first passed upon by groups of well-known Americans, and the names finally approved are then submitted for vote to one hundred men and women, whose decision is final. As a matter of fact, the present electorate of the Hall of Fame consists of ninety-six men and six women—102 in all.

In the election just closed the electors belonged in various walks of life as follows:

University presidents, 27; professors of history and historians, 18; scientists, 11; authors and editors, 14; public officials and men and women of affairs, 19; justices, national and state courts, 12. There is one omitted here, by reason of the fact that one elector cast a blank ballot.

Among immortals already elected are such eminent American writers as Emerson, the sage of Concord; the poet Longfellow; Washington Irving, Hawthorne, Bryant, Bancroft, Fenimore Cooper, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, John L. Motley, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others.

Among American inventors are Robert Fulton, Samuel Morse, Eli Whitney and Elias Howe. Naval and military heroes are represented by Farragut, Grant, Lee and Sherman. Among educators is Horace Mann.

In all, fifty men and six women have been honored; authors, statesmen, preachers, explorers (Daniel Boone is the only one under this heading), scientists, musicians, soldiers and sailors, inventors and educators. The six women are Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mary Lyon and Emma Willard, educators and missionaries, Maria Mitchell, scientist, Frances E. Willard, home and social worker, and Charlotte S. Clushman, artist.

At the election just held the following six men won their places among the Immortals:

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (Mark Twain), James Buchanan Eads, Patrick Henry, William Thomas Green Morton, Augustus St. Gaudens and Roger Williams.

Twenty-seven women were nominated, but Alice Freeman Palmer was the only successful one.

Strange to say, many men and women of fame and distinction were nominated but did not receive enough votes to elect them. Among these were Walt Whitman, Henry M. Stanley of "Darkest Africa" fame, Grover Cleveland, Pocahontas, Rolfe, Martha Washington, John Paul Jones, Edwin Booth, and a few others. But their opportunity will, of course, come again.

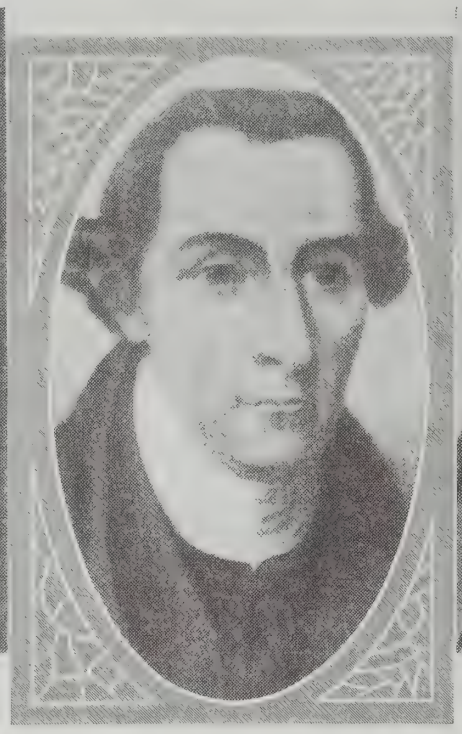
Official biographies of the new Immortals, seven in all, prepared by the university, were published when the results of the election were made public. They are as follows:

MARK TWAIN.—Samuel Langhorne Clemens, American humorist, is more generally known by his pseudonym, Mark Twain. He was born in Florida, Missouri, November 30, 1835, and died in Redding, Connecticut, April 21, 1910. After a brief schooling he was apprenticed to a printer in 1848, and worked at this trade in Philadelphia, New York, and in the West. While he was a pilot on the Mississippi River he was greatly taken with the cry of the leadsman in taking soundings, and when he began writing he signed himself "Mark Twain," the cry of the leadsman being, "By the mark, twain."

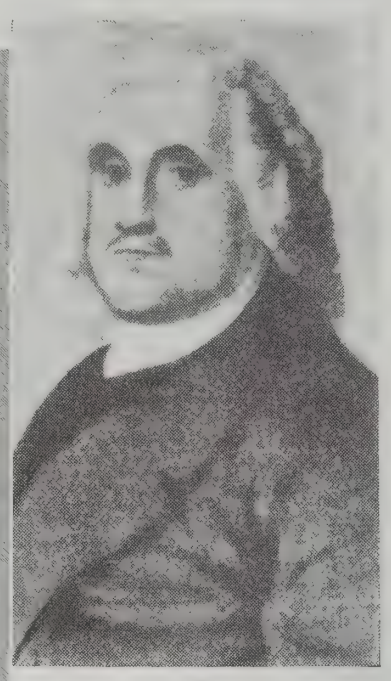
After leaving the Mississippi he tried mining in Nevada. In 1862 he edited a newspaper in Virginia City, but soon tired of that and went to San Francisco where he was a newspaper reporter. For a time he edited a newspaper in Buffalo, but tired of this and settled in Hartford, Connecticut. In "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer," conceded to be his best books, he appears as a master of humor and pathetic suggestion with a great creative genius. Among his better known works are "The Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," "The Gilded Age," "Life on the Mississippi," "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," "Puddin' Head Wilson," "How to Tell a Story," "Autobiography of Mark Twain," and "The $30,000 Bequest."



AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS
Sculptor



PATRICK HENRY, Statesman



ROGER WILLIAMS
Patriot—Preacher

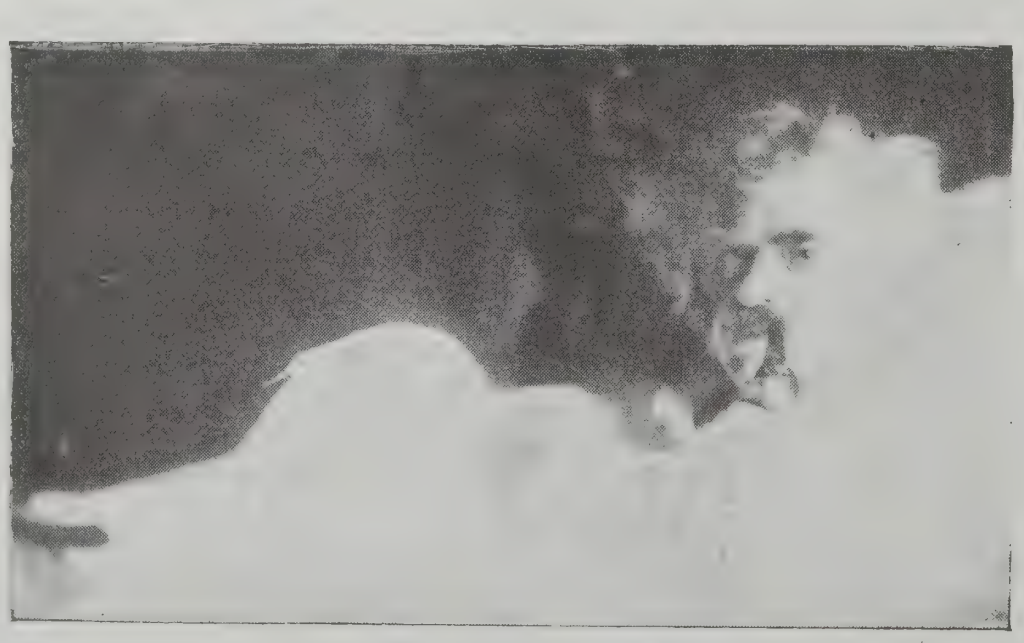
JAMES BUCHANAN EADS.—James Buchanan Eads, American engineer, was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, on May 23, 1824, and died in Nassau, New Providence, Bahama Islands, March 1, 1887. He began life as a clerk in a dry goods house in St. Louis in 1833, and then secured work on a Mississippi steamboat in 1839. He early designed some useful boats for raising sunken steamers and in 1861, when called to the aid of the Federal Government, he constructed within 100 days eight ironclad steamers for use on the Mississippi and its tributaries. He built an arched bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis in 1867-74. His work for improving the south pass of the Mississippi Delta was successfully completed in 1875-79, and his great plan for deepening the river as far as the mouth of the Ohio piers or jetties has been demonstrated to be entirely practicable. In 1884 he received the Albert Medal of the Society of Arts, being the first American citizen to whom this honor had been awarded.

PATRICK HENRY.—Patrick Henry, American orator and statesman, was born May 29, 1736, in Hanover County, Virginia, and died June 6, 1799, in Charlotte County, Virginia. Henry's first speech which singled him out as an orator was made in 1763, in the famous Parsons' Cause. In 1765 Henry was elected to the House of Burgesses and offered a series of resolutions to the effect "that the General Assembly of this Colony have the only sole and extensive right and power to levy taxes." It was during a debate on these resolutions that he used his famous and often-quoted sentence, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell and George III—" and then Henry, answering shouts of treason from other members of the House, calmly continued, "And George III may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." Henry represented Virginia in the first Colonial Congress, and on March 23, 1775, in a speech in St. John's Church, Richmond, Virginia, he used the phrase, "Give me liberty, or give me death." He served altogether four terms as governor.

ROGER WILLIAMS.—Roger Williams, advocate of religious liberty, and founder of Rhode Island was born in Wales in 1607 and died in Providence, Rhode Island, in March, 1684. He came to this country in 1631. Shortly after that date he had trouble with the church and civil authorities, and in October, 1636, he left Salem, Massachusetts, to seek a refuge from the tyranny of his church brethren. With four companions, he sought a place away from the persecution of the Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies, and named the site he selected Providence because of "God's merciful providence to him in his distress." In 1655 he opened Rhode Island to all seeking religious freedom, and especially to those who were driven out of Boston.

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.—Alice Freeman Palmer, American educator, was born in Colesville, New York, on February 21, 1855, and died in Paris, France, December 6, 1902. She was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1876, and the next year became a teacher of the classics and mathematics at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin. From 1877 to 1879 she was principal of the high school at East Saginaw, Michigan, becoming in the last mentioned year professor of history in Wellesley College. In 1882 she became president of that institution, which position she retained until her marriage, in 1887, to Professor G. H. Palmer, of Harvard University. In 1892-5 she served as non-resident dean of the women's department of the University of Chicago.

WILLIAM THOMAS GREEN MORTON.—William Thomas Green Morton, an American dental surgeon and discoverer of the process of anesthesia, which he called "letheon" but is now known as ether, was born in Charlton, Massachusetts, August 19, 1819, and died in New York City on July 15, 1868. Dr. Morton's patent for his anesthetic was granted in November, 1846. Dr. Morton communicated his knowledge of the new process to Dr. J. C. Warren, and anesthesia, or ether, was made public through an operation performed by Dr. Warren at the Massachusetts General Hospital on October 16, 1846.

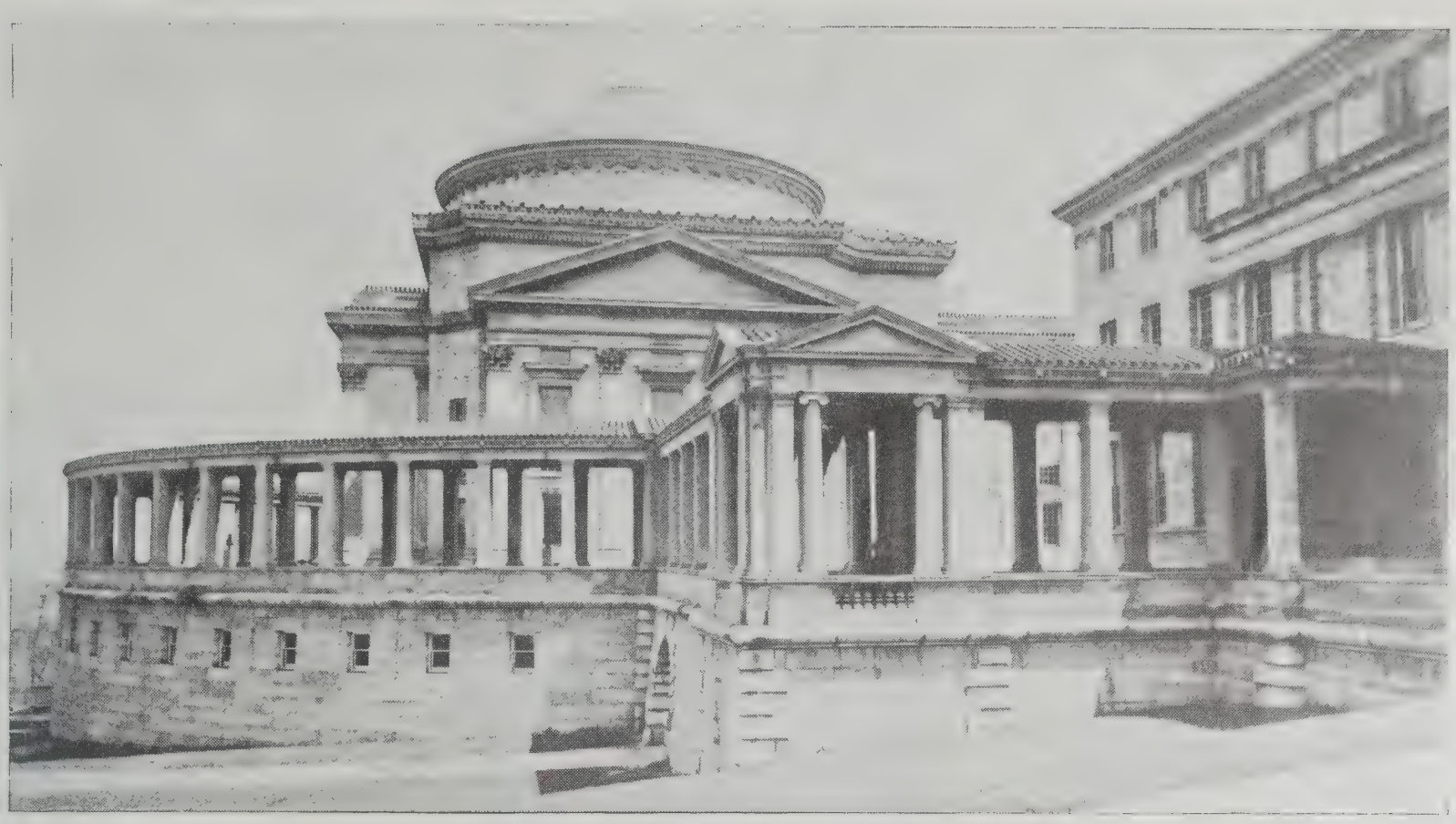


SAMUEL L. CLEMENS—Mark Twain

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS. — Augustus Saint-Gaudens, American sculptor, was born in Dublin, Ireland, on March 1, 1848, and died in Cornish, New Hampshire, on August 3, 1907. Saint-Gaudens was a sculptor of originality and freshness, who adopted the best standards of French taste and execution without being bound to tradition. Among his better known works are the President Lincoln statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago, the bas relief the "Adoration of the Cross by the Angels," the Shaw Monument in Boston and the Diana on top of the tower of Madison Square Garden.

The selection this time will not please everybody, perhaps. Probably no selection has ever pleased everybody, for we all have our favorite heroes of fact as well as fiction.

Where Illustrious Americans Are Remembered for All Time



THE HALL OF FAME, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

European Portraits, 1920

Concluded from page 7

ing look, sometimes a wink, which usually caused Mrs. Webb to make violent notes in books she was carrying. The Webbs retired from the conference hall after raiding a Radical bookstand, Mr. Webb carrying a huge pile of books and Mrs. Webb carrying a bundle of pamphlets. Obviously the average weight of these two burdens of literature was metriculously equal.

The parliamentary leader of the Labor party is the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M. P., who is a short man, quiet-spoken, and a bit unimpressive. He is much too moderate for his party (in fact he has recently accepted an honorary degree from Oxford and Durham universities, which incurred the contempt of his wilder associates) and he has a hard time to sit on the lid of o'erweening enthusiasms. He looks like a very good politician, a suave man, but greatly overworked.

One of the most conspicuous leaders of the conference is Robert Smillie, the Radical leader and president of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. "Bob" Smillie has a very strong following and is frequently dubbed in the press as the "Lenin of England." He is obviously a man of rare intellectual attainments. His story is the story of Radical British Labor. He was born, as E. T. Raymond tells us, at Larkhall, "a dismal town in the scarred and blasted mining area in Mid-Lanark, where everything conspires to make life hideous and depressing." The naturally rather gloomy nature of Robert Smillie took on in such surroundings a deeper tinge of pessimism. It is too late, no doubt, for society to secure the lost ally; and if it is to make citizen Smillie impossible it must do more than rail at him. It should study with care certain words of his.

"I have been one of seven persons," he said on one occasion, "who have had to wash in a small kitchen, one little tub serving all of us as our only bath and a change of water taking place only when the water would no longer serve its purpose of removing dirt.

"Now this bestial state of affairs cannot be wholly set to the charge of 'capitalism'; there are poorer and less organized workers who do not tolerate such conditions. But one thing is certain. It may not be especially dangerous to allow stupid men to live in stupid dirt; it may even be dangerous to deprive them of their dirt by force, but to allow the clever and ambitious to grow up to manhood in such conditions is madness."

Let us step in for tea at Arnold Bennett's house in Hanover Square. The circumstances under which this interview was arranged were curious. Mr. Bennett is afraid of interviewers. He has been a journalist himself and he has a fear of journalists. His answer to a letter requesting an interview was one of refusal although he qualified it because he did not want to appear unnecessarily discourteous. Actually one of his particular obsessions is American interviewers and he declares that he has been rather roughly handled by them. In that case we naturally replied that we would not care to thrust ourselves upon him and begged to be excused from the appointment. A reply returned immediately. He implored us to come to tea anyway that he might get a good look at an American interviewer who declined to ply his trade without the victim's full permission.

Arnold Bennett seems to be one of those men who have made literature pay, according to definite principles announced in his pamphlets "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" and "The Human Machine." He also knows how to spend his money for his apartments are magnificently furnished in luxurious taste. In the midst of this sits the great author with a mustache that looks as though it were pasted on his upper lip. In conversation he sounds like his novels, leisurely but using well-turned phrases.

Mr. Bennett has done a great deal of thinking about America, but one cannot break a promise not to quote him on any intellectual expression of opinion without first submitting it to him for his scrutiny.

Lest we tire our minds with too many British figures let us go round to Cambridge Terrace and call on the ill-fated prime minister of Russia—Kerensky. He is now moving rapidly about Europe preparing for the time when he hopes to return to complete his services to his country. His movements are kept secret and it was only after a long series of negotiations with one of his "officials" in London that the interview was finally arranged.

While awaiting Mr. Kerensky's appearance, in a rather stately drawing room in the home of a Russian exile overlooking Regent's Park, I idled away my time watching two little children playing on the green. Two cute youngsters they were, tumbling all over themselves. Suddenly I heard a commotion on the stairway, as though I were about to be attacked by a Red army, and Kerensky burst into the room.

He is a man of forty-five years but has the face of a boy of twenty-three. He has an immense head, very closely shaven, with a series of pronounced bumps that would delight the eye of a phrenologist. As Mr. Kerensky does not speak English the conversation was conducted through an interpreter.

I ventured to inquire about the Russian situation and the interpreter immediately transmitted the question. For fully three minutes the great lounge quivered as this strenuous Russian shouted his opinions with a great gesticulation of hands. It seemed as though the whole room shook, as with an earthquake, at the impact of this strange personality. Finally this verbal cataclysm ceased and the interpreter turned quietly and said softly: "Mr. Kerensky does not believe that the Bolshevik Government can last."

This was the substance of our interview. A very short time afterward Mr. Kerensky gave me a most emphatic handshake and bolted out of the room. As I stood saying goodby to his interpreter, who had followed me to the door, I saw the ex-premier making a lunge down the staircase, four steps at a time, on his way to afternoon tea. Have you ever seen a mouse in a bell-jar of oxygen? This, today, is M. Kerensky, the man of destiny of the first Russian revolution.

Amid this kaleidoscopic array of prime ministers one gets a certain feeling of admiration for Lloyd George. There is a very different Lloyd George than there was in those days before the war when he played so irritating a rôle as chancellor of the exchequer. In 1913 he was making his reputation by reaching down into the aspirations of the English people and giving them a very human expression. His face then was interesting to watch, for it showed a depth of human sympathy and frankness. Today the face of Lloyd George has many lines. He still knows how to smile, in spite of all he has been through, but he is the self-conscious prime minister of a bewildered empire. Moreover the expression on his face is one of great arrogance and self-esteem. He is no longer a man among people. The opulence of his surroundings as the prime minister has changed the little Welsh solicitor into an autocrat living far, far above the people he represents. The unconventional Lloyd George of 1913 today affects the long, white hair of his predecessor, Mr. Asquith, and the high collars of Mr. Gladstone.

But if you want to see prime ministers you should attend the conferences to preserve the text of the Versailles Treaty. During the Spa Conference this watering place became the back alley of prime ministers. In a walk down the lanes of the old German G. H. Q. one met in one minute M. Millerand, the French prime minister, walking arm in arm with Marshal Foch, then M. Delacroix, the Belgian prime minister, with Lord Curzon, and lastly Lloyd George pouring into the ear of his official press agent, Lord Riddell, what Mr. Lloyd George wanted the public to know the British prime minister did at the afternoon session. None of these men are impressive looking and they seem to live in a state of mental apprehension as to what is going to happen next. M. Millerand is very stout, with a heavy black beard and a frightened pair of eyes. These conferences where they re-discuss the terms of the Versailles Treaty are very harrowing ones for the French prime minister, for his chamber of deputies rake him well over the coals when any concession is made to the Germans. M. Delacroix is very stately, diffident, and an adroit expert at dodging questions.

At Spa the greatest diplomat was none other than Venizelos. He arrived beaming, shook hands all round, explained to everyone how well things were going in Greece, expressed full confidence in the decisions of the Spa Conference and left before they could ask him any embarrassing questions. He played pretty much the same game at Spa as he did during the Peace Conference.

Paris still laughs over the long interview he had with President Wilson. The delegates gasped that the President devoted so much time to the then prime minister of Greece. He was questioned as to what they talked about and what decision was reached with regard to Greece. He assured the correspondents that very little was said about Greece but the interview was spent in getting Mr. Wilson's views on his pet theory, the League of Nations. The cause of Greece was well sustained by Mr. Wilson even against his principles.

One morning the Polish delegation was strangely excited. The long table at which the delegates breakfasted was a hubbub About nine o'clock Marshal Foch rolled up in an impressive limousine and stalked into the hotel. They all stood waiting to shake his hand but the marshal significantly bowed only to the minister for foreign affairs. When Foch came out they all gathered round in the hope that the marshal would unbend but he stalked out with only a curt salute directed solely to Grabsky. Yet it was a great day, for arrangements were made in those few minutes that turned the Polish defeat into victory.

Every one of these characters has developed into a legendary character, yet in the last analysis they are human beings, even as you and I. How easy it is for us to sit back and judge them from the outcomes of their policies and how difficult it is for us to realize that they wear the same size hats we do, much the same sort of shoes, and are addicted to habits not dissimilar to that with which you and I are afflicted.

Hope for the League: The Meeting at Geneva

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, November—(By Mail).

THE Assembly of the League of Nations meets at Geneva on November 15. It includes every nation in the League, so that not less than forty will be represented there. As a parliament of the world it will, alas, be sadly incomplete. The United States for the present is absent and while her seat is vacant international liberalism lacks its appropriate leader. Russia and Germany, without whom there can be no genuine reconstruction of Europe, are not represented yet, but their turn will come in time. Nevertheless, to any convinced believer in the League idea the meeting of the assembly is like the sight of trees in the desert. It gives hope of life and vigor where hope had almost disappeared. There is hope in the assembly because the League means more to the small powers than to the strong, since they are the victims when the strong powers go to war. Now the small countries, both former allies and neutrals, make up the greater part of the League of Nations and this is their first opportunity of asserting their own standpoint, of exhibiting their belief in a real, functioning League of Nations, and of doing spadework to make it a reality.

Truly, spadework is needed. Hitherto the League has been in the hands of the executive council, which the great Allied Powers control. There are other members on it, but it is difficult, if not impossible, for a small country to stand up almost single-handed against France, England and Italy, and in practice the council of the League is under the thumb of the supreme council, or in other words, the premiers of the chief Allied powers. If, therefore, a great Allied power or powers take any action which conflicts with the League Covenant, it is of no use to look for guidance or redress to the Executive Council of the League. But the assembly is a very different matter. It is a disinterested tribunal, which the council is not. Or perhaps one ought rather to say that the interests of many of its members may be injured by the policy which the great powers pursue and therefore it is very much their business to scrutinize what has been and is being done and to pronounce upon it in the light of the fundamental principles on which the League was built.

The question is, will the small nations of Europe have the courage to stand up firmly to their formidable neighbors, secure in their conscience that they are serving the future and the cause of the whole world? Will other nations, like those of South America, which are also directly interested in the question of another world war even if they are not so near to the area of its probable explosion, give them their support? It is a question of devotion to an ideal and of courage to pursue it. It is also, with the small countries, a matter of their own vital interests and of their will to protect them against the "old diplomacy" of a country like France which, unless guarded against, will some day lead to the old, familiar type of war.

There is no doubt about the assembly's powers, for Article XI of the Covenant accords this far-reaching right to every member:

> "It is also declared to be the right of each member of the League to bring to the attention of the assembly or of the council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends."

That is a clause of great promise if it be used with courage. It recalls a memorable passage in one of Mr. Wilson's Paris speeches. Speaking of the possibility of transferring certain subjects from the council to the assembly, he declared that the founders of the League were "depending primarily and chiefly upon one great force and that is the moral force of the public opinion of the world—the cleansing and clarifying and compelling influence of publicity—so that intrigues can no longer have their coverts, so that designs that are sinister can at any time be drawn into the open, so that those things that are destroyed by the light may be promptly destroyed by the overwhelming light of a universal expression of the condemnation of the world."

Not too much, of course, must be expected of the first meeting of the assembly, but it is perfectly clear that in a two months' conference the "cleansing and compelling influence of publicity" may be brought to bear on many dark places in international politics. Paris messages have been saying that the French premier will go to the assembly only if it is understood that the question of the admission of Germany to the League is not brought up for discussion. But it is not possible to impose any such restriction on the debates of the assembly; even if an agreement were reached on the point between the great European Allies it would have no binding force on the other members of the assembly. The subject may not arise at all, because Germany herself has made no application for admission, but the discovery that a particular power is anxious to rule out of order a subject which is disagreeable to itself furnishes a measure of the influence which the assembly ought to exert when once it gets to work.

One might cite other problems even more difficult which various people desire to see brought before the assembly as soon as possible. Some of them concern France, like the new agreement with Belgium which the Belgian Government says cannot be submitted to the League in its entirety, as it ought to be, because it contains secret military provisions, or the reports of a convention between France and Hungary which have aroused great suspicion and disquietude among the small nations of Southeastern Europe. Such projects as these seem to be flatly inconsistent with the whole spirit of the League and if anyone brings them up before the assembly, as is quite possible, truly the fat will be in the fire!

Other conceivable subjects concern England closely, like the Anglo-Japanese treaty, the recent Anglo-Persian agreement or the questions of Egypt and of Ireland. There is no word at present that any of these will come up for discussion at this first meeting, but if an American President should really determine to bring Ireland before the League at any future time, how would it be possible to deny his right under the clause which I have quoted? Of course, England or any other power could move that the subject should not be debated and if the assembly assented the question would for the time be disposed of, but short of such a maneuvre, it is difficult to see how Ireland or any similar problem of a nationality in rebellion could be kept from the purview of the League.

I argue, therefore, first, that the assembly should be a powerful engine for carrying out the fundamental objects of the League of Nations if it merely exposed the facts and appealed to the conscience of the world. I argue, secondly, that since the United States through Mr. Wilson made itself the champion of international ideals of liberty and justice, its proper place (with what reservations it may please) is to stand at the head of all the nations in the assembly and all the people scattered throughout the world who care for those ideals and desire to fight for them, but who would fight with a higher hope and a more determined purpose if they were led by the United States. We can understand quite well how the spectacle of Europe in 1918-1920 must have chilled the American spectator, but the American public can scarcely realize how great a body of idealist opinion there is in Europe and elsewhere which awaits a leader who is both convinced and powerful and with what a thrill and fervor it would respond from every country to American leadership. Would that the United States would put all to the test.

But the Geneva assembly will have to handle many concrete questions of great moment. The ex-enemy states, Austria and Bulgaria, are applying for admission to the League. Admission can be granted by two-thirds of the assembly, but the applicant has to give "effective guaranties of its sincere intention to observe its international obligation," and it will be extraordinarily interesting to see what line of conduct is adopted by the assembly, ex-allies and neutrals, toward this qualification. Then there are the neutral applicants for admission, twelve in number. Some of them are harmless little states like Monaco, Luxembourg, San Marino and Iceland; others are the fruits of the break-up of Russia, like Armenia and Georgia, Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania, Finland, and the Ukraine. Finland presents no difficulty, but the other Baltic countries have as yet scarcely a *de jure* existence as states though they are functioning *de facto*, while as for the Ukraine, no one yet knows what sort of entity it is, nor what juridical body, if any, really represents it. Presumably the assembly will appoint a committee which will report on the credentials of these several applicants and then confirm the findings.

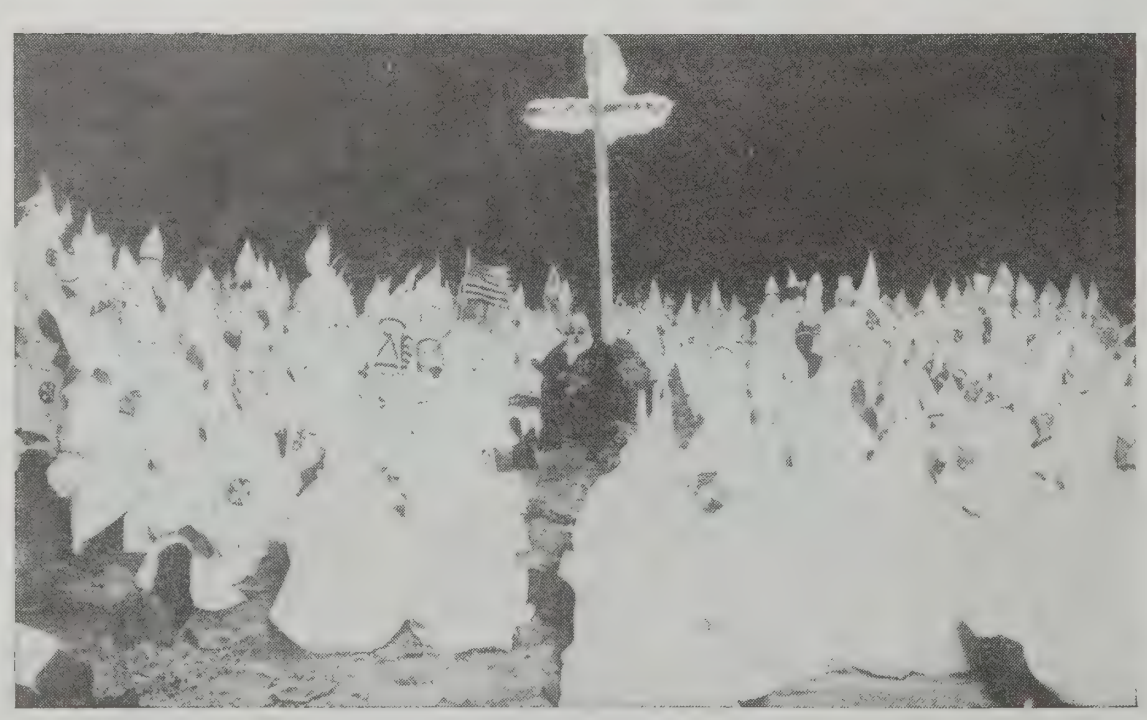
One of the most encouraging aspects of the assembly is that the Scandinavian nations—Sweden, Norway and Denmark—are to be found acting in unison and that they are determined to energize the assembly and make it not only a real instrument of politics but one that shall be readily available. It is quite certain that if the assembly displays an intention to intervene actively in international politics and make the League a real force, some of the great powers will do all they can to restrict its meetings as much as possible. The Covenant only says that the assembly shall meet "at stated intervals and from time to time as occasion may require." The Scandinavian countries will propose at Geneva that it shall meet at least once a year and that an extraordinary meeting shall be held at any time on the demand of ten members of the League. These proposals are extremely important and, if accepted, will go a long way toward making the assembly a real instrument of progress. They furnish an opportunity which various sections of the League members—the disinterested, the neutrals, the liberal-minded, the peace-lovers—can use at any time of crisis or threatened crisis to bring the whole influence of the assembly to bear in the cause of peace and justice. Again, it will be most interesting to see how the various powers will conduct themselves toward the Scandinavian program. Certainly no one can oppose it who believes sincerely in the League. No one can say what incalculable good may not come out of it.

A principal task of the assembly will be to establish a permanent court of international justice. One cannot mention the subject without regretting that the United States, whose lawyers have taken so keen an interest in this project and who could contribute so much to its fulfillment, will not play an active part in framing the constitution of the court. Perhaps, however, America will yet enter the League in time to do so. One must heartily wish it, for the court will be a vital part of the machinery of the League, deciding as it will on disputed questions of international law, on the interpretation of treaties and on breaches of international covenants.

Disarmament is a delicate problem. Months, almost years, have passed since the war and nothing has been done, nor does the state of Europe and Asia suggest that anything will be done soon. But if the assembly means business, its committees may at least furnish the world with information from which we can see what each power is doing and intends to do, and it might at least make suggestions for a proportionate measure of disarmament all round. That of itself would be a step forward. Among the subjects for discussion one ought not overlook the whole question of the "economic weapon"— the screw of economic pressure which the League can apply to an offending state to teach it the error of its ways. Short of actual war, it is the most effective instrument the League will have to make its will felt and the assembly ought to take decisions as to how it shall be exerted by the members against recalcitrants.

It cannot be said that this is an unsubstantial program. If the assembly grapples with it in a sincere and determined spirit, then the League will have entered on a new lease of life. There are powers who would like to ignore the League, who would keep it alive but only just alive, because they know that it must be a critic of their actions. The assembly has the chance to show that it cannot and will not be ignored. It can, if it chooses, put a new aspect on the woeful state of international politics. It can show that in its opinion the League is worth fighting for and that it means to fight. Until the United States comes in almost everything depends on the small countries. When the war ended liberalism was the hope of the small nations. Today the small nations are the hope of liberalism.

Midnight Powwow of the Knights of the Ku-Klux Klan



Reports from the South indicate that the Ku-Klux Klan, famous in the reconstruction days of the Civil War, has been revived. The headquarters of the new organization is at Atlanta, and Col. William J. Simmons, formerly a Methodist preacher, is at the head of the society. This photo is a flashlight of a meeting at midnight on the top of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta.

Tagore, in America, Seeks Aid for University

Says His People Woo Truth "In Life, Not in Textbooks"

INDIA has been represented to the western mind as a land peopled by beggars, a haunt of age-old superstition, and the lasting dwelling place of dense and all-pervading ignorance.

We have with us a beggar from India, Rabindranath Tagore by name, who comes to plead in behalf of the dwellers in his country for the boon of greater opportunity to seek, in the highest dome of thought, Truth.

But he does not come as emissary from a benighted peninsula. He comes to ask of the riches of the West a sufficient part to enable him to spread further an enlightenment of knowledge to his people, who he believes are now the most cultured in the world.

It is a new rôle for Tagore, this part of mendicant. The world's honors have been his without the asking. Money sufficient for all his personal desires in this existence has flowed easily to him. His eminence in literature has been established beyond peradventure. The award of the Nobel prize has settled his place, even in the minds of that ever-present generation of doubters who demand a sign.

He has come, a wise man out of the ancient East, to ask alms and an understanding intellect from the wealthy West. He desires to create a university. He seeks the material aid that masters and scholars may satisfy their physical needs, while their minds range the Infinite for Truth He hopes for the understanding that the West, too, may in its measure profit by the learning of the East.

America, land of a thousand universities and a hundred thousand schools, can give the famous Indian scholar and poet the material he asks. And America probably will.

But whether America can give him the understanding for which he hopes may be a subject of doubt.

American pride has always swelled at the thought of American liberality in education. The fine buildings of our college towns, the progressive practicality of our modern educators, and the almost universality of our common schools, have always ministered to our feeling of calm assurance of premiership in opportunities for the spread of culture.

But to Rabindranath Tagore knowledge is a thing apart from costly architecture, and cannot be confined within the limits of textbooks. And general culture does not have its basis in accurate memories of the Three R's.

It was like going to another world, the seeing of this Hindu poet. In a narrow, prosaic hotel room an interviewer was permitted to meet him and ask him regarding his ideal for a university. It had been announced that he hoped to extend the limits of his old boys' school, Shantiniketan, "Abode of Peace," an institution he has maintained for thirty years out of his own income.

But a listener to Tagore forgets the limits of time and space and visualizes universities of spheres.

Only in rare moments when he speaks of the alien government which imposes the universities now in India does a listener remember that Tagore is one of a subject people, and that to him the gentle rule of Britain is still the domination of an alien race.

Clad in a flowing gray robe and facing as always, the sun, Tagore is the embodiment of the eastern savant to whom the western world has been introduced in story and poetry. His flowing gray beard and his face, tanned a soft brown during the generations in which his ancestors faced the hot sun of his peninsula, and his black eyes which glow with marvelous softness despite their unmistakable piercing qualities, give an interviewer a sense of unreality.

When Tagore speaks this impression grows. His voice is high and soft, with an almost spirit-like quality. His language flows with rhythmic purity.

Under the spell of his words, it would be a hardened materialist or hidebound creedsman indeed who would not sway to the music of eastern thought. His language is beautiful and the depth of his thought is striking. But somehow a listener, eager to hear his reasoning and pay attention to his knowledge, finds himself succumbing to other influences.

Perhaps it is the timbre of Tagore's voice. Perhaps it is the picture he makes. Perhaps it is the combination of these with his philosophy.

Quotation of the Hindu scholar is attempted only with a preliminary apology because of lack of exactitude of language by which alone his poetic thought may be appreciated fully.



(C) U. & U.

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Mr. Tagore, he is a knight by the way, was asked to make clear the differences between the university he plans and universities familiar to the American public.

"Some of your western universities," he said, "have followed to some extent the ideas we of the East possess of universities. In Paris, and in Cambridge and in Oxford there have been at different times teachings similar to those in India."

Mr. Tagore then began to speak of university buildings. Frequently he adverted to buildings.

"The buildings in the western universities are fine," he said. "They are beautiful. To them come the scholars from all over the land. And at them they linger, and imbibe the knowledge contained within textbooks, and taught to them by the masters. They are birds in beautiful cages. They linger a few years; then someone opens the cages and they fly away.

"To me, a university is a perpetual thing. There is something dead, something dried, all cut and dried about these universities of the West. It is not the syllabae, the curricula, nor the fine buildings that make a university. There is something more, something growing, something living.

"In our universities in India, the master may pick his scholars. The grammarian may select those who desire to study grammar. The teacher of philosophy may choose those who seek philosophy.

"And these scholars come and sit by his side. It may be in a humble place. The master's wife will cook the meals for his scholars, and the master's home will be their dwelling place. There will be no dollars nor cents connected with their search for Truth.

"The master will unfold his knowledge and the scholars absorb and imbibe his honesty, his truthfulness and his spirit of self-sacrifice. The masters of India are simple men. But they believe they have a responsibility in connection with the knowledge they possess. They believe that if they do not impart that knowledge to others it will depart from them.

"Together then, not in textbooks but in life, master and scholar search for the Truth.

"In this unity of life in which they work and study, I believe, lies the real university, a perpetual and a perpetuating institution."

Mr. Tagore was asked to discuss the condition of the masses of India with respect to general knowledge such as is disseminated in American common schools. In complying with the request, the Hindu scholar seemed completely unconscious of the American feeling of the superiority of American schools. Neither did he seem to realize the belief has long stood unchallenged in this country that the masses in the Indian peninsula dwell in abysmal ignorance.

"Mass education, that is quite a hobby of mine," he said. "In India, I believe, we have greatly the better of you on that score. I do not believe that it is in accurate knowledge of reading and writing that culture necessarily lies.

"In this country, the students come to a fixed place where your fine school buildings are located, and there they receive the knowledge that is contained inside of textbooks."

Mr. Tagore recurred to his phrase of the deadness and dryness of such routine education.

"In my country," he said, "there are trained men, professional men who go from place to place. They go to marriage feasts or other great festivals. Thousands upon thousands of persons gather to hear them. They include the young and the old. They listen with rapt attention while these masters recite with action and with humor the living, vivid stories of our literature. They recite the great epics, the Mahabarata and the Puranas, and the tales of mythology. And as they recite them, give them life.

"The people become acquainted with the great operas, the religious lyrics and the chorus songs, which inculcate the great truths.

"It is like irrigation, this culture of ours, irrigation that brings the waters to every man's door. The people imbibe the great truths of philosophy, and they learn the poetry of life."

Mr. Tagore hopes that his university may develop into an institution to which westerners may come and learn something of the philosophy and intellectual treasure of his people. He hopes, too, that some of the scientific knowledge of the West may be placed at the disposal of the youth in his country.

Tagore will probably remain in America during the winter months. He plans a trip through the southern states, which he says he was not privileged to visit when he was in the United States previously.

Christmas in the Pueblos of the Aborigines

Concluded from page 3

to the ankles are white buckskin affairs like bootlegs, and on the feet are red moccasins embroidered with serpents' heads. A bunch of feathers dyed in red and blue are held in one hand, and a showy silk handkerchief in the other. Heavy earrings, a score of bracelets and a row of turquoise and shell necklaces complete the toilet.

The men face the women, a strump on the drums, and the dancing begins. The chorus by the choir starts in a low gutteral. The feet of all the dancers move slowly in unison with the music. Arms and hands bearing the feathers wave aloft to the movement of feet. Gradually the chorus rises, the feet move faster and the hands full of feathers wave more swiftly. The chorus becomes a wild allegro. The men are gyrating so fast that one can scarcely distinguish their features, while their black hair stands out tangent to their heads. The women's feet are moving so fast that one wonders if they will ever stop. The native onlookers' ululations grow louder and more rapid, and the music is drowned.

Truly, he who is not moved at this scene is most phlegmatic. The adobe white walls a yard thick, set with deep-recessed windows and many crude pictures in oil, representing scenes in Christ's life; the pitiful little altars at the further end, adorned with candles, huge bunches or bouquets of paper flowers, and a wreath of tinsel and several wooden crosses; the logs above all, yellow with great age, that support the roof; the perspiring, painted Indian men, whirling about as if in wild delirium; the dark-visaged women, in garments of livid colors and with now disheveled hair over their faces, moving about with upraised hands, waving feathers and silk handkerchiefs in perfect time to the rapid chorus; the several hundred black-eyed, excited, shouting onlookers, from wrinkled and bent old men to children, clad in blankets and strange garments of barbaric fancy; the dozens of young women, among the mass of spectators, who hold lighted candles above their swart faces and ebony hair, while they scream with ecstatic excitement, all form a scene that the most indifferent can never forget in a century of life. The room resounds with the shouts of the Indians, and the altar shakes with the reverberations and the stamping of feet. For three and four hours this strange, impressive ceremony continues. At exactly midnight, the bells on the roof are jangled vigorously. At a signal the chorus closes, and the dancers, running with tiny streams of perspiration and mingled colors, cease. A sudden hush comes over all. In a few minutes the assemblage participates in the celebration of the mass by the lenient priest.

The Indians of the Laguna pueblo know full well the cheer of Christmas time. The women dress in the most striking combinations of blue, green, red and black and may be seen bearing a carefully prepared pie to the home of a friend. There is a wealth of black cake throughout the village and bread stuff, seasoned with chili, is on every table. The old padre is fairly submerged by gifts of Indian culinary. Wine is a mocker here in the land of the red man, also. A Laguna decoction, squeezed from the zinfandel grape and toned by an ingredient from the cactus, will set any man's blood tingling. Every night in the holiday week there are several hundred shining eyes in the ancient pueblo; but the drink acts as a promoter of pure and simple geniality, seldom combativeness.

Every one in Laguna visits in the holiday week. The more sociable will sit up all night smoking, eating and drinking, especially drinking. Thus the gayety proceeds. It reaches its culmination on New Year's Day. There is a feast in every domicile for which ample preparation has been made. The next day comes the reaction; the holidays are over and Laguna takes on its customary air of quiet and rest, to be broken only by the advent of Easter and its attendant ceremonies. The men duly seek the sunniest spots outside their little homes, and basking in the genial dry sunshine, slowly roll their cigarets of tobacco and corn husks and dream the days away. The good housewives put away their finery and go about their household duties, and the pueblo sleepily awaits the coming of spring when there is work for all in the planting of the year's harvest.

Pancakes in Prison Like Bread Cast Upon the Waters

By THOMAS J. MALONE

WHEN C. S. Reed resigned last June as warden of the Minnesota State Prison, Stillwater, to become sales manager of the Michigan State Prison, J. J. Sullivan, then deputy warden, was promoted to the wardenship.

Mr. Sullivan made no changes in prison regulations or methods on donning civilian clothes in place of the blue uniform and moving to the outer office from his old one beyond the first barred door. He had been in accord with the program of his predecessor and with that of the warden before him, Henry Wolfer, the man who conceived and superintended the building of the Minnesota institution. But he did make one notable change affecting the lives of the inmates.

He began serving pancakes for breakfast.

Most men are just naturally pancake fans. A few days after Warden Sullivan took hold, each of the seven hundred seventy-eight inmates encountered something that many had almost forgotten, something that teased the smell, gladdened the sight and rejoiced the taste—a stack of wheats.

Before every man at breakfast that morning was placed a plate containing three piping hot, mellow brown, crackle-fringed, six-inch wheat cakes. With the cakes were syrup, sausage and coffee.

In the memory of the oldest inhabitant—and he has been there since 1876—pancakes had never before been served to inmates of the prison. Think of forty-four years without a pancake! The constitution has something to say against "cruel and unusual punishments."

Warden Sullivan, himself a pancaker, had not heralded the coming of the feast. It was a surprise to the men. Three thousand cakes were baked and served that morning, for some of the men "got away" with six or more, second "orders" not being denied. The cooks had no time for flipping nor somersaulting.

Production in the prison factories increased notably that day. A few days later pancakes were again served for breakfast. They have become a regular part of the prison menu. Twice a week breakfast centers around them. Corn and buckwheat cakes are in prospect.

The new warden made another innovation in the bill of fare. He began serving tea for dinner, the noon meal. Theretofore the routine had been coffee for breakfast, water for dinner and tea for supper. While inmates may not be interviewed and their views are not obtainable for publication, tea for dinner, coming after the pancake surprise, is understood to have intensified a conviction that the warden had at heart the welfare of his wards.

"I believe prisoners should be well fed," he said, when the news of these gustatory privileges had reached the outside world and he was asked about them. "Minnesota has always fed its prison inmates well. I believe in going even further.

"Men in prison retain their old outside appetites for 'eats.' The doughnut man craves doughnuts; the pumpkin pie devotee dreams about pumpkin pie. We do not pamper the inmates but we treat them like men—think of them as such. Doing that, we take the logical step to pancakes for breakfast."

J. J. Sullivan, promoted to the wardenship for merit after nineteen years of service in the employ of the Minnesota prison, believes in the good old-fashioned, time-tested proverb that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. He will challenge the anatomists on that. He believes it applies to the man inside a prison as well as to the man outside.

The theory is that a well-fed prisoner is likely to be a fairly contented one. The conception of the well-regulated prisoner as pale, emaciated, depressed and despondent does not obtain at Minnesota, and never has obtained there.

"I joined the prison staff as a guard at $40 a month," the warden recalled, when asked to tell something about changes in prison conditions in his nineteen years there. "'Upside down' about covers what has taken place.

"When I began guard duty, the old prison was in use, at the foot of the hill in the heart of Stillwater. In its place, we have today a model group of buildings in a 22-acre inclosure two miles from Stillwater."

The prison owns one thousand acres of land. Five hundred seventy-two acres are under cultivation.

"As I recall it," he continued, "the cells were lighted by candles when I came to the prison. Each cell had an earthen jar filled once a day with water which served for both drinking and washing.

"The men ate breakfast and dinner in the dining hall but took supper in their cells, a solitary experience. Only such tobacco was used as was made in the prison.

"All inmates wore the regulation prison shoe, coarse and heavy—brogans. Only the prison issue of other wearing apparel was permitted. Conversation among inmates was allowed only when they were let into the yard on the big holidays—the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, and New Year's.

"An inmate could have only one visit a month from the outside."

So bleak a condition no longer exists at the prison. Mr. Sullivan's eyes twinkled under bushy brows as he told the more pleasing story of the present.

"Today every cell in the Minnesota prison is electric-lighted and has running water, hot and cold, and a lavatory.

"All three meals daily are served in the dining hall. Food comes hot from the ranges. Tobacco may be sent to the men from the outside or they may buy it themselves, all kinds.

"As for clothing, inmates today wear prison issue coat and trousers, a plain gray much like that of the mail carrier's uniform, but they may wear any good quality business shoe which they may care to buy or which may be sent them. They may have white handkerchiefs and underwear within their means. As every able-bodied inmate makes money by his work in the prison industries, each has a fund on which he may draw for such purposes.

"Conversation is permitted at meals every other day and whenever the men are out in the yard. They are out not only on holidays but on virtually every Saturday afternoon in summer.

"We do not limit arbitrarily the number of visitors an inmate may have in a given period. Whether a visitor shall see an inmate is determined by the circumstances in each case. Our policy is liberal."

The prison attitude toward recreation and diversion is enlightening.

"There were no games in the old days," went on the former $40-a-month guard. "Today baseball is an established part of the institution program, with a first and a second inmate team every season and with a game every Saturday afternoon and every holiday, if weather permits, through the summer. Civilian teams from outside meet the prison team on its home diamond.

"Horseshoe pitching has been introduced recently. Other games are in prospect.

"For those who desire to engage in special study along cultural lines there is the Pierian Chautauqua Circle, made up wholly of inmates, which holds regular meetings, observes a definite program and now and then stages an entertainment in the prison auditorium before the rest of the institution's population. This circle is self-directed. Its literary, dramatic, and musical programs are justly popular.

"The prison band is another agency that serves to lift the inmate out of the monotony of his surroundings."

Warden Sullivan was quick to nail an intimation that possibly Minnesota inmates were too well cared for, had too good a time.

"These changes have not been introduced with a view to softening the prisoner's lot, as if to make prison life attractive. Prison life will never be attractive to men born to be free. The very fact of restraint, of being kept within bounds, is severe punishment.

"If we are to get anywhere in trying to help the convict to be a better man he must be in a state of mind that will permit of betterment. Reformation cannot be forced. Society is just as well protected when prisoners are treated like men."



J. J. SULLIVAN,
Warden, Minnesota State Prison, Stillwater.

Two broad questions were asked the warden.

One was this: "Are you an optimist or a pessimist as to prison results on the inmate? Does your experience convince you that most inmates really learn their lesson and do not revert to crime after discharge? Or do the majority go back to lawbreaking?"

The other was: "Do you believe most of your inmates are here because they are basically criminal in make-up, have a wrong mental slant through either birth or environment that almost inevitably impelled them to do things that sent them prisonward?"

J. J. Sullivan declared himself an optimist. "Emphatically," he said, "the majority of men who serve prison sentences do learn the lesson of prison life and go straight afterward. It is the occasional backslider, or the chronic crime committer, who attracts public attention and gives ground to the widely accepted belief that most prison inmates do not profit much by their experience.

"Men in the work know better. I get letters every week from men who at some time or other served time in Minnesota prison. They are splendid letters, many of them, fine, manly letters from men who have made good. They tell me what they are doing, how they are getting along, about their families, their prospects. Many have changed their names, gone to new places and begun all over again.

"In the various prison industries—the twine factory, the farm implement shops, the agricultural work—men learn trades they can follow through life after release. Many acquire a liking for hard labor, find zest in producing things worth while. Not a few learn to read and write while in prison. Others learn lessons of great value about the care of their bodies. The prison is a school."

Of course, this answer to the first question suggested the answer to the second.

"There probably is a 'criminal type,'" the warden said. "Some men seem unable to keep out of crime, but by no means all men who get sent to prison are such.

"On the other hand, the pickpocket or the forger who is ever at it, plying a trade, seeing no wrong in it, returning to it with each release from confinement—he may be a criminal type."

It is a big job to be warden of the world's model prison, but J. J. Sullivan, hard-boiled veteran of "the silent city," champion of the pancake, refuses to get excited over it.

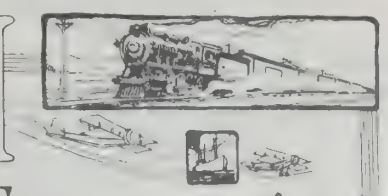
All Cairo Watches Moving of Holy Carpet



This photograph just received in the United States illustrates the ceremony incident to the departure of the holy carpet from Cairo to Mecca which takes place yearly in the late summer. An elaborate ritual attends the pilgrimage and the ceremony is one of the most brilliant in the picturesque East. The start of the pilgrimage is pictured.



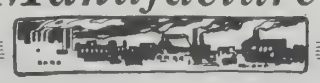
The Three Arts



Agriculture

Manufacture

Transportation



A western syndicate has leased 400,000 square miles of Russian territory for a period of 60 years. The same syndicate reports it has made arrangements for the purchase in America of $3,000,000,000 worth of goods in the next three years.

A committee report made recently to the thirty-second annual convention of the National Association of Railway and Utilities Commissioners declared that public ownership and operation of the railroads has failed wherever it has been properly tested. It stated that private ownership and operation with public regulation was the only just and honest manner of conducting the public utility business of this country.

The danger of the pink bollworm crossing from Old Mexico into the United States is alarming the commercial interests and cotton growers of Texas. The infected part of Old Mexico is the rich Laguna district, a section of territory on the boundary line of the states of Durango and Coahuila containing 2,000 square miles in area, entirely surrounded by mountain ranges and but 250 miles from the Texas border. This section of Mexico is one of the most fertile farming regions in the world, the chief crop being cotton. Almost the only known way to wipe out the pest is to stop planting cotton for several years.

The president of Guatemala has undertaken to interest foreign capital in the development of more than 15,000 square miles of territory in Guatemala. A new department of agriculture with a minister in his cabinet has been created by the president.

A pool to assist in the financing of the live stock industry of the country is being formed by leading bankers of Chicago. The capitalization will be $30,000,000.

William B. Thompson, president of the Louisiana division of the American Cotton Association, has advised cotton producers to leave all low grades in the field to be eaten by cattle or plowed under and to take steps "to make it impossible during the coming season to produce more than one-half the present crop."

American business relations with South America have been practically paralyzed by the derangements of the exchanges.

The advance figures of the Census of Manufacturers support a belief that the total value of the manufactured products of the United States for the year 1919 will exceed $60,000,000,000—half the manufactured production of the world.

A pneumatic planer has been developed which displaces six or eight men on ship and car building.

A department has been established in the Bureau of Chemistry to assist industrial and commercial concerns to apply the valuable processes and discoveries made each year by government chemists.

A large number of the country's colleges are about to install courses in industrial management. Business concerns will raise $100,000 to finance the movement.

The parcel post department in Omaha is to be completely motorized with a fleet of 50 trucks serving 20 zones. Department stores expect to take advantage of this service and deliver by parcel post.

Huston Thompson, member of the Federal Trade Commission, succeeds Victor Murdock as chairman of that body.

Morgan County, Alabama, farmers have saved about $10 a ton by mixing their own fertilizer under the direction of the county agent. Three hundred farmers joined the movement and bought a carload of ground limestone.

Bermuda bars automobiles but has decided to permit the importation of small tractors because of the prohibitive cost of horse power on the farms.

The House Immigration Committee is planning to introduce a bill providing almost air-tight restrictions on immigration.

Forty-six states of the Union, reports the Bureau of Public Roads, expended $400,000,000 on rural roads and bridges during 1919. This expenditure is one-third greater than that of 1918.

The average total authorized capital of new enterprises formed in the United States prior to 1919 was approximately $2,000,000,000 a year. The total authorized capital of enterprises launched during 1919 amounted to $12,677,000,000 and the capital issues of 1920 have thus far exceeded those of 1919. The change in money values is responsible for much of the increase.

Sawmills, once very plentiful in Maine, have almost disappeared. Only three remain between Bath and Augusta. The death of the industry is due to the fact that pulp companies have bought up most of the spruce.

Premier Lloyd George announces that Great Britain will begin to trade openly with Soviet Russia as soon as it is certain that Russia will carry out its agreement relative to returning British prisoners.

Secretary of Agriculture E. T. Meredith in a Detroit speech strongly opposed the plan of Secretary of the Treasury Houston to increase taxes on automobile manufacture and use. Mr. Houston was Mr. Meredith's predecessor as head of the Agriculture Department.

Fifty-four miles of railway in the Temiskaming region, opening up to northern transportation a fertile section of the province of Quebec, is shortly to be constructed by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Contract between the company and the Quebec Government was signed during the week.

A decrease of three per cent in retail food prices in October throughout the United States was noted in statistics on the cost of 22 articles of food, made public today by the Department of Labor. Greatest decreases were in prices of sugar, 24 per cent, and potatoes, 15 per cent. The price of eggs increased 14 per cent. The average family expenditure for the 22 articles of food decreased in all of the 51 cities from which monthly prices were tabulated, except Houston, Texas, where there was an increase of approximately five-tenths of one per cent.

National business reviews predict an extensive program of government construction work for 1921.

One-seventh of the total peat lands in the United States are located in Michigan and experiments are being conducted at Chelsea in turning the product of the bogs into coke.

The Manufacturers' Association of Connecticut has gone on record as opposed to the closed shop and as favoring a system of pay which will recognize production and service.

The Bureau of Railway Economics announces that the revenues of Class One roads in September were $29,343,000 less than the amount expected under the new rates.

A Philadelphia varnish dealer has been ordered to cease advertising his goods as "government supplies," "war supplies," and to stop referring to his place of business as "Government Supply House." The goods which he sells never belonged to the government.

The rubber trade of the British Isles has lodged a protest with the government against the increasing importation of American tires.

Dealers of power farming machinery report a steadily increasing number of farms on which tractors and trucks have completely displaced the horse.

During the rush season California farmers work their tractors 24 hours a day, operating three shifts of eight hours. Tractors have been used in California for more than 15 years.

Two and one-half million farmers are now using automobiles and are making substantial savings in time and money as a result. There is a car for every six persons in Iowa and Nebraska, although there are only 401 persons in those states whose income exceeds $25,000.

Crop production of the lower Mississippi Valley has increased a billion dollars during the last ten years. Reclamation of low lands, departure from the one crop system and the adoption of farm tractors are held responsible for this great annual addition to the wealth of the nation.

Motor trucks moved 1,200,000,000 tons of freight in the United States last year. They were second only to the railroads as public carriers.

The Merchants' Association of New York City states the labor turnover in 1920 of skilled and semi-skilled workers will amount to 125 per cent. The turnover rate of unskilled labor is twice that.

The new cotton crop for Egypt has been estimated at 612,000,000 pounds.

The reports of the inspector of factories and workshops of England disclose the fact that since the reduction of the 48-hour week in most British industries there has been a considerable decline in production.

Baltimore garment workers claim that they have procured backing for a million dollar concern and that they expect to make women's clothing in their own shops and retail it through a chain of stores in the near future.

While results are somewhat imperfectly known, indications are that the 1920 cereal crop of the world will be six per cent greater than that of 1919.

It is estimated that the world's sugar crop for 1920-21 will be approximately 1,700,000 tons greater than the total production of 1919-20. It must be understood, in considering this estimate, that there are still two or three months of growing weather which can materially affect the crop. The indicated world production this season is more than 17,000,000 tons of cane and beet sugar.

An illustrated folder which includes a map of the principal highways of the state of Oregon has been issued by the Forest Service. The map should prove valuable to tourists. Address: District Forester, Portland, Oregon.

Woodlands on farms comprise more than one-half of all the forested lands. The present yearly farm income from woodlands is estimated at $15,000,000.

The Department of Agriculture declares that exposure to weather frequently causes greater destruction to farm implements than actual use. It urges that all machinery and tools be stored before winter sets in.

Despite the fact that oats ranks next to corn and wheat in acreage and value in the United States, specialists of the Department of Agriculture report so little attention is given to this important grain that the crop is sometimes unprofitable.

New Mexico farmers who grow pinto beans declare that the next few years will see this product a regular article of food in every home in America. The farmers have standardized their product and, to a large extent, market it co-operatively.

The Department of Agriculture has prepared motion pictures for use in South America, showing American methods of breeding and handling live stock. Many of the department's bulletins are translated into Spanish for use in our neighboring republics.

The state of Maryland has appointed a director of farm products upon whom will fall the responsibility of maintaining and operating motor lines on state highways and from terminals, docks and depots for the collection of farm products.

A census of millionaires taken by the Income Tax Division of the Internal Revenue Bureau, although two years behind time, is interesting. It shows that there were 4,000 fewer millionaires in the United States in 1918 than in 1917. The total number of millionaires in 1918 was 20,944.

X-640
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Briefly Told

That the savages of prehistoric America knew the use of splints in the treatment of fractures is revealed by examination of the skeleton of a young woman recently found in the pueblo ruins of New Mexico. An arm, badly broken in two places, was enclosed by six carefully made splints of wood.

A congress to be organized at San Sebastian will consider the furthering of ideal business relations of Spain and France. The subjects considered will be commerce and industry, art, literature and science and international touring arrangements.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, explorer, is planning another icy expedition, this time to the North Polar regions.

Lady Ramsey, former Princess "Pat," of Connaught, is living in Paris in a three-room flat that does not even boast a bathroom. However, she outranks the British ambassador to France, and there is much speculation over the peculiar situation of social precedence.

Congress will be asked to appropriate $11,000,000 a year to establish a definite national forest program to cover the whole United States.

During the ceremony of the "crossing of the equator" on his recent voyage the Prince of Wales burst forth as a poet, composing an "Apostrophe to Neptune." It contains considerable slang, evidently for shipboard consumption.

The *Northwest Square Deal,* daily newspaper of the Non-partisan League at Aberdeen, South Dakota, has gone into the hands of receivers. Many farmers invested heavily in the publication.

The Civil War is not quite over. In Texas the school authorities are contesting the use of a history textbook on the ground that it slanders the South.

American films, which have been the favorite in England for the past five years, are suffering a slump due to the fact that certain producing concerns have been sending over films of an inferior character.

Investigators state that this year's Cuban sugar crop will be one of the largest in the history of the island.

An expert restorer of ancient documents in Washington is able to split a thin sheet of paper, separating the writing on the two sides, insert a middle layer of paper and cover the entire sheet with a thin silk gauze. This enables the document to stand considerable handling.

"Carbocoal" is a preparation of crushed soft coal carbonized at a relatively low temperature. It resembles anthracite and is smokeless.

Japanese constitute 42.7 per cent of Hawaii's population.

Declaring that it spoils the tranquil peace of the country, the English rural people are making moves to abolish the motor bus from the country road. These busses roar through quiet little villages raising great clouds of dust, frightening pedestrians and exciting the wrath of motorists.

No representative of the United States will attend the sessions of the assembly of the League of Nations, it is announced authoritatively

A new poison gas for war purposes in units small enough to be carried by every soldier is a new device of the Chemical Warfare Service. The new gas is so deadly that it was found necessary to strengthen the masks to make them effective.

One billion barrels of oil annually can readily be used by the United States.

Greensburg, Indiana, is known as "The Lone Tree City," because of a tree growing on the courthouse tower in that city.

The Supreme Court has ruled that an insurance policy on the life of a suicide is payable provided all the conditions of the policy are complied with.

One-third of the population of Germany will emigrate to North America and South America within the next few years, according to a German authority. The reason given for the emigration is that Germany is no longer large enough to provide a living for her increasing population.

To safeguard the nation's bread supply up to next midsummer it will be necessary for Germany to import 1,600,000 tons of wheat, rye, corn and barley.

Maintaining that the mayor and councilmen were not progressive and that sidewalks and lighting facilities were in need of repair, the women of Yoncalla, Oregon, elected an entire feminist administration at a recent municipal election.

Germany, although facing a huge deficit and regardless of treaty restrictions, plans to build a modern light cruiser costing 125,000,000 marks.

To demonstrate a means of ending an epidemic of pay roll robberies and to prove that modern business may be conducted efficiently without the use of small change, a Rochester company is going to conduct its affairs entirely without the use of money, using checks, trade acceptances and travel checks to make payments of every kind, including the pay roll.

Major General Sir Charles Townshend, defender of Kut-el-Amara, has been elected to the House of Commons.

A coal mine owned by South Dakota ships two hundred tons of coal daily. The coal is furnished to the state institutions but individuals may purchase coal at the mine.

Statistics show that 1,096,436 deaths occurred in the United States during 1919. This is at the rate of 12.9 per 1,000 population. The unusually high rate for 1918 was due to the influenza epidemic. This rate was 18 per 1,000.

Eighty thousand head of sheep graze on the mountain ranges of the Okanogan National Forest in Washington. There has been an abundance of snow in the mountains, which assures pasture for next season.

Within walking distance of the west of London nineteen acres of woodland have been set apart as a sanctuary where birds can build. Between 40 and 50 species are known to have used this sanctuary.

Horatio Blanco Fombona, journalist and poet, held by American military forces in Santo Domingo, has gone on a hunger strike as a protest against his imprisonment and also because of the prison diet of beans and potatoes.

Major General McIntyre, chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, in his annual report, urges American capital to develop the oil lands of the Philippines which he says are extensive.

Among the equipment received by the Ordnance Department of the army during the past fiscal year to be retained as part of the establishment were 118,000 machine guns, 1,500 37-millimeter guns, 11,000 guns and howitzers of various calibers, 58,000 automatic rifles and more than 1,000,000 rifles.

New York soldiers now in Germany could not vote in the recent elections because the ballots mailed from Albany did not reach them in time.

Declaring that equal suffrage placed women on a par with men, a Chicago judge fined two women for contempt of court when they refused to remove their hats at his request.

More than five hundred youths from 15 to 17 years of age have been discharged from the army at Fort McDowell this year for having given fictitious ages.

One of two Kamchatka sables escaped from its captors on board a ship anchored at Seattle and fled to the shore. The sables were the first living specimens of the kind ever carried over the seas to America, and were consigned to an eastern fur farm

A bank "manned" entirely by women, with women officers, organized mainly to back the woman who wishes to go into business for herself, is to be established in Philadelphia.

The shortage of fuel in Scranton, Pennsylvania, was so great recently that it was necessary to obtain a physician's prescription before coal would be delivered. Scranton is in the heart of the anthracite coal region but the coal mined there was rushed to all parts of the country where higher rates prevailed.

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531
REA

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year *One Dollar* | Dearborn, Michigan, December 11, 1920 | Single Copy *Five Cents*

War-Profits During the Reign of Jewish Copper Kings

The Baruchs, the Lewisohns, the Guggenheims, and many a lesser son of Judah, with their "Gentile fronts," completely controlled the copper market on both sides of the Atlantic. How they claimed credit for Patriotism. How 16 cent copper was sold for 27. Enormous profits by Jewish concerns on "surplus" after the armistice.

Aztalan—Indian Babylon on the Mississippi

Have you ever read of the great prehistoric capital of the Upper Mississippi Valley, which, uncovered by searchers, is disappearing because of failure to make provision for its care?

People Pulling Minnesota Out of the Mud

Here are the details of a great constructive highway program, well worthy of the big northwest commonwealth and which might well be emulated by every state in the Union. What about your state?

Saw First Gold in California!

As interesting reminiscence as we have read in some time, as related by the last person alive who saw the first gold of the great store that Nature yielded to the sturdy pioneers of '49.

"Interestingly Informative!"

From the Mail Bag

DETROIT, MICH.—Your weekly has a splendid message full of courage and seems to be backed up with honest convictions, touching on things that apparently have a very close relationship to some of our present troubles.

EDGERTON, WIS.—The Dearborn Independent contains much condensed, interesting and useful information that I do not find in any other newspaper that I happen to be a reader of.

BELTON, TEX.—It is bubbling over with just such information as I have always wanted and could never find.

CARLISLE, PA.—. . . and we consider it one of the most attractive and original magazines in our reading room.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Your paper is very clean cut, very instructive and educational and it certainly reveals some things to the writer which have opened his eyes.

BEREA, OHIO.—I must congratulate you on your effort in publishing a most interesting and instructive journal and one I greatly enjoy reading.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—To try to get along without it now would not be so easy, as my daughters look forward to its coming each week for the valuable information they get from it for their school work, and I generally have a Dearborn Independent in my grip when starting out on my week's work.

No present would be so appreciated as fifty-two issues of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT during 1921. Subscribe now for a number of your friends.

Permanent features that go to make THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT unique among American publications:

MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS
BRIEFLY TOLD—THREE ARTS
EDITORIALS—ILLUSTRATIONS
MR. FORD'S PAGE

Invented Wireless Before Marconi Was Born

If Congress had been sincere and newspapers hadn't jeered, the life work of a Washington dentist would have entitled him to a niche in History's Hall of Fame —but Fate ordained otherwise.

The Farmer as a National Legislative Lobbyist

Two-thirds of the farmers of the United States are behind movement to ask Congress for amendment to anti-trust laws which will make collective marketing legal.

He Is an Artist of the Films

Motion pictures, as several of the charming little stories recently written by John B. Wallace for The Dearborn Independent reveal, are developing queer and little-heard-of side lines worth telling about.



Many Men of Many Minds



Reginald McKenna.—In almost every country excessive government expenditure is the main factor in forcing up prices. Many states are compelled by insufficiency of their revenues to borrow, and in their case harm is done which is apparent to everyone. But then, when governments meet their expenditures, however great they may be, by taxation, there is a current belief that the whole duty of man has been fulfilled. This belief is a profound delusion. Very heavy taxation will, I maintain, affect production injuriously, reduce purchasing power and raise the velocity of expenditure, and for all three reasons will tend to drive up prices.

Stephen Lausanne.—If the nations really meant what their delegates have said in flowery speeches they would immediately say: "Let us all agree at once to stop building expensive dreadnaughts and heavier warships and conform to a naval program for lighter vessels." They would agree to cease construction of heavy artillery which is unnecessary for police purposes inside their borders. I think the United States would agree to such a program, as well as to immediate stoppage of the use of poison gas. Until the League of Nations assembly registers sincerity in this big international problem the world will have no faith in the League.

Yes, If Nations Really Meant What They Said

David Lloyd George.—Make Germany pay all she can. The amount should be fixed. I was a lawyer before entering politics and when I confronted a debtor I had two courses to choose, either to enforce strictly the rights of my client, and sell the debtor's house and furniture at the risk of getting nothing or next to nothing, or saying to him: "You owe so much. How much can you pay at once? How much in a year, or ten years?" This latter method I found to be best and this I advise following in dealing with Germany.

Monsignor Bonaventure Ceretti.—The Roman Catholic church has always condemned divorce and continues to combat it both from the pulpit and in various papal allocations dealing with the sanctity of marriage and family ties.

Dr. Edward E. Pratt.—Our export business has borne the brunt of the reducing process that was inaugurated by the Federal Reserve Board more than a year ago. At the present moment, export business has almost entirely ceased, cancellations of orders previously placed are pouring in and drafts on merchandise already sent out are being refused and dishonored in foreign countries.

W. C. Teagle.—The American petroleum industry must look to the development of production outside the United States to supplement the supply from domestic fields. Domestic crude is not sufficient even for current home needs, and it is absolutely imperative that American petroleum producers proceed actively and intelligently to develop oil resources in foreign lands.

Edwin A. Alderman.—The imagination and grasp that have made American industrial enterprise one of the wonders of the modern world, should find their counterpart in the treatment of the educational problem. The very best minds of the nation have got to focus themselves upon it. Owing to the operation of great cosmic forces, it is now the manifest destiny of America to take the lead in the education of the world. Let us have faith that America will not fail to prove itself worthy of this vast obligation in the new epoch which it is called upon to serve.

U. S. Must Take Lead in Educating World, He Believes

Sir Philip Gibbs.—There is only one cure for the woes of Europe and our own—not easy, but bound to come unless we are looking for downfall. It is the reconciliation of peoples, burying of old hatchets, wiping out of old villainies and co-operating in a much closer union of mutual help under the direction of a league of nations, made democratic and powerful by the free consent and ardent impulses of the common folk.

Lord Robert Cecil.—It moves, it is doing things, the League lives, it has already proved its practical value, it will accomplish much, it will prove indispensable to the world. It will be the fault of the peoples if they do not, by faith and insistence on the use of the League, make of it a great instrument of peace.

Daniel Willard.—The United States is rich in natural resources, some parts being especially adapted for cheap production of grain, other parts for coal, ore, and so on, and owing to our free trade policy among the states we procure to a large extent our flour, meats, fuel, cotton, wool and innumerable other articles where they can be produced at lowest initial cost, and then by what has been usually an efficient and adequate system of rail transportation move them to the place of ultimate consumption, the difference in initial cost being so great that the added cost of transportation is very much more than offset.

President Dartiguenave, of Haiti.—The American civil administration in Haiti is more oppressive than the military.

Herbert Hoover.—We have just passed through a period of unparalleled speculation, extravagance and waste. We shall now not only reap its inevitable harvest of unemployment and readjustment, but we shall feel the real effect of four years of world destruction, and its economic and social problems will stand out in vivid disputation. One of the greatest conflicts rumbling up in the distance is that between the employer on one side and organized labor on the other. Probably the tendency to domination exists among the extremists on both sides. There are certain areas of conflict of interest, but there is between these groups a far greater area of common interest, and if we could find measures by which, through co-operation, the field of common interest could be organized, the area of conflict could be in the largest degree eliminated.

Luella A. Palmer.—I often wonder if mother realizes what that last kiss and tender pat means to a child as she tucks him into bed. Perhaps the caress would be given oftener and with added gentleness if she knew what an influence it had upon the unfolding of a little new life. Over and over the brain repeats during the night the events of the day, twisting them into fantastic shapes. These ideas float through the mind of the child for eight to ten hours out of the twenty-four—during one-third to one-half of his life. Whether the fancies will be happy or sad is often determined by the last half hour before sleep begins. And the repetition of the ideas influences a child's temperament, making it more cheerful or pessimistic.

Last Kiss at Night Means Much to Growing Child

Mrs. E. E. Remsberg, sister of President-elect Harding.—All Warren's pals that helped him on the paper are not to be forgotten just because he has been elected president. I expect mother's teachings will continue to dominate him. Warren is conservative—always has been even when a boy. And he never loses his temper. He's calm, deliberate and poised. He is not afraid to stick by his principles, either, and he's a hard worker.

A. A. Nelidow.—The enormous natural wealth of Siberia is well known. Wheat, flax, hides, bristles and furs are among the many raw materials available for export. Coal, gold, platinum, copper and precious stones offer most wonderful opportunities for mining. At the same time there is an almost unlimited demand for all sorts of machinery—mining, farming and other hardware, every description of dry goods, drugs and chemicals, household and wearing apparel and other manufactured goods.

President-elect Harding.—The big thing for all America to realize now and always is the dignity of productive labor. No matter how humble, the producers are the makers of the essentials of civilization and we must each and all of us accept and discharge our duty of producing for the world or of ministering to the needs of comfort or progress of mankind.

Bainbridge Colby.—The government of the United States has consistently urged that it is of utmost importance to the future peace of the world that alien territory transferred as a result of the war with the central powers should be held and administered in such a way as to assure equal treatment to commerce and to citizens of all nations.

E. R. Johnson.—I do not believe America will have a panic with the slump in prices that is inevitable and one does not necessarily follow the other. When prices reach a normal basis then the people will begin buying.

Edwin T. Meredith.—The products of the farm—worth last year $25,000,000,000—constitute the bedrock basis of American business. Manufacturers receive from them directly or indirectly the materials that go to make up their finished products. The banker employs his deposits in facilitating the exchange of products between the farmer and the manufacturer. The railroads and other transportation agencies carry the output of the farms from one to the other. Of the wares on the merchant's shelves many are the products of the farm, and of many others the farmer is the largest purchaser. Is the business man interested in whether the farmer operates at a profit or not? The one answer to that is this: If the business man is not interested in himself, in the success of his enterprises, in the profit that he hopes to take from it, in the comforts and conveniences that he intends to provide for himself and for his wife and children, then he is most deeply and vitally interested in doing everything possible to see that the farmer has a fair opportunity to conduct his enterprise on a profitable basis. He is interested—or should be interested—in making sure that the farmer gets a square deal, that his products, when they are sold, find an open, free, remunerative market.

Square Deal for Farmer Should Be Merchant's Aim

Thomas Lipton.—My view is that every man who feels he has, or can get, the equipment to meet a bigger market should go to the bigger market. That's the advice I give to every friend of mine who puts the question to me. There's no mystery in foreign trade. In some respects it is often found easier and less risky than selling in your own home market. Every big American ought to get into the foreign field.

W. L. McKenzie King.—Human nature does not change when men become members of boards of directors, or sit in conclaves or cabinets. An autocratic man will be a tyrant, whether he be an emperor, the manager of an industrial corporation, or the leader of a labor organization. Unfortunately, evil forces, like beneficent ones, expand. Control becomes increasingly powerful as the area of its authority widens.

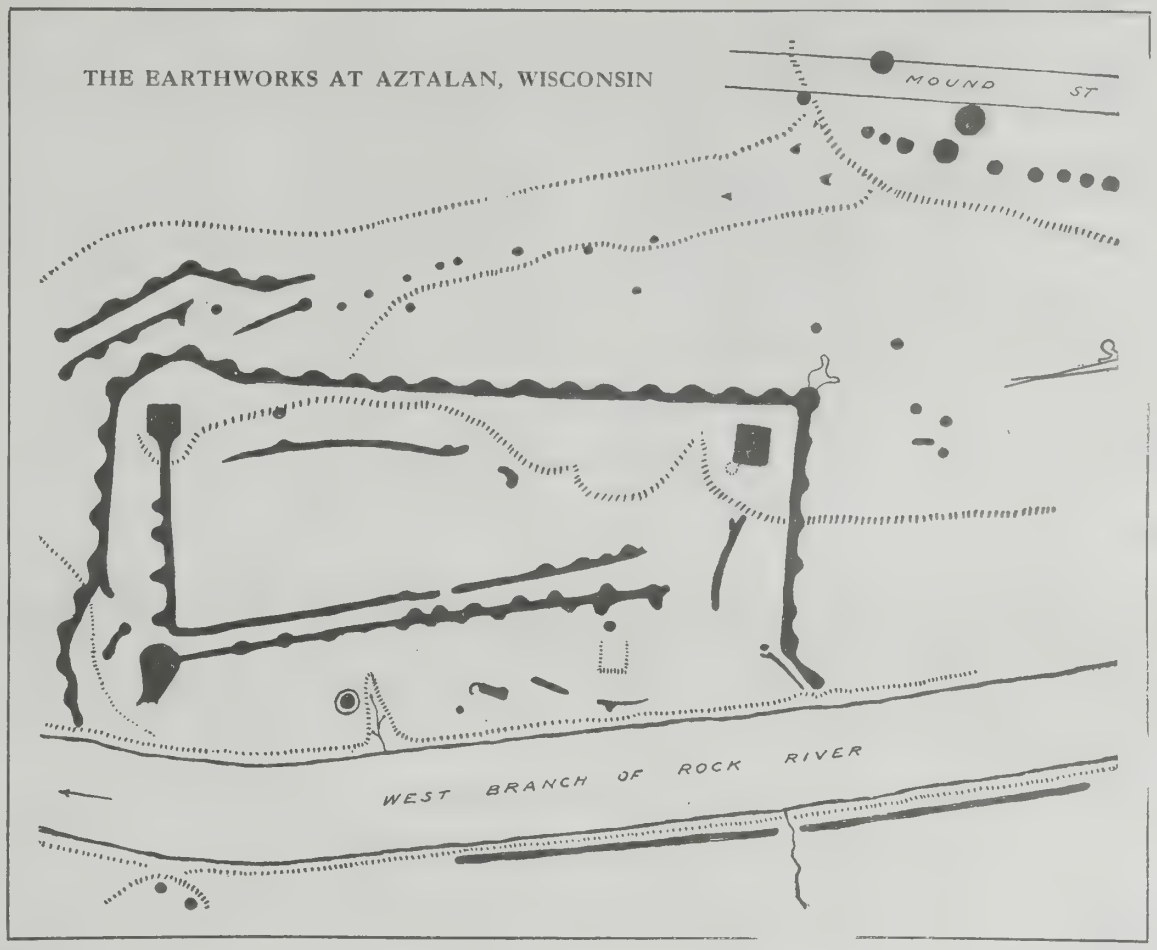
Charles H. Kayser.—The loss by useless but preventable fire has now reached the enormous sum of $300,000,000 and more than 15,000 lives a year in the United States.

Howard Elliot.—In my judgment we cannot get on our feet unless everybody is willing to co-operate with everybody else. I think that so far as possible there should be a sinking of self, and that large enterprises should avoid even the appearance of evil and of so-called "profiteering." There has been enough of that to make the public feel that the so-called well-to-do have been getting an undue share. This, of course, is not true except in a few cases, but that impression is abroad and is doing harm.

Shun Profiteering Suggestion of Railroad Man

H. E. Coffey.—Discontent and dissatisfaction are growing among the farmers as never before; and there is a reason for it. The increased price of farm products has not been proportional to the increased cost of production, and the farmer is awakening to the inequalities and injustice of our day. The reports of the Department of Agriculture indicate that the average income of the American farmer is less than one-half of the average wage received by a carpenter, bricklayer, or any other organized city trade.

Aztalan—Indian Babylon on the Mississippi



By FRED L. HOLMES

THE great prehistoric capital of the Upper Mississippi Valley—now a disappearing earthwork inclosure of crumbling walls and ceremonial mounds—is being upturned by the spade of the scientist and investigator. It was a weird and mystic place to spend a day's outing.

To determine whatever of archeological knowledge might be hidden in these great prehistoric ruins the Milwaukee public museum began a course of extensive excavations and study early in the summer this year and although these investigations are still in progress so many discoveries of interest were made that the Wisconsin Archeological Society and the State Historical Society recently made a joint pilgrimage to the place and spent a day visiting the ruins under the direction of the scientists at work.

As the excavations progress and one truth is piled upon another belief becomes an established fact that at Aztalan, Wisconsin, there once gathered at this ceremonial mecca, Indian tribes from the entire Northwest—perhaps as our ancestors crowded in crusades to the Holy Land. Here their greatest Upper Mississippi Valley earthworks were built, basketful of earth upon basketful from the surrounding fields, almost the task of an age when such simple methods of transportation must be utilized; here center all the old Indian trails to other localities; here are still to be found unmistakable evidences of courtly scenes and inspiring religious ceremonials and gruesome evidence of human sacrifices—probably war captives were boiled in kettles, devoured in canabalistic fashion and their broken bones heaped in the camp refuse with those of fish and animals.

For eighty years Aztalan has been a strange name to conjure with. It was named by its first discoverer, who believed that it must have been a deserted village of the Aztecs. In 1838 it lacked only two votes of being chosen as the capital seat of Wisconsin. Then came Increase A. Lapham, scientist, father of the weather bureau, and with chain and compass gathered some of the material facts about Aztalan which when published made the deserted village famous even in Europe as among the western world's antiquities. It is said that until recently scholars in foreign countries have actually shown more interest in the Aztalan mounds than people of Wisconsin themselves. The late Professor James D. Butler, of the University of Wisconsin, in a series of historical articles refers to the fact that when traveling in Europe he met more inquiries regarding Wisconsin's greatest aboriginal ruin than he met in his own state.

Like the more famous Indian earthworks, the establishment at Aztalan was erected on a beautiful water scene. The main inclosure was a huge parallelogram, with the Rock River as one of its sides. The north wall was 631 feet; the west, opposite the river, 1,419 feet and the south 703 feet—a field of nearly eighteen acres. The wall width is given as more than 22 feet and the height from one to five feet. Along the outer edge of its entire length were rounded projections which have been frequently referred to as "buttresses or bastions" but which scientists have since determined "were never designed for either of the purposes indicated by these names."

Inside the inclosure, within the northwest and southwest angles, were two flat-topped rectangular, truncated, pyramidal mounds, the level tops measuring from 60 to 65 feet.

"Also within were a number of excavations, besides conical mounds, embankments and other earthworks, some of which our present knowledge enables us to identify as very probably effigy or emblematic mounds," says C. E. Brown, secretary of the Wisconsin Archeological Society.

Outside the inclosure were originally 74 mounds and a number of embankments, all located on the west bank of the river, while on the east bank of the river were formerly two long embankments, two small inclosures, and twenty-two mounds. All these were apparently directly connected with the inclosure and the whole together formed a unique but one of the largest and one of the most important of the many ancient earthworks of America.

"What was Aztalan?" was the question put to Dr. S. A. Barrett, curator of anthropology, head of the scientific investigation for the Milwaukee museum. We were then standing on the top of the ridge looking across the valley, below us were the ruins of the ancient village, its outline still visible although plowed for 70 years. Broad stubble fields, acres of corn, herds of sleek cattle grazing on the hillsides spread before us. The investigator paused for a moment, as if breaking the mystic spell which attached him to the ancient past.

"Aztalan is still a beautiful place," said Dr. Barrett. "We find that this was a great ceremonial establishment whose mounds and pyramids supported tall ceremonial poles, doubtless bedecked with emblems of symbolic significance. The walls perhaps served as ways for processionals and may have been also adorned with temporary decorations, of which no traces now remain. Certain it is that these walls never served as works of defense and that Aztalan was never a fortified town.

"The ancient inhabitants of Aztalan possessed a relatively high culture as is shown especially by their pottery. Vessels of various beautiful forms ornamented with many different patterns in incised, modeled and painted decoration have been found in the old village site. Though broken and left just as these ancient people used them they are still works of art of no mean merit and show the highest expression of the artistic sense of the former inhabitants of Aztalan. Of special importance in the present work is the fact that these potsherds show characteristic features of three widely distributed peoples, indicating that Aztalan was at one time a center of no small importance.

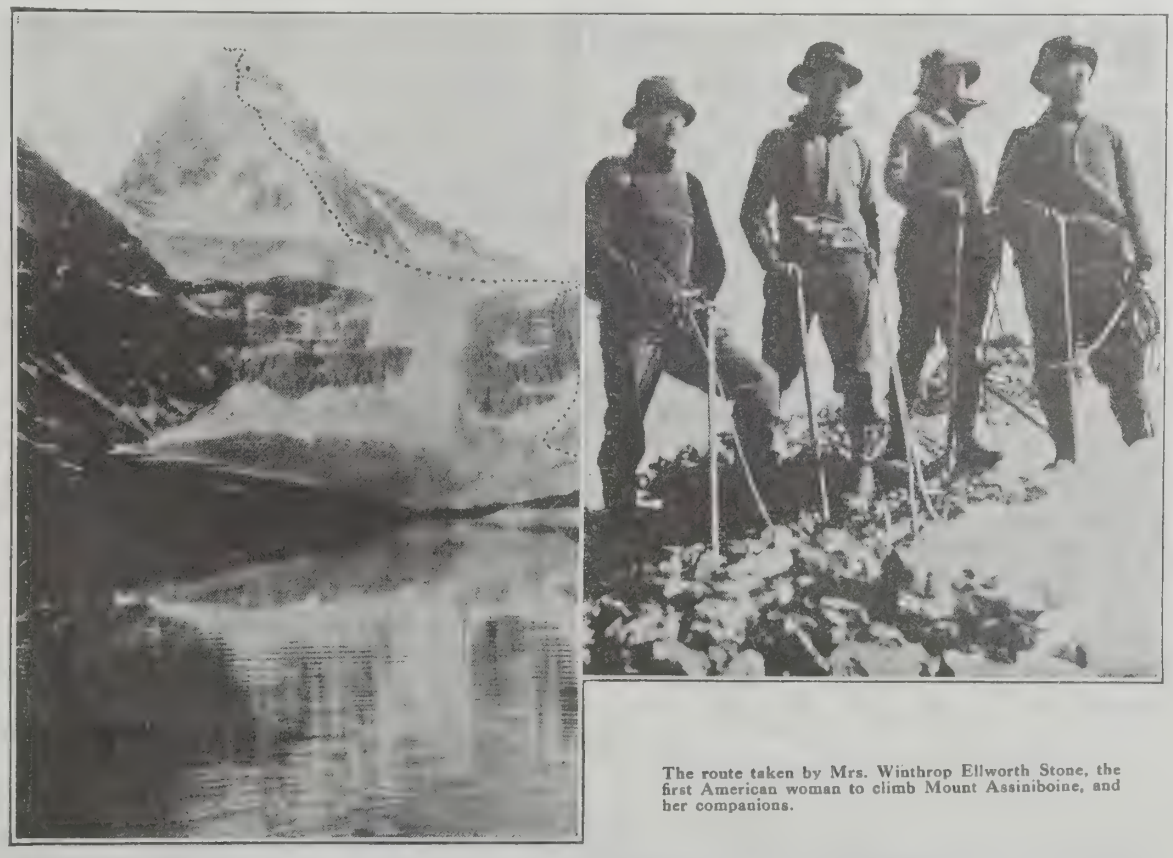
"The far-famed 'bricks' of Aztalan were irregular masses of clay mixed with grass and then burned possibly in connection with ceremonial offerings in some instances. One instance has been found in which this clay was employed in the making of a rude fireplace.

"That canabalism was practiced by the builders of these earthworks is clearly shown by the presence, in numerous instances, of portions of human skeletons and more especially of the fragments of human bones cracked for the marrow, in the refuse heaps of the village and about the camp fires. These are associated with the cracked bones of various kinds of animals and with the bones of birds and fish, and with all kinds of other kitchen refuse showing that they were undoubtedly treated in exactly the same manner as was the refuse of any other kind of food. The victims were doubtless captives of war sacrificed in connection with the ceremonies which were probably the real center of the life of the ancient Aztalan."

After a careful consideration of all the facts available from former work and of the results of the present excavations it seems entirely unlikely that this inclosure was intended by its builders as a fortification or even that it was a palisaded town. It seems most likely that it was a great ceremonial establishment, possibly the resort of devotees from considerable distances. Such an inclosure with its pyramids, embankments and mounds within and with the large number of mounds and other earthworks without must certainly have presented an imposing spectacle during one of its elaborate, ritualistic ceremonies with hundreds and perhaps thousands of religious devotees assembled for worship. The best evidence indicates that it was the capital of the Siouxan tribes of which the Dakota and Winnebago are descendants.

The permanent preservation of what now remains of Aztalan is being urged upon the state by both the Wisconsin State Historical Society and the Wisconsin Archeological Society. Being located on a main-traveled road between Madison and Milwaukee it would be, if inclosed in a small state park, visited by thousands of citizens and tourists every year.

Back to earthly levels the famous Indian ceremonial grounds are returning, and beside Aztalan another village, one of the first to be established by the white man in Southern Wisconsin, is going to decay. Gone are the four hotels of modern Aztalan, the wagon works, the homes and only a half dozen empty buildings and walls charred by fire stand like sentinels. The ruins of two civilizations are passing fast to oblivion.



The route taken by Mrs. Winthrop Ellworth Stone, the first American woman to climb Mount Assiniboine, and her companions.

These photographs just received show the remarkable record-breaking climb up the steepest and highest peak of the Canadian Rockies, 11,860 feet above sea level, of Mrs. Winthrop Ellworth Stone, wife of the president of Purdue University. Because of its inaccessibility as well as the difficulties which it offers the mountain has only been climbed a few times by men. In the party of four was Dr. Stone, the quartet making the climb in six and one-quarter hours.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 7, December 11, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Colonel House on Silence

WHETHER one be a friend or a foe of the League of Nations he cannot help being somewhat amazed at a statement from Colonel E. M. House, President Wilson's confidential advisor, that open diplomacy is vital to the success of the League and that unless the tribunal will agree to keep the peoples of all nations informed of the direction in which they are being led, its chances for doing any great good will be greatly lessened.

That statement, true as it is, sounds rather strange, coming from the man who probably had more influence with Mr. Wilson at the Peace Conference than any other individual or set of individuals and yet, as far as can be ascertained, did nothing to make good the promise of "open covenants openly arrived at."

One imagines the statesmen of Europe, who know Colonel House and his methods of handling diplomatic affairs, will chuckle right heartily at being scolded for the sin of silence in diplomatic matters by a man who has been one of the most conspicuous offenders.

If Colonel House is in earnest, one wonders why there was not less secrecy at Versailles and Paris. And one cannot help meditating upon the fact that if the policy which the President's advisor now preaches had been put into practice in 1919 the League of Nations might have met the hopes of the world in a far more complete sense than it is meeting them today.

The colonel's conversion is a bit late. The meeting is all over.

Get Them, Judge

APPOINTMENT of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, he of $29,000,000 Standard Oil fame, as the supreme arbiter in major league baseball, insures a square deal for the public.

If the owners of major league parks had not acted as they did, as promptly as they did, the scandals that have cropped up during the past season might well have closed their gates within another year.

And yet that last statement perhaps must be modified somewhat, for the people notoriously are quick to forget, as witness even now their having been lulled to sleep following the indictment in Chicago of the unfortunate players who succumbed to the temptation of great sums of "easy money." At the time there was promise that *all* the guilty would be dealt with as summarily as were the players, but the stigma of exposure has fallen only upon the weak ones. Those who initiated the scheme, those who were responsible for its successful carrying through, seemingly have escaped unscathed. They are of the same type as the Broadway "bank roll men" who back the gambling houses of New York City, participate in organized crime, and are responsible for commercialized vice.

It is to be hoped that the new chief of baseball will devote his attention to such as these, for without their permanent elimination from baseball, the menace is dissipated but for the moment.

Spank Him

THE world some few months ago thrilled at the daring of one Gabriel D'Annunzio, who with an enviable war record as a flyer in the Italian Army, had recruited a legion and with it had seized Fiume, a port in the Adriatic that promised difficulties if indeed did not bring war between Italy and the newly-created Jugo-Slavia.

D'Annunzio was not unknown to the world then; as a poet he had stirred Italy to break its neutrality and enter the war as an ally of the Entente. During the dark days his words had inspired his gallant comrades to greater deeds of valor. Came the armistice, the Peace Treaty, and following these, the sudden dash of D'Annunzio and his adventuring force.

People paused in their discussion of the high cost of living to pay a few words of tribute to the poet-aviator. His manifestoes, his defiances, rang with phrases that stirred the sluggish blood even in the far-off corners where time hangs heavily and the cracker barrel and drum stove furnish the attractiveness that draws men.

But time went on and with its passing came a moderation in the discussion of the claims and counter-claims in respect to the status of Fiume. Statesmen of the interested countries got together and settled the question satisfactorily to both parties. But moderation did not fit in with the D'Annunzio program. The reason? It called for his removal from the center of the stage; the spotlight would be upon others.

So now we have revealed a man of ordinary clay and it is this ordinary clay that makes of him a common scold, breathing words of impotence, dangerous only because there are those who still worship the idol they set up from earlier words.

The Italian Government, its troubles so many, should waste no time upon him. If there are those who refuse to obey its commands, they too must suffer the consequences. But have done with D'Annunzio—there are too many serious problems to occupy the world's attention.

Let's Forget Politics

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER, of Kansas, who devotes most of his time in Congress to championing the cause of the farmers and does it very ably, is reported to have declared the Republican party must give considerable attention to the needs of the farm if it expects to be kept in power at the next congressional elections. Senator Capper chooses a rather unhappy way of expressing the matter, for he makes it appear a matter of votes whereas it should be nothing of the kind. If the Republican party approaches the problem of farm legislation with such a motive it can be written right now that the legislation which results will be of questionable value. Laws that are written to capture the votes of one class usually infringe on the rights of other classes.

The farmers have a long legislative program ready to present but there is no indication that they are preparing to attempt to win favorable consideration by threatening Congress with their ballots. On the other hand the farmers' organizations are sparing no efforts to prepare their case so that it will be understood by Congress and the public and the justice of their requests recognized.

There is no doubt that considerable farm legislation is needed. Nor is there any doubt that a great deal of attention will be given to the subject by the next Congress. But it should not be pure class legislation and that is what it is apt to be if the motive is votes rather than justice and common sense.

Ponzi

THE conviction of Ponzi, Boston's financial faker, on one of the several charges against him, was expected and has caused but little comment. When the "wizard," as thousands called him, went to jail and stayed there, the blind faith of the multitudes vanished. Nothing discredits a wizard so much as being kept in jail.

The experience of thousands of honest people who lost their savings in Mr. Ponzi's scheme should serve to discourage the promotion of any more such get-rich-quick fakes for a time at least. Eventually, of course, there will be another glib individual with a new way of promising something for nothing, but for the present, perhaps, gentry of this type will find the pickings rather hard.

A review of the whole course of the Ponzi case, however, will show that the state and Federal authorities are partially to blame for the magnitude of his operations. He was allowed to do business wholly unmolested for months and during all that time the gold of the trusting depositors was flowing across his counter in a steady stream.

It would have been just as easy to have ordered Ponzi to suspend operations during the first month that he was in business as it was to do so after he had been accepting deposits for nine months. And such an order would have saved hundreds of thousands of dollars to the people of Boston and vicinity.

Having disposed of Ponzi, would it not be well to inquire into the negligence of the officials who are supposed to protect the public from such adventurers?

Give Them a Chance

THE story is told of President Lincoln who, while walking one day in the park with a friend, turned back for some distance to assist a beetle which had gotten upon its back, and lay upon the walk with its legs sprawling and kicking, vainly trying to turn itself over. The President righted it, and the beetle scurried off into the shrubbery. The friend expressed surprise that the President, burdened as he was at that time with the cares of the Civil War, should find time to spare to assist a bug.

"Well," said Lincoln, a smile lighting up his homely face and making it almost beautiful, "do you know if I had left that bug struggling there on his back, I wouldn't have felt just right. I wanted to put him on his feet and give him an equal chance with all the other bugs of his class."

It was this trait in Lincoln's character—the wanting to give everybody an equal chance—that endeared him to millions of his countrymen.

There are many people in this world who have not an equal chance with their fellows to lead a clean and honest life. They begin with a millstone around their necks. From their birth, their training is neglected, their opportunity to forge ahead is menaced by their surroundings, their ambitions have never been aroused, and their whole chance of advancement is limited by reason of this unequal start.

The boy, born amid squalid surroundings, of sinister parentage, and allowed to grow up without a word of counsel or encouragement as to how he should proceed to make a man of himself, has not an equal chance with those who are born into more favorable conditions of life.

The girl, whose bringing up has been nil, whose playground is the street, and whose companions the product of the same strata of society to which she herself belongs, when she reaches the time when the womanhood within her—crushed and stifled and almost smothered, perhaps, but still there—yearns for something better than the life she is then living, often finds that she has not the moral stamina to breast the eddies and cross-currents which beset her in her battle against the winds of adversity. She goes down with the tide because she never had an equal chance with others who, with stronger wills and a better knowledge of life, succeeded where she failed.

The young man, because of the lack of early training to rely upon his own efforts, when suddenly thrown upon his own resources is at a disadvantage in the marts of business, and is likely to go down under the swirling rush of modern commercial life.

Many a young woman who had been taught to think only of self and pleasure and enjoyment, and to give no thought to the practical things of life, has stood aghast when wealth has taken wings, and the necessity for work confronted her.

And all this because the majority of men and women will not turn back in their mad onward rush for wealth, pleasure or happiness, to assist the fallen one to regain his feet once more.

Take a little time, and see if you cannot help some one less fortunate than yourself. Let your interest go out to those who are struggling against circumstances which have bound them down through no fault of their own, and see if you cannot make things a little less hard for them.

Put out your hand, and raise a fellow being who has fallen to his feet once more, and give him an equal chance with others of his class.

Remember how President Lincoln, amid the cares and worries which were pressing upon him with almost overwhelming force, stopped long enough to assist a bug to its feet again. Go out of your way the next time you see a person who has fallen, and raise him to his feet. Give him a chance in the race of life, once more, and see if you do not feel happier than you ever have been before, because of your act.

Action Needed

IT IS well that the authorities are stirring to the menace of unrestricted immigration that has been and is flooding into the country through Ellis Island. The inquiries instituted reveal that millions are awaiting passage at the Baltic ports and these millions for the most part have been characterized as a low-grade type of immigrant, non-producers, diseased, illiterate.

We know, of course, that there is a place in the United States for the desirable immigrant. He is welcome and will readily find his niche in the scheme of things. But there must be discrimination. The bars must be up, firmly in place, against those whose destructive tendencies will not permit them to enter into the spirit of free America.

Let us have action before the flood becomes a tidal wave threatening engulfment.



Mr. Ford's Page



AT BOTTOM, nothing much matters in social affairs except the way in which men treat one another. Everything else swings around this. There may be scarcity or there may be plenty, but if the relations between men are full of confidence, if the sense of unity and reliability is broadcast among men, more than half the occasion for anxiety is removed. But though there be peace in the land and plenty everywhere, if there is not human concord, all material blessings are robbed of more than half their worth.

It is a great shock when the mind awakens to the fact that not all of humanity is human, that is, that whole groups of people do not regard others with humane feeling. Great efforts have been made to have this appear as the attitude of a class, but it is really the attitude of all "classes," in so far as they are swayed by the false notion of "classes." Before, when it was the constant effort of propaganda to make the people believe that it was only the "rich" who were without humane feelings, the opinion became general that among the "poor" the humane virtues flourished.

But the "rich" and the "poor" are both very small minorities, and you cannot classify society under these heads. There are not enough "rich" and there are not enough "poor" to serve that purpose. Rich men have become poor without changing their natures, and poor men have become rich, but the problem has been very little affected by it.

Between these two is the great mass of the people who are neither rich nor poor, and who never will be, for the reason that a society of millionaires would be bound to raise wheat and bake bread and make machinery and run trains if they were to have anything to live on, just as the present society has to do. And they will never be poor for the reason that they are willing to do their part in the world.

It is these people—the people—who give tone to the world. The press in its society columns may sometimes give the impression that the well-to-do are the important people, and the agitator may give the impression that the impoverished constitute the important element in the world. But both are minute sections of society; those who make the world go round, who give the flavor which social life possesses, are the masses who make up the great whole of the people.

No one can oppress the masses but themselves, and they do this by forgetting their oneness. Take it in industrial management, for example. With the best will in the world the head of a concern may adopt a policy of fair-dealing with men as individuals, only to find afterward that all down the line that policy has been wrecked by the bad temper or ill judgment of employes on whom the policy was dependent for its success. It was not the employer who created the unfair conditions, it was the employes. The relations between men in the shop are often more oppressive, more destructive of freedom and happiness in work, than are the relations between the managerial and the operative forces.

Until we begin to think of each other in our total relations as human beings, and get rid of the notion that the basis of our relations are coldly economic instead of warmly human, there is bound to be inner friction. And it is this inner friction that accounts for most of the anxiety and unhappiness of our everyday life.

It is time to utter a warning word both to employers and employes who consider themselves opposing forces, and who take advantage of "economic" changes to push the fight one against the other.

Just let your mind pass back to conditions in the United States at the beginning of the year. Labor was scarce then. Men threw up their jobs on the slightest pretext because they knew they could have their choice of five or six other jobs. There was a competitive bidding for men among some of the industries. Changes were so frequent and the per capita production slumped so seriously, that anyone who knew anything at all knew that the time would inevitably come when those things would have to be paid for.

At that time, those who nurture the idea of "industrial war" as the normal condition between employer and employe were rather jubilant because they had the upper hand. Their tone was: "Now we have got the bosses where they have got to come to us; we can do with them what we like."

It was not wise, it was not humane; it was industrially suicidal. Worst of all, it revealed in a flash how little we really know about our relations one with another.

The time came when for all this carelessness everybody had to pay. And everybody is paying a little bit now. You cannot fling flour broadcast and expect the barrel to hold out for the baking, and you cannot fling time and material wages away and expect business to go on supporting that kind of thing. Indeed, society itself cannot support that system of things, and that is where the day of judgment dawns for such things—in society itself.

But now what do we see? Why, we see certain employers adopting precisely the same attitude and showing precisely the same temper as characterized the thoughtless workman earlier in the year. We see and hear signs of a thought like this: "The tide has turned; it is our innings now; we have got the workers where they will have to meet our terms."

It only needs to be stated thus baldly to enable everyone to see how wrong it all is.

It is a very great mistake, and it only goes to show how foolish we all are together.

There is no such thing as "getting even" in this way. Nobody ever "gets even" anyway; only nature and the moral law have control of the evening up process, and this process arises because all of us in our human relations have gone out of line.

When you try to "even the score," you only double it. The old law of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" meant, at the very best, two eyes instead of one, two teeth instead of one—*doubling* the evil instead of curing it.

The situation seems to be that, because of human folly in months past, natural law is now operating to bring matters back into equilibrium. But if, on account of this process, another portion of the industrial organization undertakes to have its little fling too, then it only means that natural law will have to come back again and, by another painful operation, restore the damage done by the second folly.

All of these matters are within human control. From the war and its antecedents, to all the consequences thereof, nothing has been inevitable in the absolute sense; all has originated in the human will unwisely directed. If now human will and wisdom were directed in co-operation with the law of right relations, not only would the restorative process be comparatively brief, but there would be no relapses.

If any party gets the idea that now is *its* innings, then another party will strive hard for its innings again, and the consequence will be that the law of right relations will be constantly halting, checking and penalizing us. We are free to go as far as we like, but we are foolish to use that freedom to our own hurt or to the hurt of society at large. And free as we are, we are absolutely bound by the law that no one can prosper unless all prosper, and no one can suffer unless all suffer. Society is a living organism, and no system of capitalism can say, "We will feed the head and starve the hands," and no system of socialism can say, "We will feed the hands and starve the head," for whichever course you take of this character, all you succeed in doing is starving the whole social body.

Surely we have gone through enough to make us wiser than some present-day talk indicates.

THE highest human privilege is to learn. We are learning now that what we did last spring when jobs were plentiful was wrong. Whenever we do anything wrong, Nature holds court and assesses damages. Workmen said: "We have got the bosses where we want them;" they quit on any pretext; per capita production decreased. We should have learned something, for the consequences were not long in coming. But no; we now hear the same thing from some employers: "The tide is turned; the workmen will have to come to our terms." This is not "getting even"; it is doubling the evil. Why match one folly by another? Natural law will as quickly penalize society for the unwise employer as for the unwise employe. There are no "classes"; there is only human society. We prosper or suffer together. Let us be wise.

People Pulling Minnesota Out of the Mud

Approve Construction of Trunk Highway System of 7,000 Miles

By EARL CHRISTMAS

PULLING Minnesota out of the mud is the new job undertaken by the people of that state. And it's going to be a real accomplishment. This doesn't mean that Minnesota roads are worse than those of other states. It does mean they are going to be a whole lot better.

Establishing a state trunk highway system of 7,000 miles, approved in the form of a constitutional amendment at the recent general election, Minnesota has launched into a program designed to place it in first rank among states with good roads.

The Minnesota program, known as the Babcock plan, contemplates improvement and maintenance of this vast trunk system of arterial roads by the state through a license tax on automobiles.

Removing from counties and townships the burden of building and maintaining these arterial highways, the plan will release, according to highway engineers, enough local funds to build 21,850 miles of graveled connecting roads in ten years. In other words, at the end of ten years, Minnesota can have under the amendment, 28,850 miles of improved highways, constructed without increasing road taxes and with only the additional funds from the state license tax on automobiles.

The Babcock plan—so called from its author, C. M. Babcock, commissioner of highways in Minnesota—isn't just a plan. It is an accomplished fact.

The Minnesota legislature approved the project with but ten dissenting votes in the two houses. Submission of the bill to the people as an amendment to the state constitution was necessary, however, to enable the state to engage in building roads and to enable it to use funds from a license tax on automobiles for this purpose.

Though state good roads projects frequently fall by the wayside in general elections, the Minnesota project was approved by a large majority, almost three persons voting for it to one who opposed it. It remains only for the legislature to pass a law under this authorization providing for the license tax.

An average of $18 a car has been suggested as the license fee to be charged. With a registration of 300,000 motor vehicles, this will provide revenue of more than $5,000,000 a year, enough to build and maintain the trunk highway system of 7,000 miles. This, however, will be determined by the legislature.

Owners of motor vehicles, though their fees will be increased, will get back their money threefold in saving in the cost of operation of their cars. At least, that was the promise of the state highway department, and the motorists were the most enthusiastic boosters for the project. The license tax, which is to be graduated to the size of the car, is to be in lieu of other taxes on automobiles.

Though it required the formality of a constitutional amendment to legalize it, the Babcock plan long ago started to function.

Already, 3,000 miles of permanent grading has been done on this 7,000-mile system. Two thousand miles of road have been gravel surfaced. More than a hundred miles have been paved, and two-thirds of the bridges and culverts have been put in. County officials in Minnesota were sure the people of Minnesota wanted good roads. So sure were they, that the counties in the last two years went ahead and improved vast stretches of road at their own expense, confident they would be reimbursed under a provision of the bill arranging for this in case the amendment passed. Minnesota counties in the last two years, according to estimates by the state highway department, have spent $16,000,000 in permanent road improvements, subject to refund under the amendment.

That's how much faith Minnesota counties had in the Babcock plan and the people of Minnesota.

During the present year, in spite of high prices of materials, Minnesota counties have done 1,800 miles of permanent grading, said J. H. Mullen, deputy commissioner of highways. Graveling accomplished during the year, he put at 1,100 miles of roads, and paving at 100 miles. But two other states in the union—Illinois and Pennsylvania — can compare with that record.

Plans for all this work have been drawn up by the state highway department, and the work has been done under the direction of the department.

The state highway department, under Commissioner Babcock, has assumed the job of traffic director for the state.

Ever since 1916, the department has been studying the traffic on Minnesota roads. Mr. Babcock and his engineers found out what roads carried the heaviest burdens. He took a statewide traffic census, and repeated it from year to year. Then on the basis of these findings, he started to work mapping out a state trunk highway system, seeking to put on this system the main, or arterial roads—roads that carried not merely local, but inter-county or state traffic.

For months, behind closed doors, the engineers worked. They wanted the establishment of the routes to be free from every consideration of politics or local interests, and those seeking to intercede for various localities found only locked doors at the highway department.

Finally the routes were established, and so successful had been the arrangement that but ten votes could be mustered against the plan in both houses of the legislature.

Not all the 7,000 miles of the trunk system are to be paved—not by any means. The highway department of Minnesota is going at its job like a traffic director. Only those portions requiring hard roads, as shown by the traffic census, taken from time to time, will be paved. Others will be improved with macadam or gravel surfaced, depending on the volume of traffic. The engineers can tell by a glance at their surveys which roads are unable to bear the traffic to which they are subjected.

A traffic census in 1920, taken during the last two weeks in August, was much more extensive than previous observations. Observers were stationed on 179 main roads. They registered an average daily traffic of 76,799 vehicles on these roads. Of this number only 6,259 were horse drawn. The census revealed a tremendous increase in traffic. In two years, from 1918 to 1920, traffic on some thirty roads under observation increased approximately 50 per cent.

Startling increases were made on some roads. On the road from Wadena to Staples, the count was 182 in 1918, and this year, it was 509. The road from Willmar to Atwater jumped from 268 to 738, and the road from the Twin Cities to Elk River, from 554 to 1,268, as the daily average of vehicles. And the same percentages of gain obtained on many other roads.

Maintenance tests demonstrate, according to the highway engineers, that dirt roads, to be maintained economically, will carry not more than 150 vehicles a day, and gravel surfaced roads not more than 400. In many cases the danger point had been passed, the Minnesota census showed. One road, leading into St. Paul, carried a daily traffic of 1,645 vehicles, and numerous roads carried more than a thousand daily. Building and maintaining roads by the state is a new departure.

"Keeping up these arterial roads is just as much a state obligation as any state institution," said Mr. Babcock. "The main roads of a state are used not merely by the people who live in that county; they are used by people traveling from county to county and state to state.

"For instance, you may have a comparatively poor county, and a road leading through it to some city. A large commercial traffic develops on that road. It isn't fair for the county to be forced to maintain that road. The state ought to do it.

"Another thing—the census we have taken, showing the great volume of automobile traffic, shows that the principle is right. We are making the automobile pay for the good roads, but saving in cost of operation will repay the owners of the cars many times.

"In the past, the counties of Minnesota have spent 80 per cent of their road money in maintaining these main highways, bearing largely county-to-county, or state, traffic. They have neglected the more local, or connecting roads. In many cases, they have spent all their money on these main roads.

"The counties now will be free to use all their funds on the feeder roads. The past year, the county road and bridge fund, made up from all the counties, totaled $8,700,000. All of this can now be diverted to the local or feeder roads, instead of four-fifths of it being spent in the arterial roads. Then there is $1,700,000 in state aid to the counties from a one mill tax levied under a provision in the constitution.

"Then there is Federal aid to Minnesota of $2,800,000 a year, which will be allotted to the counties not for use on the trunk system, but on the local roads. This year, incidentally, the counties matched this by raising not equal amounts, but in many cases funds four times as great. So, Minnesota counties will have from $8,000,000 to $10,0000,000 more money for their local roads, hitherto almost neglected. By the end of ten years, we can have an improved road leading up to the door of every farm in Minnesota. These funds alone will build them.

"Such a plan as this is invaluable in a state like Minnesota. We have a great expanse of territory and very rich counties and some poor counties. Four counties have more than 50 per cent of the valuation of the state. We haven't kept up in the past with the growth of the state. Now we propose to improve the roads to meet traffic needs, putting them in good traveling condition throughout the state first, and then making more permanent improvements as we proceed.

"Our big trouble in the past is that we have been building roads something like the village used to put in sidewalks. Now we propose to connect up all the main highways of the state in one great trunk system.

"In other words we are going to build the trunk first; meanwhile the counties, building upon this trunk, can make their improvements effective. If they spend no more money than they now spend, in ten years we can have 28,000 miles of improved highways."

The Babcock amendment authorizes the legislature to issue bonds, but this will not be necessary. The license tax will provide sufficient money to build and maintain the 7,000-mile trunk system.



C. M BABCOCK

Commissioner of highways in Minnesota, who fathered the new highway program.

New Cars Add to Wear of Road

THAT the present interest in the construction of new highways should not divert attention from properly maintaining highways already improved is a point which the Bureau of Public Roads, United States Department of Agriculture, has had occasion to emphasize many times in recent months, particularly in view of the enormous increase in motor vehicle traffic which is taking place.

The bureau recently completed a compilation of statistics from all the states of the Union showing that there was a total of 7,565,446 registered motor cars (including motorcycles and trucks) in the United States in 1919. This is an increase of 23 per cent, or 1,418,829 motor cars over 1918. Such figures indicate that the country's highways are being used far more than in the past, it is pointed out, and in consequence added attention must be given to the repair problem. The increase in the number of cars for 1919 over 1918 represents about 10 per cent more cars than the total number registered in the entire United States for 1913.

Additional use of roads and streets has, of course, been accompanied by additional revenue paid to state and local governments in the form of license fees, which in nearly all states are devoted to highway needs. The registration and license fees for automobiles, trucks, and motorcycles in use in 1919 totaled $64,697,255.58—an increase of 20 per cent over 1918. The total revenues for New York and Pennsylvania the past year were about double the revenues received for all motor vehicle registrations and licenses in the entire United States in 1912.

Certain of the states, notably Maryland, have experienced difficulty in securing road-building materials owing to labor shortage, hampered transportation facilities, and so on. Maryland has had to make a special appeal to the Interstate Commerce Commission for aid in getting enough material shipped in properly to care for road repairs.





Minnesota Needs Good Roads, and Gets Them!

Top, left—Type of road banished by decree of voters of Minnesota; right, gravel surfaced road, popular and economical in Minnesota because of prevalence of gravel in state; immediate left, maintenance crew filling cracks in concrete on Minnesota state road; at the right and immediately below are shown two stretches of one road, unpaved, and paved.







It is a mean mud in Minnesota and such roads as that shown above are why voters decided to pull Minnesota out of the mud; at the right is shown a photograph of the new and the old in roads near St. Paul, a paved road and leading away from it a dirt road.

Jewish Copper Kings Reap Rich War-Profits

Copper Control Heads Up in Guggenheims and Lewisohns: Baruch, "Most Powerful Man in the War," a Noted Copper Financier

WITH this article we shall dismiss Mr. Bernard M. Baruch for the present. His activities are not by any means to be construed as the main effort of Judah in the United States, nor is he himself to be regarded as an important factor in the Jewish World Program. Indeed, it is to be doubted that he has been entrusted with many of the secrets of the Elders. But he has been found to be a useful man, willing to play the Jewish game with Jews, and consciously bound as all Jews are by an obligation to see that Jewish interests get the better of the balance wherever possible.

Mr. Baruch, of course, is much pleased with the rôle he was permitted to play in the government of the United States during the war; but he probably has sense enough to know that he was chosen for other than mere personal reasons.

Indeed, one of the keys to the controlling part which a few Jews were permitted to play in American affairs during the war is to be found just here in the question, Why was Mr. Baruch chosen? What had he been, what had he done, that he should have been chosen as head and front of governmental power in the war? His antecedents do not account for it. Neither his personal nor commercial attainments account for it. What does?

There was no elected member of the United States Government who was closer, or even as close, to the President during the war as was this Jew out of Wall Street. No one whom the people sent to represent them at Washington ever came within leagues of the privileges accorded to Mr. Baruch. Plainly this is an unusual situation, not explainable by the emergency at all, certainly not explainable by anything that is as yet a matter of public knowledge.

As one man out of many, all together serving the country, Mr. Baruch, of course, would be perfectly explainable. But as *the* man, *the* man whose single committee was run up through the fabric of the Council of National Defense until it formed the focus of the war government, he is not explainable.

Right in With "The Big Five"

IT WAS not only during the war, but also after the armistice, that these tokens of signal choice were showered upon Mr. Baruch. He went to the Peace Conference. Resigning as chairman of the War Industries Board on December 31, 1917—

"I went down to my place in South Carolina, and there received a wireless message from the President to come to Paris. I then went to Paris. I think I sailed about the first or second of January. I know one vessel broke down and I had to transfer from one to the other. But I had no further activities in connection with the government; that is, the War Industries Board.

Mr. Graham—"How long were you in Paris?"

Mr. Baruch—"I sailed, returning June 28 or 29. I came back on the George Washington." (This means that he was a part of the President's entourage.)

Mr. Graham—"What were you doing there, Mr. Baruch?"

Mr. Baruch—"I was economic advisor connected with the peace mission."

Mr. Graham—"You staid until the Peace Treaty was concluded?"

Mr. Baruch—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Graham—"Did you frequently advise with the President while there?"

Mr. Baruch—"Whenever he asked my advice I gave it. *I had something to do with the reparation clauses. I was the American Commissioner in charge of what they called the 'Economic Section.' I was a member of the Supreme Economic Council in charge of raw materials.*"

Mr. Graham—"Did you sit in the council with the gentlemen who were negotiating the treaty?"

Mr. Baruch—"*Yes, sir;* sometimes."

Mr. Graham—"*All except the meetings that were participated in by the Five?*" (Meaning the Big Five premiers.)

Mr. Baruch—"*And frequently those also.*"

This, then, is a sidelight on what has been called the "Kosher Conference," a name given to the Peace Conference by Frenchmen who were astounded to see thousands of Jews from all parts of the world appear in Paris as the chosen counsellors of the rulers of the nations. Jews were so conspicuous in the American mission as to excite comment everywhere. A Persian representative left on record this protest: *"When the United States delegation . . . . accepted a brief for the Jews* and imposed a Jewish semi-state on Rumania and Poland, *they were firm as the granite rock,* and no amount of opposition, no future deterrents, made any impression on their will. Accordingly, they had their own way. *But in the case of Persia they lost the fight,* although logic, humanity, justice, and the Ordinances solemnly accepted by the Great Powers were all on their side."

The comment is rather humiliating. But it is true. The Jewish World Program was the only program that passed through the Peace Conference without hindrance or revision.

Complaint Against U. S. Pro-Jews

SO NUMEROUS and ubiquitous were the International Jews at Paris, so firmly established in the inner councils, that the keen observer, Dr. E. J. Dillon, whose book, "The Inside Story of the Peace Conference" (*Harper's*), is the best that has appeared, was constrained to say this:

> "It may seem amazing to some readers, but it is none the less a fact, that a considerable number of *delegates believed that the real influences behind the Anglo-Saxon peoples were Semitic.*" (p. 496)

And again:

> "They confronted the President's proposal on the subject of religious inequality, and, in particular, the odd motive alleged for it, with the measures for the protection of minorities which he subsequently imposed on the lesser states, and which had for their keynote to satisfy the Jewish elements in Eastern Europe. And they concluded that *the sequence of expedients framed and enforced in this direction were inspired by the Jews, assembled in Paris for the purpose of realizing their carefully thought-out program, which they succeeded in having substantially executed.* However right or wrong these delegates may have been, it would be a dangerous mistake to ignore their views, seeing that they have since become one of the permanent elements of the situation. The formula into which this policy was thrown by the members of the Conference, whose countries it affected, and who regarded it as fatal to the peace of Eastern Europe, was this: *'Henceforth the world will be governed by the Anglo-Saxon peoples, who, in turn, are swayed by their Jewish elements.'*" (p. 497. The italics are ours.)

There are other matters pertaining to Mr. Baruch which must await the development of this study, but it is worth while just now to possess ourselves of the information at hand regarding his peculiar handling of the copper situation during the war.

Mr. Baruch is known as a copper man. Copper is Jewish. That metal, throughout the world, is under Jewish domination. The Guggenheims and the Lewisohns, two Jewish families, are the copper kings of the planet—not that they confine themselves to copper; for example, their output of silver throughout the world is one-fourth more than is produced in the entire United States.

By his own testimony, Mr. Baruch was interested in copper concerns. What his holdings were during the war he did not disclose. But what his actions were has been very clearly set forth bit by bit in various inquiries.

Before the United States entered the war, Mr. Baruch rounded up the copper kings.

"I went to New York and saw there Mr. John D. Ryan and Mr. Daniel Guggenheim," he said in his testimony. This was in February or March, 1917, he wasn't sure which, but he said it was "before we went into the war."

What's Competition Between Friends?

NOW, who were these gentlemen? Mr. Ryan was apparently in charge of the reorganized Lewisohn properties, while Mr. Guggenheim was chief of the seven Guggenheims who form "a business family and a family business." They divided business during the war. The United Metals Selling Company, which sold the United States Government its copper during the war, was the Lewisohn business reorganized, of which Tobias Wolfson was vice president; and the American Smelting and Refining Company was, apparently, the Guggenheim interests.

There was no competition between these two during the war!

How did it come about that these two worked together? Their case is clear on paper: their answer is that Mr. Baruch asked them to! And Mr. Baruch is clear, too; was he not a government official? And did they not show patriotism in doing as the government official bade them?

It came to this: the "Government" made a rule that it would do business only through the American Metals Selling Company as the representative of the copper producers of the United States. This meant, of course, that if the few competitors of this Jewish copper combine were to do business with the government, they too had to make arrangements with the American Metals Selling Company.

Mr. Graham—"But how did it happen that you were representing the other companies who were your competitors?"

Mr. Wolfson—"Well, at the request of the War Industries Board, we offered a copper producers' committee."

Mr. Graham—"Who requested that?"

Mr. Wolfson—"Mr. Eugene Meyer, Jr., representing Mr. B. M. Baruch."

Mr. Graham—"Now let us find out who Mr. Eugene Meyer, Jr., was. Do you know him?"

It develops that Mr. Eugene Meyer, Jr., is another Wall Street man who "had large investments in copper," though whether he retained them during the war, Mr. Wolfson did not know.

Mr. Graham—"Then Eugene Meyer, Jr., went into the War Industries Board and took up with the copper producers the question of furnishing copper, did he?"

Mr. Wolfson—"Yes, sir."

As the result of that request a meeting was held at 120 Broadway, at which were present, among a few others, S. S. Rosenstamm, L. Vogelstein, Julius Loeb, T. Wolfson, G. W. Drucker and Eugene Meyer, Jr.

Mr. Graham—"Any army officers there?"

Mr. Wolfson—"No."

The witness here quoted, Tobias Wolfson, was one of the most active instruments in the actual passage of business, but the Washington representative was a Mr. Mosehauer. The interesting thing about Mr. Mosehauer is that he represented both the American Metals Selling Company and the American Smelting and Refining Company—the Lewisohns and the Guggenheims—and by order of Baruch, with the approval of the government, the business was done with these two corporations.

Patriotic Credit Without Cost

HOW did they divide? It was very simple. Mr. Wolfson euphoniously describes it as a division of labor: the Lewisohn group took the trade with the United States; the Guggenheim group took over the foreign business with the Allies.

Now, the next interesting point is the special committee through which Baruch's board dealt with the copper producers. This committee, representing the government, consisted of three persons: Pope Yeatman, chief; E. C. Thurston, assistant; Andrew Walz, assistant.

Pope Yeatman was a mining engineer employed by the Guggenheims at $100,000 a year.

E. C. Thurston was Pope Yeatman's assistant in that private employment.

Andrew Walz was consulting mining engineer for the Guggenheims.

Everything was all set. The Jewish metal monopoly was assured of control on both sides of the Atlantic.

It was perhaps thought desirable, in view of the bad political odor which had accompanied the copper power in several states, mostly in connection with the "copper Senators," like Clarke, of Nevada (readers of this series will remember, in connection with the name of Guggenheim, that it was Senator Simon Guggenheim who fought against the census enumeration of Jews as once proposed by the census officials), that something be done to gild the arrangement.

It was apparently necessary to do something to disarm the protest that might arise against this thorough Judaizing of the war metals, therefore a very fine show of patriotism was made. This is worthy of notice in view of the "show institutions" mentioned in the Protocols. The American public is becoming accustomed to these "show institutions"—proposals which promise everything and then fade away into nothingness. It is one of the most effective methods of destroying the morale of a people.

When Mr. Baruch saw the head of the two copper families, he says he found them willing to think of nothing but giving copper to the government—money was of no consideration whatever.

Mr. Baruch—"They said that so far as the United States Government itself was concerned they would give Uncle Sam all the copper he

wanted for his preparedness campaign . . . . at any price that was decided upon. In order to arrive at some price we took *the average price for 10 years which was about 16 2-3 cents;* and that is how the price happened to be arrived at. At the time that they said this, *copper was selling somewhere around 32 and 35 cents a pound.*"

There, then, was a magnanimous thing! The government was to be given copper at half the market price. But did the government get it at this price? Wait—the story is a good one.

This unheard of sacrifice of profits for patriotism was extensively advertised. The secretary of the Council of National Defense wrote a stirring story for one of the best magazines, in which he said:

"Mr. Baruch first announced his presence in the tremendous task of mobilizing American industry by procuring 45,000,000 pounds of copper for the army and navy at about half the current market price, saving the government in the neighborhood of $10,000,000."

Mr. Baruch himself, in his testimony, expanded with the generosity of it all. In an apparent mood of "help yourself to all you want" he said:

"On inquiry we found that . . . . the army and navy . . . . wanted only 45,000,000 pounds, which used to be a lot of copper before we got to dealing in astronomical figures; and they were given all the opportunity to consider what they wanted. They could just as well have had 450,000,000 pounds as 45,000,000 pounds, because there was an open offer."

Getting It Back Again at a Profit

NOW for the effect which this produced on the country at large:

"The effect of that offer of the copper producers was electrical," said Mr. Baruch. *"It showed that there was in this country a desire to set aside selfishness,* so far as our government was concerned in its need . . . . 'Make us any price you want.' So that was practically the attitude that the producers took."

But the government did not get copper at that much-advertised patriotic price.

Mr. Graham—"They did not pay 16 2-3 cents for the 45,000,000 pounds?"

Mr. Baruch—"Oh, no; not these other large quantities of materials."

He said that the copper was furnished to the government without receiving money for it; price-fixing was yet in the future. "Then we came to the point, 'Well, what about the civilian population?' So we made a rule that became a policy, that whatever price was fixed it should be for everybody; that what was fair for the army and navy was fair for the civilian population."

There seems to have been a rapid cooling of generosity under the prospect of colossal sales. And the upshot of it was that, after all the hurrah, *the government really paid about 27 cents.*

What these figures mean, can be deduced from the fact that during the war the government bought 592,258,674 pounds of copper.

If the reader is not already staggered by the import of these facts, there remains one more for him to consider—

After the armistice the surplus copper was sold back to the copper producers. In April and May, 1919, the American Metals Selling Company received from the United States Government over 16,500,000 pounds of copper at *a fraction over 15 cents.* This was less than the boasted patriotic price of 16 2-3 cents at the beginning. Not counting what they had received from the government for the copper in the first place, their profits on the difference between the price they paid for the surplus copper and the price for which they sold it again, were beyond counting.

This is what occurred under the triple copper monarchy of the Baruchs, the Lewisohns and the Guggenheims, and their Jewish assistants and Gentile fronts. However, "Gentile fronts" were boldly dispensed with to a very large degree during the war. The real powers behind the throne themselves stood out, and did not hesitate to set their own people at every crossroads along the line of war business.

It is not to be supposed that the Baruch influence began or ceased with copper, nor with any of the multitudinous industrial powers which he possessed. A man like Baruch makes the most of such opportunities as were then his. In matters political, personal and even military, there were many openings for the use of his influence, and well-informed people about Washington did not doubt his facility in these things.

Once, however, Mr. Baruch felt he was skating on thin ice with regard to the law. He had gone ahead on his own plan, but in such a way that he would exercise the power without taking the responsibility. That seems to have been a very clear ideal with him—power without responsibility. Everything was fixed, all the conditions within which every contract would have to be made were carefully determined, but Mr. Baruch never permitted himself or his board to make a contract. After having consulted with numbers of his associates in business, an agreement was reached, and only then were the responsible officers of the government told, "Go ahead and make contracts." The officials took the responsibility, but the Baruch coterié made the conditions and then remained aloof.

Even this plan, however, had a questionable aspect which came to trouble Mr. Baruch, and the manner in which he manipulated the matter shows either a very shrewd mind or else very shrewd advice. The latter undoubtedly went with the former: there were plenty of Jewish advisors about.

To begin with, Mr. Baruch says: "The members of that committee *were picked out by myself; the industries did not pick them out.*" Which means, in fact, that Mr. Baruch picked out a group from a group that had previously been chosen by the producers, although plainly Mr. Baruch was desirous of modifying this impression. And again: "It is true that these great copper producers were on the committee, and I selected them because they were great men . . . ."

Now, these men, as members of a government committee, were to all appearances selling to themselves as members of the government committee, and, apparently, buying from themselves as owners and controllers of the great producing combinations. Not necessarily in any discreditable way, but in a very unusual way.

Where the Legal Ice Was Thin

IN THE face of this condition, Mr. Baruch had the coolness to say, "So you can see that the government was as much in the saddle as it was possible to be." The producer-members of the committee, headed by Baruch, were the government, so far as this statement is concerned. Time and again it was shown that the responsible officials of the government were not even visible until this extra-government had determined all the conditions.

Mr. Garrett—"Did any troubles arise with the committees growing out of the legal situation, that you remember of?"

Mr. Baruch—"The committees of the trade, especially some of those that I had asked to serve, were very much disturbed about their standing in reference to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Is that what you refer to?"

Mr. Garrett—"Yes."

Mr. Baruch—"And also in regard to the Lever Act, on the point that 'no man could serve two masters.' . . . . There was no basis for it . . . . because these men were not serving two masters. They did not make trades with themselves, but, with the instrumentality provided, carried out the government's wishes or orders or suggestions with reference to the particular industry which they represented."

The "instrumentality" with which the copper men dealt, for example, was the American Metals Selling Company which, together with the American Smelting and Refining Company, was represented at Washington by Mr. Mosehauer. The special copper committee, composed of Guggenheim employes, did business pertaining to the "instrumentality" which carried on the business of the combined copper companies.

It was dangerous. Some of the members seem to have felt it before Mr. Baruch did. Mr. Baruch never seems to have questioned anything that he did. Why should he? He "had more power than any other man in the war" and he had the most powerful and autocratic backing that a man ever had. But the others, the non-Jewish members, were thinking of the law.

So Mr. Baruch solved it very nicely. He took the committees, comprising the same men, and had them named as committees of the United States Chamber of Commerce for their various industries, and although the process was not changed in the least, the legal aspect of it was changed. It was rather clever. It was more, it was typical.

Agents of U. S. or Corporations—Which?

AND after that, Mr. Baruch who had previously insisted that he himself had picked those men and that the industries had not, thus clearly encouraging the inference that these men did not represent the industries' side, but the government side of the matter, he now insists that they represented the industry.

Mr. Graham—". . . . you changed and took these advisory committees and had the National Chamber of Commerce reappoint them, so that they then were direct representatives of the Chamber of Commerce and not of the officials of the United States or connected with any governmental machinery?"

Mr. Baruch—"I never considered them officials of the government, Mr. Graham."

Mr. Graham—"They were as much officials of the government as the rest of you, were they not?"

Mr. Baruch—"I do not think so . . . . (after several questions) . . . . I asked them to serve so that when the government wanted anything they could go to one small, compact body, rather than to send out to I do not know how many people. You see?"

Mr. Graham—"Let us see about that. They were serving under you, were they not? You were the head?"

Mr. Baruch—"I appointed them and asked them to do this so that I could have a compact body to deal with."

Mr. Graham—"You did not think for a minute that they were representing the government, but did you not think *you* were?"

Mr. Baruch—"I was doing the best I knew how."

Mr. Graham—"But you had authority to bring these men in, Mr. Baruch, and appoint them as committeemen under you, and you did so. Surely, if they were representing anybody it was the government, was it not?"

Mr. Baruch—"I do not think so."

Mr. Graham—"Am I right in assuming that you thought they represented the industries?"

Mr. Baruch—"Yes."

A great deal, of course, can be overlooked in men who were working under stress and endeavoring to do things the best way. It does not follow that because a business man serves the government in matters pertaining to his own business, he is necessarily dishonest. But so frequent is dishonesty under such conditions, or, if not dishonesty, then a loss to the government because of a divided interest, that laws have been framed to regulate such matters. These laws were on the books at the time.

This is a fact, whatever else may be true, that "copper" made tens and hundreds of millions out of the war and it is not at all inconceivable that if "copper" had not been so completely in control of the government operations of purchase, the profits might not have been so great, and the burdens which the people bore through taxation, high prices and Liberty bonds might not have been so heavy.

Mr. Baruch is but one illustration of the clustering of Jewry about the war machinery of the United States. If the Jews were the only people left in the United States who were able enough to be put in the important places of power, well and good; but if they were not, why were they there in such uniform and systematized control? It is a definite situation that is discussed. The thing is there and is unchangeably a matter of history. How can it be explained?

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

"More influence has been exerted to suppress the document known as the Protocols or The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion than has before been employed in a similar undertaking," says the Beckwith Company, publishers, 162 East Twenty-third street, New York, in announcing an edition of the Protocols. "Nevertheless, it is being published, and will be supplied as the demand increases. It has been found impossible to advertise its sale, and the publishers must therefore depend upon other means to reach the American public." The book is very well made and contains a valuable epilogue in which the Protocols are discussed in a dispassionate, scholarly manner. Five illustrations of various editions of this famous document are inserted. The Beckwith translation is the most satisfactory one that has thus far appeared.

The head of the Mandate Commission of the League of Nations is M. Brantung, the Swedish official well-known for his pro-Zionism.

Every synagogue in Geneva held special services to mark the opening of the League of Nations in that city. Large numbers of leading Jews from all parts of the world are found on the outskirts of the meetings.

Special recruiting offices for the "Jewish Legion" have been opened at Jerusalem, Jaffa and Tiberias.

Again in Vilna, where the Jews are reported to have undergone the most vicious "persecutions," the Kehillah is campaigning for the appointment of a Jew as assistant chief of police. This is only one of many instances where the news contradicts the propaganda.

It is said that President Wilson may appoint Henry Morgenthau to represent him in a sort of overseership of affairs in Armenia. Such an appointment would be unfortunate because of the fact that the so-called "Turkish" persecutors of Armenians are not Turks but Jews who have embraced Mohammedanism and ascended to high places in Turkish affairs. If there were in the world any adequate intention of giving the people real and enlightening information, this knowledge would not be new. Turkish resentment against the Christian Armenians cannot be explained except by reference to the numbers and power of the pseudo-Turkish Jews, such as Renzi Bey, Djavid Bey, and others.

The Chicago *Jewish Sentinel,* of November 26, in an article attacking the Catholic church, has this statement: "Whenever there is a revolution against Rome, the Jews are the beneficiaries, because our only great historical enemy, our most dangerous enemy, is Rome in all its shapes and forms and in all its ramifications."

Saw First Gold in California

RODNEY C. ADAMS, aged eighty-nine years, is the last person alive who saw the first gold mined in California. He was born in Madison County, Illinois, in 1831, and when a child emigrated to Western Missouri with his parents. In 1847 he went with his parents in the Mormon ox train to what is now Salt Lake City. On the route across the plains his parents dissented from the Mormons in their polygamy doctrines. At the first chance young Adams and his parents pushed on across the Sierras.

Now Rodney Adams, an aged man living with his granddaughter in Riverside County, is the last alive, as far as Californians can find out, who was close to James Marshall when the first golden nuggets were found. He is writing his recollections of California before the miners came, and a publisher is awaiting copy as it is slowly ground out. His recollections have been invaluable for Pacific Coast historians.



RODNEY C. ADAMS

"I recall that morning in January, 1848, when James Marshall found the first gold," said Mr. Adams as he sat in his granddaughter's house at Hemet, California, the other day. "I was vacquero for Captain John Sutter, although I was but a youth. I was away with cattle the morning Marshall found the gold.

"I got back to the ranch house late in the afternoon, and Jim Marshall, who had been building a mill race for Sutter's grist mill, was sitting on the house front steps. I recall that Marshall was more cheerful than usual.

"He motioned me to come to him, as I dropped from my mustang, and said in low tones:

"'Rod, what'd you say if I could show this whole country full of gold?'

"What could I say, a green boy off the plains? What did I know of a gold-crazy world? I kept my mouth shut, and looked wise. Marshall then took me to one side, and told me in half-whispers how he had found five chunks of native gold as large as filberts. He showed me the nuggets, upon which he had experimented by boiling, hammering and scraping to find whether they really were gold. Marshall had no idea then that his discovery was so important. His mind was set on the mill which he had almost finished and on several mechanical devices he had invented in it. Among the things he said to me about the gold he had found was that some day he was going to hunt systematically for more gold nuggets and that he might get a few thousand dollars of a fortune together in that way. He had absolutely no idea of the vastness of the mining possibilities his discovery would lead to.

"So little did the finding of the gold disturb either of us that I remember that we went to bed early and slept soundly. Marshall cautioned me to keep the gold find a secret. But Marshall was loquacious and he himself bragged of his find. Five days later several Mexicans brought in more nuggets. Then the Mormons, who were working for Sutter and Marshall, found gold and the importance of the find increased a little in the minds of Marshall and all of us at the Coloma camp. A few years later, when the world's commerce was turned, as Lord Derby said, by the gold discovery in California, and when more than 300,000 young men had flocked to California, and had made a new civilization, I wondered how we could have been so blind at first to the meaning of the first nuggets that Marshall picked up.

"The news did not get down to San Francisco, about 150 miles away, until three months later. When the gold was shown him, Captain Sutter said, 'Yes, that's gold, and it will be the curse of us;' meaning that it was the end of their schemes for a big sawmill and flour mill along the American River.

"But another week passed before the belief became general at San Francisco that back in the mountains gold had actually been found. I remember that educated men argued that the geological formation of the Sierras made the finding of gold there an absurdity. Some said the golden flakes exhibited were iron pyrites, and others laughed and said they were from a copper formation. The San Francisco *Star* pitied people who could believe there was gold enough in all California to buy even a respectable meal.

"Later—on May 12, I believe—a Scotch ranchman rode into San Francisco directly from the diggings. He was an intelligent and reputable man. He brought with him about 200 pounds of gold dust and nuggets to trade for merchandise. Then there was excitement and bustle. All that day and night the saloons were thronged with men who talked of nothing but the chances there might be for them in mining. One man, a Mormon, was so wild with excitement at the thought of digging gold that he went up and down the bay shore yelling, 'Gold, gold, gold.' Several saloon men who could not sell their stock locked up their places, determined to let them go to the dogs while they were washing gold.

"The earliest stampede of excited men to the gold diggings of California therefore began May 12, 1848. I remember that day in San Francisco. The whole population of the town did not sleep and scarcely took time to eat until the first crowd had embarked on all manner of craft up the river to what is now Stockton, thence across the country to the north fork of the American River. By the first of June the news of the discovery had gone as far down the coast as Monterey. The gold diggers at Coloma were by this time sending out so much gold to buy provisions, tools and clothing that convincing evidence of the richness of the sand bars and creek banks followed closely upon the heels of the news. All in Central California who could get away went chasing over the country toward the American Fork. Less than one-twelfth of the male population of San Francisco remained when June had come. Whole families packed up and went to Coloma. On two streets of homes and stores none but women and children remained. Half the stores and every public inn were closed because both boarders and hosts had gone to the American Fork. The village of Santa Cruz packed up and started for the mines in twenty-four hours. The news of the gold find and samples of the gold reached Monterey late in May, and in two days every man in the village but five started for the American Fork. The village of San Miguel, with some 500 population, was absolutely deserted by every human being during the first week in June and I don't believe there were even three men in a hundred who remained at home in California in the spring and summer of 1848. I remember hearing a fellow miner tell how he had found the jail at Monterey empty, the prisoners, sheriff and all the peace officers at the mines, and of seeing General Mason, of the United States Army, and a commodore of the United States Navy, cooking their own food in a deserted hotel at Monterey, because all their servants and men had deserted in the night and had followed the rush toward the American Fork. By July there must have been about 5,000 miners at work with shovels and pans along the American Fork, and there were arrivals from more remote localities in California every day. Between 7,000 and 8,000 Californians in that first season of gold mining, from May to January, got fully $10,000,000 worth of gold.

"The first year of gold mining in California—that is from May, 1848 to May, 1849—was far different in its easy, quiet way from that created by the excited gold-hungry Easterners, who with the opening of the spring and summer of 1849 came swarming across the plains, over the isthmus and around the horn. There was little or no gambling. The miners left their pounds of gold under their beds and went unconcernedly miles from camp. There were no mining laws to be considered. It was a perfect mining Elysium.

"As I look back at those days now it seems we were like big children going about in a vast natural treasure house, wondering how much riches we might carry away when we were ready, but meanwhile frittering away our time and opportunities. When I remember the whole acres of gravel and sand, richer than anything ever found on the Klondike, that we abandoned because we heard of a better El Dorado on another remote creek or river, it seems as if that era must have been a dream.

"The restlessness and greed to get the very cream of the diggings kept the greater part of us poor in spite of the fabulous opportunities.

"The unhappiest and most pitiful man of all the tens of thousands of men who washed gold up and down on almost every creek in Central California was Marshall—the discoverer of the gold. He became a drinking, profane man when he saw how his and Captain Sutter's property was ruined by the excited gold seekers, who entered upon it without even asking the right. He threatened legal prosecution. His threats were but hooted and jeered. He promised vast sums for lawyers who would eject the thousands of gold miners from his and Sutter's land, but no one heeded his words. He went about from camp to camp fuming and threatening the men that he would soon dispossess them of their gold by legal process. He claimed the legal right to all the gold in that locality, and he swore that he would never mine an ounce till the United States laws drove out the trespassers and restored the property to Sutter and him. No one but the Mormons paid any attention to Marshall. The Mormons recognized Marshall's rights and they used to deal out to him and Sutter part of their nuggets and dust at stated periods.

"The Mormons, who were about the first men in the new diggings, located on the north fork of the American River. I have seen them wash out gravel at the rate of $3.50 a pan for hours at a time. They were secretive fellows, but I had it on good authority that they cleared more than $150,000 in several months in 1848. The best I ever did in any one day was in the summer of 1892. Partner and I were operating a rocker on the Tuolumne and were working in a streak of gravel about two feet below surface. We got an average of eleven ounces of gold every day for two weeks. Unfortunately our claim petered out quickly after that. The man whose claim adjoined mine had better luck. He had an area of 500 square feet to work and between September, 1848, and May, 1849, he got out 130 pounds of gold.

"I knew James Marshall intimately until he died alone and in poverty in his lonely cabin at Coloma one day in August, 1885. He became a hard drinker as he grew old. His treatment by the horde of miners embittered him against the world. He was so bothered by the tourists and reporters, who wanted to hear him tell his story, that he went back into the mountains to live by himself. California gave him a pension of $1,200 a year for a few years, but that was cut off because the legislature believed the money was spent in drink. Leland Stanford once agreed to give the old man the use of a pretty cottage in Oakland, but Marshall said he would not accept charity."

A Fish That Builds a Nest

IN THE shallow fresh water streams that empty into the oceans, the sea lampreys build their nests each spring, and for the person who is lucky enough to discover these eel-like fish at work building their nest there is a really interesting sight in store.

The lampreys are not fishes, for they have no paired fins, and the formation of their mouths is different from that of a fish. In appearance they closely resemble the eel, and, as an eel, might not be given a second thought. Lampreys are found both in Europe and America, and the sea lamprey is the largest member of the family, sometimes reaching a length of three feet. Their mouths are cap-shaped, and have great suction power.

A shallow stream with a pebbly bottom is chosen for the nest, two or three lampreys working together.

After the site of the nest has been found, the lampreys use their mouths to suck up and lift the pebbles from the stream bed, carrying them outside the space needed for the eggs. If a stone should be encountered that is too large to be lifted, the lamprey charges against it, head on, butting the stone over and over till it is rolled away. Lampreys have been known to move stones as big as a half brick.

When the nest is finished it is about three feet wide, and from four to six inches deep. The eggs, resembling pear-shaped grains of sand, and invisible to the untrained eye, are scattered over the nest. They hatch in about two weeks, after the nest has been deserted by the elders and the removed pebbles washed into place again by the action of the water.

The young lamprey looks so greatly different from the mature fish that it was once thought to be a different fish. The young live in the shallow stream of their birth for three or four years before obtaining full growth, and then swim out to the sea, where, at the end of another three or four years—the exact amount of time has never been certain—they reach maturity, and return to some fresh water stream to make their nest. At sea they obtain food by fastening themselves to some fish and scraping the flesh with their sharp teeth. It is possible for a lamprey to hold on to the bottom of a vessel and travel miles.

The work of the building of the nest is frequently the last labor of the lamprey. They are nearly always injured in moving the stones that lie in the spot they wish to use for a nest, and into these wounds microbes find their way and cause disease which results in death. They swim to the bank not far from their nest, and find a final resting-place, seemingly sacrificing their lives for their young.

Lampreys are good to eat, and in some localities are considered a delicacy, but their flesh is very rich and indigestible.

How Animals Sleep

ELEPHANTS sleep standing up. When in a herd, a certain number will always stand watch while the others sleep, for the big, powerful beasts are timid and cautious at night and will not go to sleep unguarded.

Bats sleep head downward, hanging by their hind claws.

Birds, with few exceptions, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back and the beak thrust beneath the wing.

Storks, gulls and other long-legged birds sleep standing on one leg.

Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting ashore, they keep paddling with one foot, thus making them move in a circle.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together and blanketed by their bushy tails.

Lions, tigers and cat animals stretch themselves out flat upon the side. Their muscles twitch and throb, indicating that they are light and restless sleepers.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have screens that they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light, for they sleep in the daytime.

The Origin of "Tenderfoot"

NO TERM used in the Far West is more significant than "tenderfoot," and in no connection is it more used than in relation to horsemanship.

If a person approaches a horse to catch him or saddle him from the "off" side, or mounts or dismounts on that side, he is more sure to be styled a "tenderfoot," than when he cannot shoot straight. The tough western mustang or broncho used in the mountains and on the ranches in the Southwest was formerly never shod. His hoofs grew so tough that shoes were not only unnecessary, but a hindrance, for tough unshod hoofs are much more sure-footed on rocky trails than are iron shoes. After once being shod, however, the hoof always needs it, and becomes very tender and lame without an iron shoe. As nothing is more useless to a western ranchman or guide than a lame horse, and as shoeing was not easy in the early days, a "tenderfoot" horse was despised. The unshod "toughfoot" was always reliable. Hence we have the western term to donate a "greenhorn."

Caring for the Affairs of Jugo-Slavia

By AARON HARDY ULM

WHAT has become of Serbia? Why, now that peace prevails, do we hear so little of the people whose misfortunes precipitated the World War in August, 1914? Those questions are probably idle, mayhap foolish, ones to persons who keep up with the details of international affairs. But no doubt there are many who have only a vague notion as to what has happened to the small Balkan state that big Austria wanted to destroy, Russia wanted to save, thus giving Germany the pretext for marching on Belgium to attack France, Russia's ally, bringing Great Britain and finally most of the world into the fray.

When steps were taken to get into touch with Serbia's diplomatic spokesmen in Washington, it was discovered that there is no longer a mere Serbian legation at the national capital but, instead, a legation of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. In common phraseology Serbia has all but disappeared and in its place has come Jugo-Slavia, Yugo-Slavia or Yougo-Slavia, depending on which term seems best to you. All are used with authority but the second conforms best to correct pronunciation, though the first is used most in this country. In none of its forms is the term official. Instead the strictly proper name of the country that was Serbia, being now much more than what was little Serbia, is the kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Prior to the peace that ended the Great War it was merely the kingdom of the Serbs, who have always insisted on designating themselves as a people rather than as a country.



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DR. SLAVKO Y. GROUITCH

Minister from the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes to the United States.

The obscure legation that used to get along in Washington with one or two secretaries and clerks now is one of the largest in the national capital. The country of 2,500,000 population it used to represent has grown to be one of more than 10,000,000 people. It is a very busy legation, too, for old Serbia had virtually no consulates in this country and the new government has been able as yet to establish only a few. Under the old régime about all they had in the way of a consular service was an honorary consul-general in New York. The designee was a professor in Columbia University.

Little Serbia as of old had very little dealings, commercial or otherwise, with the United States. Comparatively few of the immigrants to this country came from there. It is estimated that there are not more than 40,000 persons of stock belonging to what was Serbia before the war in this country. However, there are or lately were nearly a million persons in America belonging racially to Serbian or closely kindred stock. They came from territory adjoining Serbia that belonged to the old Austrian-Hungarian empire, territory that now in the main is included within the country that was Serbia. Chiefly they are Slovenes and Croats, with many actual Serbs who came from Herzegovina and Bosnia, the two Austrian provinces that lay at the basis of Austria's attack on Serbia. It was a Serbian who in Sarajevo, the capital of Herzegovina, shot the Austrian crown prince and thus supplied the pretext for the demands Austria made of Serbia and in the making started the Great War.

Both Herzegovina and Bosnia are now parts of Serbia. While most of their population is Serbian, the two provinces give much contrast and some complication to the new kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. Though they are on the Adriatic and about a thousand miles from Constantinople, only about a half century has passed since they were wrested from the rulership of Turkey which held them in subjection for many centuries. In fact, only about fifteen years' time has passed since nominal Turkish rule was supplanted by full annexation to Austria. Some Moslems still help make up the population of the two provinces. A large proportion of the native Slavs are Mohammedans as the result of former Turkish domination.

The population of the enlarged kingdom is on the whole homogeneous, its representatives in America say. Ninety per cent or more are Slavs and Slavs of like history, traditions, language and in the main customs. Hence they are called Jugo- or Yugo-Slavs, which means Southern Slavs. Therefore, the term Serbian has been absorbed very largely by the more embracing one, Jugo-Slavian.

It is stated that the language of all the Southern Slavs is the same, differing only to the extent of varying spoken dialects. In the old Austrian-Hungarian provinces the Latin alphabet is used; in Serbia they cling to the Cyrilian or Russian alphabet. The latter has 32 letters devised specially for the peculiarities of the Slav languages The Latin has only 26 letters. The difference in alphabets brings unique rather than serious complication, for most of the people are familiar with both. But there are other differences which complicate the affairs of what was perhaps under the old order the most homogeneous country in the world. The distinction of old Serbia was that it was a "peasant kingdom." There was no nobility, recognized or understood. There were virtually no classes —only one, the peasants. Even the royal family is of peasant stock, the grandfather of the present king having been a herder of goats.

Agriculture was almost the sole industry and it was carried on by very primitive methods. The rich soil, however, rendered the people so comfortable that Serbia used to be called "the poor man's paradise."

The added provinces are different. Long foreign rule developed big landed estates, a strong middle class, a nobility and a complicated life in general. The Slovenes and the Croats are betted educated than the Serbs and know more about the world and affairs in general. They are inclined somewhat to look down on the Serbs as crude and ignorant peasants who are beneath them.

There is an inevitable struggle on over which of the different peoples shall dominate the new kingdom. The Serbs with an independent government long established and with high repute among the nations naturally expect to be the center around which the new kingdom will revolve. They favor a centralized government, in which all the different provinces will have due share in its operation. The Slovenes and the Croats rather favor a federated government, with each province running its main affairs to suit itself. The question is soon to be decided in an election of a constituent assembly which is to draw up a new constitution for the kingdom.

The enlarged kingdom has its full share of internal politics but its representatives say none of the problems forebode serious trouble. There is a large Socialist party, especially in the old Austrian-Hungarian provinces, but there is no serious opposition to the monarchy, which because of King Peter's heroic part in the war, as well as the prince regent's personal standing, is very popular.

"We have nothing to fear from the monarchy," said a leading Serbian. "It is without actual authority and there is no nobility or privileged classes to support it were it to become autocratic. In essence Serbia has long had a democratic government, ruled by a popular parliament patterned much after the English system. Even the humblest peasant doesn't hesitate to approach and talk freely with the king and even to tell him how the state should be run."

There is some Bolshevist sentiment, as in all Europe, among the peoples of the new Serbian kingdom. It is not of threatening importance, say legation attachés, despite the fact that the municipal elections in Belgrade, the capital, were carried recently by a group whose principles are tantamount to Bolshevism. They were not allowed to take control, however, as the conservatives claim the victory was won by a fluke.

They have their external troubles like all the other new countries, of which it substantially is one. The Magyars of Hungary take a belligerent attitude toward all its neighboring Balkan states, except Austria, which is helpless. Because of them and the Italians, the Jugo-Slavs, Czecho-Slovaks and the Rumanians have formed a self-protective alliance. Differences between the Jugo-Slavs and Italy over Dalmatia and Fiume seem to have been settled, without the concurrence, apparently, of D'Annunzio, the spectacular "fly in the ointment" who holds on at Fiume and insists that it shall be Italian territory instead of a free city as decreed by the Peace Conference.

"The D'Annunzio problem will take care of itself," said a Serb who spoke authoritatively. "Of course, if it comes to the point that he must be put out and the Jugo-Slavs are told to do the job we will have him out of Fiume in twenty-four hours."

D'Annunzio and other external problems have continued the war, in a preparatory sense, for the Serbians, a war that has been on continually since 1912. The Balkan-Turkish war, followed by that with Bulgaria over the spoils, had been scarcely closed when the Great War caused Serbia to be swept away as perhaps no other country was ever before swept away by an invading force. They still feel impelled to maintain a standing army of a quarter of a million men.

But despite the long period of severe travail, actual conditions are not nearly so bad as you might imagine.

"Six months after the armistice, Jugo-Slavia had fifty million tons of grain for export," says Captain Gordon-Gordon Smith, an authority on that land and a member of its Washington diplomatic establishment. "This in face of the fact that a year before the armistice virtually the entire Serbian population had been forced into the mountains of Albania. Their farm implements, such as they had, had been destroyed, cattle and other domestic animals slain, thousands of houses burned, the railroads rendered useless—the country crushed as few countries have ever been crushed."

Serbia's comeback in the matter of food production was due largely to the primitive methods employed in tilling the soil. The farmers knew how to get along without the kind of plows that come from factories and even without oxen, the country's chief source of hauling power, to pull them. Most of the farms had been operated for ages on the community, co-operative basis, and the owners were able by joint effort to overcome many of the disadvantages that faced them on return to their homes.

The legation states that Jugo-Slavia will have 250,000,000 tons of surplus grain for export this year. It is difficult to move it, even to Austria where it is vitally needed to stave off actual starvation, because of the condition of the roadways and the railways.

The railways are being put into operating condition, trains are now moving regularly along the main lines.

"Belgrade will be the great railroad center of Eastern Europe," said a member of the Washington legation staff. "From it will radiate great continental trunk lines connecting all Europe; Paris with Saloniki, Constantinople and even Odessa, and St. Petersburg and Berlin with the Eastern Mediterranean. It will be the main connecting link some day in a rail line from London to India.

"Jugo-Slavia needs American farm tractors and automobile trucks and automobiles and farm implements and railway equipment. For those things we present an almost unlimited market. It is stagnant now because of the currency situation."



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MADAME GROUITCH

Formerly Miss Mabel Gordon Dunlap, of Clarksburg, West Virginia.

When the Germans were forced out of Serbia and the Austrians and Hungarians let go the other provinces now attached to that kingdom, a flood of paper money was left behind. It couldn't be outlawed. It has been taken up and supplanted by other paper money, which, like the currency of all the new and reinstated countries of Europe, has an exchange value far below par. Where the chief currency unit of Serbia used to be worth twenty cents in American gold it is now worth only three cents. Being an agricultural country, Jugo-Slavia has little in the way of exports we need to exchange for American goods; hence very little commerce is going on between the two countries.

"While we need much in the way of American manufactures we need most of all American brains and industrial enterprise. In natural resources Jugo-Slavia is the richest country for its size in the world. We have iron and coal and all the important minerals in abundance. The deposits haven't been scratched. Our timber resources are immense and have been employed scarcely at all except for firewood. There is no more promising place in the world for the kind of lumber operators you have developed in this country. The government controls most of the forests and all the minerals and would gladly grant valuable concessions to bring about their development. Recently one of your consuls in Greece

(Concluded on page 14)

The Farmer as a National Legislative Lobbyist

A Review of the Requests Which He Will Make in Washington

WHEN Congress, disposing of the delays incident to the holidays, gets down to business, one of its first callers is going to be the farmer. And it is almost a sure bet that when the visitor is announced the legislative fathers, looking up from their swivel chairs in mingled respect and admiration, will ejaculate, "Gosh, how you've grown!"

And Congress will be right. The farmer has grown from a mere individual whose only idea of getting the attention of the government was to write a letter to some Congressman, to the dignity of whole suites of offices in the national capital with paid representatives and practical advocates, and from a condition in which he was practically inarticulate to one where he speaks the thoughts and wishes of millions.

Two-thirds of the farmers of the United States are now members of some organization whose one purpose is to promote the interests of agriculture. Consider the fact that the 1910 census showed more than 10,000,000 farmers in this country and it will be seen that when the combined farm organizations unite upon a program of legislation, as they are doing, they will be listened to with considerable respect and attention.

The growth of the co-operative movement on the farms of this country has been traced in a previous article in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. It has been shown that the rate was very slow at first, and that for many years farmer organizations were little more than fraternal organizations with insurance benefits and social features. Then, as is frequently the case in such movements, there came a sharp upward movement. Such an impulse toward co-operation developed that the old organizations could not take care of it and new ones sprang up to supplement them so rapidly that the multiplicity of boards, bureaus, federations and societies became almost confusing.

Under these conditions it was but natural that there was a lack of identity in the programs and platforms of the various organizations. Many of them were local or sectional and since the farmers are not all engaged in precisely the same branches of the industry, nor subject to identical conditions of transportation, availability of credit and proximity to markets, the thoughts expressed and the ends sought varied accordingly. It will be noted, however, in reading over the programs of proposed legislation, that the farmers are of one mind on essential farm questions. If they appear to grope, or even to pull in different directions on other matters, it is only what might be expected and is, indeed, proof of the fact that they have not surrendered their individuality nor sacrificed their right to free thinking.

An instance of this was found several months ago when the country was surprised by the confusion of voices claiming to speak officially for the farmers regarding government ownership of railroads. Group opposed group and the public could not know how authentic were any of the claims put forth in behalf of farmer sentiment. The Farmers' National Council rallied to government ownership and when beaten made a direct appeal to the President for retentjon of the railroads for two years longer. Because of this attitude and because it has been one of the sponsors of a movement looking to the joint organization of farm and labor for the political promotion of common interests, the council is recognized as the spokesman for the radical element of farmers. In this attitude it represents numerous local Granges, Unions and other organizations, notwithstanding that the national federations of such bodies take an entirely contrary attitude. At present, however, it is significant that this is the only farm organization actively working for either government ownership or for an alliance between capital and labor. What one finally infers from a comparison of farm organization programs is that there is no very wide divergence between the radical and the conservative farmers on most of the economic problems and issues affecting them. And a further impression from analyzing these various programs must be the sense that the farmer today is notably less radical than the farmer of thirty or forty years ago.

This inference is as strongly suggested by the things that are not to be found in the platforms as by those that are advocated. The farmers, for example, want no tinkering with the standard of values. They are not for repudiation nor for confiscation. Their thinking is not along the course of socialism. They are firm and staunch defenders of private property, rent, interest and profit.

One need not search far in the platforms of farm organizations to discover what the farmers regard as the primary issue before the country as affecting their interests. It will be found in every program of legislative endeavor. It is the keynote of their present thought and when they go before Congress with it, as they will do very shortly, it will be with a united front. This issue is the right to engage in co-operative farm marketing and buying.

Reference was made in a previous article to the extraordinary spread of farmer co-operation in the last six years, from perhaps 500 to more than 4,000 exchanges or companies doing an annual business of approximately one and one-half billion dollars. So rapid has been this spread of farm co-operation that every national farm organization today believes a life and death struggle is on with organized middlemen which can end only with the destruction of one system or the other, as far as farm marketing is concerned.

The middlemen in turn have attacked the co-operative movement as a "combination in restraint of trade" and have brought several organizations into court for violation of state anti-trust laws.

As a result the co-operative movement finds itself fighting for the legal right to exist and it is backing the Capper-Hersman Bill, about to be re-introduced in Congress, as the means of its salvation. The bill can be described here briefly as exempting farm co-operation from the provisions of the Sherman Act.

Farmers generally agree that to be successful the co-operative movement must follow what is generally known as the Rochdale plan of organization. This involves incorporation and the issue of capital stock. Under this plan, however, dividends are not ordinarily paid to members in ration to the stock held, but are distributed pro rata in proportion to the business which the member transacts through the association. The co-operative theory does not regard such returns as profit dividends in the usual sense, but as savings in cost of distribution effected by the elimination of middlemen's profits. Unfortunately for such organizations, the exemption granted farmers' co-operative societies from the penalties of the anti-trust acts is limited to associations that do not issue stock. The Capper-Hersman Bill proposes to remedy this and to exempt all such co-operative corporations or associations and expressly to permit collective marketing. While all other issues are subordinate for the time to that of farm co-operation, the farmers' platform is extensive and contains many other issues which he deems most important.

The National Grange, declaring its belief in the principle of less government in business and more business in government, opposes the continuance or the rehabilitation of any of the devices by which the government entered into either actual practice of or control of business as a war-time emergency measure and asks for the repeal of any and all laws having this as their object. In particular, the National Grange opposes any effort to continue or resuscitate or resume operations of the United States Grain Administration, the United States Food Administration, the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation, the War Finance Corporation, the United States Housing Corporation, the War Labor Board, the War Trade Board, the National Defense Council, the Public Information Committee, all fair price committees, commissions and bureaus and all similar government instrumentalities. The Grange also lays considerable stress on taxation legislation.

The Grange opposes a general sales tax, supports government reclamation work on worthy projects, advocates the extension of the postal savings banks, the increasing of their rate of interest and the making of every rural mail carrier an agent to receive deposits. It advocates also the operation, either by the government or by lease, of the nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals for the purpose of breaking up the Chilean monopoly on this fertilizer material. The Grange disapproves of any system which denies to any individual the right to work any place where his industry may be needed. It champions farm loan banks and favors a liberal credit plan to enable young men trained in agriculture to obtain land. It would "keep inviolate in the government domain" all natural resources and water power. It also stands for the development of inland waterways with ocean outlets, for the honest labeling of woolen fabrics and for the continuance of a government survey of farm costs.

The National Farm Bureau Association believes in much the same program and goes on record also in behalf of the enforced publicity of business records and a just, graduated income tax. It asks for the regulation of the packers and all purveyors of food products and declares that Federal incorporation rather than public ownership is the only cure for monopoly and privilege.

The Farmers' Union is in agreement with these platform planks but adds other issues. It favors attacking land speculation through the medium of taxation and specifically urges the Federal Government to "levy a tax on the value of land and other natural resources held for speculative purposes." The Union is also greatly interested in the continuation of cost of production investigations by the Department of Agriculture and asks a sufficient appropriation to make this possible. It declares the farmer to be the only manufacturer in the country who is imploring the government to figure out and make public the cost of production of his products. The Union also takes occasion to speak strongly in behalf of the Federal Trade Commission and its work.

The National Board of Farm Organizations supports the essentials of all these platforms. Like all the others it urges the passage of the Capper-Hersman Bill, and it also stands for the strengthening of the Federal Loan System and a system of co-operative personal credit. It seeks likewise a law making compulsory the honest branding of seeds, food, drugs and woolens, a graduated income and excess profits tax supplemented by an inheritance tax and strict immigration laws. It has one unusual plank, however, in that it plans to ask Congress to rehabilitate the war finance corporation to facilitate the export marketing of farm products.

On the radical side the Farmers' National Council stands for the non-alienation of natural resources either by patent or lease; government acquisition of railroads, express, express companies and pipe lines; complete regulation of the packing industry, with municipal slaughter houses near the sources of supply; cheap credit to farmers and land seekers made available through co-operative borrowing; special taxation to check land speculation and tenancy; government owned or controlled terminal grain elevators; taxation of excess and war profits to wipe out the national debt; repeal of all espionage laws and protection of speech and press; living wages to labor; opposition to compulsory military training; greater expenditures for public health and education, particularly in the rural districts.

It is evident, comparing all these programs, that they have relation to the identical problems and that while both radical and conservative platforms agree primarily in farm co-operation they differ in the means they advocate of curing the evils which they see in the industrial organization. The conservatives believe that if they are permitted to engage in co-operative marketing these evils will be overcome; the radical element is not so sure of this and asks for the additional safeguard of government ownership of railroads, elevators and slaughter houses.

No one can study these programs in relation to the great organizations which sponsor them, made up as has been said of two-thirds of all the farmers of the United States, without being impressed by the fact that the American farmer has traveled a long way since the days of Granger movements and Populism, greenbackism and cheap money. He is getting down to the principles of business and in doing so he has found the key to many of the economic problems with which he has contended in vain for so many years. His unity of purpose, as much as his strength, demands attention and respect, and while great interests may oppose him in some of his endeavors, it is certain that he has the power and the prestige to obtain serious consideration for his proposals.

Editor's Note. A third article of this series will deal with the farmer's grievances and the arguments he advances in behalf of his contentions.

What the Farmer Wants From Congress:

Amendment or interpretation of the anti-trust laws which will make it legal for the farmer to engage in collective marketing.

Strengthening of the Federal Farm Loan System.

Interstate Commerce legislation making compulsory the honest advertising and labeling of woolen fabrics, food and drugs.

Development of inland waterways with ocean outlets.

Enactment of co-operative credit plans to provide funds for farmers.

National control of packers.

Immigration laws which will maintain American standards of citizenship.

Operation of air nitrate plant by government or lease for purpose of providing cheap fertilizer.

The appropriation of funds to permit Department of Agriculture to make studies of cost of production of farm products.

Disapproval of any system which denies to the individual the right to work in any place where his industry is needed and at any wage which is satisfactory to him.

Invented Wireless Before Marconi Was Born

By H. O. BISHOP

A DENTIST living in Washington, D. C., invented, patented, and demonstrated wireless telegraphy before Marconi was born. Had it not been for the attitude of big newspapers, and the stubbornness and lack of vision of Congress, this country today would be enjoying the honor, distinction and credit of presenting wireless telegraphy to the world.

The name of this comparatively unknown inventive genius is Mahlon Loomis.

Back in the sixties and seventies he eked out a modest living by plugging the defective molars and making "store" teeth for the politicians and social leaders of Washington.

Dr. Loomis called his discovery "aerial telegraphy." His first public demonstration was made in 1866 from the two peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia, some eighteen miles apart. From each peak an ordinary kite was elevated, connected with an insulated copper wire attached at the lower end to a telegraphing apparatus. The operators of each party were provided with telescopes, with which they could sight from one station to the other and read the signals. When all was in readiness, a message was sent by the doctor along the wire of his kite, and was received at the station on the other mountain top just as though the two kites had been connected with a wire in the ordinary way. In this manner communications were kept up until the fact was thoroughly demonstrated that telegraphing could be done as readily without as with connecting wires.

Shortly thereafter Dr. Loomis made a successful experiment in communicating between vessels. This demonstration took place on Chesapeake Bay. The vessels were stationed about two miles apart. On each vessel was a telegraphic apparatus. A wire was attached to the instrument and one end thrown into the water at a moderate depth. Another insulated wire of much greater length was let down to a greater depth into a colder stratum of water. The two strata of water of different temperatures thus connected to the same battery made a complete circuit and enabled communications to pass between the two vessels without other connections. The experiment was a success. On the same principle he expressed the belief that the warm current of the Gulf Stream, if similarly connected with the adjacent cold water, would afford a means of telegraphing a great distance—perhaps as far as a decided difference in temperature is maintained. At this time Dr. Loomis also discussed with his friends the ease with which he believed it would be possible to telegraph to or from a train going at a high rate of speed.

Thoroughly to appreciate the early discoveries and successful demonstrations of Dr. Loomis it should be borne in mind that it was not until June, 1897, thirty-one years after his successful telegraphing without wires between the Virginia mountains, that Marconi, in England, sent his first wireless message a distance of nine miles.

Subjected to ridicule, Dr. Loomis was constantly pursued by the shadow of bad luck. For instance, in 1869 he had succeeded in prevailing upon a number of Boston capitalists to promise to advance the necessary money to establish his discovery on a commercial basis, when along came that never-to-be-forgotten "Black Friday" in Wall Street, which proved to be the most serious financial panic in the history of the country. His backers lost every dime they possessed.

Still undaunted, this patient and cheerful man came hustling back to his dental office on Pennsylvania avenue to extract molars until he had sufficient money to go to Chicago in 1871, where he talked his invention with such success that moneyed men agreed to finance him. But again ill luck crossed his path. The contented smile of a long-deferred success was yet fresh on his features when that perverse cow of Mrs. O'Leary's kicked over the kerosene lamp, resulting in the great fire which reduced Chicago to ashes and his backers to poverty.

In addition to endeavoring to obtain financial backing from Boston and Chicago, Dr. Loomis made constant appeals to Congress for assistance in making it possible for America to be the first country in the world to establish telegraphy without wires. He worked with that body of legislators from 1869 to 1873, when they passed a bill incorporating the "Loomis Aerial Telegraph Company," which was signed by President Grant. Congress however, overlooked the little matter of appropriating the $50,000 asked for and naturally the corporation never got anywhere without funds.

Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, introduced the first bill for Loomis in January, 1869. The Senator straddled the proposition and passed the buck to his colleagues in this brief speech: "I present the petition of Mahlon Loomis, D.D.S., of the District of Columbia, who believes that he has invented a new mode of telegraphing, which he submits as a great and valuable improvement upon any former mode known or discovered. He briefly says: 'The nature of the discovery or invention in general terms consists in establishing an electric current or circuit for telegraphing without the aid of wires or cables to form such electric currents and circuits. As in dispensing with the double wire (which was at first used) and using but one, allowing and relying upon the earth to form one-half of the circuit, so now I propose to dispense with both wires and all artificial batteries, using the earth for the other part of the circuit.'

"After setting forth at some length his invention of his theory, he asks Congress for an appropriation of $50,000 under such restrictions as Congress may impose, to enable him during the next year to complete the demonstration. In presenting this petition I desire to say that I perform a duty, and I content myself with remarking that it is either a great case of moonshine or it marks a great epoch in the progress of invention. I do not undertake to express an opinion upon it. I ask the reference of the petition to the committee on patents."



DR. MAHLON LOOMIS

On the night of May 21, 1872, the House took a whack at the bill in quite interesting fashion. The bill had been introduced by John A. Bingham, of Ohio. It was reported that night by Omar D. Conger, of Michigan, chairman of the committee on commerce. In making his report Mr. Conger took an oratorical flight, as follows:

"This theory assumes that the earth iself, the atmosphere surrounding it, and the infinite depth of space encompassing this aerial world, contain a succession of concentric circles or planes of electricity, of which those nearest the earth are perpetually disturbed by oceanic currents, atmospheric changes, alterations of day and night, and the ever-varying effects of solar radiation and lunar influences; but that above these, pierced, perhaps, by the tops of the loftiest mountains, are concentric circles, or vast surrounding seas of undisturbed electricity, which may be affected by any interpenetrating galvanic force from beneath, causing electrical vibrations or waves to pass from that point within such electrical plane around the world, as upon the surface of some quiet lake one wave circlet follows another from the point of disturbance to the remotest shores. So that from any other mountain top upon the globe any conductor which shall pierce this plane and receive the impression of such vibration may be connected with an indicator, which will mark the length and duration of such vibration, and indicate by any agreed system of notation convertible into human language the messages of the operator at the point of first disturbance; and thus, not only from one, but many mountain tops, piercing far above the circumambient atmosphere, the devotee of science and the solemn student of nature may gather the unwritten messages of interest or affection from the silent solitudes of nature and the cerulean depths of heaven with unerring accuracy, and transmit them to the denizens of all lands by the mundane machinery of telegraphic instrumentalities.

"I understand that the highest authorities on electricity both in America and Europe sustain the theory upon which this project is based, to wit: That the earth is negatively electric, and that the atmosphere above the earth is positively electric, increasing in proportion as you ascend above the level of tidewater. The project here proposed is simply to connect the air at a certain altitude (three or four miles, if you please, above the level of the sea) with the tidewater level of the earth by means of wires, thereby completing the electric current."

During the course of his remarks Representative Bingham said: "The only way to know whether what is here proposed is practicable, either for purpose of telegraphy or for the purposes of utilizing electricity for light or heat or motion, is to try it; and there is no way to try it, I apprehend, without some considerable use of capital. I pray the House to consider it favorably and allow it to pass. If no good comes of it there can be no harm, and favorable action by the House of Representatives on the bill will signify to the world that the House is disposed to consider, and not treat with derision and scorn, every endeavor to better in some sort the condition of individual and collective man."

The New York *World* printed this stinging editorial rebuke: "Who will not be edified to know that the time of the House of Representatives was taken up for an hour or more Monday night by an elaborate oration from Mr. Conger, of Michigan, in support of a proposition for establishing an aerial telegraph? And all this the House of Representatives listened to and the *Congressional Globe* gravely prints! And yet there are those who affect to be surprised that men of sense and character withdraw themselves from our public life! When some one asked the philosopher Crates why he took no interest in state affairs he calmly made answer: 'How can I trouble myself about public affairs when they are given over to the hands of blockheads?'"

Another editorial said: "A genius in the District of Columbia has discovered a means of telegraphing without wires or cables . . . Senator Sumner well remarked that the scheme was either all moonshine or an epoch in telegraphing that marked a most wonderful improvement in science. Before Congress appropriates $50,000 to its development, as proposed, it would be well to find out which."

On July 30, 1872, Dr. Loomis was granted a patent covering his invention, the specifications being as follows: "Be it known that I, Mahlon Loomis, dentist, of Washington, District of Columbia, have invented or discovered a new and improved mode of telegraphing and of generating light, heat and motive power; and I do hereby declare that the following is a full description thereof:

"The nature of my invention or discovery consists, in general terms, of utilizing natural electricity and establishing an electrical current or circuit for telegraphic and other purposes without the aid of wires, artificial batteries, or cables to form such electrical circuit, and yet communicate from one continent of the globe to another. To enable others skilled in electrical science to make use of my discovery, I will proceed to describe the arrangements and mode of operation.

"As in dispensing with the double wire (which was first used in telegraphing), making use of but one, substituting the earth instead of a wire to form one-half of the circuit, so I now dispense with both wires, using the earth as one-half the circuit and the continuous electrical element far above the earth's surface for the other part of the circuit. I also dispense with all artificial batteries, but use the free electricity of the atmosphere, co-operating with that of the earth, to supply the electrical dynamic force or current for telegraphing and for other useful purposes, such as light, heat and motive power.

"As atmospheric electricity is found more and more abundant when moisture, clouds, heated currents of air and other dissipating influences are left below, and a greater altitude attained, my plan is to seek as high an elevation as practicable on the tops of high mountains, and thus penetrate or establish electrical connection with the atmospheric stratum or ocean overlying local disturbances. Upon these mountain tops I erect suitable towers and apparatus to attract the electricity, or, in other words, to disturb the electrical equilibrium, and thus obtain a current of electricity, or shocks or pulsations, which traverse or disturb the positive electrical body of the atmosphere above and between two given points by communicating it to the negative electrical body in the earth below, to form the electrical circuit.

"I deem it expedient to use an insulated wire or conductor as forming a part of the local apparatus, and for conducting the electricity down to the foot of the mountain, or as far away as may be convenient for a telegraph office, or to utilize it for other purposes.

"I do not claim any new keyboard, nor any new alphabet or signals; I do not claim any new register or recording instrument; but, what I claim as my invention or discovery, and desire to secure by letters patent, is the utilization of natural electricity from elevated points by connecting the opposite polarity of the celestial and terrestrial bodies of electricity at different points by suitable conductors, and, for telegraphic

(*Concluded on page 14*)



Photo made from original drawing made by Dr. Loomis, in which he sketches the successful experiment of telegraphy without wires.

An Artist of the Films

By JOHN B. WALLACE

WHEN Alvin Wyckoff came into the world his parents—as do all parents—began planning his future. They decided that he would be a surgeon and began dreaming dreams of their boy at the head of a great hospital with other surgeons sitting humbly at his feet and drinking in the words of the master.

Destiny laughs at the air castles of parents. The heir of the Wyckoffs did indeed achieve supremacy but it was along a line little dreamed of in those days. Alvin Wyckoff today, as director of photography at one of the greatest of the many California studios, stands at the head of another profession, a profession which he has probably done more than any other man to elevate to an art.



ALVIN WYCKOFF

Wyckoff, himself, thought he was going to be a surgeon. When he entered the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor he picked the course that would lead to the profession of medicine. One day in an operating room caused him to change his mind. Right then and there he decided that surgery was not for him.

He finished his college course and turned his attention toward the stage, college dramatics having claimed his interest. As director, stage manager and leading man in stock he was fairly successful. At one time he had two companies of his own on the road and while his name was never emblazoned among the bright lights on Broadway he was not unknown in the smaller cities of the East.

But Wyckoff was not satisfied. He felt that his talents lay in other channels than acting. Motion pictures were just coming into popularity and one night after viewing a film he suddenly decided that there lay a field built to order for him. He wrote to the head of a company in Chicago and ten days later was acting comedy parts and later leads before the camera.

However, this was not the angle of the motion picture game in which he was most interested. Amateur photography had always been his hobby and the laboratories at the studio held a strange fascination for him. In those days actors were not allowed in the laboratories at all but Wyckoff sneaked in at every opportunity.

"I'll bet they kicked me out a dozen times a day," he told me.

Finally his persistence was rewarded. He was given a chance to learn the camera end of the motion picture business. He had majored in chemistry at college so film development held no difficulties for him. For ten days he ground away at an empty camera learning to turn the crank steadily, evenly, with no jerks. Then he was put to work taking apart and reassembling cameras. The company built its own cameras in those days and its men had to be expert in both building and repairing as well as operating.

The first picture that Wyckoff was given a chance to shoot was "The Wizard of Oz." He worked on that series for a time when his great opportunity came in the Jeffries and Johnson fight at Reno. All of the experienced men were busy at the time and there was no one to send but Wyckoff.

The tyro made good with a vengeance. He arrived at Reno and before any of his rivals were up the morning of the fight he had erected his stand. As a result he had the choice location. As soon as the fight was over he boarded a train for New York and was the first one to arrive with his film. Notwithstanding that his competitors were some of the best camera men in the country his work was adjudged the best and was accepted. That made him as a camera man. Not long after he left Chicago for Los Angeles.

Among his great pictures are "Joan of Arc," "The Count of Monte Christo," and Rex Beach's "The Spoilers."

Mr. Wyckoff is a chunky-built man of medium height with a dynamic energy, an energy almost Rooseveltian. He has the outstanding personality that would enable one to pick him in any group of men as being somebody. I found him in his quarters, quarters which oddly remind one of a ship with its various decks and brass-railed companionways leading to them. Here light is king and the rays of the California sun pouring through the roof of glass are reinforced by powerful spotlights.

From the bridge of this large structure—further to pursue the nautical simile—Mr. Wyckoff directs his staff of twenty-six photographers. They are practically all men whom he himself has trained. He will accept no applicants unless they have a college or at least a high school diploma. He feels that photography is a profession very closely allied to the arts and he wants only men by whom it will be dignified.

The successful camera man must not only be possessed with an artistic sense but he must be a man of resourcefulness and cool daring. He must be a quick thinker who will act instinctively in moments of emergency. In addition he also must be a man of considerable agility, capable of almost acrobatic feats. Camera men are called upon to take pictures from airplanes, from the tops and sides of moving trains and automobiles, suspended by ropes from the sides of buildings and the masts of ships, in fact from every conceivable angle and perilous position that the requirements of the story they are filming may demand. It is no job for a nervous person or one who cannot stand altitudes.

The camera must always come first. That is the creed of the motion picture photographer. No matter what happens he must keep on turning. As the newspaper reporter's motto is "Get the Story" so the camera man's is "Get the Picture."

Notwithstanding the tremendous strides made in the pictures during the past decade, Mr. Wyckoff believes that as far as the photography end is concerned development has barely started. Wonderful improvement has been made in the mechanism of the camera but there are still vast opportunities for the inventor. Lenses, too, are far from perfect, Mr. Wyckoff says, only one out of twelve of any of the best makes being suitable for good picture work. In still photography it has been possible to achieve marvelous effects by doctoring the negative, but because of the enormous number of prints this is impractical with motion picture films.

"Any improvements from now on will be made inside the camera," Mr. Wyckoff predicted. "Competition is the great incentive for improvement in motion picture photography. As soon as something new is noticed on the screen by other photographers they at once set out to learn how this effect was obtained. In learning the secret they invariably improve upon the original idea. That again puts it up to the man who invented the device to think up something better and so on in an endless chain."

Mr. Wyckoff does not believe in repressing the individuality of his men.

"I encourage originality and initiative," he said. "If a man can get results through using a piece of window glass for a lens that is up to him. He is judged finally and conclusively by what is shown on the screen in the projecting room."

Invented Wireless Before Marconi Was Born

Concluded from page 13

purposes, relying upon the disturbance produced in the two electro-opposite bodies (of the earth and atmosphere) by an interruption of the continuity of one of the conductors from the electrical body being indicated upon its opposite or corresponding terminus, and thus producing a circuit or communication between the two without an artificial battery or the further use of wires or cables to connect the co-operating stations.

"Mahlon Loomis."

At odd intervals from early manhood until a short time before his death in 1886, Dr. Loomis kept a diary wherein he poured out his thoughts on various subjects.

The following quotation from his diary proves that Dr. Loomis was a believer in wireless telegraphy as far back as 1858:

"Washington, D. C., February 20, 1864. I got this little book today that I may collect and put together some papers and ideas that I have had for a long time upon the subject of electricity, and more particularly as that element is connected with telegraphy.

"I have been for years trying to study out a process by which telegraphic communications may be made across the ocean without any wires, and also from point to point on the earth, dispensing with wires. And the grand feature which I have hoped would characterize the plan is that the electricity (or electro-magnetism—the element or power used) would be drawn from the atmosphere, and not produced by artificial or mechanical means. To use that which nature seems to have already produced and keeps constantly on hand in such immense quantities.

"The lightning with its thunder crash seems to be the most powerful and terrible thing in nature. There always seems to be an abundance of this electrical element; and why not use it for various purposes?

"Franklin certainly did draw down electric fluid from the clouds; why not make another draft? By the perfection of appliances there is no doubt in my mind that a constant and never-failing current may be obtained powerful enough to telegraph across the ocean, to decompose water for light (or use the electric current itself for light and for various mechanical purposes). And to this end I wish to write down some facts and ideas, hoping to add more and go further until successful experiments are made and the reality of this dream come to pass.

"In 1858, August 15, I wrote a little paper, which I shall transcribe here: I believe as soon as something can be found to bear the same relation to the earth that a wire does, a telegraphic communication can be made without a wire. What relation does a wire bear to the earth? That is a question to be settled, and one which I must write more about at another time; but it serves to conduct a distinct portion of fluid from point to point, and so on.

"A subdued form of statical electricity may be used for telegraphic purposes. Dynamic and electro-magnetic fluids are both used, but both are chemically or mechanically made. Statical fluid resides abundantly in the atmosphere, and then a structure—say, of points—placed in the air at perhaps cloud height, if of sufficient amplitude, would be a never-failing source of an abundant current. This, then, may supersede the use of galvanic batteries for dynamic and electro-magnetic machines for electro-magnetism; and a great abundance always obtained without any expense but for the original structure.

"As water, especially salt water, and particularly a current of warm salt water, is a good conducting medium, a powerful current of atmospheric electricity may be made to traverse such a path from shore to shore of the Atlantic Ocean.

"The collecting apparatus, or points, may be stationed on the mountains to save building high structures, and thence conveyed on wires to the point of immediate use. And all along this conducting wire the fluid may be taken out and used for telegraphing and reinterred for further purposes. I am confident that some simple apparatus can be devised by which the atmospheric electricity can be collected."

The reader should not overlook the fact that the above ideas concerning wireless telegraphy were written by Dr. Loomis exactly sixteen years before Mr. Marconi was born in Bologna, Italy, April 25, 1874.

Caring for the Affairs of Jugo-Slavia

Concluded from page 11

directed the attention of your lumber industry to the fine market for their products in ancient Hellenes. But why ship your lumber thousands of miles, when you can take your equipment and skill to Jugo-Slavia, just north of Greece, and find all the timber you can handle?

"When our wars began there were only about 10,000 men of college and university training in all Serbia. They necessarily had to take the lead in the war, and are now almost gone.

"We have the labor, the native intelligence, waterways and some railroads, but we haven't the educated skill needed for leadership in developing our great natural resources.

"There is great opportunity in Jugo-Slavia for enterprising Americans."

Many Serbians and other southern Slavs who have lived in America have returned to Jugo-Slavia. In one month recently more than 50,000 passports were asked for by persons desiring to return to that country. But because of failure of industry to revive there as rapidly as was expected southern Slavs are beginning again to emigrate to this country.

The Jugo-Slav legation in Washington is anxious to inform interested persons regarding its country and the opportunities there for trade and industry.

Dr. Slavko Y. Grouitch, the minister in charge, is a man of extensive diplomatic experience. He has perfect command of the English language. He was assistant secretary of state for Serbia during the exciting days of July, 1914, when the fate of the world seemed to, and perhaps did, hang on the notes that passed between the Serbian and the Austrian foreign offices over the incident at Sarajevo. Dr. Grouitch handled the details of the Serbian end of the controversy, perhaps the most important diplomatic discussion that ever took place.

He later had charge of Serbian affairs in Switzerland, being transferred to America early in 1919.

Madame Grouitch is an American woman. She was Miss Mabel Gordon Dunlap, of Clarksburg, West Virginia, when she married Dr. Grouitch. They met and were married abroad when she was studying archeology at Athens, Greece.

The business of the Washington legation is conducted in offices set up in an apartment house near Dupont Circle. The Minister and Madame Grouitch maintain a residence elsewhere in the city.

"It is difficult to avoid superlatives in any description of Serbia," says J. Rives Childs who assisted Herbert Hoover in relieving the distress existing there following the war. "Those who have come away from Serbia after but a few weeks' acquaintance with the country and its people unite with those who have spent long years there in enthusiastic praise of the country and its institutions."



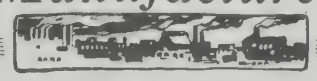
The Three Arts



Agriculture

Manufacture

Transportation



A member of the Kansas board of agriculture announces that a bill will be introduced at the next session of the Kansas legislature prohibiting the operation of boards of trade in that state.

The number of automobiles in the United States is said to be five times as great as at the beginning of the World War.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue calls attention to this section of the national prohibition act, which reads as follows: It shall be unlawful to advertise, manufacture, sell or possess for sale any utensil, contrivance, machine, preparation, compound, substance, designed or intended for use in the unlawful manufacture of intoxicating liquors.

The Hangyang Iron Works, of Hankow, China, a Japanese plant, is shipping steel plates into San Francisco at a price of $4.96 a ton cheaper than Pittsburgh steel.

A company known as Coast Range Steel Limited has just been incorporated with the object of installing blast furnaces and the creation of an iron and steel plant in British Columbia. The company is incorporated for $15,000,000 and plans for the ultimate expenditure of $50,000,000 in the establishment of one of the greatest steel and iron industries in Western America. Active construction will start within six months.

A German concern is now manufacturing a one-passenger, electric chain-gear runabout which weighs 440 pounds. The car will run 35 miles over city streets on one charging of the batteries.

India, after centuries of plowing with a crooked stick, is learning to use American plows and tractors. As a result the Maharajah of Bikanir has offered a thousand acres of land and the salary of a trained teacher to the Methodist mission board if it will send some one to take charge of the agricultural development of his state.

An anti-dumping bill to be introduced in the House of Commons will seek to prohibit the sale of goods in England at a lower price than that of the country in which they have their origin.

The Federal Trade Commission reports that 10 wheat mills hold a monopoly of the wheat flour milling industry in the United States. These mills manufacture more than half the flour used in this country.

A new steamship line has been established between Rotterdam and the west coast of South America by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. It is reported that the line will serve the Rhine Valley, Basel and Zurich.

The coal mine purchased by the state of South Dakota is now shipping 200 tons of coal a day. Production will be tripled when new track facilities are completed.

A new counterfeit $10 note is being circulated. The bill is about half an inch shorter than genuine currency and instead of being black the face is brown. The number is given as J7509902A.

Reports have been received from Czecho-Slovakia to the effect that a chemical works has succeeded in making a substitute for cork from turf. The substance is said to be equal to cork in every way and much lower in cost.

The government is making efforts to restore the Morgan strain of horses which has become almost extinct.

The United States is far in the lead of other countries in commerce with Chile. The annual report of the superintendent of customs of Santiago shows that we supplied nearly half of Chile's total imports of $146,483,331.

The United States exported 1,150 locomotives during the first eight months of this year, more than twice the number exported annually before the war. Belgium, Italy, Poland, France and Danzig were the largest purchasers.

The American people make greater use of their railroad transportation facilities than any other country. Each year our railroads perform a freight service equal to the transportation of 4,000 tons one mile for every man, woman and child in the United States. A comparison with other countries before the war would show 631 tons in Germany, 430 tons in France, 349 tons in Austria-Hungary and 311 tons in Great Britain. The railroads of the United States perform a freight service per capita more than ten times the average of the European railroads.

During September the daily output of gasoline in the United States was 15,000,000 gallons, according to the Bureau of Mines.

A Berlin newspaper announces that preparations have been made by the German aniline syndicate to erect nitrogen plants in the United States and Japan, and directors of the syndicate have begun negotiations with the two governments.

A "farthest north" wheat designated as "No. 10," which has been grown successfully at the 66th parallel, is announced by the husbandry department of the Manitoba, Canada, agricultural college. It is said to be a cross of the hardiest known Manitoba and Australia wheats.

The Department of States has informed Great Britain it will demand that the United States as well as small nations be given the right to promote industrial development in all lands taken from Germany and its allies after the war. Oil in Mesopotamia is the chief point of the demand.

There were 240 industrial strikes in New York City during the fiscal year ending June 30. The time lost amounted to more than ten million working days.

Co-operative marketing has been tried with successful results by cattle and hog growers of Craighead County, Arkansas. Cattle once sold at from $3 to $6 and hogs at from $2 to $7 below the St. Louis market in this section. As a result of the activity of the county farm agent, the growers began to deal directly with St. Louis in carload lots and their profits went up immediately.

The theory that charring the butts of fence posts and telegraph poles retards decay has been disproved. Experiments show that the charred posts are less durable than untreated ones.

It is reported that Mexico is making extensive plans for the development of her agricultural resources through the education of her present farmers to modern methods and machinery. One of the latest developments of the campaign has been the sending from place to place of a special train, loaded with an exhibit of farm machinery.

The Bureau of Crop Estimates will issue its next crop estimate December 17 at 4 p. m.

The Department of Agriculture has two bulletins, No. 946 and 947, dealing with the care of farm implements. They will be sent free upon request.

The Department of Commerce has emphatically denied rumors that it has advocated the resumption of trade with Soviet Russia.

Chicago bankers have arranged to finance the western live stock to the extent of $20,000,000. Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City and Omaha banks will co-operate. The scheme will hold no profit for the banks beyond eight per cent interest on the money loaned. A corporation will be formed under the laws of Virginia.

The Holstein-Friesian Association of America recently asked breeders to donate 1,000 registered bulls to be placed in the hands of the French Government in re-establishing the dairy business of the devastated sections of Northern France. Seven hundred head have already been offered.

Farm women will be interested in Farmers' bulletin 607, "The Farm Kitchen as a Workshop." The bulletin deals with the advantages of a convenient and well-equipped kitchen.

The government is experimenting in a "more daylight movement" for hens. A common alarm clock switches on an electric light in the hen house before daybreak. The result is a 12-hour day and an increased number of eggs.

Saskatchewan has organized a bureau of industries to develop known resources within the borders of the province.

The Bureau of Mines states that 600,000,000 gallons of gasoline, amounting in value to $150,000,000, are lost annually through evaporation and that half of this is preventable. The bureau will issue instructions showing how the loss may be avoided.

The national railways of Mexico are said to be negotiating with American equipment companies for 300 engines and 3,000 freight cars.

The Silk Manufacturers' Union of Japan has suspended production for three months.

Eight hundred million spools are manufactured in Maine mills every year. Skilled workers and complicated machines turn the product out at the rate of a spool a second. The value of the product amounts to $1,000,000 annually.

Forty million dollars has been paid to the Shipping Board by the War Department on claims totaling $200,000,000. Another item totaling $85,000,000 is under discussion.

Reports have been received from Tokio by the Department of Commerce to the effect that the Japanese dyestuff industry can in no wise compete with American or German products. This is a disappointment to Japan which had levied a 35 per cent import duty to protect home interests. Lack of technical skill is largely responsible for the failure.

Official reports received by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce indicate that a number of British firms are canceling shipbuilding orders and that this has had a very disquieting effect on the industry. Constantly rising costs of manufacture are said to be responsible for the withdrawal of orders.

China will send representatives of her silk industry to the International Silk Exposition to be held in New York in February.

The Department of Agriculture believes it has solved the problem of extracting phosphoric acid from phosphate rock by heating mixtures of this rock, sand and coke to a smelting temperature. The discovery may revolutionize the fertilizer industry of the world.

Weather Reports by Wireless



Photo by Gilliams Service

Farmers will not have to depend upon the appearance of the sky or wait for the daily paper hereafter to know what kind of weather they are going to have. The Kansas State Agricultural College has established a wireless weather report service and all the farmer needs to do is to install a simple receiving set and learn how to tune in every morning at 9:55. The photograph shows a corner of the college station.

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Briefly Told

Alexander McDonnell, who took the first scalp from an Indian that participated in the Custer massacre, and who dug Custer's grave, is dead in Omaha.

Dallas, Texas, has only one horse-drawn vehicle in its railroad station transfer service. All the rest have been replaced by the automobile. The sole remaining hack is hauled by a pair of white horses driven by a dark man who has been hacking over Dallas streets for 32 years.

The gross wealth production of the United States in 1919 was about $54,000,000,000. Of this amount, the cities last year produced about 23 billions, while the other 31 billions came from the ground.

All army conscientious objectors have now been released from custody.

The available water power of the state of California is 9,250,000 horse power and is exceeded only by that of the state of Washington with 9,500,000 horse power.

The Rockefeller Foundation has turned over to the complete control of France an elaborate anti-tuberculosis organization which has been developed at a cost of four million francs.

Statistics show that the export trade of Los Angeles with Latin America has increased 140 per cent in the past four years.

Egypt is again open to visitors after being closed to tourist travel for almost seven years.

More than 3,000 immigrants are passing through New York's Ellis Island station daily. For the fiscal year 1920-1921 more than 1,000,000 will have passed through the station. More than 10,000,000 are waiting in war-stricken Europe to swarm to this country as soon as transportation can be obtained.

A Seattle woman is colonizing a fertile island about 40 miles south of Mazatlan, Mexico, where she has a 7,000-acre holding. Twenty-nine farmers and their families from Arizona will sail for the island soon.

There are more than 22,000,000 widows in India, one-third of whom are under fifteen years of age.

The United States has one infantry division, or 12,000 men, upon the Rhine, two years after the close of the war.

Chicago has less than half the building trades workers it had six years ago. There is a shortage of 100,000 homes in that city.

A cargo of horses, the pick of the best herds of Idaho, Montana and Nevada, has been sent to China to improve the native stock of that country.

After four years the ban on bull fighting in Mexico has been lifted.

Born on the battlefields of France an American army mule was smuggled to the United States and is the petted mascot of the doughboys of Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas.

A humpback whale with two hind legs was recently captured off the coast of British Columbia. The bones of the unique appendages were sent to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Scientists believe that back in prehistoric ages whales roamed the land as well as the sea.

A cocoanut palm of the tropics booms like a gun when blooming. The spathe or flower case is of a hard woody substance from four to five feet in length, and when this case bursts to release the bloom it is like the report of a firearm.

Certain Boston stores have offered to employ soldiers and sailors who lost their eyesight as a result of the war. Certain departments will be set aside for these men. The state commission for the blind is co-operating in the venture.

The Italian ambassador to Brazil is framing an agreement with that country to protect Italian immigrants with a view to stimulating Italian immigration.

The number of births recorded in England and Wales during 1919 was 692,438. This is at the rate of 18.5 per 1,000 of population.

Italy is combating illiteracy by establishing 2,000 new schools. One hundred thousand teachers are needed, of which 80,000 have already been engaged.

Admiral McCully, at Sebastopol, Crimea, reports that seventy-five cents in American money on October 8 was worth about 18,000 rubles, or about the cost of one pair of cotton socks.

Alaska Indians in the Copper River district face starvation because the canneries net the salmon at the mouth of the rivers. Salmon for the Alaskan natives is absolutely necessary, not only as food for themselves, but for their dogs.

The total number of American soldiers gassed during the World War, excluding marines and sailors, was 70,552, of whom 1,221 died and 2,853 were discharged as suffering disability from gassing.

By controlling the period of light each day scientists have discovered the possibility of advancing or retarding the growth of plants, enabling florists to get poinsettias ready for the market by Christmas, and causing iris to bloom in December and chrysanthemums in the spring.

Only one-third of the newspapers issued in 1919 were printed on the product of American forests. High cost of pulp and paper mills prevents the manufacturing plants from following the timbers as do sawmills.

Nine cents a pound was the price of brown lignite coal of a low heat value sold recently on the curbs of the popular streets of Vienna.

Of the $8,000,000,000 of money in the country approximately $5,500,000,000 is in circulation.

Twenty colleges and universities of the United States and seven colleges and high schools of Mexico have arranged an interchange of scholarships and are to exchange lecturing professors. Mental alertness is all that is required to win the scholarships, and all classes are encouraged to compete.

Seaweed may be used for fertilizer, braided for fishlines or cord, or burned for iodine content and carbonate of soda in its ashes.

German professors hard hit by heavy taxation and the high cost of living are selling many rare and valuable volumes from their private collections. These are purchased, for the most part, by the Louvain Library, which was looted of priceless volumes during the invasion.

Volcanic eruptions of mild intensity have fired three mines near Fayette City, Pennsylvania, causing $3,000,000 damage.

The American Relief Administration will distribute one hundred thousand pairs of shoes, one hundred thousand pairs of stockings and three hundred and forty thousand suits of boys' and girls' underwear to needy Austrian children this winter.

The Proprietary Association, composed of more than 200 manufacturers of proprietary medicines, are planning to drive from the market the manufacturers of medicines of such high alcoholic percentage that they are used as beverages.

Prizes amounting to $44,000 in gold will be distributed at the poetry championship contests to be held in Buenos Aires in 1921. The poets of all Latin America are invited to participate, the prize winners to go to Argentina at the expense of the Argentine Patriotic League.

Prominent scientists believe that the time is coming when ships will be without chronometers and will be in constant wireless touch with all ports, guided only by wireless.

Two million marks to promote scientific research in Germany was the recent gift of a Japanese millionaire to the German Government.

Headstones, of a design suggested by the fine arts commission, are to be provided for the unmarked graves of all who served in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States. These stones are to be furnished free by the government and shipped, freight prepaid, to the railroad station nearest the grave. Full information regarding this service will be published in the *American Legion Weekly*.

The Negro population of Baltimore is 108,390; the white population is 625,074.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year *One Dollar* | Dearborn, Michigan, December 18, 1920 | Single Copy *Five Cents*

The Madness, Sadness and Gladness of Christmas

IT IS a commonplace so trite as to make its repetition risky that Easter has become the feast of the milliners; Thanksgiving the red-letter day of the gormands; and Christmas the jubilee of the merchants.

No better proof of this is needed than the now frequent saying, "We had better skip Christmas this year," by which is meant avoidance of the shopping madness, the purchasing fever, from which all have suffered in other years.

Our gifts are often amiable cynicisms, wrung out by custom, tributes paid to an "annual holdup" dimly supposed to be entangled somewhere with good will.

Christmas is Christian, and it has been made pagan. Christmas is spiritual, and it has been made material. Christmas is the anniversary of an eternal event; it has been made the orgy of a passing phase.

We have erred in making Christmas always "merry," when really it has its sadness. Christmas has been made exclusively the day of the children, when really it is more the day of the mature. Not only Christmas, but every day, should be "merry" for the children, for they are at the merry time of life. But Christmas is a time for adults also. Indeed, the First Christmas was exclusively a day of adults—the adulthood of the fields and the heavens and the homes of Bethlehem dominating the scene. With the children it is always "this Christmas" or "next Christmas"; with the adults it is always, last Christmas, or many Christmasses ago. That which is anticipation to the young becomes memory to their elders. And if we could weigh the sentiments of the day, tender sadness born of the memory of other Christmasses would press down the scale.

The cartoonists rarely limn a Christmas thought without a tinge of sadness—the bare garret, the empty stocking, the poor child. Goodfellow clubs, for all their heartiness and zeal, finish their work in a mood of infinite regret. And those whose good will takes the form of dinners to the poor, are conscious how small a dent one dinner makes in the problem of the world.

This sense of futility has no other cause than our materialistic idea of Christmas. We have reduced the season to the sordid level of Things. The modern Christmas card is the price tag. Materially the day is a mockery: spiritually it may become the first day of a New Age.

If Christmas is but a fashion, it may well vanish in its present form; if it is a Festival, it can remain so only to those who know what it commemorates. There is enough joy in the fact of Christmas itself to infuse all the warmth and light of the merriest Yuletide tale, in any family that dares to live the festival from the heart instead of from the purse. Unless parents can heap the bedsides of their children with mounds of fragile toys, whose tawdry life is brief at best, they feel that something is amiss. Unless friends can exchange presents extravagantly, they feel that somewhere they have failed.

It would be hard to conceive a more disconcerting act than to halt the throngs of "worry Christmas" people and to demand of them—"What is it all about?" They would not be able to tell. They change the style of their bonnets because Spring appears. They gorge themselves on the last Thursday in November because harvest is gathered. Why do they upset the tenor of their lives, and crimp themselves financially, and undergo keen distress of mind on the 25th of December? Why do they do it? What is the cause of this phenomenon? It is not the New Year. It is not the anniversary of a national event. What is it? How many, thus suddenly challenged, could account for themselves?

The whole gladness of Christmas consists in knowing the true "why" of Christmas. There are some people to whom Christmas does not belong. These are, for the most part, its spoliators. They may spoil it as much as they like for themselves; it never was theirs anyway; but we should not let them lure us to spoil it for ourselves.

Christmas tells us, for one thing, that goodness is always being born into the world, that in the cradles of the world the hope of the world is dawning. Christmas tells us that earth is not a lone planet swinging wide in a void of law and matter, but is near enough the throne of spirit to catch the music and reflect the light. Christmas tells us that the beginning of joy was a Gift, and that not of ourselves, but from another plane to this. If we know this message of Christmas, we are then free of the slavery of Things.

Joy is free to come from its only source, which is from above us, not below; and Peace comes upon us, which is the mother-spirit of Good Will to Men. And from Good Will come the best gifts of all—those which carry with them the heart of the giver.

...This Week...

Where Christmas Takes Place of "The Fourth"
An Intimate Little Picture of the Holidays in Dixieland

America Brings New Foods From Many Lands
Reviewing the Important and Interesting Work of the Government

D'Israeli's Portrait of the Jews
A Jewish Premier of Great Britain Describes *His* Race in Significant Terms

England's Dye Industry: A Burning Question
Question of Importation of German Products Threatens Crisis

THE PROBLEM OF ASTHMA—THE ORIGIN OF SPORTS
THE LATEST CHALLENGE FROM KANSAS
MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS
THE THREE ARTS—BRIEFLY TOLD
ILLUSTRATIONS—EDITORIALS



Many Men of Many Minds



Charles Garland.—A system which starves thousands while hundreds are stuffed condemns itself. A system which leaves a sick woman helpless and offers its services to a healthy man condemns itself. It is such a system that offers me a million dollars. I have had to choose between the loss of private property and the law which is written in every human heart. I choose the one which I believe to be true.

J. C. Mohler.—It would be erroneous to assume that the rapid decline in the price of wheat this fall was not a factor in the reduced acreage planted. The majority of correspondents frankly state that the condition of the market commends conservation and particularly in view of the possibility of high-priced labor for low-priced wheat next year.

Italy's New Envoy Has Kind Words for United States

Rolandi Ricci, Italian ambassador to the United States.—I am overjoyed to go to work with a people I have admired since my earliest boyhood. We Italians, who became a nation by cultivating those ideals which inspire Americans, find in the United States the basis of psychological, moral and cultural affinities, which allow us to work willingly and with enthusiasm by their side. In the country of Washington and Lincoln, a man born in the country of Mazzini is never a stranger. I propose to contribute with all my power to cementing the commercial relations between the two countries, but I do not trust my efforts as much as I do the voluntary help which I hope the greatest commercial organizations of both Italy and America will give me.

Edwin A. Alderman.—Education is inherent in the very word democracy. The two are interdependent and inseparable. In so far as education permeates society, just so far and no farther does that society go toward the achievement of true democracy. With universal suffrage—and that term has a juster and more portentous significance since the admission of women to the vote—it would seem beyond dispute that education comes first among all the obligations of the state.

W. G. Swaisland.—It is improbable that at any previous time in the history of the Dominion the credit structure of the country has been put to a more severe test than during the present autumn. Demands for commercial and industrial loans have been very heavy. The financing of this year's crop has made a heavy drain upon resources. Financially Canada is healthy. We are producing what the world needs, and we have vast resources for production. However, caution must not be foresworn.

Gabriel D'Annunzio.—I am Gideon. Let those who lack courage desert me. Let those retire who fail in resenting with iron will. There remain the brave with Gideon, and Gideon's brave will conquer.

Rev. B. B. Bourchier.—I am no kill-joy, but a giddy and flippant people never can carry the burden of England's empire. National frivolity can only issue in national collapse.

W. S. Kies.—Belgium has almost completely come back, industrially and economically. The efficiency of labor has greatly increased during the past year, and Belgian industries are rapidly approaching pre-war efficiency.

Rudolph Dreitscheid.—Germany's collapse was not due to the pacifists, but to the men who praised war as the fountain of youth and the bath of steel. I predict the time will come when the present treaty will be replaced by an instrument dictated by true justice.

Winifred Kirkland.—We owe psychic research exactly the same respect that fair-minded people pay to all new science, however startling or repugnant its revelations—but we owe it no more respect than that. Unfortunately, it is exactly this further veneration that most spiritists demand. To honest inquiry all things are possible. What we demand of the investigators of psychic phenomena is that they shall be as ready toward explanations so-called natural, as toward explanations so-called supernatural.

J. H. Thomas.—There will be plenty for a labor government to do and no one knows better than labor that the tasks before it cannot be achieved by wizardy or the making of clever speeches. But the rulers of today need have no fear of the fitness and ability of the rulers of tomorrow. The employing classes have no monopoly of brains, and labor has not only brains but also experience—practical experience of the everyday work of the great mass of the population, and the great and inspiring task of the labor government will be to do its utmost toward making the country which was worth fighting for a country which is also worth living for.

John Spargo.—That any general strike attempted in England as a development of the coal miners' strike would have signally failed to accomplish its purpose of forcing the surrender of the government, I am quite convinced. As long as there was simply a struggle by the miners for a wage increase the British people would bear the hardship and suffering involved and, upon the whole, sympathize with the miners. Let that struggle broaden into a general strike with political aims, a struggle against the supremacy of the state, and quite another tale would have to be told. Recognition of that fact explains the abandonment of the coal strike.

Francis H. Sisson.—Neither the banks nor the government can create credit. Credit is the product of enterprise and operation in commerce, and is limited and defined by the nature of such operations. Wealth consists of goods and service. The vast destruction of wealth occasioned by the war can be replaced only by creating new wealth, not by creating more credit. We can make up the deficit only by producing more goods and service.

Albert W. Atwood.—Socialism as the synonym of slavery has been written so large and clear for so many years now, even before Russia clinched it, that there has been at first a gradual and more recently a rapid shift away from old-fashioned socialist ideas except in the Russian experiment.

Newton A. Fuessle.—Nobody wants to relax; nobody wants to ruminate, or drowse, or dream. We dance ourselves weak and play our way into the jungles of fatigue. We rush away on vacations with enough sporting paraphernalia to burden our biceps and our backs to the breaking point. The fortnight of theoretical rest becomes a period of hard and destroying labor. We haven't sense enough to take a rest. Even a dog knows better.

Senator Charles S. Thomas.—As conditions are now your Congressman is compelled to work with both ears to the ground, one listening to the demands of the special interests in Washington, the other trying to sound what the folks think back home.

Individual Thrift Is Needed in This Country.

Clarence W. Barron.—What we need in this country is thrift. But you can't get thrift without mutual service. Labor and capital must serve each other. We need more thrift in the government, more in the corporations and more with the railroads. But it is all a matter of individual thrift. Without individual thrift you cannot have efficiency with the individual, the corporation or the nation. Thrift is production and saving, and where you work and save, there is efficiency. Saving is the key to the whole situation.

James Edwards.—The investment field, at the present time, embraces such a large variety of securities that intelligent knowledge on the part of the investor can only be gained by making special and intensive studies of each of the different classes of investments. To the investor the security of principal is, or should be, the prime requisite of an ideal investment. Safety is the cornerstone of success in every security transaction, and in the final analysis, safety of an investment depends upon the amount of property in good condition owned by the company, the total capitalization, the earnings, and the priority of the issue in question.

Fred I. Kent.—In the solving of the world's problems it is just as necessary that America learn to work conscientiously, to stop spending, and to save, and so help to do its part toward making up the huge deficit in the world's material requirements that has been caused by the war, as for Europe. It is therefore important that, temporarily, America be called upon for long-time loans for strictly essential purposes only.

Arno Dosch-Fleurot.—The Bolshevik régime has been able thus far to maintain an army of considerable proportions by throwing it *en masse* against the enemy. It is without sufficient military tactics or discipline to operate any other way. Thus you will be able to see that it was handled that way during the recent Polish fighting and in the same way against Wrangel.

France Returning to Work, Piles Up New Savings.

Harvey Middleton.—The spirit of France has never been more strikingly exemplified than in the vigor with which she is now pursuing her plans for the regaining of her rightful place in the markets of the world. In the first nine months of 1920 the adverse trade balance of France had decreased 36 per cent as compared with the same period in 1919. Seven million individual savings bank accounts are eloquent testimony to the fact that France has gone back to work.

Anne Gilbert.—We farm women would like improved mail service, for, in spite of current belief, rural mail routing is very poorly planned, and on many days of snow, of rain, or of mud, we do not get our mail. But most of all we want better—far, far better—schools that our children may have the best advantages in education that are available anywhere; that they may grow up to be well-educated, thinking, loyal American citizens, whether they choose to live in the city or in the country.

Floyd W. Parsons.—It would be just as absurd to try to catch the wind with a net, or hide the sun with a sieve, as to try to solve the problem of industrial accidents by first aid to the victims. Early precaution is better than late repentance. Emancipation from the ills of industry can come only through educational campaigns such as that fostered by the National Safety Council. There can be no higher goal or more noble aim for any movement than that of conserving the most precious thing in the world—human life.

Otto Schoenrich.—There can be no doubt that the American spirit of common sense and fair dealing will eventually assert itself and that Santo Domingo and Haiti will yet have occasion to praise American administration, generosity and justice.

Mrs. Andrew J. Holmes.—The essential of good health is pure, fresh air and plenty of it. Go into the average home, and you find the inmates languid, disinclined to exertion and "all tired out." The reason this is so is that indoors we usually live in an atmosphere which lacks in life-giving oxygen and which is charged with carbon dioxide, a poisonous gas continually being thrown off by each member of the household, together with disease germs that are seeking lodgment in constitutions in which the power of resistance to their inroads has been reduced to a minimum.

Duke of Devonshire.—We talk a great deal about our natural resources, and a great deal about our opportunities; but what is the use of any of them if we have not the men and women capable of making use of them? The universities have been the training ground for those who have gone out and added to the stores of knowledge, and more and more we must look to the university to bring out in greater degree than ever those men and women who are qualified for this purpose.

William H. Remick.—The exchange is very much alive to the dangers of the circulation of rumors of false information tending to influence security prices in either direction, but it must be borne in mind that it has no control over the minds and speech of citizens who are not members of the exchange.

Where Christmas Takes Place of "The Fourth"

By H. G. TINSLEY

IN THE cities of the South, as in the cities everywhere else, the custom of gift-making is widespread, but in the country districts it has taken small hold. Everybody keeps open house during Christmas week, indulging in hospitality to the extent of his means and often beyond; but the buying of comparatively useless things to avoid feeling uncomfortable when others bring you equally unwelcome gifts is not regarded as a duty.

Christmas on the plantation begins some time before it is indicated by the calendar. In the old days no planter dreamed of requiring anything more at the hands of his workers during December than to kill hogs and get up a noble woodpile, not only for the convenience of the home and its guests, but to keep the Negro quarters comfortable. That custom still obtains, and the sound of the woodcutter's axe and the whir of the belated cotton gin are the only intimations of labor in the country.

Some few others are busy, the gleaners, who have obtained permission to pick the "scatterin' cotton" that has opened too late and at too long distances apart to make it worth the owners' while to hire hands to pick it. This "scatterin' cotton" is a great feature in the matter of Christmas money. It is picked almost exclusively by women and children. Sometimes industrious gleaners, who watch each tardy boll covetously, get together as much as two or three hundred pounds. Then the delight ensues of bearing that cotton to town, and indulging in reckless expenditure.

In Christmas week the small towns throughout the country are quickened to almost metropolitan exhilaration. The whole country empties itself into them, except the better class of women, who seldom appear on these occasions. The small farmers, the crackers, the Negroes and their respective families enjoy to the full the excitement.

The gleaners' cotton is not the only resource for Christmas money. Eggs in large numbers are carried to the grocerymen, butter, tierces of lard, links of sausages, "scaly barks," chestnuts, pecans, persimmons, chinquapins, dried fruit of all descriptions, glut the market. Turkeys may be had at the lowest price, and tall, lean, long-visaged men, with unkempt beards straggling over their homespun shirts, will bring in bunches of skins, rude cages full of live "partridges," and clusters of rabbits and squirrels tied on sticks slung over their shoulders. Barefooted boys accompany them, boys uncouth and shabby and tattered, but blissful withal, and keenly interested in the contagious stir and bustle.

The small farmers' wives, who come into the stores to trade, collect around the stove and exchange neighborhood gossip with the clerks before their business is transacted. The men have an unvarying habit of disappearing with the proprietor into mysterious regions above, whence they presently emerge wiping their lips, and in a most satisfactory condition for the conduct of business affairs. The goods in that particular proprietor's shop may or may not be all that is boasted for them; but the quality of the liquor he uses for treats during Christmas time must be satisfactory or the tide of business is diverted.

The Negro woman who brings in the "extra crop," accompanied by a procession of sons and daughters has much ado to invest the limited sum of money that the cotton will bring. There are so many needs to provide for. Criticism is disarmed if, when she counts the scant coins in her uncertain fashion, she is impelled to ignore the necessaries and make a wild plunge into the realm of the unnecessaries. She has so little, she desires so much. Try as she will, her exchequer would not purchase a frock apiece for her "pics." Small wonder that she leaves them to blissful shreds and tatters and secures for one a cloth doll, for the youngest a rubber rattle, for another a green and yellow cow on wheels, and for the others striped mint candy, picture books and firecrackers. She buys sugar and raisins for Christmas cake and takes her share of the earnings in a lace-trimmed white apron.

"I reckon I kin git flour and a piece ob meat from Miss Susan," she calculates, as the party take their way home, and "Miss Susan," the matron on whose land she lives, is seldom of a mind to refuse.

"My hens ain't layin' none 'tall right about now, but I cackilate to fetch you a dozen or two eggs long 'bout corn plantin' time," she says, apologetically, as she accepts the flour and meat, and "Miss Susan" smiles indulgently; she is accustomed to these delusive promises.

"We are not responsible for these people any more; they must learn to look after themselves," protests "Miss Susan's" spouse, when mention is made of the extra drain on the Christmas pantry. But "Miss Susan" convinces him that she could not enjoy Christmas knowing that these poor people were in want.

"Think of it! All those children to feed, and the husband such a trifler. I feel sorry for Di. She was Maum Patsy's oldest girl, and well brought up. As long as I have anything she is welcome to share it."

The shipping facilities in the small towns do not admit of sending all the Christmas wares, the turkeys, and so on, to a bigger market, so when the local demand is oversupplied curious devices are resorted to to get rid of the superfluous supply.

For a "turkey walk," volunteers whose entrance fee will make up a fair price for the bird are blindfolded, and thus hampered try to walk as near a certain stake as possible. The walker who gets nearest to the stake wins the bird. When a number of turkeys have been won in this fun-provoking fashion they are handed over to a first-class cook, and a supper, eaten by all the participants, winds up the affair.

Out in front of an isolated country store is the famous place for a turkey-walk, and any afternoon during Christmas week such festivities are likely to occur. A certain number of pegs are prepared, and each walker, after vainly trying to approach the goal, sticks his peg in the earth where he stops. After the volunteer is blindfolded he is turned around three times, then told to go straight for the stake. Invariably he blunders in exactly the opposite direction, eliciting shouts of laughter from the circle of bystanders.

Possum suppers are another famous diversion with the young men, and some Negro cook in the neighborhood is sure to have acquired a reputation for cooking possum "just to a turn."

Shooting for beef is another game of hazard. The live beef has a value set upon him by his owner. The shooters take as many chances as they please, each chance implying a shot at the target. The man who hits the bull's-eye takes his choice of the best portion of the beef. The shooting is done with a rifle. The winner may give his prize to be shot for again, and the sport often lasts throughout a whole morning or afternoon.

Christmas trees and "festivals" are an important feature in the holiday season. On a big plantation of, say, 5,000 or 6,000 acres, there will be several churches and schoolhouses; each of these will have a tree in turn, and will lend decorations to those that come after.

People accustomed to the fairylike typical fir tree with its dazzling lights and beautiful gifts would be partly amused, partly saddened, over these grotesque Christmas trees of a new growth. Flags left over from turbulent political campaigns, snips of selvedges of gay-colored flannels, bedraggled sash-ribbons, frizzly plumes, mutilated Chinese lanterns—anything and everything that would add at all to brightness of effect, are among the queer fruits on this marvelous tree. Popcorn, tatters of tinsel, sugar-apples, oranges and monstrosities in the shape of sugar fish and birds, with a sprinkling of bananas and oranges, make up the collection. Tapers of any kind are too expensive; the tree gets light from a collection of lamps rigged up on a high table behind it. The gifts are clustered at the base. Great vigilance is needed on the part of the superintendent, because movable articles have an odd way of disappearing on these churchly occasions.

Those who are not able to pay the small entrance fee stand outside and peer at the forbidden fairyland within. They know that when the principal feature of the evening is over they can go in and join with their more fortunate brothers and sisters in the frolic that follows, and that is the main thing after all.

The Negroes never dance except singly, but they march or promenade to a weird, wordless sort of ululation, now soft and low, now shrill and piercing. It is late in the night that this odd marching begins. There is always a leader of such sports on every plantation, a man whom the others regard as a natural impetus of fun.

This personage takes his stand in the middle of the floor, flourishes his new Christmas handkerchief and shouts loudly "March! march! ladies and gent'emums; who gwine march 'long ob me?" The company huddles together and watches the turn of events with breathless interest. The girls giggle and nudge each other, each hoping to be chosen, but, demurring at seeming forward and unmaidenly, hesitation loses them the chance.

"Aunt Fanny" copper colored, sturdy, with gray wool knotted close beneath her bandana and a wide reputation as a "high stepper," advances from the circle and places herself at the leader's side, a volunteer partner.

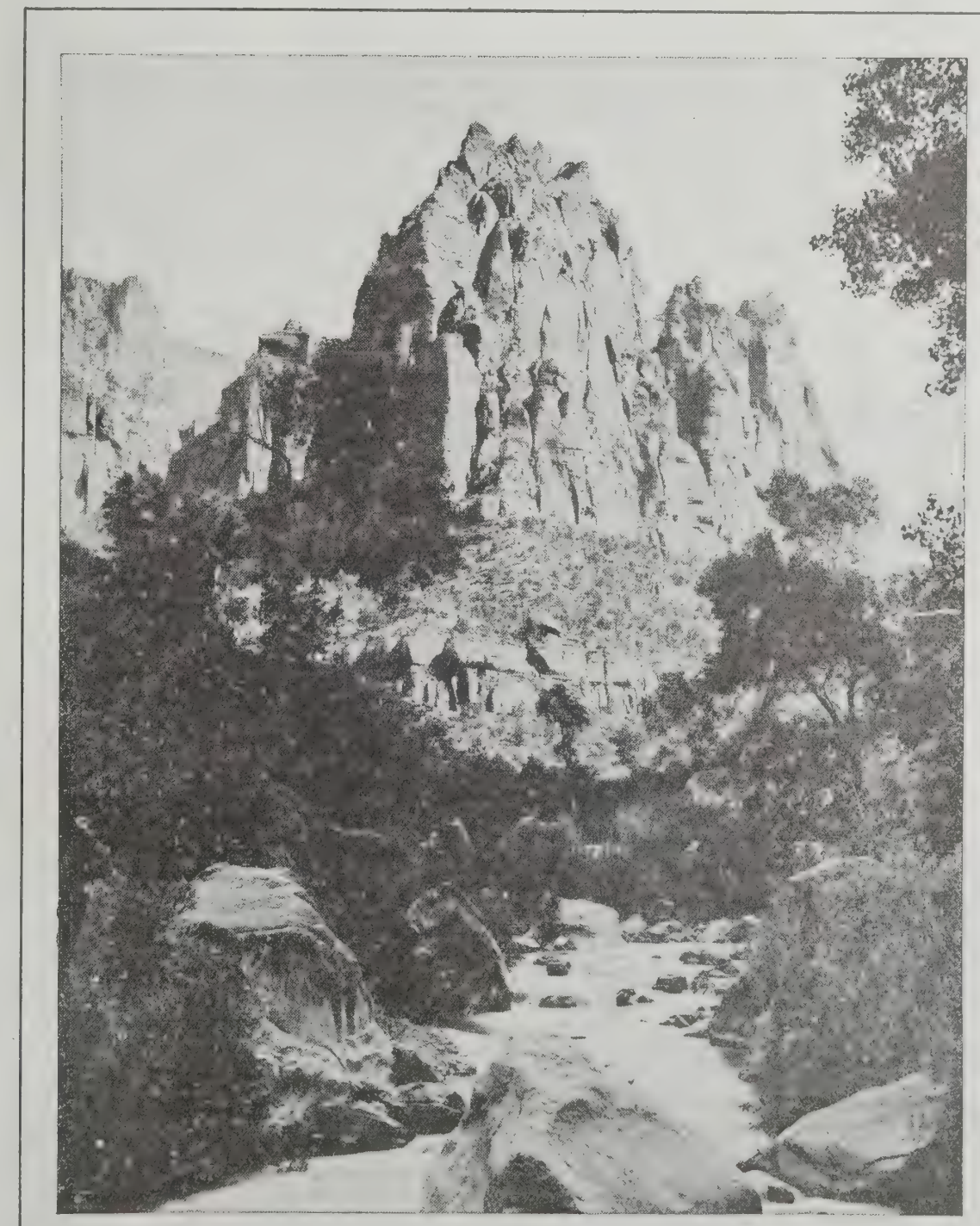
"Dem young gals is so kittenish, holdin' back, dat fashion!" she murmurs.

The leader takes her hand, other couples spring up as if by magic, and the Christmas march begins. Faster and faster they go, louder the chanted song ascends; occasionally a couple falls out and seeks a bench outside to recuperate, and, if the beau's pocketbook admits, to regale themselves on cake and lemonade. But the cocks are crowing for morn before the party breaks up.

Noise is, after all, the great thing on Christmas. The Fourth of July is not observed to any extent "down South"; the pent-up enthusiasm of the entire year effervesces on the 25th of December.

The cotton fields have not yet struggled to light out of the gloom, nor the

(Concluded on page 12)



Brown Peak, at south end of Zion Canyon, Zion National Park, is the newest member of the national park system. Located at the southern edge of Utah, it is noted for its vividly colored and fantastically carved sandstone cliffs bordering a deep gorgeous valley of about the same dimensions of the famous Yosemite. To quote Jack Lait—"Zion Canyon is an epic, written by Mother Nature in her most ecstatic humor, illustrated by Creation in its most majestic manifestations, published by God Almighty as an inspiration to all mankind."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 8, December 18, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:
1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

To the Reading Public

JANUARY will find THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT completing its second year as a weekly magazine. Youngest of all periodicals of importance in point of years, it has nevertheless been favored with an exceedingly gratifying amount of public approval and has consequently experienced a most remarkable growth.

It has given more space to interesting, informative and dependable reading matter than any weekly in the United States and has done so at about one-fifth the average cost of other publications. It has been straight reading from cover to cover and it has maintained an individuality in its columns which has been approved in a most gratifying number of American homes.

Readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT have, of course, been aware that the subscription price of $1 is inadequate to meet the cost of producing such a magazine. They are sufficiently well informed to know that advertising matter is relied upon by periodicals for a large share of their operating expenses and for their profits. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has accepted no advertising. It has sacrificed that revenue that there might be no question of the absolute sincerity of its motive and the independence of its thought.

Having established the worth of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to the satisfaction of the reading public, it is felt that an increase in price which will distribute the cost of publication more evenly, will now merit no disapproval.

Beginning January 1, 1921, therefore, the price will be advanced to $1.50 a year.

Time for Careful Pruning

THE Sixty-sixth Congress, one of the most memorable in the history of the republic, is in session for the last time. It has little more than two months of life left. But before it dies and passes into history it has important duties to perform and one of these is to pass upon appropriations for the next fiscal year.

The estimated expenses, as calculated and presented by the various government branches, amount to almost five billion dollars, with the army and navy leading in requests for high increases in their appropriations. So great indeed is the amount sought by these two wings of the national defense that, if granted, every resident of the United States, children included, would be taxed $13.72 to pay for their maintenance.

It goes almost without saying that these requests will not be met in full. In the first place Congress always pares departmental budgets and in the second place a Republican Congress is not likely to deal very tenderly with the suggestions of a departing Democratic administration. These facts should serve to lighten the dismay which the average taxpayer will feel when he scans the list of requests and notes their stupendous total.

There are departments, of course, which do not deserve to see their requests slashed. Congress, for instance, cannot afford to cripple the Department of Agriculture at this time, nor should it consider curtailing the activities of the various research and educational bureaus. Not only is their work very valuable, but their expenses are trifling, compared with the aggregate government expenditures.

Congress, however, may well raise a question of why such gigantic war appropriations are deemed necessary when the nation is at peace, and hopes to remain at peace, with all the world. Surely no foreign policy of which the public has been made aware commits us to an expenditure of more than one and one-third billion dollars upon our naval and military forces.

Again it will do no harm if Congress will scrutinize with the greatest care any recommendations involving new enterprises or new policies which will necessitate the expenditure of large sums. It is hard enough for the average taxpayer to raise his share of the sums necessary to keep the government functioning in all its present branches and at the same time to make progress in paying off the obligations left by the war, without opening any new ways of spending money.

Besides, it will be well to avoid five billion dollar Congress. We might become addicted to the habit.

Do We Need It?

AN INTENSIVE campaign designed to bring about the re-establishment of the war finance corporation, an emergency organization created under the stress of war, has been under way through the entire country, and with some hope of success, it is learned.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether the good that could be performed by such a body would counterbalance the possibilities of evil through maladministration. The appeal to re-establish this war creation has been along the most effective lines, and has enlisted the interest and in some cases the approval of Senators from the agricultural states, who without question have been influenced by the declaration that the war finance corporation can do much for the country in affording "relief for the farmers."

Hasty action, without the most thorough investigation of the reasons advanced for the renewal of the functions of the corporation, together with an inquiry designed to throw into relief the figures most responsible for agitation in favor of the proposal, and their motives, should not be taken by Congress.

Begin Each Day Anew

A PROMINENT business man, who always seemed fresh and full of vim and vigor, although he had a multitude of cares in the corporation with which he was connected, was asked one day how he managed to keep himself in such good physical and mental condition, free from worry and distraction. His reply is well worth remembering:

"I retire from business every night when I leave the office," he said, "and begin business afresh, every morning."

In other words, he meant that he did not allow the cares and worries of business to stand over him as a threatening menace when the day's work was done. When he left the office, he literally retired from business until the next morning. His home life, his social duties, his pleasures, were never tinged with the thought of the perplexing problems that the next day was sure to bring. By this method, old age was kept at a distance, worry was a stranger, and each day was begun anew with a fresh inspiration to meet and overcome the difficulties which might arise in the complexity of business life.

What is true regarding business is equally true in relation to the other activities and experiences of life. Many persons will not allow their yesterdays to remain buried. They still live in the past and constantly keep the sorrows and, perhaps, misdeeds of bygone years before them. It was Susan Coolidge, thinking along this line, who wrote:

"Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every day is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you."

To the man and woman whose experiences of yesteryears have been bitter, and still rankle in the memory, reaching out to clutch the heart and cause it pain, to begin afresh each day is a solution of their trouble. What if the years have been wasted, what if they have brought sorrow and distress and bitterness? They are gone, never to return. Blot them out of your memory as if they had never been. Think no more of the past, but greet the dawn of each day as the birth of a new world for you; a world which pain and sorrow has not touched; a world that by your own actions you can make worth living in, for yourself and others.

And don't let the clouds of today reach over and make tomorrow a day of gloom. Perhaps at this very moment things are going wrong with you. Today you have passed through an unpleasant experience. You have been hurt by an acquaintance, knowingly wounded by one whom you have considered your friend, defrauded, perhaps, by one in whom you had implicit trust. Don't let that cause you to be cast down. When you retire and close your eyes, say to yourself "Tomorrow will be a new day; I shall awake upon a world made new."

According to Specifications

IN THE erection of an edifice, the building of a bridge, the construction of a railroad or highway, the first thing to be done before work is thought of, is to prepare the specifications. No architect or builder would ever think of beginning a job until complete plans and specifications had been prepared and approved.

Yet, in the building of character, few people work along any definite lines.

A few years ago, a professor in one of the eastern colleges prepared a set of specifications for the building of character, which he distributed among his young men, and urged them seriously to follow the lines laid down. The following is an abstract. He called them

Specifications for the Building of Character.

Foundations: The four cornerstones are Honesty, Purity, Perserverance and Self-Control. To these should be added such stones as Economy, Industry, Self-Denial, Honor and Firmness, cemented together with Tenacity of Purpose, Courage to Fight to the bitter end for the Right, and the ability to Smile when everything goes wrong.

Superstructure: Upon the foundations thus prepared, the superstructure should be erected. The framework should be of Kindness, Truthfulness, Sincerity of Purpose, Abhorrence of all that is evil, and Love of Work. The Determination to stick to One Thing until it has been Accomplished overcoming all Obstacles, and a Strong Faith in your ability to reach the goal for which you have set out. Over all put a roof of Love to Mankind and Trust in God, which will keep out the storms and winds of adversity, which are bound to assail throughout life.

Decorations: A Smile for every one, Thoughtfulness for others, Pity for the weak, Cheerfulness under all conditions, Readiness to lend a Helping Hand to those who need it, and a Peace of Mind which remains undisturbed whatever may happen.

You who read this can build such a character, if you will to do so. It was Alexander Dumas who said:

"All the world cries, we want a man; do not look so far for this man. You have him at hand. This man—it is you, it is I; it is each one of us; how to constitute oneself such a man? Nothing harder if one knows not how to do it; nothing easier, if one wills it."

If a young man or woman starts out in life with the determination to build character according to specifications as given above, holding rigidly to the rules laid down therein, the resulting moral structure cannot fail to be one of beauty and symmetry.

Don't live your life in a slipshod manner; set your eyes upon a goal and press toward it. Mold your character according to some rule of action, and when the years have completed the building of a noble edifice, the happiness which will result from your work can never be taken away.

Start today, and begin to build, according to specifications.

Rebuild Our Forest Reserves

THE American Forestry Association is performing a public service by persistently calling the attention of this nation to the need for a constructive national forestry policy.

The depletion of our forests is a matter of great concern, the significance of which has as yet been only partially grasped by the public. The high price of lumber and the scarcity of wood pulp for print paper are only indications of the price we will eventually pay if we refuse to heed the warning signals.

The virgin forests of the United States have dwindled to about one-sixth their original size. Another sixty years will see even this remnant wiped out unless immediate and proportionate steps are taken toward a sound scheme of reforestation.

From a political standpoint the restoration of our forests may not be a burning issue. But from an economic standpoint it is most certainly imperative.

Too Cheap

A BROOKLYN undertaker, who sold great quantities of illicit liquor in which the main ingredient was wood alcohol and who thereby became responsible for more than 100 deaths, has been sentenced to from three to seven years at Sing Sing.

Three to seven years at Sing Sing for what amounts to the murder *of more than 100 persons!*

Is Justice in league with the bootleggers?

Mr. Ford's Page

IF YOU take our present social system and set it down as a diagram on paper, as the various reformers do with their social schemes, you will discover a curious thing—you will discover that the present system of society is utterly impossible, it will not work. Yet it does work! As you diagram it, it would seem to contradict itself at every step, it would seem to be the most unbalanced and ill-jointed and incoherent entity that anyone could conceive. Yet here it is, and it answers certain ends.

On the other hand, if you take Bolshevism or any of the other various forms of socialism, and put them upon paper in diagram form, you will apparently have before you the perfect scheme of a perfect society, and you may be easily convinced that it will work. It seems plain that it must work. Thousands of people, viewing the diagram, are thoroughly persuaded that it cannot help but work. Nothing remains to do but start it! Yet, the curious and disillusioning fact is that it does *not* work.

That is one of the strangest discoveries we can make: the utterly impossible thing, goes; the apparently perfect thing, fails. Make a diagram of social and economic life in the United States, and you would be ready to say, "Impossible!" Make a diagram of Bolshevist social theory, and you would probably be ready to say, "How practical, perfect and desirable!" Yet life in the United States goes on securely, while Russia, except to a few grafters, is a nearer approach to hell than was ever witnessed on this planet. Any Bolshevist who has had a full taste of Bolshevism as it is, will tell you so.

So many things are clumsy, stupid and imperfect; and so many offered substitutes are clever, logical and alluring, that it grows to be a wonder why the imperfect thing lasts, and why the apparently perfect thing does not take its place.

The reason seems to be a deep-set instinct of humanity that paper-plans may be all right on paper, but society is an organism, society is a process, a life, a growth, which cannot be laid out on a blueprint, any more than a soul can be diagramed.

There is little chance of an intelligent people running wild with the fundamental processes of economic life. Most men know they cannot get something for nothing. Most men feel, even if they do not know that money is not wealth. The ordinary theories which promise everything to everybody, and demand nothing from anybody, are promptly denied by the instincts of the ordinary man, even when his mind does not form reasons against them. He *knows* that they are wrong, and that is enough.

> ***SET it forth as a diagram on paper, and our social system looks impossible. Yet it works. Take another system long advertised by the reformers and diagram that, and it is the most perfect scheme you ever saw. You are convinced that it could never do anything but work with the most perfect satisfaction. Yet, when it is tried, it does not work at all. Why? Well, faulty as our old system is, it has a fundamental essence which the new systems lack—an element compounded of the economic fundamental known as Labor and the social fundamental known as Morality. Tamper with either, and no society, ancient or modern, capitalist or socialist, organized or anarchic, is at all possible. This lesson the drawers of social diagrams have not learned.***

But that does not dispose of the other fact that the present order, always clumsy, often stupid, and in many ways imperfect, can work along as well as it does. Admitting that it is not a perfect order by any means, it still has this advantage over the others—it works. To be sure, this is a fact in its favor, but it is not a fact which cannot be true of any other order. Doubtless this order will merge by degrees into another, and the new one will work also, not so much by reason of what it is, but by reason of what men will bring into it.

The reason why Bolshevism did not work, and cannot work, is not economic at all. It doesn't matter whether industry is privately managed or socially controlled; it doesn't matter whether you call the workers' share "wages" or "dividends"; it doesn't matter whether you regimentalize the people as to food and clothing or shelter, or whether you allow them to eat what they like, wear what they like and live where they like. These are mere matters of detail. The incapacity of the Bolshevik leaders is indicated by the fuss they made over such details.

No, the reason for Bolshevism's failure is its deliberate ignoring of common morality and human nature. Human nature is addicted to moral revolts, but it never respects a system that depends upon the moral revolt being constant. There are conditions under which every man will steal, but not even the confirmed thief respects the system that drives everyone to thievery. Bolshevism has exacted the greatest sacrifice ever demanded of a people—the sacrifice of their essential morality and the sacrifice of their former freedom. It was a great price, a price worthy of a great return. But there will be no return. Why?

There is no truth and sincerity, therefore there can be no mental or moral strength. These things go together. Bolshevism does not know it. You may change social methods as much as you please; as long as the earth gives her yield, and as long as men are sincere, a satisfactory form of life will be possible. The trouble with perfect social diagrams is that they assume the control of men who are destitute of the moral sense, and who have no conception of the depths and heights of common human nature.

That is the explanation of the operation of our own social system as at present constituted. Wrong?—of course it is wrong, at a thousand points! Clumsy?—of course it is clumsy; reminiscent of the Dark Ages at a hundred points! By all right and reason it ought to break down. Why doesn't it? Because it is instinct with certain economic and moral fundamentals. That is the reason.

The economic fundamental is, of course, labor. Labor is the human element which makes the faithful seasons of the earth useful to men. It is men's labor that makes the harvest what it is. That is the economic fundamental: every one of us is working with material which we did not and could not create, but which was presented to us by nature.

The moral fundamental is, of course, men's rights in their labor. This is variously stated. It is sometimes called "the right of property." It is sometimes masked in the command, "Thou shalt not steal." It is the other man's rights in his property that makes stealing the crime that it is. When a man has earned his bread, he has rights in that bread. If another steals it, he steals more than bread; he makes an invasion of sacred human rights.

Now, there is just enough of the presence of these two fundamentals to enable society to continue after a fashion and to yield the fruits of life to an increasing number of people. The majority of people work. Of course there are some who do not, but they have been so small a minority that they do not affect the whole. Property rights are acknowledged to a large extent. Not to the full, perhaps, but sufficiently to keep the social scheme intact and working.

"Not to the full," has just been said, but surely nearer the full than to total denial of rights. The scale will show that progress has been made more than half way, at the very least; yes, very much more than half way; and, what is better, moving toward the "full" all the time. You know, all there is to divide is what we altogether create. What we together create is distributed, that is, pretty well divided already; if it were not there would be no commerce. The contention seems to be as to whether the rewards have been divided. And regardless of differing attitudes as to this, the fact remains that here too the scale is rising toward the "full."

So that is what keeps our society afloat. Clumsy as it seems when put on paper, it has that saving essence within it—an essence compounded of industry and morality. You cannot build society without morality any more than you can build a span of broken planks. Indeed, what represents tensile strength in the social world is just this thing we call morality—no society is stronger than its moral conceptions, and when you seek the caliber of a society's moral conceptions you look at the security of the rights of property among them—the rights of the individual in himself and in the products of his labor.

America Brings New Foods From Many Lands

By AARON HARDY ULM

"WHY so many cultivated plants?" we wonder as we turn the alluring pages of a seedman's or nurseryman's catalog. Then we select for our gardens or orchards a few of the stand-bys our parents or grandfathers used to grow and consider ourselves very enterprising.

Despite the multitude of edible articles that come from our soil and are displayed in our markets, the constant wail of the housewife is, "Oh, for something new to cook!"

The United States Government is constantly beseeching farmers and gardeners and fruit-growers to try out new things in food plants. The worth of many of them has been proved by long experiments and if they were grown as freely as they might be the housewife's problem of variety for the table would be much lightened.

During the past twenty-five years there have been brought into the United States, under government auspices, nearly 50,000 varieties of foreign seeds and plants for test with the view of Americanization. And yet the possibilities afforded by the plant life of other countries have scarcely been skimmed by our investigators. Government plant explorers are today wandering through fields and forests of several foreign lands looking for new specimens that offer promise. Missionaries and diplomats, consular and naval officers, as well as private travelers help to procure new specimens, some of which have revolutionized agriculture in big areas of the country. Few subjects are being given more aggressive attention, for the constructive thought of the world was never before so concentrated on making the daily ration of human beings more secure, cheaper and more healthful.

The quest leads along many routes of science and economy, for it involves equations that until recent years were unknown and others that are yet but partly divined.

When the caloric theory of foods was established, we learned that many rare viands—porterhouse steak, for example—were of less essential worth than some very common dishes, beans, for instance.

Then it was found that calories are not all; for the little known vitamines and the mineral salts are of just as much importance in sustaining life and health as are heat units.

Heightening the efficiency of plants is the purpose of the plant explorer and plant breeder, and in pursuit thereof they are scouring all the continents and wearying through periods of decades with experiments in development and adaptation.

For there are thousands of acres in this and other countries that are not doing their best for mankind, and in many instances nothing at all, for the reason that the plant life growing upon them is not the most suitable for their soils and climates.

The task of finding or evolving the right plants for every acre of available soil and for our dietary needs is a world undertaking of the most romantic nature.

For Americans, the work is carried on in great part, though by no means wholly, by or under the auspices of the government.

In Washington there is a clearing house for plant immigrants. It is known as the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction, a branch of the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture. Arriving there monthly are about one thousand would-be Americans from all parts of the globe. After being classified they are sent to a station in Maryland that acts as the Ellis Island of plant immigrants. There, in sealed rooms of cement, they are subjected to careful physical examinations to determine if they are diseased; for against plant diseases there is a stricter quarantine than against the human.

If they pass the physical examination, the immigrants are sent to field stations, of which there are five, and subjected to growing tests. If those tests indicate that they are desirable additions to our plant life, specimens are distributed among plant breeders for practical propagation; and the fruitings are passed along to consumers for test or popularization as food.

Many do not pass all the tests of Americanization; then many do, with resulting additions to farming opportunities and to the cheapness or variety of American grown products.

Thus came the date palm from the valley of the Euphrates. Thousands of them are beginning to bear in the Coahuila and Imperial valleys, California, and in a few years American dates, superior to the imported, will be available throughout the country.

Thus came also Pima cotton, a long staple variety, evolved from Egyptian strains, and now luring millions of wealth from southwestern lands that twenty years ago were desert.

In large part the Smyrna fig, now thoroughly domesticated, came in that way, though George C. Roeding, a private individual, is conceded chief credit for its introduction.

Thus came the dasheen, the first carload of which reached New York the other day and helped relieve the potato shortage.

Thus came durum wheat, which is now being grown to the extent of $50,000,000 worth annually on lands not well suited to the older wheat varieties, which haven't as high dietary value.

And thus have come numerous other things with names that to average American ears sound strange, as in appearance they are to average American eyes—like the petsai, or Chinese cabbage; the udo and the mitsuba, vegetables that are as common in Japan as celery and asparagus are with us; and the chayote, a squash-like vegetable from Central America that grows on handsome perennial vines.

Undergoing experiment are scores of others, like a blackberry vine from Columbia that bears fruits the size of pullets' eggs; fruit trees just received from Africa that are unknown even to the written botanies; bamboos that send up shoots that sometimes grow as fast as three feet a day and to the Chinese are a food of unexcelled popularity; persimmons that in their native Orient grow as big as grape fruit; jujubes, the fruit of which when processed is as good as Persian dates, and the pistache nut tree from Greece.

And for the animals which we must also feed, they have brought in Rhodes and Sudan grass from Africa; the speckboom, a favorite food of African elephants; the Kudsu, a new grass from Japan, and various other forage plants that in many areas fare better than our native species.



A date palm orchard in Southern California, where date culture developed from specimens brought from Arabia and Egypt is now an established industry.

To get such things, wandering scientists have searched out-of-the-way places in many lands. One, Frank N. Meyer, traveled 8,000 miles through China, Siberia, Russian Turkestan, Korea and Tibet. David Fairchild, who directs the work, and Barbour Lathrop, a private citizen who suggested its establishment on the present basis, spent three years, at Mr. Lathrop's expense, touring the globe in search for new plants which the government might help to propagate. Other men have been through Russia, and in Africa, where two now are, and in Central and South America, which are now being searched again.

The plant explorer's adventures are numerous, for he cannot follow the beaten tracks of travel. Frequently he is suspected by superstitious natives, often in sections never before visited by white men. Meyer was once lined up to be slain but talked his way out. He finally lost his life in line of duty. While hemmed up in interior China, his health broke down and when getting out he disappeared from a Yangste river boat and was drowned.

Sometimes great diplomacy and ingenuity must be used in procuring samples of plants. Some people still hug the delusion, it seems, that they can conserve their own selfish interests by restricting the distribution of some plant that is valuable to them. Four or five centuries ago the Dutch, who then controlled the East Indian trade, tried such tactics with the pepper plant, whose growing they limited, even to the extent of cutting down one-half the trees in territories they controlled. The exorbitant increase in prices that resulted caused London merchants to enter into a co-operative trading arrangement that led to the development of the great East India Company, with all that it meant to the British Empire.

While we seek to get from others whatever we desire, we also freely give to other peoples anything of ours which they may need. In fact, the United States Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction is a world as well as a domestic clearing house, through which exchanges are made with other governments and with botanists and plant breeders throughout the world.

"The giving of a new food plant does not rob the giver, but enriches instead the neighbor and makes him a better purchaser,' says Dr. Fairchild.

Many of our distinctive plants are being or have been established in other lands, to the great benefit or enjoyment of their peoples. They point out to you in Washington City, for example, long rows of flowering Japanese cherries, sent to us by the Mayor of Tokio, who in turn points out with equal pride long rows of American dogwood, sent him in return.

While plant distribution has been under way veritably since the beginning of time, and virtually all of our cultivated plants are of immigrant origin, the standardization of the process has disclosed the fact that it is far, far from complete. In other lands there grow hundreds of plants that may yet prove valuable additions to our farms, and vice versa we have many that other peoples need.

"The food producing possibilities of Mother Earth have only been scratched," says Dr. Fairchild, "for we have only just begun to study in a modern way the performances of different plants.

"Can anyone tell why cassava will never compete with corn as a food or why the avocado should not rival the orange as a table delicacy, or why Oriental persimmons should not be eaten fresh or dried by millions in the South or why the prickly pear, which will keep a year without spoiling, should not become an important article of commerce?

"The tomato, as you know, was scorned as a poisonous nuisance until about a half century ago. The grape fruit was almost unknown as a food until a quarter of a century ago. Our farmers knew nothing of the sorghums, those invaluable immigrants from Africa, until within the last forty or fifty years."

In South America you hear as a common saying that no meal is complete without the avocado. It is one of the few fruits that, like the date, is of high caloric worth, being 30 per cent vegetable oil. A practically complete meal can be made on avocado alone.

In Central America a hatful can be bought for a dime; in a few years, I am assured, Southern Florida will be producing them in such quantities that they will be as cheap in America as grape fruit.

And there are other fruit-foods that promise quite or nearly as well, such as the mango, superlative tree fruit, now, like the avocado, being developed on wide scale in our sub-tropics.

The jujube, from China, will grow in more northerly areas, and prefers those of alkaline and drouth where few of our native fruits will prosper. It is expected to establish fruit culture in wide districts that now have virtually none.

The Oriental persimmon, aristocratic kinsman of our own lowly but by no means to be scorned native species, will grow freely in many sections of the United States.

Introduction of new fruits is not always handicapped by that most reactionary of our five senses—taste. A good fruit is almost universally liked; not so with good vegetables.

"I don't like it," or "My family won't eat it," or "I'd rather cook what I am used to," are the reactionarisms that are perhaps the greatest obstacles to the introduction of foods that are absolutely new no matter how potentially valuable they may be.

Only two species of animals, I am informed, have the nerve and wisdom to try out anything in the way of new food. They are the cat and the rabbit. Stefansson's dogs that were accustomed to eating seal meat went without food for days before they would touch caribou, and others used to caribou almost starved before they would eat seal meat.

Human beings are as perverse. Thousands of half-starved Europeans refused absolutely to eat bread made of our corn meal until it was camouflaged with other materials.

Psychologists and physiologists say that idiosyncrasies of taste should never be encouraged in children; that they should be given only what they ought to have, so that later in life they won't be haunted by absurd "I-don't-like-its."

Plant explorers, who by forced experience as well as design learn the value of all foods, say that we should go that principle one better. While supporting schools for training children to best use their eyes, hands and ears, we should also train them to make best possible use of their senses of smell and taste.

"Though change, by necessity, is slow," says Dr. Fairchild, "it is ever under way. It is our duty to facilitate and guide it along the lines of greatest dietary and economic advantages. We'll not always eat the foods we do now. Some are very costly, considering their integral worth, some are not easily digested, and many can be displaced by others that may be grown more cheaply and are of higher dietary worth.

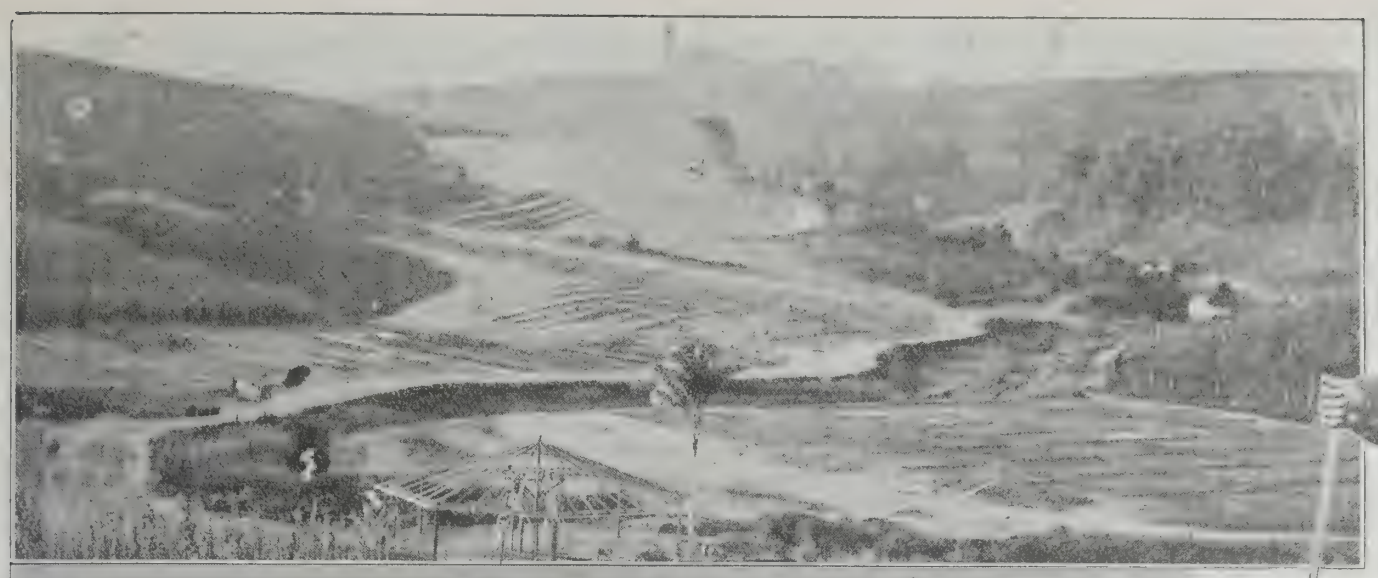
"It won't be long before we shall have a population of a half billion people in this country, and the trend of economics is steadily changing adversely to food production, the ratio between rural and urban workers rapidly favoring the latter. Never before was it so important for us to find ways for making every growing acre do its best.

"It is demonstrably easier to find new crops for different soils and climates than to change those soils and climates. There are more available food crops than the average person imagines exist in the world.

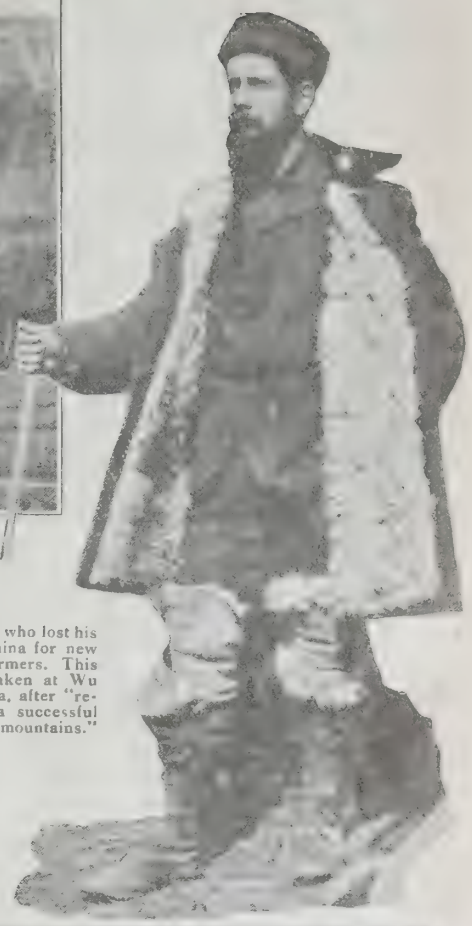
"It is the business of the plant explorer and breeder to find and adapt them when possible, even in advance of crying need for them.

"Anybody who is doubtful of the future food supply will be reassured by listening to any one of the enthusiasts in the Department of Agriculture, who will tell you that our food reservoir is by no means limited to the Great Plains area.

"One of the first great objects of the work of plant introduction is to get the farmers of the country to realize that there are many more kinds of farming than they dreamed possible, that new kinds are coming into existence all the time and that there is no reason why the kinds should not be rapidly increased.



An agricultural station in Brazil, from which country a missionary sent to America the sprigs that became the ancestors of our navel orange.



FRANK N. MEYER, who lost his life while exploring China for new plants needed by our farmers. This picture was taken at Wu Tai Shan, China, after "returning from a successful raid in the high mountains."



Brought From Afar to Tickle Your Palate

Directly below—An irrigated Chinese garden devoted to growing petsai, or what is frequently called in this country "celery cabbage," as easily grown and as a table food much superior to the common cabbage

Below circle—The dasheen, growing in Southern Georgia, where and in other sections of the South the West Indian immigrant introduced it.



Above—A radish, grown from seed brought from China.
Below—In this mountain region of China a government plant explorer found the wild peach, promising much to regions too cold or dry for peaches and apricot trees.



At the right—Udo shoots, one of the most popular of Japanese vegetables introduced by the government into this country, grown by D. N. Shoemaker, at Tacoma Park, near Washington.

Below—A cart load of Gustemalan avocados, a fruit of extraordinary high food value which experts say may some day rival the potato as a staple world food. Their growth is now taking firm root in Florida.





D'Israeli—British Premier, Portrays the Jews

Warning Against Involving Freemasonry; the Revelations in "Coningsby" Confirm Views of "International Jew"

THE Jews have complained that they are being misrepresented. It is their usual complaint. They are always being "misrepresented" and "persecuted" except when they are being praised for what they are not. If the Jews were fully understood by the Gentiles, if the Christian churches, for example, were freed from their delusion that the Jews are Old Testament people, and if the churches really knew what Talmudic religion is, it is likely the "misrepresentation" would be still stronger.

The downfall of Russia was prepared by a long and deliberate program of misrepresentation of the Russian people, through the Jewish world press and Jewish diplomatic service. The name of Poland has been drawn in filth through the press of the United States under Jewish instigation, most of the signers of the latest Jewish protest against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S articles being leaders in the villification of Poland, whose sole crime is that she wishes to save herself from the Jews. All this real misrepresentation is regarded as the Jews' privilege.

But wherever a hand has been raised to prevent the Jews overrunning the people and secretly securing control of the major instruments of life, the Jews have raised the cry of "misrepresentation." They never meet the question outright. They are not meeting it now. They cannot meet it without confession. False denials, pleas for sympathy, and an unworthy attempt to link others with them in their fall, constitute their whole method of defense.

Freemasons may wonder how they come into this affair, as they see the name of their ancient order coupled with that of the Jews in the latest Jewish defense. It is all very easily understood by those who are acquainted with Jewish strategy during the two centuries which comprise modern Masonic history.

Twice in the history of the United States, the people have been aroused by a sense of strange influences operating in their affairs, and each time the real power behind the influences was able to divert suspicion *to* the Freemasons. Once in George Washington's time, once in President Adams' time this occurred. Books were written, sermons preached, newspapers took up the search, but none of the observers saw the Jewish influence there. George Washington knew that the disloyal influence was not Masonic, but he saw signs of the concealed power trying to operate under the guise of Masonry. President Adams had not so clear a view of the matter.

Masonry Unscrupulously Dragged in

MASONRY emerged unstained because it was guiltless of subversive purposes. A pseudo-Masonry, of French origin, given to atheistic and revolutionary purposes, strongly patronized by Jews, was the disturbing element, but all that the public was able to see was the Masonic similitude and not the Jewish hand. A recrudescence of this misrepresentation of the Masons occurred also in 1826, and from then until the other day, when the Leaders of American Jewry linked the name of Freemasonry with their own, the name of the Order has been unscathed.

This is to serve notice on the leaders of American Jewry that this time they will not be permitted to hide behind the name of Masonry, nor will they be permitted to hold up the name of Masonry as a shield to blunt the darts or as an ally to share the shafts aimed at their subversive purposes. That game has succeeded twice in the United States; it will never succeed again. Freemasonry is not and never was implicated in what the Jewish cabal has had in mind. And Freemasons everywhere are aware of the facts.

It is a curious fact that just as the Jews have sought to operate through the Masons and then leave that Order to take the brunt of the ensuing assault, so also have they at times sought to operate through the Jesuits, playing the same trick with that name and Order. If the Jesuits and the Masons would compare notes, they could both report the same thing. Jews have sought to use both, and have been frustrated, although in consequence the names of both Orders have suffered for a time.

This is one of the coincidences between the Protocols and the facts: the Protocols express themselves as against both the Masons and the Jesuits, but willing to use both to attain Jewish purposes.

Both these orders are well able to take care of themselves, once they know the key to the Jewish plan. But there is much information on these matters of which the public is not aware, and at a future date a study may be made of the historical efforts of the Jews to use and destroy Freemasonry. Such a study will be useful in showing how Jewish influence operated in a day when the people had no means of identifying it as Jewish. The people attacked the thing they saw, but what they saw was not the source of the element they opposed. Progress has been made at least to this extent, that nowadays, more than at any previous time, the world plan of the Jews is known and recognizable.

The main purpose of the present article, however, is to show the reader that the Jews have not been misrepresented, the means of showing this being a presentation of the Jews by a notable Jew whom the Jews are delighted to honor.

Benjamin D'Israeli, who was Earl of Beaconsfield and prime minister of Great Britain, was a Jew and gloried in it. He wrote many books, in a number of which he discussed his people in an effort to set them in a proper light. The British Government was not then so Jewish as it has since become, and D'Israeli was easily one of the greatest figures in it.

D'Israeli Calls Jews "Mosaic Arabs"

IN HIS book, "Coningsby," there appears a Jewish character named Sidonia, in whose personality and through whose utterances, D'Israeli sought to present the Jew as he would like the world to see him.

Sidonia first announces his race to young Coningsby by saying, "I am of that faith that the Apostles professed before they followed their Master," the only place in the whole book where the "faith" is mentioned. Four times, however, in the brief preface to the fifth edition, written in 1849, the term "race" is used in reference to the Jews.

In the first conversation between these two, Sidonia reveals himself as a great lover of power, and discourses charmingly of the powerful men of history, ending in this way:

"Acquaviva was General of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe and colonized America before he was thirty-seven. What a career!" exclaimed the stranger (Sidonia), rising from his chair and walking up and down the room; *"the secret sway of Europe!"* (p. 120. The references are to Longman's edition published in 1919. The italics are ours.)

Taking up a study of the character of Sidonia the Jew, D'Israeli the Jew begins to refer to the Jews as *"Mosaic Arabs."* If a modern writer were to describe the Jews thus, virtually as Arabs of the Mosaic persuasion, it would be denounced as another attempt at "persecution," but D'Israeli did this a number of times, his purpose evidently being to give the Jew his proper setting as to his original position among the nations. Again he refers to them as *"Jewish Arabs."* Both of these terms may be found on page 209.

D'Israeli also gives voice to the feeling, which every Jew has, that whoever opposes the Jew is doomed. This is a feeling which is strongly entrenched in Christians also, that somehow the Jews are the "chosen people" and that it is dangerous to oppose them in anything. "The fear of the Jews" is a very real element in life. It is just as real among the Jews as among non-Jews. The Jew himself is bound in fear to his people, and he exercises the fear of the curse throughout the sphere of religion—"I will curse them that curse thee." It remains to be proved, however, that opposition to the destructive tendencies of Jewish influences along all the principal avenues of life is a "cursing" of the Jews. If the Jews were really Old Testament people, if they were really conscious of a "mission" for the blessing of all the nations, the very things in which they offend would automatically disappear. If the Jew is being "attacked," it is not because he is a Jew, but because he is the source and life of certain tendencies and influences, which, if they are not checked, mean the destruction of a moral society.

The persecution of the Jew to which D'Israeli refers is that of the Spanish Inquisition, which rested on religious grounds. Tracing the Sidonia family through a troubled period of European history, our Jewish author notes:

"Wars Are the Jews' Harvests"

"DURING the disorders of the Peninsular War.... a cadet of the younger branch of this family *made a large fortune by military contracts,* and supplying the commissariat of the *different armies.*" (p. 212) Certainly. It is a truth unassailable, applicable to any period of the Christian Era, that "persecuted" or not, "wars have been the Jews' harvests." They were the first military commissaries. If this young Sidonia in supplying "the different armies" went so far as to supply the opposing armies, he would be following quite perfectly the Jewish method as history records it.

"And at the peace, prescient of the great financial future of Europe, confident in the fertility of his own genius, in his original views of fiscal subjects, and his knowledge of natural resources, this Sidonia .... resolved to emigrate to England, with which he had, in the course of years, formed considerable commercial connections. He arrived here after the peace of Paris, with his large capital. He stakes all that he was worth on the Waterloo loan; and the event made him one of the greatest capitalists in Europe."

"No sooner was Sidonia established in England than he professed Judaism ...."

Sidonia had foreseen in Spain that, after the exhaustion of a war of twenty-five years, Europe must require capital to carry on peace. He reaped the due reward of his sagacity. Europe did require money and Sidonia was ready to lend it to Europe. France wanted some; Austria more; Prussia a little; Russia a few millions. Sidonia could furnish them all. The only country which he avoided was Spain ...." (p. 213)

Here the prime minister of Great Britain, from the wealth of his traditions as a Jew and the height of his observation as prime minister, describes the method of the Jew in peace and war, exactly as others have tried to describe it. He puts forward the same set of facts as others put forth, but he does it apparently for the Jews' glorification, while others do it to enable the people to see what goes on behind the scenes in war and peace. Sidonia was ready to lend money to the nations. But where did he get it, in order to lend it? He got it from the nations when they were at war! It was the same money; the financiers of war and the financiers of peace are the same, and they are The International Jews, as Benjamin D'Israeli's book for the glorification of Jewry amply testifies. Indeed, he testifies on the same page just quoted:

"It is not difficult to conceive that, after having pursued the career we have intimated for about ten years, Sidonia had become one of the most considerable personages in Europe. *He had established a brother, or a near relative, in whom he could confide, in most of the principal capitals. He was lord and master of the money market of the world, and of course virtually lord and master of everything else.*"

This comes as near being The International Jew as anything can be, but the Jews glory in the picture. It is only when a non-Jewish writer suggests that perhaps it is not good for society that a Jewish coterié should be "lord and master of the money market of the world," and as a consequence "lord and master of everything else," that the cry of "persecution" arises.

International Jews and Their Web

STRANGELY enough, it is in this book of the British premier that we come upon his recognition of the fact that Jews had infiltrated into the Jesuits' order.

"Young Sidonia was fortunate in the tutor whom his father had procured for him, and who devoted to his charge all the resources of his trained intellect and vast and various erudition. *A Jesuit before the revolution; since then an exiled Liberal leader; now a member of the Spanish Cortes; Rebello was always a Jew.* He found in his pupil that precocity of intellectual development which is characteristic of the *Arabian* organization." (p. 214)

Then followed in young Sidonia's career an intellectual mastery of the world. He traveled everywhere, sounded the secrets of everything, and returned with the world in his vest pocket, so to speak—a man without illusions of any sort.

"There was not an *adventurer* in Europe with whom he was not familiar. No minister of state had such communication with *secret agents and political spies* as Sidonia. He held relations with all *the clever outcasts* of the world. The catalog of his acquaintances in the shape of Greeks, Armenians, Moors, *secret Jews,* Tartars, Gypsies, wandering Poles and Carbonari, would throw a curious light on *those subterranean agencies of which the world in general knows so little,* but which exercise so great an influence on public events. .... *The secret history of the world* was his pastime. His great pleasure was *to contrast the hidden motive, with the public pretext,* of transactions." (pp. 218-219)

Here is The International Jew, full dress; he is the Protocolist too, wrapped in mystery, a man whose

fingers sweep all the strings of human motive, and who controls the chief of the brutal forces—Money. If a non-Jew had limned a Sidonia, so truthfully showing the racial history and characteristics of the Jews, he would have been subjected to that pressure which the Jews apply to every truth-teller about themselves. But D'Israeli could do it and one sometimes wonders if D'Israeli was not, after all, writing more than a romance, writing indeed a warning for all who can read.

The quotation just given is not the description of Sidonia only; it is also a description—save for the high culture of it—of certain American Jews who, while they walk in the upper circles, have commerce with the "adventurers" and with "the secret agents and political spies," and with the *"secret Jews,"* and with those "subterranean agencies of which the world in general knows so little."

Sidonia, "The Perfect Jew," Begins His Talk

THIS is the strength of Jewry, this commerce between the high and the low, for the Jew knows nothing disreputable within the circle of Jewishness. No Jew becomes an outcast, whatever he may do; a place and a work await him, whatever his character.

There are highly placed persons in New York who would rather not have it known what they contributed to the "adventurer" who left New York to overturn Russia; there are other Jews who would rather not have it printed how much they know of "secret agents and political spies." D'Israeli did more than draw Sidonia; he portrayed The International Jew as he is found also in America.

Thus far Sidonia is described from the outside. But now he begins to speak for himself, and it is in behalf and praise of the Jews. He is discussing the discrimination practiced against his people in England. It is the old story. Everywhere, even in the United States, the same story. Crying for pity while usurping power! "We poor Jews" wails a New York multi-millionaire at whose finger legislatures quail and even Presidents of the United States grow respectful.

The following quotation was written in 1844: Britons must be impressed with its uncanny parallel to their affairs today: it is Sidonia speaking—

". . . . yet, since your society has become agitated in England, and powerful combinations menace your institutions, you find *the once loyal Hebrew invariably arrayed in the same ranks as the leveller and latitudinarian,* and *prepared to support the policy which may even endanger his life and property,* rather tamely continue under a system which seeks to degrade him."

Consider that. "Latitudinarianism" is the doctrine of the Protocols in a word. It is a break-up by means of a welter of so-called "liberal" *ideas* which construct nothing themselves, but have power to destroy the established order.

Note also D'Israeli's answer to the question sometimes asked, "If the Jews suffer under Bolshevism, why do they support it?" or the Jewish spokesmen's form of it—"If we are so powerful, why do we suffer in the disorder of the world?" The disorder is always a step to a new degree of Jewish power: Jews suffer willingly for that. But even so, they do not suffer as the non-Jews do. The Soviets permit relief to enter Russia for the Jews. In Poland, the "starving war-sufferers" are able to glut all available ships in taking high-priced passage to America. They are not suffering as other people are, but, as D'Israeli sees, they are willing to suffer because they see in every breakdown of Gentile society a new opportunity for the Jewish power to dig nearer the central seat of power.

Just how the Jew works to break down the established order of things, by means of *ideas,* as the Protocols claim, is shown in this same conversation of Sidonia:

"The Tories lose an important election at a critical moment; 'tis the Jews come forward to vote against them. The Church is alarmed at the scheme of a latitudinarian university, and learns with relief that funds are not forthcoming for its establishment; a Jew immediately advances and endows it."

If these words had been written by a non-Jew, the cry of anti-Semitism would ring through the land. They are true, neither more nor less true, because written by a Jew. And Sidonia adds:

"And *every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous* to the society that is hostile to them." (These quotations from page 249)

Well, several generations have passed since these words were written. The Jew still regards every form of non-Jewish society as hostile to him. He organizes strongly against society. And, if D'Israeli is to be taken as a prophet, his words remain—"they must become more powerful and more dangerous." They have become more powerful. Whoso would measure the danger, look around.

Let the charming Sidonia proceed with his revelations:

"I told you just now that I was going up to town tomorrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, *except when I am informed that the Sovereigns want treasure; then I know that monarchs are serious.*"

It will be remembered that Sidonia held no governmental position. The time had not come for that. Power was exercised behind the scenes long before the craving for the spotlight was gratified. But whether there be Jews in office or not, the power they exercise behind the scenes is always greater than the power they show in the open. It can be seen, therefore, that the more numerous they are in office, the greater their secret power. Sidonia continues:

The Jew Behind the Throne

"A FEW years back we were applied to by Russia. Now there has been no friendship between the Court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it; and our representations in favor of the Polish Hebrew, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, have not been very agreeable to the Czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with *the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew.*

"The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I traveled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with *the Spanish Minister, Señor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuevo Christiano, a Jew of Aragon.*

"In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris to consult *the President of the French Council; I beheld the son of a French Jew,* a hero, an imperial marshal . . . ."

If Sidonia were traveling today he would find whole groups of Jews, where, in his day, he found one, and he would find them in exalted places. Suppose D'Israeli were alive today and should revise "Coningsby," including the United States in the tour of this money-master of the world! What a host of Jewish names he could gather from official circles in Washington and New York—such a host, indeed, as makes the occasional Gentile look like a foreigner who had been graciously permitted to come in by the Jews!

"The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and mediative capacity. We fixed on Prussia; and the President of the Council made an application to the *Prussian Minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew.*"

Sidonia's comment upon all this is offered as an address to every reader of this article:

"So, you see, my dear Coningsby, that *the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes.*" (pp. 251-252)

It is indeed! Why not let the world see behind the scenes for a little?

The Jew Behind the Revolution

AND now for the most illuminating lines D'Israeli ever wrote—lines which half compel the thought that maybe, after all, he was writing to warn the world of Jewish ambition for power:

> "You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. *The first Jesuits were Jews. That mysterious Russian Diplomacy* which so alarms Western Europe *is organized and principally carried on by Jews. That mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany,* and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is yet known in England, *is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews.*" (p. 250)

American Jews say that the Protocols are inventions. Is Benjamin D'Israeli an invention? Was this Jewish Prime Minister of Great Britain misrepresenting his people? Are not his portrayals taken as true history? And what does he say?

He shows that in Russia, the very country where the Jews complained they were least free, the Jews were in control.

He shows that the Jews know the technique of revolution, foretelling in his book the revolution that later broke out in Germany. How did he foreknow it? Because that revolution was developing under the auspices of Jews, and, though it was then true that "so little is yet known in England," D'Israeli the Jew knew it, and knew it to be Jewish in origin and development and purpose.

One point is sure: *D'Israeli told the truth.* He presented his people before the world with correctness. He limns Jewish power, Jewish purpose and Jewish method with a certainty of touch that betokens more than knowledge—he shows racial sympathy and understanding. He sets forth the facts which this series is setting forth. Why did he do it? Was it boastfulness, that dangerous spirit in which the Jew gives up most of his secrets? Or was it conscience, impelling him to tell the world of Judah's designs?

No matter; he told the truth. He is one man who told the truth without being accused of "misrepresenting" the Jews.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Leo Keena, former American Consul General in Switzerland, but now American representative at Warsaw, was referred to in this department of December 4, as a Jew. The statement was erroneous. Mr. Keena is a good Irishman. A Jewish correspondent writes: "The Jewish blood of Leo Keena must have come from my nosebleed when I wrestled with him in our hayloft on Madison avenue (Detroit) some thirty years ago." It is a testimony to the extent of Mr. Keena's reputation, a testimony also to the care with which THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is read, that corrections have come from several parts of the country. The error was due in large part to the matter and tone of a Warsaw dispatch which appeared in the Jewish press.

Rabbi Philip A. Langh says: "It is not for the first time in history, that the Jew dwells in a land like Soviet Russia," and then he describes conditions in the sixth century in Persia. There was a Jewish revolution under the Prince of the Exile. Nationalization of women (Gentiles, of course) was one of the accompaniments of the disorders.

The representative of the United States in the Aland Island dispute is Abram I. Elkus. And again no one appears to know why.

Upon Mr. Elkus' arrival in Sweden, he was met by the American Minister, who also is a Jew—Ira Nelson Morris.

Here is the recipe for revolutions: "Want and opinion are the two agents which make all men act. Cause the want, govern opinions, and you will overturn all the existing systems, however well constituted they may appear."

"Exclude the barterers and the lazy, for these are the classes that mostly make for radicalism," says Commissioner Wallis, of the Immigration Bureau. He says that 15,000,000 people are waiting to come to America. Last week over 30,000 arrived in New York. Most of them were Jews, as these are about the only people who can travel these days.

It is known that South America is now one of the objectives of International Jewry, two indications having pointed it out: First, the movement of gold in that direction; second, the movement of immigrants. It is now reported by Jewish sources that the government of Brazil has "invited" 2,500 Jewish families to that country.

The Jews of Shanghai, China, recently dedicated a white marble synagogue.

The revolution in Russia is Jewish, and the counter-revolution is Russian. That is proved by two things: first, the boast of the Jewish press that it was because of General Wrangel's "anti-Semitism" that the Allies withdrew support from him at the critical moment; second, the call sent out by Russians, and also printed in the Jewish press—"Russians, come and save Russia from the Jews! I go to the aid of my brother Wrangel, whose army is a Russian and not a Jewish one." The amazing effrontery of responsible Jews in the United States, in denying that Bolshevism is Jewish, very vividly indicates the length they think they can go in bludgeoning American intelligence.

An American book about the Jews, published in 1888, contains this preface: "We expect the Jews will try to boycott 'The American Jew' . . . . They will appoint committees to visit book dealers urging them not to handle the book; they will buy up and destroy all copies found exposed for sale; they will bribe, threaten, plead, and try in every way to interfere with its sale; they will circulate reports that the book has been 'called in.'" A recent report on a book that was wanted reads this way: "Whenever a copy turns up, it is immediately bought by a Jew." The scarcity of the United States Senate document containing the Morgenthau Report is accounted for in the same way.

Poland, which is so insistently reported to be "persecuting" the Jews, has appointed a Jewish envoy to Vienna.

Your Own United States—A Famous Old Fort



Erected as a defense against the Indians during Pontiac's war in 1764, by Colonel Henry Boquet. This quaint five-sided blockhouse remains in an excellent state of preservation, and is the only landmark of the British occupation of the Forks of the Ohio. It stands on the site of Fort Pitt, which is Pittsburgh of today. The local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution acts as custodian of this historic place which is Pittsburgh's oldest building.

The Problem of Asthma

ONE of the commonest causes of suffering is asthma. It is safe to say that death can never be directly attributed to it, and yet for incapacitating distress of a persistent, terrifying character it has few equals. Its occurrence is widespread even among people of apparently good general health. The medical profession has found it a most puzzling problem for more than passing relief. There has been a capriciousness about the affection which was paradoxical. What caused the attack in one served to relieve it in another. But for permanent relief there has existed a despairing hopelessness in the face of which any light which will kindle new hope in the hearts of sufferers from asthma should receive attention.

In the September 25th issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, these remarkable statements were quoted from an English magazine:

"Serum remedies for asthma contain such substances as cat's fur, goose feathers, dog's hair, horse's mane, fish, onions, or other ingredients, according to the specific cause of the patient's asthma. Some cases are caused by inhalation of horse odor and dandruff; hence, the inclusion of the offending substance in the curative serum."

The quotation suggests the formula of a Chinese herb dealer, and yet in its brevity it is accurate, as you will see.

The term asthma, derived from the Greek verb "to breathe," is applied in medicine to laborious breathing. True asthma, or more technically true bronchial asthma, is a particular type of laborious breathing, independent of the common causes of shortness of breath, namely, heart or circulatory troubles, lung affections, Bright's disease, or anemia. These latter types are very different, and can be eliminated in most instances of true asthma.

The association of hay fever with asthma is more or less that of junior and senior. Many who have endured for years the seasonal sneezing, running nose, and watering eyes of hay fever can witness the change sooner or later to the more severe paroxysms of shortness of breath and the terrifying smothering of asthma. It is the progression from simple to complex, practically from the endurable to the unendurable.

Recent scientific work is resolving the problem into one of relativity, a subject to which so much attention has recently been drawn by a famous German physicist. A variation in the chemical organizations of different individuals has been known for ages. Lucretius, the Roman poet of the first century, before Christ, in referring to so many truths now considered new theories of modern science, said *"Quod ali cibus est aliis fuat acre venenum."* (What is food to one may be fierce poison to others.) "One man's food is another man's poison," is the underlying principle of asthma as demonstrated by recent scientific work. A condition of unnatural sensitiveness to substances ordinarily innocuous has been demonstrated, and on this basis effective measures of relief have been invented. As already inferred, light has been shed where darkness occurred and the way out can be seen clearly.

Most of us have recognized certain personal peculiarities in ourselves, especially in regard to our diet. One has had hives on eating strawberries. Another has never been able to enjoy shellfish. There are babies who are poisoned by cow's milk. Many children have had to avoid eggs alone or even in such combinations as custards or cakes rather than suffer eczema or even asthma itself. I recall a gentleman who could not be deceived by buckwheat however disguised in the kitchen. An acquaintance has an idiosyncrasy for cats. He can feel their presence in a room when he cannot see them. Their unseen presence makes him ill.

Many a horse lover realizes his sensitiveness. Whenever he is about the horses, in the stable or driving, he begins to sneeze and his eyes to water. Similarly unfortunate experiences have come in the garden—to one lady in mind, among the carnations; to another when near roses, even in the house in a vase. By far the best known are the sufferers of haying time when the pollens are in the air, especially the ragweed.

How many water resorts owe their popularity to the effort to avoid such poisoning?

Everyday medicine illustrates the fact in the varying idiosyncrasies, drug or otherwise. Neglecting this fact is tempting fate in handling patients. Quinine, arsenic, mercury, even alcohol, cause serious upsets for some people in even the minimum amounts, ordinarily of benefit.

And so it has been found that certain people are acutely poisoned by substances ordinarily tolerated as inoffensive or even considered a necessary food to the majority. These substances are widely distributed in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, some available only at certain seasons, some all the year round. Further it is known that it is the nitrogenous portion of such substances, the proteins, which cause this trouble.

No light has been thrown on the cause of such differences in individuals, to the extent that one may be seriously poisoned by such a common foodstuff as wheat. In some the sensitiveness peculiar to their chemical organizations must be inherited, a fact deduced not so much from the finding of similar trouble in their parents as from the early appearance of the trouble. In infancy the more common proteins causing asthma are among the first included in the expanding diet, as, for instance, egg, milk, and potato. The earlier the onset of the asthma, the more likely it is due to a foodstuff. The cereal grains are the commonest of all the foods involved, wheat leading. This is especially surprising considering the widespread use of wheat in some form, and yet, just the very fact would render the absolute incidence greater, on account of the greater opportunity. Corn and rice, fish, chicken, lamb, beef, pork, vegetables, fruits and honey are on the list.

What is known as atypical asthma or asthmatic bronchitis becomes the predominant type in the group developing asthma later in life. In them, bronchial infection plays the rôle with predominance of the ordinary pus-producing bacteria, the prevalent organisms in the nose and throat. Such organisms may lurk in tonsils, about dead teeth, and elsewhere as much as in the bronchi. In addition to the actual bronchitis itself, the bacterial proteins may be acting as an instigating poison.

By inhalation, in contrast to eating, two other groups or proteins may enter the body to stimulate bronchial nerve endings and cause asthma. The first group is well known, the plant pollens. The pollens of timothy, redtop and ragweed lead in frequency. When we consider the large number of hay fever sufferers in addition to the asthmatics, how can our large cities tolerate the rank growth of ragweed in the vacant lots and overhanging the sidewalks, especially in the season of pollenization? A complete list is impossible. In spring, the poplar, willow, birch, elm, maple, oak, pine and walnut are available. In summer, orchard grass, June grass, daisy, dandelion, clover, sweet clover, poppy and rose, may take part, though most of these are concerned more in hay fever than asthma. Rose pollen mostly carried by insects is also wind borne. In late summer the list includes goldenrod, goldenglow, sunflower, dahlia and alfalfa. And yet we have stated, in asthma the three chief offenders are ragweed, timothy, and redtop.

The strangest truth of all concerns the other group of proteins inhaled, namely the animal emanations. Strangely too, this is the largest group and would probably be the last to be realized by the average asthmatic. It is one more bit of evidence that science is robbing us of our best and most accustomed pleasures. Maeterlinck must have had the same idea when he said that "all our knowledge merely helps us to die a more painful death than the animals that know nothing." As if Dobbin had not suffered sufficiently in the last ten years, he is now charged with the causation of asthma! He offends nine times as frequently as Tabby!

Horse hair and dandruff rank first in this group. Cat hair, chicken feathers, cattle hair and wool must all be mentioned. Dog hair is the least common cause. With this fact proved, one can imagine the asthmatic among his domestic pets suffering year in and year out without relief, in his innocence.

Of course, we must bear in mind that in the case of each asthmatic the cause is specifically one or a small combination of two or more such factors. All these named do not influence every individual case.

Dr. I. Chandler Walker, to whom the credit of this remarkable demonstration must be given, has listed the percentage occurrence of causes in four hundred cases of asthma.

Animal emanations	16%
Food proteins	12%
Bacterial proteins	10%
Pollens	10%

The remaining 52 per cent are non-sensitive to proteins and have the atypical asthma or asthmatic bronchitis. In this large group, the asthma attack is usually associated with colds and bronchitis, catarrh of the nose and throat, and occasionally infections of the teeth, tonsils, and sinuses. The real cause is a bacterial infection. The patient has suffered from bronchitis for years and this gradually progresses to greater wheezing and greater severity, finally being associated with smothering and shortness of breath. This is the predominating type in those asthmatics with onset past middle age.

It is apparent then that the age of onset will give a

(Concluded on page 12)

Kansas' Latest Challenge—"Fitter Families"

By FRANK M. CHASE

HUMAN beings came into their own in Kansas this fall. They were scored and judged at the state fair! There were classes for children, for adults and for whole families. Medals and certificates were awarded, as well as a special silver trophy for the best family. Thorough mental and physical examinations were required of every entrant. The family history also was taken, while the purpose of the contest was summed up in the slogan: "Fitter Families for Future Firesides."

Eugenics? Exactly; for years the butt of the paragrapher's wit and seldom taken seriously outside forbidding scientific works. Yet under the auspices of this contest more than a hundred Kansas citizens took a good, square look at themselves as present or future fathers and mothers. While breeders at the ringside a few rods away were appraising each cow or horse in terms of its progeny, these men and women seriously took stock of their qualifications for parenthood.

There is a challenge to all the world in this contest. It is, in fact, the latest challenge from Kansas. It means that the people of this progressive state no longer are content to breed only better animals. They are setting out to raise better citizens; to apply to the human race, some of the principles of heredity which have worked wonders in live stock improvement.

The story of the first eugenics contest is one of a big vision; of the friendship of two middle western women; of their steadfast devotion to an idea; of accomplishment. Its beginning dates back to 1910, when at a little county fair in Iowa the superintendent of the art department happened to notice a great many babies who, she thought, were not getting all the attention to which they were entitled. On the spot it occurred to her that the babies might be shown and judged with as much profit to the community as arises from the exhibition of calves and colts. As a result of her idea the first baby health contest in America was held at the Iowa State Fair the following year.

How Mary T. Watts fought for the privilege of holding this contest, her ultimate triumph, and how the baby scoring plan has since grown into the present extensive better babies movement, is in itself an interesting story. But that is the task of another day. Assisting in that first baby contest was Dr. Florence Brown Sherbon, who shared with Mrs. Watts the idea which finally resulted in the eugenics contest. Themselves mothers, both saw the great possibilities in the baby health work, and as it rapidly spread over the nation their conception of it grew. Their vision came to include much more than the present welfare of children: they hoped to see established some means of directing public attention to the mental and physical well-being of every member of the family.

For several years the two women, separated by their respective duties, did not come together. Neither, however, lost sight of the idea. At Lawrence, Kansas, in the spring of 1919, the conversation turned to their favorite topic, eugenics. In view of the success of the baby health contests, they agreed that some competitive plan was likewise suitable for arousing popular interest in the subject. They further agreed that the time was ripe for the eugenics contest, and that the first to have a good opportunity to hold one should do so.

"We ought to have a slogan," said Doctor Sherbon. "How would something about 'fit families' do?"

"Make it 'fittest families'," suggested the impulsive Mrs. Watts, who does nearly everything in the superlative.

"Fitter families," compromised the more conservative physician, and the remainder of the slogan came quite naturally.

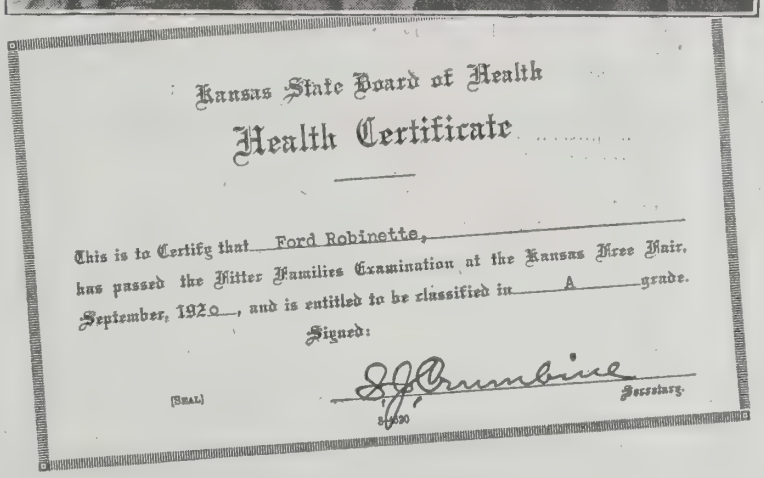
A little later Doctor Sherbon came to Topeka as head of the child hygiene division of the Kansas State Board of Health. Thinking that an interesting exhibit might be based upon her excellent work in this capacity, the Kansas Free Fair Association offered her a building to use as she wished. Here was Doctor Sherbon's opportunity. She explained the eugenics contest idea to the secretary of the fair. He heartily favored the plan and in due time "Department S— Eugenics," with Doctor Sherbon in charge, took its place in the premium list. Assisting Doctor Sherbon was her old friend and collaborator, Mrs. Watts.

Physicians and specialists of high standing gave their time and services to this work with no recompense save their expenses. In some cases their services could not be obtained for private practice. Assisting with the mental examinations, for instance, was James C. de Voss, professor of psychology and director of the bureau of educational measurements at the Kansas State Normal School. The physical measurements were in charge of Dr. James Naismith, head of the department of physical education at the University of Kansas, assisted by Dr. Martha Bacon, director of physical education for girls at the same institution. There was also a competent eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, a psychiatrist and a dentist. The women and children were examined by women physicians, among whom was Dr. Florence McKay, a specialist with the Federal Children's Bureau. In all, the staff assembled for the eugenics contest included eighteen physicians and assistants.

Entrants came for their examinations by appointment. On entering the building their family history was taken. They then passed through a series of booths, in which the staff specialists made their respective examinations. In one booth, for instance, the person was measured in every conceivable manner to determine his physical development. In another he was subjected to all sorts of questions and tests to determine the status of his mental and nervous systems. In another he wrestled with the army intelligence tests, usually leaving some of his conceit in this booth. In still another he left some of his blood for the Wassermann test, and so on until everything mortal about him was thoroughly invoiced. About three hours were required for examining one person.

Probably a more comprehensive and constructive health examination than that given in this contest was never offered. The immediate value of the information dispensed as a by-product of the contest was well illustrated by the case of one rural family. A child of this family was considerably underweight. In the course of the examination the father received some tactful suggestions as to food which would aid in restoring the youngster to his proper quota of flesh. As usual, the prescription called for goodly allowances of milk, eggs, fruit and vegetables. The father was both pleased and a bit ashamed. "I'm glad we came," he said, promising that his boy would get the kind of a diet that he needed. "We have been living right on a farm all these years without ever knowing how valuable were the foods we had at home."




Kansas State Board of Health

Health Certificate

This is to Certify that Ford Robinette,
has passed the Fitter Families Examination at the Kansas Free Fair,
September, 1920, and is entitled to be classified in A grade.

Signed:

(Seal) Secretary.

The family of Ford Robinette, Shawnee County, Kansas, winners of the trophy in the first eugenics contest. Left to right: Mrs. Robinette; Lois 18; Mr. Robinette; Mamie 15; Ivan 12.
Duplicate of Ford Robinette's Grade A health certificate.

While planning the contest Doctor Sherbon looked for only a few entrants. The number of persons examined was to her a secondary consideration; she felt that the contest would be entirely justified if it no more than started an interest in eugenics. Her big objectives were two: to work out a set of standards for the normal family and to develop the technique of such contests. No one was more surprised than she, therefore, when there were more applicants than the staff could handle. Mrs. Watts' megaphone was decidedly unnecessary. The contest lasted a full week, but after the first day or two there were no breathing spells for the doctors, indeed, scarcely time for luncheon. Preference was given the family entries, though before the contest closed they too were being turned away. As indicating a growing consciousness of the importance of being well born, such interest was gratifying indeed.

Though in the main the younger families were most interested in the contest, its appeal was not to them alone. Several families with well-grown children entered. In one family three generations were represented. Sometimes it was the older members of the household who urged participation in the contest. "Go ahead and take the examinations, Maggie," one elderly woman admonished her daughter, who had children of her own. "They didn't have such things in my day, or you bet I should have been into them."

There was, in fact, a certain irresistible psychology about the contest which drew many persons to it. In a number of cases the husband or wife, unsuccessful in interesting the remainder of the family, took the examinations alone. Almost invariably, however, the enthusiasm so generated resulted in the rest of the family being on hand for the examinations the next day; they wanted to have the family health record complete.

This they could have, for at the close of the contest the results of the various examinations were assembled in a written report, a copy of which was given to each individual or family. Although the contest was in no way a clinic for sick persons and no one obviously ill was admitted, advice as to what individuals should do to bring themselves up to perfect condition, as in the case of the under-nourished farm boy, was given.

In the class of persons examined was further proof of the soundness of the eugenics idea. They were representative of the best citizenry of the state, lending their approval and encouragement to the plan by their presence. The false pride which often attends matters medical also was absent. Among those taking the examinations were well-to-do families of high social position. Included in the list were the families of a prominent district court judge, of a lawyer, a Y. M. C. A. secretary and of numerous farmers. Several young women who were engaged to be married and one or two single men also passed through the eugenics "mill."

A farm family won the sweepstakes of the eugenics contest, the silver trophy given by Governor Henry J. Allen. This was to be awarded the family receiving the highest grades for all its members; but, as three families tied for the highest score, the cup went to the one having the most members. This was the family of Ford Robinette, in which are three children. The other two families each consisted of a father, mother and one child.

Robinette operates a large farm in Shawnee County, which has been the family home for fourteen years. Before their marriage both parents taught school. Lois, the eldest of the children, is eighteen and a sophomore in college. Mamie, fifteen, and Ivan, twelve, are in high school. The entire Robinette family is fond of outdoor life, the children especially enjoying to ride horseback. None of them ever has suffered from serious illness.

"We entered our family in the eugenics contest," said Mrs. Robinette, "only to show our approval of the 'fitter families' idea. We had no particular ambition to win the trophy."

In all, eighty-seven adults and fifty-three children were examined. Of these, one hundred and one were the members of twenty-five different families, all of which competed for the governor's trophy. Forty-five of the one hundred and one individuals were parents, one was a grandmother, fifty were children, while five persons received no score because of failure to complete the examinations.

The entrants were scored A, B, C or below; A indicating a grade of from 90 to 100, B from 80 to 90 and C from 70 to 80. It is gratifying to note that among the twenty-five families there were no scores below B. Forty persons received this grade, while fifty-six were in the "A" class. Every Grade A entrant received a medal given by United States Senator Arthur Capper and a "Certificate A" from the Kansas State Board of Health. Grade B entrants each received a board of health "Certificate B."

"The governor's trophy or one of the Capper medals is worth more than any sweepstakes of the live stock showing, or a Kansas oil well," says Doctor Sherbon; "for health is wealth and a sound mind in a sound body is the most priceless of human possessions."

"I am most enthusiastic about this work," said Doctor McKay, who found her admiration for it increasing with each day's tasks, strenuous as they were. "I was impressed particularly by the amazing willingness with which the entrants put up with inconvenience and often tedious waits in order to complete their examinations."

"There are wonderful possibilities in the eugenics contest idea," said Dr. W. R. B. Robertson, of the University of Kansas. "The records gathered in such contests will provide an excellent basis for studying the laws of inheritance in human beings."

An interesting comparison between the improvement of animals and of human beings was made by Mrs. Watts. "Farmers started in to improve their live stock by better housing and more careful feeding," she said, "but they still raised scrubs. It was not until they discovered that heredity was a factor in stock improvement that any great change in the grade of live stock took place.

"Infant mortality is still appalling. Our institutions for the insane and the feeble-minded are full to overflowing. Taxes for the support of these institutions, including the penitentiaries which take care of our social derelicts, have weighted down heavily the normal members of the community. What is the trouble? We are studying balanced rations, sunlight, fresh air, better schools and recreation; but still the number of unfortunates increases. We must go further; we must place more emphasis upon the factor of heredity."

The eugenics contest is a step in this direction. Who can say to what length it shall attain in bettering the nation's best asset, its citizens?

School Days of Our Presidents

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

OF THE twenty-seven men who have occupied the nation's highest office eighteen attended college; only two of this number, James Monroe and William Henry Harrison, did not graduate. Senator Harding will be the nineteenth collegian.

The institutions of learning that hold the foremost rank as educators of Presidents are Harvard and William and Mary, as each has a score of three. John Adams and John Quincy Adams, also Theodore Roosevelt, finished at Harvard. Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler are the sons of William and Mary. Princeton has two representatives on the roll of Presidents, and Yale one.

The younger Adams sharply protested the action of Harvard when it bestowed the degree of doctor of laws upon Andrew Jackson whom cultured people regarded as an uncouth, illiterate backwoodsman. "As myself an affectionate child of our Alma Mater," he said, "I would not be present to witness her disgrace in conferring her highest honors on a barbarian who could not write a sentence of grammar and hardly could spell his own name."

Jackson was self-taught, and certainly was no scholar such as his predecessor. Caught in the sweep of the Revolution, the daring lad of thirteen years promptly "joined in" against the British. He had first attended a Carolina school kept in a log pen twenty feet square and there acquired a smattering of the three R's. He made no progress in spelling. When he became President his enemies circulated the story that he endorsed papers with the symbol, "O. K.," which he believed to be the initials of "All Correct," misspelled by him as "Oll Korrect." As there is another story of the origin of the phrase, this version must be considered doubtful.

Another sufferer in the clash between patriotism and the desire for an education was James Monroe. He went to college in 1774, left a year later, and immediately obtained a lieutenancy in the Third Virginia Regiment. Roosevelt characterized him as "a very amiable gentleman but distinctly one who comes in the category of those whose greatness is thrust upon them." What might have been said of him if the war had begun in 1779 or 1780?

School in Paris did not interest John Quincy Adams, so his father sent him to the University of Leyden, in Holland. For a time he served as private secretary to an American representative whom the Russian Government refused to receive. The boy then told his father that he thought "an American education to be best for an American career." Accordingly he returned to his native land, entered Harvard, and graduated at the age of twenty-one. The elder Adams, either precocious or probably given a smoother preparatory schooling, completed the course at Harvard when he was nineteen.

As a freshman in college Thomas Jefferson participated in festivities of a riotous sort. He soon saw, however, that such conduct would get him nowhere; so he swung to the other extreme, began to discuss philosophy and government with members of the faculty, and often spent as much as fifteen hours on his studies in a single day.

Franklin Pierce nearly let his martial ambition and enthusiasm for the study of military tactics prove his undoing. He served as an officer in a company of college students, and at the end of two years found himself at the foot of his class. The disgrace of the situation stung him. He resolved to pull himself up by his bootstraps or otherwise. He turned his attention to the subjects which he had neglected with the result that he ranked third in his class when the "sheepskins" were handed out.

The tanner's son, Ulysses S. Grant, made no flashy record at West Point. Rather he moved along with the steadiness of an old plowhorse; and, indeed, he liked to tinker with horses far better than with mathematics. At graduation he stood twenty-first among his thirty-eight classmates, but he excelled them all in horsemanship. It is true that an individual can invariably do best that which he likes most.

The schools of the pioneer days were imperfect one-room log cabins with few windows and scanty equipment. The masters were learned in Latin and Greek, and firmly believed that the sparing of the rod spoiled the child. Yet many of our Presidents received their first training in these meager institutions.

At least one of our Presidents, possibly two, never went to any kind of a school. The father of Andrew Johnson died when the lad was five years old, and his mother could not spare the money to educate him. This condition of poverty caused Andrew to be apprenticed to a tailor. He worked long hours and hard. One day a man brought a book to the shop and recited many selections that it contained. Andrew's ambition was stirred. With the man's help he learned the alphabet. But he made no real progress until his marriage. His wife read to him as she plied the needle. She helped him to learn to read and write. She was his school. Largely through her careful, patient instruction he was enabled to become the mayor of the town in which they lived.

The term "self-made" can be accurately applied to Abraham Lincoln. His total schooling consisted of only five months, two to one teacher and three to another. He did sums and practiced writing on a wood shovel which he shaved with a knife to obtain a clean surface. He often walked long distances to borrow books. One volume was ruined when rain penetrated through a chink in the log cabin, and the owner required the boy to work out its value. The lad's stepmother helped him all she could. He had an indomitable will to obtain an education, and he did. When he learned to write he penned letters for his friends; this unselfishness and practice improved his penmanship and his ability to express thought.

Washington never sought the advantages of college training. He was content with the common school where he mastered the three "R's," geometry, and surveying. During his sixteenth year he quit to become a surveyor of lands. When he was fourteen his half brother obtained a place for him in the English Navy, but his mother objected, and he did not go. Thus was he saved for his great work as a military leader and as the nation's first President.

At the University of North Carolina a young fellow named Polk proved himself correct, punctual, and industrious. He delivered the Latin salutatory because he stood first in classics and mathematics. Many years later at Kenyon College a similar honor came to young Rutherford B. Hayes as valedictorian of his class.

Polk's predecessor, John Tyler, was the ringleader in a school rebellion and mutiny when he and his mates overpowered a despotic teacher, bound him, and left him in the building until late at night when a passer-by rescued him. The scholars had evidently concluded that the man, McMurdo, was as bad as his name. He complained to Judge Tyler who dismissed him with the warning, *"Sic semper tyrannis!"* Long afterward John retold the story of the cruel principal, and commented, "It was a wonder he did not whip all the senses out of his scholars."

Another Scotchman, Donald Robertson, was the master of a school which James Madison attended. Unlike McMurdo, he did not abuse his pupils or heap injustice upon them. Madison suffered from overwork at Princeton, but when he recovered his health he took the studies of the last two years in one. After getting his degree of B. A. he remained at Princeton another year to do special work in Hebrew under Doctor Witherspoon, head of the institution. He then returned to his home, tutored his younger brothers, and began a systematic course of reading in theology and philosophy. Madison apparently was preparing himself for the ministry, but he subsequently abandoned it for law and a career of public service.

Since the administration of William McKinley the Presidents have been graduates of large colleges. Roosevelt was a Harvard man. Taft and Wilson are products of Yale and Princeton respectively. Senator Harding's Alma Mater, Union Central College, through which he earned his way by driving a team in the construction of a railway grade, has long been dead. An obscure or a dead institution is no discredit to a President, however; for a man must be potentially great before he can become great, and such a man plus a strong will is sure to make his mark with or without the assistance of a college. Washington and Lincoln are conspicuous examples of the self-taught, Roosevelt of the well-schooled.

Five of the Presidents received their education in the colleges of Virginia: Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler at William and Mary; Buchanan at Dickinson, and William Henry Harrison at Hampden-Sidney. Massachusetts colleges educated four: the Adamses and Roosevelt at Harvard, and James A. Garfield at Williams. Ohio's list includes Rutherford B. Hayes, of Kenyon, and Benjamin Harrison, of Miami. When Senator Harding moves into the White House on or about the fourth of March, 1921, Ohio's collegiate count on the roll of Presidents will reach a total of three.

The Problem of Asthma

Concluded from page 10

a hint of the type. Often the patient himself will know of his susceptibility to poisoning by some food, to corn, or lamb, or strawberries, for instance. In others their occupation and surroundings are suggestive. Instances are cited of bakers sensitive to wheat flour, of hostlers to horse dandruff. Walker found a sifter of green coffee suffering from asthma due to protein of the green coffee husks. Two jewel polishers had asthma, the first from the dust of boxwood, the second from the dust of orangewood, employed in their daily work.

The most reliable way of demonstrating this sensitiveness, however, is by the so-called skin test. A series of cuts not deep enough to draw blood or even cause pain are made on the inner surface of the forearm and on them is placed a solution of the specific proteins to be tested, those suggested by the patient or a group of a few of the most commonly involved foods, bacteria, pollens, and animal emanations. Such a list might include egg, milk, cereals, meats, chicken and potato; the bacteria, staphylococcus, streptococcus, and pneumococcus; timothy, redtop, and ragweed; horse hair or dandruff, cat hair, and feathers. In one-half hour the reactions are noted and compared with controls on which no protein was placed. A positive reaction consists of a white wheal about the cut, in fact, a hive, which measures at least 1-5 inch in diameter.

The problem becomes more complex when the same individual is sensitive to more than one protein, to a combination of proteins from the food, bacterial, plant and animal sources, as is not uncommonly the case. Such a person will give positive reactions to all of them, especially if having been recently poisoned by them.

In past years the efforts at treatment were by necessity confined to relieving the attacks after they occurred. More fundamental measures can be taken now, to preclude the possibility of attacks. Asthmatics may either be protected from exposure to their poisons by change of environment or removal of the poison, or the individual may be so changed by treatment as to be rendered in time not susceptible to these poisons. The easiest measure with foods is to remove them from the diet. This is most successful, although sufficient cooking at high temperatures destroys the poisonous character of such foods in some cases. For instance, those sensitive to potato or milk may eat baked potato or boiled milk with impunity. Sometimes small amounts of such a food can be eaten when large amounts are poisonous. In children only careful, prolonged treatment has succeeded in rendering them non-sensitive to these specifically poisonous foods.

In the case of the animal emanations, frequently the easier treatment is to avoid exposure, to change their surroundings, or get rid of the offending animal. However in the horse, cat, and dog cases, the status of the individual can be changed—he can be desensitized by successive inoculations under the skin of increasing dilutions of the special protein. Improvement occurs quickly and can be carried to an entire lack of sensitiveness. Even the previously positive skin test becomes negative.

With plant pollens and bacteria, similar inoculations are successful. With pollens this should be accomplished before the season instead of during it. Much care is required in determining the dosage and its increase. Reactions should be avoided.

With the non-sensitive group bacterial vaccines offer the hope of relief. However, the older the patient the less hopeful the undertaking. Relief will vary with such an individual's resistance and so may not be permanent. Succeeding courses are often necessary and yet they give more prompt results the second time.

One conspicuous change in handling asthma has been dispensing with the numberless and repeated nasal operations to which asthmatics were subjected. In fact it has been said by one author that "conscientious nose and throat specialists have now learned to refrain from removing everything in their operative field for asthmatic conditions."

The changed outlook cannot be over-emphasized. Though death never occurs in an attack, yet an asthmatic never outgrows the condition or spontaneously becomes cured. Such reputed instances are generally due to the removal of the offending protein poison. With the proper treatment the outlook is excellent in the sensitive cases, and hopeful in the non-sensitive asthmatic bronchitis.

Where Christmas Takes Place of "The Fourth"

Concluded from page 3

orange hedges gleamed in the morning's light, when the Christmas guns are fired from the upper porch, the hunting horns wind joyfully, and small boys, and big boys, too, steal down into the yard to fire off the crackers that delight them. Early as it is, a regular fusillade is kept up for an hour or more, guns, pistols, horns, firecrackers and squeaking trumpets maintaining an unceasing racket.

For the older darkies there is no time like Christmas for a trip back to old "marsah's," or to see the sister or brother who lives on some distant plantation. Black daddy and black mammy look odd enough going Christmasing, tricked out in their Sunday best, with all sorts of bundles and budgets dangling here and there, and an old-fashioned carpetbag, fat to bursting, swung at the horn of the saddle. If mammy can get the loan of a buggy or wagon to go in, so much the better, but if not, she will ride a mule or even an ox, and the particular pullet she has destined for "young Mass' Henry's baby chile" will be tied on along with the other parcels and go with her.

Changed conditions in the South make it possible for the landowner to give presents only to those Negroes whose work brings them in direct contact with the family; but all who come to pay their respects on that day understand that they are to remain for dinner, and the kitchen is filled with a joyful company.

"What for does dey keep Christmas, Missie?" asks Daddie Hector, who has come out from his cabin beyond the mill ostensibly to bring a hoary old owl for inspection, but in reality to get his Christmas dram. Daddie Hector is an octogenarian at least. No one can exactly guess his age, and he is as gnarled and bent with accumulated years as one of the native live-oak stumps. A rare personage among Negroes, he refuses to attend meeting, or even have the pastor visit him.

On being told the religious meaning of the Christmas festival, he ponders on it for several seconds, then bursts out:

"Please, Marsah, den, 'cordin' dat exterpation, dis here time is worse dan Sunday."

There is a great deal of Christmas down South. The love of it and the pressing observance came directly to the people from their English forefathers, of both high and low estate, who peopled Virginia and the Carolinas in the long ago. Their descendants have spread out over the face of the country, and the old traditions and customs yet obtain in a marked degree.

Humanizing Gateway to the Land of the Free



Below—Immigrant boys playing leap frog while one of the assistants to the Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island acts as referee.







Top—Types of future Americans listening to an address on the wonderful land in which they are about to begin a new life.

Center—These foreign-born boys never saw a football until they arrived at the island, but they take to the great American fall sport like ducks to water.

Bottom—The daily phonograph concerts on the island prove a potent attraction to the little people from overseas. Jazz records seem to be the most popular.

The Origin of Sports

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

CRICKET

CRICKET is the national game of England but is comparatively little known in this country. It is rarely played here except by the clubs of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, and a few other places where there is a colony of Englishmen.

Mr. H. G. Hutchinson, in his book on cricket, observes at the outset that:

"Cricket began when first a man monkey, instead of catching the cocoanuts thrown at him playfully by a fellow anthropoid, hit them away from him with a stick which he happened to be holding in his hand. But the date of this occurrence is not easy to ascertain and, therefore, it is impossible to fix the date of the invention of cricket. The first use of the name 'cricket' for any game is indeed a matter entirely of conjecture. But whether the name was applied by reason of the cricket or crooked stick, which was the early form of the bat, or whether from the cross stick used as the primitive bail, or from the cricket or stool at which the bowler aimed the ball, really it is not very much matter."

It is evident that the present form of cricket is an outgrowth of an athletic sport of very ancient times. It is well known that some of the Olympic games of the Greeks included striking a ball with a stick or club, and that the Persians also played a very similar game. The Saxons and also the Normans used to play at "club ball," as they called it, which may have been the father or, at least, one of the ancestors of the cricket of today.

A writer has stated that "the earliest mention of cricket playing in England is in the poetic writings of Joseph of Exeter, 1180, who sings in old style:

"The youth at cricks did play
Throughout the merry day."

Chaucer also mentions cricket in his "Canterbury Tales."

"In a proclamation by Edward III, 1363, cricket is alluded to under two Latin words denoting the ball and bat sport."

"In the university laboratory at Oxford," says Joseph Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes," published in 1801, "is a manuscript dated 1344, which represents the figure of a monk in the act of bowling a ball to another who elevates a straight bat to strike it. The game is called "club ball," and the score is made by hitting and running as in cricket."

In 1685, in a book entitled "The Mysteries of Love and Elegance," by Edward Phillips (nephew of the poet Milton), is found a somewhat remarkable statement in respect to some difficulty which he had experienced with a lady:

"Would my eyes had been beat out of my head with a cricket ball, the day before I saw thee."

That the game had an early hold upon the nobility is evidenced from an announcement in *The Postman* of July 24, 1705, which reads:

"This is to give notice that a match at cricket will be plaid between eleven gentlemen of the West part of Kent and those of Chatham, for 11 guineas a man, the game to take place at Maulden in Kent on August 7th next."

To trace the origin of any game which, while not born complete, has progressed by the slow process of evolution, cannot be done successfully unless the growth of each component of the game is accounted for. Mr. Read has done this in an interesting manner. He takes first the evolution of the bat.

"With regard to the bat, this would first of all take the form of a piece of stick; then something stronger, in the shape of a club would be used, and as the bowling improved, something that offered a better protection to the wicket became necessary, and then took the form of a bat, a name possibly derived from the fact that first of all it was shaped out of a common piece of wood, known in all times as a batten.

"Before 1745 a bat of any size could be used. Later with improved methods of bowling, bats were built more upright and of a tougher kind of wood, and it is to J. Small, Jr., the celebrated cricketer and batmaker of Petersfield that we owe the original bat with a shoulder."

The art of bowling has also grown with the growth of the game itself. Mr. Read says that "it was not until the end of the last century (the 18th) that bowling became much of an art. Home tosses and half volleys were probably unknown, and the first step toward improvement from the common grounder or sneak was the pitch and lob. Then followed some sort of twist and a rude imitation of throwing, or round arm bowling.

"As to the wickets, in the early days of Britain, they were represented by a trunk of a tree; following this primitive idea would be two pieces of stick—two straight ones with a piece laid across the top, or anything in the shape of an obstacle for the bowler to aim at. As early as 1705 the wickets were pitched at the same length as they are at present."

The game of cricket seems to have flourished to a greater or less degree wherever Englishmen were found. In South Africa, New Zealand and in Australia it is played with as much zest as in the mother country. In the West Indies, every town of any size has its cricket club. In Trinidad, Barbadoes and Demerara there are clubs composed of Negroes who have developed into as fine players as the whites.

In the United States, however, the game has but a small following. It does not appeal to the average American, who likes quick play and "something doing" all the time. A cricket match is a lengthy affair. Sometimes it lasts for two or three days. This does not suit the man of America who is interested in sport. He wants to know the score before he goes home from his day's work.

England's Dye Industry: A Burning Question

Question of Importation of German Products Threatens Crisis for Lloyd George; Liberal Supporters Demanding Free Trade

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, December—(By Mail).

THE lists are set in England for a battle-royal over the question whether we shall or shall not import dyes from Germany and, if we do, under what conditions. In a few weeks it will be what is called a "burning question." Americans, accustomed to high protection, may be astonished that there should still, even after the war, be a hot controversy over such a question, but in fact the issue between Free Trade and Protection is as much alive in this country as ever. It only sleeps, or rather it is allowed to sleep, because more than anything else it is calculated to trouble and split the Coalition which keeps in office Mr. Lloyd George and his government.

This issue came up twelve months ago. Mr. George's Government introduced what was known as the "Anti-Dumping Bill." It took its name from certain provisions which were to prevent the "dumping" of foreign goods into this country or in other words the sending into our markets of goods at a lower price than—to use the two definitions current—the cost of production in the country of origin or the price fixed in that market. The government adopted these two definitions successively. In general the bill was a Protectionist bill.

The Liberal supporters of the premier took alarm. They told him that they were with him to the death—unless he betrayed Free Trade, in which case they could no longer be relied on to support the Coalition. When the premier went into the country and addressed a great Liberal club of which he was president, member after member got up and in affectionate but firm words told him that they would not have the Government's Protectionist bill. Mr. George smiled upon them. We shall have plenty of time, he said in effect, during the long winter evenings to consider the future of the bill in the light of what you have said to me. He smiled again genially. "I don't know that I much like the bill myself," he said. And so, with a nod and a wink, the first legislative attack of the Coalition Government on Free Trade was disposed of. The anti-dumping bill was not heard of again. A second blow to the Protectionists followed when Mr. Justice Sankey declared illegal the action of the government in using not legislative enactment but mere executive decrees (the so-called Orders in Council) to prohibit the importation of long lists of articles from foreign countries.

So the Coalition Government has been in office now for almost two years and the Protectionists (roughly identical with the Unionist party) have gone unsatisfied. Now they are becoming clamorous for satisfaction and in the forefront they put the demand that the young and growing British dye industry should be protected against the German competition which kept it small and insignificant before the war and is likely enough to cripple, if not to destroy, it in the future unless measures are taken to safeguard it. A very simple case, the Protectionist will say. Certainly it is a very strong case, for it is not merely a commercial matter. It is not like the question of importing pianos or motorcars. It involves the national defense. We found out during the war that the processes of the chemical industry were essential to us for our proper equipment with explosives and chemical weapons of all kinds and at first we suffered because we had not our own dye industry but had for many years relied almost entirely on the great German firms. If there is ever to be another war, we said to ourselves, we must have our dye industry in our own hands, for perhaps on the next occasion we shall not be given the time to develop a great industry from almost nothing.

Of course, this is the most powerful argument in the hands of the government. The political Protectionist says plainly that since we began to foster and build up great dye plants during the war, it would be madness now to expose them to the full force of German competition. During the war we secured the amalgamation of the two principal dye-producing firms in the country, the government invested nearly £2,000,000 in the concern as proof that it regarded its stability as important to the state, and the great corporations which are the principal users of dyes gave their support. It is likely enough that much of this effort will be thrown away if the Germans are allowed to get to work—and at the moment there is no restriction on the importation of dyes into this country. Besides, when the combine was formed and the British Dyestuffs Corporation was established, the guaranty of government assistance was held out to the public as a means of attracting capital, and the government is therefore under an obligation to redeem its word.

So much, then, for the forces on one side: the doctrinaire Protectionists want to establish a principle, the dye manufacturers want to maintain their profits by keeping out German competition, and the government insists that this is, from the standpoint of the national interest, a leading "key" industry. On the other side are the consumers of dyes, who are greatly alarmed at the prospect of the dye and manufacturing industry establishing a monopoly which would hold them at its mercy.

The textiles industry is the greatest of our export trades and before the war it enjoyed the benefit of the cheap and good dyes which the German dye firms placed at its disposal. The Germans employed large staffs of research chemists and produced dyes which we could obtain nowhere so cheaply and often not at all. This cheap supply of excellent dyes was one of the valuable assets of the textile trader. Now it is in jeopardy, and the dye-users in Lancashire and elsewhere foresee the possibility that they may be forced to use inferior dyes or, if they obtain the dyes which they require from the British manufacturer, to pay a higher price for them. That will be very dangerous, for the export cotton trade has normally been conducted on a narrow margin of profit which would now be cut into by increased charges for dyes, while Lancashire's foreign competitors would be able, if they chose, to avail themselves of the full supply of German dyes at the cheapest possible price. Before the war, the value of the dyestuffs imported into England when compared with the value of our export cotton trade was only in the ratio of one to a hundred. Why then, say the textile traders, should the government seriously propose to assist a small industry like that of dyes at the certain cost of injury, which may be grave to the most important of all our export trades? And this is sound common sense if it covered the whole ground, which it does not. The problem is really—at all events to Lancashire textile men—how to find some form of compromise which will give the dye-users the materials which they must have in cheap and satisfactory form while meeting the needs of national defense, whatever they are finally found to be. The government, for its part, has also to find a means of fulfilling its pledge to the British Dyestuffs Corporation.

Several methods are now under discussion. The intention of the government is to introduce a licensing system under which a license will have to be granted by a government office or board for the importation of a particular dye or dyes. If there be no license, there will be no importation. Some suggest that such a board would have to consist of an equal number of dye-producers and dye-users with a neutral chairman. The dye-users say that as the principal interest concerned they ought to have a majority of the members. But in any event they resist the license system strongly. They say, speaking from experience gained during the war, that a license system will expose them to injurious delays and uncertainty. It is the custom of their trade to send out samples of new printed goods to foreign markets. Then the report returns to them that a certain sample has "caught on," and at once large quantities of that particular cloth are required for that market. The market and the orders will not wait. But for that cloth some special dye or dyes may be needed. It would have been useless to order it before because, until the report came about the sample, it might not be needed. But now it has to be obtained in a hurry. With free importation it could be so obtained, but under the proposals of the government the exporters would have to make their demand to the board and convince it that a license ought to be issued for the importation of the special dyes.

Besides no one knows exactly what kind of dyes are likely to be licensed and what not. It may be that the board would tend to exclude all such dyes as the home manufacturer could produce in a reasonably cheap and satisfactory manner. In that case, say the textile interests, the manufacturer will have a monopoly and will be in a position to make the users pay through the nose. Or the board may exclude the dyes that are not produced here cheaply or well, in order to give the home manufacturer a chance of extending and improving his output of them. But this, says the textile critic, means that the user will have to put up with inferior and dearer goods while the producer is working up to the German standard, provided that behind the shelter of the license he thinks it necessary to work up to it at all.

The dye-users are cudgeling their brains to discover how the government may subsidize the dye-makers without penalizing the textile trade. One proposal is that a moderate tariff—say 10 per cent—be imposed on all imported dyes and that the revenue form a fund from which the government would help the dye-makers. But the idea of a tariff is not popular and in any event so moderate a tariff would certainly be useless to protect the infant dye industry against the attacks of the powerful and highly organized German corporations. Another suggestion is based on the belief that what the government wants for purposes of national defense is a generous supply of expert research chemists and that the government should therefore maintain the research work and research staffs of the dye-makers while leaving to them all the commercial profit that might follow from the work of the researchers. The government will probably reply that it requires not only research staffs but an adequate supply of chemical plant also should be available at the opening of the next war and that the subsidizing of research would not be sufficient in itself to protect the industry and thereby to maintain in being the necessary plant. The root of the trouble is that it is impossible within a few years, however much research work we may do, to compete on even terms with an industry which, like Germany's, has been built up by long and patient labor.

There lies the difficulty. The government has promised protection to the dye-makers and can fulfill its promise only at the cost of injury to those who export textiles to foreign markets. A high tariff will be injurious; a low tariff will fail to achieve its purpose. The dye industry cannot live if it is exposed to German competition. If it withers, the plant and the research work which the government needs in the national interest will disappear also. The government can maintain research work and that will give it chemists if another war breaks out. But research work will not be sufficient to save the industry nor enable it to maintain the plant which the government may need. We have only a choice of evils.

Mexico's Beautiful Memorial to a Great Patriot



Under the administration of Porfirio Diaz, who took office upon the death of Benito Juarez, large sums of money were spent to beautify the national capital and erect memorials to great figures in Mexico's history. Among the many beautiful things that afford such striking contrast with the poverty to be seen in the streets of Mexico City is the court placed on the Avenue Juarez in memory of the patriot who suffered so much that Mexico might be free. The life of Benito Juarez is one of the most interesting in Mexican history.

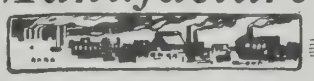


The Three Arts

Agriculture



Manufacture



Transportation

According to the secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, Kansas farmers planted this fall the third largest acreage to wheat in the history of the state; greater by 2,708,742 acres than the average annual acreage for the crops of the five-year period prior to the World War, 1909 to 1913 inclusive. However, this acreage is 6.3 per cent less than the crop of 1919 which amounted to 11,610,445 acres.

British India, Egypt and the United States ordinarily produce from 80 to 85 per cent of the world's cotton. The prospective production this year is 16 per cent larger than that of 1919.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has issued a new foreign trade booklet designed to be of service to those interested in trade with the southern countries. The title of the booklet is "Essentials of Trading with Latin America." It deals with the problems of finance and exchange, transportation, credits, insurance, consular requirements and methods of packing and marking. It is of particular interest to those who are interested in Latin-American trade.

A carload of purebred cattle valued at more than $25,000 was recently purchased at the Pacific International Live Stock Exposition in Portland.

India has turned from a silver to a gold standard. For the first time on record the shifting of an excess of merchandise exports to an excess of imports, coupled with a changed exchange and currency system, has caused the nation to export silver to get gold.

According to the comptroller of the Shipping Board, losses are being shown on practically every voyage undertaken by a Shipping Board vessel. Private lines are said to be experiencing similar difficulties.

The deflation of values has driven a London concern, which is one of the largest fur brokers in the world, into voluntary bankruptcy.

Senator King, of Utah, is preparing amendments to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which he declares will increase the control of the Department of Justice over combinations in restraint of trade.

Michigan growers took the first 22 awards for rye and nine of the 14 awards for Red Rock Wheat at the Chicago International Hay and Grain Show.

Attracted by the high rate of exchange, counterfeiters are circulating bogus American money in Germany. One $10 bill was detected because "America" was spelled with a "k" instead of a "c."

There are 20,350 tractors in use on Michigan farms, or approximately one for every 10 farms in the state.

The Standard Oil Company of California is preparing to drill for oil in the Philippine Islands.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States opposes the creation of National Railroad Boards of Labor Adjustment, lately advocated by railroad employes.

The Department of the Somme in France has been able this year, not only to meet its own agricultural requirements, but to send more than 300,000 metric quintals of corn to other departments of the republic.

The day of the river packet seems to be returning. High freight rates on the railroads have made it profitable for the steamers to operate again and 30 of these craft have gone back into business on the Mississippi this season.

A Chamber of Commerce has been organized at Manila. All the members are Americans.

Two hundred million dollars has been appropriated by the Japanese Government for the construction of new railway lines. The same amount is to be spent as a first installment for the electrification of state railways and the substitution of standard gauge for the present narrow gauge.

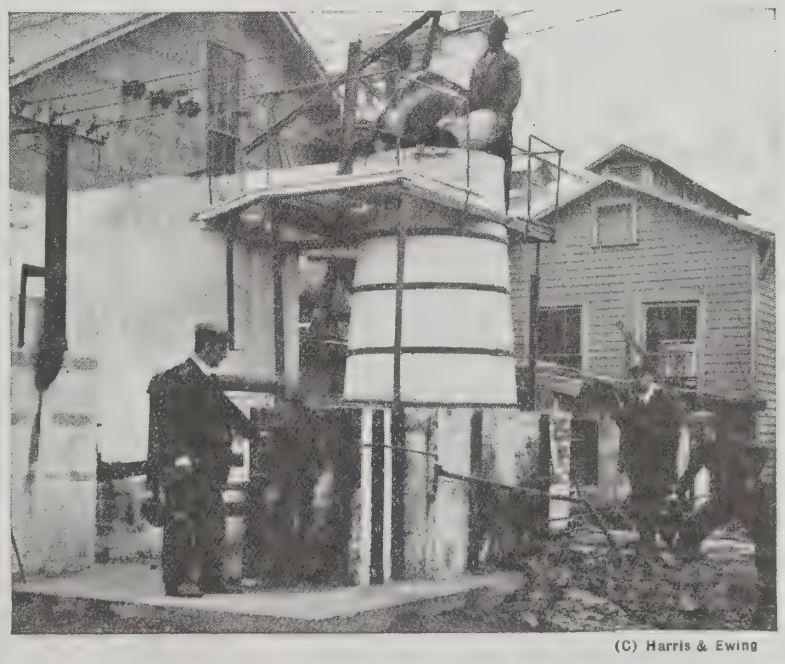
England and other European importing countries do not appear so keen for wheat supplies as they were. Some of the English mills situated at the ocean ports have commenced to run on short time, because of the very large stocks of flour now available in that country. Stocks of flour and wheat combined are over 33,000,000 bushels as against 12,000,000 bushels for last year at this time. This would indicate that depressed wheat prices are not due entirely to market pressure in the United States.

The aggregate net deposits of 823 member banks as of October 29, 1920, were about 10.3 times their reserve balances with Federal Reserve banks.

A wireless message from Moscow states that the Supreme Economic Soviet of Russia has issued a decree permitting foreign capitalists to work the natural resources of Russia, receiving in return the right to export a portion of their production. The Soviet promises the foreign capitalists that nothing they invest in Russian undertakings shall be nationalized, requisitioned or confiscated and that capitalists shall have the right to engage workers and other employes in accordance with the existing Russian labor laws.

Countries normally producing three-fifths of the world's crop of rice report an estimated 1920 production of 151,000,000,000 pounds, which is a gain of 37 per cent over the crop of 1919.

A Discovery in Fertilizers



(C) Harris & Ewing

Scientists of the United States Department of Agriculture believe they have made a discovery which may revolutionize the fertilizer industry of the world. It consists of an economical method of extracting phosphoric acid from phosphate rock. The department's experimental station, shown in the accompanying illustration, has made several experimental runs in which chemists were able to recover 64 per cent phosphoric acid. A 16 per cent recovery was the best method obtained prior to these experiments. The fuel consumption is 15 per cent of the value of the product, or about 7 per cent below the records of previously tried methods.

A world's industrial exhibition will be held in London, May to October, 1922.

The Department of Agriculture is about to make experiments in sending market reports to farmers by wireless. The trial service will be confined to counties adjacent to the District of Columbia.

The common barberry is being eradicated through the efforts of the Department of Agriculture which has found that the shrub harbors rust spores during the winter.

Formerly worthless marshlands in Maryland have been devoted of late to muskrat farming. The venture has been very successful.

It is not true that farming as a whole has deteriorated in the United States or that soils have been impoverished, that acre yields have dropped or that the increase in population has outdistanced the production of food. For the last forty years, the increases in yield per acre are as follows: potatoes, thirty-three; wheat, twenty-five; oats, twenty-four; hay, twenty; corn, ten; cotton, three and one-half; or for all crops sixteen per cent. Some explanation for these increased figures is to be found in better agricultural methods; rotation of crops, disease-control measure, employment of power machinery and more intelligent use of fertilizers.

The government has compiled figures on the cost of feeding beef cattle in Missouri, Iowa and Indiana during the last two years. These statistics show that on the average the cattle growers in the sections covered would have made more money if they had sold their corn instead of feeding it.

The Middle West is being swept by the farm bureau movement. The result of the hundreds of organizers in Nebraska, Kansas and Iowa working with the county as a unit has been to sign up from 75 to 90 per cent of the farmers.

The report of Lloyd's Register of Shipping for the year 1920 shows that there is an unprecedentedly large tonnage of new vessels. The vessels of large size which were sunk during the war have not been replaced, the more urgent demand being for the building of cargo vessels. A great many steamers which previously burned coal were converted to oil burners.

There was a decrease of 60,000 in the number of men and boys working on Ohio farms during the fiscal year ending June 30. For every man who returned to farm life during that period, seven left it for other occupations.

The Department of Justice has petitioned the supreme court to be permitted to take possession and dispose of the stocks owned by the "Big Five" packers, in the enterprises which the meat men must abandon under the decree obtained by the government.

Before the war the United States manufactured toys to the value of $20,000,000 annually. This year the figure will reach the $100,000,000 mark, with a steadily increasing foreign demand.

A 14,000-ton tank steamer just completed at Emden, Germany, cost as much to build as did the gigantic 56,000-ton liner Imperator, constructed before the war.

Since the introduction of the new rail rates, Oregon and Washington mills have shipped half a million feet of lumber via the Panama Canal.

Legislation proposed by a bill just introduced in Congress would hold up all immigration for six months in order to give time to study conditions and frame new measures.

Capital is interesting itself in plans to utilize corncobs. Chemists have discovered that a high-grade adhesive can be obtained from the cobs in addition to practically pure cellulose.

The farmers of Canada are demanding a general lowering of the tariff on all articles required for cultivation of the soil.

Boys and girls of Idaho held their own fair this fall. They displayed 179 sheep, calves and pigs, most of them purebreds, over 800 exhibits of canned fruit and 350 samples of sewing. The exhibit was a feature of the general state fair.

Small sugar beet mills, according to government experts, have not proved successful in the United States. All mills slicing less than 500 tons a day have either failed or been enlarged.

Briefly Told

Eight billion dollars in various classes of credits have been extended by the United States to Europe in the reconstruction period since the armistice.

Doughboys of the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine consumed twenty-nine tons of turkey on Thanksgiving day.

The French Government has prepared a decree authorizing the mayors of all cities to prohibit use of fresh milk and cream in hotels, restaurants and similar places as a measure toward relieving the shortage of milk for children.

In the United States 27 acres are cultivated for each person engaged in agriculture.

A plant growing in the state of Michoacan, Mexico, affects the human organism in such a manner that the subject is made temporarily insane from breathing the perfume.

With the aim of improving her foreign trade balance, Italy is encouraging the use of peat instead of coal.

During the last fiscal year thirty-two persons in the army were sentenced to death by courts-martial, but in no case was the sentence carried into effect.

Idaho is preparing to take steps to provide against alien ownership of lands. The fear is expressed that Japanese will leave California and coast states and make their homes in Idaho, gaining possession of the land.

This year, for the first time in the history of the sessions of the Hawaiian territorial legislature, every member was able to understand English, enabling them to dispense with the interpreter.

Palmyra Island, 1,000 miles south of Honolulu, has no mosquitoes, no scorpions, no centipedes, and has plenty of fish in the surrounding water, thousands of birds, luxuriant vegetation and a cool climate.

Experiments conducted in the research laboratories of the army signal corps prove that a number of messages may be sent over submarine cables simultaneously through the use of alternating current.

Only five of the United States have no workmen's compensation laws.

The trunks of living trees may be utilized at times in the place of sending and receiving antennae for radio apparatus. This will be of great benefit to aerial forest fire patrol companies in time of fires.

Three St. Louis restaurant proprietors filed suit for $90,000 against four union labor organizations. The petitioners assert their business has fallen off because of the activity of pickets.

The number of unemployed in New South Wales is between 15,000 and 20,000.

Each member of the Osage Indian tribe who has inherited oil rights will receive $10,000 for the year 1920. There are now 2,228 original shares in the Osage tribe according to officers of Indian affairs.

Twenty-five thousand of the 50,000 babies born in France during 1919 have died, according to the census of the minister of labor.

To endeavor to bring about the passage of minimum wage laws Miss Jeannette Rankin, who was the first woman representative in Congress, is now making a tour of the country.

Maine reports an actual shortage of 108 teachers and 390 below the standard required which places the total shortage close to 500.

A bill drafted by a United States Senator would forbid all citizens who are abroad and members of the American diplomatic and consular services to drink intoxicating liquors.

Before they are two years old seven hundred and seventy-nine of every thousand babies in China die.

A Memphis man has invented a new cotton picker with a capacity of 700 pounds daily. The picker, at the end of a flexible tube, is placed against the boll and the cotton is drawn from the bolls by means of two cylindrical horsehair brushes which revolve. A suction arrangement draws the cotton to a receptacle in the rear.

During the last fiscal year the mints established a record in coinage, when a total of 809,500,000 coins were executed. This is an increase of 446 per cent in coinage over 1915, the last normal year.

Independent coal operators made an excessive profit from the people of New York City to the amount of $17,000,000 in the last year, according to the Massachusetts Fuel Administrator.

A 20 per cent mixture of barium carbonate with food makes a satisfactory rat poison, according to experiments conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture.

The business community of Germany believes that the German fleet betrayed the Fatherland and caused its ruin and consequently no German trader or shipowner will employ former naval officers, even those who served on warships in the battle of Jutland.

Six thousand persons from the United States are emigrating to Canada monthly.

Boot heels originated in Persia where they were originally attached to sandals to keep the wearer's feet above the burning sands.

Seventy thousand Sicilians awaiting an opportunity to sail for the United States are congesting the port of Palermo, Sicily. Ten thousand steerage passengers are sailing monthly from Naples for America.

The Russian census shows decreases in the population of more than ten per cent, compared with 1914, due to war losses and epidemics. Petrograd dropped 71 per cent, and Moscow 45 per cent.

The betting machines at the horse races in Berlin took in nearly 450,000,000 marks in the 113 days of racing this year.

Experiments in the Soviet hospitals of Russia have produced an anesthetic which can be used with practically no danger and the patient awakes from sleep without nausea or ill effects.

The decline of the beaver in Canada has resulted in the establishment of many beaver farms in that country from which the owners derive immense profits.

War Department expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920, were $1,602,106,856.62.

A movement is on foot to preserve the sand dunes lining the Indiana shoreline of Lake Michigan. The Indiana legislature will be asked to appropriate $1,000,000 and an appeal for a similar sum from public subscription will be made.

Sickness results in an annual loss to the workers of the United States amounting to more than $800,000,000.

Kentuckians are planning to extract petroleum from shale found in abundance in that state.

The superintendent of immigration at Ottawa has issued instructions to agents throughout Canada to slow up immigration to that country. Steamship agents predict a heavy immigration throughout 1921 should industrial conditions in England fail to improve.

During the past year tobacco smokers paid in taxes $295,809,000.

Inventors in Riga have devised machinery for stamping nails out of the wire found on Eastern European battlefields and it is hoped this method will relieve the shortage of nails in the Balkan States. Also the piers at Riga are stacked high with wire suitable for nail making.

Two months ago the price for American coal at French ports was $29; now it is selling at $14 a ton. American coal can be imported 10 shillings a ton cheaper than English coal of corresponding qualities.

Workmen in the Erie railroad shops of Susquehanna have organized a movement to "take a week off" December 24 to January 2. This is voluntary on their part and is to help the company in its readjustment policy.

German residents and interests in Milwaukee have sent eighty million marks to Berlin to alleviate the distress in Germany and Austria. The practice of sending gifts to these countries was resumed when the war ended.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Romance Adds to Vogue of France's New Saint

The City of Unrest on the Golden Horn

A Little Village Solves a Big Disease Problem

"End of the Gentiles' Times"

The Jewish hope of world control has always included Gentile downfall. Messiah a military and political conqueror. Are the Jews "The Chosen People"? Have they been claiming more than their own Scriptures permit them?

Are We to Poison the Lifeblood of the Nation?

Training Animal Actors for Motion Pictures

Permanent Features

EDITORIALS MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS THREE ARTS
ILLUSTRATIONS BRIEFLY TOLD
MR. FORD'S PAGE



Many Men of Many Minds



Woodrow Wilson.—It is the young men of the country who must correct the reaction and pessimism of some of the older men and push forward toward a realization of the genuine ideals which cannot be lived up to without courage and a constant renewal of fidelity to the purest conceptions of democracy and of international responsibility.

Neil Burkinshaw.—Driven from their homes at the point of a gun for the crime of joining the union, more than four hundred miners and their families are camping in tents on the snow-covered mountains in Mingo County, West Virginia.

Major A. V. Dalrymple.—Politics has played a large part in the delay of the successful operation of the prohibition laws. It is impossible to blame any party of adherents of any political organization. It is just one of those natural results of putting into operation a law that is obnoxious to a large percentage of the population.

Ernest O. Thompson.—Even from the mere money-getting standpoint, a young man may be making a great mistake in rushing off to the city.

Don't Rush to City to Earn Money, This Man's Aavice

After all, what are the things that enable him to make money? Aren't they industry, integrity, character, and friends? He spends more than twenty of the best years of his life in acquiring them and in proving to the people of his home town that he has them. Then he goes to the city—and starts in all over again. It may take him years to prove to an entirely new set of people that he has these qualities.

Sir Oliver Lodge.—Do not let us despise and condemn the gropings of science, which are after all leading in the same general direction. Mistakes may be made, now, as mistakes have been made in the past, but on the whole psychic inquiry is proving itself a handmaid to the Christian religion; it is restoring comfort to many a darkened home, and bringing back to a reasonable faith many who else would have wandered into the deserts of atheism and despair.

William Whitman.—Nothing develops any human being quite so much as meeting every single obligation, real or implied, that he ever assumes. The present-day habit, known in slang as "passing the buck," is keeping thousands of men from success.

Senator Reed Smoot.—The time has come for a complete overhauling of our government machinery. This is not a partisan enterprise, designed to show that all the confusion and inefficiency displayed in Washington is due to the Democratic administration. It is a plan to make a workable business organization out of the government.

P. W. Litchfield.—The purpose of industry is to serve humanity. Often, however, in the course of production such things as unguarded machines, unhealthful working conditions, and careless workmen creep in, because what should be everybody's business becomes nobody's business.

William L. Chenery.—The world is beginning to feel the reaction from the war effort. Depression and unemployment are not limited to America. Paris, London, Central and Southern Europe, Canada, Japan—there, too, is deflation taking its toll. During the fat years we failed to take thought for the future.

Warren G. Harding.—I want to see our America one of the greatest, aye, the greatest maritime nation, on the face of the earth. I have a profound conviction that if we had had a great merchant marine as an auxiliary of national defense, our rights never would have been affronted by the Central Powers.

Raymond Mortimer.—The history of taste is entertaining enough; but it makes for skepticism. After years of neglect the architecture of Versailles has again won general admiration. Men appreciate the expression which it gives to the characteristics of the *grand siecle*, the untroubled order which springs from a monarchy, and the good taste which distinguishes an aristocracy; they admire its majesty, and find even its pompousness agreeable.

J. Madison Gathany.—No less an authority than the Secretary of Agriculture has recently made public that certain food interests, particularly the large food speculators, have at times attempted the suppression of the crop reports. The secretary holds, in substance, that speculation in food products depends and thrives upon lack of information, uncertainty, and confusion on the part of farmers and the public. Were it not for the crop reports, the public would be at the mercy of the speculators, who would be free to issue any sort of misleading reports designed to influence prices.

Dr. W. P. Goodsmith.—I can tell a "moonshine" victim the minute I lay eyes on him. They come to us raving crazy. A whisky drunk staggers, he is sodden, and quite often fairly good-natured. But a moonshine victim doesn't stagger. He spins around like a top. His eyes are closed or nearly blinded, and he often has complete or partial paralysis of the brain. He is vicious and wants to kill.

Catherine Breshkovskaya.—The course of events in Russia has convinced me that it is too much to expect the Russian peasant to learn everything at once. The hope of Russia, as indeed of all other countries, is in the children. The remainder of my life will be devoted to work for children.

Robert N. Miller.—One of the compensating advantages which has resulted to business from the Federal income tax law is that the law has induced taxpayers to keep books, and to keep them accurately and soundly, so that at the end of each year they can tell with certainty whether they have made a success or a failure and why.

Harriet Connor Brown.—The coming months are a time of opportunity for those opposed to the militarization of America, a time more favorable to the cause of disarmament than will come again soon unless we women use well our wits and power before next summer.

Floyd W. Parsons.—Practically all the leading nations of the earth pursue a policy of encouraging frontier development. Alaska is our richest and in fact is our only frontier that remains undeveloped. Though our government has had a freer hand in working out the problem of Alaska than it ever had in planning the future of any of our states, less has been accomplished in the development of our great Northland than was achieved in the settlement of all other parts of our country.

Clarence W. Barron.—What we need to insure the prosperity of the country are things of the spirit. It is not more coal or more water power or more horse power.

Need the Spirit of Cooperation to Help Country

We need the spirit of cooperation and this can be had only by recognition of the law of mutual service. The spirit typified by Prussia in its attempted world conquest is not entirely local to Germany. The spirit of conquest over the neighbor, the spirit to make others subservient to one's self, the spirit to do less and get more, belts the entire world. It cannot be eradicated in a minute; it is the "primal, eldest curse," and the cause of all the fall in man. It is just human selfishness.

John Barton Payne.—To place all Indians on a plane of business equality with the whites will take generations, and those good people who by legislation duly hasten this period and thrust the responsibility upon the Indian of dealing with the white man before he is able to do so are doing the Indian a serious injury.

Senator William S. Kenyon.—The farmers worked to win the war, they planted great crops and sold at government-fixed prices and they now find themselves facing a great economic crisis. Their products are selling at prices below the cost of production. The farmer is tired of this, and the balance of the country cannot afford to let the farmer face a situation in which he believes he has not had a square deal.

Ole Hanson.—European unrest will never quiet down until the people of Europe know that they must remain at home and go to work and produce. As long as they can be financed by Americans, or can sell their paltry belongings and obtain a passport and passage to this country, they will keep coming and will not settle down. In other words it is cheaper to move than pay rent.

Edwin E. Slosson.—America, having oil to burn, has shared it generously with her needy neighbors—at a generous price. She has fed the million lamps of China and India and filled the tanks of friendly fleets and rival traders. Soon she will, like a foolish virgin, be begging sister nations for the loan of a little oil.

Chauncey M. Depew.—The winds roar and the breakers break, but they do not disturb the Supreme Court, nor the Constitution, nor Uncle Joe Cannon.

Takashi Hara.—We cannot say that there has been no cause for misunderstanding as regards affairs with China in the past, but that was a question of the ability of the men in power at the time. It was not due to any of the traditional principles of Japan. That the result of the deals with China were not such as a section of Americans had understood them to be is a matter which has now been brought home clearly to the people of the world. Of that I am firmly convinced.

Dr. Charles A. Steinmetz.—Although we are absolutely dependent on our electricity today, we have still only begun to use it. In the city present methods of manufacture will be replaced with electrical methods. The present city with its dust and smoke will be unknown. It will be against the law to have a fire in the city limits. Life then will be worth living in the cities.

Electricity Will Improve Life In Cities, He Says

Theodore E. Burton.—Anyone who says that wages must be maintained at their present level is flying in the face of economic law. I do not say this from lack of regard for the working man. We are all anxious to pay the workers as much as possible. It is to our interest to do so. We are all workers in a true sense. But when they speak of war-time prices breaking and war-time pay remaining they are talking out of their heads.

Edwin T. Meredith.—It ought to be a fact that when the farms of the country produce abundantly, the consuming public will be liberally supplied with food at reasonable prices, the farmer taking his profit because of large production and the consumer receiving his increment of benefit from having an adequate supply at a reasonable cost.

Senator Thomas J. Walsh.—We are advised that the estimates for the army and navy of the United States for the current year amount to the almost inconceivable sum of $1,500,000,000. If there were no other reason, the condition of the world at this time, staggering under heavy burdens of taxation, would furnish a reason for a reduction of armaments, and therefore tax reductions.

Nance O'Neil.—I never find it an easy matter to write of the theater. It always seems to me like baring to the world one's innermost secrets; like something too sacred to sit down and discuss in cold pen and ink. I have the same love for it that a child has for its parents, and so I do not see its faults and failings; like the child I see only the good in it, and so can speak only with pride and affection.

Raymond Poincare.—The reverse suffered by the Venizelos régime in Greece is the most alarming symptom of reaction upon the mind of the world and the changed relations between the vanquished and the conqueror nations.

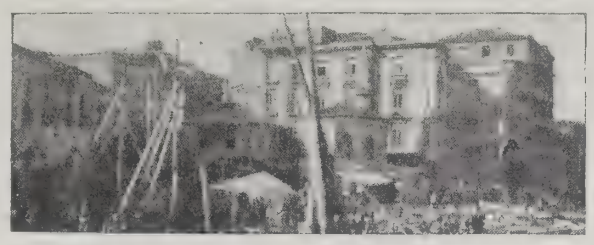
Hugh C. Cummings, surgeon general.—At present, officers of the public health service are stationed at practically all of the important ports of continental Europe for the purpose of investigation and to make preparation for the application of disease preventive measures at European ports of departure whenever there should be resumed trans-Atlantic travel.

Frederick A. Wallis.—I am told by persons of unquestioned authority from Europe that at least 8,000,000 emigrants are ready to come here from a certain country, as soon as peace is declared, and the way is made clear. From personal information, I am inclined to believe there are more like 15,000,000 clamoring to come to America.

The City of Unrest on the Golden Horn

By PAUL BOWERMAN

A VAST panorama of massive domes and slender minarets grouped on seven hills; a huge harbor filled with ocean liners, coasting steamers and clumsy sailboats, all crowded together in an inextricable confusion; a wide pontoon bridge spanning the Golden Horn between Stamboul and Galata, across which pours the concourse of nations from morning till night in two unceasing rivers of humanity; the whole spectacle veiled in a peculiar atmosphere that softens the glare of sunlight to a mysterious unreal glow—such is the splendor of Constantinople swinging around Seraglio Point from the Sea of Marmora.



The fish market and the public gallows, Stamboul.

But two other cities can boast of such a magnificent approach by sea—Naples nestling in an island-studded harbor in the shadow of Italian hills, and Lisbon rising in graceful terraces from Tagus Bay.

It is little wonder that the waves of conquering armies that have swept across the Bosphorus from Europe to Asia since the beginning of time have stopped to marvel here and to claim it as their own. It is little wonder that even now the age-old story is being repeated. It will be strange if it does not happen again in the years to come. Greeks, Turks, Romans, Crusaders, and now the Allied Powers—each has seen and recognized its glory, each has given its lifeblood to conquer it. Through all the vicissitudes of siege and bombardment and pillage, its matchless beauty has remained unspoiled and its fascination undiminished. It will always be so.

Yet all these have left their mark, have added something to the strange *mélange* that is the essence of the city. Nowhere can one see such a hopeless tangle of national feeling and prejudice, such a babel of strange tongues, such incongruities of architecture, dress and custom. The city takes them all in, erects a magic loom, and exhibits a cloth spun of many-colored threads in whose gloss and beauty can be seen the handiwork of a master-weaver.



Grand Rue de Pera, the main thoroughfare of the European quarter.

Before the Great War Constantinople was a delightful place to live in. The grandeur of its setting, the charm of its mosques and temples, the quiet restfulness of the pretty villages clustering the shores of the Bosphorus, the fascinating mixtures of the Occident and the Orient, endeared it to the hearts of Turks and Europeans alike. There were delightful parks to spend a lazy afternoon in the shade of great sycamores and planes. There were charming little restaurants where one could spend a pleasant half hour over a tiny cup of Turkish coffee and Oriental dainties. There were theaters where one could see the best in drama and opera. The famous bazaars were a gorgeous profusion of delicate artistry and skillful manufacture. Life was a bit easy-going, colorful, and infinitely varied.

On the Boulevard Ayas Pacha that descends from Taxim to the gorgeous palace of Dolma Bagtche rises an imposing structure of white marble. It has been said, and not unreasonably, that the intrigues that led to the Great War were planned within the walls of that building, the German Embassy. It stands a grim and lonely landmark, a specter that haunts the diplomatic circles even now. Today it matters little whether the plots were hatched on the Boulevard Ayas Pacha or in Potsdam. The effect on Constantinople is the same, and it is that change which makes it today at once the most interesting, the most pitiable, and the most potential of cities.

Outwardly there has been little change. There is still that breathless moment coming round Seraglio Point, the mosque of Sultan Ahmed still lifts its six minarets and gleaming dome into the sky, and the Pont Neuf is still a river of men. The Grand Bazaar is still a-hum with the drone of bargainers and redolent of the spices of the East. Camels and sheep and goats still transform the crooked narrow streets of old Stamboul into a page from the Arabian Nights. The framework is as of old, unchanging as the marble walls of Santa Sophia. It is the human element in the vast tableau which makes the Constantinople of today so different.

The war brought many new people. While the British were making their gallant but hopeless attack on the Dardanelles, the Germans and Austrians sifted in, and with characteristic thoroughness left their mark on everything they touched. While their officers were commanding the Turkish troops, their scientists and archeologists were studying the ruins of antiquity, rehabilitating the museums, and tabulating statistics. In the ruins of Roumeli Hissar, an ancient tower erected in the fifteenth century by the Turks who were storming the city, one can see the tools abandoned by the German workmen in a hasty retreat.

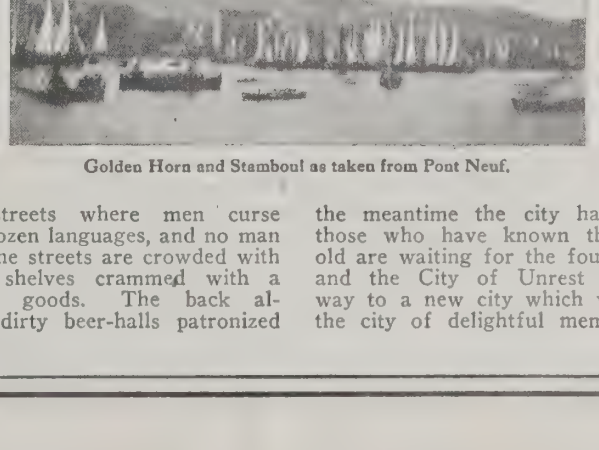
In the days that followed the signing of the armistice, when the Allied Powers took over the city, refugees poured into the city. Thousands of Russians fleeing from Soviet rule came in boatloads from Odessa. At the present writing 40 boats of them, driven from the Crimea by the advance of the Bolshevist armies, are anchored in the harbor waiting to come ashore. American transports brought thousands of starving Armenians to be helped by the Near East Relief. The Turkish Nationalists drove whole colonies of Greeks from their homes in Asia Minor, and these found their way to Constantinople. Most of them, friendless, destitute, and starving, are left to shift for themselves. They were scattered and swallowed up. What has become of many of them will ever be a matter of unpleasant conjecture.

But whatever lure Constantinople may have had to these homeless people fleeing the persecution of tyranny, it also held forth innumerable attractions to those whom the war had made suddenly rich, for profiteering in the Levant was as lucrative as in America. Oil kings from Batum and Trebizond, Greek merchants from Thrace and Cilicia, *ci-devant* nobles from Russia flocked here to spend their wealth. With these came the usual harpies—professional globe trotters, shady "gentlemen of adventure," painted women, and all of the stock characters of a musical comedy.

Stamboul alone seems to resist the invaders. It is still very quiet over there, very much as it has been for a decade, and the traveler cannot but admire the impenetrable seclusion and the indifference to externals which is so innate in the Stamboul Turk. Governments may totter and fall, wars may come and go, but the Turk never once forgets the wonder of Islam and the unimportance of the present in the light of the glories to come. And so he goes about the pleasant routine of his daily life, courteous, affable and neighborly.

It is in Galata and Pera that the unrest is so manifest, and it is in these quarters that the wealth and power of the city is concentrated. The Pont Neuf spans a body of water that separates more than simply two quarters of a huge city. It links together two worlds so utterly incongruous that the five minutes spent in crossing brings a change that seems incredible after countless repetition. Stamboul is a city of the Orient, with its tiny shops where the men sit cross-legged before a cup of coffee, puffing narghiles, and lending their voices to the drone of sleepy conversation. Here the creaking tramcar seems a sacrilege, and an automobile still scatters the frightened veiled women to the security of some protecting doorway.

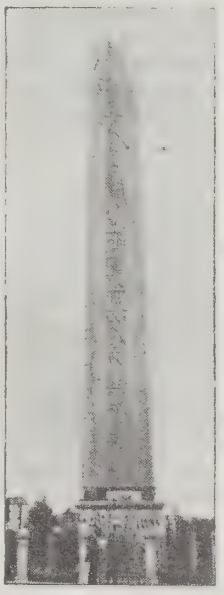
Galata is a bedlam of shrieking vendors, noisy carts, reckless motor trucks, whining beggars and insolent soldiers. Life is dangerously near the breaking point of excited passion. Law and order are unknown in the swarming streets where men curse their neighbors in a dozen languages, and no man trusts his brother. The streets are crowded with tawdry shops with shelves crammed with a potage of imitation goods. The back alleys are alive with dirty beer-halls patronized by a motley assembly of hybrids, neither Turk nor Christian, who prey upon each other and the unwary passer-by. Just off the Grand Rue de Galata on the intersecting side streets, the most outrageous display of vice to be found anywhere in the world flaunts itself in disgusting brazenness.



Golden Horn and Stamboul as taken from Pont Neuf.

Over the whole of it hangs a fog of hopelessness which is the outgrowth and penalty of its own depravity. Nothing good could ever evolve from the mismare of covetousness, dishonesty, crime, and immorality. It will have to be swept away like a diseased spot.

The ascent from Galata to Pera is made by the famous Step-Street, a succession of broad cobbled steps, on which a thousand portable shops perch precariously, and which terminates in the Grand Rue de Pera, the main thoroughfare of the European quarter, a section altogether different from Galata with its blatant wickedness, and Stamboul with its elusive charm. The broad, well-paved avenue is full of attractive stores, the sidewalks are thronged with well-dressed people, and handsome equipages line the curb. It has the outward appearance of a prosperous European city, an isolated rampart of Occidental culture and civilization in the stronghold of Mohammed. Of all the polyglot of refugees who have come to Constantinople, the best have found their way to Pera, and the worst have sunk themselves in the pool at the bottom of the hill. They have made a brave fight for existence, and a worthwhile struggle to maintain the standards they knew before the war. Some have succeeded and are even now prospering. Russian nobles have capitalized their refinement as proprietors of tasteful bazaars, and Russian artists are giving symphonies at the theaters. But there was not opportunity for all, and the others have drifted into a careless lethargy, which will lead them eventually down symbolic Step-Street to Galata. And there are yet others who came not to earn, but to spend. The result is a cleverly concealed and super-refined Galata, perhaps more insidious for its disarming veneer of stability.



Obelisk of Theodosius I dated 1440 B. C., brought to Stamboul from Egypt.

The night life of Pera is centered in a succession of glittering restaurants—French, Greek, and Russian—to which resort the spenders and the satellites who seek to share their wealth. Their senses numbed by the horrors of the war, their indifference to the future encouraged by their day-to-day existence, they crave the excitement of artificial pleasure. They pay fabulous prices for food and drink without questioning, knowing that the end is inevitable. The Russian cafes are dazzling pictures of ornate decoration, beautiful gowns and lavish entertainment. Orchestras such as one could not find outside of Russia play the airs that these same people have heard in Moscow and Odessa. Strikingly beautiful girls serve in the double capacity of waitress and entertainer, sharing the bottle of champagne over a cigaret, and chatting with the unattended guests.

Outside, the streets are ablaze with enticing lights and crowded with merrymakers intent upon living at the highest pitch till the fight is over. Beneath the white shirt-fronts of the men and the luxurious gowns of the women, is the identical abyss of passion and greed and crime that lies so near the surface in Galata.

How long this dazzling superstructure can stand is impossible to conjecture. Wealth seems to pour into the city from a thousand unseen sources, regardless of the famine and desolation that knock at the city gates. Strangers come and revel in a city where revelry is the chief aim of existence, and then disappear to make way for others. In the meantime the city has lost its soul, and those who have known the Constantinople of old are waiting for the foundations to give way and the City of Unrest to disappear, giving way to a new city which will in part resemble the city of delightful memory.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

Twenty-first Year, Number 9, December 25, 1920.

The price of subscription in the United States and its possessions is One Dollar a year; in Canada, One Dollar and Fifty Cents; and in other countries, Two Dollars. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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"Charity" and "Institutions"

THE New York police recently voted down a proposition to establish a Police Hospital. The proposal apparently originated with politicians who were anxious to get another institution with another block of jobs under their control, and they conceived the idea of putting it through on the basis of the approval of the uniformed man on the beat. To insure this approval, they arranged that the policemen's votes should be made verbally before the captain at each precinct station house. Under this method the hospital was unanimously approved—it apparently having been intimated to the policemen that the "higher ups" wanted it. But afterward a secret vote was taken, where each patrolman could express his private conviction without coercion or fear, and this vote was heavily against the hospital plan.

It is an excellent sign. There are too many groups making a business of charity, and the people are getting tired of it. Enough is taken from the general public in money every year to go far toward balancing the inequalities of the present system, if it were applied to inequalities instead of the continuance of an undesirable condition.

There is an element in commercialized charity which debases both him who gives and him who receives. The great argument of many of our "drives" is this: "If you give once this year, we will not bother you for twelve months with the misery and want of the world." And that is wrong. If there is misery and want in the world, those who are able to prevent and abolish it—if there are any such—ought to see so much of it that they will do their full duty toward it, and not compromise with their duty by giving a contribution.

It is right and proper that immediate and urgent need should be met, but that is not enough; the cause of the need should be probed; and no man has made his contribution to true charity who has not gone deeper than his own pocket. Human fellowship, true sympathy, honest charity which is akin to justice, has a higher field of action than the debasing of a needy human being by rendering him the recipient of another's alms.

Then there is the question of the energy which is misused in these enterprises. The tremendous pressure of enthusiasm and effort which any "drive," local or national, can command and consume would, if directed toward objects of permanent achievement, go a long way toward putting many things right. It is really astounding how much energy and enthusiasm can be put into the work of giving poor people a dinner on a festival day, and how little interest could be roused among the same philanthropists in the less picturesque but more useful work of arranging matters so that everybody could get his own dinner every day.

"Charitable institutions," so-called, are not charitable; they are paid for just as actually as any other institution is; the only difference being that the "charitable institutions" are paid for by people who do not use them, while the non-"charitable" institutions are paid for by those who do use them, and as a consequence the latter are far more efficient, far more serviceable to society than the others. There are "charitable institutions" which serve no other purpose than to give light minds the comfortable feeling that "something is being done"; they are mere internment places for people whose plight spoils the view for sensitive people. It would be really charitable to abolish some of the "charitable institutions" now in existence, and place their inmates in the homes of the people.

It is not only the money that matters, it is the energy, the false beliefs, the half-way methods that constitute the pitiable insufficiency of what some people try to do. We need an entirely new, a radically changed attitude toward charity, which at first may even appear to be coldly inhuman, but in the end it would justify itself by the permanent benefits which through it would accrue to human beings.

The Need for Salesmanship

THERE was a time when one of this country's proudest boasts was its salesmanship. We studied it, developed it and made it an art, for the successful practice of which no effort was too great. Then came the war and salesmanship went into a decline.

War's demands and the money which war put into circulation made the selling of goods so easy that salesmen became mere order takers. As demands grew and the supply lessened it was no longer necessary even to go out and take orders. Men sat in their offices and the orders rolled in so heavily that buyers, in many cases, had to beg consideration of their needs and took it as a personal favor if they got it.

There is no condition so much relished by business as a rising market and for months the market in this country rose daily. Anything went and at any price. Apparently there was no limit to the buying public's desires or its ability to pay.

And then, more suddenly even than it had risen, the wave of buying receded; the period of readjustment began. The thing which many salesmen had assured themselves could not happen did happen—prices began to slump.

That should have been the signal for the revival of the art of salesmanship. That was the time to get out into the market again, to study the situation and to adopt new policies to meet it. But did this happen? The answer will be found in a score of industries, and the answer is "No"!

Instead of digging out of his office to build up new business, the salesman has dug himself in and hung crape on the door. He has taken the attitude that because business no longer comes to him there is no business; that because the public is not buying it cannot be persuaded to buy. All of which is simple nonsense.

The way to get business is to make business. The way to revive buying is to revive selling. And the time to do it is now. Not January 1! Not next spring! Not next summer, but now!

The United States is neither dead nor defunct. It is functioning normally and it has a huge share of the world's gold with which to do business. But the workman cannot labor and the manufacturer cannot produce until the salesman begins to sell goods.

It cannot always be harvest time. There must always come a day when the crops are in and the profits counted. And when that day comes the only way to assure another crop is to get to work and cultivate one.

Homes—Rural and Urban

DWELLERS in rural America who are inclined to envy their brothers in the cities the joy of living in a four-room flat, or in a story and a half house on a 35-foot lot, will do well to consider for a moment the plight of the folks in Jeffersontown, Kentucky.

After writing municipal history for 126 years, during which it experienced good, bad and indifferent administrations, Jeffersontown has decided that the bad and the indifferent outweigh the good by such a large margin that there is no use living under such conditions any longer. Therefore the citizens have been petitioned for permission to give up their charter and abandon city government.

There is a good deal of common sense in the rebellion of Jeffersontown. Municipal government is an expensive luxury. And it grows more and more expensive so that what may be called its marginal utility is being wiped out. In other words, the city dweller has to pay more for living in cities than the privilege or luxury—call it what you will—is worth.

Naturally it is not possible nor desirable for all cities to follow the example of Jeffersontown. We need and shall continue to have cities. But we need not continue to overvalue them as places of residence. We should be willing, very soon, to acknowledge the fact that from the standpoint of the home-seeker and the home-builder the city is going back and the country is coming forward. One can now live in the country and yet enjoy all the conveniences of urban life—*minus* the taxes and *plus* the country.

Cross-Currents

IT WAS the people of Holland who first adopted the rooster as a medium for the weather vane, soon to be followed by England, because of the incident in which the cock figured when the Apostle Peter denied his Lord.

"As changeable as a weathercock," is an old adage, which illustrates the swinging of the vane. But because the vane may point to all four points of the compass in as many minutes, does not mean that the wind has changed that many times from its original quarter.

A man raking up the leaves on a lawn rakes with the wind. He has the leaves piled up and the wind is blowing steadily from the North. Then there is a sudden gust from the South, a cross-current, a whirling eddy, and the leaves are blown back over the lawn. But the man does not begin to rake toward the North, for the wind is still in that quarter. He knows that the gust which drove the leaves back was merely a caprice of the breeze, and so he still rakes them again with the wind. It is only one of those happenings which occur in the day's work, and which can be repaired by patient labor.

In the cross-currents of life the same thing holds true. A man who has always lived a good, upright life may, in a moment of moral or physical weakness, give way to a sudden temptation. A cross-current has struck him and, for a time, faces him in the opposite direction to that in which he has been traveling. He may have thought too highly of his own ability to resist temptation. He may not have guarded his weak point as he should. He may have been in a boastful frame of mind, which always precedes a fall. But even though he fell, he should not be regarded as a degenerate man. The damage can be repaired, although it will take time and patience and suffering.

Many people are apt to say, when a man or woman, who up to that time has lived an exemplary life, makes a misstep, "Now we see him in his true character; all that has gone before was but a masquerade."

Oh for a little of that charity which was extended to Peter when, for a moment, he was swerved by a cross-current! Why try to tear down and destroy a reputation which has been built up by years of right living? How much better it is to have sympathy for the one who has been caught in the cross-current amid the winds of life, and help him to steer straight again.

Aviators will tell you that after climbing to a great height and then flying with the wind, they will suddenly encounter a cross-current of air, which causes them to go tumbling from their course, sometimes to their destruction. If they can recover their equilibrium, they turn about and begin the long, laborious climb to reach their former height again.

If you have climbed to a height of moral attainment, if for years you have been a respected member of the community, if your face has always been set toward the sun, and you have been caught in a cross-current, faced about the other way, crushed to the earth, perhaps, and are sick and bleeding, don't despair.

It was probably your own fault that you fell, and you deserved the punishment that your act has caused you, but by your own efforts you can rise again to the heights you once attained. Yes, and you can go to sublimer heights, if you so will it. It will take time, the road will be full of discouragements and temptations to give up the fight, but you will win again if you will only press on.

"One ship goes east, another west,
By the selfsame winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sail, and not the gale
That determines the way they go.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the calm, or the strife."

Has a Story to Tell

AMONG the new figures in Congress is Daniel Sutherland, who comes to Washington with a message which may well attract the attention of this nation. It is a story of the grievous oppression of a people. It is filled with tales of shocking injustice, of bureaucratic stupidity and of downright governmental dishonesty. It tells of the processes employed in an effort to stunt and stifle and finally wipe out a brave and hardy people by depriving them of their means of livelihood.

It is a story which should attract instant attention in a country which professes to be exceedingly interested in the rights of small countries—since it is the story of our own abuse, mismanagement and robbery of the people of Alaska.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE power of minorities to affect the life of majorities has many modern illustrations, especially on the side of evil. It seems rather a strange thing to say that evil minorities come into influence more speedily than do good minorities. A genuine reform takes a long time to accomplish, but an evil influence seems to run its course like wildfire. This is not to be wondered at, since evil like a rank weed comes to maturity quickly, and thus hastens its end, whereas a form of good, being of sturdier growth and having a longer future before it, requires a longer time to ripen. The whole fact is full of hopefulness. When we see a wrong thing coming into full flower, we may be certain that its end is near.

An illustration of the power of minorities to affect the life of the people is to be found in the banditry which has grown up in many of our large cities. Now, bandits are so few as to be hardly worthy to be dignified by the name "minority"; they are an infinitesimal fraction, measured by the mass of the population.

And yet, every city where one or two or three bandits have operated nightly is more or less influenced in its thought and action by the fact that these few lawless ones exist.

This is very noticeable among the motorist population. There was a time when the helpful hand was the rule of the road. If a car was in trouble in a lonely place, passing drivers would stop to inquire if they could help—they might have the special tool, or the knowledge, or the extra gallon of gas which would help the stalled car out.

That has all passed, not because of the drying up of the springs of human kindness, but because a few men have been held up when they have stopped under the impression that a motor party was in trouble. Nobody is taking any chances now.

Not long ago a man ran out of gas on a country road at midnight. A dozen cars passed, and the man hailed them for a lift to a telephone or a gas station. As soon as a driver would spot him waving his hands in the roadway, the speed was put on and he was passed with a rush. It happened in this instance that most of the drivers who passed the hailing figure were his own neighbors. But human trustfulness had been driven out of them by a caution inspired by the fact that road bandits had used precisely that kind of lure.

There is no blame attaching to a circumstance like that—except to the carelessness of the man who failed to fill his gas tank. But it is a homely and true illustration of the effect which minorities have on us, especially with reference to possible evil. It illustrates also the effect on social relations which the existence of a small but active evil influence can have. Take the midnight instance on the road: collect every driver within twenty miles of that spot, and you would probably find as normal and decent a group as could be assembled anywhere. But out there on the road, it was all different—because they knew what *might* be done.

This is a situation which exists under a number of different forms, and there are two reactions to it.

One type of mind reacts to it in this way: Trust everybody, and if you are "stung," charge it up to experience. It is better to be mistaken trusting everybody than to do injustice by distrusting everybody.

This type doubtless adopts that policy for its own comfort. Chronic distrustfulness is an unpleasant condition to support. The most determinedly distrustful man finds himself slipping back into normal social trustfulness occasionally, and it is the irony of circumstance that often he slips back just in time to bestow his trust where it is betrayed. It is more comfortable to accept people as they come, trusting that the majority will be on the square, and some people adopt that course as their policy.

THE greatest adverse power which the evil minority in human society exercises upon it, is the weakening of the sentiment of human confidence. When men begin to lose confidence in each other, society loosens and falls apart, like a wall in which the mortar has lost its cohesive power. All of the people sense this. One type senses it from the protective side and adopts an attitude of protective distrustfulness. Another type seeks to protect itself by preserving its mental comfort which it does by adopting an attitude of general trustfulness. Both of these are mere policies determined by temperament. They are individual reactions. They do not go to the root of the trouble, though they may serve to tide the individual over the condition made by the trouble. The building up of human confidence is the normal action of society.

The other type has been alluded to and need not be further described. While it is true that in the higher relations of business there can be no achievement without mutual confidence, it is also true that business tends more and more toward the attitude of taking no chances. "Business is business" is a true saying, which means that there is a way of doing business which makes it secure from the consequences of any lapses of character, and that is the method of doing it on strictly impersonal terms.

The point seems to be here: the type that adopts a policy of trustfulness in order to secure its own mental comfort, as well as the type which adopts a policy of consistent distrustfulness in order to prevent deception or loss, contributes nothing to the main problem, which is the existence in the world of a minority which has power to embarrass and fracture and weaken human relations to such a point where the adoption of one or the other of these policies becomes almost a necessity.

Human confidence is the fundamental essential to all social achievement, and the lack of it is the one condition which makes social breakdown possible. Take every one of the socially disruptive doctrines and movements which are operative today, and you will find that their whole object is the destruction of confidence between man and man. They are taking the mortar out of the walls that compose the house of humanity, in the hope that when a strong gale blows, the house will topple into ruins—and then those men who covet what others have earned will swarm forth and take it.

It is curious that in Russia the working man suffered most. What he earned was "commandeered" and men who did not earn it were given it to enjoy. The nonworkers have about eaten up what the workers had produced, and the end, of course, is near. Men may pretend to covet the heaps of gold that represent the working "capital" of a nation. But heaps of gold are nothing; what they really steal is what the workingmen, the producers at both ends of the industrial system, have made. *Because*. that is the only stuff worth stealing.

It used to be that the divisionists, the destroyers of human confidence, divided society into "labor" and "capital," and sought to pit them against one another. But that did not destroy the basis of human confidence quickly enough. So they invented a third class which they endeavored to slip in as a wedge between "labor" and "capital"—they invented the "middle class."

The "middle class" has been made to appear as a "buffer state" which "capital" has reared between itself and "labor." The clerks, the bookkeepers, the doctors, the teachers, the small business men—in short that group of men who are the servants of the producers, waiting on them while they work, and serving them in supplying their homes and doing their work in city affairs—all these useful people have been exalted into the sinister dignity of being a "buffer state" behind which "capital" hides from the force of "labor."

It is rather ridiculous; but it was very serious in Russia. The "proletariat" killed these people because—because—they—wore—white—collars! People who worked in the factories and whose work was clean, had to hide their clean clothes in order to save their lives. To be dirty meant to be "one of the people."

You see to what lengths this distrust of each other can go, and to what social insanity it can lead. It is just as essential that we should banish these divisive and destructive things from society at large as that a city should drive bandits out, in order that citizens may be able to pass one another on the streets at night without regarding each other as potential bandits.

The Case of the Farmer—As the Farmer Sees It

Motives Behind the Great Surge Toward Organization and Reasons for the Demand for Special Legislation

The American farm leaders contend that present conditions threaten the stability of agriculture.

They say that the farmer has been discriminated against; that he is so curbed and hampered that he cannot make a fair profit on his labor and his investment, and that in many cases he actually loses money on his year's work.

No attempt has been made here to debate these arguments. They are set forth as offered by the representatives of farm organizations.

They will serve to explain to the reader the great surge toward union and co-operation among the farmers and insistence upon amendments to the anti-trust measures which will make it lawful to engage in collective marketing.

ABOUT half the people of the United States live in what the Census Bureau designates as "rural" America. This half of the population—48.1 per cent to be exact—feels that it has a grievance against the way it is being treated. It does not believe it is getting a fair deal from the 51.9 per cent of the people who live in "urban" America.

Now, when half a nation feels it is being wronged some attention must be paid to the complaint. There must be a hearing sooner or later and the more willingly it is given and the more sympathetically it is received, the better matters will be for everyone concerned.

"Rural" America, let it be understood, comprises the people of the farms and of the hamlets and villages of less than 2,500 population. Actually, of course, those who live in the communities are not all tillers of the soil. But they live so close to the farms and their lives are so constantly interwoven with the lives of the farming class that their interests are practically identical and they may be written down as accepting the farmer's viewpoint and making common cause with him.

In two articles THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has described the growth of the co-operative movement among the farmers of America and the national legislative program which their organizations propose to place before Congress. In this article an effort will be made to set forth the reasons which the farmer advances in support of the course he purposes to pursue. Before continuing, however, it should be understood that no attempt is to be made here to debate these arguments. Whether right or wrong they represent the farmer's viewpoint and it is as such and such only that they are set forth.

Let one of the most general complaints be heard first.

The farmer charges that the present anti-trust laws make it impossible for him to engage in collective marketing and that such marketing is not only necessary, but is absolutely essential if he is to share in the nation's prosperity. Collective marketing, he declares, will permit him to have something to say about the price he is to receive for his products and his labor and this right he feels he must have before he can even begin to solve his present-day problems.

"When we purchase goods" complains the farmer, "we are told how much we must pay. When we sell, and somebody else purchases, we are told how little we can get. What would the hardware merchant who puts in a line of stoves think if we were to walk into his store and without waiting to consider what the stoves cost him, or how much he must add for his labor and the cost of doing business, tell him what he had to sell them for? Yet when we are ready to sell our products that is exactly what happens to us.

"Other lines of business base their quotations on the cost of production plus a supposedly fair profit, all influenced somewhat by competition, but nobody cares what the farmer's cost of production has been nor whether he is getting anything for his investment, his time or his labor.

"We are urged to plant a big acreage so that the world may be fed and then when the work is done and we are ready to market our crops, we are told that there has been overproduction somewhere, that the supply is greater than the demand and consequently we must accept a lower price than had been anticipated.

"Now the chances are that when we prepared for our crops prices were high. Labor was expensive, implements, fertilizer, seeds and everything we use were on a similar scale. This means that our costs of production were high so that when we went to market to make our annual turnover and were faced by low prices for our products we were somewhat in the position of the merchant whose shelves were filled with high-priced goods when the cost of living fell. But the merchant has had an opportunity to get from under, and we have none. He turns over a share of his stock every day. He can prepare for such an emergency. We turn our products over once a year. Prices may start to drop months before the harvest time and we are perfectly helpless to protect ourselves. We cannot hurry our crops or change them, once they are in the ground.

"Business and industry in general are endeavoring to step down gradually so that they may preserve their equilibrium and save a crash, and the farmer does not object to that. What he does object to is the fact that there are no steps for him. He is pitched down bodily.

"When we do go to market," the farmer argues, "it is as individuals. We have no particular influence, we cannot dictate any terms. In the great majority of cases the farmer has not the means to carry his products until prices rise. He cannot borrow heavily from the banks for that purpose. Therefore, he has no alternative except to take what is offered him. On the other hand a co-operative organization which controls 40 million or 50 million bushels of wheat will have had the means to study the markets, to decide when to sell and will be able to carry its members for a time while waiting for a more favorable market."

Frankly stated then, the farmer wants the anti-trust laws amended so that he may be able to steady the price of farm products through collective bargaining. He would rather have steady prices than high prices and he believes he can bring them about through organization. That is why he is going into these co-operative movements so strongly; not because he believes they will give him pleasure, nor because he thinks they will increase his social standing. He supports them because he thinks that through them he can increase his prosperity and, like everyone else, he measures his prosperity in terms of money.

A second complaint which the farmer makes has to do with the present system of distribution. He claims it operates to his great disadvantage and robs him of a fair profit without, on the other hand, benefiting the public through low prices.

"There was a time," says the farmer, "when the chain consisted of three links: the farmer—the retailer —the consumer. Now dozens of speculators, buyers and brokers have crowded in, each of whom demands a profit and who gets it, no matter how much prices may drop, by whipsawing the producer and the consumer—one out of his just profit and the other out of a fair price.

"It is easy and natural for the city people to cry, "Down with the farmer's profits," but experience should have taught them by this time that low prices to the farmer do not mean correspondingly low prices to the consumer. The bottom fell out of the hog market last year and many farmers went bankrupt as a result, but the price of bacon advanced 11 per cent. The price of beef went to smash and hundreds of stock raisers went with it, but the butcher kept right on charging the same old price for steak. He said it would be some time before the cheap meat would reach his counter. Yet he buys the meat every day from the packers who kill and ship every day. The wool market collapsed long ago but the price of wool cloth is still high. There is practically no market for cotton, but cotton goods bring good prices. Leather has taken a tremendous drop. But the farmer who takes a calf to market and then goes in to buy a pair of shoes pays more for the shoes than he gets for the whole calf.

"We understand that the bakers have finally condescended to drop the price of bread one or two cents a loaf. That brings up the question of wheat. To begin with, the grower feels that he was badly treated during the war when the government fixed the price of wheat at $2.20 a bushel but left all other industries free to operate on a cost-plus basis. He wants to know why he, out of all the producers in the United States, had to submit to an arbitrary price which was not even based on the cost of production. He points to the statement of a high official of the Department of Agriculture who said that the average cost of producing a bushel of wheat in those years was $2.27 and he recalls, besides this, the fact that the government price of $2.20 was merely for top grade delivered at a terminal point, and that the average in reality ran about $1.90. Early this year, when the wheat had left the farmer's control and was in the possession of the speculators, the price went up. When he was ready to harvest his crop it went down again.

"Who is responsible for these conditions? Why, the go-betweens, the profit-takers who have entered the line of distribution. As they pass the food along each adds something for handling so that the price grows like a rolling snowball. Let the farmer engage in co-operative marketing, permit him to build organizations strong enough to push these men aside and deliver direct, and he will not only obtain fair profits for himself, but he will guarantee a reduction in prices to the consumer."

This brings us to another complaint the farmer is making, which is that he is unjustly regarded by the nation as a greedy member of society who is intent only on grasping all he can get and who is never satisfied with his profits. He claims in reply, that not only did he get less than his share of prosperity during the war and the two years following the war, but that he is expected to operate at a loss during the period of readjustment.

"Turn," says the farmer, "to the reports of the Department of Agriculture and find written there the statement that the average wage of the American farmer is less than half the average wage received by carpenters, bricklayers or other skilled city workmen who are members of trade unions.

"Turn also to the last annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture and you will find this statement: 'In some sections the net return on the purchase price of farm lands is considerably less than the ordinary rate of return on first mortgages and similar investments. The rental rate of cash leases, also, is frequently less than half the rate of return on mortgages . . . . Such a situation is unfortunate, for it increases the difficulties of a tenant who is seeking to become an owner If he borrows a considerable part of the purchase price of a farm at from five to seven per cent and then finds that the investment will earn little more than three per cent, it will be impossible in many cases for him to discharge the debt.'

"Read now the brief remarks which the Secretary of Agriculture makes on the subject of the reduction of the area under cultivation in the United States. They follow:

" 'War conditions stimulated an expansion of the area devoted to crops, estimated at 10.1 per cent from 1914 to 1918, or an increase of 3.4 per cent in the per capita acreage. This was effected by utilizing pasture land for crop production and by bringing into use other uncultivated areas. The expansion was particularly marked in the case of small grains. Since the armistice there has been a reduction in crop acreage. From 1919 to 1920 there was a decline of 5.4 per cent in the acreage of 20 principal crops. Apparently the reduction has been brought about by returning the land to pastures and by discontinuing the use of low-grade areas which were temporarily utilized.

"These changes should be instructive to those who would reduce the price of farm products by bringing into use large areas of new land. *It is clear that if prices have been extraordinarily remunerative to the farmer compared with the returns on capital and labor in industry, we would not witness this reduction of the acreage in cultivation, but on the contrary a continued enlargement of it.*

"Much loose thinking and many wrong conclusions are based on false impressions concerning the profitableness of farming. The increase in farm profits during the war was inevitably transitory. Moreover, measured in purchasing power, they shrank rapidly as a result of the rise in general commodity prices. Owing to the highly competitive character of his business and the lack of organization, the farmer has had no effective means of preventing the impairment of his profits; his only recourse has been to migrate to the city and change his occupation, a course actually followed by many. In the light of these facts and the fear of a continued decline in profits, it is clear why the tendency to expand the crop area has been suddenly reversed."

As a clinching proof of his contention that he is faring badly, the farmer offers government statistics on the 1920 yield and invites comparison with the harvests

(*Concluded on page 12*)



WE HEAR A LOT ABOUT LOW PRICES FROM FRIENDS. —*Indianapolis News*

A Little Village Solves a Big Disease Problem

By FRED L. HOLMES

THE little village of Shorewood, north of Milwaukee, has pointed the way to the solution of one of the biggest public health problems—preventing the spread of contagious diseases.

It has applied no new remedy. It has discovered nothing unique in handling diseases. It has enforced known rules of disease control so rigidly that results of startling significance in community welfare work have been obtained. There is not a community in the nation but should be able to duplicate these results by following this method.

There are things strikingly singular about the Shorewood method of curbing menacing epidemics. Perhaps the most significant fact about it all is that this health officer is not a physician. He is a plain layman, principal of the continuation school in Shorewood. He has had no particular training for the job. It is a case of added duties that are sometimes forced upon a public official from which there is no escape. Once the job was handed to this pedagogue he seems to have thought the community meant business in checking the preventable diseases that every winter went racing from one family to another—whooping cough, influenza, measles, scarlet fever. At least he meant business when he took the job.

Shorewood's health lesson can be better explained by a little information about the village, its community life and surroundings. Shorewood is a fashionable bungalow village north of Milwaukee. It is bisected by a long cement street, which connects the suburb with the busy metropolis at its south. So close is it to Milwaukee that its working population is nearly all employed there and there its people do most of their shopping. It is robbed of all the elements that go to make up a distinctly community life. It has few stores and only two small churches. It has public schools, but no high school, sending its older children into the city for further training. It has a changing population and during the past two years every third house changed hands. It is like the covey of prairie chickens that scatter in the morning and return again at dusk. Contrasted in nearly every social element it is the opposite of other remote communities, "snug and secure in their isolation." Every day hundreds from Shorewood go back and forth from commercial counter and workship to home—possible carriers of any new disease where they visit. Perhaps it has more than ten times the daily exodus and influx of population as any ordinary village of its size.

Living in Shorewood is the continuation school's principal, W. C. Sieker. He was one of the town's kickers against the invasion of new diseases from the outside world. When an epidemic of whooping cough swept the village three years ago he voluntarily quarantined his own family and they escaped. Right there is the secret of Sherwood's disease extermination. There can be no flourishing of a communicable disease without victims and Shorewood has locked its doors and refused to supply them. It is a stern, unflinching policy but it works.

The position of health officer in a village is not usually a salaried one in Wisconsin. It it were, more men would seek the job. As it is everyone shuns it. Perhaps it is the limited salary that makes the Shorewood health officer so determined in enforcing health rules. He is an autocrat. If they don't like his rule it is for them to find another to do the work. Anyway, following one of these annual epidemics Shorewood elected one of its health cranks to the job and he accepted.

Now Shorewood had been in one particular like every other community in the state. It followed the fashion of having victims for every communicable disease—new or old. The schoolhouse was the breeding ground. From the school spreads the disease wave.

"It was naturally assumed that a case of measles would be followed by another, and another, and still another and so on," said Mr. Sieker in explaining conditions when he took the job. "Usually a single case in school would be followed by others in the same grade. The first year brought us a total of 219 cases of disease that medical authorities class as preventable."

That first year's work was, certainly, not a very creditable showing to the new health régime. And the man who realized this better than anyone else was Health Officer Sieker. But he had courage and saw light ahead.

Why was it that so many communicable diseases spread in this community?

"Many causes contributed," explained Mr. Sieker. "Physicians failed to report, or were not prompt in doing so. Others, not knowing when they crossed that imaginary line separating Shorewood from Milwaukee, sent their post card notices to that city. Where no physician was called, parents invariably failed to report. In time these matters were remedied, but a situation more puzzling confronted us. From one to six weeks would usually elapse from the incidence of the disease to the time when a physician would be willing to make a definite diagnosis of whooping cough. In the meantime the child afflicted would freely mingle with others and attend school. From several days to several weeks would pass before sufficiently definite clinical symptoms would warrant a diagnosis of scarlet fever. One day a malady would be called a sore throat, the next day tonsillitis, and diphtheria the next, and until the final diagnosis of diphtheria there could be no official quarantine. 'Just a cold' would become measles a few days later.

"The local board of health came to the conclusion finally that mere compliance with the law and reporting and placarding promptly, while conducive of much good, were wholly inadequate measures to control communicable diseases. It did not *prevent* our children from becoming afflicted with *preventable* diseases. It was essentially a failure in Shorewood, as I believe it is to be elsewhere.

"At the beginning of the second year, September, 1918, the board of health, at a special conference attended by teachers, school officials, village officials, clergy, and others, announced its intention of inaugurating a new policy. This policy embodied three departures from its previous practice, briefly stated as follows:

1. Isolating first, and diagnosing afterward;
2. Placarding on suspicion; and
3. Substituting in large part educational propaganda for the exercising of police powers.





Above—The Shorewood Public School
Below—W. C. Sieker and his family.

"It was agreed upon that no child henceforth was to be permitted to remain in the schools if he had a cold, a cough, a sore throat, or was otherwise indisposed, no matter how mild the symptoms. Consideration for the comfort of the child itself should prompt such a course, and when one takes into account the potential mischief in its presence, failure to exclude strikes us as a reckless disregard for the rights of others. An excluded child was to be readmitted only after it had been definitely determined by competent medical authority that its illness was not communicable. The burden of proof was shifted. The public interests were to be paramount, and those of the individual secondary. It was pointed out to the citizens that this policy was made necessary by reason of the fact that the medical profession had not yet advanced far enough to enable the most skilled within its ranks to differentiate between whooping cough, measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and other so-called children's diseases from an ordinary cough, sore throat, or a common cold when the first symptoms appeared, and that at the outset the diseases in question are already exceedingly contagious. 'Isolation first and diagnosing afterward' was to be the invariable rule."

There is nothing new about this doctrine of isolation. It has been practiced in every community of the land haphazardly for years. But the doctrine was brought home with strange force to the new health officer. One day he met a man on the street who owned a large farm only a few miles from Shorewood. This man is reputed to be the largest milk producer in the world. As Health Officer Sieker saw him coming he thought of his troublesome health problems.

"What would you do if you discovered a cow in your stables some morning that was acting not exactly right?" asked the health officer.

"Isolate it!" shot the reply. "We cannot afford to take chances. Cattle are too valuable."

Health Officer Sieker never forgot that lesson.

"Cattle are too valuable" was a phrase that rang in his ears. "What about children?" he asked himself.

Here in a terse and homely street corner conversation he had been told by a farmer the way to master the Shorewood disease situation. Into the work he started with a new enthusiasm.

"Results seemingly have justified this program of radical exclusion," says Mr. Sieker in speaking of the accomplishments. "Paradoxical as it may seem, school attendance has become more regular. During the past year not one child contracted whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever or any other common children's disease while attending the public school, and only one child managed to get into the parochial school carrying contagion with it. That one child created enough mischief to account for about one-fifth of the total reportable diseases for the year, and was directly responsible for the loss of approximately 800 half-days' attendance. The record of the schools for the preceding year was equally good.

"Shorewood takes the position that just as a worker in industry should be surrounded by every safeguard on the assumption that he has a right to as many fingers when he leaves the factory as when he went in, so have the children the right to come back from the school at night as well and free from infection as when they left their homes in the morning.

"The second point in the new program consisted in placarding houses on suspicion. When clinical symptoms were inconclusive, but circumstances warranted a suspicion, homes were placarded 'whooping cough suspected,' 'influenza suspected,' 'scarlet fever suspected,' as the case might be and the same quarantine regulations were maintained as though there were no question as to the diagnosis. Though quite a number of homes have been placarded on suspicion, the number of erroneous guesses has been negligible. The virtue of this expedient lies in the fact that erroneous guesses never result in injury to anyone while a 'correct' suspicion is often the means of preventing much needless suffering. Especially in dealing with whooping cough has placarding on suspicion been helpful.

"Next, the Shorewood board of health resolved upon a program of education. The way to correct the universal indifference of parents and the occasional neglect of the physicians in the matter of reporting communicable diseases is not by making a horrible example of some offender, saying or writing ugly things to him, or threatening, or bringing him before the bar of justice. Violations of the law and of other regulations are usually not willful. The offenders know no better. They need to be educated, and the most highly educated in the scholastic sense need the schooling in matters pertaining to public health usually as much as those to whom we attribute a lesser degree of intelligence. Indeed, the latter are often much more teachable. They look upon the preaching of the health officer as the expression of a superior wisdom, and accept his conclusions and mandates with the credulity of a child.

"Through our educational propaganda we are trying to establish a sentiment, and have largely succeeded in doing so, of having it looked upon as a discredit, if not a disgrace, for contagion to travel to a second family. It is a most unusual thing to find two placards of the same kind in a neighborhood at the same time. The Shorewood mother is determined that so far as it lies within her power, if she should be so unfortunate as to have an afflicted child in her home, the contagion shall not travel to a second family.

"Faithful observance of the doctrine, 'Isolation first, and diagnosis afterward,' has borne good results. Two hundred and nineteen afflicted with communicable diseases was the record the first year. The following year the number dropped to twenty-three, and the year that closed August 31 brought a total of sixty-three. During the past year two accidents contributed one-third of the total; and the other two-thirds were infected by making contacts outside of our limits.

When the official handbook, issued by the state board of health, declares that scarlet fever is communicable for probably six weeks, what could justify a layman in taking the position that the state board is probably mistaken? I am happy to be able to report that most physicians, cognizant of a duty to the public as well as to their patients, invariably support the health officials. When in doubt, the public is given the benefit of the doubt. We would rather quarantine a week too long than a week too little. Probably due entirely to luck, but possibly due, in part at least, to the rigid enforcement of the regulation, we have been fortunate in having had no so-called return cases during the past two and one-half years."

And now, so far as possible, Shorewood's policy is to become a state policy. Recently a conference of all the health officers of the state was held. To it came physicians, nurses, welfare workers and health officers. The Shorewood policy was discussed and dissected. It stood the test.

If Shorewood, whose population ebbs and flows daily like a tide, can make such a record, what possibilities there are for communities free and far from the "madding crowd's ignoble strife"! This is the way attending health officials viewed effective communicable disease control. Like many intricate problems its solution when found is simple. Thousands of pamphlets telling the story of Shorewood's health régime are now going to every community of the state and to every state health department of the nation.

"It's one of the best plans that I know of for the control of communicable diseases that annually take their toll in days of sickness and in thousands of deaths in every city and every state," said Dr. C. A. Harper, Wisconsin's state health officer. "And the scheme is so simple that every community in the nation can enforce it with good results. It is a rejuvenation of that age-old maxim that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Gentile Fall Involved in Hope of Jewish Rule

The "Messiah" to Be a Military and Political Ruler: How the Jews Mislead Opinion by Claiming Words That Do Not Belong to Them

THE first step in preparing a revolution is to teach the people to expect one. In the United States a great deal of this preparatory work has been done, but has come to naught. The cause of the failure was not any fault of the stealthy disseminators of revolutionary fear, but was mainly the non-Jewish character of the American people. There is an element in the nature of the true American which renders him immune to the final Jewish inoculation. The American will "fall" for the debased theater supplied by the Jew; the American will go into the "money game" based upon the false Jewish doctrine that gold is real wealth; the American will apparently "play up" with the Jew for quite a distance; and then, when the time seems most opportune to slip into the American that fatal toxin of national and international disorder, an element deeper than any yet recognized in American character rises to the surface and the game is up.

There certainly was an attempt made in the United States during 1919 and 1920 to create a mood of fearful expectation on the part of the American people. The movement arose and reached its greatest power in the Judaized portion of the United States, which is the East. If you take a map and mark off a thin strip half way down the eastern coast line, you will have designated that part of the country which is in a constant ferment, not because it is more "progressive," but because it is so continuously receiving poisonous injections of revolutionary doctrine from its tremendous over-population of Eastern Jews. From this thin eastern strip of the United States the poison spreads throughout the country upon the wings of "liberal" publications subsidized by Jewish money, assisted by the voice of "professors" who have made themselves agreeable to the Judaized colleges of the East, and various organizations of destructive intentions whose stationery bears the date line of New York.

This feeling for the downfall of things is religiously Jewish and is found throughout those writings which deal with the coming Messiah. A thousand proofs exist of the extent to which the idea of disorder is interwrought in the Jewish mind with the idea of the subjugation of the gentiles.

(The reader may observe the small "g" just used in the word "gentile." This is in conformity with the best Jewish usage both ancient and modern, as it may be interesting some time to show. It is really wonderful how Jewish writers to the "letter boxes" of American newspapers in this day and generation are permitted to flaunt that small "g" in the face of all the editorial blue pencils.)

Three Minds With Nearly the Same Thought

AT THIS Christmas season, when the annual protest is being made by Jews against Christmas songs and celebrations in the schools (for it must be remembered that Christmas is regarded as being as "anti-Semitic" as the B'nai B'rith says the "Merchant of Venice" is, and as Rabbi Coffee says the New Testament is) it may be interesting to observe just how the two things, revolution and world rule, come together from another angle.

But, preliminary to that, observe a trilogy of recent opinions as to the nearness of revolution in the United States. The names involved are very interesting, since they are, Woodrow Wilson, as mentioned by Governor Cox; Colonel E. M. House, the reputed author of "Philip Dru, Administrator"; and Bernard M. Baruch, whose war activities have been partly noted in these columns and who has recently received an additional testimony of favor from President Wilson.

In 1912 a book appeared entitled, "Philip Dru, Administrator," bearing the sub-title, "A Story of Tomorrow—1920-1935."

The book has always been attributed to Colonel House and never denied by him. It deals with a young southerner, Philip Dru, who organizes an army in Wisconsin and seizes control of the United States, after fighting his way to Buffalo. The title "Administrator" is used to denote what is usually called a usurper or successful revolutionist. The revolution was "against the government." (p. 124) It was not a rising of the American people—"Western Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois, while occupied by General Dru, were divided in their sympathies." (p. 124)

What the book means, more than one man has sought to determine. As a story it means nothing. As a story, it is pitiably weak and aimless. As a story, there is nothing to justify the trouble and expense which certain people assumed in order to boost its circulation. Yet it has lived since 1912, and more than one edition has been printed. There are only three possible reasons for its survival and its circulation: first, the natural curiosity attaching to a work credited to Colonel House; second, an unusual interest in the subject of exploding the present governmental system of the United States; third, a curiosity as to the possible existence of prophetic accuracy in the book's choice of dates. The first of these possible reasons is entirely inadequate.

"In the year 1920, the student and the statesman saw many indications that the social, financial and industrial troubles that had vexed the United States of America for so long a time were about to culminate in civil war," so runs the opening sentence.

But throughout the book, the people do not participate. It was a minority affair, as all revolutions are. A few swift bold strokes, a nation awed by the suddenness of it all, unable to act for lack of leadership; and then a dictator at Washington!

All this between 1920 and 1935. "A Story of Tomorrow." And yet, not much of a story, but very much of an *idea*. So much of an idea, indeed, that some people circulated the book for the sake of that idea.

"Maybe No Presidential Election in 1920"

NOW, this same idea seems to have circulated more or less freely through the whole circle in which Colonel House, the reputed author, moved. Colonel House was at the Peace Conference. Indeed, before there was a war or a peace conference his house in New York was referred to as the "American Number 10 Downing Street," because he exerted so mysterious an influence upon the administration. There are two stories accounting for that influence, both of which may easily be true. Within the circle of Colonel House was also Bernard M. Baruch. Whether they are both in the same circle now is a question. Mr. Baruch has been credited with bringing about the break between President Wilson and Colonel House, but this has been denied. President Wilson and Colonel House were taken ill about a month apart, though Colonel House has apparently recovered.

But even with so practical a business man as Mr. Baruch, the idea of something similar to "Philip Dru" seems to have been present. In his testimony given before the Senate Committee early in 1920, part of which has been given in this series, he expressed in these words an opinion about the future:

> "So I express this opinion, that *unless we have some great cataclysm,* some visitation of Providence, *some effort on the part of the people to establish a new nostrum or cure-all by some form of government that we do not care about . . . .*"

The idea of a possible smash-up seems also to have been present in President Wilson's mind, if the remark of Governor Cox at New Haven, August 27, can be relied upon. The New York *Herald* of the next day reported that

> "Governor Cox recounted a talk he had more than a year ago with President Wilson asserting that the President at that time had fears that a delay in the ratification of the Treaty might result in a condition in the United States where there 'might not be a presidential election in 1920.
>
> "'And the President said to me,' Governor Cox continued, *'Perhaps there will not be any presidential election in 1920.'*"

Making History Fulfill Prophecy

THESE three expressions, coming out of the same circle, indicate the sharing of the same idea, although the President's expression may very well be accounted for by the information which he may have possessed of the plans being made in this country for the operation of the revolutionary machinery.

Now, no one acquainted with Jewish hopes throughout the centuries will question that the hope of Jewish teachers for the full emancipation of their people has been bound up with the downfall of those political powers which are called the "gentile." It is to this teaching that much of the Jewish interest in revolutionary technique and propaganda can be traced. This teaching is not to be found in the Old Testament, for the Jews are not "the Old Testament people" that many Christians fondly imagine; it is rather to be found in the secret books of the Jews, whose teachings are the accretions of the centuries.

The Messianic expectation of the Jews is largely bound up with this. In an article by Mr. V. Anichkoff, the Russian scientist, printed in the magazine *Asia* early in 1920, this statement appears:

> "At the present time, there is a great national religious fervor among the Jews. They believe that *the promised time of the rule of God's elect on earth is coming.* They have *connected Judaism with a universal revolution.* They see in the spread of revolution the fulfilling of the Scriptures: 'Though I make an end of all the nations whither I have scattered thee, yet will I not make an end of thee.'"

This promise, of course, the Jews of today apply to the members and descendants of the tribe of Judah, although when given through the prophet Jeremiah it applied also to Israel, and, as any careful reader of the Jewish Scriptures knows, Judah and Israel are not synonomous. In Biblical language, Judah is to be known to all the people by the "show of their countenance," that is, by the cast of feature, which we now know as Jewish; but Israel was not so to be known. Judah was also made a vexation and a curse to the other peoples; while Israel was not so stigmatized. In claiming to be Israel, all of Israel, the Jews have succeeded in giving themselves a place in the estimation of those who believe the Scriptures, that is not warranted by the Scriptures themselves.

The Jews who interest themselves in these things have long sought to learn from the signs of the times the precise hour when the expected victory of Judah would be complete. Julius H. Greenstone, of Philadelphia, who wrote in 1906, and whose word will scarcely be questioned seeing that his book is sponsored by the Jewish Publication Society, says in the notes to his book, "The Messianic Idea in Jewish History," that the children of the Jewish schools used to take the values of the Hebrew letters as the vehicles of occult information (it should be borne in mind that the Jews as a race are darkly occult), and that out of the first word of the Hebrew bible they made this message:

"At the fall of Russia, in the time of Alexander the Third, the Tishbite (Elijah) will make his appearance."

Always it is the fall of some so-called gentile power that paves the way for a new flood of Jewish glory.

The Serpent Swallowing Its Tail

THE same note was apparent also in some of the utterances made upon the occasion of the Jewish new year, 5681, which began September 13, 1920. The sum of the numerals 5681 is 20, and this in conjunction with the fact that the number of the year in the Christian calendar also ended in "20" was taken as a good omen of mighty portent. Indeed, Rabbi Rappaport, in a Chicago Jewish paper, changed the numerical value of the number of the year into Hebrew letters and found that it denoted "Healing."

The symbol of Jewry, as mentioned in the Protocols, is a serpent, and the completion of the World Plan is represented by the serpent swallowing its tail, thus making a complete circle. There is in existence a map showing the progress of the serpent out of Russia, across Germany, turning to take in France, Italy and Russia where its head touches its tail again, denoting a complete circle inclosing Europe within the ring. It was estimated that this process would occupy until 1925. The sum of the Jewish figures denoting the year 1925 according to the Jewish enumeration will be the perfect number 7.

It is no wonder that the Jews of the world were well content to let exposure of their apparent plans take any course whatever, as long as it did not involve bringing to light the Protocols. Anything else they are willing to put up with, but when the Protocols are mentioned they are at once greatly disturbed. They are willing to discuss poor Sergius Nilus, or anything else, but not the contents of these documents known as the Protocols. They will endure coarse ridicule, unfair abuse, contempt and ostracism; but mention the Protocols and you strike fire.

No Jewish spokesman or Jewish publication has had the courage to stand the facts of current Jewish operations alongside the plan outlined in the Protocols, and allow the whole case to be judged by the presence or the absence of a parallel between them.

The Protocols are and will remain the most perfect plan for the destruction of Christian society ever brought to the light by madman, criminal or master dreamer, but the Jews would have no reason to fear them more than the story of Robinson Crusoe if they did not parallel Jewish activities as these are observable by all the people.

Let the Jewish leaders stop the stupid shout of "Forgery!" and let them prove that the Protocols have no reflection in present-day Jewish achievements, and their case is won.

This is the very thing they have not attempted to do, and yet this is the very ground on which fair-minded men, who never had and have not now a single anti-Jewish instinct, find it impossible to throw the Protocols aside, as they would gladly do if only for the purpose of feeling again that the world did not possess this masterpiece of satanic wisdom.

That Bolshevism was not the beginning, but only the visible coming forth of this plan of subversion, is received by all students of world affairs, because of the impossibility of making Bolshevism other than Jewish. It was not the so-called "anti-Semites" that made Bolshevism Jewish, it was the Jewish Bolshevists. Jewry has always admitted it, and even now the denial of the collective Jewish organizations of the United States is not convincing even to the Jews themselves. When Bolshevism was hailed by the whole world as an honest attempt at the reconstruction of social life in Russia, the Jews had no hesitancy whatever in proclaiming their part in it. They know today as well as they ever did that their part remains.

Perpetuating Baruch's Handiwork

FOR the benefit of readers who considered the personnel of the Russian Soviet Government as given in these pages a few weeks ago, it may be said that the latest information is that, instead of growing less Jewish, the Soviet Government is growing more so. "Persecution" makes no difference to the Jew; he goes ahead with his plan, almost gaily.

In our own country the "fear of the Jews" has led to more honors being shown them this year than ever before, and the three latest public acts of President Wilson, barring his message to Congress, have been the appointment of a Jew to represent the United States in the Aland Islands dispute; the appointment of a Jew to act for the United States as between the Turks and the Armenians; and a laudatory letter to Bernard M. Baruch, who found the War Industries Board such a good thing that he now perpetuates it in a permanent organization. This latter act of Mr. Baruch has a counterpart in Eugene Meyer's activity toward the revival of the War Finance Board, both of which appear to be efforts toward the solidification of the Jewish Government that ruled the United States during the war.

The Jews object—to go back to revolutionary Judaism as seen in Russia—that Trotsky, while a Jew by blood, is an apostate to his people. They point to his statement that religiously he is "nothing." If the reports of addresses that Trotsky made to his special Jewish troops can be believed, Trotsky is a Jew of the true and revolutionary faith and relates all that he is doing to the hopes of his nation. Men who have heard him have reported his words, and they are the words of a Jewish military Messiah.

It is not out of keeping with his character, however, upon learning that Bolshevism had been identified as purely Jewish, to send to America the disclaimer which he did. Indeed, it is quite in keeping with the whole plan. It is just as much a part of the plan as the "expulsion" from Russia of certain Jewish American socialists: it is one of the best ways to get Bolshevik missionaries back to the United States—with perhaps some trinkets taken from the bodies of the czar's daughters, to be sold at high prices as trophies of a noble victory over a gentile power.

In refusing to line up Jewish activities and achievements alongside the written program of the Protocols, and in denying the Jewish character of Russian Bolshevism, the American Jews who signed the latest manifesto to the American people have done just one thing—they have shown by their signatures and the appended names of their various societies just how well organized they are here in the United States.

One is entitled to remark upon the repeated cry of "Forgery!"—if the Protocols are a "forgery," what must the originals be!

The Jews say that the study which is being conducted of their activities and achievements in the United States and elsewhere constitutes "the worst persecution" to which their race has ever been subjected. If this is true, it throws a very valuable light on the other "persecutions" to which so much pity has been invited.

But it is safe to say that not a single Jew in the United States has been inconvenienced in the slightest by the disclosures. The good citizen of Jewish origin simply says, "I don't know anything about this plan, and if such a plan is in existence I heartily denounce it," and if he is a man whose life in his community has been such as to give worth to his words, his statement is accepted. But that is not the usual course; ordinarily the Jew rushes to the defense, without weighing the charge. And it is this loyalty, splendid in itself, which the leaders of the World Program confidently count upon. Whatever they do, they know that no amount of exposure will alienate the Jew; he remains firm and steadfast, the defender of all things Jewish, regardless of what nature they are known to be.

The "end of the times of the Gentiles" is the one glowing period of history to which the Jew looks hopefully. And if the present times are indeed "the worst persecution" which the Jews have passed through, they even look at that as the certain precursor of the Day of Judah; for it is written in the Messianic hope that the days before Judah's deliverance shall be his darkest.

The rabbis of the Talmud, and they are even today the real leaders of the thought of Judah, prophesied that the arrival of the Messiah would be preceded by "the Messianic woes," which are largely political disorder and anarchy. Great distress will engulf the world. Christian churches shall fall. The nations shall be gathered together and destroyed. Some of the rabbis interpret this "destruction" to mean subjection to the Jews as a world power.

Max Nordau Said He Was Not "Messiah"

THE Messiah for whom the Jews have looked during the centuries is not the kind of Messiah which the Christian world has visioned. He was to be Divine only in the greatness of his natural gifts. One of his names is "Hadrak," which means "sharp-mild," which being interpreted means that he will be harsh to the rest of the world and gentle to the Jews. He will be a military and political leader. No divine revelation is expected to come with him, for the Jewish assumption is that there is and can be only one lawgiver, namely, Moses. Messiah will die, and his son reign in his stead, and his son after him, in the line of a Jewish hierarchy over the earth.

So keen was the expectation of Messiah in recent years that Max Nordau, the Zionist leader, was moved to make a public announcement to the Jewish people that *he* was *not* the Messiah, and neither was Herzl.

In short, "the time of the end" for the Gentiles, is the "time of the beginning" for the Jews—according to this teaching.

Unfortunately, many Christians give credence to this on mere hearsay. The Jew has "put over" a good deal on well-meaning churchmen. The cornerstone of all the error lies here: that all who are not Jews are Gentiles. All who have not "the show of countenance" peculiarly Jewish are Gentiles, and all who have that "show" are "the chosen."

When it is known that the Jews, even Scripturally considered, are only one tribe of Israel, and that the rest of their nation could not live with Judah (Jews) because of its darkness and perversity, it ill becomes anyone to give all the glory of Israel to its least progressive tribe, which tribe is Judah. Now between the *Jews* of Judah, and the *Gentile* races of the world, there is the great nation *Israel*—promised to be a mighty people, a company of nations, ruler of the seas, among whom even the Jews were to be outcasts and strangers until the latter times. And in the latter times, the prophecy reads, it is not the Jews who shall take Palestine and rule the world, but it is Israel who shall take Palestine and send or permit the Jews to go there to live. The Jews never have and never will, in their own right, as one tribe, as Jews, hold Palestine of themselves, and rule from there. But Israel will, and there are numerous scholars who say that Israel is the progressive white race, Saxons and Christians. The "end of the Gentiles" is not the rise of Judah, but of all Israel.

Zionism and the Messianic Idea

THIS is said to prevent well-meaning Christians being "taken in" by the false claims of the Jews to be the center of things. Once the distinction between Jews and Israel is clearly seen, Judah steps back into his own place. The distinction is not then between Jews as the "chosen people," and Gentiles as outsiders. The order of precedence is at the present time, Israel first, Judah the outcast who through the blessing of Israel is yet to have a place to dwell in, and then the Gentiles, the outer ring of lesser peoples, who are inferior and will remain so until they die out as the American Indian is doing. The Jews' own scriptures say that Judah is a *vexation* to Israel. The latter glory is foretold for *Israel*, not alone to the rebellious and now sadly darkened single tribe of *Judah*.

The Messianic idea has been greatly stimulated in recent years, and somewhat modified by the unparalleled success achieved by the Jews in governmental affairs. Says Greenstone: "The elevation of the Jews to high positions in the councils of the states and in the world of finance were interpreted by another class of Jews as signs of the approach of the Messianic era."

"Now is the time," cried the Rabbi of Thorn, "as so many Jews have been elevated to high position, and are able to exert their influence over the rulers of Europe."

And now the Zionist movement stands as "the latest phase of the Messianic idea in Jewish history." But, says Greenstone, who makes that statement, Zionism relates only to settlement in Palestine, whereas Messianic expectation includes something more: "Zionism aims at the establishment of a Jewish State in Palestine under the protection of the Powers of Europe. The Messianic hope promises *the establishment, by the Jews, of a world-power in Palestine to which all the nations of the earth will pay homage.*" (p. 278)

And if there be those who see in Zionism and the Messianic hope one and the same objective—is it at all unnatural?

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

"I don't know whether the numeral '13' has significant portent for the Jew or the Gentile," writes a correspondent. He can see, however, that influences are at work which means "13" for one or the other.

The British voter has not much of a choice, according to an English writer who lines up the political "field" this way: "The Jew power behind Mr. Lloyd George, the Jew power behind Mr. Asquith, and the Jew power behind Red Labor." You take your choice and however varied the labels may be you get very much the same thing.

The New York *World* prints the report of a speech in which it was said that every motion picture screen would be utilized to fight the movement of an American instead of a Continental Sunday. The pledge, of course, is based on the acknowledged Jewish control of the motion picture industry.

The London *Morning Post*, which recently called for the removal of Sir Herbert Samuel, as British High Commissioner in Palestine, now calls for the removal of another Jew, Norman Brentwich, head of the Palestine judiciary, on the ground of favoritism to Jews.

Says a German writer: "At the post-mortem examination of a body lately, there were present the district physician, the lawyer, the surgeon, and a fourth official, all of whom were Jews. None but the corpse was a German. Behold a picture of the present!"

Many American editors are being "taken in" by Jewish propaganda against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT's study of the Jewish Question. If the editorials which are being received represented the editors' own opinions, they would be significant. But in almost every case they are mere perfunctory rehash of Jewish printed propaganda which is being assiduously circulated and forced into the newspapers through the influence of local Jewish advertisers. The ideas come in precisely the same order and often in the same words as they are found in the Jewish propaganda. In this way, many errors get across, the principal one being that this paper has linked Freemasonry with the Jews. Editors, as a service to their country, ought to study the question for themselves.

Jewish papers frequently froth at the mouth because of occasional suggestions that the Jew is not enamored of soldier life. In the United States, at least, this suggestion has always come first from the military authorities, who ought to know. For example, in the *Congressional Record*, of May 14, 1918, page 7,057, there is a statement that Provost Marshal General Crowder, with the approval of Secretary of War Baker issued on February 14, 1918, the following instruction to medical examiners:

> "Causes and Motives of Malingering. These must be clearly understood in order that medical examiners may be on the alert for deception. The foreign-born, and especially Jews, are more apt to malinger (to pretend to be ill) than the native-born; Eastern Europeans more than Western Europeans."

There was, of course, the usual complaint from the Jewish lobby at Washington, and the offending words were stricken out, but the order must have been based originally on the knowledge of the authorities.

A Jew cannot be naturalized in England as a Jew. He must swear that he is of some other race, German, Italian, Russian, Pole or what not.

"So when you Labor men attack Capitalism, you must know just where to train your guns. It must not be on mill-owners, or master engineers; it must be on the controllers of all capital, the men who at present rule master and men alike, the money-lending Jews who are the emperors of all Capital."—Dr. J. H. Clarke, London, England.

Rabbi Coffee, of Toledo, recently wrote that "every copy of the New Testament is breeding anti-Semitism." And now comes Rabbi Leibert, of Spokane, protesting against a Christmas Tree celebration by the Spokane Post of the American Legion. According to a Spokane newspaper, Rabbi Leibert's protest is that Christmas is "sectarian," and therefore ought not to be countenanced by an unsectarian organization like the legion. The legion commander replied that he was unable to agree with the point, and at last accounts the Christmas celebration was going forward as planned. The West is able to deal with these questions more independently than the thoroughly Judaized East.

In the preface of a little book on the Russian Revolution, Dr. Oscar Levy, himself a Jew, says: "Jewish elements provide the driving force for both Communism and Capitalism, for the material as well as the spiritual ruin of the world."

A Jewish boast has been made that in 20 years they will control dentistry in this country. In New York 85 per cent of the dentists are Jews. Out of 1,503 matriculates in dentistry at a certain university, 1,478 are said to be Jews.

Are We to Poison the Lifeblood of the Nation?

Save America, Plea of Representative J. C. Box, of Texas:

IF AMERICA is lost, the world will grow visibly darker, even to the people of foreign lands, and all that is worth living for will have been lost by us, whether we came recently or our fathers came long ago.

The affinity between wealth and its seekers is far below that between liberty and its lovers. "When wealth increases, men decay." America might gain a whole world, and yet lose its best self, that which distinguishes it from the lands whose people in millions are leaving them now.

Another thing which would de-Americanize America would be a population or citizenship with divided allegiance—a hyphenated population, a hyphenated citizenship. The ills which beset countries are numerous and serious enough to require the wholehearted loyalty of all the people. Big home problems and foreign difficulties can be adequately met only when there is a united and supremely loyal citizenship, permitting no illicit love affairs with outside affinities to divide and debauch the national household.

The relationship and spirit of American industrial life can be changed to the undoing of America. We want no peasant or peon or coolie class nor caste system dividing us into an upper and a lower world. The countries whose people are fleeing from them have such relationship between labor and the rest of mankind. Their coming promotes that condition here. When men put their thumbs in their vests and speak of importing "labor," they are not thinking of men and women to become neighbors, friends, and associates; they are speaking of underlings, whose coming will not increase the attractiveness of labor to America.

This is the first of three articles dealing with phases of the immigration problem now under discussion in Congress.

IN ALL history, the great nations of the world at their high mark of civilization have been challenged and in most cases overwhelmed by barbarian forces which came to reap the harvest others had sown.

Belshazzar, in the heyday of Babylon's magnificence, read the handwriting on the wall and the grandeur of the kingdom departed, and the rule was given to the rough Medes and Persians.

Greece, at the height of her cultured elegance, succumbed before the barbaric legions of Rome, and now only a few transcendent lines of beautiful literature and a few broken bits of statuary remain to testify to the authenticity of the traditions of Athenian beauty, Doric strength and Spartan courage.

Rome, which boasted that its founders were reared by a wolf and which conquered the world with its might, was undermined by the effete influences of the very civilization it built, and was partitioned by the barbarians it despised.

Through the centuries of the Christian Era, dynasty after dynasty and nation after nation arose to enjoy a brief period in the sun and then sank into insignificance or were submerged altogether, when in moments they turned unprotected sides toward races for whom they had contempt.

And now shall it be America next?

In the hour of her proven strength, when her power of war has just passed in impressive review, when her supremacy in commercial and industrial enterprise is unquestioned, when her financial position seems relatively unassailable, and when her resources in power, agriculture and minerals seem adequate for centuries, America's civilization is facing the threat of the ages—the onrush of alien hosts.

No less is the danger of the submergence of our people, the vanishing of our ideals and ascendency of parasitism in the place of stalwart productivity, because the incoming hordes enter as supplicant immigrants in peace rather than as armed forces in war.

When the civilization of former nations received a fatal thrust, it was a thrust of war.

No less menacing to the United States are the threatening millions, because their weapon of attack will be the weakening and the poisoning of the lifeblood of the nation from within.

One hundred thousand immigrants a month are entering the country, chiefly through the Ellis Island gateway at New York City. A fragmentary portion of these contain possibilities of becoming producing citizens of the type which formed the nation's foundations. The vastly greater number are the offscourings of Europe, the criminals and the parasites whom exhausted countries are throwing out in the gasping hope of saving their own land even though the measure means the sinking of another country.

For weeks and months the coming of the great horde of undesirables has been heralded in the newspapers and magazines. Reflective men have been pointing out the alarming dangers the situation presents. The unanimity with which the character of the immigrants has been assailed is unparalleled in American politics.

In the entire country, not a single voice has been raised in defense of the type of immigrant who is gaining entrance. But despite that fact, not a single hand has been outstretched to stay present immigration in any degree.

The questions present themselves:

Why does this condition exist?

How great is the danger?

How can it be remedied?

In answer to the why, these elements must be taken into account:

First, a national inheritance of ready sympathy with the unfortunates of all lands.

Second, the slowness of the machinery of legislation to function in response to undoubted needs.

Third, the ability of powerful racial and commercial influences to obtain exceptions and provisos in their interest when at last the national Congress is moved to act for a general cause.

Fourth, the powerlessness of Congress to enact restrictive legislation which may be subject to the attack that it is class legislation.



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REPRESENTATIVE ALBERT JOHNSON, of Washington

Sponsor of bill to prohibit immigration, which has passed the House.

Fifth, and most important of all, failure of enforcement agencies rigidly to require the observation of the restrictive provisions in the immigration laws which have been enacted.

It is an unfortunate but unquestionable fact that the very thing which was the strength of the country in the days of the forefathers is its greatest weakness today, namely, the fostering of the idea that this country is refuge for the oppressed of all lands.

In the early days, two and three centuries ago, even 75 and 100 years, this country was a wilderness whose destiny required the strong hands and hearts of courageous people.

There were savages to be subdued. There was timber to be felled, land to be tilled, transportation lines to be built, and in later years, factories to be erected before the country could reach that prosperity which today tempts the itching fingers of less industrious stock. To accomplish these missions, there came to America the early pioneers.

They were men and women whose clear minds demanded political freedom, and whose unyielding consciences insisted upon religious freedom. Political and religious oppression at home caused them to cross the ocean and seek new homes amid the hardships of a new country.

In the development of the country this sturdy stock maintained its dominance and assimilated and converted to its own ideals the weaker elements which drifted in.

With the passing years, what was more natural than that this pioneer stock should encourage the idea that the land it developed was a perpetual haven for the persecuted and oppressed of all lands? The tradition that America was the world's free home for unfortunates became rooted. It found its way into the copybook maxims of the nineteenth century and survives today.

Hurrying Americans of this generation have been in the habit of imbibing their knowledge from brief catchy slogans. Without analysis of its possible ramifications, they accepted the tradition that America is a perpetual world refuge.

The coming in these later years of the droves of undesirables seeking the easy wealth of the United States with the consequent slow awakening of the people has unsettled American faith in the ancient theory.

But as yet this awakened thought has been transferred neither to the written statutes of the land nor the vastly more important enforcement agencies. When half-hearted reluctance to admit newcomers has been manifested, the undesirable has had but to murmur in some form, "persecuted" or "oppressed" and the utterance has proved an unfailing password.

Happily, religious persecution has passed from the world, although Jews and Armenians, two of the races which furnish the greatest menace in present American immigration, are fond of ascribing their unpopularity to religious grounds, rather than to industrial oppression in which they themselves have been the oppressors.

This claim to religious persecution has been capitalized repeatedly under the present literacy test law. It now furnishes the chief hope of Jewish influences in the campaign already begun for "exceptions" in the proposed new immigration law.

Immigration problems did not arise in this country until comparatively recent years. The United States in the days when bread was literally earned by the sweat of the brow was not an alluring objective.

The industrial advance of the country first brought immigration to the fore at the time of the agitation for the Chinese exclusion, an agitation which began in 1870 and culminated in the first exclusion act 12 years later.

Then, as for many years thereafter, the restriction in immigration received its greatest impetus from labor, organized and unorganized. It was charged that great industrial interests were colonizing cheap foreign laborers in order to maintain low wage scales in America.

More or less agitation for restriction followed the Civil War but it was not until 1882 that a general law was enacted. This delay of nearly a score of years was the first of many delays which have hampered all attempts at restriction, delays due to the necessity of arousing public opinion before Congress could be brought to act, delays due to deliberate methods of congressional procedure and other matters.

The law of 1882 authorized the exclusion of persons who were mentally defective, paupers, persons afflicted with dangerous diseases, criminals and a few smaller classes. In 1885 the amendment prohibiting the entrance of contract laborers was enacted. Various other amendments came in the wake of subsequent agitation.

During the 80's and 90's, a new element entered the restrictive campaign. Influential and thoughtful public men agreed that the country's future was menaced unless all persons were excluded who were not capable, racially and from modes of living, thought and action, of being absorbed and assimilated with the existing population.

Their influence was turned toward a literacy test as the most feasible method of accomplishing the desired end. In 1897, several years of agitation culminated in the passage by Congress of a bill excluding persons who could not read or write English, excepting from the provisions only the parents or grandparents of persons already in the country. This measure was vetoed by President Cleveland in closing hours of the session, March 3, 1897. The House of Representatives passed the bill over the President's veto, but the Senate did not act.

For nearly a score of years thereafter renewed agitation for the passage of a new bill existed without effect. The congressional delays, the giving of rights

(Concluded on page 12)

Romance Adds to Vogue of France's New Saint

Scarcely a Week Passes That Does Not See Lecture, Monograph or Biography on the Martyr Maid of Domremy

By ADRIENNE RICHARD

Paris, December—(By Mail).

GO WHERE you will in France today and you will not fail to be struck by the tremendous emergence of the cult of Jeanne Darc. In every church in Paris, the new saint has a special chapel dedicated to her veneration. And it is the altar in this chapel that blazes most brightly with the lights of numerous votive candles. About this shrine will be found gathered at all hours of the day more devotees than at any other, not excepting that of the Virgin Mary herself. The same is true in the larger provincial cities and in transcendent degree, of course, at the cathedrals of Rouen, Orleans and Rheims.

Before the formal canonization at Rome on May 16 last of the Maid of Orleans, France—and especially Paris—boasted many statues of the national heroine, not a few being of respectable antiquity; although it is doubtful if there is an authentic portrait of Jeanne in existence. Since the close of the Word War, however, both statues and paintings and prints of various orders have multiplied immensely. One displayed for the first time to the public on the very day of her canonization and which is conspicuous in the shop windows of the rue de Rivoli and the Avenue de l'Opéra is a brilliantly colored reproduction in which the conventional shining armor and high inspiration of the face and figure are accentuated by the luminous aureole of her newly achieved sainthood, the first picture to show this addition.

It is not merely that the renaissance of the soul of the nation inspired by the Great War has been reflected in this year's Salon by a frequent choice of *la Pucelle* as the subject of painter and sculptor. Not less marked is the popular tendency to regard as France's *liberatrice* and deliverer the now sainted heroine whom the Church burned as a witch 600 years ago, and to seek souvenirs in the shape of pictures, miniature copies of statues, especially the familiar statue in gilded bronze by Frémiet which adorns the rue des Pyramides where it debouches on the rue de Rivoli. This statue, by the way, has been taken as the symbol of an international women's organization called the Franco-American Women's League, recently organized here by a wealthy New York woman and a vignette of the statue appears on all the league's stationery and literature.

In literature, as well as in art, the efflorescence of this Jeanne Darc cult is increasingly manifest from day to day. It is an exceptional week which does not see the appearance of a new life of the saint, or a monograph or the announcement of a lecture on the glorious maid and her mission.

There has, of course, long been a Jeanne Darc Museum at Orleans. Within the last few weeks there has been organized "La Maison de Jeanne Darc" here in Paris. It is expected to take its place as a veritable temple where, as it was put by M. F. d'Andigne, municipal councilor, at the dedication, "all minds, from those most strongly attached to the Catholic faith to those least attached to any conventional form of religion, may find themselves united in the same national and collective religion—that of this Jeanne Darc, last figure of the past who is also the first of the time now beginning; that Jeanne who in the memorable phrase of Michelet "symbolized at once Virgin Purity and Native Land." This shrine owes its conception to the initiative of two great French authors, Anatole France and Maurice Barrès. It is housed in an architectural gem of the 15th century, the Hotel de Sens in the heart of old Paris in the St. Paul Quarter. In its various *salles* are arranged a wealth of souvenirs and relics of Jeanne and her time.

But what I set out to tell you was that I accidentally discovered the other day that there is a very pretty romance attached to the statue of Jeanne Darc which is most familiar and most talked of. This is the statue made by the young French sculptor, André Vermare, the original of which adorns the Cathedral of Orleans, a replica being enshrined in the Church of St. Louis des Francais at Rome, and copies of which are in nearly every church in France and in many private chapels. This statue, in effect, may be regarded as the *official* counterfeit presentment of the new saint, the one stamped by Holy Church with its *imprimatur*. For the small sum of ten sous (about 10 cents at the normal rate of exchange), one may obtain a small photo-engraving of the statue at the *table des articles religieuses* which is so conspicuous a feature of every French church close to the entrance and presided over usually by a stout lady in black; the table where a brisk and steady trade is done in crucifixes, beads, metals, holy water founts, and pictures and statues of Jesus, Mary and the saints. Larger pictures of Vermare's Jeanne may be obtained up to 20 francs and copies of the statue in plaster of paris or terra cotta up to 100 francs or more. But you get your money's worth and then some in the little ten-sou picture I have mentioned, for it is well executed, bordered with gold and is in itself a sort of perpetual prayer. Under the picture is the legend: "Sainte Jeanne Darc Priez Pour Nous" (pray for us). On the back is printed a little prayer which may be translated as follows: "O God, who raised up Sainte Jeanne Darc to defend the Faith and the Fatherland, accord to us, we supplicate Thee, by her intercession, that Thy Church may surmount all the ambuscades of the enemy, enjoying perpetual peace. Through Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Now it appears that the report is being very industriously—although quite unofficially—disseminated that remarkable, not to say miraculous, results have been reaped through the devout and frequent repetition of this prayer with the picture of Vermare's statue before one's eyes. The Blessed Damozel leaning out from the golden ban of heaven seems naturally enough to take a special interest in French maidens and their problems. More than one young woman has confided to me the fact that, through this veneration of the Maid of Orleans, she has obtained a rich and noble lover or husband. Sweet reconciliation following lovers' quarrels has similarly come to pass on faithful repetition of the prayer. *"She brings good luck"* (Elle apporte le bonheur) is an expression often heard. And this fact has been tested to their satisfaction by many a flower girl and vegetable vender in the big Central Market. The prayer is also said to have proved wonderfully efficacious in forwarding the tremendously important state policy of France at this time in making marriages fruitful. And, of course, it helps the souls in purgatory.



JEANNE DARC, in Cathedral at Orleans

The gentle reader who is not a devout Roman Catholic may be a bit skeptical regarding all this; but readers who have any acquaintance with the new psychology—the influence of mind over matter—and who are willing to concede to thought and feeling when embodied in concrete form a subtle and continuing influence on human affairs will perhaps be ready to admit that "there may be something in it after all," when they have read the story of the making of the statue. "There is more in heaven and earth, Horatio, than is dreamt of in your philosophy."

Well, then, some ten years ago Vermare, a pupil of Falguière, captured the Prix de Rome and became a *pensionnaire* at the Villa Medicis in the Eternal City. Like his comrades among the young art students, he lived a careless, dreamy sort of life. His favorite amusement was throwing the *rutsica*—a sort of disk or discus like that with which the athletes of antiquity played in the courts of the villa garden. Often he betook himself to the high belvidere from which he could gaze on the distant Sabine hills, or he wandered in the umbrage of the Bosco. Presently, word came to him that the Vatican was preparing to beatify the humble shepherdess of Domrémy who became the liberator of France from the English invader. From that moment, Vermare entertained only one ambition, one intense desire, to create a Jeanne Darc.

A difficulty interposed in the matter of a model, for certainly Jeanne could not be considered as of the Italian type. As if in answer to prayer, a young French girl answered his advertisement. She was a girl from Jeanne's own province of Lorraine, and she entered sympathetically into the spirit of his plan, posing hour after hour and day after day with an imperviousness to fatigue which only the enthusiasm she shared with the sculptor made possible. He worked with ardor, with feverish impetuosity indeed. In less than thirty days, his task was completed. The cardinals were happy to accept his invitation to come to his studio and see the image of the miraculous maid. They judged it to be perfect in both conception and execution. Soon it was decided that this statue should figure in the solemn ceremony of the beatification. The Pope blessed it.

And this artistic triumph and ecclesiastical favor brought in its train certain substantial rewards of a material nature that are by no means to be despised when two young people rich in love but poor in this world's goods want very much to set up housekeeping for themselves. A certain successful Paris publisher of religious sculpture and pictures offered Vermare a contract to pay him a truly magnificent sum down (and yearly royalty to follow) for the exclusive right to reproduce his work. So the young sculptor and the model to whom he owed so much and who quite naturally fell in love with each other were married. That was in 1909. If they are not living happily ever after, it is not the fault of St. Jeanne, for out of his royalties André Vermare has become rich, very rich. They have three beautiful children and a handsome house near the Bois de Boulogne, besides a villa at Biarritz.

For my part, I should have thought that the statue of Jeanne by Chapu now in the Louvré, and with which Americans are perhaps most familiar through photographs and copies, would have appealed to the Church authorities as that most suggesting saintliness. You remember Chapu portrays the Maid of Domrémy rather than the Maid of Orleans: the simple peasant girl in peasant garb, barefoot and bareheaded, half kneeling on the ground, her lips moving in prayer and her face glorified by the rapt vision that proves the summons of her soul.

Instead, the seal of official ecclesiastical approval has been set upon a militant maid clad in steel armor from neck to foot, a sword girded at her side and bearing aloft a banner: *the banner of the Bourbons with its golden fleur de lis on a white background.* Is there not some significance in this choice? Bear in mind the fact the Church of Rome today, as always, is the strong supporter of the Royalist cause and the Royalist party in France, while the Royalists are ever the firm friends of Mother Church and the foes of democracy and the Republic. No student of psychology will underrate the power of suggestion. What then are we to say as to the possible effects of a daily association in the hours of prayer by millions of the people of all classes of the royalist standard with the nation's soul?

Let me add a word for the benefit of those of your readers who like myself have somewhat lost the habit of church going, or who, going to church, do not spare time or attention for the tables where religious articles are on sale. When I heard the story of Vermare's statue, I was naturally anxious to obtain a photograph of it. Day after day, I searched the shops of the dealers in art photographs along the rue de Rivoli and the Quai Voltaire and through the sidestreets in the neighborhood of the Fine Arts School (École des Beaux Arts). They showed me photographs of statues of Jeanne old and new by the score. But they had no photograph of Vermare's Jeanne, and could tell me nothing about it. Even at the "administration" of the Ecole des Beaux Arts itself, all they could tell me was that Vermare had indeed a proud place on the list of their students who had won first honors. Yet this is the Jeanne of all the Jeannes, reproductions and photographs of which are most widely diffused! At last I bethought me of my good friend the Vicar of Notre Dame. He was kindness itself and gave me the address of the great religious publisher in the Place St.

(Concluded on page 12)

An Amazing History Is Sicily's

FROM various parts of the land come items from time to time relating Sicilian justice: a form of independent law execution which finds no favor in American eyes, but which seems most difficult to prevent.

It is not to be wondered at if the Sicilians take a shot at each other now and again, since from the dawn of history everyone has been taking a shot at the Sicilians.

This island, the largest in the Mediterranean, but small in comparison with other historic islands, has experienced a most amazing history; and it is only by remembering this history that Americans can ever begin to hope to understand the Sicilian himself.

The curious fact is that while Sicily is part of the history of every nation in Europe, it has no history of its own. And when, recently, the Sicilian peasants marched from their huts and took possession of great areas of land they were living again what happened thrice before in their own story, and many times in the stories of the invaders of the island.

The first inhabitants, and they appear as early as history is written, were the Siculi from Southern Italy. Then came the Greeks and Phoenicians, busy colonists; and then the Carthaginians. From that point forward a half-century of peace in Italy became something to gossip about. The island saw a succession of tyrants and conquerors, even including Genseric of the Vandals, and in 1060 (six years before William of Normandy conquered England), Robert the Norman.

From 1734 to 1860 Naples was ruled by Bourbon kings; at the latter date Garibaldi swept in and obtained Sicily for Victor Emanuel, and so the island became a part of the Kingdom of Italy.

These are only the barest high spots, for you can name almost any classic or medieval warrior of distinction and, on investigation, discover that either he conquered Sicily, or intended to conquer it, or bargained for it, or got killed in it.

The point is that the Sicilians never have known, until within the last half-century, what it is to be secure; they have led a fugitive existence, subject to a continuous series of military drafts and participating, without any scrap of national purpose, in everybody's fights. This has to be remembered in judging the Sicilians today.

The bulk of the Sicilian population is very poor. A small but comparatively wealthy class—composed principally of the owners, or *latifondi*—controls practically all the land, and most of them don't even reside in Sicily, preferring the social advantages of Rome, Naples or Paris. The class which elsewhere would be called the middle class is extremely poor. This straitened condition has been the cause of most of the abuses which vitiate Sicilian life.

In the last ten years of the nineteenth century the Sicilians began to emigrate, and in three years 220,000 workers had left, many of them naturally coming to the Americas.

The moral and intellectual defects of Sicilian society are in part results of the economic difficulties, and in part the effect of bad customs introduced or maintained during the long period of Sicilian isolation from the rest of Europe. When, in 1860, Sicily was incorporated in the Italian kingdom, hardly a tenth of the population could read and write. On the completion of unity, elementary schools were founded everywhere; but, though education was free, the indigence of the peasants in some regions prevented them from taking full advantage of the opportunities offered.

Brigandage has never wholly disappeared although the true brigands haunt only the remote and more inaccessible mountains. In the west portion of the island law and order are not yet supreme. The most frequent crime is murder; violent assaults with infliction of serious wounds are also frequent.

This readiness to commit bloodshed is attributable first to the history of Sicily itself and the interminable civil wars forced on it, and second to the influence of the Mafia, a Sicilian secret society, whose organization and purposes much resemble those of the Italian Camorra.

In its crudest form the Mafia was organized brigandage, blended with the vendetta or family feud. When Napoleon expelled the king of Naples, and the Bourbon court took refuge in Sicily there was a large number of armed troops in the service of the Sicilian feudal nobility. Largely through the influence of England a constitution was granted the island in 1812, and with the destruction of feudalism most of the feudal troops became brigands.

Powerless to suppress them, the ruler Ferdinand organized the bandits into a rural police, and they soon established a reign of terror. Two classes grew up; the vast majority of the inhabitants, destitute, were glad to place themselves under the protection of the Mafia, while the active members shared the plunder.

Thus the Mafia became a loosely organized society with an unwritten code of ethics, which embodied the rules of the vendetta. The candidate for Mafia is pledged to resist law and defeat justice; and the member (Mafiuso) considers it dishonorable to have recourse to lawful authority to obtain redress for a wrong or a crime committed against him. He therefore hides the identity of the offender from the police, reserving vengeance for himself or his friends and dependents.

While the Mafia today is not a unit, a single organization, it exists as a state of mind, which can be termed a complex social phenomenon, the result of centuries of misgovernment.

In view of the seizure of land by the poverty-stricken Sicilian peasants a few days ago, and the fact that the police (often in collusion with Mafia) merely watched without interfering, it seems that law and order, as understood here, do not yet rule in Sicily; and this, with the other considerations, must be remembered in assuming any attitude toward the Sicilians who mistakenly transfer their home habits to this country.

Romance Adds to Vogue of France's New Saint

Concluded from page 11

Sulpice, who made the lucky contract with Vermare and who enjoys a monopoly of the reproductions. The accompanying photograph is of the statue in the Cathedral of Orleans; the hardly less famous replica made at the Pope's express request, for the Church of Saint Louis of France in Rome varies in several slight particulars from the original. But anyone saying the prayer already cited before either of these statues or a reproduction of either is "sure to have his wish granted"; so "everybody" says. And what, think you, may be the dearest wish of the good churchmen and royalists who are doing so much to spread the cult of Jeanne Darc?



The Andre Vermare Jeanne Darc

Far and beyond any such hierarchical or partisan designs must thoughtful observers place the significance for France of this immensely vital and growing interest in the nation's Virgin Liberatrice. The whole miracle of Jeanne's wonderful achievement in the events that crowded the four great months following her departure from Vaucouleurs on February 24, 1429, consisted in her success in imbuing the soldiers and the people with faith in themselves. She simply emblazoned in undying light on the pages of history a demonstration of the invincible might of honest and unwavering faith in the triumph of the right—and of action corresponding to that faith.

It is well that this national heroine, in the dawning of a new and brighter era for humanity through awakened democracy, should come to symbolize the real soul of France. In exalting and illuminating her renown, it may be that many will be reminded that Jeanne was a faithful daughter of the Church and the champion of a Bourbon king. But many more will be reminded and made to reflect on the fact that she was a daughter of the common people, that through her confidence and courage, the national cause which a royal weakling had betrayed and lost by his philandering was made victorious, that her reward from Church was an ignominious and cruel death and from king a cowardly desertion and abandonment to her fate. Despite the monarchists and the clericals, Jeanne is destined to become the symbol of Democracy in France and in all the world. Shakespeare's prediction that the day should come when "Joan the Virgin will be hailed as the patron saint of France" is being fulfilled before our eyes in larger measure than he dreamed.

The Case of the Farmer—As the Farmer Sees It

Concluded from page 6

of former years. First of all, this harvest is, with one exception, the largest in American history. The corn crop is the greatest yield ever known and represents four-fifths of the world's production. The rice yield is one-fourth greater than anything we have ever known before. The sugar beet crop is one-third larger than anything in the past. The sweet potato crop is the largest ever produced. The potato yield has been beaten just once and then by a very narrow margin. And the number of live stock on the farms exceeds by more than 18 millions the average number for the five years prior to the war. Yet this gigantic harvest, costing more to produce than any crop ever raised in the United States, is worth three billion dollars less to the farmer than the smaller crop of 1919.

This is the farmer's story as he tells it himself. These are the reasons he quotes for the drift to the city in such numbers that a recent survey showed 60,000 men and boys leaving the farms of Ohio during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920. These are the causes, he says, for his dissatisfaction with conditions, for the growth of farm organizations and for the demands for special privileges.

But before he rests his case he asks attention for a moment to a final summing-up by his representative, the Secretary of Agriculture who has submitted to President Wilson within the month these portentous opinions:

"The very foundation of our nation—the stability of our agriculture—is threatened.

"The farmer must have, under ordinary conditions, a reasonable prospect of a fair return for his labor and the use of his capital.

"Everything possible must be done to prevent or at least to lessen the effect of the recurrence of conditions under which large numbers of farmers conduct their operations at a loss."

Are We to Poison the Life-blood of the Nation?

Concluded from page 10

of way to other measures as more important and, under the surface, quite determined opposition from elements that are determined that an unrestricted flow of the undesirable classes shall continue, caused this 20 years' delay in the literacy test. In 1906 a bill excluding persons who could not read or write English was debated but another law creating a bureau of immigration was enacted.

Finally, however, a literacy test was enacted. Popular opinion compelled some sort of action and Congress acted.

But the measure passed was travesty which has recently been publicly denounced by Frederick A. Wallis, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, as worthless. It was not until the measure finally became a law, that the identity of the interests, which had played the leading part in the years of committee-smothering, and newspaper denunciation of any attempt to exclude aspiring immigrants because their native land had denied them education, was revealed.

The literacy test as finally passed is a monument to legislative skill in innocuous but encouraging phrasing. Each immigrant must read 30 words or more, selected by the immigration authorities. But instead of reading them in English he is expressly permitted to choose any language, *including Hebrew or Yiddish.*

Never in any legislative enactment has bolder class legislation been perpetrated than this express sanction of one foreign race's tongue.

So far as the wording of the rest of the statute is concerned, there are no other languages in the world. French, German, Scandinavian, Spanish, Italian and two or three hundred other languages and dialects, pass unnoticed. But express indorsement is given by the American Congress to Yiddish.

But clearly as this governmental preference for Hebrews may seem to have been stated by this language, Jewish influences in Congress, then as now ably represented, were not satisfied. Still another provision was incorporated, one which provided that in case an immigrant was unable to pass the literacy test, still he might claim lawful admission to the United States if he proved that he was fleeing from a country in which religious persecution prevailed.

Such was the ending of 25 years of struggle in which the attacking forces finally won a title to a law enabling them to conserve America for Americans, while the defending forces insidiously wrote the language of the law so the immigration gates remained as wide open as ever.

In a sense, perhaps, the class legislation question should not be considered as a cause of present immigration troubles but rather as a constitutional barrier to the establishment of future safeguards. It is probably true that not until recently has the need been so patent of excluding persons because of their racial and social non-assimilability. The Chinese Exclusion Act was inspired rather by industrial fear of labor competition from persons educated to cheaper standards of living than by an understanding that the Chinese were racially unfit for American citizenship.

Now, however, the conditions in immigration have reached the point where the official report of the House Committee on Immigration recognizes the problem as one of race.

The extent of the present immigrant flood will be considered in the next article.

Training Animal Actors for the Pictures

By JOHN B. WALLACE

THE advent of the motion picture has opened up an entirely new field for the animal trainer. Some of the most interesting of the early pictures were those taken of wild animals in Africa and other countries. The men behind the pictures were not slow to sense the popularity of animals on the screen and as a result the animal actors now vie with the human stars. It was comparatively easy to train domestic animals such as dogs and horses to act before the camera. Elephants and camels also presented but little difficulty as they were seldom used except in their regular employment as beasts of burden to give local color to Oriental scenes. But when it came to the cat tribes such as lions, tigers and leopards, as Perlmutter says, this was something else again.

These animals are always dangerous no matter how well trained and accustomed to man they may be. It takes a man with great agility and a cast-iron nerve to handle them. Such a man is Curly Stecker, the animal director at Universal City and perhaps the greatest trainer of animal movie actors in the world.

Stecker is a young man in his early thirties. He was born in the copper country of Upper Michigan. When he was but a boy his parents died leaving him to the care of relatives. He was a high-spirited and most independent youth and when certain of his ideas were overruled by his guardians, he retaliated by running away with a hypnotist. He drifted from one traveling show to another until he finally found his forte in the menagerie of a circus.

When it was learned that he could handle wild animals his fortune was made. He was successively with Barnum & Bailey, Forepaugh and Ringlings. Then he went to work at the great Selig Zoo at Los Angeles and finally wound up in his present position with the Universal Film Company.

Stecker is a slender, wiry-built man with the steady gray eyes of the western plainsman. In fact he much more resembles the cowboy type than he does the conventional type of animal trainer, who is usually a foreigner with pompadour and waxed mustachios. He impresses the observer as a man who fears neither man nor beast but in whom the spirit of dare-deviltry is directed by a cool intelligence.

He was introduced to me as Curly Stecker. I asked him what his real given name was. He hesitated.

"Well, my folks christened me Algernon," he finally admitted.

"Now ain't that a swell name for a lion tamer?" he added plaintively.

Stecker is in charge of the most varied assortment of animals that can be imagined. Bears, lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, wolves, monkeys, camels, elephants are some of the wild specimens in the Universal menagerie while the domestic assortment embraces everything from pigs to ring-tailed doves. It is the largest menagerie on the Pacific Coast with the exception of the Selig Zoo. And every one of the animals takes part in film productions.

Stecker not only uses his animals in the Universal pictures but he is frequently called upon by the other studios, which do not maintain a menagerie. The day I visited him he had just returned with three lions from a two-hour engagement with another film company for which he received the neat sum of $250.

The collection of cats, as the lions and tigers are known among animal men, at the Universal does not compare in quantity with the enormous number of these jungle denizens at the Selig Zoo, which houses more than one hundred, but Stecker is ready to back them against any aggregation on earth in quality. Most of them he raised himself.

He has three four-year-old lions, out of the same litter, whom he calls Tom, Dick and Harry and of whom he is especially proud. They are what he terms man broke but are not yet trained enough for use in the pictures. Most of the film work he does with four six-year-old lions, two lions and two lionesses, although he has others whom he works occasionally.

He has a two-year-old lioness whom he raised on a bottle. She is as gentle as a kitten and idolizes Stecker. It is no unusual sight to see him leading her about the studio with nothing but a collar and chain. Needless to say these excursions are not very popular among the human actors who need no urging from their directors to register nervousness when Stecker appears with this immense beast in leash.

It is customary in some studios, in their jungle scenes where human actors and especially women are employed, to use an aged, toothless lion who would be incapable of doing damage if he so willed. But not in the scenes that Stecker directs. There is nothing moth-eaten about his lions. They are husky specimens in the prime of life. The sight of them crunching a horse's head or thigh, such as I saw them feeding upon, leaves no doubt in the mind of the spectator as to the condition of their teeth.

The filming of the scenes in which lions or tigers are used is done in an immense steel cage. The director who has charge of the production tells Stecker what he wants done and the animal trainer then takes charge of the scene directing both the human and animal actors. The back of the cage, which is provided with numerous exits in case of trouble, is fixed up to resemble a jungle, desert or whatever the location in which the scene is placed.

The lion or tiger is then taken into the cage and rehearsed over and over until it grasps what the trainer wishes it to do. Then the human actors are called in and the scene shot by the camera. It does not take much of an actor or actress to register fear with the knowledge that there is a four-hundred-pound lion or tiger prowling around behind them and for this reason some of the best acting is done in the animal scenes.

"What do you use, a whip or meat to train the cats in these scenes?" I asked Stecker.

"Sometimes both," he replied. "But most of all I rely upon their habit of obedience. The hardest thing is to get them to understand what I want them to do. After they once get that in their heads the rest is comparatively easy."



Curly Stecker's little daughter with a lapful of lion cubs. She draws $150 a week for acting with the animals although not yet three years of age.



Curly (A. C.) Stecker, the world's greatest animal trainer for motion pictures.



Joe Martin, the orang-outang, making a roar.

The smaller members of the cat family such as the pumas and leopards are much harder to work with than the lions. Tigers are also hard to train. The lions are the least treacherous and the most intelligent.

Stecker is never cruel to any of his animals. He never punishes an animal without just provocation. This can be readily seen by their attitude when he is about them. There is none of the cringing fear exhibited in the presence of some trainers. But he mixes kindness with firmness. When he tells an animal to do a thing he never lets up until he is obeyed.

Stecker has unusual success in raising lions. He has reared dozens of them and seldom loses one. A little incident showed me one of the reasons for this.

We were standing facing a wired inclosure in which were five baby lions that had just been weaned. While we were talking I noticed Stecker's eye roving over these cubs. Suddenly he called to an attendant.

"Those cubs look thin. Are you feeding them enough?" he inquired.

"I am keeping a pan of milk in front of them all the time, sir," the man replied, "besides meat."

"Well, put some eggs in their milk for a while and see if we can't bring them up," Stecker told him. "They ought to show more flesh than they are."

Another star of the Universal menagerie is Charley, the elephant, one of the largest in captivity. When we visited him, Charley was taking his daily drink through a hose. He much prefers this method of internal irrigation to any other and his little eyes twinkled with enjoyment as he squirted the water down his capacious throat. It is a dangerous moment for spectators, however, as it is Charley's idea of a good joke to turn the hose on anyone standing near.

When he had finished drinking Stecker called abruptly.

"Lie down, Charley."

Down went the immense hulk immediately.

"Roll over."

Up went the four ponderous legs in the air. It was a wonderful demonstration of the power of mind over matter to see this enormous pachyderm obey instantly the orders of the slight biped beside him.

Charley, however, is not always good-natured. He has gone bad and killed several of his attendants during his life. An experienced trainer can tell when an elephant is going bad as a rule and extra precautions are taken until his ugly spell is over.

The real star of the Universal menagerie, however, is Joe Martin, the orang-outang. No doubt those of my readers who are movie fans have seen this wonderful animal who shares with Teddy, the great Dane, the honor of being the most gifted animal actor on the screen.

Joe is now eight years old. Stecker got him when he was six months and has raised him and trained him. He is said to be the only orang-outang ever raised in captivity. Joe comes from the island of Borneo or Sumatra, I am not certain which. He belongs to the most intelligent of the family of great apes. In fact his intelligence is almost uncanny. He does everything but talk. Orang-outangs are very difficult to keep any length of time in captivity as they are of a melancholy temperament and usually pine away when kept alone. Therefore Stecker's feat in raising Joe is considered remarkable among animal men.

Joe seems to be of an ordinary cheerful disposition. He loves to play with anyone who comes about his cage. He will seize a stick or a piece of sacking and thrusting it through the bars will coax the bystander to attempt to take it away from him. It is some feat, too, to pull anything from his iron grip. I saw him drag a 200-pound man right up to the bars with a strip of jute sacking.

Joe is about the same size comparatively as an eight-year-old child. Orang-outangs keep about the same pace of growth as a human being and reach their fullest development about the age of twenty-five. They are also said to have about the same span of life as a human.

Their brain, while the most highly developed of any of the great ape family, does not grow in proportion to their body, however. Stecker says that Joe is as smart now as he will ever be.

"How on earth do you get him to do all the things he does in the pictures?" I asked his trainer.

"I do them first myself," Stecker explained. "Joe will watch me and then imitate my every action. Sometimes his attention will be distracted for a second and he will miss something. Then I will be compelled to repeat, but he seldom misses a cue. After a couple of rehearsals we are ready for the camera. Joe is actually easier to direct than the human actors."

The ape really seems to enjoy his stunts in front of the camera. He does a great deal of acting with children especially in the comedy pictures and he is right in his element when dressed up in boy's clothing.

Stecker's little girl and his three-year-old nephew work with Joe a great deal. Although he is no beauty, children do not seem to be the least bit afraid of him and he appears to enjoy their company more than he does that of adults. Incidentally it might be mentioned that these little tots draw a salary of $150 a week for acting with Joe.

Joe, himself, is a valuable animal. Stecker has refused a sum in excess of $20,000 for him and it is doubtful if twice that sum would buy him.

Most of the animals in the menagerie are used more for comedy films than they are for legitimate drama. The bears fit naturally in comedy films and even the lions are used considerably in this line. A great many of the animals such as wolves, and so on, are used to provide local color. Directors call for everything from porcupines to crocodiles and it keeps the menagerie attendants busy trying to supply them.

Invention That Saves Millions

By H. O. BISHOP

IT TOOK a youngster of 28 to put over an invention that will revolutionize the entrance and departure of vessels from harbors. From the time of Columbus down to the present day one of the most expensive problems of transportation has been the delay occasioned by heavy fogs compelling vessels to anchor outside of harbors or postpone the hour of sailing.

Earl C. Hanson, of Los Angeles, has outdone all the grizzled electrical inventors of the world by evolving a simple and ridiculously inexpensive arrangement whereby vessels can be piloted in or out of tortuous harbors.

Young Hanson's invention is so exceedingly simple that many electrical inventors are now kicking themselves for having overlooked the solution.

This fog taming contrivance consists of the laying of a cable in the center of a ship channel in bay or river. Through this cable is sent an electric current, which, through telephonic listening devices on board ship, can be heard sounds of a certain pitch that cannot possibly be mistaken for any other signal.

The man whose job is to steer a vessel in or out of a harbor prepares himself for that task by slipping a listening instrument over his head which in appearance is similar to that used by the "hello" girls at a switchboard. This hearing apparatus is attached by wires to the hull of the ship, thus making it possible to pick up the current from the cable lying on the bottom of the channel. The ship follows the course of the cable at full speed as though the sun were shining and the air clear. Any variation is immediately shown by visible indicators, which point in feet the distance from the cable. By the ear receivers the indicator may be confirmed at all times. Vessels that are going into port will use one cable and those leaving will use another. The sounds are different on each cable, making collisions impossible.



(C) U. & U.

EARL C. HANSON

To make it possible for the captain of a vessel at all times to know how far his boat has progressed, the inventor has placed lead insulations at a distance of every mile on the cable through which no sound can pass, and by which the pilot checks the exact location of the boat.

According to the experts of the United States Navy, who have made exhaustive tests, Mr. Hanson's invention is thoroughly reliable in all conditions.

A feature of the invention is the trivial cost of operation. To furnish the necessary electrical current for a cable into New York Harbor from Sandy Hook to the steamship docks, about 20 miles, will cost ten cents an hour—about equal to lighting an ordinary residence.

The cost of equipping the channel into New York with a "Hanson" cable, including cost of cable and all labor for laying same, would be about $100,000. That sum, of course, sinks into insignificance when it is realized that the buoys alone that mark the winding course of the channel from Sandy Hook to New York cost $1,500,000.

When harbors are fitted with the Hanson invention ocean traffic will be placed on a par with that of high-class railway systems, as far as regularity of arrival and departure schedules of boats is concerned.

Vessels ofttimes are delayed at harbors a third of the time required to cross the ocean. It is authoritatively stated that every hour of fog delay to one of the larger liners costs $4,000. A delay of 24 hours, therefore, means approximately $100,000 loss. Add to this the wages of the longshoremen who sit idly on the docks waiting for the fog to clear; the idleness of thousands of freight cars held for the same cause, and the idleness of employes at points of freight destination, and consequent loss of business, and some idea may be obtained of the present "fog bill" America pays every year. It must be remembered that the same expense and loss of time is incurred when outgoing steamers are held by fog.

Corporations and individuals engaged in coastwise traffic between Washington, Oregon and California points on the Pacific Coast, and the more numerous ports on the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Florida and from Florida across the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans and Galveston, are just as deeply interested in the prompt adoption of this simple and inexpensive plan to overcome delays by fogs as are the trans-Atlantic concerns.

It is considered probable that Congress will take early action in equipping all American harbors with the invention of Mr. Hanson's.

Why and Because

Why is the fee given to a servant called a "tip"?

Because the letters which compose the word are the initials of "to insure promptness," an inscription on the money boxes which used to be in every tavern. Into these the traveler dropped his coin, and the staff, as a whole, shared the benefit. This custom still prevails in some places, but in the United States we give the fee to the particular individual who serves us.

Why is a married woman living apart from her husband called a "grass widow"?

Because she is a widow by courtesy or "grace." The term "grace widow," which is from the French, means any woman separated from her husband otherwise than by death. The French pronunciation of "grace" is the same as our "grass," which explains the corruption to "grass widow."

Why do widows wear caps?

Because when the Romans were in England they used to shave their heads as a sign of mourning, and as woman could not let herself be seen with a bald head, she made herself a pretty cap. Though the necessity for it has long since passed away, the cap still remains.

Why do many persons, half in jest and half in earnest, knock on wood as a preventive of misfortune?

Because there was at one time a general belief that trees and humanity were allied in close bonds of union, and that certain trees had healing qualities. It was customary for a person afflicted with disease to take a woolen string of three colors, and with his right hand tie his left loosely to the limb of a tree, then slip it out and hasten homeward without casting a glance back, the belief being that the disease was transferred to the tree by touching it. Thus from a tree it has become common practice to touch any article made of wood to ward off misfortune.

Why do we wear heels on our shoes?

Because the sandal-like footgear of olden times was not adapted to horseback riding, and when the high boots were introduced heels were put on for the purpose of giving the foot a good hold on the stirrup.

Why do brides wear veils at the marriage ceremony?

Because it was the Anglo-Saxon custom to perform the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth held at each corner by a tall man, the object being to hide the bride's blushes. From hiding both bride and bridegroom the custom changed and the bride only was shielded from the inquisitive gaze, and the veil was substituted for the cloth.

Why do persons sigh?

Because an interval of several seconds, during which the walls of the chest remain rigid and cause oxygen starvation, always follows moments of mental disquietude; when nature demands her supply of oxygen the deep inhalation occurs, the expiration after which we call a sigh.

Why, when a person displays a cowardly spirit, do we say that he "shows the white feather"?

Because in the days when cockfighting was the popular sport a white feather in the tail of a bird was taken as evidence of inferior breeding and courage and the term became common among the slang phrases of the period as applied to persons who showed a lack of courage.

Why do physicians place at the head of prescriptions the letter R, with a line through the tail?

Because the letter represents the Latin word recipe, the imperative of which means "take," and the little dart (originally a thunderbolt) is the symbol of Jove or the Latin god Jupiter, which invests the writer with authority. The sign, therefore, means, "By my authority, take this," but properly translated is, "By Jupiter, take this."

Why are traveling boxes called trunks?

Because in the days of William the Conqueror boxes for carrying money and valuables were made in a very primitive fashion, the lids being simply half the trunk of a tree hollowed out; hence the name. In an old Kentish church in England there is to be seen such a trunk, which is said to be the one in which the Conqueror kept the money with which he paid his soldiers.

The Origin of Sports

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

BASEBALL

GAMES in which balls are used have been played by nearly every nation, for ages. Over 4,000 years ago, in the 12th Egyptian dynasty, historians tell us, a Coptic artist sculptured on the temple of Beni Hassan, human figures throwing and catching balls. A ball with a leather cover, used in games played on the Nile over forty centuries ago, may be seen in the British Museum in London.

In the sixteenth century the game of ball was very popular among the nobility in England, France and Italy. The Chinese have also played ball, in various ways, for centuries, and the game has also, with many variations, been played in Japan.

A commission of national ball players, ex-Senators and sportsmen was formed in 1907 to look into the origin of baseball in America. Their report was made, dated December 30 of that year. In it they unanimously declared:

First, that baseball had its origin in the United States.

Second, that the first scheme for playing it, according to the best evidence obtainable to date, was devised by Abner Doubleday, at Cooperstown, New York, in 1839.

Mr. A. G. Spalding, in his book, "America's National Game," gives a statement of Mr. A. G. Mills, one of the commission, as follows:

"In the days when Abner Doubleday attended school in Cooperstown, it was a common thing for two dozen or more of the schoolboys to join in a game of ball. Serious collisions between the players in attempting to catch the batted ball were frequent, and injury due to this cause or to the practice of putting out the runner by hitting him with the ball often occurred. It appears, for this reason, perhaps, that Doubleday provided for eleven men on a side instead of nine."

The theory of evolution of the game of baseball, as advanced by Mr. Spalding, is an interesting one. He says:

"However historians may differ as to the origin of the American National Game, all must agree that the sport had as its foundation a Ball. Without that as its base, the superstructure of the grandest pastime ever devised by man would never have been erected.

"In order to realize on the ball it is necessary to have some one put it in motion. Placing the ball in the hands of the first lad who happens along, we may be assured he will do the rest. And he does.

"'I'll tell you what we will do,' says Tom. 'I'll throw the ball against the barn. You get that old axe handle over there and strike it as it comes back. If you miss the ball and I catch it, you're out; but if you hit the ball and can run and touch the barn before I can get the ball and hit you with it, you count one. If I hit you with the ball before you get back to your place, you're out.'

"They try it, find it works well, and the third stage of the game has developed into Barn Ball, with two boys, a bat and a ball.

"Again it happens that it is not sometimes altogether convenient to play Barn Ball. Tom and Dick are coming from school with Harry. They tell him about their game of ball and the fun there is in it.

"'I'll tell you what we can do,' says Tom. 'You and I, Dick, will throw and catch, just as we did the other day, and Harry can stand between us with the club and try to hit the ball. If he misses and either of us catches the ball before it hits the ground, or on the first bound, he is out and the fellow that catches the ball takes the club.

"'If he hits the ball far enough to get to that rock over there and back again before one of us gets the ball, he counts one tally, but if one of us hits him with the ball, he is out.'

"Thus the game of One Old Cat was born, and the fourth step has been evolved, with three boys, a bat, a ball and a base."

The final step in the evolution of the game came in 1839; as has before been stated, when Abner Doubleday adopted the diamond-shaped field, and the other points of play, which were also adopted by the Knickerbocker Baseball Club in New York, upon its organization in 1845. "Then it was," Mr. Spalding says, "that the number of players participating in the game was limited to eighteen—nine on a side; a pitcher, a catcher, a short-stop, first, second and third basemen, right, center and left fielders, four bases, bat and ball, and was the game of baseball substantially as played today.

"The organization of the Knickerbocker Baseball Club was the beginning of a most important era in the history of the game, for it was the first recorded movement of that kind. For more than thirty years the Knickerbocker Club maintained an amateur organization and, as such, was a model in every respect.

"In 1846 a party of players styling themselves 'The New York Nine' issued a challenge to the Knickerbocker to play a match for a dinner, of course. The event came off in Hoboken on June 19. The contest was a very one-sided affair. The challengers won by a score of 23 to 1, only four innings being necessary to score the 23 runs.

"It was five years before the Knickerbocker Club engaged in another baseball match. In June, 1851, the Washingtons challenged the Knickerbockers who, having profited by their defeat by the New York Nine, had greatly improved their game. They appeared upon the ground in new uniforms, composed of blue trousers, white shirts and straw hats, creating a profound sensation. The score of this game was 21 to 11 in favor of the Knickerbockers, for eight innings."



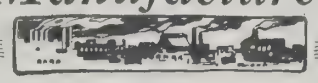
The Three Arts



Agriculture

Manufacture

Transportation



A Chinese philosopher once wrote, "The well-being of the people is like a tree—agriculture is its root; manufacture and commerce are its branches and life. If the root is injured, the leaves fall, the branches break, and the tree dies."

The Dairymen's League of New York will try out an experiment in co-operation under which the farmer members will pool the proceeds of their milk.

Ohio sugar beet growers are organizing a state association through which all future dealings with the sugar refineries will be carried on.

Chicory, which is grown as a vegetable and forage crop in Europe, has become a troublesome weed in the United States.

The Department of Agriculture is ready to lend the motion picture, "Modern Concrete Road Construction," for use before schools, churches and good roads organizations.

The Bureau of Markets of the Department of Agriculture has a number of experienced men who are at the disposal of farmers wishing to organize co-operative shipping and marketing associations.

The agricultural department of Mexico is planning to establish 16 schools in places where they are most needed. Students will specialize in farm work, particularly that work having to do with irrigation.

Between 80,000,000 and 100,000,000 acres of land in the United States are too wet for cultivation, being in swamps or subject to periodical overflows.

The San Joaquin Valley raisin crop for 1919 was sold for $50,000,000.

In Alaska, potatoes planted the first week in June mature about September eleventh and yield between 7,000 to 9,000 pounds an acre. The government experiment station produced cabbages which weighed eight to twelve pounds while sugar beets grown at Matanuska contained from fourteen to seventeen per cent sugar.

Eighty-nine per cent of the foreign trade of the United States is Atlantic Coast business.

In Russia the wheat-bearing soil tapped by the Trans-Siberian Railway is greater than the total acreage of the United States, Argentina and Canada combined. During the war Siberia produced nearly four hundred million bushels of wheat. Ten thousand carloads of beans were dumped at Harbin more than two years ago and they were still there the first part of 1920 because no railroads or vessels were available to carry the produce to the markets of the world.

There were 3,373 strikes and lockouts involving 4,112,507 workers during 1919. Estimates of the losses sustained by the workers are too uncertain to be of value as statistics.

It is estimated, in a report made to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, that for twelve manufacturing establishments employing 40,000 men, the loss annually from discharging workers and employing substitutes was $831,000.

The 30,000,000 industrial workers in the United States lose on an average nine days a year through sickness. The monetary loss to the workers is $700,000,000. The loss in productive effort amounts to 270,000,000 days a year.

The government Forest Products Laboratory estimates that there is a daily loss to manufacturers and shippers of $500,000, caused by faulty containers and improper packing.

Between four and five million Christmas trees are used in the United States every year.

Farmers of North Carolina, being unable to sell their wool at what they consider a fair price, have had it made into blankets and will sell the blankets.

Eighteen billion dollars represents the natural wealth of Canada.

Mexico has announced plans to encourage the building of a merchant marine.

Canada's potato crop averages 176.5 bushels to the acre this year against 153.5 bushels last year. The total yield was 138,527,000 bushels.

Unless some of the members reverse themselves their expressions indicate that Congress will do nothing to retard the falling price movement of farm products.

Senator-elect Heflin, of Alabama, has informed a congressional committee that the decline in the price of cotton has cost planters $1,250,000,000.

Late reports from the Southern Hemisphere forecast favorable prospects for crops of 1920-1921.

Co-operative marketing of wool through the county agent gave growers of Williamson County, Texas, 60 cents a pound at a time when local buyers were offering but 35 cents.

Overstocking of the ranges in New Mexico is said to have caused cattle losses varying from 16.7 to 35 per cent.

Twelve thousand and thirty tons of coal were discharged from the collier Ulysses at the Cristobal Coaling Plant of the Panama Canal in 15 hours and 25 minutes.

Increased business in Canada has necessitated the stringing of thousands of miles of new telegraph wires.

Twenty-nine American vessels arrived in London in November, the largest number ever registered at that port in any one month.

With six per cent of the world's population and seven per cent of its land, the United States produces 52 per cent of the world's coal, 20 per cent of the world's gold, 25 per cent of the world's wheat, 40 per cent of the world's iron and steel, 40 per cent of the world's lead, 40 per cent of the world's silver, 50 per cent of the world's zinc, 60 per cent of the world's aluminum, 60 per cent of the world's oil, 60 per cent of the world's cotton, 75 per cent of the world's corn, 85 per cent of the world's automobiles, 60 per cent of the world's copper and operates 40 per cent of the railroads of the world.

Only ten per cent of the business firms in the United States keep accurate cost systems as against 90 per cent in Germany.

Shoe factories in Auburn, Maine, which have been running half time have returned to full schedule.

A farmers' co-operative organization in Saskatchewan handled nearly 40,000,000 bushels of wheat during the year ending July 31, 1920. Two hundred and ninety-four elevators were operated.

Soft coal production for the week ending December 4 broke all records for 1920. The mines loaded 232,340 cars. Net production was estimated to be 12,727,000 tons.

A Michigan company is meeting with success in the cultivation of cranberries. Four hundred acres of marsh land are being brought under cultivation.

California farmers have taken over a new two-million-dollar terminal elevator at Oakland.

More than $54,000 worth of food was preserved last season by 1,250 girl members of food clubs organized and conducted by Ohio State University.

The Department of Agriculture urges that farmers take advantage of the winter season to make an inventory which will determine their actual financial worth. The department will furnish plans for making up these lists.

The National Sheep and Wool Bureau of America has announced it will support a plan to bring about a year's embargo on the importation of wool.

The Harvard Committee on Economic Research says, "We find no reason to change the forecast of October 15 that we 'have passed the time in the business cycle when a financial panic would have occurred, if we were to have one.'"

The census shows that a majority of this country's people live in cities and towns of more than 2,500 population.

California Honey Producers' Co-operative Exchange is putting honey up in small containers and shipping carload lots east.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has upheld the rates charged for refrigeration and transportation of butter, eggs, poultry and cheese. The ruling was in the case of the National Poultry, Butter and Egg Association against the Baltimore & Ohio, Southwestern Railroad and others.

The Department of Agriculture has notified a number of fertilizer manufacturers that prices quoted for mixed fertilizer for the spring trade are too high and that "manufacturers who exact unjust or unreasonable profit will be subject to prosecution."

If the government's shipping program is carried out the United States will probably have as much shipping in 1922 as all other countries combined, excepting Great Britain.

Six hundred cars of wheat were reported passing east through Regina, Canada, every 24 hours, the third week of December.

Two million six hundred forty-eight thousand acres are now being irrigated by water from government projects. During 1919 the value of crops grown on lands within government reclamation projects was $25,000,000 greater than the total of $125,000,000 expended on all projects constructed up to the close of the last fiscal year.

Wool stored in Louisville warehouses will be sent to Austria where the mills are closed down for lack of raw material. The finished cloth will then be returned to this country to be placed on sale. It is thought that the tariff and transportation cost will be nullified by the cheap labor in Austria. This movement will be undertaken by the Kentucky Farm Bureau Federation. About 600,000 pounds of raw wool can be disposed of in this manner.

Rice threshing in Louisiana is practically complete at this time. One plant in the irrigation district tabulated the yield received and found in an area of 9,500 acres in cultivation a yield of 6.9 bags an acre.

Bradstreet reported 1,085 failures with $39,751,859 liabilities in the United States for November. This was the largest number since January, 1918.

Forty per cent of Canadian shipyards are said to be idle.

Government chemists say that sweet potatoes make a superior table and cooking syrup. The Department of Agriculture will furnish instructions on application.

A recent survey of 32,515 Illinois farms shows that unless horse breeding be resumed on a basis twice as extensive as at present, there will be a pronounced shortage of good farm horses within the next few years.

The farming of wild fur-bearing animals and the establishment of large sanctuary tracts is urged by the Department of Agriculture as the only sure means of preserving the fur supply.

According to Lloyds, the United States built 2,009,495 tons of new ships to replace losses of the war, Great Britain built 1,234,911 tons and Japan 414,957 tons.

The state highway commissioner of Connecticut has announced the restriction of motor trucks to loads of 20,000 pounds.

There are more than 1,000 known varieties of wheat.

Australia has engaged an entomological expert to spend a year in the cactus regions of Arizona in search of insects which will assist in eradicating the cactus.

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Briefly Told

During October immigrant arrivals at the port of New York exceeded departures by 49,072. For the ten completed months reported on, the excess of arrivals over departures was 193,305.

The Seattle Chamber of Commerce is in receipt of a letter from an enterprising Japanese who wishes to purchase brewing machinery of American brewery owners. He states that "breweries of this country must be totally wounded by the law of temperance."

A single county in Oregon has a larger territory than that covered by the entire state of Massachusetts and contains 9,883 square miles.

The American Quakers are furnishing one hot meal a day to 650,000 German children and nursing mothers in the sector occupied by the American troops of occupation.

Naval divers recently recovered $77,000 worth of opium from Honolulu harbor.

An anti-alcohol society has been formed by the women of Mexico City who plan to form similar societies throughout the republic.

The fact that the salmon will return unerringly to its home stream has been demonstrated by the effort to transplant salmon from the Pacific Coast to the waters of Maine. The Penobscot River was planted with salmon from the West and it was to the Penobscot and to that river alone that the adult fish returned to spawn.

The only open slave market in the world is located in the holy city of Wazzan, Morocco. The slaves are brought to Wazzan by caravan from parts of the country still unexplored.

Accident insurance companies declare that home is really the most dangerous place in the world, as twenty-five per cent of all disabling accidents are incurred there.

Secretary Colby is asking for an appropriation of $25,000 for providing protection for the original copies of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution which are in grave danger from fire or other mishap.

Because of the diversity in railway gauges in use in the southern republics of South America the traveler is compelled to change cars at nearly every boundary line.

A married machinist of Wrentham, Massachusetts, a sergeant of the United States Marines, is heir to a small island south of the Philippines, he having been adopted by the former sultan of the island. The willed estate consists of several pearl fisheries, groves of cocoanut palms and a harem. The War Department has referred his claim to the Bureau of Insular Affairs.

During the fiscal year 1920 the printing bill for all publications issued by the Department of Commerce was $425,370.75.

President Wilson was awarded the Nobel peace prize which carries with it a grant of $40,000, which is one-fifth of the annual interest on about $9,000,000 bequeathed for that purpose by a Swedish scientist. Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root are the only other Americans who have received the prize.

A piece of discarded auto tire tubing cemented to the sole of the shoe will, it is said, outwear two leather half soles. This is easily done by roughing the leather with rasp or scraper, applying three coats of patch cement and a layer of cushion stock, to which is applied the cemented tubing as in the patching of a tube on the road.

Two-thirds of Canada's forests have been destroyed by fire in 75 years. At the present rate of consumption the amount of timber burned would have supplied the entire world for 450 years and represents a loss of a billion dollars.

In November 24,308 men were accepted for enlistment in the regular army, breaking the record for peace-time recruiting.

Pension disbursements for the fiscal year 1920 aggregated $213,295,314, a decrease of about $9,000,000 from last year.

The United States manufactured $80,000,000 worth of the $100,000,000 worth of toys sold in this country.

A London wallpaper manufacturer suffers considerable damage from sparrows. The sparrows flock down on the dark blue, covered pulp used in the manufacture of paper and are drowned. It is believed that the color attracts them. The pulp has no oder and there is a canal near by which provides them with drinking water.

Utah has 25,662 farms.

German motion picture producers are warring on American-made films smuggled into Germany since the armistice. The American films are for the most part sensational wild west features several years old which were sold so cheaply that certain theatrical proprietors were able to exhibit them underselling their competitors who handled German films on which royalties have been paid.

A New England prohibition enforcement director refused to prosecute a sick man in whose home he found a still and moonshine whisky at the bedside. The man was a victim of tuberculosis and needed stimulant to keep him alive.

The peace commission cost the United States $1,651,191.

Cooks are to be had without advertising in Port au Prince, Haiti. Most of them earn $1.50 a week with an additional 6 cents a day for food for themselves and family.

All the religious and civic organizations of Lexington, Kentucky, are united in a fight to suppress the habit of cursing and swearing on the streets, in the hotel lobbies, cafés and other public places of that city.

A kitten crawled inside the rim of a large flywheel in a mill at Burlington, Nebraska, and fell asleep. The machinery was set in motion and the wheel whirred for nine hours. When the machinery was stopped for the night the kitten was still alive although it had traveled the equivalent of 600 miles.

In certain parts of Russia mail is carried by buffaloes. This animal is picked for the service because of his very flat feet, which enable him to travel where horses would sink.

Through the efforts of agents and demonstrators of the University of Kentucky women of the mountains of Eastern Kentucky are rapidly being trained to cook better food, make practical clothing and observe sanitation and health rules. The women are intensely interested, many of them riding horseback through the mountains, taking a lunch, to attend the meetings.

The French district of the Landes is a country of black forests and far-spreading deserts of white sand and swamps. The inhabitants, who are for the most part shepherds, find it necessary because of the nature of the country to walk on stilts while tending their flocks.

The farmers of Serbia make their own liquor from the fruit of the plum. These plums are shaken into barrels where they are left one month and the liquor distilled from the mash. During plum time one can see two or three peasants sitting by their fires watching the distilling process.

His majesty Pu-yi, of Hsuan-tung, the last "son of heaven," came to the throne of China in 1908 when he was two years of age. The only European who ever saw him is his tutor, Mr. R. F. Johnson.

Camel steak was recently served in Paris. The taste is similar to that of horse meat but easier to digest.

Members of the feline tribe do not drive their nails in the bark of trees to sharpen them as is sometimes supposed. A male tiger will jump high up against a tree, tearing down a large piece of bark, to show his mate how strong and athletic he is. The leopard advertises his prowess by laying his killed prey high up on the branches as an offering.

In Japan hundreds of the natives throw themselves from the rocks to the cataract of Kezon, in Mikko, to die amid the beautiful rural scenery. Others jump from the edge of the crater of the Asam Volcano. A society has been formed to convince the aspirants of self-destruction of the foolishness of their intentions.

There are 6,000,000 children born every year in China.

Federal prohibition enforcement officials are going to place the following sign on hundreds of Chicago saloons and cabarets: "Beware. Any person purchasing liquor here is subject to prosecution along with the owner of the saloon."

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Three Arts — Illustrations — Briefly Told
Many Men of Many Minds — Some Fibs of Other Years

The Price of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT Is Now $1.50 a Year



Many Men of Many Minds



Laurence La Tourette Driggs.—Legislation and regulation of air navigation must be deeply and immediately considered, by the aviators, by Congress and by the public. Wisely controlled, aviation will prove a wonderful boon to commerce and civilization as a whole. Federal legislation is immediately required, establishing public air highways, licensing air pilots, defining negligence and fixing responsibility so that both the aviator and the private citizen may know his legal rights.

Harry F. Sinclair.—Colleges do not educate—they help men to educate themselves. Man power is the most important asset. The accident prevention campaign not only lessens the drain upon man power, but also, by stimulating thought, adds to the effectiveness of the man power preserved.

King Constantine, of Greece.—I, upon whose family crest stands the device "the law of the people is my power," ever have had at heart the interest of the people by whom I am now recalled, by their express and indisputable will, to rule.

Governor Riggs, of Alaska.—Laws should govern, instead of revocable regulations, but where there must be regulations, such regulations should be promulgated by authority located within the territory and not 4,000 miles away.

Corinne Lowe.—Among all the new Americans the Hebrew from Russian Poland has perhaps caused the greatest disquiet to those interested in immigration. Reason for this disquiet is found in the fact that the exodus from this section is mightier than ever before. From Warsaw comes the report that between five hundred and one thousand Jews daily receive passport visés for the United States, a rate which threatens the arrival of a quarter of a million of this people within the year—and that through Warsaw alone.

Polish Jews Cause Disquiet Because of Their Numbers

Sir Campbell Stuart.—Anglo-American friendship is based on deep and firm foundations; on a community of race and a community of ideals.

Cato Sells.—The Indian's transformation from a game hunter and wanderer to a settled landholder and home builder is everywhere evident.

Representative Albert Johnson.—The exodus from Central Europe is at once serious and dangerous. The State Department knows this and has given me enough reports from its consular officers to serve as a warning. The present rush brings too many who are anti-government and anti-God. It is the most undesirable that ever came to the United States.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes.—Frontiersmen on frontiers never do anything at all resembling, as to motive, method or result, those things which frontiersmen do in films.

Thomas W. Lamont.—At present Siberia is under the Soviet Government, but sovietism there is not of the Red type that it has been in Moscow; it is a sober, rather restrained movement. Today it would appear perfectly possible for Americans to trade safely in Siberia.

George Pattullo.—Probably no country in Europe was so strike-ridden as Germany during 1919. When a population reaches the desperate state of mind summed up in "What's the use, anyhow?" it is ripe for agitation. There were agitators in plenty, and striking soon became one of the favorite German pastimes.

Ashmun Brown.—An increase in Congress is like increasing the number of directors of the plant, each new director claiming as much power as his fellow. Such a policy in industrial life would not be tolerated.

Bozeman Bulger.—The wild fowls' sense of geography, of distance and of speed is a constant source of wonder to those interested in their habits. That they are able to judge the distance and time their flight so as to reach that spot at approximately the same time after an absence of twelve months, seems *incredible*, but it is true.

Albert W. Atwood.—I have sat at dinner tables and listened to men tear from the modern system of industry, to their own satisfaction, every shred of economic or moral justification. Yet the food they ate, the chairs and tables, the costly china and linen, their suits, soft-lined shirts, pink neckties—all these were products of the system in which they could see nothing worth saving from the bombs of revolution.

Forest Crissey.—A bond salesman who handles only the soundest of securities and sells them to wage workers and men on small salaries looks to me very much like a missionary of good citizenship. But be sure to deal only with that kind of man representing a sound, conservative, established concern.

Raymond Francis Yates.—Signal engineering is one of the newer specialized branches of railroad engineering. The problem of safe, reliable automatic signaling grew with our railroad transportation systems and today thousands of men trained in this work are employed in the design, construction and maintenance of signal installations.

Wayne B. Wheeler.—The end of the liquor supply of this country is in sight.

Tasker H. Bliss.—If nations are armed to the limit against each other and each knows that the armament of the other has no use against any other than himself, can we not all see that when one approaches its limit and believes the other to be capable of further expansion, war, without warning, is almost inevitable?

Brander Matthews.—A true dialect is never a corruption—quite the contrary. As a rose has been called "only a cabbage with a college education," so we may describe standard speech as only a dialect which has enjoyed the advantages of post-graduate instruction.

Josephus Daniels.—This country should not put a general embargo upon oil, but there is a crying need for such restrictions as will not jeopardize the future needs of the merchant marine and the navy.

David Lloyd George.—War teaches us that preservation of our essential industries is as important a part of national defense as the maintenance of an army or navy.

Floyd W. Parsons.—The United States should extend the same encouragement to the new settlers of Alaska that was given by Russia to the people who settled Siberia and that is now being extended by Canada to those who are peopling its western provinces.

James Duncan.—Wherever there is the appearance of practicable co-operation, there also will be found the elements of human and business betterment. Never in our history was there more need for such practicable consideration of co-operative methods. Employers should be ready to meet representatives of workmen to discuss proposed changes in mutual intercourse and thorough understanding. We live in a time when we should all work together for the greatest possible production.

A. Barton Hepburn.—The condition of the country is very much better because the mental attitude of the public toward the business situation has changed. There has been a marked improvement, mainly psychological. People had been buying everything and anything, under the conviction that they could sell at a profit, and have been brought to realize that purchases must be made with discretion and with a view to supplying the public good. I have for the past year been very much afraid of a commercial cataclysm. I no longer have such fear. The situation will work out logically and safely unless complicated by conditions in Europe.

Industrial Changes Will Benefit, Belief of Banker

Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N.—The United States Navy, as its name implies, belongs to the people of the United States and to no one else. If anything is wrong with our navy the fault lies ultimately with its owners, the people of the United States, because they take little or no interest in it.

Dr. Henry W. Thurston.—Until the potentialities of all children are developed, the school cannot be said to be successful. To do all this successfully, the environmental influence in the lives of the children must be studied and thoroughly understood by the school.

Martin T. Baldwin.—A tariff act is a verbal woodpile, harboring many a dark ambiguity. The clearing of its obscurities is not only an interesting intellectual and legal problem, but is also at times a matter of great financial and industrial importance.

Jean Herbette.—Two classes in Germany are in very real distress. These are the city middle classes and the wage earners. The farmers, whether landlords or peasants, are quite well off; for which the country has reason to congratulate itself.

John A. Gade.—Few tragedies equal that of the Russian nation today and no people is worthier of understanding and sympathy. After fighting for the Allied cause, they had left on the battlefield more dead than France, Great Britain and Germany together, and yet today Russia is no longer even mentioned as an Ally, its military effort is sneered at or reviled by those who should in justice feel for her the deepest gratitude.

Herbert Adams Gibbons.—If our government intends to give active aid in the establishment of peace and reconstruction, we cannot pursue a different policy in the Baltic from that of Great Britain. We must recognize and seek to strengthen the Baltic Sea republics, incidentally looking around for opportunities for trade in Eastern Europe. If we are going to disinterest ourselves in the politics of Europe, and look for a field for our diplomatic and commercial activities elsewhere, let us stop putting in our oar where we do not intend to row.

Policy in Baltic Should Be That of Great Britain

Walter Locke.—The farmer is on his way. I do not think that anything can prevent his setting up and maintaining, whether by economic action or political, or both, a force of his own to balance the economic power of private business and industry.

Guglielmo Ferrero.—So long as the war endured, the people obeyed and believed. Now that the war is ended and the people recognize how they were misled, they resist, rebel, and will no longer obey.

Lynn Haines.—Government is the most vital element in human life. It means more, not in sentiment, but in dollars and cents, to every individual than does his or her business.

Senator F. M. Simmons.—The tenant classes, and they are numerous, who raise their crops largely under mortgage or lien, have in most instances had to turn over their whole crops to the fertilizer and supply men and are left practically without anything to start upon the next crop. The landlord, who generally indorses the obligations of his tenants for fertilizer and supplies, in many instances finds the liability thus incurred exceeds his rents.

T. J. Woofter, Jr.—The responsibility of the labor leader for inter-racial peace arises from the fact that unions have shown more active prejudice to Negro labor than any other northern group, and the fact that these cases of discrimination have been widely discussed among the Negroes and have so galled them that they are very suspicious of motives of unions.

Herbert S. Weet.—The trend in education is logically toward a reorganization of the whole course of study with reference not so much to subjects as to the normal development of the individual child.

David Scott Hanchett.—The activities of a boys' club worker in a settlement are pivotal. No one is so discerning or so alert to puncture sham as the street gamin. It is these Arabs of the streets who, flocking to the neighborhood house seeking a hang-out for the gang, bring with them innate possibilities for untold good to the community or, under wrong stimulus, for being enemies—Apaches of society.



THE KING OF FOXES

Fur Farming on the Fox Ranches of Prince Edward Island

By J. A. STEVENSON

THE little Canadian province of Prince Edward Island is known as the Garden of the Dominion. Nestling in the sheltered conclave formed by the southern coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and protected from the Atlantic by the Cape Breton promontory and Newfoundland, its quiet is never seriously ruffled by ocean storms. Continually bathed by ozone-laden sea air its climate knows neither extreme heat nor cold and is pleasant, healthy and invigorating. Its summers are delightfully cool and its winters are enjoyable and bracing without discomfort.

Possessing no large mountains or forests and lying low in the gulf, it gives a promise of monotony to the approaching visitor. But closer investigation sweeps away this impression. Clumps of trees, lovely groves, undulating hills covered with the greenest of grass, rich meadows, fat corn lands, abundant flocks and comfortable farmhouses, churches and villages give it an appearance of well-being and prosperity. It is 130 miles in length and its width varies from two to 30 miles while its area is 2,184 square miles with a population of about 93,000.

It is cultivated from end to end, ninety per cent of its whole area being classed as "possible farm land." The chief industry is agriculture and the well-kept farms and good buildings testify to the fertility of the soil and the skill of its cultivators. There is no specialization in its field agriculture but the favorite lines are dairying, stock raising and gardening of vegetables and fruit.

Prince Edward Island has the distinction of being the only province of Canada which produces sufficient food for its own requirements. Not only does it achieve this but the value of the surplus product exported is more than sufficient to pay for all its other purchases.

Fish abound in the bays and rivers of the island and around its shores and the annual value of the catch is put at two and three-quarter million dollars. The famous Malpeque oyster which in late years has been threatened with extinction is found on the coast and the lobster industry employs about 5,000 persons. Poverty is practically unknown on the island and there is a minimum of crime; the jails rarely have many occupants. While there are some Irish on the island the main racial ingredients are Highland Scotch and French-Canadian, and the island has acquired a reputation for sending forth both to Canada and the United States more than an ordinary proportion of able men, including Franklin K. Lane, lately Secretary of the Interior, and President Schurman, of Cornell.

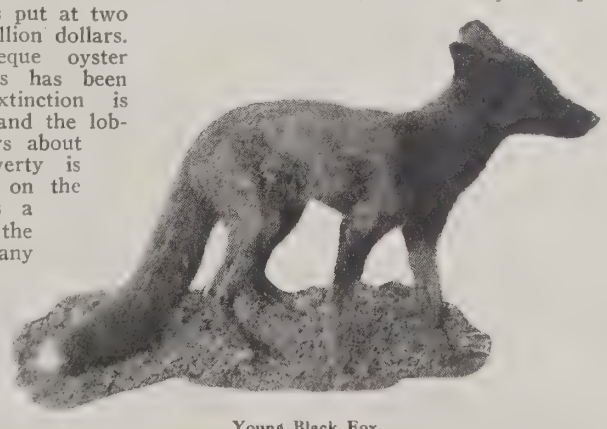
Critics have, however, accused Prince Edward Island of being a hopeless backwater where enterprise was unknown and energy an unnecessary quality but the charge has been belied in a most convincing way by the success with which the islanders have organized a very novel and profitable industry. They have brought scientific fur farming to a greater pitch of perfection than any other community on the globe. As far as industries go it may be reckoned young. In a way it dates back as far as 1887, but it is only in the last decade that it has become one of the staple activities to obtain general recognition. Just as the diamond is peerless among precious stones so the fur of the silver fox holds an assured preeminence among furs. The description, silver fox, is decidedly misleading, for it is the trade name for the skin of the black fox, the term silver being derived from the presence of glistening white and gray hairs among the black jet. The brush to be perfect should have a tip of pure white. On account of the luster and richness of the fur it is always fashionable in the feminine world and the demand is unlimited. But twenty years ago it looked as if this fur would soon be so scarce as to be beyond the purses of all save a favored few. Such survivors of the silver fox tribe as were left had retreated to the fastnesses of the Arctic North and the Hudson Bay Company had fixed a standard price of $1,000 for a prime pelt. In 1912 a single first-class skin brought $1,400.

In the eighties the rarity of this fur had set the mind of a trapper, Charlie Dalton, now Sir Charles Dalton and a native of Prince Edward Island, thinking. He had been a hunter ever since he was a boy and his earliest recollections concerned the setting of a trap. He foresaw the day when the silver fox would be practically impossible to secure and conceived the notion of bringing scientific knowledge and industrial organization to bear upon the problem and raising foxes upon an intensive system as if they were goats or rabbits. The more he digested the idea the more he became convinced of its feasibility. He realized that trappers, who had obtained litters of young black fox cubs and had tried to rear them, had usually failed, but he attributed their failure to lack of knowledge and proper environment. So he set himself to study the habits of the tribe and to this end acquired a collection of ordinary red foxes whose habits and needs he closely studied for some years. About 1890 he learned that a trapper friend on Anticosti Island across the gulf had two pairs of silver foxes in captivity. He bought them and installed them in special quarters which he had prepared on his farm at Tignish.



Young Red Fox

Meanwhile, it happened that another trapper called Robert Doulton had been reasoning in a similar strain and had begun preliminary studies with some silver gray animals. One day Dalton, having heard of Doulton's experiment, paid the latter a visit and was allowed to see his animals. There ensued a prolonged discussion of the problem involved, the prospects of the industry, and the best methods to pursue. The result was a decision to pool their resources and form a partnership for the commercial farming of the silver fox. They set up a large wire pen on Savage Island where Doulton had his ranch and commenced scientific breeding in good earnest. The original two pairs of silver foxes bought by Dalton produced four pups, which were successfully reared and it was proved that given congenial conditions the silver fox could be domesticated successfully.



Young Black Fox

The stock thus established was reinforced by a pair of young foxes found in a den and successfully dug out. The firm soon found themselves in possession of a considerable number of foxes and able to kill some of the older ones for their pelts, which found a profitable disposal. Neighbors who had jeered at this "shiftless fooling with wild foxes" became keenly interested in the new enterprise. Others began to embark in fox farming operations and met with gratifying success. The inevitable result followed, a boom in fox farming developed, and people who had not the remotest connection with trapping or the fur business began to start ranches. Expansion went on rapidly, especially when fox furs from the island began to realize large prices on the London market. The pioneers of the industry found themselves besieged with applications to buy pups and the demand for stock caused a virtual cessation of pelt production for the time being. Companies were floated to embark on the business and there was heavy speculation in their shares in the years preceding the war.



Full Black Fox

In 1912 there were 277 fox ranches on the island, of which 143 belonged to companies. The total value of their stock was then estimated at $10,000,000, twenty-five per cent in excess of the value of all the other live stock held by the island farmers. At that time $20,000 was not an uncommon price to pay for a pair of first-rate pups and in one case the high-water mark of $35,000 was reached. The profits on one small farm capitalized at $10,000 enabled a dividend of 500 per cent to be distributed one year. But the inflation of values was too great and the boom could not last. It had begun to collapse before the war and its outbreak, closing as it speedily did the European market for furs, hastened the end. A great deal of money was lost but the effect has been to put the industry in a healthy condition. While high prices are still obtainable for a pair of good breeders the industry is now on a pelt basis and, under good management, is extremely remunerative.

Contrary to early opinion the silver fox has not proved difficult to domesticate and farm. The chief requisites are patience, shrewdness and sympathy with the animal, coupled with the knack of noting its peculiarities and humoring them. The human factor plays a very large part in success. The average ranch contains from one to five acres and as far as possible the natural environment of the fox is reproduced. The favorite location is in a piece of thinned bush where mixed hard and soft woods will both shade from the summer heat and allow an early thaw of snow and ice and whose elevation permits good drainage. As the fox is extremely sensitive to noise, the farm should be removed as far as possible from roads and houses. The ranch is usually enclosed by a double wall of board and wire netting with the inner wall some distance from the outer boundary. The latter is designed to keep out disturbing intruders and also to prevent the escape of stray foxes who may get out of their pens. The inner space is divided into pens, and there is a double wall of wire between each. The best-sized pen for a single male measures 20 by 50 feet and 40 by 50 feet is considered necessary for a breeding pen. Between each row of pens there is a path eight feet wide with doors opening into each pen. The wire netting must be at least ten feet high while on the one hand, it is sunk deep into the ground to defeat burrowing and on the other is bent over at right angles for a foot at least to prevent climbing or jumping over. Inside the pen is a small wooden kennel, 8 by 10 feet, provided with a ridge roof, entrance to which is through a wooden tunnel. The house is divided into two compartments each 4 feet by 8. It is lined with cork, chips, chaff or similar material.

The average fox has a life of from 11 to 15 years and it is not uncommon for a rancher to start with a pair of pups costing perhaps $10,000 and find himself at the end of four years with a dozen pairs and an annual output of 40 pelts. As the young grow up, the older animals are killed so that there is no real depreciation. The chief food consists of horseflesh, tripe, coarse fish, and so on, which would otherwise be wasted and it is supplemented by biscuits, bread, vegetables, oatmeal, berries and eggs. A special fox biscuit factory has been started to cater for the industry. The general practice is to feed twice a day at regular hours.

The external organization of the industry has steadily gone ahead. The leading fox

(Concluded on page 12)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 10, January 1, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

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I Resolve

THIS is the time of resolutions; the time when we determine that we will give up all sorts of things that are harmful to us; and that we will do during the coming year a great many things that we promised ourselves last January we would do in 1920, and which, somehow, we didn't do at all.

There is a saying that "resolutions are made only to be broken" and perhaps that may be true in some cases. But, although many of our resolutions are not carried out, it is good for a man and woman, once a year at least, to resolve to do great things. It shows we are not satisfied with what we have been doing in the past, and dissatisfaction is always the road to progress. No one who sits down in smug complacence ever gets very far in any department of life. No one who has said "what's the use of making resolutions, I'll only break them," has advanced very far in physical, mental or spiritual power.

To resolve is to be like an eaglet, trying its wings; to resolve is to be as the athlete, training for the race; to resolve is to be like the scientist, groping in the ether for a new and startling revelation.

The eaglet sometimes falls to the ground with a broken wing; the athlete may not always win the marathon; the scientist may never discover all that he desired or hoped for, yet if the resolve to try had never been made, none of the three would have accomplished anything.

To make a resolution at the beginning of the year that the 365 days that are to come shall be the best, and the brightest and more filled with love and service than any previous year, enlarges the soul and gives one a firmer grip on the verities of life.

It was Charlotte Perkins Stetson who once wrote these resolutions:

"I RESOLVE

To keep my health;
To do my work;
To live;
To see to it I grow, and gain, and give;
Never to look behind me for an hour;
To wait in weakness, and to walk in power;
But always fronting onward to the light,
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide-astray—
On, with what strength I have,
Back to the way."

There is nothing in these resolutions that any man or woman may not resolve and stick to during the coming year.

Try it, you who read this, and see if the year of our Lord, One thousand, nine hundred and twenty-one will not be the biggest, the happiest, and the most glorious year that you have ever known.

Honest Labels for Woolens

THERE is before Congress a bill which if made a law will compel manufacturers of woolen goods to label their products in such a manner that the public will have no difficulty in determining whether a piece of cloth is made of virgin wool or contains shoddy.

Before the war the term "all wool" meant exactly what it implies. Then certain gentlemen in authority conceived the idea of cutting up scraps of wool, "reclaiming" they called it, and mixing it with virgin wool in the soldiers' uniforms. There was an investigation by Congress and one of the results was the establishment of the fact that goods containing shoddy have less durability than those made of virgin wool.

There are laws which protect the public against the improper labeling of food and drugs. There are laws which make it an offense to misbrand gold or silver. "Sterling" stands for genuine silver just as "14K" stands for a definite, known quality of gold.

No one doubts the value of these laws and there should be no question of the advisability of protecting woolens with a similar measure. When the public buys a piece of goods it has a right to know whether it is getting pure wool or cheap shoddy and the last ones to deny this will be honest manufacturers.

More Propaganda

IT WILL probably be just as well if the readers of the daily press will take the "blue law" yarns with a grain of salt. Dr. Crafts, who has been responsible for more reforms than any other one man in the United States and who would know about plans to put the old Sabbath observance measures into effect if anybody does, says nothing of the kind is contemplated.

The agitation over the supposed plot to enforce the customs of three hundred years ago makes one think, avers Dr. Wilbur Crafts, of the colored minister who, in announcing his text, stated, "I will divide my discourse into two parts. Firstly, I will deal with that what am in the text and secondly I will deal with those things what am not in the text. And, brethren, I will deal with the second part first."

Anyone who is at all acquainted with the caliber of the men who led the last great reform—the adoption of national prohibition—will at once absolve them of responsibility for such a scheme. If they are nothing else they are at least too smart politically to show such bad judgment. And since there is nothing in "the text" of the recognized reform organizations that even remotely resembles the drastic blue law program, it becomes necessary to look elsewhere for the authorship of the wild stories.

If we direct our course by the light of past events we will probably end our search at the lair of the press agents for the liquor interests. They are very ingenious gentlemen, these advocates of personal liberty, and they have a bag full of tricks. Some time ago, it may be remembered, they were charged with having originated and circulated the report that the prohibition organizations were about to attempt a campaign which would make the use of tobacco a felony. If their aim is to discredit prohibition by associating it with the most radical theories and theorists, they overshoot the mark when they make their tales as wild as these. And if they hope by chance to rush prohibition leaders into the mistake of supporting some such movement as they outline, they are wrong again.

The prohibition leaders will not be rushed. They are quite content with holding what they have. They even have a sense of humor. Verily, they are wise men.

Mr. Harding Wears Well

MR. HARDING proved during his presidential campaign that he was a good talker. It cannot be said that he was eloquent, for he was not. But he used straightforward language. He talked in simple words and phrases and his audience understood and liked it.

This, of course, was good but it was by no means unusual. There are plenty of plain talkers in the country and a good many of them find their way into public office. A much more valuable, and a far rarer quality is the faculty of listening well—and Mr. Harding has it.

It is not unusual for candidates for office to promise to call the best minds of the country to their aid, yet few of them perform their pledge after they are elected. Mr. Harding, however, having made such a promise is keeping it. He is calling in the leaders of the nation's thought one at a time, from Elihu Root to William Jennings Bryan, and there is no denying the fact that in so doing he has pleased the nation exceedingly.

To do Mr. Harding full justice it must be said that this is not the first time, since his election, that he has shown a soundness of judgment which has been very pleasing to the public. With all his modesty and gentleness he has handled several situations in a manner which indicates that "the velvet scabbard holds a sword of steel."

The Tariff Again

THE old wheel horses of the Lower House of Congress ought to be and probably are in their glory, for the tariff is up again and they can tinker to their hearts' delight.

To these old veterans of a hundred battles the tariff is the one legislative problem that is worthy of real consideration. To them it is ever the paramount issue. Let others fool away their time trying to decide how large the army and navy shall be, let those who will worry over a league of nations. For their part they will stick strictly to their knitting and will talk about nothing but tariff.

The tariff tinkers went into eclipse during the war but the ink was scarcely dry on the armistice papers before they were giving out statements to the effect that the only road to reconstruction was tariff revision. And now they are dragging out all the old catch lines that were used in McKinley's day and are talking about saving the American farmer, building up American industries and protecting the American public. Two recent instances of the way they work come to mind.

The emergency measure framed in the closing days of the year provided heavy duties on over twenty farm products and was lauded as the salvation of the American farmer. Absolute quiet was maintained, however, on the fact that the net result will be to increase the cost of living to the public at large.

The public has also been solemnly assured by the high protectionists that the only way to assure the continued prosperity of American industry is to build a high tariff wall around the country and thus keep out the cheap products of Europe. Nothing much is said, however, about keeping out cheap European labor or of the fact that if we refuse Europe a market for her goods we will make it impossible for her ever to repay the ten billion dollars which she owes us.

No wonder the average citizen finds debates over the tariff confusing and cannot square the statements of the tariff tinkers with what to him appears to be the simplest and most elementary laws. He, poor direct soul, does not charge off anything for the sake of pleasing the farmers nor of winning the votes of labor, nor for satisfying industry. He does not even understand that one must sacrifice something to partisan principles and political pride.

But if the average citizen cannot understand the tariff, perhaps he can find a grain of comfort in the thought that there need no longer be any worry about *getting* back to normalcy. With Congress all heated up and quarreling over the tariff we *are* back.

The Price of Ignorance

P. P. CLAXTON, Commissioner of Education, gives the public considerable food for thought when he states that the greatest tax paid in the United States is that paid for ignorance. The losses which we incur because we fail through ignorance to do things as well as they might be done, he says, amounts annually to twenty billion dollars. To put it more graphically, we could pay for our share in the World War with what we waste every 12 months.

Our sin—for waste is sin—is all the greater because it could be avoided so easily. We need but to give the various educational departments of the government the support they deserve to wipe out the greater share of this enormous loss and yet our policy toward them is invariably a niggardly one.

Comparatively few people, it seems, appreciate the great work which is being done in this country by government scientists. For instance, there are few who know that investigators of the Department of Agriculture have just returned from a 9,000-mile journey through Africa where they went in search of food plants which could be adapted to the United States. Probably few know that it was the government scientists who first introduced durum wheat. Egyptian cotton, alfalfa, rice, navel oranges and the sorghums and after demonstrating their adaptability induced the farmers to accept them.

Nor is this the only branch of endeavor which has profited by government discoveries, for there is scarcely a department of commerce or science which has not learned to do things better or more economically through the advice of these Federal bodies.

How much more could be accomplished may perhaps be realized when it is stated that out of the tremendous government budget of 1920, these highly important departments received about one cent out of every dollar of national revenue.

We must economize, of course, but there is room to question the wisdom of any budget which does not acknowledge the worth of the educational work which the government is doing and provide for developing all its possibilities.



Mr. Ford's Page



IT IS a New Year, but there will be an astonishing number of old things about it. Its newness is undeniable, but its familiar lines are unmistakable. One would find it not an easy task to separate the newness from the oldness during the year. Yet the Year itself is new. Every experience that shall befall us during its 52 weeks, will also be new. It may be familiar, known, but still it will be new. Life is made up of a repetition of similar experiences, with now and then an unfamiliar one to stand out as a landmark.

It is a new cycle of time. A new breadth, as it were, woven in the Loom, raw material of which to make what we will. That—the time cycle—at least so far as we are concerned, is new.

But it is raw material. The fully made-up year is the finished product. What it may be like we have just had the opportunity to see. A made-up year has just passed out of the Time-factory, to take its place among the other 1919 years of this era.

It is not a particularly flattering product, the year we have just finished. Stand it up, turn it around, and examine it, and it doesn't stand scrutiny very well. It appears to be decidedly amateurish and very much botched. In no single particular is it standardized. There are spots here and there upon it which would seem to indicate that moments came to the makers when they really had an idea of making something—but then they seem to have resumed their aimless puttering again.

No; as we look at the year upon which history has just affixed the label "1920" we are not willing that it should serve as a sample year. It isn't good enough.

The reason is, of course, simple to understand. The human race has not been very long in the business of Year-Making. There are only 1920 credited to the production record of the Christian Era, and that is a comparatively small number.

"But after making 1920 years, a perfect year ought to be turned out now and then," might appear to be a natural objection.

That brings us to the "labor turnover." The same people have not been engaged in making the entire 1920 years. There is an immense turnover of humanity every generation. People appear on the earth, pass a few careless apprentice years, and then seriously try—some of them—to do a man's work upon the making of the Years. But hardly have they learned the rudiments when a new shift comes, new and unaccustomed hands take up the work. The years run on, they come out precisely at the end of December on schedule time, but they do not show on their human side the marks of unity and mastery.

The year is after all but a small bit in the mosaic of the Age, and perhaps we shall be better able to judge it from a perspective which enables us to see the whole pattern; but even so, we are right in feeling that the whole mosaic of the age would be better, if each bit were better made.

Inevitably, next December, we shall have to deliver to the Builder of the Age another year, and it is natural to wonder what it may turn out to be.

What have we *new* about the year? Very little, except the time. That has never been used before, will never be used again.

But the old things that troop along into the New Year are very numerous. It is almost like the same old family moving into a new house; very little is changed after all.

It is the same old Earth, for one thing. And that is a genuine benefit. We know what the Earth will do. We know what we can absolutely depend on it to do. That is a great saving of time, for, if this year the human race had to begin all over again and by careful and costly experiment find out the powers of the Earth, the year would be almost empty.

But we know that the soil will radiate the sun's warmth in spring, that moisture and heat will create chemical conditions out of which man's food will come; we know that the earth will produce lumber and ores and material for clothing. We have learned all that. It is no longer a question of anxious uncertainty. Take up a handful of soil; in it are the elements of food, clothing, shelter for all mankind.

Then, we bring into the New Year the same old necessity of getting busy in order to set the soil doing for us the things we need. And it is remarkable, when you begin to put the soil at work, how many men you have to put at work too. If it is the era of "the man with the hoe," somebody has to make the hoe. And then somebody must take part of the product of the hoe's work to the man who helped make the hoe; and before you know it you have started the Great Sisterhood of Arts in motion—Agriculture, Manufacture, Transportation.

It may be a better Agriculture—exchanging the hoe for a tractor; it may be a better Manufacture—exchanging the burden from men to machines; it may be a better Transportation—leaving the hand-drawn or ox-drawn cart for the motor vehicle on land or in air; but in spite of improvement it is the same raising, making and carrying of what we need. It is work in its primary and essential forms.

We are also taking with us into the New Year the old-fashioned rule that what a man earns is his own, and no one has the right to take it unjustly from him. It is a very good rule; without the stability it offers, society would be as impossible as agriculture would be if there were no certainty about the order of the seasons or the operations of nature. Many men try to change this rule; they want what another man has earned, and they want to take it in the name of "society." But people who have learned this fundamental wisdom and justice of the relation between personal and property rights, never unlearn it.

It would be very hopeful, however, if we could get some new things for the New Year. We begin work on 1921 under strange conditions. The Earth is just what it always was. Human needs, which are the mainspring of all activity, are just what they always were. Material and men, the essential components of civilization, are both here in abundance, and yet there is a stoppage of activity.

Why? Because, apparently, something has happened to—what? To the soil? No. To men? No. To material resources? No. But something has happened to that quantity known as Money. They are making it "less" in the country, "contracting the currency," they call it. They are trying to make money more nearly measure up with the gold. Why? Because "they" have decreed that Gold is the basis of Money.

There is not enough gold to go around. Even as a measure of wealth, there is not enough gold to equal in figures the actual wealth. There is not enough gold in existence to pay the interest on the war debts accumulated by the nations during the last few centuries. To make business wait on gold is like making the passenger traffic of a main line dependent on the facilities of a local branch with one small train a day. If gold did the work it might be as acceptable as anything else; but it doesn't.

It would be a splendid thing if in 1921 some financier, whose business is making prosperity instead of making money, should show us the way to avoid having business tied up for money, when all the elements of business are here. Financiers have been very skillful in devising schemes which draw all the money to New York; now for a financier who shall devise a scheme to keep the money in the local communities where it is needed! As long as we must have money, let us have it under a system where it helps instead of hinders, where it keeps men in their jobs instead of letting them out. Such a plan would make 1921 a great year. It would help the millions who are not financiers, but who are always under the pressure of our present financial system.

THE New Year will have to conform to some very old rules which will continue because they are good rules. But that is no reason why the New Year should put up with old mistakes and abuses. At its very threshold we find every element of prosperity present—the need, the men, the materials—and yet because of money conditions there is a slow-up. Either there ought to be enough money to carry the essential activities of the country, or a curtailment of money's power to stop things. There is more wealth than money; and as long as real wealth is compelled to wait on the fictitious wealth which is measured in gold, troubles will continue. Here is a task for 1921.



These mail trucks sound a note of progress. But they are not helping to develop the rural mails. When photographed, they were on their way to Porto Rico, where they are now in use. The inset is of James I. Blakslee, Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, who has much of pertinence to say.

Our "Pork-Laden" Rural Mail System

By AARON HARDY ULM

"REVISE the R. F. D. mail system in my district!" exclaimed a Congressman to a Post Office Department official recently. "It's impossible, sir, impossible. Why, the system as it now operates brings to my district $210,000 a year and it all stays there. A revision might reduce the sum as well as the number of persons it now provides with jobs. If made, I'd probably lose my job, so nothing in the way of revision is going to be done so far as I can help it."

"But suppose the patrons of the rural mails in your district were given better service as the result of an intelligent readjustment of the system?" the official asked.

"That wouldn't get me a half dozen votes," the Congressman replied. "But the resentment that would be aroused among those whose personal interests would suffer because of the changes made would be sufficient to prevent my re-election. Hence I am opposed to any disturbance of the status quo."

The status quo with regard to the rural free delivery branch of the United States postal system is not such as to fill anyone who analyzes it with enthusiasm, despite the fact that our vast network of R. F. D. routes represents one of the most creditable national achievements.

Operation of the system as now constituted entails, according to Post Office Department officials, an utterly useless waste of from ten to twenty millions of taxpayers' dollars a year. But that is an insignificant item in the system's total of shortcomings. For example—

Considerably less mail is handled by the average R. F. D. carrier than by the average city mail carrier, though the first must use a vehicle while the last must lug his load on his back.

So far as the Post Office Department knows not a single automobile truck is used in carrying mail on an R. F. D. route in the United States.

In late years there has been virtually no improvement in the types of vehicles used by R. F. D. carriers in handling mail.

Instead of encouraging the use of motor cars, and all that they could mean by way of dispatch and volume of mail handled, on R. F. D. routes, motorization is actually discouraged.

Hence instead of the R. F. D. mail system being an incentive to the building of first-class highways, in the truly modern sense, it tends if anything to discourage the building of really up-to-date roadways.

Instead of a premium being put on the true development and growth of the rural mails and their full adaptation to the needs of rural residents, growth, substantially, is penalized.

Therefore, the mails, which should be a medium of incalculable benefit to farmers, are utilized by farmers to less than ten per cent of existing capacity.

All of which finds illustration in the following startling fact:

Although the parcel post was established at the behest and for the benefit of the rural population, it is used almost exclusively by and for the benefit of town and city people. Slightly less than five per cent of all parcel post matter passing through the mails is distributed on or originates from rural free delivery territory. And four-fifths of that constitutes business going from town or city into the country, which means that the producers of foodstuffs make scarce use at all of the fine advantages which the parcel facilities afford them, presumably, for distributing their products.

While it is entirely practicable for the average R. F. D. carrier to handle from 1,800 to 2,000 pounds of mail a day—provided his route lies along roads that make the use of first-class equipment possible—the average carrier handles less than 75 pounds a day. And only 24 pounds of that is fourth-class or parcel post mail.

This means that the operation of the rural mails, as at present constituted, involves a tremendous waste of man power, vehicle power, and opportunities for economic distribution of the necessaries of life.

"There are 60,000 employes of the postal service who traverse 1,400,000 miles of highways, through producing territory, every day," says James I. Blakslee, who, as Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General, has devoted most of his energies during the last four years toward efforts to adapt the mails to the needs of producers and consumers. "If each individual carrier would transport 2,000 pounds, or one ton, the total transported would amount to 120,000,000 pounds a month. As the average consumption per man, woman and child, is about two pounds a day, this quantity would feed approximately 60,000,000 people, or two-thirds of our entire population."

Three main obstacles are in the way of that achievement, says Mr. Blakslee: the highways, the vehicles and the postage rates.

Excepting a small percentage of cases it is now impossible for the average carrier to transport a ton of freight on the roadways he must use, except in fair weather and then generally with difficulty.

That obstacle is being overcome more rapidly than heretofore but not so rapidly as should be the case. The Federal Government, under its authority to develop post roads, is now contributing about $100,000,000 a year to the construction of highways.

"Under the present system of compensation," adds Mr. Blakslee, "it would be impossible for 43,000 of the 60,000 carriers to purchase and maintain the character of equipment necessary to convey two thousand pounds of food daily even for a portion of the year."

And the postage rates, he says, in some cases are too high in proportion to the selling value of articles of food.

But those obstacles, however they may count against the fullest development of the rural mails, don't explain the wide margin—something like 95 per cent—between what is and what, under the best conditions, might be done.

In fact, with the obstacles as they are, only a small portion of immediately possible business is now carried on via the rural mails.

This declaration is proved by what is now actually done on many individual routes and in many sections of the country, which, however, are glaring exceptions to the general rule.

On the average R. F. D. route there are now handled about 7,500 pieces of mail, all kinds, a month. There lies before the writer a résume of business done on 54 select routes in 14 different states, on each of which there are handled more than 10,000 pieces of mail a month. The list begins with the record of a route out of Phoenix, Arizona. It has a length of 25.5 miles, which the carrier manages to traverse in three hours and nine minutes' time. But he has to spend nearly six and a half hours in the post office, routing his mail, which means that he gives a total of nine hours and 35 minutes each day to his job. He receives $1,830 a year salary, out of which he must provide and

Did You Know—

That the parcel post, created for the benefit of and at the behest of the rural population, is used almost wholly for urban business?

That instead of the rural mail system that on the whole prevails encouraging the use of the parcel post by farmers, its growth as a facility for distributing food is virtually penalized?

That the R. F. D. carrier who handles the most mail usually nets the least money from his job?

That the incentive therefore is for R. F. D. carriers to hold down and discourage the development of mail business?

That, as far as the Post Office Department knows, there isn't a single automobile truck used for hauling mail on a single R. F. D. route in the United States?

That on only 840 out of 43,410 R. F. D. routes is the use of any kind of motor vehicle required?

That the operation of the R. F. D. mails involves a subsidy of about $70,000,000, of which $10,000,000 to $20,000,000, according to postal experts, is utterly wasted, and could be saved by an intelligent revision that would greatly improve the service rendered?

maintain his equipment. The list ends, by graduation, with the record of a route 26.25 miles long, out of Hayward, Wisconsin. The mail handled averages 10,269 pieces a month. The carrier spends three hours and one minute in the office and two hours and six minutes on the road, making five hours and seven minutes devoted daily to his job. He receives a salary of $1,860, or $30 a year more than the carrier out of Phoenix who handles nearly twice as much mail and devotes nearly twice as much time to the handling. But both of the two routes are way above the average and if all the margins were no worse there would probably be no ground for complaint. But the margin of difference between the business handled and the compensation given for the operation of those two routes is insignificant as compared with others that exist.

Out of Mt. Washington, Missouri, there is operated a route 24¼ miles long, on which the carrier distributes 53,769 pieces of mail, on the average, each month, or 2,068 pieces during each working day. The carrier works from 5 a. m., until 5 p. m., and is paid $1,800 a year.

Not long ago the department learned of a route, issuing from a town in Georgia, that the carrier covered usually in one and a half hours a day. He was paid $2,000 a year. In that and other like cases the department does what it can to increase the work of the carrier by enlarging his route.

But, under the restrictions governing the operation of the R. F. D. mails, the routes cannot always be rearranged so as to place the work upon them on anything like par with other routes that pay no more—often less—and involve much more work.

Compare the route out of Mt. Washington, Missouri, with the following ones, taken at random, from compilations based on business done during the month of July this year:

Route 1 out of Brinson, Missouri: 2,598 pieces of mail handled a month; carrier devotes an average of four hours and nine minutes to the work; covers 23.75 miles and is paid $1,728 a year.

Route 3 out of Sadieville, Kentucky: 3,886 pieces of mail handled a month; carrier devotes five hours and nine minutes a day to duty of attending route; covers 25.84 miles and is paid $1,860 a year.

Though scores of cases like them could be given, the two cases are in some respects extremes. But they come nearer representing the average R. F. D. route than do the ones out of Phoenix, Arizona, Hayward, Wisconsin, or Mt. Washington, Missouri.

Everything else being equal, which route would you rather serve—one that would take all your working time, or one that would allow one-half or more of the day to attend some private business—one on which you would have to have a costly vehicle or one that could be served from a motorcycle? The answer is obvious.

The carrier with an easily handled route would be a fool if he built up its business to the point whereby it could not be so easily handled; for in either case, under the present system, his pay is the same—aye, equipment requirements usually cause his net pay to decline as business grows.

Hence there is no incentive for a carrier building up business on his route; quite the contrary. Increased business means for him more work, and bigger deductions from his salary for equipment and its upkeep; and, unless it comes about through extending the length of his route, with no possibility of extra allowance to take care of the added burden.

The kind of increased business that would add most to the burden of the carrier is that involving fourth-class or parcel post matter, for with it bulk and weight are the prime factors. Thus while it is to the interest of the carrier to hold all business down to the lowest minimum compatible with the existence of the route, it is especially to his advantage to prevent the development of parcel post business. Invariably, as is not the case with other classes of mail, a large volume of parcel post matter means more substantial equipment than the average carrier feels that he should be called on to provide.

It is doubtful if any other class of government employes can wield as much political influence and power as the R. F. D. carriers, by reason of their peculiar situation, possess. Invariably, they are first-class men, attentive to their work, accommodating to their patrons, and in every way personally likable. Each comes in daily and ingratiating contact with a large number of people who are out of intimate contact with general affairs. Acting concertedly, as they may do for they are well organized, they can give a Congressman or Senator more trouble than he may fear from any other group of constituents. Influenced by the pressure of circumstances, if nothing more, the average member of Congress is very attentive to the wishes of the rural carriers among his constituents.

"I attribute my continuance in Congress more to the close attention I give to matters having to do with the rural mails, especially those having to do with the interests of the carriers and small postmasters, than to any other feature of my work in Washington," said a Congressman to the writer only recently."

Congressional tenderness for R. F. D. carriers is shown by how they have fared in the matter of salary increases. Beginning with the establishment of the first permanent routes, the base pay, in 1897, was $300 a year. Since that time not more than three out of a dozen Congresses have failed to add to the salaries of carriers, who now receive a base pay of $1,800 a year. No other class of government employe has had anything like such treatment in the way of salary increases, and at none of the varying rates allowed during the last tweny-three years has the department had serious difficulty in getting capable carriers for the R. F. D. jobs.

Let it be said, however, that the pay on the whole is not excessive; in a great many cases it is yet entirely too low, even niggardly. Though it involves what is tantamount to a subsidy of $70,000,000 on R. F. D. mail service, the expenditure is entirely justified, *per se*, by the benefits to all the country from the general distribution of information the R. F. D.'s make possible.

It is not on the maintenance of the R. F. D. system, whatever the monetary cost to taxpayers who do not use it, that gives cause for complaint; it is the fact that the benefits and savings that the expenditure makes possible are realized upon to only an inexcusably small extent.

This is due, say Post Office Department experts, to the faulty way by which the expenditure is distributed. And the faulty way, say they, is attributable to the restrictions imposed by Congress on the postal service in regard to the expenditure. For example:

"You need not worry about motor routes interfering with your services," a Congressman said in a circular letter to the R. F. D. carriers in his district during a political campaign a few years ago.

The import of his statement is found in the congressional restriction on the establishment of rural routes on which the use of motor cars may be required.

While the Post Office Department may establish an old style horse-drawn route on its own motion anywhere, it cannot set up a motor route without the consent of a majority of the patrons to be served. That sounds very democratic, but there is a subtle joker in the restriction, which is solely to impede progress wherever it may interfere with the interests of individuals.

Naturally the development of roads and the increase of population necessary to make a motor rural route practicable take place in territory already served by the old style R. F. D. routes. It is easy for a carrier who can use a motor for ten months or more of the year to serve about twice the territory and patrons as the one who depends on a horse-drawn vehicle. The maximum length of a horse-drawn route is fixed by law at 36 miles. The minimum length of a motor rural route is 50 miles. The department, for some congressional reason by no means obvious, cannot set up any kind of route of a length between 36 and 50 miles. The establishment of a 50-mile or more motor route generally means the consolidation of two horse-drawn routes into one or three into two. Hence somebody invariably loses a job. There you are—that's the joker in the seemingly good old-fashioned democratic requirement that no patron of the R. F. D. mails shall be forced, against his wishes, to get his mail from a motor car instead of a buggy, light wagon, or a horse's back. It is a sorry man who as carrier can't get the majority of his patrons to withhold their names from a petition that may mean the loss of his job.

Hence, though this is the age of motorization and the horse is disappearing even from the fields (see United States Census reports now being issued) the use of motor cars is required by the government on only 840 out of 43,470 R. F. D. mail routes now in operation. And the number hasn't increased for several years.

For years the Post Office Department has urged Congress to permit the fundamentals of the entire system to be changed. What it has asked is that a fixed sum, as at present, be appropriated for the support of the rural mails and that its distribution be left in large part to the department. Instead of a uniform salary being fixed for carriers, regardless of their difficulties and the service each may render, Congress has been urged to fix a minimum wage below which no salary can go, and then to let further compensation be based on mileage covered, the equipment used and the business handled. Such an arrangement would make for the steady growth of the rural mails.

Take the Mt. Washington, Missouri route, heretofore referred to. During the month that there was distributed thereon 53,769 pieces of mail, only 170 pieces of parcel post mail were delivered on and not a single piece was taken up for shipment from the route. Yet the route runs through a rich, producing section contiguous to Kansas City, where there are a half-million consumers taxed heavily for the excessive cost of distributing food, some of which they could get from the nearly 3,000 producers on the rural route in question as easily as a letter may pass between them.

Realizing the possibilities of those 3,000 producers dealing, via the mails, directly with Kansas City consumers, the Post Office Department twice changed the source of the route from the suburb of Mt. Washington to a sub-station of the Kansas City Post Office. The change involved a shift of only a few miles.

But the carrier evidently didn't want to live in Kansas City, and the postmaster at Mt. Washington, whose income probably was reduced because of the loss of the business that arose on the route, didn't like the shift. Hence on each occasion such a row was kicked up that the department was forced to restore the status of the route. The people along the route evidently backed up the carrier and the postmaster.

With the route running from Kansas City, a patron might ship a 50-pound case of eggs directly to a Kansas City consumer at a cost of 29 cents. When the route originated from Mt. Washington the charge on the same shipment was 54 cents. Like differences prevailed on other parcel post matter passing between patrons of the route and Kansas City. But the patrons were not interested in that, because they were accustomed to making virtually no use of the parcel post privilege. And from the figures it may be assumed they had never been encouraged to make use of it; so when the carrier and postmaster kicked at the change, the patrons were ready to back them up probably for personal reasons alone.

As the patrons of the rural mails have never been encouraged, as a whole, to make use of the parcel post—the mail facility which makes it vastly to their advantage to be linked up as closely as possible with consuming markets—they usually defer all questions of their own interests in the premises to the wishes of the carriers and the postmasters.

Therefore, the average Congressman finds it to be highly to his own political interests to keep in good favor with the carriers and the postmasters who, in turn, will promote good will for him among the patrons of the rural mails.

Thus a vicious cycle, fanned by "pork" and patronage and sustained by manipulation, is set up and kept going. In a majority of congressional districts, the expenditure on rural mails is in great part largess. The annual appropriation for R. F. D. mails is now $86,800,000. It has increased to the extent of about $45,000,000 in eight years. And the increase has been virtually for salaries alone; for in the last eight years only $500,000 has been given for additions to the service.

Figures collected last July show that all the postage collected from mail matter going to or arising from rural routes totals only $51,502,331. The R. F. D.'s, it is estimated, perform only one-fourth of the service attached to the handling of that mail; which means that the patrons of the rural mails pay approximately $12,500,000 of the $86,800,000 spent on delivering mail to their door. The rest is borne by other patrons of the mails and the taxpayers generally. Hence the average Congressman with a district serried by R. F. D. routes is interested largely in getting his district's full part of the appropriation which, by strict analysis, is 75 per cent subsidy. The distribution of funds, rather than the character of the service they might make possible, most engages the thought of the lawmaker.

And to that vicious condition may in large part be attributed the failure of the parcel post as a convenience and a saving to the millions of producers remote from buying or selling markets. Where in practice it is of one item of help to the farmer, the parcel post is of a thousand items of help to big business which didn't need it. In fact, the figures would indicate that town and city people are the ones who chiefly use the parcel post in dealing with the big mail order houses.

What might be done with a soundly organized and directed R. F. D. mails service, is shown by what has been accomplished during recent years through experiments in branches of the postal service not so severely restricted by congressional legislation.

Several truck routes operated between producing sections and large cities, on a strictly business basis, with big automobile vehicles owned by the government and run by salaried postal employes, proved highly successful.

Star routes that have been put under direct government operation and likewise conducted have also been successful. One of that kind operated between Price and Vernal, Utah, increased the volume of business from 199,000 to more than 700,000 pounds a month in less than a year. They point out to you on that star route a bank building that, in the form of bundles of brick and other materials, was shipped hundreds of miles across the desert by parcel post.

But all efforts to build up parcel post business between the patrons of the ordinarily conducted rural routes and the consuming towns and cities have been virtual failures. The volume of that business today, despite the complaints about the heavy tolls taken by middlemen, is scarcely larger than it was three or four years ago.

It means that the government established a great facility for distribution and then said, in effect, that any consequential use of it shall be penalized. Hence it is employed only to the extent of about five per cent of the possible and not more than 10 per cent of the easily practicable—that is the R. F. D. mails as they exist today probably could be used in ten times the prevailing volume without entailing a cent of extra expense to the government.





(C) U. & U.

Above—This postal truck for a time connected Maryland farms, far from railroads, with the consuming public of Washington, D. C. The mail development thus begun has been practically abandoned, but not because the experiment was a failure.

Below—This mail truck shows how the postal service can utilize the motor car in facilitating distribution of foodstuffs—but comparatively few are so used.

Jewish Control of the American Theater

In 35 Years the Whole Tenor of the American Stage Has Changed. Talent Discarded for "Effects," "Extravaganza" and Lewdness

THE Theater has long been a part of the Jewish program for the guidance of public taste and the influencing of the public mind. Not only is the Theater given a special place in the program of the Protocols, but it is the instant ally night by night and week by week of any idea which the "power behind the scenes" wishes to put forth. It is not by accident that in Russia, where they now have scarcely anything else, they still have the Theater, specially revived, stimulated and supported by Jewish-Bolshevists because they believe in the Theater just as they believe in the Press; it is one of the two great means of molding popular opinion.

Everybody has assumed offhand that the Theater is Jew-controlled. Few, if put to the test, could prove it, but all believe it. The reason they believe it is not so much what they see as what they feel; the American *feel* has gone out of the Theater; a dark, Oriental atmosphere has come instead.

Not only the "legitimate" stage, so-called, but the motion picture industry—the fifth greatest of all the great industries—is also Jew-controlled, not in spots only, not 50 per cent merely, but entirely; with the natural consequence that now the world is in arms against the trivializing and demoralizing influences of that form of entertainment as at present managed. As soon as the Jew gained control of American liquor, we had a liquor problem with drastic consequences. As soon as the Jew gained control of the "movies," we had a movie problem, the consequences of which are not yet visible. It is the genius of that race to create problems of a moral character in whatever business they achieve a majority.

Every night hundreds of thousands of people give from two to three hours to the Theater, every day literal millions of people give up from 30 minutes to two hours to the Movies; and this simply means that millions of Americans every day place themselves voluntarily within range of Jewish ideas of life, love and labor, within range of Jewish propaganda sometimes cleverly, sometimes clumsily concealed. This gives the Jewish masseur of the public mind all the opportunity he desires; and his only protest now is that exposure may make his game a trifle difficult.

Slapping the Gentile's Beliefs

THE Theater is Jewish not only on its managerial side, but also on its literary and professional side. More and more plays are appearing whose author, producer, star and cast are entirely Jewish. They are not great plays, they do not remain long. This is natural enough, since the Jewish theatrical interests are not seeking artistic triumphs, they are not seeking the glory of the American stage, nor are they striving to develop great actors to take the place of the old line of worthies. Not at all. Their interest is financial and racial—getting the Gentiles' money and Judaizing the Theater. There is a tremendous Judaizing movement on; the work is almost complete. Boastful articles are already beginning to appear in the Jewish press, which is always a sign.

Gentile attendants on the Theater are frequently insulted to their faces, and never know it. Recently one of the best known Jewish entertainers on the stage indulged in vulgar and sacrilegious references to Jesus Christ, whereat the Semitic portions of his audiences went into loud laughter, while the Gentiles sat blank-faced—because the remarks were in Yiddish asides!

Time after time the Jewish entertainer did that thing, and it was very plain to one who knew that the Jewish portion of the audience was enjoying the insult to the Gentiles much more than they were enjoying the well-worn humor of the entertainer's remarks. It was a great thing for them that in several important American cities they could see and hear being done under cover, and to American Gentiles, what is being done openly to Russian Gentiles.

In the audiences referred to there was probably $4,500 to $5,000 in gate money represented. Of this the Jews present, at the very highest estimate, could not have contributed more than $500. Yet the Jewish star several times slapped the religious sensibilities of the major portion of his audience under cover of Yiddish. The Theater is felt by him and his ilk to be a Jewish institution.

Down to 1885 the American Theater was still in the hands of the Gentiles. From 1885 dates the first invasion of Jewish influence. It meant the parting of the ways, and the future historian of the American Stage will describe that year with the word "Ichabod." That year marks not only the beginning of the Jewish wedge of control, but something far more important.

It is not important that managers are now Jews whereas managers were formerly Gentiles. That is not important. The importance begins with the fact that with the change of managers there came also a decline in the art and morals of the stage, and that this decline has become accelerated as the Jewish control became widened. What Jewish control means is this: that everything has been deliberately and systematically squeezed out of the American Theater except its most undesirable elements, and these undesirable elements have been exalted to the highest place of all.

"High-brow Stuff" A Jewish Slur

THE Great Age of the American Theater is past. About the time that Jewish control appeared, Sheridan, Sothern, McCullough, Madame Janauschek, Mary Anderson, Frank Mayo, John T. Raymond, began to pass off the stage. It was natural that, life being brief, they should pass at last, but the appalling fact began to be apparent that they had left no successors! Why? Because a Hebrew hand was on the stage, and the natural genius of the stage was no longer welcomed. A new form of worship was to be established.

"Shakespeare spells ruin," was the utterance of a Jewish manager. "High-brow stuff" is also a Jewish expression. These two sayings, one appealing to the managerial end, the other to the public end of the Theater, have formed the epitaph of the classic era. All that remained after the Hebrew hand fell across the Stage were a few artists who had received their training under the Gentile school—Julia Marlowe, Tyrone Power, R. D. McLean, and, a little later, Richard Mansfield, Robert Mantell, E. H. Sothern. Two of this group remain, and with Maude Adams they constitute the last flashings of an era that has gone—an era that apparently leaves no great exemplars to perpetuate it.

The present-day average of intelligence appealed to in the American Theater does not rise above 13 to 18 years. "The tired business man" stuff (another Jewish expression) has treated the theatergoing public as if it were composed of morons. The appeal is frankly to a juvenile type of mind which can be easily molded to the ideals of the Hebraic theatrical monopoly. Clean, wholesome plays—the few that remain—are supported mainly by the rapidly vanishing race of theatergoers who survive from an earlier day; the present generation has been educated by the narrowed compass of modern dramatic themes to support plays of an entirely different type. Tragedy is taboo; the play of character, with a deeper significance than would delight the mind of a child, is out of favor; the comic opera has degenerated into a flash of color and movement—a combination of salacious farce and jazz music, usually supplied by a Jewish song-writer (the great purveyors of jazz!) and the rage is for extravaganza and burlesque.

The bedroom farce has been exalted into the first place. With the exception of "Ben Hur," which is favored by Jewish producers apparently because it holds before the public a romantic picture of a Jew (a very un-Jewish Jew, by the way), the historical drama has given way to fleshly spectacles set off with overpowering scenic effects, the principal component of which is an army of girls (mostly Gentiles!) whose investment of drapery does not exceed five ounces in weight.

The Protest of "The Little Theater"

FRIVOLITY, sensuality, indecency, appalling illiteracy and endless platitude are the marks of the American stage as it approaches its degeneracy under Jewish control.

That, of course, is the real meaning of all the "Little Theater" movements which have begun in so many cities and towns in the United States. The art of the drama, having been driven out of the Theater by the Jews, is finding a home in thousands of study circles throughout the United States. The people cannot see the real plays; therefore they read them. The plays that are acted could not be read at all, for the most part, any more than the words of the jazz songs can be read; they don't mean anything. The people who want to see the real plays and cannot, because Jewish producers won't produce them, are forming little dramatic clubs of their own, in barns and churches, in schools and neighborhood halls. The drama fled from its exploiters and has found a home with its friends.

The changes which the Jews have made in the Theater, and which any half-observant theatergoer can verify with his own eyes, are four in number.

First, they have elaborated the mechanical side, making human talent and genius less necessary. They have made the stage "realistic" instead of interpretative. The great actors needed very little machinery; the men and women on the pay rolls of the Jewish managers are helpless without the machinery. The outstanding fact about the vast majority of present-day performances of any pretension is that the mechanical part dwarfs and obscures the acting, however good. And this is the reason: knowing that good actors are growing scarce, knowing that the Jewish policy is death to talent, knowing perhaps most keenly of all that good actors constitute a running charge on his revenue, the Jewish producer prefers to put his faith and his money in wood, canvas, paint, cloth and tinsel of which scenery and costumes are made. Wood and paint never show contempt for his sordid ideals and his betrayal of his trust.

And thus we have, when we go to the theater today, bursts of color, ruffles of lace and linen, waving lines and dazzling effects of light and motion—but no ideas, a great many stage employes, but very few actors. There are drills and dances without end, but no drama.

That is one influence on the American Theater which the Jew claims, and the credit for which can be given him in full. He has put in the iridescence, but he has taken out the profounder ideas. He has placed the American public in the position of being able to remember the names of plays without being able to recall what composed them. Like the "Floradora Girls," a Jewish creation, we remember the name of the group, but not of any individual in it. The Jew has done this to perfection, but no one will contend that it represents a forward step; taken by and large, it is part of a very serious and harmful retrogression.

Second, the Jews may be credited also with having introduced Oriental sensuality to the American stage. Not even the most ardent Jewish defender will deny this, for the thing is there, before the eyes of all who will see. Little by little the mark of the filthy tide has risen against the walls of the American Theater until now it is all but engulfed. It is a truism that there is more unrefined indecency in the higher class theaters today than was ever permitted by the police in the burlesque houses. The lower classes must be restrained in the vicarious exercise of their lower natures, apparently, but the wealthier classes may go the limit. The price of the ticket and the "class" of the playhouse seems to make all the difference in the world between prohibited and permissible evil.

The "Cabaret" Policy Is Jewish

IN NEW YORK, where Jewish managers are thicker than they ever will be in Jerusalem, the limit of theatrical adventuresomeness into the realm of the forbidden is being pushed further and further. Last season's spectacle of "Aphrodite" seemed to be deliberately designed as a frontal attack on the last entrenched scruple of moral conservatism. The scenes are most Oriental in their voluptuous abandonment. Men in breech-clouts, leopard skins and buckskins, women in flimsy gowns of gossamer texture, slashed to the hips, with very little besides, made a bewildering pageant whose capstone was the unveiling of a perfectly nude girl whose body had been painted to resemble marble. Save that it was all designed, and all put through on schedule, it was almost the "limit" to which such exhibitions could go in real life. Its promoter, of course, was a Jew. As an entertainment it was infantile; the splendor of its insinuations, the daring of its situations, were the fruitage of long study of the art of seducing the popular mind.

It was said when "Aphrodite" first appeared that the police had moved against it, but some held that this was a clever press-agent stunt to excite public interest in the promised pruriency. It was also said that even had the police interference been the genuine result of outraged official minds, the fact that the Jews of New York are represented in the judiciary out of all proportion to their numbers, would have rendered the Jewish producer free from interference. In any event, the piece was not molested. The sale of narcotics is illegal, but the instilling of insidious moral poison is not.

The whole loose atmosphere of "cabaret" and "midnight frolic" entertainment is of Jewish origin and importation. Mention the best known and the worst known, they are all Jewish. The runway down which less than half-dressed girls cavort, fluttering their loose finery in the faces of the spectators, is an importation from Vienna, but a Jewish creation. The abuses of the runway will not bear description here. The Paris boulevards and Montmartre have nothing at all in the

nature of lascivious entertainment that New York cannot duplicate. *BUT* neither New York nor any other American city has that *Comedie Française* which strives to counterbalance the evil of Paris.

Where have the writers for the Stage a single chance in this welter of sensuousness? Where have the actors of tragic or comic talent a chance in such productions? It is the age of the chorus girl, a creature whose mental caliber has nothing to do with the matter, and whose stage life cannot in the very nature of things be a career.

The Making of a Stage "Star"

IT IS only occasionally that a great writer for the stage, a Shaw, a Masefield, a Barrie, an Ibsen, or any Gentile writer of merit, is permitted to get as far as actual production, and then only for a short period; the stream of colored electric lighting effects, of women and tinsel closes in behind them and they are washed away, to survive in printed books among those who still know what the Theater ought to be.

A third consequence of Jewish domination of the American stage has been the appearance of "the New York star" system, with its advertising appliances. The last few years of the Theater have been marked by numerous "stars" that really never rose and certainly never shone, but which were hoisted high on the advertising walls of the Jewish theatrical syndicates in order to give the public the impression that these feeble lantern-lights were in the highest heaven of dramatic achievement.

The trick is a department store trick. It is sheer advertising strategy. The "stars" of yesterday, who did not even survive yesterday, were either the personal favorites of managers, or goods taken off the shelf and heaped into the window for the sake of giving the appearance of a new stock. In brief, whereas in normal times the public made the "star" by their acclaim, nowadays the Jewish managers determine by their advertisements who the star shall be. The "New York stamp," which frequently means nothing at all, is the one imperial sign of favor, according to the Jewish theatrical hierarchy. It is just this "New York stamp" that the rest of the country protests against; and the "little theater" movement throughout the West and Central West is a significant protest.

A Mary Anderson or a Julia Marlowe would be impossible under the Jewish system. They were disciples of art, who later became artists, and then were rightfully acclaimed as stars. But their development was a tedious process. Their fame was based on the rising approval of the people, year after year. These actresses put in season after season traveling the same circuit, learning little by little, rounding out their work. They did not have nor did they seek the "New York stamp"; they worked first for the approval of the people of "the provinces," which is the contemptuous Jewish term for the rest of the United States. There was, however, no Jewish dictatorship of the Theater when Mary Anderson and Julia Marlowe were building their art and careers; which throws a light on the reason for there being no Mary Andersons or Julia Marlowes coming up to the succession.

The Jew seeks immediate success in all but racial affairs. In this breakdown of the Gentile Theater, the process cannot be too swift for him. The training of artists takes time. It is far simpler to have the advertising bills serve as a substitute and, as the itinerant faker-dentist had a brass band blare loud enough to drown the anguished cries of his victims, so the Jewish manager seeks to divert attention from the dramatic poverty of the Theater by throwing confetti, limbs, lingerie and spangles dazzlingly into the eyes of his audience.

These three results of Jewish control in the Theater are all explainable by a fourth; the secret of the serious change which has occurred since 1885 is found in the Jewish tendency to commercialize everything it touches. The focus of attention has been shifted from the Stage to the box office. The banal policy of "give the public what they want" is the policy of the panderer, and it entered the American Theater with the first Jewish invasion.

About 1885 two alert Jews established in New York a so-called booking agency and offered to take over the somewhat cumbersome system by which managers of theaters in St. Louis, Detroit or Omaha arranged engagements of attractions for their houses for the ensuing season. The old process involved extensive correspondence with producing managers in the East and many local managers were obliged to spend several months in New York to make up a season's bookings. The advantages were that the booking agency, supplied with a list of the "open dates" of the houses they represented, were able to lay out a complete season's itinerary, or "route," for a traveling company and enabled the producer of a play to spend his vacation at the seashore instead of passing the sultry midseason in New York, while the local manager was saved the trouble of much writing or even a trip East, and was content to let the booking concern attend to all details and send him his next season's bookings when completed.

The Origin of the Booking Trust

IN THIS manner was laid the foundation of the later-day Theatrical Trust. The booking firm was that of Klaw & Erlanger, the former a young Jew from Kentucky who had studied law, but drifted into theatrical life as an agent; the latter a young Jew from Cleveland with little education but with experience as an advance agent.

The booking system was not of their devising. They borrowed the idea from Harry C. Taylor, who had established a sort of theatrical exchange where producers and local managers could meet, desks being provided them at a small rental, and who took over the booking in the smaller cities, without foreseeing—but probably scorning—the opportunity thus placed in his hands to club the whole theatrical world into submission to his dictates.

With characteristic shrewdness Klaw & Erlanger elaborated the idea they had borrowed from Taylor, opened competition against the latter and enlisted the support of a number of young Jewish advance agents who were beginning to recognize the lucrative opportunities which the theatrical profession afforded. Prominent among their earliest supporters was Charles Frohman, employed by J. H. Haverley. His brother, Daniel, had been business manager for the Mallorys at the Madison Square Theater since 1881, and though the Frohmans stand out in relief from the background of the *Polish Jewish* influence on the theater, they found it to their advantage to co-operate with the booking firm and subsequently became prominent members of the Trust.

The Drama Becomes Merchandise

THE establishment of the Jewish booking agency system is the key to the whole problem of the decline of the American stage. The old booking system had the enormous advantage of the personal touch in the relationship between manager and company, and made possible the development of genius in accordance with the organic laws which determine its nurture, growth and fruition. Except in its highest form, acting is not an art; but heaven-born genius is no more vocal in an Edwin Booth without long training than a Bonaparte is necessarily a world conqueror without the technique of the artillery school. These two thoughts have the utmost bearing on giving the Jews the control of the theater.

There being no "syndicate," no pooling, among the Gentile managers of the 80's, they presented their stars or other attractions at rival theaters in competition as individual offerings, and at the end of a reasonable New York run, not forced for "road consumption," took their companies on a tour of the country. The manager's whole investment was probably tied up in his enterprise. He thus became a part of his group of artists, sharing their hardships of travel, their joys and sorrows. If business was good they shared the satisfaction; if otherwise, it was sink or swim for one as well as the other. In those days much was heard about troupes traveling "on their trunks." The stories were not exaggerated, but life had its better side, too. The manager and the actor were daily companions; there was a mutual absorption of ideas; the manager learned to know and appraise the "artistic temperament"—which is a tangible asset when not a form of artificial grouch or congenital ill-nature—and to respect the actor's point of view, while, reciprocally, the actor was able to place himself in the manager's position and to get his point of view from close personal affiliation.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Correspondence from Russia says that a split is appearing between the Jewish Bolshevists and their dupes, with a most curious cause. The Russians claim that the Jewish Soviet Government is secretly encouraging anti-Jewish pogroms, for which the Russian groups know that afterward they will be blamed. This alleged encouragement by official Jews of a movement against the Jews, is not by any means new in history. The Jewish leaders have always known how to make the best of "anti-Semitism." That is the reason why they work so desperately in the United States to make their people believe that any mention whatever of the Jewish Problem is "anti-Semitism." But the only reasonable explanation that now occurs to account for the alleged anti-Semitism of the Jewish Bolshevists is this: Soviet Russia is probably near its downfall. A graceful way out—from the Jewish-Bolshevist point of view—would be a wholesale rising of the Russian people against the Jews. This would bring European intervention, and—note the irony of it—a Europe that would not do anything for the Russian people will rush to help the Jews. Thus, with Russia's wealth sucked dry, the Bolshevik leaders will slip safely away, as they always do, and the whole thing will go up in smoke, attributable to "anti-Semitism."

Esther Rachel Kaminsky, a well-known Jewish actress, recently returned to Warsaw after two years' sojourn in Russia and Ukrainia. She told the reporters that in Soviet Russia artists were treated as "privileged proletarians" and that the Bolshevik officials offered her good terms if she would play for them. Miss Kaminsky preferred, however, to act on her own hook. She met with great success and was well treated everywhere.

There are some 18,000 Jews living within the borders of the newly created kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, commonly referred to as Jugo-Slavia. This is about ten times the Jewish population of pre-war Serbia. Colonel Abraham Baruch, who served with distinction in the Serbian Army, is now military governor of Sarajevo, where the bullet of an assassin exploded the passions that resulted in the World War. When on a recent ceremonial occasion the heads of the various churches in Sarajevo including the Jewish rabbi, called upon him with greetings, Colonel Baruch responded: "I am going to answer you briefly; 'Leshono Ha-booh b'Jerushalem'."

"Commissioner of Internal Revenue Williams has just issued instructions that hereafter rabbis desiring wine must first satisfy the state prohibition director that "the quantity applied for is not excessive." In other words, the expected has happened. The Eighteenth Amendment allows wine to be used for sacramental purposes, and the efforts of the government to interpret this religious permission in a liberal manner has been turned into license. In San Francisco, the abuse of the wine privilege was so shocking that prominent Jews recently interfered to stop a traffic which damaged the fair name of Judaism in that city. A rabbi, last summer, was offered $500 a month by a firm, provided he would move to San Francisco and sign his applications in favor of that liquor concern. Reform Jews are quite willing to use grape juice instead of wine. If orthodox Jews still insist on the tradition of wine, let them also insist that the permission to use wine, which our government allows, be not turned into a money-making scheme for a few Jews, to the shame of the great majority."—Dr. Rudolph I. Coffee, in Chicago *Sentinel*.

"Though we Jews do not meddle in international politics (!)," says the editor of a Chicago Jewish paper, "we certainly rejoice at the breaking down of the White Terror in Russia. All its leaders, Korniloff, Kalidine, Koltchak, Denikin, Yudenitch and Wrangel, have picked out the Jews as their scapegoat . . . . The pogroms in the Ukraine will completely stop when the few bandits like Balkowitsch and Machno still roaming around the country will be rounded up by the Soviet forces and annihilated." This certainly is clear as to which side in Russia commands the sympathy and support of American Jewry.

The Chicago *Forward*, of December 21, has an article on the industrial situation, in which occur the following passages:

"The workman cannot wait until the abolition of the capitalistic system is an accomplished fact. The number of laborers who are out of work grows with every day, so something has to be done by the workmen's class.

"The associated *Jewish trade workers*, of Chicago, are therefore doing a good thing in behalf of the workmen by calling *on the 26th of December a meeting* of all trade unions, branches of workmen's clubs and socialistic organizations. Many single workmen and also whole organizations go around with plans to better the present condition by production organizations and the like. Only a conference of the whole labor movement can bring light in deciding what can be done in the present situation. It is therefore essential that all labor organizations shall be interested in the question of lack of work, that they help discuss it in that meeting, and that they send delegates to that important conference, which is called by the United Jewish trade organizations, of Chicago."

The restrictions on immigration into Palestine imposed by the government of Sir Herbert Samuel have aroused much protest among Jews in England and on the Continent. Such radical factions as the Poalei Zion, the Zerei Zion and all those who look to Israel Zangwill as their leader are especially fierce in their denunciation of the measure. They point out that these restrictions are arbitrary and despotic in nature and more severe than the immigration restrictions of the United States or Canada. These factions further charge that the Zionist Organization has misled the Jewish people by making it believe for a long time that the British Government had handed over to it the entire control of immigration and emigration, while it now transpires that the British Government retains full and exclusive control of all such matters. It is said that if Palestine is really to be the "Jewish homeland" in Mr. Balfour's historic phrase, then no Jew should be excluded or expelled from the country, no matter what his sins of omission or commission may be. The whole controversy discloses ticklish possibilities in Sir Herbert Samuel's position as a zealous Zionist on the one hand and as a loyal British pro-consul on the other.

Metal That Defies the Melting Pot

What the Government Officially Thinks of Some of the Immigrants:

THE non-British aliens who obtain vises consist chiefly of Poles and Polish Jews, who have large families, and generally are engaged in the garment trade. They are an undesirable class of immigrant, as they live almost entirely in large cities, particularly New York.

It is estimated that persons waiting for vises at the present time will be in excess of 400 per diem. At least 350,000 Polish Jews and Poles are preparing to proceed to the United States during the current year. Some estimates place the total at 500,000 and 1,000,000 as the number of persons who may emigrate. This is due to filtration of persons from the newly acquired territory of Poland.

Restriction of emigration from Poland is highly desirable because of the unassimilable character of the large majority of the emigrants and because of the immediate danger of their carrying contagious diseases now prevailing in that country.

Excerpts from an official Department of State report, dated December 11, 1920, submitted at the request of Representative Albert Johnson, chairman, Committee on Immigration, House of Representatives.

THE discomforts the immigrants were suffering at overcrowded Ellis Island rather than the perils they brought the nation were the inspirations of the attention first directed toward the incoming hordes last summer. But attention once directed toward the Ellis Island situation could not fail to focus on the undesirability of the quality of the immigrants.



The New York port's accommodations were taxed to the limit in handling immigration as early as last June. Since then, instead of decreasing, the immigration tide has increased. In July, 83,959 persons were admitted to the country. In August, immigrants totaled 86,500. In September the total was approximately 98,400. In October the 100,000 mark was passed.

How extensive is the immigration likely to become? is the natural inquiry.

The answer was best stated in the report of the House Immigration Committee filed with the proposed bill for drastically limiting the tide of incomers. So alarming did the great majority of the committee view the present situation that they reported the proposed bill favorably on the opening day of the short session of Congress and asked the House to limit debate to four hours and pass it immediately.

If there were in existence a ship that could hold 3,000,000 human beings, the 3,000,000 Jews of Poland would board it to escape to America.

The committee's report on the Jewish situation shows their comprehension that the immigration problem is one of races rather than numbers. The class legislation inhibition in American law, however, prevents exclusion of the undesirables from the racial standpoint, so the committee was obliged to go to the length of urging almost total exclusion of all immigrants. But of the matter of remedies for immigration evils, discussion will be had later.



In the House Committee's report, attention is paid to the volume and class of immigrants coming into the country. It is pointed out that all countries contribute to the flood, but that Jews form a majority of the newcomers.

These conclusions agree with the information offered by Ellis Island officials and variously presented by observers during recent months.

Statistics of the Immigration Department at Washington for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920, show that the net increase in foreign-born population was approximately 200,000, of which about 16,000 were listed as Hebrews. This discrepancy from statements regarding the Jewish rush of immigrants is due to two facts, first that many Jews were listed under the names of other nationalities and second, that the big rush from Danzig and other Jewish centers began this summer, at the close of the fiscal year.

The Ellis Island immigrants include a few from the United Kingdom and the Scandinavian countries, even fewer from France and Holland, and practically none from Russia. Spaniards and Portuguese are fairly numerous, but until comparatively recently emigration to the countries of Southeastern Europe more than counterbalanced immigration from those lands.

Outside of relatively insignificant numbers of immigrants from small nations, this cataloging leaves to consider:

Jewish immigration
Central European immigration
Italian immigration.



In theory, immigration is forbidden from Germany and Austria, as it is impossible from isolated Russia. In fact, however, vast numbers of immigrants are coming into the country who until they left for this land had never been on soil other than that which belonged to the German and Austro-Hungarian empires prior to the armistice.

There is perhaps a little grim humor in this fact that we exclude immigrants from countries with which we are still theoretically at war, while we welcome freely un-warlike immigrants from the same lands.



Persons who visit Ellis Island comment with surprise on the fact that German is the language they hear most frequently. The explanation is simple. The partitioning by the Peace Conference of the Central Empires placed many sections under new governments. Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and several other new nations sprang up. From these lands come Jews who speak only German or Hungarian. While our government has not ratified and recognized the Versailles Treaty as making a peace with the Central Empires, still we treat as nations the governments that treaty set up and are therefore able to admit immigrants from them.

Poland is the country which furnishes the largest proportion of immigrants. They are with few exceptions Jews. Some, it is true, have always lived in parts of the German Empire which still remain under control of the German Republic, but with ready consciences they have been able to tell the American consuls at the port of embarkation that they are Poles, Czechs, Slovenes, or what not.

Thus it is that the country is filling up with thousands of German-speaking Jews, while millions of Teutons of the same stock that forms a large part of the Anglo - Saxon - Celtic - Teuton backbone of the country, are excluded.



Frederick A. Wallis, immigration commissioner, recently announced that several millions of Germans were eager to come into this country as soon as peace was concluded. Their scruples which forbid them to claim a nationality other than their own seem to bar their entrance, however, while their Jewish next-door neighbors continue to come in droves.

Poland is the place from which the great proportion of immigration is coming. Warsaw is the center of the movement. Danzig is the port of embarkation.

A few years before the war, Poles furnished a large percentage of the immigration. Immigration of persons of Polish extraction is light now, although government statistics hereafter will probably indicate the contrary. Many of the Jews call themselves Poles. the continuance by the Polish Government of a large standing army is a cause of the comparative smallness of Polish immigration.

Jews are taking advantage of the state of war with Germany and Austria, the Russian isolation, and the large standing armies in Poland and other countries, to occupy every bit of available space on the ocean liners bound for America.

"There are 250,000 Jews in Warsaw, determined to get into the United States," said Ole Hansen, former mayor of Seattle who returned a few weeks ago from an investigation in Europe. The House Committee's estimate of three millions followed early in December.

Italian immigration, next to the Jewish, is the largest with which the authorities have to deal. It is not the same quality as that of the Jews but it, too, presents a problem.

Officials at Ellis Island say that the Jews entering the country are with rare exceptions of a very low type. Dispatches which have seeped into the country from Warsaw indicate that the Poles believe the emigration to America is gradually ridding their country of the worst type of Jew, however bad some of those remaining may be.



"TYPES"

The Italian immigration, as distinguished from the Jewish, is viewed by the immigration officers as largely productive. The incoming Jew who will add productive impulse to the country is the rarity; the incoming Italian who will not is the rarity. That refers to the present status. It is reported that 3,000,000 Italians are awaiting opportunities to come to this country. It may well be that in that great number there will be many undesirables.

At present, however, the Italians returning consist of Italian reservists, whose character may be judged by the fact that they returned voluntarily to their country on the outbreak of the war. In addition there are the wives and children of Italians now in the country. These latter are, of course, for the time being burdens on the productivity of the country. But it is assumed that the children growing up under American institutions may be expected to become good citizens.

But there is a problem presented by the Italian immigrant—perhaps it would be better to say the Sicilian, Neapolitan, or Calabrian immigrant. From these districts there have come the banditti who have terrorized the foreign sections of New Orleans, Chicago, New York, St. Louis, Detroit and other cities in years back. They furnish the "sawed-off shotgun" gangs.

Periodical outbreaks of these warring elements, call them the Mafia, the black hand, or what you will, have resulted from trade jealousies and blackmail operations. Police in the cities in which epidemics of killings have occurred have without notable exception been powerless to check the feudist murders.

The exclusion of these professional outlaws who live by a code of their own and in defiance of American law is a matter of selection and investigation. Immigration laws give the authorities power to exclude known criminals, but the necessity of proof makes the law practically worthless.

The Jew immigration problem, therefore, is viewed by the Ellis Island authorities as a racial exclusion problem; the Italian exclusion problem is considered a matter of individual investigation and selection. Immigration officers have long cherished the suspicion that European police forces have encouraged and aided their criminal classes to come to the United States.

American law provides no means of investigation of the character of immigrants except such as can be made by inquiry at the port of entry. American consuls, rushed with demands for passports, can only see that the formal printed questions on the application blanks are asked; they have no way of checking up each applicant's record in the community from which he comes. The viséing of passports is therefore little more than a formality. Some countries have regular investigation agencies working in countries from which immigration comes, and each applicant's record is closely scrutinized before he is allowed to sail.

One other matter should be considered before the question of the remedy for the immigration evil is considered. This is the ability of the agencies the United States possesses to cope with the great tide of newcomers.

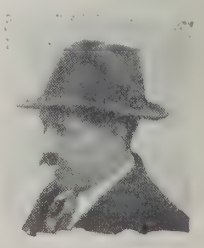
Newspaper articles for several months have pointed out the inadequacy of Ellis Island facilities to care for the great numbers of steerage passengers who enter the country.

There is no question of the truth of these articles. Solutions to the problem have been largely confined to suggestions of the establishment of more immigration stations and the enlarging of the inspecting force.

At Ellis Island, however, from the overworked officials who are on the job from early morning until late at night there is another suggestion voiced with unanimity. It is:

"Cut down the immigration."

The Ellis Island inspectors are experienced, and in most cases able men who have retained their jobs at rather low scales of pay because of real interest in the work they are carrying on. Their ability to perform the work has been unquestioned.



They are a rather despondent lot just at present, partially because of overwork, but more largely because of the futility of much of their work.

Applicants for admission to the United States pass rigid medical and physical tests and are then examined as to their mentality under the literacy law. Immigration inspectors working sincerely have been lenient in their requirements. But they have felt that their duty called for the exclusion of undesirables. They have so recommended.

But in seven out of ten cases, the persons whom the immigration board asked be kept out of the country as menaces appeals to the Secretary of Labor have overruled the board. Last year only 2,777 immigrants were rejected finally and only 111 of these failed because of the literacy test.

Appeals to sympathy, political pleas and other reasons of similar nature, have contributed to the action of the appeal official in admitting the all too few thousands the local Ellis Island board ruled were unfit to associate with American citizens.

The matter of proposed remedies and the possibility of effectuating them will be taken up in the third and last article of this series.

Yaqui, Last Indians to Yield, Turn to Peace

After 400 Years of Warfare, Lay Down Knives to Pick Up Hoes

By H. H. DUNN

THE last tribe of Indians of North America, and the last but two in the New World, has yielded to the march of civilization, and, after nearly 400 years of constant warfare against the whites, laid down its knives to pick up shovels and hoes, and turned in its rifles in exchange for tractors and harrows. The tribe, which still numbers somewhat more than 3,000 individuals, is the Yaqui, who have held their mountain valleys and villages in the state of Sonora, in the northwest corner of Mexico, against all comers ever since they arrived there, supposedly in the Athapascan migration, possibly later, but certainly before the coming of the Spanish *Conquistadores,* in 1520, for these Iberian adventurers found the Yaqui a powerful tribe, whom neither they nor their Mexican successors in the Land of *Mañana* have been able to subdue.

Yet, this fall, the Yaqui "elder men," led by Chief Mori, went voluntarily to Hermosillo, the capital of the Mexican state of Sonora, and there bound themselves by treaty, not only to forego their raids on the Mexican villages of the coast and to permit exploration of their country by geologists and mineralogists, but also to send their young men and women with such of the older ones as may wish to go, to the reservation set apart for them at Potam, Sonora, on which the Mexican Government is now erecting buildings for their use, and installing the latest agricultural machinery for their use in a farm demonstration school. Later, it is announced by the Sonoran Government, a general industrial school will be established there, teaching mechanical trades as well as farming.

In addition to this reservation and school, the Yaqui have been given permanent hereditary titles to all the domain they now occupy in the mountains of the headquarters of the Yaqui and Mayo and Fuerte rivers, with preference in the filing on any and all government lands they may wish to take up, especially in the cases of those who have no title or right to any of the tribal lands. The Yaqui agree to furnish 200 young men annually for training in the Mexican federal army, each year's quota to be released from its enlistment at the expiration of three years' service. The government pledges itself to send no armed expeditions to enforce any of its laws, but to leave the policing of the tribe—except those on the Potam reservation—to the council of elder men of the tribe. Where disputes arise between families of the tribe which this council finds itself unable to settle, a regularly established court from the state of Sonora will go to the Yaqui territory and, sitting there, render judgment, to which the Yaqui bind themselves to submit.

In return for the surrender of some 2,000 Mauser and other modern rifles, which the Yaqui have taken in their raids, the government furnishes hunting rifles and ammunition, not to exceed 1,000, estimated to be the number of men and boys who will hunt. The government also agrees to furnish every adult male Yaqui, head of a family, who will agree to cultivate faithfully a tract of land, a team of mules, wagon, seed and such farming implements as he may need, at cost, the Indian to pay for them in long-time yearly payments. Some 300 Indians already have asked for this equipment.

The story of this surrender—which carries the memory back to the days of the Five Nations, and follows down to Geronimo's last outbreak and arrest—was brought to the United States by the first Yaqui ever to come to this country on a mission of peace. He is Captain Cajeme Mori, son of the ruling chief of the Yaqui, who arrived in New Orleans, on his way to the agricultural demonstration stations in the sugar, cotton and rice districts of Louisiana, and the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, to study farming methods and the use of modern agricultural machinery.

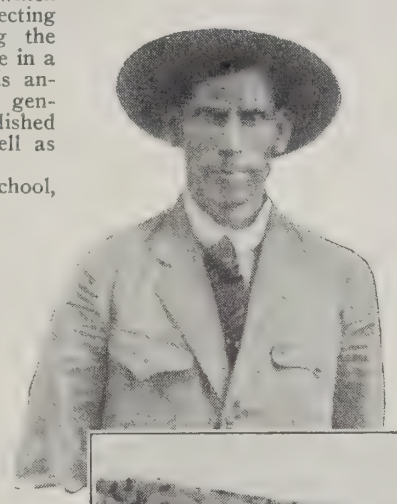
Captain Mori, who has been for five years on the staff of General Plutarco Elias-Calles, former governor of the state of Sonora, and one of the leaders in the recent revolution which established a new government in Mexico, was largely instrumental in bringing his father and the Yaqui tribesmen to bend their knees to civilization, but he gives all the credit for the peace treaty to General Alvaro Obregon and to General Elias-Calles.

A tall, thin man, with the long face and black eyes of the Navajo, and the high cheek bones of the Brule Sioux is Captain Mori, and his Spanish crackles like the mesquite pods of his native Sonora when the fire sweeps the prairie, in decided contrast to the liquid, elided syllables of the Mexican.

"The cry of all Mexico," he said, "is, 'Let us have peace.' It is natural that the mass of the people, who have been at war among themselves for only ten years, should be weary of war, but sometimes it seems impossible for me to believe that my people, who have been fighting some invader or another for four centuries or more, should have made peace as they did, without a battle, solely on the word of one or two men in whom they had confidence.

"But they signed it, and now the many pages of Mexican history stained with deportations, small wars, raids, forays and massacres, appear to have been turned to the fertile fields swept clean for the plow by the scythe of the machete and the machine-gun. Ever since white men came to the New World, there has been trouble with the Yaqui, that branch of the great Ataplascan migration which halted—both actually in point of movement, and in point of progress in civilization—in the mountains of Western Mexico more than ten centuries ago. Discussion of the rights and wrongs of the quarrel is beside the question, now that peace has been made, but the first historical mention of the Yaqui is in the sixteenth century, when the first band of *Conquistradores* came into what is now Sonora. After continuous small wars, the first treaty was made when Don Francisco Ybarra brought my people, nominally, under the Spanish crown.

"One hundred and thirty years passed, a long period of broken agreements, and in 1740 another treaty of peace was signed, and a battalion of Yaqui soldiers, incorporated, just the same as now, in the governmental army, tried to bind the wild race to the royal rulers. This peace, however, did not last long, for the Yaqui demanded absolute control of their tribal lands in the Yaqui River Valley, and, failing to get this, again took to the warpath. In 1768 there was an outbreak which exceeded any preceding it, and the war lasted three years, when, both sides being exhausted and the forces of the crown far from their base, peace was concluded, which lasted until 1781.



Captain Cajeme Mori, son of Chief Mori, of the Yaqui Indians, who tells the story of the peace his tribe has signed.

"During this period of quiet, towns sprang up in the Yaqui River Valley, and plantations blossomed all over the lower part of Sonora. Gradually, the Yaqui saw their lands slipping away from them, and once more they began war, without warning. Within the next year, they destroyed more than a score of towns and villages, virtually all of which, except Altar and Alamos, are still in ruins, the white people having feared to rebuild them during all the 140 years which have succeeded since that time. Concepción and San Pedro, two of the towns destroyed, had about 5,000 inhabitants each, and were the largest towns at that time in Sonora.



The first meeting of the Yaqui peace delegates and the agents of the state government of Sonora on the lagoon near Empalme, just outside Guaymas. The Yaqui are on the extreme right.

"Up to 1832, warfare was intermittent, but constant, not a year going by without its foray by the Yaqui, or an expedition against them by federal forces of the many governments which alternately ruled in Mexico. The fight against the Spanish governors was transferred, whole-heartedly, and with the unanimous consent of the tribe, to their successors of the Mexican Government, when the nation won its independence from Spain, and continued until the powerful General Jose Urrea patched up another peace treaty, which held until the French invasion. Internal quarrels kept so many troops in the field that no further attempt was made to take lands from the Yaqui, and they remained quietly in the Yaqui River Valley, mere watchers of the conflict for state control on the plains and in the valleys below.

"In 1860, however, the Yaqui again went on the warpath, and stayed there until after Mexico had disposed of Maximilian and the Napoleonic dream of New World Empire, and a governor appointed by Benito Juarez had taken his seat in Arizpe, then capital of Sonora. General Ambrosio Pesquiera, who had almost as many 'ups-and-downs' as Francisco Villa, being one day dictator and the next day revolutionist, obtained a treaty with the Yaqui, but the coming of Francisco Serna to supersede Pesquiera ended that period of peace, and small combats continued until 1894, when the best-remembered of all the Yaqui outbreaks took place, to continue, to all practical intents and purposes, until May, 1920.

"Thousands in Sonora, and hundreds along the United States border of that state have cause to remember that 'Twenty-six Years' War,' as it is still known in Mexico. It was led, on the part of the Yaqui, by Cajeme Mori, shrewdest, but, at the same time, most implacable and most cruel of all the Yaqui against the whites. One factor which maintained the failure of the federal government to bring peace, was the alternation of Ramon Corral, afterward vice president of Mexico, and General Luis E. Torres, as governors of Sonora. Corral sought peace by granting the demands of the Yaqui; Torres held fast to a policy of extermination. Thousands of Yaqui men were deported to Yucatana, Quintana Roo and other distant parts of Mexico, under Torres' direction, while, when Corral ruled in Hermosillo, lands and money were given the Yaqui. No permanent result could have been expected from such an arrangement, and none developed.

"When, succeeding Torres, Mayotorena became governor, conditions went from bad to worse, for Mayotorena had neither the conciliatory attitude of Corral nor the iron hand of Torres, but vacillated, from day to day, between the two, while Mexico herself was so torn by the Madero, Orozco, Zapata, Villa, Carranza and other lesser revolutionary movements that the government forces, neither in numbers, morale nor spirit, were able to cope with the determined and vengeful Yaqui. Through this period, however, two men had been rising slowly to considerable strength in Western Mexico—Alvaro Obregon in Sinaloa, and Plutarco Elias-Calles in Sonora. The former made personal friends of the Yaqui chiefs, and when he became military governor of Sonora let them alone, merely repulsing their raids, sometimes swooping down on them just as they were preparing to start a raid, but never molesting them while they remained quiet, on their own lands. They began to respect Obregon, then to fear him, and, finally to admire him, as a man who, as you Americans say, always 'beat them to it.'

"General Elias-Calles succeeded General Obregon as governor of Sonora in 1917, but, largely because the Yaqui did not know him personally, he was unable to arrange a peace, though the forays became much less destructive, and further apart. Meanwhile, General Obregon, who was even then preparing for his own revolutionary movement, incorporated a regiment of Yaqui soldiers into his army, and invited me to represent the Yaqui on his staff. After three conferences with my father, Chief Mori, in which Obregon came alone and unattended to my father's headquarters on the upper Yaqui River, my father consented, and 600 Yaqui youths, with me, joined the state army of Sonora at Hermosillo. We soon learned that General Obregon was, even then, a vital influence in Mexican affairs, and to us it seemed that he was destined to take an even more important place. Naturally, we communicated this to the leaders of our people, with the result that a series of conferences were held, culminating in the recent visit of my father to Hermosillo, where the treaty of peace was signed.



General Plutarco Elias-Calles, former governor of Sonora, with whom the Yaqui signed their recent peace treaty.

"Under this treaty, the Yaqui retain all their lands. The schools of Sonora are opened to them free of all charge, even for such books as they may need. Another regiment of Yaqui young men has been taken into the federal army, and those who remained on the reservation have been allowed to retain their arms. An agricultural demonstration station is being established at Potam, about midway between Empalme, the Sud Pacific junction just outside Guaymas, and Navajoa, farther to the south. Here buildings are being erected for homes for the married men and living quarters for the single men, and all who wish will be taught how to farm the lands which have been set apart permanently for them. There is already a settlement of nearly 800 Yaqui at Potam, and the other Yaqui settlements, in which live now some 2,200 more of my people, are sending their younger element to learn at the Potam schools and farms. My father has firmly assured me that, so long as he is chief of the tribe, there will be no further trouble, and, as I am entitled to succeed him, I have assured the Mexican Government that I will continue his policy.

"Not only is this the best thing possible for my people, but it removes at once from the thousands of acres of fertile but uncultivated lands in Sonora and Northern Sinaloa the one menace which has kept them from being another California—the constant danger of raids by the Yaqui. Two large irrigation and farming projects in these two states, operated by Americans, which never have been able to attract American farmers to their lands because of these raids, but now I expect to see American farms, villages and towns, and, best of all, American agricultural methods, established throughout both states."

The Wood Hollow Papers

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

This is the first of a number of wild life studies which will be made for The Dearborn Independent by Mr. Lincoln. We feel that "The Wood Hollow Papers" will prove a charming addition to the several unique features of this weekly.

IT IS strange, now that I think of it, I do not recall ever having seen the smaller members of the family of woodpeckers (in which we find the hairy and the downy woodpeckers) engaged in killing insects on the ground; indeed the few times I have seen any of these trunk working birds actually on the ground have been around the trees wherein I have established feed boxes—for these industrious little fellows are not above accepting some few choice sunflower seeds to round out and top off a meal composed of insect fare. Where some seeds have fallen to the ground I have seen them leave the tree trunks, descending to pick them up.

During the summer I have never witnessed a hairy or a downy woodpecker on the ground. But the same is hardly true of the golden-winged woodpecker, commonly known as the flicker. While it is well fitted by nature for tree work, like all members of the species, still ants constitute its principal fare. If you have ever witnessed a flicker delving and probing in an ant hole you have witnessed animation headed with a capital A. I recall with a smile the first time I had the honor of seeing this beautiful bird at this strange task of filling up on ants. My first glance showed me the flicker, but what he was engaged in doing was a mystery. He was energetically teetering up and down with his head. I saw his bill driven into the ground until I felt sure that the bill and everything back of it would soon be relentlessly imprisoned. Later, when he had flown I went to the place and by digging down I discovered that it was an ant hole the fellow had been enlarging, and it required but the putting of one and one together to ascertain the reason. Some time later I obtained a specimen of this variety of bird from a youthful scamp who had slain it with a sling shot made from the inner tube of a bicycle tire—and upon cutting open the stomach and studying the contents I discovered to my amazement that it was quite full of large ants. Observation in later years has given me reason to believe that this member of the woodpecker family is one of the deadliest enemies of the ants.

All of the winter birds are expressly fond of suet. I have fastened some parts of this delectable bird food (so easily acquired) to the tree outside the kitchen door and more in the oak by the shed. In the black oak by the door I have hung up three heads of sunflower seeds, and in the protected box by the shed I have placed the shelled seeds. The birds visit the boxes and the suet, coming from miles around, it would seem, and when they have had their fill proceed to the trees to fill up again on the insect mites and eggs which they consume in such vast quantities. Men who profess to have an illuminating inner knowledge of just how many insects a bird can do away with in one day, or in a given hour, assure me that the little black-capped chickadee consumes the mere matter of five thousand plant-lice eggs in one hour. This does not surprise me in the least. Sufficient in itself to say that from a careful watch of these vivacious little feathered bundles of joy I can truly add my confirmation to the above estimate. There is hardly one bird that puts in more time on the trees in the winter than the chickadee.

I can always tell when a stranger puts in his appearance at my feed box. There may have been silence before one or two seeds have been pecked open and the meats gobbled down, but immediately thereafter a jocund voice will break upon the wintry stillness that would cause most any one to turn. The feeling of surprise and unutterable delight upon finding such select morsels of food within so easy reach no doubt tickles the wee, small chickadee soul through and through. Then they will at once "give thanks" by pouring out a most ridiculous burble of music, turning around the limb in flighty exuberance; and even standing on their ears—if I may be permitted to say. I have now come to believe that the visitants at my bird box not only sing sweeter songs but I am sure there is not one tree on the place that has not been pickpocketed and fleeced of its insect life.

Invariably it is the blithsome song of *chick-a-dee-dee-dee* that you hear issuing from this little fellow with probably a *dee-dee* softly thereafter as though the measure were not quite complete without these later admissions. But occasionally this night-crowned minstrel of the snow-lands will pipe forth a whistling note or two so infinitely sweet that one pauses in his footsteps, half turning to see if it is possible that the sound is of the earth, or if, inadvertently, the doors of heaven have been left ajar. But it is then that you see that winsome sprite up there in the tree, winking his eye at you, as if saying: "Fooled you, did I? Ha-ha, thought I would!"

The chickadee specializes in the destruction of the cankerworm moth. It makes short shrift of both the female and of the eggs that later become the so-called "measuring worm," the deadliest foe of the trees in spring and early summer. The moth progeny, however, is but one of the food elements that the chickadee is after. It will pry out bark and scale insects, grubs and borers and tree lice in great quantities. The kinglet is perhaps one of the most thorough insect killers that we have among the winter birds, in that it diligently works over every inch of a limb and leaves no recess or crevice uninvestigated. Nevertheless, the chickadee is a close second; a competitor that is neck to neck with that thumb-long, golden-capped protector of the pines.

The hairy woodpecker (a familiar winter bird) is always busy ministering to the welfare of man. As a clan they have little to say, but in a material way they give a good account of themselves. I am of the belief that the brown creeper, the hairy woodpecker and the downy woodpecker are the true protectors of the apple orchards, with, of course, the chickadees working in collaboration: while the chickadees are set to work on the limbs the other three feathered investigators are busy on the trunks. Just so is apportioned the tasks in nature; as though each were given a duty to fulfill, which is done with exactness and unfailing faith. Millions of dollars are spent annually in preparations with which the fruit trees are sprayed, but were these birds encouraged to come to the orchards by the putting up of seed boxes and half-pound pieces of suet arranged here and there at convenient places the amount of good coming as a result could hardly be estimated. Apple trees in the winter contain the millions of eggs of insects that will rise like a scourge in the early summer when the leaves come forth. The time to destroy them is in the winter when they can be "nipped in the bud" at their very inception. To make an orchard a point of attraction by the setting up of feed boxes and tying suet to the limbs is to draw numbers of birds to that location. Fear not; they will not be dependent upon the seeds for their livelihood. They will feed a little on them and then instead of flying away will start in to investigate into the inner mysteries of the bark cells of the near-by trees where the tenacious insect life holds out.

The hairy woodpecker has whitish underparts with darkish upperparts. The wings are barred with white, and there is a white stripe above the eyes; likewise a white stripe under the eyes. There is a whitish stripe upon the back that identifies him.

Dryobates villosus (which is his Latin name) has a little mate, devoid of many of the markings that he possesses; for she is clothed in a demure brown coloration. This mate is received with the utmost care and attention in the summer, during the mating season, but just how scandalously he treats the mate in the winter is understood from the fact that he will make himself a den-hole with the utmost care in some convenient tree, even to lining it with choice woodland "fabrics," and will there take up winter quarters. But the mate must care for herself; probably roosting in the doorway should she be afraid of the dark. However, there is reason to believe that she, too, makes herself a winter nest. It has often been a matter of concern with me as I lay in bed at night (and especially on very cold and snappy nights) how the birds are faring. Returning home one evening in the gray, chilly dusk in late November it was my luck to notice a hairy woodpecker enter a knot-hole in the side of a tree, and since he did not come out again while I waited it was my opinion that he had "gone to roost." The next day I scaled the tree with much labor and peered in and my suspicions were proved to be borne out, for there was a nest within warm enough to baffle the most harassing gale.

(Continued next week)

Fur Farming of the Fox Ranches of Prince Edward Island

Concluded from page 3

ranchers have organized the Prince Edward Island Fox Breeders Association and have drawn up regulations to govern the classification of foxes. All the best grades are now pedigreed and classified as eligible for registration under Class A—the highest—in the record book kept by the association.

As long as the London fur market, which was the greatest in the world, was open, pelts were easily disposed of by auction at the seasonal sales held there. The prices being very satisfactory the farmers were content with the system. But when the London market was shut down, prices of pelts fell heavily and it became imperative to find new markets. There was a great demand in the United States but the conditions of marketing were very different. In London the fur auctions were open but in the United States the directors of the auctions were often also dealers and price rigging was not unknown. The fox farmers soon found that attempts to sell individually in the new market would bring poor results. So the Fox Breeders Association decided to form a fur sales board with an energetic manager in charge. Many ranchers bound themselves to sell their pelts only through it. It conducted some propaganda to dissipate prejudices against farm-bred pelts and met with excellent success in the fur markets of St. Louis and New York. In 1917 the Fur Sales Board controlled 85 per cent of the furs produced on the island of which 70 per cent were sold at an average of $250 a skin. It controls today a smaller proportion of the sales, because the London and Parisian markets are now open and individual ranchers are shipping their pelts there. This year, however, the exchange situation has dealt a heavy blow to the export trade to Europe and many pelts will go south of the border. Prices are much lower than before the war but the decline is balanced by the improvement in stock and better quality of their pelts.

There are now 3,000 foxes on Prince Edward Island farms. One ranch which the writer visited held ninety breeding pairs and seventy more for killing for their pelts before Christmas. The industry has reached a stage which enables it to support its own literature, a paper called the *Silver Fox Magazine*, having a considerable circulation. Prince Edward Island fox furs have now as established a place in the markets of the world as Californian peaches or Brazilian coffee, and the success which has attended their farming has resulted in similar ranches being established on the Canadian mainland and at various places in the United States, chiefly in Maine and Michigan. This industry has the promise of great potential wealth and is regarded with great favor by the Dominion and provincial governments which render it various kinds of assistance. And the remarkable thing is that it has been built up in a quarter of a century from a few pairs of wild foxes. It has been feared that extensive production of the silver fox pelt will depress prices but with a lower price will come increased demand and mass production and it will be a great boon to the people of the northern half of this continent if good furs can be procured at moderate prices.

Some Wonderful Fibs of Bygone Years

SAPPHO did not throw herself from the Leucadian Cliff for love of Phaon; the story of her life is false, as her respectability and purity have been established. She was a matron of the highest character, the mother of a large family.

Cleopatra did not dissolve a pearl in wine, as chemists prove it is impossible.

Hannibal did not make his way through the Alps by splitting the rocks with vinegar, as science has proved this was impossible.

Richard III was not a hunchback, but a soldier of fine form with some pretensions to good looks and great personal strength and courage.

The Pass of Thermopylae was defended, not by three hundred, but at least seven thousand Greeks, or according to some writers, twelve thousand.

The Siege of Troy was largely a myth, and even according to Homer's own account Helen must have been sixty years old when Paris fell in love with her.

Witches were never burned at Salem, Massachusetts. In the outbreak of the anti-witch fanaticism of 1691-1692, nineteen persons were hanged, but not one was burned.

Louis XVI was not the pink of dignified propriety at his execution as portrayed by the historians. He screamed for help, struggling with the executioner and beseeching mercy.

Diogenes never lived in a tub. The story that he did so has no better origin than a comment by a biographer that "a man so crabbed ought to have lived in a tub, like a dog."

The Swiss Confederation was not founded by William Tell, he did not shoot an apple from the head of his son, and even his name cannot be found in the archives of the cantons.

Alexander the Great did not weep for other worlds to conquer. There is reason to believe that his army met with a serious reverse in India that induced him to retrace his steps.

The Round Tower at Newport, Rhode Island, claimed to be associated with the viking days—a view in which Longfellow concurred—had no such association; is but an ordinary prosaic windmill of no historic importance.

Constantine was not quite the saint history terms him, for he murdered his wife, one or two of his sons, and a goodly number of his relatives. A Christian only in name, he knew little or nothing of the religion he professed.

Columbus did not make an egg stand on end to confute his opponents. The feat was performed by Brunelleschi, the architect, to silence critics who asked him how he was going to support the dome of the Cathedral of Florence.

The blood of Rizzio, Marie Stuart's favorite, cannot be seen on the floor where he was murdered by Darnley and the other conspirators. What is visible is a daub of red paint, annually renewed for the delectation of gaping tourists.

Philip III of Spain was not roasted to death by a fire, because the red tape of royal etiquette forbade any one to touch the royal person. He died a natural death. This is a stock story saddled, with variations, on many sticklers for court ceremony.

Philip VI, flying from the battlefield of Crecy, when challenged late at night before the gate of the castle of Blois, did not cry out defiantly: "It is the fortune of France," but he did say beseechingly: "Open, open, it is the unfortunate King of France."

Abbe Edgeworth never made the famous invocation to Louis XVI on the scaffold, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven." He acknowledged to Lord Holland that the speech was made for him on the evening of the execution by the editor of a newspaper.

Columbus did not, on his fourth voyage to the New World, when wrecked in 1504 on the island of Jamaica, move the inhospitable and superstitious savages by predicting an eclipse of the moon as showing the displeasure of the Great Spirit. There was no lunar eclipse anywhere near the specified time.

Charles I did not sleep soundly at Whitehall on the night preceding his death, as Hume states it, undisturbed by the noise of the workman erecting his scaffold. He did not sleep at Whitehall at all that night, soundly or otherwise, but he passed the night at St. James's, far removed from sight or sound of the ghastly preparations.

Nero was not the monster that history portrays. His mother, Agrippina, was not put to death by his order, nor did he play either the harp or the fiddle while Rome burned, nor did he sing, "The Burning of Troy" on this occasion. The stories originated from Tacitus, who cordially hated Nero, and from Petronius Arbiter, who was put to death for a conspiracy against Nero.



Ballads of the Dead Year

By JOHN BENSON

Peace

Now all the world's at peace, dear,
On this, our New Year's Day,
Yes, all the world's at peace, dear,
Except the U. S. A.
The blessed dove has come, dear,
And driven war away,
Though still the battle drum, dear,
Sounds in the U. S. A.
But though they are at peace, dear,
And war with us holds sway,
They fight and do not cease, dear—
But not the U. S. A.

Sunday

Here the News that's going,
Great big movement growing,
Going to have a Sunday like the Pilgrim Fathers had.
No more Sunday playing,
Any one caught straying
Will be popped into the cooler for a bad, bad lad.

Oh Sunday!
How I wish it was Monday,
For that is one day
That I detest!
Oh dearie
But Sunday is dreary,
And I grow weary
Of all that rest.

Everybody walking,
Even streetcars balking,
Unless you have a ticket to your pew in church.
Sunday dyed with blueing,
Nothing, nothing doing,
And if you have a pack of cards they'll come and search.

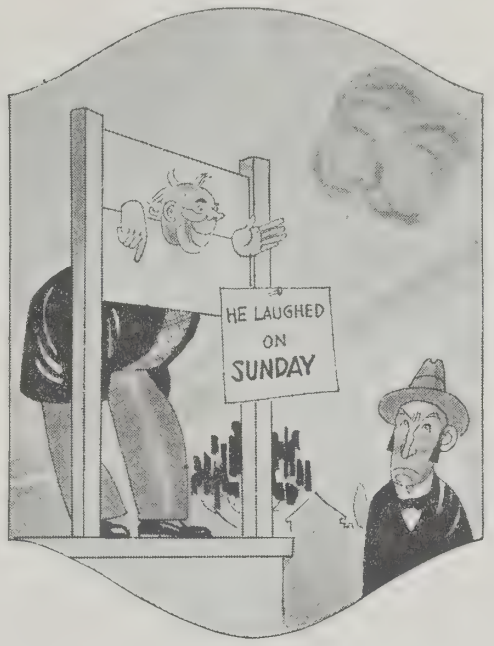
Oh Sunday!
But you are a dun day
When old Mrs. Grundy
Puts on her best.
Oh brighteyes!
I may live till the sunrise,
But tell the live guys
I died of rest.

Ships

The ships that float the Starry Flag
They must have keels of gold,
And every one of them can brag
A diamond-studded hold.
Oh, what is there that we should dread,
That we should scrimp and hoard?
A billion? Here, just take it, said
The U. S. Shipping Board.

Oh spend and spend and spend and spend,
There's more than we can use,
Just pass the money to a friend—
He wins, you cannot lose.
For folks may cry and folks may rail
In dissonant accord,
But nobody will go to jail,
Averred the Shipping Board.

If someone tries to find the dough
And where the billions went,
There's not a soul on earth will know
How anything was spent.
The war was won, we won the war.
The public can afford
A billion less, a billion more—
What's that to us, The Board?



Ireland

Saint Patrick was an Irish saint,
He drove the snakes away,
And Ireland was a quiet place
In good St. Patrick's day.

Each morning then would sally forth
A thousand Irish kings,
With followers all fully armed
With swords and clubs and things.

At every crossroads they would stand
And tunk each other's beans,
To music of the cheering of
A flock of fair colleens.

At eve they gathered up the chunks
And carted them away,
Refreshed themselves and rested then,
To fight another day.

Those peaceful days of yore are gone,
Alas, woe's me, alack!
And everybody wishes now
That they could bring them back.

Prohibition

The bootlegger slinks in the gloaming,
And the rum runners run in the night
Where once the malt liquors were foaming
Quite openly out in the light.
A year by the law of the nation
We've all been as dry as can be,
Though there has been much agitation
Because of the high price of ski.

The rum runner sits in his mansion,
The bootlegger rides in his car,
And think of their fortunes' expansion
And just how much dryer we are.
They're strong for the law of the nation,
The boys that take all they can get,
And hope till the end of creation
We never again will be wet.

Lenin

There's a tough, hard fighting burly
Ruling over Moscow town,
And they fight him late and early
But they cannot pull him down.
You may hate him, execrate him,
He's the enemy of right.
But you've got to hand it to him
That the beggar sure can fight.

Taxes

Taxes on your drinking, taxes on your food,
Taxes on your clothing and you can't go nude.
Taxes when you're walking, taxes when you ride,
Taxes on the bridegroom and upon the bride.

Taxes on the chickens, taxes on the cow,
Taxes on the eggs in the old haymow.
Taxes on your income, taxes on your breath,
Tax you while you're living, and then tax your death.

Venizelos

There was a chap named Venizelos,
He was the savior of his land!
All acclaimed this Venizelos
Wonderful, superb and grand!
He was a statesman and a scholar,
He was the idol of the Greeks,
Hark to the multitudes that holler
When this Venizelos speaks.

One day the Greeks held an election,
Old man Venizelos ran,
Votes that he got defied detection,
For they couldn't find the man.
Smashed their idol in the polling—
Never heard that he was that—
Set the old steam roller rolling,
Squashed poor Venizelos flat.

Baseball

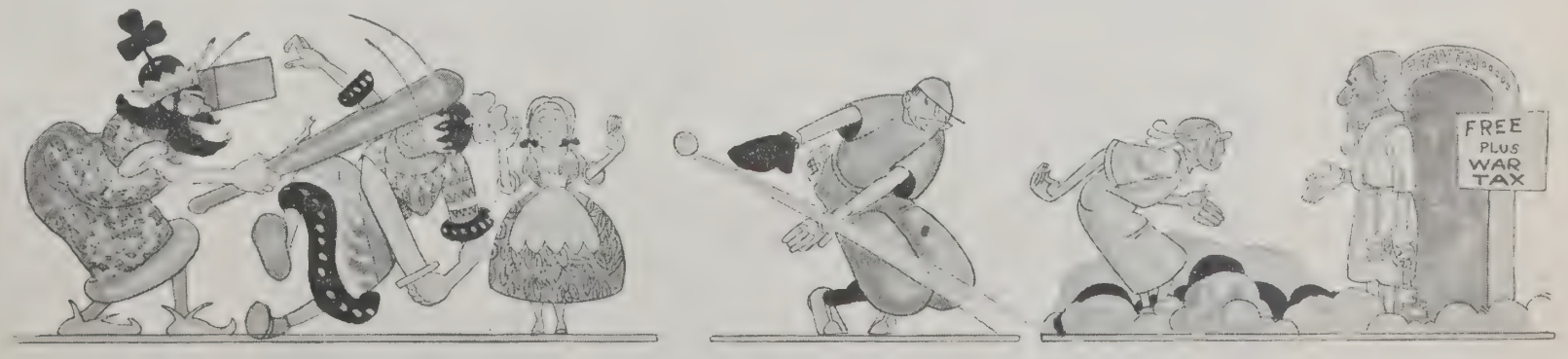
Scandal, scandal, my, my, my!
Baseball's got a big black eye.
Game's been bought and sold and all,
Stuff's all off with old baseball.
Never care to see or hear—
What did Babe Ruth hit this year?

Scandal, scandal, oh, oh, oh!
Baseball's rotten, got to go.
Stars have gone and thrown their game,
Plunged it fathoms deep in shame.
Nothing in the sport to stir—
What! Ty Cobb a manager?

Normalcy

Old-fashioned ways,
Old-fashioned days,
How it delights us
To give them our praise.
How soft they look,
Times we forsook,
Future affrights us—
Let's turn back the book.

Long winter nights,
Kerosene lights,
Climb to the attic
Up three gloomy flights.
Dear station hack,
Roads soft and black,
Oh, joy ecstatic,
If they should come back.



Pushing Back the Brush Line in Wisconsin

By FRED L. HOLMES

"IF ALL acres of land cleared of stumps in Wisconsin this year by the use of war explosives were planted to potatoes they would produce over one-half the present potato crop for the state. The potatoes on the cleared land alone would be sufficient to feed 4,000,000 people one year—probably one and one-half times as many potatoes as are used annually in Wisconsin."

Mr. E. R. Jones, of the agricultural engineering department of the University of Wisconsin, thus made graphic the use of a war destructive agency applied to constructive peace-time uses. He was explaining the results obtained from using dynamite and TNT in clearing the wild cut-over lands of Northern Wisconsin. By this method 100,000 acres of land were cleared from stumps this year. At an average yield of 25 bushels to the acre this land would produce 2,500,000 bushels of wheat; or on an average of 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre it would produce 20,000,000 bushels. Here is a work that helps to obliterate the hunger line.

This is but a single application of the idea to one state situation.

The era of the lumberman is rapidly passing from the Mississippi Valley, but in its trail stand the charred stumps and tangled brush. Clear the land of this débris and it will sing with a harvest. Other states in the Mississippi Valley have the same stump problem and the lands that will ultimately be released by diverting war destructive agencies to the avenues of peace will produce crops to feed the teeming millions of the world.

"About 10,000,000 acres of cut-over lands in Northern Wisconsin are in the twilight between the lumberman's paradise and the farmer's estate," continued Mr. Jones, explaining the possibilities of this drive to push back the brush line in order to increase the world production of foodstuffs. "Beneath the jungle of fallen logs, stumps and tree tops is a soil that bids fair to do more for humanity by raising wheat for food than it did by raising logs for lumber."

Before the story is told as to how these high explosives are utilized, let us get a fuller view of the land clearing problem. It is not local; it is national. In the Mississippi Valley, in the pine belt of the South and on the Pacific Coast are thousands of acres that will ultimately yield to crop producing by the conversion of the application of dynamite from war to peace-time use.

"A low-priced and effective explosive is one of the great needs in making available for settlement the large areas of undeveloped land in the cut-over states," declared John Swenehart, who has charge of this land clearing experimental work for Wisconsin.

"A conservative estimate places the lands adapted to agriculture in the upper Mississippi River states alone at 35,000,000 acres. That this land is fertile has been shown by the thousands of settlers already on the ground. Many of these families are building farms and futures there; their greatest need is more land cleared. In most instances they have the necessary labor, but little money. Explosives they must have—the more abundant and inexpensive the shorter the road to success.

"Estimates made by the United States Soil Survey and the various colleges of agriculture show that the value of the land in these states when reclaimed will be increased by more than one million dollars. The hastening of the day when this land will be settled and under the plow will mark an epoch in the development of these districts.

"In addition to the vast area yet to be reclaimed in the upper Mississippi River Valley there are the cut-over lands of the South, which are some of the most fertile in the country. In such states as Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana and Mississippi the development of the cut-over lands represents one of the country's largest problems. While figures indicating the value of the reclamation of these lands are not available, it is obvious that the amounts are enormous

"Similarly in the Pacific Northwest there are large areas of rich land awaiting development. The part which explosives are to play in this development must be important. No matter how much machinery is available, and no matter what other methods may be devised, vast quantities of explosives will always be needed. When it is realized that the cost of developing each acre in the upper lake states and over a great portion of the southern pine land is less than the annual returns from prevailing crops, it will be evident that anything which aids in a quicker development of these resources is of national importance."

For ten years before the close of the war about 30,000 acres of land were annually cleared in Wisconsin. To do this required the use of 1,000 stump-pulling machines and 1,000,000 pounds of dynamite. The call for foods during the war awakened a new interest in land clearing. From a rainy day farm job it became a regular daily task for the homesteader. Special trains were organized by the university loaded with stump pulling machinery, accompanied by experts in the use of dynamite to teach the settler new methods of land clearing. As many as 3,000 people came to a single demonstration. In 1918 a train called the "Land Clearing Special" was operated in upper Wisconsin for 13 weeks, making 15 five-day demonstration stops in 14 counties and traveling on four different railroads.

The advantage of electric firing was established. This





Above—This acre of stumps has been charged with explosive and electrically connected for simultaneous firing.
Below—The same acre of stumps in the air following the touching of an electric button.

makes possible the distribution of the charge under a stump with a decayed top or spreading shallow roots.

Then came the signing of the armistice and within a few days the newspaper notice that 3,000,000 pounds of TNT, this high-powered war explosive, had been taken to the mid-Atlantic Ocean and dumped.

John Swenehart read the newspaper report. He was then in Northern Wisconsin helping the farmers with their land clearing problems.

"Why destroy this explosive? I believe TNT is just the thing needed to clear the lands of Northern Wisconsin," commented Mr. Swenehart to one of his superiors. And in January, 1919, he made application for the shipment of 500 pounds to be used for experimental stumping purposes.

"I made the first trials in March and by May I was satisfied that by cartridging the explosive it was less sensitive than dynamite and safer," said Mr. Swenehart. This was all pioneer work in trying this new explosive for such a purpose. Down at Pittsburgh, trials had been made on less than a dozen stumps, but it remained for Swenehart to give wide application to the stump-blowing plan by using TNT.

One day in June, 1919, Congressman A. P. Nelson, who lives in Northern Wisconsin, wired the Wisconsin College of Agriculture from Washington asking if 200,000 pounds of TNT could be used for experimental purposes in clearing land in Northern Wisconsin.

Dean H. L. Russell, head of the college, agreed. A plan was worked out to furnish the explosive to 2,000 farmers in consignments of 100 pounds each. The farmer was to have it at cost and was to make a report to the college on the results obtained.

TNT is a yellow crystalline powder, made in three grades, differing technically but not in practical application. Grade II is the one most commonly available from the war surplus. This varies in color from different manufactures, being often light yellow in color and very dry. It also may be dark brown and somewhat greasy. For practical purposes in stump work, no account need be taken of these variations in color or appearance.

In strength TNT is about one-third stronger than ordinary dynamites when loads of less than two pounds are used. If the quantity of material used in one load is more than two pounds, the TNT seems to exert a stronger effect than ordinary dynamites.

The explosive as it came from the government was in bulk form and to put the product in shape that it might be handled safely by the farmers required the establishment of a cartridging plant at Salmo, on the Bayfield Peninsula that juts out into Lake Superior. Twenty men were employed to put the explosive into condition for handling. The explosive was delivered to the farmers at a cost of eight cents a pound. And it produced commendable results. Not a man was injured. The average settler was able to use it. These experiments of 1919 fixed the policy to be followed this year.

It was found that the best results could be obtained by using dynamite and TNT together. During the year 1920 the United States Government released 550,000 pounds of TNT for use by 5,500 farmers and at the same time 2,500,000 pounds of dynamite have been utilized—over 3,000,000 pounds of war explosives. On the average it requires 30 pounds of explosives to clear an acre of land. The state is no longer required to cartridge the explosive, since this work is now being done at the Barkesdale plant of the Du Pont Powder Company.

The TNT which is stored in government warehouses at Sparta under the supervision of the War Department is released, a carload at a time, to the state for land clearing experimental purposes only upon the approval of the Secretary of War.

The blasting has gone on in twenty-two counties of Northern Wisconsin this year. These comprise about one-third of the area of the state. In the county of Marinette 18,000 acres were cleared this year.

"With an average of 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre, the planting of these 18,000 acres would produce a sum sufficient to pay one and one-half times the annual expense of running the United States Senate, mileage, salaries, clerk hire and printing," commented Mr. Swenehart.

In the march of civilization across the continent in the past 350 years stumps and timber have diverted settlement. First the open places were taken, and then gradually by the use of main strength clearings were made and finally the stumps uprooted by the brawn of man. Later came the use of horses and machinery for stump dentistry. More rapid methods are at hand. Where only one stump could be removed by a single effort of man or horse power, a dozen stumps, and in one case almost an acre, have been blown into the air at one time, by the use of an electric igniter.

The cost an acre varies with the number of stumps. The expense varies from $20 to $100 an acre. Lands that are worth $25 an acre with stumps sell for $100 an acre when cleared. As soon as the stumps are out of the ground, piled and burned, the land is ready for the plow.

"How applicable are the sinews of war diverted to the arts of peace! With a careful handling of dynamite and TNT, the now useless lands of the Mississippi Valley can be quickly cleared, the brush line pushed back and the food supply of the nation multiplied," declared Mr. Jones. "What the world wants is more food."

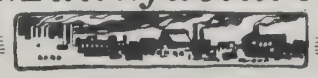


Piling up the stumps ready for burning. One hundred thousand acres have been cleared by explosives.



The Three Arts

Agriculture



Manufacture



Transportation

The Department of Agriculture tested 29,638 samples of seeds for farmers during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920.

Forty-five export associations, with a total of 772 members representing 1,000 plants located in 42 states in the Union, are now operating under the Export Trade Act. The products exported run from clothespins to locomotives.

The Supreme Court has ordered the separation of the Lehigh Valley Railroad from its coal interests, which the court found to comprise 90,000 acres.

The United States Director of Sales announced that 44 locomotives originally built for the Russian Government are offered for sale to American railroads for $25,000 each.

Michigan and Ohio railroads have informed the Interstate Commerce Commission that failure of the state railroad bodies to grant increases in rates means an annual loss of $8,000,000.

Robert Cain, a farmer living near Peru, Indiana, has formed a company with a capital of $27,000 in which the officers and stockholders are all members of his family. Sons and daughters will, in this way, draw a share of the farm profits every year.

The American Farm Bureau Federation says: "Power farming will solve the matter of more intensive tillage and the more extensive agricultural operations necessary to the support of the country. We must look to power farming machinery for the solution of the farm labor shortage."

Fifty-five per cent of our foreign commerce is carried in American ships as compared with 8 per cent before the war.

The British department of scientific and industrial research announced the discovery of a method of drying strawberries. The product is said to have the appearance of a small reddish fig and to have the consistency of raisins.

Reports from the Pacific Coast are to the effect that this season's olive crop will be 4,000 tons lighter than that of 1919.

Advices from Australia are to the effect that thousands of returned soldiers are planting raisin grapes and that the Australia Dried Fruit Association looks for an annual production of 100,000 tons of raisins within 10 years. Australia is now producing 20,000 tons of raisins annually.

The Director of Census reports that the recent nation-wide population count cost $23,765,000.

A naval officer has informed a Senate sub-committee that a British cable company turned copies of American commercial messages over to British business men during the war, thus giving the British knowledge of the intentions of their competitors.

Canadian railway fares dropped 10 per cent, January 1, 1921.

C. Price-Green, Canadian railway commissioner, declares the prairie states of Canada will produce a billion bushels of grain in the not far distant future.

The use of motion pictures to demonstrate trade possibilities of foreign countries is proving a success. A special representative of the Chilean Government is using this method in New Orleans to convey an accurate impression of the natural resources and opportunities awaiting the American investor in that country.

Three thousand farmers have enlisted in the government's campaign to better the grade of live stock in the United States and have agreed to breed from purebred sires only.

Italy has begun actual construction work on the electrification of her railways.

The state labor commissioner of Iowa is establishing a clearing bureau where floating labor can be directed to waiting jobs.

Cuba has started to grind the new crop of sugar. There are still 250,000 tons of the old crop unsold.

Scientists in the Bureau of Plant Industry have made a movie in which the scenes are photographed through a microscope and show the activities of organisms which destroy plant life.

American shipbuilders broke pre-war launching records of the world during the last fiscal year.

The Federal Trade Commission has cited the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce as a grain trust guilty of engaging in unfair competition. It is alleged that the chamber of commerce has a monopoly of the grain trade of Minneapolis and the immediate territory.

Early industrial returns on Canada's foreign trade for the last year indicate that her production of farm implements was more than sufficient to meet the needs of the country. The Dominion purchased foreign farm implements to the value of $878,752 but exported enough of its own manufacture to make the balance in its favor total $4,862,479.

Delegates to the National Rivers and Harbors Congress were told by an official of the Mississippi Valley Association that appropriations for inland waterways have proved wasteful because no single project has been completed.

Late prices of American coal in French markets are causing much comment. The United States is now making deliveries at $14 a ton, or $2 under the British price.

"A National Problem"

A SOBER national thought with regard to the importance, the absolute necessity of a sustained agriculture in this country is imperative. There is, perhaps, no single solution for the situation which the farmers are now facing, but there are many steps which can and should be taken to place our agriculture on a more satisfactory basis and to stabilize the business of farming, not in the interests of the farmer alone but in the interest of the nation as a whole. The matter is of such tremendous importance to our entire population that it should be recognized everywhere as a national problem and dealt with as such.—Annual report of Secretary of Agriculture.

Canadian farmers have proposed a wheat pool which will represent 8,500,000 acres, half of Canada's wheat territory. If adopted the plan will bind farmers who enter to sell only through the pool for five years.

The Pittsburgh station of the United States Bureau of Mines has developed a new fuel made of coke dust and particles of soft coal.

Official statistics show 500,000 workers are unemployed in Great Britain.

Government experts from the Department of Agriculture have completed a 9,000-mile journey through Africa in search of new plants which may be of value in the United States.

Michigan's highway department plans to build 1,000 miles of good roads each year.

Reductions in wages are announced by many industries. Shoe and woolen factories announce cuts which run as high as twenty-two and one-half per cent.

It is announced that a number of Yorkshire, England, woolen mills have accepted Russian orders for thousands of yards of textiles.

Canadian immigration totals approximately 190,000 for the past year. Ottawa announces that a considerable number of the newcomers are Polish Jews.

America's trade balance shrank $63,000,000 in November.

Philadelphia textile manufacturers have organized to resist the practice of contract cancellations.

For the first time in a third of a century one-half the officers and crews of American vessels engaged in foreign trade are American citizens.

The American Bureau of Markets reports that crop conditions in the Southern Hemisphere indicate excellent yields.

Indications are that the tariff bill now in the course of preparation will contain provisions for putting a protective tariff on farm products.

A bill has been introduced in Congress which would amend the Farm Loan Act to provide five per cent bonds in denominations of $50, $100, $500 and $1,000 and to limit series to $50,000.

The Michigan State Agricultural College, East Lansing, will soon issue a new and improved farm account book.

New census statistics show the number of farms in New Hampshire has decreased 24.1 per cent in the last ten years. In 1910 the farms of that state totaled 27,053. The census taken in 1920 places them at 20,523. The same statistics show the number of Ohio farms decreased 5.6 per cent and those of Delaware 6.4 per cent.

The Ohio Farm Bureau Federation and the state Grange plan the unification of the state-wide system of co-operative grain elevators owned by the farmers of Ohio. It is their intention to organize a $1,000,000 holding company for this purpose.

Government figures from correspondents and agents throughout the nation do not indicate a curtailment of wheat planting.

Reports compiled over a wide territory and considerable space of time show that purebred or grade dairy cows frequently earn 25 to 100 per cent more for their owners than scrub cows.

Durum wheat, introduced from Russia in 1898, now produces an annual crop worth $50,000,000. Egyptian cotton, introduced in 1901, is the basis of the long staple cotton industry of the South, and the 1919 crop was figured at $20,000,000. The Department of Agriculture introduced both of these crops.

The Bureau of Public Roads has prepared a bulletin (No. 852) on the adaption and use of concrete piping in drainage ditches or irrigation projects.

The *Scientific American* is authority for the statement that there are 350,000 tractors in use in the United States today against 40,000 at the time this country entered the World War.

Lloyd's Register reports 114 tank steamers in process of construction. The United States is building 79, the United Kingdom 32 and other countries three.

There are 25,000,000 dairy cows in the United States, from which there is produced approximately 90,000,000 pounds of milk a year.

Briefly Told

A full-blooded American Indian chief, well educated and supervisor of an Indian reservation school, is laboriously carving a totem pole, upon which is inscribed the history of the Snohomish Indian tribe. When complete the pole will stand more than one hundred feet high and will measure seven feet in diameter.

One person out of every 159 in the entire United States was on the government civil service pay roll July 31, 1920.

Between four and five million evergreen trees were felled this year to brighten American homes, churches and community centers Christmas.

It is estimated fifteen million persons will die in China this winter. In the face of this China maintains an army of a million troops.

Skyscrapers now being erected in Chile are said to be earthquakeproof.

Chinatown of London is rapidly extending. Frugal and saving habits enable the Chinese to pay rents too big for the pockets of thousands of whites. Many English girls take Chinese for their husbands. It is said, however, that the Chinese is a hard and consistent worker and proves himself a model husband.

More than 2,700,000,000 gallons of mineral oils were exported by the United States in the year 1918.

The United States Navy has one hundred ships, of various types, in process of construction.

To check automobile thieving the state of Maryland has installed in every town, hamlet and city of the state call boxes which are in direct connection with a main office in Baltimore.

An engineer in Brussels has succeeded in manufacturing artificial coal of great heating capacity from the vegetable refuse of peat beds. The new fuel is called "gasol" coal and has a heating capacity of 7,500 units and burns with a bright flame, leaving no cinders.

The war department of Honduras has purchased two American-built airplanes. During peace times the machines will be used for transporting mail over the country where there are no railroads or highways.

Coal fields and nitrate regions of Chile will soon be "bone dry" if the measure now before Parliament is adopted. The movement has the support of both laborers and employers.

Canada is buying airplanes from England for fire patrol and survey work. An attempt will also be made to use them in the seal industry.

The metallic base of ordinary clay is aluminum.

The American Institute in Berlin received from America thirteen tons of scientific, literature, the first large shipment since the war.

The Brazilian Government has recognized the government of President Alvaro Obregon, of Mexico.

The sale of worthless stock in wildcat motion picture companies amounts to more than $250,000,000 annually.

A light car with flanged wheels placed on the railroads of Alaska and drawn by dog teams is known as a "pupmobile."

A Chicago man recently made his will verbally on a phonograph record. Two attorneys dictated their names as the spoken "signatures" of witnesses.

Chicago police will use gas bombs to drive crooks into the open when they are besieged in houses by the authorities.

Counterfeiters working in the Orient are making fifty-dollar bills of dollar and two-dollar Federal Reserve notes. Original numbers are obliterated and large numerals are drawn in their place by a pen and ink artist.

Because of the alcohol they contained many navy compasses have been broken open according to the annual report of the superintendent of the Naval Observatory.

As a direct result of solar observations weather forecasts for months ahead will be possible within a few years, according to R. M. Stewart, assistant director of the Canadian Dominion Observatory.

It is believed that Mexican laborers who are smuggled across the Rio Grande in large numbers have brought the pink bollworm into Texas in their cotton bedding.

Final returns indicate that the volume of tourist travel to our national parks and monuments exceeded the million mark for the year 1920.

Caproni, the Italian airplane inventor, plans a giant plane which will carry 300 persons across the Atlantic in thirty-six hours. Provisions will be made for dining and sleeping accommodations.

The motion picture industry in America has pledged itself to raise two and one-half million dollars to aid starving children in Europe.

A Chicago woman left $3,000 to provide a home and luxuries for her pet poodle dog.

The United States Army is the smallest among the great powers.

The president of Armenia states that the help from America through the Near East Relief has saved at least 1,000,000 lives. Five hundred and sixty thousand children are being cared for.

Though oil was discovered on the farm of a mail carrier of Dallas, Texas, assuring him of an income of $15,000 a month, he reports for duty at the post office each morning with the other carriers ready for his day's work.

The homemakers' department of the Boston League of Women Voters challenges the mine owners to prove that the present prices of coal are necessary. They claim the present price tends to lower the morale and affect the welfare of 110,000,000 people.

The War Department has announced the testing of a new long-range machine-gun firing 400 to 500 bullets a minute. The gun carries a bullet five times as heavy as those fired by the Springfield rifle and will shoot about twice as far as an ordinary machine-gun.

Due to inadequate salary provision the Geological Survey service finds it almost impossible to retain in their employ technical men of high value in their specialized fields.

The natives of the Apennines boil and roast chestnuts and grind the meat into a fine flour which they use in making small cakes that are cooked between hot stones. In winter the natives go down into the city of Florence to sell their wares on the streets where trade is always brisk.

Forty out of the 48 states have adopted mothers' pensions in some form.

In England a law provides that checks written without consideration in payment of losses at gaming or for any other immoral purpose are invalid in law.

During 1919 there were 7,969 deaths caused by automobile accidents.

Diamond experts declare that weather has a great effect on precious stones. Murky, foggy days will make even the purest stone appear imperfect.

An old painting by Rembrandt was found recently in a little village in the Hartz Mountains. It is painted on an octagonal piece of oak two feet high by one and half feet wide and is still in the original frame. It was probably painted in 1630 or 1631 during Rembrandt's stay in Leiden.

Objects 45 feet beneath the surface of clear water have been successfully photographed from airplane.

An English scientist has perfected an apparatus for running electric current through milk as a substitute for pasteurization. The temperature of the milk does not rise above 148 degrees Fahrenheit and is not cooked or altered through the heating.

In effort to keep hired help on his farm of 400 acres, a Virginia farmer has installed a motion picture outfit in a cowshed, heated by wood-burning stoves and lighted by storage battery electricity. He is proving that the motion picture on the farm counteracts the drift to the cities.

King Christian, of Denmark, recently visited Pope Benedict. This is the first time since 1474 that a king of Denmark has entered the Vatican.

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651
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The Prince With No Worlds to Conquer

Whom shall he marry? What influence can he exercise? What good did his trip to his dominions beyond the seas do? A romantic character whom his people love.

A Scandal Creditable to All

The newspaper headlines read, "When John Kissed Mary Ellen"; it's an absorbing little tale of the political power of a woman of a Far West Canadian province.

The Rise of the First Jewish Theatrical Trust

How art was prostituted to commerce. Famous actors revolted, but were beaten. "Give the Public what it wants" means that the public will have to take the kind of entertainment it can get.

ARE YOU READING

Mr. Ford's Page *The Editorials* *Briefly Told*

Many Men of Many Minds *The Three Arts*

and the many other features that go to make up THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT?

The Wood Hollow Papers

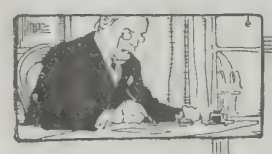
Another chapter of the unique and altogether charming stories on the winter habits of the better known feathered visitors.

Our "Little White Navy"—Must It Go?

Do you know that the oldest branch of the service is the United States Coast Guard, which the combatant arm would swallow up?

Trinidad's Lake—on Which Men May Walk

A story on the digging out of the material used to boulevard the city—a task set in the beauties of a tropical island.



Many Men of Many Minds



A. Barton Hepburn.—Several months ago the country was in a very precarious position, because the endless circle of raising wages and raising prices was going on unabated. A wave of conservatism, inspired by the fiscal authorities, and forced by action of the reserve banks, called a halt and made people "stop, look and listen." They are now looking to the future, taking account of stock, curtailing commitments and exercising more wholesome and conservative judgment.

Corinne Lowe.—The dikes built up about America by the war have been destroyed, and as a result seas of immigration are inundating our shores. During a single day of this past autumn more than six thousand people were admitted to America through our island gateway.

Dr. R. S. MacElwee.—Prices cannot stay permanently above what the public will pay—or can pay, according to their standards of life and purchasing power—nor can prices sink permanently below the cost of production. Both of these points, however, can be moved. The cost of production may be lowered by more efficient methods of manufacture or agriculture, or mining, by mass production, by the introduction of labor saving machinery. The purchasing power of the public may be increased by increasing general prosperity.

Prices and Costs and How Both Can Be Slashed

P. Harvey Middleton.—The Britisher has learned by long experience that periods of economic depression are good times in which to lay the foundation abroad for future business, and he has learned to wait.

Andre Tardieu.—The execution of the Treaty of Versailles is necessary for the life of France.

Roger H. Williams.—When buying will again resume its regular course and how it can be stimulated to do so constitute the most serious questions before business today.

J. W. Alexander.—I am gratified to know that the great commercial, industrial and financial organizations affected are determined more than ever before to find an outlet to the sea not only by the Mississippi River and its tributaries, but by the Great Lakes as well.

Washington B. Vanderlip.—Russia must have supplies, and she wants to buy them from the United States rather than from any other country because she considers this country is the only real friend she has in the world.

George P. Brett.—If the wealth and energy now devoted so freely to golf and similar games could be used to rehabilitate our abandoned farms, and these country homes could be occupied by those of our city populations who have a little leisure and moderate means to cultivate them, and who now find it so difficult to secure homes in our large cities, it could not fail to result in incalculable value to the country at large and to the people who take up this valuable work; and it would also be the means of increasing the food supplies of the nation, which is the ever-present duty of us all.

Use Time for Golf on Farm Work, Do Country Good

H. G. Wells.—The only power capable of playing the rôle of eleventh-hour helper to Russia singled-handed is the United States of America.

Edwin A. Alderman.—Commerce has come to have a far broader meaning to the young American of today than it had before the war. A "business course" no longer means bookkeeping and the mere technicalities of mercantile routine. The young man who enters college now, contemplating a business career, has an interest that goes much deeper than that. The prominent place of international trade in the news of the day, in the discussion that goes on around him in his home, has aroused his desire to get down to bed rock. He is concerned with economic laws and principles. Geography and history are studied for the light they throw upon the great trade currents, upon the rise and fall of various industries in all parts of the world.

P. P. Claxton.—To fill both the actual vacancies and the positions held by men and women with insufficient preparation, we ought to have two hundred thousand teachers turned out from the normal and training schools every year for the next decade.

General Robert Georges Nivelle.—Treaties? Honestly, I feel that between America and France there need be none. Our interests are not in conflict and never can be; our sentiments are one, for liberty, equality, fraternity; our ideals are the same.

Sir Auckland Geddes.—It takes the best effort of the two great branches into which the "Britronord" stock has divided—the British and the American—working together in sympathy and understanding, to hold the towering structure of our civilization from collapse.

Charles Moreau Harger.—Financial interests are deeply concerned about what the farm country is doing. Almost daily come to the leading bankers of the producing states telegrams and letters from Eastern manufacturers and business men asking what is the trend of trade and the outlook for production.

Chester T. Crowell.—You must pin your faith to the proposition that there are too many sound men in this country for a few fools to ruin it.

Senator William S. Kenyon.—The greatest economic problem now before the American people for consideration is that of agriculture. During the war, 23,000 new millionaires were created. No one has heard of any farmer millionaires as a result of the war.

Colonel Guy D. Goff.—America can rise to heights unknown by any nation in the past through candid, fearless judgment, unpleasant though some of its decisions may be. A large number of our people, some of them in places of high trust, have been dishonest. Punish them. More have been incompetent. Supplant them. Prepare men who will neither be dishonest nor incompetent, meantime, by the most enlightened education that the world has ever known.

Punish Dishonest, Urges Goff, of Shipping Board

Basil Stoica.—Rumania wishes to live in peace and friendship with Hungary as with the rest of her neighbors; but the Rumanian statesmen realize that peaceful and friendly co-operation is possible only with a regenerate democratic Magyar state, and not with a régime of militarist revenge-seekers.

Samuel Rea.—Some affirmative action should be taken now that Federal authority is firmly established to permit, even to encourage, such co-operation among carriers as shall tend to eliminate the economic wastes of competition without endangering its manifest advantages to the public at large.

Major-General Charles H. Martin.—The young man from abroad who enlists in the Army for three years, provided he is of average intelligence, can be honorably discharged with a working knowledge of the English language and a common school education as well, plus a sound body, an alert mentality and an American heart.

Richard Mai.—Though the Hohenzollerns have presumably run their course, the monarchical idea is far from dead, particularly in South Germany, where the paternalism of the local rulers met with universal approval. The separation from them was very painful, above all in Baden, Hesse, and Wurttemberg, where the legislative chambers voted them the thanks of their peoples.

Floyd W. Parsons.—Our policy of burdening settlers of Alaska with prohibitive conditions instead of offering inducements has resulted in sending thousands of hardy pioneers to the other countries having a better understanding of the fundamentals of empire building. It is no fault of the Territory's physical resources that the total population of this Northland after fifty-three years of Yankee occupation is less than the number of inhabitants in an average-sized American city.

George Bernard Shaw.—The whole capitalized world is bursting with an impulse toward the "dictatorship of the proletariat," because the proletariat means simply the whole body of people who live by working as against the handful who, as the Duke of Northumberland put it, live by owning or, as Ruskin put it, by begging and stealing.

Herbert Hoover.—The test of idealism's work in a nation or an individual is the extent to which the idealism becomes concrete in service.

Frederick MacKenzie.—The vocational rehabilitation of disabled industrial workers is essentially the state's business. Each commonwealth owes this opportunity to its own citizens who need it.

Frederick A. Wallis.—We need tests that will determine whether an immigrant man or woman intends to be a real worker and a real law-abiding citizen. It undoubtedly would be a good thing if we could establish some sort of preferential selective scheme for the admission of immigrants—for instance, the admission of thousands who would go to the farms—and exclude the barterers and the lazy, for these are the classes that mostly make for radicalism. We need the man of good intentions, but we cannot establish any sort of preferential admission without first amending the Constitution of the United States.

Real Workers Are Needed, Selective Scheme Is Urged

Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus.—Physiologically, no man is educated who is not trained to the simultaneous use of head, heart and hands. Thinking resolves all the problems of things. No heart is safe without a good head. Dream, duty and deed should go together. Mere uniformity is not unity. Man is more than a machine. Institutions were made for humanity and not humanity for institutions. The whole end and aim of education should be the unfoldment of personality. This is the American and democratic, as opposed to the Prussian and autocratic, ideal.

Dr. Joseph I. Vance.—Religion, to be worth anything, must decline to bend to business. The preacher who says what he is expected to say would better stay dumb. The sermon that offends nobody belongs on the slag dump.

J. Ogden Armour.—I do not object to destructive political opinion being expressed. I think we all ought to be given, as far as possible, the complete news on strikes, on disorders of every kind, and the actual progress, as it is fairly noted, of radicalism.

Albert J. Beveridge.—Public speaking is the highest of fine arts. An address should be merely a conversation on a large scale. Say nothing unless you actually have something to say. Make sure that you know your subject in detail. Speak so plainly that even the dullest person may understand what you are talking about. Use simple, clear language. Be so fair in your talk that your worst enemy will have to admit that you at least were fair; that you took no undue advantage of him or his party. Never argue on the side that you yourself know to be wrong or unjust.

Public Speaking Highest of Fine Arts, Says Beveridge

Alexander Graham Bell.—Light travels in waves the same as electricity, and I believe it will soon be used not only in transatlantic telephonic communication but in telephone cable work as well.

John Dos Passos.—Spanish-speaking peoples must be made to feel that there is more in the United States than ignorance and intolerance and aggression, that there is a body of opinion that puts humanity before national interests and class interests. We must outshout the priests of Baal.

A. Del Castillo.—If the police were dependable and well-disciplined, and if the middle classes understood how to help themselves, this campaign of hatred which is ruining Spain might be avoided. As it is, a day of final settlement is coming, and there is no doubt whatever but that it will be a bloody one.

The Prince With No Worlds to Conquer

By GEORGE F. KEARNEY



ALL England is still speculating as to what the Prince of Wales told Mr. Lloyd George and his cabinet on that memorable morning, two days after he returned from his tour of the Empire, when he appeared unexpectedly at Number 10 Downing Street. It was not merely a formal visit. A restless prince, fresh from a trip that was a complete diplomatic triumph, asked for bigger things to do.

When he returned home he found the English newspapers discussing how best he could further serve the Empire. Correspondents who followed him throughout his trip had privately informed their editors that the prince, while perfectly willing to do anything that the government required of him, was anxious to take a more active part in politics. Mr. Massingham in the London *Nation* had been urging that he be appointed Viceroy of Ireland in the hope that the amiable prince could bring about a friendly solution of the Irish question. The prince is understood to have given a great deal of thought to this suggestion and was willing to undertake the responsibility on condition, however, that he be given a free hand.

In other quarters it was suggested that the prince call a conference of men representing both the dominions and the colonies of the British Empire with a view to discussing the many difficult problems that have arisen in their relation to the mother country. It was felt that this would be a fitting climax to his successful trip in which he seemed to win so thoroughly the hearts of the people. The question arose here, again, as to whether the prince would be given a free hand or whether he would function merely as an agreeable figurehead.

The Prince of Wales is said to have some very definite ideas in regard to the future relation of Great Britain to the Empire. He has been keen enough to accept the perpetual ovation extended him during his recent journey in a graceful manner but he spent a great deal of his time quizzing the people he met intimately with a view to getting an understanding of the new movements that seem to be disrupting the Empire. He is the one man in all England who has attempted seriously to study the problem of the modern Empire at first hand and his viewpoint is said to be in accord with the younger school of British political thinkers. He was particularly impressed with Mr. Hughes, the Labor prime minister of Australia, and he has frequently expressed his admiration of General Smuts, of South Africa. But then, again, tradition discountenances the right of a prince to hold pronounced political views and certainly he is not expected to express any opinion that would bring him in opposition to the ideas of any of his subjects.

The Prince of Wales did not like the postponement of his trip through India until the situation there had cleared. He was eager to go anyway, and the fear for his personal safety did not please him. Moreover, it was argued that the prince's avoidance of India might be assigned to a lack of personal courage on his part and also a confession on the part of the representatives of the Crown in India that they could not cope with the situation. Certainly the prince cannot be accused of cowardice after the many experiences the British general staff had with their prince who would not stay out of the front line trenches. During the war he particularly resented the undue care taken of him and it comes as no surprise that he was disappointed at the curtailment of the trip to India.

All these things have come up for active discussion at the meeting of the cabinet and the king's privy council. They now realize that the little slip of a boy, winsome but ineffectual, whom they knew before the war, has changed.

"During those four years," the prince has said of his war experiences, "I found my manhood." Then there recurs frequently in his speeches (which he now insists upon writing himself except on very special occasions) the statement that he wants to represent in the presence of his elders the "younger generation of England." The British Empire has a new Prince of Wales, eager to play more than a polite rôle in the dark future of his nation and more confident than his ancestors that his subjects are not adverse to the active participation, along constitutional lines, of the Crown in politics.

Already the Prince of Wales has shown himself to be the strongest of his line. Edward the Seventh was a jovial king, fond of pleasure, but he did not have the mental qualities of his mother, Queen Victoria. George the Fifth's reign is frequently spoken of as the darkest of his family, for, prior to the war, there was a marked lack of enthusiasm in England for the royal family. It will be remembered that Edward the Seventh once ventured the prediction that his son George would be the last to sit on the English throne. The beginning of the present reign saw the rising tide of radicalism in England with a growing discontent with the old order sweeping over the country. There has been a strong movement for a republic for the British Empire during his reign and certainly the British Crown has had many occasions to remember that the monarchy is strictly a constitutional one. Yet the war brought the royal family into more prominence and the advisors of the king have kept him before his subjects as much as possible in always an agreeable rôle. Hence, when H. G. Wells, during the war, suggested that a republic be set up, the personal popularity of the royal family, and particularly the affection of the English people for their Prince of Wales, made his movement seem ridiculous.

As a matter of fact, the open advocacy of a republic by H. G. Wells has greatly strengthened the hand of the monarchy. It is interesting to note that the Labor party of Great Britain, planning to take over the government and make Great Britain a socialistic state, still would tolerate a royal family. Mr. J. H. Thomas, the president of the National Union of Railway and Transportation Workers, who is so frequently mentioned as the "next Labor prime minister of Great Britain," has gone to some length in his new book, "When Labor Rules," to explain that the king must be retained as an effective symbol of the nation, although the ideals of the Labor party seem at variance with the idea of special privileges granted to anyone by reason of their birth.

Had the Prince of Wales exhibited less real character during the war, the attitude of the English people toward their monarchy would have been very different. King Edward's prophecy might have come true. At best the prince, with less of his power to compel affection, would have inherited a shadowy throne. It would have been a doubtful inheritance and his plight must have been as unhappy as that of the late King Alexander of Greece. Instead, the English people are looking forward to the reign of the present Prince of Wales to restore the real dignity of the throne. He is to be a new king in the history of dynasties who will function as a champion of the common people. He is the one man in the whole Empire who does not have to struggle for his position, and, as such, he could function as a check on the ambitions of the professional politician.



(C) Underwood & Underwood

General Pershing and Prince of Wales review U. S. troops in London.

In their Prince of Wales, whom the nation worships, the English people are seeing a new hope for the future. They expect him to rule by the divine right of their love and Great Britain is weary of the type of political autocrat who wields power that would make a czar turn green with envy. They want their new monarch to symbolize their national sense of honor in an active way, for the English people are not particularly proud of the rôle their government has played recently in world politics. It is hoped that the Prince of Wales will speak with the voice of the traditional England to whom the world is very greatly indebted.

A situation arose in regard to the hunger strike of the late lord mayor of Cork which illustrates how inarticulate the Crown has become since the days of the energetic Victoria and how really a constitutional monarch could be used to reconcile warring factions within the Empire. The relatives of Terence MacSwiney petitioned King George for a clemency of the Crown. It is well known that this present king has a sympathetic attitude toward Ireland which differs slightly from the opinions held by the present ministers. The response was not made immediately and, when the king replied, one read between the lines of his note a real regret that the matter of determining whether the lord mayor should be released must be referred to the government in power. England knows that both King George and his son are in favor of a more kindly treatment of Ireland.

One gathers that the restlessness of the Prince of Wales is watched in governmental circles with very great concern. An open break between the prince and the cabinet might end disastrously for the cabinet because of the prince's personal popularity. It is significant, then, that the prince has been rebuffed by the cabinet in his desire to do a man's job for his people. Since his return from his tour of the Empire he has slipped back into his old life with its round of formalities and hunting parties. Therein lies the tragedy of a prince with no worlds to conquer.

A study of the face of the Prince of Wales gives us an insight into his present state of mind. His successes have not turned his head and there is not a haughty or a self-conscious line in his face. His eyes quiver with an interest in everybody about him. It is an intensely human countenance. A motion picture director would say of him that he had a good "screen" face, and he certainly takes an excellent picture. Yet even those pictures, and certainly his face which one sees as he rides through London, reveal a quality which we have called wistful. Study this expression a bit more closely and you will discover that there are elements of sadness that impel this wistful look. He is a prince rich in the love of his people, but a beggar indeed, when it comes to responsibilities. It is quite evident that the present government does not intend to allow the prince to fulfill his ambition to play a more vital part in the life of his nation.

What, then, is his attitude toward the perfunctory tasks that make up his everyday life? Almost every minute of the time he appears in public he is being photographed. He has been snapped under all sorts of conditions and it is remarkable that there are no pictures revealing a bored prince. Nor has he ever been known to lose his temper even under the most vexing circumstances. He has developed a genius for sensing his crowd and he always falls in with the spirit of the moment. His craftsmanship is perfect. Every public appearance yields a new incident to endear him to his people.

Not long ago he was asked by the London *Daily Mirror* to write a message to the children of the Empire in which he would embody his philosophy of life. He epitomized his whole attitude in his closing sentence when he said, "Always play the game to the end." It was, in fact, the autobiography of his past, present and future. No matter how disappointed he may be by the lack of real responsibilities, no matter how much he sighs for worlds to conquer, England has the confidence that their prince will play his game to the end. His father has a certain soured expression but it is inconceivable that the prince would ever reveal in his countenance any more than a sad wistfulness. Being pleasant is a mighty difficult job and particularly so if one is a prince. The royal family is compelled to take their recreation very seriously and a whole nation watches the young heir as a stern but kindly parent would. If he appears in uniform it must be correct in every detail. There are a hundred thousand odd points of etiquette that must be observed scrupulously by the prince. He must never forget a name or a face. He must have the history of England's countryside at his finger-tips for use in impromptu speeches. He must have an easy familiarity with the history and the work of the many institutions which he visits during the year. When entertaining a foreign diplomat he must

(Concluded on page 12)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 11, January 8, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

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A Naval Holiday

THE rapidity with which the suggestion for a naval holiday is winning approval should be encouraging not only to the friends of peace but to all those who have hoped for the curtailment of government expenditures. There is no doubt that the United States today holds the balance of power in the question of whether competitive naval building programs are to continue. The only other nations which compare with us on the sea today are Great Britain and Japan. Great Britain leads us, but by so small a margin that should our present plans be carried out we will pass the ancient Mistress of the Seas within a relatively short time. Japan, building ships feverishly, claims that she is actuated purely by distrust of the naval program of the United States. Therefore the initiative in this movement lies with us.

No doubt the proposal will be treated with scorn by the proponents of the "big navy" idea, yet it is to be noticed in this connection that no less prominent an adherent of American supremacy on the seas than Secretary Daniels agrees that universal curtailment of naval expenditures would be a wise step. Mr. Daniels has said in the past that the United States must either enter the League of Nations or have a Navy second to none. But he has never said that he thought the Navy should be twice or three times its present size and strength. It might be half as large and, if Great Britain and Japan kept their force on a similar scale, provide us with exactly as much safety as it does today.

We smile at the antics of a dog which chases its own tail. What must the gods think when they see nations paralleling one another in naval building programs which cost billions of dollars but which do not change the balance of power?

It is said that for the next 25 years the annual budget of the United States Government will not fall below three and one-half billion dollars. This means that taxes will not be appreciably lighter for a quarter of a century, if ever, and that unless some stern trimming is done they may be considerably higher. Politicians may talk about reducing expenses by cutting down government departments, and what they say may sound good from the platform and perhaps win votes, but even if the pledge is carried out it will butter few parsnips for the taxpayers.

It is well, of course, to begin by saving the pennies, but why stop there? Why talk about the necessity of cutting down the number of twenty-five hundred dollar clerks in Washington and overlook twenty-five million dollar battleships?

Time to Stop This

ONE of the proudest boasts of the present century is its development of the principles of organization. Nations boast of the clock-like regularity of their railroad systems and of the ceaseless coming and going of their ships, all made possible by organization. They look back little more than a century to the prairie wagon and the sailing vessel and, comparing them with the transcontinental express and the ocean liner of today, declare that distance has been practically annihilated and that the organization of resources has been the moving agent.

Yet with hundreds of ships swinging idly at anchor and with barns and granaries in the United States and Canada bulging with the products of a great harvest, millions of people are starving to death in Europe and China—dying for want of the food which is here in surplus.

Written out on paper the proposition seems simple enough. We have more food here than we need. Other parts of the world have less food than they require. In between lie idle ships. Yet the food does not move. It is obvious that with this situation existing there is no reason for famine and that only the lack of a comprehensive plan for beating the expense is responsible.

The Navy yards wherein are built great engines of destruction resound with activity. Scientists are calculating the possibilities of new weapons of warfare to take lives in greater numbers than any known heretofore. We can organize for war, we can find the money and the means to provide for death and destruction but seemingly we are unable to perfect the machinery of organization which will make it possible for nations to save nations from famine.

Private philanthropy is the only means we appear to have discovered to date. It is not an adequate means, it never has been adequate and it never will be. As an expedient it might be applauded but as an adopted and established method it falls short. Simply because it is possible to form a bucket brigade at a fire is no reason for depending on bucket brigades to extinguish all fires.

Why not an international commission with international funds?

The World of Make-Believe

SHE was an old lady of eighty who for years had not walked a dozen steps without assistance. He was a small boy of seven, with a crippled limb, who could not move without the use of a crutch. And these two were playing hide-and-go-seek together.

"You have three chances to guess where I'm hiding, Grandma," said the boy.

The old lady chuckled. "Behind the bush," she guessed.

"No."

"Back of that chair on the piazza."

"No, but you're getting warm."

"I know, under the couch."

The boy laughed gleefully.

"You've caught me," he said. "Now it's your turn to hide, Grandma."

All the afternoon the old lady and the boy of seven played the game together without moving from their chairs. They might have sat there, sick and heartsore because of their limitations, but instead they entered the world of make-believe and the hours were full of sunshine.

What an example for those men and women who are continually complaining and bewailing what fate has brought them!

If you have big troubles, little ones, or imaginary ones, a good way to chase them from you is to take a trip into the land of make-believe.

Perhaps you are a man or woman in a country town, tied there by force of circumstances over which you have no control. You are doing your best, but the way seems irksome. You long for a wider range of vision, to travel and see the things which have so far been denied you. You want scenes besides those which are pertinent to your everyday life.

Make books your companions. Whenever you are weary of the things that are, read one which deals of distant lands. Put yourself in the place of the author and see the things he tells about, through his eyes. Make believe you are there yourself. One such trip a week will give you a new interest in life, and make the drudgery of your commonplace life easier to bear.

Perhaps you are bound to the city, with its rush and bustle and exacting conditions. You long for the hills and the fields, and day after day you must be at your desk, in the factory, the office or the store. At night take up a book like Van Dyke's "Little Rivers" and vizualize the scenes which he depicts. It won't be long before you can hear the purl of the brook and the singing of the birds in the trees, instead of the noise of the street cars, and can breathe the perfume of the flowers which nod their heads in the warm summer breeze. Make believe you are there, with the man who tells the story, and feel the exhilaration of it all.

If your troubles are real ones, and you are confined within the four walls of your room, don't sit in gloom and count the figures on the wall paper. It won't do you any good. Take courage, and a trip to the land of make-believe through the medium of books, magazines and pictures. Let poetry unfold to you a new region of thought and purpose which you have never explored before. Think of the old lady of eighty and the boy of seven who could not walk, but who found happiness through playing hide-and-go-seek, through make-believe.

The Margin of Safety

ALTHOUGH the story may be an old one, it is worth repeating, of the man who desired to engage a careful driver. There were several applicants for the position, and they were taken to where the road ran around the edge of a precipice. "Now," said the employer, "I want each one of you to tell me how near you can drive to the edge with safety."

The men walked the length of the road, examined it carefully, peered over the edge into the ravine below, and then made their reports.

"I would drive not nearer than two feet," said the first man. "I would go as close as one foot," reported another. "I am an expert driver," said the third, "I could drive within six inches of the edge with perfect safety."

The fourth man spoke slowly.

"I do not know how near to the edge I could drive with safety," he said. "I wouldn't try to find out. I would keep as far away from the edge of the cliff as possible."

He got the job.

There are many people, and their name is legion, who always try to see how near they can come to a fire and yet not get burned. They are not content to keep as far away from danger as possible, they must flirt with it. They will venture to where the sparks are flying and there is a likelihood of their getting singed and burned.

The woman who, while really upright, plays with the fire of temptation, and risks her reputation that she may enjoy the excitement of a clandestine meeting or an indiscreet act is trying to see how near to the precipice she can get without falling over and braving a plunge to the rocks below.

The young man who endangers his business position and social standing through the frequenting of questionable resorts and making companions of those who have an unsavory reputation believes that his position is so secure that he can drive near the edge of the precipice with immunity, but there is always danger that the ground may crumble and sink beneath his feet, and that he may drop into the abyss that is waiting to receive him.

The business man, the politician, the statesman, the professional man, the woman of society, the youth, the maiden of tender years, who are trying to see how near to the fire they can get without being burned, who are endeavoring to drive as close to the edge of the precipice as possible without going over, are one and all courting danger.

They are all blinded with the glamour of the game of chance which they are playing, and in which they are almost certain to lose, and go over the brink of the cliff to destruction.

One cannot play with fire without getting burned; one cannot associate with the low and vicious, even if they be garbed in the clothes of a gentleman or lady, without to some measure becoming smeared with the filth which is underneath their garments of respectability. A man or woman, a boy or girl, cannot afford to see how near to the danger line they can go before they pay the penalty.

Mock Heroics

WHEN the government of Italy finally decided to stop humoring D'Annunzio and to treat him as the rebel he was so fond of proclaiming himself, the poet changed his mind about spilling his life's blood and, according to advices, mounted his airplane and fled to safety.

A year ago the world was rather inclined to admire the daring and spirit of the poet-aviator. It is conceivable even that if the Italian Government had moved against him at Fiume when his fine frenzy was at its height, that he might have attracted so much sympathy and his friends have proved so embarrassing that there would have been a national tragedy. But the Italian Government was wise. It knew the value of waiting. It left D'Annunzio alone and the longer it ignored him the less seriously the world looked upon him.

The world likes high notes now and then but when a hero hangs to them like a curbstone quartet to a barber shop chord, common folk become weary. They would tire even of watching Napoleon standing by the sea at St. Helena or of seeing the boy munch peanuts on the burning deck.

Really, though, the world expected something better of D'Annunzio than his parting words at Fiume. "I have decided," he said, "that Italy is not worth dying for." That sentiment from a man who has been threatening every day and sometimes twice a day to spill his blood for his country, will make the world chuckle.

Even the poet's friends should be satisfied by this time that he is not a second Garibaldi.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHEN men grew tired of waiting for the wind to blow, they invented something that would take its place. For sails they substituted steam engines. For windmills they substituted force pumps. There was no objection to the wind, but there was objection to waiting for it. Men wanted something they could start themselves. They could light a fire in the steam engine and make things go. They could work the pump handle and keep water flowing. They could start things.

That is really the mark of human progress, when men can start things going, without waiting for the usual natural currents to create a movement. Some men can think; that is, they can start their mind working, they can determine when and on what problem their mind shall go to work, quite regardless of mood or liking. But other men can only receive thoughts; they are recipients, not projectors. Their minds are open stretches over which plays now cloud, now sun; they take what impressions they receive; their minds are sensitive plates, not creative dynamos.

There has been a certain amount of control achieved in the material world, but until the same degree of control is achieved in the economic and social world, we can hardly be said to have made progress.

Men no longer wait for the wind to blow, but they "wait for business to start up again."

Men no longer depend on the wind-driven pump, but they still wait for "things to take a turn."

That is, in everything but mechanical power we are still in the primitive age of our fathers. We are still dependent on the whim of the wind. If it blows, we go; if it is calm, we stand still. We speak about "business" with something of the same tone of the inevitable that we use when speaking about the weather. Panics come like rainstorms, depressions like cloudy days, prosperity like "a bright spell," for all that human beings can do with regard to controlling these things.

The question is constantly becoming more and more pressing as to the amount of control that mankind can exercise over these matters.

As a matter of fact, the heart of the problem is just in that point. It is a human cause, whether you designate it ignorance or selfishness or what not—it is human. If it be mostly ignorance, the cure is in knowledge. If it be mostly selfishness, the cure is in social-mindedness.

But the one point to be clear about is that the cause is in humanity and not in outer Nature. If the Earth had at any time failed, the basis of human society would have been wrecked beyond repair. But there have been seed time and harvest continuously, and though there have been local crop failures, never has a failure occurred that would have prevented the whole world being satisfied if transportation conditions had been equal to the need. The Earth has always yielded enough to feed the people on it; the Earth goes on doing it year by year. Even with Central China and Eastern Europe starving, there is still enough food on the earth to feed the entire human race.

Now, we may use very high-sounding names to describe the activities which engage us during this life, but the one term which describes them all is "getting a living." And a living means food, clothing, shelter. Food means agriculture; clothing means manufacture; all three mean transportation. The basis of all is the Earth; it has never failed.

And yet it cannot be denied that as long as mankind regards its economic welfare as the effect of natural forces, now blowing toward prosperity and now toward depression, there is sufficient appearance of uncontrollable fate to give color to the supposition. If things are let alone to go down to zero, they do come back; and if things are let to rage along in a riot of prosperity with no thought of the future, they do come to a fall. There is just enough to justify man's lazy supposition that "if it's to be, it's to be" and nothing that he can do can change the result.

There are economic laws, but who knows what they are? The bankers don't know. The men who would frame the laws so that a gold dollar would mean much more than a man's labor don't know. Nobody whose interest is merely himself, whose sense of prosperity ends with his own position or business, can possibly know what economic laws are. And that accounts for the various rules set up for finance and industry—wholly artificial rules—which pass as "laws," but which break down with sufficient frequency to prove that they are not even good guesses.

The basis of all economic reasoning is the Earth and its products. If these are present, you have the beginning. The process then becomes a simple use of what is on hand in order that it may reproduce itself in the necessities of life. To make the yield of the Earth, in all its forms, large enough and dependable enough to serve as the basis for real life, the life which is more than eating and sleeping, is the highest service of any economic system.

Now, just there is probably where the sprout of the next development is to be looked for. We can make things—why, the problem of production is one of the most brilliant instances of human ingenuity. We can make any number of different sort of things by the millions. The material side of our life is splendidly provided for. There are enough processes and improvements now pigeonholed and awaiting application, to bring the physical side of life to almost millennial completeness.

Then what's the trouble? Principally this: if we had advanced to a type of life which was not mainly material (although, of course, it would necessarily rest on a material basis), then our interest would naturally center there, and our only interest in the underlying material and economic processes would be to see that they worked right.

Just now, we are wrapped up in the things we are doing without being particularly concerned about the reasons why we do them. Our whole competitive system, our whole creative expression, all the play of our faculties are confined to one of the lower chambers of life, which is the chamber of material production and its by-products of success and the going standard of wealth. And it is regarded by some very short-sighted people as being to their interest that the present system never shall be perfect because it would interfere with the narrow scope of rivalry which is now afforded. It is perfectly plain why the outlook upon a standardized economic world should fill some people with dismay because of its dullness.

No need as yet to fear the dullness of a world which is in perfect economic adjustment, for mankind will never consent to perfect adjustment until he finds in a higher sphere the same outlet he now finds in the lower sphere. There was a time when part of man's business was to make fires, and keep making fires; making fires was a career to him. Then came the time when higher interests claimed him, and he wanted a fire that would burn of itself without bothering him. Finally he put his fire downstairs in a furnace where he could not even see it and where it need not trouble him more than once a day. Lately he has been putting it farther away still, in a central power house where it doesn't bother him at all. And it is all the time becoming a more perfect fire. He has grown. He now wants only the products of the fire. He does not want imperfections in his fire to distract attention from his higher interests.

Just so with mankind; it will wholly solve the economic problem when it gets an interest higher than the economic problem. Any kind of life mankind may live needs bread. Therefore, in order to prevent the question of bread breaking into his higher interest, he will come to the point where he will agree that the whole bread question ought to be placed on a standard base.

IT IS only when we get a higher interest that we require of the lower activities that they do not bother us. Most of the perfection of control which we exercise in material matters is due to our desire to get quit of them, that we may apply ourselves to things that interest us. In that way the perfection of our economic system is to come—by getting an interest so much above it, that the economic system may be freed of its blemishes in order to free us of its bother. As long as materialism constitutes our chief sphere of action and interest, its very imperfections will serve ignorance, ambition or greed. But when our interests are elevated and purified, the economic sphere will be cleaned up, because it will not then be an end in itself, but a kitchen essential. The charm of a kitchen essential is that it gives no bother.

Our "Little White Navy"—Must It Go?

By AARON HARDY ULM

HOW many persons know that the United States Government operates a "Little White Navy" for humanitarian purposes? It is the first and oldest organization in the way of a navy the country has possessed. It is a navy and it isn't. Ships make up its chief equipment and they are always prepared and ready for a fight, and in war time they become regular fighting vessels like those of the martial navy. But a fight is about the last thing that our "Little White Navy" looks for or engages in, for its prime purpose is to save, rather than destroy, life and property.

Our "Little White Navy" is known officially as the United States Coast Guard, which it became in 1915 when the United States Revenue Cutter Service and the United States Life-Saving Service were combined in a single organization. Each branch is an adjunct of government peculiar to this country, as nothing exactly like either of them is maintained by any other government. And because of that and other reasons, a fight is being made for the abolition of the Coast Guard, by letting it be swallowed whole by the regular United States Navy. In fact, the outlook for further long continued life for the historic Coast Guard isn't very good, as tremendous support has developed for the movement looking to its extinction.

The question presented is, however, of much interest, for it involves the future of a branch of government that is of more sentimental quality probably than any other branch. It also involves a problem of national policy, the militarization of a governmental activity that ordinarily has nothing to do with war—which, indeed, represents on the whole the very antithesis of war, that is, humanitarianism.

But the Navy wants the Coast Guard and most of the Coast Guard wants to get into the Navy; so if the dominant sentiment in officialdom prevails there will pass, before much longer, one of the most picturesque organizations in the world. Whatever the merits of the controversy, many who are informed on Coast Guard history will grieve to see the records closed on that organization as a separate and distinct unit of our governmental machinery.

The Coast Guard, now insignificant in strength as compared with that of its big fighting brother of the sea, is an older institution than the United States Navy itself. In the early days of the nation there was no navy, excepting the few fighting ships sent forth during the Revolution. In truth, early sentiment in the United States was rather opposed to the existence of either a navy or standing army. But the government had to have some kind of armed force to look after the ports and prevent smuggling. Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the United States Treasury, recommended organization of the Revenue Cutter Service, which the First Congress authorized in 1790. The list of duties first given it reflect an age that has all but passed; chiefly those duties were to suppress piracy and prevent smuggling in bulk, two evils now almost unknown. The Revenue Cutter Service also looked after the enforcement of port regulations and shipping laws in general. Gradually there was imposed on the service certain humanitarian duties that came in time to engage the bulk of its activities. At first these consisted of lending aid to vessels in distress along the coast. Ours was the first government to provide for that and virtually the only one that makes distinct provision for it now. As the country grew there came to be imposed on the Revenue Cutter Service many other duties of like kind, such as the location and destruction of derelicts on the seas, the supplying of medical assistance to fishermen on the Grand Banks and in Alaskan waters and, in recent years, the maintenance of an international ice patrol in the North Atlantic.

The crude beginnings of a Life-Saving Service were developed in connection with the Revenue Cutter Service about the middle of the last century. Ours was the first government to provide such a service for persons who risk their lives in taking care of shipping along the coast, and is virtually the only one that attends to it wholly now.

The Life-Saving Service, after it was fairly developed, branched off from the Revenue Cutter organization and became a separate unit. Its organization on its present basis is due very largely to a man now living, Sumner I. Kimball, who directed it for a period of nearly a half century. Mr. Kimball, though now in a situation of semi-retirement, is one of the oldest officials of the government, his services dating from the early sixties.

Kimball's long row of annual reports probably contains the records of more and finer adventure and heroism than will be found in imaginative form in all the novels of W. Clark Russell, Joseph Conrad and J. Fenimore Cooper. It was his custom to include a description of the chief life-saving incidents that were participated in by his men during each year. Many fiction writers have gone to his reports for material, of which he recorded enough to keep a half dozen romancers busy for a lifetime.

The Life-Saving Service evolved a code of firm traditions that will compare with those of any organization in existence. The chief one is that when other life is endangered, those in the service shall hold back from no sacrifice involved in giving relief. There are many recorded stories like that of the life-saver who served at the Shark River Station, New Jersey. There was a wreck off-shore and many sailors were on the verge of water graves. The life-saver was helping to launch a boat to go to their rescue, when a relative hastened to his side.

"Your brother is dying and wants to see you right away," said the messenger.

"Sorry, but I can't go to him now," the life-saver responded as he leaped into his boat.

One life-saver at an inland station on the Ohio River near Louisville saved more than 500 lives during his several terms of service.

Long periods of service was and still is largely customary in the Life-Saving Service. In many sections families have engaged in the work for several generations. In the Cape Hatteras area, where dangerous waters require the maintenance of many stations, members of three families have made up most of the personnel of all stations for the last fifty years.

It was from one of those stations that among the most daring of recent life-saving exploits took place. It occurred during the late days of the war when the British tank steamer Mirlo was torpedoed by a German submarine just north of Cape Hatteras. The crew had just time to leap into a couple of lifeboats before the vessel sank. Thousands of gallons of oil released from the shattered tanks, spread over the surface of the sea, caught fire; and in a moment acres of water were covered with roaring flame. Into the cauldron a United States life-saving crew, which had hastened to the spot from its station ashore, drove a power boat and rescued every endangered sailor.



(C) Chas A. Harbaugh

A Coast Guard crew going through the breakers on its way to a shipwreck. When a vessel strands close to the shore the breeches buoy is ordinarily employed to effect a rescue.

It was also a surfman belonging to the life-saving branch of the Coast Guard who drove a sled across the Seward Peninsula in the early winter of 1918 and carried relief to native communities that but for the help would probably have been depopulated by the influenza epidemic.

And it was the officers and crew from the Revenue Cutter *Unalga* that in the spring of the following year saved the population of Unalaska from destruction by the "flu."

One of the firmest traditions of both branches of the United States Coast Guard is that, though they are required to relieve only such distress as occurs on the navigable waters of the country, no call of humanity reaching it shall ever be ignored.

Hence the kinds of relief both branches give on land as well as at sea veritably run the entire gamut of distress. Life-saving crews often turn physicians and doctor persons who are stricken along the coast remote from regular physicians. They put out fires, and even pull the automobiles of careless tourists out of the mud, and never fail to take in and care for any wanderer in need who passes their way.

The property saved by the revenue cutters in the way of wrecked merchant vessels or ships in distress along the coast, totals in the tens of millions every year. The service they give is always free which means a lot to the shipping served; though they have the right to make salvage charges in cases wherein the government is imposed upon. The lives rescued from distressed vessels number in the hundreds every year. And the persons rescued from peril by the life-saving crews occupying the hundreds of stations scattered along our more than 5,000 miles of coast line are almost innumerable.

Though its humanitarian and salvage work comprises most of its activities, the Coast Guard performs many law-enforcing duties. These have to do chiefly with the Federal revenue and shipping laws. They keep order among all vessels within the three-mile limit, have the right to hail and board, and even to use force when necessary. Small guns are carried by the revenue cutters which are operated along military lines.

They look after the enforcement of regulations governing the importation of opium and assist the immigration authorities in keeping Chinese from coming into the country. One of the singular duties now imposed upon it is the prevention—so far as it can—of the clandestine importation of liquors as barred by the Eighteenth Amendment. This requires the operation of special coast patrols in several sections of the country, particularly around the Florida peninsula, on some portions of the Great Lakes and on parts of the Pacific Coast.

National prohibition to an extent has revived the ancient art or evil of smuggling in bulk. They are now using Eagle boats and submarine chasers in patrolling those coasts that are most favorable to the ways of the blockade liquor runners who, during the last year, have become quite numerous. Several vessels loading with prohibited drinkables have been overhauled as they sneaked toward obscure landing places. From one more than $4,000 worth of cognac was taken and confiscated, a few months ago.

The Coast Guard has its own fleet of vessels. They are small craft, constructed specially for the policing and rescue work they must render. They are so constructed, however, that in war time they may be taken over and operated as a part of the Navy. In fact, on the declaration of war the Coast Guard automatically becomes a part of the naval forces. It so served in the recent war during which the greatest single naval disaster involved a Coast Guard vessel, the *Tampa,* which was sunk by a submarine while doing escort duty in the English Channel. Every one of its 110 officers and men was lost.

The good record of the Coast Guard in the war gave impetus to the long-standing demand that that service be merged with the Navy in peace as well as war time.

The Navy people are almost unanimous for it. They contend that all government activity having to do with things that float, that is with the sea, should be under a single head, while in peace time the Coast Guard is an adjunct of the Treasury Department. They claim that the Navy could take over the Coast Guard equipment and, together with its own, render the same service more capably and cheaply.

The Navy is supported in its contention by a majority of the Coast Guard personnel. They claim that Coast Guard officers would have more opportunity for development, certainly more for advancement in rank, if they were naval officers.

But there are many people in the Coast Guard and outside of it who do not favor the merger. They claim that the question transcends the mere matter of economy and personal opportunity. It goes into fundamentals.

Military organizations, no matter how capable as such, are not noted for enthusiasm over or great success in any kind of practicable peace-time work that does not bear on preparation for war. Every time somebody suggests that naval vessels be employed in peace time for cargo-carrying, or other practical work, the professional naval men seem insulted. When the Navy was directed to use warships in bringing American soldiers back from France, it is said many naval officers considered it a "desecration" for a warship to be turned temporarily into an army transport.

Former Secretary of the Navy Myer opposed the absorption of the Coast Guard by the Navy on the ground that the Navy's sole business in time of peace is to prepare for war, and that peace time duties of a practical nature would weaken it as a war machine.

The Navy might not comprehend the fine humanitarian point of view that has become a tradition of the two branches of the Coast Guard; for humanitarianism and war are not very harmonious.

But the absorption of the Coast Guard would give the Navy a practicable and constructive claim on popular support, for it would then be able to point to money-saving and life-saving duties it performed during peace time intervals.

And it would give Coast Guard officers chances of high promotion they do not now possess; for the highest rank in the Coast Guard only parallels that of a lieutenant-commander in the Navy.

This Congress may decide the question, as hearings on a pending bill providing for the merger have been held. Though the question is still pending, it is one of the oldest having to do with government activities. The merger was proposed almost concurrently with the beginnings of the Navy nearly a hundred and fifty years ago and has been renewed regularly ever since.

If it finally prevails one of the most interesting, picturesque, historic and singular of government institutions will cease to be as an entity separate from war-making activities.





Above—Launching a United States Coast Guard Life-saving boat. Right—The beach patrol of the Coast Guard, burning a signal to warn a vessel away from inshore dangers; many ships are saved by these warnings. Below—The breeches buoy, probably the most used mechanism for rescuing people from vessels stranded near the shore.



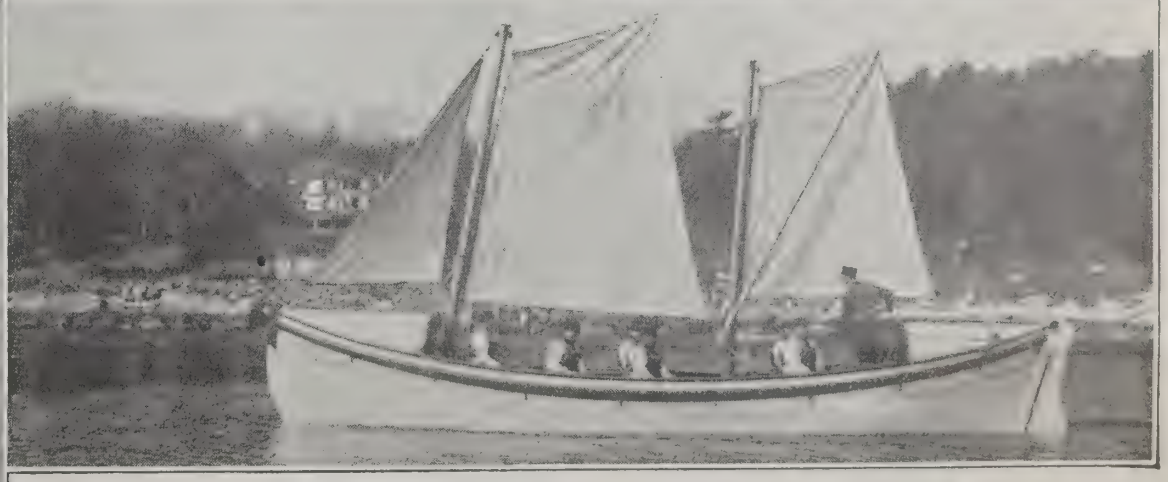


(C) C. A. Harbaugh

Sailor's Life the Life —If These Men Are on Guard

Left—A surfman in the Coast Guard on patrol duty during angry weather. Right—One of the hundreds of life-saving stations maintained by the Coast Guard along our more than 5,000 miles of ocean frontage.





A typical motor-operated life-saving boat as used by the United States Coast Guard.

The Rise of the First Jewish Theatrical Trust

Noted Actors Made Brave But Losing Fight Against the Spoliators of Theatric Art. The Harrison Grey Fiske Lawsuit

IT HAS long been known among dramatic critics that the reason for the maintenance of "Ben Hur" in the theater for nineteen years is this: it is the most successful of all the vehicles for pro-Semitism now on the stage. That will appear to be a prejudicial statement in the minds of the thousands who have seen and enjoyed "Ben Hur," but there is truth in it. The point which should not be overlooked, however, is that *if* "Ben Hur" is useful in framing the public mind favorably toward the Jews, it is not because of a pro-Semitic intention in the story. That may be the intention of the producers, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, but it was not the intention of General Lew Wallace.

It would seem that art and fate conspire against the propagandist play, for in no other way can the failure of avowedly pro-Semitic drama be explained. Perhaps there was never such a serious and even strenuous attempt made to force the Jewish controlled theater into the service of pro-Semitism as has been made in recent months. And the attempts, with one possible exception, have been failures. Lavishly produced, heralded by an unbroken clacque of press announcement, swathed in an initial chorus of praise, sponsored by officialdom which had been dragged out to stand godfather to the productions, they nevertheless have failed.

Be it said to the credit of the American Jew that he has been one of the causes of the failure. A most significant and hopeful sign was the reaction of the intelligent Jewish community against the attempt to utilize the stage as a hustings to boost the Jew into an unreal eminence and desirability. Certain competent Jews wrote their opinions about this with much freedom and wisdom. And they evinced a spirit which, if it could be made to permeate all Jewish activities, would quickly dispose of the Jewish Question under whatever phase it may be considered. It is this spirit of judging Jewish interests in the light of the whole which promises a helpful and lasting solution of all the differences which unfortunately have been permitted to arise between the people of Judah and the others.

Running Out the Stock Companies

THE fact of Jewish control of the theater is not of itself a ground for complaint. If certain Jews, working separately or in groups, have succeeded in wrenching this rich business from its former Gentile control, that is purely a matter of commercial interest. It is precisely on the same footing as if one group of Gentiles won the control from another group of Gentiles. It may be regarded as a business matter. In this, as in other business matters, however, there is the ethical test of *how the control was gained* and *how it is used.* Society is usually willing to receive the fact of control with equanimity, providing the control is not used for anti-social purposes.

The fact that the old-time Gentile producing managers usually died poor—Augustin Daly being about the only exception—while Jewish producing managers wax immensely wealthy (there being on this side the exception of the late Charles Frohman), would indicate that the Gentile managers were better artists and poorer business men than the Jewish managers. At least poorer business men, perhaps; and in any case working on a system whose chief object was to produce plays and not profits.

The advent of Jewish control put the theater on a more commercialized basis than it had previously known. It really represented applying the Trust Idea to the theater before it had been largely applied to industry. As early as the year 1896 the Theatrical Trust controlled 37 theaters in strategic cities. The men composing this alliance were Klaw and Erlanger, Nixon and Zimmerman, and Hayman and Frohman. All but Zimmerman were Jews, and his racial origin was a subject of dispute. This group was later joined by Rich and Harris, of Boston, and Joseph Brookes, all known as Jews.

Controlling these theaters, the Trust was able to assure a long season to both managers and playing companies. Outside the Trust, the managers and companies were left to make arrangements between each other, which resembled a species of barnstorming.

The effect on the independent theaters and managers was disastrous. The Trust boosted royalties on plays from $50 to $450 and eventually to $1,000 a week. This of itself cut off the material of the stock companies with which the independent managers endeavored to keep open their houses.

The running out of the stock companies by excessive charges for the use of plays that had already been used in the regular theaters of the Trust, really served Jewish interests in another way. The motion picture industry was coming to the front. It was a Jewish enterprise from the first. There never was any need to drive Gentiles out of that, because the Gentiles never had a chance to get in. Thus, the driving out of the stock companies threw the empty theaters over to the "movies," and the benefit was again confined to a particular racial group.

This will answer the question so frequently asked by people who wonder why the theaters they formerly saw offering plays at all seasons, are now devoting the larger part of the year to "movies."

It was not to be expected that this sort of thing could be put through without a struggle. There was a struggle and a severe one, but it is ended with what the public can see today.

The opposition offered by the artists was prolonged and dignified. Francis Wilson, Nat C. Goodwin, James A. Herne, James O'Neil, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske and James K. Hackett stood out for a time, all of them with the exception of Goodwin bound by a forfeit of $1,000 if they deserted the cause of a free theater.

Joseph Jefferson was always with the actors in this opposition and continued of the same mind to the end, playing in both Trust and anti-Trust houses.

When Nat Goodwin Surrendered

IT IS a matter of record that Nat Goodwin was the first to give in. He was the head and front of the opposition, but he had his weaknesses which were well known to the Trust, and upon these they played. One of his weaknesses was for New York engagements, and he was offered a long engagement at the Knickerbocker Theater. He was also given the promise of dates wherever and whenever he wanted them. Goodwin thereupon deserted the alliance of stars and became the henchman of the Trust. (The "Trust" was the name by which the new control was known in these days. The racial name was not given although the racial nature was plainly discerned.)

Nat Goodwin's star began to decline from that day. He made a final essay as Shylock, and with that he was practically ushered out as a headliner of the serious stage.

Richard Mansfield and Francis Wilson were delivering nightly curtain speeches against the Trust wherever they appeared, and although the public was sympathetic it was very much like the present state of affairs—what could the public do? What can an unorganized public ever do against a small, organized, determined minority? The public hardly ever appears as a party in any of the movements that concerns itself; the public is the prize for which the parties strive.

The Trust dealt strongly with Wilson. His dates were canceled. Neither his status nor his ability was of any avail to him. One of the Trust made an open statement: "Mr. Wilson is a shining mark, and we determined to make an example of him for the benefit of the lesser offenders."

Wilson's strong spirit was finally subdued to see "reason." In 1898 the Philadelphia members of the Trust offered him $50,000 for his business, and he took it.

In due time Richard Mansfield also surrendered, and Mrs. Fiske was left alone to carry on the fight.

The Dramatic Mirror Braves Judah

THE Theatrical Trust, which must be described as Jewish, because it was that, was at the beginning of the new century in full control of the field. It had reduced what was essentially an art to a time-clock, cash-register system, working with the mechanical precision of a well-managed factory. It suppressed individuality and initiative, killed off competition, drove out the independent manager and star, excluded all but foreign playwrights of established reputation, fostered the popularity of inferior talent which was predominantly Jewish, sought to debase the service of the dramatic critics of the public press, foisted countless "stars" of mushroom growth upon a helpless public while driving real stars into obscurity; it handled plays, theaters and actors like factory products, and now began a process of vulgarizing and commercializing everything connected with the theater.

If space permitted, a number of opinions could be presented here from men like William Dean Howells, Norman Hapgood and Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose concern was for the theater, but who voiced no other observation as to the racial influences at work.

Their concern was justified. It is quite possible that many who read this article are not interested in the theater, and are, in fact, convinced that the theater is a menace. Very well. What principally makes it a menace? This—that the stage today represents the principal cultural element of 50 per cent of the people. What the average young person absorbs as to good form, proper deportment, refinement as contrasted with coarseness, correctness of speech or choice of words, customs and feelings of other nations, even fashions of clothes, as well as ideas of religion and law, are derived from what he sees and hears at the theater. The masses' sole idea of the homes and the life of the rich is derived from the stage and the movies. More wrong notions are given, more prejudices created by the Jewish controlled theater in one week, than can be charged against a serious study of the Jewish Question in a century. People sometimes wonder where the ideas of the younger generation come from. This is the answer.

As was just said, all the original opposers of this new control of the theater surrendered and left Mrs. Fiske to fight alone. She had, however, an ally in her husband, Harrison Grey Fiske, who was editor of the New York *Dramatic Mirror.*

Mrs. Fiske herself had said: "The incompetent men who have seized upon the affairs of the stage in this country have all but killed art, ambition and decency."

Her husband wrote in his paper: "What then should be expected of a band of adventurers of infamous origin, of no breeding and utterly without artistic taste? . . . . Let it be kept in mind that the ruling number of these men who compose the Theatrical Trust are absolutely unfit to serve in any but the most subordinate places in the economy of the stage and that they ought not to be tolerated even in these places except under a discipline, active, vigorous and uncompromising. Their records are disreputable and in some cases criminal, and their methods are in keeping with their records." (First printed in the *Dramatic Mirror,* December 25, 1897; reprinted March 19, 1898.)

This attack was regarded, foolishly and wrongfully of course, as an attack on the whole House of Israel and, as is always the case when one Jew is censured for wrongdoing, all the Jews in the United States came to the rescue. Pressure was brought to bear on a famous news company which handled the circulation of the most important magazines in the United States. Leading hotels were induced to withdraw the *Dramatic Mirror* from their news stands. *Mirror* correspondents were refused admittance to theaters controlled by the Trust. Any number of underground influences were set in operation to "get" Fiske and his business.

A Case That Proved Itself

SUIT was brought against Fiske for $10,000 damages for the strictures he had printed upon the personal character of certain members of the Trust. Fiske replied in his answer, setting up various facts against specific members of the Trust, their records, actions, and so on. One he accused of carrying on business under a fictitious name ("cover name," as it is known in Jewish circles). Another he accused of charging managers for advertising expenses that were never incurred. Another he accused of issuing "complimentary" tickets in which he did a private speculative business of his own, selling them and pocketing the proceeds. Another he accused of specific crime for which he had been arrested and convicted.

He charged that the Trust as a whole advertised in various cities that "the original New York company" would play, charging exorbitant admission fees on the strength of this advertisement, when in truth these were secondary companies and not the one advertised.

A strange court hearing was held in which the magistrate did not wish to hear any of Fiske's testimony, even forbidding him to enter official records of the criminal proceedings had against a certain member of the Trust. The magistrate did not seem to want to hear what Fiske based his statements upon. There was a serious shooting scrape involving a woman, but the magistrate did not want to hear about it. There was even considerable difficulty on the part of Fiske's lawyer in procuring the attendance of Abraham L. Erlanger at court, although he was one of the complainants.

All the important questions asked of Klaw were overruled.

As to Al Hayman, the court overruled all questions relating to his real name and the circumstances under which he left Australia.

The facts were not brought out in this hearing, but the whole character of the hearing was made known to the public. Fiske was bound over to the Grand Jury, with $300 bail in every allegation of libel.

The Grand Jury lost no time in dismissing all the complaints against Fiske. The Trust members had come off badly because of their evident unwillingness

(*Concluded on next page*)

Should Jews Intermarry?
Jews and Shylock
Talk of Harding's Cabinet Appointments

Jewish World Notes

Swastika "Anti-Semitic"
Why Jewish Artists Change Their Names
Jewish Aliens Bring Most Money

Lord Reading Winces

NOTHING could more strikingly illustrate Jewish readiness to make capital out of assumed reflections on the race than a recent incident in the Criminal Court of Appeal in London. In the course of a trial, Sir Ernest Wild, counsel for the Crown, referred to the defendant as "a Jewish money lender." Lord Reading, the lord chief justice, who was sitting with Mr. Justice Darling in the case, at once hotly reprimanded the eminent barrister, declaring that the phrase was grossly improper and intended to reflect upon the Jewish race. According to the Jewish press, spectators who crowded the court room "rose and applauded" Lord Reading's criticism. American Jewish papers play up the story on their front pages under such sensational headlines as: "Lord Reading Publicly Rebukes Jew-Baiters" and "Lord Reading Cheered for Anti-Semitic Rebuke." Curiously enough in the Chicago *Israelite's* report the writer says, quite without quotation marks or sense of inconsistency: "The case was one in which a Jewish money lender was involved," using, as a matter of intelligent narration, the very term for the use of which he attacks Sir Ernest Wild as a "Jew-baiter"! Lord Darling, whose unfailing humor has lighted up many an otherwise drab day in court and who is a warm London favorite, quietly suggested when the chief justice's anger had cooled down a bit that he (Lord Darling) saw nothing improper in the Crown prosecutor's language and that he had never found fault when a witness was asked whether or not he was a Scotchman or even a Scotch money lender, although he was himself a Scotchman. But the Jewish lord chief justice insisted that the intent was to throw discredit upon the witness, "because of the general prejudice against Jews." The affair has given rise to an interesting newspaper discussion, the *Times'* comment being that Jews must not complain when a cheap witticism is made at their expense and declaring that the trouble with the Jews is that they are over-anxious to proclaim themselves as "Englishmen," while the Scotch are proud of their nationality. One Jewish writer declares that 'the word Jew was interjected by the Crown counsel to prejudice the defendant by creating on the minds of the jury the impression that only Jewish money lenders are dishonest." And quite ingenuously he goes on: "From this point of view, Lord Reading, who himself is a Jew, was right. There is prejudice against Jews and people are apt to connect that term with everything crooked and corrupt." The writer does not say why.

Cohens Many

Next to Smith, the most numerous name in the new city directory of New York is Cohen. Of the 1,096,250 names listed in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, approximately 8,000 are of the Smith clan and some 7,100 bear the name of Cohen or Cohn. The proportion of Cohens in Brooklyn would probably be larger, and if the "Gentile front" modifications of the name that have been widely adopted—such as Cowen, Cowan, Kohn, Kern, Keene, Keane, Cohan, Colby and Cahen—were included, the Smiths would possibly be outnumbered.

Jews in Harding's Cabinet?

The Jewish press has been busy with predictions of the choice by President-elect Harding of one or more Jews for his cabinet advisers. Julius Kahn, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, was boomed for Secretary of War in recognition of his aid in carrying California for the Republicans. Otto H. Kahn, Jacob H. Schiff's successor as head of the great international Jewish banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and who has been much in the limelight lately in connection with his testimony before the congressional committee on taxation, was groomed for Secretary of the Treasury, and Albert Lasker, head of a Chicago advertising agency who directed Harding's publicity bureau during the campaign, was put forward for the post of Secretary of Commerce or Interior.

The Exclusive Jew

The drastic clause in the will of the late Sir Charles Henry, by which he cut off from any share in his estate any descendant who should marry outside of the Jewish race, has suggested to the Chicago *Israelite* a contest among its readers in which $60 in prizes are provided for the best answers to the question, "What Is Your Opinion of Intermarriage?" In announcing the contest, it is asked editorially: "What spirit of self-contempt makes the Jewish young man especially believe that an alliance with a non-Jewess (almost invariably of a lower social scale) bears some peculiar dazzle and glitter? . . . . *Judaism is not merely a religion;* Judaism is a mode of living, a philosophy of life. Intermarriage always brings tears and heartbreak. The process of adjustment (no matter how much a man and woman really love one another) is difficult even when they have a common background and pretty much the same point of view. This is infinitely complicated when they thrust in differences of racial temperament, habits and customs; *a diametrically opposite way of looking at things,* a different religion and a different theology."

The Jew That Shakespeare Drew

Despite Jewish insistence in America on banishing Shakespeare's masterpiece, "The Merchant of Venice," from our public libraries and schools because of fancied "anti-Semitism" in the portrayal of the character of Shylock, Sir Sidney Lee, a Jew, is recognized in England as the greatest living Shakespearean critic and commentator, while George Brandes, a Danish Jew, also ranks high among Shakespearean scholars. Needless to add, neither of these critics shares or approves of the silliness shown by the American Jews about Shylock.

Epstein Leaves England

Jacob Epstein, the Jewish "genius" whose rashly daring and grotesque sculpture labeled "Christ" aroused such a storm of protest recently in London, is about to return to this country. Although naturalized in England, he is American-born.

Father of Psycho-Analysis a Jew

What has come to be widely known as the "Freudian Theory" of "Psycho-Analysis," which is the subject of warm controversy among psychologists on either side of the Atlantic, is the product of Dr. Sigmund Freud, a Viennese Jew.

Jewish Immigrants Bring Most Money

Although we hear much of the destitution of the Jews of Eastern Europe, Ellis Island officials state that of the immigrants coming in during the last few months the Jews outnumber all other races about two to one and bring in more money than any others, having an average of $300 each. The Dutch and Flemish come next with an average of $237; then the Swiss with $235, then the English with $214, the Polish with $190, and the Scotch, Irish, Scandinavians, French and Finnish, with an average of $119, the North Italians with $95 apiece and the South Italians with $62 and the Portuguese, $41. It is also to be taken into account that it costs the immigrants much more to cross the ocean than it did in pre-war days. Steerage fares from European ports, which used to average $25 to $27, are now up to about $110, with the exchange heavily against them. If these Eastern Jews are really destitute, who is financing the new exodus?

The Jew Hero

"Potterism," the sensational novel which is being boomed as a "best seller," has a Jewish hero—quite a striking character who "stands out like a giant among the pigmy Gentile characters in the book," according to a Jewish review.

Chanukah and Revolution

The Jews in America gave more than usual emphasis this year to the celebration of Chanukah, the Feast of Dedication, which began on the evening of December 5, and continued for eight days. The feast is celebrated in commemoration of the successful Jewish revolution led by Judas Maccabeus against the Syrian king, Antiochus IV, or Epiphanes, which filled the three years between 165 and 168 B. C. Chanukah especially marks the rededication of the Temple in Jerusalem, which signified the formal pronouncement of the re-establishment of the Independent Jewish Commonwealth. This year the Tract Commission of American Hebrew Congregations distributed widely, for the use of the Gentile press, accounts of the significance of Chanukah. Oddly enough, the celebration was simultaneous in Russia, England and America with the celebration of the anniversary of another successful revolution, that of the Russian Bolshevists.

Swastika Forbidden

Herr Haenisch, the German minister of education, has issued an order forbidding the wearing of the swastika by students. It is asserted that students had adopted this ancient symbol as an indication that the wearer had no Semitic blood in his veins. The minister takes the ground that such insignia "incite anti-Semitism."

Camouflage, Says the Chicago Israelite

Says the Chicago *Israelite:* "Not every public performer who happens to be a Jew desires that fact to be known. Indeed as a rule, Jewish artists change their names or if their cognomens sound Jewish they describe themselves as foreigners, as either Russians, Poles, Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, and so on. This is true of the women as well as of the men. Newspapermen know Jasha Heifetz, Efraim Zimbalist, Mischa Elman, Alma Gluck, Sophie Braslau, Mana Zucca, Rosa Raisa, David Warfield, Louis Mann, Clara Lippman and others prominent on the stage and the platform are Jews and Jewesses. And when that fact is pushed into the background and the managers of these artists bill them as "Russian" and "Polish" and what not, they cannot be blamed if they take these people at their own valuation. And incidentally, when Jewish comedians so-called will cease mocking Jews on the stage and refrain from singing vulgar songs in bad Yiddish and still more vile English, it will, too, help to inspire respect for the Jewish people.

Unless?

Commenting on the recent pronunciamento of the American Jewish committees against what they term "Anti-Semitism," the Chicago *Tribune* sagely remarks: "We do not think anti-Semitism will make headway in this country, unless the Jews themselves should organize *Semitism* and attempt thus to influence public policy for special causes or for particular Jewish interests."

The Rise of the First Jewish Theatrical Trust

Concluded from page 8

to meet the case. They were revealed to be a much lower type of men than the American public had supposed was in charge of the American Theater. They were shown to be a type that would not even stop at demanding the discharge of a local newspaper reporter whose critique of their plays did not please them.

The fight of the dramatic critics first against the bribery and then against the bludgeoning of the Theatrical Trust makes a story of which echoes have frequently come to the American public through the press. Conciliatory at first, with managers, actors, playwrights and critics, the Trust, as soon as it gained power, showed the claws beneath the velvet. It had the millions of dollars of the public coming its way, why should it care?

Whenever a critic opposed its methods or pointed out the inferior, coarse and degrading character of the Trust productions, he was ordered barred from the Trust's theaters, and local managers were instructed to demand his discharge from his newspaper. It is with mingled feelings that an American is compelled to relate that in many, many cases the demand was complied with, the papers being threatened with the loss of Sunday advertising! But here and there courageous writers on the Stage held to the honor of their profession and refused to be bribed or intimidated.

Writers like James S. Metcalfe, of *Life;* Hillery Bell, of the New York *Press;* Frederick F. Schrader, of the Washington *Post;* Norman Hapgood, on the New York *Evening Globe;* James O'Donnell Bennett, of the Chicago *Record-Herald,* stood out against the Trust and made their fight. Metcalfe went so far as to bring suit against the Trust for unlawful exclusion from a place of public amusement. The courts were kind to the Trust. They decided that a theater may pick its patrons. Even in very recent years the Trust has followed blacklisted dramatic critics in an effort to prevent their employment by newspapers.

The Theatrical Trust does not exist in the form it did ten years ago. It grew arrogant and bred secret enemies among its own people. A new force arose, but it also was Jewish, as it originated in the Shubert Brothers with David Belasco. Instead of one, the American people have now a dual dictatorship of the stage. The rage of the day is not plays, but playhouses. With not three plays of any character to distinguish them from the dregs of the stage, there are now building in New York alone a dozen new playhouses. The theatrical business has entered upon its real estate phase. There is money in renting chairs at the rate of $1 to $3 an hour. The renting of the chairs is a reality. The Stage is rapidly becoming an illusion.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

The Alien Flood That Perils America's Future

More Official Evidence of the Type of 1920 Immigration:

The Johnson Bill, to restrict immigration and save this country from the millions of undesirables who would leave their homes across the seas to become economic parasites sowing seeds of dissension in this country, has passed the House of Representatives.

It has gone to the Senate, and is in committee. The opponents of the measure frankly hope to "amend it to death," if they are unable to delay its passage sufficiently to permit the entrance into America of those whom they would befriend.

If you are of that American temperament that does not wish to believe the worst, will you accept the word of the United States Government, as spoken by representatives of the Department of State, who, with no axes to grind, made the reports which are appended here? And their reports, mind you, have been characterized by certain influences in this country as propaganda designed to create religious and racial prejudice!

From the majority report of the Committee on Immigration of the House:

Members of the committee found the new immigration at Ellis Island to consist practically of all nationalities except Orientals. It found by far the largest percentage of immigrants to be peoples of Jewish extraction. On the steamship New Amsterdam, sailing from Rotterdam, the committee found that 80 per cent of the steerage passengers were from Galicia, practically all of Jewish extraction. On the New Rochelle, arriving from Danzig, the committee estimated that more than 90 per cent were of the Semitic race. The committee is confirmed in the belief that the major portion of recent arrivals come without funds. It was apparent to the committee that a large percentage of those arriving were incapable of earning a livelihood. These are temporarily detained, causing great congestion, much delay, and pitiful distress, until relatives or others arrive to give bond that the newcomers will not become public charges.

A study of the new immigration from Central Europe convinced many members of the Immigration Committee that the arriving immigrants are not those who might go to the farms; that they are not agriculturists, but mainly additional population for our principal coastal cities and congested industrial districts.

Members of the committee questioned many immigrants at Ellis Island and found that most of them were bound for cities, such as New York, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and others already crying out because of unemployment and lack of housing facilities. . . . During the one month of October, 1920, it is estimated that of the 74,665 immigrants arriving at Ellis Island, more than 75 per cent were of the Semitic race.

Excerpts from reports made to the Department of State and furnished to the Committee on Immigration at its request, submitted by Wilbur J. Carr, head of the consular service:

RUMANIA, *Bucharest.*—Possibly 10 per cent of applicants are Rumanians from Transylvania or the Old Kingdom. The remainder are Jews, mostly from Bessarabia and Bukovina, practically all, except women and children, being petty merchants or salesmen. It should also be noted that the proportion of men emigrating is increasing and that not a few are probably fugitives from Ukrainia who have managed to obtain Rumanian passports. Ninety per cent of applicants are Jews of both sexes and all ages.

AUSTRIA, *Vienna.*—Sixty per cent of the present emigrants are of the Jewish race . . . . The favorite occupation of these emigrants is merchant or clerk.

FRANCE, *Tunis.*—Mostly poverty-stricken, often illiterate, Sicilians and Maltese laborers and families, migrating to better their condition; day laborers, mechanics, masons, joiners, and similar workers and dependents.

GERMANY, *Berlin.*—It is estimated that 2,000,000 Germans desire to emigrate to the United States if passport restrictions are removed. The Germans who proceed to the United States are not of the most desirable class, due to the fact that military service is at present in most cases an absolute bar.

GREECE, *Athens.*—A great majority of the emigrants to the United States from this district are of the peasant class and represent a low form of unskilled labor. Very few of them have any trade.

ITALY, *Catania.*—A large proportion of aliens from this district going to the United States are inimical to the best interests of the American Government.

Florence.—The only really effective way of eliminating those inimical to American interests from aliens coming to America from a country so honeycombed with socialistic ideas and activities of every degree as Italy would be to suspend emigration altogether.

NETHERLANDS, *Rotterdam.*—The great mass of aliens passing through Rotterdam at the present time are Russian Poles or Polish Jews of the usual ghetto type. Most of them are more or less directly and frankly getting out of Poland to avoid war conditions. They are filthy, un-American and often dangerous in their habits.

POLAND, *Warsaw.*—Concerning the general characteristics of aliens emigrating to the United States from Poland and the occupation or trade followed by them reports indicate such to be substantially as follows:

(a) Physically deficient:—(1) Wasted by disease and lack of food supplies; (2) Reduced to an unprecedented state of life during the period of the war, as the result of oppression and want; (3) Present existence in squalor and filth.

(b) Mentally deficient:—(1) Illy educated, if not illiterate, and too frequently with minds so stultified as to admit of little betterment; (2) Abnormally twisted because of (a) reaction from war strain, (b) shock of revolutionary disorders, (c) the dullness and stultification resulting from past years of oppression and abuse.

(c) Economically undesirable:—(1) Twenty per cent is given as a round and generous estimate of productive laborers among present applicants for visés. This estimate is meant to include workers, or those who may be expected to become workers, from both sexes. The remaining percentage may be expected to be a drain on the resources of America for years; (2) Of the 50 per cent of emigrants from Poland who may be termed efficients, 40 per cent—of the total number of immigrants—will enter a trade as a middleman, not a producer. These will thrive on the efforts of their associates; (3) The productive labor, small percentage as it is, will be found in America in the sweatshops in the large centers of population. It is decidedly not agricultural, but urban in character. In this report female applicants as housewives, and so on, are of course termed as efficients.

(d) Socially undesirable:—(1) Eighty-five to ninety per cent lack any conception of patriotic or national spirit. And the majority of this percentage is mentally incapable of acquiring it. (2) Seventy-five per cent or upward will congregate in the large urban centers, such as New York or Baltimore, and add to undesirable congestion, already a grave civic problem; (3) Immigrants of similar class are to be found already in the United States who, taken as a class and not individually, have proved unassimilable; (4) All Europe is experiencing in the reaction from the war a corruption of moral standards. This may even be most noticeable in Germany. The introduction of these lowered standards cannot fail to have its evil influence in the United States.

(e) At the moment, 90 per cent may be regarded as a low estimate of the proportion representing the Jewish race among emigrants to America from Poland.

(f) The unassimilability of these classes politically is a fact too often proved in the past to bear any argument.

Excerpts from reports of officers who have visited Poland:

One immigrant aid society, which has offices in Poland, is said to be planning to send 250,000 emigrants of one race alone, the Jewish, to the United States within the next three years.

The increase of emigration from Poland raises two important questions for the United States—first, public health, and second, public safety. Many Bolshevik sympathizers are in Poland. It is difficult through visé control to keep out the undesirables.

All emigrants who pass through Danzig are decidedly inferior types, physically, mentally, and morally, and because of their insanitary habits constitute a menace to the health of all with whom they come in contact.

It is alleged that one of the reasons for the remarkable increase in the numbers of intending emigrants from Poland to the United States may be found in the activities of representatives at Warsaw of American immigrant aid societies, who are reported to have aided the emigrants to obtain passports, to have arranged for special care on trains to ports of departure, to have negotiated with steamship companies for ships to intermediate ports, and special trains to connect with the trans-Atlantic liners.

It is estimated that 350,000 Polish subjects of the Hebrew race alone are anxious to proceed to the United States for the purpose of joining relatives, or for other reasons. Another estimate places the figure of those who will attempt to reach the United States during the next three years at 5,000,000. Crowds estimated at 6,000 have at times waited before the Warsaw Consulate to obtain visés. It is impossible to overestimate the peril of the class of emigrants coming from this part of the world, and every possible care and safeguard should be used to keep out the undesirables.

CONGRESS opened December 6 with the surface prospects bright for some amendment to the immigration law which would reduce the evils which the rush of un-sorted peoples has been bringing to the United States.

For the first time a Congressional Committee showed the courage to recognize that the greatest immigration danger lay in racial undesirability rather than in individual diseases of mind and body affecting a scattered few in all races.

The House Immigration Committee in reporting favorably on the first day of the session a bill to stop all immigration excepting only parents and grandparents of persons now in the country, specifically pointed to the predominance of Jews among the present immigrants, and to the host of waiting Jews across the ocean, as the evils which must be guarded against. The House Committee's speed in presenting its remedy for the immigration troubles enheartened supporters of restrictive measures. Comfort also was obtained from the fact that in the Senate, too, a feeling was apparent that something must be done.

But—

At Ellis Island among the immigration authorities the commendable spirit manifested at Washington brought little real hope of alleviation of immigration evils.

"We have seen this early enthusiasm shown in immigration legislation on too many occasions previously," declared one of the veteran officials, "to congratulate the country at this stage. There are too many barriers before the proposed bill can become an effective law."

The seriousness of the Jewish campaign against new legislation interfering with unrestricted immigration of their race was made apparent at the time of the opening of Congress.

A few days prior to the session representatives of the garment makers' unions in New York City visited representatives of the American Federation of Labor at the Hotel Continental and asked that Jews be excepted from the proposed Congressional legislation, because of persecution of the race for religious reasons in various European countries. The New York *Times* reported the conference between the delegations, and stated that the garment makers' representatives were given an attentive hearing. The fact that the garment makers visited the American Federation of Labor representatives rather than make their addresses to Congress was in keeping with Jewish policy of seeking to obtain their objects by insidious methods rather than by open arguments. Subsequent to the garment makers' activity, announcement was made in Jewish circles in New York, that Hungarian Jews were planning to take action to combat immigration restrictions, basing their pleas on sympathetic appeals.

When the House bill prepared by Representative Johnson was favorably reported by the Immigration Committee, dispatches from Washington were sent out stating that Representative Isaac Siegel, of New York City, and Representative Adolph J. Sabath, of Chicago, would probably oppose the measure on the floor of the House. They made a minority report.

Jewish leaders were not hopeful, however, of killing the bill. It was rather by delays, substitutions and amendments that they expressed hope of accomplishing their end.

It was the fear of supporters of the Johnson Bill that the enthusiasm with which its introduction was greeted would not last. If delays in the passage of the bill in the House materialized, it was feared that the measure would fail of Senate passage.

The short session of Congress will end March 4. Ordinarily the session is given over to legislation dealing with appropriations. The imperative need of immigration legislation inspired House members to give

the Johnson Bill the right of way. The hope of enemies lies in delaying it so that it cannot reach final passage in the Senate until the last days of the session.

Then in the confusion, they hope to attach two or three harmless-looking amendments which will rob it of its teeth. The Johnson Bill is now in committee in the Senate, having passed the House.

The amendment for which the Jews hope most strongly is one excepting from the operation of the new law "any persons fleeing from religious persecution."

There is a clause to that effect in the present literacy law, but because of the fact that the literacy test itself was rendered harmless by the phrasing, the Jews have taken practically no advantage of the religious persecution exemption. Thus public attention has not been directed toward it.

From the Jewish standpoint, the insertion of a similar clause in the Johnson Bill would make the bill ideal. The law then would be, in effect, a prohibition against the admission into the United States of any persons except Jews and Armenians. The Armenian question has not been touched in these articles because Armenia like Russia is at present isolated and Armenian immigration at present is insignificant. Industrially the Armenians have been as unpopular with their neighbors as have the Jews in the lands in which they live. The reasons for the dislike of the two races are some what similar. Armenians in Turkey have been the money-lenders and the merchants and their exactions have brought prompt reprisals from the Turks. The cause of the Armenians has been pleaded in Christian countries for centuries and sympathy for them has been general.

The cause of the Turk, however, has always wanted an advocate. The Turks being Mohammedans, without propaganda or friends, have gone on under the odium of "the unspeakable Turk." The Christian world has accepted without question the Armenian side of the problem. Whether there is a Turkish side has been a question left unasked. Immigration officials at Ellis Island who have come in contact with the Armenians say, however, that they furnish a serious racial problem.

The Johnson Bill offered in the House is not the only restrictive measure presented. Senate feeling is said to favor permitting large numbers to enter the country but desires that the United States establish investigating bureaus in other countries and look into the character of individuals before granting passports.

Persons interested in the problem say that strong arguments may be made for each measure, but that neither gets at the crux of the matter.

The Johnson Bill, if enforced, would unquestionably keep out undesirables.

"But," is the inquiry, "is it wise to keep out the able-bodied, energetic, strong-minded Anglo-Saxons, Celts, Germans, Scandinavians and French who may desire to settle in this country?"

At present all the immigration officials say that it is preferable to lose the productive forces of desirable races rather than to take chances with the vast number of undesirables who predominate among present immigrants. A few years hence, should the volume of Jewish immigration lessen, the bars may be raised, say the Johnson Bill advocates.

Supporters of the Sterling Bill say that in theory it is a good one, but practically it would be worthless.

An army of agents throughout Europe would be required. For the bill to be effective, it would be necessary that every agent be absolutely honest, without political ties, above racial considerations, and utterly deaf to sympathetic appeal. Such a force of investigators, it would be manifestly impossible to obtain.

The ideal bill, say all those who have looked into the problem, would be one which excludes as undesirable any race which was deemed impossible of assimilation by America. Such a law, however, would run up against the constitutional rock forbidding class legislation.

One of the veteran immigration officials at Ellis Island points out that while the need is greatest for racial exclusion, there is another change which must come before any plan of restriction may be effectuated. It is rigid enforcement.

"Even the mild restrictions of the present law are not enforced," he said. "We are authorized to exclude persons for medical reasons, because of defective intellects, for pauperism and because they are known criminals. But our exclusion orders may be appealed to Washington. There, one man is called on to decide the question. There isn't one case in a hundred with which we deal that does not have a sympathetic aspect. Aged mothers and fathers, little children, the sick, desperate conditions in general, can be counted on to touch the heart of the assistant secretary who hears the appeal. He acts on each case, and it is natural that he feels that one person more or less will make little difference among 100,000,000. So he generally grants the appeal and the undesirable is entered.

"If a permanent court could be established to pass on appeals, the possibility of one man's honesty, political ties, or sympathetic impulses being reached, would be lessened.

"Such a court should have a tenure of office which would make it subject to no political pressure. Its members should rotate in station so that a person interested in an appeal case would not know whom to approach with pressure or influence."

Immigration officials at Ellis Island are pessimistic over the surface prospects of enactments restricting immigration.

"It's gone too long," they say. "The races interested have too much influence at Washington. Pressure will be brought to bear on newspapers which are subject to influence from heavy Jewish mercantile advertisers, such pressure as was brought to bear at the time of the propaganda for Leo Frank, who was convicted of murder in the South. The only hope lies in the possibility that the most influential Jews will fear to combat public opinion at this time and may stay the immigration tide themselves."

Supporters of immigration restriction fear another source of powerful opposition in the steamship companies. These interests have advertised widely throughout Europe. Steerage passage costs as much today as first cabin passage did a dozen years ago. Many of the steamship companies say that the fact that they can crowd so many persons below decks is the only thing that enables them to make money. The profitability of the steerage passenger business is shown by the fact that one of the large steamship companies seriously considered taking over the Leviathan, formerly the Vaterland, and refitting her solely for third class passengers.

The short session of Congress promises to be a lively one on the immigration question.

Lobbying influences from among the Jews and steamship companies are expected to be present in the committee rooms and conferences of the Congressmen.

Whether these influences behind the scenes will be sufficient to overcome by delay, amendment, "joker," or other means, strong legislation to curb undesirable immigration which public sentiment, unfortunately represented by no lobby, so clearly demands, will be an interesting development.

Important, indeed, is the question of delay, for every day's delay in the passage of a bill means the entrance of at least 3,000 more immigrants, the majority of whom are viewed by immigration officials as totally undesirable. The Johnson Bill itself gives 60 days of leeway after signing in which immigration may continue unchecked. This period assures the entry of 200,000 immigrants after Congress has declared against any further immigration.

Two Members of Congress Protest Legislation Restricting Immigration of a Type Termed Undesirable, Unassimilable and Un-American

Excerpts from the minority report on the immigration legislation, signed by Representatives Isaac Siegel, of New York, and Adolph J. Sabath, of Illinois:

There is no occasion for the extraordinary haste manifested in the attempt now made to enact this prohibitory measure without giving to it the consideration and deliberation that its importance demands. Nothing can be more unfortunate than legislation inspired by hysteria.

The majority report is especially unfortunate in its references to the number of Jewish immigrants arriving in this country. Classification according to the religion or race of immigrants is without justification. It is opposed to that Americanism that prevailed in the past. The data contained in Appendix A attached to the report are at the most ex parte statements very likely based upon information furnished by prejudiced and unfriendly local authorities.

The allusions to the Jews contained in the majority report are offensive, although we cannot believe that they are intentionally so.

We would not refer to these allusions were it not for the fact that they have a tendency to create in this country an atmosphere of prejudice against all immigrants and because of the further fact that there has recently been conducted a secret and malicious propaganda designed to arouse prejudice against the Jews in various parts of the United States.

We are opposed to this bill because it is based on unsound premises, because it is unnecessary, and because it will inevitably prove injurious to the public welfare. The creation of such a precedent as it affords will tend to legislation productive of isolation and to the retardation of our national growth.



(C) Harris & Ewing

SENATOR THOMAS STERLING, of South Dakota

As a member of the Senate Committee on Immigration, he journeyed up the bay to Ellis Island in the steerage of a liner. In company with Commissioner of Immigration Frederick A. Wallis, he obtained first-hand information, which afforded the basis for a statement that a change would be made in existing laws governing immigration.

Bald Heads and Headgear

By JOHN BURROUGHS

WHY is it that we see so many bald-headed men and so few bald-headed women? The hair of women usually becomes thinner and shorter with age, but I do not recall ever having seen one absolutely bald. The reasons are many and complex.

In the first place, women cultivate their hair; they are proud of it; the men admire it; they often use hair tonics; they rarely cut it off or discourage it; they spend much time over it. How pretty the long braids hanging down the backs of school girls, or school girls with their hair flowing free! In terms of biology, hair is a secondary sexual characteristic. It is a device to capture the male, like bare arms and bare shoulders. Blond or brunette hair, if copious enough, is equally attractive to men. In short, we have Biblical authority to the effect that if woman has long hair it is a glory to her, and what poet is it who declares that "Beauty draws us by a single hair"?

Absolutely black hair in man or woman is very rare except in certain races, for example, the North American Indians, the Japanese, and other Orientals, though I once saw an Irish-American with hair as black as a Japanese.

Woman makes much of her headgear, man very little. Ribbons and flowers and plumes adorn her head. The monster hats women wore a few years ago have about gone out, but the little affairs they wear are often "fearfully and wonderfully made." An old or shabby hat disturbs a woman much more than a man would be disturbed by one. She often brings home the body of her hat and puts on the trimming; the trimming is the all-important thing. The man wears his hat as it comes from the hatter, its only trimming being the hatband.

The hatless indoor life of women evidently favors the growth and preservation of their hair. Yet men uncover their heads under conditions wherein women do not. We doff our hats as a sign of respect or reverence. Though we may not take off our shoes on holy ground, we do carry our hats in our hands, while under the same conditions women carry theirs on their heads. For the same reason, perhaps, women's heads remain covered in churches, and all the sisters of Charity, and all so-called holy orders, are required to conceal carefully their hair. Rarely does a man sit down to lunch, even in a public restaurant, with his hat on, though women always do. Is it because our hats are so much more easily removed? We have no strings to untie nor hat pins to extract.

The baldness of men is probably largely due to their headgear. The scalp is so protected that nature ceases to provide a covering of her own. The silk or "stovepipe" hat formerly so generally worn, has much to answer for. When I was a young man it was the vogue everywhere on all occasions. In England, I remember seeing the boys at Rugby School playing ball with their "stovepipe" hats on. I myself wore one whenever I "dressed up." One's new hat came in a bandbox specially shaped for it, in which it was always kept when not in use, and, one must confess, men were then about as particular to have their hats conform to the fashion as women proverbially are about theirs. But the "stovepipe" hat, like the swallow-tailed coat, has had its day, except on formal occasions. It was later followed by the derby hat which was ubiquitous until a few years ago. I have noticed but one on a man's head in several years. The derby was as void of character as an iron pot, yet I remember Mr. Howells wore it for a time. Can one fancy Mark Twain in a derby hat? Walt Whitman always wore a broad brimmed gray, soft felt hat. One thinks of Lincoln with a stovepipe hat on, as he wore this in most of his pictures. Roosevelt liked a wide brimmed felt hat, like that of the cowboys. While he was President I once saw him going to church with a shining silk hat on his head. The first time I saw Emerson he had on a stovepipe hat, one much the worse for wear. He probably never wore any other kind. The broad brimmed, light colored Quaker hat which I used to see often in my boyhood was an improvement on the silk hat. The Cromwell hat had a character of its own, as did the three-cornered Continental hats. When a boy I remember the large black Kossuth hats much in vogue after Kossuth's visit to this country. But all such headgear is undoubtedly unfavorable to the hair crop. The use of cloth caps and soft felt hats is now almost universal among men.

When we all go bareheaded, bald heads will be fewer than they are now.

A Scandal Creditable to All

A CASUAL reader of a recent issue of the Vancouver *Province* on seeing a flaring headline, "John Kissed Mary Ellen," would probably have scented a breach of promise case, or a domestic scandal of some sort, but a perusal of the story soon would have convinced him that the incident thus described was highly creditable to both parties and left them with their reputations intact.

On December 1, there had been a general election for the provincial legislature of British Columbia, at which the old Liberal Government had been returned after a hard-fought struggle and on the third, the victorious Liberals gathered from all parts of the province in Vancouver to celebrate their victory. From Victoria, the capital which is situated on Vancouver Island, there came a strong contingent headed by the veteran premier, John Oliver, who owns the highly creditable sobriquet of "Honest John," and is the hero of the adventure above recounted.

The lady in the case is "Mary Ellen" to her familiars and the Vancouver populace but officially she is Mrs. Ralph Smith, senior member of the British Columbia legislature for Vancouver City which on December 1 had returned her at the poll well ahead of a very popular returned soldier, Captain Ian Mackenzie, and the provincial attorney-general. The newspaper story described how the premier entered the room to the strains of a brass band and pipers and how he almost started a riot by meeting "Mary Ellen" at the edge of the platform, embracing her and delivering a sound kiss in front of a wildly cheering audience. From the applause which greeted his daring performance it was plain that it excited no disapproval among his followers and that Mary Ellen was the most popular figure in the gathering. The press account asserted that "Honest John," whose years are well beyond the allotted span, blushed for several minutes but in his subsequent speech he said that the appreciation of the Vancouver electors for Mary Ellen was so complete that it was the only thing left for him to do to show his sentiment.



MRS. RALPH SMITH

Mary Ellen, the heroine of this agreeable episode, is a pleasant-faced gray-haired woman who is obviously in the late fifties or early sixties; long domiciled in Canada, she is an Englishwoman by birth, born of that fine Devonshire stock which has given so much good blood to the North American Continent. Her maiden name was Spear and in 1883 she married Ralph Smith, a clever young Northumbrian who pursued the double occupation of miner and local Methodist preacher. After they had been blessed with some children they decided to try their fortunes in a country which offered better prospects for themselves and their family and in 1892 turned to Vancouver Island where Mr. Smith found work in the mines at Nanaimo, owned by the Dunsmuir family. He had been actively interested in progressive politics before he left England and had acquired a good working knowledge of social and economic problems, of which there was no lack in his new environment. He soon made his mark as a local speaker and when in 1896 the decaying Conservative Government had to face the electorate the miners of the Nanaimo district nominated him as a Labor candidate. The Liberals of the division stood aside and gave him independent support with the result that he was one of the first pair of Labor members ever sent to Ottawa. In the years following he played a very useful part in the Federal House, and was recognized as a sane and reliable spokesman of the interests of labor. In 1916 he accepted a Liberal nomination for Vancouver and later was made minister of finance in the new Liberal cabinet. His responsibilities were heavy and there was the added anxiety of two sons in France. His health broke down and he had scarcely got into harness when he died.

Mrs. Smith's long residence at Ottawa had made her thoroughly familiar with political highways and byways. Like her husband she has not always seen eye to eye with the Liberal party and has often thought it too backward and timid. She was intensely interested in war work of various kinds and when the Liberals offered her the nomination she declined it on the ground that she was averse to stirring up party feeling in a time of national crisis. But it was another matter when she was asked to run as an independent and she accepted the honor, especially when the organizations of the soldiers' wives clamored for her to be a candidate. She was easily elected by a majority of 3,515 and took her seat on the cross benches at Victoria.

There were other independent members, but within a week "Mary Ellen" was their acknowledged leader. In no sense a conservative, she was in general sympathy with the policy of the Liberal Government which Premier Brewster had formed and which on his death Mr. Oliver carried on. But she kept a vigilant eye on their proceedings and made them pay a price for the votes of herself and her group. The price was thoroughly honorable to all parties concerned and consisted in the enactment of an extensive series of social reforms. In this department she came gradually to dominate the Oliver Government and her indorsement of a project usually meant that sooner or later it would be embodied in legislation. She is a keen temperance reformer and helped to put a measure of moderate prohibition on the statute book. She was the real author of the Mothers' Pensions Act which has brought freedom from gnawing care to scores of homes. Thanks to her efforts British Columbia now enjoys excellent laws in regard to factory inspection and she has taken a special interest in the lot of working girls. Her connection with the war has made her an indefatigable champion of the soldiers and their dependents. She is a member of almost endless boards, and no organization in her city is properly constituted unless "Mary Ellen" has some share in its control.

Her family is five in number and though all are grown, she finds time to maintain the closest of relations with them, and does not sacrifice all private ties to the exigencies of public life.

Mrs. Smith is a speaker of no mean power; flights of intellectual oratory she shuns and despises but she has fine gifts of common-sense speech and racy phrasing and an audience which she addresses will never be dull. To judge by results she is one of the most effective votegetters in Canada.

During her three sessions of the legislature she stoutly maintained her independence but she developed a great personal liking and regard for Mr. Oliver, and came to believe that she had no real excuse for not giving him definite allegiance. So she announced before the election that she would abandon her independence and take a place on the regular Liberal ticket for the city of Vancouver. At this news there was great jubilation in the Liberal and a corresponding gloom in Tory circles, for it was well known to both that "Mary Ellen" commanded the devotion of a large train of personal followers and admirers.

In Vancouver City the Conservative party had a capable leader in the former premier of the province. There is also a strong Labor party which had nominated candidates. So the Liberals viewed the polling day with some misgiving and scarcely expected to retain all the four seats they had previously held out of six. But when the votes were counted, they found to their joy that five of the six Liberal candidates headed the list and the Conservative ex-premier had only scraped in above the sixth. Nor was there any jealousy of the fact that "Mary Ellen" ran several thousands ahead of the general ticket. Their majority over all other parties is not large and if "Mary Ellen" had been either hostile or neutral, it would have gone hard with them. So the premier had every justification for his grateful salutation on the day after the victory. Mrs. Smith is now one of the political potentates of the Pacific province of Canada and it is doubtful if there is any more influential woman in Canadian public life.

What? Why? and Where?

LOOK into the faces of almost any crowd and you will see these questions unconsciously written across the countenances of thousands as they journey from rising sun to candlelight.

Their very attitude and actions indicate bewilderment, wonderment, doubt, fear—LACK OF PURPOSE!

WHAT CAN I DO? means to "hold down an easy job" to most of them. They never think of digging beneath the surface to ascertain if there is not a bigger work they can perform. Creative ideas are shunned because of the effort involved in their development.

WHY AM I HERE? finds no answer in their lives. They wander along aimlessly without motive or aim, performing their tasks in the most ordinary manner, content if only a pittance is granted out of which they may eke an existence.

WHERE AM I GOING? doesn't seem to occupy a very large place in their thoughts. It makes little difference to them which way they go, so long as they are not asked to help paddle. They prefer to float—to drift—to evade responsibilities.

Satisfied?—apparently! Contented?—never!

Let one with courage and stamina step among them and he immediately finds ample opportunity to "blaze a trail" without question from them. They prefer to stand back and look on—for isn't it easier to criticise than to create?

Lack of purpose in Life makes slaves of thousands. Their unwillingness to think—to plan—to originate—to achieve—is moulding them into plodders—victims of their own evasion.

Originality of thought, backed with initiative and sincerity of effort, would bring freedom to their minds and liberty to their souls which would make them leaders in their chosen spheres.

A little more Faith!—a little more Courage!—a little more Determination to DO and BE more than the ordinary requires, would lift millions out of their mental bondage into lives of progress, achievement and plenty.

Stop short NOW! Begin to Live for a Purpose! Get a definite aim in Life. Extend your usefulness until it touches the hearts and lives of those around you. Then, will you find the answer to WHAT?—WHY?—and WHERE? for then Life will be full of meaning for you.

The Prince With No Worlds to Conquer

Concluded from page 3

display a sympathetic interest in the history, traditions and present condition of that country. He must avoid indiscreet comments.

The prince has become a master of these little details. To this he has added his own peculiar ability to do just the right thing at the right time. If a nervous official stutters in his speech of welcome, the townspeople laugh, but the prince never could. If a lord mayor stumbles over his robes the prince must be the first to assist him and it must be done with real tact. If an accident happens in a crowd the prince must first quiet the people and then direct the removal of the injured. Moreover, the prince has become an adept at avoiding cranks without offending their feelings. In these latter days he is interviewed frequently by newspapermen and there is the inevitable photographer to deal with. He is very popular with the newspapermen and has learned to avoid awkward situations by being willing always to talk but he refuses to answer direct questions. He has developed a spirit of co-operation with newspaper photographers. He knows most of them by their first names and they never snap him until he nods assent. This is done to avoid having his picture taken with undesirable persons who would exploit a photograph showing them on familiar terms with the Prince of Wales. Many an actress or adventuress has attempted to be photographed with him, for a picture of this sort would set the whole world gossiping and make the woman's fortune. Then there is the inevitable social climber eager that her daughter shall be seen in public with the prince. The situation becomes more awkward nowadays for he prolongs his bachelorhood and hope springs high in the heart of every girl to whom he is presented on his journeys. It will be remembered that a New York girl leaped into the limelight after a dance with the prince in a way which must have pained the prince who could hardly deny his "case of love at first sight."

The life of the prince could be compared best to that of a popular actor. All the world is certainly his stage and the curtain never goes down for a respite. Sometimes he delivers set lines but frequently he must extemporize to fit an unexpected occasion. It is amazing that his triumph has been so complete, for not one of his public appearances has ended disastrously for his name. The war proved a hard school for him and he came through it all with flying colors.

Since the prince has returned home from his trip, the newspapers have been discussing the selection of his wife. It must be an odd sensation for him to pick up his morning newspaper to find there an article on whom he should marry. He frequently reads of his rumored engagement with some one he has never met, and there is not a foreign princess who comes to the English capital with whom his name is not connected.

England is not so sure that they want their prince to marry into one of the uncertain royal families of Europe. At the present time things are in a flux and it is not hard to conceive the toppling of a few more thrones. It would be very awkward for the Prince of Wales to be engaged to a princess forced into exile. In that case, England would feel obligation to interfere in behalf of his fiancée's family which might result in a declaration of war. The prince has no desire that his country shall go to war over his personal affairs.

It was suggested that his marriage to an American girl would strengthen the ties between the two English-speaking nations. The prince rather liked the idea, for it would have meant a marriage to an interesting girl. But there seemed no one girl in America who would be representative of her country. It is more than likely that had any Roosevelt girl been unmarried, and younger, an alliance with this family would have been regarded favorably even in England. He could hardly have married an American heiress with a view to pleasing the American people and an alliance with the daughter of the President would have been unwise in view of the repudiation of his foreign policies by the American people.

There appeared an editorial in the London *Times* in which the prince was urged to marry an English girl. The editorial was discreetly worded, but it stated quite plainly that the country expected him to select a wife within the next few years. It paid high tribute to the judgment of the prince and declared that the English people wanted him to be happy in his married life. It was suggested that his union should be a "marriage of inclination," and expressed the willingness of the people to accept a queen of British birth.

The truth of the matter is that the prince, like so many of his own generation, is not keen to take unto himself a wife. He is very fond of the society of girls of his own age but it is always on the "safety in numbers" principle. It is more likely that he feels, since he is given little responsibility and required merely to play around with his boon companions, that he may play as long as he can. A royal spouse brings great responsibilities, for it would increase his social engagements and greatly curtail his freedom. In his private life the Prince of Wales is a normal young man of twenty-five with a keen interest in sports. He is particularly fond of slipping off incognito to a theater party. All this, naturally, would be foregone if he married. It would mean that this comparatively happy young man would settle down to the grim business of being a prince, and finally a king.

So the Prince of Wales sighs for new worlds to conquer. Yet how different is his aim as a conqueror than that of Alexander who breathed the same sigh to his tutor Aristotle. In one case Alexander planned great military campaigns while today the Prince of Wales yearns to bring to the world a new peace, not by a sword, but through the power of his love and sympathy for the common man.



Trinidad's pitch lake.



Narrow gauge road on bamboo ties.

Trinidad's Lake—on Which Men May Walk

Digging Out the Material for the City's Smooth Boulevarding a Task of Color and Beauty Set Among Isle's Tropical Foliage

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

IMAGINE a lake that is solid! Think of a lake over which a railroad runs with no other support than the ties! Dream of a lake on which men may walk without sinking into its depths and becoming engulfed! If you can do this, you are ready to take a fanciful trip, no, not to the world of make-believe, but to a most interesting part of this hemisphere, the West Indies.

Perhaps the most prosaic work in the world is laying a city pavement. To the average citizen it means discomfort, and the closing of the street for a time. Clouds of sooty smoke from the fire-wagon, sticky shoes if one is not careful, and a huge roller rumbling along which one has to dodge, no chance for imagination, nothing but stolid, dirty work. And yet, the place from which the asphalt comes, which is used to make the pavement, is one of tropical beauty, with its brightly hued flowers, and gayly colored butterflies and birds, and, most wonderful of all, its great, brown-gray lake of pitch.

It is on the island of Trinidad, a British possession, which lies just off the coast of Venezuela, that this world wonder is to be found. How it originated, how long it has been there, and how deep it is, are all matters of speculation.

The island, with its three green hills, which suggested to Columbus the name he bestowed upon it when he discovered it in 1498, basking in the sunshine and the lazy tropical air, with the music of the soft whirr of the wings of the humming birds, would seem to be the very place where dreams are born. One of the dreams, or legends, is that of how the asphalt lake came into existence. This has been handed down the centuries, among the natives of the island.

Long, long ago, they tell us, before Columbus sailed the seas, the island was inhabited by the Carib Indians. At that time, more so than at present, the island abounded with humming birds of many different hues. These birds the Indians believed to be the spirits of their departed dead, who had returned in that guise to protect the living. They reverenced the birds, and not one of them was ever hurt or killed by an inhabitant of the island.

Then there came upon the scene a fierce tribe of Indians called the Chaymas who cared not for the superstitions of their neighbors. They made their village upon a hill overlooking the sea, and at once began to kill the humming birds in large numbers for their bright colored feathers with which they adorned themselves.

But this sacrilege could not go unpunished, the Caribs tell us. The Great Spirit who rules the happy hunting grounds of departed Indians took swift vengeance. One morning the village on the top of the hill had disappeared, and in its place was a vast, molten lake of pitch, which boiled and seethed as if heated by supernatural fires. It took a century for it to cool, so the story goes, and the lake stands today as a perpetual warning to those who would harm the humming birds.

The geologists, however, have a different story to tell.

The asphalt lake, as it is called, is in the depression or crater of an old mud spring or volcano. Here, they say, ages ago, petroleum oozed up from the depths, passing in its course through strata of extremely fine mineral matter, clay and sand, with which it became intimately mixed. Natural gas helped along this movement, and caused the emulsion of oil and clay to be churned until when it reached the surface it formed the material which today is designated as "asphalt."

That at one time the lake overflowed is reasonably certain, for deposits of the pitch have been found along the side of the hill at some distance from the lake itself. Probably, however, some of this material may have burst through the crust of the earth at some point of least resistance, and was hardened upon coming in contact with the air. This material is called "land asphalt" to distinguish it from that found in the lake, and is of inferior quality, being more weathered than that found in the original deposit.

The lake, even today, is in constant motion. Not the seething and boiling which probably characterized it at its birth, but there is a very slow, gradual movement, caused by the evolution of gas, which still continues. Through patches of rain water in small depressions in the lake, may be seen gas bubbles rising at frequent intervals. This continual movement of the lake is one of its wonders.

In area, the lake covers some 114 acres, and borings to a depth of 175 feet have been made at various distances from the center, at which depth the same quality of asphalt was found to exist as that at the surface. To bore deeper was impossible owing to the fact that the drill was bent and broken by the pressure and movement of the pitch against it at that depth.





Top—Uncovering land asphalt near Trinidad Lake.
Bottom—Dumping skip filled with asphalt into hold of vessel.

To those of a scientific turn of mind, who want to know the actual composition of the asphalt, analyses made of samples taken from many parts of the lake, have showed it to be a material of great uniformity, and composed of water, bitumen, fine silica and colloida! clay. This colloida! clay is the most wonderful part of the asphalt. It is so fine, estimated at smaller than .0001 m. m., a micron, or .000,039,37 inches in diameter, and so intimately dispersed through the bitumen, that it does not settle out, and cannot be seen in solution even under a microscope. A special attachment called the ultra-microscope has to be used, which reveals particles of sub-microscopic size. Looked at under this attachment the clay particles are never still, but are always in an active state of motion, darting from side to side with unceasing energy, with what is called by chemists the Brownman movement. It is this colloidal clay, with its enormous surface energy, that gives to the asphalt its binding qualities and durability, when used in a street pavement.

Imagine now a railroad running over the wide expanse of asphalt. Yet that is just what actually does occur. It is a narrow gauge road and the tracks are laid on ties made of bamboo wood. It has open cars on which are huge buckets, or skips as they are called, which are filled with the asphalt. The cars are run by cable to a terminal station at one end of the lake. Because of the peculiar movement of the asphalt, the tracks are often thrown out of alignment, and they have to be straightened out before the cars can run on them again.

The asphalt is dug out of the lake with picks by native laborers, the majority of whom are the regular type of West Indian Negro. The asphalt comes out in large lumps like coal, and the worker places one of these lumps, weighing perhaps 30 or 40 pounds, upon his head, walks with it to the railroad track, and throws it into one of the skips on a car, without any apparent effort.

One of the strange things about this unique lake is that, when a hole is dug in it one day, and the asphalt taken out, by the next morning it is filled up again. Within two or three days no one would know that a hole had been made there. This filling up is caused by the settling of the entire mass of the asphalt, and not from any influx of new material, as was once believed. The pitch lake, as the asphalt deposit is called in Trinidad, came into being after centuries of slow formation—asphalt is not made in a day.

There has been taken from the lake, during the fifty or more years it has been worked, more than four million tons of asphalt, and there appears to be still an inexhaustible supply, as figured by the geologists, perhaps over a billion tons. In all the time of excavation the lake has settled only some fifteen feet from its original level.

When the skips of loaded asphalt reach the terminal station they are dumped into other skips, which are conveyed by an aerial cable to the shore, along a great steel pier, extending a quarter of a mile out into the ocean, where a steamship lies waiting to be loaded. Go out along the narrow boardwalk, climb up a winding stairway, and you come to a platform perhaps forty feet above the water. The conveyor cable is guided by pulleys around the end of the pier. As each bucket comes along, a clutch is thrown off, a couple of Negroes tip it up, and the asphalt goes tumbling through a hole in the platform, down a chute into the hold of the ship.

Then another strange phenomenon takes place. The asphalt after it has been in the hold a while, fuses together again into a solid mass, just as it was in the lake itself. During the voyage it becomes quite hard, and when its destination is reached, it has to be again dug out with picks, in the same manner as it was originally won from the pitch lake, many thousands of miles away.

Hunting Locations—By JOHN B. WALLACE

IN THESE days of house scarcity in the larger cities, the man who is compelled to move is considerably out of luck. House hunting is an occupation that is apt to send chills of terror up and down the spine of the average citizen. Friend wife usually seems to enjoy it for a day or two but it soon palls even on her. What do you think then of a man who daily starts out on a search for not one house but sometimes half a dozen? And each one of these houses must come up to certain specifications. Yet he starts out most cheerfully, actually seeming to enjoy his task.

Such a man is Walter C. Reed, a location director for the largest studio at Hollywood, California. Of course he does not desire to live in these residences; merely to have pictures taken of them. But often it would be easier for him to dispossess the family and rent the premises outright than to obtain the privilege of placing a swarm of motion picture actors and actresses on the porches and lawns.

Mr. Reed, as have so many of our motion picture people, started his career on the stage. He was a comedian specializing in Irish characterizations. With Roscoe Arbuckle, who has since won fame as a motion picture star, he toured the country in musical comedy and vaudeville. Motion pictures attracted the pair and they signed up with a producer of comedies.

Those were the days of slapstick comedy in the pictures. Everybody likes to laugh at a fat man and Arbuckle because of his immense bulk and remarkable agility was what is known in theatrical parlance as "a scream." But the more delicate humor of his partner, the Irish comedian, Reed, failed to get over with the picture fans as it had on the speaking stage. No one realized this more quickly than Reed. He saw that if he wished to become a success in the pictures he would be compelled to try the game from another angle.

He studied directing, becoming co-director with Arbuckle in many of his pictures and occasionally taking a character bit himself. He specialized on stunt work and delighted in framing up trick pictures. Reed's opportunity that eventually landed him in his present position, came through Houdini. This famous illusionist and stage magician had done some work in the pictures and was under contract with the corporation with which Reed is now connected, to film a picture in which there were several under-water scenes. His director, a capable man, had had no experience in this line of work and Houdini was in a quandary until he heard of Reed. The latter's reputation for stunt stuff had spread among the studios and after a conference with the former Irish comedian the magician engaged him as his director. Previously to working with Reed, the handcuff king had risked his life in some of his death-defying feats but the new director soon showed him how to take the peril out of picture stunts. The result was one of the most remarkable pictures that has ever been filmed which, although it proved to be a financial failure, firmly established Reed's reputation as a stunt director. So cleverly had he done his work that several photographers thought he had infringed on some of their under-water photography patents until he convinced them that it was the director and not the camera that had produced certain effects.



WALTER C. REED

When Reed was engaged as location director his employers found that they had obtained a man who not only could discover locations but could fix them over to fit the needs of the story. In other words a location man was no longer a mere clerk to be given a blank check and sent out to hire a location but an expert in photography, acting and detail who ranked as a director.

With the inception of a new picture Reed is called into consultation with the director of the company that is to perform in it. The scenario is read scene by scene and Reed, notebook in hand, takes the description of the locations desired. He then seizes his camera and climbing into his automobile, sets out on his search. This is not the aimless trip, however, that the reader might imagine.

Before leaving the studio Reed has carefully gone over his files and it is seldom that he departs without having a pretty clear idea of just what he wants and just about where he will find it.

These files, the result of months of patient research, contain photographs and descriptions of every imaginable site for a picture location. Reed never leaves the studio without his camera and notebook and even on those rare occasions when he is driving simply for pleasure he will stop and snap an unusual house, building or bit of scenery that his instinct tells him may some day be desirable for a scene in a picture. He has a remarkable memory and often when a director is reading a script he will mentally place every scene in the story. Sometimes he will interrupt the reading and describe a certain location.

"That is just what I want," the director will tell him. "Nail it."

Sometimes he will find a location that is so ideal for the purposes of the story that the director will change the entire action to fit the location. It is seldom indeed that a location is found that does not need some changes. Here is where Reed's experience in camouflage comes in handy.

Suppose, for instance, that he is hunting for a certain style house, perhaps colonial, perhaps an English manor that has a brick wall about it. He may find a house that fits the action exactly but it has no brick wall or maybe it has a wall but it is so high that the camera will not photograph over it. It is then up to the technical director to build a wall or take enough bricks off the one already there so that the camera will shoot over the top. Sometimes it is necessary to build another story on the house, to add porches, or construct an entire wing.

Whenever Reed finds a place where extensive alterations are necessary the cost is computed and it is often found to be cheaper to build the set at the studio. This question of expense is always taken into consideration by Reed and he is many times able to save his employers thousands of dollars by clever devices that give the desired effect with a minimum of cost.

Reed's greatest bugbear in Southern California is the tropical and semi-tropical trees and foliage. Palms and orange groves do not fit in with New England and Canadian scenes. Often he will find the perfect type of location for which he is searching only to have it spoiled by a group of palms or an orange or lemon grove in the offing.

Scenes in which the actors are seen disporting themselves on the roofs of high office buildings, climbing hand over hand over telephone wires or tumbling down fire escapes are not nearly as perilous as would appear to the spectator who views the picture on the screen.

False ledges are built and the camera set so that they do not appear in the picture. Thus while the picture shows nothing between the actor and the street hundreds of feet below, in reality should the actor slip he would fall only a few feet. It is part of Reed's job to find buildings that would be suitable for such scenes and after he has found them to make arrangements with the owners for their use.

And it is there that the location director's hardest task confronts him. In a certain comedy picture that is now being shown on the screen Mr. Reed learned that a building would be required that had several offsets and must be at least eight stories in height. A scene in the picture was to show the principal character hanging out of a window with but a precarious hold on the sill. Obviously it would not do to allow a high priced star to run the risk of falling eight stories to the street below. Also a place had to be provided for the camera man. Finally after some search Mr. Reed found just what the director wanted. The building belonged to a large corporation and when Reed approached the manager with his request the latter would not even listen to him.

"It is impossible," he was told.

But it is for overcoming just such difficulties that Reed draws his big salary. He proceeded to point out to the corporation head the large amount of business that the corporation yearly transacted because of the existence of the film industry and the economic advantages that the community and city derived from the film colony. He also showed him how the picture could be taken on Saturday afternoon and Sunday and would not therefore disturb any of the tenants. Before he had finished he had won his point.

Mr. Reed has been compelled to forego using some wonderful locations because he could find absolutely no way to persuade the owners to allow him to use their residences. On the other hand, the studio daily receives letters from persons anxious to rent their houses for pictures. Rentals run all the way from $10 to $250 a day, depending upon how badly the director desires a location and also how much inconvenience an owner may be put to while the picture is being taken.

It is never advisable for Reed to allow an owner to know just how badly a location is needed, as often an owner will increase the price if he has reason to believe the location is indispensable.

Reed told me of a certain picture where it was desired to have several scenes in a haunted house. The moment the director read the scene in the script, Reed thought of a house he had snapped a year before while passing by on other business. He found the address in his files and drove to it. Much to his disappointment he discovered that the old house which stood on a hill and was surrounded by ghostly poplar trees had recently changed hands and the new owner had a force of carpenters on the ground engaged in renovating it. With some difficulty Reed persuaded him to forego his improvements for the present and he put the carpenters to work making the place even more ghostlike.

Reed finds that it pays to tell the truth. In fact he usually overstates the case when renting a location.

"If it is a lawn scene and we intend putting on fifty children," he explained, "I will tell them that there may be a hundred. If the owner finds less than he was led to expect he is naturally pleased and will be all the more approachable the next time we might desire to rent his place."

Reed does not intend always to be a location director. He is planning some day to go into the pictures again as an actor. But he will not have made the mistake of other stage favorites who tried to break into the game without learning the rules.

The Wood Hollow Papers

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

WHERE you find the hairy woodpecker there also will you find his very near relative, the downy woodpecker. He partakes of a coloration much like that of the hairy woodpecker, but may be properly distinguished by the spot of red upon his head. There is one scraggly old tree across the way on which a pair of downies have been at work now for well nigh a month. Very early in the morning they are there and at it, beginning at the roots and working up and around it, then flying away, only to return again and again, pecking so that the bark flies. Before winter is over the insect life, dormant and in the egg, will there be at a low margin. Dead trees are a menace to any wood, for they are literally one mass of eggs of insects of all varieties; a veritable depository of parasitical life. I have no doubt but that these winter birds work over these dead trees every day in the winter and that few insects and borers are left. All dead trees should be chopped down and cut up into stove-wood.

A pleasant little fellow is the downy woodpecker. You pause to watch one at work on a tree and ere you know it he has circled around to the other side of the tree out of your eyesight. You crack a stick and at once his head is thrust out at the side to see what is up; then he retreats, only to bob out at the other side to give you a questioning survey. If you should move around so as to get a glimpse of him on the side where he is working you will find that he has skillfully circled around to the other side as though fully aware of your actions. Yet no matter how he circles you can always expect to see his head bob out to get a glimpse of you, as though uncertain if he shall place you in the enemy or the well-wisher tribe.

The life of the birds is one of incessant consuming of food. Their appetite is never blunted; indigestion is certainly foreign to their indomitable constitutions. This is probably due to the fact that they do not drink coffee or smoke cigars and pipes. On insect fare they gorge themselves all day long and still are apparently ready for more. Our dank though worthy friend the toad will, in the summer, fill himself full to the brim as many as six times in a night with cutworms, slugs and various grubs—an astonishing exhibition, but this gastronomical feat of the toad is as nothing when we compare it with the birds. The voraciousness of young birds is a marvel and whoever has watched this feeding process can more fully understand the value of the birds than the superficial scholar who reckons the value of the birds in a sentimental measure forgetting the standing practical value. Beautiful as are the birds, arousing in us the most noble thoughts, there is also the material side to be considered and that is replete with facts that quell all doubts. *To say that our food supply depends upon the bird population is certainly to say the very least!*

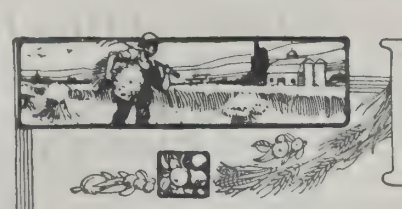
On the coldest day (should it be twenty-four below zero) you will find the nuthatch as ever at his task of running up and down the tree trunks in quest of insect fare. The claws on his toes are made in such manner that they dig into the bark with the result that he may keep himself erect on the tree bracing himself on his stiff, feathered tail. The nuthatch is a clean-made bird, well-formed and rigid, with a slender bill with which to pry out the recalcitrant. With what deliberation this is done one will know who observes him busy at his wintry tasks. Witness how steadily hole after hole is dug and one moth egg after another is routed out; or ant upon ant is noted at the end of the bill ere they go the way of the forefathers. How many thousands are unearthed and digested throughout the day I do not know but it surely must make up a handsome figure. Most noticeable of all is the perfect freedom with which this bird runs down a tree trunk, with head thrust out to watch you. The feathers of the nuthatch lie well compressed to the body, thus providing a coat through which the winds cannot penetrate. The upperparts are slate-colored, with the underparts whitish; the wings are noticeably darker than the back, touched up with white and black. The cheeks and the underside of the neck are whitish. The top of the head and the back of the neck are darkish.

Few are aware of why the nuthatch is so named. It is not only a feeder upon insects but also adds nuts and seeds to its bill of fare. These it will ingeniously lodge in a crack or crevice and will then peck them open with the bill. The nuthatch is a singularly friendly bird and if you practice comradeship and cooperation by installing feed boxes on the grounds and attach suet at convenient places you will find the nuthatch there to give them his attention and at the same time extend to you every morning a merry "how-do-you-do." The chickadee is by far the most friendly of the winter birds and a little courting of his good will and he will, sooner or later, drop down from a limb to take a seat on your finger, pecking at the suet.

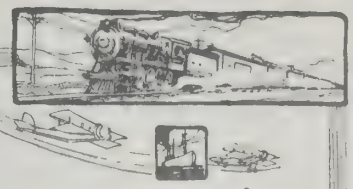
No day is bleak that has a nuthatch active in it. He is reckless of the uncompromising cold. In fact the colder the day the more it appears to his liking. He is a trim, gallant Galahad; riding upon the waves of the wintry storm and laughing his, *"Quank! yank! yank!"* into the teeth of the gale.

Familiar as is the sight of the nuthatch in the wintertime, it is rare that one sees them in the summer. During the nesting season they are seclusion-loving; they retire from the sight of men. But in the autumn (and with the coming of the first snows) they are a-wing. It is then they are in their element, speeding in their dipping flight from tree to tree on their mission of good to man.

(*Continued next week*)

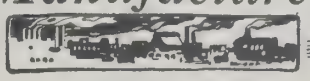


The Three Arts



Agriculture

Manufacture



Transportation

A plague of locusts recently descended upon the province of Santa Fé, Argentina, destroying every green thing on the ground. They covered the earth like a moving carpet, gradually moving on to fresh pastures.

More than 125 ships have been retired from active operation by the Shipping Board.

Statistics published by the government of Japan show that America sent more visitors to that country during the first six months than came from any other nation.

A government publication reports that German commercial firms are soliciting trade in Mexico and that they offer credit up to one year.

A fuel economy test run in France was by a sedan which covered 136 miles on 4.8 gallons of gas.

The Canadian Government will audit the books of large coal companies in Alberta and British Columbia.

A number of hosiery manufacturers have been cited by the Federal Trade Commission on charges of having misbranded their products.

The tuber moth is prevalent in many sections of California, and Oregon is taking protective measures to keep it out of that state. The potato growers of Oregon do not wish to injure California but they all agree that stringent measures must be adopted.

The fundamental principles underlying the raising of the standard of farm stock are outlined in Department Bulletin 905 of the Department of Agriculture. It may be procured from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, for 15 cents.

Owing to the depressed conditions in ocean transportation more than twenty privately owned American steamships are tied up.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has approved the merger of the Adams, American, Wells-Fargo and Southern Express companies.

Foreign and domestic trade in Vladivostok is reported to be exceedingly dull. The residents are afraid to buy more than enough for their immediate need because of the great number of robberies.

There is one automobile for every 14 persons in the United States.

Forty-six per cent of the coal mined in the United States goes to the railroads, the gas works and to the coal mines for operating purposes.

The New York Federal Reserve Bank estimates that the largest price declines of the last year were in rubber, which fell 53.5 per cent; in corn, which fell 52.7; in sugar, which fell 54.5; oats which declined 57.4; coke, 55.6; silks, 63.5; and potatoes, 71.7.

The Michigan Agricultural College is sending out warnings against using certain widely advertised stock tonics. Complete information can be procured from the extension division of the college.

Extensive new port works are planned for Rio de Janeiro and bids are being asked. Specifications have been forwarded to the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce where they may be examined.

Canals play an important part in the life of France. About half the interprovince commerce is carried by water.

London reports the amalgamation of British dye manufacturers.

The Philippines imported 687 tractors in 1919, against five in 1918.

In making its annual report to Congress the Federal Trade Commission urges the establishment of central markets for perishable foods and a system of Federal licensing for dealers using such markets.

Dr. R. S. MacElwee, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, declares that there is a growing interest in foreign commerce. American firms, he says, are beginning to believe that foreign business is excellent insurance against domestic depression.

The army is making a series of tests of motorized equipment at Fort Snelling. The tests will continue for several months.

The Bureau of Standards is experimenting with colorless waterproof compounds applied to Indiana limestone.

Members of the Clothing Manufacturers Association of Boston have voted to put their plants on a piece-work basis with a rate scale which amounts to a reduction of 22 and one-half per cent.

Reports from California are to the effect that some ranch owners are experimenting in the feeding of peanut shucks to cattle. The shucks are mixed with cottonseed meal.

The New York Central has been granted a loan of $26,775,000 by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Authorities of Purdue University declare that the old-fashioned farmer who used to plant his crops only in certain phases of the moon is rapidly disappearing.

Australia's exports to the United States now exceed those to any other country except Great Britain.

Railroads Broke Records in 1920

Nineteen hundred and twenty was a record year for American railroads. They not only moved a larger tonnage than in any previous year, but achieved other results equally noteworthy.

Since the roads were turned back to their owners on March 1, the following results have been accomplished:

Increased the average movement per freight car per day 6.3 miles—from 22.3 to 28.6 miles.

Increased the average load per car 1.7 tons—from 28.3 to 30 tons.

Made substantial reduction in the number of unserviceable locomotives.

Reduced the accumulation of loaded but unmoved freight cars from 103,237 on March 1, to 21,991 on December 3, of which only 6,386 were detained because of the inability of the railroads to move them.

Relocated approximately 180,000 box cars from the East to the West for the movement of farm produce.

Relocated approximately 180,000 open top cars from the West to the East to keep up the production of coal.

Moved the third highest coal production in the history of the country.

Spent more than $500,000,000 extra on improving the maintenance of tracks, bridges, cars and locomotives.

Contracted to spend about $250,000,000, largely out of earnings, for additions and betterments to promote the movement of cars.

Made arrangements to purchase approximately 50,000 new freight cars, 1,500 new locomotives, and 1,000 new passenger cars.

Began the reconstruction of thousands of oil cars.

Moved—with a deteriorated plant, under disturbed labor and business conditions—the largest volume of traffic ever known in a single year, with the highest efficiency yet achieved, and with a minimum addition to the value of the property on which the public has to pay a return through rates.

An effort to form a pool of tobacco growers has failed in Kentucky. The reason given is the failure to arouse sufficient interest among the farmers to make the venture a success.

George H. Cushing, managing director of the American Wholesale Coal Association, informed the Senate committee investigating the price of coal that government officials took advantage of their knowledge of conditions to form a pool of 450,000 tons on which they made a profit of $750,000. He did not name the officials at the open hearing.

Michigan farmers will maintain representatives at the state capital during the legislative session.

British chemists claim to have discovered a method by which clay can be used in the place of fats in the manufacture of soap.

The number of farms in Missouri decreased 27 per cent between 1900 and 1910, and 5.1 per cent between 1910 and 1920. Consolidation of farms is said to have been responsible for much of the numerical loss.

The Shipping Board has rejected bids on bunker coal because it believes the prices quoted are higher than conditions justify.

Switzerland has replaced 50 steam locomotives with electric engines.

More than 30,000 automobiles and trucks are employed by the various departments of state governments.

The high price of coal is said to have done a great deal to stimulate the development of water power in Maine.

Court dockets in New York are said to be jammed with cases arising out of the cancellation of orders which became general with price reductions.

The Farmers' National Council and the National Board of Farm Organizations have protested the passage in Congress of the anti-strike bill.

The governor of the Federal Reserve Board reports that the farmers of the United States have almost two billions in bank credits. The estimated figures by districts follow: Boston, $4,979,000; Philadelphia, $3,580,000; Cleveland, $1,753,000; Richmond, $325,000,000; Atlanta, $230,000,000; Chicago, $128,408,000; St. Louis, 1920, $665,000,000; Minneapolis, $225,000,000; Kansas City, $229,432,000; Dallas, $44,911,000; San Francisco, $89,000,000.

American firms in China have opened a campaign to induce Congress to relieve them of the payment of an income tax.

The shortage of freight cars which hampered industry during 1920 has been replaced by a surplus.

Salmon canners are considering reducing their pack this year. They have decided that a nation-wide selling campaign will be necessary if they are to dispose of their 1920 pack.

The packers have asked the government for more time in which to dispose of their stockyard holdings.

Mexico has increased the duty on raw cotton from eight to 12 centavos.

The University of Idaho has been so impressed with the need for instruction in the care and operation of tractors that it is providing a course for farmers.

Many fishermen are reported to have left the Newfoundland banks because of the low prices received for their catches.

Banks and state officials have asked the farmers of North Dakota to market 10 per cent of their products each month in order to relieve the strain on rural banks carrying a line of credits.

The Spanish Government has advertised for bids on a contract for 3,500 freight cars.

Briefly Told

"Bulldogging," or the roping and throwing of steers, and wild horse racing are forbidden in the wild west rodeo exhibition to be put on in Spokane next July.

The great English novelist, Charles Dickens, is a favorite in Russia. Both "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "A Christmas Carol" have been dramatized there.

American products are being advertised in the theaters of India by means of motion picture films. Views of road-making machinery at work prove to be especially interesting to the natives.

Los Angeles is building a hotel where it will be possible to feed four thousand persons at one time.

Forty-four per cent of the net cost of the war, excluding foreign loans, has been paid to date.

To buy bread flour for the starving populace of Vienna the authorities are pawning a collection of the most valuable tapestries in the world.

A Federal prohibition agent of Seattle reports that after two years' search a still was found which was underground and could only be approached by going through a hollow log, the entrance of which was concealed by stumps and briars. Water was piped from a spring to a room 10 by 14 feet, from which a sewer led to the river.

The military taxation of Switzerland exceeds $4.50 for every man, woman and child of the little nation.

An American botanist, after years of experimenting, has succeeded in growing colored cotton. Light brown, dark brown, light green and dark green are the four colors so far produced. The botanist is now working to produce black cotton from seed.

At the headwaters of the East and West Rosebud rivers in the Beartooth mountains of Montana is a glacier known as "Grasshopper Glacier" from the fact that there are thousands of grasshoppers imbedded in the perpetual ice in as perfect a manner as if preserved in alcohol for exhibition. Scientists believe the insects were caught in the storms in attempting to cross the mountain range.

George Washington's shaving outfit in a morocco case was recently sold for $950.

According to the biological survey of the United States Department of Agriculture there are seven million hunters in this country.

It is estimated that at least ten thousand automobile parties could be taken care of in the beautiful section of the Yellowstone National Park desired by irrigationists.

Bandits have robbed Francisco Villa of 200 head of horses. Villa is indignant and asks protection from marauding bands.

In Andean Colombia there are no fewer than 1,150 species of land birds, which are non-migratory because of the fact that in this part of the Andes the birds enjoy tropical, sub-tropical, temperate and alpine zones.

The largest touring car in the world is owned by King Albert, of Belgium. It is in two sections and accommodates fifteen persons with sleeping quarters for 10. The machine was designed for hunting in Africa and is equipped with kitchen, bath and dining room.

Among the heirlooms recently discovered of a French family in Auteuil, France, is a ring which was once worn by Queen Elizabeth, of England. It had been presented by an English nobleman three generations ago to an ancestor of its present owners.

England is planning to harness the ocean tides for water power.

The Chinese claim that certain of their Buddhist priests explored the coast of Mexico, visited the Aztec empire and crossed into Alaska one thousand years before the Spanish invasion.

Nearly half the traffic between the French provinces is carried on by water instead of by rail. The cost of water traffic is less than half that by rail.

The 1920 expense of both Army and Navy was $2,347,000,000.

Buenos Aires is the largest Spanish-speaking city in the world.

A former soldier, a member of the A. E. F., of Chattanooga, coughed up a bullet which had been fired into his lung in an engagement in the Argonne. Army physicians feared an operation would be fatal and had refused to remove it.

Dye from a mask worn at a ball entered through an abrasion on the nose of a young girl of Newark, New Jersey, recently, with the result that blood poisoning developed and total blindness followed.

Pittsburgh will plant sixteen hundred yellow tulips next spring near Neptune Fountain in Schenley Park in the form of two large gold stars, in memory of Pittsburgh soldiers who fought and fell in the World War.

The Asiatic buffalo is a very valuable animal, its milk containing three and a half times as much butter fat as that of the cow.

As a protest against the display of luxury in times of stress and misery an old gentleman, well-dressed and of distinguished appearance, smashed the window of one of the most fashionable jewelry stores in Paris recently.

Despite the fact that he has inherited $60,000 through the death of an uncle, a seaman on the United States destroyer Wadsworth says he will "stick to the Navy."

October 31, 1920, has been designated by the Italian Government as the official date of the war's close.

Frozen remains of a mammoth, now extinct, have been found in Siberia. The animal was preserved so well that dogs readily ate the flesh.

The X-ray is used in airplane construction to detect defective materials, weak metal castings and workmanship, which would otherwise escape the eyes of an inspector.

A curious grass in Cuba bristles with tiny sharp-pointed spikelets which impale multitudes of insects, the wings of the victims being pierced and entangled by the barbed spines causing them to perish miserably.

In Salt Lake City is a $40,000 monument built in honor of sea gulls. When Mormons first settled in Utah the sea gulls destroyed the locusts which endangered the crops and the monument was erected in their memory.

Uncle Joe Cannon has been nominated for a seat in the House twenty-five times and elected twenty-three times, the longest service in Congress on record.

Many old frontier saloons in the West are being donated and re-built into parsonages and churches.

There are thousands of child narcotic addicts in New York according to the New York State Narcotic Control Commission. Where the parents are addicts the children living with them are almost sure to be addicts, too.

During the past year 8,500,000 acres of forest land in the United States were burned over by 27,000 reported fires.

A rooster crowing near the transmitter of a wireless telephone in Rock Island, Illinois, awoke the wife of the man on the receiving end of the telephone in Dallas, Texas.

As a result of recent earthquakes in Chile, large mountains in the Andes range sank an average of 160 feet, a sufficient distance to disclose peaks beyond that had been hidden from sight. High banked rivers which flowed swiftly are now flush with the banks and moving slowly.

To socialize Berlin's housing and servant problem, the municipal government plans to tax empty rooms and multiple servants. The tax will be graded according to the number of rooms and servants.

One hundred thousand of the 1,250,000 deaths occurring in the United States annually could easily be prevented by the application of available medical knowledge.

A five-dollar bill advertised as found by the Berkeley, California, police department was claimed by 236 persons.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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JAN 27 1921

Great Honor; Limited Powers

Calvin Coolidge, the vice president-elect, has this to say of his new job; real influence can be exercised under favorable conditions.

The Sunday Blues

The proposed revival of the Blue Laws of the days of the Puritans has led to considerable discussion and a wide difference of opinion.

Hunting America's Last Bears

Down in the cane-brakes of Louisiana are thousands of bears and into these wilds came a party of hunters. This story is of their trip.

Lord "Bob"—England's Political Hamlet

Robert Cecil occupies a unique position in English politics, and some whisper that the day is not far distant when he will take the premiership now held by Lloyd George. This intimate study of the man by an American correspondent who has been in the center of European activities will well repay the time given to it.

Taft Once Tried to Resist Jews—and Failed

As President he attempted to defeat a Jewish plan against United States foreign relations, but as the story goes, the Jews tamed him to docility in their service—as witness his recent unprepared denunciation of the articles which have appeared in The Dearborn Independent's series, *"The International Jew."*

America's Most Progressive School District?

This is the claim made for the community in which is located the Chaffey Junior College where the three R's have been discarded and the time of the students is occupied with the practical things that go to make up the life of the modern agriculturist. It is what the parents want their sons to learn, and the sons seem to like it!

Mr. Ford's Page
Many Men of Many Minds
Briefly Told

Canada's First, Greatest Author

An interview with Sir Gilbert Parker who is in the West to direct the filming of some of his best known novels.

Editorials
The Three Arts
Illustrations



Many Men of Many Minds



Floyd W. Parsons.—War is always a curse and a waster, but at the same time it is a stimulator of thought and invention. The economic, political and industrial character of the world practically has been remade during the past thirty-six months.

Thomas A. Edison.—Every man has some forte, something he can do better than he can do anything else. Many men, however, never find the job they are best fitted for. And often this is because they do not *think* enough. Too many men drift laxily into any job, suited or unsuited for them; and when they don't get along well they blame everybody and everything except themselves.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—Modern thought is placing less emphasis on material considerations. It is recognizing that the basis of national progress, whether industrial or social, is the health, efficiency and spiritual development of the people.

Thomas W. Lamont.—The Japanese and the Chinese are a bit more discerning, I believe, than most races and they quickly detect the spurious article. Never will American trade and prestige reach their place in the Orient until we have picked out as our representatives men of the highest character—men who, in thought and in action, show themselves to be typical of the best that there is in American generosity of spirit, of courage and of kindness.

Frank Gillmore.—The world is livable enough today. To many of us, it is more than livable, it is indeed joyous to those who can appreciate the wonderful and the beautiful and both the wonderful and the beautiful are always near at hand to those who have eyes to see and just a little understanding.

W. L. George.—Every boy knows that nothing need stop him, that no class bar will cut him off from any position or any office. He knows that in the West of his country lies land which has never been trodden by a white foot. Therefore, there are resources which he can take, and, being a normal human being, he tries to secure his share. In other words, he is born a pioneer. I do not want to exaggerate; many millions of Americans are perfectly content to go indefinitely in the occupation they have drifted into, and seek only more wages, or more salary, but the thing that matters is the consciousness in the American mind that everything is open and everything is possible.

No Class Bar in America, Points Out W. L. George

Estella M. Place.—The ideal home is a miniature democracy in which each member has a voice in the management, but in which independence of action is encouraged so long as the best interests of the family are conserved.

Frank E. Frothingham.—There is no irrigation or water power need sufficiently pressing to justify encroachment upon the comparatively small areas of natural wonderland which we have set aside as national parks.

Dr. S. A. Sochocky.—Locked up in radium is the greatest force the world knows. An ounce of it, if carried in the hip pocket in an ordinary glass tube, would kill a man in ten hours by destroying his tissues and bones.

Lord Northcliffe.—If the League of Nations or any other association of nations, including the United States, can join effectively in forming a buttress in the world against evil, I think I have sufficient knowledge of public opinion to say that Great Britain would welcome it.

Herbert N. Casson.—Unless you are loyal to others, no one will be loyal to you. No success—no lasting success—can come to any firm unless there is loyalty on both sides.

Joseph Knowles.—The moment you have left the haunts of man, the high cost of living and all other such artificial problems vanish. We have gone stale by living within brick walls and by depending on steam heat and push buttons. Our woodcraft instincts have atrophied through lack of use.

Rep. Harold Knutson.—A short time ago I visited Ellis Island to see for myself the class of immigrants now coming here; and to say that I was appalled by the class we are now getting is stating it mildly. Two other members of Congress accompanied me, and we were agreed that only a very small percentage could be assimilated without lowering our present standard, and that is something we must guard against.

A. C. Bedford.—Europe does not need American money so much as she needs American management.

Franklin H. Giddings.—The public has a moral right to know the geographical extent of a coal mining corporation's real estate, what its actual capital is, what its actual debts are, what actual payments of wages it makes, and how they are graded, how many days a year each class of employes is productively occupied, the sanitary state of the communities in which the employes live, what taxes the corporation pays, what percentage of its income is paid out in salaries, how it keeps its accounts, and what its profits are. A coal mining corporation that objects to letting the public have this information should be put out of business, and the public would have no occasion to worry lest there should be no coal to burn if it were.

Public Should Have Facts Concerning Coal Businesses

Edward Alsworth Ross.—It is safe to predict that fewer votes will be corruptly swayed and that they will never again be sold at such bargain prices as in the days when no limit was imposed on the rôle of liquor in politics.

Colonel Guy D. Goff.—It is education which is needed. We cannot save the world by hanging murderers and imprisoning thieves. We can save it only by teaching mankind not to murder and that theft is of all roads to wealth the most precarious.

William T. Hornaday.—In all probability there is not an acre of ground, a tree six inches or more in diameter, or a barrel of water, in any national park in the United States, that is not wanted by some industrial concern that can make out a list of most plausible and good reasons why they should have it.

Fred C. Kelly.—In the long run, you can kid a man out of more money than you can tax him out of. Tax it away from him and he becomes soured and disgruntled—almost a foe to his government; but keep telling him what a great philanthropist he is, thus getting him to loosen up, and he is not only pleased with himself, but with nearly everybody else.

James Montgomery Flagg.—Philosophy has its place—at the very end. When you have achieved permanent tonsillitis from blasphemy then take to philosophy. Philosophy is an anesthetic: when life gets a bit too thick then one saturates a wad of cotton batting with philosophy and holds it to one's nose and inhales.

Charles Moreau Harger.—The gathering of producers into granges, unions and societies has reached vast proportions. They have their special publications, which set forth the profits possible if they can act as a unit. The dream of complete control of products of field, orchard and ranch is most attractive, but it demands an organization of more compactness and capital than has yet been evolved, to control a nation's products.

Compact Organization Necessary for Control of Foods

Lee Russell.—Teachers know the worth of their calling; they would like more evidence that the public really feels that worth. They know that on them, more than on any other one class of citizens, depends the future of the republic, but they are somewhat lonesome in the consciousness of that knowledge.

William Hood.—Most of the big things I have seen done have been accomplished by faithful, intelligent, and painstaking effort rather than by special brilliancy. "Strokes of genius" are more likely to be apoplectic than apocalyptic.

William S. Benson.—Our merchant marine was built to meet a world emergency. It is equipped to promote world's peace.

Mary H. Ingham.—The brightest vision shines in the New Year. With ballot in hand, women are setting forth to find the way to draw together the nations of the world by the solidarity of their understanding of the needs of all women and all children. This internationalism holds no threat of destruction but only the highest hope of civilized humanity.

Joseph T. Dickman.—I do not believe the time is ripe for universal military training, and feel sure that the people are against it. While there is necessity of a standing army of approximately 200,000 men, it is evident that a more economical program for maintenance of this army will be necessary if the country's nose is to be once more brought above the water in matters of finance.

David Lloyd George.—When we talk about emigration we are not talking of bleeding this old country. Quite the reverse. We are adding to its strength. Whether they are in Scotland, England, Wales, Canada, Australia or New Zealand, there is a great sense of kinship, a great feeling that we are one people—one people and one country.

Katherine De Witt.—This would be a more livable world if we could banish envy and jealously from our hearts, our lives, our homes, our business, our social work, our philanthropies.

Rep. James T. Begg.—The United States never developed from the raw country that she was, from the day of the wax candle and the tallow dip down to the electric light by doing for the citizen what he ought to do for himself. We have run wild in asking the government to do this, to do that, and to do the other thing.

Corinne Lowe.—The Polish Jew, like the Italian, is not going to do much toward the solution of the farm-labor problem in this country. He is going to settle in the cities. The immigrant from this section, exposed as he has been for years to unsettled conditions of life—to war, disease, hunger and cold—represents a low ebb in physical vitality. He is, generally speaking, the most underfed, the most poorly clothed and the most wretched in appearance of all the present-day arrivals at Ellis Island. Second, his refusal to focus upon any save urban centers creates, particularly in the already congested East Side, an acute phase of the housing problem.

Polish Jew No Aid to Farm-labor Problem of Nation

Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey.—As I see it, the hope of the state—of all states—is still in education, beginning with itself in its own beginning, childhood.

J. W. Johnston.—When a man's in trouble he is glad to be assured of something reasonable. All have had mothers and, no matter how low these men have sunk, all have loved them. There has never been a time when you couldn't bring tears to their eyes by referring to their mothers. What is that? That is Love. That is God.

William H. Edwards.—It is an asset to every business man, and particularly to every man in public life, to be able to get the crowd interested in him, in his personality, his work.

Calvin Coolidge.—It may be well for all of us to realize that the government of the United States was organized for justice to all and that each should have an influence in its control.

George P. Brett.—To stack hay on a sunny day in June, or to hasten its loading before a sudden thundershower, will give your muscles just as much exercise; and the glow and contentment which come with your cold shower before dinner, after a day spent at work in the fields, are finer, and give more satisfaction, than any game ever invented by man.

Governor Ben W. Olcott.—Our governmental principles are founded on too firm a foundation even to be shaken by any of the winds which may now be swirling about.

Hunting America's Last Bears

By ROBERT MORGAN

OUTSIDE the great national parks of the West, the icebound plains of the Far North, and the mountain fastnesses of Kadiak Island, there are few big game animals left in the United States, and a bear hunt, whether it be after the big grizzlies of the famous Alaskan Island, or the smaller bears which once frequented what is now the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, is an unusual sporting event. Yet, during one of the last weeks of 1920 a bear hunt was held less than 100 miles from an American city of 400,000 inhabitants, on which five bears, ranging from 200 to 400 pounds, were killed, seven others seen, and the tracks of more than 30, aside from those killed by the hunters, noted.

Twenty-two hunters, five 'Cadien guides, and 33 hounds took part in the hunt, not to mention five or six southern darkies, taken along to attend to the cooking and other necessities of the hunters. It was the largest and most productive bear hunt held in the United States since 1917, when a chase productive of seven bears was held through the same section of the country, only a few miles from the hunting ground selected this year. This year's hunt took place over some 40 square miles of the Louisiana Marsh, that vast tract of tide-level lands lying along the Gulf of Mexico shore of the Pelican State, just west of the Atchafalaya River, and back of Vermillion Bay. It was given by Edward Avery McIlhenny, of Avery Island, Louisiana, who, by the way, killed the largest black bear ever taken in Louisiana, in 1916, near where this 1920 hunt was held. This big fellow was seven feet, seven and one-half inches and weighed 671 pounds.

Among the guests on the hunt were Paul J. Rainey, of Cotton Plant, Mississippi, whose African hunting exploits are historic among big game hunters, and who made the first motion pictures of the African big game in its haunts. Mr. Rainey arrived at the McIlhenny home on Avery Island with 23 dogs, ranging from the big fox hounds, Barrister, Lead, Jim and Ring, through other trailing hounds to Airedales for fighting a cornered bear, down to little Diamond, a dog of no particular breed, but a fighter of parts, game to the heart and destined to be the hero of the hunt. Among other well-known hunters called from distant parts of the country by Mr. McIlhenny were W. T. ("Bill") Young, of Nashville, Tennessee, who had just returned from a two-year jaunt after mountain sheep in the Selkirks and the coastal mountains of Alaska; Lou Kimmerer, who has been hunting wolves around his home in Paris, Texas, until he has virtually cleaned the county of these enemies to the stockmen; James Lord, of Hermansville, Minnesota, whose moose and caribou hunting has carried him close to the Arctic Circle, and Tom McHenry, of Macon, Mississippi, one of the best known fox hunters in the South. The balance of the party consisted of men who have hunted occasionally in various parts of the world, like the writer.







Top—The first bear, weight, 300 pounds. Paul J. Rainey, big game hunter recently home from Africa, kneeling with hands clasped. Bottom, left—The saddest one of all—a deer dog left out of the bear hunt because he might teach the bear dogs to run deer. Right—The dog boat, crossing Vermillion Bay.

At five o'clock on the morning selected for the start from the McIlhenny "backyard," which consists of 40,000 acres of lowland, swamp and marsh, with 20,000 more under cultivation in the "front yard," the Rainey dogs, with their keepers, were loaded into an old converted luggar, and sent "chugging" away down a bayou into the heart of the marsh, while the hunters piled into a large motor boat and followed slowly after. The McIlhenny dogs, eight or ten in number, were sent overland in charge of three or four darkies, to meet us at the camp which was to be our headquarters for a week.

The run down the bayou to Vermillion Bay, across that shallow but treacherous arm of the Gulf of Mexico, and thence five or six miles up another bayou, into the midst of a tract of jungle which seemed thousands of miles from any human being, required the time until noon, but showed us the great marsh and all its teeming life awakening for another day. Myriads of ducks rose before the boats, long wedges of geese passed high overhead; raccoons peered at us from clumps of wild rice and, as we passed up the second bayou, we saw tracks frequently showing where bear and deer had come down to the water, either to drink or to swim across.

The camp proved to be a commodious houseboat, which Mr. McIlhenny had had towed out from his plantation, and which accommodated all of us, provided we ate at the big table erected outside on the top of the high levee which here walled in the canal. A shelter provided for the ducks, while "Jones, the original ace of spades, prepared luncheon of ham, mallard ducks, sweet potatoes, corn, hot bread, jam and coffee. We struck out immediately into the swamp, but, not knowing the country well, caught no bear, though the dogs struck one hot trail on which the famous Barrister of the Rainey pack ran nearly all night, finally leaving it, when no one came to his help, and returned to a trapper's camp, where he was tied and brought to our camp in the morning.

The swamp here consists, first, of soft ground, about a foot above water level, overgrown with underbrush, clumps of palmettos, small live oaks, and tall cypresses, mostly dead, remnants of a heavier forest which has been killed by many years of battle with the salt water of the tides. There are no paths through this swamp, and the ground is studded with "cypress knees"—bent and gnarled roots and shoots of the cypress, rising six inches to a foot from the ground and furnishing constant stumblingblocks as the hunter fights his way through the jungle. Back of the swamp, of course, is higher land, rising gradually to the level country of the "sugar bowl" and "rice pocket" of Louisiana. Toward the Gulf the swamp becomes marsh; that is to say, the land lowers, the shrubbery, palmettos and trees disappear, and the whole quaking bog is covered with a growth of so-called "wild rice" from four to ten feet in height. Throughout both swamp and marsh are found numerous small pools and bayous, apparently full of water, but really filled to a depth of three or four feet with black, sticky mud, and then four or five inches of water on top. All in all, it is the hardest going for both men and dogs, according to Mr. Rainey, Mr. Young, Mr. Lord and other of the experienced hunters, of any part of the hunting grounds of the United States.

The second day of the hunt was spent, likewise, in getting acquainted with the country. On the third day, the party following the dogs struck the first bear. Rainey, Lord, Young and McHenry, with young Louis Stoner, were following the trailing hounds, with W. L. Callicut and Willie Miller some hundred yards behind, with the fighting dogs, coupled two together. Barrister and Jim hit the trail at the same time, apparently rousing the bear from a snooze beneath a clump of palmettos. They ran him for half a mile down this particular peninsula of swamp between two bayous, when Bruin attempted to turn and cross one of the bayous, but, coming up behind one of the men on stand, got the man-scent and turned again into the jungle. Twice the dogs ran him up and down the tongue of swamp, and then the hunters, by cutting across, released the fighting dogs and the entire pack caught up with the bear.

He ran about 200 yards farther, slipping through the underbrush at a speed almost equal to that of a deer, a gait which called forth every effort of the hounds to keep up. Then, two of the Airedales got in so close that they began nipping at his hind legs, when the bear sat up at the foot of a large dead cypress stump and began to fight for his life. Little Diamond, the "full-blooded 'dog'," as Rainey described him, rushed in and leaped at the bear's nose, but the hunted animal caught the dog with a full forearm swing on one hip, tearing open the flesh and knocking the dog like some huge white ball of snow, clear over the top of a palmetto some four or five feet high.

"Goodby, Diamond," shouted Rainey as he prepared to shoot the bear, but Willie Miller, Rainey's master of hounds, rushing round the palmetto, found his little pet in the midst of a pool about ten feet wide, filled with mud with a little water on the surface. Despite the blow and the long driving fall, Diamond had lit, like the far-flung sinker on the end of a fisherman's long line, in the midst of this pocket of soft mud, and it had broken his fall so completely that, save for the cuts on his hip, he was unhurt. Pulled out by Miller, the brave little dog tried again and again to get at the bear, which received eight bullets from the hunters before he finally toppled over, dead. He weighed 300 pounds. That was all the bear for that day, but on the next, Luis Charbot, a 60-year-old "boy" who traps for a living and had his camp about a hundred yards from ours, while going the round of his traps, met a bear, rounding a palmetto clump, face to face. The bear had been routed out by the noise of the hounds running another bear, and was trying to get out of the swamp without any noise.

"Dat b'ar, he were so close dat I dursn't shoot, for de fear dat ef Ah mees heem, he claw me," said Charbot, "so Ah back off an' Ah back off onteel Ah get ten oh feefteen feet from heem. Dat b'ar, he jus' stan' an' look me hup an' down, lak he know me. An' den Ah keel him, queeck, at one shot, dat's all."

The following day, Tom McHenry and Mr. McIlhenny added two bears—one each—to the score, killing them as they ran ahead of the dogs, without either bear having the opportunity to fight. On the next day John Riggs, one of the guides, shot another which had been routed out by the hounds following another bear. Heavy rains then drove the hunters home without a chance at the dozens of other bears still remaining in the swamps. More than 30 separate trails were reported by the hunters, all of bears which the hounds were not chasing, but which, hearing the hounds after other bears, were trying to get out of the swamp. On several occasions, bear were heard going through the brush

(Concluded on page 10)

Largest Louisiana Bear on Record Killed in 1916.

THE largest black bear ever killed in Louisiana, as far as there are any official records, was shot by Edward A. McIlhenny, on Avery Island, November 21, 1916. This bear weighed 671 pounds, and its measurements, as preserved by Mr. McIlhenny, were as follows:

Length, pad of hind foot to tip of nose, 9 ft. 2½ in.

Length, nose to root of tail, 7 ft. 7½ in. Girth, 4ft. 9¾ in.; neck, 2 ft. 5 in.; forearm, 17½ in.; fore-paw, 14 in.; hind leg, at joint of femur and tibia, 30 in.; head, 32¾ in.

For comparison, it may be said that the largest bear killed in the neighborhood of Avery Island in 1920 weighed approximately 400 pounds, and that this is considered a large bear of this variety, but signs of much larger bear were seen.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 12, January 15, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

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Too Much Haste

THE action of Congress in passing the bill re-creating the War Finance Corporation is not meeting with the spontaneous applause which the national legislators may have expected would greet their action in over-riding the President's veto. The press of the country appears in the main to disapprove of the measure and to feel that Congress has been very hasty.

Undoubtedly Congress felt that it must satisfy the demands of the farming interests of the country. The session was no sooner under way than Congressmen and Senators were bombarded by requests to "do something" to save the farmers who, after raising tremendous crops, saw their profits and a share of their investment slipping away because of the tumble taken in the price of foodstuffs. But the question is whether in reviving the War Finance Corporation, Congress did the right thing.

As Mr. Wilson stated, the corporation was only a temporary plan in the beginning, a kind of a pontoon bridge that would enable us to surmount conditions now happily a thing of the past. Furthermore, it was dismantled because it had outlived its usefulness and turned back something like $400,000,000 to the Treasury because of the belief that to continue government loans would be a doubtful, not to say risky policy.

If we now prepare to finance more foreign trade we will not only be planning operations which the Brussels conference of European bankers has declared to be unwise, but we will be shifting to the shoulders of the government a task which should and would, if we left matters alone, be borne by private capital.

There is a question as to whether the public realizes that the War Finance Corporation must make drafts upon the national Treasury to operate. It has the power to draw upward of one billion dollars, and to honor the requests and provide the funds the Treasury must sell bonds or call for an appropriation. In either case the money must come from the people and with the demand for it will go all hopes of a retrenchment in government expenditures and a reduction of taxes.

Generally speaking the reports received in Washington from American consular agents indicate that Europe is recovering much more rapidly than has been expected. The import trade of Germany, France, Great Britain and Belgium in 1920 shows increases over 1919 which run from 150 to 1,000 per cent. Reading these figures naturally brings up the question of whether natural laws would not have sufficed in this case if we had been possessed of a bit more patience.

Goring the Government's Ox

NOW that Congress has discovered that the coal operators have not been content to overcharge the public but have been fleecing the government also, perhaps there will be some action taken toward fixing the price of coal.

It has been no secret that the public has been paying excessive prices for coal. Even when the full extent of the practice was revealed it did not create any great excitement in government circles. But when the Senate committee stumbled across the fact that the coal operators had been overcharging the government 200 per cent, a loud cry was made for the Department of Justice to begin prosecution.

While the Senate is considering the enormity of this offense let it be hoped that it will give a thought to the following problem:

If the coal operators made a profit of 200 per cent on coal which was sold to the government at $9.25 a ton, how much profit was there in the same kind of coal when sold to the private consumer for $16 a ton?

The operators have piled up enormous profits during the war and post-war years and there is probably no way of taking the unearned portion of their gains away from them, but there are other years coming and the public will probably be willing to forget government oversight in the past if an adequate measure of protection is afforded in the future.

Everybody will agree to Senator Kenyon's suggestion that the coal mines should be regulated just as the railroads are. But why not do it instead of merely talking about it?

Renewing Resolutions

"WELL," said the man who had been listening to many after-dinner speeches on tariff reforms and other political subjects, "in my opinion what we need in this country is more initiative and less referendum."

More initiative and less referendum! If that isn't hitting the nail on the head and spotting just the trouble with the average human being, what can come nearer?

More initiative and less referendum!

About this time each year, people begin to weaken in the continuation of their new year's resolutions—and when they begin to weaken they are about ready to fall. What they need most at this time is *initiative*, more determination to carry through their decisions and strengthen themselves so that new resolutions made next year, or earlier, can be carried out with greater ease.

It requires but little initiative to form a set of good resolutions, but it takes a lot of push and persistence and continuation of that initiative to keep and follow up even a fair to middling grade of resolutions. Referendum to recall our pledges that we shall make none but good marks on the clean page we reached when we turned over a new leaf, is easily summoned—and the initiative then has to be mustered in full force to keep from breaking in on the strength that was lent us when we thought of the coming fresh, unstained pages on the new calendar.

Yes, resolutions are more easy to make than to keep. Initiative and determination are vastly more difficult to continue than referendum and vacillation. Breaking the good resolutions—"just for this once"—is much easier than sticking to them without any slipping from the path we have laid out for our feet to follow through the new year.

This is a good time to renew the new year's vows. Better renew them now, and it will help to put aside thoughts of referendum and vacillation. Might even add the one or two that you forgot to include when making up the list during the bustle and rush of the holidays.

The Uncertain Trumpet

DE VALERA has returned to Ireland and he must have taken with him a sense of having failed in his mission in the United States. He got sympathy and some cash but he did not succeed in enlisting the support of the government in his plans for the creation of an Irish republic.

That, of course, was the principal purpose of De Valera in coming here and of his compatriots in sending him. It was, without doubt, their big card. It was boldly played but like many big cards, it failed to accomplish results commensurate with its importance.

There is a doubt even as to whether De Valera's visit materially advanced Ireland's cause in the United States. Most certainly it did not stir up any waves of public opinion sufficiently strong to induce Congress to interfere between Great Britain and Ireland. It did indeed bring forth a sort of indorsement of Ireland's cause from the Senate, but it was distinctly the kind of an expression of friendship for Erin which was not unfriendly toward Britain.

De Valera himself did not prove to be the outstanding figure that had been expected. Perhaps the contrast between the hardships shared by the leader of our own struggle for independence and the way in which the president of the Irish republic took his ease in a New York hotel may have had something to do with it.

Perhaps it was a subconscious feeling that our uninvited visitor was not as devoid of guile as might be wished. But whatever the cause, De Valera could not strike within us the magnetic chord which might have fired our imaginations and aroused our sympathies.

If Mr. De Valera has the patience to search for the reason for his failure, let him read I. Corinthians, Chapter 14, eighth verse:

> "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound,
> who shall prepare himself for the battle?"

The Reduction of Armaments

ONE danger that the movement to have the United States sponsor a proposal for the reduction of armaments will fail of accomplishment is that there appears to be an overly large number of cooks attending to this particular broth.

There are several plans in evidence and as many more suggestions, all from men who stand in the position of national leaders. Not more than one of these suggestions, or at the most a combination of two, can be adopted. If this is done, well and good, but if we are to be treated to another such spectacle as that attending the discussion of the Covenant of the League of Nations, when personalities weighed more heavily than principles, the movement will evaporate in talk.

For the sake of the nation and the world at large it is to be sincerely hoped that the method of reducing armaments will not occupy the attention of Congress to such an extent that no thought will be left for accomplishment. There must be less discussion about how it is to be done and more haste in doing it than is usual or the whole affair will be snarled up in a tangle of international and domestic policies.

It is probable that the fewer nations consulted the better. Something has been said about the desirability of showing Continental powers the courtesy of inviting them to become a party to and to assist in framing the agreement. But on second thought such a course seems neither desirable nor necessary. The experience which America has had with the Continental powers leads to the belief that they will not be content with a straight business proposition but will want to tie on a series of provisos in the shape of mandates or commercial privileges. The less horse trading that is done in this matter, the simpler the dealings are, the better the chance of the pact standing the tests to which it will certainly be put.

If the United States, Great Britain and Japan come to a common understanding, the rest of the world can be counted on to fall in line, for the present at least, and it seems the height of absurdity to feel that we must jeopardize the possibilities of an easy agreement for the sake of empty politeness. Certainly these nations were influenced by no such sentiment toward the United States when they gathered about the Peace Table to settle the World War.

The Forks in the Road

IN A motion picture comedy, shown recently, an automobile speeder is being chased by two officers on motor cycles. The man in the car outdistances his pursuers, and comes to a fork in the road. One road has a sign across it reading "Repairs Being Made—Road Closed." The man drives his car into the open road, gets out, takes the sign from the other road and places it across the one down which he is going, and drives on. When the officers arrive they go down the road that is being repaired with such speed that their machines are wrecked, while the man in the first car escapes.

All along the highway of life will be found forks in the road. They are numerous and confusing. It is difficult to decide which one to take to make our destination in safety. There are many signs at the forks in the road, telling which way to go, but we never can be sure but that some one has changed them.

The young man or woman who comes to the fork in the road where a decision must be made regarding a career, is apt to be misled. The guideboard may read "This Way to Prosperity" and the road toward which it points may look an easy one to travel. Don't decide which road to take until you have found out whether the hand points the right way.

There are forks in the road where one way leads to happiness, and the other to despair. If the hand points toward the smooth, glistening white road which beckons you, beware! Perhaps some one has changed the signboard to lure you to ruin, for the road that leads to despair, at the fork, is paved with blocks of gold, whose radiance dazzles the eyes of those who look upon it.

No man or woman can go far on the highway of life without coming to the parting of the ways. All along the way are forks in the road, and the decision has to be made which one to take. The guideposts are many, some truthful and pointing aright, while others are false, and if you follow their advice will lead to calamity, despair and death.

Pause, whenever you come to a fork in the road, and be sure that you are on the right path before you go on.

Mr. Ford's Page

WE ARE on the very threshold of a new age. The dates are unimportant, for in the advance of the plan of the ages it is not the sharp-cut dates, but periods of time, that are important. Old things pass away in a fading-out process; new things gradually dawn. Only on looking backward do the people usually realize that "a great thing took place back there." Surprisingly few of the real turning points of the world come amid signs and wonders and people standing in awe of what is passing. In the minds of most, the War was *the* cataclysm, because it was noisy; but something greater than the War, though much less clamorous, is in passage now.

It is neither for man to help or hinder, but hold himself ready to do what is right, whatever may be the circumstances. When the age begins to turn, we are too late to stop it, for the causes thereof were set in motion long ago and are now invincible. Nor can we help the new age be born, because we are but creatures of months, and the new age is generations in process of formation. We can but will the Right, not for our particular race or religion or nationality, but the Universal Right, which harms none, and in which each finds its own fulfilment.

One of the principal human duties that devolve during periods of change is *the duty of conscious allegiance.* What do you, *as* a personality and *in* your personality, stand for? And are you standing for it by standing with others who are standing for it? These are questions which are pressing home from many directions today. The bugles of Time are blowing "Assembly" and men are dividing themselves, each according to the moral note within.

It is not a question of allegiance to opinions or programs or philosophies; it is a question of allegiance to moralities. A man may be hopelessly wrong in all his opinion, but if he is morally right, he is of the stuff of the continuing order of life. On the other hand a man may be perfectly correct in his opinions and knowledge, and yet everything he does may collapse and die because of moral anemia. In this time of change it is not a question of having the correct economic theory, it is a question of being loyal to the Right. Immoral or unmoral men never yet constructed an enduring social structure, nor enforced a single beneficial social change.

This coming to conscious allegiance is not always a pleasant experience. Especially in this day when everybody is obsessed more or less with the idea of wanting to be a "good fellow," and when the flabby philosophy of "Boost" has reduced us to spongy masses of saccharine sweetness.

Men have been taught to put even their moral convictions in the background, indeed to possess no obtrusive moral convictions, in order that a false show of fellowship may be made.

This fellowship has now fallen apart. It was based on nothing enduring. It had no meaning except a desire to escape the penalty for being "different," which so many people fear.

It is a time now when conscious allegiance costs something, for it will mean division, and the very first division must be between those who will be loyal to moral conviction and those who will not. And this, quite apart from the consideration of persons or majorities.

The country has had considerable experience lately in the lining up of majorities on questions like Peace and Temperance, and because the majority of the people always believe, as a matter of principle, in Peace and Temperance, it has been made to appear that moral allegiance is always just that easy. It is not. The line-up, impressive as it was, has brought us neither Peace nor Temperance; and no such easy, popular line-up ever will.

The majority of the people are naturally straddlers. They are not in the world to pioneer but to be as happy as possible. If pioneering in a cause brings discomfort, they would rather not. If Truth and Error meet in combat before their gaze, they would rather wait and see which proves the stronger. They may have a lazy faith that Truth at last will win, but it may not be the time as yet, and they do not wish to lend a premature support.

And yet majorities are essential, not to the truth, but to the acknowledgment of the truth; and minorities are essential to the fructifying of majorities. The majority is the sodden dough, the minority the yeast; it is the yeast that changes the character of the dough to something better. Majorities are the position to be taken, as it were; and sometimes Truth takes it, and sometimes Error.

The natural tendency to straddling inheres in most people, and the exceptions to this tendency are not always praiseworthy. There are those who are merely contrary, because they like it; others are contrary because moral allegiance compels them. The majority wants to know if this thing cannot be amicably settled.

No! It cannot be settled. There are some opposites in the world that shall never be reconciled. There are some programs that shall never be harmonized. There are some wars which must continue until one side is exterminated. And that is what frightens some people. They want to be happy; they want to live and let live; they do not want to be bothered. They want leave to enjoy the world as it is, and if there are those who would improve the world, let them do so, but not in a way that interferes with the present schedule.

It is not hard or hardened men that the world needs, but men of moral hardiness who possess spiritual backbones. Men to whom the palliatory "perhaps" comes too easily, who are so impressed with the idea of "relativity" that they seek refuge in a near-vaccum, are men who are lacking in moral gristle. An Idea may be very valuable to them, but they are of no value to the Idea. And the world advances only as Ideas gather believing men about them.

It is a time of taking sides. There is a growing pressure to that end. Whether men desire it or not, the time is rapidly approaching when they will be counted on one side or another. In this country, at least, it may be expected that the majority will finally line up on the right side, but it will be an impressed majority—impressed by the force without in alliance with the still small voice within.

To take sides is not to exhibit prejudice. That is where many people mistake. The men who are freest from any taint of prejudice are those who have taken sides with their convictions, and stand there as sentinels and defenders.

If you want to know where the prejudice in the world lurks, look where there is no taking of sides, where everybody is trying to pretend that there is nothing to take sides about. That is where you will find most of the world's prejudice.

A man who has taken sides is thereby freed from prejudice. His step is open, frank, straightforward. His energies are free to flow naturally. But a man who fears to take a side finds prejudice grow within him like a cancer; it grows from the irritation of an unexpressed antagonism in conflict with an unexpressed allegiance. It is suppression.

However, the movement has set in, and will be complete before the old era completely passes and the new begins. Everyone will have to take his own side. It is not too early now for everyone to begin to ponder on which side he really belongs, and whether, morally belonging to that side, he has the moral hardihood to give that side what belongs to it.

THE time is coming when everybody will have to take sides. Even those who thus far have never stood for anything in particular will have to stand by something in particular. The days of flabby straddling, pretending that there are no differences or divisions, belong to the old era, and the new era will be ushered in with a new consciousness of allegiance. In the last analysis there are only two families on the earth, and every subdivision which has been made relates to one family or the other. The man who is afraid to line up, is not a free man. The times are coming when it will not be within his own choice: he will be forced by the very pressure of circumstances to take his stand by the principles to which he belongs.

America's Most Progressive School District?

People of Ontario, California, Make Such a Claim After Abandoning the Teaching of the Three R's and Taking Up Problems of the Farm

By H. G. TINSLEY

IN THE extreme western end of San Bernardino County, in the beautiful little city of Ontario, in Southern California, is the most progressive district school in the world, say the residents. It is known as the Chaffey High School. Lately when it became more than a high school the title was lengthened to Junior College. All the ancient lore of inculcating the three R's has been abandoned at this institution; the legends which surround the cadaverous schoolmaster and his threadbare coat and his impracticalities are supplanted by a young business man and a farm adviser who doesn't care a rap about Caesar and Nero in Rome, but who does care a good deal what's the matter with the farm cow or why the peach tree does not bear as fruitfully as do some others. Greek gerundives are unthought of in this unique educational institution, but the fact that a farmer does not know what tree disease has affected his orchard is of deep moment.

Chaffey school district comprises 200 square miles. Its taxpaying population is almost entirely agricultural. Ontario is the largest town in the district. Its smaller towns are Etiwanda, Cucamonga, Rochester, Guasti and West Ontario. Everything in the line of fruits and grain is grown in the locality. More than a million dollars' worth of oranges are produced on the Chaffey school district yearly, besides half a million dollars' worth of lemons, millions of dollars' worth of deciduous fruits as peaches, apricots, quinces and a long list of berries and small fruits. The district also is the largest grape area in the world—4,000 acres under one control. Every form of field product known in the realm of agriculture is grown in the district—from a peanut to a 300-pound squash. A more thoroughly agricultural section does not exist. For years the taxpayers growled that their school graduated good enough business men, capable professional men, and men and women as talented and zealous as may be found anywhere, but the one great and growing pursuit of the district had no attention in the school curriculum.

As Crombie Allen, editor of the local daily newspaper, put it to the writer: "Patrons of our school had no complaint to offer at what was a model educational institution but they wanted something more useful to the boys and girls than the old cultural studies. The student was trained well enough, but when he came to succeed to the management of the orchard or farm, as he invariably did, and had to grope for solution of problems that had bothered his father for years, he had to guess and grope just the same as his father had done. The district school turned out splendid specimens of students, but the majority of the taxpayers wanted their children reared in lessons that would be of actual service when their lads became agriculturists and the girls came to meeting the problems in a farm or orchard home.

"Moreover the taxpayers considered that the school should be representative of the spirit of the locality in its horticultural and agricultural industries—a place where the public might take its problems for solution, and there are lots of them daily in agriculture. The men who till the soil in the Chaffey district are universally specialists and one must be right up to his work to succeed in a community of specialists in horticulture. What was wanted was a place where the farmers could learn too. The specialist is always anxious to learn in his line of labor. He hungers for fresh information."

The war in Europe taught its invaluable lessons of the worth of the man who produced food. Naturally the agricultural district about Ontario was concerned. The fact was demonstrated how few people were really trained in food production. The farmer and horticulturist were exalted. Young men longed for instruction in the myriad of facts that one needs to become a progressive tiller of the soil.

Then came the closing of the war and the government's provision for the men who had been incapacitated in the hospitals and trenches in war. Uncle Sam agreed to do his share in rehabilitating the soldier boys and to provide means by which the boys who had been gun-shocked, gassed and blown to pieces might be taught how to earn a living. The trustees of Chaffey and the school principal, Merton Hill, studied the scheme to make an agricultural institution out of the school that should be of practical helpfulness and that did not require a long study in chemistry and higher mathematics to enable one to enter upon the work and which should be a help to the taxpayers in cracking the nutty problems that they must solve or go broke at farming. The principal and school trustees at length devised a district school with farms attached, with citrous groves where the theories of orange and lemon growing may be taught by orchard experts, and a dairy where the thousand and one facts that a dairyman must know to achieve success may be learned.

In other words they planned a junior college of agriculture for the young man with a fair education, and planned to make it rigorously practical—not all bookish as the old-time agricultural college generally is.

The title Junior College was added to the title Chaffey High School. Uncle Sam has so far sent more than 100 service men to take the school course and that brings the district a revenue which helps pay for the additional faculty at Chaffey, and buys the farms and orchards which the school requires. Besides, the district has a steady income from sales of the fruit from the orchards and the fields. Last year more than $17,000 came from sales. It will be much larger this year and as the products of the school acres are better known they will grow more remunerative. The government will probably send more and more service men to Chaffey.





Above—The Library at Chaffey Junior College of Agriculture which contains 15,000 volumes.
Below—Men who are suffering war disabilities are shown here studying root growth in an orchard at the Chaffey Junior College.

Moreover the school would be characteristic of the will of the people in the district. It would help toward the effort made in all rural regions to keep the youths at home, contented with their pursuit and not hasten to the city, against which economists and publicists outcry so lustily nowadays. "We can combine," said an editorial in the Ontario newspaper, "and thus have attractions of the best talent in the world right here at home for the boys and girls, just as big colleges have in other sections of the United States."

That was the reason for this unique educational institution among the tens of thousands of acres of orchards, and the immense vineyards, the fields of sugar beets, all manner of grains, and in the vicinity of great hog ranches and lots of modern dairies, close by Los Angeles.

The head of Chaffey is Merton E. Hill, and upon him is devolved the tremendous problems that this wonderful new kind of a school is working out. Mr. Hill is a most forceful man. Everybody in the district comments upon the importance of his management—to overturn scholarship after a history away back in Aristotle's plane-tree day, thousands of years ago in Greece. Mr. Hill has a long string of college degrees given him for scholarship, but one would instinctively put him in the class of young business. He is quick spoken, arrives at his decision rapidly and is intensely practical. His college degrees indicate his deep erudition.

"Oh, don't think we have turned on all the things that the conventional school teaches or that one goes to the great educational institutions to acquire," said Mr. Hill laughing at my amazement at corrals and herds and barns instead of laboratories. "We are trying here to show the glory in true agriculture. So many men and women do not realize the splendor of making food for the world until they are older. Look around and you'll see that is true. We think that the child taken in hand early in life and shown the beauties of the father's and mother's vocation among the fruits, will be more of a rural soul and will bless those that showed him. I could talk all day on this topic but I won't worry you.

"We here at Chaffey hold the same deep regard for the topics that have been in the curricula of all educational institutions since the earliest academies. They are the adornments of life and the great civilizers of the race. Far be it from any of us to slight them. But this is an agricultural constituency and has a myriad of problems that scholarly men consider it beneath them to heed. Therefore, the young come to have a sort of contempt for husbandry, which the greatest men that the modern nations have produced say is the most important. It is this feeling that a knowledge of bucolic ways is not elevating that is moving so many young people from the farm to the noisome city. This is the sentiment that pictures the farmer as a shiftless, unkempt and tattered fellow, whereas he is the biggest thing a nation can have.

"To put it briefly, Chaffey is doing her best to put the food producer on the kingly throne to which he is entitled. Let me repeat that we try to inculcate a love for husbandry early in life. So far, we feel amply repaid for our foresight and can stand for jeers of the conservative educationalists. See how the first advocates of manual training schools were laughed at for wasting public money in teaching how to saw boards and to drive nails."

Mr. Allen, who is a member of the state assembly and editor of the Ontario *Daily Report*, was near at hand. He expressed the opinion of the taxpayers. "We think it a grand success," said he. "Very few people know the practical tuition Chaffey gives the girls in the district. Here now is the cafeteria. It is all the girls' work and is profitable, too. They have the actual experience of seeing whether their meals are properly prepared, whether the concoctions are right for the public taste. So many domestic science girl students simply experiment and throw away their productions. Look about you, and see the hundreds of mouths these girls feed. If a food is not right, don't you suppose the preparers would hear from it instantly? The 200 square miles of district require students to live at the cafeteria. Some folks come here to board. All the service men have to live here. No domestic science school has such a captious public to serve as they do here.

"It has been the same way with the courses for boys. We feared at first that the grand old studies that make finer men and women would be extinguished in the zeal to teach farming, but we were in error. A lot of us are sticklers for the old conventional studies, even if they are not actual money makers—there are lots of things in this life outside of money.

"We owe it to the government that the Chaffey idea was hastened to what has long been in the taxpayers' minds—to have a first-class farming and domestic science institution here. It cost a heap of dollars, let me assure you. The government wanted an institution that one did not have to spend a year or two in preparing the entrance for actual farming, not a mass of theories. What school taught how to care for hogs and what for bees and hives, for instance? The taxpayers of Chaffey district saw their opportunity. There are enormous possibilities to a wounded man in the various phases of horticulture and agriculture, of which a city-bred man has no conception. The world is crying out for workers who have agricultural knowledge. There are more than 150 heroes of the trenches here now. A sleeveless hero of Argonne was caring for a sick sow at my neighbor's yesterday. He was studying swine diseases. He will go to a hog ranch in Tulare County next fall at $200 a month, for he shows the same splendid qualities in a barnyard that he did when he offered his life for his country."

The universal opinion is that this school has been successful beyond the district's imagination. The intense practicality appeals. Only last week a man of fifty years and his family moved to Ontario from Ohio.

They came with the intention of the father buying an orange grove in a year or two. But he hesitated about putting $35,000 or $40,000 into a citrous grove proposition with absolutely no experience in raising citrous fruits. He would not think of doing that in farming in Ohio. He came with the plan of putting his two sons in the agricultural school at Ontario and himself to enter the class in pomology to learn during his first two years in California to invest more wisely his little fortune in something about which he knew and in which his sons had become experienced at school.

Don't think because the husbandry constituent is in control of Chaffey and that because economy is one of the cardinal features of the school, that it is run scrutinizingly closely. The great beautiful buildings of the institution are marks of artistic skill. The district has put up as elaborate buildings as any community in the country. Hundreds of large cities with their wealth have not spent capital as lavishly or expressed such taste in educational structures as has Chaffey. The writer spent one day in simply going from department to department and observing the exquisite skill of arrangement and the complete furnishings and equipment in the group of buildings, built at an expense of fully $600,000.



But oh, that wonderful school library! It is safe to say that no institution in America has such a building and such conveniences. It is superb. It is a gift of George Chaffey from whom the school takes its name, a pioneer resident of Ontario. He devoted lands to the school. When the foundation fund reached $100,000 the great administration building was the result. The library has now volumes to the number of 15,000. Reference works abound. There are few romances, but the musical and agricultural sections of the library are remarkable in their completeness. Wilbur A. Fiske, the librarian, is working out original plans to make the library as practical as the rest of the school and has classes for instruction in library management.

The department of music denotes the high culture of the people of the district for the delightful things of life. Wonderful in its breadth is the teaching of music at Chaffey, and the great corps of teachers and the complete number of instruments test the liberality of the taxpayers for musical instruction where the range is unusually wide. Only now a $20,000 pipe organ is to be installed in the great auditorium of the institution and pipe organ playing will be a new course of tuition in this wonderful district school. Think of a great pipe organ installed in a public high school!

The visitor at Chaffey notes the appeal to the esthetic everywhere. The architecture is tasteful; the lawns and beds of flowers are artistically arranged. The classrooms and music apartments are models of cheerfulness and sunshine. One can walk about this marvelous institution of an agricultural district with a joy for hours. There are now in attendance 1,000 students.

There certainly is no school or college campus anywhere like that at Chaffey. In the first place such a combination of utility and beauty is unknown. There are thirty acres in the campus. Thousands of schools have no campus. Hundreds of colleges have only an acre or two of campus. But, you know, this Chaffey is different. Seven acres of the campus are occupied by buildings. Then there are thirteen acres of the campus occupied by a grove of all varieties of citrous fruit trees—the school working spot of the classes in citrous pomology. The grove proved such a capital one that a little later another citrous grove was bought and planted to display various varieties of trees under every horticultural circumstance.

A grove of deciduous fruit trees was needed to conduct investigations into the growing of plums, peaches, apricots, and the numerous variety in the deciduous family, and a twenty-acre orchard three miles distant was added to the Chaffey assets.

Besides, there is the sixty-acre general farm connected with the school. There experiments are conducted in every form of farming and classes of students are taken daily. Then too, the district controls an area in the canyon north of the school where bee culture is carried on and where berries and small fruits are studied.

The cultivation of the orchards and fields is done chiefly by the students. There are constantly going forward experiments in citrous and deciduous horticulture. People in the district bring to high school specimens of plants and tree branches for elucidation. Problems that perplex the tillers of the soil are laid before the high school authorities and are up to the classes to be solved.

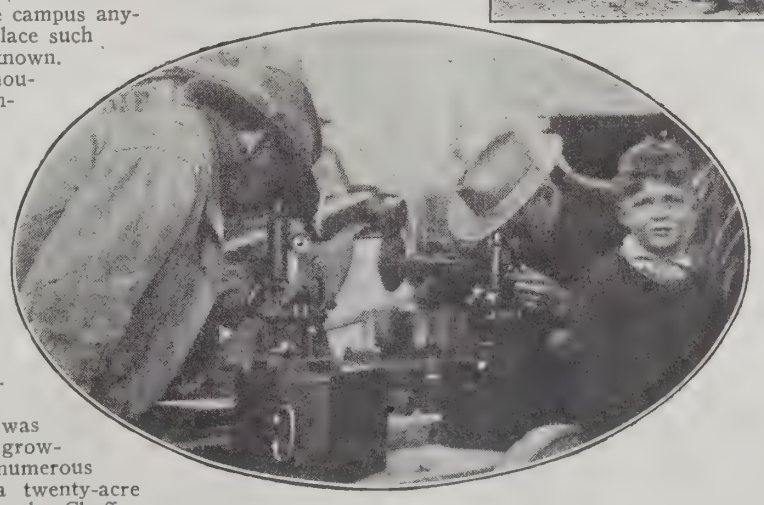
For instance, the day the writer was looking over Chaffey school, a farmer complained that his peach orchard had been so improperly pruned the year before that the operation had cost him heavily in slim fruitage. He asked George P. Weldon, the pomological teacher, to bring his class to the orchard and demonstrate what correct peach pruning was.

That afternoon Professor Weldon took his class of thirty young men to the farmer's orchard. He first expatiated upon the several varieties of peach trees growing there, and while the class took notes he told the fruiting characteristics of each sort of tree and gave a scientific demonstration of the difference in foliage or fruit twigs. Then he pruned the trees, explaining why he cut in each instance. As Professor Weldon clipped away at the peach trees, he dwelt upon the reason for his acts and what to expect in a crop from the next fruitage. That is the sort of practical tuition that Chaffey gives daily.

"You will observe," said Mr. Weldon, "that we make a strong feature of the actualities of things agricultural. So many institutions teach only from books and charts. An hour in the orchard is, to our minds, more useful to the lad than hours of book education. A boy can study and recite about how a scale pest looks and how it may sap the life of a tree, but one hour in observing what has been done to an orchard by a scale pest is as good as a score of books on the subject. A lesson by a director with a hog, pointing out what points make for a good beast and what characteristics are transmitted in the progeny, is as instructive to a class of boys as a week over a textbook. Besides, it arouses a boy as no classroom study will ever do.







Above—Pruning demonstration in the field.

Center—Explaining the use of a nicotine dust spray in controlling a tiny insect which feeds on the blossoms and small fruit of peach trees.

Right—Another demonstration of the nicotine dust spray.

Below—Examining peach thrips under the microscope.

"I never miss an opportunity to take my students with me to the country. I have one thing in view when I set out—to show what a diseased tree is doing and what the treatment is accomplishing and why, and especially how to diagnose an orchard disease as soon as it appears, for, like human beings, the proverbial stitch in time is just as applicable to the orchard as to a person. Lessons in pruning fruit trees can only be learned from the actual labor and with criticism of why this or that is done. A teacher can talk a week about the rinderpest in ruminants, but the class that can see a case of the heifer disease in a barn will have invaluable instruction. That is why we have bought the farms, herds, groves, and have swarms to run in connection with our educational system.

"The field is constantly widening. When manual training schools were first opened in schools the idea was ridiculed. How the nation smiled a generation ago when Cornell University opened an agricultural department. I recall that the older and more conservative college men called Cornell then the cow college. Who would have considered a pedigreed bull an adjunct of a district school, several years ago? Yet that was deemed part of the apparatus of Chaffey school two years ago. We shall buy another bull of a different breed soon.

"The whole idea here is to be intensely practical and we are working along that line. Do not think we are casting aside the fine elements in character building and are scorning scholarship and hundreds of things of the good old curriculum of education. They are taught here, too. But the contention is that many a boy and girl is forced to take up a curriculum that is worse than useless because there is no liking for the course while another would arouse his largest energies.

We look at once to a student's taste. Many boys will work their heads off to succeed in horticulture who would not be worth a rye's straw in the classroom. The case is vice versa too. The trouble with most schools is that pupils go on for years with scholasticism that is worse than distasteful. Our farming offers the chance to a boy to work according to his bent after he has mastered the essentials of the schoolroom. We took the class in pomology to see the county fair at Riverside and the talk we gave on the horticultural exhibit was referred to for weeks. I showed how gum disease ruined a $35,000 orange grove out in the country, and that was as beneficial as lectures all winter."

The average day in the life of the average pupil in the agricultural department at Chaffey is like this: Recitations and lectures in the morning on topics connected with the economy of agriculture, the qualities of the soil, the treatment of soils to produce certain results, all matters of pomology, how to care for and to select domestic animals, and how to keep accounts on a farm, and how to judge the value of a crop according to a business man's method, especially upon agricultural appraisement from a scientific business point of view.

In the afternoon the out-of-door work in the orchard and field study takes place. It is scheduled days in advance so that all the class may be there. The teacher in pomology always investigates and observes the treatment of trees by a certain variety of fertilizer, the destruction of a scale pest, the systematic pruning of a fruit tree or the differentiation of fruit from foliage twigs. As the instructor demonstrates, he lectures on what the student should observe and remember. The teachers in farming have demonstrations at the school farm every afternoon. Generally there is some agriculturist of the vicinity along, some one who has come purposely to learn that one topic at the school. There are demonstrations of what agency has grown a prolific crop of grain, the best way to treat hay in drying, what ails a dumpy cow or a hog or a goat or a sheep. There are lessons in soil drainage, in growing wheat and alfalfa, feeding swine and curing pork. Every conceivable topic that enters into daily farm conduct is expatiated upon by the farm teachers. It is all practical in the extreme.

The classes in dairying are always filled. The work in the classroom comprises a scientific knowledge of all tests of milk, how it can be best preserved, what have proved the most liberal producers of the lacteal fluid. Diseases of cattle are studied and how to diagnose and cure them. Every phase of cattle care is studied. The class spends each afternoon at the farm, where take place demonstrations of the milk production of all the varieties of heifers, and hundreds of tests of food upon the animals.

Thus the tuition goes forward. Every day has its scheduled period of actual work in the orchard and field. Matched contests between the classes occur frequently and add an interest to farming and horticulture. Thus there are plowing teams one time and fruit picking another. Competition to grow the better grain by a certain agricultural preparation; competition in largest milkings and largest peaches, juiciest oranges, and most succulent figs is of constant occurrence.

A daily topic of argument in the general farming class is how deep to plow for this or that grain and how best to till to conserve moisture in a dry area.

In the fall of the year and when the Ontario canneries are packing millions of quarts of peaches, apricots, tomatoes and small fruits the classes in pomology are taken to the canneries to see what is wanted from the orchardists and what varieties are most popular. In the orange packing season, young men hire themselves out to the fruit packers and earn money for their tuition.

"I thank my stars," said Lieutenant George W. Watson, a boyish veteran of Verdun, one of the service men at Chaffey, "that I had sense enough to select agriculture as my rehabilitation Uncle Sam agreed to give disabled gas victims of the trenches. So many of my army chums chose the fixing of automobiles and typewriting. I look upon the production of foods as among the grandest occupations that can concern men. The war taught us that.

"Then see what pay an agricultural expert earns. A man who knows how to prune a $40,000 orange orchard gets $20 a day for weeks. I have known a lemon authority, who was with me in France, to get even $350 for pruning a ten-acre grove. An ignorant man with a saw and a knife in a citrous grove can ruin a $10,000 crop in a few days.

"That is what we are learning here."

Taft Once Tried to Resist Jews—and Failed

As President He Attempted to Defeat a Jewish Plan Against U. S. Foreign Relations, But the Jews Tamed Him to Docility in Their Service

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is an amiable gentleman. There is so much to agree with in the world that he seldom finds it possible to disagree with anything. It is a very comfortable attitude for one to assume, but it doesn't push the world along. Real harmony is wrung out of discord by laboring against disagreeable facts; it is not achieved by mere pit-pats on the back of untoward conditions.

There is no doubt that had one approached William Howard Taft a year ago and said: "Mr. Taft, you know there are evil forces in the world which ought to be resisted," he would have replied, "Certainly, by all means."

If one had said, "Mr. Taft, some of this evil is just ignorant inclination, which can be dealt with by various means of enlightenment, but some of it represents a deliberate philosophy which has gathered about itself a definite organization for action," he would have responded: "I am afraid it is true."

And then had one said: "Mr. Taft, the people should be made aware of this, given a key to it, that they may keep their eyes open and learn the meaning of certain tendencies that have puzzled them," he would in all likelihood have replied, "I believe in enlightening the public mind that it may take care of itself."

Suppose you had added: "Mr. Taft, if you found a written program setting forth the steps to be taken to fasten a certain control on society, and if on looking about you observed a definite set of tendencies which seemed to parallel the program at every point, would it appear to you significant?"

Mr. Taft would, of course, answer, Yes. There is no other answer to make. No other answer has been made by anyone who has compared the two things.

If Mr. Taft had been approached first on that side of the question, he would have uttered words very valuable to those who would attach value to his words.

But what has Mr. Taft's "testimonial" to do with either side of the case? Does his support strengthen it, or does his opposition weaken it? If it came to a battle of names, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT could present a very imposing list of men who acknowledge the importance of the studies being made, and who agree with most of the observations presented. But such a list would add nothing to the facts in the case, and facts must stand on their own foundation regardless of the attitude of Mr. Taft, or even Mr. Arthur Brisbane.

But there is a very interesting story about Mr. Taft and the Jews. Mr. Taft knows it and can verify it. A number of American Jews also know it. And it may perhaps be useful to tell it now.

Does Mr. Taft Really Know Anything About It?

HOWEVER, that we may not seem too desirous of evading Mr. Taft's latest defense of the Jews, we shall begin with that.

Unduly stirred by this series of studies, the leading Jews of the United States indicated by their perturbation that the truth in these articles made it impossible to ignore them. Perhaps as many people have been inclined toward agreement with the articles by the attitude of the Jews themselves as by the statements made in the articles. Jewish defense has been made with great formality and show of authority, but without the hoped-for effect. The Jews of the United States, evidently finding that their own statements have failed to carry, are making a wholesale conscription of Gentiles for purposes of defense. As in Russia, the Gentiles are being pushed into the firing lines.

Mr. Taft was therefore approached with a proposition. That was some time ago, probably about November first.

Now, according to Mr. Taft's own signed statement made on November 1, he had not even read THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S *articles but was taking the Jews' word for their character and contents. And yet, on December 23, we find Mr. Taft in Chicago at the La Salle Hotel, delivering an oration before the B'nai B'rith, uttering his statements with all the finality of a man who had made a deep study of the Jewish Question and had at last attained a mature conclusion.*

On November 1, Mr. Taft wrote to a New York Jew deprecating these articles as "a foolish pronouncement *which I understand has been issued* through THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT." The expression, *"which I understand"* is equivalent in ordinary speech to "which I have heard." He had not read them. He was taking *hearsay* on which to base his opinion. There are signs that he had not read them even at the time of his speech in Chicago, for he did not so much as allude to one of the startling parallels which have weighed on the minds of many important men in this country.

The Jews wanted Mr. Taft's name, they wanted "a Gentile front," and they got it. The speech contributes nothing to the discussion; it proves nothing, it disproves nothing. In parts it is a rehash of a speech delivered by a New York rabbi. Indeed, one of William Howard Taft's most telling points was the almost verbal repetition of a point made by that rabbi.

Mr. Taft's business now is the delivery of addresses. Between November 1, at which time he had not read the Jewish Question at all, until December 23, when he presumed to pronounce judgment on it for all time, he had been away a great deal on the road. Indeed, he reached Chicago without having done any of his Christmas shopping. He explained that he had "been traveling over the country so fast" that his time had all been taken up. Where he found time to study the Jewish Question does not appear. It is most probable that he had no time and did no studying. If he did, he carefully concealed the fruits of it when delivering his address.

A Headliner—For Advertising Purposes Only

BEFORE his address was delivered, the newspapers had announced that it was to be made against "anti-Semitism," and this series of articles was specified. It was apparently foreknown, therefore, that not a judicial pronouncement was to be expected from Mr. Taft, but a partisan plea. The newspapers indicate that Mr. Taft had not even dictated his speech until he reached Chicago. The material he had at hand during his dictation was the printed propaganda with which the Jews have been flooding the country. Taft's speech reeks with it. There isn't an original idea in it. He was the human megaphone whom the Jews retained for one night through whom to voice their words. The real purpose of the speech was, of course, to secure its publication throughout the country as the voice of the people on the Question. But nothing whatever excuses the fact that the speech contains absolutely no contribution to the Question.

Mr. Taft is against religious prejudice. So is everybody else. Mr. Taft is against racial prejudice. So is everybody else. Mr. Taft wants concord and good will. So does everybody else. But what have these to do with the facts which comprise the Jewish Question?

The real story of Mr. Taft and the Jews begins back in the time when Mr. Taft lived in the White House. The Jews maintain a lobby in Washington whose business it is to know every President and every prospective President, and, of course, Mr. Taft was known to them a long while before he was made President, but whether they did not foresee his political future or whether they considered his opinions as having too little force for them to bother about, is not clear, but the fact seems to be that very little fuss was made about him. There are no indications that he ran after the Jews or the Jews after him in the days before his presidency.

As President, Mr. Taft once stood out against the Jews, was strongly denounced as unfavorable to the Jews, was soundly beaten by the Jews in a matter on which he had taken a firm stand, and has ever since shown that he has learned his lesson by accommodating the Jews in their desires.

The story involves a portion of that voluminous history which consists of the quarrels between the United States and other nations on account of the Jews. Readers interested in this phase of the history of the United States can find it fully set out by Jewish writers. There seems to be a certain pride taken in recounting the number of times the nations have been compelled to give diplomatic recognition to the Jewish Question. From 1840 until 1911, the United States had special diplomatic trouble concerning the Jews. The trouble that culminated during 1911, in an unparalleled act by the United States, involved William Howard Taft, who then was President.

The Jews Embroil Russia and U. S.

FOR centuries, Russia has had her own troubles with the Jews and, as the world knows, has at last fallen prostrate before the Jewish power which for centuries has been working to undermine her. Even Disraeli was not blinded to the fact that Jews had a control over Russia which the rest of the world never knew. The biggest hoax in modern times was the propaganda against Russia as the persecutor of the Jews. Russia devoted to the Jews a large part of the most favored section of the land, and was always so lax in those laws which prohibited Jews from settling in other parts of the country that the Jew was able to create an underground system throughout the whole of Russia which controlled the grain trade, controlled public opinion and utterly baffled the czar's government. The cry of "persecution" arose because the Jews were not permitted to exploit the peasants as much as they desired. They have, however, gained that privilege since.

Now, when the United States appeared as "the new Jerusalem," its Jewish citizens conceived the idea of using the American Government to achieve for the Jews what other means had failed to achieve. Russian and German Jews would come to the United States, become naturalized as quickly as possible, and go back to Russia as "Americans" to engage in trade. Russia knew them as Jews and held them to be subject to the laws relating to Jews.

Protest after protest reached the State Department as more and more German or Russian Jews went back to Russia to circumvent the Russian laws. At first the matter was not serious, because it was shown in many cases that these naturalized "Americans" did not intend to return to the United States at all, but had acquired "American citizenship" solely as a business asset in Russia. In these cases, of course, the United States did not feel obligated to bestir herself.

The time came, however, when American ministers to Russia were requested to look into the situation. Their reports are accessible. John W. Foster was one of these ministers and he reported in 1880 that "Russia would be glad to give liberal treatment to bona fide American citizens, *not disguised German Jews.*"

During all this time the "Russian question" was being sedulously propagated in the United States. It appeared first in the aspect of the "Russian persecutions." The Jews represented that their life in Russia was a hell. John W. Foster, later Secretary of State, father-in-law of Robert Lansing, the recently resigned Secretary of State under President Wilson, was at that time representing the United States in Russia, and he reported as follows on the status of the Russian Jews:

> ". . . . in all the cities of Russia the number of Jewish residents will be found more or less in excess of the police registry and greater than the strict interpretation of the law authorizes. For instance, persons who have given the subject close attention estimate the number of Jewish residents in St. Petersburg at 30,000, while it is stated the number registered by the police authorities is 1,500. From the same source I learn that . . . . while only one Hebrew school is registered by the police, there are between three and four thousand children in unauthorized Jewish schools of this capital. As another indication of the extent of Jewish influence, it is worthy of note that one or more Jewish editors or writers are said to be employed on the leading newspapers of St. Petersburg and Moscow almost without exception . . . ."

U. S. Ambassadors Learn the Truth

AT EVERY turn, the United States Government discovered that the Jews were exaggerating their difficulties for the purpose of forcing government action.

Presently, after years of underground work and open propaganda against Russia in the daily press, until the American conception of Russia was fixed almost beyond correction, the agitation took the form of the "Russian passport question." Russia dares to flout an American passport! Russia insults the government of the United States! Russia degrades American citizens! And so forth and so on.

Jews in the United States demanded nothing less than that the United States break all treaty relations with Russia. They *demanded* it! James G. Blaine desired one thing more than another, which was this: that something, anything, be done to block the flood of Jewish immigration then beginning to flood the country. *"The hospitality of a nation should not be turned into a burden,"* he wrote.

There was then the strange situation of the United States itself making complaints about the Jews and at the same time being asked to question Russia's right to handle similar complaints in her own domain. The minister of foreign affairs for Russia appreciated this point, and when the American minister told him that 200,000 Jews had emigrated to the United States from Russia, he rejoined: "If such a number of people had gone to the United States as *workers* to aid in developing the country he supposed they would be acceptable, *but if they went to exploit the American people, he could understand how objectionable it was.*" Of course, the whole point with Russia was that the Jews were exploiting her. They were milking Russia, not feeding her.

If space permitted, much rich material could be presented here. The attitude of the American states-

men of 25 to 40 years ago, on questions of immigration and racial propaganda, was eminently wise and sound.

So, until the days of William Howard Taft, this Jewish propaganda continued, always aimed at Russia, always planning to use the United States as the club with which to strike the blow.

It must be borne in mind at all times that the Jews maintain a lobby at Washington, a sort of embassy from the Jewish Nation to the Government of the United States, and this lobby is in the hands of a principal "ambassador." It was, of course, this ambassador's business to get hold of President Taft as firmly as possible.

But President Taft was not at that time so "easy" as the people have since been taught to regard him. There was a commercial treaty between Russia and the United States, and it had existed since 1832, and President Taft behaved as if he thought the Jewish demand that the treaty be broken was rather too much. The Jewish demand was that the United States denounce a treaty which had existed between the two countries for almost 80 years, and during the life of which Russia had repeatedly proved herself to be a reliable friend of this country.

Once Mr. Taft Stood Firm

THE Jews wanted just two things from William Howard Taft: the abrogation of the Russian treaty and the veto of what Congress has repeatedly tried to do, namely, put a literacy test on immigrants. Jewish immigration into the United States being so important an element of Jewish plans, American Jews have never cared what kind of human riffraff filled the country as long as the Jewish flood was not hindered.

Presently, President Taft had undergone the persistent nagging characteristic of such campaigns and had asked, perhaps impatiently, what they wanted him to do.

"Have a conference with some of the leaders of American Jewry" was the proposal made to him, and on February 15, 1911, there walked into the White House, Jacob H. Schiff, Jacob Furth, Louis Marshall, Adolph Kraus and Judge Henry M. Goldfogle. They had lunch with the President's family and adjourned to the library.

The President was fairly wise in the matter. There was no chance whatever for him in an argument. His guests had come prepared to talk, to "tell" him, as some of the same men lately "told" an eastern publisher, pounding the table and uttering threats. The President was to be overwhelmed, his good nature carried with a rush.

But, instead of anything like that, the President, as soon as they gathered in the library, took out a paper and began to read his conclusions! That staggered the Jewish ambassadors at once—the President was reading his *conclusions!* He was "telling" *them!*

The President's statement is really worth reading, but it is far too lengthy to present here. He called attention to the right which this country exercised to say who shall and who shall not sojourn here, and also to the conflicting interpretations which American secretaries of State had given the Russian treaty. He contrasted with that Russia's consistent interpretation from the beginning. He then said that the treaty was sacred because under it for more than 50 years the citizens of the United States had made their investments in Russia—resting solely on their faith in the United States' and Russia's treaty honor. He said that if it were a new treaty that was being written, the case would be different; he would then consider the Jewish argument of weight. But, he said, we had other treaties with other countries who did not always share our views as to what certain sections of the treaties meant, but we have lived and worked under them. He instanced the Italian treaty with regard to the extradition of criminals. He wished to impress on the Jewish ambassadors that they wanted to make an exception of their case, which, of course, they did.

"This Means War," Said the Jews

THE President then said he would be willing to consider taking some action if he did not believe that in taking action he would be endangering the status the Jews already enjoyed in Russia. If this treaty were denounced, large American interests would be jeopardized (here the President mentioned certain interests, all Gentile).

He said he liked to see Russian Jews come into the country, but added "the more we spread them out in the West, the better I like it." He ended with a plea for the Jewish ambassadors there present to consider the plight which denunciation of the treaty might involve Russian Jews, and ended with the words—"That is the way it has struck me, gentlemen. That is the conclusion I have reached."

The Jewish group was plainly taken aback. Simon Wolf, who was always on guard at Washington, said, "Please, Mr. President, do not give to the Press such conclusions," but Jacob H. Schiff broke in with a voice vibrant with anger—"I want it published. I want the whole world to know the President's attitude."

The discussion then opened, with the President cool and self-contained. Finally, after some useless talk, and having other business to attend to, he gave them a letter just received from the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Mr. Rockhill. Mr. Rockhill presented in that letter to the President the whole Russian contention about the Jews—statements which have been confirmed a thousand times by the events that have since occurred.

They then renewed their expostulations and arguments, but to no avail. The President expressed regret, but said he could see no other course to pursue; he had studied the question in all its lights, and his conclusion was as stated.

On leaving the White House, Jacob Schiff refused to shake the President's hand, but brushed it by with an air of offended power.

"Wasn't Mr. Schiff angry yesterday!" exclaimed the President the next day.

But the President did not know what was going on. When Jacob Schiff was descending the White House steps he said, "This means war." He gave orders to draw on him for a large sum of money. He wrote a curt letter to President Taft. The President sent Mr. Schiff's letter and the reply to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Charles Nagel, who replied to the President with these words: "I am very much impressed with the patience which you exhibit in your answer."

Neither did the President know what was behind it all. Look at most of the names of the men who represented American Jewry in the White House that 15th of February, 1911. And then consider that the abrogation of the Russian treaty would throw all the vast business between the United States and Russia into Germany, into the hands of German Jews. The Frankfort bankers and their relatives in the United States knew what that meant. It meant that German Jews would be the intermediaries of trade between Russia and the United States. The business itself meant money, but the relation meant power over Russia—and Jacob H. Schiff lived to overthrow Russia. The neutrality of the United States was torn to shreds by a movement organized and financed on American soil for the overthrow of a friendly nation, and the organizers and financiers were Jews! They used their internal power to deflect the policy of the United States to assist their plans.

The game was financial and revolutionary. It was decreed. It was the then part of the program to be accomplished, and the United States was to be used as the crowbar to batter down the walls.

When the Jewish ambassadors left the White House, orders flew from Washington and New York to every part of the United States, and the Jewish "nagging" drive began. It had a center in every city. It was focused on every Representative and Senator—no official, however, was too mean or unimportant to be drafted.

Frankfort-on-the-Main Defeats U. S.

AMERICAN editors may remember that drive; it was operated on precisely the same lines as the one which is proceeding against the Press today. The Jews have furnished absolute proof in the last two months that they control the majority of the American press. There are signs, however, that their control does not mean anything, and will not last long.

Jacob Schiff had said on February 15, "This means war." He had ordered a large sum of money used for that purpose. The American Jewish Committee, B'nai B'rith and others of the numerous organizations of Jewry (how well organized they are the signatories of the recent Jewish defense prove) went to work and on December 13 of the same year—almost 10 months to a day after Jewry had declared war on President Taft's conclusions—both houses of Congress ordered President Taft to notify Russia that the treaty with Russia would be terminated.

Frankfort-on-the-Main had won!

In the meantime, of course, the Jewish press of the United States berated President Taft with characteristic Jewish unreserve. It would be an eye opener if, at every speech which William Howard Taft makes for his Jewish clients, there could be distributed copies of the remarks printed about President Taft by those same clients nine years ago.

The methods by which the Jews set forth to force congressional action are all known, and the glee with which Jewry hailed the event is also known. Two governments had been beaten—the American and the Russian! And an American President had been reversed!

Whether this had anything to do with the fact that William Howard Taft became that unusual figure—a one-term President—this chronicle does not undertake to say.

The Making of a "Gentile Front"

THERE was quite a scurry for cover at that time. Taft had been beaten, and all the men who had stood beside him ran in out of the storm. John Hays Hammond was represented as having been sympathetic with the Russian view of the Jews—as most of the American representatives were. As late as 1917, William Howard Taft, then a private citizen, wrote to the principal Jewish lobbyist at Washington asking that Mr. Hammond be not held up in Jewish histories as one who had opposed the breaking of the Russian treaty.

The President had really done what he could to prevent the Jewish plan going through. On February 15, 1911, he withstood them face to face. On December 13, 1911, they had whipped him.

And yet in the next year, 1912, a peculiar thing occurred: the high officials of the B'nai B'rith went to the White House and there pinned on the breast of President Taft a medal which marked him as "the man who had contributed most during the year to the welfare of the Jewish cause."

There is a photograph extant of President Taft standing on the south portico of the White House, in the midst of a group of prominent Jews, and the President is wearing his medal. He is not smiling.

But even after that, the Jews were not sure of President Taft. There was a fear, expressed by private letters between prominent Jews, and also in the Jewish press, that President Taft, while officially abrogating the treaty, would consent to some working agreement which would amount to about the same thing. There were cables from Jews in Russia, stating that Taft would do that. The President was closely watched. Whenever there was an open chink in his daily program, he was approached on the matter. It was made utterly impossible for him to do anything to patch up the differences. Frankfort was to have the handling of American trade with Russia, and Jewry was to have that club over Russia. Money, more and more money, always accompanies every Jewish plan for racial or political power. They make the world pay them for subjugating it. And their first cinch-hold on Russia they won in the United States. The end of that American influence was the rise of Bolshevism, the destruction of Russia, and the murder of Nicholas Romanoff and his family.

That is the story of William Howard Taft's efforts to withstand the Jews, and how they broke him. It is probably worth knowing in view of the fact that he has become one of those "Gentile fronts" which the Jews use for their own defense.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Oscar Straus is reported in the press as having conferred with President-elect Harding in the hope of having a Jew appointed American ambassador to Germany. Mr. Straus feels it would be a proper rebuke of Germany's impudence in exposing the part the Jew had in causing that country's poverty and disorder. In like manner the Jews importuned W. J. Bryan, when Secretary of State, to appoint a Jew as United States minister to Spain, to rebuke Spain for having expelled the Jews several centuries ago. Considering the number of Jews now representing foreign countries at Washington, it might be a return compliment to Judaize the entire American diplomatic corps. On reflection, however, the Judaization is now so nearly complete that it might be well to reserve one or two places as an acknowledgment that there are still Gentiles in the United States.

Vienna Jews are reported as having supported the Christian Socialist party in the recent elections, ousting Jewish members from Parliament.

Conservative Jews advise a halt in the gleeful zeal with which certain Jewish organizations threw themselves into the work of breaking up the Christian Sunday. "Let the Christians destroy it themselves," is the conservative plea.

The Jews are now providing the proof of many statements made against them. They have been charged with being a close anti-Gentile corporation; they are proving it. They have been charged with possessing a perfectly organized instrument for coercion of the Press; they are proving it. They have been charged with controlling the gold, handing it out and withdrawing it at will, in order to shove business up or down as suits their purpose; they are proving it. They have been charged with naturally resorting to violence and coercion; their wide preaching of the boycott, the secondary and even tertiary boycott; the actions of many Jewish organizations prove it. By the time the alleged "half-truths" are separated into their parts, the truth-part is astonishingly important.

Great Honor—Limited Powers

By BERNARD G. PRIESTLEY

"IT IS an office of great honor and very limited powers."

Vice president-elect Calvin Coolidge made this reply when asked to define the vice presidency.

The question was put to him in the executive offices of the governor of Massachusetts, under the gilded dome of the State House in Boston. As is characteristic of the man who is to team up with President-elect Warren G. Harding for the next four years, the governor did not reply until he had weighed the question.

"Without power there is no great responsibility," he added. "Every office, however, is as great as the person who fills it. The vice presidency having been held by men of great distinction has held a high place in the estimation of the American people."

That was as far as the coming vice president desired to go on the subject at that time. He remarked that he did not think the time opportune to tell what he would or wouldn't do when he assumed office.

The question arises: What will Governor Coolidge do as vice president? Will he be taken into the cabinet of President Harding, as the latter has suggested? Will he be requested, as has been suggested also, to take charge of the preparation of a national budget? Or will he be asked to dispose of any of the thousand and one readjustment period problems that are howling at the door of the national government?

What are the prospects of the vice president-elect sitting with the cabinet—in an official capacity? If we are to abide by the Constitution of the United States to the letter they seem very remote. According to Section 3, Article 1 of the Constitution: "The vice president of the United States shall be president of the Senate, but shall have no vote, unless they be equally divided."

Although clearly and at length the Constitution defines the duties of the President, it makes no further provision regarding the vice president other than:

That he shall succeed to the Presidency in case "of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office . . . ."

That he may be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction of treason, bribery and other high crimes or misdemeanors. Some legal light may be able to find in the Constitution a section that may be interpreted to give Mr. Harding the authority to appoint Mr. Coolidge as an official member of his cabinet, but to the layman the chances of such a discovery seem on par with the Bolshevists' chances of sweeping the world clean of "Law and Order" sympathizers with their whiskers. Of course, Mr. Coolidge might become an unofficial member of the cabinet, but without authority the most he could do would be to act in an advisory capacity and there would be no responsibility attached to whatever he did. Even under such conditions it is very doubtful if he would have the right, while filling the office of vice president, to sit with the cabinet.

Returning to the matter of whether Mr. Coolidge shall be delegated to supervise the preparation of a national budget, again, it would seem, the Constitution steps in with a forbidding hand raised on high. The Constitution does not give the vice president any authority to delve into preparation of national budgets. If some loophole could be found in the Constitution—and again the layman fails to see any prospects of such a discovery—Mr. Harding might appoint Mr. Coolidge to preside over budget activities. Then, once more, the question arises: Could Mr. Coolidge serve legally in the double capacity? Or if he was appointed unofficially, where would he get the authority to rule as to what should or should not be in the budget? And would not the appointment of any person without authority to preside over the budget preparation seem as out of place as sending a fireman wearing a celluloid uniform into a blazing building?

Concerning the various tasks that friends have insisted be thrust upon Mr. Coolidge, on his induction into office—again we have our old friend the Constitution with which to contend. Again are resurrected the questions of the legality of selecting Mr. Coolidge to do anything but preside over the Senate, of his right to take up the tasks if appointed and of the plausibility of having him act in an unofficial capacity in an effort to slip one over on the Constitution.

But Calvin Coolidge is a "Big Man," known from coast to coast, Canada to the Gulf; his friends and political bedfellows desire to see him become something more than "just the vice president." How are they going to accomplish their end, legally? When suffragist leaders wanted to give women the vote and the Constitution blocked them they fought for many years to obtain a victory through an amendment to the Constitution. Prohibition leaders followed the same long, hard road before they were able to place an official "Gone—But Not Forgotten" placard on John Barleycorn's front door. Will the followers of Mr. Coolidge, and they are legion, try the same method in order to obtain unquestioned authority to enlarge the office of the vice president? Time will answer the question.



(C) Harris & Ewing
CALVIN COOLIDGE,
Vice President-elect

In order to change even a punctuation mark of the Constitution it is necessary for Congress to pass favorably on the proposed change and for three-fourths of the states to ratify the action before it can be made. If the suffrage and prohibition fights are any criterions to go by, any move to change the Constitution so that the vice presidency would be enlarged would encounter strong opposition. Yet there are thousands upon thousands of voters, no doubt, who feel that the vice president (meaning every vice-president) should have power bestowed upon him in keeping with the honor of his office, the second greatest honor the American people can confer. It would be easy enough for Congress to pass a proposed amendment giving the vice-president "such additional power as Congress or the President, with the approval of Congress, may see fit to assign to the vice president from time to time." But considerable time would be bound to elapse before three-quarters of the states ratified the act, even if no strenuous opposition developed.

Until some Constitutional amendment of the sort is passed and ratified, it appears as though the vice president, whoever he may be, must be satisfied with honor instead of power.

At the present time the vice president has no authority in the White House, nor has he authority in the House of Representatives, other than that of a spectator. While the President is commander-in-chief of the American military forces, the vice president has no official right to wear a sword. Innumerable instances could be cited where the President has power and the vice president, who may be called upon at any time to succeed him because of death or for other reasons, has no power.

Truly, "it is an office of great honor and very limited powers."

Hunting America's Last Bears

Concluded from page 3

of the swamp, which is so thick that one can see scarcely more than 25 feet, while the hounds were running still other bears.

Deer were almost as plentiful as bear in the swamp. Mr. McIlhenny reported seeing four in one afternoon, and their tracks and "sign" were met with by dozens every day. No attempt was made to hunt them, since to do so would ruin the hounds for bear hunting. Many deer are killed by the trappers during the winters, while the animals are swimming across the bayous, but few bear are killed that way. The deer swims with his head well out of the water, but the bear leaves nothing exposed but the very crown of his head and the tip of his nose when he swims, so that he furnishes a mark—even when a large bear—about the size of a man's hand, moving rapidly across the stream.

The great swamp, which occupies, all told, about 12,000 square miles of Louisiana's surface, and over a very small part of which we hunted, is probably the last haunt, in the United States, of bears in any numbers. But there must be thousands of bears in all that extent of lowland, from Pearl River—the boundary of Louisiana and Mississippi—on the east, to the Sabine River—the boundary of Louisiana and Texas—on the west. There are also many, many deer, probably more than there are in any other equal area in the United States, though Southern Mexico leads the world in the number of deer still there.

The bears are the Louisiana black bear, rather smaller than the cinnamon bear of the West and Northwest, and considerably smaller than the grizzly or the "silvertip" of Northern California. Yet these Louisiana black bears range to nearly 700 pounds, the largest one killed, of which there is record, having been shot by E. A. McIlhenny, near Avery Island, in 1916. That bear, as has been said, weighed 671 pounds, and one of the bears killed on the recent hunt weighed approximately 400 pounds, a rather good size.

The deer are the white-tail, with no black-tails among them, and they run slightly smaller than the white-tails of Minnesota and Wisconsin, some of them, especially the does, not much larger than the little spotted Axis deer of Indo-China. The trappers kill their deer without hounds, by drifting in a small boat down the bayous and shooting the animals as they come to drink or to cross these sluggish streams. Doubtless, too, owing to the difficulty of travel through the undergrowth of these palmetto swamps, there will be bear and deer in the Louisiana marsh long after they have been exterminated everywhere else in the United States, except in the national parks and the zoological gardens.

The Wood Hollow Papers

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

ON MY walk today a crew of snow buntings rose from a ragweed hedge at the swamp. I paused and watched them as they again dropped to the snow and busied themselves at picking up the seeds that the withered stalks afforded The snow bunting is a soul of indefatigible charm, the very theme of merry abandonment and is perfectly at home in the high-piling, sifting, eternally shifting snowdrifts. The colder and more dismal the day the more enthusiastically do they rise out of winter's very heart. In the winter the snow bunting still retains his white coloration though it is somewhat mixed with brown so that it appears clouded. It has sparrowy colored wings with white through them. The back partakes of a grayish coloration; a means to identification being the streak at the shoulders. The change in coloration that the snow bunting undergoes is perfectly in keeping with its environment. Its coloration of white, touched up with the darker shades, is such that standing at a distance a group of buntings in a patch of weeds makes them practically unnoticeable. Even now as I stood watching them I could not tell but that they were dead weeds against the snow. All this, of course, is for a purpose; it is all done in the name of preservation. Any winged enemy appearing above would be the more unable to locate them. I would imagine that from above, the feathery mask of white touched up with the darker shades practically obliterates them from the sight. At times, even with my trained eyesight, I have failed to see a flock of them until quite upon them when they have startled me by rising suddenly. The snow bunting is strictly a northern bird although I understand that they are found as far south as the Ohio River in the United States. In this northern region they are ever present and I have no doubt but that, along with the tree sparrows, they destroy vast quantities of weed seeds. Such seeds, of course, constitute their principal fare. We may believe that they are unconsciously assigned to the weed-thickets to do their duty while the other winter birds are busy with the tree trunks routing out the insect life harbored therein.

Not all the sunflower seeds on a head are possessed of "meats" within them, but I had not paid attention to that point until this morning when I was engaged in the pleasant task of watching the chickadees and nuthatches feeding from my offerings in the seed box. A rather nervous nuthatch has put in his appearance and from his actions I am given to believe that he thinks I have a stone handy with which to lay him out. He has studied me from every vantage point and angle. He has watched me when standing on his head and resting on his side. If he should turn his eyes for a second he at once wheels around as though by so doing he will catch me off my guard, betraying the stone he no doubt believes I have hidden in the palm of my hand, though otherwise there is nothing to prove that such is the case. I am confidently of the belief that he at first thought the seed box some new species of infernal trap which would jump up and squeeze him thin as paper, but seeing so many birds automatically going in and coming out of this lunch room with every appearance of animation he finally mustered up courage and entered, but no sooner had his tail feathers disappeared within than in the thousandth part of a second he had wheeled and his head was at the opening and he was critically looking me over from head to foot. Finally he went in out of view and I knew he was looking over the food situation, probably also from every angle. Should I have blown my nose or cracked a stick I am sure that he would have stormed out of that box and would be flying yet, for all I know. I put it down that some lad with a rifle had, not in the very distant past, taken a shot at him and the memory was all too vivid.

The chickadees go into the feed-box, bring out a seed and while at the edge of the box test it by turning it and pressing it between the bill several times. They seem to sense if there is a "meat" within the shells at once, and if not they drop it to the ground and return for another. The whole area under the feed-box is littered with meatless seeds. I have picked up these uncracked ones, giving every evidence of having a meat within the shells but upon cracking it open have found it was empty. Even with my intelligence I could not tell that it was empty, either by its looks or by pressing the hard shells, but must open it with my teeth to discover if I am right or wrong. And yet the bird, turning it around in his bill could tell at once, without opening it, whether or not it had any food value.

Our common sunflower makes a most desirable bird seed, and mixed with the chicken feed is of unsurpassed value. The claim is made that "the chickens lay better" by feeding it to them but as to this I can say little. I have seen stalks four inches in diameter and fifteen feet in height, positively an amazing growth for one season. In that time, too, the head with its seeds had been produced.

Some of these stalks grown in fertile soil yield heads one foot and a half in diameter. In selecting seeds for the coming season only the largest ones on a head should be picked off; thus season after season of selecting from the best produces a superior grade of seed noted for strength and the attainment of height. We are not yet in realization of the immense value of the sunflower, but an acre of such planted in fertile ground and properly spaced and cultivated produces feed for chickens of greater value than the amount of corn taken from an equal area.

(Continued next week)

Lord "Bob"—England's Political Hamlet

By GEORGE F. KEARNEY

ONE of the oddest characters in English politics of the present day is Lord Robert Cecil. It came as a surprise to the world that he appeared on the floor of the assembly of the League of Nations as a representative of South Africa rather than his own country. Yet, this is but one curious phase of his interesting political career and it lends to his character just that touch of a prophet who, having drafted the League's covenant, finds himself, without honor in his own country.

Lord "Bob" is the outstanding figure in the House of Parliament. He is the one man whose speeches can attract the members, and their wives, from the proverbial tea on the terrace. The men in the press gallery report his speeches in full and they are read as closely by the laboring man as by the English squire of the old order. A Conservative in politics he is the most constructive liberal thinker in all England while the Labor journals give him the most respectful attention. Many consider him the logical successor of Lloyd George and there are a few enthusiasts who herald him as the prophet who will bring back peace to a troubled British Empire.

His appearance is as odd as his career. Were he an actor he would be cast for the part of Hamlet, so lanky and melancholy is he, and his political story certainly out-Hamlets the tale of the Prince of Denmark. He looks like the familiar caricature of a down-at-the-heel tragedian, yet really much thinner. He is a tall man with drooping shoulders and his clothes hang on his sparse frame in loose folds. He moves around with the awkwardness of a scarecrow and his gestures seem expressive of great weariness of the flesh. His head dominates his body but it bends far forward and the curve of his back describes a complete question mark. He has a great boney face with a heavy jaw but there is a fund of good humor and kindliness in its expression. His eyes belie the laziness of his frame for they flash alternately with humor and zeal. He is a priest type, who in medieval times would have worn sandals, and there is a fanatical cast to his mind, as instanced by his devotion to the ideal of a League of Nations.

His rôle in present-day English politics is particularly interesting to us for it gives us an insight into the real attitude of Great Britain toward the League of Nations. In his attitude toward world politics he is not unlike Woodrow Wilson but there is none of the Wilsonian arrogance. Instead, Lord Robert is a diffident man, slow in speech, and unoratorical. His English is more direct and devoid of phrase making. He believes that the hope of the world lies in an effective League of Nations and he is regarded as England's greatest champion and apologist of the present covenant. As such he has become a consistent critic of the Coalition Government's present policy toward the League and he has gradually revealed Mr. Lloyd George's true attitude toward the covenant.

Lloyd George has grown to regard Lord Robert as his great critic in Parliament. During the Peace Conference at Paris, Lloyd George found him a useful but a troublesome member of the British Mission. Lord Robert is credited with having convinced President Wilson of the impracticality of the principle of the freedom of the seas. It was to Lord Robert that Mr. Wilson handed over the task of heading the commission that drafted the Covenant of the League of Nations when our President grew weary of his long wrangle with Leon Bourgeois, the French representative, on the subject of an international army. By a sudden *coup de théâtre* on February 13, 1918, Lord Robert deftly brought the matter to vote, defeated the Bourgeois proposal, and gave Mr. Wilson his precious covenant to take back to America on the next day. As the Peace Conference proceeded, Lloyd George is said to have resented the growing friendship between President Wilson and Lord Robert. Clemenceau fumed over it because any alliance of these two would have strengthened Mr. Wilson's hand. Lord Robert is the one political idealist who knows his Europe thoroughly. Lloyd George found lesser tasks for Lord Robert to do as the Conference proceeded.

Lord Robert Cecil made a speech in Parliament in which he declared that "there is not room in Europe for two international bodies such as the Supreme Council and the League of Nations." Automatically Lord Robert has voiced his disapproval of Lloyd George's disregard of the League of Nations. Although Lord Robert is the bitterest critic of the Covenant of the League of Nations as it stands he still remains the strongest English exponent of the League, believing it, as he does, to be the only solution out of Europe's difficulties. He differs with Lloyd George fundamentally on the underlying practicality of a league, for in the storm and stress of nowadays the British prime minister seems to have lost faith in any sort of a league of nations.

Naturally, then, Lloyd George was not anxious to have England represented at the assembly of the League by a man who disagreed so sharply with his League policy. Lord Robert representing England, dominated by a Coalition Government that has little use for a vital League of Nations, would have been an anomaly. Yet this post of England's chief representative at the assembly obviously belonged to the man who wrote the covenant and who followed its progress through the Peace Conference at Paris. Had the British prime minister believed that the League was feasible Lord Robert, the practical enthusiast, would have been the logical representative.

Lloyd George first asked Viscount Grey to take the position and he refused. Lord Grey is a great friend of Lord Robert Cecil and his declination was considered, in England, as an appropriate protest against the prime minister's slight to Lord Robert. The situation became rather tense and no one cared to take up the post. Even until the last moment it was thought that one place in the British delegation would be reserved for Lord Robert. Then General Smuts, of South Africa, threw down the gauntlet and secured the appointment of Lord Robert as a delegate, by courtesy, from South Africa. General Smuts is recognized as one of the clearest political thinkers of the Empire and he is well known as a critic of the confusing policies of the present prime minister. He will be remembered as one of the original advocates of a league of nations and the man who registered, on signing the Versailles Treaty, a solemn protest against the harsh terms imposed on the enemy.

There has lately appeared in England a pamphlet by Lord Robert Cecil entitled, "The New Outlook," in which we are privileged to sense the general trend of his thinking. This is a time of great disillusionment in England, when men openly guffaw at the idea of a new era coming out of the war. Men who formerly spoke with enthusiasm of our war aims have revised their observations of world politics to suit a new cynical mood. Politically England is on the grab and the little Welsh prime minister retains his position by reason of his supreme ability to get what he goes after. As an antidote for this nearly impenetrable mood of disappointment and irritation Lord Robert Cecil and a small group of his friends are today trying to revive the latent idealism of the British people that they may pass through this valley of the shadow with some degree of faith in the future. As a man who holds on to his faith in the future Lord Robert Cecil runs counter-current to the trend of present-day thinking in England.



LORD ROBERT CECIL

For England's political Hamlet the "times are out of joint." Ordinarily, with the nerves of the English people less jaded, his type of calm, intellectual, thoroughly British leadership would receive its full recognition in English public life. But these are the days when a little Welsh "foreigner" is at the helm and the English people suffer frightfully from a lack of Home Rule for England. Apparently all that Lord Robert Cecil can do, in this present mood of English political life, is to move around cursing the spite that forced him to be born to set the world aright. Lord Robert comes of the great Cecil family with a long tradition of political service and it is inevitable that each generation of the Cecils shall function just a little bit ahead of its time. Lord Robert feels that the day of England as a great empire builder, in the old sense of the word, is over. He has caught the newer political vision that transcends the old idea of an empire as a nation with a flag upon which the sun never sets. His family have been, through many generations, the builders of that empire and yet the strongest critics of the system of exploitation that has marred the service that the British Empire has rendered to civilization. When Lord Robert dreams of a newer empire it is the Empire of a World with a Parliament of Man. Naturally in view of the present state of the world's mind, with nationalistic ambitions running rampant throughout all Europe and Asia, coupled with the overwhelming defeat of Woodrow Wilson at the Peace Conference and his subsequent defeat at the hands of his own people, the pleas of Lord Robert for an effective League of Nations is cynically received. Yet the old British Empire crumbles before the eyes of the English people as Egypt, then Ireland, next India forcibly retires, while the dominions show an independence undreamed of in the nineteenth century. It crumbles because there has passed a vision, and without a vision these ideal-loving English people perish as a dominating nation.

We have all reached that stage in the development of civilization where it is more practical to co-operate on a friendly basis with the world about us than to dominate by right of superior arms. The circle of enlightenment has swung to the dark corners of the world and it is no longer possible, or necessary, for the old order of empire builders to carry on trade with an army of occupation at their backs. It is much more practical, as England is gradually learning in Mesopotamia, to remove the army and trade with the native as man to man, for then he shows a new pride in his production.

Lord Robert Cecil, son of empire builders, is now England's keenest critic of the old order. He has what he calls "a burning passion" for a league of nations that will give us a new outlook on life. "We have become more and more convinced," he says, "that existing international relations were based on a fallacy. They proceeded on the assumption that every nation was the potential enemy of every other nation. Hence came the whole paraphernalia of the old diplomacy—competitive armaments, secret understandings, alliances, balance of power, and all the rest of it. But as a matter of fact, the common interests of the nations of the world are nowadays far larger and more important than national antagonisms."

He is outspoken in his criticism of the present British policy toward the League. "I would only say that if we really believe the plan is worth a trial—and remember no other solution of our international difficulties has been ever proposed except a return to the old international anarchy—if, in the popular phrase, we mean business, it is not enough to have subscribed to the document, we must carry it out in spirit as well as in letter. Our whole foreign policy must be based on the League of Nations. We must regard the misfortunes of other nations as a matter of national concern to ourselves. If foreign babies are starving for the want of milk, we must go to their assistance diplomatically as well as pecuniarily. If we make an agreement with a semi-civilized country to help it in putting its affairs in order, we must be ready to submit the convention to the approval of our fellow nations. Until a general arrangement for the limitations of armaments has been arrived at we should seek to regulate our naval and military policy in consultation with other governments. Nor should we stop here. It is at least a question whether the principles of the League of Nations may not be extended further, and whether the only hope of averting the threatened class war is by modifying the spirit of class competition by that of class co-operation."

Lord Robert's bill of indictment of the present Coalition Government can be summarized briefly. He feels that Mr. Lloyd George has offered no constructive labor program to allay the unrest that has crippled British industry. Lord Robert has said, "It is a delusion to suppose that class antagonism really depends upon private profit. It really arises from the separation of the employing and employed classes producing in the minds of each the impression that their interests are divergent." He sees in the state management of industry merely a suppression of private employers and the transference to government departments of the complete direction of industry.

He has been bitter in his criticism of the government's present policy in Ireland. "I would suggest that we offer to the people of Ireland the same kind of constitution as our dominions at present possess; that is to say, complete freedom of self-government, provided the control of foreign affairs and armaments remains in imperial hands. Those portions of Ireland which accepted this proposal would cease to be represented in the British Parliament. If, in the future, as is much to be hoped, some new organization of the Empire is established, Dominion Ireland would naturally have its share in that organization if it wished. It would be clearly understood that this scheme would not be applied in any district in Ireland, such as Northeast Ulster, where the majority of the population were against it. There would necessarily have to be subsidiary provisions on finance, but on these points it would be best to adopt a generous attitude. As an alternative, a federal constitution, with a separate treatment for Northeast Ulster, might be offered, and a referendum should be then taken to ascertain which of the people desired either of these alternatives and which preferred to remain in the union as at present existing."

There has recently appeared in England a little volume, published anonymously, called "The Mirrors of Downing Street," in which a number of the leading figures of English political life are discussed by one who knows them very intimately. In the little study of Lord Robert Cecil the writer bewails the fact that this one constructive thinker in all the England of today has not risen to take a more active part in the reconstruction of the moral conscience of Great Britain. Instead, the lanky figure of Lord Robert rises in Parliament, not in a fighting mood, but with that weariness of the flesh that comes when a man broods too much over the ills of the universe.

He has come nearest to being the prophet at Geneva where, without honor in his own country, he sits brooding over the fate of his great life dream, the League of Nations. There are many people in England who see in Lord Robert the prime minister who will lead them out of their political confusion.

The Small Community Learns to Play

By O. F. LEWIS

IN THE lonely forests of the northern peninsula of Michigan there is a diminutive settlement having perhaps not more than thirty houses. They are practically all one-story affairs, covered with tar paper, primitive, but just as much homes of people, men, women, and children, with human needs and longings, as though they dwelt in the big industrial centers. Indeed, their craving for amusements and recreation is greater, for it is rare indeed that any of even the most customary recreations of the outside world seep through to this village.

Now Michigan has a state commission devoted to the extension of community organization, which means especially the development of ways of using the leisure time—the spare time—in people's lives so that value and enjoyment will come out of it. And into the little settlement came recently a man called a "community organizer," representing the Community Service movement. His work was to tell ways and methods whereby the community could itself organize its forces, strong in desire but weak in knowledge, to obtain some simple forms of amusement and recreation.

The brief story of how Strong, Michigan, organized itself is worth a ream of paper used for theories as to what might be good for Strong, Michigan. So, after the man from outside had gone, a community council was organized by the residents of the thirty or so houses and homes, and under the leadership of two local, energetic men who saw what value there would be in the coming-in of some games and recreations and enjoyments that would knit the little community together on the play side of life. This Community Council secured an appropriation of $1,200 from township funds for recreation in the township. We must note, in this connection, that this was *not* a benefaction from some wealthy philanthropist or foundation, but was the hard-earned money of the taxpayers, obtained by local effort for local use—and *for having a good time* by all the community.

They ordered a simple equipment of playground implements, called the "Wonder Kit." What was in the "Kit"? It sounds rather humorous for grown-ups to be so excited about it all, but here were some of the things, bought for less than fifty dollars:

One basketball	One set basketball goals
One volley ball	One volley ball net
One playground ball	Two bats
One set quoits with pins	One medicine ball
One pump	One repair kit

The repair kit contained needles, thread, wax, patching rubber, cement, rawhide laces, and so on.

What man on the farm hasn't pitched horseshoes—and doesn't want to pitch them again? What child, in the remotest regions, hasn't seen at least a picture of a basketball game? Who is there, on the other hand, who hasn't ever seen a game of indoor baseball, played with a big ball and a short bat, and with bases close at hand, and as much full as at the polo grounds? And all this equipment is packed tightly into a small box no bigger than a steamer trunk.

In Marquette County, Michigan, Community Service was organized by one of the national workers. But the community itself raised a budget of about $10,000 to finance the projects that the community had decided upon. Three workers were hired, two of them from local people and one who had formerly been in the Community Service elsewhere. The local people called soon upon a specialist in pageantry, attached to Community Service, Incorporated, who came to Marquette County and assisted in developing a pageant which had been written by a local man connected with the local historical society. Then the man from outside left, and the pageant was put on without further help, and entirely by the effort of local talent. It was a county affair and the people who took part came from all parts of the county. There were about fifteen hundred people in the pageant, and there were perhaps ten times as many looking on. And everyone enjoyed a home production.

In Michigamme a similar pageant has been recently given. In Ironwood, Michigan, the people have voted a bonding proposition for a $300,000 community house. In Lowell, which is a community about twenty-five miles from Grand Rapids, the mothers in the village were interested in a summer playground, but there was no money available for hired leaders in the playground activities. One of the state recreation leaders went into the village occasionally, and conducted for a while some training classes in play for the mothers, teaching them the value of supervised play, and games which could be used on the playgrounds. With such instruction the mothers of Lowell supervised for the entire summer a playground for the children of Lowell.

Community singing is one of the most noteworthy developments of the last few years in social lines throughout the country. Song leaders have found their work becoming a profession, and so Community Service, Incorporated, has upon its staff a number of song leaders who so lead the people in singing the old familiar songs, the popular songs of the day, and also special patriotic songs, that before a group knows what is happening, everyone is singing lustily. It is the "old singing school days" in a new form.

Community Service, Incorporated, with its national offices at 1 Madison avenue, New York City, is an outgrowth of the war, and of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. What it has helped to bring about in Michigan and other states, it is ready to help to do elsewhere. It is peculiarly in a situation to help by advice and counsel, pamphlets, correspondence, and actual visits of specialists, those communities which want to make themselves better places in which to live.

Clinton County's Santa Claus

By E. B. CHAPMAN

MOTHER had been too busy to wash his neck and ears. That was evident as he walked into the First National Bank, at Plattsburg, Missouri, and sought the tallest man in the group that stood talking over losses on the cattle market. The newcomer was about 9 years old. He touched R. A. Shaver, six feet six, on the hand and the two walked aside.

"I ain't missed school a day this year," the boy said. Then out of his pocket came a small paper sack and a generous portion of cheap candy was poured into the giant's hand.

"That's fine," Shaver responded munching the candy. "But you haven't much time now or you'll be late. Thanks for the candy. I'll see you again."

And the youngster was off on the run.

What manner of truancy officer is this, that children divide their candy with? He isn't a truancy officer. He's Clinton County's Santa Claus. And since he began operations there is no need for a truancy officer. Children cry to go to school. A boy would fight rather than be absent between Thanksgiving and Christmas.

On some one of those twenty school days Santa Claus's truck visits every school in the county with a present for every child in school. The only way a child may get a present is by attending school. He must be in school the day the truck comes. There are no follow-ups except in case absence is due to sickness.

The presents are selected with a view of finding gifts which will suit. They are bought wholesale at the price of $2 each. This year the gifts retailed at $5. Sixty schools are visited and 2,000 pupils given presents. There are dolls for the girls, splendid, strong knives for the boys. There are mechanical toys and musical instruments. It is attempted to find gifts that will please the individual as far as it can be done.

"Santa Claus" usually speaks briefly at the schools after the distribution. Boys and girls are urged to be true men and women, to obey those over them and to be loyal Americans. Each is urged to try to make Christmas happier for someone.

"I'm selfish in doing it," this unusual Santa Claus told a visitor. "I get a great deal of pleasure out of seeing children happy. So I'm really spending money to get happiness for myself. I realize it brings happiness to the kids. That makes me happy."

This Christmas was the fourth county-wide distribution. Before that time it was limited to the school children in a Negro settlement at Plattsburg. That work was used as a foundation for the county-wide system and Mr. Shaver hopes to continue his annual gifts as long as he lives.

It is two score years back to the beginning of the story. A boy and his grandfather were driving. On the sidewalk hobbled a second boy. A "stone bruise" on his foot made the going painful and slow.

"Call that boy over here," the grandfather said. "I want to give him a dime." The limping lad was called. Given the money his eyes went wide with astonishment. Then away he dashed, the pain forgotten in his joy.

The grandfather smiled at his more or less puzzled youthful companion.

"How happy a dime makes a youngster," he said. Thoughtful a moment he added:

"I abhor waste and reckless expenditure. But sometimes I wonder if those of us who prosper are not impressing the lessons of thrift too strongly upon our children."

"That incident always has remained with me," Mr. Shaver said. "Even in the days of wanton spending we have had lately I have wondered if some persons were not denying themselves a full measure of happiness as a result of their lessons in thrift."

Years passed and the lad who had ridden with his grandfather became a man. Later came illness. It tortured him. Unable to rest lying or sitting, he found relief in riding, slowly, on horseback. Rides took him to all sections of the county. He saw despair that touched his heart. The rich farming community, famed the state over for its wealth, had some canker spots of poverty. The situation in the Negro settlement especially impressed him. Meanwhile his health grew worse. Physicians afforded no relief.

The time came when the lanky horseman decided the end could not be far away. He gave up doctoring and attempted to resign himself to what seemed inevitable. Then it came to him with a shock that he had unconsciously planned to do something to relieve the distress he had seen. Death was about to prevent the carrying out of that plan.

"I promised myself and my Creator that if I could recover my health and prosper I would do something to make others happy," he said. "I made up my mind that if fortune favored me I would devote my income, after I was 40, to making others happy. In a month I was well.



R. A. SHAVER

"I have fudged some on my proposition. I didn't get going good until I was 45. Since that time I've been doing better. I never felt better or was happier."

Another Christmas measure of Mr. Shaver's is a $5 gift, in cash, to helpless old Negroes in the settlement. The list is made up for him by members of the settlement. Each case is investigated thoroughly before the name is turned in. That is done by members of the community. All Mr. Shaver does is furnish the money. But infinite care is taken by the investigators that Mr. Shaver is not imposed on. It is significant there are few men on the list.

Several years ago Mr. Shaver decided to seek young men who seemed capable of success, that he might encourage them. He decided the accumulation of $30,000 by the time they were 30 would be the test. If such men were found, a syndicate, tentatively formed, would finance them on a larger scale.

A search that covered every nook in the county disclosed two such men. One is Mr. Shaver's partner now. The other was so busy with the projects under way that he had no opportunity to undertake others.

"I wish to see a successful man develop from a poor boy in every community," he said. "I want there to be a man in every neighborhood to whom a father can point and tell his son 'that man was as poor as you. He has made a success. If it is in you, you can do as well.'

"Such examples mean much to boys. It is almost impossible for them to develop successfully without the examples. We become so interested in hogs and cattle and acres I'm afraid we sometimes forget the importance of children," the Plattsburg Santa Claus said.

Most men believed in Christianity, he believed. The trouble was not enough of them worked at it. Working at Christianity didn't mean preaching. On the contrary it meant practical demonstrations of a belief in the teaching of the Nazarene.

"If Christianity teaches anything it teaches making others happy," he said. "If we stop at spending money to carry out our teachings it seems to me the worship of money, rather than the principles of our Teacher, controls our lives. So I find genuine pleasure in acting in accordance with my belief. I find no fault with the man who acts contrary to that belief. But I pity him because of the happiness he is missing."

Some Wonderful Fibs of Bygone Years

The famous Damascus blades that were fabled to cut iron bars in two were not superior to the Toledo blades of the present time.

Seneca was not a half-Christian philosopher, but a grasping money-lender, and died leaving a fortune equivalent to $3,000,000.

Charles IX did not fire upon the Huguenots with a harquebus from the window of the Louvre during the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The Maelstrom is not a whirlpool which sucks ships down into the depths of the ocean. It is an eddy, which in fair weather can be crossed in safety by any vessel.

Horatius never defended the bridge. It was a story manufactured by the same Roman historian who put forth that other fabrication of history that Micius Scaevola put his hand in the fire.

Pitt never made the celebrated reply to Walpole beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man." It was composed by Dr. Johnson, who was not even present when the actual reply was spoken.

Alfred the Great did not visit the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel. There is excellent authority for asserting that he could neither play the harp nor speak Danish. He did not let the cakes burn, either, as history records.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon did not hang and they were not gardens. They were terraces supported by arches and overgrown with trees. They were erected for the amusement of a Babylonian queen who had come from a mountainous country.

Pocahontas, the Indian princess, did not save the life of Captain John Smith by standing between him and a club held by her father or by any other method. It is now considered but a romantic yarn spun by Captain Smith's imagination and perpetuated by the historians.

Hannibal did not send three bushels of gold rings taken from the hands of the Roman knights killed on the field of Cannae back to Carthage as evidence of his victory. The fact was as follows: The messenger who carried to the Carthaginian Senate the news, on finishing his report, "opened his robe and threw out a number of gold rings gathered on the field."



(C) G. V. Buck, Wash., D. C.

REPRESENTATIVE H. W. TEMPLE,

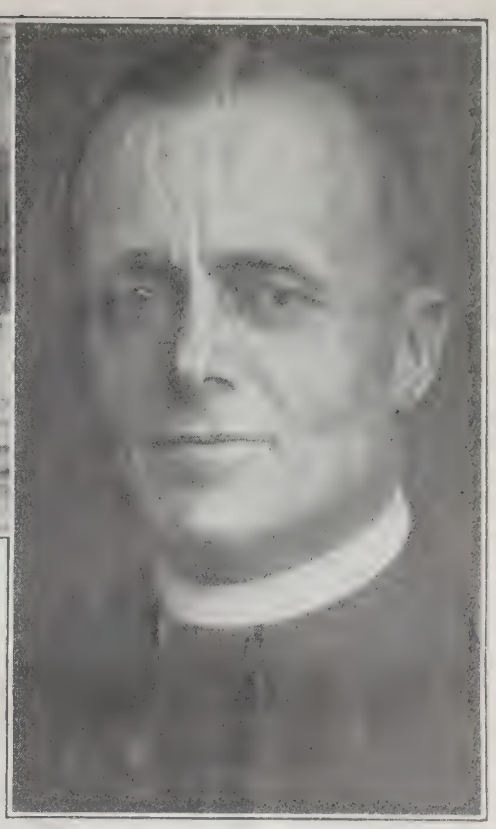
Of Pennsylvania, is a believer in the Lord's Day Alliance, and will probably use his power in the House to compel the return of the Puritanical Sunday.



(C) U. & U.

HARRY L. BOWLBY

Leader of the so-called Blue Sunday Crusade, which has begun to enforce legislation that would bring us back to the Puritanical laws of hundreds of years ago.



(C) U. & U.

REV. DR. WILLIAM T. MANNING

Rector of the famous Trinity Church, who has aligned himself against Dr. Bowlby of the Lord's Day Alliance, and is in favor of a modern Sunday, in which religion and recreation are combined.

The Sunday Blues

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

THEY were to be married the following week, and, as was his custom, he walked across the fields toward her house that Sunday morning, to accompany her to church. She met him halfway. There was no house close by, no one in sight. The birds sang lustily on the branches of the trees and bushes; flowers bloomed at their feet. And he kissed her!

"Oh, don't!" she sighed, "Someone might see you."

"There's no one around," he laughed, and kissed her again.

But there was someone around—from his crouched position back of a stunted tree up jumped the town constable. He laughed in true villainous style, and he pounced on the young man with all the vigor of the law.

"Verily, I have caught thee," he scowled. "The stocks for the day shall be your punishment. And you, wanton girl, go pray forgiveness." So, instead of going to church together, the girl went sadly alone, disgraced, while the young man spent the day with his feet in the stocks—a very uncomfortable day, for he knew that his family would never entirely forgive his action.

A foolish little story? An echo from the sterner days of long ago? Yes, but if the band of men and women who have suddenly risen in this country and proclaimed that we are once again to have the Sabbath Day blue laws are successful in their plan we are going to be subjected to punishments just as strict in comparison as was the punishment meted out to the Puritan lad for kissing the lady he loved.

The blue laws that have so recently stirred our nation are a revival of an old subject, and many times the people of various communities have fought for and against the Puritanical Sunday. Just what constitutes a proper observance of the Sabbath Day has, from time out of mind, been a fruitful cause of controversy and strife, and, as a result of the frequent agitations over Sunday observance, many blue laws have, from time to time, been resuscitated with deadly effects, and many new ones enacted.

To Connecticut belongs the honor of being the home and originating point, in our country, of the blue laws. These were contained in what is known as the New Haven Statutes, framed from the strictest English and Scotch models.

The casual student of history is more or less familiar with these old Puritan Sunday laws. A man, for example, was forbidden to kiss his wife on the Lord's Day, nor could a woman kiss her child; he could not shave himself; run, or even saunter about in his own garden; no work could be done, even the cooking of the Sunday meals had to be performed on Saturday. The Puritan Sunday was a day of almost continuous religious exercises, reverent behavior and sober conduct.

The punishment meted out to the violators of the sundry Sunday laws was severe—flogging, the stocks, imprisonment, fine, and so on.

In course of time as our country grew in size and population most of these blue laws became obsolete. From time to time they cropped out in a locality where someone was willing to undertake a reform movement. Often the passage of the laws was enforced. For instance, in New Orleans there is a law against Sunday tobacco selling. Not that you cannot buy tobacco on that day, for you can. Cigar stores and stands are camouflaged by curtains, behind which tobacco-selling goes on "as usual." In Alabama, tennis and golf are taboo on Sunday. In Baltimore, less than six months ago, Sunday arrests on one day included druggists, barbers, ice wagon drivers, bakers, and so on. Selling candy to a child and keeping books were classed as heinous offenses, and a man who was painting his gate also had a free ride to the police station. Men smoking cigars had to give an account of themselves and disclose where they got them. Sunday golf is forbidden in some parts of Massachusetts.... In Tennessee the cigaret fiend may not buy on Sunday in Nashville, but may in Memphis. In New York City, before prohibition, Sunday liquor-selling was banned, except to the "traveler" in hotels.

And now today, as in olden times, a group of citizens of the United States has become suddenly appalled at the wickedness of our nation. A great reform wave is gathering head to make the world better. And the first action of the new Puritans is a plan to return to the Puritan Sunday, and we find ourselves in the midst of a great discussion, pro and con.

The Rev. Dr. Bowlby, general director of the Lord's Day Alliance, the organization responsible for the revival of the blue laws, in explaining its campaign, said:

"Our object is to defend and preserve the Lord's Day as a day of rest and worship, and to enunciate and urge one day of rest in seven for all the toiling masses."

His program has been taken by many to mean the end of all Sunday amusements and recreation—golf, motoring, bathing, movies and ball games. His plans, say those who oppose him, would close all stores; forbid telephoning, and riding on trolleys or trains except in cases of absolute necessity. But people may walk in the fields, parks and visit the museums.

Naturally, there are a number of men and women objecting to the views credited Dr. Bowlby. Opposing the return to the Puritanical Sunday is the Reverend Dr. Manning, of New York's famous old Trinity Church.

In Dr. Manning's opinion Sunday is one of the foundations, not only of religion, but of civilized life itself.

"The principle of one day in seven set apart for rest has been one of the great factors in human progress," said Dr. Manning, "for a Christian the principle is that Sunday is to be observed as the Lord's Day, and therefore worship must have its proper place. No Christian can consistently or with loyalty neglect worship on the Lord's Day. The Christian is to come near to God on this day so that he may keep near to Him on all days.

"But this does not in the least conflict with indulgence in wholesome and innocent recreation and pleasure on Sunday. The Lord's Day ought to be the happiest day of the week, not the dullest and the least to be looked forward to."

Dr. Manning's objections to the methods of the Lord's Day Alliance are twofold:

"First, such a method would be an unwarranted invasion of proper individual liberty. We have no right by law to attempt to compel the observance of particular religious customs. It is right for the law to restrain needless business on Sunday so as to secure Sunday as a day of rest for all. As far as possible the law should give to all a day of freedom from ordinary occupations, a day which they may devote to religious observance if they so desire. Further than this the law may not rightly go.

"Second, I object to any revival of the Puritan Sabbath, in the interest of Sunday observance and in the very name of religion itself. A great deal of the present day laxity is a reaction against the exaggerated severity of those times. The Puritan idea of Sunday was always a mistaken one, and it never represented a consensus of the opinion of the church. It never represented more than the peculiar views of a relatively small class of Christians. There is not a word in the New Testament which supports such an idea of the Sabbath. On the contrary, our Lord rebuked the Puritans of His day and told them that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

In conclusion Dr. Manning considers that the Puritan idea of Sunday has done untold harm to religion, and its revival would be an unmeasured calamity. It gives a wrong idea of religion. It pictures religion as something out of accord with the joy and happiness of life. We need today the message, "Behold I bring to you good tidings of great joy." In contrast, the whole idea of the Puritan Sabbath puts emphasis on restrictions and restraint rather than on the principle of the guidance of the spirit.

At one with the Episcopal clergyman is the famous Presbyterian divine, Reverend Wallace Gallup, who says:

"To my mind there is not the slightest desirability of a return to the Puritan standards in anything. It is just as absurd to wish to return to those standards in morals as it would be in fashion of clothing. I have much pity for those individuals who are so ignorant and fanatical as to seek to impose seventeenth century standards upon the twentieth century communities, and it is deplorable to me as a minister to see leading members of the clergy of many denominations lending their aid, officially and privately, to just such a campaign.

"Those who wish to make our legal Sunday a long-faced day of pious looks and morbid inactivity have a perfect right to do so, it is their privilege. But such a day cannot be imposed upon the nation, the larger majority of which has no desire for such a day. No man

(Concluded on page 14)

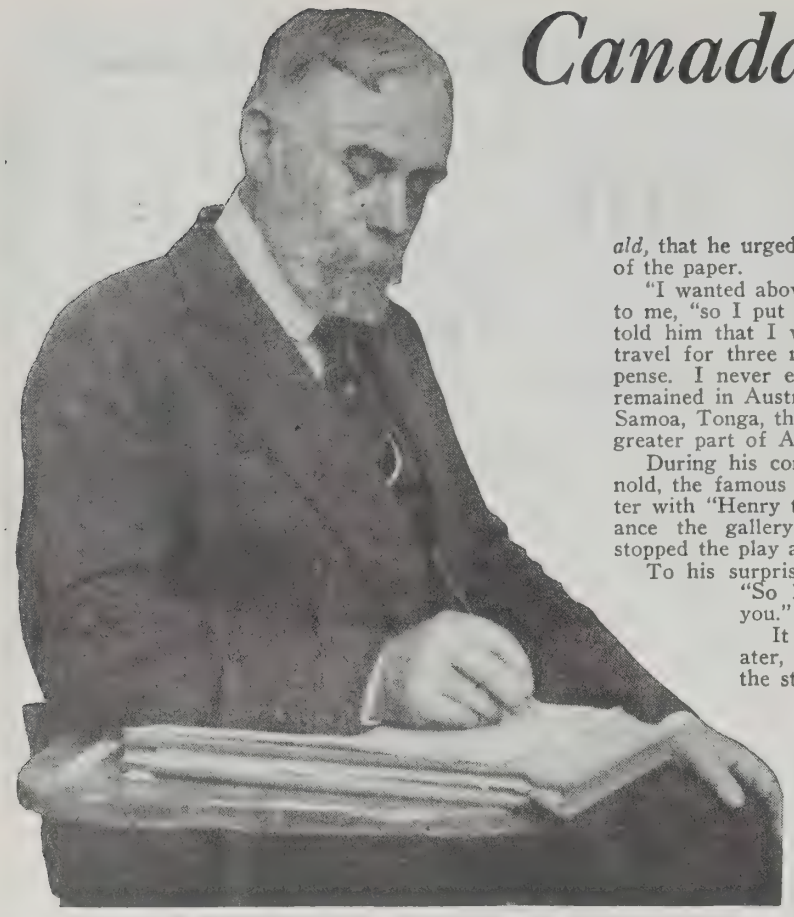


(C) U. & U.

If the Sunday Blues come, people may walk in the fields but they may not play golf.

Canada's First, Greatest Author

By JOHN B. WALLACE



SIR GILBERT PARKER

MANY honors have come to Sir Gilbert Parker during his long and useful career but the one of which he is most proud is the distinction of having been the man who put Canada on the literary map. Before he, then an unknown youth, appeared in London with a bulky roll of manuscript under his arm, some time during the late eighties, the great northern province of Great Britain was a closed book to the realm of fiction. No native authors had appeared and such outsiders as had written of it had touched it but incidentally and sketchily. Since then Canada has produced two other authors who perhaps deserve to be ranked with Parker, namely, Basil King and Ralph Connor, besides a number of lesser lights. But Parker was the pioneer in this great undeveloped field. And like most pioneers, his own country was the last to recognize his genius.

Sir Gilbert Parker is a rather compactly built man of medium height. His beard and hair are shot with gray. His whole personality radiates kindliness and sincerity. His manner is entirely frank and unaffected. He either says what he thinks or he says nothing. He is the kind of a man whom a child would instinctively call grandpa.

I do not wish to convey the impression that he is senile; on the contrary, he is a man of vigor, both physically and intellectually.

Like all big men Sir Gilbert has his foibles. For instance, he complained rather plaintively because he was not given his full title of Right Honorable in this country. For his services during the World War, Sir Gilbert was made a privy councillor and a baronet by the British Crown. He had been previously knighted in recognition of his literary genius.

It seemed strange to me that a man who had written "The Right of Way" and "The Seats of the Mighty" should worry about a trivial matter of title, especially as the average citizen of the United States would not know what the title privy councillor meant. In fact, I'll confess I didn't know myself until I looked it up.

Perhaps something of this appeared in my face because Sir Gilbert explained to me that honors of such sort were given in England as rewards of merit and were valued as highly as our soldiers would value a distinguished service cross.

"For instance, men like the Honorable Cabot Lodge would be highly insulted in England if we left off the Honorable," he said. "Your Senators and other public men are most punctilious about such matters when abroad."

I have found Britons from the provinces, especially those in whom the title was not hereditary but had been conferred because of services to the Crown, to be much more sensitive about titles than English-born lords of ancient lineage who for the most part seem to consider their dignities to be more or less of a bore.

Sir Gilbert Parker was born in a small town in Ontario, Canada. Both his father and his grandfather were soldiers and officers in the British Army. His grandmother was a native of Ireland.

"I am very proud of my Irish blood," he told me. "Whatever of imagination I have, I owe to it. The Irish brogue always came natural to me, even as a boy. The Irish verses in my books are my own."

Sir Gilbert developed a taste for books and writing when but a young boy.

"It seems as if I have always written," he said.

When he was twenty-two he went to Australia, landing there with but $150 and owing $2,000 to a relative. Today he is several times a millionaire and all of his fortune has come from his books.

He had been in Australia less than a year when he was made associate editor of the Sydney *Morning Herald*. He had no intention of staying in Australia, being in fact on his way to England. A series of articles which he had written about the country during a trip through New South Wales and Southern Australia had so interested Sir James Fairfax, the owner of the *Herald*, that he urged him to stay and remain on the staff of the paper.

"I wanted above all to travel," Sir Gilbert explained to me, "so I put up a bluff, as you Americans say. I told him that I would stay if he would allow me to travel for three months every year at the paper's expense. I never expected him to agree but he did. I remained in Australia three and one-half years visiting Samoa, Tonga, the South Sea Islands and covering the greater part of Australia and Tasmania."

During his connection with the paper George Rignold, the famous Australian actor, opened a new theater with "Henry the Fifth." Throughout the performance the gallery made such a noise that Rignold stopped the play and made a plea for silence.

To his surprise, a voice from the gallery shouted, "So help me God, George, we can't see you."

It developed that in building the theater, the architect had cut off a view of the stage from more than half the gallery.

Sir Gilbert's account of this incident and his review of the play caused Rignold to send for him and the result was that he was commissioned to write three plays. Two of these were highly successful, the other was a failure.

When Parker finally arrived in England he carried with him a bag containing the manuscript of twenty-two short stories. He asked Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent and himself a writer of note, to read them and give him a candid opinion as to their merit.

"Forbes asked me out to lunch a few days later," Sir Gilbert said. "He said nothing about the stories during the meal but afterward when we were walking down the street he put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Parker, that is the best collection of titles I have ever seen.' I understood. That night I went home and burned them all. I saw that I had not yet learned my trade."

Parker had written a book of travel called "Round the Compass" that had not been altogether unsuccessful but he still clung to the idea that he could write fiction. One day as he was walking down the Strand he saw in a window a trapper's outfit. It carried his mind back to his boyhood home in Canada. He went to his lodgings that evening and started on a collection of short stories called "Pretty Pierre." These were successful from the start. In 1895 he wrote "The Seats of the Mighty" and in 1901 came his greatest success, "The Right of Way." One million copies of this book have been sold in the United States alone.

In 1902 he was knighted in honor of his literary fame.

"The United States has always been the largest purchaser of my books," he said. "It has a much larger reading public than England. I would have starved to death if I had depended upon Canada to purchase my books. It was the last to recognize me. Since then, however, it has been a constant and devoted customer."

Sir Gilbert had a narrow escape from losing the copyright of the first book to be published in the United States. When he landed at New York he had only two days to get a copy printed before the time limit expired. He had known Thomas Nelson Page when the latter was ambassador to England and he immediately sought his advice upon landing. Page gave him a card to a certain publishing house. The publisher threw up his hands and cried "impossible" when Sir Gilbert made known his desire. The card from Page altered matters, however, and within thirty-six hours the book was printed and bound.

Archibald Clavering Gunter, known as a writer of what was then termed yellow back novels—a term which implied a trashy character—had just established a publishing house of his own and he bid for Parker's first novel. Sir Gilbert sought Page's advice.

"It doesn't matter who publishes it," Page told him. "If the book has merit it will sell." Parker found this to be true as he had instantaneous and phenomenal success.

During the World War, Sir Gilbert was director of American publicity and among his duties was the task of reading some eighty American newspapers a day. Notwithstanding this punishment he is a devoted friend of America and all things American.

In speaking of England renewing the alliance with Japan I asked him in the event of war between the United States and Japan where England would stand.

"In the first place there will be no war," he said earnestly. "Japan is too shrewd to engage in war with a country of the proved power of the United States. But should such a thing come you will find England's fleet patrolling the Pacific with that of the United States. England wants a yellow race on the American continents no more than does the United States."

Changing the subject from politics, I asked Sir Gilbert whom he considered the greatest living American author.

He held up his hand. "No, you don't," he countered. "If you want me to tell you whom I consider the greatest dead American authors I will do so."

So I compromised.

He named Mark Twain, W. D. Howells and Henry James of the modern schools.

"What do you consider of the greater importance in a novel or short story, plot or character?" I asked, knowing that he was writing for the motion pictures where plot and action are the main objects.

"By all means, character," he replied. "No novel can live on plot. Given the character, it will make the plot. My two most successful books, 'The Right of Way,' and 'The Seats of the Mighty,' were built upon the characters of Charley Steele and Doltaire. The latter was a living character. If you will change the D to V you will perceive upon whom it is modeled. As for style that is the writer, himself. No one can successfully imitate style."

The Sunday Blues

Concluded from page 13

nor group of men, under any name or organization, has the right to say what kind of Sunday we must have. It is our American right and privilege to decide that for ourselves. Personally, I do not want the Lord's Day Alliance or any other alliance to dictate to me, through any means whatsoever, as to how I shall spend Sunday. I think I am quite as capable of deciding that as they are; so is every other American citizen, unless I have mistaken faith in my countrymen."

Meantime the crusaders are hard at work at the nation's capital where they are framing drastic legislation which they hope to get enacted.

They are not entirely unpractical or unbusiness-like in their methods at Washington—neither do they boast that they expect to be victorious at once. This is to be their initial drive, and if they are able even to bring about the passage of laws restricting the Sunday amusements of the District of Columbia, they will be quite satisfied. Other reforms will come later. Supporting their organization in the Senate is Senator Jones, of Washington, while in the House, Representative Temple, of Pennsylvania, is the champion of their viewpoint. Eventually, they hope to pass a twentieth amendment to the Constitution, including a code for Sunday and for divorces. Prominent in the movement at Washington is Dr. E. C. Dinwiddie, and Miss Laura B. Church, both noted for their aggressive work with the Anti-Saloon League.

However, the opposition is very strong even at the present, when, unlike the blue law believers, it is absolutely unorganized.

A prominent surgeon laughed at the "one day in seven" laws, and asked what would happen if such laborers as doctors and nurses were to consider such an action!

"Let us go slowly," warns Judge Mitchell May in addressing a grand jury recently, "before enacting antiquated, discarded and unnecessary laws that may bring down upon our heads a feeling of discontent, dissatisfaction and unrest, and which may fan anew the flames of Bolshevism.

"The man who is happy and contented," he continued, "is in a receptive mood for religion. He is most likely to offer thanks in his own way for the great benefits he receives, he is most likely to make a good citizen, for he understands what his government has done for him. Let us enact laws which command respect and let us support those enacted."

The evangelist, Elmer E. Franke, when asked his reaction to Puritanical Sundays, stigmatized blue laws as "the big stick of religious bigotry and intolerance."

A Unitarian minister, the Reverend Dr. Charles Francis Potter, speaking recently at Columbia University on the "Relapse Into Blue Laws," declared the world had outlived the Ten Commandments and was no longer bound by the taboo of a small tribe in Asia promulgated 3,000 years ago; that no group of men and women should decide how other groups should live on Sunday.

The Reverend Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, head of the International Reform Bureau, denies emphatically that his organization is supporting the Lord's Day Alliance, as has been represented in the press of the nation.

Massachusetts, judging from the results of the December municipal elections (practically the first elections since these laws have come into general discussion) doesn't want a blue Sunday, for a referendum taken in twenty-one cities generally supports the liberal view of the Sunday question. They want clean, inoffensive Sunday afternoon amusement.

The famous Congregationalist minister, the Reverend Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, believes in a modification of the present Sunday laxity, in regard to commercial amusements, for example, but he does not favor extreme blue laws.

Just what the Sunday blues would mean can be imagined from the pen picture of Sunday in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, where Sabbath Day laws were very rigid some fifty years ago.

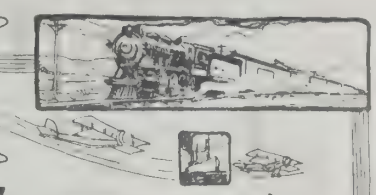
"Sunday morning was the most peaceful period of Sabbath Day observances. The window blinds were drawn. No self-respecting family ever allowed the sun to shine in its windows on the Sabbath. The husband, probably sleeping off his liquor of the night before, did not enter into the family life for the time being. The children and women of the household drew long faces and went to church.

"In the afternoon the family would assemble in the house behind the drawn blinds. This was the time when recriminations and family rows were the indoor pastime."

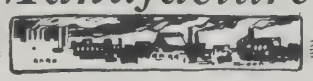


The Three Arts

Agriculture



Transportation



Manufacture

A sharp drop in fertilizer sales in the South is accepted as an indication that the southern farmer is in earnest in his campaign to reduce the cotton acreage next year.

Gas engine specialists of the Department of Agriculture urge those having trouble with engines to follow a definite system in locating the difficulty. Complete information on the systematic study of ignition and fuel systems and the effects of cold weather on motors can be obtained free from the department.

The sum of $1,012,000 has been asked for improvements in New York Harbor.

With the advice and assistance of the National Research Council the Crop Protection Institute has been organized. This is an association for studying insect and plant diseases. Improved methods of fighting the pests of agriculture are to be sought.

Japan is enlisting German skill as a means of saving her war-born industries. It is believed that the combination of German scientific and technical skill and Japanese cheap labor will work to advantage.

California lemon growers are asking Congress to keep out Italian lemons. The western growers claim they cannot compete with the price of the imported fruit.

An American firm in San Salvador, which recently imported a number of American tractors, held a very successful demonstration a short time ago in the presence of the president of the republic and a number of his friends.

More than twenty American steamships are idle because of the condition of ocean transportation. Only a marked revival in foreign trade, it is said, will prevent the withdrawing of many more vessels.

Arkansas passenger rates have been ordered raised to the level prevailing in interstate commerce.

Many southern states report that the Negroes are returning to the plantations. The high wages of the cities drew them from the farming communities during the war.

In an endeavor to assist American firms which desire to export their products to Mexico, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has collected a large amount of trade information which is available to interested manufacturers.

The October consumption of wool, the last month on which figures are available, amounted to 38,510,000 or about 31,000,000 pounds less than for October, 1919.

The total value of automobiles and accessories exported from the United States in 1920 will amount to at least $365,000,000.

A steamship line has been established out of Halifax for Brazilian and other South American ports.

The railroads of the country have been divided into three classes by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Class I includes lines having an annual operating revenue of more than $1,000,000; Class II, lines with a revenue between $100,000 and $1,000,000 and Class III, any carriers having revenues which amount to less than $100,000.

There are almost 2,000 farmers' mutual fire insurance companies in the United States. They carry a total risk of $6,000,000,000 at an average cost of 25 cents per $100 a year.

Kurt Lasswitz, a famous German engineer, claims that by subjecting coal to pressure and heat he has produced a liquid which, mixed with hydrogen gas, gives off far more heat units when burned than does coal. Experiments are being carried out for the purpose of determining whether the liquid fuel can be used successfully by large manufacturing plants.

Thirty-five patents were obtained by the Department of Agriculture. All of the inventions were dedicated to the use of the public.

The Director of the Census has announced the following facts concerning Maine farms: the count shows 48,227 farms, containing 5,425,968 acres of which 1,977,329 acres are improved land. Since 1910 the number of farms has decreased 19.6 and the improved acreage 16.2 per cent. There are 48,214 white farmers of which 43,-630 are native-born.

The former Russian transport Rogday has been purchased by the Pere Marquette Railroad and will be placed in service on the Great Lakes.

Governor Coolidge, vice president-elect, favors the consolidation of all New England railroads in one system.

The Farm Bureau movement is growing very rapidly in Texas. At the present rate of increase, the state organization will have 100,000 members before the end of its first year.

Packages for Mexico, with the exception of motion picture films and newspapers, will not be accepted when their bulk prevents their inclosure in United States post office mail sacks.

The Minnesota Experiment Station reports that there need be no hesitancy in using wheat of the 1920 spring crop which was affected by black stem rust, for seeding purposes. If the wheat is bright in color and the kernels average nearly as heavy as the small plump seed of a normal crop it is considered suitable for seed.

According to F. C. Shenehon, former dean of engineering at the University of Minnesota, the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence tide-water project would mean the saving to farmers of the Northwest of five cents a bushel on all grain shipped to over-sea markets by this route.

The Department of Agriculture has begun work on a census which will show the amount and value of farm equipment purchased during 1920.

The plant breeding division of the agricultural department of the University of Illinois has produced a new wheat, which outyields its ancestor, Turkey Red, by six bushels to the acre on a five-year average.

The Highways

It required a great national catastrophe to awaken the American public to the inadequacy of our transportation facilities and to the fact that we must depend largely upon our highways, in conjunction with motor vehicles, when a sudden expansion in transportation is essential.

Our experiences during the last three years have clearly demonstrated that the failure earlier to inaugurate a sound road improvement program has retarded the effective development of one of our most vital national requirements. The use of the motor vehicle for highway transportation has increased tremendously within a short period. In 1906 only 48,000 motor vehicles were registered in the United States. By 1914 the number had risen to 1,700,000 while the registrations now total nearly 8,000,000 exclusive of motor cycles. The actual vehicle-mile use of our roads, it is estimated, has increased more than 500 per cent in strictly agricultural communities and more than 1,000 per cent near the large centers of population. These figures indicate the extent to which community and short haul transportation will be served by better highways.—Department of Agriculture Report.

Texas led all states in November oil production. It brought in 9,489,000 barrels.

Kansas leads all states in the production of alfalfa. More than one million acres were devoted to alfalfa in Kansas last year. Nebraska was a close second, being only 17,000 acres behind her neighbor.

New Zealand farmers have found co-operative associations to be very successful. Two strong associations do an annual business of $34,000,000 and handle practically everything their members need, from agricultural machinery down to pins and needles.

The price of raw cotton has dropped 60 per cent in the last eight months.

Six hundred thousand topographic maps, showing the altitude of every part of the country, have been sold to the general public by the Geological Survey, Washington. Index sheets giving the list of maps published may be obtained free.

The Department of Agriculture publishes the result of a number of studies on the cost of producing milk. Those interested should ask for Department Bulletin 919, "Unit Requirements for Producing Milk in Western Washington."

Wholesale prices of commodities, says the Department of Labor, were lower in November than any time since the war.

The supreme court of the state of Washington has upheld the award of the state welfare board fixing the minimum wage for women employed in hotels and restaurants at $18 a week. It is said that this is the forerunner of a movement to raise the present average minimum wage of all women workers.

Western growers of sugar beets announced at a recent gathering that they would ask refineries to split profits with them on a 50-50 basis. Unless this is agreed to the growers say they will raise no more beets.

Missouri and Kansas farmers report a serious shortage of live stock. Farmers who have produced large amounts of feed find no market for the feed and have no cattle to consume it.

Poland hopes to be able to export 70,000 metric tons of sugar from its coming crop.

A Northern Michigan farmer reports a crop of 2,700 bushels of potatoes from 12 acres of new land. The land cost him $12.50 an acre and his first crop had a value of $2,160.

The annual report on mines and production in Alaska is under preparation by the Geological Survey. Accurate figures will not be available for four or five months.

Speakers before the meeting of the American Association of State Highway officials argued for limitation of the size and weight of trucks which are allowed to use public roads.

The freight traffic of the New York Central lines in 1920 was greater than that carried by all the railroads of England and France.

At the close of 1920 the United States had a trade balance in its favor of two and three-quarter billion dollars.

The United States Steel Corporation has announced the purchase of one of the largest manganese mines in South America.

Textile workers are preparing to urge a congressional inquiry of the whole textile business.

Information from Mexico is that instead of the 240,000 bale cotton crop which was hoped for, the yield will not run above 70,000 or 80,000 bales.

Kansas has adopted an amendment to its constitution which authorizes the state legislature to issue bonds or otherwise make appropriation for the purchase of land to be resold to farmers on long time. This is being done in the hope that thereby the tenantry of the farm lands will be somewhat lessened.

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URBANA ILL

Briefly Told

A 500-ton mountain of peach stones was recently thrown upon the New York local fuel market as a substitute for coal. The stones were gathered by patriotic Americans in war time to be used in the manufacture of gas masks. They found a ready market at $1 a ton, and were distributed to the needy.

The annual cost of maintaining troops in Ireland is $250,000,000.

Villa has gathered about him all the old-time bandit and revolutionary elements which were identified with his campaigns. They are all welcomed but he does not tolerate idleness and every man is put to some kind of useful labor upon the hacienda.

Florence, Italy, is known as the "City of Flowers." Here the famous orris-root perfumes are produced from the roots of the large pale purple iris or flag which is grown extensively throughout the surrounding districts.

The employes of a clothing manufacturing company in Cincinnati recently decided voluntarily to surrender their jobs for one month, either January or February, to give employment to those who are out of work in other factories.

As a result of the protest of the German minister to Cuba the motion picture film portraying the execution of Edith Cavell was not shown in Havana as planned.

To guard liquor valued at two million dollars, the authorities of San Francisco are making requisition on Washington for a machine gun. Fear that the eastern crime wave may spread to the coast is the principal reason for the recommendation for a machine gun.

It is estimated that 50,000 of the 175,000 children brought before courts in the United States in a year should have been handled by some other method.

A new burglar alarm recently installed in a Newberg, Oregon, bank is in good working order. The vibration of an electric train passing by set it going.

In a recent hose test in Boston the water rushing through at a tremendous pressure resulted in the hose igniting from excessive friction caused by vibration between two cotton jackets.

There are only three ounces of radium in the world today. It is valued at $3,260,000 an ounce.

The name "D. Boone" was discovered chiseled in a rock at the mouth of a cave in Lincoln County, West Virginia. As the forms of the letters correspond with those found in the rocks of Kentucky it is thought that the famed hunter at one time made an expedition into that section of the country.

Abraham Lincoln's rail-splitting wedge with his initials cut in the steel has been placed in the United States National Museum in Washington.

More than 2,000 ships carry the American flag over 62 ocean lanes.

Ladies' shoes made of snake skin are now on the New York market.

Experiments have proved that various tree-like plants, bamboo and shrubby grasses, can be made into paper.

To warn miners of impending danger a strong-smelling liquid is injected into the main compressed air line at the surface. This liquid is quickly vaporized and carried to all parts of the mine where compressed air is used. Tests prove that an entire mine can be saturated in about eight minutes.

There is a fish which lies buried in the coral sand of the South Seas the spines of whose dorsal fin are hollow like the fangs of a rattlesnake. When stepped on it ejects a poison which kills or cripples the victim.

A tract of public lands in the northern part of Australia has been set aside by the government as a reservation for the tribes of aborigines of that country.

Conservative estimates place the rat population of the United States on an equal with that of the human population.

Baled cotton may now be treated with a chemical compound which renders it flame and spark proof.

The "short-circuit" bug is a beetle of California which is able to bore through wood and alloyed substances which are harder than lead. Hundreds of telephones are out of commission because of the depredations of this beetle which bores holes in the cables allowing the rain to enter.

The Ohio State University football team drank water from its home town when it played the University of California team at Pasadena. This action was taken to prevent possible sickness due to the bad effect of strange water.

The first kidnaping policy ever issued by an American insurance company was recently made out to an oil man in Oklahoma. This man insured his three daughters from kidnaping, each being insured for $5,000.

A noted German engineer states that coal, under 200 atmospheres pressure, heated to between 540 and 720 degrees Fahrenheit, and mixed with hydrogen gas, becomes liquid. As the energy is greatly increased he predicts that in the near future it will replace the solid coal.

A Paris physician is treating gassed soldiers with gases of balsamic bactericide composition. This antitoxic gas is forced into the lungs penetrating those parts affected by poisonous gas, spreading slowly over the wounds and healing them. There is not a single gassed man that he has treated who has not been completely cured.

Peyote, the dried flower of the mescal, a kind of cactus, is a powerful narcotic, with all the inherent dangers that are known to the use of narcotics. The Indians in the southwestern states use it in religious ceremonies but it is rapidly spreading to the North where some whites are using it.

The miners of Germany are wearing boots made of sheet-metal and solder.

Due to failure to receive full co-operation of its members and being unable to compete with the chain stores in the vicinity a co-operative store established by employes of the Treasury Department in Washington failed.

To prevent damage due to explosion the head of a Columbus, Ohio, firm has had the combination of his safe painted on the face of the strong box for the benefit of the crook who would otherwise blow it open.

A Danish physician has discovered a new fluid which removes all pain in wounds. It is a powerful disinfectant.

A new substitute for milk is now made from the common peanut. It was first produced in a southern university, and so closely resembles its prototype that it turns sour and curdles. It produces buttermilk and can be made into cheese but it still retains the peanut taste.

Colorado ranchers are advocating an open season on deer for the reason that the deer run with the cattle and consume the hay intended for the steers.

Chicago has a snow-loading machine which does the work of 12 trucks and 60 men.

Static electric sparks, resulting from friction of the folds of a silk dress being cleaned in gasoline, caused a fire in a cleaning establishment in Bend, Oregon.

Moonshine whisky received its name from the fact that it was first made by men who had stills in the hills and usually operated by moonlight. These distillers wished to evade the payment of tax and it was necessary that their operations be kept under cover.

Ex-presidents of the United States receive a pension of $25,000 a year after they retire by a provision in the will of Andrew Carnegie.

Farmers of New Zealand are complaining of the depredations of the Tasmanian opossums which were brought to New Zealand and released in bush areas. They had the reputation of being harmless, living quietly in forests, but they have multiplied exceedingly and are raiding orchards and fields.

The superintendent of the Fort Peck Indian agency in Montana has warned five small towns in the reservation that they must clean up the gambling and liquor elements before he will pay out the $166,000 allotment to the Indians on the reservation.

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The noted English writer is not the vamp she depicts in her love stories

MR. FORD'S PAGE
EDITORIALS
THE THREE ARTS
ILLUSTRATIONS

Many Men of Many Minds

Our subscribers say this is one of the most interesting of the permanent features

The Packet Comes Back

Just as the Civil War had its influence on the river steamers so has the Great War

How Jews Capitalized a Protest Against Jews

When public revolted against Theatrical Trust other Jews came in as "Reformers"

The Japanese Side of the California Question

In which an analysis of the recent vote compared with the Chinese ballot is made

Picturesque Cataracts Give City Its Power

Water-power development helps Spokane occupy its place in the Great Northwest



Many Men of Many Minds





Hamilton D. Mabie.—No man becomes great by accident. A man gets what he pays for in character, in work and in energy. The only road to advancement is to do your work so well that you are always ahead of the demands of your position. Keep ahead of your work and your work will push your fortunes for you.

W. G. Harding.—We are going to be called upon, nationally, collectively and individually, to renounce extravagance and learn anew the old lessons of thrift and providence.

Eugene G. Grace.—You must build up your body if you want to build up your brain, or build up your business.

Hiram W. Johnson.—We are all agreed, I take it, that if there is a real desire among the powers of the earth to prevent war, they can prevent it by disarmament; and if the five great nations of the earth, who constituted the five allied and associated powers in the World War, were to meet together and decide upon disarmament we would have taken the one great step toward the promotion of peace and the prevention of all future wars.

Disarmament Is One Great Step in Direction of Peace

Dr. Max G. Schlapp.—We forthwith should go back, under proper safeguards certainly, to the good old days when the schoolteacher was not afraid to administer "birch-medicine" to the refractory child; I believe a whole-souled spanking by his parents, administered at just the proper time, might have kept many a "bad boy" from coming up to me for psychological examination after he had gone so very wrong that a criminal or at least a practically useless life had been virtually assured to him.

William Boyce Thompson.—I believe that ninety-nine out of a hundred persons who fumble success may charge up their failure to a lack of foresight, or patience, to get all the facts about the thing they were undertaking. Show me a man who doesn't guess—who *knows*—and I will show you a man who is climbing.

John J. Pershing.—As we contemplate the causes of the World War and realize its horrors, every right-thinking man and woman must feel like demanding that some steps be taken to prevent its recurrence. An important step would be to curtail expenditures for the maintenance of navies and armies.

Major-General Von Seecht, of Germany.—We will keep our sword sharp and our shield untarnished. Inspired by such a true conception of honor and of patriotism and by this feeling of responsibility, the new army will be able to rival the old in efficiency.

Josephus Daniels.—If there is no League of Nations and no association of nations, then there ought to be a conference of all nations solely on the question of armament, along the lines of the provisions of the naval bill of 1916, which provided for a three-year program.

David Lloyd George.—Europe is standing in front of our shop windows. It wants to buy, but it is in rags and its pockets are full of paper. In the Good Book there is a great story of men who reconstructed a broken city with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other; but Europe must set to work with both hands.

Carlyon Bellairs.—My final conclusion is that the League of Nations has already failed to stop the fresh race of armaments. The United States holds aloof from the League because of its European drift. It is time to try what the English-speaking peoples can do in combination.

Daniel Willard.—I believe that the railroads with the existing facilities could handle all the business likely to be offered during the twelve-month period, provided it came uniformly all during the year.

Hjalmar Branting.—After the revolutions which have overturned the military monarchies, it would be absurd to fancy that the practical, silent wish of the toiling masses for peace and international understanding will be helpless against the little minority who cling to the old system of armed peace.

Roger W. Babson.—The religion of the community is really the bulwark of business and of our investments. It means the real security for the stocks, bonds, mortgages, deeds and other investments which we own. The steel boxes, the legal papers and the other things that we look upon as so important, are the mere shell of the egg. The value of our investments depends not upon the strength of our banks, but upon the strength of our churches.

Frederick A. Wallis.—On three steamships which I inspected recently there were 1,100 persons with only $1 in their possession. During Christmas week 8,000 arrived with less than $20, and 4,000 with no money at all.

Floyd W. Parsons.—The uses of aerial photography are too numerous even to be imagined. It is a new industry, with a future that has limits as yet unknown. While commercial mapping will be one of the important fields of the new art, advertising specialists, construction engineers and others will use aerial oblique pictures extensively in the practice of their professions to show finished developments and construction progress.

Edmund B. Chaffee.—There ought to be an international opium board to find out the measure of the world's need of the drug and to aim at limiting the world's production to meet that amount and no more.

A. P. Johnson.—Don't fool yourself about being right because you are one in the crowd. Be a man and do what your conscience tells you is right. The world has always paid for industry, brains and efficiency and always will. Curtailment spells loss. Doing as little as you can will never get you anywhere. Doing as much as you can will.

Warren G. Harding.—No one has ever come to the presidency with more sincere desire than that which I hold for winning the concord of all the southern citizenship of America and having the people of the South understand how our American interests are in common and that only in complete concord can we hope to go on to the destined American fulfillment.

Paul S. Reinsch.—What is needed in the United States is a freemasonry of thinking men and women who will at all times keep their attention on foreign affairs, who will insist on publicity, and who will in turn point out to the greater public, mostly busy with other affairs, whatever deeply concerns our welfare and interest in foreign relations.

Thinking People Must Insist on Open Diplomacy

Dr. James Foster.—Civilizations which have risen to power in the past have crumbled when, in their moments of madness, they have forsaken Nature. By tomorrow, as the world moves, we shall have nothing but barren places to remind us of the animals and birds that used to be—nothing, unless we act promptly and without selfishness.

Walter Dill Scott.—The greatest asset of America today is not its fertile fields, its rich ores, its completely equipped factories or its millions in currency. The greatest asset in America is the American people.

Judge Willis B. Perkins.—No other country in the world gives such freedom to the activity of its people as the United States; on the other hand, no other country is so insistent under its laws that all men should perform their duty. This fact is too often overlooked.

General Tasker H. Bliss.—The nation that comes to such a conference and refuses to agree to any proposition looking to disarmament or at least a reduction in its military establishment could be written down as the next Germany and the United States could make plans accordingly.

William H. Anderson.—The liquor interests cannot believe their own eyes and ears and the evidence of their own senses. Although, since the advent of national prohibition, 236 distilleries, 1,090 breweries and 177,790 places holding licenses to sell liquor have been put out of business, they still believe they can "come back."

Representative George Huddleston.—I object to the system that has grown up of butchering a President of the United States to make a Washington holiday. These inaugural ceremonies have become so tainted with a low order of commercialism as to be unworthy of our great country. The whole scheme is to get as many people as possible to come to Washington so as to make good business for the hotels, boarding house keepers, and people who have something they want to sell. It is not for the purpose of inaugurating our Chief Executive in a becoming and dignified manner, but to draw a great mob, to get everybody who will to come to Washington to stare open-mouthed, from a distance, at the inaugural exercises, then to shiver around the streets for a few hours preliminary to giving up to the cormorants, profiteers and highwaymen that we have around this city what money they have in their pockets.

Inaugural Ceremony Has Been Feast "for the Profiteers"

William Gibbs McAdoo.—The country is sick of political slanders and controversies. It wants domestic as well as international peace and it wants restoration of that fine spirit of co-operation which made America invincible in war.

Victor Sincere.—Opportunities are everywhere. The trouble is that folks don't recognize them. Why, it is an opportunity just to have a job where you can express yourself! Punctuality, veracity, willingness to work, loyalty, reliability, and readiness to take responsibility—all create opportunities for advancement; especially readiness to accept responsibility.

Leonard Wood.—We must drop the idea that singing the national anthem and carrying our national flag on patriotic occasions is all that is necessary for Americanization.

Jeremiah W. Jenks.—Perhaps no other country in the world, with the possible exception of India in earlier days, has been so afflicted with flood and famine as China. The Yellow River, "China's sorrow," alone has been responsible for the loss of millions of lives from floods and perhaps for the loss of even more lives from famine, because the famines have been brought on at times by the destruction of crops by floods, although at other times by lack of rain.

Woodrow Wilson.—The burdens of war are not lifted when the fighting is lifted.

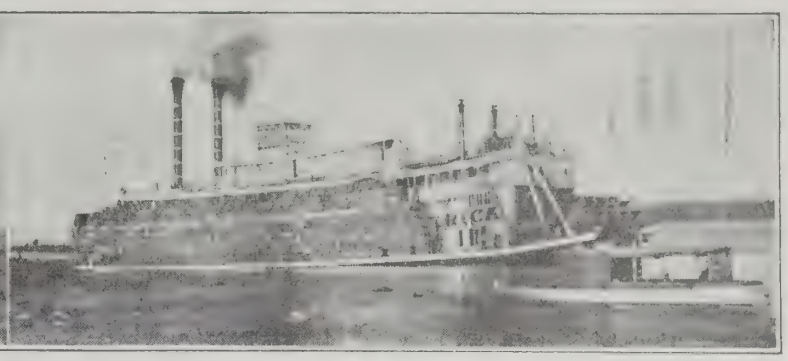
Mary Garden.—I don't believe in a star regime. I believe in making the opera the thing and not the artist. I would have an understudy for every rôle and if one artist were ill, another would fill the place and there would never be a change of opera, even if all the principals were sick, as there is no one indispensable in the world.

Edward N. Hurley.—When you take personal initiative and responsibility out of business and substitute for it a kind of impersonal communal irresponsibility you are well on the way to bureaucracy.

Senator William S. Kenyon.—If the whole American people have been robbed on coal as the government has been robbed, the theft will amount to hundreds of millions of dollars.



One of the smaller inland packets, the "Lafourche," battling a storm on Lake Salvador, near New Orleans. The packet has been forced to proceed stern-foremost. She is towing first a house-barge, then two barges of crude oil and a crippled tug



The largest packet on the Mississippi River, the America, owned and operated by Captain L. V. Cooley, of New Orleans. She is shown here moored to the bank of the Mississippi and about two-thirds loaded with cotton bales.

The Mississippi Packet Comes Back

By HARRY H. DUNN

WAR seems sometimes not all bad in its results. It took a war—away back in the sixties—to put a great fleet of passenger and freight carriers to their task of opening the water-fringed lands of the Middle West, a fleet which a decree of the government under which it worked and prospered put out of business. Yet another and greater war is putting that fleet back on the rivers and lakes, the bayous and the bays and sounds and canals of the Mississippi Valley, just as it tried to put the fleets of the Stars and Stripes into every salt water port of the world, and failed, because the people of the Stars and Stripes seem to have forgotten the channels of trade when they lead beyond the terminals of our own railroads.

But within the past two years there has come from the hidden creeks, the smaller rivers, the old boat-houses, the broken landings of a hundred riverside inland ports, and even from the mud at the bottom of lakes and bayous, another fleet, the materializing ghosts of that once rich and powerful argosy that made the names of "Robert E. Lee," and "Natchez," and "America" and a score of others famous from MacGregor to New Orleans, and from the Sabine River of Texas to the east coast of Florida.

For the packets, once floating palaces, racing at full speed up and down the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Red, the Atchafalaya and a dozen other rivers, have returned to their work; to their mighty task of handling the north-and-south, and, to a lesser degree, the east-and-west traffic of a section which supports nearly 75 per cent of the population, 80 per cent of the industry, and fifty per cent of the wealth of this nation. Today, the New Orleans water front seldom shows less than a dozen of these steamers, boats of their own kind, peculiar to the waters they once made famous; more often there are a score in port, their heavy stern paddlewheels chopping the river into heavy foam, in contrast to the silent, ripple-less passage of the deep-sea tramps and liners as they go up and down the endless river.

This year alone, 43 steamboats, better known to the old-timers as "packets," came back to the streams of the lower Mississippi Valley. Where did they come from? No man can tell. Some were newly built, but the majority, of which the writer has been able to count 31, came from small inland ports where they had been tied up for the past fifteen to thirty years, waiting, waiting, almost hopelessly, against the time when they could again compete with the iron horse in freight and passenger traffic. From Memphis and Vicksburg and Greenville and Cairo; from the sheltered waters of the Bayou St. John, at New Orleans; from little towns on the Atchafalaya, the Red, and the Mississippi rivers; from fishing villages on Barataria and Lafourche and Vermillion bayous, and even from the far Sabine River of Texas, they were brought back, when railroad rates went to a height which made water hauls profitable.

The Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 put the great packets of the old days out of business by allowing the railroads to charge less for a long haul than for a short haul, provided the rail competition was with water carriers. For 33 years the work of the packets has been confined to the small interior streams of the South, and one could count the number of them plying into and out of New Orleans—once the greatest packet port in the world—on the fingers of one hand. Small motor freighters, which could be operated by two men at less cost than the packets with their expensive steam power and their larger crews, took their place almost as soon as the internal combustion engine came into common use, but now the packet, with its greater carrying capacity, is coming back, and battling with the power boat fleets for supremacy on the inland waterways of the South.

But there is one difference in this return of the packet: It is coming back as a freight carrier. It is coming back as a business proposition, not as a palatial pleasure boat, operating up and down the streams for the benefit of wealthy planters, of cotton and rice and sugar and cattle buyers and sellers, for the packet cannot compete with the passenger train, either north or south or east or west. But with railroad freight rates 20 to 40 per cent above the costs at which freight can be handled profitably by water, other people besides the waterways department of the Federal Government have learned that their average of 175 miles a day freight haul, as compared with the 24 miles a day of the average freight car, is a profitable investment of firewood, water, Negro labor and hulls which for these freighters seldom cost more than $25,000 to $30,000.

Realizing the size and importance of this back-to-the-water movement of freight, and that the packet owners and builders are going into it seriously, many cities along these rivers are investing large sums in terminals and cargo-handling facilities to meet the needs of the steamboat lines. New Orleans has assured the packet owners that a considerable part of the $6,500,000 which the board of commissioners of the port is to invest in harbor improvements within the next year, will be invested in such a way that the packets will have ample landing and freight handling facilities. Already the Bienville Landing, which is some 1,500 feet along the river, with a steel shed nearly 300 feet wide running its whole length, is overtaxed with the cargoes of these packets and of the motor freighters.

Lake Charles, a town in Louisiana 200 miles west of New Orleans, is preparing to put $4,000,000 into a navigable channel, nine feet deep and 60 feet wide at the top, which will give these boats access to the Gulf, and also free connection with the Intercoastal Canal, the link of which from New Orleans to the Sabine River is now being completed. Memphis is putting in floating terminals, rising and falling with the river, so that the landing stage always will be at deck-level of the packets. Vicksburg has commenced work on similar landings, and the new terminals on the river at St. Louis have been described at length so many times that it is useless repetition to more than mention them here.

Biloxi, Mississippi, is moving Congress and everybody else to get an appropriation for her Back Bay's development into a harbor for packet and motor freighter traffic. Mobile is putting several hundred thousand dollars into port improvements, including a large coal tipple, in which the Federal Government also is interested. Morgan City, 100 miles west of New Orleans, and located on the Atchafalaya River, one of the important north-and-south streams of the lower Mississippi Valley, is planning a bond issue for similar improvements, and seeking government aid in the dredging of a channel through Atchafalaya Bay to deep salt water. Greenville, Arkansas, which is one of the centers of packet traffic of the upper part of the lower valley—if you know what I mean—has developed lines up and down and across the river, and now has six packets operating in and out of the one little port.

Thus it goes all up and down the Mississippi River, as far north as the mouth of the Wisconsin River, and south to the Gulf, for some of these packets, even the smaller craft—of which more later—go out the mouth of the Mississippi, and other north-and-south streams, and become virtually coasting steamers in their work through Mississippi Sound to the east, and west through the hundreds of miles of bays and lakes and bayous of the great Louisiana marsh. But the romance of the old packet days, the wild life on board, the parties of one to two hundred planters and their wives and sons and daughters, gathered on board one of these old-time river steamers for a 1,000-mile trip on the Father of Waters; the mystery of the gamblers and the other adventurers who followed the frontier by water rather than by ox-train or on horseback, and even the races between the packets, which once were events of national interest, are gone forever. No more will any modern namesake of the "Lee" or the "Natchez" race from New Orleans to Memphis, or from Vicksburg to St. Louis.

And the answer is, according to Captain L. V. Cooley, of New Orleans:

"It doesn't pay."

Captain Cooley should know, for he has been for fifty years closely connected as owner, captain and mate, with the "Great White Fleet" of the Mississippi Valley, and today he owns and operates the largest steamboat on the river, the "America," more than 35 years old, and the last of the old-time passenger carrying packets. There in her wheel house, the huge ball room which still occupies virtually all of her upper deck, and surrounded by rooms which once would have made the stateroom on the average transatlantic liner seem small and poorly furnished, he outlined to me the new platform of the packet, why the river steamboats came back, and what part they are filling and will fill in the handling of the nation's commerce:

"The old-time packet was a pleasure boat," he said. "She carried freight it is true, but her main work was the transportation of passengers, before there were any north-and-south railroads, and even after there were such land lines, but before the Pullman car became as comfortable as it is today. People who traveled on these packets then lived just as if they were in a first-class hotel, but no hotel keeper today could afford to handle traffic as it was handled then, in competition with the railroads. As passenger carriers, the steamers never can compete with the

(Concluded on page 12)



The "half-way" packet, which as to size stands between the small inland waterways packet and the big Mississippi River steamboat. This one operates on such streams as the Atchafalaya, the Sabine, the Red, the Warrior and the Ohio.



The small boat-yard follows the packet just as rapidly as the packet follows the inland waterway. Here is one such yard, out of more than a score which have been established in different sections of the South during the past year.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 13, January 22, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

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Avoid This Poison Gas

THERE is being spread throughout the country a subtle propaganda which is gradually smothering the lately aroused sentiment in favor of restricting immigration. Whether it will succeed no one can say, but there is no mistaking the fact that it promises to come dangerously near such a result. Even the most credulous cannot trace the developments of the last three months without coming to a realization that there has been a strong, directing hand at work.

As late as three months ago immigration authorities were protesting vigorously that something must be done to shut off the stream of immigrants.

"The exodus of these Jewish people," said Commissioner Wallis last October, "amounts to a stampede. They are coming too fast for their own good. . . . I am convinced that a serious mistake has been made in letting these people come over in such a panic-like stampede as this."

The public press carried columns of news concerning the rush to America and chronicled very fully the fact that the bulk of those at our gates were of a character that made them practically unassimilable. The response of the public was what might be expected. A strong current of sentiment developed in favor of legislation which would restrict immigration and save the country from a plague of economic parasites. This tide of thought reached its flood at the opening of Congress when the majority of the House Committee on Immigration made its remarkable report in which it called a spade a spade and, after boldly declaring that the largest percentage of the immigrants were of Jewish extraction, went on to state that not only were they without funds but that many of them were incapable of earning a livelihood.

Further than this, the committee said that in general these immigrants were wasted by disease, poorly educated if not illiterate, suffering from dullness and stultification and wholly without any conception of national spirit. The House acted commendably. It passed the bill and sent the measure on to the Senate.

Then it was that the opposition began to show its cunning. First came the news in the press of the country of the organization of Jewish societies to fight the immigration law and statements began to appear in the press which ranged all the way from flat denials of the facts so carefully collected by American investigators to mere suggestions for delay.

The public was informed that there was absolutely no truth in the statement that thousands of Jewish immigrants were headed for America, and that Jewish aid societies would care for all those who arrived without means. There were promises that the objection to the congregation of these immigrants in the cities would be met by placing them on farms. There were cries that America would be untrue to her traditions if she barred those fleeing from religious or political persecution—an exception which, if granted, could immediately be interpreted broadly enough to admit every Jew in Europe.

And thus the process of unsettling the public mind was carried forward by denials, recrimination, charges of persecution and by a series of contradictory statements until the public mind, once so clear, grew befogged.

Now while the Johnson immigration measure is held in the Senate Committee its opponents have employed their resources so successfully that press associations are carrying news articles to the effect that immigration is falling off and that there is no emergency which justifies the passage of new laws.

"No Peril Seen of Alien Flood," read the headlines.

So in three months the situation, under the hands of skillful propagandists, has changed its aspect entirely. First and foremost, there is no flood of immigrants; second, they are not penniless nor undesirable; third, if they are penniless, funds will be provided for them when they arrive; and fourth, it is un-American to keep out these thousands upon thousands—who are not coming—because they are all the victims of religious and political persecution.

The one question remaining is whether this flood of poison gas was launched in time. It seems to have been let loose a little late but it may perform its work even yet, if the Senate is slow enough.

Who'll Add 'em Up?

THE United States is to have a navy larger than either Britain or Japan. But Britain's navy, says another report, will still be the larger. And Japan has plans which may challenge both, says another.

The simple truth is that the United States is spending a whale of a fortune on the navy; that Britain is spending another whale of a fortune on the navy; that Japan is ready to spend a third whale of a fortune on the navy.

The United States is contemplating more than $750,000,000 for the army; Britain's army estimates are so near a billion that the nation is staggered; Japan is sheer militarist.

France has a political fight, in the course of which her minister for war has resigned, on the issue whether France must maintain a very large or a superlatively large army. Greece has the largest army in its history. Throughout the Balkans the number of men in the army practically equals the number of men in each state.

Now, where is the man who can sit down and total up just how much the world is spending on armaments? How does the total being spent after the "war to end wars" compare with the expenditure before the war came?

It would be an interesting study. And how would this vast sum compare, for example, with the world's plans for agricultural development? In the United States we know that as much is asked for the equipment of the National Guard alone as for the whole Department of Agriculture.

If the figures for the world's army and navy expenditures today could be focused in one place, Christendom would be stunned.

Capturing the Copra

ONE little-noticed result of the war which will gain steadily in importance with time is the ascendancy of the United States in the Pacific. American and Japanese commerce has leaped, and at the expense of the British activities.

The United States had long possessed a lucrative connection with the Philippines; the war took British efforts elsewhere, and practically the entire copra trade fell to America, which gradually gained new commercial territory south of the line.

The actual situation today is that British trade in the Pacific is set back; Japan's aggressive plans have begun to dwindle; America's trade there is strong and growing, and already much advanced.

The phenomenon of Japan's failure to keep pace in what looked some time ago as a desperate trade struggle between that country and the United States, is due primarily to her domestic chaos and the puncture of the speculative bubble which was the most sensational result of her inflated war prosperity. She had engaged in ventures far exceeding the capacity of her resources, and when the vast war earnings were poured into wild speculation, the result was inevitable.

Japan has made great headway among the islands which she claimed and received, north of the Equator, under the Versailles Treaty; and the future will see the vast commercial benefits she will receive from them. But the sound financial position of the United States and the impregnable character of its business operations made competition, at the time, from the harassed Japanese an impossibility. Thus, in British Polynesia and other important but slightly known spots of the Pacific, American commerce is supreme.

A Threadbare Claim

EVERY now and then someone bobs up in Washington with a demand that the United States pay the Republic of Colombia $20,000,000 for the alleged theft of Panama. The proposal was advanced strongly during the early part of Mr. Wilson's administration and there have been indications that it will confront Mr. Harding after he takes office.

The proposal has not a leg on which to stand. Panama broke away from Colombia of her own volition and after repeated attempts to live amicably with her neighbor and maintain one governmental establishment. The revolt was precipitated by the fact that Colombia decided she could hold the United States up for more money than had been agreed upon and refused to ratify the treaty stipulated. Panama, a part of Colombia, felt that her only hope for the future lay in the building of the canal and she refused to surrender that hope to satisfy Colombia's greed. Therefore she struck for freedom, and Roosevelt, acting with characteristic promptness, recognized her claims and the result was the Hay-Varilla treaty between Panama and the United States providing for the canal.

Roosevelt, Hay and Root have all testified that the United States was legally and morally within her rights in the matter. "No one connected with this government," said Theodore Roosevelt in a message to Congress, "had any part in preparing, inciting or encouraging the late revolution on the Isthmus of Panama."

As for the charge that the United States acted hastily in recognizing Panama, Elihu Root summed the whole matter up and disposed of it in one sentence when he said, "If a thing is right and proper to do it does not make it criminal to do it promptly."

German Debts

A GOVERNMENT may have one idea, and its people another. The Great War proved that. In a general way, as the world understands it now, the ideas of the people are increasingly important, and the ideas of government lack force these days unless they express the desires of the people.

One of the straightest roads to international comity today as it has been always, is an understanding between peoples; this understanding does not rest on diplomatic exchanges, nor on the covert explanations of revolutionary societies. It is the confidence and understanding begotten of mutual publicity and appreciation.

On the whole the world realizes that in Germany are many millions of individuals, to whom war is a horror, and who have a well defined desire to live in peace and honor with their neighbors. The European press stresses perpetually the "Germany" of states; the nation which the treaty holds responsible for obligations still in dispute. But the quickest and clearest road to that world sympathy which must preface any genuine return to normal confidence is a direct study on both sides of the peoples concerned.

In this connection it is at the least interesting to learn, from an obscure item in a European newspaper, that private German debts to the number of 25,000 have been paid to foreign firms and individuals; and that these payments amount to $50,000,000. Of this amount no less than $45,000,000 actually came from within Germany itself, a fairly clear evidence of the good faith of German citizens and an open effort on their part to achieve honorable business rehabilitation.

These are facts that the plain people everywhere must consider before making judgments based solely on state issues as presented by foreign governments.

Our interest primarily is with the people, of Germany as elsewhere.

Commendable Simplicity

THERE is some quiet fault-finding with Mr. Harding over his decision to make the inaugural ceremonies as simple as is possible. Some quarters profess to believe that the request was needlessly penurious and that the total expense would have been nothing to a country as rich as the United States.

In this connection it may be observed that the actual practice of thrift is never popular because it means denial and those who dislike the present arrangements for March 4 are probably being denied either pleasure or profit.

The public at large, however, will have no objections to Mr. Harding launching his administration as simply as is possible, nor will it quarrel with him and accuse him of penuriousness because he was not above saving the nation a few hundred thousand dollars in government and private expenditures.



Mr. Ford's Page



THERE is nothing more condemnably mean than the habit of saying, "Everything is all right," when everything is not all right; or the habit of saying, "This is only a temporary flurry," when it is not a temporary flurry. The curse of false optimism! Ever since the day when some one said that a certain period of business uncertainty was "a psychological condition," there has been a belief that the way to deal with economic disturbances was just to smile and ignore them.

The newspapers try to do this. Directly the business thermometer goes down, the cartoonists and editorialists get on the job of graphic camouflage, until the hard, cold facts begin to force their way to the front on the news pages. No one is thought worth quoting who does not prophesy roseate times for all. The sound business prophet who tells the homely truth is not welcomed.

It is becoming a national weakness with us, that we shrink from unpleasant truths. Granting that a great deal of harm can be done by "calamity howling" and that there really is a psychological element to be considered at all times, it is nevertheless a greater thing to face the facts at their minimum of pleasantness, face the truth at its coldest, and build on that. This is what Americans dislike to do.

The weakness is not only American, of course; it is human. Governments know all about it. No government dares to trust its people with the truth at all times. During the war, the American people were treated in this respect just as the others were—some truths were not entrusted to us, for fear that, receiving them as a people, and thinking of them all at once, we could not bear them.

Now, the purpose of this page is not to make out that things are bad. It may be said at once that things are not nearly so bad as they might be, and they are soon going to be better than they now are. But there has been a narrow squeak. Conditions would be much worse if certain parties had their way. There are some people who rejoice to throw a country into helplessness, but this is a country which cannot very easily be handled that way.

If we are to become wise and be able to do our part in restoring and maintaining healthful conditions, we must face a few facts.

There are a goodly number of people in this country who ought to begin this moment and use their memories. They ought to recall the counsel that was given to them last spring. But more important than even that, they ought to recall how they took that counsel.

Some who thus call upon their memories will recall that the most reputable bankers of the country forewarned the people months ago—almost a year ago—of what was likely to come, and bade them get ready. But that warning was largely unheeded. Why? Because for years there has been an assiduous campaign, waged by voice and print, to discredit the counsel of bankers. Why? In order that the public might some time plunge headlong into disaster. And why wish the public to meet disaster? Because there is a class of people whose "times of prosperity" are other people's times of adversity.

There are, of course, bankers and bankers. But there are "white" bankers whose business is to assist business, and there are other "bankers" (falsely so named) whose business it is to mulct business of all it can. The former will come out clean from a very severe scrutiny of their conduct during the period in which this present period of slackness has been incubating.

They *did* advise the people rightly. They *did* take such means as would safeguard the people's real interests in the approaching storm. And they have maintained themselves in a position to be of assistance in restoring activities.

Credit where credit is due! When bankers advise thrift, they are looking to the soundness of the community. Of course, all the money that is spent eventually finds its way in the natural course of business into and out of the bank. The banker handles just as much money one way as the other. But with a thrifty people, while business may not be so full and flashy, it is sounder; and the banker's whole mission, if he be true to his profession, is to promote soundness.

Now, that advice was sound. It was given by sound men. But it was not largely taken. Some did take it, to be sure; many more did not. They were led along by the interests whose only business is to "get the money," perfectly indifferent as to whether "getting the money" spelled prosperity or stringency for the community at large. If the advice was not taken then, maybe a bit of counsel may be heeded now—inasmuch as all of us have had time to think. And this is the counsel: the advice given last spring when the present slackness was foreseen is just as wise and practical when the slackness begins to pass away. One objective of personal management ought always to be this: enough laid aside for a month's lay-off, a two-month's voluntary or involuntary idleness; enough to constitute a margin of time for a man to turn around.

We may say what we will of the High Cost of Living, there are few families that would not acknowledge, upon thinking about it, that they did not make the best use of the period of high wages. Many did, to be sure, and they are reaping the benefit of it now. But many did not, and they are able now to see how they might have done so.

The point is this: the people were educated to a point where they distrusted the men who knew best of all what the economic signs portended. People believe the doctor and the meteorologist; it is just as sensible to believe honest and informed men when they speak about the signs of the times. These men will usually be found to be among the "white" groups.

This in no wise whitewashes the wrongs that exist. It means only this: as long as we live under a system where such things occur, it is wise to avoid as much of the trouble as possible. And this must always be true: no system can ever be devised that will be so perfect as to shield us from the legitimate results of our own extravagance, idleness or waste.

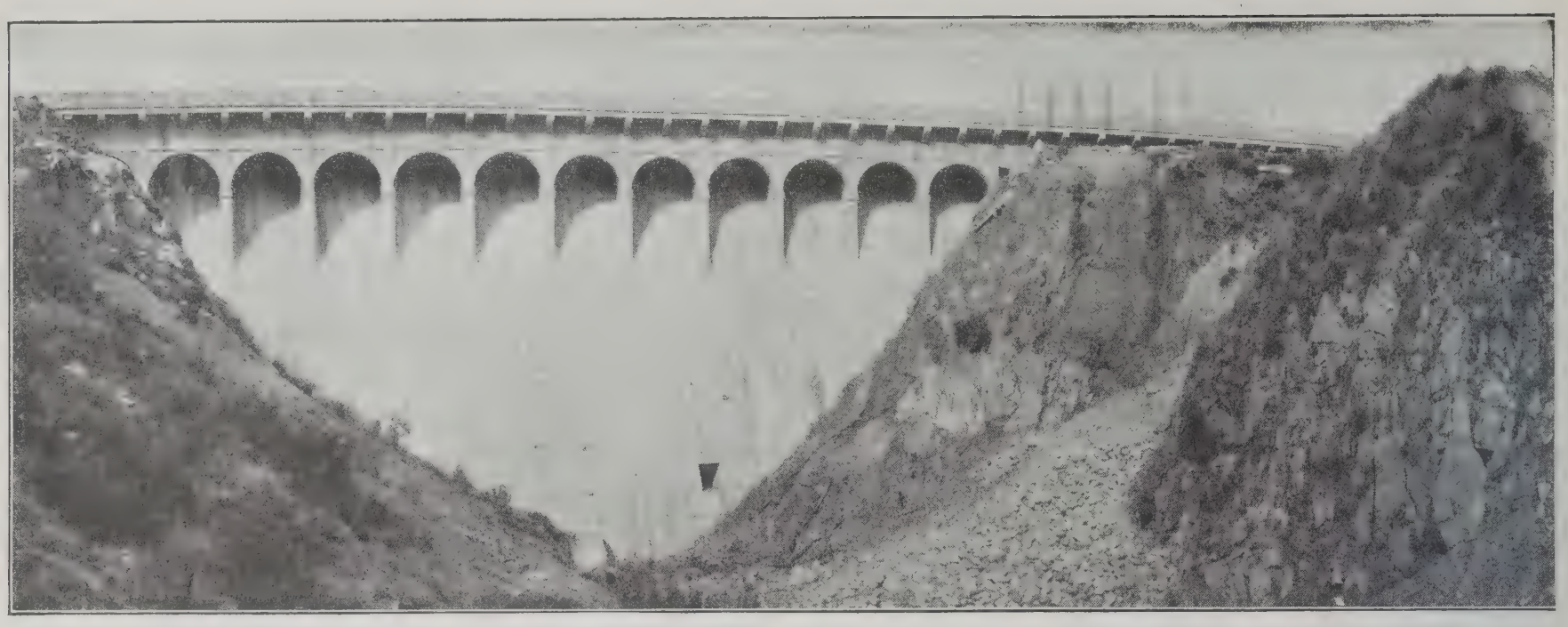
Work will never be abolished. Limited means will never be abolished, because unlimited means is simply an impossibility. Division of toil will never be abolished. There are certain things which we have now, which we shall always have, and it is time we were getting ready to live with the Fact about these things.

We have been flirting too much with dreams and illusions. We have invited all the influences which deal in pride, contempt and discontent to make us their prey. Family life has allowed itself to be remodeled on what is without, rather than on the natural basis of domestic relations. We lived on the streets too much. The clothing trades caught us in their nets, making $5 neckties and $10 shirts almost a necessity for the young fellow who wanted to "keep up," until it came to pass that many a boy invested more on his feet than he did on his head. A man is worth what he carries in his head, and in that respect many of our young fellows were bankrupt long before the slack period came.

There has been a great return to common sense. The regrettable part is that the condition included many who did not personally need the lesson.

It is to be hoped that Memory will remain active for a long time to come. If you must fling money away, wait until you are not earning any, then spend your surplus: don't live up to the margin every week. A man is rich only to the extent that he can survive difficult times. And this right to survival he buys bit by bit, by industry and business views of spending, during the easy times. We are ready to blame this and that, but if we knew how much we ourselves as ordinary individuals contributed to the whole wrong situation, we should blame ourselves.

ALL the sober thoughts you have had recently are true thoughts. The watchers told many things last spring that the people did not believe, and now they have come upon us. If "prosperity" consists in thoughtless extravagance and a wild orgy of profiteering all along the line, we are better off without that kind of prosperity. It is not enriching financially, and it is impoverishing morally. That is over now. The hand of economic retribution has descended suddenly, and under its shadow millions of people who have no consciousness of affairs beyond their own pleasure, are now thinking soberly. Their thoughts will do them good. But that hand has not descended as crushingly as it might. It is just a warning. It will be lifted again. And we shall all be more sensible for having seen it.



Panorama of the rear of the Devil's Gate Dam as it appeared

Saving the Water for

By JOHN B.

THE county of Los Angeles in Southern California has just completed the first unit of the greatest water conservation plan known in the history of the world. The project embraces six great dams, one to be the highest in the world and another to be larger than even the famous Roosevelt Dam.

The entire project will cost between twenty and thirty million dollars. The expense it is expected will be borne jointly by the county of Los Angeles, the state of California and the government of the United States. One dam known as the Devil's Gate Dam was completed this winter. The second dam at San Dimas Canyon is in course of construction and plans are now drawn for the third and fourth dams to be located at Live Oak and Pacoima canyons. The plans for the other two dams at Tujunga and San Gabriel canyons are being drawn but are not yet completed, although the latter site has already been approved by A. P. Davis, director of the United States Reclamation Service, who built the Roosevelt and Arrowhead dams.

The history of flood control and water conservation dates back to the twelfth dynasty, or some 4,400 years ago. Joseph, that Israelite, who was captured by the Egyptians and later rose to be a ruler among them, was the first great flood control engineer of recorded history. He harnessed the Nile by a system of great levees, made the river thirty to forty feet deeper and created a storage basin known as Lake Moeris. Thus in time of drought he was enabled to feed not only the Egyptians but his own people, the Israelites. And thus is explained the seven lean and the seven fat years spoken of in the Bible.

Other efforts at flood control were made in early times on the Euphrates River in Mesopotamia where the river was leveed near Babylon but on one side only. In China, work done on the Yellow River shows that in ancient times the Chinese had engineers of marked ability. In France there has been some effort at flood control and the Italians have done work along these lines in endeavoring to control the River Po. Flood control in Germany has been largely a failure, the Teutons losing some twelve dams. Thus the work to be undertaken in Southern California will—owing to the diversity of the problems encountered—be largely pioneering in this field.

The San Gabriel Mountains—a United States forest reserve—form the watershed of the fertile coastal plain lying between them and the Pacific Ocean. This plain has a southwesterly drift and embraces practically all of Los Angeles County. Included in it are many thousand acres of the most fertile and most highly priced lands in the world. Included also are the cities of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Long Beach, Venice, Santa Monica, Pomona and many smaller towns with a total population of a million persons.

Two rivers, the Los Angeles and the San Gabriel, neither of them more than forty miles in length, drain this plain. Both of these rivers are dry streams part of the year but are raging torrents in flood time.

Southern California is known as the land of sunshine. The greater part of the year Old Sol is on the job. It is seldom that a drop of rain falls from the middle of May until the latter part of September. During the late autumn and early winter months there are occasional storms but most of the rainfall comes in the months of January, February and March.

The rainfall varies from 8 inches in extremely dry years to more than twenty inches in wet years. The average for the different sections of the county is between 12 and 14 inches. This rainfall would be sufficient for the land now under cultivation if it could be distributed properly but unfortunately the greater part of it descends in tremendous rain storms and not only is lost to the farmers and orchardists but on its way to the ocean it washes out thousands of acres of valuable land.

As more and more land has come under cultivation the problem of water supply has become increasingly serious. Because of lack of rain during the summer and autumn months the farmers and orchardists must depend upon irrigation. When there were but a few citrous groves and alfalfa ranches in the valleys there was plenty of water for all. Flowing wells were common and where it was necessary to install pumps they had only to go down a few feet to strike water. But now with thousands of acres of oranges and lemons, both of which use a tremendous amount of water during the dry months, the water level in the wells is steadily going down.

This condition is duplicated throughout the district and the ranchers are becoming alarmed. Will these valuable orchard lands ranging in value from $800 to $5,000 an acre be allowed to revert to the sagebrush and cactus covered land of the original desert for lack of water? Eminent engineers say that the country is already over-developed for the amount of water supply and yet every year there is more land being set out to citrous trees.

Some idea of the wealth thus endangered by lack of water conservation in Los Angeles County may be had when it is stated that the property value alone is more than one hundred billion dollars. The assessed valuation of property in this county five years ago equaled the assessed valuation of the states of New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Utah and Vermont.

Neither the county, the state nor the nation can allow this wealth to be lost through lack of assistance even though it entails the expenditure of thirty millions.

The orchardists and farmers have resorted to all manner of expedients to conserve and distribute equitably the water. Two hundred and twenty co-operative water companies have been formed and wells are being sunk deeper and deeper. Much litigation has been engendered by the effort of some men to corral the water in certain districts and then charge a prohibitive price for it. Bitter feeling has been aroused between neighbors and injunctions against sinking new wells are not uncommon. But nothing alters the fact that the supply is continually becoming lower. Like the gasoline situation it is not so much that there is less water than in previous years, but that there are more consumers.

It is only quite recently, following an especially dry season two years ago, that the situation has begun to excite general alarm.

Previous to that it was more a matter of flood control than water conservation but now the latter phase has become the more important.

The matter of flood control and the necessity of doing something along these lines was brought forcibly to the attention of the people of Los Angeles County in 1914 and in 1916 when two disastrous floods caused an actual property damage, in loss of bridges and washing out of land, of ten million dollars.

Business was practically at a standstill for two weeks causing a further loss that could not be estimated in dollars. The board of supervisors of Los Angeles County, responding to the pressure of public opinion, appointed a commission of five eminent civil engineers to investigate the situation and to prepare plans for flood control.

One of the members of this commission was James W. Reagan. Reagan had been a railroad engineer most of his life. He had done hundreds of miles of railroad location work. For thirty years he had done railroad construction work in the United States, Mexico and South Africa. He had been a professor of engineering in St. Paul's College in Kansas. He was thoroughly grounded in all branches of his profession but he had had but slight experience in problems that related to flood control work.

From the moment of his appointment upon the flood control commission, however, he delved into research work. He wrote to the experts of foreign governments and procured all the obtainable data relating to flood control work in this and other countries. He read every book upon the subject he could procure.

When the report of the commission was turned in there was a difference of opinion. Four of the engineers had agreed upon a plan. Reagan turned in a minority report. He stood alone. Yet Reagan's plan was adopted and he was made chief engineer of the Los Angeles County Board of Flood Control.

This board consists of five members who are also members of the board of supervisors. The flood control district was organized independent of the county boundaries and does not take in quite all of Los Angeles County. This was done to get around the state law which provides that in all bond elections held in counties there must be a two-thirds majority returned to carry the bonds while in districts especially organized it only requires a simple majority of all the votes cast. The district can also spend money outside of the county and outside of the district where it is necessary for flood control and water conservation within the district.

A bond issue of $4,450,000 was voted by the district, the state contributed $1,080,000 and the government a like sum. In return for the government appropriation the county bound itself to maintain the channels, build the bridges and find the right of way.



Devil's Gate Dam showing lake, spillway and boulevard over top of dam as it will appear when filled with flood waters.

Check dam in foothills of San Gabriel Mountains, showing type of construction and height of same. This dam costs about $40 and is designed to help prevent erosion as well as conserve water. It is one of several thousand used for this purpose.



before the flood waters filled up the canyons and formed the lake.

Our California Fruits

WALLACE

As Reagan explains it, his problem was simple. It was to provide as easy and direct a route as possible for the flood waters to reach the ocean. The Los Angeles and San Gabriel rivers, both known as torrential streams, must be straightened, the channels deepened and their course directed around the harbors of Los Angeles and Long Beach so that they would not fill them up with silt.

Because of a forest fire that burned a considerable area of the timber and underbrush in the mountains two years ago there has been a great deal of wash during flood times and the streams have been full of silt and boulders.

Through the use of iron pipes and fir pilings, Reagan has managed to straighten the channels of the rivers. More than thirty miles of this material has been used. A revetted channel takes the water around the harbors into the ocean.

Reagan has proceeded on the theory that water will seek its load of detritus along the lines of least resistance and by placing double rows of piping and piling at the bends and other places where past experience has shown that in flood time the water has a tendency to spread out and overflow farm and orchard lands, he has managed not only to confine the flood to the natural channel but to cause the rivers to deepen their own channels by taking the load from the river bottom instead of from their sides.

Before beginning upon the work of straightening up these meandering streams which in the floods of 1914 and 1916 had taken out and dumped into the ocean harbors of Los Angeles and Long Beach some 14,000,000 cubic yards of valuable soil, Reagan put two men upon research work among the older inhabitants of the district to obtain a history of great previous floods. They managed to get a record as far back as 1847 and discovered that since 1864 the San Gabriel River had cut more than 60 miles of new channels, a mileage equal to its entire length from its headwaters. Through the data obtained and by tracing some of these old channels, Reagan was greatly guided in planning the new courses he had determined to make the river follow.

But to the practical mind of the engineer this work seemed strangely futile especially as the importance of water conservation began to be realized more fully. With the whole country in need of water it seemed a shame to allow these great torrents to rush to the ocean through a thirsty land. How to hold it back in the mountains and foothills was the problem that occupied Reagan's mind from the beginning. But with a country already taxed to the limit Reagan knew that it would take a long campaign of education before the voters of the district could be led to view with equanimity such a tremendous expenditure of money as the construction of the dams necessary to real water conservation would entail.

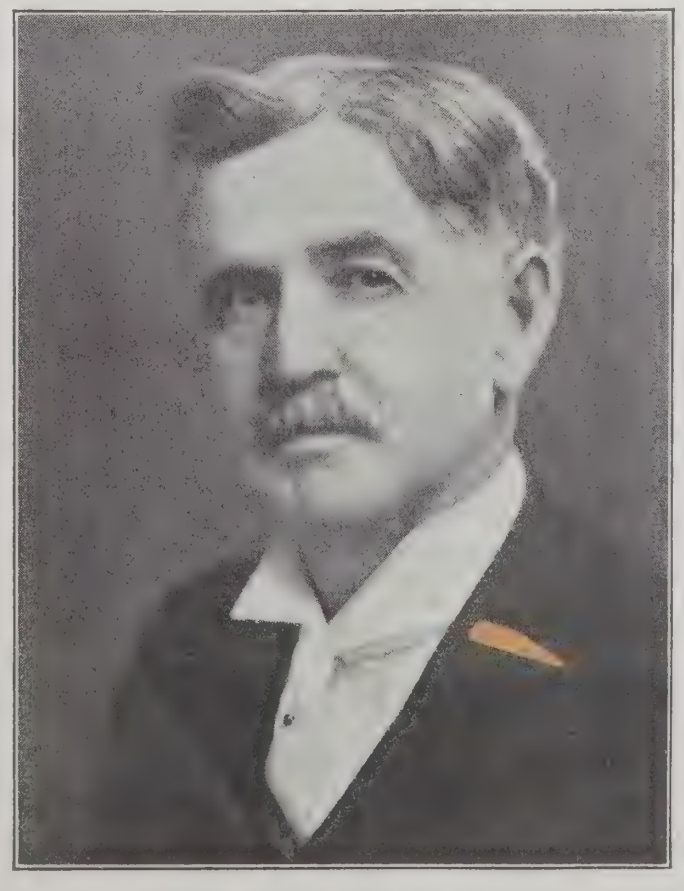
Although the first bond issue carried by a large majority there has been from the start bitter opposition from a small but determined minority of property owners. This is the same element which always in every community oppose public improvements unless they can be shown that the improvements will be of direct pecuniary benefit to themselves. Much of the opposition, however, comes from ignorance of the vital necessity for water conservation. Through the newspapers which have almost as a unit supported the plans of Mr. Reagan much of this opposition has been dissipated with the result that the first great dam known as the Devil's Gate Dam has already been completed and is ready to receive and store the winter and spring floods of 1921.

One of the measures which has received the ardent support of those opposed to the great dams has been the building of what are known as check dams. These are small dams built on the hillsides, and in such other places as the contour of the land will permit, to catch the rainfall and hold it back until it can sink into the ground and replenish the supply for the wells. The district has constructed some 3,800 of these check dams at a cost of $125,000. They are built of stone and cement, most of the material usually being found on or near the spot where they are constructed.

In times of ordinary rainfall they serve to retain the water and allow it to seep into the ground and in times of flood they are of some value in catching and holding back detritus especially in the burned over areas.

But like the work being done on the river beds, Reagan considers them to be but a temporary expedient. With the completion of the big storage reservoirs in the foothills there will be no necessity for check dams and the river beds of the San Gabriel River may be planted to gardens and orchards.

The Devil's Gate Dam built in the Arroyo Seco near Pasadena is a gravity type dam built of high grade concrete. It might be mentioned at this time that all the concrete used in these dams is furnished by the county to the contractor. By thus making his own cement, Reagan removes all temptation for a contractor to furnish inferior material and he has entire control of every bit of material that goes into the construction of the dams.



JAMES W. REAGAN

Chief engineer of the Los Angeles County flood control district.

The Devil's Gate Dam is 200 feet wide at the bottom and 310 feet wide at the top with a thickness of 87 feet and a height of 130 feet above bed rock. It cost $370,000 to build. In addition to the spillway which will carry an enormous volume of water the dam is further protected by a tunnel bored through solid rock and through which the water in the dam can be drained when necessary. Two radial gates operated hydraulically guard the entrance to the tunnel. A wide driveway forms the continuation of a boulevard across the top of the dam which when it is filled with water will combine great scenic beauty with utility. The dam is capable of storing at its fullest capacity 6,700 acre feet of water.

The dam at San Dimas Canyon now in course of construction is to be 100 feet wide at the bottom and 350 feet wide at the top and 140 feet above bed rock with a thickness of 95 feet. It will store 3,500 acre feet of water and will cost $600,000. A lake will be formed about three miles long.

The Live Oak Dam, the smallest of the six, will also be of the gravity type. It will be 40 feet wide at the bottom and 250 feet wide at the top with a height of 50 feet above bed rock and a thickness of 30 feet. It will hold 400 acre feet of water.

The Pacoima Dam when completed will be the highest dam in the world, being 24 feet higher than the Arrow Rock Dam in Idaho or 375 feet above bed rock. It is to be of the type known as a constant angle arch dam and will cost $1,500,000. It will be only 40 feet wide at the bottom and 450 feet wide at the top with a thickness of 100 feet. It is to be built in a gorge in the mountains above the town of San Fernando and the rich valley of that name. It will hold 12,000 acre feet of water.

The San Gabriel Dam will be an enormous affair larger than any dam in the world and will cost between fifteen and twenty million dollars. The site tentatively approved by A. P. Davis, director of the United States Reclamation Service, is just below the junction of the two forks of the San Gabriel River in the San Gabriel Canyon. The dam will be 1,000 feet long at the bottom and 1,600 feet long at the top with a height of 400 feet above bed rock. The lake formed by this immense dam will be six miles long with a surface area of three and one-half square miles and a storage capacity of 200,000 acre feet. It will have a drainage area of 130,000 acres and will be capable of retaining two floods of the size of those in 1914 and 1916.

The Tajunga Dam which would control the waters of the Los Angeles River is as yet but a project of the future. Mr. Reagan has found a perfectly feasible site for a dam in the Tajunga Canyon but has not yet drawn any plans.

These great dams will not only store the flood waters in the mountains for use for irrigating purposes and prevent the yearly damage to land and property caused by the floods but will also provide great fishing and amusement resorts within easy riding distance of the cities. It is anticipated that the government will stock the lakes thus formed with fish. Already choice sites for building summer cottages about the lakes to be formed in San Dimas and Pacoima canyons are being sold by enterprising real estate companies and various amusement enterprises are being planned.

It is anticipated that it will take several years to fill these great reservoirs but once filled they can be kept to a certain capacity which will permit the gradual withdrawal of the waters and keep streams which are now dry most of the year alive throughout the summer seasons. This water will seep into the ground on its way to the ocean and fill the great underground reservoirs from which the wells are supplied. In this way it is hoped to raise the water lever in the wells or at least to maintain the present level.

How Jews Capitalized a Protest Against Jews

When the Public Revolted Against Jewish Theatrical Trust, Other Jews Came in as "Independents" and "Reformers."

(Continuing the series on Jewish Control of the Theater, begun in the issue of January 1, and continued in the issue of January 8.)

THE American Stage is under the influence and control of a group of former bootblacks, newsboys, ticket speculators, prize ring habitues, and Bowery characters. At the present writing the most advertised man in the world of theatrical production is Morris Gest, a Russian Jew, who has produced the most salacious spectacles ever shown in America—"Aphrodite" and "Mecca." It is reported that the scent of nastiness has been so strongly circulated among theatergoers that tickets are sold a year ahead for the Chicago exhibition of one of these shows, the patrons being, of course, mostly Gentiles.

Now, it is a fair question, who is this Morris Gest who stalks before his fellow Jews as the most successful producer of the year? It is nothing against him to say that he came from Russia. It is nothing against him to say that he is a Jew. It is nothing against him to say that although success has favored him, his father and mother are still in Odessa, or were until recently. Yet, in a recent interview, in which the professional note of pathos was obtrusively present, he lamented that he was not able to bring his parents to America.

The story of Morris Gest is the last one in the world to use as a "success story" of the type of "the poor immigrant boy who became a great theatrical producer." He is not a great producer, of course, although he is a great panderer to the least creditable tastes of a public whose taste he has been no mean factor in debasing. Gest sold newspapers in Boston, and became property boy in a Boston theater. In 1906 he was a member of a notorious gang of ticket speculators who were the bane of the public until ticket-peddling on the sidewalks in front of theaters was suppressed by the police. There are still other stories told about him that link his name with another sort of traffic, but whether these stories are true or not, there is nothing in Gest's career to indicate that he would ever contribute anything to the theater's best interest. He is the son-in-law of David Belasco.

The Genesis of Our Drama Masters

THEN there is Sam Harris, long the junior partner of the firm of Cohan and Harris, who began his career in the arts by managing Dixon, the colored champion featherweight pugilist, and the redoubtable Terry McGovern, champion lightweight prize fighter. With tastes formed at the ringside, he launched into theatrical ventures, allying himself with Al Woods. He catered to the lower classes and made a fortune by producing atrocious melodramas in second and third class houses.

And yet this is the Sam Harris who commands the patronage of hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of theatergoers, some of whom go on innocently believing that when they invade the theater they also enter, by some mystical process, "the realms of art."

Al H. Woods has but one good eye. It is not this personal loss that matters, but the history of the misfortune which goes back to the time when Al was a member of an East Side gang. The common report was that he used to play the piano in a downtown place, east of Fifth Avenue. Mr. Woods is also a distinguished patron of dramatic art—he presented "The Girl From Rector's" and "The Girl in the Taxi," two of the most immoral and pointless shows of recent years. Several times has secured the rights to certain Viennese operas which were bad enough in themselves from a moral point of view, but which were at least constructed with true artistry; but even these he marred by an inept infusion of vulgarity and blague.

The public, of course, does not see and does not know these gods before whom they pour their millions yearly, nor does the public know from what source theatric vileness comes. It is amusing to listen to the fledgling philosophers discuss the "tendencies of the stage," or expatiate learnedly on the "divine right of Art" to be as flippant and as filthy as it pleases, when all the time the "tendency" is started and the "art" is determined by men whose antecedents would make Art scream!

The American Theater is a small group of Jewish promoters and a large group of Gentile gullibles, and it is only the latter who "kid themselves" that there is anything real about the matter.

It is perfectly natural, therefore, that the complete Judaization of the Theater should result in its being transformed into "the show business," a mere matter of trade and barter. The real producers are often not culturally equipped for anything more than the baldest business. They can hire what they want, mechanicians, costumers, painters, writers, musicians. With their gauge of public taste and their models of action formed upon the race track and the prize ring; with their whole ideal modeled upon the ambition to pander to depravity, instead of serving legitimate needs, it is not surprising that the standards of the Theater should now be at their lowest mark.

As theatergoers are noticing more and more, the Jewish manager whenever possible employs Jewish actors and actresses. Gentile playwrights and actors are steadily diminishing in number for want of a market. At times the employment of Jewish actors has been so obtrusive as to endanger the success of the play. This was notably the case when the part of a young Christian girl of the early Christian Era was given to a Jewess of pronounced racial features. The selection was so glaringly inept, ethnically and historically, that it militated strongly against the impression the play was intended to produce.

Jews in the Stage Profession

THE "cover-name" conceals from the theatergoing public the fact that the actors and actresses who purvey entertainment are, in large and growing proportion, Jewish.

Some of the more prominent Jewish actors, many of them prime favorites, are Al Jolson, Charlie Chaplin, Louis Mann, Sam Bernard, David Warfield, Joe Weber, Barney Bernard, "Ed Wynne, or to mention his real name, Israel Leopold," Lou Fields, Eddie Cantor, Robert Warwick.

Among the prominent Jewish actresses are: Theda Bara, Nora Bayes, Olga Nethersole, Irene Franklin, Gertrude Hoffman, Mizi Hajos, Fanny Brice (wife of Nicky Arnstein), Bertha Kalisch, Jose Collins, Ethel Levy, Belle Baker, Constance Collier. The late Anna Held was a Jewess.

In addition to these there are others whose racial identity is not revealed by their names or any public knowledge about them.

The Jewish press claims for the Jews, aside from the commercial control of the stage, the control of the fun-making business. "The greatest entertainers, vaudevillians and fun makers are Jews," says an article in the Chicago *Jewish Sentinel,* commenting on the extent to which Jewish actors monopolized the Chicago stage that week.

Among the composers we once beheld Victor Herbert and Gustav Kerker in honorable places; but now the Irving Berlins have forced themselves into places hewn out and established by Gentiles who had a regard for art.

There are no great Jewish playwrights. Charles Klein wrote "The Lion and the Mouse," but never repeated. There is, of course, much commonplace work turned out for the stage; a commercialized stage needs a certain amount of "product." Among those engaged in such work are Jack Lait, Montague Glass, Samuel Shipman, Jules Eckert Goodman, Aaron Hoffman, and others.

The Jewish claim to exceptional genius is not borne out by the Theater, although the Jewish will to power is therein amply illustrated.

Belasco's name comes to mind, perhaps, oftener than any; and Belasco is the most consummate actor off any stage. To understand Mr. Belasco is to understand the method by which the "Independents" fought the Jewish Theater Trust, and still retained the monopoly of the Theater for the Jews.

The Revolt Against the Czars

THE old Trust was bowling along merrily, smashing everything in its way, thrusting honored "stars" into obscurity, blocking the path of promising playwrights, putting out of business all actors who would not prostitute art to commercialism, and there occurred what always occurs—for even the Jews are not superior to natural law—a bad case of "big head" was developed.

Klaw, Erlanger and their immediate associates felt themselves to be kings and began to exhibit a few supposedly royal idiosyncracies.

There were some protests, of course, against the arrogance of the Czars of the Theater. The Vanderbilts and other New York millionaires embodied their protest in a movement toward a national theater which was erected at Grand Central Park, and for which $1,000,000 was spent. One of the members of the Trust proved his birth and breeding by saying that this attempt to cleanse the theater was really only a plan to provide a place of vice for the benefit of the millionaire backers. The remark inspired deep rancor, but was more revelatory of the Jewish Trust's essential conception of the theater, than anything else.

Belasco came from San Francisco, where he had done various stunts, including those of an itinerant recitationist, illusionist and actor. James E. Herne took an interest in him as a youth and discovered him to be adept in helping himself to dialogues out of printed plays. Under Herne, Belasco learned much about stage effects, and soon became very successful in touching up defective plays. Coming to New York, Belasco fell in with DeMille, a Jewish writer for the stage, who only needed Belasco's "sense of the theater" to make his qualities effective.

Belasco became a factor in enlarging the Jewish control of the stage, in this way: he was connected with the Frohmans, but was unable to persuade them that Mrs. Leslie Carter, who had been the center of a sensational divorce suit and who had placed herself under Mr. Belasco's professional direction, was a great actress. The making of a star out of Mrs. Carter, and the gaining of public recognition for her, proved a long task. The Frohmans were unsympathetic.

Then, among the managers there was dissension too. The Shuberts had been compelled to take the leavings of the other Jewish magnates, especially the leavings of Charles Frohman, and the Shuberts revolted. The Shuberts were natives of Syracuse, and their preparation for the theater was not promising of their devotion to art. They were program boys and ushers. Then the haberdashery business claimed them as possibly a speedier course to wealth. Samuel Shubert eventually became a ticket seller in the box office. In due time, having learned a few marketable secrets of the theater, he launched a frivolous burlesque and comedy show. With this he floated into New York, and continued with his musical shows of a shallow kind, until the name Shubert has come to be descriptive of the productions. The Shuberts, of course, booked in Trust theaters.

About the year 1900, the Shuberts quarreled with the Trust and Belasco quarreled with the Frohmans, and the two hailed each other as fellow belligerents and proceeded to see what could be made of their belligerency. The public was showing signs of disgust with the Trust. That was the cue!—the Shuberts and Belasco would appeal to the public to help in the fight against the Trust. Belasco and the Shuberts would play the part of injured independents; public sympathy would be aroused, and public patronage would boost the "Independents" into the strength of a new Trust. That is exactly what occurred.

How Mr. Belasco Did His Part

BELASCO'S theatricalism helped to this end. He is an actor off, as well as on the stage. He affects the pose of a benevolent priest, and dresses the part, wearing a priestly collar, with clerical vest and coat. Although of Portuguese-Hebraic origin, Belasco dresses after this manner to honor, as he says, a tutor of his early days. Anyway, the costume is very effective, especially with the ladies. He has a tremulous, shy way about him, and he sits in his sanctum with the lights so arranged that his priestly face and splendid shock of silver hair seem to rise out of an encompassing and shadowy mystery. It is very effective—very effective. One woman declared, after being admitted to the presence and gazing on the face that rose out of the shadows into the light—"I have a better understanding of the divine humility of Jesus Christ since I have been privileged to meet Mr. Belasco."

Thus, "the master," as he is called, was well equipped to appeal to public sympathy. And he did appeal. There was no end to his appeal. He told stories of personal attacks made on him. He wrung his hands in desperate grief against the Trust's menace to the stage. His own productions, however, were not all immaculate. There was one, "Naughty Anthony" which brought the police censor down upon him. But there was a very clear conception in the public mind as to what the Trust had done to the stage; Belasco said he was against the Trust, and the rest was snap judgment.

The Shuberts and Belasco thus found themselves in a very favorable combination of circumstances. Their first financial aid came, strangely enough, through ex-Congressman Reinach, a Jew, "Boss" Cox, of Ohio, and others who were interested. These supplied the first money; the Shuberts supplied the management; Belasco supplied the wonderful impersonation of a Daniel come to call the Jewish Theater Trust to judgment. The campaign succeeded and wealth rolled in. For a time Belasco did prove to the public that he could pro-

duce better plays than the old Trust had given to the public, and to that extent he justified public confidence in him.

The end of the old Trust came in a natural way. The Shuberts became rich and powerful, and the Trust was then willing to do business with them. Some of the Trust members died, and about 1910 the old Trust ceased to exist as the dominant factor in American theatrical affairs. But the rise of the "Independents" did not bring relief; it only captured for Jewish enterprise that part of the theater which might have become the prize of a legitimate body of protesters against the old cheapness and vulgarity. The pretended protest won. The Theater was saved to Jewish control.

Jewish managers had created the public disgust in the first place. They knew what the public reaction would be, so they prepared to capitalize the reaction, and thus control the theatergoing public both going and coming. This they did with admirable strategy.

During the outbreak there was some genuine feeling of independence on the part of a few non-Jewish managers. John Cort organized a western theater circuit. Colonel Henry W. Savage swung loose from Klaw and Erlanger, as did also William A. Brady. But independence of the Jewish control has never flourished. Wherever it did keep up an independent front, it stood for the theater in its best sense, and served as the only channel of expression for the remaining few stage artists. The coming of the motion picture, however, gave true independence its quietus. The motion picture "industry"—and it is rightly named an "industry"—is entirely Jewish controlled, and as it is pushing its way into the legitimate theaters and crowding out human players for long periods every year, theater managers have to bow to it more and more.

It remained for the Shuberts, however, to give the theatrical business a most original twist. They made it a real estate speculation. Readers of this article may recall that recently they have read that in their own or a neighboring city the Shuberts are going to build one or two theaters. In one city, the announcement was made that two theaters were to be built. That particular city happens to need almost everything else but theaters. However it cannot get anything else that it needs, and there is no doubt it will get the theaters.

The Shuberts learned this trick when they were supposed to be "bucking the Trust." They went after any building they could get, and because of the public enmity to the Trust, they got better terms than otherwise could have been possible. An old riding school in New York became the Winter Garden. The great Hippodrome, the materialized dream of a non-Jew, Frederick Thompson, was taken over by the Shuberts. It soon dawned on the Shuberts that there was more money in theatrical real estate than in theatrical art.

The Theater a Real Estate "Spec."

TODAY, the Shuberts, while nominally theatrical managers, are really dealers in theatrical leases and buildings where theatrical productions are made. A theater, as a real estate proposition, pays amazingly well. Figure up the amount of space you occupy at a show, the length of time you occupy it, and the price you pay for it. It is Rent raised to the *nth* degree; then the offices which make the bulk of the structure, and the stores in front. Really, "the show business" is the minor consideration.

What does it cost the Shuberts? Very little but the use of their name. When it is the matter of a new theater, outside capital supplies three-fourths of the money, but the lease and the control are vested in the Shuberts. That is a rather handsome arrangement.

In the matter of producing plays, the same arrangement is often followed—the author, the star, or their backers supplying the larger part, sometimes all of the capital, while the Shuberts lend their name to the management and take their share of the booking fees and the rental of the theaters where the show is produced.

In October of last year (1920) a serious slump hit the theatrical business. Even in New York the theaters were experiencing the worst depression of years. More than 3,000 actors were idle and managers were compelled to resort to the cut-rate ticket agents to sell their seats. And yet, in the midst of it, Shubert announced six new theaters for New York alone. At the same time they announced the production of forty plays.

Forty plays! If a man announced that he was going to build six new art museums in one city and fit them up with the requisite number of oil paintings produced under his own direction, he would be considered crazy, especially if it were a matter of common repute that he knew nothing of art and was having the pictures painted merely to give value to his real estate!

It indicates how thoroughly accustomed the public has become to "the show business" and the "motion picture industry," that the announcement of these former haberdashers is taken so complacently. Forty plays!—when anyone can count on the fingers of both hands all the present-day American and English playwrights even remotely deserving of notice!

It is said that the Shuberts do not expect more than three out of forty plays to succeed. The success of a play, in the artistic sense, is not their business. To maintain enough plays on the road to keep alive their real estate investments is really the thing.

Thus it is now not strange where theatrical slang comes from. An actor who wins success is said to have "delivered the goods." An approved actress is "all wool and a yard wide." An author "puts it over" his audience. A girl of no particular class is a "skirt." A young chorus girl is a "broiler" or a "chicken." An actress who plays the part of an adventuress is a "vamp." A very successful play is a "knockout." Taken all together, it is "the show business." This is the effect of Jewish control of any profession—as any American lawyer will tell you.

There is now a non-Jewish generation which is totally ignorant of stage traditions and which accepts the modern stage as being what it always was and always will be. That generation is a product of Jewish management. The only protest now being offered is by the small dramatic clubs which, whether or not they know it, are the strongest "anti-Semitic" influence on the theatrical horizon.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

"A Gem From the Talmud"

"Three who lament and no one can help them: he who lends money without witness; he who holds his business in the name of a Gentile; and he who lets his wife rule him."

Hurrah for Revolution!

"Russia has shown us that when the people have conquered their rulers and oppressors, also the Jewish people can be free continually and have equal rights."—Chicago *Forward.*

Goy Stupidity

"Unclean hands of slanderers are endeavoring to throw upon our black veil of mourning the red garment of an executioner. We who are tortured by the thirst for peace and rest, are proclaimed by obdurate and ignorant people the principal promoters of the world unrest . . . . Had we been malignant, how haughtily we would have derided the *stupidity* of our enemies, *the hopeless inanity of their brains,* and their humiliating *fear* of our exaggerated strength . . . ./In this third anniversary (of the Bolshevist revolution), the saddest of all our sad anniversaries, we repeat the sorrowful query: 'Watchman, how old is the night? how old?' "—*Jewish Tribune,* Paris. A typical Jewish appraisal this, of *Goy* brains and character. It is quite in line with references throughout the "Protocols" to Gentile stupidity, inanity, bovine dullness and cowardice.

One Probable Outcome of Bolshevism

Captain Francis M'Cullagh, who recently escaped from Bolshevist Russia, writes, in the *Fortnightly Review*: "The most probable outcome of this Russian experiment will be a successful military reaction involving the extermination of half a million Reds and perhaps another half million of 'inoffensive Jews,' after which the pendulum will go on swinging . . . . until it finally comes to rest at a constitutional monarchy or a bourgeois republic."

The Ranking Jew

Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss will shortly be promoted to be admiral and appointed commander-in-chief of *our* Asiatic fleet. We believe he is the ranking Jew in the Navy today.—Chicago *Jewish Sentinel.*

Hushing It Up

Replying to a question by Sir Frederick Hall in the British House of Commons the other day, Cecil Harmsworth, under foreign secretary, said the official report concerning the Easter riots in Jerusalem was still in the hands of the new administration (Sir Herbert Samuel), and that in any event its publication was unlikely, since it would serve no useful purpose and might only revive feelings which were now happily settled. Mr. Harmsworth is a son of Lord Rothermere, owner of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial,* and a nephew of Viscount Northcliffe, owner of the *Times,* the *Daily Mail* and a score of other publications.

Erlanger Buys Taft Theater

A. E. Erlanger, one of the big chiefs among New York's Jewish theatrical magnates, has now purchased from Charles P. Taft, brother of the ex-President, owner of the *Times-Star,* a 99-year lease of the Grand Opera House, the principal theater in Cincinnati, of which Erlanger takes immediate possession. The transaction is reported as involving some five million dollars. Extensive improvements are to be made, including the erection of a sixteen-story office building over the present theater lobby.

Honoring Taft

"We shall henceforth link the name of Taft with John Reuchlin, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, Thomas Macaulay, Zebulun Vance and other distinguished men who defied public opinion and defended the Jewish people."—Chicago *Jewish Sentinel.* For which rich reward, it would seem that the ex-President might have given a little better value for his lecture fee.

Moving Them Along

Messrs. Polny and Banoth, leading Hungarian Jews, are attacked in a Jewish paper of Vienna on the score that they have been playing into the hands of the "anti-Semites" by using relief funds received from America to aid the government in deporting wretched refugees from Eastern Galicia.

As Much a Fable

We do not say that the Jew is a fool in business but . . . . the belief of so many Gentiles that Jews are the ablest and shrewdest business men is one of the most grotesque superstitions imaginable, and it is as much a fable as the fact *(sic)* that the Jews aspire to world domination."—Chicago *Jewish Sentinel.*

Star of David

New chapters of the Red Mogen-David, a Jewish fraternal order, have been formed in various sections of Philadelphia during the past month. The red Mogen, or star, is the insignia of the Zionists, which with slight modification has been adopted by the Russian Bolshevists and is worn by soldiers of the Red Army.

Palestine Mandate

The acceptance by Great Britain of the mandate for Palestine was announced on Christmas Eve in the king's speech to the Houses of Parliament at Westminster.

Was Bethman-Holweg a Jew?

A curious example of Jewish claims is the one made recently at the time of Bethman-Holweg's death. The Jewish press claimed him as a Jew. The Cleveland *Jewish World* claims that he is the grandson of a Jewish banking family of Von Bethman of Frankfort. In Germany the claim has always been refuted as false.

Private Advices From Abroad

"There is a constant stream of American Jews passing through Berlin to Poland and Galicia. These people are agents for the movement of Jewish forces to America.

"Last week, a certain Mr. S——— came through Berlin on his way back to America after a visit to Poland. He had with him just exactly 17 Polish Jews whom he was deputed to bring to America by the jewelry firm of ——— & Company, ——— Street, Philadelphia. These 17 people are alleged relatives of this American jeweler.

"I spoke to an American ex-officer who came from Krakau last week where he had observed the American consular officials. The stream of emigration, according to his statement, is carried on under such conditions that it defies description. The American passport regulations are absolutely set aside when it comes to expediting the passage of a Jew. When the flood started last year, the consuls would, off and on, refuse a passport to a Jew, when they found that it would be absolutely contrary to the laws and their oath to maintain these laws, to grant such a passport.

"In every case of refusal, however, the consuls were later instructed by letter or cable to grant the pass, so they have by this time given up the idea of refusing anyone."

News From Jerusalem

Jewish police force very inefficient; night travel unsafe. No building being undertaken to meet the house shortage. Prices are dropping, one to 10 per cent. No work for the people, except on the roads. New arrivals forced to live in tents of which there is a scarcity. The wine-workers have gone on strike. Jerusalem is taking on a Russian aspect from the Russian and Polish Jews. On November 10 the anniversary of the Bolshevist Revolution in Russia was celebrated with more life than has been seen here since the Easter riots. There were many signs—"Long live the national proletariat; the socialistic-federative Soviet Republic in Russia; the Third Internationale; the Socialistic Land of Israel!" Religious Judaism languishes, the Socialists and Bolshevists apparently absorbing all the enthusiasm.

Picturesque Cataracts Give City Its Power





Views of the Spokane River and the great spans that bridge it

SPOKANE, "City of Sunshine and Power," occupies a definite and important place in the interior economy of the great Pacific Northwest. Located approximately midway between the crests of the Rockies and the Cascades it is the logical and de facto commercial and financial center of the Inland Empire, a sweep of 150,000 square miles of country rich in agriculture, timber, minerals, live stock and fruit. Within this area are the largest stand of white pine extant, orchards that produced more than twice as many export apples as the next largest producing state in America, the principal silver-lead mines of the world, wheat fields that yielded 43 million bushels in 1919, and ranges that support ever-increasing bands of cattle and herds of sheep.

Through the very heart of the city dashes the Spokane River. Its picturesque cataracts with their immense power potentialities unquestionably had much to do with Spokane's genesis as a community and exercised a potent influence on the city's growth and development. Already 172,000 electrical horse power has been developed with further hydro-electric enterprises in process of formation. Power is sold cheaply with the valuable accompaniment of genuinely efficient service. Electric current generated at Spokane is carried to the Coeur d'Alene mining district for the operation of its great mines, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad hauls its transcontinental trains over the Saddle Rock Mountains with Spokane power utilized in the largest electric locomotives ever constructed.

Spokane's climate is one of its strongest recommendations. The altitude is 1,891 feet which makes for moderate temperatures—dry bracing summers, mild winters, cool nights. The city is admirably built, possesses charming residential districts and has a high percentage of single homes which has its reflex in an exceptionally low labor turnover. The park area is the largest in America in proportion to population.

Immediately adjacent to Spokane, and conveniently reached by the six transcontinental and 12 branch and interurban railroads that pass through or radiate from the city, is the "Green Summer Playground of America," a charming district of mountain lakes teeming with trout and foothills abounding in game. Spokane may be said fairly to typify the West at its best. It is a busy bustling community, hospitable and optimistic, proud of its record and confident of its brilliant future.

Take Off the Blinders

MRS. BROWNING, who was herself a keen observer and who appreciated to the utmost the beauty of life which is everywhere apparent to discerning eyes, dismayed by the lack of appreciation and shortness of vision of those around her, once gave vent to her feelings in the lines:

> "Earth's crammed with Heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God;
> But only he who sees takes off his shoes,
> The rest sit 'round and pluck blackberries."

The description is that of thousands of men and women today whose mental vision is blinded, whose moral sight is obscured, and whose perception has been made dull through daily contact with that which is sordid, and association with those whose visibility is of low range, and never rises above the level of their own interests and desires.

They are the people who, in the country, see nothing of the beautiful. They complain of the dust from the road which soils their shoes, and the heat of the sun which wilts them, or of the rain which brings them discomfort. The city to them means nothing beyond an aggregation of thousands who push and jostle them, a motley mob always seeking to thwart their purposes.

Get rid of the cataract which impairs your vision, oh man, oh woman, and see what a wonderful world it is in which you live! Look with open eyes at the sun, the trees, the flowers, the blue sky, the rain drops, all breathing of life and immortality! Hear in the song of the birds, and the purl of the brook and the buzz of the insects, the voice of God. Do not despise the throng which jostles you as you walk the city's streets. To your cleared vision the crowd becomes a thousand individuals, each of whom is a living being. You can see that their desires, and ambitions, and disappointments, and sorrows are the same which you yourself experience. Look into their faces and see there the reflection of God's image, and feel the throb of their emotions as they press you. If you can do this, then you are "seeing things" in the way that Mrs. Browning saw them.

"Give me a chance," said a young man, "and I'll show you what I can do." But he never did "show," for although there were opportunities all about him, he could not see them. If you would succeed be ever on the alert to see the opportunity when it comes. Tear the blinders from your eyes, young man, young woman, and see the chances for advancement which throng you daily, and are to be had for the asking. Reach out your hands and grasp them, and do not let them slip away unnoticed, or else some day there will come a time when it is too late.

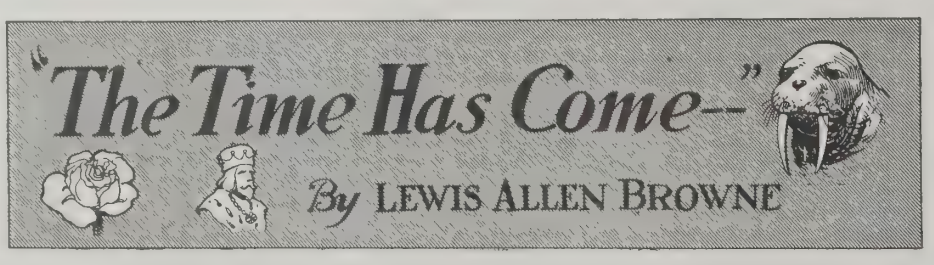
John J. Ingalls in his immortal lines on Opportunity says:

> "Master of human destinies am I.
> Fame, love and fortune at my footsteps wait,
> Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
> Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
> Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
> I knock unbidden once at every gate!
> If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
> I turn away."

Cultivate the habit of seeing the things that are all around you. Take the veil from before your eyes, and look with undimmed vision upon the common things of life which are "afire with God."

Learn to brush away the mists of doubt and distrust which sometimes rise between you and the "burning bush," and obscure your sight.

If you will do this, you will experience the real joy of living, and will never again be content to "sit 'round and pluck blackberries."



To be really popular you must allow people to tell you things that you already know, as if you had never heard of them.

There are times when it is important to speak, but more times when it is most important not to speak.

Half the men fall from their high places from speaking their thoughts.

If we were as satisfied with our fortunes as we are with our judgment, what a contented old world it would be!

No couple ever married without disappointing somebody, and they are fortunate if they don't finally disappoint everybody.

The man who is down and out may get lots of sympathy—but no praise.

If you have nothing much to say you will probably make a hit on the lecture platform—provided you say it well.

Most of our sins of omission are those we didn't have opportunity to commit.

Brevity, being the soul of wit, may explain the "funny" skirts the women are wearing these days.

Money is the root of most family trees—generally somebody else's money.

Leave fatuity out of our conversation and we would be talking in monosyllables.

Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives—or care a hang!

A laugh, a sigh; a smile, a tear; a giggle, a sob; a joy, a pain; a gain, a sacrifice—that is the synthesis of Love.

A good talker can always find a job, but a good doer is paid ten times as much.

With Truth in a well, Patience on a monument and Cupid with a bow and arrow, no wonder there are so many unhappy marriages.

When you are about to complain, pause and reflect on how little heed you pay to the complaints of others.

There are many mortal goddesses—they are all mothers.

Ideals are the bull's-eyes of life that should direct our aim.

Don't you recognize that lonely old woman weeping over there in the corner? She is the woman who, not many years ago, declared she would not be bothered with children.

It's a short lane that echoes no blowout.

The lover who speaks but says nothing never faces a breach of promise suit.

A man's logic is good—but a woman's "hunch" is frequently better.

Many a so-called love match is only the meeting of a woman with wiles and a man with conceit.

A man gets on his knees to an heiress that she may put him on his feet.

Don't ignore the man who gets ahead of you. Study him with care and learn how he did it.



A committee formed of the representatives in Congress from California is holding meetings in Washington in an effort to bring about some solution of the Japanese immigration question. The members of the committee from left to right are: Representatives John E. Raker, Chas. Hiram Randall, John Arthur Elston, Julius Kahn, chairman, Henry Zenas Osborne, Clarence F. Lea, Henry Ellsworth Barbour and John I. Nolan.

Japan's Side of the California Question

By K. K. KAWAKAMI

THAT the passage of the land law at the recent election in California failed to settle the Japanese question in that state is admitted by all. It was voted because of the intense agitation that preceded the election and the newspaper support, unreasoning support, that was extended. Today it is admitted that new legislation must be approved by the people because of the fact that the treaty modifications by the Federal Government will vitiate the California law. This discussion of a question that is occupying more and more columns of space in the press of the country is written by a Japanese living in California.

THE election in California has brought into distinct relief two important facts.

First, Senator Phelan's decisive defeat has proved that anti-Japanese agitation is not so good a card in the political game as he had thought.

Second, although the anti-Japanese land law was adopted by a considerable majority, this majority was not half so large as the proponents had expected. This again proves that anti-Japanese feeling is far from universal in California.

James D. Phelan, the senior Senator from California, pinned his hope for re-election to his anti-Japanese activities. For two years he has been marshaling formidable forces arrayed against the Japanese. He has had the solid backing of the Hearst papers, with other "metropolitan" papers throwing their weight on his side of the scale. "Keep California White" was his campaign slogan. During the month or so preceding the election, the state was flooded with huge posters, all bearing those three words in large letters. In the southern part of the state, this slogan stirred the ire of the Negroes, and the Senator altered it to "Keep California American!"

And yet the Senator's catechism has failed to re-elect him. He had underestimated the intelligence of his voters, and tried to scare them with the bogie of the Japanese menace. The people of California took this performance rather as an affront to their intelligence, and rebuked the performer by voting for his Republican opponent, Samuel Shortridge. Of course, Shortridge is no friend of the Japanese, but he did not make anti-Japanism his main campaign issue.

On the eve of the election it was generally predicted that the land law would be adopted by 9 to 1. But returns on the vote, though yet incomplete, have revealed a remarkable pro-Japanese sentiment, latent in the hearts of the Californians. Six hundred and sixty-three thousand four hundred and eighty-three voted for the anti-Japanese law, and 222,086 against it. The majority is less than 3 to 1.

When California submitted the Chinese question to the vote of the people in 1879, only 880 votes were cast in favor of the Chinese. Those cast against the Chinese numbered 161,405.

The friendly sentiment toward the Japanese disclosed at the polls is little short of a miracle, considering the formidable campaign waged against the Japanese during the last two years. The Japanese were given no hearing at all. The avenue of publicity was completely closed to them. They made no attempt to present their side before the public, for they knew that such attempts were futile. It was only during the few weeks immediately preceding the election that the Japanese Association sent out a few documents, giving authentic facts on the question, and that a number of sympathetic Americans began to realize the seriousness of the situation, and, with no solicitation from us, came to our rescue.

During the week preceding the election, it was an agreeable surprise to us to see in the newspapers a series of advertisements signed by many prominent Americans, presenting strong arguments against the Alien Land Initiative Measure. In one of these arguments we notice the following expression:

"This Initiative is an affront to the American tradition of honor and fair play. Our innate sense of justice revolts against it. It should be defeated because it insults the American people, rather than because it works hardship for the Japanese."

It is also pleasant to recall that the president and professors of Stanford University published a statement against the measure. In that statement we see the following utterance:

"The proposed measure is contrary to the whole spirit of our institutions. Every one must recognize that the nation has the right to scrutinize carefully every alien whom it admits to its shores. But once admitted, the nation should see that all aliens are treated with absolute fairness and impartiality."

When we read such dignified statements as these, we are convinced that the American tradition of fair play is still a vital force in American life. Our respect for Americanism and American institutions has been deepened by the experiences we have passed through in the strenuous weeks preceding the election.

At the same time, we are proud that the Japanese Association and all individual Japanese have all along maintained a dignified attitude toward Senator Phelan and other gentlemen who have been advancing the anti-Japanese movement. We have examined every document that has been sent out by the Japanese Association, and we have never come across a single remark or criticism about the Senator or his associates. The Japanese have faced the crisis with self-restraint, and acquitted themselves with dignity and calmness.

I have referred to California's attitude toward the Chinese as revealed in the popular vote of 1879, and its significance in comparison to the recent vote on the Alien Land Law directed against the Japanese. The treatment of the Chinese between the sixties and eighties of the last century was atrocious. Compared with it, the treatment of the Japanese is but a mild form of abuse. No Japanese has suffered physical attack at the hands of "hoodlums." No property owned by Japanese has been destroyed by the "riffraff" elements. Only once or twice yellow journals reported alleged cases of rough treatment meted out to the Japanese, but upon investigation such reports proved groundless, and nothing but the usual trick of newspapers to incite animosity against the Japanese. Thanks to the intelligence of the people of California, the yellow press has failed, and failed ignominiously, in its vile tricks. Everywhere the Japanese are getting along amicably with the Americans. Japanese are employing and being employed by Americans. Americans are glad to employ, and work for, Japanese. In cafés and restaurants, at hotels and theaters, there is no disposition to discriminate against the Japanese.

That no bitter anti-Japanese feeling has developed is partly due to the fact that the Japanese, in their mental outlook and temperament, are essentially Occidental, and are capable of adjusting themselves to western environments. But the stronger reason lies in the fact that, despite all the hue and cry raised by politicians and the yellow press, the Japanese are not a real menace in California. Says the American Committee of Justice, organized to oppose the Alien Land Initiative Law:

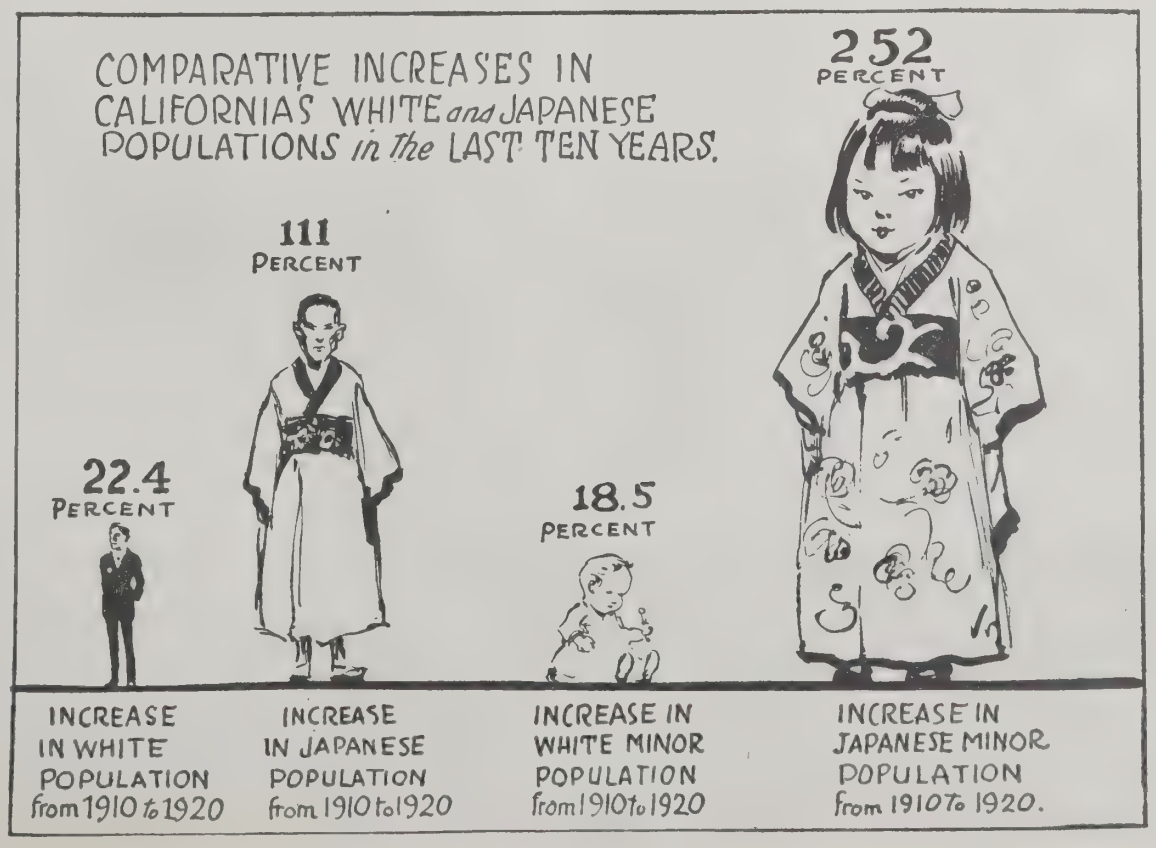
"Only 2.2 per cent of California's total population is Japanese. In 1919 more white children were born in California than all the Japanese children born here in the ten years preceding. We should not be placed in the ridiculous position of 97.8 of our population being in fear of 2.2 per cent. We would be confessing ourselves weaklings and fools if we were to think that our institutions and civilization were endangered by the presence of such a small number of Japanese, unobtrusive, law-abiding, minding their own business, and bothering nobody.

"The state board of control reports that Japanese cultivated 458,056 acres last year. California has an area of 96,617,280 acres, of which about 28,000,000 is farm land. Of this vast farm land only 1.6 per cent is cultivated by Japanese. Upon this 1.6 per cent they produce 13 per cent of California's total food output. Their produce is valued at $67,000,000, of which 35 per cent is paid landowners as rentals and 45 per cent to labor as wages. The balance of 20 per cent is the reward for Japanese tenants and contractors. The Japanese have taken up much of the worst land and made it fertile, thus helping to reduce the cost of food for the city worker."

The failure of Senator Phelan is due to the fact that he tried to make the people of California believe that the Japanese were a very grave menace. Governor Stephens, of California, made this plain when, in January, 1920, he said:

"In my opinion the present agitation in Cali-

(Concluded on page 12)





"Council Tree" with a spread of more than 125 feet.



A whole city loves this tree.

The Elms That Are Loved by a Whole City

By ARTHUR F. McCARTY

IF YOU have been fortunate enough to grow from childhood to manhood or womanhood within the shadow of some such tree as either of those pictured here, you can appreciate the value, both sentimentally and in dollars, placed on these trees by the owners of them. It might be harder for you to understand how practically the entire population of a city of 16,000 shares with the owners the love for the trees and the appreciation of their beauty.

Less than fifty years ago several hardy souls founded the town in the valley of the Smoky Hill River, in Central Kansas, not far from the geographical center of the United States, and named it Salina. It is known as a city of attractive homes, well paved streets and a fine civic spirit. And it is celebrated for its trees, especially the huge elms which are to be found in this town growing where planted by nature.

These original trees grew in scattering fashion over the town site. As the streets were paved, some of the trees had to be sacrificed, but wherever possible the original trees were saved. Houses were planned and erected to permit the trees to stand, and the citizen who is fortunate enough to have one of the original trees in his yard is a subject of envy.

The specimens pictured are all of the species *Ulmus Americanus,* or American Elm, of the spreading variety, which is without a superior as a lawn tree. The areas shaded by some of these trees are quite remarkable.

The tree called the "Council Tree" stands just inside the sidewalk line on East Iron avenue, which at that point is 100 feet in width. The tree has a span of more than 125 feet, the part over the street reaching well beyond the center. There is a legend that before the white man came to disturb their council fires the Indians resorted to this tree in large numbers, and that here the tribal councils were held. The truth of this is not vouched for, but it could easily be true, for the tree is certainly old enough and was a large tree at the time the town was surveyed.

The "Jury" tree is younger, and its span is but a little more than 100 feet, but it is a very beautiful tree and known to every person in the city. Its name does not come from any legend, but is that of the owner of the property on which it stands.

There are other specimens of these widely arched trees in Salina, probably a hundred or more, many of which equal in beauty and spread of branch the ones illustrated, but unfortunately cannot be portrayed with the camera because of buildings or other trees preventing an unobstructed view. Every one of them is an object of affection, bestowed impartially by every neighbor, and if fire or other destructive force were to menace one of them there would be an army ready instantly to fight for the tree. Some time ago a runaway automobile mounted the curb and collided with one of these trees. The car was reduced to junk, parts of it being driven into the tree nearly a foot, and the bark was stripped from a space five or six feet high and half way around the tree. The daily newspaper carried a story of the accident, but instead of featuring the damage to the costly automobile, played up the injury to the tree. A week later there was another story in the paper, describing how the tree had been wrapped and patched in an effort to save its life. The owner of the property had many telephone inquiries about the tree and how it was standing the injury; the name of the owner of the car was forgotten in twenty-four hours, but there are few persons in that whole city who would be unable to tell you in what yard the injured tree stands. Automobiles, it seems, can be replaced, but a tree that has been fifty or more years in the growing is priceless.

The Mississippi Packet Comes Back Concluded from page 3

rail lines, but as freight carriers, under the new freight schedule of the railroads, they can handle freight on long hauls at 35 to 40 per cent cheaper than the rails, and on short hauls at 20 per cent cheaper, and still make ten to fifteen per cent on the money invested.

"Yet if the romance of the passenger list is taken from the packet, there still remains that factor of romance which has helped to bring the packet back—those men, and their sons, and their sons' sons, who have been brought up on the river, to whom the packet was home and food and clothing and business and industry, and who have brought back the packet, at the first opportunity. For it was these men, and not new blood seeking a new industry, which began bringing out the steamboats which have laid tied up in many a tiny 'port' throughout the lower Mississippi Valley for the past ten, fifteen, twenty, and some nearly thirty years.

"To these old men and their sons and their grandsons, the packet has never left the streams; it has merely retired, until the time came for the revival of river transportation, and, as they have worked, some of them at uncongenial and unloved tasks, they have hoped and waited and prayed for the return of their beloved steamboats. And because commerce follows the line of least resistance, the packets have come back. The restless pioneer who came across the Alleghenies and settled in the valley of the Ohio was likewise the pioneer in water transportation in the United States. He flatboated and barged his cargoes down the Mississippi, to market at Memphis or Vicksburg or New Orleans, and then sold his flatboat or his barge and walked or rode on horseback all the return journey to his home. Often his walk was 2,000 miles back from New Orleans to his log hut in the wilderness of the western slope of these mountains, and when the steamboat came in 1812 to carry his cargoes of merchandise back, and his cargoes of produce down, this pioneer called together others of his kind and towns sprang up on the banks of the streams, all because, in the beginning, it had been easier to raft his lumber and furs and other products down the valley than to pack it back over the mountains to the markets of the Atlantic seaboard.

"The flatboat and the raft passed out, and steamboats increased by scores until the Civil War, but the blockades of this conflict broke down the lines of travel of the packets, until about 1866, when they began to revive again.

"I went to work on the river in 1869, and for the next eighteen years, these river steamboats grew in number, size and wealth until they became real floating palaces. I doubt if there ever was a stateroom on a transatlantic liner which compared in furnishings and equipment with the magnificent apartments which were called 'cabins' on these huge old packets. So large did this industry become that in 1870 there were 41 separate and distinct companies operating packets out of New Orleans on the Mississippi and its tributaries as far north as St. Louis, and 25 others operating north of St. Louis, all of which connected with the southbound lines at the Missouri port. New Orleans was then the third city—and the first port—in the United States.

"For nearly two decades—up to 1887—this fleet, numbering, if I recall it correctly, some 300 boats, made the Mississippi River one huge artery of trade, travel and communication for all its 1,200 miles from New Orleans to St. Louis. But, in 1887 came the Interstate Commerce Act, putting the balance of traffic power in the hands of the railroads, and the river fleets at once went into a decline, from which they are just now reviving. As an example of how rapidly this traffic is coming back, let me point out to you that 50 years ago, when I went up and down the river in the first 'America,' a packet of the same size and type as the one I now have, I used to get 2,000 bales of cotton a trip. This year, I will get 2,000 bales on one trip from Greenville, Arkansas, southward to New Orleans, ten times as great a load of cotton as my 'America' has carried on any one trip in the past 25 or 30 years. But passengers? Possibly you, possibly your friend or my friend, but not more than two or three. The rates are not what they used to be, and steamboat operation today is a business not a profession, a pleasure, or a gamble."

There is another difference in the packets of today from those of yesterday which Captain Cooley, being of the river, a river man, did not notice, or chose not to mention. That is, that we are getting a type of packet for every type of work to be done. In the old days, the type of the packet varied only in size, depending on the width and depth and crookedness of the streams on which it was to be operated. But shortly before Christmas the writer, in a four-day trip on a packet, met five different types of packets, virtually all of them rebuilt from old hulls which had been in operation for some years, but all re-designed, specialized packets, as it were, intended for special work.

There are the large river packets, the large excursion packets, the large freighters of the smaller rivers, bays, lakes and bayous, seldom of more than 100 tons carrying capacity; the "slaveys" among the packets, the "maids of all work," which tow barges, haul crippled schooners, carry loads of freight or may be chartered for hunting expeditions, and the little passenger packets, scarcely larger than good big motor boats, which furnish often the only connection remote dwellers in the great marsh have with civilization. But they have all come back. The packets are again on the job, with their singing firemen, their whistling exhausts, their screaming whistles, their endless stops to cut firewood from some cypress swamp, and their great ability to deliver cargo where no other form of transportation can deliver it, bayou-side in the midst of the 12,000 square miles of swamp, where live nearly 300,000 apparently contented people of the South.

Japan's Side of the California Question Concluded from page 11

fornia was inspired by candidacy for office. It is true that many worthy citizens have now allied themselves with it with laudable purpose. The fact remains, however, that the dominant factors in the movement are actuated by their desires for political preferment."

The statement was lengthy and spared no words in criticising the gentlemen who were candidates for various offices.

Between last January and the present moment the Japanese situation has undergone no change. All the essential facts about the Japanese were known to the governor eleven months ago. And yet the same governor, a Republican, made public, on the eve of the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, a lengthy letter addressed by him to Secretary of State Colby. Since then he has visited Washington and made a pilgrimage to Mr. Harding's front porch, taking pains to let the world know that he and his party were just as anti-Japanese as the Democrats.

The inwardness of California politics centering upon the Japanese question can be appreciated only by those who live here and have closely followed the tortuous course it has taken.

A significant fact in the present agitation against the Japanese is organized labor's apathy toward it. At the time of the San Francisco school incident of fifteen years ago, organized labor was the motive power of agitation. In the movement leading to the enactment of the anti-Japanese land law of 1913, organized labor played the most prominent part. But in the present movement labor has been a follower, not a leader.

This modification of attitude on the part of organized labor is mainly due to the fact that the Japanese no longer compete with American labor. The Japanese workers are getting as much as, and in some cases even more than their American fellows. Moreover, in the past several years Japanese farmers have become employers of American labor. Thus American laborers have come to know that the Japanese are considerate and generous employers.

In discussing California's anti-Japanese land bill it is pertinent to consider Japanese laws relative to the property rights of foreigners in Japan. In 1910 the Japanese Diet adopted a law extending landownership to aliens, but this law has never been sanctioned by the emperor, and remains pigeonholed. Under the existing laws, quite independently of the 1910 law, the property rights of foreigners are fairly well protected. True, they as individuals cannot own land, but corporations organized by them are permitted to own real property. Again the Civil Code of Japan allows aliens to lease land of any description for fifty years, and to hold the right of superficies for unlimited periods. Furthermore, foreigners in Japan still enjoy the benefit of perpetual lease, a peculiar prerogative established in the days of exterritoriality.

A Pen Picture of Elinor Glyn

Not the Flaming Vampire Her Writings Depict

By JOHN B. WALLACE

HOW seldom do persons whom you have never seen look like you expected them to appear—especially authors. For instance, take a story of buccaneers, pirate gold, buckets of blood and weeping victims walking a plank. You would naturally picture the writer as a big, husky, upstanding specimen of humanity with beetling brows and thews like an ox. Yet nine times out of ten he will be an anemic, pale-complexioned youth, hiding watery-blue eyes behind a pair of horn spectacles. Hints to the lovelorn, so popular in our daily papers, are only too often hacked out on a typewriter by a black-whiskered, tobacco-chewing individual who ought to be digging ditches.

Mind and matter seldom synchronize in the writing game.

Thus it was with my conception of Elinor Glyn. I had pictured her as a long, languorous creature with all the characteristics of that modern siren known in our terse patois as a vamp. Where I obtained that conception I do not know unless I thought she had incarnated herself in the heroine of "Three Weeks."



ELINOR GLYN

I found Madame Glyn to be a brisk little Englishwoman with gray-green eyes—more green than gray — and brick red hair—red not auburn—at least what I could see of it for we were out-of-doors and she had her hat on. Her manner is more French than English although she can trace her English ancestry back for many generations without a break. Her accent, however, is decidedly English.

She reminded me oddly of Becky Sharp, the clever little heroine of Thackery's masterpiece, "Vanity Fair." Not that I would imply that Madame Glyn is of the adventuress type. Far from it. She was a devoted wife for many years, her husband dying five years ago and she is the mother of two grown daughters. Her vamping has all been done in her mind and projected via her pen into her novels.

Madame Glyn is still an attractive woman but her attractiveness is rather of personality and mentality than physical pulchritude. She talks in epigrams. Her powers of observation seem to be exceptionally keen and she has no hesitancy in voicing her opinions. Perhaps that is why she is so popular as a speaker at club luncheons. Our society women like to be told the truth about themselves provided, of course, that the teller has the required social qualifications. The fact that Madame Glyn has been presented at nearly every court in Europe leaves no doubt as to her eligibility.

To the discovery that she had the gift of writing Madame Glyn ascribes the fact that she is alive today. Born on a country estate in England she was married to a neighboring country gentleman, known in England as a squire, while in her early twenties. At twenty-five she was in ill health and life held out little promise to her. She was an intimate friend of her nearest neighbor, the Countess of Warwick, of Essex. One day in rummaging through some old trunks she came across an old diary which she had written when a schoolgirl. Through her family connections she had been a constant visitor at the houses of the great and near great. Many of her impressions she had recorded in this diary. While glancing through it she suddenly conceived the idea of writing a story giving these impressions through the ingenuous eyes of an innocent schoolgirl.

The result was "The Visits of Elizabeth." She read the story to her husband and he thought it very amusing. He was a friend of the publisher of the London *World,* a weekly magazine, and one day he happened to mention that his wife had written a rather clever little story.

The publisher expressed a desire to see it.

"I'll never forget the day I received a telegram from that man saying 'Elizabeth will do,'" Madame Glyn told me. "I was lying in a hammock on the lawn reflecting on how long I would have to live. That message seemed to revive me and from that day I began to recover my health."

The story was published in the *World* as a serial but its immediate popularity caused it to be withdrawn before its completion and published in book form. It had been published anonymously and Madame Glyn had a great deal of amusement listening to the comments of her friends. They wondered who on earth could have written it as many of the anecdotes and experiences told in the story could have been known only to one who moved in the inner circle of society.

Madame Glyn knew nothing of copyright laws and failed to protect her copyright on the book. She therefore got practically nothing for it except the knowledge that she could write. Soon after its publication she went to Egypt for her health and while on this trip wrote her second book, "The Reflections of Ambroisine."

"Three Weeks," her greatest success, was her fifth book. She had always been interested in the character of the Slav, especially the Russian women. While on a visit to a friend's country house in Scotland she became attracted by the clean-cut, innocent minded appearance of a young man who was also a guest there. She pictured him under the spell of a Russian siren. The result was "Three Weeks" which took her six weeks to write and has brought her a fortune in royalties. "Three Weeks" has been translated into every known language except Spanish and still sells in the United States at the rate of more than 25,000 copies a year. Strangely enough it has also been extremely popular in Japan. "Three Weeks" also brought an invitation to the Russian court where she remained six months as a guest of the royal family, who were later murdered by the Bolsheviks. It was her sympathetic interpretation of the Slav woman that won her this honor. While at the Russian court she wrote "His Hour."

This is Madame Glyn's fourth visit to America. She likes this country very much and thinks she understands Americans much better than do most Europeans.

I found that Madame Glyn and I had one thing in common and that was a hatred for snobs. Madame Glyn thinks that most American women whom she has met are snobbish.

"The American spirit is this," she epitomized, "I am as good as you but no one beneath me in station is my equal."

She says that most American men, no matter what their walk in life, are naturally gentlemen but she believes that they allow their women to dominate them too much. Being a man, I did not dispute her. However, there are worse things than petticoat tyranny.

Although she has written a score of novels Madame Glyn seldom reads fiction. Her idea of light reading is a copy of Gibbon or Stern with an occasional dip into the classics of which the "Letters of Lucian" is her favorite.

Madame Glyn came to America, this time, under contract to a big motion picture concern for which she is to write scenarios. She is enthusiastic over the possibilities of the new medium of expression but knowing the ways and wiles of motion picture directors I fear that there will soon be a clash of that intangible yet only too real thing known as artistic temperament.

The Wood Hollow Papers

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

AS I was chopping wood in the afternoon I heard twitterings in the air above me and looked up. It was a merry crew of goldfinches coming apparently from nowhere and alighting in the field to feed upon the weeds. They always seem to drop from the very clouds, even like the snowflakes themselves, with a lightning-like glimmer, and then, before you are aware of it, they are busy close to the earth picking up the seeds that make up their daily fare. For all the lamentable gloominess laid at the door of winter; for all the uncomfortable attendances that are said to rise out of the ice and snow, how then shall we interpret the presence of the goldfinch whom even winter cannot drive to cover? January days or February days at their blackest are no bar to this little fellow. His rise and dip through the air and his twitterings en route are music to the soul. One is forgiven going into rhapsodies over it. No song of hermit thrush in the summer or lyric outburst of a thousand associated harbingers in the spring or early summer can equal that one song of the goldfinch, fragrant memory as it is of the liquid music that flows from that same throat in the summer. While our wintry doors creak grimly shut, like the sound of chains and bolts being fitted into place, who shall listen and hear across the immensity of the bleak fields one happy voice, rising, rising, and then fading, rising and fading until these little ones are lost over a hill or down in a snow-covered swale? While the snows come out of the frozen North and while these heralds of its coming ride downward out of the unvanquished wastes, let us not mourn over our own petty chills and misfortunes, for here we have wintry happiness represented in the very atoms.

The bird that people know in the summer as the "wild canary," so familiar to our woods and lanes, is none other than the goldfinch as it is technically termed; yet how many people are aware of the fact that the so-called "wild canary" stays with us the year around and that in the winter it changes to another color and so escapes attention. Birds that stay through the winter change plumage color with the coming of cold weather. The goldfinch or "wild canary" is yellow in the summer with a black cap on its head. In the winter it takes to itself a sparrowy coloration, with whitish underparts, a yellow throat, and, as though it would follow the fashions, it obtains for itself a yellow winter cap.

The tree sparrow is also with us in the North in the winter. This specimen and all the other sparrows, of which there are thirty varieties in this country, belong to the finch family. The tree sparrow, *Spizella monticola,* destroys vast quantities of weed seeds, and government estimates have it that in one state alone the tree sparrows destroyed in one year close to nine hundred tons of weed seeds. Of course this is an estimate and like all estimates it must be taken on its face value. I do not know how such estimates can be made, but the system of examining the stomach contents of the birds no doubt has led to the basis for such reckonings. Thus if one bird is found to have such and such an amount of seeds in its stomach this amount is no doubt multiplied by the number of possible tree sparrows in a state, thus a daily figure of seed consumption being obtained. A well-known ornithologist has stated that a scarlet tanager has been seen to consume thirty-five gipsy moths a minute for eighteen minutes at a time. To which an exceedingly shrewd observer remarked:

"According to this estimate that is 630 gipsy moths in 18 minutes. I have never measured or weighed gipsy moths but I believe that 630 would weigh a pound and would fill two quarts. Nor have I accurate figures of size or weight of scarlet tanagers, but believe them not over two ounces in weight. Here we have, then, a two-ounce bird eating two quarts, 630 moths, each a possible three-quarter inch in length, eight times its own weight in eighteen minutes!"

The seed-consuming birds have surely not the value of the tree-working birds which destroy parasitical life with such finality, but in the wisdom of her course nature has set them to their duties and the tree-working birds to theirs. A flock of seed-consuming birds alights in a thicket of weeds and while they pick a few seeds from the tops it must also be remembered that hundreds upon thousands of seeds are scattered on the snow. These seeds attract the rays of the sun as any dark surface will that lies on the snow. Soon the seeds sink into the snow and by their own heat are preserved. In the spring they fix themselves in the earth and rise as a new generation. Unconsciously the birds sow broadcast the seeds that nature produces—that is part of the infallible Great Design. Is it a bird working among the pine cones in the forest? Where a few seeds are consumed a hundred fall to the earth below. These seeds are washed away to new places and so new pines arise to beautify the land. Does not the bluejay cleave to the shelter of the oak trees, nesting in them, staying by them, winter or summer? The oddest trait in the bluejay is its strange passion for burying acorns; thousands of them; and they never return to consume them. Men who have studied deeply cannot explain it. Then there is only one solution: the bluejays are set to plant the oak trees. We scoff at this because it appears a poetic fancy; we are blind to the working of the Great Scheme of things; rather we spend the major portion of our one-hour existence probing into gigantic theories, attempting to set them to work, forgetful of the natural processes, the avenues to which are so near to us and yet so far away!

(Continued next week)

The Eighteenth Amendment—One Year Later

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

WHEN three judges presiding on the Domestic Relations Board met September last at Norristown, Pennsylvania, to consider cases of desertion and non-support, they found that not a single case was listed for their attention.

The Anti-Saloon League goes on record as stating that they estimate that prohibition has reduced crime forty per cent throughout the United States.

Since prohibition has come into effect, insanity has decreased sixty per cent, according to no less an authority than the president of a Missouri sanitorium.

In New York State 6,131 physicians held Federal permits to prescribe alcoholic liquors for medicinal purposes in 1920. Less than 1,000 applied for similar privileges for 1921.

An interesting research apropos of what prohibition has done for a typical American city was carried on in Grand Rapids, Michigan, by representatives of the *Survey,* a magazine dealing with welfare. Grand Rapids is a city of 137,000 inhabitants, approximately one quarter of the population being foreign-born. Two years before national prohibition went into effect, state prohibition closed the city's one hundred and sixty saloons and 40 or 50 halls equipped with private bars. The wholesale liquor houses went out of business, and the three breweries began the manufacture of soft drinks.

The result of this, possibly coupled with the manufacturing impetus brought on by the war, has seemed to be better wages, steady employment, the decline of two great indexes of public health, tuberculosis and infant mortality; a lack of poverty, and a growing demand for recreation; coupled with an awakening value of thrift. Crime certainly decreased, for in the year 1916-17, the total number of crimes and misdemeanors numbered 2,926; in 1919-20 the number was 877.

One of the most interesting results of the survey was a study of what became of the saloons. It was found that 57 of these were now used as soft drink parlors, 37 of them being used for soft drinks only, the others having a pool or billiard parlor in connection. There were 79 stores where saloons had once flourished, now devoted to restaurants, candy stores, barber shops, four branch banks, one pawnshop, two five and ten cent stores, two drug stores, the rest being miscellaneous retail and wholesale stores. Of the 160 saloons that were closed, but nine spaces were vacant when the survey was made. Of the rest, the buildings had either been torn down, or were in the process of renovation.

Crime Record Shows Drop

ANOTHER witness in the cause of prohibition is the commissioner of public safety, of Rochester, New York, who reports crime in his city below the average, though he admits a marked increase of crime of a more serious character. He says:

"Study of the monthly police reports show, with the exception possibly of the last few weeks, a marked decrease in the number of arrests for intoxication but an increase in reports of crime of more serious character. Thefts and crimes of violence have increased here as in other sections of the country, and recent revelations of social conditions have directed attention to the part the automobile has played in sex offenses." (November 11, 1920.)

An optimistic statement is made by the head of the Chicago Humane Society. He says that since prohibition there has been a falling off of thirty-five per cent of the cases of wife-beating, family abuses and non-support, and that crime of all kinds in his city, coming under his society's attention, has decreased more than twenty-five per cent. The question has arisen on several occasions, however, as to whether or not prohibition has been the reason for this lack of domestic quarrel. Several judges have thought the high wages paid during the last three years may have been responsible for marital harmony.

The reports on petty crime, those coming in up to the last few weeks, when there seemed to be a serious disorder in the criminal world, have shown that in the small, as well as the large communities, the jails have been more or less empty during 1920.

Before the country went dry the Concord, Massachusetts, reformatory had from 800 to 1,000 inmates all the time; now they have but 382.

Prohibition was adopted by Nebraska in 1916, and a recent survey by the state board of charities discloses the fact that the poorhouse has been abandoned in all but 53 out of 93 counties in the state. Omaha, Nebraska's largest city, has but 205 indigents on its farm, and Lincoln, next in size, but 23.

In Boston, prior to prohibition, the healing clinics dealt with a large number of alcoholic and drug cases, but in the last year the alcoholic cases have dropped from sixty to six, and not a single drug addict applied for help. The Reverend Dr. Elwood Worcester declares that the dry laws have been rigidly enforced in Massachusetts, and that the effect is noticeable in every part of the state in the emptying of jails and reformatories. Insanity, induced by alcohol, has also decreased.

There is in Germantown, Pennsylvania, a noted institution called the Whosoever Gospel Mission and Rescue Home. Since prohibition went into effect, during its first year they report 1,487 applications for help as compared with 6,199 the previous year.

"These figures speak volumes for prohibition," says the mission's superintendent. "Our men have learned they can do without liquor and the larger credit for their finances and freedom belongs to prohibition. Plentiful work and good wages would not have produced their success and prosperity had the saloon been wide open. Prohibition has brought respectability among them."

In the District of Columbia crime is decreasing, according to the annual report of Charles C. Foster, general superintendent of penal institutions. During the last fiscal year only 833 prisoners were sent to the Occoquan workhouse as against 2,511 during the preceding twelve months. It is Superintendent Foster's belief that "continuous and more effective restriction of the sale of liquor, narcotics and deadly weapons will reduce crime almost to a minimum.

"No matter what the belief," he goes on to say, "it is a certainty that prohibition enforcement is something of a crime preventive and a crime cure. The record here shows it. It has reduced the population until now and then the number of prisoners resembles an assemblage responding to a call to donate money to an unpopular cause. While it has greatly reduced the working force here, it has, on the other hand, made the sun shine in many a home and put a smile on many a tear-stained face. Gloom around a workhouse because man power is lacking becomes negligible as compared to the contentment and happiness in places made desolate as a result of an unconquerable indulgence. When jails and workhouses suffer a census decrease the sum total of human happiness is on the increase."

Hospital Beds Released

FROM the Schenectady (N. Y.) jail, where 67 of 88 cells are empty, comes a very similar report, due to the "drouth," the sheriff says.

In New York City for the ten months of 1920, from January to October, 12,485 cases were handled by the sheriff's office, against 14,782 cases for the same period in 1919. And in this connection it must be remembered that in the metropolis prohibition is not—perhaps cannot be—thoroughly enforced. Liquor may still be had almost anywhere in the city, provided one has the price.

In June last, Charles L. Chute, secretary of the state of New York probation commission, gave figures showing a reduction in court cases of thirty-four per cent in seventeen large city and county courts of New York State. The opinion was almost unanimous among the probation officers that the dry law reduces court work.

Incidentally, to again quote from a New York figure, Frederick D. Green, secretary of the United Hospital Fund, claims that "thanks to prohibition, 7,000 beds have been released for the care of maternity, mental, tuberculosis and general cases. All the city's hospitals, within a month after prohibition, reported a heavy falling off of ambulance calls due to inebrity.

"Indications are," said Mr. Green, "that diseases and accidents due to alcoholism will continue to decline, that the general standard of health will thereby be raised and the duration of patients' stay in hospitals will be cut down, because an alcoholized system requires more time to throw off disease than a normal system. In this way the general usefulness and efficiency of all our hospitals will be increased."

Providence, Rhode Island, philosophizes on the economic effects of the Eighteenth Amendment. Captain Ahern says, "The mothers and children are getting the money the saloon man used to get. There is no longer any argument against prohibition." The police are prohibitionists almost to a man, for without liquor the work for policemen of all grades is "lighter and more agreeable." In the twelve months ending July 1, 1920, there were 1,883 arrests for drunkenness in Providence as against 10,175 for the previous year. All of which is ascribed by Providence police officials to the workings of prohibition.

Speaking before the Osteopath Association in Philadelphia, in November last, Dr. A. G. Hildreth, of Macon, Missouri, declared that insanity in the United States had decreased sixty per cent since alcohol has been scarce. His reason for the remarkable decrease is "that the people of the nation are leading a more quiet life and the over-exertion of the nervous system, which is caused by the drinking of alcoholic liquors, has been done away with. People are taking more care of themselves, and by total abstinence their body is kept at a normal condition.

No Increase in Drug Traffic

"ALTHOUGH there is a wave of crime sweeping over the country, this wave will subside gradually. The reason for the increase in crime is because men have not accustomed themselves to prohibition and will go out as bandits and rob and murder just to obtain money to pay the exorbitant prices asked for alcohol."

When in January, 1920, the national dry laws actually went into effect, it seemed to be the general opinion that, as it was enforced more and more stringently, the greater, in proportion, would be the number of drug addicts. But, according to Frank J. Fitzpatrick, head of the Federal Narcotic Squad of the Internal Revenue Department, drug addicts have not increased since the advent of prohibition. On the other hand, he declares that there is a marked decrease in many cities.

It was also predicted that without the laws the hotels could not exist, that many would be wiped out. This prediction has not worked out according to rule. There are more ice cream parlors, serving cakes and sandwiches, and the hotels and restaurants, the tea-room and the "dog" wagon all report big business. The people are drinking less, and eating more.

Alfred Amer, president of the Southern Interstate Hotel Association, believes that prohibition has been "of tremendous benefit" to hotel proprietors by making the operation of hotels easier, as to the handling of guests as well as employes.

There has, he claims, been a remarkable decrease in breakage, and a decided improvement in the reliability and efficiency of employes.

"In the year or more that has passed since prohibition began to go into effect," Mr. Amer explains, "hotel proprietors and managers have found the benefits of prohibition so materially real that of all the scores with whom I have talked in the past six months, not one would go back to the old days of unrestricted liquor selling, very few would care to see even the lightest of beer and wine come back, and even the most rabid proponents of liquor admit their business is much more easily conducted since John Barleycorn was laid to rest."

As to the revenue from liquor, Mr. Amer says it has been made up by "side lines" such as the barber shop, candy stand, souvenir stand sales, magazine and newspaper stands, taxi service, and Turkish baths. "The books show," he concluded, "that since September 30, 1919, these 'side issues' have returned twice as much net profit to the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, as was produced by the combined bar and wine and beer trade during the twelve months prior to the coming of prohibition."

Many claims are made that since "booze" became scarce the general health of the nation has undergone a marked improvement. Thus, for example, one of the great insurance companies whose policies in force total 21,770,000 reports a big drop—"almost startling"—in mortality during the past three months. From a death rate of 12 per thousand (1918) and a rate of 15.7 in the spring of 1919 (due to the influenza epidemic), the death-claim ratio during the closing months of the year fell to 8.8.

The president-emeritus of Harvard University, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, recently declared that prohibition is "in one bundle with thrift, frugality, regard for community well-being and thoughtfulness for posterity."

Dr. Eliot said, discussing drink from its social side:

"The advocates of prohibition are usually represented as ascetics or joy-killers. There is a rather common apprehension that the exclusion of alcoholic drinks will diminish cheerfulness and hilarity in all social gatherings and in general the gayety of human intercourse. It is a fact that alcoholic drinks used at any social gathering will increase laughter and other inarticulate noises in the company and will produce more boisterous merriment than 'soft drinks' will. This phenomenon results from the diminution of self-control, conscious or unconscious, which alcohol produces in the human subject. It has nothing whatever to do, however, with real pleasure or enjoyment in social intercourse.

Gangster Influence Wanes

"IT IS not a fact that total abstainers enjoy rational intercourse with their fellow beings less than those who use alcoholic drinks. They need, however, to be supplied by their hosts, or the company, with other sources of pleasure and satisfaction such as music, dancing, good acting, good talk, humor and wit. Modern civilization has much to gain by shutting out Bacchus and his devotees, but should at the same time give place and welcome to Minerva, Ceres and Diana, with all the muses and the graces."

Whether one's attitude be pro or con on the question of the alcoholic liquors, it must be admitted that they have dealt a horrible blow at the youth of all countries, and if the men and women of tomorrow grow up minus the effects and temptations of strong drink, they must have been free from an influence that was not good.

"Removal of the influence of the saloon from the youth of this city," says a Chicagoan, "is already indicating an important economic effect. Hundreds of boys who were drawn into the various "gangs" fostered by contamination with the liquor traffic are being started on the way to useful and productive citizenship. In a district from which thirteen per cent of the juvenile delinquency of Chicago came last year a three-story brick building formerly occupied by a saloon and dance halls is being converted into a boys' club. Its aim, as explained by the manager, is to furnish some social life for the boys from seven to 17 who have heretofore had no wholesome outlet for their surplus energies. Some 80,000 people, he said, representing at least 15 nationalities, are crowded in this area of less than a square mile, and the boys, left to their own devices in the past, have drifted into criminal gangs. The boys' club will offer all kinds of athletic, entertainment and educational facilities."

Incidentally, another interesting note is the fact that prohibition is providing a better class of borrowers, in the opinion of the National Federation of Loan Associations. One of its members, D. S. Caffey, of St. Louis, is the authority for the statement that since the country went dry the business of loan companies had improved both in character of accounts and promptness of payments.

There has, too, according to the Legal Aid Society of Pittsburgh, been "a slump in lawsuits."

A representative of a newspaper of national reputation, just returned from a tour of observation through thirty-eight states, reports that the Volstead Law is widely violated, or ignored, and money assures drink in abundance.

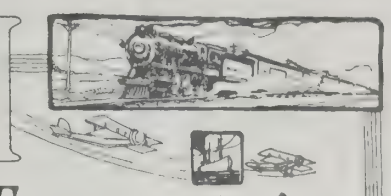
His investigation covered seven-eighths of the United States, and disclosed the fact that "it is possible to get whisky and other intoxicants in any town in the country."

So much for the Eighteenth Amendment—one year later.

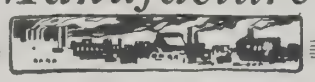
At the moment the Federal Government is losing two billions a year in taxes, plus a huge sum for enforcement. However, who can say that the law will not be enforced? One year is hardly a fair test for any national movement, and the man in the street, the employe, and the employer, men used to taking an occasional drink, will nine times out of ten admit that rather than see the return of the saloon, they prefer prohibition. Such an admission shows the non-alcoholic trend of the American mind—"one year after."



The Three Arts



Agriculture — Manufacture — Transportation



Alaska produced minerals to the value of $22,070,000 in 1920. These figures bring the grand total of the country's mineral output up to $460,000,000. The United States paid Russia $7,200,000 for Alaska.

The National Wholesale Grocers' Association has asked the Interstate Commerce Commission to fix rates which will wipe out the advantage the packers derive through shipping groceries in fast refrigerator cars.

The government has completed the field work on a survey of the effect of farm tenancy on the social life of rural communities. Twenty-five hundred farms and families, located in 20 communities, were studied. The findings are not ready for publication.

The National Chamber of Commerce estimates the shortage of houses in the United States at more than 1,250,000.

An American committee of 57 business men has been appointed to participate in the International Chamber of Commerce.

Representatives of wooden shipbuilding companies have informed the Shipping Board that unless there is a speedy settlement of all claims many companies will be forced into bankruptcy.

The Bureau of Safety and the American Railway Association will make extensive tests of automatic train control devices. The tests will be the most complete ever made under official supervision.

According to new statistics issued by the Director of Census, Florida contains 54,005 farms with a total of 5,846,693 acres of which 2,297,271 acres are classed as improved land. The value of all farm property in the state is $329,286,817. The value of the land and buildings is $280,450,504, of implements and machinery $13,551,773 and of live stock $35,284,540.

Arizona will reclaim another big desert valley. Eighty-five thousand acres in Paradise Valley will be brought under irrigation. This valley parallels Salt River Valley, in which Phoenix is located.

The Chinese Government is planning an air service between Peking and Shanghai with 80 landing grounds and three intermediate stations.

The National Consumers' League urges its members to support measures now pending in Congress for Federal regulation of the packing industry.

Reports from the agricultural sections of the country indicate that up to the early part of January weather conditions in the United States were favorable to farm operations.

The Farmers' Grain Marketing Committee of Seventeen will hold its next session in Kansas City, February 14. Reports from a number of economists will be heard.

The National Association of State Railway and Utility Commissions has presented a motion urging the Interstate Commerce Commission to set aside the order approving the consolidation of railway express companies.

Since the army introduced truck trailers in France, there is said to have been a growing demand for these adjuncts to highway transportation in many of the principal business centers of the continent.

The Iowa State Agricultural College and the United States Department of Agriculture have made an investigation of Iowa land which reveals that the price of land in many sections of Iowa is too high to justify returns. The average value of the state's farm lands increased $121 an acre between 1915 and 1920.

Iowa State College has recently completed tests which show that a wagon pulls easier when the load is placed over the rear wheels than when it is placed over the front ones. The difference in pull is said to amount to about 100 pounds.

The annual agricultural income of the state of Washington is estimated at $400,000,000, which amount represents half the total industrial income of the state.

Lady Victory, a White Leghorn owned by the Department of Agriculture, has laid 750 eggs in five years.

Road building experts are endeavoring to impress the public with the fact that the old methods of building roads no longer produce results equal to the demands for highway transportation. If the highways are to be developed to their capacity, there must be better and better highways.

Women of the state of Washington, working under the direction of the state college, canned 57 carloads of fruit, vegetables and meat in the fall of 1920.

The 1919-1920 apple crop in Australia was the greatest that orchardists there have ever known. A total of 960,110 cases, containing 401 pounds each, were exported.

The California Citrous League seeks an increase of three-quarters of a cent a pound on lemons.

Giant Water Power Development Seen

The Federal Power Commission reports that it has received 129 applications for licenses to develop water power under the terms of the Federal Water Power Act. The power developed if all these applications are granted will total more than twelve million horse power.

Applications have been made as follows:

	Number of applications	Estimated horse power
Alaska	10	69,000
Alabama	3	150,000
Arizona	6	3,613,200
Arizona and California	1	126,000
Arkansas	2	125,000
California	35	3,460,600
Connecticut and Massachusetts	1	20,000
District, Maryland and Virginia	1	50,000
Florida	1	4,000
Florida and Alabama	1	4,600
Idaho	7	119,700
Illinois	1	40,000
Minnesota	3	17,000
Mississippi	1	1,500
Missouri	3	32,000
Montana	10	506,400
New Jersey	2	205,500
New York	13	2,813,200
New York and Pennsylvania	1	206,800
North Carolina	3	5,900
Oklahoma	2	4,500
Oregon	2	385,200
Pennsylvania	1	20,000
South Dakota	1	(Transmission Line)
Utah	1	25,000
Virginia	2	68,000
Washington	12	1,081,000
West Virginia	1	30,000
Wisconsin	1	75,000
Wyoming	1	10
	129	12,259,110

Twelve million horse power would, it is claimed, furnish current sufficient to supply twenty cities like Chicago, and is forty per cent greater than the total present water power development of the United States to date.

California raises between 45 and 50 per cent of all the beans produced in the United States.

Traffic through the Panama Canal established new records during the year just passed. Tolls levied amounted to $10,295,000. More than eleven million tons of cargo were carried by the 2,814 vessels which used the passage.

In a report made to Congress the Federal Trade Commission reports: "An outstanding development in the marketing of grain in recent years has been the entry of the farmer into the elevator business as shown by the growth in the number of individual co-operative elevators organized by farmers and used by them in marketing their grain."

According to the Bureau of Markets the index figure of food prices in December was 3.6 per cent lower than the average of the past 10 years.

The selling price of farm land has increased 65 per cent in the last five years.

Thirteen hundred cars of boxed apples were frozen in shipment last year. The loss to the owners amounted to $1,000,000.

In reply to statements that the motor industry is approaching the point of "saturation," the Liberty National Bank of New York has published a study of the subject which points out that there are but 900,000 trucks and 8,000,000 motor cars in service in this country to supply the needs and wishes of 105,000,000 people.

Some conception of the effect which the slump in food prices will have on the buying power of producers may be obtained by remembering that the total value of corn, potatoes and cotton was estimated at about five billion dollars; that corn is now down more than 50 per cent, potatoes 40 per cent and cotton 50 per cent.

A boot and shoe factory which employs a large number of piece-workers permits its employes to come and go when they please so long as they finish the minimum daily stint between 7 a. m. and 5 p. m.

There has been introduced in the Minnesota legislature a bill which would compel wholesale clothiers to be licensed and to submit an annual report as to the amount of merchandise on hand or be subject to a fine of $500 to $1,000.

The Michigan Agricultural College has designed a two weeks' course of study for truck gardeners.

One of the largest and best known shirt concerns has cut the price of shirts 50 per cent.

Eight thousand telephones have been ordered for installation in Cuba this year. Five thousand were installed in 1920 and 4,500 in 1919. It is estimated that another year will find 40,000 phones in use on the island.

Yokohama, Japan, reports that thousands of cases of American footwear have been sent there by representatives of American importing firms and are being sold at bargain prices.

Traffic on the New York Barge Canal was 182,590 tons greater in 1920 than in 1919. The actual amount carried last year was $1,421,434 tons.

Chairman Benson of the Shipping Board urges operators of government vessels to give preference to American seamen even though they cannot be hired for as low wages as foreign tars.

Express companies have announced that they will attempt to raise the standard of service by inaugurating a "right-way" movement. The plan involves an educational campaign among express workers.

The first large shipments of Alberta wheat to leave for Europe by way of the Panama Canal were made early in January from Vancouver.

Reduction in ocean freight rates between Puget Sound ports and ports of the United Kingdom have been put into effect on three Pacific lines. The rates affect canned salmon, canned milk, tallow, fish, oils and lumber.

Briefly Told

In Buenos Aires there are nearly nine thousand children under 16 years of age employed at an average wage of 46 cents a day.

Because of the absence of crime in Huntington, Utah, the jail has been turned into a public library.

On February 22, two airplanes of the War Department will attempt to fly from coast to coast in 24 hours. The distance is 2,079 miles, between San Diego, California, and Jacksonville, Florida. Only two stops will be made during the flight.

It is said that Yellowstone National Park contains more geysers than are contained in the entire remainder of the earth's surface.

Motion pictures showing criminals in action have been barred in Chicago.

The wine cellar of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York City is to be made over into a gymnasium.

The war reduced the French population by 4,000,000.

Philadelphia has established a separate court for dealing with bandits.

A Wichita, Kansas, minister sent his sermon to a half dozen cities recently by wireless telephone.

Mine timbers covered with a coating of magnesia cement are insured against fire.

A Nevada man while excavating for a large gasoline tank in his garage uncovered a ledge of gold quartz at a depth of six feet running $137.50 a ton.

Cotton seed was considered useless twenty years ago. Now it is the basis of a trade of three-quarters of a billion dollars.

Wireless apparatus with amplifiers will be used to transmit the voice of President Warren G. Harding to all parts of the United States and to ships at sea when he delivers his inaugural address March 4.

Asserting that the wealthy fox-hunting clubs of Philadelphia have imported foxes which have propagated so fast that thousands of dollars' worth of poultry is killed annually, the farmers in that vicinity intend to petition the legislature for action against the hunting clubs and foxes.

A seat in the New York Stock Exchange recently sold for $90,000.

The Pennsylvania State College will inaugurate a course in cooking for men beginning with the second semester, February 1.

There are 500,000 college students, about one to every 212 persons in the United States.

The French Academy of Science has proved that the age of a picture can be infallibly calculated by use of X-rays. The old masters used mineral colors which can be penetrated by the rays while modern painters use vegetable colors which are impenetrable.

Canada is discussing the possibilities of the musk ox as a source of wool. In the Arctic region, east of the Mackenzie River, millions of these animals are to be found foraging and thriving on a pasturage which no other animal but the reindeer could live on.

The cost of running the government last year amounted to $5,064,000,000, compared to $11,728,000,000 the previous year.

To save several trains of cars from destruction from fire at the winter quarters of a circus in Bridgeport, Connecticut, recently, three elephants were pressed into service. The animals quietly pushed the trains out of danger and then returned to their quarters.

Bounties paid by Montana stock growers in the last seven years for the killing of predatory animals amounted to $722,453.

The Chamber of Commerce of San Jose has adapted the motion picture to the need of impressing the people with the variety and importance of its activities and achievements during the past year.

French and Belgian military authorities are testing a super-long range gun which is estimated to be able to fire a shell two hundred miles.

Los Angeles has passed an ordinance prohibiting rentals in excess of 11 per cent of the gross investment on real estate and 16 per cent on furnishings.

A young man from a point near Harrisburg, Illinois, recently walked fifty miles to enlist in the United States Army.

The wild rubber plant is now the subject of experiments in Southern Arizona. It is hoped the ultimate result will have a decided effect in reducing the market price of rubber.

France plans to make over army material into civilian clothing to find work for 1,000,000 unemployed.

A man who recently died in Wheeling was rejected by a recruiting officer when he sought to enlist for the Civil War because of his advanced age at that time.

Ninety-seven per cent of Americans die without making a will.

Public school records indicate that at least four persons in every thousand stutter.

In Madison, Wisconsin, a motor truck delivering five hundred gallons of gasoline crashed into the curb and burst the tank. The gasoline flowed down the street and into the basement of a house where the flames from the furnace ignited the stream and following it back to the street, destroyed a motor car parked near by.

More people are killed and injured by tripping, slipping, and falling than from any other cause of accidents.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate to prohibit smoking in all government buildings in Washington.

Two herds of elk have been preying upon the farmers near Newry, Pennsylvania. A party of sportsmen under direction of a game warden are driving them back into the mountains.

Investigation has proved, it is asserted, that one in every dozen prohibition agents is open to bribe. The investigation was undertaken by the Federal prohibition agent for the division of the southeast which embraces several of the southern states.

The territory of Hawaii will produce enough motor fuel for its own needs within two years. They would also be able to supply the requirements of the army and navy forces there, should their bases of supply be cut off. Commercial manufacture of fuel alcohol from sugar molasses has been made practicable on a large scale on the island of Maui.

Reports from the American consul in Belgium show that at the end of the first nine months of 1920 about 61,775 acres out of 148,260 acres of war-swept soil had been put into condition fit for cultivation.

The gas masks used in the United States Army are useless for mine rescue work and despite the warnings issued from Washington to this effect, miners and persons engaged in mine rescue work persist in using them, in many cases with disastrous results.

Statistics of women's colleges show that for a period covering sixty years the average college girl of today is an inch taller than the college girl of 1860. Statistics also prove the modern girl is about seven pounds heavier.

A Cincinnati bank has installed a target range in the basement. Bandits will find the employes ready to receive them should they decide to visit the bank.

About 12,500,000 acres of the new Czecho-Slovak republic are given over to forest cultivation. This is approximately 30 per cent of the republic's whole area.

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Near East Continues to Hold Spotlight

Death of King Alexander of Greece has had effect of quake in politics.

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The Latter-Day Lloyd George

The Three Arts — Illustrations

Mr. Ford's Page

The Wood Hollow Papers

Editorials — Briefly Told

Many Men of Many Minds

The Day of the Super-Property Man Has Come

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The lamentable failure of American Jewry to meet a single issue.

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Many Men of Many Minds



Kenneth MacGowan.—Of all the personal ineptitudes of the screen, none is more powerfully sinister than the exhibitor, the man who owns and manages the theaters where the photoplays meet their public. It is the exhibitor, ignorant and naïve when he is not vicious and corrupt, that accents and perpetuates every fault, banality, and vice of the photoplay producers.

Lynn Haines.—The whole world is staggering under the accumulated load of governmental mistakes. Here and everywhere the entire economic structure faces disaster, perhaps dissolution. Our civilization even seems threatened because governments have become prostituted by politics, imperialism and commercial greed.

General Robert Georges Nivelle.—France is in a practical situation. She asks no favors now of anyone; she only asks consideration such as a friend may properly expect. She asks no loans; she asks good will. She does not decline help from her friends; she begs from nobody on earth.

John J. Pershing.—Ours is not an aggressive nation. We want no territory, and we have no designs on other people. If other nations have the same attitude, it seems unreasonable not to believe that all would be willing to prove it by consenting to limit armaments. Unless some such move be made, we may well ask ourselves whether civilization does really reach a point where it begins to destroy itself, and whether we are thus doomed to go headlong down through destructive war to darkness and barbarism.

Without Aggression Armament Need Slight, Says Pershing

Edmund Gosse.—The ridiculous legend of the "frivolity" of France has been silenced forever. To become better and better acquainted with the real nature of French character and the actual conditions of French soil is to realize more and more clearly the logical seriousness of this marvelous race.

Josephus Daniels.—Unless we enter into an agreement with all the nations of the world we must be prepared to protect our great coast line and all our island possessions by a preponderance of naval strength.

Sir William Goode.—I do not wish to appear to be an alarmist, but if the Allies can hold out no prospect of means for continued existence, then I fear we must be prepared for an outbreak that would be beyond the control of any authority that might be left to Austria. It is common knowledge that the Bolsheviki have made elaborate preparations to utilize Vienna as a center of activity and propaganda.

A. P. Johnson.—Are you a man, a self-sustaining, self-rising, self-progressing man, or are you merely a weak link in the chain? Are you worth the credit you get for being a citizen, the pay you get for being a workman, the love you get for being a good father, or are you a part of the crowd which is surging to and fro and thinking because you are one among many that you are right?

Frederick A. Wallis.—The problem of the immigrant, both socially and economically, can only be met by scientific selection, intelligent distribution and broad assimilation.

General Leonard Wood.—We stand for Justice and Fair Dealing. This nation has not a predatory instinct or a thought of conquest. It has, however, a great responsibility for the maintenance, in conjunction with other nations, of Fair Dealing and in compelling respect for International Law and Order.

Aristide Briand.—Those who have been in France for many years understand that we are not a militarist nation. We have the warmest desire to be on friendly footing with the British and American nations, but there is a pact, signed at Versailles, which must be fulfilled.

David Wark Griffith.—The movie business may still be regarded as an "infant industry" and like any other popular baby everybody is trying to have something to do with bringing it up.

William George Bruce.—The experience of the world has established the fundamentals that must serve as a guide to port development and maintenance. In the recognition of these fundamentals the United States has made most splendid strides. It has had the example of the European ports, with the experience of centuries behind them, and has fully awakened to the great advantages of water intercommunications as a factor in world commerce.

Edward Hungerford.—The railroad is the servant of the land in the largest sense of the phrase. To be a good servant he must be well paid. That is fundamental. It is, again, merely the method of his paying that comes into question here; and that in turn is predicated upon the extra form and quality of service that he is expected to render.

Floyd W. Parsons.—Every American should seek to become informed of the division of ownership of the world's supplies of petroleum. In the years that are close upon us we shall need a clear understanding of the importance of the international oil situation, so that we may be prompt in taking the initiative when action is required.

Cicely Hamilton.—We cannot afford to leave idle and derelict any force that may control—however slightly—the impulse to destroy which is the natural expression of the mass-mind stirred to emotion. Half-a-dozen years of mass-emotion and mass-action have laid great parts of Europe in ruins and shaken the foundations whereon human society is builded—and the process of destruction appears likely to renew itself indefinitely.

Rear Admiral William S. Sims.—The world won't stand for another war. The world can't stand another war. And if we don't keep on nourishing the sentiment that was aroused for the Allies during the war, we are going to get into trouble. Personally, I believe in the initiative being taken by the English-speaking people.

Wayne B. Wheeler.—If liquor is on board a steamship or railroad, employes find access to it, and it increases accidents and decreases efficiency in the service. Eventually an American passenger service without liquor will outstrip the passenger service of any nation which thinks it must dispense a poison liquid to get the patronage of intelligent people.

John Barton Payne.—Our national parks are a heritage of beauty and natural wonder. We have set them aside and opened them to millions of visitors, and we have developed them to add to their beauty by making them accessible. It is not right that in the interests of a dubious utility we should risk the impairment of national lands which are the common property of the American people. Our national policy should be one of guarded and guarding opposition to the exploitation of these wonder lands.

Payne Urges That National Parks Be Carefully Guarded

John D. Guthrie.—The National Forests of Alaska are playing an increasingly important rôle in the development of that rich storehouse of the nation. Within a few years they will probably play the leading rôle. The timber resources of the Tongass and Chugach forests have served local development ever since the administration of these forests was taken over by the Forest Service in 1905.

C. F. Bley.—Our ancestors, the pioneers of the country, planted forest or shade trees when there was scarcely an argument for their planting—when they were hemmed in and surrounded by virgin forest. Today we are enjoying the fruits of their devotion, wisdom and forethought. Shall we do less—when there is so much more need—for the rising generations and for those yet unborn?

F. B. De Berard.—The condition of insufficient opportunities to ambitious men is inherent in all government departments. The opportunities are circumscribed, falling short of those offered in private organizations because of the rules and regulations which hamper the executives or the officials of the governmental organization from advancing men with a free hand.

Sisley Huddleston.—Conscription is a terrible thing for the individual. It is fatal for the nation, in present circumstances, to keep more than three-quarters of a million strong men from producing, to feed and to clothe so many idlers.

Levin L. Schucking.—German militarism has been a stream powerful enough to inundate nearly the whole of Europe. Who is foolish enough to think that it would disappear in a space of two years? The question is not whether anything of it is left, but if its sources are dry; and there is no doubt that they are drying up fast.

A. Lawrence Lowell.—The real desire for high scholarship depends upon the attitude of the alumni and the public. If the object of college is preparation for life by education, excellence therein ought to be better than mediocrity; but this the public fails to understand.

Honorable Arthur Meighen.—Never in the history of Canada has there been greater restriction on immigration than there is at the present time.

Gifford Pinchot.—In the matter of our supplies of forest products, we Americans are faced by a set of facts and a problem which, in gravity and far-reaching control over our immediate and remoter future, take their place fairly alongside the issues which center about the League of Nations. The essential fact is that we are not only destroying our forest supplies far more rapidly than they are being reproduced, but also—what is much more to the point—that we are using up the productive capacity of our forest lands. Not only is there less wood year by year and day by day in the United States, but there is less land growing wood. We are living beyond our income and destroying our invested capital at the same time.

Less Wood, Less Land Growing Wood, as Years Go On

Colonel Cyrus S. Radford, U. S. M. C.—This country is going through a period of deflation exactly in proportion to the inflation. Had the war been financed on a basis of the prices of raw material and labor existing in the spring of 1917, a great deal of the present deflation would have been avoided, and I believe I state it conservatively when I say that fully five billions of dollars would have been saved to the taxpayers.

William Butterworth.—If the attempt of the railway brotherhoods to impose national boards of adjustment upon the carriers is successful, the effect upon industry will be all-enveloping. It will mean the closed shop for all the railroads, as this is the goal of the brotherhood leaders.

William McClellan.—Certainly Europe needs all of her man power, and no clear-thinking American will even hope that the men and women of Europe will be willing to forsake wantonly their natives lands for the loaves and fishes which may possibly be for their taking in America.

Roger H. Williams.—When the public becomes convinced that business is giving it the advantage of falling prices just as readily as it took advantage of rising prices, public confidence will be reassured and buying stimulated.

John Foord.—In regarding China and the Chinese close at hand, the impression grows on the open-minded observer that we should make better headway in our efforts to help them if we brought to the business less of the consciousness of superiority.

Dr. Pearce Bailey, M. D.—As a student of Kraepelin, the most scientific and original of alcohol's enemies, I learned, years ago, how indisputable are the proofs, experimental and others, which show that alcohol, even in small quantities, impairs temporarily the finer intellectual qualities.

Herbert L. Stewart.—It is a fate of almost every original man to launch ideas whose merit is at first derided, whose scope is afterward exaggerated, and to which, when scorn and panegyric have worn themselves out, a calmer criticism is in the end forced to return.

The Latter-Day Lloyd George

By GEORGE F. KEARNEY

THERE is gradually forming in England a coalition against the Lloyd George Government. The issues are personal. As the champion of the rights of the English lower classes, Lloyd George had the backing of a huge, but then inarticulate majority. Now, however, he has passed through the camps, first of the Radicals, then the Liberals; the post-war Lloyd George evolves as a Conservative and even an Imperialist of the old order. The workingman now speaks of him in as angry a frame of mind as did the members of the House of Lords in 1910 when he crushed their power with his budget. The conservative elements have welcomed him, certainly, but only on grounds of expediency, and with little enthusiasm.

If Lloyd George were still the Welsh solicitor of Llanystmdwy fighting the landed gentry in the court room, or the Liberal M. P. from Carnarvon Boroughs, opposing the Boer War, or the chancellor of the exchequer, or even the minister of munitions, in wartime, or demanding old age pensions, the English people would be hailing him still as the prophet to lead them out of their present bewilderment. In all those phases of his career he extended hope to a weary empire. When, however, he appears in a rôle of Joshua, commanding the sun to stand still during an indefinite period until his diplomatic battles are won, his armies are depleted by desertions.

It is interesting to note the effect that the latter-day philosophy of Lloyd George has on his face. In those days before the war his face was an interesting study of a man with a soul on fire. His eyes burned like fiery coals while nowadays all light has disappeared from his dull eyes. His smile was once so contagious; now it is cynical and there are ugly lines around his mouth. He carries himself arrogantly, and the once un-self-conscious Lloyd George has now all the little mannerisms of an actor courting applause on his entrances and exits. From the latter-day Lloyd George the English people are turning in search of a new leader.

Lloyd George is the one man in all England who is most keenly aware of his decline in power. He has adroitly prepared his party for all emergencies, and every move is one, now, of self-preservation. By skillful manipulation he has fused all the leading elements of British political life under his leadership. Were he a prime minister in America, he would have scrambled both the Republican and Democratic parties into one coalition and then sat back with a challenge to, for instance, the Non-Partisan League to duplicate the strength of his political machine. By a careful system of patronage and by a liberal distribution of peerages he has checkmated opposition in his own ranks. He has been particularly careful that his Liberals shall not set themselves against his Conservatives lest a separation of his forces leave him a leader in neither camp.

His opposition, then, comes only from those who have deserted his coalition government for widely different reasons. Men like the two Cecil brothers, Lord Robert and Lord Hugh, lead a small group who oppose the Lloyd George policies on ethical grounds. The Cecils represent the passing race of Englishmen who cherish most the traditional attitude of John Bull as the gentleman among nations. Lord Robert sees in the League of Nations the playing of the game of world politics according to sportsmanlike rules.

Then there is a group of young Liberals, tolerating the leadership of Herbert Asquith, the ex-prime minister, who care little for England's traditional attitude but who are devoted more to a progressive school of English political thought for the development of a modernized England with a more sensitive system of representation and an extension, rather than a curtailment, of parliamentary powers. In this group one finds the younger ex-service men such as Captain Weywood Benn and Commander Kenworthy. For the present Mr. Asquith leads this faction but they are dissatisfied with their weary leader for he does not typify their progressive spirit. However, Lloyd George makes it a point to appear in the House of Commons whenever either Mr. Asquith or Lord Robert Cecil is scheduled to speak, for he still considers them his most formidable rivals, worthy of his closest study.

Lloyd George's chief opposition, however, comes from the British Labor party. They, too, have been clever in forming an unscramblable coalition to further their radical policies. The Labor party has within its folds the original Labor party movement, the Independent Labor party and the British Socialist party. The structure for their organization is the highly organized trade union movement to which they are rapidly attracting the more radical elements of the co-operative movement. They are even contemplating the admission of the newly-formed Communist party of Great Britain that takes its orders from the Moscow International. Their opposition to the Lloyd George policies is a formidable one and the seventy Labor M. P.'s in Parliament, headed by the Right Honorable J. R. Clynes, who was the minister of food in the war cabinet of Mr. Lloyd George, puts up a bold front.

To the British Labor party many otherwise Liberals have drifted, more because of their active opposition to Lloyd George than for their interest in socialistic aims of the Labor party. Thus the party finds Colonel Josiah Wegwood, a high-minded Liberal who could never be content under Mr. Asquith and who despises Lloyd George, a newcomer to its ranks. The Labor party has a strong faction within it which is at odds with the radical elements who favor the use of "Direct Action" and revolution to gain their ends. Were the political parties in England aligned differently, this conservative element would not be in the Labor party and their departure would divorce some of the support the Labor party now receives from the middle classes.

Thus the continuance of the Coalition Government strengthens the hand of the British Labor party, and gives it a false prominence as the most active opposition to Mr. Lloyd George. It is interesting to see how self-assurant the Labor party has become. They have established headquarters in fashionable Eccleston Square, near Westminster, with all the air of a party coming into power. One of the leaders, J. H. Thomas, president of the National Union of Railway Workers, has recently produced a book with the bland title, "When Labor Rules," in which he outlines what the British Labor party will do when it controls the government. Already there exists a three-cornered rivalry between J. H. Thomas, J. R. Clynes and Arthur Henderson as to who will be the Labor party's first prime minister. The average Englishman is inclined to believe that ultimately this party will take over the reins of government in England, and many of their opponents feel that it is perhaps a wise policy to allow them to do so, in the belief that governmental responsibility will tame their more radical theories.

The success of the British Labor party would be inevitable, at the present time, if the Lloyd George cabinet committed a diplomatic blunder that would plunge England into another war. The Laborites see in the failure of Lloyd George's present policy in Ireland and Mesopotamia a chance for their success, for the country is weary of the Irish problem and very critical of England's huge expenditures in "Mespot." On the other hand, the British Labor party has never appealed to the middle-class Englishman who has the greatest voting strength in England so that the success of the Labor party without the full support of the middle class would be probably temporary.

In the old days Lloyd George's strength lay in his power over the middle class. He was their greatest advocate, he talked their language and understood their political aspirations. The upper class reviled him but it was the vote of the little shopkeeper and his assistants that kept him in power. In Lloyd George's early career the laboring man also looked upon him as his friend and it has been very difficult for the agitators to break the faith the workingman had in Lloyd George's policies. Nowadays, the laboring man sees in Lloyd George an outspoken opponent and the middle classes feel that in him they have lost an advocate. Yet success in English policies of today can be gained only in the manner in which Lloyd George achieved it, by an assiduous cultivation of the confidence of the English middle class. Thus by evolving into a Conservative Lloyd George has cut himself loose from his lifelong constituency.

History will probably give the credit to Mr. Lloyd George for the assertion of the rights of the lower classes in English politics as opposed to the domination of the landed gentry. In the Welsh town of his birth the young Lloyd George fretted under the benevolent feudalism which required the villagers to vote for the candidates of the landowners of the neighborhood or be turned out of their cottages. His uncle, Richard Lloyd, was a shoemaker with a property of his own which allowed him to be the only Liberal voter in Llanystmdwy. It was this uncle who supplied the money for Lloyd George's law education and his hatred for the servitude exacted by the propertied class.

The young solicitor's early cases were mostly those in defense of a poor villager who took a rabbit from the game preserves of the rich. He soon realized that a man who took fish from prohibited waters was often a good deal more harshly adjudged than the drunken brute who beat his wife in some desperate fight. He differed from his associates by his lack of deference for the bench which he frequently charged with unfairness.

The story is told by Frank Dilnot of one case in which he worsted a court of judges by the exercise of sheer impudence. He was defending four men arrested for poaching which was looked upon by the presiding magistrates, all of them local celebrities, as a deadly sin. Lloyd George put in a plea that the court had no jurisdiction in the matter. In response the chairman responded grandiloquently that such a point must be decided by a higher court.

"Yes, sir," said Lloyd George, "and in a perfectly just and unbiased court."

The remark created a sensation, and the presiding magistrate retired from the bench when the calm solicitor made the remark personal to him. A second magistrate withdrew as a protest against this unheard-of insult to his associate. A third magistrate remarked that he could not proceed with the case until Lloyd George apologized.

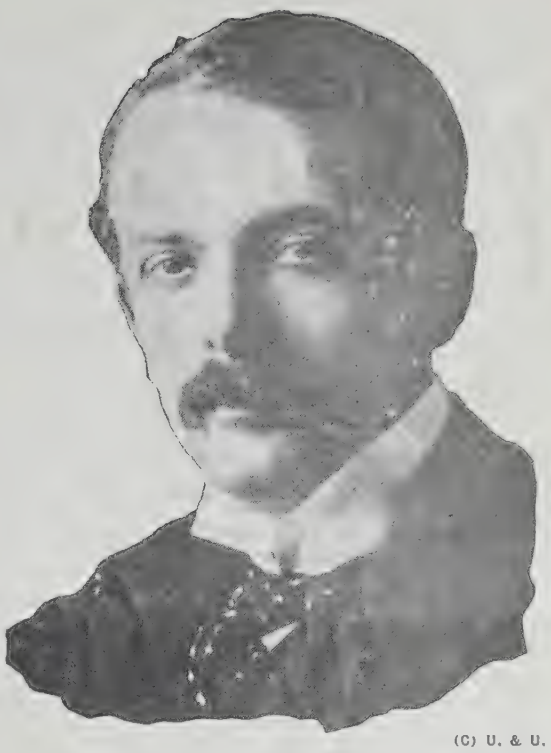
"I am glad to hear it," said Lloyd George imperturbably. Promptly another magistrate went out. One of the few justices remaining repeated the demand for an apology. Instead of apologizing Lloyd George replied, "I shall not withdraw anything."

This was really too much. All the magistrates went out. What happened, however, when the magistrates got together outside the court room can only be guessed. They must have had a painful discussion among themselves, because presently four of them came in and rather meekly said they would try the case.

Just this sort of fighting spirit, graced with stark originality, characterized all the struggles for the rights of the lower classes. Another story that gave him his first real prominence in Wales is worth telling. In a village at the foot of Snowdon an old quarryman died who expressed the wish to be buried in the graveyard of the Church of England. The clergyman would not consent to the Nonconformist rites being performed if the old man was placed beside his daughter's grave, but he yielded sufficiently to allow him a grave in a remote portion of the churchyard reserved for unknown persons and for suicides. This decision struck at the hearts of the Welsh people, who are Nonconformists, and who look upon the Church of England as the religion of the English upper classes.

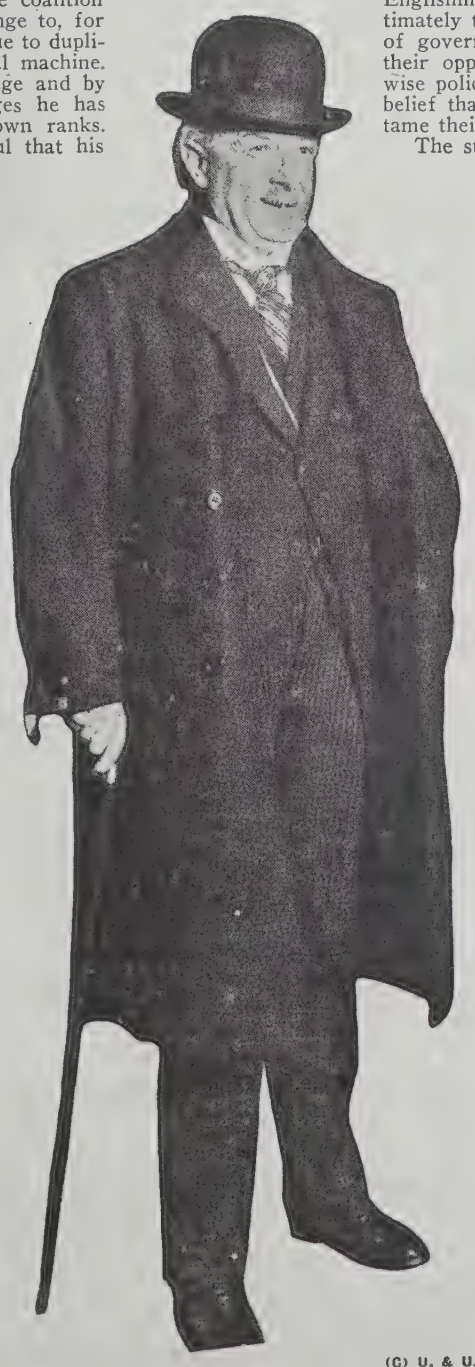
The young solicitor's heart leaped to this case and he advised his clients to take the coffin into the churchyard by force, if necessary, and dig the grave for the old man by the side of his daughter. Lloyd George was present at the burial and then insisted that the case, when decided against him in a Welsh court, should be retried before the lord chief justice in London. The jury in England's capital reversed the decision of the country court judge and Lloyd George, then twenty-five years old, was known throughout Wales and England as a champion of the rights of the common man.

His next appeal for public attention was as an advocate of church disestablishment in Wales—that is to say, the separation of the English Church from state support and state endowment in view of the fact that the majority of the people were Nonconformists. It is interesting to remember that the Lloyd George of his youth actually headed a movement in Wales similar to the Sinn Fein movement. *(Concluded on page 12)*



(C) U. & U.

An early photograph of DAVID LLOYD GEORGE



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The typical leader of a few years ago.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 14, January 29, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

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The Eighteenth Amendment

THE Eighteenth Amendment has been in force for one year, and while there are literally thousands ready to proclaim it a failure, yet it is significant that no movement which fosters the return of the saloon or of the indiscriminate sale of intoxicants is able to gather headway.

If one confines his reading to the New York press he is very likely to become imbued with the idea that prohibition has been an utter failure in America. These newspapers say that it is and declare it will continue to be a failure. They admit complacently that they do not believe the laws regarding liquor will ever be enforced and in their comments on the subject and the encouragement which they give the lawbreakers make it very evident that they hope this lawlessness will prove to be such a problem that the United States will surrender in disgust to the criminal interests.

On the other hand, one may find in the smaller newspapers of the country the chapters of a far different story. From reading these it becomes evident that whereas all New York sees is the violation of the law, there are other parts of the United States which find that prohibition has brought many blessings.

No one, we think, will maintain that the law is perfectly administered or that it is being religiously kept by the public. Yet such a situation is not to be looked upon as proof that prohibition cannot succeed. It but parallels the history of the states which wiped out the liquor traffic years ago. These states did not find the enforcement of the law easy; some of them struggled for several years before they drove the bootleggers and the whisky runners to cover. Yet at no time during this period were the citizens willing to admit that prohibition was a failure. They found plenty of evidence to prove that it was a success.

Those who think that the United States is going to admit its inability to enforce its laws; those who believe that this great, proud country will knuckle to the dictates of the whisky ring and its followers from the underworld, may as well go to the foot of the class. They are hopeless.

Don't Let It Pile Up

NEWS from Washington brings the information that supply bills are not so far advanced as might be and that there are indications of another bill jam in Congress.

It is a habit with Congress to allow legislation to pile up until the last minute and then to rush it through with scant debate and only passing scrutiny. But it is a bad habit and it should be corrected.

Sometimes the jam is artificial. One of the worst of this type was created during the closing days of the last season of Congress when in the conflict between President Wilson and the Senate, the latter held up the general deficiency bill, the army and naval bill and the sundry civil service, agricultural, Indian, water power, oil leasing and immigration bills.

The purpose at that time was to force an extra session of Congress so that the Republican party, which had been returned to control at the last elections, would be in a stragetic position to fight Mr. Wilson's efforts to promote America's entrance into the League of Nations. Even those who sympathized with the Senate in its determination to oppose Mr. Wilson felt that it was taking the wrong tactics in holding necessary legislation. But the Senate went through with its plans regardless of criticism.

It is impossible to justify another such jam, or anything approaching it, on any grounds at this session. By earnest application Congress can winnow the wheat from the chaff and give necessary legislation the proper amount of attention. The time to begin, however, is now, and not two or three weeks from now. If Congress will do this there need be no such thing as a legislative jam.

Flags of the Past

WHEN in his Atlanta statement President-elect Harding called for the burial of all ancient grudges and the final wiping out of all section lines he was speaking to the North as much as to the South.

The present generation may not appreciate his remarks for it has well-nigh forgotten the issue which split this country and brought about years of terrible civil strife, but the older generation will understand. The waving of the red flag of sectional feeling is no longer a popular pastime in politics, but the incidents of 1861-1865 continue to rankle in many hearts. One of the traces of this sentiment is found in the museums of many states where battle flags captured from "Yank" or "Rebel" foes are displayed.

There have been spasmodic efforts made for years in favor of the return of these flags. Most of them have failed, yet what could be finer than a return of these tattered, faded but glorious emblems of the past to their original owners, North and South.

The thinning ranks of Blue and Gray are marching toward their last bivouacs. What act could be more gracious than for these enemies of old to perform the supreme act of courtesy and forgiveness; what tradition can they leave America that will be so priceless as the years advance?

Be a Gloom Chaser

SOCIETIES have recently been formed in the South and Middle West under the somewhat formidable name of "Noble Order of Gloom Chasers." The organization was first started among the employes of industrial plants, wholesale and retail houses and those engaged in clerical work, but the movement has now spread until it embraces almost every line of endeavor.

The object is to preach optimism at all times. The dues, it is stated, are "one smile a day," and each member is required to take the following obligation:

"I smilingly agree to support actively the constitution and by-laws, the purpose and intent of the Noble Order of Gloom Chasers, in letter and spirit, until gloom is banished. Old Man Gloom shall never enter my office or workroom again, so help me Gloom Chasers. I am a Gloom Chaser until death do us part."

It is a great thing to be a chaser of gloom. There can be no greater ambition than to make people happy. There is too much that is drab and doleful and melancholy in this world, at the present time. There are too many heartaches and streaming eyes and pitiful faces and thin, pleading hands. There are too many people who, for some unaccountable reason, make it their business to spread the thought of gloom and melancholy among their fellow beings instead of letting in the sunshine. The Noble Order of Gloom Chasers is a great institution, and its rapid spread throughout the country is an indication that the people want sunshine instead of gloom.

But you do not have to be a member of the N. O. G. C. to be a gloom chaser. Whether you belong to that organization or not you can do your share to help push the clouds away. Every one can get up in the morning with a smile, which not only will radiate throughout the day to their own good but to the benefit of all those they meet.

"Mirth is God's medicine," says a noted writer. "Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety, all the rust of life, ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, but a man who laughs and causes others to laugh, even though the days are dark and the causes for laughter are few, is like a chariot with springs in which one may ride over the rough roads and feel nothing but a pleasant motion."

The man or men who originated the N. O. G. C. are public benefactors. If there is such an order in your town by all means join it. If there isn't, start one, and if you cannot find enough people who would like to look upon the bright side of things instead of the dark, just appoint yourself the official Gloom Chaser of your locality, and begin today to push the clouds away.

Great Navies and Their Cost

WHILE Congress and the country are discussing the advisability of the United States making a proposal for a Naval Holiday among the world powers, there comes from government sources the news that the Panama Canal is not large enough to accommodate the next great dreadnoughts and that we must either limit the size of our fighting craft or send them around South America when we wish to shift them between our two seacoasts.

Battleships now being built are 105 feet in width and the Panama Canal is but five feet wider. So that if our experts cling to the theory of the big gun ship, as they show every evidence of doing, then the next ships of this class will be even larger than those building today. Manifestly, it will be absurd to build a navy which cannot pass from ocean to ocean via the Isthmus. To do so would mean the loss of the flexibility wherein lies much of our present strength and would present a situation which an enemy would pay a heavy price to accomplish—the division of our fleet.

Thus there is brought home to the public a lesson in naval costs of which experts have been long aware; namely, that the costs of greater ships do not cease with the initial cost of the vessels themselves. Bigger ships mean bigger yards, larger drydocks, deeper harbors, and increased overhead expenses. To say that whereas our first great battleship, built in 1910, cost $6,795,000 and battleships planned in 1920 cost $35,000,000, tells only part of the story. One gets a much more accurate idea by studying the record of naval appropriations and noting that while in 1910 our total expenditure on our navy was $100,336,000, Congress this year was asked for $695,763,767 to maintain our naval program.

The country, while studying the question of an agreement to eliminate competitive naval building programs, has received a timely and first-class illustration of the burden which will be lifted from the backs of the people of the world by the adoption of such a course. It is an illustration which we will do well to ponder, for there is much significance in its lesson. If we must build a second canal across the Isthmus of Panama, paying millions of dollars for the right to the land and perhaps a billion or more for the construction of the passageway, where else can our expenditures lead us except into a slough of overwhelming national debt?

Happily for the well-being of the world, present indications are propitious for an agreement between the United States, Great Britain and Japan. Certainly the public sentiment of these countries, if correctly expressed by the press, favors such an understanding. There are, of course, those who would have us believe we are being led into a trap. But their arguments do not impress one as being entirely disinterested. So long as our navy is the equal of any in the world, it is hard to see where a great navy will constitute any more protection than a small one.

Our Canadian Market

PROMISES by members of Congress to stop the importations of Canadian wheat by a tariff of 50 cents a bushel have resulted in an informal warning being delivered by our neighbor to the effect that if such a step is taken she will retaliate by placing a prohibitory tariff on American manufactured goods.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," and American Congressmen might have saved themselves the humiliation of this checkmate by considering Canada's position as a United States market before they talked so loosely of restricting her grain shipments to this country.

The Dominion of Canada is the best customer on our books. More than that, she will continue to be our best customer for many years to come. She came out of the World War with an indebtedness as small as her glory was great. Out of her enormous resources she will soon pay off this obligation and be able to devote her entire strength to internal development.

To lose this market would be to deal American business a knockdown blow and the loss would be so much greater than any gain accruing from the protection of our wheat that the policy which promoted such a move could fairly be dubbed "financial suicide."

Is it impossible to consider reciprocity with Canada instead of planning a tariff battle? And if so, why?

Mr. Ford's Page

STRONG efforts have been made to fasten upon the public mind the belief that newness and change spell progress. A state of mind has been generated in which the mere statement, "Oh, that is the way they did it years ago," is considered sufficient to condemn anything. A fever of newness has been everywhere confused with the spirit of progress.

For many years the learned men who were supposed to know more than anyone else about social tendencies, were of the opinion that there were mysterious seasons and wind currents in human life, and that these accounted for almost everything, but that these seasons were as unalterable and these wind currents as uncontrollable as those of the natural world.

This idea has largely passed away. Most of the manifestations which we see in human life today have been started and promoted by people who know exactly what they want and how to get it. Many of the so-called "social tendencies" are just as much invented and controlled by human wills as is the organization of a grocery store or an oil stock company.

Last year men wore hats of a certain color, a certain shape, a certain material. One year the tone is brown, the next year green. One year the material is velour, the next year felt. One year a slouchy, rakish form is affected, the next year a shape at once free and neat.

Why green hats last year? Was it just an unexplainable fancy of the public that it wanted the color green to predominate that year? Of course not. The public had nothing to say until the hats came on the market. And those who placed the hats on the market had determined a year before what the people should wear. It was a promotion scheme. If you are in the right circles it is possible for you to get a pretty accurate idea of what the crowds on our streets will look like for several years in the future. These are matters of engineering, not of free taste and tendency.

The reasons, of course, are commercial. Hats are no better than they ever were; materially they are not as good, except when special prices are paid. The purpose is that a man shall buy several hats a year—four or five. It is not planned that any of them shall last over the year. In case, however, the *quality* does outlast the year, the *style* is changed, and that, of course, with people who are easily influenced, puts a perfectly good hat out of commission.

So that the basis of more than one line of business, involving vast quantities of material and human energy, is built not upon the durability of that material and the serviceability of that labor, but only upon the decree of some interested parties that this is "old" and that is "new."

Next to the fiction that gold is wealth, this fiction of "style" is one of the most potent devices for robbing the public purse. Both fictions originated with and are propagated by the same groups and for the same purposes.

These remarks are only illustrative of what now follows: There is just as deliberate a plan to flood the popular mind with changed ideas, and thus bring it into a condition where it will not think anything that is not "new," and where it can easily be led away from any truth that may perchance be labelled "old."

This course is most successful among those who do not think—and whether these are a majority or a minority is left to the reader's own observation and judgment.

The effect, however, is harmful, and in time will prove ruinous. The jack-in-the-box thinker is not impressive simply because his utterance belongs to today instead of yesterday. Everything we have is yesterday's, even to the bread we eat—which is literally last year's; and even to the political ideals we share—which are literally last century's, and earlier. We are not such "smart folks" as we think we are. The world today is full of the sound of crashing failures built on fresh, upstart theories. The trouble with us today is that we have been unfaithful to the White Man's traditions and privileges. We have permitted a corrupt orientalism to overspread us, sapping our courage and demoralizing our ideals. There has always been a *White Man's Code*, and we have failed to follow it. It is natural for those outside the White Man's tradition to invent their destructive devices and ideas, but it is unnatural for the White Man to fall an easy victim to them.

Capital and labor are apart today, in spite of the natural tendency of the White Man's Code to bring them together, because an oriental idea has been thrust in between them for the poisoning of both.

The White Man's Code has always been to "do things"; the accomplishment of useful results is his highest satisfaction. For that reason the White Man has been throughout history preeminently the Doer. But an orientalism has crept in under cover of a social discovery, which has proved progressively destructive of everything it has touched—the professions, management and industries.

Industrial leaders have been poisoned to the extent that some of them look on their industries as "money makers," instead of plow-makers, or chair-makers, or clothing-makers. That is the new code: "Get the money." If you can get the money quicker by destroying the business, then destroy the business!

Professional life has also been infected with the same idea. Lawyers once had clients and doctors patients: now they have "customers." It is a sad drop, but it is precisely the condition desired by the orientalists who are busy injecting "new ideas" into the public mind today.

In industry, the man who still takes pride in his day's work, who really looks for satisfaction in the labor of his hands, is rated by his fellows as a "boob." He is a "back number." Even the American boy coming into life no longer believes that merit counts for anything; he is inoculated by the oriental virus which causes him to pull back, remain sullen and stupid, and give as little as he can.

At Ellis Island where formerly the immigrant used to come with shining eyes and hopeful heart, what do we now see? A horde of people who have been systematically educated beforehand in the thought that the United States is "a capitalistic country," not to be enjoyed but to be destroyed; and the very first literature put into their hands on American soil conveys the same idea. We read a great many touching stories in the fiction papers about the hopefulness and longing of the immigrant. The immigrants we have been getting for several years have no hopes nor dreams: they have a *program*.

All of these things come from the same source—a subtle orientalism that is breaking down the rugged directness of the White Man's Code.

We ought to go back to it. The type that made this country is still here, but its backbone needs stiffening. It needs to hear the call of its own race. It needs to seal its ears against the false cry of "Peace, Peace, when there is no peace." That which we used to recite in the village school—*"Eternal Vigilance Is the Price of Liberty,"* is more than a saying, it is a Truth; and its truth is being proved now, when Liberty is slipping away because of our lack of vigilance, not only, but our *impatience with anything that requires vigilance*.

The White Man's Code has three main points: Square Dealing; Fear of God and Absolute Fearlessness of Man; Unrelenting Vigilance.

These three points, if practiced today, would cleanse our country of every lurking foe. And the practice of the last point would keep it clean.

SEPARATE the ideas which constitute your mind-grist, and see how many of them are consistent with the White Man's Code. The enemy has slipped in a great many evil seeds, which have sprung up in American thought, and have borne poisonous fruit. Have you allowed any to grow in your mind? If you have, you are an outpost for the enemy of every nation that is founded on the White Man's Code. According to this Code a man must be Straight, Fearless of any man, Vigilant. When he fights, it is the enemy, and not his own kind. The enemy has been too successful in his constant effort to plant enmity among White Men themselves. "Divide and Rule," is the enemy's motto. "Together We Stand," is the White Man's pledge.

Overalls, Bloomers and the "New Freedom"

By UTHAI V. WILCOX

JUST across the street there is a modern public school. The building and grounds cover the entire block. It is a well-kept school in a community that takes pride in its progressiveness. There are shade trees in the yard, modern steel swings, slides, teeters, and all the expensive playground equipment that indulgent taxpayers could provide. Down the center of the rear yard there is a fence separating the boys from the girls.

While we are committed to a policy of coeducation in learning, voting, labor and professions, we still insist that the play hours shall be entirely separate, if not altogether different.

Looking down into this school's grounds during recess time and noon hours, it is interesting to observe the difference between the children on the opposite sides of the fence. The boys are having a strenuous time playing ball, darebase, tag, racing, boxing, leapfrog, snap-the-whip, and everything and anything that requires physical exercise. Everything is done with a spirit of intensity and the maximum of physical exercise.

A very different scene presents itself on the girls' side. Some of the smallest ones are emulating their brothers by playing tag, some are jumping rope, but most of them are walking about in twos, threes or fours, their arms about one another. Some are sitting in groups visiting; others are looking longingly toward the fence from which come noisy shouts and much vocal exercise. Some of the older girls show by their whole attitude that they are exceedingly self-conscious, and others try to attract the attention of the boys.

Now this community, even though prosperous, is not greatly different from all other communities in its treatment of the children's play hours. Why did not the girls run and race and enjoy themselves? They were still very young. The sophistication of the high school period was many years off for the majority of them. They were still *supposed* to be healthy animals. In their physical development sex had not as yet drawn any hard and fast lines of great difference. Had they been savages, or of the primitive nations, they would have been wearing no more clothes than their brothers—they would all have been treated exactly alike.

But with our civilization we lost some of the advantages of savagery. It is now painfully evident that our little girls become self-conscious as they enter the fourth grade. As for the pupils in the seventh and eighth grades, why, the girls would never think of romping and playing, racing and jumping at school. Absolutely shocking!

But why let the barrier that divides childhood from maturity interpose its stultifying influence while the children are still so young? The girls in that playground should have been playing any or all of the games played by their brothers. They would even find it better to fight with their fists than with their tongues. There is generally less harm that way and it is much more satisfying.

But the school authorities are not wholly to blame. The grounds on the girls' side are as well equipped as are the grounds on the boys' side. The fault lies at home. As soon as Mary or Jennie or Edythe or Ruth passes out of the primary grades she is told that romping or strenuous physical exercise is strictly taboo. Such is not done by *nice* little girls, you know! And from week to week, and month to month this admonition is given until Mary, Jennie, Edythe and Ruth will sit down to talk while the boys are exercising their muscles, with every natural impulse of the girls calling for them to join in.

We like to boast about the athletic American girl, yet comparatively few of them *are* athletic. Most of them cannot walk without tiring or suffering from sore feet; few can swim, still fewer can ride horseback, and the great majority will take no more strenuous exercise than an automobile ride. This applies to our American girls after they have been trained, lectured, and hardened in the "orthodox" mold of our modern civilization. As parents, we discourage out-of-door sports for the girls; if they are acquired in spite of us, well—we may or may *not* approve.

But back in the school grounds with the fence separating the husky boys from the robust girls is where we make more pronounced a difference that nature never intended. Later we try so very hard to prove them equal, although we have assiduously educated them along entirely different physical lines.

The boy's life is objective, muscle-making, vital; the girl's is introspective, sedentary and trivial. A few girls may defy precedent and lead a courageous tomboy youth, and a few others may go on to university and recoup to some extent their losses, physically, through tennis and basketball, but the great mass follow the line of least resistance, heeding custom's demands, and become the comfort-loving citizens of our nation.

A girl on our street has grown up, who when young was a daredevil little tomboy, much to the mortification, regret and chagrin of her parents. She was able to pitch a "curve" that was the admiration of every boy in her grade. She dared to match her speed on the paths, and there was no better runner in her neighborhood. In case of necessity she could fight as well, if not as scientifically as her boy friends.

To be sure, she was unpopular with the girls, whose mothers held her up as a "horrible example of depraved and misguided girlhood," but the boys of the community conferred upon her the thirty-third degree of loyalty and courage. She was the sole feminine member of a secret gang known to outsiders by the sinister abracadabra, "S. S. O. X." She never violated any secret and could always be depended upon.

But what a trial she was to her parents! From the minister to the keeper of the corner grocery store they all prophesied a very bad end. They did not hesitate to inform the parents that Barbara was a "problem" that ought to be "solved." Pleadings and threatenings were of no avail.

"If we could only get her to care for dolls," her mother once remarked, "we would feel



One is a boy and the other is a girl—but they don't know it! If you would put off the years where it makes any difference then let them play, really *play*.

safer about her. But she hates them. I'm so afraid that she lacks entirely the maternal instinct."

To cultivate this instinct her father brought home a large and beautiful doll for a present. When Barbara opened the box she found the doll dressed in long baby clothes. For just a moment her face clouded. Then as she caught sight of the hurt look in her father's eyes, she instantly changed her expression, and gulping twice, she threw her arms about his neck and said passionately, "It's great!"

If the parents had but understood the full significance of that little drama they would have interpreted that swift, passionate desire to shield the father from pain as the great spirit of motherhood. She never played with the doll, but she turned it over to her little brother, who was interested in its internal mechanism, with the admonition, "Now, don't pull it all to pieces, 'cause daddy gave it to me and I want it for a keepsake."

Now she is the mother of three children, and a more efficient and affectionate mother cannot be found. One of the three, a boy, said not long ago, "No matter what your trouble is, mother always gets it right away. All I have to do is to begin to tell her and she can finish it for me every time. Ain't it funny how she knows, when she's never been a boy?"

But it is because having grown up in a more normal way she understands human beings better. She had not become biased through a hothouse existence. Her life has been filled with normal, effective, physical action, and this physical action has stimulated and not dwarfed mental understanding. When her husband expresses a theory of life she does not immediately narrow it to mean certain personalities, even though such personalities may be obnoxious to her. Because of her early training she is able to follow through a course of action regardless of criticism.

"What is all this talk about the 'new freedom' of women?" she asked me the other day. "What special kind of freedom do they want, and why don't they take it? I've always been free; I never remember a time when I wasn't."

It is because women do not have freedom when they are growing and developing—physical freedom to a large extent, that will assist them to think clearly—that they realize when they have matured that there is something lacking. They cannot tell exactly what it is, so they term it "freedom."

The deprivation of this freedom begins when the boys and girls are first treated and taught differently in their play hours. To run or romp, tumble or fall is considered a disgrace for girls. Instead of independence that will make them self-reliant, they are taught and encouraged to be the passive recipients of favors. Maturity is thrust upon them before they know what it means or what it entails. Whereas our grandmothers remained "little girls" until they finished their education, the modern girl's social career begins when she enters the high school, and with some, it apparently begins while they are still in the grammar grades. Because of lack of other interests the sex impulse is prodded in a hundred different ways, and yet physically and mentally the child is unprepared for this change. Womanhood has encroached upon childhood and curtailed the days of hide-and-seek by several years. She lacks the wholesome, out-of-door objectives which the days of childhood should have developed. There is a woman in one of the large western cities whom the business men term a "live wire." She has good judgment, enthusiasm and mental alertness, and although in middle age, she radiates youth. Her early training came in the midst of privations supposed to rob life of its zest. Yet, in conversation with this woman one obtains an undeniable spiritual refreshment.

"How do you do it?" she was asked one day. "To what do you attribute your buoyancy and enthusiasm?"

"To overalls," was her startling reply, and she smiled good naturedly. "You see, I was a home missionary's daughter. We lived down near the Mexican border and we depended upon the little church back home for most of our clothes. These came in the annual missionary box. I suppose that the good ladies of the aid society did the best that they could; they sent us many things that it was more blessed to give than to receive. Always there were several pairs of clean new overalls, but never anything for a girl to wear. So mother, behind her tears, made a joke of it, and called me Bob and dressed me in overalls. I wore them until I was twelve. It may sound like boasting but I could do everything that my brother could do, and some things I could do better. I played with the boys, learning how to humor them when needed, when to discipline them, and when to fight them."

She smiled again. "The law of compensation holds just as true in childhood as in mature years, and I came to realize if I was to share in my brother's freedom, I must submit to his restrictions. The big lesson came one day when we had been playing 'robber' on the roof of our barn, and we made a rather dangerous descent from the roof by way of the branch of an overhanging tree. But the branch broke and we came to the ground pretty hard. We both ran crying to father. Me he took in his arms, soothing my fright, but to Jack he only said, '*You* can't cry, my son; you're a man!'

"The thing worked like magic. Jack looked at me and blurted out, 'Then Bob can't either if she's going to wear boy's clothes.'

"I could never forget that remark, for the logic was plain, and I have felt a severe contempt for myself when on rare occasions I have given away to tears. Overalls gave me a liberal education, and most of it I have never forgotten."

This rare woman *grew up* in the "new freedom" and today business men crave her judgment and women wonder why she has such an influence over their husbands. She understands life from a true angle—a vision acquired from a normal youthful development.

It may not be wise for all the girls of the land to wear overalls all the time, but the mothers of girls can dress them to permit a normal physical development. Simple, natural, normal development will produce among the women, as among the men, effective, efficient results. Such women are coming on the stage of action, but if we want more of them we must begin in childhood to train them.





Above, left—A study of these faces at the early school grades will prove that as far as the physical life goes there is no difference between the mentality of Mary and that of Jimmie. Then why should not their play be the same? Right—Tomboys all! In the country there is no difference. They all—boys and girls—play together.



Give the Girl the Same Freedom the Boy Enjoys!

In the oval—the lad and lassie are just as happy playing together as if they were both created the same; and why shouldn't they be? They should remain that way well through the grammar school grades.





Above—Posed? Yes! but a most natural pose. This is just the way they "sit around" at the very age that their brothers are playing "chase," hockey and baseball. An intimate knowledge of these girls and their conversation would prove to anyone that they too should be actively exercising—developing normally.

Left—Girls at this age should be romping, running, jumping and racing rather than merely playing with dolls. What is more they would prefer activity to passivity.

Right—They start right. See the girl in the middle with her "coveralls" on; she's really happy. See her attitude and expression.



The Present Status of the Jewish Question

The Jews Have Furnished Proof of Most of the Statements Made About Them. Their Defensive Action Is Practically a Confession

THE Jewish Question in the United States has existed for years, but until now in silence and suspicion. Every one knew that there was such a Question; the Jew himself knew best of all; but very few possessed the courage to open the Question to the sanitary influences of sunlight and speech. The mention of courage in this connection is needful to explain the silence. A few men of insight have attempted publicly to define the Question in the United States, and they have been so effectually dealt with by an invisible power of which the public could have no knowledge, that Free Speech on the Jewish Question naturally became unpopular. The fact, it is true, reflects far more seriously on non-Jews than on Jews. But it is a fact nevertheless. He who undertakes to speak truth on this question must expect far more opposition than he could ever withstand were he not speaking the truth.

One fact that militated against Free Speech on the Jewish Question was the condition into which our American people have been trained, of expecting applause and approval to follow every act and word. There was a time in American history, and it was the most glorious period of our past, when opposition was considered an often desirable attitude. A man's weight was accounted equal, whether computed by the number of his enemies or his friends. But a softening change has come over us. We have grown to like applause. Hisses used to stir our fathers; hisses cow their sons. Public speech has thus grown flabby; the Press has thus become neutral; we have grown pudgy and futile in our program of "helping the weak," so pudgy and futile that we no longer have gristle to attack the strong who have brought weakness upon the others.

As a people, we have passed the "bunk" around so habitually; we have enervated our judgment and moral convictions so seriously by our fake "philosophy of Boost," we have become so accustomed to measure the effectiveness of work by the applause it immediately provokes, that we have lost all stomach for courses that call for contest, unless it be those spurious contests of the political arena which are all managed from the same Great Headquarters, or those verbal assaults against "Big Business" which bring no reaction. We have lost all taste for tangible foes who have a ready retaliation.

The Truth Hurts, But It Heals

NEVERTHELESS it is true that, whereas a year ago it was not possible to speak the word "Jew" in the United States, it is now possible. The name appears on the front page of every newspaper nearly every day. It is the subject of discussion everywhere. For the time at least, speech has been liberated, although our friends of the B'nai B'rith in every state are doing their best to throttle it.

This freedom is of benefit both to Jew and non-Jew. The Jew need no longer look askance at the name of his race on the lips of a non-Jew. It only means that suppression and deceit are past, that is all; the Jew is a Jew, is recognized as a Jew, is spoken of as a Jew; and thus an honest relation between the mind and the fact is established in both the Jew and the non-Jew. The air is cleared. Concealment on the one hand is done away; on the other hand a missing fact, whose absence meant confusion, is supplied. The Jew may now say, "I am a Jew," as casually as any other man might claim his race. We may even see some noted Americans who all their lives have tried to conceal their race, come forward now and say, "We are Jews." It is freedom to the Jew; it is interpretation to the non-Jew. *Half the confusion which men meet in their efforts to account for the world is due to their ignorance of just where the Jew is.* He is always a key. But if the key be disguised as something else, how can it be used?

About eight months ago THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT began a series of studies on the Jewish Question. It was an attempt to state the facts on which the Question is based. It was not at its beginning, nor has it since developed into, an attack on Jews as Jews. Its purpose was enlightenment, and if it secretly indulged a hope, it was this—that the leaders of American Jewry might be wise to see that this is the country and this is the time in which the causes of distress and distrust and disrepute might be removed from Jewry and a genuine *modus operandi,* not of toleration, but of reconciliation, arrived at.

The proof that these articles have contained facts and only facts is found in the failure of the Jewish spokesmen to show any one of them to be false. The record stands that way—not one disproof. The reason for the record is this: when only facts are sought, and are subjected to the tests, only facts are found. If, however, one embarks on a "campaign" whose purpose is to besmirch an opponent or create a prejudice, one's partisan zeal may induce him to accept as facts what is merely probability. These articles, however, do not constitute a campaign. They are the lighting of lamps here and there about the country, in this industry and that, in corners heretofore kept dark by those who should serve more faithfully on the watch-tower of the Press.

What THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has said could have had no weight at all, had not the people been able to see the same facts all about them. It is not information, but illumination, that has given these articles the importance they have found among hundreds of thousands of readers.

The Jewish response to these articles has in one way been gratifying, and in another way quite disappointing.

Jewish Activity Proves the Charges

THE Jewish response has been gratifying in that it has furnished substantial proof of all the statements made in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. This journal has no doubt of the truth of its statements, and is possessed of a very substantial reserve of evidence, but none the less the corroborative evidence produced by the Jewish leaders themselves in endeavoring to meet the issue is appreciated. There is no reason to believe that this was an intentional contribution on the part of Jewish leaders; it was simply impossible for them to move without revealing further evidence.

It is quite well known what is the position of Jewish leaders today: it is one of fear. For once they themselves are possessed with the fear of the unknown. Knowing how much of truth exists behind the statements made in this series, they are in fear of what may yet come forth. They do not even make any more pretense of considering it a joke; in their own conclaves they do not rave and roar like the rabbinical editors, they behave themselves like sober frightened men, who sometimes have a desire to own up to some of the things that have been charged, but who are halted by a doubt as to how far the owning-up process would lead them if once begun. They are in fear of the truth, but mostly of the *whole truth.*

Needless to say a responsibility rests also on those who hold the whole truth. The purpose determines everything. If the purpose is to breed hatred of the Jews, that involves one course of action. If the purpose is to excite the public mind with startling facts, that involves another course of action. There is a certain danger in certain kinds of information. If the purpose is to lay a basis for an intelligent, straightforward understanding and possible solution of the question, then such information as defines the question and presents all essential material, is all that is necessary. It is within these limits that this series has endeavored to keep. If there are facts which are unfavorable to the Jews, that is a matter for the Jews. If the Jews do despite to a certain class of facts, it may be necessary to produce still another class of facts. If the leaders of the Jews had been fair, just argumentatively, oppositionally fair, they would not now be in fear of what may yet be produced.

Jewish "Mass-play" a Revelation

JEWS, for illustration, have proved the statement that they are the best organized people in the United States. They have proved that they are more closely grouped together in their own national interest than are the citizens of the United States whose whole nationality is defined by their citizenship. The government of the United States itself is not so well organized as American Jewry—and that fact is not due to anything American; it is the same in every country. Telegraphic speed and instantaneous mass action have marked every move organized Jewry has made in this country in the last six months.

It is not for nothing that they control the avenues of communication in this country. It is not for nothing that the wireless of the world is under ironclad Jewish control. They are not loosely organized in social lodges for occasional fellowship; they are organized as states of the Jewish people, with officials who do nothing whatever but attend to the advancement of Jewish power in this and other countries. They have proved by the mass play of their synagogues, their newspapers, their alleged "social" organizations, their conservative clubs and their Bolshevik-Socialist groups—all of them working together, under orders—that they are a separate people within the American people, a people that do not agree with the genius of the American people, and a people that constantly make distinctions between Jewish and American rights.

In every state, in every city, there is a Jewish organization with a definite policy, and the first policy is to suffocate, destroy, put the "fear of the Jew" upon any man, newspaper, or institution that gives the least indication of independent thought on the Jewish Question. These organizations have special committees to do certain work. One of these works is to start "a whispering drive" against the person or institution aimed at. This "whispering drive" is a most hideous oriental device; it can be sustained only by groups of minds which bear a certain racial twist.

Without giving a full description of the devices used, it can be seen that the fact of their being centrally controlled and working simultaneously in all parts of the country, creates a considerable force. No other institution now operating in the United States can accomplish that so quickly and unitedly.

Jewish solidarity would be above criticism were it used for the benefit of the whole communal life, but it is not; it is not only Jewish, but its operations show it to be largely anti-American. This does not mean anti-American in the sense of being pro-German or pro-Mexican, but in this sense, that it opposes many things that have been conceded to constitute the American tradition. The Jew assumes that the United States is still an unformed entity which is fair prey to any who can seize it and mold it. That is his attitude today. He refuses to assume that America is here; he adopts the belief that part of his duty is to bring America into being, on Jewish lines, of course.

Now, in a sense, the United States is private property. It is the property of those who share the ideals of the founders of the government. And those ideals were ideals held by a white race of Europeans. They were fundamentally Christian ideals. And with most of these the Jews not only disagree, but hold them in contempt. Indeed, a Jewish leader recently said in New York that the United States was not a Christian land, and the context of his statement showed that he clearly intended that it should never be. He was condemning the Christian Sunday, though he is an officer of a society whose purpose is the establishment of the Mosaic Sabbath.

Jewish Political Control Newly Illustrated

THE Jews have also proved the charge that they exercise disproportionate influence in governmental affairs. This charge has only been stated in this series. The mass of proof has not yet been brought to bear. But it exists, fixed beyond all change. However, another important bit of evidence has been transpiring before the country's eyes. When the immigration bill was first put up to Congress, the vote was overwhelmingly in favor of restricting entry into the country. Congress voted upon the facts and its patriotic convictions. Taking the question just as it was, no other verdict could have been given.

Hardly had the vote been taken, however, than the wires were hot and the trains crowded and Jewish protests and Jewish agents began flocking to Washington. The magic name Jew was uttered. Legislators fled to cover. Learned speeches were made. Compromises were suggested. Modifications of the original law were framed. Under the magic of Jew the whole proposal simply melted like an icicle before a fire.

The only protest made against that Congressional vote was made by Jews. Their wonderful teamwork in all parts of the country gave their protest the air of national importance. *BUT* there was one point the Jews were not able this year to deny, and that is that *the majority of the immigrants are Jews.* That fact, fortunately, was established beforehand. The hand of the Congress of the United States was stayed by the Jews in a matter of serious importance to national protection, just as a few years ago the hand of the Congress of the United States was forced to break the treaty with Russia when President Taft held it would be wrong to break it.

This proof of political power, based on nothing but sheer force and sheer determination to have what they want regardless of what the United States wants, has appeared broadcast as a matter of public knowledge.

And let the reader mark this: it will be found that this present immigration move is as much a part of the Jewish World Program as was the breaking of the treaty with Russia. Readers of the article of January 15 will recall how at the behest of the Jews, the United States' trade with Russia was thrown into the hands of German Jews who were using it to further their plans for the destruction of the Russian Empire, which later came to pass. The Jews "used" the United States to put across an essential part of that plan.

Well, what are they using the United States for now? We may well believe that the Jews are not

without several reasons for what they are doing. The Jew excels as a chess player because he plays a game wherever he may be. The immigration matter amounts to this: Jews are streaming out of Poland as speedily as they can. It is not "pogroms" that are driving them out. "Pogroms" have been proved to be immigration propaganda for consumption outside Poland.

The Jews are leaving Poland because they know something is going to happen.

And if they are leaving Poland it is a sign it is going to happen to Poland.

And if the Jews have advance news of it, it is a sign that what will occur will be inflicted by Jews.

"Anti-Semitism" Created by Jew Leaders

PLAINLY it is this: Jewish Bolshevism in Russia has made a secret decree against Poland. The Jews are getting out of the way. American Jewish agents are constantly passing into Poland. Rich American Jews are sending agents to bring back groups of "relatives." There is an *exodus* from Poland and there is a reason for it which spells trouble for Poland. The United States is being used as the chief means by which the Jews are to clear out. France protests against them and will not have them. England most decidedly refuses to have them. The Jews of the United States are powerful enough to compel this country to take them. We were utilized to effect the entrance of Bolshevism into Russia; it went from our East Side thither. We are now being utilized to assist at the destruction of Poland. It is possible, however, that by the time the Jewish program reaches that point, something may have intervened.

The Jews of the United States have also given a splendid illustration of what THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT said of their control of American newspapers. Of course, the local newspaper editor is not dominated by any Jewish authority seated at Washington, New York or Chicago, of course not; but he is very amenable to the twenty richest Jews in his community who advertise in his paper, and it is they who take orders from Washington, New York and Chicago. So the editor gets his orders from Jewish headquarters just the same, though he may not realize it.

This, however, is one instance where publicity does not count, because it represents a business favor oftener than it does an *editorial conviction.* The knowledge of the Jewish Question which newspaper men possess is quite complete, and a confidential council of the best informed editors of the United States would include all that the government or the people would need to know for a complete handling of the Jewish Question. The publicity demanded and received by the organized Jews has proved a roorback; it has served the cause of truth more than the cause they desired, which was suppression.

Gratifying as these proofs are to the producers of the facts, there is a very decided element of disappointment in the Jewish answers. Either Jewry is feinting, or is defenseless; certainly the present status of the defense must be humiliating to those who have any conception of the importance of the matter.

The answer signed by the Jews themselves—a list of signatures which showed as in panorama the close-locked corporational solidarity of the Jewish race in this country—was devoid of a single fact which threw light. In this, the Jewish answer was almost a confession of "no defense."

But aside from its ineptitude was its utter lack of frankness. It refuses to face the question. It will not meet a single statement, either in the substance of the Protocols or in the substance of this series. It veers off whenever it approaches a concrete theme, and loses itself in a vapor of denials. If a statement is wrong it is provably wrong, especially a statement which deals with matters now actual in daily life.

The official Jewish answer, signed by a few, not all, of the Jewish leaders, is at least decent in its language, and that is more than can be said for most of the other Jewish answers. But it is indecent in its attempt to create the impression that anti-Semitism is abroad in the country.

Mark this: *All the anti-Semitism that exists in the United States today is the deliberate creation of the Jewish leaders and is a recent creation.*

The Jewish leaders want anti-Semitism here. Unable to create it among non-Jews, they are seeking the effects of it among the Jews by telling them that it exists.

The Jewish leaders of the United States have done everything possible to keep THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT away from the Jews, to prevent their reading it and learning the fact that *NO ATTACK IS BEING MADE ON THE JEWS AS JEWS.*

From the first, after wrestling for weeks to discover a way of meeting these articles without having to confess too much, these leaders threw up their hands and took refuge in the lie of anti-Semitism.

What they ought to fear now is not the force of an anti-Semitic feeling among the non-Jews, but the force of a righteous indignation among American Jews when they discover the deceit and incompetence of their leaders.

"Anti-Semitism" has always been the last resort of scoundrelly Jewish leaders when cornered by the truth, and they have been known deliberately to incite it among the Gentile rabble in order through it to maintain their hold on their own people.

Recently there was printed in the newspapers "A Protest Against Anti-Semitism," signed by various non-Jews. The "protest" was printed twice, in fact, because it did not "go big" the first time. The newspapers were evidently growing a little weary of printing daily communiques from Jewish Great Headquarters. So, to give it more vim for a thorough circulation, the signature of Woodrow Wilson was obtained. And of course that put it on the telegraph wires again.

It was quite proper for President Wilson to sign a protest against anti-Semitism. It was quite proper for all the other signers to do so, provided that was what they meant to do.

If the protest had been sent to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, its responsible officials would have signed also. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *is against anti-Semitism* and protests against leading Jews using its name to foment that spirit.

The "protest," however innocent the signers may have been of this fact, *was against any public discussion of the Jewish Question,* and especially against this one.

The Wise and Oily "Gentile Front"

THE dispatches are careful to state that the Jews had nothing to do with that protest. A supposedly non-Jewish organization has been in the service of a coterie of New York Jews for a long time. The assertion that the "protest" was written by "a single citizen, a non-Jew, acting upon his own initiative and responsibility, and without consultation with anybody," is mildly amusing.

There was just enough "consultation" to make the whole "non-Jewish protest" nothing more nor less than a previously approved document, and the citizen who did the job has known for a long time where it pays to please.

As to Mr. John Spargo, whose name is beginning to appear prominently as a Gentile defender of the Jews, this much is known: he did not undertake the Jewish defense without several secret consultations with a group of New York Jews, who had to overcome several of Spargo's scruples before they could make much headway with him. Spargo's attitude was something like this: "Gentlemen, they've got it on you. It is not a matter that can be whitewashed." Spargo told a lot of truth in that New York room. The Jewish conferees knew it was truth. If Spargo should speak one-twentieth as much truth on the platform, his lecture engagements would dwindle in number.

All of the literature of the Anti-Defamation Society, all of the speech of the retained defenders, is very welcome. Open the Question up! If the Jews engage enough Gentile defenders, the time will come when Gentile logical faculties will bring about a real discussion of the Question. The Jewish spokesmen must, on pain of losing their position, limit themselves denials, abuse and threats; but the Gentile defenders are constitutionally unable to dwell in that state of mind for long; they will probe through to the truth; in which event real discussion may be expected.

Free Speech! Free Press! Jew and Non-Jew

THERE is not a single Jewish publication, however vituperative and truthless, that we would forbid the mails or exclude from a public library. There is not a single Jewish spokesman whom we would heckle or hinder on the public platform. There is not a single Jewish enterprise that we would recommend for boycott. We believe in Free Speech and unfettered conviction. By means of these the people may yet hope to clean up the United States

The Jews do *not* believe in Free Speech. They do *not* believe in a Free Press.

In every state in the Union the B'nai B'rith is introducing into the local legislatures a bill that will prevent any publication from saying anything derogatory of the Jews.

That is the Jews' *answer* to the facts produced in this publication.

In scores and hundreds of public libraries, the Jews are using the members of their race who happen to be on library boards, or are using committees of their race to influence library boards to clear the libraries of all books, pamphlets and papers that deal with the Jewish Question in a manner to leave any doubt that the Jews are paragons of virtue and The Chosen People.

This is occurring in the United States. It is occurring in some of those eastern American states that stood most valiantly for the cause of Free Speech and a Free Press in other days.

Let it go on! Multiply the instances! Add madness to madness! Each act of this nature simply gives a local proof, visible and intelligible to each community where it transpires, that what is written about the Jews is true.

The present status of the Jewish Question in the United States is this:

A beginning has been made on the too-long accumulating facts.

Jewish recognition of the truth has been expressed in soberness among the leaders.

Jewish action in response has been, for themselves, denial; for others, *SUPPRESSION.*

The result to date is:—abject failure to meet the case.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Jew Conquest of Mexico

Simultaneously with the inauguration of Alvaro Obregon as president of Mexico, with all the hopes to which it gives rise of a new era of tranquillity and prosperity for the sister republic, came the news that Speyer & Company, of London and New York, would underwrite the Mexican national debt. National debts are a pet invention of the Jews and for several centuries have been a blessing to them. They must have laughed in their sleeves at Pitt's oft quoted apothegm that "a national debt is a national blessing." The creation and increase of such debts have ever—and never more than at this day—been a favorite Jewish trick to enable the International Plunderbund to play ducks and drakes with all values and to provoke and wage wars. It is stated that as "consideration" for their services in paying Mexico's foreign debt, this firm of international Jewish bankers (with whom are probably associated the Cassels, the Rothschilds, the Belmonts, the Seligmans, Lazares, Goldschmidts, *et al.*) will require the deposit with them of all Mexican Irrigation bonds, which are held largely in Europe. It is significant that this step is announced as foreshadowing the early recognition of the new Mexican Government by the United States and the consequent protection of the bondholders. Already we are told that such recognition will have a string to it in the form of requiring an assurance by Mexico that Article 77 of the Mexican constitution will not be interpreted as retroactive. What this means is that the international Jewish financiers are bludgeoning our State Department into compelling the sister republic into a virtual surrender of the right of eminent domain—of the right in its judgment to levy a land value tax on oil, mineral and agricultural lands. As to these Mexican National Irrigation bonds which the Jewish Ring is getting into its hands on the pretext of a deposit to secure their underwriting of a refunding of the Mexican debt—nobody supposes for a moment that the Jews intend to pay the debt in gold—Americans who have lived in California will clearly understand that it means the most tyrannous sort of control and exploitation of the lands of the nation and of the cultivators of those lands. The men who have the power to turn on or turn off the water in irrigation canals in a country like Mexico entirely dependent on irrigation for crops, have the power of life and death over the farmers of that country. The workers are at their mercy and may be forced to pay them whatever they choose to demand. Landlordism in Ireland in the old days was petty larceny compared to the highway robbery of the water lords. It is to be hoped that while there is yet time, this nefarious plot will be so fully exposed that the people of the United States will be aroused and the government at Washington deterred from becoming the guilty accomplice of the Jewish Camarilla in this published plot to rob the people of a neighboring nation of their patrimony. Rich as are the oil and mineral lands which the foreigner (generally the Jew) has up to date been able to grab, they are but a drop in the bucket compared with the *agricultural* wealth of Mexico still to be developed, for California's history in this respect is bound ere long to be repeated in Mexico. And it is over this wealth that the Jewish octopus is now spreading his tentacles.

Five Millions in Gold

"According to the *Svensk Handelstidning,* the recent American loan of $5,000,000 to Norway was really the outcome of an agreement between the Hamburg firm of Warburg & Company and the New York bankers, Kuhn & Loeb. It is regarded as a significant sign of the times that a German firm should be responsible for an American loan to a neutral country. The conditions, subject to which this money was borrowed, are not regarded as very favorable to Norway, and no marked effect on the rate of exchange between the two countries has followed."—*The Living Age.*

The "Little Jokes" of Historical Jesters

Great Stunts of Make-Believe Which Famous Wags Have Used Successfully to Deceive the Public

P. T. BARNUM is credited with being the author of an observation to the effect that the public loves to be fooled. There are a good many who even believe Mr. Barnum made the discovery of that theory, but they are wrong. Turn back a few pages in history and you will find that Barnum didn't invent the business of fooling people. He merely made it pay.

"I will wager," the Duke of Portland boldly declared many years ago to a titled group of his fellows, "that let a man advertise the most impossible thing in the world, he will find fools enough in London to fill a playhouse and pay handsomely for the privilege of being there."

"Surely," replied the Earl of Chesterfield, the best-mannered man in the whole British Empire, "if a man should say that he would jump into a quart bottle, nobody would believe that assertion."

Thus the Great Bottle Hoax was born. The nobles bought space in the newspapers and inserted an advertisement.

"At the new theater in the Haymarket on Monday next, the 16th instant," it ran, "is to be seen a person who performs several most surprising things. He takes a common walking cane from any of the spectators and thereupon plays the music of every instrument now in use and likewise sings to surprising perfection. He presents you with a common wine bottle which any of the spectators may examine. This bottle is placed on the table in the middle of the stage and he goes into it, in the sight of all the spectators, and sings in it. During his stay in the bottle any person may handle it and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle."

The advertisement is too long to be quoted fully here. It was said the performer would, if desired, give the name of any masked person present. For a certain sum he would, after the conclusion of the show's first part, call back a deceased husband or wife with whom the surviving mate might talk. In his private room he would, if desired, reveal the applicant's secret thoughts and past life or "give a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive."

A Joke on the Joker

THE Duke of Portland proved himself a consummate manager, for every seat in the theater was occupied. When the performer failed to appear as scheduled the house became noisy with catcalls, hoots, and yells. Some wag, however, announced that the conjurer would enter a pint bottle if the ladies and gentlemen would pay double prices; but the crowd evidently thought the quart container sufficient.

When a young man threw a lighted candle upon the stage the victims made a general charge in that direction. The mob pulled down the scenic pieces and demolished the boxes. Members of the audience lost wigs, hats, cloaks, and swords. After the theater was gutted of its contents, a bonfire in the street completed the work of destruction.

The newspapers offered various explanations of the fiasco. One asserted the program would have been given as advertised if a gentleman had not called upon the performer a few minutes before the heralded time, induced him by the payment of five pounds to crawl into a quart bottle, corked it, put it in his pocket, and thus kidnapped the fellow.

"Thus the poor man being bit himself," the journal deplored, probably in a frame-up with the Duke of Portland, "in being confined in the bottle in a gentleman's pocket, could not be in another place, for he never advertised he would go into two bottles at one and the same time.

"He is still in the gentleman's custody who uncorks him now and then to feed him; but his long confinement has so damped his spirits that instead of singing and dancing he is perpetually crying and cursing his ill fate.

"But though the town has been disappointed of seeing him go into the bottle, in a few days they will have the pleasure of seeing him come out of the bottle; of which timely notice will be given in the daily papers."

Theodore Hook, a practical joker of London, was nettled because Berners street had become extremely quiet. He finally hit upon a plan for making it the talk of the city and laid a wager with a friend, Henry Higginson, who doubted that the trick could be turned.

During three days Hook was busy. He secured the name of a Mrs. Tottingham at 54 Berners street and, after obtaining suitable stationery, wrote dozens of letters to dozens of tradesmen. To each communication he signed the lady's name and address. The next day Hook and Higginson, from an upstairs room across the street from the woman's residence, watched the fruition of their scheme.

A wagonload of coal drew up at 54 Berners street. In a few minutes a dray filled with furniture arrived. It was closely followed by a hearse with a coffin and a train of mourners' coaches. Six men brought a huge organ and a brewer's delivery vehicle then came up with barrels of ale.

That particular house on the street was a magnet and the iron filings were physicians, grocers, coachmakers, clockmakers, confectioners, wig makers, booksellers, and hosts of other tradesmen. Coachmen, footmen, cooks, house and nursery maids sought situations. The distinguished callers included the Lord Mayor of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Poor Mrs. Tottingham was saved by her smelling salts from an utter collapse.

The fighting, the mauling, the quarreling, the general push and jam put the fear of vengeance into the occupants of the upstairs room across the street; so they discreetly faded away while the crowd ranted and fumed at the unknown perpetrators of the joke.

But Berners street jumped right onto the first page of the newspapers and at once became a subject of wide conversation. It developed that each visitor had received an invitation to come to Mrs. Tottingham's for some designated purpose or to deliver merchandise there at the same hour that morning.

Once upon a time, as Æsop says, an unidentified joker sent out a large number of invitations headed with "The Tower of London" and artistically printed on fine deckle-edged paper. Each recipient had the keen pleasure of reading:

"Admit the Bearer and Friend to View the Annual Ceremony of Washing the White Lions on Sunday, April First. Admitted only at the White Gate. It is Particularly Requested that no Gratuities be given to the Wardens or Assistants."

Before this time nobody had ever heard of the white lions or that they needed a bath which took the form of a public ceremony. By ten o'clock of the appointed day, however, the surrounding streets were thronged and packed with titled and untitled persons who had come to see the show. An hour passed before they knew they were April Fools.

Nursery Rhyme Fools Savants

ON VARIOUS occasions archelogists and antiquarians have been swindled and imposed upon by finders of stones that bore curious inscriptions with every evidence of age and weathering. These, of course, were "plants" most skillfully contrived to deceive the savants and ridicule them.

A number of these experts were holding a convention many years ago in the town of Banbury when a queer block, said to have been the cornerstone of an ancient structure, was brought forward with the earnest request that the strange inscription be deciphered. The wise men puzzled over the matter for days and days before they ascertained that the message was merely the nursery rhyme, "Ride a Cock Horse to Banbury Cross," written backward with the words incorrectly divided; for example, the final words were "esots sorcy rub nabot es rohk co caed ir," the beginning of the ditty. Verily the scholars learned that the last shall be first and the first shall be last.

It is remarkable that a man will sometimes go to the most extreme length to uphold his side of an argument. George Hull, of Binghamton, New York, told an Ohio minister that the earth had been peopled long ago by a race of giants. The pulpit orator denied the truth of the statement and proved sharper-tongued than Hull who, however, decided to entrap his opponent sooner or later.

Accordingly the man bought a stone quarry in Iowa, but the curiosity of the neighbors defeated his purpose; so he then acquired a gypsum bed in a quiet section and began his experiment. A huge block of stone was successfully cut and shipped to a carver in Chicago. This man had orders to shape the mass into a gigantic statue ten and a half feet long.

When the sculptor had done his work the effigy was subjected to an acid bath and an elaborate process of chipping to give it the appearance of some huge fossil. Hull shipped it to Cardiff, New York, and had it buried on the farm of a kinsman. A few years later it was conveniently unearthed by well-diggers.

A sensation resulted. Certain scientists considered the figure an ancient statue; others thought it a prehistoric man or a petrified giant. It was heralded everywhere as a great find; and P. T. Barnum, the showman, had an imitation or replica made for his New York Museum.

The great Italian sculptor, Michelangelo, did a shrewd bit of deception for the entertainment of his numerous critics who incessantly asserted that the modern could not compare with the ancient Greek and Roman statuary. Now the Florentine worker believed in himself; so he chiseled a Cupid, broke the arms like the famous Venus de Milo, and buried the piece to give it the aspect of age. When it was discovered and the critics praised it as a genuine antique, Michelangelo laughed in his sleeves. He had proved his point.

Many years ago an obscure scribbler produced a poem, attached the name of William Cullen Bryant, and foisted it upon the world as the work of that genius. His project succeeded in a marvelous manner. For a long period "A Vision of Immortality" was incorrectly ascribed to the great American.

Authors Find It Easy

SOMETIMES authors deliberately fool their readers. A publisher who had hundreds of unsold copies of Drelincourt's "The Christian's Defense Against the Fear of Death" appealed to Daniel Defoe, creator of "Robinson Crusoe," for aid.

Did Defoe move the leech-like volumes? He certainly did. He penned a fictitious story (with all the accoutrements of truth) about a Mrs. Veal who had paid a visit to an acquaintance and highly recommended the work as the "best on the subject ever written." As Mrs. Veal had died a few hours before her ghostly call on her friend, the readers became interested and soon bought all of the Drelincourt books.

In August, 1835, a twelve-dollar-a-week reporter of New York City penned an astounding narrative of eleven thousand words which appeared in several installments. It purported to be a reprint from the *Journal of Science*, of Edinburgh, Scotland. The article set forth the recent discoveries regarding the moon and its inhabitants which Sir John Herschel, a noted astronomer then actually making observations from the Cape of Good Hope in Southern Africa, had ascertained by means of a new telescope that transcended all others in its power of magnifying.

The reporter, Richard Adams Locke, entered with much zest into his scheme and gave such a wealth of detail that scoffers were few indeed. Practically all the newspapers and the public received the story as a record of a new epoch in astronomical research. Scientists likewise were gulled; in justice to them, however, let it be said that Locke was an unusually gifted individual whom Edgar Allan Poe earnestly admired. He could trace his lineage back to the metaphysical John Locke, author of the celebrated essay on "The Human Understanding."

The bogus account of the moon pictured a strange, hairy animal that walked upright in the manner of a man but had the wings of a bat, a lead-colored unicorn, enormous pelicans, two-legged beavers, and an "amphibious creature of a spherical form which rolled with great velocity across the pebbly beach and was lost sight of in the current which set off from this angle of the island."

The man-bats, however, produced the greatest sensation of all the queer creatures on the moon. Three groups of them were carefully inspected by the astronomers. The animals had a yellow skin, the symmetry of the orang-outang, and attenuated feet that showed a protuberance from the heel. They flew with a marked grace of movement.

Poe, the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* was a much disappointed man, for a few weeks previous to the alleged discoveries on the moon he had published the first part of "Hans Pfall," the story of a Hollander who had sailed to the moon in a gigantic balloon. Though in reality a mere coincidence, Locke had apparently stolen the Virginian's thunder; but the latter, disheartened, did not finish the tale.

Nevertheless the weird, fantastic poet was determined to make use of his balloon idea in some form. Nine years after Locke's faked telescopic revelations, Poe and his family arrived in New York. He had less than five dollars in money and no job, but he put his brain to work and promptly created "Monck Mason's Marvelous Voyage" which he sold to the New York *Sun*.

The narrative contained about five thousand words. It was dressed up with a cut showing three race horses and jockeys. In ominous black the headlines read: "Astounding News by Express, via Norfolk. The Atlantic Crossed in Three Days. Signal Triumph of Mr. Monck Mason's Flying Machine. Arrival at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, of Mr. Mason, Mr. Robert Holland, Mr. Henson, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and Four Others in the Steering Balloon, Victoria, After a Passage of Seventy-Five Hours From Land to Land. Full Particulars of the Voyage."

The account was plausible, as Mason and Holland were balloonists and the others had attained prominence in their respective ambitions. According to the narrative, the men had started from Wales with the intention of crossing the English Channel. A break in the mechanism, however, had made the thirteen-foot gas bag unmanageable and a strong wind had propelled it at sixty miles an hour to the American coast where a safe landing was effected. Mason and Ainsworth had kept a joint diary which formed the body of the news story.

This hoax lived only a short time, though Locke's had lasted many weeks. The rival editors probably remembered the previous experience and were wary. The publishers made no serious effort to prolong the deception, for two days later they admitted failure to receive confirmation.

Riley's Literary Joke

IN THE budding days of his career James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, thought he deserved from magazine editors more attention than he received. He declared that his true name had a fatal lack, the lack of the "poetic ring." One day he confided to J. Oscar Henderson, manager of a Kokomo, Indiana, newspaper, that "J. W. Riley" could write verse equal to that of the great Edgar Allan Poe. Henderson agreed.

Riley was running a newspaper in the neighboring town of Anderson. The two journalists frequently saw each other; so they put their heads together and evolved a plan. The poet wrote in Poe style a production which he labeled "Leonainie." An expert penman, supplied with a sample of Poe's handwriting, transcribed Riley's verse on the flyleaf of an old dictionary and signed the initials, "E. A. P."

The two conspirators found another, a butcher, who was to tell how he had discovered the book while he was waiting at the home of a friend. The story bore a close resemblance to Irving's account of Knickerbocker. The book had belonged to the friend's grandfather who lived near Richmond, Virginia, where he kept a hotel. A dissipated young man had occupied a room one night, vanished without paying his bill, but had left the poem inscribed on the flyleaf of the dictionary.

When Henderson published "Leonainie" and the story of its finding, American and English critics accepted it as a genuine composition by the departed genius. When the truth finally came out, Riley was severely censured as an impostor, and so he was; but many persons stoutly maintained Poe's authorship and called the Hoosier poet an interloper.

"I wrote it but I did not," the father of the faked verse said, "and I am a liar any way you put it."

Under the Dome of the Congressional Library

By AARON HARDY ULM

A COUPLE wandering through the Congressional Library, the one building that no first visitor to Washington ever misses, stepped unintentionally through a doorway that is usually closed to sightseers.

"Why, mother, they do have books here! Look at 'em," exclaimed the man of the party to his companion, as he gazed wonder-eyed at stack upon stack of volumes covering acres of space.

"Well, I never heard of books being in this pretty place," the woman remarked, as a library attendant arrived to tell them that the book realms were not open to casual visitors.

"Frequently it happens that visitors ask us to direct them to the main library where the books are kept," remarked the library attaché who told the above story to the writer.

The majority of people who visit the United States Congressional Library rarely think of the establishment in connection with what it was set up to collect and preserve, namely, books and kindred material. The building is so elegant, the fittings so rich and unusual, the exhibits filling the hallways so fascinating, that the great national library has taken on a significance that is largely separate from literature and its customary accompaniments. In the popular mind, it is more a show place than the greatest storehouse of the printed word to be found on this hemisphere. In fact, its documentary contents excel those of all but two other establishments in the world. The two are the national libraries of France and Great Britain, respectively. And our national library, though much younger, closely approaches them in variety as well as volume of contents.

What is also generally unrecognized by those who know books are there is that the United States Congressional Library is more than a storehouse of written or printed knowledge. It is more than even a facility for the use of Congress and the governmental departments. In the realm of general bookdom it is much more than a haven for students and bookworms. To some but not a full extent it is the "mother" of all the libraries in the country. And it is a place to which thousands of knowing people go or make appeal for help along lines that have only an indirect relation to literature, despite the fact that most people think of the place only in terms of the magnificent dome, the marble hallways and stairways and the fine decorations which make it the preeminent example of American achitectural achievement.

Recently, for example, a man out in the Middle West thought of going into the hair goods industry. But when he looked around for data on that industry, he could find no source of information. It then occurred to him that the Congressional Library might put him on the track of such data. He was right; the reply sent to his inquiry contained more than 40 titles of books, pamphlets and articles, relating to the hair goods industry, on file in the library. They covered virtually every angle of that business, from collecting the queues of Chinamen to the fabrication of hair for wigs.

From the list furnished him he could easily find how much of the information he needed could be located in his own local library and how much might be purchased from bookstores or publishers. If it turned out, for example, that an essential document could not be procured elsewhere than from the Congressional Library, all he had to do was to take up the matter with his local library and in all likelihood be able thus to have it sent to him.

The inquiries regarding book data that come through the mails to the librarians of the Washington institution number about 3,000 a year. They have doubled in number during the last decade but if everybody appreciated the possibilities for practical use afforded them by the Congressional Library, the inquiries would probably number several hundred thousand a year. To make practical use of the great national library, it is not necessary to go to Washington or even write to a member of Congress to obtain the information desired. Though for reasons hereafter to be sketched the library doesn't widely advertise the fact, a force is maintained especially to make the resources of the library available to whoever may need them.

Only a small proportion of the inquiries coming to the library are of the character of that having to do with the hair-making industry. Most of the inquiries bear on matters of literary interest or dispute. Perhaps the largest group has to do with quotations. At least once a month, for instance, somebody writes in to inquire who originated the saying about the beaten road that will be made to the doorway of the person who makes a better mousetrap or preaches a better sermon than his neighbor. The library authorities haven't been able to make positive decision but they hold that the evidence indicates that Emerson probably said it in a lecture. They have found that the quotation was first written out and accredited to Emerson by a Mrs. Yule, of Oakland, California, for a book of "Borrowings" gotten up by the ladies of the First Unitarian Church of that city. That occurred in 1891, which would appear to exclude the claim of some people that Elbert Hubbard originated the quotation.

Another inquiry coming constantly to the Congressional Library relates to an oath that a well-known secret order is often accused of requiring of its members. While the librarians cannot say, of course, that the charge is untrue, they present the known evidence which gives no creditable validity to the charge.

Those two inquiries and several others of like kind come so frequently that the replies have been reduced to "form" and are kept in quantities of multigraphed or typed sheets.

More important inquiries are treated similarly, and from that group you can trace the changing lines of national thought on big public questions.

Several times a month somebody writes in for guidance to the literature on the Japanese question; hence a long bibliography, giving the sources of virtually all printed information on the subject, goes forth in reply to each inquiry.

When the war accentuated the shipping question, hundreds of people wanted to read up on shipping, especially ship building. The library force prepared a printed booklet that gives more than 2,000 classifications bearing on that subject, and hundreds of the booklets have been circulated.

"A wholly false notion is entertained by most persons regarding libraries and librarians," said an attaché of the Washington institution to the writer. "They view libraries as places maintained for school children and for the circulation of novels and other forms of so-called fine literature, and think of librarians as being bookworms who sit and read all day. Libraries, of course, keep supplies of books for children and novels for leisurely women and others. But neither nor both is the prime excuse for existing. They are set up for service to all the community, the business man or manufacturer equally with the reader for pleasure or the student. And capable librarians have to be skilled managers and organizers. They know books for such is the raw material they deal with but the kind of books you think of in connection with libraries are not the ones that cause them the most worry. The latest novels will take care of themselves but a librarian must watch and search and catalog continuously if he makes sure of rendering good service to the man who wants to know the literature of pumps."

"The 'literature of pumps'?" I asked. "Is there such a thing?"

"Call them something else if you wish, but the books now in most demand from libraries are not what you would class as 'literature.' They are not written by literary people and rarely are what you would term well written, though among them are some books of genuine literary value. They are books that tell about things and how to do things and are read for practical instead of esthetic benefit.

"Barring novels, which are the inevitable exception that proves the rule, technological books, the kind that deals with pumps and electricity and plumbing and machinery, constitute the literature now most in demand from big libraries. After those come books on economics."

So numerous were the demands on the Congressional Library recently for information on co-operative buying and selling that the librarians were impelled to get up a volume indicating the extent and availability of written matter on that subject.

There recently was an inquiry for guidance on the literature of artificial silk, on which the librarians were able to specify 48 titles of books, pamphlets and articles. Another for something on soap drew forth 46 book and 40 article classifications.

On the day that the writer visited him the library's bibliographer attended to similar inquiries for information regarding the rusting of re-enforcing steel due to sea water and the testing of preservative coatings for steel. He was able to refer to 16 documents dealing with the first of those highly technical subjects and to 23 having to do with the second of them.

The Congressional Library contains more than 3,000,000 volumes of books, pamphlets and like articles. Two copies of everything copyrighted in this country must go there. In addition, a great many books are purchased and others are procured through exchange. Virtually everything in the way of official reports for foreign countries as well as our own are filed there. They were of great help during the war.

There was a town in France, for instance, where the general staff of the Army wanted to build warehouses and set up establishments using machinery and therefore would need power. All that they could find from information available to them was that the town had the right geographical location. To have made a survey of the location on the spot would have taken two or three months. The general staff sent an investigator to the Congressional Library where he was put in touch with documents that enabled him to make a minute report on everything having to do with the obscure French village. And from the report plans were made for setting up warehouses on ground 3,000 miles from those who did the planning.

The big industrial enterprises, like the United States Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil companies, employ librarians and bibliographers as they do chemists and engineers. Several have libraries that for the subjects covered excel even the Congressional Library. Yet they often have men spend months in the great national establishment cataloging all of interest to them there and often in making searches for information that may mean much in the way of trade extention or changes in processes.

While the Congressional Library contains the greatest reservoir of book matter to be found this side of Paris or London, its possessions are not confined to what is printed from type.

There is to be found the greatest collection of unprinted manuscripts that exists on this continent. In the main they are of historical value only. The Presidents of the United States now make it a rule upon leaving office to deposit their papers with the library, which selects and catalogues those of historic worth and returns others that are of merely private interest.

Theodore Roosevelt's great store of correspondence covering virtually his entire career is on deposit there. President Taft's papers filled nearly a dozen trunks when delivered to the library. John Hay's papers and those of hundreds of other public men of the past are there.

The papers of individuals are not always accessible to the public. In many cases they are deposited under the condition that they will not be made public until a certain date or until the surviving members of the subject's family give consent. This is to prevent the embarrassment that would be caused many persons by the untimely publishing of some things, like private letters. The library also possesses numerous collections of papers left by famous men of the past like Washington, Jefferson and Madison. It has purchased many collections of historic worth.

In addition to manuscripts it also collects pictures and photographs. Its store of prints is the largest in this country, and, excepting when controlled by copyright they are available to anyone who wishes to have copies made of what they want.

There is also a maps division that looks after an immense collection of documents having to do with geography. It is of great avail to individuals or concerns needing detail data on little known or remote corners of the earth.

It was in that division of the Congressional Library that there was found the document laying at the basis of the settlement of the historic Venezuelan boundary dispute between this country and Great Britain. An ancient map that happened to be there cleared up the main points of the controversy that for a time seriously threatened to cause a war.

The Congressional Library receives more than 15,000 newspapers and periodical publications, most of which are available to readers who visit the reading rooms. It preserves files of more than 300 American newspapers and those of the leading magazines. It has newspaper files that are several centuries old.

Though the racks holding the books now in the library would cover, if spread out, five or six acres of ground, the establishment seventy-five years ago didn't have many more books than can be found in the average small town library.

There were only 3,000 volumes in the Congressional Library when it was destroyed by the British in 1814. Shortly after the British retired from Washington,

(Concluded on page 12)



THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

The Latter-Day Lloyd George

Concluded from page 3

Thus we find him rapidly attracting nation-wide attention as an antagonist of special privilege. His career in the House of Commons was spectacular for England was eager for someone to destroy the assurance of the British upper classes.

In Parliament Lloyd George, at twenty-seven, became known as a man whom Gladstone could not ignore. When Chamberlain became prime minister Lloyd George forced this calm speaker to wince, leap to his feet and ask permission for a second speech in reply. That was the first occasion which caused members to say among themselves that Chamberlain, gladiator that he was, had met his match in Lloyd George. Then followed a career of daredevil statesmanship, devoted to the correction of long-standing abuses in class legislation. When the Boer War broke out he was outraged at the thought that a great people like the British nation should attempt to crush a tiny race even under provocation. As the fiery pacifist of this war, Lloyd George journeyed to Birmingham, where his attempt to make a speech was a signal for a riot. The furnishings of the hall were destroyed, one man killed, several injured, and Lloyd George was smuggled out of the hall in a policeman's uniform. This is an especially significant story to bear in mind when contrasting the early Lloyd George with the present prime minister.



(C) U. & U.

The present-day Lloyd George

Then along came the culminating fight in the career of the early Lloyd George for a new social order in which privilege would defer to majorities. He was given the post of chancellor of the exchequer by Mr. Asquith, who was then prime minister. Immediately he planned a new system of taxation of the rich which would provide insurance of workingmen against illness and unemployment, and the payment of old age pensions. This was to be done by an income tax.

When the House of Lords killed the budget Lloyd George broke the power of Lords. He called for a general election, which returned the Liberal Government to the House of Commons with a majority of one hundred and twenty-four. On April 28, 1910, his budget was passed from the House of Commons to Lords, who, in turn, ratified it without further comment. The creation of five hundred new peers was the threat that forced the House of Lords on August 9, 1911, to agree to more restrictions of their powers.

Then came the war. The pro-Boer dropped the pacifist tendencies and flung himself into the struggle. One of his first moves as finance minister was to summon his former enemies, the leaders of the commercial and financial world, to 10 Downing Street. By a bold stroke he, the arch-fiend of yesterday, won their confidence and a glimmer of praise from the Northcliffe press. Soon he became minister of munitions. Then adroitly, in a preface to a book, he made a direct attack on the cabinet, of which he was a member. Conscription came and the downfall of his chief, Mr. Asquith, with the subsequent elevation of himself as prime minister.

Only has one to look at his cabinet, and his associates, to see how rapidly he has traveled through the Liberal camp to an ultra-conservative position. His minister of foreign affairs is Lord Curzon, the loftiest peer in all England, with an inordinate contempt for the rights of subject peoples. His minister of war is Winston Churchill, who is a militarist to his fingertips, and is responsible, with Lloyd George's approval, for the cabinet's military campaign for imperialistic purposes in India and Mesopotamia.

Bonar Law, another conspicuous member of his cabinet, has been a consistent anti-Labor man while Arthur Balfour, Lloyd George's old enemy in the budget fight, functions as the prime minister's most trusted advisor and emissary to the League of Nations. Moreover, Lloyd George now finds the companionship of the conspicuously wealthy Sir Philip Sassoon and Lord Riddell, who has amassed an immense newspaper fortune by the publishing of the *News of the World,* which is a sensational sheet devoted almost exclusively to divorce court scandal, more congenial than the former devotion of the common people of his origin.

In his present-day policies he seems to have lost all his sympathies for the common man. Once an ardent opponent of the Boer War, because of his sympathy for weaker nations, he now orders an immense army into Mesopotamia and India. Formerly a great stickler for parliamentary rights, his cabinet displays an open contempt for the ordinary questions raised in the House of Commons and he shows an impatience when questioned too closely by Parliament on matters of governmental administration. A former critic of imperialism, he devotes most of his energies at the various peace conferences and meetings of the supreme council to the advancement of Great Britain's imperial interests. When he deals with Labor it is no longer in a conciliatory mood, but entirely with the air of the gentry against whom he fought his legal battles as a young solicitor.

Lloyd George is charged with having neglected the interests of the dominions and colonies in the empire. There is an increasing conviction that the British Empire can be held together only by the reconstruction of the machinery of representation which would result in an association of the dominions in a mutually helping empire, instead of the old procedure in which London dictates the trade and political policies of far-away dominions. Here is the great problem confronting England today, yet Lloyd George, in the opinion of his countrymen, has tried to sustain the old, self-assurant air of the country with suppliant dominions and helpless colonies. Yet time and again one hears in England that the English are tired of "bearing the white man's burden" and they are yearning for the time when England will lay down her troublesome burdens as an imperialistic power.

England sighs for a new prophet. They feel that the latter-day Lloyd George has assumed the rôle of an imperialist which ill suits him. The middle class feel that he has deserted them. The upper classes, with whom he has now cast his fortunes, can never forget their old hatred of the man who dealt a death-blow to the House of Lords.

The increasing restlessness of the English people with the old order is rapidly focusing in an opposition to the one man who gained their confidence as a prophet of the new, and then squandered his power in a wild effort to sustain old injustices.

Under the Dome of the Congressional Library

Concluded from page 11

Congress purchased Thomas Jefferson's library, which was the nucleus around which the big institution that now exists was built. The books procured from Jefferson numbered 7,000 and in 1851 the total in the library numbered only 55,000 volumes. Another fire reduced the number to 20,000. The Congressional Library as it exists now really began to develop in the sixties with the purchase by Congress of the Peter Force collection of 60,000 books and documents that related exclusively to America. But no one heard much of the institution until the present magnificent building was erected about 20 years ago, and since then everybody knows of the structure but comparatively few are familiar with its contents.

The Congressional Library is not a free circulating establishment like the regular public library. Only members of Congress and high officials in Washington can take out books *ad libitum,* but anyone by going to the reading rooms may make use of any of the available material there. Scores of students and writers and investigators are always there. More than 1,000 readers can be taken care of at one time.

But, in emergency or by stress of necessity, books can be procured by anyone from the Congressional Library. They can be had in two ways, by appealing to members of Congress or to local libraries. In lending books or documents to unofficial outsiders the library never deals with individuals, who, however, can write and obtain information about books. The library frequently lends books or documents to public libraries for the use of patrons and sometimes the assistants spend days running down some bit of obscure information for someone far from Washington.

The Congressional Library serves as a sort of feeder for lesser libraries which in numerous cases use the classification system adopted in Washington and in the case of several of the big public libraries in the cities, carry a file of the Congressional Library catalog cards.

"What people should learn is that the contents of a library represent concentrated brains," said one of the officials. "A library isn't a mere place for bookworms or readers of light literature. It is an institution that can and does render service in any and every branch and function of life and activity. A library is just as much a business as a literary institution."

But Congress takes the view usually, that even the Congressional Library is a mere depository of literary lore; and that, aside from the building being a show place for visitors to Washington, it can render little service of a practicable nature. For Congress follows a rather niggardly policy with regard to the working force in the library. It is claimed that, though a high school graduate may qualify for a $1,320 clerkship in the government departments, a junior librarian, who must be a university graduate with two years' postgraduate work in a library school, is paid only $1,200. And the entire force that has to do with making the contents of the 3,000,000 volumes in the library available on need to persons not in nor able to go to Washington costs the government less than $15,000 a year. The chief of the force, a noted bibliographer with almost a lifetime's record of service with the government, is paid only $3,000. And the foregoing is why the librarians are not eager about the general availability of the Congressional Library being widely advertised.

The Wood Hollow Papers

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

BIRDS may unconsciously do harm in the vineyards, apple orchards and berry patches but these do not belong in the natural scheme of things; they are artificial growths reared by man. The berries and fruit in general that grow in the world of nature are for the birds to select from and feast upon as they will. Hence the question always arises: should men kill birds regardless of their value as insect destroyers because they steal a few berries? Berry growers kill a number of birds found vandalizing their fields. The ruddy sides of apples will also be scarred and pecked into by the birds, thus spoiling them for sale in the market. This is exasperating and merits condemnation but the hand is stayed by the inevitable thought that arises in most minds: that, in spite of the small harm done the actual value of these birds should not be cheaply or scornfully reckoned. Raspberries, blackberries and currants in season are relished by many birds, and often as not the robin is as crimson around his beak with berry stains as any lad who ever inserted his face in a jam-jar. The robin is a ground-feeding bird; and I doubt if there is a more active destroyer of the cutworm than the robin, though of course here we have to consider the toad which holds first place, cutworms being with the toad foremost on his bill of fare. I am of the belief that save for the toads and the robins the cutworm would be a veritable scourge and would clip down every garden plant close to the ground. Through countless centuries of adapting itself to its surroundings it has come to be that the cutworm issues forth only at night; so nature, all-wise nature, counteracts by sending forth the toad at night to keep down the surplus and so preserve the unalterable law of balance and proportion. But likewise has she set the robin to run along the earth and help by day while the toad is at rest. See the robin turning leaves, lumps of wood and grass and dragging them out; but the berry grower pays no attention to whether the robin is working on the ground or on the bush!

The brown creeper, *Certhia familaris americana,* is always with us in the land of snow, but by reason of its retiring disposition and its ability to keep out of sight one sees very few of them. Nevertheless there are numbers of them busy in every wood in our northern region; and two or three of them at one time have been around my seed boxes though I have never noticed that they have taken a seed. They come merely to pay a visit. Seeing so many birds tending this way they like to "follow the crowd." They loiter around, clinging to the tree bark and take all the time in the world to explore every inch of the wood they cover. The brown creeper generally starts at the bottom of a tree and works upward; almost inevitably he starts at the bottom. He is never really flighty or nervous. I have passed one just starting in at the roots and two hours later have noted with surprise the same fellow at it, though by this time well up on the tree. He is exceedingly painstaking. He hates to leave a tree until he is sure that there are no crevices left uninvestigated. He works up the tree in a spiral fashion, the upward, round-about fashion of a corkscrew. His bill is slender and curved. The reason for this is that it can be worked into the side galleries that the straight-billed birds cannot reach. When he does probe in a hole he feels around inside and you can rest doubly assured that if there is a living thing therein he will nip it. Is it not wonderful? First come the straight-billed birds to glean the outer surface. Next come the especially equipped birds to work into the galleries!

The brown creeper is a forsaken, apart fellow; does not indulge in any notable melodies—a persistent, never-ceasing plugger, one of the greatest friends of man. In coloration he is clouded-white underneath, with a back that is brownish, striped with gray. The tail and wings are reddish brown, the wings partially relieved with gray. It is remarkable how this coloration merges in with the hue of the wood it works upon. Standing at a likely distance you can positively swear there is a feathered creature working on the tree upon which you are directing your eyesight but for the life of you, you cannot make out the bird. You approach slowly, keeping your eyes riveted on the trunk. At a distance of twenty feet you make out the creeper—*and you are amazed by the fact that it looks like a piece of bark!*

The brown creeper has a sharpish tail which acts as a brace when it is on a rather disagreeable angle on the tree. It is like the triangle bracket we put up against houses when laying down scaffolding. The slanting section of the bracket acts much the same as the bird's tail set in against the tree.

The bill of one of the winter birds of the North is an oddity, to say the very least. I am referring to the crossbill, a bird that keeps itself almost wholly to the pines; in fact, it feeds largely upon pine seeds. To aid it in its task of wrenching out these seeds from the cone, nature has crossed its bills, much as you would cross your forefinger with your long finger. This appears to be a vast help to the bird, an evolutionary process, an adaptation.

(Continued next week)

Near East Continues to Hold the Spotlight

By W. P. CROZIER

THE death of King Alexander, of Greece, had the effect of an earth-tremor in the politics of the Near East. It would hardly be possible to find a question which better mirrors the condition of Europe (and part of Asia) at the present moment. It illustrates the rival policies and interests of England, France and Italy in the Eastern Mediterranean, Southern Europe and the Middle East; it brings again on the carpet the fate of Turkey and its position as a great or small power; it revives the contending jealousies and ambitions of the Balkan States; it awakens in some minds the old fears of German influence in the Near East; it raises dynastic and constitutional issues which concern more than Greece.

When in 1917 Constantine was driven from Greece, it was expected that Venizelos would have made an end of monarchy, if only because his experience had shown him how easy it is to turn a monarchy which in theory is constitutional into a despotism. But Venizelos preserved the dynasty. It is quite true that he has expressed his belief in monarchy as the best form of government for the Greeks—probably because the Greek political leaders would never tolerate the elevation of one of their own number to the position of chief of state—but he stated explicitly at the time that the protecting powers—that is to say, England and France—insisted on his maintaining the dynasty. (There were, of course, close connections between the royal families of Greece, Russia and England through the royal house of Denmark.) The dynasty being thus maintained, the exiled Constantine became (like James II of England and every other exiled monarch) the object of the devotion, intrigue and unceasing activity of the royalist and anti-Venizelist parties in Greece. Had the powers in 1917 not insisted on the retention of Constantine's house at Athens, the issue between monarchy and republic might well have been settled once and for all and the Near East not have been thrown into the melting pot as it now is.

The first question is whether a Greece ruled by Constantine and his wife ought to be allowed to retain the great accessions of territory given to her under the treaty with Turkey signed at Sèvres. They were given to her partly because the populations were largely Greek, partly because they had to be taken away from the Turk and the Greeks claimed them, partly to reward the pro-Ally Greece and the pro-Ally Venizelos for the help which they had given in the war. Undoubtedly it weighed heavily with the supreme council that the representative of Greece was M. Venizelos, who could be relied on to support the Allies (and especially England) in the future as in the past. This pleasant plan is now broken to pieces.

The parts of Turkey ceded to Greece include Thrace, just north of Constantinople, all the northern shore of the Dardanelles, and the province of Smyrna. The Greeks therefore command the approach to Constantinople from the north and the sea and threaten it from the south. They command the straits leading to the Black Sea and so have a stranglehold, if need be, on Rumania, Bulgaria and Russia. A satisfactory arrangement, possibly, as long as this great power is in the hands of a liberal-minded government which is in general sympathy with the countries which won the war. But not so satisfactory if Greece is governed by a king, queen and advisers who desired Germany to win, who did what they could to prevent the Allies from winning and who, worst of all, profoundly admired and believed in Prussian principles, both political and military, and probably still do so.

It is this belief in Prussianism as a principle which really makes Constantine obnoxious much more than the fact that he or his consort called the Allies "infamous swine" in a telegram to the kaiser. In any dispute which might in the future arise, would not the influence of Constantine be cast, so far as lay in his power, in favor of what in a rather vague way we call "reactionary" foreign policy? Prussianism has everywhere been broken in its homes; only at Athens it raises its head again. There are those who say that Constantine must have learned his lesson, that the downfall of Germany has drawn his sting forever, that he realizes finally his dependence on the great sea-powers. Certainly it ought to be so and there is no doubt that he and his ministers (Gounaris, Rhallis and the rest) are overflowing with anxiety to persuade the world that they will faithfully fulfill M. Venizelos's foreign policy, that Greece may preserve the rewards which he gathered in for her. But that is elementary prudence on their part. Even if one puts the best face on the future, it is highly disagreeable to contemplate Constantine and his henchmen being left in charge of the gates to Constantinople and the Black Sea.

England, France and Italy regard this problem from very different angles. Italy was opposed to M. Venizelos and his idea of a Greater Greece. As she fears the rise of a powerful Jugo-Slavia, so also she fears the expansion in the Eastern Mediterranean of Greece, with her bases in the home country, in Macedonia, in Asia and in the islands. Even in 1917 she would not support France and England in their policy toward Constantine, knowing that his ejection meant that Greece would enter the war on the side of the Allies and that M. Venizelos would claim the appropriate reward. Italy therefore makes no secret of her pleasure that M. Venizelos is overthrown, believing (with good reason) that a Greece which is "run" by the Constantinist politicians will be less enterprising, less formidable, and much less likely to put the Western European powers under obligations than the Greece that was Venizelist. If, therefore, it should be seriously proposed to take away from Greece any of the territories that were given to her under the Turkish treaty, as France would like to do, Italy is not likely to oppose. Whether she would prefer in that case to restore these territories to Turkey (for whom in general she certainly has no affection) or to hand them over to some international administration, would depend on how far she feared to strengthen Turkey, how far she desired to perpetuate Turkey as a force in international politics, and how far she hoped that this territory, if now internationally administered (for instance, Smyrna) might eventually fall into her own lap.

The French position is simpler and more ruthless. The French papers say that there must be no compromise with Constantine because French troops were shot in Athens under his orders in 1917. It is a good reason so far as it goes and certainly the French have no reason to love Tino, but they would probably be able to overlook this injury, were it not that the Greek crisis enables them, as they think, to strike a sound blow for French policy as a whole. Greece is only a pawn in the great game. France would like to tear up the Treaty of Sèvres, to take away from Greece some of her new territories and give them back quite unreservedly to Turkey.

The difference between Italy and France is that while Italy wants only to weaken the new Greece, French policy aims at perpetuating and strengthening Turkey. At present, for all practical purposes, "Turkey" means the Nationalist forces of Mustapha Kemal, whose headquarters is at Angora. Kemal and his army are now overrunning the republic of Armenia and they are in close alliance with the Bolshevists, who will certainly use them, if it is possible, to harass and weaken the French in Cilicia and Syria and the British in the Middle East. The French desire to make peace with Kemal, to detach him from the Bolshevists and even to use him, if they can manage it, against the Soviet Government. They think, for instance, that Kemal might be induced to march through the Armenian republic of Erivan to the shores of the Caspian Sea and to seize Baku and its oil fields, which would be a heavy blow to the Bolshevists. But Kemal will do nothing for nothing. If he is to be brought to make peace and possibly to become an ally against Soviet Russia, he will have to be bribed and the Greek crisis has unexpectedly presented France with the means of bribing him. Let us, says the French Foreign Office, offer to restore Smyrna and perhaps Thrace also to Kemal and so re-establish Turkey as a counter which France may use in the game of diplomacy against a Russia which now seems likely to remain permanently Socialist (not necessarily Bolshevist) and pacifist. In this scheme Turkey will remain a profitable "sphere of influence" for French finance and commerce—French finance has always been extremely active in Turkey—and she will not forget that she owes her survival and her escape from the crippling clauses of the Sèvres Treaty to the friendship of France. Greece will lose heavily, but after all, say the French, does anyone really believe that Greece has the resources necessary to maintain an Asiatic as well as a European empire?

England does not wholly share the views either of Italy or of France. Certainly she would not have given the new territories to a Constantinist Greece, for she distrusts Constantine profoundly, and it might be best in her opinion to withdraw some of them even now if they could be handed over to an international administration under the League of Nations. But she is deeply averse to seeing any territory that was formerly Turkish handed back to the Turks. Where the Turk rules, there is waste and misery and neglect. Already, after a short year or two, Palestine is lifting up its head and the same will quickly be true of Mesopotamia, if the mandate be administered fairly and honestly with equal opportunity for every nation. It would be a crime, England holds, to restore Smyrna or Thrace to the Turks simply for the sake of the old and discredited game of diplomacy. The new Greek Government obviously hopes that the "guaranties" of loyalty and good will which it intends to offer the three powers will persuade them to leave to Greece the Turkish territories undisturbed. There is a section of the British Foreign Office which is in favor of doing this but at the same time of telling Greece that for the future she must herself bear the burdens of her new empire; this, being a poor country, she will find it extremely difficult to do. It is suggested from the British side that a "compromise" might be effected by accepting Constantine's eldest son, George, as the new king, in which event Greece might keep her territories, although without Allied support. It is a poor compromise, indeed, for under it Constantine would still be the real king of Greece. If, however, France and Italy insist that Greece should be deprived of territory, then the British view is that it should be handed over to any administration except that of the Turks.

The Jambie Tree—By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY





The specter or Jambie tree, Trinidad. The photo at the left shows the nails driven into it by those desiring vengeance.

LIKE a watchman, on the alert to discover the approach of an enemy, but a short distance from the famous asphalt lake, on the Island of Trinidad, British West Indies, a lone tree lifts its head skyward. Tall and stark and bare, the trunk rises for more than twenty-five feet without a branch. At the top of the tree there is a sudden mass of twisted branches and sparse foliage, which silhouetted against the sky resembles the gnarled and scrawny fingers of some gaunt and giant specter. Superstition runs rife among the natives of Trinidad. To the blacks, the specter tree is a tree of vengeance, in which dwells the terrible Jambie bird. To see this bird means certain death.

When one of the natives desires revenge upon another, he goes to the Jambie tree. There he prostrates himself upon the ground, making many obeisances, and muttering strange words. Then he rises and drives a nail deep into the trunk of the tree. As the nail enters the tree the Jambie gives a promise that its wrath shall be vented upon the hated enemy. Hundreds of nails are imbedded in the trunk of this tree.

When the ground was being cleared, some years ago, it was deemed necessary to cut down the Jambie tree. This, however, the native workmen angrily refused to do. The ultimatum was given by the blacks that if any one touched the Jambie tree, he would be immediately killed. The tree, in reality, is a specimen of the silk-cotton tree, which is found not infrequently in the tropics.

The Day of the Super-Property Man Has Come

Vast Storerooms in Motion-Picture Land House Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Valuables

By JOHN B. WALLACE

EVERYTHING is super these days. We have supermen bossing the world and superwomen trying to vamp them out of their jobs. We have supermen of science and art and supermen in the prize ring. Also a superabundance of food products at supernatural prices and vended by supercilious middlemen; not to speak of superstition as exemplified by the ouija board. Therefore why not a super-property man?

Certainly in comparison with the property man of the speaking stage, a motion picture property man can most properly be called a super-property man. Accordingly I feel that my action is justified when I dub Howard S. Wells, manager of the property department of the largest film studios in California a super-property man.

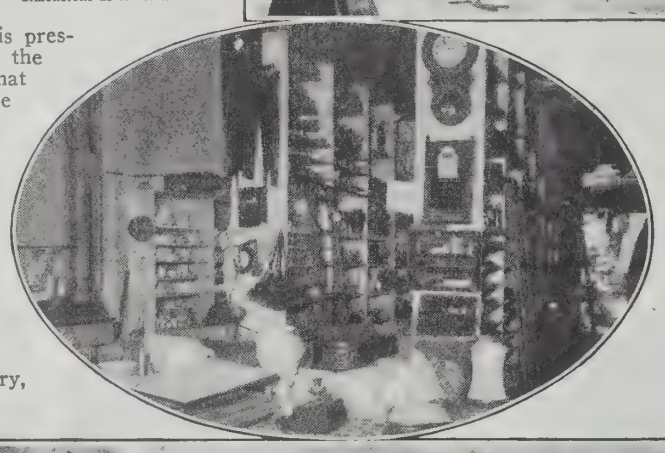
Those who are accustomed to the property men of the dramatic and musical stage would never connect Mr. Wells with such a line of work. Props, the overalled handy man, at once the servant, friend and critic of the Thespians who tread the boards within his domain, is as much unlike the manager of a motion picture studio property department as the proprietor of a corner grocery is unlike the manager of Wanamaker's. It is the difference between big business and little business.

Wells is tall and spare in build, pleasant and courteous in manner but with the "Please be brief, I am a busy man" aura radiating from him so strongly as to permeate the consciousness of the most rhinocerous-hided bore.

Mr. Wells, before he became connected with the show business, was a law clerk and court reporter. His health broke down and he was compelled to seek outside employment. For a while he was business manager for a road show. Then he was in turn assistant director, buyer and purchasing agent for a film company. This was in Philadelphia. Later he was sent out with a traveling film company. On this trip Mr. Wells gained the experience to qualify for his present position. The duties of the manager of the property department at a studio the size of that which claims Mr. Wells are multifarious. He not only has charge of all the properties used by the dozen companies working out of the studio but he must house and feed the companies that are out on location. He also has charge of the fleet of motor trucks maintained by the company and must see to the transportation of the actors and supplies. He is responsible for the issuance of the supplies from the immense warehouses in which they are stored. Under him are dozens of set dressers, warehouse men, truck drivers and laborers.







HOWARD S. WELLS
Property manager of a large California studio.
Top, right: the drapery department, a section of the property department.
Center: section of property room. It contains what are known as "hand props."
Below: property department, upper section, of same dimensions as lower floor.

As soon as it is decided to film a certain story, the scenario—or a copy of it—is turned over to Wells and he makes a list of the properties required. The assistant director is also required to make a list and this is compared with that prepared by Wells. This double check is very important.

Suppose, for instance, that a company is in the mountains or in the desert. The absence of one property which the property man has forgotten or overlooked might cause a delay of several days. Such delays would run into thousands of dollars. The old days are past, and efficiency and accuracy are the watchwords. He must be a man of infinite resource as well as of practical knowledge.

A set dresser—as the name implies—dresses the set—distributes the articles that belong to a set. He works under the direction of the assistant director. He comes in after the carpenters and painters have finished their work and is the last man on the scene before the actors and camera arrive.

Small articles that can be carried about by the actors, such as guns, suitcases, and so on, are called hand properties and it is the duty of the set dressers to keep a vigilant eye on these to see that they are on hand when required. Every article required by a director in filming a picture is charged against his company. A requisition is issued through Mr. Wells's office for each property required. The requisition is placed on file and the article charged against the director ordering it. Every property thus issued must either be returned or a proper accounting made for it.

Notwithstanding the careful check kept upon properties the seepage runs yearly into large figures. Actors are proverbially a happy-go-lucky folk with most inconsistent ideas of thrift, and the motion picture variety is no exception. They are not only careless with the property of their employers but they take no better care of their personal belongings. Mr. Wells says that there is seldom an evening that the set dressers fail to bring in an armful of wraps, overcoats, canes, bags and so forth that have been left about the set when the day's work is over.

Much of the bric-a-brac used in interior sets is valued into the thousands of dollars and actors and actresses who furnish their own homes often gaze at it with covetous eyes.

Nor is their longing always confined to mere gazing. A property man at a certain studio, which shall be unnamed, told me of tracing several valuable vases and draperies to the home of a well-known star and there incidentally the articles still remain.

A careful check must also be kept upon costumes, furs and other articles of wearing apparel.

Breakage is another cause of loss. In certain plays and especially comedies the destruction of properties is part of the action and although such articles are constructed as cheaply as possible the loss often runs into big money.

Roscoe Arbuckle, known to the picture fans as Fatty Arbuckle, and Wallie Reid are two comedians who cause Mr. Wells a great deal of anguish through their destructive propensities. Although the other spectators may be rocking in mirth at the antics of these laugh provokers, Mr. Wells fails to see any humor in breakage that is charged up to his department. He says that being a property man has spoiled most pictures for him because he gets to figuring up the loss and can't keep his mind on the story.

A walk through the vast storerooms is certainly illuminating to the uninitiated. One entire building is devoted to period furniture, another to draperies and another to bric-a-brac which embraces everything from antique vases and statuary to oil paintings copied from the old masters. In one room are dozens of immense chandeliers and ornamental lamps. In another are swords, guns and side arms dating from every period in history from the remote ages to the present. A particularly interesting collection at Universal City embraces every vehicle from the one-hoss shay to the modern limousine.

The property men of the various studios about Los Angeles, where two-thirds of the motion pictures of the world are made, work harmoniously and borrow and rent various properties from each other.

The advent of the motion picture has created a number of new businesses in Los Angeles. Not only are there several establishments that rent exclusively to the studios but some of the large retail furniture houses and department stores have rental departments devoted to supplying the needs of the film colony. The visitor may also see the unusual spectacle of antique shops refusing to sell their curios to collectors because they prefer to rent them to the studios. This is easily explained, however, when the rental price of certain rare antiques is learned. While expense is the bugbear of the property man it is the least of the worries of the directors and some of them will go to any extreme to get just what they want for a certain scene.

But even with the dozens of antique dealers scouring the remote spots of the earth the property man often runs against what seems like a hopeless impasse. It is then he must bring his ingenuity into play.

For instance, Mr. Wells told me of a particular scene that was supposed to be laid in Scotland. In a city like Los Angeles where the architecture embraces every variety known to civilized man it was easy to find a house that would pass for a Scottish manor.

But the rub came when Wells learned that he must supply a lawnmower for the principal character in the scene to operate on the lawn. An English lawnmower differs in several particulars from an American machine. There was not time to send abroad for one and as far as Wells knew there was none in this country. To make it worse Wells had never seen one of the foreign grasscutters. With the aid of the research department Wells finally found a book containing a picture of an English lawnmower. He studied it carefully, took an American lawnmower and made it over so that an expert could not distinguish the difference when it was shown on the screen.

This is only a sample of the painstaking care with which pictures in the larger studios are filmed. It explains why so many persons who have been abroad have been fooled into exclaiming, "Why, I know that was taken in France because I have been on that very spot," when, in reality, the scene was shot in California. The pictures are made with such careful attention to detail that directors and property men who know every trick of the trade are often imposed upon.

The research department is the prop that Wells leans upon in times of doubt. Three persons are employed who do nothing but look up the proper costuming and settings for scenes laid in times other than the present. In addition to a large library maintained by the studio they have the public library of Los Angeles to fall back upon as well as several splendid private collections of millionaire book fanciers.

As soon as a scenario is typed and the property plot is made up by Wells and one of the assistant directors it is turned over to the research department and the task of deciding the proper costuming and setting is begun.

Thus Wells does not set out blindly but he knows just what he wants to get. But getting it is another matter. Once he had to hire an entire circus for just one scene in a picture. Upon another occasion he engaged a carnival company to stage a three days' street fair.

Some of the hardest assignments that have been given him have occurred in pictures with religious themes. Certain sacred objects were required which it was impossible to beg, borrow or steal. How he managed to procure them would make an interesting story but, unfortunately, is a story which I am not at liberty to divulge.

Other departments that come under Mr. Wells's supervision are the large repair shops. In the drapery department curtains and draperies are constantly being altered, cut and repaired. Furniture is revarnished, repaired and reupholstered. In the pottery department antique vases are duplicated in cheaper materials and the bric-a-brac that is to be smashed in comedy and battle scenes is made out of plaster of Paris. Costumes require a large force of seamstresses to make and alter. The electrical department requires a large force of electricians and expert mechanics are employed in the upkeep of the fleet of motor trucks and automobiles.

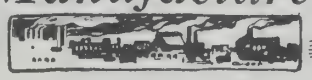
I think that the reader will agree that Mr. Wells not only deserves the corporation manager's salary which he draws for his services but is also entitled to any super appellations which we may have given him.



The Three Arts



Agriculture — Manufacture — Transportation



It has been discovered by government scientists that if apples are wrapped in oiled paper they will be protected from scald. It is expected that many growers and shippers of fancy fruit will make use of the discovery this year.

Preliminary reports on British trade for 1920 have been received by the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. According to the statement issued by the bureau the report shows imports of the United Kingdom as £1,936,742,120 and exports (including re-exports of £1,557,974,984), making the total foreign trade for the year £3,494,717,104, against £2,589,540,889 in 1919 and reducing the unfavorable balance of trade by £284,000,000 compared with the earlier year.

Specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture examined 22,063,299 cattle during 1920. The inspections were made in the course of supervising interstate transportation of live stock.

According to the returns of the fourteenth census, Vermont has 29,075 farms, or 3,634 less than in 1910.

The domestic production of copper during the last year totaled 1,753,000,000 pounds.

Vast quantities of Canadian wheat are moving from Vancouver to Europe through the Panama Canal.

Drinking water on railway trains is now being tested regularly by Federal and state officials. Similar protection against disease will soon be afforded passengers on steamers sailing from American ports.

Kansas is shipping large quantities of corn to the famine districts of China.

Cotton growers from the Mississippi delta district have organized and will sell cotton on the plan followed by California fruit growers.

The Montana Wool Growers' Association will manufacture one thousand pure wool blankets and market them in the state of Montana as a test of the advisability of having the association embark in the business of manufacturing woolen products.

The entire reclamation system of the United States has cost but $123,178,779.77.

During 1920 the United States exported timber, lumber and other forest products to the amount of $200,000,000.

The railways of the nation handled more coal in 1920 than in any year except 1918, when war demands called for an exceedingly large part of the country's supply.

The greatest need of Mexican railways is for equipment and rolling stock. The roads lost 10,000 freight cars and 400 locomotives during the revolutionary upheavals of the past few years.

The price of railway locomotives in 1920 was two and one-half times the price paid in pre-war years.

It is stated by authorities on transportation that gross railroad earnings per train mile increased 209 per cent in the 10 years ending 1919, but that expenses increased 323 per cent.

Cable dispatches carry the information that a large British industrial commission is visiting Brazil for the purpose of attempting to make arrangements to supply the British market with Brazilian cotton.

The Department of Agriculture expresses the fear that southern farmers will plant too heavy an acreage to alfalfa during the present year. The department asserts there must be an increase in live stock before the alfalfa acreage can be profitably increased.

American consular reports carry the information of the formation of a Finnish company which has perfected a new hydro-turf method of making and drying peat fuel. Work will be carried out on a huge scale.

According to reports issued by the Department of Agriculture, there has been a pronounced increase in the number of cow-testing associations in the United States during the last year.

The state of Michigan offers a reward for planting nut trees beside highways.

Dr. John R. Mohler, chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, has issued a statement in which he declares that owing to the readiness with which the virus is carried in the bodies of animals, in hides and other live stock products, the United States is dangerously exposed to invasion by foreign animal diseases now very prevalent in Europe and South America.

Tests made to determine whether American potatoes were susceptible to the "wart disease," a European blight which has recently appeared in this country, revealed the fact that there are 26 American varieties which are immune from the disease.

Idaho farmers report great success in killing rabbits with strychnine. The farmers of one county averaged 1,000 rabbits to every ounce of the poison.

The Geological Survey estimated that an average of 95 tons of soil, pebbles and loose rock for every square mile of the United States are carried into the sea by our rivers every year.

Nationalization of coal, fuel oil and water power lands has been advocated by the Secretary of the Navy.

New York consumes 1,600 cattle, 1,688 calves, 2,147 sheep, 1,933 lambs and 795 hogs daily.

The Wealth of Nations

The estimated wealth of the United States today is three hundred billion dollars, a gain of fifty billion since the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. It should not be thought, however, that this country alone profited during the war, for the estimated wealth of Great Britain is placed at two hundred and thirty billion, an increase of one hundred billion since 1914. This gain is due to the wealth obtained through the acquisition of Mesopotamia oil fields, the African territory taken from Germany and the free field left to Britain for the time being as the result of Germany's elimination as a trade rival.

Likewise the wealth of France, estimated at one hundred billion, has increased thirty-five billion since 1914. Italy and Belgium are reported to have added one-third to their wealth and Japan about fifty per cent.

On the other hand, Germany's wealth is said to be down from eighty-five billion to about twenty billion while Austria is said to have dropped from forty billion to one billion.

Implement journals state that there will be no reduction in the price of farm implements during the present year.

Private American shipyards built 1,758 merchant vessels of 2,832,343 gross tons for American shipowners in 1920.

The Brazilian embassy has announced that the population of Brazil is now more than one-fourth that of the United States.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has put in operation a plan for averting breaks between engine and train service employes.

At a joint convention of the Louisiana Bankers' Association and the Louisiana Division of the American Cotton Association it was decided that bankers would refuse credit to cotton planters who fail to reduce their acreage by one-half this year. Merchants are also asked to refuse credit to those farmers who fail to co-operate in the movement.

Montana has 2,136,974 acres of land under irrigation.

American steamship companies on the Pacific have informed the crews of their ships that present wage agreements will be abrogated and that wages will be reduced. Wages on the Pacific are said to have been slightly higher than on the Atlantic.

The Gulf Coast Lines are spending $2,500,000 for new equipment. Five locomotives, 850 freight cars and 4,000 tons of 85-pound steel rails have been ordered. The new rail will be laid between Houston and New Orleans, replacing lighter rail now in use.

The Michigan Live Stock Breeders' and Feeders' Association has asked the state legislature for a law requiring inspection of all cattle offered for public sale in Michigan.

C. J. Tilden, professor of engineering mechanics at Yale University, has been granted leave of absence for a year in order to accept a position as director of highway and highway transport education committee. The committee includes representatives of all governmental, educational and industrial groups interested in the advancement of highways.

Wall Street reports rumors that officials of some of the great railroads of the country are considering offering stock to employes.

Imports of Brazilian coffee through the port of New Orleans in 1920 exceeded all previous records by more than 60,000 bags.

French railroads suffered a $900,000,000 deficit in 1920.

Representatives of the Argentine Government have adopted the methods used to wipe out hog cholera in the United States and are using them with success in their work.

In carrying out its studies on farming costs, the government has procured records from 481 wheat farms, 846 cotton farms and 175 sugar beet farms. Investigations to determine the cost of raising cattle are now in progress on several hundred farms.

English railways handled more freight and passengers during 1920 than any previous year in their history.

Approximately 62,000 acres of the 148,000 acres devastated by war in Belgium have been restored to a condition which permits cultivation.

During 1920 there were reported 6,000 violations of statutes intrusted to the Department of Agriculture for enforcement.

The government has completed a survey of the results accomplished by 250 community centers in farming sections.

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Briefly Told

The tree on which Daniel Webster hung his scythe after deciding to go to Dartmouth College has been given a place in the Hall of Fame for trees with a history.

Sixty per cent of the world's output of copper is controlled by the United States.

Government figures show a surplus of more than one million women in England whose only hope of marriage depends on their migrating to other countries.

The wild burro of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado has been declared a pest by the United States Government. The burros have destroyed the trails and denuded the pastures of grass so that native wild game, such as antelope, has been forced out.

Residents of Tahiti express indignation because motion pictures, magazines and Sunday supplement pages depict the native Tahiti women as wearing few clothes. Missionaries changed the style of native dress long before the present generation was born. The average native woman is dressed in a mother hubbard.

A famous French statistician reported to the French Parliament that 8,501,437 men died in the war between August 2, 1914, and November 11, 1918.

It is estimated that 5,000,000 of the better class of Germans are planning to depart for Brazil, Argentina, Mexico and the United States.

If the government will remove the tax on the poorer grades of tobacco it will permit at least 25 per cent of the 1920 crop to be manufactured into fertilizer.

Rats of Nolan County, Texas, are eating the growing grain and the bark from trees six feet from the ground.

Six factories of Missouri manufacture corncob pipes for use in the United States and abroad. Last year the sales ran close to one million dollars.

German scientists have discovered that the roots of the ordinary bullrush contain as high as 30 per cent of cane sugar. Secondary processes yield alcohol and a nutritive cattle food.

The Douglas fir of Central British Columbia exudes a liquid at the tips of the leaves which when dry appears in white masses of sugar. The Indians of this region never fail to lay in a supply for the winter months.

Of our virgin forests one-sixth remains.

Natives of the Philippine Islands make substantial bridges of bamboo.

The Indiana house of representatives voted recently to bar all lobbyists from inside the railing of the hall of the house between the hours of ten in the morning and the time of afternoon adjournment.

Foreign claims filed with the Mexican Government for losses suffered during the revolution total $11,000,000. Claims were presented by five thousand individuals.

Rhodesia is doing its bit toward the returned soldiers and sailors. It has set aside five hundred thousand acres which is allotted free of charge to approved settlers from overseas.

Eighty per cent of the motion picture playhouses of this country still remain small structures seating but three or four hundred.

On the ground that it is an "affectation and a reminder of the monarchical days" the wearing of monocles by officials or members of the Berlin security police is forbidden in an order issued recently.

A Negro state bank, the first of its kind in the state, was recently opened in Chicago. The bank is operated for and by Negroes and has a capital and surplus of $125,000.

The farmers of America, through the American Farm Bureau Federation, declare they are willing to furnish 25,000,000 bushels of corn to the starving of China and Europe if the railroads, milling and corn products interests and others will transport it to the famine victims.

Three hundred million gallons of gasoline evaporate annually between the wells and the refineries. This amount is only about half the total evaporation loss and of this total at least half is preventable.

The people of the United States spend $200,000,000 annually on tobacco.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad will install wireless outfits to transact railroad business. Train dispatches will not be handled by wireless.

The American cotton crop for 1920 was 12,987,000 bales.

There are 115,000 tubercular children in Vienna, of which 16,000 are in urgent need of surgical treatment.

More than 2,000,000 acres in this country were planted with peanuts during 1920.

A seed potato cutter has been invented which cuts two potatoes at a time into four pieces each.

Insects annually kill standing trees valued at $70,000,000.

The natives of Guam use the pounded fruit pulp of a native tree to stupefy fish which they use for food. The fruit pulp is inclosed in a bag and sunk in the deep holes of the reefs and the intoxicated fish soon appear on the surface where the natives scoop them into their boats.

The present population of Brazil is one-fourth that of the United States.

The United States produces more copper than all the other nations combined and more iron than any other nation in the world.

Sanitary engineers of twelve southern states use the top minnow, a wee fish, to aid in controlling malaria and to destroy mosquitoes. These fish swim near the surface and devour thousands of the mosquito larvae.

If experiments of the Navy Department prove successful, naval airplanes, instead of "taking off" from the decks of ships at sea, will be hurled from catapults. Plans are also under way to make collapsible planes.

According to the figures of the Reclamation Service the amount of lumber required to make boxes for Washington's 1919 crop of apples was sufficient in quantity to build 9,660 country houses, each capable of sheltering a family of five persons.

Either of the two American fleets, the Atlantic or the Pacific, is far greater than the famous fleet of the United States which sailed around the world in 1907-1908.

A naturalist and tree surgeon of Cambridge, to observe to the best advantage the intimate family life of his feathered friends, the birds, has slung his hammock high in the tops of the tallest trees where he sleeps each night during the warm weather. Another advantage is that he is never bothered with mosquitoes at that altitude.

The permanent snow fields of Alaska are less than one per cent of Alaska's total area, and only cluster around the crest lines of the highest mountains.

It has been reported by Arctic explorers that Polar bears have been seen, hale and hearty, swimming in the open ocean all the way from forty to eighty miles from any land or other landing spot.

Tokio is planning to have a floating crematory which consists of two specially constructed vessels with facilities for cremating 30 bodies at a time. After funeral services have been held on board the boats will leave for a point seven miles off the bay for cremation.

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Shall the United States Abolish Sunday?
One Day of Rest in Seven is the "Core of Civilization." There are those who would break it down.

Where Tomorrow's Fuel Awaits Man's Effort
Out in the great peat beds of the Northwest awaiting cutting and drying is a great store of energy.

Credit—Solving Farmer's Greatest Problem
What South Dakota is successfully accomplishing with its rural credit system.

Many Men of Many Minds

The Fighting Kings of Ireland

The Wood Hollow Papers

Profiteering? No! Profit? Yes! in 20c Cotton

WE AGREE with Mr. Harry H. Dunn, the writer of this story, who, in a letter to the editor, said, "I am sending you herewith what I consider the most important industrial story which has broken in the South since I have been here, which is to say, seven years."

We anticipate that this article will create a storm of discussion. This is why it is being published. Recently we read of meetings in the South in which it was determined by the southern bankers that credit would not be extended to any planter who planted more than half of his acreage to cotton in 1921. This action obviously was taken to hold up the price of cotton, and, to quote those in the movement, "prevent ruin of the cotton planters." But there is another side to the story, and it is this we are telling in the Dunn article. We expect that many will disagree with it, but the facts are indisputable. *There is a fair, legitimate profit in twenty-cent cotton.*

Would Turn Port Over to Private Capital
Today, after fifty years' trial, New Orleans confesses public ownership of port facilities a failure.

Annual Insect Bill More Than Two Billions
Wanton slaughter of birds is proving one of the most costly mistakes ever permitted by government.

New York's Last Non-Jewish Newspaper Opponent
A story of the Herald's gallant fight for news honesty and editorial independence.

Editorials **Three Arts** **Mr. Ford's Page** **Illustrations** **Briefly Told**



Many Men of Many Minds



Herbert Hoover.—We will have ground for despondency when we fail to secure that impulse of charity and of economic assistance by which our surplus can be placed in the hands of the needy.

Ethel M. Smith.—To ground arms is the first step toward actual peace. As working women we pay for war with both our labor and our heart's blood. Our women know the frightful waste of war.

General Leonard Wood.—We must see to it that this country is not flooded with undesirable immigration and that great numbers of people who have been engaged in destroying government, who have no sound ideas of government, are not allowed to crowd into this country already overloaded in many sections with unassimilated material.

William Philip Simms.—War between the United States and Japan would be criminal folly. Such a thing I for one do not believe to be within the range of remote probability. The questions at issue between the white and yellow races may be full of difficulty, but I am confident that a solution of all of them will be found through mutual understanding and trust.

Calvin Coolidge.—States grow and there is an inexorable law of their growth. They must go through the process step by step. There is no hiatus in their development. Liberty is not bestowed, it is an achievement, but it comes to no people who have not passed through the successive stages which always precede it.

F. B. De Berard.—Government service, with its rules and regulations, is quite different from private business, where the organizations are keyed up to the single objective of good financial results, with its attendant demand of the highest degree of efficiency.

A. F. Tinojo.—Despite certain individual national misunderstandings with the Washington Government, such as those in Mexico and Colombia, there never has been a time when the United States, Americans, American ideas and American ideals were so popular in southern republics as they are today.

Frederick A. Wallis.—The immigrant is here, has always been here, will always be here. Like a mighty river flowing to the ocean is the irresistible stream of eager and picturesque immigrants flowing daily through Ellis Island. No sooner have they landed than they scatter to all points of the compass, most of them going to the cities. According to good authority, the territory where nearly 80 per cent of them go is well defined. If a line were drawn from the northwestern corner of Minnesota down to the lower corner of Illinois and then eastward to the Atlantic Ocean, passing through the cities of Washington and Baltimore, it would cut off less than one-fifth of the area of the United States. But contained in the portion marked off, there are located more than 80 per cent of the immigrants coming to this country.

Immigrants Huddle in Cities in the Northeast

David Wark Griffith.—Of the 106,000,000 people in the United States, it is safe to say that practically all are interested in the films in some way, either watching them, censoring them, or trying to write or act them. And sometimes it seems that the three latter classifications outnumber the first.

Cicely Hamilton.—Those who belong to the fighting half of humanity have the right, if they will, to belittle the emotion which impels their fellows to offer their lives for a cause; but if the protective instinct, the sense of the supreme value of life, were a reality in woman—an effective reality—their opposition to war would come from a different motive; it would come from a sense of the splendor of the sacrifice and the unworthiness of society—their own unworthiness—to accept it.

Ex-Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm.—Naturally I would be glad to return to Germany, and I would be happy if I could devote myself to agriculture, particularly to horse-breeding, but that cannot be.

Rear Admiral Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N.—Although the American people shrink from foreign entanglements they have made up their minds that they are going to take their rightful place as a maritime people.

David H. Holbrook.—If the battalions of devoted social workers in America who are daily giving their best efforts to constructive undertakings for the public welfare are to maintain their position in the advance corps of social progress, they must increasingly find within their calling a thing difficult to attain, namely, professional spirit.

Don C. Seitz.—While millions of men suffered death and the agony of wounds and fever, other millions profited for the time, fattening upon necessity, "gittin' while the gittin' was good." They shouted patriotism and picked pockets during the confusion. This was called by some, in justification, "the redistribution of wealth." It was, but it was not the same wealth as before; it was diminished in quantity and poorer in quality.

Glenn Frank.—It is not low pay alone or primarily that is causing the exodus from the teaching profession. The myth of dignity has been blasted. As President Davis, of Hunter College, has said: "The claim that teaching is more refined, has shorter hours, involves less strain than office work is pretty well exploded." The necessity of self-support is causing teachers to demand better pay, but self-respect is causing them to demand self-government. This is the next step.

Myth of Dignity Is Gone From Teaching, He Says

Narcissa Cox Vanderlip.—The great thing to work for in the coming years is world brotherhood, intelligent understanding, peace throughout the earth, and good will to men of every color, race and language. We must cease to talk up the next war with Mexico, Japan, England or Ireland. We must lead the way to disarmament and cease spending 88 per cent of our national moneys for wars.

Edward N. Hurley.—If we must join and organize, let us organize to promote individual initiative—to do more and to get more and to increase the sum of human happiness. Then I think we shall find less necessity for organizing to solve problems. We shall not have the problems to solve. We shall have our work and our leisure and will distinguish between them. And I think we shall be happier.

Sisley Huddleston.—Germany may be thinking of *revanche;* for aught I know there may be a Second World War when the weather clears up a bit; but if we are obsessed with this idea our brains will suffer. It is a cheerful fact that France refuses to sacrifice her sanity, and that for the first time a premier has had the audacity to declare that she is in no danger.

Joseph A. Faurot.—One need not be a pessimist to recognize that the schools are without direct influence in diminishing the number of crimes committed. The saying that for every school which opened a prison would close has never held true in fact. The only education which has influence upon the child as to criminal tendencies is that afforded by *examples of conduct and by environment.*

George Eastman.—I think that every man ought to be qualified to support himself at more than one kind of a job. In ordinary times you see people walking the streets, not because there is no work to do, but because they know how to do only one kind of work. It is, I admit, sometimes extremely difficult to work out a supplementary line of endeavor, to have another way of getting at the same or a similar result; but it is rarely impossible.

B. C. Forbes.—Saving is no magic key to certain success and a great fortune, but it does manifest, particularly when carried out under difficulties, a steadfastness of purpose which is necessary to the achievement of high ambitions.

John H. Glenn.—In my judgment there is only one thing to do with immigration, and that is to keep out the criminals and undesirables.

Gilbert K. Chesterton.—The modern politician is a mere flunkey to the modern millionaire.

Sir Hall Caine.—We shall not and cannot compete with America in building warships. If America wishes to have the greatest navy in the world, she can well afford to have it and we must not try to question her right to it.

Francesco Nitti.—If some great human voice does not rise above the conflict of minds to point out the way to true peace, the terrible decadence of Europe will be still more accentuated.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore.—The League of Nations is a League of Robbers. It is founded on force—it has no spiritual foundation. Humanity is not yet ready for it.

Guglielmo Ferrero.—In the center of Europe there is no more justice today than there was before the war, because there are still oppressors and oppressed; but there is much more hatred and much more fear. Hate that generates fear and fear that generates hate.

Anthony Caminetti.—My visit to Europe has illustrated to an extent I never realized the supreme importance of our immigration service and the necessity to connect it with the emigration activities throughout the world by proper avenues for information.

Alvaro Obregon.—I believe that when the United States and other nations see we are carrying out what they justly demand, they will consider the embodiment of those demands into a treaty unnecessary.

Dr. Payson Smith.—In asking for more for our schools, we are going to be met with the plea that owing to high costs we must retrench. Our task then is to place before the people the facts, and convince them that their expenditures for education are not extravagances, but are investments.

Governor Channing H. Cox.—The solution of our economic, social and commercial problems depends in great measure upon education and upon the educational leaders of our country.

George Pattullo.—I am well persuaded that when masses of men start out to gain their ends by violence they fail of their purpose ninety-nine times in a hundred. Even when their object is the laudable one of ousting a vicious system those who make the sacrifices in the effort reap no real benefits. They merely topple one set of exploiters to install a worse, for violence is ever the rascal's opportunity. I am strong for the under dog's struggle to get his share of what the earth offers, and am far from believing that he has yet realized it; but I cannot find where he has ever won his objective through violence and cannot believe that he ever will. Indeed, violence is precisely the chance Greed is looking for to cheat him out of his dues.

Violence Never Wins in Fight by "Under Dog"

Governor Edwin P. Morrow.—Today the power of the state to enforce law and maintain order is brazenly, notoriously and impudently challenged by the scandalous and open violation of the prohibition law. Confronted with this situation, I call to the conscience of the commonwealth.

Harry A. Franck.—The scarcity and indifference, not to say insolence, of servants and workmen constitute one of the serious problems in the Argentine, as in all countries of thin population and many opportunities.

Lothrop Stoddard.—India is nothing short of a miniature world. Sundered from the rest of Asia by the stupendous barrier of the Himalayas, and washed on its other two fronts by the ocean, this huge triangular sub-continent, as large as all Europe except Russia, is inhabited by all sorts and conditions of men.

Sir Philip Gibbs.—The United States will join the League in some way or other, I am certain, and that will give it at once a new reality, for the American people are realists and not afflicted with diplomatic timidities.

Shall the United States Abolish Sunday?

One Day of Rest in Seven Is the "Core of Civilization." Mark the Greedy Un-American Influences That Seek to Break it Down.

"It will be impossible to preserve a weekly day of rest without an appeal to the religious principle, and I regard such a day as the corner stone of civilization." —Benjamin Disraeli

THE Sunday Question has recently received new prominence, but anyone who has practiced the art of observation during the past two decades must be aware that it has been pressing a long time for attention. We have fallen into the stupid habit of thinking that a problem is not a problem until the newspapers take it up; but real problems usually predate and outlive newspaper discussion, as the Sunday Question certainly will do.

A great deal that has been said about Sunday freedom and Sunday observance may forthwith be put aside, because it means nothing, and its only effect, whether its purpose be so or not, is to darken counsel with words.

Likewise many of the debaters can be put out of court. The minister who wants to swagger as a "liberal" and gain the cheap applause of the enemies of the Sabbath by letting on that he is not straight-laced about it; the Sabbath condemner who seeks to gain his point by poking fun and making scurrilous jests against the people who religiously observe the day—these are two who may be taken by the collar first, and shown the door. There are others who will wisely follow of their own accord. The Sunday Question shall not be made a "popular topic" with such types of people. It is too important. It is too vitally American in its implications.

The first thing every intelligent man should do is to *fix his mind attentively on the fact of Sunday.* It is one of those miracles and mysteries which are too close to us for proper appraisal.

The Day That Divides the Weeks

ONE who comes a stranger to our shores from the great countries of the Orient receives his deepest and most abiding impression, not from the week days' rush and roar, but the miraculous suddenness with which it ceases One Day in Seven. Six days of buying and selling, rushing and crushing, making the news and circulating the news, hearing lawsuits, fighting political campaigns, and following the noisy multitude of other activities that make up our lives—six days of energy and turmoil, of dust and clatter, of achievement and defeat. And then—Silence! Bank doors locked. Blinds drawn in store windows. Railroad schedules reduced. Schools and colleges closed. Courts suspended. Newspaper offices still. Great factories silent, with banked fires. Markets empty. Working clothes laid aside. The morning whistle hushed.

Between the weeks a Day—and why is it there? Did you vote for it? Did your party propose it? Did your government add it to the list of the inalienable rights of man?

There is the weekly rest-day: consider it. How did it come there? Do you know?

The *year* is marked by *Nature.* The *seasons* are marked by Nature. The *month* is marked by Nature. But you will not find the *Week* in Nature. This custom of counting by seven days, where did it originate? Learned men have dodged round the question with great ingenuity, but when they have said their say you have the impression that savage tribes knew a great deal about astronomy and mathematics—which knowledge, strangely enough, serves only to challenge the singularity of the Weekly Day of Rest, but of no other modern thing. Savages are very useful, in the imaginations of scientific men, to belittle certain modern observances, especially if these have a religious connotation. The savage learned from Nature. There is no *Week* in Nature. Where did Sunday originate?

No "Economic Reason" for Sunday

"ECONOMIC reasons," mutters another class. "Got to have rest; couldn't keep up if we didn't; Sunday written in the constitution of the human race."

That is strange, since teeming millions of the human race have not found it so. There is China, for example; a rather sizable country with an intensely busy population. But China has no Rest Day. Indeed, China has been used to prove that Labor can do without One Day in Seven. A very intelligent observer writes: "Some persons have expressed their surprise that the unceasing round of toil which the Chinese laborer pursues has not rendered him more degraded. *It is usually said that a weekly rest is necessary* for the continuance of the powers of body and mind in man in their full activity, and that decrepitude and insanity would often result were it not for this relaxation. . . . Yet, in China, people who apparently tax themselves uninterruptedly to the utmost stretch of body and mind, *live in health to old age.* . . . Nothing like a seventh day of rest, or religious respect to that interval of time is known among the Chinese. . . ."

"Well," mutters our devotee of the economic argument, "Chinese are not industrialized. Look at some industrial nation."

Very well; look at Japan whose industrial development during the last quarter of a century has lifted her to the status of a modern power. The working men and working women in Japan are theoretically allowed one day in 30, not as a right but a favor—but they don't get it! So strong is the impression made upon Japan by western influences that Sunday *has* come to Japan, *after a fashion*—the banks close on Sunday, because British and American interests will not do business on that day. But the artisans, the farmers, the laborers do not know, and never have known, a weekly day of rest. Industrialism does not create it. As a matter of plain fact—and our economic friend ought to know it—industrialism and commercialism have been the most insistent encroachers on the One Day in Seven. Where industrial rapacity has had its way, Sunday has been wiped out altogether.

The only government that ever made radical Sunday legislation did so to destroy Sunday.

The French Revolutionaries, in their insane desire to abolish everything that savored of Christianity, decreed the "decade," a ten-day week instead of a seven-day week. They actually decreed it! This was in 1793. It never took hold. Napoleon eventually rescinded the "decade" legislation. But the legislation stands in history as an example of what "advanced liberals" will do.

The only sanction that Sunday has is a religious sanction; nothing else maintains this Day in the midst of the rushing weeks that tear breathlessly along until 12 p. m. every Saturday as if nothing on earth could stop them, but which yet find themselves halted by the silent dawning of that One Day in Seven.

And the chief beneficiary of that Day is the plain man, who labors for his bread, whose theoretical rights are many and whose actual rights are few—he has the *right* to 52 days a year, *more than seven weeks of time,* to himself. The Sunday is here. None of us voted it here. Millions have tried in their ignorance to drive it away. It is here, and its blessing falls upon every son of toil.

Now, the Sunday Question is simply whether we are to keep Sunday or abolish it.

The Principle Depends on Sunday

SOME say, "How about Saturday?" There is nothing to say about Saturday, nor even Friday—which is a Mohammedan day, not of rest, however. If a man prefers to keep even Wednesday, he is at perfect liberty to arrange his life so that all the weeks will wheel about Wednesday.

But the United States is a *Christian Nation.* Let no one have any doubts on that score. So far as nationality can be religious at all, the United States is a Christian Nation, so declared by the United States Supreme Court. The freedom extended to all forms of faith and of no-faith in this country does not argue the any-faith or no-faith of the United States: *it is Christian to its roots.*

This is stated thus emphatically because there are influences which would take advantage of a certain popular ignorance with the assertion that the United States is *not* a Christian Nation. It is, officially and actually. And will always remain so.

Now, Sunday is distinctively a day of Christian observance. Granting the previous existence of the Jewish Sabbath, granting the existence now of Sabbath-observing Christians, the fact remains that the great principle of One Day in Seven has been kept alive by the Christian Sunday, more accurately called The Lord's Day, and that the principle of One Day in Seven is strengthened or imperiled as Sunday observance is strengthened or imperiled.

This is where the "narrowness" comes in. But principle is surprisingly narrow betimes, even as it requires a microscope to find the deadly germ. The United States is tolerant in its spirit, but it is specifically Christian in its allegiance; not Jewish, nor Mohammedan, nor Confucian, nor Buddhist, though it shelters and gives freedom to adherents of these faiths. Sunday is its One Day in Seven, and this Day is founded on religious sanctions and nothing else.

To be completely "journalese" this article should contain several flings at the church people. But the flings shall be omitted, because the church people are the majority of the American people, and not only the majority, numerically, but the cream morally, mentally, socially—humanly. That is a secret which has not yet percolated into certain "circles."

The church people are to be credited with having kept Sunday on the calendar of the shop and store and office and mine and farm and factory. Close up the churches and everything else will open. Sabbath-breakers and jesters at religion should lift their hats every Sunday when, on their way to the golf links or the show, they pass a church; they should recite a little litany to themselves, like this: "Well, old Church,

"Sunday labor in the United States is, however, increasing. That the increase is general is shown by the growing opposition of the labor unions, and their frequent demands for shorter hours throughout the week, on the ground that they have no assurance of the Sunday respite."

—The New International Encyclopedia

"The Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence...All civil mankind have agreed in leaving one day for contemplation against six for practice."—Emerson

I have to thank you for today, anyway." It would be only decent and fair.

The church folks gave the country the Day—gave it away back in time before the country was thought of; the church folks are keeping Sunday alive in the teeth of a thousand united foes that are seeking to kill it—AND—for that reason the church folks have something to say about it!

The motion picture men did not invent Sunday, and they have not contributed anything toward maintaining it. The Sunday bally-hoo men are not the originators or guardians of Sunday. The cheap johns of the jazz entertainment world couldn't tell you what Sunday signifies if their lives depended on it. Yet to hear them during the last few weeks you would think they had letters patent on Sunday and could snap their fingers in the face of Christian America. Perhaps—in New York; but not—in America!

Students of the wonderful new development of lying and subversive propaganda in this country have had a very complete example in the way the anti-Sunday propaganda has been handled through the newspapers. It would be pleasanter to say that the reports of what the lovers of America want to do were "garbled"; but that is not the word at all; it is too polite. A certain group of people have had entree for the most unfounded and slanderous material against the Christian American Sunday and its friends as well as other things American. And, fatuously, they think that securing that sort of publicity settles the question. This is, seriously, a question for newspapermen. How far is this sort of thing to be assisted?

A Working Men's Question

THE whole point of the new Sunday agitation is this: Sunday is being destroyed by interests that take everything out of the people and put nothing back into them for the betterment or refreshment of their lives. Sunday is a day of physical rest, not only, but of inner, spiritual refreshment as well, and there is a strongly organized attempt being made to prevent Sunday from serving either of these purposes. Whole huge sections of our working people have been roused into a fever of anti-Sunday delusions, and they, poor simpletons, are always the first to suffer from violation of the spirit of Sunday.

The more pleasure on Sunday, the more work. The more you break the spirit of Sunday, the more you break the body of Sunday. The more people enjoy what they call a "free" Sunday, the more are condemned to a working Sunday. It hits the workingman first. This being Christian America, no one would say, "You have got to go to Church." But the fact remains that the Sunday stands or falls with the number of those who do go to Church.

"Sunday recreation?" Certainly, that is what Sunday is for—re-creation, refreshment, restoration. Every one of them must be interior first. The refreshed body, the mind restored to its equilibrium—both dependent on processes which are not only retarded but made impossible by the commercialized Sunday. In any shop or office you can count on Monday morning those who accept the commercialized idea of "Sunday recreation" and those who accept the older, tested and saner idea. The former are fagged out; the latter are refreshed, they have derived some good from Sunday.

The advocates of a commercialized Sunday rest on Monday after counting their gains; but they do not even advocate Monday for the masses. Strange it is, calling for special note, that those who are most zealous for the maintenance of Sunday are those who get nothing out of it—commercially.

The Box Office Will Not Decide It

SUNDAY is the goose that lays the golden egg around the amusement parks and Sunday dance halls; but, like the story, the goose is killed by the greed this engenders. Extend and develop Sabbath-breaking a few more years, and there will be no Sabbath to break.

So liberal a man as Cardinal Gibbons, for example, is against Sunday movies. On what grounds? He says it is not recreational to crowd into a dark movie theater and subject the body to the physical conditions and the mind to the spiritual conditions of such places. And he is right. In the act of destroying the Sabbath, men destroy themselves also.

The Sunday Question will not be settled by the Box Office.

The Sunday Question will not become the sole property of the agnostics, Bolsheviks or any other class of non-Christian newcomers to this land.

The Sunday Question will be settled by the Christian Conscience of America, and that conscience has sound backgrounds. It built this country; it will maintain this country; and those who would enjoy this country must beware not to press its patience too far. In battle and in moral issues the United States has never been defeated.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 15, February 5, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1897.

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2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
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Mr. Harding and the Navy

THOSE who are finding discomfort in Mr. Harding's statement that the American Navy must be maintained because they see in his remark a death blow to the hopes for a naval holiday are, we think, a bit premature in their judgment.

It is probable that there has been considerable misunderstanding of the meaning of a naval holiday. Undoubtedly there are many who have thought of it as a period of disarmament which would usher in an era when all the fighting craft of the world would be allowed to rust to pieces. In reality, of course, it has meant nothing of the sort. All that is suggested by the term is that the great nations of the world take a vacation in their navy yards; that they shut up shop and for an agreed period of time build no more warships. It is not suggested that the present navy be allowed to go to pieces any more rapidly than is occasioned by the normal rate of depreciation of fighting ships.

There is nothing in Mr. Harding's words, as reported by the press, which indicates that the President-elect is opposed to the curtailment of the present naval building plans. Indeed, Mr. Harding has indicated on previous occasions that he will sympathize with an equitable plan for the elimination of all competitive naval building programs. He has called into conference both Representative Butler and Representative Kelley of the Naval Committee. He is in possession of all the data on the comparative strength of the navies of the world. He knows exactly what it is going to cost this country to continue building ships at the present rate and present prices. He is likewise fully informed concerning the attitude of the country, as reflected by the press, for there have been few occasions when the newspapers were so united as they are in support of the proposal to cease naval building.

Under these conditions it is difficult to believe that Mr. Harding has determined to support the big navy enthusiasts. It is much more just to take him at his word and to believe that he meant exactly what he said when he expressed himself in favor of maintaining the navy, than to attempt to distort this statement into the announcement of a policy favoring an enormous increase in the navy. It is much more just and far more comfortable to take him at his word and accept the statement that he stands for the maintenance of the navy than to twist this into an announcement of a policy favoring a great "increase" in the navy. There is a vast difference between maintenance and increase.

Congress Does Its Spring Planting

IT IS estimated that the appropriation necessary to supply members of Congress with free seeds this year will total $360,000, or $120,000 more than the last distribution.

Just why these should be known as "free" seeds is a nice question and will bear considerable explaining, but in view of the larger question of why Congressmen should distribute seeds at all, it will probably be well to pass up a debate over this matter of terminology and get down to the more important one of taxes.

The facts are that the distribution of seeds by members of Congress is a wasteful and needless practice. The seeds go to hundreds of thousands of persons who do not want them, will not use them and who merely throw them away. Like the seeds of the sower of the parable, some fall by the wayside and are eaten by the fowls, some fall on stony places and wither away, and some fall among thorns and are choked.

Some Congressmen refuse to have anything to do with this travesty. They will send seeds upon request but not otherwise. The majority, however, consider seeds excellent campaign propaganda and use all they can get.

The public, which hears a great deal about economy and listens to a great many promises that public funds will be wisely administered, cannot but wonder why the distribution of seeds is not turned over to the Department of Agriculture where it can be handled intelligently.

Is it because these seeds are for votes and not for crops?

Mostly Fools

"THERE are several hundred millions of people in this world," once asserted Sir Bulwer-Lytton, "mostly fools." At first blush one is apt indignantly to refute this statement, but if we consider it in the right light, perhaps, after all, there is some truth in what he says.

The term "fool" is not here used in the sense of an idiot or imbecile, but is applied to the person who does something which is contrary to the laws of common sense and custom. An educated man, brilliant in his profession and looked up to by his associates, may at the same time be a fool.

A famous poet, whose verses and sonnets have gone down the years loved and remembered by millions of his fellows, came under the characterization of Lytton when he gave up the mastery of his senses to strong drink.

A writer of the same age was a fool when he allowed his brain to become so clouded and blurred through the use of opium, that he could no longer give to the world the great thoughts of a great mind.

The annals of history are filled with the tales of men and women who, while honored and believed in, through some act of indiscretion, some giving way to a secret sin, some stepping aside from the path of probity for a time, have fallen from the pedestal on which they were placed, divested themselves of the adoration of their fellows and become fools.

We see them all around us. We come in contact with them every day. We say sometimes in contempt, sometimes in pity, "He is a great man, but what a fool he has made of himself." A paradox, but true. But in our criticism of others let us not forget that perhaps we ourselves may be in the same boat. Which one of us can truthfully say, "I have never been a fool"?

When we contemplate the foolishness of mankind, it does seem as if Sir Bulwer was right when he asserted that the people of the world were "mostly fools," and the Bard of Avon when he said, "What fools we mortals be."

But out of the gloom which this reflection casts, there comes a ray of light. There are thousands of men and women throughout the ages whom the people of their time have characterized as fools, whose "foolishness" has made a bigger and better and brighter world.

When the Christian martyrs gave up their bodies to be torn by wild beasts rather than recant their beliefs, the people called them fools. When they allowed themselves to be burned at the stake for conscience' sake, "fool" was the title that was bestowed upon them.

When Columbus set sail on his voyage to discover and gain a new world, the people of Spain derided him and called him a fool, and when he at first returned unsuccessful, but determined to try again they thought him more of a fool than ever.

When Field proposed to span the Atlantic with a cable and transmit messages under the sea, thousands called him a fool.

When Abraham Lincoln signed the Proclamation of Emancipation striking the shackles from the arms of a million slaves, other millions of his countrymen said he was a fool to do such an act.

Many men and women who have dared to do something contrary to the dictates of custom, have been called fools by their day and generation. The man who refuses a business contract because it savors of dishonesty; the girl who declines to get married because she believes she should care for her parents; the preacher who remains in his present charge because he can do more good there, rather than take another church at a higher salary, all are thought to be fools by many people.

But it is this kind of fools that make a bigger and brighter and better world for the rest of us.

Long may their foolishness continue!

Freeing the Dinner Pail

EVER since President Roosevelt determined that the conditions in the big meat packing houses of the United States were such that government inspection was necessary and took steps to have such a law written on the statute books of this country, there has been a state of war between the Federal Government and the leading representatives of the packing industry. True, it has not always been active warfare, but there has never been more than a temporary lull.

That controversy, lasting over a long term of years, appears to be approaching a decision, for with the action of the Senate in passing the bill providing for Federal regulation of the packers, the forces of the government have administered to the packers a most decisive defeat.

There appears to be less doubt that the measure will pass the House than there was that it would succeed in the Senate so that, if the exigencies of politics are at all favorable, the present session will witness the conclusion of what has been one of the most bitter struggles between corporate wealth and public interests since the dawn of the era when private privileges were first made to square with the people's rights.

The present measure provides for a live stock commission of three members, appointed by the President, the duty of which is to exercise general supervision over the packing industry with all its related activities, such as stockyards, commission houses and other agencies, and to gather and distribute information of value. The commission will also have the right to examine the books of the packing companies when it deems such action necessary. While the bill does not go quite so far as was originally proposed, it is a very broad measure. Without providing for government control, it institutes government regulation. The commission will not fix prices, but it will be in a position to guard the public against overcharge because it will have access constantly to accurate information concerning profits, and through its ability to make conditions public will be sufficiently well armed to be the terror of profiteers.

The Federal Trade Commission, in the course of an investigation ordered by the President, discovered that the packing industry had spread out until it threatened to control the food of the American people. It discovered that the packers had gone into the cereal, fruit and fish business and that they were threatening to drive existing wholesale grocery concerns out of the field. Further, it reported that "it takes no imagination to see that in 10 or 12 years we will witness the disappearance of the retail grocers in a very great measure as independently operated business." The only conclusion which the commission could draw in such a case was that Congress must make up its mind whether it thought it wise to permit any industry to stand at the intersection of the crossroads of supply and demand and there to exercise the right to say whether or not the food of the country should be freely gathered and offered for sale under competitive conditions.

One result of this investigation was the order to the packers to divest themselves of all interests outside those directly related to the purchase, preparation, distribution and sale of meat and meat products. The second is the action of the Senate in passing the regulatory measure. Between the two it seems that there is about to be returned to the average citizen his right to be the dictator of his own dinner table.

Pictures and Prohibition

THERE are probably very few who will attempt to deny that the saloonkeeper was responsible largely for prohibition. He overstepped the laws so frequently and was so conspicuous as a leader of organized evil that society finally wiped out his trade to be rid of him.

The motion picture producers who are serving up cheap sex stories and who are crowding the market with these wares until it is hard to find a picture house that does not flaunt suggestive lithographs, are due to go the way of the saloonkeeper. The public will tire of their salaciousness and the result will be the passage of censorship laws of such severity that the picture business will have to be rebuilt.

The liquor business never listened to warnings until too late. It made the mistake of thinking that the only people who favored cleanliness were the people it sneered at as "reformers." It forgot that a man does not need to be a reformer to be a decent citizen. One can expect little, however, of the type that dominates motion picture producing today, save perhaps the few who, like Griffith with his "Way Down East," gauge the people's desires correctly.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS not with the distinction between reputation and character that this page deals today, although that distinction may well be kept in mind during its perusal. Reputation is what people think a man is; character is what he really is. Usually reputation and character go along hand in hand; what people think a man is, he is very likely to be; but not always. There are just a sufficient number of differences between men's reputations and characters, to make a sweeping statement impossible, except to emphasize the distinction.

One distinction not often thought of is this: the people make a man's reputation; the man himself makes his character. Reputation is repute. Repute is just what the people think over and over again; a repetition of thought, a multiplication of opinion. It is clear, then, that reputation is something the people give to a man. He himself, of course, must be sufficiently active or interesting or important to give the initial impulse to their thought; but, after all, it is their thought that paints his public portrait.

The public makes mistakes. It must have its devils and its angels, and its devils must be very bad, even as its angels must be very good. The hankering of the public after a good man to believe in is very pathetic. Being too wise to have anything to do with God, they set up a statesman, a philanthropist, a public benefactor of any kind, and then they begin to weave about him a romantic robe of dreams until he becomes a cross between Santa Claus and Gabriel.

No man is ever so good as the public wants its good idols to be; and no man is ever so bad as the public wants its bad idols to be. The reason is that the *public* gives repute, and not the man himself.

Reputation is, of course, an important point, but it is not of first importance. A man who is always careful of his reputation usually has not much to spare.

Reputations are such partial things anyway. Here is a man who has a reputation for ready wit. Another, during some retentive period of his mental life, stored up much knowledge of the sort which quickly turns to attic lumber—he has a reputation for learning. Another, because of some act performed in a moment of indignation, gets the reputation of being quick-tempered or courageous. Another, a normal man, not self-centered, but living free in mind and body, does for a friend, without thinking of it, an act involving danger to himself, but effecting the other's salvation. He awakes to find himself a hero. There is nothing funnier than finding oneself a hero. One has read of heroes, admired them, dreamed one's boyish dreams of emulating them, but we supposed that heroism was something very grand to feel. We thought the hero felt heroic, felt as heroic indeed as the hero looked upon the stage. But he doesn't. The hero discovers for himself the immense difference between reputation and the inner sense thereof.

It is only part of the man that is involved in the reputation, good or bad. G. K. C. has a reputation as a writer; but he is more than that. M. J. P. has the reputation of being a good mender of boots, professionally a cobbler; but he is more than that. Reputations are such partial things.

But it is only when reputations become something to trade upon that they begin to bind men.

There are some men who regard their reputations as assets, who ought to regard them as liabilities, and they are "good" reputations, too, in the moral sense. It is a mistake to think that it is the "bad" reputation that is always the liability. Not at all. Good reputations sometimes hang like millstones around a man's neck; they are, in reality, the millstones on which his epitaph is already carved. A man has a reputation for cautiousness. Well, cautiousness is only a partial virtue. Sometimes a man ought to be cautious, and sometimes greatly daring. Sometimes he ought to walk across the street and sometimes he ought to run. To commit himself to follow either course all the time would be equal to a prison sentence.

Other men have a reputation for what is called "common sense." Common sense is, as the term implies, the common possession of common people. It is very valuable. The majority of people are actuated by common sense. They are conservative. The majority *must* be *conservative*. That is the majority's *business*—to have and to hold, to protect and conserve the good of the past. If it were not for the conservative we should have nothing at all. He is the brother who stays at home and keeps the family farm in shape while his other brother roams afield, sometimes as a prodigal. In the end, all radicals come home to the conservatives; that is where conservatives justify themselves.

But, see what a hindrance a reputation for common sense may become. A man says to himself, "I have always been known as a man of common sense. I have always done what most people do, with an element of protective caution thrown in. People do business with me because they know I am 'safe and sane.' Yet, here I have a vision which I know is safe with a higher safety and sane with a higher sanity than any of my neighbors know, and I am moved to follow this vision—but if I do, bang goes my reputation for common sense!"

In such an instance, a reputation is the death warrant of a man's growth. He is not *living up* to his real self; he is *living down* to the self that he was twenty or thirty years ago. He is simply refusing to outgrow the features of the portrait called "reputation" which public opinion has sculptured in the gallery of public imagination. For that is all public opinion is, and that is all fame is, and that is all reputation is, just public imagination.

Too many men are afraid of being fools. It is granted, of course, that public opinion is a powerful police influence for those who need it. Perhaps it may be true that the majority of men need the restraint of public opinion. In this class of cases, public opinion keeps a man better than he would otherwise be—if not better morally, at least better as far as his social desirability is concerned. But doubtless there are cases, and many men feel the truth of it, where reputation keeps a man from being as good and as useful as he might be, because in service he would be led into the "unusual, don't you know."

Well, it is not a bad thing to be a fool for righteousness' sake. The best of it is that such fools usually live long enough to prove that they were not fools, or the work they have begun lives long enough to prove they were not foolish; and so the fool for righteousness' sake is revenged on Reputation after all.

Heaven help the man who has been poisoned by regularity! Not that belonging to the regulars, and being regular in everything from agriculture to religion is an evil thing—not at all. If a man deliberately chooses and selects a place among the "regulars" for the good that he can do them, very good. The regulars need their servants and prophets too. Many men are justified in saying, "I cannot do that, because it would injure the influence which I now possess in this special channel of work." There are men who, for the sake of moral usefulness among men, must make deliberate sacrifice of certain otherwise desirable things, and to these rightfully belongs their meed of honor.

This is not the class of men to be warned. These are not victims of regularity; they are missionaries to it. Others, however, who believe that the present form of regularity is the eternal pattern, who are in nervous fear of being so regular that they succeed only in being stupid, to them there might be given a stimulus to forego the bugaboo Reputation, and let their native decent impulses expand to fill the pattern they were meant to fill.

THERE are both good and bad reputations. A bad reputation to have is one that is so good that you are afraid to lose it for another. It is a bad thing for a man to have a reputation which is like a plaster cast which he dare not break, and from which he cannot escape. Many men are trying to live within the repute they won 20 years ago, afraid to "lose a reputation" which probably fitted them then but which is a misfit now. No man ever "loses his reputation"; he simply gets another one. It ought to be a better one. In any case, Reputation is only the projection on the public imagination of a picture which may be true or false. The real likeness is found in Character.

Profiteering? No! Profit? Yes! in 20c Cotton

Twenty Cents for Cotton Pleases Planters in Face of South's Demand for Forty Cents a Pound

In the face of the demand by the American Cotton Association for a price of at least 40 cents a pound for all the cotton produced in the South this year, and disregarding the threat of this association, backed by southern bankers, to reduce cotton acreage for 1921 fifty per cent under the 1920 planting, a co-operative foreign trading corporation is shipping cotton to Europe at 20 cents a pound.

The members of this corporation declare they are realizing a good profit at one-half the price demanded by the American Cotton Association. The corporation represents 200,000 acres of cotton in Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee. It has shipped about 20,000 bales to the mills of Germany and Czecho-Slovakia; has signed contracts to deliver 100,000 bales more, and has a total sale of 500,000 bales in sight for 1921.

This is the first co-operative foreign trading association, or corporation, to be put into successful operation in the United States since the war. It proves that cotton can be produced—even under the high costs of 1919-20—to sell at 20 cents a pound, and it reveals the profiteering in the demand for 40 cents for this same cotton. Here is the story, and it is a revelation to the cotton consumers of the world.

By HARRY H. DUNN

WHILE the American Cotton Association, and the various branches of this organization in the cotton producing states, were arranging for a reduction of at least 50 per cent in cotton acreage to be planted in 1921, and while the bankers of the cotton belt were uniting in the support of the demand of the American Cotton Association for a minimum price of 40 cents a pound for cotton, planters of three states in the South, representing more than 200,000 acres of cotton, quietly banded together in the first co-operative foreign trading corporation to be formed in the United States since the war, and proceeded to sell their cotton at 20 cents a pound in Europe.

These planters declare they take a good profit at 20 cents a pound. The American Cotton Association declares cotton cannot be produced this year at less cost than 25 cents a pound, and that the planter cannot maintain himself on cotton for which he receives less than 40 cents a pound. Apparently there is a vast discrepancy somewhere, a difference of 20 cents a pound, amounting to *one hundred dollars per bale,* which the consumer must pay, before the American Cotton Association will release to him the staple controlled by its members. Yet the Mississippi Delta Cotton Export and Trading Company—which is the name of the new corporation—has shipped nearly 20,000 bales of cotton to the mills of Germany and Czecho-Slovakia; has contracts with the mills of the latter country alone for 100,000 bales more, to be delivered during 1921, and has reliable prospects for the production and sale of 500,000 bales during the coming season.

These cotton planters, whose lands lie in Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee, whose headquarters is at Clarksdale, Mississippi, and who are shipping through Gulfport, Mississippi, to evade the excessive Public Belt Railroad and Public Cotton Warehouse charges at New Orleans, have agreed that the war is over and that it is time for war-time prices to get back to normal. They have refused to join in the campaign of the American Cotton Association, either to reduce production or to maintain war-time prices. Refused loans on their 200,000-acre crop by the Federal Reserve Board, they perfected this most advanced example of direct trading between the United States and Central Europe, and have progressed further with it than have either of the two large foreign finance corporations recently organized, one in New York and one in New Orleans, to provide financial sinews for similar projects.

The Mississippi Delta Cotton Export and Trading Company, which is generally known as the Delta Company, is handling the cotton of its original members and of all other planters of the three states named who care to come into it, on the following plan, newly devised and different from the methods of any previous project to dispose of the cotton crop of the South:

Cotton taken from the fields is classified, sampled and compressed; then shipped direct, without the intervention of middleman, forwarding agent, broker or jobber, to the mills of Germany, Czecho-Slovakia and the Balkan States.

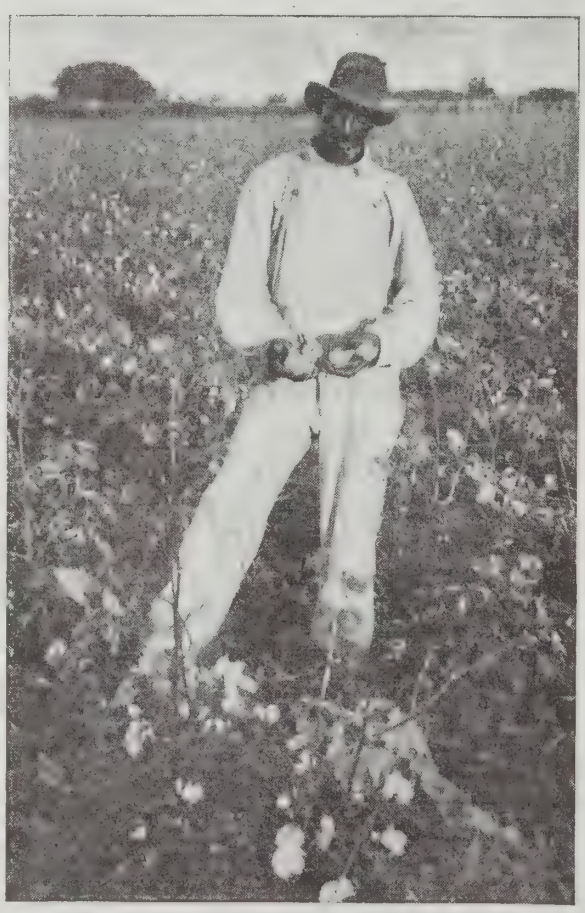
These buyers (the mills) advance no money, and no price is fixed for the cotton. Freight, insurance and other charges for handling, are advanced by the shippers through the Delta Company.

The mills manufacture the cotton into whatever sort of goods seems to be in greatest demand, and take one-third of the manufactured goods as compensation for manufacture and for their profit. The remaining two-thirds is held by the European companies for orders of the Delta Company.

The Delta Company, which is to say, the producers of the cotton in Arkansas, Mississippi and Tennessee, then finds a market for its share of the manufactured goods, ships it to this market from the mills, collects for it and pays the planters.

Not only has this Delta Company thus saved the cotton crop of hundreds of southern planters, enabling them to continue producing cotton for the use of the world at virtually pre-war prices, but it has rescued from stagnation and failure more than a score of European mills, thrown into idleness because of inability to pay the high price demanded for other American cotton, and because of the necessity of having cash to pay for cotton from other sources. By the method of sale under discussion, not only is the price demanded by the American Cotton Association cut squarely in half, but the mills are enabled to handle the cotton without any outlay of cash, receiving their pay when the manufactured goods are sold. Officials of the Delta Company declare that if the price of American cotton were reduced to a normal level of 20 cents a pound, the mills of Central Europe would absorb 10,000,000 bales, these mills would be able rapidly to get back on their feet, work would be provided for hundreds of thousands of mill laborers, and these countries would be helped back to their financial, industrial and commercial feet more rapidly than by the outright advancement of funds by the bankers or government of the United States.

The planters who are in the Delta Company declare that this cotton has cost them approximately 15 cents a pound, maximum, much of it having cost around 12 cents. They consider 20 cents a pound more than a fair profit, and believe that when the new corporation is working to capacity, their cotton can be sold as low as 18 cents a pound, at a good profit. At present, six months is required for the planter to receive his payment after shipment of his cotton. This six months, however, has been offset by the issuance, by the Delta Company, of negotiable receipts for every bale of cotton handled. These receipts are accepted by all the banks of the three states named, at face value for the advancement of funds at nominal rates of interest.



He has been saved from bankruptcy and the probable loss of his farm by the first co-operative foreign-trade agency to be established and put into operation in the United States.

Bankers of Mississippi consider them better security than warehouse receipts from New Orleans or other ports along the Gulf of Mexico coast. The trading company is capitalized at $500,000, paid in by the planters, bankers and business houses of the section in which it operates, with which it is paying first operating expenses and facilitating loans to the smaller planters, on the security of their cotton receipts.

By this means of disposing of their cotton, also, the planters in the company are enabled to sell the lower grades, usually slow moving on the market. Any cotton grading from low middling to ordinary is accepted by these mills. This is operating rapidly to cause the distribution and manufacture of a large quantity of lower-grade cotton listed in government reports as "carry-over" cotton. Reports of large quantities of this class of cotton tend to depress the market for the higher grades, by showing the existence of a large volume of the staple whose fiber is of too low a grade to be in demand by American and British mills, but which is being manufactured profitably on a good market by the mills of Central Europe.

Explaining its method of operation, and the results attained, the Mississippi Delta Cotton Export and Trading Company issued a circular to the planters of the South, immediately following its first shipment of 10,000 bales to Europe on December 10, in which appears the following official statement:

"Our cotton experts are in London conferring with representatives of 54 Central European milling companies, apportioning our entire production, and styling out the mills. They carried samples of all our grades of cotton as well as all colors now produced in the South. Any cotton can be used in grades between low middling and ordinary, inclusive, and in staple anything above and including Liverpool one and one-sixteenth inches. Colors are allowable. All cotton of different grades and staples than these can be used on other orders, but for the present the grades and staples mentioned are under contract.

"All cotton shipped remains the property of the shipper, or the assignee of his receipt, throughout shipment and manufacture. A separate trust receipt, acceptable to all banks and to the banking departments of the various states, is given for each bale. This receipt is negotiable. The banking department of Mississippi and many banks of Arkansas and Tennessee, and the large banking correspondents in New York of these southern banks, have signified their willingness to accept, within reasonable limitations, these trust receipts, in place of warehouse receipts now pledged for loans.

"Final settlement in money may be expected by shippers within six months of date of shipment. The company will not guarantee actual prices or net returns, but pledges itself to use its utmost endeavors, the best and most efficient agencies, and that no contracts will be entered into which will not, in the opinion of the company, pay the shipper approximately 20 cents a pound for the cotton shipped. Goods will be sold, if possible, while the raw cotton is in process of shipment. It is estimated that we can undersell the present American and English markets for manufactured cotton goods at least 20 per cent and still realize the above estimate of profit.

"The organization of the Delta Company promises not only to dispose of a large part of the cotton crop of the South at pre-war, but profitable, prices; to rescue a number of European mills from stagnation; to provide a large part of the world's supply of manufactured cotton at lower costs to the consumer, and to establish permanent business relations ultimately amounting to millions of dollars annually, between the lower Mississippi Valley and the cotton spinners of Southeastern Europe."

There is no prejudice as to market on the part of this co-operative corporation. If the spinners of America and England wish to buy cotton on the basis already established, the corporation is willing to sell to them provided these mills will handle all grades, as the Central European mills are doing. The cotton planter of the delta region believes it has brought him freedom from the exactions of the coterie of New England and English spinners who have controlled the market for a number of years, while the Central European spinners are getting cotton at a lower figure, on easier terms, and more abundantly than they ever have been able to get it, even before the war.

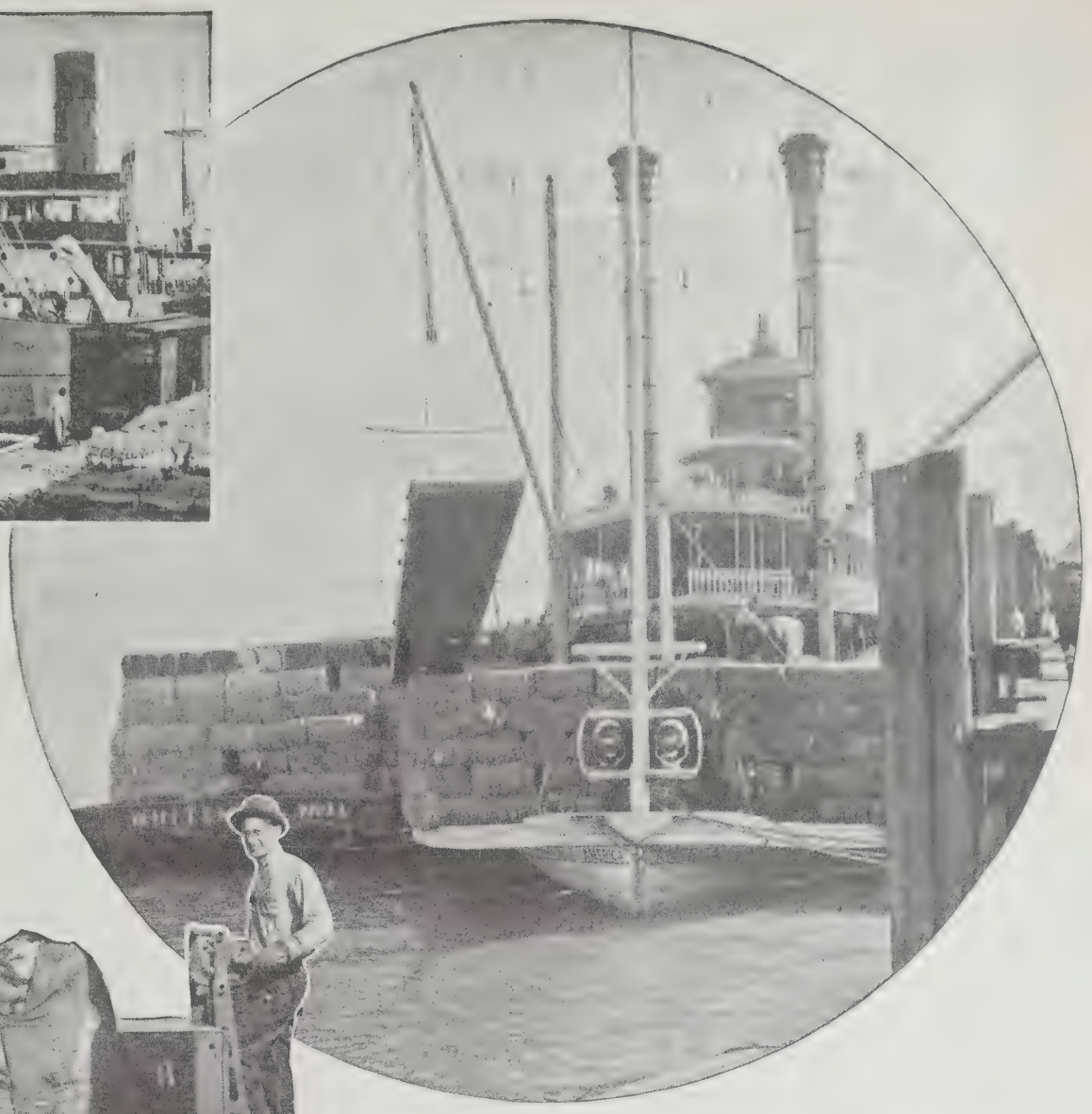
The banks and other financial institutions of New Orleans, being tied up with the American Cotton Association in the effort to raise prices and reduce acreage, have taken no part in assisting the Delta Company, so that all its shipments have been made through Gulfport, Mississippi. Rates for handling cotton at New Orleans are higher than they are at any other port in the world. The Public Belt Railroad charges 23 cents a bale, which is more than the entire terminal charge at Galveston or Gulfport. The Public Cotton Warehouse and Compress at New Orleans charges 70 cents a bale for handling, as compared with 35 cents in private warehouses at other ports. These figures have combined to reduce the 1920 cotton-handling business of New Orleans 14 per cent under that of 1919, while Galveston is handling 100 per cent more cotton; Mobile, 38 per cent more; Texas City, nearly 200 per cent more, and Savannah, Georgia, more than 40 per cent more. the last-named, a comparatively small port, now handling as much cotton as New Orleans.

Headquarters of the Delta Company is at Clarksdale, Mississippi, in the heart of what is commonly known as the Mississippi delta country. The officials are all cotton planters, bankers and men interested in the cotton industry. Gerald Fitzgerald, president of the Clarksdale Cotton Sales Company, is president of the co-operative corporation; M. P. Sturdivant, cotton planter of Glendora, Mississippi, is vice president; J. O. Lamkin, president of the Commercial Bank of Clarksdale, is treasurer, and Everette J. Mullen, is secretary. Agencies have been established in the mill cities of Continental Europe, and men familiar with cotton in all its forms sent to handle the business of the co-operative company there. No salaries are paid to any of the officials, all of whom must be stockholders,

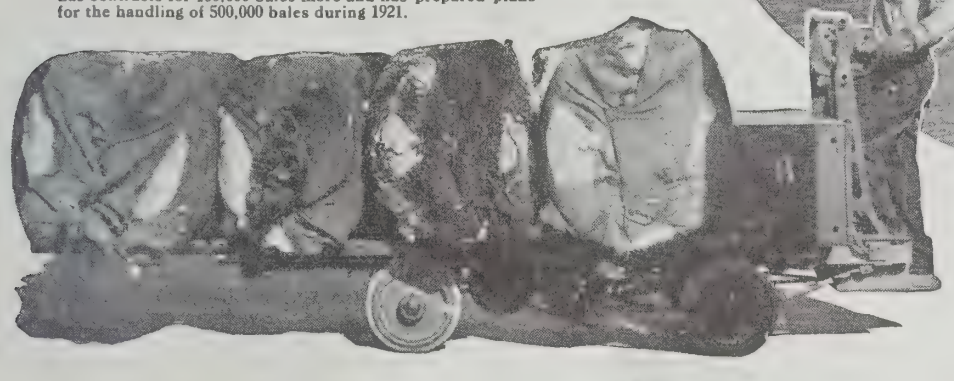


Ocean freighter loading cotton at Louisiana port. The cotton is sold for twenty cents and a legitimate profit derived from its planting, raising and sale.

Shipping Cotton to Europe at 20 Cents a Pound



Electric motor truck for interior handling of cotton at New Orleans. All these expenses are obviated by the new co-operative foreign trading association, which has shipped nearly 20,000 bales of cotton to the mills of Central Europe, has contracts for 100,000 bales more and has prepared plans for the handling of 500,000 bales during 1921.



Bringing cotton down the river by packet and barge from the Mississippi plantations for shipment to the mills of Czecho-Slovakia, which have contracted for 100,000 bales with the new Mississippi Delta Cotton Export and Trading Company.

and the agents in Europe, who receive salaries, must also hold certain amounts of stock in the company, so as to insure continued interest in its successful operations.

In contrast to this method of disposing of the cotton crop at pre-war prices, the Louisiana Bankers Association, in official session at New Orleans early in January, unanimously agreed to stand back of the Memphis Plan of the American Cotton Association to reduce cotton acreage one-half for the next crop, so as to force prices to levels of approximately 40 cents a pound, by "allowing" the American farmer to plant only one-third of his cultivated land in cotton. The state of Louisiana was organized for this movement on the basis of congressional districts, and it was openly announced that "the big stick" would be used by all the banks on every planter, large or small, who did not at once conform to the orders for reduced acreage. Texas reports indicate that acreage there will be reduced from one-third to one-half, and that similar tactics will be adopted to club the planters into line to force the spinners to pay 40 cents for cotton, or more, and the consumer to pay as much more as the spinner may have to ask to maintain his industry.

Dr. Hillis and the Jews

In the world famous Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York, where for forty years Henry Ward Beecher preached, a sermon touching the Jewish Question was delivered last autumn by Newell Dwight Hillis, the minister. All that the public at large knows about it was gathered from the protests of Jewish rabbis in New York. The newspapers printed the protests, but did not print Dr. Hillis' remarks. However, on Sunday morning, January 16, Dr. Hillis touched upon the matter again. This sermon was printed in full by the Brooklyn Daily Eagle, from which paper the following extracts are made. Dr. Hillis' strong Americanism and Christian breadth of mind, as well as the mellow charity of his judgment, appear to strong advantage here.

THERE cannot be, there must not be, any hatred between any Jew and any Gentile. Of late, during these dark days, oft at midnight, I find myself wondering why my noble Hebrew friends—why Rabbi Wise, with his gifted intellect, and Rabbi Silverman, with his solid learning and his massive character—why this multitude of Hebrew scholars and patriots and devoted lovers of their fellow men have not claimed the Nazarene as the tallest flower that grew in their Hebrew garden, as the mightiest tree that ever unfolded its boughs and branches in God's divine Eden, and as the supreme voice that rings through all the synagogues, calling men not only to law but to love and mercy. Jesus brought the world a new thought of God, freedom, love and immortality. Those who should first have lifted the trumpets upon their lips were Jewish musicians, those first to wave the triumphal banners should have been Jewish people; those who lighted the flames of the sacred fires should have been the hands of Hebrews. The pierced hands of the Nazarene prophet never made a wound, though He healed many; never extinguished a torch, though He kindled many a light to shine into the dark night; never plucked hope out of a human heart, though He planted many an aspiration. And the first people on earth to walk in His triumphal procession should have been the noble Hebrews, walking in the vanguard, while the rest of us followed as captives in His triumphal procession up the hills of time. Soon or late the mists will pass, the clouds will dissolve.

Twice within last year I urged the duty of every Hebrew, who was faithful to the faith of Jehovah, to repudiate the wicked Protocols as the work either of an enemy, or if a man of Hebrew origin, who, as an apostate, betrayed the faith of his fathers; strangely enough, I received much criticism therefor. But no man's hatred of me can evoke any hatred in my heart in return. Many mistakes have been made on both sides during the last thousand years; many crimes have been committed . . . . Soon or late love will be victorious over hate, liberty will conquer oppression, God will arise and by mercy subdue all His enemies. And first among His followers in that great day of this immortal hope shall be Paul, the brilliant Hebrew rabbi, the noblest hero and the whitest saint of all the centuries!

But there is a faith of the fathers, a faith of the republic, and its free institutions. Each week brings many revelations of men who have betrayed the faith of the founders of our Republic.

Last week I went to Western Pennsylvania, to pass from place to place to find out what one could, about the burning of four million dollars' worth of buildings—schoolhouses, churches, homes, stores and farmers' granaries. Not until the investigation is complete, and all the facts are in, can any one speak with certainty, beyond the general statement that there is plainly a secret organization whose members believe, as Bolsheviks, that everything must be burned to the ground, and then built up again by believers in the Soviet form of government. Anarchists? Yes. Nihilists? Yes. Bolsheviks? Yes. But, essentially, men who live to the hand and the stomach, men who no longer believe in any God, or future life, or responsibility for the deeds done in the body. But how could it be otherwise? Look at these foreigners, after a week at Ellis Island. Has any commissioner ever been more faithful, patriotic, or far-sighted than Commissioner Wallis? Mark the revolution in the physical conditions of the island, with buildings kept spotlessly clean, playgrounds for children, a nursery for the little ones, and cleanly wards for the sick.

But scarcely have these immigrants left Ellis Island than they receive in various languages the poison of anarchy and revolution which is instilled into the mind and heart. We have a daily paper in New York published in English, and also in German. The sentiments in English represent vague anti-Americanism, and the sentiments in the foreign language represent treason to this Republic. Scarcely have these foreigners landed at the railroad stations, than they receive a card published in six languages containing essentially these statements: "Immigrants, remember that this is a capitalistic government. Remember it is a dirty and a rotten government, where the capitalist will exploit your life. The only way you can get a job is to join a radical society or union. Join some revolutionary society, and help us overthrow this wicked, capitalistic government."

Now what men sow they reap. Sow wheat, you reap sheaves. Sow thistles, you reap thistles. Sow sparks, you reap conflagrations. Sow hatred of this Republic, you reap revolution.

There is one race in this country that commits ten crimes to every one crime committed by the native American per thousand citizens.

There is another foreign people, new in this country, that commits eight crimes where a native American commits one.

This Republic cannot exist, half American and half alien. Either Americanism must expel anti-Americanism, or the anti-American sentiment will Bolshevize our people and destroy our Republic. Soon for all parents and patriots and teachers, the end shall come, just as Paul knew that his execution was set for the following day. In reviewing his life, he exclaimed, as he anticipated meeting Jesus, "I have kept your faith!"

Have you kept the faith of the American school? Have you flattered men to win their votes, and debauched the voters of your city? Has your service been venial, selfish? Have you lowered the ideals of patriotism? Have you been what is called a practical politician? Have you helped elect men as judges, using money, because later on they could be influenced to give an occasional decision worth much money to those who paid their election bills? Have you betrayed the Church, the Sunday and the family itself? Many of you are in the afternoon of life's day, already the shadows are falling low; soon the end will come. Be wise while it is yet time. Give yourselves in loyalty to the great convictions. When the end comes, and you go, on that revealing day, into the great company of immortals, see to it, that in that hour when all noble ancestors, and all heroic souls, are turned toward you, that you are able to lift your hand and say without fear, "I have kept the faith of my country, I have kept the faith of my friends, I have kept the faith of God, and His dear Son, the Saviour of the world."

When Editors Were Independent of the Jews

How Bennett, of the Herald, Said "No" to New York Jewry, and Made It Stick. A Chapter From American Newspaper History

THE first instinctive answer which the Jew makes to any criticism of his race coming from a non-Jew is that of violence, threatened or inflicted. This statement will be confirmed by hundreds of thousands of citizens of the United States who have heard the evidence with their own ears. Of recent months the country has been full of threats against persons who have taken cognizance of the Jewish Question, threats which have been spoken, whispered, written and passed as resolutions by Jewish organizations.

If the candid investigator of the Jewish Question happens to be in business, then "boycott" is the first "answer" of which the Jews seem to think. Whether it be a newspaper, as in the case of the old New York *Herald;* or a mercantile establishment, as in the case of A. T. Stewart's famous store; or a hotel, as in the case of the old Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga; or a dramatic production, as in the case of 'The Merchant of Venice"; or any manufactured article whose maker has adopted the policy that "my goods are for sale, but not my principles"—if there is any manner of business connection with the student of the Jewish Question, the first "answer" is "boycott."

The technique is this: a "whispering drive" is first begun. Disquieting rumors begin to fly thick and fast. "Watch us get him," is the word that is passed along. Jews in charge of ticker news services adopt the slogan of "a rumor a day." Jews in charge of local newspapers adopt the policy of "a slurring headline a day." Jews in charge of the newsboys on the streets (all the street corners and desirable places downtown are preempted by Jewish "padrones" who permit only their own boys to sell) give orders to emphasize certain news in their street cries—"a new yell against him every day." The whole campaign against the critic of Jewry, whoever he may be, is keyed to the threat, "Watch us get him."

An Attack Made From Ambush

JUST as Mr. Gompers and Justice Brandeis believe in "the secondary strike," as a recent Supreme Court decision reveals, so the Jews who set out to punish the students of the Jewish Question believe in a secondary boycott. Not only do they pledge themselves (they deny this, but the newspaper reports assert it, as do unpublished telegraphic dispatches to some of the newspapers) not to use the specific product in question, but they pledge themselves to boycott anyone else who uses it. If the article is a hat (it is unlikely to be a hat, however, hats being largely Jewish) not only do the Jews pledge themselves to refrain from buying that kind of hat, but also to refrain from doing business with anyone who wears such a hat.

And then, when anything seems to occur at the hat works which indicates slackness, the Jews, forgetting all about their denial of a pledged boycott, begin to boast—"See what we did to him?"

The "whispering drive," the "boycott," these are the chief Jewish answers. They constitute the bone and sinew of that state of mind in non-Jews which is known as "the fear of the Jews."

They do not always notify their victim. Recently the young sales manager of a large wholesale firm spoke at a dinner whose guests were mostly the firm's customers. He is one of those young men who have caught the vision of a new honor in business. He believes that the right thing is always practicable, and, other things being equal, profitable as well. Among the guests were probably 40 Jewish merchants, all customers of the firm. In his address the young sales agent expressed his enthusiasm for morality by saying, "What we need in business is more of the principles of Jesus Christ." Now, as a matter of fact, the young man knows very little about Jesus Christ. He has caught fire from the Roger Babson idea of religious principle as a basis of business, but he expressed it in his own way, and everybody knew what he meant; he meant decency, not sectarianism. Yet, because he used the expression he did, he lost 40 Jewish customers for his firm, and he doesn't yet know the reason why. The agents of the firm which got the new trade know the reason. It was a silent, unannounced boycott.

This article is the story of a boycott which lasted over a number of years. It is only one of numerous stories of the same kind which can be told of New York. It concerns the New York *Herald,* one newspaper that dared to remain independent of Jewish influence in the metropolis.

The *Herald* enjoyed an existence of 90 years, which was terminated about a year ago by an amalgamation. It performed great feats in the world of news-gathering. It sent Henry M. Stanley to Africa to find Livingstone. It backed up the Jeannette expedition to the Arctic regions. It was largely instrumental in having the first Atlantic cables laid. But perhaps its greatest feat was the maintenance during many years of its journalistic independence against the combined attack of New York Jewry. Its reputation among newspapermen was that neither its news nor its editorial columns could be bought or influenced.

Its proprietor, the late James Gordon Bennett, had always maintained a friendly attitude toward the Jews of his city. He apparently harbored no prejudice against them. Certainly he never deliberately antagonized them. But he was resolved upon preserving the honor of independent journalism. He never bent to the policy that the advertisers had something to say about the editorial policy of the paper, either as to influencing it for publication or suppression.

Suppressing Facts About the Jews

THIRTY years ago the New York press was free. Today it is practically all Jewish controlled. This control is variously exercised, sometimes resting only on the owners' sense of expediency. But the control is there and, for the moment, it is absolute. One does not have to go far to be able to find the controlling factor in any case. Newspapermen do not glory in the fact, however; it is a condition, not a crusade, that confronts them, and for the moment "business is business."

Thirty years ago there were also more newspapers in New York than there are today. There were eight or nine morning newspapers; there are only five today. The *Herald,* a three cent newspaper, enjoyed the highest prestige, and was the most desirable advertising medium due to the class of its circulation. It easily led the journalistic field.

At that time the Jewish population of New York was less than one-third of what it is today, but there was much wealth represented in it.

Now, what every newspaperman knows is this: most Jewish leaders are always interested either in getting a story published or getting it suppressed. There is no class of people who read the public press so carefully, with an eye to their own affairs, as do the Jews; and many an editor can vouch for that.

The *Herald* simply adopted the policy from the beginning of this form of harassment that it was not to be permitted to sway the *Herald* from its duty as a public informant. And that this had a reflex advantage for the other newspapers is apparent from the following statement:

If a scandal occurred in Jewish circles, influential Jews would swarm into the editorial offices to arrange for a suppression of the story. But the editors knew that not far away was the *Herald* which would not suppress for anything or anybody. What was the use of one paper suppressing, if another would not? So the editors would say, "We would be very glad to suppress this story, but the *Herald* is going to use it, so we'll have to do the same in self-protection. However, if you can get the *Herald* to suppress it, we will gladly do so too."

A Jewish Mayor for New York

BUT the *Herald* never succumbed. Neither pressure of influence nor promises of business nor threats of loss availed: it printed the news.

There was a certain Jewish banker who periodically demanded that Bennett discharge the *Herald's* financial editor. This banker was in the business of disposing of Mexican bonds at a time when such bonds were least secure. Once when an unusually large number of bonds were to be unloaded on unsuspecting Americans, the *Herald* published the story of an impending Mexican revolution, which presently ensued. The banker frothed at the mouth and moved every influence he could to change the *Herald's* financial staff, but was not able to effect the change even of an office boy.

Once when a shocking scandal involved a member of a prominent family, Bennett refused to suppress it, arguing that if the episode had occurred in a family of any other race it would be published regardless of the prominence of the figures involved. The Jews of Philadelphia secured suppression there, but because of Bennett's unflinching stand there was no suppression in New York.

A newspaper is a business proposition. There are some matters it cannot touch without putting itself in peril of becoming a defunct concern. This is especially true since newspapers no longer receive their support from the public but from the advertisers. The money the reader gives for the paper scarcely suffices to pay for the amount of white paper he receives. In this way, advertisers cannot be disregarded any more than the paper mills can be. And as the most extensive advertisers are the department stores, and as most department stores are owned by Jews, it comes logically that Jews often try to influence the news policies at least, of the papers with whom they deal.

In New York it has always been the burning ambition of the Jews to elect a Jewish mayor. They selected a time when the leading parties were disrupted, to push forward their choice. The method which they adopted was characteristic.

They reasoned that the newspapers would not dare refuse the dictum of the combined department store owners, so they drew up a "strictly confidential" letter which they sent to the owners of the New York newspapers, demanding support for the Jewish mayorality candidate.

The newspaper owners were in a quandary. For several days they debated how to act. All remained silent. The editors of the *Herald* cabled the news to Bennett who was abroad. Then it was that Bennett exhibited that boldness and directness of judgment which characterized him. He cabled back, *"Print the letter."* It was printed in the *Herald's* editorial columns, the arrogance of the Jewish advertisers was exposed, and non-Jewish New York breathed easier and applauded the action.

The *Herald* explained frankly that it could not support a candidate of private interests, because it was devoted to the interests of the public. But the Jewish leaders vowed vengeance against the *Herald* and against the man who dared expose their game. They had not liked Bennett for a long time, anyway. The *Herald* was the real "society newspaper" in New York, but Bennett had a rule that only the names of really prominent families should be printed. The stories of the efforts of newly rich Jews to break into the *Herald's* society columns are some of the best that are told by old newspapermen. But Bennett was obdurate. His policy stood.

Bennett, however, was shrewd enough not to invite open conflict with the Jews. He felt no prejudice against the race; he simply resented their efforts to intimidate him.

A $600,000 Advertising Boycott

THE whole matter culminated in a contention which began between Bennett and Nathan Straus, a German Jew whose business house is known under the name of "R. H. Macy & Company," Macy being the Scotchman who built up the business and from whose heirs Straus obtained it. Mr. Straus was something of a philanthropist in the ghetto, but the story goes that Bennett's failure to proclaim him as a philanthropist led to ill feeling between the two. A long newspaper war ensued, the subject of which was the value of the pasteurization of milk—a stupid discussion which no one took seriously, save Bennett and Straus.

The Jews, of course, took Mr. Straus' side. Jewish speakers made the welkin ring with laudation of Nathan Straus and maledictions upon James Gordon Bennett. Bennett was pictured in the most vile business of "persecuting" a noble Jew. It went so far that the Jews were able to put resolutions through the board of aldermen.

Long since, of course, Straus, a very heavy advertiser, had withdrawn every dollar's worth of his business from the *Herald* and the *Evening Telegram.* And now the combined and powerful elements of New York Jewry gathered together to deal a staggering blow at Bennett—as years before they had dealt a blow to another citizen of New York. The Jewish policy of "Dominate or Destroy" was at stake, and Jewry declared war.

As one man, the Jewish advertisers withdrew their advertisements from Mr. Bennett's newspapers. Their assigned reason was that the *Herald* was showing animosity against the Jews. The real purpose of their action was to crush an American newspaper owner who dared be independent of them.

The blow they delivered was a staggering one. It meant the loss of $600,000 a year. Any other newspaper in New York would have been put out of business by it. The Jews knew that and sat back, waiting the downfall of the man they chose to consider their enemy.

But Bennett was ever a fighter. Besides, he knew Jewish psychology probably better than any other non-Jew in New York. He turned the tables on his opponents in a startling and unexpected fashion. The coveted positions in his papers had always been used by the Jews. These he immediately turned over to non-Jewish merchants under exclusive contracts. Merchants who had formerly been crowded into the back pages and obscure corners by the more opulent Jewish advertisers, now blossomed forth full page in the most

popular spaces. One of the non-Jewish merchants who took advantage of the new situation was John Wanamaker, whose large advertisements from that time forward were conspicuous in the Bennett newspapers.

The Bennett papers came out with undiminished circulation and full advertising pages. The well-planned catastrophe did not occur. Instead, there was a rather comical surprise. Here were the non-Jewish merchants of New York enjoying the choicest service of a valuable advertising medium, while the Jewish merchants were unrepresented. Besides, the "punishment" which the Jews had administered showed no signs of inflicting inconvenience, let alone pain. The "boycott" had been hardest on the boycotters.

Unable to stand the spectacle of trade being diverted to non-Jewish merchants, the Jews dropped their hostile attitude and came back to Bennett, requesting the use of his columns for advertising. Bennett received all who came, displaying no rancor. They wanted back their old positions, but Bennett said, No. They argued, but Bennett said, No. They offered money, but Bennett said, No. The choice positions had been forfeited.

The Growth of the Jewish Press

THEN a curious circumstance transpired. A few Jews whose business sense had overcome their racial passions had continued to advertise in the *Herald* all through the "boycott." When they saw their rebellious brethren coming back and taking what positions they could get in the advertising pages, they suspected that Bennett had lured them back by offering a lower rate. So they wrote to Bennett, demanding to know the circumstances, and as usual Bennett published the letter and replied that his rates had not been lowered.

Bennett had triumphed, but it proved a costly victory. The Jews persistently followed the plan which they had inaugurated as early as 1877 for the ruin of another New Yorker who had refused to bow before them. All the time Bennett was fighting them, the Jews were gradually growing more powerful in New York. They were growing more powerful in journalism every year. They were obsessed by the fatuous idea that to control journalism in New York meant to control the thought of the country. They regarded New York as the metropolis of the United States, whereas all balanced minds regard it as a disease.

The number of newspapers gradually diminished through combinations of publications. Adolph S. Ochs, a Philadelphia Jew, acquired the *Times*. He soon made it into a great newspaper, but one whose bias is to serve the Jews. A tabulation of the Jewish publicity that finds its way into the *Times* reveals interesting figures. Of course, it is the quality of the *Times* as a newspaper that makes it so weighty as a Jewish organ. In this paper the Jews are persistently lauded and eulogized and defended. No such tenderness is granted other races. It is quite possible that the staff of the *Times* will not regard this as entirely true. Personally and individually, the majority of them are "not that kind of people." But there is the *Times* itself as evidence.

And then Hearst came into the field—a dangerous agitator because he not only agitates the wrong things, but because he agitates the wrong class of people. He surrounded himself with a coterie of Jews, pandered to them, worked hand in glove with them, even fell out with them, but never told the truth about them—"never gave them away." Naturally, he received large advertising patronage. The trend toward the Jewish-controlled press set in strongly, and has continued that way ever since. The old names, made great by great editors and American policies, slowly dimmed.

A newspaper is founded either on a great editorial mind, in which event it becomes the expression of a powerful personality, or it becomes institutionalized as to policy and becomes a commercial establishment. In the latter event, its chances for a continuing life beyond the lifetime of its founder are much stronger. The *Herald* was Bennett, and with his passing it was inevitable that a certain force and virtue should depart out of it.

Bennett, advancing in age, dreaded lest his newspaper, on his death, should fall into the hands of the Jews. He knew that they regarded it with longing eyes. He knew that they had pulled down, seized, and afterward built up many an agency that had dared speak the truth about them, and boasted about it as a conquest for Jewry, a vindication of the oft misquoted prophecy, "He that curses you I will curse." Bennett loved the *Herald* as a man loves his child. He so arranged his will that the *Herald* should never fall into individual ownership. He devised that its revenues should flow into a fund for the benefit of the men who had worked to make the *Herald* what it was. He died in May, 1918.

The Jewish enemies of the *Herald*, eagerly watchful, more and more withdrew their advertising to force, if possible, the sale of the paper. They knew that if the *Herald* became a losing proposition, the trustees would have no course but to sell, notwithstanding Mr. Bennett's will.

A Gallant Paper's Memory

BUT there were also strong moneyed interests in New York who were beginning to realize the peril of a Jewish press. These interests provided a large sum for the *Herald's* purchase by Frank A. Munsey. Then, to the general astonishment, Mr. Munsey discontinued the gallant old sheet, and bestowed its name as part of the name of the New York *Sun*. But the actual newspaper managed by Bennett is extinct. Even the men who worked upon it are scattered abroad in the newspaper field.

Even though the Jews had not gained possession of the coveted *Herald* they had at least succeeded in driving another non-Jewish newspaper from the field. They set about obtaining control of several evening newspapers, which action is now complete.

But the victory was a financial victory over a dead man. The moral victory, as well as the financial victory, remained with Bennett as long as he lived; the moral victory still remains with the *Herald*. The *Herald* is immortalized as the last bulwark against Jewry in New York. Today the Jews are more completely masters of the journalistic field in New York than they are in any capital in Europe. Indeed, in every capital in Europe there is a newspaper that gives the real news of the Jews. There is none in New York. And thus the situation will remain until Americans shake themselves from their long sleep, and look with steady eyes at the national situation. That look will be enough to show them all, and their very eyes will quail the oriental usurpers.

The moral is: whatever comes out of New York now must be doubly scrutinized, because it comes from the center of that Jewish government which desires to guide and color the thoughts of the people of the United States.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Non-Jews Held Up

Unless a man admires the Jews, he cannot be admitted to the United States. That is, if he does not admire the Jews, the authorities will not permit him to pass Ellis Island. This was the experience of Major General Count Cherent T. Spirodovitch. It seems unbelievable, but it is true, and *the attention of the State Department of the Government of the United States is hereby respectfully called to the matter.* The New York *Tribune* of December 14, reports the case, which has been confirmed—"After he had satisfied a board of special inquiry that he had not come to this country to conduct propaganda against the Jews," Count Spirodovitch was released from Ellis Island. "He was forbidden the privilege of landing until he could appear before a board at Ellis Island, it being believed that he had come to the United States with a view to issuing propaganda against the Jews." What if he had? Those who come to issue propaganda against the English and the French and the Bolsheviks are admitted. Since when has the United States had authority from the people to bar non-admirers of the Jews from this country?

Millions for Relief?

The American Jewish Relief Committee, since its organization in 1914, has expended more than $33,000,000 for the relief of Jewish war sufferers in Eastern Europe and other parts of the world and further appropriations of from $500,000 to $1,000,000 monthly are being made by the joint distribution committee, of which Felix M. Warburg is chairman. More than half this big total was spent in Poland, Lithuania and Courland and about $4,000,000 each in Russia, Austria-Hungary and Palestine. In view of the fact that these millions pass through the hands of the same international Jewish bankers who financed Japan for the war on Czaristic Russia and the Bolshevist revolution, the question is asked in certain quarters: is *all* this money spent on feeding the hungry and clothing the naked? The Jews are crying out continually against the lending of American money to Poland to help her get on her feet and defend herself against the Bolshevist menace. The transfer of thirty-three millions of dollars of this nation's wealth to the centers of revolutionary unrest in Europe under the auspices of a single committee of a single race or nationality might well be checked up by Congress.

Did They Get Gibson Out?

The Polish press expresses deep regret over the news of the resignation of Hugh Gibson, the first American minister at Warsaw. It will be remembered that Mr. Gibson served as secretary of our legation in Brussels during the war period and later ably assisted the minister, Brand Whitlock, in his splendid work in behalf of the Belgian population. The *Przeglad Wieczorny*, of Warsaw, says that Mr. Gibson was always a staunch friend of Poland and bravely defended the nation against false stories of "pogroms" and persecution of the Jews. Was this the reason for his departure?

A Minister Makes Correction

Dr. E. E. Violette, a minister of Kansas City, recently preached a sermon in which he presented the Jewish propagandist point of view very clearly. The sermon, however, was not reported to his satisfaction, and he wrote to a Kansas newspaper as follows:

"On account of several letters and telephone calls regarding a report of my sermon of Sunday night, will you kindly for the sake of accuracy make a slight correction? I was reported to have said that Jenny Lind, Rubens and several other singers, artists, musicians and writers, were Jews. *What I did say was that many of these were financed by Jews.* I can understand how an error of this sort could be made because one who heard the sermon corrected me for saying that my handsome friend, Irvin S. Cobb, of old Paducah, 'was a Jew.' No, Irvin never 'was' a Jew and is not now. What I did say was this: *'Irvin Cobb was financed by Joe Freidman, a Jew, of Paducah, Kentucky.'"* The italics are ours.

Jews in Moscow

One of the largest theaters in Moscow has been renovated and rededicated as a special home for Jewish plays, Moscow now being "the center to which many talented young Jewish artists have been attracted," according to a Jewish News Service dispatch.

Count Witte and Jacob Schiff

In a recent installment of the memoirs of Count Witte, the Russian statesman, now appearing in the London *Daily Telegraph*, an incident is related that gives us a flash of light on the methods of certain Jewish financiers. It will be remembered that Jacob H. Schiff boasted that he had financed Japan in the war of that country with Russia to "get even" with the czar's government for Jewish "pogroms." This did not deter him from heading a delegation of prominent Jews who called on Count Witte at Portsmouth during the negotiation of the peace treaty there. The party also included Oscar S. Straus and one of the Seligmans. They said they came to discuss the hard lot of the Jews in Russia. The count suggested that if all anti-Jewish restrictions were removed at once the Jews would be more harmed than benefited. (This was the precise argument later put forward by President Taft.) At this, he relates, Mr. Schiff flew into a rage unlike Mr. Straus, who showed great self-possession. Witte cabled a report of the discussion to Petrograd . . . . A little later the count met J. P. Morgan who offered to assist him in order that the Russian statesman might not have to go to Schiff and his colleagues.

Offends Jews—Gets Out

The Rev. Dr. William Carter, a Presbyterian clergyman, of Brooklyn, New York, was on the list of lecturers of the Brooklyn board of education until in one of his lectures he dropped a remark that the Russian Bolshevik Jews were "the offscourings of Judaism." The complaint against him was made by a rabbi who had not heard the lecture. In the presence of the director of lectures, this rabbi used language toward the Presbyterian minister that was described as "malicious, malign and hateful." The director of lectures did not rebuke the rabbi, but suggested the minister's resignation. Of course, this was in the Judaized East! The director then wrote to his other lecturers that "in view of the highly sensitized condition of the Jews," the lecturers should use the soft pedal. This means silence or taffy. The Jews would soon construe silence as "persecution." So, after all, it means taffy. How far would a complaint of non-Jews have gone against Dr. Carter? When will the non-Jews stop being "simps"?

Jews Their Own Enemies

The Jew who bootlegs, puts a sword into the side of Jewish reputation. The Jew who does not pay his just and honorable debts, poisons Jewish credit. The Jew who gambles in public, puts a bullet into Jewish pride. The Jew who is loud and boisterous in public, puts a stiletto into Jewish self-respect. The Jew who abuses the privileges of insurance, puts disease into the vitals of Jewish honor. The Jew who practices sharp dealings, plunders Jewish prestige. The Jew . . . . whose approach to lawlessness puts him near the border of illegality or even criminality, grievously injures the good name, the honor, the reputation of Jewry as a whole. Surely, pernicious acts of Jews themselves, is a form of persecution as destructive in its way as the intolerance, bigotry and abuse of those who deliberately seek or wish our destruction.—*B'Nai B'Rith News.*

Brandeis Dissents

By a vote of six to three the Supreme Court of the United States, on December 30, decided that the "secondary boycott" was criminally illegal, being a conspiracy in restraint of trade. One of the dissenting votes was cast by Mr. Justice Holmes who is about to retire on account of old age and another by Mr. Justice Brandeis, Jew and Zionist leader, who in this matter shows himself entirely in agreement with his co-racialist, Samuel Gompers. Commenting on the decision, Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee says in the Chicago *Jewish Sentinel*: "With Justice Holmes' retirement, Justice Brandeis will be the chief defender of liberal and progressive ideas on the supreme bench. The tendency of our day seems reactionary and set ag reforms. Justice Brandeis will be a tower of st upholding the recent legislative gains of the ne order, although just now the target of ma attacks."

The Fighting Kings of Ireland

IMPROBABLE but romantic is the suggestion that Ireland will choose a king: improbable because of the staunch republican ideals at the basis of the Sinn Fein movement; romantic because the kings of Ireland make up one of the grimmest and most fascinating chapters in history. Most of them died with their boots on. Most of them fell with the sword or club swinging. Some fell through treachery; but all were fighters.

The beginnings of Ireland—Erin, the Island of Destiny—are enveloped in fable. But as far away as 1000 Before Christ there is record of Eochy the First. Moreover Eochy ruled over a sort of civilization, for the records state "society was classified into seven grades, each marked by the number of colors in its dress, and that in this classification men of learning, that is, eminent scholars, were by law ranked next to royalty."

A little later came Ollav Fola, Ard-Ri (or high-king) of Erin. Ollav Fola had a parliament. The princes and chieftains constituted one house; the scholars, bards, law-givers, judges and historians another house; and the military commanders a third house. The monarch's characteristics can be read in his name; Ollav was the name given scholars.

But even then most cases were tried on the battlefield, which was the supreme court of appeal. Under the high-king were the monarchs of provinces, and under each of these smaller kings were the clans with a local chief. These fought frequently among themselves, but had a fatal knack of uniting when anyone from outside started something.

The tribe was formed of a number of families or clans, all descended, or supposed to be descended, from some common ancestor, and all bound together by the same customs. At the head of the tribe was the chief or petty king, elected by the people either for his strength, wealth or wisdom, or as the most suitable leader in times of war. The chief had certain of the tribe lands set apart for his own use, and he also exacted tributes in cattle and services from the people, and lent them cattle on hire. Next in importance to the chief came the landowning nobles, and below them were the freemen. Some of these owned property; those who did not were of lesser importance, yet had some share in the common lands of the tribe.

The lowest social grade was that of the slaves, who had no rights or property at all; these were generally men of subject races or had been taken captive in war. As there was no money, the wealth of the tribe was based upon the number of heads of cattle which it possessed, and sheep, pigs and cows were also used as a medium of exchange and in the payment of tribute.

These tribes were grouped under five provincial kings, who ruled over the five provinces of Ulster, Leinster, Munster, Connaught and Meath. The high-king has been alluded to. This high-kingship for many centuries was a military prize, but gradually it became hereditary in the Hy-Niall line, from which are descended the chiefs of the O'Neills. One of this family (Niall of the Nine Hostages) was so powerful that at the time the power of the Romans had declined in Britain, he led several raiding expeditions against Scotland and Wales.

The next king to make a lasting record was Loigaire, who was high-king when St. Patrick began his work in Ireland; in fact he, with the Druids, bitterly opposed the bishop. This was early in the fifth century.

Then came the ravages of the Danes, which persisted until the advent of Brian Boroimhe who, in the beginning of the eleventh century, united the greater part of Ireland under his scepter, restored public tranquillity and subdued the northern invaders. It took him twenty years to conquer Malachy, who disputed his rule in Ireland. Malachy was a distinguished warrior himself who wore a collar of gold won from the Danish invader. When he disposed of Malachy, Brian became high-king of Erin.

But we have swept past some other notables of the Viking movement against Ireland. The early part of the ninth century saw the invaders endeavor to establish a permanent colony on the island. One of their chieftains, Turgesius, erected a kingdom in the north, with Armagh as its capital. But the king of Meath captured Turgesius and caused him to be drowned in Lough Owel, without, however, discouraging the Vikings. The Danes met with large success, but simply could not subdue the Irish because of their tribal organization. They built towns, nevertheless, and built up considerable trade. They founded Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Limerick and Cork—the first towns to be built in Ireland.

Then came the two famous brothers to champion and unite for Ireland's cause. One died but the younger, Brian Boru, the Brian mentioned above, became king of Munster. He fought for Ireland. When the king of Leinster joined the Dublin Danes, Brian Boru turned on him and crushed him. Then with his enhanced power and prestige he entered on his great campaign, already noted, again Malachy, the king of Meath.

Brian Boru's rule was remarkable. He kept order by hanging robbers and thieves, and giving a certain stern justice to all. He was a patron of learning, rewarded scholars, and sent far across the seas for precious books. Also he built churches and forts and tried to open up the country with bridges and roads.

This lasted for 12 years, when some of the provincial chiefs began to get restless and ambitious. The king of Leinster acted first, making an alliance with the Dublin Danes and making the rash decision to engage old Brian Boru in battle. Brian summoned his men from Munster, Connaught and Meath, advanced toward Dublin, fought from sunrise until evening, massacring the Danes liberally, and driving the remnant so far into the sea that the Vikings never made much of an attempt after that to fight the Irish.

But unfortunately for Ireland a Danish fugitive killed the old king Brian as he lay in his tent. He was less wise in his death than in his life, for he divided the island among his three sons, and inevitable dissension broke out. It was through this dissension that the English kings entered on the scene. Dermot MacMurrough, king of Leinster, being expelled by his rivals, appealed to Henry II for aid, and Henry, armed with a papal bull (which some say was forged) authorizing him to take possession of Ireland, gave Dermot permission to raise allies. Foremost among the adventurers who responded were Robert Fitzstephen and Maurice Fitzgerald to whom Dermot promised the town of Wexford, and the Earl of Pembroke, known as Strongbow, to whom Dermot promised his daughter and the succession to the crown.

Dermot regained his kingdom of Leinster, and came to terms with the high-king, Roderick O'Connor. This accomplished, both wished to effect the withdrawal of the Normans; but this was difficult, and Strongbow, in particular, began to acquire so much power that Henry II became alarmed. Henry came to Ireland, with a great array of troops, and so impressed were the native Irish with this display that nearly all the chieftains paid homage to the English king.

Henry appointed his own men to positions of control, confirming Strongbow, Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald among others, in their possessions. The result was curious. Jealousies sprang up not only between the Normans in Ireland, but between them and the English kings.

Gradually the Normans in Ireland became more Irish than the Irish, and became identified more with the Celtic tribes than with the English overlordship. There remained notable loyal Anglo-Norman families, such as the Earls of Kildare, Desmond and Ormond. But gradually the Celts began to gnaw away the English rule, and by raids, helped along the confusion.

Then the Celts invited Edward, brother of Robert Bruce, to lead them against the English. He was defeated at last, but so badly shaken was English power that the powerful O'Neills were able to regain their lands in the north, as did many others; and many of the English subjects, seeing how feeble was the protection of their own government, joined the tribes.

From then on it is a story of attempt after attempt on the part of the English to make good their footing in Ireland. One Irish king (self-styled) stands out; he is Art MacMurrough Kavanagh, king of Leinster who, in the reign of Richard II of England, chased the English Army many a disastrous mile and maintained for a half century a large and independent kingdom just without the bounds of English influence.



(C) Harris & Ewing

The originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are deposited in this ordinary safe of thin steel, proof neither against fire nor water, which stands in the library of the State Department, Washington, surrounded with combustible material. A request for $20,000 to provide a fireproof vault has been omitted from the appropriation bill. This request is made and ignored every year. It is stated that this safe would not stand a severe fire more than twenty minutes.

The Wood Hollow Papers

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE cankerworm is one of the most obnoxious and harmful pests that we have with us. Their numbers are legion and but for the winter birds I do not know how the world would fare, in our northern region especially, which is one of surpassing woodlands and a foliage that presents in summer virtually one solid wall of greenery. The apple orchards in this region are sprayed with arsenate of lead and lime before the buds come out and once again after the buds are out and bursting. The reason for spraying before the buds are out is to catch the vanguard of the cankerworm hosts which are at that time appearing ready to get at the buds when they burst. Those not killed then, it is aimed, will be killed by the second ablution after the buds are well under way. Where trees are small and easy to reach with the spray no doubt most of these cankerworms are wiped out of existence, but where trees run tall and the branches are wide-spreading it is hard to reach every spot no matter how diligent and painstaking one may be. It is the spring cankerworm, *Anisopteryx vernata,* that is the most harmful, but it should be remembered that we have also with us the fall cankerworm. This autumnal blackguard (or blackguardess) waits until the birds have mostly moved out of the region on their southern migration, and then, at her leisure, deposits her eggs in the crevices and knot holes. But there is a brave little crew of birds that have not flown South and as between woodpeckers, nuthatches, brown creepers and chickadees the eggs that the fall cankerworm deposits are pried out and disappear as bird food. In one small apple orchard I have counted on one day in the winter, all busily at work on the trees, six downy woodpeckers, four hairy woodpeckers, seven creepers and one nuthatch; and on other days have counted as high as ten and fifteen chickadees. It is given the chickadees to glean through the branches while the other birds take care of the tree trunks. It is this ceaseless work of the birds in the winter that counts. Their preservation is of the utmost importance. They are assets of incalculable value.

You will not be confused in knowing the cankerworm when I tell you that it is the so-called "measuring worm." It is the half-inch long worm that makes its way over the leaf or the tree by arching its back and putting its back "feet" up to the front "feet" every time it goes forward. Studied under the lens they prove to be discs set with insect "hobs." When the worm has securely fastened these rearmost foot-appliances firmly in the bark, or the twig, it feels safe to reach out and measure its length and at the point it then reaches it secures its front feet. Then it arches its back in the most sublime of staplelike curves and brings up its back feet to a position exactly touching the heels of the front feet. Ordinarily this measuring business goes on at a snail's pace, but once I witnessed a measuring worm going across a branch with a speed that betokened urgency spelled with a capital U. The way his back bent and unbent was a caution. He had all the agility responding in his body that is witnessable in an urchin when school lets out at the close of the season. The lad flits fleetly through the door with a lightninglike flash of feet—only the measuring person here mentioned had his own especially patented method of progress.

It should be well remembered that this so-called cankerworm is not really a worm, but is a caterpillar. You may have an idea that his earthly mission ends with this wormlike stage but this is only the beginning. As a "worm" or caterpillar he lives only to eat and grow. When he has had his fill he produces a glutinous secretion and touching this to a leaf or a limb he suddenly lets himself down to the ground, much as a spider does; the gluten producing a gossamer thread spun as he descends. At times under the trees you will see the air full of them, all of them bound for earth. Upon reaching the ground they at once work themselves down one or two inches in the soil and there undergo metamorphosis, or the complete change from the larva to the moth.

It is remarkable how many moth creatures, great and small, there are to be found flitting about in the summertime and all of them pass through the caterpillar stage. If in the summer evening you have a light burning indoors, great numbers of these moths will come flying up against the screen, in the endeavor to get in, strangely attracted as they are to the light. And if some get in they will fly around and around the illumination and like as not will finally fall into the lamp to smother or burn to death. If you will pick up one of these night moths and look at it closely you will probably find that it has a face that looks every bit owl-like. You will probably be surprised if you are told that these owl-faced moths are none other than the destructive cutworm grown up; or the moth that comes after the cutworm has eaten a-plenty, has bored into the ground and has come into the upper world again, not as a caterpillar but as a moth.

(Continued next week)

Where Tomorrow's Fuel Awaits Man's Effort

By EARL CHRISTMAS

THE great continental ice sheet, invading North America, left thousands of lakes in its path, sprinkled over the northern states from Minnesota to Maine. In Minnesota alone, there are 10,000 lakes and more, which are helping to make the North a great summer playground.

But the interrupted drainage of the glaciated region gave these states another priceless asset. When great fields of ice covered the ground thousands of years ago, nature was providing, by a curious paradox, a way for future generations to keep warm.

Peat, deposited in these lakes and marshes in quantities sufficient to make billions of tons of fuel, has been the beneficent gift of the ice sheet to Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, New York and the New England states.

In the peat bogs, scattered over nine states and parts of a dozen others, there lies one of the great undeveloped resources of the nation, now beginning to attract serious attention with the appreciable diminishing of the available coal supply of the country. Only recently have we come to realize the immensity of these deposits, now apparently approaching development as a fuel.

In the state of Minnesota alone, there are 5,217,000 acres of workable peat with a potential supply of 6,835,000,000 tons of dry peat available for fuel, according to an extensive survey of the state completed recently by the University of Minnesota and the Minnesota Geological Survey under the direction of Professor E. K. Soper. Almost seven billion tons of peat—think of it! All the money in circulation in the United States wouldn't buy half of it, if it were all prepared for fuel and delivered to the door of the consumer. Selling at only $3 a ton, its value would exceed the deposits in all the national banks.

Of such proportions is this resource in one state. Other states likewise have vast quantities. F. W. Huels estimated that there are 3,000,000 tons of dry peat in Wisconsin. Michigan also has extensive deposits. According to the United States Bureau of Mines, workable beds of peat are common also through New York, the New England states and the northern sections of Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

Merchantable beds are common, too, through Florida, and occur in a narrow strip along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

The late Charles A. Davis, of the United States Bureau of Mines, estimated that the total quantity of machine peat available in the United States is approximately 12,888,500,000 tons. That's a staggering total when you try to comprehend it. As long ago as 1911, Dr. Davis put its value at $38,665,700,000, provided it sold at $3 a ton, and the probable value has increased since that time. It would furnish heat and power for the entire country for many years.

But the burning of peat has an individual as well as a national significance. For instance, consider this from Peter Christianson, professor of metallurgy in the School of Mines at the University of Minnesota:

"There is scarcely a farmer in the state of Minnesota, except in the southeastern, western and extreme northwestern portions, who could not make himself independent of a coal supply for heating purposes by preparing and using peat from his own farm. Incidentally, peat is found in 64 of the 86 counties of the state. Other states have lots of it too.

"All the man needs to do is to take a spade, cut the peat from his bog in blocks and dry it. He can do it cheaper than he can pay $15 or $20 for coal, too. My father burned peat for years here in Minnesota, and it made an excellent fire. Farmers are using it for fuel in some sections of the state, particularly those from the old countries who are acquainted with its use.

"Use of peat as a commercial fuel on a large scale is just as practicable. It's simply a problem in mechanical engineering, and processes are being perfected that will make it possible to produce a satisfactory fuel for many purposes at a price much cheaper than coal.

"Peat, properly prepared, is fully two-thirds as effective as the same quantity of ordinary bituminous coal. And it would cost much less. It seems a shame for these northern states to pay enormous sums for coal, and be dependent during long winters upon an often uncertain supply, when here at our very gates are these vast resources.

"All that is needed is initiative to start the enterprise on a large scale. In a few years, I am confident, peat will be utilized by many industries.

"One of the greatest possibilities in these almost unlimited fields, however, lies in the development of power. The time will come when these peat bogs, lying in many places like great, idle wastes, will be thriving centers of industry. Great power plants, located upon the beds, will transmit electric power to cities all over these states. By-products, worth millions of dollars, will pay for the great proportion of the cost of the power, and thousands of acres of land, now of little value, will be made fertile.

"That sounds like a dream, but it's coming as sure as day follows night. In fact, these very things are being done to some degree in other countries. Coal has been cheap in this country, and suitable machinery hasn't been developed for handling peat in the past. Now, however, considerable progress has been made in the development of machinery, and with the diminishing of our coal supply attention is turning more and more to peat."

Use of peat as fuel dates back almost to the dawn of history. The Latin authors, commenting on the condition of peoples to the north, related how they dug the soil from the marshes with their hands, and after drying it burned it to warm themselves and cook their food.

In Ireland, peat has been the only domestic fuel for the mass of the people from the traditional time when the island was de-forested. In fact, the peat fire on the hearth is an essential element of Irish national life.

Turf cut from the bog still is the only fuel over a wide portion of Northern Europe. It is cut into bricks with a spade made for the purpose, and laid out to dry, being stacked in sheds for the winter. It makes a splendid fire in an open fireplace or an ordinary stove if there is a good draught.

Machines for handling peat have been in use in Europe for many years, though only recently have they approached any great degree of commercial success. Development of the industry in some of the European countries has been aided by government appropriations and experimental work. In Sweden, particularly, has considerable progress been made. Powdered peat has been burned successfully as locomotive fuel there, comparing favorably with coal, and the government has erected several large peat-powder plants. Preparation of peat for fuel as a commercial enterprise also has been developed in Canada to some extent.

From 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 tons of peat fuel are used annually in European countries, according to the United States Bureau of Mines.



Top—Farmers in Cass County, Minnesota engaged in the preparation of fuel for the winter by the use of an ordinary plow. The strips can be cut into blocks of convenient size.

Bottom—This picture shows the rear of a new peat machine, illustrating how knives on the spreader cut the sheet of pasty peat into strips. Later they are crosscut into briquettes by another device. The peat is carried through the pipe at the side, macerated, and spread into the layers shown in the foreground.

Here in the United States, however, few people have any very definite idea of the value of peat as fuel. Most of us know that peat is an accumulation of vegetable matter, which has been partially preserved from decomposition by immersion in water. Most of us, too, have known that peat will burn—if it is dry.

Firemen in the northern states have been called out of the cities on occasion to put out peat fires. There have been instances, too, of roads burning up in a manner seemingly miraculous to the uninitiated, when they happened to run across peat lands, and there have been disastrous peat fires frequently in regions where marshes have been drained. For days these beds will burn, the fires extending often beneath the surface.

But few have realized that peat might replace coal and break to a large extent the dependence of some of the northern states upon distant coal mines.

For several months, a Minneapolis company has been engaged in the preparation of peat for fuel, said to be the only enterprise of its kind in the country. A machine has been perfected that digs, macerates and spreads out to dry 700 tons of wet peat in a day, or a quantity sufficient to produce 100 tons of dry fuel. That's how much peat contracts in the drying process. One man operates the machine.

During last summer, the machine was operated on a bog near Minneapolis, and peat, processed at the University of Minnesota, was burned with satisfactory results in a Minneapolis office building.

A crusher plant, with a capacity of 500 tons of peat a day, has been built in Minneapolis during the winter to produce powdered peat, and in the spring ten peat digging machines are to be started to work on the Minnesota bogs.

Peat machines of many types have been developed, but the machine in use in Minnesota, perfected by Herbert Garnett after twenty-five years of work, is perhaps the most effective type, according to Professor Christianson.

The great problem to be overcome in the preparation of peat for fuel is the removal of its water content, which runs as high as 80 and 90 per cent in the natural state. Draining of the bog removes part of the water, but the greater proportion must be removed by air drying. It requires about 90 days to reduce it to 20 per cent moisture, when it is ready for fuel. This involves considerable time, but no satisfactory method has been found to force the water from the peat artificially.

The Garnett machine digs to a depth of seven feet. The digging unit consists of a worm that mixes the different layers of peat together, passing it in a pasty mass to a conveyor, where it is further macerated. The pulped mass then is discharged on the ground at the rear of the machine in a sheet four inches thick and 16 feet wide.

Knives on the spreader cut the sheet into thin strips, and later another device crosscuts it into briquettes. After drying for several weeks, the peat is put into windrows for further drying. If it is to be used as a hand-fired fuel, the dry blocks are run through a crusher and delivered to the consumer the same as crushed coke. The cost of fuel prepared in this way will be about $2.25 at the swamp, according to Mr. Garnett.

Pulverized peat makes better fuel, however. In this case, the peat is run through a coarse grinder, a dryer, then a pulverizer and delivered to customers in tank cars and burned the same as powdered coal. Pulverized peat can be delivered to the boiler for less than $5 a ton, according to Mr. Garnett, who declares using peat will reduce the fuel bills of local industries fully 50 per cent.

Engineers conducting the tests at the Minneapolis office building burning peat said that a pound of the powdered coal used evaporated 9.9 pounds of water, a pound of pulverized peat 9 pounds, and a pound of coal hand-fired in the usual way from 5 to 6 1-2 pounds. The peat powder, fed into the furnace, under air pressure, burns almost like gas and with little smoke. Good peat fuel has an ash content not to exceed 15 per cent.

Effectiveness of peat, as compared with coal, varies, however, under different circumstances, and according to different authorities. Soper says that the heating value of the average peat is slightly more than .6 that of the heating value of the ordinary bituminous coal, while the best peat is about 75 per cent of the heating value of anthracite, and 80 per cent of the heating value of Illinois coal. The average thermal value of the better Minnesota peats runs from 9,000 to 10,000 British thermal units for moisture-free peat, he found.

Captain Ernst Wallagren, chief peat engineer for the Swedish Government, found, according to a recent Bureau of Mines bulletin:

"The peat powder when burned by the method used by Back was equal in fuel value to the best English coal, ton for ton. This discovery makes Sweden independent of other countries for fuel supplies for industrial uses."

Henry J. Hindshaw, engineer in the mineral lands department of the state of Minnesota, pointed out that powdered peat under some circumstances might be more effective than coal.

Government engineers have estimated the cost of producing peat fuel from $2 to $3 a ton. The machine peat, air dryed, is the cheapest. Compressed into briquettes, it is somewhat more desirable for domestic use, and slightly more expensive. Peat powder can be produced and delivered at less than $5 a ton, according to Mr. Garnett. From $3 to $5, then, would seem to be the consensus of opinion as to its cost.

There are varied possibilities in the use of peat. Very fine cloths have been made from the fiber in England. Coarse cloths and blankets have been made from it in Sweden. Paper has been made from it in the United States. Gas, charcoal, coke and a number of valuable by-products are produced from it.

Peat powder and fiber have been used in dressing wounds. Hundreds of thousands of surgical dressings were made from peat moss, or sphagnum, during the war. Sphagnum has many advantages over cotton for this purpose. Peat has exceptional antiseptic, absorbent and de-odorizing qualities.

Peat is used extensively as a filler for fertilizer. It may be briquetted with iron ores. There are millions of tons of fine dust not usable in the blast furnaces. Briquetted with peat, much of this can be used, Professor Christianson has found in an interesting series of experiments. A substitute for lumber, harder and tougher than wood, has been made by the mixture of peat and plaster of Paris.

Producer gas plants for generating heat and power offer perhaps the most effective way of utilizing peat, according to Professor Christianson. By-products, of which ammonium sulphate is the chief, would bring in vast sums. The ammonium sulphate from the by-product plant at Orentano, Italy, as long ago as 1913, paid for two-thirds of the cost of operation, and the demand for ammonium sulphate for fertilizer has increased greatly since that time.

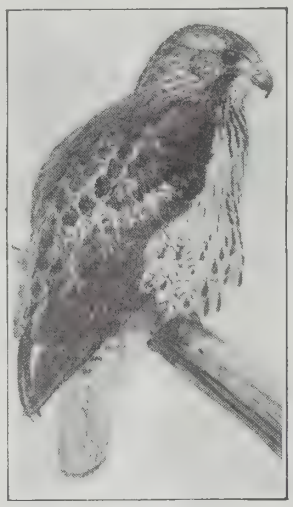
So, all in all, we may find considerable recompense in the prehistoric visit of the glaciers.

Annual Insect Bill Almost Two Billions

By H. O. BISHOP

ACCORDING to a careful survey by the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, the depredations of injurious insects cause an annual monetary loss to American agriculture of the appalling sum of $1,554,869,300. The loss has grown since the foregoing estimate and is now reckoned at nearly two billion dollars.

Were it not for the constant destruction of insects by the birds of the United States, the damage to farm and garden products would, undoubtedly, be much greater.



RED-TAILED HAWK

The beneficial activities of birds is illustrated by the fact that in some places where especial attention has been paid to attracting and protecting birds the damage by insects has become practically unnoticeable. A careful estimate shows that the grasshoppers destroyed monthly by a single meadow lark would consume forage worth at the lowest valuation 50 cents. In the six months that may properly be included in the grasshopper season, therefore, each meadow lark prevents the loss of $3 from devastation by grasshoppers. The amount saved by the destruction of other injurious insects must be fully as great, so that a meadow lark may be fairly estimated to destroy insects capable of causing damage of at least $6 a year.

On account of its larger size, the meadow lark is considerably above the average of our insectivorous birds in its capacity for destroying insects. The value of many birds in preventing increases in losses from farm pests certainly can be estimated conservatively at $1 a year. But to give some idea of the way in which the benefits from the useful services of birds mount into large sums when estimated in monetary terms, and at the same time to be entirely on the safe side, we may set the average cash value of the destruction of pests of agriculture by birds at the ridiculously low figure of ten cents a bird each year. Numerous bird censuses have agreed in arriving at the figure of two birds an acre as the normal bird population of the country. On this basis there are each summer at least 3,806,500,000 breeding birds in the United States. This takes no account of young birds. At the rate of ten cents each, the value of these birds in preventing insect damage is $388,650,000 annually. The migrants that pass through the United States equal in number, if they do not surpass, the population of breeding birds. They spend on the average a month apiece in their passage, during which time they feed upon our injurious insects. Estimating the value of each of these birds in proportion to the time they are with us at one-sixth that of the native species, we arrive at an added saving of insect damage of $63,441,666, which brings the total to more than $444,000,000. This is a minimum estimate of the additional insect damage the people of the United States would have to endure were it not for the beneficial services of birds.

Yet, despite the valuable economic services performed by our feathered friends, they are slaughtered in vast numbers, either to provide a tasty meal, or just for the sake of wantonly killing something.

If the present small number of birds in this country is capable of destroying so many insects, thus preventing enormous losses to growing food crops, it can easily be surmised how great would be the value of birds if their numbers were largely increased through common-sense protection.

Dr. Albert K. Fisher, in charge of economic investigations of the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, investigated pellets found at the roost of a long-eared owl, and found remains of 95 meadow mice, 19 pine mice, 15 house mice, five white-footed mice, three Cooper's mice, 26 shews, and 13 birds, of which 11 were sparrows, one a bluebird, and the other a warbler. Eighty-six out of 92 stomachs examined by Dr. Fisher also contained mice. The little screech owl, according to Dr. Fisher, is a diligent mouser, also consuming grasshoppers, crickets, beetles, cutworms, toads, scorpions, lizards, crawfish, frogs and fish. As many as 50 grasshoppers have been found in one stomach, 18 beetles in another and 13 cutworms in another.

An investigation of 28 stomachs of hawks disclosed from five to 12 meadow mice in them. A few rats, house mice, shews, and other small mammals also were found.

Among other insect destroying birds is the nighthawk, or bull-bat, which breeds throughout most of the United States and Canada, and winters in South America. It is strictly insectivorous, and hence does no damage to crops. The only charge that can be made against the bird is that it destroys some useful insects, but these are greatly in the minority in its food. Nighthawks are so expert in flight that no insect can escape. In their capacious mouths they sweep up everything from the largest moths and dragon flies to the tiniest ants and gnats, and in this way sometimes gather most remarkable collections of insects. Several stomachs have contained 50 or more different kinds.

Ants comprise nearly a fourth of the birds' total food. These insects are generally annoying and often very injurious, especially on account of their damage to stored products and because of their habit of fostering destructive plant lice. More than a fifth of the nighthawk's food consists of June bugs and beetles. These are the adults of white grubs, noted pests, and even as adults many members of the family are decidedly harmful.

Nighthawks are much less numerous than formerly, chiefly because of wanton shooting. They are given full legal protection almost everywhere, and citizens should see that the law is obeyed. The bird is far too useful and attractive to be persecuted.

No bird is better known to country residents than the bobwhite. The bird's cheery calls the year round form part of the most pleasant associations of country life, and its neat form and harmonious coloration, and especially its confiding habits, make it a general favorite.

Animal food, chiefly insects, comprise nearly a sixth of the bird's subsistence. From June to August, inclusive, when insects are most numerous, their proportion in the food is about 36 per



BOBWHITE

cent. The variety of insect food is great and includes a number of the most destructive agricultural pests. Among them may be mentioned the Colorado potato beetle, 12-spotted cucumber beetle, bean leaf beetle, squash ladybird, wireworm. May beetle, corn billbug, clover leaf weevil, cotton boll weevil, army worm, bollworm, cutworm and chinch bug. The food habits of the bobwhite undoubtedly are beneficial and the bird should be maintained in numbers on every farm. This is not to say that all shooting should be prohibited, for the bird is very prolific. But its numbers should not be reduced below what the available nesting sites and range will support. On the other hand the policy of absolute protection recently adopted by one state, is not called for by strictly economic considerations.

In food habits the house wren is entirely beneficial. He may be said to live upon animal food alone, for an examination of 88 stomachs showed that 98 per cent of the contents was insects or their allies, and only two per cent was vegetable food, including bits of grass and similar matter, evidently taken by accident with the insects. Half of this food consisted of grasshoppers and beetles; the remainder of caterpillars, bugs and spiders. As the wren is prolific, frequently rearing in a season from 12 to 16 young, a family of these birds must cause considerable reduction in the number of insects in a garden. Wrens are industrious foragers, searching every tree, shrub, and vine for caterpillars, and examining every post and rail of the fence and every cranny in the wall for insects or spiders.

Examinations of the stomachs of 1,236 robins show that 42 per cent of its food is animal matter, principally insects, while the remainder is made up largely of small fruits or berries. More than 16 per cent consists of beetles, about one-third of which are useful ground beetles, taken mostly in spring and autumn when other insects are scarce. Grasshoppers make up about five per cent of the whole food, but in August they comprise 17 per cent. Caterpillars form about nine per cent, while of the rest of the animal food, about 11 per cent is made up of various insects, with a few spiders, snails, and angleworms. All the grasshoppers, caterpillars, and bugs, with a large portion of the beetles, are injurious, and it is safe to say that noxious insects comprise more than one-third of the robin's food.

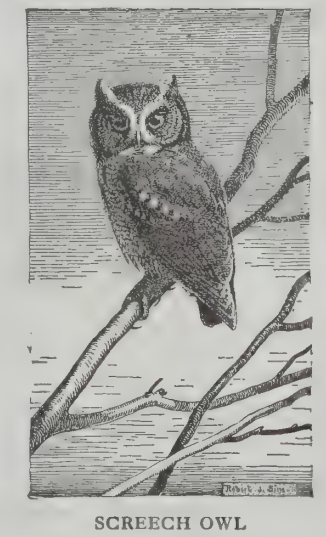
The stomachs of 645 catbirds were examined and found to contain 44 per cent of animal (insect) and 56 per cent of vegetable food. Ants, beetles, caterpillars, and grasshoppers constitute three-fourths of the animal food, the remainder being made up of bugs, miscellaneous insects, and spiders. One-third of the vegetable food consists of cultivated fruits, or those which may be cultivated, as strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries; but while we debit the bird with the whole of this, it is probable—and in the eastern and well-wooded part of the country almost certain—that a large part is obtained from wild vines. The rest of the vegetable matter is principally wild fruit, as cherries, dogwood, sour gum, elderberries, greenbrier, spiceberries, black alder, sumac, and poison ivy. Although the catbird sometimes does considerable harm by destroying small fruit, it cannot on the whole be considered injurious. On the contrary, in most parts of the country it does far more good than harm.

Seven common species of swallows are found within the limits of the United States, four of which have abandoned to some extent their primitive nesting habits and have attached themselves to the abodes of man.

Field observation convinces an ordinarily attentive person that the food of swallows must consist of the smaller insects captured in mid-air or picked from the tops of tall grass or weeds. This observation is borne out by an examination of stomachs, which shows that the food is made up of many small species of beetles which are much on the wing; many species of mosquitoes and their allies, together with large quantities of flying ants; and a few insects of similar kinds. Most of these are either injurious or annoying, and the numbers destroyed by swallows are not only beyond calculation but almost beyond imagination.

The eastern bluebird, one of the most familiar and welcome of our feathered visitors, is a common inhabitant of all the states east of the Rocky Mountains from the Gulf of Mexico to southern Canada. In the Mississippi Valley it winters as far north as Southern Illinois, and in the East as far as Pennsylvania. It is one of the earliest northern migrants, and everywhere is hailed as the harbinger of spring. Very domestic in habits, it frequents orchards and gardens, and builds its nests in cavities of trees, crannies in farm buildings, or boxes provided for its use.

It is evident that in the selection of its food the bluebird is governed more by abundance than by choice. Predacious beetles are eaten in spring, as they are among the first insects to appear; but in early summer caterpillars form an important part of the diet, and these are later replaced by grasshoppers. Beetles are eaten at all times, except when grasshoppers are more easily obtained. As far as vegetable food is concerned bluebirds are positively harmless. The only trace of useful products found in their stomachs are a few blackberry seeds, and even these probably belonged to wild rather than cultivated varieties. Other seeds found were: chokeberry, juniperberry, pokeberry, partridgeberry, greenbrier, Virginia creeper, bittersweet, holly, strawberry bush, false spikenard, wild sarsaparilla, sumac, rose haws, sorrel, ragweed, grass and asparagus. This list shows how little the bluebird depends upon the farm or garden for food, and how easily by encouraging the growth of such plants, the bird may be induced to live on the premises.

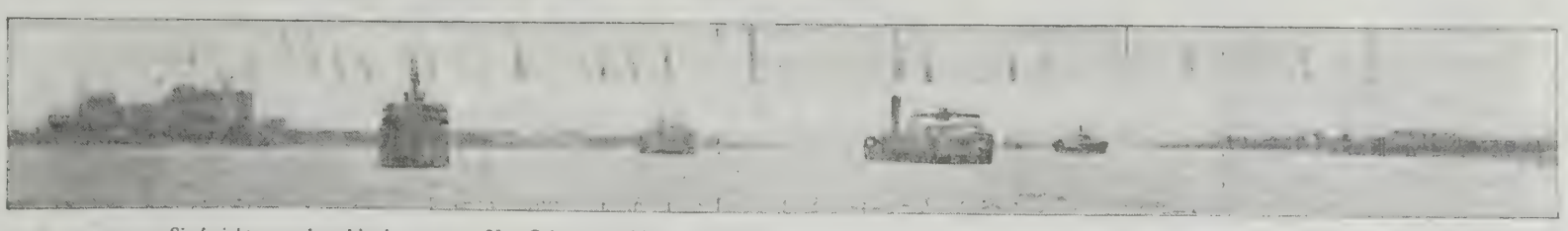


SCREECH OWL

Two species of bluebirds inhabit the western states—the mountain bluebird and the western bluebird. In food habits they are even more to be commended than their eastern relatives.

Many other birds are equally as beneficial to agriculturists as those mentioned above.

It's far better to cultivate birds than to assassinate them.



Six freighters anchored in the stream at New Orleans, awaiting an opportunity to get up to the wharves. Public ownership of the harbor front and operation of all port equipment is alleged to be responsible for this condition of shipping at the Louisiana port.

Would Turn Port Over to Private Capital

By ROBERT MORGAN

AFTER two hundred years of experimenting with public ownership of the 41 miles of water front on its harbor, the port of New Orleans is preparing to appeal to the Louisiana state constitutional convention, in March, 1921, to grant private capital the right to develop the port. In this plea to the convention which is to give the state a new constitution, it is stated that, though export and import commerce through the port has tripled in the past three years, port equipment and facilities, such as terminals, wharves, warehouses, wharf houses, anchorages and cargo loading and unloading machinery are only about 50 per cent adequate to the demands put upon them.

New Orleans is one of the few ports in the world in which all—or virtually all, save one or two small pieces—of the land along the harbor front belongs to the people, in this case to the city of New Orleans and the state of Louisiana. This land and the improvements thereon are administered for the state and city jointly by the board of commissioners of the port of New Orleans. The publicly-owned land can be neither leased nor sold. All improvements put upon it, and all development done to it, must be done by this board of commissioners, better known, locally, as the "Dock Board." Several firms, notably the New Orleans Green Coffee Association, have advanced money to the dock board for the construction of wharves, wharf sheds and warehouses, such loans being repaid by rebates on the rentals paid by the lending company to the dock board each year.

This method, however, precludes the interest in the development of the port which shipping firms, shipowners and maritime corporations generally would have were they able to own their property, or, at least, to own the improvements in the shape of buildings and equipment thereon. It has prevented the building by private capital of such improvements as the Bush Terminals in New York, the Manchester port works in England, or the recently commenced Cunard Line docks in New York, representing an investment of $40,000,000. The dock board never has been able—though all the publicly-owned equipment of the port returns a profit each year—to get together money enough to develop the port of New Orleans commensurately with the growth of commerce passing through that port. It has been difficult even to provide adequate terminal facilities for the government-owned and operated barge lines on the Mississippi and Warrior rivers.

To correct this condition, the city of New Orleans, through all its commercial organizations, headed by the Association of Commerce, and supported by similar bodies throughout the state, as well as by the city government and by a number of prominent officials of the state, has prepared a plea to be presented to the constitutional convention. This plea asks, in brief, that in the new organic law, the dock board be allowed to give long-term leases on water front lands to any individuals or corporations wishing to construct terminals, wharves, docks, slips, wharf houses, warehouses, bunkering coal plants, loading and unloading machinery, or other facilities for the reception and handling of shipping into and out of the port. These leases are to be granted only to persons and firms who will build and operate the port equipment for their own use. Erection of such improvements for rental is forbidden.

The dock board, under this new law, is to have the right at all times to take over these improvements, on the payment of their cost, a statement of such cost to be filed with the board at the time of completion of the improvements in question. In addition to this, individuals and corporations are to be given the right to purchase land adjoining and behind the water front, for warehouses, factories, and similar industrial buildings, with the privilege of connecting their water front improvements with these structures. None of the water front land is to be sold. Included in the plan is also the employment of a port manager, preferably from outside New Orleans, to be responsible directly to the state and city for the management and control of the harbor, the water front and the port equipment located thereon. Details of two and three-story wharf sheds, as compared with the one-story sheds so far erected; closer connection between the municipally-owned Public Belt Railroad, which girdles the water front, linking all wharves with trunk line rail stations, and the ship terminals, and development of nearly 35 miles of harbor front which the dock board has been unable to improve, are the results sought in the new plan. The port facilities committee of the New Orleans Association of Commerce, to which was delegated the drawing up of the plea to the constitutional convention, supplied the following outline of the project, which has been approved by the board of directors of the association, by the other commercial and maritime organizations and corporations of the port, and by a number of state and city officials:

"Under the existing policy of public ownership, the dock board has borrowed sums of money from steamship lines on unsecured due bills, built wharves and sheds with the money, and given first call on these improvements to the companies lending the money. Often, through force of circumstances, the dock board has been compelled to land ships belonging to other companies at these wharves. No water front warehouses were created, and, consequently, the wharf houses, intended for temporary shelter for moving cargoes only, have had to serve as warehouses during both the assembling and the distributing periods. In the absence of continued and uninterrupted use of specific wharves, steamship lines have been handicapped in the development of their business. Under this system of borrowing, the lender makes such loans out of his capital. For this reason, such a lender never will provide more money than is required to create the minimum facilities to serve his purpose.

"The dock board has not been able, and will not be able for years, according to all present financial forecasts, to finance port facilities on a scale adequate to care for the commerce of the port. We find that the policy of public ownership under which the port facilities at New Orleans are and may be provided is so narrow as to exclude, in a very large measure, financial cooperation by steamship lines, shipping concerns, warehouse men and others, who, at other ports, invest large sums in creating facilities they require for the economic conduct of their enterprises.

"Thus, through public ownership, the port of New Orleans is being denied the great impetus such investments would give its development, while water carriers and commerce generators, lacking that responsibility to the port which heavy investments in terminal facilities would create, are free to withdraw service from the port on the slightest provocation.

"In striking contrast, the Cunard Line is now investing $40,000,000 in creating terminal facilities for its own ships in New York Harbor, where public ownership does not prevail, and New York always may depend on the sustained co-operation of that line to build up and protect the interests of that port. But, should the Cunard Line come to New Orleans, under existing port conditions, it would not be permitted to build its own terminals, but would be compelled to take whatever the dock board had to offer. Thus, lacking an invested interest, it would not feel a permanent interest in New Orleans, either as a port or as a city, such as it feels in New York.

"The Association of Commerce, while not suggesting full return to private ownership, does urge the leasing of harbor frontage to steamship lines desiring to obtain adequate equipment beyond the power of the dock board to give. It also suggests that steamship lines be permitted to purchase land back of the harbor frontage, and erect thereon terminals of the magnitude and size required. Such leases should be for an indefinite term, and the dock board should have the right to take back the sites at any time the public need demanded that they be returned to the board."

Resolutions adopted by the board of directors of the Association of Commerce, which will form the basis of the measures presented to the constitutional convention, suggest that the dock board:

"1. Employ competent terminal engineers and port economists to make a thorough survey of the port and its needs, and to recommend a

(*Concluded on page 14*)



Above—Private equipment for unloading tropical fruits on the publicly-owned wharves at New Orleans. The port is about 50 per cent behind its commerce in port equipment, wharves, terminals, etc., and now wishes to drop the bars of public ownership to permit all steamship corporations to install equipment, build terminals, construct wharves and warehouses and otherwise improve the port.
Below—The first shipment of motor trucks from New Orleans to India. These trucks, "knocked down" and packed in cases, as shown, had to be handled by hand, with block and tackle, due to lack of proper and adequate loading facilities.

Credit—Solving Farmer's Greatest Problem

What South Dakota Is Doing With Its Rural Credit System

By R. P. CRAWFORD

CREDIT apparently is the farmer's greatest problem—a fact which is especially evident right now. Rural credits is a subject that has formed the center of many discussions for years, and it generally ends up by leaving things as they are. But in this matter it is worth while to examine the accomplishments of the state of South Dakota which is probably the first state in the Union that has a real working system in operation. Twenty-eight million dollars may seem like a huge sum of money, but it represents the amount that has been loaned the farmers of that state the last three years through its rural credit system.

The South Dakota system is to some extent modeled after the Federal Farm Loan Banks and is especially important since the work of the Federal Land Banks is tied up in the courts. It is also important right now when it has been almost impossible to secure loans anywhere and the banks have been sorely pressed to keep a sufficient reserve on hand. I rather imagine that more than one South Dakota bank will have to thank the rural credit system of that state by the time the crisis is over. In many cases farmers have been able to secure money through the rural credit department and use it to square up their obligations at the local bank.

The South Dakota system depends for its existence upon long-time mortgages on farms. These are taken for a period of thirty years. By paying a very small amount each year, a farmer is able to wipe out his indebtedness without feeling the strain to any appreciable extent. This is really about the only solution of things for the renter or young man who wants to make a start in farming today. The capital of the present-day farm, counting land and improvements, is usually greater than the capital of the bank or of any of the stores in that immediate section. Few men who enter the farming business are born with a silver spoon in their mouths with the exception of those who inherit the family farm. This system is designed to help the average farmer. For instance, at 7 per cent, the present rate, a farmer pays back but $8.06 per year for each $100 that he has borrowed. This includes both principal and interest. At 6 per cent, the old rate, the payments were but $7.26 per year on each $100 borrowed. Doubtless, arrangements will be made to lower the rate for those who have had to borrow under the advanced rates of interest today.

Picture a bank where applications for loans amounting to a total of $100,000 to $250,000 are coming in every day, and you have an idea of the amount of business transacted by the South Dakota Rural Credit Board. Although the rural credit system just got under way in the autumn of 1917, to date approximately $28,000,000 has been loaned. Somewhat more than $52,000,000 worth of applications for loans have come in, and a large number of necessity have had to be turned down because they did not meet the requirements of the rural credit board. Three hundred twenty-five applications for loans were received during the first nine days of December. Of course only the most urgent cases are taken care of at present, for the board might readily be swamped with applications for money which would not be wisely invested. In case a farmer is financially embarrassed at the bank, the board can often arrange to place a long-term loan on his land, and furnish him with money with which to pay up his most pressing obligations at the bank, thereby easing up the credit situation in that community.

Most people might wonder where this money comes from. If you have seen the circulars of the large bond houses, you have probably seem the farm loan bonds of South Dakota offered for sale. The money is secured by selling large blocks of these bonds to the large eastern houses which in turn sell them to investors throughout the country. The state of South Dakota guarantees the payment of them, which gives better surety to the investor than if he simply purchased an ordinary mortgage and perhaps had to run the risk of looking after a number of legal and technical details himself. The plan of the rural credit system was largely worked out by United States Senator-elect Peter Norbeck of that state when he was governor. The board of directors includes the governor, a commissioner, C. M. Henry, a treasurer, vice president, and also a secretary. This board passes on the applications for loans. The very first loan that the board made was to a renter who was enabled to become an owner of a farm.

However, it must not be thought that anyone can borrow money just for the fun of doing so. There are certain definite requirements that must be met. First, the applicant must be a resident of the state of South Dakota and the owner or prospective owner of farm land on which a long-time mortgage is to be placed. The rural credit board is authorized to lend up to a maximum of 70 per cent of the appraised value of the land, plus an additional 40 per cent of the insured value of the improvements. No loan can be made for a total of more than $10,000 and no loan for improvements on the land can amount to more than $5,000. This provision is to prevent big landowners from getting heavy mortgages on their land; in short, it is designed to help the man who is just getting a start. It is especially interesting to note that the average amount loaned per acre from October 20, 1917, to June 30, 1920, was $16.21. The largest number of loans had been made in Perkins County, in the northwestern part of the state, and the total number of loans there was 512, with an average of $5.53 per acre. The next largest number, 329, was in Haakon County, west of the Missouri River, where the average was $5.76 per acre. It will be seen that the system is especially popular in giving the small farmer a start, just as in years past the free government homestead was a great aid in helping those who had a great deal of ambition but little money. In fact, the state of South Dakota hopes that the credit system will do much to develop the more sparsely settled sections of the state.

The money borrowed of the credit board must be used for the purchase of farm lands, for the purchase of equipment, fertilizers, and live stock, for buildings and improvements, or to liquidate the indebtedness of the owner. Needless to say, loans are made only on land located in the state of South Dakota. Applications are made direct to the rural credit board and there are no fees or commissions to pay, except that the applicant must see that all of his papers and abstracts are correct. The credit board, of course, must see that there are no loopholes and that the loan can be made safely on the particular land.

Naturally the state must depend on the law of averages in insuring the success of the system and must make a small profit with which to pay operating expenses and build up a surplus. The bonds have been sold at interest rates varying from 4.75 to 6.17 per cent, while the loans have been made at rates varying from 5.50 to 7 per cent. It must be remembered that the bonds draw interest semi-annually, while the farmer pays but once a year, and there is always some little time before the money on hand is all loaned out. To cover these items and the cost of administration, the state must ask a higher rate from the borrower than it pays on the bonds.

The borrower is permitted to repay all or any part of his loan at any interest date after five years. There undoubtedly will be those who may want to get money at cheaper rates later and it is possible that the rural credit board will make some arrangements to make new loans to those who are now paying the maximum rates. Of course the present interest rates on the bonds will have to be taken into consideration and the law of averages over a number of years would show just how much reduction in interest there could be and still take care of the bonds. The present maximum interest rates on the bonds will probably have to be paid only a short time, and the average rate on the bonds over any long period of years will be far below it. The law provides that at all times the amount of mortgages and cash shall equal 95 per cent of the bonds outstanding. Undoubtedly in a few years some surplus will be built up.

A plan somewhat similar to the rural credit plan and working in conjunction with it is one by which ex-soldiers are given an opportunity to own farms. In this case the soldier needs to furnish only 10 per cent of the appraised value of the land and 20 per cent of the value of the improvements. The rural credit board supplies a loan of 70 per cent of the value of the land, and the additional money is secured through the land settlement board.

It is not intended to encourage the buying of high-priced lands in the eastern part of the state, but rather the cheaper lands, on which a good start may be made with small capital. It is especially interesting to note that 70 per cent of the soldier loans have been made on lands west of the Missouri River and 30 per cent on lands east of it. Just as in the case of the rural credit loans, not more than $10,000 can be loaned to any one person, and it is further provided that not more than $3,000 of this amount can be expended for live stock and improvements. The loans to soldiers are made on a thirty-year amortization plan, the same as the rural credit loans. Only soldiers who were credited to South Dakota in the war can take advantage of the plan.

That the popularity of a rural credit system is growing is indicated by the fact that the South Dakota officials have received inquiries from fifteen other states, indicating interest in establishing such systems. It seems evident that either the Federal Farm Loan System will have to be revived, or that states will have to go into the business, or else that private capital be made available on long-time amortization plans. The old-time mortgage comes due at too frequent intervals and there must be constant renewals and commissions to pay. Some years ago a man could go out and take a homestead, but today there is little homestead land left. It would seem that some system which would enable a man to buy cheap, but good land, and pay for it as he goes along, would best fill the needs, and South Dakota seems to have done this to a large extent.

Would Turn Port Over to Private Capital

Concluded from page 13

permanent continuing plan for the adequate development of the port; for obtaining adequate additional funds, and for encouraging business enterprise in aiding the dock board to create adequate facilities.

"2. That, either through public or private enterprise, a terminal and warehouse be created on the harbor front for even-running packages, such as coffee, sisal and similar commodities of import and export.

"3. That business enterprises be encouraged to construct and operate warehouses and such structures as may be needed back of the river front wharves, on either publicly or privately owned property."

The report then continues:

"New Orleans needs river front terminals, in principle at least, like the Bush Terminal in New York, or the great terminal at Manchester, but these obviously cannot be obtained under the present system of public ownership and public development. The commerce of New Orleans requires permanent facilities for indefinite storage at ship, boat and rail side—storage not subject to such penalties as the dock board has recently found necessary to apply to merchandise left on the wharves more than seven days, in order to clear the wharves for other ships . . . .

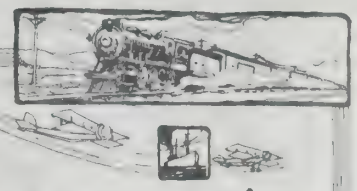
"In the development of our present-day policy, New Orleans has gone to the extreme of public ownership and operation, and has overlooked the fact that a combination of public ownership and business investment and operation would bring into action the best in both systems. Private enterprise never can gain any freehold rights in the harbor of New Orleans, because the public owns 41 miles of harbor frontage and never can sell any part of it. If the dock board would capitalize a part of this enormously valuable economic asset by entering into a sound business arrangement with desirable steamship lines to build thereon the character of terminals they require, millions of dollars soon would come to the assistance of New Orleans in promoting its port development."

The port of New Orleans was established, coincidentally with the founding of the city of New Orleans, by the French in 1717, and from the beginning the public was given ownership of the entire harbor frontage. This public ownership was made perpetual by the Louisiana Purchase Treaty of 1803. The port is located on the east and west banks of the river, 110 miles by water from the Gulf of Mexico. Its harbor averages three-quarters of a mile in width and 30 to 200 feet in depth all the way from the outer end of the jetties in the Gulf to Baton Rouge, the state capital, a distance of 237 miles. Forty one and a fraction miles of this tremendous deep-water harbor lies within the limits of the city of New Orleans, which is co-lineal with the Parish of Orleans, a trifle less than 21 miles of harbor lying on each side of the river. From New Orleans to the Gulf there is a minimum depth of 60 feet, and in midstream at New Orleans, the depth is well over 175 feet. The number of vessels which can be accommodated in the stream is virtually unlimited, but development of the wharves and other port equipment is far behind the needs of the port, and, in the opinion of commercial and shipping interests, never can catch up with the advancement of ship traffic under the present system of public development, which has no capital and must build only such wharves and terminals as are absolutely indispensable, and even those only when some corporation or individual, needing such facilities, advances the money.

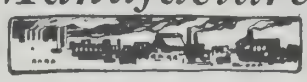
The dock board took charge of this great port on May 29, 1901, and, to October 1, 1920—the date of the board's latest report—had improved only about seven miles of the east bank of the river, on which is located the main part of the city. Wharves, steel sheds, cotton compress and warehouse, grain elevator, and a coal tipple have been built. Wharves, elevators and warehouses built by private capital, mainly on the west bank of the river, in suburbs of Algiers, Gretna, McDonoghville and Westwego, bring the total improved part of the port up to 45,000 lineal feet, or less than nine miles, out of a total of 41 miles. This developed section has a deep water area of more than seven square miles, but is less than 50 per cent adequate to handle the commerce of the port, according to the figures of New Orleans commercial organizations and shipping firms. The entire port can berth only 90 vessels of a maximum length of 500 feet, simultaneously, and there are cargo-handling facilities for about one-third this number. The result is that ships have to be docked "tandem," anchored in midstream, unloaded into lighters, or have their cargoes handled in other makeshift methods, which the coming constitutional convention will be asked to remedy by reversion from the present exclusive public ownership to private business enterprise.



The Three Arts



Agriculture — Manufacture — Transportation



As a result of various experiments, government experts have decided that Marquis wheat is the best variety of common wheat for the Northern Great Plains. Experiments were carried on at eleven stations. Marquis wheat was first introduced in the United States in 1915. It was brought from Canada.

All but two of South Dakota's gold mines were closed in 1920 because of the high cost of mining. The two mines operated produced gold to the value of $4,339,000. Production of all mines in 1918 exceeded $6,500,000.

Trade Commissioner Arthur Young reports that American exports to Spain increased 240 per cent from 1914 to 1919. The 1914 total was $30,000,000 while that of 1919 was $102,000,000.

Wooden shipbuilding companies won their case when they appeared before the Shipping Board and argued for prompt settlement of all outstanding claims. Many of the companies faced bankruptcy if the government refused to pay amounts due, it was shown. The total sum involved is between $6,000,000 and $10,000,000.

The Bureau of Statistics of the Labor Department announces that the cost of food declined eight per cent in December over November figures.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is investigating railroad rates in North Dakota to determine whether they are discriminatory against interstate commerce.

New South Wales reports a disaster to its wheat crop as a result of a terrific rainstorm. It is estimated that twenty per cent of the crop has been destroyed, the total loss being about 5,000,000 pounds.

Chinese bankers have agreed to finance the purchase of rolling stock for China's railroads. Bids on locomotives and cars will be asked soon.

Argentina's new oat crop is officially estimated at 60,500,000 bushels. The crop last year was 58,000,000 bushels.

The potato yield in Scotland in 1920 has been very successful. It is estimated that more than 1,230,000 tons of potatoes were produced. This is 400,000 tons more than last year and the largest return since 1885. The yield per acre was 7.6 tons.

Canadian ticket agents now demand United States money or Canadian money plus exchange for tickets for points in the United States. Hundreds of Detroiters have been going to Windsor, Ontario, to buy their tickets for southern and western trips, because the rate of exchange enabled them to save a neat percentage. The new rule puts an end to this practice.

The Louisville, Kentucky, Live Stock Exchange has launched a campaign to encourage farmers to revive the live stock industry.

A new type of river boat, electrically driven and propelled by a stern wheel, will soon appear on the Ohio River. Minus the paddle wheel at the stern the craft would have strong resemblance to the freighters of the Great Lakes.

The United States spends more money on tobacco than it does on automobiles. Two billion dollars a year is spent on autos but the tobacco bill exceeds this by $200,000.

Five hundred and thirty miles of hard road were built in Illinois in the last two years. Pennsylvania built 50 miles more than the Sucker State.

Several states have enlisted Federal assistance in the work of establishing farm management departments. One of the most important phases of the work is reworking principles of business management to fit farm conditions.

National forests in the eastern part of the United States are yielding a rapidly increasing revenue to the government.

A car of alfalfa seed recently shipped from Kansas sold for $8,500.

Our trade with Germany during 1920 amounted to $400,000,000. This was $153,000,000 below our biggest year's business with that country.

Anthony Caminetti, commissioner general of immigration, has returned from a two months tour of Europe. He reports that unless precautions are taken to keep diseased immigrants from obtaining visés that our receiving stations in this country will soon be obliged to contend with a very large number of typhus cases.

Rinderpest, a cattle plague, is destroying great numbers of cattle in Europe. The disease has never been known in this country.

The Department of Agriculture advises the use of sweet cream butter because of its excellent keeping qualities.

Canada's 1920 field crops returned a value of $1,636,664,900, according to the Dominion bureau of statistics.

There are more than 2,000,000 miles of unimproved highways in the United States.

The Armour Company, one of the members of the "Big Five" group of meat packers, has announced that its 1920 sales totaled $900,000,000 and that the net profit was within a few dollars of $5,320,000.

The Detroit Board of Commerce is planning to hold a second waterways convention in March for the purpose of assisting in the campaign for the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence deep waterway.

The railroads will grant decreased rates of fare to conventions this year.

Farmers of Williamsport, Maryland, are planning to kill their own cattle and sell the meat at a co-operative store to be opened there. They say that they will sell all cuts of beef at an average price of 14 cents, and make a reasonable profit, after deducting the expense of killing and marketing.

Employes of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, of Quincy, Massachusetts, have launched a co-operative bank. Shares are sold for $1 a month. The maturing period is 12 years. A depositor may withdraw his funds at any time by giving 30 days' notice.

The Spokane and Eastern Trust Company is trying the experiment of operating a savings bank without bars or cages above the counters.

A new act regulating the sale and inspection of commercial feeding stuffs has gone into effect in Canada. Under the act bran, shorts and middlings must be free from screenings and the analysis must correspond to a prescribed standard.

The Federation of Farm Bureaus is behind a movement for a national organization of growers of vegetables for canning.

The United States broke all existing records for exports and imports in 1920. Exports totaled $8,228,000,000. Imports were $5,279,000,000.

The public health reports issued by the Public Health Service contain an article on "Diseases Prevalent Among Steel Workers." It may be had upon application by addressing the Washington office of the Service.

Japan has plans for the electrification of government railroads which call for the expenditure of a billion dollars. It is expected that much of the material and equipment will be purchased in the United States.

The Bureau of Mines has issued a report to the effect that gasoline sold this year is similar in quality to that common on the market a year ago. A number of tests, made in various cities, showed no perceptible change in the average.

Fifteen hundred airplane engines of foreign make, acquired by the War Department since 1917, will be advertised for sale in the near future.

The National Merchant Marine Convention, which met recently in Washington, went on record in the following manner: Government aid to companies; the enforcement of provisions of the Merchant Marine Act; the appointment of a permanent shipping board; withdrawal of the government from the shipping industry. It was also urged that government merchant ships be sold to private interests at market prices and the loss charged off to war construction.

Wisconsin and Michigan paper and wood pulp concerns have filed complaints with the Interstate Commerce Commission in which they ask an investigation of railroad rates on paper and paper products.

The branch of the United States Weather Bureau at Helena, Montana, is establishing a station on the summit of the Continental Divide for the purpose of studying air currents. The data will be of use, it is believed, in charting safe courses over the Rockies for airplanes.

Treasury officials declare that the revival of the War Finance Corporation will fail to bring business the aid expected of it.

Grape growers of New York state who expected to be ruined by prohibition have been getting as high as $125 a ton for grapes whereas the average price before the country went dry is said to have been around $25.

Reports from the Middle West are to the effect that banking conditions have improved greatly.

The Pennsylvania Railway has announced that the price will be printed on the face of all its railroad tickets.

The collector of the port at Detroit announces that 352,534 autos took passage on the ferry to Windsor in 1920.

Leaders of the cotton goods trade announce that new prices will be named for percales and ginghams within a few weeks.

The Japanese department of agriculture and commerce estimates the rice crop for this year at about 325,000,000 bushels. This is 12 per cent above the normal yield.

Representatives of the fish and fruit canning industry are urging higher custom duties on competing imports than were ever fixed in the past.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has refused the request made by state commissions and shippers' organizations for a reopening of the case of the consolidation of the express companies.

British steel makers have adopted drastic cuts in prices. Foreign competition is said to be largely responsible.

Reports to leather journals indicate that the shoe factories are resuming work. Rush orders are said to have been received from many retailers.

The Department of Agriculture has announced a modification of European corn borer quarantine. Until June 1, it is said, there are no risks.

Extensive experiments have shown that water glass or lime water are the best preservatives for eggs.

Tobacco men told members of the House Ways and Means Committee that most cigar smokers cannot tell the difference between imported and domestic Havana cigars. They said also that the day of the five-cent cigar will not return.

The American Line and the British Royal Mail Line have entered an agreement with the city of Hamburg for new wharves and buildings. Plans are being made for an extensive traffic between Hamburg and New York.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has approved a government loan of $1,200,000 to the Missouri Pacific Railroad to be used in purchasing equipment. The company will spend in addition $1,800,000.

Briefly Told

The effect of proposed taxation methods in Mexico will tend to break up into small parcels 82 per cent of the arable land in that country which has been held in large estates for three centuries.

The cost of the trip of the American naval balloon, A-5598, from Rockaway to Moose Factory cost the United States Government $3,740.

The health of more than 500,000 citizens in more than a score of cities in Michigan is endangered because of the delay in the construction of waterworks.

To make the north rim of Grand Canyon accessible to tourists, government engineers have worked out a plan to erect a 500-foot suspension bridge across the Colorado River. It is said the north rim, about 1,500 feet higher than the south rim, gives "new and alluring" views of the canyon.

Camp Greene cantonment site will be transformed into a community center.

A new electric serving table has been invented with a heat attachment to keep dishes hot while serving. The table consists of a series of discs fixed upon a removable center, each of the discs being supplied with an electric current which can be turned off or on at will.

The United Kingdom is facing a house shortage of 1,000,000.

On the ground that German industry would suffer if expert dye workers were allowed to leave, the German Government refused passports for two dye experts who were to join the Du Pont Company staff in the United States.

The 1920 export trade of Great Britain gained 61 per cent over 1919 while imports gained by 19 per cent.

A new type of economical explosive absolutely non-freezing has been successfully demonstrated. It will be used in farm construction work, mining and quarrying where cold weather blasting is necessary.

A new radio station in France when complete will easily work with all stations in the world.

Our government hospitals contain more than 20,000 veterans of the late war and that number has been increasing for several months at the rate of about 1,000 a month.

The mucilage on the back of a postage stamp is made from the syrup of sweet potatoes. The liquid is forced through pipes leading to a series of machines consisting of rollers between which sheets of stamps are fed one at a time. The liquid falls in a spray upon the rollers. The sheet with its wet coating of mucilage passes from the rollers into a flue filled with hot air. When it comes out at the other end of the flue the mucilage is dry.

Eight and one-half per cent of all deaths in this country are attributed to heart disease.

A room ten feet long, ten feet wide and ten feet high contains approximately seventy-five pounds of air.

We spend $200,000,000 more for cigarets than for the salaries of all the teachers in the United States.

One of the greatest penalties that can be imposed on a Hindu is that of being outcasted, as it means social ostracism. No man may eat with him and his own relations will not permit him in their homes.

Mushrooms will be grown in the vats of a former brewery in New York.

The Dominion of New Zealand has bought land and houses for its returned soldiers, lent them money for the purchase of farming materials, stock, tools and furniture, provided training for the unskilled and helped in many other ways.

Membership on the Chicago Stock Exchange was sold recently for the lowest in years. The price was $5,000.

Failing to supply sufficient heat for their tenants, two landlords of Chicago were fined $200 and costs.

The Australian natives of the interior wear practically no clothing, though the seasons are extreme compared to that of the coast.

More than ninety per cent of the children of Berlin have rickets.

Combings from collies and other long-haired dogs have been made into yarn and garments. The strength and quality are excellent, fully equal to that of sheep wool yarn, and the texture is soft and durable.

Twenty thousand schools were closed in the United States during the last year because of the shortage of teachers.

The Australian Government plans to cultivate the castor oil plant to provide the Commonwealth requirements amounting to 4,000 tons of beans a year. The Queensland beans contain from 46 to 52 per cent oil.

The value of Alaska's salmon products in one year is seven and a half times the original purchase price of that territory.

According to an estimate of the Bureau of Internal Revenue more than 4,000,000 individual income tax returns are expected to be filed this year.

On January 22, for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, snow fell in Long Beach, California, a suburb of Los Angeles.

Locked in a hermetically sealed concrete vault for six hours, the assistant city treasurer of Philadelphia communicated with the night watchman by means of the Morse code tapped out with a stick against the walls of the vault. The watchman, familiar with the code, replied, and brought one who knew the combination of the vault.

Sixty-five per cent of the total revenue of the Chilean Government is derived from nitrate export taxes.

A consignment of ostrich skins for shoe leather recently arrived in Boston. It is claimed they will outwear leather footwear and cost less.

Because of the mild weather in Manitoba that province has saved so far $1,000,000 of their winter coal bill.

A fourth of the perishables received at the New York wholesale markets go to the public dumps. A third of the oranges and a fifth of the eggs received are unsalable.

One-third of the country's clothing is made in New York City.

Powerful searchlights will be used in an aerial lightway planned between London and Paris. This will permit commercial use of aircraft by night, making it possible for cargoes to be collected at the end of the business day in London and delivered at the beginning of the business day in Paris.

Certain mills in Rio de Janeiro make a practice of painting the raw coffee bean to suit the requirements of the various buyers. South Africa buys 300,000 bags of bluish green coffee; northern Brazil wishes its coffee black.

Tropical balsam wood is coming into use as a substitute for cork in some capacities.

Chinese eggs are selling in Minneapolis at 52 cents per dozen. Half a million arrived without one egg being broken in transit.

Financial agencies report that 84 per cent of all 1920 failures were firms which failed to advertise.

The passage of the migratory bird law has resulted in a saving of $20,000,000 in food to the United States, according to the Department of Agriculture.

A contrivance to pump fish from a purse net to the hold of a fishing vessel has been invented. The fish are pumped through a large rubber tube to the deck of the vessel and discharged upon an inclined plane of wire mesh from which they slide into the hold, the water running through the mesh and into the sea.

By use of high pressure water has been converted into a new ice so dense and heavy that it sinks in water instead of floating.

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Lincoln, the Man

IT WAS the human side of Abraham Lincoln, as best portrayed in his everyday life, which endeared him so strongly to the great mass of the people. He was one of them, with the same desires and ambitions, sorrows and perplexities, which beset the average man and woman. He knew from bitter experience the difficulties encountered in the fight against poverty and discouragement. He was never too busy nor too much occupied with the cares of the nation, to lend a helping hand or speak an encouraging word when the occasion presented itself. His simplicity of character was exemplified by his rules for living, which a writer has given as:

"Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise, go slow and go easy. There may be other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but, my friend, these I reckon will give you a good lift."

It was not the office that made Lincoln great. It was not the fact that several millions of his countrymen chose him to be their leader, and placed him in the presidential chair which gives luster to his character. The qualities which caused him to be acclaimed the leader, he possessed when he was teaching school, and splitting rails, and reading law in a judge's musty office. From the beginning he was a man among men who always upheld the right, advocated justice for the oppressed, and a square deal for all.

It was Lincoln the Man, and not Lincoln the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, who would spend hours, which should have been devoted to sleep, going over the records of a court-martial of a boy who had been found asleep at his post, hoping that he might find some extenuating circumstances which would palliate, in a measure, the boy's offense. It was Lincoln the Man who would take his pen and write across the record, "Pardoned," and give that boy back to his mother, feeling in his great heart that a higher justice had been served.

It was Lincoln the Man, of whom the story is told that once while driving through the woods, he stopped the carriage, and himself picked up a nest which had fallen from a tree and replaced it with its nestlings in the crotch of the limb.

"If I had not put the nest back," he said, "I would not have slept that night, thinking of the mother bird; because I know how I would have felt if such a thing had happened to my own children."

It was Lincoln the Man, rather than Lincoln the Statesman, who signed the Proclamation of Emancipation, thereby freeing a million of his fellow beings from the shackles which had bound them, body and soul.

It was the Man Lincoln who, looking down the years with his keen vision, could see the day, far distant, but surely coming, when there would again be no North or South, but one united country, and uttered as a prayer the words of his Gettysburg address, which ended with the appeal:

"It is rather for us that we be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —Frank Dorrance Hopley.

THIS WEEK

The Crime of the Cities—Chicago
Praise for the "Wilds" of Africa
Bismarck's Opinion of Lincoln
Briand, the T. R. of France
Is the Battleship Obsolete?
The Wood Hollow Papers
A Glance at Guatemala

Jewish Influence in the Movies
First study of a perplexing national situation.

EDITORIALS BRIEFLY TOLD
MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS
THREE ARTS ILLUSTRATIONS



Many Men of Many Minds



St. John Ervine.—In figure, in speech, in thought, in habit, in gesture, and in look Abraham Lincoln was an American. One might say that he was the greatest work of art that his country has yet produced.

Ethel M. Smith.—Large armaments mean militarism, and militarism means tryanny as well as economic waste. It is the wage earner always who has the most to lose in war and under a militarized government. We want militarism and all its works to go.

Gifford Pinchot.—The destruction of our timber, and of the timber-producing power of lands valuable for no other purpose, would be far less serious than it is if there were other portions of the world from which the absolutely essential lumber supply for our agriculture and industries could be obtained. The story is the same throughout the world. Africa, Australia, Russia, Siberia, the Philippines, and the islands of the sea offer us small relief.

William McClellan.—The peculiar faith of the American in the future of his country has been a controlling factor. This faith has been backed by unlimited investment of time, energy and money. Men have been willing to invest and to keep on investing in situations where other types of minds would have been discouraged quickly. Railroads were thrown from one ocean to the other, over wide stretches of totally unoccupied country and scaling two mountain ranges purely on faith in national growth.

Kenneth MacGowan.—The presence of a great mass of commercial and artistic ignorance at the point where the public must register its taste, has many curious effects on the sort of film entertainment made and most profitably sold in America.

Philander P. Claxton.—We have got to pay more for our teachers in the future—more than teachers in the public schools have ever been paid in the past. Temporary increases in pay to meet the increased cost of living will not do. We must put teachers' wages on a new basis and give such a guaranty of continued good wages in the years to come as will induce young men and women to accept teaching as a permanent profession and take the time and spend the money necessary to prepare for it as a life business.

Must Put Wages of Teachers on a New Basis

John D. W. Bodfish.—The manhood and womanhood of America is being tested today as it never was before. Our form of government is in danger, not so much from foes without as from conditions within our own borders.

Ellis W. Shuler.—To raise the level of the Yellowstone Lake six feet will make a profound change in its topography. Many interesting points about the lake, such as Breeze Point, Sand Point, Stevenson Island, Dot Island, Gull Point, would be forever blotted out of sight.

Henry L. Stimson.—There should be more liberal treatment of the men who are undergoing vocational training in an attempt to make themselves self-supporting. There has been much stupid red tape thrown about the present system, with the result that men who require such training and are anxious to take it have not been afforded the necessary financial support while undergoing it and have thus been obliged to give it up.

Andre Tardieu.—At the present time France has no wishes or ambitions as far as new colonies are concerned. Her entire policy is, and will remain a policy of development.

Philip Cabot.—The modern industrial system on which the great populations in Europe and in America live is not a hundred years old yet, and it is entirely dependent on quick, cheap railroad transportation. Quantity production, America's particular specialty, depends on good railroad service. Otherwise it is impossible to gather materials from every part of the country at one point, make an article, and then send it to every part of the country again.

Franklin H. Gidding.—Deliberate attack upon Anglo-American friendship is criminal, and men who lend themselves to that business need expect nothing but unsparing condemnation from those who sincerely desire world peace and understand the conditions upon which it depends.

Warren G. Harding.—I am sure the incoming administration wishes to see, figuratively speaking, every southern port whitened by the sails of commerce and know that our carriers are taking messages of good will and amity along with our cargoes to all the marts of the earth.

Captain Thomas Shrader.—A person who has little skill in bartering never should attempt to trade with Eskimos. Trading in the Arctic requires not only a larger stock of merchandise and less money than anywhere else I have ever been, but it requires more patience, skill, tact and understanding of the native methods and desires. Colored cloths, so popular in warmer countries, are of no value to the Eskimos, and they do not care for them except in the form of woolen socks and stockings, which they buy as rapidly as they can get them, since the great difficulty these natives have in their long, cold winters is in keeping the feet warm.

Eskimo Gets Cold Feet; Likes Wool Socks

Thomas C. Martin.—Mexico's production of foodstuffs this year from the soil will be at least twice as large as it ever has been in any one year in her previous history.

Frederick A. Wallis.—It is in the city where Bolshevism and I. W. W.'ism fan the fires of discontent. It is in the city where settle and fester the dregs of European immigration, which become a hotbed of sedition and murder. It is in the city where organized graft and gambling and "hold-up men" trampled law underfoot and laugh at constituted authority. The middle of the road in the middle of the day has no terror for them. It is in the city where our criminal classes are recruited, and it is in our city where crime reaps her richest harvest.

George Pattullo.—Never in its history did the Continent stand in such dire need of cooperation as during the past two years, yet never were the nations so sharply divided by conflict of interests, by hates new and old. In war they were ranged in two camps; in peace they fell apart into a dozen.

Meredith Nicholson.—Nothing in the divine order is cast as rubbish to the void. We strive, win or lose, and, losing, find ourselves richer for the discipline of defeat. It is no sin to fail; the sin is not trying.

Francis Edward Clark.—As we read the signs on Broadway, and see that the Cohens and the Solomon Levis have crowed out Smith, Brown, and Jones, we ask ourselves, "Is America to become a commercial Jewry, instead of a New Jerusalem let down out of heaven?"

Floyd W. Parsons.—In the past the United States has paid small attention to the development of the metal resources of other nations. In future years we must not only take careful stock of our own supplies, but we must closely follow the exploitation of the mineral deposits of all the other countries in the world. The United States is the last of all the leading nations to comprehend the vital political significance of the commercial domination of the earth's mineral wealth. Already our slowness in grasping the importance of this matter has permitted other nations to take action that is even now affecting the international trade interests of the United States.

Should Not Neglect Metal Resources of Other Nations

Arthur D. Little.—With more than half of the world's coal reserves within the area of the United States, we have permitted a situation to develop which has involved shortage at the mines, with the miners on strike or "on vacation," famine at consuming points, embargoes, priority rulings, and the complexities and inhibitions of fuel administration by the state.

F. W. Wilson.—We have lost sight of President Wilson's idealism in our laughter at his failure when matched by the tough, tried politicians of Europe. His idealism in the hands of General Smuts and Lord Robert Cecil could have become a practical means of helping to save Europe if we had not drifted into this present materialism, and had recognized that the true soul of a nation is not the balance between exports and imports.

Charles D. Williams.—America needs a few fearless leaders to tell its citizens the truth. Business is afraid of the truth. The only citadels of honor left are the pulpit and the teacher's chair, and they are shaking in their foundations.

Thomas W. Lamont.—We are apt, because the military party is powerful, to criticize the Japanese as being a militaristic nation, whereas, in my judgment, they are a nation loving peace and ardently desirous of peace with the United States.

K. K. Kawakami.—If California is only disposed to apply reason and wisdom to the Japanese question, its solution ought not to be difficult. For Japan is but anxious to dispose of the question if she can only do so without jeopardizing the dignity and honor in which the powers have by common consent clothed her.

Herbert Hoover.—I have seen long lines of children who never played and seemingly had forgotten how to smile. It is to them that we would reach out this winter the supreme friendship of food and medical aid.

Sanford Griffith.—Both employers and workers in Germany, at bottom, are convinced that the only immediate hope for twenty million German people is to maintain and increase production.

Edward Hungerford.—The railroad today is getting the square deal; a generous one, according to a good many folks. It ought to be broadminded enough, scientific enough, progressive enough to work out a plan for the differentiation of its service upon modern lines. For the arrogant traveler who not only demands the best, but demands also that he be permitted to talk about it afterward, supercharges and supersupercharges, too, if you wish. But for the patron of modest means—and there are some of that sort still left in this broad country, to whom travel is as much a genuine necessity as any sort of luxury—a scale of charges and service suited to his or her modest necessities.

Railroads Getting Square Deal, Says Hungerford

Sidney L. Gulick.—The permanent success of our democracy depends closely on the admittance of only so many and such aliens as will in due time become truly Americanized. We must, moreover, admit even them only in proportion to our capacity to employ them without endangering American standards of living and labor.

Eugene S. Bagger.—Complete mastery of English by a non-English-born person is a very great rarity. The foreigner may write English accurately and even with force; he will seldom write it inspiredly.

George W. Alger.—At the very root of democracy lies the great principle of equality before the Law.

L. P. Edwards.—The "Americanization" of the foreigner can be wisely and safely accomplished only if spread out over at least three generations, while four or five would be better.

Francis H. Sisson.—Leadership that will direct our national thought into logical channels is imperatively demanded. And it will be the duty not only of the incoming administration but also of Congress to assume that leadership.

James L. Garvin.—The modern world never was so much out of joint, and never were so many Hamlets cursing the spite of their times. Let them spare themselves, for it is not their type that was born to put things right. That task will be achieved not by brooding speculation but by plainness and vigor of practical effort.

Briand, Premier Seven Times, T. R. of France

By PAUL TYNER

THE "come-back" of Aristide Briand, now Premier of France for the seventh time, is an event full of meaning for the future of France and of the world. It plainly demonstrates the failure of Millerand's scheme to retain real power by making a political nonentity the nominal premier, when he himself exchanged the Premiership for the Presidency a few short months ago. Briand's choice is equally convincing demonstration of the break-up of the "National Bloc"—the coalition of parties on which Clemenceau triumphantly rode back into power in November, 1919. Composed as it was of essentially conflicting elements, Royalists and Republicans, Clericals and Socialists, reactionaries and radicals, it was of doubtful permanency from the first. It lacked any real coherence or solidarity in conviction and policy. Even as to the trumpeted common interest in opposition to "Bolshevism," as a basis of unity there was much make-believe, and thinly hidden mutual distrust. The more or less flaming jingoism, built upon surviving passions of the war, plainly lacked cohesive qualities as a cement.

But the chief significance of Briand's return to power is its demonstration of the depth and genuineness of his countrymen's appreciation of his outstanding greatness of character. He is, by common consent, the most brilliant of living French statesmen in debate and the Republic's ablest administrator. Briand, indeed, bears more than a surface resemblance to our own Roosevelt. He has the same virile "fighting face" and the same forcefulness and directness of speech. The two men are much alike in rock-ribbed honesty and practical idealism. Roosevelt's sterling Americanism is paralleled by the French premier's sturdy and unflagging devotion to the true glory of France. And finally, Briand, like Roosevelt, is a forward-looking man, a true *Progressive*. The differences between the American and the French leaders are such as may be largely accounted for by the differences between the Latin and the Anglo-Dutch temperaments. Although more dramatic in action than his American congener Briand gives one the impression of more restraint and deeper reserve of power. The funny little squeak in Roosevelt's voice when he got excited and which with other mannerisms he was clever enough to make effective—is never heard in the full, even tones of Briand's voice. The more intense and excited he becomes, the quieter and more restrained is he in voice and manner. If there is any of the rash impetuosity of Roosevelt in Briand's make-up, he controls it marvelously. He never loses his head and never slops over. There is probably no better balanced man in public life on either side of the Atlantic unless it is perhaps the Italian premier, Signor Giolitti.



M. A. BRIAND

I shall never forget the occasion of his actual comeback in the Chamber of Deputies on March 21, 1919, when he caused such a sensation by his re-entry on the political scene just two years to a day after surrendering the premiership. During the interval he had practically effaced himself from the stage of political activity, never mounting the tribune although the most eloquent orator in the Chamber of Deputies. He contented himself with yeoman's service in support of the government's war effort in his place as deputy for Saint-Étienne, which constituency he represented for sixteen years, rendering especially valuable service as chairman of the committee on foreign relations. The debate was on the electoral reform bill—a subject on which Briand was thoroughly informed and which he had much at heart. Seldom have I listened to a more moving speech, eloquent in phrasing and delivery, logically clinching and profoundly impressive. In a voice by turns warmly caressing and almost brutally compelling in its challenge, he declared that the old *scrutin d'arrondissement* had outlived its usefulness and that the day had arrived for the *scrutin de liste*, the *scrutin de justice*, if the country was to go forward and not sink supinely into the slough of despond. In the public life of the country, he continued, great ideas broke themselves against the walls of the petty districts in which the deputy began and ended by attending to his own little affairs, each one managing his own local fight. It was natural under the circumstances that a man should turn for support to local interests having a respectability of their own and local ambitions that were entirely legitimate so far as they did not impinge on the larger interests of the nation. Without this reform, the country could not fulfill its destinies.

For months the government had been playing hide and seek with the measure and at that very moment was endeavoring to stifle it in a senate committee. Driven into a corner, Clemenceau, who was present, was forced to concede that the law would be put into application at the next elections. This was actually done in November, although the measure as finally put through was hobbled by a species of gerrymandering in the matter of the method of proportional representation laid down.

During Briand's speech, I watched his face closely, at the same time noting its effect on the assembly which crowded the chamber to the doors. He spoke for about three-quarters of an hour and was listened to with a concentrated attention in the midst of a religious silence, unbroken save when the deputies broke into bursts of uncontrollable applause. It was testimony to the depth of the impression made by Briand's eloquence that on the conclusion of his speech the discussion was immediately closed—although his opponents were in the majority.

Following this dramatic return to the political stage, it was very generally expected that Briand would be Clemenceau's successor in the premiership, no matter how the elections went. The "Tiger" had already signified his intention to retire and it seemed very probable that he would win the dignified crowning of his career by an election to the presidency of the republic. Jealous of Briand, however, he took care to block his accession to power at that time by having his friend and henchman, Millerand, made premier. Briand waited. He knew he could bide his time, letting subside the glamour of Clemenceau's popularity as the "Father of Victory" and the noise and dust it stirred up. Through it all his friends knew, and many of his enemies knew, that it was really to the wisdom and the efficacy of Briand's direction of affairs during the two most critical years of the war that victory was made possible. One of these friends cleverly declared that Clemenceau was like one of the servants hired at the eleventh hour who received the same wages from the Master of the Vineyard as those who had labored through the heat and burden of the day, as related in the Bible parable—except that in this case the eleventh-hour servant was given an even larger wage than that paid to the man who had done the spadework by which France had so richly profited.

The story is told that, a few days before the signing of the armistice, M. Briand was dining with several British "high personages," one of whom eulogized the marvelous courage which France had shown in the war and the immortal glory which she had gained.

"Yes, dear friend," responded M. Briand, "France has always loved the laurels. But, since 1870, her cooks have learned that laurel is excellent in the sauce. Today, having culled such admirable laurels, she will see to it that the sauce is not lacking."

"Are you quite sure?" asked the distinguished Briton smiling.

And the average Frenchman will comment on this story with a sigh: "Alas! that Briton knew what he was talking about. France has not made a good sauce with its laurels. Even as France failed properly to prepare for the war during the peace, she failed to prepare for the peace during the war."

This certainly was not the fault of Briand. When in office, he well understood the dangers of the situation created by the fact that the Allies, having divergent and often opposed interests and which made it necessary that they should arrive at a common understanding in order that they should not find themselves in disaccord at the moment when Germany would be obliged to capitulate. This was why he arranged with England the question of the Cameroons and of Asia Minor, on which two points France profited during the peace negotiations. He sent M. Doumergue to Russia to obtain *carte blanche* on the Rhine, and, in the month which preceded his fall, he charged M. Paul Cambon, French ambassador in London, to bring about a similar understanding with England for the settlement of the question of the left bank of the Rhine in consonance with French interests. More than this M. Briand instituted three great parliamentary commissions charged with the study of this essential question. The first, presided over by Senator Morel, an especially competent man for the task, was to investigate the financial consequences of a neutralization of the Rhine provinces. The second occupied itself with problems relating to mines and industry, and the third was to take up the study of the rights of France in the Rhenish territories from the historical point of view. As to the labors of M. Paul Cambon, they were not followed up by any of Briand's three successors, MM. Ribot, Painlévé and Clemenceau. Consequently, France lost the advantage of having in her hands a prior engagement on the part of Britain when the Allied and associated powers came to sit down at the peace table. The three commissions continued their labors after the fall of Briand and had furnished to the government reports of the highest importance; but it seemed as if the delegates at the Peace Conference had not at all taken them into account and Mr. Wilson was not even acquainted with the fact of their existence. It is believed by Briand's friends that, but for this neglect, France and the world would have been spared the seven months' long-drawn-out discussions at the Peace Conference and that we would, the world over, be by this time far on the way to re-established economic conditions. As it was, he had secured Britain's signature to an agreement defining in advance the French zone of influence in Asiatic Turkey. In this zone was included Mosul, because it was considered that great economic interests must be taken into account, and in the Mosul area there are important oil springs. In Cilicia, also, the question of cotton growing was deemed an essential factor in the territorial settlement. This was revealed by Briand in a statement in the chamber on March 28 last in the course of a debate on territorial questions, during which he made the striking statement that the future belongs to the nation which controls the world's oil supply.

Perhaps the greatest speech of M. Briand's entire career was that made by him on June 25 last, when, intervening in a discussion of the budget for foreign affairs, he delivered a most telling criticism of the Peace Treaty and of the surrender by Clemenceau of all the advantages that had been gained for France by the agreements of 1916. "What a terrific indictment of Clemenceau!" exclaimed one of the deputies at the conclusion of Briand's speech. But when one came to read it next day in the official report, it was noted that he had not even mentioned Clemenceau's name.

He was returned to the chamber for his native city of Nantes at last November's election and has loyally sustained the government of M. Millerand whenever he could do so conscientiously, not failing to express admiration for Millerand's "ability" on the one hand, nor to criticize him frankly on the other. On the question on which M. Leygue's ministry was overthrown, that is, failure to acquaint the chamber with the facts concerning recent negotiations with Britain, it is certain the new premier will insist on taking the country into fullest confidence. What is more, his important part in previous negotiations with Britain will aid him in maintaining a firm attitude.

Remembering that Briand was the first Socialist premier of France, there may be some inquietude in the minds of Americans unacquainted with the complexities of French political parties. For the benefit of such, it may be said that in France a Socialist is not necessarily a revolutionist, nor even an extremist. Briand, like Millerand, is a Socialist of the Right-Center. His party plays the important rôle of balance-wheel between the extreme of royalist reaction on the one hand and that of Socialism of the extreme Left tending to Sovietism on the other. The illuminating fact is that he has won out although regarded as "fallen outside the breastworks" by all parties. He resumes the helm as spokesman of the sober second thought of France, of the will to discard partisan squabbling and get to work in earnest on the great and arduous task of national reconstruction. He realizes, as he put it in his electoral address last November, that in order that France shall be able to function properly and pay her debts, the coffers of the individuals must be opened, not with crowbars, but with arguments of justice and social solidarity. As for those deaf to such arguments, he promised that the law should see to them.

The unhorsing of Leygues and of his master, Millerand, means also the unhorsing of British influence in French affairs—and of the invisible influence back of Lloyd George to that extent.

To Briand, the socialization of government and industry must be an evolutionary rather than a revolutionary process. His socialism may be regarded, indeed, as the very antithesis of the Bolshevism of Lenin and Trotsky, Longuet and George Lansbury. In the elections of November, 1919, Briand went before his constituents at Nantes on a platform declaring that the first duty of the French people was to re-establish the financial situation of the country and to so organize its economic resources as to enable them to realize the fruits of the victory and to assure to France a rôle in the world equal to its prestige. For this, he went on, the splendid national solidarity realized by Frenchmen during the war should not be broken by the peace, especially as they still waited for guaranties of good faith from the enemies of yesterday. But union should not spell confusion and the country must send to the new parliament men with an ideal and a program, for the young republics born of the war, waited impatiently for France, faithful to her traditions, to light their way by orienting the republic toward a future of social progress, realized in order and legality, and assuring to all security of person and of property. He declared himself a champion of liberty of political opinion and said he wished to see maintained the work of the republic based on neutrality in matters of religious belief. To fight the high cost of living, there must be fullest production and freedom of commerce. That the exhausted treasury of the state might be replenished, reforms were necessary to the proper functioning of the social mechanism. In the domain of the relations between capital and labor, it would be necessary to assure to capital "conditions of stability and security," and to the workers "the benefits of wages corresponding to the profits of the enterprise." His program stressed the question of finance which is even more pressing now than it was at that time. Fiscal reforms were outlined entailing a gradual reduction in the enormous volume of paper money, which is in large degree responsible for high prices and for the alarming depreciation of the franc in foreign exchange. In regard to the question of armaments, M. Briand went on record as declaring that its solution would be found in the prior complete disarmament of Germany which would alone make it safe for her late enemies to disarm.

The new premier's declaration of his policy and program soon to be presented to the chambers will probably be found to conform closely to this outline of his views a year ago. He declined at that time to join Clemenceau's national bloc.

In his triumphant "come-back," it seems certain that he will rally the best elements in the nation to his support in steadily pursuing a program of genuinely constructive and progressive reform, of which the country is sadly in need.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.

C. J. FORD, Vice President.

E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 16, February 12, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Poison Gas Tax

BEFORE the war, it was the fashion to satirize a particular class, and that not a very large one, as pre-eminently "the spenders." The picture was far from a lovely one. The spenders were wastrels on a large scale, people who lavished money on stupid luxury and ostentatious display. They were characterized by thoughtlessness, materialism and lack of any larger ideas or ideals than those of selfish indulgence and competition in snobbery. They were the "social climbers," and the moral of their mistake was often pointed by the proverbial and logical devolution of waste into want, or by a progressive hardening of heart in regard to the weal or woe of the producing class upon whom the spenders were parasites.

Since the war, we seem almost to have developed into a nation of spenders. In a very large degree, people in every walk of life are suffering today because they flung to the winds in reckless expenditure the gains harvested in the fat years of brisk business, big profits and high wages, so coming unprovided to the lean years of diminished buying, unemployment and lowered wages. In the matter of governmental expenditures, the degeneration into spending of the vicious sort that involves prodigal and prodigious waste seems to have taken a stranglehold on those in control of the national purse strings. We piously denounce the "militarism" of European countries, and then go ahead and vote for military and naval purposes several times our pre-war scale of expenditure. The people are suffering for lack of housing caused by the shortage following several years' embargo on building during the war; but the money that might be put into the provision of this prime necessity is diverted into the foolish luxuries of big fleets and armies, the multiplication of government departments and government employes, just as on the private side, material and labor are thrown into the building of motion picture theaters, or the production of million dollar "spectacles," on such a scale that neither material nor labor are left for homes or schools or for decent salaries for teachers.

"Uncle Sam is rich!" was a phrase often heard during the war at Washington and elsewhere in justification of what ordinarily would be deemed rank extravagance. And it is possible that Congress but reflects a national sentiment. We are temperamentally a free-handed folk, spurning to be thought over-regardful of the pennies, or even of the dollars. Franklin has in large measure ceased to be our patron saint, or thrift our cardinal virtue. Especially do we disdain to be thought "pikers" when it comes to spending other people's money—the public money. In flinging away money on government expenditures we act as if the United States Treasury was a sort of inexhaustible Fortunatus purse. "This is a billion dollar country!" declared the late Speaker Tom Reed when his party was criticized as that of the first "billion dollar Congress." Today we are spending multiplied billions and when any criticism is heard there seems to be no other thought than that of endlessly piling up the burden of taxes on the people, or of the issuing of loan upon loan which only means deferred taxes with additions for interest. And the taxpayers grin and bear it.

How would we feel if instead of paying this ever-increasing tribute under camouflaged descriptive terms that relate it to its source, we were to confront a tax demand named with reference to its destination? What if we were called upon to go down into our jeans and hand over our hard-earned money as "Poison Gas Tax," for instance; or battleship tax, or submarine tax, or congressional junketing tax, or big gun tax, or seed-distributing tax, or farm betterment tax, or good roads tax, or high-prices-for-home-consumers tax? Is it not possible that we would be awakened into a new sense of responsibility? A national budget, of course; but a national budget is not enough. Let every taxpayer have the truth brought home to him as to just what proportion of his good money his stewards propose to spend on wasteful in comparison with useful and profitable objects.

Olive Schreiner

THE recent passing of that very brave and very able woman, Olive Schreiner, calls attention anew and sharply to the book that a quarter of a century ago established her literary reputation and took its place among the few immortal works that were not born to die. "Dreams" is much more than a literary masterpiece, as its author was much more than a writer. As daringly original in both thought and matter as was Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," its tremendous fascination and profound impressiveness were due not so much to its style as to the fact that the style in this instance was in very truth the woman. Simplicity itself, her phrasing, in all its subtle distillation of the finer possibilities of word-welding, was but the entirely natural clothing of really great thought. "Dreams" is the great message of a great soul. In its lightning-like flashes social shams are rebuked by implications that have all the force of finality; but Olive Schreiner's thought is forever positive and constructive. She deals in affirmations rather than negations and always with a fine candor and persuasiveness that stirs the reader to the depths of his being, impelling him to higher and larger purpose in life with clearer understanding of its deeper meanings.

Warmly and intimately human, the book is almost primitive in its compulsion on the reader to face the realities of life in forcing him to face God and his own soul in the dispersion of clouds of doubt and re-establishment of life on the sound and permanent basis of things as they are in eternal reality.

Quite incidentally to her humanness, Olive Schreiner was a great feminist and in the course of her earlier life she contributed telling service to the cause of woman's industrial and political emancipation. We think of her for the most part as prose poet and romancer, remembering "Dreams" and the remarkable novel in which she so strikingly pictured South Africa and South African life and character, "The Story of an African Farm," but in her London years she was one of the little band of Fabians, that did so much for the triumph of progressive ideas in London's County Council, worked with Sidney and Beatrice Webb in their arduous and invaluable labors of social research and gained an intimate knowledge of actual conditions among the poor and among the workers. Her friends feel that the blow inflicted by the war and the rebellion in South Africa probably hastened her end. There is a legend that Cecil Rhodes once asked her to marry him and that for love of her he went unwedded to his grave. Certain it is that with all her respect for his better qualities, she could have had little sympathy with the great "Empire Builder's" imperialistic notions and years afterward she married a member of the South African parliament. The attitude of women to the war was a great disappointment to her. She once said to R. L. Southwaite: "It is a reversion to savagery. The primitive woman was attracted by the man with the most scalps in his belt—so today."

The Curious Naval Mind

TO THE average citizen, who foots the bills and who is called on to do the fighting and the dying when his country is threatened, the refusal of the Navy General Board to consider a naval holiday or even to approve of a delay of six months in order to give experts time to determine the lessons of the late war, seems folly indeed.

Great Britain may cease the building of dreadnoughts, it appears, but not the United States. Britain, say the pleaders for a great navy, has ceased building because of economic conditions. This is pure and unadulterated bunk. Anyone who has any acquaintance whatever with naval history knows that if the leaders of Great Britain deemed it essential for the safety of the empire to continue building great and costly warships the money would be forthcoming.

The attitude of the board is the attitude of men who make a business of preparing for war. They want all the armament they can get. If they were about to officiate at a duel they would probably clamor for ten pistols for each principal instead of one.

The Whisperers

IF THE word of the Department of Labor is taken, 3,500,000 people normally employed in the industries of the United States are out of work, while if the statement of the American Federation of Labor is accepted the number is close to 8,000,000. It is probable that the government's statistics are nearer the mark than those of the federation, for the government has the organization for collecting data of this kind and needs to do less generalizing in achieving its totals.

And while the idleness of 3,500,000 men is no light matter and is not to be passed over as a trivial thing, it does not constitute as serious a situation as the "whisperers" would like to have us believe.

"Whisperers," it may be explained, are a species of the human race which delights in spreading dark and foreboding news. The tools of their profession are a knowing look, an air of possessing a great deal more information than they are privileged to tell and a voice which drops easily to a confidential undertone. They thrive because, as someone has said, "a lie can travel around the earth while truth is putting on its boots," and because of the inclination of the human race to believe bad reports. They "have it on good authority" that conditions are going to be worse before they are better, or they repeat ordinary reports, which have been given full publicity in the press, in a manner which shrouds them with gloomy and dreadful portentiousness.

The facts, as one can ascertain by even a casual reading of the daily newspapers and of the business reviews, is that the situation is improving daily. Another truth, and one of which we think too little, is that the nation's business has met one of the greatest trials of its history and has come through in a wonderful fashion. No greater proof of the solidarity of business could be asked, or given, than the fact that we have emerged from such a critical period in our financial history without a panic and without breadlines or soup-houses being a common sight in the cities. There is want and suffering, of course, but no such misery as the present generation has witnessed on more than one occasion within the relatively recent past.

The next time a "whisperer" begins to breathe heavily into your face try telling him these things out loud and watch him collapse.

The Matter of Mandates

WE ARE reminded in a recent article by former President Poincaré in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that all mandates under the League Covenant are not the same. There are three distinct classes of mandates, and they should not be confounded. Of course, the man in the street has not bothered his head to draw fine distinctions in this matter. "Mandate" has come to mean to most people merely a cynical euphemism for annexation.

The learned French statesman seeks to correct this popular way of looking at the matter, in so far as France is concerned. "We are in the Levant," he says, "neither to annex territory nor to install our protectorate. We are there in virtue of a mandate which, in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles, we have received from the League of Nations. This is simply a matter of form, it may be said, and in reality we are there to make ourselves masters of that region of the earth. Not at all. In execution of Article 22 of the pact, the Council of the League has created three types of mandates, which are designated by the first three letters of the alphabet. Category A, under which come our mandates for Syria and for Lebanon and the British mandates in Palestine and in Mesopotamia, includes those states which are to remain independent and to which the mandatory powers are simply to lend their assistance. We have not, then, in Asia Minor even the rights, granted under Category B, of administration, under certain conditions, by the mandatory power, much less those coming under Category C designating the countries to be administered as an integral part of the territory of the mandatory power. We are simply and solely auxiliaries and counselors of civilized peoples called, in large measure, to govern themselves. It is because both Christians and Moslems have so understood the matter that they have welcomed our soldiers as liberators."

As to just how strictly either France or Britain is adhering to this limitation of the authority under which they are with force and arms in Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Mesopotamia, it is very possible that King Emir Feisul, of Damascus, and the Arabs whom Britain is bombing from the air in Mesopotamia like the Moslems who object to Sir Herbert Samuel's rule in Palestine, may not entirely agree with M. Poincaré. The man in the street has not always M. Poincaré's legalistic mind.



Mr. Ford's Page



TIMES of piping prosperity are often bad for business. Strange as it may sound, this statement will appear very plain and true upon a little consideration. We may say what we please about the business conditions which have hit the country during the last two months, but the real damage was done when everybody said that everything was lovely and the goose hung high.

By the same token, this period of depression through which we have been going has been good for business. The best thing that could have happened—it did not happen too soon. Business is on a better basis today than it was three months ago; it will be on a better basis next month than it would have been had not a halt been called.

These are simple ideas, but they are worth turning over.

You can see the good effects of poor business by just looking at the stores, the corner stores and the big downtown concerns. It was not long ago that the ordinary frugal buyer was somewhat in contempt. Clerks caught the contagion of the profiteers, and it was "Buy it or leave it" almost wherever you went. The morale of salespeople slumped at a terrific rate, and that is a pretty serious thing for business.

Not so very long ago the coal merchant sat in his office with the air of a king dispensing favors. His attitude in many cases was, "I don't know whether I will sell you or not—I'll think it over." It was bad for him and for his customers. When any business man in any line of business becomes independent of the public, or even thinks he is, it is a calamity for his business.

In some industries all that has remained for salesmen and managers to do during the last few years has been to take orders and deposits, and adopt that air of, "We may let you have it in about six months—if you deposit enough now." Orders came without effort. Customers were doing all the clamoring and worrying. Whereas once it was the customer who favored the merchant by dealing with him, conditions changed until it was the merchant who favored the customer by selling to him.

Now all that is bad for business. Monopoly is bad for business. Profiteering is bad for business. The lack of necessity to hustle is bad for business. Business is never so good and sound and healthy as when, like a chicken, it must do a certain amount of scratching for what it gets.

Things were coming too easily. There was a let-down of the principle that an honest relation ought to obtain between values and prices. The public no longer had to be "catered to." There was even a "public be damned" attitude in many places.

It was intensely bad for business, all that kind of prosperity.

> ***TOO long a stretch of good business is bad for business. A period of depression and slackness, such as the country has been having, is really good for business. Trade can come too easily. The habit of sitting in an office and filling orders and counting money is the worst one that can be fastened on a business man. He ought to have just enough difficulty to make him dig. Orders have been coming so fast in America that we have forgotten how to get out and sell. Flabby and soft organizations did not know how to meet the changed conditions of the past three months. Now, everybody must get out and hustle, and that is one of the best things that has occurred in the United States since 1914.***

But there has come a change. The era of rampant prosperity so-called died down. The reckoning-up time came. Customers no longer besieged the doors. Indeed, customers have a memory and they remembered that in the heyday of trade they were treated rather cavalierly. Many merchants are discovering today that he was a wise man who was just as anxious to serve and please his customers when trade was brisk, as he is now when trade is a little slower.

The best point of all is that this period of slackness is showing up the damage which false prosperity did to business ethics and efficiency. A good business is one that can sail along comfortably in the face of adverse gales. Since 1914 almost any fool could do business. There was more business to be done than there were business devices with which to do it.

It will be generally conceded that the period of so-called prosperity had a very deleterious effect on salesmanship. Salesmanship is more than taking orders; but that is about all it has amounted to during the last six or seven years.

When the rush of prosperity began to dwindle and then to cease, and it became necessary to pull in the collar rather than hold back in the breeching, then was the test. It was found in many cases that salesmanship had softened. The easy-chair and order-taking habit had demoralized it. It could not stand for the rough, hard work of going out and being refused, and being refused again.

So, it has been a blessing for business all round, this period of depression; it has shown up the flabby spots. It has disclosed those people who were content comfortably to watch the wheels go round, but were not very handy in getting out and making the wheels go round.

We were getting to a place where no one cared about costs except the consumer—and he didn't count. Not only did no one make a move toward reduction of costs, they actually dreaded to think of the time when it would have to come. Business lay abed, like a boy who hates to get up and go into the cold barn to do the chores. Business was soft with too much good living.

Nothing has happened in our history to render out of date the business philosophy of Benjamin Franklin. Poor Richard's Almanac is still the best business compendium The old American virtues of thrift and industry have no successors or substitutes. Business success is still a matter of making friends by *service*, and not a case of cornering necessitous people in such a way that they will have to come to you.

Free trade still exists in the local sense. Trade will always remain free regardless of monopoly or combine. Trade gravitates toward the man who has the desire and the will to please and serve those who need what he can give. When a man gets bigger than his business, when he begins to think that he has got things coming his way and therefore may relax, he is in a bad state.

Every successful business is troubled with that sort of disease—complete satisfaction and relaxation. It should be ruthlessly exterminated. If this disease strikes the principal leader of the business, he should retire or be removed as quickly as anyone else would be. That kind of success is very bad for business.

Young men have been asking for a number of years whether there was any possible chance for them to start for themselves in a world which is apparently so completely organized. Sometimes the answers were encouraging, sometimes not.

But now they can see for themselves. It is any man's game now who will play it according to the old-time rule of "value received." A business man is a servant, and when he gets too rich, or too high and mighty for that, then something happens, and someone else gets a chance. And that is occurring on a large scale now. Business is weeding out the over-ripe ones.

Thus it comes, reasonably enough, that a period of bad business is really a good thing for business, because it drives business back to its sounder fundamentals of honor in negotiations, quality in merchandise, and willingness in service.

It is a splendid lesson for the younger group of business men. They will keep their heads better during the next rise of commercial prosperity. They will be taught to trust more confidently in those principles of business which are as indispensable in brisk times as in slow times.

And, on the whole, it has been an easy lesson. It might have been much more severe. It will have been worth all it cost to all classes of society, if only we have sense enough to remember it.

We have been influenced too much by the grab-bag philosophy. We are making careers, and that is incompatible with the practice of "getting while the getting is good." Such getting is not good for long.



It is generally easy to get over the wet places by the aid of a boy; DR. SHANTZ maneuvering a difficult spot on his 9,500-mile exploring trip through Africa.

Praise for the "Wilds" of Africa

By ROBERT KENTON

GETTING around in Africa, even in its wildest and most uncivilized parts, is not nearly so difficult as one judging by tradition, if not what generally is written, might imagine, says Dr. H. L. Shantz, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, United States Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Shantz arrived in Washington about the first of the year from the Dark Continent where he spent twelve months' time roaming around in search of desirable plants that might be introduced into our agriculture. He traveled more than 9,500 miles on the African continent, making the full trip from the Cape of Good Hope to Cairo, Egypt, with extensive side and cross journeys in addition. With him on all his travels was H. C. Raven, a faunal naturalist, who collected animal specimens for the Smithsonian Institution. The party at its start included several others, representatives of a motion picture concern and a newspaperman. It met several mishaps as a party. Two of the movie men lost their lives; not from attacks by wild beasts or from strange diseases, but in a railroad accident. The two scientists, who did the most and the greatest extremes of traveling, came through without a scar or scratch.

"Traveling in Africa is safer than walking around the streets of the average American city," says Dr. Shantz. "If one goes beyond the outposts of civilization, one must be willing to rough it a little, but you can get around anywhere in Africa with a fair degree of comfort. Food was always plentiful and cheap. The continent is pierced by transportation lines of various sorts, but if you go far you must be prepared on occasion to hike. About the only disease you need worry much about is malaria and then only when you are in the tropics, where if you are careful you can easily avoid it. Sleeping sickness and the tsetse fiy have been exaggerated, especially as a danger to the white man. The fly that carries the disease keeps away from the civilized settlements. Seventy per cent of natives attacked by sleeping sickness are now cured when treated with a famous remedy for another disease.

"As far as wild beasts are concerned I saw many in their native haunts and not one made any effort to attack me. The natives were docile, kindly and peaceful. In fact no one of us had occasion to fire a shot in self-defense."

Yet the two scientists explored much of the wild jungle area of the Upper Congo, and traveled for more than 300 miles beyond earmarks of civilization into the wild animal country of British East Africa.

You can now get into the "heart of Africa" about as easily as traveling from Chicago to San Francisco, that is, after you get to Africa. The scientists traveled over the vast region of South Africa, Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal and Rhodesia, mainly by train. It was at Bukoma on the border of the Belgian Congo where, if one struck the keynote of high adventure generally apparent in stories of African adventure, it would be said that the Americans plunged into the wilds. Bukoma is nearly 3,000 miles from the Cape of Good Hope; yet the distance can be covered entirely by train. And for all except the last 250 miles there are fast through trains with sleeping and dining cars as good as you will find anywhere. At the terminal, however, there is no hotel or other provision for tourists. Indeed, the American scientists were directed to a "European Hotel" which they found to be nothing but a bare lot where travelers usually camp. They were able to get a room in the home of a Portuguese trader, and lived comfortably while awaiting a boat that makes the Upper Congo.

There are good boats on the big rivers and lakes, and many that are not good. The "Louis Cousin" which the Americans patronized in getting into the Congo provides staterooms for first-class passengers, and the captain, if he wishes, may let you mess with him. Otherwise, you must take along your own commissary and let your "boy"—every foreign traveler in Africa has a man servant called "boy"—prepare your meals in transit. Other boats in that section don't provide staterooms or any sort of eating privileges. Those shortcomings are not very serious, for all boats stop when it becomes dark and permit the passengers to get off and do their cooking and sleeping, too, if desired, on the ground. Boats don't travel at night because the tortuous course of the river makes navigation dangerous when the pilot cannot keep tab on the current.

At Mabele the Americans found provision for travelers in the form of grass huts, without equipment, wherein they could rent living quarters at five francs a day each.

After exploring the vicinity of Mabele, they went on to Kongola, almost in the interior of the Congo, and from Kongola they were able to get to Kindu by train. There an official of the Belgian Government took them through the adjacent wilds in an American-made automobile.

Automobiles are not unknown even in the most remote regions of Africa, says Dr. Shantz, and most of those used are of American origin. They even found several native chiefs of tribes the proud owners of American cars.

The scientists, in fact, toured the big game country of British East Africa in cars that had been built for war service. They operated out of Nairobi, which, while on the equator, is one of the most pleasant spots to be found anywhere. It was often so cool that fires were desirable; so cool in fact that one shivering traveler remarked to the Americans that the next time he ventured into the African tropics he was going to take a stove along. Nairobi is quite an up-to-date and civilized community, being on a railroad that runs from the Indian Ocean to beautiful Lake Tanganyiki. North of there is the prime big game area of Africa, the section wherein Roosevelt made his famous hunting trip. The only regular means of transportation provided for the section is an ox transport that moves at the rate of two miles an hour from Nairobi to the Abyssinian border. It was too slow for the Americans, who also wanted to get away from the beaten tracks. They were able to rent two automobiles. Then arose the question of gasoline. It was very scarce in Nairobi and non-existent in the country they wanted to explore. Though it was selling in the open market for as high as $8 a gallon, they were able to get supplies at a fairly reasonable price—for Africa. Then they faced the problem of getting very far from the base of supply, for they could carry only so much fuel and had to take along living supplies and other things. They first took out as many cans of gasoline as they could carry and planted a large part of it about 75 miles from base, and returned to Nairobi for more. Then they made another planting in the bush farther on and again returned for more. In that way they were able to maneuver as far as 300 miles from base, which was the longest distance anyone had ever gone into the big game country by motor.

"Are big animals still numerous over there?" I asked Dr. Shantz.

"From what we saw they are still quite numerous," he replied. "We saw one string of big game, made up chiefly of zebra, gazelle and onyx that stretched out for a distance of at least three miles. We saw many herds of elephants, quite a few rhinoceroses and several lions."

"Did any of them make trouble for you?"

"No, not in a serious sense. A lioness dropped out of the bush and stalked my car one day for a few minutes and she looked as if she meant business. But before I felt like shooting—you are not supposed to kill big game unless you have a license that costs about $750—she walked back into the bush. A herd of elephants began to stamp around camp one night, and it made us pretty nervous. I am confident they just happened to be passing and were not looking for trouble. But we built fires around our tents for protection."

The wild animals, says Dr. Shantz, showed great interest in the automobiles. At night the lights seemed to have great fascination for them. They would come up to the road and seem afraid to go through the light rays in front of the cars, would run along beside the light for some time and finally try to jump over it as if they thought it were fire. This was true chiefly of zebra. The lights also seemed to attract hyenas and jackals which are very numerous. The automobiles didn't startle the wild animals so much as they did some of the natives in remote districts. Often when a native would see a car coming there would be a pitiful and almost frantic display of fear.

But for the African native, Dr. Shantz has only kind words and grateful thoughts, and especially for those who are out of contact with white civilization.

"Those you find around the civilized settlements of white people are largely just common Negroes," said he. "When you get out into the bush and come in contact with the so-called savage still living his own life, you usually meet very interesting and in many ways fascinating people. They are friendly and hospitably inclined and very companionable."

"But not much for clothing?" I suggested.

"No. But I should say that those who don't wear clothing look better than those who do. Often the only garment worn is a piece of animal skin over the shoulder in the case of men and a belt with a dangling 'tail' behind in the case of women. But there is nothing immodest in their handsome nakedness. The members of some tribes are very handsome."

The native tribe that Dr. Shantz likes most to tell about is the Watusi in Urundi by Lake Tanganyiki, an area added by the Peace Conference to Belgium's possessions. The people, he says, show many evidences of being of at least part Caucasian origin. Though dark of color they lack many features of the pure Ethiopian, are intelligent, high-spirited and superior. The Watusi are the native aristocrats, maintaining a sort of supremacy over the pure blacks. There is reason for believing, he says, that they are descendants of the ancient Egyptians.

Dr. Shantz brought or sent back more than 1,600 specimens of African plant life that seem to afford possibilities for American cultivation. These are now being tested with the view of adoption, and of course it will be many years before we will know which of them can be made successful in this country.

"There are many popular misconceptions about Africa," Dr. Shantz declares. "One of the falsest concerns the climate. Of course in the desert regions of North Africa it is fearfully hot. We found it rather warm along the Nile, as we came out. But in Central Africa, the equatorial region, the climate was usually delightful. Of course there is much rain in the wet seasons. But, even in the jungles of the Congo, I never saw the temperature go beyond 87. And in the semi-temperate zone of South Africa the climate is almost perfect.



DUM PALM IN EAST AFRICA

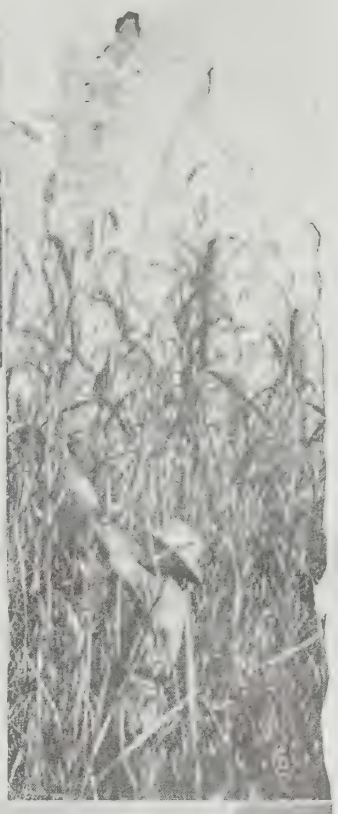
"Traveling is by no means as difficult or dangerous as you might think, or as many have pictured. There are many rail and boat lines and ox and camel transports. We ran into white women traveling alone with perfect safety and fair comfort in those regions that were first explored a generation or two ago."

You can now, says he, almost make the trip from the Cape to Cairo by rail, water or transport line. But if you make it direct, it is necessary, at one or two points, to hike over quite long distances. The longest he and Mr. Raven had to make afoot was from Numuli to Rejof, north of Uganda in the Lower Sudan, and just above the equator. The gap is 115 miles long. At Rejof they got a boat that connected with the line of Nile communications, which they followed, by boat and rail, to Cairo. The scientists were away from America for fourteen months and in Africa almost exactly one year.

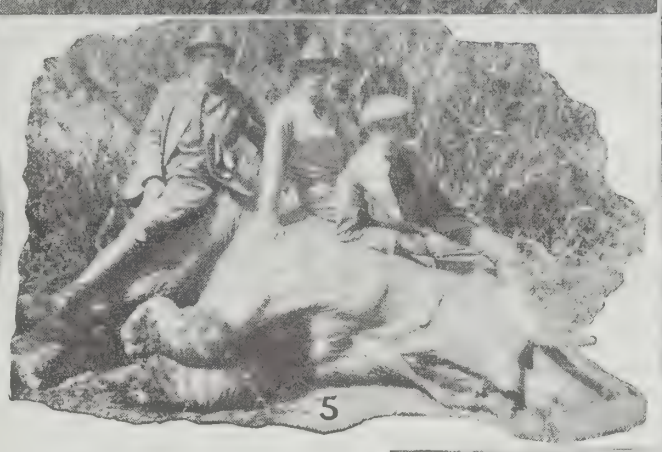
"Africa is a wonderfully rich continent," Dr. Shantz declares, "and exceedingly varied. The white man is subduing it rapidly. No longer can you get very far away from white settlements and the aspects of modern civilization. But much of it is still gloriously wild and uncivilized. Those were the sections that interested me most. The immense native plant life is still but partially known. Great areas have not yet been explored for desirable plants. No doubt numerous and valuable additions to civilized agriculture are still to come from there."


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Through "Darkest Africa" With U. S. Plant Hunters

1. Porters carrying luggage between Nemuli and Rejof, 115 miles, covered afoot by American scientists.
2. Nile river steamer.
3. Dr. Shantz in a field of native sorghum grass.
4. Lunching on the veldt in the lion country.
5. In the elephant camp near Port Elizabeth, South Africa.
6. Rest houses in Belgian Congo.
7. Studying a wild vine in Africa.
8. On trek in Rhodesia.
9. Starting on 115-mile walk.
10. In camp on Tanganyika.
11. On the Kafue River, where wild fruits abound.


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The Jewish Aspect of the "Movie" Problem

America's United Protest Against the Sex and Criminal Photoplay Has Gone Unheeded. Who and What Controls the Movies?

THERE was once a man named Anthony Comstock who was the enemy of public lewdness. Of course he was never popular. No newspaper ever spoke of him without a jeer. He became the stock joke of his time—and it was not very long ago. He died in 1915. It is very noticeable that the men who mocked his life with banal jesting were non-Jews. It is also worth recording that the men who profited from the commercializing of much of the vice which he fought, were Jews. It was a very familiar triangle—the morally indignant non-Jew fighting against public lechery, and the Jewish instigators of it hiding behind ribald Gentiles and Gentile newspapers.

Well, the fight is still going on. If you will subscribe to a clipping bureau, or if you will look over the press of the country, you will see that the problem of the immoral show has been neither settled nor silenced. In every part of the country it is intensely alive just now. In almost every state there are movie censorship bills pending, with the old "wet" and gambling elements against them, and the awakened part of the decent population in favor of them; always, the Jewish producing firms constituting the silent pressure behind the opposition.

This is a grave fact. Standing alone it would seem to charge a certain Jewish element with intentional gross immorality. But that hardly states the condition. There are two standards in the United States, one ruling very largely in the production of plays, the other reigning, when it does reign, in the general public. One is an Oriental ideal—"If you can't go as far as you like, go as far as you can." It gravitates naturally to the flesh and its exposure, its natural psychic habitat is among the more sensual emotions.

This Oriental view is essentially different from the Anglo-Saxon, the American view. And it knows this. Thus is the opposition to censorship accounted for. It is not that producers of Semitic origin have deliberately set out to be bad according to their own standards, but they know that their whole taste and temper are different from the prevailing standards of the American people; and if censorship were established, there would be danger of American standards being officially recognized, and that is what they would prevent. Many of these producers don't know how filthy their stuff is—it is so natural to them.

A Sex Play Earns $200,000

SCARCELY an American home has not voiced its complaint against the movies. Perhaps no single method of entertainment has ever received such widespread and unanimous criticism as the movies, for the reason that everywhere their lure and their lasciviousness have been felt. There *are* good pictures, of course; it were a pity if that much could not be said; we cling to that statement as if it might prove a ladder to lift us above the cesspool which the most popular form of public entertainment has become.

The case has been stated so often that repetition is needless. Responsible men and organizations have made their protests, without results. The moral appeal meets no response in those to whom it is made, because they are able to understand only appeals that touch their material interests. As the matter now stands, the American Public is as helpless against the films as it is against any other exaggerated expression of Jewish power. And the American Public will continue helpless until it receives such an impression of its helplessness as to shock it into protective action.

In a powerful indictment of the movie tendency and the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, Frederick Boyd Stevenson writes in the Brooklyn *Eagle*:

"On the other hand the reels are reeking with filth. They are slimy with sex plays. They are overlapping one another with crime.

"From bad to worse these conditions have been growing. The plea is set up that the motion picture industry is the fourth or fifth in the United States, and we must be careful not to disrupt it. A decent photoplay, it is argued, brings gross returns of, say, $100,000, while a successful sex play brings from $250,000 to $2,500,000."

Dr. James Empringham was recently quoted in the New York *World* as saying: "I attended a meeting of motion picture owners in New York, and I was the only Christian present. The remainder of the company consisted of 500 un-Christian Jews."

Now, there is little wisdom in discoursing against evil in the movies and deliberately closing our eyes to the forces behind the evil.

The method of reform must change. In earlier years, when the United States presented a more general Aryan complexion of mind and conscience, it was only necessary to expose the evil to cure it. The evils we suffered from were lapses, they were the fruits of moral inertia or drifting; the sharp word of recall stiffened the moral fiber of the guilty parties and cleared up the untoward condition. That is, evil doers of our own general racial type could be shamed into decency, or at least respectability.

That method is no longer possible. The basic conscience is no longer present to touch. The men now mostly concerned with the production of scenic and dramatic filth are not to be reached that way. They do not believe, in the first place, that it is filth. They cannot understand, in the second place, that they are really pandering to and increasing human depravity. When there does reach their mentalities the force of protest, it strikes them as being very funny; they cannot understand it; they explain it as due to morbidity, jealousy or—as we hear now—anti-Semitism.

Extent of Jewish Movie Control

READER, beware! if you so much as resent the filth of the mass of the movies, you will fall under the judgment of anti-Semitism. The movies are of Jewish production. If you fight filth, the fight carries you straight into the Jewish camp because the majority of the producers are there. And then you are "attacking the Jews."

If the Jews would throw out of their camp the men and methods that so continuously bring shame upon the Jewish name, this fight for decency could be conducted without so much racial reference.

An analysis of the motion picture industry in the United States will show:

That 90 per cent of the production of pictures is in the hands of 10 large concerns located in New York City and Los Angeles.

That each of these has under it a number of complete units, making up the large aggregate of companies seen in photoplays all over the world.

That these parent concerns control the market.

That 85 per cent of these parent concerns are in the hands of Jews.

That they constitute an invincible centralized organization which distributes its products to tens of thousands of exhibitors, the majority of whom are Jews of an inferior type.

That the independent motion pictures have no distributing center but sell in the open market.

It may come as a surprise to many people that there is no dearth of good pictures. The trouble is that there is no means by which good pictures can reach the public. One of the notable libraries of beautiful pictures, containing the cream of dramatic and educational films, has been rendered absolutely useless because of the impossibility of getting them before the public. The owners of these pictures achieved a little advance by engaging Jewish salesmen to push the pictures, but against them has always been the huge and silent force of that concentrated opposition which is apparently against the introduction of decency and delight into the screen world.

Once in a while an independent producer like David Wark Griffith or Charles Ray gives the world a screen production that is not only without offense or propaganda, but is a veritable delight and joy. These pictures, with their attendant success, are the strongest answers that can be made to the cry of some producers that the only profitable plays are the nasty ones.

That cry, of course, is based on fact. Without doubt, as things now go, the nasty pictures are the more profitable, because they are the most elaborately made and the most gorgeously advertised. The very lewdest of them have secured their patronage by advertising that they deal with "moral problems."

"Public Demand" a False Plea

BUT all public taste is cultivated. Every city which can boast of public spirit has citizens who spend tens of thousands of dollars annually in an attempt to create a community taste for good music. They succeed to a certain extent, but very rarely do they make it pay. It appears that the work of demoralizing the public taste is far more profitable. And as our whole range of public entertainment, outside of the higher musical field, has fallen into the hands of groups who do not know what the term "art" means, it is evident how overwhelming the appeal of the dollar must be.

If the public taste is now so fixedly demoralized that the moving picture producers can confidently claim that "the public demands what we are giving it," the case is more damning than otherwise. For it is recognized by all detached observers that such a public taste is a most urgent reason why immediate and heroic remedies should be adopted.

Cocaine peddlers can easily establish a "public demand" for their drugs, and they do. But that demand is never considered to be an extenuation for the peddling of "coke." So with the psychic poison and visual filth of the ordinary movie—the demand it has created is morally lawless, and the further satisfaction of the demand is morally lawless too.

Carl Laemmle, one of the leading producers in America and head of the Universal Film Company, testified before a congressional committee that he had sent a circular entitled "What Do You Want?" to the exhibitors who bought his pictures. At that time his company was in communication with about 22,000 exhibitors. Mr. Laemmle says that he expected about 95 per cent of the answers to favor clean, wholesome pictures, but "instead of finding 95 per cent favoring clean pictures, I discovered that at least one-half, or possibly 60 per cent, want pictures to be risque, the French for smutty."

Laemmle himself is a German-born Jew, and did not state what percentage of the replies were from people of what is euphoniously termed his "faith."

It is a very noticeable fact that whenever any attempt is made to control the tumultuous indecency and triviality which the movies ceaselessly pour out day and night upon the American public, the opposition thereto is Jewish. Take, for example, the attempt to rouse the sober spirit of America to a proper appreciation of what is happening to Sunday, the Day of Rest. The opponents of the whole movement—a movement for the awakening of conscience, not for the passage of laws—are Jews, and they justify their opposition on Jewish grounds.

Whenever the movies are before the bar of public opinion, their defenders as they are, are Jews. In the congressional hearing before referred to, the lawyers who appeared for the companies were all Jews, distinguished by the names Meyers, Ludvigh, Kolm, Friend and Rosenthal.

There was even a Jewish rabbi involved, who gave a most ingenuous explanation both of Jewish control of the movies and also of Jewish opposition to control of the character of the movies.

A Rabbi Shows How Easy It Is

"I AM a Jew," he said. "You know as well as I do that we have been the unfortunate victims of the nasty, biting tongue, and you know as well as I do that the movie first held us up to ridicule, and we have not only been disgraced in these movies, but we have had our religion traduced, and disgracefully traduced."

If this is true, it is chargeable to the Jews themselves, for Jews have always controlled the business. That it is true is probable, for the most zealous lampooners of the Jews have been Jewish comedians. Non-Jews fail abjectly in endeavoring to portray the character.

"We felt very much hurt," he continued, "and we felt there was a remedy, and that remedy was public opinion; and what did we do? We did not come to Congress. We organized a society—the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith which is the largest Jewish fraternal order in the world. It organized what is called the anti-defamation league with headquarters in Chicago; and the league for the defense of the Jewish name united with other people—in the Catholic Church, the Truth Society and Holy Name Society—and it wrote to all the movie manufacturers of the country asking them that they do not traduce the Jewish character and the Jewish religion, and that they do not hold us up to ridicule; that we did not object to the depiction of Jewish character, but we did object to the caricature of Jewish character and the caricature of our name and religion; and after thus having explained to the manufacturers our position, we appointed a committee of men in every city in the country, asking them that they appeal to the municipal authorities that they permit not the presentation of pictures that were calculated to offend the Jewish character and the Jewish sensitiveness.

"What has been the result? There has been necessary not a protest, because movies in this country are not producing that class of movies any longer."

Of course! there are excellent reasons why the Jewish protests, if any really were necessary, should be instantly obeyed.

But why has not the continued and clamorous protest of decent America been equally heeded? Why

not? Because the protest has come largely from non-Jews.

If the Jews can control the movies to the extent the rabbi claimed, why *cannot they control them for decency*—why *do not they control them for decency?*

The one weakness of the rabbi's statement is the charge that the Jewish religion was traduced. It would be most interesting to learn how this was done, and by whom. It is a religion which does not easily lend itself to that sort of treatment, picturesque as some of its forms may appear to alien eyes.

There is, however, a meaning hidden in this statement of the rabbi. The Jew considers any public expression of Christian character as being derogatory to his religion. For example: if the President of the United States or the governor of your state should make a specifically Christian allusion in his Thanksgiving Proclamation, or mention the name of Christ, that act would be protested as offensive to Jewish sensitiveness. Not only would be done, but has been done.

In the same hearing referred to, quotation was made from a letter written by Carl H. Pierce, special representative of the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company, to the executive secretary of the Motion Picture Board of Trade, in which the following statement appeared:

"You and I have seen boards turn down such plays as the 'Life of the Savior' because they thought it might offend the Hebrews."

It is apparent that "Jewish sensitiveness" is a spoiled child which has been unduly coddled and that it has interfered to such an extent that the real question becomes one of non-Jewish rights.

The Jewish defenders have been asking, Why should a nation of 110,000,000 people be considered in danger from 3,000,000 Jews? And "Gentile fronts," with all the zest of a new idea, have shouted the same challenging question.

It might be advantageous to answer thus: Why should a country of 110,000,000 people, mostly of Christian faith and practice, be prevented from seeing the "Life of the Savior" portrayed on the screen because it is feared to offend the Jews?

The answer in both cases is not a comparison of numbers, but a recognition of the fact that, as in the motion picture world the Jews are at the neck of the bottle where they can absolutely control what goes to the public, so they are in other fields at corresponding places of control.

But whether the Jewish producer is qualified to do better than he is doing is a question. When you consider the conditions from which many of them sprang, you will be rendered rather hopeless of voluntary reform.

Why were not "Way Down East" and "The Shepherd of the Hills" put on the screen by Jews? Because the Jews in control of the movies have no knowledge of American rural life, and therefore no feeling for it. The Jew is a product of city life, and that peculiar phase of city life which is found in the ghetto. He sees in a farmer only a "hick" and a "rube." You may rest entirely assured that it was not the Yankee, himself a product of the farms, who turned the agriculturist into a joke, until today the joke has emptied our farms of men. The theatrical "hick" and "rube" of the gold-brick story and the hayseed play, were of Jewish origin. The Jew is a product of city life, and of that phase of city life where the "wits" play a large part. The America of the average Jew who caters to the entertainment of Americans is comprehended in a beaten path from the box-office, to back-stage, and thence to an eating place. He doesn't know America as yet, except as a huge aphis which he may milk.

The Peculiar Racial Bent of the Movies

IT FOLLOWS, therefore, that in all probability he is equally ignorant of American home life. He has not as yet been able to understand what American domesticity means. The American home is an almost unknown quantity to foreigners of the eastern races. An Armenian woman who has lived in America for five years says that she knows nothing of an American home save what she can see through the windows as she passes. This, of course, is a lack not easily to be bridged over. It may not be strictly true that the majority of movie producers do not know the interiors of American homes, but there is certainly every indication that they have not caught its spirit, and that their misrepresentation of it is more than a false picture, it is also a most dangerous influence.

It is dangerous to foreigners who gain their most impressive ideas of American life from the stage. It is dangerous to Americans who fancy that the life of the screen is the life that is lived by "the better classes." If we could map the community mind of whole sections of our cities, and trace the impressions of American people, American habits and American standards which those mind-groups hold, we should then see the dangerous misrepresentation which movie producers have given to things American. Falsity, artificiality, criminality and jazz are the keynotes of the mass of screen productions.

American life is bare and meager to the eastern mind. It is not sensuous enough. It is devoid of intrigue. Its women of the homes do not play continuously and hysterically on the sex motif. It is a life made good and durable by interior qualities of faith and quietness—and these, of course, are ennui and death to the Orientally minded.

There lies the whole secret of the movies' moral failure: they are not American and their producers are racially unqualified to reproduce the American atmosphere. An influence which is racially, morally and idealistically foreign to America, has been given the powerful projecting force of the motion picture business, and the consequences are what we see.

The purpose of this and succeeding articles is not to lift hands in horror and point out how rotten the movies are. Everybody is doing that. The case against the movies is not contested at all. It is unanimous. Women's clubs, teachers, newspaper editors, police officers, judges of the courts, ministers of religion, physicians, mothers and fathers—everybody knows just what the movies are.

What all these disgusted groups evidently do not know is this: their protests will be entirely useless until they realize that behind the movies there is another group of definite moral and racial complexion to whom the protest of non-Jews amounts to next to nothing at all, if they can possibly circumvent it.

As the rabbi previously quoted showed, the Jews got what they wanted from the producers as soon as they made their request.

What have the non-Jewish teachers, women's clubs, newspaper editors, police officers and judges, ministers of religion, physicians, and just plain parents of the rising generation—what have *they* obtained for all their complaints and protests?

Nothing!

And they can go on beating the air for a lifetime and still obtain no improvement, unless they face the unpleasant racial fact that the movies are Jewish. It is not a question of morals—that question has been settled; it is a question of management.

When the people know *who* and *what* is this intangible influence we call the "movies," the problem may not appear so baffling.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

A resolution introduced by Senator Smoot and adopted by unanimous consent, in the United States Senate the other day, calls upon the War Department to furnish that body with full information concerning credit extended by this country to Poland. Mr. Smoot declined to comment on the purpose of the proposed inquiry. As fairly reflective of the attitude of the Jewish press in the matter, the following is quoted from the Chicago *Israelite*: "It is to be hoped that no further credit will be given to Poland, or any other of the newly created states until they give satisfactory proof of their intention to comply with the terms of the treaties which called them into existence and protect minorities from massacre." Apparently the proof must be "satisfactory," not merely to the governments of the Allies and Associated Powers, but also or rather first of all, to the Jewish financial powers.

Among the three new justices of the supreme court of the state of New York recently formally inaugurated is the Jew, Isador Wasservogel. These judges are elected for a term of fourteen years and each receives a salary of $17,500 a year.

The Jewish propaganda play woven about the character of Haym Salomon, a Philadelphia Jew, having fallen flat, the Jews have brought into the limelight Maurice Salomon, lineal descendant. This young man is out in a protest, in the New York *World,* against the movement for the restoration of the Christian Sabbath. "It is repulsive to me as an American, to think that the country that my ancestors fought and died for and the country that I bled for is sectarian." He concludes with this particularly "Semitic" suggestion: "I think that men of the Christian type and character that tend to raise the question that this is a Christian country from the standpoint of religion are as poisonous to our country as the Bolsheviki, are as detrimental to our country as any alien who comes here and preaches sedition, and are even more detrimental to our country than the viper who interfered with the draft."

"Let Others Lead" is the heading in a Jewish paper on an article dealing with the attacks by a Jewish assemblyman in New York and the Jewish Sabbath Observance Society of that city on the movement of certain Christian churches to preserve the Christian Sabbath as a day of rest. The editor goes on to ask, "Why should we strongly oppose this movement as Jews? This is a question to settle as Americans. It is clearly counter to the First Amendment to the Constitution, in seeking to abridge religious liberty, and Senator Smoot, of Utah, has expressed his willingness to lead the opposition in the Senate. The League for the Preservation of Sunday Recreation is well fitted to bear the brunt of this struggle, and the Freethinkers Society of New York will raise the religious issue. Let others lead in this fight. If we are so unwise as to step in front, the anti-Semite will say that Jews are interested because they control so many movies, and our concern is wholly commercial. To prevent this *half-truth,* let other forces accept the leadership."

Maurice Ruben, a Pittsburgh Jew, is thus quoted in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*: "While in Detroit we made special inquiry regarding the series of articles which have now been published in pamphlet form. We believe that the articles have been misrepresented and misunderstood by the press at large, and undue sentiment was made by the cry of 'Anti-Semitism.'"

Gilbert K. Chesterton, the famous British author who is now lecturing in America, is one of those men who are called "anti-Semites" because they see the mountain of Jewish facts which exist in the world. The list of "anti-Semites," who are not that at all, but who have not been cowed by organized Jewish pressure, is quite a distinguished one.

Rabbi Israel Goldfarb declared at a meeting in Brooklyn that the Jew should be different in every respect from the non-Jew, according to a report in the Brooklyn *Eagle.* "If we mingle freely and assimilate with the non-Jews, Judaism will be lost," he said.

Jewish Bolshevist propagandists have been caught working in Japan.

Says Samuel Bromberg, D. D. S., in the Chicago *Israelite*: "The Jewish young man does not marry a Gentile girl . . . . The Jewish young man or young woman may philander around in Gentile circles and come back to the home fold and boast of it as a conquest, but it is only a case of forbidden fruit tasting sweetest. When the time comes for mating, he or she knows where to choose. Like attracts like; water seeks its own level." Christian girls may be interested to know about these Jewish philanderers.

So intense is the anti-Jewish feeling becoming in France in consequence of the exposure of outrageous cases of profiteering, especially in food supplies, that a group of students recently succeeded in preventing the production of a play by the Jewish author, Bernstein, as the Comédie Française.

Despite the persistent shouts of "anti-Semitism" in Jugo-Slavia, a Jew, Dr. Pops, was recently elected vice mayor of Belgrade, the capital city of the kingdom.

Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee, in the Chicago *Sentinel,* heartily commends the suggestion of Oscar S. Straus to the President-elect "that a Jew be sent as ambassador to Germany." This on the ground that such an appointment "would be a crushing blow to anti-Semitism." What weirdly inconsequent views our Jewish leaders seem to entertain as to the delicate nature and functions of diplomatic relations between friendly nations—and of course there are no diplomatic relations between unfriendly nations.

The new cabinet privately made defense against the statements being made about the international Jews, is this: "The statements are dangerous, not because they are lies, but because they are half-truths, and by the time we are done admitting the half that is true, we have spoiled the chance of denying the half that is untrue." But why not begin at the half which is untrue? Even that would be better than the inane "'tain't so" that has marked Jewish defense so far.

Jewish residents of Brooklyn, New York, are raising an initial fund of $100,000 to build a Hebrew school in the eastern district of that borough.

The Jewish papers are reminding us that Mary Garden's notable musical career was made possible by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. David Mayer, of Chicago, who befriended her when she was a poor Scotch girl and sent her abroad for her musical education at a cost to them of some $20,000. The story is an old one, and it is never told by the Jews without the recital of its epilogue as an instance of gross ingratitude on the part of a Goy genius, Mary Garden, after she attained success and fame, publicly snubbing her benefactress, Mrs. Mayer. What the Jews do not tell is that the singer religiously paid back all the money that the Mayers had advanced with interest and with keen appreciation of a kindness that was probably not entirely disconnected with assurance that her voice was a good investment. The snub was administered as a last desperate measure of self-defense against a persistent circulation of the story of her indebtedness and constant attempts by the Mayers to parade their ownership of the prima donna, making themselves an insufferable pest. Mary Garden's recent appointment as director-general of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and a desire to block her success in that post by an attempt to hurt and humiliate her, probably accounts for the present revival of the old bit of ill-natured gossip.

Isadore Luckstone is regarded as one of the foremost opera coaches in America. Myrtle Moses, contralto, of the Chicago Opera Company, who died recently, was the wife of Samuel G. Alschuler, who has given a handsome donation for the extension concerts of the Musicians' Club of Women in her memory.

Abraham Lincoln Eulogized by Bismarck

Conversations of Famous Statesman With Neighbor Youth Recalled

By CONRAD SIEM

"SOMETIMES there comes a man down from the solitude who in the isolation and the frugality of the wilderness has learned the verities of life and acquired the strength of character to stay uncorrupted among the lures and the sham of our artificial society. Such a man was Abraham Lincoln. His coming was a fortunate event for the people of the United States of America and it will be forever a day of sorrow for all the nations in Christendom that his blood was needed to seal anew the covenant of their Union." Thus spoke Bismarck.

It was in the late summer of 1876. Bismarck had returned to the quietness of Friedrichsruhe in search of recuperation after the travails of the Congress of Berlin. The fiasco his statesmanship had suffered at the hands of Disraeli was preying upon his mind. He knew the economic conditions of Germany to be in a bad state. The boom after the Franco-Prussian War had led to many speculative excesses of German business. For ulterior purposes these excesses had been aided and abetted by the uniting of international financiers who thereby had gotten the power to bring about the total collapse of Germany's economic structure by the withdrawal of their financial support. So when Disraeli as spokesman for the Rothschilds had threatened Germany with a money panic Bismarck could not do otherwise than accede to the political demands of England.

Bismarck was by far too prudent a man to discuss at large the true reason for his defeat as a statesman. Very few would have understood or heeded him in making this excuse. An exposé of the chicanery of the big Jew bankers would not have altered any of the circumstances and might have been very injurious by destroying the self-confidence of German business. However, his mind was busy to evolve the means of preventing in the future the eventuality of letting a clique of international financiers prescribe the political actions of the statesmen of Germany. So he came to search for wisdom in the speeches, letters and messages of Abraham Lincoln. He knew that this great American had been confronted by the sinister intrigues of the selfsame clique, had outplayed them and foiled them.

I was in the habit at the time of wandering from my grandfather's garden into the adjoining grounds of Friedrichsruhe, and for some reason Bismarck seemed to take delight in talking to me, a boy just out of school. Maybe his heart was full with the wisdom of Lincoln, and deeming it unwise to discuss him with his contemporaries who might have misinterpreted him, and not caring to formulate his thoughts in writing, he may have thought clearness of conceptions for himself by teaching me the greatness of the Emancipator. And I was a truth-hungry listener and eager to hear about the man whom Bismarck pronounced to have been the wisest statesman born in Christianity.

Conspiracy of Long Standing

"THERE eannot be any question, in fact I know"—Bismarck speaking—"that many years before the actual outbreak of the Civil War in North America it had been secretly decreed by the inner financial circle of Europe to split the United States apart into two co-equal federations. There was fear that the United States with its growth as a nation would aspire to establish its economic and financial freedom, as it had achieved its political independence, by setting up a monetary régime of its own, inimical to the interests of the European bankers, and which in the end might upset altogether Europe's capitalistic control of the world.

"Of course, in this inner circle the voice of the Rothschilds was paramount. These bankers saw for themselves golden opportunities in the eventuality of a split that would divide a strong, self-reliant, debt-free republic into two weak, bickering, money-borrowing democracies easy to be exploited with the help of Jewish financial jugglery. So they sent adroit clandestine agents into the field to bring about an open break between the North and the South by agitating both sides of the slavery question. This question had naturally a very strong hold on the popular imagination, and using it as a leverage the hirelings of the Jew bankers found it easy enough work to raise the partisanship of the American people to the pitch of:—Here abolition! Here secession!

"I doubt whether Abraham Lincoln had before his inauguration the least inkling of the underhanded work of these foreign agents. Though never by any means an extremist he had been a consistent anti-slavery partisan, and it was because of his decided partisanship that he had been nominated and elected as President of the United States. However, such was the character of the man that as soon as he had entered into the presidency he ceased to be a partisan and became conscious only of the fact that he was the President of all the people of the United States. In the high consciousness of his official impartiality the light came to him, and his heart being free from all rancor and selfish desires he saw clearly the evil design of Europe's dark financiers who were seeking to use him as their tool.

"Meanwhile the open break between the North and the South had become unavoidable. The Southern Confederacy was organized, and war was started. The masters of European finance were busily laying their plans how to turn the situation to their immediate pecuniary advantage as well as to assure the permanency of the schism between the Southern Confederacy and the Northern Federation. But in all their calculations they were underestimating by far the strength of character and the resourcefulness of Abraham Lincoln.

"His new personality as President was to them rather a great surprise. They had not seriously opposed his candidacy for the presidency. On the contrary their secret agents had done their full share in helping to elect him, thinking that this unsophisticated backwoodsman would prove himself an easy victim to oriental cunning. But Lincoln on assuming the responsibility of his high office had been gifted with the clear vision that saw through all the moves of their nefarious game. He fully realized that it would not be so much the southern states whom he would have to fight as it would be the cabals of the Jew-ridden European capitalistic system.

"This realization must have caused this high-minded man many heavy and sorrowful hours. He practically stood alone. He did not know who of his advisers, officials or generals had been tainted by the blandishments of the invisible money power. He could not lay bare to the people his knowledge of the sinister forces that for their own evil purposes had brought the calamity upon the country. It would have added only to the confusion by bringing on additional dissensions. Besides the people at large would have failed to comprehend the exotic scheme and might have derided him. So like the wise man that he was he concluded to keep his own council in watching and meeting the moves of the Hidden Hand.

Eliminated International Finance

"UP TO his day it had been the general belief of the modern world that wars could be fought only with the assistance of the bankers. In fact at the time all the European statesmen were laboring more or less under the hallucination that without the consent of the Rothschilds wars could not occur. These bankers were the principal lenders of money to the nations, and by their acceptances national bonds were converted into cash. Any nation negotiating loans outside of the regular channels or issuing fiat money would soon lose its credit at home and abroad, and without money or credit wars cannot be fought.

"The ruling condition then seemed to make the reckonings of Dark Finance conclusive that the Civil War would be of short duration and would have to terminate as soon as it—Dark Finance—saw fit to shut down on the credit of the Northern Federation with a peace that would permanently establish two co-equal democracies on the North American continent. Lincoln saw clearly how the money devils were figuring, and he has proven his true greatness by evolving and fearlessly applying the correct counter move.

"I don't believe that Lincoln, before his election to the presidency, had ever given much thought to matters of national or international finance. Like all of us he had been largely accepting the money rule as it was without analyzing the principles on which it was based. When, however, he was confronted by the exigencies of the Civil War and saw his country in danger of partition his keen mind penetrated through all the false glamour of international finance, and his innate truthfulness and strong common sense helped him to brush aside all its pretentiousness and to arrive at the bottom fact that the source of all money is the labor and the thrift of the people. So to his high simplicity it became just the question how to make the savings of the people directly available to the government without the intermediation of professional financiers.

"Shortly after the beginning of the Civil War the United States Congress, misled undoubtedly by hired lobbyists, had authorized issues of fiat paper currency. Lincoln perceived clearly how such a procedure would quickly undermine the credit of the government not alone with foreign nations but as well with its own people. Therefore he refused to sanction further like issues, but prevailed upon Congress to authorize government loans to be floated by selling the United States bonds directly to the people. And in connection with this came his master stroke by suggesting: *'On the security of these bonds deposited with the Treasury, the government may issue circulating notes.'*

If He Had Not Died

"BY THIS stroke Lincoln succeeded in eliminating at once the influence of international finance in the national financial affairs of the United States. All the bankers of the country, with the exception, of course, of some New York banking institutions, were only too eager to avail themselves of the opportunity of procuring national currency for business purposes by depositing United States bonds with the Treasurer of the government. Therefore for business as well as patriotic reasons they did everything within their power to induce their depositors to invest their savings in government bonds. And the large ownership by the general public of government bonds was bound to enhance both the thrift and the loyalty of the people. So the credit of the government with its own people became fortified to the extent of making it inviolate to the intrigues and manipulations of international finance.

"Lincoln's financial innovation was in every respect correct in principle. In war its application is limited only by the necessity of the country and by the capacity for work of the people. In peace it must be applied with such moderation as will best protect the steadfast growth of the country, the standards of living and the security of the savings of the people. Anyhow at the time its introduction made it a mere question of duration for the North to win the war. It assured the preservation of the Union of the United States of America.

"The Rothschilds perceived perhaps more quickly than any other concern the whole significance of Lincoln's masterful financial counter move. The backwoodsman had beaten these shrewd Jew bankers at their own game. Although they persevered in many dark and devious ways seeking to embroil him in foreign complications and domestic troubles, Lincoln easily spotted all their moves and checked them. And they got to fear him. Surreptitiously the Rothschilds bought up, principally through South German affiliations, large amounts of the new United States bonds so that they might have the chance when the time came to sit in at the new game.

"Of highest interest to me is the question how Lincoln if he had not been assassinated would have proceeded upon the conclusion of peace to keep the United States immune from the cabals and intrigues of Jewish finance. To learn this I have been studying lately his letters, messages and speeches, and reading between the lines I feel fully convinced that he had worked out in his mind a comprehensive plan the details of which he was too wise to divulge before the time was ripe for him to act.

"*'Capital is only the fruit of labor,'* is a truism he uttered in one of his early messages to the United States Congress. There was not one iota of abstract socialism about the make-up of Lincoln. To me it sounds like a declaration of economic independence, telling the world at large that the United States was not in need of any foreign capital to develop its resources. So behind this utterance there must have been in his mind a concrete constructive plan of making the savings of the American people the sole means of the economic development of the United States to the exclusion of any direct participation by foreign capital unless it were through the purchase of United States government bonds, which bonds could always be kept at a premium by being convertible into the national currency.

"Reasoning then along the line of his mental methods I conceive it to have been his intention to cause upon the cessation of war the organization of a new central national institution whose function it would be to direct impartially and disinterestedly the financial and economic affairs of the republic in a way which would banish forever the sinister intrigues of greed, give to the nation its harmonious development, and afford to the savings of the people all sorts of safe opportunities to share directly in the growing affluence of the country.

What Bismarck Feared

"LINCOLN was too farsighted a man not to see that the American democracy could not consistently endure if the economic development of the country was left to the discretion and mercy of concentrated wealth, of foreign financiers and of political and legislative powers who would all more or less put their private advancements above the common welfare. To neutralize their self-seeking endeavors an inner council with discretionary powers was needed, which council on a basis of co-sovereignty with the administrative and legislative bodies could exercise disinterested supervision of all monetary matters appertaining to the just distribution of wealth. In short, he realized the truth that a republic in order to be consistent needs like every other living organism a head, a stomach, and a heart. And to give an organic heart to the United States was Abraham Lincoln's great intention.

"The inner financial circle of Europe was itself well aware of the high intention of Abraham Lincoln. It knew further that the great love of the American people and their full confidence would give Lincoln the power to consummate his plan, and that the fulfillment of his plan would spell the downfall of Europe's capitalistic control of the world. So by the dark inner council the death of Abraham Lincoln was decreed. It was an easy matter for its hirelings to incite the half-witted actor to commit the actual deed.

"In the death of Abraham Lincoln Christianity has received its greatest setback. In the United States there was no one big enough to step into his shoes. The unholy money game of Israel is again in full swing in the new world. I am fearsome that the Jew bankers will acquire with their crooked financial cunning complete control over the exuberant wealth of America and will use their ill-gotten gains to corrupt systematically our modern civilization. They will not hesitate to plunge all Christendom into war and chaos it it will further the end of 'Israel inheriting the earth.'"

There were more talks from time to time by Bismarck to me dealing mostly on the work he proposed to do for the unification of Germany's economic structure to assure its independence and its immunity from the sharp practice of international finance and the perturbations in business caused by the lack of the proper co-ordination of the industrial and commercial pursuits and activities of the people. On the whole my mind was as yet too immature fully to digest his

(*Concluded on page 12*)



This view was taken at Laguna, Guatemala, looking across Lake Amatitlan, from the station.

A Glance at Guatemala

By AARON HARDY ULM

"I HAVE been writing a little memorandum with reference to an editorial I saw in one of your big eastern newspapers," said Dr. Julio Bianchi, minister from the Republic of Guatemala, at the modest but attractive Guatemalan legation on Ontario Road in Washington. "The editorial bears on a suggestion that, in case of the United States barring immigration, industrious Europeans might find Guatemala a good haven. The writer of the editorial doesn't agree with the suggestion, saying that all good land in Guatemala is held by big landowners and is cultivated in the form of gigantic plantations, and that outside workmen can't compete with native labor.

"There is an element of truth in what he says. But he will be surprised when he learns that land which will produce indefinitely two and sometimes three crops of corn a year may be purchased in Guatemala for $1 an acre or less.

"What Guatemala needs most are small farm operators. Immigrants with industry and a little capital can get started easily there and be assured of a comfortable living, and good profits. We are not yet in position to take care of many immigrants who come as laborers, for the native population provides a big supply of cheap labor. What we need are persons who can work for themselves and not have to work for others, people who can use our native labor in small operations.

"My country is one of many opportunities, which under the new and liberal régime now in force are going to be made available."

The new Guatemalan minister came to this country on behalf of the new government that less than a year ago succeeded Cabrera, who for nearly a generation ruled the country virtually as a dictator. Dr. Bianchi is a physician by profession. He is a highly educated man, both generally and professionally, and speaks perfect idiomatic English, though he never studied outside of his own country. He is one of the leaders in the Unionist party which had most to do with overthrowing Cabrera. Hence he is an enthusiastic supporter of the new régime. Second to that he is enthusiastic for the movement that gave name to his party, the proposed and now all but crystallized United States of Central America.



Scenically, Guatemala is one of the most picturesque lands in all the Americas. The above is a view of Antigua, looking toward the volcanoes of Acatenaugo and Fuego.

"I am confident that sentiment in all five of the countries with independent governments in Central America, is for the formation of a federated government, somewhat on the order of your own United States. I am sure that 90 per cent of the people in Guatemala favors the movement which has long been advocated in all the countries and, I believe, favored by a majority of the people."

"Then why hasn't it prevailed already?"

"Well, many officeholders wouldn't be as important in the federal government as they are now with five governments providing high places for ambitious men. But the change will be made and, I believe, soon, for it is necessary to the full development of Central America which by race and geography is a single country.

"News reports indicate that agreement has been reached between all the governments except that of Nicaragua. When federation is accomplished you won't have to think of Central America solely in terms of a bunch of little republics but as one big nation extending from the Isthmus of Panama to Mexico."

Panama, it seems, is not included in the proposed federation. This is because in the past it was nominally a part of South America.

"With the federation accomplished, Central America as a whole will move forward with great rapidity and soon become one of the strong units in the group of Americas," said the minister. "Without regard to that, however, Guatemala is in the beginning of an era of great progress. The economic situation is confused by circumstances dating into the past but steps toward clearing it up have been taken.

"Sixty years ago, civilization in Guatemala was confined to the capital city and one or two towns. Knowledge centered in the church and the monastic institutions, natural resources were virtually untouched, and cochineal, grown by a few rich men and well-to-do farmers, was practically the only export from a land suited to the cultivation of a wide variety of products and well off in mineral wealth also.

"Home industries supplied most of our needs, and exports were larger than imports, leaving a small surplus in our favor. Then aniline dyes were discovered and the price of cochineal dropped very low, upsetting the financial balance, and causing a revolution in the economy of the country.

"The growth and exportation of coffee was fostered to offset our losses in cochineal. Great progress was made in opening large tracts of land to cultivation, highways were built and schools established. High prices for coffee enabled the people to buy foreign goods and our home industries were smothered by imported products with which home manufactures couldn't compete.

"Then came a serious drop in coffee prices. Growers were forced to borrow large sums of money abroad, chiefly in Germany. The loans were obtained under contracts that virtually amounted to the advance sale of coffee crops at prices fixed by the purchasers. Freight rates were raised and the depression in the price of coffee continued. Our growers vainly sought extensions of time and when unable to honor drafts for balances due they were pitilessly persecuted. The little gold remaining in the country was exported in a futile effort to maintain balances; the exchange rates rose and at last our finest estates passed into the hands of foreign creditors. Thus began the régime of 'absentee landlordism' in Guatemala.

"In the late eighties a series of disasters carried our government to the verge of bankruptcy and caused it to adopt policies that produced the most serious problems that must be solved by the new administration. Nominally we had a gold standard but silver was the only metal used as money and there was a steady fall in the value of silver. Deciding against a foreign loan, the government applied to the home banks for the funds it needed and, to protect the banks, made, as an emergency measure, their banknotes irredeemable. This emergency measure, intended to remain in force for a period of only six months, has been in force for the last quarter of a century. Cabrera came into power in 1898 and held control of the government until less than a year ago. Our new government, composed of the best men in the country and backed solidly by public opinion, faces some very difficult but not discouraging conditions.

"Official statistical reports show that Guatemala is in a satisfactory and flourishing condition. Exports have greatly exceeded imports during recent years, leaving a substantial surplus every season. However, one-third of the coffee exported, one-fifth of the sugar, practically all of the bananas, and all income from railroad and electric power companies belong to absentee owners and never come back to the country as money. Hence about forty per cent of our export trade is fictitious and the international balance of trade is, and has been for years, against us. Money is scarce, interest on loans prohibitive and exchange rates go higher and higher despite all efforts to check them. Gold coins left Guatemala in 1885, silver pesos in 1899, silver reales in 1905, nickel in 1915 and copper coins in 1918, the copper for some time having been worth more as metal than the face value of the coins.

"Our six independent banks have issued a total of about 360,000,000 pesos in unredeemable bills, representing at the present rate of exchange approximately $9,000,000.



(C) Harris & Ewing

DR. JULIO BIANCHI,

Minister from Guatemala. His father, a native of Switzerland, lived in this country before settling in Central America. Before becoming a diplomat, the minister was one of the foremost physicians and surgeons in Central America. He is a staunch advocate of the formation of a United States of Central America.

"For several years all important business has been transacted in American gold and interest rates on American currency have been as high as 18 per cent a year. There is in actual circulation more than $1,000,000 of American money, and this sound money undoubtedly has been of substantial help to us.

"The new government employed Mr. E. Kemmerer, of Princeton University, to make a survey of the monetary situation. He has made a valuable report and his suggestions, based on establishing a sound gold standard, I believe will be carried out. Two American banking firms have representatives there now seeking a charter for the National Bank of Guatemala proposed by Mr. Kemmerer.

"Adoption of a gold standard and a better banking system are necessary before much progress can be made in developing Guatemala's rich resources.

"We need foreign help in the form of men and capital. I am willing to state that my government will welcome every clean man wishing to go to Guatemala or to invest there. Within the next ten years we should be in position to take care of a half million settlers of the immigrant type.

"We need immigrants to exploit the almost unbelievable wealth of our land. We have millions of acres of rich soil, covered with tropical forests of mahogany, cedar and soft woods, awaiting the hand of man to be turned into rich pastures, fields of sugar cane, cotton, which grows 10 feet high, and fields of corn. We produce rice, grapes, fruits of a hundred varieties, bearing in all seasons; and in the foothills and highlands we have the most wonderful climate and scenery to be found in all the Americas."

Dr. Bianchi is authority for the statement that such heat as we often know during the summertime in all parts of the United States is foreign to the climate of Guatemala. Even in the lowlands of the coastal plains, where about the only true tropical heat is known in Guatemala, the temperature, he says, has never been known to go above 100. In the plateau and mountain regions, which make up the greater portion of the country, the climate closely approximates eternal springtime. In many of the communities high above sea level the thermometer ranges in the forties and the small fifties throughout the year, but frost is never known.

A railroad runs across the country from the Atlantic to the seaboard, with a few branch lines or connections running in other directions. The railroads are owned by Americans, and one-half of the men employed in operating them are from the United States, says the Guatemalan minister. The "American colony" there is a large one, there being between 10,000 and 20,000 foreigners all told in the country.

The indigenous population of about 2,000,000 is about 70 per cent pure Indian, the remainder being whites, chiefly of Spanish origin and mixed. Illiteracy is high, especially among the pure blood Indians, who, the descendants of the ancient Mayas and Quieches—peoples that had reached a fair stage of civilization when America was discovered—are intelligent and docile.

The new government, says Dr. Bianchi, is considering measures looking to the education of the natives, the first purpose being to establish a school in every town or village with 500 or more population. Nearly all of the Indians speak Spanish, but the native languages are still remembered and used by some.

"Because of the democratic and sensible changes in Central American politics, brought about in recent years, I believe the era of revolutions and petty wars is ended," said the Guatemalan minister.

"Every man in our government today is willing to give the very best of his body and brain to his country whether the country be Guatemala alone or Guatemala

(Concluded on page 12)



(C) Underwood & Underwood

Guatemala must be a good place for children; for evidence of that fact note the picture of Dr. Julio Bianchi, Minister to the United States, with Madame Bianchi and their eight children.

A Glance at Guatemala

Concluded from page 11

incorporated with sister republics in the United States of Central America, as we hope to see her in the near future. With political and legal activities giving full and unquestioned protection to man and money, the capital we need will come in safety from foreign lands, our international trade will be what it always should have been and Guatemala will be the best place in the world in which to live. I have implicit confidence in the men now governing Guatemala and in the future welfare and prosperity of my country."

Dr. Bianchi says that the bulk of Guatemala's foreign trade is now with the United States. This is due in part to the fact that the bulk of it is carried in the ships of the United Fruit Company, which also controls the Guatemalan railroad lines. There is room for great expansion in trade between the two countries.

And it may be worth while noting, on information given by the Guatemalan minister, that the transcontinental railroad line, long the dream of big builders, will soon be an approximate fact. With construction now under way for linking the railroad system of Guatemala with that of Mexico, it will be possible for one to travel from New York or Chicago to Guatemala City and even beyond—but not quite to Panama—by railroad alone. The link will be finished in a short while—in fact, it amounts to little more than the construction of a big bridge. Continuous telegraph lines now link this country with Guatemala. In fact, it is possible to send a message by overland wire from New York City to Panama.

Because of their peculiar situation and their smallness, the Central American republics, more than any other of the Latin-Americans, have been and still are what might be termed the special pets of the United States. A large proportion of their trade has been with this country, which has taken great interest in their internal and foreign affairs but always in a friendly way. Much American capital is invested in the several Central American republics.

Central America isn't as remote as one on quick though, might imagine. New Orleans, for example, is approximately the half-way station from New York City to Guatemala City. The distance from our big Gulf port to the Guatemalan capital is only 900 miles.

While our government is taking no hand in the matter, it probably looks with favor on the proposed formation of the United States of Central America. The success of the proposal would simplify our relations with Central America, for it would mean a stronger government for that region and hence one less likely to cause us trouble. We would then have to deal with only one government instead of with five as at present.

Abraham Lincoln Eulogized by Bismarck

Concluded from page 10

teachings. Perhaps for that very reason they impressed me more vividly, were preserved and staid unimpaired in my memory.

In later years I realized that it must have been for Bismarck a time of great stress. The rebuff he had received at the Berlin Congress must have given him the measure of his limitations. He had felt the heavy hand of the super-money power. He knew it was there in all actuality, and still he realized that it was too imponderable to be met by force. It would never come out to fight in the open but would keep on lying like a shadow over all his work.

To release Germany out of the gloom of this overshadowing money power became his obsession. As a practical man he knew that this could not be done with ranting or preaching, by denunciations or legislative actions, but must be accomplished along such voluntary lines of actual organization as would gradually bring unity to the economic affairs of Germany and place all business upon an actual basis of mutual good will.

Bismarck was not a man to carry his heart upon his sleeve, but to me, the boy, he revealed himself to be full of human compassion. He was forceful and dominating but there was in him no lust for power for the sake of power itself but just for what might be accomplished with the help of power. He had very little patience with pretenders or dreamers who thought they had a panacea for the woes of the world. Socialists he regarded largely as the witting or unwitting hirelings of the Jew money power that finds good fishing in waters troubled with half-truths.

His ambition was to ameliorate the economic conditions so as to abolish pauperism by giving steadfast work to the people. Make conditions right and relieve the people from worries for their daily bread and God will do the rest, was his creed, which after all is profound common sense and the fundamental of Christianity.

He was altogether too broad a man to harbor race hatred or religious prejudices. His abomination was solely of the persons who seek profits by trading upon the ignorance, misfortunes, or vices of their fellow men. Such profits, he declared, all went ultimately to swell the coffers of the super-money power that was playing the international game by making puppets or tools out of kings and statesmen and was turning every disturbance of the peace upon the earth to its further pecuniary advantage.

To me, the boy, he was exceedingly kind. What his idea was in teaching me I can surmise only that he was preparing me for a certain task. I had shown traits of originality and had been a good scholar but at once the delight and the despair of my teachers. On their recommendation, it had been concluded for me to take the university course on political economy, and undoubtedly it was Bismarck's intention to help me in my career.

But I was headstrong by nature, and there was in my make-up a certain amount of non-conformity. The very talks of Bismarck had served only to disturb my mental balance. I felt unsettled, and I had a strong desire for travel. I persuaded my father to let me go on a visit to the United States. Here I struck out for myself but did not fit in well in the American hustling for money. So I drifted from place to place, meeting with much kindness by the wayside, until I found myself at Pt. Barrow, Alaska, among the Eskimos, when upon the top of the world I found peace and time for fearless contemplation of the joys and vicissitudes of human life upon the earth.

Somehow I feel compelled to give to the world my boyhood recollections at this time when all who walk may read that Europe's capitalistic control of the world has passed away beyond all resurrection. The American people have been asked to help in reviving the corpse under the semblance of a league of nations. Their strong intuition has prevented them from doing so. Still the fate of our civilization demands some concrete action. Therefore, it may be well at this perilous time to hark back to the wisdom of Abraham Lincoln.

The Wood Hollow Papers

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THIS morning I discovered a newcomer in the neighborhood, of whose presence I have long been conscious. He has given me strange music of nights but I had never seen him with my naked eyes. It chanced that I was walking down the road that passes the house. Some one hundred and twenty feet from the door stands a great elm with a hole in it midway to the top. Looking up into the tree I noted the cavity and in the doorway sat none other than a screech owl, bag and baggage, and he needed only the proverbial children's book glasses upon his beak to assure me beyond the scintilla of a doubt that he knew all there was to know about this world and even the next. It is this same screech owl that visits around the trees about the place when night draws his purple damask over the land. On such occasions he gives voice to his feelings in mournful, plaintive-keyed tremors that recall ghosts with perfectly white bed-sheets over them, or hobgoblins and other folks; not to forget dwarfs and sylphs, whatever they may be. Just what are his deeds in the hours of darkness I do not know but if I am not mistaken he is the same identical fellow that has "hung around" the suet chunks I have nailed and bound to the trees about the place. I do not wish to issue a sweeping accusation to that effect but must say, as the newswriter, that "an alleged owl has been busy in the neighborhood."

Anyhow, someone—I will not say who—in nocturnal hours appeared before said suet and gouged out appreciable chunks that could certainly not have been done by the bill of a tiny woodpecker, let alone a titmouse. So there he sat in the cavity, surrounded innocently by his feathers, rigid, sentinel-like, staring outward with glassy eyes—though I knew from the way his head turned as I moved forward that he was seeing me *with his ears*.

The doleful cry of the screech owl, *Megascops asio*, penetrates to one's marrow. It is dismal beyond words. I have lain in a lean-to in the wild northern woods and heard the wolf-pack on the trail of a wounded buck, yet the awfulness of those cries is no more provocative of shudders than the "screech" of this little owl.

There is that about an owl that stimulates in me a certain sense of wonder. By some hocus-pocus, mesmerizing system he rules the woods, falling upon birds and mice as they show themselves, but mostly making life for the field mice and even barn rats one of constant watchfulness in the name of self-preservation. Undoubtedly owls are among the most dreaded creatures of wood and fen. They may be destructive at times in that they *may* kill birds, but that they are surpassingly beneficial in the good that they do in killing vermin can never be belittled. Locate an owl's nest, winter or summer, and you will find therein evidence of the great mouse and rat forage that is carried on, and this is singularly true during the nesting season when they harry the field mice numbers relentlessly, bringing them in with mechanical regularity. How they do it the Lord only knows. But that is their life's work and that they are proficient in their calling goes without the saying. When an owl has its victim in its grasp it swallows it as it is, if it can do so. He does not stop to pick out the bones or eliminate claws. He lets the "inner man" do that for him. By a rotary movement of the stomach the flesh and edible portions of the victim are disposed of, assimilated, and then up comes what cannot be made use of, bones and all. This is ejected from the mouth in a ball-like affair which we know as "pellets." It is by studying these pellets that we learn beyond a doubt what is the food of the owl.

So long as the owl destroys field mice and other creatures detrimental to the welfare of man, and in fact to all life, so long is the owl a positive value to man, and since all owls are more or less destructive in this sense they should not be killed. Every owl in a neighborhood is of a decided worth and to eliminate that life is but to help along an increase in vermin that is so hard to keep down. As though everything in nature is laid out by purpose and design so does the hawk skim over the fields by day to seize the mice as they show themselves while the owl is hiding in the woods, its eyes unfitted for day work. But when dusk comes on and the hawk has gone to roost then the owl comes into his own and its night-wise eyes are aware of everything that goes on along the face of the earth.

Is it not remarkable when you think of it, the purpose in everything, and these birds for instance? Here is one that works through the coverts and the fields by day while another is unfitted for such action, but is provided by nature with eyes for seeing in the dark, for it is then that the vermin that have been in close concealment in the day hours come forth, content in the belief that they will then be unseen. But like a shadow detached from the sable wings of night there sails down, as noiseless as a leaf, that merciless one keeping the vigil and another mouse has gone the way of his kind. In just this manner is kept at poised level the inevitable natural law of balance and proportion. Unless they had their enemies both by night and by day the mice would increase beyond all reckoning.

(Continued next week)

Is the Battleship Obsolete? The British Ask

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, January—(By Mail).

THE United States is building capital ships—battleships and battle cruisers. Japan also is building them. England has not laid down any since the armistice. Such ships now cost several million pounds apiece and, if built at all, would probably be built in squadrons of four. We are already groaning desperately beneath the burden of taxation at the very time when we are in the trough of trade depression. There is a strong movement afoot for state and personal economy. The estimated government expenditure for this year is £1,200,000,000 and for £800,000,000 in any "normal" year, whenever that may come. It has already been proposed in the House of Commons that the government next year should be restricted to the "normal" expenditure of eight hundred millions and the government retorts that if such a limit were imposed it would not be able to provide for the defense of the country on the sea, on land or in the air.

From all this it will be evident that this country is far from desiring to embark on a program of battleship construction—one uses battleships as a convenient term to include battle cruisers—because the present taxation is grinding down the middle classes and hampering industry, and a battleship program means an addition to taxation of many millions. Of course, if the admiralty and the government say deliberately that post-Jutland battleships are necessary, the country will provide them whatever the cost, but at the moment we are not sure that they are necessary. It is a strong point that both the United States and Japan are building them, for only a very foolish man would suggest that those great powers are doing anything but applying promptly and betimes what they hold to be the unquestionable lesson of the war—that the battleship is still, despite airplane and submarine, the ultimately decisive weapon on the sea.

To tell the truth, there is no doubt that the major opinion of our own sea lords at the admiralty believes the United States to be right. "Let it be granted," they would say, "that airplanes and submarines have incalculable possibilities in them and that we do not know what they may or may not achieve at the beginning of the next war. Nevertheless, we are not concerned with the outbreak of a war at some dim and distant date but with the conditions which would prevail if a fresh war were to break out next month or next year and, on that hypothesis, we maintain that the country possessing the superior battleship fleet would control the seas and win the war."

On the other hand, there is in England a section of sailors and airmen who had long and active experience during the war, which holds very strongly that the day of the battleship is over, that it can achieve little or nothing in the next war; and that our available funds will be spent to much better purpose on great swarms of small craft—airplanes (and airplane carriers) submarines and torpedo craft of every sort. Now the ordinary citizen, being disappointed so far of all hope of disarmament, will pay what he is told by his betters he ought to pay for naval defense. But emphatically he does not want to pay another fifty or a hundred millions for battleships unless his betters are quite sure that these are the right thing for the purpose and, learning from the controversy that is now raging here that his betters are far from being unanimous, he is relieved to learn that the government, before taking its decision, is laying the whole question before the Committee of Imperial Defense—which means the most important cabinet ministers advised by the chief military and naval authorities that we possess. If the committee summons before it the sailors who do not believe in the battleship—Lord Fisher was their prophet and chief, as Sir Percy Scott is now—then we shall at least have some security, even if at the finish we do build battleships, that our money is not being wasted, and that our safety is not thoughtlessly endangered.

One word about the battleship programs of the United States and Japan. Public opinion here does not disquiet itself about either the one or the other. Of course the Pacific is a remote ocean to the Englishman. The "menace" of the French fleet a hundred years ago and of the German fleet in the years before 1914 was close and insistent and the Englishman never for one moment allowed it to escape his mind. But the fleet of Japan does not worry him, although he has no comparable force in the Pacific wherewith to meet it and Lord Fisher prophesied openly that the Pacific was the battleground of the next war. (Singapore is now held by this school to be the great "strategic center" for England.) The average Englishman (unlike the Australian) does not think of Japan as an aggressive, threatening power in the Pacific, but if he did he would probably come to the conclusion that there was one country which was much more competent than his own to handle the situation—I mean the United States.

The American Navy excites in the Englishman as yet no envy and no hostility. Whether rightly or wrongly, it is now accepted as a commonplace here that there neither are nor will be any differences between England and America which could lead to war. We do not regard such a thing as coming within the bounds of practical politics. The ordinary man expresses this point of view by attributing the American naval program broadly to the necessity of keeping an eye on Japan and the future peace and freedom of the countries fronting on the Pacific Ocean. This is not, I imagine, by any means an adequate appreciation of the motives of American policy, for Mr. Wilson made it clear long ago that the America of the future, failing all other remedies, must have a fleet sufficient to protect her own interests, as representing those of all neutrals, against the encroachments of belligerents in a great war. One of his objects at Paris was to establish firmly the "freedom of the seas" (which the Germans always said had been suppressed by British "navalism") and he only abandoned his plans when, as he said himself, he discovered that in a comprehensive League of Nations there would be no neutrals whose interests could be injured by the belligerents, for there would be on one side the offenders against the Covenant of the League and on the other, vindicating its authority, the whole of the remaining members of the League.

But while we are sure that at any rate we shall not build against America, League or no League, our trouble is to know what sort of ships we are to build. What are the principal arguments against the battleship? The first is that submarines will increase so rapidly in size and speed and armament, that before long they will be not submarines but large submersible cruisers, armed like a dreadnought and able to cruise round the world. They will be able to fight a battleship from under the water, but the battleship will not be able to fight them; when it comes on them and seeks to open battle, they will submerge and disappear. They will be much more formidable than they have ever been because already they are beginning to make use of wireless when submerged—which they could not do in the late war—so that they will shortly be able to concert plans with one another and receive instructions and information while still concealed beneath the water.

Our Admiral Sturdee, who defends the battleship, inquires scornfully whether any other ships could have sunk Von Spee and his squadron as he sank them with his two battle cruisers at the Falkland Isles. "Pooh!" say the anti-battleship sailors, "that was all very well for the last war, but when the next war comes, a Von Spee would simply submerge with all his ships and of what use, pray, would your battle cruisers be then? They would wander helplessly on the surface of the waters until Von Spee destroyed them. The only weapons that in the next war will be of any use against raiding cruisers like Von Spee's will be the airplane and the fast submersible." They might add that even these weapons will be of limited value in the vast spaces of the world's seas and on their endless trade routes. The Sydney sank the German raider Emden. But how long a life might the Emden have enjoyed had she had the power to submerge and reappear! For the submersible possesses the great twin attributes, which never change, of military success—power of invisibility and the power of effecting a surprise.

It is easy now to see the retort which these sailors would make to anyone who complains that other powers are building battleships and we are not. "Let them build!" is the answer. "Multiplying enormously our submarines and submersible cruisers, our mine-layers and airplanes, we shall pen their battleships in harbor or, if they come out, we shall assail them with all these weapons of ours from our nearest bases, wherever they may be. If our principal object is to protect our over-sea commerce, food supply and so forth, it is not their battleships that we fear, but their use of the same weapons that we ourselves possess—their submarines, airplanes and mines. We believe that we can develop the under-water and the over-water weapons to such a degree that we shall be able to regard the battleship as almost negligible."

But by many seamen here the airplane is rated even more highly than the submarine. They say that in a war between England and France no battleship would be left in a few days in a French port; that in a war between England and a revived Germany, no English fleet would be safe in any base from overhead attack. The enemy force would consist of flying-boats which could rest on the sea and rise up from their temporary base at the appropriate time or of airplanes which would be borne on "carriers" equipped with the maximum of speed. A modern naval base, to be secure, will need a roof. A fleet, to be secure against destruction, will need a great array of attendant airplanes to meet and beat off the attack. Even the most generous provision of that kind cannot absolutely guarantee security, for the deadliness of the airplane lies in its extreme mobility. The enemy can assemble large numbers secretly and quickly and throw them suddenly against any chosen point. They will effect a surprise by the swiftness of their coming and the numbers with which they come, whereas the strength of the defense will be for the moment a fixed quantity and the mischief may be done before the necessary reinforcements can be brought up from elsewhere. No, whatever may be said for the battleship, there is no doubt that wherever it is within practicable range of the bases of the enemy—and the range is constantly extending—it will be exposed to most dangerous attacks from the super-airplanes of the next age. That will be the case with all the great European powers. It will not be true to the same degree of the United States and Japan, which are separated from Europe and each other by much greater distances.

On the other hand, the advocates of the battleship have one great argument in their favor. They assert that during the late war the submarine never inflicted any loss on a battleship squadron steaming in formation and properly escorted by cruisers and light craft. That is true. There were reports of submarines at Jutland and elsewhere and of course a good many cruisers and old battleships were torpedoed on patrol or at anchor, but when the great battleship was in its full war paint, steaming fast with its due escort and protection, it was immune from injury by submarine. Nor was any battleship sunk or seriously injured by airplane.

The defenders of the battleship are entitled to make capital out of this immunity and it is not a very damaging retort to say, as the other side does, that the German submarines had orders to attack commerce and to leave the enemy battleships severely alone. The security actually enjoyed by the battleships was in fact so great that at the present moment it is reasonable to say that it can still stand up against its small assailants and therefore (in the case of England) that it can defeat any attempts at raids, not to speak of definite invasion. But could it do so in five or ten or fifteen years' time? Picture the harbor of Brest or Cherbourg assailed by hundreds of British airplanes or Portsmouth and Dover attacked by swarms from France! The position of the battleship would be—shall we say?—uncomfortable.

No doubt what will first happen will be a battle royal between the belligerents for the "control of the air," but control of the air is not to be so easily nor so definitely established as that of the seas, for the output of airplanes will be so rapid and enormous that supremacy will be partial and temporary and will pass from one side to another. Of one thing we may be certain, that in countries whose harbors are comparatively close to one another—that is, who can "get at" each other—the battleships of the future will eventually have to have the power of protecting themselves: they will have to be submersible. That may very possibly prove to be true of the ships of all powers, however remote.

It is a discouraging business, this of speculating only about types of warships, as though the old world were unchanged and unchangeable, as though we looked forward still to the "inevitable" wars and the endless competition in armaments which accompanies them. Americans may say that Europe at least shows few signs of change of heart and that America cannot be blamed if she frames a policy that befits the war-spirit of the conquering states of Europe. True, and yet there are many in Europe who are waiting for some power to make the appropriate gesture, to propose boldly a measure of disarmament. It could be done now and it could be done by any one of the great powers that believes with sufficient sincerity in the idea of a peaceful community of nations. It is not opportunity but will that we all lack. Of course the proposal might fail. But better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all. And indeed the effort would not be lost, but would be taken up again and repeated with a more powerful moral appeal. Has Mr. Wilson a successor in the United States, or elsewhere?

Teaching a City How to Play



ROWLAND HAYNES

His is the job of teaching all of Cleveland, Ohio, which means school children, young people, grown-ups, even the grandfathers and grandmothers of that city how to make the most of their recreation hours, and such a task cannot be accomplished in a few months. Mr. Haynes has a ten-year program mapped out. By the end of that time he expects Cleveland to have started on its career of play, to be a model for all other cities in the United States. The picture shows Mr. Haynes and some of the kiddies he has inspired with the play spirit.

The Crime of the Cities—Chicago

By CARL S. LOWDEN

IS THERE any crime wave in Chicago? How did it get there? What's keeping it? These questions are not easily answered. Certainly widespread vitiation exists along with impairment of the machine for disciplining lawbreakers. There is confusion, duplication of effort, inefficiency.

Why?

"The illicit handling of liquor," says Attorney-General Edward J. Brundage, "has been corrupting every force in the community, and the vilest of concoctions have been sold at prohibitive prices."

Henry Barrett Chamberlin, operating director of the Chicago crime commission which is the business men's own bludgeon for the reduction of lawlessness, stoutly maintains that there is no crime wave in the city. "We have been told," he says, "that the crime situation is an emergency demanding attention. It is not. Crime is an established business here. It has been centralized, organized, and commercialized."

Chamberlin quotes figures to substantiate his contention. In a comparison of 1919 with 1920 he points out that murders decreased fifty-one per cent, burglaries were reduced by ten per cent, and robberies show a falling off of six per cent.

As a matter of fact, if automobile killings be combined with the murder figures, the result is startling; for the entire complexion of the situation changes markedly. The decrease becomes an increase of eighteen per cent.

President Edwin W. Sims of the crime commission also dwells upon the murder record. For each million of population Chicago loses an annual 112 by violence, whereas Canada loses thirteen and Great Britain only nine. Because the thefts, burglaries, and robberies totaled 13,466 in 1919, Chicago now has the highest burglary insurance rate in the entire United States.

Neither Chamberlin nor Sims struck at the root of the crime menace. Business men are careful, cautious, and shrewd; they know the value of the dollar, and they do not desire to give any offense that may react upon them. Is that the reason, I wonder, why "moonshine" and bootlegging and the traffic in liquor are often winked at?

The crime commission praises Chief Charles C. Fitzmorris as "one of the best heads of the police department Chicago has ever had." Mayor William Hale Thompson appointed Fitzmorris last November tenth and gave him a free hand; since that time the new chief has weeded out thirty-four men and put the entire department on its toes. He has instituted a drive on crime, not on "hootch" which is the great contributing cause of the deplorable lawlessness in this city but upon crime itself. He avers that every recent crime of importance was committed by persons crazed with drugs.

There have been sundry rumors that the city police department is not wholeheartedly fighting the liquor traffic. The Prohibition Enforcement Bureau, the Federal organization, is not much more than a skeletonized machine. It has a big job on its hands. It has four states, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin, to watch over; and it has a wofully inadequate supply of men at its headquarters for Chicago alone. The intent of the prohibition amendment to the Constitution included the idea of co-operation. Apparently the Federal forces are going it practically alone in Chicago.

Frank D. Richardson, prohibition commissioner for the four states, says the accomplishments of the first year under the Eighteenth Amendment have been satisfactory in view of the smallness of their forces. The arrests numbered 4,481; 50,000 gallons of bonded spirits valued at three and one-half millions and fourteen hundred stills were destroyed. Richardson is pleased by the reduction in the number of disorderly conduct cases from 36,633 in 1919 to 32,305 in 1920.

The foregoing figures are encouraging. But Ralph W. Stone, prohibition agent for Illinois, handed out some figures of the other kind when he said that two and one-half millions of *spiritus frumenti* blanks had been issued to doctors in eight months, thereby releasing about 200,000 gallons of liquor. He thinks that approximately seventy-five per cent of this was used as a beverage. In fact, he attributes the greater part of the bootlegging in Chicago to the abuse of the prescription system by physicians and druggists.

In the past the permits for the removal of liquor from the warehouses could be issued by Stone or by Richardson. They have now taken steps to amalgamate their offices in order to keep a double check on and to reduce the outflow of permits. Much of the liquor taken out on permits never reaches the supposed destination. The loaded trucks are diverted to cabarets, restaurants and soft-drink houses, which the newspapers and the sophisticated citizens openly call saloons. Mayor Thompson avers the Federal people are largely responsible for liquor sales inasmuch as they handle the permits. Certainly the whole permit system must be revised if the Eighteenth Amendment is ever to have any real meaning in this city.

At Richardson's office I was told that most of the "moonshining" must be attributed to foreigners. When pressed for further information on the identity of these violators, an assistant in the office named Greeks, Slavs, Serbs, Russians and Italians. Many of these are Jews.

"Of what nationality," I asked, "are the liquor dealers in Chicago?"

"About ninety per cent of them are Jews."

"That much?" I queried doubtfully.

"Well," came the answer, "I'll say, conservatively, seventy-five per cent."

It is against the law to make public the names of liquor dealers. When arrests are made, however, the names appear in the newspapers. From one such list I extract, as a sample, the names beginning with the letter S, as follows: Sabatello, Sambur, Sass, Sbarboro, Schafer, Schillaci, Schoene, Schultz, Schwenck, Schermack, Shoop, Silverman, Sirovatka, Smeja, Soens, Soldewish and Sommerfield. Some of the foregoing are noticeably Germanic.

At the office of United States Attorney Clyne I was informed that Jews constituted eighty per cent of the wholesale liquor dealers in Chicago. As I could not get a glimpse of the list, I am not prepared to say how accurate either of these estimates is; I could not verify them nor ascertain whether there had been any under or over statement.

None of the officials I visited seemed to think that crime is definitely organized in this city or that there is any organized opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment. The United Societies was pointed out as an alliance of liberals anxious for the legal restoration of liquor; they try to influence public opinion by means of wide distribution of their official magazine, "The Champion of Fair Play."

The fight against illicit liquor does not make as much progress as it ought. In 1920 injunctions were asked against 150 cabarets, cafés and other liquor-selling places that were alleged to be public nuisances, but only seventeen were actually closed. Such success is a bit discouraging.

"All that I can do," said Judge K. M. Landis in granting one injunction while refusing to close the property, "is to restrain this man from continuing the nuisance complained of. I cannot close his place by this injunction. I have no idea this will have any effect, but it is the only thing I can do.

"I believe everyone here will realize that violators of the Volstead Act will have a run for their money in this court. But with the whole dictionary at its disposal, Congress has specifically stated what I can do, and I must do it. Whatever I might want to do personally is restrained by the wording of this section of the act."

Landis is the nightmare of Chicago's "booze" lawbreakers. He rules with as heavy a hand as the provisions of the Volstead Act will permit. On the fifteenth of January, 1921, he gave two men the limit of a year's imprisonment and a fine of a thousand dollars each; other sentences were for three months, six months, one hour; one man was fined two hundred and another ten dollars.

Hundreds of cases are now pending in Judge Landis' court. The mills of the law grind slowly. Some of these cases will be dismissed, others forgotten, witnesses will be gone or spirited away when certain cases come up: many of the guilty will escape from one cause or another.

Judge Landis recently instructed the prohibition agents to "go out and get the big fellows—the brewers." January 25 three brothers owning one brewery were arrested on a charge of manufacturing and selling beer with an alcoholic content in excess of 1½ per cent. The case has not been tried, but prohibition agents say they are preparing to act against the heads of other breweries.

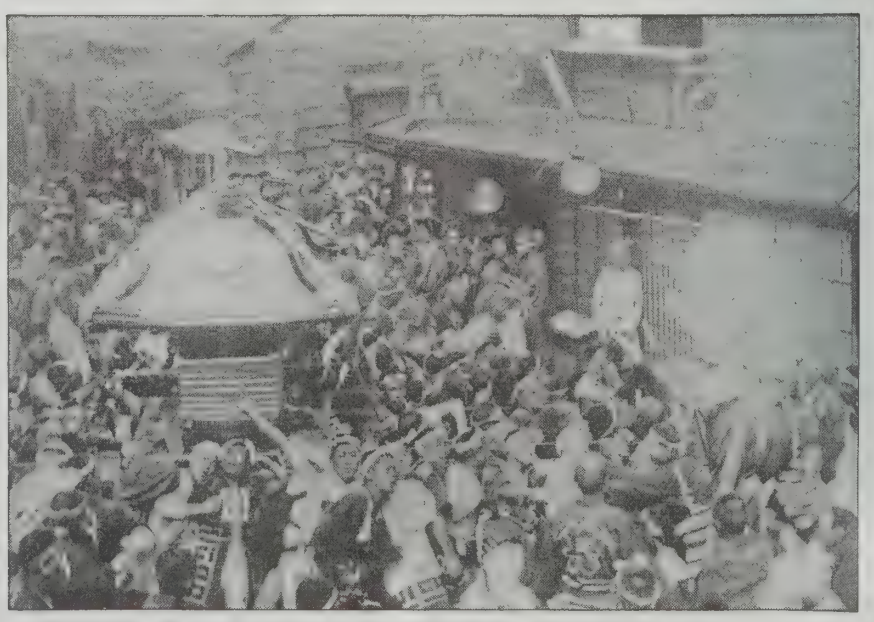
The Federal bureau also believes that 2,500 saloonkeepers violated the *wartime* prohibition. Squads are said to be out gathering evidence against these men. If this blow actually develops, it will hurt the liquor traffic.

The officials declare that wholesale dealers have been implicated in 1,800 state and government liquor cases. Approximately one half of these are Chicago cases. These figures are significant in view of the fact that three fourths of Chicago's wholesale liquor dealers are Jews.

Chicago is one of the wildest and wettest cities between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. Is it wild because it's wet, or wet because it's wild? I can't, answer the conundrum. The present drive apparently has not greatly lessened crime. Perhaps a drive against grafting politicians and the locking up of the friends of criminals would be more effective. There is still a mountain of crime in Chicago, and the law-enforcing bodies are moles beside it.

Japanese Customs That Are Different





CELEBRATING NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN

Before the days of prohibition big cities of the United States used to be able to exhibit some pretty joyous celebraters but none of them ever exceeded in abandonment this merry throng of young Japs attired in their native costume and bent on getting every ounce of enjoyment possible out of the festival. "We Won't Go Home Until Morning" is expressed in the attitude of each and every one.

(C) Gilliams Service

ADVERTISING MOVIE SHOWS IN JAPAN

This interesting photograph shows a street in Tokyo, entirely given up to motion picture theaters. The curious looking signs in front of the buildings are advertisements of the throwers to be seen inside.



The Three Arts



Agriculture — Manufacture — Transportation

Montana has joined the American Farm Bureau Federation. Only six states now remain unrepresented in this young giant among the farm organizations. Three of these are expected to vote affiliation in February.

The government of Mexico proposes a specific export duty on petroleum instead of the 10 per cent ad valorem rate in effect at present. The result will be a considerable advance in the duty.

The Tientsin-Pukow Railway is to purchase 11 block-steel car trains of five cars each, including sleepers and observation coaches. The company is also considering the possibility of purchasing car ferries for use between Pukow and Naking, on the Yangtze River.

The Bureau of Crop Estimates is endeavoring to weld all public agencies concerned in the marketing and production of agricultural products into a co-operating group, for the purpose of using the information collected to better advantage.

Coal dealers are vigorously attacking the Calder Bill for the regulation of the coal industry. They insist it will cut their profits down to one or two per cent.

A publishing house proposed to print the United States Pharmacopoeia in Chinese. It is felt that this would be of great advantage in developing the American drug and chemical trade in China.

The Bureau of Markets of the Department of Agriculture is studying the question of establishing standard celery grades. Most celery is now shipped in the rough.

The Federal Trade Commission has ordered American firms to cease the importation, distribution or sale of Japanese-made matches in boxes bearing Swedish labels.

Mexico has signed a contract for a credit of $5,000,000 to be spent in purchasing railroad equipment.

The Department of Agriculture urges those farmers sowing foreign-grown clover seed this winter to use great care in selecting this seed.

Production of coal in the United States has been declining rapidly since the first of December. The moderate winter and the condition of industry are said to be responsible.

The Geological Survey has discovered that unscrupulous promoters of fraudulent mining schemes frequently claim connection with the government service. It warns the public against fake stock promoters who are using this subterfuge.

The 1920 census reports credit Rhode Island with 4,083 farms, a net loss of 1,209 farms in 10 years.

American manufacturers of agricultural machinery are reported to be meeting severe competition from German firms in Italy. The German manufacturers have, it is said, been able to reduce their price to a point considerably below that at which deliveries can be made from this country. The increase in Italian duties on farm tractors has made it possible for a farmer to buy two Italian machines for what he would pay for one American machine.

The Chilean Congress recently authorized a bill for loan on behalf of state railways and arrangements have been made to borrow $25,000,000.

Mexico, which for many years exported live stock to the United States, is now buying meat in American markets.

The efforts of the government to encourage the breeding of better cattle is meeting with excellent results. Records show that 2,078 persons, owning approximately 232,322 head of stock, have agreed to use only purebred sires.

The Department of Agriculture has determined, after a complete series of tests, that sugar substitutes, dextrose, cerelose or refiner's sugar can be used successfully in the place of cane sugar in curing hams or bacon.

A slump in excess profits taxes was chiefly responsible for a slump of $300,000,000 in the Federal taxes collected during the first six months of 1920.

The Swiss Federation of Paper Manufacturers has decided to reduce the price of paper 30 per cent.

The Bureau of Markets estimates the amount of wheat in the United States, January 1, 1921, at 320,000,000 bushels.

The foreign trade of Japan showed marked declines in December, both in import and export business.

Another attempt is to be made to establish a direct steamship line between Constantinople and New York.

The postal administration of Norway and the Postmaster General's office in Washington have agreed that the maximum weight of parcel post packages shipped from the United States to Norway is to be increased to 11 pounds.

Making Swiss Cheese in America



(C) Harris & Ewing

K. E. Parks, a dairy engineer in the Department of Agriculture, has invented a cheese press which is expected to revolutionize the cheese industry in the United States. The press is an hydraulic one and completes the operation in 24 hours. The old method involves a lever press and heavy weights.

Farm wages in the United States during 1920 were the highest in history. The average wage, as ascertained by the Bureau of Crop Estimates, was $46.89 with board and $64.95 without board. For day labor at harvest the wage averaged $3.60 a day with board and $4.36 without board. In 1895 the average farm wage in the United States was $17.69 a month.

As a result of discovery of the underlying cause of "root rot" by the United States Department of Agriculture, corn crops may be increased 10 per cent.

According to official figures, in 1921 Germany must import 3,000,000 tons of grain, 1,500,000 tons of fodder, 1,000,000 tons of raw material for manufacture of oleomargarine and 150,000 tons of meat and bacon.

The barberry bush seems doomed. Almost 5,000,000 bushes have been destroyed since the Department of Agriculture discovered that the fungus responsible for wheat rust starts in the spring on the barberry plant.

The prices paid crop producers for their products declined 4.7 per cent during December.

Creamery men have protested against the tax of 10 cents a pound on adulterated butter.

The fourteenth Belgian automobile show, held recently in Brussels, was a success in the amount of attention which it secured from the public and in enthusiasm aroused for new models. The buying, however, was not as brisk as had been expected.

The census of 1920 shows 21,109,000 horses and 4,995,000 mules on farms, an increase of 1,276,000 horses and 785,000 mules in the last ten years.

Michigan women attending the Housewives' Congress at the state agricultural college are being taught simple methods of testing wool, cotton, linen and silk with common kitchen chemicals.

The American trade commissioner in Tokyo has forwarded to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce a list of suggestions for American manufacturers who ship goods to Japan. These suggestions are approved by Japanese importers and are recommended for the guidance of exporters.

Specialists of the Department of Agriculture are studying the question of establishing standard grades for tobacco. Lack of standard grading is said to cause great loss to many producers today.

When blackberries and raspberries which are otherwise healthy fail to renew themselves by means of new suckers there is a shortage of nitrogen in the soil.

Government expenditures in Mexico continue to exceed revenues.

A large number of breweries have been cited to show cause why their permits should not be revoked. It is alleged by the prohibition commissioner that these breweries manufactured a product containing more than the lawful amount of alcohol.

The campaign to stop the sale of patent medicines containing more than the legal per cent of alcohol, which has been going on in certain sections, will be made nation-wide.

The farmers of the United States own nearly 2,000,000 automobiles.

One-third of the United States has been covered by soil surveys made by the Bureau of Soils.

There are 8,000,000 farms in the United States, 2,500,000 of these containing more than 100 acres.

Cuba is protesting an increase in sugar tariff because it would cause hardship to the sugar industry of that country and might affect trade relations with the United States. In 1920 Cuba bought $470,000,000 worth of goods of the United States.

Huge losses are caused growers and shippers annually through the freezing of fruit and vegetables in transit, and in an effort to overcome this the Department of Agriculture has made a long series of tests of heating equipment for use in both refrigerator and ordinary box cars. Service tests will soon be completed and shippers given the benefit of the experiments.

Experts of the Department of Agriculture have discovered a heretofore unknown substance in soil. They have called it "ultraclay."

Co-operative work among North Carolina farmers is said to have saved the growers $75,000 to $100,000 on their potato crop.

Beet growers from nine states—Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado and Utah—are planning a national association.

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Briefly Told

In education the United States occupies ninth place, which means that most of the civilized world is ahead of us, according to official report of the House Committee on Education.

It is estimated coal men extorted one and one-half billion dollars from the public during 1920.

Siberia produces more fur than any other region in the world, North America being second.

Forty-four hundred persons committed suicide in Hungary during 1920. In addition there were more than 10,000 unsuccessful attempts at suicide.

The West Virginia state penitentiary will soon be self-supporting. A coal mine on state property will be operated by the prisoners. The new mine is now within eight feet of a vein of fine coal which underlies 165 acres of the prison farm.

Breweries of Zurich are using Austrian one-crown bills as labels for beer bottles. They find this to be a paying proposition for the reason that people eagerly collect the banknote labels in the hope that the crown may rise from its present value of a quarter of a cent.

It costs more to send a bale of goods by truck across Manhattan than to ship the same bale from New York to Buenos Aires.

The world's highest peak lies in Tibet north of the British Indian border and no European has ever approached nearer than 69 miles from its base so far as is known. Sir Francis Younghusband, the British soldier-explorer, will attempt to climb to its summit next summer.

The 1920 value of Canada's fur farm industry is placed at $3,968,591.

The Japanese Empire consists of 260,000 square miles, with a population of about 77,000,000.

Sixty per cent of the normal freight carried by all the railroads of the United States consists of the total products of the mines.

Peat contains from 80 to 90 per cent water.

Our present production of hydro-electric power is roughly equivalent to 40,000,000 tons of coal.

A German inventor is said to have perfected a method by means of which he is able to take an ordinary cheap violin and make it the equal or superior in tone to the masterpieces of Stradivarius, provided the violin is unvarnished.

The word "please" used in telegrams alone costs the United States $3,000,000 yearly, yet it is cheap at the price.

More than a third of all our Asiatic imports comes from Japan, and more than half of our exports to the greatest of continents goes to Japan.

Santo Domingo is larger than West Virginia and its interior is untraveled and little known.

Nearly one-third of the cities having dance hall legislation are in the eastern or Atlantic states, most of them in New England. Another third are in the central states; the South has the smallest number.

A large percentage of the mission hospitals of China, of which there are about two hundred and fifty, are destitute of hospital essentials, such as clean clothes, nursing service and pure water.

Argentina is manufacturing paper from a species of bog grass called "paja brava." The grass grows during the entire year and in swampy sections it has been considered a nuisance.

Our supply of lignite coal amounts to about 20,000 tons per capita.

We annually consume around six hundred billion cubic feet of natural gas, which is twice the volume produced by all the gas works and coke ovens in the country.

America produces ninety per cent of the world's output of Indian corn.

Every fire truck in Shanghai has a wireless telephone outfit to communicate with the station to which it is attached.

The State Department issued 164,354 passports during 1920.

An edict against the wearing of short skirts and the displaying of arms has been issued by the city magistrate of Shanghai. In future offenders will be arrested and fined.

Sweet potatoes are used as silage in the South.

An electric fan has been invented fitted with a combination powerful heater having a nichrome element. Thus it may be used to blow a current of heated air which will raise the temperature of a room quickly.

A thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas will lift sixty-eight pounds.

Flour, sand or dirt is the most effective extinguisher of gasoline or oil fires. The use of water only spreads the flames.

There are about 336,000 Indians in this country, exclusive of Alaska, distributed among some 130 reservations, of which 180,000 are full-fledged citizens of the United States.

The first "dry" year has cost the United States Government and the various state governments about $1,000,000,000 in loss of internal revenue taxes and in cost of enforcement.

Nickel steel with a platinum covering is being used to displace platinum wire in incandescent lights.

Shark fishing on the Pacific Coast is being developed into an industry. Near Vancouver Island sharks are caught at a depth of 125 feet. Many of them are 35 feet long, and are known as mud sharks, not man-eaters. The skins and livers are utilized similar to the methods in vogue on the Atlantic Coast.

A new railroad in Ecuador from Quito to the coast will make accessible about one million acres of fertile lands covered with virgin forests, situated about 9,000 feet above sea level, with a good climate and the land generally level.

Among the persons arrested in Washington, D. C., during the past year were two diplomats, one Congressman, one hundred reporters, eighteen editors, one professor, 248 army officers, forty-one ministers—and forty-eight policemen.

All mail sent by airplane is wrapped in an asbestos cloth container that is fastened to the plane by thin steel strips and screws. The fireproof bag has been tested and after treatment in an intense fire the contents were found intact.

The number of ex-service men who have taken advantage of the benefits offered by the Federal Board for Vocational Education during the last fiscal year has increased from 3,606 to more than 46,000.

Alaska bought more thrift stamps per capita in 1920 than any state in the Union.

During 1919 there were 1,040,000 marriages in the United States and only 70,000 new dwellings completed.

Since the United States went dry the British liquor exports have tripled. Canada, the Bahamas and the West Indies are the importers.

One-fourth of the world's savings is held by the inhabitants of the United States.

The average meat consumption of the world is 39 pounds a head. The American and the Australian eat about 180 pounds a head and the Englishman about 120 pounds.

Havana is farther west than Cleveland and Nome, Alaska, is farther west than Hawaii.

Almost every variety of iron ore has been found in New Zealand.

The Delaware state senate has passed a bill making the penalty for highway robbery while armed twenty years' imprisonment and a fine of $500 and forty lashes on the bare back.

More than a third of the 435 members of the House of Representatives at Washington have one or more relatives on the House pay roll as their own clerks, stenographers or secretaries. Many of these relatives actually perform no service at all and some do not even live in Washington and never have been there.

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Where Co-operation Starts at High Speed
Minnesota farmers combine to sell potatoes

Selling Texas Cattle by United States Mail
Buyer not permitted to pick, but scheme wins

The Community Drying Plant Is Successful
A little story of the work of a women's club

Jewish Supremacy in Motion Picture World
How film-land was conquered by Jews

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What an Individual Owes a City—and Paying It
What a director of public welfare has discovered

Where Co-operation Starts at High Speed

Minnesota Farmers Combine to Market Potatoes

By EARL CHRISTMAS

IF YOU don't appreciate how readily farmers may solve their own marketing problems in large measure, a visit to Minnesota will prove instructive. There, in a state that has been a pioneer in co-operative enterprise, you will find the Minnesota Potato Exchange. Now, the potato exchange is an infant as far as age is concerned, but potentially it's a young giant, eloquent of the new-found power of the farmers through organized effort. Perhaps no group of farmers, to anticipate this story somewhat, has been able to get such far-reaching results in a short time. And no new-fangled laws were necessary.

Launched by a small group of farmers in the winter and spring of 1920, the Minnesota Potato Exchange came into existence on the jump. It had the pledges of thirty local shipping associations of potato growers—not a very pretentious number—and that was about all, except a conviction that the growers could save money by shipping and marketing their own crops.

In six months seventy additional local shipping associations of potato growers in all sections of the state had been organized and affiliated with the central exchange. Five thousand potato growers had pledged their crops to the new venture in farmer marketing.

Meeting in Wadena, Minnesota, July 12 to 21, 1920, the growers perfected a permanent organization, and when their crop was almost ready for the market, went about the task of setting up the machinery to market it. Just then, they were not very many jumps ahead of the game. First thing, they had to have a manager. Looking around for a man who knew the problems of the farmers, they employed A. W. Aamodt, county agent of Beltrami County. That was on July 21. Aamodt took the first train for Michigan, and spent a week studying the system of the Michigan Potato Exchange.

Returning to Minneapolis, he opened state headquarters of the exchange there August 1. And there were few jumps to spare. One week later, the first of the Minnesota potato crop, shipped and sold by the producers, was going through the exchange. And producer-marketed potatoes have been going to market in rapidly increasing volume ever since in Minnesota.

Early in January, more than $1,700,000 worth of potatoes had been marketed through the exchange, and officials of the new organization, surveying the amounts pledged by the local associations, estimated that the year's business of the exchange would reach $4,000,000—not so bad for the first season.

Approximately one-fourth of the Minnesota crop is being marketed through the exchange. By January, more than 2,000 cars of potatoes had been sold through it, and thousands of dollars had been saved to the producers. Prices paid farmers were ranging from 10 to 30 cents a hundred pounds higher than private shippers were paying, while there was no way of estimating the extent to which competition of the farmers' organizations had forced up prices of the private buyers in most of the potato producing centers. Next year, there will be fully 150 local associations of growers in the exchange, according to its officials, and from one-third to one-half of the Minnesota crop will be marketed through the exchange.

That's how fast co-operative projects get under way in Minnesota.

Incidentally, Minnesota commands attention when it comes to co-operative marketing. Products marketed by the various co-operative enterprises in the state run from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 a year in value. A. D. Wilson, director of the extension division of the Minnesota College of Agriculture, is authority for that statement. He placed the value of live stock marketed through co-operative shipping associations at $70,000,000 a year, and the annual business of the co-operative creameries at $50,000,000 a year.

John D. Black, of the division of research in agricultural economics at the college of agriculture, who has made a survey of the co-operative organizations of the farmers in the state recently, put the number at 3,638. Of this number, 1,747 are marketing associations purely; 190 are producers' associations; 335, buying organizations; 170, financial, and the rest are miscellaneous.

In 1919, Mr. Black reported, co-operative live stock shipping associations handled 59.6 per cent of the live stock shipped to the South St. Paul market from Minnesota farms. W. A. McKerrow, secretary of the Minnesota Central Co-operative Farmers' Live Stock Shipping Associations, says there are now 550 such local associations in the state, and that they are handling fully 80 per cent of the live stock shipped to South St. Paul from Minnesota farms.

Of these co-operative enterprises, Mr. Black discovered further:

There are 427 elevators, shipping 39 per cent of the grain shipped in the crop year of 1918-19.

There are 668 creameries, which made 63 per cent of the butter in Minnesota in 1918.

In other words, co-operative marketing is in the air in Minnesota. So it was no great wonder that the potato growers caught the fever. But selling potatoes was different from selling wheat or live stock. There was no convenient exchange or market offering at one point the advantages of world prices. So the potato growers, early in their organization efforts, decided to overcome this handicap as far as possible and incidentally go one step further than the other co-operative shipping associations by forming a central selling agency for the whole state. Their marketing machinery would have to reach all the way to the retailer, they decided. And practically, that is the thing the Minnesota potato growers have accomplished in these few months.

But quite as interesting as the speed with which the exchange has been developed, is the affect of the venture on prices paid by other buyers of potatoes.

"Owing to inadequate facilities, the association at Blackduck had to stop taking potatoes," Mr. Aamodt said. "Prices dropped 20 cents immediately. At East Grand Forks, it was the same way. The warehouse there became piled so full that the association had to quit buying for a day. Prices paid by other buyers dropped 25 cents.

"North Branch was one of the poorest paid points in the whole potato producing area. After the co-operative association went into the business, the other dealers not only came up on their prices, but actually paid 10 cents more than the Chicago market to get potatoes. Jasper, where one of the new associations was formed, was getting 20 to 25 cents more for potatoes than farmers at surrounding towns where there were no co-operative associations.

"Where there were no co-operative associations, the farmers could hardly sell their potatoes at all many times."

Hugh J. Hughes, director of markets of the state department of agriculture, late in the year sent out an inquiry to all county agents in the state as to prices paid at co-operative and non-co-operative points.

"The co-operative market prices quoted indicated an average price covering the last ten days in October of $1.0125," Mr. Hughes said, summing up his findings. "Compared with this, the non-co-operative prices show an average of $.9185. The spread amounts to $.093.

"The widest spread between co-operative and non-co-operative prices appears at points where there is no competition. In some instances the variance was as much as 25 or 30 cents, and in one case 40 cents. Where competition is active between the private shippers and the co-operative organizations, the spread is much narrower. This indicates, in the opinion of the department, that the creation of the state-wide exchange has had the effect of bringing up the prices to the farmer at competitive points. The benefit of such price increase, of course, goes to all farmers in the trade area.

"Assuming an exportable group of 20,000,000 bushels (12,000,000 cwt.), the spread of $.093 per cwt., indicates that had all the potatoes of the state been marketed around November 1, the co-operative price level would have given the farmers $1,096,000 more than the non-co-operative price.

"Since approximately one-fourth of the potatoes are being marketed co-operatively through the exchange, one-fourth of this amount, or $274,000, may be regarded as the direct saving to the farmers through the use of co-operative marketing. This does not take into consideration the general boosting upward of prices, due to the competition between co-operative and non-co-operative buyers. In this saving, not only the farmers using the exchange, but all the farmers in the state benefit."

Private dealers have been forced to take narrower and narrower margins. Officials of the exchange estimate that the exchange has put more than a million dollars into the pockets of the farmers through this general upward boosting of prices.

"You know there are two theories of co-operative enterprise," Mr. Hughes explained. "One is that you must control enough of the crop to constitute a virtual monopoly and be able practically to set a price. The other theory is that, as long as you have a guaranteed quantity, whether big or little, you will get the best price the market can bring, and benefit not only the farmers co-operating, but their neighbors as well.

"Co-operative marketing is cutting down local expenses in the potato industry. But more than that, it is tending to stabilize prices. It is the same in other lines of co-operative marketing. When co-operative marketing has developed sufficiently, you will have this situation—the producer, with a certain part of the year's crop pledged, will go to the consumer and say, 'How much will you give for the crop?'

"Producer and consumer will agree on a price. Everything is working in that direction. Co-operative organizations are springing up in the producing end of the game to sell more effectively, and in the consuming end of the cycle to buy more effectively. More and more we are coming to eliminate the middleman. As co-operative marketing develops, seasonal fluctuations in prices will decrease. Temporary inability to get cars and like factors will have less affect on markets. Buying will be over longer periods and in bigger quantities.

"Particularly in the potato industry has the farmer been subject to the uncertainties of a local market. The Potato Exchange, placing right at the jump one-fourth of the state's crop in the hands of a single selling agency, and opening up to the farmers daily the markets of the entire country, already has done wonders toward stabilizing prices and getting for each farmer the best that the season's market affords."

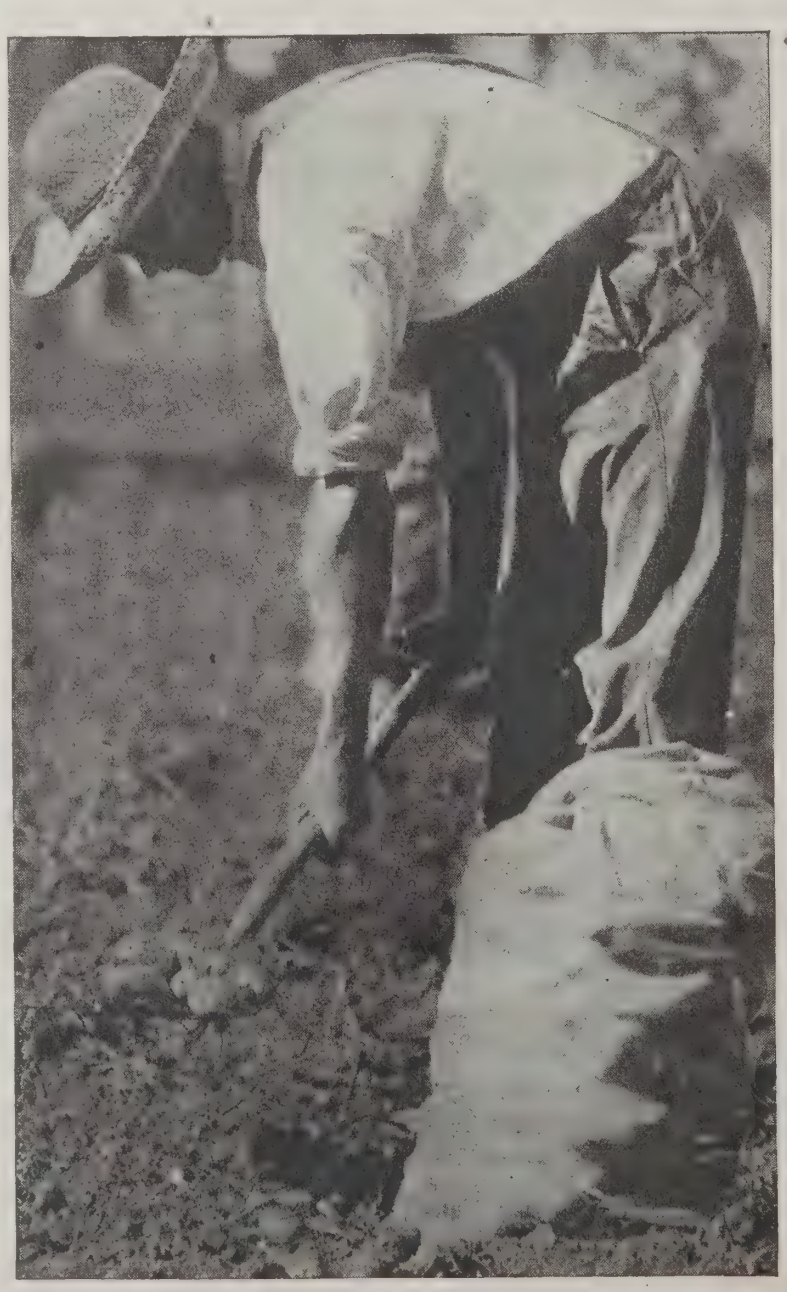
The Minnesota Potato Exchange is entirely under producer ownership and control. Real "dirt" farmers, men who grow potatoes, are its officers and directors. Each grower pledges his crop to the exchange. At present products are distributed through a private company under contract. There is a growing movement, however, to develop a big, national distributive organization, serving all the various co-operative fruit and farm industries.

Each evening Aamodt wires markets over the country the quantities of potatoes to be shipped the next morning and asks for bids. To the best bidders he directs the shipments, sending the cars direct from the local association to the retailer or jobber making the purchase. All the potatoes are pooled by the growers. In other words, if one retailer buys a car at a high figure, and other cars must be sold at a lower figure, one grower gets no more than the others. Each gets the best the market offers on that particular day. If there are profits above the nominal handling charge, the farmers get the dividends.

"That first week was a wild one," Mr. Aamodt said. "We had to build up our whole organization and get ready for the potato shipments in six days. It sure kept us jumping. Now, we are able to catch our breath for the first time."

But the working of the exchange did not reveal the speed with which this $4,000,000 a year enterprise came into being. The infant was acting very much like a veteran.

Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin produce annually more than 90,000,000 bushels of potatoes, almost a fourth of the total production in the United States. With a successful exchange already in existence in Michigan and the new enterprise in Minnesota, farmers in these states soon will be performing a very considerable portion of the job of marketing their own potatoes.



Formerly the farmer considered he had done all he could do when he dug his potatoes. Now, in Minnesota, he is going a step further and marketing them in co-operation with his neighbors.

"Western Stuff"—By JOHN B. WALLACE





Harry Carey's ranch during a neighborhood party. Carey and his horse "Dynamite" are shown marked by crosses. The picturesque Carey is at the right in a close-up.

THERE has always been an unfailing source of comment for paragraphers in the fact that so many if not the majority of our western tales filled with long-haired bad men with innumerable notches on their "weepons," howling redskins and gamblers appareled in undertaker clothes were written by bald-headed and gray-thatched pen pushers residing along the Atlantic Coast who placed Pittsburgh and Buffalo as the frontiers of civilization.

But when it came to the movies the lover of this class of literature thought that at last he was getting the real thing. Surely those cowboys, anyway, could not be faked. They must be the survivors of the inexorable march of civilization. Why, look at the way they ride, rope cattle and roll cigarets with one hand. But alas, for illusions!

The other day I saw them filming a scene from a western drama out at Hollywood in California in which the hero was a cowboy, born and raised on the East Side in New York, the script was written by a native of Boston and the scene was being directed by a man from Maine. The only westerners on the lot were the writer, who was born in Wisconsin, and the camera man who claimed Ohio as his birthplace.

While this particular play was being shot in the West thus providing the western atmosphere, at least, it is an axiom among the studios that most of the western stories are filmed in the East and most of the eastern stories are taken in the West. It keeps the railroads busy hauling potted palms and other tropical shrubbery back to the eastern studios and returning with loads of Maine and New England stuff.

As a matter of fact, I know of no actor who has become popular through playing western leads, who is a real product of the great plains. Some of the cowboys used in minor rôles and in posses and ranch scenes are the real article but the heroes and even the villains are taken from reel and not real life. And when you think of it, this is only natural.

It would be indeed remarkable if a ranch hand could be seduced from his job of herding a bunch of longhorns and converted into a star before the camera. It takes an actor with years of training in the art to make good in the pictures. It is far easier to teach an actor to throw a rope and ride a horse than it would be to train a cowboy in the art of acting.

Thus we have in Harry Carey, perhaps the most popular exponent of the western thriller on the screen, or at least he shares that honor with Bill Hart and Tom Mix, a cowboy hero who was born in New York City, whose father is a judge of the Court of Special Sessions and who has, himself, been admitted to the bar.

Carey is a graduate of the City College, New York. He intended to become a lawyer but the lure of the stage proved to be too much for him. That old classic melodrama, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was his first vehicle although he failed to confide to me whether he played Simon Legree or the bloodhounds baying behind the scenes as Eliza crosses the ice.

He later drifted into stock and at one time took out his own road show in which he was the leading man. And then came the motion pictures to lift him out of obscurity as they have many an actor and actress who was only mediocre on the speaking stage.

Carey broke into the movies with Blanche Sweet who also was destined to stardom in the new medium for dramatic expression. One of his first parts called for him to ride a horse. Carey had done a little riding in riding school in New York but to ride like one is taught in a riding academy and to ride like a western cowboy are two different things. Carey had to learn to ride and by the time he had learned he had begun to like it. Today, he is considered one of the best riders in the business. It was the same in learning to rope cattle.

In learning western ways, however, Carey has become a real westerner. Thirty miles from the studio where he works, in the hills north of Los Angeles, he homesteaded a ranch of 160 acres. There on his ranch and on neighboring government land he runs a herd of Herefords. And also—though tell it not to a real cattleman—he has a flock of sheep.

Thus he manages to keep his cowboys employed when not working in pictures. Carey is a regular fellow with none of the up-stage airs so characteristic of newly-made screen stars. He is very popular with his neighbors around his ranch and several times a month he gives a big party to which everyone in the country is invited. They are regular old-fashioned hoe-downs with the old fiddler and all the local color.

Because of his versatility Carey is destined to long years of popularity. He can act the polished gentleman as well as the untamed cowboy. When he gets through with the screen he is going to practice law and devote his spare time to developing his ranch.

The Sugar-Eat

WHEN the backbone of the winter is broken, and the sun has power enough to thaw the snow in the middle of the day, although it freezes again at night, then come the days of sugar-making. On the hills where the maple trees grow, the sugar-maker is found. He taps the trees, drives in a spigot, and places a bucket underneath to catch the fast-dripping sap. Twice a day the sap is gathered, and then boiled in huge pans until the consistency of sugar is reached.

Then it is that the young men and maidens throughout the district where the sugar is made, have merry times. Almost nightly a "Sugar-Eat" is held. When a large number is expected a hall is used; with smaller gatherings, a private house.

Maple syrup is placed in a kettle on the stove and boiled, and the girls take turns in watching and stirring the pot.

It is the duty of the boys to fill large pans with snow, which are then placed upon tables down the length of the room. When the syrup in the kettle has reached the proper consistency, it is poured upon the snow and, equipped with forks, the company range themselves on either side of the tables, and eat the "wax" before it hardens.

Those evenings when the "Sugar-Eats" were held were full of sweetness. Even the temper of the grouchiest man or woman there seemed to imbibe some of the prevailing spirit.

I could not help thinking, as my memory went back to the last "Eat" I attended, what a delightful thing it would be if we could occasionally have a "Sugar-Eat" in life; a period of time when nothing sour or unhappy could creep in.

Think of a whole day where there was nothing but sweetness! Even if the milkman did not arrive in time for breakfast; and the cars were so crowded that you had to stand; and the elevator ran past your floor when you were in a hurry to get in on time!

"A dream of Utopia," you say! Yes, perhaps! And yet, for a few hours on a certain evening those country people forgot the weariness of the unceasing grind of their lives, and the long, dark days of the winter months, gone and to come, and gave themselves up to the sweetness derived from the life of the maple tree, and felt all the better for it.

It wouldn't do any harm to start a little individual "Sugar-Eat" of your own some day, and see what happens. It's worth trying!

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 17, February 19, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Sense About Immigration

JUST now there is a concerted and persistent confusing of the public mind on the subject of immigration. Pseudo-patriots are tickling the ears of the groundlings by sonorous assertion to the effect that America owes its greatness to its widely opened door and its welcome in the past to the poor and oppressed of other lands. We are bombarded by reminders of the obvious. With the exception of the red skins, we are told all of us are "immigrants," even if several generations removed. In the United States Senate, one of our grave and reverend seignors has risen in his place and proclaimed that the "literacy test" would have excluded his own sainted and noble father. To the waving of the Stars and Stripes and the strains of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," pressmen and platformers strive to make us feel that to favor restrictions or regulations likely to "keep out the immigrant" is somehow to be churlish and un-American—perhaps tainted with some narrow and foolish prejudice, some "anti-Semitism."

It is refreshing, therefore, to find the whole subject treated with the sense and simplicity that pervades "Immigration and the Future," by Frances Kellor, probably the greatest immigration authority in America. Contrary to widely accepted theories, put forth by those whose assurance is in inverse ratio to their actual knowledge of the subject, Miss Kellor takes the ground that the immigrant problem is an excrescence which will not be absorbed into the body politic, but that it is more likely to spread and in time thoroughly poison the entire citizenship, exactly as any large number of foreign bodies will disturb and disease any living unit, be it a single human unit or a country of such units.

Israel Zangwill's play of that name, made "the melting pot" a sort of magical phrase. It has almost come to be adopted as an explanation of the miracle of assimilation and Americanization. But even the metallurgist uses some selection in regard to the chemical combinations he attempts in his crucible. And he usually tries out his experiments in a laboratory before turning the whole country into one big fiery furnace.

Somewhat on this line is the solution offered by Miss Kellor. She would create a board of men and women who are experts in immigration, experts in foreign conditions and the human tendencies of the world's citizenship. Under our present methods, practically no effort is made in the direction of actual selection and assimilation of the immigrant. From his landing on Ellis Island, he is surrounded by his own racial atmosphere and remains alien, and often antagonistically alien to American institutions.

The Buyers' Boycott

ABOUT the most hopeful sign of a return to "normalcy" is the success of the buyers' boycott evidenced in the fact that at last retail prices are coming down all along the line. Hardly a day passes without the announcement of welcome, if tardy, surrender on the part of middlemen and retailers to the determination of the buying public to hold off on purchases as long as high prices reigned.

This country is far from being alone in its present experience of business depression. From France, Great Britain and Belgium come reports of stress in the industrial, economic and financial situation of which uncertainty and anxiety are the keynotes. And in all these countries, it is felt that the only solution of production difficulties lies in a resumption of buying by the public. This, however, is delayed by the determination of the larger part of the purchasing public to bring down prices from levels they believe to be unjustified. Advantage is taken by sensational reductions made by large stores over short periods to get hold of needed cash, but this only palliates the evil. Producers in many instances are urging retailers to make permanent cuts in prices and express a willingness to supply new stocks at prices much below those of last year, to be able to keep mills and factories running. But middlemen who have loaded up at the old prices persist in maintaining the price level.

The remedy of the buyers' boycott is a desperate one at best. Unfortunately, it simply starts a vicious circle. Decline in the demand for goods by the ultimate consumer, causes, in short order, reductions and cancellations of orders by retailers, then by jobbers. Production ceasing to be profitable, factories are obliged to shut down; men are thrown out of employment and the falling off in demand through lack of purchasing power is further intensified.

On either side of the Atlantic abnormal rates of exchange caused in part by grave disturbances in the normal balance between exports and imports—but made decidedly worse by the speculation on exchange which offers to market gamblers such temptations to make easy money—is largely responsible for trade dullness. With the dollar costing three or four times as many francs as it did before the war and the pound sterling worth at least a third less, French and British buyers are largely shut out of our market. In the degree that American manufacturers are deprived of the export outlet for surplus production, they are forced to reduce production. Reduced production means, of course, hard times and high prices.

It boots little to be reminded that dull and disturbed economic conditions prevailed for nearly seven years following the close of our Civil War and so, comparatively speaking, we are doing well. Progress is an empty phrase if we do not know more than did our fathers and grandfathers concerning the possibilities of intelligent control and direction of economic conditions. The truth is that only very recently we demonstrated on a tremendous scale the possibility of preventing or meeting and correcting conditions which if uncontrolled make for disorder and distress. Throughout fifty-one months of the most destructive war in all history, we were enabled to maintain normal parity of exchange rates and, despite an almost cataclysmic disturbance of normal conditions, to finance war efforts on an unparalleled scale of expenditure. The needs of the emergency were perceived in the very first weeks of the war and the financiers and governments of the Allies got together and adopted measures that made it possible to avert financial and economic panic and disaster. Why not get together now? Is it because certain groups of international manipulators of money find it more profitable to fish in troubled than in clear waters?

Muscle Shoals Again

IN THE annual sundry civil appropriations bill recently reported to the Senate out of committee, and involving a total expenditure of the people's money of $410,921,000—which is an increase of $28,437,000 over the House total—there is one particular item which will bear watching. This is an additional appropriation of $10,000,000 for the hydraulic power project at Muscle Shoals, Alabama.

Testimony taken before the House Select Committee on War Expenditure a year ago tends strongly to show that this project, which has already cost the people millions of dollars, was originally conceived and carried out principally, if not wholly, in the interests of the nitrate trust. Advantage was taken of the nation's war need of nitrates for explosives to persuade the government to go into enormously expensive construction work at that point. It was brought out that the actual quantity of nitrates produced was a mere flea-bite compared with the money spent on the project, and spent in a wildly wasteful and extravagant manner. The contractors had steadily in mind the post-war use of the plant in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers. The Secretary of War, however, took the ground that the plant would have immense national importance in any program of preparedness for the next big war.

The Senate appears to have been more appreciative of this argument than was the House, which refused to vote the ten millions. We have long been accustomed to regard the "Upper House" as a sort of safe and sane balance wheel in our legislative system. Has the time come when we must depend upon the House of Representatives for truly conservative thought and action, and look to it to check the "haste and heedlessness" of the Senate? Or are the same interests that stood behind the Senate rejection of the Johnston immigration measure also behind this attempted raid on the national treasury in the interests of the nitrate trust?

Should War Debts Be Cancelled?

WILLIAM J. BRYAN and Austen Chamberlain, British chancellor of the exchequer, seem to be of the same opinion as to what should be done with the inter-Allied war debts. Both would wipe out the debts with a sponge, much as that Missouri statesman, Richard A. Bland, some years ago proposed that we should wipe out our own national debt. Mr. Chamberlain reveals the fact that about a year ago the British Government formally proposed such a cancellation, but that the proposal fell through because it was unacceptable to the American Government. Incidentally, he makes it appear that Uncle Sam is playing a far less chivalric rôle than is John Bull, in that the British would have foregone claims much larger than any remitted to them, "seeking no national advantage and believing the proposal would be in the interest of good relations among the allied peoples, the rehabilitation of national credit and the restoration of international trade."

The sum total of these inter-Allied debts is estimated at about sixty billion dollars. This, by an odd coincidence, is just about the total demanded from Germany by way of reparations. Whatever money Germany "lent" to her allies, Turkey, Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria, she has perforce forgiven them. Germany's own war costs probably exceeding by two to one the war expenditure of France, Britain or America, were raised by taxation and by loans floated among her own people. In addition to the nearly ten billions of dollars lent to the Allies by the United States, our people subscribed liberally to French, British, Italian and Belgian war loans, while our own war loans came entirely out of the pockets of our own people.

We have shown no disposition to press our European debtors. On the contrary, we have deferred for three years the payment of the first year's interest and shown a disposition to grant further time if needed. It is to be taken into account, however, that the actual war expenditure of the United States during our nineteen months of participation in the conflict was nearly double the actual expenditure of France during the entire fifty-one months of the war. Our industries are today staggering under an unprecedented burden of taxation imposed by that expenditure. There is no doubt that, in so far as the wiping out of the inter-Allies' debts would help to bring about a rehabilitation of international trade, America would benefit in the long run. Accepting Mr. Chamberlain's assertion that Britain would lose more than she would gain by the operation, it is clear that France would be enormously helped. And remembering how enormously France's manhood sacrifice in the war outweighs that of any other of the Allies and remembering France's pressing need for help at this very moment, no one can doubt her claims on our fullest consideration.

But while we are forgiving debts, let us be forgiving all round. France owes to Great Britain and the United States some ten billions of dollars. If France is forgiven ten billions of debts by the Allies, would she be willing to reduce her bill against Germany by a like amount? And if not, why not?

Capital Punishment

ONE of the aftermaths of the late war is the wave of crime which has swept the country and which no amount of police vigilance seems able to suppress. For four years men were engaged in the work of destruction. All the values so carefully built up through the centuries were demolished, all the moral restraints broken down. In short, all the rules by which civilization protects itself were thrown into the discard and an entirely new set, the fundamental purpose of which was to destroy, rather than to construct, were set up in their place. Weak minds could not stand that test. They warped in the heat of the trial. Nor were they the only ones to suffer. All mankind suffered from the sudden lowering of standards.

This ground cannot be regained at once. Retracing our steps, rebuilding our shattered ideals, resurrecting respect for law and order will take time.

Meanwhile it seems rather foolish for some state legislatures to be considering the question of instituting capital punishment as a means of checking crime. There is considerable doubt, in the first place, as to whether capital punishment lessens crime and there is more doubt over the advisability of destroying our whole system of penology, built up so painstakingly during the last few generations.

If we are on the right track in our efforts to reform as well as to punish the criminal, if we are correct in our belief that society profits most in the long run when those who break its laws are treated humanely, then it is foolish indeed to allow an exceptional and temporary condition to upset all this for the sole purpose of a brief revenge.

Mr. Ford's Page

AMONG the dishonest ways of getting along is the practice of working on the self-esteem of men by praising them to such a point that they feel inclined to favor you. Some crooks chloroform their victims to rob them; others just suffocate their good judgment with praise. The first method has at least the virtue of directness; the second, even at its best, is suspiciously on the other side of frankness.

We have developed in this country a habit which must be modified by honesty, and that is the habit of back-slapping and indiscriminate boosting, the glad hand and the oily compliment. These never did go down with men of hard horse sense, but they had a considerable and pernicious influence on young men, because young men naturally thought that this was the standard way to do things.

Now, this is a situation which more mature business men have observed with something of impatience and something of misgiving. It must not be assumed, however, that they regretted to see a more human tone come in business relations. Nor must it be assumed that they protest because their ideal of a business man is one who is strong as steel and just as cold, who cannot be bent, nor even melted except in the hottest fires.

There is just the danger, that returning from the orgie of back-slapping and artificial good fellowship which has marked the last few years—the era in which the "smooth" person "got by"—we shall revert to the opposite extreme of coldness and brutality. Not at all. Extremes are always to be avoided. But whatever the attitude, *sincerity* is desirable about all things. And it is just the lack of *sincerity* which made so much of this praise-mongering to be nauseating to plain men.

There are two great barriers to the free intercourse of minds, to absolute transparency of conduct, and they are, first, a designing attitude toward another; and second, that which the designing attitude breeds, namely, su ion in the mind of the man against wh n the design is laid. They are both unw holesome mentally, and disruptive socially. They constitute the major part of the silent warfare of life.

Now, all men like praise. If a man says he doesn't, he should examine himself again. He may not like to be praised to his face. He may be irritated by the fawning form in which praise is offered him. He may be angered by his knowledge that the offered praise is insincere and has an ulterior motive. He may be sickened by the hollowness of it. A man who had done something very well was once pained by the praise he received. He said, "They all praised me for the wrong thing." They had not considered his work enough to see the real point in it. And what he wanted was not the sticky sweetness of personal compliments, but discriminating and appreciative consideration of his work.

All men like their good work to be praised—but that is quite a different thing. There is something normal and wholesome about friends being able to meet frankly in consideration of a piece of work.

So, if a man says he dislikes praise, he must define what he means. When a man is able to praise his own work to himself, to behold the work of his hand and take pleasure in it, he is taking praise, just as much as if he eagerly drank in compliments spoken by another.

Now, the evil of life consists in all these wholesome and pleasurable sensibilities being misused to selfish ends. No matter what department of human nature you look into, the evil you see comes from selfish misuse. And so men have brought in evil through the gate of praise.

If you see that a man's weakness is flattery, and you take advantage of that to manipulate his judgment and his will, you are following precisely the same tactics as the man who sees another's purse conveniently exposed, and takes it.

If you see that a man is built of such malleable material that a friendly, complimentary advance disarms him and lays him open to your power, and you deliberately thus disarm him for the accomplishment of your design whatever it may be, good or bad, you are working along a dangerous line; you are exalting yourself to a place which no human being is entitled to assume toward another for reasons of profit. It is a serious thing to descend to this kind of strategy or trickery even for the best purposes.

No one takes these tactics without sacrificing a great deal of sincerity. And besides, they are not necessary. There is nothing that this sort of strategy can accomplish, that frankness, honesty of purpose and even blunt truthfulness of statement cannot better accomplish. The straight open way is healthier for the mind of the man who is making the advance, and it cements a better relation with the man who is being advanced upon.

Now, inasmuch as there are still in the world many hold-overs from the last régime who still trust in the strategy of the tongue, it is just as well that young men, especially young business men, should be on their guard. Instinctively, the majority of them are. There is something inside the normal human being—a sort of spiritual submarine detector—which warns of the approach of hollow words. Many lies are told: very few lies get across. Many deceptions are planned; comparatively few succeed. The interior detector sounds an alarm in most people. They are protected.

But there is among young men a native kindness which prevents them revealing the impostor to himself. When it is said that very few lies get across, that is true; but the liar does not know it; people whose detector warns them do not always tell him what they think. They sometimes act as if they believed the lie—and so, insincerity creeps in from the other side, too.

The young business man will more fully trust the older man who does not flatter him and who does not follow his flattery with presumptions on the young man's favor. Thousands of people are that way: they pay a compliment, and they believe that constitutes an admission ticket to special privileges. Deny them the privilege, and they go away saying quite opposite things about the person they hoped to "work." It is the meanest kind of cadging, this passing of compliments, and then waiting until the complimented man is so committed by the reception of the praises that he cannot say "no" without embarrassment. That is the meanest kind of trickery. But young men who have been tricked that way soon learn the technique of it and are on their guard.

A certain delicacy of character would teach the self-seeking person that it is a vast presumption to offer praise to anyone, and the only consideration that can justify it is its sincerity and unselfishness. Otherwise, it is a profanation of one of the finest forms of human relationship.

If a young man in business is wise he will pay less attention to those who flatter his self-esteem, and more to those who stir his energies. A good, well-balanced critic who is looking to the success of the work and not to the feelings of the men who may be at the head of it, is the best kind of friend for a young business man to have. And if the young business man is keen he will see that such a one's interest and attention is the most real, yet the most delicate form of friendship and praise. It is strong. It is based on frankness. *AND* it will be there though failure and unfavorable criticism overwhelm the project.

Divide between your flatterers and your friends, and you already have a chart by which to sail.

THE meanest kind of thief is the man who steals another's good judgment by flattering him. Some people are so susceptible to praise that, like stroked kittens, they just lie down and roll over whenever they are offered a compliment. The difference between the flatterer and a friend is that the former wants to buy something with pleasant words, and the latter wants to share his mind with you. There has been altogether too much dependence on "smooth talk" in business. If money had depreciated in value as much as words have, there would be very little business done. A man's word of praise ought to be as sound and as good as his word of promise, and that ought to be as good as his bond. The only thing that justifies a compliment these days is that it be detached from any form of self-seeking.

What an Individual Owes a City

By DANIEL F. GARLAND

WRITING material was scarce in the days when Benjamin Van Cleve sat in his log cabin and recorded the events of his village in a rough blank book. Time was precious and it was only in the evenings that he found moments to do his scribbling. The cabin was crudely lighted, and the wavering flame of a tallow dip scarcely sufficed to supplement the blazing brush fire on the hearth. Benjamin could sit with his diary on his knees, while often the hunters babbled around him, relating the experiences of the day. But, despite poor illumination, despite pressure for time and despite interruptions, Benjamin Van Cleve kept up his diary for twenty-six years—a diary which, in modern times, has served as a pioneer history of the city of Dayton.

Fifty years later another notebook played a part in the development of the Ohio city. Benjamin Van Cleve's son John was a bachelor. The village to which his father had come as a pioneer to bring civilization to the Ohio Valley, was now a good-sized town—a town which took the place of home and family to Benjamin Van Cleve, the original settler. John Van Cleve's heart interest was wrapped in its welfare, and the stately old gentleman rarely went forth for a stroll without carrying with him a small memorandum. Between its covers he jotted down suggestions—suggestions for municipal improvement. His eyes would rove up and down the landscape, an idea would strike him, and it would be recorded before he had a chance to forget. It was he who planted the tall rows of trees on the main street, the levee and the boulevard. To his enthusiasm Dayton owes the starting of its public library system. From his private shelves, John Van Cleve loaned book lovers his choicest volumes.

The picture of these two pioneer examples of municipal loyalty reverts to mind when the subject is brought up of what an individual owes his city.

The majority of average-minded persons seem to believe they do a city a great favor when they select it as their place of abode, and that in return the city owes them the debt—that it should prove its gratitude by rendering utility and public conveniences.

Every individual owes something to his or her city. Some owe more, some owe less. There are men and women who have derived nearly all their success from the city in which they make their home—the city furnishing the field for their life work.

The individual in these days is beginning to realize and to discharge this debt of obligation. However, a very large majority of people still pay taxes with scowls and complaints. They literally grab all they can from city life and hold it in selfish use without regard for others, oblivious as to whether the remainder of the city folk live or die.

There are men who have amassed fortunes by shrewd purchase of central properties which the tax assessor has kept on a low taxation basis, and who have held these properties out of fitting use till they have multiplied in value three-fold, four-fold, ten-fold and even a hundred-fold, and then have pocketed the unearned increment and chuckled while they did it. There are dozens of such citizens in every community who farm the city, but who never enrich it; take everything out of it they can get and put only as much back into it as they legally must.

Some years ago in Dayton, one of the newspapers undertook to exhibit this type of citizenship by showing how much certain downtown properties had been assessed for taxation and for how much they were held by the owner for sale, or how much the owner actually received. One particular piece of property was on the tax duplicate list for just one-seventh of the price for which it had been sold. It had been taxed for $6,000 and had been sold for $42,000. The issue of the paper announcing this state of affairs roused a commotion among the real estate leeches who were sucking the life-blood out of the city, and they put a total quietus on the editor.

Every man owes time, service and money to his community. Instead of likening the city to our servant we should consider ourselves the servants of the city.

The minister, physician and schoolteacher give more for nothing than do any other class of servants. The profession of the physician and minister requires them to answer every demand for need which is made upon them. The teacher, too, sets a high standard of service. Those engaged in these three callings pay their debt more fully to the community than do the majority of men in other walks of life. But on the other hand, the community into which they throw their endeavor furnishes the field in which they earn their livelihood.

Take, as a fourth class, the merchant! His business depends upon the buying power of the public. Continuous employment at a living wage; general health; comfortable and happy homes; and good public utilities go toward trade increase. The merchant, then, should interest himself in everything which will promote these factors. The same demand is upon the banker and the jobber. Flourishing trade depends upon flourishing citizens.

Success for the manufacturer is dependent upon efficiency in man power. Efficient man power cannot be secured in any given community unless that community furnishes good organization in government; adequate, sanitary housing conditions and convenient transportation facilities.

The workman who comes to his bench or machine from a badly ventilated hovel by means of a tumble-down transportation service, realizing, as he works, that his children are not receiving a first-class education, is not the man whose output will be greatest. But the laborer who resides in a "model village" or who is supplied with a comfortable home, the laborer who rests assured that the city government under which he lives is neither extravagant nor inefficient; and who, by means of an up-to-date system of transportation, is not obliged to waste needless time in an over-crowded street car, is the man whose endeavor will go toward enriching the industry in which he is employed. The former can never be a first-class producer of wealth. Therefore, the manufacturer, if he thinks at all, cannot escape realizing a deep sense of obligation to his community.



Dr. D. F. GARLAND, Director Public Welfare at Dayton, Ohio.

In 1914, after twenty-three years of active work as a Lutheran minister, Dr. Daniel Frank Garland retired from the pulpit to become director of the department of public welfare—a new municipal office of the city where he was preaching, Dayton, Ohio. From the first, Dr. Garland has dedicated his life to others, maintaining the high ideals of man's duty to man and attempting to bring about a better social condition of life. He was born in Perry County, Pennsylvania, July 10, 1864. For fifteen years he held a pastorate at Dayton, Ohio. In 1912, Dr. Garland went abroad to study and investigate welfare work, municipal government, and the garden cities of Europe. Two years later he retired from the ministry to bring about a practical application of the theories of which he had preached. He not only served as welfare director, but was trustee and director of social agencies and municipal enterprises, as well as on state boards. It was he who federated the work of municipal charities, and it was he who organized a bureau of municipal research for Dayton. He was one of the seven members of the state commission appointed to investigate health insurance and old age pensions, and is a director of the Ohio state board of efficiency and the Ohio public health association.

Now that we have briefly defined the debt which the capitalist, the employer and the property owner owe to their city, let us consider the case of the employe, the tenant and the person living on an average salary or income. Financial demands upon them may not be so exacting. But that which they cannot give in money may be donated in time and service.

Dayton, for instance, and the city is only used as an example (there are many others like it) has split itself into various sections and neighborhood interest is promoted through what is known as "The East End Citizens League," "The West Side Citizens League" and community clubs and improvement associations for other suburbs. At these informal gatherings neighborhood problems are discussed in an informal manner. Plans for neighborhood betterment are made with the neighbors voicing their sentiments. Dayton is one of many cities which has divided itself into welfare associations. Active participation and active interest in the meetings is a suggestion for payment in part of the municipal obligation, for a discharge of neighborhood duties means, in the end, the accomplishment of the general welfare in the city.

In the days of early Dayton every household possessed a fire bucket which hung on the back porch. In case of a blaze a human chain was stretched from the well to the burning building, while every man, woman and child co-operated to extinguish it before it could do further damage. Nowadays, most communities, even the smaller ones, possess their own fire department, or are near enough to larger cities to summon aid from them. But the story serves as an illustration of community spirit.

Co-operation is as important now as it was then. "United we stand, divided we fall." Numerous cities hold "Clean Up Week." Whole suburbs want to stage decorative campaigns to beautify their localities. In such events—co-operate! Co-operation is one of the ways by which the individual may discharge his debt to the city. Co-operate, if it only means the planting of a flower garden or the painting of a porch. In return for such trivialities property valuations soar and in the end the city has repaid its servitors for their trouble.

Co-operate with your city government. Lend your city officials your loyal support! Neither wealth nor social standing is required for the extension of a helping hand.

Public welfare is a community expression of the spirit of mutual helpfulness. Individuals should feel that the city has a heart as well as a body, that it is a spiritual entity as well as a physical organism. We have a long way to go before we reach the ideal city. It lies far ahead, but it is a goal worth striving for, the city of our dreams, a great center of throbbing life, of light and joy and health and happiness, a city where social justice and the common good are ever the highest objects of human aspiration.

In Dayton a department of public welfare was provided to manage all city charitable, correctional and reformatory agencies; to supervise recreational facilities for the city, including parks and playgrounds, public amusements and entertainments; to promote public health; and to advance public welfare in general. The department was formed in 1914 when Dayton's charter provided for a city manager form of government.

There are too many bureaus and subdivisions in the department of public welfare to discuss them all separately. It includes divisions of health, recreation, parks and correction; and bureaus of legal aid, free employment, medical service, sanitation, laboratory, food inspection and community country clubs. We can only dwell briefly on the undertakings of some of its branches.

Both customers and food handlers are co-operating in friendly spirit with the bureau of food inspection. There are 6,700 food handlers in Dayton. The city's supply of milk is handled by 750 dairies and until this autumn there were twenty-seven slaughter houses which underwent little or no inspection.

Every month the division of health publishes a small bulletin, distributed to the citizens. This bulletin prints long lists of names of dairymen in which they are classified according to their ratings as determined by laboratory tests and investigations; reports on sanitation; analysis of ice cream samples; and restaurants graded along lines of sanitation and cleanliness.

The following story illustrates the spirit of mutual helpfulness with which these bulletins meet. Mrs. X noticed that her milkman's standing was not as high one month as usual. She mentioned the matter to him. Other customers did likewise. The milkman did more

than explain! He set to work to improve his rating, and the next month his name headed the list. In giving poor service he lost trade; in giving his best he gained business. Housewives and food handlers know and study these bulletins for information.

Time and service and money have been expended by individuals to develop the city's recreational facilities. The money, perhaps, has been given by a few public-spirited men and women who have presented the city with parks and playgrounds and vacation homes. Time and service have been bestowed by them and by others. Clubwomen act as volunteer chaperones at the Saturday night dances arranged through the summer months at the community country clubs. Younger girls work to feed and entertain the underfed vacationists selected to spend a much-needed outing on the vacation farm. Even the woodsy little camps speak for the spirit of co-operation. There are fifteen of these—all of them open to the picnickers, with the latter co-operating in their upkeep by cleaning up before their departure.

Every community has its fairy godmother! Usually the mythical character is of masculine variety! Once in a while, of the true sex!

For instance, the name of George Eastman stands out in connection with Rochester, New York. At present Mr. Eastman is paying the expenses of a clinic at which thousands of school children are having their adenoids removed, with Mr. Eastman paying the bills. He appropriated a large sum to erect a chamber of commerce building. He gave his city a college of music; and has joined the Rockefeller Foundation so that Rochester might enjoy the benefits of a college of medicine and surgery.

Samuel Mather is one of Cleveland's fairy godfathers. He was the philanthropist who organized the first community chest—a project which Dayton was one of the first cities to adopt.

Robert E. Speer loaned Denver the helping hand. Mr. Speer is dead now, but it was during his term as mayor that he developed that keen sense of responsibility in Denver residents which transformed a city of ordinary appearance into a beautiful and desirable place to live.

Colonel Nelson was responsible for much of Kansas City's park and boulevard system; and to Charles Wacker, president of the Chicago Plan Commission, the Windy City owes much of its lake frontage improvement and the widening of numerous streets.

In Dayton, the "Lord Bountiful" is John H. Patterson. Mr. Patterson has fulfilled his municipal obligations far more extensively than has the average rich man. He presented the city with more than half of its 560 acres of park land. He gave it two community country clubs. He established five of the fifteen picnicking camps, and he made possible a community golf course, urging the playing of golf as the healthiest form of exercise.

Patterson organized garden work in 1894 and provided a plot of ground, tools, seed and an instructor for boy gardeners. His scheme to turn vacant lots into flower or vegetable gardens, met with co-operation, and it is estimated that nearly 3,500 children have gardens. Every year an annual garden picnic is held, at which prizes are distributed. The movement not only yielded produce valued at $75,000 last year, but has helped to beautify the city.

Once upon a time Miss Belle Eaker lived in an old-fashioned square house in the heart of Dayton. Her father had made a fortune in the city, starting as a general storekeeper when it was little more than a village.

"What does she do with her money?" queried her friends. But her financial plans were never revealed until she died, when her will stated that her wealth was to go toward the founding of a Young Men's Christian Association, and a boarding-home for working girls—now run by the Y. W. C. A. She had paid the debt to the city which had represented the field for her father's endeavors.

In the same town where Miss Eaker lived, a band of public-spirited women united to start a lunchroom twenty-five years ago. The Young Woman's League was not a money-making corporation. Its object was to provide a nourishing noonday meal for the store clerk and the office employe at low cost. Some of the organizers have grown white-haired in the service, but they still continue to volunteer, making possible that hot, appetizing luncheon for the toilers of the weekly pay envelope.

Dividends? Their investment is Time and Service. Their dividends consist of the satisfying knowledge that they have promoted community welfare. What has been done in one town can be copied by another. Every community has enough public-spirited men and women who are willing to take the first step forward. The small town has as much need of community spirit as the city and the individual's debt is just as great.

"Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will come back to you after many days." Render your city service and it, in return, will repay you for your gratitude.

The City—and the Individual's Debt



1



2



3



4



5

1 and 2. Beautification of private property is one way in which an individual may pay part of his debt to his city. Pictures 1 and 2 show the same back yard before and after planting. Frequently whole communities will band together in a "Clean Up Week" or a "City Beautiful Campaign" and the resident who neglects his rôle during these events not only is a civic slacker, but suffers a personal loss. His lawn is the blot upon the landscape; planting of flowers and shrubbery sometimes have raised the property values of an entire neighborhood.

3. John H. Patterson has paid his debt to Dayton, Ohio, by presenting the city with more than half of its 560 acres of park land; with two community clubs; with five of its fifteen picnicking camps; with a community golf course. Picture 3 shows the playground at one of the community country clubs.

4. "The Old Barn Club" where club women and society matrons chaperone the dances so that the standard of attendance may not be lowered; and to which, for a dollar membership, any Daytonian may belong.

5. Hills and Dales, Dayton's beautiful park, is dotted with rustic camps to accommodate the picnickers. The camps may be engaged in advance, by communication with the city welfare department. The only requirement is that they be left as they are found—neat, clean and tempting, with cooking utensils washed and put away and with the debris picked up and carried off the premises.

Jewish Supremacy in Motion Picture World

The Marvelous Propaganda and Profit-making Powers of the "Screen" Are Deftly Handled by Adept Pro-Semites

A LITTLE "Who's Who in the Motion Picture Industry" would make a valuable department in the movie theaters' printed programs, but it is not pleasant to think of what would happen to the manager who should print one. There is a strange confusion in the Jewish mind, a struggle between a desire to remain unidentified and a desire to be known. Sometimes they measure friendship by the depth of the silence about their being Jews; sometimes by the amount of open laudation. To say a man is a Jew is sometimes to be villified as an "anti-Semite," and sometimes to be honored as "a friend of our nation."

In what is said now, the only purpose is to inform "movie fans" of the source of the entertainment which they crave and the destination of the millions of dollars which they spend. When you see millions of people crowding through the doors of the movie houses at all hours of the day and night, literally an unending line of human beings in every habitable corner of the land, it is worth knowing who draws them there, who acts upon their minds while they quiescently wait in the darkened theater, and who really controls this massive bulk of human force and ideas generated and directed by the suggestions of the screen.

Who stands at the apex of this mountain of control? It is stated in the sentence: The motion picture influence of the United States—and Canada—is exclusively under the control, moral and financial, of the Jewish manipulators of the public mind.

Jews did not invent the art of motion photography; they have contributed next to nothing to its mechanical or technical improvement; they have not produced any of the great artists, either writers or actors, which have furnished the screen with its material. Motion photography, like most other useful things in the world, is of non-Jewish origin. But by the singular destiny which has made the Jews the great cream-skimmers of the world, the benefit of it has gone not to the originators, but to the usurpers, the exploiters.

Who is who in the motion picture world? The names of the leading producing companies are widely known: The Famous Players; Selznick; Selwyn; Goldwyn; Fox Film Company; The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company; United Artists' Corporation; The Universal Film Company; The Metro; Vitagraph; Seligs; Thomas H. Ince Studios; Artcraft; Paramount, and so on.

Jewish Personnel of Picture Control

THE Famous Players is headed by Adolph Zukor. Mr. Zukor is a Hungarian Jew. He was a fur dealer in Hester street, and is said to have gone from house to house selling his goods. With his first savings he went into the "nickel" theater business with Marcus Loew. He is still in his forties and immensely wealthy. He is conceded to be the leader of the fifth largest industry in the world—an industry which is really the greatest educational and propagandist device ever discovered.

The reader will not be deceived by the use of the word "educational" in this connection. Movies are educational, but so are schools of crime. It is just because the movies are educational in a menacing way that they come in for scrutiny.

Zukor's control extends over such well-known names as Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, The Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company, Paramount Pictures Corporation, Artcraft Pictures, all of which have been absorbed within the past five years.

It is commonly supposed that the United Artists' Corporation is a non-Jewish concern, but according to an article in the *American Hebrew*, the head of this photoplay aggregation is Hiram Abrams. The United Artists' Corporation was formed several years ago by the Big Four among the actors—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and David Wark Griffith, and notwithstanding the fact that Charlie Chaplin is a Jew, the company was regarded by the public as being non-Jewish. Hiram Abrams is a former Portland, Oregon, newsboy, and graduated from that wholesome occupation into the position of manager of a "penny arcade." He was one of the founders of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, and became its president.

The Fox Film Corporation and the Fox circuit of theaters are under control of another Hungarian Jew who is known to the American public as William Fox. His original name is said to have been Fuchs. He also began his artistic and managerial career by running a "penny arcade." The penny arcade of 15 and 20 years ago, as most city-bred men will remember, was a "peep show" whose lure was lithographed lewdness but which never yielded quite as much pornography as it promised.

Fifteen years ago William Fox was in the clothes sponging business. He also is still in his early forties, is immensely wealthy, and one of the men who can pretty nearly determine what millions of movie fans shall think about certain fundamental things, what ideas and visions they shall entertain.

Marcus Loew also reached fame via the penny arcade and cheap variety vaudeville routes. He went into pictures and is now said to be the active head of 68 companies in various parts of the world. He is in the neighborhood of 50 years old. Loew controls the Metro Pictures Corporation.

The names of Marcus Loew and Adolph Zukor are closely linked in the history of the movies. Both were in the fur business, and both were partners in the first penny arcade venture. Zukor went the way of pictures exclusively, although he later made investments in Loew's enterprises, but Loew went into variety and vaudeville of the type which is now to be found in the less desirable burlesque houses. From this he developed great entertainment enterprises which have made him a name and a fortune. The theaters he personally controls now number 105.

From Oshkosh to Universal City

AT THE head of the Goldwyn Film Corporation is Samuel Goldwyn who is described as having been engaged "along mercantile lines" until motion pictures won his attention. In company with Jesse Lasky and Cecil DeMille he organized a $20,000 corporation in 1912. In 1916 he had prospered so greatly that he organized a $20,000,000 corporation with the Shuberts, A. H. Woods and the Selwyns, the purpose of this latter company being to screen the works of prominent non-Jewish writers—a matter of which more will be said presently.

The Universal Film Company, known everywhere through the name of Universal City, its studio headquarters, is under the control of Carl Laemmle. It would seem, from a reading of Who's Who, that Laemmle was his mother's name. His father's name is given as Julius Baruch. He is a Jew of German birth. He was manager of the Continental Clothing Company of Oshkosh until 1906, in which year he branched out into pictures, taking his first stand in a small Chicago motion picture theater. Laemmle conceived the idea of fighting the "trust." He bought an enormous tract of land near Los Angeles and built Universal City as the headquarters of his production work.

The Select Pictures Corporation is headed by Lewis J. Selznick, who is also head of Selznick Pictures, Incorporated. He was at one time vice president of the World Film Corporation. With him are associated a number of members of his race.

This is but to name a few. These are the official heads. Penetrate down through the entire organizations, until you come to the last exhibition of the cracked and faded film in some cut-price theater in an obscure part of a great city, and you will find that the picture business, on its commercial side, is Jewish through and through.

Going the Route of the Saloon

IN THE above notes, reference has been made to the occupations out of which the present arbiters of photo-dramatic art have come to their present eminence. They are former newsboys, peddlers, clerks, variety hall managers and ghetto products. It is not urged against any successful business man that he formerly sold newspapers on the streets, or peddled goods from door to door, or stood in front of a clothing store hailing passers-by to inspect his stock. That is not the point at all. The point is here: men who come from such employments, with no gradations between, with nothing but a commercial vision of "the show business," can hardly be expected to understand, or, if they understand, to be sympathetic with a view of the picture drama which includes both art and morality.

Mr. Laemmle, it will be remembered from a former article, said of his company, "The Universal does not pose as a guardian of public morals or of public taste." This is probably the attitude of other producers, too. But though they avoid any responsibility for taste or morals, they consistently fight all attempts of the state to set up a public guardianship in those regions. A business that frankly brutalizes taste and demoralizes morals should not be permitted to be a law unto itself.

It is very difficult to see how the Jewish leaders of the United States can evade the point that Motion Pictures are Jewish. And with this being true, there is the question of responsibility upon which they cannot very well be either impersonal or silent.

The moral side of the movies' influence need not be discussed here because it is being discussed everywhere else. Everybody who has an active moral sense is convinced as to what is being done and as to what ought to be done.

But the propaganda side of the movies does not so directly declare itself to the public. That the movies are recognized as a tremendous propagandist institution is proved by the eagerness of all sorts of causes to enlist them. It is also proved by the recent threat of a New York "Gentile front," that the movies themselves could prevent any progress being made in the attempt to save Sunday to the American people.

But who is the propagandist? Not the individual motion picture exhibitor on your street. He doesn't make the films. He buys his stuff as your grocer buys his canned goods—and has a far narrower margin of choice. He has hardly any choice in the *kind* of pictures he shall show. In order to get any good pictures that may be distributed, he must take all of the other kind that may be distributed. He is the "market" of the film producers and he must take the good with the bad, or be cut off from getting any.

As a matter of fact, with the "movie bug" so rampant in the country, it is next to impossible to supply enough good pictures for the stimulated and artificial demand. Some people's appetite calls for two or more pictures a day. If working people, they see a show at noon, and several at night. If shallow-pated wives, they see several in the afternoon and several at night. With all the brains and the skill of the country engaged on the task it would be impossible to supply a fresh drama of quality, hot out of the studios every hour, like bread.

Where the Jewish controllers have overstepped themselves is here: they have overstimulated a demand which they are not able to supply, except with such material as is bound to destroy the demand. Nothing is more dangerous to the motion picture business than the exaggerated appetite for them, and this appetite is whetted and encouraged until it becomes a mania.

Like the saloon business, the movie business is killing itself by killing that quality in its customers on which it was built.

Types of Jewish Screen Propaganda

NOW, as to propaganda, there is evidence that the Jewish promoters have not overlooked that end of it. This propaganda as at present observed may be described under the following heads:

It consists in silence about the Jew as an ordinary human being. Jews are not shown upon the stage except in unusually favorable situations. Among the scenes offered the public you never see Hester street or lower Fifth Avenue at noontime. Recall if you have ever seen a large Jewish group scene on general exhibition. After a terrible fire in a clothing factory, the mayor of New York asked a certain motion picture company to prepare a film to be entitled, "The Locked Door," to show how buildings are turned into firetraps by ignorance and greed. The scenario was written by a fire official who knew the circumstances of many holocausts. As most of the fire victims had been sweatshop girls, the scenario included a sweatshop. The picture was made as true to life as possible, so the head of the sweatshop was depicted as a Hebrew. The gentleman who told this incident to a committee of Congress said: "It was no discredit to the Hebrew race. We all know they have been the fathers of the clothing industry; in fact, they made the first clothes." But all the same, the picture was declared taboo by Jewish leaders. It broke the cardinal rule of silence about the Jew except when he can be depicted under exceptionally favorable circumstances.

This ill-concealed propaganda of the Jewish movie picture control is also directed against non-Jewish religions. You never saw a Jewish rabbi depicted on the screen in any but a most honorable attitude. He is clothed with all the dignity of his office and he is made as impressive as can be. Christian clergymen, as any movie fan will readily recall, were subjected to all sorts of misrepresentation, from the comic to the criminal. Now, this attitude is distinctly Jewish. Like many unlabeled influences in our life, whose sources lead back to Jewish groups, the object is to break down as far as possible all respectful or considerate thought about the clergy.

The Catholic clergy very soon made themselves felt in opposition to this abuse of their priestly dignity. You never see a priest made light of on the screen. But the

Protestant clergyman is still the elongated, snivelling, bilious hypocrite of anti-Christian caricature. More and more the "free love" clergyman is appearing on the screen. He is made to justify his deeds by appeals to "broad" principles—which really kills two birds with one stone: it degrades the representative of religion in the eyes of the audience, and at the same time it insidiously inoculates the audience with the same dangerous ideas.

The Screen for Mob Rehearsal

IN THE February *Pictorial Review*, Benjamin B. Hampton, a successful picture producer, throws a sidelight on this. He quotes a poster outside a movie show. The text says:

> "'I refuse to live with her any longer. I denounce you as my wife—I will go to HER—my free-lover.' Thus speaks the Rev. Frank Gordon in the greatest of all Free-Love dramas."

You may not depict a Hebrew as owner of a sweatshop—though all sweatshop owners are Hebrews; but you may make a Christian clergyman everything from a seducer to a safe-cracker and get away with it.

There may be no connection whatever, but beholding what is done, and remembering what is written in the Protocols, a question arises. It is written:

> "We have misled, stupefied and demoralized the youth of the Gentiles by means of education in principles and theories, patently false to us, but which we have inspired."—Protocol 9.
>
> "We have taken good care long ago to discredit the Gentile clergy."—Protocol 17.
>
> "It is for this reason that we must undermine faith, eradicate from the minds of the Gentiles the very principles of God and Soul, and replace these conceptions by mathematical calculations and material desires."—Protocol 4.

Two possible views are open to choice: one, that this constant caricature of representatives of religion is simply the natural expression of a worldly state of mind; the other, that it is part of a traditional campaign of subversion. The former is the natural view among uninformed people. It would be the preferable view, if peace of mind were the object sought. But there are far too many indications that the second view is justified, to permit of its being cast aside.

The screen, whether consciously or just carelessly, is serving as a rehearsal stage for scenes of anti-social menace. There are no uprisings of revolutions except those that are planned and rehearsed. That is the most modern fruit of the study of history: that revolutions are not spontaneous uprisings, but carefully planned minority actions. Revolution is not natural to the people, and is always a failure. There have been no popular revolutions. Civilization and liberty have been set back by those revolutions which subversive elements have succeeded in starting.

But if you are to have your revolution, you must have a rehearsal. In England, the whole process of sovietizing the country has been set forth on the stage, as in vivid object lessons. In this country they have rehearsals by parades, by starting marches through factories and up to the offices, by importing lecturers who tell just how it was done in Russia, Hungary and elsewhere. But it can be done better in the motion pictures than anywhere else: this is "visual education" such as even the lowest brow can understand, and the lower the better.

Indeed, there is a distinct disadvantage in being "high-brow" in such matters. Normal people shake their heads and pucker their brows and wring their hands and say "we cannot understand it; we simply cannot understand it!" Of course they cannot. But if they understood the low-brow, they would understand it, and very clearly. There are two families in this world, and on one the darkness dwells.

Reformers, of course, heartily agree with this as far as criminal portrayals are concerned. Police protest against the technique of killing a policeman being shown with careful detail on the screen. Business men object to daily object lessons in safe-cracking being given in the pictures. Moralists object to the art of seduction being made the stock motif no matter what the subject. They object because they recognize it as evil schooling which bears bitter fruits in society.

Well, this other kind of education is going on too. There is now nothing connected with violent outbreaks which has not been put into the minds of millions by the agency of the motion picture. It may, of course, be a mere coincidence. But coincidences also are realities.

The Snare of Pro-Semitism

THERE are several developments proceeding in screendom which are worthy of notice. One is the increasing use of non-Jewish authors to produce Jewish propaganda. Without using names, it will be easy for each reader to recall for himself the more popular non-Jewish authors whose books have been screened by the Jewish producers, and who are soon after announced to have a new photoplay in preparation. In several cases these new photoplays have been sheer Jewish propaganda. They are the more effective because they are backed by non-Jewish names famous in the literary world. Just how this state of affairs comes about it is not possible now to say. How much of it is due to the authors' desire to enter the field of pro-Semitic propaganda, and how much of it is due to their reluctance to refuse amiable suggestions from movie magnates who have already paid them liberal sums and are likely to pay them more is a question. It is not difficult to bring oneself to believe that "anti-Semitism" is wrong. Everybody knows it is. It is not difficult to bring oneself to an admiration of Israel. Every writer is happy in idealizing an individual or a nation; it is a pleasure to write about an altogether admirable Jewish hero or heroine. And so the non-Jews are writing Jewish propaganda ere they are aware.

The flaw, of course, is here: in avoiding anti-Semitism, they fall into the snare of pro-Semitism. And one is as inconclusive as the other.

The End of the Movie Star

ANOTHER development is one which movie fans have doubtless noticed: it is the abolition of the "star" system. Readers of this series will recall that it was this same sort of thing which marked Jewish ascendancy in the control of the legitimate stage. Not long ago the full glare of movie publicity was thrown upon names and personalities—the Marys and Charlies and Lulus and Fatties of screen fame. The name was headlined; the star was featured; it did not matter what the theme of the play was—suffice it that it was "a Chaplin film," or a "Pickford film," or whatever it might be.

The motion picture "industry" has reached its present importance because of the exaltation of the "star." But this has its inconveniences, too. Educate the public to demand a star, and that demand will eventually rule the business. Jewish control will not permit that. The way to break the control which the public may exercise through such a demand, is to eliminate the stars. Then all pictures will be on the same plane.

This is occurring now in filmdom. Some of the stars have taken the hint and have set up their own studios. But steadily the doctrine is preached throughout fandom that "the play's the thing," not the star. You don't see so many star names before the theaters; you see more and more the lurid names of plays. The star is being sidetracked.

There is a triple advantage in this. The bloated salaries of the stars can be eliminated. The public can be deprived of a point on which to focus a demand. Exhibitors can no longer say, "I want this or that," even within the narrow margin they recently had; they will have no choice because there will be no choice; the business will be a standardized "industry."

These, then, are some of the facts of the American motion picture world. They are not all the facts, but each of them is important. Not one can be overlooked by students of the influence of the theater. Many a perplexed observer of everyday affairs will find in these facts a key which explains many things.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

In an editorial accompanying the recent "protest" signed by the heads of all the Jewish organizations in this country, the Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Times* says: "It may be said in passing that if the Jews of the world are one-half as competent as THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT says they are, *it would probably be a good thing for the world if they did run it.* . . . It is probable that for their numbers the Jews provide more men of ability, more of talent and more of genius than other races. This would be a natural result of the operation of the law of the survival of the *fittest*."

"America is the Jew's Palestine and Washington, D. C., his Zion. I suspect that if you plant the blue and white flag of Zionism on one side and the red, white and blue of the United States on the other and demand of the Jew, 'Choose ye this day which you will serve,' there will be but one answer—it is America."—Pastor Purvis, Philadelphia, reprinted in Chicago *Israelite*.

Before and since the Jewish-Bolshevist coup at Petrograd, it was known to the United States and to the Allied Powers that the Bolshevists were able to count on important co-operation in their plans in the Scandinavian countries. Leading banks holding close relations to prominent Jewish international banking houses in Europe and America had active share in the financing of the revolution in its beginnings, and during the recent negotiations between Great Britain and the Soviet Republic for the resumption of trade relations, the Bolshevists made use of Scandinavian banks in which they had large amounts of gold on deposit. Evidence multiplies that Scandinavia, in which the Jews reaped a rich harvest during the war through immensely increased imports of food and raw materials from America turned over to Germany at several hundred per cent profit, has been selected as a favorable stage for playing the next big act in the drama of Jewish world politics. According to the *Verdensgang* of Christiana, plans for a sensational revolution in Norway have been discovered by the secret police. It seems that the Norwegian Labor party, which joined Lenin's Moscow Internationale a year ago, had planned to start the uprising by setting fire to the enormous stocks of lumber in Christiana, taking advantage of the diversion of attention the blaze would cause to seize the barracks, police headquarters, and the telephone and telegraph stations. After arresting the members of the cabinet and military and naval commanders, the Bolshevists were telegraphically to advise their agents in the provinces of the success of the revolution and the conquest of the capital. While the government is taking utmost precautions, there is much nervousness throughout the country.

The immigration board that recently examined a highly respected member of the Russian nobility who was suspected of being "anti-Semitic," was composed of three Jews and one American. Not only is the United States Government being put into the position of saying that only pro-Semites can be admitted to the country, but it is also placing in the hands of Jews the discretionary powers relating to that attitude. It is not too much to say that a continuance of such a policy will have a great influence in fixing public opinion.

In a recent press interview, David Wark Griffith, film producer extraordinary, said that some of the reputed salaries of movie stardom are "purely legendary," although many actors are still "making exorbitant demands and being turned down." He added the prediction that within ten years, possibly in half that time, people will be paying five dollars each to see one motion picture running two and a half or three hours, as they do now for the best stage plays. The smaller pictures, he said, would then occupy a position analogous to that at present occupied by vaudeville. As an illustration of the confidence that financiers have in the future of the "industry," Mr. Griffith said that a group of big men is now planning to spend $2,250,000 in making one picture, the book rights alone to cost $600,000.

"No matter how far a Jew and Jewess can be removed from each other in everything but race, there is always a warm tunnel of brotherhood stretching out between all Jews; but the glacial undercurrents of racial antipathy between Jew and non-Jew cannot be tepified even by the hottest and fiercest rays of the sun of love! Statistics and the divorce courts prove this."—Chicago *Israelite*.

Pola Negri, the star of "Passion," has signed a three-year contract with Ben Blumenthal and Samuel Rachman in behalf of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation at $250,000 a year, the largest sum ever paid to any actress in Europe. The contract calls for six pictures a year, three of them to be made in America. In addition to the salary named, Frau Negri is to have her expenses in crossing the ocean and $500 a week extra while in this country, her wardrobe also being provided. This according to the *Berliner Zeitung-am-Mittag*.

The following letter is printed in the New York *World*:

To the Editor of the *World*:

The *World* bears the reputation of being fair on all questions of public interest. Therefore, we presuppose no opposition to the publication of this letter since it is a matter in which the public are deeply interested. Many protests have recently appeared in the press from Jewish societies claiming that publishers of "The Protocols" are anti-Semitic. Nothing is further from the truth, so far as we are concerned.

We publish an edition of "The Protocols" because we believe they contain the program for world domination which is being now carried out in Russia.

In "Who Rules Russia," which we also publish, the name and race of every Commissary (545 in all) are given. Of the total of 545, there are 450 Jews and only thirty Russians. Over 400 are gathered from all quarters of the globe, and out of these 500 "foreigners" has been formed the Moscow Internationale, which plans the domination of the world. The reader must judge for himself what race presumes to dominate.

—The Beckwith Company

The Jewish press of the United States continues to pour out the viles of its wrath on the famous Gilbert K. Chesterton. It is the first introduction most of us have had to Mr. Chesterton, "the anti-Semite, and Jew-baiter." We had known that Mr. Chesterton was not afraid to insert the word "Jew" in his writings, nor yet to wonder where the Judaization of the British Empire was to cease, but we had supposed this only marked him as an open-eyed Britisher. Has it come to the point where to be concerned about the fate of one's own country is to be an anti-Semite? It would seem so.

Selling Texas Cattle by United States Mail

By H. O. BISHOP

THE title of this article may possibly recall the exciting and amusing experiences of Mr. Burleson's rural carrier who had a bulldog and a mess of liver in the same delivery; also the difficulties of the carrier who tried to convey a bale of new alfalfa and a six-months-old calf in the same buckboard without getting them inseparably mixed.

At first blush this story of selling cattle by mail may seem equally incredible to some readers.

Way down in Texas on the famous S. M. S. ranch of half a million acres, 12,000 calves are produced every year. These mild-eyed little bovines are permitted to frisk about from one place to another over this colossal pasture chaperoned by their fond mammas until they reach the age of six months (which in calfdom is the equivalent of sweet sixteen of girldom), when they are shipped to new owners all over the United States, who have bought them by mail, cheerfully paying fancy prices for them, despite the fact that they have never seen them. So satisfactory are these cattle-by-mail sales of the S. M. S. ranch that not a single complaint has been registered by a distant purchaser during the eighteen years this plan has been in operation. It is asserted the great percentage of buyers follow up their checks with letters declaring the cattle to be even better than they anticipated.

Year after year, the mail purchasers of these cattle, after fattening them into finished beeves, have been enabled to sell them at top-notch prices. They are likewise invariably found among the prize winners in the car lot finished beef classes at the great Chicago International Show held annually.

The steer cattle go in the main to that portion of the country known as the great Corn Belt. The breeding heifers are sold by mail to farmers and stock raisers in all sections of the country, going even to Maine. New Hampshire, New York and Georgia in the East, and to California and Oregon on the Pacific Coast, and in all to 30 different states.

The history of the phenomenal success of this unique mail order business may be summed up under two great divisions: First, "Having the Goods"; second, "Giving a Fair Deal."

Texas cattle still carry with the general public the memory of the primitive longhorn, which was not much more than a scrawny batch of hide, hair, ribs and horns. As a matter of fact, Texas began 50 years ago to improve its cattle by the introduction of purebred beef strains with Herford blood in preponderance. By the year 1880, the improvement was so marked that it was decidedly noticeable in the markets. By 1900 the longhorn had become a curiosity. For the past 15 years, Texas as a whole has undoubtedly carried a greater proportion of well-bred beef cattle than any other state. When the ninth cross is reached, cattle show a fraction of .999 pure blood. The S. M. S. herd, and hundreds of other Texas herds, show from 10 to 15 crosses.

Frank S. Hastings is the business genius who evolved and made good the remarkable scheme of selling vast numbers of cattle annually by mail. He has been manager of the S. M. S. ranch for the past eighteen years. When he went to Texas in 1902, he immediately began a campaign for putting the well-bred Texas steer more definitely on the Corn Belt map. He soon learned that the buyer who wanted one or two cars did not feel justified in the expense and loss of time to make a trip to Texas personally to select the cattle he wanted. This gave Hastings a valuable hunch. He embarked upon a careful line of publicity asking for experimental mail order shipments. Within five years he established cattle-by-mail on a firm basis, clearly demonstrating that cattle could be described so accurately by correspondence that the buyer got what he expected—and then some.

Obviously it was impractical for the S. M. S. ranch to go out and gather a single car as ordered from a single customer in a far-distant state. A selling campaign was therefore waged several months in advance of the usual time for shipping. Standards were established in every class—all of each class were gathered and trimmed to a standard as though one buyer was taking the whole bunch. Then they were chopped off into car lots and shipped in train loads, each car billed to its individual buyer, and the train sent to some diverging point such as Kansas City or St. Louis, in charge of an attendant, from which point they had usually a comparatively short distance to go. As a case in point, J. W. Frazier, of Rariden, Ill., began buying by mail ten years ago and has bought each succeeding year. He fattens the stock with corn and then ships them to the Chicago market. He has never been within a thousand miles of the S. M. S. ranch, conducting his purchases entirely by mail. His finished cattle rarely miss topping the market, and in 1918 his mail-purchased cattle won the Grand Sweepstakes Championship in the fat car lot division of the Chicago International over all ages and breeds. Three times in other years he has stood next to the top.

The main business of the S. M. S. ranch is the sale of calves born before June first and shipped about November first of the same year, which are carried by Corn Belt feeders on full feed until the following June to December as the market may suggest. They usually show weights of 1,000 pounds or more in November of the year following their delivery, and usually weigh empty out of the cars at destination when received 325 pounds, or equal to 400 pounds pasture weight in Texas. They pick up rapidly after reaching their destination, and are usually back to Texas form in two weeks. A comparison, therefore, against Texas weights shows a gain of about 600 pounds in one year as a result of the corn feeding. This process is known as "Baby Beef Making," and is described by the United States Department of Agriculture as the most economic method of beef production, and of ideal quality.

In filling mail orders Mr. Hastings does not permit his men to do any picking or choosing. Every buyer gets the S. M. S. breeding just as it comes, which means that cattle breeding on this ranch is just as much standardized as the product of a great automobile factory or a steel plant. This standardization is what makes it easily possible to dispose of 12,000 head of cattle annually through the medium of letters and two cent stamps. This improvement of breeding and standardization has been under way on the S. M. S. ranch for the past 38 years.

To conduct a ranch of this magnitude is no small task. It requires the services of 75 expert cowboys and many other employes.

Fifteen acres are allowed all the year round for each head of stock over the yearling period.

An average of 1,200 horses are required to run the ranch.

Texas has long been the great nursery for well-bred beef cattle, and a great factor in supplying the markets of the country with the choicest beef.

The S. M. S. ranch is only one of thousands in Texas producing well-bred cattle, but it is in an exclusive class of its own from a mail order standpoint.

One of the big and exciting responsibilities of a cowboy is to be placed in charge of a train load of cattle en route to market and see that everything goes smoothly. All sorts of things may happen, from being wrecked to getting stalled somewhere where feed and water are scarce. It is then up to the cowboy to take emergency action in protecting the interests of his employer—and he always does.

When it comes to letter writing, cowboys believe in economy and getting right down to facts.

Here is a letter received by Mr. Hastings from one of his cowboys whose train was wrecked:

Caldwell, Kansas, Saturday Morning.

Mr. Hastings.

Dear Boss. 6:30 this morning in going to the stockyards to feed at this place another train run into my stock train, on an open switch. & killed two cows & crippled 4, and the rest of the cows in that car is now all over Town. so I got one car less. & few cows in another car is feeling sore & some of them only got one horn left.

The crew of both train jumped off & myself. so it was no one hurt. It was not enough left of the engine & one stock car to tell the Fait. 8 or 10 of the Kansas cowboys is out all over town picking up our cattle—wish you could see them coming down the street driving one or two of them cows—I think they got about 10 of the cows in a Pen (down in town) & they heard of 5 cows in a cornfield just a little while ago, so I guess they will get most of them back today. I will leave here about 5 P. M. will make tomorrow market.

Yours truly

Dock.

P. S. This R. R. ought to take charge of this whole shipment and pay for same.

P. S. The sheriff shot one cow on the street just a little while ago.

P. S. The cows down in town is making the horses run off with buggys and running all the women out of town.

P. S. I think this will cost the railroad a good deal in this town.

P. S. The Railroad they give me a poor and sorry run.

P. S. They run my cattle 40 hour before this happened without feed—(how about that).

P. S. Personally I am hungry myself now and think I'll go and get me some ham and eggs and pie.



(C) Keystone

This unusually clear and comprehensive photo of Boston Harbor, taken from the Custom House Tower, shows the various docks and piers, the narrow gauge Ferry and the various freight lines and warehouses.





Old Antioch and the monument to the great educational leader, Horace Mann

Something New in Education

By HOWARD EGBERT



ARTHUR E. MORGAN,

who will try out an experiment in Antioch which will send graduates out into the business world versed in practice as well as theory.

WHEN they speak in these days about something new along educational lines you are apt to find yourself very much embarrassed by the scholarly old gentlemen who have been studying this subject for a half century or more. A good many people honestly believe that the last word has been spoken anent education. They tell you that Princeton is limiting the number of students to 2,000 in order, as President John Grier Hibben avers, to make Princeton a great university, not a big one. This is a departure, of course. Time was when universities had to advertise for students. Now they are going to limit the number enrolled. But other institutions have limited their enrollments before, so, after all, there really isn't anything new about Princeton's recent decision.

Yellow Springs, Ohio, is a rather inconspicuous community, as we judge communities in these busy times. A railroad runs through the village. There are some mills which handle the farmers' wheat. There are a number of retired farmers living on rich agricultural lands adjacent to the community. But generally speaking, Yellow Springs, Ohio, would be the last place in the world where you would look for something new in education. But the Greene County, Ohio, village, nevertheless, is about to stage a "come-back" and historic old Antioch College, of which the brilliant Horace Mann was president and supervised from 1852 until the time of his death, is to be the starting point of this "something new about education" in America. Antioch, by the way, was the first co-educational school in the United States. This feature of its life and active and useful service will not be lost.

Eight years ago the flood waters of the Great Miami River swept many houses and business properties into ruin and a $200,000,000 loss ensued. The men who constituted the flood prevention board in Dayton, Ohio, looked around to get the best engineer they could find. They decided on Arthur E. Morgan, a most capable man, thoroughly familiar with river problems and floods. But Morgan knew something else besides controlling unruly rivers. He was in a definite sense an educator. He wrote much for scientific magazines and he was the author of many books on education and engineering. One morning about six months ago Arthur E. Morgan was notified that he had been elected president of Antioch College in Yellow Springs. That was indeed a surprise because being a college president was about as far away from Morgan's suspicions as being president of the United States. He pleaded he was too busy to mind the affairs of Antioch; that somebody ought to take the job who had plenty of time, and so on. In the end he was converted. But he laid down certain fixed rules governing college affairs in Antioch.

He wanted, first of all, to have members of his board who should measure up to certain specifications which he would, as an engineer, lay down for the board's personnel. He had his way. The new board of trustees of Antioch College, therefore, is a board picked by blueprint specifications. It consists of men who are accustomed to do original things successfully There's the story in a nutshell. On this board, it may be of interest to note in passing, are such men as Henry S. Dennison, President of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, of Boston; Edward F. Gay, formerly Dean of the Harvard School of Business Administration and now president of the New York *Evening Post*; Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; Frank A. Vanderlip, nationally known financier; Jerome D. Greene, former secretary of the General Education Board; Charles F. Kettering, of Dayton, Ohio, famous research engineer and chief engineer of the General Motors Company. There are other members of the board, each in his own way qualified for extremely useful service for the New Antioch. But the list indicates the type of men selected. Of course with such men actively interested in the college its success is assured beyond doubt.

The idea of a vocational school is not new. Men have been taught while they worked for a good many years. This principle is not lost sight of in Antioch, but the college is going to go this idea one better. Antioch will have active industrial plants working right on the college campus. Small business concerns will be invited to establish their enterprises right within stone's throw of the college itself, so that the students may work and study for two weeks or a month at a time. The purpose of the New Antioch is to train young men and young women for proprietorship. In the modern method of education along business lines, the particular object seems to have been to get young people ready for some particular leadership in some one branch of industrial or commercial service. The New Antioch plans to give to men and women the kind of training that will enable them to sit at the big desk and hold the lines that run out in every direction to the various departments of an industry.

Theory is a very good thing in its place. Practice is so much better when it becomes necessary to do something worth while. President Morgan illustrates this point in this way: "A young fellow may go to some school where they teach boys to become great baseball players—pitchers, for an example. This young man may know everything that it is humanly possible to teach a young chap about pitching a baseball. But the chances are this lad when he steps up to throw the first ball would be unsound somewhere along the line of training. And the chances are with only his theory to back him he would be knocked out of the box before an inning was over. Antioch will undertake to perfect both theory and practice, so that its students may go right in and supply a leadership in business that heretofore only proprietors have been able to fill."

Students who are enrolled at the New Antioch will be picked by specifications. It will be no place for the idler. The young man or young woman who is interesting himself in a practical farming course will have access to one or more good-sized farms which the college will purchase. The farmer has to be a proprietor in his business. He buys and sells. He has his farm hands to manage and his business affairs to control. Antioch will provide proprietorship in agricultural lines as well as industrial and commercial channels.

Students at Antioch will be self-supporting when the college once gets under full sway. College study and remunerative work will go hand in hand. There will be a combination of the practical experience with academic study, preferably in the calling for which the student is equipping himself. Technical courses will be taught so as to make them impressive and useful.

As touching the "Machine Shop" course, President Morgan says: "American industry is becoming increasingly mechanical. While our factories are turning out an enormous mass of mechanical appliances, our maintenance system outside of large cities usually is limited to poorly equipped shops. There is room in our country for a large number of independent machine shops for maintaining this equipment and for otherwise serving the mechanical needs of the communities. Such shops would not be 'blind alley' industries, for it takes but a slight change to turn a well-organized one into a factory." Antioch will undertake to teach farming, carpentering, plumbing, painting, electricity, and so on, and students taking these courses will have ample opportunity to practice while they learn. It is proposed to make the student of the New Antioch not only a genius in mechanism, but to equip him with cultural and social assets which are more necessary than some have been led to believe heretofore. After his graduation he should be able at once to undertake the management of a machine shop, or serve an apprenticeship in one, depending upon his maturity and ability.

To be wholly wise one would have to be possessed of both study and experience. The old-fashioned ideas about an academic course will be supplanted by the more meaningful practical course. Actual considerations, after all, are the things worth while in education and the New Antioch proposes to utilize this element in training its students.

It is an experiment, of course. "When we cease experimenting we die," says Mr. Morgan. He knows because he is constantly experimenting. President Morgan is going to select the students. He has chosen more than 20,000 men and women for a variety of jobs, and so he is qualified to know the types which best meet Antioch's specifications.

Manifestly there is something radically wrong with much of the technical training in the country. The young man who finishes a course in this, that or the other subject in a technical school ought to be able, one would think, to step out and take charge of business. Theoretically this is the rule. What does such a young man do? Why some of the best mechanical engineers or civil engineers that colleges have turned out as far as

(Concluded on page 12)

The Crime of the Cities

New Orleans—By H. H. DUNN

ENFORCEMENT of the Eighteenth Amendment is increasing in effectiveness in New Orleans and throughout Louisiana. Agents of the Federal Government charged with its enforcement consider that it is fifty per cent more effective at the end of January, 1921, than it was at the end of June, 1920. As far as these agents know, there is no organized effort at violation of the law in any part of the state, though this state was one of the heaviest consumers of liquors of all kinds prior to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the passage of the Volstead Act. The state always has been "wet," with saloons allowed to remain open seven days in the week in the majority of the towns and cities. While as many as three men have been found banded together in violations of the law, this unity of purpose has been largely due to convenience, rather than any definite organized attempt at liquor running and selling. Usually such a trio would consist of the man who knew where the liquor supply could be obtained, the man who had the cash capital to buy it, and the man who owned an automobile or a motor boat, in which it could be transported.

Oddly enough, such combinations, with two or three exceptions, have been brought about in the handling of corn "moonshine" whisky, rather than the illegally-imported liquors. Men violating this law, more particularly than violators of other laws, seem to fear numbers, and to work alone more frequently than with other men, in the opinion of the Federal agents. Virtually all the cases of illegal importation of liquor, by means of ships from Canadian or Latin-American ports, have involved only one man, who brought it from on board the ship, and sold it as best he could in New Orleans, Lake Charles, Baton Rouge, or other ports of the States.

About 90 per cent of the illegal sales of liquor discovered in the state have been in New Orleans, the country seemingly accepting prohibition with a more law-abiding spirit than the city. In the country, on the other hand, it is believed that more people are making wine for their own use than in the cities. But the country people are making little whisky or beer, and selling virtually none of what they make. The attitude of the people of New Orleans, according to prohibition agents, is against obedience to the law, and is the greatest handicap the enforcement agents have to overcome. That they are overcoming it, however, is proved, the agents say, by the fact that it is daily becoming more difficult to obtain liquor, either by the drink or by the package, unless the would-be purchaser knows exactly where to go to get it.

The most extensive violators of the law as to making wines for their own use are the French people and the people of French descent, who have been accustomed to their wines all their lives, and who, so long as they do not sell the wine they make, consider that they have not violated the law.

The worst violators of the law as to making and selling so-called "over-night" liquor, as well as in the sale of illegally-imported liquors, are people either direct from Middle Europe, or only one generation removed from there. According to the agents, Russian Jews are first in point of numbers in this form of violation of the law; Slavonians are second, and Italians third.

The "moonshine runners"—that is to say, the men who bring native corn whisky into New Orleans from the stills in the backwoods districts of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama—are largely Italians, with a sprinkling of Greeks. These men have to invest more money in their illicit operations, since they have to own automobiles or motor boats, being unable to rent them for this purpose, and have to pay cash for all the liquor they get. The preponderating population of the country of Louisiana is French, with the Italians second and the Greeks and Slavonians about equal for third place. In New Orleans, Italians predominate in the population, with Russian and Polish Jews second, French third, and Americans—by blood and parentage—fourth. The majority of these foreign-bloods are naturalized, but they have made of New Orleans a highly cosmopolitan city, holding down its municipal advancement and obedience to law to the standards they and their parents imbibed in the hives of population in Europe.

The obstacles set before the enforcement agents in the country of Louisiana have been nothing as compared to those put before them in New Orleans, and it is only within the past two months that they have been able to obtain the co-operation of the police department in making arrests and investigations of the manufacture and sale of liquor. One unique feature of the work of these agents is that practically no Negroes have been taken up, either for the manufacture, or for the sale of liquor. The Negroes who comprise approximately 40 per cent of the population of New Orleans, seem to have accepted prohibition as a fact, and to be making few efforts to violate the law.

Something New in Education

Concluded from page 11

theoretical training is measured have started at the bottom and worked up through the maze of actual and practical experience. Antioch will turn them loose prepared to start at the top and work ahead. There is much to be saved to industrial and commercial concerns in small industries, such as labor, shop organization, accounting, labor management, buying, selling, and so on. The virile man today tends to shun a purely academic education. He abhors it because he has seen other fellows with brains start all over again when they leave college. He doesn't want to start at the bottom after a four-year course. He has a right to start in on graduation day with a proprietorship that will be conspicuous and commanding in its usefulness. Antioch hopes to make the men step into business with as much unconcern as if they were walking from one classroom to another. Now that is something new in the matter of education in America, as you will agree. It utterly shatters the traditions of the past. It is an advanced step. It is hoped to make possible through development there a standard grade of pocket handkerchiefs and factory lunches and women will have a share in this part of the curriculum. Antioch has turned its face from the idea that education consists in absorbing knowledge.

President Morgan says: "We are searching the country over for a little group of men who have a clearly defined philosophy of another sort—that education consists in seeing principles, in getting the significance of life, in developing all the powers of men and women."

Antioch will preserve the spirit of scholarship and in asking students to come for cultural education and industrial training when the college reopens under the new idea next September, it will not be doing so without a very substantial reward to offer.

Antioch will develop, as Mr. Morgan says, a spirit of responsible citizenship. The courses are aimed to prepare students for environments where certain types of social service are peculiarly needed.

In the past young men fired with zeal and enthusiasm to amount to something in this world have had chiefly the one course to follow—starting at the bottom. This has been a good way to arrive at the top, but Antioch thinks she is going to offer a better, more modern way. She is going to say to her students—we are going to equip you in every way for starting at the top and "going over." The country, industrially, culturally, socially and in every other wise needs above all things at this time a practical way of sending its best young men and women "over the top."

This is something new in education. It is a departure which may be called an experiment, but it will demonstrate, its board of trustees believe, that it is possible to equip youth for doing original things in a most successful manner.

The Community Drying Plant Is Successful

THE first community drying plant for fruits and vegetables was operated in Nebraska in the summer of 1917. It was established as a war-time method for the greater conservation of food products that usually go to waste, particularly fruit and vegetables. Because of the success of the community drier, its simple operation, and the favor with which the dried products were received by the housewives who tried them, the drying plants multiplied rapidly.



The work of the drying plant is pronounced a success.

The principle of the drying plant consists in removing the air rapidly from a cabinet filled with sliced fruit or vegetables distributed thinly on shallow trays of screen. Dry air takes the place of the saturated air as fast as it is removed from the cabinet and thus there is a continuous circulation. This process is kept up until the necessary amount of moisture has been removed from the products, the air being changed at the rate of about seventy-five times a minute, or in proportion to the size of the fan used to withdraw it. The cabinet can be made at home with a few simple tools, and also the trays, but an exhaust fan of some kind, preferably one operated by electricity, should be bought. The drying principle may be used by the individual family or by communities.

As far as is known the plant established in Nebraska in 1917, in the Belmont community, was the first in the United States. It was installed under the direction of the extension service of the University of Nebraska, according to the drying principle just described which was first worked out in the laboratories of the United States Department of Agriculture. More than sixty families in the Belmont community patronized this first plant and organized a community club to operate it. The community was one of small homes where garden growing was carried on to considerable extent and thus was ideal for the successful operation of a drier of this kind. One of the first requisites for the success of a community drier is sufficient products to keep it going. The plant built at that time cost about $300, including all the equipment, such as the electric motor and fan. The cost would be greater today for such equipment. This plant was a 120-tray size. A smaller plant or one of the family size could be built for much less. If operated in the country a gasoline engine could furnish the motive power for the fan.

The drying cabinet is simple and easy to make and can be installed in a schoolhouse or in any other convenient building in which it will be protected from the weather. The one in the Belmont community was placed in the church the first year, and while the pastor spread the gospel of religion to his Sunday audience, the drying plant at one side of the room was religiously removing from the fresh vegetables their moisture content. Sucking the air from the cabinet instead of forcing it through has proved to hasten the drying considerably. The time required for drying depends, of course, upon the product, the condition of the atmosphere and the size of the fan. The exhaust pipe from the fan leads directly to the outside of the building. Good ventilation should be available.

Before being placed on the drying trays the products are sliced in small and thin pieces either by hand or with slicing machines. The smaller the pieces the more rapidly will the drying proceed. The drying process greatly reduces the volume of the garden products and changes their appearance until one would hardly recognize them. They appear much like withered weeds chopped in small bits and when tasted do not always resemble the flavor of the fresh product, but usually have a much more appetizing flavor. This shrinkage of the products is a decided advantage in storing. Care must be taken to see that all moisture is removed before storing. The dried products pass through a "sweat," like wheat in the stack, and they must be stirred frequently or stored in very small quantities until this stage is passed. Almost every variety of fruit or vegetables can be dried successfully in these driers. The following products were handled by the Belmont community plant: Peas, beans, asparagus, potatoes, parsley, spinach, carrots, green onions, squash, pumpkins, egg plant, turnips, sage, greens, cabbage, peppers, corn, tomatoes, celery, kohl-rabi, Swiss chard, yams, small berries, cherries, apples, elderberries, apricots, peaches, currants and gooseberries.

Thorough cleaning as for table use should be given the fruits or vegetables before they are sliced for the drier and only sound products should be used. Some of the products require blanching before being placed in the drier. This may be done by plunging the products after they are sliced into boiling water for one to ten minutes. Sanitary methods of handling should be followed at all times and care taken to keep out insect enemies.

Rebuilding World's Most Remarkable Temple





IN JAVA, East Indies, work is just being finished on the restoration of the most remarkable temple in the world, covering almost the same area as the Great Pyramid of Gizah. Without the aid of mortar or cement, column, pillar, or arch, the ancients erected terrace after terrace of this temple out of stone. Hundreds of life-sized statues and miles of bas-relief constitute the wonderful ornamentation.

For centuries this temple slumbered peacefully under the earth. The Netherland Government, to whom the island belongs, recently made an appropriation for its excavation. The result was amazing and archeologists say it is one of the surviving wonders of the world. As an initiation of the temple into the light of the twentieth century, an intrepid American engineer, Fritz Sluymers, recently climbed to the top of the temple on a motor cycle, a feat sufficient to cause even Buddha to open his eyes in wonder.

Below is a close-up of one of the balconies of the temple showing the many curiously interesting antique carvings with which the temple abounds.

Old Lundy—A Kingdom Within a Kingdom

"Old Lundy lay some leagues away,
Guarding the middle sea;
A silver mist his low length kissed,
Yet rugged and cold looked he."

A TINY island kingdom, within an island kingdom, rears its shaggy outline from the sea some dozen miles off Hartland Point in Western England, where the Severn estuary indents the rugged coastline. The tiny kingdom is Lundy Island, part of the British Empire, which was purchased late in 1917 by Augustus Langfiham Christie, a brother-in-law of the Earl of Portsmouth, and the owner of extensive properties in North Devon.

Lundy is just about to receive its first automobile. Its contour is not suited to vehicular travel. But its caretaker grew old, and a special car has been built, with gears adapted to the brief mile or so of semi-precipice it will have to negotiate. Also it will carry the infrequent visitors to the famous rock-head whence may be seen one of the wildest seascapes of all that famous rock-spitted coast.

Once the rendezvous of pirates and smugglers and, still earlier, the home of the Marisco family, whose activity forms an important chapter in English history, the island still preserves a measure of independence which can be likened only to that of the feudal barons, and makes it one of the world's most extraordinary landmarks.

It is literally a barrier of granite, lying athwart the crowded fairway of the Severn estuary, often shrouded in impenetrable fog, its western cliffs exposed to the full fury of the Atlantic breakers—a siren's rock that has lured many a good ship to its doom.

In shape Lundy is not unlike the leaf of the dandelion. It is about three miles long and a bare mile in breadth at the south shore, tapering to a point at the northern end, and either side of its coastline is very irregular and indented with numerous coves. The plateau is divided by the quarter, the halfway and the three-quarter walls into four unequal parts; of these only the southern portion is under any sort of cultivation; the remainder, beyond the quarter wall, is all sheep and cattle runs.

On the east coast there are some abandoned granite quarries; the difficulties of trans-shipment were so great that it did not pay to work them, though some of the stone is of so close and fine a grain that it was used for the facing of the Thames embankment.

The grandest scenery is on the west coast, which is a long succession of rocky promontories, at whose feet, in a westerly breeze, the long Atlantic rollers thunder as they break in clouds of spray. Here is the smooth slope of the Devil's Slide, with its fall of some 400 feet to a pool of deep, green water, inclosed in rock, and here is the largest brook on the island. Issuing from a rushy pond at the head of a valley of rocks, it falls from ledge to ledge in tiny cascades of foam until it pours down a precipice almost at the foot of a tall pillar of granite called the Devil's Chimney. Off the next headland the sharp outline of Needle Rock rises against a background of blue sky and green and white sea.

The only landing-place is a small bay with a shingle beach on the southeast side of the island. The cliffs here are of slate, crossed in places by narrow veins of greenstone. At high tide they shelve precipitously to the very water's edge. On your left, as you enter the bay, the tide swirls swiftly around the black rocks at the base of the green-topped South Point; then comes a dip, above which, rising to a height of 300 feet, is the steep cliff of Lametry, with the lighthouse; a sharp ridge of slate joins this to the sheer crag faced with greenstone. From the summit, 400 feet above the sea level, the dark, square battlements of Marisco Castle frown on the landing-place at its foot.

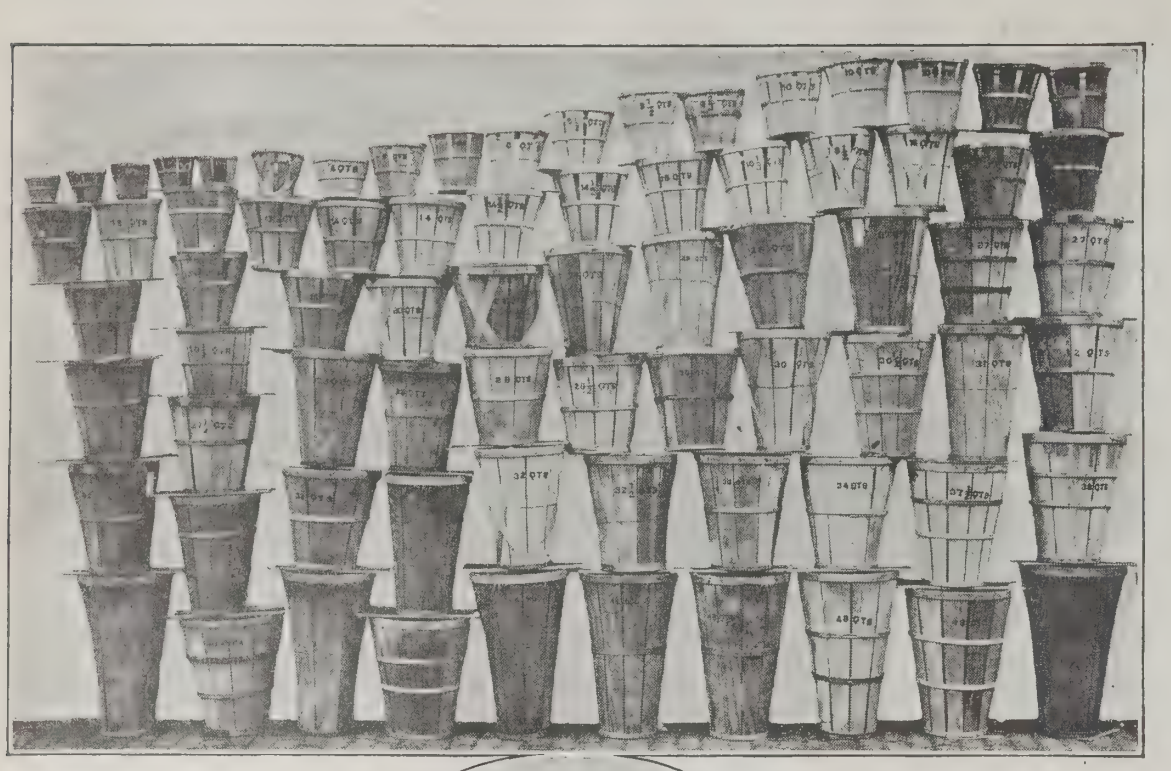
Past headlands carpeted with lichens and sea pinks, with a patch of gray here and there where the rock protrudes, you come to the tall cone of the Shutter, at the southwest corner of the island. A narrow ridge of rock, 100 feet above the level of the shoreless bay, joins the Shutter to the cliff, in whose face, about 50 feet below the summit of the plateau, yawns a smooth abyss, in shape like an inverted wedge, known as the Devil's Limekiln. The bottom is strewn with huge boulders, which are sucked backward and forward by the surge that rushes moaning through a narrow cavern.

There is a local tradition—referred to by Kingsley—that the Shutter once exactly filled the pit, until the devil, perceiving the possibilities for mischief then wasted, plucked it out and set it up in the sea. A swift race pours across a sunken reef between the Shutter and the Black Rock, a low, treacherous crag about 150 yards from the shore. This rock, and not the Shutter, is Kingsley's "huge black fang rising amid a column of salt smoke" on the seaward side of the tide race, and if in place of "Shutter" we understand "Black Rock," the mystery—which has puzzled many—how the armada galleon (in "Westward Ho!") could go ashore between the Shutter and the land is explained.

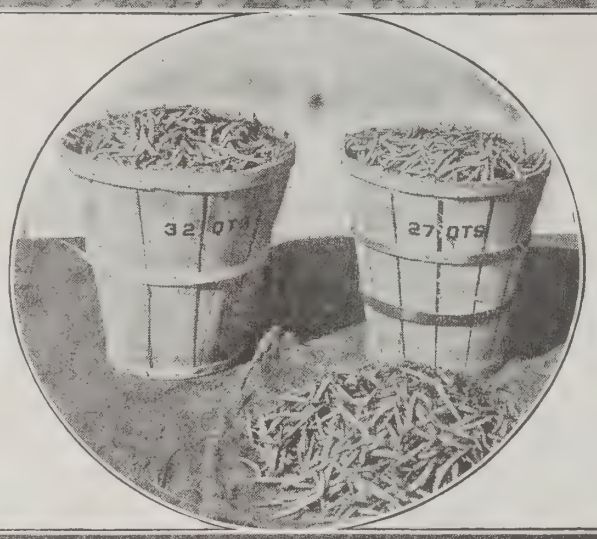
Twice the island has been in the hands of foreigners—once when it was captured by a band of Turkish pirates, who threatened to burn the town of Ilfracombe; and, secondly, in the time of William III, by French privateers, who gained possession by landing a coffin filled with arms and ammunition, on pretense that it contained the body of their captain, whom they were anxious to bury in consecrated ground.

Lundy, in 1836, was purchased by the late Mr. Heaven's father, a West Indian planter, who attributed his comparative poverty to the emancipation act and free trade in sugar. Father and son in succession ruled the island as benevolent autocrats until a year or two ago, when the son died, rich in years and honor. As far as money, good intentions and energy could go, he had made Lundy, in a popular punning phrase, the "kingdom of Heaven," and recent reports indicate the tradition is being upheld.

Queer Tricks of the Trade

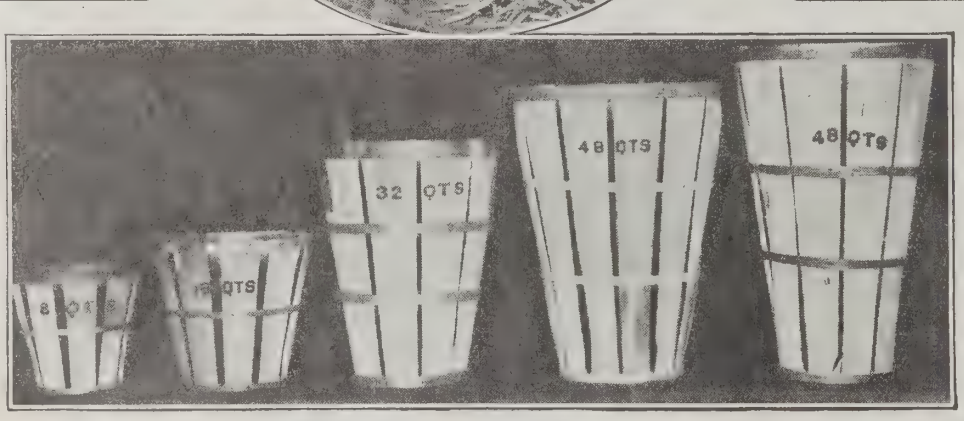


Above — Here are shown seventy-five sizes and styles of hampers for fruits and vegetables. Use of these has become confusing to both buyers and sellers and it is proposed to standardize sizes, that cheating may be done away with. Note the variation in shape of many hampers of the same capacity.



Center—The pile of beans on the burlap is the overflow obtained by pouring the beans from the bushel hamper into the twenty-seven quart hamper.

Below—These five sizes of hampers will take care of all needs. Their adoption will do away with much confusion. The one and one-half bushel hamper is made in two sizes.



IT IS amazing how many slick schemes have been evolved by producers, wholesalers and retailers in all kinds of fruits and vegetables, to make more than their just share of profits by skinning each other and the public.

The next time you visit a market note the various and sundry types of baskets, boxes, crates and containers in which fruits and vegetables are offered for sale. They differ so much in a variety of ways that no man or woman can tell with any degree of exactness what quantity they are getting.

A favorite trick of the trade is for city wholesalers to buy a given number of baskets of some particular commodity from a distant producer and, upon its arrival at their warehouse, repack them into baskets exactly similar in appearance, but which, in reality, hold several quarts less. Through this ingenious and thrifty —always thrifty—process, the wholesaler has no difficulty whatever in making a hundred baskets of something where there were only 75 formerly. Such well-known magicians as Kellar, Houdini and Thurston never had anything on these chaps. Upon the theory that all is grist that comes to their mill, these wholesalers then proceed to sell those hundred baskets of stuff based on the price of 75. In other words they reap a neat profit on each of the 75, and what they get for the additional 25 is pure velvet. But the consumer thinks he is getting the original quantity sold to the wholesaler by the producer; the producer never dreams but what the wholesaler sold to the consumer the same sized package he sold to him, and which he labored a year from sunup to sundown to produce.

Great game, isn't it?

But very, very often, that prolific aggregation of hard workers, known to town and city dwellers as hucksters, make these same wholesalers look like inexperienced pikers and amateurs in putting grist through their financial mills. It is no trick at all for an energetic, hustling and conscienceless huckster, for instance, to take a six-basket Georgia peach carrier holding six four-quart baskets, and take a smaller carrier of almost the same size, but instead of six four-quart baskets, he uses six three-quart baskets, dumping the peaches from the four-quart baskets into the smaller containers, and using the surplus in making up an additional crate. What they do with peaches, of course, is duplicated with many other commodities.

There are in some sections of the country a tribe of producers and wholesalers that doesn't seem to be able to break itself of the old dishonest habit of packing the runty, gnarly or wormy fruit or vegetables in the middle of the receptacles, assuming that such deception will pass undetected. They fool no one. Such people make enemies for themselves wherever their product is marketed. This sort of cheap trickery, however, is rapidly being overcome and a majority of the producers and dealers are grading their products and disposing of them along lines of fair standardization.

The purchasing of certain fruits and vegetables, particularly pears and tomatoes, in small baskets is a risky transaction. It is surprising how differently the same sized pears or tomatoes can be placed in baskets of one size. It is all in the trick of packing.

Secretary Meredith, of the United States Department of Agriculture, fully appreciates the unfortunate situation as to the present condition of marketing farm products, and is carefully co-operating with his corps of experts in the Bureau of Markets in an effort to rectify these conditions. These men, as a result of long and careful consideration to the subject, have worked out a definite and practical plan of simplifying and standardizing the types of baskets and containers for general use throughout the country. There is not the least doubt as to the success of the plan, and the general satisfaction that is bound to ensue if their recommendations shall be put into effect everywhere. But this can only be done through the passage of necessary laws by Congress. Whether Congress will deem the matter of sufficient importance to give it the necessary attention, of course, remains to be seen.

The Wood Hollow Papers

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

IT IS strange yet nevertheless a fact that children are taught from youth to believe that the owl and the hawk are dire enemies of mankind and therefore must be killed whenever the opportunity presents. That *all* hawks and owls are destructive is a ruinous theory, for such is certainly not the case, but that *some* hawks and *some* owls are destructive, even to a degree, is very true. It remains to be learned which are the valuable ones; and to discover this demands a system of study. It has been the common belief that the more hawks and owls killed the safer people would be—and it is strange how far the matter has been carried to find out. One would think that this conviction is reserved to individuals but in the state of Pennsylvania the state legislature at one time enacted a law outlawing all the hawks and the owls of the state, granting a bounty of fifty cents a head for all brought in. The slaughter went on apace and in two years nearly 200,000 scalps were harvested and nearly $100,000 was paid out in bounties. No doubt men made a business of this killing. The stage was soon to be set for the rise of the curtain in Pennsylvania. People were now to be given a concrete example of the law of balance and proportion, that you cannot tamper with nature's means of counteracting a menace without painful results. The curtain rose. At the close of two years the farmers discovered that the fields, groves and farms were infested by swarms of mice, rats and insects. Never had such a scourge come upon them. The most beneficial owl of all (that lives almost wholly around the barns and kills more barn rats than any other living creature, the barn owl) had also been killed off and the rats under the barns increased one hundred per cent, making it necessary for men to go from farm to farm with ferrets to drive out the rats and kill them in this manner. In the fields the propagation of mice went on rapidly. No hawk by day coursed low to seize them: no owl by night swooped down out of the nowhere to make pellets of them.

The truth had been driven home to the people. In frantic haste plea after plea went up to the lawmakers and finally the law was repealed. The great harm had been done and it took years of protection of these two species to bring things back to normal. In speaking of the "fool hawk and owl law of Pennsylvania" (now a standard joke) a naturalist has stated with genuine wisdom:

"The moral of this episode is that it is very dangerous to meddle with the balance of nature by a wholesale destruction of hawks and owls. There are a very few species that deserve to be destroyed, but those are now so difficult to find and identify at gunshot distance that only an intelligent hunter is competent to undertake their destruction and guarantee no killings by mistake. Today the really destructive are almost a negligible factor in wild life economy and only bird men should be encouraged to go hunting for the objectionable hawks and owls. There is no longer any real necessity to provide bounties for the destruction of the few and now rare species of hawks that do more harm than good and that deserve destruction when they are numerous."

Telling hawks and owls, one variety from another, is really difficult for the simple reason that they are hard to approach, and this is true with the bird student as well as the average person. Generally the hawks killed are not the harmful hawks and in this manner valuable ones are destroyed while the destructive ones get away, skin, feathers, beak and all. A hawk is a hawk to the average person. Hawks that rarely touch poultry are always to be found around the meadows and the pastures swooping low, here and there, not frightened, probably because they have nothing to trouble their various consciences. It is thus that the farmer boy often kills the valuable ones because they are easy to get at. By a misapplication of names the red-shouldered hawk is indiscriminately designated as a "hen-hawk" while the red-tailed hawk is called a "chicken-hawk" and *vice versa*. Hence they are unjustly slain. The truth of the matter is that both these varieties, the red-shouldered hawk, *Buteo lineatus*, and the red-tailed hawk, *Buteo borealis*, are invaluable aids in the upkeep of the land. They are the deadly enemies of mice and rats and investigation has proved that little poultry is consumed by either of these well-known members of the species.

The red-shouldered hawk is very common and is from 18 to 20 inches in length, reddish-brown, with a blackish tail barred with white. This latter point is a means to identification, also the fact that it is seen flying very low to ground and fields in lookout for mice. They patiently go back and forth over a scant meadow-plot, leaving apparently no foot of it slip by uninvestigated, and flying so slowly at times that one marvels they can hold their balance. At times they are so near to ground that their wings brush the grasses. I have stood and marveled as I have watched one of these hawks at work. I have left only to turn back and again take up my post, unable to draw myself away. As they swoop low over the face of the meadow they fan vigorously with their wings to work up speed, and then, by means of this sustained energy, they glide; when the momentum has spent itself they work the wings rapidly again and then once more glide. Arrived at the end of the plot they suddenly veer and return in the direction from hence they have come, though off to the side of the path they have hunted over. Thus no foot of ground is left unhunted.

(*Continued next week*)

Many Men of Many Minds

Rear Admiral William S. Sims.—The world will not stand for another great war. Even were the world disposed, it could not stand another great war. The nations must find a way to compose their differences. The only sure basis is a spiritual one; it is through the power of sentiment.

Viscount Kato.—Japan may be well advised to leave the affairs of foreign nations to the foreigners, unless her own interests are seriously menaced. Siberia may yet be far from political agreement internally and the maintenance there of a Japanese army is fraught with every danger.

Bainbridge Colby.—It is natural that the nations of South America should appreciate their power, wealth and importance, which every other nation so freely concedes. They are a delightful people, progressive, educated, enlightened, and their attitude toward this country is one of unmistakable friendliness and appreciation, and they ought to be appreciated, and deserve to be.

Samuel V. Hoglund.—The Mennonites are not a freakish people, setting themselves apart from the other people of the world by mannerisms in dress, modes of living or speech. They are simply followers of a religion which teaches them industry, frugality and peace.

Albert S. Burleson.—I believe that I have more enemies and have been more generally denounced than any member of the cabinet. It has not, however, robbed me of my serenity of mind, nor spoiled either my disposition or my appetite. I know who my enemies are, how I made them, and why, and the reasons are satisfactory ones to me.

Viscount Yasuya Uchida.—It is the tragic destiny of a comparatively small but self-reliant nation like Japan to be obliged to watch anxiously the dispositions and measures of nations more fortunately circumstanced and with greater resources at their command. She cannot, however greatly she desires it, inaugurate experiments in disarmament in advance of other nations.

Vilhjalmur Stefansson.—There are prairie lands in the regions north of the Arctic Circle where grass very similar to the famed "blue grass" of Kentucky grows in abundance. It makes fine grazing pastures for the reindeer. The temperature in this region has been as high as 103 degrees in the shade, which will rival even the heat of the tropics.

Dr. Alberto P. Severgnini.—In this country you believe that a gun on the hip leads to crime, while in South America we believe that gun-toting prevents crime. We all carry guns and Buenos Aires has fewer crimes than Chicago, New York and other large United States cities.

Philip Gibbs.—Because I love France and the spirit of France I cannot shut my eyes to dangerous possibilities in her European policy, which in my judgment may lead to a new grouping and arming of nations for war, which then, indeed, would complete the ruin of France and drag us all into black gulfs from which Europe would not escape with many traces of her ancient civilization.

General Leonard Wood.—There are few instances where profiteers have carried on with more hardihood and reckless disregard of public opinion than in the United States during the World War and since the armistice.

Alvaro Obregon.—Revolutions are merely processes of evolution toward progress.

Professor E. C. Wilm.—Dancing serves as a useful social end. It gives married people the opportunity to associate with persons of the opposite sex under conventional circumstances, and it helps uphold conventional society.

James L. Garvin.—It was a World War. It must be a world peace. To suppose that the victorious nations could enjoy real peace and its benefits as they desire, while over 200,000,000 of Germans, Russians and sundry are not brought fully in to restore a normal productive and trading system in the world—that was a grotesque and suicidal delusion.

H. G. Wells.—A time will come when a politician who has wilfully made war will be as sure of the dock and much surer of the noose than a private homicide. It is not reasonable that those who gamble with men's lives should not stake their own. The service of the world-state calls for much more than passive resistance to belligerent authorities, for much more than exemplary martyrdoms.

Charles W. Eliot.—There is an extraordinary amount of credulity in the American people in flying rumors and news. It is a new development highly unpromising. We are more and more becoming subject to what I may call "herd impulses," gregarious impulses, common emotions.

A. B. Farquhar.—My sixty-five years in business have carried me through nearly every crisis of the country. I have never seen a period when America, in the opinion of competent observers, was not going to the dogs—or when it was not actually growing bigger and better.

Philip Snowden.—There surely can be but one ideal that every humane person will try to realize in 1921, and that is to bring perfect peace to a sorely stricken world and to restore the economic ravages of war, and to set the ruined countries on the road to economic and industrial prosperity.

George T. Odell.—In the matter of foreign-trade development the United States stands today upon the threshold where Germany stood a quarter of a century ago. Thanks to the war a merchant fleet has been created in an unprecedented short space of time, while that which it took Germany twenty-five years to build has either been shattered or dispersed among the victors of the war, leaving England and Japan as our principal rivals in this field.

Francesco Nitti.—It is one thing to formulate principles, but quite another to apply them. It is easy enough to divide territories on the map, but a very difficult thing to overcome the resistance of a people.

Agriculture—Manufacture—Transportation

A recent test to determine how long seeds remain alive showed interesting results. Seed corn gathered in 1908 and germinated in 1920 was very low in vitality, the grains producing very weak sprouts as compared with one-year-old corn. Tests also prove that seeds have low vitality when gathered during years of excessive humidity and rainfall. Oats and wheat seeds gathered in 1915 show extremely low vitality.

Dr. Yen Te-Ching, managing director of the Canton-Hankow Railway is visiting the United States for the purpose of inspecting railroad facilities and lake transportation of freight.

Business reviews are urging merchants to put price tags on their goods. "How much?" is the first question the public asks, say students of trade conditions.

The United States Department of Agriculture experts say that American rice is as good as that grown anywhere in the world. This year's crop is about a fourth larger than ever before.

In statements issued to the press the publicity department of the National Coal Association declares that bituminous mine operators make only 25 to 30 cents a ton on their product and the reason coal which sells at the mine mouth for $3.47 costs the consumer many times that amount is due to freight rates and labor.

Finland is finding a profitable market in Europe for dairy machinery and is building up a heavy trade. The loss of the Russian and German markets was a severe blow but the Finnish business men have found a sale for their products in England, the Baltic provinces and South America.

The crops destroyed by small rodents and insects in America would feed the people of Belgium. The great natural enemies of these pests of the farmer, fruit grower and forester are the birds.

Ten years ago California raised no rice. Last year's crop amounted to 150,000 tons on soil formerly thought worthless.

Motor travel on highly improved highways paralleling its line has so seriously affected the passenger traffic of the Chesapeake and Western Railway Company in Virginia that the railroad has petitioned the state corporation commission for permission to abandon passenger service on the road.

It is suggested by a commercial attaché of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce that American manufacturers and exporters addressing American representatives abroad, attach to their letters a brief statement as to their capital stock, credit rating, and resources for transacting business.

The 1920 output of long-staple cotton in Arizona and Southern California alone was 100,000 bales.

The vice consul at Panama reports that improvements completed at the Cristobal coaling plant make it the largest in the world for bunkering ships. There are five berths and the largest ship afloat may be coaled at the rate of 1,200 tons an hour.

The bicycle is becoming quite common in Egypt. Almost 2,000 were imported in 1920.

Farm land in the state of Washington has increased sixty per cent in value since the 1910 census.

A prominent western road with the slogan, "The Gospel of a Good Load," has launched a campaign to promote heavier car loading and the conservation of equipment. The results thus far have been very gratifying.

It is reported that British oil interests, including the Royal Dutch syndicate, have received concessions in newly discovered oil fields in northern Greece.

The American Locomotive Company plans to build a plant at St. Louis to cost about $25,000,000. It is believed the new plant is to be built in anticipation of a big demand for motive power in the coming years.

The shortage of both fuel oil and coal in certain parts of Canada is hampering railroad operation to a certain extent. The question of the electrification of railways is under discussion and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has taken steps to electrify its lines in British Columbia.

A New York state authority on potato growing states that the small potatoes are better for seed than the larger ones.

When Russia brings her corn producing lands up to the standard of America's corn lands she alone will be able to supply the world's cereal needs with the exception of maize and rice.

According to the Federal Trade Commission the outstanding development in the marketing of grain recently has been the entry of the farmer into the elevator business. Many farmers have co-operative elevators which they use in marketing their grain.

In the last ten years wages of men hired on farms have more than doubled. In the last twenty years they have more than tripled and last year they were more than four times higher than in 1879.

A bill directing the Secretary of the Treasury to honor certificates of the Interstate Commerce Commission for partial payments to the railroads on account of their six months' guaranty has been favorably reported to the Senate by action of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce.

To raise revenues to meet the increasing needs of state government, the governor of Pennsylvania recommends a tax of four cents a ton on bituminous coal produced at the mines and eight cents a ton on anthracite.

A new shock absorber for refrigerator cars reduces egg breakage in shipment. The device is by no means limited to the transportation of eggs but is adaptable to use for other merchandise and food products which are subject to breakage by jarring of car.

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URBANA ILL

Briefly Told

There are 12,000,000 Negroes in the United States. They constitute one-seventh of the working force of the country.

Lenin has submitted to the Eighth Congress of Soviets a plan for the complete electrification of Russia in ten years.

There are 311,000 applications for passports to the United States at present on file in Poland according to the Commissioner of Immigration for the port of New York.

The glow worm is not a worm at all. It is a beetle, the female of which never gets beyond the larva-like form. Her mate is a hard-shelled little beetle not as luminous as she is.

Hardware men are reaping a harvest due to the crime wave. Padlocks, heavy chains and burglar devices are being sold in larger quantities than they ever have been sold before.

America is furnishing to France wooden houses. They are ready-cut, consisting of three rooms and a shed and occupying about 23 square feet.

Camphor is now being made from turpentine by a synthetic process.

Connecticut is establishing an improved salmon hatchery at Madison for restocking eastern streams with this valuable fish.

Cocoanuts are a native of Florida but originally came from a boat wrecked on the coast years ago.

The chief of the morale branch general staff, whose business during the war was to study soldier psychology, states that the slogan, "Let's go," is the slogan that won the war.

Applications for marriage licenses in Nebraska must rest in the office of the county judge fifteen days before being granted and guardians or parents must be notified by registered letter according to the terms of a bill submitted in the state senate.

Millionaire clubmen acted as stokers on a Swedish liner bound for New York when the regular crew of firemen struck for higher wages.

Shells filled with a gallon of oil and fired at angry waves will calm a turbulent sea according to tests made by United States life guards of Cohasset, Massachusetts. It is said that a barrage of such shells to the windward of a wrecked vessel would produce a sea sufficiently smooth to enable a lifeboat to make a safe approach.

A Roman battle standard and a Roman general's folding camp chair, antiquities dug up in Essex a century ago, two of Great Britain's most ancient military trophies, were recently sold at a London auction room for two hundred pounds.

In the year 1920 Great Britain reduced her national debt by £247,000,000.

A shell from one of Admiral Dewey's guns, after lying for twenty-two years in a vacant lot in Manila, exploded when a lad picked it up and hurled it against a rock. The concussion knocked three boys to the ground and painfully injured them.

Shredded cedar bark used in hens' nests, keeps insects out of them, as the bugs strongly object to the spicy cedar.

A boy six years of age was recently shipped by express from Ranger, Texas, to Bend, Oregon. A tag on his coat bore the following information: "Leonard Adcock, Ranger, Texas, destination, Edwin Berly, Bend, Oregon."

A circular saw mounted on a carriage and operated by electric power makes it possible to bring it to work in any conceivable position. It is said the consumption of current is extremely moderate.

Resigning from the vice presidency of a bank to become an oil driller a Texas man will don overalls to learn the driller's game "from the surface down."

Births are outnumbering deaths in France for the first time in years. This is the most encouraging symptom of the country's recovery from the war's ravages.

Contrary to general belief the American Indian is increasing slowly in numbers according to the Indian commissioner.

Oxford University is organizing an expedition to Spitzenbergen to make discoveries of a geographical nature on several of the highest peaks which have never been scaled.

Japan leads the world in proportion of divorces to marriages.

Salt is obtained in Ecuador by permitting sea water to enter wide pits. The mouth of the pit is then closed and the water is slowly evaporated by the sun, precipitating crystals which are broken into pieces for distribution.

The Chinese and Japanese in their fables regard the milky way as a stream containing silvery fishes. African Bushmen and American Indians associate it with lights guiding the paths of wandering spirits.

The cost of one battleship would save the lives of three and a half million starving children in the war-devastated areas of Europe.

Germany is using animal muscular fiber in the manufacture of a new artificial silk. The cementing material is dissolved and the separated fiber straightened. These are woven and if desired the fabric may be rendered waterproof by impregnation with rubber.

There is more lumber consumed in forest fires in America every year than all America's sawmills manufacture in a year.

Calcimine or whitewash on wood proves to be resistant to fire to a certain extent. While it does not prevent burning at high temperature, it lessens the risk of fire from cigarets, sparks and matches and is cheap and practical.

In India lizards are hunted for their skins. The skins when tanned are made into women's and children's shoes, purses and handbags, and are exported.

Electrical installations in the United States have doubled every five years during the last generation.

It has been said that an osteopath in Washington, D. C., cured a prominent Australian lecturer and literary man of blindness in a series of treatments lasting three days.

The annual tobacco bill of the United States is $2,110,000,000 of which $800,000,000 is spent for cigarets.

Piling coated with a mixture of three parts sand to one part cement forms a covering completely impervious to water and keeps out the teredo, limnoria and other wood borers which have been a problem for years where piling has been subjected to salt water.

Putting bank robbery on a par with murder the Arkansas senate recently passed without a dissenting vote a bill providing capital punishment for criminals of this class. This form of robbery is on a par with murder in that it gives juries the right to fix either life imprisonment or electrocution as punishment.

Explosives deteriorate with time and chemical decomposition takes place if they are not kept at a safe and constant temperature. The French minister of war suggests that France sink her explosives in waterproof tanks in the Pyrenees lakes and thus keep them for decades.

English walnuts selling at $3 each in Denver were found to contain small capsules of morphine and cocaine in place of nut meats.

A bill making it unlawful for any person to offer for sale any dirk, Bowie knife, metallic or false knuckles, sling shot, or any other dangerous weapon has been introduced in the West Virginia house of delegates. The bill also provides that no firearms are to be sold to any person of foreign birth who has not been naturalized.

Wireless apparatus is used to hunt criminals. The New York police notify police of other cities within a radius of about 300 miles concerning the movement of suspects.

Expressing reluctance to make food out of so valuable a bird while we are preaching simplicity and thrift, President-elect Harding has written a Rochelle woman declining with thanks her offer of "the flame of bronze" champion turkey at the recent national poultry show for his first Thanksgiving dinner in the White House.

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Why the Team Goes South

A story of preparation and training necessary to condition major league ball players for a season.

Our Quadrennial Show

An interesting collection of facts having to do with the inauguration of many of our Presidents.

The Farmstead—Its Possibilities

This is the first of an important series of articles, appropriately and interestingly illustrated, dealing with problems of the farm; they have to do with the social and economic life on the farm and we consider them to be an important contribution to a subject greatly under discussion.

The Center of Jewish Rule in America

Power of Our Inner Government

The first detailed story of the activities of the Kehillah, the great Jewish society where radical and conservative, employer and employe meet —as Jews—to work for Judah! Its ramifications in New York, and its workings in the politics of both city and state form probably one of the most vital of the many links in the study of *The International Jew.*

Our Most Popular National Park

There are nineteen beautiful national parks, including those in Alaska and Hawaii, but none has grown in public favor so rapidly as has Rocky Mountain. Situated within easy traveling distance of Denver and accessible to motorists, its picturesqueness is drawing thousands.

He Capitalizes Hate

You no doubt have been one of thousands who have thrilled with horror at Eric von Stroheim.

Lincoln and Harding

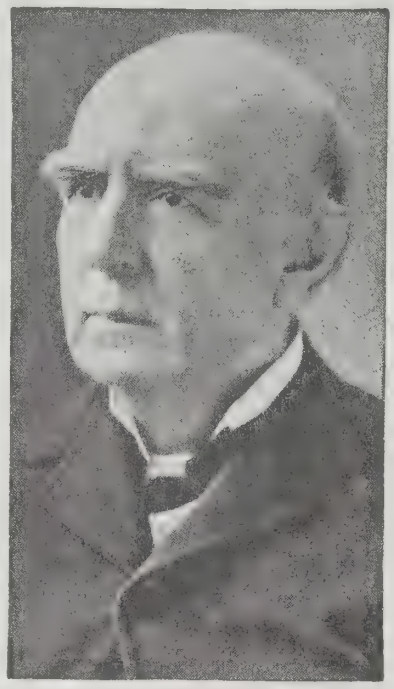
The table that links the two men in the ceremony of taking office will be a feature March 4.

The Table That Will Link Harding's Inauguration With Lincoln's

By AARON HARDY ULM

IT IS a little and daintily designed piece of parlor furniture, of solid mahogany. It is one of the kinds of home interior fittings that relieved the drab of the horsehair upholstering days of the Civil War period and later. It has done duty in the home of a prominent Washington family for more than fifty years, with an additional pleasing service to every beginner-President since Abraham Lincoln, excepting one. And it will again come forth to rest the inaugural arm and hand of President Harding, to uphold the Bible that will seal the Presidential oath and support the address that will announce national policies for the next four years. It began to do those things for the Great Emancipator and if good luck continues, the table will render like services for many future Presidents.

The article of furniture isn't public property and as far as known it has always been privately owned. Its continued existence in a state of excellent preservation is due to the thoughtfulness of a young architect who made the arrangements for Lincoln's inauguration in 1861. The architect was Edward Clark, who for a half century was attached to the National Capitol construction force, being, as chief architect, in charge of the Capitol building and all improvements thereon, for nearly forty years. The "inaugural table" is now owned by Watson F. Clark, a Washington business man and son of Edward Clark, who, in line with the custom of his family for a half century, has tendered the table to the Harding inaugural committee, which, like many of its predecessors, has accepted it for use on March 4.



THE LATE EDWARD CLARK,
who was chief architect of the United States Capitol. The tradition of his family is that Mr. Clark provided the little parlor table that served Lincoln in 1861.

The early history of the table is unknown, but the tradition is that Edward Clark purchased it originally and loaned it from his home for service at the first Lincoln inauguration. Anyway, it has been in the Clark family since that time, and has been regularly loaned to inauguration committees every four years since 1861. There is a tradition that the table was first used at John Quincy Adams' inauguration in 1825 but the surviving head of the Clark family says that is not true. The only time since Lincoln's initiation to the Presidential office when it was not used was at the Taft inaugural in 1909. The exception was due to the weather on that occasion. The table was on hand, as usual, on the platform at the front of the Capitol where inaugural exercises generally take place. But the weather on March 4, 1909, was so terrific that the President was forced to take the oath and deliver his address in the Senate Chamber, and no one thought to take the historic table to him.

Attempts have been made several times by by-standers at inaugurals to steal the table, as a souvenir of the particular occasion, probably, for few have known of its long inaugural history. The most dramatic and nearest successful attempt at seizure was made during one of the Wilson inaugurations. In the confusion following the ceremonies the table disappeared. A Capitol policeman by chance saw a man passing through the rotunda inside the Capitol building with a table under his arm. He had the wit to stop the man and make inquiry, whereupon the souvenir "hound" dropped the article and passed on with the crowd.

At the Roosevelt inaugural in 1905 a small piece of the delicate beading around the top of the table was chipped off. The scar that was left indicated that a pocket knife had been used and some of the correspondents in writing of the incident intimated rather broadly that one of the members of the foreign diplomatic corps committed the sacrilege. Those who checked up on the incident are not sure, however, that the gash was made intentionally by anyone. The table may have been pushed over and the gash caused by the fall. It was repaired in the Capitol shops.

The table has a memento significance in addition to its part in Lincoln's two inaugurations and all but one of succeeding ones. It is a relic of one of the most distinguished men whose names are associated with the development of the United States Capitol building.

Edward Clark, who preserved the table and handed it down to his descendants, became chief architect of the Capitol in 1865, after several years' service under Thomas U. Walter who designed and directed the construction of the House and Senate wings of the building. Mr. Clark supervised most of the later work done on the famous structure, particularly the decorations, and also planned many newer government structures in Washington. He served as chief architect until his death in 1902, and became famous as an architect, litterateur and patron of music.



Beside this table every President, except one, beginning with Abraham Lincoln in 1861, stood while being inducted or re-inducted into office. It will be used again at the inauguration of Warren G. Harding on March 4. The table belongs to Watson F. Clark, of Washington, D. C., in whose family it has been for more than a half century.

Mr. Clark was succeeded by Elliot Woods, who still holds the place. In fact, only three men have had charge of the United States Capitol since 1852.

"Haven't efforts been made by collectors to buy the famous inaugural table?" Watson F. Clark, its present owner, was asked.

"I can't recall a single serious offer for it," Mr. Clark replied. "The only one of any kind that I know of was made recently by a second-hand furniture dealer. He saw an item in one of the local Washington papers stating that the table would again be used at the Harding inauguration. He hurried around to the house, looked the table over very carefully, noted its good state of preservation and, appearing as if he thought it to be a piece of mere old furniture, asked: 'Do you want to sell it?'

"We told him that it wasn't for sale, and it isn't, either as second-hand furniture, or as a memento or antique. It will continue to be available for service at Presidential inaugurals."

"What do you do with it between times?"

"We use it for a game of cards now and then, for example, but you may be sure we take mighty good care of it."

How Much Do You Owe?

ANY time figures get up into the millions the average man loses all sense of proportion. From then on, hundreds of millions, billions, are only rows of ciphers. But in the *Journal of Commerce* (New York) Frederic Austin published the first complete figures on international finance authoritatively compiled since the war. This is an attempted analysis of those figures in everyday terms.

For example, if we say the national debt of the United States was $1,028,564,000 in 1913; $17,005,431,000 in 1918 and $24,974,936,000 in 1920 while it is obvious that it has increased some 24 times, it is difficult to bring it home to the individual. But, if we put it this way: the debt of each individual—each person's share of the national debt—in 1913 was $11, and today each person's share of the debt is $225, that makes it clear enough, for $11 and $225 are sums well within common experience.

If there are five persons in your family, including the baby, your share of that debt is $225 times 5 or $1,125. You can buy an automobile and a piano and have enough left over for spare tires and gasoline with $1,125.

The total pre-war national debts of the world totaled $43,200,931,000; by the armistice this was swelled to $214,075,373,000; today the world owes $265,305,022,000. Put it in words—two hundred and sixty-five billions of dollars; and each billion is one thousand millions. It is a lot of money!

There are countries that actually decreased their national debts during the war. The reason is obvious: they were neutrals or else so far removed that the demands on their resources were small and their commerce was not ravaged as was the case with the Scandinavian countries, for example. These countries with a decrease are:

Ceylon, Colombia, Cuba, Egypt, Guatemala, Haiti, Peru and Venezuela.

The Dutch East Indies didn't owe a nickel in 1913, and now has a national debt of $91,871,000; Panama, which owed in 1913 only $5,100, now has a debt of $7,101,000.

But here is a peculiar thing. Among the major belligerents the increases are extremely heavy—except in Japan. In 1913 Japan owed $1,241,997,000 and today her debt only amounts to $1,300,000,000, comparatively speaking, a paltry increase.

Every other nation in the world, with Japan, has seen its debt increase, the United Kingdom's national debt, for example, has grown from $3,485,818,000 to $39,314,000,000; but this does not include the colonial debts. Canada's increase is from $544,391,000 to $1,935,946,000. Without going into details the total indebtedness of the British Empire in 1913 was $8,121,932,000 while now it reaches $48,045,148,000.

On the Entente side, France (if you consider the British Empire by states and not as a whole) led the world in debts with $6,346,129,000, and now, irrespective of the French colonies, owes $46,025,000,000, only a little less than Germany's $48,552,000,000.

Now to put these figures in pocketbook terms, the French, with the heaviest per capita obligation in the world, owed, in 1913, $160 for every individual in the republic; today each resident of France owes $1,150; for a family of five persons this is $5,750. Great Britain comes second now, although in 1913 she was third. The British personal obligation was $78, now it is $850. Germany, in 1913, was more happily placed than any other big power; her inhabitants owed only $18 per individual; but today, exclusive of the debts of the individual states, each German is responsible for $800.

From there, there is a big drop. Austria, whose per capita debt in 1913 was $63, now has an individual burden of $525, and Hungary, whose debt worked out before the war at $70 each, now is responsible for $387.

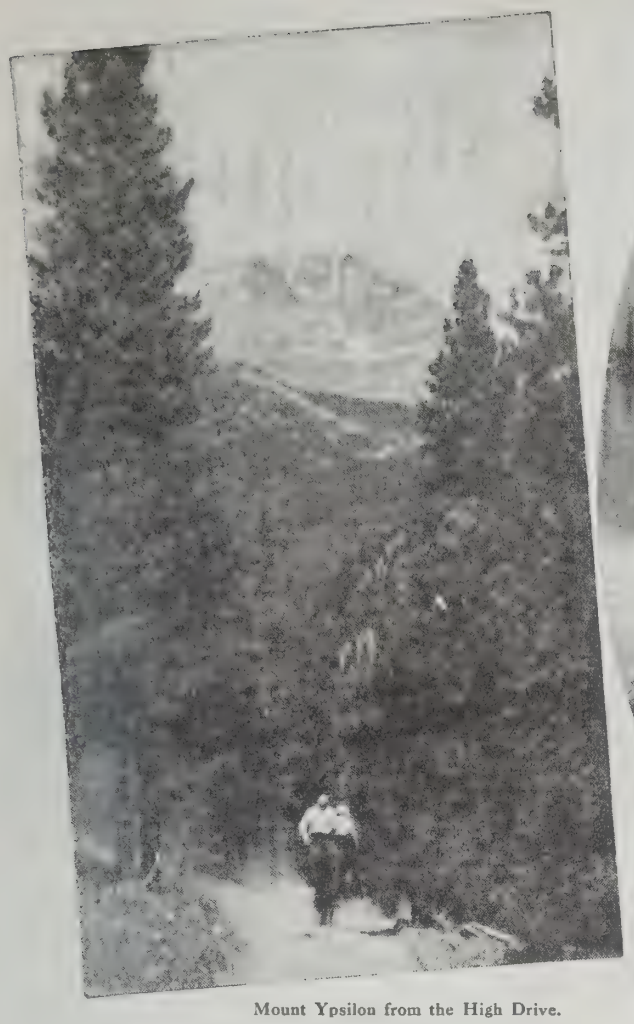
Italy, whose personal indebtedness of $78 ranked her second in 1913, now has dropped to sixth, although her per capita indebtedness today is $365, but Australia's, whose per capita debt was no larger than Germany's $18, has become $318 for each Australian.

Then comes the United States which, despite its tremendous proportional increase, is far less heavy on the individual than in any other countries except Canada and Russia, and the last, of course, is doubtful. The United States per capita, as quoted above, is $225 as against $11 in 1913. Canada's in 1913 was $70, and now is $159. Russia's was $27 and in 1917 was $125.

Similar figures might be worked out for every nation in the world, but sufficient is indicated to show that the weight of affairs falls heavily on every living soul in the world; perhaps the most powerful argument showing the wrongness of international conduct ever produced. If proof of this last statement is deemed insufficient, here are a few figures showing how the load has gradually increased with the wars of the last two centuries.

At the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 the national debts of the world amounted to $1,500,000,000. China alone owes that much today. Eighty years later, on the eve of the Napoleonic Wars, the total had reached $2,500,000,000. At the close of the Napoleonic Wars this was $7,000,000,000. Thirty years later at the beginning of the Crimean War it was $8,400,000,000, and in 1861, at the beginning of the United States Civil War, the world's indebtedness had reached $13,400,000,000. The total had jumped to $22,400,000,000 at the close of the Franco-Prussian War and in 1907, prior to the Spanish-American, Boer, Russo-Japanese, and Balkan wars it was $30,200,000,000.

In 1914 it was $44,100,000,000, and each year of the war sent the total mounting up; it was $56,900,000,000 in 1915; $120,485,000,000 in 1916; $199,100,000,000 in 1917; $225,300,000,000 in 1918; $248,000,000,000 in 1919 and $255,000,000,000 in 1920.



Mount Ypsilon from the High Drive.



Bear Lake, Long's Peak in the distance.



Road through Big Thompson Canyon.

Our Most Popular National Park

By ESTHER ELLIS REEKS

AMONG all our national parks—of which there are now nineteen including those in Hawaii and Alaska—none has grown in public favor with such rapid stride as Rocky Mountain. The first season after its dedication it received as many visitors as Yellowstone, the oldest and largest of our national playgrounds, while five years later it attracted as many people as the four next most popular parks combined. And still the interest grows!

Two elements here unite to bring about this state of affairs: accessibility and rare attractiveness. Rocky Mountain National Park is without doubt the most accessible of all national parks. Situated in northern Colorado on the front range of the Rockies, it is nearest the geographic center of the country. Denver, with its seven large railway systems, lies but seventy miles away; while the nearest railway station is less than half that distance. The Lincoln Highway, too, passes close to the foothills on its eastern border, and good roads lead through picturesque canyons to its doorway.

The park itself covers nearly four hundred square miles on the Great Divide, where peaceful vales and snow-crowned summits together form scenes of the most diversified beauty and grandeur. It varies in altitude from 8,000 to 14,255 feet above sea level, and embraces all the zones from Transition to Arctic-Alpine, with characteristic forms of animal and vegetable life of each. Here are hundreds of small valleys, rich of soil and remarkable for charm of setting. Here, too, are half a hundred peaks that reach to timberline or far above, with glacial lakes and dashing mountain streams almost without number, and forests of pine and spruce and fir, and carpets of gaily colored flowers, and rocky precipices, and wide, far-reaching views; and the most glorious of sunsets and sunrises and cloud colorings, and an atmosphere that gives life to the body and joy to the spirit.

It would be interesting to trace back through geologic ages the history of the formation of this most wonderful bit of seamed and sculptured earth-surface. But that would make too long a story. Suffice it to say that after many ups and downs, the region at last arose a great plateau. Then came the glacial age, when all the land was covered with ice and snow hundreds, sometimes even thousands of feet deep. With each succeeding season, other snows accumulated, pressing upon those below and forcing them slowly outward and downward toward the lower levels, while huge rock masses were caught and carried along with them, grinding deeply into the surface beneath.

Centuries passed and a warmer period came. The snows wasted away, until there remained but small glacial remnants in the upper fastnesses to tell the story of the workings of the mighty Titans of old. Towering, tumbled heaps of rock and debris were left to form the moraines of today. Great floods poured down the slopes, cutting deep gorges to be later on transformed into picturesque canyons; and uncovered cirques and hollows became the crystal lakes with which the mountainsides are gemmed. Then rock dust became converted into soil, and seeds came in some mysterious way and lodged and grew into the trees of the forests or into flowering shrubs and herbs and grasses. Verdure crowned the once barren waste, and birds and beasts and many living things found homes in this new-made paradise. The Great Creator must have called it good; and man now looks and marvels and also calls it good. So each year the people come in ever increasing numbers to see and wonder and enjoy.

Estes Park, the beautiful valley that forms the eastern entrance to what is now the Rocky Mountain National Park, was first looked upon by a white man—so far as history relates—when one Joel Estes discovered it while on a hunting trip in the fall of 1859. So impressed was he with the spot that the following summer he returned with his family to make it his home. It was three years before these hardy pioneers had sight of visitors from the outside world. Yet in spite of their isolation they seem to have been happy. They lived by fishing and hunting, and each spring and fall a trip was made to Denver to take game and fish to market and to bring back mail and supplies. We are told that at that time "the park was a veritable Nimrod's paradise. Great bands of elk, deer, and bighorn sheep roamed at will over the grassy vales and rocky mountainsides, and the streams were filled with the delicate speckled beauties that afforded the crafty angler many happy hours of exciting sport."

In course of time other settlers followed. In 1872, Earl Dunnraven, of England, visited the park on a hunting expedition and conceived the idea of securing this favored region for a game preserve. By hiring men to file on claims and turn over their grants to him, he succeeded at one time in acquiring about fourteen thousand acres. But much of this was later contested by homeseekers, and he was allowed to retain only about half that amount. This seemed too little for his purpose, which he finally abandoned. A quarter of a century later the holdings passed into the hands of others who had the interest of the country more at heart, and the village of Estes Park set about putting itself on the map.

Standing out boldly from the front of the range in the southeastern part of the park, is Long's Peak, the highest summit in all this region. This peak was first discovered in the early years of the last century by Lieutenant Pike while out on a government exploring expedition. Twelve years later it was again visited by a party under the command of Colonel Long. This was in 1819, but not until nearly fifty years later was the first successful attempt made to reach its top. Now a well-marked trail leads to the highest point, and the ascent is made by several hundred tourists each year.

No grander view can be found in any land than the one from this pinnacle. At an elevation of more than two and two-thirds miles above the sea, one may look down to the east across lesser summits to far-off plains with a vision limited only by the power of human sight. To the west, the north, the south, the horizon is marked by snow-covered peaks touching the bluest of cloud-flecked skies. A nearer view gives one a glimpse into the Wild Basin at the foot of the peak to the south, and the Wild Gardens on the north, each clothed in rich forests set with many small lakes that mirror the scenes above and about them. To the east, at the foot of a granite wall that drops 2,500 feet, lies Chasm Lake, ice-covered for eleven months out of every twelve.

The first homesteaders took up land on the meadowy slope near the foot of Long's Peak in 1875, and their home became the stopping place of visitors to this region. Here in 1884, Enos Mills, now well known as a writer and a naturalist, but then a young man in his teens, first acted as guide to parties climbing the summit. Some years later he bought the place and converted it into the popular resort known as Long's Peak Inn. It was largely through his efforts that in January, 1915, an act of Congress set aside this and the surrounding wonderland as a national playground that its beauty might be kept unspoiled and its wild life preserved for the interest and enjoyment of future generations.

Standing to the east of Long's Peak are Mount Meeker on the south and Mount Lady Washington on the north. These three summits are believed to have once constituted a single great dome, out of which a bygone glacier carved the present skyline. In witness of this, a large moraine, known as Mills Moraine, lies along the eastern base.

From Long's Peak, the main range of the Continental Divide extends in a northwesternly direction. Among the more noteworthy of the peaks included here are Storm, Thatch Top, Taylor, Hallet's, Flattop and Stone's. In this region are to be found several interesting glaciers, numerous wild gorges, and lakes of the most romantic beauty. In an open amphitheater between Thatch Top and Hallet's peaks, lies the Loch Vale country, with the bewitching Loch in the center surrounded by many smaller lakes of crystalline clearness.

Specimen Mountain, on the extreme northwest, is remarkable as the crater of a long extinct volcano where many rare specimens of interest to the student of geology are found, and where elk, deer and mountain sheep come to lick the alkaline salts that issue from the soil.

In the northern part of the park, a second range, known as the Mummy, rises at almost right angles to the other. Here are half a dozen peaks reaching to 13,500 feet or thereabouts. Most interesting of these are Hague's Peak, on which is Hallet Glacier, with its many gorgeous crevasses and ice caverns, and Ypsilon Mountain, taking its name from the great Y of snow that lies all the year around in two uniting gorges on its side. East of the Mummy Range and about the village of Estes Park are numerous smaller peaks ranging between 10,000 and 12,000 feet in height, to the tops of which good trails have been built, and from which fine views may be obtained.

On the western slope the country is less rugged and startling in outline, but equally beautiful in a different way. This portion of the park has in the past been much less visited, owing to the greater difficulty of reaching it. Grand Lake, the largest body of water in the state, lies toward the south at the western entrance.

In September of this year the last stretch of the new Fall River highway was completed at an enormous expense, bringing for the first time the two sides of the park into direct communication with each other. This will mean the rapid opening up of a large region that has hitherto been almost inaccessible. It took five years for the building of this road. Yet over it in one day the traveler may pass from beautiful vale, through deep-cut gorge to lofty mountaintop, and down into a still different world on the other side. At one place, for many miles, the road follows the skyline 12,000 feet above the sea. There is every reason to believe that it will soon be made an official part of the Lincoln Highway, and the most used of all the thoroughfares crossing the continent.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 18, February 26, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Danger at Our Doors

WHEN politicians fail us, our hope rests in the man held under our system to responsibility for the public health and vested with the "autocratic" authority that alone enables him to get action. Just now while the Senate of the United States, influenced by a powerful international Jewish cabal—bent on flooding the country with immigrants from Eastern and Central Europe utterly regardless of the health and welfare of the American people—is fiddling over the immigration restriction bill sent to it by the House several weeks ago, the plague has been seeping into the country.

Aroused by the menace, Dr. Royal S. Copeland, New York's health commissioner, is sounding an alarm that should wake up even the sleepy Senate and show the people how exigent is the measure enacted by an overwhelming majority in the popular branch of the national legislature. Dr. Copeland declares that the greatest menace confronting the United States today is the possibility of a typhus plague. So great is the danger, he says, that it can only be averted by immediate and co-operative action on the part of Federal, state and port authorities to combat the influx of immigrants from the typhus-infected regions of Europe.

That should simplify the issue for the Senators. Do they wish to be held responsible for exposing the whole country to a plague of the most dangerous communicable disease known next to the bubonic plague, and beside which our recent influenza epidemics with all their terrible toll of human life would be as nothing?

Keep Them Busy

IT HAS often occurred to the thoughtful onlooker in our police courts that, when boys or girls are brought up for sentence, it is the parents of the young criminal, rather than the child himself, that should be punished. In many cases, the causal relation of parental neglect to the child's criminality is obvious enough. Just now the whole problem of the child in his relation to the home, the state and the school is coming up for live discussion. The facts that arouse public attention are startling enough. We are told that teachers everywhere are complaining that school work is slighted because the children frequent the motion picture theaters, the dance halls and the pool rooms. Physicians and nurses declare that low health conditions prevail among school children to an alarming degree. Juvenile courts report earlier delinquencies and increasingly frequent and serious lawlessness among the young people. Newspapers print reports of juvenile holdups and burglaries almost daily.

Alma L. Binzell, professor of child training at the University of Minnesota, suggests that neither the children nor their parents are chiefly to blame for this state of things. The fault, she says, lies with the state, in its failure to give to parents and prospective parents the training that would make child rearing in the home an intelligent and successful process.

Is it not possible that the learned pedagogues are overlooking some rather elemental considerations in this whole matter? Some 30 years ago, Charles Pratt, a pioneer Standard Oil millionaire and a very practical and successful business man, devoted years of careful thought and thorough investigation to the problem of how he could spend his money to greatest advantage. He came, somewhat sadly, to the conclusion that very little could be done for grown-ups, compared with the immense possibilities of child training. So he established the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn for the simultaneous training of hand, heart and head in skilled trades and handicrafts. A little later, a Philadelphia millionaire, under the sage advice of Dr. C. R. Henderson, an educator who will rank among such daring and illumined pioneers as Froebel, Pestallozzi, Horace Mann and Montessori, started the Drexel Institute on much the same lines. The late Elbert Hubbard did good work in his own little industrial community in an endeavor to demonstrate the all-round benefits of combining thinking and working, learning and earning. In each of these instances it was proved that if we keep the minds and the hands together interested and busy in useful and beautiful creation, the wholesome and enjoyable activities of the rightly-directed school-shop need not fear any competition from the unwholesome and inane schools of crime and degeneracy into which the "movie" is so often degraded.

Why Russia Starves

THERE is one paragraph in the recent letter of Under-Secretary of State Davis to Alton B. Parker that is especially enlightening as to Bolshevist methods. The letter was an answer to certain charges publicly made by the League of Free Nations Association to the effect that the United States Government is maintaining a blockade of American trade with Russia, even to the extent of preventing shipments of soap and medical supplies.

Mr. Davis declares specifically, "There is no restriction on the export to Russia of medical supplies, soap and the common necessities of life." He further adds that the only restriction maintained by this government on export trade with Soviet Russia is the restriction on the export of munitions or commodities susceptible of immediate military use, special export licenses being required for the shipment of commodities coming under this classification.

Then how about the "food and medicine blockade" in regard to which the Bolshevists and their British and American sympathizers have been making so much noise?

Mr. Davis tells us: "The Department of State has taken an intense and continual interest in the possibility of arranging for large scale relief work by strong and reputable organizations. The difficulties which have stood in the way of accomplishments in this matter have been raised not by this government, but by the Soviets, who cannot find in their theory of communism any excuse for private philanthropy . . . . The only relief work which the Soviets will tolerate is the direct gift of supplies to the Soviet Government, to be distributed by them as their own largesse . . . . The official obstruction to the feeding of sick Russian children by Americans has come not from this government, but from the Soviets."

Plainly, the Moscow Autocracy has no qualms about letting Russian children by the thousands sicken and die for lack of food and medicine, rather than allow them to be saved through the benevolence of American "bourgeoisie." Herod repeats himself!

Vulcan Proclaims Peace

IT LOOKS as if Vulcan was at last demanding a new and bigger job than the forging of sword and breastplate. If ours is the age of steel, as has often been suggested, may it not be that following the fifty-one month era in which the world gave itself to beating its plowshares into cannon and its pruning hooks into rifle barrels and machine-guns (to the heart-rending grief and impoverishment of humanity), we shall witness a reversal of the process with some approach to the fulfillment of ancient prophecy?

This thought is surely encouraged by a recent utterance of a great Japanese iron master, professor of mining and metallurgy in the Imperial University of Tokyo and expert adviser for the South Manchuria railways, the Viscount Incuye. He is visiting this country to study conditions in the American steel industry and incidentally to purchase about a million dollars' worth of steel-working machinery. Says Viscount Incuye: "War talk in either Japan or the United States is utterly unreasonable and stupid. I have every confidence that whatever matters are still at issue between the two countries will be settled on a common-sense basis. Among thinking men in either country, only the most friendly relations are desired."

The devotion of our forges and foundries the world over to the production of steel for railways and bridges, machinery and agricultural implements, bridges and structural beams and crosspieces must certainly make for a nobler humanity and a truly richer and happier world. The madness of diverting national energies and national wealth to mutual slaughter and destruction has surely had its day. "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!"

Domestic Disarmament

DISCUSSION of international disarmament may be more or less academic a d remote. The alarming frequency, in all our great cities, of murder by shooting incidental to robbery is sharp reminder that the question of disarming the thug is one of very practical and pressing importance. Disarmament may well, like charity, begin at home. It might thus prove an actual beginning of the ardently-hoped-for world-wide laying down of arms.

Stringent laws are in force in regard to the sale of poisons. Why should we not have even more stringent laws against the sale of revolvers? Thousands, perhaps millions, of revolvers were thrown on the market with the demobilization of our army. Many demobilized men retained this item of equipment. It is certainly not at all difficult to obtain one. The revolver is a "deadly weapon." Its one purpose is the taking of human life. To permit promiscuous possession of this arm is to permit promiscuous killing. It should be made impossible for any one to obtain a revolver except for purposes of police protection or self-defence.

An important part of any program of national disarmament is the taking of the whole business of the manufacture and sale of arms and munitions out of private hands, thus removing, to that degree at least, the money-making incentive from the business of human slaughter. If we really want to diminish the frequency of murder in this country, we will not be content with the infliction of a light fine for "carrying a concealed weapon." We will begin by placing the sale of deadly weapons to individuals wholly in the hands of the public authorities, preferably the local police in each town. Licenses to carry firearms should be granted only to watchmen, night workers and other persons having good reason to fear night attacks. Their applications should be indorsed by employers or other reputable citizens and verified by the police. Licenses should be absolutely denied to persons with criminal records. Licenses issued to householders for protection against burglars should not include the right to carry the weapon outside the house. Every weapon should be stamped with a number and a careful record kept. And a good stiff license fee should be charged.

Then perhaps we may be able to counteract one of the worst effects of the war in its cheapening of life and the ready "mounting of a gat" and readiness to pull it shown everywhere, even by college boys.

Blocking Reconstruction

THIS is an amazing tale of commercial greed that comes to us from France. It seems that about a year ago General George W. Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal and first governor of the Canal Zone, submitted to the French Government a plan for Franco-American co-operation in the speedy and sorely needed reconstruction of the devastated areas. After fullest investigation, the plan received the approval of the then Premier M. Millerand, and of President Déschanel. The genius of the great American engineer, probably the world's foremost genius in construction, was deemed to have solved the stupendous problem, which seemed to be hopelessly languishing, of a restoration of these shot and shell-torn regions to the happy and profitable homing and industry of a long-afflicted population.

Now we are told that English engineering and building contractors and English financiers have brought influence to bear on the Lloyd George Government to cause a blocking of General Goethals' plan. This manifestation of trade greed and jealousy is rousing the French people to deep resentment. Only the other day, the *Lanterne* published a leading article from the pen of M. Georges Barthélemy, a prominent member of the Chamber of Deputies, strongly protesting against what he calls France's shameful economic subjection to England and threatening, in behalf of France's eight million war sufferers, to force the government to take up and carry through General Goethals' scheme.

British firms have already obtained vast contracts for the reconstruction of devastated districts in Belgium. In the very nature of things, it is likely that they would be allowed to share in the work planned under Franco-American auspices. One thing is certain, and that is that the question of profits, present or prospective, should not be allowed longer to interfere with the speedy rebuilding of the homes of the unfortunate peasants and villagers destroyed in the war. They have already been compelled to endure the hardships and misery of two winters without decent shelter since the cessation of hostilities. To force a third such winter of wretchedness and suffering upon these unhappy war victims would be a crime against humanity.

Mr. Ford's Page

ONE of the common habits people fall into is to explain everything by the term "business." We explain depression by saying that "business is bad." We explain far-reaching changes by saying that "business is undergoing a readjustment." We look hopefully toward the time "when business will pick up again."

The mistake is rather childlike, as if we should declare that the thermometer governs the weather. To be sure, the thermometer is "down" when it is cold, and "up" when it is warm, but the thermometer is acted upon by other forces, it does not act upon them.

Business is a barometer. It registers various conditions. But it is not the master-force in the world. It is a sign of life and creative activity; more than that, it is the sign that for the moment the interaction of all the social elements has reached a degree of harmony sufficient to give all men the happiness of being busy and the satisfaction of being supplied. So, when it happens that business is "down," like the thermometer, it does no good to put it "up" by artificial means. The thing to do is to change the general condition, whatever it may be, and business will reflect the result as surely as the mercury rises with the first mild days of spring.

Many other adjustments must occur before we get the "business adjustment" which people believe is the one thing necessary.

And these adjustments are now in process. That is a point we ought to bear in mind: *these adjustments are now going on.*

People often say "things are at a standstill." No, they are not. If we could see the whole economic process, not merely the one point where it makes contact with us as individuals in our jobs, we should see that nothing is at a standstill, but that everything is moving and changing—even now, when everything seems to be dull.

What we call "hard times" are economically the beginning of "good times." That is, a period of depression is not the tail end of the old era, it is the introductory period of a new era. Now, that idea is worth getting, for it shows us as by a light just how foolish we mortals are in the matters which most vitally affect us in our economic interests.

We think that this business slump is the end of the old period; *it is really the beginning of the new.* If we had been wise we would have recognized that the feverish prosperity of last spring and the preceding winter were the real "bad times" of which we should have been afraid. Wise men told the people that, but did anyone heed? Only a few. That feverish, flashy prosperity during which money was spent in fast and furious manner, and everybody was independent and felt that they could walk out of their job any time they wanted; that complete let-down of all common sense in expenditures and manufacture and labor—that comprised our hard times! But we did not know it.

That period had to end. That was the ruinous period. All the damage was done then. And when it did end, then readjustment immediately began. The slow-down and stoppage was the first sign of healthy recovery from the fever of irresponsible folly. The slow-down was not the disease; it was the convalescence. We were sick, sick, sick during what we thought was the heyday of our economic golden age; so sick, that in our delirium we mistook dangerous economic conditions for "prosperity."

Whatever disaster may be falling now is not a consequence of present conditions but of former conditions. From this time forward, indeed from the time the fever left us, the general economic condition has been on the mend.

When people are able to see that the time to be fearful is in times of irresponsible prosperity, in the drunken revel of profiteering—then, we may hope for the prevention of periods of what we call "hard times." The only way you can eliminate the periods of convalescence is by eliminating the periods of illness. And the only way to eliminate economic illness is not to confuse it with economic convalescence, as the people have done for a century.

The whole matter is so intertwined that you cannot speak of it under such terms as "money," "business," "credit," or the like. These only represent a special angle of the general whole. The crucial readjustments that take place at times like this are not fiscal at all, but human. The whole secret of economic recovery is stated in human, and not banking terms.

When a crowded excursion ship is lurching too heavily on one side, threatening to capsize, what is the remedy? Readjustment of the burden. If all the people have rushed to the port side, have half of them return to the starboard side. This equalizes the burden. It is evenly distributed, and thus more easily carried.

Something like that has happened to the economic ship. Too many people crowded over to one side. The City constitutes but a small part of the world. The Manufactory constitutes only one part of the work of the world. Yet everybody wanted to crowd into the City, and to enter the Factory. And the result was that an artificial congestion arose, and we called the fever of that congestion by the delusive name of "prosperity." All sorts of unnatural things came out of it. Unnatural ideals of life. Unnatural exaggeration of the value of money. Unnatural disproportion between qualities of materials and the price asked for them. Unnatural notions of what constituted "a good standard of living." Unnatural waste of materials in cheap and gaudy "luxuries" which were only toys. The whole condition was unhealthy in the extreme, but because there was a hectic flush upon its features men thought it was the color of "economic health." It was the consuming fever of economic dissipation.

You see, therefore, what line some of the readjustments had to take. People had to do a lot of readjusting themselves What is the meaning of the "For Rent" signs in our cities and the deflation of the rent profiteers' balloons? Simply this: people are readjusting the inequality of the population between country and city. Thousands of people are going back to the real country, which lies outside the cities.

The people who are now going back to the country are an advance guard. The time is coming when if industry needs them it will go to the country and get them, erecting pleasant little workshops beside the local streams, and begin industry anew under natural conditions. It is natural for people to like industry, to want to work in industrial institutions; but it is unnatural that a million people should have to be packed in the narrow area of the City in order to gratify that desire.

We must not think, therefore, that those who are leaving the cities are the defeated ones. Not at all. Heaven forbid that our standard of success should ever be the present type of city life! Those who are going back are the vanguard of a new movement which will continue until a proper adjustment has been reached.

So, all these wholesome things are occurring now. The whole situation is mending fast. No one will doubt that the people are in a much more wholesome frame of mind than they were a year ago. And there can be no prosperity without this sound state of mind on the part of the people. The first essential of prosperity has therefore come back already: the fever has left the public mind.

HUMAN adjustments come before business adjustments. It is not business that makes life, but life that makes business. Don't get the cart before the horse when you are thinking about this sober period of "business depression." The remedy is not fiscal only, but human. Business is a barometer that registers the economic weather; it does not make the economic weather; people do that. This slow period is not the disease; it is the convalescence. The disease raged last spring and the preceding year, when everything was going ahead feverishly. People mistook the hectic flush of financial folly and human extravagance for the color of economic health. We were sick then. We are improving now. This is a preparatory period for a new era. It is not the sick dregs of an era slowly passing. The change began the moment the folly and fever stopped.



A revised photograph of the second inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, in 1865. The Great Emancipator is shown reading his famous address on that occasion. He stood beside the table first used at the Lincoln inauguration in 1861, and to be used again by President Warren G. Harding, on March 4. The original photograph gave only a dim outline of the table. The artist that retouched the picture from which the plate for this picture was made no doubt was unaware of the existence of the actual table and unfamiliar with its real form.

Our Quadrennial Show

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING is not superstitious. Friday inspires in him no fear nor terror. We, the people, are not superstitious; that is, we hope we are not, but (if the truth must be told) we do occasionally knock upon wood, and we do have a hankering for seeing the new moon over the proper shoulder.

The particular superstition I have in mind is founded upon fact. The oracle that watches over this nation is not giving a bouquet of good omens to the next occupant of the White House. Rather, he is doling out the opposite. This untoward state comes about because the fourth of March, 1921, falls upon Friday which is not an auspicious day presidentially speaking.

For whether we are superstitious or not, Friday's inaugural record remains bad. Each of the Presidents it sponsored met some dismal end. Garfield was slain. John Quincy Adams failed of re-election, and Pierce did not have the heart to try for a second term. Precedent has given a hard row to the twenty-eighth incumbent; and the outlook is not extremely reassuring, but nevertheless the past should not invariably be accepted as the criterion of the future.

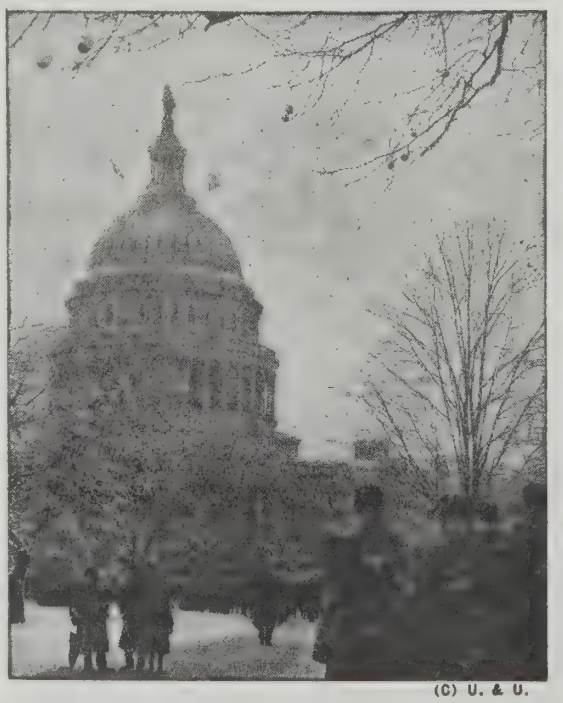
There has been much wailing and gnashing of teeth at Washington because the President-elect prefers a simple ceremony minus the usual frills. Society had expected a revival of the inaugural ball which has been an outlaw in the Wilson administration. Society has expected much which will not be; that is, unless a slip or two should intervene between the announced plan and the observance thereof.

Thrift is to be the keynote of the Harding régime, and it will be first introduced on the fourth of March. The President-elect likes the homespun principles that Franklin spread broadcast in his "Poor Richard." He desires a decline in public expenditure. He thinks "America will never get its hat on straight" amid extravagance; so he proposes to give a good example at the outset.

The ceremony will be brief and simple. Edward D. White, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, will administer the oath which takes this form: *I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.* President Harding will then repeat the words, kiss the open Bible conveniently held for him by the clerk of the Supreme Court, and will next receive congratulations.

On the ride to the Capitol building, the scene of the great event, President Wilson will occupy the right side of the car, and Mr. Harding will sit on the left. About an hour later they will return to the White House. On this ride President Harding will sit upon the right, the position of highest honor, and Professor Woodrow Wilson on the left.

Perhaps the most elaborate inauguration in the nation's history was that of General Washington. Flowers were rained at his feet and songs chanted at various towns on the route of his 200-mile triumphal march to New York. At Elizabethtown Point he boarded a barge rowed by thirteen men dressed in white uniforms and fringed caps. Ships fired salutes of thirteen guns, church bells rang out, and flags were everywhere displayed. Chancellor Livingston administered the oath, and shouted, "Long Live General Washington!" which was enthusiastically echoed by the concourse of people but later condemned as too monarchial in tone. That evening the houses of the city were ablaze with light while huge pieces of fireworks illuminated the sky.



(C) U. & U.

The morning of Inauguration Day for President Taft brought the greatest storm ever experienced by Washington. Regardless of the weather, however, the crowds, as here shown, packed the square before the Capitol. On the left, astride their sleek looking horses, a detachment of cavalry wrapped to the chin in their heavy army overcoats passing the Capitol on their way to the spot assigned to them during the ceremonies.

In strong contrast to this ostentation was the plainness that characterized Jefferson's accession to the office. He walked to the Capitol while a battery of guns fired a single salute; and at the conclusion of the ceremony he was escorted to the White House by two companies of militia and a delegation from the two Houses of Congress. Jefferson had planned to use a coach drawn by a pair of blooded bays, but the equipage unfortunately was not ready at the time of the inauguration.

John Adams, his predecessor, churlishly refused to act as Jefferson's escort. "I am unwilling," he said, "to enact the rôle of captive chief in the triumphal procession of the victor to the Capitol." Evidently Adams was still disgruntled over his inability to obtain a second term and morbidly jealous of the man, in many respects his antithesis, who had displaced him. This petty action did not add to the people's estimation of him.

This man's son, John Quincy Adams, figured in a similar episode. However, historians generally concede that he was not primarily at fault. The campaign had engendered an extreme animosity by General Jackson toward President Adams. Though it was the established custom for a president-elect to call upon the retiring executive a few days before the inauguration, "Old Hickory" carefully avoided the White House. Adams felt that he could not overlook such a breach of official etiquette and also maintain his own self-respect; so he quietly left his four-year residence on the third of March, and joined his family at Meridian Hill.

"The President-elect was inaugurated today," the editor of the *National Intelligencer* wrote. "Mr. Adams did not attend. General Jackson came here a citizen; and has never called on the President since he arrived. The marked disrespect to the President and the office could not be otherwise than intentional. No explanation has ever been given by himself or his friends. The more moderate of them disapprove of it, and consider it as an insult to the office as to Mr. Adams personally. They appear to regret sincerely that General Jackson should have taken that course to gratify his private resentments."

If Jackson had not been in mourning for his wife, his inauguration would have been truly spectacular; even so, the ceremony was elaborate. He rode to the Capitol in a carriage made from the timbers of the famous fighting frigate Constitution. After he had delivered his address and returned to the White House a crowd of twenty thousand persons followed him and broke thousands of dollars' worth of cut glass in a mad

effort to get the fine refreshments that were served. "The reign of King Mob," said Judge Story, "seemed triumphant."

Many observers reckoned the size of the crowd as twenty thousand. Certainly such an assemblage had never been seen in Washington before that time. Daniel Webster gave the conservative estimate of eight thousand as the number of persons that thronged the course of the grand parade, and he asserted that some of them had come five hundred miles to see the transfer of authority.

President Johnson snubbed General Grant by his absence when the latter was inducted into office. The man who had undergone an impeachment longed for the familiar scenes of his boyhood and his old home. He desired to escape from the locale of his trial and troubles. Crossing the threshold of the official domicile at noon on the fourth of March, he told a member of his cabinet, "I fancy I can already smell the fresh mountain air of Tennessee."

Many of the newspapers condemned Johnson's course as an "undisguised exhibition of the white feather," a cowardly act. "He should rather have taken the carriage assigned to him in the procession," one asserted, "and ridden abreast of Grant, and if need be had a fierce race with him up Capitol Hill, and thus died game. George Washington and Andrew Jackson, whose example he emulated in his Farewell Address, would never have skulked from the executive mansion like a thief in the night."

The absence of Johnson did not dampen the grand display which was the greatest of its kind on record. Grant had been the leader of victorious armies in a hard-fought, fratricidal conflict. The Union had been preserved. So the nation received its renowned commander with a wide variety of frills and a notable military demonstration.

When James Madison succeeded Thomas Jefferson, the nation was on the verge of war. This ominous condition caused the assembling of ten thousand persons, a number then absolutely unprecedented, for the occasion. The mass of people surged through Washington, then just an overgrown village; and cannon boomed from morning till night. Persons anxious to hear Madison's address were disappointed, as his voice lacked timbre and did not carry well.

"I went to the Capitol," John Quincy Adams put down in his diary, "and witnessed the inauguration of Mr. Madison as President of the United States. The House was very much crowded, and its appearance very magnificent. He made a very short speech in a tone so low that he could not be heard, after which the official oath was administered to him by the Chief Justice of the United States, the four other judges of the Supreme Court being present and in their robes. After the ceremony was over I went to pay the visit of custom to the President."

Apparently the first experience proved an insufficient lesson for the man whom Washington Irving called "a withered little apple-John." Four years later his voice had not improved and the same complaint was again registered. Mrs. Seaton, the wife of one of the owners of the *National Intelligencer* sketched the spectacle in this style:

"Yesterday the most crowded and interesting sight we ever witnessed was presented to our view in the inauguration of Mr. Madison. Escorted by the Alexandria, Georgetown, and city companies, the President proceeded to the Capitol. Judge Marshall and the associate judges preceded him and placed themselves in front of the speaker's chair, from whence the chief magistrate delivered his address. But his voice was so low, and the audience so very great, that scarcely a word could be distinguished. On concluding, the oath of office was administered by the Chief Justice. The little man was accompanied on his return to the palace by the multitude; for every creature that could afford as much as twenty-five cents for hack hire was present."

The lowness of the President's voice marked each of the Madison events; but it was a bit of genuine sentiment and affection, many years afterward, which made the Garfield induction stand out vividly in the memory of the numerous onlookers. With the oath-taking done and the Bible kissed according to the well-established custom, the new executive turned toward a wan woman, seized her, kissed her, and said:

"Mother! YOU have brought me to this."

It was the fervent tribute of a son to a parent. His voice was filled with emotion, and she was overcome. Certain members of the audience, the feminine contingent especially, sobbed and drew forth handkerchiefs to dry their tears.

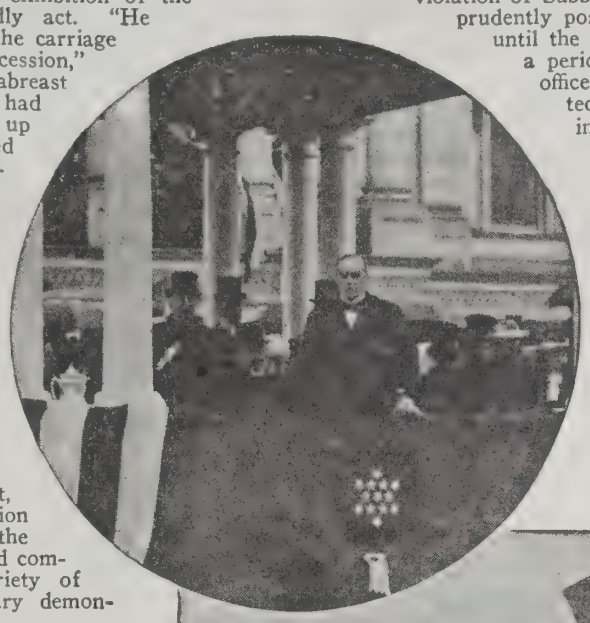
William Henry Harrison took the oath after he had read all except the last paragraph of his inaugural address from the east portico of the Capitol. He then finished the reading, mounted his white charger, and headed the parade to his newly-won home.

The feature of the procession was a log cabin filled with people and bearing reminiscently on its sides the various majorities cast by each of the Whig states at the termination of the campaign. Another float consisted of a cotton mill run entirely by women. As fast as the cloth was woven strips of it were cut and thrown to the people who greedily grabbed them for retention as humble souvenirs of the gala day.

The first President to take the oath of office outdoors was James Monroe. The House wanted the honor, and the Senate wanted it. Monroe said he would give it to neither of the "bad boys," so he chose the plaza at the east of the Capitol. During the installation a pair of wild eagles flew majestically over the dome of the spacious building. The incident thrilled and elated the people; for it was interpreted generally as a harbinger of real prosperity, happiness and good government.

Four years afterward the fourth of March appeared on the calendar under the Sunday column. Such a situation had never arisen before. Monroe wished to refrain from any act which might be construed as a violation of Sabbath sanctity; consequently he prudently postponed his second induction until the following day. Thus during a period of twenty-four hours the office of chief executive remained technically vacant, and in that interval the United States was a nation without a head.

If there can be any comparison between vacancies to determine the degree thereof, the interregnum from the moment the Polk Government ended to the moment that "Old Rough and Ready,"



President McKinley making his inaugural address in front of the Capitol. President Roosevelt (then Vice President) is seen at his left, seated.

(C) U. & U.



(C) U. & U.

Preceded by the outgoing President (Roosevelt), the incoming First Citizen of the Land (in this case Mr. Taft) is seen entering the carriage at the White House. On this day the snow, falling in heavy flakes, blanketed the streets. To the right of Mr. Taft is the late Major Butts, who, it will be remembered, lost his life on the ill-fated Titanic.



(C) U. & U.

President Roosevelt saluting the crowds on inauguration day. The trip to the White House this year probably will be made in a motor car.

Zachary Taylor, took the oath may be regarded as more intense than that of Monroe who merely succeeded himself. Taylor began a day late as, due to the interjection of Sunday, he did not become President until the fifth of March, 1849.

Considering now our own times, it must be admitted that President Wilson bravely faced a possible storm of disapproval from the religious world at the expiration of his first four years. The Sunday dilemma did not deter him. He treated Sunday on this occasion precisely as if it were Monday or Wednesday or any other day of the week.

"I might have omitted today's ceremony," he said of the Sabbath incident, "under precedents made by my predecessors. But I decided to comply literally with the constitutional stipulation that the President of the United States shall take office at noon on the fourth day of March."

The public inauguration occurred on Monday, and continued into the night with colossal pieces of fireworks which included a 500-foot reproduction of the flag. The gravity of the threat of war, however, became obvious to the participants in the grand parade when they passed between lines of soldiers stationed on Pennsylvania Avenue as an extra guard for the President and his official family. Few spectators sat in the hastily-constructed stands along the route; for the day was cold and generally forbidding in its aspect

Inauguration weather has often marred the "best-laid schemes of mice and men." Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan and Lincoln all came in to the accompaniment of fine weather, at least comparatively fine for early springtime. Polk, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, Cleveland, Taft and Wilson made stormy entrances. At Grant's second inaugural the temperature remained severely cold at four degrees above zero; some of the West Point cadets were overcome and had to be revived in the White House.

Persons have died because they came to Washington to see the quadrennial pageant; they remained too long outdoors, and the inclement weather made them easy victims of such a disease as pneumonia. The suggestion has often been offered to Congress that the date should be taken away from March and given to a balmy month, May or June. In 1913 Senator Shafroth presented a resolution for an amendment to the Constitution to change the date, but it soon died. Revised and again introduced, this time to the next Congress, the resolution encountered the same adverse fate. Congress has given no attention to the matter since. Yet, is not anything that will save lives worth while? And is it not even more worth while if it will give comfort to thousands of our best citizens every fourth year?

A statistician, interested in the subject of Washington weather on each fourth of March, looked up the records covering a period of forty-seven years. Of this number he found that fourteen had registered a temperature of fifty degrees or more; but during twenty-seven years, nearly twice as many as the warm examples, the mercury in the thermometer had descended to the freezing point or lower. On sixteen of these March days there had been some precipitation which in ten of them took the form of sleet or snow, the remainder being the ordinary variety known as rain. These figures certainly reveal the vagaries of the weather early in March, and eloquently set forth the month in its true character of tempestuousness and general disagreeability.

A howling blizzard blew Mr. Taft into the White House, and also snatched away the hats of soldiers and citizens. He called it "a moist drama," a description entirely too mild. The city was snowbound, the trains were delayed, and traffic was so tied up that some of the visitors did not arrive in Washington in time to see the event. The weather deeply disappointed Taft himself, as he desired his incoming staged outdoors.

When the show was over the new President and his wife entered a carriage drawn by four splendid bays, and drove to their new home. It was the first time in our history that the "First Lady of the Land" had accompanied her husband on his return from the august initiation. The innovation seemed to please the people.

Polk appears to have been the first chief executive to feel the discomforts of the open-air induction. The formalities proceeded with difficulty while a spring blizzard displayed its vigor and made the weather truly execrable. Rain deluged all the participants in the parade which included the capital's clergy and the members of the cabinet.

Hayes was the first President to take the oath of office in the White House, and none have since honored him with imitation. The east front of the Capitol has been the favored spot of the campaign victors, though the Senate Chamber is substituted whenever rough weather forces the staging of the drama indoors. President-elect Harding also desires a solemnization where the sky will be the roof. But, of course, the weather will have something to say about that.

"Give me now wisdom and knowledge," reads the tenth verse of the opening chapter of II Chronicles, "that I may go out and come in before this people, for who can judge this thy people, that is so great?" It was to this passage that the Bible opened when McKinley took his oath of office.

Roosevelt chanced on two verses of the first chapter of the Epistle to James. "But be ye doers of the word, not hearers only," is the theme of the passage. It was marvelously applicable to "T. R."

Almost invariably the clerk buys with his own money the Bible that is used. He does this because Congress expends only by appropriation; and if he waited for Congress to appropriate, he probably would not get the book on time. President Cleveland twice gladdened the clerk, for a book that had been given to him by his own mother was used.

The Negro bishops of the country gave a Bible to McKinley shortly before one of his inaugurations. It was the biggest book the clerk of the Supreme Court had ever encountered. "One of the bishops," he said afterward, "called at my office with the Bible on the day preceding the inauguration. It was a huge affair of the type known as family Bibles."

On the day immediately following the ceremony it is the pleasurable duty of the clerk to present the Bible to the "First Lady of the Land" as a keepsake

Rule of the Jewish Kehillah Grips New York

"A Government Within a Government" Vividly Illustrated: Jewish Solidarity Perfectly Organized in a Program for Power

ARE the Jews organized? Do they consciously pursue a program which on one side is pro-Semitic and on the other anti-Gentile? How can a group so numerically inferior wield so large an influence upon the majority of the world?

These are questions which have been asked and which can be answered. The clan solidarity of the Jew, the ramifications of his organizations, the specific purpose which he has in view, are themes upon which there is any amount of "say so," but very little authoritative statement. It may therefore be useful and informing to study one or two of the more important Jewish organizations in the United States.

There are Jewish lodges, unions and societies whose names are well known to the public, and which seem to be the counterpart of similar groups among the non-Jewish population, but these are not the groups upon which to focus attention. Within and behind them is the central group, the inner government, whose ruling is law and whose act is the official expression of Jewish purpose.

Two organizations, both of which are as notable for their concealment as for their power, are the New York Kehillah and the American Jewish Committee. By concealment is meant the fact that they exist in such important numbers and touch vitally so many points of American life, without their presence being suspected.

If a vote of New York could be taken today it is doubtful if one per cent of the non-Jewish population could say that it had ever heard of the New York Kehillah, yet the Kehillah is the most potent factor in the political life of New York today. It has managed to exist and mold and remold the life of New York, and very few people are the wiser. If the Kehillah is mentioned in the press, it is most vaguely, and the impression is, when there is any impression at all, that it is a Jewish social organization like all the rest.

The "Kahal" or Local Soviet

THE Kehillah of New York is of importance to Americans everywhere because of two facts: it not only offers a real and complete instance of a government within a government in the midst of America's largest city, but it also constitutes through its executive committee District XII of the American Jewish Committee, through which pro-Jewish and anti-Gentile propaganda is operated and Jewish pressure brought to bear against certain American ideas. That is to say, the Jewish government of New York constitutes the essential part of the Jewish government of the United States.

Both of these societies began at about the same time. The records of the Kehillah state that the immediate occasion of its organization was to make a protest against the statement by General Bingham, then police commissioner of the City of New York, that 50 per cent of the crime of the metropolis was committed by Jews. There had been a government investigation into the "White Slave Traffic," the result of which was a direct set of public opinion into channels uncomplimentary to the Jewish name, and a defensive movement was begun. There is no intention to rake up past scandals, unless it shall become necessary; it is enough to say here that, very soon afterward, General Bingham disappeared from public life, and a national magazine of power and influence which had embarked on a series of articles setting forth the government's findings in the White Slave investigation was forced to discontinue after the printing of the first article. This was in the year 1908. The American Jewish Committee, to whose influence the Kehillah really owes its existence, came into being in 1906.

The word "Kehillah" has the same meaning as "Kahal," which signifies "community," "assembly" or government. It represents the Jewish form of government in the dispersion. That is to say, since destiny has made the Jews wanderers of the earth, they have organized their own government so that it might function regardless of the governments which the so-called "Gentiles" have set up. In the Babylonian captivity, in Eastern Europe today, the Kahal is the power and protectorate to which the faithful Jew looks for government and justice. The Peace Conference established the Kahal in Poland and Rumania. The Kahal itself is establishing its courts in the city of New York. The Kahal issues laws, judges legal cases, issues divorces—the Jews who appeal thereto preferring Jewish justice to the justice of the courts of the land. It is, of course, an agreement among themselves to be so governed; just as citizenship in the United States assumes an agreement to be governed by institutions provided for that purpose.

The New York Kehillah is the largest and most powerful union of Jews in the world. The center of Jewish world power has been transferred to that city. That is the meaning of the heavy migration of Jews all over the world toward New York. It is to them what Rome is to the devout Catholic and what Mecca is to the Mohammedan. And by that same token, immigrant Jews are more freely admitted to the United States than they are to Palestine.

The Kehillah is a perfect answer to the statement that the Jews are so divided among themselves as to render a concert of action impossible. That is one of the statements made for Gentile consumption, that the Jews are hopelessly divided among themselves. Hundreds of thousands of Americans have had opportunity during recent weeks to see and hear for themselves that when an anti-Gentile purpose is in view, Jews of all classes make the same threats and the same boasts. They are either going to "get" somebody, or they have "got" somebody.

An Alliance Defensive and Offensive

A RECENT Jewish writer attempted to raise a laugh about the very idea of the members of the Jewish needle-workers' unions of New York having anything in common with the needle-work bosses. He made his attempt in confidence that the public knew little or nothing about the Kehillah. But the public can find all groups and all interests in that body, for there they meet as Jews. The capitalist and the Bolshevik, the rabbi and the union leader, the strikers and the employers struck against, are all united under the flag of Judah. Touch the conservative capitalist who is a Jew, and the red anarchist who is also a Jew will spring to his defense. It may be that sometimes they love each other less, but altogether they hate the non-Jew more, and that is their common bond.

The Kehillah is an alliance, more offensive than defensive, against the "Gentiles." The majority of the membership of the New York Kehillah is of an extremely radical character, those seething hundreds of thousands who carefully organized on the East Side the government which was to take over the Russian Empire, even choosing in the Jewish Quarter of New York the Jew who was to succeed the Czar—and yet, in spite of this character of membership, it is officered by Jews whose names stand high in government, judiciary, the law and banking.

It is a strange and really magnificent spectacle which the Kehillah presents, of a people of one racial origin, with a vivid belief in itself and its future, disregarding its open differences, to combine privately in a powerful organization for the racial, material and religious advancement of its own race to the exclusion of all others.

The Kehillah has mapped New York just as the American Jewish Committee has mapped the United States. The city of New York is divided into 18 Kehillah districts which comprise a total of 100 Kehillah neighborhoods, in accordance with the population. The Kehillah District Boards administer Kehillah affairs in their respective districts in accordance with the policy and rules laid down by the central governing body.

"American Interests vs. Jewish Interests"

PRACTICALLY every Jew in New York belongs to one or more lodges, secret societies, unions, orders, committees or federations. The list is a prodigious one. The purposes interlace and the methods dovetail in such a manner as to bring every phase of New York life not only under the watchful eye, but under the swift and powerful action of experienced compulsion upon public affairs.

At the meeting which organized the Kehillah a number of sentiments were expressed which are worthy of consideration today. Judah L. Magnes, then rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, chairman of the meeting, set forth the plan.

"A central organization like that of the Jewish Community of New York City is necessary to create a Jewish public opinion," he said.

Rabbi Asher was loudly applauded when he said:

"American interests are one, Jewish interests are another thing."

The delegates at this meeting represented 222 Jewish societies, as follows: 74 synagogues, 18 charitable societies, 42 mutual benefit societies, 40 lodges, 12 educational societies, 9 communal federations, 9 literary and musical societies, 9 Zionist societies and 9 religious societies.

At a meeting somewhat more than a year later the number of organizations under the jurisdiction of the Kehillah aggregated 688. These included 238 constituent organizations, 133 congregations, 58 lodges, 44 educational and benevolent societies, and 3 federations. These three federations were made up of 450 societies.

The affiliation now numbers more than 1,000 organizations.

The Kehillah has produced a map of New York City on which the varying densities of the Jewish population are represented by varying densities of shade. In order to comprehend the power of the Kehillah, the Jewish population of New York must be considered. Three years ago, according to Jewish figures (there are no others) there were 1,500,000 Jews in the City alone. Since that time the number has considerably increased—even the Government of the United States cannot say how much.

In 1917-18 the Jews resident in the five boroughs of New York City were estimated—again by Jewish officials—as follows:

Manhattan, 696,000; Brooklyn, 568,000; Bronx, 211,000; Queens, 23,000; Richmond, 5,000; making a total of 1,503,000.

The Kehillah districts form distinct and segregated parts of the City's population, and are 18 in number. These 18 in turn comprise 100 neighborhoods, or little ghettos. The districts, with the number of neighborhoods in each, are represented in the following table:

No. 1. North Bronx District	7	neighborhoods
No. 2. South Bronx District	7	"
No. 3. West Side and Harlem Dist.	7	"
No. 4. East Harlem District	7	"
No. 5. Yorkville District	5	"
No. 6. Central Manhattan District	4	"
No. 7. Tompkins Square District	6	"
No. 8. Delancey District	8	"
No. 9. East Broadway District	8	"
No. 10. Williamsburg District	7	"
No. 11. Bushwick District	6	"
No. 12. Central Brooklyn District	6	"
No. 13. Brownsville District	6	"
No. 14. East New York District	7	"
No. 15. Borough Park District	6	"
No. 16. West Queens District	1	"
No. 17. East Queens District	1	"
No. 18. Richmond District	1	"

Districts such as the Delancey Street and East Broadway sections cover the Great Ghetto of the East Side, while the West Side and Harlem Districts represent the neighborhoods which are the residential goals of the prosperous Jews of New York.

Terrible Human Density of N. Y. Ghetto

IT HAS been stated that there are districts in which the density of Jewish population is more than 300,000 per square mile, which is more than 2,150 to the usual square city block. There are 19 neighborhoods in which the density is more than 200,000 to the square mile (1,430 to the square block); and 36 neighborhoods in which the density is more than 100,000 to the square mile (715 to the square block).

The average density of the general population for New York City both Jewish and non-Jewish, in 1915, was about 16,000 to the square mile, or 107 to the square block. More than one-third of the Jews, about 38 per cent, that is 570,000 Jews, live on one per cent of the area of New York. If all New York's population were as dense as is the Jewish population of the congested districts, the City would have almost as many inhabitants as the whole United States, or about 95,000,000.

These figures dimly portray the overcrowding which has resulted from the terrific influx of Russian-Polish Jews of the ghetto type, who have settled in the Metropolis and steadfastly refused to go any farther, resulting in problems which are probably unparalleled in the history of civilization.

Yet it is out of such conditions that the far-reaching power of the Kehillah is derived.

When the aggressive program of the Kehillah to make New York a Jewish city, and through New York the United States a Jewish country, was announced, some of the more conservative Jews of New York were timorous. They did not expect that the American people would stand for it. They thought the Amer-

ican people would immediately understand what was afoot and oppose it. There were others who doubted whether the same Kehillah authority could here be wielded over the Jews as was wielded in the old country ghettos. As an official of the Kehillah wrote:

"There were those who doubted the ultimate success of this new venture in Jewish organization. They based their lack of belief on the fact that no governmental authority could possibly be secured; in other words, that the Kehillah of New York could not hope to wield the same power, based on governmental coercion, as the Kehillahs of the Old World."

There is much in that paragraph to indicate the status of the Kehillah in Jewish life. Add to this the fact that the vast majority of adult Jews in New York lived under the Kehillahs of the Old World, whose power was based on coercion, and you have an interesting situation.

When Americans Failed to Protest

WHAT the doubt consisted in, however, is not as stated there. No doubt existed as to what it would be possible to do with the Jews. The entire doubt consisted in how far the Americans would let the thing go on. The program of the Kehillah was ostensibly "to assert Jewish rights." No Jewish rights have ever been interfered with in America. The expression is a euphemism for a campaign to interfere with non-Jewish rights.

Just how the free exercise of American rights by an American may be construed and is construed by the Jew to be an interference with his rights, will be shown in a separate article.

The doubters felt that when the Jews began to make such demands as that Christmas carols should be suppressed in the schools, as "offensive to the Jews"; and that Christmas trees should be banished from police stations in poor neighborhoods as "offensive to the Jews"; and that the Easter holidays should be abolished, as "offensive to the Jews"; and that the phrase, "a Christian gentleman" should be protested everywhere, as "offensive to the Jews";—the business class of Jews felt that the American would not stand for it.

The American has never interfered with any man's religious observances; would he stand to have his own prohibited in his own institutions and in his own country?

However, the Jews' misgivings were not justified. The Americans made no protest. The Kehillah went ahead with its campaign, and the native population submitted. New York is Jewish. From the City Hall to the Bowery, from Fifth Avenue to Hester street, in board of education, newspaper row, and courts of justice, New York is Jewish. It is actually an offense, an offense speedily though unofficially punished, to intimate in any public way that New York may possibly be other than Jewish. New York is the answer to those who ask, "How can a numerically inferior group dictate the terms of life for all the rest?" Go into a New York school, and see. Go into a New York court, and see. Go into a New York newspaper office, and see. Stand anywhere in New York, and see.

But with it all one gets a sense of the insecurity of this usurpation of power. It doesn't belong to those who have seized it; it doesn't belong either by right of numbers, or by right of superior ability, or yet by right of a better use made of the power thus taken. They have taken it by audacity; they have taken it in such a way as to make resentment of it seem like an anti-racial movement—and that is why they have held it as long as they have.

That is the only way to explain the meekness of the American in this matter, and it also accounts for the sense of insecurity which even the Jews feel in the position they hold. The American is the slowest person in the world to act on any line that savors of racial or religious prejudice. Even when his justifiable act is taken without the slightest prejudice, he is extremely sensitive even to the charge that he is prejudiced. This makes for a seeming aloofness from matters like the Jewish Question. This also leads men to sign protests against "anti-Semitism" which are really designed to be protests against the publication of Jewish facts.

But it would be a serious mistake to believe that the Americans have accepted within their minds the fact of Jewish supremacy in any field, for they have not. And the Jews know that they have not. Present Jewish importance in American affairs threatens to become as precarious as Bolshevik rule in Russia; it may fall at any time. The Jews have overplayed their hand. They have threatened too wildly and boasted too loudly. The very weight of the importance of the Kehillah and the American Jewish Committee is to be one of the factors in the fall. The Jews may live among us, but they may not live upon us.

These things are better known to the Jew than to the non-Jew, for the Jew knows the Jewish Question better than anyone else, and he knows better than any Gentile when a statement hits the bull's-eye of the truth. The American Jews are not now protesting against lies; they would welcome lies against themselves; they are roused to protest by the power of the truth, and they are the best judges of the truth with reference to themselves.

The situation is not one that calls for expulsion, or resistance, but simply exposure to the light—for to vanquish darkness, what is better than light?

The Jews had a great opportunity in the New York Kehillah. They had an opportunity to say to the world, "This is what the Jew can do for a city when he is given freedom to work." They have the city government, the police department, the health department, the school board, the newspapers, the judiciary, financiers—every element of power.

And what have they to show for all this? The answer is,—New York.

New York is an object lesson set in the sight of the whole world, as to what the Jew can do and will do when he exalts himself to the seat of rule. It is inconceivable that even the Jewish spokesmen will defend Jewish New York.

Is Jewry "Torn by Dissension"?

LEST the New York Kehillah—in view of statements yet to be made concerning it—should be disregarded, or its importance minimized, by the feeling that, after all, it only represents the more radical elements, "the apostate Jews" which seems to be a recent favorite designation for them, a partial view is here given of its leaders.

Present at the 1918 convention were Jacob H. Schiff, banker; Louis Marshall, lawyer, president of the American Jewish Committee and frequent visitor to Washington; Otto A. Rosalsky, judge of the General Sessions Court, who has taken part in several affairs of interest both to Jews and Gentiles; Adolph S. Ochs, proprietor of the New York *Times;* Otto H. Kahn, of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company—AND—Benjamin Schlesinger, who is lately returned from Moscow where he had a conference with Lenin; Joseph Schlossberg, general secretary of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, with 177,000 members; Max Pine, also recently a consultant with the Bolshevik rulers of Russia; David Pinski; Joseph Barondess, labor leader.

The high and the low are here; Judge Mack, who headed the War Risk Insurance Bureau of the United States Government, and the little leader of the reddest group in the East End—they all meet in the Kehillah, as Jews.

As to the Kehillah being officially representative, it may be added that the Kehillah has in it representatives of the Central Conference of American rabbis, Eastern Council of Reform rabbis, Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, Independent Order of B'rith Sholom, Independent Order Free Sons of Israel, Independent Order B'rith Abraham, Federation of American Zionists—orthodox Jews, reform Jews, "apostate Jews," Zionist Jews, Americanized Jews, rich Jews, poor Jews, law-abiding Jews and red revolutionary Jews—Adolph Ochs of the great New York *Times,* together with the most feverish scribbler on a Yiddish weekly that calls for blood and violence—Jacob Schiff who was a devoutly religious Jew of strong faith and obedience, and Otto H. Kahn, of the same banking house, who professes another religion—all of them, of all classes, bound together in that solidarity which has been achieved by no other people so perfectly as by Judah.

And these are banded together for the purpose of "protecting Jewish rights." From what? If Americans were not large in their liberal-mindedness the very statement of purpose would be an offense. Who in this country is interfering with anyone's rights? The American wants to know, for that is the kind of thing he wants to put down, and always has put down, and will put down again wherever or from whatever quarter it arises. Therefore it will occur to him sooner or later to demand particulars of these rights that need protection, and from what they need to be protected.

Who Will Define "Jewish Rights"?

WHAT rights have Americans that Jews in America do not possess? Against whom are the Jews organized, and against what?

What basis is there for the cry of "persecution"? None whatever, except the Jews' own consciousness that the course they are pursuing is due for a check. The Jews always know that. They are not in the stream of the world, and every little while the world finds out what Judah always knows.

Rabbi Elias L. Solomon has been quoted as saying:

"There is no thinking Jew outside of America whose eyes are not turned toward this country. The freedom enjoyed by the Jews in America is not the outcome of emancipation purchased at the cost of national suicide, but the natural product of American civilization."

Of course. Then where is the "protection" needed? What are the "rights" which the Kehillahs of this country are organized to "defend"? What are the meanings of these committees in every city and town of the land, spying upon American activities and bringing protests to bear to keep those activities within well-defined channels acceptable to the Jews?

These questions have never been answered by the Jewish spokesmen. Let them prepare a Bill of Rights, as they conceive their rights to be. Let them name every right they desire and claim. They have never done so. Why? Because the rights they dare name in public are such as they already possess in abundance, and further, because the rights that in their hearts they most desire are such that they cannot state to the American public.

A Jewish Bill of Rights, such as could be published, would be met by the American people thus: "Why, you have all these things already. What more do you want?" And that is the question which lies at the core of the entire Jewish Problem—What more do they want?

A further penetration of Kelillah activities may help to answer that question.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Signing himself "A Jew From Missouri," a writer in the Chicago *Daily Forward,* a Jewish paper, describes Jewish life at the University of Michigan. Inquiring whether there was any animosity shown toward Jews by the other students, the reply was, "Not noticeably."

Mrs. Wurm, Socialist member of the German Reichstag, speaking in favor of permitting Jews en route for America to pass through Germany, excused the status of most of the immigrants by saying that they were deserters from the Polish Army.

Jewish immigration to Germany from the Balkans continues in a flood, and in certain German cities the Judaized municipal government compels citizens to take their quota of immigrants into their home. German workmen complain that Jews are taking all the habitable houses.

Matches in Soviet Russia cost 250 rubles a box. Why rubles? Under the Bolshevik system money was to be abolished. But the scarcity of matches cannot be explained, except that the Bolshevik system appears to have abolished work too. The suffering of the Russian people, at the hands of 625,000 Communists is another answer to the question, "Why should we fear a people so numerically inferior?"

The following lines from the *Jewish Daily News,* of New York, indicate Jewry's reaction to the recent appointment of a Jew to be British viceroy of India:

The King speaks, with the scepter in his hand:
"Go now, my Vice-King to the Buddhist land.
Three hundred million people rule, as long before
The son of Jacob ruled on Nile-stream's shore.

"To India, of my crown the choicest gem
Bring labor, peace and blessing, telling them:
'Hatred nor murder win, but kind retort'—
These are my orders. Go, my Jewish Lord!"

Jacob H. Rubin testifying before a Senate Committee about his experiences in Russia, said that he had met Emma Goldman. "I asked her, 'How about free speech here?' She said, 'Forget it.' Then I asked her, 'How do you like Russia?' And she told me to influence her friends to get her back to the States and she would be a good little girl."

B. Rosman, writing in a Jewish paper under the head of "Jewish Interests," says that among the trades existing in the world, there are some which can only be successfully handled by a Jew, a statement which is illustrated by a Galician Jew who during his residence in the United States has made a business of serving divorce papers. This Jew has recently arrived in Galicia with a pile of divorce decrees which Galician husbands resident in America have sent him to deliver to their wives in Galicia. This is "the writing of divorcement" which is so easily done among certain groups of Jews. His method of carrying on the business is very tactful. Arriving in the town where the all unsuspicious wife lives, he sends her word that he has a letter for her from her husband. She hastens to him and he hands her the paper—very simply done. No Jewish wife is counted divorced until she accepts the document with her own hands. The newspapers in Galicia contain warnings about this Jew from America who carries "letters."

Speaking of the Beth Din, that is, the special Jewish courts, which have already made their appearance in New York, a writer in the *Jewish Daily News* says: "It is better to go before the Beth Din and lose a case, than to go before a regular court and win it."

Struggles of the Man Who Tamed Rubber

By H. O. BISHOP

IT IS not always a good idea to try to break a person of the habit of gesticulating with his hands while talking. It may possibly prevent him from accomplishing something worth while later on in his career.

The secret of the process of manufacturing rubber commercially was accidentally discovered by Charles Goodyear as a result of a handful of rubber and sulphur bouncing out of his hand into an open stove while he was excitedly conversing with his hands as well as his voice.

This unique discovery, which has since proved to be a blessing of international importance to all mankind, came along after Goodyear had gone through many years of heart-breaking struggles, dire poverty, ridicule and even imprisonment.



CHARLES GOODYEAR

Thousands of experiments had been made by this persistent man in his endeavors to tame rubber and convert it from its raw state of natural stickiness into pliable material that would not be affected by heat or cold. Many times when he thought the problem was solved, he soon discovered his manufactured articles would decompose during the summer and become as hard as concrete in winter. He had long known that sulphur satisfactorily cured the surface of rubber, but it was not until that animated conversation in his kitchen one evening after supper that he discovered that heat applied to rubber and sulphur was all that was needed to make it a commercial article useful to human beings the world over.

Mr. Goodyear was born at New Haven, Connecticut, in 1800 and lived until 1860. For 15 years prior to the granting of his patent in 1844 he labored day and night to learn the secret necessary to make rubber useful.

In his boyhood days he wanted to be a preacher but his father was too poor to send him to college, whereupon he embarked in the hardware business, eventually experiencing financial failure and landing in a debtors' prison. Later on he served a number of terms in prison on account of debts, but it apparently never feazed him in his grim determination to succeed. Many of his most interesting rubber experiments were cheerfully carried on while sitting on the edge of his bunk in his narrow prison cell. Between bakings, Mrs. Goodyear would carry her rolling pin to the prison for her husband to use in rolling out rubber while experimenting.

The progress of his invention was constantly delayed and hampered by poverty. On one occasion he wanted to go from Staten Island to New York to procure some necessary material, but did not possess the requisite funds to pay the ferryman, who, by the way, was Commodore Vanderbilt, who later became the builder and owner of the New York Central Railroad and one of America's wealthiest men. The fact that he was penniless and that there was six miles of water between him and his destination didn't worry Goodyear. He merely smiled good-naturedly and suggested the pawning of his umbrella to Mr. Vanderbilt for the price of a ferry ticket. Being a thrifty soul, Mr. Vanderbilt promptly closed the deal.

On one occasion it became necessary to auction off his childrens' schoolbooks to get a little money to keep his family from starvation.

At another time he hocked the family furniture, and put up linen, spun by his wife, as security for board for his family.

No sooner had Goodyear commenced to reap the financial benefits of his great invention than others tried to prove prior claim and steal his laurels. Daniel Webster represented him in these celebrated court trials. In addressing the jury, Mr. Webster said: "Is Charles Goodyear the discoverer of this invention of vulcanized rubber? Is there a man in the world who found out that fact before Charles Goodyear? Who is he? Where is he? On what continent does he live? Who has heard of him? What books treat of him? What man, among all men on earth, has seen him, known him, named him? I say that there is not in the world a human being that can stand up and say that it is his invention, except the man who is sitting at that table. I believe that the man who sits at that table—Charles Goodyear—is to go down to posterity, in the history of the arts in this country, in that great class of inventors, at the head of which stands Robert Fulton."

The contest was decided in favor of Goodyear.

The Romance of the Amethyst

ONCE a rarity, the amethyst is now comparatively common. More than a century ago it reached its zenith in value and popularity. At that time an English princess possessed a magnificent necklace of almost perfect stones which cost two thousand guineas, or a little more than ten thousand dollars. Today this royal piece could be duplicated by the expenditure of approximately a tenth of the original amount.

Scientists define the amthyst as a clear purple or bluish violet variety of crystallized quartz. In hardness it ranks below the diamond in the proportion of nine to ten. Though it resists acids it can be cut with a file and its color can be dulled by the application of heat. The stone apparently tries to hide from the eyes of man; for if it does not lie within the covers of a bed of granite, it will have as its cloister a hollow rock ball technically known as a geode.

The word, amethyst, is of Greek derivation. Literally it means "without drunkenness." The ancients, frequent users of the wine cup, preferred cups made from the stone, as they not only believed in its insurance against intoxication but also in its power to render inactive any poison it might chance to hold. The gem thus bestowed tranquillity of mind upon its owner, for in that age the visitation of death through the agency of secretly-administered drugs was not an uncommon occurrence.

Aristotle, the philosopher, thought that the amethyst would "hinder the ascension of vapors." Baccio, an Italian painter, testified to its efficacy as a resistant of poisons, and further asserted that the jewel sharpened the wits but breeded sleeplessness.

The pious crusaders who fought to gain the Holy Land for Christendom, wore amethysts to preserve them from harm. Thus used as an amulet it soon acquired the title of "the soldier's stone." The people of that period considered the gem a symbol of pure love or sincerity, employed it to express mourning, and wore it when bearing petitions to the overlords. They also believed it capable of preventing the descent of hailstones and locusts.

The Bible contains references to this precious stone. According to "Revelations" the foundations of the walls of the New Jerusalem were exquisitely adorned; the first course was jasper, and the twelfth showed the violet of the beautiful amethyst. On the high priest's breastplate the gem held the third position in the third row.

Edward, the Confessor, highly prized a ring set with an amethyst of the finest quality. This precious stone now adorns the British Crown. Its legendary lore clings to it still, for it bears a reputed value as a protector against contagious diseases.

Cleopatra, the scheming sorceress of the Nile, admired the purple brilliant. She had a signet ring of the stone engraved with a Persian symbol of divinity and light and life. Antipater, the poet, pronounced "the engraving truly of a skillful hand."

Probably the best bit of portraiture done on any jewel is that of the head of Mithridates, the ancient king of Pontus. This deep violet image was discovered many years ago in India.

The largest sculptured or carved work with an amethyst as the medium consists of the bust of Trajan, the Roman emperor. This adornment, formerly in the possession of the Prussian court, mysteriously disappeared when Napoleon occupied the city of Berlin. Historians allege that some of his generals had taking ways. The work of art has been lost to the world since the time of this invasion by "The Little Corporal."

The favorite gem of the American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was an amethyst of the deepest shade of purple which, upon being exhibited in artificial light, glowed like a ruby.

St. Valentine wore a ring, so it is said, with Cupid engraved upon the amethyst set. Very appropriate, indeed! Perhaps both St. Valentine and the poet were partial to the gem because each was born in the month of February for which it is the birthstone.

Are you a February child brought into the world under the zodiac sign of Aries? If you are not averse to a little romanticism and wish to play safe, you might invest in amethyst insurance; there are no monthly or annual payments beyond the first cost, and sometimes a sweetheart gladly bears that. Some verse writer put the idea in a nutshell when he counselled:

The February-born may find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care,
If she an amethyst will wear.

The Wood Hollow Papers

By ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

WE HAVE here in this northern part of the country (bridging as it does upon the prairies) what is known as the marsh-hawk, *Circus hudsonius,* identified by some white upon its back often amounting to a distinct patch. The marsh-hawk, so far as I know through extensive study, kills little if any poultry, but along the edges of the swamps it lives in due numbers, killing all the mice that it can locate.

We have in this region the common sparrow-hawk. It is the smallest of the species, a little longer than the bluejay. The sparrow-hawk, duck-hawk and pigeon-hawk belong to the falcon family. Of the three, however, the sparrow-hawk, *Falco sparverius,* is of a distinct value to man as it kills a great number of mice and destroys grasshoppers, beetles and other vermin. It is very readily recognized, tending sometimes to grayish, with a breast that has black spots upon it. You can never fail to recognize it. If you see a hawk a trifle larger than the bluejay you can be sure that is the one. It is not afraid and will at times allow you to approach within twenty or thirty feet before it flies away. The duck-hawk, *Falco peregrinus anatum,* and the pigeon-hawk spend most of their time killing birds, and the pigeon-hawk, *Falco columbarius,* certainly is one of the most persistent and destructive of the song-bird harriers. Any song-bird that comes in its path it will seize, if not catching it by swiftness of wing, then waiting for the opportunity of seizing the bird unawares. It lives almost entirely on song-birds, which is not amazing. Undoubtedly it does kill a few mice when hard up for food, but this is rather the exception to the rule than a common occurrence. In coloration it is bluish and brown above and light on its underparts. The duck-hawk is darkish above and light on its underparts.

But among all the hawks there are two that have very little sympathy with naturalists and which do about as little good as any creature living. I bear mention of the sharp-shinned hawk, *Accipiter velox,* and Cooper's hawk. Of the former it may be said that it kills a great number of song-birds; it is exceedingly keen and alert, every movement expressing determination and a mood that will stop at nothing short of murder. It is rapacious to a degree. The amount of insects, mice and such vermin that this hawk does away with forms a negligible quantity. Cooper's hawk, *Accipiter cooperii,* is another bird-destroyer which looks very much like the sharp-shin in coloration, being bluish-gray on its upperparts and whitish underneath, but unlike the sharp-shin it is larger and possessed of great strength, well fitted for plundering farms and carrying off all sorts of medium and under-sized poultry. Out of 133 stomachs of this variety that we have cut open and examined as to contents, 34 have been found to contain poultry and game birds such as grouse, doves and quail; 52 of these stomachs showed an almost exclusive diet of song-birds while 11 had partaken of small mammals; 1 had a frog in it, and 3 others had fed on lizards, 2 had dined on insects and the remaining 39 were empty. There were 21 species of useful birds represented in the food bill of this hawk as against 4 mice, 1 rat and 1 grasshopper. In this accurate manner is Cooper's hawk unmasked.

If you should see a hawk circling high up in the air in a flight that takes him gradually lower and lower to the earth you may suspect (and not without basis in fact) that it is none other than Cooper's hawk. In these circling operations, exceedingly keen as is their eyesight, they apparently see everything that goes on on the earth below. If they can locate a mother hen with chicks, or a pullet a certain distance from the house they will drop out of the very skies like a bolt of lightning and have their prey before you can count ten! We may suspect that chickens on the ground, however, can see the hawks so high up in the air as clearly as the hawks can see them. The rooster, constantly on watch, sees these circling marauders and by a series of warning chuckles keeps the flock watchful and alert, ever close to some place where cover can be secured.

A query was once addressed to me asking if I thought it a wise thing to suggest the decimation of any hawk. To which I replied that if a bird student, knowing one hawk from another, the good from the bad, did the killing, all well and good but to suggest a wholesale killing by amateurs would work incalculable harm. The time to kill off harmful hawks is during the nesting season, but knowing that they are outlawed, apparently, these birds select the most inaccessible places to shelter their brood. If you would find them in their haunts go to the most wild and tangled woodland that is rarely frequented by man; there you will find them. If then one will station himself in concealment and be on the alert with field glasses he can easily make out the object he is after and plan its destruction.

Hundreds upon thousands of hawks are annually killed in the United States, nine out of ten of which are birds invaluable to the welfare of man. Practically the bulk of the mounted specimens I have seen in my day have been useful hawks, those readily shot; rarely have I seen a destructive hawk on display. Millions upon million of dollars have been expended to protect our crops; further millions will be spent in the future. But no campaign of education of the people into the value of nature's protectors has gone forward. A man once said to me: "How in the world can you be so foolish as to believe that a few hawks can keep a farm rid of vermin?" This attitude is not held by individuals alone, but is a common conviction. As a nation we progress at snail's pace in our knowledge and appreciation of nature study!

Why the Team Goes South



The sliding pit. Here the major leaguers learn the art of eluding the infielder who is waiting to tag them out.

IN THE spring of 1905 the Detroit baseball club was training at Augusta, Georgia. The major leaguers used the Augusta ball park to condition themselves for the season's pennant race and when they started north they owed the Augusta management the sum of $750 for park rent. Since $750 was quite a sum in the balmy spring of 1905 the Detroit manager concocted a bright scheme. He had a little pitcher on his team and he figured this youngster, who weighed less than 140, would never be big enough to pitch in the majors. Major league pitchers should be giants, according to the accepted belief of the majority of managers. So he made the Atlanta club a proposition which offered the use of this pitcher for one season for ground rent. Also, the offer contained a clause that at the end of the season the Detroit club was to have this pitcher back, if Detroit desired him, and if Detroit did not want the pitcher the club was entitled to pick any other man in the Atlanta lineup.

At the end of the season Atlanta was ready to carry out its part of the agreement. The pitcher had done fairly good work but he was still too small for major league use, according to the opinion of the Detroit management. Detroit looked over the remainder of the material and the choice finally rested between a skinny kid outfielder and a likely-looking infielder. After much discussion it was decided to take the outfielder.

You who follow baseball have heard of all three characters in this unusual bargain. The skinny outfielder was Tyrus Raymond Cobb, greatest player of all time. The little pitcher was Eddie Cicotte, who became one of the greatest pitchers in the game, and the infielder was Clyde Engel, who never attained the fame of either Cobb or Cicotte but who also made the major league grade and was a member of the world's championship Boston American League team.

* * *

This is going a roundabout way to reach our subject, spring training of major league teams, but since it is an incident worthy of note it is used as a prelude to this article.

Since 1905 many changes have taken place in baseball and spring training has become a fixed necessity in the minds of the men who govern the business offices of the major league clubs. It is an ordeal for most players and it presents many advantages as well as numerous disadvantages.

Why a spring training trip? The question is asked by baseball writers annually. But regardless of their opinion on the subject, spring training trips are becoming more elaborate each year and continue to carry the same amount of weight with the managerial persons.

The exodus of the major leaguers to points south of the Mason and Dixon line begins in the middle of February. At this time the pitchers and catchers, commonly called the battery men, start the southward journey. Many of them are first sent to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for two weeks stay while others are sent direct to whatever station has been selected for the spring "grind."

In this preparation of baseball clubs for the major league pennant competition, which lasts through a stretch of 154 games, the club owners spend a vast amount of money. There are eight teams in each big league and each of these teams will have from 35 to 45 men in the South this spring. With the increased rates for railroad passenger travel and high hotel rates, it may be roughly estimated that the major league clubs will spend $200,000 for railroad tickets and $135,000 for food and shelter this spring. Various other expenses will bring the total investment, before a ball is thrown on a major league park, very close to the $500,000 mark. Half a million dollars spent before a turnstile clicks in a big league park!

Against this expenditure there is a revenue from exhibition games but never in the history of baseball has a major league club collected enough money at the gate in exhibition games to pay for its spring training.

But more of this later. What you want to know, and what has never been explained in a detailed way, is the system of conditioning ball players for major league pennant races, as they are called on the sporting pages of the daily press.

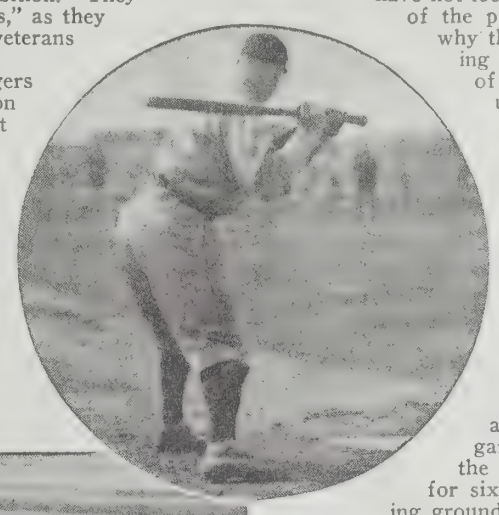
As remarked, pitchers and catchers are sent ahead of the infielders and outfielders. Pitchers need more time to limber up. There are several star pitchers that never strike their true stride before the season is well under way, some of them not going at top speed until the middle of June, when the weather has really turned to summer in the major league belt.

The older a pitcher gets the more time it takes to get his arm into pitching condition. The muscles stiffen, the arteries harden and the task becomes more difficult each season. That is why you see so many strange names at the bottom of the batting order in major league box scores and why you often wonder whether some pitcher has been released. He will probably appear just as soon as his arm gets into shape.

A pitcher throws the ball an average of 100 times a game. How much physical energy he needs all depends upon the score. If the score is close he will have to use more energy; if his team is ahead by a fair margin he saves himself by pitching his best only when there are men on bases and when the opposition threatens to score.

Now, in the early spring games, few managers will take a chance on their good pitchers in the cold, heavy atmosphere of the northern climate. They trot out the youngsters whose muscles are still pliable and who have lots of energy and ambition. They are the "cold weather pitchers," as they call them in baseball. The veterans are saved for warm weather.

But major league managers have decided that games won in the spring months count just as heavily in the standings of the teams as games won late in the season and that many games can be rescued by a veteran that will be lost if a youngster is entrusted with the pitching task. Therefore, in recent years, the veteran pitchers have been sent into the balmy South early in February, giving them two full months to work their arms into shape and have them in condition to answer an emergency call in the early days of the league race.





Group of veteran pitchers working out. They toss the ball in early practice.



The veteran catchers are always sent along. If you study your baseball you will probably conclude that this is wrong as the young catchers could get much more benefit out of this work. They need the experience and the veterans do not. Anyway, you know that a catcher does not make more fast throws in any game than the shortstop, for instance, to whom come most of the fielding chances on the infield. But there is a deeper motive in sending the veteran catchers. The manager wants the experienced backstop to guard the pitchers. It makes little difference how many years a pitcher has worked, there is always the danger of his "throwing his arm out." After being in uniform for a few days the pitcher will decide suddenly that the "old super feels fine" and begin opening up. This consists of curving the ball or throwing at top speed. The result has too often been disastrous and many good pitchers have ended their careers prematurely because they felt too frisky and could not restrain the temptation to "put everything behind her." The veteran catchers are sent out to prevent this. It is their duty to keep the pitchers from throwing fast or curve balls. For weeks the pitchers are compelled to "lob" the ball for several hours each day. This becomes irksome and therein lies the danger. As soon as a pitcher begins throwing curve balls or fast ones, after becoming tired of the monotonous task of tossing, he is ordered to quit for the day and to top off his labors he has to run one or two miles to remove surplus weight and get his wind into condition for the season's work.

By the time the regulars and recruits, infielders and outfielders, arrive in camp during the first or second week of March, the pitchers have been conditioned enough to throw with moderate speed. They continue their daily tossing but also each of them works for a brief period pitching to batters. Since these batters have not looked at a pitched ball since the close of the previous season it is quite apparent why the pitcher is prevented from throwing at top speed, using a curve or one of the freak deliveries which can be used only by veteran pitchers now. The job of the pitcher is to give the batter an opportunity to "get his eye on the ball," in other words, to follow a pitched ball.

Batting is not all the infielders and outfielders do. Their work is as tiresome as that of the pitchers and catchers.

It is very amusing to watch some of our crack major league outfielders going after their first fly ball in the spring. They will misjudge more in one day than in an entire season of 154 scheduled games. The eye has to be trained to the flying ball and this takes time. So, for six days, the infielders continue fielding ground-hit balls and the outfielders chase fly balls. Then begins the more serious work of infielding. The manager chooses groups of four, first baseman, second baseman, third baseman and shortstop. Also, there is always the catcher. The four infielders are used in order, each receiving a ground-hit ball and his part of the exercises consists in fielding the ball and throwing.

There is a great deal in the manner of a fielder. The manager after a few days knows just where the man's weakness is in fielding. He may be weak in going to the left, or to the right. He may be weak on foul balls, or on what is known as Texas Leaguers, balls hit between the infield and outfield zones of occupation. He may be weak in his judgment of a ground hit ball in that he does not know when to come in and when to step back to field the ball. Or his throw may be his weakness. Some players take an extra step to get more propelling power and some take even two steps. Many infielders cannot throw unless they balance themselves and take full aim, where the ideal infielder will scoop up a ball and throw with practically the same motion.

Each day the recruits, all of them, are asked to bat. Here again the critical eye of the manager notices the faults in style. Some are natural hitters, others artificial. The natural or straightaway hitters, are the most desirable while the batters with makeshift style are uncertain. This is a lax rule with many exceptions, for a great coach once remarked that most of the "greats" in athletics of any kind lack perfect form. There was never a more awkward-looking ball player than the great Honus Wagner, never a more graceful player than Napoleon Lajoie. Both achieved fame and greatness. If a man is successful in doing a thing in a certain way it is best to let well enough alone no matter how contradictory to proper form it may be. Many people have many different ways of arriving at the same goal.

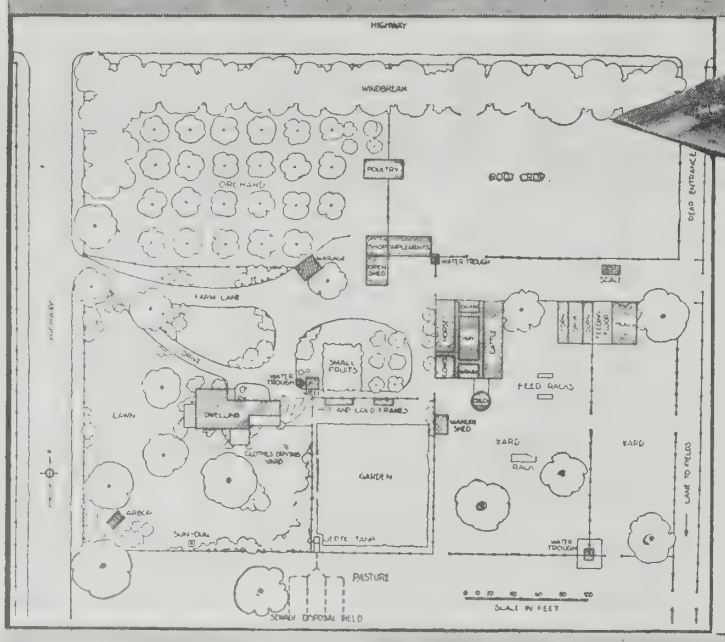
However, there are some faults which not alone are bad form but which can never be utilized to any advantage and these are the faults that the manager tries to correct. Sometimes he succeeds.

In one corner of the playing lot the trainer and his assistants have dug a pit. This is filled with sand, or soft earth and is called the sliding pit. All players, as a rule, are compelled to take sliding exercises. At the end of the pit a bag has been fastened and the players are taught to do the hook slide, the fadeaway, or any other slide to which they can adapt themselves. It all depends upon the player. As a rule the sliding lessons are part of both morning and afternoon exercises after the first week in camp. Sometimes they start a little later for much depends upon weather and physical condition.

Each major league team carries a trainer, whose duty it is to look after the physical welfare of the players. Gallons of liniment are used in major league camps each spring. The pitchers, after each workout draw first attention. Their arms are rubbed with lini-

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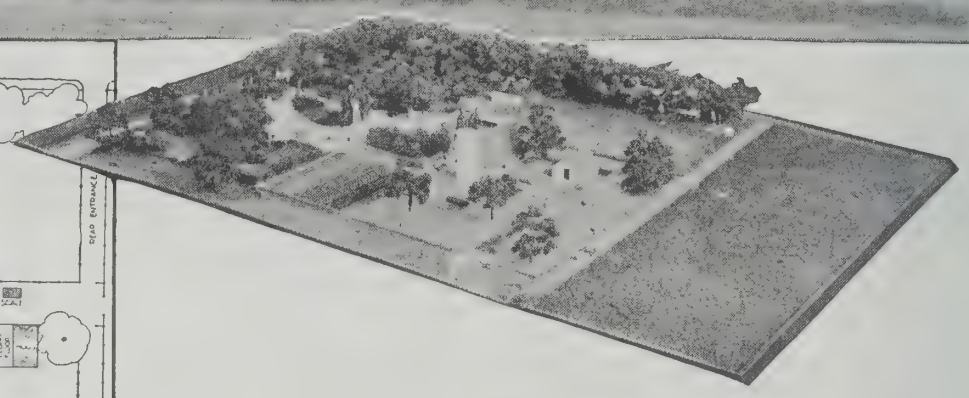


Diagram of the model homestead designed by specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture. This arrangement presumes a location east of a highway. The same general scheme is applicable to locations facing the highway from other directions, but the arrangement should be changed in some matters of detail, especially the orientation of buildings. The model, of course, isn't suited to all conditions but combines the principles the department experts advocate. The subject is covered fully in Farmers' Bulletin 1132, entitled "Planning the Homestead" which may be secured free from the United States Department of Agriculture. Other advice can be procured from the rural engineering division of the department. At the top is a front view of the Department of Agriculture's model homestead. At the right is shown the back view of model homestead designed by the rural engineering division of the United States Department of Agriculture. Below is the side view of the model homestead.



THIS is the first of a series of articles on the farmstead, as written by Mr. Ulm for The Dearborn Independent. The facts contained in each article may be accepted as authoritative in all instances, having been obtained from officials of the Department of Agriculture or the records of that department.

There has been much discussion of the various phases of farm life and farm management but seldom has the public been given the opportunity to read of the various problems as concisely yet comprehensively as here presented.

It is suggested that each story, and there are six, be followed closely by those who are interested in such things. The illustrations provided are profuse and appropriate. In this edition, for instance, there is a diagram, together with splendid photographs, of the model farm as worked out by the Department of Agriculture.

The Farmstead—Its Possibilities

By AARON HARDY ULM

THE inexperienced beginner in farming here in America may find guiding standards for virtually everything except the farmstead, probably most important of all.

"The pioneering stage in human housing is prolonged beyond the pioneering stage in animal and crop housing," says Professor C. J. Galpin, economist in charge of rural life studies for the United States Department of Agriculture. "The modern farmhouse follows at some distance the modern dairy barn."

The problem of proper housing on the farm involves a great deal more than the erection of a suitable dwelling or the construction of a barn designed for efficiency. The dwelling bears an important relation to the farthest corner of the farthest field in the entire farm. Even the side of the road upon which it is situated, its orientation with regard to the points of the compass, and its position with reference to other items of the farmstead organization are of exceedingly high importance, say Uncle Sam's rural engineers.

It is probable that the most elegant type of farmstead, that represented by the extravagant "country place" of the wealthy banker or business man who believes that he can show practical farmers how to farm, is the most misleading. Whatever the costly engineering and decorative skill presented by them, they nearly always involve investments that are beyond the earning power of farming lands. Hence they are uneconomic.

The worst ones are the other extremes, a group of buildings thrown up merely to afford the human beings and the live stock protection against the elements. Whatever the apparent economies made in the beginning, such a place in the long run is invariably less profitable than the one carefully planned.

The farmstead, say rural engineers, need not be an expression of wealth or the lack thereof. Of course if all the desirable appurtenances are included, the establishment necessarily involves the spending of money as well as care and energy. But the farmstead of the humble two or three-horse farmer can present a model of livableness just as well as a lack of order and proportion, as many of them do.

"If the average farmer were told that at some time during the year he would find it necessary to take a trip of 150 to 200 miles on foot carrying food, milk, or harness he would object strenuously, and say that under no circumstances could he spare the time," says the Department of Agriculture. "Yet hundreds of farmers are taking the equivalent of such trips every year because of the unnecessary steps which result from a poor arrangement of farm buildings."

And the most convenient arrangement of buildings as well as the most healthful and economic arrangement of the entire farmstead means the better-appearing farm place.

The Department of Agriculture is doing much to promote better farmsteads. If its suggestions were carried out by all farmers for a few years our national landscape would be adorned uniformly by good looking as well as efficient farm places, instead of presenting the spotted appearance that now often makes us wonder if farm places are homes or just make-shift habitats.

The work, of course, begins with the laying out of the farm and the planning of the homestead from the ground up. Working plans have been developed and actual models of homesteads suitable to differing conditions have been made, and all the data are available to any farmer in the country.

Offhand one might think it easy, for example, to select a site on a given acreage for the farm home and its environs. But it is quite a complex matter. Even with all other factors equal, the question of whether a farmstead should be on a public road is not easily answered. If it is a small farm beside a good road, it may be best to have the farmstead near the road, as then it has superior social contact with the outside world. But if it is a large farm, it may be better to locate the farmstead away from the road, to save time in going from it to different parts of the farm establishment; for the distance between the dwelling and barn and the field to be worked may be an important factor in farming economy.

"The farmer who desires to obtain the greatest possible results from his operations, whether he be already established or just entering upon his venture, may profit by the example of some of our industrial establishments, where, to reduce cost of production, or to increase the output, whole plants have been remodeled or entirely new plants erected, all carefully arranged to meet the particular requirements of the work to be done," says the Department of Agriculture.

"The planning of a farmstead layout involves the arrangement of the various buildings, yards, lots, and so on, with relation each to the other, to the fields and to the highway, in such manner that there shall be a minimum of time consumed, no retracing of steps, and no lost motion in executing the work of the farm.

"Pleasing architectural effects, tempered with economy in materials and construction, should be sought in the designing of the buildings, such as barns, stables and the smaller structures, but the first consideration is that of utility.

"The amount of money invested in a house should be such that the net income of the farm

can easily take care of the interest, if interest must be paid, without too great restriction upon other expenses. Within this limit, the farm home should have all the conveniences and comforts possible, and should be as attractive in design and surroundings as it can be made."

While the specialists in the Department of Agriculture would like to see every American farmstead a model in design and appearance and equipped with every possible item of helpful appurtenances, it realizes that in the matter of expenditures improvements can be overdone. In fact the department is very loath to urge the general adoption of many valuable farm appliances out of fear that they will be taken on by some farmers before they can be made to pay.

A somewhat new point of view is being taken by other branches of departmental effort. It runs counter to the utilitarian motif that underlies most efforts to improve the welfare of agriculture in this country. It represents the esthetic as against the practical school of farm betterment.

That view is held in the main by men like Professor Galpin who directs the rural life studies made by the Office of Farm Management.

"Perhaps the best thing anyone can do for American farming right now," says Professor Galpin, "is to reinvest it with the Homeric spirit and perhaps the place to begin is the home."

While few men of agricultural science take the pessimistic view of farming and rural life that much of what they say would often tend to indicate, Professor Galpin stands out conspicuously as one whose approaches are wholly of optimistic character.

"In my time, farming and rural life have improved wonderfully," says he. "This doesn't mean that much more improvement cannot be attained, but it means that the best way to promote further advances is by recognizing what has been done and treating that as proof of what may be done."

And he is opposed to measuring improvement by mere mechanical or profit-making standards, being inclined to oppose the theory, for example, that the development of the farmstead must be governed wholly by utilitarian requirements.

He is for humanizing the farm home and the farmstead, and this can be done best, he says, by detaching them, as far as practicable, from the working elements of the farm; that is, for instance, the farmhouse should be "de-occupationalized." But the farmhouse and the farmstead are vital parts of the working plant of the farm; hence detachment must be more apparent than real.

"A survey of the attempts of many modern farmers to create a humanizing atmosphere around the farmhouse shows that this effect is accomplished by psychological barriers, screens and inclosures," says he. "The work appliances of the farm are necessarily in such close proximity to the house that exclusion is done by suggestion rather than by actual shutting out of every scintilla of farm work. The low wall, the hedge, the clump of trees, running vines, are mental screens. We can peer over or around but we do not. Roofs and outlines of farm buildings are visible but lost to sense in the competing humanism this side of the barriers."

He points to Mount Vernon as an excellent example of his theory. Visitors to Mount Vernon see Washington's former dwelling as a home and nothing more. To see and appreciate it requires no effort. It dominates the environment so completely that you veritably have to search for the other structures all of which, however, are conveniently arranged with regard to the house. This effect was achieved consciously by Washington who "plays up" his house as a place to live in in all of his writings concerning the development of the place.

"The country life problem as a whole cannot make consistent headway in humanizing and socializing farm life," says Professor Galpin, "so long as the work elements of farming smother the farm home. That farm people get accustomed to the proximity of ever-present occupational things and processes, means only that hardening invades the precincts of the farm mind and soul as it invades the farmhouse. A rural housing social conscience will probably at no distant day transfigure living on the farm and give rural America an air of architectural grace and landart beauty."

"Careful arrangement of the farmstead and intelligent planning of the farm buildings is good business under any circumstances but it is especially important when capital is limited and must be made to go a long way," says the Department of Agriculture in its bulletin dealing in detail with the subject. "When such is the case the farm business plant must be first considered, but the ultimate farm home should be planned for with the rest of the farmstead. Possessed of the plans for an attractive home, the farm family has something toward which to work, an incentive to thrift and economy in the operation of the farm and home life not easily broken."

That farm homes and farmsteads, beautiful, practical and convenient in degrees equal to and in some respects superior to living establishments possible in cities, are available to the American farmer is proven by the numerous examples found in virtually every agricultural community.

It can be shown that virtually every mechanical convenience that adds to the comfort of the average city home can now be made of avail to the rural dweller.

But many things just as vital to happy life as mechanical aids to living are almost exclusively available to the people who live in the country.

"When I came to Washington from my farm in the Middle West," declared a Department of Agriculture specialist, "I sought to get for my living environment some intangible elements I had enjoyed at home. Among these were elevation, light, fresh air, privacy and space. I could procure almost any one of them and often more than one—at a price for each of them. It was veritably impossible to get them all at any price within the bounds of the city; so I now live out in the country. In the country all of those things, which are more important to happy and satisfactory living than an equal number of mechanical conveniences, are available on virtually any farm, and primarily without cost. If the farmer doesn't get them for his home environment, and without paying extra for them, it usually is because he doesn't take advantage of what his environment offers him free."

A good farmstead site is apt to exist on the average farm. Its selection is a matter merely of study. Any farmstead, however small the investment put into equipment, can likewise be developed along attractive and economical lines just as easily as the contrary, provided proper thought is given to it.

And, despite all its shortcomings as compared with what it might be, I find every agricultural specialist that was besought for an opinion inclined to the view that, after all, the average American farm home, and especially its environs, is superior to the average American city home. While not many of the former, as compared with the latter, have running water, electric or gas lighting, or central heating plants, they are roomy and surrounded by certain intangible advantages, such as natural light, fresh air and space, that do not adhere to the city home.

Aside from the practicalities, the development of the farm home has esthetic possibilities far beyond what is available to the city home-builder.

The ambition of Kipling's artist to "splash a ten-league canvas with a brush of camel's hair" can be measurably realized by the beauty-loving home builder in the country.

When F. L. Mulford, expert landscape gardener for the Department of Agriculture, was explaining the carrying out of suggestions put forth in his bulletin, "Beautifying the Farmstead" he was asked about the money cost of beautification.

"The actual money expenditure involved in making the setting of the average farm home a pretty one is not, I should say, more than fifty dollars."

What he meant was the cost of materials and plants and perhaps labor—barring, of course, expert help—which the farm and the farmer can't supply.

"You must remember," said he, "that the greater part of the work has to be done anyway. For example there must be passable walks or roadways leading to the home. To lay them out attractively costs little more than just to let them happen. Even the plant life needed for adorning the surroundings of the farm home, that is, the trees and shrubbery, can be procured in most parts of the country without cost, in great part, from the near-by woods or fields.

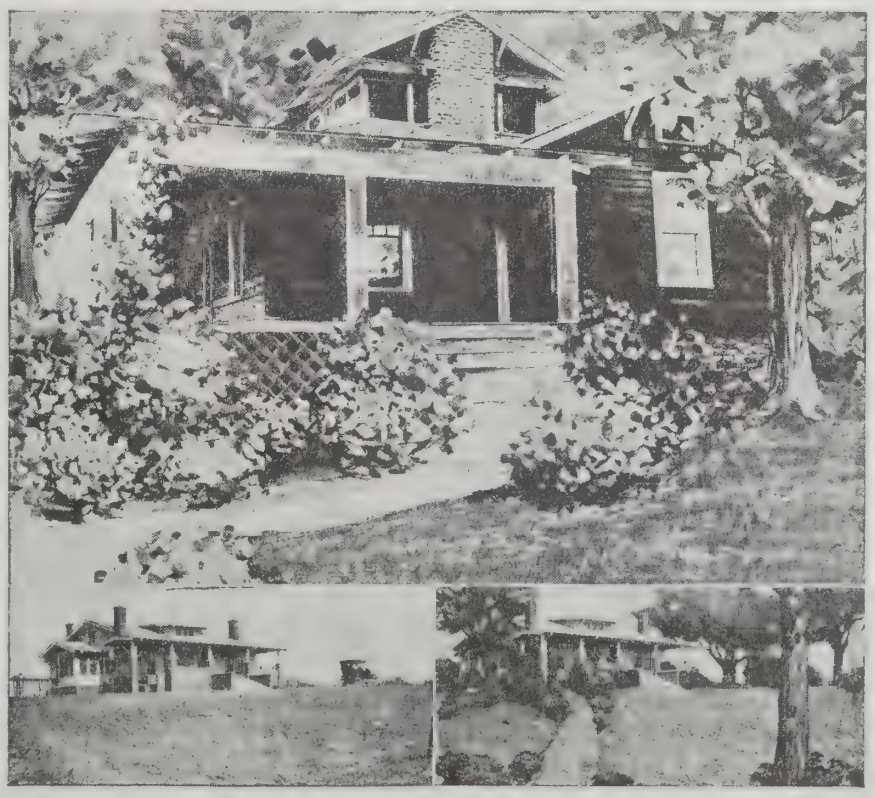
"We have little appreciation for the possibilities in much of our native shrubbery. Even the colonial home-builders who saw the value in our native trees, failed in the matter of shrubs. Many of our native shrub plants have been taken over by foreign breeders, popularized, and then sold back to us as high-priced novelties."

One might think, from much of the foregoing, that American farm families are not interested in home beautification. Such is a wrong conclusion.

When the Department of Agriculture issued the bulletin last year dealing with the subject, an edition of 50,000 copies was exhausted within less than a week's time. It is perhaps the most popular bulletin issued by the department in recent years.

What it and the companion bulletins that deal with the practicalities of the farmstead show most clearly is that convenience and attractiveness, as applied to the farmstead, are not incompatible, and that the modest farm home can be developed in both ways as easily as the costly one.





"Before and after" effects that show what properly designed walks and a little shrubbery will do toward beautifying the farm home. And our woods contain excellent native shrubs, and walks are matters of mere taste and a little work.

He Capitalizes Hate

By JOHN B. WALLACE

THERE are many and devious ways of making a living in this world. Eric von Stroheim was, through force of circumstances, compelled to adopt a number of these, foreign though they were to a man of his birth and education. But the strangest means of all and the one through which he has achieved fame and some measure of fortune was discovered by him in 1914 after the outbreak of the World War.

A Prussian neck won for him more money than he had ever been able to earn before in his life. Hate was supposed to be a copyrighted article of the Germans, being taught in fact by the German Government, but von Stroheim found that Americans were not such bad haters if given sufficient provocation. Von Stroheim proceeded to give them the necessary provocation and they responded by hating him most heartily. Did this injure the delicate sensibilities of this ex-lieutenant in the Austrian Army? We opine it did not for the more he was hated the more money he was able to earn. Today, he is a director in one of the largest studios in the motion picture world, drawing a salary that would arouse envy from a bank president and he is still making them hate him.



COUNT ERICH VON STROHEIM

Despite the fact that Von Stroheim is the perfect type of the snobbish Prussian officer, he has not a drop of German blood in his veins. He was born in Vienna of an Austrian family of the lesser Austrian nobility. His real title is Count Erich Oswald Hans Carl Maria Nordenwald von Stroheim. Is it any wonder that a child saddled with a name like that should have a tough time making his way in the world?

Von Stroheim was educated in a military academy in Vienna, taking a post-graduate course at the government war college. In 1902 he was made a second lieutenant in the Fourth Regimental Dragoons. Two years later he was assigned as orderly to Prince Louis de Bourbon, who was serving in the Austrian Army in conformance with the traditional custom in Europe of exchanging officers between countries.

In 1908 Von Stroheim took part in the campaign to annex Bosnia. He was wounded and after being invalided was transferred to the Imperial Palace Guard. It was for his services in this campaign that he was decorated by Emperor Franz Joseph for conspicuous bravery in action. His injuries prevented him from properly discharging his duties in the army so he was permanently retired, soon after this, on a small pension.

Von Stroheim decided to come to America. And then his troubles began. His military education had unfitted him for commercial pursuits and he was hard put to make a living. He worked as a woodsman in the Maine woods, sold fly paper from door to door, in fact did anything that he could obtain to do to keep from starving.

He gradually worked his way across the continent and at one time obtained a job as boatman on Lake Tahoe. As he plied his oars he often thought bitterly of the evenings he had spent with the élite of European society on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. He little dreamed in those days when he lordly tossed a coin to the boatman that some day he would himself be pocketing tips for the same kind of service.

Von Stroheim had taken a great interest in amateur theatricals while a guardsman in Vienna. After coming to America he wrote a sketch called "Brothers" which was successfully presented on the Orpheum circuit.

His next venture in the theatrical world was in 1914 when D. W. Griffith picked him out of a mob of "extras" to play the part of a German officer. His famous Prussian neck which exemplified to a nicety the arrogance and cruelty of the junker type of army officer was what particularly excited Griffith's attention. The latter's delight may be imagined when he found that von Stroheim had actually been an army officer and a member of the nobility.

Von Stroheim's fortunes in the motion picture game dated from that day. Movie audiences through the stirring times preceding and during the World War hissed and hated him to their heart's content. Von Stroheim, through his perfect characterization of the worst in German militarism, brought home to Americans more forcibly perhaps than any other method the evil with which the world was confronted and he did invaluable work in arousing their patriotic fervor.

When he was not acting in front of the camera the ex-officer was also of great assistance to his directors because of his knowledge of continental customs and military affairs.

Some of the picture plays in which he scored his greatest successes were "Old Heidelberg," "For France," "Heart of Humanity" and "Hearts of the World."

When not acting himself he was often used as assistant director and finally he was given recognition by being made director at one of the largest studios in Hollywood.

Since becoming a director he has filmed three of the most sensational pictures yet thrown upon the screen, "Blind Husbands," "The Devil's Passkey" and "Foolish Wives." Whatever one may think of the theme of these pictures—and personally I crave the ozone—there is no denying their artistry and fidelity to detail.

Von Stroheim not only directs but acts in "Blind Husbands" and "Foolish Wives." And speaking of hate it might further be said that he also draws a fair share of this article from the other directors who work for this company. The reason is not far to seek.

It is customary among the larger studios to make out a schedule of expense for the pictures it is intended to film during a season. Sort of a budget system, as it were.

Since Von Stroheim has been a director, his pictures have far exceeded in expense the original estimate. The last one cost nearly half a million dollars. His system is to get the company so far along with a picture under the original appropriation that they are compelled to maintain the pace or sustain a slump that would ruin the presentation. As most of the money used to complete his productions is subtracted from the appropriations of the other directors it is easy to see why Von Stroheim is not beloved by his co-workers in directing.

But Von Stroheim thrives on hate and his rapidly growing bank account proves that it is rather a remunerative emotion if sold in the right market.

Why the Team Goes South

Concluded from page 11

ment, the muscles massaged and the shoulder behind the pitching arm given particular care.

A major league training camp presents an amusing sight after the second day out. The players limp around and appear a collection of cripples. This is natural when one considers that for five months, these men who engaged in strenuous exercise during the spring, summer and early autumn of the preceding year, have done nothing in the way of physical exercise. Of course, some do, but very few. The first week in camp holds days and nights of physical agony.

In recent years some ball players are making it a point to exercise during the vacation months. Some work in the open, others do gymnasium work. It keeps them in condition and it saves them torture in the springtime.

In athletics, football, rowing, track and various other teams that engage in college competition, are placed on a strict diet. Not so in baseball. No diet is prescribed. And the simple explanation of this is that it would be necessary to keep ball players on a diet for seven months which would mean that they would go stale and become useless. Even football teams with a season of not quite three months, are not on a permanent diet as the rule is broken at least once a week to prevent the athletes from becoming overtrained.

The manager insists that the players retire at 11 p. m. and that they arise at 7:30 a. m.

Major league clubs stay in the southern camp for three or four weeks. In that time several exhibition games will be played, sometimes between picked teams, sometimes with organized teams or the neighborhood, college teams and quite often with teams of the other major league. Then starts the journey north with games scheduled every day, sometimes with minor league clubs and at other times with major league teams.

On this trip the manager reaches semi-final conclusions regarding his new material. This is a ticklish and delicate task for if he lets a man slip by who will later make good, he will be blamed for years to come, while if he keeps one that fails later on the criticism will likewise be severe.

* * *

You have been told exactly what constitutes spring training of a major league ball club and why. This has been the orthodox program for years and will be the program for fifteen major league teams this year. As there are sixteen clubs in the big leagues there must be one exception in 1921 and this is Detroit.

In our preface we told how Detroit secured the world's greatest ball player in lieu of rental on a ball park and now this same player, Tyrus Raymond Cobb is making his debut as a manager. He upset all baseball traditions as a player and he intends to upset all of them as a manager. The Detroit camp this spring will be much unlike any other major league camp is or has ever been. Morning practice will be abolished by Detroit this year, also the sacred 7:30 o'clock call. Cobb has decided that one practice session is far more valuable than two and that thorough rest is of immeasurable benefit to an athlete. Players can sleep as long as they like in the morning—if they are Detroit players.

Cobb says that this plan of holding morning practice is all wrong. The player arises at 7:30 o'clock. He eats a hearty breakfast and before the heavy food has more than started to digest he is engaged in strenuous exercise with the natural result that he does himself physical harm.

The Cobb plan is to hold one long practice session, starting shortly after the noon hour. Everybody will be compelled to hustle all the time but as soon as any player shows signs of fatigue he will be ordered to the clubhouse. This also is in direct obeyance of the rule of every good physician and trainer. All these experts on the human body maintain that over-indulgence in exercise is extremely harmful.

This violation of baseball's ancient and honored customs will make the experiment one of the most interesting in the game's history and it is quite likely that, if successful, all clubs will adopt this method of preparing ball players for the pennant races.

The Barriers of Life

A YOUNG girl who was wilful and wont to commit foolish and indiscreet acts, often complained that her mother was always a barrier in her way of enjoyment.

"If I want to go to an all-night dance with Will," she said, "or on a moonlight excursion with Earl, or an auto ride with that young man I struck up an acquaintance with the other day, you always stand in my way; always find some excuse for not letting me go. You are always putting up the bars. You are a barrier, that's what you are, mother, a barrier!"

The patient mother quietly turned to the dictionary and, after finding the place, called her daughter to look at the book.

"This is what Webster says. Listen:

"*Barrier:*—A fence or other obstacle, made in a passage or way, to stop an enemy."

Then turning to the girl the mother said: "I hope, my dear, I shall always be that kind of a barrier—'an obstacle to stop an enemy.'" In after years the girl was thankful that she had such a barrier as her mother to keep her and the enemy apart.

In all departments of life it is good for the weak to have such a barrier, to keep out the enemy. The young man who is not in himself prepared to withstand the shocks and blows of modern life, is blessed if he has a father to bear the brunt of the storm until he can fit himself to brave the tempest.

The girl, puffed up with the sense of her own importance, and the thought that she is capable of looking after herself, may one day be glad to have a mother or friend to stand as a barrier in the way when the enemy is rampant, and there seems no chance of escape.

The business man who, through lack of capital, perhaps, or experience, or both, finds himself attacked and is about to fall, who has a friend who will come to his rescue and bear the brunt of the fight, can count himself a fortunate man.

And for those who are strong, it is good for them to be a barrier.

Do not look scornfully or with disdain upon those who have not the strength that you have, either moral, physical or financial. It may not be their fault that when the enemy came they fell by the wayside. They may have done their best but the enemy was too strong for them. When they call for help, spring to their aid. Get into the thick of the fight, and plant yourself as a barrier between them and those who would do them harm and destroy them.

Use your financial aid to help such as need it; use your influence with others when a good word may turn the tide for some one who is fast going upon the rocks. Go down to the man or woman who has fallen among thieves and is being beaten and robbed, and push the marauders aside, and stand between them and the suffering one, a barrier against which no assault can prevail.

And do not be dismayed or discouraged if, at first, those whom you are attempting to help do not appreciate your efforts in their behalf. They may impugn your motives, they may consider that you are attempting to deprive them of what they think in their blindness should be theirs; they may even believe that you are trying to prevent their happiness.

Keep right on building the barrier that will protect them and keep them safe and, when you get an opportunity, like the mother of the girl in the anecdote, lead them to the dictionary and show them what Webster has to say upon the subject:

"*Barrier:*—A fence or other obstacle, made in a passage or way, to stop an enemy."

Many Men of Many Minds

Robert Bridges.—The happiness of the world calls for generous reconciliation; our national happiness can only come of generous self-denial and unstinted labor. Let every man think and pray and act as devotedly for his country and as little for himself as he did during the war. The need is as great.

George W. Perkins.—One of the greatest advantages in a college training is that the earnest student can learn not only to think but to think straight. The present and the immediate future hold out opportunities such as never before existed for the real thinker.

Bruce Bliven.—Japanese immigration should, in my judgment, be flatly prohibited, except in the case of students, business and professional men, and these should enter the United States for a stipulated period of time, at the end of which they will be liable to deportation. Those Japanese already in the United States should, however, be given all the privileges which are accorded to other aliens in this country.

Philander P. Claxton.—As a people we can afford to increase our appropriations for education until the increase in cost becomes greater than the increase in productive power that comes through education. No people has yet found that limit.

Frederick A. Wallis.—Nothing affects more the political, economic and social conditions of this nation than the foreign-born, and no problem is so great as that of the immigrant. He is the most vital, the most profoundly serious object that confronts Congress today. Our problem is the immigrant, not immigration.

Cicely Hamilton.—In view of the progress of scientific destruction, it is no exaggeration to say that the continued existence of a civilized world depends on the introduction into the counsels and dealings of humanity of an influence that will make for peace. It has been claimed that woman in politics will provide such an influence; but it is as yet too early to say that the process of organization, inseparable from politics, will not act upon her as it acts upon her brother.

William Philip Simms.—Anglo-Saxon solidarity is the world's greatest necessity at the present time. Those who attempt to promote bad blood between the two peoples are irresponsible trouble makers, for whom there is no widespread support.

Anthony Caminetti.—I have been impressed with the apparently authentic reports concerning the great number of people in Europe who are awaiting or desire transportation to the United States and have been wondering what some localities there will do without them and what our country will do with them in view of the reports of increasing unemployment here.

Alvin M. Gc...chall.—A recalled constitution, working laws, roads, schoolhouses and clean water are not liberty and self-determination for backward peoples. But people so far in the depths of barbarism and slavery as those of Santo Domingo never will determine themselves without these aids. Under the conditions of a century ago we might have withdrawn and let them go to perdition in their own way, but the world is too small for that now. Santo Domingo must be guided and made safe for democracy.

Santo Domingo, for Own Sake, Must Be Guided

E. G. Rogers.—Owing to the almost absolute failure of the so-called "melting pot," we are weaker as a nation than we were in my boyhood days. The aforesaid "pot" has produced what to me is a most unsavory stew and it is daily getting worse. It is time we stopped the flood until we can take stock of what we already have and formulate measures to render harmless all that cannot be made beneficial.

Owen R. Lovejoy.—There is no more fundamental line of social endeavor than the development of the child. There is no more direct medium for social betterment than the child. If we can make all our children healthy, well-educated and capable, how many social ills will drop off the map? How many lines of "relief" will become needless? But if we neglect the child today, how much more trouble are we storing up for ourselves for the future?

Sir Hall Caine.—To me it is pitiful that in these desolate days, America, the Spielman of peace, should seem to be the first trumpeter of war.

Gifford Pinchot.—We must put an end to forest fires, and we must save the productive capacity of the virgin forest lands we have left. Thus we shall give the lands which are already cut over, and those which are yet to be cut, at least a chance to serve the Commonwealth by producing wood, and we shall keep lands good for nothing else at work growing trees.

Dr. Pearce Bailey, M. D.—The people delude themselves into believing that when prohibition is enforced the country will need no more saving; and legislators, hard of hearing before, become stone-deaf to the arguments which represent that the problems of degeneracy will not have been met by the removal of alcohol.

Kenneth MacGowan.—A photoplay, like a soap, is a commodity of sale. It may be good or bad. If it is sold properly, the better photoplay will outdistance the worse, just as the better soap outsells the poorer. There is no staggering degree of intelligence, to be sure, among the small shopkeepers of America. But soap is never so dependent on the opinion of this class of men as is the photoplay.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore.—The Great War was one of the blows of God seeking to break down our materialism, our selfishness, our narrow nationalisms. It made a dent, but only a dent, in the crust. Other blows will fall betimes.

Andre Tardieu.—As our Minister for the Colonies said a few months ago, we regard our protégés as men, and not as a nameless and servile horde. Our policy is not one of oppression, but of emancipation. It does not exhaust but fertilizes. It does not exploit but shares. It does not say to the native: "I am the master, because I am the stronger." It says to him: "I am your protector, guardian, elder brother, and you therefore owe me the same respect and deference as are shown to the wisest, best, and oldest man in your own country."

Agriculture—Manufacture—Transportation

Lumber prices are lowest since the armistice, according to the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. Lumber is piling up and many mills are being forced to close for lack of orders.

The United States has only some 400,000,000 of its 935,000,000 acres of arable land under cultivation, yet among other things it raises one-sixth of the world's corn supply. We could raise enough corn to meet the needs of Europe on the land that is now unused.

Boll weevils annually destroy between thirty and fifty million dollars' worth of cotton.

One-third of the potential food producing area of the world is under cultivation and the crops raised on that one-third increase yearly, thanks to agricultural science.

The House of Representatives has passed the agricultural appropriation bill, carrying $33,877,000.

A get-together conference is to be held in Madison, Wisconsin, from February 1 to 10 in an effort to solve the future outlook of farming for the young man, for the renter and for the owner. A score of organizations of producers are billed to meet at the capital at that time and the meetings will be of state and national importance.

During December the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad reports state that 85 per cent of all freight was moved on schedule and 92 per cent of all passenger trains were on time.

It is said negotiations are under way for operation of a transatlantic air service in 1922. The eastward trip would be from New York to London and the western trip from Lisbon to New York in order to follow the prevailing winds.

In 1919 American corn syrup was distributed to seventy-five different countries.

Gold production in 1920 totaled 2,395,017 ounces. California led in gold production with Alaska running second.

American scientists have discovered the "Columbian berry," a new species of blackberry, about four times as large as the domestic garden variety. The Department of Agriculture is experimenting on the berry with a view to distributing it to farmers of this country. The berry is semi-tropical in nature and will not stand the rigors of hard winters.

Thirty vessels aggregating 180,000 tons have been ordered withdrawn from service by the United States Shipping Board.

On account of its high fertility value and its availability as a feed and the fact that it is a high-priced seed crop, the red clover has been styled the "corner stone" of agriculture.

In 1920 coal production amounted to 646,000,000 tons, the largest peace-year output in the history of the United States.

Clover seed should be tested before it is purchased to determine the proportion of weed seeds and percentage of germination. Home-grown seed is to be preferred as it is acclimated.

Transportation rates of the Canadian express companies will advance from 20 to 35 per cent by authority of the Board of Railway Commissioners. The companies wished to make a general increase of 40 per cent.

Report of the child welfare survey made in Tennessee during the past year shows that more children of both landowners and tenants remain on the farm in diversified farming communities than in those that grow only one crop, such as cotton and tobacco.

Germany is offering the United States high-speed tool steel at 55 cents a pound. The price here is about $1. For many months Germany has been offering steel in South America at prices far lower than manufacturers in the United States have been able to quote.

On coast-to-coast shipments ocean freight rates have been lowered from 15 per cent to 30 per cent on many important commodities.

Last year advances of more than $205,000,000 were made to the railroads from the $300,000,000 revolving fund provided in the Transportation Act.

A new currency and banking act, providing for a central reserve bank, went into effect in South Africa, December 17.

To exterminate the boll weevil in the cotton districts of the South the chemical warfare service of the army, in co-operation with the Department of Agriculture, is preparing to lay down a barrage of poison gas in the fields. This has been used successfully against rats in seaport cities and against locusts in the Philippines.

The Canadian potato crop for 1920 was 138,527,000 bushels.

According to the American consul at Bangkok the Siamese market is developing a demand for wheat flour. Wheat is not an important crop in Siam and there are no flour mills there.

On December 17 a government mail pilot left Cheyenne field at 5:42 a. m., delivered 400 pounds of mail in Salt Lake City and returned to Cheyenne at 4:44 p. m., after having flown 800 miles, crossed the Rockies twice and made two stops.

Great Britain has removed the restrictions on export of dyestuffs, effective February 1.

During the 1920-21 season Holland will have approximately 70,000 tons of white sugar available for export.

Mexico has arranged with American firms for a credit of five million dollars with which to purchase equipment for the Mexican railways, according to cable advices from Mexico City.

Argentina has removed the export duty on wool and on all cattle, sheep and horse skins for a period of one year.

England's air service carried in a single year 70,000 passengers and met with but one accident in which there was an injury.

Briefly Told

Two cannon balls, relics of the Battle of Brandywine, were discovered by a farmer in Pennsylvania while digging post holes on his farm, on which a portion of the battle was fought. They were taken from a ridge which was held by troops of Lord Cornwallis, September 11, 1777.

An oil-drilling outfit in Nebraska struck gold ore assaying thirty-five dollars to the ton.

The Social Service Council of Canada, an undenominational body operating all through the Dominion, has as its object the nation-wide co-operation of provincial motion picture censors in the matter of condemning objectionable pictures.

A wood so hard that steel-cutting tools must be employed in working with it has been found in the African interior. The trees are cut down with chisels or super-tempered saws or pulled up by the roots.

Births in England and Wales in 1920 were the highest ever recorded, and the death rate the lowest, according to official reports.

No vessel of any nationality may enter a United States port or come within the three-mile limit bearing intoxicating liquor in transit without being liable to seizure under the Volstead Act, according to the Department of Justice.

Figures laid before the House Immigration Committee by the Public Health Service show that 9,799 immigrants of 10,002 who arrived at Ellis Island during the last six months of 1920 and whom the health service certified as unable to earn a living because of physical defects or disease were admitted by immigration officials. Also of 112 persons certified as having mental defects, fifty were admitted and of 563 persons having loathsome or contagious diseases, 167 were allowed to land.

The greatest per capita water power development of any country in the world is that of Norway, Canada coming second.

Captain Robert A. Bartlett is seeking to finance an expedition to cross the North Pole in an airplane.

A project to transport coal from the anthracite regions in Pennsylvania into the city of New York through two 14-inch pipes by water pressure has been suggested by an engineer. Pumping stations would be installed along the pipe line to furnish power.

In Brazil coffee is being used as fuel.

A workman in a Utah mining camp threw a bucket of water upon a sputtering electric wire. The electricity "played back" over the stream to the bucket in the man's hands, causing his instantaneous death.

Motion pictures depicting thieving, robbery, murder or suicide will be shown in the Dominion of New Zealand only by order of the government.

Newspapers in China are sold two and three times over. Papers of the previous day's issue are redistributed among the lower class population. They are then distributed again by being sent out to the villages and country districts where they are sold at a fraction of the original cost.

A former soldier now living in Walcott, North Dakota, recently received a notice from the War Department, addressed to his family, citing him for bravery "in giving his life on the battlefields of France." His efforts to correct War Department notice to his family that he had been killed in action in 1918 have thus far proved futile.

Rainbow trout in the ordinary season will begin laying eggs as early as April fifteenth, continuing until as late as May fifteenth, depending upon climatic conditions and the elevation of their waters.

A huge sea monster whose body was found off the Florida coast is a puzzle to scientists. A fragment of the skull was towed to Miami. This fragment is fifteen feet long and seven feet wide and weighs three tons. Sharks were devouring the flesh of the monster, eighty feet of which was visible.

The stems and leaves of the "burning tree" of India are covered with fine hairs similar to those of the nettle, but of a more virulent nature. When touched the sensation felt is as of being burned with a hot iron, the pain lasting several days and extending over the entire body.

Silk substitute has been manufactured from the web of a spider native to the island of Madagascar. It is claimed the product is far superior in many respects to anything that has ever been devised from real silk.

The first woman to be admitted to the bar in China was a former Texas woman, a graduate of the law department of the University of Texas.

The greatest chunk of stone ever quarried or transported in the world is going to be hewn and taken to Washington for the Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Monument. The memorial is to take the form of a lion and will be carved out of a solid block of rock.

Sponges are gathered in France by means of a submarine. A pair of concave cutting pinchers cut the sponges and deposit them in a specially built basket. Electric light illuminates the deep sea in which the work is carried on.

The cocoanut palm supplies all the needs of the natives of the South Seas. The leaves of the tree when young are eaten, when old woven into clothes, baskets, bedding, paper, hats and thatch. Spears, arrows, brooms, torches and paddles are made of the ribs of the older leaves while the flowers yield wine, sugar and vinegar. The fruit yields food, oil, matting and cord.

Cement is being used as a substitute for lead in joining cast-iron water-pipes.

The ancient Babylonian women painted their cheeks and penciled their eyebrows, according to scientists who investigated the ruins of the ancient dwellings of that period and found vases showing women in the act of painting.

In Northern Siberia most of the food sold in shops is frozen. Meat is hacked with axes and milk is sold in long sticks. The cold is so intense at times that no children are to be seen in the streets.

An attachment to an electric meter will allow the user to purchase a quarter's worth of electric current at a time.

Wages of the native placer miners and washers in the Tigui region in Colombia average from twenty-five cents to one dollar a day.

A nature club for boys in Ontario encourages its members to take the names of native animals or birds, using the Indian version of the name where possible. Each troop of scouts is divided into patrols, each with a distinguishing name of a natural object, preferably some animal or bird.

The famous stone cow of Alan, a small village in the Haute Garonne, France, is the center of a fight between the Ministry des Beaux Arts in Paris and the peasants of the village. The ministry has twice sold the cow, which dates back to the fifteenth century, and each time the buyers have attempted to remove it the peasants have fought with pitchforks and clubs to prevent its removal.

Voices appear louder under a tunnel because the sounds are immediately reflected from the inside surface. On the same principle that a gas reflector increases the intensity of light, so a sound reflector increases the apparent strength of the voice under this condition.

The natives of the West Indies have named the hurricane warning flag which is displayed by the weather bureau, "the devil's handkerchief." The hurricanes are named after saints of the church, and marriage dates, birth dates and death dates are reckoned from them.

Isinglass is made of the dried swimming bladder of several varieties of fish. The best quality of isinglass comes from bladders that are dried in the rays of the sun. The final operation consists of rolling the prepared bladder between two polished iron rollers.

To protect themselves and their homes against robbers the women of four Pittsburgh suburbs have organized a "pistol club." A former major of the United States Army gave the women their first lesson in the use of firearms.

Unless there were airplanes to locate the vessel, one enemy warship, riding the waves beyond sight of the skyscrapers in New York City, could hurl tons of poison gas into Manhattan within an hour and the metropolis would be at its mercy, according to the commander of the Third Naval District.

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A Word With President Harding

MR. PRESIDENT: You have now been inducted into the highest place in the Government of the United States. No one knows better than yourself that your selection for the Presidency indicated no overheated enthusiasm for you personally, nor any exaggerated opinion of your ability. The people were simply tired of idealism without realism, of words without works, and they preferred a plain man normally endowed with Yankee common sense to any word wizard or world-minded autocrat.

The people of the United States are going back to first principles, Mr. President; they are giving their confidence again to the truths that made them a nation. They are prepared to believe in you because they feel that you are not too "smart" to be sensible; and they have grown more and more hopeful since the nomination that perhaps you are just the type of man whom Destiny can use to aid the United States at this hour.

Mr. President, you were not picked to be a leader. You doubtess understand that. Neither were you picked to be a follower. You could not very well be that. You were chosen for the exalted place of Servant, and all your fellow-citizens are your fellow-servants in the service, *first*, of the United States, and through the United States to the world. It is probably not too much to say that your entire administration and your place in history will depend on the fidelity with which you seek to serve the people through the government.

It is not out of taste to refer to your predecessor. Mr. Wilson attempted great things and f a i l e d — unnecessarily failed, as many think, because he took the role of Lonely Leader instead of Fellow-Servant. We mention Mr. Wilson because many of your problems will be an inheritance from his administration.

The country feels that, after all, perhaps it was Destiny that prevented the United States from entering the League of Nations as it is. More and more the people are coming to understand that, whatever its faults may be, the Senate of the United States, of which you were a member, served the nation well when it refused the Treaty which included the League with all its specific and implied obligations. The country is now more capable than it ever has been of distinguishing between the undebatable ideal of universal disarmament and peace, and the debatable method by which four men decided it could be obtained. There is no doubt about the thing desired; the *method* is another matter.

Mr. President, the election only excused you from following a certain method; it did not excuse you from the main object.

The nations are now more anxious to disarm than ever they were to have the war stop. In some ways they feared to have the war stop. But there are no two minds as to what they would do now—they would do anything to get rid of the burden of building up again the war machines which the great struggle destroyed.

Your own country, too, Mr. President, now pays 92 per cent of its total income for that which not only does not enrich its life at all, but keeps it poorer than it ought to be. Think of it, Mr. President: 92 cents out of every dollar, 92 dollars out of every 1oo dollars, 92o dollars out of every 1,ooo dollars, 92o,ooo out of every million dollars, 92o,ooo,ooo out of every billion dollars—and all for that which is mere burglary insurance against war. Think of a man working for $2oo a month who should be compelled to pay $184 of it for insurance! Yet the United States has been doing and is now doing that. Have you considered where the profit goes?

We are taxed too heavily now. We who did not profiteer during the war are paying just as heavily as if we scooped in millions; and it is not only for the war that is past, but wars that may never come, that we are paying. Taxes are a tight brake upon industry today, Mr. President: remove the cause, and that will reduce the taxes, and let industry go free.

You have an opportunity to gain for the world all that Woodrow Wilson sought, and to gain it with a grand simplicity. Get them to disarm, Mr. President. If you, as President of the United States, propose it, it will be the one ground on which disarmament can be begun. If America is willing for herself, if she wills it for the world, the world will then have the one basis of action for which it is waiting.

It will not be a noisy event, Mr. President, this world disarmament. It will come as the armistice came, out of a clear sky. A very small room would hold all of the men whose "yes" would lift the burden off the nations. It is going to be done, Mr. President, and very quietly—just about the way your type of a man would do it. The Christian world is ready for it, willing for it, and the rest of the world will follow at a word.

Thus you can achieve for the United States and the world all that your predecessor sought in cumbrous covenants; and instead of trying to organize for peace a world that is prepared for war, you can secure more than covenants, more than leagues, more than world courts could have secured, by getting first of all the fundamental necessity—voluntary and universal disarmament.

Mr. President, there is a destiny that rules the Republic and its mission must be fulfilled. Our national mission is peace. And apparently it is left to a plain man like yourself to be the fortunate Public Servant through whom it may come.

THIS WEEK

Unknown America—Looking Over Lookout

Coaching the Youth in Good Citizenship

Typhus in the Wake of Alien Flood

The Mystery of Woodrow Wilson's Reverses

A victim of office-holding friends, the "Man of the People" became estranged from public but continued as its spokesman

"Jewish Rights" in America—What Are They?

A study of the demands that have been made by the Jews during the past 10 years in pursuit of their "rights"

Uncle Sam and the Farm Home

The Crime of the Cities—St. Paul

Pacific, and Future of Britain's Dominions

Coaching the Youth in Good Citizenship

By UTHAI V. WILCOX

"MORALS was an elective in the college where I attended and I didnt take it," a young man once laughingly told me. Which is quite the way we as a nation train our boys and girls in a right understanding of their civic duties. They may or may not learn that the franchise is something that should not be regarded lightly. They *may* grow to believe that civil government is an organization of greed and selfishness. They may *not* be taught that government is an organization intended for the mutual protection and benefit of all.

The difference in their belief—in their early training—will make a great difference in the future stability of democratic institutions. The first belief can quickly make Bolsheviks, the second, true Americans. Yet their training is generally left to chance.

It is much more important that the boys and girls grow into citizenship with a definite knowledge of their responsibility, than it is that they merely reach their voting age and then register as Republicans, or Democrats, or Prohibitionists, or Farmer-Laborites.

"When I was twenty-one years old I registered as a Republican not because I knew very much about the Republican party except in a very general way, but rather because my father and his father had always been staunch Republicans, and I knew nothing else," said a prominent man speaking of his childhood.

"I was always taught to think that the Republican party was always right, and never wrong," he continued. "That the Democratic party and all of the others were organizations that were working for the destruction of the country."

This man who is now a prolific writer and himself a molder of public opinion, stated but one angle of the result when boys and girls are allowed to grow into manhood and womanhood without any definite instruction and education along the lines of civic righteousness. Either prejudice and tradition rule, or the whole matter becomes one of indifference. One state of being is just as bad as the other. It is just as easy for the political "boss" to control things for his own ends with one sort of voters as with the other.

The hope of the nation—the hope of democracy—is that parents and teachers will combine to educate the youth in politics, at home and at the school. It should no longer be allowed to be an elective.

The responsibilities of citizenship should be impressed upon them as soon as they are capable of understanding the first principles of organization and government. This will come to mean to them that youth is a preparation for the larger life, one of the profoundest responsibilities of which is the discharge of their civic duties.

The whole matter is fundamental. It begins with obedience in the home. If this is exacted with proper explanation it is then easier for John and Mary later to understand the reason for the laws and requirements of civil authorities.

Judges and authorities on prisons affirm that criminals are mostly men and women who have gone wrong because of some lack in their training, generally, some phase of what might be called the "institutional sense." These men have never been made to realize that the state, the school and the church all exist as institutions aiming at the improvement of human society. Yet these things can be easily explained so that most children can understand readily the basic phases of them.

In a western state where the initiative and referendum are parts of the constitution there was a great moral issue at stake. After the election it became known that nearly a million dollars was spent at the polls as a means of defeating the issue. A man who had to do with some of the spending said: "The price paid for votes was usually five dollars each. The poor devils needed the money and took it."

What hope is there for the future if the boys and girls of today are to grow to citizenship with no better conception of civic righteousness than the men who partook of parts of the millions of dollars in exchange for their votes?

It would seem that one of the first things that John and Mary should learn is the sacredness of the franchise. It is not difficult to teach this so that they will never be in serious danger of being corrupted.

For example, it is a spendid thing to encourage even boys and girls to take part in school elections and politics. Let them select their own leaders—captains of their teams, of their classes, of their clubs.

The Roman youth was allowed to choose among other things, the profession of politics. Unfortunately the word has fallen into ill repute or else the profession has been debased. The training of citizenship, however, may well be selected for the youth of today as a necessary essential in their education. This applies to both sexes.

"We had a big time electing our class officers," said a ten-year-old boy at the supper table one evening. "Some wanted Floyd Tait and others wanted Albert Burns. I told them that Floyd ought to be elected because he keeps up with his class even if he does have to do more work at home than any of the other boys."

This youngster was learning the fundamentals of citizenship. The qualifications necessary for the proper fulfillment of the office were being—perhaps unconsciously—outlined in his mind. With continued direction by both parents and teachers this class of pupils would soon be nearer ready for citizenship than many if not most of the now registered voters.

Honesty and integrity are not matters of natural inheritance only, as some might suppose. They are a part of the education, and come with slow-growing development, to their full conception. The well-rounded citizen is one that has learned to think instinctively along right lines and to judge by high standards, rather than merely fine phrases that mean nothing the morning after election.

When the high school is reached the young people are ready for the intensive finishing touches that will prepare them for taking an active and honorable part in the affairs of their country. More insistence in the actual government of the school, coupled with the responsibilities attached thereto will make the lessons practical.

It is now that the father can and should seek to add the personal touch that will make the whole education vital and seriously important.

A father's business in teaching his children is more than rearing little Republicans into big Republicans, or little Democrats into big Democrats, or little Socialists into big Socialists, or little Prohibitionists into big Prohibitionists, or little Anarchists into big Anarchists. But that is the parent's natural tendency, and it is the wrong way to make good citizens.

Such a course is an injustice to the boy and the girl and it is an injustice to the state and its future development. It naturally leads to the much paraphrased belief, my party right or wrong, but still my party.

It is human nature to be partisan and to want to bring another recruit into the party ranks, but it is wrong to develop an American that when he is old enough to think might not desire to be connected with such a group.

It requires a great deal of broadmindedness to carry out such a program of non-partisanship in the education of the youth, but a little analysis will show that this contention will stand any argument that may be brought against it.

For instance: A man may be engaged in the junk business and like the junk business, and enjoy it, yet he will hesitate before he will insist that his boy must grow up to be a junk-man. He doesn't try to force the junk business on him. Instead, he, with his wife, undertakes to discern in the developing boy those tendencies which make for success. If the boy likes to draw he will send him to an art school. If the boy likes to dress his own black eye which the boy around the corner has given him, he may try to make a doctor or a nurse of him. If he likes to go to school and make speeches, he will probably send him to law school and make a lawyer of him. He tries to treat the boy as an individual and thus develop his individual traits. That is one of the functions of fatherhood.

And the junk business is not so far different from training the younger members to be Republicans or Democrats. That is, Mary and John are entitled to be treated as individuals in the question of choosing their party allegiance. They may look at things differently than the father, and their views should be respected. Let the emphasis in party allegiance come in the matter of honesty, principle, and the constant working for the great aim of civilization—the bettering of the *whole* people and the protection of the weak. Principles above party; place as a reward for service that looks toward the future *as well* as at the present.

You cannot argue with a dyed-in-the-wool Republican or Democrat. Why? Not because he has studied the question about which you have been talking but because he has come to listen to only the party side of it. As Paul, the apostle, said, "Brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Let the political science as talked over at home be along these lines:

First of all, that men and women are equal in politics; that they share equally in the responsibilities.

Second, that it is their duty to take part in the important questions coming before their community and nation; to study the underlying principles and to vote according to their best judgment and education rather than from prejudice or party insistence.

Third, that the county and state will be better governed, that boss rule can and will be eliminated if each citizen will take an interest in the shaping of issues and the election of men to office.

Fourth, let the influence for progress be *constant.*

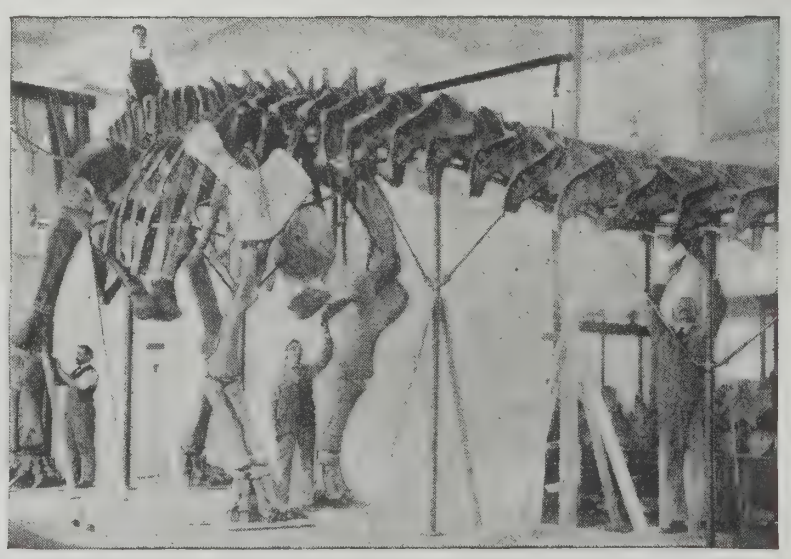
Along with these simple principles let the father recommend that his family keep in touch with world affairs by reading a good reliable newspaper, weekly journals and informative monthly magazines. Periodicals of current events will soon hold a normal and healthy attraction for the coming generation that will help to educate them in progressive lines. The subscriptions to such papers will be worth-while investments to the upbuilding of the characters of their sons and daughters.

As long as political affairs are left to those who are merely interested in getting something for themselves, the corruption of the ballot box will continue and the rights of the common man will suffer and there will be growing communistic parties and increasing anarchy, and the promulgation of strange doctrines. But if we make it an important matter to bring the youth into intimate knowledge of current affairs, the degraded type of politician will be compelled to give away before the force of enlightened public opinion.

Fifteen minutes a day at the close of the evening meal would be ideal for a healthy discussion of the events of the world and their relationship to that of the nation and state and community. It would prove beneficial not only to the young man and woman but to father and mother as well, and would tend to make them all broad-minded and cosmopolitan in their political views; unmoved by the flag-waving and the "straight-ticket" speeches of the party henchmen.

Reconstructing Denizens of a Past Age





At the American Museum of Natural History, New York, the many naturalists and scientists employed are now exceedingly busy reconstructing for exhibition purposes the finds during the past summer of the field workers of the museum. For the past few weeks this material has been gradually drifting in. Once arrived at the museum, the specimens find their way to the preparator's room where experts carefully remove the plaster covering. They are then assembled on long tables, as shown in the photograph at the left, where they are assorted by men highly skilled in this work. The next step, as shown at the right, is the assembling of the skeleton, this one being that of the brontosaurus.

The Mystery of Woodrow Wilson's Reverses

A Victim of Office-holding Friends, the "Man of the People" Became Estranged From Public But Continued as Its Spokesman

By A. R. PINCI

A FEW days after Easter Sunday, 1913, the late Pope Pius X, after blessing half a hundred pilgrims in the Throne Room of the Vatican, granted me a few moments of his time, eagerly wishing to hear my description of Woodrow Wilson, who had a few weeks before assumed his duties as President of the United States.

"A man of the people," the Pontiff benevolently mused, repeating my words; "God bless him!"

His eyes were inscrutable, partly due to the illness against which he was so valiantly struggling, but the words, uttered within that huge and historic hall, the birthplace of several centuries of history, seemed like a sign of the future—a conviction that greatness and fame are fleeting.

A man of the people.

That was the most concise, convincing and complete picture I could convey about the newcomer in American national politics, then regarded by Europeans, as well as a few Americans, as somewhat of a mystery. It was my own appraisal of the man Woodrow Wilson, who before his election had been good enough to interpret for me the "new freedom" he so ardently championed.

The statesmen I met in Europe that year included many who were destined at a later day to meet President Wilson personally. If they thought at all about my five-word verbal biography of him they could be pardoned for believing that it did not fit. It could not be made to fit, in 1919, even if they made allowance for the reported vicissitudes of the intervening six years; the new mold of the man bore no resemblance to the cast made by me. I realize that as well as they.

Twenty years of more or less intimate professional contact with statesmen of two continents has made it necessary for me—and to my colleagues engaged in similar work—mentally to appraise them and their character at a glance; to single out their proclivities, be they of conceit, fastidiousness, service or fanfaronade, as the open sesame to future relations.

A mental thumb-sketch of Candidate Wilson was indispersable because my interview with him at Sea Girt, which he granted with cordiality, had not been without obstacles, and what impression of him I retained as the result of an impersonal meeting or two as president of Princeton, was too superficial to be of much use. When the new freedom was discussed, Woodrow Wilson exposed his best self and revealed himself no more and no less than a man of the people. At that time he was an unobtrusive American whose self-confidence was born of faith, suddenly projected before the attention of a cynical world, which he ignored with regal indifference.

The Beginning of the Change

THE difference between the new freedom as a theory and as a fact was great, and I voiced my comment, which he countered with an enthusiasm utterly devoid of infallibility and arrogance, two qualities already attributed to him by many antagonists. At that time his will was submerged; in fact, he was almost self-effacing, as he gave the right of way to the ideal which he espoused. Now of course I realize that the dual personality of official and teacher emphasized his academic self against that of public man; neither he nor his visitors were conscious of the fact that though the official *thought* the professor *acted*. This subtle psychological difference will explain many otherwise baffling attributes that have confused both his admirers and critics.

The change in Woodrow Wilson, however, is not a figment of the imagination. He has changed. He himself, probably unaware of just what he was trying to convey autobiographically, indirectly referred to it in the course of an intimate talk at the National Press Club of Washington seven years ago, when he confessed his "sense of confusion of identity, sometimes, when I read articles about myself. I have never read an article about myself in which I recognized myself, and I have come to have the impression that I must be some kind of a fraud, because I think many of these articles are written in absolute good faith. I tremble to think of the variety and falseness in the impressions I make."

Therein is concealed the cause of error. Woodrow Wilson tried to perceive himself as he thought he was; his descriptions on the contrary depicted the constant change without actually pointing to the metamorphosis. The average writer bold enough to describe President Wilson in the early days of his term was a keen analyst and wrought a very good portrait albeit incomplete; the likeness was as of the time of writing, in ignorance apparently of the man as he was before 1910, or, at all events, between the time he became governor of New Jersey and President of the United States. And Mr. Wilson for years has been unwilling to accept himself other than what he has persisted in thinking he is, with the tragical result that a few persons, willing to acknowledge the continual existence of the former Wilson, have enjoyed his esteem and confidence against the opposition, in certain cases, of the entire nation.

Briefly, Woodrow Wilson, the man of the people, apostle of the new freedom, destined to reach and fail to grasp eternal fame, unconsciously became another personality when what had been his predilection became his vanity. From that moment, of doubtful chronology, but probably occurring late in 1912, his Lincolnian gospel of the people, for the people, by the people was replaced by a newer one; of the people, for the people, by Wilson. Not that Mr. Wilson considered himself a superman, then or later, but relapsing into his former educational frame of mind, probably considering the American people as so many more students, he moved with academic precision and routine. Intractability on the part of the people, directly or through their chosen legal representatives, was countered by growing intolerance on his part, with the eventual result at the election of last year.

It is quite possible that that verdict by suffrage had less direct concern with the merits of disputed public questions than as a protest by an irritated population against "being kept in school." For that is just what Mr. Wilson did with the people; he separated them into classes and subjected them to being taught a variety of things for which they had no sympathy or which they considered as none of their business to learn. Whether it would have been to their advantage to learn hardly entered into the question. And, like scholars the world over, when the teacher becomes objectionable his value as an educator is lost. The American people's verdict was directed, therefore, to that product of politics and narrow-mindedness that substituted the Wilson that the same people greeted, not hailed, a few years before. And in multiplied measure he has suffered in esteem abroad.

His Too Friendly Friends

A COMPREHENSIVE but always incomplete biography of Woodrow Wilson would be a matter of many volumes, because it would have to be a study in comparative facts as well as fancies. The deadly parallel would work havoc, as all those who have followed his views very well realize. The single-track mind became a plastic one, but this change was metaphysical. Woodrow Wilson has been less conscious of it than any one else. Not a word or act of his, so far as his innermost thought goes, has been detached from his basic idealism of the new freedom, which in his estimation became pyramided into the League of Nations.

On the other hand, Mr. Wilson, I believe, overrated his analytical powers in that which concerns human nature. If one reads his booklet, which has so far escaped public attention even though it was published twenty years ago, "When a Man Comes to Himself," it becomes evident that as a character reader—especially of his own—he has not succeeded. At only one point, in the light of what has happened since then, has he plumbed his soul; "there is no fixed time in a man's life at which he comes to himself," he wrote, "and some men never come to themselves at all." As I see it, he has as yet not come to himself. That would explain his difficulties in being in sympathy with a people none too ready to support him. For eight or ten years he has been convinced that he concealed his inner and sensitive self, as he described it repeatedly, from the curious and cynical outer world, while at the same time sure that he pulsed the slightest change in the masses. This delusion is not very likely of his own making, but one artificially stimulated by those semi-intimately surrounding him.

In fact, I believe that Woodrow Wilson has been the victim—and history is full of such—of too friendly friends. They tried to protect him from what they pleased to call a rough and selfish world and substituted their sycophantic adulation, and a man may be forgiven if, after nearly forty years of adult life passed in seclusion and from contact with man's elemental passions he is unable, upon suddenly emerging as a public character, to analyze profoundly the intricacies of those emotions of the masses that collectively run the world.

In the summer of 1912 Governor Wilson was very frank in admitting, privately, that democracy's chances were largely related to the usual ill wind, and so on. For that reason he was very careful—and I remember his repetition of the familiar phrase—that if elected he would consider himself spokesman "of" the people.

But the idea miscarried; he became a spokesman "for" the people.

Some Quit When They Disagreed

THUS we approach an understanding of the Wilsonian tergiversation. President Wilson was predisposed toward being an autocrat or if not autocratic, despotic as an outgrowth of collegiate disciplinary responsibilities. His positive or arbitrary attitude, however, was seldom consistent; his own intimate official creatures manhandled it to suit themselves, but it was peremptorily invoked against certain groups and individuals. Thus we have the key to what nearly everybody considers an unexplainable characteristic of the former President—the ease with which he was abandoned, or permitted himself to be abandoned, by men of maximum intellectual capacity. The only ones who established a record in keeping abreast of him, but eventually sidetracked, have been men famed for their silence. Conspicuous among these are former Secretary of State Robert Lansing and Colonel E. M. House. But other men like William Jennings Bryan, Lindley M. Garrison and Franklin K. Lane, went along as far as they consistently could do so—and then quit. Professor John Bassett Moore was the first man to lead the exodus.

But although predisposed to be yielded to, I am sure that Mr. Wilson combated this inclination in the early months of his administration. At least, he tried to, and it may be that eventually he thought he had vanquished this dominating instinct. But he had not. It was not long before he became a recluse, establishing his own niche which none dared trespass, thus making the mistake that cost him not only irritation, sorrow and even illness, but kept from him the love of the people, a love that seemed as if conditional or in suspension, pending upon some manifestation that never materialized. For a time the country was divided against itself on this one point, but the result has been unmistakable. Though it may not have seemed so, it was a choice as between certain friends on the one side and the people on the other, and he chose to stand by the former.

Where the Party Is Today

THAT this love or sympathy was never accorded is a fact. One need only think, sometimes with anxiety, of the ease and familiarity with which his name has been bandied about, the subject of quips, allusions, regrets and sarcasm. If *majestatbeleidigung* were law here the jails would not accommodate prisoners. And this unexplainable tendency has startled foreign visitors who have unhesitatingly published their observations. And as it declines here it grows in Europe.

I remember the closing days of the Roosevelt and Taft administrations quite well, as my newspaper work kept me in touch with high officialdom of the time. The natural readjustment of personnel was not accompanied by any bitterness; I mean collectively. Of course, the sinecures were not very numerous as compared with the end of 1920, but a pro rata comparison is hardly in order.

The repudiation of the Democratic party in 1920 was punitive but not destructive. It served merely to put the Democratic party back where it was in 1912, allowing for changes in personnel. President Wilson, who disregarded the first electoral referendum he invited in 1918, heard from a bigger electorate in an unmistakable manner, at his express invitation, in 1920. Oddly enough, he and his associates, anxious to enlist the vote of women by Constitutional amendment with the presumption that those women would vote for the "anti-war League of Nations" as they locally won for him his second term on the strength of peace in 1916, failed in their psychological analysis of feminine attitude. It is generally taken for granted that the women voted as did their male relatives and friends, with no visible effect in behalf of Wilson policies but swelling the total to unprecedented proportions. On the other hand, many a woman has voted against the Democrats because she intuitively felt that the Cox-Wilson anxiety compared to Wilson's adamantine attitude five years ago when suffragists were picketing the White House, was not disinterested.

Not a few of the suffragists, therefore, long ago discounted the efforts of President Wilson in their behalf. That did not make for his continued popularity among the women—and women can be very bitter in these circumstances. In fact, they are unyielding. These women must be added to that group of truculent partisan officeholders who add to the ranks of anti-Wilsonists by constant reproaches.

The Outcome of the Conferences

WHAT happened last November was invited and facilitated by Mr. Wilson himself and, therefore, upon him rests the responsibility—not on the country. In the strict sense of the word there is no greater autocrat than Mr. Bryan. He could not enforce his views, so he left the President, but has remained unyielding as a Democrat and as an upholder of the popular principle of government by majority. Said Mr. Bryan after the election:

"The President attempted to drive out of public life every Democrat who dared to differ from him even in minute details while he made no effort to strengthen the Democrats who made him keeper of their conscience. He alienated all Republican support and invited partisan opposition by his appeal, just before the election of 1918, for a Congress that would support his personal leadership, and then, though knowing full well that the majority in the nation was against him, he refused to deal with the Senate as a co-ordinate branch of the government."

I referred to the fact that his more or less intimate public officials have been the cause of his downfall. In this respect there has been a White House oligarchy logically comparable to anything existing at Potsdam or Tsarkoë Selo in pre-war days. The open door there was the first promise made by Mr. Wilson when he took office, and in a way the door has been open, but a count of those who have successfully crossed its threshold would yield a ridiculous total. A dozen names would cover the leaders and the followers. To be exact, the door has always been open to almost anybody—and there it ended; the room was empty.

The newspapermen promised themselves a fruitful era of news when it was decided that the President would receive them twice weekly for a conference.

(Concluded on page 10)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 19, March 5, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Democracy's Safeguard

THOUGHTFUL men and women are convinced that there can be no greater menace to the success of democracy than a spreading and deepening suspicion among the masses that the courts of the land are not always to be relied upon for that exact and equal justice which must ever be the corner stone of any truly democratic system. During recent years a favorite charge of the radicals, that is to say, of the avowed foes of all government who go under that name, is that our judges are respecters of persons and amenable to improper influences. This indeed is the main weapon of "Red" assault. They well know that if the taint of prejudice or of corruption could be fixed upon the men chosen to dispense justice, the process of undermining our institutions would be well advanced.

For these reasons, we must welcome the decision of the Supreme Court in the Berger case. Not because it clears Berger—which it does not—but because it with clarion clearness lays down the principle that an accused man must have a fair trial and to that end it is imperative that the rule in Section 21 of the Federal Judicial Code, requiring the assignment of the case to another judge whenever the party to any action shall make affidavit that the judge before whom the action is to be tried has a personal bias or prejudice against him," shall be followed. Congressman Berger having been indicted for obstructing our war with Germany, made such an affidavit, setting forth alleged utterances by Judge K. M. Landis showing virulent hatred of Germans and of Americans of German birth and blood. Judge Landis, while admitting these utterances (in one of them he said: "One must have a very judicial mind indeed not to be prejudiced against the German-Americans in this country; their hearts are reeking with disloyalty"), denied his disqualification, denied the motion for the assignment of another judge, and the case proceeded to conviction resulting in sentences of twenty years' imprisonment for Berger and his associates.

It should be obvious to the most thickheaded of junkers that they must not be allowed to use the courts of the land to bludgeon justice in order to vent their own prejudices or buttress their own special and selfish interests as against classes or individuals of whom they disapprove. The case of Mooney is like that of Berger in that it involves issues far transcending personal or class advantage or disadvantage—issues vitally involving the honor of our whole judicial system. And if it is of fundamental importance to the health and permanence of democratic institutions in America that the lower courts should at all times be trusted justly to weigh evidence and interpret the laws of the land, occupying a plane absolutely free of class or partisan political bias, this is true in largest measure of the Supreme Court. Once let real ground be afforded for suspicion on this point and our courts will not only forfeit all title to the respect and confidence of the people, but a blow will have been delivered at the very heart of the republic more dangerous far than any that has been laid to the charge of the "Reds" so pyrotechnically "rounded up" and deported.

The Island of Yap

IT IS encouraging to find that, in the recent International Communications Conference at Washington, France and Italy have shown evidence of agreement with the position taken by the United States in regard to the limits of the mandate for the former German islands in the Pacific granted to Japan. Our representatives at the Peace Conference in Paris distinctly recognized the special importance of the Island of Yap as a cable relay station. On this account, they insisted that the island should be used by all nations on terms of equality as a base for cable communications and operations. Reservations made by both President Wilson and Mr. Lansing laid it down as a distinct understanding that because of its importance to the freedom of international communications, the Island of Yap should not be mandated to any one country, but administered by a commission to be appointed by the League of Nations.

These reservations are on record, and the United States Government now holds that the decision of the League Council in May last including Yap in the mandate accorded to Japan over former German islands north of the equator is in plain violation of this understanding.

It is unfortunate that, so far, Great Britain seems to be backing Japan's claim to the inclusion in her mandate of this bit of barren rock in the Pacific whose situation gives it such tremendous strategic importance. Taken in connection with the recent refusal of our Federal Government to permit the Western Union Telegraph Company to land their new South and Central American and West Indies cable at Key West, because of an agreement with the British Government giving it priority over the Government of the United States, the situation is one of ill omen.

This entire struggle for a national rather than international control of international lines of communication looks very much as if our recent allies in the war to end war were thinking much more of future military and naval advantage—as against this country—than of establishing world peace on sure foundations.

The stand taken by our State Department in the matter is obviously one based on right and justice. And, both as a measure of rightful self-defense nationally and as a step in the direction of international peace, it is to be hoped that the virtual agreement to internationalize this important naval station will not be blocked by selfish and technical objections.

The Franco-Polish Entente

MUCH may be said in favor of the recently completed agreement between France and Poland, if the semi-official forecast of the text is to be accepted. Militaristic tendencies and aspirations on both sides and the restrictions imposed by the Covenant of the League of Nations seem to have been gotten around in the clauses dealing with the subject of French protection of Polish territory against aggression "from the east or the west." That, of course, means from a Bolshevist Russia or an imperialist Germany. France binds herself to furnish material and technical aid to Poland in such case. Although not "compelled" to send troops to Poland's aid, France secures the right to reconstitute her military mission at Warsaw and Poland pledges herself to such a reorganization, presumably under French direction, as will effectually strengthen her army.

These steps are taken, it will be noted, in season to meet and check the second Bolshevist offensive against the Polish frontiers which there is good reason to believe is scheduled for May next. Remembering how, only a few months ago, the triumphant advance of Trotsky's Red Army on Warsaw was thrown back in the nick of time, thanks entirely to French military direction, the new entente may be regarded as affording substantial hope for the formation of a lasting barrier to the Bolshevist menace. Long ago, Napoleon described Poland as "the keystone of Europe." Marshal Foch, who so magnificently vindicated the scientific soundness of Napoleonic strategy in the recent war, may be presumed to have a full appreciation of the weight to be attached to the saying. Nor are we to assume for a moment that Trotsky in the least undervalues the tremendous importance geographically and militarily of the Polish Republic. The Soviet leaders plainly enough realize that unless they can sweep across Poland to Western Europe, they are doomed to speedy extinction. World-wide revolution is openly and incessantly proclaimed to be their dominant purpose. As a matter of fact, it is their one hope of survival even within the borders of Muscovy.

Significance attaches to the fact that the new agreement contains important economic as well as military accords. Profitable exploitation of the Galician oil fields by a Franco-Polish company and tariff provisions calculated to foster commercial relations between the two countries are essential clauses of the understanding. The fact of the agreement in itself may well serve as a deterrent to Bolshevist aggression. Certain it is that the best interests of both countries will be served by the prevention, rather than the provocation, of hostilities. It is to be hoped that the new agreement will prove to be the proverbial "ounce of prevention."

The Dreamer

THE assertion is often made that the days of the dreamer are past; that this is the age of the practical, common-sense man and woman, who have not the time nor the inclination to dream dreams and see visions as some of their fathers may have done; that these are days of work, and the chasing of the elusive dollar to the exclusion of the poetry of life.

This in one sense may be true. Few dream of chivalry and emboldened knights riding forth to battle for their ladies, of the pipes of Pan or lilting maidens such as endeavored to entrance Ulysses. Even much of the verse which is written today breathes of the labor and strife and turmoil with which we are encompassed. And yet nothing great was ever accomplished that did not have its inception in dreams.

Columbus dreamed of a new world far across the sea, long before he embarked upon his voyages of discovery. "A dreamer" they called him, and he was content to be known as such. Franklin dreamed that electricity could be harnessed; and Field that the ocean could be bridged by a cable; Edison that the human voice could be reproduced on a metal cylinder, and Marconi that the air could transmit sound waves. If they had not dreamed, what they have given to the world probably would never have come to pass.

A towering building, beautiful in architecture and symmetrical in proportions, had its inception in the mind of some man who saw it in his mind's eye before the plans were made. A giant locomotive, a majestic bridge spanning a river, a ship with wings sailing through the air, were made possible because some one dreamed of them long before the details were reduced to paper.

It is the dreams of the man and woman of today, of what they hope to accomplish, that give them strength to strive for the goal. Perhaps it may never be reached, but the dream gives comfort and happiness along the way.

Edwin Carlisle Litsey once wrote:

Each of us has his golden goal,
Stretching far into the years;
And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,
With alternate smiles and tears.

To some it's a dream of high estate,
To some it's a dream of wealth;
To some it's a dream of a truce with Fate
In a constant search for health.

To some it's a dream of home and wife:
To some it's a crown above;
The dreams ahead are what make each life—
The dreams— and faith— and love.

So dream on, thou dreamer, and may your dreams one day be transformed into realities. Dream of the things that shall make this a brighter, and happier and less sordid world. Care not if some may chide you and laugh at your aspirations, and say that they are mere will-o-the-wisps, intangible, and can never come to pass.

Dream on!

Money for Fireworks

DR. A. F. WOODS, president of the University of Maryland, is a rare bird among academic executives. He has the gift of plain speech understood of the plain people. And the plain people should hearken to him.

In a recent talk advocating disarmament, Dr. Woods gave us a homely and convincing illustration of the difference between the spending that means waste and the spending that means profit. "Water going over the falls," he said, "is spending its energy. If it turns a waterwheel, at least a part of that energy may be transformed into the power of the waterwheel. If that power is transferred to the machinery of a mill it may furnish flour, lumber, light and electric power. Money used in thus saving and utilizing or storing this power is not 'spent' in the ordinary sense—it is invested. If it is wisely invested, it returns itself manyfold. The largest expenditures today by the great nations are for war purposes—armies, navies, armaments, munitions, fortifications. In any case, let us not spend our money for fireworks when it is so sorely needed for industrial and social development. Money put into improvement and cheapening of transportation and communications, improved roads, schools, homes, health and agricultural, manufacturing and living conditions generally, is invested rather than expended."

It is about time that we got it into our heads that there is no dodging the ancient and natural law that want and woe must follow waste—and the waste of war is the worst of all waste. It is the sowing to the wind that leaves us no harvest to reap but the whirlwind.

Mr. Ford's Page

MOST of the wisdom of the world was in the copy books. The lines we used to write over and over again, the homely old maxims on which we practiced to obtain legibility of our p's and q's, were the essence of human wisdom. They were the first-aid packages which the philosophers made to assist men who might need help out in the midst of the field of life. Most of the books that have been written since the copy books are only commentaries thereon; they say with more and harder words what we used to read in our first lessons.

It isn't learning, it is wisdom or plain sense that helps one through. Any man can learn all that he needs to know. No one ever learns more than he wants to know. We never learn anything unless we want to. Sometimes you will find a man with what appears to be a lot of useless learning and you discover that he accumulated it not because of his interest in its special departments, but because he thought that acquaintance with a multitude of subjects added to his prestige. He accumulated knowledge as he accumulated neckties or golf sticks.

The whole secret of a successful life is to find out what it is your destiny to do, and then do it.

Now, that idea has several sides. When we speak of what we "do" we usually mean what it is we "do" for a living. "What are you going to do when you are a man?" we sometimes ask the children; it means at what occupation are they to be engaged.

Well, we all have to work. But most of us have something else to "do" as well. If all that a man has to "do" in the world is the mechanical operations he performs during working hours, then it would follow that if machinery should be invented to perform that operation for him, he would have nothing to "do." One of the really useful figures of his time used to say that his work was of quite a different character than appeared to observers; the observers thought he was a cobbler; but he said he mended shoes only to pay the expenses of his proper work.

We toil because we have to square our debt with the earth—we have to pay for the wealth she lends us in every material thing we use. But what do we do with the life that we thus buy? That is the true form of the question as to what we "do."

But there is something besides our toil—there is also our work. Our toil is what we have to do to bear our part of the work of production in which mankind is engaged, and the fruits of which are essential to our well-being. That is our toil. But our Work is that which we would do all the time if we could. Happy is the man whose toil and work are one. There are many, however, not so happily situated.

Most of us are doing two things: that by which the body is kept alive, and that by which the higher part of our nature lives. We go to the job to pay expenses, and then we indulge ourselves in what we like to do, and maybe were meant to do.

That is the secret of all the "amateurs" in the United States. Amateurs are not always what we think they are. They are often more intelligent and skillful than the professionals. We shall have to change our ideas of the meaning of amateur; formerly it meant those who knew very little and were unskillful, those who had a liking for an art or a science, but merely dabbled. That idea will have to go in favor of the truer one, that the "amateur" differs from the professional only in this, that the professional gets his living by it and the amateur does not. In some respects the amateur is better off, for he has two fields—that by which he pays expenses, and that in which he finds expression.

It is amazing to find how many people in the United States have evolved financial systems. Here, there, everywhere are men who have occupied their spare hours with the great subject of money. Farmers, store-keepers, mechanics, country editors, could collectively roll up a mass of research and speculative literature on this subject that would literally swamp the received authorities in the region of finance.

All this has a meaning. It means that the people are being prepared for something in the money realm. When you find receptive minds in all classes of society being moved by the same master note, you may be sure something is coming. All this mass of thought by plain people is the prophetic soil whence shall come the one whose mind can gather up all the fruitage of the others and bring the epochal change to pass.

In truth there are no discoverers. Nothing is ever entrusted to one man alone. We know now that no one man invented printing; the idea was seeking incarnation and found its way into life through several men at about the same time. Columbus was not the only discoverer of America: other men's thoughts had been set this way. Destiny takes precaution that no purpose shall fail through the unfaithfulness of one man, and so the new truth is entrusted to several. It is this which leads to so many bickerings in the matter of discoveries; it is hard to prove who was "first"; the idea was abroad "in the air," and it came through to the minds that were receptive, that were keyed to its quality.

IF A MAN is right, he can afford to go ahead full steam. To be right means mainly to be in tune with Destiny, and willing to obey. It does not necessarily mean to be agreeable, nor to be agreed with, nor to be popular, but it does mean to be useful in the purpose which Destiny is trying to achieve. If a man is right, he need not fear about standing alone. He is not alone. If he seems to be, it is only a test of his mettle and sincerity. Every idea that is right has many silent adherents. Raise your voice and you will hear them coming. Destiny is kind; it never asks a human being to do anything alone.

Now, when you look at this from another side it is a mighty encouraging thing. Some day there may come to you the duty to do a disagreeable task, to take up a cause which will yield you no reward, which will at first envelop you in misunderstanding and abuse, which will make you look like a fool before men. You will shrink from it naturally, yet if you are the person selected for the task, some way it will make itself known to you as a serious proposition regardless of your likes and dislikes.

The appointed task may be less to your likes than you expected. A man's real work is not always what *he would have chosen* to do. A man's real work is what *he is chosen* to do. There is all the difference between *choosing* and *being chosen*. Sometimes our choices are our destruction.

But when you are sure of what you have to do—and unselfish sincerity, simple willingness to do what is right are the only compasses by which you can be sure—then you may also be sure of this: *you are not the only one.*

Others have been notified and called out too. But maybe not to initiate the work. Maybe just to form the silent background, the receptive soil for the effects which your work will bring about. No man ever stands alone in any cause, if it is a righteous cause. When he calls, his voice will be heard and answered. He will be made aware by a thousand means that what he trembled before as a stern, forbidding task, is really the silent interest of many people.

There is a great deal of nonsense spoken about "the lonely heights." They are not lonely, though they may be silent. The loneliness comes when a man settles within himself whether he is to be a mere form following a conventional routine, or whether he is to listen and obey the voice of changeful life. It is lonely for him while he is deciding. If he decides to do what duty bids him, then he is no longer lonely; he comes at once into the fellowship of all liberated souls. The only liberated souls are those dedicated to perpetual obedience.

Most of us will never get fame. In a way this is to be regretted, for if we could get it we should know how well-off we are without it. Most of us will never shine as the captain-leader of great movements; but the real success and achievement of life is to be one of the foot soldiers of those great silent movements which, like the motion of the sea, keep humanity from stagnation.

Unknown America—Looking Over Lookout

By HARRY BARNET

THE guides who have escorted you who have visited the famous battleground, have had little to say of the wonder spot that stretches for eighty miles and of which there is much to be told. It's really one of the picturesque bits of Unknown America.

WITH but few exceptions, tourists who have clambered over the rocks and soil where the "Battle Above the Clouds" was fought on Lookout Mountain will doubt the statement that if you follow the trail leading off to the south from the battle spot, you continue atop the mountain for eighty miles, through what is, perhaps, one of the most picturesque parts of the South.

"It can't be done," any one of these doubters will tell you, "because I saw all there is to be seen on Lookout Mountain in one afternoon, and I certainly didn't walk eighty miles in that time."

There you have a difference of opinion that is entirely honest. Lookout Mountain, and what popularly is known as "Lookout Mountain," are artificial divisions of the same height. The latter is the battleground, and it has been so thoroughly press agented as "Lookout Mountain" that before tourists come to see it they are prepared to believe by all they have read and heard about it that Lookout Mountain is nothing more than an impressive bluff overhanging the Tennessee River, or a dull-tipped peak, rising abruptly out of epic country. And when these tourists leave the national shrine they carry that notion away with them.

It is the natural thing for them to believe. No one has made it very plain that where the spectacular fighting took place on Lookout Mountain is only the jumping-off place on the north end of an elevation that is one of the geologic mysteries on the continent, and that back of this jumping-off place there is a world of thrills for whoever is of a mind to indulge his taste for adventure. On the subject of the mountain itself, press agents have been strangely silent.

The outline of the mountain also has had a great deal to do with the creation of a wrong impression. It is a grotesque mass, shaped like a man lying upon his back, with his face turned squarely toward the sky. The attitude of the body is restful. The head is in Tennessee, and apparently it is pillowed upon the right arm, because there is nothing more than a faint bulge where the right arm should be. The left arm is thrown carelessly toward the east.

It is a curiously shaped head, if you stop and study it for a moment, that begins at the toe of the moccasin outlined by the Tennessee River southwest from Chattanooga. From the river bank there is a gradual upward slope, as though the skull is peak-shaped, and the rear half of it is buried in the earth. On the slope there are houses and trees, an unusually good automobile road, a street car line, and about the middle of the slope there is a railroad tunnel through it. Near the front hair line the skull rears straight up, and forms a monstrous jagged-rock bluff. This is the forehead; and it was up the side of this bluff, and across the face of the hulk, that the "Battle Above the Clouds" took place. If you are more interested in the ground that was fought over than you are in what may lie away from it, then you undoubtedly will believe from what you see that Lookout Mountain is a bluff that was made sacred by the men of yesterday.



Winter in the Lookout Mountain country.

In the length of Lookout Mountain there is but one place from which a view is possible into the valleys on both sides at the same time. That is on the neck, opposite Rising Fawn, Georgia, a small village at the foot of the western slope. Here, again, the temporary closing in of the mountain is likely to give the impression that the battleground is a peak. The body widens gradually into a plateau, seventeen miles long and from eight to twelve miles wide. The hips are opposite Ft. Payne, Alabama, also located at the foot of the western slope. The thighs and legs are normal. The right foot is thrust impudently into the outskirts of Gadsden, Alabama, and the left dangles in the waters of Coosa River. The mountain lies in a southerly direction, and between scalplock and heels its length is eighty miles, unbroken and extending into Georgia and Alabama. The line separating these states follows a fairly straight path about midway the east and west brows of the hulk. The average height of the elevation is about 1,300 feet above the surrounding country.

Around the brow of the mountain there is a broad band of rock that has the appearance of a smoothed gray ribbon, tied about it to keep it from falling apart.

"An' that 'ar ol' rock band, hit goes pret' near clean 'round that 'ar ol' mountain, hit does," is likely to be the preface to the first bit of native legendary explanation you'll hear about things on Lookout Mountain, if you're lucky enough to fall in with Jim Alread as a fellow vagabond on its surface.

While Jim is a mountaineer of the type that is familiar in fiction, he is exceptional to the extent that he will talk, and do it a-plenty at any time. Nearly every other he and she highlander that I've seen any place in the hill country of the South appears to be of an economical turn of mind, and holds fast to the opinion that making talk is a sinful waste of time and words.

"Sometimes I think I know a leetle reeligion," old "Uncle Burrell," who lives neighbor to Jim, said one day, "an' sometimes th' way other people say hit, why, I think maybe I don't know very much about hit.

"But th' way I think about hit," he went on, "th' Lord, He give a man one tongue t' talk with, an' two ears t' hear with, didn't He? An' hain't hit fer t' hear twice as much as y' talk?

"Ef hit hain't," continued "Uncle Burrell," satisfied with an affirmative nod that his explanation was understood and agreed to, "ef hit hain't, why, then a man 'ud hev two tongues an' one ear, wouldn't he?

"Now, that 'ar ol' Jim, ef y' didn't see him, an' only heerd him, y'd think he had two tongues, an' only one ear."

Jim is especially loquacious when he is on his way from the vicinity of a moonshine still. Then he jumps high into the air, cracks his heels together, and announces himself as, "th' he hawg 'v th' Cumberlan's, an' strong 'ith th' pow'r 'v th' Lord." About that time it is the wise thing to do to take a seat that has a tree between it and Jim; he is likely to be reckless, and shoot in any direction just to see folks step lively.

But this is not the story of Jim.

"An' th' ol' devil, he done hit," is the next statement that Jim makes in this, his favorite story, concerning the smoothness of the rock band that is around the top of Lookout Mountain.

"Now, Jim, you can't tell me that, you know," never fails as usher for whatever narrative there may be playing hide-and-seek near the end of his tongue.

"He shore did hit," is the impatient reply. "That 'ar dad-bummed ol' coot, he made that 'ar ol' rock band smooth, he did hit."

"Sure enough?"

"Shore nuf, he did hit," Jim goes on. "Them 'ar ol' rock bands, they war all rough an' scraggly, they war, an' pow'rful onhandy lookin', an' one afternoon that 'ar ol' devil, he said t' hi'se'f, 'I kain't stand a-lookin' at 'em that 'ar ol' way no longer, I kain't,' he said, an' he begun a-trimmin' 'v 'em, he did, an' a-puttin' 'v them 'ar ol' trimmin's in his apron which he war a-wearin', he did.

"Now, hit war a pow'rful warm afternoon, hit war, an' that 'ar ol' devil, he got th' notion, he did, that he wanted a long drink from th' Ohio River, which hit is a long way off yonder beyond Kaintucky, an' which hit war then all level land betwixt hit an' here. So that 'ar ol' devil, he jumped off 'v that 'ar ol' mountain, he did, a-flyin', he war, 'thout a-takin' off 'v that 'ar ol' apron 'v his'n, that 'ar ol' devil he did, an' when he got up thar 'bout th' Emory River, why, his apron string, hit busted, hit did, an' them 'ar ol' trimmin's, they begun a-fallin', they did, but that 'ar ol' devil, he war a-goin' so fast, he war, that them 'ar ol' rock trimmin's, they war jest tumbled all over Tennessee an' Kaintucky, an' clean t' Cincinnati, they war, an' not all in th' same place.

"Whooee!" Jim always exclaims in conclusion when he tells this tale, "but that 'ar ol' devil, he war a-flyin', shore nuf, he war, fer his drink 'v Ohio River water, an' that's whar all them 'ar ol' mountains betwixt Cincinnati an' Chattanooga, they come frum; they're th' trimmin's off 'v Lookout Mountain."

Soon after you've started on this trail that leads south from the battleground, you'll have no doubt about Nature being a wanton with her handiwork on Lookout Mountain. Later on, you'll begin to wonder if the lady didn't use the place as a studio, where she tried out color schemes, and put together astonishing combinations and distortions of heavy materials as models there before she did very much work any place else. For Lookout Mountain has in miniature a good many things that other places have in magnitude; and it has some things that evidently are patterns from which no duplicates have been made. But Nature kept a disorderly workshop, and never yet has found time to do very much cleaning up in it. Over here, she made reality of an idea that could only come during a spell of nightmare, and dropped it to work out off yonder a notion of beauty, and dropped it in turn when her nimble mind visioned another contrasting creation, until these things are spread over the whole of the top side of Lookout Mountain in a way that must give the creeps to our prim brethren whose conceptions of beauty are straight-ruled by regularity.

This variety crowd dots a surface that is badly gnarled. There are hills and valleys, and plateaus and plains on Lookout Mountain that give to it something of the appearance of a composite relief map of scenic America. Three rivers that have their sources near the upper part of the body of the mountain do their part toward taking the places of the trio of nationally important waterways on this fanciful relief map. These streams meander near to one another toward the south, until they reach the hips, where they join, and continue as one river. Just below their junction this stream that is formed by the combination of three rivers falls over a precipice. During mountain flood times the falls are nearly as wide as the American side of Niagara Falls.

But what is of more interest to the explorer is the fact that he or she can travel over Lookout Mountain in any sort of a fashion that has the greatest appeal—afoot, in an automobile, on horseback, or in a horse-drawn vehicle that is reminiscent of gay-young-blood days not very far in the past. The elevation is inhabited, but thinly settled, by a quaint set of folk, and they are strange human documents to ordinary din-jaded, white-light-blinded people from the city. These people of the mountain have some good roads that branch off from the trail that runs a southerly course from the north end of Lookout Mountain to the south end of it. Other roads are not so good and still others are mere ways through virgin forests, and along the edges of savage, timber-bristling cliffs. Of course, to get back into extreme primitiveness and wildness there is no other means than walking. Camping places on the mountain are as plentiful as little pine bushes.

Seeing what is to be seen on Lookout Mountain is largely a matter of living with your eyes wide open in any sort of a make-believe world that you're of a mind to wander through for the time, and the enticement of it is that you can change your mind and your environment without going very far to do either one thing or the other. Coming out of a virgin forest that is carpeted with amazing flora, you step directly and without preparation onto the edge of a rock field that is horribly naked reality. And you not only do this once, but you do it a dozen times, if you follow the main trail, and the trails that branch off from it, to their ends. These fields are rocks that seemingly bubbled, and boiled, and flowed, and covered hundreds of acres with an uneven, and cavern-hollowed scum before they hardened into gray-white plains. Their appearance is a riot of desolation, heightened by spurts of pebble-pitted rocks, haphazardly rearing aloft. A good many of these uprearings are larger in bulk than ordinary dwelling houses, and the impression they give is that of tormented souls reaching out in agonized supplication from a hardened hell. And in what seems to be an extra effort to repay you for the trouble in getting to these rock fields, other outcrops in the likenesses of nearly every variety of loathsome reptile apparently are slinking across the surface in a crafty effort to make prey of you.

Across this gruesomeness there are tiny flecks of color and brightness. The winds have carried small heaps of soil from one place to another and lodged them in depressions. Germs of dwarf pines and of rock-crawling plants made their way into these heaps and took root. There they struggle with forlorn determination to live, one beside another—gay patches of multi-colored mosses, clumps of evil, yellow-blossom

(*Concluded on page 15*)



Rugged Beauty

1. The Lookout Mountain of the tourists. 2. A native. 3. A winding roadway. 4. Cascades along Little River. 5. An uprearing in the rock field. 6. De Soto Falls. The caverns during prehistoric times were fortified strongholds. 7. View from Tennessee River, showing the slanting skull formation of the man-shaped mountain. The "Battle Above the Clouds" was fought up the face of the incline, and across the top of the bluff.

The Jewish Demand for "Rights" in America

Drawing a Parallel on Jewish Ideas of What Constitutes "Rights." The Basis Is Racial, Not American; Ten Special "Demands."

DURING the twelve years of its existence the New York Kehillah has grown in power and influence until today it includes practically the entire Jewish population in its operations. Among its direct or affiliated leaders and supporters are the owners of powerful newspapers, officials in the state, Federal and city administration; influential officeholders on public boards, such as the department of health, the board of education and the police department; members of the judiciary; financiers and heads of banking houses, mercantile and manufacturing establishments, many of which exert a controlling influence in certain industries and financial combinations.

But the New York Kehillah is more than a local organization. It is the pattern and parent Jewish community in the United States, the visible entourage of the Jewish government, the dynamo which motivates those "protests" and "mass meetings" which are frequently heralded throughout the country, and the arsenal of that kind of dark power which the Jewish leaders know so well how to use. Incidentally it is also the "whispering gallery," where the famous whispering drives are originated and set in motion and made to break in lying publicity over the country.

The people of the United States have a deeper interest than they realize in the New York Kehillah.

The liaison between this center of Jewish power and the affairs of the people of the United States is made by the American Jewish Committee. The Committee and the Kehillah are practically identical as far as the national Jewish program is concerned. It may be added that through their foreign associations they are also identical as far as the world program is concerned.

The United States is divided into 12 parts by the American Jewish Committee. The remark that this division is after the Twelve Tribes of Israel may be disregarded. Suffice it to say that every state belongs to a district, and that District No. XII includes New York, and that the District Committee of District No. XII is chosen by the New York Kehillah, and is by weight of wealth, authority and continuous effort in behalf of Judah justly recognized as the center of Jewish power in America, and it may be in the world also. This committee, some of the names of whose members are impressive, represents the focusing point of the religious, racial, financial and political will of Jewry. This committee, it should be remembered, is also the executive committee of the New York Kehillah. New York Jewry is the dynamo of the national Jewish machinery. Its national instrument is the American Jewish Committee.

A Perfectly Harmless Program—But!

THERE are certain announced purposes of these associations, and there are certain purposes which are not announced. The announced purposes may be read in printed pages; the purposes not announced may be read in the records of attempted acts and achieved results. To keep the record straight let us look first at the announced purposes of the American Jewish Committee, then of the Kehillah; next at the line which binds the two together; and then at the real purposes as they are to be construed from a long list of attempts and achievements.

The American Jewish Committee, organized in 1906, announced itself as incorporated for the following purposes:

> 1. To prevent the infraction of the civil and religious rights of the Jews in any part of the world.
>
> 2. To render all lawful assistance and to take appropriate remedial action in event of threatened or actual invasion or restriction of such rights, or of unfavorable discrimination with respect thereto.
>
> 3. To secure for the Jews equality of economic, social and educational opportunities.
>
> 4. To alleviate the consequences of persecution wherever they may occur, and to afford relief from calamities affecting Jews.

It will thus be seen to be an exclusively Jewish program. There is nothing reprehensible about it. If it meant only what it said, and was observed only as to its ostensible purpose, it would be not only unobjectionable but commendable.

The charter of the Kehillah empowers it, among other things, to establish an educational bureau, to adjust differences between Jewish residents or organizations by arbitration or by means of boards of mediation or conciliation; while the Constitution announces the purpose to be:

> "to further the cause of Judaism in New York City and to represent the Jews in this city with respect to all local matters of Jewish interest."

Where the American Committee and the Kehillah join forces is shown as follows:

> "Furthermore, inasmuch as the American Jewish Committee was a national organization, the Jewish Community (Kehillah), of New York City, if combined with it, would have a voice in shaping the policy of Jewry *throughout the land.*
>
> 1. It is expressly understood that the American Jewish Committee shall have exclusive jurisdiction over all *questions of a national or international character* affecting the Jews generally.
>
> 2. The membership of the American Jewish Committee is to be increased, so that the Twelfth District shall have allotted to it 25 members.
>
> 3. These 25 members are to be elected by the Jewish Community (Kehillah), of New York City.
>
> 4. These 25 men shall at the same time constitute the Executive Committee of the Community (Kehillah).

Jewish Exaltation of New York Ideas

IT WILL be seen, therefore, that the Kehillah and the principal body of the American Jewish Committee are one. The capital of the United States, in Jewish affairs, is New York. Perhaps that may throw a sidelight on the desperate efforts which are being continually made to exalt New York as the spring and source of all the thoughts worth while today. New York, the Jewish capital of the United States, has also been sought to be made the financial center, the art center, the political center of the country. But its art is Aphrodite, Mecca and Afgar; its politics are those of a Judaized Tammany. Tell it not to the American Jewish Committee, nor yet to the Kehillah, but let all Americans know that most of the United States lies west of New York. The country has come to view that strip of eastern coast as a miasmatic place whence rises the fetid drivel of all that is subversive in public thought. It is the home of anti-American propaganda, of pro-Jewish hysteria, a mad confusion of mind that passes in some quarters as a picture of America. But America is west of the "metropolis"; New York is an unassimilated province on the outskirts of the nation.

As nine-tenths of all the Jews in the United States live in allegiance to organizations which look to the American Jewish Committee as their overlord, the influence of the New York Kehillah on the nation is not hard to measure. In every town, large and small, even where the Jewish community consists of a few, 30 or 75 souls, there is a leading Jew, be he rabbi, merchant or public officeholder, who is in constant touch with headquarters. What is done in New Orleans or Los Angeles or Kansas City is known in New York with surprising dispatch.

Incidentally, it would interest some clergymen to know that their names are listed among those who can be depended on to play the Jewish hand whenever required.

What Does "Jewish Rights" Mean?

NOW, the public statement of purpose on the part of these Jewish bodies has just been shown. It is seen that the protection of Jewish rights is the ostensible program—against which no one can say a word. Perhaps the term "Jewish rights" is unfortunately chosen. If Jewish rights coincide with American rights, then more than the Jews are protecting them—the whole American nation is engaged in that work.

But it is not true that "Jewish rights" are the same as "American rights." Unfortunately the Jews have adopted an attitude which could only have sprung from the belief that it is a "Jewish right" to Judaize the United States.

This is one of the dangerous doctrines being preached today, and most assiduously by Jews and those who have been influenced by Jewish thought, namely, that the United States is not any definite thing as yet, but that it is yet to be made, and it is still the prey of whatever power can seize it and mold it to its liking. It is a favorite Jewish view that the United States is a great unshapen mass of potentiality, of no particular character which is yet to be given its definitive form. It is in the light of this view that Jewish activity must be interpreted.

That doctrine with which so large a mass of Americans are inoculated is making havoc with the whole Americanization program today. It is "broadening" America out of all semblance to its distinctive self and blurring those determining ideals and ideas on which American institutions are based. The attempt, first to give the people to understand that the United States is "nothing particular" as yet, and second to make it something different spiritually from what it has always been, is peculiarly agreeable to the philosophy which sways the internationally-minded Hebrew. We are not making Americans; we are permitting foreigners to be educated in the theory that America is a free-for-all, the prize of whatever fantastic foreign political theory may seize it.

There you have the secret of the great refusal of the foreign population to change themselves into conformity with America; why should they, when they are taught that America may be changed into conformity with them?

It is time to limit our "broad-mindedness" until it will fit within the limits of the Constitution and the traditions which made America what it is—the desired haven, even in preference to Palestine, of the Jews and every other race.

So, then, what is this conception of "Jewish rights" which the Kehillah and the American Jewish Committee are organized to defend? It is only by deductions from the acts of these bodies that the answer can be formulated.

In the Jewish records for the year 5668 (1907-1908) we read:

> "Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the year in America has been the demand in certain quarters for *the complete secularization of the public institutions* of the country, *what may be deemed the demand of the Jews* for their full constitutional rights."

Let the reader notice that the only time he finds the religious note struck in this series of studies of international Jewish activity, it is struck by the Jews. Honest non-Jews have been nonplussed by the Jewish charge that any scrutiny of Jewish action is "religious persecution," even when religion has never been thought of or mentioned. The explanation is not far to seek. In the above quotation the religious note is struck at once: the "full constitutional rights" of Jews demands that we effect "the complete secularization of the public institutions of the country."

To Judaize America Is "Jewish Rights"

THAT is worth thinking of. But to continue the quotation:

> "Justice Brewer's article asserting that this is a Christian country has been challenged more than once, and the idea was formally combated in papers by Dr. Herbert Friedenwald, of New York, Isaac Hassler, of Philadelphia, and Rabbi Ephraim Frisch, of Little Rock, Arkansas.
>
> "The legal and theoretical argument was supplemented in a practical way by widespread opposition to Bible readings and Christmas carols in public schools, an opposition specifically decided upon by the Central Conference of American Rabbis.
>
> "In New York the agitation against the carols produced a counter-demonstration in their favor, and the matter seems to have been left to the discretion of the individual teacher.
>
> "In Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Paul and maybe elsewhere, there were similar movements and counter-movements, and the question may yet return to plague us."

There you have, in officially authorized Jewish statement, what the Jews conceive to be a part of their Jewish rights.

A careful examination of the intensive propaganda conducted by the Kehillah and the American Jewish Committee will not only reveal that the whole United States is considered to be the legitimate field for Jewish interference, but also that a very wide diversity of "rights" is insisted upon by them.

In dozens of states and hundreds of towns and cities this program has been plied, but always with too little publicity to appraise the people what is going on. In any number of cases the Jews win their contentions because of the local pressure they are able to produce, usually by their very forehanded way of selecting and obligating public officials. In other instances they have lost, but every loss they credit to a beginning of their "educational" campaign. A loss enables them to "teach a lesson" to somebody by means of a boycott or a changed attitude on the part

of the local bank, or in some other way equally effective in creating "the fear of the Jews."

The Jews have evidently convinced themselves that the Constitution of the United States entitles them to change the character of many of the time-honored practices obtaining here, and if this is true, American citizens should take cognizance of these things and prepare to adjust themselves to further changes. If they do not take kindly to further changes at the behest of Jewry, they owe it to themselves to know what the Jewish program is, that they may meet it with a higher type of weapon than that to which the Jew naturally resorts.

It is intended in this and the following article to indicate, by the actual program, what the real objective of Jewry is in the United States. When you collect and summarize all the demands that have been made by the New York Kehillah alone, you gain an idea of what is afoot. A few of these demands are referred to now, subject to further illustration in another article.

Ten Years of Jewish Demands

1. *The unrestricted admission of Jewish immigration to this country from any part of the world.*

Heads of Kehillah labor unions in New York demand that the Jews in Europe be exempted from the operation of whatever American immigration law may be passed. The Kehillah is many times on record to this effect. No matter where the Jews may come from —Russia, Poland, Syria, Arabia or Morocco—they are to be let in no matter who may be kept out.

Note: As one pursues the study of "Jewish rights," the quality of "exemption" seems to appear in most of them. Nowhere do the Jews proclaim their separateness as a people more than in their unceasing demands that they be treated differently than any other people and given privileges that no other people would dream of asking.

2. *The official recognition by City, State and Federal governments of the Jewish Religion.*

The Kehillah in its reports describes its efforts to obtain special recognition of Jewish holidays, in some cases going so far as to demand the continuance of pay to public employes who absent themselves at Yom Kippur, at the same time opposing the continuance of pay to Catholic public employes who desired to observe the chief Lenten days. This is a peculiarly inconsistent form of the demand for "exemption" which has led to some interesting situations, to be dealt with later.

3. *The suppression of all references to Christ by City, State and Federal authorities, in public documents or at public gatherings.*

Kehillah records show that the Jews of Oklahoma addressed a petition to the convention which formulated the first state constitution, protesting that the acknowledgment of Christ in the instrument would be repugnant to the Constitution of the United States. The record also shows that a Jewish rabbi protested against a governor of Arkansas using "a Christological expression" in his Thanksgiving Day proclamation.

4. *Official recognition of the Jewish Sabbath.*

The educational, cultural, business and industrial life of the United States is regulated with reference to Sunday as the legal day of rest. For over 10 years the Kehillah has sought legislative recognition for Saturday. In the absence of official recognition, however, much public business is held up on account of jurors and others refusing to serve on Saturday. Jewish lawyers in the trial of cases are frequently "ill" on Saturdays. There is, of course, no objection to Jews recognizing their own Sabbath. This is their American privilege. But to make their Sabbath *the* Sabbath of all the people is another question. The Jews' chief objection to the observance of Sunday is that it is "a Christological manifestation."

5. *The right of the Jews in this country to keep open their stores, factories and theaters, and to trade and work on the Christian Sunday.*

The Kehillah, through the Jewish Sabbath Alliance (Rabbi Bernard Drachman, president), is "promoting the observance of the Holy Sabbath in every possible way," through propaganda made to promote Sabbath sentiment, and the distribution of circulars and pamphlets to the Yiddish populations of New York City. Sabbath sentiment is unobjectionable, but it becomes anti-Sunday sentiment. The Sunday laws of the city are, therefore, often broken. Much agitation and ill feeling result. Kehillah records are full of the disagreeable conditions which this demand promotes.

6. *Elimination of Christmas celebrations in public schools and public places, police stations, and so on, public displays of Christmas trees, singing of Christmas carols and Christian hymns.*

Kehillah compelled the Council of University Settlement in New York City to adopt a resolution that in holiday celebrations held annually by the Kindergarten Association, Christmas trees, a Christmas program for celebration and the singing of Christmas songs be eliminated.

Kehillah records show that Jews petitioned the Chicago School Board, demanding that sectarian teachings in public schools and the singing of Christian hymns be discontinued.

Also that at the demand of a Jewish rabbi, three public school principals were compelled to omit all Christmas celebrations and the use of the Christmas tree in public schools.

7. *The removal from office or prosecution of all public persons who criticize the Jewish race, even where such action is in the public interest.*

Judge Otto A. Rosalsky, member of the Kehillah, announces that he will try to put through a bill for the prosecution of all persons who criticize the Jewish race.

Kehillah leaders at public meeting condemn City Magistrate Cornell for criticizing the East Side Yiddish Community because of the increase in criminality of Jewish youth, and demand his impeachment.

Leaders of New York Jewry succeed in having Police Commissioner Bingham removed from office by the Mayor because of his criticism of criminality among Russian-Polish Jews of New York City.

Substitutes for American Institutions

8. *The establishment of Bet Dins, or Jewish courts in public courthouses.*

The Kehillah has succeeded in the establishment of a Bet Din in the Criminal Courts Building, New York, at which there presides the Rev. Dr. Aaron A. Yudelovitch, chief Rabbi of the United States.

Kehillah records show that prominent Jews of Jersey City, Paterson, Newark, Bayonne and Hoboken have organized to establish Bet Dins in New Jersey.

9. *The right to eliminate from all schools and colleges all literature that is objected to by Jews.*

Kehillah records show that Jews have prohibited the reading of the Merchant of Venice and Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" from schools throughout the country, including those in Galveston and El Paso, Texas; Cleveland, Ohio and Youngstown, Ohio.

At the present time a cleaning of public library shelves is proceeding in a number of cities to prevent the public securing books which public money has bought—the objection to the books being that they discuss Jews as they are. All works in praise of Jews are spared.

10. *Prohibition of the term "Christian" or the use of the phrase "state, religion and nationality" in any public advertisement, as being an invasion of Jewish rights and a discrimination against Jews.*

Louis Marshall, as president of the American Jewish Committee, obtained apologies from Charles M. Schwab, as director of the United States Shipping Board; Benjamin Strong, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank and head of the Liberty Loan Committee; Secretary McAdoo and Secretary of War Baker, because of the use of the term *"Christian"* in help wanted advertisements inserted in newspapers by their subordinates.

The Jews succeeded in obtaining the withdrawal of the Junior Plattsburg Manual, used by students in officers' training camps, because it contained the phrase "the ideal officer is a *Christian* gentleman," which the Jews construed to be an infringement of their rights.

The Kehillah in its report for 1920 stated that several important New York newspapers, having been informed by it that the term *"Christian"* had appeared in the help wanted advertisements of mercantile firms, the owners of the newspapers sent in their apologies, and promised stricter censorship in the future.

The Jews do not consider the use of the term "Jews" in help wanted advertisements as a discrimination against non-Jews, and Jewish mercantile houses continue its use in their advertisements in the New York *Times* and other Jewish-owned dailies.

Various Directions of Jewish Interest

THESE are "Jewish rights" as they are indicated by Jewish demands. But they are by no means all; they are merely typical of all the so-called "rights" and all the insistent demands.

To go still further: the Kehillah condemned the use of the term "Americanization," because of the implication that there is no distinction between "Americanization" and "Christianization." "Americanization" is claimed by the Jews to be a mere cloak for proselytizing.

The Kehillah is behind demands on public funds for the support of Jewish educational, charitable, correctional and other institutions. One important point about the great influx of Jewish immigration is that tens of thousands of these people come from lands where Jewish government has been established by order of the Peace Conference, and where public funds support Jewish activities. Their attitude toward America in this respect may therefore be accurately gauged.

It is a common practice in New York for the Jews to force themselves into juries which try Jewish cases. Jewish law students, with which the city swarms, "work their way through college" partly or wholly by jury duty.

Another "Jewish right" is that the Associated Press shall print what the Jews want printed and in exactly the tone the Jews desire. This is perhaps one of the factors in the loss of luster on the part of the Associated Press of late years, the feeling that it is too much under the influence of certain groups, which are not non-Jewish groups. Newspapermen all sense this; A. P. men throughout the country sense it; but they express it in newspaper terms; they say "The A. P. gives a New York coloring to everything." But the ingredients of the New York coloring are 85 per cent Jewish.

From a survey of the demands, these appear to be some of the "Jewish rights" which Kehillah and the American Jewish Committee are organized to secure. And how far they say they have succeeded, we shall next see.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Jewish spokesmen, supposing the American people to be ignorant, protest loudly that the Bolshevik leaders are not Jews. Now comes Paderewski, the latest arrival from the Soviet region of the world, and tells a New York *World* reporter: "Eighty per cent of the leaders of the Bolshevik movement in Poland have been Jews. The mass of the people therefore jumped to the conclusion that all Jews were Bolsheviki. That is always the trouble with masses of people, is it not?—the tendency to generalize too much. During the Bolshevik drive on Poland there were regrettable incidents. But the enmity cannot go on."

An idea of how the "American Peace Delegation" to the Peace Conference at Paris impressed the French people may be gathered from the fact that so comparatively unimportant a figure as Rabbi Stephen S. Wise is represented by Frenchmen as being "the vice-autocrat of the United States." The French people noted the deep Judaic dye of the American delegation, and the activity of certain Jews from America, and drew their own conclusions. But they are wrong. The crowd that flew so high in Paris is rather out of it now.

Mendel Beilis, writing to the New York *Day*, says that after his trial for "ritual murder" the Jews of America and Mexico (so he writes it) sent 21,000 francs that a homestead in Palestine might be purchased for him, and that the Jews of Danzig, Berlin and London added 20,000 francs more. He says he has received none of this. During the war the Baron Rothschild fund paid him 1,000 francs a month. Nevertheless he says he is heavily in debt, pestered by creditors and in great distress through poverty. He proposes to come to the city of Philadelphia where he says he has relatives.

Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee, in a recent editorial, outlines instruction for Christian Sunday schools. He says; "Teach Christian boys and girls that Jesus was a fine Jew, who lived an upright Jewish life, and was put to death by the Romans because he professed the finest Jewish idealism."

Lord Reading, who is Rufus Isaacs, is about to complete the Jewish rule over India by taking the last high office left unoccupied by a Jew. His departing speech in England was to advise the United States to enter the League of Nations.

The Jews of the United States have asked President Harding to appoint a Jew as American ambassador to Germany, thus to convey a hint to the Germans to stop objecting to Jewish rule over the remains of the German Empire. Mr. Harding is understood to have taken the position that he will promise no diplomatic posts until after the Secretary of State has been selected. The Secretary of State is, at this writing, supposed to be Charles Evans Hughes, and there is no assurance that a Jew will not be appointed to slap the German people's face. The Jews have used the diplomatic service of the United States on previous occasions, and probably do not see the impropriety of their present demands.

Gilbert K. Chesterton, the noted British author who is lecturing in the Unied States, is being attacked all along his route by Jewish rabbis because of his alleged "anti-Semitism." Chesterton says it is the purest Semitism.

Samuel Gompers, Jewish head of the American Federation of Labor, has appeared against the proposal to pass a censorship law for movies in New York.

Speaking of anti-Semitism, the Berlin Government has appointed Professor Sobernheim as special advisor of the government council on Jewish affairs.

The Mystery of Woodrow Wilson's Reverses

Concluded from page 3

That lasted a few months. The conferences ended abruptly on the plea of Mexican complications, but in reality due to the inquisitiveness of one of the ablest newspapermen in the country—one known to be a favorite, by the way, of President Roosevelt. He was an expert on foreign affairs and his familiarity with the subject enabled him to submit questions to President Wilson that the latter at once sensed as being perhaps impudent. Personally, I believe Mr. Wilson was unable to answer because his knowledge could not have equaled—not at that time anyhow—that of the interviewing correspondent.

Those conferences were picturesque scenically. Intrinsically, they were useless. Only a futile question was sure to bring an answer. These were submitted as a rule by correspondents newly arrived and impressed by the fact that the President of the United States confronted them in readiness to answer, maybe, some question, but conditional upon his not being quoted. Before long the best correspondents at Washington—the old-timers—began to skip the conferences, and in view of the fact that the assiduous callers did not look very prominent, the conferences died by innocuous desuetude.

Nothing I can think of leads me to believe that when President Wilson entered the White House he had an abnormal or exalted position of the office. In fact, I believe that in his heart's depths he promised himself some sort of a change; the kind he frequently spoke about in those days but which never materialized; the ardent hope to make of his office the final clearing house between the people's wishes and best interests and the inexorable world waiting outside. That was his theory, regardless of what took place in practice. Unfortunately, the plan he had in mind was not one that could be performed as a miracle, and its success depended upon his immediate entourage.

His entourage, with an exception here and there, did not consist of idealists like him. They were newcomers, who descended upon Washington like the vanguard of a victorious army. Washington to them was a new Bagdad; a stroke of the presidential pen and all the wealth of the Indies lay at their feet. Out of that arose that sense of false glory that little by little began to envelope like a perpetual fog, the White House.

When He Wanted to Forget

THAT Mr. Wilson fought this miasmatic atmosphere he himself admitted. "There are blessed intervals," he explained apologetically, as if seeking to reason out what he did not understand, "when I forget by one means or another that I am President of the United States."

That is one of the saddest admissions ever made by mortal man; the more so because sincere. But Woodrow Wilson was no longer his own master; it is true that the office of President at times interfered with his own personal inclinations, but it was not the etiquette of the office that plunged him into the lonesomeness that in due time paved the way for autocracy, but the unctuousness and flattery and perfervid attitude of those party assistants with whom he came in direct contact every day many times a day. Their campaign was by indirection; had they dared openly to reveal their blandishments and flunkeyism he would have cast them from him like lepers. This chicanery may be difficult to excuse, offhand. But it is easy to place. It was not done as a compliment to the President *per se,* but for the benefit of that reflex glory that would radiate upon them.

Like poor men who always speak of riches, and failures who always regard success with awe, the President's favorite topic, "when himself," was about "being human." Mr. Wilson has been human enough, subject to atavistic limitations. He was often condescending, which he mistook for being human. He suffered this or that person and thought he was being sympathetic. It has been very difficult to find him at his natural best and his artificial cleverest. But one or two outstanding instances may be cited. When he received Harry Winthrop Davis, a nine-year-old boy suffering from a weak heart—an ailment that invalided him—he was at his best. Master Harry spent most of his time in a reclining position. He had a great longing to shake hands with President Wilson, whom he regarded as an idol. This yearning was made known to Mr. Wilson, who received Master Harry, spending several minutes talking to the little fellow and patting his hand. Last year, shortly after the election, he received a fifteen-year-old Washington girl, who had made a collection of Wilsoniana and was very proud of her scrapbooks. It is said that the miss wrote to the former President while he was in Paris, praising his work and hoping for his success—a letter that was acknowledged and that was followed by a personal interview. These were the days when public men could not see him. Thus there rises a doubt, not of Mr. Wilson's motives, but those of his intermediaries.

How His Illness Was Handled

MR. WILSON'S illness was adroitly manhandled by politicians with more than the President's own sake to serve. It gradually led to a sort of maudlin sympathy on their part, which in due time became reflected in unsuspecting or indifferent quarters. As a result the phrase "jumping with both feet on a man when he is down and out" made, in varied form, its appearance throughout the political strife of the nation. The opprobrium of implied cowardice was always directed against the few objectors, dissenters, opponents and what not, centering with due force upon a few outstanding personalities of independent thought. The general feeling at the Capitol was that so long as the official was strong enough and active enough to remain unyielding in his official acts and wishes, the nature of "helplessness" was of doubtful degree. They have pointed out to me that Woodrow Wilson remained a no mean adversary or champion, as the case may be, throughout the time of his ill health.

Statesmen, therefore, dealt directly and otherwise with no imaginary President; the latter's influence was constantly in evidence. He smothered, with the exception of the Senate, every antagonistic influence. To them the sick man was a theory.

They had no choice, as between conflicting and inconsistent reports between a "man down and out physically" who, according to bulletins, was not very ill, and the aggressive personality they encountered at every move.

Becoming Stubborn and Suspicious

EVEN at this late day Mr. Wilson's illness is pointed out as warranting a different conduct on the part of unbelievers. But who is to blame if the country at large eventually agreed with the overemphatic protestations of the White House that the President's illness was greatly exaggerated and thus refused to show any undue sympathy toward the Executive? Someone slipped somewhere. That Mr. Wilson has been a sick man no one can doubt, and a few know; he has been sick now for a year and a half. But who is guilty of bad taste, a tricked public or those who used the illness for the purpose of political propaganda? And so far as newspaper correspondents have learned, the people's temper did not sweeten upon the realization that an unofficial circle of mixed individuals in every probability ran for a time the executive government of the United States.

These are facts or comments upon facts. Criticism does not belong here. Just now the question is that Mr. Wilson has passed from the most important public office in the world not only a beaten man but an unliked man, more on account of his friends than his own acts. Atavism has made him stubborn and suspicious. For years he feared the office seekers. He erected first a mental barricade to protect himself against them; the war added the iron fence. But the office seeker was not eliminated except bodily. One need but to think of the thousands of extra appointments he was obliged to make during the war. Any one who met Mr. Wilson even for a few moments must have left him convinced that he would be the unhappiest man in the world if he had personally selected some of the men whose names were placed before him for appointment. For the mass of mediocre officeholders one has to imagine the probable go-betweens. Gossip mentions most prominently four or five names.

Mr. Wilson stood by those he terms his friends, although among these were many responsible officeholders—or, rather, holders of responsible office—that the President quite likely did not know before he went to the White House. These so-called friends he stood by through thick and thin; a nation turned against them but he stood between the proletariat and their salary. Incompetence, waste, extravagance, discrimination, separately or together, were permitted to go on in the face of public indignation. And the President paid! He paid to the utmost of man's ability next to death. He lost his health and lost his fame, merely in his blind belief that his assistants were the right men for the office. It is quite unlikely to find similar devotion on the part of any one man toward his co-workers.

If it were a matter resting solely with the American people, the passing of Woodrow Wilson would be much less tragic than it actually is. By injecting himself in the European arena he gave foreigners a grasp upon criticism.

Europe Will Not Forgive

THE United States, thanks to its magnificent way of renewing and revitalizing its government quadrennially, despite some minor defects, purged itself of an undesired administration at the elections and will let it go at that. Europe, however, will be less forgiving or less relenting as the case may be. Europe, regardless of all else, is in turmoil on account of the League of Nations, not because it may not be all that is desirable, but because it was not acceptable in the manner and method insisted upon by the President, at a time when statesmen overseas thought they had no choice in the matter. And Europeans feel vindictive. They have never had much love for Mr. Wilson and they dislike him intensely now. One thing is assured; Woodrow Wilson's vulnerable point will be historically—and that is where he will be attacked.

Fame during the war was largely artificial. It has given no outstanding figure. A few seemed from time to time comparable to this or that historical figure, but the armistice, with its accompanying relaxation of the world's mind, and an easing up on front-page headline position, largely mistaken for fame, is giving away to an unmistakable sense of forgetfulness, or something akin to it. There has been a plethora of newspaper front page popularity, which in reality was no more enduring than the current value of any given issue. This may be the better understood when it is pointed out that a combination of all the printed matter of any one day during the war, throughout the world, on any one personal item easily exceeds all the enduring prints of centuries about any famous character of ancient times.

Fame attaches to a public man when he is either deified or when bitterly hated. Mr. Wilson left office in the midst of general indifference. This sort of indifference experience has taught as being disastrous to popularity, when it originates by collectivity and not groups. It includes the entire world; not a section of the United States.

It would be difficult, and probably is impossible, to find a sign of bitter hatred against Woodrow Wilson; I have tried but failed to discover it. Antagonism toward him has been of peculiar nature; a compounding of negative emotions with no predominant characteristic. In the same measure it is equally difficult to find any one who greatly loves him; by this I mean the unfavored or protected individual; your average plodding citizen. He is unknown to his fellow man; the few graphic sketches existing of him, which he has repudiated as spurious, have been lost in the shuffle or concealed behind the glittering mass of posed and therefore unfaithful descriptions of the man. In fact, even more has been done. An ambitious and young newspaperman achieved unusual success on the pretension that he interpreted the President's mind; a preposterous banality, for his only claim to attention was his recipience of news in preference to many other reporters.

Mr. Wilson has been pleased to say that he has mixed, first and last, with all sorts and conditions of men; that there are mighty few kinds of men that have to be described to him, and there are mighty few kinds of experiences that have to be described to him. That belief has really been his undoing. The man who has mixed is easily understood; what he says and what he means requires no interpretation; and the country, somehow, instead, has felt that Woodrow Wilson spoke to supermen. Their common language was the same but the understanding differed.

A Jekyll-Hyde Personality?

SO, UNABLE to understand his own people, he passes with the conviction that he has not been understood. This conviction is aided by the ease with which the few immediately about him have agreed with him, and which he has felt is "understanding." But I very much doubt their implied superkeenness of intellect. And I gravely doubt if those that he has befriended most, however indirectly, will yield future unstinted appreciation. The more remote ones are already showing signs of ingratitude.

In fact, those who can be depended to remain loyal to him are the very men to whom he was unjust. There are several such men who suffered the bane of his displeasure, sometimes directed against them with cynical discrimination. Why? Because those are among the few real men of his administration; your true officials and public servants; the men who looked upon their office in the light of patriotic duty and not as salary grab; men of circumspection, impartiality, willing to and making allowance for human frailty.

If those men ever will reveal their innermost thoughts it will be to uphold Woodrow Wilson in every way, even in his mistakes. I know of one who confessed that he regarded the President as a sort of Jekyll-Hyde personality, and that the latter state was manifest at the instigation of not disinterested others, who had the peculiar influence of rallying him to their side against the whole world. By some insidious manner they convinced him that they were holding up his hands.

It was clever propaganda. It has no counterpart in civic government in this country. It made the ablest men victims, which is easy to explain. During the first year or two it became at once evident that the President, realizing that his office was not a one-man affair, and that he could not be the spokesman of the people as an individual, would be obliged to depend upon the men he had chosen to work with him. It was the stage leading to popular government. Quite naturally the ablest men would not tolerate any state of affairs which would give incompetence the upper hand. They fought the incompetents. But incompetents outnumbered the competent a hundred to one. The competents' finish was obvious. It was a case of the survival of the most numerous—and they survived.

If Woodrow Wilson could telescope from public attention the artificial self so prominent for eight years, the people might accord him a sympathy not otherwise possible. He has not been the victim of his opponents, as he has often hinted and as his coadjutors have insistently charged, but of his own friends, or those who have passed for such. They facilitated the growth of his obnoxious second personality, which probably has become so fixed a habit as to have become real. Seven years ago he petulantly voiced his desire to disguise himself, that he might feel "at one with the people" about him, unaware that he was already disguised, and that his confession indicated the clash of his real self for a means to free itself of the mask smothering it.

The Public's Fear Unallayed

THE last election was the common fusing together of various and varying states of popular mind. It found one common object of protest: Woodrow Wilson. This attitude on the part of scattered and even unwilling millions of people has not just happened. It was the reaction from the fraud committed upon a trusting public by a few politicians who have done more to destroy Woodrow Wilson, the personality and the man, than all his own mistakes of omission and commission.

It was the revolt against what may well be termed the Wilsonian oligarchy, consisting of a handful of individuals, thriving under the master's blind benevolence. But thanks to the American form of government, which renews and occasionally purges itself every four years, or is intended so to do, these politicians were unable to perpetuate themselves even after their deplorable intrigues. It will be possible in the future to reach a basic and acceptable view of President Wilson's place in history, but bearing no relation to the place accorded to him at present. The same cannot be said of his favored co-workers. Judgment is inexorable in their regard.

This, in conclusion, can be realized and understood ever so much better when one considers the anxiety and apprehension of the people with regard to President Harding's reported sympathy with certain of his predecessor's ideals. It is not the fact that the latter might be found justifiable, but the terrible fear that it would imply recognition of those officials who would find in it an opportunity for their restoration to public office.

The Crime of the Cities

St. Paul—By EARL CHRISTMAS

NEXT to the immensity of the task itself—and that is one of the staggering things about prohibition—enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment has revealed that most of the violators are persons of foreign descent.

Take the experience of St. Paul, Minnesota, for instance. St. Paul is a normal, mid-western city, with its average proportion of foreign-born population.

Yet fully 80 per cent of the violators of the prohibition laws are foreigners, according to William Anderson, assistant United States district attorney at St. Paul. Paul D. Keller, supervising enforcement agent for five northern states, declares that fully three-fourths of the offenders are foreign-born, and adds that most of them are not citizens of the United States.

Consider these names, taken in the order of their appearance on a list of indictments returned by the last Federal grand jury at St. Paul:

James Falkowski, Alex Removitsky, Victor Gangl, Joseph Glombitza, Peter Kiartkowski, Gust Gustafson, Philip Hecklin, Nathan Hernan, Louis J. Jamieson, Peter Kiibauch, Frank Kurkoske, John Olig, Peter Olig, Joseph Rosenblatt, Michael Sarofolean, Katolina Sarofolean, Mathias Schlosser, Antone Singer, Arthur Tennenbaum, Fred Magilevsky, Adam Wethke, Clinton Rogouski, Louis F. Kiichli.

If that doesn't sound like calling the roll of the nations—well, the prohibition officers are ready to throw up the sponge. Prohibition in the great American melting pot is fraught with difficulties, in other words. Persons of foreign birth are being assimilated perhaps, but many of them are not assimilating prohibition so rapidly, according to the men who enforce the laws.

"Yes, foreigners are causing most of our trouble," said Mr. Anderson, looking up from his puzzling list of names. "Particularly is this true of the moonshine cases. Serbians, Rumanians and especially former subjects of the Austro-Hungarian empire keep appearing in the lists of offenders. We have a lot of trouble, too, with former saloon-keepers, when it comes to selling."

Mr. Keller put it this way:

"I suppose many of these persons of foreign birth were used to having their own liquor in the old countries, and so may be lead more easily to break the law here to get it. Some of them don't know it's a serious offense. Then there is the lure of fabulous profits for those engaged in the traffic.

"We don't get the real men back of the traffic. The men we catch are usually the little fellows operating on a small scale or the men who are working for someone else. Their employers are bankers, merchants, retired business men and speculators, who are willing to risk their money in the traffic for the tremendous return."

But if a year of the Eighteenth Amendment has revealed that the foreign-born population provides a majority of the offenders, it has revealed more eloquently still the amazing complexities and the immensity of prohibition enforcement.

In the St. Paul division of the United States district court, including the city of St. Paul and seven counties in the vicinity, approximately 300 indictments have been returned in the enforcement of prohibition since July 1, 1919, when war-time prohibition first became effective.

Fully twice that number of arrests have been made according to an estimate by Mr. Anderson. At the December term of court alone, actions were started in approximately 100 cases, while the Duluth term of court opened in January with 250 cases on the docket. Approximately ninety cases are waiting trial at St. Paul now, and large numbers have accumulated at other cities in the state where Federal court is held.

Prohibition has added 1,000 cases to the yearly job of Alfred Jaques, United States district attorney for the Minnesota district. That practically doubles the work in this office. To handle this increased burden, one assistant United States attorney has been added to the force—one man to handle 1,000 cases. There are now three assistants.

St. Paul didn't know just how to take prohibition when the national act ushered in a dry era for the city. Minnesota had been used to its drink. It wasn't wet by any decided margin. In fact, a prohibition amendment to the state constitution, submitted at the general election in 1918, polled a total of 189,614 votes to 173,665, though it failed to pass, lacking a majority of the vote cast. In Ramsey County, including St. Paul, the vote stood 13,709 for and 16,610 against.

So, St. Paul as a whole wasn't ready for prohibition, judging from its expressed vote.

Prohibition came, and after the first few weeks of uncertainty, some of the saloons began dispensing drinks that could not be classed as soft. They did it slyly at first, more openly as time went on.

Then one day T. E. Campbell, special agent of the Department of Justice, then in charge of prohibition enforcement, started out his crew of investigators. They bought drinks in nearly all the leading saloons. Indictments against some sixty saloon-keepers and bartenders followed, the first big offensive against liquor selling. One county commissioner and several citizens prominent politically were caught. All pleaded not guilty, and began to wonder how much they would get. Finally, one man, by way of trying the water, changed his plea to guilty.

Judge Wilbur F. Booth fined him $100. Immediately, all sixty changed their pleas, and said they were guilty—for $100 each.

Of the eighty some men indicted at the December, 1919, term of court, 68 pleaded guilty. Three later were found guilty on trial. Five cases still are pending, and the rest were thrown out.

Everything went along fine until the June, 1920, term of court was well advanced. One hundred and ten men had been indicted. As the courts were endeavoring to straighten out the tangle of cases, a young attorney, George G. Chapin, made a discovery that has all but upset long months of work for the prohibition officers.

Chapin advanced the theory that a prohibition officer could not go into a home to obtain evidence without a search warrant. Judge Page Morris, then presiding, upheld him in this contention, and the indictment then before the court was marked *nolle prosequi*. Immediately the issue was raised on other cases, and other indictments thrown out. Many persons against whom evidence was obtained without search warrants were not indicted, but the cases were dropped.

Then in November Judge Booth ruled that the prohibition officer must have a search warrant before entering a soft drink parlor to obtain evidence of violation of the prohibition law. That resulted in additional indictments being thrown out. Altogether approximately fifty indictments were thrown out because of the absence of a search warrant.

"To get a search warrant now, we have to have proof of sale," Mr. Keller said. "The prohibition agent has to go into a place, buy a bottle of whisky, or see one bought, before he can get a search warrant. Then he can go back with the warrant and get the evidence.

"That makes it extremely difficult to get evidence against the soft drink places that sell whisky. They will sell usually only to the men they know, and in that way they are able to keep running even though we may know they are selling liquor. They never would sell to one of my men, perhaps.

"I don't know of another division where search warrants are necessary. In Chicago, they just go in and raid the places. In Iowa, we have no trouble like this at all. But here in Minnesota, the search warrant rule is putting a crimp in much of our work. I don't want to take the position of criticising the courts. Their construction of the law may be correct. But I think we ought to have freer reign."

Mr. Keller likewise pointed out that the machinery of enforcement is wholly inadequate.

"I have sixty men," he said. "They can't begin to perform the task. Sixty men—for five states. If I could keep them in one place, that would only be 12 men to a state, and perhaps two or three to a city like St. Paul. I ought to have 200 men to handle the job.

"The big trouble in prohibition enforcement is that not enough local officials are interested in enforcing the law. The national prohibition act provides for the establishment of a Federal enforcement agency to coordinate and supplement—not to supplant—the duly constituted police and judicial officers of the states. I have been trying to tell the peace officers that, but not many of them appreciate it.

"Why, there are 1,000 peace officers in North Dakota, and I get little or no co-operation. Lots of them would rather see the whisky runner get away than be taken. In some places, it is different. The police in St. Paul have been co-operating very effectively.

"To patrol a border of 1,000 miles, I had a dozen men last summer. No wonder thousands of dollars' worth of whisky was brought in through North Dakota. Whisky running has become an organized and established profession. Whisky is being shipped from the United States to Canada and then smuggled back into the United States. Some man will organize a fake medicine company in Canada, buy whisky in Kentucky and have it sent to Canada under a medicinal permit.

"A year ago, Harry Rabinovitch had a car of whisky shipped from Kentucky to Canada. A plan to have it stolen in St. Paul was made, but this was thwarted, a man killed in the fight, and indictments for conspiracy followed. Three weeks later, we found some of this same whisky in Minot, North Dakota. It had gone to Canada and been smuggled back. We identified it by the serial numbers."

"However, I think that conditions in this territory are better off than many other sections. The best bonded whisky is now worth $150 a case here. In New York, the market is as low as $65. That's one way to measure the effectiveness of prohibition."

Minnesota two years ago passed a state prohibition law modeled after the national act. It was designed to give county and city officials power to cooperate in the enforcement of prohibition, and in some respects is more stringent than the national law. But three cases, still pending, have been brought under this law in Ramsey County, however.

Officials vary in their opinions of the effectiveness of the prohibition machinery.

"It's a farce as now enforced," said one government agent. "Think of it—at one place last term, we had 50 cases, and got four convictions. The people don't want it, and apparently they won't have it. That's all there is to it.

"Then this requiring a search warrant places an almost insurmountable burden on the enforcement forces. The agents have been places where they could see stills in soft drink places, and couldn't get search warrants. The men get discouraged when they can't get results.

"Another thing—women come in here from the country districts, wringing their hands and telling how bad conditions are. But what can we do, with the few men we have, and the sentiment against the law?"

Other agents engaged in the enforcement work were inclined to believe that conditions were improving. They pointed out that enforcement of the act is a process of education, and gradually sentiment is being engendered that will make it more and more effective.

Typhus in Wake of Alien Flood

By DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND,
Commissioner of Health, New York City.

HAVING come from Europe so recently and having observed at first hand the suffering of the people there, I cannot bring myself to the conviction that an absolute embargo should be placed on immigration. To the suffering people in Europe America seems like heaven. Many a peasant had been known to walk 1,000 miles to reach a seaport where he could gain passage to the United States. Many formerly well-to-do persons, now so near to bankruptcy, their business establishments having been destroyed, their homes wiped out and facing nothing but disaster, are anxious to come here for a new start. Except as a last resort I should not desire to deny them the right of asylum. However, as long as immigration conditions at the eastern ports continue so inefficient as at present, it must be admitted that every immigrant coming from an affected port is a menace to our people.

One of two things must be done. Either an embargo must be placed on immigration from certain parts of Europe, which the President could do under section seven of the quarantine laws, or there must be an immediate improvement in the quarantine conditions. It is not enough for the quarantine officials to inspect the passengers of a steamship merely with a view to determining whether at that particular moment there is any infectious disease aboard the ship. A truly effective quarantine examination would go further than this. It would determine whether or not there are possible carriers of infectious disease aboard. This would mean, so far as typhus is concerned, that every vermin-infested person would be regarded with suspicion.

The period of incubation of typhus is from twelve to twenty days. It might well happen, as doubtless it has in scores of cases, that every person at the time of examination was free from visible evidence of disease; yet these same persons might have been inoculated with the poison typhus fever, which would later show itself in the usual symptoms.

Yet health authorities could well disregard every such person who is absolutely free from vermin. Even though he developed a virulent attack, so serious as actually to be fatal, it would be of no consequence to the rest of society. The typhus patient is not a menace if he is free from vermin.

The conclusion of the whole affair is perfectly apparent. If every person entering American ports from suspected areas is disrobed, de-loused if necessary and equipped with clean clothing, the danger of typhus disappears at once.

New York City has a great housing problem. We have a hundred thousand more families than we have houses. With this great overcrowding, with twelve persons living in three rooms, the menace of typhus is terrible to contemplate. Let typhus once gain a foothold in this city and the whole country will suffer untold misery. The Federal Government should unify the efforts of its Immigration Department and Public Health Service to the end that every quarantine port should thoroughly examine every immigrant.

No vermin-infested person should be permitted to enter the country. All steamship companies should limit the number of passengers carried on each trip and should be required to present cargo and passengers in clean condition. Washington authorities seem slow to act. Congress, the Secretary of Labor, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Public Health Service should promptly supply the equipment and personnel to protect the nation. In every port the municipal health authorities should be permitted to co-operate with the Federal authorities to make certain that local health is protected.

Why Do We Say?

Buy a Pig in a Poke

PIGS are not sold in this style now, but a long time ago in "Merrie England" suckling animals were tied in bags of cloth and thus brought to market. Occasionally a farmer would succumb to the desire to profiteer, not by raising his price but by putting through a clever bit of deception. As most of the buyers were butchers that purchased pigs from half a dozen or more farmers, the dishonest man was not always discovered. However, you can imagine the feeling of a buyer when he opened a bag and found therein a large cat.

Let the Cat Out of the Bag

NOW it is a well-known fact that cats are not as docile as pigs. When Porky finds himself tied up, he heaves a sigh or two but makes the best of the situation. Tabby has a different disposition; when she ascertains that she has been deprived of her freedom, she rues the day of her downfall. She does not resign herself to her fate, but firmly resolves to leave undone nothing that may restore her liberty.

Sometimes Tabby would scratch her way out at the moment when the purchaser paid the price or while he was still dickering for the supposed pig. Sometimes a thoughtless helper would undo a poke; Tabby, of course, would jump out in a streak like the proverbial greased lightning.

In modern usage, the cat is a secret and the bag is a person's mouth. Thus the cat readily slips out when careless words are spoken.



(C) Harris & Ewing

George Washington built a home and not a mere place to live in or work around. Therefore, it is still the most admired farm place in America. Above is a rear view of the Mount Vernon homestead, showing how the "detaching" or de-occupationalizing" process may be applied without lowering of utility values.

Uncle Sam and the Farm Home

By AARON HARDY ULM

This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Ulm on farm life and farm management.

BETTER farm homes, more efficient and more artistically laid out farmsteads, the adaptation of "city conveniences" to life in the country, are items of farm improvement that are now engaging much of the best thought devoted to agricultural welfare.

This recrudescence of interest in the farm home isn't due to acceptance of the widely prevalent notion that the average American farm home is necessarily inferior to the average American town or city home.

"Country homes are improving in comfort, attractiveness and helpfulness," said the famous Roosevelt Country Life Commission more than ten years ago. Since that report was made improvement has gone ahead at much more rapid pace than ever before.

But during the last half century the farm home hasn't received as much expert attention nor has it so benefited from modern progress as other parts of the farm, like the barn and the field.

"Today, in many of the best farming sections, the barn that houses the cattle, rather than the building that houses the farmer and his family, is the keynote of the farm," said a farm home specialist to the writer recently. "That is, the prosperity and progressiveness of the farm are judged most by the equipment provided for taking care of the cows and horses."

The specialist in question does not take a pessimistic view of the farm home or the conditions surrounding it. He believes that when all values are given proper rating the average farm home is superior to the average city home, especially if you estimate correctly those advantages that cannot be procured by the city home-maker but which necessarily adhere to the country home.

In fact, that is the view of most or all the farm-home specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture, which is now including farm-home subjects in its wide range of research activities.

But the specialists admit that they know very little about it and assert that no one knows much. Only a very few, and limited, surveys of farm home conditions have been made, and there is virtually no scientifically accurate data with which to make past comparisons. While city housing has a voluminous literature, that of country housing is about as vague as the facts and conditions are various.

What they do know about, but by no means all about, are the possibilities available to the farm home.

"The real efficiency in farm life and in the country is not to be measured by historical standards but in terms of its possibilities," the Country Life Commission declared with much truth.

And it is on possibilities that the specialists in the main are working.

The country knows little of the kind of congestion to be found in most cities, though investigators have often found places where something analagous did prevail. But, on the whole, country houses are well provided with space. A recent survey showed that they averaged more than seven rooms each in the farming states of the North and West.

While they are usually large enough, the average farm homes are crudely designed and in many respects poorly equipped. With exceptions that will occur to anyone, the average American farmstead makes little appeal to the sense of form and beauty.

Students of agriculture have come to realize that the farm home must compete with the city home, just as farm work must compete with city work. If the right balance is maintained between rural and urban population, life on the farm must be made satisfactory to the home-maker, the farm woman.

The work of the United States Department of Agriculture on behalf of the farm home follows several different lines. The chief one lies within agricultural extension activities, or the home economics branch of agricultural extension. This has to do mostly with aid carried directly, via home economic workers, to farm women, and aims chiefly at helping them in making the best of the facilities already existing.

During the last few years the department has undertaken researches having to do immediately with farm home facilities. These as compared with other and better known researches, for example, those having to do with plants and animals, have been meager, but are extensive enough to show what can be done for the farm home. They prove that the well-laid-out farmstead, the convenient, comfortable and attractive farm home, and the household refinements quite often regarded as peculiar to ordinary homes in cities only, are not available solely to the well-to-do or "gentleman" farmer.

This is particularly true of the farmhouse itself. One of the comparatively new departmental projects deals with house designing for farmers. Any farmer can procure from the department complete plans for any one of several types of houses; not large and magnificent houses, but in the main small and comparatively inexpensive dwellings.

The departmental architects don't propose for modern day farm construction anything like the old-style colonial residences that still are admired by those who view them—chiefly from the outside. When the writer was shown the plans of a house designed primarily for the South, he was astonished to note that the space given to porches was very small.

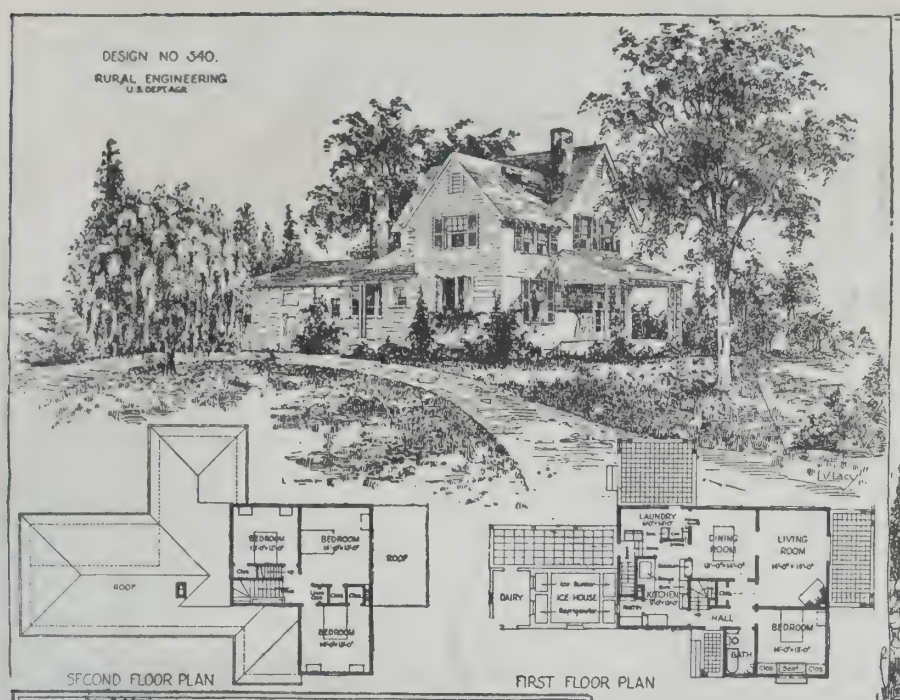
"The big porch all around the house looks well and in summer is very comfortable," said he, "but it is rarely worth the space and the cost. This is particularly true when viewed with reference to the disadvantages going with it. For such an arrangement makes the living rooms dark and somber, the exclusion of sunlight may render them unhygienic, and it is more important to have comfortable living rooms than vast porches that serve mostly for decorative use only. Furthermore, being fully exposed, the housewife desires to keep the porches tidy at all times which involves much extra sweeping and other caretaking."

Another violation of southern tradition involved in departmental plans for southern farm residences is the inclosure of foundations.

"Nothing spoils the looks of a house so much as for the structure to sit over an open space as if on stilts," said one of the architects. "Full ventilation under the house can be procured without it."

One of the most interesting sets of plans developed in the agricultural department is predicated on the ambitious farmer's desire to expand his home as his family develops and his means grow.

Many beginner farmers want to erect a small house to which they can add as necessity arises. This desire has resulted in much of the ugly and inconvenient house construction found in most country districts. The basic construction isn't designed with a clear view of how future additions are to be made. For help over that difficulty the department offers to farmers a three-installment design for a residence, that may grow along natural and harmonious lines from a four-room cottage to five or six rooms and then to seven or eight rooms. At any of the stages the house looks like a real dwelling. Its growth is not along lines of living space alone. The first proposed additions are a new

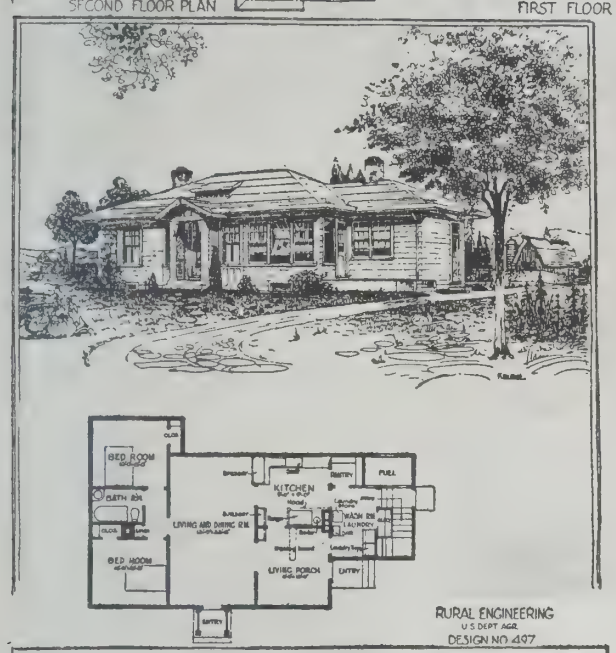


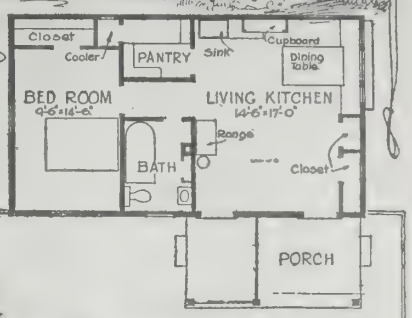


The above is the completed three-installment farm dwelling proposed for farmers by the Department of Agriculture. The first plan is for a two-story, four-room structure, one of the rooms being used as a kitchen. The first addition comprises a permanent kitchen and laundry, the third completes it as shown.

This farm dwelling suggestion—designated by some outsiders but not by its originators as the "love nest"—well exemplifies the Government's rural engineers' efforts to combine high utility with beauty, simplicity and economy.

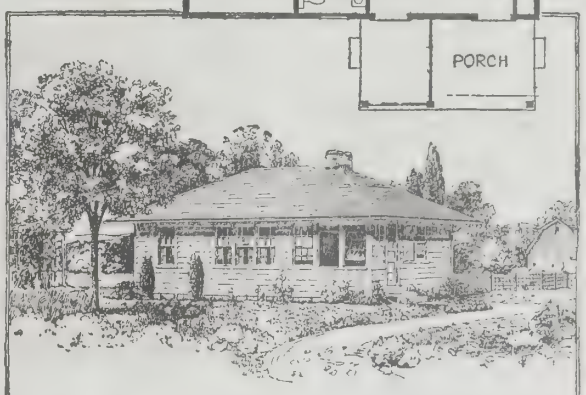
The Department of Agriculture thinks that the problem of housing farm workers bears intimately on the problem of farm labor. Designs 1009 and 1071 are designs that relate to the housing of workers. Each is equal to the demands and means of many farmers who begin operations on a small scale.

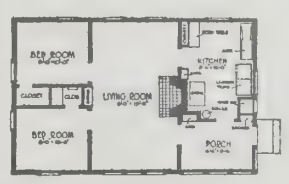




Let Uncle Sam Plan Your Dwellings

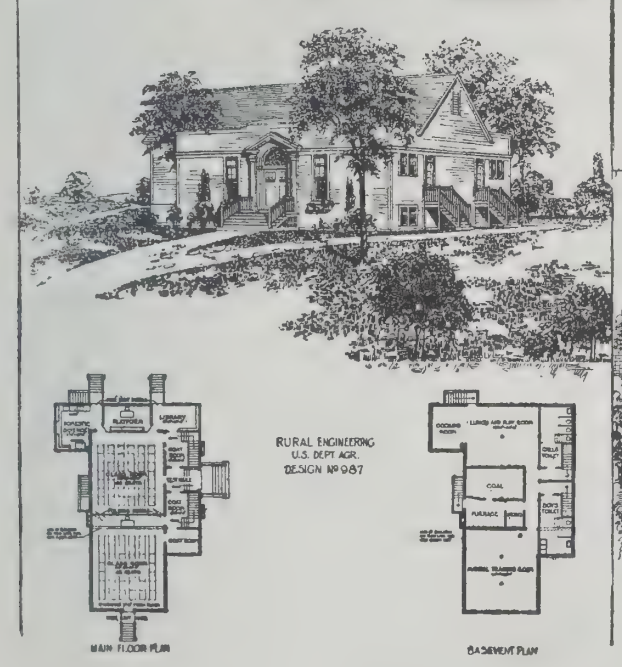
Any one wishing to obtain house plans or advice on rural house designing should communicate with the Rural Engineers Division, Bureau of Public Roads, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. If any of the plans for designs here pictured are desired, the design number should be given in the request. The agricultural department housing work is comparatively new. No bulletin or catalog dealing with house designing is issued, but many designs and plans for dwellings and also improvements in or on old houses and for outside farm structures like dairy houses and barns are ready for free distribution.

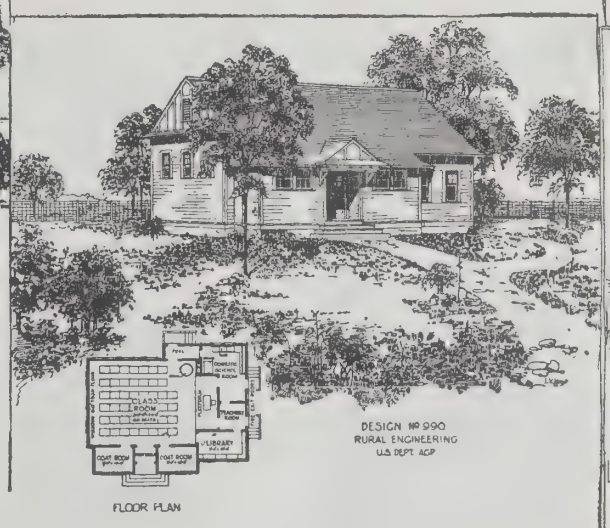


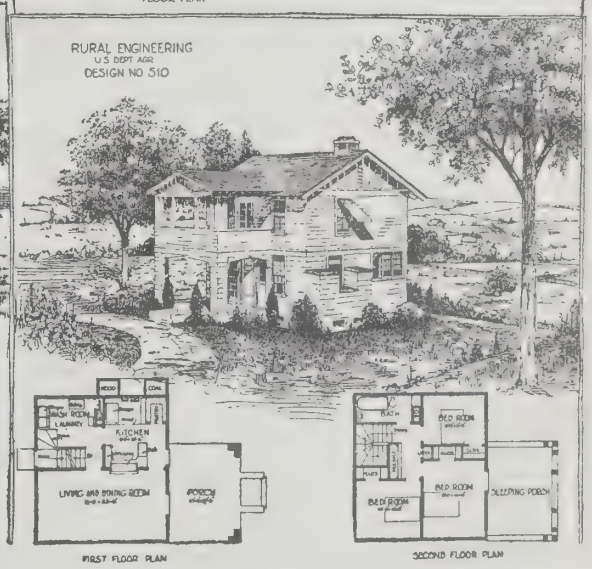


Investigators say that the "little red school" of many rural communities is superior to the average dwelling; but yet is far from being an ideal structure for the purpose intended. Rural engineers of the United States Department of Agriculture have given some study to the designing of country schoolhouses and have worked out several different plans.

The house design at the right was evolved with Southern climate and conditions chiefly in mind. Note the pleasing sleeping porch and the absence of the extensive front porch idea we associate with fine farm dwellings of the South. Extended porches, say Uncle Sam's rural engineers, may prove more of a bother than a luxury, and besides they often render rooms dark and damp.







kitchen and a laundry, and with the third installment a bathroom is provided.

In fact, the departmental specialists' studies have led them to concentrate perhaps most on the kitchen, the laundry and the bathroom—the last two being included in practically all of their designs. They insist that those two household appurtenances can be included in virtually any style and size of rural dwelling.

They have given much thought to the kitchen and laundry for the reason that those two parts of the household bear most poignantly on the housekeeper's efficiency.

"Why place the laundry invariably on the first floor of the house?" they were asked.

"For the reason that no laundry should be in the cellar of any house, except maybe the few that have cellars wholly or mostly above ground. Laundry work requires good light. The place where it is done should be dry and warm in winter and cool in summer which is not the case usually when the laundry is in the cellar."

Another relative ingenuity found in the house plans worked out in the agricultural department relates to the location of the bathroom. Generally it and the washroom adjunct of the laundry are accessible directly from a rear porch or doorway.

"The farmer or his hired man comes in from the fields and wants first to wash up," they say. "No good housekeeper wants him to track up her living room or even her kitchen in getting to the wash room or bathroom. So we fix the bathroom or, better still, the washroom-laundry, at a location that may seem odd to city folks but which makes it the more serviceable in the customary country house."

Another serious inconvenience they have sought to overcome is one having to do with the entrances to most houses.

"During the busy parts of the day, the housewife spends much of her time in or near the kitchen in the rear of the house," they say. "Answering calls made at the front door is bothersome."

Therefore, usually there is an entrance adjoining the kitchen and equally convenient as the front doorway, in the house plans developed by the departmental architects.

In addition to regular farm residences the departmental specialists have also worked out practicable designs of houses for workers. They are usually small, two and three rooms, but designed with a view to comfort, convenience and harmony with the general homestead. They include also bunk houses for farms that during harvest periods have to get the help of extra squads of male workers who have to be cared for on the farmstead. The small workers' houses often would prove sufficient for the beginner farmer and his wife without means for erecting a large dwelling.

"In that case they should be set up with the view of becoming workers' houses after the farmer is able to put up a better dwelling for himself," say the architects. "It should be located so that it will fit properly into the homestead when fully developed."

They have also designed rural schoolhouses, and plans for those may be procured without cost.

"What do your investigations reveal concerning the cost of house construction in country districts?" one of the specialists was asked.

"We have scarcely any data on that phase of the subject," he replied. "A thousand or more of our plans have been procured and ostensibly used. But we haven't been able to get accurate information about costs, which of course vary in different localities.

"However, it is probable that construction costs are lower in the average country district than in the cities. Frequently the owner can do much of the work when not engaged with his crops and can likewise use his teams in doing the hauling. Sometimes much of the material can be taken from the farm. However, it is no more costly to build a properly designed than to erect a merely hit-and-miss kind of a structure. If the farmer has definite plans before him and knows just what he is going to do and why, he can buy and use materials more economically."

The Department of Agriculture does not provide building plans for farm dwellings out of any desire to regulate building or even to save farmers the cost of plans. Its purpose is to encourage the building of better country homes.

The Pacific, and Future of Britain's Dominions

Economic as Well as Political Clash Shifts From Atlantic to Western Seas, With White and Yellow Races Meeting

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, February—(By Mail).

THE war has made two changes of great moment both to the British Empire and to the United States. It has, as Lord Fisher declared not long before his death, shifted the world's strategic center to the Pacific Ocean. This center used to be in the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, with France and England contending in suspicious rivalry. France dropped behind and the storm-center shifted to the North Sea, with Germany as the new protagonist. Germany disappeared, and for a long time to come the position in the North Sea and the Mediterranean will be stable; no silent struggle of contending forces is likely to be fought out there in any time that the present generation can foresee. Now the Pacific takes the place of the western oceans, and the United States is the greatest power in the Pacific.

It is not that one sees the Pacific as the scene of wars, "inevitable" or other, though there are military and naval gentlemen who (as befits the exercise of their profession) see it in no other light. But the conditions there are uncertain. There are sharp problems which it ought to be possible to solve peacefully, but which have yet to be solved. There are the aspirations of the yellow races, their claim to full racial equality, the fear of the white peoples lest their economic standards should be undermined by yellow immigration, the political ambitions of Japan, and the weakness of China, which has always menaced the peace of the Pacific. It is idle to delude ourselves. The growth of the Japanese and American navies is one proof that the Pacific—if one may say it of an ocean—"holds the stage."

The recent reports that Canada has made an informal agreement with the United States about naval policy in the Pacific are highly suggestive. We are told that Canada has come to an understanding with the American Government, that Canadian warships will use American harbors on the Pacific and that it has even been debated whether in time of war in the Pacific, Canadian and American warships should be under one command. The last proposal, it is said, has been postponed, as well it might be, if it was ever made, since it is difficult to see how Canada, while still a member of the British Empire, could covenant to place her ships in time of war under a common command with any other power. The suggestion would not be credible at all but that during recent years the British Dominions have been asserting increasingly their right to dispose of their own destinies in the foreign as in the home field. And that is the second great change due to the war. Let us set these changes out, because they contain in them the germs of great happenings in the future:

I.

The clash of nations (not necessarily warlike, but economic and political with warlike possibilities), is shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is an antagonism between the white race and the yellow, which would be less dangerous but for the spearpoint furnished by the pride and enterprise of Japan. The white race is drawing together.

The naval programs of the United States and Japan crystallize the situation.

II.

The British Dominions were already before the war asserting their virtual independence in many most important respects. The war and the sacrifices which they made in it have given this movement an enormous impetus.

They desire still to remain within the empire but they increasingly resist the idea that they can be bound by the policy of the home government in London. Their desire—and determination—is for complete freedom over their own actions at home and abroad, for nationhood on an absolute equality with the mother country.

Let me give some of the evidence of this great change which is taking place now in the British Empire. The Dominions (and India) each signed the Peace Treaty of Versailles separately. Each of them has independent representation in the assembly of the League of Nations. I am aware that this provision has occasioned criticism in the United States, but perhaps it has not been sufficiently considered that the Dominions demanded this individual representation and, if Canada is so much a nation that she desires a separate minister to the United States, how is it possible to deny her a seat in the League?

About Canada's views there is no question at all. The House of Commons in London passed the Treaty of Versailles almost without comment or discussion, the government saying bluntly that it did not propose to have the decisions taken by it at Paris modified or reversed. When the treaty was sent to Ottawa for the consideration of the Canadian Parliament, Lord Milner (our secretary for the Colonies) sent telegrams which urged that sanction should be given to it at once and implied that discussion by the Parliament at Ottawa was a mere formality signifying nothing. Sir Robert Borden replied very vigorously at once, asserting the right of the Canadian Parliament to a genuine and independent discussion of the treaty.

Since then Canada has put forward the proposal that she should have a separate diplomatic representative of her own at Washington, in addition to the British minister. The suggestion has not yet been carried into effect, it is said, because the British Foreign Office is opposed to it. But, once made, it is very unlikely to be dropped. And, let there be no mistake, it is revolutionary. It marks the formal beginning of the epoch in which the British Dominions will manage each its own foreign affairs, have its own diplomatic ministers and make its own treaties.

Here arises a constitutional puzzle of the first order. Suppose that we have within the empire the home country, Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand all co-equal, each directing its own foreign policy, and each advising his Majesty the King to take such and such action. Suppose, again, that when some question of common interest arises, the advice given by certain of these five empire-nations is in conflict, as it very well might be. "Oh," the reply is sometimes made, "then there must be some common organ of government, some imperial parliament or cabinet, which will harmonize such differences and evolve one common policy for all." But it is precisely this close federation, with its restrictions on the liberty of the individual people, that the Dominions simply will not have. Their tendency is all the other way—toward a greater freedom and independence. How, then, to solve the puzzle? No one here can say. We leave the question to ripen slowly and hope that time and common sense will solve it, as it has solved many difficulties before in the growth of the British Empire. The trouble is not on us yet; we merely descry it in a not distant future.

A similar tendency to insist on the right of self-expression may be discovered in the Union of South Africa. Superficially, General Smuts's action in splitting off definitely from the Nationalists and creating a Moderate party by the fusion of his own South African group and the British Unionists might be thought to make for a closer imperialism. But in fact, while it implies a blow to the Republicans who would take South Africa out of the empire altogether, it does not in the least abridge the self-governing rights of South Africa. General Smuts, in fact, tried hard to establish the bases of an agreement with the Republican Nationalists, and in the attempt assented to the assertion of the principle that it lay with the people of South Africa to declare their own future—that is, to decide for themselves whether or not they would remain members of the British Empire. In every direction the British Dominions are more and more asserting their independence in action while preserving the bond of the Crown as the link which unites them with the mother country and with one another. Take, for instance, the governor-generalship of Canada. The governor-general represents the king. The present practice is for the home government to present a name or names to the Canadian Government and ask for its choice or approval. But in Canada they are saying that this is insufficient and that before long they will simply choose the viceroy themselves and inform the home government of the choice which they have made.

In India we have just established a measure of responsible government. India has set her foot on the same road as the Dominions, but is only at the beginning of a long journey. Curiously enough, it is India that has lately provided an opportunity to the school of thinkers which believes that the future of the empire lies in a close combination of all its parts and the surrender by each of them of some of its liberty. A committee, presided over by Lord Esher, has been deliberating on the future of the Indian Army. This committee states frankly that it has in view the day when the whole empire will be ruled by an imperial cabinet, which will include Dominion and Indian representatives and be responsible not to the home parliament at Westminster but to an imperial parliament, and will give directions to an imperial general staff which will dispose of all the imperial forces, including the Indian Army.

But let no one in America suppose that this fantastic scheme is likely to be realized. It is in the last degree unlikely that there will ever be an "Imperial cabinet" which would be responsible to, and would have power to bind, the various British parliaments. It is quite likely that the British cabinet in London will in the future, as in the past, call in Dominion statesmen for consultation. But that is a wholly different matter. Such statesmen have no power whatever to bind their parliaments and countries and the British cabinet which consulted them would remain responsible to the British Parliament as before and to that only.

The tendency of the Dominions is wholly different. It is to assert their freedom of action; to decline absolutely to tie themselves down in any scheme for imperial federation, imperial cabinets or imperial parliaments; and to diminish progressively the authority which the mother country still exerts over them in the field of foreign and military policy. The Dominions will remain within the empire out of affection and out of affection they will, if the need arises—so we hope—maintain it.

But there is no limit to the practical freedom on which they will insist. It will extend to the control of their military and naval forces and to the direction of their foreign relations—Canada shows the way—and we shall have to square this larger independence with the formulae of the imperial connection. With good will and mutual tolerance we shall succeed. But it is a stage of development worth studying not only by us but by Canada's neighbors in the United States.

She Made Bolshevik Busts



Mrs. Clare Sheridan is regarded as one of the most beautiful women in English society. She is highly talented and is a sculptor of note. A great traveler, she recently returned from Soviet Russia where, at much personal risk, she made busts of Lenin and Trotsky, the prime minister and minister of war respectively. Mrs. Sheridan, always handsomely gowned, speaks of her dangerous exploits with a calmness and poise which are nothing short of amazing in view of her youth and beauty. She is a cousin of Winston Churchill.

Many Men of Many Minds

Sir Hall Caine.—Some of us honestly believe that if Great Britain is to do so no longer, it will be good for the peace of the world that the great democracy of the West should rule the great highways of the world.

Sir Thomas Lipton.—Saving is the first great principle of all success. It creates independence, it gives a young man standing, it fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with the proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success—happiness and contentment.

J. J. Underwood.—The day when representatives could be frightened with awful tales about what this class or that class was going to do to them at the next election has gone by. There is a general feeling that it is about time something was done for the country as a whole, and that's what's going to be done if Congress has its way about it.

H. A. Henderson.—With Bolshevism knocking at her eastern gates and with all the Entente Powers more or less hostile to the man who has returned to the throne, Greece may yet have cause to regret the absence of the great leader she has repudiated.

Professor George Santayana.—To be poor in order to be simple, to produce less in order that the product may be more choice and beautiful, and may leave us less burdened with unnecessary duties and useless possessions—that is an ideal not yet articulate in the American mind; yet here and there I seem to have heard a sigh after it, a groan at the perpetual incubus of business and shrill society.

John D. Rockefeller.—How can one be ready for the glorious opportunities ahead of him unless he has cultivated the habit of economy and prudence? He must save all he can in season and out of season.

Stuart Chase.—If society made the things it genuinely needed according to the best available technical methods of production and distribution, there would result an industrially wasteless society.

Philip Gibbs.—The soul of France is not happy nor at peace. Her agonies are too fresh, her wounds are still unhealed, and the price of victory has been too great. Whether one goes to the chateau of the landowner or to the cottage of the peasant, or the poor rooms of city needlewomen and workers, one is confronted instantly, four times out of five, with the ghost of some dead boy or man who haunts the living.

C. W. Nash.—Real success is the realization of an ambition to build or to accomplish something worth while and lasting. It is the achievement itself which brings the greater reward of satisfaction, not the money it may amass.

T. M. Fraser.—Only the strictest enforcement of the immigration laws is preventing Canada from being flooded with Europeans fleeing from the poverty and desolation of that continent. Both in Europe and at our ports the immigration authorities are on the alert to prevent the entrance of undesirables into Canada. It is anticipated that there will be an even stronger flow of European emigration to Canada's shores. It is a most difficult task to control and also to prevent undesirables entering, but if the regulations are not strictly enforced this country will soon cease to be Anglo-Saxon.

Canada Won't Be Anglo-Saxon If Aliens Flood in

Mary Garden.—I hope soon that we can put on Wagner and other German composers. Then I plan 33 per cent each Italian, German and French; and when good opera comes to be written by English and American composers, I would have their work performed in English for English as a singing language is as understandable as any other, as demonstrated by John McCormack, the greatest exponent of English singing I have ever heard.

Henry Cantwell Wallace.—We must have it constantly in mind that the fertility of our soil is our greatest national material asset, upon the maintenance of which our very existence depends. We can take little pride in great production if it means the depletion of our capital resource.

Andrew J. Volstead.—The saloon has been thrust from existence throughout the United States.

E. M. Statler.—When we do not improve, learn, develop old ideas or find new ones—we go backward. And you and I know how fast we go, when there's no driving power to keep us going forward.

Marshall Field.—I would consider it criminal if I did not take advantage of my opportunities to assist in the developing of American industry. It is using money, becoming part of the great exchange of ideas, investments, purchases and sales, that makes a man feel that he belongs to the life of his country.

Frank L. Dykema.—We are in a period of low citizenship morale, not as an after-the-war reception but as a logical result of the failure of our schools, churches and homes to train the citizens of today, in their youth, that the rights of an American citizen can only be preserved through the recognition and performance of the duties of an American citizen.

R. P. Hearne.—Within ten years the power monopoly of coal will be broken, and it will be broken not by political or economic methods, but by the arrival of a new fuel which will displace coal. Long before our coal measures are exhausted, coal-mining, as we know it today, will have ceased, and the coal strike will become as obsolete as coal itself. The age of liquid fuel has already commenced.

John Hays Hammond.—The sentiment is every day growing against the politician-orator type. The people want men who will talk less and do more; they are happily beginning to learn that the impassioned oratory by which a man gets himself elected to office grows out of a disposition that usually unfits him for the position to which he is elected.

Judge K. M. Landis.—Saloons made crooks and crooks made horseracing and boxing more than the public would stand, but neither liquor nor crooks are going to spoil baseball.

Unknown America—Looking Over Lookout

Concluded from page 6

cactus, and green-blazing small trees. But these bedizenments are less noticeable, and less frequent, than are the freckles on the face of a red-haired urchin.

In clearings scattered through the forests there are other rock plains. But they are fairly level places, and none of them is of any very great area. From one side to the other they are covered with shallow indentations that have the appearance of footprints of broad-footed beasts. Looking upon these smaller rock fields it is no strain on your imagination to picture them as animal dance halls when the rock scum still was soft. The indentations seemingly are the records of the solemn advance and retreat, and advance again, of these animals through the steps of some ridiculous rigadoon. The impression of looking upon an abandoned dance hall comes to a windup when you count the number of elevations scattered about its edges. These elevations are shaped like precisely-cut-across tree stumps that might have served as supports for benches giving comfort to onlookers during the festivities.

The endless lure on Lookout Mountain, however, is its streams, if you're at all active, and delight in paddling your own canoe, or in rowing a wide-nose, flat-bottom boat. The rivers flow through stretches of forest, and suddenly turn to make their way through gorges whose walls are smothered beneath restful laurels and gay rhododendrons, eerie orchids and flowering shrubs that wave in fantastic legless ballet as you pass them. Strings of a hundred and more fighting game fish are not uncommon in one day's catch. In the pools you can anchor your boat in the shade of the pines, and lie on your back in utter abandonment to the spell that comes over you—for Lookout Mountain is hypnotic.

The flora of Lookout is a hybrid of tropic growth and temperate plant life in many instances. And there are the fungi that are numerous and forward in their uncommon and brilliant colorings. Designers of women's dress fabrics are beginning to search the mountain's top to find and to examine these fungi for the purpose of evolving from them new color combinations. One of the fungi is shaped like a flapjack, supported by a short, stocky pedestal. The middle of the growth is overfat, but it thins to sharpness near the edge. On the top surface, and near its edge, the coloring is delicate orange. The tint deepens gradually toward the center, where it is a soft-toned spot of deepest hue.

Of course, all things on Lookout Mountain are not the handiwork of nature. A good many of them are man-made, and when you wander among some of them you immediately face a wall of haunting, unwritten history. There are, perhaps, more caves and grottoes on Lookout Mountain than there are on any other elevation in the world. In a few of these grottoes prehistoric men have left records that are unreadable. Coming down to the days when exploration was the principal business in the United States, De Soto crossed the mountain from Georgia into Alabama, and stopped at a place where Little River drops over a rock formation of peculiar texture, and then into a deep basin. From there the stream flows through a drawn-in gorge that follows a tortuous path to its meeting place with the other two rivers. During high water the falls extend to impressive width, and during low water it is a brook that affords unique shower bathing.

A ledge projects into the basin above the ordinary height of the water. It forms a platform before several openings that are entrances to caverns beneath the falls. Prehistoric mountaineers fortified these caverns, and some distance back in them the ancient defensive works are still in existence. What these ancients did when the water in the basin was high enough to flood their fort is a matter for conjecture; but floods seem never to have caught them unprepared, for their fort remains in very good condition when you take its evident age into consideration.

To the west of the falls a gigantic rock wave, seemingly at one time on the move from the direction of the falls toward the west, halted, it is easy to believe, and reared its head for a view of the surrounding country. Before it could bring its head back to earth-level it was stricken with solidification. Upon three sides this wave presents an unclimbable front; the fourth side slopes gradually in the direction of the basin. De Soto built a fort on the rock wave. It consisted of two stone walls, the first an expansive half-circle near the bottom, and from edge to edge of the wave. The second wall is a half-circle well up toward the brink. About seven feet of these walls are buried in humus, leaving not more than two feet above the surface. What De Soto did in the neighborhood, and how long he stayed there, is something for you to puzzle over, if you are historically inclined, for nobody seems to have very much to say on the subject. About all the information that you're likely to get is that De Soto, or some one who came after him, gave his name to the falls.

It is in the neighborhood of De Soto Falls that you come upon the heart of one of the most interesting aspects of Lookout Mountain. Particularly since the start of the World War back yonder in 1914, this entire region has been the playground of fine old southern families. They come from the heart of Romance Land in Louisiana; from plantations and cities of the Carolinas, and of Georgia and Alabama; and from every other section of the South where traditions not only are narrations to be handed down from generation to generation, but where they also are something to be actually lived from day to day.

In the wildest and most fascinating sections of this part of Lookout Mountain, extending below what is known as "Grand Canyon," because of its resemblance to the natural wonder in the West, these families have built summer homes. Against this weird background they live the sort of a life that reproduces a good deal of the romance of the South that most of us have read enough about in the pages of quaint fiction and description, but that few of us have ever seen as a bit of old-time realism. These genial pages from rare books begin to appear early in the spring, when the families come onto the mountain, and they flourish until late into the fall, when the migration from it begins.

The homes are known as "slab shacks," because they are constructed from slabs that are cut from the logs made by the timber cut away to provide a place to erect the buildings. In style these structures vary, from bungalows to rambling affairs, on the order of old-fashioned plantation "big houses." In places the "slab shacks" are grouped in colonies near the east and west brows of the mountain, and again families live in complete isolation in out-of-the-way places that are hard to find without a guide. There are also several hotels that really are community homes, built after the same delightful pattern. Clubs have purchased immense tracts of land. On these holdings the "shacks" are built nearer together, so that hot and cold water and electricity can be supplied from central plants. The idea of spending the summer in the South may appear to be a wild thought if you've never rambled that country during warm weather, but though the days are hot, of a night, even in July, camp fires are often pleasing things, and blankets are almost a necessity before morning.

Briefly Told

The wholesale prices of vegetables and fruits are so low in New York markets that many producers who shipped produce there received nothing in return but a bill for the balance due on the freight charges.

Spiders' webs may be preserved if they are sprayed from an atomizer with artists' shellac and then pressed carefully against a glass plate at the same time severing the supporting strands. Many spider webs are beautiful, having interesting characteristics of the species to which they belong.

A Pennsylvania surgeon sixty years of age recently removed his own appendix by the use of a local anesthetic. Next day he was further on the road to recovery than is usual the day after such an operation and dictated a number of letters giving directions regarding the conduct of his personal affairs and practice.

Joss sticks are made of a stem of bamboo rolled in a preparation containing many different odoriferous drugs, two of which are aconite and camphor. The aconite serves to protect the sticks against the attacks of rats and mice and the camphor causes them to burn steadily.

Calcutta is said to be the greatest rat exchange in the world, the rodents finding their way to and from that point in vessels.

The center of population as shown by the 1920 census is located in the southeast corner of Owen County, Indiana. It has advanced 9.8 miles westward in the last decade.

Small mines isolated from the outside world are often forced to close down by reason of breakage of machinery and difficulty in getting in repairs. In the Sierras airplane service has been used to transport parts and is proving successful for that purpose.

The legislature of New York state is considering the use of an electric scoreboard for the registration of votes which would permit a quick and accurate count of votes cast and in addition call the roll. Each assemblyman would have three push buttons marked "present," "no" and "yes." The signal would be registered by a photostat which would make a permanent record of the proceeding.

By blending corrugations or ripples in wire glass it is claimed a glass has been evolved that throws the light all over the building. This glass is strong and durable, being made in one solid piece and not in layers.

Trench-digging machines used during the war are now being employed to construct a pipe line from Havre to Paris.

Chemists have succeeded in extracting an oil from apple parings which possesses in high degree the characteristic and delicious odor of fresh apples. The oil is extracted by means of ether, and it is hoped that it can be turned to useful account for perfumes or flavoring purposes.

Candles are used for lighting purposes in the gold, diamond and other mines of South Africa.

A large section of State street, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, recently dropped into the mines beneath the city. The hole was four hundred feet square and very deep.

California fruit growers have launched a nation-wide campaign to put the raisin back in legitimate channels of circulation as a food and out of use as a poisoner and a killer. The amateur brewer is responsible for the campaign.

Black rabbit fur, shaved down to the regulation fur length, is made up into imitation seal skin garments, according to a rabbit fancier of Arvada, Colorado.

Gold was discovered running $10 to the ton by a resident of Glendale, California, while he was excavating for a basement in a new residence.

By boring a hole in the earth's surface twelve miles in depth enough energy would be discovered to furnish all the motive power of the world, according to a British scientist.

The government plans to cross the reindeer of Alaska with the wild caribou to build up a higher grade of reindeer, having greater weight and increased hardiness.

Chile's nitrate fields, the principal source of the nation's wealth, are limited to a narrow strip of arid desert located on the eastern slope of the coastal range, west of the cordillera of the Andes.

The great falls of the Orange River in Africa are more than twice as high as Niagara and higher than the Victoria Falls.

Paper made from wood waste in veneer factories is possible, according to findings of the forest products laboratory. The cores of many kinds of veneer logs and a large part of the clippings could be turned into pulp stock for the manufacture of high grades of paper.

A cure for rabies in the form of a vaccine has just been discovered by two doctors of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. The vaccine has been successfully tested on dogs afflicted with the disease and has effected speedy cures in every case.

A resolution recently introduced in the Idaho senate proposes the secession of the northern part of the state and the forming of a new state consisting of the ten northern counties. This territory claims a population of 150,000 people and an area of 35,000 square miles with property valued at $150,000,000.

Using a seaplane as a means of conveyance, an author is exploring Dismal Swamp in Virginia. He hopes to penetrate far into the wilderness and to take many photographs of regions heretofore unexplored.

A timepiece set in a finger ring is the latest innovation. It is so small that a glove can be put on over it easily.

Vast quantities of precious stones in an old iron trunk deposited years ago in the treasury of Austria were recently brought to light by the Finance Minister who was searching the treasury. The treasure for the most part consists of opals and other precious stones.

A wireless plant has been installed by the Navy on the Oregon coast for the purpose of giving vessels their bearings during fogs and in bad storms.

Rust-free steel has been produced by a Norwegian electro-chemical company. It is claimed that the steel does not rust and that most acids do not affect it. It is also claimed that it can be produced at the same price as ordinary steel.

Dog teams will be furnished men employed by the Edison Company in the Sierras of Southern California during the winter months when they are cut off from the outside save by wireless.

Scores of families left their homes in Bilbao, Spain, taking their furniture and live stock with them when a steamer with one hundred tons of dynamite on board stranded off the town. Notwithstanding the high wages offered, laborers were afraid to go aboard the vessel and it was necessary to summon workmen from an explosive factory to bring the dynamite ashore.

Two old-time prospectors recently appeared at the county recorder's office in Denver and staked a gold claim in the heart of the city. They say they struck a rich vein in the ground beneath the City Hall, the Union Station and other portions of the business district.

The tangelo is a new fruit, a cross between the tangerine and the grapefruit, and is more tender than either. The United States Department of Agriculture states there is little or no tendency for the juice of the tangelo to squirt when the spoon is inserted.

The use of the X-ray to diagnose tuberculosis is invaluable in determining just how far the ravages of the disease have advanced. Physicians specialize in this branch which is called "roentgenology."

Uniform landmarks in stone are to be set up as a lasting memorial along the line of the great battlefront from the Swiss frontier to the North Sea. The stone selected is pyramidal in form and perfectly simple. It will be ornamented by a soldier's helmet, surrounded by a laurel crown with the inscription: "Here was stopped the onrush of the barbarians."

The threatened extermination of the elk herd in the Yellowstone Park is alarming the officials in charge. On the ranges where ordinarily thousands of these animals could be seen, only a very few have been observed this winter.

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Navy Operates First Exclusive Hospital Ship—By H. O. BISHOP



Top—Commander R. C. Holcomb, a medical officer of the Navy, who is in command of the U. S. Hospital Ship, Relief.

Center—United States Hospital Ship, Relief.

Bottom—Operating room on the Relief.

THE American Government has put into commission the first ship in the world built from the keel up solely for military hospital purposes. This innovation of naval architecture has been given the appropriate name of Relief. It will care for the comfort and welfare of the sailors and marines of the United States Navy.

Equipped with every modern device to aid in relieving sick and wounded, and with a bed capacity of 500, the Relief incorporates in design and equipment all the appointments and advantages of a modern hospital. This assures the Navy personnel, however far from home ports it may be, that in case of sickness or injury it can expect the same facilities for diagnosis and treatment that are accorded residents of any of the large American cities in municipal hospitals.

Not only is it prepared to care for the sick and injured, but the Relief is also fitted as a fleet medical supply depot so that she may fill ships' requisitions for emergency medical supplies. She also is provided with a field hospital with tentage, drugs, instruments, ranges, cots, ambulance, and various other supplies, so that in the event of a catastrophe like the Baltimore fire, the Galveston tidal wave, or the San Francisco earthquake, she can render valuable aid by sending carefully trained men ashore and quickly establishing a field hospital.

This is the second hospital ship named Relief in the American Navy. The other served as a hospital ship with the Army during the Spanish-American War and later in the Philippine insurrection and Boxer uprising in China. At the time of the cruise of the battle fleet around the world, she was placed in commission with the Navy and accompanied the fleet as far as the Philippines where she is today. The Navy has three other hospital ships, the Solace, Mercy, and Comfort, all ships of honorable and efficient service during the Great War. These ships, however, were merely converted from merchant ships for hospital purposes.

As long ago as 1910 the general board of the Navy recommended that a hospital ship be included in the building program of the Navy. It was not until 1916 that Congress appropriated the money to build one. The keel was laid in 1917 but because of the war, construction was suspended until 1919. The Relief was recently completed.

The Relief is 483 feet long, about 10,000 tons displacement, twin screw, oil burning, and turbine propelled. In accordance with the provisions of the Geneva Convention and the Hague Conference she is painted white with a wide green stripe from stem to stern. This green stripe denotes a military hospital ship. Were she a Red Cross Hospital Ship, according to the provisions of these conventions, there would be a red band. Painted on the side of her hull and on the side of her stack are large red crosses. There are likewise on her upper works red crosses showing skyward for identification by hydroplane or airplane, that her neutral and humane mission may not be mistaken, and to establish her identity at night the red cross and other markings can be illuminated.

For boarding the Relief from a boat, a much larger platform is provided than is encountered at the gangway of an ordinary ship, this platform being large and roomy to provide for handling stretchers. In the after part of the ship there is a specially designed apparatus for lifting a patient from a boat in a splint stretcher. This apparatus is constructed on the principles of the quadrant lifeboat davits, and they are located well aft where there will be the maximum lee in a seaway. From the gangway one steps immediately into the hospital division of the ship. Here the wards are located. At the gangway entrance on both sides of the ship are located small operating or dressing rooms. Here the injured cases may be received and cleaned up before being sent to the wards.



The hospital wards and utilities are located in the comfortable midship space of the ship where there may be the least amount of pitch. There is a forward and after group with elevator service for each group. The second deck is the connecting passage so that there is access by stretcher between the hospital departments without going out into the open; thus such special rooms as the X-ray room, operating room, hydrotherapeutic, dressing room, and so on, are available from all parts of the ship.

The typical ward consists of standees of berths which may be banked in two tiers or as single berths. The berth is detachable, so that a patient may be handled if necessary without removing him, and is accessible if necessary from both sides. The berth is much wider than the usual ship berth. Its ready adjustability promotes the ease of handling the sick. The patients' heads are in the direction of shear (sear is the slant of a deck in the fore and aft direction) and this very necessary requirement of having all heads forward is taken advantage of in the arrangement of the lighting. Because the overhead decks of a ship, or ceilings, are low, and because the sick lie on their backs looking upward, special care has to be taken to keep the light from shining in the patients' eyes. As all heads are directed forward it is only necessary to place the lights in such position that they will be over the fore and aft aisles and a little forward of the athwart ship aisles and then put a screen on the forward side of each light. This results in a light free from all disturbances. At each berth, there is a portable comfort or utility light, which may be used for reading.

The wards are excellently ventilated. The air supplied the wards is first heated by thermo tanks and then forced into ward spaces. Adjacent to each ward are such rooms as toilets, baths and wash rooms, linen rooms, pantries and quiet rooms. The decks of the ship are wide and spacious and are provided with fittings to care for 100 or more swinging cots.

On the main deck near the gangway is the outpatient department. This is a group of rooms which while convenient and accessible to all wards by elevator, is likewise located so that patients sent from other ships for special examination, or co-operative diagnosis or treatment, and who will not remain on board as patients, may be cared for without invading the hospital precincts. Each of the larger ships, like battleships, has its own medical department with splendid equipment, but the medical officer often desires the assistance of consulting specialists, and in this out-patient group, are the X-ray and X-ray study rooms, the eye, ear, throat and nose rooms, the laboratory and dental department. All rooms are available for co-operative diagnosis not only to the wards of the hospital ship but also to the wards or sick boys of the ships of the fleet.

The after part of the ship is designed to care for contagious diseases. As the ship rides to wind or breeze this division would be to the leeward. There are four small wards for these cases, each with its own toilet and provided with adequate means for disinfection and prevention of spread of contagion.

There are many special rooms on the boat. A splendidly planned operating room two decks in height with excellent natural and artificial lighting and ventilation and with such accessory rooms as etherizing room, scrub-up room, sterilizing room, and dressing room and lobby. These rooms are on the upper deck adjacent to the sick officers' quarters. Most of the acute service wards are located on the second deck consisting of such special departments as the endoscopic room, two small operating rooms, and acute treatment room, and the hydrotherapeutic and thermo-therapeutic departments. On the main deck well aft are such rooms as the embalming, sterilizing, and incineration rooms. For preparation of food there are a main galley and a special diet kitchen. In the main galley food for the well is prepared. The special diet kitchen is fitted with electric ranges, and various other appliances for preparing the special diet for the sick. From this room the food is routed to the various ward pantries and to the bedside by means of portable cafeteria. By this method hot food for those in bed is assured.

One interesting feature on board the Relief is a mechanical cow which provides milk for the sick. For years everybody has been familiar with partially dried or evaporated milk known as condensed milk or evaporated cream which is heavily sweetened by the addition of cane sugar. The milk made with the mechanical cow is a reconstructed milk and the process is simply one of taking ordinary milk apart and putting it together again, these parts when separated having very good keeping qualities.

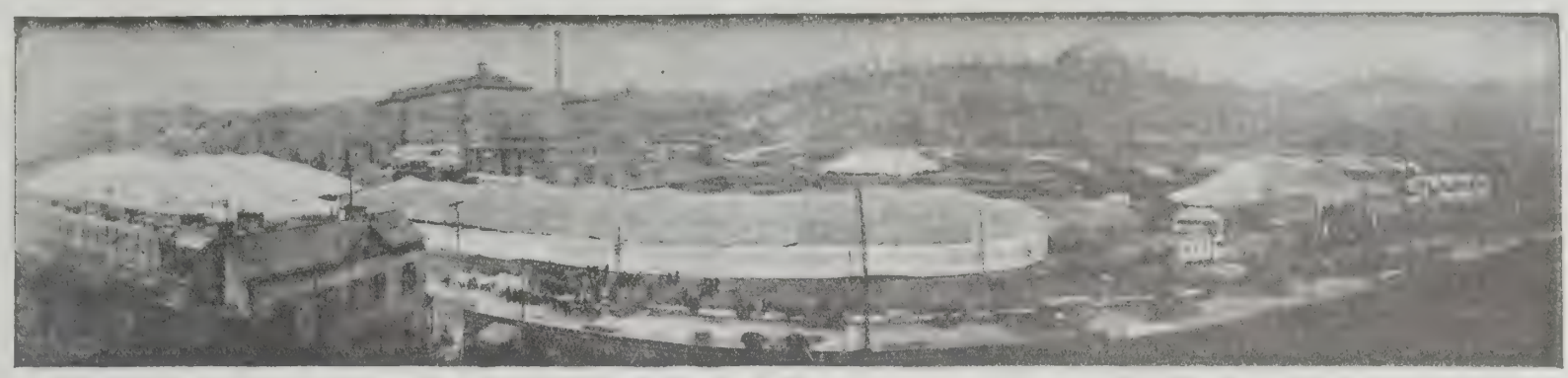
When it is desired to reconstruct the milk, unsalted butter and milk powder are brought together in a definite proportion of water, mixed and then put through an emulsifying process, producing a palatable milk of any degree of cream richness desired. As something over four-fifths of milk consists of water, some idea may be obtained of the bulk eliminated by handling the product in this way. As an evidence of the practicability of this process, when the city of Nitro, West Virginia, grew up over night, with a population of 25,000 inhabitants, no milk supply was in sight. But by means of the mechanical cow, reconstructed milk was produced.

It is entirely possible also to go a step further and by using a flavoring extract to obtain a product that only needs to be frozen to make ice cream. As the freezer is stationed alongside the mechanical cow, the ice cream mixture can be poured from the one into the other and the finished product is ready for dessert.

A spacious laundry equipped with all modern machinery is connected by elevator with the several decks, linen stacks, sorting and linen repair room, in which are located an electric marking machine and electric sewing machines.

The operation of the ship requires a crew of 400 officers and men. They are divided into a deck, engineering, supply and medical department, each a coordinating and co-operating division. In addition to the men of the hospital corps comprising the medical department for the care of the sick there is detailed a group of trained women, members of the Navy Nurse Corps.

The ship is commanded by Commander R. C. Holcomb, a medical officer of the Navy.



WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

I. Pioneer "Rolling Shows"

By HARRY BARNET

THE circus of today is not the circus written of in these lines. But this and succeeding stories which will appear from time to time in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are perhaps as interesting a collection of reminiscences of circus life as ever has been gathered, and the incidents here related are a veracious account of the struggles of pioneering under the Big Top.

"WHILE I wasn't exactly born under circus canvas, I didn't miss it very far," said "Governor" John F. Robinson one evening late in the summer, when we sat beneath age-old trees that make shade-shadowland of the immense lawn about the family home at the Terrace Park winter quarters of his former circus near Cincinnati.

"Three hours after mother rode her horse in the ring of pa's circus," he continued, "I was born in a tavern room overlooking the canvas. That happened in Linden, Marengo County, Alabama, on the 4th day of November, 1843. Eighteen months later I made my debut as a circus performer.

"Of course, I don't remember that debut," the "Governor" went on, "but pa used to tell me about it, and he laughed every time he told me.

"He was one of the very few four-horse equestrians in the world, and he had half a dozen acts. One of them was 'The Courier from St. Petersburg.' When pa came into the ring, there was a lot of funny business between the ringmaster, the clown and the courier. Pa was the courier, and when this funny business was over he was given a mail sack to carry to its destination. It was a big valentine envelope kind of an affair, and I was dressed as Cupid, and hidden among a lot of old papers on the inside of it. I was frightened to death every time they put me into that sack, and shut the end of it.

"Well, pa started off, riding one, two, three, and finally four horses at the same time. When he was riding the four of them, he pulled me out of the envelope, and every time he changed his position he shifted me into a different pose to represent famous statuary.

"Pa said that on the night of my first appearance I was cold—it was a bad night, and I had nothing on but a pair of tights that mother had made me from some kind of thin material—and the papers in the bag made such a warm nest that I went to sleep in spite of the fact that I was badly scared. I never knew when they carried me into the ring to play Cupid.

"And I never woke up when pa pulled me out of the bag, and tried to posture me. I was as limp as a rag, and he could do nothing with me. The more he twisted and jerked me the harder I slept. Finally, he pulled me in front of his face, so the audience couldn't see what he was doing, and he gave me a terrible bite in the thigh. That woke me in a hurry, and as soon as I knew what was going on I stiffened, and the act went off all right.

"That was the beginning of seventy years," the "Governor" concluded, "in which I never knew any other kind of a life than that of a circus performer and owner, except for the time I served as an officer in the Federal Navy during the Civil War."

Thus did the "Governor" preface this series of what could just as well be captioned "three-in-one interviews" as anything else. He terms these conversations "cutting up old circus money." He means to say that he delved into his memory, and brought out of it to me tales of the doings of tent show folks and creatures who made a strange world among us—a place under the sun that as far as Americans generally are concerned always has been shut in by a shimmery curtain of mystery.

For the real history of the American circus is unwritten. It is true that outsiders have glimpsed some of the romantic and fascinating phases of the institution. But they never got at the true inwardness of things. That record has been handed down only by word of mouth from generation to generation of the Vagabonds of the Red Wagons. And it never strayed away from them to the rest of us, because circus people are a set to themselves. They have their own ways of thinking and doing, and even a language that is distinctively their own. They never have had much to say to any one who is not of their breed.

Therefore, first of all, what the "Governor" does in these interviews is to scatter broadcast some of the how and the why of the circus as an American institution. And while he is doing this, he also is turning loose a close-up of the everyday lives of our forefathers; what they thought, and what they did—whether they lived in New England, or nested in the heart of the romance land that is Louisiana; and whether they were of the hordes who made their way far in the direction of the crimson lair of the evening sun, or whether they were of the other hordes who stopped mid-continent during the era of our national expansion from the Atlantic toward the West. All of this was gone over without a bit of "yarning," because straightforwardness is as natural to the "Governor" as the swallowing of food when he is hungry.

The third angle is injected into these interviews by the man himself. Stripped of the press agent glory that surrounds circus owners, John F. Robinson is the most conspicuous natural figure in the tent show world. No other noted circus owner was "born in the business." No other man ever occupied a similar position in the history of canvas-sheltered amusements. And his is the only family in which for three generations a son took over the management of circus affairs where the father laid them down. More than a century ago his father, John the First, launched the enterprise. When he became weary, the "Governor" assumed the ownership of the aggregation. It then was the largest circus in the world, though it was but a motley group of scraggly wagons and uncouth entertainers. For fifty years he led his caravans into the penetralia of every sort of people to be found between the two oceans, and betwixt the tromboning waves of the Gulf and the Canadian border.

That is how he received his title of "Governor," by which he is known in every place where his circus could display its gorgeousness during the years when the nation grew like a lusty weed in black loam; he was the ruler of a sizeable wandering community.

And while he was doing this, the Robinson family and their show became so tangled in the traditions of political parties, of fine old Southern families, of little settlements, and of just plain places along the roads, like Chicago and Birmingham, that afterward became great cities, that they're homefolks wherever they happen to "light."

"I don't believe there is a place in the United States that I'm not personally known," the "Governor" said, after a pause to light his cigar.

"That question came up one time when the show was in California," he went on. "I came back here to winter quarters to spend a couple of weeks, and on my way to rejoin the show the subject of being universally known arose in conversation in the smoking room of the Pullman. I made the same statement there that I've just made to you.

"Later in the day, the train stopped on the prairie at a place where there was nothing but a sidetrack, and a section house where the trackmen kept their hand car—there were no other houses around that I could see. We drew into the siding to let another train pass us.

"While we were waiting for it to come, all of us in the Pullman got off to stretch our legs.

"'Robinson,' one of the passengers said as he looked around, 'here's a place where you won't find anybody who knows you.'

"'Yes, I guess that's so,' I replied, because it didn't look to me as if I would. There was nobody there.

"In a few minutes the eastbound train came along, and it stopped with a Pullman exactly opposite me. On the platform was a Negro porter who was the porter on my private car with the show the season before.

"'Hello, "Governor,"' he yelled to me, 'How's you all, and where's your circus?'

"So even out there in that forsaken place on the prairie I came across someone who knew me."

In turn, the "Governor" passed the circus into the control of his son, John the Third, and not long ago it sang its swan song. The motion picture industry claimed the energies of his son, and of the greater number of the wild beasts with the show. There no longer is a Robinson circus.

But during the hundred years that the Robinsons in succession carried their show over the highlands, and through the brooding forests; across the quivering swamps, and the solid surfaces of a country that had an appearance none of us ever will know except through hearsay, they devised one piece of circus paraphernalia after another as the necessity for it arose. Other circus owners adopted these improvements as they were made, and successfully tried out, until, in a large measure, if the equipment and methods of the modern circus are not exactly a Robinson idea, they at least have the Robinson base.

"A man who never has been through the experience," the "Governor" said as a preliminary to how all of this came about, "has no realization of what it meant to travel by wagons over the country when I was a boy, and up to 1870, when I put the show on

(Concluded on page 10)



One of the first clown bands attached to an American circus.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 20, March 12, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Five Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The "Gold Star Ship"

THERE is genuine inspiration in the plan of that American woman who is organizing a pilgrimage of the mothers of boys who fell in the war to their sons' graves in France. It is proposed to charter a ship, to be known as the "Gold Star Ship," for this purpose. This to begin with; but the idea is a much bigger one than the associated expression of grief and pride of 500 or so mothers of slain American soldiers.

What gives the project exceptional interest is the fact that it is proposed to make the sojourn of these bereaved American mothers on French soil the occasion for a striking dramatization of the deep desire and soul determination of the mothers of the world in a demand on the governments of the nations that there shall be no more war.

A great convention of representative mothers of sons done to death in the conflict, mothers from all the belligerent countries, is to be gathered in Paris. And this convention is to go definitely on record in protest against the bungling and the chicanery of the so-called statesmen and diplomats which every little while so callously and stupidly consign thousands and millions of the flower of the world's manhood to be cannon fodder while making desolate the hearts of the mothers of men.

Such a demonstration may do more than all the leagues and tribunals, with their arid wastes of oratory and wildernesses of casuistry, to bring about what all truly humane people want above all things.

Duly Executed by Military

SIX boys sentenced to death by court-martial for "levying war" against the British Government were "duly executed by the military" in Cork the other day. The boys, whose average age was 20 years, were shot in batches of two at fifteen-minute intervals. Five of the youngsters were accused of having attacked Crown forces a few weeks before, the sixth was shot for having a revolver and ammunition in his possession. It was the sentence of this last youngster that the Court of King's Bench had confirmed a few days before in its decision that "a state of war existed in Ireland," giving the military full power to act without interference of the civil courts. An appeal for clemency for the boys, unanimously signed by the council and aldermen of their home city, was rejected by the authorities. Although relatives immediately petitioned for leave to bury the bodies, they were taken away to the county jail and there destroyed in graves of quicklime.

This is the plain, bald recital of a single incident in the present upheaval in Ireland, as narrated by the Associated Press dispatches of February 28 last. To those whom familiarity with war brutality and slaughter had not made callous, the news must have conveyed some such shock of sickening horror as early in the war was aroused in all of us by stories of "Hun atrocities," or of outrage and massacre by "the unspeakable Turk."

There are several considerations to be taken into account, if the actual human and historical value of the incident is to be rightly weighed. Here are a few of the more obvious: These boys, slaughtered in cold blood for "levying war against the Crown forces," were accused not of warring against their own country, not against the government of their own country chosen by a majority of about 90 per cent of the voters of Ireland; but against what they regarded as a foreign invader ruthlessly and relentlessly putting their native land to fire and sword. Even the high judicial authorities of this "foreign invader" has declared that a "state of war" exists between Ireland and England. Legally and actually, this is undoubtedly the case. Why then were not these captured boys accorded at least the simple status of prisoners of war? Only a few months ago, a British general was captured by the Irish Republican troops, but he was not shot by them. On the contrary, he was scrupulously treated with all the consideration accorded to a prisoner of his rank in wars between civilized nations. At rare intervals during the Great War, charges were made on both sides of the killing of prisoners, and even hardened militarists denounced such butchery as the blackest of crimes and one in utter violation of even the scant decencies still demanded of belligerents.

We may take the stand that the millions of Americans of Irish blood and breeding must be Americans, and not Irish; nor seek to embroil their adopted country in the troubles of their former homeland. But even if there were not a single American of Irish blood in the United States, we could not shut our eyes to such doings in Ireland. Americans who are not Sinn Feiners, or narrow nationalists in any respect, will with difficulty repress a deep sense of disgust and revolt against a wanton slaughter that must outrage the elementary feelings of humanity the world over.

Belgium's Indebtedness

THE mere fact that acceptance by the United States of payment of the $170,000,000 advanced to Belgium up to the date of the armistice in German bonds of a special issue totaling $1,000,000,000, and to constitute a first lien on indemnity payments, as recommended to Congress by President Wilson, seems to have been sufficient to provoke partisan opposition of the pitiful sort that figured so much in the Senate's handling of the Peace Treaty. Having, while in Paris, joined the British and French premiers in an agreement to recommend such a settlement to their respective governments, it is difficult to see how Mr. Wilson could have done less than he has done in this matter.

The question, of course, is for Congress to decide and it is proper that it should go over to the incoming administration. But if the bonds are guaranteed by Britain and France, or even by Belgium alone, such a settlement would be one obviously to the advantage of this country, as it would give us additional security to that extent. With our acceptance of such German reparation bonds, naturally, should go some distinct assurance that such a settlement of the claims of the Allies will be made as Germany will be able to meet.

Altogether, instead of "embroiling" this country in European tangles, the proposed settlement of Belgium's debt to us would do much to straighten out existing tangles, encourage gallant little Belgium in her brave and sturdy effort toward reconstruction, and do much to restore that normal rate of exchange on which a revival of our export trade so much depends.

The People's Savings

ASSUMING that Congress sincerely desires to replace the business of the country on a normal basis, we may expect it to tackle in earnest, and early in the coming session, the task of reorganizing our Postal Savings System. For some time past it has been apparent that the present organization is falling far short of discharging the functions for which it was created. Total average deposits in the Postal Savings banks in 1918, for instance, were only $130,000,000, as compared with a total of $5,472,644,659 in private savings banks. It should be obvious that a rightly organized and administered postal savings system offering the workers of the land an absolutely safe depository for their surplus earnings, should attract more than one-fiftieth of the total savings deposits.

Such Postal Savings banks would prove a mighty encourager of thrift. It could, moreover, be made a factor of first importance in reconstituting the nation's finances on a sound basis, with all that means for the revival of the country's industries.

A noted financier urges that the rate of interest be raised to 4 per cent and that all the 55,000 post offices and sub-stations in the country be authorized to receive deposits, instead of the merely 6,500 offices now designated. It is suggested that these changes would bring in enough money in a year to pay off the floating indebtedness of the government, now amounting to $2,500,000,000.

It is about time that we caught up with European countries that have sense enough to provide the people an absolutely safe depository for their savings, paying to the depositor the full earnings of his money minus only actual administrative expenses.

Immigration and Arithmetic

THE Dillingham Bill just passed by the Senate to restrict immigration will tax the arithmetical talent of those organized forces concerned in bringing into this country very large representation of the racial elements depended on for the dilution of American national ideals and social standards. As amended in the Upper House, the number of immigrants to be admitted during the next three years is reduced to three per cent of the national elements present here in 1910.

Assuming that applicants during the next few years will be in the same proportions as were the applicants in 1913 to those already here in 1910, the rule would deny admission to 6,152 French people, 3,208 Dutch, 359 Swiss, 10,794 British and 225,000 Italians. On the other hand, it would admit twice as many Germans as were in the 1913 inflow, which is probably less than the number who would now like to come here. How the rule is to be interpreted in regard to immigrants from the former territories of the Russian and Austro-Hungarian empires presents complex questions which will be put up to the secretaries of State, Labor and Commerce for decision.

Now if the three million Jews in the United States were registered frankly and veraciously as Jews, instead of as Germans, Austrians, Russians, Poles, Bohemians, French, British and even "American," they might get in 90,000 of their distressed brethren of Eastern Europe—90,000 out of the 1,500,000 reported to be anxiously headed in this direction. As it is, they will have to figure on the total of Russian, Austrian and German natives shown in the census of 1910. Of course, they will take the total of these nationalities, Jew and Gentile; but, even then, the number eligible for admission to the soil of the American Republic will be much less than it would be save for the camouflage constantly practiced to conceal their numbers. So it may well be that the success of the Kehillah through its chief lobbyist, in preventing the recording in our census returns of Jews as Jews, may prove a boomerang.

Do You Use Life?

IN A FRAME, hung upon the wall in a prominent place in the reception room of a large banking house in New York, is the inscription:

"Do You Use Life, or Are You Just Letting Life Use You?"

What a world of thought is opened by this query. Are you one of those who are letting life use you? Are you simply drifting with the current? Or are you guiding your ship of destiny firmly and unwaveringly?

Many a man and woman are letting life use them without an effort to direct their course. They go along the highway of life aimlessly, with no special goal in view. They encounter difficulties which, had they been on the alert, they could have avoided. They let life use them as it will, the plaything of currents which they are too lazy to try to stem. When anything goes wrong, these people who are letting life use them shrug their shoulders and say, "Such is life."

Life has been given to each one of us to use, from the cradle to the grave, as we see fit. Obstacles may oppose, difficulties may arise, there are sure to be many dangers and trials to be encountered, but if we are determined that our life shall be molded according to our best desires, and that we will not become the creatures of circumstances, we shall win in the end. We can make of life what we will; we can be used by it, flung about and trampled upon, and at last go down to a nameless death.

Or we can take control and become the master of life, and guide it as we will. We can use it to make a better, a brighter and a happier world, not only for ourselves but for others with whom we may come in contact. We can so use life that when the end comes we shall have obeyed Bryant's parting injunction in Thanatopsis:

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach they grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Mr. Ford's Page

PITY the poor fellow who is so soft and flabby that he must always have "an atmosphere of good feeling" around him before he can do his work. There are such men. They produce with a sort of hothouse fervor while they are being coddled, but the moment the atmosphere chills and becomes critical they become perfectly helpless. And in the end, unless they obtain enough mental and moral hardiness to lift them out of their soft reliance on "feeling," they are failures. Not only are they business failures; they are character failures also; it is as if their bones never attained a sufficient degree of hardness to enable them to stand on their own feet.

There is altogether too much reliance on good feeling in our business organizations. People have too great a liking for working with the people they like. In the end it spoils a good many valuable qualities.

Don't misunderstand; when the term "good feeling" is used, it means that habit of making our personal likes and dislikes on purely affinitive and emotional grounds, the sole standard of judgment.

Suppose you don't like that man. Is that anything against him? It may be something against you. What has your like or dislike to do with the facts anyway? If you are a man of common sense you must know that there is many a man whom you dislike, whom you must admit is better than yourself.

When you were a lazy young fellow you probably disliked the boss who tried to keep you busy. When you were a careless, wasteful young sport, you probably disliked the wise old head who took you aside and told you how many kinds of a fool you were. When you got into business and settled into a rut, you probably disliked the progressive fellow who came along with some live-wire competition and made you get out and hustle again.

But what do these dislikes show? Simply what *you* were. That ought to be enough to make you careful to remember that your dislike always tells more about you than it does about the other fellow. Your dislike may be wrong about the other fellow, it is perfectly unmistakable in what it says concerning you.

Now, if you are one of those easy-going people who prefer to have a certain type of persons around you—just that type and no other—it is a sign of which you ought to take notice. There is a dangerous psychology in having only agreeable people around you; it is too much like a man reclining on cushions all the time. Some men like to have around them women who "understand" them, and men who agree with them, and friends who will always defer to them, and a public that will always say "Bravo" no matter what is done.

The worst of it is, a man can have just these things if he wants them. But they leave him without gristle and marrow-bone in the end.

You can have far too much harmony, especially in business. You can go too far in picking men because they harmonize with you in your nature. You can have so much harmony that there will not be any of the thrust and counter-thrust which means life, any of the competition or friction which means effort and progress.

It is one thing for an organization to be working harmoniously toward one object, but it is another thing for an organization to work harmoniously with each individual unit of itself.

Some organizations use up so much energy and time maintaining a feeling of harmony in themselves that they have no force left to work toward the object for which the organization was created.

The organization is secondary to the object. The only harmonious organization that is worth anything is an organization which is all bent on the one main purpose—not to get along *with* itself, but to get along *toward* the objective. A common purpose, honestly believed in, sincerely desired—that is the great harmonizing principle.

Now, if John Smith does not like James Jones, what does that matter? The main question is, does James Jones know his business? Can he advance this program toward its objective? Away with personalities! This trivial, unexplainable temper which turns to likes on one hand and to dislikes on the other; this apparently unreasonable and irresponsible influence of attraction and repulsion—these are stray mental phenomena which may have reasons and meanings in some spheres of our being, but the man who allows such feelings to be the sole judge of men and the sole determinant of his comfort in working with men, is certainly laying out trouble for himself.

The whole matter of harmony has been over-emphasized. Not only over-emphasized but wrongly based. Everybody has the idea that harmony means the various units of the organization getting along well with each other, after the manner of guests at a party. But that is not the basis of the harmony that achieves: the only basis for effective organizational harmony is a common belief in a common cause.

A certain amount of friction is a good thing everywhere—not antagonism, for that is waste; not jealousy, for that is infantile stupidity; not a selfish and unprincipled cutting under of another fellow—but frank, open understanding that on this job at least we stand for what we are and nothing more.

Everybody knows of businesses where fellows are being "held up" through friendship. The staff thinks that So-and-So is a good fellow, or the boss likes him, or he maintains a sort of position because he "is easy to get along with." But what about the business? For everybody thus being held up, someone is doing the holding up, and the business is burdened to hold up both of them.

An organization can be so perfectly "harmonious" that it has lost the power and the courage to prune itself of its own dead limbs.

An organization can be so perfectly "harmonious" that its only salvation depends on someone coming in and making it work with people it "doesn't like," and making it do work that it "doesn't like"—in short, making it amount to something by doing what it doesn't like.

Don't do all the things you like to do: and do most of the things you don't like to do; and then you will become a character strong enough to step out and accomplish things with men whom you don't like and who possibly don't like you.

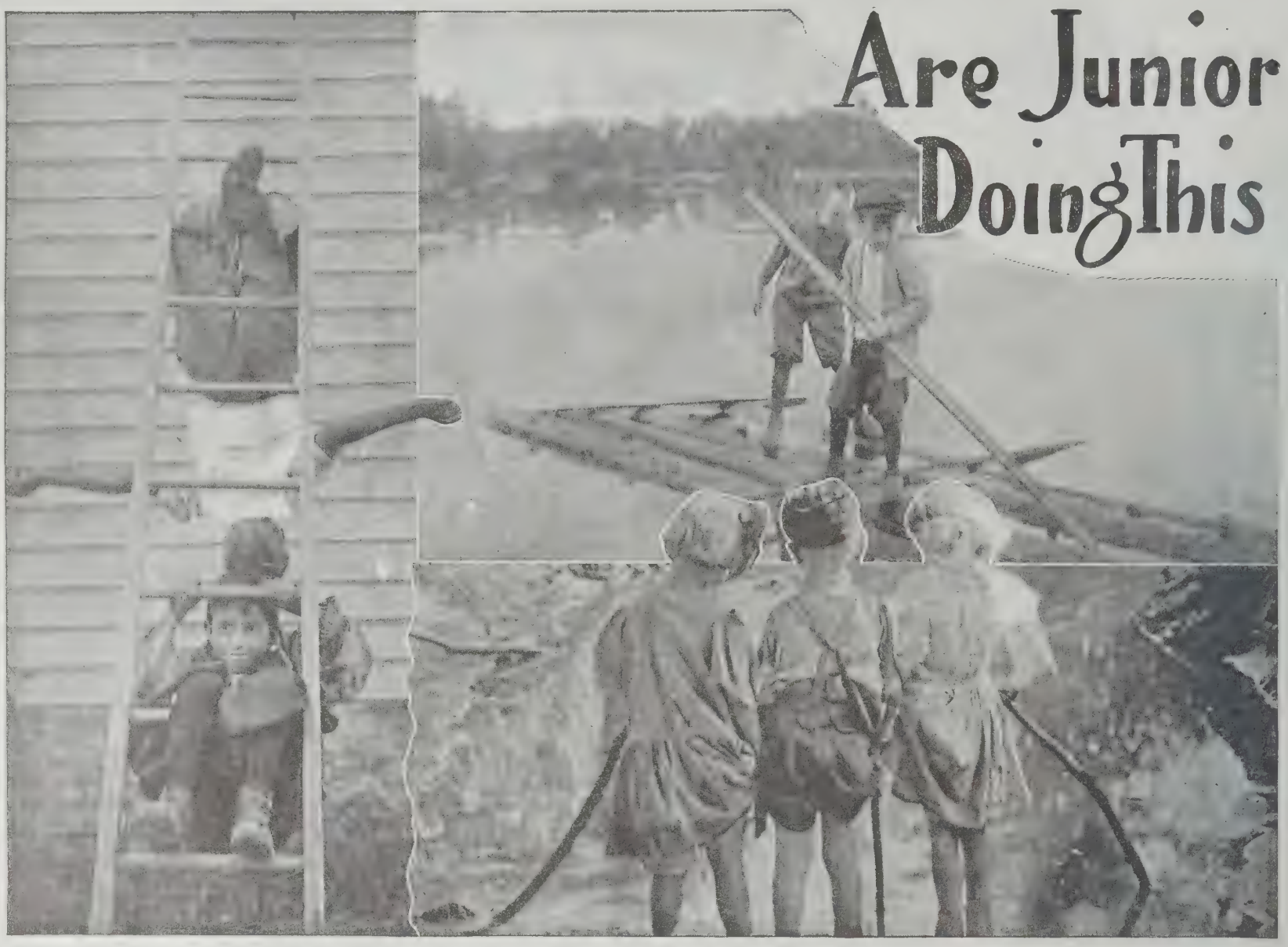
The young man, especially the young business man, had better put this "like" stuff away from him entirely; it is as enervating as lolling among cushions all day. The wise manager will get most of his work done through men whom he doesn't like and who may not like him; all that is necessary is for him to know and respect their ability and dependability.

Men who know will agree with this: there is a stronger bond between men who respect each other for their strong qualities, than there is among men who "like" each other for their merely amiable qualities.

How would you measure a man's value? You reply, "By what he is worth." Not by what you think of him, that is, not by how you react to his personality in liking or dislike? "No." Very well. If that is the rule you follow, you will not be likely to do an injustice to your fellow-man by misjudging him, nor to do an injustice to yourself by fortifying the always human tendency to unreasonable prejudices.

If you feel yourself getting soft and ineffectual, get out where there will be no sympathy, no understanding, no admiration, but just plain challenge to do what is in you. That will brace you up.

THE emphasis on harmony in business organizations is all wrong. It is not necessary for men to like each other in order to work together. Be guided too much by your likes and dislikes and you will grow soft and flabby. Do things you don't like to do, work with people you don't like, and you will find it bracing. A little honest friction is necessary to the production of power. An organization can be so "harmonious" that it has neither the wisdom nor the courage to prune away its own dead wood. Some groups use up all their energy getting along with each other, instead of unifying themselves by pooling their energies in order to get along toward their goal. Harmony in human relations is a by-product of team-work on a job toward an objective. Harmony that does not strike fire occasionally is only for mollycoddles.



Are Junior Doing This

Lots of fun out behind the shed, but some mothers might be nervous could they see their Percies or Harolds perform on a ladder as an improvised bar. There is far less danger to life and limb on the properly cared for community playground.

Looks nice and makes a good picture. Yet would you permit your girl or boy to do this several miles from home? For how many such places are within reach of the average family living in the country town?

Above—Maybe some country towns have small lakes near by, or mill ponds. Granted. Could you as a parent wish your sons to use them for sailing? Would they be permitted to do as the lads shown here are doing?

Helping to Oust the Devil From the Small Town

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

IT SEEMS like carrying coal to Newcastle to suggest that the children of the country towns need playgrounds in which to develop. "Why," says the heavy taxpayer, as he gasps his astonishment, "the town is so small, there's the creek right over there, and a lake over yonder, and there's the hills with canyons—why, why, when I was a boy—"

But that's just the trouble; Mr. Heavy Taxpayer and Mr. Conservative Citizen think in the terms of several decades ago when things perhaps were different. Still, in all reasonableness, there would be fewer criminals had there been places to play for the boys and girls of ten and fifteen years ago.

A frowzy-haired chap was indignantly expressing himself to a group of boys about him:

"Where we goin' to play? Mrs. Jones is afraid we'll hurt her hedge if the ball goes into it, and Old Man Dickson says we gotta' keep off his lawn, and you know what happens when we try to play on that empty lot over there by Castle's."

"It sure makes me sick!" answered one of them and by way of emphasizing that alleged sickness he threw down the ball hard enough to dent the hard-baked soil.

The rest of them hung about, pushing and jostling, expressing their indignation in one way and another until one of them spoke up:

"Aw, let's go over to Spud's shed, I'll show you somethin' that Speck gave me—some pictures!" And the accompanying wink indicated the kind of pictures expected.

The group of live, active boys averaging about twelve years of age left for the questionable indoor amusement of looking at certain pictures "given them."

And this was in a town of about 3,000. Yet many of the best fathers and mothers, teachers and Sunday school leaders would have been much surprised had it been suggested to them that their small city needed a regular playground. Because the town is small, and there are vacant fields within several blocks, even public-spirited citizens seem to feel that the boys and girls have everything needful properly to develop their physical and social natures.

Even casual investigations prove that as far as physical recreation is concerned the city brother and sister have access to certain advantages unknown to the country lad. There are the Y. M. C. A.'s, and the Y. W. C. A.'s, and municipal playgrounds, baths, sometimes improved beaches, always parks and certain playground supervision.

The small-town youth is fortunate (for it is indeed quite rare) to find a public school with adequate playgrounds worthy the name. Often the short recess periods must be spent in crowded quarters or on the streets adjoining. Check up this statement with the small cities that you know about.

Even "the wide country in which to roam" is not easy of access for the suburban child though it may surround his village. There are orchards, or grain planted, or pastures for stock, or estates laid out. The roaming will make trespassers of the roamers; even if this were not true the majority of children need more than mere hiking and tramping.

The Psalmist of old sung of the cattle on a thousand hills that belonged to the Lord, but by the works of man it seems that even in the village the boys and girls in their innocent search for joy and pleasure have fallen into the hand of the devil and his angels for they are controlled by most undesirable circumstances and unhealthy conditions.

Some small towns have endeavored to remedy this by providing places in which the children may play such games as baseball, football, tennis and the running games. Nor has this always been done by municipal authorities; more often by private interests who appreciate the trend of the times.

In Mountain View, California, a town of less than five thousand, a large publishing institution purchased two acres of ground and laid out a baseball diamond with back stop and bleachers. This is used not only by the employes of the institution but by the boys and girls of the neighborhood who have really needed some place where they can play during the afternoons. The way they have flocked to this open ground seems to have proved without much doubt the need that has existed.

On a recent Hallowe'en the local school board held a lantern parade and bonfire there for the benefit of the boys and girls. Those who desired to dress the parts so dear to children were given the chance to swoop about in their witches costumes, broomstick steeds, and pumpkin lanterns.

Certain games were planned that brought into active participation all of the children from the youngest to the oldest. With supervision by fathers who were still "older boys" something was doing every minute. The evening's outdoor fun concluded with the ascension of a balloon that had been made by some of the men who remembered the way they used to make them, aided and abetted by some of the "kids."

Of course the balloon, fitted with an oil-soaked string, turned turtle when the hot air had cooled, the string caused it to ignite and there was a bright spot in the heavens for an instant. The boys and girls and the parents too that were present all pronounced it "great" with a chorus of long-drawn-out "A-a-a-h-h-h's."

After the balloon had fallen in a trail of light against the night sky all were invited to the assembly hall of the publishing house where four reels of motion pictures were shown. There was, of course, no charge made for admittance, and all who could find places were welcomed. The favorite places were reserved for the children; parents and adults were asked to take the back seats. It was to be strictly a "kids' night." Some of the older folks remarked that "they had never seen so many boys and girls in the town before," and wondered where they all came from.

Every reel was appreciated, and when at about 10 o'clock the "Good Night" slide was thrown on the screen, boys and girls went home and to bed, tired from physical play, but with the sauce of mental food for a dessert.

It was noticeable that gates, doors, wagons,

and Sister – or this?



Above—Children of all ages like to swing.

Left—And the kiddies have their slide, made by the local builders. Installed in the vacant lot that has been set apart by the progressive men and women of one community, it's a rallying point for boys and girls.

Above—And the pole with the bar swings is good for shoulder and arm muscles.

Right—Let the girls be "boys" on the country playground.

wire mats and loose things were found intact the next morning. The town's night watchman declared that it was the quietest Hallowe'en he had ever seen in that town. There was no desire on the part of the boys and girls who were at the playground to "go on a tear" that night.

Ellwood City, a small town in Pennsylvania, is surrounded by beautiful fields, streams, canyons and hills. It would seem an ideal spot in which children could grow and develop. Yet the boys and girls of Ellwood for the most part had to play on the streets, or be "chased off" lawns, away from empty lots and places where fly balls might go through unprotected windows.

A tube company located there investigated conditions. They were looking to the future welfare of their own plant. The boys and even the girls that they would wish to employ in a few years were now on the streets, or in small back-yards, or acting as neighborhood terrors when they played "chase" over the residence sections. Others were endangering their own lives about the railroad tracks.

The tube company picked out two and one-half acres in a good location, the realty firm donated it rent free to find out the results of the experiment. The land was leveled, cleared of weeds and brush by volunteers from the local mill company.

Slides, swings, seesaws, sand-piles, volley ball courts and a wading pool were installed, together with drinking fountains.

Even before the place was ready the children came, and when at last thrown open more than one-third of the total school enrollment came out. Even the grown people spent whole days there, some even coming from two and three miles out in the country to bring their children to the place where they could "have a good time."

The factory men came during their noon hours for simple recreation such as volley ball, pitching horseshoes, or some form of baseball.

The community center, as it rapidly grew to be, is supported by the board of trade; public collections are taken to add to its advantages.

The experiments conducted by these two widely separated towns are illustrative of the results that may be expected. Both places have found the plan beneficial to the children, inasmuch as they learned how to play unselfishly and without fear of prohibitions against strenuous exercises and shouting. Some of the children have developed into leaders, that would never have become such without the playground. Others have learned how to play. Paradoxical as it may appear, all boys and girls do not know how to do this. It is not infrequent to find a timid child that has been cheated of this birthright by parents who have exercised the over-restrictive "don't."

New games were taught by the "old boys" and the "old girls" and a wide variety of healthful physical exercises were introduced that reacted against certain vicious tendencies among some children to adjourn to barns and alleys for unhealthy discussions.

Boys who swore and used bad language were instructed to abandon it or lose the chance to come on the grounds. This generally had a good effect.

The foreign elements were also benefited. (What American city is there that does not have some kind of a foreign population?) Three little Magyar sisters came to the playground. They wore dirty clothes and were most unlovely in appearance. It was observed that in but a little over a week these children had cleaned up, lost their sullen appearance and were mingling with the others on more equal terms.

The playground is one of the best "melting pots" that could be conceived for the boys and girls of the immigrants who are turning to America in such large numbers. Teach their children under wise supervision and in but a short time the parents will be taught, too.

As for the parents of these two communities, they felt greatly relieved. At last there was a place where their children might work off some of "their animal life" as one mother expressed it. The wading pool permitted the mothers to rest easy, for away from uncertain creek bottoms and river currents, one hundred of the small children learned how to swim. "It was far better," so one conscientious mother said, "for Robert to be with a large number of others and in some open space playing darebase than to be in someone's backyard, or out on the streets or highways."

Now, why may not the thousands of other small towns reap some of the benefits of the cities? Not even an expensive equipment is needed. It is not necessary to go as far as did the tube company of Pennsylvania. Any energetic group of people—fathers and mothers, improvement clubs and associations—may rent or lease a field or vacant lot.

Later, the parents or older boys may add swings, bars, and lay out diamonds; but every small city needs a healthy place where the active juniors may feel free to exercise strenuously.

Make the towns attractive, give them some of the advantages such as have been described and the exodus to the great metropolitan districts will slacken. Perhaps it has been because the suburban localities have failed to provide proper places for the growing generations that the homely but sometimes too true expression has been repeated so often, that "man made the cities, God made the country, but the devil the small town." Cannot man, working with God, encroach upon this supposed exclusive territory of the evil one and give the small-town dweller the benefits of *both* country and city?

The ideal? The future welfare of our democracy and the church. The sculptor works upon marble and knows that ultimately it will perish. The foundry man molds in brass and knows that time will efface the delicate effects. The architect conceives great temples and knows that they will burn or crumble, but it is the privilege of the common man and woman—you and I—to work with developing souls of boys and girls that will in turn brighten all eternity.

"Jewish Rights" Clash With American Rights

The Demands Made by Jews in Scores of American Communities Throw a Strong Light on Jewish Conception of their "Rights" in This Country

IT IS well that the public should understand that the present study of the Jewish Question in the United States is not based upon religious differences. The religious element does not enter except when it is injected by the Jews themselves. And it is injected in three ways: First, in their allegation that any study of the Jews is "religious persecution"; second, by their own records of what their activities in the United States consist of; third, by the impression which is very misleading if not corrected, that the Jews are the Old Testament people of the Old Testament religion which is so highly regarded in the Christian world. The Jews are not the Old Testament people, and the Old Testament, their Bible, can be found among them only with difficulty. They are a Talmudical people who have preferred the volumes of rabbinical speculation to the words of their ancient Prophets.

The note of religion does not enter this discussion until the Jews place it there. In this series of articles we have set aside every non-Jewish statement on this question, and have accepted only that which proceeds from recognized Jewish sources. It has been more than a surprise, in studying the proceedings of the New York Kehillah and the American Jewish Committee and their affiliated organizations, as represented by their activities throughout the country, to learn how large a part of these activities have a religious bearing, as being directly and combatively anti-Christian.

That is to say, when the Jews set forth in the public charters and constitutions of their organizations that their only purpose is to "protect Jewish rights," and when the public asks what are these "Jewish rights" which need protection in this free country, the answer can be found only in the actions which the Jews take to secure that "protection." The actions interpret the words. And thus interpreted, "Jewish rights" seem to be summed up in the "right" to banish everything from their sight and hearing that even suggests Christianity or its Founder. It is just there, from the Jewish side, that religious intolerance makes its appearance.

What follows in the course of this article is nothing less nor more than a group of citations from Jewish records covering a number of years. It is given here partly as an answer to the charge that this series of articles is "religious persecution," and partly to help interpret by official actions the official Jewish program in the United States.

"Christological Expressions" Taboo

AN IMPORTANT fact is that previous to the formation of the Kehillah and the Jewish Committee, this sort of attack on the rights of Americans was sporadic, but since 1906 it has increased in number and insistence. Heretofore it has gone unheeded by the public as a whole because of our general tolerance in this country, but from this time forth the country will possess information that what it has been tolerating is intolerance itself. Under cover of the ideal of Liberty we have given certain people liberty to attack liberty. We ought at least to know when that is being done.

Look rapidly down the years and see one phase of that attack. It is the attack on Christianity.

That is rather a hard thing to set down in writing in this country, and it would not be set down did not the facts compel it. Jewish writers nowadays show a great deal of anxiety that non-Jews should follow certain Christian doctrines. "We gave you your Savior, and he told you to love your enemies; why don't you love us?" is the implication with which their statements usually come.

However, here are a few items from the record: They are recorded according to the Jewish calendar (our modern calendar is "Christian," and therefore taboo) but here both calendar dates shall be supplied.

5661 (A. D. 1899-1900) The Jews attempt to have the word "Christian" removed from the Bill of Rights of the State of Virginia.

5667 (A. D. 1906-1907) The Jews of Oklahoma petition the Constitutional Convention protesting that the acknowledgment of Christ in the new state constitution then being formulated would be repugnant to the Constitution of the United States.

5668 (A. D. 1907-1908) Widespread demand by the Jews during this year for the complete secularization of the public institutions of this country, as a part of the demand of the Jews for their constitutional rights. —Supreme Court Justice Brewer's statement that this is a Christian country widely controverted by Jewish rabbis and publications.

5669 (A. D. 1908-1909) Protests made to governor of Arkansas against "Christological expressions" employed by him in his Thanksgiving Day proclamation, 1908.—Professor Gotthard Deutsch protests against "Christological prayers" at the high school graduating exercises at Cincinnati.

5673 (A. D. 1912-1913) The alarming growth of the Jewish population in New York makes it necessary for business men advertising for clerks or secretaries, or housewives advertising for help, to specify where Jewish help was not desired, otherwise the flood of Jewish applicants was overwhelming. The expressions "Christian preferred," or "Jews please do not apply" are used. This year the New York Kehillah takes the matter in hand stating that "these advertisements indicate an alarming growth of discrimination against the Jews and it is remarkable that many firms which cater to the trade of Jews display this form of prejudice."

5679 (A. D. 1918-1919) The American Jewish Committee took up the alleged discrimination against Jews by army contractors. Louis Marshall, president of the Committee, notified Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, that advertisements had appeared calling for carpenters to work in government camps, and that the advertisements required the applicants to be Christians. Secretary Baker replied that he had made an order prohibiting contractors from making this discrimination. (On the whole, this special form of advertisement may appear rather stupid: how many Jewish carpenters are there? Not enough to discriminate against. But there were doubtless other reasons.)

May Say "Jew" But Not "Christian"

PROVOST MARSHAL CROWDER, in charge of the Selective Draft, had issued an order to all medical examiners, under direction of the Surgeon General, stating "The foreign-born, especially Jews, are more apt to malinger than the native-born," and Louis Marshall again telegraphed both the Provost Marshal and the Surgeon General demanding that *"the further use of this form shall be at once discontinued; that every copy of it that has been issued should be recalled by telegram; and that proper explanations be made, so as to expunge from the archives of the United States the unwarranted stigma upon three millions of people."*

It was President Wilson, however, who eventually ordered the excision of this paragraph.

The United States Shipping Board sent an advertisement to the New York *Times* calling for a file clerk and stating that a "Christian" (by which is always meant a non-Jew) was preferred. The ad was not published as written; it was changed so that it requested applicants to state their religion and nationality. This last form would seem to be far more objectionable than the other. In the first instance the employer states fairly what he wants. In the second instance the applicant is compelled to divulge certain facts about himself in utter ignorance of the employer's preference. In the first instance, only the two classes that can do business get together; in the second instance there is no clearness about the situation until much useless effort is undertaken. Why? Because the Kehillah demands it. And why does the Kehillah demand it? Because, while it is all right for a Jew to remember that he is a Jew, it is not all right for you to remember it.

When Louis Marshall Protests

SO, LOUIS MARSHALL got into action again with the Shipping Board, this time with certain drastic demands. Strangely enough, the protest was lodged through Bainbridge Colby, who was Woodrow Wilson's last Secretary of State. Mr. Marshall demanded: "Not because of any desire for inflicting punishment, but *for the sake of example and the establishment of a necessary precedent, this offense should be followed by a dismissal from the public service of the offender, and the public should be informed of the reason."*

Attention is particularly called to the tone which Mr. Marshall adopts when addressing high American officials in the name of the Jewish Committee. It is not to be duplicated in the addresses of any other representatives of other nationalities or faiths.

Unfortunately for Mr. Marshall's plan of punishment, the object of his wrath was found to be a woman, and she was not discharged, although the Jewish Committee got an apology from Charles M. Schwab.

The Federal Reserve Bank and Liberty Loan Committee also got in wrong when an advertisement was printed calling for a "Stenographer for the Liberty Loan Committee (Christian)." Protest was made to Benjamin Strong, governor of the Federal Reserve Bank and chairman of the Liberty Loan Committee, and the advertisement was withdrawn. But this was not enough. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo was also drawn in to express his "reprobation for an unpatriotic act."

An officer in the Quartermaster's Department replied to a young woman who applied for the position of secretary to him that he preferred not to have Jews on his office staff. He was reprimanded upon the request of Mr. Marshall.

The Plattsburg Manual, published for officers in the United States officers' training camps, contained the statement that "the ideal officer is a Christian gentleman." Mr. Marshall at once made the standard protest against all "Christological manifestations," and the Manual was changed to read "the ideal gentleman is a *courteous* gentleman."

5680 (A. D. 1919-1920) In this year the Kehillah was so successful in its New York campaign that it was possible for a Jewish advertiser in New York to say that he wanted Jewish help, but it was not possible for a non-Jewish advertiser to state his non-Jewish preference. This is a sidelight both on Jewish reasonableness and Jewish power.

One gathers that a few people are still hugging the delusion that there is no Jewish Question in the United States. But another glance down the records will show the most prejudiced person that there is such a Question. If space permitted, the few details added below could be matched by a sufficient number to overflow all the pages of this paper.

5668 (A. D. 1907-1908) Jews agitate in many cities against Bible reading, Christmas celebrations or carols in many cities. In Philadelphia, Cincinnati, St. Paul and New York the Jewish opposition to the carols is met with strong counter-movements.

5669 (A. D. 1908-1909) Jewish Community at Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, defeats resolution providing daily Bible reading in the schools.—Jews attempting same compulsion in New Jersey are met with decision that pupils may absent themselves from devotional exercises.—Jewish agitation in Louisiana stirs ministerial association to defend the right of the school to the Bible.—Local council of Jewish Women of Baltimore petitions school board to prohibit Christmas exercises.—On demand of Edwin Wolf, Jewish member, Philadelphia school board prohibits Christmas exercises.—Jews present bills asking that New York Hebrews be permitted to ply trades and businesses on Sunday. Interdenominational Ministers' Conference takes official action and Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church, states that the attempts of Jews to undermine the sanctity of Sunday are ethically unjustified.

The Lord's Prayer "Anti-Semitic"

5670 (A D. 1909-1910) On demand of Jews the school board of Bridgeport, Pennsylvania, votes to discontinue the recitation of The Lord's Prayer in the schools.—In Kentucky State Senate, Jews defeat the Tichenor Bill making the Bible a book eligible for the schools.

5671 (A. D. 1910-1911) Jews oppose Bible reading and singing of hymns in Detroit schools.—New York State Federation of Labor opposes Jewish Bill to exempt Jews from prosecution for violating Sunday laws. (The workingman knows that it means a 7-day week for the Goy!)—New York Kehillah does two contradictory things; favors bill to permit Jews to do all kinds of business on Sunday, and pledges itself to co-operate in the strict enforcement of the Sunday laws.

5672 (A. D. 1911-1912) Upon the urgence of two Jews the Hartford, Connecticut, school board votes on the question of abolishing all religious exercises in the schools. The motion is lost by 5 to 4.—Jewish pupils in a Passiac, New Jersey, school petition the board of education to eliminate the Bible and all Christian songs

from the school.—At the request of a rabbi, three principals of Roxbury, Massachusetts, public schools agree to banish the Christmas tree and omit all references to the season in their schools.—Jewish pupils of Plainfield, New Jersey, petition the abolition of the Bible and Christian songs from the schools.—The Council of the University Settlement, at the request of the New York Kehillah and the Federation of Rumanian Jews, adopts this resolution: "That in holiday celebrations held annually by the Kindergarten Association at the University Settlement every feature of any sectarian character, including Christmas trees, Christmas programs and Christmas songs, and so on, shall be eliminated."—Philadelphia Kehillah demands that Jews be exempted from operation of the Sunday laws.—In the *Outlook,* Dr. Lyman Abbott advises an inquiring schoolmaster that he is under no moral obligation to admit Jews to his private school.—A Jewish delegate to the Ohio Constitutional Convention suggests that the constitution be made to forbid religious references in the schools.—Jewish merchants of Paterson, New Jersey, petition for exemption from the Sunday laws.—Board of education of Yonkers, New York, denies Jewish request to forbid singing of Christian songs in the schoc s.

The Chaplain's Insignia "Anti-Semitic"

5673 (A. D. 1912-1913) Annual Convention Independent Order of B'nai B'rith at Nashville, Tennessee, adopts resolution against reading the Bible and singing Christian songs in public schools.—Jews at Jackson, Tennessee, seek an injunction to prevent the reading of the Bible in city schools.—Jews of Nashville, Tennessee, petition board of education against Bible and Christian songs.—Richmond, Virginia, school board restores Bible reading to the schools.—Bill introduced into Pennsylvania legislature providing for Bible reading in schools and the discharge of teachers omitting to do so. Jewish rabbis protest against bill. Jewish Kehillah of Philadelphia sends telegram to governor urging him to veto bill. Governor approves bill.—Chicago board of education, scene of much Jewish agitation, approves recommendation of sub-committee to remove Christmas from the list of official holidays in public schools.—In response to demands of Jews the Revere, Massachusetts, school board consents to remove references to Jesus from Christmas exercises in the public schools. This action, however, was rescinded at a special meeting.—California Jews appear before Senate Committee on Public Morals to protest against a proposed Sunday law.—At Passaic, New Jersey, 29 Jewish members of the senior high school class walk out of class election, alleging "racial discrimination."—At Atlantic City, New Jersey, *during the national convention of the United States War Veterans, the proposal to restore the Cross as part of the insignia of chaplain,* was defeated by Jews.

5674 (A. D. 1913-1914) This year the energies of the Jewish powers were concentrated on the task of preventing the United States from changing the immigration laws in a manner to protect the country from undesirable aliens.

5675 (A. D. 1914-1915) Jewish rabbi demands of California state superintendent of public instruction that some verses appearing in school readers be eliminated.—New York Kehillah concerns itself with attempts to secure modification of the Sunday laws.

5676 (A. D. 1915-1916) This year occupied by opposition to various movements toward making the schools free to use the Bible, and in opposition to the Gary system. The Gary system receives a great deal of attention from the Jews this year.

5677 (A. D. 1916-1917) Jews are busy carrying out an immense campaign against the "literacy clause" of the immigration bill.

The Third Phase of the Program

AND so it goes on. The incidents quoted are typical, not occasional. They represent what is transpiring all the time in the United States as the Jews pursue their "rights." There is no interference whatever with Jewish ways and manners. The Jew may use his own calendar, keep his own days, observe his own form of worship, live in his own ghetto, exist on a dietary principle all his own, slaughter his cattle in a manner of which no one who knows about it can approve—he can do all these things without molestation, without the slightest question of his right in them. But the non-Jew is now the "persecuted" one. He must do everything the way the Jew wants it done; if not, he is "infringing on Jewish rights."

Americans are very sensitive about infringing on other people's rights. The Jews might have gone on for a long time had they not overplayed their hand. What the people are now coming to see is that it is American rights that have been interfered with, and the interference has been made with the assistance of their own broad-mindedness. The Jews' interference with the religion of the others, and the Jews' determination to wipe out of public life every sign of the predominent Christian character of the United States, is the only active form of religious intolerance in the country today.

But there is still another phase of this matter. Not content with the fullest liberty to follow their own faith in peace and quietness, in a country where none dares make them afraid, the Jews declare—we read it in their activities—that every sight and sound of anything Christian is an invasion of their peace and quietness, and so they stamp it out wherever they can reach it through political means. To what lengths this spirit may run is shown in the prophecies of the Talmud, and in the "reforms" undertaken by the Bolsheviki of Russia and Austria.

But even that is not all; not content with their own liberty, not content with "the secularization," which means the de-Christianization of all public institutions, the third step observable in Jewish activities is the actual exaltation of Judaism as a recognized and specially privileged system. The program is the now familiar one wherever the Jewish Program is found: first, establishment; second, destruction of all that is non-Jewish or anti-Jewish; third, exaltation of Judaism in all its phases.

Put the Lord's Prayer and certain Shakespeare plays out of the public schools; but put Jewish courts in the public buildings—that is the way it works. Secularization is preparat ·v to Judaization.

The New York Kehillah is an illustration of how it is all done, and the American Jewish Committee is an illustration of the type of men who do it.

Imposing Jewish Customs on Americans

NOW for illustrations of the third phase of the program of "defending Jewish rights."

The year 5669 (A. D. 1908-1909) was marked by an effort to introduce the idea of the Jewish Sabbath into public business. Jews refused to sit as jurors in court, thus postponing cases. Boycotts were instituted in New York against merchants who opened on Saturday. That this campaign has borne fruit is known by all travelers in eastern cities who notice that even large department stores are closed on Saturday.

The year 5670 (A. D. 1909-1910) was dedicated apparently to the work of introducing the idea of Jewish national holidays into public life. This question lately rose in New York in a threatening way, but was withdrawn just before the breaking point. Only temporarily withdrawn, however. The feint revealed the identity and number of those who are still on guard against the complete Judaization of their city.—Jewish members of stock exchanges endeavored to have these institutions recognize Yom Kippur by closing; in Cleveland this was done.—The Council of Jewish Women appealed to the Civil Service Commission at Washington for recognition of Jewish holidays.—In Newark, New Jersey, the rabbis ask the night schools to discontinue Friday evening sessions, because the Jewish Sabbath begins at sundown on Friday.

In 1911 an attempt to have Hebrew officially recognized was frustrated by Supreme Court Judge Goff who refused incorporation of "Agudath Achim Kahal Adath Jeshurun" on the ground that the title should be in English.—Chicago Jews have election date changed because the official date fell on the last day of the Passover.

In 1912-1913 a number of special recognitions of the Saturday Sabbath were obtained, including Jersey City, Bayonne, Hoboken, Union Hill. In the Ohio legislature the Jews defeated a bill fixing a certain Saturday as the date of a primary election.

In 1913-1914 the United States Bureau of Immigration granted the request of Simon Wolf, long-time Jewish lobbyist at Washington, that instructions be given the Immigration Commissioners that no Jews be deported on Jewish holidays.—The Women's Party of Cook County, Illinois, passes resolutions against allowing Jewish teachers to draw full pay for absence during Jewish holidays.—In this year also the question of the Jews' method of slaughtering animals—the Shehitah—was brought forward. The American Jewish Committee thought this question of sufficient importance to engage its full interest.

This series of facts could also be pursued at length. Kosher food for the children of public schools because there were Jewish children in the schools; protest against the Daylight Saving Ordinance because they were prejudicial to Jewish merchants who close their businesses on Saturday and open them after nightfall on that day. This is an illustration of the large number of small points at which Jewish life conflicts with community life. And, of course, each of these divergences is ground for an imperious "demand."—Harvard University was severely criticized in 1917-1918 for refusing to set aside an entrance examination date that conflicted with a Jewish holiday. Since that time, however, eastern universities have become more pliable. But the whole course of the Christian year would have to be changed and all the traditional seasonal customs of the country broken up if the Jews are to be given the full measure of "liberty" which they demand.

Of course, the work of the Kehillah is claimed to be "educational." It certainly is that. The best educated members are those who come from the ghettos of Galatia where the Kehillah idea is fully understood and the Jewish community government exercises unrestricted sway.

The Profane Ways of the Goyim

WHATEVER other phase of education the Kehillah may be interested in, it certainly stresses most *the education to separateness.* The New York *Times* especially likes to emphasize this matter of "education." It is a convenient description and somewhat aids the effort to minimize Kehillah's importance when it is under scrutiny. Nevertheless in the New York *Times* an article appeared about the Kehillah in which Dr. S. Benderly, director of the Bureau of Education, is quoted as describing the objects of the education:

> "The problem before us was to form a body of young *Jews who should be on the one hand true Americans,* a part of this Republic, with an intense interest in upbuilding American ideals: *and yet, on the other hand, be also Jews* in love with the best of their own ideals, and *not anxious merely to merge with the rest and disappear among them.*
>
> "That problem confronts Orthodox and Reform Jews alike. It is *not merely a religious but a civic problem.*"

That is separatism and exclusivism as an educational program, and its results cannot help being a cloud of difference such as this article has in part disclosed. The New York Kehillah, through its Bureau of Education, is giving "a purely religious training to 200,000 Jewish children," the religious training being, of course, not what is generally understood by that term, but a training in ideas of racial superiority and separateness.

This difference is strikingly illustrated in Jewish fiction recently. To love a Christian maiden is sinful; this is the theme of all sorts of stories, sketches and editorials appearing these days. But James Gibbons Huneker, in a sketch extravagantly praised by Jewish critics, shows how deep this idea of separateness is when he makes Yaankely Ostrowicz say: "As a child I trembled at the sound of music and was taught to put my fingers in my ears when *profane music,* Goy music, was played." This is the root idea: All Gentile life and institutions are "profane." It is the Jews' unceasing consciousness of the Goy that constitutes the disease of Judaism, this century-long tradition of separateness.

The Menace of Anti-Gentilism

THERE is no such thing as anti-Semitism. There is, however, much anti-Goyism. In England, Germany, France, America, Russia, there is no anti-Arab sentiment of which anyone knows. None of the Semite peoples have been distinguished by the special dislike of any other people. There is no reason why anyone should dislike the Semites.

It is very strange, however, that the Semitic peoples should be a unit in disliking the Jews. Palestine, which still has only a handful of Jews, is peopled by Semites who so thoroughly dislike the Jews that serious complications are threatening the Zionistic advances being made there. This surely is not anti-Semitism. Semites are not against Semites. But they are at odds with Jews.

When Aryan and Semite are kept conscious through many centuries that the Jew is another race, and when it is known that neither Aryan nor Semite are touchy on the race question, what is the answer? Only this, that the whole substance of such a situation must be supplied by the Jews.

There is no such thing as anti-Semitism. There is only a very little and a very mild anti-Jewism. But a study of Jewish publications, books, pamphlets, declarations, constitutions and charters, as well as a study of organized Jewish action in this and other countries, indicates that there is a tremendous amount of anti-Goyism, or anti-Gentilism.

Not that it is anything to fear. It is, however, something to know. Knowledge is a good defense. The New York Kehillah, having as its executive committee the same committee which is also the ruling group of Jews known as District XII of the American Jewish Committee, is worth consideration, not only as an illustration of the interlaced organization which combines all classes of Jews in one group, but also as an illustration of what is meant by "Jewish rights."

It is worth remembering that every "demand" voiced in Washington before officials and committees, that every high personage that appears there on Jewish matters—the Louis Marshalls and the Wises, the Goldfogles, the Rosalskis, besides many others, like the Kahns and the Schiffs, who keep out of the committee limelight and away from the protesting parties, are all linked up, through this Jewish interest or that, with the main interest which is based on the Kehillah and expresses itself through District XII of the American Jewish Committee.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

Concluded from page 3

the railroads. Even the smallest towns were great distances apart, and half of the time there were no roads. We had to send a pilot wagon with half a dozen men in it to make a road for the other wagons. The performers rode horseback or in buggies, and sometimes it took us a night and a day to get from one place to another. Then we ate and slept in the woods.

"In the towns we went to taverns, but they weren't very much better than the woods. They never had more than two or three bedrooms. The women slept in one of them, and the men in the others. Instead of having beds for us to sleep on, the tavern keepers threw straw on the floors, covered it with muslin, and we furnished our own pillows. About all that we had to eat was salt pork, swimming in its own grease, and corn bread. At that time there was plenty of game in the woods, but we never got it cooked at the taverns. And the coffee! Mostly made of parched corn, and sometimes of parched barley.

"We had an awful time with the wagons. They always were getting hopelessly stuck in the mud. Then we would throw everything out of them, and abandon the stuff. It was a common thing to abandon the tent poles, because we always could cut more of them on the edges of the towns.

"But there was one wagon that came through in spite of the mud or anything else. That was the ring curb wagon. The ring was formed then by a wooden curb, and it took one wagon and team to haul it. No matter what happened, or how deep that wagon got stuck, it was taken over the roads in one way or another.

"One night, however, down in the swamps of Florida in the late 40's, it got stuck for keeps. We couldn't budge it. Against all circus precedents we took the curb out, and left it in the woods. Next day when it came time to show, it looked for a while as if we would have to go back and get it. No performer felt that he could go on with his act without it, because it never had been done before.

"Well, pa raved around for a while, then he sent to the general store for picks and shovels. He measured off the diameter of the ring, and built the first circus ring made by throwing up an embankment of earth. We always used the idea after that, and then other shows took it up. No doubt, it has saved many a nasty injury to performers, because if they fell against the wooden curb they were pretty sure to get hurt.

"And then the lighting arrangements were another thing we had to contend with. Pa used candles—all shows did then—and he kept it up for a good many years, until I was old enough to take a hand in affairs.

"We had frames with sconces in them, and we put the candles in the sconces. They caught the grease, and that grease made up the salary of the chandelier man—he collected it and sold it.

"There were a lot of nights during the season then when we didn't show. The places weren't big enough to make it pay to show only in the afternoon, and some of the wagons would always be delayed. Generally the chandelier wagon was one of them, because it was the last to leave the lot, and the last to arrive in the next town, because the other wagons were more important.

"One night, down in Mississippi, when we were late in getting into the settlement, pa used his ingenuity. The first of the baggage wagons didn't get there until dark, but the crowd was waiting for us, and pa didn't have time to get the tent up. So he took the side canvas, and ran it around from one tree to another.

"Half of the show wasn't there when it came time to open the doors. One of the delayed wagons held the chandeliers. In laying out the ring there were so many fat pine stumps on the lot that pa laid it out so that the ring bank would hit a stump here and there. When we opened the doors there wasn't any light, so pa set fire to the stumps inside of the enclosure, and built fires on the tops of the stumps inside of the ring. But with all of that fire it was so dark that when I rode my horse pa would have to tell me when I had to jump over the banners. I couldn't see them. I was a very, very small boy then, but I never have heard of anything so crude being used to light a circus."

Interviews with the "Governor" are bound to be rambling affairs. One incident suggests another to him, and sometimes the second event occurred years after the first. And sometimes the connection isn't always clear to any one else. For that reason he provides a variety of narratives that, with his somewhat Southern drawl and slurring of his "r's" gives unusual charm to what he has to say.

"I guess there are a lot of grandmothers down in Louisiana this very evening who remember the night show I gave years later at Clinton, near Baton Rouge," he said, and chuckled.

"We were still traveling by wagon, and I was going to close the season the next day at Baton Rouge, and ship the show to Cincinnati by steamboat," he said.

"We hadn't been showing at night for a good while—only in the afternoon, because the places were too small. But Clinton had a female college. The young ladies couldn't attend the show in the afternoon, and I concluded to give a night performance for their special benefit—there was enough of them to make it pay.

"After supper the chandelier man came to me, and asked how I was going to light the canvas.

"'Why, with lamps, of course,' I told him. Some years before that we were the first circus to abandon candles for coal oil illumination.

"'The lamps ain't here,' he said, 'and I can't find them any place.'

"'Well, what did you do with them?' I asked him. 'This is the first that I've heard of them being gone.'

"'They ain't in the wagon,' he replied, 'and I don't know where they are. I guess somebody forgot to bring them along, or else they throwed 'em out of the wagon to make it lighter to get through a mud hole.'

"Well, I was in a fine fix then. All at once it struck me that I could use candles. So I told the men to get some narrow boards, about three or four inches wide, and drive three or four nails in little circles all along the planks. Then we put some candles I bought in the town into those circles.

"A good many of the young ladies never had seen a circus before, nor a wild animal, and they looked forward to the evening's entertainment as quite a treat. They came to the show in a body.

"After they went through the menagerie tent, and started through the connection canvas into the Big Top, they stood still in amazement, looking at the illumination. I never felt so chagrined in my life, nor so elated, as I did when they commenced to praise it.

"'Isn't it grand?' one girl would say to another.

"'My, isn't it splendid!' she answered.

"'I wouldn't have believed it to be possible,' they would say, and they were in earnest about it as they walked up the seats.

"All the time those greasy candles would keep dropping out of the sockets I had made with the nails. But that wasn't so bad, and I didn't pay much attention to it, until the performance started. Then the grease dropping down spoiled the costumes of the performers, and all of them were ruined. I didn't attempt to show in Baton Rouge on account of it. But I always felt pleased that I showed that one night, even if the performers did lost their costumes—I was riding then, also, and mine was ruined with the rest of them—for those girls never had seen anything like it, and they really thought it was a grand illumination.

"Of course," the "Governor" continued, his recollection bestirred and alert, "there always was some fun attached to being a showman in those days. About the funniest thing I remember happened when my brother Gil tried to tie a knot in the tail of an old he-leopard shortly after this night, when we got home with the show and were putting it away for the winter.

"You know, an old he-leopard is the meanest thing that there is on the face of the earth. The one we had then was a meaner old spitfire than any one ever owned, and when it came time to shift him from his traveling cage to his stationary one in winter quarters we didn't notice that the floor of one of the cages was about a foot higher than the other one. So we opened the door—the cages were backed rear end to rear end—and the leopard went in as nice as you please.

"Then I glanced around, and as I did so I felt something brush against my legs. Pa was standing alongside of one hind wheel of the traveling cage, and I guess he must have felt it at about the same time I did. We both looked down, and there was this old he-leopard going right between us. He had gone into the cage, and then had come out through that crack where the levels of the two cages weren't the same.

"Right there a stampede started. In the front of the building was an old show case that we used to keep dried curiosities in. It had a fine glass top. Pa wriggled inside of the case like a snake. But he was so tall that he couldn't get his feet in it, and when he found that they were outside he started to yell like an Indian.

"I got up on top of the show case, and ran over the glass top two or three times. But it didn't break with my weight for a wonder, though I had on a pair of heavy boots.

"The leopard went back alongside the traveling cage, and into a horse stall, and up under a manger. He stayed there, snarling and snapping, while we got a lot of plank and laid them down over the top of the stall, and then boarded up the back. That made a big box for the cat. The first thing to do, you know, was to keep him from getting away, and then we could have time to scheme some way to get him back into the cage again.

"Well, the boards didn't come together at the end of the stall, and left cracks, probably three or four inches wide. Some way the leopard got his tail out through a crack, and Gil was so excited that he grabbed it. Then he thought he was in for it.

"He commenced to pull at that leopard's tail like a maniac, and what for nobody knew, and they never did know. Of course, the harder he pulled the more the leopard struggled, and the worse it hurt him, and the worse things looked to Gil. The leopard was safe enough, but we couldn't get Gil to understand it.

"Then the leopard started to bite into these planks we had put up—they were only inch boards, and not a very good grade—and every time that the leopard would bite he would take off a splinter as big as the palm of your hand. It was only a matter of a minute or two until he was going to have a hole in front of him big enough to crawl through.

"Well, Gil sat there on the floor with his feet braced against the planks, pulling on that leopard's tail like he was going to pull it off before he stopped. All the time he was yelling for somebody to get a rope or to do something, and the leopard was yowling and spitting like it was possessed of a dozen devils.

"The whole thing finally got to be so funny that everybody got to laughing so they couldn't do a thing, and when Gil saw that the leopard was about to eat his way through the plank he got wilder and wilder, and commenced to pull on the animal's tail harder than ever, and to abuse us scandalously. That made us laugh harder than ever. Then Gil got desperate, and began to twist the leopard's tail. That made it screech and spit all the more, and Gil yelled like a pirate.

"'Here, Gil,' pa yelled at him as soon as he felt that it was safe to crawl out of the show case, 'what in the world are you trying to do to that old he-cat?'

"'I'm going to tie a knot in its tail, so it can't pull it through this hole and get away,' Gil screamed, 'and then I'll get out and get a rope for myself.

"'You fools would stand there all day and laugh,' he went on, 'and let this leopard get away and kill somebody before you'd stir yourselves to do anything.'

"But the leopard pulled so hard, and there was so much bone in its tail, that Gil couldn't make a knot. Finally, things got too serious. I grabbed Gil and got him to let go of the leopard's tail. The cat was mighty glad to get loose, and went back under the manger. Gil got up off the floor as white as a sheet, and shaking like a leaf. He sat down in a corner while we got another shifting cage, put some meat in it, and pulled away a few planks. The animal walked into the cage after a while and we had no more trouble with him."



Upper—"Governor" John F. Robinson, "cutting up old circus money."
Lower—The family home at the Terrace Park winter quarters near Cincinnati.

The Time Has Come

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

We can protect ourselves from our enemies but heaven preserve us from the blunders of our well-meaning friends.

The beggar is poor, the profligate is poorer, the borrower is poorest.

There is an awful lot of talk about common sense, when we consider how rare it really is.

Woman spends a third of her time fussing about her clothes, and man spends two-thirds of his time earning what they cost.

The quickest way to get there is to pay as you go.

A lazy man isn't worth as much as an Egyptian mummy, for the mummy, while useless, is at least interesting.

Flattery containing less than one-half of one per cent of truth will intoxicate.

Women should remember that there are no paradise feathers on peacocks.

The man who always watches the clock never sees the bands point to the hour of success.

Necessity never violates the law when it is coupled with industry.

A Strange Chapter in British Colonial History

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, February—(By Mail).

IN 1889 the British South Africa Company received from the British Government a charter to trade in and administer Southern Rhodesia and it has since been known as the Chartered Company. Since 1889 it has exploited, developed and administered the country with little return, it may be said, to its shareholders and it has recently been decided that if and when the charter is brought to an end the British Government must secure repayment to the company of about four and a half millions sterling. This is a remarkable chapter in British colonial history and it throws a flood of light on the way in which commerce and politics are inextricably mixed up in the development of new territories under an imperial power.

In 1889 Southern Rhodesia was largely occupied by the Mashona and Matabele tribes. The king of the Matabele at this time was Lobengula. He and his headmen, anxious to obtain money and arms, gave very large concessions in land to various prospectors. Some say that threats and bribery played their part in the obtaining of some of the concessions. To one of the prospectors, a German called Lippert, Lobengula gave a concession which afterward passed into the hands of the Chartered Company, which was then controlled by Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson. The company maintained that this concession handed over to them the ownership and disposal of the whole of the extensive territories occupied by the Matabele tribe. It would be an amazing thing if any king, however ignorant or bribable, should thus bargain away the whole of his possessions to a foreigner, and if it were true that Lobengula really agreed to any proposition of the kind the probability is that, being entirely ignorant of the legal forms of the white man, he was unaware of the significance of what he did. This is indeed the view which long afterward was taken by the highest court in the British Empire.

Before, however, the Chartered Company had asserted this astonishing claim it had actually seized the country. In 1893 occurred the Matabele war. The company conquered the Matabele, seized their territory, and have administered it ever since. It was the contention of the company that their servants were attacked without provocation by the Matabele. It is now, however, known that the Matabele were not the aggressors and also that some time before the war broke out Dr. Jameson had made an agreement with his little army of invasion under which he promised them rewards amounting in potential value to about five million pounds.

This was not the only native war fought by the Chartered Company. In 1896 came the Jameson Raid into the Transvaal. The Mashona tribe took advantage of the disturbance to rise in revolt. There was, as it happened, a clause in the charter under which the company was bound to maintain their police within the borders of Rhodesia for purposes of defense. Rhodes and Jameson, however, withdrew the police in order that they might take part in the famous raid and the Mashona, who had grievances of many kinds, promptly took advantage of their absence. The rising was crushed and the company resumed its sway. The point of these two wars, as will appear shortly, is that although they are traceable to the policy of the company, the company has claimed that the home government should compensate it for the large expenditure incurred.

After the Mashona War the company went on with its administration until 1914. Then the twenty-five years for which the charter had been granted expired. Meanwhile the white settlers in Southern Rhodesia began to be dissatisfied with company rule. (There are, by the way, about twenty-five thousand of them, against seven hundred and fifty thousand natives.) The white men began to demand that the company's charter should be ended and that they should be given the powers of self-government or, roughly, be put on a level with the various British Dominions. But clearly if the company were, as it claims, the owner of some seventy-three million acres of land and if its charter were to be taken away the question immediately arose who would govern this land under responsible government, who would compensate the company for the expenditure which it had incurred, and to what would the compensation amount. In 1914, therefore, when the charter was renewed, a clause was inserted by which the British Government could determine it and hand over the work of administration to the people of Rhodesia when it was satisfied that they could fitly undertake it. But at the same time the government referred to the supreme law court of the British Empire, which is called the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the question of the ownership of the many million acres of Southern Rhodesia land. This territory, it should be added, is always known as the "unalienated" land, by which is meant any and every piece of land that has not been leased or sold to white settlers. It includes, therefore, all the lands occupied by the native tribes, and for the natives the question meant a vital decision as to what authority would in the future have the title to administer their territories.

From 1914 to 1918 the collection of evidence by the various parties went busily on. The British Government, the white settlers and the natives all opposed the claims of the company. The company contended that for two reasons the whole of the "unalienated" land was theirs. Their counsel said in the first place that as the company had conquered the country they were the owners of it. The court rejected this plea. It declared that throughout British history whenever there had been a case of conquest of any new territory, only the British Crown could enter into possession of the ownership and the sovereignty. In the legal sense no British subject can found ownership on any private conquest of his own. The company, however, put forward a second argument. It maintained that Herr Lippert had by the concession granted to him obtained the ownership of the whole of Lobengula's lands. The court took the view that this was absolutely incredible and that no person in his senses or with knowledge of what he was doing could have perpetrated such an act as was ascribed to Lobengula. The words of the court were:

"It would follow that Herr Lippert was, or could become at pleasure, owner of the entire kingdom—for nothing is reserved in favor of the inhabitants. Thenceforward the entire tribe were sojourners on sufferance where they had ranged in arms, dependent on the good nature of this stranger from Johannesburg even for gardens in which to grow their mealies, and pastures on which to graze their cattle. The Lippert concession may have some value as helping to explain how and why the Crown came to confer the administration of Southern Rhodesia upon the company, but *as a title deed to the unalienated lands it is valueless.*"

The court, therefore, found that the Crown and not the company owned the "unalienated" lands, but it found also that the company was entitled to look to the Crown to reimburse to it the "necessary and proper" expenditure which it had incurred in the administration of Southern Rhodesia. Next came the elections to the legislative council in Southern Rhodesia. The Chartered Company was completely defeated. The white settlers would have neither company rule nor absorption in the South African Union nor Crown Colony government. They insisted by an immense majority that they must have responsible government. When they put this demand to the colonial office, Lord Milner replied that nothing could be decided until it was known how much had to be paid to the Chartered Company and who would actually have to do the paying.

Meanwhile, a commission was at work investigating the amount which was due to be paid to the company. This was the Cave Commission (called after Lord Cave, its president), which has just now reported. There were many difficulties in its way. The company's accounts were partly commercial and partly administrative and the two sides were very hard to disentangle. Thus the company as an administrative organ had assigned lands to itself as a commercial concern, and the value of these has now to be ascertained and deducted from whatever amount is due to the company. The company's claims originally were very high. One of its spokesmen, addressing the shareholders, put them at £10,000,000, and in addition a claim was made for interest. Had the whole of the company's original claim been allowed plus interest, it is estimated that the British Crown would have been saddled with responsibility for £18,000,000—not much in comparison with the cost of the Great War but an annoying addition to the financial burdens which are already breaking both our backs and our hearts.

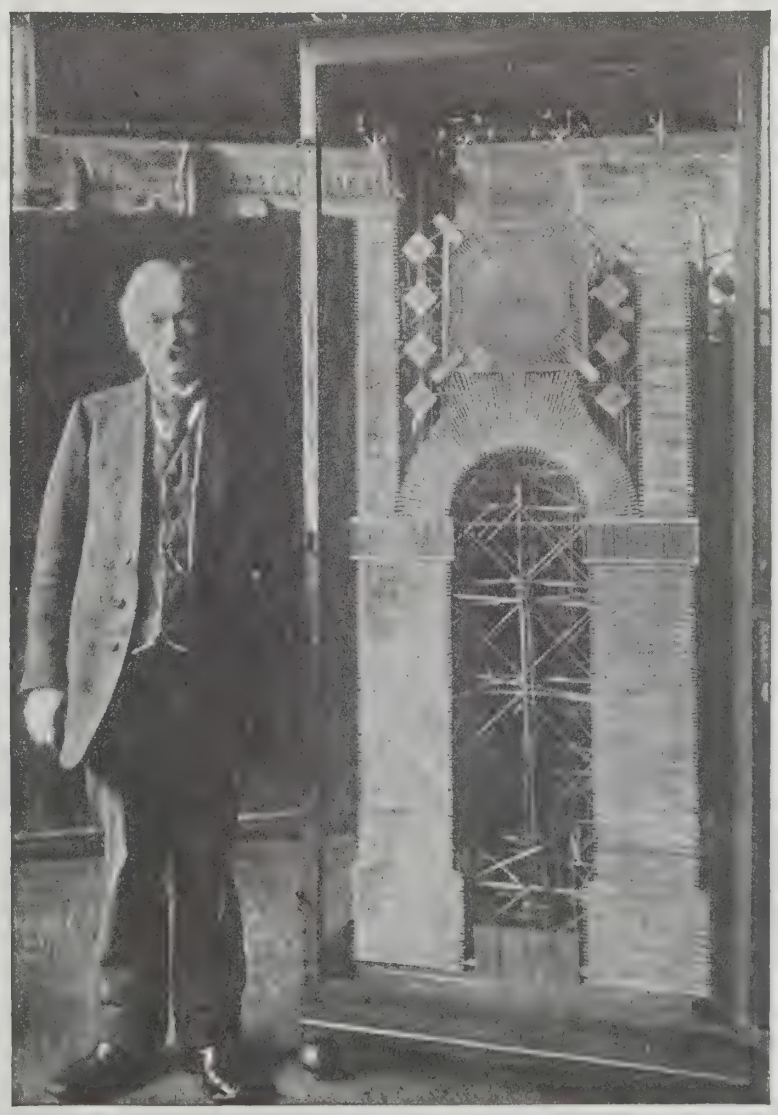
When the company came to make its final statement to the commission, it claimed nearly £8,000,000 and this, be it noted, included a sum for the 1893 war against the Matabele and a much larger amount—between two and three millions—for the suppression of the Mashona revolt in 1896. The commission now pronounces that the sum due to the company is about £4,500,000. Happily it has disallowed most, if not all, of the unwarrantable claims made for the Matabele and Mashona wars, and it has refused interest, on what grounds is not stated. The view of the company is that these sums were expended by it on behalf of the Crown. Had it not expended them, it would have employed them profitably or distributed them among its shareholders and the claim for interest seems, therefore, logically reasonable. The commission presumably takes the view that no profits at all ought to be made, or ought to have been made, out of the task of governing a country inhabited mainly by native tribes. The administration, whether that of a chartered company or of a great power, ought to be a trusteeship for the natives and should not be carried on for profit, and the commission no doubt thinks that if the shareholders of the company now obtain some millions of profit, they do uncommonly well without the addition of interest. Whether that is the view of the commission or not, it is unquestionably the right view. Neither the Chartered Company nor England nor any other country similarly placed has the slightest moral right to take a country from its native owners and administer it for private profit. That is, indeed, a decisive reason against the whole system of government by chartered company in native territories, and we profoundly hope that we have seen the last of it in British colonial policy.

But who is to pay these millions to the Chartered Company? Whose pocket is to suffer? Morally the white people of Rhodesia ought to bear the principal burden. The administration has been mainly for their benefit. The Crown has now to pay for roads made by the company and for government buildings erected by it. All such things were created chiefly for the use of the whites and will profit them more than anyone else. Similarly the natives might be called on for small contributions. The British taxpayers, as the overlord for whom the company acted, should pay something too.

This question of who pays is not a small matter. The Judicial Committee in 1918 suggested that a compensation fund should be created out of the sale of the "unalienated" lands—the sale, that is, of lands now held by the natives. But it would be the last word in injustice that after the company had seized the natives' country as a whole, the Crown should now proceed to sell their lands to white men to reward the very people who made the war and seized the country.

That surely cannot be done. The British Parliament has yet to consider the whole case and if it does its duty it will insist that it is the trustee for the dispossessed natives and that they shall not be wronged. It may be doubtful in what proportions the burden of the four and a half millions should be distributed between the British taxpayer and the Rhodesian whites. But at least it cannot be thrown, except possibly for a very small contribution, on the original native owners of Southern Rhodesia whom we have dispossessed.

A Remarkable Clock Made Entirely of Straw Keeps Good Time



(C) Gilliams Service

A clock made entirely of unprepared straw, both in construction and mechanism, is now on exhibition in one of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm's Palaces in Berlin. It is 5 1-2 feet in height and 2 feet 4 inches in width, and after winding, keeps accurate time for five hours. The constructor, Otto Wegener, of Strassburg, worked for fifteen years before he perfected the mechanism. He is standing proudly beside his great work.

Should the Farm Woman Be Pitied or Envied?

By AARON HARDY ULM

This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Ulm on farm life and farm management.

"THE farm woman has been the most neglected factor in the rural population." That sentence is the keynote in a letter of inquiry sent by the United States Department of Agriculture a few years ago to about 50,000 American farm women.

About 2,000 answered—mainly in kind. Besought for expressions of dissatisfaction most women who replied to the inquiry sent up wails of complaint that would bring tears from a brute. A few didn't attune their answers to the note of pity put forth in the department's letter, and those few wrote optimistically of farm life.

A short time ago a farm paper with a big circulation called its readers' attention to something somebody had said or written about the down-trodden and unhappy situation of American farm women as a class. The paper expressed disagreement with the contention and asked its readers to write and say whether it was correct. The writer has seen a stack made up of hundreds of letters written voluntarily in response to the request. Virtually all agreed with the farm paper's contention, the writers expressing a high degree of satisfaction with farm life.

When one approaches the farm woman question, the result attained depends largely upon the manner of the approach. If it is optimistic, so will be the returns, and vice versa.

A rural life specialist in the United States Department of Agriculture is planning to send out another series of departmental inquiries to farm women. Instead of approaching them on the basis of their being the "most neglected factor in the rural population" he proposes to predicate his inquiry on the basis of their being the "most important factor in the rural population." And he is going to request them to say how they are living up to their high obligations, to detail the satisfactions they get out of rural life, and to tell how pleased, and for what reasons, they are with the lives they live. He expects a response that will be as optimistic and cheery as that of a few years ago was pessimistic and gloomy.

The mistake most people make in sizing up the farm woman, and for that matter any farm problem, is in judging the different equations by city standards. Most farmers get up and begin work at daylight and don't knock off until dark during the longest days of the year but it is a mistake to visualize a farmer's work hours in the terms of a mechanic or clerk working from daylight until dark in mid-summer. It is a different proposition. Likewise the farm wife and her duties and deprivations, as compared with the city woman and her "advantages."

Only recently the United States Department of Agriculture announced the results of the most extended farm-home survey ever made in this country. It was carried out in co-operation with the agricultural colleges and the facts were collected by home economics or county extension agents directly from more than 10,000 homes in selected "typical" farming communities in all the states of the North and West. Interpreted by the more or less imaginary "city standard" much of the data secured is very depressing. It was shown, for example, that the farm woman's work day in summer averages more than 13 hours. But it is foolish to judge that in terms of a woman standing at a machine in a factory or a counter in a store for 13 hours day after day. The farm woman's work at least has variety. It was shown that her winter work day averages much less—only a little more than 10 hours. It was shown that only about 12 per cent of farm women enjoy annual vacations, which was one of the most depressing figures. But if compared with the vacations enjoyed annually by the farm women of fifty years ago it would probably show considerable advance. It was shown that about 25 per cent of farm women, in addition to housekeeping, help with live stock and in the fields—a discouraging item. But in some countries it is the universal custom for farm women to take care of the live stock. And in many countries the women help in the fields all the year, while it was shown that the American farm women who did work in the fields do so for about only seven weeks in the year. It was indicated, furthermore, that field work in the communities surveyed was confined largely to immigrant women. "I don't work in the fields because American women don't," one Italian woman wrote, for instance, on her questionnaire.

The worst showing made by the figures resulting from the survey was with reference to conveniences in the home as compared with those in the fields and the barns. They show quite clearly that the average American farmer has been more interested in getting labor-saving machinery for field or farm use than for home use. This, the students say, isn't an abnormal phenomenon, that money-earning must precede living luxuries. And the farmer has not yet quite reached the stage whereby he views many household appurtenances now regarded as necessaries in cities as being much more than luxuries. But that he is seeing their practical as well as pleasure worth is shown, after all, by the vast extent which the survey shows up-to-date household equipment has been acquired by farmers.

Running water and lighting systems and power machinery in the home as well as outside of it and bathrooms were found on from one-fifth to one-third of the farms in the North and West. There were not so many of those things on the farms as in the cities but compared with what were on the farms fifty or even twenty-five years ago the facts show immense progress.

"That marked progress has been made during the last few years in raising the rural home standards of living cannot be questioned," says Miss Florence E. Ward, in charge of the extension work with women of the North and West carried on by the Federal Department of Agriculture. "Every community boasts some homes which exemplify the fact that the country today with a reasonable amount of prosperity and good management offers all the traditional freedom and independence of rural living with most of the hardships of former days eliminated. The telephone and the automobile in large measure free the farm family of isolation. Modern machinery for farm and home eliminates the drudgery from field and kitchen. Rural engineering has mastered the problems of sanitation for the farm home. Community centers make possible wholesome and inspiriting social contacts and mediums of self-expression."

Yet, as Miss Ward and others say, there is much room for improving the conditions surrounding the average farm woman, just as there is much room for improving the conditions surrounding the average individual of almost any type or class.

And many agencies are now at work on the job of helping to make farm life more attractive to women. For, unlike most city pursuits, woman is virtually essential to successful farming. One of the chief difficulties farm economists have in arriving at statistical data regarding farm operations is due to the farm home being inseparably entwined with the farm business.

"Farming is essentially a home enterprise," says Dr. Warren, of Cornell. "It is very different from most city occupations. The success of the farm is dependent on the entire family."

The biggest work on behalf of the farm home and farm women centers in the United States Department of Agriculture and is carried on co-operatively with the states by the means of the agricultural extension service created by the Smith-Lever Act of several years ago. The home economics branch of the extension work relates directly to the farm home. It has not been advanced nearly so much as has the county agent branch of the same service. The county agents deal directly with farming operations. One or more are now employed in a majority of the farming counties. Home economics workers are not so numerous, there being fewer than 300 in all the counties of the North and West. Home economics workers and county agents constitute the connecting link between the Federal and state departments of agriculture and the state agricultural colleges. Home economics workers, as with county agents, are in no sense "uplifters." They work best in the most enterprising farm communities. Their business is to carry to the farm homes expert knowledge not easily gained by women anywhere.

Thus the home economics division of the Department of Agriculture is headed by a distinguished scientist, Dr. C. F. Langworthy, who is assisted by Miss Caroline B. Hunt, both of whom are national authorities, for example, on food values. They have made extended scientific studies of various foods with the double purpose of facilitating the efficient use of farm products and adding to health and strength of both city and country people.

The scientific branch of the department's home economics work has studied housekeeping appliances and methods with the view of showing women how to lighten their burdens and increase the efficiency of their homes. One of the studies, for instance, had to do with the different degrees of energy spent by women in performing each of the foremost tasks of housekeeping. This was done by placing a woman in a big calorimeter, which makes infinite measurements of heat, and having her sweep, or wash clothes, or iron, or sit and rest, and so on, during fixed periods of time. The instrument registered the calories of heat consumed an hour in each operation. Washing towels ate up the most strength and sweeping came next.

That sort of information guides the directors of the home economics workers in developing programs of advice based on sound principles. Those programs are shaped largely by the needs of different communities. Often a good new idea is developed in some remote community. The home economics worker learns of it and passes it along to the people in Washington, who in turn distribute it among other home economics workers and as far as they can to women generally. Right now, as a good instance, the propagandists in the home economics division of the agricultural department are giving national distribution to a new way of making a dress form. Briefly described, it comprises only a gauze undergarment stretched over the form of a woman, around and over which is wrapped several layers of gummed paper strips. When completed it is cut open in the back, taken off the form of the woman, glued back together, and the woman who makes her own clothes has a dress form that exactly duplicates her own form. It costs about $1.50. The idea is believed to have first developed in the South. The state director of home economics workers in Massachusetts heard of it and spread information about it in her state and passed it along to Washington. It is such a splendid idea that the Department of Agriculture is giving it national circulation.

The foregoing, of course, is only a brief review of some things that are being done co-operatively with farm women to improve the farm homes of the country. Co-operation is the keynote of all the work. There are now hundreds of social centers set up in farm communities for farm women who often do many things on a co-operative basis. Even the rural co-operative laundry is multiplying in up-to-date farming sections of the country.

There has been a decided awakening as to the importance of the farm woman and her domain, the farm home. In a national or even a state sense it came long after the awakening as to the importance of the farmer and the farm proper. And of course an awakening on any subject is first followed by the presentation of the worst side, for if improvements are made, the room for improvement must be located. But to find the need for and means of making improvement anywhere doesn't necessarily imply that none has been made, or that conditions are more bad than good.

"As compared with the farm women of the most favored nations of Europe, the farm women of America have much to thank God for," says a national authority on rural life. "Women's continuance in the fields of America is not unknown but is rare. With the exception of certain crop sections and certain racial spots women do not work in the fields at men's work. Freedom from men's work on the farm has been accompanied also by freedom from much heavy work of the dairy and kindred tasks. The growing release of farm women in America from the muscular tasks on the farm which belong more properly to men is a straw pointing to the ultimate emancipation of all American farm women from men's work in the country."

And, most specialists believe, farm women are as satisfied as any other class of women. Of course the average woman can't be as "successfully single," perhaps, in the country as she can be in a great city. But statistics recently announced by a student of the subject show that in the country she can be much more "sucessfully married." For the record of divorces in rural districts—being, the authority states, only one out of every 92 marriages—is veritably negligible as compared with the rate of divorces in the cities. And, though it is often stated that the rate of insanity is much higher among farm women than among city women, vital statistics show that the average life of the women in the country is about five years longer than that of her city sister.



(C) Harris & Ewing

The closet-like cage is called a "calorimeter." It is used by the Home Economics Division of the United States Department of Agriculture in studying foods and how to make best use of them—the nutritive differences between beans and steak, for example. It has also been employed in finding the amount of energy spent by the housewife in performing her household work. Yes, sweeping consumes the most.



(C) Harris & Ewing







Top, left—DR. C. F. LANGWORTHY, a distinguished scientist, who heads the Home Economics Division of the United States Department of Agriculture. He and his assistants help to apply such things as intricate chemical studies to the problems of housekeeping, especially those of the farm women. Right This is an inside view of a class in an Indiana country school. Note the lunch buckets as of yore; also the cups which contain hot cocoa prepared at the school—did you ever hear of such a thing in your country school days? The "hot school lunch" for country school children has made big progress.

Below, left A local club of country women learning better methods of packing eggs for market. Through encouraging the improvement of methods used in management and care of farm fowls and their products, many farm women have made big increases in their "pin money" income as a result of home demonstration work now carried on along national lines. Right—Customs change, even in the country. This is a view of a kitchen attached to a rural school in Massachusetts. It is used for preparing and serving something hot with lunches during the winter school season.

King Ice Rules Kamchatka 10 Months

EVER since Washington Vanderlip announced his discovery and acquisition by lease of a Siberian El Dorado, the Japanese press has been much exercised to discover the truth of the treasure-house they had overlooked, and of which Mr. Vanderlip has said: "There will be cargo enough to be carried to America to keep the idle fleet of the Shipping Board busy for the next 40 years. The fisheries are twice as great as the Alaskan salmon industry. There is enough oil to meet the entire demand of Canada. There is enough grain to supply all Siberia."

Some of the newspapers and some other interested parties have sent experts to investigate the matter; and the observations and conclusions of these experts are summarized here.

The two original authorities on the region are George Kennan and a Russian named Shklovsky. Kennan was a member of the party who explored the region in 1864 for the telegraph line. Shklovsky was exiled for years in the western part of the territory and had ample time to make observations, which he incorporated in a written description when he returned to civilization.

These two men agree on one point: That Kamchatka is ruled by a monarch far more potent than the Mikado of Japan or the Amir of Afghanistan. King Ice rules the land ten months in the year. As far south as Petropavlovsk the average temperature in July is 58 and in January 17. The mean temperature in this region is 26. But as you travel north, it becomes rapidly cooler, with a mean temperature for the year of four degrees by the time you are out of the peninsula.

After that you reach the main territory and it begins to get cold. The first important town west of the 160th meridian is Verkhoyansk, where the average temperature from December to February is 53.1 below. The rivers are free from ice only from the end of June until early in September. They say it is very beautiful in the summer. It lasts two months. There is no spring and no autumn.

It is a poor timber country for several reasons. For one thing, the short summer does not favor the growth of timber-bearing trees. The ground never thaws more than ten inches below the surface in summer. Below that it is perpetually frozen for 700 feet. The trees, therefore, are unable to send down roots and the winter winds drag them out of the ground.

The investigators assert that in lower Kamchatka some few vegetables are grown, but that cereals are impracticable even there, and ask where Mr. Vanderlip is going to grow his grain to "supply all Siberia."

The Bolshevik foreign minister, Tchitcherin, is responsible for the statement that "vast oil strata and bituminous coal deposits have been discovered in this country," and undoubtedly there are minerals in the territory, including coal, copper, mercury, iron, mica, sulphur, graphite and amber, and perhaps some gold.

This has been known for years, but no one has been found until today ready to contemplate extracting it.

At present the entire economic endeavor of northeastern Siberia is directed to the pursuit of fur-bearing animals and fishing. Sable, fox, lynx and squirrel are much sought after; also bear. Deer, big-horned elk, hares and field mice supply the natives with clothing and food. In the brief summer the marshes swarm with wild fowl. But one other member of the animal kingdom attracts more attention from the visitor than anything else, and Mr. Shklovsky has left the following record of it:

"This marsh pest, the mosquito, gave us no rest during the whole of our journey. The white cruppers of our horses were black with the insects which settled on them and above us the mosquitoes hung like a black cloud. At first our horses plunged, reared and rolled on the ground, trying to get rid of the tortures, but, finding all attempts useless, they resigned themselves to fate. The drooping heads and mournful eyes of the poor animals expressed the depths of despair. Nets, gloves and thick coats formed only a temporary protection from the mosquitoes. At each halting place we made a huge smoke fire, near which our horses remained all the time; but even this did not help much, for if for one moment the wind swayed the column of thick white smoke, whose acrid fumes choked us and burned our throats, instantly the mosquitoes settled upon us."

The population consists of 40,000 persons, all but a few hundred being natives, among the most backward peoples in the world. The biggest town, Petropavlovsk, is 1,500 miles from Vladivostok by steamer, is an important fur center, and possesses the better element of the population. The only sizeable town in the lease territory is Anadyrsk, which has less than 300 inhabitants who spend most of their lives, houses and all, buried under the snow.

Native tribes of Chooktchi and Koriaks are scattered over the country, in small settlements on the banks of the river. They wash the face only for the wedding ceremony, and the price of a girl is a block of tea and a cup of vodka. A reindeer costs more.

Their clothing is of skin, and their tools of wood, bone and stone, thus approaching as near prehistoric man as can be. They live almost wholly on fish, and as the catch rarely lasts through the winter, they fight starvation by feeding on the refuse and even old shoes and leggings. As the natives do not understand how to preserve fish by smoking it, and have little salt, half decayed fish is the principal dish. Smallpox is rife among them.

There is a better class of Koriak who leads a nomadic life; these are the reindeer barons, a group or clan owning frequently a herd of 600 deer. They wander across the tundra, of which Kennan wrote:

"It did not seem possible that human beings could live, or would care to live, on this desolate plain of moss, 4,000 feet above the sea, enveloped half the time in drifting clouds, and swept by frequent storms of rain and snow."

And Shklovsky, returning to civilization, exclaimed: "Miserable country, miserable nature, miserable people!"

Mr. Vanderlip's El Dorado does not include Petropavlovsk, but seems to be only an eastern strip of icebound region, inhabited by these extremely poor savages. On the question of exclusive rights to the fisheries, the Japanese say much, in view of the Fisheries Convention between Russia and Japan which followed the Peace of Portsmouth. By this, Japanese shared the rights and privileges of the Russians in the latter's Asiatic waters. The various fishing-grounds are divided off into "lots" and each lot is put up at auction for lease for the year to the highest bidder. There are 27 Japanese canneries in the district, of which four appear to be within the supposed bounds of the Vanderlip concession.

Apart from the fishing privileges, Mr. Vanderlip need expect no international trouble over the "exclusive" rights to mineral resources. All he has to do is to get 'em out.

Turning Out Money in Uncle Sam's Factory

By ROBERT KENTON

PEOPLE who work in a certain factory in Washington, D. C., might rhyme the old line this way: "Money, money everywhere but not a cent to spend."

During the fiscal year ending June 30 last that factory turned out products of a face value of nearly twenty-eight billions of dollars; during the previous fiscal year the face value of its output was almost fifty billions of dollars. No other factory in the world does such a business.

The factory in question is known as the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing which makes all our paper money, postage stamps, revenue stamps and national government securities. So great has been the demand for its products that during the last few years the factory has been operating every day and every night, six days a week, with three shifts of workers. When its present building was erected only a few years ago, the facilities were shaped with the view of being sufficient for twenty-five or thirty years. In addition to treble shifts, working space outside of the main plant has been taken. Though we haven't worked our money-making printing presses with the recklessness of many other countries, we have during the last year turned out more money than during any other like period in our history—and more than anyone ever thought would be turned out in such a period of time. This was due, in the main, to the war whose demands added greatly to the novelty of the most novel and fascinating printing establishment in America.

About 125,000 sightseers now visit the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington every year. And the chief surprise to each of them is that there are very few secrets about how paper money is made. In fact, excepting the process for making the white paper on which money and government bonds are printed, there are no secrets about the work. Another surprise is in the apparent freedom permitted everyone employed in making money. Though money passes through their hands in great bundles and with as little seeming formality as the rushing of collars from worker to worker in a laundry, the thousands of workers go and come and mingle together with as little restriction, apparently, as employes of any other factory. It would seem possible for one to stick bills representing millions of dollars into an inside coat pocket or effectively conceal them elsewhere in the clothing and get away with it; for there is no searching of persons or garments. It is entirely possible for what is stated to be done by any one of several thousand employes—excepting the part of getting away with it. Many attempts have been made, but veritably all, say the officials, resulted in discovery and usually were followed by terms in prison.

For with all the apparent absence of restriction on persons who help turn out bales and bales of manufactured paper money and other securities every day, there governs work in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing certain soft and subtle precautions that make successful stealing all but impossible.

The precautionary system has been developed through the years and is the product of great experience and knowledge of human nature. It is hard to grasp and describe the system which in some respects is more psychological than mechanical. It is predicted perhaps on the notion, whose truth the records of the bureau bear out, that the great bulk of people are by nature honest. Another fundamental is that people often need to be protected from themselves. Hence one of the strongest factors in that system is collective responsibility. Another is the rule that no person be permitted to do important work alone or separated from others.

Most of the work, such as counting and assorting and bundling, is done by groups. Each group receipts to the last one that handled the "goods" it works on and takes a receipt when the work is passed on to another group. If when so passing, something disappears and individual liability cannot be fixed, every one in the group of workers is held to be responsible and has to pay. If a sheet of ten dollar-bills only half printed disappears in transit through the bureau, the group in which the loss occurred is easily discovered. Then the person who caused the loss is sought. If it is a proved case of theft, jail doors open immediately and penitentiary doors open ultimately. If it is due to carelessness the person is fined, suspended or discharged. If the sheet is not recovered the person, if found, who lost it must pay for its full face value; if individual blame cannot be fixed then the group in the section where the loss took place must share the indemnity.

The collective liability rule makes every worker watch associates, for a careless or dishonest one might cause an honest one to be called on to help make good a big loss.

The rule that no person shall handle money alone is aimed at protecting everyone from himself or herself during those possible weak moments when temptation presses. No one can go alone into a vault where there are valuables, and the rule applies to the high officials as well as to the lowest workers of the bureau. If a stack of bills must be carried from one part of the establishment to another, two or more persons must go along with it. Checking up is a very important part of the work. This requires the employment of hundreds of counters; for from the time bundles of paper are turned over to the bureau exact accounting must be made of every sheet until it is turned back in printed form to the Treasury or other governmental department.

The paper is made at a factory in Massachusetts. No visitors can go through the paper mill, which is run by an outside agency on contract with the government. There is no secret about the composition of the paper. That for money and bonds is made chiefly of linen, though scarcity of material forced them to use cotton almost entirely during the war and for a while afterward. The secret is in the little silk threads imbedded in the paper and the way they are put in. If I knew how it is done it would not be lawful for me to describe the process here. No outsider can legally manufacture paper of that kind by any process or for any purpose, even though it have nothing to do with counterfeiting.

A sheet of money paper is handled about fifteen times, after it is turned over to the engraving bureau, before it is returned to the Treasury as a sheet of bills. The backs are printed on power presses but the "faces" are done on old-time handlike presses. The printing process is what is known as "intaglio," and about the only improvement made in it for many years is the equipment of the small presses with motors. Until a few years ago muscle power turned them.

The making of plates is the most intricate as well as the most interesting of the bureau's work. The leading steel engraver living is among the engraving force of the bureau. He receives a salary of $7,500 a year which is $1,500 more than the director of the establishment gets. Some of his portraits for bills are world-famous as works of art.

The engraver cuts out the main designs for bills or securities on soft steel. Formal work is done by a machine, a big diamond-pointed lathe, which can be set so that it will work out automatically such as the formal decorative work around the edges of bills. This machine work is very important, for it cannot be duplicated by hand, and many of the lines are so delicate that they can't be picked up and transferred by the photographic process. Hence without a machine of that kind, which costs a great deal of money, no counterfeiter can make a plate that will exactly duplicate paper money or bonds.

From the original plate a "die" is cut, which can be used to cut working plates for the presses.

All plates are preserved with a care exceeding that given to any other thing around the bureau. For with a set of those plates, almost anyone might turn counterfeiter and be able to produce perfect counterfeits. The plates are kept in a great vault, in the basement of the bureau building. The keeper of the vault is never allowed to leave it when the door is unlocked, and it is so surrounded with lights and reflectors that he can stand at the door and see above and all around it without moving.

Postage and revenue stamps are turned out chiefly by printing processes that are not unusual. Big power presses are now used for that work. The present director and his force of mechanics developed a big rotary press that reels off stamps very much like a newspaper press pours out newspapers. It even does the gumming. Tons and tons of gum are consumed by the bureau every year. The gum used on stamps is virtually the same substance as that used in making tapioca. It comes from a tuberous plant called cassava and grown chiefly in the East Indies.

Many revenue stamps are now printed by what is known as the off-set process which is something like lithography, of which a little is done by the bureau.

In addition to money and bonds, the engraving bureau prints many other things like check books, blank commissions, and other government forms that require plates. It even prints the President's cards. But it is not open to work for Congressmen and other government people around Washington as in the case of the Government Printing Office.

The amount of money printed every year is staggering. Currency, bonds, notes and certificates of indebtedness turned out during the last fiscal year had a face value of nearly $26,000,000,000. Bills each with a face value of $10,000 are the highest denominations of currency turned out. Certificates of indebtedness often have individual face value of $100,000.

It takes more than $7,000,000 a year to pay the operating expenses of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Some of that comes directly from outside agencies that have to pay for work done, such as the Federal Reserve and national banks. The rest is an "overhead" charge, chiefly on money and bond manufacture. But it isn't a tax in the strict sense, for all the government's expense in producing paper money and bonds is more than made up for by the securities that go out and never come back for redemption. It is estimated that one per cent of all national bank currency is never redeemed. But it doesn't accrue to the banks, even when they go out of business; but goes into the United States Treasury, where the fund held for the redemption of bank currency alone amounts to about $40,000,000. Most of it will never be drawn, for the money represented, no doubt, in the main has been destroyed or lost beyond recovery. Yet every now and then somebody comes along with an old bill or other government obligation that should have been redeemed a long time ago. A few days before this was written an Illinois woman showed up with a $1,000 certificate issued in 1853 to indemnify Texas for Mexican war claims. The engraving bureau pronounced it genuine and it was paid.

Of the more than 7,000 employes, over 4,500 are women, and most of the women are rated as unskilled help and are not highly paid, especially as compared with skilled help.

"But in 25 years' experience here," said an old attaché of the bureau, "I have known only one woman to be caught in trying to get away with products of the bureau. She took out a sheet of nearly completed bills. We knew of it within a few hours and recovered the sheet next day. All other peculations were by men. Before the war they were not numerous; I can recall only three. But during the war when there was a great labor turn-over and some confusion, there were several attempts made to get away with money or other things of value."

The only perfect counterfeiting that has ever been done in this country was by an engraver who worked in the bureau. He duplicated at home some of the plates he made in the bureau, and the bad money put out brought on a court fight that went to the United States Supreme Court, which held that, no matter by whom or how made, illegal money is worthless and cannot be redeemed by the government. That is the last case, say they, of a bureau engraver going wrong, and it happened not long after the Civil War.

There is an interesting story about the portraits of Presidents and others that are put on bills and bonds. The subjects are chosen by the Secretary of the Treasury, who is limited only to the likenesses of people who are dead. This lone restriction was put into the law because, not long after the bureau was established, a bureau director put his own facial likeness on a series of greenbacks. While the figures of Presidents and Secretaries of the Treasury are ordinarily used, generals, Senators and others have been so honored in the past. Excepting the fanciful figure of "Liberty" no woman's likeness has ever been used, although there is no law preventing the honoring of any woman, provided she no longer lives.



Interior of one of the numerous storage vaults in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The face value of the contents of the packages seen is in tens of millions of dollars.









Glimpses of Our Money-Making Plant

Above, left—Printing Division, motor driven hand plate printing press section. Above, right—In the vault where postage stamps are kept. Below, left—A box of finished money leaving the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Below, right—Entrance to the "holy of holies" vault in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Here are kept when not in use all the dies, rolls and plates used in making money and other Government securities. The outside of the vault is so mirrored that one may stand at the doorway and look over, under and completely around it.

Agriculture—Manufacture—Transportation

The Oregon legislature has appropriated $40,000 for the study of fruit in ocean transit. It is the opinion of the Oregon Growers' Co-operative Association that the study of conditions of western boxed fruit in ocean transit is of especial importance to Oregon.

Areas formerly infested with cattle fever ticks were released from Federal quarantine last year by the United States Department of Agriculture. Regions of the South now removed from the quarantine are now raising and marketing excellent cattle.

According to the Society of Automotive Engineers a concrete slab road, about eight inches thick and of a uniform depth across the road, perhaps with an increased thickness integral supporting curb-block on the edges in some locations is the type of road that should be built in the United States.

In English factories ropes superseded belting years ago and today their use is almost universal. For some time the factories of the United States have been increasing the use of fibrous material in belting. It is said to possess the advantage of noiselessness owing to the existence of an air passage in the grooves between the sheath and the rope.

The farmers of the United States each year use approximately 7,000,000 tons of commercial fertilizer.

Thirty-six railroads failed to earn their operating expenses and 28 did not earn their taxes during the month of January, 1921.

Representative Steenerson, of Minnesota, has introduced a bill providing for the regulation of grain exchanges, making them open to membership of all organizations and persons. This will open the exchanges to farmers' co-operative grain associations.

An index to the accuracy of the estimates made by the Bureau of Crop Estimates, United States Department of Agriculture, is shown by a comparison with the estimates on cotton yields made by the bureau in December with the annual report of bales ginned issued by the Bureau of Census the following March. The deviation of the estimates from the census during a period of 20 years was 2.5 per cent.

Good roads advocates of Alabama are putting across a 12-year $50,000,000 building program, using as their slogan, "The heaviest tax the farmer pays is the mud tax."

It is stated that a new record run between New York and Rio Janeiro has been established by the steamer Huron of the Munson Line. The vessel arrived at the Brazilian port in 13 days and 22 hours.

So many inquiries have been received that Washington has notified postmasters that postage, inclusive of insurance fees and postage war tax, may be allowed, when claimed, on account of the outright loss of insured parcels.

Ninety-seven thousand Michigan farmers have joined the State Farm Bureau. Delegates from all but seven of the state's counties attended the second annual meeting held recently.

In order to relieve the congested state of the wool market, which is causing a great deal of unemployment, British interests are forming what will be known as the British Woolen Trades Export Corporation. The corporation will co-operate with the government and will work in conjunction with produce and raw material concerns to extend credit facilities and to effect an increase in the interchange of manufactured goods.

The Southern Railway recently declined to join other railroads in making contracts with the American Railway Express Company.

A new department, known as a statistical section, has been formed in the Bureau of Markets. It will attempt to meet the need for accurate and complete figures in the working out of marketing problems.

Freight rates on sugar from Cuba have been reduced approximately 50 per cent.

The Mexican Department of Agriculture is encouraging the development of irrigation throughout Mexico, aiding in the installation of hydraulic machinery and in the drilling of artesian wells. Fish hatcheries are also being built in Monterey, Zacatecas, Durango, Aguascalientes and Lower California.

It is estimated the world wheat surplus is 170,000,000 bushels.

Argentina has approximately 20,370 miles of railways radiating fan-like from Buenos Aires for the most part. Britons own and operate more than three-fourths of the systems.

Briefly Told

Fur seal hunting in the summertime off the coast of Washington is restricted to the Quillayute, Ozette and Makah tribes of Indians, whose rights are guaranteed by a treaty signed ten years ago by the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan.

A new metallic packing has been invented, the component elements of which are mica and babbitt metal.

The Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture has about twenty male buffaloes of varying age and size which it desires to give away or lend to zoological or park associations. Responsible individuals may also take advantage of this offer provided they take good care of them and use them for exhibition purposes and breeding.

The Japanese women pearl fishers commence their work at the age of fourteen. Almost all the year around they are in the water, except in the coldest season.

An air-driven motor sled for use on the ice has been perfected. The power plant consists of a two-cylinder motorcycle engine driving a geared-down propeller. Sixty miles an hour was attained by this novel craft in a recent test. While air-driven boats are no longer a novelty this is the first known instance where an air propeller was used for propulsion over ice.

A novel warning sign has been erected at a railroad crossing in San Antonio consisting of a platform eight feet above the ground, upon which is placed a wrecked automobile which figured in a fatal accident of that road some time ago and which resulted in the death of two occupants of the car. A sign under the platform bears the words, "Did the Driver of This Stop, Look, Listen?"

A dense, yellow, penetrating fog hung over the city of London recently so thick that some of the busses gave up in despair and stopped in the streets until it had cleared sufficiently for them to find their way.

A German coffee company is selling coffee from which the caffein has been extracted. It is claimed that the coffee so treated is superior in quality to the bean in its natural state.

A peculiar custom of the Hindoos during their Huli festival consists in the sending of persons away with messages to dead individuals, or persons known to be from home, and enjoying the laugh at their disappointment.

Geologists are investigating the feasibility of manufacturing steel and iron in the state of Washington.

As a result of the bursting of a high pressure water main in Montreal recently, two boys were drowned, several families were rendered homeless and twenty-eight persons were taken to the hospital.

Experiments in Turkestan to extract edible oil from a wild plant called "kumtary" have proved successful. The residue is made into oil cake which is very nutritious.

Among the many peculiar trees of Australia are found the flame-trees rising to nearly one hundred feet; the fire-trees, the only tree that blossoms scarlet red, resembling a tree on fire; beef-woods, leafless trees with drooping, rigid branchlets of the color of beef and the Indian figs, a wonderful, lofty tree of graceful form and brilliant color.

Our government is sending to Australia certain insects that prey upon the prickly pear cactus which has become a first-class nuisance in that country.

A new broom addressed to "President Warren G. Harding" and with the words, "Use it!" written on the reverse side of the address tag was recently delivered at the White House by express.

Arab women churn butter by suspending a large sheepskin receptacle full of cream from a tripod, then jerking the bag to and fro.

In certain sections of the Northwest farmers make their own refrigerators by digging a well about twenty-five feet deep, putting rough stones on the bottom for drainage and filling the well with snow. Water is poured on the snow making a pillar of solid ice, some of which remains all summer. Ladders built against the side of the pit facilitate entrance to the ice as it melts away toward the bottom.

A blue-winged teal was killed near Port of Spain, Trinidad, upon whose leg was found an aluminum leg-band showing the duck had been trapped at Lake Scugog, Ontario, last autumn. This practice of banding birds furnishes conservationists with much valuable information.

When gates of the Balboa dock were opened recently to admit a vessel, a school of fish swam in. The commissary got several hundred pounds of fresh fish and the laborers all they could carry. The rest were shoveled overside, most of them recovering and swimming away.

The Director of Sales for Treasury savings securities calls the attention of the general public to the fact that many persons have thrift stamps lying about their offices and homes without realizing that they may turn them into interest paying securities. They were purchased during the excitement of the war and in many cases given to children who misplaced them.

To break up old stone walls or other masonry, drill a good-sized hole in the wall—making it bottle-shaped with as small an opening as possible. Place quicklime in the hole to within a few inches of the top and make a tight-fitting wooden plug to drive in the opening. Quickly pour in enough water to slake the lime and drive home the plug. The action is similar to that of a small portion of dynamite.

The school attendance of the Philippines is growing so rapidly that there is a constant demand for more American teachers. The principal demand just now is for fully qualified teachers to teach high school classes.

The only university in the United States to offer a course in fisheries is the University of Washington.

The leader of a band of wolves whose depredations have caused thousands of dollars' loss to stockmen of Colorado will be used as a decoy in an effort to trap other wolves of his band.

An ostrich's egg has sufficed for an omelet for thirty persons. The ostrich egg has less protein and more fat than meat, and its useful constituents include iron and phosphorus. The flavor and food value are about equal to those of the domestic hen.

March 9 has been designated as national fish day throughout the United States by a nation-wide organization of fishermen, following a custom which has prevailed in other countries for many years. National fish day dinners will be held in many cities all over the country.

Indian women of the Penobscot tribe recently started on the warpath to obtain the right to vote in tribal elections and share in the conduct of affairs pertaining to the reservation. The attorney-general of Maine stated he would not interfere but would remain neutral.

Travelers state that fifteen years ago the principal objects of interest along the beaten track of the old Sante Fe trail were skulls, vertebrae, and ribs of cattle and buffaloes. Now a traveler traversing the same country finds numerous abandoned automobiles, some overturned, some buried, others smashed and looted.

An Illinois farmer found a pearl between the toes of a hog recently. The gem was sold for eight hundred dollars to a local jeweler. The unusual find is explained by the fact that the farmer had been feeding his swine mussel meat, which he had obtained from clam diggers.

In the naval hospital at Balboa Park, California, is the youngest sailor in the United States Navy. He is thirteen years of age and was assigned to the U. S. S. Mercy, a hospital ship, after he had received training at Mare Island.

The only woman to go over Niagara Falls and live, today is in the Niagara County infirmary practically blind and without friends. She is nearly seventy-five years of age.

A purse of gold was recently presented to a landlord in Lynn, Massachusetts, by his tenants who said he had a heart of gold. Although owners all about him had increased their rents this landlord had not increased his prices in the last five years.

The city council of Macon, Georgia, has passed an anti-flirting ordinance, making it unlawful for men to converse with or make signs at girls.

A soda fountain located in the basement of the Earlington Building, New York City, where prohibition officers have their headquarters, has been forced to go out of business because of the lack of patronage.

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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A Simple Question -- Bread or Guns?

PRESIDENT HARDING speaks of "approximate disarmament." Whatever this may mean—and it is open to many interpretations—it signifies a step in the right direction. Disarmament in any degree is hopeful and necessary. The main point is to emphasize the idea of disarmament as the single act by which more burdens can be lifted from the people than by any other within the power of governments to perform.

"Approximate disarmament," of course, means approximate armament, and there is a question how far the world should maintain instruments by which to enforce the peaceable decrees of civilization. The world is not civilized as yet; the war idea is not dead; even among the small nations, the primitive idea of the battle-duel still holds sway in backward portions of the earth; and situations are conceivable wherein even peace may have to be enforced by a show of power.

But this is not the kind of armament which has aided the wreck of the world and which consumes even here in the United States 92 per cent of the national income to maintain. To provide all the force that the civilized nations may need to police the planet, and no more, would still be the equivalent of disarmament.

The ground of the argument for disarmament has shifted since the war. Previous to that catastrophe the abolition of overwhelming war machines was connected with the ideal of universal peace. It was a vision of something better, held mostly by "idealists." Now, however, it is a question of how the nations may become able to feed, clothe and rehabilitate themselves. The problem the world faces today is Food versus Guns, National Livelihood versus War Establishments. The greatest single expenditure of the nations is for militarism which is all outgo and no income; all waste, no wealth, and colossal Want.

Even at this hour, with whole sections of the world in need of daily bread, the agriculture of the neediest portions of the earth is suffering because the men are in the armies, and the wheat of the amply supplied nations is unobtainable because the surplus wealth goes for war. *We are collecting money throughout the country today to feed the children of the nations that spend in any single week enough money on munitions to feed the children of Europe for a year.*

It is not the demand of peace societies, nor of visionaries and idealists; it is the demand of the balance sheet—*shall the money go for bread or for guns?* When it came to a question whether the grain of the country should go for bread or for booze, the people decided for bread. When in England it became a question whether the land should be used for the sport of huntsman or for the production of the people's bread, it was decided in favor of bread. And now the question is the same. There is no doubt as to how all men, officials and civilians, answer it. Will they put the answer of their heads and hearts into the deeds of their governments?

We in America are accustomed to say that we ought to lead in this matter. There is no doubt about it, but it is not indispensable that we should. Suppose tomorrow Great Britain and France should say to the American people, "We are willing to disarm, if you are"—what would our answer be? And suppose that Japan should join the proposal. All of us can feel what a force such a proposal would have. That is looking at it as it would be were it coming to us from other nations. It would have the same force going from us to another nation. We are better prepared than any nation to go ahead in the race for armament. The rest of the world is bankrupt. We have the men, the money, the unspoiled country, and natural resources without limit. If we desire, we can eclipse the former Germany in land forces, and Great Britain in naval force. The world knows it. The world could not keep up with us save at a cost of distress greater than the last war brought, and eventually a great repetition of that tragedy. It therefore lies with us, if we can see it thus, to make the proposal to the world, sure of this invincible fact, that the rest of the world wants nothing so much, and is in need of nothing so much as this.

The question of method need not deter. If President Harding would prefer to call a council of governments, that all of them acting in concert may propose this policy, that is one way. It may be the way that would save the nations from feeling that they were following another nation's lead. He would know before the council was called that the nations wish to be free of the burden of armament which reduces every possible loaf of bread by nine-tenths and absorbs the lifeblood of the peoples' energies.

Again, to maintain a world armed to the teeth will cost more than the war cost. And to attempt it even while the debts of the war are making it impossible for the nations to feed themselves, is a folly which even fools would condemn. The question is not only one of disarmament, but a question of continued and increasing armament.

Nothing that the governments can do will mend the situation until this question is decided in favor of the people. After that, all fiscal problems become minor ones. The greatest single barrier to human prosperity will have been removed. And once removed, the conscience and the common sense of the world will never permit its return.

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MASS MEETINGS USED BY JEWS

Artificial, But Effective, Method of Influencing Opinion; Banning "The Merchant of Venice."

Making the Bible Plain for Plain People

American Translation by Ballantine Clarifies the World's Best Seller

THE Bible is still the best seller in civilized languages, and is to be found translated into more tongues, civilized and barbarous, than any other book in the history of written things. In some languages it remains today the only written specimen; the missionary's conception of the spiritual importance of many tribes having done for them what their commercial, political and ethnological importance has never been sufficient to achieve, namely, given their dialects a vocabulary, grammar and syntax solely to convey to them the enlightenment of Holy Writ.

In these days, however, there have been a number of movements toward a re-translation of the Bible to give it a setting in modern terms. Not all of these have been happy in their results. The Revised Version, while in fairly wide use, is confessedly lacking in the chaste and simple grandeur of the Authorized Version. But just as candidly is it agreed that certain words and sentence forms in the Authorized Version no longer convey to our minds the exact sense of the Original, for the reason that the English words themselves have undergone a change in their value to public speech.

The only attempts along this line which can be regarded as serious are those which go back to the original sources, thus producing a genuine translation and not a mere revision of a previous translation. These have resulted in some very fine editions, especially of the New Testament, by men of devout scholarship. Among the best known translations now in use are The Emphatic Diaglott, by Benjamin Wilson which combines on the same page the Greek text with both literal and linear translation; Rev. Prof. James Moffatt's "A New Translation of the New Testament"; "The Twentieth Century New Testament," based on the Westcott and Hort Greek text; and the Weymouth New Testament.

These are all known for various values, the one common to all being the interpretative light which they throw on the more obscure passages of the Authorized Version.

These, however, are largely efforts of British scholars. There is another modern translation well worth notice in this connection because it is the work of an individual American and has won praise from the critics who are competent to pass on it. This is the translation known as "The American Bible," by Frank Schell Ballantine, the New Testament portion of which is completed and the Old Testament partially done. For a time it was the only strictly American work of special note, although there is now appearing in parts a publication called the "Concordant Version of the Sacred Scriptures" based on the Codex Sinaiticus and Codex Vaticanus, with full readings and photographic original text.

Mr. Ballantine was rector of an Episcopal parish in Pennsylvania when he began his work of turning the Scriptures into the speech of the people. Something of the ideal of Tyndale was in his mind, who said he "would make the New Testament so plain that even a plowboy could understand it." He approached his work through the medium of the French translation by Henri Lasserre in his Les Saintes Evangiles. Then, going back to the Greek, Mr. Ballantine produced, in five little volumes, the New Testament.

Clarification without vulgarization is the impression made upon the casual reader of The American Bible. He preserves the literary forms which have been made familiar to the American Bible reading public by Professor Moulton's "Modern Readers' Bible." But above all he gives to people unskilled in the ancient languages a clear impression of how unconventional was the original speech of the Book. The New Testament was written in the speech of the plain people, and one risk which a really fresh and true translation runs today is that of having its plainness mistaken for irreverent freedom on the part of the translator. But the translator may be only reproducing in the equivalent of our speech what the New Testament said in the street speech of the first century.

A few excerpts from this translation will serve better than any description can do to give the flavor of it. This from the First of Genesis:

"In the beginning God created the heavens and
the earth.
Now the earth was an empty waste;
And darkness was on the surface of the deep;
But the Mind of God was at work on the surface
of the waters."

This from the beginning of Mark's Gospel, dealing with the appearance of John the Baptist:

"John the Cleaner came in the wilderness proclaiming the cleaning a change of mind brings by effecting release from misdeeds."

This from the preface of St. Luke's Gospel:

"My Dear Theophilus:
"Many have undertaken to write a narrative of what has happened among us. In doing this they have followed the account of those eyewitnesses and servants of the word from the beginning who delivered them to us. So having traced the course of everything accurately from the first, it seemed good to me also to write you in due order, that you might know the certainty of what you were taught by word of mouth."

In this version the familiar Biblical "Behold!" becomes the plain everyday "Listen!"

The expression "He spake unto them this parable" becomes the plain "He gave them this illustration."

The term "tribute money" becomes in plain English "the two-dollar Temple tax."

There are certain clarifications of assistance to the careful reader of the Bible, such as that found in translating John 12:49 where Christ is reported as saying, "For I have not spoken of myself; but the Father which sent me, he gave me a commandment *what I should say and what I should speak.*"

The italicized words are redundant. They seem to repeat the same idea. The idea of redundancy is not compatible with any but the literary view of Scripture, which is admittedly an inadequate view. It is assumed that Jesus meant something by each phrase, but neither the Authorized nor the Revised Version gives a clue to what it may be. In The American Bible the italicized clauses read thus: *"What to say and how to talk about it."* Here we have the two meanings: the passage relates not only to the *substance* of the message but also to the *form* of it, and links with the expression of St. Paul, "Hold fast the form of sound words."

Also, in the Book of the Revelation, Chapter 22, note the italicized words—"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. *In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life.*" The Revised Version gives an alternative reading "a tree of life." In ordinary speech that is what it has come to signify, a single wonderful tree. Of course, a tree cannot be in the middle of the street and on either side of the river too, but trees of the same wood can be. Turning to the original the expression "wood of life" is found, and instantly the picture becomes clear. It is the picture of a woods, a grove of healing—an idea not at all incongruous, as all city-dwellers who enter the cool green aisles of an earthly wood well know. Thus we have in The American Bible the reading, as follows:

"And he showed me a river
of living water
Bright as crystal,
Proceeding out of the
Throne of God and
the Lamb
In the middle of the street.
"And on this side of the river
and on that
Was the Wood of Life
Bearing twelve kinds of
fruits,
Yielding its fruit every
month:
"And the leaves of the Wood
Were for the healing of the Nations."

A further example of clarity without any sacrifice of the form which has become classic is timely for the Easter season. It is St. Paul's discussion of the resurrection of the dead as found in the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians:

"But some one will say: How are the dead going
to be raised?
And with what kind of a body are they going to
come?
You foolish fellow!
What you, yourself, sow does not spring into
life, unless it dies.
And what you sow, is not the future body,
But bare grain,
It may be of wheat,
Or of some other kind.
But God gives it a body just as he sees fit,
And to each of the seeds its own body.
Not every kind of flesh is the same.
But there is one kind peculiar to men.
Another peculiar to beasts,
Another to birds,
Another to fishes.
There are also bodies peculiar to the heavens,
And bodies peculiar to the earth.
But the brightness of the heavenly bodies is one
thing,
And that of the earthly bodies another.
The sun has its brightness,
The moon has its,
The stars have theirs,
For star differs from star in brightness.
It is the same, also, with the resurrection of the
dead.
It is sown in a state of corruption.
It is raised in a state of incorruption.
It is sown in an offensive condition.
It is raised in a condition of preeminent dignity.
It is sown in a state of weakness.
It is raised in a state of power.
It is sown a natural body.
It is raised a spiritual body.
If there is a natural body,
There is also a spiritual body.
And so it is written:
The first man, Adam, became a living soul.
The last Adam, a life-giving spirit.
Yet the spiritual is not first,
But the natural, and *then* the spiritual.
The first man is from the earth, and made of
earth.
The second man is from heaven.
As is he who is made of earth,
Such are those also who are made of earth.
And as is he who is of heavenly origin,
Such are those also who are of heavenly
origin.
And as we have borne the image of him who
is made of earth,
We shall also bear the image of him who
is of heavenly origin."



FRANK SCHELL BALLANTINE, an Episcopal clergyman and war chaplain who has worked for years to produce a modern version of the New Testament in accord with the original. Mr. Ballantine also works with his hands, as his portrait in carpenter's attire indicates.

The Good Samaritan

A LAWYER came forward and put him fully to the test, and said:

"Teacher, what shall I do to gain eternal life?"

"What is written in the law? How do you read it?"

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God
With all thy heart,
With all thy soul,
With all thy strength,
With all thy mind;
And thy neighbor as thyself."

"You are right. Do this and you will live."

But wishing to vindicate himself he said to Jesus:

"Who is my neighbor?"

"A man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers, who stripped him of everything, beat him, and went off leaving him half dead. Now a priest happened to be going down that road, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. In the same way a Levite also came to the place, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

"But a Samaritan traveler came to him, and when he saw him he took pity on him and came and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and put him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn and took care of him. And the next day he threw out two dollars and gave them to the inn-keeper, and said: 'Take care of him, and whatever more you spend I will repay you when I come back.'

"Which of the three do you think was neighbor to the man who fell among the robbers?"

"He who took pity on him."

"Go and do the same." —Luke 10.

Warren Harding, the Man

By A. R. PINCI

HARDING—The very name has a rugged and simple sound, easy to pronounce, pleasant to the ear, that comes easily to one's lips. To utter it means conjuring up an image, somewhat familiar if not recognizable. It lingers like the name of an old dispersed friend. And strangely enough it is not an image; it is the man, with a befriending and inviting occultism. He rather steals into our minds, regardless of politics, merely because his Americanism becomes manifest at once, which disposes the average person to yield to him now even if in disagreement with his views. Briefly, Harding symbolizes not a party, not a program, not a school of political beliefs, but an all-pervading nationalism superimposing constitutional precepts.

That explains his election; it explains, too, his unparalleled majority. Yet that is not all. It is a warning to the country that supergovernment, in the sense of achieving the marvelous or the impracticable, is not to be expected at his hands. As a statesman he must traverse uncharted routes but in such a way that the people can follow him step by step, thought by thought, dollar by dollar, result by result.

A few days after his nomination he voiced his diffidence in occupying so exalted a position, but such modesty had a distinguished precedent, for both Washington and Lincoln bespoke their hesitation under identical circumstances. This diffidence, however, is not characteristic of the man and his past record, as far back as his boyhood days, reveals instead a strong sense of opportunism. That diffidence intensified after the election, culminating with the painful remark that he was "the center of a veritable web of intrigue" and that there are "very few men" it is safe for him to trust. That remark was variously interpreted and quite erroneously. He is of too sincere a disposition to permit himself to dread his fellow men. Moreover, environment has favored him and throughout the years, certainly up to the hour of his nomination, the circle of trustworthy and unselfish friends constantly grew.

His quarrel was with the inevitable horde of political pharisees who began to trail him and tent upon his grounds from the hour he left Chicago. The last day of the convention he was eating luncheon—alone. Nobody paid any attention to him, even though his name had been among those "also mentioned," and he himself has since admitted that he felt very lonesome while he watched the feverish activities of other diners; even the newspaper men ignored him.



(C) Harris & Ewing

The President and Vice-President.

Imagine him, then, a few hours afterward become unexpectedly great—and the target for the most fickle of the human species: the professional politicians. Is it any wonder that even the probationary campaign period could not free him from the pettiness of selfish strangers so insistent upon saving the nation by means of public office? I believe that the process of elimination for a President-elect of the United States is the most irritating and disconcerting duty befalling man.

As I piece together detached recollections that go back to his first days in the Senate, five years or so ago, and they fuse together—meetings separated by time and cause in hours when his personality was at its best, untrammeled by suddenly unescapable popularity—my impression of him is reduced to simple and understandable proportions. To those who have mentally met him through the introduction of a likewise newly-introduced reporter, the picture is apt to be a little blurred; a little too sharp, in some cases, in the sense of the superhuman (in contradistinction to the superman) or a little too shadowy in the sense of small-town modesty.

For these deviations there is the amplest of reasons. It seems unthinkable to depict a President of the United States in terms of unadorned self. Yet the psychology of these variations is the key to the public's accepted belief of the President as an official personality of magic power or limited ability. People have become accustomed, since the war, the world over, to familiarize themselves with the words or deeds of men more or less in the limelight and, for want of a better word, bluntly described as "big." This became a stock adjective. It may have been noticed, however, that the term was never applied to Mr. Harding. Its absence is complimentary and no one is more pleased not to be so described than the President himself.

TO PORTRAY our President is not a difficult task if no retouching is attempted—a temptation that is not always successfully resisted. *Reductio ad absurdum* of the acres of newspaper pages or miles of columns printed about him, with their inevitable mixture of fact and fancy, leads to a sharper picture of a typical American.

Biographers and artists have clothed him with the toga of ancient Rome, but none has selected a more befitting garment—the scarlet gown of a cardinal. He would surpass in it any available painting of one, so perfectly does he portray repose and faith. His face is strong in every lineament; it is a composite of the features of George Washington and William Jennings Bryan (a twinship possible only in a perfect democracy like this). It is easy to distinguish the magisterial ardor of the latter and to account for the high-souled nationalism of the former.

By now about everybody knows that he is a well-proportioned man, six feet tall, with well-set shoulders, his hair almost entirely gray, his movements unstudied but impressive. His voice is resonant but well modulated; he smiles readily without evidence of a desire to please. He will converse freely with those who are in his confidence. He likes an anecdote as only an old-time typographer can—and poker equally well. He insists that his success in life is due to one thing—that Mrs. Harding has always been his best bet.

He is not a dynamic individual but of late it has been proved that it is not necessary to be dynamic in order to lead. He possesses all the characteristics of a man who can lead without finding it necessary to whip anybody into line or stand upon a platform in order to look a commanding part.

He has his ears to the ground, but as a mental contortionist, his feet there too. He is alert and has demonstrated his capacity in storing up information, some of it caught on the wings of the wind at a time when the wind was freighted down with it. He is not a great lawyer, but he is a practical newspaper man, and the latter must be one and the other.

It has been repeatedly asserted, since his nomination, that President Harding has incurred no enmities and is free to exercise his own good will as he deems best. The entire assertion, taken singly or otherwise, is open to doubt. He has quite a few enemies which spring up in the wake of any presidential meteor. Enmities, no matter how slight or inconsequential, cannot be averted by the President, and the

(Concluded on page 14)

The Thirtieth President?

CALVIN COOLIDGE, the thirtieth President of the United States! It is a rather startling prophecy on the eve that the twenty-ninth President enters into his new duties at Washington, but both are young, both are active, both have set a big job ahead of themselves, and both intend to finish it.

It cannot be finished in eight years, the time that the wiseacres allot to President Harding, hence prophetic rumblings from mysterious sources which the uninitiated can never hope to understand, happily for their peace of mind, are already busy with his successor.

This is politics. It is no reflection or offense to the incumbent to speak of a successor, but part of the game; preparedness—to use an overworked word. And there may be method in President Harding's desire to include the Vice President in his Cabinet meetings. It looks as though he is teaching Mr. Coolidge his P's and Q's.

Calvin Coolidge, like Theodore Roosevelt in the campaign of 1900, has been the political mystery of the last campaign. He emerged from state politics in 1919—as everybody knows—in connection with the policemen's strike in Boston, and rode for a time on the wave of popularity on the slogan of Law and Order.

But so much was said about law and order that Mr. Coolidge more than ever became concealed from the prying eyes of the people, and to say that politicians were thankful is to put it mildly. For a time so much was said about law and order that a foreigner who did not understand just what had happened while he was at sea believed that forty-seven governors elsewhere in these United States stood for force and disorder.

Vice President Calvin Coolidge is a most taciturn man, if measured along the lines of professional politics, but a most entertaining and interesting man if appraised as a human being who has something to say and on occasions—not always—is willing to say it. He has contributed relatively little to the verbosity of the campaign, but most of his declarations are epigrammatic, concise and self-explanatory.

His entrance into the national arena disconcerted many an ambitious office-seeker, not because Vice President Coolidge is in any way tempted to interfere with patronage prerogatives, but the inclusion of his name in the national ticket acts as a deterrent as it did in Massachusetts. Politicians and office-seekers thrive between the covers of dictionaries, so full of words are they, but using them at or against a listener who seldom reveals his own ideas is love's labor lost. They feel, and perhaps rightly so, that the Harding-Coolidge administration is going to be a régime of few words, and that automatically locks out the talkers. Even the Senate has adopted the habit of saying little between important speeches.

I believe that Vice President Coolidge will lose some of his reserve after a few months in Washington, where men after his own heart are far more numerous than they would be even in a city like Boston. That will be a good thing, because I believe the country is entitled to know him much better than it does. The most descriptive newspaper accounts about him, faithful to the extreme, do not quite convey to the citizen the personality of the Vice President.

It was my privilege to interview him in Boston last summer. He was unlike any other public official I had ever known, with the probable exception of Senator Henry C. Lodge. Both are typical New Englanders, but Senator Lodge's reserve is somewhat softened, perhaps by the years that even though they sit lightly upon him have reached the Biblical minimum.

Remembering the injunction to "Be Brief" I lost no time. He chatted very pleasantly upon the subjects I queried him about. These were the questions on the more delicate and pregnant subjects of the hour.

But how times have changed!

Who would have thought, in the days of Mark Hanna, that a Republican candidate would hide his light under a couple of bushels, as the Irishman explained once, to make concealment doubly sure. Yet that is just what happened, because his views are yielded as sought.

He is a typical New England gentleman—revealing the inflexibility of time-tried precepts by which he governs himself and his family. Which brings to mind the eloquent explanation made by Mrs. Coolidge to a reporter who wanted to know if she "considered her husband fitted for the office of Vice President."

"Judging by the way he governs his family, I should say he was."

Of course, she said nothing as to the way she governs him by delicious pies.

WHEN he stands he reveals an angular physique, suggestive of compactness, muscular as well as mental. His glance is sharp and quick, like an eagle's, and surveys without strain. No doubt he has the capacity for assimilation, but nothing about him implies submergence. It is more than understood that he has a well-developed sixth sense. He would be pained to believe that he was different from any of the millions of mortals in this country—and yet he is different in two specifications:

First, there are no anecdotes about him, unless they can be turned from epigrammatic sayings;

Second, affording it, he has never owned an automobile, although Mrs. Coolidge has said that some day she hoped to own "a Ford." Just now the government is providing them with a motor car.

One judges the weight at 145 pounds or so, but in Massachusetts they say that he weighs 145 tons politically—a new way of appraising public men.

His voice, which is not adapted to public speaking in great halls, brings to mind a story, not told by Mr. Coolidge, who probably doesn't even know it.

It seems that during the campaign for the governorship about three years ago he had occasion to stop at a small town, but not on a political mission. Friends induced him to treat admiring inhabitants to a speech, and upon investigation they found that there were two halls available; one which would hold about thirty-four persons, including standees, and the town hall, which might accommodate one-half of those who would like to hear him.

The local informal committee discussed the merits of each place.

"I'd be for the little place," said one.

"But 'twon't hold the crowd," was the objection.

"Yes, but at least everybody can hear him," the former contended. "In the big hall—his voice won't fill it."

(Concluded on page 14)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 21, March 19, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Well Begun!

BOTH in his inaugural message and in the selection of his official family, President Harding has made a good start. It promises much for the success of his administration that both utterance and action instantly captured the favorable attention of the country. It is not too much to say that in this very beginning he did much to counteract the impression created in some quarters during the campaign that, being a man without decided convictions of his own, he would prove subservient to party leaders in the Senate; one inclining toward illiberal "reaction" and devoid of high idealism or any vivid appreciation of the tremendous problems he would be called on to face and handle.

He has inspired a certain confidence in his conception of the country's needs in various directions and in his determination to meet those needs by the application of common-sense measures and methods. Both in what he had to say and in what he left unsaid, Mr. Harding struck a response in the American people. He told them what they wanted to know. He told them he proposed to work for disarmament. He told them what he proposed to do about lightening the burden of taxation and bringing about a more equitable distribution of its incidence; about accomplishing reforms in the direction of efficiency and economy in governmental departments; about just recognition of the rights of the workers and provision in many ways for the greater welfare of all the people.

President Harding's quaint campaign phrase as to the supreme necessity of a return to "normalcy" in the everyday business life of the country sounded as a keynote and found expansion and confirmation throughout his inaugural speech. He left no doubt as to his determination to bring "horse sense" to bear in effecting readjustments in both our foreign and our domestic relations. He spoke as a plain man to plain people and with much moderation and good sense.

The cabinet is one which, on the whole, must prove a strong re-enforcement to his administration. It was inevitable that the appointments of Mr. Daugherty and Mr. Hays should be criticized as "purely political." Both men, however, have shown exceptional organizing and administrative ability in other fields and there is a disposition to give them a chance to show what they can do. It must not be forgotten that our government is one of political parties after all, and that if party government has its disadvantages it also has its advantages. It is something to be able to place responsibility on a definitely organized group.

All in all, while the appointments may not satisfy every one, it is important to note that just as President Harding does not himself propose to serve merely as a "rubber stamp" for any "Senate Cabal," so he expects every member of his cabinet to "speak for himself" and be his own man. He is wise.

Silesia's Plebiscite

IN CONFORMITY with the Treaty of Versailles, a plebiscite will be taken in Upper Silesia, on March 20, to determine whether that province shall remain German territory or become part of the Polish Republic. On the result of this expression of the people's will at the polls, the peace of Europe and of the world may be said to hang.

"Self-determination," in this instance, is much more complicated than it was in the Schleswig-Holstein plebiscite. Germany claims that an overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of Upper Silesia are German in race and in speech and that they at heart favor continuance as a part of the German Empire. The Poles, on the other hand, insist that regard for historical and ethnographic frontiers makes the territory Polish. With characteristic heat and fervor, Polish agitators have been proclaiming this view during the past two years. To the support of the contention, heated appeal is made to Polish national pride, tradition and historical continuity.

Under all these surface contentions, it is understood, lies the real crux of the dispute. Each of the claimants greedily covets the rich coal and iron deposits of Upper Silesia. And this greed is, in a sense, justified by the pressing need of each for the supply of raw materials necessary to the building up of its industries.

Should the election go in Germany's favor, it is reported, Walter Simons, the German Foreign Minister, has assured Lloyd George that the payment of the indemnity demanded by the Allies would be brought within the realm of possibility. His only fear of an adverse decision (on the face of the returns) is that the Allied troops policing the plebiscite area will support Polish agitators in intimidating the Germans there from casting their ballots and expressing their free choice. In such case, the French would feel obliged to extend their military occupation to practically all Germany and perhaps to seize the Ruhr Valley permanently. Indeed there is not lacking the suggestion that what France really wants is the Ruhr Valley, rather than the more or less mythical German milliards. This to assure French industrial supremacy and German industrial crippling and exhaustion.

Of course, this occupation would not produce the three billion of gold marks annually demanded by the Allies, and both the French and the British premiers are well aware of that fact. Consequently, it is suggested that both M. Briand and Mr. Lloyd George may be very glad to "save their faces" through a plebiscite favoring the Germans. Accordingly, it is believed that they have promised Herr Simons that there shall be an honest ballot and a fair count on March 20 in Upper Silesia.

The entire situation stresses the importance of removing the international distribution of raw materials from the region of national greeds and jealousies, if we are to eliminate one of the most fruitful causes of future wars.

Wants a $50,000 Man

PROVOCATIVE of mixed reflections is the news that Postmaster-General Hayes is seeking a $50,000 man for the $5,000 job of Second Assistant Postmaster-General. This official has supervision of the railway mail service, the air mail and allied activities. The presidents of a number of the big railroads have suggested the names of high-class operation executives in response to the Postmaster-General's request, and he hopes to induce one of them to take this important government job from "considerations of patriotic duty."

It may well be asked, to start with, whether it is dignified or even honest for the Great Republic to pay any public servant only one-tenth of what his services are worth in the open market. The traffic manager of even a small town chamber of commerce, or of any large manufacturing concern, easily commands a salary larger than that which the government pays to its Second Assistant Postmaster-General, although the latter position is one of immensely greater responsibility and one demanding far larger experience, skill, judgment and ability generally.

Nor is willingness to sacrifice salary a fair measure of any man's patriotism. Having "patriotic" regard to his personal and family obligations, many an able man earning from $10,000 to $50,000 in private life—and probably spending it on his home, living and the education of his children—might feel that he could not afford to give up his salary for a public position, however honorable, that barely paid his house rent in Washington. The scandal and the false economy of being restricted in our diplomatic appointments to millionaires able to spend several times the amount of their salaries that they may sustain the nation's dignity in a foreign capital out of their own pockets, should have taught us the unwisdom of this course.

Lastly, we come back to the utter falaciousness of making money the measure of the man. If a man is "on to his job," no other test is necessary. Neither the $12,000 salary paid to Charles E. Hughes as Secretary of State, nor the $150,000 he earned in his private legal practice is a true gauge of his value in his present job. It is just as true today as it was 2,000 years ago that "the laborer is worthy of his hire"; but the hire, in either public or private employment, should also be worthy of the laborer.

"All They Possess"

THERE is much that is as inspiring, as it is pathetic, in the advertisement of a laborer and his wife in a small Michigan town seeking news of a vanished daughter. This humble couple offer to give "all that they possess" for news leading to the recovery of the lost child.

As an earnest of good faith, they append an inventory of their entire possessions. It is not a long list: a cottage home and furniture worth $1,400 and paid for out of a lifetime's earnings; $200 in the bank, the father's silver watch and the mother's wedding ring. For the restoration to their arms of the loved daughter, they will gladly surrender all. Homeless and penniless they will cheerfully start life all over again.

Everything is relative in this world after all. This humble couple offer for their daughter more in proportion than the million dollars offered by the Kansas City packer, Cudahy, for the return of his kidnapped son. And they are wise. They are wiser than was John D. Rockefeller in his reputed offer of ten millions for a new stomach, or the late Andrew Carnegie in his willingness to pay ten millions for a guaranty of ten years more of life after seventy. Love is decidedly the greatest thing in the world. For love, this laborer and his good wife find no material price too great to pay, no sacrifice worth counting. They are like the wise man in the parable, glad to sell all that he had in order to buy the pearl of great price. "What shall a man not give in exchange for his life!"

A Shock to Politicians

IT MUST have been as disappointing to the politicians as it was gratifying to all Americans mindful of the reproach of the spoils system of which the post office was so long the stubbornly defended last intrenchment, to learn that one of the first steps contemplated by President Harding is an executive order extending the merit rule to all appointments of postmasters.

The terms of some 90,000 first and second-class postmasters will expire in the next month or two. It had been quite generally assumed that the new administration would grasp the opportunity to strengthen the party machine by making a clean sweep of the Democrats and giving these jobs to Republican henchmen as rewards for party service. In his first mail at the White House, President Harding found a new broom labeled with the sapient counsel: *"Use it!"* Office-seekers among his followers, hungry and thirsty after an eight years' fast, descended like a plague of seven-year locusts on the national Capitol in the weeks following his inauguration.

It is probable that many of the job-hunters based their hopes on the appointment of Will H. Hays as Postmaster-General. The facts that Mr. Hays had served as manager of the electoral campaign that landed Mr. Harding in the presidency, and that he was noted chiefly as an astute politician and party worker, lent some color to the assumption that the post office would now be prostituted to political aggrandizement. Most of the unfavorable criticism of the President's cabinet appointments by his political opponents, was leveled at his selection of Mr. Hays. Hence the surprise to the country contained in the assurance that both the President and his Postmaster-General are determined to keep the post office out of politics and politics out of the post office, carefully safeguarding and improving it as an institution for public service.

Such a good beginning deserves all possible appreciation. Let the good work go on!

Nipped in the Bud

SCORE one for the new Secretary of State! He had hardly been seated at his desk when Mr. Hughes was called on to act and act decisively in the little war that broke out between the republics of Panama and Costa Rica. His demand for the immediate cessation of hostilities was complied with and the mediation of the United States accepted.

For some time past it has been evident that there were trouble breeders actively at work inciting hostility to the United States throughout Latin America. Panama at the start appealed to the League of Nations to intervene—a plain blow at the Monroe Doctrine evidently shrewdly planned by sinister agencies. This appeal was withdrawn on a swift and sharp hint from Washington. So for the present, at least, a flame which threatened to spread into a continental conflagration has been extinguished—a malignant plot nipped in the bud.

It will be well, however, to keep a watchful eye on Panama. For generations, the Isthmus has been a veritable nest of the "formidable sect."

Mr. Ford's Page

THE pull of gravitation upon us is mostly felt in the desire to find some routine that will almost run itself, to organize a business that will operate itself automatically and for an indefinite period, to strike a single comfortable rut and to keep it. This is the downpull which men ought to resist, especially in these changeful times when the future is offering itself to foresight, and will be the servant of those who are able to detach themselves from the familiar and adventure with the new.

In the horse age we used to see this tendency represented in animals who were accustomed to a certain daily round. The doctor went to certain houses, and his horse became accustomed to stop there, and would always turn in whether reined in or not. The milkman went his round, and his horse behaved as if displeased if any change was made in the daily program.

Men fall into the same half-alive habit. Seldom does the cobbler take up with the new-fangled way of soleing shoes, and seldom does the artisan willingly take up with new methods in his trade. Habit conduces to a certain inertia, and any disturbance of it affects the mind like a trouble. It will be recalled that when a study was made of shop methods, so that the workman might be taught to produce with less useless motion and fatigue, it was most opposed by the workmen themselves. Though they suspected that it was simply a game to get more out of them, what most irked them was that it interfered with the well-worn grooves in which they moved.

There are business men who are going down with their businesses because they like the old way so well they cannot bring themselves to give it up. One sees them all about—men who do not know that yesterday is past, and who woke up this morning with their last year's ideas.

It could almost be written down as a prescription that when a man begins to think that he has at last found his method, he had better begin a most searching examination of himself to see whether some part of his brain has not gone to sleep. There is a subtle danger in a man thinking that he is "fixed" for life. It indicates that the next jolt of the wheel of progress is going to fling him off.

The only business that has a promise of security is the business whose manager has hardihood enough to change it, even though he may love it ever so much, when his common sense tells him that a change is coming. It is a hard thing to do, but the hard things are usually the right things to do, and a man is better for following his vision instead of his "likes."

And what makes it hard? It will not be hard for the man who comes to do it for the first time—why is it hard for the other? Because he has softened down into the old methods; he has allowed them to mold him, instead of himself molding them; he has become a creature of his method, instead of its controller.

The past has a strong hold on us through its detail. We cannot break with the past, but we can scrape off the clinging seaweed of its details. We can break down the whimpering laziness of mind which resents the intrusion of new methods. We can acknowledge each day as a new day and not a mere repetition of yesterday.

Life is not a "battle" except with our own tendency to sag under the downpull of the habit of "getting settled." If to petrify is success, all one has to do is to humor the lazy side of the mind: but if to grow is success, then one must wake up anew every morning and keep awake all day. Great businesses become but the ghost of a name because some one thought they could be managed just as they were always managed, and though the management may have been most excellent in its day, its excellence consisted in its alertness to its day, and not in slavish following of its yesterdays.

THE periods between changes become shorter and shorter. Formerly several generations could pass between changes, but now several new periods appear in a single generation. The world is accelerating its pace toward some new position. This requires of men constant readjustment and is hard on those who resent being shaken out of their ruts. There is a natural tendency to sag down, to organize our business so nicely that it will run itself. Nothing runs itself, and nothing can be successfully run the same way for long. Success in the first degree requires foresight of coming changes. Success in the second degree requires a willingness to adjust oneself to changed methods as soon as the signal appears. The comfortable ruts all drain at last into the ditch by the side of the road.

It is not likely there shall ever be many really new things to do, but it is certain that most of the old works shall be performed in a new way. Fundamentally, agriculture will always mean producing foodstuffs and cloth-stuffs from the field; transportation will always mean conveying materials by wheel across the surface of the earth or by bottoms across the surface of the waters; manufacture will always mean armies of men working raw materials into articles of use.

Everything we now point to boastfully as evidences of our progress consists simply in doing some old work in a new way. Most of that progress consists in getting light from filaments instead of tallow, getting wheel-movements from fire instead of ox-muscle. Most of the history of material progress can be written as a story of the successive ways by which wheels have been made go round. There is nothing new except in the way it is done.

Society is always in danger from two classes, those who fear change, and those who crave it. The first class tends toward decay, the second toward destruction. Change is not to be sought for itself alone, but in following to best advantage the obvious beckoning of the times.

There is always something outside ourselves that gives the signal; a motion of advance that comes over the earth like the coming of spring, and those that are alive respond to it; those who prefer to continue their hibernation in the old methods, fall out of step with the advance. They remain comfortable enough, no doubt, but they no longer count.

It pays a man always to have ideas in advance of what he is doing; that is the only valuable capital.

Changes are coming in every field, and the cause of the jagged interval between two periods is men's hesitancy to give up the old and plunge into the new. The old leaves fall to make room for the new. The old methods are suddenly found to be inadequate because new combinations are arriving. The sleepy side of our minds complain that we are being shaken out of our old life; the vividly alive side of our minds would show us, if we would permit it, that we are only being shaken into our new life.

It is not given to every generation to pass through a period of change. Life ran placidly for our forefathers for long stretches at a time, and in the older countries a certain method of life became so fixed that it left century-long traces on city and countryside. But in these latter days the intervals of change become shorter and shorter. The pace is quickening. Period follows period out of all reckoning with the old calendars. We have seen an almost complete revolution in the past fifteen years, and now we are on the eve of another; and as soon as that will have come, another will be visible on the horizon. The world is moving with breathlessly eager haste to some new position, and we cannot stop it. We can only stop ourselves from following along.

Life is not a location, but a journey. Even the man who most feels himself "settled" is not settled, he is probably sagging back. Everything is in flux, and was meant to be. Life flows, and is not in the same stretch of country for very long. Even the solar universe, we are told, is flying along like a flock of shining birds, always occupying a new position in space. We may live at the same number of the street, but it is never the same man who lives there.

These facts may be resented or welcomed: the man who acknowledges them in a practical way in the form his service takes will always find himself in service; the others will be retired. Finding it hard to give up an incrusted method is a sign of a hardening of the mind which, like the hardening of the arteries, is not to be neglected.

Making a Playground of the Yellowstone

By R. P. CRAWFORD

LAST year 79,777 persons went through Yellowstone Park, a few—the more hardy explorers and naturalists—on foot, some on horseback, but most of them in automobiles. Years come and go and the Yellowstone increases in popularity. When it comes to size there is no comparing of Yellowstone with any of our other national parks. Many of its more than 3,000 square miles have hardly been explored. Many other national parks are mere pigmies in comparison. Even Mount McKinley in Alaska has only 2,200 square miles, and Glacier Park less than half the number of acres of Yellowstone.

When it comes to age, Yellowstone is the oldest of our national parks, with the exception of the Hot Springs Reservation in Arkansas, which, however, embraces only one and a half square miles. When it comes to number of tourists, Yellowstone leads all parks with the exception of the Hot Springs Reservation and the Rocky Mountain National Park north of Denver.

But the most important point is that we are coming to look upon Yellowstone more and more as a national playground. It is no longer something merely to be hastily glanced over and then passed by. One could spend a month there and not comprehend half of the interesting things. This same point applies to all of our national parks in lesser degree. Back in 1916 the number of persons that visited all our national parks totaled 396,097. But during 1920 the visitors at the parks totaled 1,047,455, this latter figure also including 138,951 who visited our eleven national monuments. The national monuments might be known as our lesser national parks, containing features of smaller interest, and generally being of much smaller size. About 140,000 of the total number of tourists visiting the national parks are also accounted for in our comparison by the fact that the Mount McKinley National Park in Alaska, the Grand Canyon Park in Arizona, the Lafayette National Park in Maine, and the Zion Park in Southeastern Utah have been added since 1916.

The name of park is perhaps a little misleading to those who think of a park as a few acres set aside in the big cities of our country. But it is to be hoped that in the same way that these are breathing places in the cities, so the national parks may become recreation spots for the country at large. As the country becomes more and more closely settled, there will be more and more demand from people who desire to get away for a few weeks and enjoy life in the open. This, of course, does not take into consideration the outstanding scenic features that are embraced in each national park and must be preserved for posterity.

So this oldest and greatest of our real national parks still retains its popularity. But no longer is the park restricted to the occupants of the rubber-neck busses, who must see the park in the quickest, shortest, briefest way. One does not have to put up at the $6 up hotels or even at the more inexpensive camps. Thousands of people are learning to go through the park in their own automobiles with their own bag and baggage. At convenient points along the way provision has been made for places for campers, where they may keep house in rustic fashion for two days or two weeks. They can come and go as they please, observing, of course, the park regulations.

When the first private automobile rumbled into the park one morning in August, 1915, there were those who shook their heads disdainfully and proclaimed the doom of the park. I must admit that riding in the old stagecoaches was romantic and even the hold-ups staged by bandits now and then added an enjoyable thrill to the journey of those who sought for the real pioneer conditions. Even today the scenes of those hold-ups are passed with a little shiver of delight.

But it was readily apparent that if the park was to accomplish its real purpose and attract the common people of the country, the automobile would have to be admitted sooner or later. So it was well to make arrangements for the hospitable accommodation of those people who brought their own camping equipment.

In many of the free automobile camps which have been established, pure water is always available and firewood close at hand. Cooking grates are provided and special attention is given to sanitation. Of course there are hundreds of other sites that may be used by campers who enjoy the greater freedom of an open wilderness.

The Yellowstone is now provided with splendid roads comparing favorably in every way with the boulevard roads of a city. One may enter the park on the west, north, east or south. Undoubtedly the latter road will become increasingly attractive since it leads through the Jackson Hole and Teton country, a region of interesting history and splendid scenery, and as better roads are being gradually developed outside the domains of the park on this side. The road system is so arranged that one may make a circuit of the park and see all important features with the least possible inconvenience. But there is plenty of opportunity to get off the beaten track, and on to hundreds of trails that lead in every direction, a paradise for the hiker and horseback rider.

But the first step is to provide oneself with the book of rules and regulations and the pamphlet for automobile tourists and one has a veritable guide of information. There are similar publications for practically every one of the national parks. Then the large-size topographic map should be added, especially if one desires to get off the beaten path, and explore the park to any extent. And, almost needless to say, one should not neglect plenty of bedding and warm clothes, for the evenings and early mornings are indeed crisp.

In fact, just about the same thing applies to all of our national parks. There are guide books supplied free of charge by the National Park Service, and numerous pamphlets detailing specific features of interest can be secured for a few cents. It is a good plan to invest a couple of dollars in this sort of material before one starts out, and one will have a veritable library of all that is interesting along the way, from notes on the bears to scientific treatises on the geological formations of the park.

On a recent trip to Salt Lake one man volunteered the information that it was foolishness to spend even four days seeing the park, that one could see it just as well in two and a half days. That would be much like riding down Broadway in New York and saying that one had seen the city. One should not move too fast if he would see the beauties of the Yellowstone. Most people see the park with a rush and a push that leaves no time for the pure enjoyment of a vacation. There are perhaps better and more interesting opportunities for fishing in Yellowstone than there are anywhere else. Of course hunting is prohibited, unless it be with a camera.

Certainly a vacation can be spent just as easily in the Yellowstone as anywhere else. The point, of course, is that while it is a land of supreme scenic wonders, it is a recreation ground as well.

No doubt one reason for the somewhat hurried trips in the past has been the expense. It is true that $6 a day at the hotels or around $4 at the camps for a family of four or five makes pretty big inroads on the vacation fund after a few weeks, but now that it is possible to do one's own camping, the question of expense hardly enters in, any more than taking an ordinary automobile trip.

As far as the ordinary wonders of the park are concerned, there are usually just about four things that especially engage the attention of the average traveler. The geysers and hot springs, the canyon, the lake, and the wild life in the park. There are a thousand smaller things, each of which in an ordinary case would be sufficient reason for a summer resort.

Mere superlatives in describing the features of the park are probably unnecessary. Practically everyone knows that there are more geysers in the Yellowstone than in any similar area in the world. The most prominent of them are in what are known as the Upper and Lower Geyser Basins. Here is found the Old Faithful Geyser which gives its performance practically every hour, the Giant Geyser which essays to perform every six to fourteen days, and a score or so others which perform as the mood suits them. Years ago it was said to be possible to coax the geysers into action by dropping a piece of soap into them, but this is prohibited at the present time. It is reported that the action of soap on geysers was first discovered by a Chinaman who unwittingly washed his clothes in one of the basins. Many of the geysers are irregular in their actions.

The Lower Geyser Basin, located about five miles from the Upper Basin, no longer boasts as active geysers as the Upper Basin. But it was here that the famous Excelsior Geyser, which ceased playing in 1888, was wont to throw its water as high as 300 feet. But there are still some remarkable phenomena here, such as the Mammoth Paint Pots and the Prismatic Lake, with its remarkable colors.

When one recalls how little credence was given to the early reports brought back by explorers from this section, one realizes how unique this park really is. The theory of geyser action is simple enough, but the sight of these smoking columns of water inspires a certain reluctance to have them explained. Of course, they are due to water trickling down to the region of intense heat, which in the case of geyser lands is necessarily near the surface, forming steam which in turn expands and forces out the water that lies above it.

What is known as the Norris Geyser Basin in the central part of the park has fewer real active geysers and is quite variable in its action. But the sight of the great columns of steam rising here and there over an area of several acres is a never-forgotten sight. Not far from here is Roaring Mountain, where a great hillside is the scene of numerous steam vents.

The hot water phenomena around the Mammoth Hot Springs in the northern part of the park are as interesting, but less fascinating than the geysers. Here white mineral deposits, brought to the surface by the hot water, have formed gigantic terraces, and even, in some places, engulfed trees. Many of these terraces have been given a reddish hue, due to the growth of algae, or tiny plants.

But for many years people were so accustomed to associate the Yellowstone with geysers that they forgot that it was the home of one of the greatest canyons of the world, the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Probably no other canyon can equal it in color, varying from yellows to bright reds and purples. It is said that this coloring was due to the long-continued action of hot vapors arising from geysers and hot springs. In fact, close to the river's edge in the canyon may be found some still active steam vents. For three miles or more below the Lower Fall this riot of color continues. The canyon is nearly a thousand feet deep and two thousand feet across at the rim. The Lower Fall of the Yellowstone which marks the real beginning of the canyon is twice the height of Niagara. And yet, despite the splendor of this scene, it receives only comparatively scant recognition the country over. In fact, there seems to be so much to see in Yellowstone Park that any one of the numerous spectacles is lost in the grandeur of the whole.

Yellowstone Lake, with the mountains stretching away to the horizon, would pass for a magnificent lake anywhere. Tower Fall, with its 132-foot drop, the petrified forests, Dunraven Pass, a score of mineral springs—in themselves sufficient to start a health resort—a cliff of solid glass, not to mention the splendid mountain vistas in themselves, furnish never-forgotten scenes. Nor should one forget the Yellowstone bears or buffaloes. There are more wild animals that can be readily seen in the park than in any other place on the American continent. A recent report from the National Geographic Society indicated that the number of black bears in the park totals nearly one hundred animals, together with about twenty-five grizzlies. The comparative frequency with which bears are seen might lead one to the belief that there were many more. However, the Yellowstone bears always make themselves conspicuous around the garbage piles. It is believed that about 25,000 elk still remain in the park, including those on the Teton game preserve south of the park.

It is hoped that the future will see a great area to the south of the park added, which will bring into the park proper the Grand Tetons and Jackson Lake. Already this district has been claimed by many summer tourists, and many maps show this as being virtually within the park. Originally the "Jackson Hole Country," the home of bandits, it gives every promise of becoming one of the country's greatest scenic spots.



Lower Fall of the Yellowstone, twice the height of Niagara.



1. Old Faithful Geyser, which never fails.
2. Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, the coloring of which is perhaps equaled nowhere.
3. One of the numerous camps for automobile tourists.
4. No story of Yellowstone would be complete without a bear.
5. Yellowstone Lake.
6. Down in Yellowstone Canyon, 1,000 feet deep.
7. Looking across the terraces at Mammoth Hot Springs.
8. Where even trees have been engulfed by the accumulation of white mineral deposits.

"Jewish Rights" to Put Studies Out of Schools

Anti-Defamation League Boycotts William Shakespeare; Fury of Mass Meetings an Artificial and Staged Fury; B'nai B'rith History

THE organizations of Jewry are numerous and widespread, all of them being international in tone whether so chartered or not. The Alliance Israelite Universelle is, perhaps, the world clearing house of Jewish policy, with which every national aggregation of Jewish societies has affiliation.

The Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, which is now hopeful of reaching the 1,000,000 membership mark, is frankly international. It has divided the world into 11 districts, seven of which are in the United States. Its lodges at last report numbered 426. The four members of its executive committee who do not reside in the United States, reside in Berlin, Vienna, Bucharest and Constantinople, respectively. Its lodges have been set up in the United States, Europe, Asia and Africa. Henry Morganthau's name appears in the 1919-1920 Jewish year book as a member of this executive committee. Mr. Morganthau will be remembered as the American Minister to Turkey, later talked of as Ambassador to Mexico, then chosen by President Wilson to mediate between the Turks and the Armenians. Mr. Morgenthau also investigated for the President the reports of Polish pogroms.

In studying the executive committees of Jewish societies it is strikingly evident that the same minds guide all the important ones. A few names recur again and again. They are the names one meets at all Senate hearings, at various strategic places in the War Government of the United States, and at every stage of Jewish interference with American foreign policy. Everything centers at last, apparently, in the American Jewish Committee and the executive committee of the New York Kehillah. Judge Mack, Judge Brandeis, the Warburgs, the Schiffs, Morgenthau, Wolf, Kraus, Elkus, Straus, Louis Marshall—these names appear over and over again, in offensive and defensive action, in all big affairs.

There are now in the United States 6,100 reported Jewish organizations. Of these, 3,637 are in New York City. This figure is offered from the 1919-1920 year book, although the statement was recently made that the New York Kehillah is the clearing house of 4,000 organizations.

Enough is shown to indicate how fully organized the Jews are, how they are linked together by every conceivable bond, the material of every bond being their racial likeness.

First Saw Light in Saloon

THE organization about which the public has heard most is the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith. Its headquarters are not in New York, strange to say, but in Chicago. Its origin, however, as might be expected, was in New York.

This interesting order, without a reference to which no survey of Jewry is complete, came into existence in the back room of an Essex street saloon in 1843. Strangely enough, its most moving spirit at the beginning was a Henry Jones, although his colleagues retained their Hebraic names.

Because most of the founders were from Germany the name was given in German, Bundes Bruder, which is in Hebrew, B'nai B'rith (Brothers of the Covenant). The executive committee was known as The Elders. The order spread first to Cincinnati, apparently taking the course of German immigration through the country, and it is recorded that the second lodge in that city is the first where the English language was used in discussing lodge affairs. The first leap of the order abroad, was to Berlin where in 1885 Grand Lodge No. 8 was installed, followed soon after by Grand Lodges in Rumania and Austria. The order's literature lays stress on the work of inculcating patriotism which is said to be one of B'nai B'rith's special interests. It is perhaps not meant, however, that the head office at Chicago could undertake, especially during recent years, to guide the patriotism of all the districts throughout the world. It would have been rather awkward for District No. 6, which includes Illinois, to encourage District No. 8 to loyalty, seeing that District No. 8 embraced Germany.

The Order has not avoided the political field. The diplomatic history of the United States in the last 70 years is dotted all over with indications of B'nai B'rith activities. Oscar Straus, writing from the Legation of the United States at Constantinople in 1889, tells Secretary of State Blaine that the Jerushalaim Lodge of B'nai B'rith at Jerusalem was quite satisfied with the way in which the State Department had attended to a certain matter at the lodge's request. Mr. Morganthau in the midst of his investigation of the false pogrom rumors on Poland, goes to a B'nai B'rith lodge. In 1870 Brother Benjamin F. Piexotto was appointed "as United States consul at Bucharest for the express purpose of securing an amelioration of the condition of the shockingly persecuted Jews in Rumania." The "persecution" in Rumania was the protest of the Rumanian peasantry against the two greatest menaces to the peasant farmers—the Jew-controlled liquor and mortgage traffics.

But this special appointment was made "in pursuance of suggestions made by the Order, and the negotiations were carried on chiefly by Brother Simon Wolf."

Simon Wolf has been the official Jewish lobbyist at Washington, on fixed post, for fifty years. He could write an informative story of the relation of B'nai B'rith to diplomatic appointments, if he would. It was he who suggested to William Jennings Bryan, when the latter was Secretary of State, that a Jew be appointed Minister to Spain to show Spain that the United States did not approve Spain's act of expulsion back in the fifteenth century. Jews are also suggesting to President Harding that a Jew be appointed Ambassador to Germany to rebuke the Germans' resentment against Jewish control of finance, industry and politics. This conception of the United States Diplomatic Service as a convenient agency for the transaction of Jewish world affairs has been in existence a long time, and has accounted for some of the strange appointments which have puzzled the people.

The Judaizing of the East

IT IS worth noting that while American Jews are crowding the eastern diplomatic posts with as many Jews as possible, British Jews are doing the same thing in the Judaization of the Persia, India and Palestine governments, so that the whole mid-Orient is now under Jewish control, and the Mohammedan World is given to understand that the Jews are merely coming back from their conquest of the white races. To those who have observed the Jewish attempt to seek a rapprochement between the followers of Moses and Mohammed, the situation is one of the keenest interest.

The B'nai Brith is made up mostly of the more liberal Jews, religiously speaking, and doubtless includes a large number who are also liberal, racially speaking. The time when it stood as spokesman of Jewish ideals is now long past; it stands today the center of certain Jewish activities. It does not supersede the American Jewish Committee by any means, but it is the encircling arm, with fingers everywhere, through which the committee can get its will carried out. When there is anything to be *done*, the B'nai B'rith is the organization which takes the lead in putting it over. It may be described as a *freemasonry exclusively for Jews*. This brings up another characteristic that people have noticed and discussed: the Jew demands as his right entrance into other Orders; into his own he admits none but Jews. This one-sided policy is found everywhere.

Chief among the B'nai B'rith's activities in so far as they directly relate to the rest of the people, is the work of the Anti-Defamation League. This inside committee in every lodge attends to the espionage work necessary to keep the Grand Lodges informed as to what is going on with reference to Jewry in the United States. In its work, the Anti-Defamation League always takes the offensive and works along pretty well defined lines.

How the League Works

ORDINARILY the head of the Anti-Defamation League in each city is a man competent to bring pressure to bear on the public press. Sometimes he is the head of an advertising agency which, as a rule, pools the Jewish department store advertising of that city, so that the newspapers may be controlled from that angle. Sometimes he is himself a heavy advertiser pledged the co-operation of other advertisers in whatever he undertakes to do. The Anti-Defamation League is the instrument through which all boycotting tactics make their appearance. This league not only makes its protest from without, but directs reprisals from within. It is an exceedingly militant body and does not always depend upon "the rule of reason" in its activities.

Many quaint tales could be told of the operations of the Anti-Defamation League in various American cities, but as the present articles attempt to give no more than a bird's-eye view of widespread Jewish activities, mere story-telling will have to wait.

But perhaps the most notable accomplishment of the league has been the suppression of the word "Jew" in the public prints in any but the most laudatory connections. For a long time in the United States the people did not know how to refer to the Jews, whether as Hebrews or Israelites or what, because the fear of giving offense had been so diligently cultivated in all quarters.

The result was that other nationalities were laden with all the undesirable publicity which the Jews had evaded through the efforts of the Anti-Defamation League. Recently a Jew was on trial for the murder of his wife. The newspapers referred to him as "a pert little *Englishman*." The Russians in the United States, and the Poles also, have been filled with indignation by the extent to which their national names have been used in police and newspaper reports to conceal the identity of Jews. The Russians resident in this country have several times been compelled to remonstrate with the press for its misrepresentative practice in this matter.

For this state of affairs the Anti-Defamation League receives the credit. Whenever a newspaper printed the word "Jew" as an identifying noun after the name of anyone who had been discredited, the Anti-Defamation League was instantly on the job in protest. The stock argument is, "If he had been a Baptist or an Episcopalian you would not have told it, and why should you say that he is a Jew—'Jew' being a mere religious denomination." City editors are obliging and the rule became established. In principle it is right, although it is urged on wrong grounds; but in practice it has turned out to be a great injustice to other nationalities and, more than all, it has curtailed the freedom of American speech. It has concealed the Jew where he most wishes to be concealed, and it cannot be said that he has made the best use of this privilege.

It is this fixed policy of the B'nai B'rith's Anti-Defamation League which imperils the hope that the B'nai B'rith might have come to the front as one of the most useful influences in the solution of the Jewish Question. It includes a body of men sufficiently acquainted with the general point of view to be able to see where corrections and concessions are necessary as a ground, not to mere polite tolerance, but to reconciliation. There is no country in the world more propitious for the settlement of the world's Jewish Problem than is the United States, but it cannot be settled along the old line of the Judaization of the United States, nor by its de-Christianization either. The work of the Anti-Defamation League is positive to Judaization and negative to settlement.

Mass Meetings Well Staged

THERE is nothing that Jewry, acting through the B'nai B'rith, does so well as to hold Mass Meetings and attack "The Merchant of Venice."

Mass Meetings may be described as the Jews' great American pastime. The New York Kehillah, that is, The American Jewish Committee, can on one day's notice organize Mass Meetings in every city in the United States. They are mechanical devices, of course; they are not so much expressions of the Jewish mind as they are attempts to impress the non-Jewish mind. There is a great deal of theatrical calculation in them. This column could be filled with the dates and places of Mass Meetings held within any seven days on any question in which the Jews had decided to coerce or accelerate public or, as it usually is, official opinion. The Mass Meeting, it appears, can still be made to seem real to the political official whose vote is sought.

It was by Mass Meetings that Congress was coerced into breaking off our commercial treaty with Russia.

It was by Mass Meetings that the literacy test was defeated.

It was by Mass Meetings that every attempt to restrict immigration has been defeated.

In 100 important cities a Mass Meeting could be held tomorrow night if President Harding should attempt to remove a Jewish official, or if the census bureau should attempt to record Jews under their proper racial name.

It is a very perfect system, even if a little antiquated. Doubtless its main purpose is to let the Jewish masses believe that they too have something to say in Jewish affairs. Jewish leadership of the Jews is never quite what the Jews think it is, and its weakness was never more apparent than today. There has not been any "persecution" of the Jews in the United States and never will be any, but all that the Jews have had to carry in the way of misunderstanding has been the result of the leadership which has misled them into paths of bloated ambition, instead of substantial human achievement. At this moment there is trembling, not among the Jewish masses, but among their leaders. The Jewish people will presently take their own affairs in their own hands, and then their affairs will go better. There are too many "committees," too many "prophets," too many "wise men," who think that two minutes with a President constitutes greatness, and

that a busy bustling overseas and back constitutes statesmanship. The Jews have suffered from the personal ambitions and pathetic incapacity of some of their most advertised men.

The B'nai B'rith has this much in its favor: its leadership has always been progressive. Only when it has lent itself as local agent for the "leaders" of the New York Kehillah has it set up in its neighborhoods those influences which tend toward division instead of a better understanding.

Under whose inspiration it was that the B'nai B'rith undertook to bring its great power to bear against one of Shakespeare's plays, cannot now be said; but it has been most unfortunate for Jewish influence in all directions. Successful—oh, yes; but such a success as serious people could well do without.

Merely to glance over the record is interesting:

1907—Jews force "The Merchant of Venice" to be dropped from public schools in Galveston, Texas; Cleveland, Ohio; El Paso, Texas; Youngstown, Ohio.

1908—Jews have "The Merchant of Venice" eliminated from the English course in the high school at El Paso, Texas.

1910—Apparently the "Merchant" slipped back into Cleveland schools, for in April the superintendent of public schools issued an order that it was not to be used again.

1911—Rabbi Harry W. Ettleson and Solomon Elsner request the Hartford, Connecticut, school board to have "The Merchant of Venice" dropped from the reading list of the schools. The board complies.

1912—Jewish residents of Minneapolis, Minnesota, inaugurate a movement to have "The Merchant of Venice" dropped from the public schools.—In Boston, Massachusetts, the superintendent of schools refuses to withdraw "The Merchant of Venice" as a textbook, on the demand of Rabbi Phineas Israeli.

1916—On demand of Jews the New Haven, Connecticut, board of education votes to prevent the reading of "The Merchant of Venice," and extends the prohibition to "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" until an edition is published which omits the play.

And so on down the list of cities. A diversion was created by the Jewish attack on Sargent's painting entitled "The Synagogue" in the art scheme of the Boston Public Library. Many denunciatory resolutions were adopted throughout the country with regard to that, but the painting is still there.

The Jewish Idea of "Rights"

IT IS all part of one mistaken program, to prohibit free speech, with reference to the Jew. It is utterly at one side of all that American principles mean. Shut him up! Boycott him! Tear down his painting! Bar his words from the mails and public library!—what a waste of energy and what a self-judgment such an attitude is!

And it has become pretty general. Last Christmas most people had a hard time finding Christmas cards that indicated in any way that Christmas commemorated Someone's Birth. Easter they will have the same difficulty in finding Easter cards that contain any suggestion that Easter commemorates a certain event. There will be rabbits and eggs and spring flowers, but a hint of the Resurrection will be hard to find. Now, all this begins with the designers of the cards. And even in this business one comes upon that same policy of declaring Anti-Semitic everything that is Christian. If Rabbi Coffee says the New Testament is the most Anti-Semitic book ever written, what must be the judgment on an Easter card that is truly an Easter card?

In November, 1919, the Anti-Defamation Committee claimed that 150 American cities had excluded "The Merchant of Venice" from the public schools. The newspapers at this writing are announcing that David Warfield, the great Jewish actor, is going to play "Shylock" in the manner which, as he believes, represents the true Shakespeare conception. The Anti-Defamation League may yet find itself to have expended much energy beating the wind, especially as the best Shakespearean critics declare that "The Merchant of Venice" is not about a Jew at all, but about Usury as a vicious practice which gripped both Jew and non-Jew and brought division.

There was, however, a certain finesse in the manner of the Anti-Defamation League in approaching the matter of the exclusion of the "Merchant." It was not an incapacity to appreciate the fine work of Shakespeare. Oh, not, anything but that. Nor was it a confession of thin-skinned sensibility on the part of Jews. Not at all. No, it was really for the benefit of the Gentile children that the Anti-Defamation League wanted them kept away from that play in their reading lessons.

Here Are Their Reasons

HERE are excerpts from one of the letters sent out from the Anti-Defamation League in Chicago to the superintendent of public schools in an important city. The italics are ours:

> "We have just been advised that the . . . . *high schools* still retain "The Merchant of Venice" in the list of required readings . . . .
>
> "We do not base our request because of the embarrassment which may be caused to the Jewish students in class, nor is our attitude in this regard based on thin-skinned sensitiveness. It is the result of mature consideration and investigation. Our objection is made *because of its effect upon the non-Jewish children* who subconsciously will associate in their own minds the Jew as Shakespeare portrayed him with the Jew of today. Children are not analysts. A character in the past vividly portrayed exists for them in the present. The Jew of Shakespeare lives in the mind of the child as the Jew of New York, or the Jew of Chicago, or the Jew of Newark. Your teachers of literature might say much in favor of Shylock's good qualities, but our experience has been that only very seldom are Shylock's good qualities brought out strongly before children. Those traits of his character which are brought out most vividly in the study of the play are Shylock's greed, hatred, revenge and cruelty.
>
> "The fact that the College Entrance Requirements Board realized the justice of our stand and struck the play off from the list as required readings for entrance to our universities and colleges indicates clearly that it is a most serious problem . . . .
>
> ". . . . We believe that when you realize the great harm which might be caused to hundreds and thousands of law-abiding Jewish citizens of this country, you will grant our request that the reading of 'The Merchant of Venice' be discontinued from your schools."

To Do Away With Shakespeare?

AND in this case it was. Notwithstanding the fact that the play was used in the *high school,* and the argument of the letter was addressed to the effect of the play on *children,* it was discontinued. A study of the schedule of just what occurred showed that everything had been made ready even before the letter was written.

Does this frittering away of Jewish influence strike the Jewish leaders as a wise policy?

Is there any hope whatever of doing away with "The Merchant of Venice"?

Do they not know that it is the observation of teachers of literature that even if non-Jewish children are forbidden to read the play, Jewish children are going to read it anyway, since it is the Jewish children who must heartily enjoy it because they more clearly understand it?

Do not the Jewish leaders know that non-Jews do not read the "Merchant" for Shylock, except perhaps his noble defense of the Jew as a human being? Whoever hears Shylock quoted in anything but this, which numerous Jewish writers delight to quote?—

> "I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?"

To effect its purpose the Anti-Defamation League will have to perform an excision on our common English tongue. The wise and witty sayings of this Shakespearean play have passed into the permanent coinage of daily speech.

"I hold the world a stage where every man must play his part; and mine a sad one."

". . . . I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces."

"The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

"A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!"

"Truth will come to sight; murder cannot be hid long."

"All that glitters is not gold."

"A harmless necessary cat."

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
. . . . . .
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

Their Course a Mistake

THIS is beyond the power of the Anti-Defamation League to destroy. Shylock may be forgotten, but not these living lines. It is true, however, that in 150 American cities, according to the league's claim, school children are prevented reading and hearing these words in school.

But is it worth it? Is it a part of "Jewish Rights" that an admittedly great play, taught in all the English courses of all the universities, should be prohibited to the children of the people in the public schools?

From the prohibition of the Bible to the prohibition of Shakespeare, the whole Jewish course has been a colossal mistake, the reaction from which will be to belittle Jewish public judgment in the future.

It was all very well said by a correspondent to the Newark *Evening News,* January 13, 1920:

> "To the Editor of the *News*:
>
> "Sir—Protests have been made by the representatives of the Jewish, Scotch and colored races against Shakespeare's being used in the public schools, the former because of the portrayal of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." Some Scotch folk have protested, as I understand it, to the Newark Board of Education, on account of the character given Macbeth. The colored folks, judging from the letter printed in the *News* from Washington, do not like the character Othello, owing to his despicable treatment of Desdemona. As a descendant of the Welsh race, I enter my protest in behalf of that ancient people in regard to Shakespeare's ridicule in Henry V, of the Welshman, Captain Ffluellen, who is made to look as if he did not know anything about war.
>
> "I have no doubt that others could find fault with Shakespeare's penchant for holding up the weak side of some of his characters, so I think that Shakespeare and the Bible might well be kept out of the public schools because both books are rough on certain people whose identity is clearly shown. The board of education is to be congratulated for taking action in the matter, which promises at this late date to place the Newark educational system in a class all by itself."

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Now we have the editor of the *Jewish Sentinel,* of Chicago, telling us that an "Anti-Semite" is "an individual of low morality and intelligence who displays animosity toward the Jews." He goes on: "There was a time when we had the right to look upon an 'anti-Semite' as a man who dislikes the Jews and who would not associate with them. Today, however, we must look upon every 'Anti-Semite' as upon a murderer and criminal, because what the 'Anti-Semites' are out for today is to kill Jews." Can it be possible that this editor's readers have so little intelligence as to swallow propaganda of this sort?

The recently published reminiscences of Siegmund Mayer, the Austrian Jewish leader who died last October in his ninetieth year, throw much light on the development of Jewish influence in Austria and in Europe generally. When Mayer was a member of the Vienna city council he had an encounter with Carl Lueger, a colleague. Lueger said the Jews ought to go to Palestine. Mayer rejoined, "If the Jews are too much for you, you may go to Palestine!"

Sir Alfred Mond, prominent Zionist and commissioner of public works in Lloyd George's Government, announces that he has purchased a piece of land on the shores of the Sea of Galilee and will build a bungalow on it for his summer vacations.

According to a Vienna dispatch, the Austrian Government has instructed its Paris representatives, Eichoff and Tarnoczky, to take up with the League of Nations the question of the expulsion of several thousand Jewish refugees from Central European lands. Although leading Austrian Jews agree with the government that the presence of these invaders is seriously intensifying the food situation, wealthy American Jews are exercising influence against their return to Poland, Russia and the Ukraine, with the design of enabling them instead to emigrate to the United States.

The Paris press is much stirred up over alleged discoveries by the French secret police, *service de sureté,* that Dr. Max Nordau, Zionist leader, has been acting as go-between for the French communists in dealings with Krassin, the Bolshevist commissary.

Churchill, Mystery Man of English Politics

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, February—(By Mail).

SOME of the principal English and Scottish newspapers have just been holding a "model election" to test the system of proportional representation—P. R. as we call it here for short. There were fifteen candidates of all political sorts and sizes—party leaders like Asquith, Lloyd George and Bonar Law, independents of the type of Lord Robert Cecil. Labor men as far apart as Clynes, Smillie and Henderson, the popular "watchdog," Horatio Bottomley, and women like Lady Astor, the Unionist, and Margaret Bondfield, Labor.

There was also Mr. Winston Churchill. The voting was by post and over 35,000 voting papers were sent in. When the papers were examined and every candidate had credited to him the number of papers on which he received the voter's "first preference," it was found that Mr. Churchill had precisely 151. There was only one other candidate—who is in no sense a leading political figure—with so ludicrously small a poll. Now Mr. Churchill was minister of war and minister for the air when this vote took place and is now not only taking up the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies but is assuming responsibility for a vast new province which is to be brought under the colonial office—the Middle East, comprising Egypt and the mandatory territories of Mesopotamia and Palestine. How comes it, then, that a personality of this importance should receive a mere beggarly handful of votes from a very varied and intelligent newspaper electorate? Was there a mistake or do the figures really represent public opinion?

They do. Probably there is no political personality at the present day who is so generally unpopular and distrusted by so many separate sections of opinion. Mr. Churchill, an aristocrat, began by being a Conservative. He made his reputation by attacking his party from its own benches in the House of Commons. In this way he contributed to the downfall of Mr. Balfour's (Conservative) Government in 1905 and established his claim on the gratitude of the Liberal party. When the war came he was associated as first lord of the admiralty with that masterful man, Lord Fisher, and over the attack on the Dardanelles the two masterful men fell out and both of them resigned, so that the country was deprived of the services of the greatest seamen whom it has produced since Nelson's time.

Mr. Churchill was mainly responsible for the idea of the Antwerp and the Gallipoli expeditions, both of which failed disastrously. There are many nowadays who regard these schemes as brilliant strategic conceptions which, with better fortune, might have changed the face of the war, but there are many more people in England who regard them as wild projects forced by an imaginative civilian on long-suffering soldiers and who maintain that the diversion of forces to Gallipoli weakened the Western front and so prolonged the war. This section has never forgiven Mr. Churchill, and never will. He represents to them one of the most costly and disastrous failures in British history.

Then it is remembered against him that when Mr. Asquith found it impossible to admit him to the inner cabinet at one period of the war, he resigned and declared his intention of serving his country at the front. His reluctance to serve in a subordinate position brought a black mark against him in the country's books and another was added when it was found that after a comparatively short period of service at the front he was back again in politics. Let it be one thing or the other, people said, but to make these rapid changes argued a marked instability and capriciousness of character. Others again he has offended on the personal side by his habit of writing signed articles for the popular press on political questions. This is done more often in England nowadays than it used to be, but it is still done very rarely and there is a strong feeling against one of the most prominent ministers of the Crown writing (say) in an illustrated Sunday newspaper. The feeling may possibly be old-fashioned and no better than a prejudice, but it exists. It is characteristic that people cast about for some special explanation of so strange a phenomenon and found it in the knowledge that Mr. Churchill is by no means a wealthy man and would presumably be glad to receive the handsome fees which an affluent Sunday paper could afford to pay.

The critics who are offended with Mr. Churchill because of his resigning office, hurrying to the front and then returning to politics are, like those who resent his newspaper activities, drawn from all classes. Those who perpetually throw up against him the Antwerp and Gallipoli expeditions are mostly members of the Unionist party—especially the high-and-dry Tory element represented by the *Morning Post*—because Mr. Churchill was a Liberal minister and disliked not only for that reason but because he was a deserter from the Tory ranks. But since the armistice Mr. Churchill has succeeded very thoroughly in alienating both Liberals and Labor men. The hostility of Labor might be assumed, for the Labor party preserves its independence and is hostile to all ministers, Liberal or Unionist. But not to all of them equally and to none of them as much as to Mr. Churchill. The alienation of Liberals is much more serious, because at one time Mr. Churchill had a considerable hold on them as a sincere and eloquent defender of Free Trade. That hold he lost when it came to be believed that he was the chief driving force behind armed intervention in Russia and that he more than any other man was responsible for saddling this country with persistent participation in the war of the Russian Whites against the Bolsheviks.

Before we withdrew our active support of the Kolchaks and Denikins and other hopeless last-hopes of the Russian émigrés we had spent one hundred million pounds sterling. We had maintained for many months the miserable Archangel expedition, which was eventually abandoned because the country would simply not go on with it and the government was forced to yield. It has never been any secret that during all the last two years in which Mr. George has been struggling with painful and vacillating steps toward a peaceful settlement with Bolshevik Russia, Mr. Churchill has been opposed to him. He has made no secret himself of his bitter regret that England did not do more to assist the White Russian leaders. He has, of course, pleaded that whatever he did as war minister was done by him in execution of the policy decided on by the whole cabinet, and this was possibly true. But the country recognizes in him the strongest opponent of Mr. George's policy and the strongest advocate of a war of which it had become utterly weary.

England has come gradually to take the view which President Wilson recently expressed when he said that the Bolshevik domination was a monstrous tyranny over Russia but that it was not to be overthrown by foreign intervention, which could indeed but strengthen it. Mr. Churchill, like France, took a very different view. His view was not, however, based on a mere violent antipathy to Bolshevism as a revolutionary doctrine against which we must go crusading. He has always been afraid—and is probably still afraid—lest Bolshevik Russia should join hands with Germany. Against such a Bolshevik block, as he sees it, no state in Central and Eastern Europe could stand up. Hungary, Austria, the border states and Italy would all fall into the Bolshevik melting pot and Bolshevism would march triumphantly up to the River Rhine, thence to face and to menace France, England and in the last resort even the United States.

Mr. Churchill has vision, he has large ideas, he looks ahead, and few ministers do as much as that. It is easy to see how as soon as he became obsessed with this nightmare of a joint Russo-German Bolshevism, he sprang to the conclusion that the remedy was to suppress Bolshevism in Russia, the seat of infection, by armed force and to maintain in its place (presumably by armed forces, if necessary) some other form of government which would not only refuse to ally itself with German Bolshevism but would be actively hostile to it and help to keep it down. Now it would be foolish to deny that there was and still is something to be said for this fear that Germany might "go Bolshevik." But, even so, a foreign war against Russian Bolshevism is the last way to suppress it. All history has shown that foreign invasion rallies all parties in the country attacked to the side of the régime threatened. So it was in the time of the French Revolution and so it has been in Russia now. Mr. Churchill's reply would be that we did not make war on Russia with enough vigor and persistence, and the answer to that is the simple and conclusive one, as far as England is concerned, that if we had not stopped the Russian war there would have been revolt and revolution in this country.



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WINSTON CHURCHILL and MRS. CHURCHILL

Mr. Churchill also failed to see that if Germany were to become a Bolshevist state, it would be because she had become wretched, starving and bankrupt. Bolshevism only succeeds where it finds the appropriate soil to root in, and that it finds in want and destitution. There is in Germany a very strong determination to resist Bolshevism and to prevent the country being dragged down into the abyss. What we say to Mr. Churchill therefore is that Russia should be left, as Mr. Wilson has urged, to work out her salvation free from foreign interference and that we should help Germany as far as is reasonably possible, to help herself; we should strengthen the anti-Bolshevik elements, the masses of millions of decent citizens who hate the idea of the Moscow terrorism and will not "go Bolshevik" themselves, except in passion and despair. Of course, there are some people who disagree with this argument, and approve of Mr. Churchill's views. But these are the very people who censure him most severely for his "wildcat schemes" during the war and distrust him because he is—or was—a Liberal.

So Mr. Churchill has come to lose the confidence of almost every section of public opinion here. The mystery is that he turns up none the less in every ministry that is formed and receives the most important offices under the Crown. Since 1906 he has been almost continuously in office. He has been under secretary for the Colonies, secretary for home affairs, minister of munitions, first lord of the admiralty, minister for war, minister for the air and is now minister for the Colonies, the Dominions and the Middle East in succession to Lord Milner. Liberals denounce him as a spendthrift and a militarist; Tories demand that their leaders should keep him out of the government as they kept out Lord Haldane. But all to no use. Mr. Churchill has many enemies and few followers, but he continues all the time to be one of our governors.

One reason is that Mr. Lloyd George finds in him a kindred spirit. Mr. Churchill is bold and adventurous and knows his own mind. During the war he was, like Mr. George, an "Easterner," hoping to avoid the interminable bloodshed in the West by finding some "way round" in the East. Mr. George prides himself on being a man who gets things done, who has decision and a driving will. So has Mr. Churchill and in respect of these qualities the two men shine brilliantly among the mediocrities who surround them in the ministry. Again, Mr. Churchill, like Mr. George, is accessible to new ideas. Everyone admitted that he was the right man to be at the head of the air ministry, where the alert and receptive mind was needed for the development of the new weapon. It was he who, when the war office stupidly and stubbornly frowned on the idea of the tank, took it up and pressed it forward, so that the British Army owes to him the saving of unnumbered lives.

A good judge has said that Mr. Churchill is the one man that our premier really fears as a possible rival and that this is the reason why he keeps him carefully in the ministry, despite his unpopularity, just as Italy became a member of the Triple Alliance because that was the only way of preventing her fighting with Austria. It may be so, for certainly Mr. Churchill would be a much more formidable enemy than any whom Mr. George has at present to face.

No one can forecast Mr. Churchill's future. He recently came into a fortune of £5,000 a year, which should make him independent of office if he should choose to quarrel with the premier. This makes him more formidable as an opponent than he ever was before. He has no strong root either in the country or in the Parliament and Mr. George has both. He inherited from his father the traditions of Tory democracy and the sacred cause of economy, but there are no signs that he cares for either of them much today. He has too much native ability, too high a quality of mind and will to be kept down and it is probable that his presence in the ministry is worth the price that Mr. George has to pay for it.

Truths and Mysteries in Farm Figures

By AARON HARDY ULM

This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Ulm on farm life and farm management.

STUDIES made by farm economists in the United States Department of Agriculture indicate that the best earnings from the mere ownership of farm lands often, if not usually, come from the poorer instead of the good farms and are highest in what are rated as poor farm communities. This doesn't mean that a person purchasing agricultural lands for mere investment purpose should buy poor land in poor communities. It may mean that such a course is preferable, however, if direct rent return is the prime or sole consideration.

"Why do earnings in the form of rent from poor farms represent a higher return on the value of the property than those from good farms?" one of the department's chief land economists was asked.

"We don't know," he replied. "Many factors may enter into the cause but we hesitate about naming any of them. In fact, we are asking outside statisticians to help us find the answer."

The facts seem to be, as an illustration, somewhat as follows: If a landlord in, say, a first-class farming section of Iowa gets in rental as much as 3 per cent on the value of his farm property he does well. The rate of average rental return to such a landlord is more likely to be nearer 2 than 3 per cent. In New England the landlord is likely to receive more than 5 per cent on his investment. Yet farm lands in New England increase in value very little, as compared with farms of the Middle West. That very fact may be the reason—though the land economists are not ready to say so—for the higher rental earnings in the poor as against the fine farming regions. The big land investment earnings coming to the landlord in Iowa have consisted heretofore very largely of increase in the selling value of his property. Investigators estimate that farm lands sold in Iowa during the "land boom" of last year and the year before brought sales prices that represented, to the sellers, gains from increased selling value totaling the huge sum of $193,255,373. It is worth while noting that the largest proportion of those gains went to actual farmers, rather than to urban dwellers who were non-resident owners of farm lands. The investigators estimate that rural dwellers received a total of $102,425,348 in increased values from sales that are estimated as amounting to only 8.9 per cent of the farms in the state.

How far the American farmer as a landowner has been more of a speculator in land than a profit-maker from what the land actually produced is a difficult question. It is probable, however, that most farm fortunes go back more to increased values in land than to accumulations from mere cultivation of the soil.

The questions involved are quite important, for they affect the city person as much as the rural dweller. The higher the value of farm land, the higher the capital investment on which the farmer must earn a fair return, and thus the higher the prices at which he must sell his product.

For the farm operator can't safely measure his earnings by the difference between money or labor expended during the year and the cash received from the sale of his crops. In addition to earnings from his labor and that of his family and from his management of hired labor, he must earn on the capital represented by his plant. Otherwise capital won't go into farming, and there would be no material incentive for farmers becoming owners instead of tenants.

In fact, if we omit increment on land due to increase in its selling value—by no means a certain factor—a fair case could be made out in favor of tenancy against ownership. The figures actually show that the average tenant gets a higher return from his labor than does the average land-owning farm operator. That is one of the numerous oddities disclosed by farm economics, and shows that a good deal of moaning about the dangers from tenancy has been due to sentiment rather than sound thinking.

It is an economic fact, say the economists, that a certain amount of farm tenancy in our agricultural life is not only necessary but healthy. Where healthfulness ends and the contrary begins, no economist has been able to say. The line probably varies.

It is significant that every decennial census shows the greatest growth of tenancy in those sections where other returns show agriculture to be most progressive and prosperous. Increase in land values and increase in tenancy seem to be almost invariably concurrent phenomena.

Likewise the farm mortgage up to some unknown point is a sign of agricultural progress; beyond that point it is an unhealthy symptom. For the mortgage may mean better farm implements, a larger cultivated area and more progressive policies generally. No one knows just when the mortgage ceases to be a help and becomes an evil. But so long as it is incurred for constructive purpose, that is, for expansion in operations as against a means of living, it is nearer a good than a bad sign.

No farm beginner should be afraid of the tenancy and mortgage bugaboos. If there were no lands to be rented, there would be no chance for the farm beginner without capital. If there were no mortgages, expansion would often be slow. Fundamentally it is no more disgraceful for a farmer to mortgage his land than for a manufacturer to bond his factory. And viewed in some lights, it is often more economic to be a tenant than an owner.

"This bulletin contains ample evidence that the young farmer who has relatively little capital will find it to his best interests to become a tenant on a farm of considerable magnitude rather than to undertake the same type of farming on a much smaller farm which his capital will enable him to own," says Dr. W. J. Spillman in a document issued by the Department of Agriculture. The bulletin gives figures on the earnings of many farmers under varying conditions and shows that the tenant often makes more, especially on his labor, than the owner.

The department has made many studies of farm profits and farm earnings, and many of the figures produced could be made to show that farming, as a money-earning business, is a mighty poor calling.







Top—Farming, generally speaking, must be at least a family affair. In many respects it is also a community affair, and through the development of co-operative ideas it is becoming more so. This photograph shows families of farmers near Wilkesbarre, Pa., planting onions co-operatively. Center—A field of irrigated potatoes. Rubber-boot farming, as this kind is sometimes called, is the way to get big production. Bottom—What city man hasn't thought of starting a "poultry farm." Some get away with it, but no kind of specialized farming, say the experts, is to be recommended to beginners.

The profits, measured in dollars, have never averaged big, not even for the fat war years when prices of farm products were exceptionally high. While prices paid for farm products are quite uniform, that is, all farmers must sell at approximately the same prices, studies show that the cost of producing any particular product in any single year has wide variation as between communities and different farmers in the same communities.

In the studies of 842 records of cotton growing in several parts of the South, the department found that the net cost of producing a pound of cotton in 1918 varied from eight cents to $1.07 a pound. The average was 23 cents, which wasn't far below the average paid for the same cotton which was about 29 cents a pound. But almost as much cost more than cost less than 23 cents a pound to produce, the bulk of it, however, being produced at a cost of 28 cents or less. In Laurens County, Georgia, the production cost varied from 10 to 40 cents a pound and there were like variations in other countries where studies were made. The hours of man labor required for producing an acre of cotton varied from 91 to 131 in Marshall County, Alabama, and from 88 to 187 in Greene County, Georgia.

Cost studies made on 481 wheat farms with reference to the winter wheat crop of 1919 showed that production costs varied from $1 to $5 a bushel. The average was $2.15, which wasn't very far from what the farmers received for wheat at that time. And about as much cost more than less that amount.

But those figures don't tell the story of farm profits or losses—nor, it may be said, do any figures, for it is a subject that in the last analysis defies statistics.

The economists arrive at profits by deducting all expenses of the farm from the total income during a crop period. The total received by farmers for crops varies, chiefly in accordance with the extent of the farmers' operations, as do the expenses incurred in producing the crops. But after finding the net income, the balance left, if any, after all debts contracted for the production of the crop are cleared up, is divided between return on capital and labor income. For every operating farmer must have some capital investment, in live stock or implements, even though he owns no land. After the division is made, the final balance shows what the farmer has made from his own labor. Deductions are made usually for labor contributions by members of his family. It is probable that a true balance will show that the average farmer nets for an average year's work less than $500. In fact, the Department of Agriculture found more districts where his net labor income averaged under than where it averaged above $500. But that doesn't tell the melancholy story that might be drawn from the figures. For, as he goes along, the average farmer gets approximately two-thirds of his rent, food and fuel from the farm. These have, on the average, a farm value, for the districts that have been studied, of $500 to $600. And their city value, of course, would be much more. In addition, members of his family have been able to do earning work on the farm, which in the city they probably could not have done. And then, of course, there is the return, never estimated on a high percentage basis, from whatever capital investment he has in stock, implements or land.

There is some question whether there is such a thing as bankruptcy in farming as there is in general business, particularly small farming.

It is certain that "bad conditions" don't overload the bankruptcy courts with the financial troubles of farmers in anything like the volume that comes, in such times, from the industrial or commercial world.

You hear frequently of farmers as a class or sections of them being "bankrupt." But the word is used in a metaphorical rather than its business or legal sense; for if agriculture went truly bankrupt famine would probably result.

The average farmer is always able to get along somehow and without being greatly deprived of the necessaries of life because he has first call on a great many of the necessaries.

No studies have been made, so far as the writer could learn, of the well-being, as measured by possessions that give security to life and assurance against misfortune, between the run of city and country people.

While there is a greater display of some forms of wealth in cities and apparently a much larger proportion of city than of country people who are in position to procure the finer luxuries of life, the farms very probably present a higher average of material human well-being than do the cities.

I asked several agricultural investigators regarding that. Those asked agree with the statement made.

While the average farmer's net earnings at the end of the year are small, still they really are net earnings. Usually his so-called labor income means that he is at least that much further toward a competency than he was at the beginning of the year; for the larger part of his living expenses don't have to be deducted. The city man of course handles more real money but it is a question whether in the long run he accumulates a greater reserve against the well-known rainy day.

There is a good deal of misunderstanding also about the farmers' hours of toil as compared with the city man's. Undoubtedly the successful farmer works long hours and in bad seasons works under more uncomfortable conditions than do his city brethren.

The Department of Agriculture is now making some investigations that are expected to yield the truth regarding the "long hours" worked by farmers. They are having representative farmers in different sections keep daily diaries of their movements. Of course the actual time spent in working varies with the kind of farming, but those who have given thought to the subject estimate that the average American farmer puts in about 200 full working days a year. That is below the average for city people, but the days are longer and the work more arduous in the farmers' case. Besides, there is a measure of work, such as looking after his live stock and milking the cows, which the farmer must do every day, Sundays included.

"Living conditions in the country are not what they were a generation ago," says Secretary Meredith. "A lot of our notions about farm drudgery and hard living and isolation are ideas carried over from an earlier period when there were no electric lights, no bathtubs, no rural free delivery, no good roads to speak of, and when an automobile on the farm was as rare as an airplane today."

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money" II. Pioneer "Rolling Shows"

By HARRY BARNET

"'GOVERNOR,' what did a circus look like when you were a boy?" came the very natural question one afternoon after John F. Robinson had taken me through the animal houses, and the training or "ring" barn of the winter quarters of his show in the Little Miami country near Cincinnati.

It was the first question in an interview that began at early lunch in the $20,000 dining room of the family home at winter quarters. And, as a matter of passing information, the "Governor" is proud of that dining room.

"I paid as much for the furnishings in it," he said to me when we sat down at the table, "as I did for the first pair of giraffes I ever had with the show.

"But as far as the people who came to see my show were concerned," he continued, "I might just as well have saved the money that I spent for the beasts, and added it to what I paid for the things in this room. Then I would have had just that much more beautiful place to eat in.

"You know, giraffes are so delicate that hauling them around with a circus is a dangerous thing to do, even under the best of conditions. And this was before I put the show on railroads, and when we had an awful time getting the wagons across the country.

"So, I was awful proud of my giraffes. No other show had a pair of them. I used to stand around the menagerie to hear what people had to say about them after they looked at the pair. You can imagine my disappointment when all through the season the crowds would just glance at the giraffes, and crowd around the monkeys to look at them—and monkeys were the cheapest things that I could exhibit in the menagerie."

There was little need to ask questions to keep conversation alive on this afternoon. The "Governor" was born in the early 40's, three hours after his mother rode her horse in the ring of his father's circus. For seventy years he was a performer and a circus owner, taking up the management of the circus where his father laid it down, and building the enterprise into one of the largest tent shows in the world during its heyday. In turn he was succeeded by his son as proprietor of the caravans. A short time ago the show was sold, and the winter quarters are deserted by the Clans of the White Tops and their strange animal companions. The unmistakable odor of menagerie animals, however, still hovers about their former cold weather home.

When he built this housing place for his show, the "Governor" did the job to meet requirements that few other men knew about, and could anticipate. There are shops galore for the building of dens, wagons, and even railroad cars; and animal houses that give something of their natural environment for the animals they were intended to shelter during the winter; ravines and little plateaus for the hardier animals to roam over; level sandy fields for camel herds, and little forests for the elephants. When we wandered through this maze of wonderland, each nook and corner of it suggested to him a story of the White Tops, and of the dazzling gold and mirrored and multi-colored wagons that these buildings had received beneath their friendly roofs.

He told these stories in a string that set delineation heel-trodding upon recital. Under the spell of my environment, and of the unbroken scud of narration across it, a bespangled genie seemed to have caught me up clear of the Little Miami country, and to have set me down in the pages of some unhackneyed Arabian Nights, where characters peered alluringly through rifts in paper-covered hoops, only to disappear, and presently again to come into sight, cutting unheard of didoes upon the backs of beautiful four-legged creatures.

It was not until we returned to our chairs on the shady lawn beside the house that I began to lose the sensation of being afloat upon a magic carpet. Then it occurred to me that of all the things he said there was no word about the appearance of the tent show in the days when he first knew it. Hence the question.

"Well," the "Governor" replied, "there isn't much to tell you about it. There was only one tent, and that was a seventy-five-foot round top, with sidewalls that were only about nine feet high. There was no marquee in front of it where the crowds entered; they went into the tent through an opening in the side wall. The seats were only seven tiers high.

"And for a good many years there was no menagerie tent," he continued. "The seats didn't run all around the inside of the tent; and we had only one ring. After pa got an elephant, and a few other animals in dens, they were lined up alongside of the ring where there were no seats.

"Do you know," and here the "Governor" turned to me, and shook his finger in emphasis of each word that he uttered, "I'd like to see one of those old-fashion circuses again. Maybe I'd be disappointed, though, because a man's likely to look backward on his childhood days with glasses that exaggerate happiness. But there were intermissions between the acts, and then the audience watched the animals from where they sat, because it wasn't very far from the seats across to the dens. The restless motions and roaring of the beasts during the performance always seemed to me to blend in just right with what was going on. And I was sorry when we put up another tent for the menagerie.

We were the first circus to do it, and it was done for the first time in Atlanta, Georgia.

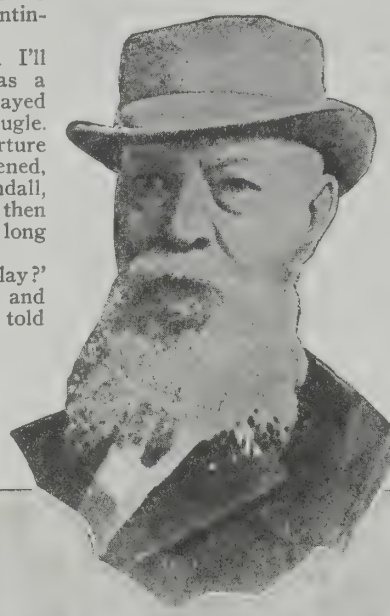
"Of course," he went on, " a tent of that size didn't take up much room, and we usually showed on a lot that was right in the heart of the little communities we visited—and mostly we showed in the barnyards of the taverns. There were no parades. There was no band with the show for a good many years after I was old enough to remember things about it. Pa had a fiddler, who sat with his back to the center pole, and played alone. Then pa got a grind organ, and had a canvasman turn it during the performance.

"And I was a good-size boy before he felt that he could afford a band. When he did, he went to New York and brought back six musicians. That band was his pride, and he used to stand around them as much as he could while they were playing. There was one thing about the band, however, that worried him a lot. Once in a while one of the musicians quit playing while the others continued.

"The first time it happened I'll never forget. Ned Kendall was a member of the band, and he played an old-fashion copper-keyed bugle. The band was playing an overture just after the doors were opened, and pa was standing beside Kendall, who played a few bars, and then quit. He remained quiet for a long time, and pa got uneasy.

" 'Why don't you go on and play?' pa finally blurted out. 'Go on and play.' 'I can't play,' Kendall told him, 'because I've got thirty bars rest.'

" 'Rest nothing,' pa yelled at him, 'I hired you to play, not to rest. You can rest all you want to after the show is over.' But even after we got the band there were no parades for a long time. Just before the show got into a town the band wagon was stopped, the horses hitched to it, and to all the other wagons, were plumed; the musicians put on their uniforms, and the show came into town with the band playing a lively tune.





Above—JOHN ROBINSON, the first founder of the circus, a hundred years ago. Reproduced from a very rare picture. Below—Typical show day crowd in a small southern town.

"The advertising for a good many years was extremely simple," the "Governor" went on, "but it was effective. The amount of paper that we use nowadays on one small stand would have lasted the show then for an entire season. There was no pasting, and there were no billboards for years after I knew much about things. Pa had a man he sent ahead of the show on an old mule. He put enough paper for six weeks' billing into the saddlebags, and he was allowed six boxes of tacks to the lot—one box of tacks to a week. The bills were tacked on barns and trees.

"And pa always went around when the show got into these places to see how good a job the advance man did. There was one thing he always insisted on, that the name of the town and the date be in big type. He kept this up after we commenced to use paper with pictures on it.

"Years after these early days, we started to use a twenty-four-sheet poster, showing the interior of a circus, and an awful big crowd watching the performance. There was everything you can imagine going on in the picture of the ring. The first town we got into where this paper was used we had a slim crowd at the afternoon show. After it was over, pa walked up town to see how much paper had been used there. On his way he stopped to watch three or four men who were intently examining that stand of paper, and talking about the things on it that they had seen, and the things they had not seen in the show that afternoon.

" 'Now,' one of them said, 'I seen that, and I didn't see that there.'

" 'I didn't see that neither,' another one said.

"Finally, they came to the conclusion that the show was so big—although it only had one ring, and no menagerie tent—that they had missed a good many of the things pictured on the poster. Just as they were leaving the poster pa walked over to them.

" 'No,' he said to them, and pointed to the picture of the enormous crowd, 'and I didn't see that big crowd there, either.'

"But the most curious paper we ever used for the show was for the Chinese section of San Francisco," the "Governor" went on, his recollection nimbly leaping over nearly two score of years.

"We were the first circus to go to California and back in the same season; theretofore, circuses went there in one season, and came back the next year. The first time we showed in San Francisco we stayed a week, and I found out then that the Chinese are as fond of a circus as any small boy you ever knew. I think every Chinaman in that country came to the first performance, and came back to see every other performance we gave while we were there.

"The next season we went to San Francisco I went ahead of the show. One night the editor of the Chinese newspaper—I think it was the Sai Gai Yat Bo—called on me. He wanted an advertisement, and he got it. Then he wanted to print for me some posters, and I let him do that.

"The paper he got out for me was splendid. It was printed on brilliant yellow sheets of paper, in black Chinese characters. There were pictures on it of elephants walking on stilts; a mastodon on a rampage; the 'Human Catapult'—a man being fired across the canvas out of an enormous spring gun; and enormous pigs and cows. Scattered here and there on the paper were pictures of bareback riders, twisted on their horses like the letter 'S,' and a herd of giraffes running at top speed. I think I paid two or three hundred dollars for the printing, and the paper was put up all over the Chinese district.

"Well, when the show came in, I expected to see the same great crowds of Chinese that I had had the season before, but we showed there for a week, and I don't think I saw a Chinaman under the tents. That made me a little curious, and I began to investigate.

"I found that the year before my elephant man had gone on a crazy drunk one night, and got the fever on him of 'damn the Chinaman.' He jumped into a crowd of them over near the horse tents, and grabbed a Chinaman with an extraordinarily long queue. He cut it off with his knife before all the rest of them. The Chinese simply boycotted my show the next season. And the news must have spread all over the United States. That happened in 1892, and for as many years after that as I ran the show I don't think I ever saw more than a dozen Chinamen all told under my canvas, although before that they attended in every city we visited.

"I've often wondered when I watched the crowds come on the show lot," the "Governor" said, his mind again reverting to boyhood, "whether any one in the crowd had an idea of the evil ancestry of the circus, and how pa took it out of the mountebank class, and made it a respectable thing to attend.

"Of course, there was the Roman circus," he continued, "but it wasn't the ancestor of the American circus. Our tent shows came from English fairs that were in vogue about the time that the Virginia colonies were being settled.

"These fairs were nothing like our own. They were drinking bouts, and wrestling contests, with bull-baiting and animal fights on the side. But these customs were imported and kept alive in this country by the frolics they had in the South before parades on show days for years after I was a grown man. It took a long time there to separate the circus from any hint of these fairs in the minds of the people. The merchants in the towns used to get up animal fights—bears and dogs; wildcats and dogs; two tom cats, or any other kind of an animal that would fight, and do it savagely—as a free attraction to the country people before the circus parade. The fights attracted them into town early on show day, and they did a lot of spending before they came on the show lot.

"The last time that I saw a show day animal fight was in Valdosta, Georgia, a good many years ago; the practice then was dying out. It was to be a bear and a dog fight in the back yard of a saloon. In this yard was a shed. People coming into town to do their shopping used to stable their teams in it to keep them out of the weather.

"By the time the fight was to start that morning the roof of the shed was loaded with people. A big black bear was tied in the middle of the yard, and about thirty dogs were turned loose in the yard with him. Just as the dogs came yelping toward the bear the roof of the shed fell, and the people on it went down on top of about forty horses. The bear and dog fight was forgotten.

"Fortunately, nobody was badly hurt. But during the excitement the bear managed to slip his collar. Like all buildings in that country, the bar room was set up on posts, which raised the floor about two feet above

the ground. Mr. Bear made one dive under the floor, and the dogs followed him. They fought under there for a quite a while, but it was no satisfaction for the crowd—they couldn't see the skirmish. After a little while of hearing nothing but squeals and grunts the dogs were called off.

"When the bear found he was free, instead of coming back into the yard he made a break into the street, and the dogs took after him. They went down the street like a lot of scared rabbits, and the bear started to climb a tree. When he got about half way up a big dog made a jump and a snap, and got a good hold on the bear's tail. That settled it. The dog held on. The bear couldn't go up, and he didn't want to come down. Finally, he dropped square on the dog. But there was no more fight in that bear; he knew he was whipped, and he walked right back to his box, where he knew he was safe. The dogs solemnly fell into single file behind him, and they made quite a procession down the street to the saloon.

"Then we made our parade, and the crowd followed it back to the lot, where we gave our free show, of a high dive for life, and the doors were opened.

"Some time around the close of the eighteenth century the English became ashamed of the manner in which their fairs were being conducted, and Parliament undertook to do away with them. In the place of these fairs more substantial attractions began to develop. They were specialized into menageries and exhibitions. They were stationary, and they were as much theaters as they were circuses. The stages were enormous, and at the close of the acting performance, acrobats and trained animals were brought in; pony races closed the performances.

"Of course, this class of amusements was imported into America, but it did not flourish here. Pa tried it out in New Orleans before he started our circus, and it was the only financial failure he ever made. Between 1800 and 1860 most of the population of the United States was in the country. Communities were far apart, and the only salvation for showmen was to put their shows on wheels and take them to the people. That was the beginning of the American circus, and it grew into an institution utterly different from any the world ever saw.

"The first of these shows were called 'rolling shows,' and they were extremely primitive. None of them traveled very far from the Eastern Coast. When they started out at the beginning of the season, they had hopes of crossing the mountains, and getting into new territory, but when they came to the mountains in Pennsylvania, they turned back; they had troubles enough where they were, and they stopped before they ventured into the midst of new ones. Pa brought the first rolling show into the Middle West.

"He did it, because there was a lot of fanaticism and ignorance to buck against in the coast country of the East; people there still associated the circus with the old fairs of England. Various states passed stringent laws, culminating in 1832, in the passage of an act by the legislature of Connecticut fixing the license for the bigger shows at $1,000 a day. That hit pa's show, for he had eight wagons, and thirty-five horses, and it was one of the biggest shows then in America. A thousand dollars represented the gross receipts for several weeks.

"These laws drove pa into the Southern Territory. He developed it, and we practically ruled the South as far as circuses were concerned for a couple of generations. Pa had a trademark, 'southern men, southern women, and southern horses against the world.' I was old enough to be a performer when he took the first circus into Florida and into Texas.

"But when he got ready to do it, pa broke the Connecticut law to bits. At the same time he took the circus out of the evil class that other people had placed it in, and started it on the road to being considered respectable.

"In 1852, he wanted to go into the state of Connecticut. We had been down in Florida, and worked our way North along the coast. The people of Connecticut were circus hungry, but there was that law around the state like a high rail fence. Pa went before the legislature, but it refused to repeal the law. The members of the legislature thought that the sight of a woman in tights was an awful thing; but after pa promised that the women of his show should wear long skirts when they rode, and the men would wear puffed and frilled shirts and knee breeches, the legislature reduced the license to a decent figure for him and we entered the state.

"That season the feature of the parade was a twenty-horse team. Each one of the horses was a matched cream in color, and had a white mane and tail.

"We also carried the spectacular play of 'Cinderella.' It was rendered by the children with the show, and was done on a grand scale. I was about nine years old then, and my cousin was about the same age. You know in the play the witch comes into the kitchen and asks Cinderella for something to eat just before she turns the pumpkin into a chariot.

"Well, every night the property man had an awful time trying to have something for Cinderella to give her. He would get a loaf of bread for the witch, and when it came out of the ring he would try to save it for the next night, but we boys used to lay for that bread, and it never touched the ground before we had it. We weren't hungry, but we just wanted to be doing something.

"One time the property man managed to hold on to the bread for four nights, and it got so hard and dry that nobody wanted to eat it. Then he got a little careless with it. That was our chance. There was a little creek outside the dressing tent, and I grabbed the loaf of bread, and threw it into the water. When it came time to give the bread to the witch there was none to give her. There was no time to delay, either.

"The candy butcher came along just then with a basket of gingerbread. The property man grabbed a big chunk of it from the basket, and ran into the ring and handed it to Cinderella. After that part of the show was over we boys thought we had struck it rich. Gingerbread! We stole it, and thought we had something soft for the rest of the season if we worked it right.

"Next night we were waiting to get the gingerbread, when we discovered that the property man had provided pound cake. We could hardly wait for the witch to get through looking at it. When it came out we grabbed it, and took two or three mouthfuls. It was yellow corn meal bread made to look like pound cake. Ugh!

"But our venture into the state paid. The show did an enormous business. In Hartford we showed on the city commons, and had to give four performances the first day to accommodate the crowds. The menagerie pulled the most of them, because it offered an excuse to those people whose moral scruples were most strict to see the Biblical creatures in real life. You know, in those days we advertised the menagerie animals as 'Biblical creatures,' and I never thought we were far wrong in doing it.

"From that time on circuses no longer were considered an aggregation of vagabonds."

This is the second of several articles by Mr. Barnet, on early circus life in America. Another will appear in an early issue.



Top—A carnivora house, showing a wheeled winter cage, where the beasts of the menagerie pass their winters.

Center—Chair and table highly prized by the "Governor," and occupying a place in his dining room. They were carved by the "Governor's" daughter. The bird and animal heads are wood sculptures from beasts in the circus managerie.

Bottom—The "ring barn" where most of the nation's celebrated circus performers kept themselves in condition, and worked up new acts. The "mechanician," shown here, is a long pole equipped with ropes and pulleys. Riders attach the end of a rope to their waists when they are practicing new acts, and the other end to the pole. It revolves about the ring as they ride, and if they slip from their horses they are left hanging in the air until the horses come beneath them again.

Dolls Date Back 4,000 Years

AN IMPORTER of toys, doubtless with an eye to publicity, recently remarked that dolls were coming "in" again. An American manufacturer promptly replied to this that at no time, in war or peace, had dolls been "out"; and that the only dolls coming "in" were a few meager samples that could not hope to compete with the established doll industry of the United States.

Be that as it may every doll has its day, and every day has had its doll. It is an old saying that the child is mother to the doll; but it is true that explorers find the doll-instinct almost everywhere they go; and records of past ages indicate that wherever the human instinct existed, it was echoed in doll-love.

At times dolls have exceeded their sphere among children and have been appropriated by grown-ups. During the fourteenth century it became the custom to use dolls as mannequins on which were displayed miniature gowns or costumes of the latest style. This practice still exists in France, though the elegantly-attired wax dolls of today are more often the puppets of society ladies than the useful equipment of the dressmaker. Often the doll has been able to combine utility with other purposes. For example, our forefathers—being great masters of magic—were able to insure the speedy death of a rival by sticking black pins into a wax figure of the enemy. Dolls in Mexico were used in religious rites, after which they returned to their proper function of affording amusement for the children.

A very primitive doll can be found in Russia; it is the moss doll and effectively expresses the poverty and loneliness of Russia's great forest regions. It is roughly fashioned of wood, with a face of pathetic sadness, and dressed in hood and clothes of forest moss. The male doll is distinguished from the female only by the hatchet which he carries! Among primitive dolls are those cut from chips of wood and gaily painted in the colors of the Russian opera.

In the Congo a baby's "buggy" is the mother's back, to which the infant is strapped. The dollies of the youthful cannibals conform to type, and are simple sticks of wood, wrapped and tied on the child's back with rags. Korean girls use similar sticks of bamboo, but art is added to utility and elaborate coiffures are arranged with plaited grass. A doll of such superb allurements neglects none of the arts of the toilet, for its face is carefully powdered by the little mother—though no face exists.

Ostrich bones are the material for many of the old Peruvian dolls, and sex is always distinguished, for the male wears a blanket while the female is clothed in a petticoat.

Dolls have been dated as far back as 4,000 years ago, and dolls of "civilized" character, too. The doll was an important individual in the life of the Egyptian child; the doll was varied and amusing in forms, and was mummified like any other respectable person. Will the Teddy Bear live as long as the Egyptian doll, which, carefully formed of wood, beautifully painted, adorned with lucky emblems, and with hair made of Nile mud beads strung on strings, still rests in museums?

Abyssinian dolls still use that method of representing hair, although in a more elaborate manner. The dolls often have movable joints, worked by strings. Many are of modelled bronze, or earthenware, and clearly show a Greek influence similar to that seen in Egyptian pottery and portraits on mummy cases.

In the far North is found one of the best examples of civilized dolls. The toy of the Alaskan child is a superb little model of Eskimo life. The doll is beautifully dressed in sealskin, and may be the predecessor of the Teddy Bear.

Not only do dolls portray the costumes and physical characteristics of their day, but also they often reflect mental traits and social habits. As the Boeotians were regarded in ancient Greece as the most stupid of human beings, so the Greek comic doll was an imitation of the blank-faced Boeotian. Among Mohammedan peoples dolls are regarded as graven images and as such their use is forbidden. But the Mohammedan girl will not be deprived of her human rights, and overcomes the religious obstacle by having a doll without a face.

The population of India today represents a fusion of two peoples—the light-skinned of Persian origin, and the dark-skinned aborigines. With the general exception of South India, where the conquerors from the Asiatic mainland did not so freely intermingle, the higher castes are as a rule lighter in complexion than the lower castes. This difference is carried over into the manufacture of dolls. A beautiful toy of Indian make shows a fair rajah seated in a gorgeous howdah on the back of an elephant but the mahut who sits back of the elephant's ears is almost black. Also, Negro children naturally love best the pickaninny doll, and look on a white doll as something abnormal.

It is a long road from the flint doll of the Congo to Edison's wonderful phonograph doll, but its kingdom is the same, and is everlasting, the heart of the child.

The Crime of the Cities—Boston

By FRED C. GREEN

STATISTICS compiled by Federal officials in charge of prosecuting prohibition violations in Boston indicate that eighty-five per cent of such offenders are not native-born Americans. Of the foreign groups Jews and Italians predominate, with Jews ahead of all others.

These statistics apply not only to Massachusetts but to Rhode Island and Connecticut as well.

More Jews are arrested for "bootlegging"—peddling liquor by the pint or quart from suit cases, rag-bags, and so on, than people of any other nationality; where enforcement officers raid places in which stills of magnitude are being operated it is generally a Jew who is either in actual charge of the plant or is back of it. Plots that have come to light which involve large shipments of contraband from across the Canadian border are, in the majority of cases, backed by Jews.

This applies to the smuggling of whisky and other liquors in freight cars, where the bottles or cases are camouflaged in sacks of potatoes, bales of hay, bales of rags or other merchandise. Recently two entire freight cars, filled with liquor that was billed as scrap leather and wool waste, were shipped from Montreal and seized in this vicinity. Two Jews, members of a Montreal firm, were arrested in Boston for their alleged part in this smuggling.

The Volstead Act provides only a fine for first offenses. Such a fine is regarded as a part of the overhead expense of carrying on an exceedingly lucrative business. The only thing that frightens such offenders is the possibility of a prison sentence, and in many cases they get around this by giving a fictitious name if they are arrested a second time.

These foreigners are not of the "second generation" variety. The majority of them have been in this country seven or eight years. Many of them come from countries where graft and bribery are prevalent and these, as soon as they come under the ban of the law, attempt to bribe the representatives of the government.

Although prohibition enforcement has thrown an enormous load on the Federal courts the work of prosecuting such cases has not been blocked and there is no confusion, unless it is the slight amount due to the necessary duplication of work under the present system.

The United States commissioner, whose office corresponds to that of a lower court judge, has no power to impose a penalty. He hears evidence in preliminary hearings and if he does not find the offender guiltless may order him held to await the action of the Federal grand jury or else to go before the United States district court.

In either of the last two findings it is necessary to submit the evidence a second time, thus making two bites of a cherry. Unless conspiracy is involved, first-time prohibition offenses are misdemeanors. There is a movement now on foot to give added power to the commissioners in order to enable the Federal lower court to dispose of as many such cases as possible.

For second offences jail terms may be imposed. In Boston, at present, the prosecutors are going through their files, sorting out a list of the worst offenders, to whom heavy fines or jail sentences are to be meted out, in an effort to set a warning example.

The prosecution here is directed by Herbert A. Horgan, who has been made a special assistant to the Attorney-General. He was formerly legal advisor to Prohibition Enforcement Agent McCarthy. Special assistant United States district attorneys are also to be appointed. During the war Mr. Horgan was connected with the Army Intelligence Department as the head of a bureau at Washington to investigate disloyalty among foreign-born citizens. This work gave him an unusually good insight into the foreign mind and he has an interesting suggestion as to how prohibition violations among our foreign element may be cut down.

He believes that if the foreign-language press of the country would take the matter up and propound to its readers, in their native tongue, just what the law means and what violations of it may incur in the way of penalties, including the loss of citizenship if the second papers have not been taken out at the time the offense is committed, it would do much good. This idea could be carried out, also, from the pulpits of the foreign churches and through other media that would reach those who do not read American newspapers.

"Bootlegging" on a small scale and the operation of small stills are found to a greater degree in our industrial centers where foreign colonies are established.

But the big "rum-running" projects, operated by organized gangs and in a systematic way, through chains of cities and towns from the source of supply to the distributing point, are backed by large capital and in the majority of cases Jewish brains are responsible.

The writer was shown the file in the office of the prosecuting officials and the cards therein bear out the statement as to who leads in violating the law.



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MISS BERTHA MAY GRAF

Before the National Woman's Party dissolved at its recent convention in Washington, an unofficial vote was taken by the delegates as to the prettiest girl worker among them. Miss Bertha May Graf, of the Suffrage Headquarters, won. In recognition of her beauty, Miss Graf acted as flower girl at the convention. This is her latest photograph.

The Builders

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

THERE is a fable of a man who thought to build himself a castle that should stand as a monument to his memory forever.

He builded one whose corner stone was riches. It was inlaid with gems and had a golden cornice, which glittered in the sun. "This castle will stand forever," said the man, but the winds of misfortune blew upon the four corners, and it fell.

Then the man builded again—this time upon power. He thought himself invincible with his bulwarked towers and strong embattlements. But there arose a mightier than he, who assailed the castle from all sides, and it too fell.

For the third time the man builded, and the foundation was fame. His sayings and deeds were heralded throughout the land, and he raised the structure to the plaudits of the multitude. But the people were fickle and before a year had passed they had followed after another, and the third castle began to crumble.

Again the man would have builded a castle, but the times were hard, and there were many poor and desolate in the land who needed assistance. So the man put aside his ambitions to raise a monument with his name upon it, and gave of his abundance, and helped to make life less hard and wearisome for many people, in consequence of which he could not build, this time, a castle, but had to be content to erect a modest house upon the hillside. There he lived through all the storms of life, and the house still stands, a monument to the man, because it was built on sacrifice and love.

There are many persons today who are like the man in the fable. Some believe that wealth is all in the world that counts. Others there are whose god is power. And those who chase the will-o-the-wisp of fame are oft-times doomed to disappointment. The multitude that applauds them today will, tomorrow, applaud others with equal acclaim. The goddess of fame is a fickle jade and will not stay won for long.

But the man who builds upon the corner stone of love and sacrifice for his fellow men, who thinks of the happiness of others before his own, is certain that his name will be remembered and revered after he has passed away, and many will rise up to call him blessed.

Warren Harding, the Man

Concluded from page 3

only thing is to minimize their seriousness or bitterness. As for will, those who have seen, as I have, Mr. Harding in the attitude of having made up his mind cannot doubt that he has an inexhaustible amount. It is implied will, however, and as such not likely to provoke clashes.

To describe him in a few words, the President is a man after one's own heart. That goes for the men as well as the women.

Reports are already current in Washington as to what the Harding White House-ship will mean. Reference has been frequent to the manner of the Roosevelts, who left many an aching social heart because beneath the so-called "bully" policy there existed an inner circle, a sort of sacred sanctum achievable only by those of unquestionable aristocracy; the Tafts were annoyed by petty enmities incurred during their Cabinet days; and the Wilsons, of course, observed a policy of their own making, but in which resident Washington has never figured. The Hardings may be depended upon to set up their own standard, a medium between exclusive and popular—a clearing house of current thought, a meeting place for the "best minds," as the President calls them, be they masculine or feminine.

At the time of writing the first rumbles of dissatisfaction were heard at Washington that President Harding was not going to be hasty in putting Republicans into office. In this regard his intentions have once more been misconstrued by machine politicians. The fact is that he stands committed to a thorough house cleaning, and his criticism of overstaffed and extravagant government departments were keen enough, but on the other hand he is too good a business man to disturb the business of running the government—for he is going to regard it as a business, just as printing the *Marion Star* is—by unnecessarily turning out incumbents before capable successors have been selected.

There is no denying that the government departments and routine work on March 4, 1921, were thoroughly disorganized and erratic, despite a few feeble attempts at political somersaults by a few Democrats who think they can conceal their politics (not their lack of ability) long enough to be permitted to retain their work. Their disappointment is going to be great.

President Harding believes in the proverbial new broom, but likewise is not forgetful that a new broom is inclined to be rough and roughness does some damage.

I quote from an interview I had with him in the spring of 1916—the first interview of national scope ever sought of him.

"We want a real and righteous Americanism abroad, and we need a newly consecrated Americanism at home. That's why I am a Republican. We must have a slogan of prosperity and we should make America prosper first.

"The war has given us a fictitious, sectional prosperity, but it does not blind us to the depression likely to follow, nor to the industrial reconstruction which must be worked out after peace is restored."

The man who could foresee this situation five years before it oppressed the United States is logically the man to restore normalcy.

The Thirtieth President?

Concluded from page 3

"Maybe not," the other replied sharply, "but it won't empty it!"

It doesn't matter much if one doesn't hear Calvin Coolidge speak; one may understand him just the same, and if he wants to reach you with his mind he will find a way. He is an excellent writer and his compositions reveal a literary quality that is rare in official papers. And he himself believes that the people do not want to hear words.

He ought to know by now. He has been seventeen times a candidate, I believe, and each time has won the race for office.

Vice President Marshall, also a taciturn man, but of different character, occasionally entertained the Senate and the country too with some humorous quip, even at the risk of becoming unpopular, as was the case when he compared the Senate to a balloon, but wit from the Chair will be awaited in vain—unless Vice President Coolidge, president of the Senate, should change his mind.

That is unthinkable, at least now, because it does not come within the province of progressive government, which is his one hobby by way of life work. Even though witticisms from the Chair might help to relieve occasionally monotonous proceedings in the august Chamber it is quite likely that he will expect Senators to provide their own wit and he will provide, if need be—as to this I cannot commit myself—the laughter.

One thing is sure—that he will be as stern a presiding officer as his predecessor.

Vice President Marshall, a few days before leaving office, had this to say:

"Is it not possible for the occupants of the galleries to obey the rules of the Senate? You are not all strangers. I see you here frequently. It imposes a burden upon the presiding officer that you ought not to put upon his shoulders all the time to call you to order. You have no right, under the rules of the Senate, to manifest your approval or disapproval. As good American citizens, will you not be kind enough to obey the law of the Senate as well as every other law of the Republic?"

This is a typical reproach, couched in the most convincing and pleasing terms, but I can imagine Vice President Coolidge uttering the same sentiment and order if not the same words—and from him it will seem just a little more forbidding.

But I can also see, in my mind's eye, Vice President Coolidge at home, embracing his two sons, John and Calvin, while mentally chuckling over absurd rules that require the Senate to provide its own applause.

Many Men of Many Minds

H. S. Firestone.—A man who isn't willing to share his success with others won't have much success to put in his own pockets.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.—My experience proves that the only things that come to the man who waits are the cast-off things of somebody else.

Dr. Herbert Johnson.—The American girl of today is truer, braver and finer than those who have only watched her when frivoling at home can believe.

Hudson Maxim.—Capital is a reservoir where industrial energy is stored for use. Money exactly represents everything that can be bought with it and done with it.

Wesley L. Jones.—We should have men on the Shipping Board who know the shipping business, who can meet those dealing with the board on their own ground, and who can anticipate the moves of our competitors.

Samuel Insull.—The men I know who have gone ahead fastest have been just normal fellows. They were set off from the others, in the beginning, only by the fact that they made a practice of using the constructive little opportunities which others have neglected. And that practice gave them the special abilities they needed.

Irvin S. Cobb.—Pestilence we may guard against; famine we may alleviate; wars perhaps some day we may prevent; but against the criminal recklessness of the individual thoughtlessly endangering his own safety or the safety of some innocent victim, the world, until lately, had neither adequate protection nor sought for any.

John D. Ryan.—Influence is the worst handicap any young man can have. It tends to make him feel he need not exert himself to his full capacity and has a bad effect upon him. When other workmen learn that one of their number has a pull with somebody higher up, they look at him askance and the effect upon these other men is bad.

Herbert S. Bigelow.—The power to hire and fire is a power which no man should be trusted to exercise over another without restraint.

President Warren G. Harding.—I decline to recognize any conflict of interest among the participants in industry. The destruction of one is the ruin of the other, the suspicion or rebellion of one unavoidably involves the other. In conflict is disaster, in understanding there is triumph.

Herbert Hoover.—We seem to have lost our national perspective. We hold to our surplus of food and raw materials with which our warehouses are bursting. People do not realize that if we are to abandon the 3,500,000 children of Europe who are ambassadors of good will our hope for a cure of world evils is gone. These starving peoples of Europe may be driven to madness by the hardness of our hearts.

Individual Honor Foundation of Good Citizenship

Frank L. Dykema.—The foundation of citizenship, in a form of government in which the citizen is answerable only to himself for performing his duties, must be individual honor, a realization and conviction that citizenship involves a moral obligation to oneself and one's fellows, and an appreciation that failure to perform the duties of a citizen destroys self-respect and discredits him in the minds of others. Citizenship must be interpreted in terms of honesty, fair play, the square deal and the golden rule. The same reaction should take place in the mind of a citizen who fails in a duty, that occurs in the mind of a normal man who does a dishonest thing.

Owen Wister.—A cuckoo is a bird that never builds its own nest, but always lays its egg in the nest of some other bird. Our country is crowded with cuckoos, all very busy laying eggs. They meet and plot. They harangue each other. They curse the house of Uncle Sam. They ask, "Who was George Washington, anyhow?" They tell each other that private property is highway robbery. That is merely because they haven't any and want yours and mine without working for it.

David Starr Jordan.—The immediate outlook in America is trying, but secure. The basis of the Republic is far too solid to be overthrown by any force now active in the world.

E. E. Nash.—In the operation of a railroad nothing is more essential than obedience. The first requirement of a good officer is obedience. He has no right to expect a subordinate to do anything which he is not willing to do himself.

F. W. Wilson.—There has been too much bloodshed since 1914 to begin talking again about treaties, which, even if they are defensive, are nowadays peculiarly offensive.

Edwin T. Meredith.—The Department of Agriculture, in its work of fostering our great basic industry, is the servant of all the people, and if we can bring about a general recognition of that fact I feel sure it will not fail to receive the confidence and support it deserves.

G. K. Chesterton.—I believe that when men are happy, they sing; not only at the piano, but at the plow, at their work and in their walks abroad. I am well aware that modern men do not sing in the street very much. I am well aware that cosmopolitan money lenders never sing, but die with all their music in them.

William G. McAdoo.—Mexico is a country of vast undeveloped resources. She is absolutely dependent upon foreign capital for their development, which is essential to the progress and prosperity of her people. I think that President Obregon and his colleagues are determined to establish a new era of peace, order and prosperity in Mexico.

M. L. Burton.—The test of individual efficiency and usefulness to society centers in a man's ability to use his mind. Emerson never erected a more arresting danger signal than when he exclaimed: "Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on the planet!" If we could only harness the mental power of America today we could solve the gigantic problems of the world.

Agriculture—Manufacture—Transportation

Seven hundred Chinese have sailed from Hawaii to work on Cuban sugar plantations.

According to estimates approximately 200,000,000 feet of lumber will be cut on Crown lands in New Brunswick during the present year.

Two thousand, five hundred and three oil wells were completed east of the Rocky Mountains during January.

Cotton exports last year exceeded those of any other commodity and were valued at $1,136,408,916.

A majority of New York shipyards have granted a reduction of 12½ per cent in the cost of repairs to government vessels.

The German potash syndicate has petitioned the government for the privilege to raise domestic prices 50 per cent.

During 1919, 69 per cent of the world's total of petroleum production came from the United States, according to recent figures of the Geological Survey.

G. W. Forster of the Bureau of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture predicts that farm labor will be plentiful throughout the entire United States during 1921.

As a result of the record-breaking cross-continent trip completed by postal airplanes recently a continuous day and night air-mail service between San Francisco and New York City will be established May 1.

What is believed to be a world's record for a parachute jump was recently established at Fort Sill when an aeronaut jumped from an airship at a height of 22,000 feet, landing six miles from his take-off.

To restrain the state of Illinois from interfering with the collection by the railroads of the increased passenger rates a permanent injunction was granted by the United States District Court of Appeals, February 15.

The Nebraska College of Agriculture has produced a grading system to enable producers in the state to obtain better prices.

Since 1910 the Pennsylvania Railroad has laid 56,230,904 new cross ties and 1,347,289 tons of new rail.

The Spanish Government suspended wheat purchases recently on account of the over-supply of the Spanish market. However, this act will not interfere with individual purchases.

The president of the Illinois Veterinary Medical Association states that hogs can be successfully vaccinated for hog cholera with the double treatment when but a few weeks old.

Last year Prussian state railway thefts reached the number of 238,975. More than 17,500 loaded freight cars were stolen. Fifteen thousand thieves were arrested and convicted.

The excess of exports over imports in January, 1921, was $446,000,000 against $243,000,000 in January, 1920. With the exception of December, 1920, this is the largest monthly excess of exports since June, 1919.

To combat the peach borer a chemical manufactured from coal tar products and known as Para-di-choro-benzene has been found to be of value if applied during the last week in August or before September 10.

Fur men state prices obtained during the first few days the auction has been in progress in St. Louis have shown a general increase of about 25 per cent over those prevailing at the sales last month. They believe improved trade conditions have caused the upward trend.

After extensive experimental work it has been found that repair bills for damaged roads would be greatly reduced if motor trucks were designed to carry more of the loads put on them over the front axle and less over the rear wheels. Pneumatic tires also reduce impact and cause less damage to the highways than those of hard rubber.

More than double the average amount spent annually for ten years in building the Panama Canal was spent last year in constructing highways by Federal aid.

Soy beans thrive north to a latitude of about 46 degrees. Soy beans are largely raised for hay, silage and pasture. Samples were sent north during 1920 and of 551 reports returned to the Department of Agriculture 400 were favorable.

A new process for the manufacture of carbon from lignite will be utilized in a $1,000,000 plant to be built in Monroe, Louisiana. The new carbon will be used in the process of refining sugar, replacing the bone black now in use.

The South African Railways are advertising in this country for bids covering the electrification of two sections of their lines, one involving the line from Capetown to Simonstown and the other between Durban, on the east coast, and Pietermaritzburg.

Because of the fact that no rain has fallen on the desert country near Phoenix, Arizona, thousands of sheep would have perished had not the Forest Service thrown open to the sheepmen the Crook and Tonto forests lying adjacent to the desert in the foothills of the mountains. Even this is considered as only temporary relief.

The United States Department of Agriculture spent $250,000 in establishing Durum wheat in this country and the wheat of this variety now produces $50,000,000 a year. It cost $200,000 to introduce rice and the California crop alone is now worth $21,000,000 a year. The American Egyptian cotton crop introduced at a cost of $40,000 now produces $20,000,000 a year.

In Sweden a central arbitration board has been created consisting of seven persons—three appointed by the government, two by council of the Employers' Association and two by the Workmen's National Council. Its object is to render it easier for employers and workmen to have collective agreements interpreted, thus obviating recourse to strikes and lockouts. Decision of the board is final.

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Briefly Told

The nickel cigar has made its reappearance in the loop district of Chicago.

The rainiest spot on earth is the Waipo Valley in Hawaii. The precipitation averages one inch a day.

The University of Maine faculty recently suspended fifty-six sophomores for hazing which consisted of a paddle gauntlet for freshmen.

Senators will use the famous "marble room" adjoining the Senate chamber as a lounging place. The chamber is to be barred to visitors.

The accident rates in coal mines of England, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria and Japan are much lower than in America because all the miners in one mine speak the same language.

So the public will knew them and as an additional punishment, the Chief of Police of Juarez ordered the heads of all pickpockets shaved when culprits are released from prison.

Every Saturday afternoon at the American post in Samoa, the civil prisoners are granted parole until six a. m. Monday. Many of the prisoners spend their week-end visiting relatives.

The money that American women spend on jewelry, feminine foibles and beautifiers in general during one year would pay either half the interest on the national debt or the entire appropriation for the Navy, including new ship construction.

All needy residents of Muskegon, Michigan, who are out of work are being given aid by the city. The city loans the funds, taking a note payable on demand without interest.

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society of America a scientist stated he found a small tribe of Mono Lake Indians which caught and dried a ton and a half of caterpillars in a season for food.

A girl fourteen years of age was brought before a New York court as a truant from school. The girl proved that she was married and the court ruled that a housewife is not required to attend school regardless of her age.

Fifty thousand dollars in notes, bank stock and currency were uncovered by a farmer in Illinois who was harrowing corn stalks in a field. Safeblowers had buried the loot there the previous week.

Thieves stole the lightning conductors from the twin towers of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. The conductors were topped with platinum worth nearly fourteen thousand francs. The thieves worked seven hundred feet from the ground and are supposed to have been steeplejacks.

Fig Tree John, an aged Indian hunter who guided Fremont through the West on his expedition to the Pacific Coast, receives from the government every five years a new blue suit with brass buttons similar to those worn by the Americans in Fremont's time. In 1845 he expressed a wish that he be paid for his services in that manner as long as he lived.

Opium disguised as sausages was recently seized on a steamship at Brooklyn during a narcotic raid by internal revenue agents and police. The searchers were unrewarded until one of them cut open a frankfurter and discovered opium instead of ground meat.

Gates to the White House grounds were opened under the first order issued by Warren G. Harding as President of the United States. They have been closed to the public since early in 1917 when the United States severed relations with Germany.

A different odor for every frock is the latest fashionable idea of Parisian dressmakers. A pink creation should give out the delicate scent of roses, while lily of the valley is considered more appropriate for white gowns. The scent is sewed into the seams of the frock.

The mystery of the missing balloon of the United States Navy that landed near Moose Factory was cleared up when it became known that Ojibway Indians had divided the huge bag into ten sections from which they made several canoes and papoose carriers. The ropes are being used for dog harness.

Claiming that she and her five children have been placed in a position of want because three Cleveland men gambled with her husband, a woman is suing the three men for the amount they won from the head of the family.

The President of the United States has a special flag used on occasions when the President appears in his ex-officion function as commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy. The flag consists of the coat-of-arms as they appear on the President's seal, against a blue background and flanked by four stars.

The Carnegie Corporation has entered into an agreement with the Leland Stanford University of California to establish a food research institute at that university to study problems of food production, distribution and consumption.

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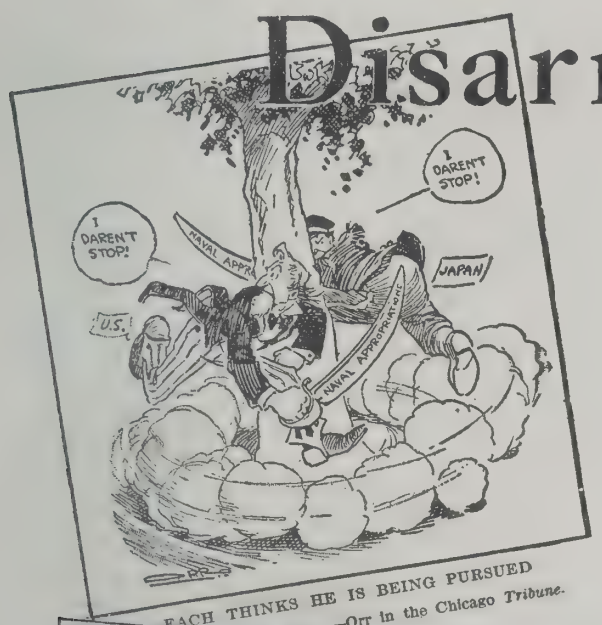
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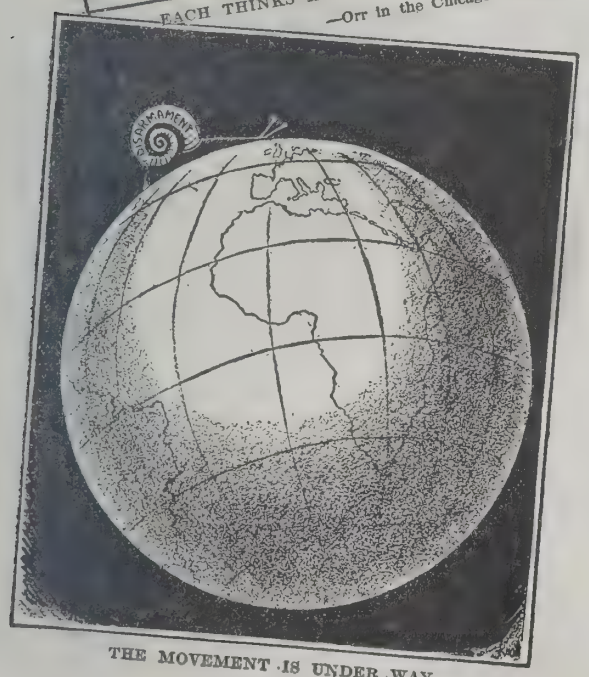
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Disarmament and Peace!



EACH THINKS HE IS BEING PURSUED
—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.



THE MOVEMENT IS UNDER WAY.
—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

By SENATOR Wm. E. BORAH

THERE is a great opportunity for the leading three or four maritime nations of the world to effectuate something real in the way of a disarmament program. It has been my observation that officials of various governments have been inclined to oppose disarmament, but one should note carefully whence these arguments come.

The people, however, are for disarmament everywhere. They want it, and they should want it, because it is the only way to stop the ever-mounting burdens of taxation. However, we shall never get any real measure of disarmament except through a great popular movement for it.

I have no doubt at all that an agreement could be reached if the people of the respective countries could have their voices heeded. Whether or not the militaristic forces, the armament forces, the armament trust, and the men who represent them both in this country and elsewhere are sufficiently strong to prevent the people from having their way, I do not yet know. They give some indication of activity. It may be that they will control the situation. There is no doubt that the masses of Japan, the same as the masses of this country, desire an understanding by which the two nations shall not enter into a competitive building naval program. It is equally true, in my judgment, in England.

The point, however, the most important point is that there is a practical possibility of it. I think there is other good to be had from the effort, even if we do not succeed as fully as we desire. I think we owe it to the people of the country, before we put upon them any greater burden for naval armament, to demonstrate that the men in public places have used their utmost effort, and in good faith, to secure an understanding. We ought not to ask them to carry

(*Concluded on page 12*)

Exiles From Crimea

MR. FORD'S PAGE

The White Communists

Machinery on the Farm

They Spar for Time; and Build Back Fires

The Jews' "Defenders" Make a Poor Showing

Boycott Propaganda; Hearst-Bernstein Botch

California's Mission Play

Reducing Life Cost of Coal

EDITORIALS

Kansas' Four Legisladies Are Home-Makers

U. S. Aids Ranchers' War on Wild Animals

Stock Raisers of New Mexico Suffer Annual Loss of Millions Through Depredations of Wolves, Coyotes and Mountain Lions

By HARVEY W. PATTON

PREDATORY animals, such as wolves, coyotes, mountain lions and bob cats, are costing the stock raisers of New Mexico $2,000,000 annually through the killing of their stock. This is in spite of the fact that the Federal Government is doing its utmost to exterminate the pests, with the state and stock raisers co-operating. The county authorities were active in the campaign, too, but right now the counties are not helping for two reasons. The first is that the counties in which coyotes are numerous are short of funds and cannot pay the bounty of $2 for each coyote slain. The other is that when the bottom fell out of the fur market back East coyote pelts dropped from $12 each to an average of $1.50 each.

Up to a few months ago many New Mexicans made a business of trapping coyotes for the bounty and the price of the pelt, the pelt being theirs to market as they chose. Now they have all quit, leaving the entire field to the government, the state and what assistance the stock raisers themselves can give in ridding the state of the beasts.

It is authoritatively stated that the individual trappers were not always scrupulously honest in their dealings with the counties previous to the time they stored their traps away. For instance, not so long ago it was only necessary to take the coyote pelts to the county clerk, who would count them and issue a certificate on the county treasurer for payment of the bounty. Some hunters who lived near where the lines of three counties joined had no difficulty in taking the same bunch of pelts to the clerks of the trio of counties and getting a bounty certificate from each. If a hunter had 60 pelts he was entitled to $120 bounty, but by tricking the three counties, he was able to collect $360. In addition to this, the pelts were his and he used to get a good price for them. The counties finally discovered the swindle, and now every county in the state has a rule whereby the ears and fur of the head of the coyote must be left attached to the pelt when it is submitted to a county clerk for a bounty certificate. The clerk promptly slits the ears or head, and it is impossible for the hunter to cash in on that particular pelt or pelts in any other county.

Approximately 10,000 coyotes a year are being killed in New Mexico, and it is estimated that there are still 30,000 more roaming around and preying on stock, principally lambs, which indicates that there still is a big job of extermination ahead, with one less agency—the individual hunter—to do the exterminating. Some of the counties now owe hunters as much as $6,000 with no telling when they will be able to pay. Therefore it is unlikely that these fellows will get back into the game in a hurry, when they cannot collect the bounty due them and with no market for the pelts.

It would be interesting to know what kind of furs the coyote skins are called when they reach the retail stores in the big cities of the East. Some New Mexicans who know all about this hated and cowardly animal confess they do not know what fine name they are given. They must make up in fairly high-priced garments, else a single pelt wouldn't bring $12 when times were booming, and several pelts are necessary for a garment.

With the bob cat it is different. The fur of this animal is very fine, but it would never do to retail a garment made of its fur as wildcat or bob cat, so the fur is dyed, a fox head is put on it and it is sold as a fox stole.

But getting back to the original discussion. The work of exterminating the beasts is in charge of the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, and the men actually engaged in the work are known as predatory animal and rodent inspectors. The headquarters of the inspectors is in Albuquerque, with Charles F. Bliss, an expert on the animals and their habits, in charge.

There are seven or eight trained hunters in the field all the time. Theirs is a lonely life, for they camp in the mountains or anywhere the pests may be roaming and killing stock. The cowboys help them by giving tips on where they saw signs of the animals. The hunters only come to civilization for supplies for themselves or their horses, but they are required to keep a diary of their daily operations and results, and report regularly. Their camp is always in the open country. These hunters are paid from $100 to $150 a month, and they must provide their own sustenance. The furs of the animals they trap or shoot are turned over to the government, which sells them at the best market price, the proceeds going into the Treasury Department toward the upkeep of biological survey. The hunter gets no part of this money, his salary being his only remuneration. Some of the hunters came out here as health seekers and took up the study of predatory animals, and under government training, are now considered experts. In fact, some of them are said to be more proficient than the old and professional trappers.

Predatory animal extermination is now on a scientific basis. The old method was to trap coyotes and wolves, but poison has been found more effective. Old wolves are trap-wise; in fact, they are educated, and they are hard to get through that method. For instance, if a hunter hits a wolf trail and sets out four or five traps, he may get a couple, but others will come along, see the victims in the traps, spot the empty traps and shy away. That is education for them. Besides, some of the old grandfather wolves have been trapped before and freed themselves, which was still more education.





Above—A trapper and his catch, a grizzly bear, called a predatory animal in New Mexico, because it kills stock and game. There has been constant warfare between the ranchers and the wily animals of the plains, and now Uncle Sam has taken a hand. His enlistment in the fight promises to curb the activity of the stock-killing animals.

Below—Spotted deer, which mountain lions in New Mexico are killing in large numbers.

Coyotes like fat more than anything else, and that is what is used. The hunters set out a pre-bait, that is, pieces of fat pork, near a carcass. If coyotes are around, the scent reaches them and they come for the fat. The hunters are thus apprised of their presence. Then they put strychnine in little squares of fat pork, and when the coyotes come back for more food, they eat the pork and the poison. Care is used not to make the poison too strong, for the animals won't eat the meat if they taste the poison.

The visitor mentioned that he had been informed that there was no way of telling how many coyotes were killed by the poison, as they wander away and die and nobody ever sees their bodies.

"As to that," replied an official at the headquarters, "we know that poison killed 3,000 last year, and we figured that this was 75 per cent of the number killed by that method. Of course, the large number trapped or killed by forest rangers, stockmen and individual hunters should be added to the total number exterminated."

The official was asked about the destructive instincts of the mountain lion.

"The lion is the worst enemy of deer in the state," he said. "This beast kills many deer and delights in slaying fawn. Sheep, too, are his prey. Not long ago one of them went through a herd of sheep and killed 30 just for the joy of killing. There are not so many in the state, but they are difficult to get. However, we have met with gratifying results in our war on them.

"Now, as to wolves. Less than four years ago there were 300 wolves in the state, all preying on stock. Today there are only 25, but we are finding it difficult to wipe them out, because they are cunning old fellows, the granddaddys of the cubs that weren't so hard to exterminate."

Wolves from old Mexico are crossing the border into New Mexico, and this gives the inspectors a new problem. There was a drought on the border during the past year, and all the cattle were moved away, depriving the wolves of their food supply of calves. Well, when the cattle were moved the wolves began coming over into New Mexico for their food. One hunter is getting on an average of two wolves a month.

It is estimated that one wolf will do not less than $1,500 damage a year to cattle at the present price of a steer—about $30—so if these beasts are allowed to multiply it is easy to understand the potential damage to stock.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Federal authorities and the people of this state have a war of considerable proportions on their hands. They insist the lion, the bob cat, the wolf and the coyote must go. It isn't only the stockmen who seek the extermination of these animals. They are destroyers of game, and this angle of the situation came up at the last annual meeting of the American Game Protective Association in New York in April. An appeal was made to help in the fight against the predatory animals, and it is meeting with a hearty response from sportsmen. At this meeting it was pointed out that mountain lions in New Mexico killed 3,000 deer in the state the previous year, while hunters killed only 700. Attention was called to the fact that at this rate of slaughter on the part of lions, deer soon would be extinct in the state. Mountain sheep also are being destroyed by the predatory animals.

Grizzly bears are considered predatory, too, especially when their natural food supply—berries, roots, and so on—is cut off, and then they prey on stock and small game.

Gophers, prairie dogs and jack rabbits are classed as rodents by the biological survey, and they are receiving attention from the inspectors. The gopher and prairie dog are not only pests on the ranges, but do damage elsewhere. For instance, it is estimated that gophers damage irrigation ditches supplied by water from the Elephant Butte Dam in the Rio Grande $60,000 a year. Before the water is let into the ditches the gophers burrow through the sides of the banks, and when the flow comes in the water pours through their holes, flooding alfalfa fields and other growing crops. Ditch riders are employed to discover these holes, and it takes time and money to plug them up. They also can render entire ranges useless by burrowing beneath the grass. Thousands and thousands of acres can be damaged in this way.

And the gophers come to the very gates of the modern city of Albuquerque to carry on their destructive work. If they get into a householder's garden patch he has a difficult job to get rid of them.

While the visitor was in headquarters a request came in from the University of New Mexico, situated at the edge of Albuquerque, to send some one up to rid the grounds of gophers. The little animals got into the grounds and were ruining the lawns.

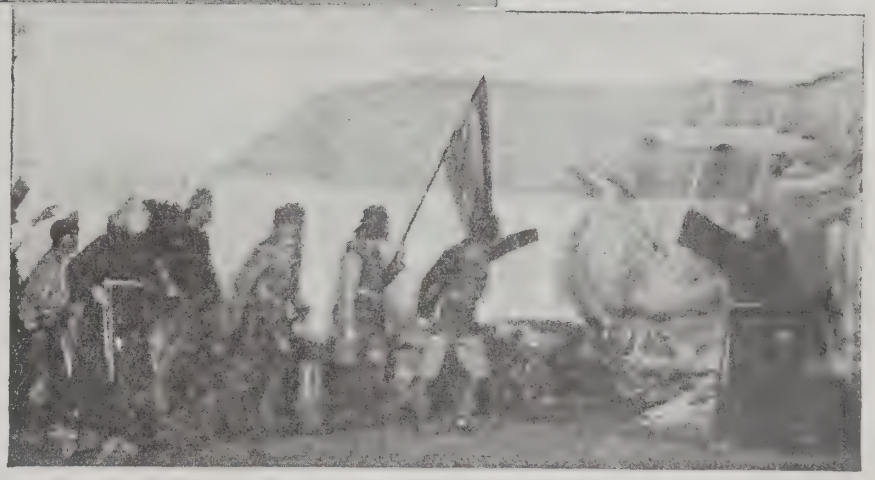
The East may have its troubles, but any New Mexican stockman will say they are nothing compared to his, with cattle at their present low price and preying wild beasts trying to kill them off even at that.



California's Mission Play and Pageant

By HENRY QUICKENDEN

Top—Scene from the Mission Play at San Gabriel, California. The Indians are shown bringing in the dead body of their Franciscan Spanish friar who had died in the desert with his converts. Right—Frederick Warde representing Junipero Serra, in the Mission Play. At the left are shown some of the Indians in the play. Directly above are Warde and a group of Padres on the steps of San Gabriel Mission. At the right are shown the Padres and the Spanish soldiers at San Diego Bay, 1769, watching for the relief ship from Mexico to save their starving expedition—a scene from the Mission Play.



THE Passion Play at Oberammergau and the Mission Play at San Gabriel, California, are in some respects similar and in others the difference in the two is marked. Because of the likenesses, the California spectacle has been called California's Oberammergau.

The Passion Play of Europe was the inspiration for the Mission Play after a visit paid by Frank Miller, of Riverside, to Oberammergau. He recognized the materials for such a play in the early history of California as that history had been made by the coming of the Spanish expedition from Mexico in 1769 with its contingent of Franciscan brothers under the Father-Presidency of Junipero Serra.

The early history of California had to do with the missionary extension of Christianity even as the history of the Passion Play had to do with the founding of Christianity. The big missionary motive is the same in both plays. This lifts the Mission Play of San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, above the level of amusement. This new pageant-drama, with its Spanish fiesta scene, touches of humor, dancing and gay colors does, however, create and hold the interest of people at the same time keeping them close to the sublime.

The Mission Play is given daily from early in January each year on to the summer months. In the new playhouse to be ready for next year's presentation at a cost of $250,000, this pageant-drama will enter upon a new and permanent phase of its history. This is the tenth season. About 2,000 persons witness it daily and as it is shown twelve miles east of Los Angeles, on the former grounds of the old San Gabriel Mission, it is easily accessible to the thousands of tourists and natives who visit California during the winter months. Among the ruins of the old mission, the Spanish, Mexican, Indian, military and missionary atmosphere of the old days is easily preserved.

Frank Miller, who, as stated, is responsible for the production of the spectacle, first sought out Dr. Henry Van Dyke, at Princeton, to write it. Dr. Van Dyke declined because he could not spare the time in California to absorb the history and the atmosphere. President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, suggested later the California poet and journalist, John Steven McGroarty, of the Los Angeles *Times*. He accepted and made it a labor of love. He is a Roman Catholic, but the business manager of the Mission Play Association, E. K. Hoak, is a Methodist.

The play gathers up and immortalizes the early history of California, stressing in its three acts first the dates 1769—when the military-missionary expedition arrived from Mexico at San Diego; 1784—at Monterey when that and other missions were in their glory; and 1847—the beginning of decadence after the Mexican Government had confiscated the mission properties and the Indians were driven back from these centers of civilization.

This history is full of the color and romance that belong to the Spanish-Mexican period of early California and that even is continued to this day in the names and in some of the customs of the Spanish and Mexican elements that make up so considerable an element of this section.

The great character of the play is the Father-President of the Franciscan missionary friars who accompanied the military in 1769 and who died in 1784 after heroic and indefatigable labors. This part is taken by Frederick Warde, who crowns fifty years in his profession with his representation of Junipero Serra, the great Father-President.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor

Twenty-first Year, Number 22, March 26, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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An Opera Bouffe Plot

IF THERE is a librettist eager for a comic opera plot funnier and more fanciful far than anything his wildest imaginings are likely to conjure up, let us commend him to the assumedly serious arguments just now occupying much space on the editorial pages of many American newspapers and dealing with the indemnities demanded of Germany by the Allies.

One such article appears under the caption, "German Republic in Reality a Sham." Perhaps you have supposed that the emergence of the German Republic from the ruins of the Hohenzollern Empire was a natural and logical sequel of the decisive defeat of German imperialism at the end of a fifty-month war?

To the ordinary mind, the smashing of the Hindenburg line, the shattering of the German battalions, the utter economic exhaustion of the blockaded country and the complete undermining of the "war morale" of a population behind the lines were stern, cold facts. Recognition by that population of the true causes of woe, misery and disaster in the vaunting ambition and reckless arrogance of the imperial régime, might sufficiently account for the downfall of the empire, following so swiftly on the ignominious flight of the gilt-gingerbread emperor. When to these immediate and obvious reasons for the rise of a Social-Democratic Republic in Germany we join the big fact that for nearly thirty years the anti-imperialist Socialists had been the majority party in the Reichstag by the mandate of a popular vote, carrying on through all those years an active and effective propaganda in the press and on the platform, no difficulty should be found in accounting for a German Republic—that is, the prosaic mind unaccustomed to traveling in the irridescent paths of spectacular extravaganza would find no difficulty.

Foolish delusion this, we are assured by the knowing writers who have been nourishing their mentalities on the jingo pabulum purveyed so generously by the Paris press. The present republic in Germany was merely "a ruse concocted for the undoing of the Allies" by poor Mr. Hohenzollern and his friends, Hindenburg and Ludendorff—actively aided and abetted by Socialists! It was never meant to be anything more than a "temporary makeshift" to tide over until "German intrigue and cunning" should be able, through shallow pretense of compliance with Mr. Wilson's demands, to outmaneuver the keen-witted diplomats of France, Britain and Italy—to say nothing of American diplomacy!

The German Republic, we are solemnly informed, was "faked" in order to fool the Allies into granting lenient reparation terms and to mask Germany's military activities, resources and man power. An army of millions, "every man a trained soldier" and supplied with complete and formidable fighting equipment, is ready to take the field "when the hour strikes."

Proof? Bless you, haven't the junkers already started a movement for the annexation of Austria? Are they not talking openly of the return of the Hohenzollern dynasty to the throne? And—most clinching argument of all—has not the return of the Hohenzollern to rule at Potsdam, as soon as the peace terms are settled, been predicted by Lady Nora Bentinck, niece of Count Bentinck who harbored the ex-kaiser at his castle of Amerongen for eighteen long and weary months?

Truly, the opera bouffe mind hits only the high places in its fantastic flights of imagination. It is exempt from such prosaic considerations as the effect on the German "will to war" of the actual toppling in the dust of the imperial idol with its head of gold and feet of clay.

To this order of mind, the utter exhaustion of Germany's energies and resources in the nearly five years' war orgy, involving the starvation of its women and children, are just "stage business," thrown in for effect. The actual loss of Alsace-Lorraine, Prussian Poland, the Saar Basin, the African colonies, the Shantung lease and the Pacific Islands—all these count for naught. Or perhaps, they are all a part of the "ruse" to fool the Allies, part of the dark, deep and designing plot of the cunning Germans to get out of paying their debts and instead to start all over again the ruction that, in addition to the losses named, killed off some three million of their best men, maimed and disabled as many more, reduced the population to starvation rations during four years, cost the country its industrial and commercial leadership and gave a lasting black eye to its pretense of ethical culture?

Are there no bounds to jingo credulity? Such wild and weird yarns seek vainly to perpetuate the war legend, picturing the Germans as satanic supermen or hopeless idiots. Let us return to normalcy!

The Men Behind the Press

THERE is something worth thinking about in a suggestion made by William J. H. Boetcker in the Erie *Review*. National safety may depend, he points out, on the big guns of our fortifications and our fleets, but even more on the men who handle those guns. The question, "Who handles the gun?" is of such importance that our government recognizes the necessity of putting none but Americans on guard or in charge of these guns.

Far more powerful, however, than all the big guns in the world, as a weapon for the defense and preservation of our democratic institutions, is the press. So Mr. Boetcker asks why this great bulwark of our peace and honor should not be as jealously guarded as are the guns from being controlled and directed by alien and possibly inimical interests? And he suggests that Congress should pass a law limiting controlling ownership of American publications to American citizens and requiring the writer of every book, and of every magazine or newspaper article, to sign it with his name and a statement of his nationality, so that readers may be able to make allowance for national bias or propaganda.

The Obstinate Eleven

DUE perhaps to the ardent temperament associated with warm climate, when the Spaniard is a radical he is very, very radical. In the vivid phrase of pokerdom, he "goes the limit" in socialistic extremism. Spanish revolutionaries are not apt to be troubled by any very delicate scruples as to the use of bomb, torch and dagger in advancing "the cause." But a delegation of Spanish Socialists, recently returned from Moscow to Barcelona, frankly express themselves as "horrified" by the state of things they witnessed in Russia. They visited the country on the invitation of the Soviet Government with every expectation of being able to prove to their associates at home that the Russian experiment was such a success as amply to warrant affiliation with the Third Internationale. Instead, they found conditions of misery, tyranny and oppression beside which the worst of the evils of that monarchist and "bourgeoisie" rule which they had hitherto so fiercely denounced are the merest child's play.

Most of all, they seemed to have been astounded by the utter cynicism with which Lenin discarded any semblance of regard for the most elementary principles of that democracy which is the fond aspiration of the Spanish Socialists. The dictator, they report, offered as obvious explanation of the "delay" in transforming Russia into a happy and prosperous communistic commonwealth, the imperviousness of the peasants to Bolshevist arguments. The peasant class, he said, constitutes the very large majority of the population and they are constitutionally "non-proletarian," so that there is nothing to be done but to hold them in strict subjection virtually making slaves of them, until they are forced to change their minds and become good proletarians.

This period of necessary rule by a small and despotic minority is placed by Lenin at forty years. Meanwhile, as Russia is not an industrial country, the "proletarian" minority has nothing but worthless paper money to offer the peasant majority in exchange for food produced in the sweat of their brows.

Lenin is a vivid reminder of the twelfth juror in the old story who blamed the failure to agree on the "obstinacy" of the remaining eleven good men and true.

The British-Russo Treaty

THE document signed by representatives of Great Britain on one side and of Soviet Russia on the other on March 16 is not called a treaty. It is diplomatically referred to as a "trade agreement." Substantially, we are told, it is the same as the draft taken from London to Moscow by Leonid Krassin, Soviet minister of trade and commerce, in January last. While its provisions deal chiefly with a resumption of trade between the two countries, the agreement is a compelling illustration of the far-reaching scope of all agreements in regard to international trade. So it is actually a treaty and one in which the clauses "incidental" to providing for trade resumption are probably those of chief importance.

Many people who have all along clearly recognized the perils of Bolshevism, and who have not hesitated to express horror at the mere suggestion that a British Government should grasp the "bloody hand" of the Bolshevist usurpers, will condemn the treaty as a gross surrender of principle and a deliberate sanction of terrorism and massacre. There is something to be said for this view, but it must also be admitted that the humbling of pride is not all on one side. In exchange for its virtual recognition of the *de facto* government of Russia, Britain has exacted certain substantial advantages for herself and for the rest of the world.

Under the treaty, Britain will in large measure placate both the radical labor element and the trading class. For the latter, it insures the first opportunity for profitable trade with a population of more than 100 millions. But it also secures the clearing of mines from the Baltic and approaches to Russia, the ending of the blockade on both sides, and pledges against its renewal. The Soviet Government is particularly bound to refrain from any encouragement of Asiatic peoples to action against British interests, especially in Asia-Minor, Persia, Afghanistan and India. As the spread of Bolshevist influence in the Near East and the Far East is regarded just now as one of the most serious menaces to world peace, this provision must be considered broadly as of much more than British national interest. So also the provisions for the renewal of postal and telegraphic communications.

For all the world, most decidedly, an advantage is gained in the treaty's provisions binding each party to refrain from hostile action or propaganda outside its own borders against the other's institutions, or giving assistance or encouragement to any such propaganda outside its own borders. It may be taken for granted that propaganda against British institutions includes propaganda against American institutions—against democratic institutions anywhere. At any rate, it opens the way for similar agreements with the United States, France and the Scandinavian countries, as well as with the Latin-American republics.

French opinion is said to regard the agreement as unworkable, in view of the present revolt in Russia and Russia's shortage of exportable stocks, and to be averse to entering into any similar agreement until Soviet Russia recognizes the old Czarist debts. But as the treaty would stand if the Soviet régime should be overthrown and experience has taught us that its early overthrow is problematical, Britain's example will be likely to commend itself to both France and the United States as time-saving. Lenin's cynically avowed disregard for the sanctity of promises and pledges was given by Mr. Wilson as sufficient reason for refusal to negotiate with his government. But in the present state of international ethics, perhaps self-interest is no inconsiderable guaranty of good faith. From the humane viewpoint, of course, the big thing made possible by the treaty is that it makes possible the feeding of millions of human beings now on the edge of starvation, probably averting a famine as appalling as that in China. With even an approach to economic rehabilitation, the Bolshevist horror will be most surely undermined.

Be Careful, Mr. President

RUMORS from Washington indicate that the head of a private detective agency may be considered for the job as chief and reorganizer of the combined secret service departments of the United States Government. President Harding would do well earnestly to consider all that this may mean. It is not fitting that the secrets of the United States Government should be put at the disposal of private detective agencies. No man should be entrusted with any part of a special agent's work until all his antecedents are fully known. It is to be hoped that President Harding, through haste or inappreciation of the importance of the post, will not make an appointment which can make itself felt hurtfully not only in every department of government but in every aspect of American life as well.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS being sent out from Washington that the government is through interfering with business, and the announcement will be received according to the point of view of the individual. Some will hail it as a release from past restrictions and as a repudiation of a certain policy; others will regard it as a backward step and as a partial abandonment of the principle that property must always be held subservient to the people.

Every man must discuss this according to his experience and no single point of view will include all the truth. We may set it down as fundamental, however, that the intention of government has not been to restrict business but only the abuses which have crept into business.

This restriction has itself been subject to abuse at times. That is those who have been given the power of restriction have sometimes been under the control of unscrupulous interests who were quite willing that restrictions should be imposed upon their competitors, thus creating a disadvantage. But on the whole this business of restriction has not worked. Certain specific abuses may have been corrected, but the mainspring of all business abuses has not been touched, nor can it be by mere enactment of statutes.

The first revolt of the American mind against the tendency toward swollen irresponsibility in business was shown in the anti-trust agitation in Roosevelt days. Business was then forming in large aggregations and, as in all new developments, there was a tendency toward thinking itself the be-all and end-all of national life. There had just been a very severe industrial depression, and the vision of smoking factory stacks and "the full dinner pail" had played their part in an industrial stimulus and growth without parallel.

Life, however, cannot grow disproportionately on one side without causing inconvenience, and presently a protest came. It was but natural. And, just as before, when statesmen set their energies to making business lively, so now statesmen bent to the task of making business behave. Thus was inaugurated the era of control. There was a great deal of so-called "trust-busting," which had the effect principally of changing the legal form of the trusts and nothing more. There were investigations and systems of inspection, and with it all a few genuine reforms like the abolition of the railroad rebate.

Now, about all we have gained out of the experience is this: human nature runs wild if it gets the chance, and the tricks it will play cannot always be understood from the surface but must be probed, and, moreover, it can evade practically every law set up for its control.

So far from this being an argument against what the government tried to do, it is an argument for its being done in a more effective way.

The misdemeanors of business have been bad for business; if not always bad for the profits, then bad for the reputation of business. All the annoyance of the restrictions put on by government did not more than compensate, if indeed they did compensate, for the abuses which business practiced. That there was wrong-doing, no one doubts. That some of this wrong-doing was of the most sordid and nasty character is all too true. We despise the man who manipulates the scales in selling a pound of food; what contempt is sufficient for a corporation which systematically cheats on weights, using therefor a system whose intricacy and costliness and conspiratorial teamwork was worthy of a better cause!

None of these things is found out, however, unless there are agencies for finding them out. That is where the government has done its best work—in studying business, and during the progress of the study detecting the rotten spots. The Federal Trade Commission, for example, found out a great number of rotten spots. The bribing of purchasing agents, the use of deceptive advertising, the immoral and condemnable adulteration of commodities—these are rotten spots which require disinterested outsiders to detect and expose. People "on the inside" are sometimes too heavily interested to embark on the work of self-correction.

And yet, until this entire corrective work proceeds from the inside, it cannot be accomplished as it ought to be. Not legal but moral compulsion is the best law.

Business as a life-profession should have its recognized professional ethics, to violate which declasses a man. The motive power which would make such an ethical system vital, is the idea of Business as a field of human service, just as Education or Medicine are.

That idea is existent but it is not regnant. People know it as an ideal but not as a reality. There is, moreover, a considerable doubt expressed at times whether business can be run on that principle.

Malpractice in Business cannot become any more substantial or lasting than malpractice in any other field. There is no question about that. Business always goes on, but "businesses" are falling by the wayside every day. It is not only true to say that good principle is compatible with business (and that is expressing it as if business were merely moving over to make room for good principle because, forsooth, good principle has influential friends!), but it is also true that bad principle is absolutely incompatible with good business. A great many people have tried it, and though they may have been "successful" in scooping in the profits for a time, they have not succeeded in business.

Some men stay in business just as the burglar does; he may remain a burglar but he has to move around a lot. Some business men pursue the same business methods, but not long in the same locality nor in the same line.

Business must be controlled from the inside, and the governing principle must be a mingled knowledge of social needs and moral laws, if it is ever to be properly controlled at all.

What Business needs is a little of the professional spirit. The professional spirit is one that seeks professional integrity, from pride, not from compulsion. The professional spirit detects its own violations and penalizes them.

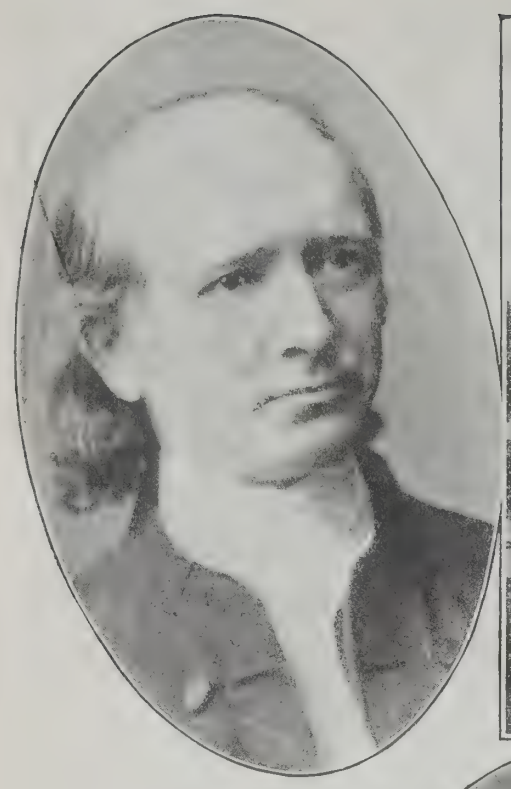
Take a hospital, for example: you don't need a policeman to keep it clean. It is part of the hospital's work to be clean, because absolute cleanliness helps to provide the atmosphere which has most healing and least harm in it. Hospitals keep themselves clean because cleanliness is not only their pride but their business. A dirty hospital simply is not a hospital, and no amount of make-believe can render it a hospital.

Business will one day become clean on the same basis. It will become clean as a preventive of commercial septic conditions. A machine that stops every little while is an imperfect machine, and its imperfection is within itself. A body that falls sick every little while is a diseased body, and its disease is within itself. So with business. Its faults, many of them purely the faults of the mechanism of business, but many also the faults of the moral constitution of business, clog its progress and make it sick every little while.

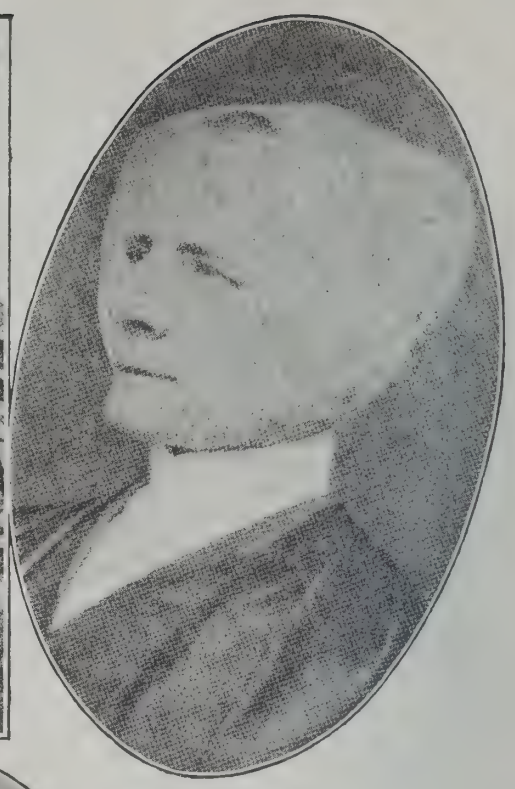
Now, you can inspect weights and measures, but not motives. You can examine income reports, but not the managers. That is, the rights and wrongs of business begin much further back than any legal process can go; indeed, legal processes are effective only as they produce alarm, fear or shame further in where the soul of the business lives.

Some day the ethics of business will be universally recognized, and in that day Business will be seen to be the oldest and most useful of all the professions.

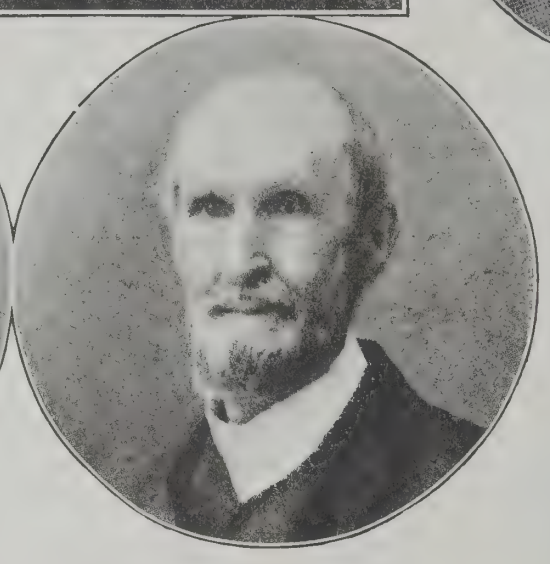
BUSINESS is the oldest of professions, and if it had a code of ethics it would be the most useful profession practiced by man. It serves humanity at more points and is more vitally connected with all human interests, than any other. If a man is honest elsewhere, but not in business, what does his honesty count for? If a man is capable elsewhere, but a dunce in business, how incapable he really is! Business is a queen of the sciences, employing and encouraging them all; a field for the employment of all virtues that man can exhibit; the one profession capable of a dignified and expansive oversight and patronage of all the others. Where it falls beneath this estimate, the lack is in ethical pride. Business can best be controlled from the motive within.











Top, left—Elder JOHN VANCE. At 92 he was an excellent specimen of the old-time Shaker Elder. He was more than six feet tall and straight as an arrow. Like all the Shakers he was typical of the best American blood and exemplified the longevity of the communal life in which the average is about twenty per cent better than the average in New York City, Center—The Shaker meeting-house at Mount Lebanon, N. Y. Next to the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, it has the largest arched ceiling, entirely unsupported by pillars, in this country. Right—Eldress ANNA WHITE. Bottom—Sister MARTHA ANDERSON and Elder FREDERICK W. EVANS.

The White Communists

Shakers Preparing for New Era of Development

By PAUL TYNER

COMMUNISM is a term which just now is associated with the violent and bloody chaos of Bolshevist Russia, with the scourge of Trotsky's armies and with the menace to all order and civilization of the Third Internationale and its propaganda of disorder and destruction everywhere. But the spirit and aims, as well as the method, of the noisy revolutionary self-styled Communists of today are at all points the very antitheses of those of the people who for more than one hundred years have exemplified on American soil the blessings and the possibilities of the genuine communal life. There is nothing "red" about the Shakers. Not the bloody banner of Revolt, but the white flag of Peace is the standard they lift aloft.

Revisiting the community at Mount Lebanon, New York, recently, after more than twenty years, the writer anticipated possible changes. The passing of almost a generation must mean the passing of old friends. It is something new in Shakerism, however, to find it exemplifying the maxim, "other times, other manners." This was the first surprise experienced. The visitor found that those he had known as the younger men and women, less wedded to the past and more concerned with the future, had come into control. Despite the traditional conservatism of advancing years, they had justified the radical promise of their youth and become daring innovators—comparatively speaking.

That the Shakers are "dying out," is a frequently recurring news report. It was recently announced that three aged survivors of a once large colony at South Union, Kentucky, were making arrangements to have their lands which are valued at more than a million dollars revert to the state. Only a few years ago the United Brethren Church bought at a bargain some 20,000 acres of good land and many buildings at Lebanon, near Dayton, Ohio, thrown on the market by the demise of the Shaker society there. I remembered that Charles Nordhoff in his "Communistic Societies in the United States," had predicted, 45 years ago, the early vanishing of the Shakers, who then numbered about 3,000, and whose total wealth was then estimated at about ten million dollars. Early in the nineteenth century, following a phenomenal accretion to their membership flowing out of that "Kentucky Revival," which occupies so important a place in William James' "Varieties of Religious Experience," there were some twenty Shaker societies with an aggregate of 18,000 members. This was the high-water mark. There are now but nine "societies"—those located at Mount Lebanon, and Watervliet, New York; West Pittsfield, Massachusetts; Canterbury, New Hampshire; Enfield, Connecticut; Alfred and Sabbath Day Lake, Maine; South Union, Kentucky; and St. Cloud, Florida, with a total of 14 "families" or communes and less than 500 members. The present is the low-water mark in membership.

Mount Lebanon is situated in one of the most charming and picturesque spots in the Berkshire Hills close to the New York-Massachusetts state line, and the splendid concrete interstate road between Pittsfield and Albany runs through the Shaker lands just above the village. It is also reached from Chatham on the Boston & Albany Railroad by a Rutland branch line that runs to New Lebanon, the birthplace of Samuel J. Tilden and of Martin Van Buren and still the home of the Tilden Chemical Company owned by nephews of the Democratic leader of a generation ago. Driving up the hill from the station on a recent spring-like morning, the visitor was struck again as a quarter of a century before by the beauty of the scenery and the bracing quality of the air. Westward stretched the Lebanon Valley, dotted with cultivated fields and pastures and merging into the gentle slopes of well-wooded hills. "Beautiful for situation is Mount Zion!" has always been a favorite quotation of the Shakers. For a century and more Mount Lebanon has been to them a hallowed spot—a veritable "Zion," hilltop of past glories and of future hopes.

One is struck too by the marvelous quiet of the place, as, after a turn in the road just past a beautiful oval-shaped pond bordered by willows and neighbored by saw mill and grist mill, on a rise of ground, we turned in at the broad entrance-gate and drew up at the door of the white two-story and attic building reserved for the reception of visitors and administrative offices. Shaker villages are never noisy. The very atmosphere suggests unhasting and unwasting activity. But this morning there was something different in the silence everywhere to that of a generation ago. It was deeper with a certain indefinable intensity in it. Yet there was nothing of the quietness of death or decay about it. It had, instead, a brooding and expectant quality, such as one might imagine filled the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. It seemed to soak into the visitor standing for a moment on the porch and looking across the garden to the big dwelling house, north to the great stone barn, with the stables and the laundry on one side and the sisters' shops on the terrace ascending to the main road, on the other; south to the village stretching for half a mile along the main road. In the old days, the scene would have been marked by the figures of bonneted and kerchiefed sisters and broad-brim hatted brothers in overalls or long coats passing briskly to and fro on their various errands. Now there was not a human being in sight. Again one sensed that feeling of anticipation, of a general waiting for the word that would wake the whole place into brisk and purposeful activity.

This impression was strengthened by the appearance of the buildings. For the most part they looked as if they might have been erected within the year. Yet all were anywhere from 40 to 70 years old. The Shakers build solidly and substantially, to start with, and then they religiously keep buildings in excellent repair and renewal. A knock soon brought Sister Martha Burger to the door. Almost from her first words of kindly greeting, the visitor's sense that there was a spirit of Shakerdom facing forward rather than backward was confirmed. On his previous visit, Martha had been one of the "younger sisters"; but as even then her hair was prematurely white, one had no difficulty in recognizing her. Her younger sister Sarah, she said, had succeeded the beloved and widely known Eldress Anna White as Eldress of the "North Family" (in every Shaker village there is a north, south, center church and south family—named from their locations), and Martha herself had succeeded Sister Catherine Allen as the sister charged with the reception of visitors and leading the young sisters' classes, among many other duties. Sister Catherine herself had for years been called to the joint leadership, or "ministry," of the whole Shaker Order with the visitor's old friend, Walter Shepherd, a sturdy reformer from that great breeding place of reformers, Manchester in England, who had been "Second Elder" in the old days.

While waiting for Sister Catherine to come from the dwelling of the Church Family in the center of the village, Sister Martha told the visitor of changes the years had brought. Significantly enough, it was learned that the old distinctive dress (as severely austere as that of nuns for the women), had been abandoned. It seemed strange to find the sisters reveling unabashed in "woman's crowning glory" undisguised by stiffly starched and ironed white bonnets, and to note the disappearance of the old puritanically kerchiefed necks. Let it not be imagined, however, that the modernized costume of the Shaker sisters comes within a thousand miles of the low-necked and short-skirted dress now seen everywhere in Philistia. Modesty and simplicity still characterize it, if not as ostentatiously as of yore. It gives one a little bit of a shock, however, to find the good sisters quite frankly and humanly shaking hands with a brother. During the previous visit it was rigorously taboo—and had been for nearly a century—for a sister to touch a brother or a brother a sister. The brother could not even lend a helping hand to a sister getting in or out of a vehicle. And they never sat at table together.

So one surprise followed another. "I'm going to give myself the pleasure of dining with you, Brother Paul!" exclaimed bright and earnest little Sister Catherine with smiling enjoyment of the visitor's surprise. In old days there were no pictures on the walls. Now one found pictures everywhere—photographs, etchings, excellent landscapes in water colors and pastels and an oil portrait of Elder Walter by a noted

(Concluded on page 14)

Exiles From Crimea

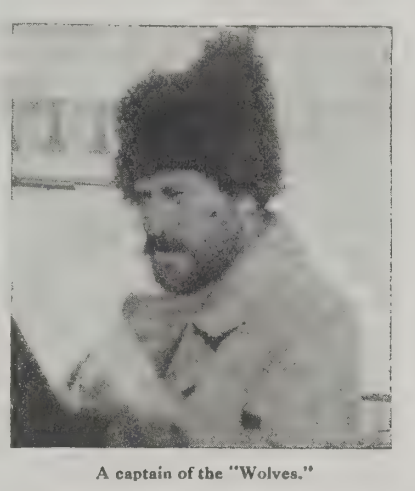
By PAUL BOWERMAN



Russians selling money and jewels on Step street, Constantinople.

IT WAS a beautiful day in November when the refugee boats from Odessa began to file down the Bosphorus. At first they attracted but little attention, although everyone knew that Wrangel's valiant defense of the Crimea had been crushed by the Bolshevist hordes, and that an exodus was to be expected. The village people gathered on the quay and hazarded a guess that the Russians had come, and having identified the Cossack uniform upon the swarm of men who crammed to suffocation the first of the boats, they returned to their work and thought no more about it. Constantinople had seen too many refugees to be moved by the sight of a boatload.

Scarcely had the first boat passed when the second steamed into view—larger this time and even more closely packed. It seemed alive with men. The decks were a solid phalanx of brown sheepskin, and without the aid of a glass one could see they were too crowded to sit down. They had climbed all over the rigging, they filled the hatchways, their heads hung out of portholes, they perched on the roofs of the cabins, fore and aft. The shouts of the street-gamins attracted the villagers to the quay again, and interest grew warmer. It suddenly flashed upon everyone that the thousand or more soldiers they saw on the decks had not rushed up from below to enjoy the Bosphorus—they were there because they couldn't move, and hadn't moved since they left Russia no one knew how many days before. They were but a fraction of the human burden which that old battered hulk was carrying somewhere. The villagers began to estimate the thousands who were jammed, deck below deck, in the bowels of the ship. It was an uncomfortable reflection. Before they had finished their speculation the boat had disappeared around a bend in the Bosphorus, and another appeared. Then another, and another.



A captain of the "Wolves."

All day long those silent ships came out of the Black Sea, until people grew tired of counting them. It was a strange fleet; their only point of similarity was the closeness of the gunwales to the water. Old Russian battleships, with rust-splotted hulls; clumsy cargo boats, ill-suited to such a cargo; sailing schooners, brown and weather-stained, with dirty canvas flapping against rotten spars; broken-down coasting steamers, listing heavily to port or starboard; and most tragic and pathetic of all, a wheezing little river boat, with side paddles, dragging in tow a ridiculous red lighter-ship that rose and dipped in the tiny wavelets of the Bosphorus. Only a few of them could have weathered a gale, and some could never have crossed the Black Sea in ordinary circumstances. It was by a miraculous stroke of good fortune or the intervention of Providence that those treacherous waters had seen a week of absolute calm.

Evening came and still the chain of ghost-ships continued like a row of fireflies down the Bosphorus. The city saw them pass the Golden Horn and swing around Seraglio Point into the Sea of Marmora. How many of them were there? Where were they going? On the streets, in the trams, on ferry boats, every one repeated to his neighbor the questions that had been put to him. Out of the haze of rumor and guess evolved the opinion that the French, who had guaranteed Wrangel's Government, were shouldering the responsibility of caring for the remnants of the disaster. Tunis and Algeria and Madagascar were spoken of as the possible destination of these fleeing thousands. They were to be given land, perhaps, to begin life over again as colonists. But no one knew. And while they talked and argued and gesticulated, more ships came.

Business men, commuting across the Bosphorus from Haidar-Pacha and Kadikeuy the next morning, brought the news that startled the city into a realization of the magnitude of the problem that confronted it. The ships had not gone on. Instead they lay at anchor in the Bay of Moda, just below the city off the Anatolian shore. The ferry boats had passed close enough to hear the distressing cries for help. And while every small craft that could be pressed into service was commandeered to carry bread and water, and while relief organizations were straining every nerve to cope with the emergency, and while destroyers and sub-chasers under half a dozen flags were darting from ship to ship in an effort to sift out the sick and to begin the task of sanitation, the seemingly endless procession of ships still came down the Bosphorus, executed an arc around Seraglio Point, and came to anchor with the others. Finally, some days later, the *Ekaterinador* limped in with a ghastly story of a frantic struggle between rapidly disappearing rations and a broken engine. It was the last one. Fifty-two in all, with between 100,000 and 150,000 persons on board—homeless, for the most part penniless, and very close to the point of starvation.

The peoples of the city, already weary of feeding and caring for the less fortunate, for once forgot the crossfire of hate and prejudice and greed, and joined hands to alleviate a distress far greater than their own. How the machinery was got under way and by what superhuman efforts the feat was accomplished, is already known. Many of the accounts were written in the first moments when the task seemed too monumental to carry through, and others in the last moments, when the end was near and the momentary burst of unselfishness had relapsed into the inbred rut of political or national feeling.

Three months have passed since that beautiful day in November. The ships in the Bay of Moda have gone away. What has become of that floating city? A few thousands went to Bulgaria and Rumania; a few more risked a return to Odessa; and some of the Don Cossacks were taken over by the Allied armies and sent to the front in Asia Minor. The others are in Constantinople.

With every new influx of refugees the city changes color, chameleon-like. The Greeks pushed the Turks into Stamboul and took over Pera and Galata for themselves; the Armenians, coming in increasing numbers during the war, overswept both; and now it is the Russians who supply the dominant tinge to the fascinating patchwork. And of all the threads woven into the strange pattern, theirs is the most interesting.

For a few weeks following their liberation from the ships in the Bay of Moda they were riotously happy. The years of war and revolution were over and they had at last found a haven where there seemed to be no more uncertain tomorrows. They filled the streets with their long military coats and great fur hats, asking nothing more than the overwhelming relief from the nightmare of their flight from Sebastopol. They brought laughter to a city that had almost forgotten how to smile, and unmindful of the astonishment that their levity evoked they succeeded in maintaining among themselves a buoyant enthusiasm that was delightfully infectious.

There was already a sprinkling of Russian cafés along the Grand Rue de Pera, and it was there that their seemingly unquestionable thirst for happiness reached its climax. The *Grand Cercle Muscovite*, the *Ogoniok*, the *Iar*, the *Rose Noire*, and a dozen others were crowded with the brilliant blue uniforms of the Don Cossacks and the beautiful gowns of the tall fair women. It mattered little if those uniforms and gowns constituted the sole possessions of their owners, or if they had no home to go to when the music stopped or even a place to sleep. It was enough that they had escaped the retaliation of the Bolshevists, and that there was food to eat and wine to drink, even if it be paid for from a slender purse. Never had the music been gayer, never had violins played so hauntingly their melodies, never had the long fingers of the sallow-faced pianists so thrilled the hearts of those music-loving people. And impelled by the magic of the artists who were playing as they never had played before, they would rise to their feet in a spontaneous burst of pent-up feeling and raise their voices in a song to the memory of an old Russia and to the hope of a new.

There was something pathetic in their childlike oblivion to the imminence of a new disaster. The city contented itself with an indulgent smile, not begrudging a brief span of happiness to a people who had suffered so much, and yet cynically wise in the knowledge of its own relentlessness. Meanwhile the throngs of uniformed men, resplendent in jewelled daggers and ivory buckles and spurred boots, promenaded the streets with their wives in magnificent sables and sealskins. But even then they were beginning to discover that their money was vanishing, that there was no market for their jewels, and that there was no work to be had.

The break came within a month, swiftly and without warning. What had yesterday been a colorful pageant was today a pitiable spectacle, as if by sinister magic. The gaiety and the laughter in the streets died way. In the cafés they tried bravely to maintain the illusion, but they counted their change and were content with a bowlful of *bortsch* where but yesterday a feast had scarcely sufficed. Unable to pay the exorbitant rents of Pera, little by little they scattered into the labyrinth of twisting streets and bewildering byways of the outer quarters. They moved from place to place in a descending scale of rents, satisfied with smaller rooms, and resigned to interminable flights of stairs. They crept nearer and nearer to the filth and depravity of Galata, drawn unwillingly into an existence that grew daily more intolerable and more inevitable.

The jewels disappeared from the hands of the women, and the gold daggers from the jackets of the men. The professional money-changers, swamped with the paper money of half a dozen régimes, refused to accept any more. Musicians who had studied under the great masters of Berlin and Petrograd slipped into dirty beer-halls and pounded out ragtime on battered pianos for the edification of tipsy sailors and the short-skirted girls of Galata. All day long a group of artists, no longer able to buy canvas and oils, trudged up and down the Grand Rue exhibiting a handful of ink sketches to an indifferent public.



GENERAL BARON WRANGEL

From morning till night crowds of Russians stood patiently in the upper half of Step street trying to sell the paper money of Nicholas and Trotsky and Kerensky. At first a few curious passers-by bought a note or two to take home to their children, and grinning bootblacks demanded a thousand rubles for a shine. Occasionally an itinerant vendor would part with an orange or a manderine for a note that once had been worth thousands of dollars. This flurry of interest soon subsided, and the tired, hungry men stood there, with pockets full of brown notes now as worthless as so many handbills, and endured the jibes of the street-gamins who imitated their accent and exchanged torn-up newspapers with one another in tragic mockery.

The last few weeks have brought a quickening of the crisis. There has been a sifting-down which has scattered to the four winds the ashes of the lower strata of the Russian colony, and has brought to the surface a few brilliant successes—the very limited few whose unusual talent in music or art or commerce has gained for them the attention and patronage of the city. Because of the publicity attendant upon the achievements of these few happy exceptions, the benevolence of the city has been withdrawn from the thousands of the less fortunate, in a mistaken idea that the circumstances of the two unequal classes are improving alike. In a city so vast and rambling and ill-organized it is impossible even to approximate the straits in which the greater numbers now find themselves. But an afternoon's walk from Pera down into the festering side-streets of Galata, across the Pont Neuf to Stamboul, and thence into the crooked passageways back of the Valideh Mosque, would convince the most superficial observer of a calamity which will some day take its place in history as one of the most tragic addenda to the horrors of the World War.

It was only yesterday, on the Pont Neuf at noon, that the crowds of hurrying people saw two men who might have been taken as the personification of the disaster. Leaning against the iron railing of the bridge was a tall, gaunt figure enveloped in a torn and dirty military coat, wrinkled in such a fashion that one could see that it had served in the double capacity of mattress and blanket. An enormous hat of wolfskin was pulled down over eyes that were bloodshot and fevered, its great size accentuating the hollowness of his cheeks. His epaulets were those of a colonel, and on his sleeve was the insignia of the famous Death's-Head Regiment. In each hand he held a thirty-cent can of Alaskan salmon, which he was trying to sell to the passers-by, calling his wares in broken Turkish in a voice hoarse from coughing. There was something in the way his elbows slumped back against the railing that betokened the weariness born of despair.

Presently he straightened himself up, transferred one can of salmon to his left hand and raised his right, numb with cold, to a smart salute. The general returned the honor, set down a bundle, and stopped to talk with the Death's-Head colonel. The general was a short, stout man with black, snapping eyes and features in which generations of breeding and culture were evident. They talked for some moments and then shook hands. The colonel raised his hand in a parting salute, and again offered his two cans of salmon to the public. The general picked up the bundle he had set down. It was a cheap handbag such as the native women carry to shop in, crammed with the morning edition of the *Stamboul*. He walked away toward Galata crying, *"Stamboul! Stamboul!"* It was incredible. Yet not one of the hurrying thousands so much as turned his head to give the little drama a passing glance. It was a living miniature of the vast tragedy of reversal which has destroyed all human security and reduced all human values to nothingness.

The Jews' "Defenders" Make a Poor Showing

They Fail in Frankness; Billy Sunday an Example; the Hearst-Bernstein Botch; the Gravity of a Jewish-Negro Alliance

THE Jews are most unfortunate in their "defenders." Perhaps the initial misfortune is that the Jewish mind has reverted with automatic directness to the idea of "defense," and not to frank self-criticism and correction. The bankruptcy of Jewish leadership has never been so apparent as in this situation which only calls for an examination and a repudiation of that which brings shame upon the Jewish name. But had such examination and repudiation been made by the leaders, it would have involved confession of the inadequacy and incompetency of their leadership, and in the present state of affairs, when their power is already swaying perilously, they dare not make this confession.

It is now nearly a year since THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, desirous of bringing into wholesome and sanitary public discussion a question which was festering in silence and suspicion, began a series of studies of the Jewish Question. The question of the motive which inspired these studies has received various treatment. It is a striking note in all the Jewish attempts at explanation, that these studies are in retaliation for some wrong or injury committed by a Jew. It must be rather humiliating to be compelled to postulate wrongdoing on the part of one's race to account for a study of that race. However, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is able to defend the Jewish name in this particular and to say most plainly that the present series of studies are not in retaliation for the misdeed of any Jew, and to add, if need be, that they have not in view the injury of any Jew, great or small, but solely the prevention of further injury to the world through the vast misuse by Jewish leaders of the power that rests in their hands.

In all that year of discussion, Jewish leaders have been making a "defense" which even the Jewish people have felt was far beside the point. Rabbis, publicists, political and racial leaders have all arisen and shouted and called names, but have carefully avoided the questions at issue. There have been "challenges," all of which have been strategic attempts to stop the discussion and bury it in the smoke of "investigations" which could easily be controlled. Personal abusiveness has been resorted to, not to mention lurid and ludicrous falsehoods—but never a focus on a fact, never the choice of a concrete situation, and a candid examination of that.

Jews Disgusted With Sham Defense

ALL these activities have had two purposes in mind, as those who understand Jewish modes of procedure have long since seen; first, to befog the issue with irrelevant matter; second, to divert the studies from the main line to some side line which runs off into a morass. There will be plenty of time to explore the side lines, but the wiser element of the Jews will meet the question on the main line. The refusal of the astronomer to debate the proposition that the moon is made of green cheese, would hardly be received as proof of his fear to meet the facts of his science.

The first real Jewish "defense" was a counsel to violence, for boycott is of the essence of violence—a commercial "pogrom," to use a word the safe and comfortable Jews of America like to employ. This counsel of violence came from the leaders, of course, and was stimulated by secret meetings where every effort was made to rouse the passions of the Jews to *unlawful* activity. We stress the word *unlawful*, because the Jewish leaders counseled a course which they claim in the courts to be unlawful when used against themselves. How, when and where this was done does not matter in this connection. The point is that in following this desperate line the Jewish leaders confessed their utter incompetency and un-Americanism. Had they been plain men of common sense they would not only have seen the lawlessness of their course but its impossibility as well. But why expect blind leaders to be wise? Who can say that this frenzy of incompetence may not be one of the influences that shall open the eyes of the Jewish masses to the folly of their leadership?

The extent to which this idea of violence "caught on" among the Jewish people can be gathered from a study of several thousands of communities throughout the United States. There is no doubt that the Jewish attitude of "Beware!" toward the non-Jews is still strong in a few quarters, but there is also no doubt that it is rapidly disappearing. The Jewish individual is not a fool, and he is not misled by the folly of his so-called leaders nor by the antics of those "Gentile fronts" who find the Jewish "defense" rather profitable in one way or another. Indeed, some of the most refreshing expressions that have come to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are from Jews who shrewdly estimate the qualities of the Jewish "defense." These sound-headed Jews clearly see that the best defense is to take the situation as it actually is, analyze it, act frankly upon their findings, and seek to remove those mistaken policies and qualities which are always turning up to plague the Jewish people.

In their non-Jewish "defenders" the Jews have had a precious handful. As friends of the Jews they may be just as desirable as any other friends, but as "defenders" their main service is to divert attention for a moment. Then the general situation of the Question closes over them and they are forgotten. Jewish humor must have had numerous occasions to observe how well justified is the Protocols' estimate of non-Jewish ability in the light of the intellectual character of non-Jews' "defense" of the Jews.

Billy Sunday and His "Jew Sermon"

BILLY SUNDAY, for example, is one of these Jewish "defenders." He is not at all clear what he is defending them from, but he is defending them just the same. In the sermon list which Mr. Sunday dispenses during each evangelistic engagement there is what is known as "the Jew Sermon." Men who have been connected with the promotion of his campaigns say that this "Jew Sermon" is depended on to enlist a portion of the financial support which might not otherwise be obtainable in defraying the necessarily heavy expenses of a Billy Sunday campaign. Jewish contributors are more easily approached through the introduction of "the Jew Sermon." It is a familiar compilation of complimentary statements, all of which have been made in this series, such as the fact that Jews sailed with Christopher Columbus to discover America, Jews are never seen in the poorhouses, and so on.

It recites the statement of which Jewish writers delight to remind Christians, namely, that Christ *was* a Jew. The tense is emphasized because Mr. Sunday's utterance is capable of interpretation in the present tense. "If ever you walk the streets of glory, and are kept out of hell, it will be because of your repentance and faith in the shed blood of a Jew." This is questionable theology, to say the least, for it is the faith of the Christian church that Christ was and is the Son of God. Nevertheless, the statement as made by Sunday is quite in harmony with the Jewish view of the case. Few things are more nauseous and reprehensible than this senile acceptance of the statement that "your god is a Jew," "We gave you your god, now we'll give you your government." It is very much as if the American people after execrating the assassin of McKinley should journey to Africa and find that Czolgosc had become the god of the Africans. It would give the American a sense of superiority to think that an outcast of his people had become the god of another race.

Well, that does not matter either. Mr. Sunday speaks about "my friend, Nathan Straus." He says, "You pay tribute to the Jew for the suit you have on and the dress you wear; for they control the tailoring and the custom-made business of the United States. There is not a cabinet in Europe that hasn't had Jews in its membership. Some of the shrewdest financiers in the world are Jews. It was really the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, of New York, that refused to loan Japan the money to prosecute the war, that really hastened peace. Isabella had to hock her jewels to pay for Columbus' voyage, and she hocked them to a Jew. And the Jew is just as distinctively a Jew today as he was 6,000 years ago. All hail, the Jews!"

Mr. Sunday Didn't Know—But

THIS is great "defense." Everyone knows what it is, a rehash of Madison C. Peter's little book. But it doesn't touch the case. Each statement Sunday makes contains the vital essence of criticism, but he doesn't know it.

Mr. Sunday has not read "The International Jew." More than that, he has not even read his textbook, the Bible. Dollars to doughnuts he cannot tell offhand the difference between Judah and Israel, or he would stop confusing them. And it is doubtful if he can tell where the Jewish Christ found his first disciples, among the Jews of Judea, or the non-Jewish Israelites of the north country. Mr. Sunday, excellent and useful as he is in certain fields, is simply not master of his subject, and what is worse, he has not tried to be.

That he speaks without knowledge when he attempts to characterize the studies which have appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is shown by the following telegrams:

"William A. Sunday, Jan. 11, 1921.
"Fairmount, West Virginia.

"We have read your comment as carried by the International News Service, of January 7, on Jewish series now appearing in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

"Will you be so good as to inform us whether you have read any one of the forty or more articles which have appeared, and if so, which one, and if more than one, how many? Thanking you for telegraphic reply at our expense.

"The Dearborn Publishing Company."

Here is Mr. Sunday's reply:

"Dearborn Publishing Co., Jan. 11, 1921.
"Dearborn, Mich.

"Have read frequent excerpts from Jewish series printed in other papers and comments by Metropolitan Press. I had no reason to question the correctness of these reports. The part with which I especially disagreed was the statement that the Jews were aiming at control of the important activities of the country. I have not found the slightest evidence of the existence of such a condition.

"W. A. Sunday."

Mr. Sunday did not read any "excerpts" from these articles in any "other papers" up to January 11. None was printed. Up to that time the newspapers printed Jewish propaganda only, and Jewish propaganda is the only knowledge Mr. Sunday has of the Jewish Question. The part with which Mr. Sunday especially disagreed was, he says, the statement that the Jews are aiming at control of the important activities of the country. It would be difficult if not impossible to arrive at an understanding of how Mr. Sunday could especially disagree with what was not said. If he had known, he would have seen that it was not "aiming at control" which was stated, but *actual control* which was shown. And as for Mr. Sunday's failure to find evidence of such a condition, there is plenty of evidence in his own sermon on the Jews. He possibly does not consider it as evidence because he read it in a newspaper and did not gather it by direct observation, but he considers it good enough for his sermon.

Mr. Bernstein Plus Hearst Type

AS A "defender," Mr. Sunday occupies the position of one who has not studied his case. Whether he would study it or not, we have not asked him. From his own standpoint, his sermon to the Jews is an unfaithful and halting piece of evangelism. Obviously he feared to go sled-length in his effort to convert the Jews—that would be to "insult" them; he therefore remains in the region of half-truths and stereotyped praises and veers from his stated purpose as soon as he has disposed of his bouquets.

Mr. Sunday, by the way, is not the only minister who confessed by telegraph that he spoke without knowing whereof he spoke. However, the great majority of them proceeded at once to look into the Question for themselves, and the result has been confirmatory of most of the statements made in this series. As a matter of fact, the Bible is the best textbook from which to begin the study of the Jewish Question.

The "defense" of the Jews has been exceedingly stupid not only because a part of it has been made in utter ignorance of what the charge was (as if one should defend a man for murder who is only charged with speeding), but also because of the assumption on the part of some of the defenders that the question could be settled by personalities. Thus far this resort to personalities has been taken exclusively by the Jewish side, though not for lack of material on the other. On that line too there would be no hesitancy to try conclusions, but there are a few Jews at least who appreciate the forbearance in that respect which has been shown.

The chief weakness of the "defense" which resorts to personalities is that it settles nothing. If all this were mere say-so, dependent for acceptance upon the credibility of certain witnesses, an attack on personalities might serve to break down the basis of belief. But if the case consists merely in bringing to light certain facts which anybody can see for himself by the mere act of looking, then the matter of personality has

nothing whatever to do with the weight of the case. If the articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT have been successful in securing the adherence of great hosts of Americans, it has not been because of any blind dependence on the statements of this paper, but because this great host could look about in their own communities and in their own spheres and see that what the articles have said is true. It is a matter of sight, not faith.

That is the reason why Mr. Herman Bernstein's articles were totally unworthy as a defense of his people and valueless as a contribution to the Question. Mr. Bernstein, with the aid of the pro-Jewish Hearst syndicate, and the lurid-lettered Hearst newspapers from coast to coast, may laugh every person connected with the matter out of court, but when he has done, the Facts are still there, and the indictment is unchanged. Doesn't Mr. Bernstein see that? Of course he does. He is not a member of the American Jewish Committee for nothing. The American Jewish Committee exists for the management of just such policies and propaganda as have forced the Question to the front in these United States. The Bernstein wad is shot, just as the Brisbane wad and the William Hard wad and numerous lesser wads have been shot, but they never reached as far as the Question.

Crediting men like Bernstein with an interest in the matter as well as a certain amount of intelligence, the only explanation that can be made of their performances is that *they are sparring for time.* Not daring to meet the Question, for that would involve too much confession, they are hopeful that the Question itself will wear out; but that they might not seem to be inactive they break in from time to time with such performances as those of Bernstein, which are as formidable as if they were pot-boilers wrung out of the necessities of an impecunious writer.

If the Question dies out; if these studies can be brought to an end because of the barrage of abuse which the Jewish press is hurling, then the Jewish leaders can proclaim a victory, and they will have Mr. Bernstein's large red headlines in the Hearst papers to prove that they were in the thick of the fray. Again, how unfortunate are the Jews in their leaders and defenders!

There is room for suspecting that the weakness of the Jewish defense is due not only to a reluctance to indulge in that confession which would result in the further breach between the mass of the Jewish people and their incompetent leaders, but also to a hope that in the meantime some "back fire" may be started which will be effective in drawing public attention away from the main Question to something else. That has been the mark of Jewish strategy from the beginning of this series—to start a diversion.

Starting a Negro "Back Fire"

TO ILLUSTRATE this will involve mention of a phase of the Question which has not yet come up for detailed discussion. It is one of the disadvantages which these studies labor under that it is impossible to present the material on as wide a scale as might be desirable. Thus many phases of the Question are still waiting publication. One of these relates to the bond which exists between certain Jewish influences and the Negro population of the country. There have been strange unrests and convulsions among the Negro people in the United States, prophets have arisen, new watchwords have been coined, a spirit wholly unlike the Negro as his normal self has made its appearance, until it is no longer anything but the plainest truth to say that the Negro Question is more acute as a *national* problem than it ever was before.

Nor is this the fault of the Negro. Fortunately the American knows the Negro better than anyone else and is not a victim of "race prejudice." All the obtainable facts seem to point in the direction of the conclusion that the Negro is being tampered with by influences cleverer than anything that he could devise and more malicious than anything the Negro himself would naturally create. That is, the Negro is being used as a tool by some influence whose interest is in national disorder. It is a big question and there is plenty of material to present regarding it. But this much is said merely for introduction. The well-known assertion of the Jews that *"the Negroes and the Jews are the only two oppressed races in the United States"* has long been harped into Negro ears.

Now for one of the reactions. It is solemnly declared in a Negro publication that:

"The Protocols of the Elders of Zion is the ritual of the Ku-Klux-Klan."

"'The International Jew,' now running in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *is a series of lectures from The Imperial Wizard to the members of the Ku-Klux-Klan,* instructing them how to perfect the Invisible Empire."

This paper seriously instructs its readers to read THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S articles with this secret key in mind. For "Jew," read "Klan." For "American Jewish Committee" read "American Klan."

Thus, in the minds of the Negro readers of the newspaper here quoted the seed of the suspicion is planted that the Jews and the Negroes must stand together in the fellowship of persecution, which really means, in the present state of the Negro mind, something more.

Still Building on the Sand

IT IS not easy to believe that this amazing attempt to start a back fire among the Negroes was conceived by a Negro. It is out of harmony with his point of view and his temperament. The idea was very probably of quite other origin.

We would call the attention of the United States Government to the present situation among the Negroes and urge that a strict investigation be made into those influences which are arousing the Negro to courses of which he will become the victim while his hidden instigators go free.

It is a fact explaining this flight of the Jews to the Negroes for help, that the help which the Jewish leaders seek is usually a help based upon a false idea. That "we are the only two oppressed races in the United States" is both untrue and seditious, since there are no oppressed races here, and such an amalgamation of two races under the plea of oppression constitutes a threat against the rest of the people.

In time the Negroes too will find that out, after they have served the Jewish leaders' purpose and possibly suffered for it; for all other people up to this time have found that out and have withdrawn.

Just now the "Chosen People" theory as a hindrance to plain speaking about Jewish influence upon American life is less flourishing and impressive than perhaps at any other time in the country's history—why?—because the Jew, by inserting his influence into the very councils of the Christian church, has stressed that "chosen people" theory until it burst all bounds of truth and justice.

The Jewish people, as people and as Jews, have always been able to appeal to the Christian church and the Christian conscience in the United States, in the complete assurance that what was right and generous in their behalf would be assisted in every possible way. This has been the attitude of the church since its implantation in the United States, and before. The Jews prospered under this attitude, indeed could not have prospered without it, and were anxious at all times to strengthen as far as possible the doctrinal basis on which this spirit rested. That doctrinal basis was, of course, "the Chosen People" theory. It was not obnoxious until it became overworked.

No text of scripture has been in wider use the last six months in the United States than that which is quoted as saying that anyone who blesses "thee" shall be blessed and anyone who curses "thee" shall be cursed—the common interpretative reference being made, of course, to the Jews whom we see today, Morris Gest, and "the Wolf of Wall Street," as well as the others. It represents a "fear of the Jews" strongly fostered by misemphasis on certain words supposed to favor the Jew in all that he does and set him apart from and above the rest of society with relation to his social doings.

World Rule Not by Materialism

THAT has largely broken down. First, it has broken down because it was spoken of All Israel, eleven-twelfths of which is now without identity, and not of the Jews only; second, because even if the Jews are "the chosen people" their own scriptures distinctly declare that the methods they now adopt are not the chosen methods. Some people—even ministers who ought to know better—are so weighed upon by superstitious fear and a desire to accommodate present-day Jewish facts to anything but common sense, that they even excuse modern Jewish methods with the assertion that "the Jews are prophesied to rule the world" and "these methods are the way by which the prophecy is being fulfilled"—these methods being the cornering of gold, the control of commerce and all the other things this series has talked about.

The absurdity of this cannot fail one day to strike the minds that harbor it. If tomorrow the fiction that gold is wealth should be done away—and some day it will be done away—all this control of the world through gold will be done away too, and the international Jews will be left alone sitting upon their little hillocks of metal. They will be the first junk-dealers of the new era, and their junk will be their gold. Again: let the world eliminate war and all the profits that accumulate from it, past profits in the form of interest, present profits, and future profits which will continue as long as the present system of credits and interest continues, and one moment after this elimination all this "prophetic" control of the world goes to smash. If the Jews are to rule, it must be with a scepter other than gold. If they are to wield universal power, it cannot be on the basis of their present materialism.

The basis is wrong. The fear is wrong. The whole doctrine has been used for wrong purposes, for the stoppage of truth-telling and the concealment of situations that ought to be disclosed.

That refuge, however, is passing. No more "anti-Semitic" pursuit and judgment faces the Jew today than that which he may find in his own Scriptures. He now flees to a coalition with the Negro, because the other which he is fast losing is based on a wrong idea which he had no little hand in fostering.

How many more such moves will he have to make before he sees that his refuge is not in the "delusion of persecution" which he has permitted to victimize him, but in a frank face-to-face estimate of the situation as it appeals to him to reconcile himself with the world—not by ceasing to be a Jew, not by pretending not to be a Jew, but by ceasing to be anti-social, and by ceasing to pretend that his Semitic descent elevates him above the general social interest.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Nahum Sokolow, according to the Jewish Correspondence Bureau's Paris correspondent, in explaining why the "Polish-Jewish Question" was not raised at the Geneva meeting of the League of Nations, said the Jewish Committee went to Geneva with two main objects. One was to try and secure "minority rights" in countries where they had not yet been granted. This was fully obtained. The League adopted the principle of requiring recognition of minority rights, which means "special Jewish rights" exclusively, as a condition of League membership.

Three Jews have been elected to the new Parliament of the Union of South Africa. They are Morris Alexander, David Harris and Harry Grauman.

"The rabbi of history has usually been pictured as passive, tolerant, submissive and saintly. Dr. Stephen S. Wise gave a vivid portrayal of the modern rabbi when at Ann Arbor he addressed the student body of the University of Michigan and thrilled his auditors with a dramatic defense of his war record . . . . Now that he has been attacked, Dr. Wise will not only defend himself but show the 'Anti-Semite' how the modern Jew reacts to these wholly unwarranted assaults. The submissive Jew is of the past. Today we are alert and fighting back"—*Rabbi Coffee in Chicago Jewish Sentinel.* These be brave words; but it will be news to those who were present on the occasion mentioned that the auditors were "thrilled" by the New York rabbi's performance. It would be nearer the truth to say that they witnessed an exhibition of questionable taste and an abuse of the hospitality of the university to devote his time to an arrogant and insolent attack on a member of the faculty on a purely personal issue before an audience gathered to hear a lecture on "Americanism." And it might be added that up to date, Rabbi Wise has failed to keep his threat to hale Professor Hobbes before the courts, although the latter has replied to the rabbi's "challenge" by repeating in the public prints his characterization of Rabbi Wise's "war record."

Jews will be especially grateful to President Wilson. He favored liberal immigration laws, and worked for the rights of minority races. He appointed no Jew to office as political reward for votes delivered. Those Jews he did select were worthy representatives, as Judge Samuel Alschuler, of Chicago, Justice Louis D. Brandeis, of Boston, Henry Morgenthau and Abram I. Elkus, of New York City. When the President sought advice, he consulted such men as Felix Frankfurter, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Edward A. Filene, Bernard Baruch, and Julius Rosenwald. Citizens of this type, serving America with unselfish devotion, have blessed Judaism as well.—Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee, in Chicago *Sentinel.*

According to a Jewish News Service dispatch from London, the next Zionist executive will consist of Professor Chayim Weizmann, Nahum Sokolow, Sir Alfred Mond, Major James Rothschild, Judge Julian W. Mack, Julius Simon, Nehemiah De Lima and M. M. Ussishkin. It is suggested that Mr. Justice Brandeis remain as "honorary president of the world Zionist organization," and there is some agitation to have Zhabotinsky and Neiditch added to the executive as representatives of the Russian Zionists.

Kansas' Four Legisladies Are Home-Makers

Not Only Have the Fair Voters Been Shown How to Mark Ballots—They Have Been Instructed How to Scratch Them!

By LILLIE GILLILAND McDOWELL

WHAT woman will do with the vote is no longer a matter of speculation. During the month immediately preceding the first national election in which women were permitted the right of franchise, the National Good Government Bureau mailed out approximately 40,000 Good Citizenship leaflets to women inquirers. One hundred thousand political platforms and leaflets were supplied them by the Democratic and Republican parties.

Many states, acceding to popular demand, had their own bureaus. Especially noteworthy is the achievement of Missouri. The Missouri State League of Women conducted a political information campaign which embraced the sending out of explanatory information concerning the marking of ballots and *the scratching of them;* and the conduct of a political information bureau which really informed. This bureau kept on file records concerning the candidates from each party, the information being obtained through questionnaires sent to the candidates themselves. These records told where each candidate stood on questions vital to women and children, and something of his record as office-holder. Even his religious affiliation was given.

Thus through this nation-wide informative movement and its resultant good upon the election which followed, has woman proved her fitness for the ballot, and the whole has been, as some one trenchantly put it, "A wonderful contribution to forward citizenship."

But the holding of political office by women, particularly such office as has to do with legislation, is, comparatively speaking, as yet in its tentative stage. The states have proceeded cautiously here. But two women have been elected to seats in the Lower House of Congress. No state has had a woman representative in its Upper House.

Conservative Connecticut leads with five women members in its legislature. Kansas and Colorado come next with four each. California and Utah each have three. New Hampshire, New Jersey and Oklahoma have two apiece. Idaho, Indiana, Michigan, Montana, Nevada, New York, Oregon, Vermont, North Carolina and Washington each ventured one. Thus it will be seen that less than half the states have woman representation.

Why this notable lack? Is woman afraid of the venture for herself? Do men fear that she will spring too much sob stuff, or over-much freak legislation?

The women members of the Kansas legislature may be said to be "safe and sane" on these lines. Kansas "tried it out" with one woman member last term and liked the brand she picked so well that three more were added this year.

A Kansas newspaper woman happily coined the term "legisladies," as distinguishing the Kansas women members from the male members of the House. The name fits. They are ladies. They are essentially feminine. All are home-makers, who put home first. They have attempted no freak legislation. One of them even voted for the repeal of the state's drastic anti-cigaret law, on the grounds, not wholly feminine—many male members accounted for their votes in the same way—that it "didn't work in her town." One complains that the Topeka sidewalks hinder her in the wearing of high heels. Another begged a member addicted to lengthy flights of oratory, to let up a little that she "might get home in time to set her hens." Still another boasts of the fact that she helped to pick more than $400 worth of strawberries from her home garden last year.

At least two of the Kansas legisladies have judicial minds. One acquired hers by association with her lawyer husband. The other is a lawyer. Miss Nellie Cline studied law with her father, and was admitted to the Pawnee County bar in 1912. Although her county gave 1,000 majority to the opposition ticket, Miss Cline defeated one of the most prominent attorneys of her county.

While a number of women have been admitted to practice in the state courts, they have confined their activities largely to office service. Miss Cline is the daughter of G. Polk Cline, one of the most widely known criminal lawyers of Western Kansas, and was associated with him in the firm of Cline and Cline. She is a brilliant young woman as a first-er. She was the first woman in Kansas to practice before the supreme court of the state, the first to appear on the program of the Kansas Bar Association, the first and only woman Democratic member elected to the House, and the first unmarried woman to sit in the legislative body in Kansas. Although she possesses many fighting traits inherited from her father who is a veteran Democratic leader and old-time legal warrior, she brings no fads nor isms to her work. Rather her interest lies in the problems of good roads and transportation, as related to her section of the state, which is a garden spot for wheat-growing. She has been given place on many prominent committees, where her legal knowledge has proved of much help.

Mrs. Minnie J. Minnich, of Sumner County, is the wife of H. J. Minnich, of Wellington, a local Santa Fe engineer. Mrs. Minnich was born and raised on a ranch in New Mexico and received her education in the public schools of Raton and at the Ladies' College, Liberty, Missouri. Immediately upon finishing the course here, she became her father's assistant and associate in business on the New Mexico ranch. Needless to say, the live stock interests of her section have in her a warm supporter. She has never run for public office before, but her fine business training and experience stand her in good stead in her legislative work, and she is honored with a place on many important committees, such as employes, public utilities, state institutions, cities of the second class, and agriculture, of which latter she is secretary. Mrs. Minnich believes that each member of the House should for the most part confine his activities to forwarding the interests of the section he represents. The bills she has offered for passage have all been of this type. One, which has attracted wide attention, and which doubtless other sections will copy, is known as the Wellington Foundation Bill, and was passed without opposition. It provides for the lending of money by the city at a low rate to those wishing to build homes. Thirty such homes have already been completed since the bill was passed. Wealthy citizens have donated liberally to the fund provided for in the bill and the city is just finishing a successful $25,000 drive to add to it.

Mrs. Ida M. Walker, of Norton, is a newspaper woman. She is an associate editor of the *Real Westerner,* of which her husband, C. B. Walker, is editor. Her department, "On the Impulse," is widely quoted in the Middle West.

Mrs. Walker was born in a sod house in Western Kansas, in which section she has lived ever since. Thus she is a real westerner, imbued with the breezy, progressive ideas of the West. She began her career in her teens as teacher in the country schools. Later she taught in various city schools of her section. In her home town she has served on the local library board, as president of the city federation of clubs, and is now superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school. She worked faithfully during the World War in the various local activities. She is now serving her third term as recording secretary of the state W. C. T. U. She was president of the Kansas Federation of Woman's Clubs for two years. She organized a number of counties in Northern Kansas in Belgian and Near East Relief work, and is now state director of woman's work for Near East Relief.

Mrs. Walker has a keen mind and sound business ability, and serves on many important committees. Not a brilliant orator, she yet has the happy faculty of summing up the situation in a few words, in striking contrast to the jazz oratory so often found among men members.

Mrs. Walker mothered the State Bonus Bill, of which she is joint author, and which has won favorable comment over the state. It not only provides for the soldiers of the late war, but for the Spanish-American veterans as well.

Mrs. Minnie J. Grinstead, of Seward County, was elected in 1918 as the first woman member of the Kansas legislature. The male members, while scrupulously courteous, did not particularly welcome the innovation. They were afraid the woman member would be "fussy" and full of fads and isms. But the sound sense she displayed throughout the trying ordeal of her term as the only woman member, won not only for herself a warm welcome to her second term, but for her woman colleagues as well when they entered upon their first term.

Mrs. Grinstead is the wife of Judge Grinstead, former county attorney of Seward County, and now judge of the Thirty-fifth District. She has a wide grasp on public affairs. She is an ex-school teacher, a forceful speaker, a licensed evangelist, and has been lecturer for the National W. C. T. U. In the House she has never from the first sidestepped responsibility. She is active in debate and has introduced her full share of bills. On several occasions she has served the House as relief speaker. Although the mother of four children, who with her husband were in Topeka throughout her first term as legislator, and for whom she acted as housekeeper, she never once was missing from her seat at morning roll call.

Mrs. Grinstead's first campaign was full of thrills. She opposed one farmer, a real estate merchant, who had served the previous term in the legislature, and had proved to be "ferninst" every "fad or ism" that came up, and had voted "no" on every question save one—that of the segregation of Negro school children in cities of the second class. Mrs. Grinstead stood pat for every measure she thought right—and they were many, as might be expected from her previous career. She was elected on the Republican ticket by a small majority, but was given the second term without opposition.

Mrs. Grinstead holds almost the record for service on committees in the House, especially such as relate to welfare and reform measures, and is the only woman in the United States who ever served on a legislative judiciary committee.

But all has not been clear sailing for these women members on the legislative seas. Mrs. Minnich has found herself between two waves. Backed in her campaign by the Railway Brotherhoods, they are now protesting more or less mildly against the firm stand she has taken for the industrial court. Mrs. Walker is particularly good at checkmating attempted put-overs in legislation, in which matter even guileless Kansas is not guiltless. This wins for her, of course, some passing resentment. Miss Cline is keen in debate and repartee, and no man likes to be worsted by a woman. Mrs. Grinstead introduced a bill making it possible for a married woman who might be hurt in an accident to collect her own damages, instead of the money going to her husband, as under the present law. This bill brought upon her an avalanche of letters, some in praise, many condemnatory. A woman from the effete East wrote: "For shame! Suppose I lived in Kansas and should hurt my hand while at my housework. I could then sue my own husband for damages."

The bill, being too advanced even for advanced Kansas, was killed.

Mrs. Grinstead also mothered the Girls' Dormitory Bill for state schools. In an eloquent plea for the measure, she spoke of the possibility of the allotment provided for covering the cost of a kitchenette for the various groups of apartments, in which kitchenettes the girls could make fudge. But the farmer members would have none of this "tomfoolery," and the bill was killed, whereat Mrs. Grinstead, in a fit of temporary discouragement, exclaimed, "Oh, fudge! what's the use?"

But on the whole, the Kansas legisladies look upon their work as well worth while, since it has many compensations to offset its trials.





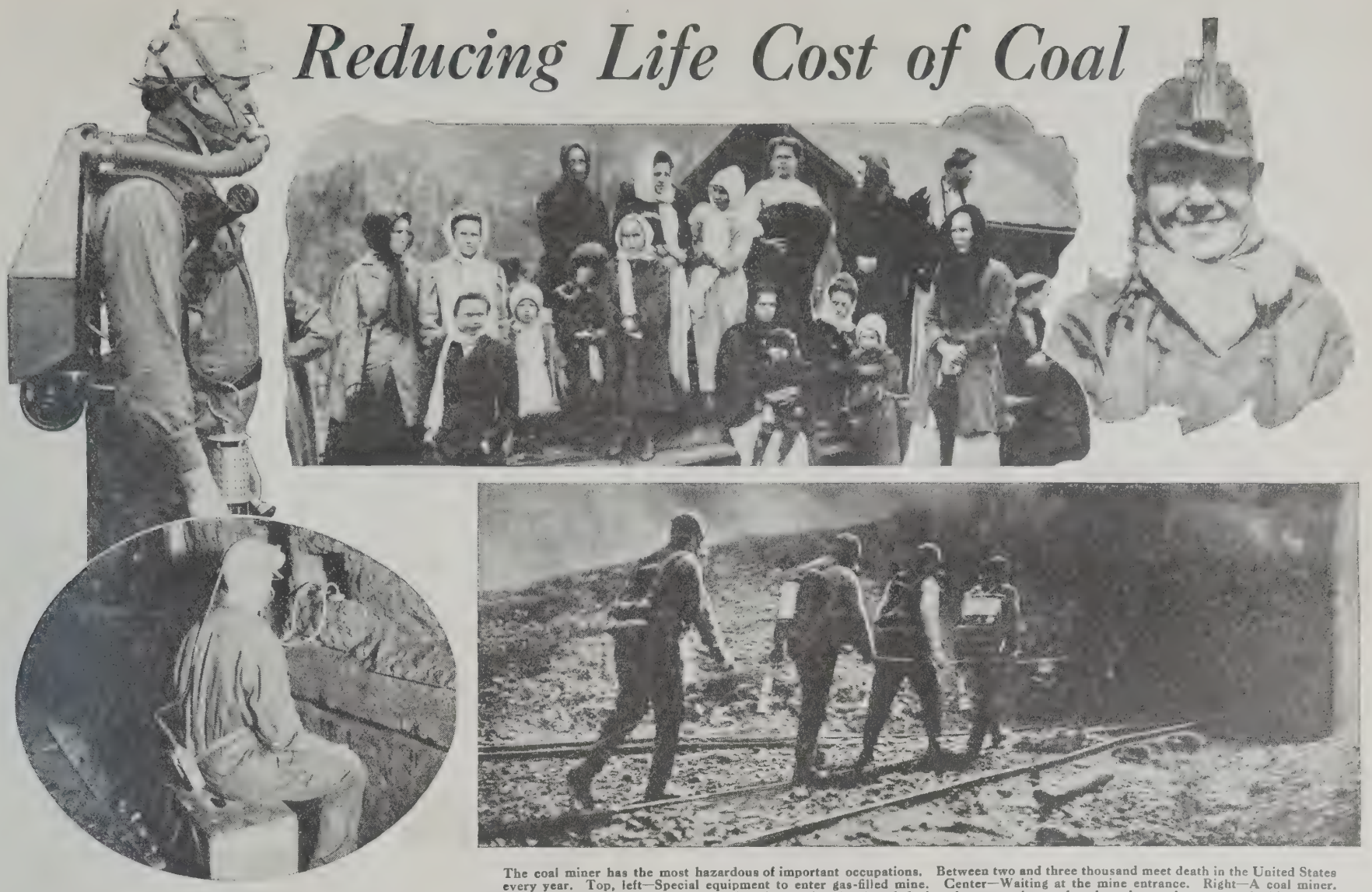
Above—MISS NELLIE CLINE
From Pawnee County.

Above—MRS. IDA M. WALKER
From Norton County.

Below—MRS. MINNIE J. GRINSTEAD
From Seward County.

MRS. MINNIE J. MINNICH
From Sumner County.

Reducing Life Cost of Coal



The coal miner has the most hazardous of important occupations. Between two and three thousand meet death in the United States every year. Top, left—Special equipment to enter gas-filled mine. Center—Waiting at the mine entrance. Right—A coal miner. Below, left—Using the geophone, a listening device developed during the war, to locate the whereabouts of men entombed in a mine.

By ROBERT KENTON

IN 1907 Congress was economically inclined. A small-sized panic, as you may recall, was abroad. But the panic, while the greatest, was not the only big sensation of the year. In the coal-mining districts there was a series of disasters that stunned the country. In several of them hundreds of men at work below ground were killed at the same time. The public began to demand that Congress take cognizance of the situation. In May, 1908, the Geological Survey was directed to begin a study of the subject. The job was turned over to Dr. Joseph A. Holmes.

It was found that in mining, especially coal mining, human life was treated as valueless. Though from the beginning of mining operations, the work of digging coal underground had been the most hazardous of occupations, virtually nothing had been done to reduce risks taken by coal diggers. Nobody could tell how or why many disasters, like those later found to be due to dust explosion, occurred. No effort had been made to develop effectual means for rescuing entombed miners, or for properly caring for those who might be rescued.

Yet for years the holocaust of life in mining was perhaps greater than that in war up to that time. In 1907 every 144,000 tons of coal taken out of the mines represented one man killed in the work of getting it above ground. From 1896 to 1907, the annual average was nearly six miners killed for every million tons of coal mined. Between 1907 and 1912 no fewer than 33,000 men were killed underground in the coal mines of the United States. Several times that many, in addition, were injured. Our mining death rate was among the highest in the world, and it is far from being the lowest now.

Dr. Holmes' inquiries led into fields remote from life saving. One now rarely thinks of the United States Bureau of Mines as in the beginning a life-saving organization, but to a far extent it is that still. The Federal bureau which now does research work on every phase of mining and metallurgy grew out of Dr. Holmes' investigations that were instituted because of the shocks given public opinion by the series of mine disasters that occurred in 1907.

The bureau was established in 1910 and Holmes was its first director. Under it is one of the most striking humanitarian organizations ever set up by government, being that part of the bureau which still looks after life saving in the mines. While life risk is still high in the mining industries, and probably will ever remain high, there has been a reduction in the proportion of miners killed; and frightful mine disasters have been made much less frequent during the last several years.

The government has worked on the coal mine fatality problem in three general ways. One is by scientific study, another by giving practical aid in rescue work, and the other by means of propaganda.

The first involves extended researches into all the problems of mining. An experimental mine is operated by the bureau near its main laboratories at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and therein are developed ways for buttressing mine shafts against cave-ins, in studying dust and testing explosives. The studies of dust have led to some of the most interesting developments in modern applied science. It was found that a large proportion of mine disasters was due to the explosion of small particles of coal floating in the air. They seem harmless, even when seen, but they possess a terrific potency. Up to a certain point the dust is not explosive. Beyond that an electric spark or lighted candle may cause the very air to take fire and burst so violently that the mine shaft is shattered. The studies thus begun have been continued by the Department of Agriculture with reference to other kinds of dust. It was found that virtually all kinds of dust are explosive. For many years mysterious explosions had been occurring in grain mills. Most of them were due, as in the case of coal mine explosions, to atoms floating in the air.

Many miners' lives have been saved by the studies made of the explosiveness of dust and in finding ways to keep tab on the treacherous atom.

Another serious cause of death in coal mines is gas. The dangerous gases usually have neither taste nor smell, and sometimes are not discovered until men fall over in the throes of death. One of the ingenious ways the mining bureau has evolved for finding dangerous gases in mines involves the use of canary birds as detectives. The birds are very sensitive to gas and when they come in contact with it they topple over at once. Most coal mine operators now keep canary birds among their equipment, and one is regularly carried on a tour of inspection through the passages in the mine. When it shows signs of sickness, it is a signal that the workers in the mine have just about time enough to reach open air alive. White mice are as sensitive as canary birds but as they have a habit of often feigning unconsciousness, they can't always be depended on to give truthful signals.

Bureau of Mines' studies of gases had much military value when we entered the recent war. Its gas experts started the organization which handled that phase of our war activities.

The Federal Government does not maintain rescue facilities at each mine. It has rescue stations in the mining districts and operates ten traveling rescue cars that go from mine to mine. Those facilities are largely for propaganda and educational use. They are often employed, however, in actual rescue work. Experiments have been made in getting Bureau of Mines rescue specialists with government apparatus to mines via airplane and they have been successful.

What the Bureau of Mines specialists do chiefly is to inspect rescue equipment maintained by the mine operators, promote the adoption of the best equipment, and train volunteer miners in rescue and first-aid work.

Thus in the last ten years more than 100,000 miners have been organized into and trained in the work of rescuing and attending to their associates who may be caught in disasters. They are to the mines very much what the volunteer fire company is to the small town, except that they are probably better trained.

To encourage enthusiasm among the volunteer rescue and first-aid teams at the mines, an annual meet is held every year under the auspices of the mining bureau. Those meets are now international, Canada and Mexico being invited to send teams to compete for the prizes given those that prove most efficient.

The last meet was held in September, 1920, at Denver, Colorado, and the next one will take place next September in St. Louis. More than 100 teams from as many mines always take part in the meets.

Another incentive which has been provided is a special honor for miners who perform specially heroic feats in rescuing those who are endangered. It is in the form of medals issued annually by the Joseph A. Holmes Safety Association. It is a semi-private organization, for the government makes no provision for rewarding heroism in mine rescue work. At the Denver meet honors were given in six cases, and in three of them they had to be conferred on next of kin as the miners honored lost their lives in making rescues. One man, for example, was suffocated from gases from a mine fire after directing the construction of a barricade that saved the lives of eight other miners. One man, Jacob Delmarh, of Mullin, Idaho, was imprisoned in a cave-in for fifteen and a half hours while endeavoring to rescue two entombed miners, who, by the way, were reached and taken out alive after they had been held underground for more than fourteen days. James Collins was with Delmarh and also received a medal.

In addition to the international meets, state meets of volunteer rescue and first-aid teams are also held in the mining districts.

"No man is braver in time of need, or more willing to risk his life to save the life of another, than the miner," said Dr. F. G. Cottrell, then director of the United States Bureau of Mines at the last big meet of rescue teams. "In time of mine disaster it is never a question of who will volunteer to enter the zone of death. Such is the eagerness to respond that it often becomes the stern duty of some cool-headed foreman or miner to hold back the men while a few are selected to conduct the rescue work in an efficient manner."

The danger in rescue work has been lightened considerably by apparatus developed in recent years. The chief protection now given is a breathing machine. Members of a rescue party fasten it on their backs and over their heads. The instrument is filled with a supply of oxygen which the rescuers breathe while under ground. It is something like the gas masks used in the war. But the war gas mask is of little avail in mine rescue work, for it doesn't supply air, being only a filterer.

One spectacular war device now being used in mine rescue work is the geophone. It was used at the front in locating hidden batteries. With it a party of entombed miners able to make a noise can be fairly well located far from where they happen to be.

Experts estimate that attention to mine rescue work as promoted by the government during the past ten years has saved the lives of at least 5,000 miners. Yet in 1919 more than 2,300 miners lost their lives while at work in the coal mines of this country. During the first eleven months of last year nearly 2,000 coal miners were killed, nearly four men losing their lives for every million tons of coal taken out of the earth.

Our death rate in mines is still large as compared with that of most other countries, that is, when arrived at by the number of miners employed. As compared with the production from mines it is not so large, for the output per miner is greater here than in virtually all countries. This is due to our greater use of mining machinery. However, one man is killed for an average of 250,000 tons of coal mined in the United States; and it is said that one out of every six miners employed here is injured or killed every year.

"There is perhaps no other industry in the United States that has such life hazard, and there is none other to which the government gives such full attention to the saving of life," says an official of the Bureau of Mines.

Disarmament and Peace

Concluded from page 1

these burdens until it is demonstrated beyond peradventure that no understanding can be had and that therefore we are compelled to build as a matter of security and safety.

Let me say, too, and particularly to those who are very technical with reference to the disarmament idea and proceeding, that if we do not demonstrate to the American people that we have endeavored in good faith to secure a partial disarmament or complete disarmament, and that we have failed, and that therefore there is no alternative left except, as a matter of security, to build a greater navy, they will send a Congress here which will cut the appropriations regardless of whether we have a contract or not.

Of course, there are two ways to defeat disarmament.

One is to oppose disarmament and present the arguments against it. There are those who sincerely believe that we cannot afford to disarm, even under an agreement, and with them I have no quarrel, although I differ with them. They have their own reasons and they act upon them. There are others who are unwilling to say that they are opposed to disarmament; they are perfectly willing to pay lip service to disarmament, but they conjure up all conceivable methods for delay, which is another way of killing the program.

There is another proposition connected with the suspension of the building program, and that is the question that possibly in the near future we may arrive at some understanding with Great Britain and Japan with reference to the building program of the future. I want above all things to see an agreement with Japan and England which will enable us to cut down our burdensome expenses. If that cannot be had, then I want to see the most efficient navy possible for the money which we put into it. Both these propositions can be carried along together, and both should have prompt attention and prompt action.

I am not one of those who believe in a weak navy or a small navy, unless our security can be arranged through undertakings or agreements which make us equally safe. I presume everyone, however, whether he is for a large navy or a small navy, would like to know whether the navy is to comply with the standards which the best investigation and thought declare to be an efficient navy.

We certainly do not desire to build to the extent of $640,000,000 and then find ourselves in 1925 with an obsolete navy. I am informed that the agricultural appropriation bill carries altogether $33,000,000. That is $7,000,000 less than the cost of *one* of these possibly obsolete battleships, of which there are to be sixteen, costing about $40,000,000 apiece now. We should know as definitely as it can be known before we continue this program, that it will bring us an efficient navy.

Some time ago I offered a resolution which had for its purpose the bringing together of the three great navy-building nations, with a view of securing, if possible, an understanding by which the building programs might be reduced. There seems to be an opinion in some quarters that that matter ought to be delayed for a time. If it should be delayed, then it seems to me extremely important that we know something of the condition of our building program and as to whether or not it is along the lines which will make for efficiency in case we should ever be called upon to make use of the navy. Some of the great naval experts of the world now contend that what is known as the capital ship, or the battleship, will be practically useless in future naval warfare. Of course, I do not assume to pass an opinion on any such question, but it does seem to me that a layman may feel keenly interested in knowing what the ultimate judgment of the experts is to be upon this subject.

It is conceded that we are building the most expensive kind of navy which we could possibly build. The question is, is this expensive navy also an efficient navy? Unless ultimately we can arrange, through agreement, to curtail the expenses of naval armaments, we shall want a thoroughly modern navy.

I have never suggested doing away with capital ships. That is a subject for investigation. Some great authorities do believe that they ought to be abandoned. I have not suggested it; but I believe it is the part of wisdom for us to stop our building program until we can know what we are spending this money for, and whether we should put more money in capital ships or less, more money in submarines or less, and how we should round out and make a whole, modern, effective fighting navy.

I am frank to say that I do not think we have given sufficient consideration to this question. In saying that I am not criticizing those who have studied it in the Navy Department, but as a general proposition it has not been sufficiently considered by the people of this country.

If it should transpire that the most expensive navy is also the most inefficient navy, it would constitute a double crime upon the part of Congress to proceed with the program. It would not only be an offense against the taxpayers of the country, but it would be a crime against the people of the country in purporting to give them security which it does not give.

I desire, therefore, first to make every possible effort by agreement to reduce and cut out the competitive naval building program of the great powers. I would like to hear, both from Great Britain and Japan, about this reduction. If that cannot be done, I desire to have a navy that is in every sense a modern navy and an efficient navy. What we possess in the way of a navy must be the navy of the last best thought in the world.

I have not advocated that the United States shall disarm unless she can have an agreement with other naval powers to disarm. I am not proposing that the United States shall build an inefficient navy. What I am trying to get is the best minds of the country upon the question of what constitutes an efficient navy.

Congress is responsible for the expenditure of vast sums of money for the national defense, and it should have the best information possible as to whether they are being wisely expended. The information with reference to the subject in this country is very meager. I happen to know that there are men in the navy who believe that the capital ship will no longer be serviceable in modern warfare, but they do not feel exactly free to give that information under present conditions, unless they are called upon to do so.

The English cabinet have taken up this question, and they are dealing with it with their usual foresight and vigilance. They have decided—with the hearty concurrence of the admiralty—that the committee of imperial defense shall "institute at once an exhaustive investigation into the whole question of naval strength as affected by the latest developments of naval warfare." The British Government will therefore present no program to Parliament for capital-ship construction until the results of this inquiry have been considered.

I understand that that now is the settled policy of the English Government—to know thoroughly, and as conclusively as it can be known, what the revealments of the war are with reference to what constitutes an efficient navy. In that country, a country which for 200 years has dominated the sea, it is deemed wise to make haste slowly, not only in the interest of the taxpayers, but in the interest of an efficient navy, and, above all, in the interest of that continued control of the sea so vital to her existence. That government, therefore, has deferred all building for six months and set its experts to work and asked for the fullest and freest expressions from all students on the subject. In England they still have freedom of speech in the navy, and many of the best men in their navy contend that the navy as it is now proposed, or has heretofore been proposed, is an obsolete navy.

I would like to say here that if there is any way under our bureaucratic system of government to release the members of the navy to an expression of their real views on this subject I should like to have it done. I know there are men high in the service of this country who have long been connected with the American Navy who feel that the expenditure of money upon these battleships is a waste of money. If we could have the same freedom of discussion that is taking place in England upon this subject I think we would be able to arrive, possibly, at a sound conclusion, and I doubt if we shall ever arrive at a sound conclusion in any other way. A layman may have his views about it, but we must have the unbiased and uncontrolled view of those who have made a life study of it. They must be permitted to say what they think without being brought to task for doing it.

The information that is necessary and useful to have as soon as possible relates to the practical result of suspending naval building operations at this time. I do not know whether it is practical or not. I think it is, but full information is essential.

Partial or complete disarmament, if it is to come, and I hope it will, must be through the joint and sincere effort of the nations now bearing the greatest burden of navy building. Disarmament, or the reduction of armament by whatever arrangement it can be consummated, has no bearing upon the efficiency of the navy, and so long as a building program is in order, even if limited, it should follow the plans dictated by efficiency and common sense.

Occasionally one hears or reads that the United States, free as a nation from many of the political troubles that beset other countries, should be the first to disarm, an example that "would be gladly followed" by other powers. This view has led to many misunderstandings. The fact is that the United States cannot take the first step unless this step in a sane direction is taken by the other powers. The efficacy of the disarmament program lies in its acceptance by several nations; the more the better.

Europe is still Europe, with all her racial antipathies and imperialistic appetites, with the same standards of government, whatever name the government may bear, and the same strange conceptions of right and justice, in whatever terms she may clothe her schemes of ambition.

Mr. Lloyd George, in his campaign in 1918, declared that he stood for "the abolition of conscript armies in all lands. Without that the Peace Conference would be a failure and a sham. These great military machines are responsible for the agony the world has passed through, and it would be a poor ending to any peace conference that allowed them to continue."

That declaration was made after the war had closed and when the dawn of a new day seemed to be breaking and when he was seeking a special authority from the people of his country for the purpose of inaugurating a new world condition of affairs. It came very near being the first declaration toward disarmament. Four years or so ago President Wilson said that the "freedom of the seas is the *sine qua non* of peace, equality and co-operation," adding that "it need not be difficult either to define or to secure the freedom of the seas."

These statements concerning two elemental principles of world peace were made by men who were in a position to know, whose experience justified them in making them, and who were in a position to carry them out. They went so far as to declare that without their being incorporated in the Treaty of Peace or in the Covenant of a new world all the work of peace would be in vain.

Yet the freedom of the seas remains precisely where it was before the war, and conscription is a thing not only unchallenged by the Peace Treaty, but made absolutely necessary if the League of Nations—based upon the combined military force of four or five great powers—shall continue.

Wilson and Lloyd George stood in a position, if ever they intended to initiate the disarmament movement, to initiate it at Versailles, yet there is no intimation of any disarmament program in the treaty or in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

The program of disarmament, if it is to be made feasible, must grow out of a sincere and joint desire of the various governments to get together and disarm. It is a joint duty. Let me be fair and say that I do not think that Europe can yield by itself. I do not know that it is possible for her to yield. On the other hand, has not the United States, in so far as she has gone, accepted the policy of Europe?

If we assume the task of effectuating a change, we must do it upon the same basis as the past—by whatever power precept may exert.

The first step has been taken.

Your Own United States



This pile of stone might be what was left of any old barn, but it is the ruins of a tavern in old Kingsport, Tennessee, where Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson, Tennessee's three contributions to the presidency, each stopped on the stagecoach journeys between Washington and their homes in the state of Tennessee.

What Machinery Has Done for the Farmer

By AARON HARDY ULM

This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Ulm on farm life and farm management.

WE FIND, as stated in a previous article, the report of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1866 eulogizing farm machinery as if the acme had been reached in the development of labor-saving devices for rural use. But not until thirty-odd years later was the real epic of farm mechanics sung officially, and then by a government bureau not attached to the agricultural department. About 20 years ago the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics put forth the most striking figures extant on what machinery does for food production.

In 1830, the report pointed out, it took 64 hours and 15 minutes of man labor to produce an acre of wheat, the labor cost being $3.71. In 1896, the report claims, it took only two hours and 43 minutes, at a labor cost of 60 cents, to produce an acre of wheat. In 1830 it took 66 hours and 15 minutes of man labor at the cost of $3.73 to produce an acre of oats; in 1893 it took only seven hours and six minutes, at a labor cost of $1.07, to do the same thing.

From 1855 to 1894 the human labor time in producing a bushel of corn, says the same report, decreased from four hours and 30 minutes to 41 minutes. In 1830 a man had to work a total of four hours and 30 minutes in producing a bushel of wheat, while in 1894, it took only 10 minutes of man work to get a bushel of wheat. The labor cost in the case of wheat, says the report, fell from 17 3-4 cents to 3 1-3 cents in the same period of time.

In 1880 the average number of acres cultivated by each farm worker in America was 23.3; the number rose to 31 by 1900, and the value of each worker's annual product rose from $454.37 to $286.82, that is, an increase of about 60 per cent due to labor-saving machinery.

Even with cotton, which hasn't been helped by mechanical invention so much as other staple products of the farm, the labor time required for producing 1,000 pounds of unginned lint fell from 167 hours and 48 minutes in 1841 to 78 hours and 42 minutes in 1895. In the realm of grain production the effect of man labor aided by machinery increased during a period of about a half century from 150 per cent in the case of rye to 2,244 per cent in the case of barley, says one investigator.

Although the foregoing figures have been used frequently without reservation by authoritative writers on agriculture, it is fair to say that their absolute accuracy is not accepted by many farm economists of the present time. However, the approximate accuracy of most of them is not disputed.

Since the figures were developed, the advance in labor-saving farm machinery has been almost as phenomenal as during the period covered by them. For when the statistics were worked out, there were virtually no tractors, no motor trucks, or few combines for harvesting wheat. Though today it is possible to do all the work of planting wheat by a single operation and all that of harvesting by another operation—immense machines being used in each instance—a farm economist tells me that he estimates the normal labor time given to the production of an acre of wheat at about 10 hours.

Statistics dealing with such phases of farming on a national scale after all must be more curious than informative, as the best labor machinery can be or is used in only a small percentage of total operations having to do with any big crop.

Theoretically speaking, machinery has done as much for the farm as for the factory, though there may be a substantial practical difference.

The effect of farm machinery on the national economics of farming can be best illustrated perhaps by some figures on population and farm production. In a period of 30 years the following rate of increases took place:

Population	175%
Number of farms	260%
Cattle	185%
Swine	66%
Bales of cotton	201%
Bushels of corn	257%
Bushels of wheat	389%
Bushels of oats	411%

The period in question ended with 1889, and no doubt even more striking increases in farm production as compared with growth of population have occurred during the succeeding thirty years.

Machinery may explain the growing divergence between rural and urban populations. It is taking fewer and fewer persons to provide food for all the people.

A circumstance one who is saddened by growth of the cities at the expense of agriculture often fails to recognize is that the city man may often render a greater aid to farming than is given by the actual farmer. Men who build harvesting implements and tractors that whack farm labor needs into driblets as compared with those of the hand or hoe farming era assist mightily in improving the economics of food production. The point that the writer wishes here to make is that labor-saving machinery has served or may serve farming just as much as any other industry. To what extent the economies resulting from it have benefited the farmer equally with the non-farmer is a question of doubt, though the answer probably favors the non-farmer. Everybody knows that labor-saving machinery has cut the hours of labor and raised the standard of living in cities. It has also helped to raise the standard of living in the country, but perhaps to not so great an extent as in the cities. It has probably done much less by cutting hours of work in the country than in the city. But the disadvantages labor-saving machinery has carried into city life are a less pronounced accompaniment of its advance in the country. The labor-saving machine on the farm has tended less to make a machine of the farmer than it has done with regard to the city worker. Though it has promoted big farming, the effect there has not been nearly so great as in industry. While labor-saving machinery may have benefited the farmer less than the city resident, it certainly has not penalized him nearly so much.

Many people are prone to forget what mechanics have done and—much more important—what they may do for farming and rural life.

A recent farm survey made by the Department of Agriculture showed, for instance, that in one notable agricultural state more than 92 per cent of the farmers have automobiles, and that for all the western states 62 per cent have cars. In several states telephones are more common on farm than in city homes, having a prevalence of nearly 100 per cent on the farms of a few states, and 72 per cent for all the farming West.

Few cities will show as good rating for either automobiles or telephones as the farms in perhaps one-half the states of the West. And both are more labor-saving devices than they are in the cities, particularly if we include only home telephones and "pleasure cars."

A great many people maintain the impression that those living refinements supplied on a community scale in urban communities are virtually unavailable to the country, where vast waterworks systems, electric lighting plants or gas plants cannot be maintained by local government or big corporations.

There are farming communities in this country where every home is equipped for and enjoys electric lighting. There are others where every farm has a waterworks plant.

The survey already mentioned showed that there is running water in nearly one-third of the farm homes of the North and West, while running water is in at least the kitchen of virtually one-half the homes. More than one-half the homes have washing machines and nearly one-half have carpet sweepers, while 95 per cent own that first of all household mechanical conveniences, the sewing machine. And if you think the average farm house is the fly-haven that it used to be, note that the survey disclosed the pleasing fact that the windows and doors of 96 per cent of farm homes in the North and West are screened. Bathtubs were found in 20 per cent of homes, which is probably a higher rating than some cities can show, certainly higher than any city could claim thirty years ago, and far higher than European cities can boast of now.

If one turns the pages of a first-class farm paper, it will be seen that the biggest ads therein usually relate to mechanical comforts and conveniences that a generation ago were not thought of in connection with farm life.

"It would not pay the manufacturers of such products to advertise in farm papers if they were not selling goods of that character to farmers," the Secretary of Agriculture said not long ago.

The Department of Agriculture has made many studies of mechanical conveniences for the farmer, both in cultivating his fields and enlarging the comforts of his home.

Those studies show that the farm home, in a mechanical sense, can be equal to the city home, with all the peculiar advantages adhering to the country in addition. And they show that a great many of them are.

Of course, the city man doesn't have to make much initial investment in such things as waterworks and lighting plants, as the countryman must do. These initial investments are the chief influences that hold back big mechanical improvements in the country. It is relatively easy for the farmer to buy land, which he can get usually on long-term credits predicated on the land paying for itself out of what it produces. This has abetted the natural appetite of the American farmer for land, ever more land—an appetite which many students of farm life think should be restrained and directed toward making best possible use of land. The farmer without much cash can't easily get the equipment for waterworks and lighting plants on long-term credit. Movements are under way looking to the solution of that and other credit problems having to do with rural life advancement. Big business might find it highly profitable to work out means by which farmers may purchase important household conveniences and perhaps costly farm equipment on long-term payment plans whereby they could "pay for themselves" as land is expected to do. For those things can be just as helpful to profit-making farming as land.

"The lack of conveniences on the farm is not nearly so distressing a fact as the presence of conveniences is a fact of hope," says Professor C. J. Galpin, the rural life specialist in the Office of Farm Management of the Department of Agriculture.

If one wants to stretch the imagination the day can be visioned when animal power will be an unknown quantity on the American farm. The census of 1920 is disclosing a large decrease in the farm horse population as well as in the number of horses in the cities. There are probably more than a half million tractors on American farms at the present time. The distribution during the last several years has been at the rate of 150,000 to 200,000 a year, and during the last year it was not so large as was anticipated. Many thousands of farm trucks have displaced horses for hauling use. Gas engines are supplying power for varied farm uses, from cutting silage to running washing machines.

Mechanics give assurance that farming has passed forever the bumpkin and clodhopper era—the "hoe farming" stage as the students of rural life call it. But the beginner farmer, if wise, will approach machine farming with due care and caution. The tractor, for example, went through 20 years' experimentation before it proved its case by practical demonstration. But there is no question now, say the investigators, that the tractor is doing and will continue to do wonders for farming.

Another curious result of the studies of tractor farming is the fact that it hasn't yet produced the "horseless farm" except on a very limited scale. It merely reduces the amount of horse power that farmers must maintain. It was believed that in some sections it would boost the growing of horses, by making it profitable for farmers to maintain more brood mares. But this doesn't seem to have resulted.



There are now more than 10,000 motor trucks, many of them operated co-operatively, serving regular routes, say investigators. And of course many tens of thousands of trucks are used by farmers individually in marketing crops or otherwise expediting their work.

Because of the growing scarcity of arable land ready for cultivation, the time is approaching when increased food needs due to growth in population will have to be met in large part by intensive methods of farming that will raise the volume of production per unit of cultivated area. Machinery will be a great aid in facilitating intensive agriculture—a phase of farming that the beginner or the outside student can find well worth studying. In fact, land as mere land is usually given exaggerated rating in estimating the comparative values of all factors entering into farming.

Farm economists say that the use of land is only about one-sixteenth the cost of growing a potato crop, less than one-fifth the cost of an oat crop and only one-third the cost of even a hay crop. After all, the great factors in farming are labor, implements and intelligence. This doesn't mean that the land equation is negligible; its subordinate rating in the sum of total costs renders it all the more important that land be selected with the greatest care. For the product of labor applied to land grows in more than arithmetical proportion to the yield per unit of land to which the labor is applied.

"If an amateur hopes to make money by farming," says an authority, "he should go where the present farmers are prosperous, that is to say, where land is good."

The White Communists

Concluded from page 6

artist. More than that, over the piano in the visitor's reception room was a fine steel engraving depicting the first meeting of Herman and Dorothea in Goethe's story. This in a community the essentially celibate character of which a few years ago was stressed by absolute prohibition not only of books and pictures, but also of flowers and instrumental music or the wearing of a ring or brooch, as things likely to suggest the discarded and denounced passion of sex attraction!

After lunch, the visitor accompanied Eldress Catharine on a walk through the village. The shops where Shaker cloaks, and "fancy" articles in the way of pincushions, bags and emery rolls for needles in the shape of big white and yellow daisies with green ribbon hangers were sold now bore neatly lettered signs. There were also on sale maple nut candies (made from maple sugar drawn from trees on the place, and nuts harvested in the neighboring woods). Big signs called attention to these wares also at points on the much-traveled state road. As we passed along, Eldress Catharine related brightly many interesting reminiscences of famous and fashionable summer visitors from Lenox and Pittsfield and other Berkshire resorts. The dignified and serviceable Shaker cloak of silver gray or tan broadcloth, lined with cherry or plum colored silk, was years ago made a fashionable driving and motoring garment by the example of Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Payne Whitney. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., visited the Shaker shops on their wedding journey and his bride selected a number of inexpensive fancy articles as souvenirs. The souvenir which the young Standard Oil millionaire carried away was of quite a different sort. Eldress Catharine commiserated him generously on the burden bearing imposed by his wealth. But she also very straightforwardly held up to him the sin of cruelty in the docking of the tails of his four coach horses. Moreover, she suggested that a great business man like Mr. Rockefeller might be expected to show more appreciation of economy and efficiency than to take four big horses to pull a carriage containing two small persons. On departing he told Eldress Catharine that she had "given him something to think over."

The Shakers are ardent supporters of the Humane Society and are actively associated with the Universal Peace Union and the International Council of Women. Probably the most notable characters since the founder, Mother Ann Lee, that Shakerism has produced were the late Elder Frederick W. Evans and Eldress Anna White. With his brother, George Henry Evans, associate of Horace Greeley, father of American land reform, an ardent abolitionist and champion of equal rights for women, Frederick was a friend and helper of Robert Dale Owen and Fanny Wright in the wave of Fourieristic communism which was then sweeping over the United States in the thirties. The Brook Farm Community, in which George P. Ripley, Charles A. Dana, Margaret Fuller (Princess Ossoli), and George William Curtis were leading lights, was, perhaps, the one brilliant historical outcome of this movement. Commissioned to travel and investigate the matter of location and the surest permanent foundation for a communistic society, Frederick Evans came into contact in Philadelphia with a noted Shaker, Abel Knight, who converted him from materialism to Shakerism. That was in 1831 and from that day until his death in 1903, Evans lived at Mount Lebanon, becoming during the last half-century of his life Shakerism's chief apostle and exemplar.

Eldress Anna White came of an old Quaker family on both sides. An ancestor was one of the founders of the city of Hartford, Connecticut; an uncle, Chandler White, was associated with Cyrus W. Field in the promotion of the Atlantic cable and a brother, Cornell White, was the founder of the Day Line of steamboats between Albany and New York on the Hudson. In joining the Shakers she renounced a considerable fortune and devoted to the cause of her faith and her people rare literary and administrative gifts.

In the following November, Eldress Anna, accompanied by Sister Sarah Burger, presented the resolutions adopted at the Shaker Peace Conference to President Roosevelt at the White House. An eyewitness thus describes the occasion:

> "The interview was unique as the two strong characters met face to face. In that most virile and forceful of men, that most spiritually forceful of women, was a subtle quality in common. Eldress Anna found Roosevelt 'a much better looking man than she had expected.' She referred to the fact that the Shaker Order was coeval with the Republic and to its consistent peace platform for over 130 years. Without ever having taken part in political or party strife, Eldress Anna affirmed that the Shakers had been among the best citizens the Republic had ever had and she spoke appreciatively of the President's recent Thanksgiving Proclamation, which she regarded in its noble language, as in its spirit, as 'sound Shaker doctrine.' The President gracefully acknowledged this tribute. His eyes never wavered from the face of this Shaker eldress of 75 years, nor did her gaze flinch from his steady, piercing look."

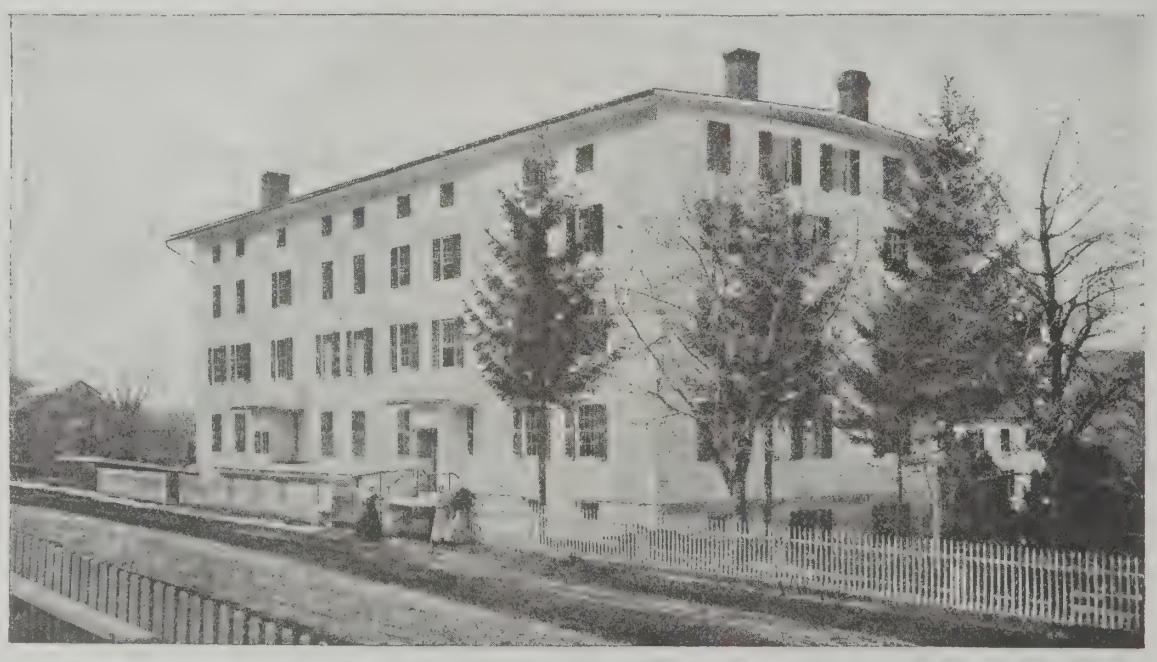
Roosevelt's reply to the address and the resolutions has timely interest just now as conveying pointedly his views on the great question of disarmament. He said:

> "I cordially agree with the spirit of the resolutions, but do not believe that disarmament under the existing circumstances of the intercourse between nations is practicable, although I favor very strongly enlarging and amplifying the powers and jurisdiction of the Hague Court of Arbitration, in reference to the submission of questions to that tribunal for decision. I feel that it is more important to eliminate the causes of war than to diminish the existing armies and navies of the different nations. I consider that it is better that a nation should engage in war than to submit to injustice and the imposition of wrong upon national honor and interests. Justice before Peace! My general sentiments are strongly in favor of the spirit and purpose of the resolutions adopted last August, and I am much obliged to the sisters for traveling such a distance in this weather to present them for my consideration."

May Wright Sewall, in a contribution to the memorial volume published after Eldress Anna's death, wrote: "I had thought of this community as safely islanded within its own interests and ideals. After my visit it seemed to me rather a tower for observation, and its head the keenest and clearest-eyed of observers.

It was of such incidents—surprising enough from the viewpoint of the Shakers as I had known them, yet entirely in line with the courageously progressive mentality of Eldress Anna—that Eldress Catharine and the visitor chatted as they walked through the spacious brick dwelling house of the Church Family in which she is now at home. There were books everywhere and in the windows flowering plants, while portraits of the loved and venerated leaders of the Order adorned the walls. It seemed that nearly twice as many women as men remained among the community's survivors, and, toward the last, Eldress Anna White had bravely faced the possibility that the business and financial administration, always confided to the brothers hitherto, might have to be taken up and carried on by the sisters alone. The type of woman developed by Shaker life and training, she was confident, would show a capacity for business management not inferior to that of mere man. Indeed this has been shown by Eldress Catharine's recent effective blocking of the scheme to turn over Shaker acres to the state of Kentucky.

Ciceroned still by Eldress Catharine, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT man revisited the meeting-house, this time being privileged to visit the upper story in which the members of the ministry formerly attended invisibly the Sabbath meetings held in the main auditorium below, seeing and hearing through a grille. This building, erected about ninety years ago, is remarkable as having the largest arched ceiling, unsupported by pillars, in the United States, next to the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Formerly the brothers and sisters from all five families in the village gathered here every Sunday morning for worship and there were also often many visitors from the outside world. Both the architecture and construction is the work of olden-time Shakers who were often most ingenious mechanics. They were the first to make wire nails and to revive the lost art of Pompeii by putting up fruits and vegetables in tins. They originated the making of corn brooms and the putting up and sale of garden seeds. I was shown chairs and rockers strong and comfortable, yet light and conveniently carried about, which have been in constant use for forty years and yet seemed as good as new. For five or six years past the production of this hand-made furniture has been discontinued—"because of the inability of the communists to meet the competition of machine-made furniture," the Shakers will tell you. But remembering the success with which Elbert Hubbard's people at East Aurora, the Acadians in Louisiana, and the arts and crafts societies all over this country are carrying on the making of beautiful things for people imbued with something of the gospel of the beautiful in the common life so valiantly practiced and propagated by William Morris and John Ruskin, one must conclude that it is really lack of members of the same character and skill as those that formerly made Shaker workshops busy hives of industry that is back of this falling off. Meantime, the knowing ones are availing themselves of the opportunity to obtain specimens of this Shaker handiwork while they last.



The North Family dwelling house at Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

Animated from the very first and continuously of the "gathering" of men and women in thousands to the "Millennial Church"—as the Shakers term their organization—they provided well ahead for anticipated increase of numbers. Despite the fact that a score of big farms and commodious and comfortable dwellings, barns and workships have been sold off in the last few years, there still remains in possession of the Central Society at Mount Lebanon a sufficiency of such land and buildings with furniture and equipment to provide homes and pleasant and wholesome work and living for at least 20,000 men and women. Manifestly, it is contrary to Shaker industry and economy—to say nothing of modern "efficiency"—that a plant capable of caring for 20,000 people should be kept up for the pleasure and comfort of only 500. Such an "overhead" involves shameful waste, of course.

The decrease in numbers, naturally, is a very tender subject. Brave and devoted little Eldress Catharine was disinclined to go into detail on this subject. "As Eldress Anna White often declared," she said, "there are more Shakers in the world today than ever before." She meant that many principles for which the Shakers stand have permeated the churches.

Elder Frederick taught that the communal life was only made possible by the utter extirpation of human selfishness, and that this extirpation was impossible except through strict celibacy.

As a matter of fact, the Shakers have for years more or less consciously recognized the great Swedenborgian idea of "discreet degrees." Many "world's people" known to be in sympathy with Shaker principles are regarded as associate members, while continuing to live outside the communities and in the marriage relation. Within the community itself, there are novitiate members, eldership and ministry. And there have been thinking men and women among them who have perceived a solution of the membership problem in an enrollment of an "outer court" in what Shakers regard as "the natural order," as compared with the "divine order." Without any least surrender of conviction as to the "rightness" for themselves of the celibate life, there is no reason why non-celibates should not be taken in—those who had graduated from the "natural" into the "divine" order retaining the control and direction of the order. Men and women enrolling in the community's outer court would, of course, be likely to be a selected class; the law of natural selection operating in the attraction of those sincerely seeking to live the spiritual life, and so to a great extent furnishing a recruiting ground for the higher degrees and fitted for leadership.

These reflections were irresistibly suggested by the inspection, under Eldress Catharine's guidance, of the old meeting-house. I examined with admiration the ingenious arrangement of curved joists on which the arched ceiling was laid and the manner in which these curved joists were securely fastened by means of hand-wrought iron bolts and nuts to great oak transverse beams, all in such a manner that the very pull of the ceiling's weight only strengthened its structure. And this arrangement in the roof had its counterpart in deep and solid rock masonry foundations in the basement, all nicely calculated to last for a thousand years, and sustain not only the walls but also the superimposed weight of the arched roof.

"Then you have abandoned this historic building?" Eldress Catharine was asked.

"Nay," she replied, a bright smile lighting up her pale face, "we long ago learned that the prophecy of Mother Ann that the Order should see alternative periods of rest and activity, eclipse and emergence, is in accordance with what Herbert Spencer called the law of universal rhythm. Just now we are in eclipse, so to speak; we are in that dark hour just before the dawn. So we lie fallow. But you will understand from the fact that we have just had the meeting-house repainted at a cost of $1,000, and the roof renewed at a cost of another $1,000, that we regard ourselves as stewards for the thousands of consecrated men and women who are to come after us. We shall not fail in our trust as conservators of Shaker wealth, spiritual and material."

Although strong pacifists, the Shakers "did their bit" in the nation's war crisis. They co-operated with the Red Cross in furnishing bandages and other supplies for the wounded, and they contributed liberally to all the big "drives" for war auxiliary work. It is not easy to believe that this development and all the conservation of energies represented in the Shaker system can go for naught. What part will it play in this era of human reconstruction?

Hatching the Fish That We Expect to Catch

Requires More Patience Than Waiting for a Bite Says Man Who Feeds a Million With a Feather

By EARL CHRISTMAS

THE man with a million babies! Yes, millions of them. Think of it—a million babies or so to feed for breakfast! And not the tiniest infant in all the world demands the patience and tender care that these babies require of this mere man. Such is the man who runs a fish hatchery.

Take the case of Oliver W. Mix. Mr. Mix is the foreman of the state fish hatchery at St. Paul, Minnesota. Every year he turns out into the waters of Minnesota a total of some 65,000,000 tiny fish, part of a vast horde hatched yearly by the state to re-populate its lakes and streams. Last year, eight state hatcheries in Minnesota hatched and placed in the waters of the state some 258,000,000 fish. With its 10,000 lakes and numerous streams, Minnesota is one of the great fishing resorts of the country, and the extensive fish propagation work undertaken by the state is part of a program to preserve and develop this resource.

Many states have entered into the interesting and highly important task of raising fish to replenish the supply in their lakes and streams. Incidentally, they are doing the job faster and better than nature could do it. But few states have the possibilities for development held by the almost limitless waters of Minnesota.

Two hundred and fifty million fish—that's a staggering total when you try to measure its extent, and it is suggestive only of the amount of work involved, the amount of patience and care required being to the uninitiated quite as incomprehensible as the total.

The trout-hatching season is now at its height. While snow and ice cover the streams and the lakes, and fishermen are telling their stories about the winter fires, the fish hatchery starts turning out its yearly horde. Tiny brown fry, a half inch long, more or less, flounder about in the water at the hatcheries by the thousands, yes millions, the origin of uncounted delights for the men who follow the lure of the trout streams.

The hatchery over which Mr. Mix presides at St. Paul, the biggest in the state of Minnesota, turns out 5,000,000 trout every winter. In the spring, Mr. Mix will be hatching the pike perch, and doing the job better than nature could do it. That will add more millions to his yearly troubles, some 60,000,000 or 70,000,000.

And to all these millions of tiny fish, Mr. Mix must give his personal attention.

"It's just like so many babies," he said. "These trout here, for instance, begin coming to the top of the water for food when they are three weeks old. We plan to ship them out to the streams before that time, but often we are unable to do so. Then we usually wait until we have a carload ready to ship at a time.

"They must be fed when they come to the top. The sac or yolk of the egg remains attached to each little trout after hatching, providing food for the first three weeks. After that sac disappears, they begin coming to the top of the water for food, and we have to be on the job with the food.

"Just now, I am feeding only about 300,000. That isn't so bad. But sometimes I have to feed a million or so. There have been times when I had to feed the whole hatchery. You take a feather and feed them three times a day and—"

"But how many does the hatchery hold?" I asked.

"Something more than 5,000,000," he said.

"Feeding 5,000,000 fish with a feather three times a day—well, what would you do with your spare time?"

"Oh, I manage to keep busy during the hatching season," Mr. Mix continued. "We never would have to feed so many under the present plan, where we have our own cars, unless something in the way of a transportation tie-up resulted. Sometimes, when we couldn't get cars at the time we wanted them, we would find ourselves with large numbers to feed on our hands.

"Now, the state owns a special car, and the crews make the distributions more regularly. Sometimes, we might have to feed a million this way, but usually it would be around a half million or less.

"You take a feather and spread the food around over the water evenly, so that all the fish will get a chance. If you don't they will go to eating one another. If you don't spread the food over the water with the greatest care, many of the little fry will die."

Feeding several million fish with a feather ordinarily would commend the patience of any man, and not many women would be disposed to question its eloquent testimony. Sometimes before breakfast, however, Mr. Mix will count the tiny fish in one of the pans at the hatchery just to see if his estimates are running true to form. In one of these pans, used in the hatching of trout, there are 10,000 fry. The pan is one foot wide and about two feet long. Sometimes Mr. Mix finds he has miscalculated by 50 or 100 or sometimes by only 10.



Top—The eggs of the trout are placed in pans in running water. The eggs are about an eighth of an inch in diameter. Center—OLIVER W. MIX, who finds that running a big state fish hatchery qualifies a man for a medal when it comes to patience. Bottom—This picture shows a section of one pan of the tiny trout in the fry stage, about three weeks after hatching. Less than an inch in length, they are called fry; longer than an inch, fingerlings. Most fish are shipped from hatcheries in the fry stage.

Full of strange and interesting insights into the wonders of nature is the fish hatchery. For instance, if you should go down to a trout hatchery and find a man feeding his fish with a feather, you probably never would guess what he is feeding them.

The miniature trout, when they get big enough to eat, demand a diet of liver. And liver they get despite the high cost of meat. The liver is ground into fine particles and mixed with water. The mixture is spread evenly over the surface of the water with a feather, and the fish do the rest.

The tiny fish require from 50 to 100 pounds of liver a week, when about half a million are being fed. When the number is larger, the food bill at the hatchery becomes a serious item.

"But the tiny fry and fingerlings aren't the only fish that need meat," Mr. Mix explained. "The meat for the brood stock sometimes runs as high as $148 a month. In the summer, they eat 600 pounds of beef lungs and liver a week. If we stop giving them meat, the fish begin to disappear. You see, they eat the young and weaker.

"Even the little pike start eating each other if we don't ship them out soon after they hatch. I have seen a string of them, two or three inches long. One fish would try to eat another, and as the head of the little pike is comparatively large, it couldn't be done. He would get the job just about half finished, when he'd get stuck. Another hungry little pike would come along and try to eat the second, swallowing away at his tail until he, too, got stuck. Others would try the same thing, until there would be seven or eight in the string, all dead."

But feeding the fish isn't the only concern of the man who runs a fish hatchery.

"The water must be kept at the right temperature, and there must be a proper circulation of the water while the eggs are hatching," Mr. Mix explained. "If there isn't proper circulation, the little trout may be crippled. As it is, there are all kinds of freaks. Sometimes there are fish with two heads, some with three heads. Some are twins.

"The spawning season for the trout usually begins in October. It requires from 90 to 100 days for the eggs to hatch. The tiny eggs, stripped from the trout, are kept in little square pans in running water until they hatch. Running water is necessary, because the presence of air in the water is necessary."

When the fish hatch, they go into oblong pans in the long troughs of running water in the hatchery. In each of these pans, a foot wide and about two feet long, 10,000 tiny trout wiggle about while the white sac is disappearing from their bodies. If they begin to lose the precious sac of food too soon, a stream of ice water, turned into the trough, serves to check their growth while the railroad hurries its cars.

For the pike perch, with eggs much more numerous, a different system is used. The pike eggs are placed in jars. When the fish hatch, they come to the top, and flow off through numerous tanks and pipes into the shipping tank. The pike hatch in much less time than the trout, and must be shipped out at once, having no such three weeks' food supply as the tiny trout. So the pike hatching season, beginning usually some time in April and lasting a month, is a frantic rush at the fish hatchery. In that month, some 65,000,000 pike are hatched and sent out from the hatchery over which Mr. Mix presides.

Brook trout constitute the great bulk of trout hatched at the Minnesota hatcheries, though brown trout, lake trout and steelhead trout are hatched in lesser numbers. Pike perch, however, because of their more prolific nature, form the greatest part of the yearly production. Of the 258,241,323 fish planted last year, pike perch numbered 248,788,000, while brook trout numbered 7,041,096.

"Replenishing our fish supply is a task of tremendous importance," said E. W. Cobb, state superintendent of fisheries. "Minnesota and other states with good lakes and streams for fish might well spend two or three times as much as they do in this work. Our fish are just like our forests. We realize their importance after they are gone. Unless we pay greater attention to protecting our fish and propagating more, they will go the way of our great forests."

Anyway, while serving as a much-needed institution of conservation, the fish hatchery is a most interesting place. For instance, the hatchery at St. Paul has developed a species of white brook trout. With a beautiful white skin and lithe body, they skim through the darkened water of the pools, the cynosure of all eyes of the fish kingdom, you might imagine as you watch them dart here and there.

But this time beauty is a delusion and a snare. The white fish—"Albinos," they call them at the hatchery—have a very high visibility and a correspondingly high mortality. All their enemies can see them too well.

The kingfishers sit in a tree overlooking the pond, and when a white streak appears in the water below, dart like an arrow into the water, pinning the fish with their sharp bills.

Perhaps man wasn't so kind in developing a race of white fish. However, Mr. Mix has provided a covering for part of the pool where the Albinos live, and they can seek refuge there when the kingfishers get too thick. And a rifle helps keep the casualities as low as possible. All this and more falls to the lot of the man who runs a fish hatchery. Perhaps no other man handles the destinies of so many living beings, and he has the champion long-distance record for patience.

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Briefly Told

Swedish railroads are using peat as fuel.

Italy is importing spaghetti from the United States.

Harding is the name of a new town south of Salt Lake City. It was named in honor of the President and a lot was deeded to him.

Lightning struck a powder plant containing six tons of powder in Nashville, Tennessee. The plant burned without explosions until consumed with its contents.

A mail carrier in Kewanee, Illinois, entered the government service twenty years ago, and has not failed to make his regular trip for a single day in all that time.

The purchaser of a stolen automobile, even though an innocent party, is not its owner, according to the supreme court of New York, and the car can be taken whenever found.

A new alcohol called "Petrohol" is made from oil gases. It can be produced cheaper than either grain or wood alcohol and used for any purpose to which these two are adapted except medicines.

Bernard Shaw has informed the theaters of the European Continent that he will not consent to the production of his plays there as it is not worth while financially because of the present rate of exchange.

Stunt flying and operation of airplanes at altitudes below two thousand feet are illegal under the provisions of a New York City ordinance recently adopted. Violations are punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Dr. James R. Angell, President of Yale University, is a Harvard man from Chicago.

Eight dollars a month is the highest rent paid by any resident of Repaupo, New Jersey.

One advantage of crossing the English channel by airplane is the ability of the aircraft to rise above the fogs which are the greatest source of danger to vessels in that crowded sea tract.

The women of Java are being taught Occidential theories of equality with men. The progress of the suffrage movement is necessarily slow, but many believe in its ultimate success.

A Kansas City pastor has laid aside his ministerial garb indefinitely to enter a factory as a laborer that he may learn about men. He believes that a closer association with men who toil physically will make him a better pastor.

The British India natives' religious scruple against killing any living creature, even a venomous reptile, is a potent cause of the high mortality in that country each year from the attacks of serpents and wild beasts.

A coin-operated shoe-polishing machine polishes both shoes at the same time for a nickel, requiring only one and a half minutes for the operation. The dust is removed, the polish applied and rubbed on every part of the shoe automatically.

The eighth international flower show in New York City has named a gendarme-blue sweet pea "Mrs. Warren Harding." The color of the flower is similar to that for which Mrs. Harding showed preference when selecting gowns some weeks ago.

Experts in the Bureau of Mines at Washington have developed the manufacture of chloroform from natural gas now going to waste.

To further her appeal to the voters, a woman campaigning as Democratic candidate for state auditor of Massachusetts spent $25 for candy, according to her expense account.

After his legs were cut off by a train on which he was beating his way in Washington a man improvised tourniquets to stop the flow of blood and flagged another train with a handful of lighted matches. Physicians are of the opinion that he will recover.

A Chicago man who was to have been hanged for murder but got a last minute stay and a new trial in which he was found not guilty, has asked for the rope which was to have hanged him, saying he wanted to build a giant swing for the children in his neighborhood. His request was granted.

Catching a twenty-quart nitroglycerine torpedo as it was blown from the casing by a flow of gas, a workman in the oil fields of Breckenridge, Texas, held it until fifty persons and two hundred quarts of the explosive on a wagon reached safety. He then dropped it back into the hole and escaped.

A college for brides is in session at the Y. W. C. A. in Chicago. The course consists of mastering a variety of menus and learning attractive methods of serving meals. They will be taught how to make a family budget, how to buy wisely and how to make all manner of attractive clothing. The art of conversation, story-telling and better English are also included in the curriculum.

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLI... APR ...



"Like a Bone to a Dog!"

THE actual situation today is one that makes the demand for disarmament imperative. More than two years after the bugles sounded "cease firing," the victorious nations are piling up armament on a stupendous and insensate scale. And the people pay!

Congressional grants of money for war purposes stand out in glaring contrast with the amounts appropriated for the constructive work of those departments of the government on which the real strength, prosperity and progress of the country so largely depend. Out of total appropriations of approximately SIX BILLIONS OF DOLLARS, it is proposed to spend some FOUR BILLIONS on war purposes, diverting this immense sum from the arts of peace: from our productive industries and the crying needs of economic reconstruction.

Peace is literally starved to feed the insatiable maw of the War Monster. Having, in actual war-time, sacrificed on the altar of this frightful fetish the flower of the nation's manhood and increased our debt by thirty billion dollars, we continue in peace-time to fatten its huge and horrible bulk with the nation's strength and substance, crippling our industries and burdening the workers.

Is it not time to call a halt; to turn from the way of militaristic madness to that of sanity?

"Disarmament First!"—the Universal Slogan

Rocks Ahead in Foreign Trade
Mr. Ford's Page
Old Circus Cry—"Hey Rube"
Making English New Mexico's Tongue

City Man's Chances on a Farm
Editorials
The Actors' Fight for Justice
Time is Changing Mark Twain's Land

Jews, Realizing Defeat of Scheme for Control, Plan New Program



1



2



3



4



5



6

1. A bit of road where civilization is strongest.
2. Frame houses replacing log cabins in a sheltered spot on "the Tennessee lands," the result of the tide of civilization.
3. The grade of a new road through mountains.
4. The old grandmother of the mountains insisted upon a substantial "grave house" being erected above her resting place.
5. Converted log house, showing the influence of civilization.
6. Where civilization is making a change.

Last of Mark Twain's

By HENRI

WHEN Mark Twain wrote about Hannibal, the Mississippi River, "the Tennessee lands" that he put to use as the scene of the opening chapter of "The Gilded Age," and about all of the other American localities that you find pen-pictured in his books, he honestly described their environment, and the people who were in it. Mark Twain realism was spread out there so that you could see it with half an eye.

But nowadays, with the exception of "the Tennessee lands," if you look over these places with the hope of finding very much that is as you read about it in the books, you'll be disappointed. Clear-cut living pages from the writings of Mark Twain are over and done with.

Even on "the Tennessee lands" the tide of civilization has not been kind to Mark Twain realism. But its work of obliteration has been hampered. It has had a good deal to contend with, so that speaking generally of that region, his realism is not entirely destroyed.

Until comparatively recent years, the whole of "the Tennessee lands" was a solid page from the opening chapter of "The Gilded Age." Located in the extreme north-central part of the state, in one of the wildest sections of the southern mountains, the tide of civilization could make no impression on that country when it first rolled that way a good many years ago. So the tide separated. It flowed around the haunts of "ol' Squire Hawkins," and Mark Twain's variety of highlanders in them, leaving the region marooned amid somber loneliness. There was no end to the flowering of outlandish beliefs and strange ways. They were rooted in a tangle of Irish banshees, Scottish highland habits, and customs and lore of the Spanish and the Dutch, brought into the mountain country by the very earliest settlers. Nothing from the outside came to blossom a hybrid among them, nor to make away with them.

But the waves of civilization continued to lap at the outskirts of "the Tennessee lands." One by one the inventions that "ol' Squire Hawkins" enthusiastically described to "Nancy" margined the edges of the lands. The steamboat alone has been delayed. The stream that the old squire said would be the carrier of traffic so far has obstinately refused to deepen its channel to accommodate any craft that draws more water than a rowboat.

A branch railroad from the main line on the eastern edge of "the Tennessee lands" is in course of construction into the heart of them. Civilization has thrown wagon roads across the country of the first chapter of "The Gilded Age" like Time carves wrinkles in the face of a woman. Some of these roads are good; some of them are very bad. Between the extremes you find the history of mountain thoroughfares, beginning with footpaths through the forests, and ending with highways that are paved with gravel. And there are a few resident automobiles that run on these roads.

Of course, the effect of these invasions of civilization has been to change the ways of thinking and doing of a majority of Mark Twain's people of the mountains, even far into the interior. These people no longer are "poor worms." And, at the same time, it is doing some unexpected things. Recently, it literally unearthed several scores of citizens Mark Twain failed to mention. They are the cliff dwellers.

Now, cliff dwellers in that country were not aborigines. The latter were driven out of the mountains so many years ago that their presence there is nothing more than tradition in the memories of the oldest inhabitants. The cliff dwellers there are strays from the white settlements, who wandered around until they found a place to live that suited their fancies. Following an age-old custom of the highland Indians, some of these strays inclosed open places beneath rock ledges with pieces of detached cliffs that were carried along by landslides.

They lived in these "rock houses." During the summer they raised enough corn in little clearings in the forests to feed them through the winter, and kept track of their droves of half-wild hogs that ranged the woods. When the urge to roam again became strong, the "rock house people" looked around for more open places to inclose. Other strays followed the easier Indian custom of locating caves, and fitting them up as habitations. However, the cave dwellers were looked upon as being an inch or two behind the "rock house people" when they were measured by the yardstick of civilization.

No one seems to know whether civilization floated to the cliff dwellers like fall tang does in the air, or what happened. They sensed it, whatever it was, and by couples and by families—but not all at the same time—they emerged from their caverns in response to it. When they got out into the open, these underground people housed themselves in log cabins. And they're taking to new ways like ducks plunge into cool ponds on a hot afternoon.

But on some of these former cliff dwellers civilization is reacting something like a fit affects a cat—it has induced kinky thoughts and wild squirms among them. There is, for instance, "Cynthy" Sellers. She lived in "rock houses" and caves for sixty-five years. On these lands that Mark Twain described you'll always find two books in every little cluster of cabins—a Bible and a catalog of a mail order house. The latter is the one that is most generally read by whoever is not illiterate, because the catalog gives a glimpse of what there is in the world that is locally known as "the outside." One day, some one ran across a wonderful description of an evening gown and a bathing suit. The story of what they were like was told, and it spread until it came to rest in the ears of "Cynthy." She sent "outside" for them.

As civilization came on, some of Mark Twain's people backed away from it. That is the reason you still can find a few undimmed living pages from his books. These people did not like new ways of thinking and doing, and they continued in retreat, until they were deep in the heart of things on "the Tennessee lands." In a valley over here, without warning, you'll step among three or four log cabins near to one another; off yonder, the only structures are a cabin and an animal shelter, nestling in the farthest back of beyond.

In these cabins, old men and older women live as their ancestors lived, in an environment that never has been violated since Mark Twain described it. In other isolated places are more of the likes of the characters who ramble in and out of the first pages of "The Gilded Age." They never have lived anywhere else.

These two sets of people are the only folk on the continent who reproduce in unchanged environment, and with actual characters, Mark Twain realism in their everyday lives. They are fighting hard in their coverts against extinction by the tide of civilization, and that fight has every appearance of being a losing one. When these places are wiped out there will be no other spots that are exactly as Mark Twain pen-pictured them.

And how do you find these places? Well, there is no direct route to any of them. There is usually no connection between them. They are just huddles, squatting haphazardly at the ends of overmodest trails that wibble-wabble across the country of "The Gilded Age." You start out on a hit-and-miss course along the brims of valleys that are wantonly embraced by sheer-sided, timber-bristling crags; through thousands of acres of virgin pine and hardwood forests, and along the banks of streams that set even the prosiest gadling to dreaming. After a while you'll come across a living page.

You can do this afoot, or aboard the broad back of a he or a she mule, to get into the details of the proceeding. While you may think that muleback is an ungainly mule that he owned. His moods reflected is the most satisfactory means. "The Tennessee lands" are not very much smaller than a minor European principality, and that is a lot of ground to cover afoot. And the mule has this advantage, it never persists in walking too near the edge of disaster.

It was for the lack of a mule, to digress for a moment, that you never will meet up with the original "Colonel Mulberry Sellers." He lived on "the Tennessee lands" until a few years ago. But the "Colonel" was fond of his moonshine beverage, and of an ungainly mule that he owned. His moods reflected the weather. When there were storms, and heavy rains made torrents of the mountain streams, the "Colonel" also went on a rampage. He took his capacity load of moonshine, and a bit more, mounted his mule, and set out to ride through every stream that was raging. And he did this, though the "Colonel" was a very old man.

When he rode the mule there was little likelihood of a mishap. But one afternoon the mule was not to be found when a heavy mountain storm ceased. So, the "Colonel" mounted one of his horses. The second stream he attempted to cross was a familiar one during high water to the mule, but unknown territory to the horse. It slipped in midstream, fell, and both the "Colonel" and his mount were drowned. But he was "Colonel Mulberry Sellers" to the last. When his body was recovered, in his coat pocket there was a handful of chippings from a lead mine that he had located on "the Tennessee lands," and which he expected would develop into a real money-maker for him when he got the time to get around to the job of opening it up.



"LEMON" SEXTON
Sheriff, who raised the dead and found the lost.

Not far away from the scene of the last adventure of the "Colonel" is the cabin of "Uncle Hi." It is well hidden from civilization, because he is a mountaineer after the pattern sketched by Mark Twain. The cabin is a two-room affair, and in it live "Uncle Hi," his wife, and two generations of their descendants.

I spent an afternoon and a night with this old man of the uplands late in the fall. Though it was a chilly afternoon, the door was open, as doors usually are in that country in all sorts of weather. "Uncle Hi" drew a cane-seated chair squarely into the center of the light from the half-cabin-width fireplace. That was my place to "set a spell, afore supper, hit's ready." The position threw the light into my face, so that it could be furtively studied. Mark Twain's folks are a suspicious set at any time.

There was little conversation. Highlanders in these living pages from the books of Mark Twain are not disposed to make very much talk. I had time to study the room. The walls were the unconcealed squared sides of the logs from which the cabin was constructed. The cracks between them were chinked with clay. In some places it had lost its grip, and fallen out and away. The floor was of boards, hewed from logs. There were some cheaply framed pictures scattered here and there on the walls. A half dozen chairs shared the floor space with two massive beds, one in the far corner of the room, and another in the opposite corner. The winter supply of sweet potatoes was heaped on the floor between these beds.

Occasionally, "Uncle Hi" stirred the fire with a tree branch. The logs crackled merrily, and popped

Clear-Cut Living Pages

De QUESTIER

enthusiastically. Presently, in high jinks of unrestraint, the fire splattered tiny embers that flew about like escapading leaves in a windstorm.

From the center of the fire a scrawny stick reared above its companions. A wee flame darted upward from the end, then retreated. No harm following its adventurous leap, the diminutive blaze took courage. It stretched higher and higher—an ambitious thing, oddly humanlike in its efforts.

"Uncle Hi" directed a stream of tobacco juice toward the blaze. By an uncomfortable fraction of an inch it missed the slender flame, which jumped back in apparent alarm, and winked out.

"Hit'll come back in a minute er two," he said, pointing with his right forefinger toward the end of the stick, "that 'ar leetle ol' blaze, hit will.

"Hit's a game down hyar, hit is," he remarked after he wiped his lips with the back of his hand, "fer t' set an' spit at them 'ar leetle ol' blazes, hit is. Th' wimmen, they like fer t' do hit better'n th' men. Hit gives 'em somethin' t' do.

"An' hit seems's ef them 'ar leetle ol' blazes, they like t' play hide an' seek with t'backer juice," he went on. "They'll jump in an' out, an' dare sumbudy t' ketch 'em, an' they'll keep hit up 'til th' whole end 'v th' stick, hit's afire."



A little girl in the far interior of "the Tennessee lands."

For a time conversation lagged. These lapses in talk give you plenty of time to reflect on the emptiness of the lives of Mark Twain's living characters from the opening chapter of "The Gilded Age." Imagine, if you can, being unable to read—for the most of them are illiterate; and having nothing to read but a catalog if you do know the alphabet. No town; no streets; no picture shows about you—just the wilderness. No amusement, except spitting at "leetle blazes." And nothing much to talk about, because you've been talked out of something to say for more years than you can remember.

Supper was eaten by daylight to save coal oil. The lamp never is lighted, except in emergencies. And the meal varied little from the majority of meals you get in these sheltered spots. There was corn bread—heavy slabs of it; what is known as "bacon" in the uplands—fat chunks of salt pork, fried in its own grease until that grease floated them in the bowl from which you picked your particular chunk; potatoes boiled; beans, and coffee that had the taste and the aroma of ammonia. In these sheltered spots, Mark Twain's people certainly never have learned to eat.

"That 'ar ol' baby 'v Goodle Sellers," remarked "Uncle Hi" some minutes after the meal was over, and perhaps ten of us were seated before the fire, "that 'ar ol' bratze 'v his'n, hit's got th' canker sore mouth."

"Shoe water's whut hit needs," replied his wife. "Hit's th' only thing which hit'll cure tham 'ar ol' cankers."

"When th' bratze's pappy, he comes in at night," explained "Uncle Hi" in response to an unasked question, "ef he'll jes' take his ol' shoes, which he's bin a-wearin', an' fill 'em with water at th' spring, an' let that 'ar ol' water soak in 'em, an' then empty hit out, an' wash that 'ar ol' bratze's mouth out with hit, why, that 'ar ol' shoe water, hit'll shore nuf cure them 'ar ol' cankers right up."

That moment a bevy of "leetle blazes" upreared in the fireplace. "Uncle Hi," his wife, and some of their older descendants, took up their spitting game.

Suddenly through the open door came skunk odor that was nearer to a vapor.

"Dill Mason's ketched a skunk fer hi'se'f fer th' chicken pox," remarked "Uncle Hi," without turning his head. The little blazes were playing a boisterous game, and there was no time to devote to anything else.

"Thar's a lot 'v that 'ar ol' chicken pox 'round hyar now," he later remarked at the end of the game, which resulted in a score of ten to one in favor of the blazes, "an' that 'ar ol' skunk smell, hit'll clear hit out, hit will. Thar won't be no chicken pox hyar in a day er two.

"Dill's bratzes, they hain't got hit yit, an' they won't git hit now," he went on, "fer he'll hang that 'ar ol' daid skunk over th' door. Hit'll keep away typhoid fever, er smallpox, er any 'v them 'ar ol' diseases, hit will.

"Yes, sir," continued "Uncle Hi" in a slow drawl, "that 'ar ol' skunk, hit will shet up any epidemic 'v any kin', ef y' put hit above th' door on th' outside. Fer them 'ar ol' diseases, they're jes' like a-hangin' a buzzard's tail feathers over th' door.

"Y' know, ef y' nail one 'v them 'ar ol' buzzard's tail feathers over th' door," and here "Uncle Hi's" voice lowered to a croakish whisper, and he peered through the door to see what lay beyond, "thar hain't no witch whut ever flew er walked, which hit'll go in under hit, thar hain't."

The silence that followed was broken by a solitary owl call. It echoed among the crags about the cabin. "Uncle Hi" heard it, and listened attentively. The cry was repeated.

"I'll jes' shet that 'ar ol' door," he said, and he hastily made good his intention.

Then, as if to change the subject, he quavered a song. It was an interminable thing, that detailed the unsuccessful efforts of a mountain somebody to draw milk from a brier bush. The words evidently originated from one of a dozen mountain versions of the Biblical story of the stone that was offered in the place of bread.

The owl call was the cause of the music. In these last of the living pages from the writings of Mark Twain, cries of night birds are heard as an evil omen. The belief is that they are prowling witches in disguise. When he heard it, "Uncle Hi" sang to keep up his spirits, like a small boy whistles when he passes a graveyard after dark.

For these people live always in horror of a visitation not only from witches, but also from "hants," a corruption of the word "haunts." They are malicious spirits of the dead, prowling around to bedevil the living in a hundred different ways. And the "hants" are a touchy clan. They resent loose talk about themselves, with strangers especially, and they take fearful vengeance by chasing night travelers for long distances. The "hants" gather in bevies, these mountaineers will tell you, and screaming and cawing like crows, they will, unseen but heard, corner individuals in lonely places. There in the midst of an unearthly hubbub they will beat these individuals until the life is nearly out of them. At other times they merely pursue those who have offended them—but the pursuit is nearly as trying as the beating, for it is a hard job to run for any distance up the sides of peaks, and down the other sides into depressions. While the pursuit is on, the "hants" utter their fearful cries. For these reasons, you'll seldom hear many tales about "hants," until you are well acquainted with Mark Twain's people in these sheltered spots.

And the worst of the prevalence of "hants" is that their numbers constantly increase. The rocky soil prevents the digging of deep graves. The coffins are flimsy affairs. Sometimes they are so scantily covered that their outlines are plain to be seen. They crack open soon after burial, "t' let th' hants out," the old women say, but between excursions over the mountains the "hants" can be found at home in their graves.

Partly as a protection against droves of wild hogs, who dig up freshly dead bodies, and partly as a mark of respect, newly made graves are surrounded with brush, and even with pretentious fences; and they are covered with structures of various kinds. Old Mark Twain highlanders say that these fences and structures provide "hant" shelters long after the coffins fall apart, and the graves are nothing but earth scratches. When the mood for making talk is on them, these old-timers of the uplands will spin long yarns that are filled with details concerning adventures with flocks of "hants," and especially about the whirring sound that they make, caused by their flights when some invader disturbs a shelter where they have congregated to plot mischief and devilment against the living.

But of witches you'll hear aplenty. They're not numerous. But belief in their powers is widespread. When afflictions of the most ordinary kind come upon families they are regarded as weird evils, rather than as natural consequences. Then the witch doctor is summoned to remove the spell, and he goes about his business in the most astounding ways. There are several witch doctors on "the Tennessee lands," and they are kept reasonably busy relieving distress.

Of all of these "hant" and witch afflictions that you're likely to hear, however, there are few that are not endenizened bits of fairy lore and monster stories, changed a bit, but showing that they are parts of Old World superstitions brought into the hill country by the early settlers. These tales have been wound one with another, and made to fit "Tennessee lands" localities, until it is not always easy to trace each story back to the nation from which it was brought into the hills.

It lacked a few minutes of half past six when "Uncle Hi" suggested his need for sleep. Bedtime comes early in these sheltered spots. He indicated to me the bed in the far corner of the room. That was the guest chamber, and the partition between it and the family bedroom was the heaped-up pile of sweet potatoes.

Soon eight persons, "Uncle Hi," his wife, and six he and she descendants of various ages, removed their shoes. The men unbuttoned their shirts at the collars; the women loosened their dresses at the tops, and without further preparation, one by one they crawled into the bed opposite my own. On that bed, as well as on the one I occupied, there was a tick fat with feathers to sleep on, and a duplicate of it to sleep under. The remainder of the family distributed themselves in the other room, which also was the dining room, and all was quiet.

And that is their life. Is it general on "the Tennessee lands"? No. It is modified to all of the degrees between this life and near-obliteration of Mark Twain realism over the country of the opening chapter of "The Gilded Age." These people are the exceptions, but they are exactly the kind of people who might have been Mark Twain's playmates, and later neighbors.

For "The Gilded Age" is but a history of the Clemens family. His father and mother owned these lands, and lived upon them, until the urge for moving took them into Missouri shortly before Mark Twain was born. Had the migration been delayed for a reasonable length of time, or not undertaken, Mark Twain would have been born into an environment and among a people precisely of the sort he pen-pictured. He wrote "The Gilded Age" largely from the stories of "the Tennessee lands" that his mother told him. She was honest in giving him her impressions, though they must have been a mosaic of disappointment to her. Years afterward he saw that country. Leaving it, and coming north on the railroad, he sat in the smoking car with one cigar alight between his lips, and another cigar in his hand.

"I'm contemplating this cigar," he said to his seatmate, "with a lot of satisfaction, and thinking how good it will taste when I light it."



7. A gossiping group in the highway through the country of "The Gilded Age."
8. You can camp on "the Tennessee lands."
9. All dressed up for visitors to "the Tennessee lands."
10. A "hant" shelter on "the Tennessee lands." Graves are covered with structures or surrounded with fences to prevent disturbance by wild hogs.
11. Single cabin and animal shelter where Mark Twain realism is nursed.
12. Where Mark Twain realism is vivid on "the Tennessee lands."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 23, April 2, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Inventing New Taxes

THERE was an Oriental despot once who made a standing offer of a handsome prize for the invention of a new tax. In pre-war Turkey, it would certainly require genius to think up a really new way of getting more money out of the pockets of the people and into the national treasury. This Sultan went on the simple assumption that the more the taxes the larger would be the revenue. But in actual practice it turned out that *as taxes were multiplied the revenue became smaller and beautifully less.* This, of course, was simply incidental to the decreasing wealth and productiveness of the people in proportion to the increase of tax burdens. With consequent discouragement of industry and enfeeblement of the poverty-stricken workers, even floggings this year, following the selling up of the peasant's cows and pigs and the mechanic's tools and garlic patch last year, failed to produce piastres for the Sultan's purse.

Oriental statesmen are slow to learn the unwisdom of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Are western politicians any wiser? Crude indeed is the political philosophy which seeks to solve the problem of providing increased revenue by inventing new taxes and piling up old ones, regardless of the effects of any particular tax on the country's wealth and prosperity as a whole. That was one fallacy of the era of high protective tariffs. The higher the tariff the lower fell the revenue, while the cost of living for the masses was increased out of all proportion to any increase in the average wages earned, and the whole system became a notorious source of political corruption.

Another flagrant example of this Turkish idea is the peace-time continuance of the excess profits tax, which was at first tolerated only as a temporary war emergency measure. Waking up to the fact that it is a drag on all business, and so a drain on the sources of revenue, our legislators now seem to be trying to think up something to take its place. One sapient suggestion is that of a capital levy; that is, the "lifting" of from 10 to 20 per cent of the total capital of the country from its present owners. Blindness is shown to the fact, apparent to any man looking beyond the end of his nose, that such a levy would seriously diminish the productive capacity of the people and stunt the growth of industry.

Another scheme which bears a suspicious family resemblance to this Turkish plan is suggested by a Treasury "expert," Dr. Thomas S. Adams, chairman of the advisory tax board of the department, and it is reported as likely to have strong support in Congress. This plan would place a tax of from 10 to 20 per cent on undistributed earnings of corporations. Dr. Adams favors the 20 per cent rate, which he calculates would yield about $190,000,000, as against an anticipated loss of $450,000,000 from the repeal of the excess profits tax. He also estimates that the additional revenue from the application of the surtax rates to "dividends distributed by the corporations *to avoid* the 20 per cent undistributed profits tax" would amount to $500,000,000, making a total of nearly $700,000,000 additional revenue which would be derived from this tax. Well, *a tax deliberately designed to provoke tax-dodging* as a basis for a surtax on the dodge would certainly capture the Sultan's prize.

Then there is Representative Bacarach, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, who favors a tax of one per cent on all retail sales. He also favors the Adams scheme, but thinks that 10 per cent on undistributed corporation earnings would be enough, if his surtax on sales is adopted. That means that the ultimate consumer would be forced to give up an additional dollar on every $100 he now spends for the clothing, feeding, education and happiness of his family, on top of all the present extra taxes he pays on cigars and ice cream sodas, movie and theater or concert admissions, tooth-paste and shaving soap, continuing also, if he is a stockholder, to pay the tax on distributed earnings.

Chairman Fordney, of the House Ways and Means Committee, favors, instead of this undistributed earnings tax (which he sees "would retard necessary additions to working capital"), a flat tax on corporation earnings. The man up a tree will scratch his head in vain to find out how such a flat tax would increase needed additions to capital.

All these schemes, of course, leave out of account the one-third of our total Federal expenditure of some six billions yearly that might be saved by the cutting in half of naval and military estimates—a reduction which would still leave our war costs heavier than they ought to be for a non-militaristic republic on a peace basis. Our statesmen, in fact, seem to have entirely lost sight of the wholesome axiom that taxation should be limited to the actual requirements of the government economically administered.

This whole discussion, however, will have served one good purpose if it rouses people generally to some live thinking on the subject of taxation.

Is it possible to levy a tax which, while affording sufficient revenue, is at the same time just, dodger-proof, easily collected, sure to encourage rather than discourage enterprise and industry and to help rather than hinder and burden the masses of the people—so contributing to the genuine progress and prosperity of the country as a whole?

Why a Budget?

UNITED STATES is the only nation of first rank in the world which has yet to adopt the budget plan in the formulation of annual estimates of its income and expenditures. Each of the ten departments of the Federal Government makes up its own estimates of its requirements independently, bureau heads submitting special bureau requirements to department heads, the department heads submitting these estimates to the President and he, in turn, submitting the estimates to Congress. Then they go to the committees on appropriations in each house, and after hearings and examinations are reported back for action in the shape of a jumble of separate appropriation bills. There is utter lack of co-ordination in the matter; the whole thing is piecemeal and fragmentary. Neither Congress nor the people at large are permitted such definite and coherent presentation of the facts as is essential to the formation of an intelligent judgment on the wisdom and advisability of proposed expenditures of the people's money.

Much mystery has been made about this whole matter. The commission appointed by President Taft, more than a dozen years ago, to investigate the subject and present a modern budget plan embodied its recommendations and their bases in four huge volumes calculated to puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. Despite the repeated efforts of Presidents Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson to procure the enactment of a budget law and despite the almost unanimous demand of the commercial organizations and the press, Congress after Congress has "played horse" with the proposition. So gross was the mockery of the whole principle and purpose of a budget in the measure passed by the last Congress in its closing months, and so palpable its sham and pretence of acceding to the people's demand, that President Wilson was obliged to veto the bill.

Let it be understood that the making of a national budget means simply the cutting of one's coat according to one's cloth. There is nothing occult or difficult about it. Both the British and the French systems offer useful models easily adaptable to American conditions. For that matter, there is not a large industrial establishment in the country that could not furnish such a working model. Let the Secretary of the Treasury shoulder the responsibility of "cutting the coat"; of intelligently comparing and rightly relating one item with another, co-ordinating all the items and plainly setting forth the total sum required to meet this total expenditure, with his propositions as to how it should be raised and the increase or decrease of this tax or that tax involved. Let him support and defend his budget on a stated day in open session of the House of Representatives assembled as a committee of the whole on the state of the nation. Let him answer questions which representatives will have had opportunity to prepare by previous study and examination of the budget.

After such a focusing of the fierce light of public discussion on the budget as a whole and on its outstanding features, Congress will be unlikely to indulge in log rolling and in "pork barrel" appropriations.

The Right to Strike

IN THE controversy provoked by the attack of the United Mine Workers of Kansas on the industrial court of that state the issues seem to have been confused by unfortunate appeals to class bias.

The Kansas labor leader declares that the law itself is "an infringement on the sacred rights of every honest working man in the state of Kansas, an insult to every man who believes in the principles of liberty and justice . . . . and the beginning of a movement intended to enslave the working class of America."

There would have been no possibility of enacting the law that created the tribunal now complained of, if the leaders of the miners' union had not forgotten that every right, whether of an individual or a group, carries with it corresponding responsibility. The ancient maxim of the Roman law that "a man must so use his own as not to injure another," applies to the exercise of rights as well as to the use or misuse of property. It applies to employers and to employes equally.

When the Kansas miners struck in 1919, refusing all discussion and negotiation of their ultimatum, tying up the railroads and the factories and exposing little children and sick people in the hospitals to the suffering and possible death from freezing in mid-winter weather, they showed a reckless disregard of the rights of the public. If the mine operators, in refusing the demand of the miners, were guilty of similar disregard of the rights and welfare of the public, out of wanton and selfish regard for their own pockets only, then they also exceeded the limits of their rights. "Freedom of contract" is violated by the use of compulsion on either side.

It may be, as the labor leaders assert, that the Industrial Court in actual practice has discriminated in favor of capital in such matters as the granting of increased rates to public utilities and the refusal of wage increases. The court is an experiment, and if time has developed flaws and faults in its constitution and working, then the law creating it should be amended. The important matter is that a public tribunal free from bias on one side or the other and empowered to hear and determine disputes between employers and employes, substituting reason and justice for force and violence, is a step in the right direction. The justifiableness of any strike is a question that should be left to the arbitration of an impartial tribunal likely to take into account the rights of the public as well as the rights of the workers and of their employers.

The Anomaly of Aristocracy

MUCH wonder and surprise is excited by the spectacle of a scion of royalty in overalls doing a useful job of work. Even in this land of the free in which honest work is no disgrace to any man or woman, much is made in the papers of the fact that, in various capitals of Europe, former princes and princesses, generals and admirals are now earning their bread as porters, peddlers, waiters, waitresses, flower sellers and newspaper venders and even as bootblacks and teachers of languages.

For the most part, we seem to look upon an aristocrat obliged to share the lot of common humanity by earning his bread in the sweat of his own brow, rather than that of other men's brows, as an anomaly—stranger and more incredible than was the circus giraffe to the farmer in the old story.

From an enlightened American point of view, the aristocrat satisfied to live a life without useful work and to fritter away his God-given birthright of brain and brawn in wasteful, frivolous and inane loafing; spending his time and his energies on the fashionable routine of balls, dances, dinners and jazz generally, should be the anomaly—the freak. And the freakishness is increased when the pseudo-aristocrat who so separates himself from share in the common human life, choosing to become a parasite instead of a producer, lays the flattering unction to his soul that, because of inherited title or wealth, he is somehow entitled to regard himself as superior to other people. He labors under the insane delusion that idleness, not industry, is honorable.

Of course, the only real aristocracy is the aristocracy of worth proven in service. If these "nobles" whose hard fate the world is asked to pity, have found out how little do blood and titles count when it comes down to the realities of life, their experience will be worth all it cost them. They may at last develop through useful work into "nature's noblemen."

And perhaps the lesson should not be lost on those foolish Americans the height of whose ambition is to marry off their daughters to European title-holders.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE time for a business man to borrow money, if ever, is when he does not need it. This is a rule whose observance would prevent a great deal of trouble and, what is more, would turn out a better disciplined class of business men.

A business is one entity which must stand on its own feet. There is a great deal of talk about the soullessness of business and about the ruthlessness with which big concerns take their own wherever they are able, but just the same, if business were superintended by sentiment and managed by dreamers, there would be no business.

It is the unconscious compliment which people pay to business, that they always are ready to believe that business can help them, but who ever saw the public run to the aid of a sinking business? Why? Because there is an unconscious belief that the business that cannot stand on its own feet is not worth bothering about. And it is true. That is the whole austerity and severity of business; there is no monastic rule more austere; there is no military discipline more severe; that business is justifiable only as it serves, and that it is permanent only as long as it can stand by right and not by favor.

A business concern is a living body, though not nearly so perfect as the human body. If the business entity were as united and as responsive as the human body, the progress that we are making now would seem nothing in comparison with the progress we should then make. In the human body, the executive functions located in the office up in the head are able to convey their orders directly to the hands, feet, eyes or mouth. Normally, orders are precisely obeyed. But in business it often happens that the executive ideas could not be recognized by the time they have passed half-way down the shop.

Now, because business is like a living body, it is capable of derangement, sickness. We make a great mistake when we think that business becomes sick only from without. The real illness to fear is not "depressed trade" (that is an outer condition), but deranged functions, an internal malady.

Take the tree. In times of "good business," so to speak, it clothes itself luxuriantly with leaves; it pumps streams of sap from the nourishing earth; all its leaf-factories are kept going, in the daytime gathering the necessities of life and growth, in the hours of darkness absorbing them. Then come "bad times," so to speak: autumn storm, winter cold. The tree easily and naturally adjusts itself to the change. It detaches its leaves. It slows down. But it does not "fail." It does not "borrow." It simply trims itself to the situation; it does not even freeze up. When the life processes begin to flow full again, the tree is there ready to receive them. It stands on its own feet. If it did not, it would die. Indeed, the failure to do that is all that constitutes dying.

Now, the internal ailments of business are the ones that require most attention. "Business" in the sense of trading with the people is largely a matter of filling a want of the people. If you make what they need, and sell it at such a price as will make possession a help and not a hardship, then you will do business as long as there is business to do. People buy what helps them just as naturally as they drink water.

But your process of making the article will require your constant care. Machinery wears out and needs to be restored. Men grow uppish or lazy or careless, and that is a situation that must be remedied too. A business is men and machines united in the production of a commodity, and both the men and the machines need repairs and replacements. It is a fact which every business man should realize that sometimes it is the men "higher up" who need this treatment most and get it least.

When a business becomes congested with bad methods; when a business becomes ill through lack of attention to one or more of its functions; when executives sit comfortably back in their chairs as if the plans they have inaugurated are going to keep them going forever; when business becomes a mere plantation on which to live, and not a big work which one has to do—then look out for trouble.

You will wake up some fine morning and find yourself doing more business than you have ever done before—and getting less out of it. Keep on, and you will begin to feel the pinch. It is then that you show what is in you; it is the last examination to determine whether you are entitled to the degree of Business Man.

In such a situation you can borrow money. And you can do it, oh, so easily. People will crowd it on you. It is the most subtle temptation the young business man has.

Or in such a situation you can take off your coat, plunge into the business and see what ails its internal workings. Go through it like a surgeon. Remove dangerous growths, cut off wastes, purge away accumulated customs which hinder, put your business on the operating table and give it a chance for its life.

If you borrow money, you are simply borrowing stimulus to whatever it may be that is wrong. You are feeding the disease. Is a man more wise with borrowed money than he is with his own? Not as a usual thing. To borrow under such conditions is to mortgage a declining property.

The time for a business man to borrow money, if ever, is when he does not need it. That is, when he does not need it as a substitute for some things he ought himself to do. If a man's business is in excellent condition and in need of expansion which the business can take care of, that is another matter. But if a business is in need of money through mismanagement or a disorder of the internal functions, then the thing to do is to get after the business and correct the trouble from the inside, not poultice it by loans from the outside.

Money is only another tool in business, anyway. It is just a part of the machinery. You might as well borrow 100,000 lathes as $100,000, if the trouble is inside your business. More lathes won't cure it; neither will more money. Only heavier doses of brains and thought and wise courage can do it. A business that misuses what it has, will continue to misuse what it can get; the point is, cure the misuse. Then, when that is done, the business will begin to make its own money, as a repaired human body begins to make sufficient pure blood.

Borrowing may easily become an excuse for boring into the cause of the trouble.

Borrowing may easily become a sop for laziness and pride. Some business men are too lazy to get into overalls and go down to see what is the matter. Or they are too proud to permit the thought that anything they have originated could go wrong. But the laws of business are like the laws of gravity, and the man who opposes them feels their power.

Borrowing for expansion is one thing; borrowing to make up for waste and mismanagement is quite another. You don't want money for the latter, for the primary reason that money cannot do the job. Waste is corrected by economy; mismanagement is corrected by brains and application; and neither of these correctives can be confused with money. Indeed, money under certain circumstances is the worst enemy of these desirable qualities. And many a business man thanks his stars for the pinch which showed him that his best capital was in his own brains and not in bank loans.

Borrowing under certain circumstances is just like the drunkard taking another drink to cure the effect of the last one. It doesn't do what it is expected to do. It simply increases the difficulty. It is the capstone of the young business man's education when he sees that the tightening up of the loose places in his business is much more profitable than any amount of capital at 7 per cent.

THE time for a business man to borrow money, if ever, is when he does not need it. If he really needs it, it is usually a sign that he needs something else first. The use of money in business is extremely limited. It cannot be the substitute of repairs and replacements. If a granary is losing out through rats, the cure is not to put in more grain but to stop the rat-holes. The business man's best loan is made of himself—his brains, interest, application. A business cannot be cured by money-poultices from the bank, but by surgical operations within. Loss is corrected by building up the processes of gain—not by borrowing. The cure of every business's difficulty is within itself. Internal difficulties must be met by internal corrections, not by external borrowings.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

III. H-e-y R-u-b-e!—By HARRY BARNET



John Robinson the Third.

WHEN the cry of "Hey Rube" goes shrilling and darting like a crazy thing among the tents and wagons of a circus it means the commencement of a free-for-all fight between the town people and the showmen.

The cry is the name for a battle, and it also is raised by the show people. Then everybody with the outfit grabs a tent stake, or whatever sort of a fighting tool there is at hand, keeps up the cry of "h-e-y r-u-b-e," and begins to crack every head in sight that doesn't belong to the aggregation.

Few outsiders, however, can visualize a "hey rube." Although there have been many classic fights beneath the White Tops, not many first-hand accounts of them have appeared in print, because their record is buried in the unwritten history of the circus.

"Fights between the town people and the circus folks start mighty easy," said "Governor" John F. Robinson one day, when he was rumaging into his recollection, and bringing out material for this series of interviews with him on the traditions of the circus that heretofore have been handed down only by word of mouth from circus generation to circus generation.

"I make that statement out of the experience of the seventy years that I spent under circus canvas as a performer and an owner," he continued. "My father started a circus about a hundred years ago, and I was born late in 1843. From the time I was eighteen months old I was a performer with the show, until pa retired from the business. Then I took over the ownership of the show, and owned it for fifty years, when I passed it on to my son.

"During that time I've been through some of the biggest battles in circus history. Our show got the reputation of being the toughest show in America for rowdies to tackle, and I guess we earned that reputation. We never hunted trouble, that is certain, and we did everything we could do to keep out of it, but when it came our way it was seldom that we got the worst of it.

"In old days there was a bully, sometimes three or four of them, in every village," the "Governor" went on, and warmed to his subject, "and they had an idea that if they could lick a showman, no matter how puny or sickly or small he was, their reputations as bad men would be established forever. The rowdies never were satisfied until they got into a fight with us, and it always ended by them getting the worst of it.

"In localities where there were three or four bullies, they banded together to make a raid on the show. It got to be quite an event for us to go through a village or a town without a rumpus of some kind, so we had to carry several good fighters with the show to accommodate these fellows.

"When pa retired, and I took over the show, I made it a rule that as soon as we got into a town, and the rowdy showed up, we were to get him licked as quick as we could, and have the job done with. That was the best thing for all of us, because the question as to who was the best man was settled. Then we could go on and put up our tents, and give the performance with a little peace.

"If that wasn't done, the fellow would keep on annoying us, and it had to come sometime during the day. Sometimes two or three drunken men would spoil the whole day's business for us by intimidating people. They would be afraid to come to the circus, because Jim So-and-So, who was the bad man of the community, was in town with his friends, all of them drunk, and feeling mighty mean, and they were going to clean out not only the show, but the whole town.

"Later on, I hit on a very good plan that saved us a lot of fighting. As soon as we showed up in the town, and the bad man came around, I hired him as special policeman for the show. I offered him any salary he asked, because he seldom collected it. I furnished him with a badge and a club, and got him to go along with the show if I could. In his own town he was all right, and got along very well, but the next day he would run into the bully of the neighboring town, and nine times out of ten he would turn out to be the rankest coward you ever saw.

"Usually, he would tear off his badge, throw down his club, and run for the woods without waiting to be paid; he wanted to get away from there without any stops. I was always glad when the other fellow chased him. Then I hired the new man to take his place. In a day or two he would meet the bad man of the next county, and show the white feather. I kept that up for a whole season, and it worked the best of anything we tried out. But I never considered these men a part of our organization; I just hired them to get rid of their nonsense.

"And a lot of these fellows who started fights in the old days weren't particularly hunting a fight with a showman. They seemed to get kind of crazy with the excitement of having a circus in town, and they would fight an elephant just as quick. Sometimes these fellows would follow the show for a week, trying to get a fight out of us. They'd travel on horseback right with us, and show up on the 'lot' about the same time that we did.

"Down in Tennessee, the grandson of one of the Presidents of the United States followed the show for several days, and he got pretty friendly with me. We then were traveling by wagon, and the jumps were short. And I kind of liked this President's grandson, though he was drinking pretty hard.

"One evening when the performance was about ready to start, he came to me and very confidentially said that he'd been following the show for several days trying to get the animal men to let him get in the cage with the white bear so he could fight it, but the animal men never would let him do it. He appealed to me, because he said he didn't think he could ever rest until he had tried it.

"Of course, I knew what fighting the white bear meant. This fellow would have a knife, and a pistol, and probably a whole lot of his friends to help him, and white bears cost a lot of money in those days. It took me the whole evening to get the idea out of his head, and then he was reluctant to leave the show.

"Right after the Civil War, and up to 1870, it was something awful to take a show into the South. There hadn't been a legitimate circus there for years, and the people were circus crazy. Pa had been traveling South with the circus all his life; and we had a world of friends and relatives there, but that was no protection.

"People in the South then were very clannish. The minute a stranger got into a community, no matter if he came from the next county, if he wasn't known and couldn't be vouched for, it was taken for granted that he was a carpet-bagger, or someone with designs on the community, and, of course, he wasn't to be tolerated. The quicker he could be licked the better.

"We were the largest circus in that country, and we drew immense crowds. Show day was a holiday, and the men drank freely to celebrate. That made them lose their heads, and, as the most of them had been under fire for three or four years, some of them didn't know the war was over; they thought they had to keep on shooting. In that way there were a good many circus rows started that never otherwise would have occurred.

"To try to tone things down, for several years I carried forty or fifty muskets with the show. Every day we unpacked them, and stacked them right by the front door. They stayed there until we tore down at night, unless there was a commotion of some sort, or anything that looked like there was going to be trouble. Then the boss canvasman blew his whistle, and all the working men came running, picked up a musket apiece, fell into rank and file like a company of soldiers, and waited for orders.

"Then we had a pistol holster scheme. We bought two hundred pistols, and had a holster made for every man with the show. He wore two of them strapped to his waist while he worked. The holsters were numbered, beginning with 200 and better, and a man would be driving stakes with a big pistol in a holster on each hip, one maybe numbered 280 and the other 460, so it looked as though we had a thousand of them instead of only two hundred. With the muskets they made a pretty good showing, and I think that scheme is the only thing that took us safely through that country.



Ticket wagon of the wagon show of 1870.

"And the same thing held true in the North. The old soldiers, especially in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, wanted their fun on show day, and where there were a lot of them in a community they were pretty bad, and gave us plenty to do. So I adopted an additional scheme with them. We gave them a drink or two, and jollied them along, and after a while they would sit down and commence to tell their troubles to one another. Eventually, they went to sleep.

"We all carried scissors, and somebody would slip up and cut off their coat tails, which made short jackets of their coats. Then a big round hole was cut in the seats of their trousers and their underwear, and their shirt tails were cut off. When they woke up and saw their plight, instead of hunting trouble, or going uptown and getting another drink, they would make a bee-line for home, or out into the country where they could get some more clothes. And we had several ways of trimming their clothes. Sometimes their trousers were ripped from the leg bottoms to waistline, and their underwear the same way. When they got up they had practically nothing on, except their shirts and collars. It always was a mystery to them how that was done, but it saved us a lot of fighting.

"The first 'hey rube' I remember," the "Governor" said after a pause, "was when I was a mighty little boy in Port Royal, Virginia. Some of the toughs of the town started a row with us, and they got the worst of it. Next morning the whole show was arrested, men, women and children, and when the authorities came to arrest us they told pa that they would release everybody with the show if he would give up the man who did the fighting.

"They said that their witnesses told them that the man who did the most of the harm to the town rowdies was a Mr. Hey Rube; that every once in a while during the row a circus man would call his name, and down would go another town fellow. So they concluded that Mr. Rube was the man they wanted. And they even had a description of him. He was over six feet in height, and his coloring was dark. While the fight was going on he carried a club over seven feet long."

The "Governor" chuckled.

"'Hey rube,' you know, is just the rallying cry of the circus people whenever trouble starts," he added.

"It was no uncommon thing for us to have to pull the wagons around in a circle, and hide behind them and shoot through the spokes in the wheels, like the pioneers did when the Indians made raids on them," he went on.

"The last time I remember of doing that was in Lebanon, Tennessee, while we still were traveling by wagons. During the afternoon, a rowdy came on the lot, and made himself offensive to the women—he went around to the back of the canvas, and slit the side wall of the women's dressing room with a sharp knife. Then he walked through, and in among them while they were putting on their tights.

"Of course, they screamed, and covered themselves as well as they could. One of my performers heard the commotion, and he came running from the men's dressing room—it was just before the matinee—and saw this fellow there. My man hit the town fellow, and knocked him down. Then he picked him up, and threw him over the side wall.

"Well, the rowdy also got a pretty good beating after he landed on the outside, and it took him the most of the afternoon to get over it. When he got away from where he had been thrown, he went to his friends, and told a story about having been beaten up by showmen while he was innocently looking around. Then they formed a gang, and wanted to clean out the show.

"We pulled the cages and the wagons around to make a barricade, and got all of the show people in the center of it, and also the horses. Then we got shovels and dug the center out of the ring and piled the dirt on the edges to make a breastwork, because it looked as though we were in for a hard fight. Then we laid behind that breastwork, waiting for whatever was going to happen.

"The rowdies circled around us for a while, shooting occasionally, but we laid quiet. After a while they went up town, and rang the courthouse bell. Of course, the decent people of the town came running out of their homes, and wanted to know what was the matter. The rowdies said they were going down to clean out the show, and they did drum up quite a crowd to follow them back to the lot. But we presented a couple of volleys, and too strong a front to them, and they again went back.

"The upshot of the whole matter was that we stayed there until daylight. There was a lot of shooting, but none of us was hurt. About five o'clock, when the crowd went up town to get some more drinks, we threw the tents and the properties on the wagons without paying much attention how they were loaded, hitched up, and quietly made our way to the next stand. For a wonder, we weren't followed.

"But the saddest circus rumpus I ever saw occurred over in a little town in Virginia. The day we showed there the rough element was more or less drunk, and like fellows in that condition, they were hunting trouble from the minute the show pulled on the 'lot.' And among these rowdies was the son of one of the most prominent citizens in the town.

(*Concluded on page 12*)

"World Disarmament First!"—The Slogan

Economic Situation Demands Leading Place in Government Program for Relief From Crushing Tax Burdens Imposed by Militarism

PRESIDENT HARDING is beset at the outset of his administration by a multitude of problems, foreign and domestic, and one more perplexing than the other. The situation he faces is one demanding clear vision and sane judgment. America counts in this critical hour on the new President's level-headed common sense. He is the sort of man likely to be guided by the elemental and dependable wisdom summed up in the saying: "First things first." Nothing could be plainer today than that our foreign and our domestic problems are closely related and interdependent. If we are to go forward steadily and surely to any adequate meeting of the situation, we must take up these problems one at a time *in their right order.* Every sensible man knows that when, in any sphere of life, a number of tasks clamor at once for his attention, all the rest fall obediently into their proper places just as soon as he tackles the first thing and tackles it first. This is the sure way to dispel all confusion and perplexity; the only way to make satisfactory progress all along the line.

Probably actuated by some such sure instinct, the President has called a special session of Congress to meet early in April for the consideration of *tariff and revenue measures.* Such consideration is required not merely to afford temporary relief to present business conditions, but permanently to avert threatened disaster and clear the way for a return of that progressive and permanent prosperity on which the real strength of the nation must always depend, in peace or in war.

At Bottom a Taxation Problem

WE CAN be sure that the President and his advisers put no narrow construction on the phrasing of the one definite purpose for which Congress is convened in extraordinary session. It is recognized that TAXATION is the one big problem that must be tackled without delay in any endeavor to bring about "normalcy."

The whole problem of taxation at this time resolves itself into a radical reduction of taxes.

And the one way to reduce taxes is to reduce armaments. DISARMAMENT FIRST!

We are faced with a national debt on which the interest charge alone amounts to one billion dollars yearly—a sum equal to the entire cost of the machinery of government a few years ago.

The only way to reduce our debt is to disarm. DISARMAMENT FIRST!

Factories are closed down wholly or in part all over the country because abnormal and fluctuating exchange rates cripple the buying power of our European customers and cut off our export trade.

There is no way to the establishment of stability in foreign exchange and a revival of our export trade that does not begin with disarmament. DISARMAMENT FIRST!

To solve the problem of high living costs, we must increase production, improve transportation, get rid of heavy interest burdens and of those productions hampering and harrying governmental restrictions generally that are part of our unsound, helter-skelter and destructive war taxation.

None of these devoutly to be wished consummations is possible of accomplishment without disarmament. DISARMAMENT FIRST!

The considerable and lasting revival of business and industry that is absolutely necessary if our people are to be able to make a living and develop individual and national resources, with a square deal to labor and to capital equally, will be possible when our finances are restored to a sound basis by the deflation of a ruinously swollen volume of paper currency and a coincident deflation of credits that favor Wall Street speculation and stock jobbing at the expense of the legitimate constructive and productive industries of the land.

Such financial unsoundness is a by-product of burdensome taxation necessitated by heavy expenditures for armament. DISARMAMENT FIRST!

The complicated and snarling diplomatic problems that face the new administration are truly hydra-headed and formidable. Any one of them offers snares and pitfalls enough to daunt the boldest. Together they present a menace of cumulative and continuing disaster, if not handled wisely. Here are just a few of these problems: The Japanese situation growing out of California land laws, our demands that Japan return Shantung to China, cease the occupation of Russian Saghalien and our demand for the internationalization of the Island of Yap; the Mexican situation and its complication with the claims of foreign oil exploiters; our protest against the action of Britain and France in restricting the development of natural resources in mandated territory to their own nationals; the Cuban situation, possibly involving armed intervention; the Chinese situation as it bears on the consortium and on the open door policy; the Turkish-Armenian dispute; Russian trade and the problem of recognizing the Soviet so-called republic; the Irish situation; the disputes with Costa Rica, Salvador and Honduras involved in the Nicaraguan treaty; the Colombia treaty dispute; the question of American interest in fixing and collecting indemnities from Germany; the League of Nations; the International Jew.

Many and clamorous as are these problems in our foreign relations, they cannot take precedence over our domestic conditions and needs in the minds of Executive or Congress. We shall best fit ourselves to deal adequately with questions of foreign policy by first setting our own house in order. Besides, in the long run, it will be found that the measures adopted effectively to banish discontent, depression and disorder at home will prove to have a wholesome reaction in the attitude of the rest of the world toward us. Every one of the foreign problems above itemized will be resolved in the last analysis into the one problem of setting an example to the nations that must result in the diminishing at least of occasions for international jealousy, envy and strife. DISARMAMENT FIRST!

Disarming Must Be Gradual

LET it be understood from the start that, in all sane and practical discussion of the subject, "disarmament" does not mean an immediate and complete disarmament. It is not to be reached at a single bound. All the more reason to get started on the journey without avoidable delay. What business men, legislators and economists have in view when they use the term disarmament is a gradual and partial disarmament to start with; more specifically, a restriction of armaments beginning with an immediate reduction in naval building programs. Coincidently with this naval reduction, of course, must go a gradual cutting down of military strength. Such reduction of the strength of the armies is already under way, having been compelled by the veritable impossibility of keeping an army on a war footing in time of peace. The whole question of present urgency condenses itself, then, into the simple restriction or cessation of naval building programs running anywhere from three to seven years ahead and—growing by what they feed on—involving unending renewal in ever increasing measure. For such restriction of naval armament, it is agreed by competent authorities, whose conclusions we may accept for all present purposes, we must have an international agreement, an agreement arrived at by assembling and reasoning together.

The matter is further simplified by agreement that the success of such a conference would be best assured by limiting to the five Great Powers that fought together on the side of the Allies in the World War and which may be presumed to be most vitally interested in speedily reaching such an agreement. Senator Borah's resolution for a six-month's naval holiday, or suspension of naval building (of which this series of articles will have more to say hereafter) goes even further and would limit the conference and agreement to Great Britain, Japan and the United States. This to begin with, provision being made for the later adherence of other nations less immediately concerned. This point is to be kept well in mind. It means that the United States would feel perfectly warranted in ceasing the fire of piling up the back-breaking burden of taxation for *increase* in the nation's naval armament if only these two of its competitors in naval expansion would do likewise.

The United States is today flinging the people's money into the building of warships on a scale far beyond the expenditure of either Great Britain or Japan. The United States is spending money on naval armament on a scale unprecedented in the history of this country or of any other country.

Congress has been at great pains to obtain very full and complete data bearing on the subject. The mass of testimony elicited in the hearings before the military and the naval committees in both House and Senate during the past three months would fill a dozen large volumes of 1,000 pages each. Boiling down the voluminous official reports, it will be the endeavor of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to give its readers the gist of the whole matter in a way to make it easily grasped and clearly understood, always having due regard for faithfulness to the text.

Some Figures That Shout

FIGURES are usually deadly dull reading; but the figures in this matter have so vital a relation to the future of America and of mankind and they speak so eloquently of the instant need of concentrating on the great issue of Disarmament or Universal Bankruptcy and Disaster that they must make irresistible claim on the reader's attention.

Take the one fact that out of total appropriations for the fiscal year 1921 amounting to $4,175,820,088 less than $3,694,075,362 or 88.4 per cent of the whole, went to defray expenses incident to past or anticipated future wars. Eight times as much of the nation's income devoted to the "burglary insurance" of war expenditures as to payment of all the remaining departments of the government; the executive and administrative departments, the entire civil service, legislative and judiciary departments, public buildings and public roads, river and harbor improvements, and all the immensely valuable research and experimental work of the various bureaus of the Department of Agriculture and the Federal educational and welfare activities. Even more glaring is the disproportion between our Federal expenditures on militaristic machinery and agencies provided for in the estimates for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1922. These call for total expenditures of approximately six billion dollars, of which one and one-half billions is allocated to military and naval purposes. That is to say, out of every $100 of Federal expenditure $93 is dropped into the bottomless pit of war expenditure! The following table, prepared by Herbert D. Brown, chief of the United States Bureau of Efficiency, presents these facts graphically and is worth studying:

Analysis of Appropriations for the Fiscal Year 1921.

Purpose	Amount	Total	Per-centage
1.—Care and maintenance of veterans of war of 1914, including compensation, rehabilitation, hospital treatment, etc.	293,168,400		
2.—Pensions on account of military service prior to war of 1914.	279,150,000		
3.—Interest on the public debt	980,000,000		
4.—Contributions to sinking fund for amortization of public debt	260,800,000		
5.—Expenses incident to Federal control of interstate transportation	1,025,000,000		
I. Total appropriations incident to past wars		2,838,118,400	67.9
6.—Military Establishment	418,232,382		
7.—Naval Establishment	437,724,580		
II. Total appropriation for present national defense		855,956,962	20.5
III. Total appropriations for war purposes past and future		3,694,075,362	88.4
IV. Total appropriations for general purposes, except the Postal Service*		481,744,726	11.6
		4,175,820,088	100.0

*NOTE—The total appropriations for the postal service in 1921 were $504,399,000. These are not included in the above totals because the estimates cover the full cost of the postal service, although this cost is defrayed almost entirely out of the postal revenues.

President Harding's Promise

IN THE course of the congressional committee hearings practically every man and every woman whose standing and record were likely to give weight to their views or their information expressed themselves freely on the whole subject of disarmament. These witnesses included General John J. Pershing, General Tasker H. Bliss, former Ambassador Henry White, Josephus Daniels, then Secretary of the Navy, and several high naval officers and army officers, Norman H. Davis, acting Secretary of State and leaders of long experience in both houses of Congress and on each side of the House. It is impossible not to be struck with the unanimity of the opinion expressed. There was practical agreement not only on the desirability of disarmament but on the immediate and impelling necessity, imposed by the economic situation, of the earliest possible convening at Washington of an international conference if national and international bankruptcy is to be averted. What difference of opinion developed had regard rather to the nations to be represented and the limitations of its functions especially in the matter of a naval holiday binding only on Great Britain, Japan and the United States, or an inclusion of all five of the Great Powers on a program of general and permanent disarmament.

President Harding himself is on record in favor of disarmament in his inaugural speech. In an earlier statement to a correspondent of the New York *American,* he said: "I will do everything that is becoming to bring about the co-operation of the United States in any scheme for world disarmament." Another correspondent quotes him as saying a short time ago that he is heartily in favor of an international conference

(Concluded on page 15)

Jewish Leaders Scheme For Gentile Support

The Masons, the K. of C., the A. P. A., Deceived.

Protocol Plot "to Split the Gentiles" Accurately Followed

THE Jews of the United States are now organizing into one big union, to be known as the American Jewish Congress, completion of which is to be made before October 31 of this year, for the purpose of tying every individual Jew and every Jewish organization to a definite plan of action.

What this plan will be can only be surmised by past and present activities. Whether a new set of leaders will appear, is doubtful—even if a new set of office-holders should be appointed. It is said that the officers are to be chosen by popular vote among the 3,000,000 "or more" Jews in the United States, and it is sincerely to be hoped, for the sake of Judah and the welfare of the land, that the Jews will vote for frankness in their leadership and not for the folly which has marked it so pathetically the last year.

A very careful reading of all the utterances of Jewish rabbis, editors and leaders during the past year yields—in addition to the always undisguised antagonism to the rest of the people which marks Jewish utterances in America for many years back—nothing but a booming rhetoric about "retaliation," "fighting like men," "defending our sacred rights," "bringing Haman's woe upon our enemies" (Haman was hanged), and the like.

The Jewish position at this moment, at least the position assumed by the leaders, is that the rest of the world is wrong and Judah alone is right. Their position assumes that the rest of the world is maddened by a strange and poisonous obsession, a kind of psychic disease called "anti-Semitism," and only Judah is sound-minded and can see things readily and see them whole. The rest of Israel (to put it that way), is utterly in error; the tribe of Judah alone has the true view of the case.

Prussia thought that way. Prussia is the only modern analogy for Judah. The kaiser caught the "chosen people" idea (it is very clear where he got it), and the two ideas clashed in Germany. The Prussian tried his faith in battle (pushing the other tribes forward to fight for him) and was defeated; Judah is trying to do the same thing, letting non-Jews do the battling, and in so far as Judah is wrong in his interpretation of his Scriptures and his destiny, Judah also will fail.

Old Game Played Out

THE principal characteristic of the so-called "Jewish Defense" during the past year has been the attempt to get non-Jews to make the defense. The word "defense" is itself a piece of strategy, since no "attack" has been made. There is, it may be stated, plenty of material for an attack such as would probably constitute Judah's day of judgment, but counsel has been preferred, counsel upon a set of facts which Judah knows better than the rest of the world can ever know them, though they be stated and proved a thousand times.

After all, it is not of such consequence that the non-Jewish world be moved, as that Judah be moved. And today Judah is moved. The Jews of the United States know the facts, and they know that what has been printed in this series is true. What they fear is that the non-Jews will be moved against them. That has been the folly of the past, that the other tribes of men have been moved against Judah, instead of Judah being moved into a position of concord with the other tribes of men. If Judah is wise, she will know her day. This much she already knows: that the studies in the Jewish Question which have proceeded under these auspices in the United States are not "anti-Semitic," are not "pogroms," are not "attacks on Jewish rights," are not any of the things which for public consumption the Jewish leaders say they are; Judah knows that it is a sign of the times that *a certain plan is played out.*

Jewish leaders in the United States are now convinced that their program for this country is stopped. Too much is known about it. For mere "anti-Semitism," the coarse unreasoning and jealous antipathy toward the Jew, the Jew has nothing but contempt. He can endure that. He has weathered it for 20 centuries. But the Jewish leaders know that *this* is something else, very different in its origin, its procedure and its consequences, and that the old defenses and appeals will not do. The appeal is now to Truth. Not to the passion of anti-Semites, nor to the sympathy of non-Jews, but to Truth!

The chief achievement of the present series of studies is to apprise the Jewish leaders in such a fashion as they can no longer doubt, that *a certain plan is played out.* It is *done.* The task before Judah is readjustment, not defense. And no exposure of Judah's consciousness of this has been more pitiless than his own methods pursued the past year.

With all the talk of "fighting like men," Judah has not done so and, what is more, will not do so. There is something to meet, to be sure, but it cannot be fought against; it must be met and acknowledged.

The Jewish defense up to this time has been an attempt to get other people to do their fighting—it is the Prussian tribe enlisting Saxons, all over again.

It is significant also that this has been done by misrepresentation of the grossest character.

As a matter of plain business judgment it ought to appeal to the Jewish leaders as superlatively stupid to obtain support by this method, because the reaction when the deception is discovered is bound to be severe.

Masons Not Deceived

TAKE the method by which Masonic sympathy was for a time enlisted against a plain study of the Jewish Question. True, it was never enlisted to the extent of gaining official Masonic action, although there is a large infiltration of Jews in American Masonic lodges; but there was a certain amount of success obtained among a few unofficial Masonic editors who lent their publications to the dissemination of the Jewish falsehood that the studies in the Jewish Question had included the charge that Freemasonry was allied with Judaism for the subjugation of the world.

The Jews did not scruple to circulate that story among Masonic lodges. In certain lodges in dependencies of the United States, they went so far as to circulate printed matter urging a commercial boycott.

But the Jewish dealers in this falsehood evidently did not foresee that Masons, thus brought face to face with the statement that a paper like THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT was linking them with the Jewish program for world power, would examine copies of the publication to read those strange statements for themselves. And when the Masons read, they read again, for they could not find the things which the Jews had said were there. And they never did find them.

In the meantime, however, many Masons discovered that there was a Jewish Question within the limits of Freemasonry itself. This Question assumed almost the same form in diverse places, and the end of the matter was that this piece of false Jewish propaganda proved a boomerang.

There is a great deal that could be said on this point, but it is not at issue just now. The matter is alluded to in order to illustrate the Jewish strategy of endeavoring to get someone else to go out to fight. And they did get a few Masonic editors to fight—on a false premise. They even made some Freemasons believe for a time that this series of articles was specifically anti-Masonic.

How far the Jews may control American Masonry is a matter for Freemasons alone. In how many cases Jews are at once prominent in American and French Masonry is another point that is for Freemasons alone. What concerns this public chronicle is the fact that twice before in the history of American Masonry the Jews hid behind the Masonic name to the temporary detriment of that name in public esteem, but this third time they not only endeavored to hide behind it, but to push the Masonic Order out in front to do their fighting for them. Freemasons will always be found ready to defend freedom of faith and speech, but it is doubtful if any pretext or falsity will be sufficient to lead them to activity of such a nature as the Jewish leaders evidently expected of them in the recent past.

Will K. of C. Be Fooled?

WORD just comes in the daily press that the Knights of Columbus have declared a campaign against anti-Semitism in the South and that a large number of lecturers are being sent out to combat it. Coupled with this announcement is another that the Knights are also to combat religious prejudice, which is apparently connected in some way with what is called anti-Semitism.

These two objects cannot be gainsaid. Anti-Semitism, the hatred of a Jew because he is a Jew, is a most unreasonable thing. Religious prejudice is a deformity which has no place in American life. They are both to be combated. In combating both, you combat the Jewish program, whether you know it or not, for the Jewish program does its utmost everywhere to create anti-Semitism as a mask, and religious prejudice is the strongest motive behind most of Jewish activity as shown by the Jewish records recently reproduced in these pages.

The question is, Have the Knights of Columbus been undergoing the same experience which lately befell Freemasons? Have they been told that the study of the Jewish Question is a form of religious intolerance? Apparently so, in view of the statement that religious prejudice is to be attacked in so far as it is aimed against the Jews, because it is believed that if the taste for religious prejudice becomes widespread the Catholic will be the next to suffer.

If religious prejudice becomes widespread, every man of every faith will be next to suffer, for it is never one-sided in its effects.

Who told the Knights of Columbus that these studies were based on religious prejudice? The only time the note of religion has been struck in these studies was when it was unavoidably struck in publishing the list of Jewish activities as found in official Jewish records, for those records are an almost unbroken list of the attempts of the Jewish powers to do away with every "Christological manifestation" which they could reach with their present lines of influence—even to the taking of the Cross off the uniform of the chaplains of the war veterans. The sacred symbol which means so much to the Knights is "anti-Semitic," in Jewish parlance.

It is stated now and here that the only potent form of religious prejudice operative in the United States today is manifested by the Jewish powers. Other religious prejudice exists, to be sure, and makes itself known, but expends itself mostly in wild words. The Jewish form of this dread growth manifests itself in acts that tell.

This constitutes the regret with which is seen the coalition which apparently exists in some cities between men who are honestly entitled to complain against religious prejudice and the Jews who since their residence in the United States have never known the weight of a single straw of this un-American thing.

This coalition is seen in practically every state in the country in a bargain which apparently runs like this: "If you help us Jews suppress THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, then we Jews will help you suppress the *Menace,*" or whatever paper it may be that offends.

When the Dupes Awake

THE suggestion is a most vile one and can only be made where there is an absolute lack of knowledge as to the contents of this series of articles. Yet the suggestion is made and it is acted upon, until in several cities of the United States today we see stalwart Irish chiefs of police acting under the orders of Jewish political bosses.

There is no surprise that the Jews act in this manner. It only serves to prove most vividly some of the statements made in this series. But to see other men made the dupes of the Jews, allured under false pretenses to attempt to pull the Jewish chestnuts out of the fire, is not a good sight.

Again, what will be the reaction when these men, now brought by false pretense into the service of the Jews, learn that there is no religious prejudice at all in the publication they are seeking unconstitutionally to suppress, but merely a quiet and serious attempt to make known a condition which exists broadcast and easily discernible in American life?

But that is not the end of the Jewish duplicity. After whispering to the Knights of Columbus that the Catholic faith in America is endangered by reason of these studies, the Jews then go around to the rabid publishers of anti-Catholic papers and say: "Don't you see what it is that these DEARBORN INDEPENDENT articles are doing? Why, they are reviving the papal hatred of the Jew. Rome is again in arms against the Jew, and THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is Rome's instrument!"

And then these Jewish *provocateurs* quote long lines of the history of the Middle Ages. They show in *recently published editorials in Jewish papers the statement that Rome is the eternal enemy of the Jew,* the one enemy of which Jewry must at all times beware. They work on the imagination and the passions of the anti-Catholic bigot, and it is soon whispered throughout the country that the real author of these articles is a Jesuit bent on stirring up another pogrom.

The result is that in anti-Catholic papers we have long, impassioned articles calling upon loyal Americans to suppress this new activity of the Pope!

Verily, the phrase "boob Gentile" is not without

its justification. Here are shrewd Jewish propagandists telling one tale to the Masons, another to the Knights, another to the remnants of the A. P. A., and then they stand back waiting to see the result.

The result, and one would think it a result the Jews would rather evade, is that in no short time, these various groups will turn round and look at the Jew in the background, and will understand what the Protocols mean when they speak about dividing the Gentiles among themselves while Judah takes the spoils.

To cap the climax, as told in our last article and as there is still much more to tell, the very Negroes are propagandized, and the Jewish tale to the Negro is that these articles are really the authorized communications of the Imperial Wizard of the Ku-Klux Klan, and that the remedy is the violent assertion of Negro rights before it is too late.

Anti-Masonic, anti-Catholic, anti-Protestant, anti-Negro—all these the "defenses" of Jewish propagandists against the study of the growing influence of Jewish power in the United States!

It is about time to revise our notions of Jewish cleverness. The course the Jewish leaders are pursuing is the acme of stupidity, and all that is needed to prove that is—Time. And there is so much time that even impatience with the Jewish course is not indulged in. It is a course that condemns itself.

Now, this is the Jewish "answer"—to ask the Masons to believe that a study of the Jewish Question is anti-Masonic; to ask the Catholics to think that a study of the Jewish Question is anti-Catholic; to ask the more rabid Protestants to think that a study of the Jewish Question is anti-Protestant; and to make the Negroes think that a study of the Jewish Question is anti-Negro. There are still the Indians.

Moreover, there are still the Christian Scientists and the Quakers. If a study of the Jewish Question is the signal for a flood of religious prejudice, surely the Christian Scientists ought somehow to be made aware of it.

And right there is a point. Consider Christian Science, a mode of belief and life which has had its share of opposition in very recent years. Parallels exist between Christian Science and the Jews, yet no one ever dreamed of a Christian Science Question existing.

Christian Scientists have considerable wealth, they believe in a comfortable portion of wealth and good things for everyone, they believe these are mankind's birthright. Yet no one ever heard of their being accused of using their wealth to promote the undesirable influences in social life. They never produced an "Aphrodite."

Christian Scientists exert a considerable control over the press. It is no longer the custom for thoughtless editors to write slanderously or inaccurately about Christian Science, for if one were to do so, a Christian Scientist would call the next day and insist on showing him where his error lay. There would be no coercion but that of truth. The newspaper's newsboys would not be assaulted on the streets; the legislators would not be bombarded to make a law against free speech with regard to Christian Science; Christian Science advertisers would not besiege the office with loud threats of boycott; a Christian Science anti-defamation society would not do spy work to find out where the publisher owed a debt and then bring pressure to bear to squeeze him on it; the Post Office Department would not be buried beneath the appeals of Christian Scientists to bar that paper from the mails. No, in friendly belief that if the editor knew the truth he would not do violence to it again, he would be visited and the matter laid before him.

Christian Scientists have many men in high public office—very many. You find them everywhere, and they do not attempt to conceal themselves either. They don't change their names, nor do they attempt to evade questions about their faith; rather, at the first opportunity they will quietly testify to you that they are Christian Scientists and will tell you what Science means to them. Nobody raises a hue and cry about the number of Christian Scientists in public office, because they are not in office for the service of Scientists alone, but for the whole community.

Subterfuge and Evasion

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE has its own press, a very powerful press, and its power consists fundamentally in its attempt at a single-eyed allegiance to the truth of things. No one ever saw that press assailing the Old Testament as being Pro-Semitic, as certain Jewish editors have assailed the New Testament as being anti-Semitic.

But suppose some publication, led by a motive not now to be imagined, should come out in a description of Christian Science as an undermining power, dangerous to the state, destructive of morals, violently revolutionary in character, anti-social in its basic teachings, and should present certain facts which it thought supported the contention.

Would the Christian Scientists go round to the Masons and say, "This is anti-Masonic; it is really you they are attacking; you ought to do something about it"? Would they go round to the Knights of Columbus and say, "Now, they are attacking Christian Science, but if they get away with it, the next on the list will be the Catholic Church; if you wish to preserve the freedom of your faith you must combat this attack against us"? Would they go round to the more strenuous anti-Catholics and say, "Now, this is really a recrudescence of papal persecution, and if you do not attack it at once you may prepare for a revival of the worst excesses of religious fanaticism"? Would they go to the Negroes and say, "This attack on Christian Science is really a clever device of the White Man to retain the supremacy of his race and to more deeply subjugate the Black Man; you ought to resist it strongly"?

Would the Christian Scientists be capable of doing such things under the pretext of meeting an attack made upon them?

Hardly. They would take the statements one by one and set the facts, as they saw them, in order. They would take each separate charge, and where there was truth they would admit it, and where there was error, would bring facts to show the error. They would meet such matters as the non-Jew always meets them, squarely.

The Jews in the United States have not done that, more's the pity.

It is not, however, to be supposed that even this attempt to have others do their defense work for them is without its purpose. Don't you see how it splits up so-called "Gentile society"? There is the labor and capital split, for one—an artificial division. Then there is the religious split—or rather the irreligious one, for it is usually those who have least religion who fight most over it; that also is artificial, and never exists anywhere except as part of political ambition or suspected political ambition. Then there is the racial split, as between the white people and the colored ones, a split which has been rapidly widening of recent years, especially since the wealthy American international Jews, whose money financed the break-up of Russia, began also to take an interest in Negro welfare work.

By playing upon these splits the Jewish powers attain the precise condition described in the Protocols:

> *"To obtain control over public opinion it is first necessary to confuse it* by the expression from various sides of *so many conflicting opinions* that the Gentiles will lose themselves in the labyrinth . . . . This is the first secret.
>
> "The second secret consists in so increasing and intensifying the shortcomings of the people in their habits, passions and modes of living that no one will be able to collect himself in the chaos, and, consequently, people will lose all their mutual understanding."—Fifth Protocol.

Hear also the plan as stated in Protocol 10:

> *"To wear everyone out by dissensions, animosities, feuds.* . . . until the Gentiles see no other way of escape except an appeal to our money and power."

And as to the work described throughout this article, read Protocol 9:

> *"People of all opinions and of all doctrines are at our service,* restorers of monarchy, demagogues, Socialists, communists and other Utopians. We have put them all to work. Every one of them from his point of view is undermining the last remnant of authority . . . ."

To this might be added many others who can be identified by their actions.

But the aim of it all is stated in the Fifth Protocol:

> "A world coalition of Gentiles could cope with us temporarily, but we are assured against this by roots of dissension among them so deep that they cannot be torn out. *We have created antagonisms between the personal and national interests of the Gentiles by arousing RELIGIOUS and RACE hatreds* which we have nourished in their hearts for twenty centuries."

Even in the bankruptcy of Judah's power to answer the question that has been put to her, the same program is being followed: "Divide the people!"

The Jews say the Protocols were written by a madman. Mr. Spargo seems to think they were written by the Russian Secret Police. Of that, more later.

But strange to say, in the United States, in this year 1921, they are being fulfilled by Jews.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

How Poland, with Christian charity, received the Jews when all other countries expelled them, and how the Jews repaid that charity by undermining their hosts until presently there was no more Poland, is the story told in "A World Problem," by Mrs. Stephanie Laudyn.

Mrs. Laudyn writes from an intimate knowledge of all the conditions discussed in her book. She knows her Russia and her Poland. If sometimes she writes with a little emotion, it is because she has come to close grips with influences which are as yet fairly well concealed in the United States; and a part of her emphasis may be attributed to her desire that the United States become alert before the same influences get an upper hand here.

It is an important work which Mrs. Laudyn has performed, not only for the good name of Poland, but also for the enlightenment of Americans. She has a keen sense of the importance of facts, and she brings an array of evidence which is not only convincing but commanding.

Mrs. Laudyn had much trouble in getting her book published. In spite of the welter of mediocre works which is constantly pouring from the presses, this book was not acceptable to any publisher to whom it was offered. Jewish propaganda is now appearing with the imprint of the oldest and most dignified American publishing houses, but the truth about the Jewish Question is made an outlaw thing by the attitude of those who control the printing press. The attitude is that the pro-Semite can deal in nothing but truth and calmness, and that everybody else deals in lies and prejudice. This is, of course, a passing phase. The Jews are rapidly using up their power by revealing it. A reaction will come. In the meantime, one who purchased at great cost the right to say her say before that right was acknowledged, is Mrs. Stephanie Laudyn.

The book is of 365 pages and is printed in English. It is essential to anyone wishing a world-view of the Jewish Problem. The book is sold at $2.25 a copy and may be procured from the author, 1145 Noble street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Jewish Socialist parties in Warsaw are negotiating a consolidation of the Bund, the Poalei-Zion and the United Party. In a proposed common platform, these parties are to unite on the following demands: 1—A campaign for Jewish autonomy (the state within the state); 2—Legal recognition of the Yiddish jargon; 3—Support for the co-operative movement and for immigration and colonization.

The Chicago *Israelite* complains that a perusal of the leading morning paper of that city discloses the fact that almost every other ad contains the slogan "gentiles only" (the small g is the *Israelite's*). This we are told "gives the lie" to the poem of Emma Lazarus inclosed in the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor in which occurs the line: "Send these, the homeless, tempest tossed to me," and to the American principle of liberty for "huddled masses yearning to breathe free."

The "Society" chronicler of a Jewish weekly writes that naval honors were ordered by the admiralty for John W. Davis, the retiring American ambassador at London, on his departure from the shores of England. Furthermore, notables gathered at the station to bid him goodby and "Mrs. Davis shook hands with all except Lord Reading—whom she kissed." It will be remembered that Mr. Davis was at one time actively discussed as a probable Democratic candidate for the presidency last year.

According to a Philadelphia news dispatch, James A. Flaherty, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus which did such good work in the war to make the world safe for democracy, in a recent address there denounced "an alleged anti-Jewish movement in certain southern states" and announced that he had "called upon the 2,200 Knights of Columbus lecturers in the United States and Canada to combat anti-Semitism."

The London *Jewish Chronicle* complains that the annual meeting of the Jewish Colonization Association was held behind closed doors, and none of the reports given to the public. The J. C. A. is the trustee of an enormous fund left by Baron de Hirsch, probably not far from $50,000,000. Baron de Hirsch, also, left $5,000,000 to American trustees for promoting agriculture and colonization among the Jews. The American trustees are as secretive as their English confreres and probably for the same reasons.

By a vote of 6 to 4 a committee of the New York legislature decided not to report out the Jewish Sabbath bill this year. The reason, presumably, is that the New York non-Jewish public has been awakened to what is going on.

"Give us a Jewish leader," cries the *Jewish Times*, which goes on to plead: "Give us a Jew big enough and able enough and spiritual enough to bring some semblance of order out of the chaotic conditions in which American Israel finds itself . . . . Who is there? Louis Marshall has tried to meet the situation and while he has done well he is not the man." This Jewish paper is not alone in appreciation of the deplorable exhibition of lack of character and ability displayed in the hysterically strenuous campaign of Israel's pseudo-leaders in this country to meet the situation created by the discussion of the Jewish problem so long evaded by our newspapers.

Can the City-Bred Man Succeed on the Farm?

By AARON HARDY ULM

This is the last of a series of six articles by Mr. Ulm on farm life and farm management.

"WHAT chance has the city man without farming experience of making a success as a practical operating farmer?" That question was put recently to leading specialists in the United States Department of Agriculture. No one of them was inclined to give an unqualified answer, but after all their provisos and ifs were assimilated with the facts so far as known, the answer invariably was, "very little."

"Does the city man of no experience always fail when he turns farmer?" they were asked.

"Not at all," was the reply. "Many of the most successful farmers in America didn't know what a furrow was until they were adults."

"Then the inexperienced man is not excluded from farming as a paying occupation?"

"Of course not, but students of the subject hesitate to advise inexperienced persons to go in for farm operation; that is, if they must earn a living from their efforts."

The United States Department of Agriculture doesn't advise the novice against taking up agricultural pursuits; on that question, as far as the writer could find, the departmental policy is a non-committal one; certainly so unless the beginner wants to start at the bottom of the agricultural ladder and "work up."

If the city man wants to turn farmer, the department will do all it can to provide him with needed help and advice on how to farm. It is significant, however, that virtually no literature of the department bears directly upon the needs of the inexperienced beginner in farming. The reason is that there is very little demand for such literature. Thousands of city people yearn for the open life of the country, but comparatively few, the facts indicate, yield to it. Of course there is always a margin of population that shifts more or less from city to country and vice versa. It, however, is primarily an agricultural population, consisting in the main of people reared in the country and familiar more or less with the business of planting and harvesting.

Many city occupations can be assumed on short or no apprenticeship by the man, woman or boy who leaves the farm. There is always a chance that they will go back to the country. Often the period of city life is helpful to them as farm people. They learn order and system and frequently save money that enables them to jump many years of humble and hard effort in getting established as operating farmers. If they remain in town and raise their children there, the second generation is apt to become fixed and indelibly urban.

Hence the division of population between rural and urban is affected by a confusing basal condition. A certain percentage of country-reared people will always be more or less unfitted for farming; that is, they can be of more use to themselves and to their time by following urban occupations. The transition from the rural to the urban is relatively easy. That is, the farm-reared boy, for example, who doesn't possess an affinity for the soil can go to town and, if employment conditions be good, become a street car conductor in a week or two, or a shipping clerk, or a minor retail salesman, or a workman, with opportunities for advancement as he learns and develops. But the city-reared boy who has affinity for the soil and might render his best service as a farmer, faces no such easy process of change. If he goes to the country and rents or buys a farm and tries to operate it the chances are that he will fail, no matter how hard he works. Hence economic forces that bear on the division of population do not operate with equal vigor between country and city. And as farming becomes more complex, the differential against the country increases. Some day this condition may present a serious problem.

In fact, "back to the land" and "forward to the land" movements are not participated in by the United States Department of Agriculture. Its energies in that respect are aimed chiefly at keeping the farm population on the farms, by making farming and rural life satisfactory, rather than at getting non-farmers to quit the towns and cities for the country. Officials of the department hold that economic laws will and should be permitted to control the division of population between rural and urban.



City boys learning the joys of growing things. Some will want to become practical farmers. How may they negotiate the transition which is by no means an easy one?

While the odds are against the average city man who would turn to farming as a living occupation, the non-farmer is by no means excluded from agriculture as a profitable pursuit. If he goes about making the change in the right way, he has good chances of success. The chief trouble, say the specialists, is that the city man is not much inclined to go about it in the right way. He is partial to the idea that he can show farmers how to farm by applying city methods to farm pursuits. Dr. Warren, of the Cornell School of Agriculture, has written that he knows of no case of a farm operated by a wealthy city man on the principle of "showing farmers how to farm" that is a financial success. This is the case, he says, even with those wonderfully equipped farms that are managed on salary by first-class agricultural college graduates, who frequently when farming for themselves achieve big success. The "country estates" conducted by wealthy city men render many good services to farming by promoting the growing of pure-bred cattle or horses or chickens or by introducing better plant life or superior cultivation. But in the item of management they contribute nothing of worth; for no management that doesn't make farming pay makes contribution to the advancement of agriculture.

Another mistake the city man makes, say the students, is in thinking that it is easier to be a specialty farmer than an all-round farmer.

"Because you can make a success of a dozen fowl kept in a city backyard doesn't mean that you can succeed with a flock of 500 fowl on a poultry farm," is the way one specialist put it. "You will find that the troubles you have with a dozen hens will grow much out of proportion to the number of hens added to your flock."

Of course there are many successful poultry farms and other specialty farms, and some are conducted by men who were not practical farmers at the start; but the odds, they say, are very much stronger against the novice that attempts poultry raising or like farming as against general farming.

How is the city-raised novice with a burning desire to add to the farming population to begin, if he begins at all?

There are two ways. One is to make a scientific study of agriculture, preferably in a college of agriculture, and the other is to serve an apprenticeship in practical farming.

The writer was surprised when he learned that a large proportion of students enrolled in many of the state agricultural colleges are from cities and without any practical farming experience. And a man who used to teach in one of the leading agricultural colleges says that the city-bred agricultural students get along about as well and are as successful, after graduation, in practical farming as the country-bred boys. *The development of agricultural education may serve to clear up that differential apparent in economic law against the flow of population, on necessity, from city to country. For the agricultural schools offer a way for the successful migration of the best type of city boys who would take up agriculture as a profession.*

The apprenticeship process of changing from city life to farming is much less attractive than the school method, but the authorities say that *apprenticeship in farming is much more essential to success than in the run of city trades and professions.*

This is because farming is no longer, if it ever was, a simple business. It is doubtful if any other pursuit involves so many complexities, so many different kinds of ability and talent, and such abrupt changings from one to the other.

But for those with the hardihood to learn farming from the ground up, agriculture offers many opportunities for material success and esthetic satisfaction.

"It is singular how the idea always crops up that the first step in farming is to own a farm," says E. T. Meredith, former Secretary of Agriculture. "'A farm of your own' is all right as a goal to look forward to, but the man who lacks either the requisite money or experience will reach the goal quicker by starting in as hired hand. If he has money even and no experience he will not find it profitable to acquire and operate a farm until he has gained that skill and judgment which will enable him to manage a farm successfully. The cheapest and quickest way to gain this skill and knowledge is by working on a well-managed farm in the summer and attending the winter short course at the nearest agricultural college.

"The young man without money will find working for wages on the farm the means for saving a little money and establishing his reputation as a skilled workman and a man of integrity. With a good reputation in these regards but little money is required to start as a tenant farmer, where he can realize on the extra energy, the better skill, and the good management he is able to put into his farming business.

"The road is open to the 'farm of your own,' and the road is neither longer nor harder for one who likes farming than is the road to success in other occupations, but the safest way is to start in at the bottom and climb the 'agricultural ladder.'

"The custom in many parts of the country, and among many progressive farmers, is to take the hired man into the family, while in industries the worker may never even see his employer and have no human contact with the man for whom he works," says former Secretary Meredith. "In the country we still have in considerable measure the old-time relations between employer and worker. The American farming regions form the great reservoirs of traditional American democracy. In the right sort of farming community and the right sort of farmer's household the hired man is received on his merits as a man. The individual human being seems to count for more out on the farm than he does in the city where great numbers of them are crowded together. If the hired man makes good, he will have no reason to complain of his social status."

Comparatively few farmers step into proprietorship through inheriting establishments developed for them by others. In three townships of Sedgwick County, Kansas, only 5.9 per cent of the farmers inherited the establishments they were operating; 13.7 per cent had procured their places via the homestead act; 80.4 per cent purchased the farms they were operating. Three-fourths of the purchases had been made by deferred payments, the other fourth with cash, usually procured from the sale of other farms.

It has been found that approximately 76 per cent of all operating farmers under 25 years old are tenants; which shows that the majority of every generation of American farmers is composed of men who build up from the bottom. The rate of tenancy declines rapidly with the growing age of farmers, until in the case of farmers 60 years old or beyond, it amounts to only 15 per cent. *No other industry will show such a rate of advance from worker to proprietor and owner.*

There are virtually no more arable lands open for acquirement by homestead. And farming lands have so increased in value that those in good farming sections are considered cheap when purchasable at $100 an acre. It is not unusual for farm lands in the rich Middle West to sell at from $400 to $500 an acre. Eighty per cent of sales made during the "land boom" in Iowa last year and the year before were at from $150 to $200 an acre, and it is estimated that the average Iowa farm now represents a capital investment of around $80,000. Of course it is not all in land, for farm implements and machinery now require big investments for farms where the best labor-saving devices can be used.

When one finds that the average value of farm land and improvements increased for the United States as a whole in a little more than a year, during 1919 and 1920, in the amount of $17.35 an acre, one cannot avoid the impression that farm land is becoming a scarce article in these United States.

Investigators estimate that the arable land for farming in this country may yet be increased approximately 50 per cent. That is to say, one-half as much land as is now included in farms may be made suitable for farming. Most of it calls for big expenditures for clearing, irrigation or drainage. Much of it, like the cut-over lands of the South and the Northwest, may be purchased very cheaply, and is excellent land when put into shape for cultivation.

Excepting those highly developed or "boom" agricultural districts, and the tremendous advance in the value of nearly all worth-while land during the last several years, farms may still be purchased at prices that are not exorbitant when compared with the cost of going into a good business in the city. *In fact, the cost of a medium-grade city home isn't much above the value of the average farm establishment, which is both home and business plant for its owner.*

Won World Trade —Can We Hold It?



By GEORGE F. KEARNEY

WE HAVE now reached the dramatic moment in the game of world finance. Over in one corner sits Uncle Sam, the novice, with his $8,000,000,000 winnings for the fiscal year of 1920. In his pocket he holds the I O U's of his former Allies for $9,450,550,005.61 which represents the indebtedness to the United States Government. In addition, there is an investment of private American capital in Europe to the extent of $3,500,000,000. In the circle sits a motley group of weary Europeans who are now combining to break the winning streak of the newcomer in the game of world trade. On the next few moves will depend America's mastery of Europe. Can we hold it? Our first duty is to analyze the figures of the foreign trade of the United States for 1920, and consider their breadth—the value in the light of the future.

In gauging the increase of foreign trade the real criterion, in these days of inflated valuation, resulting from higher prices, is not the money transactions involved, but the quantity of merchandise imported or exported. There are many articles in which there has been a marked decrease in the quantity, but, at the same time, an increase in stated value, while in still others a like quantity imported or exported in 1920 shows values two or three times as great in the fiscal year, 1914, the last normal year of our trade.

For example, the quantity of raw cotton exported in 1920 was twenty-five per cent below that of 1914, yet the stated value was actually one hundred and twenty-five per cent greater than that of the larger quantity exported in 1914. If the 1920 exports of cotton were sold at the 1914 prices it would have brought only one-third as much as the recorded valuation in the 1920 official figures. The three and one-half billion pounds of cotton exported from the United States in 1920 were actually valued at one hundred and twenty-five per cent more than the four and a half billion pounds exported in 1914.

O. P. Austin, the statistician for the National City Bank of New York, said, in commenting on the fictitious aspect of our foreign trade prosperity, "A close analysis of our export trade in 1920 indicates that the percentage of gain is but little greater than the percentage of increase in quantity in the like period immediately preceding the war. The increase in quantity of merchandise exported in the six-year period, 1914-1920, was as nearly as can be determined approximately thirty-five per cent, while the increase in quantity exported in the six-year period, 1908-1914, approximated twenty-five per cent."

Moreover, during the past seven years, the trading conditions have been abnormal. European industries fell, like soldiers on their battlefields, before the onslaught of the munitions boards of their war departments. The Allied governments discouraged exportation while Germany's great world trade fell to zero. It was an opportunity which, taken at its flood, might have led to America's permanent supremacy in world trade. Yet, actually, we were slow in realizing the opportunity. We had no world trade organizations such as Germany and England have sustained for the last hundred years. We had no mercantile marine and certainly no world financial system of American banks that could properly look after our credit interests. Our mastery came to us unbidden. We did not "sell our markets." Instead, the European countries in wartime sent purchasing agents to America, and literally made a beaten track to our door through the impenetrable forest of America's ignorance of foreign trade.

It was only natural that the increased foreign business forced many American manufacturers to open up European agencies in the Allied capitals. In many conspicuous instances these agents have made good and there has been created a steady demand for American products that has not even been affected by the unfavorable rate of exchange. Our success should be permanent, for Europe has got a taste of the American-made product and goods "Made in America" have the same glamour for Europe as has the label, "Made in Paris," on the headgear of the feminine world. During the war the foreign consumer discovered our adding machines, our dictaphones, our vacuum cleaners, our washing-machines, our farm tractors, our safety razors, our lighting fixtures, our chewing gum, our seamless hosiery, our toasted tobacco and machine-made building products. American goods became synonymous with sensibly planned apparatus calculated to save time, labor and trouble.

We thus laid a foundation for an immense world trade in up-to-date products; not by the full exercise of our own initiative, but through the pressure of circumstances. Our greatness in foreign trade was thrust upon us. As the war proceeded, our standing, first as the great neutral nation, and then as the country that turned the tide of the war, inspired a confidence amounting to awe in the foreign buyer. Then, the American "doughboy" unconsciously preached the gospel of America's boundless enthusiasm and good will toward all peoples. The A. E. F. was the best "good will" sales campaign known to modern business. The European buyer came to look upon dealing with an American firm as an agreeable experience with the clean-cut business methods of a newer era.

Under the impetus of all this encouragement we began to construct a foreign trade machinery throughout the world that could handle the business which seems, even now, to be awaiting us. There is a whole section, nowadays, of London's central business section that has become Americanized. At the foot of Kingsway, where Fleet street melts into the Strand, we have built London's first "skyscraper," the Bush Terminal, to house hundreds of American agencies. Passing up Kingsway we see the great building for the Ingersoll Watch Company nearing completion. Farther along there is the new headquarters of the Kodak Company, Limited, which is the British firm handling the American camera patents. Then along Kingsway there are the British representatives of American typewriter concerns. There is no serious competition of a British-made machine. The American typewriter is infinitely better planned. Here in Kingsway there are the offices of our hosiery and cutlery firms. From Kingsway down Oxford street and the vicinity we meet an automobile section with innumerable American automobiles, motor trucks and tractors on display.

One notices the recent establishment of American banks in London or the development of old firms that once handled merely the banking of tourists. The American Express Company is overflowing its headquarters next to the Haymarket Theater. Then there are the huge offices of the Guaranty Trust Company and the National City Bank of New York. To facilitate the work of the American business man the Old Colony Club of America bought the historical Morley's Hotel at Trafalgar Square and then found it much too small, whereupon they set about to find larger headquarters. In the Trafalgar Buildings a large American insurance firm is installed and also the English-Speaking Union which functions as an agency to promote understanding between England and America.

The same is true of Paris. Around the *Place d' Opera* we find a whole section that is rapidly becoming Americanized. In *Rue Scribe* we find the American Express Company altering its building to make room for its financial section. Near by we find the establishment of the Guaranty Trust Company, and Morgan, Harjies Company. The Standard Oil Company is opening headquarters in one wing of the *Hotel Crillon* facing the *Place de Concorde.* Down the *Rue de Rivoli* there are now numerous American export firms while the Old Colony Club is planning to take over the exclusive *Hotel du Rhin* in *Place Vendome,* to accommodate their members on foreign trade missions. Along the *Champs d' Elysées* one finds a number of newly-established agencies for American-made automobiles.

In Antwerp, now the base port for the American Army of Occupation, the American trader is establishing headquarters to develop our business with Holland, Belgium, and eventually Germany. In Switzerland, Zurich is developing as an American trade center and one sees all over Switzerland the erection of plants, such as the one of the Portland Cement Company, for the laboring conditions of Switzerland with the high quality of technical labor and the marked absence of unrest, seem most favorable for the investment of American capital.

The erection of this machinery for American trade has already shown results in the figures now available of our export trade for 1920. However, for the amount of effort expended the judgment should be "prosperity" rather than "complete success." We have sold $3,000,000,000 worth of American-made goods in Europe during 1920 as compared to $2,500,000,000 in 1919 and the total of manufactures of all kinds including the group known to the statistician as "manufactures for further use in manufacturing" will reach the $4,000,000,000 mark.

"American pep," just as much as American products or money, should be held responsible for our success on the other side of the Atlantic. Men and women from American cities and small towns cannot help but carry with them the restless enthusiasm that has made America the land of big and successful business. Our hurry and "snap" are as interesting and as contagious as the lure of our chewing gum which the "doughboys" introduced and Europe learned to like.

So much for the "good will"—and the start we have made in making "made in America" goods the most popular in Europe.

If we are to keep our mastery, however, we must begin carefully to study the situation. For instance, our war-time experience, when we apparently laid the foundations of our future world trade organization, has not been particularly fortunate. Things came too easily. In the short time that we have seriously carried on foreign trade, our salesmen have too often sat in their offices, turning away purchasers. While most of our manufacturers were careful of their European markets, there have been glaring instances of bad mistakes, manufacturers have got into the habit of sending goods designed for American consumption, rather than articles that would ordinarily meet the needs of the European. In France, for instance, there was one firm that sold automobile tires only fitted to an American type of rim. If the Frenchman bought the American tire, which he was forced to do because of the scarcity of French tires, he was compelled to change his tire rim as well. It is interesting to note that one large American tire firm has turned down the suggestion of the sales representative in France that they manufacture a tire for French consumption which is fitted to the French rim. Their answer to his suggestion was, "Preach the gospel of using the American rim." This expensive "gospel" has lost the concern its grip on French trade.

The same is true with a certain brand of shoes, for both the Englishman and the French look with distaste at the American box toe. One American manufacturer of men's clothing still blames his English representative for his failure to sell American-cut clothing with their un-British padded shoulders. Then there is the story of an excellent make of typewriter that neglected to change the dollar mark either to the pound or the franc mark and explained that their salesmen could argue their customers into spelling the word out more easily than they could manufacture a special key for their export machines.

These are little things, but they hurt. Even more important, and more harmful, is the fact that frequently the American manufacturer demands cash before delivery. This was a correct procedure when our supply was scarce and the markets clamoring, but nowadays, the English and the French trader cut under those American firms that have not altered their cash policy

(*Concluded on page 15*)

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

Concluded from page 6

"When the afternoon show was well under way, one of the rowdies—a big fellow—got up off of the seats, and walked into the ring. Two or three of his friends followed him, among them this son of the prominent citizen They sat down on the ring bank, with their feet hanging over into the ring track, so the horses couldn't gallop or work.

"We let them alone for a while, and when we finished all of the performance that we could without requiring the ring track, there was nothing else to do, except to put in some horse acts. The first horses we put into the ring the rowdies kicked at as they ran around, until they stopped running. Several times we asked them to get out, and to sit on the seats, but they paid no attention to anybody—just sat still and talked to themselves as though there wasn't a soul within a thousand miles of them. We had to do all the talking to them, because the audience knew they were ruffians, and wouldn't have a thing to do with them.

"Finally, I picked out two of my best men, and told them to go and ask these fellows to get back on the seats where they belonged. They made some insulting remarks to my men. About this time, when it looked as though the performance would be broken up by a fight, the father of this boy got up from where he had been sitting with his wife, and came over to see if he couldn't prevail on his son to behave himself. Before he got within two feet of the boy he pulled a pistol and shot his father dead. The performance was finished after that, but it wasn't a lively one.

"But that boy suffered for what he did," the "Governor" concluded. "We showed that town nearly every year after that, and the family home was close enough to our show lot that he could hear everything that went on in the tents—the music and the noise of the performance. And every time I passed the house, he was hanging over the front gate, crying.

"However, the most famous circus fight in history was our Jacksonville row," the "Governor" went on after a pause. "The day we showed there it was raw and cold and nasty. It seemed as though all our worst fights came on just such days—probably because everybody drank more when the weather was bad.

"We commenced to have a world of trouble with the rough element before we had the last wagon on the lot—we were traveling by rail then—because they all were drunk, and hunting a fight. When the afternoon show was started, three or four ruffians came over and sat in the ring, so that the only part of the performance we could give was there we had no use for the horses.

"Finally, we used up all our trapeze and other acts, and wanted to bring in the horses. We did bring them in. The rowdies persisted in interfering with them, and finally two of my men went into the ring, took the rowdies by their throats and their shoulders, walked them out of the ring, and pushed them down on the lower tier of seats.

"Well, the performance went on, and these fellows commenced talking it over among themselves. One of them allowed that De Vere had choked him. Then there were many in the audience who sided against us. They wanted to kill the circus man for hurting one of their citizens. Of course, it was only a little while before things began to warm up, but we managed to get the performance finished, and the crowd went up town.

"The place didn't have over a hundred buildings in it, and two-thirds of them were bar rooms. When the rowdies got up town they commenced to drink. They soon had a crowd around them, and everybody began to drink. Finally, they concluded that they wanted to arrest De Vere, and they got out a warrant for him. They didn't know his name, but that didn't make any difference.

"Then they came down to the cars hunting for De Vere. We took them all through the sleepers, and showed them he wasn't there. But they made a pretty good search for him, even to the extent of tearing out the berths. Of course, he wasn't there. We knew what it meant that afternoon, and we hid him out in the woods—stuck him down in a lot of brush, and told him to stay there until we came for him.

"We were to show there that night, but after these fellows went up town the second time they began to drink so hard, and raised the devil so thoroughly, that my brother Gil came to my private car.

"'Jack,' he said, 'I don't think we'd better show here tonight. I think the best we can do is to pack up and get out.'

"Finally, I concluded we had better get out. Everything was packed and the wagons were down at the railroad, and the train was pretty well loaded, when four or five of these fellows came to the train.

"They yelled and whooped until they had a big crowd together. They kept calling for 'that big fellow —' De Vere, you know—and Gil kept telling them he wasn't any place around.

"'Why, you big skunks,' they taunted us, 'we'll clean you out. You won't fight.'

"And they tormented my men so that they were on the point of leaving the show where it was if we didn't let them put a stop to the abuse. Gil came up to my car again.

"'Jack,' he said, 'it's pretty rough down there. I don't believe we can stand it much longer.'

"'Well,' I told him, 'you mustn't have any row down at the cars. Don't have any row. But if you do get into it, take care of yourselves.'

"When Gil got back to where they were loading, some fellow put a pistol to the head of a workingman whose name was Jim Robinson. Jim jerked his head away, and the pistol went off, but the powder only burned his face. The bullet didn't strike him.

"That started things. Guns commenced to pop, and knives to flash. The smoke from the pistols indicated a pretty good battle was going on. Of course, like all circus rows, it wasn't very many minutes before the rowdies were down and out, and getting the worst of it all around, because in those days we were prepared for a fight at any time. One or two of the rowdies were badly hurt. In fact, they didn't live long after the fight.

"The railroad ran through the center of the town, down the main street, and there were stores on each side. The rowdies made a hasty retreat into one of them, and our fellows followed them. They were so close behind that the rowdies hardly had time to get the door closed and the solid window shutters closed when my men got up on the porch in front of the store. They received a volley out of the windows, but fortunately nobody was killed.

"There happened to be two or three stanchions lying loose and close by the porch. Our fellows got them and battered the door down. When the door fell the mob went out the back way. Our fellows kept after them, and they went right into the next store, through the back door and windows, and through the store into the street, with my men right behind them. They chased the rowdies through nearly all the stores in town, and then came down the street to the corner to where I stood. It looked to me then that they had done enough, and I called the men off. They started back to loading the show on the train.

"I didn't think there was a soul left around any place, but all at once, when one of my canvasmen was walking along the side of a car somebody ran up behind him, and stuck a big knife in his back.

"Well, Gil happened to see the fellow with the knife, and he took a shot at him. He was at the head of our crowd, down near some cotton bales on the platform of the depot, and just as he shot somebody yelled to him to look out, and he turned around. A fellow ran out of a store with a shotgun in his hands, and took aim at Gil. He jumped behind a cage, and just as he did the gun went off. I suppose a dozen to twenty buckshot went through that cage, which happened to have a hartebeest in it. It didn't live long after that, and when it died we cut it open. There were six big buckshot in him.

"We began to load the horses down at the end of the train away from where the first fighting took place, when along came a lot more rowdies. They stood back in the dark, and commenced shooting at my men as they were loading the horses. They hit one of my men, but didn't kill him. But that intimidated my men, so that it was all that I could do to keep them at work, and to get the show loaded.

"After a while things got so serious that something had to be done, so one of my assistant bosses went up to the oil wagon, and got three or four buckets of coal oil. He carried them into the square in front of the stores while the mob was shooting at us half a square up the street. The boss yelled to the crowd that if another shot was fired, or he heard anybody make another threat, he was going to saturate the store in front of him, and, in fact, the whole town, and set fire to it. To make his threat good, he threw the oil on the roof of the store. That settled things there, and a little after dark we got loaded, and got away, as we thought, without any further trouble to be expected.

"But it only had begun. About a mile and a half out of the town there was a trestle that we had to go over. Some of the rowdies slipped out there and commenced to saw it in two, while a lot of others hid themselves in the bushes along the railroad. They shot into our train as we went along, but everybody was well protected, except one canvasman, who let his foot hang over the edge of a wagon. He got his big toe shot off. The fellow who did that must have taken good aim.

"When we got to the trestle it held together while our trains went over it, but the next train, which happened to be a freight, was wrecked.

"Some little distance down the road there was a junction and the rowdies had telegraphed down there to stop the show train, or to telegraph to Houston to arrest the whole show; that warrants were on the way. The telegraph operator there was friendly to us, and he didn't repeat the message. So, we went through without a hitch.

"That was a sort of a surprise to the rowdies, because we were billed for Houston, and they thought we were going to stop there, but we were routed to Galveston first. Then we were to come back to Houston, and go up through the state. By the time they discovered their mistake we were in Galveston, where we were to show four days, Friday, Saturday, Monday and Tuesday.

"We didn't go into the state again for years. Then a party of Texas lawyers and newspapermen made a tour of the North. They intended to visit Cincinnati, but nobody seemed to pay much attention to their visit.

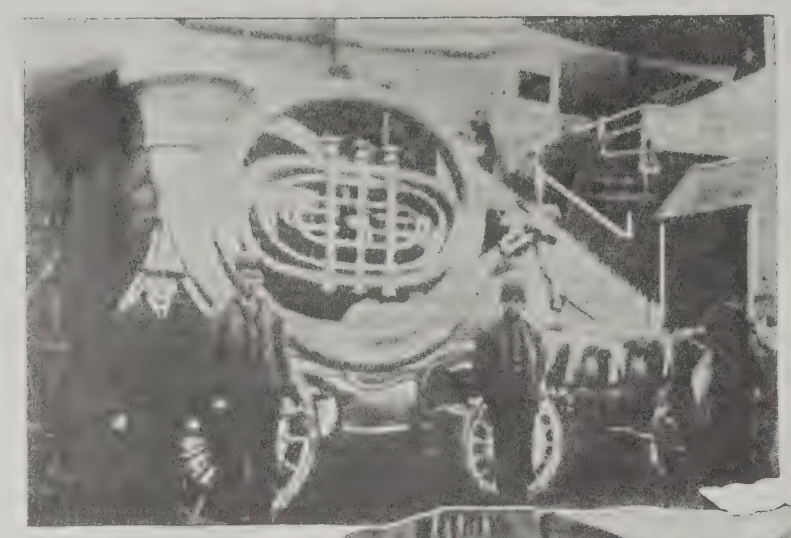
"'Gil,' I said to my brother one day shortly before the party was due to arrive, 'here's how we can help ourselves in Texas. Let's get the mayor, and a bunch of our friends and entertain these Texas fellows right.'

"And we did it. When the delegation arrived we took them to one of the big hotels, and had a spread for them. The mayor welcomed them, and there was a lot of speechmaking. Incidentally, one of the speakers said that Cincinnati was the home of the Robinson circus, and of our family. One of the Texas lawyers got up, and made a great speech.

"'If ever the Robinson circus comes to Texas,' he wound up, 'they can own the state.'

"'Now's our chance,' I whispered to Gil.

"We got that lawyer off to one side, and told him the circumstances. He said he would fix it up all right, and he did as soon as he got back home."







Top—The giant calliope. Center—Driving stakes, always an interesting part of show day to town people. Bottom—A Robinson circus den.

This is one of several stories by Barnet, on early circus life. The next will appear in an early issue.

English Taught in New Mexico

A Story of Our Native Spanish-American









Above—A rural schoolhouse in the Rio Grande Valley, New Mexico. Below—A schoolhouse in the Sandia Mountains, New Mexico. Note the wild and rugged country surrounding it.

Above—This is one of the Bernalillo County high school buses that carries students to and from their homes out in the country. At left—A rural New Mexican school teacher and two of her pupils.

By H. W. PATTON

"I WILL speak English."

Supposing you are a schoolboy or girl and every time, during school hours, you uttered a word in the language of your fathers and your forefathers, which also is your common language, you are compelled to write the foregoing sentence 500 times as a penalty, would it cure you?

That is what the schoolboys and girls of New Mexico have to do if teacher overhears them speak a word in Spanish during school hours. If you do not think writing this short sentence 500 times is a task, try it! It means 8,500 strokes of a pen or pencil, and no boy or girl could do it in one session "after school," so the penalty is spread out, and the lesson is therefore all the more valuable to the "culprit."

At least 60 per cent of the people of New Mexico speak the Spanish language—some say they form 80 per cent of the population. These people resent being called Mexicans. They say they are Spanish-Americans, but Spanish is the language of their homes, and, of course, their children, of which they have many, speak Spanish with them. The youngsters speak Spanish among themselves outside of school hours, so it is difficult for them to stick to English during school hours, especially on the playgrounds at recess. However, with thoughts of writing "I will speak English" 500 times before them, they try to be careful. One hears much better English among the Spanish-American children of the cities and towns than among those in the rural districts. In the towns they mingle with real Americans, and naturally learn to talk English well. The children of the rural districts speak it in a much slower and studied manner.

The language question is one of the biggest problems the public school authorities of the newest state in the Union are facing, for it is realized that to become real Americans the people must speak the language of Americans. In the mountain districts adults are attending night school to learn English, but elsewhere efforts are being concentrated on children. Of course, the school children in the mountain districts are compelled to learn English and speak it during school hours, the same as the children in other districts.

New Mexico is rich in resources, and education is needed to develop these resources. Therefore the school system of the state is one of the best in the West.

Every facility is offered for boys and girls to attend school; in fact, they have to do it until they are 16 years old.

One often reads how great men of today walked miles to country schools in their boyhood. They tramped through rain and snow to obtain the rudiments of an education, but these little Spanish-Americans of New Mexico don't have any such hardships. In the first place, it rains very little in the state, and snow, except in the mountain districts, is rare. But even with almost ideal weather conditions these boys and girls in the rural districts of the Rio Grande Valley don't walk. Every school district has buses to take the children to school and bring them home again.

True, the country buses are not elaborate affairs, but they are comfortable. The counties provide the buses and let the job of transporting the children out on contract, the man landing the contract providing the horses and their sustenance. Each contractor gets from $40 to $50 a month for this service, but he makes only two trips a day, which gives him considerable time around his ranch. It also is provided in the contracts that if there is anything the children ought to see in the cities or towns, the contractors must drive them in.

Bernalillo County has a fine high school in Albuquerque, and students from many sections of the county attend, as well as hundreds from the city. The students from the rural districts don't have to worry about getting to school and home again, for the county has provided motor buses for their transportation, and this is free, too.

There are some beautiful little schoolhouses in the Rio Grande Valley, the architecture of the fronts of many giving a strong hint of old Spain. The schoolhouses in the mountain districts are not so attractive, but they are comfortable. Every school has its playground, and a great number of them have basket ball courts, this game being a favorite among Spanish-Americans.

For four months I lived close to one of the rural schools in the valley, and watched the children at their studies and at their play. They seem apt pupils and eager to learn. The school yards are always dusty, but this never bothers the boys, for almost without exception they wear overalls. I learned something about the little girls. After they are well away from school and out of hearing of teacher they are not a bit backward about approaching a stranger, with this request:

"Da me una niquelle?"

Spanish is not one of my accomplishments, so I said to the first one, a girl of eight or nine:

"No savvy."

When she discovered that I spoke English, she said:

"Give me a nickel to buy candy."

After that, whenever any of the children said "Da me una niquelle" I knew what was meant. It was peculiar that none ever asked for so small a coin as a penny.

The teachers in the schools in the valley have it comparatively easy compared to those in the mountain districts. In the valley the schools are all graded, the number of pupils determining the number of teachers. In the mountains there is only one teacher to each school. There are 15 such schools in the Sandia Mountains in Bernalillo County, and the majority of the teachers undergo genuine hardships, said Miss Irene Burke, county superintendent of schools.

"Some of the districts over there in the mountains become snowbound," said Miss Burke, "and the teachers are sometimes isolated for weeks, even months. Even when the snow leaves, the roads are very often impassable because of mud, so they are compelled to stay right in their little communities.

"There are a couple of American settlements in the mountains, and the teachers in those districts fare a little better. The others are all Spanish-American settlements, and the teachers have to live with these people, only getting out for a look at real civilization occasionally. The teachers in such districts usually rent a room in a humble Spanish-American home and do their own cooking."

The only way of reaching the mountain schools is by motor car or wagon, and to reach some of them, one must travel away around the north of the mountains and down the other side.

Three of the schools in the valley have running water, and one has its own power plant. Domestic science, with electrical equipment, has been introduced in three of these rural schools, and the Spanish-American girls are taking to it in great shape. Many of them were good cooks before the schools began teaching domestic science.

The county employs a school nurse, whose duty it is to visit both the valley and mountain schools. She examines the pupils for affected tonsils and adenoids. If the parents of afflicted children are too poor to pay to have the trouble removed, there are always volunteer physicians to perform the service. Vaccination, which is compulsory, is free, too.

While I was in Miss Burke's office, a gray-haired Spanish-American came in and overheard some of the conversation.

"Yes, it's nothing like the old days," he said. "When I went to school out here each boy was required to bring a few sticks of wood to school every day to keep the fire going. We didn't have a bus to take us home, either."

Does this educational work among a foreign-speaking population pay?

Any New Mexican, whether he is a native-born American or a Spanish-American, is emphatic in his reply in the affirmative. It is pointed out that the state is making great forward strides. Attention also is called to the unusually large number of Spanish-Americans from this state who enlisted in the World War. One also is referred to the number of Spanish-Americans who volunteered for service on the border and in old Mexico following the Villa raid on Columbus, New Mexico, in 1916. Those occasions were real tests of what education in Americanism is doing, the average New Mexican says.

Actors' Lot Improved, But Struggle Continues

Equity Association Has Done Much to Aid Profession

By HENRY ADAMS

ONE of the most significant conflicts ever waged against systematic oppression and for the preservation of the principle of manhood and womanhood of a profession numbering thousands of refined and cultured individuals, has been that between the actors and the men controlling the American theater. It culminated in the now historic actors' strike declared by the Actors' Equity Association in the summer of 1919. That there are still at work forces which would undermine the organization has been made apparent recently for the first time in the annals of the stage.

The strike welded the rank and file of the professional players into a solid phalanx. Men and women banded under the A. E. A. desperately resolved to emancipate themselves from the intolerable injustice to which they had been subjected. It was not a fight for higher wages. Young and old, veterans and novices of the realm of the footlights, combined to shake off the shackles of Jewish despotism—and won!

It was more than a strike. It was a revolution—a fight for liberty, the climax of decades of injustice and seven years of negotiations and diplomatic *pour parlers,* with the actors on one side, and on the other the same shrewd, grasping group of Jewish managers that had broken the resistance of their Gentile rivals, the old-time managers who clung to legitimate standards and were in the producing field for the love of good acting and artistic drama. With their forced retirement the actors lost their staunchest champions and best friends.

With the advent of the Jewish managers and their control of the American stage, about 1885-86, the actor's life and career took a new turn. There had been an air of romance over the mystery of the stage, and amid that mysterious atmosphere flourished the art of the actor. It was the period of Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, Lawrence Barrett, W. E. Sheridan, John E. Owens, Frank Mayo, W. J. Florence, R. D. McLean, Louis James, John T. Raymond, Madame Janauschek, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Marie Wainwright, Marie Prescott, Lotta and Minnie Maddern (Mrs. Fiske).

Profession Is "Systematized"

WITH the dominance of the Theatrical Trust the time-clock system was introduced. To employ a favorite term of the trust, the profession was "systematized" and "put on a business basis," and individuality and artistic ambition were muzzled and chained.

The trouble was this: The trust reduced its overhead charges to an exact business calculation but refused to apply its principles beyond the curtain line. It wanted all the concessions that constituted the unwritten law between the actors and the old-time managers, who had shared their joys and sorrows in a truly fraternal spirit—insisting on a monopoly of all the benefits while imposing its own factory regulations, counting room methods and centralized control on a highly temperamental, idealistic class of artists, whose professional success was fundamentally grounded on happy abstraction and ignorance of the philosophy of profit and loss.

By 1910 the stage had got into such condition that the manager could make an actor or actress sign a contract which kept them on his reserved list for a matter of three or four months without pay and then discharge them without recourse.

Of course, the courts were open to the injured parties. But resort to the courts was the rarest of occurrence because it meant being black-listed.

They could be rehearsed daily for from four to six weeks in preparation for a new production and discharged at the end of that time without a word of explanation or apology, and, of course, without a cent of pay.

They were expected, and in fact, compelled to play the week before Christmas for half the amount of their stipulated salaries because, traditionally, the week before Christmas is the saddest of the year from a box-office point of view; but though holiday week, the week between Christmas and New Year's, is the most profitable to the manager of any week in the year, the actor's pay was not correspondingly increased. He was forced to share the manager's losses without a claim or his increased profits.

One of the most shameless conditions imposed upon him—one that proved a particular hardship to the female members of the profession—was the expense incurred for "dressing a part." In some plays a woman is expected to wear two or three changes of gowns, running up into a total of hundreds of dollars. If the play failed the company was disbanded and the loss fell upon the actress. At best she could claim only two weeks' salary.

Leading Figures Aid Greatly

A FINAL great offense against the children of the stage was a provision in the contract which relieved the management of all obligations to pay return fares. In nine cases out of ten notice to close simply meant that the tour was conducted at a loss; some unhappy town was burdened with a lot of stranded actors, and some fairly decent women had to sell themselves, in extreme cases, to procure the wherewithal to pay return railroad fares.

To the everlasting credit of the profession it must be stated that these steps were taken by men least affected by the conditions complained of. The corrective measures were taken by those who had much to lose and nothing, practically, to gain; and it was the purity of their motives, the wholly unselfish spirit manifested by them, that insured the success of the movement.

On Sunday evening, December 22, 1912, a meeting of actors was held at 133 West Forty-fifth street, New York City. The purpose had been to assemble a general committee of one hundred to discuss "the present unjust conditions of the actor's profession." About eighty persons were present. After several hours of general discussion a committee was appointed to develop plans. This committee consisted of Messrs. Albert Bruning, Frank Gillmore, Charles D. Coburn, William Harcourt and Milton Sills.

These gentlemen held several meetings, and on February 7, 1913, reported that they found themselves confronted by work of such momentous importance and extensive scope that they had been impelled to draw others of their brother-actors into their conferences and deliberations, and the committee was augmented by the addition of seventeen others, including Francis Wilson, Grant Stewart, Cyril Scott, Bruce McRae, Richard Bennett, Robert Edeson and Wilton Lackaye.

The committee emphasized its simple demand for justice. "Our movement is in no sense a crusade; what we seek is a re-establishment of the best form of contract previously prevailing under the best managers: a renaissance, not a revolution. It is an endeavor to uphold and advance the dignity of our calling."

The movement had fortunately got into the hands of seriously minded men with a love of decency, cleanliness and fair play, who did not wish to shirk their task. The committee held thirty meetings and with the aid of legal counsel had drafted a tentative form of contract as well as a constitution and by-laws, and at the same time submitted at a general meeting on May 26, 1913, a carefully chosen list of men who had consented to serve as councilmen and officers. The latter consisted of Francis Wilson, president; Henry Miller, vice president; Bruce McRae and Howard Kyle, secretaries, and Richard A. Purdy, treasurer.

This was the birth and genesis of the Actors' Equity Association.

Gentiles to the Fore

HENRY MILLER retired after a brief affiliation with the organization, as he is a manager as well as an actor (the office of vice president being at present filled by Miss Ethel Barrymore), and Mr. Kyle retired from the position of secretary shortly before the strike, his place being taken by Mr. Grant Stewart, the responsible office of executive secretary going to Mr. Frank Gillmore. In addition to the regular officers, the council of 1915 consisted of Edwin Arden, George Arliss, Holbrook Blinn, Albert Bruning, Arthur Byron, Charles D. Coburn, Edward Connelly, John Cope, Frank Craven, William Courtleigh, Jefferson DeAngelis, Robert Edeson, Edward Ellis, Grant Mitchell, Milton Sills, Charles A. Stevenson, David Warfield, John Westley, Thomas Wise. General counsel, Paul N. Turner.

The names are specially mentioned here because on these largely devolved the burdens of carrying the organization through its trials and tribulations. Warfield retired after serving a short time and took an attitude antagonistic to the strike, and this practically eliminated the only Jew in the list of officers. (Two or three did serve on the council, but their attitude was negative.)

After two or three years of mutual sparring a splendid "get together" banquet was arranged at the Hotel Astor, at which conciliatory and diplomatic speeches were delivered.

The most ready response had come from the Gentile managers. A number of the latter recognized the equity of the actors' demands, and almost from the first worked in harmony with the organization, whereas the Shuberts and Alf Hayman led the opposition and persisted in issuing their own contracts. But by persistent pressure and negotiations a so-called standard, or "Equity," contract was finally agreed upon.

The strike of 1919 was brought about by a clear evasion of the terms of the standard contract and the arrogant refusal of the managers to meet representatives of the A. E. A. for a conference on the grievances growing out of these persistent evasions. The A. E. A. became an affiliated branch of the federation. The long and trying period of dickerings and irritating, fruitless efforts to reconcile constantly arising differences was at an end.

Mr. Frank Gillmore, executive secretary of the A. E. A., had vainly warned the Producing Managers' Association against the folly of disregarding the desire for a parley on a fresh accumulation of grievances growing out of infractions of contract (largely by the Shuberts), and with the final declination of the opposition to give the actors a hearing, the strike was declared.

Some slight internal frictions and jealousies led a few to desert; others had their artistic sensibilities wounded by the prospect of becoming affiliated with Labor, and a few others, who had turned managers themselves, were faced with the necessity of choosing between the actors and the managers, and cast their lot with the latter. But the official staff of the A. E. A. remained practically unimpaired, with Francis Wilson president; while thousands of actors who had formerly held aloof, half persuaded that an actors' organization would not endure through a storm, now flocked to the banners of the A. E. A. and helped enthusiastically to carry the fight to a successful issue. The organization had suddenly grown from between 700 and 800 members to 10,000 and more, and its contract was formally accepted by the managers for a second time.

Those who had conceived the bold project laid down the fundamental principles of organization, put it on its feet, ready to walk, and supplied the generalship for the strike, and the strategy for the conduct of the campaign were Gentiles almost without exception. In the end two or three Jewish actors reaped some notoriety from a spectacular manifesto of loyalty to the actors, but even more conspicuously, Jews like Louis Mann proclaimed their hostility to the A. E. A. as the leaders of the opposition in the ranks of the actors themselves.

The great fight for principle was won. With its increased revenues and the prestige of its success, the A. E. A. was able to expand and extend its benefits to the chorus girls, mercilessly exposed to every species of wrong and of tyranny.

Shuberts Still Recalcitrant

BUT it should not be assumed that the efforts to steal the fruits of its victory have relaxed. More than any others the Shuberts continue to be the greatest obstacle in the path of harmony, and though they are parties to the agreement reached as a result of the strike, *Equity,* the official organ of the A. E. A., in its February issue contains the text of formal charges filed with the Producing Managers' Association. The various counts in the bill of complaint are introduced in the following letter clipped from the issue of *Equity* of the current month:

January 13, 1921.

Producing Managers' Association,

Gentlemen: With regret we submit herewith definite charges of flagrant and continued violation of the basic agreement between us of September 6, 1919, by the Messrs. Lee & J. J. Shubert. These reveal, among other abuses, unfair discrimination, failure to give contracts, failure to pay according to contract, and discharge of actors who complain of such failure—all fundamental matters.

The settled policies of the Messrs. Shubert, clearly evidenced by these violations, are opposed to that of nine-tenths of your members, who live up to this agreement and with whom we have worked in harmony, and for this reason, and also because you are the guarantor of performance in good faith of each producing member, and therefore cannot countenance such a policy, we request, upon confirmation of these charges, that all relations between you and the Messrs. Shubert be severed.

Yours very truly,
Actors' Equity Association,
FRANK GILLMORE,
Executive Secretary.
Chorus Equity Association,
DOROTHY BRYANT,
Executive Secretary.

According to late reports, the Shuberts, when apprised of this action, decided to "talk things over" with a view to coming to some amicable understanding with this pestiferous Gentile association, which has done so much to rescue the theatrical profession from the degradation toward which it was heading under the Jewish monopoly of the stage and Jewish control of actors and actresses.

What the A. E. A. Has Done

THE influence of the A. E. A. can be clearly and briefly summarized after less than two years of power:

It is making the theatrical profession a cleaner profession than it could possibly be under previous conditions.

It is breaking the shackles which the Jewish theatrical brokers and speculators were riveting upon the wrists of actors and actresses.

It has cast a protecting arm around the weak and helpless.

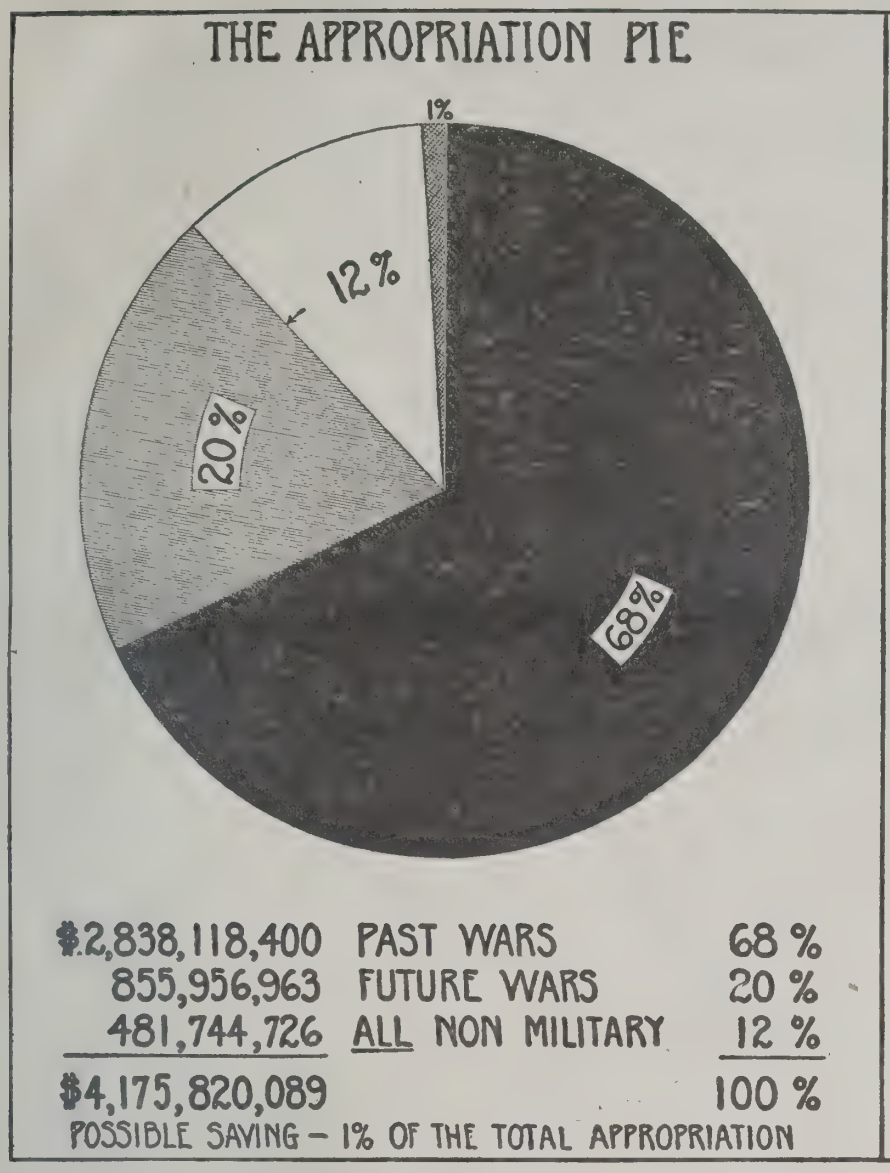
It has put a new spirit of professional consciousness, pride and self-respect into the men and women of the stage.

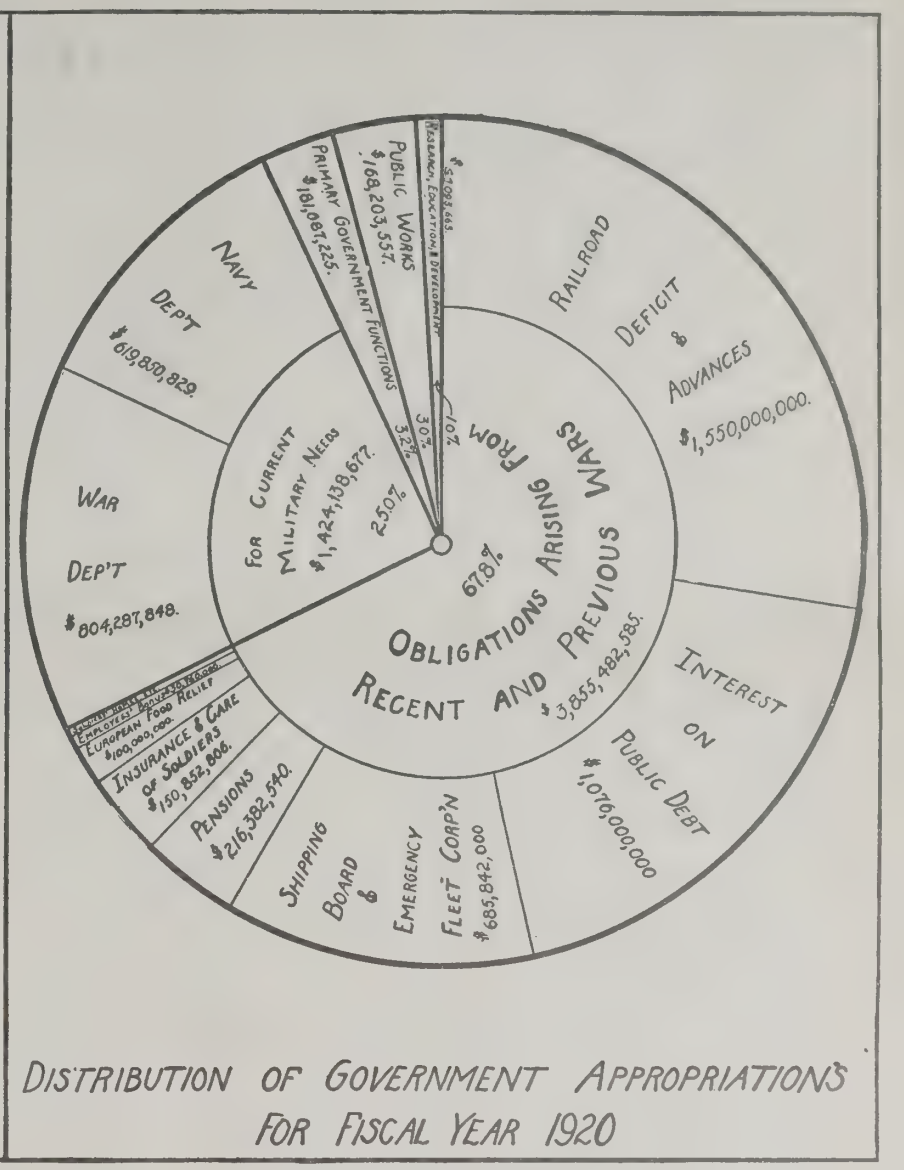
Its vigilance is steadily tending to defeat the activities of the so-called shoe-string promoters of theatrical enterprises who are so largely responsible for the unsavory reputation that gained headway when women were left unprotected from unscrupulous managers, their temporary masters.

Its chief claim to universal respect and encouragement rests on the splendid foundation that its efforts rarely, if ever, are directed to the regulation of wages, but are specifically centered on moral problems, on elevating the character of the profession, by shielding it to the utmost of its power from contact with vicious exploiters.

"World Disarmament First!"—The Slogan

Concluded from page 7





DISTRIBUTION OF GOVERNMENT APPROPRIATIONS FOR FISCAL YEAR 1920

at the earliest possible moment for considering disarmament.

Keeping in mind the President's desire to maintain close co-operation with the legislative branch of the government, it may be that this "earliest possible moment" will synchronize with the meeting of the 67th Congress in special session. He may contemplate communicating his plans to Congress or be waiting an expression of Congressional opinion on the subject. He has full authority, however, to go straight ahead with an invitation to foreign nations to join the United States in such a conference and if he acts at once on the authority conveyed in the Hensley amendment to the naval appropriations bill of 1916, it is believed that the conference could be under way in less than two months. The whole question of disarmament practically narrows itself down to one of naval building programs, and this in turn distils into one of battleships. The battleship, perhaps more than any other object, seizes on the popular imagination as a symbol of modern warfare. This monstrous machine involving an initial cost of anywhere from twenty-five to forty million dollars to produce has a horribly formidable appearance and one calculated to strike terror to the heart of man. Sixteen such ships, including two airplane carriers at a cost of $28,000,000 each, are provided for in the three years' building program submitted by Secretary Daniels.

Last week, Senator Borah himself explained his proposal for a "naval holiday." The next article in this series will deal with the immediate repercussions caused by his resolution as brought out in the hearing before the House Naval Affairs Committee.

Won World Trade—Can We Hold It?

Concluded from page 11

by offering the foreign buyer the long-term credits to which he is accustomed.

But, above all, if we are to keep our place in the European market what we need at once is a well-organized system for gathering world trade information. England is reasserting herself in the markets of the world, not because of the superiority of her goods, but because of the superiority of her sources of information. She has recently organized a department of over-sea trade which prevents duplication by individual English firms in the gathering of information. Moreover, this department, which was created by the British Foreign Office and is considered a part of it, directs British trade so that there shall be no murderous competition between English firms in foreign markets. This trick they learned from the Germans by studying the methods of trade combinations of rival firms.

In contrast to the highly organized system for obtaining accurate trade information used by the British and French, stands the individual efforts of isolated American banking firms who are novices in world trade. The English business man has full use of the trade information gathered for him by the British Foreign Office. Then we find such combinations of English traders as the representation for British Manufacturers, Limited, that puts up a bold trading front to the world. Moreover, the diplomatic services of Great Britain and most European countries are functioning first, last and all the time, in the interest of the traders of their respective countries. Our diplomatic service, unorganized, without trade experts and men permanently assigned to make trade conditions their life work, functions as a splendid tourist agency, but rarely as the accurate business guide for the American trader. In recent years, several banking firms have organized foreign trade research departments, but they cannot be compared with the vast systems maintained by old-fashioned European houses.

In some quarters we hear a great deal of talk about the combinations of European firms to "drive the American out of world markets." One reads wild editorials denouncing the actions of our "ungrateful Allies" in "waging war" on our financial supremacy. We lack a certain appreciation of the task of trade reconstruction which confronts a European country in the restoration of her credit. It is all to the advantage of the European nations to sell to us, for as long as their gold streams over the Atlantic to pay for American goods their rate of exchange drops. If Europe is ever to reach normalcy, she must do it by paying her interest on war loans in manufactured products rather than with her depleted stocks of gold.

The question of these war debts is a very serious one to the European governments. England is the only European nation today that is seeing daylight on this question.

The figures of the war debt tell a very dramatic story. They are America's real mastery. The indebtedness of the various Allied countries is arrayed, as follows:

War Loans—Current Financial Chart.

Country	Am't Borr'd	Am't Repaid	Bal. Due
Great Britain—	$4,277,000,000.00	$ 80,181,641.56	$4,196,818,538.44
France—	2,987,477,800.00	31,449,357.55	2,956,028,448.45
Italy—	1,631,338,986.00	Not Reduced	1,631,338,986.00
Belgium—	349,214,467.89	10,000.00	349,204,467.89
Russia—	187,729,550.00	Not Reduced	187,729,550.00
Czecho-Slovakia—	60,524,041.10	Not Reduced	60,524,041.10
Serbia—	26,780,465.56	605,326.34	26,175,039.22
Rumania—	25,000,000.00	1,794,180.48	23,205,819.52
Greece—	10,000,000.00	500,000.00	9,500,000.00
Liberia—	26,000.00	Not Reduced	26,000.00

In addition, the United States Liquidation Commission sold our war supplies to Europe on credit extended to the amount of $140,104,021.84. Four hundred million dollars was realized through our agreement with France for the purchase of war material in a lump sum. We sold Poland stocks amounting to $60,000,000. In addition, Herbert Hoover is said to have received $80,000,000 in obligations for foodstuffs.

Certainly, 1921 merits our special prayers for the development of an established trade and financial policy of the United States toward the world. The Harding administration faces a real problem in developing a consistent trade policy, based on honorable principles of enlightened self-interest, which would not tarnish our reputation as a nation that cannot play false to the world. It is within our power to look upon Europe as inhabited by subject people. A consistent world trade policy would check the American exploiter of Europe's financial dilemma and would insist that we should never become party to political intrigues to gain advantages in trade. By holding aloof from the system of bribery and bullying, today the key to success in some markets, we may be able to establish a precedent for honor in world trade.

Our first need, then, if 1921 is to continue our European mastery, is to develop a world trade policy that shall embody the best traditions of our domestic business. The history of success in American business has been a history of honest dealing based on honorable competition. To carry this out in world trade we need a readjustment of our diplomatic service to give us accurate trade information so that we will not trade with the world in the dark. The function of this new diplomatic service is twofold; it must check the unscrupulous American who is out to trade unfairly with the world, and it must check the foreigner who would trade unfairly with us. For only by being true to the real American spirit in trade, a spirit inspired by friendly competition and mutual trust, can we best assert our mastery in the new era that must follow the present confusion of a Europe that is weary of overwhelming ambitions for world subjection.

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Briefly Told

The New York legislature has passed a law making it a misdemeanor for a person to engage in the business of theater ticket "scalping" on the street, near the premises of a theater or in a place of amusement.

Harding's inaugural cost but $1,500 out of an appropriation of $50,000.

Josephus Daniels, as a reporter for a North Carolina paper, recently visited his successor, Secretary of the Navy Denby.

Pioneers of the Klondike who braved the rigors of the North more than twenty years ago are founding an organization to be known as the Yukon Order of Pioneers.

A Stockholm physician is reported to have discovered the microbe of sleeping sickness and to have established the fact that the disease is infectious. Rabbits were inoculated with brain substance from persons who had died of the disease.

Utah has banned the sale of cigarets.

The Hatfield-McCoy feud that raged for nearly thirty years in the Kentucky-West Virginia mountains and resulted in twenty-six known deaths and an untold number of "disappearances" started in an argument over the ownership of two razorback hogs.

Prepared to launch a terrific attack upon profiteering landlords, five carloads of militant tenants from Chicago arrived in Springfield recently. Upon their arrival they formed in line and paraded to the capital waving banners and placards designed to produce the proper effect upon the members of the legislature.

Blanket-like strips of asphalt of 25 to 50 feet in length and varying in thickness up to several feet have been cast up along several miles of the Quintana beach in Texas. The beach for a long distance has taken on the characteristics of a motor speedway.

A law prohibiting street railways from charging more than half-fare for passengers obliged to stand was passed by the Missouri house of representatives recently.

The reason why Britain's new coinage quickly assumes a greenish yellow tint is through constant contact with bar booze, according to officials of the Royal Mint.

A research worker of Twickenham, England, claims to have achieved the manufacture of synthetic alcohol on a commercial scale at a cost of five cents a pint.

The Japanese bury their dead in a sitting posture following a custom centuries old. This is done to save space. Three can be buried in the space of one American grave.

Marshals Foche, Joffre and Petain will read into gramophone records the orders issued by them during the war which have become historical and world famous.

Juan Fernandez Island off the coast of Chile, where Alexander Selkirk, the original of Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, spent four lonely years, is to be turned into a health resort by the Chilean Government. The island is 13 miles long and four miles wide.

In an effort to reform hardened drunkards the police of McKee's Rocks, Pennsylvania, have imported six Mexican pine and bull-head snakes. These reptiles are six feet in length and dangerous looking, but actually harmless. When a "drunk" is brought in he is given a berth with the snakes. Thus scared, he earns his release by promising to reform.

In order to learn at first hand unemployment conditions and how the city is meeting them, the mayor of Boston spent a night incognito at Wayfarers' Lodge, where the city feeds and shelters the homeless. He was not recognized in his frayed coat and faded hat until he returned to his office.

A liquid poison so strong that three drops will kill anyone whose skin it touches has been discovered by the Chemical Warfare Service. It is planned to use the liquid from airplanes, causing it to fall like rain.

Indians along the shores of St. James Bay and Eskimos in Hudson Bay territory are so short of food that they are killing their dogs in order to live.

As a result of a billion-dollar anti-trust suit filed by the Mississippi State Revenue Agent against fire insurance companies, all such companies ceased on March 1 to do business in that state.

A taxpayer of Georgia whose total tax is four cents insists on his right to pay it in four installments. For his first installment he bought a one cent money order for which he paid three cents.

"Uncle Charley" Patton, who is eighty years of age and has long been an employe of President Harding, arrived at the White House recently. He will receive some sort of employment there so he can be near his former boss.

Crooked baseball is a felony in New York State, according to a bill signed by the governor recently. The bill provides that any one offering a bribe to a player to "throw" the game is guilty of a felony, as well as the player who accepts it.

A measure providing that lethal gas be used for inflicting the death penalty in Nevada was passed by the Senate recently and sent to the governor.

The Mexican Congress has adopted an ordinance setting apart seven large areas in widely separated parts of the Republic as national parks and reservations.

A Swedish engineer, after ten years' experimenting, has succeeded in inventing a "speaking film" which, it is claimed, insures the simultaneous production of picture and sound.

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John Burroughs Comes A-Calling



IN THE DOORWAY AT "SLABSIDES"

LATE one October afternoon John Burroughs walked into the editorial rooms of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, laid his broad-brimmed hat upon the desk and sat down, his keen eyes beaming benignantly as he took in the various objects within sight.

"Where do you do your writing?" was one of his first questions.

It was a busy place and not always free of noise; certainly nothing like the peace of Slabsides where John Burroughs did much of his work.

"Oh, I would have to have it much quieter than this if I were to write," he said, but added that he did not have the advantage of being trained in a modern newspaper shop.

He still liked to write with a pencil and said he did most of his work that way. Forming the letters of each word gave him time to think, he said; a typewriter ran on so rapidly.

Mr. Burroughs had previously written a letter of friendly judgment upon THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, taking each article in its turn and giving his opinion of it, perfectly unaffected in his praise, perfectly frank in his analysis.

He was quite elated that day. After more than 80 years on this planet he had seen, only the day before, a species of bird of which he had often read and studied, but had never before met. It was a bird of the far North to whom a Michigan winter is as summer, and who had come South to summer among our snows. In a little clump of woods, while out walking, Mr. Burroughs had come on his first sight of the bird, and his almost boyish exclamations of delight were heard for days afterward. It was really an "event" in his life. Anyway, the newspaper men seemed to get that opinion, for the fact that John Burroughs, over 80 years old, had seen a certain bird for the first time in his life, was telegraphed over the United States.

Mr. Burroughs talked about many things. He was unfeignedly pleased to find that the men who were talking to him had read his "Wake Robin" when they were in school, in the old Riverside Series, and were holiday disciples of his on hill and river. As one of them said, "I have been wanting all my life to see John Burroughs, and here he comes walking in one afternoon and flings his hat on my desk."

The men he had met, he spoke of freely when questioned about them; perhaps more reverently of Emerson than any of them. The others were celebrities; Emerson was a great teacher. There was something almost like religious reserve when he spoke of Emerson as a man, and his works were as familiarly quoted as if they were Scripture, as to Burroughs perhaps they were.

Carlyle was also a "great fellow." What was he like? Well, he talked like a battle, and he laughed like a storm. He laughed with anger and with scorn, mostly with scorn; when he was pleased perhaps he laughed less. But he suffered much. His hands were large and soft—he had not forgotten the feel of Carlyle's hand. Rich Scotch speech, with the world all wrong and lightning-like glimpses of the truth it needed to set itself right: that was Carlyle.

One memorable story was told by John Burroughs that afternoon, which served to link three great names together and give one a sense of the nearness of all things, after all. Burroughs had gone over to England to visit the literary heroes of his youth. Carlyle was at that time endeavoring to convert an English intellectual to the philosophy of Goethe. And so the great Scotchman wrapped up a package of Goethe's manuscripts, tucked them under Burroughs' arm, and asked him to deliver them. It brought these men very near, to hear John Burroughs tell it all in the twilight of an October afternoon.

John Burroughs walked out of the office and across the fields to the house where he was a guest. He came but once more and then he pressed the button which started a new flour mill grinding wheat into flour. It was perhaps an act symbolic of his life.

Many people, since his passing, have recalled his lines:

"Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me."



STARTING A NEW FLOUR MILL AT DEARBORN

THIS WEEK

America's Floating Theaters

One-Crop System Disappearing

A Freak Map of the U. S.

Mr. Ford's Page

Editorials:
"War and Money"
"Education for Work"
"Old Joe Wordle"

The Jews Lunch With John Spargo

Foreign Correspondence from England and Australia

High Cost of Congress Oratory

Wisconsin Plan to Keep Nation at Work

Wisconsin Plan to Keep the Nation at Work

"THE great question today is how to get workingmen to work, get their good will and get them satisfied and loyal. Consequently the problem is to try to establish that same security of jobs that capitalists have secured for investments. Business has become efficient for the investor, but remains inefficient for the worker."

John R. Commons, of the economics department of the University of Wisconsin, is not a Socialist. But he has definite ideas on labor questions and has written more books and compiled more volumes on labor history than any other single author. He has also served as president of the American Economics Association. Mr. Commons helped to draft the Wisconsin Workmen's Compensation Act and served on the industrial commission for a term in the administration of the law.

At his request, bills have been introduced in several legislatures, notably New York and Wisconsin, to present his viewpoint. Maybe they will not pass. But he worked years for workmen's compensation and legislation to prevent accidents before his dream was realized. His new plan will also come, he says. And he will wait!

"Time has demonstrated under present laws that accidents did not pay," continued Professor Commons, "and it will demonstrate that unemployment does not pay and that it can be stopped.

"We must know that we are not considering simply the interests of the workingman but also the interests of employers and of the state. We are considering that we are in the midst of a great struggle between capital and labor and that the part of legislation is to do what it can to mitigate that struggle."

Employment Insurance

WISCONSIN had workmen's compensation and accident laws put on the books ten years ago largely at the behest of Professor Commons. By them industry pays for accidents and the burden is shifted to the public. These laws are the basis of his unemployment plan. Substitute into the workmen's compensation law the word "unemployment" where the word "accidents" occurs and you will have a practical draft of the unemployment bill. It provides for unemployment compensation of $1.50 a day for thirteen weeks. The same commission which administers the workmen's compensation laws would administer the unemployment statute as an added duty. Professor Commons talks about what he hopes to accomplish by this legislation in a simple way. He says the same opposition developed to compensation laws, but results under the laws when enacted proved his theories.

"I can perfectly appreciate the attitude of employers who at the present time look upon this proposition of unemployment prevention in the same way they looked upon accident compensation," said Professor Commons. "They have not been acquainted with it. I have talked with employers and have found this, that a very large number of them are awake to the question of unemployment and not only that but they think something can be done.

"I was speaking to a meeting along this line three or four years ago and contended that employers could prevent unemployment if there was enough money in it. Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce of the United States, who was on the program at that time, said that it could be accomplished and that he had done it in his own factory for the last thirty years. He is one of the big employers in the city of Brooklyn, New York, a firm in the machinery and metal trades, and since 1890 had not laid off any hands. They had great difficulty in avoiding it in the hard times from 1893-1897. They were skating on thin ice at that time, but notwithstanding, they succeeded. It is a very simple arrangement when you once put your business talent to figure it out. They simply tied up their sales department with their production department. Their salesmen were instructed not to take rush orders if the shop was already crowded, but to get their customers to spread out the work over the year and to get them to order early before the rush season came on.

Sales and Production

"I VISITED a year and a half ago, with some six of my graduate students, some thirty factories in the United States looking for the best practice in labor management. We found perhaps a half dozen firms that by a process of this kind had prevented unemployment. One of the great examples in the United States is the Dennison Tag Manufacturing Company. All of you know the shipping tags and tickets you get on the railroad. That company started out with a seasonal trade. They were manufacturers of Christmas cards. It used to be that no retailer would order Christmas cards until September or October and then the company would be crowded with work. They took on all the help they could get for two or three months and they laid them off as soon as Christmas came. The company then conceived the idea that both for the good of the plant in not having idle machinery and for the good will and loyalty of their workmen they should never lay off a man. So they tied up their sales and production departments.

"At the present time the Christmas cards that you will buy next Christmas have already begun to be manufactured. They have spread the manufacture out over the year because they put their business talent to figuring it out and their salesmen are instructed to take orders for delivery in such a way that the product can be manufactured throughout the year. Then they offer some discount for orders in advance. It is a matter of adjustment throughout the market.

"Then in addition to that they put in a number of side lines that would dovetail in at different seasons



DR. JOHN R. COMMONS

so that when they are not manufacturing one product they would be manufacturing another, and they trained their working force so that they could shift from one occupation to another. They set up an employment insurance fund by which they could carry themselves over a period of depression, just as a sound business corporation sets up a business reserve in order that it may continue to pay dividends during the period of depression. So they set up an unemployment reserve so that they can continue to pay wages during a period of depression, or to use it in stocking up goods instead of shutting down.

"I know of a number of firms that have this unemployment fund. They use it as a reserve to hire laborers and stock up during a period of depression, knowing that later on they can sell the goods. It means that you must begin two or three years in advance and build up your reserve while times are good and thus have a reserve not only for paying dividends but also for paying wages during a period of depression."

How It Works

THESE actual business demonstrations seemed convincing and he was asked why it was that employers generally did not follow this practice.

"Those with whom I have talked recognize its importance but they say it is impossible," Dr. Commons quickly replied. "They would say you cannot do it. The principal reason they cannot do it is because all of them do not do it together. A few of them may try to do this, try to spread out the work. Consequently these employers, a few of them, are at a disadvantage. These men who are not spreading out their work get all the orders. So competition prevents those who would like to stabilize employment from doing it.

"The reason why business men expand and why banks give them credit," explained Professor Commons, "is because when they have rush orders, like those of the last few years, they know that when the stoppage comes they can lay off all of their employes suddenly without notice. But under this system every man that the employer takes on adds a new liability. The employer does not escape his liability when he lays him off. He runs under the probability of being compelled to pay that man $9 a week for thirteen weeks.

"What happens now is something like this. The manufacturers in the state have rush orders. They get credit from the banks on future deliveries. Then they go out to look for labor. They pull laborers in from the farm and then after the job is finished they lay them off. One of my colleagues at the university spent last summer with a staff of people working for the Department of Agriculture at Washington. They interviewed some 200 migratory laborers and hoboes in the harvest fields of the wheat belt. They found that 60 per cent of them started in as farm laborers who were pulled into the city and then laid off and went back to the farm again, and then finally getting uncertain and unsettled they got the hobo habit. Sixty per cent of our hoboes are not foreign, but Americans who have been taken from the farm to the city and then thrown off without notice. This practice deprives the farmer of his laborers when he needs them most, then throws them back on him when he can do the least for them.

"So the proposition of an unemployment compensation law would consist in enlisting the aid of the banks and making the law universal.

"I know very well that no individual employer takes any satisfaction in laying off his men. But no individual can help himself. It is the system and the competition for profits that does it, and the fact that they do not all work together to prevent it. The same was true with accident prevention. It required accident compensation to get them all to work together to prevent accidents. To this one fact I attribute the bulk of the agitation of Socialism."

"What do you say to the charge that such a law would be paternalistic or socialistic?" He had anticipated the question.

"I claim that it is neither paternalistic nor socialistic, but capitalistic," came the reply. "In paternalism, if we followed the copy of England, we would have an entirely different proposition. England has had an unemployment insurance law for ten years. They started out insuring about 2,000,000 men in the building trades and now, since the war ended, they have increased the number to about 10,000,000. Under that law it is provided that the employer shall pay 40 per cent, the workingmen 40 per cent, and the state 20 per cent of the cost. Furthermore, that the state shall conduct the insurance business. Italy has copied England. But England waited too long to bring this about. They waited until four-fifths of their population were wage earners. We should not wait too long in this country.

Prevention, Not Relief

"WE HAVE only about one-third of our population as wage earners. We may wait like England and then adopt some plan to relieve the suffering of the workers. As I take it the idea in Wisconsin, as shown by our accident compensation law, is the prevention instead of the relief of unemployment.

"In the proposed measure for Wisconsin the employes are not asked to contribute anything, the employers carrying the whole burden through their insurance companies. It might seem that if the thing was unpreventable it would be proper for the workingman to contribute. But it is largely preventable and there is only one who is in a position to prevent it. The workingmen cannot prevent it, but the employer or business man and the banking system alone can prevent unemployment.

"Taking the manufacturing industries alone, you will notice that on an average 10 per cent are unemployed throughout the entire period. That means 10 per cent of fifty-two possible weeks, so that the average period of unemployment is about five weeks in the manufacturing industries of Massachusetts. In other words, the average man was unemployed five weeks and employed forty-seven weeks. Now it is during those weeks that they are employed that the employer builds up his insurance fund, and it is during those weeks of unemployment that he pays out his insurance fund. So you can figure out on the average about how much it will be.

"Assuming then that there was no unemployment prevention, assuming all of these averages for the manufacturing industries, we find that an insurance premium of about $1 a week for each employe would build up a fund of $45 for an average of five weeks at $9 a week. In other industries, like building trades, it may be larger. Suppose it runs from $2 to $4 a week for each employe while employed, according to the business of the employer. When it comes to making bargains for wages, $2 to $4 a week is not a very large item."

"Should both capital and labor contribute to a fund to prevent unemployment and will men work cheaper under such a system?" was suggested.

"It seems to me the employes should not contribute to the tax. Several years ago I looked up this matter in the city of Milwaukee and I found that carpenters in the building trades were getting 44 cents an hour for eight months' work. But the street railway company, which gave them steady work throughout the year, was paying them 26 cents an hour for the same kind of employment. Yet the men who were working at 26 cents an hour were making as much money in 12 months as those working in the building trades in eight months at 44 cents an hour. It certainly is a talking point with the employer to say that if I can give you steady work the year around you will make some reduction in your wages. I presume that the workers as well as the capitalist will see the point and that the workers will probably be willing to take less wages."

Not a State Function

THE measure drafted by Professor Commons applies to all corporations and to individuals who have three or more employes. The farming industry is exempted, because it is claimed the farmers cannot organize to prevent unemployment. No employment compensation shall be paid on account of strikes and lockouts.

The insurance for unemployment shall not be a state function. Employers themselves banded in mutual companies can best work this out. By the plan the various mutual insurance companies will organize themselves, as is already done in Wisconsin under the accident compensation law, into a bureau which shall determine the premiums and the rates so as to provide fair dealings among different ones.

"It seems to me that not only on the experience of what the individual employers can do, whom I have mentioned," concluded Dr. Commons, "but on the urgency of this great problem, on this miserable fluctuation and unbalancing of our civilization, we should consider whether or not it would not be better, instead of waiting until such time that the system becomes unworkable as it did in Europe, we should introduce such a measure as we did in the Wisconsin workmen's compensation law and extend it to unemployment prevention. It will work to the benefit of both employer and employe. It will do much to obliterate the hostility between labor and capital."

S.P.Q.R.+U.S.A.=C.P.Q.A.—at $17 a Minute

By A. R. PINCI

TWO thousand years ago the Romans had a Senate whose sovereignty was represented during parades by the cabalistic letters S. P. Q. R., which everybody has seen pictured and a few know what they mean. But the Roman Senatus was not so very much better than the American Senate, or, to put it differently, the American Senate is no improvement over the Roman institution, and probably costs more, because ours is figured in dollars and the ancient one in sestertii.

Some unidentified Latin wit who flourished about the year 0 or 00 said that "Senatores boni virl, senatus autem mala bestia," or in our vernacular, Senators are good old scouts but their legally constituted body is nothing to brag about. The French Senate has recently been alluded to as a gastronomic body; the modern Roman Senate is considered an old man's home, while the British House of Lords is disintegrating because whiskers are no longer the *sine qua non* of sapience.

So, taken by and large, constitutional government, parliamentally speaking, does not respect nationality. Parliamentally speaking means speaking about talkers. Etymologically, parliament means a place where to talk, but American Congressmen have indignantly refused to admit that they talk. They discuss and they confer. Occasionally, they elocute, and quote poetry or rhymed words.

There is a decided difference of opinion as between the taxpayer, who pays $1,061.74 an hour for its capitoline representatives at Washington, and the expenders thereof, who believe the people don't pay enough. They think they are worth more, and some actually say they are. They prove it by showing how they can make money for the people by taking it away from them via taxation.

Congress as It Sees Itself

MANY attacks have been made against Congress and individual members too. Humorists and dissenters have wrought satire at its expense, a not difficult thing to do, since a group of five hundred or so men, each representing idiosyncrasies that are perennially exposed, is human enough at times to oscillate from the sublime to the ridiculous. Yet our Congress is supreme and has no peer. Among themselves its members banter good-naturedly, laugh at their own pretensions, unmask each other's peccadilloes, and when one of them goes from their midst his colleagues hasten to find virtues with which no other mortal can ever hope to be credited. They will forgive everything except a member taking himself seriously, and this unwritten law is the safeguard of our legislative government. Ugly snarls are very rare and physical encounters rarer still.

Not that Congress is perfect—far from it. It is an artificial body held together by ambiguous and imperfect rules and regulations, and because it is subject to the human equation more than to anything else, it suffers now and then from kindred ills. Its sense of proportion, be it of value or utility, leaves much to desire. It is ready to vote tens of millions of dollars upon more or less futile laws but will retard the country's progress by withholding an extra and much-needed fifty thousand dollars. It is so human, however, that it makes the commonest of human mistakes—that of talking. It likes to talk about itself. The average member is so delighted with his job that like the little boy with his first pair of pants he likes to show off. He's no more conscious of showing off than is the child. He thinks he does the country a favor—which is a pose—by retaining his seat, but let there pass the word that he has opposition for it and lo! it is necessary to page an earthquake.

Congress is not an expensive institution in itself. It will surprise many to know that its cost last year was about nine cents an inhabitant. The bill was $9,300,895.53. By the hour it means $1,061.74, yet some of our best singers get twice as much for opening their mouths and making motions.

He Won Applause on This

CONGRESSMEN as a rule do not indulge in journalistic English. Here is a sample of oratorical fancy, in the name of the farmers:

"The men who live in great cities may let their lips curl in scorn and may let a laugh of derision appear on their countenance when we friends of the American farmer plead for relief for him; but I want to say to them that with all your boasted prosperity, with all your towers of brick and mortar which ascend toward the sky and receive the light of the morning sun, with all your busy looms and whirling spindles, that they will no more be heard and the sound of their wheels will no more vibrate in the air, and their palatial buildings which pierce the heavens will all become charnel houses of death and degradation unless you rehabilitate the farms of this country."

Applause? Of course; oodles and oodles of it. Three main topics can always be depended upon for applause, namely, the people, George Washington, the party; these in turn mean the farmers, the women, the workingmen; the Father of His Country, Lincoln, the Fourth of July, the nation; and the party—that means an eye to the coming elections. One of the profound mysteries about Congressmen is why they must quote poetry, a weakness that distinguishes the House rather than the Senate.

Because Congress likes to talk is not a serious thing; the joke is on Congress itself. Its maintenance expenses are fixed, and it costs the country just as much to keep at home as at Washington. The more its members talk the longer they must work and thereby cheat themselves. In the old days when both branches were "bossed" by recognized leaders only the privileged few talked and Congress adjourned promptly, its work done. Now about all of them talk—some with their fingers crossed, as it were, because they "extend their remarks." It is here that the gems of parliamentary literature are to be found if any one wishes to invite old age by a perusal of a few hundred million words.

To get a good slant at Congress it is more interesting to do it by jotting down the members' own appraisal of it. The following instances are from the proceedings of the last session.

"With fifteen Senators present," Senator Thomas said, addressing the Vice President, "the secretary, the reading clerk, the doorkeepers, the pages, and spaces filled with unoccupied and deserted seats—"

It was a caustic comment about absenteeism, which a few days before had tempted Representative Blanton, reputed to be the House's Peck's bad boy, to wax sarcastic because during the consideration of an appropriation bill involving several hundred millions of dollars only thirty members were present. He even suggested the adoption of shifts.

Senator Williams, of Mississippi, sharp as his middle name, in his observations said:

"This august body—and I call it by that adjectival description because it generally speaks of itself in that way—has reached a pretty pass if it cannot attend to legislation without unanimous consent." He alluded to the henpecking by leaders of the opposition.

Turning time back a few months, entertainment was never greater than when the question of the inaugural ceremonies was up for debate and the subject of kissing filtered in—the one ceremony Senator Borah had no objection against because it would not involve the Treasury. Even staid and unimpressionable Senator Knox found it insidiously pleasant, much to the delight of visitors.

Abraham Lincoln, it developed during the discussion, was kissed by or kissed (maybe both) thirty-four young ladies representing the states, and it was pointed out that if similar ceremonies were in order this year President Harding should be twelve kisses better off—glory be to the growing nation!

On another occasion, when voices mingled, the Vice President warned:

"The official reporters can report a duet, but not a quartet."

Even in defeat good nature is supreme. Champ Clark, beloved of the House, former speaker, defeated last year after thirteen terms, wanted to know why a Republican "came to have so small a majority as 22,000."

A drawback is the loss of time due to inconclusive investigations.

Argument at $17.69 a Minute

"WE HAVE not only the opposition of you gentlemen on the Democratic side," said Representative Graham, "but every time we get close to anybody who was a constituent of somebody we had opposition on our own side." This is an eloquent commentary upon investigations in general, which, though intended for the public good, frequently reduce themselves to political jockeying.

It is admittedly true that our Senate and House must be subject to some sort of self-imposed and recognized discipline, if parliamentarian chaos would be avoided; would, because it is not always successfully prevented; wrangles and snarls are occasioned during moments of high tension.

"It cost the taxpayers exactly $17.69 a minute for this sort of argument:

"Will the gentleman yield?"

"I dislike to refuse, but I have only four minutes."

"I do not want to take the gentleman's time, but I would like to supplement that if the gentleman will yield—"

"I cannot yield."

"The time of the gentleman from Alabama has expired."

"Mr. Chairman, I yield to the gentleman one additional minute."

"The gentleman from Alabama is recognized for one additional minute."

"Mr. Chairman, may I inquire how the time stands at present?"

"The gentleman from Iowa has fifteen minutes remaining, and the gentleman from Tennessee has fourteen minutes."

Debate was under way when interruption followed.

"Mr. Chairman, I make the point of order that the gentleman is not speaking to the item on the bill."

"Well, I will submit the question to the House as to whether I shall proceed for five minutes or not. But I have already received the consent of the House, and therefore I want to say, gentlemen, that—"

"I make the point of order, Mr. Chairman, that the gentleman is not speaking to the item."

"The gentleman from Iowa will state his point of order."

"The gentleman is not speaking to the item of the bill which is under discussion."

"Let us see if I am not. May I make a statement to the Chair?"

"The gentleman from Pennsylvania made a motion to strike out the last two words, and discussed that motion for five minutes, and then got unanimous consent to continue for five additional minutes."

"Yes, and I insist on my rights."

"I ask that the gentleman be allowed to proceed for five minutes out of order."

"The gentleman from Alabama asks unanimous consent that the gentleman from Pennsylvania may be permitted to continue during the remainder of his five minutes out of order. Is there objection?"

"Reserving the right to object, I stated to gentlemen on the other side of the House that I would make points of order on matters of this kind. My attention was not called to what the gentleman was discussing until we got into this uproar."

"No uproar at all."

"I must object."

"If the gentleman objects, I make the point of no quorum present."

"The gentleman from Illinois makes the point of no quorum present. The Chair will count."

While these technicalities, and such mysteries of verbosity as "out of order," speaking "to items" and "making a motion to strike out" cost money. Even the count of a quorum costs money.

Defeat—and Taxation

DURING the recent consideration of the appropriation bills the "economy streak" animated most Congressmen, but analysis of their attitude reveals that they have been, as usual in these circumstances, at cross purposes. Senator Ashurst made the startling comment some time ago that $2,000,000 a day in government expenses could be saved if members of Congress "did not fear defeat by their constituents" for being economical. Now this is no idle assertion. It comes very nearly to being so. Every constituency wants economy practiced at Washington, but at the expense of other constituencies. Every Congressman feels it. For instance, one member was defeated two years ago because he sponsored a bill requiring government clerks to work eight hours instead of seven and a half. It was an efficiency and logical measure, but politics and manipulation defeated its author. It is, moreover, an unpleasant example; as a commentary upon the attitude of voters toward efficient representation it is not complimentary to otherwise level-headed voters.

The Senate on its part has been the object of anathema for several years. This antagonism has gravitated toward a few of the better-known members, whose attitude has been obviously misinterpreted. Without entering into the merits of any controversy, it has become evident that the Senate wishes to remain the peer of the Executive. President Roosevelt was the first to deflate it by "big stick" methods only to realize that at best he made only a few dents. President Taft permitted it to go on like the legendary brook. His successor reined it in with something of a shock. The minority of the period was unable of course to combat the new master, and the majority never opposed orders. After losing sovereignty over itself in the Panama Canal toll law and thereby ignoring constitutional duty the Senate—or part of the Senate—forgot initiative until 1918. Strangely enough, it regained mastery through a slip of the very hand that had bound it; the fateful pre-election message of 1918 nullified previous authority.

It is frequently said that the Senate now is a poor imitation of the body it was twenty or thirty or fifty years ago. Never was a greater mistake made. There are fewer bosses and there are fewer second-rate men. Naturally, a few names stand out more conspicuously in the affairs of the day, but this does not imply that the rest are not capable men.

Half a century ago a single address was enough to make a member famous. Life was not so insistent and involved, and the country was willing to ponder over that one speech for several months, until another important one would displace it. Today brilliant speeches, regardless of subject, happen every day. And a member's speeches are no inconsequential matter; he faces defeat as he looks into the future far more than he begets glory as he regards the past. By political custom what good deeds a Senator or Representative has done are of little consequence; the last elections showed many going to defeat who for years had graced both houses and had served their constituents with utmost care.

Voters Must Change, Too

ONE thing is becoming more evident; Congress has evolved into an institution for youthful men, a quality that has no relation to age. Not dawdling along complacently, but most of the time driving itself to keep up with the dizzy march of events, it is not possible for members to become noted by their wit—not when the people are measuring by taxes. My observation is that the people, too, are unwilling to have fame descend upon their congressional representatives on the slender thread of quick wit.

One point must be made clear. If Congress is to be bettered, it is not by means of a change of personnel, but by a better understanding on the part of the voters. If voters vote intelligently it is certain that only intelligent candidates will run for office; this eliminates fraud, graft and misunderstanding. An intelligent electorate will not burden its chosen representatives with anomalous or onerous tasks that in the aggregate will not do the country much good even if they prove harmless.

The best-known Senators and Representatives are those who concern themselves not at all about pork and patronage. Yet they share in anything to which they are entitled. Their constituents rely upon them for their discretion and even if partisanship is sharp, their unbiased statesmanship.

In 1820 it cost the government about $24,000,000 to run itself; a hundred years later it cost $6,133,716,757. Congress by itself cannot make reductions; the people themselves must meet it halfway.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 24, April 9, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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War and Money

"THE next war" is a phrase on everyone's lips and to some it seems prophetic. That the last war was advertised as being "the war to end war" is well enough known, but there is a growing conviction that it did not live up to its reputation in this regard. The Peace Conference sowed the seeds of half a dozen wars, and even before the Peace Conference was called, the thing called Bolshevism had been firmly planted in Russia, from which it proceeds in radiating vexation to the whole world. If there is more fighting destined for the future, it will not be another war but a renewal of the last one, in which the real enemy and the real cause of war will be more clearly perceived.

One point seems to be reasonably clear, namely, that it is no longer possible to argue the financial situation of the nations as a prohibition against war. That is commonly done today: "The nations cannot afford any further fighting; they have no money to meet the expense of war," are statements heard on every hand.

The next war may not need money. Men and materials are the only two essentials of war. The world has already been schooled in the ease with which the one can be conscripted and the other confiscated. The theory of eminent domain is equal over men, materials and money, the possession of the first two rendering the third unnecessary in an emergency.

That is to say, a renewal of war may witness the absolute abolition of profiteering, and the "last of all wars" may also be the end of the money system which is one of the most pathetic jokers with which humanity has been saddled. And it is pretty certain that a profitless war will be the end of those influences whose chief interest in war is that it is a great money-maker.

Since 1914 much of the old ground on which the thought of mankind stood has been swept away. No one any longer predicates impossibility for anything. The struggle which ended in 1918 left the world with a sense of futile incompleteness; something attempted was not done. This something which is felt not to have been achieved is not the subjugation of any nation, but the elimination of certain forces which use nations as their pawns. The world is not changed, save that it has lost millions of its best, and has been sorely wounded in its dreams of peace.

The task which faces those who remain is harder than that which faced those who answered the bugles in 1914 and 1917. Disarmament must come, but through what process of readjustment, which must precede, it is difficult to forecast.

No blow so hard has ever been given the money system as the manner in which the governments manufactured it during the war and kept it usable, leaving it to the people to bear the heavy shrinkage which followed immediately after. During the last war the governments played with the superstition of money and made it work, but even the gold-god is now understood to be stuffed with sawdust.

Education for Work

THE real education of any man begins after he leaves school or university and starts in life—which means starts to work. In the old days, it was the fashion to sneer with nose in air at the idea that schooling to be of any real value should be a preparation for business. Only timidly and slowly has the academic aegis been extended over schools of law and of medicine, of dentistry and engineering, of horticulture and agriculture. "Trade" was long regarded, even in our own democratic republic, as somehow demeaning to an "educated man," and the practical business man reciprocated with cynical contempt for the "college man" in business. Now business bulks large in the curriculum of every large American university and schools of commerce, accounts and banking, as of technical training in industrial administration, are growing in importance each day.

The old college ideals were keenly satirized by the late Elbert Hubbard in his "Forbes of Harvard." Having pursued a university course after he had reached the age of 35 and made a fortune in business, Hubbard knew whereof he spoke. He never tired of making merry with the idea that a man could be educated by separating himself for four or six years from actual life and work and living under artificial conditions that fostered indolence and false ideals and notions. To him it seemed that life should be an education and education a life. The fundamental error of the old system which still lingers in full force in many countries was that it made a separation that nature never made in disjointing training and preparation from the very activities with which they were supposed to be concerned. This cloistral character, of course, is a survival of the historic origin of the university in the medieval monastery.

So it is exceedingly encouraging to find that educational ideas and educational systems are undergoing a change in the right direction. A particularly promising modern instance is the new departure of Union College of Schnectady, New York. Thanks possibly to its century-and-a-quarter of age, this institution swings into line a little late with its "drive" among its own alumni for three million dollars. But its forceful and businesslike appeal for money contains something more significant than the familiar cry for more buildings, equipment, higher salaries and general enlargement to take care of the vastly increased throngs of young men now seeking a "liberal education."

This is the definite avowal that size is not Union's ambition; that she prefers to receive fewer students and to take them further. This is to be done by making available to them all the opportunities and advantages of one of the greatest manufacturing plants in the world, that of the General Electric Company. Its shops, laboratories, lectures and specialists are to be placed at the service of selected Union students. Thus theory and practice will go hand in hand, in accordance with a working plan arranged by Willis R. Whitney, director of the general statistics research laboratory, and himself a Union man. Effort will be concentrated on the fundamental creative sciences, chemistry, electricity and biology. Instruction will be by the highest authorities, with practical application directed by successful men of affairs.

President Richmond, of Union College, while in fullest sympathy with this plan for the training of brilliant men and specialists, holds, with true sense of proportion, that "the real end and aim of education is to humanize the man, enlarge his horizon and increase the number of his sympathies; not to make the most for himself, but to make the most of himself in the upward struggle of mankind toward light and happiness."

Here surely is an ambition worthy of any college.

Our Foreign Trade

THROUGHOUT the history of this nation there has been a steady growth in its foreign trade and such growth has ever been an index of the actual growth of the country as a whole in wealth and productiveness. The increase in the last 100 years has amounted to 1,000 per cent. In 1820 the total was $127,560,106, or $13.23 per capita; in 1920 it had risen to $13,508,157,959, or $127.81 per capita.

Cotton and wheat determined our export balance in 1820, as it has for the greater part ever since; but the era of railroad and telegraph, with the larger use of machinery and constant improvement in industrial processes is marked by diminishing preponderance of these staples in our exports. The volume of American iron, steel, oil, copper, machinery and manufactured goods sold abroad, shows steady increase during this period. Both relatively and in gross, our export balance in 1820 of $2,388,658 was very small compared with the export balance of four billions in 1919, or that of three millions in 1920; but it marked a beginning of profitable business with Europe and the East.

For any genuine revival of business today with corresponding industrial activity, and full time employment at good wages for the workers, it is of the utmost importance that Congress shall take early action in the direction of removing or encouraging the removal of existing obstacles and hindrances to the restoration of our foreign trade to its pre-war volume—and to refrain from the enactment of measures likely to discourage rather than stimulate either our exports or our imports. Trade means buying as well as selling; it is not a one-sided operation.

"Old Joe Wordle"

MANY of us must have been struck by the picture in the daily papers of "Old Joe Wordle" making his first call on President Harding at the White House. His kindly features, his closely buttoned up overcoat, his stovepipe hat of ancient vintage, the umbrella under his arm, all mark off this old-fashioned octogenarian from the run of White House callers in these days.

But more than his outward appearance makes him distinctive and commends him to thoughtful attention. In the pictures, this old gentleman is departing from the White House, a big bunch of flowers in one hand and in the other a strapped cardboard box presumably filled with more flowers. These flowers suggest eloquently the nature of the man and his message. For lo, these many years, Joe Wordle, who is now 87, has made it his chief business in life to call daily, summer and winter, to receive the blooms culled from the White House conservatories or sent to the First Lady of the Land by friends and admirers. These flowers he distributes to poor and sick children in the hospitals and in the slums of the national capital.

Faithful to his self-imposed task, good old Wordle has seen Presidents come and Presidents go. Through the administrations of Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, he has been a living link of benevolence and a radiating messenger of gracious human sentiment from the nation's heart in the home of the Executive to the afflicted children of the people. For of course it is something much more than fugitive blossoms that Joe Wordle collects and distributes. The flowers are God's poems, the scented and tinted reminders of love eternal; condensations of nature's beauty and charm. In these spring days, especially, they bring home to us the great miracle of earth's ever renewing life, its purity, sweetness and light. In their freshness and delicacy, they speak strength to the weary, hope to the depressed, cheer and comfort to those sick at heart and suffering on beds of pain.

One is reminded of the stories of Walt Whitman coming into the wards of the military hospital at Washington during the Civil War carrying great armfuls of wild flowers that he had got up early to gather in the fields and woods along the Potomac. We are told that the breath he brought from God's great out-of-doors had an electric effect. The dull eyes of sick, wounded and suffering soldiers brightened with a sense of life and hope renewed. As the "Good Gray Poet" gave himself in red-blooded manly fashion with his flowers, so, we may feel sure, does Old Joe Wordle touch the hearts and brighten the lives of the children to whom he takes the White House flowers. One can see his warm-hearted sympathy reflected in the glistening eyes of the little ones and the merry laughter that tells how more healing than medicine is gladness of heart.

For all of us, the flowers beckon from the obsessing strife and dulling routine of the city to the woods and fields. Deepening our sensitiveness to the impressions of beauty and sanity which every little wood anemone and every "lily of the field" holds for us, we will become refreshed and renewed like the buds. And the best proof of our enrichment and vitalization will be an intensified desire to pass along to others the joys we experience.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for April 1, 1921, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding more than one per cent of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware, as a holding Corporation; Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; C. J. Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. B. Ford, Detroit, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1921.
[SEAL]
J. EMMET HALL,
(My Commission expires September 29, 1924.)

Mr. Ford's Page

JOHN BURROUGHS has passed on, yet instead of saying that the world is poorer for his going, it is perhaps more correct to say that the world is richer for his having lived. His great genius lay in his ability to see when his eyes were open (a gift which is offered to all but which few accept and cultivate) and his great service lay in keeping us aware of the beauty of the world which he saw.

In looking back over his life it is plain to see that it falls into two parts as far as his main work was concerned. In those years during which he did the work that won him the friendship of children and grown folk, he was looking out all the time. He saw the outer world. He heard the sounds of the outer world. He inhaled the odors of the earth. His eye was fastidiously trained in the perception of natural tints and tones. His soul had a delicate sense of Nature's moods, so that he seemed to be almost at one with the living planet on which he walked and of whose life he was always conscious. In the woods he seemed to merge with the trees, and on the hills he seemed to be a moving part of them.

He was not a professional naturalist, nor did he make sentiment do for hard research. It is easy to grow sentimental out-of-doors, it is hard to pursue the truth about a bird or a weed as one would pursue a mechanical principle. But John Burroughs did that, and as a result the observations he set down were very largely accurate. If he was inclined to impatience at all, it was with men who were not accurate in their observations of natural life. If the thing was worth writing about at all, it was worth following for its own sake. John Burroughs first loved nature for its own sake; it was not merely his stock of material as a professional writer. He loved it before he wrote about it; and loved it more though latterly he wrote of it less.

And then, late in life, the observer turned philosopher. Human nature asserted itself with the ageless questions which man has always put to himself and to the Great Outside. John Burroughs' philosophy was not so much a philosophy of nature as it was a natural philosophy, the long serene thoughts of a man who had lived in the tranquil spirit of the trees. He was not pagan; he was not pantheist; but he did not much divide between nature and human nature. And this was distinctive in him, whether true or not. He felt he had to formulate a clue to it all; whether he fully satisfied himself, he alone knew. Perhaps not; it seems to be ordained that in faith and not sight man finds his deepest rest. Even the scientific clue that most satisfies, rests on something not yet seen, still to be achieved.

But through it all John Burroughs lived a wholesome life. He was fortunate to have as his home the farm where he was born. For a long series of years his surroundings had been those which made for quietness of mind. He loved the woods and he made dusty-minded city people love them too, because he could help them in the mirror of his words to see what he saw there. The children of city schools felt the dew of the farmlands in his sketches and caught the scent of meadows in his little books.

John Burroughs did not make much beyond a good living. He could have done so, perhaps, but that was not his business. Like another American naturalist, his occupation could have been described as inspector of birds' nests and hillside paths. Of course, that does not pay in dollars and cents.

He had a grudge against money for the way in which it empowered vulgar persons to despoil some of the loveliest places. He detested those who cast an architectural spasm on the countryside, and when they patronizingly observed him also as one of the quaint objects in the scenery, he could be as biting as the first frost.

JOHN BURROUGHS was known wherever birds and trees were loved, and he was respected not only for his accuracy as an observer, but for his lack of professional attitude toward Nature. He lived more than most men do, though to the practical eye he may seem to have produced nothing but observations on Nature; he lived in every fiber of his being—he saw more, heard more, and inwardly sensed more than many a man who has made a bigger noise. First he used his eyes, and then he ruminated on what he saw; by seeing he became a Seer. Yet he was not a recluse nor a bookman. His books he did not regard as literature, but as messages to his friends. He was as ready for new adventures when he died as ever he was, and as ready for the adventure he then made. The world is richer for John Burroughs.

At one time in his life he had a grudge against all modern progress, especially where associated with the burning of coal and the noise of traffic. Perhaps that was as near to literary affectation as he ever came. Wordsworth disliked railways too, and Thoreau said that he could see more of the country by walking. Perhaps it was influences such as these which bent John Burroughs for a time against industrial progress.

But only for a time. When he was past the allotted three score and ten, he came to see that all the world could not go hunting birds' nests. He came to see that it was fortunate for him that others' tastes ran in other channels, just as it was fortunate for the world that his taste ran in its own channel. There has been no observable development in the method of making birds' nests since the beginning of recorded observation, but that was hardly a reason why human beings should not prefer modern sanitary homes to cave dwellings.

This was a part of John Burroughs' sanity. Thoreau, doubtless, died too early because he was not sensible in his use of the out-of-doors; John Burroughs could never have been guilty of that. He was a lover of Nature, not her dupe. And this sanity characterized him everywhere. In the course of time he came to value and approve modern devices, and though this by itself is an interesting fact, it is not so interesting as the fact that he made this change after he was 70 years old. John Burroughs was never too old to change. He grew on to the last. Doubtless he began to philosophize again after he had left us, as soon as he got his bearings, unless perchance new living flowers or the true birds of paradise drew him off on an expedition.

The man who is too set to change, is dead already. The funeral is a mere detail.

John Burroughs had an easy sense of humor. It was like a little brook which one hears dimly in the undergrowth. You knew it was there, but it did not always break upon your ears with distinct challenge. He had a whimsical command of words. In the far woods he would stop and rail upon himself for coming so far to "seek discomfort," and his favorite descriptions for roads which wracked the frame was "undeveloped macadam."

He knew a great deal about the healing of silence. When, at Havana, the word came that his wife had died, he simply said that he thought he would be alone for that day, and he walked and walked under the sky. When he came home he had reached a certain adjustment of mind which took in the great change.

He seemed hardly to know that he was famous. He did not think his books were great productions. He took his friendships with great simplicity of loyalty. There was not much beside himself that he could give, but he did not know that it was himself that people most wanted. His deeper thoughts he did not know as deep; they were the observations he made in some deeper recess which he had penetrated in search of truth.

If he talked more of one person than another, it was Emerson. Not only did he know Emerson by heart as an author, but he knew him by heart as a spirit. He frequently referred with a chuckle to the time an anonymous article of his was attributed to the Concord sage. He had so saturated himself with Emerson that at one time he thought like him and even fell into a mode of expression like his. But afterward he found his own way, which for him was better.

There is no sadness in John Burroughs' death. When the grain lies brown and ripe under the harvest sun, and the harvesters are busy binding it into sheaves, there is no sadness for the grain. It had ripened and had fulfilled its term, and so had John Burroughs. With him it was full ripeness and harvest, not decay. He worked almost to the end. His plans ran beyond the end. They buried him amid the scenes he loved, and it was his 84th birthday.

Louisiana Completes $25,000,000 Canal

THE state of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans, working together, will dedicate, on May 2, of this year, the latest and, so far as the writer knows, the largest inland waterways project ever brought to successful completion in North America, and, next to the Panama Canal, the largest ever undertaken in the New World. This project is the Inner Harbor-Navigation Canal, connecting the Mississippi River with Lake Pontchartrain, Lake Borgne and the Gulf of Mexico, and passing directly across the lower industrial section of the Crescent City.

While the waters of the Mississippi will not be turned into this canal until September or October—owing to the high and dangerous stage of water which prevails within the great levees controlling this stream—the canal, including its great concrete and steel lock, will be complete and ready for the water by May 1. The tide-level part of the canal—that stretch which reaches from Lake Pontchartrain to within a few hundred yards of the great lock—has been in service for more than a year, with two shipyards operating on its banks, sending their completed steel hulls out across the shallow waters of the lake to the Gulf of Mexico, and thence around and up the Mississippi River for delivery to their owners in New Orleans. Full service of the inner harbor, however, cannot be offered until the lock into the Mississippi River is opened, since it is a costly and tedious task to handle shipping of large size across a lake whose maximum depth is 14 feet and whose average depth is rather less than nine feet.

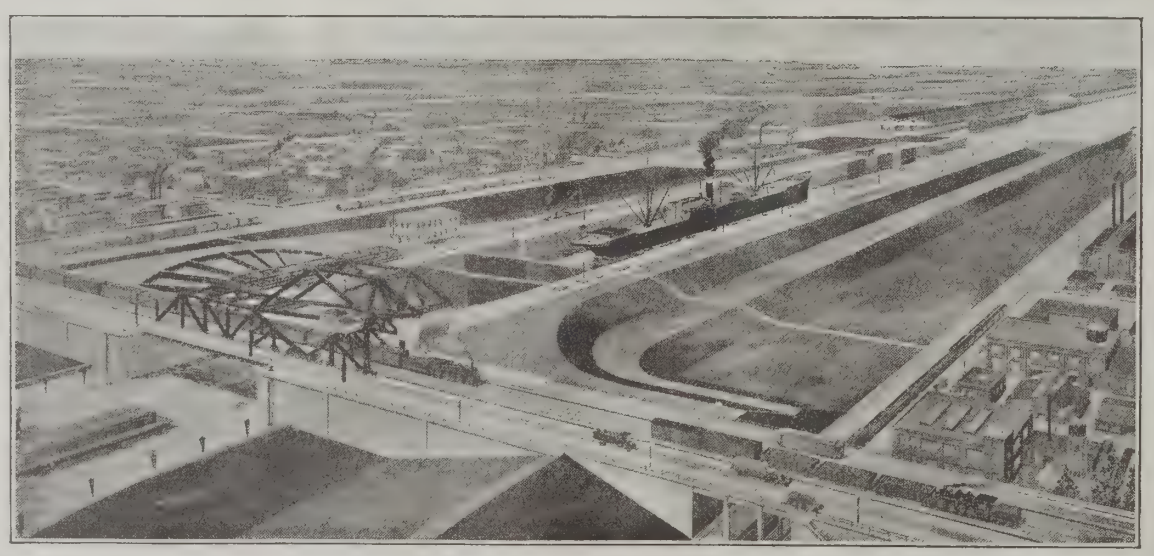
The dedication of this canal is the culmination of nearly ten years of steady campaigning, propaganda, educational and financial work by those who first conceived the idea of the canal, while approximately four years have been devoted to the actual work of digging the canal, and the lock has been under construction for nearly two years. Physically, the Inner Harbor-Navigation Canal is five and one-half miles in length, 300 feet wide at the surface of the water, which is 30 feet deep at low tide in the Gulf of Mexico, and 150 feet wide at the bottom. It runs in an almost straight line north from the river for about half its length, and then turns a trifle west of north for the remainder of the distance. About one-third of the distance from the river, there is a large turning basin, for ships, and the entire canal affords about 11.5 miles of protected water front for the establishment of ship-building and ship-repair yards and other industries, which, however, have been very slow in coming in.

This water-front land, while owned by the city and state, differs from the water-front lands on the Mississippi River part of the harbor, since it can be leased for long terms to corporations or individuals for the establishment of terminals, shipyards, warehouses or industrial plants. The Doullut & Williams Shipbuilding Company, Inc., has established a shipyard there and has constructed a number of 9,600-ton steel steamers for the United States Shipping Board, taking these large vessels out across Lake Pontchartrain to the Gulf of Mexico under their own power. The Foundation Company, of New York, also established one of its yards (No. 12) on this canal, to construct several non-sinkable ships for the French Government, but, owing to what it considered unfair taxation, and other inimical reasons, this company has closed its yard, apparently permanently.

The northern end of the canal gives into Lake Pontchartrain at tide level of the Gulf of Mexico, but at the river end, the canal is controlled by a massive concrete and steel lock, 1,050 feet long, 160 feet wide outside, with a usable inside box 75x600 feet, in which vessels up to 20,000 tons can be handled. The high waters of the Mississippi River, averaging some 22 feet above the level of the canal, are controlled by two sets of gates, each set weighing 400 tons. The Public Belt Railroad, which is owned and operated by the city of New Orleans, crosses the canal, between the lock and the river, on a 6,000-ton bascule bridge, which also carries street car lines, roads for vehicles, and two sets of sidewalks. This Public Belt, which now connects all the publicly-owned wharves, warehouses and facilities of the main river port with the stations of the 11 trunk lines of railroad entering New Orleans, will run along both sides of the new canal, and connect it and all its industries with the wharves and rail lines of the main port. All the operation of this lock, which is the second largest in the New World, being exceeded only by the locks on the Panama Canal, is by electricity, and the switchboard consists of a replica of the lock, with indicators showing the opening and closing of the gates, rise and fall of bridge, height and movement of water, and passage of ship or other craft through the lock. The operator, though housed with his switchboard several hundred feet from the lock, at all times sees before him the actual result of every switch he throws or each lever that he moves. This switchboard is modeled after the one used at the Panama Canal locks. There is no gate or other closing or opening device at the lake end of the canal.

The cost of the canal was at first placed at $4.000,000, with an outside limit of $5,000,000 but increases in costs of labor and materials, alleged wasteful extravagance of some parts of the construction management, and other elements combined to raise the cost until now the latest figures are between $20,000,000 and $25,000,000—probably closer to the latter figure than to the former. This is a cost, on the average, of ten dollars for every man, woman and child in Louisiana, and the interest on the bonded indebtedness alone amounts to approximately $1,250,000 annually. There has been considerable opposition to the construction of the canal from the time the project was first presented to the people of the state, but, rather more than a year ago, the officials of the state, the financial interests, the proponents of the canal, the industrial corporations and the newspaper owners of New Orleans met and decided that the canal must be carried through to completion. The cost of $25,000,000 was provided for by the financial institutions agreeing to handle the bond issue, and the work continued to the present ending.

The canal belongs to the state of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans, jointly and forever, just as do the water-front lands of the port of New Orleans. It will be controlled and operated—as are the lands of the main port—by the board of commissioners of the Port of New Orleans. Its revenues are to be derived from the rentals of the lands along the inner harbor and from the tolls of the lock. Small craft entering the inner harbor and canal from Lake Pontchartrain, and not destined for New Orleans, apparently will be able to enter and clear free of charge, but all vessels passing either to New Orleans from the sea, or to the sea from New Orleans, will have to pay tolls at the lock.



LOCK OF THE INNER HARBOR-NAVIGATION CANAL AT NEW ORLEANS

An effort is now being made, however, to have the Federal Government take over the canal as a part of the Intercoastal Canal, connecting the eastern and western sections of that canal, across the Mississippi River, and thus make the lock and canal free of tolls. Up to the time of this writing, there has been no result, either favorable or unfavorable, to this effort. The dedication will be held at the time of the annual convention at New Orleans of the Mississippi Valley Association, at which will be present delegates from 26 states, including the governors and other high officials of several of them. At this convention the importance of this inner harbor and canal to all the industries, all the shipping and all the rail-water traffic of the Mississippi Valley, from St. Paul to the Gulf and from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, will be impressed on the delegates.

Crow's Nest View of Newest Waterway of United States

THE Inner Harbor-Navigation Canal at New Orleans, the latest inland waterway development to be attempted in the United States—

Connects the Mississippi River and New Orleans with the Gulf of Mexico.

Is five and one-half miles in length, 3oo feet in width at the surface, 15o feet wide at the bottom, and 3o feet deep at low tide in the Gulf of Mexico.

Runs north from the Mississippi River into Lake Pontchartrain, directly across the lower part of the city of New Orleans.

Runs into the lake at tide level, but reaches the river through the second largest lock in the New World, exceeded in size only by the locks on the Panama Canal.

Cost approximately $25,ooo,ooo, or about $1o for every man, woman and child in the state of Louisiana.

Was constructed by the state of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans, and will be operated jointly by state and city, through the board of commissioners of the Port of New Orleans.

Will be dedicated May 2, 1921, but will not be connected with the Mississippi River until September, when the present high water stage of the river has gone down.

The most important feature of the Inner Harbor-Navigation Canal, and the main reason for which it was constructed, is that it furnishes a means to cut off rather more than 40 miles of the distance by water from New Orleans to the Gulf of Mexico. This distance, by the winding course of the Mississippi River, as at present used by all deep-sea traffic, is 110 miles. By the new canal, this distance can be reduced to somewhat less than 70 miles. But—and this is a big word in this case—this cannot be accomplished so long as the nine-foot waters of Lake Pontchartrain, and the eight to ten foot shallows of Mississippi Sound lie between the outer end of this canal and deep salt water in the Gulf of Mexico. This means that large vessels cannot go out over this lake and the Sound until a channel, approximately 60 miles in length by at least 200 feet in width and some 35 feet in depth, is dredged clear across Lake Pontchartrain, through one end of Lake Borgne, and across the Mississippi Sound into Ship Island Pass, the deep channel which connects the open Gulf with the island-protected waters of the Sound.

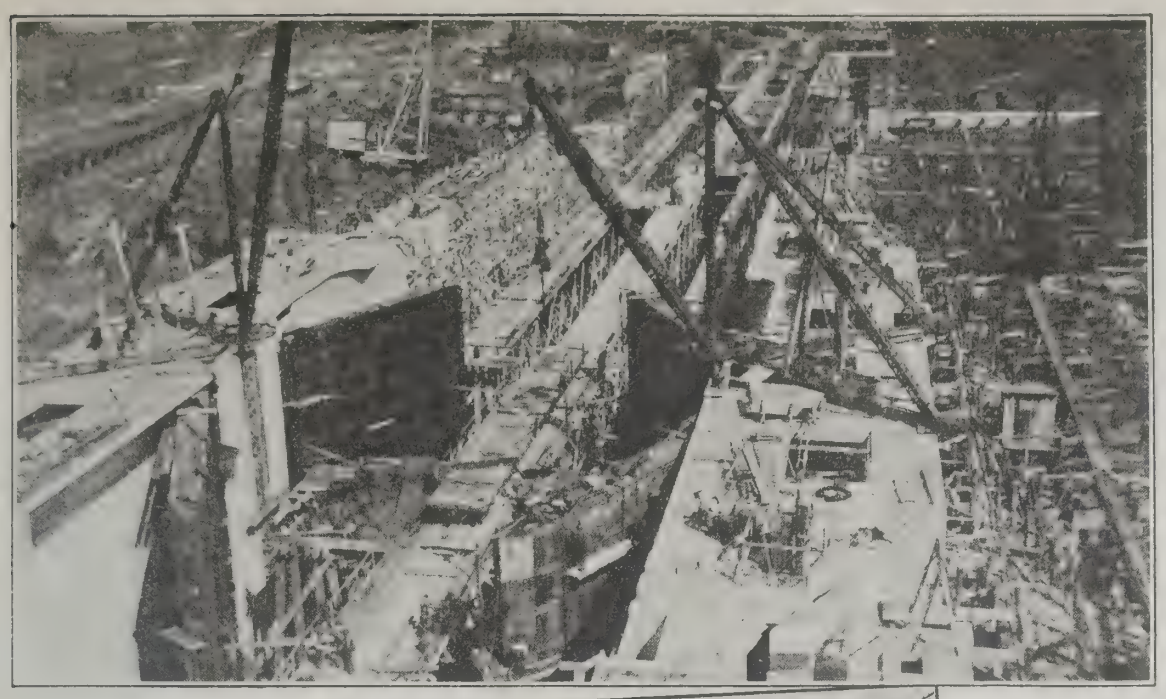
The Federal Government has been asked to dredge this channel, but so far has neither agreed nor refused to undertake the work. Estimates of reliable private engineers place the cost of this channel at $12,000,000, the time required to dig it at two years, and the annual expenditure necessary to keep it open at approximately $300,000 a year. The jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River, without which that stream could not be kept open to deep-sea traffic, however, cost about $12,000,000 and necessitate an expenditure of very nearly $300,000 annually to keep the channel open. Every ship which comes into or goes out of New Orleans, steams 80 miles farther by following the river than she would have to do if this channel across the lakes and Mississippi Sound were open. This means 80 miles more coal, ten to twelve hours more time, more wages, and altogether heavier expenses on every ship. Theoretically, it appears that the channel across Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne and Mississippi Sound, connecting the Inner Harbor-Navigation Canal with the deep waters of the Gulf, would be a good investment; one which would pay for itself, in economy to shipping alone, in a few years. That, however, is a matter for government and government engineers to decide.

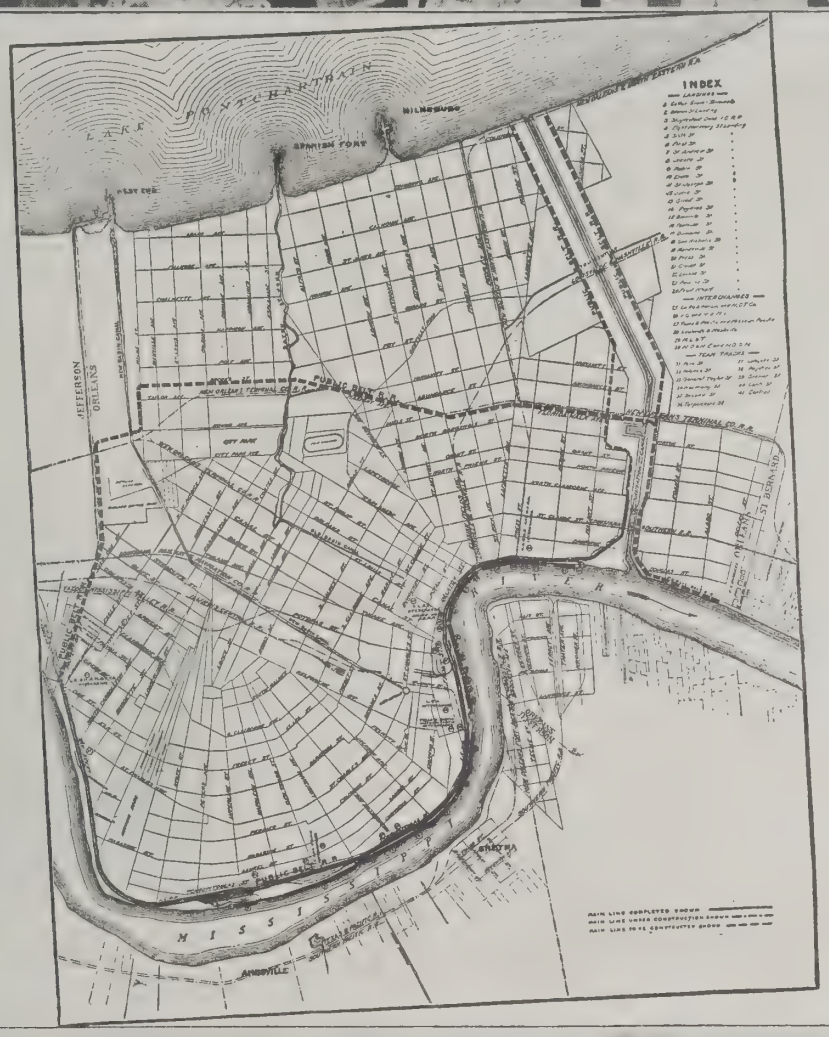
The next most important reason back of the costly construction of this canal is the fact that it adds almost twelve miles of protected water front to the harbor of New Orleans. The great feature of this is that this new water front, which exceeds in extent all that has been developed through public ownership and operation of the main harbor of New Orleans during the past 200 years, is that it is susceptible to development by private capital. That is to say, private capital may obtain long-time leases on this land fronting on the Inner Harbor-Navigation Canal, for construction of terminals, wharves, warehouses, ship-building yards, ship-repair plants, and similar port facilities. The land itself belongs in perpetuity to the state of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans, but all the wide right-of-way, on both sides of the canal, is subject to lease. The question of rentals and canal tolls is up before the board of commissioners of the Port of New Orleans at the time of this writing, and, when this is settled, doubtless there will be applications for sites from a number of industries which, owing to public ownership and operation, have not been able to obtain sites on the main river harbor.

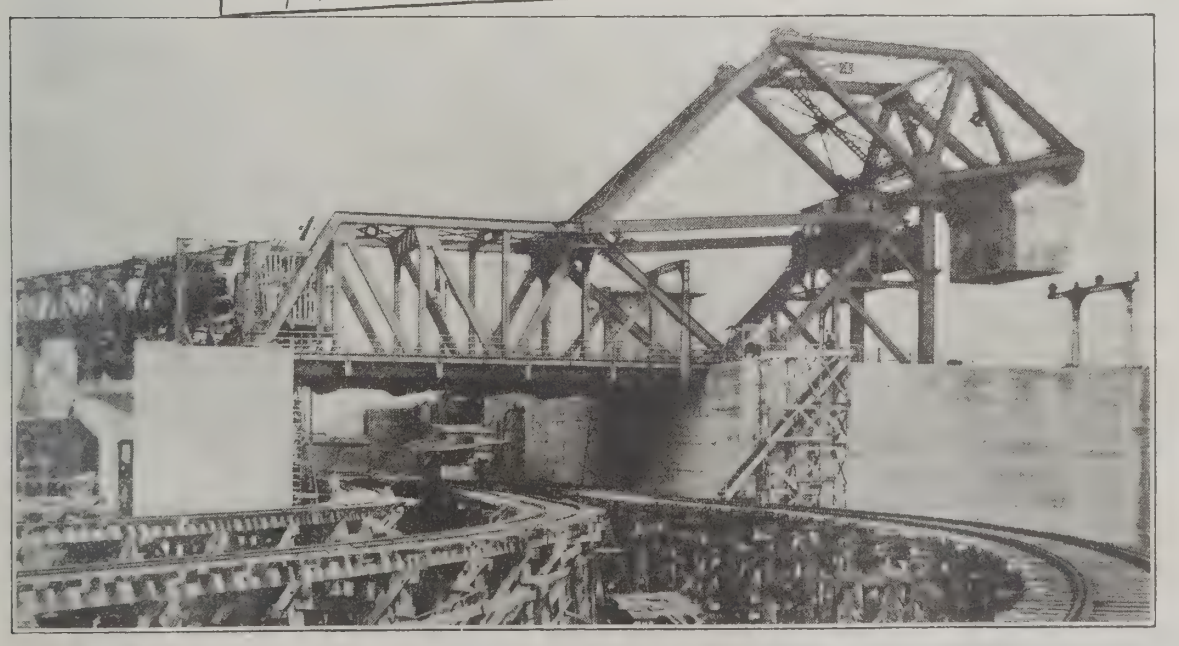
But it is as a link in the Intercoastal Canal that the big New Orleans canal at present shows its greatest prospects of immediate usefulness. The inland waterways and shallow, protected coastal waters of the five Gulf states now sustain fleets of small steamers, large motor freighters, schooners and auxiliary schooners, estimated to number more than 10,000. Their traffic, in the aggregate, is huge, and many sections of the remote South have little connection — passenger, mail or freight—with the outside world save by these boats. But this fleet, large as it is, is limited in its scope and development by the fact that virtually all the inland waterways of the South, with the exception of Mississippi Sound, and the canals leading out of New Orleans, run north and south. There is no great east-and-west waterway, binding all these north-and-south avenues of trade into one waterway system.

Passing from the eastern half of the rim of the Gulf, where they follow the protected waters of Mississippi Sound, through Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, these coastal freight, passenger and mail carriers can come through the Inner Harbor-Navigation Canal directly into the heart of the Port of New Orleans, without having to travel on the open Gulf to the mouth of the Mississippi and thereafter battle the heavy tide and tricky currents of that stream for 110 miles to reach New Orleans.

The new canal not only links all the Gulf states in a close bond of waterways, but it connects the traffic of the Mississippi Valley, the greatest industrial center in the world, with the deep seas of the entire globe.







Top—The $7,500,000 concrete and steel lock at the Mississippi River end of the Inner Harbor-Navigation Canal, looking toward the completed section of the canal, visible in the distance, and Lake Pontchartrain. The two sets of gates shown in the lock weigh 400 tons each.

Center—Map showing the location of the canal and the route of the Municipally-Owned Public Belt Railroad.

Bottom—The 6,000-ton bascule bridge which swings over the river end of the lock on the Inner Harbor-Navigation Canal at New Orleans, carrying the tracks of the Public Belt Railroad, the street car lines, a highway for vehicles and two sidewalks for pedestrians.

From Workhouse to Parliament

WILL CROOKS, the workhouse boy, has resigned from the British Parliament. British Labor made the mistake of trying to give this old East London constituency to a pacifist, Ramsay Macdonald, and lost the seat to a "Germany can and must pay" candidate.

But Will Crooks is himself a symbol of British labor. He is unique. That is why, now he is sick, there arrive on the heels of each other, a crested note of inquiry from King George and a round robin of sympathy from the Poplar soup-kitchen. There is a reason for that; and the reason is that the life story of Will Crooks is one of the romances of modern England.

Born in a one-roomed house in East London, he was familiar from infancy with poverty and hunger. For a brief while he was in a workhouse school. When 11 years old he began a life of hard, hard toil.

The experience would have soured and embittered many men. It broadened and deepened and created an infinite pitifulness in Will Crooks. When his fellow-workmen, understanding his grasp of public affairs and his sound common sense, elected him as their leader, he used his power for the benefit of the poor. As London county councillor, guardian of the poor, mayor of Poplar, member of Parliament and member of the king's privy council, his life work has been consistent.

Today as the Right Hon. W. Crooks, P. C., and recently M. P., he remains unspoiled by success. He lives among his own people in a little two-storied house in Poplar. His home is a center to which those in distress have been wont to flock all day long.

His wit, his homely sincerity and his genuine kindliness of heart have made the world his friend. When in the spring of 1917 he was struck down by a serious illness, the king sent to inquire after his progress, peers and bishops waited for news of him, and in many a back room and workhouse ward there were heavy hearts until he was out of danger.

Here is how, some few years ago, Will Crooks described his career:

"I am a Poplar man. I was born in Poplar, in poverty, in a little one-roomed house, in 1852. As a lad I was apprenticed near by to a cooper. Thirty years ago the workingmen of Poplar chose me for my first public office, a member of the board of trustees. I live in Poplar today."

Perhaps this simplicity reflects the simplicity of the man, whose whole public career has been unmarred by a single charge of bad faith, of shiftiness, of forgetfulness of the folk he represented. It explains also the reason he is loved so completely, and so far beyond his Poplar circles.

Poplar is part of the great working class quarter of East London, which starts at Whitechapel and stretches to Canning Town, the largest solely industrial quarter in the world. There is no leisured class, no middle class, nothing but workingmen and the tradesmen who supply them. East London is a natural reservoir for casual and shifting labor. In pre-war days, advertisements of factories to let in Poplar added as an attraction the words "abundant supplies of casual labor to be had."

Before the war the people of this East End were the flotsam and jetsam of industry. The docks, the factories and the workshops employed a great deal of unskilled labor. The out-of-work and the half employed naturally came here to be near what work was going. A familiar local phrase expressed the condition of most: "They were in and out of work regular." The population changed every three years.

Casual labor means low wages, and East London is the home of poverty. Many families there live in one or two rooms, many in basements; few families have a whole house to themselves. Commenting on just this phase, Will Crooks once remarked:

"Gough street, Poplar, where I live, is as good a street as is to be found within a radius of a mile. Yet I do not know a family, save my own, that has a whole house to itself, and I think I know every family in the street."

The houses in Gough street are not large; two-storied houses in pre-war days rented at $3.25 a week. But when $3.25 represents, as it did then, 33 per cent of a workingman's wages, he cannot afford that much for rent.

In Poplar the organized democratic movement is very strong, due chiefly to the leadership of Will Crooks. The Labor League, born at the dock gates where he held his meetings, was one of the pioneers of labor representation in England. Will Crooks has initiated efforts to improve the condition of the very poor, to humanize the workhouse, to care for the child and to protect the rights of labor. And what is of supreme importance, governments as well as people watched his work.

There are many stories being told now of the solid esteem in which Parliament has held him, but none is so typical of his patriotic character as the incident of some great moment in the Commons—perhaps the signing of peace. The house adjourned and was about to saunter away, when Crooks suddenly began the first bars of the national anthem. For a few seconds it hung in the balance, a few quavering notes, and then some sturdy voice joined him and all the rest came in like a choir, and the national anthem was lifted to the roof in a scene without an exact parallel in the history of the Commons.

Now Will Crooks will not sit in Parliament any more. He is a sick man. For thirty years he has served Poplar, and today Poplar stands at his door to serve him. His is a rare and exemplary life.

A Little Jewish Luncheon With John Spargo

Fearing to Confess, Unable to Deny What Most Jews Know, Jewish Leaders Turn the "Defense" Over to Gentile Hands

THE Jewish masses of the United States are thoroughly dissatisfied with the manner in which their leaders have attempted to meet the Jewish Question by evading it. But both the Jewish masses and their leaders are dissatisfied with the "defense" offered by non-Jews who, to win the favor of those whom they considered the most influential part of the community, or in response to certain inducements, became pro-Semitic propagandists of one sort or another.

The Jew knows when he is getting his money's worth; at least he knows when he is not getting his money's worth; hence his dissatisfaction with the work of the non-Jewish "defenders."

The appearance of the pro-Semitic propagandist on our soil, sometimes in the guise of a preacher, sometimes an editor, the cry common to all being that they are protecting "Americanism," is one of the strange developments of the time. For the most part they are sentimentalists who have not studied the Jewish Question for one half hour; without exception they are men who would move out of a neighborhood when the Jews began to move in; they would eschew hotels where the major patronage is that of Jews.

The Next Move Is Silence

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, as a matter of curiosity, has examined the history of some of these non-Jewish "defenders" and has discovered this inconsistency in them. One clergyman, who has been most outspoken in his praise of the Jews and in his denunciation of all who make a study of the Jewish Question, has twice changed his residence because the neighborhood grew more and more Jewish, and has once removed his children from the public school because the school attendance was entirely Jewish. The reason for his "defense" lies in another direction. He loves and admires the Jews—from the comfortable precincts of his study in a non-Jewish quarter of the city.

Because the Jewish masses are not satisfied with the defense made by their leaders, and the leaders are not satisfied with the defense made by their non-Jewish conscripts, a new tack is about to be tried. The Jewish leaders are ready to adopt an attitude of very high dignity and let it appear that the American discussion of the Jewish Question is far beneath their notice. That is, having shrilled through the country ineffectually for eight months, they are now going to adopt the expedient of silence. It is a non-Jewish idea, by the way, and a very good one—if they can maintain it.

In the meantime, it will be made to appear that non-Jews (called "gentiles" or "goyim" (beasts) by the Jews) have taken the defense entirely out of the hands of the Jewish leaders, thus relieving the Jewish leaders of a state of evasion which must have become most painful.

The new strategy is the result of the exposures made by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of the activities of the New York Kehillah in interfering with the religious and educational liberties of the American people. The investigation was one to which even the Jews could not object. They had announced in various ways that they were organized merely to protect Jewish rights. When knowledge was desired as to what the Jews believed their rights to be, it was sought in the official records of the acts of those organizations. That record has been spread before the readers of this series, and not a single item has been challenged by the Jewish leaders. They cannot challenge it, because it is from their own records.

Let the Gentiles Do the Work

THE dilemma which has faced the Jewish leaders all along is this—confession or denial. Their fear for their own position as leaders prevented confession; the fact that the statements made in this series have been based on Jewish authorities has made denial futile. It was still possible, however, to start back fires among the non-Jews, as was shown in the last article, but these fires do not promise to burn very long. The next resort is silence.

But it is a silence from which the masses of the Jews will probably rouse their leaders before long.

Silence, however, does not mean inactivity. Hardly. Boys selling THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT on the street will still be slugged. Non-Jewish police departments will still be ordered to do illegal acts. Jewish influence will bring shame upon various cities by using political pressure to force through ordinances that even a shyster lawyer knows cannot stand. Jews who contribute largely to "churches" which call themselves "liberal Christian" but which are really liberal Judaism, will contrive to have rabbis speak from the pulpits. The whole sickening sordidness of the Jewish campaign of violence, suppression and fraud, will go on in the silence of the Jewish leaders.

And this is well, also. It simply gives each community the opportunity to see for itself, at close range, how this organized force works. It requires no imagination to see how much further it would go if it could. It dares, but as yet it cannot. And in the United States it never shall.

Now, one of the non-Jewish defenders who will be vigorously touted during the interim, although it is doubtful if his work has steam enough to travel very far, is Mr. John Spargo.

The first anxiety of Mr. Spargo throughout his pro-Semitic propaganda is to have all and sundry believe that he is acting entirely on his own, without the suggestion, knowledge or assistance of any Jew in the land. Mr. Spargo insists on that wherever he can.

When Mr. Spargo circulated the round-robin against "anti-Semitism" (but really, as the use made of it proved, against the THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT) he had it announced through the always accommodating Associated Press—or was it the Hearst service?—that no Jew had put him up to do it, he just did it himself. This document was given two publications broadcast throughout the country, once in its original form, and again when Woodrow Wilson, whose administration was so marked by its Jewishness that it stands distinct, added his name. There is never any difficulty about getting pro-Semitic propaganda sent broadcast throughout the country over the wires of Mr. Hearst or the Associated Press.

And again when Mr. Spargo wrote a little book, a surprisingly little book for Mr. Spargo, he led off with a foreword in which he said.

> "This little book was written without the knowledge of any Jew. It is not a defense of the Jew. It is not a pro-Jewish argument."

In the January 29 issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT reference was made to a little meeting which Mr. John Spargo had with Jewish leaders in New York just before he sprang the manifesto against "anti-Semitism." Mr. Spargo was moved to deny this. In a letter to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT under date of January 31, he says:

> "I have never at any time in my life entered any 'secret consultation with a group of New York Jews,' or with any other group of Jews.
>
> "The protest against the propaganda of anti-Semitism, was conceived without consultation with any Jew, written without the knowledge of any Jew, and no Jew or group of Jews has any responsibility for it, direct or indirect."

The Spargo "Jewish" Luncheon

YET in a letter written from Boston, Massachusetts, to the New York *World*, and printed in that paper on February 7, Mr. Spargo tells a somewhat fuller story:

> "I have never attended any kind of conference or consultation of Jewish leaders, secret or open, large or small, in New York or elsewhere, in my life. The whole story is a senseless lie.
>
> "The protest against anti-Semitism was initiated by me without consultation with anyone either Jew or Christian. It was privately printed at my own expense, and submitted to many influential non-Jews before any person of Jewish birth or belief knew of its existence. After it was printed and was in private circulation, and had been signed by many representative men and women, I mentioned the matter to a few friends gathered in one of the downtown clubs. The circumstances were as follows:
>
> "A group of gentlemen, Christians and Jews, were lunching together and discussing the alleged predominance of Jews among the Russian Bolsheviki. Because of my interest in the subject, I was invited to join the party. A previous engagement making it impossible for me to be at the luncheon, I arranged to join the group after luncheon for as much of the conversation as the time at my disposal permitted. Those present were Mr. Melville E. Stone, of the Associated Press, Honorable Oscar S. Straus, Rabbi Wise, Mr. Jerome Landfield, of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Louis Marshall and myself—three Jews and three Christians."

This is quite an extension of information concerning Mr. Spargo's pro-Jewish activities and about the meeting in question. There may be a little more information to be had, as for example, was another of the national Jewish leaders expected, and was a reason announced why he did not come?

Let us analyze the party. There is the general manager of the Associated Press, Melville E. Stone. He is an important personage, most important in the pro-Semitic propaganda scheme. It is over his nation-wide system of telegraph wires that the pro-Semitic news items now flooding the newspapers, are carried every day. It was there, in Mr. Stone's presence, that Mr. Spargo quite casually showed the protest, a few days before it also was sent broadcast telegraphically across the country. Mr. Stone was an important part of that conference—the Jewish Telegraph Service would vouch for that statement. Yet, as Mr. Spargo informs us, Mr. Stone is not a Jew.

There is also Jerome B. Landfield. What interests particularly about this gentleman is that he is a special writer (or was at a time) on the *Weekly Review*. That, of course, does not mean much to the general reader. There are many "liberal journals" sent out from New York which would mean much more to the general reader if he could see the list of those who are financing the publications.

A Non-Jew With Jewish Directors

NOW, in the case of the *Weekly Review*, the stockholders of a certain date included these gentlemen: Louis Marshall, head of the American Jewish Committee, Julius Rosenwald, Mortimer L. Schiff, Paul M. Warburg, and some other Jews not so well known to the public.

So, with the non-Jewish Mr. Stone whose Associated Press has not been entirely useless to the Jewish propagandists the world over, there is also Mr. Landfield of the *Weekly Review*. The mission of the *Weekly Review* seems to be the making of literary attacks on Bolshevism in such a way as to veil the fact of Bolshevism's Jewish character.

The other non-Jew, or "Christian," as Mr. Spargo prefers to describe his non-Jewish associates at the conference, was Mr. Spargo himself, and as to Mr. Spargo's absolute freedom from Jewish influence, his works speak louder than all his protests.

Now the Jews present were Rabbi Wise (who, by the way, has not yet brought that threatened lawsuit against Professor Hobbs); and Louis Marshall, whose leadership of American Jewry has so wofully failed; and Oscar S. Straus, who has served in a number of important Jewish capacities, not the least of them being as a member of the executive committee of the American Jewish Committee, which is an inside place of an inner organization at the top of organized Jewry.

The luncheon gathering, even considering Mr. Spargo's presence, takes on a decided pro-Semitic tinge, does it not? At any rate, it appears that only matters pertaining to the Jewish defense were taken up. Mr. Spargo showed his "protest" to the company; and they discussed "the alleged predominance of Jews among the Russian Bolsheviki."

In view of these statements of Mr. Spargo, to go no further, there is no reason to modify any former description of this meeting.

Nothing here said is in disparagement of Mr. Spargo's character as an honest man, for his letter to the New York *World* was the act of an honest man. He is not altogether happy in the rôle he has assumed; if he were, his book would have contained less of ill-suppressed bitterness. Mr. Spargo knows a number of things, but doubtless a few things which he knows are wrong. He dislikes anti-Semitism, and so does every sane man; he dislikes pro-Semitism also, but does not say so. He knows that anti-Semitism is never the original element, but that Semitism is, yet in his book he does not say so. He knows also that the one sure way of preventing anti-Semitism, is checking Semitism before it goes too far, but he does not say so. He knows that Americans can attempt to prevent the growth of Semitism to dangerous proportions, without being poisoned by anti-Semitism, but the book he wrote forbade him, by reason of its purpose, to say so. Mr. Spargo is in the wrong camp; he has left his tribe; he is not happy where he is. Let him attack anti-Semitism all he will, and show its source in Semitism, and he will have rendered a valuable contribution to the discussion.

Russian Bolshevism Still Jewish

MR. SPARGO does not know anything about the origin of the Protocols, but he has measured and weighed the fog which Jewish propagandists have thrown about those documents, and he writes quite entertainingly of the fog in his book. But he does claim to know something about Russian Bolshevism and he repeatedly denies that it is predominantly Jewish either in its personnel or its purpose.

It is rather late in the day to thresh over the Russian situation. In view of the fact that Bolshevism is the result of propaganda financed by Jewish money

from the United States and was heralded as a Jewish triumph at its beginning before its true and terrible nature was known to the world, in view of the fact that the Jewish radicals in the United States still claim the movement to have grown out of the aspirations of their people, and in view of the fact that the very latest information out of Russia shows no change in the Jewish political line-up, the facts are fixed. It may be granted Mr. Spargo that not every Jew in Russia is a Bolshevist, just as it is known that not every Jew in the United States stands for the suppression of a Free Press in spite of what the Anti-Defamation Jews are doing, but this does not minimize the main fact that Bolshevism was and continues to be distinctly Jewish in its leadership and official personnel. The Jews hardly deny this; they merely ask, "How do *you* know?"

The latest information from the countries surrounding Russia is that every purchasing commissar outside Russia, acting for the Soviet Government, is Jewish.

The latest information from inside Russia is to the effect that:

All political administration is in the hands of Jews, and is non-Russian.

There are still practically no Jews in the army upon the fighting line, the Jews of the army having charge of the commissary and other sections of the army back of the fighting line.

The reason the counter-revolutions have failed is that the peasants fear that they are a trick on the part of the Soviet Jews to gain the complete control they have always wished and failed to get over the agrarian population, who are now virtually the private owners of the so-called "nationalized" land.

That it is the Jewish influence in Soviet, from which Lenin and Krassin have tried to split away during the last six months, which is responsible for the idea of world revolution through Bolshevik propaganda in all lands.

American Bolshevism Also Jewish

THAT the Jews in power in Russia have conducted themselves with indescribable brutality toward the Russian population as if visiting upon them their hatred for the Czarist régime.

That the statement of Kameneff, during the deliberations of the Lithuanian peace treaty, still stands, namely, that Sovietism is maintained by Jewish brains, Chinese bayonets, and the stupidity of the Russian people.

It is not necessary, however, to go as far as Russia to see what group most energizes the Bolshevik idea. Indeed, it is not necessary to travel any farther than New York—not very far from the scene of Mr. Spargo's luncheon with "three Christians and three Jews."

If he will use his Jewish friends (provided they are willing) to look into the interlocking directorates of the Hebrew workers' unions of New York and the Communist party, he will see something which will convince him that it is not THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT that menaces Americanism, but that which this paper is exposing.

He will find that the organizer for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers in New York is a member of the United Communist party.

He will find that Benjamin Schlessinger, president of the Ladies' Garment Workers of America, and B. Fineberg, secretary of the Jewish Forward Association, were at the office of one Charles Recht where was discussed the carrying on of Russian propaganda in the United States, and where the agreement was general that the safest way for the propaganda to be pushed was through the Jewish unions.

He will find that H. K. Herwitz, of the research department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, is also a member of the Communist party.

The One Big Union is the cover-name for this Bolshevik movement. The I. W. W. leader for the Russians in the United States is a Jew named Bluden, who is extremely active in the One Big Union movement, as is also Sam Balatin, Bob Paltner, and others.

The Jewish character of Bolshevism is demonstrable without leaving New York. There have recently been two large public meetings in New York, in which multitudes of Jews left no doubt of their Bolshevik allegiance, and at least one rabbi incurred their displeasure by preventing them from publicly recording that fact.

Is It Un-American to Warn America?

MR. SPARGO will not say, in response, that this information is dangerous to the American people, will he? Because if it is, there is danger ahead, for there are mountains of information on this subject. The American citizen will be inclined to think, however, that the danger exists only for those who are trying to foment revolution in the United States.

It is a pity that Mr. Spargo should find nothing but "pogroms" as the purpose of studies in the Jewish Question. Who will start them, does he think? The American people? Mr. Spargo has apparently overlooked that point. In his special pleading he has thrown over on his own people all the potential wickedness he can think of.

As to violence, if it should ever come, it will arise from the Jews. They believe in violence, if any deductions are to be drawn from their teaching and actions in this country. Out of a clear scene, without warning or cause, mobs of from 100 to 500 Jews have appeared on the streets of certain cities in the United States within the past 30 days to exhibit in every particular the brutality which has come to be associated with uprisings in Russia. As Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, head of the New York Kehillah, speaking of the revolutions in Austria, Germany and Russia, said: *"See what a large company of Jews was available for immediate service!"*

This technique of revolution, of street insurrections, of organized minority movements to give the impression of public disorder and widespread confusion, is actually taught in this country, and those who know most about it are Jewish leaders of the radical elements. They seek every occasion to practice the art which they are hopeful may one day be used on a large scale. In spite of Mr. Spargo's pretended indignation with THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, he would not himself undertake to get 500 Americans to attack two newsboys, and stage the play in six or ten American cities of the first class, would he? Why not? One of the reasons is that he could not get *Americans* to join in such a demonstration. The observation of these disorders, which are another timely exhibition not of Jewish power, but of Jewish *method,* shows them to have been instigated, managed and manned by Jews.

Now, in this manner it will be comparatively easy for local Jewish leaders, with the connivance of politically obligated non-Jewish officials, to stage something which they will label a "pogrom." They have already affixed the label "anti-Semitism" pretty promiscuously; the next thing in logical order is a "pogrom."

There is nothing the Jewish leaders in the United States would consider as more confirmatory of their contentions. It would be considered a godsend by them. And the records of history are not without evidence that, upon occasion, Jewish leaders have not hesitated to manufacture so-called "pogroms" to evade answering at the bar of public opinion.

Mr. Spargo is apparently anxious to defend Americanism. To that end he would do well to move farther from the camp of those who attack it. He is with the wrong crowd. Consciously or not, he is a tool. His chief service to the Jews, of course, is not anything he says in his book, but the fact that he is in the attitude of a "Gentile front." The impossibility of that position is that as soon as it is discovered, the occupant becomes useless to both parties.

What Mr. Spargo has failed to do in his book is the very thing he has often done in his mind, namely, ask himself the question, What is the cause of this scrutiny of the Jew? What is the situation out of which, in the United States, a new canvass of Jewish aims and methods has arisen?

He has asked himself that question, and he has doubtless got his answer, the only answer he could possibly have arrived at. But he has not given the answer in his book. In other words, Mr. Spargo has not touched even with the point of his pen the real problem of Jewishness in the United States. But, unless he is more firmly bound to his clients than his book admits, he will be forced by the very logic of the situation to come to it very soon. As a student, he cannot escape it.

The Truth Is Never Unfair

WE HAVE in the midst of the United States a people who proclaim among themselves that they are a separate nation, who say that in every war that is waged they fight for an alien country; a people whose very numbers are concealed; a people who have one statement for themselves and another for the public; a people who openly proclaim the right to make the United States Jewish; a people who advertise that they managed the recent war, and who boast that their race accounts for most of the millionaires whom that tragedy produced; a people who are not content with their American rights but seek Jewish rights to the injury of all that is traditional in American culture; a people who with execrable taste endeavor in season and out of season to utilize the diplomatic service of the United States to their own national ends; a people who are at this moment prostituting the whole consular service of the United States in the Balkan countries for dumping in this country, contrary to the regulations, people whose only claim to special privilege is that they are Jews—privileges and even rights which are rigidly denied other peoples applying at the same consulates; a people who have boasted in ten thousand copies of their private publications that they own the United States and will soon rule it; a people who have made, through their leaders, alliances with every possible revolutionary and disruptive force in the country; a people who, through their representatives, have seized the instruments of visual education to bring the people to a lower grade of moral taste than we have ever seen before; a people who would abolish the American Sunday; a people who demand as part of their "rights" the complete public concealment of every indication that the cultural and traditional caste of American life is Christian and not Jewish; a people who, en masse and through representatives, have demanded that the majority revolve about them as the controlling minority.

When Mr. Spargo says that it is cruel, unfair, cowardly, and so on, and so on, to stand up and look at these people, to identify them and to read their own statements of purpose, he is entitled to the right of revision whenever he wants it.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

The Crusader's Almanac, a Catholic publication interested in the maintenance of the holy places of Palestine, has several interesting bits of news from that land:

"The Zionists are preparing a new guide to Palestine in which everything Christian is ignored. It refers to the Holy Sepulchre as the 'Tomb of the Nazarene.'

"The nomination of Sir Herbert Samuel, an Israelite, as English High Commissioner of Palestine, has from the very beginning disquieted the Christian as well as the Mohammedan element of the Holy Land. The feeling caused by his nomination has grown in proportion with the activity displayed by him whom the Jews call the 'Prince of Israel.'

"On Saturday, July 4, Sir Herbert Samuel went in great ceremony to the grand synagogue in Jerusalem . . . . but even the Greek Patriarch who paid him the honors could not persuade him to enter into the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre.

"Another surprise for the Christian and Mohammedan population was the recognition by the new commissioner of Saturday as a legal holiday, and then the decree that Hebrew was to be an official language of the government, together with English and Arabic.

"The Jews are coming to Jerusalem at the rate of several hundred a week. The most of them are emigrants from Russia and Poland, and are Bolsheviks. They try to buy up every available morsel of land, paying exorbitant prices in gold."

By order of the Palestine administration, a conference consisting of 71 rabbis and 35 Jewish laymen met in Jerusalem on February 25 last to elect a supreme rabbinate and a Jewish court of appeals for Palestine. Sir Herbert Samuel, the British high commissioner, in opening the conference, expressed the hope that the proceedings would help to bind more closely the scattered forces of Israel.

The first "Kosher ship" has been named the Mount Carroll. It is designed for third-class passenger service between Hamburg and New York.

Sir Alfred Mond, Zionist leader and British cabinet minister, on his recent return to London from Palestine said: "Palestine is a glorious state, suffering today from the results of centuries of neglect at the hands of the Turks. There is an immense amount of work to be done. The country has literally to be rebuilt. Work can and will be provided for three or four million men for years to come."

A Brooklyn Jew, requested by the American Jewish Committee to forward his war record, replied as follows: "I regret that I will be unable to give you this. I enlisted in the army as an American. The fact that I am a Hebrew is of no great import; I was no more important in the service than any American-born Pole, Hungarian, German or Swede. I will receive due credit as an American. In America, of all places, the Hebrew has the great opportunity of abandoning his Old World clannishness and becoming a true citizen of the land, and I cannot do anything which tends to keep him a separate people."

"It is quite some years since the writer visited an immigrant station and being always interested in Jewish immigrants, he took advantage of an invitation . . . . to Boston where immigrants are now landing in large numbers. During the past two weeks a dozen ships docked at that port. They carried about 15,000 Jewish immigrants, of whom only 25 have been detained."—Jewish *Daily News.*

The Hearst papers are now in the pro-Semitic program with all their might. After forgetting that February 28 was the anniversary of Rachel, the actress, who died in 1858, on March 22, the overdue article was printed: it gave the desired hook on which to hang more pro-Semitic propaganda.

Britain's Attempt to Solve Eastern Problems

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, April—(By Mail).

THERE was vague talk during the war that England meant to establish an "Empire of the Middle East" on the ruins of Turkey. That she should do so was in the imperialist tradition, which ordains that where a conquering power sets its foot, there it remains. And since it was tolerably clear from an early stage in the war that if Turkey was defeated at all, England would be the power to conquer and occupy Syria and Mesopotamia, there were grounds for supposing that in one way or another those countries would fall to England and from that her critics, and some of her friends too, sprang to the conclusion that out of them, perhaps with Egypt thrown in, she would fashion an "Empire" of the Middle East.

England's action with regard to Egypt gave a preliminary sanction to this view. Egypt had always in theory been independent. It never was, and is not now, in theory a part of the British Empire. However completely the British Government, through its agent-general at Cairo, directed the fortunes of Egypt, it was nevertheless the fact that England exercised no sovereignty there but had only acquired a specially privileged position for her agent. When Turkey came into the war, however, a change was promptly made. England did not annex Egypt, as many people expected that she would do, but she proclaimed a protectorate and of course she made energetic use of Egyptian resources during the war. As time went on, it seemed likely not only that Egypt would become in name as well as in practice a part of the Empire, but that Palestine and Mesopotamia also would fall into England's lap.

Nothing so crude, however, as bare annexations was in the minds of British statesmen, even had it been practicable and sanctioned by the public opinion of the world. There were several reasons why the creation of a Middle Eastern Empire comparable with the British Indian Empire was flatly impossible.

Can't Afford New Empires

1. The principles for which the Allies professed to have fought the war—freedom, liberty, the "self-determination" of people—had stirred up the East no less than the West to such a fervor that the East could not easily be held down by any imperialist power. This we have learned to our cost.

2. Thanks very largely to President Wilson it had become almost impossible for any power to annex outright a weaker people and its country. He established the theory of the mandatory or trustee state and although it is possible that some countries would like to transform a mandate into a mere cover for absolute ownership, we must maintain that the system of mandates can be faithfully carried out if public opinion will insist on it. That may be done either through the League of Nations or through an independent power like the United States, which has just exposed the difference between a mandatory area and annexation by demanding that equality of opportunity should be strictly maintained.

3. A matter of the pocket and the purse. We in England cannot afford any new empires. We are driven by sheer financial pressure to reduce our commitments wherever we can throughout the Middle East. People and newspapers in England whom Americans would suppose to be wild Imperialists, anxious at any cost to extend the empire, will be found nowadays criticizing the government severely for having made itself responsible for Mesopotamia and Palestine. Lord Derby, the Conservative peer, says he would "clear out" of Palestine and there is a whole school of politicians who want to leave upper Mesopotamia and withdraw right down to the head of the Persian Gulf, where we should remain in order to assure the safety of India.

These new principles might in themselves have prevented the establishment of a fresh "empire," but they were powerfully assisted by outside events.

Problem of Britain

1. The Egyptians, exasperated by an accumulation of grievances during the war and fired by what one may call in general the Wilsonian principles, broke into revolt, demanding independence. The Milner Commission was appointed to investigate. Its report, which is now before the cabinet, recommends that England should formally recognize the independence of Egypt, making a treaty of alliance with her but safeguarding in certain respects her own strategic position and the interests of all the foreign powers.

2. The Zionists, working with energy in the allied and associated countries and exerting all the influence of their very powerful membership (including that of some of the Rothschilds), succeeded in securing the promise of Palestine as a "national home" for the Jews under British protection.

3. The Arabs of Mesopotamia, discovering that they were being subjected to a great deal more of British administration than they had any stomach for, broke into widespread revolt. This led to an expensive and (in England) unpopular war, as a result of which the Arabs have promptly been given an administration of their own and are to be made, if possible, to defend and police their own country. There will be British advisers to the Mesopotamian Government but the British administration will disappear and the British Army will withdraw to the head of the Gulf.

These three points indicate the fundamental problem of the British Empire. On the side of the self-governing Dominions, that problem has been already solved. That is to say, they have grown to the status of complete self-governing nations, as free in all practical respects as England herself, and they have not desired to leave, or been driven from, the Empire because of any such criminal folly as led to the loss of the American colonies and the Declaration of Independence. Whatever the future may bring, the Dominions at present desire to remain as equal self-governing units within the Empire.

So, too, with the great eastern countries—India and Egypt—our problem is to lead them to the self-governing status without violent outbreaks and without endangering in some vital aspects our own position. We are bound to make concessions in Egypt and Mesopotamia, as elsewhere, to the principles for which the Allies fought. What we most need is not an Egypt that we can exploit for selfish purposes, but an Egypt that will be friendly to us and will not cut those communications to the East which we have ever in our mind.

Plan Likely of Adoption

IT IS not easy to devise a system under which Egypt shall have independence and at the same time we shall safeguard our strategic position. It is proposed that we should be allowed to keep an army in Egypt. This is clearly a rather large encroachment on independence, but it may be possible to devise an arrangement by which we shall have a garrison in the immediate neighborhood of the Suez Canal, which is what we desire to protect. The British Government has not yet accepted this scheme, but I believe that in essentials it will do so, and that, though Egypt does not belong to the Empire, this marks another step by which the Empire, responsive to the spirit of the times, may be able to survive without disruption.

In Palestine British motives are again a mixture of politics and strategy. The British acceptance of the Zionist program that Palestine should be declared a "national home" for the Jews was not mere sentiment in favor of the ancient race. The British have no particular need for Palestine in itself nor desire for it. As a mandatory area it would be expensive and troublesome if the British had to bear the burden. The Arabs and Jews make a difficult team to drive and the economic possibilities of the country are not greatly attractive. There is prestige, no doubt, to be acquired from the protection of the Holy Places, but that would fall to England even as a mandatory power.

England has, however, a strong strategic interest in Palestine. The Great War showed that the Sinai Desert is not the impregnable protection of the Suez Canal—England's artery to the East—that it had been supposed to be. The Palestine policy of the British Government satisfies three principles—the national aspirations of the Zionists, the necessity of defending British communications to the East, and the need for economy in expenditure.

Mesopotamia Is Different

THE Mesopotamian problem is somewhat different. After the armistice it seemed as though the British were going to install an Anglo-Indian administration without much respect to the wishes of the native Arab population. Whether this system was intended to be temporary or not, the Arabs developed a strong distaste for it and effectually insured its termination by breaking into a long and widespread revolt. The Arabs are now to have their own government (with British advisers)—some say under the Emir Feisul, whom the French drove out of Syria—and to police the country with their own militia. The mandate gives the British power to maintain troops in the country if they should think fit, but the British, who desire heartily to stop pouring out millions in Mesopotamia, hope to leave Mesopotamia to the Arabs in a political and military sense, and to withdraw their own forces far to the South, to the head of the Persian Gulf.

All this, it will be admitted, does not constitute a grandiose "Empire of the Middle East." My impression is that history will pronounce it to be a shrewd attempt to meet the difficulties of the British Empire, securing its strategic needs while involving a minimum of expense. At the same time something is done to satisfy the political aspiration of the native peoples, among whom the Arabs of Palestine, the prospective "national home" of the Jews, have perhaps the most ground for complaint.

The Tower Tree at Greensburg, Indiana

SOMETIMES the little triumphs over the mighty. David put a stone in a sling and slew a giant. A wee bird, unknown but not unsung, conspired with a tiny seed and conquered the cement tower of the Decatur County courthouse at Greensburg, Indiana; and the seed grew up into a maple that caused the place of its birth to be heralded far and wide as "The-Tree-on-the-Tower City."

Time passed; it has a way of doing that. The tree became the inspiration of J. Falconer Fraser, a Baptist minister. He turned poet and composer, wrote a song, and christened his effort "The Tree on the Tower." You may never have heard of this production; nevertheless it goes serenely on its way.



The Tower Tree is now nearly 20 feet high

"The tree," says Rev. Mr. Fraser, "is not a myth but an actual fact. It may be seen the year through, putting forth its leaves in the spring and shedding them as naturally as though its tangled roots were firmly fixed in old Mother Earth. The seed is supposed to have been planted there by a bird at a time before the tower was finished. The cement, being of a porous nature, holds enough moisture to sustain its life."

At one time no less than seven trees were growing on the tower. As the largest of these was threatening to wreck the roof in 1888, it became a question of saving the roof or the tree; so the largest tree was sacrificed. Since that date the others have died, all except the one on the northeast corner of the tower as shown in the picture.

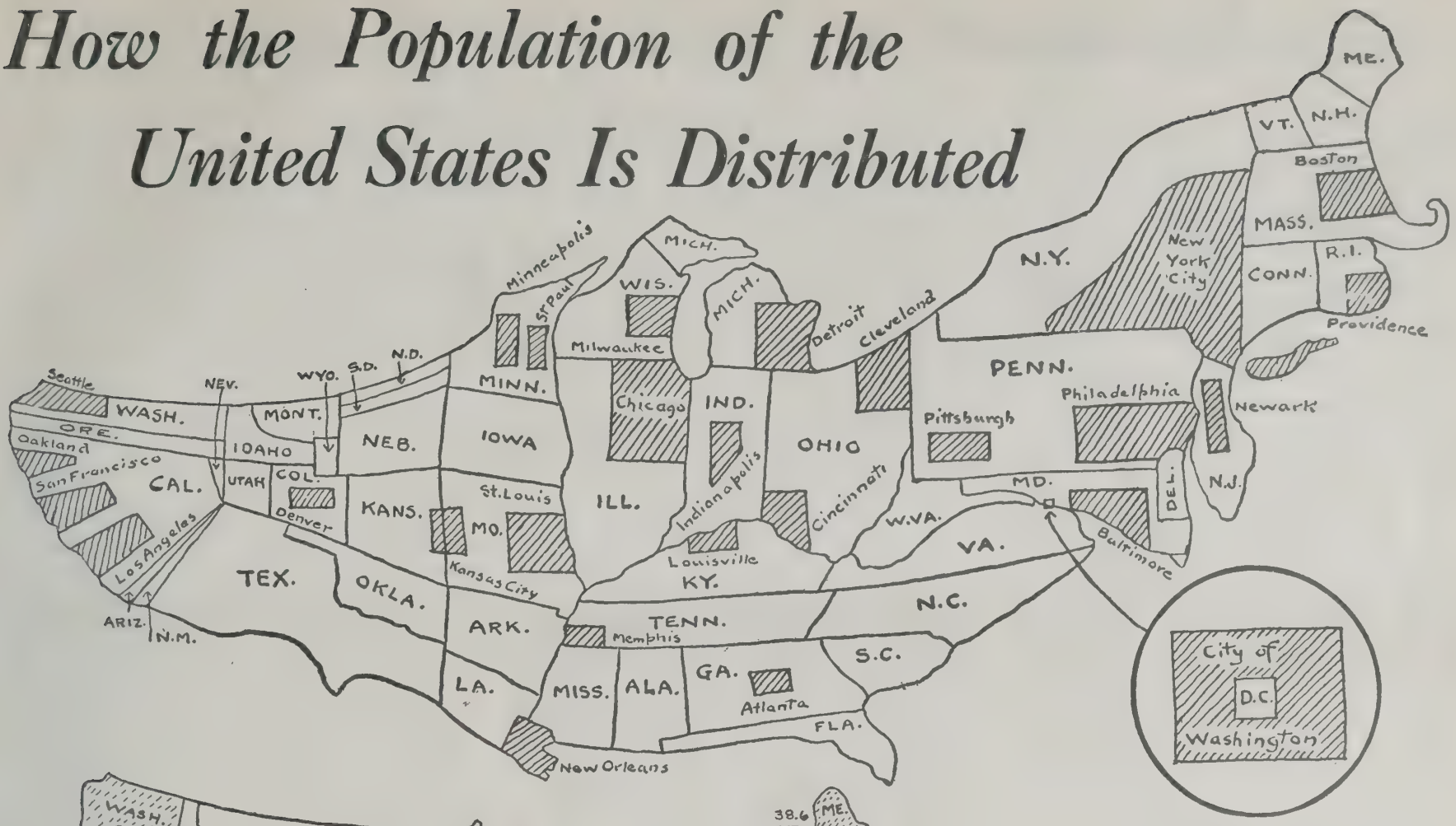
"The first shoot," an old resident of Greensburg told me when I inquired concerning the history of the phenomenon, "was noticed about forty-seven years ago by a man who had bought a new spyglass and was trying it out on the courthouse to find how well he could see with it. Later other shoots were seen. At the time the courthouse was remodeled nearly thirty years ago, the first tree showed signs of decay and was removed. The stump of it, however, is still standing about a foot above the stone blocks which form the roof of the tower. The remaining tree is in a healthy condition."

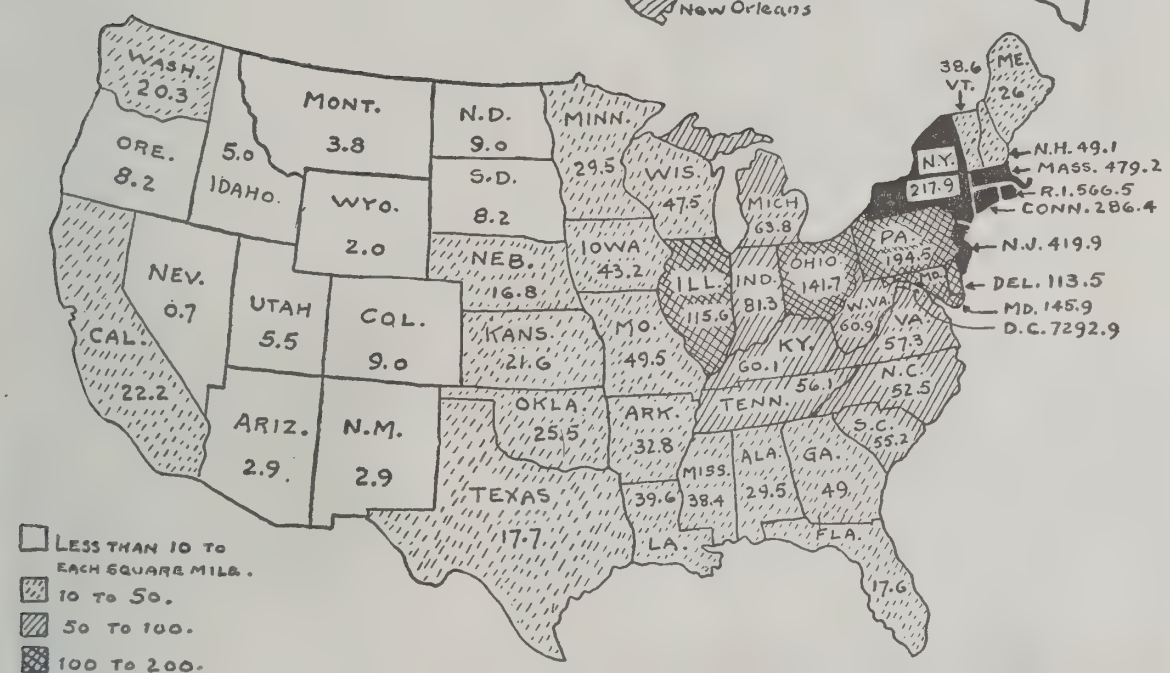
At the present time the tree is approximately eighteen or twenty feet high and has a bole of five inches in diameter. It is little affected by summer droughts, and it remains green even when the ground-anchored trees in the courthouse yard show the effects of dry weather. The remarkable endurance, the sheer persistence of the tree, is almost an anomaly. How can it live? How can it grow? On the tower there is no soil.

Some years ago a scientist conducted an experiment to ascertain how a tree grows and on what it subsists. He took a willow that weighed five pounds and planted it in a large earthenware pot that contained two hundred pounds of soil. After five years he took the tree and the soil out of the pot and weighed each separately. He had watered the tree every day. How it had flourished! for the scales indicated one hundred and seventy pounds. There seemed to be as much soil as on the day that he planted the sprout, but the scales showed two ounces less. Evidently the tree had waxed large on a diet of air and water.

Now there is no soil in the Greensburg tower; yet the maple in a test of drought stands revealed as hardier than those trees in the courthouse yard. Why? When science can find the answer to this question of how a tree not only exists but grows on air and the water the cement blocks absorb, science will have added a bright feather to its cap.

How the Population of the United States Is Distributed





How the population is distributed. Numerals show the average density of each state.

Every bright school child, who has studied geography, will realize at once that there is something wrong about this map. The states are distorted in shape and size and the cities are out of all true proportion. In one respect, however, it is approximately correct. Thus would the map of the U. S. appear if the people were all distributed evenly at the average of 35.5 persons to each square mile, and if each state retained its present population. The cities would occupy areas equivalent to those shown and the national capital would overspread the District of Columbia 20 times.

Spots Where the People Are Crowded in, and Spaces Where They Are Few and Far Between

MUCH interest attaches to population figures. Cities boast of their size as measured by the count of dwellers therein and point with pride to the increase in number or percentage of their inhabitants. States also find gratification in those comparisons which effect their relative rank and standing. Merchants, manufacturers, distributors and advertisers consult such statistics to determine upon what sections of the country they shall concentrate their best efforts, and, of course, in this respect, a good showing in the census reports has a value similar to that of a good commercial rating. One attracts a volume of business; the other enables a credit with which to handle it to advantage.

But population alone does not tell the whole story. A state or a country may become too populous. Authorities differ as to what is a safe and comfortable density of population for a large country with fertile soil and extensive natural resources. Holland and Belgium were both prosperous before the World War. The former supports an average of more than 500 to each square mile, while the density of the latter approaches 600. In England the density is even greater, but the products of that country cannot maintain her people. In a sense England is not self-supporting. She must import food and other necessities, paying for them out of the earnings of her factories and her commercial activities. Clearly, then, this is a density too great for comfort or safety.

It would seem that in the United States there need be little immediate worry on that account, for here the average density of the country is thirty-five and one-half persons to each square mile. It would seem that we can develop greatly within the next few years without passing the danger point. To illustrate, let us consider one of the most evenly developed states. Indiana is still "rural," in the technical meaning of the term. That is, there is a small majority of her population on farms or in cities, towns and villages of less than 2,500 inhabitants. Though she has only one city in excess of 100,000, there are three that approach that size and will doubtless soon achieve the distinction they covet. Other goodly cities, industrial and commercial centers, enjoy a prosperity above the average and the farms of the state have the advantage of proximity to good markets as well as a topography that makes good roads easy of construction and maintenance. The United States could not be regarded as over-populated if its average development were that of Indiana. If it were, the population of the country would be 241,777,257.

On the other hand, were we to become as congested as Rhode Island there would be over one and a half billion Americans, who, however great might be their material prosperity, could not produce their own food and raiment and who would have to revolutionize their home-building methods to procure adequate shelter. Yet even Rhode Island is not so crowded as England, and it would, therefore, seem that we have room for great expansion, if only we develop our land reserves somewhat evenly.

	Area (sq. mile)	Population 1920	Average to Square Mile 1920	1910	1900	1890
United States	2,973,890	105,708,771	35.5	30.9	25.6	21.2
Alabama	51,279	2,348 174	45.8	41.7	35.7	29.5
Arizona	113,810	333,903	2.9	1.8	1.1	0.8
Arkansas	52 525	1,725,204	32.8	30.0	25.0	21.5
California	155 652	3,426 861	22.0	15.3	9.5	7.8
Colorado	103.658	939,629	9.0	7.7	5.2	4.0
Connecticut	4,820	1,380 631	286.4	231.3	188.5	154.8
Delaware	1,965	223 003	113.5	103.0	94.0	85.7
Dist. of Col.	60	437,571	7292.9	5517.8	4645.3	3972.3
Florida	54 861	968,470	17.6	13.7	9.6	7.1
Georgia	58,725	2,895,832	49.0	44.4	37.7	31.3
Idaho	83,354	431,866	5.2	3.9	1.9	1.1
Illinois	56 043	6.485,280	115.6	100.6	86.1	68.3
Indiana	36 045	2 936 390	81.3	74.9	70.1	61.1
Iowa	55,586	2.404 021	43.2	40.0	40.2	34.4
Kansas	81,774	1,769 257	26.1	20.7	18.0	17.5
Kentucky	40,181	2,416,630	60.1	57.0	53.4	46.3
Louisiana	45 409	1,798,509	34.6	36.5	30.4	24.6
Maine	29 895	768 014	26.0	24.8	23.2	22.1
Maryland	9,941	1,449 661	145.9	130.3	119.5	104.9
Massachusetts	8,039	3,852,356	479.2	418.8	349.0	278.5
Michigan	57,480	3.668,412	63.8	48.9	42.1	36.4
Minnesota	80,858	2,387,125	29.5	25.7	21.7	16.2
Mississippi	46,362	1,790 618	38.4	38.8	33.5	27.8
Missouri	68,707	3,404 055	49.4	41.9	45.2	39.0
Montana	146 201	548 889	3.8	2.6	1.7	1.0
Nebraska	76 808	1,296,372	16.8	15.5	13.9	13.8
Nevada	109 821	77,407	0.7	0.7	0.4	0.4
New Hampshire	9,031	443 083	49.1	47.7	45.6	41.7
New Jersey	7,514	3,155,900	419.7	337.7	250.7	192.0
New Mexico	122,503	360,350	2.9	2.7	1.6	1.3
New York	47.183	10,384,829	217.9	191.2	152.5	126.0
North Carolina	48,740	2,559.123	52.5	45.3	38.9	33.2
North Dakota	70,183	645,680	9.0	8.2	4.5	2.7
Ohio	40.740	5,759 394	141.7	117.0	102.1	90.1
Oklahoma	79,414	2,028,283	25.5	23.9	11.4	3.7
Oregon	95,607	783,389	8.2	7.0	4.3	3.3
Pennsylvania	44,832	8,720.017	194.5	171.0	140.6	117.3
Rhode Island	1,067	604,397	556.5	508.5	401.6	223.8
South Carolina	30,495	1,683,724	55.2	49.7	44.0	37.7
South Dakota	76,868	636.047	8.2	7.6	5.2	4.5
Tennessee	41.687	2,337,885	56.1	52.4	48.5	42.4
Texas	262.398	4,663 228	17.7	14.8	11.6	8.5
Utah	82,124	449,396	5.5	4.5	3.4	2.6
Vermont	9,124	352,428	38.6	39.0	37.7	36.4
Virginia	40,262	2,309,187	57.3	51.6	46.1	41.1
Washington	66,836	1,356,621	20.3	17.1	7.8	5.3
West Virginia	24,022	1,463,701	60.9	50.8	39.9	31.8
Wisconsin	55,256	2,632,067	47.5	42.2	37.4	30.6
Wyoming	97,594	194,402	2.0	1.5	0.9	0.6

But this seems to be particularly what we are determined not to do. The map which shows by different shadings and numerals the density of each state according to the 1920 census reveals a variation of from 0.7 in Nevada to 566.5 in Rhode Island. The accompanying table, which shows the density according to each of the three preceding enumerations, proves that the congested areas are becoming more and more congested. That this is entirely due to our urban drift is unmistakable. Massachusetts, with an area of 8,039 square miles, has seven cities larger than 100,000, any two of which would exceed her rural population. Rhode Island's rural population is only 15,217, scarcely more than one-fourth that of Nevada, where there is an average of only seven persons to each ten square miles. There are fewer farmers in New York than in Alabama, Georgia, Missouri, or North Carolina, and New York City is more populous than the rest of the state. Michigan and Ohio have evolved from rural states recently because of the abnormal growth of one or two industrial cities. In all of these cities housing conditions have all but reached the endurance point and living costs have mounted higher than in other less populous centers.

Something of the extent of this urban drift is illustrated by a second map—if map it can be called—by means of which an effort is made to show how the map of the United States would appear if the population of the country were actually evenly distributed at the national average, 35.5 to the square mile, and each state retained its present population. The larger cities are extended to cover areas equal to those they would then occupy. If the so-called "metropolitan areas," or unannexed suburbs of these cities, and all the cities in or near the 100,000 class were also shown, the result would be even more strikingly illustrative of the fact that our urban drift has gone beyond comfort, if it hasn't brought us to the verge of danger.

The map, of course, depicts an entirely fanciful and impossible arrangement, but it does illustrate, more or less graphically, a condition that actually exists and that is constantly becoming more acute. We have land reserves, advantageously located and wondrously productive, but of what use are they if they are not developed? What is the difference between a country that cannot and one that will not produce its necessities? We may be in no immediate danger, but how long can we, if present tendencies persist, remain a safe, a prosperous, and especially a well-fed people?

The Romance of the Sapphire

WHEN Jack falls in love with Jill and empties his purse for an engagement ring, he wants a diamond. He thinks nothing can be too good for his heart's choice. So with a kiss and a hug and an avowal of everlasting love he slips the ring on her dainty finger. To him the set is as genuine as his Jill, and it may be. But there are tricks in all trades, likewise profiteers; so the diamond may be merely make-believe, and just a sapphire.

Externally the diamond and the sapphire are much alike. In expensiveness, however, they differ tremendously. The two infallible tests consist of hardness and specific gravity, the diamond possessing a greater degree of each. Should Jack ever suspect that Jill's ring is a sapphire vicariously serving as a diamond, he can readily ascertain the truth and follow it up with a grimace or a contented smile, a grimace if he has been deceived, a smile if he has not.

That's about the only sort of a romance the poor sapphire can have nowadays. In the long ago, however, it played a noble part; and often, indeed, it was Cupid's aid. Did Jill get a bit of dust in one of her eyes? Jack would come a-running, grab up the eye-stone, and then apply it carefully to the injured organ. This action presented an excellent opportunity for love-making, for Jack would talk to Jill and Jill would talk back while the oval sapphire extracted the dust or grit, or failed to.

Why did the stone ever fail? There were many possible slips just as there were many recipes for its use. The advocates of the various methods could never agree. Some said the stone should be heated and wrapped in cloth; others said it should be heated but never wrapped. A few seers contended it should be washed before and also after use. But other seers averred the sapphire would not perform its work as an eye-stone if it were twice washed, once was sufficient; yet there were two camps of these, the before-users and the after-users. Altogether the poor eye-stone had a most miserable, abominable time while the philosophers and doctors thought up alibis for it, and painstakingly justified its existence.

Perhaps the most famous of these eye-stones was that in the Church of Old St. Paul's in London. In 1391 it had been given by "Richard de Preston, Citizen and Grocer of that city, for the cure of infirmities in the eyes of those thus afflicted who might resort to it." If rubbed on the eyes in cases of smallpox, it would preserve them from injury. Charles V of France possessed one of these valuable pieces; for in an inventory he noted "an oval Oriental Sapphire for touching the eyes, set in a band of gold." As late as 1648 it was said that if any one looked long and intently at a sapphire his eyes would be protected from all injury and that nothing harmful could befall them.

If Jack ever suspected his Jill and feared she was not true to him, he could test his sweetheart with a sapphire. Let her wear it next her breast and over her heart throughout three hours. If the stone took on a darker hue, poor Jack might know that his affections had been misplaced; on the other hand, if the gem showed no change, he would regard his Jill as immaculate. Jack's rival, the villain, would contrive whenever he could to have the test start at or about four o'clock in the afternoon. He had a very good reason; for he had penetrated the then unknown and discovered that the gem invariably appeared darker by the feeble light of candles and torches. And, of course, he always wanted Jill to be proved untrue so that he might have her as his very own.

These quaint people of the fourteenth century, of the Middle Ages, had the most unique ideas that you can imagine. They declared the sapphires themselves had romances, that the dark stones were gentleman sapphires and the lighter ones, those of pale blue approaching white, were the lady sapphires. The stones were endowed with sex; and occasionally, as in all worthy families, babies came, so it was believed. Certain supposedly honest souls would relate how they had domiciled two stones of opposite sex, and later been gratified by the discovery of a newcomer.

This curious belief prevailed many years longer than it should. Cardani, the Italian who was suspected of starving himself to death in order to fulfill a prediction he had made of his life's end, wrote in 1585 that precious stones were animate. He had never observed that they possessed sex although "as nature delights as much in miracle as we do, some may be so constituted that they are almost distinguished by sex." The statement reflects the uncertainty of that and the preceding periods on the activities of precious stones which we of today regard as inert.

The whole sapphire, besides strengthening sight, had a number of medicinal uses. Bartolomaeus Anglicus, teacher of theology in the University of Paris during the first half of the thirteenth century, recommended it as effective in stopping the flow of blood, especially nosebleed, by attaching it to the temples. He also considered it an excellent means of calming an excited heart and of checking excessive perspiration.

Robert Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," published three hundred years ago, attributed to the gem a chastening, purifying influence upon the soul. "It is," he further avowed in that queer work, "the fairest of all precious stones of a sky color, and a great enemy to black choler, as it frees the mind and also mends the manners."

The Greeks dedicated the stone to Apollo and wore it when inquiring of the oracle at his shrine. To these ancients it was the sacred gem of gems. In the Bible it is said to be "as it were the body of heaven in its clearness." The Buddhists hold that it produces desire for prayer, that it gives spiritual light, and brings peace and happiness as long as the wearer leads a moral life. In short, of the vast array of colored gems the sapphire has been most venerated among all peoples.

Possessing the same color or hue as the sky, the stone has ever been regarded as symbolizing the heavens. It acquired a religious significance and became most appropriate as a setting for ecclestiastical rings. It was believed to maintain chastity, to counteract the wiles of the spirits of darkness, and to procure the aid of the spirits of light and wisdom. It also revealed fraud, protected the wearer from ailments, and gave him the power of concentration.

"The sapphire," said Saint Jerome in his exposition of the nineteenth chapter of Isaiah, "procures favor with princes, pacifies enemies, frees from enchantment, and obtains freedom from captivity. Thus if Jack were in prison and Jill could manage somehow to throw a sapphire through the bars and into his hands, Jack would presently be in her arms. Today a lot of folks besides lovers are wishing that the sapphire would regain its fabled power.

The "Star of India" in the Morgan-Tiffany collection of the American Museum of Natural History weighs 543 carats and is one of the finest asteria known. Though indefinite, its historic record covers three centuries of wanderings; but it is a safe guess that it will lie a long time in its present resting-place.

The sapphire, standing as it does for constancy, truth and virtue, makes an appropriate birthstone for the children of April. Indeed, it is said:

> If on your hand this stone you bind,
> You in Taurus born will find
> 'Twill cure diseases of the mind,
> The sapphire.

Your Own United States



Did you know that Columbus landed on soil that is now American? Here is a picture of a monument erected in honor of Columbus' landing near Aguadilla, Porto Rico, in 1493, on his first trip to the New World.

The Australian Blacks

Melbourne, Australia—(By Mail).

PERHAPS no race has ever existed upon this planet whose progress toward extinction has been so rapid as that of the blacks of Australia; and probably no race was ever known of so low a standard of mentality, customs and morals as the aboriginal inhabitants of this vast island continent. Their decimation, however, is not altogether attributable to natural causes, though these vastly predominate, and account mainly for the reduction of the native population; but unfortunately other reasons can be adduced which are most discreditable to the earlier periods of colonization in Australia.

There is this to be said in connection with the early settlement of Australia—that the pioneers of that movement had no such difficulties to contend with as those brave and adventurous spirits who went forth to reclaim the wildernesses of North America and South Africa. The Australian pioneers set out upon their long voyage to the other end of the earth with the knowledge that when they got there no hostile native population was to be encountered.

The Australian pioneers were allowed to land without the slightest molestation, and they might, if they had so chosen, have remained in unbroken friendly relations and intercourse with the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, and secured absolute possession of the whole of it without the sacrifice of a single life. But, finding the natives so little disposed to dispute the encroachments of the white man, advantage was taken of their complacent attitude, and the whites were not slow to show them that they were their masters in every way. The lack of intelligence displayed by the Australian blacks and their incapacity to appreciate the civilizing methods of the newcomers, impressed the latter with the uselessness of attempting any of those assimilating processes which had been brought to bear upon dark races in other lands. They soon grew to despise the Australian natives, and to treat them more like dogs than human beings. As settlement extended the cruelties increased, and the black man's life was esteemed at no higher value than that of a kangaroo or possum. Indeed, in Australia, and afterward in Van Diemen's land, the gun was used indiscriminately upon blacks and kangaroos, and a day's sport frequently consisted of a mixed destruction of man and animal. Some monsters even went further in this inhuman and devilish process of extermination, for it has been established beyond the possibility of successful contradiction that one of the practices often resorted to at the end of the eighteenth and far into the nineteenth century was to lay poisoned food in places where the natives were certain to find it.

What are the evidences of this process of unnatural extinction presented today? All that are left of the native race in the State of Victoria are gathered into two or three compounds of limited extent. In New South Wales a very marked decrease has taken place, and almost the same thing can be said of South Australia and of extensive areas in Queensland. They are to be found in greater numbers in Western Australia and the Northern Territory, where, as in the case of Northern and Western Queensland, climatic reasons have saved them from the rapid encroachments of white population.

In the adjoining island state of Tasmania (or Van Diemen's Land, as it was called in old convict days) where the aboriginal inhabitants were known to be pretty numerous at the beginning of the last century, neither man, woman nor child of them has been left. There the last survivor of his race has been dead for nearly half a century, and the black man's "coo-ee" no longer resounds through forests where thousands of aborigines roamed in undisturbed possession little more than a century ago. Just think of it! It took, from the period of earliest white colonization in Van Diemen's Land until the death of the last survivor, only three-quarters of a century to wipe a whole race out of existence! The record tells its own tale.

In Van Diemen's Land, as in Australia, the natives were remorselessly hunted down, the men murdered, and their women carried off; and the shameful record cannot be challenged that in 1830 an extraordinary attempt was made by Governor Arthur to catch and pen up in Tasman's Peninsula, with the ostensible object of transporting to Flinder's Island, the whole of the then aboriginal population of Van Diemen's Land. Upward of 3,500 whites, including thirty British soldiers, turned out for the exciting operation of clearing Van Diemen's Land of their presence by means of a cordon across the island. The brutal attempt proved a total failure. Only two natives were captured, and the cost of the expedition amounted to no less a sum than £35,000.

No reliable estimate has ever been made of the number of aborigines who inhabited Australia and Van Diemen's Land when the whites first took up their abode in these countries. The number in the whole of Australia has been set down at 3,000,000, and Governor Phillip estimated that in his time New South Wales contained 1,000,000.

One-Crop System of South on Its Last Legs

THE greatest reduction in acreage and production of cotton that the southern states have ever known will be put into effect this year. Cotton as King is to be uncrowned. The one-crop system of the states south of the Mason and Dixon line is on its last legs. Fields that for years and years have grown nothing but cotton are being sliced here and there to make way for corn, hay, pastures, truck gardens and orchards. Livestock and poultry are getting more attention. The cotton farmer is becoming a general farmer this year. From all indications the yield of cotton will be cut from 20 to 35 per cent. The greatest voluntary reduction of record was less than 15 per cent.

Cotton farmers are sick of cotton. The last year has given them a bitter lesson of depending upon it alone. They have seen the crop which they hold cost them from 30 to 35 cents a pound to produce drop below 15 cents a pound on the market. They have cotton on hand and cannot get rid of it. The world's supply of unspun cotton is sufficient to last for two years, some experts say, and the cotton farmer cannot hope for much improvement for months to come.

In other times, the cotton grower always has been able to sell his cotton or get some money on it. Now he can neither sell nor borrow on what he holds. Cotton no longer is a medium of exchange as it used to be. Time was when he could load a bale into the farm wagon, drive to town and return home with things to eat and wear, his cotton being accepted in lieu of money. The fact that it now is a drug at any price is what hurts most. And it is this fact that has contributed materially to the decision of the heretofore unregenerate that an all-cotton program this year will be ruinous.

Unlike the farmers of the northern agricultural sections, the cotton farmer cannot eat his product and he cannot feed it to the livestock. It must go through market channels or be stacked until those channels will take it. Mr. Cotton-grower, consequently, has been sitting at home with his cotton piled about him, with no meat in the smokehouse nor feed in the granary. Naturally, he is cotton-sick. It is no wonder that he is turning to something else—something that will at least help feed the family and the tenants and the cotton mules. It is a novel adventure for the great majority of farmers in the southern states. There are farms after farms in the cotton-growing region that produce no corn, no hay, no hogs nor cattle, no poultry, no garden truck, no fruits; farms without smokehouses, without granaries, without bins of potatoes and apples and without shelves of home-canned and home-cured things to eat.

It is not because these things cannot be produced that the southern farmers have not produced them. Cotton has been the one idol at whose shrine they have worshiped for generations. They have not tried—speaking in a general way—to raise anything else, this despite some agricultural advantages that other farming sections would prize most highly. There is the long growing season with the possibility of two or three crops in a single year; the long pasturage season and short, mild winters to make livestock production low in cost and consequently profitable; the absence of severe cold and snow with which the northern farmer must contend two or three months in the year; the early spring for products that bring the year's best prices on northern markets; the luxuriant growth of all kinds of grasses and legumes, and many other lesser advantages which are not common in the sections where general farming is practiced with most success.

In the face of such possibilities the southern farmer has kept on growing cotton. He has numerous excuses to offer. In the first place, he probably would say that his banker and his merchant would not give him credit if he did not grow a certain amount of cotton. He might add that he did not have the marketing facilities to take care of anything beside cotton. Or he might say that his labor did not know how to raise other things than cotton. Again he might say that, with a good cotton year, he could well afford to grow cotton and buy food and feed and other necessities in the open market. Such explanations are very common and are the ones most frequently heard.

Under the circumstances, it is quite natural that the merchants and the bankers want cotton produced when they extend credit. The agricultural experts have been telling the farmers all along, however, that if more of the necessities were produced at home there would be less need for so much credit. They have been pointing out for years to John Smith that if he will grow a bit more corn or hay than he needs, Will Brown, the neighboring farmer, will buy it because Brown always has bought such things. Brown is told the same thing and all the Smiths and Browns are informed of the trainload after trainload of meat and canned foods that are shipped into the southern states from the northern states.

The same experts have been telling the farmers that the labor problem will soon adjust itself to new farming methods and they point to the county agents and the demonstration agents and the greatly increasing number of agricultural high schools as sources of instructive information.

But the cotton farmer has insisted that, cotton conditions good, he can afford to buy his necessities. He has seen an acre of ground produce a bale of cotton which brought from $100 to $300 when the market was good. He has been willing to gamble on a good crop and a good market.

It was the high cotton prices near the close of the World War that contributed to the big lesson that southern farmers have learned—the lesson that is causing them to turn their backs on cotton this year. At planting time in 1920, cotton prices were very high. It looked like a big cotton year. Cotton went into every available acre of ground, even into the front lawns on many plantations. Before the bolls had started to form, prices started downward. Then they plunged downward. Cotton which, it is held, cost from 30 to 35 cents a pound to produce dropped to half that figure on the market and the bottom was not reached. It got to a point in the cotton-growing states where the product was a drug on the market. It could not be sold nor traded nor put up as security. For the first time in generations the cotton farmers were forced to stack their cotton to one side and start figuring how they could survive. The blow that had been dealt them was felt almost as keenly by business—by the banker and the merchants who held accounts that could not







Top—Eleven-day-old cow peas planted in August on a southern farm after a crop of wheat had been grown, cut and harvested from the same field the same year.

Center—Field of oats that yielded 125 bushels per acre, Washington County, Mississippi.

Bottom—Three tons of lespedeza or Japanese clover per acre, cut from a southern field the third week in August.

be paid. To produce more cotton this year with the world already supplied with enough to last two years would be folly. Something had to be done and done quickly.

"Diversify," came the old cry from the agricultural leaders. They had been preaching that gospel for 15 years, saw it taken up to an appreciable extent until the World War sent cotton prices skyward, and then saw it cast aside and forgotten.

Leading men of the South, bankers, merchants and planters, called a meeting to discuss the situation. It was held in Memphis, Tennessee, in December. It was there that the "Memphis Plan" of securing a reduction in the acreage and production of cotton was formulated. This plan is now being put into effect throughout the South.

In effect, the Memphis Plan provides for reducing the cotton yield 50 per cent by limiting cotton acreage to 33 1-3 per cent of the lands cultivated by southern farmers this year.

Attempts were made in other lean years in the cotton states to obtain lower production but these attempts usually were limited to the passing of resolutions declaring such reduction to be necessary. Many cotton farmers cut their cotton acreage but many others, it has been charged, took advantage of such occasions to grow more cotton than ever.

The Memphis meeting resulted in the passage of resolutions as other meetings had resulted. But "teeth" were given to the Memphis Plan. It says that credit shall be denied to those farmers who do not reduce their cotton acreage. The meeting went on record in these words:

"In view of the fact that the world cannot, or has not taken the present supply of cotton at living prices to the producer, it is hereby determined by this convention of farmers, bankers and merchants representing nearly every cotton-growing state, to reduce the cotton production for 1921 by at least 50 per cent of the production of 1920. This step we deem to be imperative as a measure of good business and financial safety. Any other course is speculative, and ruinous and unsound. Agriculture must obey the same economic laws as industry, and curtail production in times when production does not pay.

"In order that this 50 per cent may be equitably distributed, and in order that cotton production may be placed upon a sane economic basis, it is the conclusion of the convention that no farmer should plant to cotton during the coming year (1921) more than thirty-three and one-third (33 1-3) per cent of his lands under actual cultivation in 1921.

"To the end that this program may be carried out, appeal is made to the bankers of the South through their several state and county organizations and individually, to enforce compliance through credit restriction and by denial of credit, to any planter or farmer, or supply merchant, or landowner, who will not comply with the reduction plan aforesaid; the merchants shall be urged to restrict supply to those who will carry out said plan, and the farmers are urged to give said plan their sympathetic support."

The convention adopted resolutions bearing on the plans, one of these being as follows:

"We call upon the bankers and credit merchants throughout the states in which cotton is grown, to use their utmost endeavor to bring about the enforcement of a cotton acreage reduction by refusing to advance any money to anyone interested in farming of any kind, who in the first place, does not plant enough food and feed for his own use."

Immediately following the adoption of the Memphis Plan, steps were taken in southern states, and more particularly those of the Central South, to bring about the ends sought. Co-operation of the bankers and merchants has been general. The result is that cotton fields are being turned into corn fields and pastures and fields for other crops this year on a bigger scale than in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. The agricultural leaders, such as the county agents and the field workers for the government, the states and for the railroads and other industries that have thrown their weight behind the movement, have spared no energy in reaching the farmers with aid and instruction in the new sort of farming, realizing that proper planting and cultivation and proper knowledge of raising new crops and better livestock will mean fewer failures and a consequent interest and enthusiasm that will bear future fruit.

Some of the agricultural forces have issued pamphlets, widely circulated and published, which give emergency "cropping plans." These plans suggest what should be grown on farms of different sizes. As an example, the Arkansas Profitable Farming Bureau broadcasted plans which included one for a typical 40-acre farm having a team of mules, a cow, brood sow and pigs and two dozen hens. On this sized farm, the bureau suggests 14 acres of cotton planted in thoroughly prepared and well fertilized ground; 14 acres of corn with velvet beans interplanted; six acres of oats for hay, this to be cut when the grain is in the milk, and followed for a second crop with cow peas, lespedeza, soy beans or June corn; a half acre of sweet potatoes and a similar sized patch of Spanish peanuts which will provide food for the family and for fattening hogs; a quarter-acre of Irish potatoes which should be planted twice to get two crops in the same year; a quarter-acre of garden which can be planted three times for three full crops in most of the cotton states; one-fourth acre of sorghum for syrup and for feed, and four acres of pasture for mules, cow, hogs and chickens.

There are not many cotton plantations as small as 40 acres. Some of them exceed 1,000 acres and are divided up so that tenants take care of a small portion each. The emergency cropping plan outlined for a 1,000-acre plantation, the average of which has 50 tenant families and 50 head of cotton mules, provides for 475 acres of cotton, 300 acres of corn, 150 of oats to be followed by other crops: 25 acres of gardens and potatoes, and 50 acres of pasture. For 2,000-acre plantations, these figures would be doubled, and so on.

Such cropping plans are being followed with an unusual degree of sincerity on the part of both the small and the big farmers. The objective is to produce food and feed for home consumption and make the cotton crop the cash or profit crop.

It is admitted by the leaders that the yield this year may not be cut as much as 50 per cent, but they do believe that the reduction will be in excess of that of and other year in the cotton-growing states.

Show Boats on America's Inland Streams

By HENRI De QUESTIER

MORE show boats will range the Ohio River and its tributaries this spring and summer than ever before were afloat upon that stream. The majority of this craft will be motion picture theaters.

For today there is no more profitable show route in the United States than the 1,000-mile length of the Ohio River, and the hundreds of miles of navigable waters of the seventy-seven streams that empty into it. Compared with railroad rates that make overland transportation of shows almost an impossibility, the cost of carrying a show from river town to river landing is next to no expense at all.

All these show boats will do a tremendous business. The people who live along their route have plenty of money to spend. But that is only a minor reason for the scramble to get on the waterway this season. The owners of these shows are hoping to build reputations for furnishing good performances that will be assets when the river amusement business reaches the volume that it is expected to attain.

In the future this water show route will be much better than it is today, because of the nearness to completion of the canalization of the Ohio River. About one-half of a series of fifty-three locks and dams are in operation between its source and its mouth. When the remainder of them in course of construction are in operation a nine-foot stage will be maintained in the stream throughout the year.

Heretofore, the Ohio River has been a whimsical steam, afflicted with numerous and wide-apart variations in depth. They not only seriously interfered with navigation, but at times they brought it to a full stop for awhile—the channel could then be forded at a good many places above Cincinnati. Prospects for being on a permanently navigable thoroughfare have stimulated steamboating and business in every city and town along the river, and even at little landings, where there is nothing but a general store in the center of a group of three or four houses on the shore. And this stimulation has reached well up to the head of navigation on the tributaries.

As an illustration of the liveliness that is reflected in the number of show boats on the Ohio River this year, from one landing that is a smooth, unbroken stretch of sand with nothing upon it, 50,000 barrels of apples were shipped by steamboat to Cincinnati last fall. There will be more of them shipped from this landing in 1921. The average price received by the shippers for the apples was $7 a barrel, laid down on the sand where the steamboat could pick them up. The total production was grown on an area that took in not more than ten miles of the country back from the landing. Between seasons, when the orchards do not demand attention, timber is cut in the vicinity, and worked into the cooperage used in shipping the crops.

In former years, none of this work was done. The orchards were neglected. Comparatively few apples were shipped from this landing, because there was no dependable way to get the crop to market, except by wagons to the railroad a long distance away. When canalization was assured, however, the orchards were gone over, and their production is increasing. There is now a convenient and cheap way to market the crops by river when the demand for apples is heavy. And this seven times fifty thousand is the total number of new dollars that the people in this region have to spend that did not come to them before. They are inveterate show boat patrons—all of them, even to the far limits of this ten-mile area, and beyond it. Multiply this liveliness by a similar stir in all sorts of industries along the full length of the Ohio River and you have the dollars and cents reason for the influx of show boats on its surface.



In the water-soaked country of Louisiana, show boats return handsome profits. The craft range the country during fall and winter.

However, but few people who live away from the Ohio River—and a good many who live in the cities on its banks—are aware of this quickness in the river show business. They never even have heard of a show boat, though the craft have navigated the inland waterways of this country for so many years that no one knows when or how they started to do it. The Ohio River was the first breeder of show boats, and for well more than a quarter of a century they have been one of its important elements of traffic.

Despite these facts, in all that has been said and written about the fluid thoroughfare, you will find practically nothing about show boats. The craft has never been press agented, which is a peculiar statement to make about anything so spectacular as a traveling show. The reason is that show boats seldom stop in the larger cities along their route. People there do not patronize them to the extent that will warrant paying high municipal charges to tie to the water front, and to make parades. There are comparatively few towns on the Ohio River and its tributaries when the count of them is placed beside the number of landings on the stream. But there is a world of villages and clusters of three or four houses with well-settled country back of them on these water routes.

These small places have been intensively developed in the past as good "show towns." There is practically no expense attached to showing at their landings. Year after year, show boats have floated in and out of these more or less remote spots, almost to the exclusion of the larger places. Few disasters have occurred to attract newspaper attention to the craft; and all the other happenings to them take place where news seldom travels fifty miles from where it originates.

Consequently, few inlanders, even if they have heard of show boats, can visualize the craft, beyond the fact that they must be something that floats, and that whatever shape they have, they carry a show from river town to river landing. Well, that is what they do, plus something more. The performances always are held on board. There is no record of a water amusement enterprise that had a successful season where the performances were given in a tent or other structure on the shore. To people who live along these streams there is a glamour about the river, and the things that float upon it, that never is dimmed. Most of their joy in going to see a show is the opportunity to be aboard something that so essentially is a part of the waterway, and they will not patronize land shows to the extent that they will those whose performances are given on the water.

From the standpoint of the show-boat owners this attitude is very satisfactory. When the boats are set for a performance at the beginning of the season there is no need to disturb the arrangements until the close of the season, when the boat is overhauled and repainted for the succeeding season. That eliminates wagons, horses and workingmen who otherwise would be required to haul the tents and paraphernalia on shore; set them up; tear them down, and haul them back at night. There are no workingmen on a river show; only the crew demanded by Federal regulations for the steamboat that pushes it.

About the best idea you can get of a river show boat is to imagine yourself picking up a freak show from a street fair; or lifting your favorite theater or motion picture house, putting it down on the surface of the Ohio River, hitching a steamboat to it, if your choice is a theater—if it is a freak show, letting it drift with the current—and in that fashion float down the waterway, giving performances wherever you can drum up a crowd. The architecture of your craft will be the same, whatever variety of amusement you offer—a light draft barge, covered with a superstructure. Dimensions will vary according to the amount of money you have to spend on your boat.

Drifting with your freak show is emphasized, because show boats have no power of their own. And they belong in one or the other of two very distinct classes, the quacksalvers and the floating theaters. The former are hitched to no motive power. They float downstream, hand-steered by broad boards, nailed to the ends of long poles. Their season begins in the vicinity of headwaters early in the spring, and ends in the neighborhood of Cairo in the late autumn, unless they feel the urge to float down the Mississippi to the fantastic fluid routes through the swamp country of Louisiana. If they do not do this, they are towed to headwaters during the winter with any sort of a fleet going in that direction.

Attractions on the quacksalvers range from preserved whales to collections of gulf and sea fish, and from "Aztec mummies"—manufactured from papier-maché in North Cambridge, Massachusetts—to forlorn freaks, exhibited in a "pit," built on the order of a side show at a street fair. The boat is tied to a landing, and remains there as long as stragglers with some curiosity and a dime will wander aboard. There is no advance notice of the coming of the craft; and there is no "ballyhoo" to attract sight-seers.

A lurid banner is stretched across the shore side of the boat. A few small "heralds" announcing what there is to be seen are tacked to trees, and hung in the general store, at the landing. Everybody for miles around, however, soon knows that the quacksalver is at the landing, for nothing moves or stops on the river that isn't observed and talked about. The people who operate these freak shows are queer human documents in the record of inland waterways—mentally, they are as alert as a Coney Island side show spieler; physically, they are as inert as it is possible to be without entirely ceasing to function as a human being. They live in cabins built on the rear of their boats.

Floating theaters, also, are divided into two distinct classes, the theaters and the motion picture shows. The latter seat about two hundred persons and are towed by small gasoline boats. Electricity for the show and for illuminating purposes is generated on the gasoline boat. Their interiors are arranged precisely like those of any land motion picture theater. The living quarters for the owner and the crew and the people required to operate the show are in the rear of the theater. There is a small amount of advance work done by these shows—not many days ahead of the outfit. Then the advertising is confined to a few hand bills distributed at the general store at the landings, because the motion picture craft seek out the smaller places. They show there for one night, and go away with a slight profit. The principal advertising is done by a compressed air calliope when the craft arrives at the landing.

Floating theaters of the first class are towed by a steamboat. Usually it is large enough to quarter the performers and the musicians in about the same style as if they were put up at good hotels. Where the towboat is small, it quarters only the crew, and the performers and musicians live in rooms built on the theater boat.

The superstructure of a floating theater is a two-story affair, painted white and trimmed with aluminum paint to give the appearance of silver mountings. Large windows are left in the sides to provide ventilation. A gangway is built along its sides to give access to the rear when a performance is on, and it is impossible to go through the interior of the structure. The boat is heated by steam in cool weather; cooled by electric fans in hot weather; and it is lighted by electricity generated on the towboat. The outfit is steered from the roof of the theater. Lines are carried across the roof, and across the roof of the steamboat to the rudder. Signals to the engineer are given by whistles, and the lines to the whistles are carried back in the same manner.

At the front and rear ends the lower story is cut away to form a deck. The projecting upper story forms a canopy over these end decks, the forward canopy being a comfortable porch, and the rear canopy inclosing the kitchen and dining room. Behind the forward canopy are two medium-sized rooms on each side of a narrow hallway. They are the apartments of the proprietor or manager, who is a peculiar combination of showman and riverman. Beyond these rooms two or three others are built. They are occupied by performers and the pilot when the towboat is a small craft. Beyond these rooms is the balcony. There is no gallery on a floating theater.

Entrance to the theater is in the center of the front deck. At one side of the door is the ticket office; on the other side is the room of the star of the aggregation. A passageway between the ticket office and the star's room leads to the interior. From the passageway a flight of stairs leads to the balcony.

Except in decorations, there is no difference between the interior of a floating theater and a show house on land. The interior of the former is painted white, and there is no attempt to conceal the iron rods and braces that give stability to the structure. The seats are on an incline, and they begin near the door. The reserved seats occupy about half of the seating space. In the upper stretches of the Ohio, reserved seats pass under that name. Farther downstream there is a belt in which they are known as "set down seats," probably because they are insurance of a comfortable place in which to sit, and an unobstructed view of the show when the crowds overflow the seating capacity—which varies from 700 to 1,200—as is often the case.

The stage occupies the entire width of the theater at the rear end. The scenery is the work of skilled artists, and in variety it meets all of the requirements of any repertoire show, presenting dramas and comedies, or a show with a program made up entirely of





vaudeville. The dressing rooms face an open place behind the scenes. Most performers, however, prefer to dress in their own rooms.

River audiences prefer dramas with specialties between the acts, and a rollicking afterpiece, to any other program, and that is what they usually get. The plays presented are from the productions of the stock companies, and itinerant "ten-twent'-thirt's" that a few years ago flourished everywhere. However, the production that earned the most money for any floating theater proprietor was "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," a weepy melodrama with a darkey comic relief.

And "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was presented for one season only to river audiences. In a way, the offering was appropriate. Not one, but many, Elizas did cross the river at Ripley, near Cincinnati, during the days of the Underground Railroad, and each time these fleeing women did it they had adventures that still are tradition in that neighborhood. The story was written on the hills at Cincinnati overlooking the Ohio River. But in the lower stretches of the stream the offering provoked a world of fights between the showmen and a sprinkling of town people who objected to it, because the Ohio in reality is the dividing line between the North and the South. These fights were so numerous that it was the custom just before the performance was over to loosen the lines that held the boats to the shore, and when the last straggler from the audience was clear of the gangplank the craft floated midstream, and was gone. In a good many places there wasn't time to release the lines before the fighting started, and these lines were cut by the crew when the wheel of the towboat made its first revolution to get under way. Many times the boats were followed by a shower of rocks and bullets. And because show boats usually make their way out of the Ohio into the Mississippi, and cruise through southern waters in the late autumn and early winter, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was presented as far south as Baton Rouge, but that was the last place it was presented—the battle there was a classic in the annals of river shows. But the season was a profitable one, because thousands of persons on this route never had seen the play.

Show boat performers average up with the ordinary run of stock players. They are recruited from a good class of actors. Some of them never leave the river, while at the end of their winter land engagements other good performers "join out" with floating theaters as a pleasant way to spend the summer, and to improve themselves by study. There is plenty of time to do this, and it is one of the explanations for the general excellence of river shows, particularly the specialties. A good many vaudeville performers work out their notions for new acts and shape them up before river audiences during the summer. You will also find on any floating theater one or two really good actors, who for one reason or another stopped halfway up the hill of achievement on land, and dropped back to river shows, where life is easier, and engagements are never terminated for lack of business.

The same statement holds good with river show bands and orchestras. The music of a show, and its calliope, are nine-tenths of the advertising that is done, and it must be good. Even the rumor of a poor band and orchestra means the difference between profit and loss at a landing, because river bank dwellers have been taught to know and appreciate good music. If the calliope is an indifferent one, or poorly played, the show might as well be taken to some other landing before it opens its doors, for the attendance will be slim.

There is little advance work done. A few small "heralds," and a date line pasted on a barn or two at the landing a few days before the show is due is about all that you ever will see of it. And unless you go close to one of these indifferent stands of "paper" you never will know, unless you've seen them before, what it is about. In a good many instances there is no advance work at all.

Breakfast on a floating theater is served at 7 a. m. There is no excuse for non-appearance, except sickness. Discipline is rigid. There is no laxness in dress or deportment. There cannot be, because there is no place where you can do without your ambitions any easier than on a floating theater. Fines are levied for infractions of the regulations. The rule that is most cordially hated is the one that prohibits fishing from the boats.

Parade at ten o'clock is preceded by another calliope concert. Headed by the band, the men performers march up the landing, and parade the place, whether it has a dozen persons in it or a thousand. Whatever the population may be, there is a band concert on shore, with a program that is made up of standard and popular selections, with an instrumental or vocal soloist as the feature. While not more than six persons and a dozen dogs may listen to this concert, the smaller the crowd and the smaller the village, the more important it is that the concert be a good one, for the news of its merit will travel a long way before sunset, and

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The Hennegan Co., Cincinnati, O.

determine the size of the crowd. There are no matinees.

Parade over and done with, there is nothing to do until evening. After dinner the ambitious element among the performers and musicians practice, and the women sew. Others of the aggregation sit on the rear deck of the theater boat, or on board the towboat, and spin yarns or nap—and more often do neither. For there is something hypnotic about the river. You can sit for hours looking at it without a thought to disturb your quietude. If the town is large enough to offer attractions, the "troupers" stroll about it, but at mere landings it is seldom that any one goes ashore—there is nothing to be seen there.

The third calliope concert of the day begins a few minutes after six at the small landings. Before it is over the river bank is crowded, though the place may not have more than a dozen permanent residents. The crowd comes from the back country. When the calliope ceases to shriek, the band gives a concert on the roof of the theater, and follows it with a concert on the interior when the doors are opened.

In the larger places the concert begins a little later, and the crowd is more leisurely in coming to the river. The young people dance to the music of the calliope on the pavements up town, and they keep it up until the "steam piano" gives its sustained chord that is the wind-up of any music it furnishes.

The appearance of a floating theater at night is a revelation to the people who the year through never see a town that is larger than twenty-five hundred population. On the larger theaters boulevard lights are mounted on rows of standards bordering the roof. A powerful searchlight illuminates the landing from its top to the stage plank of the boat. The interior of the boat is garishly illuminated. And this display is appreciated—it is one of the few events in the year that will furnish something to talk about during the winter



Above, left—One of the largest floating theaters on the Ohio River. Above, right—Typical crowd on Bayou Teche, Louisiana, watching the arrival of a show boat. Below—This is a landing where thousands of barrels of apples are shipped out each fall, and show boats find it profitable to give their performances. At left—The only "paper" used by the floating theaters.

months. However, with the canalization of the Ohio River, and the heating of theater boats by steam, it is anticipated that next winter the craft will show these landings as many times during the year as they can do it at a profit. This is bringing amusement to people who otherwise would have none, except that of their own making, from autumn until spring.

How do these river crowds behave? Well, they are not unlike theater crowds at any other place. There are ruffians among them, to be sure, and these rowdies are looking for trouble from the minute their ears catch the first strains of the calliope in the morning. But they're whipped as soon as they offer sufficient provocation, and that much of the routine of a floating-theater day is out of the way.

Occasionally gangs will stand on shore and throw rocks through the windows. It's a dangerous pastime, for a floating-theater audience is made up of a large proportion of babies and children. Usually there is a constable at the landing, and where there isn't the gangs are taken care of by the showmen.

Once in a while, however, whole towns are involved in battles with the showmen through the antics of these gangs. At one river landing the trouble began when a gang shot out the lights during a performance. That brought on a panic that was hard to stop. When the audience was ashore, because some of the rowdies had been roughly handled their friends took up the fight, and their friends, in turn, joined them, until things were lively. Perhaps a hundred shots were fired at the boats by these town men before the lines could be cut, and the craft moved out of range. The curious part of the affair was that although most of the shots were aimed at the pilot, with the intention of killing him or crippling him so that he could not move the boats, not a window in the pilot house was broken, while the woodwork about them was pockmarked with bullet holes.

When autumn comes on, floating theaters leave the Ohio River, and make their way to the waters of the far South. Weeks are spent wandering from plantation to plantation, and when the show is in the lower coast country it is a mystery sometimes why people attend its performances, when you find plantations where even the darkeys speak only a patois, and attend a performance that is given in English. Late in the year the season is closed; the performers leave for their homes, and the boats shove their way upstream to Pittsburgh. Early in the spring their people reassemble; the Monongahela is followed to the head of navigation and back to the Ohio.

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Briefly Told

President Harding has received a permanent pass to a chain of motion pictures in Washington. The pass is made of gold but under the law the war tax of ten per cent must be paid.

In Hungary service as a soldier at the front in the war is to receive recognition. The missing leg or empty sleeve will be a tax receipt, and bullet wounds will materially cut down tax assessments under new tax bills introduced in the Hungarian Parliament by the minister of finance.

Kansas had 87 public health centers for children in 1920, in which 9,930 cases were enrolled. They also cared for 1,500 prenatal cases.

The old battleship, Kearsarge, is being transformed into a floating-crane.

The Mexican Government has seized 3,700,000 acres from General Luis Terrazas because of the general's failure to live up to his contract which called for the division of the land into small tracts for the benefit of the peons.

Merely to obtain practice at climbing hand over hand, a fifteen-year-old boy ascended a suspension cable of Brooklyn Bridge with the skill of a sailor until he reached the tower three hundred feet above the water. Arraigned on a charge of disorderly conduct he was remanded to the children's court.

The Sociedade Brasileira Protectora dos Animaes is a Brazilian society recently organized to protect dumb beasts. It intends to combat vivisection, bullfighting, cock fights, canary fights and any other forms of cruelty to animals by publicly denouncing all offenders before prosecuting them.

A new steamer safe to contain valuables and registered mail is unsinkable. If cast overboard it floats about the sea ringing bells, shooting off skyrockets, flashing lights and blowing horns. Clockwork machinery, it is claimed, will operate it for more than a month.

Fairbanks, Alaska, is enjoying a real mining sensation. Gold running $5 a windlass bucket has been found on Cocomo Creek, within three miles of town.

The doors of Bryn Mawr College will be thrown open this summer to admit seventy poor girls and women industrial workers desirous of the "higher education." Everything provided for the comfort and convenience of the regular winter term students will be at the disposal of the scholar workers.

A gambling casino surpassing anything at Monte Carlo is to be built on an island in the beautiful bay of Rio de Janeiro. A modern ferry will be provided to make the run between the city and the resort.

The town of West Stockbridge, Massachusetts, is so healthful that no physician can be induced to settle there. The Selectmen are raising a special purse for a physician who will agree to live in the town.

The Prince of Wales is offering a reward of five pounds for the return of two old briar pipes he lost in his travels.

To supply the demand for "matadors" in Spanish bullfights, a school has been opened in Madrid by an expert. The pupils fight a dummy bull on wheels and operated by the instructor, and they must learn to avoid being "gored" by the rubber horns. But graduates must take real live animals before receiving their diplomas.

Approximately one-half of the population of the United States is of voting age.

For the first time since the day the United States declared war on Germany, the War and Navy Building has been opened to the public. Guides who relate true and near-true stories of documents in the library have begun negotiations for their reinstatement.

The municipal council of Paris has decided to place a memorial stone at each and every place where a "Big Bertha" bomb shell fell.

A new world record for parachute leaping was made recently when Lieutenant Arthur G. Hamilton dropped 24,600 feet at Champaign, Illinois.

An air flight to high altitude as prescribed by an Army physician resulted in restoring the power of speech to a former soldier, who for eight months had been unable to speak above a whisper.

Persons who believe they will be charged with evading the selective draft, but who did not actually do so, may escape the odium of being publicly branded as deserters unjustly by communicating all the facts of the case to Adjutant General Harris without delay.

The Mexican border at Matamoras has been closed to American hunters while Mexican soldiers are hunting down guerrilla rebel forces operating in that vicinity. The order states that any person found carrying firearms on Mexican soil be shot on sight by federal troops.

Madame Marie Curie, discoverer of radium, now visiting this country, was awarded the gold medal of the National Institute of Social Science recently. The award was made because of the great benefit of her discovery to humanity.

There is a movement among church associations of Pittsburgh to oust rent gougers from membership.

This month marks the sixty-ninth anniversary of the publication in book form of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The story still lives on the speaking stage and in the cinema, as in literature.

Great Britain has perfected an entirely new type of seaplane which can either fly or cruise as a warship, so dispensing with airplane carriers.

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The American people are paying tribute to the one magazine in this country which has courage to print the truth—which is uninfluenced by the powerful interests that exercise such a tremendous pull on the newspapers and periodicals of the United States. Not only are we continuing the discussion which has aroused the entire country to the conditions which have been created by a highly-organized minority, but our plans call for the publication of further truth-telling, informative articles on subjects which for the most part heretofore have been denied the public.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year $1.50 | Dearborn, Michigan, April 16, 1921 | Single Copy Ten Cents

Go Forth! and Greet the Spring!

HOW few go forth to meet and greet the Spring! She is here and settled with all her children before we are aware. It is long after her arrival that she gets as far as the factories and the offices, and by that time most of the first excitement of her coming is past.

How few go forth to meet and greet the Spring! But you cannot make that observation in the tone of one who says, "How few look up to see the stars!" Men are indifferent to the stars when blinded by the garish lights of a city night, but who is indifferent to the Spring? All would go forth to greet her if they could; all do who can. On a day that no calendar marks—for Spring is fickle in the keeping of dates—she comes; but for the most part men are busy in the cities, and though Spring has power to change the earth, she cannot work many wonders with city pavements.

If there were Spring holidays! If some new calendar maker should arrive and bless the earth with a new and popular and movable festival of Spring—movable according to the whim of the welcome maid! Some years the holidays would fall in April, in late and backward years in May; but every year, in honor of earth's arousal, a holiday long enough to liberate the people for a pilgrimage to wood and meadow.

The smell of the earth is at no time of the year so sweet as in Spring. The taste of the air and the feel of the wind on the face are luxuries that last in their perfection for only a little while.

There would be scouts sent out from the cities to report when the soil sent up anemones and violets, and when the sun on the moist earth began to stir the fragrance of the ground. Then cities would go out to greet the Spring. Spring fever would be no more; Spring joy would be an annual delight.



A FISHERMAN'S HOME, ON LONG ISLAND, NEAR SOUTH HAMPTON

Jewish Hot-Beds of Bolshevism in the U. S.

Cattle and Sheep Men in Despair Over Losses

$200,000 Will Be Saved Yearly on Forests

Texan's Magic Has Brought Beauty to a City

Naval Program May Waste Millions

Editorials

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

A Crisis in the English Mining Industry

The Wonder Work Shops of Washington

and Many Other Desirable Features

A Budget as Splendid as This Will Go to a Friend 52 Times a Year if You Forward a Subscription With $1.50

Cattle and Sheep Men in Despair Over Losses

Owe More to Banks on Stock Than Market Price for Animals

EIGHTY per cent of the live stock raisers of the West, the men who produce the meat for the nation, are potentially "broke." That is, if they were compelled to liquidate at present values of cattle they would be penniless, because their stocks and ranches, if sold or foreclosed on mortgage, will not repay the money they have borrowed on them. And the sheep raisers and wool growers of the West are in the same boat.

T. W. Tomlinson, of Denver, secretary of the National Live Stock Association, is authority for the statement about the cattle men. But one can find evidence of the truth about the cow men and the sheep men on every hand throughout the West. Many of them can't buy gasoline for their cars, while still others can't pay their garage bills.

Deflation and high freight rates are the immediate causes of the woes of the cow men. But previous to this they had to contend with a three-years' drought, which caused them heavy losses. Then came reconstruction, with the order of the Federal Reserve Board to deflate. The props fell out of the cattle market. Cattle men are naturally large borrowers of money, and they had borrowed on the high values of their stock. When cattle prices tumbled they were left high and dry, and that is where they are today.

It is useless for the banks to call their loans, because the cattle men can't pay; and if the banks should foreclose, what are they going to do with the cattle? They can't be marketed on an extensive scale at this time.

A little story of a big Texas ranchman is a good illustration of the present position of the cow man and the banker. This rancher owed his banker $280,000. When he obtained the money his ranch and cattle were worth perhaps double that sum. Eventually the banker notified the cow man that he would have to reduce the loan by one-half.

"Can't do it," said the cow man.

"We must have the $140,000," said the banker.

"All right," retorted the cow man. "Take my whole outfit and if you can get $140,000 for it, you're welcome to it."

The banker didn't take the outfit. That is just the situation all over the West.

The cattle and sheep men are not in the position of manufacturers, who can close their shops during a depression. They are in the position of a man hanging to a bear's tail. To let go would be far more disastrous than to hang on. Even if the stock men desire to sell out there are no buyers. Therefore, they are compelled to stick to the game and hope for the best.

Cattle and sheep associations of the various states of the West have been holding their annual conventions, and all have been doleful affairs. The cow and sheep men discuss their woes, relate their experiences, listen to speeches and suggestions designed to help solve their problems, adopt resolutions and adjourn. Meanwhile, the executives of the organizations are doing what they can in an effort to bring the industry out of its chaotic condition.

I attended the annual convention of the New Mexico Cattle & Horse Growers' Association in Albuquerque the last three days of March. These sessions were not unlike those held in other states, or unlike the national association convention in El Paso a couple of months ago. Some officers of the national association and a few members of other state organizations attended the New Mexico meeting, and told what their bodies hoped to accomplish. The "big five" packers were represented at the national meeting, and were unmercifully scored. They were accused of all sorts of things detrimental to the interests of the cattle raisers. The packers were not represented at the New Mexico meeting.



Western cattle like these were worth from $60 to $70 a head up to the time deflation began, now their market value is only about half that. The producer borrowed money on them at their higher value, and now he is potentially "broke."

The president of the New Mexico association opened the convention by declaring that one of the purposes of the gathering was to try to discover why the cow man can't get more than five or ten cents a pound for his cow on the hoof and must pay 50 cents a pound for a raw steak off the same cow or $1 for one pound, broiled, in a restaurant.

Some of the plans advocated by the cow men looking toward relief for their industry are:

Co-operative marketing, which would tend to stabilize the market, curb the commission man or eliminate him entirely, and have one fixed price for an entire day.

Reduced railroad rates on stock.

A protective tariff, which would keep out foreign frozen meats.

A change in the credit system.

Under the present plan of marketing, a producer may ship 3,000 head of cattle to Kansas City. A buyer there will say his firm wants only 1,000 head at the market price, say 10 cents a pound. The shipper will ask the buyer if he can't take another 1,000 head. The buyer says he will wire his firm. Soon he appears and says his firm wanted only 1,000 head, but it will take another 1,000 head at nine cents a pound. That leaves the shipper still with 1,000 head. The buyer agrees to wire again and ask his firm if it doesn't want the other 1,000 head. A little later the buyer goes to the shipper and tells him his firm will take the last 1,000 head at 8 cents a pound. There is nothing for the shipper to do but accept the reduced price, as he can't afford to hold and feed the stock at the stockyards. But when the market opens at 10 cents a pound, the cow man feels that he has a right to expect that this price will prevail all day. That is what he means when he says he wants one price for the entire day.

One crumb of comfort was handed the New Mexico cow men, and by the same token, it will be glad news to the stock men of the entire West. A traffic man of one of the big trans-continental railroads took the floor and announced that the 35 per cent increase in the cost of stock transportation, authorized in March, had been suspended until July 15. Even with this concession, the stock men say the rates are ruinous.

T. M. Rowe, attorney for the Texas & Southwestern Live Stock Association, composed of 5,500 members, attended the New Mexico convention, and paid his respects to the railroads. He recently returned from Washington, where he was in conference with the Interstate Commerce Board, relative to rates on live stock.

Mr. Rowe said that reduced railroad rates would go far toward remedying the present situation, not only in the live stock industry, but in other lines as well. He declared that the railroads may be justified in their present rates because of the high wages they are paying.

"But I think they are putting the cart before the horse," he said. "What they ought to do is to reduce their rates first and then reduce wages. If they follow that plan, the public would be with them. But they are going about it the other way. They boost rates first and want to tackle wages later. The result is that nobody is shipping goods who really doesn't have to, and earnings of the railroads will continue to drop as long as the lines follow that plan."

It has been claimed that the cow men during the war period made tremendous profits and lived accordingly. Some of them deny this. They assert they didn't make so much, because the wages of cowboys were doubled and that the price of everything needed on the ranch mounted proportionately.

On the other hand, a banker got right up at the meeting of New Mexican cattle men and told them they were traveling at too fast a pace when the money was rolling in.

"You bought high-priced speed wagons and you speculated in oil," he said, "and now you must go back to the old trail. The bankers will stand by you, but you must not borrow any more money than you absolutely need. In the end you are bound to come out all right, because a cow man never stays down."

Governor Merritt C. Mechem, of New Mexico, also addressed the convention, and he blamed the railroads for some of the present troubles of the cow men, but he said all in the industry were opposed to government ownership, as had been suggested. He said the stock men had a sample of government control of railroads during the war.

He mentioned the packers, but didn't criticize them.

"Whether there ever was a Philip D. Armour or a Gustavus Swift, we would have had big packers," he declared. "They simply had to come, along with the development of this country.

"Cattle and sheep-raising is a gamble, as I think every man in the business will admit," continued the governor, "which reminds me that I am being blamed for the recent passage of the drastic anti-gambling law in this state. To those people who don't like the law, I simply tell them that the stock-raising game is always open."

H. O. Bursum, who was named United States Senator from New Mexico to succeed Albert B. Fall, appointed Secretary of the Interior in President Harding's Cabinet, also is a stock man, and he was a speaker at the meeting.

He told the cow men the business is one of uncertainty.

"Today you may be riding in a limousine, tomorrow in a jitney and the next day you'll be looking for a job."

That about sums up the condition of many of the men in the industry.

During the convention in Albuquerque they told of a big cattle raiser who loaned money to ranchers. One could not pay when his note fell due and the former took over the outfit, moving 2,300 head of cattle to his own ranch.



Every sheep in New Mexico, and there are several millions, is mortgaged for $8, while the present market price is only $6 a head.

The second man who had borrowed from the big rancher saw the way things were going and went to him and said:

"I can't pay you what I owe, so go over and take my whole outfit; I'm going to get out of the country."

"I don't want your stock, I haven't any place to put it," said the prosperous one.

"Do what you like with it; I'm turning it over to you, to cover what I owe you," retorted the unfortunate one.

So the big rancher was compelled to take over all the stock on the smaller ranch, but he had no place for the cattle to graze. He leased grazing land in Wyoming, shipped the stock, and there it is today. He figures that he has $90 invested in each cow he had to ship to Wyoming. The present market price is around $30 or $35 per cow, which indicates the predicament he is in.

Mr. Tomlinson spoke before the New Mexico convention, saying that he had just come from Washington, where he had an audience with President Harding. He told the cow men that the President knows the condition the live stock industry is in at the present time and is keenly alive to the problems the producers are facing. He declared this explains why the Cabinet is so busy these days in considering plans for rehabilitating the industry. Mr. Tomlinson also told the cow men that there was no reasonable hope that an embargo will be placed on any commodity. The cow men had hoped some such action would be taken. Mr. Tomlinson told the cattle producers that the Federal Reserve Board was woefully wrong in its deflation plan.

The sheep raisers of New Mexico held their convention just prior to the cattle men. All had about the same stories to tell of how hard the wool and sheep market has been hit.

One man told of shipping a lot which was valued at $2,800 at the present market prices. After he had paid the freight on them to Chicago and other incidental expenses he had 32 cents left.

Another story was told of a sheep man trying to give a whole train load away without success. When the man to whom the sheep had been offered looked up the freight rate to Kansas City and his chances of disposing of the animals, he declined the gift. The sheep were an expense to the would-be giver, and he wanted to get rid of them.

The sheep men asserted that they didn't make big money during the war. They declared that the rag-pickers and junkmen of the East were the ones who profited, because they gathered rags from which shoddy clothing was made, while wool was allowed to remain in warehouses. The sheep men asserted, too, that even today it is almost impossible to buy an all-wool suit, even though the dealer says it is all wool.

For this reason the sheep men are greatly in favor of the French-Capper truth-in-fabric bill now pending in Congress. This bill provides that every garment made and offered for sale shall bear a stamp telling of just what the garment is made. If this bill becomes a law the buying public will know whether they are buying shoddy or wool.

This will help the sheep men, because wool that is now a drug on the market will have to go into clothing. The sheep men say the public wants wool, but cannot be sure of getting it under present conditions.

At both conventions the members were urged to sit tight, stick together and fight through organizations, for what they deemed a fair price for their product. The speakers said that while things were hazy now, the time is coming when there will be rifts in the clouds and the cow and sheep men will smile again.

But the cow men didn't get the answer to the problem of beef at less than 10 cents a pound on the hoof and 50 cents a pound raw, or $1 broiled.

To Save $200,000,000 Yearly on Forests

Louisiana Bond Issue Planned to Buy 12,725,000 Acres of Cut-Over Lands

Three-fifths of the primeval forests in the United States are gone. We must turn to the growing and harvesting of timber crops—Col. W. B. Greely, chief forester of the United States Government.

FOR some years—though it started too late to save billions of dollars' worth of the magnificent primeval forests of America—the idea has been growing in this country that lumber is a regular crop, just as much as wheat or corn or cotton or sugar; that it is a crop which requires replanting and scientific care, and that if forestry and reforestation do not receive the same study and attention from government and people that agriculture is being given, the day will arrive all too soon, when this nation will have to import all its lumber.

The states of the West, notably those of the Pacific Coast, came first to this realization, were the earliest to undertake the preservation of their standing forests and the reforestation of their denuded areas, and were the beginners in the noble science of making two trees grow where only one had been planted by nature. Yet it is out of the South, where men and state governments have been most wasteful of the natural resources of the land, that has come the most comprehensive, thorough-going and original project for the perpetual renewal of the forests of an entire state and the permanent preservation of the source of its output of incidental forestry products, such as naval stores, turpentine, rosin, and similar valuable and unreplacable commercial articles.

Louisiana has put up to the constitutional convention, now engaged in writing a new organic law—the ninth—for the commonwealth, a plan whereby every acre of cut-over lands in the state can be reforested without cost to state or people, through which the present timber crop, valued at $130,000,000 a year, can be made permanent, and in which is incorporated also the saving of all the trees from which every year approximately $75,000,000 worth of turpentine, rosin, pine oil and other by-products are taken. The ultimate object of this plan, which was devised by Henry Hardtner, the leading forestry student of the state, who has a large private forestry experiment farm at Urania, Louisiana, and by Professor William F. Polk, of Alexandria, Louisiana, is the purchase of every acre of cut-over land in the state and its reforestation by the state, under guidance of the forestry department of the Louisiana State Department of Conservation.

Governor John M. Parker and all his administration, the state conservation department, every lumber producing corporation and firm in Louisiana, and the officials of all the timbered parishes, are supporting the project. The first step outlined in the ordinance now being incorporated into the new state constitution comprehends the purchase of 400,000 acres of these cut-over lands, as the first unit of the new reforestation system. To buy these lands, the state is to issue $2,000,000 in "forestry bonds" paying three per cent interest and running for forty years. These bonds cannot be sold, and can be used for no other purpose than the purchase of cut-over lands for reforestation.

The bonds will be offered to owners of cut-over lands at par for the lands at the rate of $5 an acre, a trifle more than these undeveloped and uncropped cut-over lands are worth in the open market. In cases in which the owners refuse to sell these lands, the state is given the right to condemn and take them, provided they are not cultivated and have not been cultivated since the timber was removed from them. Since cut-over timber lands, especially pine lands, are of little value for agriculture until they have been fertilized, cultivated and cropped for about three years, there are few owners of these lands who would not be rather glad to get $5 an acre for them. The cut-over landowner who takes these bonds will get about fifteen cents an acre net annual income from the land represented in his bonds, instead of the nothing he was getting from the land, and, in addition, will have no taxes to pay on it, since it will have passed into the hands of the state. These idle cut-over lands today actually cost their owners from 20 to 25 cents an acre per year.

On taking over these lands, the state government, through the forestry section of the state department of conservation, immediately begins the replanting of every acre to the kind of trees which originally grew on the land. Foresters of the state estimate that, within 20 years, at the present rate of cutting of four billion feet a year, Louisiana's supply of standing timber will be exhausted. Within twenty years, however, by the method outlined in this plan, enough pulp-wood, fence posts and fuel wood will have been cut in the natural process of thinning out these reforested areas, to pay the interest on the "forestry bonds."

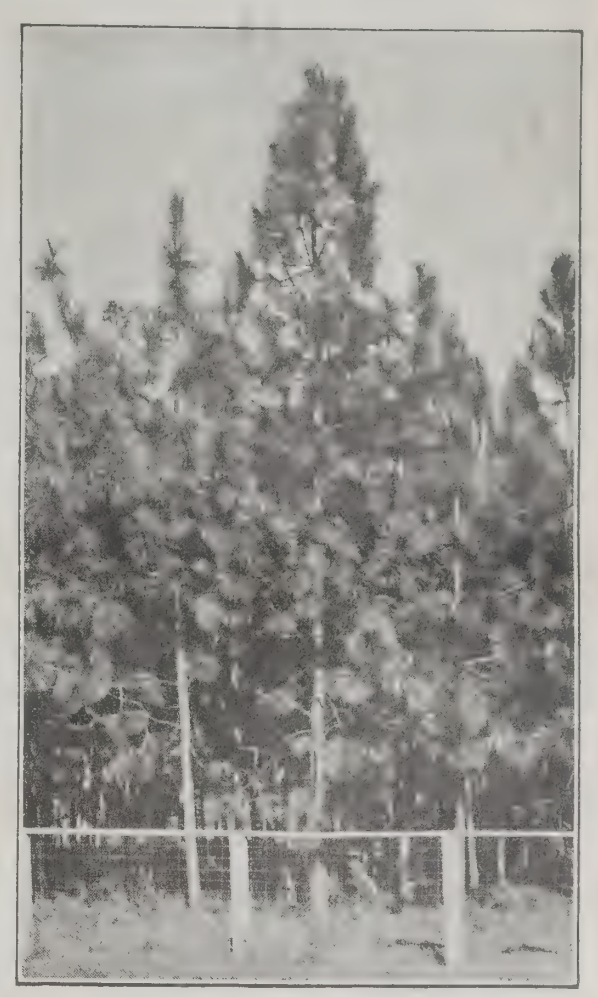
By the time the bonds mature, the timber on every acre of this reforested land will be worth, at the age of 35 to 40 years, at a low estimate $100 per acre, as it stands, uncut. This will pay for the land, by taking up all the bonds; pay several times over for the labor of reforestation and care, and will leave a surplus as a nucleus for future forestry bonds, so as to make the reforestation plan perpetually recurrent, until such time that the state is so thickly settled as to leave no room for forests, or a substitute for wood has been found. In this way, the state will have purchased, without a cent of cash outlay, virtually all the timber-bearing lands within its boundaries, and will have paid for them, as well as for all expenses connected with again clothing the state with forests, out of the products of these artificial groves.

Provision is made for the immediate issue of $2,000,000 in the bonds, sufficient for the purchase of 400,000 acres, but, as no limit is placed on the amount of bonds to be issued each year until all the lands are purchased, the Louisiana State Department of Conservation believes that it can plant and care for sufficient of these cut-over lands the second year to call for a bond issue of $4,000,000 for that twelve months, and for approximately $5,000,000 a year thereafter until all the uncultivated cut-over lands have been taken up. In other words, the department believes that, allowing for the issuance of bonds sufficient to purchase each year only such a quantity of cut-over lands as it can reforest and care for within that year, at the end of 14 to 15 years, it will have all these lands planted, and will be working right behind the lumber companies, replanting as rapidly as they denude the soil.

In preparation for this gigantic work of reforesting an entire state, the forestry board of the state department of conservation has issued a bulletin, "The Why and the How of Forestry in Louisiana," seeking to put the entire population of the state in touch with the plan and with the necessity of conserving and preserving the lumber supply of the state for all time to come.

Louisiana's forests today, according to this bulletin, are worth about $130,000,000 a year in lumber production alone, but in about 20 years, at the present rate of cutting, these forests will be destroyed, unless the people of the state stand solidly behind the forest conservation movement. The bulk of the work of saving this great state resource, it is pointed out, must be carried on by the forestry board, but nothing it can do will accomplish the desired effect, unless "the people of the state are actively in favor of, and work for, conservation of the standing timber, preservation of the growing young trees, and reforestation of tracts adapted to this purpose and not in use for other forms of agriculture." Fires alone are said to be responsible for the destruction of more than $375,000 worth of standing timber in this one state every year, while the failure of lumbermen to leave good seed trees standing in the areas from which they cut the timber is held to be responsible for the failure of the natural reforestation which would follow if one such tree were left in the middle of every acre cut over.

Further to aid in this work, the first summer forestry school ever held in the South will be opened at Bogalusa, Louisiana, in June, by the forestry department of Louisiana State University, aided by the forestry board of the state department of conservation. The course will last six weeks and will be open to men and boys only, with nominal tuition fees and with college credits given at the state university for work done. The school will be permanent and will be held in alternate years in the forests at Bogalusa and at Urania, each town being in the heart of heavily timbered sections of the state.



Properly planted for the farm wood lot. A growth of yellow pine, seven years old, planted on a Louisiana farm and now beginning to be ready for fuel supply or for fence posts and other small lumber. The reforestation campaign now being conducted among the boys of Louisiana seeks to cover the state with such reforested "back lots" as this.





Above—Monorail system for distributing lumber. Below—Fuel supply cut in thinning out reforested area, when trees are seven years old. This firewood and fence-post supply is expected to pay the interest on the "forestry" bonds Louisiana plans to issue.

Further than this, the state department of conservation, working with the state government, and with all the lumber companies of Louisiana, has offered a series of valuable prizes to the boys and girls of the state who will reforest each year areas ranging from one to ten acres.

Like the lumber industry, the turpentine and rosin (naval stores) production of Louisiana, now worth from $65,000,000 to $75,000,000 a year, is traveling at a rate which, as estimated by lumber and timber experts, will see the end of all turpentine and rosin-bearing pine trees in 20 years, or about the time the timber areas are denuded. These naval stores are taken from the pine trees by rough slashing, from which the sap, or crude turpentine, runs into clay or wooden or metal cups tacked to the tree below the slashing. The result of this "tapping" is that a tree which has been "turped" dies after about three years of giving up its sap.

Realizing that the good old free-and-easy American method of "using the tenderloin and throwing away the rest of the critter" had to go, modern naval stores interests have introduced the French method of "turping" trees in Florida, and now the state government of Louisiana, through the department of conservation, and backed by all the lumber and naval stores corporations, is putting in this method, officially, in all the pine lands of the state. It will extend the life of this industry, worth at the lowest estimate, $5,000,000, from about 20 years to a time when a fresh crop of pines, coming in on the state reforested lands will be ready to yield new crops of turpentine and rosin, and it will increase the life of each tapped pine tree from three to at least 50 years.

The difference between the French and American systems of tapping these trees is so slight that it seems remarkable no American naval stores producer had thought of it before American lumbermen and engineers went to Europe for the Great War. The American method consists of a broad, deep slash, made with a heavy, cleaver-shaped knife, about two feet from the ground, for the first year's drainage of the tree. The second year, the same size and kind of slash is made about thee feet higher, and the third year a third cut, still three feet higher. By this time, the tree is held to be drained of its turpentine, and is cut for the lower grades of timber, since a large part of the trunk already is dead.

By the French method, as brought back to the United States by the foresters of the Twentieth Engineers, there is no broad slashing, and no three-year unlimited drainage of the tree. Instead, up the length of the trunk, to the first branches, are cut long incisions, barely penetrating the bark, and not cutting the trunk of the tree beneath the bark. As the turpentine flows from these cuts, the tree's bark heals itself, the difference being the same as that in the healing of a scratch from a razor blade on a man's cheek and the healing of a blow from a hatchet in his arm or thigh. The trees in France are tapped by regular schedule. Rest periods are given each tree, and thus it is kept on producing for from 60 to 80 years, according to the report of Colonel W. B. Greely, chief forester of the United States Government.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 25, April 16, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Mandates Don't Go

THE note in regard to the "mandates," addressed by Secretary Hughes to Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, has the right ring. It is so luminously logical and so vigorously American that it should leave no doubt in the minds of either Americans or Europeans that the foreign policy of the United States is not lacking in backbone nor in brains. This without a trace of "big stick" belligerency.

Those who have followed the recent European attitude in regard to the United States must have been struck with its consistent disregard for American rights and American opinion. There has been something bordering on truculency in its assumption that our failure to ratify the Treaty of Versailles gave Britain, France and Japan a free hand to slice up the planet and hand out mandates without pretense of other consideration than their own selfish interests. The same game has been played to a large extent in the matter of the attempted imposition on Germany of indemnity terms, in which the outstanding feature is the requirement of a 12 per cent export tax to be handed over to the Allies and which would virtually transfer the German burden in large part to American consumers. This quite aside from a deliberate ignoring of American interest in world peace and economic stability, in fixing terms which every economist worthy of the name has declared to be impossible of collection, and then resorting precipitately to military measures for their attempted enforcement.

Now Secretary Hughes quietly and very distinctly and definitely reminds our recent comrades in arms that the United States surrendered no rights in the peace settlement by reason of its unwillingness to join the League of Nations. The United States is still one of the "principal Allied and Associated Powers," in favor of whom Germany, under the Treaty of Versailles, renounced all her rights and titles in her over-sea possessions, and Mr. Hughes points out that "a treaty to which the United States is not a party could not have affected those rights." As to the Japanese mandate in particular, Secretary Hughes makes the strong point that the United States not having entered into this convention, or into any treaty relating to the subject, it is manifest that there was no ground for conferring the mandate without the agreement of the United States, the League being "without any authority to bind the United States."

Altogether, the note is such a dignified and entirely proper assertion of American national self-respect as should jar the smug European assumption that we are to be fooled and browbeaten. And it suggests that an experience of a dozen years or so as a Justice of the Supreme Court may be a better preparation for the job of directing the nation's foreign relations than any amount of "diplomacy."

Helping the Farmer

IF THE farmer comes into his own, it will be a good thing not only for the farmer, but also for the merchant and the mechanic—for all of us. The hegira from the country to the city revealed by census returns has been felt in a vague way to be responsible in large measure for much of our present economic disturbance. There is an instinctive recognition that when the urban population of a nation exceeds that of the rural districts, an abnormal reversal of economic conditions is indicated. It is manifest that any considerable reduction of the number of food, wool and cotton producers with a corresponding increase in the consumption of these necessities means high prices.

It should not be less manifest that the abandonment of the farm for the factory, especially by young men, means that there is something radically wrong with the conditions of farm life and of farming as an industry. To hold the balance true between primary production from the soil and secondary production in manufactures, there should be approximate equality of profitableness and of attractiveness for the average man between the two classes of occupation.

The Federal Farm Loan Banks must prove an immensely valuable step in the direction of "evening up" the facilities of the farmer. On the technical side, the Federal Agricultural Department has proved its value in original scientific research work, as in stimulating interest in improved methods of tillage and disseminating important information.

But the worst drawback to agricultural progress and prosperity has been the farmers' dependence on middlemen for the distribution of agricultural products. It is cause for congratulation that the farmers themselves are waking up to the necessity of doing something more than growling in regard to this condition. Secretary Wallace, of the Department of Agriculture, has signalized his assumption of that post by an assurance that shows his appreciation of the need and his determination to help meet it. In a recent address at Chicago before the farmers' grain marketing committee, he declared that "There is just as much reason why the department should assist the farmer in developing methods of marketing his crops efficiently as that it should assist him in increasing his production."

Defective distribution is in itself a discouragement of production, especially when it results in prices to the ultimate consumer out of all proportion to those paid the producer. Improved distribution will prove beneficial all around.

China's Cry for Help

THE famine in Northern China faces humanity with a calamity which it would be difficult to parallel in piteousness or extent. It involves a population of 45 million people spread over an area of 575,000 square miles. More than 60 per cent of this population has been living in utter destitution for more than a year past; millions have already died and thousands are dying daily of starvation. Unless adequate relief is forthcoming, it is predicted that ten million people, most of them children of tender years, will starve to death during April and May.

It is fitting that, realizing the frightfulness of the emergency, almost the first act of President Harding should have been an appeal to the American people to give promptly and generously to the funds being raised to fight this famine. Here surely is the "one touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin." We have been accustomed to thinking of China as far off and alien, perhaps. H. G. Wells in a recent article reminds us of the immensely important part played by improvement in transportation and communication when he suggests that 100 years ago it would have been easier to have governed California from Pekin than from Washington. This sense of distance bridged is reenforced by two contemporaneous events: one the President's approval of the consortium of American bankers for the financing of Chinese trade, and the other the announcement by the Department of Commerce that an American concern has made a contract with the Chinese Government for the erection at Shanghai of a wireless station larger than any now in existence.

"I shall never fully enjoy my loaf of bread," said Tolstoy, "until I know that no other human being on the planet suffers for lack of bread." Two dollars in Chinese money, about one dollar in ours, we are told, is sufficient to feed a Chinese adult for a month. This is about the price of an average business man's lunch. While the lunch we do without so as to give the price of it to feed these famine sufferers would probably do us more good than the lunch we eat ignoring them, it might also be possible that we would enjoy our lunch all the more if we made one of these little Chinese sufferers an "invisible guest." Not a single reader of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will deny that the saving of a boy or girl from starving would be worth much more than the price of a lunch if it were his own child that hungered. Well, all these hungry ones are our own kin. Let us not wait for a typhus epidemic to remind us of the fact. He gives twice who gives quickly.

Two Ideas of Americanism

IT IS noted by a writer in the *Country Gentleman* that in the boisterous babel of selfish interests that smote the ambient air during the Congressional hearing on the Johnson Bill for the temporary suspension of immigration, it was difficult to catch a word spoken for Americans or from the American standpoint. There were special pleaders for every other nation and certain business interests, not noted for eagerness to maintain American standards of living among their workers, asked for endless concessions to immigrants from these nations. Representatives of transatlantic steamship companies pleaded for the continuance of the immigration flood. With steerage tickets at $125—all immigrants look good to steamship agents.

Among all these special pleaders, stands out one who as a corporation attorney and Jewish leader may be said to have discharged a double function. Ostensibly representing merely the American Jewish Society, Louis Marshall assured the committee that no harm can come to America from immigrants and that the Jews and Southeastern Europeans are no less assimilable than the English, Germans and Scandinavians.

"There is nothing sacrosanct in the English language," said Mr. Marshall. "It is perhaps well to have an official language in the United States, and English may be as good as any other for that purpose. But you can get your Americanism just as readily through any other language." And he went on to explain that Americanism was "merely a realization of certain ideal family relations."

Mr. Marshall's definition of Americanism calls for sharp challenge. It is far from accurate from the American viewpoint. With all due respect for the advocates of Yiddish, there *is* something sacrosanct about the use of the English language on the continent of North America. For the race that settled this land, conquered the wilderness and established in it the homes and industries of a nation of one hundred million freemen, the English language must ever be regarded as a precious heritage.

Our own history, especially our recent history, shows plainly that it is sheer nonsense to talk of assimilation among peoples that continue to speak different languages. The American farmer cannot be expected to explain in Yiddish to his hired man how to cultivate corn or prune apple trees. Out of difference in language it is easy for misunderstanding and antagonism to arise.

Americanism certainly includes realization of the family relation, and something more than medieval concepts of that relation. From these the Anglo-Celtic race has developed, especially on this continent, the town meeting, that democratic basis of our whole system of "government of the people, for the people and by the people." And this system is several thousand years beyond the patriarchal government of the Judean plains, so tenaciously held on to by the "People of the Book." The counterpart of the town-meeting idea in individual partnership in the affairs of government and the political responsibility of every man and woman, is far, far removed from the absolutism of the Talmud and the Ghetto.

Speaking of the recent stream of immigration to these shores, W. J. Carr, of the Department of State, tells us that from 85 to 90 per cent of these newcomers "lack any conception of patriotic or national spirit, and that the majority of this percentage is mentally incapable of acquiring it."

There is no place in American life for unassimilable aliens lacking conception of Americanism and "mentally and morally incapable of acquiring it."

Service That Serves

POSTMASTER-GENERAL HAYS is to be congratulated on a move which is plainly in the direction of placing the people's post office on a basis likely to serve the purpose for which it was created. In assuring post office employes of the fullest consideration for their rights and for the conditions of efficient and satisfactory service, he takes his helpers into his confidence and gives the public promise of much needed betterment.

Experimentation, having for its objective the making of this great government department a "paying business," has been the excuse in the past for stinting the workers, and other cheese-paring economies. Whether or not postal revenues will show an excess of receipts over expenses is a matter that should be made entirely incidental to maintaining a high standard of public service. If the postal service is to keep step with advancing needs and methods in the business world, earning a reputation for dependability and furthering rather than hampering the people's facilities for prompt and rapid communication, especially in the dissemination of knowledge, it will become a profitable institution in the best sense.

Mr. Ford's Page

GOVERNMENT never will be efficient through and through because that is not what Government exists for. But in its tasks, in the various things it undertakes to do as specific services for the people, it should be a model of efficiency. After all is said and done, Government is a business organization, and something more. In so far as it is the culmination of national purpose and aspiration, it is as foolish to require efficiency of a Government as of a poem. That is not the sphere of governmental efficiency. But if it is a matter of digging a canal, of surveying a road, of delivering a letter—if it is anything like the things men undertake in individual or lesser corporate capacity, then we have a right to expect of the Government a perfect performance.

These services, however, are but a part of the work of Government. They lie on the factory side of Government, so to speak, and should be organized under efficient superintendents who are held responsible for results. But there is a great region of policy and progress where efficiency, by the very nature of the case, cannot be maintained, but where wisdom is indispensable. Efficiency consists in doing in the best possible way anything which we already know how to do. But in the field of government there are some things which we have yet to learn how to do. We are still in the experimental stage.

Tariff is one of these experimental matters. Think of the many minds that have devoted themselves to this problem, of the party battles that have been waged over it, of the artificial prosperities and the needless distresses that have cursed whole populations as the tariff pendulum swung this way or that.

It would be most uncharitable to say that none of this effort to reach the basic principle of tariff has been honest; doubtless most of it has been; and doubtless the tariff idea rests largely on the confidence that a tariff is justified because it is serviceable to the people.

Perhaps there never will be a perfect tariff adjustment until the world itself is perfected, and then there will be no need of tariffs. It is because of the inequalities of the nations and the imperfection of the earthly federation that these walls are wanted. Formerly they walled each city apart from the rest; now they only wall each country.

It is all imperfect, of course, and tariffs are but a part of the general imperfection. We can perhaps tolerate them better for knowing that they are an effect more than a cause. Certainly the tendency of the times is toward less tariff restriction rather than more.

There was once a hope held by a party that the tariff problem could be solved on the principle of "tariff for revenue only," but if that rule were literally applied now, we probably should have the highest tariff wall in our history.

Tariff has always been relied on as a tax producer, and as a side line it served the industrial party—the greedy and short-sighted financial party—as a monopoly-maker. It is right to protect American industries when this does not mean protecting and coddling the greedy inefficiency of individual Americans. This country does not protect the individual that way; why should it protect a group of individuals formed into a corporation? If it is an American industry, it can meet the world. If it cannot meet the world, it should not be artificially sustained to represent American industry.

Taxation is another problem still in the experimental room of government. There never was an ideal tax because there never has been an ideal expenditure of taxes. There has never been a perfect basis of taxation because we have no basis of value. Many plans have been suggested to meet this lack. The single-taxer would make land the basis; others would take a certain percentage of the income. We try both after a fashion, and instead of people feeling that the tax is their contribution to the cost of the benefits they enjoy under their Government, they oftener feel that it is a burden. The very word has come to have an ugly sound.

The present administration must raise taxes, and of recent months most of the tax-producing sources have dried up. What happens then? What does the Government do then? Maybe the Government will go into production to earn its own money. We have 100,000,000 people here who never stop eating, who continue to wear clothes—it is a pretty good market and ought always to keep business pretty brisk, if there were not some kink in the money machinery which the Government says it controls.

It is easy to say, "Lower taxes." But to stop taxes altogether might mean to lower our Flag. How would you like a 50 per cent reduction in all your taxes? Well, that could easily happen, and still give the Government 40 per cent more than it is now receiving for the purposes of government, if we were not so dumbly tied up with a system that takes oceans of gold every year for the upkeep of our man-killing machinery.

If the tax system were even 50 per cent perfect; if people had a view of the course of their tax monies which should be half as clear as their view of the influence of their ballots—that is, if the people knew their government, or if the facts of government were such as would make the government desirous of having the people know them; then the payment of taxes would become a pleasant ceremonial, like unfurling the Flag or firing off firecrackers on the Fourth of July. Taxes provide the method by which people enter most closely into the work of Government, yet nobody knows it. Fundamentally there is a wrong, wrong principle.

Then, there is Transportation—that also is still an experiment. Nothing is more arresting than the service breakdown of the railways five years ago under increasing business, and their fiscal breakdown now under increasing income. When more business breaks a business, and more income renders it poorer, there's something deeper than mere mismanagement, there is something fundamentally wrong.

Of course, fiscally, our railroads are paying for multitudes of dead horses. Gamblers first controlled our railroads, robbed them till there was no more gamble in them, and left it to honest management to pay the I O U's. Railroads developed artificially because their gambling controllers strangled the railroad's side partner, the canal—the canal, which, had it been left alone to perform its functions, would have assisted the railroad to grow on a more natural basis. But, no, the gamblers filled the canals with rubbish, and today the railroads are breaking down for lack of waterways to help them.

Our railroads are striking illustrations of the retribution which overtakes even a national and international business which is victimized by speculation. By being regarded as mere financial devices, railroads were cheated of the mechanical development which today would have enabled them to meet the changed conditions. Worse than being inefficient, worse than being near bankruptcy, our railroads are not admirable even in the railroad sense. They are equipped wrongly and operated wrongly and they never will be efficient and they never will be profitable again until they have been changed from the bottom. You can't run railroads from a speculator's office.

There, then, are three problems, all of them touching our times pretty vitally—Tariff, Taxes, Transportation. Each of them a field for dreams that come true.

TO KNOW the proper balance between income and outgo—that is the problem of Tariff. To know the proper balance between service and cost—that is the problem of Taxes. These, with Transportation, constitute three of our big experimental problems. When Tariffs are a barrier instead of a gate; when Taxes are a burden instead of a privilege, there is something wrong, not in the method, but in the apprehension of the very principles involved. Transportation business grows weaker the more business it gets; its profits grow smaller the more income it receives; something else fundamentally wrong. This is a day for Dreamers Whose Dreams Come True. There are plenty of problems to solve which can only be solved by the Idea.

Texan's Magic Has Brought Beauty to City

SAN ANTONIO was a wide-open town and J. R. Lambert one of her best-known barkeeps. Situated within 150 miles of the Mexican border, within easy access of the vast stretches of plains and prairies where wandered countless herds of Texas long and shorthorns, San Antonio drew to her bosom the sons of the wide and wild stretches. Here they came to take a chance at faro or the cards and drink whisky straight. In the midst of this oasis was J. R. Lambert's saloon and he stood behind the bar and served the spirit-loving throngs.

Before he became a barkeep Lambert was a stone mason. He saved his money and finally accumulated enough cash to buy the saloon. Like many of his kind in those days Lambert also became interested in politics. Politics and the saloon were bed-mates before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. Lambert developed into a good politician. His power became felt in local elections. He was a man to be reckoned with in any local issue that was decided at the polls. His saloon grew more and more prominent as Lambert extended his political power.

There came a mayoralty campaign in San Antonio. It was a bitter contest and after the votes were counted Lambert's candidate was declared the winner. And then Lambert, who had exacted no political reward before, demanded one. He insisted on being appointed commissioner of parks and plazas of the city of San Antonio. Since the mayor was morally bound to give Lambert any political appointment he demanded, because of his services at the polls, he had to comply. This he did reluctantly. There was much protesting, much agitation, much denouncing. Giving a job like commissioner of parks and plazas to a saloonkeeper was preposterous. Much in the way of political graft had probably been attempted in San Antonio but this was too bold, too brazen, too horrid. The public wrath grew, the flame of public indignation swelled and the mayor was denounced along with Lambert. But the mayor was firm and Lambert kept his peace. The tumult subsided as such tumults always do. Lambert sold his saloon and settled himself in a downstairs corner of the city hall and went to work.

Today J. Raymond Lambert, or Ray Lambert, is the biggest man, as far as could be learned in one month's time, in San Antonio. Forty-six parks and plazas within the city limits testify to his greatness. In the opinion of the writer he is the most efficient city official in the country today.

Lambert has been commissioner of parks and plazas of San Antonio for a number of years and he will probably be able to continue as commissioner just as long as he cares to. During all this time he has worked with two honest aims, to do all the work within his power, regardless of time, energy, personal hardships and self-denials and to save as much money for the public as possible. In both he has been brilliantly successful.

San Antonio has her Missions and her Alamo, "the cradle of Texas liberty." San Antonio has her old churches, a wonderful country club and beautiful residential sections, but if you ask the average San Antonian what point he considers of most importance and interest he will answer immediately, "Brackenridge Park. Have you seen the Japanese Gardens out there?"

Brackenridge Park is the palace ground of San Antonio's 46 parks and plazas, and the sunken Japanese Gardens the palace. Of the 592 acres that are included in the park and plaza allotments, Brackenridge covers 305. Brackenridge Park is big and complete, a remarkable city playground, but the Japanese Gardens lift it to fame and the history of the gardens shows the creative genius of Lambert.

When Lambert became commissioner of parks and plazas, Brackenridge Park was little more than a large tract of waste land. It had few possibilities. Many landscape gardeners would have passed it up. Some of these experts said it would never do as a park. It contained an abandoned stone quarry and a garbage incinerating plant, also abandoned. It presented a dismal aspect. Not only was a large portion of it an eyesore, but most repulsive.

Lambert gathered his laborers and got busy. He dismantled the garbage plant and tore it down. He saved every part of it, stone and all. The tall chimney he allowed to stand. After everything was piled up neatly he sent his army of laborers into the stone quarry and hauled out all the loose stone that remained. The quarry cleared he began building and after much hard work the Japanese Gardens were created and the disgusting eyesore became a thing of unparalleled beauty in the way of landscape gardening.

In this garden are Japanese houses built of stone, lily ponds and flower beds, rustic Japanese bridges and tropical foliage. There are fish ponds and shaded nooks. Stone steps wind down into the gardens and the gardens are spotted with the same kind of steps and benches.

The stone house, the large one, was built of the loose stones picked up in the quarry. They also served for the steps and the benches. The stones, now fast, line the lily ponds, and the quaint fish ponds with their rare goldfish were made from the dilapidated vats found in the incinerating plant. The roof of the big house is made of thatched palm leaves. There are many palm trees in San Antonio. You find them in all the parks and plazas. Lambert had his men collect them and, instead of destroying them, they were hauled to the Japanese Gardens where they served for roofing. It is said that the only expense of this garden, outside of labor, was for wire used in attaching the palm leaves. And the quaint-looking steeple at one edge of the garden, the one covered with vines and looking so artistic from this distance? Why, that was the chimney of the incinerating plant, the only part of the plant that Lambert left standing when he dismantled the building. At night the gardens are lighted with thousands of globes and to view this spot from a place that



J. R. LAMBERT, and the ornamental lighting posts he is constructing for San Antonio from waste.

was once the edge of the stone quarry, gives a sight that will long be remembered.

It was a large stone quarry and after creating the Japanese Gardens, Lambert discovered he still had a lot of territory to convert, so he constructed a Mexican Village. This is a masterful creation but it will never appeal as such to the native or visitor because if one is faithful in reproducing a Mexican village it can have no appeal to the artistic sense. It is a thing altogether typical and true, and entailed much labor and a great deal of ingenuity. Instead of the thatched palm leaf roof we find tin roofs on the buildings of the Mexican Village. These roofs were constructed from tin cans found in and around the garbage plant. Lambert had his laborers flatten the cans and attach them.

Beyond the Mexican Village, Lambert still had a long bleak wall of solid rock, jagged by the many explosions of dynamite charges used in blasting the stone quarry. This developed another idea and he constructed a zoological garden. Like all of Lambert's other ventures it cost the city very little. By this time he had formed friends and admirers and there was much assistance. Many of the animals, most of them perhaps, were donated to the city.

There is probably not another zoological garden just like this one in America. Lions and tigers, bears and jaguars and dozens of other varieties of wild animals, are confined in homes here not dissimilar to their native haunts. Lions have their dens in caves; so have the bears and beyond them romp the deer, elk and moose. Beside them are the apes and the "cats" of many families. There yet remains rock wall where the zoological part of Brackenridge Park will receive additions.

Lambert still had part of the stone quarry to utilize and he constructed a mammoth floral star, representing the lone star emblem of the state of Texas. Many stars have been planted but probably never another as huge and striking as this one.

Other features were developed in the park. Artesian wells near by gushed constantly so Lambert corralled the supply of water from these wells and diverted it into a stream which winds through the park. In three places this stream is dammed and a "sunken bridge" constructed. These "bridges" connect the main driveway and automobiles passing over the "bridge" wade through a foot of water.

Lambert also constructed a swimming pool, the only one in these parts. He built dressing rooms and purchased bathing suits that can be rented very cheaply. He created waterwalls and sank glass tubes containing electric light bulbs. This light, coming through the falling water at night, creates an unusual effect.

Most of the buildings in the park are of stone. All of them will be before the year is out. Lambert can collect the stone free and a beautiful stone building costs him practically nothing for material. At present he is at work on a storage room for the menagerie, or zoological gardens. This building is copied after one of the famous ancient missions. Every feature is carefully reproduced. All the cost entailed is the labor.

There is a stone movie house in the park and instructive motion pictures, such as the Ford Weekly, are shown free of charge. There is a stone band stand where free concerts are given when the weather permits.

The children of San Antonio, like children of every other city, town, village, hamlet or crossroads in the country, are passionately fond of riding. So Lambert constructed a bridle path that winds around, up and down, for several hundred yards. He had the path but nothing to saddle and to overcome this little detail that was lacking one of the San Antonio's organizations presented the park with 25 burros. Now all the little boys and girls in San Antonio can learn to ride.

There came a public demand for marksmanship. The youth must be taught to shoot, they said, and Lambert built a rifle range. Every school in San Antonio has its rifle teams and expert marksmen are being developed among the boys.

Several army camps are located near San Antonio. The government encourages polo playing in these camps. It is a good thing, for no sport is as well suited for the development of soldiers as polo. But the camps and their polo fields were quite a distance away. Polo is a wonderful game for the spectator, dashing and thrilling with all the touches of the spectacular and picturesque. Since the people could not go to the polo fields to watch the teams play Lambert brought the teams to them. He built a polo field in Brackenridge Park and to make sure the teams would prefer to play at his park he built a field that is said to be better than any in the country. Of course, all polo matches are played without charging admission and the people of San Antonio can see the best army teams play free of charge.

Lambert saw the development of golf, noted the enthusiasm the game aroused and discovered why the average man cannot play golf, so he constructed an 18-hole golf course in Brackenridge Park. It is so popular that he is trying to find ways and means to construct another.

San Antonio is a great city for the tourists. They come to this historic town from all over the country. The large number of tourists taxed the hotels and it was impossible to take care of them all. Lambert solved the problem. He established camping grounds in his big park. Here the tourist can park his car and pitch his tent and live in the open. Meals are served at the Japanese Gardens and the Mexican Village. If the tourist wants to do his own cooking, Lambert furnishes the fuel. He also furnishes a spot where laundry work can be done, rather where the family washing can be accomplished. At times there are autos carrying the license plates of more than 40 states parked on this camp site.

Also, there is a picnic plot. There are tables and benches. Some people like warm food, even when picnicking, so Lambert scattered fire places all over the picnic grounds and he furnishes the fuel free of charge. There are two baseball fields and four tennis courts and other features generally found in public parks.

Recently the public wanted a statue to commemorate the sacrifice made by San Antonians who died in the World War. Lambert asked for bids and the lowest he received was $10,000. So he set about to find material from which a statue could be made. He found it. Also he discovered a rock of ages in the stone quarry and the statue will be the Rock of Ages with a genuine rock of ages as the base. When completed this statue will cost less than $1,000. The amount has been subscribed.

Not alone at Brackenridge Park did Lambert create a Garden of Eden from waste land and with abandoned material, but he utilized other waste matter to help the city and save the people's money.

In nothing that he has done does Lambert's ingenuity stand out with greater impressiveness than in his lesson of "Safety First."

Lambert instructed his men that whenever they discovered a wrecked car that was beyond salvage and had been abandoned by the owner, to bring it in. San Antonio has several dangerous railroad crossings and some fatal accidents occurred. The "Stop, Look and Listen" sign did not prevent deaths by collision and the crossings were quite often ignored in spite of the supreme danger.

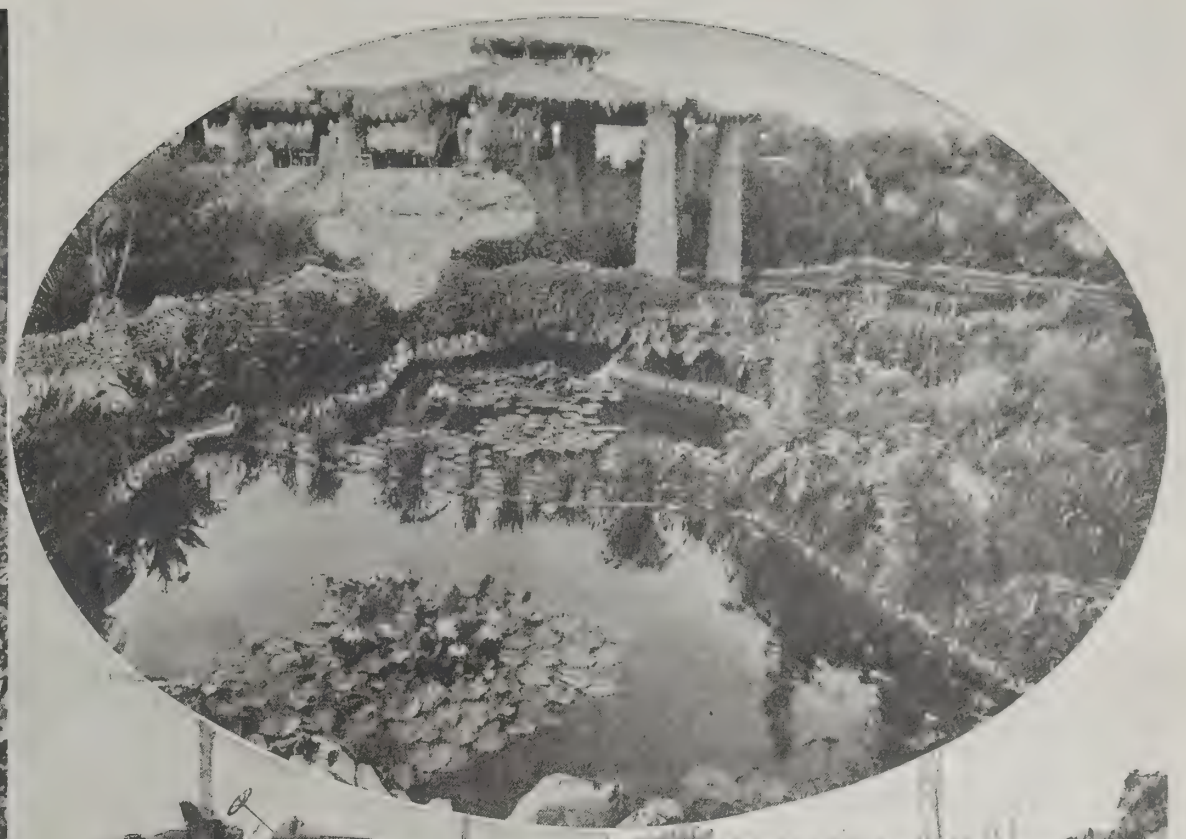
After collecting a number of smashed cars Lambert had platforms built beside the crossings. These platforms stand ten or twelve feet above the ground and are visible in each instance a few hundred yards before the crossing is reached. To these platforms were attached the wrecked cars and on the four sides of the platform are signs reading, "Did This Driver Stop, Look and Listen?" The list of accidents has greatly diminished in San Antonio since these platforms were built and the wrecks displayed.

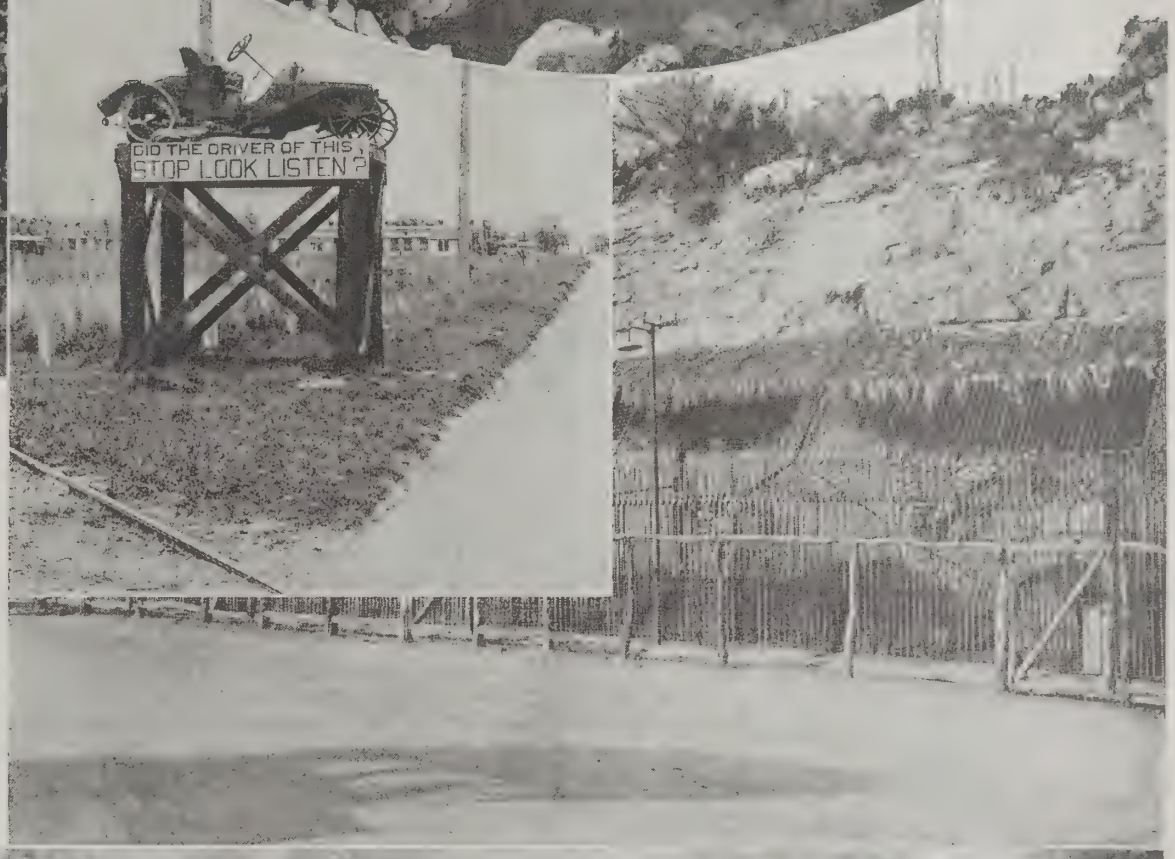
San Antonio needed street lights. The people wanted lamp posts to help beautify the city. Lambert asked for bids and the lowest bid was $34 for each post. Lambert said it was much too much. He set about to devise a lamp post as good and cheap enough to make extensive use of the posts possible. This is what he did: He sent to the garbage plant and had hauled away all the tin cans and scrap metal dumped there. He sent to the dumping grounds and had his laborers gather all the cans and bits of metal they could find. Then he constructed a mold, filled it with cans and metal scraps and poured concrete over the filling. He set an iron pipe in the center and through this the post is wired. Completed, each of these posts will cost the people of San Antonio less than $7. Lambert is now having a machine built to be used as a mold. Every tin can tossed away by a householder of San Antonio, every bit of discarded metal, will be gathered by city laborers, collected, assembled and hauled to the municipal manufacturing plant. Soon San Antonio will be studded with artistic lamp posts, made of waste and costing less than $7 each.

Such is J. Raymond Lambert and such are his achievements. The story of his career as a public servant is one that could serve well as a model for any public office-holder as well as a lesson in economy and thrift, ingenuity and perseverance to every American.

Also, it shows that genius springs from queer spots, such as the riotous saloon of a wide-open town.

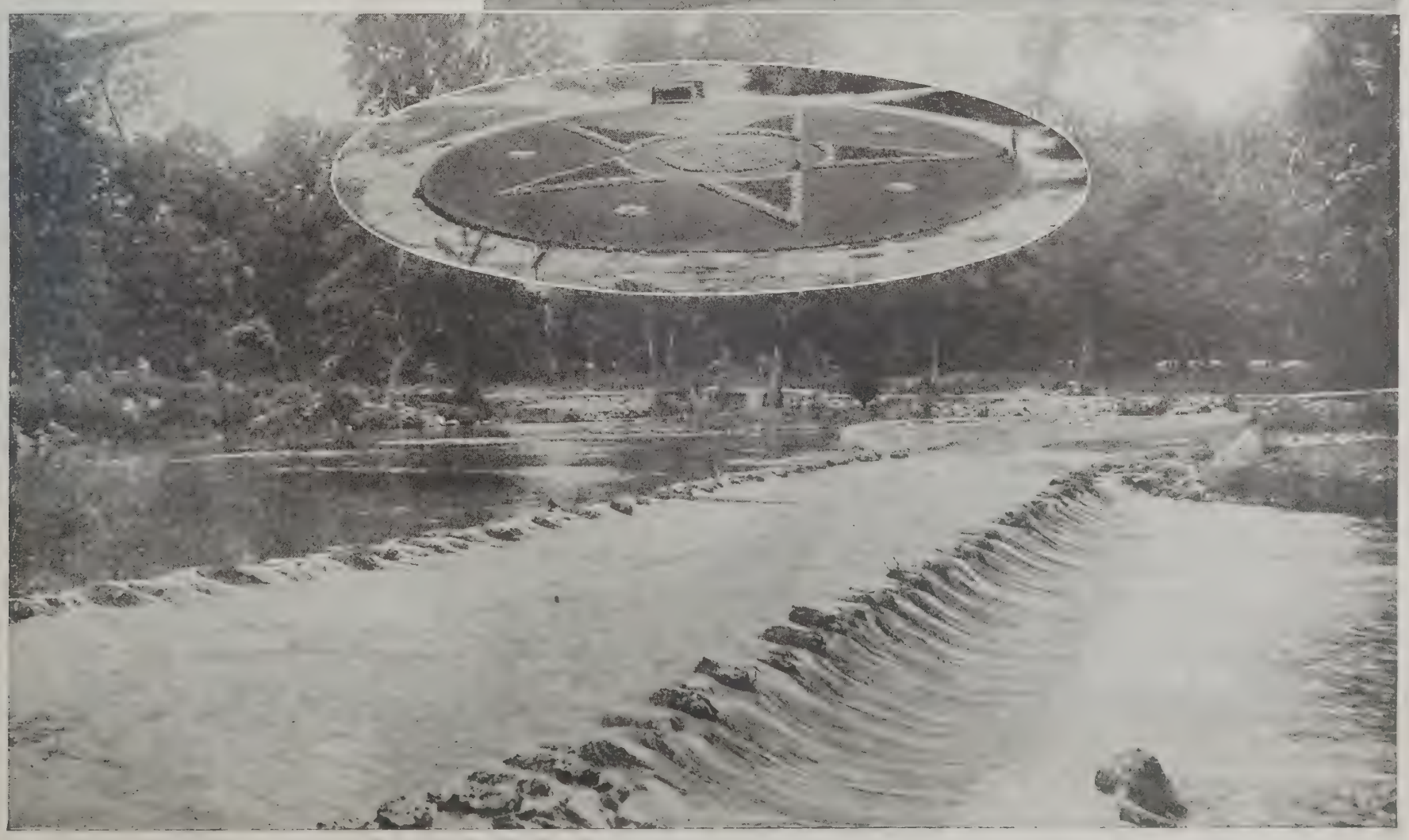






The Things That Lambert Does

Top, Right—The main Japanese house in the sunken gardens. Top, Left—A bridge in the Japanese Gardens. Center—How wrecked automobiles are used to keep others from being wrecked. Right—How the "hopeless" stone wall of the abandoned quarry was utilized in constructing a menagerie. Insert—The huge floral lone star in Brackenridge Park. Bottom—The artificial ford. They call this a "sunken bridge." There are three of these "sunken bridges" in the artificial stream that winds through the pet park of San Antonio. The fords connect the main driveway.



Jewish Hot-Beds of Bolshevism in the U. S.

"Needle Trades," a Constituent of the Kehillah, Examined: "Melting Pot" or Melting the Pot? The Kehillah's Link With the A. J. C.

BOLSHEVISM is working in the United States through precisely the same channels it used in Russia and through the same agents—Revolutionary and Predatory Unionism, as distinct from Business and Uplift Unionism, and Jewish agitators. When Martens, the so-called Soviet ambassador "left" the United States after being deported, he appointed as the representative of Bolshevik sovietism in the United States one Charles Recht, a Jew, a lawyer by profession, who maintained an office in New York. This office is the rendezvous of all the Jewish union leaders in New York, some of the labor leaders throughout the country, and occasionally of one or two American government officials known to be henchmen of Jewish aspirations in the United States and sympathizers with predatory radicalism.

The situation in New York is important because from that center lines of authority and action radiate to all the cities of the United States. New York is the laboratory in which the emissaries of the revolution learn their lesson, and their knowledge is being daily increased by the counsel and experience of traveling delegates straight out of Russia.

The American does not realize that all the public disturbances of which he reads are not mere sudden outbreaks, but the deliberately planned movements of leaders who know exactly what they are doing. Mobs are methodical; there is always an intelligent core which gets done under the appearance of excitement what had been planned beforehand. Up through the German revolution, up through the French revolution, up through the Russian revolution came the previously chosen men, and to this day in all three countries the groups thus raised to power have not lessened their hold—and they are Jewish groups. Russia is not more Jew-controlled than is France; and Germany, with all her so-called anti-Semitism, tries in vain to loosen the grip of Judah from her throat.

It is this fact of prepared disorder which makes the New York situation of interest today, because its lines of influence and authority reach everywhere throughout the country.

For that reason, and before showing how the Jewish organizations advance Bolshevism and revolution in the United States, the first step will be to describe the condition and extent of the Hebrew labor movement.

When Fifth Avenue Changed Color

MOST New Yorkers remember the "Save Fifth Avenue" movement. That avenue, from Fourteenth to Thirty-fourth street, with sections of Broadway, is historic ground. It is wrought into the history of America in a peculiarly intimate way. A little more than 15 years ago it contained the homes of the older families, the establishments of famous publishers, the stores of art dealers, and the famous shopping center. It was a district known throughout the United States as typifying American substance and good taste.

But presently, Americans who thought they were secure in their own city, were aware of an advancing shadow. A subtle atmosphere of deterioration became evident. In the top lofts of buildings, sweatshops had been installed, which noon and night poured into the streets an alien stream—not a glad, hopeful-eyed immigrant rejoicing to be in America and at work, but something darker.

It was the Russian and Polish Jew. He swarmed into this district, the most typically American of any outside of Boston and Philadelphia, from the first. Nowhere else would the sweatshops go except in the very heart of Goy respectability. There were protests and organizations; Jews were appealed to in the name of the city; they smiled and promised, but like a tide coming in, the invasion swept farther and stronger every week. New Yorkers hesitated to go down into the district to trade, and merchants lost their business. Real estate values dropped in consequence, and Jews bought valuable properties at low figures.

Today, at noontime, Fifth Avenue is packed from wall to curb with dark, squat figures in masses of thousands. They parade in dense throngs and make the street impassable. They make a strange un-American atmosphere, Slavonic with some Oriental admixture. Their tongue is alien, their attitude is one of sullenness mingled with a sense of power. You leave the New York of American meaning whenever you approach that alien throng. They have taken over the district as completely as if they had invaded it with the bayonet.

All this would be very hopeful, of course, if we could take and sustain the attitude of the unsophisticated young reader of fiction, and regard these people as "new Americans." There is a mass of moving stories (mostly written by Jews, by the way) pretending to describe the glowing hearts with which these throngs look out upon America, their intense longing to be American, their love of our people and our institutions. Most unfortunately, the actions of these people and the utterances of their leaders give the lie to this fair picture which, as Americans, we would fain believe. The resistance offered to Americanization, consisting in the limitations put upon the Americanization program, has been sufficient to convince all observers that, so far as the Jewish invasion is concerned, it is not their desire to go the way America is going, but to influence America to go the way they are going. They talk a great deal of what they bring to America, hardly anything at all of what they found here. America is presented to them as a big piece of putty to be molded as they desire, not as a benign mother who is able and willing to make these aliens to be like her own children. The doctrine that the United States is nothing definite as yet, that it is only a free-for-all opportunity to make it what you will, is one of the most distinctive of Jewish political teachings. If it be provincialism to insist that our alien guests become American and cease their endeavors to make America something alien, then there are hundreds of thousands of Americans to plead guilty to provincialism.

Melting the Pot?—Or Its Contents?

"THE Melting Pot," a term to which Mr. Zangwill gave currency, is not a very dignified name for our Republic, but aside from that, it is being more and more challenged as descriptive of the process that goes on here. There are some substances in the pot that will not melt. But more significant still, there are rapidly increasing interests *who want to melt the pot.*

So far as Fifth Avenue was concerned, it was the pot that melted. At least, not the most intrepid Jewish leader will shout much about the American characteristics of the most conspicuous Jewish colony in the world, that of New York.

The loft buildings in this district are filled with clothing workshops, of which the Jew has a monopoly in the United States. Coatmakers, pantmakers, buttonhole workers, ladies' garment workers, these men are engaged in the "needle trades" in which adult men of no other race participate.

Why the tendency of the Jew to the "needle trades?" It is explained by his aversion to manual labor, his abhorrence of agricultural life, and his desire to arrange his own affairs. Arriving in the city of his destination, the Jew would rather not leave it except for other cities. There is one Hebrew society whose charter would indicate that its work is the placing of Jews in the rural districts, but it does next to nothing in this respect. On the other hand, there is testimony that city colonization goes on apace. Widespread Jewish associations are on the lookout for likely towns in which to settle a few Jews, who in time become a larger colony, and in a little longer time run the place. There is nothing haphazard about it. The Jew is not an adventurer, he does not cut himself off from his base, but all his movements are made under consultation and direction. New York is the great training school in which the newly arrived immigrant receives his instructions as to the method of handling the American goyim.

Why Jews Choose "Needle Trades"

THUS, preferring any kind of a life in the city, and not taking to the trades which involve much bodily effort, the Jew gravitates to the needle, not in the capacity of a creative artist, as is the commercial tailor, but in the production of quantities of ready-to-wear goods.

Aside from the "white collar quality of the job," the "needle trades" appeal to the Jew because at such work he can practically arrange his own hours. For this reason, the Jew generally prefers piece work to day work, domestic industries to factories—he can arrange his own time. Many people wonder how the Jews of New York have so much time for revolutionary consultation, parades, meetings, demonstrations, restaurant debates and radical authorship. No other class of working people can get the time; other people work pretty steadily. The explanation is at hand: extreme Socialism and Bolshevism have a great deal of "time off."

Trotsky, the present head of Russia, lived that way in New York. His main arrangement was for leisure to work up his scheme. All the East Side leaders knew that Trotsky was to "take the Czar's job," even though he never had an extra dollar to spend. There was nothing haphazard about it. It was prearranged, and the appointed men went directly to their preappointed places. The East Side has other rulers ready now, and they live in the midst of the revolutionary "needle trades."

One point that should not be overlooked in all this, of course, is that the "needle trades" being exclusively Jewish, all their abuses are Jewish too. This is said for the benefit of those apologists for Russian Bolshevism who explain that the reason for it all is the way the poor "Russian" was treated in America. If Americans will ever learn to remember that the Russian is not a Jew, and that Bolshevism is not Russian but Jewish, and if in addition to that the American will ever learn to remember that every Russian-Jewish laborer in New York comes into contact with a Russian-Jewish employer, and every Russian Jew tenant pays his exorbitant rent to a Russian Jew landlord, it will then be clear that once more has the United States been made to bear a slander that does not belong to it.

It may be well to remember also that it was on account of these Russian and Polish Jews, while they yet resided in Russia, that the United States broke off her trade treaty with that country—broke off with the Russia that was a country and a government before America was discovered; and, having by that act contributed to the Jewish throttle on Russia through Germany, it is now proposed that the United States, on account of these same Jews, enter into trade agreements with the present Russian tyranny. Verily, the diplomacy of Judah has come very near determining our foreign policy. If they were strong enough, in spite of President Taft's refusal, to make us break with Russia, they may also be strong enough to make us shake hands with Bolshevism.

The Exclusively Hebrew Trade Union

THE Jewish trade union is exclusively Jewish for the reason that the trades affected are exclusively Jewish. That is, the Jewish trade union is not an American trade union, it is not a mixed trade union, it is Jewish. Like all other Jewish activities the purpose of the trade union is to advance Jewish interests alone. These unions are one aspect of United Israel.

This should be borne in mind with reference to the widespread strikes in the clothing trade and the rapid increase in the price of clothing to the 99,000,000 non-Jews in the United States. In spite of all the strikes, the profits advanced enormously; it may be said that the strikes were essential to the advance of profits; and the country as a whole paid.

Look at some of the figures of the "needle trades" before the war. In the entire United States, the men's and women's clothing manufactured in 1914 had a value of $932,099,000. In New York alone, $542,685,000 was produced. The rest was produced by the Jewish clothing centers in Chicago, Cleveland, New Jersey and Philadelphia.

The figures for the period of the war and since will be staggering. Clothing in the regular trade began to mount in price, until at the end of the war in 1918, it had attained an increase of 200 per cent and 300 per cent. Until well into 1920 the monopoly held up the price. This was done in face of the declaration by the manufacturers of *cloth* that the whole profiteering persistence was due to the manufacturers of *clothing.* Russian-Polish Jews, in this country only a few months, drew $50 to $80 a week. Threats of strike were used to get a five per cent increase in wages, which was met by a 20 per cent increase in the cost of clothing. The American public paid.

If, however, these statements were merely an attempt to arouse indignation that for once the workers got more than they earned, the attempt would be a failure. It is pretty hard to find anyone to regret the workers getting hold of a bonanza. The high wages

weren't of much use, as it proved, but people at least had the satisfaction of handling them.

These statements are made to show that during the war the Jewish unions waxed fat, a fact which has a bearing on their Bolshevik attitude today. Not all the wage was the gain of the man who earned it—there was the union to pay. Girls in the fur trade in New York earned $55 a week, of which they paid in $27.50 a week to the unions. Other workers paid in like proportion. There was great talk of what would be done. In Russia, of course, they had the government's gold vaults immediately upon the success of the revolution, but in the United States the preliminary funds would have to be supplied by themselves. A great revolutionary stroke was planned, of which the written evidence still remains.

There are two divisions of Jewish wealth and power centering in New York. The first is German-Jewish, represented by the Schiffs, the Speyers, the Warburgs, the Kahns, the Lewisohns and the Guggenheims. These play the game with the aid of the financial resources of the non-Jews. The other division is composed of the Russian and Polish Jews who monopolize the hat, cap, fur, garment and toy trades. (By the way—it is the Russian and Polish Jew who controls the American stage and movies also.) Between them, their grip and influence is far from negligible. They may sometimes have internecine quarrels regarding the division of the profits, and eager publicists may zealously call attention to these quarrels as evidence of the lack of unity among the Jews, but in the Kehillah and elsewhere they understand each other pretty well, and on the question of Jew vs. "goy" they are indivisibly one.

Between these two forces the attempt to hold up prices was continued until late in 1920. The heads of the Jewish clothing associations announced that the price of clothing would not be lowered. Solidly behind them were the associated Hebrew labor unions, so-called, which threatened dire things if the prices came down. The first great store to reduce prices in New York was Wanamaker's, a non-Jewish house. In fact there was no reduction of prices among Jewish manufacturers and merchants generally, until in the month of November less than a dozen Jews were called into the presence of a non-Jewish financier, after which a belated effort was made to save the buying market by sensational reductions. The Jewish controllers of the clothing business had just previously stated that not only would prices not go down, but the 1921 prices would go still higher.

The Open Eye Is Protection Enough

THERE is a distinction between what the Jewish coalition *would* do and what it *could* do, but its will and its power never so closely correspond as when the non-Jewish element is asleep, and never are Jewish will and power so widely divorced as when the non-Jewish mind is alert. When the non-Jewish financial mind made itself felt in November, 1920, the bottom dropped out of Jewish trade prophecies and policies. The only thing to fear is not the alert Jew, but the consequences of sleepiness among the Christians. *The Jewish Program is checked the moment it is perceived and identified.*

Ordinary people who for five years have been paying high tribute to the clothing trust are entitled to know who comprise that trust. But that is a trifling affair compared with the political uses to which the clothing trust has been put in this country. The clothing trust, being composed exclusively of Jews, most of whom have formed the ax-head of Jewry in the fight against certain Old-World governments, is today the heart and center of a movement which, if successful, would leave not a shred of the Republic, its institutions, nor even the liberty, which is every American's by inheritance.

What is the strength of these people? How are they banded together? What are the facts concerning them?

In New York City alone there are 2,760 Jewish cloak and suit manufacturing concerns; 1,200 Jewish clothing manufacturers; 2,880 Jewish fur manufacturers; 600 Jewish skirt manufacturers; 600 manufacturing tailoring establishments; 800 Jewish merchant tailoring concerns.

These employers have organized themselves into associations such as the following:

Associated Boys' Clothing Manufacturers of Greater New York.
Associated Fur Manufacturers.
Associated Shirt Manufacturers.
Association of Embroidery and Lace Manufacturers.
Children's Dress Manufacturers' Association.
Cloak, Suit and Skirt Manufacturers' Protective Association.
Cotton Garment Manufacturers of New York.
Dress and Waist Manufacturers' Association.
East Side Retail Clothing Manufacturers' Association.
Ladies' Hat Manufacturers' Protective Association.
Mineral Water Dealers' Protective Association.
National Association of Separate Skirt Manufacturers.
National Society of Men's Neckwear Manufacturers.
New York Association of House Dress & Kimono Manufacturers.
New York Tailors' Verein.
Shirt Manufacturers' Protective Association.

Where the Kehillah Gets Its Strength

AMONG the employed Jews, the unions are numerous but all gathered up into one central organization. For example, the International Fur Workers' Union of the United States and Canada, is made up of the following:

Feather Boa Makers' Union.
Fur Cap Makers' Union.
Fur Cutters' Union.
Fur Dressers' Union.
Fur Dyers' Union.
Fur Floor Walkers' Union.
Fur Hatters' Union.
Fur Head and Tail Makers' Union.
Fur Lined Coat Finishers' Union.
Fur Nailers' Union.
Fur Operators' Union.
Fur Pluckers' Union.
Muff Bed Workers' Union.

In the garment industry, the organizations include every operation in the process of making clothes. There are separate unions for buttonhole makers, vest makers, pants makers, coat cutters, coat operators, coat pressers, coat tailors, coat basters, lapel makers, knee pants makers, clothing turners, overall workers, palm beach workers, shirt makers, vest pressers, and even a washable sailor suit union. These together comprise the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

In children's clothing we have another complete organization:

Children's Jacket Makers (three unions).
Children's Jacket Pressers.
Children's Sailor Jacket Makers' Union.
Children's Cloak and Reefer Workers' Union.
Children's Dressmakers' Union.

In women's wear, there are unions organized around every garment known to the wardrobe, some of which are:

Amalgamated Ladies' Garment Cutters' Union.
Bonnaz, Singer and Hand Embroiderers' Union.
Buttonhole Makers and Button Sewers' Union.
Children's Cloak and Reefer Workers' Union.
Cloak and Suit Tailors' Union.
Cloak and Suit Piece Tailors and Sample Makers' Union.
Cloak Examiners, Squarers and Bushelers' Union.
Cloak Makers' Union.
Cloak Operators' Union.
Cloak, Skirt and Dress Pressers' Union.
Ladies and Misses' Cloak Operators' Union.
Ladies' Tailors Alteration & Special Order Union.
Ladies' Waist and Dressmakers' Union.
Skirt and Cloth Dressmakers' Union.
Waterproof Garment Workers' Union.
White Goods Workers' Union.
Wrapper, Kimono, House Dress and Bath Robe Makers' Union.

These unions comprise the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

Jewish Unions, Not With A. F. L.

THE reader will have an idea, after reading these lists, that the employes represented in these unions are women. The majority are men. It may require something of an effort to remember that, but it is essential. These organizations control an essential business which *before the war* produced over One Billion Dollars' worth of goods a year, and since the war has probably received for its products each year the amount of a big fat Liberty Loan; and these unions have received 30 to 40 per cent of that for wages and propaganda funds.

Now, let it be said at once that these Jewish unions are not to be confused with the regular Labor Union Movement, as we know it in the United States.

They are not Jews who have gone into the American trades unions. They have started unions of their own, which are Jewish in membership, control and purpose. It is true, of course, that the regular trades union movement which heads up in the American Federation of Labor is under the presidency of a Jew, Samuel Gompers, but the membership is mixed, the large majority being non-Jews, and the purpose is not racial.

These Jewish unions comprise a body by themselves and are to be reckoned with, not only as labor union groups, but as racial and political groups whose purposes can be determined by the character and utterances of their leaders, as well as by the actions authorized and approved by the unions themselves.

Now, *this Hebrew union movement is a part of the New York Kehillah.* Jewish leaders have sought to counteract THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S account of Kehillah activities by saying that the Kehillah is such a little weak thing. Admittedly, however, the Jewish clothing trust and the Jewish garment workers' unions are among the biggest and most powerful aggregations in the country. Not even a Jewish leader would have the temerity to deny that. Well, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union are affiliated with the Kehillah.

More than that: this Kehillah, which Jewish spokesmen with cool contempt for truth would have the public believe was weak and unimportant—*this same Kehillah, in its Executive Committee, constitutes The American Jewish Committee.*

Is the American Jewish Committee a nonentity? Ask any President of the United States, any Senator or Governor?

The American Jewish Committee heads up in District No. 12—New York City—and the Committee for District No. 12 *is also the Executive Committee of the Kehillah.*

The men who represent before the world the combined organizations mentioned in this article *are* the Kehillah, and they *are* the American Jewish Committee, and besides, they are the men whose failure in candor has left such an impression of dissatisfaction throughout the masses of the Jewish people.

The "Weak" Kehillah and Its Jewish Giants

WHO are they? Who are these men with whom the Kehillah is said to be such a puling thing?

Louis Marshall, of the law firm of Guggenheimer, Untermeyer and Marshall. Mr. Marshall is not only head of District No. 12, but he is also head of the American Jewish Committee. His headship of the A. J. C. makes him Jewish leader of the United States. His headship of District No. 12 makes him head of the New York Kehillah. Quite an important man? Yes; and an important place, in spite of lying Jewish spokesmen.

Who are the others? Eugene Meyer, Jr., formerly of the Capital Issues Committee of the United States war government.

Who else? Judah L. Magnes. Judah L. Magnes is the organizer and active leader of the New York Kehillah. The two bodies are linked up again. They are linked up by the Kehillah's constitution which is able to decree that its executive committee shall be the American Jewish Committee as far as District No. 12 (New York City) is concerned.

There are other names on the American Jewish Committee which also constitutes the executive committee as the Kehillah—Adolph Lewisohn, Cyrus L. Sulzberger, Felix Warburg, and so on, 36 in all.

In the current annual report of the American Jewish Committee this relation with the Kehillah is acknowledged in a note at the foot of page 123, just as in the constitution of the Kehillah its relation with the A. J. C. is acknowledged and explained.

Now to recapitulate.

The Hebrew labor unions, both of employes and employers, which are in complete control of the garment industry of the United States, represent one wing of Jewish aggression in the realm of political revolutionism. It is not a small wing in itself. Certainly it does not become smaller by its connection with the Kehillah, nor the Kehillah by its gain of these workers. The two unions mentioned above number over 337,000 members. That figure is conservative. Besides these there are associated with the Kehillah the members of 1,000 other Jewish organizations, such as synagogues, charitable societies and educational bodies, and 100,000 individual members who belong on their own account.

Link this organization with the powerful American Jewish Committee, and at once the protest of the editors and the spokesmen that the Kehillah is a weak, unimportant body becomes a deliberate falsehood.

And as for those "Gentile fronts" who are ready victims of Jewish propaganda, and who, without personal knowledge, are describing the Kehillah as a large and flourishing charitable society (bad teamwork there!) let them read in the next article what some of the Kehillah leaders are trying to do to the United States.



—From the Memphis (Tenn.) *Commercial-Appeal.*

The man who really collects your taxes.

Naval Program May Waste Millions

THE House Naval Affairs Committee of the Sixty-sixth Congress was moved to an exhaustive and illuminating inquiry by two resolutions offered in the Senate by William E. Borah, of Idaho. The first expressed the advisability of the early convening of representatives of the great naval powers, Great Britain, Japan and the United States, with a view to arriving at an agreement for the mutual suspension of naval building programs for six months. The second resolution called for a thorough investigation of the question of "what constitutes a modern and efficient navy," with a view to ascertaining whether or not we are building a navy which when completed will in any sense be a modern fighting navy.

In a report of the General Board of the Navy dealing with the "naval holiday" resolution, signed by Rear Admiral Charles J. Badger, and approved by Admiral Coontz and by the Secretary of the Navy, the ground is taken flatly that, in view of the important facts regarding the naval operations of the war, "further delay of six months, or any other period, for the study of types of ships is neither necessary nor advisable."

Among reasons advanced for this conclusion is that concentration of power in attack is the fundamental basis of all warlike operations, ashore and afloat, and that "the strength of navies has always been based upon the number of their ships of the fighting line."

The board affirms that arguments against the expensive capital ships are based upon "the old fallacy" that war can be cheaply won by hitting, dodging and running. Speed without punch, it is declared, is insufficient to win a war. At the battle of Jutland, nothing was accomplished in the way of destruction of battleships by torpedoes. While admitting that during the recent war the submarine received tremendous development, and came very near winning the war for Germany, it is insisted that "as always, necessity and invention combined found means to meet the menace and reduce it to controllable limits," so that defense against submarine attack was at last developed to a point where it was successfully met, and "again surprise and dodging failed." As to the challenge to battleship supremacy contained in bomb and torpedo-carrying aircraft, we are told that these weapons will continue only to be "adjuncts to the fleet." While great things were predicted by the inventors and enthusiastic supporters of these new weapons, "predictions are one thing, actualities are another; and, as yet, the protected gun is the most generally effective weapon in existence for naval use."

Despite this defense of the battleship, the General Board reports that airplane carriers are a development of the war of highest importance. These ships are designed to carry airplanes in considerable numbers and to serve as a base from which aircraft may fly and to which they may return. Such vessels "should be considered as an absolutely essential type in a modern fleet."

These airplane carriers are not regarded, however, as likely to displace or even diminish the need for battleships. Instead of reducing the cost of armament, they increase it immensely. The two called for in the estimates now awaiting congressional action are to cost $28,000,000 each!

Attention is called by the board to the fact that the building program authorized in 1916 will, if completed, give us, for the first time in the nation's history, substantial equality with Great Britain in power, if not in number of ships, for our battle fleet, and adds:

> In urging that this equality in power be the continuing naval policy of the United States, there is no thought of instituting international competitive building. No other nation can in reason take exception to such a position. In assuming it, the United States threatens no other nation or nations by the mere act of placing itself on an equality with the strongest. It cannot be justly construed as a challenge. There is no good reason why the United States should not enjoy the trust of other nations to the same extent as she is expected to repose trust in them.

Apparently, Mr. Daniels and the General Board of the Navy see no contradiction in asking that the United States take the initiative in an international disarmament policy and at the same time insisting on ourselves continuing a naval building program for three years in order to add 16 battleships and a swarm of complementary ships to our fleet. Will not Mr. Harding realize that a big fleet to bring about disarmament is a paradoxical idea? Britain might ask why we should be alarmed for our safety now that we rank second in naval power, when we felt no alarm during the generations we ranked a poor third. Surely we may win laurels all our own sufficient to satisfy all reasonable national ambitions, without bothering our heads to challenge the title of the world's champion sea-fighter. Let America be the champion builder and beautifier of the earth, the champion farmer, the champion industrial producer; the helper and healer rather than the bruiser of the nations! If other nations have other tastes, what is that to us?

This alleged necessity or desirability of having "a navy second to none" is put forward by our naval officials as the one great reason for urging that "no rest period of limitation of armament be agreed upon which will modify the authorized building program of 1916, in numbers, general types and *date of completion.*"

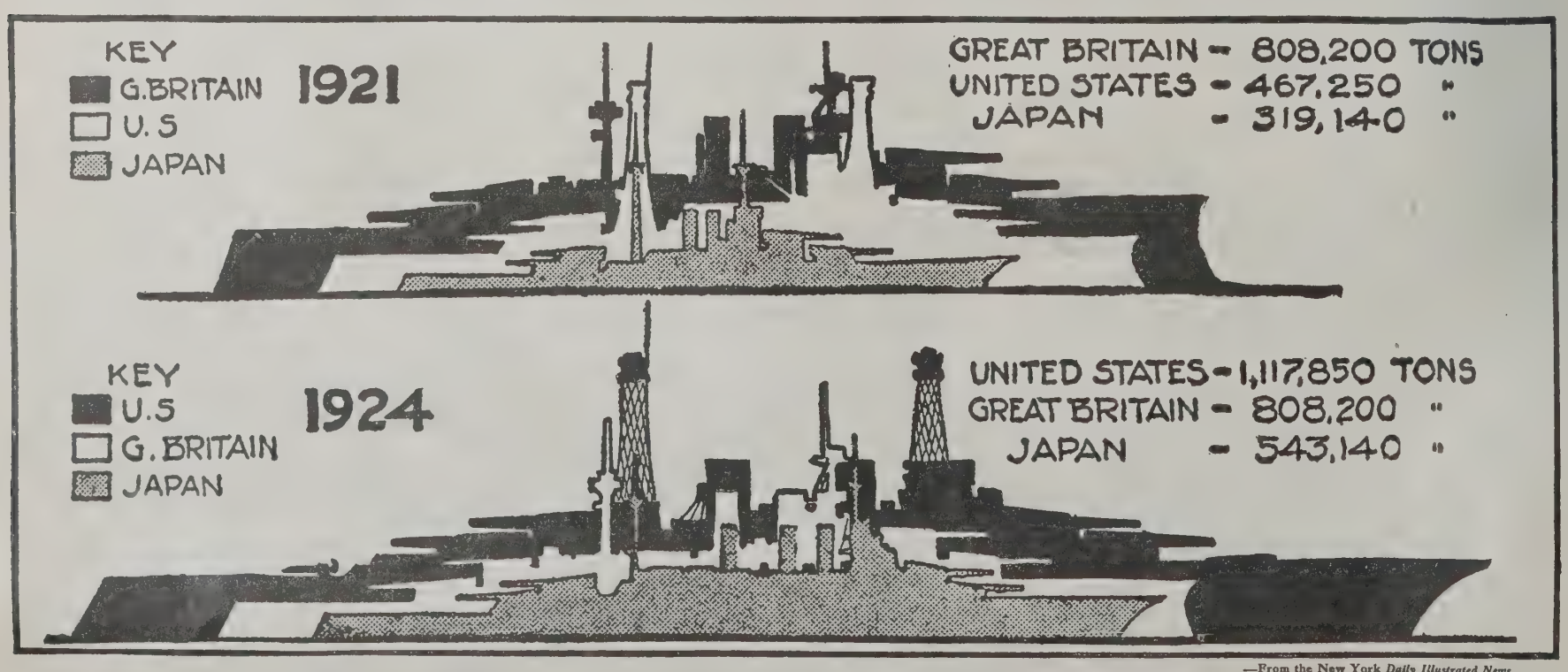
It is not merely that the completion of our present three-year building program would lay a heavy immediate burden upon the people. We are probably the only nation in the world today that has all the money needed for domestic development, if we do not waste it on militarism. Neither Britain nor Japan has the money to fight us, even if they wished to do so—and there is no reason to warrant the belief that either or both would be guilty of the madness of seeking such a war. We have no ambition to conquer anyone, and no one else is in a position to conquer or dream of conquering us. This world situation makes the present time peculiarly favorable for our initiative in a magnificent effort to procure world disarmament.

No nation lives or dies, prospers or suffers, to itself alone. As a matter of hard fact, it is probably true that if we want to have a bigger navy than the navies of Great Britain and Japan combined we can have it—and there is just as much reason for having such a navy as for having one "equal" to that of Great Britain alone, which is no reason at all.

We have the money to build mightier armadas than either of those nations now possesses or is ever likely to possess. But as we build, Britain and Japan, and every other nation with a navy, would have to try to come as near to us as they could, being forced to consider more and more the possibility of our attacking them.

Every ship we built would mean not only a tax on our own heavily burdened people, but also a tax on all the other peoples in the world. Such a course would be heading straight for another world war in a desperate and foolish attempt to escape universal bankruptcy. In the rebound, America, having most to lose, would be the greatest sufferer.

"You cannot make an A1 nation out of C3 men," said Mr. Lloyd George in a speech summing up obvious lessons of the World War; "and you cannot have anything but C3 men if you give them nothing better than C3 houses to live in." In both Britain and the United States, it was found that it was easier to train a healthy, well-fed and fairly educated man into an efficient soldier in three months than to work that transformation in six months in a man under-developed physically and mentally. Ten million dollars spent on giving men and women a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, and instilling them with the character-building practice of giving a fair day's work in return for a fair day's pay, will prove more effectual in the way of national "preparedness" than forty millions spent on a battleship. Our invulnerability to attack from within or without rests on the establishment of conditions that make for peace and contentment, productivity and orderly progress. Not big guns, high explosives, nor poison gas; but schools, playgrounds and athletic fields, and the intelligence and the leisure to enjoy them, must ever be the shield and buckler of this republic.



—From the New York *Daily Illustrated News.*

This comparative study of the three greatest navies shows what they are today and their rank three years from now, if building programs are carried out.

The Wonder Work Shops of Washington

Government Bureau Whose Task It Is to Find Standards Does Much to Aid Development of American Industry

MOST disputes, someone has said, are due to differing definitions and not to differences as to the principles involved. A person orders a bolt of blue cloth. What is received may be blue and cloth but utterly useless for the purpose intended. For there are as many kinds of blue as there are of cloth. If you wanted any particular kind of blue or any particular kind of cloth, it would be very difficult for you to state your need in specific terms.

If you were to ask the average man, What is a bushel of potatoes, he probably would reply that a bushel contains so many pounds, which as a matter of fact may or may not be a bushel. A pound of something to most of us is just sixteen ounces and an ounce so many grains.

Possibly you will be surprised to learn that there are practically no nationally decreed measuring instruments. The makers of our Constitution, who were very wise men, thought there should be, and empowered Congress to decree them. But when Congress started to do so, it found that bushels, gallons and pounds were different in different sections of the country. The English weights and measures system then and still in ordinary use was not a uniform system, even in England. The particular standards of weights and measures used in different sections of the country were in the main those used in that section of England from which the early settlers came. There wasn't much interstate commerce, and the need for uniformity was not pressing.

So Congress hesitated to disrupt local and sectional customs by decreeing national standards of weights and measures. It has never done so, although it has "authorized" the use of the metric system and established the troy pound for use in the precious metal trades. Within the last few years Congress has standardized a few containers, the barrel for certain uses and the berry basket. But despite insistent demand for uniformity Congress has refused to take more than a modest creep in the direction of standardization of even weights and measures.

It is held that Congress has the power to fix standards of virtually every kind, even of quality, but custom is beset by so much conflict and confusion that Congress refuses to enact virtually every standardization bill considered by it.

Despite Congressional hesitancy, uniform weights and measures have come into use, as far as scales and bushel, gallon and such measures are concerned. These weights and measures are now well defined by state laws which also provide generally for inspection. The weights and measures standards follow the standard decreed about eighty years ago for use by the Treasury Department in collecting customs. Not long after that decree was put forth, Congress directed that duplicates of the Treasury standards be furnished each state but left the use optional. A division of the Coast and Geodetic Survey was set up to keep in touch with the state authorities and help them to promote uniformity in weights and measures. That is as far as we got with national standardization up to twenty years ago, and is about as far as regulatory law has ever gone.

In 1901 Congress created the United States Bureau of Standards chiefly to promote uniform and accurate weights and measures. The bureau was and still is singular in the respect that it has no police powers. It is an experimental, advisory and propaganda establishment and is one of our wonder establishments.

Its original weights and measures work is now only incidental to its broad field of operations—a field that today includes almost everything. That field, succinctly, is the field of definitions—the definition, as an example, of what is meant by "navy blue," the determination of what kind of brick may be safely placed in the walls of a 20-story building, the lifting or holding power of a certain strip of steel. Its work touches upon the interests of every industry and upon the needs of every individual. It aims to find the truth and set up means by which things may be subjected to the test of truth.

If you don't believe there is a field for such work hearken to what an official said to the writer the other day:

"We want our work to be known and appreciated by the public but we can't take care of a large proportion of the appeals coming to us now and as for visitors, we haven't time to show them any attention. To put it bluntly, we don't need advertising."

The tests the bureau makes are only a small percentage of what might go there, if the need of standardization were fully appreciated.

A fascinating branch of the bureau's work is that having to do with colors. A few years ago we had no accepted standards, for instance, for shades of blue or green or gray, or other colors. Such a condition caused many court fights that resulted only in further confusion because there were no bases from which to work.

Finally the problem was put up to the standards bureau. The bureau took the spectrum and those never-changing shades of light duplicated on paper now furnish the basis for determining the accuracy of any shade of color. The spectrum supplies the base for several of the few absolute standards we have. If all the scales and all the measures in the world should be destroyed, even those made of irridium and buried in underground vaults in Paris, and their duplicates kept in vaults in Washington and never handled, it would be possible to create new standards of absolute accuracy. For the meter, key to standards of measurement, finds parallel in the waves of light that do not vary.

Light waves enabled specialists to evolve during the war a method for making gauges that are so nearly perfect that the mind cannot grasp their exactness. They were needed in quantity production of munitions manufacture. In many cases one piece of important munitions would be manufactured in one plant, one in another, a third in another. Then the parts would be assembled at some central point. It was important that each factory have gauges as nearly accurate as could be achieved. A man named Johansen in Sweden was the only person in the world, it was claimed, who made such gauges and all that we had used came from his factory. A man working with the Bureau of Standards discovered the Swede's secret and the bureau now turns out gauges considered by many superior to those made by Johansen. They are within millionths of an inch of accuracy, so perfect that when the surfaces of two are placed together no man is strong enough to pull them apart. They are tested by the unchanging waves of light.

Study of the spectrum has led to adventures in the science of photography. As every amateur photographer knows, ordinary camera plates are not sensitive to red light; yet the red rays of the spectrum penetrate fog better than other rays. A dye sensitive to red rays was developed for use in airplane photography.

"The time is not far distant when this method will be used in ordinary films because it gives better color values," says Dr. S. W. Stratton, director of the Bureau of Standards.

In finding standards the bureau has to deal with processes of manufacture. In its big plant on the outskirts of Washington there are mills in miniature to make many things like paper, textiles and glassware. Actual products are turned out. This leads to improvements in processes and to the development of entirely new ideas of manufacture.

There the optical glass industry, now in a flourishing state, began only a few years ago. Prior to the war every binocular, every camera, microscope and other optical instrument of precision made in America was dependent upon optical glass that came from Europe, chiefly Germany and Paris. It was made by a few foreign firms that kept the processes secret. When supplies were shut off, the Bureau of Standards determined to win the secrets. One of the most difficult had to do with the making of refractory pots. The molten glass would eat through anything we had been making in pottery. Abroad it took two years to make refractory pots. The Washington bureau found how to turn them out in a month's time. When we entered the war we were in position to manufacture all the optical glass needed and several American firms are now engaged in the business commercially.

When the airplane came into practical use it was necessary to determine how motor engines would work at altitudes of 15,000 and 20,000 feet. An appeal was made to the Bureau of Standards. Instead of sending men up in planes a device was created to duplicate atmospheric conditions as far as 40,000 feet from the surface of the earth. It was a cement inclosure, from which air could be pumped, and which also could be refrigerated to the degree of cold prevailing in the upper air. In that inclosure observations were made of engines in operation.

A curious implement is a testing machine with a capacity of 2,500,000 pounds for compression and about half of that for tension. Steel columns bend like sheets of tin under that pressure and the same machine tears in two like cotton rope great steel cables such as are seen holding up sections of bridges. From experiments made with that machine are now growing rules by which engineers may subject materials going into big structures to definite tests of strength. In the Pittsburgh laboratory of the bureau there is a compression machine with 10,000,000 pounds power. In it the strength of brick columns and concrete and hollow tile structures is tested not only for primary strength but for their behavior under high temperatures.

"If the bureau could have the money it saves to the people on fool inventions, it would easily be self-supporting and would never have to ask Congress for an appropriation," says Dr. Stratton.

The bureau has tested, for example, hundreds of nostrums intended to increase the use of gasoline in automobile engines. It has found most of them useless. Likewise it has found many cements put out for leaking radiators to be harmful, although some are safe and valuable.

A task of general benefit is now nearing completion with regard to the standardization of textiles. The bureau proposes to put forth a line of scientific standards for all textile products. When a person buys a piece of cloth he will be able to hold the seller to a definite obligation as to what the cloth actually is.

Like work is being done or has been completed with regard to roofing materials, concrete, many varieties of flooring and other things.

The business and manufacturing world takes more interest than the general public in the work of the Bureau of Standards. Everything in the way of scientific standardization helps honest business, removing as it does the causes of controversy, lessening means of deception, and facilitating quantity production.

Most of the work is done for the government itself. Materials purchased for the army and navy and the departments are tested and specifications for purchases worked out. What knowledge is developed in the government tests, or those for the states, is available free to the public. Tests for outsiders must be paid for, and are made as a rule only when the public will benefit.

"The use of exact standards enters into all industries and into the everyday life of each of us," says Dr. Stratton. "It was in the government service that the need for precision was first appreciated. It is absolutely necessary for the government to demand in its work the use of accurate measurements of all kinds. The public can hardly be expected to appreciate the need for exact standards in its purchases if the government itself does not set an example by demanding the highest accuracy.

"The Bureau of Standards, therefore, has aimed to take a leading part in the education of the public in the matter of standardization, and has always maintained the closest relations with state and municipal authorities, and educational institutions. It distributes a number of charts and pamphlets particularly designed to be of service in everyday life."



Work shops and laboratories of the National Bureau of Standards in Washington. Beginning with studies of ordinary weights and measures the work there has led to searches for many seemingly simple but yet very difficult truths about such things as colors, cloth, paper, brick and gauges that measure within a millionth of an inch of absolute accuracy.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money" IV. Old-Time Acts

By HARRY BARNET

"YOU'VE seen the equestrian statue of Jackson in Jackson Square, New Orleans, haven't you?" suddenly said "Governor" John F. Robinson one evening, when we sat in easy chairs in the spacious second floor, southwest corner room of the family home at the Terrace Park, Ohio, winter quarters of his circus, and puffed contentedly at long, black, blunt-on-the-fire-end cigars.

This room was his office. In it for many years the "Governor" planned the campaigns of his show in much the same manner that a general outlines and oversees the operations of his troops. There were many pictures and curios on the walls. Each one of them suggested to him now and then during the evening a story from the unwritten history of the American circus that for several weeks he had been telling to me as the opportunity offered.

And there is no one more able to tell that history. For seventy years the "Governor" was a tent show performer and owner. He assumed the ownership of his father's circus well more than a half century ago, and "toted" it into every part of the United States during that time, building it until in its heyday it was one of the largest aggregations in America. That is how he came by his title; he was the ruler of a wandering city. In the fullness of time he turned the show over to his son, completing three generations of circus owners in one family—something that up to this time no other circus family has done. During the seventy years of his active business life the "Governor" helped to make the greater part of the traditions that have been handed down only by word of mouth from generation to generation of the followers of the White Tops.

"How's that, 'Governor'?" I queried.

He repeated the question, and indicated a picture of the statue that hung above his great, old-fashioned desk.

"Many times," I replied.

"Well, pa's horse was the model for that statue horse that Jackson sits on," he said.

"You know, in the old days of the circus," the "Governor" continued, "every showman of any prominence at all had a trained horse—that is, the principal performers. Pa had a famous stallion, the color of old gold. His mane and tail were white. His name was 'Champion.' One of his principal tricks was walking around the circus ring on his hind legs.

"That Jackson statue is the first equestrian one representing a horse rearing without props. Jackson is in full uniform, as though he is entering New Orleans with his chapeau raised in a salute. The statue was erected by the state of Louisiana in memory of Jackson and the battle of Chalmette Plains, and the old people around Jackson Square say that the forepart of the horse is hollow. But it isn't. He stands on his hind legs perfectly balanced, and he has stood that way for many years, during all of the tropical storms, and never moved an inch.

"Well, when the sculptor started to make his statue, his idea was to put a prop under the horse, or a brace, like every other equestrian statue, and then later he wanted to leave out the brace. And he wanted a good horse for a model. After several months investigation —maybe several years, I don't remember now—he hadn't found either a model or a way to get rid of the props. One day Champion was being exercised, and reared, while the sculptor was standing in a doorway watching him. The jamb of the door made a line from the horse's feet through the body to the crest of the neck. The sculptor saw the legs of the rider and the front half of the horse, but the hind parts, and the body of the rider were behind the post. While the horse was reared that way the sculptor saw that he just shifted his weight so as to bring the center of gravity on his hind feet when he balanced for the jump. And he made the statue horse that way. It isn't even bolted down; it stands balanced.

"But people have changed since the days of Champion," the "Governor" went on, "and so has the fashion in circus acts. Of course, a good many of those old-time acts would fall flat in a three ring show—there are so many wonders going on that one of them alone could not arouse the enthusiasm of the audience that the old acts did.

"When I learned to ride, the performance always wound up with some kind of a pantomime, or spectacular production, like 'Mazeppa,' or 'Scenes from Donnybrook Fair,' and the riding acts also represented something. There was but one ring, you know, and that made the audience an intimate friend to every performer before the show was over, because they were so close together.

"Pa rode four horses at that time. He was one of the few four-horse equestrians in the world. One of his acts was named 'The Bottled Imp.' When I was a small boy, that act started a tradition among the Negroes around Booneville, Missouri, that we always carried the King of Hell with our show. And, I don't doubt but that you can find that tradition still in circulation around that town, if you find some very old darkies who always have lived there.

"In that act, pa was dressed as the devil. When he rode his four horses he would whoop and yell like the devil himself. That got the audience so excited that they started to yell and whoop with him, and the act closed in an awful fuss.

"There was a flourishing Negro church in Booneville, and, strange to say, when the members found that we were coming to town, and especially when they learned that we were to show next to their church, they went to all of the white folks in the community to try to keep the circus out.

"Now, a darkey will sell his cook stove to go to the circus in that country, and all the rest of the darkies in the town were pleased as Punch to think that we were coming. But a revival had just closed in this church, and the ones who had religion had it awful bad. Of course, they had no effect on our showing the town. To scare the unrepentant darkies, the church-going ones told them frightful tales—that the circus was a thing of the devil, and that the Old Boy himself traveled right along with us.

"Well, that stirred darkey curiosity and fear to an awful pitch. The night of the show, the band and the little cracked church bell ran a noisy race to see which could pull the biggest crowd. The devil story pulled an awful crowd of darkies to the show, and they waited and watched every act, wanting to see the devil, yet half afraid that they would see him.

"Finally, pa came into the ring, dressed as the devil, and making more noise and fuss than usual. Then the darkies began slipping down through the seats, and out under the sidewall at a terrific rate, and scampering off in the direction of the church. They'd seen the devil himself, and were seeking safety. When pa finished the act there were but few darkies left on the colored seats—we always separate the whites and the blacks in that country.





Above—"Governor" John F. Robinson, as an officer in the Federal Navy, when he discovered "Negro Lewis." This is a rare picture. Below—Jackson monument, New Orleans. "Champion," famous trick horse of John Robinson, I, was the model.

"Pa walked out toward the dressing room, and concluded to slip across the lot and look into the church. He didn't stop to take off his make-up. He stood by the window for awhile. The old preacher was going on like only an old darkey preacher can.

"'Oh, Mister Debbil,' he yelled, and danced around like a crazy man, 'come heah dat Ah may choke yo' breaf frum yo' scahlet body. Ah nevah wuz so strong wid de power uv de Lawd,' he screeched, 'an' Ah will tear yo' jaw frum yo' haid, an' slew yo' lak Ah would a lion.'

"Then all of the aunties, and old fat mammies, chipped in with amens.

"'Ah seed him; Ah seed him,' one of the darkies who had been to the show ran in and yelled.

"'Whar dat debbil? Whar dat debbil?' a lot of big darkies began to yell. 'Show dat debbil to me.'

"The aunties and mammies weaved in their seats, and prayed loud for the devil to appear that their men might annihilate him.

"Pa let them go on for a while, until they worked themselves up to an awful pitch; they drowned the noise of the band next door to them, he said. Those who had visited the circus, and saw the devil in person, got awful brave then, though they had sneaked out and joined the church crowd just a few minutes before.

"Then pa stepped into the room without being noticed.

"'Here I am,' he said, 'and I've got a bigger crowd than you have.'

"The darkies turned and saw pa. The preacher dived headfirst through a window back of him. Three or four others tried to follow. The first one was a mammy so fat that she stuck half way in the window, and hung there, squealing like a shoat fastened under a fence. Pa stood in the doorway, but no darkey would look at him, much less try to pass him. They finally got the mammy through the window, and the rest of them followed. Then they broke for the woods as fast as they could scamper.

"For years afterward, when we went into that section of the country the darkies came to the show fearfully, expecting to see the devil—they believed as much as they believed anything that he really traveled with us, and paid them a visit in their church.

"Yes," the "Governor" mused, "those were great days. Especially did the clowns have a warm personal following to greet them wherever they went. From the ticket wagon standpoint everything else around the old-time wagon show could be left behind in the last town, just so the clown—there never was more than one real clown with the show—got in on time. The clowns did 'talking acts.' They were close to their audiences with the one ring shows, and became favorites in the territory we made every year—so much so that they used to have benefits in the towns where they had the most friends. And they got a lot of extra money that way. The most famous of these clowns was John Lowlow, who was with us for years. He quoted Shakespeare to his audiences, and was, in reality, a finished Shakespearean actor. But when we got three rings, 'talking clowns' went out of business; their audiences were too far away from them.

"But one of these 'talking clowns' gave me my financial start in the world," the "Governor" went on.

"It began when I fed a bag of cats to our elephant, Boliver. He was one of the first elephants in this country, and pa was awful proud of him. We hadn't had him more than three days when he got loose. He roamed the wilderness in the South for three days before we caught him, and what he did while he was loose started some awful hair-raising tales in that country about a terrible monster that came down from the skies, and tore things to pieces in little settlements.

"I wasn't more than six or seven years old, and that day mother bought me my first suit of clothes with long pants. The coat, I remember, was more of a man's coat, but I felt awful dressed up. After the matinee I went up town and bought some cakes and candy, and when I came back to the lot I was still eating them as I walked into the tent. I passed Boliver. We carried no menagerie tent then, you know, and the animals were grouped around one side of the ring, and the seats around the other side. Boliver reached out his trunk for some of the goodies, but I didn't give him any.

"As young as I was, I had been riding for a year or more, and when I came into the canvas, pa was practicing some horses.

"'Jack,' he yelled to me, 'come over here and get ready to ride. Where have you been all this time?'

"I didn't answer him, because he worked me hard, and if he thought I'd been idling around he'd have given me a whaling before I started.

"So I stuffed what was left of the candy and cakes into the pocket of my coat, and hung it on a stake near the end of the string of animals and dens. Then I went into the ring.

"It wasn't long before I looked around, and there was Boliver, with my coat twisted in his trunk, shoving it into his mouth, cakes, candy and all. He had reached over and lifted it off the stake.

"Well, I didn't yell at him. Neither did I jump off my horse. The damage was done, and I was heart-broken.

"When pa noticed what was going on, he yanked me off the horse, and gave me a good thrashing for hanging my coat where Boliver could get it. Then he tossed me on to my pony, and gave me a double dose of practice.

"Now, I'm not a vindictive man, but I've always felt that if a man or a beast got the best of me he was about due for something. I wanted to get even with Boliver and pa. So I began to study it over.

"Our principal clown was Sam Long. He was subject to cramp colic, so his nickname was 'Colicky.' Sam was going to have a benefit that night, and, as was the practice, he tried to get up something extra. He was going to have a cat piano, a narrow box, with each side notched, and six or eight cats put in it with their tails sticking out on one side, and their heads on the other. When Sam pulled their tails they yowled, and Sam called that music.

"To be sure of having enough cats, 'Colicky' advertised that every boy and girl bringing him a cat that afternoon would be put into the show that night on a free ticket. The result was that there was nothing but cats all over the dressing tent.

"When I got through practicing, I went into the dressing tent to think about the elephant and the licking. I noticed a couple of cats squirming in a bag alongside of me. So I picked up the bag, got two or three ears of corn, and carried them into the show canvas. I stood where the elephant could see me, and dropped the corn into the bag. Then I twisted the end of it on the stake where I had hung my coat, and walked out into the ring.

"It wasn't many seconds before I heard a terrible screech and a yowl. I turned and looked at the elephant. One of the cats was up against the top of the canvas, and the other one was walking through the air, just like he was walking on the ground, and he went that way clear across the top of the canvas. For-

(Concluded on page 15)

A Crisis in the English Mining Industry

Government's Return of Mines to Owners Precipitates Controversy That Threatens Involving All Great Labor Bodies in British Isles

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, April—(By Mail).

GOOD times in England brought us strikes and threats of strikes in the great industries, as wages were forced upward to meet the rise in the cost of living and to share in the abounding profits of the employers. The good times have gone and bad times have succeeded, and they, too, are bringing the imminent menace of industrial crises.

The cause is always the same. For the last two years wages in every industry have sprung up by leaps and bounds. In the mines, as in the textile trades, engineering, railways and the like, wages have been doubled and trebled beyond the pre-war standard. Often, it is true, these increases have not meant an advance in "real wages"; they have been given simply and solely to meet the rise in prices. Often they have done no more than raise the workingman to a decent standard of comfort from the miserable existence in which he and his family were living. But often, too, they have been based on an industrial condition, on a standard of profits, that was quite abnormal. As long as the abnormal profits were maintained, the abnormal wage-increases were secure. But now that the profits have disappeared and been succeeded by infinite depression, a momentous issue has to be fought out—whether or not, and how far, wages are to fall.

Labor declares for the most part that in so far as wages were not increased to meet the cost of living, they have not done more than establish the decent standard of daily life which the workingman and woman ought always to have enjoyed but never did until the last few years. Profits or no profits, says Labor, men and women ought not to be asked to work for less than this minimum standard of life, which ought to be a first charge on every industry. We cannot maintain this post-war standard, say the employers, and if Labor insists on it, we must just shut down. There is the crisis. The first great instance has arisen in the coal industry, in which it takes a special form.

Government "Passes Buck"

ON MARCH 31, the state "decontrolled" the mining industry. Some weeks ago it established decontrol in two important respects; it no longer fixed the price at which coal should be sold and it no longer fixed the distribution of the coal supplies throughout the country. But it was still responsible for the financial management of the industry and it was not expected to begin decontrol of this until August 31. Until that time it should, in the normal course, have continued to fix the wages of the men and the profits of the owners. Owners and men bargained not with each other but with the state. All the great increases in wages during the last two years have been granted to the men by the state. The state has imposed these increases on the owners. This was an easy task so long as the mining industry was making vast profits out of the export trade. The state pooled the proceeds of all the mines in the country, lumping the most profitable in with those that do not pay. The exported coal was sold, for a time, at enormous prices in the French, Italian and other markets, so that it was possible to sell coal comparatively cheaply at home and still to pay large increases in wages. With a surplus profit in the "pool" of many millions sterling, the government could cheerfully continue to "control" the financial side of the industry. But with the end of 1920 the picture underwent a change. January showed a loss of nearly five million pounds sterling or twenty million dollars. Thus:

	Total £	1 ton s.	1 ton d.
Net costs	34,468,733	40	3.02
Proceeds of sales	29,597,412	34	6.51
	4,889,321	5	8.51

When these results are analyzed into districts it appears that only the Derby, Nottingham and Leicester coal fields (where the output per man was highest) made any profit at all, and on sales amounting to nearly four million pounds the profit was less than fifty thousand pounds. The other fields without exception showed a loss and the greatest of all, the South Wales field, a very heavy loss indeed. These are the figures:

	Deficit £	Ton s.	Ton d.
Northumberland	238,313	6	4.81
Durham	386,756	3	3.78
South Wales	2,203,995	14	5.77
Yorkshire	749	0	0.06
Cumberland & Westmoreland	116,854	17	11.59
Lancs. Cheshire & N. Wales	776,540	9	7.39
Staffs, Shropshire, Worcester and Warwick	331,230	4	6.83
Other English counties	100,756	8	8.16
Scotland	781,226	7	4.52

With the coal industry losing money at the rate of five million pounds a month, the position of the government, and of the state as controller, was fundamentally changed. The government was in a dilemma. It might maintain the wages of the men, which make up 78 per cent of the whole cost of production. But in that case it would have to call on the taxpayer for heavy subsidies to the miner and at the present time it is frankly impossible for the state to demand from the overburdened citizen large subsidies for anything or anybody. Or it might order large reductions in the men's wages. But that would mean the most serious trouble—almost certainly a great coal strike in which the railway and other transport unions, the other members of the great industrial Triple Alliance, would very likely join. So the government chose a discreet but very unheroic course. They decided not to wait for August 31 but to return the industry to private management at the end of March. Thus they would escape the heavy financial loss and transfer it to the mine owners, evade the difficulty and danger of reducing wages and throw them on to the employers' shoulders. The mine owners recover their own at a time of heavy loss when only reductions of wages can save the situation. Evan Williams, president of the Mining Association of Great Britain, thus sums up the position:

Position of the Mine Owners

"THE industry would have to maintain itself, and owing to the enormous drop in the volume of export trade, the depreciation in values, and the depression in home industries, the position created was one of extreme gravity. Week by week from the first of January the industry had been losing money very heavily. A typical colliery undertaking had converted a credit of some thousands of pounds in December into a loss of over £50,000 in January. It seems to us that the position cannot be met in any other way than by reductions in wages. Increased revenue can only be obtained by an increase in the price of coal, and that, we consider, is entirely out of the question. We can only restore the position by a reduction in wages. The owners are in no way desirous of doing this, but it is inevitable that wages must come down if the industry is to continue to work at all. Dramatic changes have taken place in the position of collieries in many parts of the country. The owners have to bear the brunt, and they cannot continue working the collieries at a loss. There must be a decrease in the cost of production."

The employers therefore set out with the idea that wages must come down and as the basis for a new settlement they suggested that the wage rates should be settled district by district, inasmuch as the output and the profit of the mines vary greatly from one district to another. The miners absolutely refuse to agree to this solution. They demand that the coal industry as a whole should be unified in a financial sense, that the more profitable pits should be made to support the workmen at the pits which are losing money, that these unprofitable pits should be kept working so long as there is a demand for their coal; and that, in fine, a national minimum wage should be established and maintained out of a common pool. The whole industry, in the miners' view, is to be regarded as one and the work in every district, being similar in character, should be similarly rewarded.

Would Close Unprofitable Workings

THE employers, on the other hand, say bluntly that the more unprofitable mines must be shut down, with the result that the employes will be thrown out of work; the industry, they declare, can no longer be conducted on grossly uneconomic lines and every district must settle its wage rates according to what it can afford. The miners, of course, are reaching forward toward their ideal of nationalization. It is a first step toward that end if they can compel either the state or the employers to regard the industry as a whole and to legislate for it as such in respect of wages. Frank Hodges, the miners' secretary, has summed up their contention thus:

1. The only guaranty of peace is a national settlement. Local negotiations would result in infinite strife.

2. For uniform expenditure there should be uniform reward.

3. A national wages board, by a small levy upon all tonnage, could maintain poor collieries as long as the coal was in demand at all.

At the same time Mr. Hodges declares firmly that where wages advances have been granted to raise the standard of living they must not be altered, whether the profits of the owners be great or small, and that where advances have been granted in order to meet the rising cost of living, they should be maintained until the cost falls so much as to justify their removal or reduction. It is on these lines that negotiations have been conducted for some time, the owners insisting both that wages must come down and that they must be settled district by district, the men demanding that the settlement shall be national and therefore by implication that the state shall continue some measure of financial control, for it is quite certain that the mines can only be "unified" in respect of wages and profits by the state continuing to regulate the conditions and manage the negotiations. That is, indeed, one of the objects of the miners in this controversy. They have by no means abandoned their project for nationalizing the mines, and they know that if they now allow the state to withdraw entirely from the control of the industry and it reverts completely to private management, they will have lost the ground which they gained during the war and will have to begin the struggle over again.

Labor Demands Nationalization

THE miners have some ground for feeling aggrieved. The commission presided over by Justice Sankey, in the spring following the armistice, pronounced formally that the existing system of private, scattered ownership was wasteful and inefficient and ought forthwith to be altered. No one doubts that this judgment was perfectly accurate and that the system should be changed. The only question has been. What should the change be? The miners were for nationalization, the government was for grouping (or "unifying") the mines in the various coal areas in order thereby to enforce a more efficient and economical working. But now apparently nothing at all is to be done. The government, frightened by the financial losses of the industry and the extreme division of opinion among its followers and in the country, will simply hand back the industry to the wasteful and inefficient methods which responsible opinion of every sort condemns.

It is not this prospect, however, which menaces us with the prospect of a great strike or lockout. (The owners have already given notice to the men of the termination of contracts and if the men refuse to accept reduced wages in April a strike or lockout there will be.) Industry in general looks on this dispute as a test-case with regard to the reduction of wages. The railwaymen, for instance, do so. Their wages also have been raised greatly during the last year or two and now, in the trade depression, the railways cannot stand the strain. At the end of August the government will cease to control the railways and the men anticipate, with good ground, that as soon as control ceases and the railways have once more to "stand on their own legs," the managements will announce substantial reductions in wages. Had the control of the mines been continued till August 31, the two great unions would have stood together against the government and it is widely believed now that the government only decided to decontrol the mines on March 31 to escape from this joint attack.

Railwaymen Involved, Too

BUT the railwaymen are watching jealously the present troubles of the miners. They see their own interests imperiled and it is quite likely that if the breach comes over the mines, the railwaymen will intervene in the struggle. They are not in a combative mood. No part of the Labor world here is pugnacious at the present time, for the trade depression and widespread unemployment have sobered it. No one—certainly not the railwaymen—wants a great strike. But the railwaymen may think that they and their friends in other industries are being taken and beaten in detail—first the miners, then the railwaymen, then the textile workers and so on. And if they come to that conclusion, the danger is that they may think it better to stand together at once and to fight the issue out alongside of as many unions as they can gather to their side. Much depends on the sobriety of the leaders on both sides and on their power to persuade their followers that the two sides must and can agree together amicably—that it is reasonable for wages to vary with profits, after a proper standard of living has been provided for, and that the principle of the sliding scale is one of which, if it be reasonably administered, Labor should not be afraid.

There are some signs of reasonableness in the mining dispute. There is a suggestion that the mine owners may agree to limit their profits to a certain maximum, and this, if it were settled, would both placate the miners and introduce a new and startling principle into industry. We should soon hear much about an extension of that principle to other trades. We hope that neither the government nor the owners will take advantage of their present strong position to force a breach. Their position is, of course, very strong, for great stocks of coal have recently been accumulated and the present demand is very small. But if the breach is made, it is impossible to say how far it might extend or how much of British industry it might not involve in serious disaster.

Improving Farms Through the Youngsters

30,000 Minnesota Boys and Girls Engaged in Club Work

ONE of the boys in a potato club wrote to the Minnesota College of Agriculture this significant statement—

"When father saw that I was able to grow 400 bushels of fine potatoes to the acre on the same kind of land on which he grew 135 bushels an acre of rough, scabby ones, he was anxious to get my seed and to use the methods I used as a club member."

That's the kind of thing boys and girls' clubs are doing in Minnesota. Thousands of boys and girls are learning the best methods of farming and home making, and discovering that it's play. But more than that, they are inducing their fathers and mothers to introduce improved methods. Reaching the farmer through his son, might be the title of an illuminating story, written from the experiences of these boys and girls.

Perhaps no state in the Union has developed so extensively the extension work among boys and girls as the Minnesota College of Agriculture. Fully 30,000 boys and girls are actively engaged in these clubs, raising improved live stock, or corn, or making better bread. That's a tremendous educational force, when you stop to consider it.

Last year alone, the members of these clubs raised half a million dollars' worth of products. But the educational value of the work to the state can't be measured in money, according to T. A. Erickson, state leader of boys and girls' clubs.

"Let me tell you a story," Mr. Erickson said. "I went down to Sleepy Eye to a county show a year or so ago. I was looking at the calves entered by the members of the boys' club there, when I noticed an old German farmer, who seemed to be much interested in the calves. So I spoke to him about the show.

"'See those two boys holding that calf,' he said. 'Those boys are mine.'

"Then he went on to tell the story.

"'This club work has meant a lot in my home,' he said. 'My boys were dissatisfied with things. Then a teacher here started a calf club, and the boys went into that.

"'The first year the boys didn't do so well. You see, I had just ordinary cattle. Well, the boys found out that if they were to compete with other boys we would have to have better cattle. So last fall I went up to an Aberdeen-Angus sale at St. Paul. The first bull calf put up sold for $700. That looked like a fortune to me back in those days, and I was ready to go home without buying a calf. Yet I knew I couldn't disappoint those boys. So, I staid and bought a calf.

"'Then the boys went into the pig clubs, and they found that we had to have better hogs if they competed with other boys. So we bought improved hogs. They went into corn clubs, and they found that we had to have better seed if they raised corn better than that raised by other boys. So we got better seed corn.'"

Mr. Erickson stopped to let his point soak in.

"That's the way it works," he continued. "Well, one of those boys had the grand champion calf at the state fair that year, and I can see yet that farmer and his wife, standing there watching that calf with the blue ribbon. Oh, but they were proud of that boy. I happened to come along while they were standing there.

"'This is the best thing that ever happened in our home,' he said. 'We thought we were doing right when we taught the boys to work. We failed to teach them how to play.'

"I can remember those boys the first time I went down to Sleepy Eye. Why, they were so awkward, they wouldn't even go in swimming with other boys when we were out on a field trip. Lots of farm boys get little time to play, but think of it, a boy who never has gone swimming! That day these boys went off to themselves and ate their baked beans from a bag.

"I wish you could see those boys now. They are intelligent, wide awake and take an interest in everything about the farm. The boys and the father are partners, and the father says all he has to do is to watch the boys run the farm. To me, it's worth working years to develop boys like that.

"It is amazing sometimes to find the influence these boys and girls have in getting their parents to improve their methods. You can reach the boys and girls when you can't reach the parents. The boys and girls are competing with other boys and girls for prizes, and they want to know everything. A boy will study the government bulletins when the father won't. Take the case of these potato diseases. The ordinary farmer doesn't know anything about them. But the boy in the potato club knows all about them, believe me, and he knows how to prevent them.



T. A. ERICKSON,

State leader of boys and girls' clubs in Minnesota, who has built up an educational army of boys and girls.

"I was up at Mora, Minnesota, recently and was looking over the fine pens of hogs there, and this is what they told me. 'The most valuable thing that ever happened here was the beginning of the pig clubs.' All the fine herds started then. Down at Anoka the other day, three farmers told me they started to build pure bred herds because their boys got interested in a calf club. Down in Todd County, the owner of a fine bunch of hogs said, 'That's what we started when Harold was in the pig club.

"The same thing is happening in all lines. Now, take the case of bread. The bread-making clubs have been among the strongest of the projects. Five thousand girls are engaged each year in these contests. That means 5,000 girls learning to make bread in accordance with the best methods.

"When we started this work six years ago Minnesota ranked fifth among the states of the Union in the amount of bread baked at home. The Department of Agriculture made a survey of the states in 1913-14 to find out about home bread making. Then it made another survey in 1918-19. On the second survey Minnesota stood first among the states of the Union in home bread making, largely due to these bread-making clubs, according to the Federal Department.

"A large yeast company, finding its sales jumping so rapidly in Minnesota, sent representatives to the state to seek the reason, and arrived at the same conclusion. This company sells more dry yeast in Minnesota than any other state in the Union."

Especially in the case of persons of foreign descent, are the boys and girls' clubs agencies of great power. When it comes to Americanization, Mr. Erickson backs the members of his clubs for first place. At the university farm school, they tell a story of a county in Northern Minnesota, where the settlers were about to give up their homesteads.

The population was foreign. In fact, English was spoken but rarely in the county. In one school, with 84 pupils, there were 18 nationalities. The settlers, dissatisfied with meager returns and the hardships of the north country, were ready to quit. Here was a fertile field for the agitator.

Then some one started a pig club. The boys and girls caught the fever, and borrowed money to buy more pigs. The boy who owned the best pig that first year came down to the state fair with his entry, his expenses paid by the state. This boy lived twenty-five miles from a railroad and felt he was going off on a trip to a foreign country. But when he got back home, he had a lot of new American ideas to tell his companions.

That pig club gave the farmers a new attitude toward the government, the field men of the extension department reported. Incidentally, it started a perfect influx of blooded hogs to that county. There wasn't a hog in the county when that first pig club was started. Now, the farmers couldn't be persuaded to leave; their live stock is too productive. One farmer is buying a quarter section of land from money brought in by his hogs.

Incidentally, a little Finnish girl, Mayme Jyring, 13 years old, of Sandy, Minnesota, was the champion potato grower of the boys and girls' clubs of the state in 1919. She raised 664 bushels of potatoes to the acre, the record crop in the history of the state, and made a profit of $528. The Finnish Government has obtained a picture of the Minnesota girl, so far has her fame traveled, and is to publish her story in Finland as an inspiration to boys and girls there.

The extent to which this work among Minnesota boys and girls has grown may be seen from a few significant figures compiled by the college of agriculture. Every year, more than $40,000 is spent in prizes to the boys and girls participating in the different contests, and every penny of it is worth while, according to the state officials who make the appropriations. Boys and girls' club work is one thing that gets unqualified support when it comes time to make appropriations in Minnesota.

A thousand boys and girls are given free trips to the state fair, a short course at the college of agriculture, or the International Live Stock Exposition every year. Bankers in the state, promoting the calf and pig clubs, loaned $100,000 to boys and girls last year, bringing in new and improved blood to hundreds of herds.

But these boys and girls, besides engaging in contests and learning new methods, are getting practical results as farmers and home makers. The boy is required to keep an accurate and systematic record of his work, showing his expense and his income. At the end of 1920, reports of the boys and girls completing the year's work showed the total value of the products to be $321,275.48, while the total costs were but $147,426.82. In other words, the boys and girls made a profit of $173,848.66, which isn't bad farming.

Counting the products of those who did not complete the year's work by sending in the final reports, Mr. Erickson put the value of the year's products at fully $500,000. So much for accomplishment in the mass. Of individual achievement, he has stories galore, stories eloquent of the personal value of this work to the boys and girls who are to be the farmers and home makers of tomorrow.

"There was the case of Virginia Scanlon," Mr. Erickson said. "Her mother died when she was five, and Virginia, who lived on a farm down at Belview, Minnesota, missed some of the things that play their part in the lives of other girls. One day she got the idea that she wanted to enter the baby beef contest. So she picked out a steer and fattened him for the Junior Live Stock Show held at South St. Paul.

"That calf won the Hereford championship and was the second best calf in the show, winning the reserve grand championship. Her animal, a yearling, sold at the auction after the show for $558.90, or 46 cents a pound. With prize money, this made her return $625, not so bad for the first effort of a girl. But more significant still, the venture opened up a new vision to her, and gave her a new outlook entirely.

"Iver Barnell joined one of the corn clubs and now he has become a seed corn expert in his own right. In fact, he has established a business in seed corn at his home at Sacred Heart, Minnesota. He is only sixteen years of age, but last year he sold $500 worth of seed corn on the side, as it were, while going to school and attending to other work.

"Albert Schultz, a 15-year-old boy of Rochester, thought he would give up his chicken raising, but wrote in that he got too lonesome without his chickens, and had to buy some more. Of 88 hatched chickens, he raised 79, won the state championship and made a net profit of $300 on his flock. His costs were $72.

"Up at Grand Rapids, there is a potato club, whose average yield has never been less than 316 bushels an acre, and last year the members averaged 400 bushels an acre. Clarence Bunnell, of Grand Rapids, who won the state championship in growing potatoes, got a yield of 486 bushels of potatoes to the acre."

The Junior Live Stock Show, held at South St. Paul each year under the auspices of the college of agriculture and the Minnesota Live Stock Breeders' Association, is a unique institution. There, boys and girls who have fattened their own calves gather with their prizes, and have a live stock show of their own, quite like the grown-ups. More than seven hundred boys and girls took part in the preliminary contests for the show last fall, and more than a hundred animals, selected from the contestants, appeared at the show.



MISS HILDA THURSTON,

Blooming Prairie, Minn., winner of state bread-making championship '20

After the show, there is a public auction, and the prize winners command the highest prices. Carl Oelke, a Faribault boy of 13, who won the grand championship last year with an Aberdeen-Angus yearling, received 80 cents a pound for his calf, or a total of $854.40. Consider what that means to a boy, and you'll see the value of the show.

But the stock show is only one feature of the work. There are thousands of exhibits at the fairs, culminating in the final contests at the state fair, with the free trip for the winners. For instance, here are some figures for 1920 that will show the amazing extent of this work—club members put on 1,951 club exhibits at the state fair, 6,250 at the county and district fairs, and 12,468 at the community fairs. School fairs are held, hundreds of them, where the boys bring in their potatoes and the girls their bread, and prizes are awarded. Boys and girls join in the exercises on achievement days, the winners of the contests telling how they accomplished their results, and parents as well as children benefit. Indeed, it is a new kind of rural school which has come with the institution of the little school fair and the boys and girls' club work.

Clubs have been organized throughout the state in a dozen different projects, so extensively has the Minnesota system been worked out. There are corn clubs, and pig clubs, calf clubs and poultry clubs. There is a garden club, including city and country children, which had 14,000 members during the war. There are more than 3,000 girls in canning clubs, who last year canned products worth $34,000, making a net profit of $23,000. Dairy clubs raised products worth $74,000, and having a net value of $34,000. And so on down the list.

But money can't measure the products of the clubs, according to Mr. Erickson.

Doing a Work Whose Value Is Inestimable



1. Virginia Scanlon, Belview, Minnesota, said she could raise a prize beef steer with the best of the boys. She won second place at the Junior Live Stock Show, getting $625 for her efforts.
2. Ruth Bohn, Winona, Minnesota, is a most effective advertisement of the value of boys and girls' club work. She won the canning championship in 1919, and was captain of the winning team last year.
3. Carl Oelke, 13, of Faribault, Minnesota, cried when the judge first put his calf in 16th place. Later the judge began moving it up; finally, it landed in first place, and sold at 80 cents a pound. Hence the smile.
4. Verne Stiehl, Albert Lea, Minnesota, and his champion dairy calf.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

Concluded from page 12

tunately, neither one of the cats was hurt, but they didn't linger around the show after they came down.

"In a minute or two I walked along in front of Boliver, sort of gloating over what I had done. He watched me, and when I got pretty close, he made a swipe at me that would have killed me if I hadn't dodged it. He never did cease to bear malice against me. If I walked along on the outside of the canvas for years afterward, and my shadow fell across the sidewall, that elephant would make a charge and a swipe at it.

"Well, 'Colicky' told pa about the cats, and I got a licking—in fact, there seldom was a day that I didn't.

"We had no candy and lemonade butchers in those days. 'Colicky' sold lemonade and candy while he wasn't in the ring, both outside and inside the canvas. Pa charged him nothing for the privilege, though it was a valuable one. And he made his lemonade from citric acid. But 'Colicky' was stingy, and I knew if I could hit him in the pocketbook I could hurt him worse than in any other way, and get a more satisfactory revenge for telling about the cats.

"Next day I borrowed a dollar from mother, went up the street and got an old Negro mammy to bake some gingerbread for me; and I also bought some real lemons.

"When I got back to the lot I made real lemonade, and set up my stand. I sold it for five cents a glass, and threw in a slice of gingerbread as lagniappe. 'Colicky' sold his acid juice for a dime, and gave away no gingerbread.

"The result was that I had to buy all the lemons in town to supply the demand, and I cleared $40 the first day. Next day I went into the business as a regular thing, and took all the trade away from 'Colicky.' He complained a lot about it, and finally sold out to me for $30. Then I bought a horse and wagon, and in two months I had earned $600. Since that time I've been in business for myself.

"Of all the acts, however, that ever traveled with circuses in the United States, we were the first show to have a famous Negro bareback rider. He never had any other name than 'Negro Lewis,'" the "Governor" continued, though I couldn't see the connection between cats and Negroes at the time. But the conversation is here set down as it took place, because this is an interview, and nothing else.

"When I was an officer in the Federal Navy during the Civil War, we were ordered to put a check on the practice of guerrillas firing into our boats on the Mississippi River, by landing and burning plantation buildings.

"One day, near Island 63, we were fired upon. We stopped at the next plantation, and set the buildings afire. On our way back to the boats, I glanced into a burning cabin and saw a small colored boy asleep in the ashes in the fireplace. He had nothing on but a cotton bag, with a couple of holes cut into it to put his arms through, and one hole for his head. He was probably about three years old.

"I didn't want him to be burned so I took him in my arms, and shook him. He followed me all the way to the boat, and aboard it. There was some argument about keeping him; no one seemed to care anything about him. So I said I would take care of him. When I left the service and went back to the circus, I took Lewis as my servant. One winter I was training a Shetland pony for a little white boy to ride. A cold, nasty morning the boy failed to show up, so I wanted Lewis to run out into the training ring, and jump up on the pony. But at the start, do everything I could, by punishment, by fear, pleading and jollying, positively I couldn't get that boy to run. He didn't know how to run, and apparently I couldn't teach him. He was the most awkward thing I ever saw.

"I talked the matter over with some of the performers practicing there, and we called Lewis to us. We told him to take off his shoes, and we gave him a pair of pumps to put on. When he got them on we told him to run out and jump on the pony, but not to use too much exertion, because there were springs in the pumps, and they were so strong that if he used very much exertion he would go up through the roof of the ring barn, and probably never come down again.

"Well, we started the boy off, and the pony off, and, by George, he went out to that pony like a deer, and grabbed the surcingle. Sure enough, he went clear over the pony, and landed on the outside of the ring, gave one bump, and landed against the side of the barn. After that we tried for five or six hours to get him to run again, but he wouldn't unless he had the pumps on. He believed there were springs in them. Of course, there were none, but the thought gave him confidence and his start at riding. Afterward he became one of the most skillful bareback riders that the circus world ever has known, and the only Negro rider I ever knew.

"Lewis stayed with my show for ten or twelve years. He went to Europe, and rode in some of the biggest circuses there. He was gone several years, and during that time a Hungarian baroness fell in love with him, and followed him all over the continent. But Lewis displayed unusual strength of character. He remained true to his wife, who was a colored minister's daughter living in Zanesville, Ohio.

"But he couldn't stand prosperity. At one time he was quite wealthy, and had several fine ring horses. Every circus in Europe wanted him. But he dissipated, and got rid of his wealth and his health. Then he returned to the United States. I found him in New York, a perfect wreck; not a dollar to his name, and in the last stages of consumption. I bought him some warm clothes, and paid his way to Zanesville, so he could be with his wife and his children. Within a few days after he got there he died."

This is one of several stories by Mr. Barnet, on early circus life. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Briefly Told

President Harding was "docked" for the three and a half days in March that Woodrow Wilson served as President.

A professor of the University of Wisconsin describes selenium oxychloride, a liquid obtained from electrolytic copper refining, as a solvent for rubber, enamels, glues, hydrocarbons and many other substances which have hitherto been regarded as resistant to all chemical solvents.

While drilling for oil near San Antonio, drillers discovered a thick bed of phosphate of high commercial value.

Questionnaires sent out to Georgia farmers by banks revealed that the farmers are holding fifty-one per cent of last year's cotton crop for higher prices and that they intend to reduce acreage forty per cent this year.

At the request of the owner, and with the consent of the Federal Judge, a saloon in Chicago which was closed for violation of the prohibition law, was recently turned over to a family with ten children who were evicted from the home they were buying because of inability to pay installments.

The Peruvian Navy has been granted the use of mechanical equipment and personnel at the Coco Solo air station of the United States Government located at the Canal Zone. The Peruvian Navy lacks the facilities for the assembling and testing of aircraft at home.

An ancient law exempting the homes of the working class and public employes from taxation has been revived in Rio de Janeiro in an effort to relieve the housing shortage.

To insure the playing of golf on Sundays, Tawstock Village, New Jersey, has been organized by nineteen members of the Haddon Country Club. There are exactly nineteen elective and appointive offices to be filled.

To determine the cause of a recent wreck on a Pennsylvania railroad, a mock collision was staged. As a result of the imitation wreck officials were able to determine against which road claims should be filed because of that road's negligence.

The government has accepted a fireproof cover for the gasoline tanks of airplanes designed by aeronautical experts. The cover is not only fireproof but leak-proof and crash-proof as well. It consists of a sheet of soft, tough rubber laid on high-grade cotton fabric.

The Council of Six Nations Indians has decided to appeal to King George of Great Britain against the proposed enfranchisement of Indians in Canada. It desires to retain its tribal form of government and is appealing on grounds of "sacred agreement" between King George III and Joseph Brant.

More than two years after the armistice, nearly 200 bodies of American soldiers have been discovered hidden in recesses of the Argonne Forest according to cable advice from Paris. Hundreds of searchers are still beating out-of-the-way sections of the old front hunting for bodies.

It is stated that Nicaragua has begun negotiations to resign her membership in the League of Nations because of the expense attached to the membership.

A landslide caused by torrential rains destroyed two villages in Italy. The peculiar feature of the slide was that it moved so slowly that the inhabitants were able to escape, but their homes and vineyards were engulfed.

A member of the Wisconsin Historical Society has announced that search for relics of Norse explorers who visited Minnesota in 1362 will be begun this year. It is his belief that the white men visited the northern part of the American continent one hundred years before the arrival of Columbus at San Salvador.

Two men were crucified in Northern New Mexico on Good Friday in observance of Holy Week rites performed by members of a religious order. For more than half an hour the two sacrifices were tied to wooden crosses and as a result their condition is critical. It is considered an honor among these people to be selected for crucifixion.

Plymouth Rock is being protected from the elements by the use of a chemical weatherproof preservative.

As a result of the drought in Switzerland there is less snow now on the mountain peaks than there is usually in August.

The first pardon issued by the new administration went to a Cincinnati bootlegger.

Gabriel D'Annunzio has received offers from several constituencies to elect him to the Chamber of Deputies in the general elections.

Chicago has decided to rent out its fire department on taxicab rates to towns within 100 miles. Certain companies do more for suburbs for which they receive no compensation than they do for the city.

Flying machines carrying passengers now travel regularly between Paris and London. The fare is $10 and is being reduced steadily.

Five inches of snow covered part of the desert in the Imperial Valley of California near El Centro, April 4. This was the first snowfall in the memory of the oldest settlers of that region.

The American Legion is considering a protest to the French authorities against the misuse of American uniforms which were sold to the French Government. These uniforms have been issued to street sweepers and garbage haulers and hundreds of men wearing the olive drab of the doughboy are cleaning the refuse from the boulevards.

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The Ford International Weekly

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The Magic Ministry of Mud



POOLS of brown, brackish water where the bitter oak leaves steep in the autumn; pools of clear cold snow water where the first clouds of Spring mirror themselves; and all around them Mud. Mud when the Autumn rains fill the water holes to keep the earth from thirsting through the winter; Mud when the returning sun unlocks the icy doors—doors which give off rusty creakings in the first notes of the purple grackle.

Blessed be Mud!—it is the nursing mother of the year's new life. Indeed, they say that if one follows words far enough toward their source, the word Mud will be found to spring from the same idea as Mother, the generatrix of life.

Of what magic ingredients Mud is made! When first Mother Nature sought to make this fruitful mixture, she had a recipe that no one but she could follow: First, take one sun and set it shining day on day until the air is brought to the right temperature. Then take one earth and turn slowly before the sun, being careful not to turn it oftener than once a day, until the earth begins to radiate the solar rays. Then take a skyful of clouds, press them gently of their rainy juices and sprinkle the earth liberally; stir till dry.

That is all that is required in this simple recipe for Mud. A Sun, a Planet and a Meteorological system tolerably complete, and any one may easily produce a mud puddle.

A very useful article is Mud. It is the first mortar; the art of building may be said to have grown out of mud. Wasps first turned it into cement; birds used it as foundations and anchorage for their nests; human pioneers daubed it in the crevices of their log huts and plastered their chimneys with it as protection against fire; it was from mud beginnings, indeed, that the great cathedrals began to rear their spires into the sky. Our modern motor roads are built of marl, which is an aristocratic name for mud.

But best of all, Mud is the safe deposit of the year. Nature is a wise old dame, though she put all her eggs in one basket, but that basket is the wide, wide world. And it is a mud basket after all. Spring begins anywhere from September to November, not, as many think, in April or May. For from September through November, Nature gathers the myriad eggs out of which the Spring shall come, and packs them away in mud. Hers was the first and remains till now the only perfect cold storage system, wherein a failure of refrigeration means not loss but gain.

One confesses that one has not gathered the statistics on the subject, but all the seeds of all the things that grow from seed are gathered by the winds of Autumn and given over to the custody of the clinging arms of Mud, which gathers the seeds in motherly, and folds them safely till the sun-up of the Spring, when she dresses them in stalk and foliage, brightens them with blossom and sweetens them with woodsy odors, and sends them forth. The magic ministry of Mud!

Mud is the yielding of Earth's heart to her lord the Sun; he makes her to bloom in the ardor of his fire. Yet like all lords of virile nature, his touch would sere and harden were it not transformed by maidenly clouds into a light that is tenderly bearable, fitting it to be the sire of all the life that lies sleeping in the seeds. Like all the yieldings of modesty, Mud is protective even in surrender.

Give then to Mud its honor. It is a mystic mingling of three spheres, the earth, the sky, and the solar heavens. Beautiful as is the Moon, she has no such mellow substance as Mud. Wonderful as is the Sun, yet for all his lordliness, he is forever forbidden the blessing of Mud. But this favored planet of Earth is the Mud Star. Therefore are the trees tall and billowy with foliage, verdant bouquets on the bosom of the world. Therefore is the grass green, a strongly woven carpet upon the floor of the soil. Therefore is wheat brown, and bread sweet, and roses red and the soil mellow—because basic among natural industries is the production of Mud.

What a cosmic joke it would be on our perceptions if our dislike of stepping in mud were really a subconscious sense of its sacredness to life! For what the seers see, all men dimly know; what the poets sing, all men dimly feel, and at least one seer, a poet, too, has said:

" 'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cup of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

How Many Laws Too Many Have We? — How One Town Cleaned Up the Movies
Senator-Scientist on the Farm Problem — A Master Bandit Passes

Jewish Trades With Revolutionary Connections

A New Type of Movie Producer — "Kellar the Great" Explains Humbugs
Briefly Told — Illustrations — Editorials — Mr. Ford's Page

Pomona Cleans Up Movies—Restores Sunday

A Town of 14,000, Near Hollywood, Too, Biffs Vulgar Dialogue and Lurid Sex Plays by a Very Simple Expedient; Screen Beauties Fizzle

POMONA has done it. Pomona has shown itself to be as "intolerant" and as "bigoted" and as "narrow" as may be necessary to preserve the decency of an American community. Pomona has voted

"AN ORDINANCE

making it unlawful to keep open any theater, motion picture theater, public dance hall, pool or billiard hall, skating rink or other place of public amusement within the City of Pomona, on Sunday. Provided, that said ordinance shall not apply to programs, concerts and entertainments given by religious, benevolent, fraternal, patriotic and charitable societies, or other societies of like character where no admission is charged."

This is the answer of Pomona, California—by no means a Puritan community, by no means given to the "blues"—to the forces that ripped Sunday decency to shreds and then turned on the public opinion of Pomona and said, "What are you going to do about it?"

For, you see, they thought they had public opinion with them. The anti-American forces seldom become bold until, after a long preparatory course of propaganda, they think they have public opinion with them.

And in Pomona they did have a certain proportion of public opinion, nearly 50 per cent. The vote was 2,079 for the kind of an American Sunday the ordinance represented, and 2,025 against it. The margin is 54 votes. *That is more than five times the number that could have saved Sodom and Gomorrah.*

Pomona's action is something of a wallop, because the town is only 14,000 in population and is within "the sphere of influence" of the great motion picture center of California. No one ever expected Ponoma to raise her hand against the pace that is being set by "the Fourth Largest Industry" in the land. Pomona wouldn't dare!

Maybe, under ordinary circumstances, Pomona would not have dared. But there are some things that even a "liberal" community cannot stand. Pomona likes fun. It had three movies and vaudeville houses which always played to capacity audiences. It was a "good show town." Until a short time ago the theaters there had been in the hands of Pomona people—home folks who didn't have the nerve to shove indecency before the eyes of their neighbors.

POMONA'S experience tells one thing: that commercialized indecency in the amusement world fears the restoration of the American Sunday just as much as it fears the erection of a community censorship. In Pomona, the theatrical ring threatened that if they could not go the limit on Sunday, they would close down on week-days too. Sunday is both the goose and the goat; goose that lays the golden egg for the producers of vileness; goat of all the propaganda to make the people think that decency and the "blues" are synonymous. The Pomona Punch delivered at the polls is an object lesson to a number of indignant and apparently helpless communities. Pinch them in their Sunday profits and watch them wilt.

And then the situation changed somewhat. Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser came along and bought out two of the three theaters. Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser do not live in Pomona, but they are able to exert a great influence on a number of places where they do not live, because they own a chain of theaters on the Pacific Coast.

With the change of ownership certain other changes occurred. The price of theater tickets went up first. Then came a series of lurid sex shows, such as had never been seen in Pomona before. A series of vile vaudeville dialogues followed them, such as had never been heard in Pomona before. Pomona people went to their theaters, expecting to be "amused," and as the audiences had formerly been composed at least one-third of children under 16, lots of fun was expected! But instead of amusement came amazement. What did these men mean, setting those scenes before children? What did they mean, bringing on all that filthy talk for young girls and their mothers!

The manager of the vaudeville theater—a non-resident, of course, representing Messrs. Ramish and Lesser—was called before the city council and publicly reprimanded.

Public officials and welfare workers began to notice new manifestations in the conduct of young boys and girls, and the investigations led straight to the new class of plays that had come to town.

POMONA is not a Puritan community, but it does illustrate the statement that if you want the old Americanism that made New England a sturdy liberator, you must now go to the western coast. The American conscience and the American sense of what is right and fit have moved west, they say. It may move back east again. Even in New York there is a silent host that has not acquiesced in the de-Americanization of that city. The spirit of Pomona may yet happily be seen in the Bronx. It is a fight, but it is a fight that can be won.

There was protest, of course—the helpless protest of the decent public who can simply say, "It isn't right; such things should not be allowed!"

The break seemed to come with a display of religious antagonism on the part of the theater management. It had always been the custom in Pomona whenever a public function, like graduation exercises, fraternal society home-talent show, or similar entertainment was given, to hire one of the theaters, and the theaters were always at the disposal of the people. So when there came revival meetings to Pomona and the interest grew, it was decided to hold noon-day religious services in one of the theaters.

The management was approached to make arrangements for the meetings, but the committee of citizens were thunderstruck to hear that the theater was denied them. They were told that not only could they not have the theater that time, but unless the churches stopped attacking the character of the pictures given at the show houses they need not expect any favors from the theaters in the future. There is something very characteristic about that ultimatum.

Pomona at last had its eyes open to the kind of force it was up against. It saw the whole scheme from beginning to end. The question went back and forth, "Who's running Pomona, anyway? Who has got hold of our town? Are we going to put them out, or are we going to let them put us out?" Pomona's liberalism began to tighten from that moment.

An initiative petition was circulated, the legal machinery set in motion; Pomona was prepared to deal with the anti-American forces in an orderly way.

It was a great campaign. Hollywood poured out its studio beauties to win Pomona back to normalcy. A number of dirty tricks were played, as is always so when a certain force in this country is antagonized. But the campaign went on.

It was conducted by two organizations—The Civic Betterment League, which was in favor of the ordinance, and The American League for Freedom, which was against it. The Civic Betterment League was the organ of the decent business men of Pomona. The president was a merchant and the secretary was a real estate dealer. It was financed by contributions from the churches and citizens who believed in a clean town.

The head of the American League for Freedom was the manager of the theatrical houses of Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser. The secretary was the manager of one of the theaters owned by Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser. Where its finances came from no one especially inquired, because everyone thought he knew.

Now about the Pomona newspapers—where did they stand? Well, for once, the forces represented by Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser did not have an easy getaway with the newspapers. This may not be wholly due to the newspapers themselves; there was a peculiar set of circumstances in Pomona just then. You see, the business men who advertised in the papers were in the Civic Betterment League; and the theatrical advertisers were in the American League for Freedom. The newspapers immediately rushed for neutral ground. It was rather a novel situation, that advertising should be so nicely balanced. In the great cities the forces represented by Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser, control 85 to 95 per cent of the advertising, thereby prohibiting the poor newspapers from supporting decency or even remaining neutral toward it.

The old arguments were used, of course. The "personal liberty" plea was lugged out of the old stockroom of previous "wet" campaigns, and worked to death.

The defenders of "freedom" hysterically told the people that if the ordinance passed there would be no more Sunday bathing, automobiling—no train service, no mail, no cigar stands, no drug stores. It was a doleful picture they drew. Anon they waxed heroic and declared the proposed ordinance to be a dastardly conspiracy to wreck the nation.

Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser, be it said, were represented in the campaign by people not of their race, but the Civic Betterment League, apparently desirous that there should be no confusion on that point, prepared a cartoon showing a Jewish gentleman wearing a halo and bearing the label "Till after election."

The Saturday night before election the movie studios at Hollywood poured out a small army of screen beauties who invaded Pomona in 50 automobiles. These light-hearted damsels chided the folk of Pomona on their old-fashioned ways. This was probably deserved, for there are still in Pomona hundreds of mothers of families who do not smoke cigarets at the family supper table. "Take the 'moan' out of Pomona and keep the 'sun' in Sunday," was the slogan of these women. They had their lines very well prepared.

And there was a great meeting in the interests of Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser, a very great meeting, and the Municipal Band, and—who do you think?—why, Doug Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, Jackie Coogan, Anita Stewart, and a lot of others who tried to pooh-pooh Pomona out of the idea of making the town clean. And who else do you think?—why Rupert Hughes!—you know Rupert Hughes, the author. He is under contract with Goldwyn, you know, another Jewish gentleman, and it was only natural that he should oblige. But he hardly seemed to be in the right place after all. Rupert didn't make a good argument—how could he? But it was a great meeting and it drew a monster crowd, with Anita and Douglas and Rupert and everybody, and with Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser discreetly absent.

The people of Pomona had a meeting too, but it wasn't so large. There were only the people of Pomona present, you see—no great movie stars to attract the public. Besides it was raining, and meetings for the public welfare always suffer from bad weather, as you doubtless have observed.

Well, the vote came, and Pomona won by 54.

Of course, there are threats of what may yet be done. Gore Ramish and Sol Lesser, through their representatives, have announced that they may take their shows right out of Pomona and leave the town flat! If they can't have shows on Sundays, they won't have shows on week-days! The answer to that is the installation of moving picture apparatus in the churches, and the fitting up of a theater in a Y. M. C. A. building.

Pomona is also told that the ordinance is unconstitutional—a trespass upon personal liberty. But people with sense know better. There is such a thing as personal liberty and there is such a thing as public rights. People have the liberty on Sunday to conduct themselves personally in any manner they like, so far as the fact of Sunday is concerned. They can fish, work in their gardens, tinker with their cars, ride, swim, play games—do anything that would be within their personal rights at other times.

But there is such a thing as public rights too. The right of an American community to a Sunday that is not destroyed as a day of rest and recreation by the commercialized activities of a bunch of people who do not believe in Sunday and who want to abolish Sunday—the right of American people to protect their own day and to maintain its character, is undisputed, and is written into the laws of most of the states. Personal liberty to the limit consistent with public rights—that is constitutional. Pomona has exercised its constitutional privilege as citizens of an American and Christian Republic to preserve its public rights on Sunday.

THE terrific reaction which has followed the use of the movies, the press, and the stage in propaganda derisive of the American Sunday, has been one of the most impressive recoils of this generation. The crowd of foreigners who control the stage and the movies overstepped their bounds, they imposed on good nature. Americans are now ready to practice a little intolerance; that is, to be less and less tolerant toward influences that are manifestly bent on turning the United States into a lower European state of thought.

The idea is spreading. What Pomona can do, other towns can dare. The town of Laverne, four miles from Pomona, has drawn up an ordinance which will forestall the establishment there of a theater known to be destined for the control of the same Sunday-defying forces which brought Pomona to an issue. And all about that region there is a feeling that the country still belongs to the people, if they have interest enough in it to insist upon it.

Government Success on Waterways

Barge Lines on Mississippi and Warrior Rivers Show Profit for First Time in History of Revival of Shipping



M. J. SANDERS, Federal manager of the Mississippi Warrior Service since its inception.

THE largest and most important experiment ever made in inland waterway transportation—an experiment which has been watched not only by every state in the Union, but by every civilized nation on the globe—has been brought, in these first months of 1921, to the first stage of success by returning a financial profit. The commercial, scientific and transportation study results have not been tabulated; so far only the money end of the experiment has been considered; but what has been done must be of tremendous influence on all forms of transportation henceforth, and especially on the transportation systems of those states and nations which possess navigable inland waterways.

The experiment was and is the revival of inland waterway traffic, north and south on the Mississippi River, and east and west along the Gulf of Mexico Coast between New Orleans, Louisiana, and Birmingham, Alabama, via Mobile and Mobile Bay. The result is embodied in two reports, one issued late in March from the headquarters of the Federal Government Mississippi-Warrior Barge Line Service at St. Louis, and the other presented about the same time by J. R. Hagan, agent of the Warrior River division, stationed at Mobile. The first report says:

"For the first time in its history, the government-operated barge lines on the Mississippi and Warrior rivers show that receipts exceeded expenditures for the month of February."

The report issued by Mr. Hagan says:

"Warrior River barges handled almost twice as much cargo in 1920 as they did in 1919, exact figures being 124,797 tons for 1920, and 73,733 tons for 1919."

Following these announcements, the Federal Government is now installing on the Mississippi River new towboats and barges, all constructed of steel, at a cost of $6,500,000 and new towboats and barges on the Warrior River division, with self-propelled towboat-barges for operation between New Orleans and Mobile, the whole cost for this division being rather more than $1,500,000. General Frank T. Hines, who, until his recent resignation from the army, was chief of the inland waterways service, estimates that, with this equipment, and the present rate of growth of business on these lines, net earnings in the neighborhood of $1,000,000 a year, or 12½ per cent on the money invested, will be obtained.

This is the largest investment ever made in any inland waterways project by any government in the world; the hauls are the longest of any inland waterways service yet attempted, and the cargoes on the new barges handled by the new towboats—all of which will be in operation by the time this is published—are the largest ever offered for such transportation lines. But the great big fact of national and international interest and importance is that Uncle Sam has proved that inland waterways traffic can be carried on along large lines at a profit. The law giving the railroads equal long and short-haul rates when in competition with water-borne traffic, which some 30 years ago retired the big packets from the Mississippi River and tributary streams, is still in effect, but new methods of handling inland waterway freight have met this condition, and the success of the barge line is now a fact.

Remarkable as is this result from an economic point of view and from the angle of national interest in transportation, it is of still greater value to the individual shipper, to the manufacturer, and to the 29 states of the Mississippi Valley, all of which are tributary to the great water lanes of that vast area, for the freight rates by this barge service are from 20 to 25 per cent lower than rail rates for the same distances, and, in some instances, as much as 30 per cent lower. The time in transit is virtually the same; occasionally, the barge time is better than rail time, and, with the new equipment, schedules of arrivals and departures at all the ports along the Mississippi will be even more regular than freight train schedules.

Chicago's "Panama Canal," for which $20,000,000 has been appropriated, to connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River, was started in March under the supervision of the Division of Waterways of Illinois. This canal will follow the route of the Chicago Drainage Canal and the Illinois River for 65 miles from the lake to the river. The channel ranges from 200 to 270 feet in width, with a minimum depth of nine feet at low water. This means that, with the completion of this canal, the Gulf of Mexico will have direct waterway connection with the Great Lakes, and thence eastward, through the canal and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. All that is now needed is the completion of the Inter-coastal Canal, running from a point above Boston, to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and the endless chain of inland waterways will be complete.

The statement that receipts of the barge lines exceeded expenditures in February, coming at a time when the equipment was old, worn out and far from complete, was considered in all transportation circles as the more significant because of the contrast with the railroad situation. The recent slump in traffic throughout the country has affected seriously the earnings of the railroads, in spite of the increases in both freight and passenger rates, granted to the rail lines last year. Now comes the barge line, operating at least 20 per cent under rail rates, and with only antiquated equipment, and shows a profit. Despite the comparison with the business of the rail lines, the success of the barge line does not lie in any competition with or fight on the railroads, but in its complete co-operation with them, co-ordination at river and rail terminals at all the principal shipping points, and the extension, through a proper division of rates, of the territory the barge lines may serve.

The success of the experiment is well epitomized by Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, formerly chief of the Inland Waterways Service, when he said to the writer:

"The whole undertaking, often referred to as 'an experiment,' contained interesting possibilities for peace-time as well as war-time commerce. And it actually was experimental, at least so much so that no organization outside of the Federal Government could be expected to take these projects in such an uncompleted stage and carry them to a point where it could be definitely shown whether or not they were profitable.

"The questions to be answered were:

"Is waterway transportation actually cheaper than rail transportation for moving certain classes of merchandise?

"If so, what are those commodities, and how much cheaper can they be handled over rivers and canals?

"With cheaper water rates, cannot communities located away from the river banks also share in these reduced tariffs?

"All three questions have been answered, the first and third in the affirmative, and the second in detail. The service thus far provided includes operation of towboats and barges on the Mississippi River between St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans, with joint river and rail rates between New Orleans and interior points in Arkansas, Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Ohio, Tennessee and Wisconsin applying through Memphis and St. Louis.

"There is also provided out of New Orleans another service along Mississippi Sound to Mobile Bay, thence up that bay to Mobile and from Mobile up the Tombigbee, Warrior and Black Warrior rivers to Port Birmingham, within a few miles of Birmingham, Alabama, with joint through water-rail rates to the southeast, including Atlanta, Chattanooga, Selma, Montgomery and other points. Weekly sailings are made between St. Louis and New Orleans. Downstream trips, with as much as 10,000 tons of freight, are made in eight days, and upstream trips, with 5,000 tons of freight, in 15 to 18 days. The new type of towboats and the new barge equipment will reduce this time largely and, if sufficient business is developed, sailings will be made twice each week from both New Orleans and St. Louis."



Above—The government steamer Barrett, and three ofthe present-type barges operating on the Mississippi River. Both steamer and barges will be replaced by modern all-steel towboats and larger, all-steel barges.



Below—All-steel, fireproof towboats built to replace the wooden steamers now used for handling barges on the Mississippi River. These are the largest and most powerful towboats ever built for inland waterway service anywhere in the world.

The new equipment mentioned by Brigadier General Hines is the largest, most powerful and most modern yet devised for use on inland waterways. Three types of towboats and two types of barges are to be used on the Mississippi-Warrior river service. Two of the tugs are for towing exclusively, and the third is a power-barge, of large capacity, propelled by steam and capable of towing five or six barges as well as handling cargo on its own after-decks. The three types of towboats are in three distinct services. The largest and most powerful is to be used in the Mississippi River, one of them, the "Natchez," having been delivered this spring and the others probably in use by the end of April. A smaller type of the same kind of towboat is to be used on the Alabama rivers, while the self-propelled barge-towboats will be installed between New Orleans and Port Birmingham, crossing the Gulf of Mexico between New Orleans and Mobile Bay. Large steel barges have been constructed for use, with the present steel and wooden barges, on the Mississippi River, while wooden barges will be continued in use on the Tombigbee, Warrior and Black Warrior rivers in Alabama.

Forty steel barges for use on the Mississippi have been delivered and are in service. They are of the deep-hold, cargo-box type, 230 feet long, 45 feet molded beam, and 11 feet deep, with a cargo box 184 feet long, 37 feet wide, and nine feet above the deck. The hull is divided into eight hold-compartments, and the total cargo capacity is about 125,000 cubic feet, or 1,800 tons on an eight-foot draft. Some of the barges have been fitted to carry liquid cargo in the wing compartments, which have a capacity of 15,800 cubic feet. Others have been equipped with full decks, with portable sections at the main deck level, so that cargo may be carried in the boxes independent of the holds. These combinations make it possible to handle all kinds of freight from dry goods to molasses. Six powerful towboats of the tunnel-stern type are being provided for the operation of these modern barges on the main line on the Mississippi River. One of these, the "Natchez," is in service; a second was ready for work on April first, and four are to be delivered soon to the War Department. These boats are provided with the same size and type of engines used by the Shipping Board in the equipment of deep seagoing vessels of large tonnage constructed at the Hog Island yard, and these are the largest and most powerful boats ever built for inland waterway service in any part of the world.

These towboats are 200 feet long, 40 feet beam and 10 feet deep, with draft of six and one-half feet. Constructed throughout of steel, they are virtually fireproof, and are given ample strength by a system of trusses and bulkheads. Double bottoms are fitted under the engine and boiler rooms. Oil will be burned under the boilers, and the oil tanks on each towboat have a capacity of 12,750 cubic feet. Water tanks with capacity of 1,460 cubic feet are built in on each towboat. Old Mississippi River steamboat men declared when plans for these boats were first shown that they would be unwieldy and could not be handled to advantage in the current of the Mississippi River. This seeming disadvantage was overcome when the designers provided two sets of rudders, two forward and two aft of the propellers, enabling the boats to be turned almost in their own lengths.

The six towboats for the Mississippi River have been named "Natchez," "Baton Rouge," Vicksburg," "Memphis," "St. Louis" and "Cairo." The "Barrett," an old government river packet, has been rebuilt, and will be

(Concluded on page 12)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 26, April 23, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Sales Turnover Tax

THE proposition to substitute what is known as a "sales turnover tax" for the present excess profits tax is being energetically pushed by means of widespread and insidious propaganda. Back of this propaganda, on their own admission, is a Wall Street group led by Otto H. Kahn, Jules Semon Bache, and Meyer Rothschild.

Summed up in a sentence, the scheme is one to shift the burden of from $800,000,000 to a billion dollars of taxes now paid by those best able to pay it to the shoulders of those least able to pay it.

What is worse, the form of the tax is such that by the time it came to the ultimate consumer it would be very likely to have been "loaded" as well as "pyramided" to such an extent that it would be increased anywhere from 25 to 50 per cent at each turnover. That is, in order to get one billion dollars into the national treasury, the already overburdened consumer would be bled to the extent of four or five billion dollars yearly, or approximately $40 for every man, woman and child in the United States—$200 for the average family of five.

In the hearings before the House Committee on Industrial Taxation, the iniquity of this proposed measure was made plain by the testimony of scores of competent tax experts and adversely reported on by Mr. Houston, then Secretary of the Treasury. After thoroughly and impartially pursued investigations, it was rejected as unjust and impractical by the National Industrial Conference Board, representing the greatest industrial organization in the country, through a committee of qualified experts. It was also unqualifiedly and unanimously condemned by the United States Chamber of Commerce through its committee of nine authorities of national reputation. In fact, the Kahn-Bache group of "financiers" are its only sponsors.

Congressman James A. Frear, of Wisconsin, is ably and fearlessly fighting the attempt of these bankers and brokers to relieve profiteers, who are able to put their millions into tax-exempt bonds, from their just share of the tax burden and to place it upon the country's productive workers. In a speech which should have the widest possible circulation, he mercilessly analyzes the measure and exposes the true inwardness of the motives of its chief backers. He should have the hearty support in this fight of every man who does not wish to see imposed in this country an utterly undemocratic sales tax on the necessaries of life, which, in the words of one of the greatest international authorities on taxation, "would evoke a political struggle the like of which we have never seen in this country, representing as it would an attempt to put an undue burden upon the consumer, instead of on the possessor of wealth."

There is a better way—a way which we must come to eventually, much as the tax dodgers and shifters may dislike it.

The Message

BEYOND the confirmation of a general expectation that the policy of the new administration would include the scrapping of the League of Nations and an immediate ending of the anomalous continuance of a technical state of war between the United States and the Central Powers by the obvious method of the Knox resolution, President Harding's first message to Congress confines itself largely to accepted generalities.

The message starts out promisingly with an accurate and impressive reminder that there is "no more pressing problem at home than to restrict our national expenditures within the limits of our national income, and at the same time measurably lift the burdens of war taxation from the shoulders of the American people. Announcing that "the staggering load of war debt must be cared for," and that "we shall hasten the solution and aid effectively in lifting the tax burdens if we *strike resolutely at expenditure*," the President goes on to declare that the burden imposed by current expenditures of raising five billion dollars a year is "unbearable." There are two agencies, he tells Congress, to be employed in correction of this evil: *"rigid resistance in appropriation* and the utmost economy in administration."

This, surely, reads as if it were meant to lead up to a definite pointing out of the duty of Congress in the matter of reducing the military and naval expenditures that consume some 90 per cent of the five billion dollar Federal revenue which the people are so sadly burdened to provide. But the President does not indicate the fact that there is one way in which such a lightening of "unbearable" burdens is possible; that is, by radical revision or suspension of the naval building program. As has been frequently pointed out, disarmament means, at the start, simply reduction or restriction of *additions* to the present naval forces. And the naval powers of the world are waiting for the United States to take the initiative in calling a conference for the arrangement of such reduction or restriction.

After directing the early attention to the Army and Navy appropriations as "unfinished business inherited from the preceding Congress," and declaring the government to be "in accord with the wish to eliminate the burdens of heavy armament," the President says:

> "We are ready to co-operate with other nations to approximate disarmament, but merest prudence forbids that we disarm alone. The naval program, which had its beginning in what seemed the highest assurances of peace, can carry no threat after the latest proof of our national unselfishness."

This expression is friendly to progress, but is only passively assistant. It may be a tentative intimation of further overtures to be made by us, or it may be a notice to the nations that if they wish to restrict disarmament it is up to them to take the initiative and tell us so. The President's tone is inviting but not leading, and it has this superior moral advantage that when he announces the integrity of American intentions, the world must incline to believe it. That we cannot disarm alone is true; it is just as true that no other nation can; but will we all disarm together? If so, how are we to find it out unless some one in authority puts the direct question?

The Peace of Riga

"THEY made a wilderness and called it peace" was the classic comment on an official proclamation about a century ago that "Peace reigns at Warsaw," following the last partition of Poland. Is history likely to repeat itself in connection with the peace treaty signed at Riga between Poland and the Russian Soviet Republic? At the very moment of the signing of the treaty, according to press reports, from eighteen to twenty Bolshevist divisions with artillery and an aviation corps were advancing against Poland in the districts of Smolensk, Vitebsk, Orsha, Mohilev and to the north of these points.

It will be remembered that, as one of the conditions of entering into a trade agreement with the Soviets, Britain originally demanded guaranties of a cessation of hostilities with Poland. This the Bolshevists rejected, insisting on their readiness to make a fair and square peace with Poland directly and countering with an expression of a readiness to participate in an international conference of the Great Powers and the nations of Eastern Europe! In the negotiations at Reval, resulting in the treaty now signed at Riga, a serious hitch was caused by the Bolshevist attempt to dictate to Poland the administration in detail of her own internal affairs, such as racial status and privileges and the pensioning of her own soldiers. Although, under the treaty, the Bolshevists agree to respect Polish independence and the integrity of her frontiers as fixed in the Treaty of Versailles, binding the Poles to respect the boundaries claimed for Bolshevist Russia, numerous loopholes were left for the continuance of Bolshevist machinations in the neighboring states of Lithuania, Lettonia and Ukrainia. Such machinations may make it easy to frame pretexts for charges that, in this, that or the other particular, Poland has violated the treaty and rendered it null and void.

The whole situation has been vastly complicated by the Wilsonian policy of refusing to recognize the various small nations created by secession from the Greater Russia, insisting that, with the exception of the elision of Poland and Finland, Russia's old frontiers shall remain intact, yet insisting also on the rights to self-determination of the small peoples that had formed part of the Russian Empire.

Mr. Lansing's Explanations

OSTENSIBLY written to explain the reasons for the breach between President Wilson and himself that resulted in his resignation, Mr. Lansing's book also explains many other things of transcendent public interest. It therefore has historic value beyond its exposition and defense of the personal opinions of the former Secretary of State as opposed to those of his chief. This opposition of views, by the way, enters wholly on the peace negotiations. It may even be said to condense itself into a difference concerning Article X of the League Covenant. Mexico is not even mentioned.

In the light of what has occurred since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, it is easy to see that in a literal sense, Mr. Lansing was entirely right in opposing the article guaranteeing the political independence and territorial integrity of member-nations in the League: a guaranty inevitably implying resort to force. Even ardent admirers of Mr. Wilson and advocates of the League in the last electoral campaign must have become persuaded by the logic of such recent events as the Allied occupation of the Rhineland and the British, French and Japanese imperialism revealed in the mandates, that this incorporation of a virtual transfer of the authority of the American Congress to declare war, or to control the use of American military and naval forces, constituted the fatal flaw in the League plan. However illustriously right Mr. Wilson may have been in the passionate idealism of his battle for the League, he was here practically wrong.

On the personal side, Mr. Lansing makes it plain throughout his book that there was from the first so pronounced a temperamental incompatibility between himself and Mr. Wilson that one wonders why his resignation was so long deferred. Of a severely legalistic and official turn of mind, the Secretary of State knew the impossibility of writing international contracts in misty language that might have its value for oratory but lacked strength to serve as the foundation of international understandings.

There is some reminder of the French proverb to the effect that "he who excuses accuses himself" in Mr. Lansing's assumption of a suspicion in the President's mind that the former helped in the Senate's defeat of ratification. As to the Shantung clause, the ex-Secretary of State gives us no light on President Wilson's repeated assertions that Japan had solemnly promised to return Shantung to China.

Probably the most important revelations in Mr. Lansing's book are those picturing the very remarkable part played in the peace negotiations by Colonel Edward M. House, who, it is more than suggested, really influenced Mr. Wilson against his own better judgment and who is indicated to have been the real author of the fourteenth of the famous Fourteen Points and of Article X of the League Covenant, which follows its language.

Makers of Music

IT HAS been asserted that the first mention of music is at the creation of the world when, according to the Bible, the morning stars sang together for joy. From that day down to the present, those who have made music have been honored and beloved.

When a few weeks ago, Caruso lay upon his bed facing death, people all over the world watched for the bulletins which were issued by his physicians, and prayed that the singer might recover and once again make music for the multitude.

And while we laud those who have given to the world their masterpieces of music, let us not forget those who, in another manner, have put music and song into the lives and hearts of others, whose names are unknown and for whom no monument ever will be raised.

There is the woman who is obliged to care for her parents through years of sickness and adversity, but through all the years is filled with song and at the same time strikes chords of happiness in the hearts of those near her.

There is the invalid, suffering and chained to her chair, who maintains a sweetness of character and serenity of spirit which fills each day with brightness and song.

And there is the man from whom fate has snatched all that is dear and seemingly worth living for, who still "carries on" with a smile, and gives to others the music which he himself has been denied.

These are the real musicians who make the walks of life easier because of their music. They are the persons who, when the winds of adversity blow, amid the tumult keep a clear head and a brave heart.

Mr. Ford's Page

MANY a man thinks he has lost faith when he has only lost his illusions. It is one of the penalties we pay for not making proper distinctions between values. The power of illusion is so great, that when the illusion vanishes we think that the bottom has fallen out of reality; the truth is that only the mists have been dispelled. The mists sometimes give illusions of flowery meadows beyond; when they lift we see a hard road.

Illusions can be lost, but faith cannot. A good deal of credulity can be turned into skepticism, but faith cannot. A man may lose many things, but he cannot lose anything that he once possessed as part of his very self; and faith is such a part.

It is perhaps impossible correctly to see illusions until they have vanished, because they fill so large a part of the foreground of our minds while we have them. They are like the dreams of youth which are very real while they last, and even after they pass leave fragrant vestiges behind, but which in the clearer light of reality we see to have been wrongly placed. They were beautiful, but they were not true; at least they were not *yet* true. They may have been foregleams, as when a sunny day foretells the Spring, but is succeeded by weeks of raw and changeable weather.

Illusions are numerous and take their color from the man himself. Perhaps the most common of them all relate to ourselves and society. There is a comfortable feeling which most of us possess at some time in our lives and which is based on the supposition that all men are good and unselfish. This feeling seems to be confirmed during youth, for as a rule the world does not show its hard side to young people. A great defect in ordinary education is the teaching that everyone is all right, when later experience, if it be normal, cannot but show that everyone is not all right. There is a sort of education which tends to make us soft and overdeveloped on the conciliatory side, so pathetically anxious for harmony that we are afraid to stand up for the truth which comes like a divisive sword and cuts men into parties.

Society is suffering a reaction from that attitude now, because of the weakness in ordinary thinking which leads the ordinary mortal, for a time at least, to say to himself, "Everybody is for himself alone; I will therefore be for myself alone, and the devil take the rest."

There are people who in their reaction turn to a deeper dye of the thing which they thought was not there and have found to be there; their reaction is not toward the actual condition as a real condition but incomplete, and then goes still further toward the condition that ought to exist. That is, men disappointed in their illusions as to human society often turn defensive and predatory, instead of constructive.

That is the cause of what is called "class consciousness" today—a predatory attitude toward a class to which one conceives he does not belong. It is seen at its most fateful development in Russia, and its existence is a warning to all men.

There is enough good in society to preserve it for all social purposes, but it is not of the ice cream party or missionary kind. It doesn't go out in large and generous waves, but it is there, waiting to greet its own kind when it comes along. But some men's bitterness upon the loss of their illusions is so strong that they miss the very thing for which their natures are searching. In the great social upheaval in Russia, there is a terrible lack of idealism. As one who has been through it says, the idealists become rapacious hypocrites as soon as they come into power. No political or social philosophy can be blamed for this; it is simply human nature.

Illusions are fine things to keep up afloat until we find our feet, and the best thing that can be said of them is that they trend mostly in the right direction. If they were not mainly tinged with the right color, they would not last long as illusions. Uncomfortable illusions depart sooner than any other, for truth drives them out; if truth is kindlier to our comfortable illusions, it may be because these are more akin to truth itself. However, illusion is at best a mirage, while faith has something solid about it—it is perhaps the solidest thing in the world. All faith at last is one faith, though the expressions of it may vary.

People do not commonly think of faith as solid and substantial; they regard it as an airy fairy nothing, colored balloons which one sends up for one's own amusement. This is because they have confused faith with something else.

Faith is know-so more than hope-so. Faith may begin as a conscious preference; it ends as an ironclad proof. The man who has faith *knows*. There may be still much work to be done on the drawing board or in the experimental room to make his faith articulate, but nevertheless he knows just as assuredly as if the thing were the commonplace of everyday agreement.

Faith is a higher grade of intelligence and is accessible even to those whose brains do not move easily in routine methods, who do not manufacture their thoughts according to the rules made and established by the professionals.

The rule ought to be, the less illusion the more faith, because illusion may be balmy, but faith is dynamic. Illusions are sedative, faith is stimulative. A man rests on his illusions, he climbs on his faith. Illusions grow less and less as life goes on; faith grows more and more. Illusions are many, faith is one.

Faith is the material out of which all the things that are yet to be are made. It is an invisible and plastic substance capable of taking upon itself the reality of visible form. Not only is it substance, but it is force as well. It probably does not create anything that already does not exist, but it has power to bring the invisible things into the visible plane where all men may use them. Faith is the matter out of which new pattern things are made, and after they appear, then commonplace men may make the same things out of wood or laws or systems, or whatever it may be.

We talk about having faith in ourselves. Well, if we know what that means, it is true; but too often it means only a stimulated self-confidence, the assumption and presumption of a "front." But plainly and simply, faith must be in ourselves, because there we make the only contact with reality that we can make. It is faith in ourselves as having become at last a useful part of the whole, that the term really signifies.

We sometimes talk about faith and sight as if they were opposed; they are the same thing. The only man who walks by sight is the man who walks by faith, for he is the only man who can see. Nobody sees anything until faith has brought it within the sphere of vision.

Faith is the sixth sense that completes all the others and it shows itself chiefly in loyalty to Duty, for Duty sums up all the creative work we do. Our career is our duty, and our duty is our contribution to life. Creative work is not a fine and pleasant frenzy; it is often doing what we would not choose to do, for we are chosen oftener than we choose. A man plodding along at what he knows to be his duty is an agent of the universe, in his right place. Not only is he doing something, but something is being done for him. Faith works changes both in the agent and the objective. It is the creative medium, without any limit that has been found.

A MAN is always losing his illusions, but not his faith. It is the nature of faith to grow and increase, for faith is a higher knowledge—an advance copy of what soon will be current knowledge. Illusions are lost because they are outside the man, but faith is inside, a personal, undetachable possession. Faith is a sixth sense which apprehends invisible things that are yet to be brought on to the visible plane. Faith is progressive because it is positive; unfaith is negative and therefore unproductive. Faith is its own guaranty, for while a man may have wrong illusions, his faith cannot take root except in the soil of truth. A man may have many illusions; he can have only one faith.



MARIA FLORES de ZAPATA,

The little Indian girl of Southern Mexico, who was left a widow by the killing of the Master Bandit.

A Master Bandit Passes

IN THE autumn of 1910, the federal government of Mexico, celebrating the centennial of the nation's independence, released from military prison, and from penal service in the army, several scores of prisoners. Among them was a tall, thin, sharp-faced, eagle-eyed Guerrero Indian, named Emiliano Zapata, consigned to the army nearly ten years before for highway robbery.

In the autumn of 1920, ten years later, death came to this descendant of the Aztecs, in a machete battle with an officer of the federal army, Colonel Jesus Guajardo, near the village of Calixto. Two days later, the head of Emiliano Zapata, perched on a pikestaff, looked out over Mexico City from the arched doorway of the main barracks.

During the decade between 1910 and 1920, Emiliano Zapata, starting in revolution against the elder Diaz, won control over approximately one-sixth of the 800,000 square miles of Mexican territory; dominated three large states, ruled more than 2,000,000 of the 16,000,000 inhabitants of the country; named two presidents and had a hand in naming the third; came twice into control of Mexico City, which he once looted; destroyed 27 towns and villages; distributed more than 10,000 square miles of arable land among the poor of the states he ruled, after seizing it from its rightful owners; and, finally, came to his end in as spectacular a battle as ever was fought in the days of Knight-errantry, with weapons not unlike the broadswords of the time of the Crusaders.

Here is the story of the Master Bandit, sometimes called "The Attila of the South," told in part by an American who campaigned for several months with Zapata, at the height of the latter's power, and in part by the widow of the Guerrero Indian, who, by chance, was a witness to his death.



EMILIANO ZAPATA,

Highwayman, bandit, revolutionist, president-maker and modern Robin Hood, of Mexico, whose death in a machete duel removed the most picturesque character Latin-America has produced since the Age of Piracy on the Spanish Main.

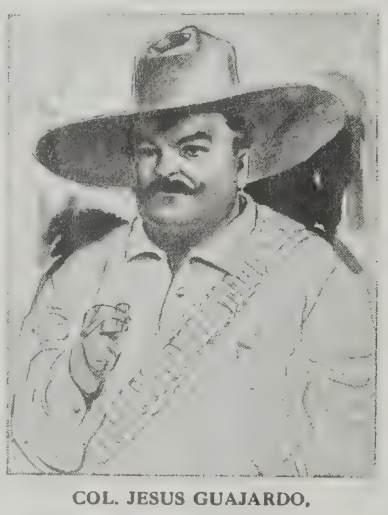
By HARRY H. DUNN

EMILIANO ZAPATA is dead, dying, as he lived, by the sword. To thousands to whom the names of Ghengis Khan, Attila, Captain Kidd and Geronimo are familiar, this message from the jungled slopes of Southern Mexico will mean little. Yet with the going of Zapata passes a bandit, disguised some of the time as revolutionist, whose victims numbered thousands, whose loot was millions, to whose torch more than a score of towns and villages smoked in ruins, who made at least two presidents of Mexico and unmade half a dozen, and whose word was law in nearly one-sixth of all the national territory of the mainland of Mexico. At one time, not so long ago, an army of 20,000 well-armed and mounted men rode at his back, and for ten years, one decade out of the book of history, he was the most dangerous factor in all of restless Mexico, albeit Francisco Villa, Venustiano Carranza and half a score of lesser looters received more space in the newspapers.

There is no myth about Zapata. I rode with him to the loot of Cuautla, to the sacking of Jojutla, to the capture of Huitzilac, to the occupation of Cuernavaca, and I saw the smoke of his campfires in the jungle to the south of Vera Cruz, when, during the days of the American occupation of that port, he moved his army 200 miles to strike a blow for Mexico at the invader from the North. The first picture I have of Zapata is that of a tall, thin, dark-skinned, black-eyed, black-haired Indian, with the eyes of a snake, leaning over a huge boulder, watching me make my way, in the midst of six members of his Death Legion, up the slope of El Jilguero—the Hill of the Linnet—to meet him. The last time I ever saw him, a stooping *peon*, the brass tag of a *cargador* on a chain round his neck, hailed me as I passed through the Calle Flamencos (the street of the Flamingos) in Mexico City, and pointed to a bulletin, posted on the corner of the high wall of the Thieves' Market. The bulletin read, "Fifty Thousand Pesos Reward for One Emiliano Zapata, Rebel and Bandit." The peon was Zapata, and before he left the beautiful capital to rejoin his troops a hundred miles to the south, he, with his own hands, posted a bulletin on one of the Ahuehuete trees in the park of Chapultepec, the presidential residence, threatening to hang the then president—Madero—to one of these same trees.

Such was Zapata, a grim practical joker, in the midst of his murders; a man who allowed his followers to carry off every pretty girl they desired, yet who himself sent fifty of his best men to deliver one little American woman missionary over 200 miles of mountain trail to the headquarters of her church in Mexico City; a man who bound priests to huge cacti, sprayed them with oil and burned them alive, yet gave every cent of his loot of hundreds of thousands of dollars from the Catholic church to people of the villages; a man who drove more than 5,000 landowners from their properties and divided nearly 10,000 square miles of arable lands among the poor Indians of three states; a man who killed Spaniards as one would rattlesnakes, yet who never harmed one American, one Briton, one German, one Frenchman, or any other foreigner.

In 1899, Zapata was a highwayman, operating on the trails of the states of Morelos and Guerrer. In 1900, the Rurales of the Diaz Government caught him, and he was sent into the federal army for fifteen years. By good behavior, and the making of friends where friends would do him the most good, he was released at the end of ten years. Meanwhile his father had died on the family hacienda at Villa Ayala, not so far from Cuernavaca, the beautiful capital of the state of Morelos, about 75 miles south and west of Mexico City. To Emiliano Zapata and his less crafty, though not less cruel, brother, Eufemio, was left the estate. To it they returned, built upon it a stone fort, and, in the restless days of late 1910 and early 1911, turned highwaymen again. As the Madero revolution gained in the north of Mexico, this pair gradually resolved themselves into "revolutionists," captured and sacked two or three villages, and soon had a following of nearly 1,000 men.



COL. JESUS GUAJARDO,

Who killed Emiliano Zapata in single combat with machetes. Guajardo afterward revolted against the government, and, early in 1921 was killed from ambush by federal troops.

The federal army was occupied in the north; there were plenty of men, mainly German importers on both coasts of southern Mexico, who sought the dollar wherever the dollar rolled, without consideration of the manner in which they caught it. These men supplied the Zapatas with rifles, machine guns, automatic pistols and ammunition, until the stone fort at Villa Ayala resembled an arsenal. The unfortunate Madero, either misled by Zapata, or not caring by what means he overthrew the government of his country, gave recognition to the bandit leader, and the latter started on a career of slaughter and loot without a parallel in the history of the New World. Within six months he had gathered and organized an army of 12,000 men, which within the year became 20,000, as nearly as I could estimate it by watching it ride past in review. Before the first of June, 1911, on the seventh of which month Madero, at the head of a triumphant revolution, entered Mexico City, Zapata was in complete control of the large states of Morelos and Guerrero, as well as of parts of the states of Vera Cruz, Puebla and Hidalgo, and had his spies scattered in every walk of life in Mexico City. To himself he attached a former schoolmaster, named Ismael Palafox, to whose clever trickery Zapata owed in large part the nearly ten years of his mastery of Southern Mexico.

When Madero became president, Zapata turned against him, claiming that the Coahuila Dreamer had broken certain pledges made to him in the height of the revolution. Since Madero made such preposterous pledges that it was impossible for him to keep them, this is probably one of the rare instances in which Zapata told the exact truth. By striking rapidly from his mountain headquarters at Villa Ayala, Zapata, within fourteen months, laid in ruins and, for the most part, burned, 27 villages and towns, dynamiting the public buildings and destroying all records of land titles, marriages, births, deaths, wills and similar documents necessary to the security of life. In the same period he drove 5,220 landowners from their properties, and amassed a pile of gold and silver coins at Villa Ayala, which, his widow told me in New Orleans a few days ago, totaled more than 2,000,000 pesos, or approximately $1,000,000.

Then, with all these vacant farms and all this money on his hands, Palafox conceived the idea of creating a national hero for Mexico. Over night, Zapata issued decrees distributing lands and money to all the poor of Morelos and Guerrero, with further distribution of other lands and moneys promised to the poor of other states, provided they would give aid to the army of Zapata, who commenced signing his proclamations, "El Atila del Sur"—"The Attila of the South." Being a pronounced infidel, Zapata scarcely could call himself "the Scourge of God," but he scourged and ruined an area larger than ever the Hun looked on when he crossed the Apennines and beheld the Roman world beneath him. Federal armies sent after him, if too large, were eluded until their generals broke them into small divisions, the better to operate in the mountains of the southern states. Then each division was lured into ambush and destroyed. It was difficult, if not impossible, for the Madero government to find 20,000 men in all Mexico who would remain loyal in the face of the lures Zapata offered them, and hundreds deserted to him from the federal forces, some of them officers quite high in command, who gave him the benefit of their military knowledge.

Victoriano Huerta, commander of the federal armies for the Madero government, then gave personal attention to Zapata—and, being as wily an Indian of the North as Zapata was of the South, tricked the bandit into battle at the Hill of the Horseshoe, inflicted the first, last and only defeat the Zapatistas ever met until the death of their leader a few months ago. About this time came the uprising of Felix Diaz, Manuel Mondragon, Bernardo Reyes and the army against Madero. Zapata lay quiet in Tlalnepantla, a suburb some ten miles out of Mexico City, with about 8,000 men while the Decena Tragica reigned in Mexico City. It is history that Huerta's defection to the side of the military revolution doomed the Madero government. Then the United States intervened at Vera Cruz to get a salute to the flag, and Zapata suddenly showed an odd phase of his many-sided character.

Gathering all his forces save a small guard left in the larger towns of Morelos and Guerrero, he moved to the gulf coast of the state of Vera

(Concluded on page 14)

How Senator-Scientist Views Farm Problem

SCIENTISTS have had little if anything to do with law-making. You could probably count on the fingers of a single hand all the real men of science who have served in the United States Congress.

There is one of international repute in the Senate today. He is Dr. E. F. Ladd, from North Dakota. Elected by the Non-Partisan League and a so-called radical, conservatives say privately they are glad that he is now one of them.

The doctor will probably be, more nearly than any other man has ever been in Congress, the accepted spokesman there for the agricultural interests of the country.

In this interview the Senator-Scientist tells of some of the agricultural problems as he sees them, and points how they are of more importance to people in the cities than to those on the farms.



DR. E. F. LADD,
Non-Partisan League Senator from North Dakota

"UNLESS there comes a change in the nation's views on farming, we may look for a crisis that will be the worst and the costliest the country has ever known. France faced such a crisis fifty years ago; so did England; and in each of those cases the trouble was due to causes like those which are now coming to a focus in this country. The chief cause was and is concentration on the growth of what we call business and industry, to the exclusion of agriculture. When I say 'business and industry' certain things come to your mind as symbols of what the words mean. These symbols are factories, stores, warehouses, perhaps ships and railroads and mines. The words don't suggest farming, for they haven't and don't yet mean farming. That's the chief error in our national view of farming. It can be corrected only by bringing farming into the group of activities you think of in terms of 'business and industry.' For farming is now as much of a business or industry as any of the others and it will survive only in case it is so viewed and treated by the nation."

The speaker was Dr. E. F. Ladd, new United States Senator from North Dakota. Dr. Ladd is not by occupation a farmer. But his election was due distinctly to the demand of the farmers of his state that they have in the United States Senate a spokesman who could talk with absolute authority. Not the authority merely of an official commission, nor even that of the plow-handles or the pitchfork, but of scientific knowledge of the problems of agriculture. It probably has been a long time since Dr. Ladd rode a harvester, grasped the handle of a hoe, or even looked after plowing up a field. Yet for twenty-five years or more he has been accepted as an authority, beyond probably any working farmer, on agriculture. What he knows has been gained by lifelong laboratory studies out of reach of the man who must make his living in the fields. For many years he was head of the North Dakota Agricultural College, and in addition to looking after the training given youths, he carried on fight after fight for the farmers and the public generally of his section.

"In the last quarter of a century," he said to the writer, "I haven't gone to bed a single night without being a defendant in one or more court fights arising from my work. Among others, I have on my hands just now a libel suit for one hundred thousand dollars. In no case, so far, has the final court decision been against me." The doctor has had tugs of war with most of the big trusts, for he was one of the earliest advocates of laws putting crimps into monopolies, and protecting the public against such things as impure foods. He was one of President Roosevelt's advisers in the pure food fight of fifteen years ago. Being a chemist as well as an economist of wide fame, he has sometimes even been summoned abroad to give expert advice on food problems, as in the fight over bleached flour in England.

His Coming Pleases Senate

ODDLY, Dr. Ladd is one of only a very few men of science ever elected to Congress and probably the only one of his type ever to sit in the United States Senate. Though his election was due to the Non-Partisan League, the run of even the most conservative Senators viewed with pleasure his coming to Congress. For whatever you may say about it in other respects, Congress always has a warm welcome for the man who knows what he is talking about, even though the bulk of other members don't agree with all he has to say. And those who know look upon Dr. Ladd as such a man. Hence, to an extent greater than has been the case with any Senator of the past, Dr. Ladd is likely to be accepted as the senatorial spokesman and authority for the farmers of the country. During most of an afternoon of one of the first days he spent as a Senator at the capital, Dr. Ladd talked over with the writer the problems of agriculture as he sees them. There was one striking thing about the way he dealt with the subject. Rarely was he local and then for purposes of illustration only. Behind what he said there was clearly a national, even an international, conception of the subject.

"Just as farming is no longer a mere calling to which a person is born, it can no longer be viewed as a local or state, or, in many senses, a national subject alone," he said. "What the farmer of Australia is doing is of big importance to the farmer of North Dakota. Likewise the cotton farmer in the South has vital interest in what the Egyptian fellah on the Nile or the Hindoo on the Ganges is doing. For a big or a short crop of wheat in Australia or the Argentine or, in normal times, in Russia, may mean whether my neighbor in North Dakota will be able to pay his debts when the fall harvest is put in the market. What goes on among the non-farmers of England, or Germany, or China, is of importance to the American farmer, too. For his interests are affected by world consumption just as well as by world production.

"One of the first things we should do for our farmer is to see that he is supplied with the world information he needs for planning his work. At present he gets none, which condition is made worse by the fact that those who buy his products do get it in very large part. There is one distributing concern in the United States that gets world data on grain crops and on meats, and you may be sure it doesn't share the information with others. It has every advantage in buying from the farmer, who must plant and harvest and sell altogether in the dark as to the forces that shape the prices of his products.

"What the farmer must be enabled to get is not high prices in the strict sense, but the prices that are due him. He should have the benefits as well as bear the penalties going with the law of supply and demand, which is not the case at present when he has to bear more than his share of the penalties and is not allowed a full measure of benefits.

How Conditions Have Changed

"THIS state of affairs is due, as I said, to our national view of farming. After the Civil War the country turned very wisely to developing what we know as the country's industries, mining, manufacturing, transportation. At and prior to that time we were a nation of farmers. We had an endless amount of cheap land because there were immense areas of free land. Farming was a simple process and life in the farming districts was equally simple. Local equations in great measure controlled. We assumed, if we thought of it at all, that farming conditions would always be as they were, and we put all of our national thought upon the development of other phases of the national life.

"Meantime, farming conditions changed. The free lands were taken up and settled and the old areas became so populated that the farmer could not, as had been the case before, get at small price new and virgin soil whenever that he had been tilling was exhausted.

"The means of distribution also became much more complex. Instead of a local market, the farmer had to deal with a national and even an international market. And all of this had come about not with the view of helping the farmer—as I said, he didn't seem to need help—but for aiding in the growth of other parts of the national make-up, like the cities which did seem to need help.

"It was assumed that the farmer's end would take care of itself. Hence on the road from farmer to consumer there grew up a vast mechanism in shaping which the farmer had nothing to do and over which he had no control. This mechanism in time came to exist largely for its own sake rather than as an instrument for either producer or consumer. And it has reached the point where it devours a fearfully large part of production. Its toll isn't limited to the support of the terribly large number of persons needed in manning the mechanism of distribution, but in great part is a tariff taken by speculation. That tariff is comparable to the extortions exacted by the robber barons of old, because for the tax of speculation on production no service whatever is rendered, not even the protection which the robber barons gave their victims.

"I know of many farmers who, during the last year, have sent products into the markets and instead of getting a money return, no matter how small, have received bills for sums covering the excess cost of distribution over the price allowed for the article.

"The wheat farmers of the country received for the wheat exported in 1920 about $210,000,000 less than they got for wheat exported in 1919, the volume being about the same for each year. Yet those who consumed the wheat exported last year paid about $90,000,000 more for it than for what we sold them in 1919. A toll of about $240,000,000—I allow for increased railroad rates—was taken on the road from producer to consumer above what was taken the year before.

"That the American farmer can survive a system of distribution which permits of what I had said, is an impossibility. But it alone isn't the farmers' chief handicap in the race of life. Without the toll of speculation, distribution costs more than producers can bear even when consumer shares, in the form of high prices for foodstuffs, a due proportion of the burden.

"During the past winter, Danish dairymen laid down butter in New York at prices below the cost of production, with that of distribution added, to the American dairymen. And you will be more astonished when I tell you that much of that Danish butter came from cows fed with feed grown in my state, 2,000 miles from seaboard, and shipped across the Atlantic.

"The reason why Danish dairymen could export butter made from North Dakota feed into our markets cheaper than mid-western dairymen could do, is because Denmark, like France and England, many years ago reached the crisis now facing us in America, and solved it. Today when a tub of butter reaches Liverpool, a Dane, perhaps the direct representative of the farmer that produced the butter, is at the dock awaiting it. The tortuous route between producer and consumer, even when separated by the seas, has been shortened and simplified for the Danish farmer, with the result that he can buy our feed and ship us butter very often for less than our dairymen can get it to our consumers.

$1.50 Worth of Wool in Suit

"A SHEEP-GROWER friend of mine recently, while packing his marketless crop of wool into a warehouse, noticed a tailor's sign across the street from where he was working. He went over and asked what a good suit of clothes would cost him. He found that it was all a strong man could do to lug to the tailor shop at two turns the amount of virgin wool he would have to sell to get money enough to buy one suit of clothes. And for the wool actually used in the suit he would have received less than $1.50. All the rest of the wool that he would have exchanged for the suit of clothes would have gone to the vast number of persons on the road from farm to consumer, and only a few small portions of it to the workers in the factory and to the tailor who transformed it into clothing. There were probably a thousand miles and scores of handlings on even the road from warehouse to the tailor shop across the street.

"Why should a steer or a hog grown in Minnesota or North Dakota have to travel alive to Chicago and be shipped back in parts to the vicinity of production before it is available in Minnesota or North Dakota for food? Why should a pound or two of cotton pass through dozens of hands on the way from Oklahoma to Maine and then back again, before the farmer who produced it can get it back in the form of a palm beach suit? And why should a dozen or more men who contribute nothing to the growing of the cotton, the making of the cloth or the manufacture of the suit—who never see or touch either of them—take tolls from cotton, cloth and suit, and often in the form of speculative profits only?

"The answer to all those questions and numerous others are hard to find, but they must be found if farming is kept from falling into the hands only of old men who are passing from the stage and children who

(Concluded on page 12)

Jew Trades Link With World Revolutionaries

Only 600,000 Communists in Russia; More Than 300,000 in Two Jewish Trade Unions Alone. The Kehillah a "Clearing House"

THERE are more Bolsheviks in the United States than there are in Soviet Russia. Their aim is the same and their racial character is the same. If they are not able to do here what they have done there, it is because of the greater dissemination of information, the higher degree of intelligence and the wider diffusion of the agencies of governmental authority, than obtains in unhappy Russia.

The power house of Bolshevik influence and propaganda in the United States is in the Jewish trade unions which, almost without exception, adhere to a Bolshevik program for their respective industries and for the country as a whole.

This fact is proving most embarrassing to the Jewish leaders at the present moment. It is bad enough that Russian Bolshevism should be so predominantly Jewish, but to confront the same situation in the United States, is a double burden of which Jewish leaders do not know how to dispose.

Yet it is difficult to see how the International Jew can be absolved either from the necessity of being confronted with it, or from the necessity of bearing sole responsibility for it. Russian Bolshevism came out of the East Side of New York where it was fostered by the encouragement—the religious, moral and financial encouragement—of Jewish leaders. Leon Trotsky (Braunstein) was an East Sider. Whether he was a member of the New York Kehillah is not known. But the forces which fostered what he stood for centered in the Kehillah, and both the Kehillah and its associated American Jewish Committee were interested in the work he set out to do, namely, the overthrow of an established government, one of the allies of the United States in the recent war. Russian Bolshevism was helped to its objective by Jewish gold from the United States. And now that it is found to be numerically much stronger in the United States than it is in Russia, the fact causes no little embarrassment.

Denial is useless, for the thing is too blatant and has advertised itself too long. What amazes the student of the Jewish Question in the United States is the stupidity which permitted Jewish Bolshevism to flaunt itself so openly during the past few years. The only explanation that seems at all adequate is that the Jews never dreamed that the American people would become sufficiently awake to challenge them. The present widespread exposure of Jewish tactics in the United States has doubtless come as a surprise to the Jewish leaders, and this cannot be accounted for otherwise than that they thought they had gained too strong a grip on the American mind to make a challenge possible.

Judges Try to Cover Bolshevism

IT REMAINS to be seen whether the Jewish leaders shall be able to control the Frankenstein that their false policies have created.

Following exactly the program which the Jewish leaders approved for Russia, the organized Jews of New York are exhibiting a zeal and a directness which Jewish leaders would like to curb for the present, if we are to judge from some of the complaints that the Bolshevik Jews are making.

Benjamin Schlessinger, president of the International Garment Workers' Union, whose membership numbers 150,000, and which is a part of the New York Kehillah, is one of the complainants. His union, of course, is not the regular American labor union formed for the betterment of working conditions and wages; it is a revolutionary union for the complete change of the social system, involving also a change of government. In an interview printed in the *Jewish Forward* of April 8, Schlessinger complains against the manner in which Jewish judges have recently come to interfere with Jewish strikes:

"'And Jewish judges come to their assistance. They issue injunctions; and it is said that they do it to save the Jewish name, so that it shall not be said that "all Jews are Bolshevists." So the injunctions become a Jewish affair . . . .

"'We have a gigantic wide-branched Kehillah in New York. In all corners, Jews! All over, what you see and what you hear—Jews. And, of course, also dress; politicians and greater ones.'

"But only *we* may say this. And I understand Schlessinger . . . . Schlessinger explains it this way: Several reasons are given why judges like (here a Jewish judge is named) twist the law . . . . The real purpose is to break our strike . . . . But, then, after all, there is a reason, a Jewish reason. He wants to demonstrate to the American community, he claims, that not all Jews are Bolshevists."

This excerpt shows several things: that only "we" may say certain things; that Jewish authority is trying to cover the blemish of Bolshevism; and that this is done in order to demonstrate to "the American community" a certain desirable thing. The Jewish community, it is presumed, is not so easily impressed. The Kehillah is apparently trying to call in its kites but they have apparently flown too high in the rarefied atmosphere of revolutionism.

Another big union which makes part of the New York Kehillah is the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, whose membership is about 200,000. It is officered by Russian Jews whose pronounced Bolshevik utterances have been widely reported in the Jewish press of New York, until plain and unprivileged Americans have wondered how far treason to the United States Government could go on our own soil.

Their Master Trotsky's Voice

SIDNEY HILLMAN, the president, is one of the most radical Socialists in the United States—so radical that he would probably spurn the name of Socialist as ordinarily used. He is a Sovietist. He is so far "advanced" that to him the regular type of American labor union is "a scab union." The purpose of the American labor union is stated to be the improvement of the workers' condition in industry and the establishment of their industrial rights, whereas the object of Hillman's union is the overthrow of industry and its communization in the hands of the radical element. That is to say, Russia over again. Hillman was born in Russia. He personally knows most of the Bolshevik Jews now ruining that great land.

The secretary of the Amalgamated is Joseph Schlossberg, also born in Russia. Schlossberg has a very free gift of words. One of his promises to his Jewish followers, publicly made at Madison Square Garden, is this:

"The clothing industry is ours. We are not going to permit the employer to determine where his factory shall be, or how many hours we shall work."

Abraham Shiplacoff, a Socialist member of the New York board of aldermen, and next to Sidney Hillman in command of the Amalgamated, is also a free speaker, as the following excerpt will show:

"We are going to move heaven and earth to educate our people that they and they alone are the owners of industry. The workers of Russia have found it out, God bless them!

"If I knew old Sammy Gompers knew as much as that, I would tell you to go and do what the workers did in Turine. Ten thousand of them marched to the factory with music and a flag, and they opened the doors and went to work and said, 'To hell with the owners of the factory.'

"Everybody knows it is war. We are going to control the industry."

Always the omission, of course, that the factories so spectacularly captured, cease to run soon after. The Hillmans and the Schlossbergs and the Shiplacoffs are heroic figures on the platform, but in manufacturing the common commodities of life and making both ends meet so that the consumer may be served and the producer rewarded, they have been the most tragic failures. "The workers of Russia have found it out, God help them!"

As a matter of fact, besides the I. W. W., the Amalgamated is the only organization which not only preaches Bolshevism but actually practices it—all in the United States, and all apparently in perfect consistency with its membership in the Kehillah and under the officership of the high gentlemen of the American Jewish Committee. The Amalgamated actually does run the industry which has mulcted such a heavy tax from the American public since 1914.

Not a Native American in All

THEY tell the factory manager where the factory is to be located.

They have a minimum wage of $12 a day, independent of skill or production.

They enforce that rule, that an employe who has worked for two weeks has thereafter a job for life.

No improved machinery can be introduced without the union's permission.

The employer cannot hire even a cartage firm that the union has not first approved.

The employer cannot withdraw from business unless he goes into bankruptcy, else the whole force of the union and its allies will be marshaled against him and his. He must inform the union of all his plans in advance.

This, of course, is part of the endowment of Trotsky to the East Side. He did great missionary work there while waiting to go across and take the Czar's place. Even to this day in the Jew-controlled theaters that crowd Broadway, the picture of Trotsky brings wild delirious cheering, while the portrait of the President of the United States is hissed. A favorite stage scene is the Star of David high over all flags. The recent debate between Senators King and France, said to have been organized with the assistance of two rabbis, developed into such an outrageously anti-American pro-Soviet demonstration, that prudence intervened to prevent a vote. Recently when pro-Jewish Germans endeavored to stir up trouble by holding a great mass meeting to protest the alleged "Black horror on the Rhine," the audience was packed with Jews. Not that they love Germany more, but they love any regular government less. While a few days later, at a great American meeting, the Jews of New York, according to the testimony of incredulous observers, were most conspicuous by their absence.

Now, the Jewish leaders must admit that the Jewish Question does not consist in American citizens uncovering these facts and helping other American citizens to become aware of them; the Jewish Question inheres in the facts themselves and in Jewish responsibility for the facts. If it is "anti-Semitism" to say that Bolshevism in the United States is Jewish, so be it; but to unprejudiced minds it will look very like Americanism.

There is not a single, solitary American-born citizen serving as officer or director of those great unions which form part of the New York Kehillah. These men have not the faintest idea of what America stands for. They are not here to become Americanized, but to change America to their own model. In this they have the articulated support of most of the Jewish rabbis who have been very keen to explain that *Americanization does not at all mean what the American means by it.*

America will have become what these people want it to be when America is sovietized with Jewish radicals in control, and that is the objective toward which they are working now.

The other officers of the Amalgamated are Jacob Petowsky, secretary, who is a Russian Jew, and J. B. Salutsky, who is also a Russian Jew and "National Director of the Educational Department," which means that he is the propagandist of the union in the United States.

Statistics on 2,000 Jewish Leaders

REGARDING the assertion that the great radical unions are not officered by native-born citizens (the statement has been made that Russian Jews do not usually complete their citizenship but stop short at the "declaration of intention"), there is some interesting material in a study of 2,000 presidents of Jewish organizations in New York City.

Of this number, 1,054 were born in Russia, 536 in Austro-Hungary, 90 in Rumania, 64 in Germany and four in Palestine. These countries produced 89.1 per cent of Jewish leaders in New York.

Of this number, 531 entered the country between the ages of 14 and 21, and 977 entered over the age of 21.

Of this number, 1,270 are still under 50 years of age.

These figures include all organizations from synagogues to trade unions.

How far they have been Americanized, or wish to be, can only be judged by the policies and activities of the organizations which they direct.

The big Jewish labor organizations are the direct offspring of the Jewish Socialist Bund of Russia. It is due to the propaganda of the Bund in the United States that the united Hebrew trades have gone over to the ranks of radicalism. Bundists swarmed to the United States after the abortive revolution of 1905 at which time they failed to put Bolshevism over in Russia, and these Bundists gave their time to the Bolshevizing of the Hebrew Trade Unions in this country. An Agitation Bureau was formed which propagated radical Socialism through the medium of the Yiddish language, which is one of the official languages of the New York Kehillah, made so by the demands of the Kehillah's overwhelming radical constituency.

The Bundists incorporated in 1905 in New York an organization known as "The Workmen's Circle" and "swelled the ranks of the Jewish trade unions," to quote the Kehillah's Register. After a brief attempt to propagate Socialism without reference to the Jewish Question, it was given up, and in 1913 a resolution was adopted declaring that the whole purpose of the work was Jewish. This is attributed, in the Kehillah record, to the spread of "the idea of Jewish nationalism."

Now, care would have to be exercised to avoid confusion between the Hebrew labor unions, radical as they are, and the avowed communistic bodies, if it were

not the fact that the unions and the Communists are so inextricably interlocked as to make distinctions unnecessary.

That this is not a judgment dictated by mere adverse attitude may be seen from the following facts:

The Workmen's Circle has 800 branches throughout the United States and is officered by Jews throughout. The membership is 98 per cent foreign-born and is Jewish in like proportion.

Among the higher officers of this organization are Joseph Schlessinger, Sydney Hillman, Benjamin Schlossberg, Sam Feinstein and J. B. Salutsky. The names will probably have become familiar to the reader by this time. They form part of the interlocking directorate so commonly found among Jewish organizations, a system which finally heads up in the executive committee of the Kehillah which also composes the leaders of the American Jewish Committee, of which the great public lights of Jewry are members.

Schlessinger is president of the Union of Ladies' Garment Workers, and made a trip to Russia in behalf of communism in the United States, to finance which the members of the Communist party were assessed $1.50 each.

Hillman is president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

Schlossberg is secretary of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

Feinstein is secretary of the United Hebrew Trades.

Salutsky is food commissar to the striking Amalgamated, and is national director of Bolshevik propaganda carried on by his crowd.

They are, of course, all Jews.

Not "Parlor Bolsheviks," But Active

THE line-up is this: Hebrew trade union leaders are also members of the Workmen's Circle and of the Communist party, and the majority of their trade union followers go with them into the other associations. The reverse process is this: Communism and radical Bolshevism then find their way to the consciousness of the American public by the Bolshevik demands of the so-called trade unions of Jewry.

An extreme defense of all this activity might be that these Jewish leaders and workers are only enamored of the *idea* of Bolshevism, are playing with it academically, and are not to be considered as actively the proponents of a form of government contrary to the Constitution of the United States and to be established by "direct action."

This defense, however, appears insufficient when confronted by another set of facts in which these same union leaders and Communists are shown to be in communication with the Soviet government in the United States—and the Soviet government in the United States is not a mere *idea*, it is a *program*. Moscow has repeatedly stated that the purpose of the Lenin-Trotsky government has been World Revolution. And one reason for the colossal economic failure of the Soviet governmental experiment has been the Jewish Soviet leaders' neglect of their proper work to follow this fetish of World Revolution. If one-tenth the effort had been made to govern and feed Russia that has been made to sow Bolshevik ideas in other countries, Russia might today have been in a less unhappy plight. Propaganda is the sole art which the Bolsheviks have mastered.

This Soviet government in the United States, therefore, must be regarded as an advance post of World Revolution. It is so regarded by those who know anything about it. It is so regarded by those who ordered the deportation of L. C. A. K. Martens, the "Soviet Ambassador." Martens was announced to be here for the purpose of opening up trade relations with the United States. He had a vast fund of gold—indeed, it was to explain his gold hoard that he used the story about trade relations. The Government of the United States judged, however, that his purpose here was World Revolution—and the government was right.

Jewish Visitors at Soviet Offices

MARTENS has departed but the Soviet Embassy remains. As stated in a former article, Martens' successor is Charles Recht, who is a Russian Jew about 36 years of age. In the same building with Recht is Isaac A. Hourwich, another Russian Jew and attorney, whose office is supposed to be the headquarters whence proceeds much of the Russian Bolshevik propaganda.

Now, the people who go to the offices of Recht and Hourwich are the same people whose names we have been tracing all through this interlocker, with some notable additions. Into the sanctum of ambassadorial Bolshevism in the United States, come, of course, Recht the representative and Hourwich the attorney for Lenin and Trotsky in this country.

Another caller is Judah L. Magnes, head of the New York Kehillah. He is a rabbi without a synagogue, an extreme extremist, a master of the language of agitation, and pro-Bolshevist in his influence and associations. He is credited with being the mediator between rich Jews and radicals when the latter are in need of funds. This is the Judah L. Magnes, head of the Kehillah, who tried to tell New York newspaper reporters what a weak and innocent foundling the New York Kehillah is; the same Judah L. Magnes whom the *American Hebrew* tried to picture as a diaphanous idealist broken-hearted because the ghetto doesn't fall in with his educational schemes. The Kehillah is *not* an educational institution; it is *not* a welfare institution in the charitable sense; it is a nerve-center of Jewish power; in Rabbi Magnes' own words, "a clearing house"; and if it amounted to nothing politically and nationally, the men who are now prominent in it would soon desert it. Kehillah is just what the word signifies—the whole Jewish community.

Then, of course, there are Benjamin Schlessinger again, president of the Ladies' Garment Workers, and Sydney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, and Joseph Schlossberg, another Amalgamated official whose Bolshevik utterances were quoted earlier in this article, and others of the Hebrew trades crowd whose radical relationships have been shown.

In addition, there are certain immigration inspectors from Ellis Island—all Jews, of course; occasionally a courier from Russia who has slipped into the country for a secret purpose; occasionally also a courier to Russia bearing messages from Recht and Hourwich.

Then I. W. W. leaders—Jews. Among them Baletin, secretary of the I. W. W. Metal Machinery Workers' Branch, and Peltner, joint secretary of the I. W. W. branches in New York.

In close touch with these Jewish radicals are a number of revolutionists of other countries, representing various violent programs against the established order.

It is through the office of Charles Recht that passports, issued by the State Department of the government of the United States, are being viséd. This statement refers to a regular practice known to have been followed until a few days preceding this writing, and there is no reason to believe it has since been altered. Ambassador Recht, or Acting Ambassador Recht, or whatever he may be called, is in close touch with Soviet authorities and has full notice of all their intentions regarding American affairs.

A frequent subject of conferences in Recht's office is the Soviet propaganda in America. Men like Hillman and Schlossberg and Schlessinger are merely laison officers between the Soviets and the Hebrew trades unions. The orders received from Moscow are thus transmitted to the Jews in America, and are obeyed along perfectly defined lines.

Racial Radicalism Established

OF COURSE, Rabbi Magnes, head of the New York Kehillah, could hardly be expected to remain in ignorance of what the whole Kehillah knows. And that Magnes is temperamentally a radical, any two-minute perusal of his speeches will show. He is head of what Schlessinger calls the "gigantic, wide-branched Kehillah," the foremost political racial organization in this country, a close community of a single racial type which has its own code and its own customs and its own method of gaining its ends.

This is not the whole story by any means. Schlessinger and Schlossberg and Hillman and the rest are leaders, but they are not the higher ups. The connections run straight up to the lofty heights of those who dwell in palaces and sway the finances of the nation, and to those who play large parts in the government of the United States. The Jews who finance radical publications—good conservative Jews who form the standing illustration in the argumentative question, "What possible gain can they hope from Bolshevism?" Jews who pull official wires to gain immunity and privilege for known traitors and revolutionists. Jews who replenish the coffers of dangerous elements. It is a long story, and all of it does not require telling, for the point to be gained is not that everyone should be told, but that the involved persons should be aware that it is known, proved, safely put away, in hope that the occasion to use it may never come. However, it is due the public to tell at least a part of it.

The Jewish leaders never played so stupid a card as when they endeavored to minimize the Kehillah and the place it fills. Nor did their Gentile echoes ever fall for so miserable an imposition.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost

Jewish World Notes

Supreme Court Justice Benedict, of Brooklyn, New York, sounded a public warning against the prevalence of rabbinical divorces. It came during his hearing of a Jewish divorce case. "This case smacks of collusion," said the Justice as reported in the New York *Times*. "It appears among other things that the plaintiff paid some rabbi to give a so-called 'ghet' or Jewish divorce, and that he subsequently brought this action.

"It seems to me that our criminal law should be made to cover these rabbinical divorces. The rabbis know perfectly well that they are taking money under the false pretense of giving the parties something of value, and they know also, or ought to know, that the act is against the law. A law which would impose a heavy fine or jail sentence, or both, upon any rabbi issuing these illegal papers would have a tendency to stop the divorce evil."

Alderman Bruce M. Falconer, of the New York Board of Alderman, precipitated a storm by voting against giving the freedom of the city to Albert Einstein and Chaim Weizmann, recent Jewish arrivals in New York. Mr. Einstein is the man who Sir Oliver Lodge says "introduced Bolshevism into science," and Mr. Weizmann is the inventor of TNT, the most deadly explosive of the war. The alderman, of course, was immediately charged with "anti-Semitism," and his Jewish colleagues on the board shouted threats of political extinction for him. Alderman Falconer denied being anti-Semitic; he said he was only protesting against conferring the freedom of New York on an enemy alien which, because of his German citizenship, Mr. Einstein is claimed to be. It is very clear, however, that it is only because Mr. Einstein is a Jew, and not because of his very doubtful theory of relativity, that the freedom of the city was thought of for him. Many greater and more useful men have been allowed to slip in and out of New York without fuss, as was proper. Had Mr. Einstein been a non-Jew, his theory would never have been exploited. Jewish publicity service attends to that.

A former Commander of the G. A .R., Benjamin A. Ham, of South Boston, made an address during the recent meeting of the G. A. R. National Staff Association in which he mentioned the Jewish influence in dress, theaters and motion pictures as destructive of Americanism. "It is the duty of the Grand Army of the Republic in its remaining days to stand like a wall against these destructive sentiments of Central Europe," he declared. There was, of course, the usual protest from Boston Jews.

Billy Sunday was evidently nettled by the exposure of the fact that he had chosen what he thought was the popular side of the controversy *by denouncing* THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S *articles before he had read them*. In his reply, made evidently as soon as he got a copy of the exposure into his hands, he showed still more conclusively that he hasn't read them yet!

The United States Department of Agriculture reports that 98 per cent of the cattle, 98 per cent of the calves, and 15 per cent of the sheep and lambs slaughtered in New York come under Jewish kosher regulations. The report says: "The fact that the kosher trade uses only the forequarters accounts to a considerable extent for the large number of animals required to supply that class of trade. The hind quarters are always sold to the gentile (small g) trade. In New York City and Philadelphia the ribs are sold to gentiles, in addition to the hind quarters."

The report continues: "The kosher system of slaughtering differs somewhat from the general custom among the gentiles, and one of the prime requisites is that the animal bleed thoroughly. For that reason the animal's throat is cut without first being stunned by a blow on the head, as is done in other killing."

Is it quite tactful, do the Jews think, to boast so much about their influence with Secretary Hughes and Secretary Hoover?

"Who is going to run this country of ours—we Americans, or some other people?" demanded James W. Gerard, former ambassador to Germany, in a speech before the High Twelve Club, a Masonic organization, in Carnegie Hall, recently. "We are told when there is a speech to make or a discussion to be held, that we must not say this for fear that we may offend some foreign element in the country, and we must not say that because we may offend some other element. Now, I say the time has come in the United States when Americans must have something to say—something definite and unmistakable. Gentlemen, let us take hold of our own country and run it ourselves."

How Many Laws Too Many Have We?

Dangerous Tendencies and Wasteful Are Involved in the American Burden of Over-Legislation

By CHARLES S. THOMAS
Former United States Senator From Colorado

A GOOD many years ago Herbert Spencer directed the attention of the public of Great Britain to the fact that legislation in free governments tended more and more to place restrictions and impose penalties upon all of the various activities of the individual, repealing statutes upon the same subject when the original ones proved unavailing or unsatisfactory, until its societies were irritated and pestered with multitudinous statutes and laws of a regulatory character necessarily requiring the multiplication of bureaus and official agencies for their enforcement, enlarging the burden of taxation because of the enormously increased expenditure necessary for their administration, and ending, or threatening to end, in a despotic legal condition or in the collapse of the social and economic fabric. This he declared to be the most serious of all consequences of so-called free government, when the statesmanship and the caution of those in authority yielded to and thus accelerated that tendency.

I think that the history of the United States and of the forty-eight states composing it confirms the existence of this evil, the difficulty of checking its operation, and the unfortunate and sinister consequences which must flow from its repeated exercise.

I have been informed that during the last twenty years the states and Congress together have placed 79,000 laws upon the statute books, most of them designed to produce a better social and political condition by legislation, and many of them relating to the same subject, which seems to have been improperly or unsatisfactorily dealt with at the beginning.

The nation is not so happy now as it was twenty-five years ago. We are more discontented, more dissatisfied with our condition and that of the body politic, and therefore we are clamoring for more statutes.

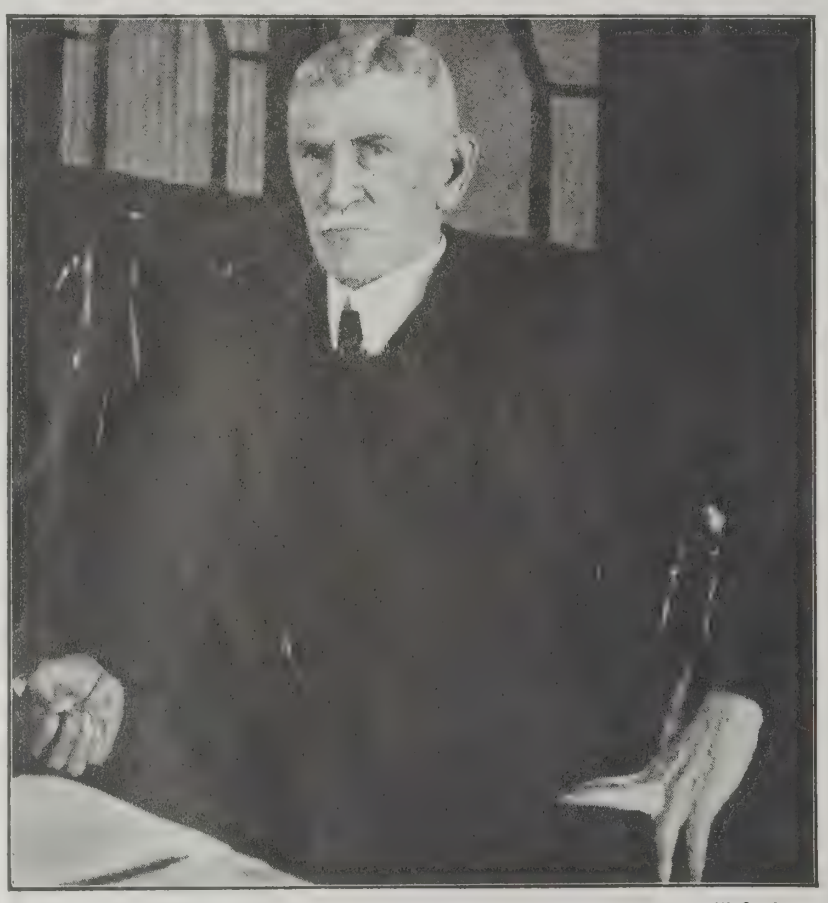
Breeds Discontent

I CONCEDE that the purposes of many of the laws passed are most benevolent ones, most beneficient ones, most humane ones. This nation, however, is going through the travail of reactionary conditions, through the operation of inevitable economic laws whose processes have already begun. The year will be a hard year for producer and consumer. Business is depressed. These untoward conditions breed discontent and sometimes disaster. There is no royal road to prosperity—certainly no legislative road, through which these conditions can be avoided. We must meet them and overcome them in the good old way, as we did in 1837, in 1873 and in 1893, and those whom we have educated to believe that they will find their panaceas through legislation will be bitter in their resentment toward those who fail to extend them, or who, attempting to extend them, shall not measure up to the limit of expectation. But one can no more suspend the operation of universal economic laws than he can obstruct the tides of nature. The power of human legislation is limited. Nothing that we have attempted to regulate is quite so satisfactory as it was before the attempt was made. Nothing that we propose to regulate by bringing it within the dominion and jurisdiction of a government bureau will be improved by that process. But we have reached that situation in our constantly expanded jurisdiction and we have yielded so long and so consistently to the demands of any interest sufficiently strong politically to influence our action that it is the most natural thing in the world, when a man's business becomes bad and untoward conditions confront him, he should run to the government of the United States for relief. The Federal Government has become to the popular conception a paternal, all-wise, all-powerful, all-resourceful institution, possessing omniscient authority and unlimited wealth, both of which should be used for the correction of all the mistakes and the reparation of all the misfortunes of its people.

If we continue this infinite series of legislation affecting the person, affecting his association with his fellow man, affecting domestic affairs, affecting his business, we will soon affect his politics, arouse his hostility, and, by our irritation, possibly alienate his loyalty to the government, which is charged with the duty of protecting and not persecuting.

But there is protection and protection. The principle of protection is not unlimited. The nation is now protection mad. Because of it, instead of the lobby which President Wilson is said to have destroyed in 1913 there are in the city of Washington more than a hundred lobbies, each charged with some particular mission, interested in some specific subject, and all aimed either at congressional legislation without an appropriation or with one; generally the latter. The establishment of some of these institutions necessarily leads to the establishment of others. The policy becomes infectious, and it is nearly all prompted by group selfishness. Few, if any of them, have given thought to or are greatly concerned about the general interests of the people of the United States or to the needs and welfare of the republic as a whole.

Much of our legislation is hasty legislation. All hasty legislation is bad. Legislation thus passed because confronted by an emergency condition, nationwide in its effect, is about the most dangerous pastime Congress can indulge in. It is true that some bills have been offered as emergency legislation for a limited period, but Congress has never in my experience enacted any emergency legislation without establishing precedents for other emergencies, and nearly all such legislation has eventually become permanent. Before the expiration of the limitation some influence, some interest, some political power behind the bill will thunder at the gates of the Capitol for another extension. It will be equipped with abundant excuses, one being that the initial period has not given the necessary time for the new statute to function.



(C) Press Ill. Service

SENATOR THOMAS OF COLORADO

In a speech in the Senate, Senator Thomas, without attacking the League of Nations Covenant, but by analysis of the proposed League in the light of history and the present situation throughout the world, delivered one of the most paralyzing blows yet suffered by the ex-President's followers in this fight. Until making this speech, Mr. Thomas recently was counted among the faithful Democratic adherents of the League scheme.

Apart from the sinister effect of lobbying influences upon legislators and legislation is the more serious effect which national organizations for the promotion or prevention of legislation peculiar to themselves have upon the element of national unity. These multitudinous organizations spreading all over the country and represented at the capital by their duly appointed delegates are necessarily selfish; they are largely self-contained. They repel mutuality of purpose, unless logrolling, as it is called, becomes necessary, and the policy of "I pat your back if you will pat my back" obtains. Such mutuality is always demoralizing.

Bureaucratic Perfection

WHAT has not yet been bureaucratized will be before the nation is five years older. I think I am safe in asserting that one-half of the bills that are enacted into law by Congress require for their operation and administration a bureau or a board or a commission, and once it is created it becomes immortal. It defies time, tides, and the threatening processes of political instability. Any attempt to remove such law is met by truculent political opposition, with the result that members damn them in the cloakroom and vote for them in the Senate. Many members are for any given bill because they dare not be against it. Senators are afraid of the lobbies, especially since they now help each other and expect mutual favors. The only thing on earth that stands between most of these organizations and legislation is the absence of a roll call, and as soon as it is ascertained that a roll call will accomplish all that is desired, some one will always see that it is had.

What we need above all things else today for the commonweal is unity, oneness of national sentiment and purpose. We are divided racially, industrially, economically; the cement which binds the people of the states is disintegrating and disappearing in the jarring contention of conflicting interests—economic, political and social. The process will continue unless Congress, recognizing this sinister situation, shall taboo all systems and species of Washington lobbyism. Left to itself, the evil will grow and the disintegration continue, with deplorable consequences to the country.

During the last session of Congress I think I received about twenty-five or thirty letters and telegrams from the good women of my state calling upon me to support a certain measure; and I was satisfied that the ladies of the other states had been just as busy with their representatives in Congress as mine had been with me. It is pretty hard to refuse a good woman, a conscientious woman, and it is equally hard to refuse a good and conscientious man. I know how hard it has been. Therefore, while we wished them in Tophet when we were in the cloakroom, we would sing their praises upon the floor and tell them how ready we had been for years to vote for this or similar legislation.

That sort of support to me, however, means absolutely nothing. I will guarantee that I could take any measure that has promise of an appropriation for local expenditure and I can get the support for it of practically all of the men and women of the state where the money is to be expended.

It counts, of course; it counts so much that we legislate in the Congress not according to our convictions but according to the demands of our constituents; in other words, we are no longer Senators; we are delegates; we are becoming rubber stamps.

We used to keep one ear to the ground, but now we keep both, and as soon as we think we know what the prevailing sentiment is at home we are able to make up our minds. As a result leadership, statesmanship, originality of legislation, the standards of the Congress and of legislatures have been transformed, and when the whip cracks outside we get into line. This is bureaucracy in action.

Treasury Siege Perennial

A MAN can not be a Senator or Representative and be true to himself and serve the people of the United States to the best of his ability if he yields his judgment or conforms his action to the persuasive efforts of organized interests, political or otherwise; we must either be representatives or delegates.

If members of Congress are sent to Washington merely to record the will or the demand of those interested in national legislation, because seemingly formidable, they serve neither the country nor themselves. They cease to be representatives. Their places may be important to them; they cease to be important to any one when their functions are performed with an eye single to their continued enjoyment.

Once I declared the breed of Treasury watchdogs to be extinct. I was mistaken. There are more watchdogs of the Treasury than ever before, but they are watching for an opportunity to break into it, and if the opportunity does not present itself they make it. The siege of Balaklava was not a circumstance compared to the perennial siege of the Federal Treasury. Everyone who thirsteth is there with his own watchdog, many of them in the two Houses, watching for an opportunity to increase their compensation, secure added appropriations, swell expenditures, and thereby increase the burdens of taxation.

Hasty legislation not infrequently means unconstitutional legislation. A man is a fool who in the Congress of the United States questions the constitutionality of any bill in these days. He only provokes ridicule, if not pity and contempt. What is the Constitution between appropriation bills and their exponents? What does it amount to in the face of an overwhelming petition of those who are interested in a given measure? In the first place there will be very few who will question it in the courts unless it immediately concerns them, and in the next place any and everything seems now to be in the power of the Federal Congress that the judgment, the whim, or the caprice of its several members seems to think desirable.

If such legislation as has been before the Congress in recent times had been supposed even a remote fantastic possibility in the early days, the Constitution of the United States would have been rejected and with it the Federal system. One of the objections most frequently urged against its acceptance was the possible extension of the powers of the General Welfare Clause into the domain of the states; but the absorption of their police powers through social and economic regulations and the use of public monies for their local administration and enforcement was neither foreseen nor imagined.

What Farmers Expect of New Administration

By E. E. MILLER

EIGHT years ago, when the appointment of Mr. Houston as Secretary of Agriculture was announced, a surprised and disappointed southern farmer commented thus on the news: "House-ton, Hooston, whoever or whatever he is—where in the dickens did the President find him, anyhow?"

Nobody asked such a question when the appointment of Secretary Wallace was announced. The farmers of the country knew him—knew of him, at least, and thought of him as one of themselves. Mr. Harding made a good impression on the farmers when he selected Mr. Wallace for Secretary of Agriculture, and he strengthened that impression when he declined to change his selection on account of the opposition of the packers. Many farmers do not favor the proposed packer regulation bills; but almost to a man they would have resented a packer veto on the choice of a Secretary of Agriculture.

The President has made a good start, then, with the farmers, both in his selection of agriculture's representative in the Cabinet and in his oft-repeated expressions of interest in the development of a more profitable agriculture and a finer and more satisfactory type of farm life. In all that he has said along these lines, however, he has talked only in the widest generalities, and farmers are not going to be satisfied with generalities. They are going to expect a great deal of the new administration. Mr. Harding's own words are responsible for part of these great expectations; the general feeling that farmers lately have not been getting all that was justly coming to them is responsible for part of them; the deliberate conviction of the majority of thinking farmers that they must have certain specific things in a legislative or administrative way to enable them to hold their own in the business world is responsible for still more of these expectations.

The First Thing Expected

WHAT things, then, we may ask, are these that the farmers expect of Mr. Harding and his party and what are the reasons for these expectations?

First of all, they are expecting that the administration make an effort, at least, to look at things from the farm point of view, that it have a sympathetic understanding of the farmer's particular problems and conditions. The evident lack of this understanding alienated the farmers generally from Mr. Wilson's administration, despite a record of constructive legislation of direct benefit to agriculture unequaled in any preceding administration, or in any three or four of them. The Federal Land Bank Act, the National Warehouse Act, the establishment of the Bureau of Markets, the inauguration of cost of production studies, and the development of the grain standardization work by the Department of Agriculture—these are all matters of vital importance to the farmers of the country. But the average farmer could not be expected to feel very grateful for them and what they might do for him in the future when he saw the administration apparently forgetting his interests, or failing to understand his most fundamental problems. A new policy in this regard, farmers will certainly and justly expect.

In the next place, farmers are going to expect a definite legal recognition of their right to combine for the marketing of their products. A bill to assure them of this right passed both Houses of the last Congress—amended so as to be valueless by the Senate—and then died in conference. Farmers do not feel exactly pleasant over this, and they are going to insist on the early passage of a satisfactory measure. Mr. Harding is definitely committed to such legislation and to the general policy of promoting co-operative activity among farmers. It is strange, from the farmer's point of view, that there should be any opposition to this policy, except possibly from the comparatively few people who profit by having the road from producer to consumer long and tortuous rather than short and straight. The farmer cannot understand, either, why his right to join with other farmers in the selling of his products so that he may have a voice in the pricing of them, as he now has not, should ever have been questioned. When he forms such associations and goes into the market place to bargain on equal terms with the buyer of his products, he is doing exactly what labor does when it forms a union and insists on helping determine its own wages, or what capital does when, by organizing a corporation, it masses the strength of many men for more effective business dealing. The farmer must learn to sell to better advantage, or one of two things will happen. Either farming will become so unprofitable that it will be hard to keep sufficient people on the farms to supply the country with food, or else the purchaser of food will have to pay ridiculously high prices for it. No man who has any real understanding of the situation can ever imagine that present prices of farm products, comparatively speaking, can be a permanent thing in this country of increasing industrial preponderance.

Present System a Scandal

INDEED, the present system of marketing farm products is a sad commentary on our boasted business efficiency. It is little than a national scandal that out of every dollar the consumer pays for food, only 45 cents should be paid for the production of that food, while 55 cents is paid for getting it from the producer to the consumer. Before the Great War, the Danish farmer, exporting his bacon and dairy products to England, got 60 per cent of what the British consumer paid for them. He got this larger per cent because he knew how to market co-operatively. The development of co-operative marketing by the farmers of this country is a matter of prime importance to them and of increasing importance to the consumers.

Of course, the government cannot develop such a system of marketing. Great business changes of this kind are not the result of legislation, but of the gradual development of economic forces. The shortcomings of the present machinery of distribution must be corrected by the people who raise food to sell and the people who buy it. At the same time, legislation and governmental policies can help or hinder the progress that is being made along this line. The farmer has a right to expect help from the incoming administration. A continuation and extension of the work of the Bureau of Markets, such strengthening of the National Warehouse Act as time may show needed, continued cost of production investigations, close observation of foreign markets and foreign trade tendencies—all these will help the farmer to sell his products to better advantage.

Credits Must Be More Flexible

THE farmer is expecting, too, and with right, the development of a more adequate and more flexible system of farm credits. Until the passage of the Federal Farm Loan Act, there had never been in this country any attempt by the national government to provide a system of credit to meet the needs of agriculture. The Farm Loan Act has already justified itself. It needs to be strengthened in some ways and extended; and to have as a companion to it legislation that will provide short-time personal credits for the rural districts. The need for such credit, the right of farmers to it, especially of farmers of small capital and little available collateral, and the beneficial effects certain to flow from sound legislation along this line, are all admitted by every student of this problem. Present banking systems, serviceable as they are to him, were not made for the farmer, and do not fit in with his conditions. A thorough study of the various proposals for making the farmer's potential credit resources available to him, and the early enactment of a carefully thought-out short-time credit act are things farmers will insist upon.

Farmers, again, have a right to insist upon more consideration than they have had in the making of tariff laws. Most tariffs have been written primarily to protect the manufacturing interests. The farmer has come to the place where he insists upon his share of "protection." There are high-tariff farmers and low-tariff farmers, but they are all going to insist that farming be given equal treatment with other industries in tariff making. This, in the long run, is going to mean an overwhelming rural protest against excessively high tariff rates. For this country is still a large exporter of farm products and the prices of all these products are largely determined by the prices of the export surplus. Unduly high import duties on manufactured goods are bound to add to the farmer's burdens, even though the duties on foreign farm products be sky high. As long as he produces a surplus that must be sold abroad, international supply and demand are going to be the most potent factors in the fixing of prices of farm products. The farmer will no longer be satisfied to go "unprotected" while other industries are bolstered by high tariffs, but it would be quite possible to "protect him almost to death."

Probably no pre-election promise of Mr. Harding pleased the farmers more than his promise of giving agriculture representation on the great semi-judicial and executive bodies that have come to play such an important part in our scheme of government. The Tariff Commission, for example, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board—on these the farmers feel they have a right to be represented. The feeling is justifiable. The decisions and recommendations of these and similar bodies affect the farmers directly and often vitally. Right now, whether rightly or wrongly, most farmers are blaming the Federal Reserve Board for hastening the processes of "deflation" at the expense of agriculture. In whatever has to do with transportation or commerce, the farmer has an interest exceeded by that of no other class of business men.

And There Are Other Things, Too

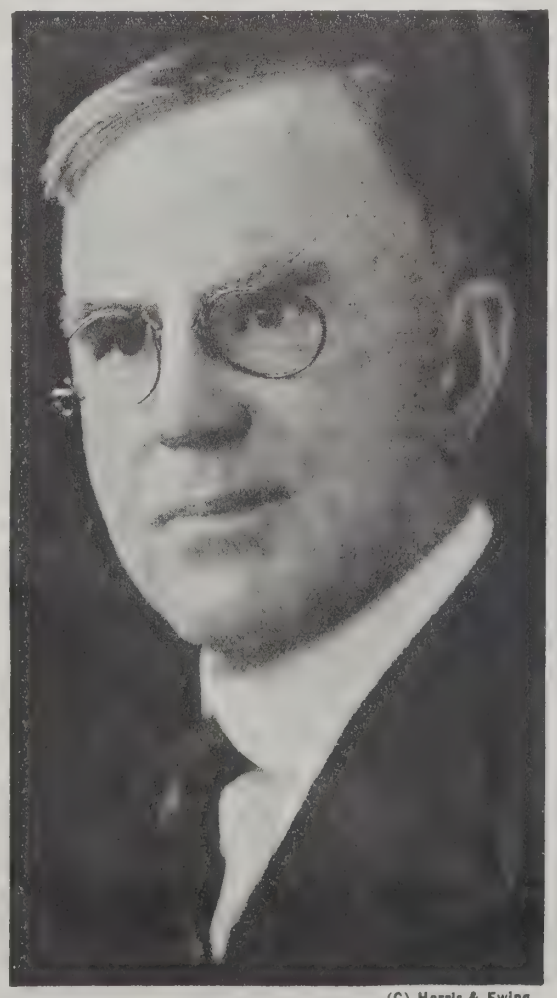
THIS brings up the still unsettled questions of the railroads, of the waterways, of the public highways, and of the adjustment of all these to and with each other so as to give us a thoroughly serviceable and truly national system of transportation. It is becoming increasingly evident that the past policy of considering one means of transportation without regard to any of the others cannot solve the problem of cheap and speedy transportation. That it be solved, the welfare of the whole country demands, the welfare of the farmer especially. The value of his products is often determined by the ease with which he can get them to market. Whenever the means of transportation are lacking, or fail to function, the farmer's profits decrease and his place of residence becomes less desirable as a home. Every facility that brings him into closer touch with the outside world adds to both the profit and the pleasure of farming. The farmer has a right to expect from the approaching administration some real study of the whole big problem of transportation.

In addition to these matters of domestic policy, farmers are expecting—probably first of all—peace. A definite understanding of our international relations and a chance to get back as far as may be toward normal business relations with other countries are of vital importance to American agriculture.

Peace, actual and technical, and a settled foreign policy, must prepare the way for agricultural progress and prosperity.

The New Secretary of Agriculture

LIKE his immediate predecessor, the new Secretary of Agriculture, Henry C. Wallace, is a typical product of the Corn Belt. As Edward Meredith was a practical farmer and editor of a successful farm weekly, so Henry Wallace has held high place in the esteem and affection of a large agricultural constituency in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska as a man whose knowledge of farming and its problems is born of practical experience and so could be trusted. For many years *Wallace's Farmer* has been a farm authority in the Mississippi Valley. The two men were neighbors in Des Moines and friends, despite their variance in political affiliation.



(C) Harris & Ewing

HENRY C. WALLACE, Secretary of Agriculture.

Specializing in stock raising and dairying, Secretary Wallace has from the first given earnest attention to the fullest development of his natural vocation and his fondness for farm life. In the best sense of the term, he is a scientific agriculturist, a modern cultivator of the soil and exponent of modern ideas and methods in the basic industry of the nation. Availing himself of every opportunity to obtain fuller knowledge, he has been quick to put his knowledge to the practical test in experiment on a constantly expanding scale, so he may rightfully be ranked with those whom a French philosopher declared are the true benefactors of mankind: the men who make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before.

Born at Rock Island, Illinois, 55 years ago, he was educated in the public schools and at the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, of Ames, Iowa. Soon after winning his B.S.A. degree, he established himself on a big farm in Adair County, Iowa, as a general farmer and breeder of thoroughbred live stock. For three years, beginning in 1893, he was also professor of dairying in Iowa State College. These experiences led up naturally to the newspaper career in which he has become since so well known, for he combined his professorship with the editorship of the *Creamery Gazette* and *Farm and Dairy*.

In 1895 he became manager and associate editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, in which position he continued until February, 1916, when he became editor, shortly afterward acquiring control of the publication. He is now president and treasurer of the Wallace Publishing Company and of the Capital City Printing Plate Company at Des Moines; a director of the Central State Bank and a member of the executive committee of the United States Live Stock Industry Commission, while he has been secretary of the Corn Belt Meat Producers' Association for 15 years. He is also permanent chairman of the National Shippers' Conference.

During the war, Mr. Wallace served as member of the Y. M. C. A. National War Work Council, and of the International Committee, in addition to being chairman of the Iowa State Executive Committee. A lifelong Republican, he is a member of the United Presbyterian Church and a "good mixer" generally. There is every prospect of his keeping the Federal Agricultural Department up to a high standard of efficiency and usefulness, and perhaps to set new standards that will mean much for the advancement of American farmers and farming.

A New Type of Producer

By JOHN B. WALLACE

FOR the past decade the motion picture world has been sadly in need of new blood. The production end of the game has been dominated by two classes of men; the dreamers who wished to do great, almost impossible things but were lacking in business ability and commercial training, and the men who viewed the films as purely a commercial proposition and were willing to prostitute the screen with any type of picture that would bring in the money. The first class of producers had wonderful ideas but have failed because of the lack of business instinct, the second class has succeeded financially but has brought the industry to the verge of ruin through their moral callousness.

What was needed was a producer who combined sound financial sense with high ideals and in Benjamin Bowles Hampton the screen obtained an accession that completely filled the bill.

Hampton comes of good American stock on both sides. The Hamptons and Randolphs of Virginia and the Bowles of New England are of the oldest white families on our youthful continent. Mr. Hampton is in his forty-sixth year, is married and has five children. He is a clean-minded, clean-living citizen who is ready to fight at the drop of the hat for a principle. Time has tempered his radicalism but has not tempered his fighting spirit.

Hampton comes of a newspaper family and at the age of fifteen he was running true to type—no pun intended—by conducting a country weekly at Macomb, Illinois. When twenty he moved to Galesburg, Illinois, and ran a daily and weekly paper for five years.

He then succumbed to the lure of New York where he first engaged in general journalistic work and then went into advertising.

The advertising agency which he established proved to be very successful and finally he was tempted to try the publishing game. He bought a publication that was on its last legs, renamed it *Hampton's Magazine* and in a few years had increased its circulation from 12,000 to 440,000. But Hampton had tried to do what is practically impossible for a man without unlimited capital; that is, to run a strictly independent magazine.

He went after the big corporations, especially the railroads. His attack was so vigorous, his facts so unassailable and his logic so convincing that the interests became alarmed. They resolved to put him out of business and using the old tactics of frightening his stockholders and shutting off his bank credit they succeeded. In 1911 Hampton gave up his magazine and flat broke set about looking for a job.

While conducting his advertising agency Hampton had handled the advertising of the American Tobacco Company and when the Supreme Court dissolved the tobacco trust he was offered the position of vice president of the new company. In his new position besides having charge of the sales he looked after the public policies of the company in its relation to social and legislative affairs.

He was with this company for six years. Then the possibilities of the motion picture began to interest him. He invested some money in stock in various companies, and finally decided to go into the business himself as a producer.

Although the star system was all the rage among producers at that time, Hampton saw far enough into the future to realize that it was but a phase of a new industry and that the story was the thing. He tried out his theory with Rex Beach's novel, "The Barrier." When it was finished he was unable to sell it. The exhibitors told him he was crazy.

A picture without a star would be a frost. Finally he was driven to hire his own theater in New York in order to show it. The picture was such a success that the prices were run up to $1.50 a seat, a price never heard of for a picture house before. "The Barrier" is still running after seven years.

Hampton continued to dabble in motion picture stocks, biding his time to go into the game on the scale he desired. In 1918 he decided that the time was ripe to put his ideas to practical test. He went to California and spent nearly two years investigating producing conditions. Then he started lining up authors. Some of those whose works he obtained were Zane Grey, Winston Churchill, Stewart Edward White, Emerson Hough, Harry Leon Wilson, Vincente Blasco-Ibanez, Upton Sinclair, Owen Wister, George W. Cable, Gene Stratton Porter, B. M. Bower, Thomas Nelson Page and William Allen White.

He then proceeded to star the author and to pick the cast to suit the story, not to make the story to suit the star as had been the universal custom.

In his latest picture, which is not at this writing released, William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man," Hampton has made a radical departure from the accepted type of picture. At a preview recently held it created a sensation among the newspaper men who viewed it.

In the same vigorous manner in which he went gunning for the men responsible for the abuses of corporation power, Hampton has gone after the men who are responsible for the prostitution of the motion picture. Last fall he declared war upon the pictures of sex appeal. In speeches and magazine articles he scathingly denounced the men who through the screen were corrupting the taste and morals of the coming generation.

At first the men behind the pictures were aghast at this attack from within their own ranks, but the wave of public sentiment aroused by Hampton and other agencies outside the industry convinced some of them that Hampton was right. Instead of fighting him they announced they were about to "clean up" the industry from the inside. Today he stands in the unique position of having his bitterest business rivals compelled



BENJAMIN BOWLES HAMPTON

to take action and aid him in his crusade against the conscienceless producers.

"I felt the best way was to attempt to make the producers themselves clean houses," Hampton told me as we sat in his study at his beautiful home in the Wilshire district in Los Angeles. "When the public attempts to reform an industry it is apt to swing the pendulum too far and wreck the business. No picture should be shown upon the screen that is not fit for children to see. There is no excuse in art or plot for showing unclothed women in the pictures.

"Unexpurgated editions of classic authors are kept under lock and key so that the children cannot read them, yet these same children see in the picture houses every day illustrated stories that would put to shame the ancient writers.

"The trouble with the picture industry is that the men at the head of it have not fully realized its scope and significance," he went on. "Not since the days of the entertainments in ancient Rome has there been a form of amusement with such universal appeal. Books and magazines have only a limited number of readers, limited because of lack of opportunity and education. The speaking stage also can have but a limited patronage because of the prices that must be charged and lack of theaters with adequate facilities. But motion pictures can go everywhere, can reach every type of humanity from the highest to the lowest. They need no elaborate stage settings. They can be shown in a barn if necessary. The audience does not need to be educated, not even literate to grasp the story. They are absolutely a new medium of expression, such a medium as has never been known before in the world's history.

"Another mistake that has been made by producers is that pictures are allied to the theater. This is perhaps because most of the men in the business today are recruited from the stage. That is why the star system was adopted and why the spectacle picture became dominant. But it is, in my opinion, a mistaken view.

"The action in a motion picture is much more closely allied to the action in a novel than it is to a play. A play must have a series of dramatic climaxes to be a success. A novel tells a story, it may be dramatic or it may not. The screen can be made to tell that same story and tell it smoothly like the novel told it, not in a series of big climaxes.

"The script is the big thing, in fact the whole thing in a motion picture. A certain responsibility rests upon the director and upon the actors but if it isn't in the script it isn't in the picture. That is only logic. The whole picture industry has been based upon false and illogical premises. First the actor, the star, was the whole thing, next the director was featured, but now at last they are coming to see that it is the writer and the writer alone who is really important."

Mr. Hampton spends but very little time with the camera man during the actual filming of his pictures. But in his study is a big white screen and there every shot is gone over carefully. If a friend has a daughter or sister whom he wishes to put in the pictures, Hampton wastes no time in questions or vain argument. She is told to go out to the studio and have some shots taken. Then the screen in Hampton's study tells the tale as to whether she will do.

In his study over his big garage this writer, publicist, financier and producer, who has regained in his pictures the fortune he lost in his magazine venture, plans his reforms. For Benjamin Bowles Hampton is essentially a reformer, a crusader. With his mixture of Puritan and Cavalier blood what else could he be?

How Senator-Scientist Views Farm Problem

Concluded from page 7

will flock to the cities as soon as they grow up. In fact, the most saddening aspect of many farming districts now is the scarcity if not the entire absence of young men and women who already have gone en masse to the cities.

"The problem is a farming one in the primary sense only. The matter of earnings is only incidental. The great question is keeping people, and the right sort of people, on the farms to produce the food the country's population must have. You must remember that no man is bound to the farm as was once the case; theoretically anyone there can leave as thousands and thousands have done.

"And they will continue to leave as long as the best prizes of life lie outside of farming. We are already on the verge of becoming importers instead of exporters of foodstuffs. When (if we should) we become dependent on foreign countries for food, our country will be in a dangerous position. If present tendencies continue that is liable to happen within less than ten years.

"It will be much easier to meet and solve the crisis before than after it comes. This is the lesson of other countries and of our own, in the last year or two, with regard to railroads and merchant shipping.

"The farmer must be recognized as a business man and industrialist and given the protection and the help that the country has given to other businesses and industries. He must have the credit facilities that go with sound business. He must be informed on national and international conditions that will affect the demand and the prices paid for his product, so that he may not produce surpluses that will be wasted for lack of market, and yet avoid deficiencies that may cause thousands to go hungry. He must have some say as to when and how he shall sell what he produces, just as other business men can hold or sell as conditions warrant. The processes of distribution must be simplified and cheapened, for the benefit of consumers as well as producers. Opportunities for speculation must be reduced. He must be enabled to keep up his plant, for that plant, as until recently could be done, cannot be duplicated whenever the old one wears out.

"The farmer must not only be enabled to live, without taking from coming generations the wealth Nature spent centuries storing in the soil and fairly to accumulate without depending on unearned increment; he must be enabled to live as other people live, that is, he must have his measure of the comforts, the recreations, the luxuries, as it were, which progress has provided cheaply for non-farmers. This means good and well-equipped homes, churches, schools, roads.

"The American farmer can do much through cooperation and he is now ready, as never before, to act in concert with all in his class. But he can't do it all. Others must help, and they should help, for the agricultural problems of the country involve farmers only incidentally. You must not forget that if famine came, the farmer would have first call on what food is available. Hence in the last analysis the subject is more important to city folk than to the farming population.

"Its importance may not be realized by city people now, though the tendency of food prices to remain high despite the collapse of farm prices should bring it home to them. What they should remember is that when the crisis comes they will suffer most and it will be too late to find easily applied remedies."

Government Success on Waterways

Concluded from page 3

retained in service. Old-type boats, mainly packets, with which the barges have been handled in the first stages of the development of this service, are being discarded as rapidly as the new towboats are delivered. While the 40 new steel barges will add much to the carrying capacity of the service, most of the old barges will be retained, the officials believing traffic soon will require all available carriers.

For the Warrior River service proper, between Mobile and Port Birmingham, towboats of lower power than those in use on the Mississippi are being installed. The first of these, the "Cordova" is in service as these lines are written, and two others, the "Demopolis" and the "Tuscaloosa," about to be delivered. These boats are of the same general type as the towboats described above for the Mississippi River service, but are smaller in size, being 140 feet long, 24 feet molded beam, and eight feet nine inches deep, with a draft of six feet. They are equipped to burn coal, but otherwise the propelling and other machinery and its location is the same as on the larger towboats.

Barges for use in this Warrior, Tombigbee and Black Warrior river service, are of wood, and of the open-hopper type. Twenty of these have been provided for use in the coal trade in and out of the Birmingham district.

The third branch of the service, between New Orleans and points on Mobile Bay, Warrior River, Tombigbee River and Black Warrior River, is getting four towboat-barges, which not only can handle cargo in their own holds and on deck, but can tow fleets of barges as well. These towboat-barges are 280 feet long, 49 feet beam and nine feet deep, drawing about five feet of water. They are planned to handle coal from the Alabama fields into New Orleans, and package cargo of general merchandise on the return trip from the Louisiana port.

Adventures of the World's Master Trickster

"Kellar the Great," Now Retired, Relates Experiences in Humbugging His Audience, the American Public

ALTHOUGH it was an American showman in the last century who enunciated the celebrated dictum, "The public likes to be humbugged," that principle has been known and acted upon since the dawn of history. Under such various names as magic, black art, necromancy, illusion, medicine-making, faking, sleight-of-hand, wizardry and spiritualism, the art of the trickster has been practiced in every age and in every clime. The ancient priests used it as an aid to religion, primitive people of all lands have had their superstitious instincts quickened by their medicine men and even in these modern times we find clever fakirs taking advantage of our awe of the unknown world through what is known as spiritualism.

Truly an ancient art compounded one-half of natural quickness of wit, manual dexterity and inventive ingenuity, and the other half pure nerve and assurance. The magician pits his wits against the public and wins invariably for several reasons. His audience is prepared to be fooled and he is prepared to fool them. He is in the advantageous position of a salesman whose customers want his goods. He knows perfectly every move that he is going to make while his audience is placed at the disadvantage of the unexpected. In addition to the native quickness of wit which he must possess to be a success in his profession, he is constantly making it sharper and keener by daily brushes with the public. Like a trained athlete he attacks and defends by instinct and he has the same advantage that a trained athlete has over a man of equal strength who is not in condition. A fourth advantage is in the fact that he seldom has to fool the same audience many times in succession. The most clever magician could not hope to face the same audience day after day with the same tricks and not be detected by some one.

Keller Now in the Seventies

THE art of magic or illusion is one that is constantly growing in possibilities. Compare the paraphernalia that the old-time performers had to work with and that of the modern illusionist. It is like comparing the stage of Shakespeare's time with the spectacular productions of today. With all the devices of electricity and other inventions of modern science at hand it is small wonder that the illusionist can baffle his audience. But in the old days it took something more than ingenious appliances.

There is a man who has bridged the gap between the days when a magician was but a sort of sublimated juggler depending entirely upon his sleight-of-hand and his quick wit and the illusionist of today with his elaborate apparatus and mechanical paraphernalia.

Harry Keller, or Kellar as he was known on the stage, is now in his seventies. Ten years ago he retired from the stage and purchased the beautiful home in Los Angeles where he now resides. He had well earned his retirement after forty-seven years of active service as a magician and illusionist, during which time he had appeared in every country on the globe. But the old master three years ago proved that he had lost none of the cleverness which entitled him to be called "Kellar the Great" when he appeared at a benefit performance for the Antilles sufferers at the Hippodrome in New York. The ovation he received on that occasion is still the talk of theatrical circles.

Although retired, Mr. Keller is far from being a recluse. He still retains that quickness of intellect and vigorous energy that kept him for years in the forefront of entertainers. Los Angeles is second only to New York as a theatrical center and few are the stars of stage and screen who fail to renew their acquaintance with this well-beloved comrade.

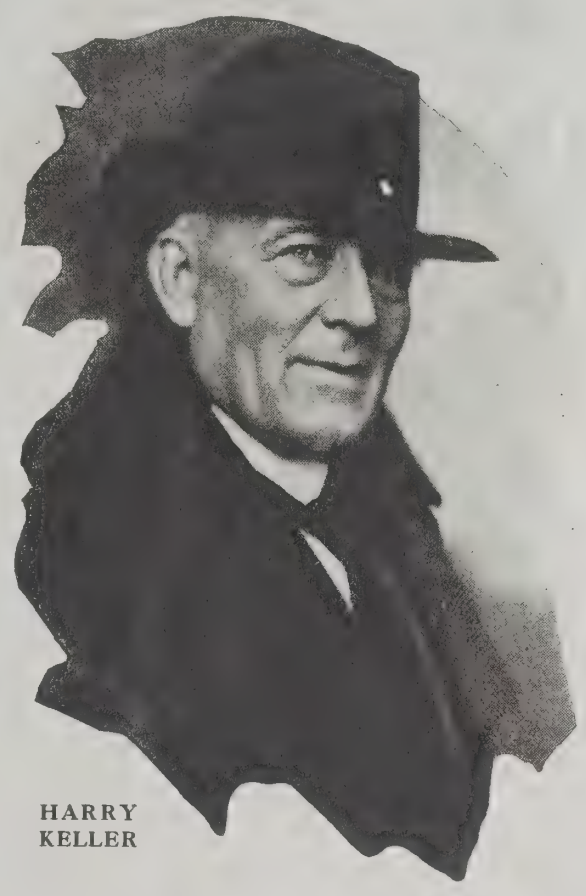
Best Illusionists Are Americans

NOT only has Mr. Keller known every prominent member of the theatrical world but his acquaintanceship embraces statesmen, diplomats, financiers, sportsmen, authors, editors, musicians and ministers. It is difficult to mention a great man of the past sixty years whom Keller has not met. The walls of his home are lined with autographed photographs of celebrities ranging from Theodore Roosevelt, Queen Victoria, Mark Twain, Lillian Russell to Billy Sunday and Raymond Hitchcock. His library is filled with scrapbooks containing clippings from nearly every city and town in both the civilized and uncivilized world. Handbills in every tongue, some printed on silk, testify to the wanderings of this American magician. And speaking of Americans, Mr. Keller was asked who were the best exponents of his art. He answered, "Americans."

Further questioning elicited the fact that practically all the present top-notch illusionists are Americans born and bred. The foreign-sounding names of most of them are assumed for advertising purposes. Even the Hindoos, famed as fakirs, he says, are children compared with an American magician, their tricks being so simple that they are regarded as only in the primary stage of the art.

Keller was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, shortly before the stirring days of the War of the Rebellion. He attended school and during vacations worked in a drug store as a sort of general roustabout. When he was in his tenth year he heard that the Fakir Ava, a noted magician of that day, whose real name was Henry Hughes, wanted a boy to assist him in his performances. The boy Keller walked to Hughes' farm just outside of Buffalo to apply for the job.

"As I walked up to the house a black and tan dog ran out and escorted me to the front porch," Keller



HARRY KELLER

said. "Hughes met me at the door. He noticed the dog jumping up on me and licking my hands. 'That is a good omen,' he said, 'that pup has chased off about two dozen kids who came here for that job. I guess he has elected you.'"

Thus Keller started on the career that was to take him a dozen times or more around the world. Under Hughes he learned all the tricks of the trade and he proved to be an apt pupil. Keller was always blessed with a remarkable memory. One glance at a number, no matter if it runs into the millions, and he can repeat it to you twenty years after.

Fools His Former Partner

HE GAVE an instance of this power in an incident concerning Bill Fay, a former partner of his years before. He had left Fay in London and had not seen him for thirty-five years. Fay, who had quit the stage and settled in Australia, while on a tour of the United States, was a guest of the Kellers in Los Angeles.

One evening Keller, who is full of sly humor, said to him:

"Bill, do you know my wife is clairvoyant?"

Fay, who had been in the game too long to have any illusions about such things, laughed.

"What's the joke, Harry?" he asked.

"I am not joking. I'll prove it to you. What is your watch number?"

Fay confessed he did not know and started to pull the timepiece from his pocket. Keller stopped him.

"No, this is clairvoyance, not mind reading. What is the number of your wife's watch?"

Fay did not know that, either.

Turning to his wife Keller said, "Tell them the numbers, my dear."

Mrs. Keller promptly gave the correct numbers. Fay was dumfounded. Experienced as he was in the game this was something new to him.

"But how did you do it?" Keller was asked.

"Simple enough," he replied. "I remembered the numbers and had given them to Mrs. Keller."

"Suppose Fay had bought a new watch since you last saw him," I objected.

"I would have been stuck," Keller confessed. "But then you see I knew Bill Fay."

Keller has a system for remembering numbers. It is based on the phonetic system each figure having a certain sound. These sounds are associated in a sentence like the key sentences that medical students have for remembering the names of nerves or bones.

Keller also knows all the arithmetical shortcuts and tricks. He can cube any number that you give him under one hundred just as fast as he can write the number down. His mind works like chain lightning and after spending a few hours with him you little wonder that he can fool some of the most intelligent men of the world.

"How is it," he was asked, "that spiritualists can deceive smart men and scientists like Sir Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge?"

"The more intelligent the man and especially the more imagination he has the easier he is to trick," he told me. "Such men are always trying to figure out our tricks on a scientific basis and when they cannot do it they are stumped. Their egotism leads them then to believe that it must be supernatural. The hardest persons to deceive are unimaginative clods or children, especially the street gamin or newsboy. These sharp-witted kids are the bane of every magician."

The story of Keller's adventures would fill the pages of a large book. He has been in shipwreck, flood and fire. He has been stranded in a dozen countries.

He can sit for hours and tell tales of his adventures in different sections of the globe. And he can tell these stories with every name and date. His mind is like a page in which every event of his life is recorded verbatim.

Branded Agent of Devil

HE TOLD how he was stranded in Indiana in the early seventies; how he walked to Chicago, tried to steal a ride on a train and was put off in a cemetery; how he walked to Waukegan, Illinois, and was staked to a bed by a good-hearted bartender who also went good for the town hall the next evening where Keller gave a show without a single prop except what he himself was able to make during the day. He packed the hall for three nights in succession and was able to make enough to start him out again on the road. He told of another time when he was broke in Brazil and by enlisting the aid of the king, Dom Pedro, he was able to fill the largest theater in Rio and took away more than $5,000 for the engagement.

Another time when he was landed in a city without any props he had to substitute a kitten for a pig in one of his tricks. The kitten began to mew before it was time for the denouement and to drown out its wails Keller was compelled to mew with it.

He played in Mexico City in 1874 when Mexico was even a wilder country than it is today. The church issued a warning to its members that Keller was an agent of the devil sent on earth to trick men. The result was that the superstitious natives packed the theater at every performance and although every stagecoach that left the city was regularly robbed Keller never had to elevate his hands once while he was in the country.

He took more than five thousand dollars in gold doubloons out of the country packed in asphaltum and after nerve-racking experiences succeeded in evading both the robbers and the government officials.

Keller has played before Queen Victoria, Czar Nicholas of Russia, nearly all the principal rulers of Europe, the rajahs of India, the nobles of China and Japan as well as the big men of South Africa, Australia and South America. He has been staked when financially embarrassed by some of the greatest financiers of the world including the grandfather of the present Pierpont Morgan.

Successor Works With Inventions

KELLER was never especially clever with his hands. His hands are large and his fingers thick like a coal heaver's, as he described them to me. Because of this physical handicap he was driven to invent mechanical devices for most of his illusions. And as a result Keller is today the inventor of the greater part of the modern magician's paraphernalia.

Most of these inventions he has sold or bequeathed to his successor. Keller was the inventor of the famous levitation trick where a body is apparently suspended in the air. This trick while widely imitated has never been done the way Keller does it but by one person to whom the old master told the secret.

Although retired, Keller, true to the ethics of his profession, refuses to explain the thousand and one stunts of the illusionist. He makes one exception. He will expose any person who claims to do his tricks through supernatural aid. He has no use for anyone who uses his art to play upon superstition.

For years he exposed the tricks of so-called spiritualists and other noted fakirs.

"There is nothing a spiritualist can do," he says, "that I cannot do and show how it is done. It is all tricks. Like puzzles they are difficult until you understand them and then you wonder how you could have been so dense. Even an amateur magician can fool me with a new trick for a little while but I will eventually solve it by the process of elimination or figuring out the ways it couldn't have been done."

A Master Bandit Passes

Concluded from page 6



EMILIANO ZAPATA (in black, at left center of photo, marked by arrow below) and a few of the men of his notorious "Death Legion," the nucleus of his army. This photograph, as well as others showing Zapata in this story, was made at or near Cuernavaca, Mexico, in the winter of 1911 and the spring of 1912, when Zapata was making his remarkable rise to power in that republic.

Cruz, a few miles outside the American lines, meanwhile sending a messenger to Huerta, who had once whipped him, and was preparing to start a war of extermination against him, offering all his forces and himself, "to defend Mexico from the Dragon of the North." Huerta's reply either was never made, or never reached Zapata; in any event, it never became known. Huerta fled Mexico through the ancient port of Coatzacoalcos; the United States troops were withdrawn — without the much-wanted salute—and Zapata went back to the control of Southern Mexico.

While all these things were going on, the Carranza-Villa coalition in the north had risen against Huerta. With the wit of Palafox to lead him, Zapata sought a combination with Villa, who, in a few weeks, broke away from Carranza, but for some reason, never quite clear to me unless it were mutual distrust between the leaders, this attempt brought no results, and Venustiano Carranza marched into Mexico City. The Master Bandit, with nearly 25,000 men, the largest army he ever had gathered together, surrounded Mexico City, and captured, one by one, the suburbs of Tlalnepantla, Tacubaya, Tacuba, Coyoacan, San Angel, Xochimilco, Tlalpam, Milpa Alta, and half a score of small villages which dot the beautiful valley of Mexico. There he harried the Carranza forces until they withdrew into the heart of the City of Mexico, and Carranza himself consented to a peace conference at Aguas Calientes, in Northern Mexico, to be attended by delegates from the Carranza, Villa and Zapata factions, in which a provisional president, satisfactory to all, should be selected to serve until such time as all three could settle their difficulties. Carranza evacuated Mexico City, fearing that further fighting in the "City of Palaces" would injure his cause in the eyes of the world—and Zapata moved in, early in 1915.

With Garza's flight Zapata again seized Mexico City, but instead of controlling it as he once did, he began a period of looting seldom equaled in the history of the world. This sack of one of the most beautiful cities in the world attracted little attention. Beginning with the government offices, everything movable was taken, and the national pawnshop compelled to pay fat prices for all the loot. Every picture, many of them priceless oils, was stripped from the national palaces and from the churches, and the national pawnshop compelled to buy them. The magnificent homes of the Limantours, a marble palace which cost, unfurnished, $432,000; the Escandons, valued at $325,000; the Pardos, worth at a low estimate, $200,000, and scores of others, whose values ran into a total of millions, were looted and turned into stables for horses, while the upper floors were given over to the sandal-shod Indian women who follow every army in Mexico. The tiled floors of the magnificent Limantour home were torn out, because, as Zapata said, his "girls were accustomed to dancing on dirt floors, and they slipped on the marble." The library of the Escandon residence, consisting of something like 11,000 volumes, some of them going back to days prior to the Conquest, furnished the fuel wherewith these women of the army cooked the food of their men over small fires in the streets. Girls of the better classes disappeared from hundreds of homes. Proclamations informed the Indian population that the city belonged to them; that they could take such houses as they chose for their own and that, if they lacked food, they were at liberty to shoot any horses seen on the streets not in military service, and eat them.

Pressure was brought to bear on Villa and Carranza, and they persuaded Zapata to send delegates to another peace convention. This meeting never assembled, but Zapata, realizing that he could not hold Mexico City—since it lies in a bowl in the valley and is almost impossible of sustained defense—evacuated the capital when Lagos Chazaro, a former shopkeeper, of the state of Vera Cruz, was named provisional president. Chazaro ruled for about four weeks and disappeared; no one ever has learned where he went, but with his going, Zapata again seized Mexico City, and immediately thereafter Carranza gave him battle. The Carranza troops, numbering about 20,000 men, were commanded by Pablo Gonzales, quite the most capable soldier since Huerta. The Zapatistas, numbering rather more than this, were led by the Zapata brothers. As has been the case in every battle fought in Mexico City, the defenders were unable to hold out, and the Zapatistas were forced back, over the mountain wall, into Cuernavaca, capital of the state of Morelos.

Meanwhile, there had arisen in Northwestern Mexico a new military leader in the person of Alvaro Obregon, who, while supporting Carranza, defeated Francisco Villa, and gave promise of becoming the Man on Horseback, so long ago as the spring of 1916. With Villa defeated by Obregon, Zapata appears to have decided to remain quiet for some months, waiting for national events to shape themselves. He refused to ally himself with the Felix Diaz revolution in the south, and, after his withdrawal from Mexico City, also evacuated Cuernavaca and contented himself for nearly four years with solidifying his control of Southern Mexico, increasing his army, distributing lands to his followers, and otherwise setting up a sort of government within a government less than 100 miles from the federal capital.

Small battles with the federal forces continued almost every month, without apparent damage to Zapata or his army. General Gonzales, with a force as large as that of Zapata, occupied Cuernavaca, and engaged in numerous raids against the Master Bandit, but all without serious result until the beginning of the winter of 1920, when the wires carried the news out of Mexico City that Emiliano Zapata had been killed. That was all; there were no details and it was not until a few days ago when I met the widow of the Master Bandit in New Orleans, that I learned the dramatic story of the end of the Attila of the South. This widow, Maria Flores de Zapata, following his death, fled Mexico, fearing the vengeance of the then Carranza government, and lived for some time hidden among poor families of Mexicans along the Texas border. When the Obregon government came into power and declared amnesty for all political refugees, she came to New Orleans on her way back to seek her parents and family in the town of Cuautla, whence Zapata took her on one of his raids in 1919. Here is her story putting such an end to the career of the Master Bandit as comports well with every day of his life since he was released from the Mexican Army in 1910:

"In the spring of 1920, General Zapata had come again into control of Cuernavaca, about 75 miles south of Mexico City. He had about 12,000 men, for the country had been well looted and there was little to attract men who had lived by robbery for nearly ten years, so that hundreds of them, informed of the offers of amnesty by the Carranza government, had returned to work in the cities and mines and on farms. General Pablo Gonzales came south from Mexico City with about 10,000 or 12,000 men and General Zapata evacuated Cuernavaca, moving to Jojutla, Peltlalcingo and other villages surrounding Cuernavaca, which latter city General Gonzales occupied. A federal force under the command of Colonel Jesus Guajardo was sent against General Zapata where the latter was encamped in the town of Cuautla, but, instead of attacking this place, Colonel Guajardo sent messages to Zapata asking the latter what inducements he would offer if he (Guajardo) would join him with his entire regiment. Zapata was tricked, and, within ten days, a meeting had been arranged at the little Indian village of Calixto, about 10 miles from Cuautla. General Zapata took only ten men and left his brother, Eufemio Zapata, in command of the forces at Cuautla. A passport for Guajardo and ten men was sent to him through the Zapata lines, but Guajardo altered this passport, so that in reality he took 100 men. Then Guajardo notified General Gonzales in Cuernavaca, and the latter launched a night attack against Cuautla, on the evening of the day on which Guajardo and Zapata were to meet in Calixto.

"I went to Calixto with Zapata, who, true to his promise, took only ten men. Guajardo also appeared with ten men, but he left 90 others concealed in the hills a short distance from the meeting place. The village of Calixto lies in a little bowl in the hills, hidden by heavy forests, and consists of only a few houses and about 100 brush *jacales* (huts) in which the Indians live. The men met beneath a large Ahuehuete tree in the center of the village. I sat on the veranda of the house in which Zapata had his headquarters and saw all that went on there. They talked for about an hour, each seated at a table, with the ten men of his party standing behind him. They had some argument, but it appeared to be friendly, and I thought all was going well, when I heard a shouting on the hill back of the village. Looking up, I saw three Indian boys running down the hill as fast as they could run. As they got about half way down the slope, some men appeared at the crest of the hill and began firing at the boys. Two of the boys fell, and then my attention was attracted by shots down at the place of conference.

"When I looked down at the big tree, Guajardo had leaped to his feet and was attacking Emiliano with his saber. Zapata had no weapons except the large machete* he always wore, having left his rifle and pistols in the house, as had also Guajardo. With this he was defending himself. The ten men on either side were shooting at each other with their pistols, but, being so close to each other, soon were fighting hand to hand with their machetes and using their pistols as clubs. General Zapata's flat machete was not suited for use against a saber, and presently I saw it fly from his hand, either knocked out by a blow from Guajardo's saber or by one from some other machete. He tried to rush in past the flying saber blade and grapple with Guajardo—for Zapata, despite his slenderness, was very strong and a skilled wrestler—but, as he rushed in, Guajardo held out his saber, straight, and pierced my husband through with it, so that his body fell forward and was held up only by his enemy's right arm.

"By this time, the rest of Guajardo's men, who were those I had seen shooting at the boys on the hillside, had come up, and the three or four of my husband's men who remained, were lined up against a wall and shot to pieces. Then, while I watched them, helpless, Guajardo stooped down and cut off my husband's head, holding it up by the hair to show that this thing had been Emiliano Zapata. Thereafter, they carried this trophy to Mexico City, so that the officials and the people might be sure that the man who had ruled nearly all of Southern Mexico for more than ten years, was really dead. I fled into the brush and that night when the federal soldiers had gone, I, with the help of some old men and women among the Indians, dragged my husband's body into the brush and buried it and piled stones over it. Two weeks later, in Mexico City, I saw my husband's head on a pole in front of the military barracks, a dried round ball of bone and skin that once had ruled more than 20,000 men."

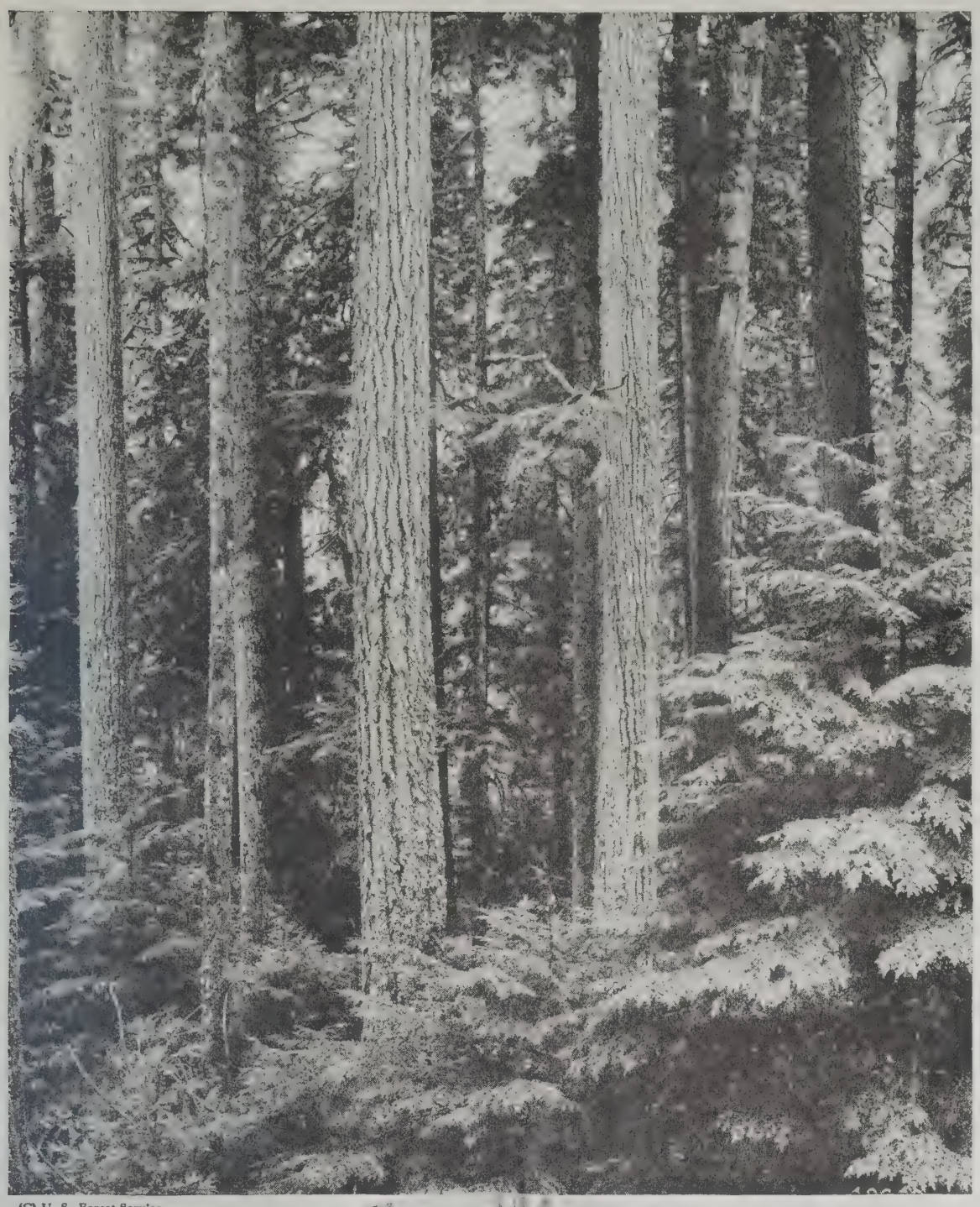
**Machete*--a flat-bladed weapon, not unlike the "corn-knife" used for cutting fodder from stacks in the Middle West of the United States. The Mexican uses it for cutting the brush to build his hut, for cooking his meat over the fire, for beating his wife, for spanking his children, and for killing his enemies. It is a weapon capable of slicing a man from poll to thigh, but not heavy enough to meet an army saber in full swing.

One of the Few Gocarts of China



(C) Gilliams Service

This innocent little pug-nosed daughter of China looks out upon the world from her sumptuous gocart, rigged up with stout bamboo sticks. She has a seat when she is tired, and causes little annoyance to her mama, who, until she became affluent, had to carry her babies on her back, like most mothers in China.



(C) U. S. Forest Service



(C) McKissick

BEFORE AND AFTER THE GREAT STORM

Government experts estimate that eight billion feet of timber will rot to waste or, perhaps through carelessness, be the means of causing a terrible forest conflagration in the virgin forest of the Pacific Slope. The scene is pictured in these "before" and "after" photographs. This timber was leveled by a wind that broke the government instruments at 140 miles an hour.

Who Can Solve This Problem?

Government seeks to salvage eight billion feet of timber blown down by record windstorm in Washington.

THE Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of War, government forest experts, state officials and lumber dealers are looking for a man who can solve a problem that never before has been brought up.

A short time ago a windstorm came in from the Pacific Ocean and raced across the Olympic Peninsula in the northwest section of Washington. It blew down virgin forests 30 miles in width and 75 miles in length; an area almost as large as Connecticut. It was, by all odds, the worst timber storm ever known. It is estimated that many trees were more than 600 years of age. Experts connected with the United States Forest Service at Washington say that at least eight billion feet of lumber are contained in the trees sent crashing to earth or snarled together in a tangled mess in the great waste left by the storm.

Government officials are perplexed and worried. The swath of dead and dying giants of the forest will soon become so dry that it will constitute the greatest fire trap in the United States. A lighted match or an earthward flash of lightning is likely to cause a conflagration that will make the spurting of an average volcano or the burning of Rome seem like a breakfast fire in comparison. Such a fire not only would destroy this tremendous quantity of timber, but would likewise burn fifteen billion feet of beautiful standing forests to the north and south.

Secretary of War Weeks has sent three airplanes to the scene to take photographs and sketch maps to aid in attempting to solve the situation.

It is impossible for many of us readily to grasp such immense quantities as eight billion feet of lumber. Here are a few figures that will help in grasping the facts:

If these eight billion feet of lumber were sawed to boards an inch in thickness there would be enough to lay a board walk 60 feet wide around the earth at the equator. There would be enough planking to build a tight fence 97 feet high around the United States—across the Canadian border, down the Pacific Coast, across the Mexican border, thence along the Gulf and Atlantic coasts to the far corner of Maine. If some young swain with the restlessness of springtime in his blood had a desire to visit the fair and beautiful maid in the moon the lumber would be sufficient for him to build a walk thence six feet wide.

An Indian, who has been living in the far Northwest for more than 80 years, said the wind against the trees reminded him of a scythe cutting grass in a hayfield. He viewed the storm from a hilltop out of the path of the storm.

It never will be known just exactly how fast the wind blew. The government weather stations at several places were completely wrecked when the wind was registering 140 miles an hour. Shortly thereafter the velocity was greater. Very little rain fell.

Not a single person was killed but many animals lost their lives. That region abounds with elk, deer, bear and smaller animals, and unknown thousands of them were crushed by the trees falling. It is feared that many animals, hemmed in by barricades of uprooted trees, will slowly starve.

The greater part of the timber is hemlock and spruce, both of which are subject to rapid decay. Salvage necessarily is a matter of promptness, if it can be effected at all. The nearest railroad is 35 miles distant.

Only three times before in the history of the United States have windstorms destroyed large quantities of timber. In 1875 a strip of pine timber, 20 by 100 miles, in Eastern Texas, was blown down. In 1900 another storm galloped across Texas blowing down timber over country 30 by 70 miles. This timber is not nearly so large as that in Washington and the footage therefore was small in comparison.

In 1883 a storm swept over several counties in Maine leaving hundreds of millions of feet of timber prostrate. Comparatively little was salvaged.

The man who has the gray matter to show Uncle Sam and other vitally interested parties how to get rid of the fire trap on the Olympic Peninsula, and salvage eight billion feet of lumber, never again will have to worry about the money for next winter's coal.

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Briefly Told

The Paris Chamber of Commerce will conduct courses in Esperanto in the schools which it controls.

With the recent death of James Jones, aged Negro employe in the Senate office building, the whereabouts of the official seal of the Confederacy, an unsolved mystery for half a century, probably will ever remain unknown. Serving as Jefferson Davis's servant when the Confederate chieftain was captured, Jones buried the seal before the Federal authorities could obtain it.

Forest Service laboratory workers at Madison, Wisconsin, have discovered that kiln-dried timber is fatal to some if not all the wood-boring grubs. This fact is of special importance to users of hickory, ash and certain other woods which are subject to attacks from these insects.

To avert the danger of forest fires caused by sparks from locomotives, the officials of the Kushequa Railroad of Pennsylvania announce that no trains will be run over that road during dry weather. Inhabitants of the danger zone welcome this decision.

A claim to 14,000,000 acres of land in Oklahoma and Texas, including the cities of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, together with practically all of the Burkburnett oil field, was recently filed in the Supreme Court in behalf of the Cherokee Indian Nation.

Greece recently held its first woman suffrage convention. The speakers enlarged on the part that women had played in the history of Greece, ancient and modern, and their right to political suffrage on an equal basis with men.

A submarine torpedo became entangled in the net of a trawler near New London, Connecticut, recently and was brought to the surface with the haul. It is believed to have been lost from the submarine E-1 during maneuvers in Long Island Sound.

For no apparent reason two women of moderate means locked themselves in a suite of three rooms in a Hoboken, New Jersey, hotel and lived there for more than three years. They lived entirely on canned goods ordered by mail. Rent payments were made by checks thrust under the door. The accumulation of empty cans on the fire escape led to investigation by the health authorities.

When oak is buried in water or in wet sand it will last for centuries. Oak piles under bridges constructed by the Romans two thousand years ago have been found to be as sound as when they were first placed in position.

Thieves recently plundered the Weimar museum in Germany, taking Rembrandt's portrait of himself and other pictures by famous Dutch painters, valued at millions of marks.

The Postmaster-General has sent out an order posting a standing reward of $5,000 for "any postal employe or other person who brings in a mail robber."

Officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad have instructed their employes to notify passengers of any serious delays to trains, the cause, probable length of time of interruption and when service will be resumed.

The remains of an imposing temple have been unearthed by Greek archeologists at Renas in Thessaly. The temple is in an excellent state of preservation and is as large as the Temple of Jupiter at Olympia. Inscriptions in bronze establish the date of 400 B. C.

The Wichita National Forest Commission permits no cattle that have not been dehorned to run on the reserve. Cattle with horns hook into the trees and twist and break the tops and branches of the young growth. The cattlemen are pleased to co-operate with the Forest Service in this matter.

A Minden, Nevada, hotel proprietor, unable to open his safe containing valuables belonging to departing guests, wired to the Nevada State Prison for a safe expert. A convicted burglar was sent at once and promptly opened the vault.

A French aviatress was the first woman to fly across the Andes. She recently made the flight from Mendoza, Argentina, to Santiago, Chile, in four hours.

American students in architecture, landscape architecture and engineering will devote their vacation time to repairing the devastated regions of France, under the direction of French officials.

The Montana senate has passed a bill providing for a special tax of $3 annually on all bachelors residing in that state, the proceeds of the tax to be paid into the widows' pension fund.

A life-sized statue of "Devil Anse" Hatfield, carved in Carrara marble and portraying "Anse" standing bareheaded looking out over the mountains of his native state, will be erected on the site of his late home by relatives and friends.

Ancient Pompeians had both primary and general elections, similar to those we have in every town and city each spring. They were in the midst of an exciting local election, it is indicated, when Pompeii was destroyed in 79 A. D.

It is believed that the experimental camphor groves which have been planted in Florida will be developed to commercial importance within a few years.

The Krupps firm of Germany has succeeded in perfecting a process by means of which fuel values can be recovered from cinders. The process utilizes the magnetic property of the iron compounds contained in the cinders. Approxi[illegible] twenty-five per cent of the weight of the c[illegible] recovered.

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JEW ADMITS BOLSHEVISM!

"Kinertia" Versus Einstein

By ARVID REUTERDAHL
Dean, Department of Engineering and Architecture, The College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minnesota

Citations That Raise Delicate Question on Age of Theory of Relativity

THE intellectual world generally moves slowly in the matter of extending recognition to those who have consecrated their lives to the cause of reason. Mendel had been dead many years before the remarkable nature of his work was recognized. When we contrast Mendel's case with that of Einstein we are forced to admit that the German physicist's sensational rise is the most extraordinary in the history of science. Barnum, the king of advertisers, could not have staged a more effective and expeditious advertising campaign. Within the brief period of a few months, Einstein's name became known in every civilized country in the world. The Theory of Relativity afforded cartoonists material for humorous sketches, and the doctor and his doctrine became subjects for mirth and merriment.

After the first volcanic outburst of scientific approval and humorous recognition, rumblings of discontent were heard from Einstein's native land. A group of German scientists, in no uncertain terms, expressed their doubts concerning the precise value and originality of Einstein's theory. There were even those who boldly charged the author with deliberate plagiarism. In England Sir Oliver Lodge and a few other able men cautioned the world against a too hasty acceptance of the new doctrine of relativity. In the United States, however, Einstein's theory met with immediate and complete success. Even at the present time we rarely hear a dissenting voice. This is particularly strange for the reason that in the year 1914 a well-known American journal published a series of articles by an unknown investigator who discussed the very same problem which brought fame to Einstein. We refer to the eleven articles written by the unknown "Kinertia," which appeared in *Harper's Weekly* under the caption "Do Bodies Fall?" If it is true that "Kinertia" actually considered the Einsteinian problem in these essays, then the question of priority is inevitably raised and the unparalleled originality claimed for Einstein's work becomes a debatable matter. Indeed, the presentation of the very facts which raise these questions is the main purpose of this article. Since the matter of priority is involved, the introduction in this article of a brief chronological survey of the work of both Einstein and "Kinertia" is of the utmost importance.

The most significant contributions of Albert Einstein have been published in *Annalen Der Physik*. His papers deal with the Special Theory of Relativity, Theory of the Brownian Movements, Inertia of Energy, the Quantum Law of the Emission and Absorption of Light, Theory of the Specific Heat of Solid Bodies, and the General Theory of Relativity. The year 1905 is considered, by most authorities on Einstein's work, as the birth-year of the Theory of Relativity. Careful search, however, has revealed a paper on this subject which was published in Berlin during the year 1904 in the journal *Sitzungsberichte*. That portion of Einstein's theory which deals with the phenomenon of gravitation is a later development. Einstein first gave his attention to the problem of gravitation in 1911, when he developed the Principle of Equivalence of gravitational and accelerative fields. Other phases of this subject were dealt with in papers which appeared in the years 1912 and 1913. A further elaboration, the joint work of Einstein and Marcel Grossman, appeared in 1914. The theory in its final and complete form was announced in the year 1915.

"Kinertia's" contribution deals principally with the problem of gravitation. The question of priority of "Kinertia" over Einstein consequently involves the phenomenon of gravitation in particular. It must be admitted, however, that "Kinertia" has also considered Einstein's earlier problem which involved the significance of motion in reference to an observer. Einstein distinguishes this earlier problem from his theory of gravitation by the separate designation, "Special Theory of Relativity." A brief historical summary of the work of "Kinertia" is now in order.

Lord Kelvin first aroused "Kinertia's" interest in the problem of gravitation. That was in the year 1866 when "Kinertia" was a student under Lord Kelvin. "Kinertia" even then did not agree with the Newtonian theory of force as presented by Lord Kelvin. Incidentally, we desire to call the reader's attention to the fact that Albert Einstein was born in 1879 in Ulm, Germany, thirteen years later. It is a curious coincidence that both "Kinertia" and Einstein were engineers. During the period of time from 1877 to 1881, "Kinertia" became convinced that *acceleration* was the basic cause of what we generally speak of as "weight." The reader is undoubtedly aware of the fact that *acceleration* plays the fundamental rôle in Einstein's theory of gravitation. "Kinertia" corresponded with Kelvin, Tait, and Niven, of Cambridge, with the hope that he would be able to interest these men in his startling theory. This attempt met with little or no sympathy. Some years later, through an accident, "Kinertia" was unfortunately deprived of his hearing. This misfortune forced him to abandon his engineering profession for a rancher's life in the state of California. This new occupation gave "Kinertia" the requisite leisure to complete his investigations which resulted in confirming his supposition that *acceleration* was the great norm of the phenomenon of gravitation. His attempts, dating from the year 1899, to persuade our stubborn American scientists that the Newtonian theory of gravitation must be revised met with nothing but ridicule or indifference. To *Harper's Weekly* and its managing editor (1914), Mr. H. D. Wheeler, belongs the credit of having published "Kinertia's" series of articles entitled, "Do Bodies Fall?" The first article appeared in the issue of August 29, 1914, Vol. 59. The final article is dated November 7, 1914. From the preceding it is evident that "Kinertia" derived his norm of gravitation before Einstein was born. The question of priority is therefore definitely and irrefutably established in favor of "Kinertia" in the case of the General Theory of Relativity considered as a discussion of the problem of gravitation and acceleration.

We turn our attention now to the content of these two gravitational theories. We propose, by means of direct quotations from the works of these two men, to set forth their remarkable similarity. In the case of Einstein we shall quote from his recent book, "Relativity" (Henry Holt and Company, 1920), and in "Kinertia's" case our quotations will be from the *Harper's Weekly* articles.

The following comparative quotations show the striking similarity existing between Einstein and "Kinertia" when they consider the relation between acceleration and gravitation, a similarity which extends not only to intent but affects even the very words.

Einstein.

"We imagine a large portion of empty space, so far removed from stars and other appreciable masses that we have before us approximately the conditions required by the fundamental law of Galilei.—As reference-body let us imagine a spacious chest resembling a room with an observer inside who is equipped with apparatus. Gravitation naturally does not exist for this observer. He must fasten himself with strings to the floor, otherwise the slightest impact against the floor will cause him to rise slowly toward the ceiling of the room.

"To the middle of the lid of the chest is fixed externally a hook with rope attached, and now a 'being' (what kind of a being is immaterial to us) begins pulling at this with a constant force. The chest together with the observer then begin to move 'upwards' with a uniformly accelerated motion. In course of time their velocity will reach unheard-of values—provided that we are viewing all this from another reference-body which is not being pulled with a rope.

"But how does the man in the chest regard the process? The acceleration of the chest will be transmitted to him by the reaction of the floor of the chest. He must therefore take up this pressure by means of his legs if he does not wish to be laid out full length on the floor. He is then standing in the chest in exactly the same way as anyone stands in a room of a house on our earth. If he release a body which he previously had in his hand, the acceleration of the chest will no longer be transmitted to this body, and for this reason the body will approach the floor of the chest with an accelerated motion. The observer will further convince himself *that the acceleration of the body toward the floor of the chest is always of the same magnitude, whatever kind of body he may happen to use for the experiment.*"—(*"Relativity,"* pages 78 and 79.)

"Kinertia."

"I set to work to find out by experiment whether bodies actually did fall with the acceleration which the force of attraction was said to produce. Years before that, when in England, where some of our coal mines had vertical shafts about 1,500 feet deep, I had studied the cause of weight by having the hoisting engine drop me down with the full acceleration for about 500 feet. Then, by retardation during the lowest 500 feet, I could experience increase of weight all over me so marked that my legs could hardly support me. That taught me that acceleration was the proximate cause of weight, but at the time of these experiments I still thought the acceleration of the falling cage was really caused by the earth's attraction."—("Do Bodies Fall?" *Harper's Weekly,* August 29, 1914, page 210). "Weight is not a kinetic force because it cannot produce acceleration. *If a body were accelerated in proportion to its weight, then weight would be a force.*"—("Do Bodies Fall?" *Harper's Weekly,* October 17, 1914, page 383).

It is noteworthy that the only real difference between these two citations is that Einstein derives his conclusions from an hypothetical case, whereas "Kinertia" draws his conclusions from an actual experiment upon himself.

The interpreters of Einstein furnish us with further corroborative material which we submit as additional evidence in the case of "Kinertia" versus Einstein. Professor A. S. Eddington's interpretation of Einstein's theory is authoritative. The following quotations are from his work, "Space, Time and Gravitation" (Cambridge University Press, 1920). These quotations from Eddington's work also consider the equivalence of acceleration and gravitation.

Eddington.

"The nature of gravitation has seemed very mysterious, yet it is a remarkable fact that in a limited region it is possible to create an artificial field of force which imitates a natural gravitational field so exactly that, so far as experiments have yet gone, no one can tell the difference. Those who seek for an explanation of gravitation naturally aim to find a model which will reproduce its effects; *but no one before Einstein seems to have thought of finding the clue in these artificial fields, familiar as they are.*

"When a lift starts to move upward the occupants feel a characteristic sensation, which is actually identical with a sensation of increased weight.—In fact, the upward acceleration of the lift is in its mechanical effects exactly similar to an additional gravitational field superimposed on that normally present."—("Space, Time and Gravitation," page 64.)

On the eminent authority of Eddington we may therefore state with absolute certainty that Einstein found his clue to the nature of gravitation in the *artificial field* created by acceleration. Eddington's statement, however, that Einstein was the first scientist to think of this *clue* is evidently erroneous in view of the preceding quotations from the work of "Kinertia."

The remarkable similarity in thought of the following quotations pertaining to the relative effects produced by accelerated and uniform motion, is of high evidential interest.

Eddington.

"The observer in the accelerated lift travels upward in a straight line, say 1 foot in the first second, 4 feet in two seconds, 9 feet in three seconds, and so on. If we plot these points as x and t on a diagram we obtain a curved track. Presently the speed of the lift becomes uniform and the track in the diagram becomes straight. So long as the track is curved (accelerated motion) a field of force is perceived; it disappears when the track becomes straight (uniform motion)."—("Space, Time and Gravitation," page 66.)

"Kinertia."

"The proof that matter can exist without weight depends on the first law of motion; because if a mass moves uniformly in a straight line in space, it cannot have weight. If weight is caused by the mutual attraction of matter, then a mass subject to attraction must move in a curve. If weight is caused by acceleration then it cannot follow Newton's law and move with uniform velocity in a straight line."—("Do Bodies Fall?" *Harper's Weekly,* October 10, 1914, page 350.)

The conclusions of Einstein and "Kinertia" concerning the very existence of the force of gravitational attraction are identical in content. This is apparent from the following citations from an article by Professor Edwin B. Wilson, (Massachusetts Institute of Technology) and "Kinertia's" basic articles.

Wilson.

"But just suppose that somebody tells us that the force of gravity is physically non-existing quite as much as the centrifugal or Coriolis force, and that the reason we think that gravity is real is essentially the same that leads the untutored mind to believe there is a physical force acting to move objects to one side when a train goes around a curve—namely, an unhappily ignorant view of Nature. This is what Einstein asserts."—("Space, Time and Gravitation," the *Scientific Monthly,* March, 1920, page 226.)

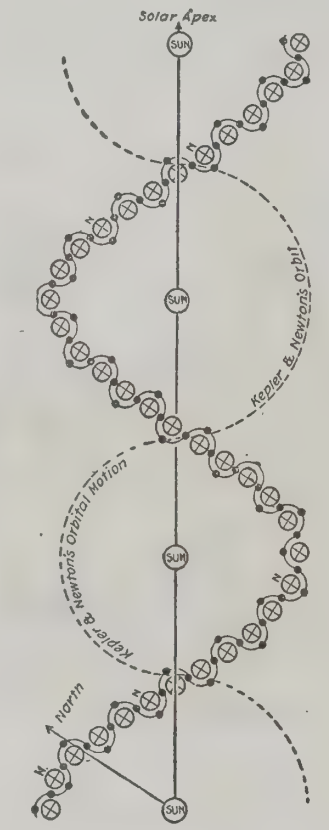
"Kinertia."

"But now, since it can be proved that there is no such force in the universe as attraction and that the supposed fall of bodies toward the earth *by that force* is only an illusion of the senses, there will be new ground upon which theologians can meet the Laplace attractionists, and Haeckel and his materialists."—("Do Bodies Fall?" *Harper's Weekly,* September 19, 1914, page 285.)

The preceding citations are sufficient to establish conclusively the fact that, in underlying essence, "Kinertia's" theory of gravitation is identical with Einstein's. Both men find the crux of the problem in acceleration, and the development of both theories is based upon the very same experiment.

(Concluded on page 14)

By KINERTIA



Kinertia's kinetic theory of the planetary motions in space. A kinetic illustration, qualitative only, of the Earth and Moon's corkscrew path in space. This is the theory which Kinertia declares he is prepared to establish as soon as the scientific world will acknowledge that the apparent fall of bodies is an illusion of the senses.

Reproduced from the cut as it first appeared in *Harper's Weekly*.

Our "Acres of Diamonds"

By AARON HARDY ULM]



A government scientist finding what minerals of value lie hidden in these remote mountains.

THOSE who have heard of Dr. Russell H. Conwell's lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," will recall his citations of dramatic instances of persons' going far afield for treasure which they could have found by merely staying at home and looking around them. There was the Thracian peasant who sold his little farm and sought diamonds in foreign lands. Later the greatest of ancient diamond mines was found on the farm he sold. There was the Pennsylvania oil prospector on whose boyhood home, after the prospector sold it, was discovered one of the biggest oil strikes in history; the mineralogist who worked for others on salary most of his life although as a boy and young man he had unknowingly walked daily over rich deposits of silver.

The mistake each made was probably in throwing the glamour of romance and distance over Nature's buried treasures; it is a mistake most people make. When I speak the word "diamond," or "ruby" or "gold," or even "silver," I command your attention; your mental inhibitions give way and your mind becomes receptive. This is because for ages mineral wealth was visioned in terms of the so-called precious metals or stones. When I mention coal and iron and bauxite or manganese, your impulse is to turn a page and look for something interesting. Yet coal and iron and bauxite and manganese, not to mention a score of other minerals, are much more useful than diamonds, gold or silver, or all the so-called precious metals put together. More money has been made from these "base" metals, more in future will be made from them, and more actual romance is associated with them.



Food supplies cached by geologists in uninhabited country.

Nature seems to have assumed that North America, and especially that part known as the territory of the United States, would be inhabited by a people of exceptional common sense. For Nature gave to this part of the world an undue proportion of mineral wealth and withheld from it, in large measure, those types of mineral wealth that are more ornamental than practicable. We have had, and it may be we still have, a large supply of gold, but as compared with supplies in other regions of the earth ours are not exceptional. We also have a large amount of silver. There our precious mineral resources almost end. Diamonds and rubies have been found in the United States, domestic diamond mines have been operated for a long time, but our supply of precious stones is very small. We have a little, very little, platinum and other super-precious metals. And there is very little hope that we will ever find in the United States any large deposits of "gew-gaw" minerals.

But of those minerals that really add to the comforts and the physical satisfactions of life we have, with few exceptions, supplies whose volumes stagger the imagination. And when we add to them other resources of the earth's interior, like water, or of the earth's surface, like water power, we have a total of stored wealth that makes even the cost of the World War look Lilliputian.

For more than forty years a definite program for cataloguing this immense national wealth has been under way. It is carried on by the United States Geological Survey, assisted by like but much smaller organizations maintained by many of the states and by some of the universities and scientific institutions. Despite all that has been done by government agencies and others, the cataloguing is yet far from complete, and general knowledge of what has been done is very small.

If you found a high school pupil in ignorance of the general location of an important American river, you would feel like lambasting our system of education. Yet it is doubtful if you would find more than a small percentage of high school teachers, or even college professors, familiar with what has been disclosed about underground streams in these United States. Yet those very streams are attaining a practical significance comparable to that of those above ground.

The managers of a certain southern university decided a year or two ago to sink an artesian well on the campus. The drills went down and down and down and no water came. Then somebody thought of writing to the Geological Survey.

"If you move your operations westward about 300 yards," a Survey specialist wrote back, "you will get water quickly."

The advice was followed and water obtained.

The specialist was able to direct them accurately for the reason that in great part the subterranean waters of the country have been mapped almost as completely as the surface waters, but the professors at the school in question knew nothing of a stream they walked over every day.

Why should the average person's brain be tortured with prosaic information about subterranean waters?

In the first place it is not prosaic, it is information freighted with Arabian Nights and Jules Verne possibilities.

And for second place let me propose an item of ignorance that perhaps not one in a million can disclaim—the writer couldn't have done so before he had dug through a lot of government pamphlets. The item has to do with the value of water as a mineral resource.

"Bah!" says the scoffer.

Well, water, just ordinary water, says the Geological Survey, is the most valuable mineral resource we possess. Its value exceeds that of coal, of which there is several thousand years' supply, or of iron, of which the store is about twice that of coal, or seven and a half billion tons; all this in the upper crust of these United States. And this relates only to the subterranean and surface water, such as is used for irrigation, power or drinking purposes. Subterranean water has made vast areas of arid country to blossom like the rose, has rendered many miasmatic areas healthful and supplies power on an extensive scale. If our subterranean and our surface streams were utilized to the fullest extent, there would be an addition to the nation's wealth so vast that the figures would be bewildering. Of our surface water power a negligible portion only yet has been put to economic use.

No sensible person would think of choosing a business location or a habitat without giving further thought to the equation of water. But we do not give as much thought as we should to the matter. May this not be due to the fact that things "geological" are not regarded as things germane? Geology covers things so intimate that we never are away from them, so inclusive that every one must be something of a geologist, and so far-reaching that geology comprises virtually our only safe guide to the past and our only accurate light on the future.

So important to modern life have geological matters become that it is not extravagant to suggest, the person preparing for a business career, especially for manufacturing, should begin by mastering its important and pertinent phases. For the fundamentals of most producing and many distributing ventures depend ultimately on geology. Power is perhaps the most potent equation in modern industrial life. And power is now very largely in the geologic field. Coal, petroleum, water are the chief sources of industrial power, and you can act safely with reference to none of these unless you consider geology.



Getting the lay of the land from a high mountain point.

Failure in the past so to consider power caused the industries of the country to develop in large part contrariwise to the geography of nature; so much so that, in the words of Dr. George Otis Smith, director of the Geological Survey, one of every five tons of coal shipped goes nowhere. It is wasted in the process of linking power with industry. It has now been found, through an extensive study of the subject, that, by the mere pooling of the power resources in the industrial region 150 miles from the seaboard between Boston and Washington, some 25,000,000 tons of coal would be saved annually. And the chief saving would be in transportation, for one-fifth of railroad freight now comprises coal alone, all because thought of fundamental geology figured so little in the development of industry.

But mineral raw material is perhaps more important than power. We now mine about one hundred minerals that are used as such material. And somewhere in the country we have ample supplies of almost all that are of consequence. We are short on tin and on available potash, and we have no nitrates; lacking also several of the lesser consequential metals. But no other country in the world has such variety or volume of most of the metals that enter into industry.

There are few businesses in which the source, supply and character of minerals used in industries don't have controlling importance. Thus the wise man going into business will investigate geologically with reference to more things than current supplies. He will become acquainted with fundamental geology as set forth in the publications issued by the Geological Survey and like organizations.

Those publications cover a wide field, giving the results of researches in all parts of the country by specialists of various orders.

Today members of the survey's force of nearly 1,000 are studying fossils in Nebraska or Georgia, perhaps, and from them unraveling the records of millions of years in earth's wonderful life story. Fossils are the geologist's clock. From them he tells time and is able to diagnose the mineral content of the earth's crust in different areas.

Other geological survey men are making studies of specific mineral deposits in different sections, so that engineers and prospectors may have data to guide them in opening up new supplies of mineral wealth.

One of the biggest jobs of the Survey is that of making topographic maps for all the country. Data for these maps must be gathered from detailed surveys over every inch of area covered. The maps show the altitude of every spot included and usually all other features such as houses, roads and streams. Those maps are sold at 10 cents each, about the cost of the paper and printing, and you may be surprised to learn that more than one-half million copies are sold every year. In fact, the Geological Survey conducts the biggest map-making establishment in the world.



Geologists lead adventurous lives, for they often go where no one has gone before. They have done the most exploring in Alaska of all the men who have written about life in the Far North.

One of the most adventurous tasks ever put up to the survey is that of mapping the territory and cataloguing the mineral resources of Alaska. One of the first items of that task was the exploration of Mt. McKinley, the highest mountain in North America. Survey men were the first white persons to penetrate into the remoter parts of Northern Alaska. They have produced many volumes dealing with the Great North, but there

(Concluded on page 14)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 27, April 30, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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America's Avid Appetites

A VIGOROUSLY pressed assault on American Sunday observance which is now under way in the press and in the motion picture theaters makes industrious use of the term "Blue Laws." Every device of the satirical writer and the comic cartoonist has been utilized to create a condition of mob hysteria on the subject. There are assumedly intelligent people who will tell you that a strong organization of fanatical and puritanical reformers are determined on imposing "their seventeenth century notions" on the modern people of free America.

Under the threatened enactment by Congress of these "blue laws," we are told everybody will be compelled to go to church on Sunday on penalty of fine and imprisonment. Automobiling is to be banned. Pleasant country walks and the innocent recreations in the green places of our city parks, or trips to the woods and the seashore, are to be forbidden. No more Sunday newspapers or comforting after-dinner pipe or cigar! First thing we know a man's kissing his wife on Sunday will become a punishable offense! This is the sort of preposterous guff ladled out to the public in the movie films and the newspapers without measure.

Discrimination is almost as rare as a white blackbird. The very blackness of the smoke-screen barrage sent up in this publicity stunt should have made it suspect in the minds of intelligent people. And a little honest inquiry shows that the whole attack is based from first to last on mendacity. So outrageously audacious, indeed, is this mendacity that it is an insult to public intelligence to assume that any thinking man would be fooled by it. Apparently the anti-rest-day propagandists count on lack of exactly such intelligence.

What are the facts? Simply that certain commercial associations in the United States, with utter disregard for everything but their own pockets, have set out to destroy the American Sabbath to capture an extra day in the week for vampire films and prize fights, incidentally seeking to discredit all laws against bootleggers and gamblers and indecent exhibitions.

As a smoke-screen for their actual objects, these Avid Appetites obtained wide publicity for the statement that a "National Sunday Law," designed to restore the Puritan "blue laws" in all their archaic asceticism, was pending in Congress and was backed by various reform organizations.

The fact is that the only law concerning Sunday observance before Congress is a bill designed to bring the city of Washington into line with 47 of our states to protect the American Sabbath against invasion by commercialized amusements in the national capital. It is a local measure backed by local interests and has been pending for 42 years. It has only local scope and has no national significance. Reform organizations of national scope promised to support it on general principles. But it is not denial but protection of every man's right to Sunday rest that is the aim of these reformers.

Every commonwealth in the Union, except California and the District of Columbia, have Sunday laws which have been revised or affirmed since the Civil War. The only actual Sunday issue is as to whether or not these laws should be enforced; whether the selfish interests opposed to them should be allowed to promote law-breaking. Lovers of their country are called on to bar the efforts of venal interests to obtain exemptions in these laws that would permit money-making exhibitions, including prize fights, liquor selling, gambling and unnecessary business on Sunday. In many states Sunday movies are already illegal, as are other forms of money-making on the Sabbath. They have no more right than any other business to infringe on the weekly rest day guaranteed to the people by their own laws. In fact the claim of the movie men to special treatment is made the more insolent by the fact that it has been publicly admitted recently by officers of a dozen leading motion picture producing companies that many of their films are unfit for public exhibition on any day.

The phrase which has been made to do duty in bamboozling the American public originated in the title of a literary hoax perpetrated by an exiled traitor to the American cause during the Revolution. "The Connecticut Blue Laws" were invented by him and published in London to satirize and belittle the character of the patriots battling for American independence. The "invention" of the "National Sunday Law" of 1920 fittingly rests on the earlier "invention" of 1777. Propaganda is the mother of "many inventions."

This attack on the American Sabbath by foreigners enjoying our hospitality is palpably un-American. It is, moreover, an attempt to mock and deride the laws of the land and the sound principles of American jurisprudence, as enunciated in a decision of the United States Supreme Court. That tribunal in 1886 distinctly declared:

> "Laws setting aside Sunday as a day of rest are upheld, not from any right of the government to legislate for the promotion of religious observances, but from its right to protect all people from the physical and moral debasement which comes from uninterrupted labor. Such laws have always been deemed beneficent and merciful laws, especially to the poor and dependent, to the laborers in our factories and workshops and in the heated rooms of our cities; and their validity has been sustained by the highest courts of the states."

No true American has any community of interest with the un-American interests now seeking to fool the people of this country by promoted falsehoods. That they may profiteer, they are attacking an eminently American institution, an institution which Theodore Roosevelt rightly said is "essential to mankind and demanded by civilization."

A Prince's Pleasures

THERE is something immensely suggestive in the opinions expressed by Albert, Prince of Monaco, on his recent arrival in New York. He has come to America, he says, to have some fun. When the American or British pleasure seeker wishes to go the limit in the line of what is called "the gay life," he hies him to Monaco. To the natural beauty of this most charming of Europe's garden spots, the art of the architect and the landscape gardener has been made to contribute by recklessly lavish expenditure. Its situation on the Mediterranean with its meeting of sea and mountain gives the place an atmosphere as exhilarating as champagne. It is a city perpetually en fete. A haven of delight to the sensuous, Monaco is forever gay and joyous with flowers, music and all the brilliant-colored pageantry of fashion's dress parade.

And the very core of this Principality of Pleasure is the magnificent temple at Monte Carlo in which devotees of the Goddess Chance gather from the ends of the earth to know the thrills of alternate elation and despair at the gambling table.

But the reigning sovereign of Monaco, lord of all its gardens and pleasure palaces, seeks his amusements elsewhere and otherwise. He is the world's foremost authority in oceanography. He comes to us now to deliver an address on his oceanic researches before the National Academy of Sciences at Washington. Then he will receive the Agassiz medal from Harvard and tour the country telling our learned bodies and students of his discoveries concerning the depths and the currents of the seven seas. He is also an authority in paleontology and will expound to us interesting things he has discovered about fossil organisms. Although 71 years old, he rises at six every morning to devote himself to laborious research and study and retires late, "even so finding the days all too short to accomplish all he wishes to accomplish."

This is his idea of fun, and he seems to thrive on it. He also enjoys music and the theater in moderation. The entire revenue of his principality is derived from the rental paid by the concessionaire of the gambling casino. It enables him to relieve his subjects from all taxation and to provide on a liberal scale for their welfare and enjoyment. The gambler pays all the bills. Well, it takes all sorts of people to make a world and this world is certainly one of queer contrasts and contradictions.

"Double Jointed"

"ANOTHER Dreyfus case," shouts Senator Calder in connection with his demand that the Department of Justice institute a special inquiry into the facts in the case of Captain Robert Rosenbluth, formerly of the Engineers, accused of the murder of his superior officer, Major Cronkhite, at Camp Lewis, near Tacoma, in 1918.

In this gratuitous attempt to link the name of Rosenbluth with that of Dreyfus, the New York Senator is evincing suspicious subserviency to the Kehillah and a marked susceptibility to the influence of the strongly Jewish constituency of his home district in the Borough of Brooklyn.

It will be recalled that—thanks largely to the eloquent and forceful advocacy of a Gentile, Emile Zola—the innocence of Captain Dreyfus, a Jewish officer in the French Army, was vindicated and his restoration to freedom and rank obtained some time after he had been convicted of the treasonable communication of French military plans to Germany.

At the time, and ever since, the Jews have exerted themselves to make capital of the case. It has been depicted at frequently recurring intervals for a generation past as typical of the "wrongs inflicted on the Jewish race" through the alleged prevalence among Christians of "anti-Semitic" hatred. Let it be said for Dreyfus himself that he was a very decent fellow, averse to posing as a martyr to racial prejudice and probably greatly annoyed by the constant and continuing exploitation of his sufferings on the part of his co-racials. It seems likely that he well understood that he was the victim not so much of racial antipathy, as of that arrant French militarism exemplified in the person of one of his accusers on the second trial, an officer who declared on the witness stand that he would instantly shoot his own mother if so ordered by his commanding officer. And possibly Dreyfus more than suspected that there was close connection between the military clique and the financial clique in control of the French Government. It is certain that very powerful influences in French Jewry might well have exerted themselves more effectively in his behalf *before* he was doomed to Devil's Island and its inferno.

The endeavor to make a "Dreyfus" of Rosenbluth is decidedly suspicious. It is an appeal to passions and blind prejudices that should have no least part in the public consideration of the question of the accused man's guilt or innocence. That should be left confidently to the orderly processes of the law of the land. An attempt to paint Rosenbluth as a martyr to race feeling at this time can have no other object than deliberately and malignantly to manufacture in this country just such an "anti-Semitic movement" as is utterly alien to every American tradition and sentiment.

At the time of Major Cronkhite's death, of which Captain Rosenbluth and Sergeant Roland P. Pothier were the only witnesses, it was generally accepted that he had killed himself either deliberately or accidentally. The three men were on a hike in the woods near Tacoma. At the inquest, Captain Rosenbluth testified that the major had been shooting at a target with his revolver and was holding the weapon negligently near his head as if to bring it down for another shot when it was discharged. Cronkhite was "double-jointed at the wrist," Rosenbluth now explains, "and the muzzle of the gun being pointed downward, accounts for the entrance of the bullet at the base of the neck."

Some doubt seems to have arisen as to the possibility of the wound having been self-inflicted and an investigation was quietly pursued. Recently Pothier was arrested and is alleged to have made a confession implicating Rosenbluth. Both are at liberty on heavy bail pending trial. *The present attempt to take the case out of court and try it in the newspapers and in Federal "investigations" may not be without significance.*

Whisky Not a Medicine

THE recent declaration of the National Medical Association that whisky has no therapeutic value finds strong support in the fact, brought to light through a recent canvass of the 152,627 physicians in the United States, that only 33,379 or 22 per cent of their number hold permits to prescribe whisky for medicinal purposes.

In 24 states, druggists cannot fill such prescriptions and physicians are not allowed to prescribe alcoholic liquors as medicine. There are 40,000 physicians in these states, and in many of them pure grain or ethyl alcohol is found to be a satisfactory substitute for whisky or brandy as a solvent or preservative.

All of which would indicate that there is nothing very drastic in the Volstead Act's limitation of the physician's right to prescribe whisky for medicinal purposes to not more than one pint for one patient in any ten days.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE immigration question has come to the front again and gives another illustration of the difficulty of deciding national policies with rigid mathematical precision. The fact that this question occurs is proof that something is wrong; the fact that no offered solution can be considered as final is proof that we have not yet found the principle that should govern us.

Two points are fixed, of which it will be very hard to dispose. One is our national tradition as a place of refuge for all people. It will be impossible to cause the people of the United States to turn their faces like flint against the populations of the Old World who wish to come to us. We have stood before the world as the open door for all who would begin their lives again in a condition of liberty; we have never refused sanctuary to the person fleeing from persecution.

The other point has already been made: our national attitude is the first; the plight of the alien is the second; they merge together. To close our doors is not a national act alone, it reacts upon human beings elsewhere. And that we shall ever be loath to do.

That is to say, perhaps, that we are incurable sentimentalists on this question. We may admit this, even while we keep a shrewd eye on those who diligently play upon our sentimentality for their own purposes.

We may admit most of what the spokesmen tell us, too—the spokesmen who are more interested in other races than they are in America. We may admit, for instance, that this country was made by immigrants. So it was. The pioneers were immigrants. They came to a wilderness and made it blossom. They came to a bleak and stormy coast and filled it with commerce. It is impossible to honor them too much.

We ought to be frank enough, however, to see that not all modern immigrants are of pioneer quality. It is one thing to come to a country to help make it, and quite another thing to come to a country as to a ripe tree to pick it. *There was no immigration problem in the United States so long as immigrants came to help make the country.* The country knew its friends, felt the impulse of new life with every shipload of those who came seeking a place to bestow their best. But as soon as the type of immigration changed to include people who came to pluck the country of its good things, immediately the body of the nation felt its vitality decreasing, as with some slow insidious disease, and presently we knew that we had an immigration problem.

The pioneers came on their own initiative. A very large proportion of those who come now, are brought; they are transported as literally as an army is; they do not form that surging forward of the free and independent portions of other peoples which characterized our former immigration tidal waves. No country can have too much of the pioneer spirit, too much of that loyalty which contributes to the upbuilding of its institutions.

But what have we been getting in this country, particularly of late? What have we been importing besides immigrants? The immigration of destructive ideas has been enormous, too. It is easier to deal with immigrants, in whatever condition of physical, mental or financial decrepitude they may come to us, than with the false ideas which so many of them bring. That is one of the conditions that make the immigration question: we are importing something else besides people and the danger of disease; we are importing dangerous and false ideas—dangerous because false.

Now, America is on the right road, or she is on the wrong road The United States stands for personal liberty within the limits prescribed by the public good, and for equality before the law, or it does not. Our Constitution is the charter of a proper kind of national life, or it is not. We must take one side or the other on these matters, and we must classify men according to the side they choose. If they are of the opinion that the United States ought to be changed into something else, let them be so classified. They, however, cannot be considered as citizens contributing to the upbuilding of this country. If there is a class of people who come to us saying, "We are the apostles of a new era; your way of doing things is wrong; your whole system must be changed," we are entitled to say in reply, "That many of our ways are imperfect, we have long known; we are trying to perfect them; tell us how it is that a light has shone on you with reference to American problems that has never shone on us; show us what you have behind you in achievement and then we shall consider your fitness to become our rulers."

And, for the most part, we find that these people have no constructive record at all, and have nothing within or upon them that recommends them to us as the friends of the American spirit. They may propagate the idea that Americans think them dangerous only because they are dangerous to certain practices by which some Americans practice; they are wrong; we think them dangerous because they run contrary to the spirit of America.

THE immigration question is not one of numbers but of nature; of quality instead of quantity. Here is room enough for all of the right kind; here is no room whatever for one of the wrong kind. So long as pioneer spirits came to this country to help build it up, there was no immigration problem. But as soon as the parasites and malcontents began to swarm here, the problem arose at once. Two principles will go far to solve it: First, selection; second, distribution. We must select those who are capable of becoming Americans; we must say to them, "You shall not settle in the slums of any city, but go into the great open spaces of the country."

The immigration problem is not only a question of numbers. The country is not in danger of being over-populated. There are still great areas of land waiting for people. It is not the number of the newcomers that constitutes the problem, but their unwillingness to begin as pioneers, with the land, and their unwillingness to become American in the American sense.

This, of course, is due to several causes. And before the immigration question can be tackled satisfactorily, a number of things must be done.

The custom of hawking about Europe for immigrants who have least to leave should be prohibited. We are getting now those classes which their home governments are gladdest to get rid of. Indeed, their home governments are so glad to be rid of them that they facilitate their progress hither.

The custom of certain societies in the United States of assisting thousands of immigrants to evade the law by providing them with the amount of money required should be stopped. The same fold of bills brings any number of immigrants into the country, thus destroying the virtue of the law which makes possession of a certain sum an indication of certain desirable qualities.

The custom of immigrants settling in the cities should be so regulated as practically to be stopped. What immigration is doing for us now is simply extending the slums of our large cities until they threaten to taint every part of every community. The United States should assume the right which other governments have assumed and say to the immigrants, "You may go here and settle where you will, but you may not go there." President Taft once said he wished that Russian Jew immigrants would go elsewhere than to the cities. "The more we spread them out in the West the better I like it," he said. "I have tried to help it along so we could help them directly on to the plains of Texas."

This custom of city settlement is encouraged, it is believed, merely to give power to racial rulers which set themselves up in every large city. Settled on the land, the immigrant would more readily imbibe American ideas and would be less amenable to the leaders' plans, and thus a leadership built upon so-called "racial solidarity," but really upon ignorance of American ways, would fall. This type of leadership is a very grave danger in this country, and it is the cause of some very disquieting manifestations in our national life.

More stringent rules of citizenship should be made. The immigrant should be more stringently required to look forward toward citizenship as an important part of his career, and the standard of the requirements of citizenship should be much higher and more strictly applied. It should not be more difficult to acquire membership in a lodge than it is to acquire membership in the citizenship of the United States of America. We have been far too negligent.

Government Helplessness in Foreign Trade

Study of a Problem That Has Had Too Many Conferences

By A. R. PINCI

THE first month of the Harding Administration has been chiefly devoted to our problem of what is commonly termed foreign trade, a trite name that has no appeal for the millions of wage-earners whose welfare depends upon it, and a trend of commercial enterprise to which American business men have hitherto devoted themselves by routine or irresistible force.

Before the war our foreign trade consisted chiefly of what foreigners wanted to buy of us at their own terms—not of what we wanted to or could sell—and at the same time we bought about everything that our customers overseas tempted us to buy. During the last year most of our foreign trade has been the final spurt of its mid-war momentum, with every indication that low tide is in sight.

The government has proceeded to deal with the subject, but at best only in a theoretical sense. Conferences have been held and more are due, but foreign trade has suffered from too many conferences and too little action. There is something that divides governmental ambition in international commerce from the average business man's attitude toward it. With the exception of a few pioneers who are going ahead privately as they have been doing for years and years, the average business man is most unbusinesslike in matters of foreign trade. He likes to talk about it, and this facile discussion is responsible for the wonderful pictures that are being painted about the supremacy of the United States in the world's commerce. Meanwhile by actual operation he retards it and even refuses it. A pioneer in everything else, the American industrialist is afraid of every foreign shadow.

Going Abroad to "Study Conditions"

THIS does not imply that, in the quest for new markets or retention of slipping ones, ordinary business safeguards should be ignored or set aside, or that eagerness for huge profits should blind our exporters and financiers to unstable or unsatisfactory conditions in any given territory. Yet commercial history of the United States proves that during the past century American producers have taken chances without at all yielding their circumspection.

Now, somehow, they have become panic stricken. This fear is the more serious because intangible. One cannot chat with any financier or exporter, as I have been frequently doing, without realizing that no two reasons or excuses for holding aloof are in accord. They seem to wait for something to happen; what, they themselves do not know. They indulge in verbose conferences. Easily one-half of all the business men's meetings held last year were about American trade abroad, and the first three months of 1921 raise the ratio. Every steamer sailing for a foreign port has one or more Americans who are going abroad to "study conditions." They map out ridiculous programs, involving visits to five or six nations, sometimes even ten, accomplish their trip in two or three months, and upon their return grant interviews or statements of balderdash, nothing that adds to the constructive literature of commercial America.

Refuge is always had in such platitudes as learning the languages, proper packing, sufficient prepayment of postage, carefully selected representatives, wonderful opportunities for trade in the future, and there it ends.

It is not so many years ago that Americans used to joke about the Englishman who was invited to make a series of visits in this country, and who, arriving Thursday in New York, hoped to be in Los Angeles Friday afternoon to attend a house party. Today the game is reversed. American business men "do" several foreign nations in tours of investigation—many of them poor investigators at that—which shame any traveling record by the most hurried tourists of antemartial days.

It is perhaps well to state something that has been overlooked by many of the corporations that have sent these representatives abroad, and that is the bad impression caused abroad. To begin with, announcement is made that the voyage is for the special purpose of studying conditions "at first hand," which not one in a hundred ever does, and not one in twenty knows how. Upon their arrival abroad they stop at leading cities, have dinner with other Americans there, occasionally meet a few natives of prominence, and an automobile tour in the business or manufacturing district completes the trip. The arrangement is repeated at every country visited without deviation, because the return trip is established and neither itinerary nor date will be changed.

Few Know What They're Doing

THE oversensitive foreigner feels that he is the object of needless curiosity, which hurry makes appear impertinent. He and his surroundings are examined casually, just as a passer-by would glance at a caged parrot. This sensitiveness has been accentuated by the disasters of the war. The average European, for instance, feels that the American visitor is merely passing time, and there are a few European newspapers which have satirically described these excursions as anti-prohibition evasions.

On rare occasions a very prominent man, very likely already familiar with Europe and the tasks ahead, goes on very quietly, has his conferences, lingers for weeks and months in one place, and returns without so much as whispering a word about what he has accomplished or noticed. One familiar with international banking and commerce can easily identify the three or four leading financiers and the half a dozen exporters whose life interest is foreign trade, but who do not figure in the popular foreign trade movements as they have recently been fashioned.

The government, therefore, is utterly helpless in the sphere of foreign trade. Secretary Hoover, of the Department of Commerce, has initiated a series of conferences to formulate plans—but there the matter will end. So long as he deals with formal associations whose value is theoretical but entirely in contrast with the purposes of individual members, the conferences are a loss of time. Having had an opportunity to examine their results both here and abroad, I can unqualifiedly state that for the purpose of facilitating foreign trade they are useless adjuncts. There are a score or maybe two of groups for the promotion of foreign trade, to say nothing of the foreign trade departments of banks and other co-operative bodies, who spend treasures in collecting nearly useless information which the government gets together for statistical purposes, and where it can always be found, and dependable, in case of need. Duplication and extravagance was never so great as in the foreign trade campaign.

There is, however, a more than silver lining to the usual cloud. American supremacy in foreign fields is maintained by a few business men who somehow do not figure in these discussions, and whose names are never involved in trips or statements of doubtful propriety or value.

On two separate trips to Europe, before and after the war, this supremacy came to my attention as undoubtedly it must to even the humblest of tourists or the best informed globe-trotters. Certain articles of American make of undeniably great utility and relatively low cost could always be found. They were always in great demand. Whether it be a low-priced motor car, or a safety razor, or a special fifty-seventh sauce, or a typewriter or a fountain pen—they were there to stay, and are staying. Those few worthy and advertised articles do more to uphold American productive supremacy in the minds of foreigners than all the talk about foreign trade in this country can.

The need today, because of the unsettled exchange situation, is not foreign trade as such, but the development of markets already existing. Take all of Europe. Where once it used to be the last word to say that a given article of desirable worth was French or British, today the signs abound that it is American. It is even applied to non-American things, and sold fraudulently to persons who cannot distinguish the substitution.

In Italy, in Germany, in England, in Spain, and elsewhere, before the war one could pick out the smart shop by its foreign language sign; and this was invariably in French. The French sign pre-supposed Persian goods. In certain special lines British production—with accompanying signs in English—predominated. But is it so now? It is not, although here and there some of these signs begin to reappear. The trend is for things American.

Market Must Be Developed

BUT the time has come when the American manufacturer must take hold and develop his market. The foreigner cannot do it for him, even though anxious to do so, because he does not know how. Advertising is still a crude science in foreign countries, but the rates are ridiculously high. At least, they are so for advertisements on the foreign plan and of the foreign school. An American advertising manager might make them pay.

It is not at all true that the foreigner is so temperamental that he will buy something of inferior make or do without rather than patronize an article whose origin seems to him as having lost caste. I was in Paris right after the Peace Conference broke up and when anti-American feeling was bitterest even though well concealed. One could not go into a café, a theater, or stand on a corner, without hearing something about America being apostrophied. But when it came to getting something where the pocketbook figured in the transaction, American goods had first call. The misfortune was that the distribution was so poor that in many cases disappointment made them give up the quest. There is no reason at all now why distribution should not be a hundred per cent complete.

One hears, of course, the excuse about adverse exchange. I believe that adverse exchange in this case is a mental ill. It figures very little in the majority and therefore representative cases. The potential foreign purchaser, discriminating enough to seek goods of foreign origin because of specific advantages, is not the one whose purchasing power is seriously obstructed by exchange variations. After all, foreign exchange is adverse only in relation of foreign paper to gold. Take Italy, for instance. With the lira at one-fifth or so of its par value, it may appear that the Italian purchaser of an American article finds himself unable to buy. This is not so, unless hard luck has been his share, because, there being almost five times as much paper money today as there was before the war, it is quite likely that his income has increased accordingly. Exception may be made about the white-collared classes, whose incomes have been practically stationary, but that is a condition which has obtained in the United States too, and therefore is of not greater commercial negativeness there than here.

Let me give a specific instance of what opportunities are being missed by big American producers. Preparing for a stay of several months I stocked up with twenty pairs of a favorite rubber heel that I invariably used. It was not long before new heels were needed. I went to half a dozen shoemakers, and each refused to attach them. One said he did not have the "special machinery," another that it was too much trouble to experiment with something new, and others had similarly unsatisfactory reasons. In the city where I was stopping there was an English-American club then numbering more than half a thousand members. Easily half of them were in the same fix I was; in fact, worse, because I had the heels and they could not get them. The result was that I had to attach them myself, a rather simple job, but whose most annoying operation was to sandpaper them down by hand.

Here was a potential business available to any one of that city's shoemakers, and certainly with customers able to pay for service rendered. Undoubtedly the genuine American article would cost more than anything locally made, but it was much better and therefore worth it.

Consular Information Inadequate

A FIND like this, with its commercial possibilities, would be worth any financier's trip because it would mean not only popularizing rubber heels, but the chance to install repair and finishing machinery, cleaning stands, and all the rest. One city would mean every city. The international bank whose foreign trade department could and would submit to interested manufacturers a workable program of definite promise like this is constructive. Sending a man over to make a study of the kind made lately is a costly junket that may be an imposition to the stockholders.

The nearest utilitarian trade information that reaches the United States is that which comes piecemeal from consuls on the one hand and trade commissioners of the Department of Commerce on the other. Their trade opportunity items are likely to conceal veritable commercial mines on a paying basis. But at best they can be but fragmentary. They are items picked up here and there and not carrying any definite plans on a business scale reduced to understandable terms by interested manufacturers.

Unless the government's foreign trade campaign exceeds its present limits, it is destined to remain a merely statistical organization. Whether it can emerge into something more useful is problematical. The average business man frowns upon anything bearing a governmental mark upon it. And despite what is being said about the government's foreign service information, it is the most reliable and timely information available. To say that it is unsatisfactory because it passes through official hands is ridiculous.

The government has no feathers in its cap for some of the men it has been sending abroad or for some of the mistakes of officiousness it has made, but strange to say, mistakes made by official representatives are not taken seriously anywhere. It seems an unwritten law that perfection is not possible of any governmental representative, be he high placed or otherwise. Thus any lapses committed by our special workers in foreign countries involve no costly reactions, as is the case with the really boorish attitude of some of the private representatives who make meteoric appearances in behalf of their institutions.

It seems, therefore, that the divergence between government and private institutions is indeed serious, but the greatest shortcoming is on the side of the ambitious but, nevertheless, still provincial and immature corporations that make their campaigns along patronizing lines that are intolerable to customers who, even though in need, can work out a fairly serious buying strike.

Middle West Can Do Much

IN MAKING these assertions I do not go by hearsay, but from actual knowledge and experience. I have seen at close enough range, and have even participated in its most conspicuous one, the operation of the foreign trade departments of some of the best-known financial institutions in the East. They run from fifty to several hundred employes, print highly adorned bulletins and house organs, all along the same lines, with hardly ever a single outstanding constructive point, and fail dismally when some important client calls upon them for vital credit information or for some wholesale commercial campaign. It is then that government officials are consulted, but by then so much time has been wasted that very likely enthusiasm has been negatived.

To prove it, one need but think of the plans advertised or promised immediately before and after the armistice. Hardly any manufacturer of the war-born crop, and a few older ones, cared to bother much about national trade. Foreign trade—and after that the miracle! Banks united to form special foreign trade financing groups, but so far the total of such financing is hardly discernible in the total of actual business done at home.

The Middle West ought to be especially impressed with these facts, because it has not indulged in any extravagances and has not likewise been identified with some of the less desirable tours of investigation. Moreover, I believe that it is all rot to say that foreign trade is something predestined to Atlantic seaboard states and adjacent territory.

I believe that if the United States is going to figure at all in foreign trade statistics in the near future, it will be largely due to the interest and capacity of the

(Concluded on page 15)



A group of residences at Delhi

The Democracy of Durham

By FRANK M. CHASE

BETWEEN democracy and land is a peculiar relation. No human right is more fondly cherished than that of holding land. To do so is at once the symbol of the free man, and one of his primitive passions. Repress this desire to hold land, and the result is something quite different from democracy — perhaps autocracy at the one extreme, Bolshevism at the other. Thus to preserve democracy the nation must see to it that its conditions of land ownership are in good order.

Here in the United States we must face the distasteful fact that they are quite otherwise. Men on the soil are finding it more and more difficult to become home owners. Land tenancy is increasing in extent and in seriousness to the individual and nation. A class consciousness is developing among the tenants that is a thorn in the side of our boasted democracy. What is to be done about it? More to the point, what *is* being done about it?

Big though the problem is, and small the beginning made, California has hit upon a plan that is suggestive of great possibilities in the improvement of land-owning conditions. This is not an entirely new plan, nor a bit of the Old World transplanted in America. It is rather a cross of the two, the nature of which can be understood best by tracing the part played in its development by its originator, Dr. Elwood Mead.

Trained for engineering, Dr. Mead had held several important positions in this profession in America, when he was called to Australia in 1907 as chairman of the state rivers and water supply commission. While handling some large irrigation projects in this capacity, he came face to face with the fact that a water supply alone would not people the reclaimed land. Something needed to be done to make it possible for settlers to own and operate the land.

In search of light on this problem, he and the Australian minister of land made a study of the European systems of state aid in land purchasing, visiting Denmark, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Ireland for this purpose. During the tour two features of the systems studied particularly impressed Dr. Mead: the economies obtained through community organization, and the feeling of equality and contentment existing where all the members of a community were working more or less under state subsidy, their financial status differing little. These suggestions were borne in mind when the Australian plan for furthering land ownership was framed, the aid of the commonwealth being extended by communities instead of by scattered individuals.

Doctor Mead spent seven years in Australia. During this time he had an active part in establishing twenty-two state-aided settlements, the largest comprising 85,000 acres.

On his return to the United States in 1914, to become professor of rural institutions in the University of California, which position he still holds, Doctor Mead found the land-holding conditions of that state in serious disorder. Land promoters and speculators had plied their trade to such an extent that the state was burdened with farmers trying to operate with insufficient capital or, having failed in that, were being forced into renting under very adverse circumstances. To this situation the land barons added further complications by hanging tenaciously on to their huge holdings. A serious shortage of skilled labor also existed; this being due in no little part to the influx of Asiatics, who, with their encroachment upon the American laborer's place and their tendency toward racial grouping, were menacing the rural life of California.

Besides Dr. Mead, one other Californian was interested in bettering these conditions. This was Hiram W. Johnson, then governor. At a conference called to consider what action should be taken, Dr. Mead proposed the plan that he had helped to work out in Australia. It had brought good results there, and he believed it could be adapted to the Golden State's needs. His suggestion was approved. However, the conferees thought that the people were scarcely ready for a move so radical. Consequently it was decided to give the existing evils a thorough airing, and Dr. Mead was put at the head of the investigating committee. How necessary were remedial measures was summed up in one sentence of the committee's report: "We have not found a single settler, who, bringing with him only the limited capital accepted by state systems of other countries, has been able to pay for his land in the time agreed upon by his contract."

Doctor Mead embodied his remedy for the situation in a bill, which, passing the legislature in 1917, appropriated $260,000 for establishing the first settlement. To administer this fund the act also created the State Land Settlement Board, of which he became chairman.

Setting to work immediately, the board early in 1918 acquired by contract 6,219 acres at Durham, in the Sacramento Valley. In May of the same year the first allotments were opened to settlers. But the men obtaining land in this tract were not simply assigned to a few acres on which they might "sink or swim"; California had seen enough of such tactics under private colonization. The state had gone into the land business for purposes far different from making money. The preservation of rural democracy was involved, and it was to the state's interest, financially and otherwise, to see that the men it was staking had a chance to make good.

Accordingly an important and significant part of the board's work was performed before the arrival of the first settler. Formerly a ranch that had been farmed haphazardly by tenants and hired hands, much of it being rough and unimproved, the land in the raw tract at Durham would have offered the small operator little hope of a living. An irrigation system was therefore established, this including all but 700 acres of the tract, drainage supplied where needed, and the land divided into farms. The land also was leveled and much of it sown to alfalfa and grain. So that when even the first settlers arrived they found not only well-developed farm land but productive labor immediately before them; they thus became self-sustaining from the start.

In the laying out of the farms, the board's concern for the settlers again was well demonstrated. Before a division line was established, farm management and soil specialists carefully went over the tract, determining the size of each farm according to its topography, the nature of its soil, and the type of farming for which it was best fitted. Thus on soils suitable to intensive cultivation the farms were made small, the most of them on irrigated land consisting of from twenty to forty acres. But where the soil was better adapted to grain raising the units were larger, there being a number of 160-acre places. The farms were arranged, too, with an eye to providing good building sites with pleasant surroundings. Virtually every settler at Durham, for instance, has been able to build his house in the shade of one or more of the large oaks with which the tract was dotted when opened up for settlement.

The terms by which the settlers obtained this land were made easy and attractive—so attractive, in fact, that five applications were received for every available farm. This enabled the board to sift the applicants carefully and so choose men of decided credit to the community. The selections were made on the basis of the applicant's answers to a questionnaire, designed to show whether he was worthy of the state's assistance, supplemented by a personal interview with members of the board or their representative.

On purchasing a farm the settler paid but five per cent of its cost, his contract of sale permitting him to pay the balance in forty semi-annual installments, with interest on the deferred payments at five per cent. Put a little differently, the plan simply called for paying the interest, at a low rate, and three per cent of the principal a year. After five years from the first payment, however, the settler may, if he chooses, pay off any amount of the principal, or all of it, whereupon he would receive the deed to his property.

The state further assisted the settler by lending him, if necessary, up to 60 per cent of the cost, but not to exceed $3,000, of his house and barn and other permanent improvements, allowing him twenty years in which to remove this indebtedness. It also advanced funds for the purchase of live stock and equipment, such loans to be repaid in five years.

From the foregoing it is seen that the minimum capital necessary was enough to make the initial payment of five per cent of the cost of the land and 40 per cent of the cost of building a house and barn. For this reason the board required that the purchaser of a farm at Durham possess at least $1,500 in money or working equipment. At the other extreme the board accepted no applicant owning agricultural land the value of which, including the land applied for at Durham, was more than $15,000; no limit, however, being put on the amount of money possessed.

Other requirements of the settler were that he begin actual residence upon his land within six months of the approval of his application, that he cultivate his land to the satisfaction of the board, that he continue to live on it for at least eight months of each of ten consecutive years, and that he not sell or assign it without the consent of the board; these restrictions effectively shutting out the land speculator and safeguarding the liberal opportunity of the worker of small means.

Perhaps the most significant phase of the Durham plan is its provision for farm laborers. The 60-year-old carpenter and his wife who came to the settlement soon after it opened concretely illustrate the meaning of this. On their arrival they had just enough money to make the initial payment of $20 on one of the twenty-six small tracts that the board had set aside for the hired men. Both the man and his wife went to work. The carpenter earned $6 a day helping the other settlers erect their houses and barns, while his wife found employment in their neighbors' homes and gardens. Mornings and evenings he built their own home. By November, they were living in a bungalow on their little place on which they owed just $6; while the next year this old couple, with a new hold on life, saved a thousand dollars.

Durham thus provides the opportunity whereby the penniless hired man may not only acquire a home, but graduate into farm ownership in a few years. And this is precisely what the State Land Settlement Board expects of the more thrifty and industrious. The laborers' homes are purchased on the same long-time terms as the farms, the pay-

(Concluded on page 14)



Above—The farm laborer is a home owner and an integral part of the community at Durham.
Below—The home of a Durham farmer, whose good home with pleasant surroundings, is a part of California's liberal plan of land settlement.

Dr. Levy, a Jew, Admits His People's Error

In a Letter That Goes Straight to Mind and Heart He Shows the Bolshevik Tendency of His Race, and Deplores It

A JEW of standing, Dr. Oscar Levy, well known in English literary circles and a lover of his people, has had the honesty and the wisdom to meet the Jewish Question with truth and candor. His remarks are printed in this article as an example of the method by which Jewry can be saved in the estimation of Twentieth Century Civilization.

The circumstances were these: George Pitt-Rivers, of Worcester College, Oxford, wrote a most illuminating brochure entitled, "The World Significance of the Russian Revolution," which is published and sold for two shillings by Basil Blackwell, Oxford. The book is the result of unprejudiced observation and study and agrees with the statements made in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT about the personnel of Bolshevism. The manuscript was sent to Dr. Oscar Levy, as a representative Jew, and Dr. Levy's letter was subsequently published as a preface to the book.

That the reader may understand the tenor of Mr. Pitt-Rivers's book, section XVI, pp. 39-41, is herewith given in full, and is followed by Dr. Levy's comments. The italics throughout are intended to remind the reader of remarks on similar lines made in this series:

XVI The Jew Factor

IT IS not unnaturally claimed by Western Jews that Russian Jewry, as a whole, is most bitterly opposed to Bolshevism. Now although there is a great measure of truth in this claim, since the prominent Bolsheviks, who are preponderantly Jewish, do not belong to the orthodox Jewish Church, it is yet possible, without laying oneself open to the charge of anti-Semitism, to point to the obvious fact that Jewry, *as a whole,* has, consciously or *unconsciously,* worked for and promoted an international economic, material despotism which, with Puritanism as an ally, has tended in an ever-increasing degree to crush national and spiritual values out of existence and substitute the ugly and deadening machinery of finance and factory. It is also a fact that Jewry, as a whole, strove every nerve to secure and heartily approved of the overthrow of the Russian monarchy, which they regarded as their most formidable obstacle in the path of their ambitions and business pursuits. All this may be admitted, as well as the plea that, individually or collectively, most Jews may heartily detest the Bolshevik régime, yet it is still true that the whole weight of Jewry was in the revolutionary scales against the czar's government. It is true their apostate brethren, who are now riding in the seat of power, may have exceeded their orders; that is disconcerting, but it does not alter the fact. It may be that the Jews, often the victims of their own idealism, have always been instrumental in bringing about the events they most heartily disapprove of; that perhaps is the curse of the Wandering Jew.

"Only a Jew Can Save Us from the Jews"

CERTAINLY it is from the Jews themselves that we learn most about the Jews. It is possible that only a Jew can understand a Jew. Nay, more, it may be that only a Jew can save us from the Jews, a Jew who is great enough, strong enough—for greater racial purity is a source of strength in the rare and the great—and inspired enough to overcome in himself the life-destructive vices of his own race. It was a Jew who said, "Wars are the Jews' harvest"; but no harvest so rich as civil wars. A Jew reminds us that the French Revolution brought civil emancipation for the Jews in Western Europe. Was it a *Jew* who inspired Rousseau with the eighteenth century idea of the sameness of man according to nature? Dr. Kallen, a Zionist author, writes: "Suffering for 1,000 years from the assertion of their difference from the rest of mankind, they accepted eagerly the escape from suffering which the eighteenth century assertion of the sameness of all men opened to them . . . . They threw themselves with passion into the republican emancipating movements of their fellow subjects of other stocks." It was a Jew, Ricardo, who gave us the nineteenth century ideal of the sameness of man according to machinery. And without the Ricardian gospel of international capitalism, we could not have had the international gospel of Karl Marx. Moses Hess and Disraeli remind us of the particularly conspicuous part played by Jews in the Polish and Hungarian rebellions, and in the republican uprising in Germany of '48. Even more conspicuous were they in the new internationalism logically deducible from the philosophy of Socialism. This we were taught by the Jew Marx, and the Jew Ferdinand Lasalle, and they but developed the doctrine of the Jew David Ricardo.

It was Weininger, a Jew—and also a Jew hater—who explained why so many Jews are naturally Communists. Communism is not only an international creed, but it implies the abnegation of real property, especially property in land, and Jews, being international, have never acquired a taste for real property; they prefer money. Money is an instrument of power, though eventually, of course, Communists claim that they will do away with money—when their power is sufficiently established to enable them to command goods, and exercise despotic sway without it! Thus the same motives prompt the Jew Communist and his apparent enemy, the financial Jew. When owners of real property in times of economic depression feel the pinch of straightened circumstances, it is the Jewish usurers who become most affluent and who, out of goodness of their hearts, come to their assistance—at a price.

Bolshevism the "Aim" of the War

TO THESE and other statements, Dr. Levy, as a Jew, made this reply:

Dear Mr. Pitt-Rivers:

When you first handed me your MS. on *The World Significance of the Russian Revolution,* you expressed a doubt about the propriety of its title. After a perusal of your work, I can assure you, with the best of consciences, that your misgivings were entirely without foundation.

No better title than *The World Significance of the Russian Revolution* could have been chosen, for no event in any age will finally have more significance for our world than this one. We are still too near to see clearly this Revolution, this portentous event, *which was certainly one of the most intimate, and therefore least obvious, aims of the world-conflagration, hidden as it was at first by the fire and the smoke of national enthusiasms and patriotic antagonisms.*

It was certainly very plucky of you to try and throw some light upon an event which necessarily must still be enveloped in mist and mystery, and I was even somewhat anxious, lest your audacity in treating such a dangerous subject would end in failure, or what is nearly the same, in ephemeral success. No age is so voracious of its printed offspring as ours. There was thus some reason to fear lest you had offered to this modern Kronos only another mouthful of his accustomed nourishment for his immediate consumption.

I was, I am glad to report, agreeably surprised—surprised, though not by the many new facts which you give, and which must surprise all those who take an interest in current events—facts, I believe, which you have carefully and personally collected and selected, not only from books, but from the lips and letters of Russian eye-witnesses and sufferers, from foes as well as from friends of the great Revolution.

What I appreciate more than this new light thrown on a dark subject, more than the conclusion drawn by you from this wealth of facts, is the psychological insight which you display in *detecting the reasons why a movement so extraordinarily bestial and so violently crazy as the Revolution was able to succeed and finally to overcome its adversaries.* For we are confronted with two questions which need answering and which, in my opinion, you have answered in your pamphlet. These questions are: (1) How has the Soviet Government, *admittedly the government of an insignificant minority,* succeeded not only in maintaining but in strengthening its position in Russia after two and a half years of power? and (2) Why has the Soviet Government, in spite of its outward bestiality and brutal tyranny, succeeded in gaining the sympathies of an increasing number of people in this country? . . . .

Experienced Revolutionaries—Jews

YOU rightly recognize that there is an ideology behind it and you clearly diagnose it as an ancient ideology. There is nothing new under the Sun, *it is even nothing new that this Sun rises in the East* . . . .

For Bolshevism is a religion and a faith. How could these half-converted believers ever dream to vanquish the "Truthful" and the "Faithful" of their own creed, these holy crusaders, who had gathered round the Red Standard of the Prophet Karl Marx, and who fought under the daring guidance of *these experienced officers of all latter-day revolutions—the Jews?*

I am touching here on a subject which, to judge from your own pamphlet, is perhaps more interesting to you than any other. In this you are right. *There is no race in the world more enigmatic, more fatal, and therefore more interesting than the Jews.*

Every writer, who, like yourself, is oppressed by the aspect of the present and embarrassed by his anxiety for the future, MUST try to elucidate the Jewish Question and its bearing upon our Age.

For the question of the Jews and their influence on the world past and present, cuts to the root of all things, and should be discussed by every honest thinker, however bristling with difficulties it is, however complex the subject as well as the individuals of this Race may be.

For the Jews, as you are aware, are a sensitive Community, and thus very suspicious of any Gentile who tries to approach them with a critical mind. They are always inclined—and that on account of their terrible experiences—to denounce anyone who is not with them as against them, as tainted with "medieval" prejudice, as an intolerant Antagonist of their Faith and of their Race.

Nor could or would I deny that there is some evidence, some prima facie evidence of this antagonistic attitude in your pamphlet. You point out, and with fine indignation, *the great danger that springs from the prevalence of Jews in finance and industry, and from the preponderance of Jews in rebellion and revolution.* You reveal, and with great fervor, *the connection between the Collectivism of the immensely rich international Finance*—the Democracy of cash values, as you call it—*and the international Collectivism of Karl Marx and Trotsky*—the Democracy of and by decoy-cries . . . . And all this evil and misery, the economic as well as the political, you trace back to one source, to one *"fons et origo malorum"*—the Jews.

All Traces Back to Jews

NOW other Jews may vilify and crucify you for these outspoken views of yours; I myself shall abstain from joining the chorus of condemnation! I shall try to understand your opinions and your feelings, and having once understood them—as I think I have—I can defend you from the unjust attacks of my often too impetuous Race. But first of all, I have to say this: *There is scarcely an event in modern Europe that cannot be traced back to the Jews. Take the Great War that appears to have come to an end, ask yourself what were its causes and its reasons: you will find them in nationalism. You will at once answer that nationalism has nothing to do with the Jews, who, as you have just proved to us, are the inventors of the international idea.* But no less than Bolshevist Ecstasy and Financial Tyranny can National Bigotry (if I may call it so) *be finally followed back to a Jewish source*—are not they the inventors of the Chosen People Myth, and is not this obsession part and parcel of the political credo of every modern nation, *however small and insignificant it may be?* And then think of the history of nationalism. It started in our time as a reaction against Napoleon; Napoleon was the antagonist of the French Revolution; the French Revolution was the consequence of the German Reformation; the German Reformation was based upon a crude Christianity; this kind of Christianity was invented, preached and propagated by the Jews; THEREFORE the Jews have made this war! . . . . Please do not think this a joke; it only seems a joke, and behind it there lurks a gigantic truth, and it is this, *that all latter-day ideas and movements have originally sprung from a Jewish source,* for the simple reason, that the Semitic idea has finally conquered and entirely subdued this *only apparently irreligious* universe of ours.

An Anti-Semitism That Helps Jews

. . . . There is no doubt that the Jews regularly go one better or worse than the Gentile in whatever they do, there is no further doubt that *their influence today justifies a very careful scrutiny, and cannot possibly be viewed without serious alarm.* The great question, however, is whether the Jews are conscious or unconscious malefactors. I myself am firmly convinced that they are unconscious ones, but please do not think that I wish to exonerate them on that account . . . . A conscious evildoer has my respect, for he knows at least what is good; an unconscious one—well, he needs the charity of Christ—a charity which is not mine—to be forgiven for not knowing what he is doing. But there is in my firm conviction not the slightest doubt that these revolutionary Jews do not know what they

are doing; that they are more unconscious sinners than voluntary evildoers.

I am glad to see that this is not an original observation of mine, but that you yourself have a very strong foreboding about the Jews being the victims of their own theories and principles. On page 39 of your pamphlet you write: "It may be that the Jews have always been instrumental in bringing about the events that they most heartily disapprove of; that maybe is the curse of the Wandering Jew." If I had not the honor, as well as the pleasure, of knowing you personally, if I were not strongly aware of your passionate desire for light and your intense loathing of unfairness, this sentence, and this sentence alone, which tells the truth, will absolve you in my eyes from the odious charge of being a vulgar anti-Semite.

No, you are not a vulgar, you are a very enlightened critic of our Race. *For there is an anti-Semitism, I hope and trust, which does the Jews more justice than any blind philo-Semitism,* than does that merely sentimental "Let-them-all-come Liberalism" which in itself is nothing but the Semitic Ideology over again. *And thus you can be just to the Jews, without being "romantic" about them.*

Linking Capitalism With Communism

YOU have noticed with alarm that the *Jewish elements provide the driving forces for both Communism and capitalism,* for the material as well as the spiritual ruin of this world. But then you have at the same time the profound suspicion that the reason of all this extraordinary behavior may be the intense Idealism of the Jew. In this you are perfectly right. The Jew, if caught by an idea, never thinks any more in watertight compartments, as do the Teuton and Anglo-Saxon peoples, whose right cerebral hemisphere never seems to know what its left twin brother is doing; he, the Jew, like the Russian, at once begins to practice what he preaches, he draws the logical conclusion from his tenets, he invariably acts upon his accepted principles. It is from this quality, no doubt, that springs his mysterious force—that force which you no doubt condemn, but which you had to admire even in the Bolshevists. And we must admire it, whether we are Jews or whether we are Christians, for have not these modern Jews remained true to type, is there no parallel for them in history, do they not go to the bitter end even in our day? . . . .

Who stirred up the people during the late war in Germany? Who pretended to have again the truth, *that* truth about which Pontius Pilate once shrugged his shoulders? Who pleaded for honesty and cleanliness in Politics, *that* honesty which brings a smile to the lips of any experienced Pro-consul of today? Writers, who were mostly Jews: Fried, Fernau, Latzko, Richard Grelling—the author of "Jaccuse." Who was killed and allowed himself to be killed for these very ideas and principles? Men and women of the Jewish Race: Haase, Levine, Luxemburg, Landauer, Kurt Eisner, the Prime Minister of Bavaria. From Moses to Marx, from Isaiah to Eisner, in practice and in theory, in idealism and in materialism, in philosophy and in politics, they are today what they have always been: passionately devoted to their aims and to their purposes, and ready, nay, eager, to shed their last drop of blood for the realization of their visions.

"But these visions are all wrong," will you reply. . . ."Look where they have led the world to. Think, that they have now had a fair trial of 3,000 years' standing. How much longer are you going to recommend them to us and to inflict them upon us? And how do you propose to get us out of the morass into which you have launched us, if you do not change the path upon which you have led the world so disastrously astray?"

To this question I have only one answer to give, and it is this: "You are right." This reproach of yours, which—I feel it for certain—is at the bottom of your anti-Semitism, is only too well justified, and upon this common ground I am quite willing to shake hands with you and defend you against any accusation of promoting Race Hatred: *If you are anti-Semite, I, the Semite, am an anti-Semite too, and a much more fervent one than even you are . . . .We (Jews) have erred, my friend, we have most grievously erred. And if there was truth in our error 3,000, 2,000, nay, 100 years ago, there is now nothing but falseness and madness, a madness that will produce an even greater misery and an even wider anarchy. I confess it to you, openly and sincerely, and with a sorrow, whose depth and pain an ancient Psalmist, and only he, could moan into this burning universe of ours . . . . We who have posed as the saviours of the world, we who have even boasted of having given it "the" Saviour, we are today nothing else but the world's seducers, its destroyers, its incendiaries, its executioners . . . .* We who have promised to lead you to a new Heaven, we have finally succeeded in landing you into a new Hell . . . . There has been no progress, least of all moral progress . . . . And it is just our Morality, which has prohibited all real progress, and—what is worse—which even stands in the way of every future and natural reconstruction in this ruined world of ours . . . . I look at this world, and I shudder at its ghastliness; I shudder all the more as I know the spiritual authors of all this ghastliness . . . .

Jews Shirk Duty to Europe

BUT its authors themselves, unconscious in this as in all they are doing, know nothing yet of this startling revelation. *While Europe is aflame, while its victims scream, while its dogs howl in the conflagration, and while its very smoke descends in darker and even darker shades upon our Continent, the Jews, or at least a part of them and by no means the most unworthy ones, endeavor to escape from the burning building, and wish to retire from Europe into Asia, from the somber scene of our disaster into the sunny corner of their Palestine. Their eyes are closed to the miseries, their ears are deaf to the moanings, their heart is hardened to the anarchy of Europe: they only feel their own sorrows, they only bewail their own fate, they only sigh under their own burdens . . . .* They know nothing of their duty to Europe, which looks around in vain for help and guidance, they know nothing even of their own great ancestor to whose heart the appeal of pity was never made in vain: they have become too poor in love, too sick at heart, too tired of battle, and lo! these sons of those who were once the bravest of soldiers are now trying to retire from the trenches to the rear, are now eager to exchange the grim music of the whistling shells with that of the cow-bells and vintage songs in the happy plain of Saron . . . .

And yet we are not all Financiers, we are not all Bolshevists, we have not all become Zionists. And yet there is hope, great hope, that this same race which has provided the Evil will likewise succeed in supplying its antidote, its remedy—the Good. It has always been so in the past—was not that fatal Liberalism, which has finally led to Bolshevism—in the very midst of that dark nineteenth century, most strenuously opposed by two enlightened Jews—Friedrich Stahl, the founder of the Conservative Party in Germany, and by Benjamin Disraeli, the leader of the Tory Party in England? *And if these two eminent men had no suspicion yet that their own race and its holy message were at the bottom of that unfortunate upheaval, with which their age was confronted*: how eager, how determined, how passionate will be the opposition of the Disraelis of the future, once they have clearly recognized that they are really fighting the tenets of their own people, and that it was their "Good," their "Love," their "Ideal," that had launched the world into this Hell of Evil and Hatred. A new "Good" as new Love, a true Love, an intelligent Love, a Love that calms and heals and sweetens, will then spring up among the Great in Israel and overcome that sickly Love, that insipid Love, that romantic Love, which has hitherto poisoned all the Strength and all the Nobility of this world. For Hatred is never overcome by Hatred: it is only overcome by Love, and it wants a new and a gigantic Love to subdue that old and devilish Hatred of today. That is our task for the future—a task which will, I am sure, not be shirked by Israel, by that same Israel which has never shirked a task, whether it was for good or whether it was for evil . . . .

Yes, there is hope, my friend, for we are still here, our last word is not yet spoken, our last deed is not yet done, our last revolution is not yet made. *This last Revolution, the Revolution that will crown our revolutionaries, will be the revolution against the revolutionaries.* It is bound to come, and it is perhaps upon us now. The great day of reckoning is near. It will pass a judgment upon our ancient faith, and it will lay the foundation to a new religion. And when that great day has broken, when the values of death and decay are put into the melting-pot to be changed into those of power and beauty, then you, my dear Pitt-Rivers, the descendant of an old and distinguished Gentile family, may be assured to find by your side, and as your faithful ally, at least one member of that Jewish Race, which has fought with such fatal success upon all the spiritual battlefields of Europe.

Yours against the Revolution and for Life ever flourishing,

OSCAR LEVY,

ROYAL SOCIETIES CLUB,
ST. JAMES STREET,
LONDON, S. W.,
JULY, 1920.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

A second book, containing the second twenty articles, will soon be ready and may be ordered now.

Jewish World Notes

"Mrs. Jules Hart, of Yonkers, in leading the round table discussion on legislation this afternoon at the closing session of the New York State Council of Jewish Women at the Colonie Country Club, objected to the use of Christian songs in the public schools and recommended that the council ask the board of regents to eliminate them.

"Mrs. William D. Sporborg, of New York, president of the new organization just formed yesterday, also spoke along these lines and said that in several meetings of the federated clubs of which the Jewish council was a part, the Catholic priests and Protestant ministers, reciting benedictions and giving the invocations, used Christian expressions which were not fair to the Jewish women. When the Jewish rabbi was asked to speak no reference was made which would offend any religion, Mrs. Sporing said."—Albany *Evening Journal.*

What is needed in this country is not Jewish laws which gag free speech and throttle a free press, laws which make it a crime to identify and study Jewish activity and Jewish influence on American life, but a law like this:

"That if two or more persons conspire to injure, suppress, threaten or intimidate any person in the free exercise and enjoyment of his right, privilege or immunity to propose, advance, discuss, agitate for or promote by lawful means a course of study or research for the public information upon the influence of any racial, political or moral current in the life of the nation, they shall be fined not more than $5,000 or imprisoned not more than five years or both."

It is apparent that whereas in time past the guard of the law was required over breaches of constitutional rights on the side of license, there is need now of laws to protect constitutional rights against suppression of them. To prevent free speech is a greater crime than to commit libel, for libel may be redressed, but what law redresses enforced silence? Will the B'nai B'rith, which has been instrumental in introducing gag laws in nearly every state, use its influence to draft and enact laws safeguarding this fundamental constitutional right? Hardly! Those who most oppose free speech have most to fear from it.

"A distinguished American author and playwright is up for heated discussion over a play he has submitted to several Broadway managers. It still hungers and thirsts for a producer. The author has told some intimate friends that the cause of the rejection lodges in the fact that he owns 10 per cent of the stock of a hotel in New England which excludes Jews!"—Philadelphia *Public Ledger.*

On February 18, Dr. Judah L. Magnes, head of the New York Kehillah, was arrested, together with two girl pickets, at a clothing strike. When arraigned before the magistrate, all three were convicted. Upon appeal, the rabbi was released, but the two girls were fined.

To date, there is no evidence that the leaders of Jewry have attempted to boycott the G. A. R. or to prevent the holding of their next reunion because of the sentiments expressed at the National Staff Association banquet at Boston.

In the Federal Court at Cleveland, the city officials were enjoined against interfering with the sale of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. In rendering his decision, Judge Westenhaver said: "The publication complained of cannot by any stretch of imagination be classified as indecent, obscene or scandalous, but if it were, the limit of the city's power would be to conduct prosecutions for specific offenses and not by the establishment of a censorship in advance and prohibition of sales." The terms "indecent, obscene, scandalous" appear in the Jewish complaints against this paper. They would be more serviceable in describing certain Jewish theatrical spectacles.

It is reported that Mr. Einstein, who received unusual civic honors in New York as a scientist, though, as some suspect, really as a Jew, has refused all invitations to debate his theory with qualified Americans. He has scarcely been heard of since his arrival.

The New York police force seems to have gone anti Semitic. They seized so much passover wine in their raids upon illicit liquor stocks, and upon Jewish congregational officials who took advantage of their office to engage in bootlegging, that none is left for ritual purposes. Still the American people do not understand that the Jewish people are the only ones in the United States who are exempt from the Eighteenth Amendment.

A steady procession of Jews has been going to the White House since the inauguration of President Harding. Mr. Harding is President of all the people and receives them as he would anyone else. But the incidents of some of the meetings will make excellent reading one day.

Within the Sacred Precincts of Diplomacy

Mr. Schreiner during the war was a correspondent for the Associated Press and traveled in the Central Empires until the United States cast its lot with the Entente. The facts are of the type which every honest newspaperman seeks to place before his reading public. These articles are interesting bits of history heretofore denied the American people by Congress

By GEORGE A. SCHREINER

Author of "The Iron Ration," "From Berlin to Bagdad," "The Craft Sinister"

WHEN the gods of Greek mythology hied themselves to Elysium, they left behind all the offspring they had with the fair daughters of Hellas. For centuries thereafter—taking Homer's version for it—that offspring ran much of the affairs of mankind. It did that usually in a most peculiar manner, and we may conclude, therefore, that our diplomatists are lineal descendants of the Greek gods—no mere humans, in other words.

This view of the case may be looked upon as the queerest of logic. It may be said for it, however, that it is every bit as logical as diplomacy itself. Also, this strange hypothesis finds ample justification in the opinion the diplomatist has of himself, which opinion, by the way, is fervently supported by those who have never penetrated into the holy of holies of diplomacy. Diplomatists are super-men, of course. In weak moments they may admit to themselves that they are of dust, but none has yet been found who would admit this—even to his wife or his valet.

It is a well-known fact that no ambassador or minister has ever so much as batted an eyelash before an irate minister for foreign affairs, premier, president or kingly ruler. The diplomatist does nót have to do that. Once he has been annointed by governmental infallibility, he is himself infallible. This is conceded by all. It is part of his stipend. And though there be little enough sense in some of those who direct the weal and woe of nations they all have sufficient intelligence of a sort not to question the infallibility of those upon whom the oil of the diplomatic and governmental cult has fallen. To do that might result in disaster.

By and large the diplomatist is well protected. He does as he pleases, until he is found out. Found out in times of peace he goes on a vacation; discovered in times of stress he is recalled. On but rare occasions has a diplomatist been *Dumbaized*. Dr. Alexander Dumba, who, it will be recalled, was sent home by Mr. Wilson during the war, was not inappropriately named. Taking the last letter off his name, we have an adjective with a slang meaning all its own. His case, however, was exceptional.

Sending Morgenthau to Turkey

I MET Mr. Dumba in the famous Ballhausplatz building in which is housed the ministry of foreign affairs in Vienna. Oscar Ritter von Montlong, then chief of the press department of the ministry, thought it proper to introduce us to one another. Dr. Dumba caught my name and connection and fled in dismay, mumbling a few words to the effect that, while he was glad to meet me, he had really nothing to say. To which Von Montlong added a second later that Dr. Dumba thought the American newspaperman the most dangerous individual on earth, to which I also agreed.

Ambassadors and ministers write autobiographies in the spare time they have recently had between writing war books of the claptrapest variety. It is a good thing that the autobiographies are generally printed for private circulation only—with a wonderful print on wonderful paper, within a more wonderful binding emblazoned by the crest of the house of the diplomatist.

To read the books of diplomatists one would take it for granted that at their posts they were everything. To read two such books will show even the novice how much power two men can have in a single sphere, and to read three leaves us dumbfounded in contemplation of how so much force, will, initiative, energy and noble volition could be unfolded within so narrow a confine as this little planet of ours.

In Constantinople, the newspaperman met Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Sr., representing at that time the United States at the Sublime Porte. To represent the greatest republic on earth at so marvelous a place as the Alibabi, to wit: Sublime Porte, was a great honor, of course. And Mr. Morgenthau felt that honor, naturally.

Mr. Morgenthau was at Baltimore in 1912 and was one of the first to shake the presidential nominee's hand. Mr. Wilson never forgot that, nor did the Democratic national committee forget that the real estate operator had made a handsome contribution to the campaign exchequer.

There was but one post open for the aspirant. For years and years Constantinople had been a post *de convenance*, as our Gallic associates would call it. To the Sublime Porte were sent men for whom it was hard to find a place elsewhere. At the European capitals certain social and racial lines had been drawn. The barbarous Turk was more democratic, and at one time too corrupt, to draw such lines. Moreover, the Sultan had under his rule many of Mr. Morgenthau's coreligionists, and what was more to the point, the United States owns its own ambassadorial palace in Pera, so that no rent had to be paid. The salary of a United States ambassador is $17,500 a year, just enough to keep his excellency in little change for tips; with free quarters thrown in, Constantinople was a good post then.

Ambassadorial appointments are really poor investments, though they are not without glory, of course. Mr. Morgenthau did not mind that because money was no object with him. His real estate deals had been most profitable. He was usually the head in the large syndicates he organized. In a single deal he made $480,000, and his promotion schemes all over New York City, from Lower Broadway to the swamps along the East and Bronx rivers, netted him a huge fortune, compared to which the handsome income from a typewriter concern was but pin money.

What the future ambassador of the United States to Turkey thought of money is best shown by a little remark he made on the occasion of a dinner at Delmonico's some time in 1912.

"Yes," he said, "a man who is worth only a million is not in respectable society, nowadays. He must have millions or he does not count."

Mr. Morgenthau wanted to be ambassador to Turkey, a post which had been filled by other Jews. It so happened in 1912 that Mr. Wilson and a new governor of the state of New York had to be elected. Funds were needed for that. Mr. Morgenthau contributed lavishly and got members of his family to do likewise. When the campaign was in fairly good swing, the Democratic party was indebted, morally, to the Morgenthau family to the following extent:

Henry Morgenthau, Sr., (first contribution)	$30,000
Henry Morgenthau, Sr., (second contribution)	10,000
Henry Morgenthau, Jr.,	1,000
S. M. L. Morgenthau,	100
G. L. Morgenthau,	250
Maximilian Morgenthau,	100
	$41,450

But it seems that this was not yet the total of what Mr. Morgenthau spent in that campaign.

In September of the next year ex-Governor Sulzer of New York was cited to appear before an impeachment court. Mr. Morgenthau also appeared in the rôle of witness, because a check of his was one of the exhibits. Mr. Morgenthau explained to the court that he had handed this check for $1,000 to Mr. Sulzer in a moment in which he was "foolishly generous." According to the testimony, Mr. Morgenthau was sitting in his office at the Democratic National Headquarters at 200 Fifth Avenue, on October 5, when Mr. Sulzer walked in. Mr. Morgenthau gave him a check for $1,000 from his own funds. According to the testimony, Mr. Sulzer did not expect to get such a check, which caused the impeachment court to put a good many questions, of which two are relevant.

Question by Senator Coates:

"I would like to ask Mr. Morgenthau if, had Mr. Sulzer not been a candidate for governor, he would have given the $1,000 as spontaneously as he did?"

Mr. Morgenthau: "Certainly not!"

Question by another member of the court:

"Was it for the purpose of creating better understanding or more intimate relations between yourself and William Sulzer after he should have been elected governor, knowing that he would be elected?"

Mr. Morgenthau: "No, sir."

Just before, Mr. Morgenthau had admitted that he was sure of Mr. Sulzer's election.

Mr. Sulzer had been elected governor, and on March 18, 1913, there was given a dinner in his honor by his friends at the Café Boulevard. The governor had meanwhile attracted the attention of those who wished him harm, and Mr. Morgenthau found it necessary to support and encourage him, doing this in words that betrayed the keenest interest in Mr. Sulzer.

"The people look to you not to yield," said Mr. Morgenthau. "Self-seeking men no longer govern the state. The people have sent you a message to march straight on, and if you yield you will be overwhelmed. Your one master is public opinion, and you must stand like a rock, come against you who may."

A little later the governor was before the impeachment court, and Mr. Morgenthau's check was among those that figured in the trial.

Within a few days of Mr. Morgenthau's appearance before the impeachment court, Mr. Wilson sent his nomination as ambassador to Turkey to the United States Senate. It was promptly accepted, and Mr. Morgenthau was generously fêted before he left for his post.

Mr. Morgenthau made a good impression in Turkey, according to the newspaper dispatches written before the newspaperman appeared on the scene. The American ambassador admitted having been asked by the Turkish Government to accept a post in the Ottoman ministry, as minister of agriculture, besides attending to his duties as ambassador of the United States. He declined, however, though that did not prevent the Turkish Government from presenting a member of the ambassador's family with the Shefakat Order of the first class, the man mainly responsible being Enver Pasha, Ottoman minister of war, upon whom Mr. Morgenthau has since fastened a good half of the responsibility for the propaganda-augmented Armenian atrocities, bestowing the other half upon Talaat Pasha, who was recently assassinated in Berlin.

On March 3, 1916, Mr. Morgenthau was interviewed in regard to the situation in Turkey. He informed the New York reporters that the Turk was not half a bad chap, if you knew him. And the ambassador knew the Turk well, it seems.

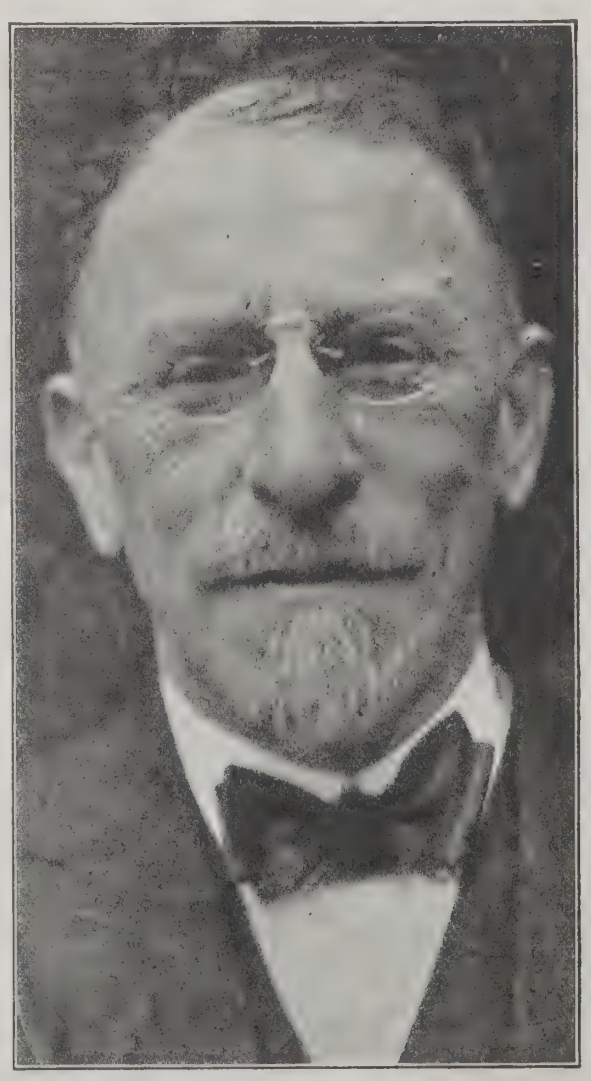
Rumors reached him to the effect that Turkish soldiers had occupied the buildings of the Masovan College for Girls. He was indignant. Being a man of action, and not bound by the regular rules of diplomatic intercourse, Mr. Morgenthau got the Sultan on the telephone. The following conversation ensued, according to Mr. Morgenthau:

The ambassador of the United States:

"Can you see me on an important matter?"

His Majesty, Sultan Réchad Khan V, Khalifa, Ghazi, and so on:

"Yes, come right over."



HENRY MORGENTHAU,

Formerly United States Ambassador to Turkey

Knew Nothing But Turkish

THE newspaperman may say that this is somewhat of an enigma. During a twenty-seven minutes' audience which he had with His Majesty, an interpreter had to function, because the Sultan knew neither English, French nor German—nothing, in fact, but Turkish, of which language Mr. Morgenthau knew as much at that time as did the newspaperman.

Mr. Morgenthau left his post at Constantinople to assist in the re-election of Mr. Wilson. In October of 1916, he issued an appeal for funds for the Democratic campaign to the extent of $500,000, but was $270,000 short of this when the election was over. All of the money Mr. Morgenthau raised was gotten on the plea of: "He kept us out of the war." For a time, indeed, Mr. Morgenthau was convinced that the United States should not participate in the war. On March 8, of that year he made the statement:

"And so we should, and we must, keep out of the war."

The statement was an incident to Mr. Morgenthau's protest against the efforts that were being made at the time to drag the country into the war. He could not see the necessity for this at that time, because he knew that conditions in Turkey were radically different from what he pictured them later. His own son, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, Jr., made the following statement in London in an interview:

"In Constantinople itself there is little evidence of German domination. The city is well policed and orderly."

On March 21, 1916, Mr. Morgenthau took pains to point out to an audience of coreligionists that the

Turks were kind to the Jews; while a little while later he delighted in painting the Turk the worst of savages, and the German his vicious master. The number of massacred Armenians increased with every speech Mr. Morgenthau made in behalf of the Near East relief funds, with the Armenians getting quite the least share of the money that was thus extracted from the American public. By and by, the ex-ambassador had more Armenians killed than lived at any time in the districts affected by the uprising. The numbers grew by the hundreds of thousands, though a good British soldier, General Macwisky, has just come out with a book in which he explodes this Morgenthauiade.

Shortly after his arrival in the city on the Golden Horn, Mr. Morgenthau was confronted with his first diplomatic problem. The United States Government had sold to the Greek Government, through a jobber by name of Fred J. Gauntlett, the superannuated ships of the line: "Idaho" and "Mississippi" for the bargain price of $12,636,276.98. How the 98 cents came to be on the bill is not known. To be sure, the ships were marked down, but there is no other instance recorded in the history of man in which two cents were lopped off a dollar in the sale of two perfectly good, though second-hand, battleships.

Mr. Morgenthau did not fix this price. What he found awkward was that the Ottoman Government wanted to know why the United States had sold these two ships to the Greeks. There are in my possession several diplomatic telegrams from M. de Giers, at that time Russian ambassador to Turkey, in which he informs his great chief Sazonoff in Petrograd that the Turkish Government had assured him that it was arming only against the Greeks. Thus it came that the men in Stamboul did not take kindly to the sale of the battleships.

Mr. Morgenthau tried to explain the deal to Said Halim Pasha, the grand vizier, who served under his inferior ministers, Enver Pasha and Talaat Pasha, the latter still a *bey* at that time. Buying and selling real estate was one thing, explaining a diplomatic situation was quite another. The grand vizier had a thin beard of the Oom Paul Kruger brand, and while he stroked it with his dainty hand, the ambassador was striving hard to find words. Said Halim's Oxford training had eliminated much of the ferocity one might expect.

Mr. Morgenthau was asked to send a polite feeler to Mr. William Jennings Bryan, just then holding down the chair of the Secretary of State. That feeler was to ascertain whether or not it would be possible to undo the sale of the two American battleships. Halim Pasha thought that the thing was pretty close to being an unfriendly act, to which the ambassador replied that it seemed to him to be a mere business transaction. The Turkish grand vizier tried hard to demonstrate to Mr. Morgenthau that some business deals, even bargain sales in battleships, might be construed into unfriendly acts, and that war had been declared for much less than that.

It would have been better had the ambassador sent a little cipher dispatch to Mr. Bryan. But that he did not do. He considered that as ambassador of the United States he alone was in charge of relations with Turkey, in which view Mr. Morgenthau was supported by Sir Louis Mallett, the British ambassador, whose advice he was frequently given.

Sir Louis of Great Help

MR. MORGENTHAU has been criticized for having been too thick with Sir Louis. Knowledge of the facts and compassion compels the newspaperman to say that there was no way out. The successful real estate man was as innocent of diplomacy as a new-born babe. Since he was on post he had to make a showing. The British ambassador realized that the predicament of his colleague was great, and, being brought up in the school of British political philanthropy, he promptly came to the rescue. After that, Said Halim Pasha found Mr. Morgenthau most obdurate.

The American ambassador repaid this kindness. When the Turks had closed the straits—the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles—Sir Louis Mallett was most wroth. In his studied outbreak of diplomatic passion, Sir Louis was amply and ably supported by M. Bompard, the French ambassador, in whom a natural anger nearly ruined an otherwise accomplished diplomatist. The two called upon the ambassador of the United States to go to the Sublime Porte and give the grand vizier a piece of his mind.

To act as the spokesman for two such governments as the British and French was a great honor for Mr. Morgenthau. He repaired to the Alibabi in his great automobile and with a glorious arnaut cavass and confronted the Ottoman prime minister with the words:

"You know this means war!"

Said Halim almost fainted. It was not the possibility of war that took his breath away, but the new sort of diplomatic conversation inaugurated by the American ambassador. When the grand vizier was himself again, he informed Mr. Morgenthau politely, yet firmly withal, that he had better mind his own business and leave all diplomatic relations between the Imperial Ottoman Government and the diplomatic representatives of Great Britain, France and Russia in those channels in which they were intended to move.

For M. de Giers, the Russian ambassador, Mr. Morgenthau had little love. He hated Russia and all things Russian with an aversion that was deep and honest.

It was this plane upon which he and Baron von Wangenheim, the German ambassador, met often and well afterward. In his book on his diplomatic career, from the pen of Burton Hendricks, Mr. Morgenthau tries hard to make the reader feel that he had no use for the tall and elegant Prussian in the palace on the Boulevard Ayas Pasha. It was not always thus. There was a time when he and Wangenheim were intimate—rather. That time extends to the day on which Mr. Morgenthau left his post for good to assist in the re-election of his friend Mr. Wilson. Mr. Morgenthau confided to many that except for him the great pacifist in the White House might not be re-elected. He left Constantinople with the prayers of all accompanying him. It would not have taken much to have the Turkish Government order a special service of prayers in the Hagia Sofia, imploring Allah not to return the great *kadi* of the *Amerikann serai*.

Mr. Morgenthau was considered in Constantinople *persona non grata* to so extreme an extent that his reasons for leaving the Ottoman capital could be accurately determined by the flip of a coin. Head showing, Mr. Wilson's campaign lost; tail showing, the aversion of the Sublime Porte won.

In his book, the ambassador would have us gain the impression that on the Golden Horn he was the *multum in parvo*. That is not so, exactly. Applying the methods of the real estate operator to diplomacy will not do, even if one deals with so barbarous a lot as the Turks. Moreover, the grand vizier was an Egyptian who at Oxford had imbibed all that is superlative in English culture.

The American ambassador was not so omnipotent, therefore. In fact he was anything but that.

Captain J. P. Morton, commander of the United States small cruiser "Scorpion," and Captain R. H. Williams, of indefinite standing as military attaché in the spare time left him by his relief work, wanted to see what was doing at the Dardanelles and on Gallipoli. Their interest in the operations of the Allies and Turks was legitimate. Captain Morton would have failed in his duty had he permitted this wonderful opportunity to pass unheeded, with Captain Williams guilty of the same remissness. The first as naval officer, and the second as officer of the United States coast artillery, had to see what the effect of the titanic struggle between modern battleship and coast battery was. The newspaperman had given the two officers all the data he could dispense without being guilty of uttering vital military secrets, but they had to see the lay of things themselves. Morton was much concerned with the maneuvering of the British and French ships, their fire practice and what not, and Williams wanted to see the effect of modern super-artillery upon the old earthworks of the Turkish batteries along the straits. In the national defense scheme of the United States the information they might gather could become of the greatest importance. Needless to say, the two captains were anxious to get to the fronts in question.

After a while they grew fretful. Mr. Morgenthau was importuned early and often. The ambassador did his best. But he had fallen from grace in the Alibabi and the ministry of war. The grand vizier endorsed his wishes, nevertheless, but left their realization in the hands of Enver Pasha, Ottoman minister of war, and Talaat Bey, minister of the interior and what not at that time.

Enver Pasha made many promises and kept not a one. Being somewhat of a diplomatist himself, he never said *no*, but spoke of the prospects of the future. For this reason he did not fare so well in Mr. Morgenthau's book. Talaat offended similarly and got his share of the ambassador's ire.

Captains Morton and Williams persisted. When it was clear to them that they would not get to the Dardanelles and Gallipoli via the embassy, they made up their minds to appeal to the endorsement of the newspaperman. There were several reasons why the writer did not care to engage in that sort of *pourparler*. In the first place attachés were taboo at those fronts; second, what the great man in the Italian palace on the *rue* Kabristan could not accomplish he had no hopes of accomplishing. Also, military and naval attachés are not in the habit of doing anything for mere scribes; moreover, it has never paid the latter to butt into affairs not strictly their own.

However, the newspaperman meant well enough by the two captains. A little dinner was arranged by the latter for the former and the thing was discussed. The newspaperman, seeing a citizen's duty in getting the attachés to the front, promised to do what he could.

Encouragement was given him about noon on the following day. Mr. Morgenthau called him into his *sanctum sanctorum* and confessed that he was without the necessary influence and standing to get the two captains to the front. Would the newspaperman use his influence and standing to get Captains Williams and Morton to the said fronts?

The newspaperman promised that he would do his best. That best was at first unproductive of the desired result, but in the end the two officers were allowed to make the trip.

A result of Italy's entering the war was that Italian and Russian interests in the Ottoman Empire were thrown upon the street together. Protection had to be found for them. After the neutral governments of Europe had declined the job, Rome and Petrograd turned to Washington, D. C.

Thus was conjured up the great crisis in the life of Mr. Morgenthau. The Department of State asked him to charge himself with the care of the Russians and their interests in Turkey. Mr. Bryan thought nothing of this, but Mr. Morgenthau did.

He needed advice. But that was hard to find now. Sir Louis Mallett and Monsieur Bompard were out of reach. In his own *conseiller* and first secretary, Mr. Hoffman Philip, Mr. Morgenthau had little confidence, because the said *conseiller* did not always agree with him. For the counsel of Mr. Tarler, and a few other boys learning the diplomatic trade under the aegis of himself, Mr. Morgenthau could have no respect, of course. There was Mr. Shamavonian, the dragoman. At best he had but the Levantine view of things.



MR. MORGENTHAU, in Washington.

Audience Seats Himself

SO MR. MORGENTHAU was reduced to the necessity of having to appeal to the newspaperman.

The ambassador was pacing up and down, as the caller entered the office. He seemed much perturbed, and still the perturbation was not entirely real. Most, if not all, of it was for the audience of one.

The audience seated himself.

The ambassador cast a glance at him, screwed his face into something resembling great mental strain and continued his perambulations, without saying a word.

After a while, the psychological moment was come. The anguish within the ambassador had loosed itself so that speech was possible.

A sad tale was unfolded. He, the ambassador, had been asked by *his* government to take in charge, and care for, the subjects of the Russian czar and their interests. It would be impossible to comply with that request. How could he, a self-respecting Jew, take care of the subjects and interests of a government that had for years and years persecuted and pogromed his coreligionists in Russia? That was out of the question. It could not be done. He could not do it. He would not do it.

The audience had no words to meet such determination. He said nothing and the ambassador continued his march from door to window past the fireplace.

Presently, the perturbed man stopped near the caller.

What did the caller have to say to that?

The caller said that he had nothing to say. Such matters were beyond his province entirely.

He would resign, rather than take that commission, said the ambassador. The caller found that proper enough, but suggested that finally it was all a matter of ascertaining just why the post had been filled by Mr. Morgenthau. Was he in Constantinople as a citizen of the United States and diplomatic representative of its government, or was he there as an individual at liberty to serve a cause which after all was but a product of emotion?

The ambassador continued to give voice to his indignation. What would *his* people say to all that? Would they not be justified in execrating the very memory of him? He would resign. There was a limit to what a government could ask of the citizen.

The agreement between ambassador and newspaperman was that on the morrow the world would learn what its fate was to be. Mr. Morgenthau had dismissed the caller with the remark that overnight he would make up his mind, but that, probably, the Department of State would be the scene of considerable excitement.

The newspaperman wrote a dispatch of Mr. Morgenthau's acceptance first. He put it into one pocket, and the resignation dispatch in another. The following morning he went to the telegraph office near the Galata Serai and filed the acceptance.

Within the ambassador a great struggle had taken place, and the diplomatist had gained the upper hand.

All the world knows that Mr. Morgenthau wrote a book with a long title. The book has been looked upon as one of the great documents of the war, if the word of critics may be taken for it. Mr. Morgenthau returned to this country without so much as a single note on the most important events, and he and his amenuensis needed data. Who could supply it? The ambassador thought of the newspaperman, wrote him a note and extended an invitation to luncheon at the Yale Club. The newspaperman accepted.

The ambassador, his secretary, Mr. Antonian, and Mr. Burton Hendricks seated themselves at a table for four. No time was to be lost. Mr. Morgenthau began to question the newspaperman on all manner of things—the bombardment of the Dardanelles, the actions on Gallipoli, the interior of Asia Minor, the Armenian crisis, Talaat Pasha, Enver Pasha, Liman von Sanders Pasha, Von Wangenheim, Corvette-Captain Humann, Von der Goltz Pasha, Germano-Turkish relations, Prince Wolf-Mettermich, Dr. Richard von Kuehlmann.

The newspaperman answered, and the secretary took it down in short hand, first on his knee and then on the table—quite frankly. It was 1:30 when Messrs. Morgenthau and Hendricks began to interview the professional interviewer. At six that evening they were still at it. Most of Mr. Morgenthau's book had been dictated by the newspaperman, as he thought. As a matter of fact he was mistaken. Messrs. Morgenthau and Hendricks trimmed the statements to suit their purpose, and when the great book appeared on the market finally it contained a credit line to the effect that at this time the ambassador succeeded in getting to the front a certain newspaperman, with which achievement he had as little to do as the man in the moon.



"Receipt room" in the Robinson family home, where receipted bills paid for the circus supplies and expenses for each year, beginning in the late '50's, are kept in trunks.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money" V. Nomading Olden Trails

By HARRY BARNET

IN TRUNKS, stored on the top floor of the family home of "Governor" John F. Robinson at the former winter quarters of his circus in the Little Miami country near Cincinnati, are receipted bills for each expenditure made during the circus seasons, beginning as far back as the late 1850's, and ending a few years ago, when the circus that had been, in succession, the property of his father, himself, and of his son for a hundred years, passed into other hands.

The bills for each year are kept in separate trunks, together with the statistics of the show—the amount of the receipts at each performance; the prices paid for licenses, rent of "show lots," pay rolls signed by famous tent showmen and women who drew the money; and even notations as to the character, and the likes and dislikes, of the people who lived in the different parts of the United States visited by the circus during that year.

It's a motley collection of information, but each scrap of paper in it holds a story to the "Governor." He knows the how and the why of the majority of these notations.

"We were the first big show to get into Texas," he said one afternoon, when we were rummaging through the more aged of the trunks, and he came across a receipted hotel bill, signed by the sheriff of a Texas county.

"That was very early in 1850," he continued, "and we stayed six months. We did a tremendous business. We were the talk of that country for years after that time.

"It was pretty soft for us. The rich Mexicans and the ranchers and even the Negroes had more money than they knew what to do with. We charged a dollar admission, and it was cheap country to travel across. There were no licenses. Hay was a dollar a ton, and other food costs in proportion.

"But the hotel keepers tried to gouge us every once in a while. You know, in those days we didn't have a camp on the lot where we fed our people; everybody, including the workingmen, was put up at the little hotels.

"In the mornings, after the show had left the town, pa used to pay the bills, because he didn't know what they would be until everything belonging to the show had cleared out. This morning, he had some argument with the hotel proprietor about the amount of the bill. What it was about, now, I don't remember.

"We had a carryall that we rode in, my father, mother, younger brother, sister and myself. I rode in front with my father, and the rest of them sat on the back seat. We had a very spirited pair of bay mares, thoroughbreds, and the team stood hitched right in front of the hotel.

"We were sitting there, waiting for pa to pay the bill and come out so we could start. All of a sudden he came out rearing and tearing, and the landlord behind him. Pa jumped into the carryall, took up the reins, and slapped the horses on the back with them. They gave a jump, and we were off.

And Away They Went

"RIGHT in front of us was a little ditch, and the front wheels went down in it. As they came out of the ditch the back of the carryall flew up, and the kingbolt—there was no pin in it—came out of the fifth-wheel, letting the whole thing fall down on the ground. The horses kept going, and pa went down the street hanging on to the reins, plowing up the dust, and everything else in the sand. I went over the dashboard, and my mother, brother and sister over on top of me.

"We all jumped up as quickly as we could, grabbed the body of the carryall, and lifted it up and out of the road. In the meantime, pa got the team stopped, turned them around, and drove them back. There was nothing broken, and we were not injured. Mother and I lifted the body of the vehicle, pushed the wheels and axle under it, and let it down. We hitched the team again—the whole occurrence didn't take more than a minute—and started down the street as fast as the horses could take us.

"We were about two or three miles out on the prairie, when pa looked back and saw a cloud of dust. He surmised what it was, and slowed up. Then three fellows caught up with us. One of them was the sheriff. They circled around us, and one fellow demanded of pa to stop, and another one told him to surrender. Pa paid no attention to them, but kept the team trotting. Every time one of these fellows would reach from his horse and try to catch the reins pa would tell him not to touch them, and he would jerk the reins out of reach.

"After a while they got tired of this, and began to get braver.

"'If you fellows don't get away from here,' pa finally said, 'I'll kill the whole gang of you.

"'Elizabeth, give me that pistol,' he said, turning to mother.

Off Gallops the Posse

"SHE had brought a bag of doughnuts with her, and she and my brother and sister were eating them. Pa grabbed the longest doughnut, and brought it down as though he was going to shoot the sheriff. The three fellows turned their horses around, and galloped out of range. Then pa jumped out of the carryall, and held the doughnut pistol on them for a while; then he motioned for them to come back. When they did, he told them that he'd paid the hotel keeper what he thought was right for what he gave us, and he wouldn't pay any more. But he did want a receipted bill for what he had paid. The sheriff receipted the bill, and this is the bill. Mother never had any appetite for doughnuts after that time.

"I wonder how I ever went through the hardships of the early days with the old wagon circus," the "Governor" went on, after scrutinizing a bill for supplies purchased in Thomasville, Georgia, long before the war between the states.

"The night before we showed this time in Thomasville, we were going along the road, when a norther struck us full in the face. The horses soon got tired of facing the rain and the sleet, and they turned around in the road—they simply wouldn't face the storm. We were near a schoolhouse, and there was still some fire in the fireplace, so we went in and built it up again. The first thing we knew the whole building was afire, and everybody, horses and people, gathered around it while it burned. It was a funny sight, I can tell you.

"A few days later, we had another cold snap, one that froze ice a quarter of an inch thick. I was riding with pa one morning about daylight, when we caught up with the baggage wagons and the cages. They were stopped, and the men were standing around little fires that they had started. When we got out of the rig, we found that the road led through a swamp where there always was from a few inches to two feet of water—there were many roads of that kind in the South in those days—and this water had frozen until there was probably half a mile of ice through which it was impossible to get the horses to go. They would balk rather than make the attempt.

"Pa didn't delay. He took the horse that was ridden by the man who led the elephant, and grabbing a fence rail, he started to break a road through that half mile of ice. The horse balked after he started, so pa jumped off, and let it go back to the group around the fires. Then he waded through the swamp, cracking the ice with the rail the whole distance. Then he came back, making an open way for the baggage wagons to get through. He was soaking wet, and nearly frozen, so we stopped one of the baggage wagons, got out his trunk, and helped him to put on dry clothes in that bitter cold. He never suffered from any bad effects, however.

"During that same season we were having a lot of trouble with one of the wagons. It seemed to be always in trouble. It was a four-horse load, and it finally wound up by being pulled by eight horses, but still they were always balking and stalling and in trouble.

"One day we met a mule drover with a bunch of mules, and pa bought four of the finest ones there were in the lot. They were matched, about eighteen hands high, and weighed in proportion. They were fresh and young, and when they were hitched to that load it was like pulling a sulky to them.

"Going from Cuthbert, Georgia, to Eufala, Alabama, we had to cross a swamp. The road through it was corduroy—logs laid down, you know. I was very anxious to see that mule team bring the load through the swamp, where the wheels went down to their hubs between the logs, and then they would jump up and down, which made it very trying on the team. So I got in front of them with my buggy where I could see what they were doing. The logs of the corduroy were pegged down on each side to prevent them from floating away when the water got high enough to run over the embankment.

Down Went the Mule

"I WAS wearing a very fine overcoat, lined with the finest of furs. The coat had a big heavy cape on it. The collar came high up around my neck, and the coat itself reached to my ankles. I had on a pair of high top boots that came to my knees. All of a sudden, one of the lead mules coming along over these logs went down into a hole between a couple of saplings, and fell. Now there is nothing in the world that will give up so quick as a mule in cold water, and this mule was no exception. His head went under the water.

"I was afraid he would drown, so I jumped out of the buggy and ran to him. The water was running over the top of the road, but I held the mule's head up. He commenced to struggle with me hanging to him, and all of a sudden he gave a little twist, and threw me over this embankment. My heels caught on the log, and I went down into deep water head foremost, big coat, heavy boots, and all. It seemed to me I was under that water for an hour or more—it couldn't have been very many seconds—when one or two of the men ran over and got me out. But I got soaking wet, and after that I had to ride twenty-five miles in an open buggy in the snow and the sleet that started to come down a little while after we got out of the swamp. When I got to the town and tried to get out of the buggy I was frozen fast to it, and they had to chop me loose from the cushions.

"However, one of our greatest annoyances and troubles with the old wagon show," the "Governor" went on, "were the ferries and the tollgates. I remember one time in Kentucky, there was a country storekeeper at a crossroads, and he stopped me. He wanted to know if I didn't want to make a little money. I told him I did. He said that if I left the road there, and went down the side of the mountain, and around through a valley, then up another road that I wouldn't have to go more than half a mile

(Concluded on page 15)

Zona Gale and "Friendship Village" Stories

"TAKE the River Road street and go up five blocks until you come to the oddest looking house in the community. It's on the river bank. You can't miss it. No one but a writer, or some person like, that would want such a queer looking place."

This was the direction which the clerk at the hotel in Portage, Wisconsin, gave me when I asked for information regarding the home of Miss Zona Gale, author of nearly a dozen books and whose recent production, "Miss Lulu Bett," has New York contemporaries predicting that the literary center of the Middle West may be moved from Indiana to Wisconsin.

Zona Gale has put the life of the small village into American literature. With penetrating insight, and humorous, sympathetic observations—of places where no newspapers are needed, but every person knows what the other is doing—Miss Gale has pictured town life in this country in her "Friendship Village" stories. And now she has come into the limelight as a playwright. Her dramatization of her novel "Miss Lulu Bett" is hailed as one of the important events of the season, dramatically speaking.

The ordinary everyday affairs of the common people of this country have been made so realistic by her pen, that American landscapes and American scenes may in the future play a more important rôle in literature and interest will attach to these places with the aroma of mysticism and the romantic.

"Writers of Europe have thrown a beautiful texture over the hills of their various lands and made them famous," declares Sinclair Lewis, the author of "Main Street," recently. "It will be the same with the hills of Wisconsin and Zona Gale will make it so."

Portage, Wisconsin, is different in one principal particular from the hundreds of other cities of the United States with a population of about 6,000. Around about is a wealth of historical associations that as yet have found no place in Miss Gale's productions. She is not a writer of historical novels, but her themes picture with discerning insight the life of today—not yesterday. Portage is picturesque in its historical settings. It crests the ridge of land that separates the raindrops that shall flow either to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, or through the Fox River to find its outlet into the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence system to the Atlantic Ocean.

Three centuries ago this two-mile divide was the gateway to the West. Over the very scene where the home of Miss Gale has been reared came explorers, the priests, traders and courtiers—a galaxy of important personages. Father Marquette and Joliet dragged their frail crafts across this isthmus of land on their way to discover the Mississippi River in 1673. Duluth and Hennepin came on the scene in 1680 as the first explorers from the West. Nicholas Perrot, the Baron Lahontan, Charles Pierre Le Sueur were among the famous travelers to describe the Portage in the seventeenth century. But history has not engaged Miss Gale in her writings.

"I cannot touch a fact and weave it into a story," Miss Gale explained when I called her attention to these historic matters, "my people come from an imagination of present-day experiences. Portage is rich in historical interests of the early fur-trading days, the days when Marquette and Joliet first crossed the Portage with canoes; and Indian days, when Red Bird and Yellow Thunder and the Winnebagoes paddled down the Wisconsin and Fox rivers and camped in the Caledonia hills; and days of the old Fort Winnebago, which was the first settlement of the town, where the young Lieutenant Jefferson Davis was for some time stationed, when mahogany and pianos came up the Fox River on barges for the homes of the officers. But it has never crossed my mind as a purpose, to try to write about all this. The only thing in which I am interested in writing about, is life as I see people trying to live it. The human experience, the common human problem, has just as vivid a setting in a little western town as in a fort or a court."

Literary success did not come at the outset. For ten years Miss Gale received the little blue rejection slips from publishers. But she was never discouraged. She clung as tenaciously to literary work as the Selkirk Glaciers of Canada cling to the terminal moraine. She had confidence in herself which is perhaps a more compensating attribute than the rewards from immediate achievement.

"The first story which I ever wrote was printed," said Miss Gale half humorously as she discussed her literary work, gazing out across the expanse of the Wisconsin River which flows through her back door yard. "I printed it myself in pencil for it was before I could write. And the story appeared in a book. I made the book of Manila paper bound with a ribbon. The story began: 'The sun was just sinking behind the hills when three travelers appeared. One was tall; one was short and one was middle-sized.' And when the heroine arrived and one of these travelers had asked her to marry him, I remember pressing my mother how to spell 'N—Yes,' which constituted the maid's reply."

There were other early trials at writing. Little verses in blank books and little novelettes with characters which Miss Gale has long since forgotten. Attending the public schools at Portage, her birthplace, in 1874; the Wayland Academy of Beaver Dam, and later the University of Wisconsin where she received her Bachelor's degree in literature in 1895 and a Master's degree four years later, she continued her barrage of literary effusions upon unsympathetic editors.

"A short story I first submitted at sixteen—it was called "Both"—was 3,000 words long and I was paid $3 for it by the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin*," continued Miss Gale in telling of her first literary tribulations. "I had just entered the University of Wisconsin, 40 miles from home, but I traveled 40 miles to show the check to my mother and went back in two hours. Excepting in the Milwaukee and Madison and Wisconsin University newspapers, and one or two magazines, I never had a story accepted until 1903. In 1911 the *Delineator* gave me a first prize of $2,000 for a short story, 'The Ancient Dawn.'"

"I began newspaper work on the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin* which accepted that first story of mine, and I secured a position by attrition," explained Miss Gale, speaking of her work back in 1898. "I presented myself at the desk of the city editor each morning but with the intense wish that the elevator which took me up would turn out to be the elevator taking me down again. At the end of two weeks the city editor let me write about a flower show. I have never put such emotion into anything else that I have written. I was another month in getting on the staff."

Feeling that a broader field of opportunity was beckoning her, Miss Gale went to New York in 1901, to be refused a position on nearly every paper and then she went back to the New York *World* to persist—as she has always persisted—until success should come. Every morning she made out a list of suggestions for stories that she might write that day. Finally the editor placed her on an assignment and then another—then on the regular staff.

Did Miss Gale take her trials and disappointments to heart? Not for an instant.

"All of this was so largely sheer adventure and pioneering that none of it now seems to me to have been either will or purpose, but pure delight," came the writer's reply. During her early work she had written many verses. Now she began to write short stories for magazines and later these short stories were printed into books—"Friendship Village," "Friendship Village Love Stories," "Neighborhood Stories," "Birth" and a number of others.

"Romance Island" was one of her first books, published in 1906. Miss Gale was already beginning to attract the attention of publishers. Her ingenuity, her persistency, her versatility were forcing recognition.

"The amount of work which she turned out daily was astonishing even to veteran journalists," said a book reviewer in a comment in 1907, "and it was known that she was able to write in the most difficult circumstances, on the Stock Exchange, in crowded trains, in ferry boats—in fact, anywhere. On one occasion Miss Gale went to call upon the editor of a prominent magazine, who had requested an article from her. He was busy, and unable to see her for a half hour: but the young author determined to utilize so valuable a period of her busy day by writing the article while she sat in the entry. Though typewriters were clicking all around her and telephones were buzzing, she managed to turn out a two-thousand-word essay, which the editor has declared is in some respects the best bit of work she ever did."

Gradually Miss Gale has given up her work as a reporter to become a short story contributor to practically all of the monthly magazines and to become a writer of novels and plays. In recent years most of her literary work has been done at her home in Portage. Living in a household as quiet as it is replete with domestic simplicity, surrounded by her aged father and mother she pursues her literary activities.

The Zona Gale home at Portage is not an oddity as the hotel clerk described it to be, but a simple colonial structure with two big white pillars in the entrance which distinctly marks its architecture from the surrounding residences. Perched high on the river bank where below the waters eddy and flow, with cool summer breezes and scenes of nature all about, the inspiration for literary pursuit engrosses. On the second floor of her home a room has been set aside where all of her stories are first penciled in long hand and then laboriously transcribed by her on her own typewriter. Then they are laid aside for two weeks before they are taken up for final revision.

Many things interest Miss Gale. Little wonder that she should be touched to action by a love for village life and with a delineation of its characters. But she has devoted herself not alone to literature. She has taken an active interest in civic improvements. She has been president of the Civic Association of Portage, chairman of the State Federation's Civic Work, of the National Civic Work of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, on the board of the American Civic Association, member executive committee of the American Union Against Militarism; of the executive committee of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; member of the Women's Peace Society founded by Mrs. Henry Villard; and of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

Since she descended from old colonial families, with English ancestors, the carpings of those who criticise her anti-militaristic policy cannot be made on nationality grounds. Her mother's family settled in Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1640—twenty years after the Mayflower landing. Her great-great-grandfather, Captain Henry Gale (it was then spelled Gael) led his company against the courthouse at Worcester in the Shay Rebellion to demand the repeal of the imprisonment-for-debt law. When he was captured he was sentenced to death, reprieved and moved to Vermont to make his home. Miss Gale comes naturally by her instinctive love for reform and freedom. The ancestral characteristics have been engrained in her bones.

She speaks out against the military program of the day; demands better living conditions; freedom from the powers that prey on the weak and the poor, and is insistent in her demand of amnesty for political prisoners. She quoted me a phrase from Victor Hugo favoring amnesty to show that the leaders in literature far back had espoused this doctrine.

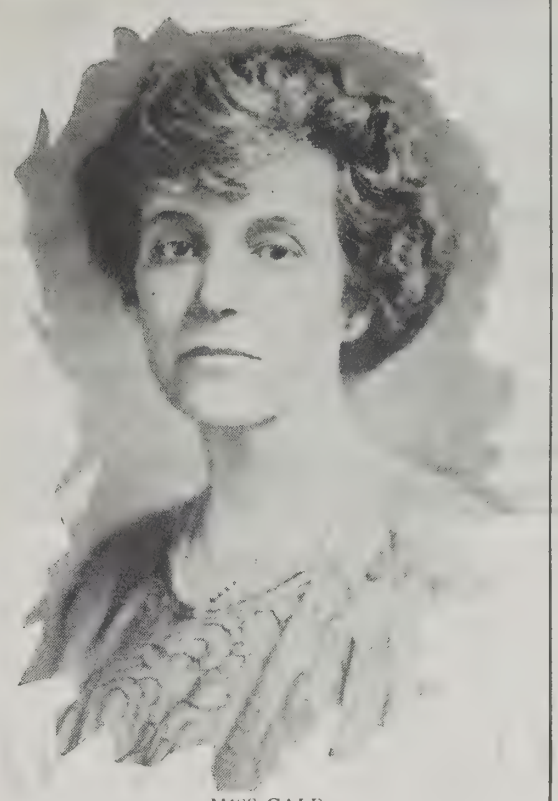
"Other civilized nations have released their political prisoners," declared Miss Gale, "and the United States should follow. At this moment there is no patriotic work whatever which so strongly enlists my sympathy as the work toward general amnesty for all political prisoners. This is patriotic work because of our own Revolutionary and Civil wars reconstruction tradition; and because of our pride that our own nation shall not be any further behind the other nations than it already is, in this matter. But it is patriotic most of all because amnesty is a democratic concept. Above these things it is the civilized and the Christian concept."

Little characteristics of manner in Miss Gale's nature have endeared her to her friends. With considerable pride the young editor of one of the large agricultural papers of the country, who as a boy had lived at Portage, told me of his first childlike impression of her. It was a holiday and the people had lined up in front of the post office to get the mail. He had been pushed out of line by his elders many times, but when he stepped aside for Miss Gale to proceed, she said: "You're first." That simple courtesy to a boy has endeared her more to him than a gift from others.

Frail of body, a picture of delicacy and daintiness, Miss Gale is waging a battle for higher ideals of Americanism. In her books are to be found the rough, unpolished, but thoroughly sincere westerner; women of sweetness, charming in simplicity and ideals; characterizations of modern business life—real American people that stand out boldly in their faith. She has lifted the American up to the mirror to gaze upon himself.

"The earth ain't so full of the fullness thereof, but that we can all do something to make it a little more so," is a saying from Calliope March, the leading character in several of her earlier books.

This seems to be the ideal that Miss Gale has planted as her life's goal. This is her gospel.



MISS GALE

"Friendship Village"

By ZONA GALE

WE ARE one long street, rambling from sun to sun, inheriting traits of the parent country road which we unite. And we are cross streets, members of the same family, properly imitative, proving our ancestorship in a primeval genius for trees, or bursting out in inexplicable weaknesses of Court House, Engine House, Town Hall and Telephone Office. Ultimately our stock dwindled out in a slaughterhouse and a few detached houses of milkmen. The cemetery is delicately put behind them, under a hill. There is nothing medieval in all this, one would say. But then see how we wear our rue:

When one of us telephones, she will scrupulously ask for the number, for it says so at the top of every page. "Give me 1-1," she will put it, with an impersonality as fine as if she were calling for four figures. And central will answer:

"Well, I just saw Mis' Holcomb go 'crost the street. I'll call you, if you want, when she comes back."

Or, "I don't think you better ring the Helman's just now. They were awake 'most all night with one o' Mis' Helman's attacks."

Or, "Doctor June's invited to Mis' Syke's for tea. Shall I give him to you there?"—From "Friendship Village."

By FRED L. HOLMES

Our "Acres of Diamonds"

Concluded from page 3



United States Government scientists in the wilds.

is scarcely a line in their reports bearing on their personal adventures. This, despite the fact that their wanderings in Alaska have been more extensive and adventurous than those of all other explorers who have written about the Arctic.

Another job cared for by the Survey is that of checking up on the worth-while streams of the country. This is of great importance, for water power cannot well be developed until it is first accurately measured. Any one capable of working a simple sum in arithmetic may measure the flow of a river—if you don't know, the Survey will gladly tell you how; but it takes years of observation and record-keeping to show what flow may be depended on at different periods during the year and for future years, the flow of a stream fluctuating with the years as well as with the seasons.

The statistical work includes figures in detail on domestic output and foreign influx of all the minerals. These are issued in book form at the end of each year.

The Survey is now issuing a world atlas of commercial geology. It is based on data collated for the American representatives at the Peace Conference.

"Experience gained during the war," says a Survey publication with reference to this world atlas, the first volume of which is now being circulated, "emphasizes the advantage of an adequate supply of raw materials close at hand. Yet there are certain economic limits to domestic independence in raw materials, as shown by readjustments already made. The more facts we possess bearing upon the relative quantity and the relative availability of the mineral resources of our own and other countries, the better able will be our captains of industry to decide whence they may advantageously derive their raw material." We import as well as export large quantities of minerals, and the imports are not confined to those not found in our own mines. Certain minerals that we possess in large quantities, like manganese, are liberally imported because of cheaper labor or richer veins in other countries, or because transportation favors importation.

The great desideratum of the Geological Survey is to be able to give accurate advice about minerals.

Every little while somebody sends in for examination by Survey experts what appears (to the sender) to be a diamond. Usually the specimen is simply white quartz. While actual diamonds are mined in Arkansas on a small scale, North American geological strata do not include the famous "blue clay" in which diamonds are found in large quantities in Africa.

It may be asked, can the government's geologists pass on the promise of a gold or oil mine as they can on the quality of a supposed precious stone?

Yes and no.

They cannot tell what a specific mine-shaft or a "hole in the ground" will yield, but they can nearly always tell what it will not yield. Like the precious metals and petroleum, mineral-bearing ores go along with certain kinds of earth-strata as studied and diagramed for the country by the Survey. Thus it may be told with some certainty whether or not there is a prospect of finding oil or gold or silver in any particular area.

One of the big functions of the Survey is to give manufacturers correct information regarding the whereabouts and potentialities of various domestic mineral materials. This was a great help during the war when drastic readjustments had to be made in our industries. Another function is to promote conservation in the use of mineral wealth. It is estimated that only 76 of every 2,000 pounds of coal used in industry is turned into mechanical power. Much of the balance is left in the ground in a way that makes future recovery impossible, a great deal is wasted in transporting the coal to manufacturing plants and much more is wasted through imperfect use at the plant. For, though we have more mineral wealth than any other country, we have none to waste. It is as much the property of our grandchildren as ours.

But the great function of the Survey is to lend assistance in raising the mining and the mineral industries to the level of stability that their importance demands.

"Kinertia" Versus Einstein

Continued from page 2

It will be particularly interesting to compare the conclusions of the two men concerning the nature of the path of the earth's motion in space.

Eddington.

"Consider, for example, two events in space-time, namely, the position of the earth at the present moment, and its position a hundred years ago. Call these events P^2 and P^1. In the interim the earth (being undisturbed by impacts) has moved so as to take the longest possible track from P^1 to P^2—or, if we prefer, so as to take the longest possible proper-time over the journey. In the weird geometry of the part of space-time through which it passes (a geometry which is no doubt associated in some way with our perception of the existence of a massive body, the sun) this longest track is a *spiral*—a circle in space drawn out into a spiral by continuous displacement in time. Any other course would have had a shorter interval-length."—("Space, Time and Gravitation," page 72.)

Wilson.

"Draw from the sun perpendicular to the plane of the earth's orbit a line which shall represent the time-axis and disregard the third spatial dimension. Now for each kilometer that the earth moves around in its orbit, it must be considered to move in time by 10,000 kilometers. The path of the earth in space and time on this diagram is therefore a *helix* with an extremely steep pitch winding once a year about the cylinder standing in the earth's orbit but advancing ten thousand billion kilometers while "circulating" one billion kilometers."—("Space, Time and Gravitation." The *Scientific Monthly*, March, 1920, page 227.)

"Kinertia."

"The possible motion of the sun in space, as adrift with the planets, was anticipated by Newton; but the laws of motion prevented him from reaching the true *corkscrew* path of the planets in space as they revolve round the sun."—("Do Bodies Fall?" *Harper's Weekly*, September 19, 1914, page 285.)

In this connection we submit as corroborative evidence of the highest import, the illustration of this *corkscrew* path of the earth and moon which was used to elucidate "Kinertia's" article in *Harper's Weekly*, September 19, 1914, page 285.

This illustration, taken in conjunction with "Kinertia's" statement, quoted above, proves conclusively that the unknown "Kinertia" derived the same type of path for the earth's motion in space that Einstein claims as his original contribution.

We introduce the following final quotation in order definitely to fix the date of "Kinertia's" contribution:

"Kinertia."

"This statement is concerning a discovery in natural science and the ordinary phenomena of daily life, which I discovered about fifteen years ago while engaged in carrying on some experiments to verify what I had previously suspected to be the true physical cause of *Elasticity, Gravity, Weight and Energy.*"—("Do Bodies Fall?" *Harper's Weekly*, August 29, 1914, page 210.)

Since this article bears the date 1914, it is clear that the year 1899, fifteen years earlier, is the date which can safely be regarded as the birth-year of "Kinertia's" theory of gravitation. We have seen that Einstein's first work on gravitation was done in the year 1911; consequently "Kinertia" antedates Einstein by twelve years.

We rest the case of "Kinertia" Versus Einstein on the evidence submitted in this article. If Einstein was aware of "Kinertia's" discovery then the appellation "plagiarist," bestowed upon him by his German professional colleagues, is eminently fitting. If, on the contrary, Einstein was unaware of this work, then he is, nevertheless, antedated by the work of "Kinertia." Einstein is at liberty to choose either horn of the dilemma.

The Democracy of Durham

Concluded from page 7

ments amounting to less than the rent of a house in town. Like the regulation farms, too, they were laid out with due regard to their purpose, being located on soil well adapted to gardening. While small, consisting of from two to four acres, they provide employment for the owner's spare time, and enable him to produce the bulk of the family's food.

One of the laborers last year sold products from his garden to the value of $450, in addition to working every week day for the farmers of the community. Besides this, his little place yielded the feed for a cow and all the green stuff required for a hundred hens. Even then all the vegetables that he raised were not utilized. Since, steps have been taken to organize an association of the laborers at Durham to facilitate the marketing of the produce that remains after the home needs are filled.

Not the least of the virtues of the Durham plan is that it gives the laborer an acknowledged place in the community. As Doctor Mead pointed out in the last annual report of the board, the American laborer will not live in a bunk house. "He will not stay on the land," Doctor Mead said, "if he has to compete with Asiatics, and he will not bring up his family where his wife and children have no social status. These things do not reflect on his industry and character. On the contrary, they show the strength of economic democracy in the American soul."

By the simple expedient of making every person in the settlement a home owner, this community has bridged the gulf that separates the different classes of rural society. Herein is the democracy of Durham.

When the settlers were erecting their homes, the state helped them to organize their purchases of building materials into carload shipments. In this way they obtained these materials at wholesale prices, with the result that, considering also the labor which the settlers themselves performed, many of their houses cost less than half what would have been the case with each settler buying individually. This was the beginning of co-operative effort among the settlers at Durham, a phase of the community's life which contributes largely to its success.

Collective purchasing since has extended to a number of farm supplies, it proving especially advantageous in obtaining a carload of purebred dairy cattle. Later, dairying having become one of the settlement's main industries, a central cream-skimming station was established, the farmers pooling their product and thus obtaining better prices for it.

A live stock breeders' association was formed, of which every farmer in the community is a member. By voluntary agreement this organization has limited the live stock breeding operations of the settlement to one breed, in the case of beef cattle, dairy cattle and swine, and to two breeds of sheep; thus giving direction to the community's purebred activities and effecting economies in procuring superior breeding stock.

The social life of Durham revolves about the community park, a tree-covered tract of twenty-two acres, which was set aside as a civic center and gathering place for the settlers. Here is located a spacious club house, at which the meetings referred to are held. There is also a dancing pavilion where, from April to October each year, are weekly dances, young and old, employed and employer, meeting here on equal terms and in the common bond of home ownership.

"The state is giving away nothing but an opportunity to become a home owner and a valuable citizen," Doctor Mead said while on a recent visit to Kansas, where the California plan is being earnestly considered. "The Durham project is now three years old and instead of costing the state money, the board could turn back to the state a profit of $180,000 over the interest already paid the state for the use of its capital. The board, however, instead of paying this money back to the state, will use it for additional community improvements, starting with a large community swimming pool."

Encouraged by the success at Durham, California has established a second and larger project along the same lines at Delhi, in the southern part of the state; the legislature in 1919 appropriated a million dollars for the extension of the land settlement work. The Delhi project comprises 8,561 acres. In the raw, this tract cost the state $809,331.47, one-third of which was paid shortly after the land was purchased.

While, in general, the Delhi plan is the same as that of Durham, the average farm in the second settlement is smaller than in the Sacramento Valley project. This is due to the fact that the Delhi settlement is in a district noted for raisin and melon growing and peach and apricot orchards, wherefore very intensive culture is required. The settler at Delhi also has thirty-six years, instead of twenty, in which to pay for his land; his means that, besides the interest, he must pay off but one per cent of the principal yearly.

In the two settlements, California has established, since May, 1918, more than 300 homes, under conditions that mark new standards of democracy in the rural life of America. What these homes mean can be expressed no better than in the simple language of one of the farm laborers paying his semi-annual installments on a plot of three acres at Durham, who was asked why he did not sell out.

"Where can I go to beat it?" countered the laborer. "Here I have my own home, my cow, my garden and some chickens. We have plenty to eat and there are plenty of jobs at fair wages. I have as much to say in community affairs as any citizen. The schools are excellent, and we are happy and contented and busy. Why should I sell out?"

Meaningful words are these—the tribute of the man on the ground to a rural life that satisfies.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

Concluded from page 12

farther, and could escape a tollgate. That would save me from fifty to a hundred dollars toll.

"I thanked the fellow very much, and started the wagons down this other road. This fellow had a very nice store, with stanchions supporting a wooden awning in front of it. The stanchions were made of six-inch boards put together to make a square column. After all the wagons had gone by I started to leave. Then the storekeeper insinuated that as he thought he had saved me some money, he ought to be remunerated.

"Well, at first, that struck me as funny, but I thought he was about right. So I asked him what he thought he ought to have.

"'Oh, probably fifty dollars, or a hundred tickets to the show,' he said.

Shotgun vs. Knife

"OF COURSE, I couldn't stand for that, and the argument became fast and furious. In the excitement of it he went into his store two or three times, and shifted the position of his shotgun. That was done to intimidate me, I knew. So I took out my knife, and commenced talking fast. I was excited, and so was he, and after awhile I discovered that I had been whittling one of the stanchions until I had it cut about half in two—the four planks were nailed together, you know, in the form of a box. There was a chance for a damage suit, but he was so excited that he didn't notice what I had done. I started to get down off of the porch, and every second I expected to get shot in the back.

"I got in my buggy, and when I saw he wasn't going to shoot, I settled with him for ten dollars.

"In 1868 we crossed the Red Sea Swamps. They are in the Mississippi bottoms opposite Memphis. We had traveled all the preceding summer and winter, and that summer late into the fall—about twenty-two months—and never missed a stand. I was ambitious to keep up the record. Such a thing never had happened before in circus history, and I would do almost anything to keep the record unbroken.

"When we started from the Memphis side to drive through the swamps, we found that there had been three or four heavy summer thunder showers through there, and the result was that in a distance of forty miles I don't think there was a mile of dry road. There was anywhere from an inch to three or four feet of mud and water all over that road. We drove from Memphis to Marion, a distance of nine miles, and gave the afternoon show. Then we started to go to Wittsburg, thirty-five miles away, through this swamp. In four or five miles I discovered that the horses were getting fagged very fast in the hot sun and mud. When night came we had made very little progress.

"We stopped at a little log hut where a white man lived with four or five wives—he was a typical Arkansas traveler—and he let us have all the water we wanted at twenty-five cents a bucket. There wasn't a particle of ground in sight—it was all covered with water, yet none of it was fit to drink, as it was muddy swamp water. There were no streams, and the water laid flat, in pools. It wasn't very long before this fellow's well ran dry.

"We laid over there, and got an early start next morning. Now, this man was supposed to be very sick with the breakbone fever. Yet, after we left he got on his mule and followed us some ten or fifteen miles, because he said he had forgotten to count two buckets of water, which amounted to fifty cents. When he caught up with us we got out our pencils and sharpened them, and began to figure with him. We showed him that he had been overpaid, and he didn't get the fifty cents, after all that hot ride, with the dango fever worrying him.

"He tried to collect the money at a place where we were crossing a slough. A farmer there had heard that the circus was coming his way, and he built a log bridge for our benefit. He was laying there for us with a lot of his good friends to help him for a couple of days before we got there. Then he wanted to collect toll. My recollection is that his charges were about five dollars for a four-horse wagon, and a dollar for each foot passenger. Anyhow, his bill was something like a couple of hundred dollars.

"The bridge was nothing but a lot of logs laid on some sleepers. They were not even hewed down level, and the horses and wagons slipped and slid everywhere—some of them slid pretty nearly off into the slough—and it would have been a great deal better for us if he had let us go through in our own way. But he didn't get more than ten per cent of what he asked for. He was daffy on perpetual motion, and some of my men got in conversation with him on the subject, and got him so rattled that he settled for twenty dollars.

Loses Day on Engagements

"WHEN the second night came we still were some four or five miles away, and that is the day I should have been in Wittsburg, so my record was broken. I sent one of my men with my horse and buggy into Wittsburg to get some provisions and feed sent out for the people and horses, as they had been all day without anything to eat. When he got near to Wittsburg he found the St. Francis River was between him and the town, and it was dark, no one around, and the river was rather narrow. He didn't know there was a ferry there. In fact, he didn't know the geography of the country, not even that there was such a river as the St. Francis. He supposed it was a creek, so he drove the horse into it. The first thing he knew the horse was swimming, and the buggy was floating. That horse swam probably a hundred yards, and he landed on the other side without an accident, which I consider a remarkable performance. Not a thing was lost out of the buggy.

"Well, he got the feed and stuff back to us, and we got a pretty early start the next morning. By that time the roads had dried up pretty well, but still I was a day behind my dates. I should have been at Forest City, and there I was at Wittsburg, twenty-five miles away. I took a piece of side canvas, and made a corral from tree to tree across the road. The people who came there the day before to see the show remained overnight to wait for us, and I charged them a dollar apiece to get inside of the corral. As the cages came over the ferry they were driven right into the inclosure. We took the doors off the cages, cleaned them, fed the animals, and by that time another load would be over. While we were cleaning the cages the people in the inclosure looked at the animals, and that was all the performance there was. When the animals were fed, we put up the doors, and the cage drove out the other side, and on to Forest City. On my books I have the day's business at Wittsburg, but I didn't do the business there on the day it should have been done. I was a day behind. But I got about three hundred dollars there, so that I feel that I didn't lose the record. I have something to show for the stand.

"Fortunately, at Wittsburg we got on the hills and bluffs. I managed to get the show to Forest City about sundown, and put up the tents. We had a tremendous night house. The next day was Sunday, and I caught up with my dates, and got around a very serious problem.

"The drive to the next stand was a short one—not over twelve miles—and as the day was Sunday I didn't leave Forest City until after dinner. I calculated to get in the next town before dark, and I thought that would give the horses a good night's rest. We left, and in a short distance got into a kind of a low, flat country, not exactly swamps. In a very short time I discovered that our horses were being attacked by buffalo gnats and flies—horseflies, larger than any I ever had seen, the kind that have been known to kill a horse in half an hour by sucking the blood right out of him.

"Well, they were so thick on my horses, and they came so suddenly and so many of them, that the horses fairly were dripping blood. I had the men get out of the wagons and cut bushes and stick them into the buckles and loops of the harness, and then the men walked alongside the horses and whipped them with brushes to keep the flies away. In that way we managed to get through the place, which was probably a mile long. If I had put off taking these precautions a very few minutes I probably would have had some of my horses killed."

This is one of several stories by Mr. Barnet, on early circus life. The next will appear in an early issue.



MOLLY BROWN,

The first lady rider to turn a clean-cut somersault on a bareback running horse, in 1874.

Government Helplessness in Foreign Trade

Concluded from page 6

Middle West. By that I mean practically all the states west of Pennsylvania and east of Colorado.

It seems to me that more imaginative instinct accompanies the Middle West pioneer in agriculture and commerce than in the immediate East. The East is set in its ways and commercially its grooves are like the bed of a river; hardly changeable. Certainly nothing in two years shows that the eastern interests have done very much to uphold American supremacy abroad, not if one compares their relative position at home. Moreover, it is well to bear in mind that much activity credited to the East does not rightfully belong there, because New York City or Boston or Philadelphia is merely the seat of general offices of interests inland.

Foreign trade means co-operation with foreign customers and dealers too, and as a result something more than mere banking representation or an agency in a commercial center is required for successful expansion. It is probable that in another generation there will be a crop of young business men who have talent for foreign service. This generation has none, not in this country. The few experts there were have been gobbled up and are doing duty abroad for the houses fortunate enough to be so ably represented. Against that, there are the houses who are represented by impossible men, whose selection for their posts is a serious reflection on the appointive powers that be at home.

Is Costing Firm a Fortune

I KNOW of one case of a man who five years ago was a clerk and then became an examiner of foreign offices. In an emergency he was made manager of an office abroad upon the sudden transfer of the former director. He does not speak the language of the country to which he was accredited, spent most of his time in the club playing games, and happened to carry along merely because the men back home are no better informed than he. It is costing the main office something like a hundred thousand dollars a year to carry the branch—to say nothing of other losses, which in one case in a single transaction amounted to more than another $100,000 and legal expenses—all of which is doing American business as a whole a great deal of harm.

I was in this office one day when one of the most prominent capitalists of the country called in regard to a loan. Imagine a gray-haired man, forty years an expert in international finance and banking, whose word was better than a bond with British and German financiers before the war, having to be patronized by an individual whose only claim to attention was the fact that he could recommend or refuse the loan, just because the United States happened to have the dollars sought by the manufacturer. That borrower went to a British bank around the corner to get his loan which he secured in 24 hours. I am afraid it would be very difficult to do business with that man, now, unless a more representative and sincere American acted.

Another went to Paris, to take charge of an office. It is supposedly an international body. So far as I know he has been a professor all his life, except for the time he served in a charitable organization and later with the government. On the eve of his departure he mapped out a program that involves nothing less than a miracle—and a millennium. His nine points included every one of the government's activities; diplomatic, commercial, financial and so on. Only one point was and is his distinct province; that of a more uniform business procedure among foreign traders.

Exchange Not Handicap

REGARDLESS of adverse exchange, which operates with limitations, there is enough spending money in the rest of the world to satisfy American business, and then some. If you have the article get the man to popularize it. It may be done directly, it may be done by joint agreement with local manufacturers abroad, so as to avoid prohibitory laws or clear high tariffs, or by special arrangement.

Beware, however, of extravagant Americanisms, as they call them in Europe, and avoid ostentation. It is not necessary to indulge in entertainment. The quietest of visits, with all formality and ease dear to the old-fashioned heart, paid by a man who actually knows his ground and his hosts, will perform wonders. It has been known in one case to invite the repeal of a law which would interfere with such business.

The point, in other words, is to forget that the mere favorable (but disadvantageous) balance of trade and its ostensible billions of extra dollars is in action. The foreigner has been doing without many things for seven years and might manage, for the sake of his pride, to extend it indefinitely. It is not the loan that he wants, but something that, in co-operation with America, will enable him to deal freely here. That is a thing to be accomplished only by the right men, who have enough discretion to be pliant without actually playing into the hands of any one needlessly.

The manufacturer who wants to do business abroad had better act for himself. To depend upon associations for the promotion of foreign trade is really lost time.

Briefly Told

A discovery of cipher manuscripts of Roger Bacon indicates that the people of that time were not unfamiliar with the use of telescopes and high-powered microscopes.

To produce the body of a murdered man in court as evidence, a Canadian Northwest Mounted Police officer "mushed" by dog team four hundred miles south to the nearest justice's court on the Slave River producing the body at the trial of the murderer who was captured deep in the northwest wilderness.

A prisoner in St. Paul, Minnesota, paid in full five victims of his forgery. Earning but twenty-five cents daily in the prison twine plant he managed to save the $43 which he paid to ease his conscience.

An engineer and fireman on a transcontinental train left their engine recently to rescue from a burning farmhouse near Cochrane, Ontario, an invalid mother and her son. The boy jumped from the second story into their arms.

Chicago police will use wireless telephones in their war on crime. A wireless is being installed on the roof of the city hall for constant communication with fireboats, rifle squads, fire engine houses, patrol wagons and police stations. Officials hope ultimately to have every policeman equipped with receiving apparatus, weighing but a few ounces.

Owing to the shortage of coal and the manner in which the government regulates the distribution of fuel in Berlin, the hot bath has become such a luxury that many persons have ceased bathing.

The Maine blue-sky law is so strictly enforced that many companies which have no difficulty in securing licenses to offer their securities in other blue-sky states have to resort to the medium of the mails to transact business in that state.

A farmer in Saskatchewan has found clay deposits on his land from which he has been manufacturing firelighters on a small scale. The lighter is in the form of a brick. If soaked in kerosene a few minutes and ignited the brick will burn for a half hour with a steady flame and when exhausted can be replenished with kerosene and used indefinitely.

A New York magistrate sentenced a barber to five days in the workhouse for presenting a bill of $6.15 to a customer desiring only a shave.

More than 100,000 volumes and thousands of pamphlets on the Great War have been collected by the French Government. The collection of manuscripts, photographs and war records is appalling as to numbers and a building will be erected having five miles of shelving. Princeton University and the University of California, in this country, are especially strong on war material.

As a result of many years of study, a machine has been developed in Lyon, France, to make raised embroidery in gold and silver. The stitch is a copy of an ancient form of embroidery and gives an impression of handwork. The machine uses the metallic thread.

One of the greatest butter centers in the world is Cork, Ireland. One year's export of butter amounts to nearly 750,000 tons.

A searchlight, sixty inches in diameter, will be installed on Mount Tamalpais, near San Francisco, to illuminate an amusement park on the mountain. The rays of the searchlight will pick up a battleship twelve miles at sea and is five hundred times stronger than a locomotive headlight.

During the past year the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad handled nearly sixteen million passengers, not one of whom was killed.

By ordering her milliners to use no wild bird plumage on her hats, Queen Mary has bestowed the royal approval on the movement in England for the protection of plumage birds.

A London man placed a plum pudding in a tin box embedded in a sack of lime. Tying a rope to it he lowered the sack ten feet below the surface of the Thames. When raised to the surface at the expiration of two hours the pudding was found to be cooked thoroughly. On contact with the water the lime slacked, causing sufficient heat to cook the pudding.

Phonographs operated by compressed air keep the throngs moving in the underground tubes of London. The instruments are equipped with sound amplifiers. The records last about a week and contain such messages as "Keep Moving, Please," and "Pass to the Left."

Seeds from the chaulmoogra tree of India, the oil of which forms the base of a treatment successfully used in treating leprosy, have been received in the Philippine Islands by the Bureau of Science. An attempt will be made to grow the tree for this purpose.

The prison population of the Middle and Southwestern United States decreased 12.4 per cent in the last six years. This falling off in prison population of this section is equivalent to more than the combined prisoners of Kansas, Iowa, Wisconsin and North and South Dakota in 1914.

A New York garage owner whose safe had been cracked twice improvised a shrapnel shell, consisting of a liberal charge of gunpowder and buckshot. He placed this in the cash box of the safe in such a manner that upon opening it the charge would detonate. Following a loud report the watchman found the charge exploded and blood on the floor. The burglar had escaped.

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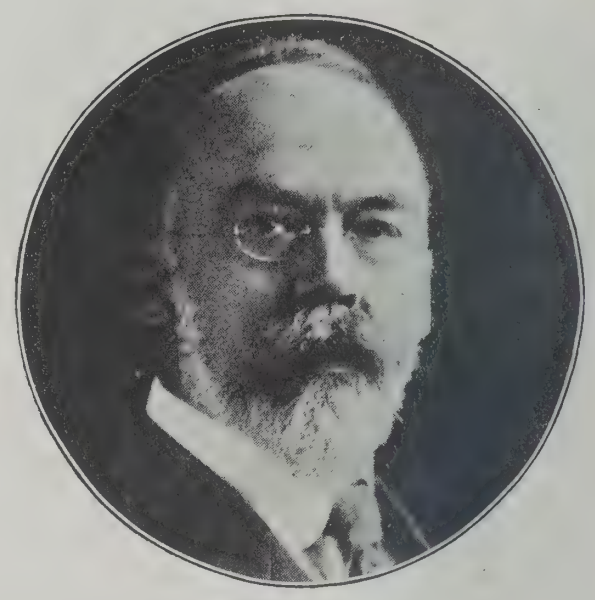
IN THIS ISSUE—George D. Herron, Carl Schurz Lowden, Wilbur Forrest, Howard Egbert, Dr. P. P. Claxton, William Atherton Du Puy and others

In the Light of the London Conference

A Study of French Reaction—By GEORGE D. HERRON

AN EMINENT European journalist has characterized Professor Herron as the strangest personality and the one honest man who had to do with things concerning the war. Just what Professor Herron's work was during the war is not known; for it was a work done in the background, behind the stupendous scenes of the world-drama. But this much is certain, that tremendous issues passed through his hands, and that much unwritten history was made in his house in Geneva.

Professor Herron was appointed to go to Prinkipo by President Wilson, and was widely and loudly denounced by financial and ecclesiastical interests as a Bolshevist, at the very time he was fighting with fire and flint against Bolshevist tendencies in the Peace Conference, and against the purpose there evident to make peace with the Soviet Government in the interest of certain international banks. For a year previous, Professor Herron had been warning and warring in the councils of government against the Bolshevist peril: for the truth is, that to Professor Herron's mind the Bolshevist power was a veritable anti-Christ, a delusion and betrayal of the working-classes of the world.



GEORGE D. HERRON

I.

THE gods have rung up the curtain on the third act of the world-tragedy. The London scene of yesterday may prove the most woeful moment for mankind since the armies of the kaiser crossed the Belgian frontier. No man can foresee what greater and worse wastes of life, what ultimate agonies and sorrows, what conclusive despairs, will disclose themselves upon this planetary stage, ere the curtain comes down. It is as if the life of man upon the earth was now released to sheer fate; as if the reins of human destiny were at last tossed to maddest chance. And this at the hands of the men we conveniently call statesmen—the men who have made themselves keepers of the nations; who have ostensibly charged themselves with the responsibility of procuring peace for the peoples. Nor is it merely their incredible callousness and baseness, their stark treasons and perjuries, that so bemazes the peoples and renders them impotent to act; it is the revelation of a stupidity, both moral and intellectual, that parallels even the cupidity and duplicity. It is the total lack of brains, of any sort of adequacy, as well as the absence of all apprehension and pity and prescience, that denotes the London Conference as the dark opening scene of a new stage in the world-tragedy—a new descent of man down the Tartarian steeps.

And this new stage has been set by the Parisian Junta that imposes itself upon the world as France—the France that compassed the deception and destruction of Wilson; the France that achieved her peace of loot and revenge; the France that, seeking a dead Germany, would yet somehow make the dead Germany a perennial living tributary; the France that would make the kingdoms and peoples of continental Europe her military satrapies; the France that has armed Poland and Hungary and Rumania for a new and early war against Russia, and that is meanwhile subsidizing new Russian revolutions. It is the France that would not and will not let the world have peace in which to recover and live, or even peace wherein to die. It is the France whose agents, military, diplomatic and financial, have at every point in Europe and Asia and Africa, and from the day of the armistice till now, striven and plotted against reconciliation among nations and good will among men. *It is the France whom Germany has conquered: for the belief that France has conquered Germany is legend and nothing more: Germany has conquered France utterly. In the light of the actual and the essential, the victory of Foch is a tale for the nursery histories that supply our common schools. It is the mind of Germany that is marching on through French propaganda and military adventure. What yesterday was Prussian is today the soul of France. And not by coercion; for France dwells eagerly and voraciously, of her own free and wilful choice, in complete captivity to the Prussian purpose, the Prussian spirit.*

II.

It is a mere waste of time and patience to discuss the London Conference in moral terms. It was an occasion as unmoral, in fact, as far removed from sense or question of right or wrong, justice or injustice, as the sirocco of Sahara or the scream of the hyena in the desert night. The essence of the conference was the struggle of France for a pretext for the occupation of Germany. Britain yielded, finally, in the hope of having done with the French bother, and of thereby being better able to carry on her own imperial appropriations of Asia.

It is true, the Italians fought hard against the application of the sanctions. The man who incarnated what was left of moral sense or dignity in the Supreme Council—the man who indeed rose head and shoulders above the other Allied representatives—Count Sforza, of Italy, strove mightily in the background for a policy of reconciliation and against the French program. Yet, because of the economic dependence of Italy, Sforza and his worthy colleagues were forced to give their ashamed and indignant consent.

As far as the French were concerned, the conclusion of the conference was pre-arranged. No one would insult the French representatives by believing that they expected the amount fixed at the Paris Conference to be paid by the Germans. These are astronomical and not terrestrial figures—figures to be mobilized for the measurements of the stars and the spaces, but figures beyond the facts and finances of our little earth. The sums named at Paris were never meant to be taken seriously except by the stupid international public. The purpose of Paris was to name an amount so high, and to lay down conditions so drastic, that their inapplicability and the consequent German rejection of them would provide pretext for the long-prepared French invasion of Germany.

The British knew this very well—though in the end they yielded abjectly, and the British prime minister became the French spokesman. As the *Daily News* of London put it, "Mr. Lloyd George brushed aside the solid offers of a peaceful solution put forward by the German delegates, and committed the Entente to the gravest decision taken since the armistice. There is not a single intelligent student of the reparation problem who will not recognize in this hopeless and barren speech a complete capitulation to France. It represents, in fact, the triumph at last of the French policy of revenge and all the sinister implications that it contains. It is scarcely surprising that the British prime minister said not a word in legal justification of the application of force, for it is legally indefensible. On moral grounds, what is there to be said for it? The Allies are to invade Germany to enforce the terms of a treaty which they have themselves discarded. They refuse to give even the most cursory examination to a proposition which meets, for the first five years, at least, all their demands."

III.

So the march to Berlin has begun. The Parisian Junta, having previously penetrated and corrupted the whole of Europe, has achieved its initial purpose. Assembled behind the prestige of Marshal Foch (whose knowledge of economics and politics scarcely exceeds that of a child of four) the Junta bestrides the Continent. Before the vision of this Junta looms a South Germany linked with Austria and Hungary under the Hapsburg crown, the whole administered as an essential French protectorate. The same vision joins to this confederation that monstrous French imposture of a restored Polish nationality. In the same evil vision Rumania is bound to a French Poland and a French Hungary in an early advance against Russia. A Romanoff Russia, financed and exploited and directed from Paris, completes the black Apocalypse.

Such is the precise program of the politico-financial group which governs France—the profiteers, who, by underground means during the war, furnished the Germans with munition materials wherewith to kill Frenchmen; the men who have capitalized the bones of their country's sacred dead, and who have made merchandise of the miseries of devastated France in all the markets of the world.

Yet blinder men have never been, and never has power been more blindly wielded. For whatever happens now, Briand and the Junta he serves have signed the death-warrant of France. Everyone who loves France, everyone who has militantly defended the French cause (as the writer of these words has done), will weep over the ruin the French rulers have wrought. The farther France now marches upon her program, the deeper will be the perdition upon which she enters.

IV.

It is possible, of course, that within a week or two the Germans will make new propositions—propositions so conciliatory, so obviously the extreme of what Germany can do, that England and Italy will demand their acceptance.

Even so, the masters of France will not take their teeth out of the body of Germany.

Keep this fact steadily in mind: *the keepers of France do not want Germany to make satisfactory reparation.* What they actually want is a pretext for the indefinite occupation and exploitation of Germany. Even if the Germans satisfy the very last demand of the French Government, France will henceforth give Germany no peace, no chance to recover. France wishes to demonstrate to the world that Germany cannot be safely left at large except under French domination.

Indeed, the whole French program in Germany, in Europe, in Asia, is not for peace anywhere or in any particular, but for war and conquest everywhere and in every particular.

Or it is possible that Germany will settle down into an indefinite non-resistance of the French occupation. There are not a few of the ablest men of Germany who urgently counsel this resolution and procedure. They feel assured in their own minds that this is the way to a victory more complete than ever the Prussian armies could have won. They know perfectly well that France cannot continue an occupation indefinitely without her own national bankruptcy ensuing. They know that the French Government has no money wherewith to continue such occupation. They also know that, though the population of France is the richest on the Continent, yet the possessors of French wealth have always escaped taxation; nor will they now pay the taxes that might save their country from national bankruptcy. The Germans further know that England cannot and that America will not furnish more money to France. The German tactic may therefore be to let France exhaust herself in her scheme of occupation and administration.

Moreover, the Germans know well enough a monstrous fact carefully concealed from the English and the American public. That is, that *the enormous French deficit and threatened bankruptcy are not due to the money France has spent and must yet spend in restoring the devastated regions. The deficit is due to the French military career of the last two years: to the subsidization of continued invasions of Russia;* to the maintenance of Polish armies—for the being of which there is no excuse; to the military occupation of Hungary—now bursting with French munitions; to the wicked and utterly indefensible conquest of Syria—whose Lebanon people are more capable of self-government than the Poles or the Serbs or even the citizens of Paris; to the conscription and maintenance of the millioned black hordes of French Africa; these are the sources of the French deficit, these are the places where the money of France has gone. And that Germany must justly be made to pay for the immense ruin she has wrought does not in the least change the fact that the restoration of these ruined regions is not the cause of French bankruptcy. The cause is, as I have said, the vast and varied military adventures of France since peace was supposed to have been made.

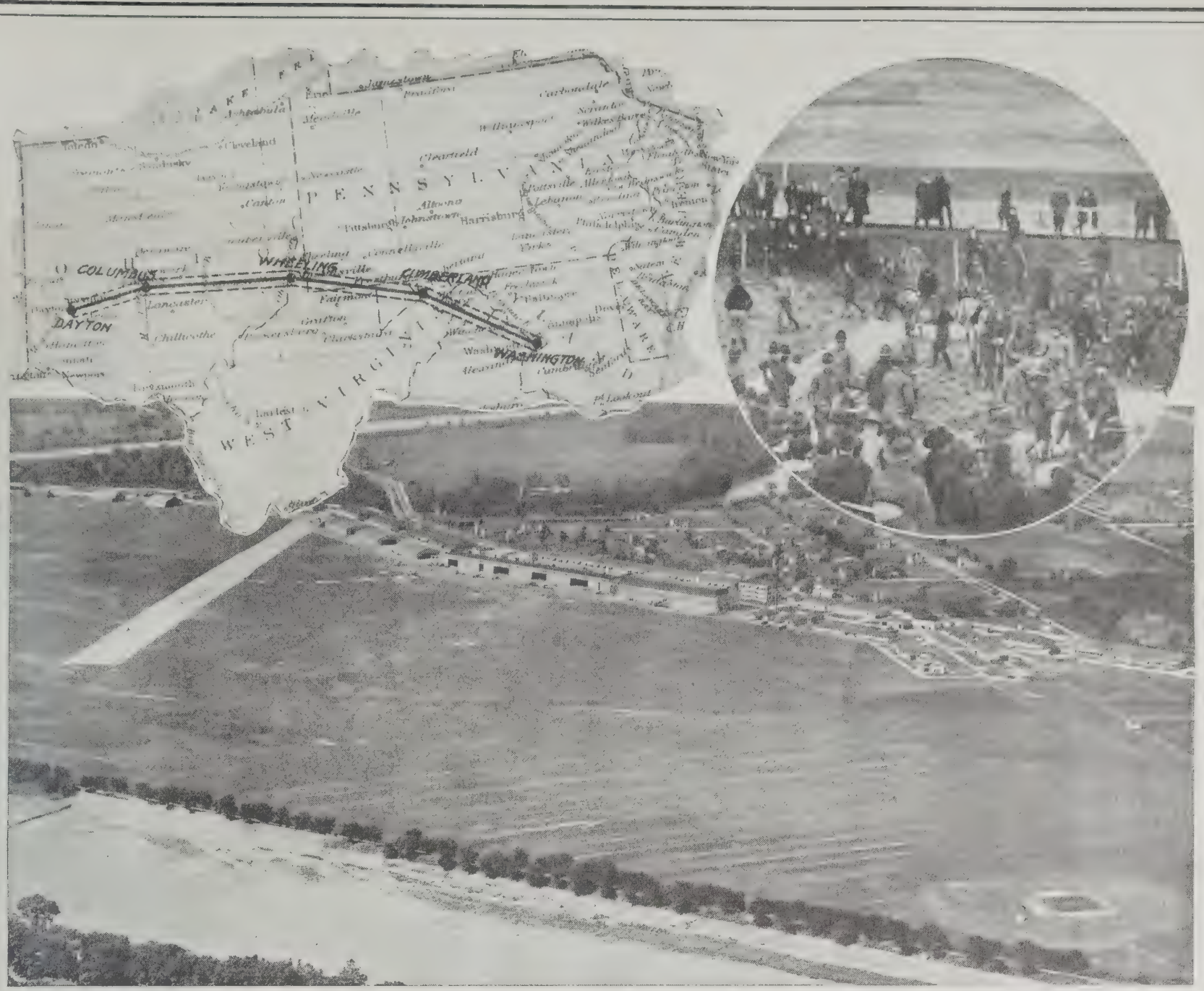
V.

It may be that the British, seeing the incorrigibility of Paris, have finally though secretly decided to let France go her own way and unto her own doom. There is no doubt that England would like to be relieved of France. The drag of France upon the British neck is becoming practically insupportable. The British probably foresee that if France marches to Berlin, and at the same time sends her military missions to lead Poland and Hungary and Rumania against Russia, the French missions and armies may never return to Paris, or return only in fragments. With France thus disastrously occupied on the Continent, England can have Western Asia to herself. France has been a continual block in the wheel of the British imperial program since the armistice was signed. That France has everywhere intrigued against England, that France has always been faithless to her Allies—of this the British foreign office is perfectly aware. Thus there is the possibility that not only Germany, but Great Britain as well, has decided that the best way to deal with France now is to let the Parisian Junta have its way. And, meanwhile, through the gates of Hamburg and Bremen, Great Britain will have come to satisfactory if tacit commercial arrangements with Germany, and not much of worth be left for either France or America.

VI.

But there is a more direful and even probable consequence to be considered. It is this—that a military dictatorship will rise in Russia with Trotsky as dictator and with Lenin eliminated; and that this thoroughly militarized Russia will come to terms with the industrial magnates of Berlin and the Junkers of Prussia. Germany may feel driven to this as her last hope of self-preservation. If that military dictatorship triumphantly arise, then the fabled and French Poland will quickly dissolve before the Russian advance, and Russia and Germany will march together toward the Rhine. Stricken Austria will revive as a state of the German Empire, and amid the whole convulsion engulfing Europe and bringing woe upon America, the catastrophe of western civilization will be complete.

(*Concluded on page 12*)



Above—America's Model Airway, prepared by the information group, United States Army Air Service. Circle—Boy Scouts aid in laying out landing field identification marker at Bolling Field, D. C. Below—Engineering Division Headquarters United States Air Service, M'Cook Field, Dayton, Ohio, one terminal for First Model Airway.

America's First Model Airway

By HOWARD EGBERT

IN these days of persistent striving after perfection, it is little wonder that the American air service, limited enough as it is in its abilities to develop as it would like to develop because of reduced congressional appropriations, is reaching out and away from ordinary attainments and seeking after something that will approach, if not altogether reach, perfection.

The year 1921 is going to be unusual in the game of aeronautics. Engineering triumphs have been predicted that are said to be amazing. Science is marching on in its way toward accomplishment. This is as it should be in the United States, because while the first heavier-than-air flying machine was flown in America and designed by Americans, other nations have outstripped us in very large measure in the manner of scientific development of the airplane. Only recently has the contest become more equal. And there are many who are willing to predict that at the rate we are developing we shall within an amazingly short time find ourselves where by every inherited right we belong—at the front.

Everything that has been planned may not come to pass. Science plans through the eyes of vision. Science sees much farther ahead many times than she is able to reach with one step.

Everything has to have a beginning, and so the first model airway in the United States, which will join the M'Cook Experimental Field in Dayton, Ohio, and the Bolling Field, near Washington, D. C., is at once a pronounced step in the direction of achievement, and an augur of some of the things which the national air service, we are told, has in mind.

It is necessary, or at least it will be necessary one of these days, to have well-organized air routes connecting every part of this country. Airplanes are becoming more numerous. Private commercial establishments are utilizing flying machines to deliver goods. Charles F. Kettering, chief engineer for the General Motors Company, from his home near Dayton, Ohio, takes a flight every morning before he marches into his private office and sets to planning. Individual use of the airplane is increasing almost with each passing day. This being true it needs no lengthy discussion to prove that the air must be charted in somewhat the same way the highways are marked. As a matter of national defense the air bureau at Washington has felt the need for great national air lines. The model airway which is in course of development is the first and most important step thus far taken in the direction of bringing the aerial service to the point where in every particular it may be said to be useful. The limitless and boundless ocean of air can best be utilized through a systematic method of charting the air. This is the purpose involved in the model airway. Once this model is found to be practical and serviceable the air bureau proposes to chart other aerial highways, so that in another five years it is reasonable to believe that there will be no limit to man's ability to fly from city to city without losing his way or coming in contact with other machines which may be coming from an opposite direction.

Cross-country flying, or flying by night will be served in an immeasurable manner by the utilization of this model airway. It is no small task to plan for this innovation. Cities along the route between Dayton and Washington have been asked to co-operate with the government in the establishment of useful and safe landing places. Already many communities have acted. Others will be urged to get busy at once. A recent bulletin issued by the government shows how important and far reaching the program really is. This bulletin says:

"These air routes will provide a network whereon the units of the National Guard and the Organized Reserve can be placed. However, these highways of the air will not be usurped by the air service but they will be open, under legislative restrictions, to all commercial operators who will receive all the benefits and conveniences of such an organization, therefore commercial aeronautic interest will be fostered."

A point that is developed through the first model airway is to demonstrate that aviation control after all, is a matter for Federal rather than for state control. It is believed that the model airway will convince any doubtful person of the necessity for such control.

The first model airway has been selected with many things in mind. It will, therefore, serve as a basic guide in the program of expansion. Practically all of the natural problems which face pilots of airplanes will enter into this route. Besides connecting the national air service headquarters at Washington with the air service engineering division headquarters in Dayton, there are mountains to be crossed and a variety of atmospheric conditions to be encountered. Terrains of almost every type and character lie between Dayton and Washington. The army air service has no authority for buying land for landing places for machines and the point that has been emphasized is the importance of communities which lie between the two cities which are terminals assisting the government by laying aside fields which may be utilized for landing airplanes. Radios, hangars, and so on, are among other necessities which municipalities will be called upon to share with Uncle Sam.

The accompanying map shows the route for the first model airway. Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Maryland will be touched, with scores of cities lying en route. In many of the smaller places no landing fields will be necessary. Flyers along the route will be in constant radio communication with each other and a system of perfect contact has been devised for the formal opening of the first model airway.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 28, May 7, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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"Reparations"

FRANCE has succeeded very distinctly in impressing the world with the fact that the new war against Germany will proceed unless the question of reparations is settled. "Indemnity" is the term now quite openly used, although, throughout the war and the armistice and the peace negotiation periods, that term was indignantly spurned and it was insisted that the Allies sought only just and fair reparations for injuries inflicted on the civil populations. Germany's latest offer of 200 billion marks gold (or $40,000,000,000) is about three times what disinterested economists of high standing have estimated it would be possible for Germany to pay. It comes within $5,200,000,000 of the sum demanded by the Entente powers.

Quite aside from the amount of the indemnity, there arises the difficult question of manner of payment. All the gold in the world would not suffice to meet the Allies' demands, and Germany owns but a small part of the world's stock. It is obvious that payments must be made in goods, or in goods and services. With some show of reason, the industrialists of Great Britain and to some extent those of France object to this solution. They argue that if German manufacturers, backed by the German Government, are forced to study for a period of forty years or so how to pay such vast sums abroad, in addition to providing for home needs, Germany will be likely to develop her industries to a point where they will become supreme in the world's markets.

These objections would hardly apply to a method of payment in services that has been several times proposed by Germany, but haughtily rejected as "unthinkable" by France's representatives, and stamped as insulting to the national dignity by the Paris press. This method is the furnishing of German labor and materials for the actual work of reparation in the devastated districts of France and Belgium. For one thing, it is certain that no better way could be imagined for impressing the German people with the heinousness of their government's crime against civilization; for teaching them the great lesson of the war; its foolishness and unprofitableness from every point of view. The net results of the almost inevitable changes such an experience should work in the German mentality would, in the long run, prove a much more dependable protection against future German aggression than could military occupation of the Rhine and the Ruhr valleys.

It is certain that the unfortunate populations of the devastated regions, who have been made to suffer so sorely by these delays, have no objection to the Germans tackling the task which their own frightfulness made necessary. What then is the explanation of the refusal of the French Government to allow the Germans to work out part of the debt to France, now repeated by Dr. Simons, the German Foreign Secretary, in connection with his latest offer of 200,000,000,000 gold marks as a total indemnity?

Speaking plainly, it seems to be dictated by the same shortsighted and selfish "big business" and banking interests that seek to monopolize all possible profits to be reaped in connection with France's industrial reconstruction. It is in line with the refusal, at the dictation of these same interests, to permit Lille cotton-mill owners to purchase American machinery, although American manufacturers were ready to make deliveries some six months earlier than could the French machinery makers. To bar American competition, the damaged and looted mills were kept idle, thousands of men unemployed, while consumers were obliged to pay extortionate prices for reduced stocks. It is in keeping with the policy that allowed thousands of American automobiles purchased by the French Government during the war, but which its sudden cessation found lying on the docks or in the warehouses at Havre and Brest, to rot and rust in disuse, rather than allow them to go on the market and relieve an acute transportation crisis. This, although French auto manufacturers were so overstocked with orders that they would not promise deliveries within a year! The policy is in line with the adoption of import tariffs so high as to be prohibitive, and with custom house regulations deliberately designed to hamper and restrict importations from America.

An Old Cure for Worry

MIND cure of the variety which has come to be known in our modern day as "New Thought" seems to have roots that run back into an olden time. In a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore entitled, "The Physical and Mental Treatment of the Human Body," written by Dr. Manseman, an eminent English medico, and published in London late in the sixteenth century, we find the following cure for worry:

"Let the sufferer think of the person he or she loves best; dwell upon his charms and graces; cogitate deeply upon the affection they bear the one for the other. If this does not have a soothing effect, then let the patient try a small draught of strongly brewed tea with a lump of ginger in it. The efficacy of this is wonderful."

It is not quite certain whether the wonderful efficacy is to be attributed to the mental treatment, or to the strong tea with a lump of ginger in it. Perhaps it is the combination that the good doctor had in mind. It looks a little as if he believed in the wisdom of what betting folk call "hedging," somewhat on the plan of Br'er Rabbit planning to capture Mister Possum "a'gwine or a'comin'."

The prescription, as far as the first part of it is concerned, follows what we now regard as true psychotherapy. The chronic worrier is an out-and-out egotist, and the occasional worrier is an occasional egotist. The cure, consequently, is to switch his thought away from himself to some other line. But, instead of thinking simply of some beloved one who may be "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," or inconstant and a cause of doubt and anxiety, the better plan is to let the mind dwell on the goodness and beauty and splendor of life as a whole.

No man possessed by an enthusiasm for a great cause, or interested in his work, rather than in himself, will be troubled by worry. Still, there is no harm in a little "ginger" in the mental attitude.

Nebraska's Laureate

LET such literary centers as Boston, New York and Indianapolis look to their laurels! Nebraska has gone on record as the first of our American commonwealths officially to honor home talent in the minstrelsy line. The Nebraskan statesmen have crowned the brow of John G. Neihardt with the green-bay wreath of "State Poet Laureate." One consequence of the event will doubtless be an enlargement of Mr. Neihardt's public, despite the fact that he is described as an "epic rather than a lyrical singer."

And the precedent may have much more far-reaching consequences. Many people will wonder how the governor and legislature of Nebraska should have passed over the state's more famous son, William J. Bryan. The objection that the eloquent platformer is not a writer of verse—so far as the general public is aware—is trifling. Poetry is not a mere matter of prosody. Its very essence is imagination and fancy. What idle singer of an empty day could in a fine frenzy rolling approach, in either glowing imagination or flights of fancy, the eloquence of the great Nebraskan who has now for a generation thrilled thousands at frequently recurring intervals by the sweet cadences and swelling periods of moving rhetoric sonorously sounded over the roofs of the earth!

When one reflects that the ancient honorarium of the English laureate is a pipe of old Madeira (or is it a butt of malmsey?) one may be on the track of the seeming slight to one whom not only Nebraska but all the nation delights to honor. True, there would be no danger under the dry régime of Nebraska honoring this old custom. But there would remain the historic association with the serpent of the still, and to a man of imagination and conviction, the trail of the serpent would be over it all. No; William Jennings Bryan would undoubtedly have refused the honor and its perquisites. Yet, stay! Could not a way have been found to translate that pipe of Madeira into terms of grape juice?

Siegel Censures Hughes

ORGANIZED dictatorship is startlingly exemplified in the public statement made by Representative Isaac Siegel, of New York, concerning press reports of a communication to Congress from the Secretary of State. Flinging caution to the winds, this mouthpiece of Jewry virtually accused the head of the American Department of State of lying and ordered him to retract statements made in official reports calling for prompt and effective action in restriction of a class of immigration that he recognizes as imperiling American institutions. Mr. Siegel and his confréres must be possessed of monumental assurance as to their own power to permit them to risk the assumption of a position of such outrageous impudence. Secretary Hughes was reported as saying:

> **Our restriction on immigration should be so rigid that it would be almost impossible for most of these people to enter the United States. Reference is especially made to Armenians, Jews, Persians and Russians, all of whom have been so driven hither and thither since 1914 that they cannot be regarded as desirable populations for any country.**

It was on this statement that Mr. Siegel called to account Secretary Hughes in such cavalier fashion and with such studied insolence. Here are his words:

> "It is exceedingly regrettable that a report purporting to be signed by Secretary Hughes should have been issued from the Department of State .... The letter containing this memorandum is alleged to have had his signature thereon. *Undoubtedly, Secretary Hughes will promptly take steps to ascertain who is responsible for the issuance of the statement, which the entire world knows is false and untrue.*"

The veiled challenge in this utterance is certainly significant. Throughout the statement it is evident that the Jewish delegation in Congress was taken by surprise. It seems to have felt pretty certain of the new Secretary of State.

Technically speaking, Secretary Hughes made no recommendation on the subject of immigration. To have done so would have been outside his province. He simply transmitted to the chairman of the Immigration Committee abstracts of reports from government officials abroad. The Associated Press appears to have attributed to the Secretary the language of these reports. But the technical difference between adopting the language of these officials as his own and the transmission of the statements without comment, does not affect the question of Jewish criticism. It voiced Jewish displeasure with the indorsement of the views transmitted in their very transmittal, as the State Department's information on the subject.

It is Representative Siegel and not Secretary Hughes who comes out second in this new Semitic flurry.

As to the question of veracity raised by Representative Siegel, it should be sufficient corroboration of Secretary Hughes's characterization of the bulk of the immigration from the countries named that they are barred from France, Great Britain and Italy, and even from Palestine, as undesirable and dangerous. His conclusions are based on first-hand evidence of an absolutely impartial nature and the judicial fair-mindedness of the Secretary of State has never been impugned by even his enemies.

Both Frederick A. Wallis, Immigration Commissioner, and Wilbur J. Carr, head of the consular service in the Department of State, concur in the conclusions from 85 to 90 per cent of the immigrants arriving during the past year "lack any conception of patriotic or national spirit, and the majority of this percentage is mentally incapable of acquiring it."

John Wanamaker

JOHN WANAMAKER, now in his eighty-third year, was given a testimonial luncheon the other day by his fellow merchants in the Quaker City in honor of the completion of sixty years of merchandising, and the occasion is one that has marked significance for the present generation. "One of the greatest among American merchants and one of the finest among Christian gentlemen" was the keynote of many eulogies. The phrase well emphasizes the salient characteristics of a man true to those traditions of the old line of American "merchant princes" that made their names synonyms for honor and fair dealing.

Keen and alert as ever, Mr. Wanamaker, who is the only surviving member of the Centennial Exposition's board of finance, broached an immensely interesting project. Advocating the proposed celebration of the nation's sesquicentennial in Philadelphia in 1926, he declared that it should be made the occasion for nothing less than a "World Festival of Peace," in which the nations of the world would once more come together on a basis of friendship and co-operation for the good of humanity. All will agree that the project is a good one and that it could not have a more fitting leader than John Wanamaker.

Mr. Ford's Page

NO MAN is more dangerous, in war or in peace, than the man who tries to stop the processes by which the legitimate needs of the people are supplied. When a man attempts that in time of war, he is dealt with as a traitor. His character does not change when he carries on his work in time of peace, although his punishment does. The reasons which move him to act at one time are precisely the same as at another. He wishes to aid some cause by breaking down the established character of the people's lives.

Everyone remembers what was thought during the war of men who tried to induce the farmers to raise less food, the shop workers to complete less work, the railwaymen to invent unnecessary delays.

Now, suppose there is today a return of that same program, is it to be regarded as any more desirable now than it was then? If a thing is good and right to do, is there ever any justification for a conspiracy to stop doing it? Yet there is considerable propaganda at work today to make men quit doing the right things for society. The farmer is urged to raise no more than he needs; the shopman is urged to do no more than he must; the transport man is encouraged to let society go hang.

And this propaganda is having a certain amount of effect. To understand it, however, you must not too hastily condemn it. It is not enough to say that the program is wrong in every way in which it is possible to be wrong. We must understand why men are persuaded to such a wrong program. Men do not enter wholesale into a conspiracy to do wrong. Americans do not undertake to injure society for the fun or malice of it. They have been persuaded that it is a means to a good end—a harsh means, perhaps, but to be condoned for the sake of what it has in view.

That is the point. Take the farmer's case, for example. Many farmers are saying now that they will not raise any more this season than they need—little more, anyway. The farmer is, in many cases, sore in his mind. Things have gone badly with him—not in failure of the crops, nor in the enmity of the elements, nor yet in the loss of public esteem for his profession—but in a money way. He has as much of the wealth of the earth as he ever had, much more in fact, but it has not meant so much in money. Farming has ceased to be only a matter of making the earth perform her yearly miracle; it has been hooked up with banking; and, of course, the taint of money exerts a disturbing influence.

Wheat will make as much bread as before, but it will not make as much money.

Now, men have been busy telling the farmer that if he will forbid the earth to yield as much food this year, if he will exercise a prohibition over the beneficent forces of nature, prices will go up next year.

Doubtless they will, and with them will go up the cry of the people because of a scarcity of food.

The farmers are persuaded to do this as a protest against the banking and financial system that juggled their prices downward. That is to say, farming has been advised to annex the evils of the financial system in order to get even. It is a clear case of two wrongs being counseled in order to make a right.

The farmers do not deliberately say, "We'll make food scarce in the cities." They say, "We'll do something to check this game the masters of the money market have been playing on us." Yet the latter means the former. And even then, it does not mean that the game will be won. Instead of food there will be prices, and nothing was ever sustained on prices alone.

Now, having this understanding of what the farmers are taught will result from their action, let us see how the whole case stands.

Society is like a city. There are some functions which, in a city, can never stop without disaster: they are the primal functions, for the benefit of which people gather together in cities of similar communities. They are such things as water, light, police and fire protection.

Now, these things must be supplied, regardless. If the city is wild or drunk, still the firemen and policemen must stand guard, and the water station must keep pumping. If the city government is inefficient and the revenues of the city wasted, still policemen must pace their beats and fire stations must keep the watch alert. There are some duties which, if deserted, destroy the last chance of betterment and reform.

In the great national community, in the great world community, there are certain primary functions without which modern life is simply impossible, and even primitive life is impossible.

These are Agriculture, Manufacture and Transportation, the three great arts. Community life is impossible without them. They hold the world together. Raising things, making things and carrying things are as primitive as human need and yet as modern as anything can be. Yet we cannot get beyond them. They are of the essence of physical life. They are to the world what water, light and fire protection are to the city—indispensable. When they cease, community life is no longer possible.

Now, the truth is this: things get very much out of shape in this present world under the present system, but the hope we have of a betterment of matters is that certain things are going to stand firm. The basis for a better state of things is here, if someone does not destroy the basis. As long as the foundations stand sure, a better building is always possible. Destroy the foundation, and no building at all is possible.

The great delusion today is to make the Men of the Foundation feel that they may trifle with the part they have been given by Destiny to play in the social process. They are being told that they are the victims, when as a matter of fact they are the world's chief hope, socially and economically. If they stand firm, they will help bring about the order that is desired; if they go fooling with the fundamentals committed to their care, no one knows what will happen.

Now, we have the main timbers for the new order, whatever it may be and whenever it may come. These main timbers are the men and means to *grow* things, to *make* things and to *carry* things. These will be the hold-overs, so to speak. Or a better figure still, they are the bridges all set to see us across without disaster. As long as Agriculture, Manufacture and Transportation go on, the world can carry any economic or social change.

But, if this bridge is destroyed, who knows what will come? And if it is destroyed, it will only have to be rebuilt again, and of the same men and means, and for the same purposes—growing food, making utensils, carrying goods.

It seems that if the men engaged in the three arts were only able to see the part they play, that they are really the great natural elements which prevent the old order from being as bad as it might be, and are absolutely indispensable to the new order, they would regard their responsibility more highly than the propagandists wish them to do.

The best service any man can now do to bring about a better state of things is to be absolutely loyal to the thing he is doing in the Three Principal Arts. Speculators may have to stop, but not farmers. Money-makers may have to quit, but not plow-makers. These necessary things tide over any break, and are already the substance of the newer time.

Anyone laboring in the Three Principal Arts today has a hand in remaking the world for his children. Anyone curtailing them is holding back society.

SOCIETY will pass from the present old order to the coming new order on a human bridge. That bridge will be the men who labor in the Three Principal Arts—the men who grow food, who make utensils, who carry goods; Agriculture, Manufacture and Transportation. These are the present elements of the future society; they will enable society to drop the old and assume the new without disaster. If these fundamentals are tampered with, if farmers prohibit nature's increase, and shopmen complete less work, and transport men grow lax, any calamity may be precipitated. The best reform is to keep sound processes soundly functioning, and not add to the general confusion. The pioneers of the new order are the men who stick to the job.



A Caco general now confined in Port-au-Prince penitentiary. He was captured by Marines. He is typical of the Caco leaders most of whom are now killed off.

Latin-America Is Watching Our Handling of Hayti

THE Harding Administration has inherited from the Wilson Administration many perplexing and vexing situations, but the future policy of this country in respect to the little "Black Republics" of Latin-American waters is one which is of great concern not only in Washington, but is being watched closely by the countries to the south of us, which are the beneficiaries of the declaration known to the world as the Monroe Doctrine. This and other articles will take up for discussion that which goes to make up the problem. The writer spent some time in Hayti as a newspaper correspondent and his knowledge of conditions may be accepted as authoritative and sufficient.



ADOLPH BOURGOT,
Gendarme sergeant, who testified he saw an American lieutenant shoot three prisoners at Hencho.

By WILBUR FORREST

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, on his famous voyage in 1492, was the first to annex the great Western Hemisphere to the ancient maps of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The island of Hayti, lying immediately southeast of Cuba, was reported by the discoverer to "their invincible majesties," Ferdinand and Isabella, in the most glowing terms for its "lofty mountains, plains, groves and very fruitful fields admirably adapted for tillage, pasture and habitation.

"The convenience and excellence of the harbors in this island and the abundance of rivers surpass anything that would be believed by one who had not seen it," the discoverer reported to his king and queen.

"Hispaniola" (Little Spain), Columbus named the island of Hayti and made further reports on the red-skinned Indian inhabitants who, he declared, "in their simplicity, bartered like idiots cotton and gold for fragments of bows, glasses, bottles and jars."

It is a long span from the Columbus description of virgin Hayti in 1492 to the primitive Hayti of modern times, but "Hispaniola" has today a peculiar interest for Americans, constituting as it does one of the most troublesome and likewise delicate problems that a national administration in Washington has been called upon to face in many years.

The Harding administration in Washington has inherited from Mr. Wilson's régime, however unwillingly, a situation in "Hispaniola" on the delicate handling of which will depend whether our future relations with all Latin-America shall again become the happy Monroe Doctrine co-operation of before the European war or remain those of suspicion and distrust which certainly exist at present. The new policy of the Harding administration toward the little Latin-American republics of modern "Hispaniola" is watched for eagerly in every Central and South American capital.

A brief sketch of our relations here would appear apropos at a moment when a new Secretary of State in Washington is engrossed in working out other interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine than have been applied by the United States in the Western Hemisphere for the past eight years.

Aside from all political phases, too, the comparatively small West Indian island of Hayti is a land of fertile interest for the student of more than elementary Columbian history; for lovers of historic romance, admirers of Londonian tales of tropic seas and for less sentimental and sober commercial futurists.

The island has two republics, the Dominican Republic to the east and the Republic of Hayti to the west. Approximately three million people, not one of them a descendant of the red Indians of the days of Columbus, inhabit the land. It is with the Republic of Hayti mainly that this article will deal. From many points of view it is the most interesting of all the island territories of the Columbian Western Hemisphere.

The "Black Republic" of today is not in the state of progress and affluence which Columbus must have dreamed for "Hispaniola." Its 10,000 square miles are crowded with about two million souls who have neither capability nor seeming capacity eventually for developing its excellent harbors, its fertile fields and abundance of rivers.

While a million people of Santo Domingo are mainly of Spanish strain and lighter in color, the mass of Haytians—about ninety-seven per cent of the whole—are of pure African blood and origin, dating their ancestry back to slave labor brought from Africa by the whites, the same whites who so thoroughly enslaved the Indians that they died like flies and eventually became extinct to a man.

Hayti is a land without schools. The mass is densely illiterate, clad poorly and often in rags and pattering a "creole" tongue which is a mixture of French, African and patois. And as distinct from the mass as dawn is from night is the *intelligenzia* of the little republic, mulatto in blood and ranging in color from deep brown to high yellow. This class is but three per cent of the whole and its culture is that derived from association with European capitals and foreign universities.

Perhaps the high culture of Hayti's educated minority has been the cause of steady economic, commercial and agricultural decline during 115 years of independence. Change of government has not usually been in accord with desire to uplift the downtrodden mass but practice of traditional tropic politics with the desire, as one student of the situation has expressed it, of the politically prominent "outs" to supersede the momentarily powerful "ins" and change of administration has never affected the common people in whose name most of the revolutionary propaganda was circulated.

Haytian rulers, some with expressed sincere convictions and others less honest, have held the executive power to the number of more than fifty during the independence gained from the French plantation and slave owners in the eighteenth century but never in the history of the country has the great mass of the common people had any voice in government.

Guilliame Sam was the last Haytian executive to suffer violent death. On July 28, 1915, American Marines landed in Hayti. Sam was the sixth president in less than five years. Michel Laconte was blown up in the presidential palace. Tancrade Auguste died in his bed, it is said, by poison. Michel Oreste fled from the country to exile. Oreste Zamor was overthrown by a revolution and was killed. Joseph Davilmar Theodore served three months with dignity and then succumbed to a revolt led by Guilliame Sam.

In an effort to forestall a revolution against himself, Guilliame Sam caused a large number of the best families of Port-au-Prince, the Haytian capital, to be thrown into prison and then longing for action which did not come he ordered the entire batch executed. Relatives of the victims started something which Guilliame Sam could not stop. They enlisted a mob and marched on the national palace. Sam took refuge in the French legation and here the mob found him. As they were carrying fragments of his body through the streets of Port-au-Prince, the Marines landed and put an end to the festival.

The Marines have remained in Hayti to the present. Under a treaty, alleged to have been written by Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant Secretary of the Navy, and handed to the Haytian Government to sign, Marines may remain in Hayti for many years to come.

The benefits of Marine occupation in Hayti are not to be denied and more evident to those who can compare the "Black Republic" of today with that of 1915. Sanitation was the first problem and American experts worked against discouraging odds. They found squalor and filth everywhere. As before mentioned, but three per cent of Haytians are of the class to which the bathtub plays its part. The remaining percentage desire hygiene only when hygiene searches, finds and persists. The lack of body hygiene and general lack of sanitation was perhaps responsible for a mysterious disease among the lower class which is estimated to have killed twenty thousand natives annually for 50 years. When the Marines had been ashore long enough to begin the work of sanitation, it was necessary to send wagons throughout the larger cities at daybreak every morning to collect victims of the mysterious malady. The cities were little better off than the villages which were perhaps not so clean as the African settlements which they resembled.



Marine Barracks (foreground) and Presidential Palace, Port-au-Prince, Hayti.

It had been the convenient custom for generations to dump all rubbish, decayed fruit and filth in the highways and depend on nature to do the rest. Tropical rains and blazing suns produced vapors and odors guaranteed to convert all who had not lived through a survival of the strongest into victims of fever and disease. Epidemics through which even the strongest were liable to fall were a constant menace.

With this background, one may imagine by what effort during a brief number of years that Americans have made the cities and villages of Hayti livable communities. Well-ordered streets and sanitation within limits everywhere are now the rule. Quarantine regulations for steamships are enforced by Americans for the first time in Haytian history. In 1882 smallpox brought to Hayti on a Jamaican ship swept the land and took off about two hundred thousand natives.

American Marines have built or repaired hundreds of miles of native highways since the occupation. Districts formerly inaccessible to other than foot or horse travel are today opened up for agricultural and commercial development, a development which has not yet come for reasons which will later be described. It is possible now to travel by auto between the main cities of the land, on plains, through fertile valleys and over beautiful mountains, a medium of communication unheard of until the Americans came.

Hayti is today more peaceful than at any other time in a century. In generations of strife and revolution, during which the country retrograded rather than progressed, the one necessity which called American forces to the "Black Republic" was peace. This peace is now a fact though it has been accomplished not without innumerable encounters over a period of years between the forces of occupation and groups of organized bandits infesting mainly the mountainous portions of the republic.

The coming of Marines to Hayti also sounded the death knell to the degrading practices of "voodoo" rites or snake worship which the ignorant mass celebrated everywhere. These rites for them took the place of any higher form of religion and are supposed to be the instinctive outgrowth of tribal orgies practiced by their ancestors in darkest Africa. The human sacrifice was among the most terrible features of "voodoo" festivals in the cities and in the bush. The Marines destroyed the "voodoo" temples, the great tom-toms which called the superstitious to their assemblies, and forbade any practice of "voodooism" everywhere.

Problems of spiritual betterment, sanitation and communication building were functions of the American Marine Brigade in Hayti which caused little comment at home. It was the rigorous manner in which the American "leathernecks" brought about peace in the "Black Republic" that eventually crept into the Harding political campaign at home and brought the Marine pacification program into the glare of publicity. Tales of mountain encounters between Marines with the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, the latter a subsidiary military organization composed of black troops officered by Marines, and Haytian bandits would fill a fair-sized volume. It is a sordid chapter of guerilla fighting in which Americans recalled the lessons of ancestral woodcraft and the examples set in the American Indian wars. When the last bandit chief had been killed and his forces scattered, the scene shifted to the United States. In a moment of exuberance assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt let slip in a campaign speech that he had written the Haytian constitution and it was a good one if he, himself, said so. This drew from the Republican presidential candidate in another part of the country, that United States Marines in Hayti, under the Wilson controlled Navy Department, had been charged with the "indiscriminate killing" of more than two thousand Haytians. Then the verbal fireworks began.

The political charges boiled down to a letter which Brigadier General George Barnett, U. S. M. C., had written Colonel John Russell, commander of the Marine Brigade in Hayti, expressing horror that "indiscriminate killings" of Haytian natives had been going on in the West Indian Republic. In this letter Barnett mentioned the Haytian casualty list which he placed at 3,200 but later reduced in subsequent testimony before a naval board to 2,200.

The Naval Board of Inquiry, composed of Admirals Mayo and Oliver and General Nivelle, of the Marine Corps, appointed by Secretary of the Navy Daniels held sessions first at Washington and later at the Haytian capital. The inquiry elicited that practically all Haytians "indiscriminately" killed had fallen in open combat between the forces of pacification and banditry. Officers of the Marines, in testimony, convinced the Naval Board that cases of "indiscriminate" killing were the isolated incidents which would befall any military organization

and had been punished by vigorous courts-martial. The Republic of Hayti, however, as facts outside the scope of the Naval Board developed, has not gained what it should during five years of American guidance. Retrogression has been arrested by military action but what of the economic progress?

Philip Sudre Dartiguenave, who succeeded the ill-fated Guilliame Sam as Hayti's chief political executive, in an interview with the writer at Port-au-Prince some weeks ago blamed not the Marine Corps for his country's lack of progress. The chocolate-colored executive who received me in the glittering white national palace put the full blame on the shoulders of American civil officials, appointed by the Wilson administration and sent to his country to supervise the provision of the Haytian-American Treaty of 1915.

Dartiguenave made charges against these officials which challenged the good faith and sincerity of the United States throughout all of Latin-America. He charged that the treaty which pledged the augmentation of the republic's finances, economic and agricultural development and other requisites had not been observed. He charged tactlessness and bullying and specifically named John McIlhenny, of Louisiana, and American Minister Bailly-Blanchard, of the same state, as the officials responsible for non-observance of America's pledged word. These officials, he said, had kept the State Department in ignorance of conditions and had misrepresented him to the same department.

"The treaty obligations of the United States to contribute to the economic development of Hayti, ameliorate her finances, augment her resources and otherwise work in harmony toward her betterment have not been observed," said the president. "Instead, the Haytian Government is under a humiliating guardianship for lack of co-operation. Its efforts to collaborate with good will are disdained and repulsed. It seems that there does not exist between the two governments an analogous contract that the two parties are obliged to respect."



The Presidential Palace.

Dartiguenave demanded of Washington a congressional inquiry reiterating that hope for development in his little land depended entirely on the United States making good its solemn promises with all evidence of co-operation and good will.

Haytian ministers of state, interviewed by the writer, and American business men who went to the republic to develop business, confirmed Dartiguenave's charges which have been given here only in part.

Mr. C. E. Elliott, of Indianapolis, president of the Haytian-American Sugar Company, told me he went to Hayti under development assurances afforded in the 1915 treaty. These assurances, Mr. Elliott said, have been violated by the officials of the Wilson administration to such an extent that the company's twelve million dollar investment promised failure and was in such a non-productive state that neither directors nor stockholders would favor the expenditure of another cent in the republic until the Wilson administration officials were forced to assume responsibilities placed upon them by the American nation's pledges.

Thus we have in briefest outline, the present situation faced by the Harding administration in Hayti. This would appear far less serious if it might remain an affair purely between the United States and the little republic. But Latin-America is watching. Are America's intentions sincere? the Latin-American capitals ask.

But the conduct of the past administration in Hayti is not all, that Latin-America has known better than Americans themselves have known it. It spreads completely over the small West Indian island. We are charged with the violation of our sacred word of treaty by none less than the president of Hayti. Now come charges, if anything more serious, made by the president of Santo Domingo, Dr. Francisco Henriquezy Carvajal, that our conduct in Santo Domingo is not only a violation of our treaty with his country, but flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine itself.

Dr. Carvajal's views were made public for the first time recently in a New York newspaper. He charged the same New York financial interests named in Hayti with using influence on the American State Department to bring about American occupation of Santo Domingo. By written order of President Wilson, he asserts, American military forces made him an exile, suppressed the offices of all Dominican national officials, wiped out the Dominican congress and for several years have operated his government to suit their whims.

"The action of the Wilson administration in my country is not only in violation of the Dominican-American treaty of 1907; contrary and in violation of the fundamental principles of international law, but if anything more serious, is a complete violation of the great Monroe Doctrine and the rights and protection it is supposed to give all Latin-American countries against not only European nations but the United States as well," said the Dominican president.

But the most serious aspect of all in the charges preferred by both presidents of "Hispaniola" against the American nation, as represented during the past eight years by the Wilson administration, is the effect on nations, large and small, in South and Central America. The effect is no secret in Washingon. The Dominican president in his recent New York statement, expressed the situation with blunt clarity when he said:

"The nations of Latin-America today view the United States with a feeling of distrust and suspicion which must seriously affect both political and commercial relations between your country and theirs for some time to come."

To win back this Latin-American respect for American good faith and sincerity will not be merely a series of lectures to South and Central America on our American record in Cuba, the Philippines and Porto Rico. The problem constitutes one of the most delicate tasks in front of the new Secretary of State and the Harding Cabinet.

Thus has "Hispaniola" of Christopher Columbus, its fertile fields undeveloped, its harbors devoid of commerce to any extent and its abundance of rivers as they were over four and a quarter centuries ago, become an American problem of 1921.

But to return to the more physical side of "Hispaniola." There are notable differences. Santo Domingo has far greater national intellect than its sister republic. Schools have long been in operation. Spanish blood is predominant in the veins of its nationals. With greater intellect of the mass and an ability to govern in peace rather than along the line of political revolution, it is to be expected that the withdrawal of American military forces in this republic will soon come about and the country turned back to its native executives. Within the past few years, the Dominican Republic has seen far more economic development than Hayti, its finances have been augmented and an election in which the popular will may be expressed is possible.

Can the United States leave Hayti so easily with its expressed treaty obligations unrealized? As previously stated, Hayti's mass is overwhelmingly illiterate and of African blackness while the infinitesimal minority are educated adepts at the hectic game of intrigue in tropic politics. Hayti has neither development, commerce, industry, schools nor guaranty of stable government. It is frequently said that a revolution would follow the departure of our occupational forces by a few days and the Marines would scarcely be away long enough to settle down on their battleships before trouble would necessitate their return.

For more than a century the Haytian mass have followed the African instinct back to barbarism. Previous to 1804 by fifty years their land under the French had become the richest area in the West Indies. Great plantations of sugar and coffee covered the land. Beautiful cities, built after the French plan, graced the seaports, which were constantly filled with craft carrying the products to Europe. Napoleon looked upon his West Indian possession as the richest under the flag of France.

When Toussaint L'Ouverture, an ex-slave, led a revolt against the French land and slave owners in 1798, there started a period of terror which ended in 1804 when Dessalines, the successor of L'Ouverture stood on the seashore at Gonaives, tore the French tricolor into three pieces, cast away the white and ordered the red and blue bars to be fastened together as the flag of independent Hayti. The whites had been expelled. Generations of despotism, revolution and strife have followed. The great plantations of the French, their rich architectural dwellings both in city and country have gone the way of ruin. The ruling class one finds today in Hayti is gathered in the cities mainly Port-au-Prince and Cape Hayti, the largest communities of the south and north respectively. In the country districts nature has been allowed to take its own verdant rank tropical course. At the outskirts of the larger habitations begins the Haytian bush where bountiful tropical vegetation grows rank and virtually unattended.



The writer of this article at Port-au-Prince, Hayti.

The traveler in the "Black Republic" today may see nature taking almost full responsibility for the bulk of the republic's illiterate mass. They are content to let nature do it. The southern peninsula district, an area of about three thousand square miles of the richest land in the republic, is typical. Even the most primitive of agricultural implements are unknown to the average rural Negro of the fertile south.

The markets of the world are demanding good grades of long staple cotton, yet it nods at you gracefully from its wild parent tree until you wonder what is the answer.

Coffee is not exported from Hayti to any extent, yet coffee grows wild in gayest abandon along the roadsides and trailsides. It asks not for cultivation but hangs there to tempt the ambitious person to pluck it before it falls to earth to perpetuate its kind. One is forced to wonder why the bulk of American coffee is shipped from the far-off Andes or even from the Orient.

Hayti's greatest asset at present is her cheap labor. The native is worth from twenty to fifty cents a day when he can be induced to work. It might be added that the greatest fortune which our great protectorate nation could endow on the little republic would be a campaign of agricultural education to give the rural Haytian a knowledge of the productiveness of his soil.

Clumps of stately cocoanut palms, climbing straight up from sixty to one hundred feet before they burst out like perpetual Fourth of July fireworks in feather-like showers of green leaves, are frequently noticed in Hayti, sheltering a Negro hut and a mango tree beneath them. The mango tree resembles the American peach tree although it is more luxuriant in foliage. The mango fruit is a delicious oblong handful somewhat like the peach but too delicate for shipment north in commercial quantity.

The story is told of the biannual mango season in rural Hayti when the Negro, asleep beneath the trees, awakes only when the fruit falls and strikes his body. Nature and gravity wake him and feed him and then he lolls back and continues to sleep the untroubled slumber of the tropics. Economic conditions, labor unions, housing shortages, the high cost of living, the law of supply and demand have no terrors for him.

The rural Haytian worries little about clothing or shoes. Nature gives him a marvelously warm climate in which clothing is not too essential. At a tender age nature aids this individual to grow an "elephant hide" sole on the bottom of his flat African foot, enabling him to walk with ease over sharp surfaces which would hinder the progress of an ordinary foot clad in shoes. Nature even furnishes the *caille* or house in which he lives. From the rank thickets come poles and sticks which interwoven and daubed with mud make the four walls of the near-African habitation. A thatch of palm leaves is the roof. The work is usually done by the women who, due to generations of revolution and a peculiar disease which is estimated to have killed a million male Haytians during the past fifty years, outnumber the men by about five to one. Of beds in Hayti there are but few. A straw mat on the dirt floor of the *caille* suffices. Blankets are almost unheard of. Nature also brings the Haytian household its table wear to the door. Calabash trees abound in Hayti. Dried and cut in two the fruit furnishes the bowls and dishes from which the rural Haytian eats.

Buying an orange at an American fruitstand is high finance. Shake an orange tree in rural Hayti and the first sensation is reminiscent of the late disturbance in certain parts of France. And otherwise, if you are a good bargainer, you may buy oranges at any village market at the rate of ten for a cent.

Plantains, a species of banana, grow in great profusion and furnish the Haytian mass with a delectable food. Bananas as Americans know them are not so plentiful.

The average American pays immense prices for furniture covered with a thin veneer of mahogany. In Hayti you are privileged to sit on rough fences hewn from mahogany logs and look into the boughs of mahogany trees, growing wild and unattached. Lignum vitae, one of the most precious of woods, is a common find in many districts. Dye woods, which form the basic vegetable dyes, are the nucleus of a large and prospective industry.

At Grand Goave and Petit Goave, villages of the southern peninsula, I found relics of the days when the French had developed the region into the cultivated garden spot which provided bountiful produce for export to France. At Petit Goave, an aged cannon, lying where it had fallen from its mounting, perhaps generations ago, bore the name of the famous Creusot gun works of France. Again at Petit Goave were found ancient cannon bearing the coat of arms of England, possibly captured by the French in the sea wars of earlier days.

The black slaves of Hayti tilled the fields in those affluent times. Left eventually to their own devices they have let nature take its own sweet course. Nature still needs the hand and direction of the white man in Hayti. Hayti needs its General Wood.

Can the United States afford to abandon its pledged task to aid in the commercial and agricultural development of Hayti? It is a fair-sized problem for Washington to decide. Latin-America is an interested spectator.

This is the first of several articles on conditions in Hayti. Another will appear in an early issue.

A Jew Sees His People as Others See Them

"I Would Like to Hear Your Opinion of Your Fellow Jew After You Have Spent Twelve Months in America."

THIS week we present another Jew's comment on his race and for the good of the race. Bert Levy has said these things before Jewish Women's Councils and B'nai B'rith lodges, and they will assist readers of this series to an understanding of some of the truer, though minority, influences which are at work in American Jewry. He sincerely exposes every obvious defect, and it is to be hoped that one day, with as sincere a pen, he will go deeper. Mr. Levy's chosen title is:

For the Good of the Race

FROM a far-off land I came, a sad-eyed, pale-faced, poetic young Jew, with an unspeakable love of my people burning in my heart. Of Polish-Russian parentage, there was implanted in my nature an indefinable sorrow (born perhaps of my father's and mother's persecution), which left me high-strung and sensitive to the anti-Semitic taunts of my schoolmates.

Given to idle dreaming by some old abandoned shaft or roaming the deserted alluvial diggings of the little mining town of my youth, I would conjure up visions of that new world I had so often read about—that great country where there was no prejudice against my race—the New Jerusalem.

Shyly hugging to my breast some borrowed American book or magazine I would seek the shadows of the huge decaying poppet legs and dream over the pages containing many Jewish faces, and I read with pride and gratitude of the high places occupied by my people in music, art, literature and the drama. Filled with Jewish names and good Jewish deeds was the story of this new Zion, and a longing to be among the great ones of my people took possession of me. Between my dear father and myself there was a bond of love too sacred for words, and when I looked upon his dear face for the last time in this world and bade him a sorrowful good-by before my departure for the New Jerusalem, he held me close to his breast and whispered:

"Don't forget that you are a Jew, and if you need sympathy, love or help, go to your own race and show your Arba Kanfoth." (According to Deuteronomy XXII., 12, the Jews are commanded to wear fringe upon four corners of their vestures and this command is observed to the present day by wearing a special garment with these fringes, generally hidden by the ordinary clothes.)

An Educated American Says Two Things

I CARRIED my father's words across the ocean in my heart and the memory of his tear-dimmed eyes and the pressure of his big loving arms has never left me; in fact, it is so strong at times that I find it hard to believe that he is not by my side telling me, in spite of many disappointments, that after all, the Jews are still my brethren and sisters.

Words fail to describe my feelings as the beauties of the New World unfolded to me. In wonderful contrast to the melancholy aspect of my own country was the joyous color of Samoa, with its hallowed memories of Robert Louis Stevenson, lifted like some fairy veil out of the midst of the Pacific to give me a glimpse, as it were, of my dream of America—the New Jerusalem.

Oh, the wonderful days and wonderful nights out on that vast blue expanse, where God and His stars seemed so near that one formed a good resolution with every throb of the great engine far down below. On one of those nights I sat listening to some one playing in the music salon and I was inwardly thanking the Creator that there was a Puccini in the world and that he had given us "La Boheme." There we were thousands of miles from anywhere, languidly rolling under a perfect moonlit sky, listening to the plaintive airs that Puccini had coined for Mimi. There was hardly a sound but the gentle lapping of the waves breaking against the vessel's side till a slight commotion on deck up ahead caused some of the listeners to investigate. One of the passengers, an ex-Harvard man, returned with the remark:

"Oh, it's only some damned Jew. He's fallen and hurt himself pretty badly."

Like a smudge on some beautiful picture was this anti-Semitic sentiment on such a night, and considering its source I felt deeply grieved. As I was the only other Jew in the first cabin I made my way to the stateroom where they had carried the victim of the accident and found him to be a tender-hearted old man who I subsequently learned had spent a long life in acts of charity toward his fellow men and women, regardless of creed. He was returning to end his days in Jerusalem (his Jerusalem, not the one of my dream), where he could touch again the beloved stones of the wailing wall.

Something in the old man's face, that "something" which was in the face of my father, my brother, that "something" which is in the face of every Jew, drew me to him, as it has drawn me to all Jews always, and I spent many intellectual hours by his bedside, picking up grains of wisdom which he had translated from the Talmud. I wished that the ex-Harvard man could have known that the old man's wrinkles were but the pathetic records of the massacres of his kith and kin which he had witnessed in his homeland and that he daily prayed for death to efface the awful memories.

Later on the ex-Harvard man asked me to join in a deck game. I reminded him that I also was a "damned Jew."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I know what you refer to—that was an unfortunate slip I made the other night—merely a figure of speech, I assure you."

I found him a charming companion and soon in a cozy corner of the smoking room we became fast friends and I tried to win him over to think better of our people.

"I would like to hear your opinion of your fellow Jew after you have spent, say, twelve months in America." he said.

First Meeting With the American Jew

SINCE then I have walked the length and breadth of the great cities of America, and my very soul has cried out to my fellow Jew: "Suppress Thyself!" The day I arrived in New York I learned that my dearest friend, my father, had passed away, and naturally my first thought was to say the kaddish, a prayer of the Jewish liturgy recited by orphans for the welfare of the souls of their deceased parents, somewhat after the fashion of the Catholic mass. Every male of Jewish blood at some time of his life recites this beautiful prayer. It does not matter how far one strays from the fold or how much one has denied the faith, there comes a time when the Jew in him asserts itself and he says the kaddish.

Public prayer among Jews can only be recited in the presence of ten males above the age of religious maturity, and this assembly is called minyan. Surely in this great city I would easily find a minyan, I thought; so I followed the line of least resistance, like any stranger in a strange land, and sought out the Jewish names best known to the public. I called at a business house uptown with the name of a great Hebrew over the door. He was the great man of whom I read with such pride in the little mining town at the other end of the world. Yes! The same Jewish face depicted in the huge photograph in the lobby I had seen in the magazine I had hugged so lovingly at home.

I made my way, full of hope, to his office and was asked by a doorkeeper my mission. I explained—the doorkeeper was a Hebrew—that I desired to say kaddish for my father and that I wanted to form a minyan. With a sly wink he passed me on to several Hebrew clerks and office boys, each of whom smiled, sneered, and made his little joke about "greenhorns." Then I was ushered with many grimaces into the presence of the big man.

"Suppress Yourselves for the Good of the Race"

JUST a minute's conversation convinced me that he was a Jew in appearance only, and that he had never known anything of the traditions, the romance, the art or the literature of our race. He didn't exactly know what minyan was, or pretended he didn't, but recommended me to "one of our people," as he put it, who ran a very popular chophouse close by. I began to realize that I was a stranger among my own people and that night I walked the streets of great New York with an aching heart. Everywhere in the hurrying crowds I saw the faces of my brethren and sisters, thousands, hundreds of thousands of them, hurrying, pushing, shoving brethren they were, with all the tenderness, the friendship and the Semitic look gone from their eyes.

"Oh, God!" I thought, "are these the children of Israel? Is this the persecuted race—that people who had been scattered to the four corners of the earth?"

Hungry and weary I made my way as if in a dream to the café of a great hotel. Everything in the huge room was glaringly false—marble pillars, oak beams, flowers, were all imitation: a big orchestra sat in a balcony with an artificial moon and a painted sky as a background; everywhere were lights, lights and more lights.

From table to table I went but I was roughly reminded that "this" was reserved and "that" was reserved. Presently glaringly gowned, bediamonded Jewish women, accompanied by equally vulgar Jewish men, filed in and occupied every seat, and between mouthfuls of food and drink their bodies would sway to the voices of other Jews who sang only of "Mississippi" and "Georgia." How these people did laugh when they caught sight of my foreign clothes and my pale, poetic face, and how they would have screamed with laughter had I shown them my Arba Kanfoth, that beautiful little token which my poor father fondly imagined would have made me understood in the New World.

Out into the night I went and found myself struggling in a torrent of humanity. Every time I received an extra bump or hard push I looked only to see that my antagonist was a Hebrew. On the street, in the cars, in the subway, or at the soda fountain, wherever I saw my fellow Jews blatantly shouting and rudely pushing, I, in spite of my indignation, felt the love of my race uppermost in my heart, and I wanted to cry out:

"Oh, Jew; dear brothers and sisters, suppress yourselves for the good of the race! Stand back! For the good of the race!"

Never in the world have our people known such a free country as this, and it is a privilege to be here, but at times a great fear comes over me that we are abusing that privilege. Amid the din of Jewish music and laughter, the newsboys are shouting the names of Jewish murderers (the Rosenthal case), the gunmen of the city. The bribe givers and the bribe takers depicted in the news sheets have Jewish countenances. The gambling house keepers—yes! yes! I know that there are Christians who are murderers, gamblers and informers, but the Jew is a marked man. He is distinct, apart, so distinct that in a crowd he is the first noticed.

It is for this reason that I would have my brethren and sisters suppress themselves, stand back! I would have real Jews take the worst of a bargain once in a while for the sake of the race. I would have them once in a while give up their seats in public conveyances, behave modestly in cafés, dress quietly, and give up the use of assumed Christian names.

"Why Must a Jew Be in at the Death?"

THERE is nothing so pathetic as the man who, with a Hebrew face, assumes a Christian name. I never go to a public place without wishing that my fellow Jew would talk less and appear less ostentatious. When one Hebrew comes in late to a show, marches down the aisle and on the front row deliberately obstructs the view of people in the audience as he stands slowly removing and folding his coat and gloves, he seems to cause more annoyance than if half a dozen Gentiles did the same thing. When a Jew stands aside and waits patiently at a ticket window, gives his seat to a lady on a street car or behaves in a refined manner in any walk of life, he immediately makes friends for our people.

Most of our people, I have found, have aggressive personalities: it is this aggressiveness which has enabled many immigrants to pass through Ellis Island to the ownership of fine apartment houses all within a couple of years—but sometimes this aggressiveness becomes absolutely cruel, crushing from the very soul all the tender elements which go to make up a happy life.

Recently I thought with much bitterness of my father's last words to me: "If you need sympathy, love or help, go to your own race." Ill-health overcame me and I became involved in debt for a trifling amount. Each stage of my embarrassment and consequent suffering was contributed to by a brother Jew. First, the shyster lawyer, without principle or mercy, then his brutal clerks, sly and grafting. Next, a collector, absolutely callous, then the process server, and, at last, the "bouncer," sans heart, sans soul, sans everything.

If all these agents of misfortune were Gentiles I could have borne it, but the greatest heartbreak of all was the fact that one and all of them were brother Jews. Why must a Jew always be in at the death, as it were?

There came a time soon after this when I walked

the streets almost penniless. Seeking work, I applied at the store of a wealthy Hebrew. I explained to the well-groomed proprietor that I was an orthodox member of his race and appealed on that ground for a chance. He pooh-poohed the idea.

"My dear fellow," said he, "these are the enlightened days, when Judaism is not taken seriously, in fact, it doesn't pay. I am a Christian Cultist, I meet nice people and it helps my business."

Here was a poor fool with his head like the ostrich's—in the sand. I explained to him that being a Jew was not a question of religion but a question of blood. I told him that if a Jewish leopard ceased visiting the synagogue to go to a Christian Cultist chapel it did not necessarily get rid of its spots. I left him scratching his head, and I also lost the chance of a job in his store.

In and out of offices presided over by men with Jewish faces I trudged all day. Most of these men, I subsequently learned, belonged to New Thought, Christian Cultist and other up-to-date churches and societies—it was good for their business. They called themselves Christians, but nature's marks cannot be changed like one's clothes.

The Jewish Custom of Cover Names

IN THE great theatrical districts I found thousands of my fellow Jews who had grown rich over night by coining perhaps a popular song that had pleased the cabaret-mad crowd or by ridiculous impersonations of their race upon the music hall stages. A good many of these were young men, sons of fathers and mothers who had been driven from their own country with fire and sword.

The mothers and fathers stay at home blessing God every hour of the day and night for guiding them to such a country as this, while the sons and daughters are out at the theaters, in the halls and cabarets singing songs of Dixie. Passing by in this great throng are prominent actors, critics and playwrights, many under assumed names, simply because their own names are Jewish.

Flashing across the horizon as I write is a notorious Jewish doctor with a consumption cure. He could have been famous and honored had he but suppressed himself, instead of which he, with his commercial instinct and his press agent methods, made more enemies for the race. Many Gentiles, I will admit, have had consumption cures, but it remained for one of our people to float companies and open institutions before the "cure" was even reported upon by the government.

Tramping the city tired and weary of looking for friendly Jewish faces I found myself near the City Hall. I approached a milk station and bought a cent's worth of the most delicious milk I have ever tasted. A rough-looking fellow next to me said, as he smacked his lips:

"Pretty good stuff, that," and perhaps noting that I was a stranger, he added: "The guy who is doing this milk thing is saving the babies all right—he's some rich Jew—God bless him—I've got three babies of my own."

Hungering to hear a Jew praised I talked with this man for an hour, listening with keen enjoyment to the story of one of my race who had caused his millions to do good for the people irrespective of creed, and had kept himself suppressed. I learned of this Jew's efforts for the dying babies at home and for his starving co-religionists in Palestine and felt proud. Proud and happy for the first time, I sat in the little park watching the passing procession till I dozed off into a sound sleep. My happiness continued in my sleep, for I had a most beautiful dream.

A Vision of Jewish New York

BEFORE me in my dream passed a grand parade; it was a series of "For the good of the race" tableaux. All the prominent professional Jews headed the procession with their real names and the name of their race emblazoned upon silk banners in letters of gold. Then came all the Hebrew gambling house keepers bearing aloft broken roulette wheels and other emblems of a discarded and disgraced "business."

Next in order was a large army of Hebrews who were professional bondsmen for arrested street walkers headed by two crooked ward politicians carrying a huge streamer with the words: "Henceforth we will go to work." These men looked a little sad as they marched along thinking of the easy money they were leaving behind, but the cheers of the multitude exulting over their great sacrifice somewhat atoned for their agony of mind. Next followed the amalgamated Jewish usurers, real estate and company promoters' union. This part of the parade took four hours and a half to pass a given point.

All the marchers had discarded their expensive clothing and their diamonds and were modestly attired. They had also discarded their automobiles—many of the prominent men in this section carried flags and banners upon which were inscribed the legends: "We will not lie about values." "We will not charge exorbitant interest" and "We will not water our stock." These inscriptions were received with incredulous looks of astonishment, and many of the crowd called out: "We're from Missouri," whatever that meant.

Then came a beautiful torchlight brigade called "The Hebrew Firebugs' Union." Nearly all these men had their hair close-cropped and wore prison clothes, a fact which filled the crowd with relief. Next came that part of the procession which showed the greatest following among its marchers. It was the large army of Hebrew "aggressives." Hundreds and thousands of them passed by with reformed looks upon their faces. Oh, I felt so happy as I read the buttons they wore and saw the flags they carried. Most of the streamers read: "We will suppress ourselves." "We will stand back and keep quiet." "We will be unostentatious." There they were, hundreds of well-known faces and types—end-seat hogs, front-seat hogs, loud talkers, inconsiderates, bargainers and the terrible army of people that go to make up the crowd which is directly responsible for the anti-Semitic feeling. The line of them was miles long.

I was awakened from my happy dream by a rude thump from a Jewish policeman who hurried me to a police station, where I was surrounded by shyster lawyers, my brethren, who wanted money with which they could square other brethren. I could not gain the services of a Hebrew bondsman because I had no pull. A Hebrew magistrate called me a "bum" and a loafer for going to sleep in a public park.

"Keep awake in the future," he said as I was roughly bundled out of the court.

Keep awake! This is the worst advice he could have given me, for I was so happy asleep and dreaming that my brethren and sisters had reformed and had become real Jews for the sake of the race.

I now look upon my police court humiliation as the best thing that could have happened to me, for a kindly old Jewish scholar, who acted as court interpreter, was attracted by my appearance. His long contact with human misery and his great experience with foreigners stranded in a strange country enabled him to understand me.

Meeting a Jew of the Old Order

THAT night he took me to his poverty-stricken little room behind a delicatessen shop in the Ghetto. After supper he went to the street door and called the neighbors from their stoops. He called them by their first names and I said kaddish for my father as they stood around among the pickle barrels.

Since then I have lived among Jews, real Jews. I have learned that beneath the ragged coat of a push-cart vender there may beat a heart of gold, and that a poor seller of collar buttons or suspenders may be a student of the Talmud with a mind that is a gift of the gods.

Leaving the seething, modern, fashionable life of upper Broadway to enter the religious atmosphere of the numerous schools of Jewish literature on the East Side entails a violent contrast in conditions.

To see the deeply furrowed, time-scarred faces of the grand old men pouring over their beloved Talmud is to get a glimpse of another world—a world of resignation, peace and love.

Within earshot of the thundering traffic of Broadway I stood gazing at the bowed figures engaged in study and prayer. As I gazed the sordid walls of the poverty-stricken room faded from my sight, and in their stead I saw (in my mind's eye) the wailing wall of Jerusalem or some ruin of the Holy City—a more fitting background to the rabbinical figures so strangely out of place in hustling Amercia.

The great passion for the dead and gone past reflected in the Rembrandtesque faces of the aged students lends to their lives a religious grandeur which the uptown tourist (hastily passing on a rubber-neck wagon) would never suspect. Behind many a shabby-looking little store, or maybe above some corner saloon, are the societies for the study of Hebrew literature, where congregate the types of Jewish scholars and philosophers that make the heart of the writer and artist glad.

Gray-haired, bewhiskered, sad old men, many of whom have tasted only the bitterness of life—yet such is their faith in the Almighty that they cling to the praying shawl and Bible to blot out the memory of a Kishineff—their lives of study and prayer amid abject poverty giving the lie to the fallacy that the Jew lives but for money.

The Quality of Jewish Sainthood

I HAVE often wandered among these scholars picking up the crumbs of wisdom which fall from the lips of the old men, grateful that my Jewish face and blood gave me the privilege to sit and sketch among them. Somehow or other my ramblings on the East Side are like the calm after the storm of the uptown struggle.

Many times I have felt the heart tug—the longing to be among my people—the real Jews—and, leaving theatrical uptown, the land of make-believe and unrest, I have sought the little schools of study where the wonderful real old men who live by optimism and nourish their souls by faith teach me the lesson of patience and the love of humanity.

There is something restful and inspiring when an old man—long, long past the Biblical three score and ten—places his hand on your shoulder and murmurs in Yiddish, "It is God's will." I have envied the profound peace of many of these aged students living in the past and undisturbed by thoughts of the future. Their Jewish view of life is as beautiful as it is simple. It disregards neither earth nor heaven. It looks to earth and observes the evil prevailing among men; it thinks of heaven and ponders on the bliss of "the future state," and it urges man to strive to bring heaven on earth, to establish by justice and equity those blessed conditions on earth which so many associate with heaven.

Their Jewish view of death is equally beautiful. For those who die they feel no sorrow. Having once torn aside the veil which parts the known and the unknown, having once entered into the shadow, or rather the sunshine, of the beyond, they are better off in the other life. Whether death means eternal sleep or eternal life, those who have left our side, having passed into the arms of pitiless death, repose in a condition which should give survivors no cause for anxiety on account of their beloved dead.

In the pathetic chapter of "The Old Curiosity Shop," in which Dickens tells of the death of Little Nell, he makes the Schoolmaster utter these words of wisdom, on which all who mourn for their dead may well ponder. "If," said he, "one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above the bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

Dickens took this view of death from the Talmud.

"The Jew of the Lobster Palaces"

THE interpretation of a difficult passage from the Talmud, or the coining of an epigram, is as food and wine to the wise old students, and there is not an ill in their lives that cannot be soothed or a blessing that cannot be acknowledged in a quotation from their beloved book. To watch them at their study and devotions undisturbed by the turmoil about them is to marvel at the faith which has enabled some of them to live more than one hundred years with no other interest in life than their God and their books.

From the dingy windows of the schools the mass of sordid buildings look to their eyes like the hills of Palestine, and the shriek of the passing elevated trains and the clanging of the car bells and the din of passing traffic disturb them not, for they live in the past.

The alleged Jew of the fashionable uptown lobster palaces—the blatant, pushing type, who is the direct cause of much anti-Semitic feeling—knows and cares nothing for the submerged student of his race. The latter is equally oblivious of the alleged Jew who is contemptuously referred to as a meshumad (apostate). But while the former stands out in the world of money and worldly success as a target for much abuse and hatred, the latter lives with books, unknown and unheeded, drawing from the Talmud a joy that riches cannot buy and solacing himself with the love of humanity.

In strong contrast to their fathers and grandfathers are the children of these old men. Modern America, with its opportunities for all, has torn them from the religious atmosphere and sent them uptown to become the lawyers, the artists and the actors.

The Jewish comedian of the vaudeville theater who nightly sets the audience shrieking at his Yiddish idioms is in nine cases out of ten the son of a scholar, and though the glamour of Broadway success claims him and he no longer lives home, in his heart of hearts he is a Jew and never forgets the old people. He will tell many stories of his parents to his Gentile friends, imitating and exaggerating their many characteristics, but he is mighty sore when he hears a Gentile do the same thing. But, after all, the comic Jew of the modern stage is but an imaginary sketch.

Is This the Jew Who Rules Jewry?

THERE is absolutely nothing humorous in these old men of Judea. Even in the sordid surroundings where you find them engaged in prayer or study, their attitude is one of quiet dignity—a dignity enhanced by their extreme old age.

In a little dark den behind a poultry store I was sketching some of the old men at study. One old fellow one hundred and four years old was explaining to a young fellow of sixty a passage in the Talmud which the latter was in doubt about. Both men were without coats. The younger man had left his push-cart at the door, entirely forgetting the perishable goods thereon and quite oblivious to the fact that hundreds of dirty children were surrounding his cart and fooling with his wares.

Other old men were in the school, and the background to their somber faces was the shop with its ghastly poultry suspended by the necks. One of the old Talmudic students would now and again leave his ponderous Bible to serve in the shop, returning, after wrapping a fowl in a newspaper, to the verse he had been propounding. There was absolutely nothing humorous in all this, but I would love to have had some of my non-Jewish friends see how little thought of money and business the real Jew has.

Sometimes when I have felt full of shame at the behavior in public places of men and women with Jewish faces but with no Judaism in their hearts, I have wished that the simple, studious lives of the old men of the East Side could be the standard by which our race is judged, and that the Talmudic saying so aptly put into verse by Rabbi Myers was better known:

"Which is the path, both right and wise,
That for himself a man should find?
That which himself much dignifies,
And brings him honor from mankind."



Blackfeet Glacier, Glacier National Park

Mother Nature's Ice House

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

"FEAR not to try the mountain passes," urged John Muir. "They kill care, save you from deadly apathy, set you free, and call forth every faculty into vigorous, enthusiastic action."

And Horace Greeley said, "Go West, young man, go West." Evidently the orator-journalist considered the western half of the nation the land of opportunity, wealth and health. It was good advice then, and it is good advice today. Seekers after the "Fountain of Youth," which old Ponce de Leon sought in Florida, can find it in the West by claiming and proving kinship with the free, open, high places of the broad outdoors.

But how far west? Cross the wheatfields of the Dakotas, enter Montana, cross most of it, but stop in the spot bounded on the east by the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, on the north by Canada, on the west by the Flathead River, and on the south by Bear Creek. It is fifteen hundred square miles of craggy heights, primeval forests, blue lakes and gaunt glaciers with a climate all its own.

Here in Glacier National Park, exceeded in size only by the Yellowstone Park, one can escape that prize foolish question, "Is it hot enough for you?" Instead, if that section of our country should ever adopt a motto it could truly be, "Even in July and August we sleep under blankets at night." At an average elevation of a mile and a half and an aggregation of sixty to a hundred glaciers nobody can justly complain of the heat.

Here Mother Nature has her refrigerator. I don't know why she should put her teakettle on in Yellowstone and locate her ice-box in Glacier—seems an unhandy kitchen grouping to have them two hundred miles apart—but nobody understands all of the old lady's whys, whims and wherefores. She never worries about paying the ice man. Her huge ice cakes melt in summer and feed the numerous waterfalls, rivers, and lakes; but in winter all that was lost comes back in the form of snow and sleet. It's a fine automatic system she has.

Perhaps the biggest ice cake that Mother Nature possesses is Blackfeet Glacier which contains many tons and has an area of from three to five square miles. It is centrally situated among the snow-capped peaks and trout-containing lakes where the Blackfeet Indians, also the Piegans, hunted and fished long ago. It was their very own playground then; it is ours now, as we have shoved them eastward.

None but hardy souls accompanied by a competent guide should attempt to make a "close-up" inspection of a glacier. Ice is always a slippery proposition. Every glacier has its quota of yawning chasms ready to receive victims. The guide should have belts, creepers, ropes and emergency equipment. Each member of the party should have an alpenstock six or seven feet long which, in case of a fall, should be thrown across the crevasse to stop the unwanted descent.

Though Blackfeet must be given the championship of the park in the matter of size, it can boast an elevation of a bare seven thousand feet. Its rival, Sperry Glacier, has a height of nine thousand feet and the water drops picturesquely a third of this distance into Avalanche Basin. The exploration of Sperry entails a stout climb much less dangerous than the trip to Blackfeet, yet sufficiently full of thrills for the visitor.

"I know of no one spot in the wonderland park where the tourist can get so much for so little as in the Sperry Glacier region," said William T. Hornaday, eminent naturalist, after he had been there. "On the short jaunt from Lake McDonald you can get a mighty good series of samples of Glacier Park. There is the lovely green timber, the Sperry Basin, the view of Gunsight region, Lake Ellen Wilson, the glacier itself, and Avalanche Basin into which the glacier's water falls. You can climb down directly from the glacier to Avalanche Basin; but it is a dangerous and difficult task, and good guides advise against it. It is best to take horses at the Glacier Hotel and ride to the basin; but on a dripping day you want all the waterproofs there are in the whole world."

There is something strangely attractive about conquering the goat trail to a glacier, getting on top, and looking down into the broad, fearful cracks. After that experience a person feels he could conquer anything. He likes to pick off a sliver of ice and hold it between his teeth for a moment or pelt his comrades with snowballs. What a feeling of exhilaration he gains, a sort of linking of the vast past with the present, as he recalls some book of geology in which he has read of the Laurentian Period and how the glaciers smashed, crashed, or swallowed everything in their path. Exultantly he realizes that he himself, a pigmy man, has his feet on top of the giant.

Iceberg Lake in the Many Glacier region is a queer combination of lake and glacier. This miniature polar sea, not more than half a mile across, is surrounded on three sides by near-vertical walls three thousand feet high. The fourth side is a grassy spot where wild flowers grow. On a mountain shelf lies a glacier from which huge pieces of ice break off and fall into the lake. When the sun's rays strike these floating icebergs, a glorious array of prismatic colors make the eyes glad; and one almost believes himself in fairyland. The lake is the only one of its kind on the American continent.

In the park there are two hundred and fifty lakes of all sorts and sizes and conditions. Some are long like ribbons, some are round, others are irregular; there are deep ones, shallow ones, sapphire ponds in mountain pockets and silvery strips in narrow valleys. The settings vary; one may be a shimmering jewel in a green forest, another has a grassy shore, its nearest neighbor may be rock-bound. Most of the lakes, however, are combinations or mixed types. The two main types are the deep, sea-reminding kind of which McDonald is an example—the big fellows—and the gems like Gunsight and Ellen Wilson, exquisite tiny bits too small for navigation.

Lake McDonald is ten miles long by one mile wide, the largest in the park. Wooded hills surround it; beyond these the sentinel peaks, Vaught, Canyon, Edwards, Brown and Stanton, look down into this one of Mother Nature's mirrors. With the brilliant blue sky above and its own vivid blue beneath, it strikingly resembles the far-famed lakes of Italy.

Melting ice and snow from Blackfeet Glacier feeds Lake St. Mary, which the Indians knew as "Good Spirit Woman Lake." It is shaped like a crescent, lined with spruce and pine, and guarded by Red Eagle, Fusillade, and Going-to-the-Sun Mountains. Its trout can be caught by trolling from a rowboat. As it has a length of ten miles, though narrower than Lake McDonald, it qualifies as the largest body of water in the eastern section of the park.

If you would see a pearl sunk in precipitous walls—a water pearl of wondrous beauty—look down upon Avalanche Lake in Avalanche Basin at the head of Lake McDonald. Four to half a dozen waterfalls may be seen tumbling down from Sperry Glacier; these, and the halo of purple mist that often envelops the lake, constitute the chief charms of this mile-long ellipse.

Three lakes in a row in the southeast derive their names from the Two Medicine River that links them together. The western one is Upper Two Medicine, the middle one is just plain Two Medicine, and the eastern brother, though farthest north, is Lower Two Medicine.

There are several versions of the Indian legend whereby this odd common name originated. It seems that the Blackfeet Indians could not agree and that they separated into two factions each of which erected a medicine lodge to obtain the favor of the Great Spirit. At that time the red men were gripped by famine. Perhaps the two lodges were doubly effective so that the crops were unusually bountiful the succeeding year. At any rate, the two rude shanties built on the banks of the same river and at a comparatively short distance from each other proved a fruitful source of nomenclature.

On the north shore of Two Medicine Lake is Rising Wolf Mountain, the Blackfeet monument to Hugh Monroe, the first white man to set his foot on Montana land. The Indians adopted this Scotch-French employe of the Hudson Bay Company, and he married one of their women, thus becoming a "squaw" man. The redskins called him "Muck-qua-ee-poh-wock-sin" or "Rising Wolf" because he had the strange habit of getting up quickly in wolf-like style whenever he was awakened. It is said that he always slept so lightly that nobody could catch him napping; here again he was like the wolf.

At that time some of the peaks were unnamed. Monroe desired to have his name bestowed upon the highest. Neither he nor the Blackfeet knew that the peak they selected was more than a thousand feet lower than Mt. Cleveland, the highest in the park as it rears its head heavenward almost two miles. Mt. Jackson, approximately ten thousand, exceeds Rising Wolf by seven hundred feet.

George Bird Grinnell, who is really the father of the park as he first broached the idea of setting it apart, has been honored by the naming of a lake, glacier and mountain after him. He gave Single Shot Mountain its name because he once killed a mountain goat there with one bullet.

Would you believe that there is any spot in the entire sprawling American continent where you can send a cup of water three ways to the sea? Just that spot is found on Triple Divide Peak, one of the eighty-seven in Glacier Park with an altitude of seven thousand feet or more. Part of the water goes to the Red Eagle on its way to the Arctic Ocean, some flows to the Cutbank and thence to the Gulf of Mexico, or the Atlantic, and the remainder trickles to the Nyack whence it proceeds through the Columbia River to the Pacific.

The animal life in the park includes the Rocky Mountain goat. Guides seems to take a peculiar delight in "working" the inexperienced tourist and "egging" him on to see goats where they "ain't." If the patch of white pointed out on the mountain side moves, the object is a goat; if, after patient inspection or observation, it fails to move, the viewer will find the goat in his pocket mirror. A bear is not an unusual sight, although there are none as tame as those in Yellowstone Park. Some coyotes and a few mountain lions remain; of the latter a few are too many, as just one can make the entire night hideous with his howlings that sound like a human in distress. Occasionally a gopher may be seen or the whistle of a marmot heard. The beavers industriously build dams in the creeks, sometimes deepening the channel to such an extent that parties must detour to find a safe fording place. Because of Glacier Park's high altitude there are no snakes and scarcely any birds.

Would you expect to see flowers in Mother Nature's ice house? It is a veritable flower garden with sixty or more varieties peeping from the crevices in the rocky places and the rich soil of the morains that fringe the glaciers. I cannot name them all, just a few such as violets, larkspur, daisies, ferns, clover, lilies, daffodils, buttercups, gentians, harebells, marigolds, asters, forget-me-nots, clematis, and the lady's slipper.

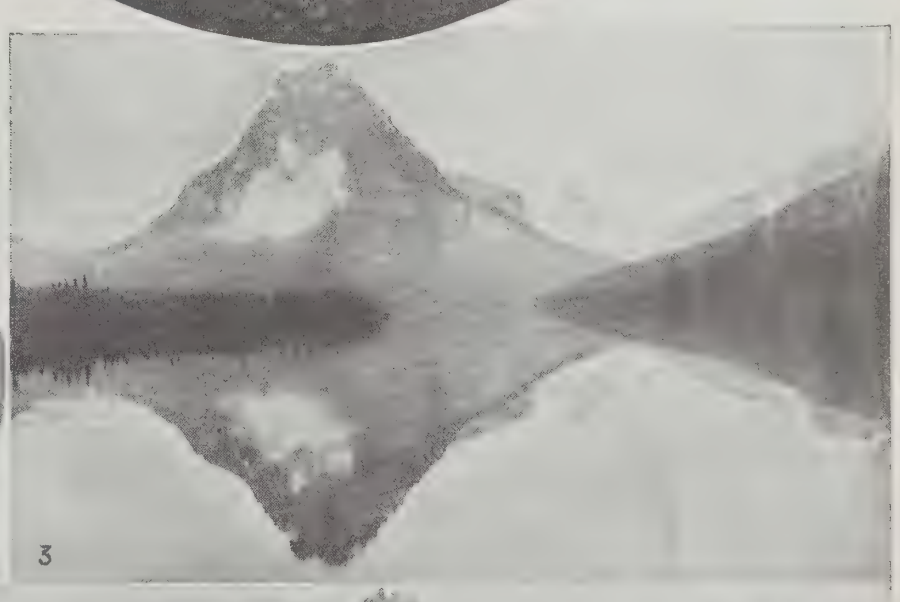
"Give a month at least to this precious reserve," John Muir counseled in speaking of the grandeur of Glacier National Park. "The time will not be taken from the sum of your life."





1. A train of government geologists exploring in the West.
2. One of the Twin Falls, Glacier National Park.
3. The birth of a cloud on Mount Rockwell, Two Medicine Lake.
4. Glacier Peak.
5. Looking north from Swiftcurrent Pass, showing Mount Cleveland.

Courtesy of the National Park Service.

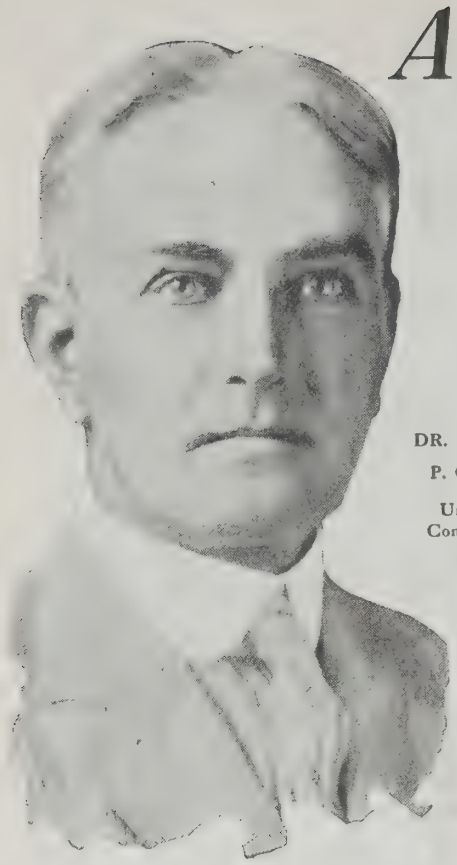






A National Emergency in Education

What Chance Have You?



DR. PHILANDER P. CLAXTON,
United States Commissioner of Education

The United States in education occupies NINTH place.
With no schooling, of 5,000,000 only 31 men attained distinction.
With elementary schooling, of 33,000,000 only 808 men so arrived.
With high school education, of 2,000,000 only 1,245 men arrived.
With college education, of one million 5,768 men attained distinction.
In some states attendance is so poor and the school year so short that to complete eight years of schooling of 200 days each would require 22 years!
If the pupil started at six years of age, the eighth-grade certificate would be granted at 28 years of age.

By PHILANDER P. CLAXTON,
United States Commissioner of Education

WE ARE the oldest of the democracies of the world. The world looks to us not only for theory but for example. It will require a high degree of political and civic knowledge and wisdom to enable us for the next generation to walk the sane path of democracy between extreme reaction on the one side and class government and anarchistic disintegration on the other. Both tendencies are strong in the world today. In one form or another they are found everywhere.

For our political salvation it is necessary that we educate in larger degree than we have ever done. That there may be culture for the great mass of the people it is necessary that we shall not only extend our education, but that we shall readjust it to the new conditions that are before us.

But we are facing a national emergency. The nation will have to spend two or three times as much money as it is now paying for education. With more than 100,000 vacancies assured in teaching positions in elementary schools in the United States the present year, there will be only 30,000 graduates of normal schools and other teacher-training institutions to fill them, making it necessary to employ 80,000 new teachers who have had no professional training.

There is a national significance in this shortage. It comes at a time when the nation can least afford to neglect education. New conditions require that the schools shall be more efficient and more effective just at a time when there is danger that they may not be so effective as in the past.

The Committee on Education of the House of Representatives recently submitted a report that the United States in education occupies ninth place, "with most of the civilized nations ahead of us." Another report shows that with no schooling of 5,000,000 men only 31 attained distinction; with elementary schooling of 33,000,000 only 808 attained distinction; with high school education of 2,000,000 1,245 attained distinction; and with college education of 1,000,000, 5,768 attained distinction.

What is one's chance, therefore, without education?

The census of 1910 showed that the total number of white illiterates had increased in the United States during the 30 years prior to that time. White illiterates in the United States in 1910 exceeded in number 3,200,000 persons, and Negro illiterates 2,180,000.

There were 5,000,000 foreign-born residents in the United States who could not read and write English. There were 2,000,000 who could not read or write any language. There were 3,500,000 who could not speak or write English.

The first draft in the recent war disclosed the startling fact that one-fourth of the young men called to the colors could not read a newspaper intelligently or write a letter. Of the total draft, 700,000 were illiterates. Of our boys called to the colors, the ages being from just below 20 to just above 30, one in six was an illiterate. Many others could not, because of a lack of a common medium, respond intelligently to military or industrial orders on the one hand, and to moral and spiritual appeals on the other. This fact should arouse every citizen to the magnitude and importance of the problem as nothing else has ever done.

These facts are startling. They "should shock our national conscience."

Yet those are not all of the shortcomings. Let us turn to the present condition of the teaching body of the United States. The average pay of teachers does not exceed $650 a year. Our people have been willing to spend billions and make all necessary sacrifices for the winning of the war, but they have not been willing to make sacrifices for the education of their children, nor have they believed it to be necessary.

As a result five millions of children are today either out of school for lack of school facilities or are being taught by teachers who ought to go to school.

It is true that children of the United States—and there are more than 20,000,000 who spend a large part of their time each year in public or private schools—are in school less than four per cent of their time from birth to their twenty-first year. In some of our states the attendance is so poor and the school year is so short that to complete eight years of schooling of 200 days each would require 22 years! If the pupil started in at six years of age, the eighth-grade certificate would be granted at 28 years of age.

And it is well for us to remember that the United States has the shortest school year, the shortest school week and the shortest school day of all the highly civilized nations of the world.

The special need for provision for extension education on a large scale in the next few years is indicated by the following facts:

That of the 4,000,000 recently discharged soldiers, nearly all of whom are eager for opportunities to extend their education for vocational efficiency, for citizenship, and for general culture, few can go to college, and fewer still will enter ordinary high schools. Practically all must depend on such opportunities as may be offered by extension agencies;

That millions of laboring men and women now having shorter hours and receiving better pay than ever before are eager for opportunities for instruction, especially in things pertaining to economics, civic rights and duties, and better living;

That millions of women, recently enfranchised, are eager for opportunities for instruction in regard to forms of government and civic and political problems;

That millions of foreign-born men and women among us both those who have taken out citizenship papers and those who have not, although able to speak, read and write the English language, need to be instructed in regard to the geography, history, ideals, manners and customs and industrial and economic opportunities in this country;

That two and a quarter million boys and girls are every year attaining their majority and entering the ranks of active citizens with the right of suffrage at a time when the problems of citizenship are more numerous, complex and difficult than ever before in our history. Few of those have had any adequate instruction in the principles of democracy and in regard to the vital problems with which they must deal. Less than one-third of them have had any high school education and less than one-eighth have graduated from a high school.

To respond effectively to the opportunities and needs for extension education thus indicated Congress should make an appropriation for the maintenance of a division of educational extension; also, for co-operation with the states in promoting extension education in health, trades, industry, civic duties, and general culture.

I believe that the people are eager to do all they can to eliminate illiteracy, to develop youth, to give everybody a full opportunity to arrive at the full stature of manhood or womanhood.

In our democracy we have always set a high value on education and more and more on the public schools. The public school is, indeed, the most distinctive agency of our democracy. Fifty years ago we spent for public elementary and secondary education $63,000,000. Last year we spent more than a billion dollars, fully sixteen times as much, although the population has increased only about threefold. This indicates the growing faith of the American people in education.

In the Light of the London Conference Concluded from page 2

Mayhap it needs to be so. Mayhap not even the heart of God could do more with a civilization so materially minded as ours, so lost to truth and faith, and with leaders so sodden in corruption, so imbecile in decision and action, as those that now direct the destinies of the dying nations.

VII.

Now all this has a profoundly penetrative and predestinative effect upon the choices and destinies of America. The French have been clever enough in their calculations as to the effect of the London rupture with Germany upon American public opinion and diplomatic action. By so maneuvering as to mask their determination to prevent a settlement with Germany with the appearance of urgent efforts to force a settlement, the French politicians have accomplished two things highly desirable to them and their financial masters. The first is, that of placing the American Government in so awkward a position toward Germany that the projected separate peace according to the Knox Resolution must be postponed. Second, under the crafty guidance of that bombastic apostate, Mr. Viviani, an avalanchian propaganda for France will be carried on in America. The first sweeping advance of this propaganda is already far under way. It is camouflaged by a vehement bestirring of public opinion against a hypothetical pro-German propaganda in the United States. The American public is now made to believe that a profound and pervasive pro-German campaign is imperiling America's national integrity.

Now this proclaimed pro-German propaganda is nothing else under the sun than the prelude of an actual and exceedingly corrupt French propaganda, financed by certain international gambling institutions known as banks and operating between New York and Paris. The shabbiest foreign schemes of certain New York financial groups are carried on through Parisian banking houses. Parisian, for the reason that the standard of honor required in the American financial institutions, such as it is, has no existence in the like financial institutions of Paris. *The soul of French finance is its corruptive power; and the favor in which it is held by certain American financiers is due to the convenience it affords for corruptly procuring concessions and for the carrying on of speculations that cannot possibly be procured or proceed through American or English banks directly. Moreover, this crafty prevention of an American peace with Germany, this intensively cultivated French propaganda in our midst, mobilizing as it does the blind nationalism of young Americans to its standard, is not only destructive to an American knowledge of the truth; it is distinctly destructive to American commerce as well. That commerce with Germany and with Russia which American industry sorely needs at the present time, and which would decidedly advantage American labor just now, is blocked by the French consecration of our stupidity in dealing with both Germany and Russia. The American manufacturer and business man, despite his supposed competence and enlightened self-interest, is being calamitously duped by the Parisian Junta.*

Nor only today; for well on to two years, now, the international policy of our American State Department has been increasingly directed by the French foreign office—which foreign office at least has the merit of having pursued one consistent evil policy from the days of Louis XI till the days of President Harding. And the consequence of this unconscious and even servile subservience of our American foreign policy to that of France is the cutting off of America from what ought to be her redemptive industrial relation to Europe, her both profitable and beneficent relation to the whole planet. We are being seduced by France into a national state of mind, into a diplomatic conduct, that can have no other result than that of rendering both our commerce and our friendship with the nations of the world perditionable.

VIII.

The writer can be accused of no pro-German tendencies or preferences. For years before the war he sought to arouse public opinion in Europe and in America, to the limited extent to which he could reach that opinion, against the Prussian purpose and its peril to civilization. He is on record during the war in numerous books and pamphlets, such as "The Menace of Peace," "Woodrow Wilson and the World's Peace," "Germanism and the American Crusade," "The Greater War." These books had for their purpose the bringing of America into the war upon the side of the Entente and to the defense of France. But the peril that was Prussian has now passed to the French financiers and politicians. It is these who are seeking, both overtly and covertly, by intrigue and by war, to restore a medieval and monarchical Europe; to subject the nations unto the will and the profit of the French concessionnaire; and to destroy the last vestige of honesty, the last hope of democracy, the last basis for co-operation and good will among men. And it is against these that every believer in democracy, every advocate of honor and faith between nations, every lover not only of humanity as a whole but of the French people as well, should today and at all cost take his stand.

A Doctor of Sick Towns Who Cures His Patients

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY



COLVIN B. BROWN,
Chief of Organization Service Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

IS THE town in which you live an exultant, robust sort of place, or is it ailing, pale and puny? Is it dapper, snappy and well-groomed or is it shiftless and slovenly? Is it happy and optimistic or is it subject to brainstorms and morbid moods? Does it administer its affairs with progressive competence or does it drift, willy-nilly, with the tide?

Unless it is in every way on its toes and hitting the line, it is in need of a doctor to diagnose its case and prescribe the remedy. Even if it appears to be in good condition it is well to have it thumped over and X-rayed for there may be ulcerated centers that are putting poison into its system.

What do I mean, call a doctor? I mean that I know a man whose business it is to prescribe for the ills of towns and cities. He goes about feeling their pulses, making them stick out their tongues, leaving behind his little packages of municipal pills. His name is Colvin B. Brown. He will not profit by the advertising here given him for he charges no fees. He is a part of a great organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and, like the company doctor, he works on salary.

Colvin Brown is a graduate of the school of experience and coincidence. Twenty years ago he became secretary of the chamber of commerce of Stockton, California. Stockton wanted to capture a large number of new settlers. The secretary called the business men of the town together and said to them:

A Municipal Muldoon

"WHAT, if anything, is the matter with Stockton?" The diagnosticians were not particularly skilled but any group of hardheaded city fathers can point to a few obvious municipal needs. These men picked out two things. Stockton had no electric lights. Morman Slough overflowed its banks every once in a while and filled up all the cellars. If the young secretary wanted to show just how much of a municipal Muldoon he was he might work off these ills.

Brown examined into the electric light situation. He found that a great transmission main ran right through the town, carrying electricity for the whole city of San Francisco. The people operating that line were selling electricity all along the line. They would be glad to supply Stockton. In fact there was a contract for power covering the Stockton field. It was held by the same company that furnished gas to that community. The gas business was profitable so the price of electricity was made so high as to be prohibitive. Thus gas maintained its monopoly.

Through the chamber of commerce, plans were made for the erection of a hundred-thousand-dollar electric light plant to be owned by the municipality. An election was held and the bonds voted. The plant, however, was never built. The gas company put the price of electricity where it should have been, improved the service and, with the club of the municipal bond issue hanging over it, became a model public service corporation. This cure was effected at little expense.

Secretary Brown was studying Morman Slough in the meantime. He found that the muddiest sort of water came down it and that it was depositing such quantities of silt in the local deep water channel, maintained by the Federal Government, that the California delegation at Washington had to dip into the pork barrel to the extent of $75,000 a year for dredging. Would it not be cheaper to divert the stream than dredge perennially? Brown went to Washington and convinced the Federal engineers that he was right. A diversion canal with a very large levee on the Stockton side was the result, and the cellars have since been dry.

This was Brown's first experience in town doctoring. He spent five years in New York as the eastern representative of the combined chambers of commerce of California. The four succeeding years were devoted to staging the Pan-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. Then he accepted his present post with the Chamber of Commerce of the United States where, at first, his work was largely experimental.

There were no textbooks on town nursing and there was little written history. To be sure there were more than 1,000 towns and cities in the United States with organized chambers of commerce. These had been as 1,000 individuals. There was no co-operation, no exchange of ideas. If one made an outstanding success in handling a certain problem, the others were not likely to get the lesson. There had been many individual successes but no method of making the accomplishment of one accessible to all.

Colvin Brown was given the task of recording the successful experiments, the solved riddles. He was to study, absorb, digest the experiences of chambers of commerce. Their yearbooks, house organs, reports, would be helpful. Secretaries were garrulous individuals who would talk of their accomplishments. Expense money would be provided for visiting around.

Thus it was that he completed his training in town doctoring. Thus it was that he became the greatest repository there is for chamber of commerce information. Thus he became equipped to hang out his shingle as municipal adviser at large.

The greatest problem in chambers of commerce is that of support. Therefore, Mr. Brown is asked almost daily: "How can we increase our membership from dues without the necessity of membership drives?"

This is the greatest of chamber of commerce problems. The answer is as vital to the existence of a chamber as is the need of becoming permanently self-supporting to an individual. It is the foundation upon which all else is built. With its solution comes time for constructive work.

Mr. Brown has the prescription which is a sure cure. It is not a mere stimulant as is the membership drive, creating a condition that cannot be maintained. It guarantees steady, strong growth through the years. Here are the directions for taking:

For Steady Growth

INSTITUTE the "continuous solicitation" plan. Under it appoint ten representative members of the chamber. Assign to each the definite task of bringing in ten new members. Pledge each to devote a minimum of two hours a month to this work until the end is accomplished. Furnish each with a list of prospects and allow him to solicit these men only.

This plan works. Ottumwa, Iowa, rounded out the first year of its use with 711 members as against 624. Chicago Heights, Illinois, grew from 48 members to 280 members in nine months. Springfield, Massachusetts, varied the system by sending solicitors out in pairs and was successful. Seattle allowed its solicitors to work only between ten and twelve on Thursdays and got them together afterward for a luncheon at which progress was discussed. Mobile, Alabama, added 125 members to its chamber the first three months after inaugurating "continuous solicitation." St. Paul has given up its old methods of getting members. This new, proved, effective idea is being adopted all over the land.

Members of chambers like this work done this way. It gives a business man an excuse for visiting around and getting acquainted.

When a solicitor has brought in his ten members his name is put on the honor roll and posted. He will never be asked to solicit again. Another man takes his place.

Another accomplishment of this doctor of sick towns has been to look the field over and find the community organizations that are most successful, to study their methods, to learn how they attained preeminence, and to make their findings available to all. There is Middletown, Ohio, for instance. The chamber in that community of 25,000 population represents all its elements. There are 1,200 members of whom 341 are women, 250 are laborers, 120 are farmers. In the beginning one man, George M. Verity, who is president of a rolling mill, got the correct idea of community organization. A chamber of commerce was not a merchant's organization, he held. The welfare of the whole community depended on the condition of its roads, the productiveness of its industries, the efficiency of its schools, the development of its parks. All classes of citizens should belong to its chamber of commerce.

Mr. Brown visited Middletown. A dinner was given in his honor. It was shown that the chamber of commerce is here the center of the community life. Mr. Brown sat beside a daughter of Mr. Verity, the wealthy man of the town. She is a young woman in her early twenties, handsome, socially correct, a director in the chamber. Down the table an elderly, motherly woman waved at her in the manner of those who are intimates and she responded in kind. This woman, Miss Verity explained, was the wife of a puddler who worked in her father's mills. Here was democracy.

Mr. Brown urges that the commercial organization of any community should be known as the chamber of commerce. The chief reason is that chamber of commerce is the title used in most countries of the world.

A chamber of commerce is a project organization. Its purpose is to accomplish definite ends that are to the benefit of the community. As soon as it is formed it should begin work on some of these projects.

Possibly, for instance, the need is more schoolhouses. A committee on schoolhouses is appointed. Have it report back to the chamber. Check up its recommendations. If it is right get the approval of the board of directors. Put the chamber back of the project to get the schoolhouses. It is a project. It is definite and worth-while work to do. Fight it to success. When it is finished change the committee.

Mr. Brown points out that the problems of the nation are but an enlarged projection of the problems of the community—production, labor, transportation, morale. The prosperity of the community, like that of the nation, depends on production. If the chamber of commerce, by taking thought, can cause more wealth to be produced, it will bring that much more money into the community. Every idle farm in every community might be made to produce $2,000 for that community and there are usually hundreds of idle farms. Almost anywhere it is a good venture to appoint a committee to find out why farms are idle and devise ways to make them productive.

Obstacles to Production

EVERY community has its peculiar obstacles to production. In Adrian, Michigan, for instance, one was the absence of an opportunity for farmers to market their produce. Adrian organized a community market and sold the stock among its citizens at $10 a share. All produce brought to town was bought at the market price. Trucks were provided to hurry it to the Detroit and Toledo markets. The community market showed a profit the first year. Every farmer is now assured of a market for his products. Production is, of course, increasing. More wealth is coming to Adrian.

Washington, Pennsylvania, is one of a number of towns that have established community houses especially for the use of farm people. Here that trying situation which the farmer's wife always has faced when she came to town with her children to do her buying, has been eliminated. She drives her car to the community house where there is a place specially provided for parking it. There is a room in which to check her things. There is a nursery in charge of a competent matron where the children may safely be left and where they can have a good time. The mother is free to do her buying and to have the packages delivered at the check room. Coming to town has become a gala day. The result is that she will drive to Washington to do her shopping though it is ten miles farther from her home than some other town. Other communities are seeing the wisdom of Washington.

A decade and a half ago the chief scramble of chambers of commerce was to get new industries. Industrial funds were raised, bonuses were offered, credits were established for those who would build factories. It has been shown, however, that it was the schemer, the speculator, the experimenter, who was most liable to take advantage of these inducements. The new industries often failed and discredited the community. The idea was wrong. The creation of conditions that will make the industries of a community grow and prosper is the best sort of campaign for new industries.

Then there is that long series of community problems that might be styled civic. Probably the most basic of these is the necessity for city planning. Somebody ought to take thought of the future of every town. George Washington and a French engineer, named L'Enfant, did this in the case of the nation's capital. The result was that the ground plan of Washington has become a model. Nobody planned in the case of New York and the result is that it is laid out in a way that is just the reverse of what it should be. The great arteries of traffic in New York are, of course, the long way of the island. The streets running north and south are, however, but seven to the mile. The cross town travel is light but in that direction there are twenty streets to the mile. If the plan had been turned around and the metropolis had been given its twenty streets to the mile running north and south the benefits to the present and future would have been beyond computation.

The housing difficulties during and after the war gave ample opportunity for experiments by municipalities. Bridgeport, Connecticut, appointed a housing committee which advised the formation of the Bridgeport Housing Company with a capital stock of $1,000,000 to be sold in the community; the building of workingmen's apartments, of two-flat houses in different parts of the city, of villas, of detached homes in various sections. Subscribers to stock were to be allowed an interest of six per cent on their investments but there were to be no other profits. The houses were rented or sold to workingmen. Nobody lost any money in it. The housing situation was relieved. Many ideal homes were created.

Alliance, Ohio, built and sold 467 homes under a similar plan. Norwich, Connecticut, built fifty homes for workingmen; Huntington, Indiana, put up a hundred; Albany, New York, built as many as both. Madison, Wisconsin; Williamsport, Pennsylvania; Sterling, Illinois; Connersville, Indiana, and many other communities have followed suit. The plan works.

Growing Skilled and Industrious Citizens

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX



It's a tiny boat and it may have been whittled out like the first top of Governor Ferris's, but valuable lessons have been learned.

FORMER Governor Woodbridge N. Ferris, of Michigan, told some of his friends that when he was about eight years old he asked his father for some toys.

One time he said, "I want a top."

Father said, "Make it! Mother will give you a spool and here is my pocket knife. Go ahead."

"I whittled for a few minutes and found the cutting difficult, so I attempted to give the knife back."

Father said, "Where is the top?"

"I don't want a top now," I answered.

He replied, "You do want a top; make it or I shall be obliged to punish you!"

The former governor said that he was so well acquainted with his father that he made the top.

When he returned the knife his father stopped his work, carefully examined the top saying it was "Fine!" and tried it out by spinning it.

When some of the men who were listening were about ready to say that such a program was pretty severe, the governor concluded:

"My father built better than he knew. He put lime in my spine by insisting that I make my own carts, wagons, sleds, kites, boats and windmills, and that I finish every task I voluntarily began."

He knew, for by continuous effort he reached the governor's chair. He has served as professor in colleges, superintendent of schools, and founded an educational institute of his own.

A number of fathers were discussing neighborhood conditions in their town. They decided that the best all-around, good-natured, happy lad was Sammy Jones. Everyone liked him, and the other boys all tried more or less to imitate him. Yet Sammy's folks were not rich; in fact, they were almost poor, as compared with Willie Smith and "Tubby" Trott. It was also agreed that Willie and "Tubby" were the apostles of discontent.

One man expressed the sentiments of the whole neighborhood when he said:

"A boy I like is Sammy Jones. He never cries, nor loudly moans: 'Oh, mother, give me this and that—some roller skates, a baseball bat—just like the ones their fathers got for Willie Smith and "Tubby" Trott.'

"Young Sammy takes a piece of string, six empty spools, a busted spring, a board, three sticks, one wire nail, a hoop from off a broken pail, and mixes 'em with brains and zeal—first thing you know, a pushmobile!"

Smith was the most successful lawyer in the town. His whole family had money to spend—for the fun of spending it. Willie was one who always had everything that he wanted. He had a pony, an air rifle, ball-bearing skates, a twelve-dollar racket, a bicycle, and was considering buying a motorcycle.

But strange to say, Willie was never happy—not really happy. He was fretful and peevish. He was always wanting something else—perhaps more track for his electric railway, enough to run all the way around the house and cars big enough to ride in.

"The Trotts are splendid people," commented one of the men, "honest and prosperous, with a big enough income from the grocery store to keep them well if not to give them all the luxuries. Yet 'Tubby' will never be happy, so he says, unless he can have all of the things that Willie Smith has."

He wants a bugle, "like Willie got last Christmas," so he can be bugler of his scout company like Elmer Nixton. The fact that Willie can't ride his pony well enough to enjoy himself, or shoot his rifle well enough to hit anything that he aims at, or skate fast enough to beat the girls on the street, or play tennis well enough to have anyone want to play with him, and would be committing suicide if he rode the contemplated motorcycle, makes no difference to "Tubby."

"But there's Sammy!" interrupted one, "How does he get the things he has plus his happy face and good-natured disposition?"

The men all agreed that Sammy's family was the poorest of the three. Yet he was not the poorest boy in town by a long shot. Very early in life, Sammy learned to do things for himself. He had learned to work. By a wise system of instruction he found that it was fun to work because the results were real pleasure.

It developed in that discussion that Sammy's father was perfectly willing to spend some money on his boy but in a different way than the others. While they wanted Willie and Henry to *have,* he wanted Sammy to *be.*

That is the whole difference in growing skillful, industrious citizens and loafers, whether rich or poor. Some modern fathers have forgotten the fine art of demanding that their boys help themselves. The toy shop, through thoughtless parents, has dissipated the energies of many children and placed a premium on helplessness.

Work and training with the hand, whether it is called play in kindergarten or industrial training in some schools, will help greatly to foster the healthy American idea that labor and the ability to make and do things are some of the highest ideals of true citizenship.

Is it overstating things to say that all the good people who accomplish things, who achieve, build and construct, whether physically or mentally, are engaged in some kind of industrial effort? It is only vagabonds and tramps, criminals and the overrich that endeavor to get along without doing daily something that is honorable and worth while.

It is this industrial training in early life that means so much in after years. And that is true whether the boy is to be a college professor such as Governor Ferris, or an inventor such as Thomas Edison. To learn to become master of every worthy boyish practice means that he will gain slowly through his own efforts a rational control over both his mind and his body, becoming a splendid example of self-reliance and success.

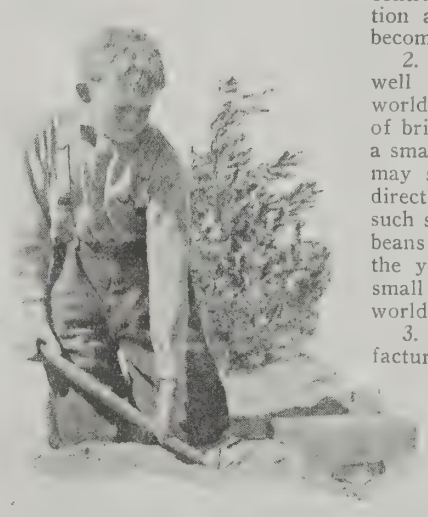
And the reward not only comes later in life; it makes for joy and happiness every day as truly as it did for Sammy Jones and Governor Ferris.

And because the thing is important and means so much not only to the boy and his parents, but to the whole community, affecting as it does the question of capital and labor, employment and unemployment, it is imperative that the boy be provided with constructive work-play activities.

Even when he is small, encourage him in his desire to build playhouses, mud-dams, "thing-a-bobs," and "do-dads." It is as natural for him to want to do this as it is for a healthy, normal man to desire wholesome occupation. It means not only letting him do things his own way, but at times assisting him in doing it that way. Of course, his movements may be crude, but his instinctive purposes are right and sound and are to be directed rather than suppressed.

But such an attitude must go beyond mere encouragement. It must plan for activities that emphasize training the hands, the eyes, the muscles and the mind. It is increasingly evident that industrial training as a part of education are keys to the doors of community contentment.

Give an ordinary man an ax, a saw, a plane, or a pitchfork and ask him to use it. A moment's effort on his part will reveal his early practice—or the lack of it—in the use of that particular tool. No amount of later training in the use of that implement will possibly bring about the skill that could readily have been acquired in early boyhood.



This lad has constructed a home-made trap and is trying it out. The making of traps, as the making of "thing-a-bobs," takes skill. These are but first lessons—milestones toward a fuller appreciation of working conditions.

The distinctive training of boyhood should be the performance of a large variety of manual activities, thus paving the way for future skill and dexterity.

Home industrial encouragement and training are not enough. It must be fostered, particularly during vacation time, but every father and mother should use their influence in their community looking toward greater industrial training in their schools.

The new and *thoroughly modern* school of today offers a most wholesome alternation of book work and hand work in its daily program. The average school is still far behind the industrial (reform) schools of most states. Here the ideal has been approached in a most practical way.

In such institutions we find that every facility is offered for indulging daily the fundamental juvenile instinct for play, study, manual labor, recreation and sociability. And so, in spite of the fact that the inmates are brought in as little miscreants and are usually lacking in parental sympathy, they often make a surprisingly good showing after finishing their course of training and discipline.

The signs of the times indicate that the industrial type of school will ultimately encompass the entire country. Upon the culmination of that happy event there will be no broken, backsliding vacation periods in the common school curriculum, while every boy and girl will aid in making his career one steady and unbroken ascent toward full maturity.

A seven-year-old boy who lived in a town of 8,000 inhabitants was familiar enough with the following mechanical practices to the extent that his school work was rendered easier, brain and hand being better balanced:

Driving cows	Turning on the trapeze
Riding a horse	Flying a kite
Training a dog	Sawing boards
Feeding the chickens	Driving nails
Riding on a tractor	Carrying kindling
Fishing in the brook	Sweeping the floor
Rowing a boat	Paring potatoes
Going swimming	Making a whirligig
Hoeing in the garden	Making toy boats
Raking and mowing the lawn	Shooting with bow and arrow

Now, of course, it may be impossible for every parent to make all these experiences available for his boy. He should, however, bring his son those that have to do with the training of the eye, of the ear, or the nicety of touch—that takes skill; these are ideals toward which the parent must work for the sake of the higher industrial efficiency and a firmer grasp upon the big problems destined to confront the boy during his coming manhood. Such training will be highly cultural in the truest sense.

Gary, Indiana, is one of the few cities that are providing all-the-year training for children. There the book work and the industrial training are carefully alternated and correlated with proper attention given to play and recreation.

But until more of the educational forces of the country appreciate the real need of training both mind and hand it will be absolutely necessary for the father and the mother to have some definite course of industrial instruction mapped out to supplement the intensive book work of the average public school. In the planning of additional help there are three cardinal principles that should be borne in mind:

1. Above everything else let the boy learn to regard work and industry as being fundamental to the wealth and progress of society. When the boy has decided to contribute something of his own perspiration and service, then the principle has become active.

2. In furnishing the first lessons it is well to start him, if possible, in the world's oldest productive industry, that of bringing something out of the soil. If a small garden plot is unavailable then he may still learn that all foodstuffs come directly or indirectly from the ground by such simple experiments as growing some beans and peas in a box. As this is done, the young mind will be interested to a small extent in a great thread of the world's complex industrial life.

3. Next, let the boy learn to manufacture things for himself. The field, the forest, the mine, the power plant and the factory are the great centers. Some of these factors may be hooked up with the junior's effort by a visit or some work in them at proper times.

A hammer, a saw, a pound of nails, and a pile of kindling boards may be readily secured, and the boy will gladly become an amateur carpenter with a small amount of home encouragement. Or, provide a pair of small tongs, a heavy hammer, a toy anvil, or iron bench vice, and you have a young blacksmith.

Now, for example, obtain a few two-foot lengths of quarter-inch iron rods and show him how to bend them into connected links, thus making a chain for his swing.

What boy is there but that enjoys to the utmost the construction of a small sailboat, the making of a roller slide, a "trip on the trolley," making the old barn into a show house for a circus, or the sailing of kites. It is just these things, persisted in, plus intelligent encouragement and instruction that will go further toward solving the "boy problem" and by the same token the labor problem (because it will make work and industry

a joy) than scores of sermons, books and tons of printed propaganda.

The government through its department of education recently investigated the labor of children. Among other conclusions drawn from its report, there is the unescapable one that for many children manual labor offers the only method of awakening the mind to that place where the boy and girl will learn even from books.

It was proved that children who were counted dull by their teachers and rated below normal in intelligence, showed average and even excellent ability when industrial work was given. This means that there was a part of the mind waiting the stimulus of hand and muscle training. It might never have responded to complex book instruction.

"No. 1. An Italian boy, 14 years old, left school from the third grade, a helper in print work. Teacher's estimate—dull, below average in scholarship, incapable of high skill. Employer's estimate—bright, capable of high skill; highest position attainable, foreman at $25 to $35 per week.

"No. 2. An American boy, left grade five at 12 years old; is puller-off in glass factory. Teacher's estimate—dull, below average in scholarship and deportment; incapable of acquiring high skill. Employer's estimate—bright, capable of acquiring high skill; good character, 'elegant boy.' Initial wage, $4.60; present wage, $7. Highest position will probably be glass blower in six years at $75 a week.

"No. 3. A Welsh girl at 15 years old, leaving grade seven, works in a squib factory. Teacher's estimate—dull, below the average in scholarship. Employer's estimate—bright, a good, capable, reliable girl; may become skillful squib maker, earning from $15 to $25 a week."

If such reports suggest anything, they say that these three children were only half educated in the public school. Permitted to continue under such a system and without outside industrial encouragement from their parents they would have grown up to be subnormal men and women. One shudders to think of the thousands of boys and girls who have thus been started out in life seriously handicapped with a book education unbalanced with industrial training.

There are two types of boys who especially need the co-operation of their parents while they are attending school. First, there are the boys who are naturally "bookish" and who are easily inclined toward a life of aloofness from manual work. This may point toward the kind of vocation that they will enter later on, but such a boy will fill the intellectual office best only after having come into first-hand acquaintance with the meaning of manual industry. Such a boy should by all means be held to his assignments in manual training with proper allowances for the peculiarities in his temperament.

The other type of boy is the converse of the first. He shows a desire to do nothing but manual work and to slight his books. He will do anything to keep from studying or from going to school, unless the school is equipped with a manual training department. For such a boy, the opposite of treatment should be used by the wise father and mother. Allow for and overlook some remissness in the pursuit of book lessons, but do not excuse him from preparing them.

In many towns and cities the earnest parent will find reliable assistance in the matter of obtaining disciplinary work for the boy by consulting the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Many of these institutions have juvenile departments and even free employment bureaus.

Some of the large cities have instituted vocation bureaus with a full set of advisers for the youth. The most notable instance of the establishment of this service is that of Boston where Frank Parsons first laid definite plans. It is reported that this bureau is now placing about 15,000 annually.

Grand Rapids, Michigan, has worked out a most excellent plan for correlating the school work and the shop work of the city. In a score of municipalities throughout the country this problem of industrial adviser is being more seriously considered. There is reason to hope that a definite and general plan for such service to the young will be perfected within the next ten years.

The recent census report shows that more than a third of the country's population and nearly seventy per cent of the urban dwellers (37,771,114 persons) live in cities of 25,000 inhabitants or more. Thirty-six per cent of the total population was grouped by the census bureau in the 287 communities of this class.

This means that the children of more than a third of the parents are growing up as best they can under congested conditions. Consider their homes: Narrow quarters—Too much furniture—Polished floors—Ash barrel back yards—Clothes line porches—Prohibitions against building and instructive desires of children for action—Afraid will fall when going up and down stairs—Hours of day spent in perambulators or high chairs—High shoes at age of one year and ever after—Polished soles under shoes—Tight clothing—Too warm clothing—Overheated and dry air—Not allowed early mingle to with neighbors' chlidren—Race, religious and political differences—Frequent moving to new environments—No chance for boys to develop leadership—Playthings small and artificial—No sand play—No digging in earth—No climbing—No throwing—Early school—Long hours—Poor light—Nervous environment—Additional nervous burdens of cultural subjects—No housekeeping for girls (cooking and housekeeping ready made)—Father never home—No hobbies, gardening or carpentry when he is home; boy would love to do things his father does—No week-end excursions into woods—No chance to learn how to work with the hands and train flabby muscles—No industrial training! Is it any wonder that the cities produce boy criminals and abnormal and subnormal men who are an easy prey to clever "red" agitators?

With a wise industrial program at home and at school there will be more inventors, fewer labor difficulties, contented workers and industrious and thrifty citizens. They will have the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to educate.

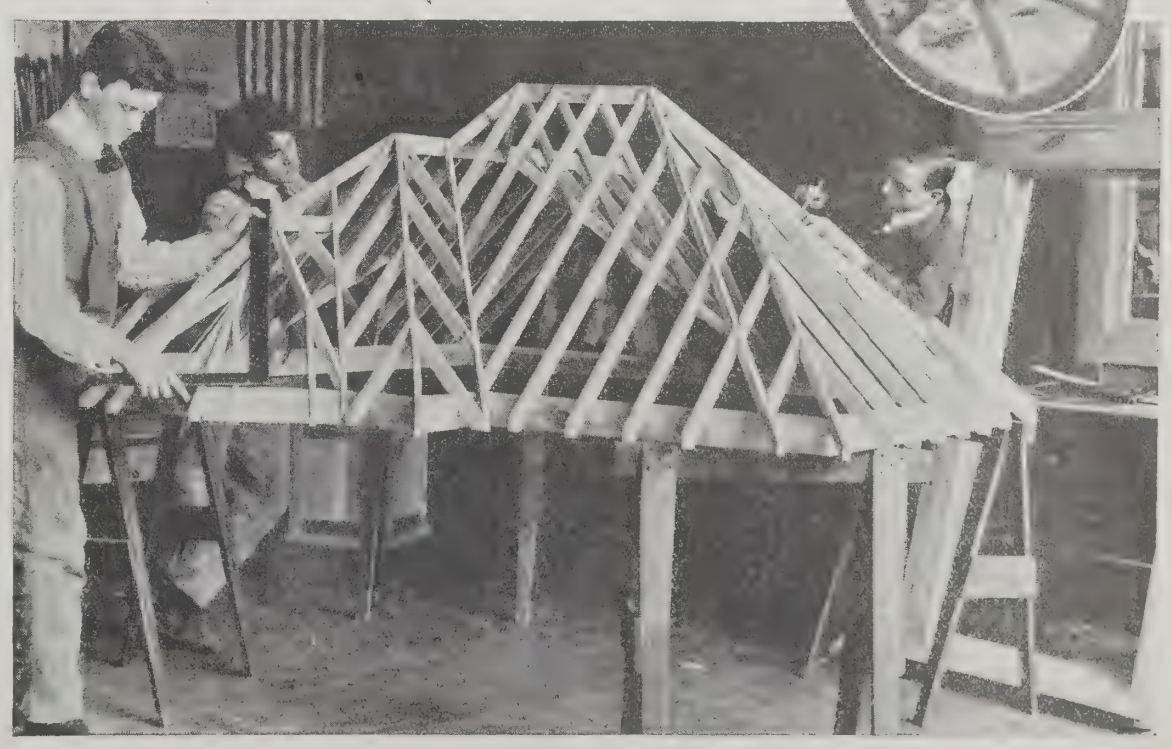


Above—The kindergarten can be the first step in the training of chubby fingers and uncertain eyes. The weaving of baskets is real fun for the normal boys and girls. Why is it, in after years, that some are so anxious to divorce mental and physical labor?





Oval—The first attempts in making a kite, as in making other things, may be crude, but perseverance is one of the lessons in industrial training. There is always the glory of achievement that beckons—even in kite making.



Center—The oldest industrial occupation in the world is agriculture. If possible it should be among the very first lessons learned. Most normal lads find a real thrill in producing things.

Below—This is practical carpentry. These lads are learning in school how to construct the roof of a house. It takes as much ability to learn this properly as it does the first fourteen lessons in geometry. And most boys like it, too!

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Briefly Told

Secretary of the Navy Denby is planning to change the Niagara, Admiral Perry's flagship, into a museum. It is now docked at Erie, Pennsylvania.

The Rockefeller Foundation has presented a tract of country comprising thirty-five thousand acres to the state of Louisiana. This tract is known as the Grand Chenier Wild Life Refuge and was purchased in order to preserve the wild life of the country. A condition of the gift requires that the tract shall remain as a perpetual wild-life preserve.

Limited mail service from the United States to Russia has been resumed after a lapse of four years.

The Mongolian camels are particularly vicious and powerful. Their bite generally induces blood poisoning and their breath is so poisonous that it is said no camel driver lives long. Particularly vicious males are marked with a piece of red cloth to warn strangers.

Eighteen gigantic fossilized turtles of an unknown species have been unearthed near Valencia, Spain.

Reports show that of the French military class of 1921 more than seventy-five per cent consists of youths twenty years of age who are fit for military service. This is a high percentage of effectives and the increase is attributed to a decrease in the use of alcohol, the improved living conditions on farms and the spread of sports in France.

The raising of mushrooms in beer vats is becoming such an important industry that growers are calling for tariff protection.

The stained glass in England's beautiful cathedrals is being attacked by some mysterious disease which takes the form of minute holes which in time deepen, causing the glass to flake. So far no remedy has been found.

Carrier pigeons are being used by drug smugglers to transport narcotics. This was discovered when recent storms forced to earth at Fargo, North Dakota, a bird upon whose legs were strapped two aluminum capsules containing cocaine. Other pigeons, similarly "loaded," have been found in Illinois and Minnesota.

Yale juniors propose to perpetuate the life and times of undergraduates of Yale by means of motion picture films.

Many New York families are planning to eliminate rent bills during the summer by erecting tents in state and municipal parks which are thrown open to campers. For $2 a week one is permitted to erect and live in a tent not larger than 10 by 12 feet and containing not more than four persons.

The Post Office Department is supplying its employes with sawed-off shotguns similar to those used by American troops in beating back German trench raiders in France and which brought a protest from Berlin. The War Department has shipped these guns as well as 45 caliber revolvers to all post offices handling valuable mail.

Prominent Japanese women have decided to organize a woman's peace association to promote world peace. It is the intent of the organization to co-operate with similar associations in other countries.

A California bank has installed a device which it is believed will protect its vault from the most skilled of safe crackers. Huge bottles of mustard gas have been placed inside the heavy steel door and so arranged that the slightest jar will break them, allowing the deadly contents to escape.

A new city, which as yet has no name, is being formed in the Province of Saskatchewan on Lake Maskakee. Several factories are extracting chemicals from waters of the lake and exploiting the rich stratified deposits in the lake bed.

The first full-blooded Indian ever admitted to citizenship in the United States is Thomas Blackbird, 23 years of age, of the Sioux tribe and a veteran of the World War. He was admitted to citizenship under an act of Congress by the provisions of which any Indian of legal age who served in the war may, upon application, be admitted to the rights of citizenship.

"Carrying coals to Newcastle" has actually been accomplished by a firm of French exporters, who sent a direct shipment not only to Newcastle, but also to Cardiff, the center of the South Wales coal fields. The coal was sent in response to a demand by English industries suffering on account of the coal strike.

A concert sung by members of the Chicago Grand Opera Company into a wireless telephone at San Francisco was heard as far east as Salt Lake, as far north as Southern Alaska, as far west of Honolulu and as far south as Point Loma, close to the Mexican border. Ships on the Pacific within a radius of fifteen hundred miles also heard the concert.

A bill imposing a fine on landlords who refuse to admit tenants with children has passed the New York Assembly.

The number of students attending the University of Wisconsin has increased to an extent that makes it necessary to establish traffic rules in the corridors and on some of the stairways of the buildings containing lecture rooms.

Contrary to popular belief, the Polynesian people as a race are not dwindling, but are being reinvigorated by the infusion of alien blood. The offspring of the mixed marriages are taking wives from among the full-blooded Hawaiian strain, thus preventing the Hawaiian blood from losing its identity.

A daily newspaper is to be printed on the airplanes traveling between Paris and London. They will be distributed by means of parachutes.

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Top, left—A group of Rocky Mountain sheep in Glacier National Park. Top, right—Pelicans on Yellowstone. These are all young birds. Center—Buffaloes on the guarded range of a menagerie without cages. There are more than five huhdred buffaloes in the Yellowstone. Bottom, left—Mountain goats. Bottom, center—Ptarmigan in summer dress. In winter the birds are white. Glacier National Park. Bottom, right—Mother bear and two cubs—quite unafraid of the camera.

A Menagerie Without Cages

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

PERHAPS the most fascinating part of a vacation spent camping in the wilderness is the chance that the wild folk of the neighborhood will pay your camp a visit. A meeting with the birds and beasts is always possible if you get far enough away from the beaten paths of the tourists. But, as a rule, even after the camp has been pitched one has to wait for days before the wild folk become well enough acquainted to consider the strange visitors worthy and safe for an investigation. It may be, of course, that chance and the direction of the wind will allow you to come close to one of the wood folk as you follow a trail, but even then there is seldom time for more than a glance before the timid animal is off down a hidden path where the eye cannot follow.

The reason for this, of course, is the natural instinct for protection, plus the fact that when animals are hunted, they grow wise—and wary.

The ideal way to observe wild animal life is to vacation in one of the great national parks, where the animals are well protected, and therefore tame: those parks which are in reality menageries without cages. There you will find the wild folk in abundance, and a hiking trip through one of the nation's playgrounds will allow the opportunity for hours of animal study.

One does not have to be a professional naturalist to look along the rocky slopes and find the mountain sheep clinging to perilous trails. In the spring and early summer, when they are apt to be down from the heights, you can see the sheep in abundance. In midsummer they go to the more inaccessible places of the mountain ranges, but frequently come down to the lower feeding grounds. They would probably be more closely seen by the tourist if it were not that they have to stay aloft to escape their enemy, the coyote—those swift destroyers who prowl about the lower slopes, and wait to prey on the sheep as they descend from the rocky trails where the coyote cannot follow.

The coyote is also the great enemy of the white Rocky Mountain goat. These goats also follow the ledge-like trails near the summits, but like the sheep they come down to graze. As a rule they make a daily journey to the hilltops, starting early in the morning, remaining on the hilltops to sleep until just before sundown, when they come slowly down. The goats generally spend their winters on the high places, for the sweeping winds clear the little mountain plants of snow, and provide the goats with food. Heavy coats give them plenty of warmth, and not until spring, when the green buds and shoots appear, do they travel toward the valleys.

The bears, of course, are the greatest attraction in the parks. They are to be found along the most popular roadways, and they have become very tame. Almost every visitor to one of the national parks has a story of having seen a bear in the vicinity of the camp, for these fellows are not at all above helping themselves to any food that may suit their fancy.

A naturalist visiting Glacier National Park tells of having seen a mother with two cubs feeding at the hotel, and of the efforts of another bear to get some of the waste food. Each time the strange bear would appear in the clearing the mother would charge, and chase him away, while the two cubs went scrambling up a tree at the first sound of warning from their mother—to remain aloft until she scratched at the foot of the tree as a signal to descend. Such is not unusual. It is roughly estimated that there are more than a hundred black bears in the Yellowstone, and probably half that number of grizzlies.

One of the most interesting animals ranging the Yellowstone is the buffalo, which is slowly increasing under Federal protection. There is a herd of wild buffaloes in Pelican Valley, numbering over one hundred head, and also the so-called "tame" herd in the Lamar River Valley, which, according to the latest census, numbers 442 animals. This herd is popular with tourists, for it can be easily seen and studied. These animals are called "tame" because they are fed hay through the winter season by the government rangers.

There is also a herd of antelopes at Yellowstone, numbering about three hundred animals, jealously cared for, for, as the buffalo, the antelope is growing scarce in the United States. The same park has nearly a thousand moose, and probably as many as 23,000 elks. Less than ten years ago there were twice this many elks, but the very severe winter of 1918, when there was no provision for hay to feed these animals, caused many hundreds to die of starvation, while hundreds of others wandered from the park in search of food—and thus depleted the herd.

Deer are numerous, and may be seen frequently along the most traveled trails, coming out of the woods, and watching the travelers with curiosity. It would be impossible to count the beavers, woodchucks, rabbits of every species, including the interesting snow-shoe rabbit, lynxes, bobcats, minks, otters, and other small animals, not forgetting the coyotes, and wolves.

The porcupine is frequently met as he slowly ambles along a trail. It is almost always a surprise to visitors who have had little opportunity to observe animal life at close range, to learn that the porcupines cannot throw their quills. The porcupine has a very muscular tail, with quills above and at both sides, set at all angles, and a blow from this tail will drive the quills deep into the flesh, even penetrating shoe leather. The porcupine is a close second to the bear in camp scavenging, for he will steal salt pork, ham, or anything else that is salty or greasy. If an old wooden box, or a table, which has been allowed to become greasy, is left in an abandoned camp, the porcupine is almost sure to gnaw at it.

The birds, of course, are always of interest, and are seen in all parts of the wilderness. The authorities at Yellowstone report having noted approximately two hundred varieties of birds, but less than half this number are common. Hawks, owls, ducks, geese and so on, are frequently seen, as are the pelicans, which seldom fail to interest visitors, and, because of their protection, are comparatively tame.

The ptarmigan, a rather large bird, and notable for its remarkable coloration which makes it practically invisible, is on the lower slopes during the breeding season, but spends most of its time on the heights. In winter the ptarmigan is white, and cannot be distinguished from the snow banks, while in summer it is ground colored, with touches of gray, so that it blends into the underbrush, so finding safety from its natural enemies.

There are, of course, the usual song birds—the robins, the warblers, the mountain bluebirds, the wrens, and so on; as well as the wonderful water birds—the loons, gulls, grebes, herons, and so on.

For those who can find keen pleasure in wandering in the wilderness and observing the animals in their natural existence, it is impossible to over-estimate the enjoyment to be found in these menageries without cages. Each mile holds its glimpse of feathered and furred folk, each new animal seen lends additional interest, as, almost unconscious of the human visitor, the dwellers of the forests go about their daily lives.

The Public Defender—A New Bulwark

By JOHN B. WALLACE

IT IS difficult for the human race to devise a system whereby equal justice can be meted to all. Our judicial system is far from perfect but it is the fruit of centuries of experiment. It is an approximation of the ideal that we wish to attain.

Consequently every new idea that will tend to equalize the application of the law should be hailed with rejoicing by both the bar and the public. Yet this is far from being the case. There is no more conservative body of men than the average run of lawyers unless it is the country and small-town bankers. The slightest change or innovation in our system of administering justice is viewed with pessimistic alarm especially among the older members of the bar. Like the law itself, which, founded, as so much of it is, upon precedent, has tended to become as archaic and musty as the old tomes in which its precedents are bound.

This explains, perhaps, the reason for the delay in the general adoption throughout the country of the system of public defenders such as has been in successful operation for more than seven years in the county of Los Angeles in Southern California.

The idea of a public defender is far from being a new one. It has cropped up intermittently for years. Several eastern cities and two or three in the Middle West have officials styled as such but nowhere has there been a complete system established for the defense of the unfortunate and the confusion of those who prey upon them as exists in Los Angeles.

On every hand we hear voiced fear of Bolshevism and anarchy and the loudest and most persistent of these "Viewing with alarms" come from members of the bench and bar.

Yet, although there exists no more potent instrument for the smothering of the seeds of anarchy than the office of public defender, we find few of these vociferous reformers advocating any such constructive measure. It is not so much to the credit of the bar of Los Angeles County that they founded this much needed adjunct to our judicial system as it is to the discredit to the bar of the country as a whole that the system has not been universally adopted.

Before proceeding to a detailed description of the Los Angeles system, it might be well to point out the more patent defects in the system employed in other communities which the office of public defender is designed to correct.

The law has always recognized the right of a person accused of crime to a fair trial. In this country it has given the defendant the presumption of innocence, putting the burden of proving his guilt upon the state. We have also enunciated that all men are equal under the law. The law is the same for both rich and poor. Theoretically, this is true, but how has it worked out in practice? John Doe is a rich man. He is arrested upon suspicion of having committed a felony. We will assume that it is a bailable offense. As soon as he lands in the police station he telephones to his lawyer and to his friends. Before he may have had even a glimpse of a cell his bond is furnished and he is free until the day of his trial. He may have suffered a temporary inconvenience but that is all. When his trial comes up he is defended by the ablest attorneys that money can hire. Every advantage of law, both technical and social, is taken. The standing of the defendant, as well as the standing of his high-priced attorneys with the court, matters greatly. If the defendant is innocent or is acquitted (and the terms are not synonymous) he goes forth without having spent an hour in durance. If he is convicted he still may retain his freedom by putting up bail pending an appeal.

How is the case with Richard Roe, a poor laborer, equally a citizen of this great country with John Doe and theoretically entitled to equal rights and privileges? He is arrested upon suspicion of having committed the same kind of an offense as John Doe. Waiving the treatment that he will receive from the arresting officers, and, believe one who has had experience as a police reporter, there is a vast difference in the way a man of wealth and standing is handled upon arrest by police officers and a poor laborer without friends or influence; waiving that, however, Richard Roe, being without bail money or property security, is thrust into a cell to await his preliminary examination. If it is a case where the police have not yet obtained sufficient evidence to warrant the court to hold him for trial, he may be kept in jail for several weeks before he is given a preliminary hearing. This is in clear violation of the law but having no lawyer or money to hire one to get out a writ of habeas corpus, Roe has no recourse but to await the convenience of the police.

When he finally appears in court he is asked by the judge if he has an attorney. He replies that he is unable to hire one, whereupon the court appoints a lawyer to defend him. Here is another instance where theory and practice do not jibe.

An attorney, being an officer of the court, is compelled to defend any case to which he may be assigned. In some states he is allowed a nominal fee, in others no compensation whatever. A lawyer who depends upon his fees for his livelihood certainly cannot be censured for not wishing to take cases for nothing. He, therefore, can be depended upon to have some reasonable excuse for not taking the case and the judge being an attorney himself and fully understanding the situation will invariably accept the excuse.

There is, however, always a number of fledgling lawyers, just out of school, upon whose licenses the ink is scarcely dry, who are ready and anxious to obtain such cases for the experience. And it is upon these willing but inexperienced youths that Roe must rely for his chance of liberty. Just as the body of the poor man is used for purposes of experiment by the youthful surgeons, so his freedom is in the hands of tyro attorneys. His lack of money prevents him from liberty of choice and he is compelled to accept what he may receive.

It was to correct this and other injustices that the office of public defender was instituted in Los Angeles County. Prominent jurists of Southern California had long noted these abuses and when in 1912 a new charter for the county was to be voted upon, a number of them got together and formulated a provision creating the office of public defender.

The duties of the public defender as outlined in Section 23 of the charter are:

"Upon request by the defendant or upon order of the court, the public defender shall defend, without expense to them, all persons who are not financially able to employ counsel and who are charged in the superior court, with the commission of any contempt, misdemeanor, felony or other offense. He shall also, upon request, give counsel and advice to such persons, in and about any charge against them upon which he is conducting the defense, and he shall prosecute all appeals to a higher court or courts, of any person who has been convicted upon any such charge, where, in his opinion, such appeal will, or might be reasonably expected to, result in the reversal or modification of the judgment of conviction.



JUDGE
WALTON J. WOOD



WILLIAM T. AGGELER,
Public Defender of Los Angeles County.

"He shall also, upon request, prosecute actions for the collection of wages and of other demands of persons who are not financially able to employ counsel, in cases in which the sum involved does not exceed $100, and in which, in the judgment of the public defender, the claims urged are valid and enforceable in the courts.

"He shall also, upon request, defend such persons in all civil litigation in which, in his judgment, they are being persecuted or unjustly harassed.

"The costs in all actions in which the public defender shall appear under this section, whether for plaintiffs or for defendants, shall be paid out of the county treasury, at the times and in the manner required by law, or by rules of court, and under a system of demand, audit and payment which shall be prescribed by the board of supervisors.

"It shall be the duty of the public defender, in all such litigation, to procure, if possible, in addition to general judgments in favor of the persons whom he shall represent therein, judgments for costs and attorney fees, where permissible, against the opponents of such persons, and pay the same into the county treasury."

The salary of the public defender is fixed at $375 a month during the first year he may hold office and $400 a month thereafter. He is allowed to maintain such a force of deputies and office force as the business transacted by his office may require. At present the public defender of Los Angeles County has a force of five deputies, a clerk and a stenographer.

The positions of public defender and that of his deputies are under civil service rules and are obtained by competitive examination.

The county of Los Angeles was singularly fortunate in obtaining for the first two incumbents of the office of public defender men of marked ability, in the persons of Walton J. Wood and William T. Aggeler. These men, together with a number of other prominent members of the bar in Los Angeles, took the civil service examination for the position when it was first created. Wood stood first and Aggeler second; Wood, therefore, obtaining the office and making Aggeler his chief deputy.

On the strength of his record as public defender, Wood was last autumn elected as a judge of the superior court and Aggeler took his place as public defender.

The incumbent is a native of California and a graduate of the University of Michigan. Although he had a successful private practice, this is his first public office.

His induction into the office of public defender was accompanied by unusual circumstances. His first case was one of the most sensational murder trials known in the history of criminology, a case that embraced every element of romance, mystery and finance and was exploited upon the front pages of all the newspapers in the country.

A handsome matron of unusual intelligence and charm was charged with the murder of a wealthy mining man whose body was found, after a search of several weeks, partially buried in the cellar of his mansion in Los Angeles. The woman, whose husband was a man of excellent character but in poor health and straightened financial circumstances, tried to employ counsel but was unable to pay the fees asked. These fees varied from $15,000 to $25,000. In despair she turned to the public defender. The evidence against her, while purely circumstantial, was overwhelming and she was convicted.

Although the public defender had made a fight which won the commendation of the trial judge who, denying a motion for a new trial, stated that everything possible had been done for her defense. The cost to the county was only $130. Contrast this with the $25,000 fee for attorneys alone that private counsel would have cost the defendant. In this case, which occupied 14 days in its trial, we had the unique spectacle of the state prosecuting and the state defending the accused with but one end in view, to obtain justice at the least possible cost to the citizens of the community.

Although the public defender's office lost this, the most spectacular case since its establishment, it has made a most unusual record in obtaining acquittals.

It is estimated that ninety per cent of the cases tried by the state result in convictions. This is because of the fact that the district attorneys can pick their cases and most of them refuse to put the state to the expense of a trial unless they are practically certain of obtaining a conviction. It does not enhance the reputation of a district attorney, either, to fall down on very many of his cases and consequently he goes into court with a case half won before it is tried. On the other hand the public defender has no choice. He is compelled to take the cases as they come to him when the accused maintains his innocence. Notwithstanding this handicap the public defender's office has never fallen below 25 per cent in acquittals and disagreements, and one year it reached as high as 44 per cent. This speaks volumes for the ability and diligence of the men occupying that office and proves that the defense of the poor is in as good hands as if they were able to employ the highest priced lawyers.

The report for the last court year, 1919-1920, shows that the public defender's office handled 469 criminal cases. This was in addition to 89 consultations with prisoners in jail, where advice was given but the cases turned over to other lawyers.

Of the felony cases tried during the year twelve were found guilty, two were convicted of lesser offenses than that charged in the information; seven were acquitted, and five were discharged because the jury could not agree. Five insanity trials were handled in which two were proved to be sane and the other three committed to an institution.

In preliminary examinations in the superior court 31 defendants were held to answer, six were discharged and the cases dismissed and 34 were stricken from the calendar and the defendants released.

Thirteen defendants in criminal cases were found to be insane and committed to institutions.

The public defender's office made 243 pleas of guilty in behalf of its clients and 12 pleas of guilty upon lesser offenses than charged in the information.

One hundred and thirteen defendants were granted probation, 49 had their cases dismissed without coming to trial and 122 cases were stricken from the calendar.

Not only does the public defender's office accomplish a great work in obtaining justice for unfortunates but there is no doubt but that it is of sound economic benefit to the state. Many times the public defender is able to obtain the confidence of a prisoner and obtain facts which, presented to the district attorney, result in his dismissing the case without trial, thus saving the state expense as well as releasing the defendant from prison where he is boarding at the expense of the taxpayers.

Although the public defender's office is an entirely separate institution from that of the district attorney they are both servants of the public and are supposed to work in harmony in the interest of justice and economy. The public defender, while fully protecting the interests of his client, has not the same incentive to delay and procrastinate as has a private attorney who hopes thus to justify his fee. Therefore, the slow wheels of justice are often speeded up through the

(Concluded on page 14)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 29, May 14, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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An Hawaiian Situation

THE House Immigration Bill enacted by the last Congress and which failed to become a law through President Wilson's pocket veto, was a thoroughly good bill. It was passed after full and exhaustive hearings in which were such opposed interests as the steamship companies which find this immigration so profitable, the mining corporations eager to exploit cheap labor, and the Jewish Committee which is so strenuously exerting itself in the interest of the immigrants from Eastern Europe.

The bill is again under discussion in Congress and day by day it has been mutilated, so that in its present state it bears little resemblance to the original Johnson measure that fairly met the imperative need of proper restrictions. First, all immigrants having relatives in this country were exempted; then all "refugees from racial, religious or political persecution." At last advices, a joker seems to have been slipped into the measure under which many thousands of French, Swiss, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Austrian, Hungarian and Portuguese immigrants are barred while admitting all the Poles, Rumanians, Galicians and Germans who may apply. The bill, thus scissored and patched, is said to be slated for prompt passage by the Senate. President Harding will undoubtedly feel called upon to veto it, and then we shall have the whole long-drawn-out business all over again. Of course, this is precisely what the "organized racial minority" representatives are after. Despairing of blocking a bill squarely meeting the country's instant need, they are shrewdly maneuvering to prevent restriction until they can get into New York the several hundred thousands of their congeners being herded at Danzig and other European ports.

Perhaps legislators distracted by propaganda bombardment may find a gleam of light in the resolution introduced the other day in the territorial legislature of Hawaii. It requests that Congress permit the importation into Hawaii of 25,000 Chinese laborers, so that they may have an opportunity to work and earn money to send to relatives in the famine-swept districts of the Chinese Republic.

The proposed measure specifically stipulates that Chinese entering Hawaii under such permission shall engage only in agricultural pursuits, that they come under rules and regulations promulgated by Congress and the Department of Labor, and that they remain for a period of not more than five years, then returning to China.

The only difficulty about a solution on similar lines of the problem of Jewish immigration is that the Chinese are able and industrious agricultural workers, while the bulk of the Eastern Jews are not producers. Then Hawaii wants the Chinese; but apparently no country wants the scourings of Eastern European ghettos.

Bolshevism's Oriental Offensive

EVIDENCE accumulates that an important part of the Bolshevist scheme to extend its "Proletarian Dictatorship" over the whole planet is related to a revival of the old Muscovite dream of detaching India from the British Empire. The Russians were at the gates of Herat in 1878. Today, the Red Armies of the Jewish dictators seem not only to have affected the Afghans, but also to be preaching revolutionary unrest throughout India itself. Those responsible for the "Berlin to Bagdad" policy of German Junkerdom have made it plain by their aid and support of the Turkish "Nationalists" under Mustapha Kemal Pasha, as by their success in winning over the Armenians to Bolshevism and their present activities in the Balkans, that the ancient lure of India's wealth is proving a powerful incentive to the devastating march of the arch-looters of the modern world.

That Britain is well aware of these designs, is shown in the communication transmitted by Sir Robert Horne, president of the board of trade, to Leonid Krassin, Soviet commissary in London, simultaneously with the signing of the trade agreement between the British and the Soviet governments. In this letter it is openly charged that the Soviet government's policy in the East and the Near East aims at "the overthrow of British rule in India." Activities on the part of the Bolshevists on the Indian border are characterized as "inconsistent with the stipulations in the trade agreement." Sir Robert also cites the employment by the Bolshevists of "self-convicted traitors" like Natu Rey for the instruction of Indians in revolutionary tactics and the sending of emissaries into India with the avowed purpose of "investigating the possibilities of revolutionary work" in that country.

Notice is served on Lenin and his associates that if they desire the trade agreement to continue in force there must be an immediate cessation of these antagonistic activities. It is probable, under all the circumstances, that Lenin's masters will call off his Eastern offensive. Why should they seek to overthrow British rule in India, when they can use that rule to mask their own very real dominance?

Keeping Up the Old Ruins

THERE is hope for the British Empire! In the midst of miners' strikes and Irish and Indian insurrections, complications with France over German reparations, speculation on the Oxford-Cambridge boat race and anticipations of the football season, to say nothing of the crisis threatening Lloyd George's coalition government, the British Government is considering the restoration of the ancient Abbey of Whitby. Considering its venerable age—it has been standing for more than a thousand years—the ruins of the famous Benedictine monastery are in a fair state of preservation, so far as the chapel is concerned.

Although the groined roof, the magnificent oriel windows and doors and the central doorway with their rich ornamentation have yielded to the tooth of time, the main walls, parts of the choir, the north transept and the nave are so nearly intact that the lines of the original architecture may easily be followed. Founded in the year 657 by Oswy, King of Northumberland, the monastery has a respectable antiquity. Among its monks were Caedmon, the Saxon poet and scholar, who ranks among the fathers of English literature, and whose manuscript books serve to this day as models for printers and typefounders.

The monastery was what is known as a "double" one, and its first abbess was St. Hilda. She was succeeded by King Oswy's daughter, Aelflaed. It was here that the famous council was held in A. D. 664 to determine the controversy between the Irish and the Saxon churches as to the date of Easter. About 200 years later, the invading Danes completely destroyed the monastery and dispersed the community. It was not until after the Norman conquest that it was restored by William de Percy, an ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland.

American tourists are apt to associate Whitby with the oysters for which the place is famous and of late years the town has come to be a popular seaside resort, owing to its situation on the east coast of Yorkshire.

It was only last summer that an appeal to the English-speaking world was made for a restoration fund for Westminster Abbey. The very suggestion that this ancient fane, Britain's Parthenon, was in danger of falling apart, quickly brought in subscriptions totaling more than $500,000. This regard for the architectural heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race, with all its historic and heroic associations, is an expression of a sense of connection and continuance of the centuries, a recognition of the fact that "All of good the past hath had, remains to make our own time glad." It is also a reminder of Edmund Burke's apothegm: "A people who have no regard for their ancestry will not be apt to have much regard for their posterity."

"Gone Mad With Egotism"

IN CONNECTION with the explicit declaration in the House of Commons the other day that the British Government was in possession of unquestionable evidence of a close connection between the Third Internationale at Moscow and the leaders of the revolutionary movement in Ireland, it is interesting to note that Irishmen in this country are waking up to the game being played with Irish hopes and aspirations by the same conscienceless conspirators who are responsible for the Russian chaos. Eamonn Valera, "president of the Irish Republic," is now charged by Bishop Michael J. Gallagher, of Detroit, national president of the Friends of Irish Freedom, with being "a man gone mad with egotism and presumption," and with having "deliberately split the Irish movement in America."

Dealing with Valera's visit to this country, Monsignor Gallagher, in a statement issued in Boston, further charges that the Sinn Fein leader attempted to dictate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago and that, failing to secure control of the Friends of Irish Freedom, he started the new organization known as the A. A. R. I. R. In support of this statement, Bishop Gallagher publishes a letter from Valera to Judge Cohalan of the New York supreme court; Judge Cohalan's reply warned Valera that American public opinion would not tolerate interference in American affairs by any citizen of another country, and a letter from John Devoy, editor of the *Gaelic American*, to a colleague, declared that submission to Valera's "dictation" would utterly discredit the Irish in America and destroy the whole movement.

The bishop's statement sheds needed light on the midnight assassinations and barrack burnings so alien to every tradition of Milesian gallantry and calculated gravely to prejudice the Irish cause. All lovers of Ireland must condemn such Bolshevist tactics in Ireland, no matter how little we may regard them as justifying English "black-and-tan" reprisals. Plainly, such methods savor of Moscow, rather than of Cork or Dublin. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the Valerian policy of "dictation" and wholesale murder, finds the same source as that of Lenin and Trotsky in the purlieus of the big money-mongers of Frankfort and of London and Wall Street.

There is something un-Russian in the Russian revolution; something wholly un-Irish and un-English in the Irish trouble; something absolutely un-American in certain movements in America. What is it?

The French Income Taxes

THERE seems to be a growing opinion in France that the government, in its anxiety to obtain such increase in the revenue as would really bring about the necessary equilibrium between receipts and expenditures, rushed through the chamber, last summer, measures which are now being repented of at leisure. It is charged that the supertax on gross income especially has proved the sort of "bleeding" which instead of curing is likely to kill the patient.

The complications of the present system come in for special criticism. It contains a long series of surtaxes and exemptions calculated not only to hit the taxpayer according to his total annual income, but also according to his personal status. Bachelorhood is penalized; the head of a family enjoys exemptions more if he has children, less if without children. These are only a few of many variations and exemptions in the tax that make it all the more difficult to collect in a land notorious for tax dodging. It is also charged that this income tax is in the nature of a supertax and amounts to double taxation.

The farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant and the salaried employe are all called on to pay a progressive tax averaging 50 per cent in addition to taxes on profits. The inheritance taxes are said to be likely to degenerate into a confiscation ruinous to the country as to the individuals directly affected.

Although the introduction of an income tax in this country was fiercely opposed for years, we seem to have managed much better this matter of the adjustment of its burden, in so far as concerns the exemption of small incomes and the shifting of the incidence to those enjoying monopolistic privileges. But why should this whole matter of taxation be so complicated and the cause of such general discontent and complaints of favoritism and injustice the world over?

Are we not about ready for the sweet simplicity of the single tax on land values?

Mr. Ford's Page

THE prophets are again at work trying to forecast what the business future will be, and it is not difficult to distinguish between those who are expressing their hopes and those who are expressing their convictions. Everyone, of course, hopes for the best, and there is a feeling that sunny talk will bring sunny days. But the people have lately had an experience with hard facts which will help them to require hard facts in any forecast which prophets may make of the future.

On the whole, the depression of the past few months, which began to lighten late in January and had made considerable amends by the end of April, brought a benefit which is difficult to speak about, because people are so averse to benefits which are received through suffering. People are able to understand how they may be physically better after a sickness than they were before, because they can see how the sickness brought to a halt certain practices which caused it, and rid the body of accumulated poisons. But in economic affairs their vision is not so clear, because it is not easy to relate one's own economic distresses to the general good.

The economic distress was not confined to a class. It was not only felt in the kitchen, it was as keenly felt in the office. No one prospers alone, no one is deprived alone. We are all partakers of the same general condition. If this were better understood, there would be more teamwork in pulling ourselves out of the economic mire.

There have been benefits which cannot be weighed or measured in material things but which yet have a very direct bearing on our material welfare, and if those benefits are only retained and if we continue to appreciate them, the future will be to that extent more promising than it might otherwise be.

Everybody is more sober. Everybody has a stronger sense of individual responsibility. This sense of responsibility may only express itself with relation to one's family or one's job, but that is enough to make it felt throughout the whole economic system. There is more self-government. Men are not toying with reality. They are not taking chances with fate. They are moving along the old, safe, dependable lines of honest work and sober living. This is a great gain over the former haphazard months when men thought the economic world would continue to go steadily on, no matter what they did.

More men are actually at work than before. In times of prosperity fewer men actually work than at any other time. The white collar sometimes imposes a burden on society out of all proportion to the service it renders, and there are now fewer white collars for the adornment of amateur speculators.

Take the large army of real estate speculators, for example. They were legion in times of prosperity. There is, of course, a legitimate business in real estate which is economically healthy and socially serviceable. But that is not the wildcat real estate speculation which was so rife during the hectic period of our so-called prosperity.

In a drunken, speculative period about 10 men must lose money in order that one man may gain. The injury, however, is not only that hard-working people lose their savings to the vendors of alluring real estate stories. That is bad enough; it is a situation which one would prevent at any cost. Savings are too sacred to be juggled with for the benefit of oily-tongued gamblers.

In the larger view, the money is not lost, though it is lost to the person whose it rightfully is. But it is not lost; society still has it. The real injury, however, from such transactions is that non-producers are allowed to live a little longer on society by reason of the money they have received from the men who came by that money in honest ways. The money enables them to impose themselves for a little longer as a burden on society. They are allowed to use up the fruit of the earth, making no other return than their use of gambling wits.

Now, when the shake-down comes, it shakes this large army of parasites out of their places, detaches them from their "good things," and forces them to render actual work in exchange for what society gives them. This is a great relief of the social burden, also it is a measure of safety for those people who invest in dealers' stories instead of in solid values.

It is perfectly legitimate for people to invest their money. Some forms of investments are unavoidably speculative. No one positively knows how even a legitimate article is going to sell until the initial expense of producing and marketing it has been shouldered. But it is obvious that the man who has no capital but the little he has been able to save out of his earnings, should not be compelled to take chances. He should be permitted those channels of investment which carry with them the least chance of loss.

Someone has said that no man can gather much of a surplus on what he earns or what he saves, and that unless he can be connected some way with the profits of larger aggregations of capital, his chances of accumulating a competence are small.

This need is being met by making men partners in the business in which they are employed. It would make for industrial soundness if the principle were rigidly adopted that no man should be a partner in any business who is not employed in it. And the completing principle would be that every man worthy to be employed should be a partner, in the sense as participating in the total earnings of the concern. His wages are his individual earnings, but his labor contributes to the total earnings of the factory or mill, and in these he may share if he is permitted to make investments in the factory or mill. The healthy desire for investment, the economically sound principle of distribution, would thus both be satisfied. And in times of industrial depression, the man would know whether it was business or the boss that caused slackness. Moreover, when depression came the man would not expend his energy in useless condemnation of everything and everybody; he would form part of the group already existing who are trying to find out the cause of the cure of these senseless and stupid kinks in the line.

Many errors were made during the period when men were throwing up their jobs with utmost unconcern because jobs were plentiful. Extra money-prizes were offered to keep the men at their post of duty. Extravagant promises of paternal benefits were made by concerns who had never previously evinced the slightest interest in the welfare of their employes. And when slack times came, all these promises went by the board—except where they were an integral part of the whole working system of the concern.

Paternalism has no place in industry. Welfare work that consists in prying into employes' private concerns, is out of date. Men need counsel and men need help, oftentimes special help; and all this ought to be rendered for decency's sake; but the broad workable plan of investment and participation will do more to solidify industry and strengthen organizations than will anything else.

These are some of the benefits that have accrued from the last depression. Workmen are more sober-minded; managers see some problems more clearly. Our feet are on the ground. We are convinced that this whole period can be weathered through if we substitute co-operation for class condemnation. The right men in the engine-room and the right men in the wheelhouse brings the ship through safely.

TIMES are better, but we are not through the woods yet. Times will be better still if we keep the sober lessons learned in the months of depression. A generation is like a young man, he dissipates until he gets his bumps, but if he learns his lesson it will make a man of him. One hopeful sign: not only have the workers gone back in such large numbers to the job, but men who did not work during the "prosperity" have also gone back to the job. Prosperity always raises a small army of speculators who keep themselves above the necessity of toil by inducing honest working people to invest in things that never produce a return. Society's burden in carrying that crowd has largely been relieved; they are now producing what they use.

Free Films for the Millions

Sympathy for the Seeing Leads One-Time Blind Man, With a Young Woman's Help, to Become Picture Distributor for the World

By AARON HARDY ULM

IF YOU were stricken blind and were forced to live in darkness for years, what type of unfortunates would seem to you to be most needful of help? The blind? That perhaps is the usual reaction. But it wasn't the reaction of a man the writer talked to the other day. For eighteen years that man was blind, but his thought and sympathy turned not so much to those who are sightless as to the millions who can see.

"If my sight is ever restored," he resolved, "I shall devote the remainder of my life to helping people with good eyes to see." For the memories of what he had seen during the days of good sight were his most satisfying resource during his years of blindness. Though he had traveled widely, observed with care and read much—in fact, his blindness was due to excess reading under bad conditions—he often regretted that he had not used his eyes for storing his mind with even more food for reverie when he could no longer see. The run of people, he concluded, were to be pitied for failure or lack of opportunity to use and enjoy the blessings of sight as they might.

Today he directs probably the most extensive motion picture organization in the world. Films sent out by him are viewed by more than 2,000,000 persons every month. One of his exhibiting units is now in the wilds of the Philippines showing western civilization to ex-head hunters. Another is in Sumatra. One is in India. Others are scattered throughout the United States. Films are sent into half the countries of the world almost every day and others are brought from them to this country. One condition attaches to every film handled or displayed: no one must be asked or permitted to pay for seeing it no matter how or where shown. More than thirty governments co-operate officially in the work of the man who was once blind and now wants to teach all the world to see—and is doing it on a scale you would hardly think possible.



(C) Harris & Ewing

DR. FRANCIS HOLLEY

He is Dr. Francis Holley and his establishment is known as the Bureau of Commercial Economics, with headquarters in Washington, D. C. Though it works for and with our government and those of other countries, it is not a public institution. Neither is it commercial, though numerous trade bodies work with it. In the broadest sense it is educational and, in every sense, international. It charges for nothing it does and therefore earns no money. Yet funds for its support are not begged. It is supported, says its literature, by "endowment, annuity and voluntary subscription," but it is an open secret that Dr. Holley himself supplied the funds for founding it and most of the money needed for carrying it on. In addition to giving all of his time to the work, Dr. Holley meets all money deficits resulting therefrom.

Dr. Holley is a civil engineer by profession and has been admitted to the bar. He educated himself, having gone to work as a messenger when 13 years old. He became a builder of railroads, chiefly in Canada and the Far West, being associated for a long time with the Canadian Pacific System. At the time he was stricken blind, by strain caused by excess studying at night, often in tents with only a candle for light, he had accumulated a competency. He lost his sight in the early nineties. He spent the next eighteen years wandering the world in search of a cure, which he finally found, in partial form, in Pittsburgh, where a specialist in electrical treatment restored about one-third of his normal sight.

In 1902, while he was wandering through a cutlery factory in Sheffield, England, his companion in describing the work told him of two boys, one of whom was standing at each end of a work table watching the skilled workmen.

"What are they there for?" Dr. Holley asked the manager.

"They are apprentices and pay the company $125 a year each for the privilege of learning the trade," he replied.

"How do they get the money?"

"They earn it by working out of hours in the early morning and night."

"Why don't you have motion pictures made of the workmen in action and let the boys learn from them?"

"Impossible."

Dr. Holley asked if they would let him have the idea tried out. He went to Paris and persuaded Pathé to let him take an expert movie photographer to the factory in England. There the machine was rigged up over a work table and a series of motion pictures were made. They proved entirely adequate for the apprentices, but ten years passed before the man who had them made saw them displayed. But during those years he became convinced that the motion pictures offered the best means for helping people use and enjoy blessed eyesight. He made plans whereby pictures could be given distribution beyond the range of the commercial movie business and be employed for purposes outside the realm of mere entertainment.

The medium he developed is quite elaborate and far-reaching. He began by bringing the subject to the attention of the American Association of College Presidents. He proposed to do the work if the members of the organization would help with advice and support. They adopted the name by which the establishment is known, a name that doesn't convey an exact or even a fair picture of what is done. He then went before state legislatures and persuaded many to provide funds for extension work with pictures to be carried on by the state universities, or the agricultural and normal schools. It is through those institutions that the bureau mostly functions in this country. It gets the pictures and often supplies the conveyances and apparatus used in taking them about and displaying them. The colleges make up the itineraries, look after the publicity and attend to incidental expenses. The bureau now owns and operates more than thirty automobile trucks specially designed and built for the work. On the top of each big truck there is a screen frame made of metal. Inside the truck there is an electric motor, projection machine and a phonograph with a sound amplifier.

Thus, excepting when weather is bad, buildings are not needed and are rarely used to give exhibitions. A screen can be set up in a jiffy's time in a park or street, in a field or on a vacant lot. The picture is projected from the truck to the screen. For exhibitions given with a program having a specific purpose in view there is advance publicity. It is never difficult, however, to get a crowd. It is better frequently to give shows entirely unannounced. In those cases, the truck is driven around the town where the exhibition is to be given. The man in charge goes to the local telephone exchange and has the manager inform the operators of what is to be done. Early in the evening the screen is set up, the phonograph started and in due time the crowd shows up—a larger crowd as a rule than when advance announcement is made. For the unexpected appearance of the truck and the phonograph music, amplified so that it may be heard for a mile or so, piques curiosity. People call up the telephone exchange to know what it is all about, are told, and then they hasten to the center of town to see for themselves.

"Frequently our equipages are taken for patent medicine or similar outfits, but when the people find that there is no surprise for them at the end of the show their pleasure is all the more and the effect is better," says Dr. Holley.

The bureau was among the first in this country to use a Frenchman's invention that makes daylight pictures possible. It enables them to give displays in work shops during the noon hours.

Phonograph records are made in singing keys so that crowds may join in and sing with them.

What kind of pictures are shown?

Virtually every kind except the sort proclaimed so loudly by the movie theaters of the large towns and cities. There are no "Midnight Meddlings" and "Love and Live" stuff, and in those localities where the trucks navigate most of the time no such pictures are wanted.

The films are informative. They show life in other lands and in different parts of our own country. They show how things are done; how various articles are made, for example. In a booklet issued recently 932 different films are listed, by titles, as available for use in this country alone. The first one on the list is entitled "Out of the Mud," being a good roads picture, prepared very probably by the United States Good Roads Bureau. Other titles taken at random are "Evolution of Writing," "Making Grape Juice," "A Day with a Park Ranger," "Skiing at Chamonix," "Battle of Cambrai," the last one on the list being, "Little Country Theater." The purpose is to teach as well as to inform and entertain. Thus, in addition to general exhibitions, many of a campaign or propaganda nature are provided for. At the present time one on behalf of good roads is being conducted at the behest of a good roads association in a southern state. Frequently a farming problem, like the cattle tick or the boll weevil in the South, is attacked by pictures sent forth by the bureau. At another time it may be a health problem, like malaria or infantile paralysis.

The motto of the bureau is "The Eye Beholds." Dr. Holley's theory is that you can attack anything with pictures, ignorance, prejudice, restlessness; and that they afford the best and quickest way for carrying information and visual delights to masses of people.

The infant mortality rate in India is terrific; in some parts of that poverty-stricken land, two of every three children die in babyhood.

Co-operating with the authorities there, the bureau put on a picture campaign; and in some localities a huge reduction has been shown in deaths among infants. On the wall of Dr. Holley's office there is framed a draft for $125 representing penny contributions made by Hindoo women and children to show their appreciation for the work of the bureau. That work comprised pictures alone, along with others used to catch the eyes and hold the interest of the audiences those pictures showed how babies should be cared for. There was no lecturing, no "surveys" and no pamphlets which the illiterates couldn't read and others would not be able to understand.

The bureau has used pictures in a similar way for fighting tuberculosis among the Eskimos of the Arctic regions, as well as for carrying knowledge of the outside world to those remote peoples. The Eskimos at first were afraid of the pictures. Agents of the bureau had to make and display pictures of the people themselves before they would permit exhibitions of something that at first seemed to them to be supernatural.

Health campaigns have been made in Mexico, South America and many other countries.

But the philanthropic is only a feature of the bureau's work. It is just as ready to give world distribution to a film that tells the story of American machinery or other kind of product we have to sell, as to fight a disease. Thus manufacturers and trade associations use it as a clearing house for informing the world about our industries. The bureau requires the pictures to be truthful and permits of no mere advertising or boosting. For example, it will send out a picture supplied by an American hat manufacturer. It shows the details of making good hats in this country. But when shown it will probably be accompanied by pictures displaying hat manufacture in other countries.



MISS A. MARIS BOGGS,

Dean of the Bureau of Commercial Economics. A graduate of Bryn Mawr, she has given ten years of her life to bettering the world through the eyes of mankind. "The best-known woman in the world," says Dr. Holley who, with her help, founded the bureau.

"What we seek to do," says Dr. Holley, "is, first in such a case, to show people how hats are made and promote the making of better hats. If our hat industry is thus given a wider market, well and good.

"While we co-operate freely with trade interests we are in no sense commercial. We charge no fees, earn no money and declare no dividends.

"Our main purpose is to carry pictures, and the right ones—the kind that will enable them to enjoy to the full the rich blessing of eyesight—to people who wouldn't otherwise see them. We don't care where those people are or in what country, we want to reach them—the more remote they are the more anxious we are to get to them pictures that will lighten their lives, broaden their outlook and help solve their problems." The bureau doesn't produce pictures, except on a lim-

Few Know of Their Work

RUSKIN wrote that there are a hundred persons who can talk, to one who can think, and a thousand who think, to one who can see. To help the millions everywhere, who have eyes but do not or cannot see as they should, to enjoy the blessed gift of sight, is the life-work of a wealthy man who for eighteen years was blind. Through the organization developed by him and a girl he terms "the best-known woman in the world" more than 2,000,000 persons in all parts of the world see helpful, informative and entertaining "movies" every month. And not one has ever been permitted to pay a penny for the privilege. Here is a stimulating story of true philanthropy that, although under way for several years and world-wide in its operations, has been done so quietly that rarely has a line appeared in the public prints concerning it.

ited scale. Most of those it displays or distributes are contributed free, some by the movie people themselves, others by concerns or organizations interested in giving distribution to various kinds of information, and by the co-operating governments.

Dr. Holley's organization works with any other that wants to help, and when it finds another covering a field as it would do, it withdraws and seeks another. It competes with no one, plays no selfish game. It is, in fact, an international clearing house for motion pictures of an educational type, and it is the only establishment of the kind in the world. It is a world-circulating library for films, now handling more than 50,000,000 feet, with tens of thousands of feet of new film added every month.

"Motion pictures may revolutionize the thought of the world," says Dr. Holley. "Their importance lies not so much in the 'play' pictures we see in the city theaters, but in the fact that they constitute an international language. In India, where we fought infantile paralysis and at the same time gave the people there information about the rest of the world, about twenty languages and dialects are spoken. We could deal with them all in a language understood anywhere, the language of action.

"Nearly all civilized children get their mental start from pictures. From pictures they learn that a horse is a horse, a cat a cat and a dog a dog. Even written language began in the form of pictures.

"We are wrong in thinking that pictures are solely for children or for amusement only. They are the best educational resource for adults. The motion picture, I believe, will be the medium for universal education and understanding and then of universal peace.

"I know of illiterate boys who learned trades from motion pictures. They have pathological value, too. Some day, I believe, they will be found to supply the best treatment for some forms of mental disease. In an institution I saw a man who for three years had been in a strait-jacket. I tried pictures on him. At first he didn't respond. But I gave him a dose of pictures once a week for several months. Finally, one showing life on the farm caught and held his attention. He began to mend and now seems to be as sane as you or I. The picture awakened lost recollections of his boyhood days and enabled him to get a clutch on his thoughts.

"Don't give me the credit for building up this establishment. The person who deserves that credit most is Miss A. Maris Boggs, dean of the bureau. She did more than anyone else and does more now and will carry it on when I am gone. Miss Boggs, I am confident, is the best-known woman in the world. What I mean is that she has met and is known by more actual people than probably any woman that ever lived."

It is probable that you never before heard her name and will wonder why you haven't seen her likeness in the newspapers or on the screen. Her fame lies chiefly among the millions of folk who never see the rotogravure section of a Sunday paper and are ignorant of the fact that big theaters are devoted to screen productions. In building up and carrying on the work of the bureau she has traveled over most of the world and has confined her activities largely to those sections and peoples out of contact with up-to-date life. She has directed picture expeditions in the Arctic, among the Indians of South America and Mexico, in India and the Far East. She is now preparing for a summer trip into the Far North. It will take her to the mouth of the McKenzie River. She has been voted membership in a dozen or more tribes of Indians and other primitive peoples.

She met Dr. Holley in the office of the specialist who restored his sight. She had just taken a degree from the University of Pennsylvania and the year before had graduated from Bryn Mawr. She told her of what he proposed to do with pictures and she volunteered to help. For nearly ten years, since the bureau was started, she has given her time without charge, and, though not wealthy, has made liberal money contributions to the work.



Top—One of more than thirty traveling "movies" that go into all parts of the world and never charge a penny for exhibitions.

Oval, at left—In this way they take motion pictures to the lonely people of the Far North.



Top—A crowd viewing a free picture show provided by the most singular "movie" organization in the world.

Oval, at right—In the Far North where Eskimos are provided with "movie" shows and also are taught through motion pictures how to save themselves from destruction by tuberculosis, by the Bureau of Commercial Economics.

How aid is extended is shown by the aftermath of Miss Boggs's trip to the north coast of Hudson Strait, where the natives were dying out of tuberculosis. She established a line of stations whereby the people in that region could be regularly supplied with pictures. But when she did so there were no funds to continue operation. On her way back she met Lord Northcliffe, the English publisher, and told him of what she had done. He immediately wrote out and handed her a check for $10,000. Many other world-prominent men have volunteered support, men like Sir Thomas Lipton and John Hays Hammond. Sir Robert Borden gave them a private car which has right of free passage over all the railroads of Canada.

The bureau has the singular privilege of free transit for its mail through the diplomatic pouches that go out from most of the legations and embassies in Washington. On the day the writer talked with Dr. Holley he had dispatched sixty-four pounds of mail through the British embassy. In co-operation with foreign governments pictures have been sent and displayed to such regions as Nigeria and Tahiti.

The bureau is perhaps the biggest distributor of our government films not only in this but also in other countries. Being non-governmental it can serve as a clearing house for the films of all governments.

The bureau's organization was used by the government in selling Liberty bonds during the war, helping with the food campaigns, and since the war has been used to promote war risk insurance among the ex-soldiers.

Its exhibitions have often been witnessed by crowds of more than 50,000 persons, but as a rule it doesn't seek the audiences of cities, but the folk away from blazing electric lights and the range of the customary movie show.

One condition attaches to every film displayed by the bureau directly or through others: Not a penny must be charged or accepted for the privilege of seeing it. No hat-passing is even permitted.

The films accepted for distribution must have no selfish purpose to serve. They must be informative, soundly entertaining and constructively helpful.

You may wonder, as the writer did, why such work has not been written of more. It is due to the fact that the establishment, while perhaps the world's greatest publicity organization, has never sought publicity for itself. Much of its work is done through or with others, like the universities and colleges, which it encourages to get full benefit for the good will developed.

"Our satisfaction comes from knowing that during every day of the year, and almost every hour of the day and night, more than 100 audiences in every part of the world are viewing pictures sent out by us, and are thus benefiting from and enjoying the blessed gift of eyesight," says Dr. Holley.

The Fever of Spending Public Money

By WILLIAM E. BORAH
United States Senator From Idaho

THE people will have to make up their minds that they are not going to get any money for real internal development, or for taking care of those things which are so essential to the betterment of industrial and agricultural conditions, until we adopt a different program with reference to those things which really swallow up the vast sums of money which Congress appropriates.

The appropriation bill for the Navy carries $395,000,000. We are about to construct and are in the process of construction of some 16 capital ships, which cost about $40,000,000 apiece. I am perfectly clear that we could suspend the building of at least six of these capital ships without detriment to the country, and ultimately without weakening the Navy, and thereby save $240,000,000. If we could cut a hundred million from the Army cost and two to three hundred million from naval cost, we would be cutting our expenses and making a saving which would mean something.

It is impossible, perhaps, to estimate the world's debt. Some have placed it as high as $348,000,000,000. Our own indebtedness, our public debt, is about $24,000,000,000. We are appropriating about $4,000,000,000 or $4,500,000,000 for current expenses, and we are facing a deficit of some $2,000,000,000.

The fever of spending which we contracted during the war is still raging. The joy riding in the Public Treasury is still our chief delight. This to me is a greater menace than any condition of affairs which we faced during the war. War has its menace and its threatening problems, but none more menacing than the shameless waste of public funds and the laying on of unnecessary burdens upon a people already bending under a fearful load. Do we fully appreciate the situation, or must we confess our inability or unwillingness to deal with it?

This debt, which now rests like a mortgage in process of everlasting foreclosure upon the brain and the energy of the human family, really staggers computation, and in its demoralizing and deadening effect beggars description. We seek to estimate it in figures and speak to each other in terms of billions, but all this signifies very little. It is when you undertake to measure this debt in foot pounds of human toil that its magnitude becomes bewildering. The privation and the misery, the suffering and the sacrifice, the men and women bending in hopeless drudgery, the children starved in body and stunted in mind, the families discouraged and broken up, the pauperism, the crime, the suicide, which its ever-pressing weight and subtle tyranny imposes, place its size and its effect beyond our power to portray.

The most exacting taskmaster in the world is the public debt. The most remorseless cruelty which a community as a whole can experience is this ceaseless, never-ending struggle to meet its obligations. If it has any advantages to bestow, it bestows them upon the few and well-favored—those who are able to hold bonds and collect the interest. But it sits with the average citizen at his meals and accompanies him in his daily avocation to take from him all that he can be persuaded or driven to give and leaves him nothing in return.

I think the public debt a curse. It eats out the substance of the people, kills initiative, undermines and corrupts society, breeds discontent and disorder, and often destroys government itself. The immediate and most commanding task of all those who would see a composed world and prosperous and orderly communities and states is to devise ways and means to reduce it, if possible, and in the name of humanity to see that it goes no higher.

The most stupendous fact at the close of the war was the world debt. The most pressing and complex problem was how to stay its growth and, if possible, lessen its weight. But no move was made, nor has there been any move made in that direction in any of the allied or associated countries. The futile and absurd proposition that the cost of the war and the world's debt could be extracted from Germany was flouted before the people, while the expenditures for militarism and armaments were increased beyond anything ever before contemplated. With incontinent haste and reckless plunging we began to compete with each other in building for future wars.

With our huge debt already upon us, with our current expenses greater than we dare lay taxes to cover, we surge ahead—plunge ahead toward universal bankruptcy. When are we going to lighten these burdens? How are we going to do it? Where is the program? Have we lost our cunning in everything in God's tortured world save that of appropriating public money? There must be a change of program some time, and in my judgment at no distant time.

In our own country business is worried and discouraged by crushing taxes, while 3,000,000 workmen are seeking employment. Taxes and appropriations, appropriations and taxes, will not cure such conditions. Unjust and oppressive taxation—this will destroy the morale of the most self-poised and patient people in the world and shake the foundation of the most noble and freest institution ever devised by sage or patriot.

From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, February 17, 1921.

B'nai B'rith Leader Discusses the Jews

Leo Levi Takes Up Jewish Question as to Race, Courage, Exclusiveness, Intermarriage, Etc. Logic Versus Loyalty

TO THE pro-Jewish spokesmen who have filled the air with cries of "lies" and "slander," to those self-appointed guardians of "American ideals" who rule out with rare finality all those who would dare suggest that possibly there is a hidden side of the Jewish Question, it must come as something of a jolt to be reminded that in this series there is scarcely a line that is without high Jewish authority.

The Protocols themselves are written for centuries in Jewish authoritative teachings and records. All the plans which have been described from time to time in these articles are written in the fundamental laws of the Jews. And all that the ancients have taught, the modern Jews have reaffirmed.

The writer of these articles has had to take constant counsel of prudence in his selection of material, for the Jews have always counted confidently on the fact that if the whole truth were told in one comprehensive utterance, no one would believe it. Thus, bigots and minds bursting with the discoveries they have made, have never been feared by the Jews. They counted on the incapacity of the non-Jews to believe or receive certain knowledge. They know that facts are not accepted on proof, but only on understanding. Non-Jews cannot understand why human beings should lend themselves to certain courses. They are, however, beginning to understand, and the proof is therefore becoming more significant.

There are yet more important revelations to be made, always following closely the best Jewish sources, and when these revelations are made, it will be impossible for the Jewish leaders to keep silent or to deny. The time is coming for American Jewry to slough off the leadership which has led it and left it in the bog. Leadership knows that. Indeed, it is amazing to discover the number of indications that the attempts made to suppress THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT have been made principally *to prevent the Jews reading it.* The leaders do not care how many non-Jews read these articles; but they do not desire their own people to read them. The Jewish leaders do not desire their people's eyes to be opened.

Why? Because, just now, only Jews can truly know whether the statements made in these articles are true or not. Non-Jews may know here and there, as their observations may confirm the printed statements. But informed Jews really *know.* And large numbers of the masses of the Jews really know. When they see the truth in all its relationships in these articles, the hitherto "led" Jew may not be so tractable. Hence the effort to keep the non-Jewish point of view away from him.

Calls Jews an Oriental People

IN SUPPORT of the statements that these articles have been based on Jewish authority, we quote today a series of declarations by one of the most able of the presidents of the B'nai B'rith, Leo N. Levi. Mr. Levi was American-born and died in 1904. He was a lawyer of distinction and attained the presidency of the international Jewish order, B'nai B'rith, in 1900. He took part in the international politics of his people and is credited with collaborating with Secretary of State John Hay on several important matters. The utterances here quoted were for the most made while he was president of B'nai B'rith, but all of them were published the year after his death under B'nai B'rith auspices. There is therefore no question of their Jewishness.

Non-Jewish defenders of the Jewish program have pretended to much indignation because of references that have been made to the Oriental character of certain Jewish manifestations. The references in these articles have been two in number, once regarding Oriental sensuality as it has been introduced to the American stage by Jewish theatrical panderers, and again in quoting Disraeli, the Jew who became premier of Britain, to the effect that the Jews—his people—were "Mosaic Arabs."

But it never seemed to have occurred to Leo N. Levi to deny the Oriental character of his race. Instead, he asserted it. On page 104 of the B'nai B'rith memorial, he excuses certain social crudities of the Jew on the ground "that hailing originally from the Orient and having been compelled for twenty centuries to live in a society of his own, he has preserved in his tastes much that is characteristically Oriental." Again on page 116, he excused the multiplicity of religious rites as being due to the fact that the Jew "drew upon his Oriental imagination for a symbolism that appealed to his ideal emotions." On page 312, he speaks of the Jews' "Oriental devotion to their parents." This easy recognition of the fact is commended to those bootlicking editors who, out of the vastness of their ignorance of the Jewish Question, have seen in the reference to Orientalism an "insult" to the Jews and an unfailing indication of anti-Semitism.

The Jewish Question! Ah, that is another point which pro-Jewish spokesmen hasten to deny, but they will be somewhat disturbed by the candor with which true Jewish spokesmen admit the Question.

In a strong passage on page 101, Mr. Levi says:

"If I have dwelt so long upon this subject, it is because I recognize that if the Jew has been denied so much that is rightfully his, he often claims more than is his due. One of these claims, most persistently urged, is that there is no Jewish Question; that a Jew is a citizen like any other citizen and that as long as he abides by the law and does not subject himself to criminal prosecution or civil action, his doings are beyond legitimate inquiry by the public at large.

"This contention on his part would certainly be well based if he claimed nothing further than the right to live in peace, but when he demands social recognition the whole range of his conduct is a legitimate subject of inquiry against which no technical demurrers can be interposed . . . . Nor must the Jew be over-sensitive about the inquiry.

The Jewish Question Not Imaginary

"THE inconsistencies and the unwisdom exhibited in the consideration of the Jewish Question are not to be found altogether on the side of those who are hostile to the Jews."

"Since then the refugees from Russia, Galicia and Rumania have raised the Jewish Question to commanding importance. Since then it has dawned on the world that *we are witnessing another exodus which promises soon to change the habitat of the Jews to the Western Hemisphere.*" (Page 59)

"The Jewish Question cannot be solved by tolerance. There are thousands of well-meaning people who take to themselves great credit for exhibiting a spirit of tolerance toward the Jews." (Page 98)

Mr. Levi also lays down rules for "the study of the Jewish Question," and he says that if they were followed the result "would be startling at once to the Jews and the general public." (Page 93) How far present Jewish leadership has departed from that frank and broad view taken by Mr. Levi, is everywhere evident.

Not that Mr. Levi was a critic of his people, but he was a lawyer who was accustomed to weighing facts, and he saw facts that weighed against his people. But he was pro-Jewish even in his most severe observations. He could make an attack on the rabbis, taunting them with the saying that "many of you are 'rabbis for revenue only,'" but he could also insist on Jewish solidarity and exclusiveness.

In this connection it may be interesting to see how strongly Mr. Levi supports the contention of Jewish leaders (as outlined in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of October 9 and 16, 1920) that the Jews are a *race* and not merely a *religion,* a nation and not merely a church, and that the term "Jew" is biological rather than theological. This is specially commended to the attention of those dim-minded shouters of "religious prejudice," who come into action whenever the Jewish Question is mentioned. (Of "religious prejudice" there are many examples to give in future articles.)

"Certain it is that thus far the race and the religion have been so fused, as it were, that none can say just where the one begins and the other leaves off. (Page 116)

A Race, Not a Religion

ATTACKING the contention of the "liberals" or "reformed Jews" to the effect that "Jew" is the name of a member of religious denomination, and not of a member of a certain race, Mr. Levi says:

"Nothing to my mind is more pregnant with error than this postulate of unreason. (Page 185) It is not true that the Jews are only Jews because of their religion." (Page 189)

"The Jews are not simply an indiscriminate lot of people who hold to a common belief." (Page 190)

"A native Eskimo, an American Indian might conscientiously adopt every tenet of the Jewish church, might practice every form and ceremony imposed by the Jewish laws and the Jewish ritual, and as far as the religion is concerned, be a Jew, but yet, no one who will reflect for a moment would class them with the Jews as a people. If the truth were known, a very large percentage of so-called Christians would be found to be believers in the essentials of the Jewish religion, and yet, they are not Jews.

"It requires not only that men should believe in Judaism, but that they should be the descendants in a direct line of that people who enjoyed a temporal government and who owned a country up to the time of the destruction of the second commonwealth.

"That great event took away from the Jews their country and their temporal government; it scattered them over the face of the earth, *but it did not destroy the national and race idea* which was a part of their nature and of their religion."

"Who shall say then, that the Jews are no longer a race? . . . . Blood is the basis and sub-stratum of the race idea, and no people on the face of the globe can lay claim with so much right to purity of blood, and unity of blood, as the Jews."

"If I have reasoned to any purpose, the inquiry of rights in the premises is not to be limited to Jews as the exponents of a particular creed, but *to the Jews as a race.*" (Pages 190-191)

"The religion alone does not constitute the people. As I have already maintained, a believer in the Jewish faith does not by reason of that fact become a Jew. On the other hand, however, *a Jew by birth remains a Jew, even though he abjures his religion.*" (Page 200)

This is the view of such men as Justice Brandeis, the Jew who sits on the Supreme Court of the United States. Justice Brandeis says, "Let us all recognize that we Jews are a distinct nationality *of which every Jew, whatever his country, his station, his shade of belief, is necessarily a member.*"

Believing all this, Mr. Levi subscribes to the Jewish law and practice of exclusiveness.

Describing the state of the Jews, Mr. Levi says (page 92): "The Jews have not materially increased or diminished in numbers for 2000 years. They have made no proselytes to their religion . . . . They have imbibed the arts, the literature and the civilization of successive generations, but have abstained very generally from intermixture of blood . . . . They have infused their blood into that of other peoples but have taken little of other peoples into their own."

Marrying a Gentile Like Marrying a Negro

AS TO intermarriage between the Jew and non-Jew, Mr. Levi calls it miscegenation. "In remote counries, sparsely populated, the choice may lie between such marriages and a worse rela[illegible]." Those are his words on page 249. He does not advise the worse relation, but he has said quite enough to indicate the Jewish view of the case. He continues:

"It seems clear to me that Jews should avoid marriages with Gentiles and Gentiles with Jews, *upon the same principle that we avoid marrying the insane, the consumptive, the scrofulitic or the Negro.*" (Page 249)

This exclusiveness goes down through all human relations. The Jew has one counsel for non-Jews and another for himself in these matters. Of the non-Jew he demands as a right what he looks down upon as shady privilege. He uses the Ghetto as a club with which to bludgeon the non-Jew for his "bigotry," when as a fact he chooses the Ghetto for well-defined racial reasons. He condemns the non-Jew for the exclusion of the Jew from certain sections of society, when as a Jew his whole care is to keep himself unspotted from that very society to which he seeks entrance. The Jew insists on breaking down non-Jewish exclusiveness, while keeping his own. The non-Jewish world is to be public and common, the Jewish world is to be kept sacrosanct. Read the teachings of this enlightened leader of Jewry as published by the B'nai B'rith.

He favors the public school for non-Jewish children, not for Jewish children: they are to be kept separate; they are the choice stock of the earth:

"Because the government tenders free education, it does not follow that it must be accepted; if education be made compulsory it does not follow that government schools must be attended . . . . As a citizen I favor free schools, because the education they afford, imperfect as it is, is better than none, and society is benefited thereby; but as an individual I prefer to pay to support free schools and send my children to more select places." (Page 253) He speaks of the fact that "all classes of children frequent the public schools" as an argument against Jewish children going there.

"In my judgment Jewish children should be educated in Jewish schools." (Page 254) "Not only is it a positive and direct advantage to educate our children as Jews, but it is absolutely necessary to our preservation. Experience has shown that our young people will be weaned from our people if allowed to indiscriminately associate with the Gentiles." (Page 255)

Discussing the possibility of Jews losing their crude-

ness, Mr. Levi asks, "How shall we best accomplish that end?" Then he quotes the frequent answer: "Since the exemplars of gentility most abound among the Gentiles, we should associate with them as much as possible, in order to wear our own rudeness away." He meets the suggestion this way:

"If gentlemen were willing to meet all Jews on a parity because they are Jews, we should doubtless derive much benefit from such association. But, while it is true that no gentleman refuses association with another because that other is a Jew, he will not, as a rule, associate with a Jew unless he be a gentleman. As we are far from being all gentlemen, we cannot reasonably expect to be admitted as a class into good society. So, better keep by ourselves," concludes Mr. Levi. (Page 260)

His Opinion of Jewish Courage

THAT is, Mr. Levi admits the willingness of society to meet Jews on equal terms, as with all others, but not on unequal terms. And this being so, Mr. Levi holds they had better meet as little as possible, they had better keep apart; in the formative years, certainly, Jewish young people should be kept rigidly apart from non-Jews. The exclusiveness of which the Jews complain is their own. The Ghetto is not a corner into which the non-Jews have herded the Semites; the Ghetto is a spot carved out of the community and consecrated to the Chosen People and is therefore the best section of the city in Jewish eyes, the rest being "the Christian quarter," the area of the heathen. Mr. Levi himself admits on page 220 that there is no prejudice against the Jew in this country.

Certain wild-eyed objectors to the series of studies on the Jewish Question have made the assertion that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has declared cowardice to be a Jewish trait. That the statement is false as regards this paper does not change the fact that the subject has been generally discussed in and out of army circles. If it ever becomes necessary to discuss it in these studies, the facts will be set forth as far as they are obtainable. But the point just now is that Mr. Levi has had somewhat to say which may repay reading:

"Physical courage has always been an incident, not an element, of Jewish character. It has no independent existence in their make-up, and always depended on something else. With some exceptions this may be said of all Oriental people. The sense and fear of danger is highly developed in them, and there is no cultivation of that indifference to it which has distinguished the great nations of Western Europe." (Page 205)

Were a non-Jew to call attention to this difference between the Jews and others, he would be met with the cry of "anti-Semitism" and he would be twitted with the fact that all his relatives may not have served in the war. Loudest to twit him would be those who served in what our soldiers called "the Jewish infantry," the quartermaster's corps in the late National Army.

It is to this aversion to danger, however, that Mr. Levi attributes the Jews' greatness among the nations. Other nations can fight, the Jews can *endure,* and that, he says, is greater. Note his words (the italics are his own):

"Other nations may boast conquests and triumphs born of aggression, but though the fruits of victory have been manifold, they have not been enduring; *and it may be truly said that the nation whose greatness grows out of valor* passes through the stages of discord and degeneracy to decay . . . . In the virtue of endurance I believe the Jews have a safeguard against the decay that has marked the history of all other peoples."

It appears, therefore, that the draft-dodger, if he can *endure* long enough, may yet come to own the country.

Jewish leaders have lately tried to minimize as "wild words" the disclosures made by Disraeli with reference to the Jews' participation in European revolutions. What Disraeli said can be found in his "Coningsby," or in the quotations made therefrom in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of December 18, 1920. With reference to the German Revolution of 1848, Disraeli wrote—before it had taken place:

> "You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate . . . . That mysterious Russian Diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organized and principally carried on by Jews. That mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reformation, and of which so little is yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews."

It is interesting, therefore, to hear Mr. Levi confirming from the American side those significant statements made by Disraeli.

Jews in German Revolution

"THE revolution of 1848 in Germany, however, influenced a great many highly educated Jews to come to America." (Page 181) "It is unnecessary to review the events of 1848; suffice it to say, that not a few among the revolutionists were Jews, and that a considerable number of those who were proscribed by the government at home, fled to the United States for safety." (Page 182) These German Jews are now the arch-financiers of the United States. They found here complete liberty to exploit peoples and nations to the full extent of their powers. They still maintain their connections with Frankfort-on-the-Main, the world capital of International financial Jewry.

With these quotations from the speeches and writings of Leo N. Levi, a famous president of the B'nai B'rith, it would seem to be a fair question as to the reason for the denial and denunciation which have followed the making of these statements in the course of this series of studies. Leo N. Levi studied the Jewish Question because he knew a Jewish Question to exist. He knew that the Jewish Question was not a non-Jewish creation but appeared wherever Jews began to appear in numbers. They brought it with them. He knew the justice of many of the charges laid against the Jews. He knew the impossibility of disproving them, the futility of shrieking "anti-Semitism" at them. He knew, moreover, that for the Jews to solve the Jewish Question by departing from the peculiar racial traditions of superiority, would be to cease to be Jews. Therefore, he threw his whole influence on the side of the Jews remaining separate, maintaining their tradition of The Chosen Race, looking upon themselves as the coming rulers of the nations, and there he left the Question just about where he found it.

But in the course of his studies he gave other investigators the benefit of his frank statements. He did not put lies into the mouths of his people. He was not endeavoring to maintain himself in position by prejudiced racial appeals. He looked certain facts in the face, made his report, and chose his side. Several times in the course of his argument, his very logic led him up to the point where, logically, he would have to cast aside his Jewish idea of separateness. But with great calmness he discarded the logic and clung to the Jewish tradition. For example:

"The better to facilitate such happiness in every country and in every age, various kinds of organizations have existed as they exist today. The Jews have theirs.

Where Logic Opposes Loyalty

"FOR many reasons they are exclusive. In theory they should not be so. In our social organizations we should, in deference to the argument which I have already named, admit any congenial and worthy Gentile who honors us with his application. But what may be theoretically correct may be found practically wrong. It certainly is a wrong to exclude a worthy person because he does not happen to be a Jew; but on the other hand, where are you to draw the line?"

This is frankness to a fault. Of course, it is wrong, but the right is impractical! Logic goes by the boards in the face of something stronger. Mr. Levi is not to be blamed for having gone to his tribe. Every man's place is with his tribe. The criticism belongs to the lick-spittle Gentile Fronts who have no tribe and become hangers-on around the outskirts of Judah, racial mongrels who would be better off if they had one-thousandth of the racial sense which the Jew possesses.

This brief survey of the philosophy which Mr. Levi both lived and taught, and which is shared by the leaders of American Jewry, is in strict agreement with Jewish principles all down the centuries. In his published addresses Mr. Levi does not touch upon all the implications of the separateness which he enjoins upon his nation. Why do they keep by themselves? What is it that keeps them distinct? Is it their religion? Very well; let us regard them as a sect of religious recluses and wish them well in their endeavors to keep themselves unspotted of the world. Is it their race? So their leaders teach. Race and nationality are strictly claimed. If this is so, there must be a political outlook. What is it? Palestine? Not that any one can notice. A great deal may be read about it in the newspapers, the newspapers in turn being supplied through the Associated Press with the Jewish Telegraph Agency's propaganda dispatches; but no one in Palestine notices the Land becoming more Jewish. Jewry's political outlook is world rule in the material sense. Jewry is an international nation. It is this, and nothing else, which gives significance to its financial, educational, propagandist, revolutionary and immigration programs.

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

A second book, containing the second twenty articles, will soon be ready and may be ordered now.

Jewish World Notes

"We have received a publication issued by a committee of Jews in New York, the purpose of which is defensive propaganda. If the Jews get in bad repute in America it will be their own fault. As a general proposition, America has felt kindly toward this remarkable race. They have been persecuted in many nations. America gave them refuge, liberty and opportunity. Very well, now let the Jew behave himself. Let him stop his effort to destroy the American Sabbath. Let him cease to prostitute the American theaters and motion pictures, which he controls, to the undermining of the character of America's youth. This he is doing by the wholesale, out of perversity or the love of money or both. The way salacious scenes, presenting the grosser phases of sex life, are lugged into the motion picture is becoming a scandal and an outrage on American decency. We will treat these sons of the flesh of Abraham well, if they will let us. But America is being forced to take cognizance of certain perversities in society at the end of which stands the Jew. These things must go, or Americanism suffer irreparable injury. We are willing to hear the Jew's defense, but let him cease to contaminate America's life, or America will have to deal with him sternly to protect itself."—*Western Recorder,* reprinted by the *Christian Statesman.*

Germany cannot pay indemnities, but Kuhn, Loeb & Company are receiving large shipments of gold from Europe, and it is supposed to be, if not Russian gold, then German. This firm has many German connections unbroken by the war.

The *Medizinische Klinik* quotes from a letter in the Vienna *Allgemeine Zeitung,* written by an Austrian physician who has recently returned from Russia. He says that the final step in the transformation of medical practice into a state function has been taken recently by the Soviet government. This prohibits private practice by physicians. This was the last private business still permitted, as arrangements had to be made for free dispensaries at available points. The physicians living near the dispensaries are given charge of them, at a fixed salary. The sanatoriums and private hospitals had been taken early for the purpose, retaining their former proprietors as directors. The writer adds, "The middle classes whose fate in all socialistic movements is to be ground between the millstones of capital and labor, have simply been ground out of existence, or crushed down into the proletariat. The forbidding of private practice now consequently has scarcely any significance for the physicians of Russia."

Verily, the prophecies of the Protocols are being fulfilled.

The Hearst papers, loudest to demand breaking the trade treaty with Russia in 1909 because the Jews wished it, are now demanding trade with Bolshevik Russia. To please the same people?

The following is translated from the *Asashi Shinbum,* of Tokio, Japan:

"There goes a rumor that a certain Jew has spent many tens of millions of yens to spread in Japan Bolshevistic ideas. The police has made an investigation, the results of which are kept a secret.

"We have interrogated the authorities, who gave the following answer: 'There are in Yokohama about two hundred Jews and in Kobe more than a hundred. They are also numerous in Tokio. As to China, there are about 800 in Shanghai alone. They have much influence in religious, intellectual and economical circles. In California, the Jews, or their henchmen, are at the head of the anti-Japanese movement. They exercise a considerable influence not only in these countries, but also in Japan and we are watching them closely.'"

George Pitt-Rivers' pamphlet, "The World Significance of the Russian Revolution," having a prefatory letter by Dr. Oscar Levy, may be had in this country of The Beckwith Company, 299 Madison avenue, New York.

In Denver, recently, a 13-year-old boy stole some candy from a grocery store and is still in prison for the theft—more than a year ago. Julius Josephson embezzled $6,027 and was released in 50 days. The man from whom Josephson embezzled was besieged day and night by "influential Jewish families" and rabbis. The boy who stole the candy was not a Jew. A Denver paper printed a list of Jews who were alleged to have contributed to a fund for Josephson's release.



When hemp was cut by hand.

Hemp shocked waiting to be hauled.

The Plant That Sews Our Shoes

WHILE the Pharaohs were laying the foundation stones of the pyramids, the cave-dwellers of Europe were wearing rough garments made from a common fiber plant. Today the same fiber sews our shoes and rigs our ships. It was the plant from whose resinous gums the Arabians obtained the intoxicating drug *hashish* even as the Hindus do today.

Aeschylus is credited by Boyce, writing two decades ago, with stating that "the plant was burned and used for vapor baths," while Herodotus says, "the Scythians were intoxicated by inhaling the fumes of the burning seed." In Sanskrit it was termed *sana,* meaning a hollow reed-like plant or cane; Persians named it *canna* and *kanap;* the Greeks gave it the appellation *kanna*—a reed and anything made from it; but we Anglo-Saxons by introducing a number of variations have come to call it *hemp.*

Hemp today is grown in Europe, Asia and America and its fibers are used not only to make fine lacy threads which rival silk, but to constitute the strong ropes and yarns used on shipboard. The great tensile strength and resistance to water and wear make hemp a great favorite with the sailors who use so much cordage of all kinds. The hemp family like all others has numerous branches each one serving its purpose, and while the Japanese grow hemp for birdseed we are raising it for the fiber which is employed in sewing harnesses and shoes; for making sacks and sewing the housewife's broom as well as for fine and coarse wrapping twine. In the Navy it serves for sail thread, marlines, houselines and for serving or covering steel ropes and cables to prevent the disintegrating action of the salt water. The furniture makers wrap springs with hemp to insure upholstery against rust and tie the wool in place in mattresses with hemp thread.

Hemp grows from the equator to the latitude of 60 degrees and no other fiber plant is so adapted to the wide soil and climatic conditions and the rude arts of the semi-barbaric husbandman, yet none is more responsive to culture or better rewards the skill of the weaver and spinner. Lace threads are spun from hemp by hand to the fineness of 600 miles for each two and one-half pounds of fiber while cotton and wool yield only 350 miles for the same amount of fiber. This alone would make hemp popular but no machinery has yet been invented which can compete with hand spinning at a reasonable cost.

Perhaps because of the persistency with which it has been studied and cultivated for thousands of years, hemp is still used for making fine threads and cloth although its usefulness for making cordage, seines and fishlines has not been neglected. Introduced into America in 1629 it had obtained a strong start, but the invention of the cotton gin in 1792 made cotton growing so much more profitable that except for Kentucky hemp was almost exterminated. The invention which made one industry delayed the growth of another for a century. Costly hand labor made hemp growing impossible and twenty years ago only a few thousand acres were grown in the entire United States.

Then something happened. A scarcity of sisal fiber in Yucatan threatened a twine shortage in the country and urged by this necessity a few earnest workers began the promotion of an almost-dead culture.

Previous to 1910 no plant received less attention from inventors. "The industry still lives in the bluegrass region of Kentucky in all the pristine glory and primitive practices of its establishment a hundred years ago," wrote Boyce, reviewing hemp in 1900.

But to understand the difficulties let us examine more closely the plant itself. Grown for fiber the stalks reach a height of from eight to ten feet in 80 days. Tourists, unfamiliar with the crop and driving through the new hemp region of Wisconsin often amuse the residents by mistaking it for ragweed. A hemp field gives forth a half-bitter, half-unpleasant odor and the finely cut leaves do indeed resemble the roadside weed. The reed-like stalks are colored a yellowish green and except for the top leaves are smooth and glossy. Just beneath the greenish outer coat, however, and buried in the gummy matter of the bark, lie the strong fine fibers and it is in removing them from the wood part of the stem that the difficulty is encountered.

European and even the old Kentucky cultivators used to soak the stalks in specially constructed ponds or tanks after they had laboriously cut their crop with hand sickles. The water soon decayed the gums and then when the hemp was dried it was possible to separate the fibers from the partly rotted stalks. Now the fiber crop is spread on the ground and allowed to undergo the action of rain, sunshine and dew until the rotting or "retting" is completed. Less labor is required although some of the quality is lost.

After drying in the old days the hemp was taken to the "brake" where a man worked hard and long all day to brake a hundred pounds of fiber or in other words to separate the fiber itself from the stem or "hurds." Machinery in the new hemp mills of Wisconsin does the same work easier and cleaner at the rate of one thousand pounds an hour or one hundred pounds in six minutes.

In 1908, R. A. Moore, plant breeder at the University of Wisconsin, became interested in hemp. He proved shortly that it could grow in his state and while he dreamed of its possibilities he realized that unless machinery could remove the hand-labor nothing could be accomplished. Large machinery companies who were feeling the twine shortage and even individuals responded to the call for harvesting machinery and with interest aroused the plant breeder turned over the work to A. H. Wright, whose reputation has earned him the nickname of "The Hemp Man."

In September when harvest time comes, a machine cuts the tough stalks and even spreads them on the ground outside the track of the tractor. Five years ago the spreading was done by hand. A space of a month or six weeks elapses before the retting is completed and another machine gathers up the stalks and ties them in bundles. This is still done by hand in some instances but the large percentage of the crop is harvested by farmers with no more energy expended than is needed in an ordinary grain crop. The farmer's work is completed when he has hauled and stacked his crop at the mill.

In 1920 Wisconsin valued her hemp crop at more than a million dollars and twenty-eight mills engage several hundred men from September until July breaking the crop and preparing it for the spinning mills.

The little mills out in the country villages are unique and interesting. From the stackyard, hemp is fed into a long oven nearly two hundred feet long where hot blasts of air properly dry the stalks. The new "brake" is a series of corrugated rollers and shakers which separate the fibers and hurds much better than the old hand implement. A large revolving cylinder with many teeth combs out the hurds and leaves the hemp fibers in long silky masses ready to be baled and bound.

Everything inside the factory is covered with lint and dust and in spite of the ventilating fans the mills are tremendously dirty. Not only do the fans ventilate but they suck out the refuse of the brake and throw it into the fire under the boiler. Little coal is used, for the hurds burn like tinder and their presence about the factory makes it very necessary that the night watchman be ever on the alert for smoldering fires which suddenly break out in such fury that the factory is wiped clean before help can arrive. Fires are still rather frequent in spite of the fireproof mills now replacing the old wooden structures.

After watching the fire under the boiler in such a mill I made my way to the baling room. The foreman presented me with a handful of the fine silken strands and to test their strength I attempted to break a few twisted strands. After several vain attempts in which my hand suffered more than did the fiber, I glanced at the man who was smiling keenly at my failure.

"Try to break a single fiber," he suggested.

But even that was too strong and I began to realize more fully why it was, rope made from such fiber challenges the strength of steel.

The fiber crop of the ancients has at last found its place in the field of modern industry.



The crop spread out to dry.

From rough fiber to fine thread.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money" VI. Snakes and Small Boys

By HARRY BARNET

"'GOVERNOR,' when did you learn to ride a horse in a circus ring?" was the question I asked John F. Robinson at the beginning of this interview. We were seated on the ring bank in the training barn at the winter quarters of his circus in the Little Miami country, near Cincinnati. I turned loose the query with the hope that he would dip into his memory, and pull out of it something that would give me an idea of what youngsters who traveled with the pioneer wagon shows did as a matter of every-day routine and amusement. No one seems to have had much to say on that subject.

And I queried the right man. No one is better able to answer the questions I had in mind.

"When I was so little that I couldn't sit on a pony," the "Governor" replied to the question I asked, "and to keep me on pa had to tie my legs to the surcingle and the stirrups, I rode races in the ring.

"In those days, you know," he went on, "we only had one ring. There was no hippodrome track between it and the seats, like we have in these days. The tent was so small that the seats came almost to the ring bank. The performances always were brought to a close with races. Necessarily they were run in the ring. Boys on ponies could run them better there than men could do it on horses, so these races always were between boys on ponies. My cousin rode one of the races with me. He was only a few months older than I was, but in his mind and his size he was a good deal older, and I thought he was older. One day in Augusta, Georgia, when we were sitting in the dressing room waiting our turn to go in, he was showing me how to hold my reins. He would whip my pony, and I would jerk him, and seesaw him, and I got my pony worked up until he was mighty restless.



One of the repair shops at winter quarters.

"At last, he couldn't stand the punishment any longer and he went out under the side canvas. Of course, I hit the side canvas and the guy ropes, and that threw me back on to the pony. At the same time it broke my hold, and I fell around under the pony. You can tell how small I was. This was a small pony, and I was hanging down underneath him the whole length of the stirrups, and my whole body and legs, but my head didn't touch the ground. I had long, curly hair, and when this pony ran down the street like old fury, it looked as though every time his front feet came up they were knocking me on the head—and, in fact, they did it two or three times.

"In those days, towns in the South used surface drainage; they had a big ditch in the middle of the streets, and three or four smaller ones on the side of the main ditch.

"Well, the pony ran about a mile that way, and everybody in the circus was after us, and everybody in the streets was chasing us, but at the same time they couldn't see us until the pony got by the stores and one thing and another, and the ditches made chasing us a hard job. At last, an old darkey ran his dray across one of these streets, and jumped across the ditch. When he got on the other side he caught the pony. So after it was all over there was nothing the matter, only a big sensation; everybody thought I was killed, and I wasn't even scared. The reason I remember it so well was because I had sore eyes then, and pa used to pour molasses into them every day to cure them.

"I was only a little older when pa started to teach me to ride on old 'Billy,' a mare that we had with the show. And he had to jolly me along a good deal to get me to learn to ride. While I was ambitious, yet I was such a tiny boy that I didn't realize what I was doing.

"But while I did excel any of them in riding and tumbling during my boyhood, I never was much of an athlete. I never had any ambitions to go into the air—I always was afraid of tumbling too far. While at the time I had made up my mind that I wanted to do something else with the show, I knew for the time being I was in for riding and tumbling, and I thought I would go as far as I could.

"But getting up on a horse and turning somersaults was a hard proposition for me, though I had the crude appliances to keep me from getting hurt. We had a mechanician—a pole attached to the center pole at an angle, and a rope running down from its end. I tied the rope to my belt, and if I fell I was left dangling in the air until 'Billy' came around again under me. But somehow or other, I didn't have sand enough to flop over at the start, and pa jollied me along every way he could. He tickled me a lot, too, with the lunge whip, but still I couldn't get over.

"'If you will do the somersault once,' he said one day, 'you will break the ice, and we'll quit for the day.'

"He knew that if I did it once," the "Governor" said after he had paused to chuckle, "there would be no more trouble. Finally, he said he would give me a couple of ponies, and harness and a buggy if I would turn a somersault. I accepted them, and then I knew I'd have to turn that somersault. I got up and did it, and it wasn't very long before I could do a somersault on a horse as well as I could roll over on the ground.

"After I got the ponies, it wasn't very long until I was riding the two of them in the ring. I wore a monkey suit with a monkey mask that had eyes I could roll and wink with a string. In the South, the Negroes thought I was a real monkey, you know, and I always finished that act by jumping off the ponies, and running up into the seats among them. That frightened the Negroes almost into a panic, and they scattered all over the canvas to get away from me. Then I dropped down between the seats, and walked along the side canvas to the dressing room.

"Well, one night when I dropped through the seats I landed right on a dirty, rusty rake, lying there with the prongs up. One of the prongs ran through my foot. It hurt me so that I couldn't do anything for a few seconds. Then I was too stubborn to ask anybody to help me. With the long handle to the rake in my road, I couldn't get the prong out of my foot. Finally, I stood up, put my other foot on the rake handle, and gradually worked that prong out of my foot. It took quite a lot of exertion to do it, too.

"I went to the dressing room, and I don't remember whether my foot bled or not. Anyway, I dressed and went to the hotel with my mother. It was wintertime, cold and chilly, but I never said a word. Next day the instep was swollen, and as sore as a boil. There had been nothing done to the wound, you know. Within a day or two there was a raised place on my foot as big as your fist, and I was sick and chilled all the time. One day I tried to put on my tights, but my foot was so swollen by that time that I couldn't get my foot through at all.

"The thing hurt me so that the tears were running down my face. One of the performers asked me what I was crying about, and I showed him my foot. I guess it was then about a week after the accident happened, and you can imagine what kind of a foot I had. It never had had any attention. The performer told my mother about it, and she came to the dressing room. I showed her my foot and she sent for pa. He had me taken to the hotel. I hadn't rested since the thing happened, either awake or asleep, it hurt me so. I was out in the cold every day, walking on this foot, putting on tights and old canvas pumps, my feet cold as ice most of the time, and it was time for something to happen.



Effects of a "blow-down." Windstorms sometimes level the tents with but little or no warning.

They laid me on a couch in the hotel in front of the fireplace, with my foot on a pillow. I lay on my back while the doctor lanced it. There was no such thing then as hypodermic syringes, and morphine was unknown. The only thing we ever had heard of was chloroform, and we were afraid of it. When he drew his knife across the raised place, the matter and pus came out like a fountain, an inch or two inches high. I was so relieved that I dropped to sleep before the doctor had wiped his knife. Then he dressed the wound, and next day I was back in the ring. Nowadays, if that would happen to anybody he would have lockjaw, and be dead in a day or two. So you can see, in old days, kids around the circus didn't have a very easy life.

"We always looked like a county fair, moving from place to place," the "Governor" continued without the necessity of questioning. "There were a lot of fellows who didn't belong to us following the show. They were traders of all kinds, who worked among the crowds that were attracted to the show.



Worn-out sleepers overturned along the winter storage tracks for the circus cars.

"There were some pretty decent fellows among them. One of them was a buggy trader. We weren't very old then—my brother and my cousins—and for some reason mother stayed in Augusta, Georgia, for a while. Pa didn't have much time to look after us, and we did pretty nearly as we pleased.

"It was mighty cold weather, and this trader never had less than six buggies tied one behind another as he went from town to town. We used to fill a buggy apiece with fodder and straw at night, hide in the bottom of it, and go to sleep while he drove from town to town. Otherwise we would have to sit on the seats of the baggage wagons all night long.

"One morning we woke up about six o'clock, and looked out from our nests. The trader had stopped, and was talking to a planter. We went to sleep again, and it was nine or ten o'clock when we woke up. We were in the same place. The planter had invited the trader to stay there for a few days while he helped him to sell a few buggies.

"Well, it was eight or ten miles to the town where we were to show that day, and there was nothing to do but to walk that distance. We weren't giving parades in those days, so we didn't have to be there before the matinee. We got into the town about noon. I grabbed my tights, and the other boys did the same thing, and we started out to find a mammy to wash them for us. We found one, but she only had half an hour to do it, and get them ironed. Well, she couldn't do it all, so I got her to wash my tights, and wring them out. I took them to the dressing room wringing wet.

"It was an awful cold, blustery day. I don't think any of us had washed our hands and faces for a week—it was too cold to do it. We had been standing over the fat pine knot fires on the lot until we were as black as darkies. As I was putting on these tights just before the performance, the wind was blowing as cold as could be through the dressing tent and I was shivering. Every time I took hold of the tights to pull them on my hands were so dirty that when I let loose of them there was the whole print of my hand on the legs of them. By the time I got them on they not only were stretched five times too big for me, but they were blacker than they were before I had them washed.

"Pa came in just as I finished putting on the tights. He saw me standing there shivering, and how dirty I was. The first thing I knew he grabbed me by the back of the neck, stripped me, and stood me head first in a bucket of cold water. Then he commenced to scrub me with a blacking brush and a bar of that old-fashioned resin soap. He nearly scrubbed my skin off—that resin soap was awful stuff.

"The other boys stood around, laughing and giggling at me. They thought it was a pretty good joke. When pa got through with me he shoved me away. The next instant he had one of my cousins, who was a little bit older, standing on his head in a water bucket. He got the same dose. Then it was my turn to giggle and laugh. By this time the older boys saw what was coming, and they hustled around, and got buckets and tubs and pails and soap, and when pa got through with my cousin, and looked around to get the next boy in line, there they were, all sitting in a row as naked as the day they were born, grinning at him, and as clean as they could be. Then pa sat down in his old leather-seated chair and laughed.

"But that method of getting from town to town without riding on the baggage wagons gave me an unreasonable fear of snakes," the "Governor" said, "and of the people who handle them. That may seem to be a queer statement from a man who has owned thousands and thousands of reptiles, from eighteen and twenty-foot snakes to little fellows that 'Hiki' used to eat in the side show at every performance.

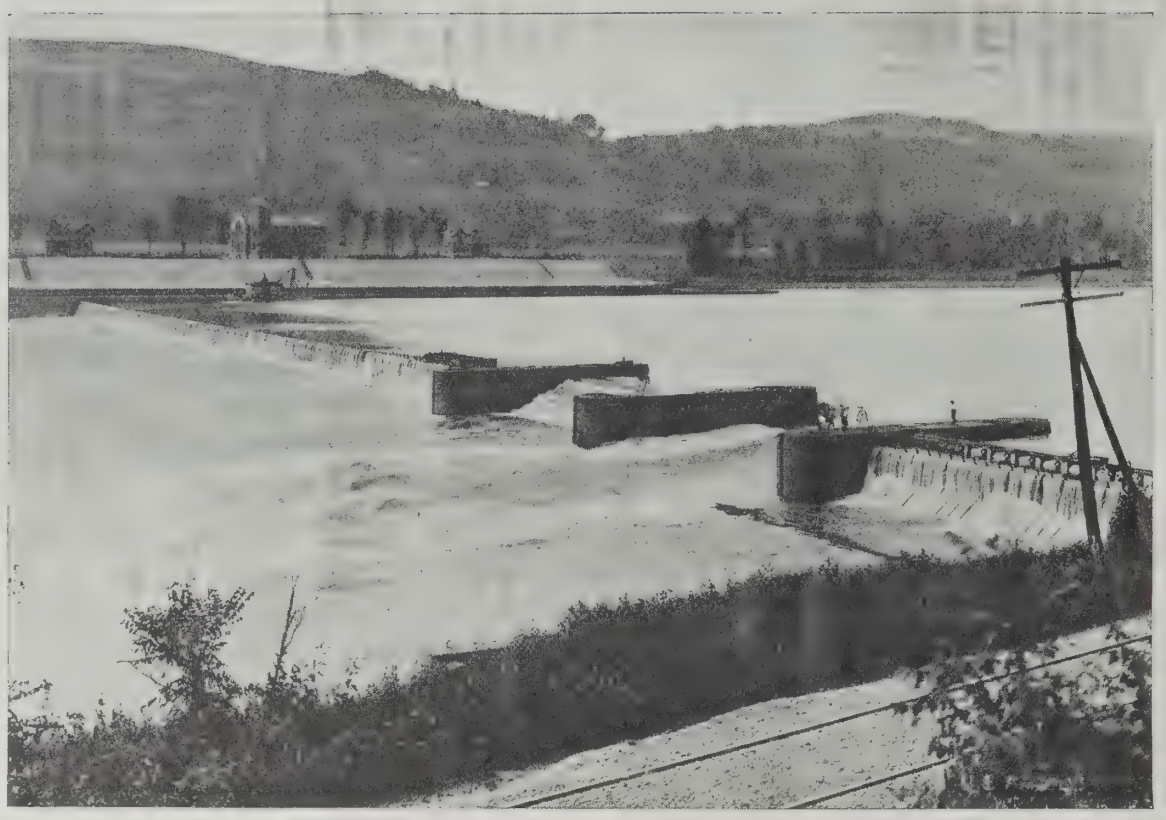
"The first time we went into Texas and Indian Nation in the early 50's, there were five or six of us boys with the show. Before we left Texas pa bought us some mustang ponies to ride from town to town. And after the show was over at night we would ride fifteen or twenty miles, then lie down on the prairie and sleep until sunrise. Then we would get up, and ride the rest of the way to the next town. Sometimes it would take hours for the baggage wagons to make that distance. After a while, one boy would ride his pony, and lead another fellow's pony one night, and change about the next night. Then we could get in the baggage wagons and sleep all night long. I had a very wild pony, as black as the ace of spades. One night when my cousin started to lead my pony, he carelessly tied the halter to his wrist. He wasn't very far from town when he dropped to sleep, and slid off his pony.

"That scared my pony and he started off on a run, dragging my cousin probably a mile or more over what was named a 'hog wallow prairie,' which was nothing more than bumps and hollows, like the hogs had been there rooting and hunting around. By the time he got the pony stopped my cousin had no clothes left on him, except the collar of his shirt, and not a particle of skin from his knees to his head.

"This happened where there was no water, and when his father found him, and commenced to look around for something to wash him in, he couldn't think of anything else but whether anybody around the show had any liquor. Almost every man on the wagons carried a bottle of whisky, and they poured it all into one bucket. It made about a bucketful, and my cousin was washed in that. You can imagine how much misery that young fellow went through. It took him about three or four weeks to get the sores pretty well healed up. And that put a stop to us trading off for the chance of sleeping in the wagons. Every fellow had to ride his own pony, and even that ended in a short time. Of course, the custom had to go out in a spec-

(Concluded on page 14)

Constructing a Canal Out of a Great River



THE RUSH OF WATER THROUGH A LOWERED "BEAR-TRAP"

By HARRY PENCE

THE Ohio River is officially declared by the Department of Commerce to be the "most important commercial stream" in the United States. It is a fraction more than 968 miles long from Pittsburgh to Cairo, Illinois, between which the air line is less than 540 miles.

This considerable difference means that the course of the stream is winding, a characteristic of all rivers in which the Ohio River is not extreme. The explanation is that in the earth's formative period the waters that accumulated along what became its course first formed lakes in the deeper valleys at irregular points and, as these filled, the higher sought outlets into the lower pools. These connecting links, although they often cut deep into the earth, became shallow as soon as they drained the lakes of which they were the outlets.

Modified by the natural processes of centuries, during which the current cut its way toward what is now the mouth of the river, and silt, or river mud, became deposited along the banks, the Ohio still remains a succession of pools connected by shallow stretches, or shoals, which, during the drier seasons of the year, long made navigation possible only for flat-bottomed boats of small draft, and were occasionally impassible even to these.

To meet such conditions boats were designed that, in the vernacular of the day, were able to "run on a heavy dew" and old-time pilots tell of instances in which they had to slow down so as not to run over horse-drawn vehicles fording the river.

This impediment to navigation was greatest near the source, where the fall was greatest, especially where there were rocky instead of sandy bottoms. In the first hundred miles of the Ohio the slope is a foot to the mile. In the next 270 miles the average is 5.7 inches, which is about the average of the entire stream. The lower stretches have a lesser fall and the advantage of an augmentation of the volume of water from the tributaries of the river.

Dam Is Built in the Ohio

BEFORE the improvement of the river was begun, the number of days in the year upon which navigation on any considerable scale was possible in the upper stretches seldom exceeded a hundred and sometimes fell below that. In the middle reaches there were about that number of days of interruption to traffic on account of low water—and the demand for an adequate channel was greatest where the interruption was most frequent.

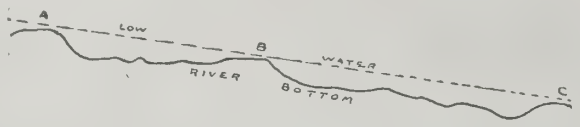
The plan to improve the channel of the Ohio River owes its inspiration to the example of the Monongahela River, one of the two streams the confluence of which at Pittsburgh makes the Ohio. There were rich deposits of "coking" coal along the Monongahela in mines close to the river and the mills and factories of Pittsburgh needed this coal in the largest volume and at the cheapest price it could be delivered. A private corporation was formed, French achievements in the same line studied and the Monongahela, which, in its original condition, was less adaptable for navigation than the Ohio, was converted into a canal by means of a series of dams, passage around which was effected through locks much the same as those in the Panama or the New York Barge Canal and at Sault Ste. Marie and differing only in size and mechanical refinement from those in vogue on the old canals now abandoned. This enterprise was entirely successful. The tolls were light, but returned a profit until the Federal Government took over the work and eliminated all traffic charges.

To complete the canalization of the Monongahela a dam was built in the Ohio, a few miles below its source, which provided a pool stage in the harbors of Pittsburgh.

There have been few government improvements that have more thoroughly justified themselves, economically, than has the Monongahela River. In addition to supplying the plants in the Pittsburgh district with fuel at all times when the advantage could scarcely be measured in money, the determinable economy is glaring. The saving in the cost of coal transportation in the year 1919 was an amount greater than the cost of the original construction of the locks and dams and in the year 1920 a twenty per cent increase in the volume of traffic made the economy even greater.

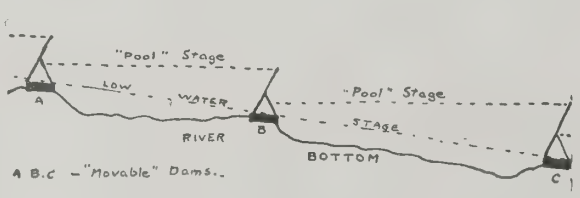
Heartened by this example the Federal Government undertook the present project of a similar canalization of the Ohio River to a full nine-foot stage at all seasons of the year from Pittsburgh to Cairo, so that the only interruptions to navigation would be extreme floods and running ice—impediments about as formidable as storms to the railroads.

The method employed is, in reality, very simple, if it can be properly explained. In its original condition the river, during low-water stages, was somewhat like this:



There may have been and probably was water enough to allow navigation between "A" and "B" and between "B" and "C" but no boat of any size could get from "A" to "C" or from any point between them to points outside. They had the choice of operating in very limited stretches of the river, or, when there was not sufficient business in communities between which navigation was possible, tying up and waiting for higher water.

The plan for overcoming this handicap, which comprises the erection of fifty-three dams and the creation of the same number of "pools," between which communication is made easy by means of locks, is in essentials like this:



There is much that is technical, very technical, about the canalization of rivers. Engineers have spent their lives studying the matter and there are several large volumes devoted to it, but here we are concerned with the simplest outlines, which, with the illustrations, ought to bring understanding to one who has never seen any of the work and has no previous knowledge of its principles.

The second diagram adds to the first three "movable" dams, each of which arrests the flow of water till it rises to a navigable stage at the foot of the dam above. On the river this is called "slack-water" and the term is used to distinguish traffic between dams from "Open River" or "Open Channel" navigation.

Why It's Termed "Movable" Dam

THE term "movable" dam is used because the dams are not built of masonry or concrete, but are composed of a large number of separate wickets, or heavy wooden planks pivoted on a frame of metal with a brace that holds them up inclined slightly downstream. There are technical reasons for this which we may well take on faith. The frame and brace are so devised that when the river is high the wickets constituting any dam can be lowered and boats pass through the open channel without the necessity of "locking through." At such times only the shore work indicates that a dam exists.

The next essential unit of the lock-and-dam system is the lock. It is not often that the passenger on a steamboat sees more of the lock than what obtrudes above surface. The lock-chamber is the space between two parallel walls at right angles to the dam and two end gates, one above and one below the dam. The upper gate connects with the upper pool and the lower gate opens into the pool created by the next dam down the river. The downward bound boat enters the lock after the chamber has been filled to the level of the upper pool. Then the upper gates are closed and the water allowed to flow out of the chamber till it is level with the lower pool, when the lower gates are opened and the boat continues on its way. To pass the upstream boat the processes are reversed. A boat can "lock through" a well-regulated, properly manned lock in ten minutes, if the chamber is at the right level, or fifteen, if it has to be filled or emptied first.

This, in brief, is the method by which the Ohio River is being made into a canal—dams are converting the open channel into a series of pools and access from pool to pool is had by means of locks.

There are incidental features to the locks and dams that are worthy of attention. All the dams on the Ohio River are equipped with "Bear-Traps" or two large weirs which can be quickly lowered to permit the passage of small heads of water that might otherwise overflow the dams, but which are known to be of too short a duration to justify the lowering of the wickets. They are operated almost automatically by a most ingenious control of the water under two great, overlapping gates, like cellar doors, which are regarded as emergency or safety gates of the dam.

The wickets that constitute a dam are large and heavy. They are more than seventeen feet long, three feet wide and correspondingly thick. They are heavy, but, like all heavy substances, are more easily handled under water. They are, however, too ponderous to be manipulated by hand and are raised and lowered by the crew of a "maneuvering boat" equipped with the necessary machinery. A trained crew can raise a dam in a few hours and lower it in less time. The raising of the wickets becomes a more difficult job as it reaches its end, because the rush of water through the narrowing opening acquires a great momentum. Men skilled at the task, however, handle it in a manner that would amaze the average land-lubber. A photograph on the next page shows the "maneuvering boat" and crew at work.

Forty Years' Work Nears End

AS WE have had before us a view of each of the essential units of an Ohio River lock-and-dam, it will probably give a clearer idea if we consider the photograph showing all these units in their proper relation. The power necessary to operate the machinery of the lock and to light the lock and the dwellings of the lock-master and the engine-man is generated in the building shown on the right. Both gates of the lock chamber are closed. These gates are of the so-called "recess" type, differing from those shown in the above picture in that they are each one steel-truss barrier on a track and are drawn back into a recess in the bank. The other gate—the "mitre sill"—is a pair of great swinging doors that, even when they are closed, point a little upstream, because there is whence the greater pressure comes, and the greater the pressure the tighter they close. Some locks have one type and some the other.

This is perhaps the place to correct a misconception general among those who have read of, but never seen, an Ohio River lock in action. The flow of water into and from the lock chamber is not through or governed by the gates. There are conduits through the outer lock walls controlled by mechanism for that purpose. The gates are never operated against a head of water and are opened only when the water in the chamber is level with the pool with which it communicates.

Ohio River locks are 110 feet wide and 600 feet long. Upper and lower guide walls are of the same length, which enables boats with long tows to float against them and drift into the locks.

Such, in brief outline, is the method by which the Ohio River is being converted into a canal. This project has been in course of construction for nearly 40 years. It is now three-fourths completed and the work has been carried so far that the end of the old days of "waiting for a rise" is in sight. Within a few years and with funds already provided for, the improvement of the river will be accomplished beyond the points that are frequently, or even occasionally, denied water transportation because of low stages of the river.

In the meantime nine of the tributary rivers besides the Monongahela have been canalized in the same general manner, but the advantages of the undertaking cannot be fully realized till the work of improving the main artery of the system is fully completed.



Top—Dam, lock and power house of Number 12, in the Ohio River at Wheeling, W. Va., remarkable as showing the entire plant in one view which, incidentally, is a picturesque stretch of water. The view is taken upstream.

Left—Wicket of a "movable" dam, raised and lowered.

Right—The "maneuvering boat" and crew raising the wickets of a dam.

Some Famous Timepieces

Queens of Old Possessed Weird Timepieces

THE fragile watch of dainty pattern and design, which today is a favorite among women, is in striking contrast to some of the watches which were famous several centuries ago.

Many of these were of enormous size and of the most ornate design.

Mary Queen of Scots was the possessor of a death's-head watch, which was of silver gilt and most elaborately ornamented. The forehead of the skull bore the symbols of death, the scythe and hourglass placed between a palace and a cottage to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer. At the back of the skull was Time, destroying all things, and at the top of the head, scenes of the Garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch was opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand and lifting the jaw by the hinge, this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Trinity, angels, and shepherds with their flocks. The works of the watch formed the brains of the skull, and were within a silver envelope which acted as a musically-toned bell, while the dial plate was in the place of the palate. The curious work of art was made at Blois and, at her death, was bequeathed by Mary Queen of Scots to her maid of honor, Mary Seton in 1587. It afterward came into the possession of Sir John Dick Lander.

Another skull watch, which once belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, by its inscription and date, 1560, shows that Francis II of France presented it to his young wife many years before watches were supposed to have been brought to England from Germany.

Queen Mary was, evidently, a collector of watches of unique design. She is said to have possessed one in a case of crystal, shaped like a coffin, and another made at Rouen, in which a thread of catgut supplied the place of a chain.

Some of the early watches were so small as to be set in the head of walking-sticks, the clasp of bracelets, or in pendants, and there is a record of a striking watch, which was mounted in a ring, in the year, 1542.

At the Strawberry Hill sale Queen Victoria purchased a little clock of brass-gilt which had been presented to Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII upon their marriage in 1532. It is richly chased and engraved and is still at Windsor Castle.

The clock placed in one of the towers at the palace at Hampton Court in 1551 is said to be the oldest English-made clock extant. When in action it shows the motions of several of the planets. The dial and several of the wheels attached to the back of the dial still remain.

A Lost Art

By KATHERINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

BACK in the days when housekeepers made their own soap and their men were not ashamed to wear patched clothing, there was often quoted an old adage which runs thus:

"No one living in a rented house should own a boughten carpet." This testified to the fact that any expense which was out of proportion or beyond the easy reach of one's income was in bad taste. In those days, a due regard was given to suitability. Does it not stand forth in the above? And in those days of simplicity—which is no more than the frank accepting and speaking of truth—in those days was beautifully alive The Lost Art.

Today is splendid. I have no wish to return to the time of no washing machines and the broom-whirling-dust cleaning days, but I do wish that someone who counted enough to be imitated would discover simplicity—or the lost art of telling the truth. Telling the truth financially, I mean; so that many of us, who now spend because our neighbors spend, would look at our incomes—see them not as related to someone's else income, but as they are related to and make our circumstances—and then be brave enough to save when we should, and to tell the truth about where we stand, through our grocer, our stationer, our dress and our little trimmings.

Not long before Christmas an embryo author wrote me that she was so poor she couldn't afford a new suit; she described at length the threadbare condition of her cuffs—to the extent of some pages, if I recall correctly—and asserted that she could afford but one movie a week. Well, one would be enough for me, but let that go! What I am getting at is the fact that among the many pretty cards that came to me, was one from her, engraved, hand-colored, gorgeous.

How foolish is today!

The daughter of the town's most wealthy citizen and the daughter of the hard-struggling money-pinched, use the same sort of writing paper. One rarely sees a printed invitation to even a little party. It is thought bad form. Why? Because you can pay for it without wincing?

The sort of motors that the wealthy use, are used by the people who worry about paying for gas.

I went to supper the other night with a woman who writes—went to her own apartment—she is well known so I'll call her Mary, which is not her name. "You know," she said, as she opened a bottle of maraschino cherries, "that I use bottles of these things every month, and the cost of good, firm ones is ghastly!"

"Then why do you use them, Mary?" I asked.

"Well," she answered a little shamefacedly, "a grape fruit or salad is so bare without them, and—every one expects them!"

How many times have you heard silly women speak this way?

"The Joneses have one of those cabinet phonographs. I wish we had one—ours looks so *crude* after theirs—"

(The Joneses have three thousand more a year, but that makes no difference.)

"The (cold or hot) weather almost kills me, I *have* to get away. I thought I'd try that place where Mrs. Muchcash goes—"

(Relative incomes, five thousand, twenty thousand, but don't acknowledge that Mrs. Muchcash can afford anything *you* can't! No, *don't!*)

"I wanted the *best* for baby—"

(Pride, made lovely by love, or pride that was made by watching the wife of a young millionaire and what she bought for her baby?)

I don't advocate a whine, I detest those weak-wailing folk who talk of what they can't afford. I do advocate knowing what you can't afford and resisting it without words; resisting it not as an imposition, but as an *obligation.*

This Christmas, for the first time in my experience, I found five printed Christmas cards among those that I received. They were from two writers of decided distinction, and three editors of wide renown.

I was much relieved because mine had been printed, and this departure into the truth about my circumstances, had taken courage.

What would happen if the old world turned over a new leaf and decided to rejuvenate a Lost Art? And if people generally (women I am afraid especially need this), if people generally looked at their incomes as *their* incomes, and in no way related to Mrs. Jones's income, and decided to use their incomes as they should be used, and not misuse them?

I think there would be fewer widows left without adequate insurance.

I think there would be fewer hurried, city-dragged looking men.

I think there would be less discontent on the faces of many women.

I think that some of the daughters of moderate circumstances, who lunch in town at smart restaurants as do the daughters of Midas, might stay home and learn to cook.

Why not, for an experiment, look not at what your neighbor's income provides, but what your own should, and should NOT, provide?

Why not measure it, not in phonographs, sport clothes, over-draperies—heaven knows not what—but measure it against the discontent that will come from worry, when you overstep the limits of what money will and will not do?

Why not let your living echo your circumstances? Why not wash and hang out your finer clothes, if you ought to, even though no one on your block does?

Why not try the truth about finances for a while?

The Public Defender—A New Bulwark

Concluded from page 3

co-operation between the public defender and the prosecutor.

The introduction of the public defender in Los Angeles has practically eliminated the shyster lawyer who made his devious living by preying upon the ignorant and unfortunate. To foreigners who have an imperfect knowledge of our language and customs the office has been an especial boon. Instead of being forced to rely upon crooked interpreters, often in league with an attorney to defraud him, he is given the services of a reliable interpreter hired by the public defender. Many a man has been railroaded into the penitentiary because of inability to tell the facts in intelligible English and not having money to hire a competent interpreter.

Another thing that the public defender's office has accomplished and which alone should justify its establishment is the number of youths saved from the penitentiary and started upon the right road. Here is one incident of many hundreds.

A youth was arrested at San Pedro, the harbor town of Los Angeles, for stealing a boiled ham and a sweater. He refused the services of an attorney and pleaded guilty. The judge was not satisfied. He asked the public defender to have a talk with the young man before he was sentenced. At first he refused to tell Aggeler about his parents or home. But Aggeler persisted. Finally he gave the name of his father in St. Louis but pleaded with Aggeler not to let his mother know of his predicament. Aggeler wrote East and received telegrams in return stating that his father had been searching for the boy for three years. He had left home when 16 and had drifted from one city to another, obtaining odd jobs. He had gone to San Pedro intending to ship on a boat but as he had to wait several days before a ship came in he bunked with a beach comber. When their money ran out the old man persuaded him to steal the boiled ham from a butcher shop where he also picked up an old sweater.

It was his first offense and justified in a measure by hunger. Public Defender Aggeler presented the case to the court who released the youth on probation. His father sent him a ticket to come home, as well as money to pay for the ham. He met the boy at the depot, bought him a new suit of clothes and to this day the boy's mother does not know of her son's narrow escape from being a convict. The boy is now married and doing very well.

This is only one of many such incidents related by Mr. Aggeler. Surely it pays any community to make useful citizens of such boys, who are not criminals at heart but often the victims of circumstance.

But it is not in criminal cases alone that the public defender's office has justified its existence. The public defender has recovered as much as $25,000 in a single year in small claims for working men. The civil department of the office is in many ways as important to the cause of justice as the criminal one.

In the report for 1919-1920 the public defender is reported to have handled 6,837 applications.

Advice was given in 4,582 cases and 1,132 cases were turned over to other attorneys as the applicants were financially able to prosecute the suits themselves.

In both criminal and civil cases the applicant is required to swear to an affidavit setting forth that he is financially unable to fight the case. The public defender then investigates if he suspects that he is being imposed upon. Such cases are rare, however, as most of the applicants are sincere in their desire to tell the truth.

The claims accepted for adjustment were divided in 1919-1920 as follows: Labor claims, 537; detention of personal property, 160; injury to personal property, 73; illegal attachments and garnishments, 55; miscellaneous cases, 296.

Suits filed and won numbered 39, suits filed and lost, two and cases pending, four.

The money paid into the office without suit amounted to $3,870.63; money and chattels recovered without suit out of the office amounted to $7,902.96. These may not seem to be very imposing totals until it is remembered that all these sums ranged under $100 each and represented a small fortune to the poor litigants.

The labor claims are mainly those of men who are discharged through some disagreements with their employers. The employer may owe them a matter of $5 or $10 and refuse to pay. Under the law as followed in most states, the laborer has no recourse. It would cost him more to collect than the amount due him. In Los Angeles it costs him nothing. He states his case to the public defender or one of his deputies. A letter is sent to his employer asking him to come to the office and explain why he didn't pay his employe. In most cases the employer does not show up. He sends a check. If he feels, however, that he was justified in withholding the money in dispute he explains his side of the case and the public defender acts as arbiter. It is practically impossible for an employer in Los Angeles County to evade payment of a just claim, no matter how small it may be, since the establishment of the public defender's office.

The arbitrary seizing of a poor man or woman's personal belongings for non-payment of board or rent has also become almost an extinct habit in Los Angeles, because landlords know that they will have the public defender's office to reckon with if they exceed their legal rights.

Servants unjustly deprived of their wages for alleged breakage are protected by the public defender and numerous society matrons have been summoned to explain why a certain sum was deducted from Tillie's wages. When they find that the girl has found a defender they usually settle the amount in dispute rather than stand suit and the consequent notoriety. No matter how small one may be, he or she dislikes to have the fact advertised.

Illegal garnishments, instituted by loan sharks and others of their ilk, and illegal attachments, much more numerous than one would imagine, come under the scrutiny of the public defender's office. Many an unfortunate, whose wages have been garnisheed to pay the usurious interest of a loan shark and whose furniture has been taken from his home to satisfy some rapacious creditor, has been rescued by the public defender.

A glance along the long corridor that faces the public defender's offices and those of his deputies gives an insight into the character of the business transacted within. Two chairs are occupied by cripples, men past the prime of life who evidently have a hard time keeping the wolf from the door. In the next chair sits a buxom colored woman; then an angular little woman with the mincing manner of an old maid. Next to her is a well-dressed woman past middle age who looks like a housekeeper or mayhap a chambermaid. Sitting beyond her is a flashily-dressed woman of thirty. A little old lady with the roughened hands of a scrub woman is next and then two laborers, a white man and a Mexican.

How long would the exponents of Bolshevism continue to obtain converts in the cities of this land if the laboring class knew that the state was as ready to defend them as it was to prosecute? The inequality of the law is one of the agitator's strongest talking points. Let his auditors realize that poverty would not defraud them of their rights in the courts and half his thunder would be stolen.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

Concluded from page 11

tacular fashion. I always wound things up that way; it was the circus coming out of me, I guess.

"One night shortly after that, we were riding to Waco. We were within three or four miles of the town before daylight when we thought we would take a nap. We carried horsehair lariats and little stakes that we stuck in the ground to picket our ponies while we slept. We also carried Mexican blankets that we put under the saddles to ease our ponies' backs. That gave us a blanket apiece if we wanted them when it rained.

"This night I took the blanket off my pony, folded it up nicely, and laid it on the grass; put my pony out with the lariat, and lay down to sleep. About sun-up I woke up when the rest of the boys did, picked up my blanket, and started to fold it, when I looked down at my feet. There lay two of the biggest bull snakes I ever saw. I had been lying on them all night, and I didn't know whether they crawled there while I was asleep, or whether I laid the blanket down on them before I went to sleep.

"When I saw the snakes I was paralyzed. For a minute I stood still, and then I commenced to yell and jump around like I was crazy. There was nothing there to kill the snakes with, and they crawled away. That settled the pony riding for good. And to this day, as old as I am, I shiver every time I think of those snakes, and as long as I ran the show I never did go close to any of the snake charmers; nor did I ever look at any of the thousands of snakes that I've owned.

"And a curious thing, too, about being scared by snakes, I got another terrible snake scare in Texas years after that time. The whole show got it, too. I had a snake man by the name of Millwood with the show who had been with me for years. I hired him at Cairo, Illinois. He had a cage built like a room, and he claimed to have one thousand reptiles in it, of every variety on the American continent. Well, he had this cage on the street in Cairo one year when we showed there, and it was such an attraction that I heard about it, and sent my brother Gil down to look it over. When he came back and reported to me what it was, I hired the man. He conducted what we call the 'uptown show,' an attraction that catches the crowds before parade on the street.

"Millwood would sit among the snakes, fondling them, and appeared to be infatuated with them. There was nothing he loved so well as a snake, and he never was happy without a bunch of them about him. He carried snakes in every pocket, and they always were of the deadly kind. And he never took the bother to remove their poison bags. But I never let him come near me; I told him I'd kill him if he didn't keep as far away from me as he could when he saw me coming.

"One season, when we were returning from San Francisco to Florida, whenever the circus trains stopped in Texas for water, or to pass other trains, everybody jumped off and commenced to hunt snake holes.

"'Hey, Millwood, here's another snake hole,' whoever found one would yell.

"Then Millwood would come running, and shove his hand down into the hole and pull out the snake. By that time, somebody else would find a snake hole, and Millwood pulled out snakes until the train started. He put the snakes in a carpet bag.

"One Sunday afternoon he had the bag filled with snakes when the train pulled out. When he got on the sleeper he hung the bag on a hook. The berths were stationary, and the boys were lying in them, smoking and talking and singing, when some fellow happened to look up. The carpet bag was open, and snakes were falling out of it as fast as they could.

"Well, my private car was next to this car, and I heard the yelling. I thought something awful had happened, and ran to the door. Just as I got there the car door was pouring out men like they were rats scampering from a burning building. They climbed on the roof, and some of them jumped off while the train was running twenty miles an hour.

"We finally got the train stopped, and sent Millwood into the car to get his snakes. He put them in his carpet bag, but he couldn't tell whether he had all of them, because he hadn't counted them. The only way we got the thing settled was to sidetrack the car; tear everything out of it, and thoroughly search it. And I had the same thing done to my car, but they found no snakes in it. But for weeks I never entered that car, and I never went to bed, but what I cringed all over, thinking of the snakes Millwood had turned loose by his carelessness, and of the morning I saw the two bull snakes on the prairie just outside of Waco.

"Millwood, however, died a horrible death a few years after that time in Fayetteville, Arkansas. Across the street from his uptown show a saloon keeper had in a box the biggest rattlesnake that had been captured in that vicinity. Millwood went in to see it, ran his hand down into the box, and pulled the snake out. He finally bought it for a dollar.

"When he got a little leisure time he brought the snake out, and began caressing it; rubbing his hand over its head, and holding it to his bosom. Then he bent over to kiss the snake, and it bit him.

"The liquor he usually drank to counteract the poison did not avail, and he died in the most intense agony."

A 300-Year-Old Flour Mill in Japan



(C) Gilliams Service

The miller and his family are shown in the foreground while in the background is to be noted the picturesque old water wheel that turns the machinery which for three centuries has ground the flour for neighboring farmers.

Co-operation Among Our Farmers Is at Hand

By F. B. NICHOLS

NATIONAL co-operation among American farmers is at hand. With the approval in Chicago the first week in April by delegates from the surplus grain-producing states of the grain-marketing plan prepared by the Committee of Seventeen, the producers are ready to support a national commodity organization which has been organized on business principles with full consideration of things as they are. Other lines of farming will follow—committees are now at work on marketing plans for live stock, dairy products and fruit.

Will farmers support these plans? Do they wish to have these big marketing organizations controlled by the producers and returning the profits on a patronage dividend basis? Will they give these organizations the loyal support necessary for success? Will they stand hitched? I believe that the answer to all of these questions is, "Yes." We shall find out very soon, however, by the way they get behind the grain-marketing movement.

There is every indication that the farmers of America have learned a good deal about business principles in the last three years, and especially in the last six months. The necessity for co-operative effort never before was so well understood. This is evident in every meeting of farmers, and in their conversation as they talk over the boundary fence, or meet one another on the road or at town. I believe that agriculture can never be on the right plane with other lines of American business until a national united effort is made. This means merely the application of the ordinary business principles which other lines of American effort have found so profitable.

Anyhow the whole thing is now placed up to the producers. Will they "jine" the movement? Unless they do, and right promptly so far as the grain growers are concerned, it will be evidence that the day for a united effort is not at hand, and co-operation will be put back a generation, or many years at least. The day of talk has passed. The epoch of organization is here. The future of American agriculture will be decided by the action taken.

An interesting and hopeful thing in this connection is that there is nothing extreme or radical in the methods which have been given serious consideration. There is nothing in the plan of the Committee of Seventeen, for example, to "scrap" any of the property concerned with grain marketing as organized today. The farmer has always shown a great respect for property rights, and this is true with the new national co-operative movements which are being fathered by the American Farm Bureau Federation. The only idea seems to be to apply ordinary business methods as now understood to the organization of national commodity marketing organizations, along somewhat the same lines as have proved so successful with the California Fruit Growers' Association in the sale of oranges and other citrous fruits grown in that state. Furthermore, the proposed change in marketing methods will be so gradual, though none the less sure if successful, that there should be little or no hardship on the men engaged in the business—they will have the opportunity either to work with the new system, or to drop out and engage in other lines of business.

The organization plan of the Committee of Seventeen as worked out for the grain growers is simple. The National Sales Agency, chartered under the laws of Delaware as the United States Grain Growers, Inc., will be managed by 21 farmer directors elected in a fair way from the surplus grain states on a basis of membership in the organization. These directors will have absolute control; they will elect their own officers, and hire the experts to handle the grain through the markets. The producers will be organized into local units at the local co-operative elevators, or into local grain growers' associations if there is no local co-operative elevator. Membership will run from the individual growers to the local association and also to the National Sales Agency. It is probable that all of the other commodity organizations that may be organized in other lines will agree with this one in having a national board of directors elected by farmers, which will have absolute control, and also a local association organized on co-operative principles.

Naturally a vital link in the organization is the financial arrangements, but this is not so serious as might be at first thought. It is likely that many of the city banks and much of the intrenched capital connected in any way with marketing as it is now conducted will be against the plan, but the producers remain to be heard from. The membership fee in the United States Grain Growers, Inc., will be $10. It is estimated that it will cost not more than $3 to the man to get the plan started, so this will leave $7 for the preliminary operating expenses of the central body. It is expected that perhaps 100 million dollars of working capital will be necessary, and this sounds like a large amount, but when one considers that there are perhaps four million farmers who will join this plan, and that it can be spread out over the crowd, it doesn't appear so large. Perhaps it will not be possible to get every farmer to put $25 into the capital stock, but it does seem likely that it will be possible to get one farmer in four to put $100 into the company, on which dividends of perhaps six to eight per cent would be paid before a patronage dividend was returned to the sellers. This money invested in the capital stock should be absolutely safe, and there is every probability that it will be subscribed as rapidly as needed by the growth of the organization work.

The experience of farmers in California and other states of the Far West has shown that farmers will support plans of this kind, and it is believed that they will do it now on a national scale.

Agriculture is the only great business which is not organized today, and the producers will never be on a basis of equality in dealing with competitors until a united effort is put forth. The road to market must be made straighter, and it can be so made with profit to both the producer and the consumer. There is no disposition on the part of the farmers to fix prices, restrict production, or "monkey" with sound business principles. In this lies the hope of the movement. There is nothing extreme, nothing fanciful in what the growers hope to do. They merely wish to apply the demonstrated principles of business success. They are asking for no favorable legislation or government aid. They merely wish to use the business principles which have been worked out in America, and apply these to national co-operative effort.

There is no question but what this will help to solve some of the alarming economic questions with which farmers are confronted. Agriculture is not in a happy condition today, and the fine mess which it is in is having a serious affect on other lines of business. The farmer is not in a buying frame of mind. He is of the general opinion that he has been "done" most thoroughly, and this naturally has produced a most conservative frame of mind so far as expenditures are concerned. The inevitable result is the number of city industries which are running on part time or else closed down entirely. The farmer is willing to take his chances with other lines of business if he has an equal opportunity, but he believes that in his unorganized condition today he is at the mercy of organized manipulation of his markets at every point, and there is suspicion that he will always be the first to be "deflated" until he gets on a plane of organization equal to all other lines.

If he can get the national commodity organizations which he wants and believes in, it will have an important psychological effect in making him more contented, and the farm market for the various lines of essentials manufactured in the city assured of more stable conditions. Furthermore, it should be of value to the consumer in directly lowering prices in many lines. The farmer is naturally interested in a large consumption, and is thoroughly aware that reasonable prices are necessary if the maximum demand is made possible. The record of the California Fruit Growers' Association, the most successful agricultural co-operative enterprise in America, has shown that it has a most profound respect for the consumer. It has made possible a national distribution of citrous fruits on a scale and at a reasonable price which was never possible in the old days.

And so it will work out in a national way with grain, live stock, fruit, dairying and other lines of co-operation into which the farmers go. The day of national agricultural co-operation is here.

The World Forgetting By the World Forgot

Sequestered Life of the Monks of Old Santa Barbara in California, Far From the Madding Crowd.

RECKLESS of the tumult and the shouting of wars and near-wars, as of the rise and fall of empires, kingdoms and republics, the monks of the Santa Barbara Mission in Southern California lead a serene and sequestered life. True, the ubiquitous tourist is likely to include this famous old Spanish mission in his itinerary, but there is a section of it that knows not the tread of his foot nor the sound of his raucous voice. This is the "Forbidden Garden" shown in the accompanying photograph. Rare indeed is the privilege of entering within its borders and one granted only to the occasional pilgrim or artist trusted to venerate its quiet religious atmosphere by observing complete silence.

Here today, as during the hundreds of years that have elapsed since the days of the "Conquistadores" and the good padres who followed in their train, the monks walk in pensive meditation or read their "offices," the while they are not lovingly tending their flowers, which in this California wonderland bloom all the year around.

All about the place there is the ripe mellowness of age blended paradoxically with that effulgent energy of youth which is characteristic of California. The soil is rich with fatness. Responding to the sun's warm caress, it yields abundantly of fruits and flowers whose varied color and fragrance lend the land its great charm. And just because of the wine-like stimulus of its air, the restfulness of this sylvan retreat is the more alluring.

It is difficult to imagine the picture as one taken in any spot of hustling and bustling modern America. The domed belfry, the tiled roof surmounting walls of whitish gray adobe, and the vivid greens of the eucalyptus and pepper tree foliage standing out in strong relief in the brilliant sunshine, as well as the luxuriant colors of the flowering shrubs, are all reminiscent rather of some remote corner of medieval Italy or Spain. This suggestion of olden times and distant scenes is heightened, of course, by the figure of the good monk in his brown Franciscan robe and sandals.

And, indeed, it is nothing less than a little bit of Andalusia the olden that is thus conserved on our continent for the contemplation of twentieth century Americans. Its picturesqueness appeals to the esthetic sense, while its cloistered calm lifts the soul out of the clash and strife of transitory things.



(C) Gilliams Service

THE WORLD IS KEPT WITHOUT THE WALLS.

URBANA ILL

Briefly Told

A Louisiana Negro convicted of murder in the first degree, will serve a life imprisonment sentence instead of hanging. The sheriff forgot the date of the execution and the board of pardons contended that the Negro's life had been placed in jeopardy once and commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

Desiring to improve the health, and the life chances of children, Portland, Oregon, is planning to observe a "well babies' week."

Six skeletons, believed to be those of white soldiers who lost their lives in combat with the Indians during the early wars in the Oregon country, were unearthed by excavation crews working on the Columbia River highway near the Deschutes River. Army accouterments were found in the graves.

Gold assaying ninety-one dollars to the ton has been discovered in the Gatineau district, Quebec, about fifty miles north of Ottawa.

Potter's field in New York City has reached its capacity. There are but two more plots to be filled.

A chair made from a rib of one of the first American warships, the Revenge, is to be presented to President Harding by fellow publishers. The Revenge was sunk in Lake Champlain by the British in 1776. In 1909 it was raised from the lake bed and the hull is now at Ticonderoga.

During the last year postal robberies totaled more than six million dollars of which three and one-half million has been recovered.

Believing that the heavier-than-air machines are capable of performing any feats formerly accomplished by the dirigibles, Great Britain has relegated her enormous fleet of dirigibles to the junk heaps, planning to replace them with airplanes.

Membership in a certain gun club in California costs $150,000 since a gusher was brought in on the land recently. At present, the well is yielding thirty thousand barrels of oil daily.

The United States Senate has ratified the treaty between this country and Great Britain to make desertion of children an extraditable offense between the United States and Canada.

Bending every effort toward recovery, the German Government is planning to operate again the central German coal mines near Halle. These mines have not been worked for more than a century.

Sixty-five thousand girls disappeared last year in the United States.

The famous railroad car in which the armistice was signed has been transported to the army museum in the Invalides. The table, chairs and cabinet are arranged in it exactly as they stood on the morning of November 11, 1918.

The yak, or woolly ox, of Tibet, is to be raised in Alaska and the Yukon country. The yak has been domesticated for centuries and its haunts are the snow-covered highlands of Tibet, thousands of feet above the sea. The animal eats a coarse wiry grass and compares favorably with range cattle in weight. The wool and hide are also valuable.

A naturalist pleads with women to cease wearing furs during the summer at least, because fur-bearing animals are being destroyed so rapidly that in thirty years there will be practically none left.

Brazilian railroads are burning wood for fuel. A modern locomotive fitted with a water-tube and fire brick arch with a correct proportion of firebox and boiler burns wood with no serious waste of the fuel.

Boston scientists declare the "hot dog" the most nourishing of all sandwiches. The "Frankfurter" sandwich, selling for a nickel and scorned by many, contains two hundred and fifty calories, while the higher priced corned beef, tongue, cheese and ham sandwiches yield below two hundred calories.

The Secretary of the Navy has authorized the wearing, on stated occasions, of the frock coat, full-dress trousers, cocked hat, dress sword and sword belt, and epaulets.

Because he criticized newspapers which display "sensational events," a Denver pastor published an "ideal newspaper" for one day. The publishers of the Denver *Post* invited the pastor to become editor-in-chief for May 5. On that date the minister dictated how the news should be displayed, determined news values, directed assignment of reporters and had complete control.

An unusual occurrence has been reported from an Ohio farm where an ewe gave birth to five perfectly formed lambs, all of which are living and healthy.

A patient at a Vermont sanitarium is an anatomical curiosity. All his internal organs are "on the wrong side." X-ray pictures revealed the fact that the stomach is misplaced, the liver on the left side, the heart on the right side and the appendix on the left. He is recovering from tuberculosis.

The Waseda University of Japan has a baseball team which plans to play American colleges across the country from the Pacific to the Atlantic, meeting Yale and Harvard this summer. They have planned to postpone the Pacific Coast games until the close of the tour, so as to play the middle western and eastern colleges before they close.

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Why Not Child Labor Laws for the Home?

A Plea for Training of Citizenry

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Nurseries Begun to Supply Demand

Why Not Child Labor Laws for the Home?

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

HE WAS but fifteen years of age, but he could tell of his experiences along the road from New Orleans to Tiajuana. He was equally at home in camps and on the brake-rods of freight trains.

It was in San Jose, California, that he was "picked up" by the probation officers. After giving his name as Smith he remarked that his specialty was plain and fancy hoboing and loafing; with eating a fine art.

"I got him a job as an apprentice for a trade," said the probation officer. "He was to show up at a certain time, within thirty minutes, to go to work. That was the last we saw of him. That boy will never work. We have since heard from him in other towns."

The life history of that lad along with many others proved to the satisfaction of the probation officers that youths never voluntarily work at fifteen if they have not learned the value of work at ten. It is worth real dollars to have to learn—yes, learn—the value of work. It is worth dollars to the boy and the girl, if not to the parents.

It is easy to emphasize the value of play, and abundant play is needed and should be provided. But all work and no play, you know—.

Let Johnny, Alice, Mabel and Merwin learn *how* to work and that it is necessary that they should work. In a western city, recently, two fine, stalwart lads were arrested on a warrant sworn to by a local grocer. The charge was that of breaking into his private garage and taking the touring car to a near-by town and toward morning bringing it back.

Investigation by friends and the juvenile court showed that the boys "wanted to do something," and, lacking wise direction, they "borrowed" the machine. They had intended no harm.

One boy's parents were wealthy, and so he never had anything to do at home. After school he was idle. All the labor about the house was paid for and so he was not expected to work. The other boy was an only son whose father was dead. His mother never demanded that her son do anything and naturally he didn't do anything.

The wise judge of the juvenile court in talking over the case clearly indicated that he would prefer to pass sentence on the parents rather than on the boys. The crime had been committed because the parents had been too busy to keep their sons busy. "You should have regular, definite work to do after school—work that will make you tired," said the judge.

If you will visit the juvenile court in your city and watch there the parents of the "delinquent" children, you will find them really distressed.

"He has been such a good boy;" "She has always been such a nice girl," they puzzle. "I can't see why they did it!" "I don't understand!" In the majority of the cases the boys and girls come from good homes, but it almost invariably develops, according to the officers, that these children of the "good homes" have had nothing to do after school or in the evenings. There have been no tasks or duties to perform; no work has been expected of them. "An idle brain makes the devil more efficient" is more than a mere adage. If it isn't a personal devil that exerts the influence, then there are any number of men and boys plus circumstances abundantly able to qualify for producing devilish results.

No young Smith, or Jones, or Morgan is going to grow into a useful citizen of this republic unless he first learns that work is one of the necessities of life. It is not the loss of the boy alone nor the loss of his labor, which many times is negligible, wherein the trouble lies; there is, however, a very real danger to the community.

If Johnny is left to run at large and find out by chance and experience his relation to the state, the home and other institutions, there is a very real danger that Johnny will become a loose thinker, easily swayed by the unsound doctrines of the agitator—a snap judgment citizen ready to accept the half-baked theories of political revolutionists.

"It is both astonishing and startling," said an industrial investigator to a chamber of commerce, "how many grown men there are in the country who seem to be acting upon the belief that the world owes them a living and they are obligated in obtaining this living only to the extent of keeping outside of the clutches of the law."

"I'm preaching the gospel of perspiration as a saving grace for inspiration," said an old minister who was rearing a group of young men in his family. "One of the best panaceas for the ills of the country that I know is the character training that comes of the home law, 'Do something useful about the house.' I've put up a sign in my boys' room where they will see it morning and night. If necessary, I'll illuminate it with electric light.

"'The world owes me a living, but I also owe the world the fullest possible measure of honest effort in payment for that living.'"



The joy of the first fruits, be they luscious strawberries or mere potatoes! There is reward enough for many a small worker. When he grows older he will then appreciate the reward implanted in his character—the ability to carry on sustained effort.

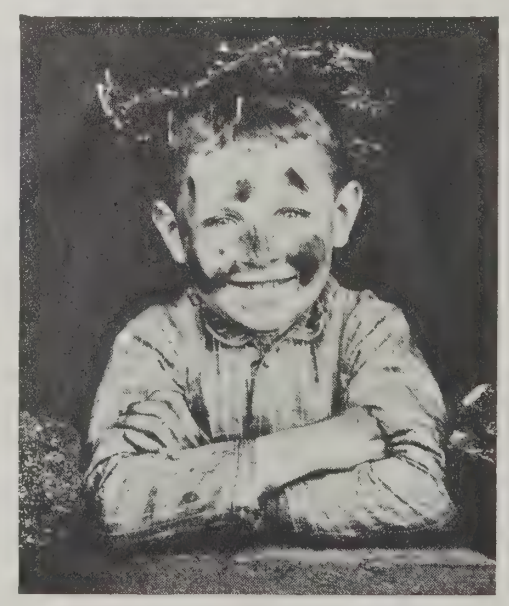
Every child wants to do as father or mother does. Let the first toys be useful ones. A small broom and sweeper are always received joyfully and the idea of helpful effort thereby is encouraged. A set of dishes, small garden tools, these and other practical playthings promote the idea of work and its needs. They will bring growing through doing.

As soon as Alice and Algy are able to understand, simple duties should be assigned and their performance expected. It may mean a little extra effort for someone; perhaps the lowering of the closet hooks so the clothes can be hung up rather than thrown on the floor; the providing of playroom boxes instead of shelves where toys can be put away after using. It may be an initial towel in the bathroom that must be hung on a certain rod; it should be something that means regularity in the home life, and comfort for all.

A wise, gray-haired mother was visiting some friends. When she returned home she confided in her husband that "training children has greatly changed in recent years. Ellen learns her children's lessons, invents plays for them, arranges their rooms after them, picks up what they let fall, puts in order the things they have left in confusion; she does everything for her children but eat for them. Even then she worries if they do not like their food and it isn't just so!"

How will any normal boy or girl develop imagination, invention and creative ability if he has nothing that he must do for himself — no regular work that is daily expected of him. Where will he get his training of the need of continuous effort and the value of perseverance?

Give the boys and the girls some work to do, particularly during the vacation time. Let the work be serious and regular work, chosen not only because it is good work but because of its educational value. It probably will do more for the future welfare of the child than the ability correctly to parse a sentence or to "bound" the republic of Ecuador.



What is a little dirt in a boy's life? Getting coal in and looking after the chores may blacken his hands and face but later it will help to keep his character white.

Some educators are even now advocating that the school supply the lack of the discipline of the homes and make it a part of the duty of Joseph and Josie to do profitable work. "Child labor" in the sense of grinding toil is not needed nor wanted, but there should be organized effort along some regular line. It is just this lack in some homes that causes the legislators to pass more paternal laws to supply the lack of paternal authority at home.

Home chores and homely tasks are not to be despised. There are dishes to wash, wood to bring in, the lawn to mow, the rooms to dust, the stockings to mend. These are easy, yet are of educational value because of their character-building discipline.

A generation ago the boys and girls did these and much harder things as a matter of course. Is there any reason why we should discard such customs now?

Over-indulgence cultivates a disregard for the feelings of others. In some boys this may easily mean youthful banditry, and if not that then later unscrupulous dealings in business. In girls it means selfishness, ingrowing dispositions, the craving for excitement and an unnatural outlook on life. In localities where juvenile clubs for raising corn or potatoes exist, the boy should be encouraged to compete. Here is an excellent type of competition that spurs the boy to do his best. And he will learn all possible of the most efficient way to do his work. Most of the labor comes after school; it is outdoors, and varied. Many boys have succeeded in raising prize specimens superior to anything accomplished by adults. Let a boy get thoroughly interested and he will be painstaking in detail in a manner that will astonish his parents and neighbors.

Girls often enter these prize-winning contests with success. There are cooking classes that offer prizes and teach the value of sustained effort. This is only work camouflaged. Many a county fair has its tables bearing the healthful and appetizing and artistic results of the girl's cooking, baking and sewing, with ribbons gaily fluttering to mark the honorable rewards.

Such training develops independence, self-reliance, and the teaching of the fundamental truth that you must work—really work—for what you want in this world, Socialists, Bolsheviks and Communists to the contrary.

Then, too, there are always emergencies when the early training of having to do simple tasks well and at regular intervals is worth a jar of gold dust. A girl recently wrote a letter to her chum. She had gone to the mountains with her mother to help her find health and rest. Sickness found them away from home conveniences and among people unused to the "necessities" of civilization. Her letter said:

"Mother has been sick, and I'm not well and so the keeping of the little house here in the mountains is quite a task, but thanks to my early training I am accomplishing it quite well. One evening I had company for supper. It was no joke to entertain four persons, but I enjoyed it, though I was in the kitchen until ten o'clock. Oh, yes, I made a dress, slip, and hood for a baby, also giving it a bib and bootees, because its mother could not make anything for it in time to go on a visit."

Nothing but an early knowledge of work and service could teach any girl or woman to do such things well. Training of that sort does not come by any inspiration or fine frenzy, it comes through the slow process of duties performed and tasks accomplished whether the inclination is there or not.

O. H. Benson, recently of the Department of Agriculture, but now guiding the Junior Achievement League which is financed by a group of sixty wealthy men, has drawn from his own experience as well as practical observation when he lays down four rules for "growing good citizens":

First, let the child take part in the production of the business of the home.

Second, don't let your children leave home to do their first work. Show them how to work and earn at home.

Third, teach the child to love his work while he is yet a child by infusing into that work the spirit of contest, challenge and enthusiasm. This will make work seem like play.

Fourth, make the child's idle school hours and vacation periods an opportunity for the business of production. Salvage the child's idle hours and you salvage the child.

It is this program that such men as Theodore N. Vail and Horace A. Moses are backing, for they realize that in it lies the hope and future prosperity of America and the world. It is a program of work—of well-directed energy, or sustained effort toward a given goal.



At left—Laying out the flower bed. Character building can be provided for the girls through just such homely things as caring for a bed of flowers. The regular attention, which it must receive to be a success, is needed in children's lives.

At right—And bunnies! The faithful care even of rabbits teaches regularity and continuous effort. If aptitude is shown, the chap may soon add a few dollars to the family income.







Coming poultry experts! Let them begin when they are young to enter contests such as these A bright-eyed lassie and a sturdy lad will soon know more about the practical side of the chicken business after working at it awhile around home than most adults. Just try it and see for yourself.

Above—Holiday time! If the poultry business has been properly worked there will be dollars rolling in for a little extra training in this kind of salesmanship.

At right—String beans for dinner, raised in her own garden—and they are big ones too. Healthful appetites and sun-tanned faces will not be the only thing gained either. Besides the beans there will be the actual realization that steady work produces tangible and pleasurable results.



Edith May can practice her lesson in knitting out-of-doors. Play will be the sweeter for her if she knits or purls for a while first. She will be glad she has persevered when the task is finished—the work done.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 30, May 21, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Accepted Time

IN REJECTING the amendment to the naval appropriations bill authorizing the President to invite Great Britain and Japan into a conference on disarmament, the House of Representatives acted under the leading of the administration. We have definitely gone on record against a policy demanded by the masses of the American people today and one of pre-eminent importance to anything like a "return to normalcy" in this country, as in Europe.

True, both President Harding and Mr. Mondell, the Republican floor leader, failed to meet the issue directly. The first declared that with the world's atmosphere filled with war disturbance the time was "not propitious" to take up disarmament, while Mr. Mondell explained that the matter was only postponed to a "more opportune" time.

The House amendment did not call for disarmament by the United States "first," that is, before Great Britain or Japan should disarm. It simply called for the convening of representatives of the three great naval powers to talk the matter over and see if some plan could not be arranged by mutual agreement for a let-up in the present calamitous competitive naval building programs.

Are we already so possessed by militarism that we are afraid even to suggest a calm reasoning together of the nations on a problem of such paramount importance?

Perhaps the President would have the people believe that he looks forward to a good time coming which will be propitious for disarmament. What time could be more propitious than the present for a bold American initiative in the right direction? Largely as a result of the continued piling up of our already intolerable tax burdens, some five millions of men are out of work today. Factories are idle and thousands of business concerns the country over are struggling desperately to avoid going over the edge of bankruptcy. Strikes and industrial chaos are threatened at every turn. Does the President realize that an anti-disarmament policy shuts off the last ray of hope of speedy emergence from these conditions through such a lightening of the tax burden involved in annual national government expenditures of from five to six billions of dollars, of which nearly 93 per cent goes for past wars and for wars that may never come?

War clouds in Europe, Mr. Harding apparently would have us understand, are his sufficient reasons for pigeon-holing any suggestion looking to a conference on disarmament. These very conditions proclaim the present to be the right psychological time for a check to the war spirit. Is the President so befuddled by the "arguments" of war profiteers and armament contractors, floaters of bond issues, professional militarists, and the fishers in troubled waters generally that he cannot realize the fact that to him is now given the high power and privilege of sounding the clear trumpet-call that would disperse all these clouds and inspire the world with new and brighter hope? Can anything be more certain than that war-exhausted and debt-burdened Europe would gladly welcome a statesmanlike lead from the United States in the present world crisis?

Now is the accepted time. Speak up, Mr. President!

The Trouble in Silesia

AGAIN the Allies are contemptuously defied by a freebooter of a nation which its armies fought to save and strengthen. Korfanty follows the example of the swashbuckler D'Annunzio. Acting ostensibly against the authority of the constitutional government of the Polish Republic, this Polish brigand has marched on Upper Silesia at the head of an armed band with the avowed object of seizing that province for Poland, as D'Annunzio seized Fiume for Italy.

What are the forces behind Korfanty? Are they the same as those that backed the Jew, D'Annunzio? Korfanty's desperate invasion of Upper Silesia may lack some of the elements of the picturesque and the romantic that flavored the "poet-warrior's" adventure. But it resembles that event in its utterly contemptuous flouting of solemn national agreements, and in its piratical disdain for even a color of decent regard for the opinion of mankind. His attitude is that which the Bolshevists have exemplified in Russia in so transcendent a degree.

In the recent plebiscite a majority of all the voters of the province declared for remaining under the German flag. But, under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, the final decision remains with the supreme council, which, at the moment of Korfanty's filibustering raid, had under consideration a settlement that would, as a matter of fairness, take into account the preferences expressed by local districts along the lines of proportional representation allotting only those preponderantly German to Germany. Without waiting for the announcement of this decision, and probably roused to anger by the German suggestion that their efforts to pay reparations should not be crippled by a further deprivation of raw materials needed in their industries, Korfanty, who was formerly plebiscite commissioner for the district, ruthlessly betrays the confidence reposed in him by the Allies and resorts to armed invasion and terrorism.

Coming just at the most critical moment of the reparations negotiations, this Korfanty raid further complicates the entire European situation in such a way that the world is menaced with a renewal of all the horrors of the World War on an intensified scale. Premier Briand has notified Berlin that France would regard the dispatch of German troops into Upper Silesia as a violation of the Versailles Treaty. France has her eye on the rich coal lands in the districts that voted German and prefers to have them Polish rather than German, having recently concluded a treaty with Poland that constitutes a close military and economic alliance between the two countries.

The Allied forces in the plebiscite area proved totally inadequate to repel the invader. As far as the French command is concerned, it is doubtful if they even desired to repel him. With or without Allied aid, Germany could, if permitted, easily have settled his hash. What is immensely suggestive to Americans is the vivid resurgence of European imperialism in the whole incident and the callous and cavalier dismissal of every consideration save that of—coal!

In the nick of time, the United States resumes her seat in the supreme council of the Allies in the person of George Harvey, Mr. Harding's Ambassador to England. It is an irony of fate that a man chiefly known for his vitriolic abuse of Wilson and the Wilson ideals should now have the determining vote in consigning to the scrap-heap the League of Nations and so dashing the hopes of the peoples of Europe and America that it might be made over into an effective instrument for the maintenance of world peace.

Stop and Think!

IN WORDS whose wisdom is proved by their vitality, old Marcus Aurelius says: "Give thyself time to learn something new and good each day, and cease to be whirled around." Plainly, human nature remains pretty much the same down through the ages. Yet it is likely that in this our day no counsel is more to the point of human need than this of the old Roman.

The only life worthy of the name is that which proves itself in growth. Man, like every other form of life, must go forward to larger and better expression, or fall backward into stagnation and death. There is no middle course. The tree is known by its fruits. Any of us may this hour apply the simple test that determines whether we are really living or dying. It is the test of growth; the test of growth in production.

The trouble is that our age is prone to mistake motion for progress. Whirling rapidly like a squirrel in a cage, it flatters itself that it is doing something. Or what is worse, perhaps, it lacks even desire for a definite goal. Like the child on a merry-go-round, it seeks movement rather than destination. There is enough lost motion in the world every day to run a thousand factories for a year. We fail to achieve that concentration so absolutely essential to the "learning of something new and worth while" which marks the functioning of the creative mind in discovery, invention and production, because we fail to be still and think long enough to determine direction and destination. In the dizzy whirl to which we surrender, like a dog running after an automobile, we imagine that although we do not know where we are going we are somehow "on the way." The question is, on the way to what?

Workingmen's Homes

ONE of these days we may find that we have quite as much to learn from our Latin-American neighbors as we now fondly imagine they have to learn from us. Here, for instance, is a news dispatch announcing that, in an effort to relieve the housing shortage in Rio de Janeiro, the authorities have revived an almost forgotten law dating from the days of the wise and good Dom Pedro. Under this law, the homes of all workingmen are exempt from taxation.

Such a law should interest Americans just now. It would be certain to give a decided stimulus to building. If incidentally this exemption should disarm the rent brigand, the measure would not suffer in popularity. Such an exemption would certainly be in the direction of an approach to economic justice. On this account it would greatly strengthen all the forces of law and order and stall the Bolshevists. What could be more unfair than the present system of taxing the humble cottage of the wage-earner (built out of the savings of long years of hard labor, or being paid for perhaps with heavy interest out of wages in monthly installments), at the same rate as the city palace or the lordly country seat of the millionaire?

The exemption need not necessarily involve a loss of needed public revenue. The tax might well be shifted to the mansions and pleasure-houses of the rich. No particular harm would be done if such an encouragement to thrift and a permanent settling down of the workers were accompanied by a discouragement of the wanton and flagrant luxury in which observers like Sir Philip Gibbs sees one of the greatest present dangers to American democracy. It is possible that the great end in view might be more perfectly attained by a tax absorbing for the benefit of all the people the unearned increment of land values. Still there is time-honored sanction for the wisdom of taking the half-loaf while waiting for the whole. Or must the United States of America lag behind the United States of Brazil in the adoption of practical measures for the relief of house shortage?

Stock Jobbing Versus Service

THERE is a flat contradiction between the respective statements of the railway managers and the railwaymen's unions made before the Federal Wage Labor Board in connection with the demand of the railroad officials for the abrogation of the national wage agreement. Each side has put forward "experts" who have testified on the one hand that unless a reduction in wages of from 15 to 25 per cent is allowed to go into effect, the roads will be unable to carry on, owing to the pressing need for heavy outlays for repairs and renewals. On the other hand, the men's representatives have challenged these statements of fact and furnished figures tending to show that very large economies might be effected in administrative expenses and otherwise which, without touching wage-schedules, would permit the roads to be placed in a state of efficiency and operated at a profit.

In a weekly market letter sent out by a prominent Wall Street brokerage firm, and which is being reprinted widely in the labor press, the statement is made broadly that heads of the great railway systems reflect confidence in the upward trend of railway securities, "because they know all the ins and outs of the situation." Just as soon as a wage reduction is decided on, declares this bond house, the whole railroad outlook will take on a very different aspect, because the roads are not and never have been so badly off as the people have been led to believe. It is even pointed out that "only by making the items of expenditures for maintenance appear extremely large could the expense accounts show such a decided increase as is denoted in the monthly reports."

It is of vital interest to the American people that the whole matter of our national transportation be lifted out of the mud of such slang-whanging between selfish interests. The truth should be ascertained by a competent commission free from either the corporation or the trade-union bias.

Are railway managers more concerned with the juggling of values in Wall Street than with the economical and efficient administration of the properties that have been turned back to them by the government? Are the railwaymen's unions justified in their resistance to the proposed wage reductions? These are plain questions of fact that it should not be difficult to settle. If the commission of inquiry were headed by Secretary Hoover, its findings would be very apt to command the confidence of the American people as a whole.

Certain it is that some solution of the transportation problem must be found that will make impossible anything like a repetition of the notorious playing of battledore and shuttlecock with the roads of which the Erie, the Rock Island and the New Haven road scandals are the crying historical examples.

Mr. Ford's Page

EVERY little while the old question is brought up again—"Does Education Educate?"—and we have more or less entertaining demonstrations of the ignorance of college students, the illiteracy of the reading public, numerous diverting tests of knowledge, and debates concerning the difference between wisdom and learning.

It is one of our favorite sports, this habit of getting fun out of the question of knowledge: we make fun of men who never went to college, because they did not go; and we make fun of men who went to college, because going did apparently so little for them.

There never was and probably never will be a system devised that will put brains into men's heads, and until such a system appears we must expect to find in men the same differences that have always marked them, whether with books or without them, in or out of college.

Take a group of wholly illiterate men, men who cannot read a date on the calendar, who cannot write their own names, and you will find a difference in brain power among them. Equally illiterate, one man will exhibit more native intelligence; he has brains even if he has little book knowledge; he has foresight, insight, initiative; he knows what he knows, and, therefore, possesses confidence and a sense of mastery.

Passing that group through college would probably not change the comparative brain values; one would still be brighter than the others. The average of ability might be raised, but there would be no essential enlargement of native brain power.

Just as there are some stones that will not take a polish, so there are minds that cannot be standardized so far as knowledge and the ability to use it is concerned.

An able man is a man who can do things, and his ability to do things is dependent on what he has in him, and what he has in him depends on what he started with and what he has done to increase and discipline it.

An educated man is not one whose memory is trained to carry a few dates in history, but one whose mind can accomplish things. A man who cannot think is not an educated man, however many college degrees he may have acquired. Thinking is the hardest work any one can do, which is probably the reason we have so few thinkers.

There are two extremes to be avoided; one is the attitude of contempt toward education, the other is the tragic snobbery of assuming that marching through an educational system is a sure cure for ignorance and mediocrity. One benefit that education can confer on a man is to give him an equal start with his fellows. Sometimes even that is not an advantage, but in the main and for the general run of human beings, perhaps it is. You cannot learn in any school what the world is going to do next year, but you can learn some of the things which the world has tried to do in former years, and where it failed, and why it succeeded.

If education consisted in warning the young student of some of the exploded false theories on which men have tried to build, so that he may be saved the loss of time in finding this out by bitter experience, its good would be unquestioned. One sees a great deal along this line among the amateur inventors of the day. Inventors, by the way, are not made by education, but if they have enough education to save them from puttering away over the mistakes that have been conclusively proved to be mistakes, it saves them time. There are men at work today on theories fundamentally wrong, but they do not know that other men have followed that road and have had to come back. An education which consisted of signposts indicating the failures and the fallacies of the past, doubtlessly would be very useful. If education had as its objective the putting of the student in possession of the world up-to-date, so that leaving the school he could start in step with humanity, it would be a great service. But whether this is the objective, it may be better to let educators themselves decide.

It is not education and it is not learning to be in possession of the theories of a lot of professors who do not know and never will know. Speculation is very interesting, and sometimes profitable, but it is not education. To be learned in science today is merely to be aware of a hundred theories that have not been proved. And not to know what those theories are is to be "uneducated," "ignorant," and so forth. But neither the man who knows these theories nor the man who does not know them, really *knows* anything. If knowledge of guesses is learning, then one may become learned by the simple expedient of making his own guesses, and by the same token he can dub the rest of the world "ignorant" because it does not know what his guesses are.

But the best that education can do for a man is to put him in possession of his powers, give him control of the tools with which destiny has endowed him, and teach him how to think. The college renders its best service as an intellectual gymnasium, in which mental muscle is developed and the student strengthened to do what he can.

To say, however, that mental gymnastics can only be had in college is not true, as every educator knows. A man's real education begins after he has left school, as any university graduate will tell you. True education is gained through the discipline of life.

The trouble is not with the schools altogether (though their one-sidedness in filling the field with books and leaving no place for the training of eye and ear and hand is recognized), but with the public illusion that schools can do for a young man what he must do for himself. If young men come out of college uneducated it is their own fault, and the same would be true if it were a canning factory they came out of, or a boiler shop, or anywhere else. Any place, any work offers an opportunity for education, but it is something the recipient takes, it is not something that can be handed to him.

Here is a farmer boy working in the greatest school that ever existed, walking all day long on the greatest textbook ever written. If he could master the secrets of one acre, or even one square foot of land, he would be a learned man. There are more things to be learned on one farmstead than in Harvard, Yale and Princeton put together; though it sometimes occurs that the young man doesn't know this until he has gone through school first.

We are a nation of casual readers. We read to escape thinking. Reading has become a dope habit with us. Learning has become a thing of accent and of facts. It is "learning" to have read the latest novel, but not to know that it's a silly, trivial thing. It is "learning" to have looked into this or that book-suffocated man's speculation, but not to know that he would be a wiser man and have more wholesome blood coursing through his brain if he would take a hammer or an ax and get out where he could sense life. Book-sickness is the modern ailment. There's more wisdom in the shop where men deal with real materials and real persons every day.

What can you do to help and heal the world?—that is the educational test. If a man can hold up his own end, he counts for one. If he can help ten or a hundred or a thousand other men hold up their ends, he counts for more. He may be quite rusty on many things that inhabit the realm of print, but he is a learned man just the same. When a man is master of his own sphere, whatever it may be, he has won his degree—he has entered the realm of wisdom.

THEY are at it again, trying to determine when a man is educated. A man is educated when he knows how to do what he can do, and extract from his performance a sufficient economic, intellectual and spiritual satisfaction. A man who cannot do that is not educated, no matter what his knowledge of books may be. That man is best educated who knows the greatest number of things that are so, and who can do the greatest number of things to help and heal the world. Schools are useful only as they put men in possession of their own powers; and they cannot do this without the earnest desire of their students to be so helped. Any man can learn anything he will, but no man can teach except to those who want to learn. Education is pre-eminently a matter of quality, not amount.



West Point cadet battalion, now a regiment, on parade: formation includes whole body of 1,334 cadets.

The West Point of Today

Impressions During a Flying Visit to the Nation's Storied War School

By PAUL TYNER

THE Hudson has often been called "the Rhine of America." As far as picturesqueness of natural scenery is concerned, possibly there are recently returned Americans who would say that it is the Rhine rather than the Hudson that is flattered by the comparison. "Over There," the feature of the Rhine scenery that most impresses voyagers from the New World is the succession of ancient castles, most of them in ruins, that dot the banks of the famous river that has been so long the bone of Franco-German contention. We are short of ruins on this side, so the foreign article has the attraction of the exotic. Old castles especially stir the sense of the romantic. They awaken in the imagination tales of the age when chivalry was in flower. There may, moreover, be latent in many of us some faint instincts of ancestral connection with the golden glories of which these castles are the broken vestiges and monuments.

Rounding the Highlands of the Hudson at West Point, however, one comes suddenly on a great Gothic structure which might well carry the mind's eye back to the Rhine. In its massive gray bulk, its castellated square towers and frowning aspect of command of the river approaches in either direction, the fortification that so fitly marks the situation of the nation's great military academy strikes the beholder as the very embodiment of the spirit of medieval feudalism—of an age when fighting was the chief occupation of the people and the only career open to men of "gentle" blood and high ambition. Yet there is nothing ruinous in the aspect of West Point's grim bastions. Ancient as their architecture may be, they are aggressively up-to-date in their construction. Their strength is the strength of America—the strength of youth.

Vague thoughts of this sort were called out by the challenging aspect of the big stone tower when I faced it on a recent spring afternoon upon descending at the West Point station after a two hours' run on the West Shore road from New York. The young kinsman whom I had last seen as a rather lively boy of 12 was there to meet me. Now he was a "plebe" of nine months' standing. In his gray uniform, his straight figure and soldierly bearing, the little fellow I knew had undergone a striking transformation. Yet I knew the boy in the smiling eyes of this fine young fellow that grasped my hand. As we ascended the hill to the great quadrangle of buildings surrounding the parade ground, I found him as likable as ever. There was something charming in his enthusiasm for his chosen calling and for the historic school of which he had become a part. And the charm was not lessened by a suggestion of childhood's sweet innocence in the boy's undoubted manliness. He blushingly turned aside the well-worn jests about future fame as a general by glowing expatiation of the appeal to all that was best in a cadet, in the splendid traditions of West Point, of the high standard of character and conduct that were maintained there, and of the serious effort required on the part of every man to do his full duty.

The discipline must be especially severe during the first or plebe year on a youngster who had carried off the honors in class and athletic field in his Middle West town high school, had been a popular favorite and editor of the school magazine. No home leave for a whole year. No dances. No shining place on the football eleven or the baseball nine. Held to strict accountability for every moment of time day and night; summoned from bed at 6 a. m. by the bugle's reveille seconded by a cannon's boom and the persistent ringing of a big brass gong in the dormitory corridor. Then it's away to the parade ground in response to further bugle calls for the ceremony of salute to the flag and the punctilious parade in formation of fours to the big mess hall.

My young relative took me through this mess room and explained the etiquette of its tables whereat the plebe is reduced to due and humble reverence for the upper class men. He explained, however, that under the present administration hazing has really been abolished and with it the ancient strong-arm methods, under which when a plebe did not pass the bread or the butter promptly enough, he received a forcible reminder of his duty in the shape of a glass or a plate thrown in his face. Democracy is all very well but an "officer and a gentleman" must be taught deference to his seniors.



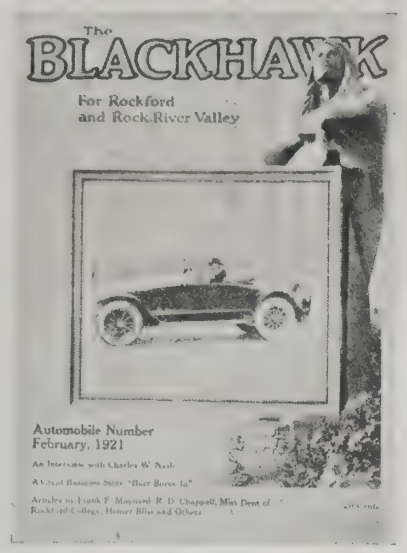
United States Military Academy shield and seal. Motto: "Duty, Honor, Country."

"All that sort of Prussianism," the boy told me earnestly, "is now frowned upon as contrary to the true American spirit." Here, as in the library, the walls are lined with portentous portraits of American generals in full dress. Everything is neat and clean as a new pin and the great airy kitchens opening from the mess hall with their polished ranges, shining nickeled soup caldrons and coffee urns and brilliant copper batteries *de cuisine* are a credit to the management. My youthful kinsman assured me that the "eats" are really good; the fare is as substantial as plentiful and well-cooked. I can assure anxious mothers all over the land that their boys at West Point certainly have every appearance of being well-fed. And their teeth are well looked after, as well as their table manners.

Just now, here and there, the dormitories are a bit crowded, because of a large increase in the number of cadets since the war; but new and handsome buildings are nearing completion. These will make it possible to have not more than two cadets in a room. Strict attention is paid to sanitation and hygiene and the army medical officers of the post seem to have a high appreciation of preventive medicine. When anything, which in the world outside West Point is regarded as a "slight symptom" in the shape of a "cold," manifests itself the victim is promptly quarantined and kept under watch. But it appears that the boys consider any one of their number who succeeds in getting into hospital for a week as much to be envied. It means a welcome respite in the eternal grind of drills and parades and inspections and lessons. Of course, the healthy-minded and healthy-bodied youngster does not linger in hospital precincts. When he is rested, he is only too eager to get back on the job.

While life at West Point is not all cakes and ale it has its ameliorations. Foremost of these ranks the gymnasium and the place given to field athletics. In a visit to the gymnasium, I felt that the whole place breathed the atmosphere of that joyous enthusiasm which, more than anything else, expresses the spirit of youth. Something of "the glory that was Greece" is brought back by the vigor and vim and the light-

(Concluded on page 14)



Home boosting, its mission.

Rockford's Home Magazine for the Home Folk

"It Is for the Man Whose Heart Is Rich With Love for His Fellow Beings, Whose Hand Holds the Wealth of Public Spirit, Whose Life Is Governed by the Golden Rule."



O. LAWRENCE HAWTHORNE,
Editor and Manager

COMMUNITY clubs are common, city associations are widely recognized, but the magazine which prints only stories on the life of a locality is very young.

When the group of enthusiasts had published the first issue of Rockford's own magazine, the city sat back comfortably to watch the venture from the side lines. But the team was too much alive and in a few short months the sideliners entered the center of the field to take an active part in the game of boosting their "forest city."

We don't know our neighbors even in small towns, much less do we appreciate our mutual assets unless some such municipal house organ supplies the information. *The Blackhawk* is Rockford's own magazine carrying the mission of the city to its own folk.

When Lawrence Hawthorne, originator of the "Forest City Magazine" idea, looked about for a name, he found none better than that of the famous Indian chieftain whose name spells romance and tradition to an entire river valley. The historical Blackhawk trail follows the banks of the Rock River, across the Illinois boundary line into Wisconsin, past the Four Lakes City (Madison) and then through the dells of the Wisconsin River until it ends as did the venture of the bold Indian—at the Mississippi. Had he deserted his women and children, the red man could have saved himself and his warriors, and it is for this genuine touch of chivalry together with the motto of the chief "fair fighting but a fight to the death in defense of his heritage" that inspired the erection of a statue on the banks of the Rock River.

By the editor, *The Blackhawk* is likened to the Indian noble, for it is "neither papoose nor squaw but a warrior ready to fight for a better Rockford city and countryside.

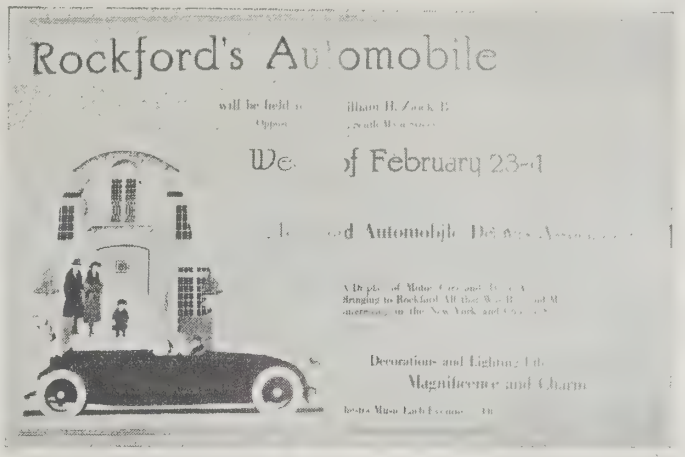
"It is a rich man's magazine, but it is only for the man whose heart is rich with love for his fellow beings, whose hand holds the wealth of public spirit and whose life is governed by the golden rule rather than the rule of gold.

"Our sympathy is with the man who works, no matter if it be with his hands or his head and provided that his work is honorable and considerate of others. We desire that it may serve as the medium through which the Chamber of Commerce, the Manufacturers' and Shippers' Association, businessmen's clubs, the American Legion, educational, religious, social and athletic bodies and the city government may effect closer co-operation and more surely build for municipal leadership."

Even the first issue was a success and the governor of the state sent a letter of congratulation to the northern Illinois city in which he prophesied the great future of such a publication in "the beautiful city in a beautiful valley."

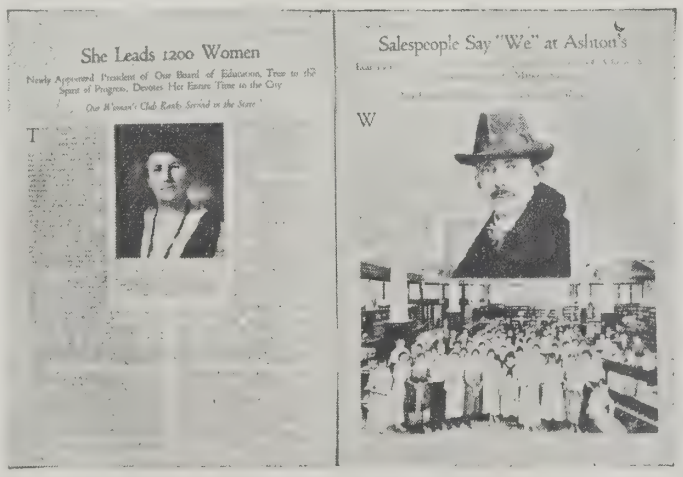
Six months after the magazine appeared and from a surprise which came like a searchlight in a dark night, *The Blackhawk* had grown to a circulation of four thousand and had begun to pay for itself in advertising. Human interest events and articles are featured, good stories seem to appear from nowhere and the city admits it to be a "regular magazine." Better homes, unusual people, a unique industry, anything new or proposed for the city, all find space and welcome.

Already the booster is getting busy and community pride is crystallizing around the idea of a home magazine for home folk. The mail carrier says many magazines leave the city and I can imagine the letter which goes with them— "Yes, sir, I tell you this town is filled with stuff just like that. We've got enough to last for all time too, because the rising generation is going to keep the irons hot while it makes this one of the best little old cities in the country. Watch us grow. Nothing anywhere ever beat this idea for putting community spirit into a city and I'm for it and the editor. Better drive around this way on your trip next summer."



Advertising carries the printing cost.

Newspapers in a city do a splendid work but they lack time, space, and facility to devote to just such articles as are needed in a special magazine. Hardly a man in the city knows the number and extent of the factories, the amount of imports and exports or even a dozen traditions about the founding of the place, how the parks came to exist, who the men are who care for the city's public property, what the music clubs are doing or the programs for advancement being sponsored in every group of live-wires who meet after a meal in club or home to thresh out the future of the city beautiful. All these things Editor Hawthorne is printing for his city.



Articles like these make boosters.

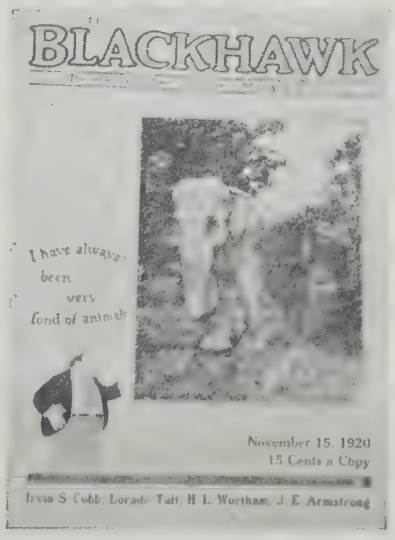
Nor will the business man take time to read newspaper articles for with only fifteen minutes of the day devoted to the reading of a daily paper he isn't concerned with anything but "news." But a neat booklet which comes once a month is different; it can readily be taken up during leisure hours—the proper time to be interested in civic betterment. That is why a booster magazine for a city can do much when the time arrives for giving complete facts on a new movement, in abolishing the prejudice and in blending all the grumbles into one long hurrah of "Boost for the Home City."

The Blackhawk is busy today teaching Rockford citizens a more human pride in family, town and valley, and fifty pages of reading matter interestingly written are teaching, as one business man said, "the inspiration which may be had from real men, the lack of substance found in the 'weedy' men and women, and the general contentment and sympathy so essential to all humans as we live together. It is fresh, vigorous, snappy and whether we are young or old we step along the street a bit livelier when we begin to appreciate what a decent sort of world it is in which we live."

Of course it is not every town of the size of Rockford that is capable of furnishing newspapermen of the requisite breadth of view and literary sense to produce such a monthly, or readers likely to appreciate it. The success of *The Blackhawk*, however, should prove an encouragement to any community with a spark of ambition. E. W. Howe's "Story of a Country Town," or Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," might not be such faithful transcriptions of the deadly dullness and painful narrowness of life in so many of our American communities, if more of them were enlivened and encouraged by this sort of magazine.

And if some of the bright young men who hie them to the big cities on leaving college and eke out a precarious existence, hanging on to the fringes of metropolitan journalism, were to follow Larry Hawthorne's example and apply themselves to cultivating the possibilities of this field in the old home town, they might find their acres of diamonds close at hand.

The Modern Blackhawk



Angles of Jewish Influence in American Life

The Jewish Idea Attacks Economic, Cultural and Church Traditions of the Anglo-Saxon; Invading Labor Union, College and Pulpit

THE Jewish Question exists wherever Jews appear, says Theodor Herzl, because they bring it with them. It is not their numbers that create the Question, for there is in almost every country a larger number of other aliens than of Jews. It is not their much-boasted ability, for it is now coming to be understood that, give the Jew an equal start and hold him to the rules of the game, he is not smarter than anyone else; indeed, in one great class of Jews the zeal is quenched when opportunity for intrigue is removed.

The Jewish Question is not in the number of Jews who here reside, not in the American's jealousy of the Jew's success, certainly not in any objection to the Jew's entirely unobjectionable Mosaic religion; it is in something else, and that something else is the fact of Jewish influence on the life of the country where Jews dwell; in the United States it is *the Jewish influence on American life.*

That the Jews exert an influence, they themselves loudly proclaim. One is permitted to think that they really claim a stronger influence than they possess, especially in those higher regions where excellent and determinative influences have been at work. The Jews claim, indeed, that the fundamentals of the United States are Jewish and not Christian, and that the entire history of this country should be rewritten to make proper acknowledgment of the prior glory due to Judah. If the question of influence rested entirely on the Jewish claim, there would be no occasion for doubt; they claim it all. But it is kindness to hold them to the facts; it is also more clearly explanatory of conditions in our country. If they insist that they "gave us our Bible" and "gave us our God" and "gave us our religion," as they do over and over again with nauseating superciliousness throughout all their polemic publications—*not a single one of these claims being true*—they must not grow impatient and profane while we complete the list of the real influences they have set at work in American life.

It is not the Jewish people but *the Jewish idea,* and the people only as vehicles of the idea, that is the point at issue. As it was Prussianism and not the German people that was the objective in the recent war, so in this investigation of the Jewish Question, it is Jewish influence and the Jewish Idea that are being discovered and defined.

The Jews are propagandists. This was originally their mission. But they were to propagate the central tenet of their religion. This they failed to do. By failing in this they, according to their own Scriptures, failed everywhere. They are now without a mission of blessing. Few of their leaders even claim a spiritual mission. But the mission idea is still with them in a degenerate form; it represents the grossest materialism of the day; it has become a means of sordid acquisition instead of a channel of service.

I.

Changing the Labor Tradition

THE essence of the Jewish Idea *in its influence on the labor world* is the same as in all other departments—the destruction of real values in favor of fictitious values. The Jewish philosophy of money is not to "make money," but to "get money." The distinction between these two is fundamental. That explains Jews being "financiers" instead of "captains of industry." It is the difference between "getting" and "making."

The creative, constructive type of mind has an affection for the thing it is doing. The non-Jewish worker formerly chose the work he liked best. He did not change employment easily, because there was a bond between him and the kind of work he had chosen. Nothing else was so attractive to him. He would rather draw a little less money and do what he liked to do, than a little more and do what irked him. The "maker" is always thus influenced by his liking.

Not so the "getter." It doesn't matter what he does, so long as the income is satisfactory. He has no illusions, sentiments or affections on the side of work. It is the "geld" that counts. He has no attachment for the things he makes, for he doesn't make any; he deals in the things which other men make and regards them solely on the side of their money-drawing value. "The joy of creative labor" is nothing to him, not even an intelligible saying.

Now, previous to the advent of Jewish socialistic and subversive ideas, the predominant thought in the labor world was to "make" things and thus "make" money. There was a pride among mechanics. Men who made things were a sturdy, honest race because they dealt with ideas of skill and quality, and their very characters were formed by the satisfaction of having performed useful functions in society. They were the Makers. And society was solid as long as they were solid. Men made shoes as exhibitions of their skill. Farmers raised crops for the inherent love of crops, not with reference to far-off money-markets. Everywhere The Job was the main thing and the rest was incidental.

The only way to break down this strong safeguard of society—a laboring class of sturdy character—was to sow other ideas among it; and the most dangerous of all the ideas sown was that which substituted "get" for "make." With the required manipulation of the money and food markets, enough pressure could be brought to bear on the ultimate consumers to give point to the idea of "get," and it was not long before the internal relations of American business were totally upset, with Jews at the head of the banking system, and Jews at the head of both the conservative and radical elements of the Labor Movement, AND, most potent of all, the Jewish Idea sowed through the minds of workingmen. What Idea? The old idea of "get" instead of "make."

The idea of "get" is a vicious, anti-social and destructive idea *when held alone;* but when held in company with "make" and as second in importance, it is legitimate and constructive. As soon as a man or a class is inoculated with the strictly Jewish Idea of "getting"—("getting mine;" "getting while the getting is good;" "honestly if you can, dishonestly if you must—but *get* it"—all of which are notes of this treasonable philosophy), the very cement of society loses its adhesiveness and begins to crumble. The great myth and fiction of Money has been forced into the place of real things, and the second step of the drama can thus be opened up.

Jewish influence on the thought of the workingmen of the United States, as well as on the thought of business and professional men, has been bad, thoroughly bad. This is not manifested in a division between "capital" and "labor," for there are no such separate elements; there is only the executive and operating departments of American business. The real division is between the Jewish idea of "get" and the Anglo-Saxon idea of "make," and at the present time the Jewish idea has been successful enough to have caused an upset.

All over the United States, in many branches of trade, Communist colleges are maintained, officered and taught by Jews. These so-called colleges exist in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Rochester, Pittsburgh, New York, Philadelphia and other cities, the whole intent being to put all American labor on a "get" basis, which must prove the economic damnation of the country. And that, apparently, is the end sought, as in Russia.

Until Jews can show that the infiltration of foreign Jews and the Jewish Idea into the American labor movement has made for the betterment in character and estate, in citizenship and economic statesmanship, of the American workingman, the charge of being an alien, destructive and treasonable influence will have to stand.

II.

Jewish-German Higher Criticism

THE last place the uninstructed observer would look for traces of Jewish influence is in the Christian church, yet if he fail to look there he will miss much. If the libraries of our theological seminaries were equipped with complete files of Jewish literary effort in the United States during the past 15 years, and if theological students were required to read these Jewish utterances, there would be less silly talk and fewer "easy marks" for Jewish propaganda in the American pulpit. For the next 25 years every theological seminary should support a chair for the study of Modern Jewish Influence and the Protocols. The fiction, that the Jews are an Old Testament people faithful to the Mosaic Law, would then be exploded, and timid Christians would no longer superstitiously hesitate to speak the truth about them because of that sadly misinterpreted text: "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee."

There is a mission for the pulpit to liberate the Church from what the New Testament Scriptures call "the fear of the Jews."

The pulpit has also the mission of liberating the Church from the error that Judah and Israel are synonymous. The reading of the Scriptures which confuse the tribe of Judah with Israel, and which interpret every mention of Israel as signifying the Jews, is at the root of more than one-half the confusion and division traceable in Christian doctrinal statements.

The Jews are *not* "The Chosen People," though practically the entire Church has succumbed to the propaganda which declares them to be so.

The Jewish tinge of thought has of late years overspread many Christian statements, and the uninstructed clergy have proved more and more amenable to Jewish suggestion.

The flaccid condition of the Church, so much deplored by spokesmen who had regard for her inner life, was brought about not by "science," not by "scholarship," not by the "increase of light and learning"—for none of these things are antagonistic even to incomplete statements of truth—but by *Jewish-German higher criticism.*

The defenders of the faith have fought long and valiantly against the inroads made by the so-called Higher Criticism, but were sadly incapacitated in their defense, because they did not see that its origin and purpose were Jewish. It was not Christian; it was not German; it was Jewish. It is almost wholly discounted today in the practical life of the church, but it still adheres to the darker corners of the colleges, along with the Red Bolshevism which is taking root there under Jewish influences.

Let the Christian minister who wishes to know the source of Jewish influence in the church look over the names of the more notorious "German" Higher Critics of the Bible, and consider their race. Add to them one Frenchman, an atheist and a Jew, and you have modern "liberal" sources very complete:

Wellhausen	Kuehne
Strauss	Hitzig
Ewald	Renan

It is perfectly in keeping with the Jewish World Program that this destructive influence should be sent out under Jewish auspices, and it is perfectly in keeping with non-Jewish trustfulness to accept the thing without looking at its source. A great many so-called "liberals" played the Jewish game for a time; they are now coming back to the old citadel which stood in its own strength and without their patronage while the fever of the Higher Criticism raged.

The Church is now victim of a second attack against her, in the rampant Socialism and Sovietism that have been thrust upon her in the name of flabby and unmoral theories of "brotherhood" and in an appeal to her "fairness." The church has been made to believe that she is a forum for discussion and not a high place for annunciation. She has been turned from a Voice into an echo of jangling cries. Jews have actually invaded, in person and in program, hundreds of American churches, with their subversive and impossible social ideals, and at last became so cocksure of their domination of the situation that they were met with the inevitable check.

Clergymen ought to know that seven-eighths of the economic mush they speak from the pulpit is prepared by Jewish professors of political economy and revolutionary leaders. They should be informed that economic thought has been so completely Judaized by means of a deliberate and masterly plan of camouflaged propaganda, that the mass-thought of the crowd (which is the thought mostly echoed in "popular" pulpits and editorials) is more Jewish than Jewry itself holds.

The Jew has got hold of the church in doctrine, in liberalism, so-called, and in the feverish and feeble sociological diversions of many pulpits and adult classes.

If there is any place where a straight study of the Jewish Question should be made, with the Bible always in hand as the authoritative textbook, it is in the modern church which is unconsciously giving allegiance to a mass of Jewish propaganda.

III.

Jewish Virus in College Life

IT IS not reaction that is counseled here; it is progress along constructive paths, the paths of our forefathers, the Anglo-Saxons, who have to this day been the World-Builders, the Makers of cities and commerce and continents; and not the Jews who have never been builders or pioneers, who have never peopled the wilderness, but who move in upon the labors of other men. They are not to be blamed for not being Builders and Pioneers, perhaps; they are to be blamed for claiming all the rights of pioneers; but even then, perhaps, their blame ought not to be so great as the blame that rests upon the sons of the Anglo-Saxons for rejecting the straightforward Building of their

fathers, and taking up with the doubtful ideas of Judah.

Colleges are being constantly invaded by the Jewish Idea. The sons of the Anglo-Saxon are being attacked in their very heredity. The sons of the Builders, the Makers, are being subverted to the philosophy of the destroyers. Young men in the first exhilarating months of intellectual freedom are being seized with promissory doctrines, the source and consequences of which they do not see. There is a natural rebelliousness of youth, which promises progress; there is a natural venturesomeness to play free with ancient faiths; both of which are ebullitions of the spirit and significant of dawning mental virility. It is during the periods when these adolescent expansions are in process that the youth is captured by influences which deliberately lie in wait for him in the colleges. True, in after years a large proportion come to their senses sufficiently to be able "to sit on the fence and see themselves go by," and they come back to sanity. They find that "free love" doctrines make exhilarating club topics, but that the Family—the old-fashioned loyalty of one man and one woman to each other and their children is the basis, not only of society, but of all personal character and progress. They find that Revolution, while a delightful subject for fiery debates and an excellent stimulant to the feeling of supermanlikeness, is nevertheless not the process of progress.

And, too, they come at length to see that the Stars and Stripes and the Free Republic are better far than the Red Star and Soviet sordidness.

When a Supreme Court Justice addressed one of the greater American universities, a student came to him after a lecture and said: "It gave me so much pleasure to hear your lectures, for they were *the first kindly words I have heard said about our government since the commencement of my university career.*"

For years the secular magazines have been carrying articles on the question, *"What Is Wrong With the Colleges?"* The answer is perfectly clear to those who can discern Jewish influence in American life.

The trouble with the colleges has progressed along precisely the same lines that have been described above in connection with the churches. First, Jewish higher criticism in the destruction of young men's sense of respect for the ancient foundations; second, Jewish revolutionary social doctrines. The two always go together. They cannot live apart. They are the fulfillment of the Protocol's program to split non-Jewish society by means of ideas.

Red Propaganda in the Colleges

IT IS idle to attack the "unbelief" of college students, idle to attack their "radicalism"—these are always the qualities of immaturity. But it is not idle to show that social radicalism ("radicalism" being a very good word very sadly misused) and antagonism to the religious sanctions of the moral law, both come from the same source. Over the fountain of Revolutionism and Anti-Christian belief place the descriptive and definitive term "Jewish," and let the sons of the Anglo-Saxons learn from what waters they are drinking. That source is not Mosaic, but Jewish—there is a world of difference between them.

The central groups of Red philosophers in every university is a Jewish group, with often enough a "Gentile front" in the shape of a deluded professor. *Some of these professors are in the pay of outside Red organizations.* There are Intercollegiate Socialist Societies, swarming with Jews and Jewish influences, and toting Jewish professors around the country, addressing medics and lits and even the Divinity schools, under the patronage of the best civic and university auspices. Student lecture courses are fine pasture for this propaganda. Intercollegiate Liberal Leagues are established everywhere, the purpose evidently being to give students the thrill of believing that they are taking part in the beginning of a great new movement, comparable to the winning of Independence or the Abolition of slavery. As stein parties gradually cease as a college diversion, Red conferences will come in; it is part of the effervescence of youth.

The revolutionary forces which head up in Jewry rely very heavily on the respectability which is given their movement by the adhesion of students and a few professors. It was so in Russia—everyone knows what the name "student" eventually came to signify in that country. And as a result, while Sovietists are glorifying the "success" of the Revolution, men like Maxim Gorky are sending out appeals for food to prevent the intelligentsia from starving to death.

The Students and Racial Loyalty

THE Jewish Chautauqua, which works almost exclusively in colleges and universities, together with Bolshevism in art, science, religion, economics and sociology, are driving straight through the Anglo-Saxon traditions and landmarks of our race of students. And these are ably assisted by professors and clergymen whose thinking has been dislocated and poisoned by Jewish subversive influences in theology and sociology.

What to do about it? Simply identify the source and nature of the influence which has overrun our colleges. Let the students know that their choice is between the Anglo-Saxons and the Tribe of Judah. Let the students decide, in making up their allegiance, whether they will follow the Builders or those who seek to tear down.

It is not a case for argument. Radicalism and religious indifferentism are states of mind. Normal men usually grow out of them in good time. Others are caught and held to the end. But the treatment is not argument.

The only absolute antidote to the Jewish influence is to call college students back to a pride of race. We often speak of the Fathers as if they were the few who happened to affix their signature to a great document which marked a new era of liberty. The Fathers were the Men of the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic Race. The men who came across Europe with civilization in their blood and in their destiny; the men who crossed the Atlantic and set up civilization on a bleak and rock-bound coast; the men who drove west to California and north to Alaska; the men who peopled Australia and seized the gates of the world at Suez, Gibraltar and Panama; the men who opened the tropics and subdued the arctics—Anglo-Saxon men, who have given form to every government and a livelihood to every people and an ideal to every century. They got neither their God nor their religion from Judah, nor yet their speech nor their creative genius—they are the Ruling People, Chosen throughout the centuries to Master the world, by Building it ever better and better and not by breaking it down.

Into the camp of this race, among the sons of the rulers, comes a people that has no civilization to point to, no aspiring religion, no universal speech, no great achievement in any realm but the realm of "get," cast out of every land that gave them hospitality, and these people endeavor to tell the sons of the Saxons what is needed to make the world what it ought to be.

If our sons in college follow this counsel of dark rebellion and destruction, it is because they do not know whose sons they are, of what race they are the scions.

Let there be free speech to the limit in our universities and free intercourse of ideas, but let Jewish thought be labeled Jewish, and let our sons know the racial secret.

The warning has already gone out through the colleges. The system of procedure is already fully known. And how simple it is:

First, you secularize the public schools—"secularize" is the precise word the Jews use for the process. You prepare the mind of the public school child by enforcing the rule that no mention shall ever be made to indicate that culture or patriotism is in any way connected with the deeper principles of the Anglo-Saxon religion. Keep it out, every sight and sound of it! Keep out also every word that will aid any child to identify the Jewish race.

Then, when you have thus prepared the soil, you can go into the universities and colleges and enter upon the double program of pouring contempt on all the Christian landmarks, at the same time filling the void with Jewish revolutionary ideas.

The influence of the common people is driven out of the public schools, where common people's influence can go; but Jewish influence is allowed to run rampant in the higher institutions where the common people's influence cannot go.

Secularize the public schools, and you can then Judaize the universities.

IV.

Let the Struggle Be a Fair One

THIS is the "liberalism" which Jewish spokesmen so much applaud. In labor unions, in church, in university, it has tinctured the principles of work, faith and society. This will not be denied, because the proof of it is too thickly written over Jewish activities and utterances. Indeed, it is in exerting these very influences that Jewry convinces itself it is fulfilling its "mission" to the world. The capitalism attacked is non-Jewish capitalism; the orthodoxy attacked is Christian orthodoxy; the society attacked is the Anglo-Saxon form of society, all of which by their destruction would redound to the glory of Judaism.

The list could be extended—the influence of the Jewish idea on Anglo-Saxon sports and pleasure, on the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic idea of patriotism, on the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic conception of the learned professions; the influence of the Jewish idea runs down through every department of life.

"Well," one very badly deluded Anglo-Saxon editor, wrapped up in Jewish advertising contracts, was heard to say, "If the Jews can get away with it, then they have a right to." It is a variant of the "answer" of Jewish origin, which runs thus: "How can a paltry 3,000,000 run the 100,000,000 of the rest of us? Nonsense!"

Yes, let it be agreed; if the Jewish idea is the stronger, if the Jewish ability is the greater, let them conquer; let Anglo-Saxon principles and Anglo-Saxon power go down in ruins before the Tribe of Judah. *But first let the two ideas struggle under their own banners; let it be a fair struggle.* It is not a fair fight when in the movies, in the public schools, in the Judaized churches, in the universities, the Anglo-Saxon idea is kept away from Anglo-Saxons on the plea that it is "sectarian" or "clannish" or "obsolete" or something else. It is not a fair fight when Jewish ideas are offered as Anglo-Saxon ideas, because offered under Anglo-Saxon auspices. Let the heritage of our Anglo-Saxon-Celtic fathers have free course among their Anglo-Saxon-Celtic sons, and the Jewish idea can never triumph over it, in university forum or in the marts of trade. The Jewish idea never triumphs until first the people over whom it triumphs are denied the nurture of their native culture.

Judah has begun the struggle. Judah has made the invasion. Let it come. Let no man fear it. But let every man insist that the fight be fair. Let college students and leaders of thought know that the objective is the regnancy of the ideas and the race that have built all the civilization we see and that promise all the civilization of the future; let them also know that the attacking force is Jewish.

That is all that will be necessary. And it is against this that the Jews protest. "You must not identify us," they say, "You must not use the term 'Jew.'" Why? Because unless the Jewish idea can creep in under the assumption of other than Jewish origin, it is doomed. Anglo-Saxon ideas dare proclaim themselves and their origin. A proper proclamation is all that is necessary today. Compel every invading idea to run up its flag!

A book containing 236 pages of the first twenty articles on *The International Jew* will be sent to any address, upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

A second book, containing the second twenty articles, will soon be ready and may be ordered now.

Jewish World Notes

A Jewish publication, ever with an eye to business, is making a "confidential" circulation drive on the strength of the statement that "a definite date has been set for an early trial" in which THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT "will have to prove the accusations against the Jews." The soliciting letter continues: "This fact is not being spread broadcast because it is not desired to offer any opportunity to the enemies of the Jews to stage any sensational plays that may ruin the efforts" to muzzle THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. As a matter of fact, there are some aspects of the Jewish Question which can only be opened in court, and the higher the court the better, that the highest authority may take cognizance.

But is it quite fair to the other Jewish publications in the country to keep this choice tidbit for the profit of one publication only? Why not permit the scores of Jewish papers to use this bait? THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has proved a very good business getter for many Jews. Practically every Jewish organization has increased its membership on the plea that it is necessary to "get" THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. Money in large sums have been collected—now to smother THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT under the flood of printed propaganda, now to back a cheap automobile, now to stage a thousand lawsuits, now to establish new propaganda sheets or to "convert" purchasable sheets already existing, now just plainly to "get" the individuals concerned. Why don't the Jews of the United States wake up? Why can't they see that their difficulty comes only from within themselves? Are there no prophets left in Judah? Are there only profiteers?

So numerous have been the defections of Jews toward Christian Science that at least one rabbi has introduced into his synagogue a "healing service" modeled after that of the Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Boston. Never in the lead!

Mme. Curie, one of the world's most distinguished and useful scientists arrived in New York the other day. Was she given the "freedom of New York" as was Einstein? Certainly not! She is not Jewish!

"Revolutionists signing themselves 'The United Communist Party of America' and 'The American Freedom Foundation' are believed to have inserted in many copies of the Jewish papers of this city circulars calling for a May Day revolution. These inflammatory circulars were found by persons who bought Jewish newspapers today."—*Evening Globe,* New York.

Two Westerners—and What They Mean to You

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

I SAT in a high apartment building in Washington at night and looked out over that city from which a nation is governed, meditating on what lay beneath me until I got to talking to myself and this is what I said:

Of all pictures created of paper and ink, which is most familiar to the individuals who go to make up that homogeneous people 117 million strong all speaking the same language and calling themselves Americans?

I paused for an answer until I felt that some psychic end man must have responded: "Well, Mr. Bones, what picture is most familiar?" and I replied:

The picture of a dome emerging from the trees of a gently rising hill—in fact, the dome of yonder Capitol Building where the light at its tip indicates that Congress is meeting in night session on the people's business.

That building has come to be almost synonymous with Old Glory, to stand for that world figure which is the young giant among nations and at the same time the grandfather of free institutions impersonating the government of the United States.

The Capitol yonder, I thought, is the fountain source of government. From beneath it bubbles the double spring of beneficent laws, flowing from the House and Senate and watering all the world that lies beneath the flag.

Who, I wonder, are the individuals sitting at the headwaters there and regulating the flow of that stream? Who today are the most powerful men on Capitol Hill at Washington?

To get the answer to that question I made a week-long canvass and this was the result—Smoot, of Utah, and Mondell, of Wyoming: Smoot in the Senate and Mondell in the House.

Remembering the days of Aldrich and Payne, of Crane and Cannon, I concluded that the center of influence was moving west. Checking over the biographies of the two I found that, contrary to the general run of these self-prepared sketches, neither was a lawyer, neither had taught school, neither made any claim to having been a farmer. I would go to see these two men and ask each how he got where he is.

Senator Reed Smoot, I knew, is an apostle in the Mormon church of Utah. He has been in the Senate for eighteen years and is elected for another six-year term. He has reached the age of 59, is six feet two and weighs 190 pounds. Physically he is a remarkable specimen of manhood, big-boned, vigorous, carrying no undue flesh. Since the day of his birth, he says, he has never known an illness. He is blue-eyed, well thatched with stubby hair, has a close-cropped mustache, is old American stock.

Smoot is chairman of the joint committee of Congress which has in hand the reorganization of the government departments. This means that he is the efficiency expert who will, within the year, rearrange and regroup all those bureaus through which the government functions.

He is chairman of the joint committee on printing which says what may and what may not be published by government agencies. Some of the departments are likely to say that he is an autocratic and unsympathetic czar, that he is not a competent judge of the matter that a scientific bureau should print.

He is chairman of the Senate Committee on public lands, of the committee on expenditures in the Interior Department. He is second man on the all powerful committee on appropriations and pensions. He ranks third on the committee on finance, fourth on civil service, sixth on territories.

I asked Senator Smoot how he gained such power in the Upper House. He said he did it by working. He stated that there was just one thing to which he credited every success he had made in life—work. He protested himself a plain man with a commonplace mind.

I asked this man how many hours a day he worked. He said that he stuck at it 16 hours every day but sometimes he worked 18. He never stops for golf or baseball. He believes that the theory that one should set aside certain time for recreation is all piffle. He has never played and never taken a vacation. To all appearances he is the fittest man of 59 in the Senate. He recommends seven hours sleep in twenty-four as recreation. He snaps off consciousness with the light, sleeps until he is normally refreshed, gets up and goes to work again.

When Senator Smoot first came to Congress he was put on the committee on claims. It was the dullest, dryest assignment to be had. There were thousands of persons praying for relief by the government from some loss, real or imagined. Each claim was fortified by endless settings forth of facts, arguments, hearings. No other man ever dug through these claims as did the young Senator from Utah. He worked on them sixteen hours a day.

So it came to pass that, when a case came up, Smoot would be asked the gist of it. He would set forth the facts, baldly, prosaically, but correctly. It has not often happened in 18 years that anybody has disproved Smoot's facts.

The older Senators began to notice that this man was very useful. He was a great digester of intellectual food that was unpalatable to the majority. Finally the time came when the tariff was to be revised. The Aldrich tariff commission, something more than a decade ago, made one of the most exhaustive studies of that complicated subject ever undertaken. Smoot was made a member of that commission. He ground those 16 hours a day for years on tariff. He came to be a walking encyclopedia of tariff schedules. He could reel them off, past, present and proposed, without end. He was instinctively a high protectionist. Though his father was a Kentucky Democrat he had chosen for himself the Republican fold. His views agreed with those of the men who dominated the Senate. He proved very useful. His knowledge was a matter of great satisfaction to his associates. They did not need to look up the facts. They asked Smoot.

Gradually Smoot has been gathering to himself more and more power. It comes because he is willing to shoulder the work. Few Senators work hard enough to master the detail of the government machine. Smoot does. He is a horse for work. He accepts any job put on him, works until he gets on top of it, adds that much power to himself.

So, today, he is sometimes called the general manager of the United States. It is undoubtedly true that he has more to do with the actual operation of the government than any other man on Capitol Hill. I asked Senator Smoot where he got this idea of happiness through work. He said that his mother taught it to him. She had come to Utah with the early migration of the Mormons. The settlers came on foot. His mother was a girl of eighteen. She walked and pushed a handcart from the Missouri River to Utah. There she took vigorous part in carving an empire out of the plains.



(C) Harris & Ewing

Above—SENATOR REED SMOOT, of Utah.

Left—REP. FRANK MONDELL, of Wyoming.

She believed in work, taught it to her boy. When he was in grammar school he worked Saturdays and holidays in a woolen mill near by. He worked awhile on one machine and awhile on another. He found it a lot of fun to master one machine after another. Boys love machinery. He believes that he had as good a time as the boys who played ball and went fishing. When he was 22 he became manager of this same mill and ran it for many years. In the interim he had completed college before he was eighteen, had managed a general store for four years, had become the proprietor of a drug store which he still owns. Long ago he became a man of independent means.

* * *

Now the story of Frank Mondell is quite another sort of yarn. The Republicans have conferred upon Mr. Mondell their floor leadership on the House side, and that position, in the changed conditions that resulted from the overthrow of the Speaker a decade ago, and his consequent loss of power, is the most commanding at this end of the Capitol. When the appointment of committees was taken away from the Speaker he lost control of those committees. The authority went from the chair to the floor. In caucus each party chooses itself a steering committee and a floor leader who is chairman of that committee. This committee maps out the program and the leader drives it through. It is the top job. When the Republicans came into power two years ago, and the minority leadership became the majority leadership, Mondell, of Wyoming, suave, genial, diplomatic, eased his way into the place of power.

I asked Mr. Mondell how he got where he was, and he said that he did it by following his nose on a long and tortuous journey that wound up just here and by entering with genial enthusiasm into every task that presented itself along the way.

Even that gave no evidence of dramatic situations scattered through an eventful career. I don't believe anybody had ever taken the trouble to dig up the "story" that lay in this Congressional leader. Nobody in Congress, for instance, seemed to know that this blue-eyed, middle-sized, hawk-nosed, friendly floor leader still carries around with him the leaden bullet of a gunman of the West who sought to murder him. The story unwound itself in true movie fashion with Mr. Mondell, the mayor of Newcastle, Wyoming, attempting to rid that community of the stick-up men who infested it.

The town was full of saloons and gambling houses. When the hard times came with the silver slump in the nineties, those satellites of the dives found the pickings so poor that they were driven to robbery. There was a crime wave. The town administration surveyed the situation and decided that it would be well if a score or so of individuals with no visible means of support should move on. A list was made up and the men notified. They should be on their way not later than the midnight train on Friday.

Mr. Mondell came down the principal street that night. He was met by one of the men who had received notice.

"Does that order stand, Mr. Mayor," asked the man. "Do we have to go?"

"Yes," said Mondell. "Don't miss that midnight train."

Thereupon the undesirable whipped out his pistol and began shooting. One bullet entered the body of the mayor and ranged downward. It never came out. Another clipped his hat brim. Being unarmed, he dodged into a doorway.

There was a rough ten years back of Mr. Mondell's coming to Newcastle—ten years as a foreman of a construction gang in railroad building. He became a sort of top sergeant in that construction corps which, forty years ago, worked so busily at the task of laying into one wilderness after another those strips of steel which performed the miracle of its transformation. And all the time Foreman Mondell took pot luck and did man's work, little dreaming of the gang he would boss in 1921. They were running a line up into the Black Hill country in what is now South Dakota, when a difficulty intervened. It seemed that the railroad might be run no further because it was getting too far from a supply of coal that was of the quality required in engines. But for this difficulty it might reach out into Wyoming and Montana.

Frank Mondell's employer had noted that he had books on geology and was often reading them. So he said: "You ought to know more about how to find coal than any of the rest of us. Hitch up a four-mule team, take all the supplies you want, go over into Wyoming and don't come back until you have found it."

It took the gang boss a year and a half to complete his mission. At the end of that time he had what he wanted. He also had oil. His plans were made for getting these out of the ground and these plans contemplated the planting of a town. This town was Newcastle, Wyoming. Frank Mondell was its first citizen. He has been its first citizen ever since.

Fifty-four years ago an itinerant preacher stopped in a tiny town in eastern Iowa which was at that time just settling up. He read his Greek and Hebrew from the original and his box of books was bigger than his box of food. Yet he had added to himself a wife and family for he took the parable of the ravens quite literally. The preacher's attention was drawn to a boy of six, Frank Mondell, who then seemed to be unattached.

Inquiry developed the fact that the boy belonged to nobody in particular. He lived part of the time with a family on one side of the town and part of the time with another family on the other side. His journeyings were occasioned by this scheme of living around. No, he was not related to any of these people. He was only six years old. His name was Frank Mondell. The preacher, still trusting in the ravens, adopted Frank. Thus it happened that Frank Mondell found a foster father and journeyed to the lake country in northwest Iowa, where he lived for eleven years of his boyhood. There was no mystery as to the origin of Frank Mondell. His father, a French Huguenot, who spelled his name "Mondelle," had come to the Upper Mississippi from New England about 1840. He had kept a frontier hotel at Prairie du Chien, in Wisconsin, had later drifted down to St. Louis, where Frank was born. He fought as a captain in the Civil War and came home to find that cholera had taken off his wife and eldest daughter. He married again and brought his new wife to mother his brood of eight children. Almost immediately he died. The stepmother took Frank to relatives in the Iowa village, where she soon afterward died. From that time on Frank Mondell was compelled to shift for himself.



A twenty-acre pecan grove on a plantation in Mississippi, showing the sturdy, symmetrical appearance of the trees.

Domesticating the Pecan

By C. E. COLLINS

WHEN you buy that sack of mixed nuts to slip into the kiddie's stocking for a Christmas morning feast, or when you take the sweetest girl in the world a box of candy with pieces studded with bits of nuts, or when you get these bits on a nut sundae at the corner soda fountain, it is nine chances out of ten that you are contributing your bit to domesticate the pecan.

Just as the potato, the tomato, and many other staple articles of food on the table of the average American family were developed into a useful and domestic existence after centuries of wild life, just so is the pecan being rescued from the fast disappearing forest to serve a future and useful purpose to mankind.

To indicate just how fast it is being transplanted from the wild to the domestic grove, it is reliably estimated that 95 per cent of the developed pecan trees in the country today have been set out in the last ten years. Of course there are thousands, perhaps millions of wild trees still standing, but they are undeveloped seedlings scattered through big forests whose only good probably will be when the axman comes along and smilingly chops it down with the inward thought that some hardwood lumber buyer will be fooled into thinking it is hickory instead of pecan.

The pecan is a native of the southern states and, generally speaking, will succeed where cotton can be grown, but it is more common in the immediate lower Mississippi Valley than elsewhere in the United States. It thrives well in the deep rich soil of river valleys, such as the fertile lands bordering the lower Mississippi. However, the last generation of southern farmers has learned that it will grow elsewhere with proper and careful attention. Domesticated pecan groves, consequently, are dotting the landscape where the white-bolled cotton stalk has held sway for many, many years.

Some of the pioneer pecan growers of the southern states have large groves of pecan trees just as northern farmers have orchards of apples and peaches. Most of the groves still are very young and are just beginning to reach maturity in production, and there are hundreds of new groves being set out since the possibilities of immense profit from them have been demonstrated.

Southern farmers are learning some very interesting and, withal, some very profitable lessons from the humble pecan. They are learning now because, before the pecan took up a domesticated existence, little was known of it. In fact there still is a deal of mystery as to how long a pecan tree will live and how long it will bear. Wild pecan trees known to be more than 100 years old seem to keep on growing and bearing rich harvests of nuts from year to year. They will stand more rough usage, such as windstorms and lightning bolts, than most trees; they are very seldom uprooted and have a very dignified and symmetrical appearance.

The demand for domesticated pecan trees has led to the establishment in recent years of pecan nurseries in the southern states. Grafting and budding of trees has greatly improved the stock, just as grafting and budding has brought great improvement in the developed peach over the seedling peach.

After its eighth or tenth year, the pecan tree begins to bear a profitable crop, and it is a poor grove indeed that, when 15 years old, will not yield $100 clear profit an acre.

In a recent investigation in Mississippi and adjoining states, E. F. White, extension horticulturist representing the United States Department of Agriculture, and the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, brought to light some remarkable instances of the huge profits possible from pecan trees, as well as much interesting information from the pioneer growers of domesticated pecans.

He reported that the grove of V. L. Beyer, at Wiggins, Mississippi, produced a profit in one year of $1,250 per acre. Rev. R. E. Hall, of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, obtained a profit of $600 per acre; R. W. Bruce, Hermanville, Mississippi, $500 an acre; I. E. Bass & Sons, Lumberton, Mississippi, $528 and C. E. Pabst, of Ocean Springs, Mississippi, one of the pioneers in developing the pecan and the originator of Pabst variety, $460 per acre.

There is a ready market for pecans at from 40 cents to $1 per pound, depending upon size and quality of nuts. In his investigation, Mr. White found single pecan trees that, had the full crop been marketed at an average price, would have brought their owners an average of more than $1 a day for each day in the year. J. R. Oliver, of St. Martinville, Louisiana, received nine barrels or 1,350 pounds of nuts from a seedling tree on his property. Judge J. L. Buckley, of Enterprise, Mississippi, reported a yield of 1,200 pounds from a single seedling and other big yields were disclosed.

The budded and grafted trees are much younger than most of the bearing seedlings because budding and grafting is a recent development but some very profitable yields from developed trees were found by Mr. White. A four-year-old tree at Vancleave, Mississippi, produced 60 pounds of nuts; a seven-year-old tree at Lumberton, Mississippi, yielded 149 pounds and a 13-year-old tree at Ocean Springs, Mississippi, produced 185 pounds.

An eight-year-old grove of trees owned by D. C. Bramlette, Jr., of Woodville, Mississippi, produced a profit of $50 an acre; J. B. Wight, of Cairo, Georgia, had a $75 profit per acre from a grove also eight years old; the estate of Dunbar Hunt, near Rodney, Mississippi, has a grove of 20 acres of eighteen-year-old trees that in one season produced a net profit of $2,800.

Following up his investigations, Mr. White said that his findings indicated that pecan trees should be planted in well-prepared, well-drained land. "Cover crops" or companion crops such as peas, beans, peanuts, sweet and Irish potatoes, melons, strawberries, cucumbers, and cotton between the tree rows can be planted and cultivated successfully while the trees are maturing, thus preventing loss of use of the land until the grove is in bearing. Trees should be pruned until 10 years old and sprayed whether bearing or not, and fertilizer and mulch will increase yields in every instance, Mr. White's investigations disclosed. He recommended that trees be planted in "checks" 60 by 60 feet, with even a wider distance between if the soil is rich and deep. In transplanting, it is imperative, he says, that the roots be kept constantly moist.

One gets an idea of the newness and the "experimental stage" of pecan culture as a commercial industry from Mr. White's report which says, "Very little is known of fertility and sterility of the different varieties of pecans, but the majority believe that they are self-fertile."

Also one is given the impression of a great future in the growing of pecans when Mr. White remarks that "Growers are unanimous in the belief that the future production of pecan nuts is 'very favorable,' 'unusually bright,' and 'cannot be overdone.'" To their statements might be added the passage in a government bulletin dealing with the pecan. "If pecan culture is pushed with the usual skill and energy of American enterprise, there is every reason to believe that it will not be many years before the pecan will become not only abundant on our markets but also of great importance as an export product."

The pecan harvest starts about the middle of October and usually ends about the middle of December. When the nuts are "ripe" the burr about them opens and they fall to the ground. In the larger commercial orchards or groves, the harvesting is accomplished by using long bamboo poles similar to "fishing poles" for knocking the nuts to the ground. Eventually the trees in the young commercial orchards will be so tall that harvesting will be more difficult, as it is in gathering nuts from the wild seedling trees which often are found towering 150 feet in the air. It is necessary to climb such trees and use the long poles to knock off the nuts, else wait until they fall.

Some of the commercial grove owners have adopted crude methods of polishing the nuts before they market them. One method is to use a barrel partly filled with sand and placed on spindles so that it can be revolved rapidly, the sand polishing the hard surface of the nuts as they are whirled about.

Grading the nuts according to size is another development that is coming into common usage, the larger and more choice nuts bringing a premium when offered for sale. A New Orleans concern which has built up a large business in pecans, uses the common sifter method by which the small nuts drop through holes in a rotating or oscillating bin.

Pecan cracking and picking factories are springing up here and there in the pecan growing region. In these the nuts are cracked and the meats removed. Usually the nuts are soaked in water to prevent injury to the meat during the cracking process, and the meat is more easily removed whole.

There is a large and constantly growing market for the unbroken meats to lovers of nuts, the meats being very delicious as well as nutritious when eaten with salt. Candy-makers and confectioners buy most of the meats, both whole and broken, using the whole meats in the finer candies and the broken bits for nut sundaes, nougats, and so on.

The agricultural experts in the southern states are giving pecan culture a great deal of attention and undoubtedly will give it more as the number of commercial groves increases. They are urging not only the farmers to grow the improved trees, but home owners in the villages, towns and cities are being told that the pecan is an ideal lawn tree, because it fills all the requirements for such trees and, moreover, "will pay the tax and insurance on a very nice home" with the nuts it produces.



LEWIS EINSTEIN

(C) Harris & Ewing

Within the Sacred Precincts of Diplomacy

The Case of Mr. Lewis Einstein

By GEORGE A. SCHREINER

THOUGH the case of Mr. Lewis Einstein is a remarkable one, it should not be assumed that it stands isolated in the history of diplomacy. After all, it is true that there is nothing new under the sun. Things are novel merely because succeeding generations learn of them, forget them again, and take pains not to profit by example. This applies especially to diplomacy.

Years ago, Mr. Einstein had been accredited by the United States Government to a small government in Latin-America as minister plenipotentiary. During the first part of the Wilson administration he had been stationed in Constantinople, but had left *persona non grata*. That is to say: He was no longer wanted by the Ottoman Government. The situation was expressed in as many words at the time. The State Department knew that perfectly well, because the reason was on record.

Great was the impression created when Mr. Einstein reappeared in Turkey early in the spring of 1915. The newspaperman was at the Dardanelles at the time. Though the officers of the batteries had more to do than speculate on the vanities of diplomacy, they made the entrance of Mr. Einstein the topic of many a mess conversation.

The Sublime Porte stared in surprise when Mr. Morgenthau suggested that Mr. Einstein be extended the usual diplomatic courtesies. Enver Pasha, Talaat Bey, and the grand vizier would not listen to any such proposition, and informed Mr. Morgenthau that it would be best to send Mr. Einstein whither he had come, to wit: Paris and London.

Mr. Morgenthau was not disinclined at first to do that. It was not plain to him just what sphere the new arrival was to fill. The embassy had a *conseiller,* and the requisite number of secretaries, reinforced by Captain R. H. Williams, United States Coast Artillery, now colonel on the general staff, who, in addition to having an undefined status as military attaché, attended to all the relief work that was being done at the time. Though the embassy was rather busy with all the people it had in its care, it cannot be said that anybody but the clerks worked himself to death. There was nothing to do for Mr. Einsetin, and Mr. Morgenthau concluded, and the intruder promoted that impression diligently, that he was there largely to give good advice.

The embassy staff also objected to the presence of the "diplomatic agent," as Mr. Einstein was listed. None of this helped. Mr. Einstein installed himself in a little room above the stairs in the embassy chancery and waited for better times, as it seemed. That room was mostly locked at first. But each day the agent was a member of the male tea Mr. Morgenthau was in the habit of giving.

Mr. Einstein greeted the newspaperman heartily when he returned from the Dardanelles. But nothing came of the effusiveness. The next that happened was that the newspaperman was invited to the male tea, present among others being: The ambassador, Mr. Shamavonian, the first dragoman, and Mr. Antonian, another dragoman.

After a sip of tea, Mr. Einstein opened fire. What, exactly, was the state of affairs on the Dardanelles? How many batteries, new emplacements, guns, shells; what had been the effect of the big bombardment of March 18; in what state of morale were the Turkish gunners; to what extent were they commanded by Germans; was anything known of the torpedo batteries at Kilid-il-Bahr; in what shape was the mine field and how extensive was it; what were the means of observation of the Turks; just where could the famous howitzer batteries be found, how were they moved about? As fine a line of vital military information as could be set out!

Evasive answers and negatives being all that came Mr. Einstein's way, the duties of citizenship of the newspaperman were referred to. The reply was that the newspaperman had many other duties, that is, he could not make himself impossible with the Turks in the interest of the news service which he represented, nor could he run the personal risk, since he stood under Ottoman military law; lastly, he was not in the habit of abusing the confidence of those whose guest he was. The newspaperman stated that all he was permitted to say had gone through the hands of the censors, and was known in the embassy.

Mr. Einstein was not satisfied with that. The embassy had a right to know. Were it not that a tea, even among men, is supposed to be a polite affair, hard words might have been passed back and forth ere long. Anyway, enough had been learned.

So far not a single American on the Bosphorus had been molested by the Turkish Government. Very soon it was to be different. A British submarine sneaked into the port of Constantinople and under the very nose of the Sublime Porte blew up, in broad daylight, a coal barge moored at a quay in Haider Pasha. That settled it. The Turkish Government ordered a search of all houses at Robert College, at Arnautkoi, and wherever Americans lived. But nothing suspicious was found.

The Alibabi would have liked to get into the American embassy, and especially into Mr. Einstein's room, but that would have been equivalent to a declaration of war. It was to be the turn of the United States small cruiser, "Scorpion," the American *stationaire* in the port. The cruiser had been tied to the wharf below Top Haneh, and none had even dared to imply that Captain J. P. Morton had dealings with the enemies of Turkey. In fact, that was never stated, but the port authorities insisted that the "Scorpion" station herself henceforth between the old and new bridges across the Golden Horn. It was the safety of the cruiser that was in the mind of the authority, as it was put. The actual reason was another, though an entirely unfounded one. Captain Morton had always been what a naval officer of a friendly nation ought to be—courteous, correct and most tactful.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lansing had been asked to please take Mr. Einstein away. But the Secretary of State remained mute. The agent's attitude was one of *J'y suis, J'y reste,* and he did not budge. But there is an end to all things. Ultimately, Mr. Einstein left for parts unknown, to wit: Paris and London.

There were many persons in Constantinople at that time who were not especially fond of the Turk and his rule. Mr. Einstein made the tactical mistake of consorting with them more than a tactful diplomatist would have done, and the good men and women of non-Turk origin did their best to have it known that they were in the swim with the American diplomatic agent. The hopes of the Greeks and Armenians were personified in Mr. Einstein, and when the *Agence Tatavla* had a particularly pleasant rumor, the name of the agent was associated with it. In the cafés it was whispered that within a few days the British and French would be in the city, and Mr. Einstein was quoted as the author of the tale. When Mr. Einstein was gone none was happier than the regular staff of the embassy—from ambassador down to the least *cavass.*

In the course of time, the newspaperman went to Sofia to attend a further widening of the war. It had become known to him that the Bulgarians were about to join the Central Powers.

In the Bulgarian capital the following interesting



(C) Int. Film Service

A-GENERAL VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE

The possession of this city has long been a bone of contention. Many European statesmen have wanted to drive out the Turk bag and baggage, but there have always been interests to interfere.

state of affairs was found. Dr. Acene Kermecktchieff had lost his job as consular agent, because he belonged to the Bulgarian party that was for joining the Central Powers. The doctor is a writer, and since in that year he made something like two dollars, as consular agent, he had to do something besides, of course. He wrote a political article for the *Narodnai Prava,* the paper of Dr. Radoslavoff, then premier of Bulgaria, and was promptly removed from office by Mr. Lansing.

In his stead now served Mr. Dominic I. Murphy, as consul general. Mr. Murphy had been in the consular service of the United States since the Cleveland administration and had really made a mark in it. In the course of time, he had been stationed at Bordeaux, Amsterdam, and London, as consul and consul general.

The Bulgarian Government appreciated the consideration shown it by having an American consul general. Though it had sent to Washington Dr. Stephen Panaretoff, accredited as minister, that courtesy had not been regularly reciprocated so far. Mr. Charles Vopicka, the United States minister at Bucharest was also accredited to the Bulgarian and Serbian governments, a partition of honors which the men in Sofia enjoyed but very little, especially since they were at war with Serbia and faced the prospect of conflict with Rumania. The arrival of Mr. Murphy marked an epoch in diplomatic history, therefore. The new consul general had been given certain diplomatic powers and functions by the State Department.

All seemed well. The semi-official *Echo de Bulgarie* came out with a column of welcome, literally dripping with joy and the assurances that relations between the great republic in the West and the little kingdom in the Balkan had never been better. For a country committed to war by an understanding concerning a border rectification along the Maritza—at the expense of the Turks, naturally—that meant a great deal.

But the joy was short-lived. Mr. Einstein arrived —in short blue jacket, cricket pants and with lawn-tennis racket under his arm. He put up at the Grand Hotel Bulgarie, and paid his respects to the foreign office on the following day.

After all, the appointment of a minister at a capital hitherto not on the State Department register was some story. The newspaperman thought so, and interviewed Mr. Einstein, who, to be brief about it, distributed a card neatly engraved in French, reading: M. Lewis Einstein—*Ministre Plénipotentiaire.*

The legend on the *carte de visite* being plain and definite, the newspaperman wrote a short item for the cable. Again the *Écho de Bulgarie* burst forth in paeans of the United States, but said nothing of Mr. Einstein's status.

A few days later it was learned that Mr. Einstein was minister only on his visiting card. Otherwise he was just a plain 'diplomatic agent' with privileges to establish and maintain in Sofia something resembling a "legation." Since Bulgaria entered the war about that time, the newspaperman did not deem it worth while to send a correction. Owners of scrapbooks are requested to pay attention to this.

The State Department did not seem to know at first that Mr. Einstein was in Sofia. When last heard of, this diplomatic rover had been in Paris and London, and now he was in Sofia. Just about the time that this was learned, Messrs. Murphy and Einstein had a mutual explanation on the second floor of the hotel—in the "legation"—that was a beauty, and just about that time, also, diplomatic privileges were withdrawn from the "legation." Thereafter, Mr. Einstein had to do what Dr. Dumba did in Washington—submit all telegrams in *texte clair,* so that all could read them, and take the chances of censorship with his mail.

A number of incidents contributed to that. One fine day, the pseudo-minister showed up in Philippople to inspect the prison camp in which the English and French taken on the Golash mountain were confined. The commander of the camp asked Mr. Einstein for his credentials. The agent did not need such a thing, he said. He was above the law of Bulgaria. The commander could not see it that way, telegraphed to Sofia, and was instructed to return Mr. Einstein hale and hearty. Upon his return, Mr. Einstein found a wonderful chance for a diplomatic incident awaiting him. The French were holding in detention, aboard a battleship at Marseilles, the diplomatists of Bulgaria who had been stationed at London and Paris. Such detention being against international law, the Bulgarian Government decided to pry them loose by reprisal.

The British had left in charge of their legation at Sofia a Mr. Hirst, officially recognized as the 'custodian of archives.' It was decided to incarcerate this man until the French should have released the Bulgarian diplomatists.

But Messrs. Einstein and Hirst played lawn-tennis together every fair afternoon. Mr. Hirst learned of his intended arrest and fled to the American "legation."

When the Bulgarian police arrived at the legation, Mr. Einstein was prepared for them. He announced that Mr. Hirst was in diplomatic asylum and that difficulties with the government of the United States would ensue in case the attempt was made to take the refugee. The officer of the squad thought that over for a while, and decided to depart in search of counsel and further instructions.

M. Kozeff, the state secretary for foreign affairs, implored Mr. Einstein to be reasonable, but the agent held his ground. The refugee could be taken away only over his dead body, and that was all there was to it.

The next step of the Bulgarian Government consisted of placing a guard in the corridor that led to the "legation." That diplomatic residence, by the way, consisted of a small parlor and a bed room, with privilege to use the public bath room *across* the corridor. Out of the fact that the bath room was not connected with the "legation" arose one of the strangest diplomatic situations in the history of the world.

Above the door of the Einstein rooms in the hotel had been fastened the escutcheon of the State Department, the intent of this being that all that lay beyond had to be regarded as territory of the United States.





(C) Press Ill. Service

Above—Constantinople—the proud city of the East. It would seem that America might be forced to play guardian for the fragment of Turkey and especially safeguard the Bosphorous.

Below—Sailors on leave in Constantinople. Our American sailors out on a sight-seeing tour. Passing one of the famous Mosques.

The principle of exterritoriality figures out that way. Within the borders described by the walls of the room, and as designated by the escutcheon, Uncle Sam had all the rights he had in Washington, D. C., itself. The Bulgarians began to see that and hoped that Mr. Hirst would leave the rooms, in which case they would pounce upon him and carry him to jail.

That evening, Mr. Einstein ordered supper for two. Diplomatist and refugee spent a quiet evening home. Breakfast, also, was enjoyed in the same manner. But when luncheon time came, the hotel manager informed Mr. Einstein that he had received orders from the Royal Bulgarian Government to serve only *one* meal in the "legation."

Mr. Einstein thought that over for just a second, and ordered *one* luncheon. That luncheon was served, and when it had been eaten by the refugee, Mr. Einstein repaired into the public dining room and ate *his* luncheon. The same performance took place at dinner.

Next morning the diplomatist was informed by the manager of the hotel that henceforth no meals could be served in the "legation" by *ukase* of the Royal Bulgarian Government, though the agent would be welcome to have *his* breakfast in the dining room.

On the same day, Mr. Einstein was served a notice of eviction. The aspects of the case, under international law, began to assume the gravest colors, as they put it in diplomatic language. The agent retorted to the effect that he could not be evicted, so long as he paid the rent. The hotel manager pleaded that the very same rooms had for some time been reserved by a man from Remi, and that they would have to be given up. Mr. Einstein could have other quarters in the hotel.

Diplomatist and refugee stuck their heads together and delved into the *political aspect* of moving into another set of rooms. The intent of the authorities was plain. While moving, the person of the custodian of archives would be seized, and as yet it was not clear how the principle of safe-conduct could be applied. At any rate it was better to keep the "legation" where it was.

Man needs a bath once in a while, of course, and to the military, police, and diplomatic forces of the Royal Bulgarian Government was now added the chamber maid. She refused to carry so much water out of the apartment. With the chamber maid having gone over to the side of the enemy, there was a problem of some proportions. Mr. Einstein had patiently bought food for his guest in town, but chambermaiding proved a little too much for him.

He attempted the forming of another *modus vivendi.* The irate and Royal Bulgarian Government said him nay. Long and delicate diplomatic negotiations ensued. The American diplomatic agent insisted that the bath room was exterritorial, because *he* had to use it. At first the foreign office controverted this point, but finally surrendered. According to international law the payment of rent for the "legation" included the use of the public bath room. There was no getting away from that, though precedents could not be found. Again Mr. Einstein scored one.

But to get into that bath room the public corridor had to be crossed. The solution of the problem was therefore incomplete. Mr. Einstein next set up the principle that, exterritorially speaking, a certain part of that corridor was also exterritorial. The foreign office replied that this was not so. Granting that claim, diplomatists might in the future assert that the Bulgarian railroads were exterritorial, or any street, any building in fact, of which a diplomatist might care to take possession. The recognition of that principle might have grave consequences in the future; it was with regret, therefore, that the Royal Bulgarian Government informed the diplomatic agent of the United States Government that his claim could not be allowed.

There was no way out, but to apply the principle of safe-conduct. Negotiations had progressed slowly, and although not sure of his ground, but driven by desperation, Mr. Einstein served notice upon the guards in the corridor that he would lead the refugee to the bath, and woe betide the Royal Bulgarian Government if one of its minions molested either him or the man. It was good luck that the officer of police did not know as much of international law as did Mr. Kozeff. Mr. Hirst made his ablutions and returned to the "legation," to await developments.

Meanwhile, the plight of the custodian of archives had become known in Washington and London. Mr. Lansing supported Mr. Einstein with might and main—until he began to look a little deeper into the international crisis in which the country was being involved. Thereupon he sent a telegram to Sofia—in clear text—in which he recommended to Mr. Einstein that he put an end to the diplomatic negotiations by surrendering the refugee. The telegram was submitted to the scrutiny of the newspaperman in the foreign office. It was politely couched, but Mr. Einstein paid no attention to it.

Untimately, it was the good sense of the British Government that put a period to this strange chapter in international relations. The Bulgarian diplomatists were released, and with that expired the warrant against Mr. Hirst.

This critical situation had hardly passed when Mr. Einstein was again in the toils of a diplomatic complication.

There had been attached to the American legation at Bucharest a young man, as secretary, whose name does not matter, because the newspaperman established that he had no evil intent. With the war booming business in Rumania, the secretary had decided to engage in business. He intended going to Saloniki.

He had no difficulty getting into Bulgaria via Rustchuck. Bad fortune attended him when he tried to get out. The young chap made several cardinal mistakes. One of them was that he obtained a visé from Mr. Einstein, the second, consisting of his making application for a travel permit to Saloniki with the Einstein-visé passport in his hands. That travel permit was refused.

Being resourceful, the chap went about it in another way. To an inspector of passports and travel permits at the railroad station of Sofia, he offered a little present in dollars in case said inspector would alter the travel permit he had secured, or change it. The inspector entered into the trade. The American took the proscribed train for Demotika and Saloniki.

Two stations beyond the capital several gendarmes entered the car and arrested him, taking from him all papers in his possession. For several weeks the young man languished in a Sofia jail. The trial established his innocence, despite the fact that he had in his possession, at the time of arrest, a cryptogrammic letter in Mr. Einstein's handwriting. The diplomatic agent of the United States could not deny that it was his letter. And the American admitted that the agent had given it to him.

By now the Royal Bulgarian Government was willing to do anything to be at peace with the United States. It was not until the newspaperman had forwarded to New York a detailed account of the diplomatic enterprise of Mr. Einstein that action was taken by the Department of State. The diplomatic agent was recalled from his post, lingered a while in London and Paris and was then excused from serving longer.

The West Point of Today: Our War School

Concluded from page 6

hearted gayety which the boys exhibit in boxing and wrestling bouts, a turn with the foils or sabers in the spacious fencing room; their frolics in the big swimming tank. On the afternoon of my visit, a match game of basketball was on with a Wesleyan college team and "The Army" won by a very close margin. There was some tall old rooting on both sides; but that *esprit de corps* which is more or less a tradition of every college is with the West Pointers something more—it is a matter of profound religion.

There is no such wonderful team-play in all the world as that which West Point knows. The cadet, from the moment of his entry until his graduation, is imbued at every turn with a sense of loyalty to his alma mater as inevitably expressing itself in a sort of masonic fellowship with comrades of the corps that amounts to a sort of deep spiritual communion. He feels himself one with not only contemporary but past and future West Pointers.

This solidarity is, of course, intensified and fostered by the very conditions of close communal daily living that would otherwise be more than irksome to the free and roving spirit of youth—especially American youth. Through his first year the cadet is restricted at every turn. The "bounds" within which he must remain are straitly and narrowly prescribed. My nice boy had to obtain s p e c i a l permission to meet me at the station that Saturday afternoon, and permission a second time to take dinner with me at the single ancient hotel permitted within the Academy grounds. A familiar jest of boys and visitors is that it is this hotel, that the hand of the Father of His Country, in the fine equestrian statue that faces the approach, is raised against in solemn warning.

Only after achieving the probation period of the plebe year is the cadet admitted to the Cadets' Club, or to a class dance. That obedience is the first duty of a soldier and that he who would command must first learn to obey is rubbed in without mercy. He has to learn to take a back seat gracefully. All of which, of course, heightens immensely the value in his eyes of the reward that comes to him in his second year in the way of liberties, privileges and immunities that other college students consider matter of course.

Military efficiency is the great aim and object of the academy's training; but even military efficiency is subordinated to *honor*. "Duty, Honor, Country," the proud motto of West Point, is no empty phrase. To do the thing just because it is right becomes second nature, as it is ingrained in the spirit. A cadet is made to feel that he is the inheritor of a stainless tradition of truthfulness and that it is his sacred trust and privilege, individually and in cooperation with his comrades, to jealously guard its purity. Absolute honesty in speech and manner is at all times mandatory and the slightest infraction means immediate separation from the academy.

The one thing in West Point which might well be emulated by every educational institution in America is this stress on character and efficiency. Yet these things are instilled without the least slight to the cadet's sense of self-repect. Duty has for him a profound meaning, which, alas, is uncommon among other youngsters of our modern age. He is under strict discipline and is held to obedience to orders, rules and regulations. At the same time, his self-reliance is developed and strengthened all along the line.

Passing around the back of one of the dormitories, I was struck by the strange spectacle of some half-dozen cadets in undress uniform pacing with measured strides but rapidly up and down and around a space marked off with chalk lines. The young nephew that but yesteryear, it seemed, was playing with tin soldiers on the nursery rug, told me that they were cadets doing "punishment." One had left his fatigue jacket lying across a chair instead of hanging it up in the wardrobe when he changed to a dress coat. Another had been five minutes late at assembly that morning. A third had "almost" passed an officer without saluting, or funked in a recitation. According to the gravity of the offense, the boy must pace the twenty-foot square a certain number of times, keeping within its lines and "incommunicado." At the end of every tenth circuit, however, he may be free for five minutes. My boy's much-loved chum was among the penitents. He waved a hand, but was not allowed to speak. We passed around to the front of the building and just then this chum's father and mother drove up in a big touring car from New York to have him to dinner at the post hotel and stay over Sunday, as was their weekly custom. They welcomed their son's chum cordially, and me for his sake. But the dear mother drew a long face when told why her hopeful could not come to her just then. "My son in disgrace," she exclaimed tragically. Just then he came running up and was clasped in the maternal embrace. He smiled a little red-facedly at his mother's woe, assuring her that the "punishment" he was undergoing was not considered a bit disgraceful, but on the contrary just a bit of soldierly discipline without which no West Point education would be complete. Loyally, his chum piped up that "there must be something wrong with a boy who does not come in for 'punishment' once in a while." This comforted the good mother when at the end of five minutes, her son had to rush away to complete his stint, especially as he kissed her affectionately before escaping and promised to come right back.

We all dined at the hotel that evening and it was a good dinner, despite Washington's warning gesture. As, in the interim, we rambled about the grounds inspecting at Trophy Point the big guns and the segment of chain that with a boom of logs was placed across the river between West Point and Constitution Island to obstruct the navigation of the river by the British during the Revolutionary War, the boy in gray discoursed earnestly on the historical associations of the place and of plans for the future. Many of the lessons of the World War will be put into play, he said, especially in the field of artillery. An aviation school is planned and a department of chemical warfare!





Above—Gothic tower of gray stone at entrance to the grounds of the Military Academy and flanking the riding school.

Below—Interior of riding academy, the largest in the world, ranking next to that of the French Military school at Saint Cyr.

I listened respectfully, as behooves an ancient uncle in the presence of the coming generation. Here was this dear, sweet boy—this nice clean youngster with high-minded aspirations and sound-hearted affections—his mother's darling—discussing aerial navies dripping blood, blockaded and starved populations over half the globe, high-explosive bombs scattering death and frightful mutilation in the trenches and on country roads, "Big Berthas" dealing slaughter and havoc in city populations from hidden points a hundred or two hundred miles away, the frightfulness of poison-gas barrages—and all this with the most matter-of-fact insouciance! "Chemical warfare!"

I could not help recalling Bulwer-Lytton's fanciful story, "The Coming Race." You remember, it is the narrative of a wonderful people in the earth's interior who had progressed far beyond the denizens of earth's outer crust in all the arts of civilization. Among other things, they had abolished war; that is, save for an occasional brush with remnants of wild savage tribes on the far frontiers. When it became necessary on account of these invasions, to resort again to the obsolete art of the warrior, the task was intrusted to troops of children—just such dear and lovable youngsters as these West Point cadets, so nice to their mothers, so gentle and fine and so gay and happy in their gold-laced and gilt-buttoned gray uniforms—who went forth as to a great game armed with "vril-sticks," which they had only to wave at the advancing ranks of savages to cause them to fall back in terror and confusion, most of them falling dead in their tracks!

It must be noted that the influence of the lessons of the World War on West Point will prove to be much more than a matter of thickened callousness to weapons and methods which were once stigmatized as "barbarous Prussian frightfulness." In the last annual report of General Douglas MacArthur, whose assumption of command as superintendent of the military academy synchronized with the ending of that war, it is made plain that the present is regarded as marking a new epoch in the life of the institution and of military science. Considering the big problem as to whether a changed type of officer was necessary to produce the maximum of efficiency in the handling of men-at-arms, several very new developments had to be taken into account. With the termination of the World War, the mission of West Point became at once the preparation of officer personnel for the next possible future war. So in developing the traditional policy of the academy, full recognition was given to the great outstanding fact that, until the World War, conflicts between nations had been fought by a comparatively small fraction of the populations involved and that these professional armies were composed very largely of elements which frequently required the most rigid methods of training, the severest forms of discipline to weld them into a flexible weapon for use on the battlefield. Accordingly, officers were developed to handle a more or less recalcitrant element along "simple" lines and a fixed psychology resulted.

To the astonishment of the military chieftains on both sides in the World War it was realized with some astonishment that the professional armies on which they had relied were unable to bring the combat to a definite decision. It became evident that—due largely to the improvements in transportation and communication that had occurred in the past generation—national communities had become so intimate that war was a condition which involved the efforts of every man, woman and child in the countries affected. War had become a phenomenon which truly involved the nation in arms. Says General MacArthur:

> "Discipline no longer required extreme methods. Men generally needed only to be told what to do, rather than to be forced by fear of the consequence of failure. The great numbers involved made it impossible to apply the old rigid methods which had been so successful when battle lines were not so extensive. The rule of this last war cannot but apply to that of the future. Improvisation will be the watchword.

In accordance with these ideas, while holding, as of old, to *thoroughness* as to a lodestar, the functions of the academy have been broadened to give the cadet, in addition to that character building for which it has long been famous, and in addition to the necessary military and physical training, such a combination of basic general and technical education as will provide an adequate foundation for a cadet's subsequent career. To this end, certain studies are closely co-ordinated, such, for instance, as political and military history, economics and government, psychology and sociology. Well-arranged courses in French and Spanish as in English are provided. German, as well as Latin and Greek, are evidently crowded out by the attention given to mathematics, engineering and moral philosophy. Fitly enough, Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" finds place in the prescribed reading in the French course. As to English, we are told that the aim of the work is to form habits of clear, concise and correct written expression; to stimulate interest in good reading, especially in the field of contemporary prose, and to give practice in oral expression. Should war be abolished before my young kinsman is ready to take the field, I am consoled by the thought that he will have been given a course of sprouts that should prepare him to become a good newspaperman.

It has sometimes been said that there should be not one but 100 West Points in the United States. The suggestion is made, on the one hand, by those inclined to militarism and believing in an extended scale of "preparedness," and, on the other, by practical educators who are convinced that West Point's traditions of honor and loyalty, its discipline and its efficiency, should have large part in any modern system of education. But there can never be more than one West Point. The historical associations of its very situation and the place in the national life it has filled for more than a century make it *sui generis*. The finest military school in the world, as it undoubtedly is now, its contribution to a future and greater civilization will not be in duplication of buildings and equipments, of curriculae at strategic points across the continent, but in the contributions that its experience will make to the solution of the great problem of combining democracy with discipline and individual leadership with efficient team-play, all to the enrichment and building up of human life, rather than its destruction.

Some prophecy of this far-off event may be found, perhaps, in the beautiful sonnet written in celebration of West Point's centennial by one of her distinguished sons, Dr. Edward S. Holden. It should be read and pondered in any attempt to understand West Point:

Here where resistlessly the river runs
Between majestic mountains to the sea
The Patriots' watch fires burned: their constancy
Won freedom as an heritage for their sons.
To keep that freedom pure, inviolate,
Here are the nation's children schooled in arts
Of Peace, in discipline of War; their hearts
Made resolute, their wills subordinate
To do their utmost duty at the call
Of this, their Country, whatso'er befall.
Broadcast upon our History's ample page
The record of their valiant deeds are strown
Proudly their Alma Mater claims her own.
May she have sons like these from age to age!

It's Spring—and He's "Cleaning" —the Movies

Veteran Reformer, at 71, Demands Clean Pictures for the American Theatergoers

By JOHN B. WALLACE

THE press has carried reports recently indicating that Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, was disposed to compromise with the producers in his fight for clean motion pictures. The other evening as Dr. Crafts was preparing to address a meeting held in Los Angeles, the capital of filmdom, I intimated that the report had spread around that because he had dined and conferred with several of the leading motion picture producers, he might be weakening.

The veteran reformer sniffed.

"Weakening, huh!" he exclaimed. "You listen to me tonight and see if you note any traces of weakening."

And when he had concluded his address to that immense audience, which included many of the leading producers of the world, I was forced to admit that if there were any traces of weakness or change of attitude since his conferences I had failed to detect them.

Dr. Crafts, despite his seventy-one years, is as full of energy as a spring colt. The matchless climate of Southern California has rejuvenated him to such an extent that he has decided to abandon Washington, leave Congress to its fate and settle down in Hollywood, there to beard the producer in his den.

Dr. Crafts is a born reformer but he is not of the type that rushes about the country calling names, antagonizing the friends of a cause and getting nowhere. Dr. Crafts plans a campaign, lays out an objective and then proceeds to work steadily toward that objective. He gets setbacks as do all reformers but he steadily, persistently works to his end until it is accomplished. Then he starts on something else. Today his main objective is to force the motion picture producers to clean house. He says that there is only one successful and satisfactory manner to accomplish this. That is by the establishment of a Federal Commission, along the lines of the Railroad Commission, to regulate motion pictures. This commission would consist of men of the caliber of college presidents who would be paid a good salary and who would be absolutely independent of both politics and producers.

This plan is being bitterly opposed at the present time by the majority of the motion picture producers, and Dr. Crafts says that he realizes that there is no hope of carrying it in the present Congress. Therefore, he plans to work for state, county and city censorship, for the closing of motion pictures on Sunday until such time as the producers of their own accord produce pictures that are fit to be shown on Sundays as well as on week days. This constant harrying of the producers, the infinite confusion into which the industry will be thrown by the varying standards of censorship of different communities, Dr. Crafts believes will eventually cause the producers themselves to favor a national commission by which definite lines will be laid down for the guidance and regulation of the industry.



(C) Harris & Ewing

REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS

"The picture producers have asked for a truce," said Dr. Crafts. "They have promised to clean up. But with very few exceptions they have made no move to do so. Mr. Hampton and a few of his type are honestly trying to clean up. Mr. Lasky has formulated fourteen points for the guidance of his writers and directors which, if carried out in good faith, will be a great step in the right direction. But other studios are doing little or nothing. They are going ahead with the production of photo-dramas that out-Herod Herod. The motion picture industry seems to be afflicted with the same kind of men who killed the liquor traffic. They have put the dollar above the home, the Bible and the nation. Blinded by the golden flood that has poured into their coffers they fail to see that the hour of reckoning is at hand.

Dr. Crafts says that the mayor of any city has ample authority to stop the showing of a picture that offends the morals of the community, but that, owing to the rottenness of municipal politics, few mayors have the courage to do their duty.

"It was a Tammany mayor in New York who showed the way when he closed not one picture but all pictures until the producers, alarmed, got together among themselves and had the present board of review created ——a board which, by the way, is the biggest farce that was ever heard of—a bit of camouflage which was successful for a time but which is now the laughing stock of the country."

The thing that especially arouses Dr. Crafts's indignation is the bogey that a certain element has made of the so-called Sunday blue laws.

"There is no national Sunday closing law pending in Congress and this bureau does not contemplate the introduction of a bill for Sunday closing. It is all a bogey created by a certain element in this country that wishes to throw open wide the doors to a commercialized Sabbath. These elements, consisting mainly of the men who controlled the liquor business, have enlisted the support of the motion picture producers, the prize fighters, the tobacco men, the baseball promoters and are even trying to scare the automobile men into line by claiming that there is danger of the passage of a law stopping the running of automobiles on Sunday. This unholy alliance with total lack of a sense of humor is solemnly quoting the utterances of ministers of the Seventh Day Adventists, a sect that will join with any movement that would lead to the abolition of the Christian Sabbath.

"The object of the whole conspiracy which began last August is to create a Continental Sabbath instead of an American Sabbath. The American Sabbath is written in the laws of every state in the Union except California and the District of Columbia. They are trying to break down these laws as they are trying to break down the prohibition laws. And they are trying to break them down so that they can make money. They care nothing for the moral welfare of the nation. They care nothing for its spiritual welfare. Their god is Mammon. The three smartest, shrewdest peoples on earth are Scotchmen, Yankees and Jews. The Scotchmen and Yankees fortunately for the world have religion. With their brains industry and frugality it is hard to contemplate what might have happened if they had not the saving grace of a religious conscience.

"The liquor traffic was never defeated by total abstainers. A prohibition law could never be carried in a thousand years if it depended upon the votes of nondrinkers. But when the men who controlled the liquor business attempted to control the government of the nation then the people rebelled. Drinking men asked themselves, 'Are these men our masters?' The rottenness of our municipal politics became a stench in the nostrils of our citizens. The liquor men began to crack the whip in state politics, then they reached the nation. They invaded Congress. They thought they owned the nation. But pride goeth before a fall. The very men whom they had counted upon for support, the men who used their goods, went back on them.

"The men who are trying to commercialize Sunday are in the same case today and they will meet the same fate. American ideals are too firmly planted in the breasts of the citizens of this country to be torn out by the unholy hands of the men who have prostituted for the sake of gold every business, sport and institution into which they have been allowed to creep."

A Comparison in Relativity

With the Fourth Dimension as Comic Relief

By JAMES S. RYAN

JUST outside the boundary of infinity begin the suburbs of complete nothingness, so far as space is concerned. First of all, imagine a suburb of "nothing," and then go one better than that, and imagine it composed of vacant lots. Then—but the proposition is possible of conception only in the mind of a child. A child's mind contains no knowledge or wisdom, so it is obvious that it has much more room for gigantic voids. The very young are very rich, if they only knew it, being mentally possessed of all the nothingness there is.

Now, if the reader's mind could be emptied for the moment, it might be possbile for him to conjure up something approaching a suitable stage setting for the following little sketch:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Great Gazamgazumgaroooooooooo (ceaseless ciphers suggesting size).

His Little Son.

SCENE: Nothingness, "and then some," on the minus side, beyond the outer ether. The child is seated on the father's knee. To amuse his offspring the father wiggles his knee, and the child laughs. Each wiggle describes an arc of fifteen billion miles; and into the cavity of the child's laugh could be placed hundreds of millions of bodies each one as large as our own sun. If you "get that" (scientific language apart) you are on the way to think big things. I hate to be instructing you along like this because you seem a decent sort of scout.

FATHER: Now, my little boy (a teeny weeny little chap only about a hundred billion miles tall) I think it is time to begin letting you into the secrets of geology. (*He reaches down and picks up from the ground a small fragment of adamant comprising seventy or eighty of our ordinary domestic solar systems.*) Do you see that? You would think it a solid body, wouldn't you?

SON: Yes, popooooooooooo (ciphers used to avoid reproducing the voice here which, though only a child's voice, would reduce this earth and several of our esteemed neighboring bodies to imperceptible dust).

FATHER: Then look through this (*over the specimen in his hand he places a microscope made of a combination of ether tremors and cosmic clarity, fused by a sigh and chilled to hardness by a cold stare of insolent egoism*).

SON: Golly, Father (excuse the boy's ignorance of outer-space technical language) there's pores in it! (While in the excusing mood extend a little to his grammar also.)

FATHER: Yes, and in that apparently inert fragment there is continual atomic movement.

SON: How do you account for that, father? It seems impossible.

FATHER: This solid mass we stand on is an aggregation of molecules, each one a universe. Here on the outside of this great body there is no space, but there is time; it is a great blessing to have plenty of time and we have time to burn.

We lost our space long, long ago when the great blizzard of Milky Ways killed off all the young sprouts. And we should lose Time, too, if by any unlucky chance some neighboring nothingness were to poke its nose into ours. Then there would be such a cataclysm of epochs that lunch hour today might be hurled away to bedtime a hundred million years hence; a fragment wrenched from the end of a year might be thrown with such force as to reduce the next century to a handful of crumbled seconds, and some insignificant five minutes going about its ordinary business suddenly find itself flattened out into a million years of thin time; *NOW* would be *THEN, WHEN* would be *YET!* How would you like all in an instant to discover that, as you sit here, it is a thousand years before you were born? Whiz! Whiz! Whiz! Whiz! the present century doing a home-run; and out of the terrible vortex finally would come *NEVER*—a sad state in which we would find that we never were, and never could be. It is very difficult to place the mind on time—it slides off; but I am working on that now, having a theory—

SON: Father, you are raving!

FATHER: Well, even if I am, it often happens that the raving of today is the wisdom of tomorrow.

CURTAIN

(Furnished by the spinnings of our own planets.)

Briefly Told

To save the life of a penniless boy who was hurled into a small lake from the top of a coach on a speeding train, the Olympian, famous train of the Milwaukee Railroad, took a siding while the engine returned to pick up the boy who was found badly bruised and unable to walk. He was taken to the railroad hospital at Lind, Washington, where it is said he will recover.

Depletion of wild game in Northern Quebec, due to the introduction of the modern long range rifle, is forcing Eskimos and Indians into cannibalism, according to missionaries who have recently returned from that region.

The United States Department of Agriculture is equipping a steamship to use as a practical laboratory in which to study the shipping of citrous fruits and apples from the Pacific coast to eastern markets by way of the Panama Canal. Cargo space will be divided into compartments having various conditions of temperature, humidity and ventilation.

The Paris Municipal Council is considering a measure providing for an underground endless moving pavement, three miles in length, to relieve traffic on the boulevards.

The Louvain Library is to be reconstructed and the project has been decided on as a war memorial. The great libraries of the Allies are contributing large numbers of valuable volumes to the Louvain collection.

A recent ruling of the Kansas court of industrial relations provides that women who perform men's work are entitled to the same wages as men.

Eighty-two per cent of the people who died or were injured by fire in this country last year were mothers and children under school age.

The farmers own and operate half of the automobiles and trucks in the United States, the total of which is more than nine million.

The members of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Interdenominational Ministers' Association have agreed to refuse to solemnize the marriage of any couple whom they deem unfit for its sacred responsibilities, and to refuse remarriage to the guilty party in divorce proceedings.

Despite diking and channeling, the Hoang River of China has, in one thousand years, drowned more human beings than have been killed in all the wars of the same time. The only preventive of floods is in the reforestation of the denuded slopes which border the river valley.

A Chicago judge recently sentenced two alleged pickpockets to attend church regularly for six consecutive months.

Fake pearls, to the amount of nearly a million dollars' worth, have been imported by London jewelers from Japan. The pearls are produced by live oysters covering a mother of pearl bead with a thin veneer exactly resembling the true oriental pearl. It is impossible to expose the fake except by breaking the gem which is an expensive process. Further importations are prohibited.

Gunmen who barricade themselves in houses and fight Chicago police will now have to contend with a portable fort of armor steel which can be handled easily by two men. The shield is composed of two sheets of hardened steel, joined in an obtuse angle and with holes cut through to accommodate guns. It is rolled on big casters.

A justice of the peace, of Phoenix, Arizona, has announced that he intends to fine all who are convicted of speeding when tried in his court $1 for every mile an hour they are traveling when arrested. The first speeder convicted paid $62.

The United States Department of Agriculture is experimenting with a tree which gives off a peculiar poison fatal to flies. If the experiments prove a success, the seeds may be distributed throughout the country to exterminate the pests.

"Moonshiners" of France are making a substitute for absinthe from parsley. The product is more deadly and powerful than the outlawed liquor.

Criminal proceedings have been begun against violators of the Migratory Bird Act who crashed into a flock of wild ducks with an airplane, killing a large number.

A fifteen-year-old boy made his first airplane flight in Pennsylvania recently when he took a trip hanging to the tailpiece of an exhibition machine. When the aviator took off with two passengers, the boy grasped the stabilizer and was carried along until the aviator noticed the youth and made a forced landing.

In China the mourning color is white; in Persia brown and in Turkey it is violet.

Zoppot, the Monte Carlo of the North, near Danzig, advertises free air trips for those who wish to gamble at its tables. Advertisements appear in the papers of prominent cities in Germany stating that a special casino for air voyagers is in operation in which the limit of play is six thousand marks.

Nine persons die of accidents in the United States each hour.

President Obregon, of Mexico, has ordered the return of all properties seized by past governments in Chihuahua, Coahuila, Tamaulipas and Nuevo León, including that of the Mormons in Chihuahua, tracts owned by Luis Terrazas and lands abandoned by Americans when revolutions broke out.

For every hundred tons of coal mined in the United States, two tons of wood are needed for the extraction, for the most part for the construction of mine props and galleries.

The Coliseum in Rome has been leased to a motion picture company for a number of years.

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Rusticating With Livingston Bull, Artist-Naturalist

Making the Greek Theater a Democratic Institution

Lean Days for "Saviors of Our Country"

By H. R. PINCI

ARCHEOLOGISTS who have reconstructed on paper some of the ancient palaces that once adorned the Nile country believe that these contained, among other ingenious improvements, an echo chamber—a self-phonographic sort of room where all self-invited callers were obliged to tarry a while before being permitted to go farther. On the theory that murder will out, so in apparent solitude a man's conscience will think—aloud. This fiendishly clever discovery about man's weakness brought about the isolation from the rest of mankind of the patriots, whose breed has been prolific ever since.

While cooling their heels, therefore, on the stone floors, those unsolicited visitors yielded to the subtly compelling temptation of rehearsing their part and speech, as do all mere mortals who expect to be ushered before the great and the near great. As on occasions these thoughts were more loud than wise, and faithful acoustics did the rest, interested families went down to the nearest quarry and ordered another obit sculpted.

Cleopatra, who did everything in the open, if we are to believe the pictures of her we see, tested her visitors by means of this whispering gallery, and thus the royal ear heard in advance if it was a lover with a couple of tickets for the dahabeah excursion or just a patriot who wanted an ambassadorship to Rome. By means of scientific architecture, therefore, Cleopatra had the advantage on Harding's human secretaries just as Thothmes III had it on Cleveland's telephonic intelligence.

Cleopatra's Bulge on Callers

HOLDING up the executive's hands was a fashion in vogue in the days of Cleo and Thoth and not discovered by the Democrats in 1919, and to prove this the student is referred to the pictorial incisions on ancient monuments. Nowadays only a few exotic dancers have succeeded in bending the wrists at right angles without dislocating the bones. Certainly no President could ever hold up his own hands that way without help—hence the rush of help.

Despite some very efficient inquisitorial activities on the part of those who surround him, no President may protect himself from the patrioteer's persistence, although the latter as a class is responsible for some of the best golf scores by a few Presidents, because every time Taft, Wilson and Harding made a long drive is when they thought that the dull thud was the impact of the club against a patriot's dome.

There is a great difference between the patrioteer and the citizen. It would be an injustice to confuse one with the other. Let the former have all the credit—even though his hunt is for cash.

The citizen is that nobody who does his bit and pays taxes and honestly believes all campaign literature, while the patriot, having nothing to pay taxes on, always discovers infallible remedies for saving the country. The citizen stays at home and very likely has never seen a President in the flesh. The patriot, instead, goes to Washington whenever he can, and his mission in life is to call on the President himself.

His great ambition, though, is to save the country. The only way is by means of a job. But a job, of course, does not necessarily mean a chance to work. Working and saving the country are two different things, and the patriot alone believes that one means the other.

As every well-regulated family sooner or later finds a patriot in its midst, with the chances much greater now that the females have been added to the males, it would be a touchy subject to speak about them, but the very abundance and thorough distribution of patriots per American family by either year or generation provides that anonymity which goes with collectiveness.

Of course, not all potential patriots can translate their ideals and lofty purposes into action, and therefore nine out of every ten are predestined to suffer silently in obscure places, like genius unrecognized, and to pass their years engaged in some prosaic vocation instead of earning a future bronze statue by way of Washington. As it is impossible to do away with every tenth adult inhabitant, there is no way of eliminating the patriot. Even being jobless does not fease him, and it seems as if his is the only human species that can thrive during the high cost of living without working. A hardy stonecutter or spikedriver or longshoreman would kick the bucket in no time after a few payless Saturdays, but the most delicate, fastidious, hothouse patriot can wrestle with old H. C. L. and count it out at first blow.

Real Saviors Suffer

A FEW years ago the spoils system, despite the anti-patriot Civil Service Commission, provided an outlet for the exuberant industry of patriots who save the country as ushers and thus keep out desirables and traitors and what not in lieu of a place as assistant secretary.

The war, however, raised a disturbance in civil service circles, so that even today Congress is attempting to restore order, but in the meantime the old-fashioned patriot who hung around until his congressman fixed him up, content to accept a hundred real simoleons per every thirty days has become extinct like the dinosaurs. In his stead there is the fervent patriot who has become a sort of dollar-a-year man, but, this privately, unable to finance himself in Washington, will draw anything at all by way of "nominal expenses."

Thus there came before the country a class of government workers of class one or possibly class four who, instead of being God-fearing, honest-to-goodness clerks in the Federal employ, labeled themselves fellows who came down during the emergency, "the war, you know," and were not salaried like the rest of the common run of humanity, but on an "allowance." As far as known, they are still working for the sovereign people of the United States for nothing, except possibly a dollar a year, the rest of the per annum total being maintenance by a good old uncle.

Naturally this gave the advantage to those who came to Washington with one fell swoop, as the saying goes, to do some saving while the saving was good. But it left the others at a distinct disadvantage.

Needless to say, those mostly sinned against in this respect since the end of the war have been the real savers of the country; the soldiers and the sailors and all the others who dealt face to face with a very real and destructive menace.

Not a few of these men would welcome a job, and do the best they could at it, but to be taken for better or worse, because they need the money. But having used up most of their strength and energy and even health in looking for the enemy, they are unequal now to the task of looking for a job except by implication. Moreover, the patriots are pretty active and they wag a sarcastic tongue, with the result that the easiest roads to a government job are now obstructed by those with a mission.

A few years ago the patrioting hopefuls could be singled out by a distinctive sort of habiliment, one of those phenomena that just happen. Due probably to the fact that the outsiders looking in were from the South, where they observed all the proprieties, Washington's streets and public places where no entrance fee was required, were noted for the countless men in frock coats at least two sizes too great, black fedoras, that somehow one has since connected with the West, creaseless pants modeled after those of Robert E. Lee, the effect embellished by a white-lawn string tie, unless the owner happened to be a fiery patriot who ate 'em alive and proclaimed so with a red necktie.

This year the effect is different. There is no distinguishing characteristic sartorially; they are blurred against the rest of humanity by the few national tailors who are responsible for some of the alleged styles, whose nobby lines clothe and conceal the angular lines of an unoffending bookkeeper with the same precision that they straighten the fronts of wealthier stouts. Thus the straight-front no longer alludes solely to milady's intimate garment.

Moreover, the poor man's club in ante-prohibition days was a lodestar and between Fourth-and-a-half and Seventh streets and Tenth and Fifteenth streets on Pennsylvania Avenue could be found any number of patriots waiting anxiously, and the untutored might have been led to believe that their nervousness was due to terrible responsibilities, which were easily set aside whenever a good sport came in.

Again—who said the South was not fortune's own stamping ground?—when it was the South's turn to be outside looking in, Washingtonially speaking, railroad fares were very low and a skillful patriot could always talk his favorite railroad into a pass—for they were the days!

Heartrending Scenes

TODAY, so destiny has willed it, with the North wishing to look in, railroad fares are sky-high and the hardiest of patriots hesitates before resigning himself to the uncertainties of an uncertain reception. A bottle of ginger ale or near-beer does not carry with it the service table of plentitude of yesteryear, with sausage, roast beef, chipped onion, sardines, mustard, cheese, crackers, olives, radishes, and then all over again. Patrioting today is an expensive pastime, and even if one be fortunate enough to connect up reasonably soon, the prospective salary is not rebounding—and cannot take care of experimental incidentals.

The cost of high living, for the patrioteer, has been met by a corresponding sense of selectiveness of his part. Everything being higher means nothing; his services in saving the country are available at a higher figure. Thus the ordinary rock-ribbed sure-meal clerkship he disdains, at least at the present writing, and he is perfectly willing to let Uncle Sam do without him for a few days until something like his figure can be agreed on. Statistics mean something in his case, and the mere fact that the United States is supposed to be a nation worth in the altogether the bagatelle of $475,000,000,000 makes it only the more imperative that it be saved, or safeguarded, or protected, for a gentleman's salary, and not a sou marque less.

"Why," they say nonchalantly, as though each had learned the words and gestures at one school of elocution, "a corkscrew factory would pay more for a twister!"

"Well," says the tired young man who distributes the application blanks at the Civil Service Commission offices, after explaining the conditions of the forthcoming examination for chiropodist at the zoo, "we all know that the government does not pay very liberally."

Then follows an almost heartrending scene. Another patriot unexpectedly enters the room, and two hearts with a single beat, two souls with but a single thought, two "tummies" with a single hunger, two pocketbooks with a single (and last) dollar, meet. The two patriots face each other, sheepishly for the briefest instant, but who could read their secret except the fellow behind the desk who hears the fairy tales eight hours a day?

"John, back home," says the first with equanimity, as he looks superciliously at the blank in his hand, as he fingers it ostentatiously in and out of the envelope, "has just written to me about this job of paring the elephant's corns, and since he has been a corn expert all his life he thought it might do. So I came down to investigate. Maybe *I* can do something for him."

"Odd," smiles the other, as he moves a step nearer the railing, with the evident intention of getting himself a blank, too, "but our cook's husband S O S'd me to the same effect."

But to understand the patriot, and to know how to trail him, it is perhaps well to engage in a personally conducted tour and shadow him carefully. He has a way all his own. He is not like the other fellows who go to Washington on business—even the very difficult business of getting a job and advertises that fact to the world, or as much as there is of it in that city. The patriot in his patrioting days, which are those when he puts up a bold front, all dolled up, with lots of places to go but none to remain, is a reincarnate swashbuckler. D'Artagnan was a tyro at getting his first job even if he bluffed others into giving him one, but if he had happened along three hundred years after 1620 he would have had to do it all over again. His sword and his plume and his nag and his paw's benediction—pooh, says the new patriot!

At the White House Gate

THE *Succotash Bugle*, in its Saturday morning extra, carries an item something like this from Washington, undated:

"After a series of conferences lasting several days, the President let it be known that the situation is extremely delicate and will require careful investigation. So far no plan has been suggested."

That ends it. As soon as a patriot sees, then, it's all over. Washington for him? Better than that—W. Gamaliel shall know that an original Harding man is on his way, with all kinds of plans. Why pay $120,000 a year to ten cabinet officials when he can do it for one-twentieth?

The prolog may be very sad. A movie director could make it the original fount of tears, because where is the gink who wouldn't weep to see a movie of a man hocking his watch, or seeing a "good" friend touched for the price of railroad fare, and where is the jane who wouldn't gulp to see the hero leave his habitat, with everybody speeding the parting guest with fingers crossed except the mother, who alone believes her son can save the country?

The next scene is the patriot in his regalia, which no longer means a frock coat or a misnamed overcoat substituting therefor, and lo, here he is, at the western gate of the White House, now that it is open once more. He slows up, squirms in his coat to make it fit better, looks furtively but all around him to see who is looking, and approaches the first step like a man with something on his mind. To the bride and groom—or brides and grooms on the rubberneck trucks, he is pointed out as one of the statesmen, and looking toward his retreating silhouette it isn't hard to believe it.

The fact that the real man with business at the White House drives through the gates or hoofs it by the side gate on Executive avenue is nothing in the young life of any guide. Besides, every other man in Washington is a statesman, although no one has so far catalogued the state he is from or in—more especially in.

The patriot coughs, rubs a sole on the step as though he were annoyed by some chewing gum adhering on it, which is not so at all, and merely is an operation that wears out expensive shoes so much sooner, but the only nearly hospitable sign is when one of three officers in charge half-way meets him. They have bland smiles, these uniformed sufferers, but they have more eyes than Argus, and they meet the patriot to restrain him from producing from somewhere a sheaf of papers, memorandum books, a diploma or two, because if these patriots ever get a real chance to unfold their correspondence and other exhibits, from A to Z and from AAA to ZZZ, it would be all over.

It is obvious that it is taken for granted he is a great man, because so far no one wants to examine the testimonials and lodge pictures and the mayor's rubber stamp letter thanking him for having removed the decaying fence from his backyard. So he takes a deep breath and holds on to as much of the poor ozone inhaled there—three-fourths of it is hot air—and thus rotunded in chest measurement hies himself toward the rear.

Gets the Once Over

HE SEES a few persons idling about, some silent as statues, a few sitting upright, stiffly, the only kind of ladies and gents-in-waiting of the President by the way, and others laughing, talking, whispering, hatted and unhatted, so that the patriot hardly knows if he is in the midst of his future official peers or of his future menials.

He looks again; and he sees a handsome gentleman who looks his way indifferently, and he—the patriot—nods with a sickly smile. But lo—light of lights—he remembers the fellow; of course, hadn't he seen him in the movie weekly riding with the President? But this gentleman—of which there are several but of whom no other description should be herein made than to say that they are handsome, which is truth—has optically photographed the stranger, classified him as country-saver MX-39, and is off. He should worry! Which proves in this instance that it is better to be the man outside than inside.

Well, good old Pat, for whom a special cloud has been selected in paradise—though here is hoping his tenancy is away off—goes through his ordeal—and he, too, hastens to restrain the patriot that his papers are all right. All he wants is to find out if Congressman S. And Soh has "made an appointment for him?"

Well, not exactly, but here's a letter. It calls upon the organized and unionized White House staff, from one end to the other, to do all they can to facilitate the mission of his valued constituent, who had the pleasure in November to cast his vote for the man within.

Right here and now is where the patriot may get his,

(Concluded on page 13)

A High-Brow Hobo Whose Specialty Is Memory

One of America's Most Original Characters—a Tramp Who Has Made a Fortune Memorizing Dates in History

By LINCOLN QUARBERG

HERE is a high-brow hobo who is the modern laughing philosopher. For him, Edison's hundred "stickers" would be easy as falling off a log; but he does not want a job. He prefers to gather at street-corners the nickels bestowed in appreciation of his astonishing memory. Crowds try in vain to stump "Railroad Jack," and Ann Arbor students are amazed by his prompt and witty replies to hot and fast quizzing, at five cents a throw. Jack travels thousands of miles yearly without spending a cent. He has at tongue's tip brief biographies of five thousand notables and clusters contemporaries of any historic era. Laughing through life he has solved the living cost problem and wanders care-free over the earth.

"GIVE me a date—any date in history—and I will name the famous men who were living at that time and how old they were to the year."

Hundreds of university students are congregated at a corner curb, when clarion-like this strange challenge rings forth from the center of the assemblage.

A student, eager to test the challenger, shouts, "1820."

"Daniel Webster was 38 years old; King George III died that year at the age of 82; Queen Victoria and her husband were seven and nine months of age, respectively, at that time; Pope Pius IX was 30 years old; Robert Fulton was 55."

Another student cries, "1850."

Instantly comes the reply: "Champ Clark just dropped into the world; Darwin and Lincoln were 41; Spencer was 30; Ruskin, 31; Leo XII, 30."

The questions continue, and in deep, sonorous tones they are answered, without hesitation. And the auditors, one by one, convinced they cannot "stump" him, walk over to the speaker, drop their nickels in the cash-box, and walk away—pop-eyed, bewildered.

What strange spirit might this be, whose ouija-like replies so baffle comprehension? A very ordinary looking human he is—though in dress he is as original as his profession. Conductor-like cap, blue flannel shirt, cut-away coat with regular blue serge trousers, broad shoes, and no socks—that is the official all-year-round fashion decreed for members of the unique profession of memory experts. And there being but one professional memory expert, there is but one man so dressed. And this is Harry D. Cooper, or as he is everywhere known—"Railroad Jack—Memory Expert."

"Railroad Jack" is an out-and-out hobo, of the high-brow variety—self-styled, self-confessed, and self-realized itinerant expert. And his specialty is *MEMORY*.

For twenty-five years he has "hoboed" in thirty-eight states, lecturing on historic characters from curbstone rostrums. On every occasion he has answered every question put to him by an audience, offering a dollar to be "stuck" on a notable. He knows 10,000 dates concerning 5,000 famous characters in history. At mention of any celebrity he will favor his auditors with the biographic high spots in that character's career, and at mention of any date in history he will name the great men living at that time, and their ages.

"Railroad Jack" first became a professional entity in Detroit 25 years ago, where his introduction to fame began with a front page story in a local paper, in which he was characterized as the "curbstone philosopher" or the "man who answers questions while you wait, if you wait long enough." Today he is probably the best-known man in Michigan. At least twice a year he visits the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, where he is always received with popular student acclaim. "My talks are especially appreciated by these students," he says, "who have heard my stunts for 25 years and always paid their assessments of five cents a throw."

"What were the circumstances under which Anne Boleyn died?" a student auditor challenged at one of "Jack's" recent visits to the college town of Ann Arbor.

"As the result of believing in the double standard of morality through influences of her despised husband, Henry VIII; the ax fell on her neck in 1536, causing her through the excitement to lose her head," was the characteristic reply.

"Railroad Jack" is an extensive traveler, but he does not pay for his mileage. He has traveled 50,000 miles by freight train, but since the advent of the automobile he relies on friendly lifts, and he rides on the average of six cars to 36 miles, daily, carrying his bed with him wherever he goes.

Although Detroit is his headquarters he has no post office address, and insists he cannot receive any "letters of congratulation, or letters of sorrow." He parks his bed in the great outdoors, the year round, and through a standing order of the police department of Detroit is the only man officially privileged to sleep out-of-doors in that city.

"Railroad Jack" is odd—but brilliant. He has a quaint philosophy of life, and despite his eccentricity and strange specialization, is nevertheless intensely human, and keenly humorous. "Oddity is my long suit and I wear it every day. My specialty in life is to attempt to do something that someone else has not thought of." And he has done it.

Born in St. Louis in 1864, this high-brow gypsy passed through a conventional youth, and studied successively for the teaching and medical professions. The records at the State Normal School, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, show that he attended this school during the years 1882-86, and at Rush Medical College, Chicago, this encyclopedic hobo was a duly matriculated student from 1886 to 1888.

"I prepared myself for an M. D. but out of respect to humanity I quit in my sophomore year," says "Jack" in his half-modest, half-humorous vein. "I felt that in so doing, future audiences that I had in view would not necessitate my appearance in the cemetery to give me an attention if not a hearing; and today people are enjoying life that might be material for mortality statistics. Now when I strike an historic cemetery I pick dates from tombstones. Although some don't care for those dates, I do.

"I have less trouble in keeping 10,000 dates in my head than some people do in keeping two dates since the high cost of living struck the world."

Cranks on the high cost of living will be interested to know that "Jack" has lived on sixty cents a day for twenty-five years. He eats two meals daily, at twelve noon, and at twelve midnight.

And although he wears a silk hat and high celluloid collar at times, he never wears stockings, so that the high price of silk is not a problem for him.

"I am offering eleven cents cash to find an individual who has spent less money than I have in the last thirty years," he declares proudly. "But with few exceptions I am very sensitive about telling what I do with this money," he adds hastily. "Yes, I have made a barrel of money; but," says Jack slyly, "the barrel is not very large. But I am prosperous; on account of the high cost of living I am a profiteer; while my expenses still run at 60 cents a day, my income has doubled. People are spending more freely, except myself."

Students and laymen alike, numbering thousands, who have listened to the "soap-box" lectures of "Railroad Jack" pronounce him a genius—but "Railroad Jack" himself insists that he is a very ordinary person, and attributes his remarkable memory to just plain bulldog tenacity of purpose. And no memory training school can lay a just claim to enabling him to memorize the vast fund of facts at his command.

"If students would apply themselves with the tenacity that I have, they would achieve something," he declares with due modesty. "Apply yourself in whatever line you choose, and you will succeed. Emerson said, 'Hitch your wagon to a star.' By that he probably meant that as you go through life, have your goal of ambition so far beyond the possibility of human endeavor that no matter how long you live, you will still have something to live for. In four years more, or when I shall have reached the age of 60 years, I wish to be regarded by an impartial public as the 'human encyclopedia of useful information.'"

That he will succeed cannot be doubted—for he is a specialist and a student. Eight years ago in Ann Arbor, Michigan, he spent ten hours a day in the university library for eight months. It is characteristic of the thoroughness with which the memory expert pursues his unique profession.

As "Railroad Jack" himself says: "My stunts are so original on the street corners that to prevent congestion of traffic I take up a collection as often as the traffic will bear."

Each year, with philanthropic pride, he gives a thousand dollars in prizes to Michigan school children who pass the best examinations in history. Years ago, before he created his original profession, he published a paper in Chicago, the *North Shore Eccentric*. The closing words of his first article he still quotes as the summation of his own philosophy of life. They are as follows:

"Then friends, as we go through life, let us remember the old advice, that with all thy getting, get knowledge, for 'knowledge is power.' 'Twas good advice years ago, 'tis good advice today."



"RAILROAD JACK"—Rich and famous hobo who has made a fortune doing what "No One Else Ever Thought of Doing Before." He knows 5,000 famous characters in history, and 10,000 important dates, and he defies any audience to "stump" him. Above, he is shown addressing a crowd of college students at Madison, Wisconsin.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 31, May 28, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Memorial Day

THERE can be no doubt that the World War has vastly deepened the significance of our annual observance of the day consecrated to the memory of those who laid down their lives that the nation might live. For one thing, the simultaneous celebration of the day on either side of the ocean, in France as in America and wherever the warriors of the republic have found their last resting places, brings to us a broadened comprehension of the meaning of American nationality. It is something more than the boastfulness of any petty mental provincialism.

"America is another name for Destiny," said Burke in a prophetic outburst more than a century ago. Today, we realize vividly that the American name must be identified with the cause of human freedom, the cause of justice, everywhere. Throwing ourselves into the war to preserve Europe and the world from the menace of Prussian militarism, we showed a generous readiness to spend ourselves to the uttermost for the grandest cause that can inspire the human soul, counting no cost too great in strenuous effort and sacrifice of blood and treasure. It was thus that we learned to know ourselves a nation with a mission glorious beyond that of any other historic people.

The bell that in '76 rang out the glad tidings of the birth of the American Republic in Philadelphia bore the legend: "Proclaim Liberty throughout the land and to *all* the inhabitants thereof!" Wherever the Stars and Stripes are borne aloft in peace or in war that proclamation is made anew. In the propagation of the idea of democracy, in making all our republican institutions the shield and buttress of "the institution of the dear love of comrades," the guaranties of justice and equity for all, we shall most surely build strong and great our own nation.

In the light of the World War whose heroisms we especially honor and exalt on Memorial Day, we are able to realize that its larger meanings have impelled us consciously or unconsciously throughout every crisis in our history. The Declaration of Independence but articulated the deeper prophetic meanings of the Revolutionary War. It was a declaration of the rights of all men to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." It was a perpetual challenge to tyranny, oppression and unjust denial of freedom and equality to men in any and every land. It made inevitable the self-correction of the Civil War that wiped the stain of chattel slavery from our flag and preserved in more than pristine strength the union of states on which so much depended. In turn, as Lincoln so luminously recognized, that internecine struggle became one with more than political or territorial purpose. The men who died at Gettysburg died not merely that *their* nation, in any exclusive sense, should live; but that "government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth." And just that idea was the great underlying motive—consciously or unconsciously and despite the sordid scheming of politicians and profiteers—of America's participation in the World War.

As we lay flowers on the graves of the soldiers and sailors who died for humanity in dying for America, may we realize that we shall most truly honor their memory in honoring Courage, Devotion, Patience and Self-Sacrifice given to the upholding of American ideals.

Why the Price of Coal Goes Up

To The Editor—I am a subscriber to your magazine, and I believe that it is published in the interests of all the people. Will you please advise me why the prices of coal for the year 1921 are as high or higher than they were for the year 1920? It does not seem fair that coal prices should stay up, when other products, especially farm products, are just about given away.
—F. J. Kolar.

MR. KOLAR, who is cashier of the Farmers and Merchants State Bank of Silver Lake, Minnesota, asks a very pertinent question and one which thousands of people in this country are asking today. Local coal merchants have sent out to their customers a "friendly warning" to lay in their next winter's fuel supply now, if they would avoid having to pay the higher prices likely to go into effect before snow flies. It is a matter of common experience that householders are now asked to buy anthracite at $18 to $19 a ton and bituminous coal at $14 to $15. Although these are about three times pre-war prices and an advance of some 10 per cent over last year's prices, we are now warned that we will have to pay still more for our next supplies before the summer is over.

In a recent signed statement, the press representative of the Wholesale Coal Trade Association of New York endeavors at once to deny that coal prices have been advanced and to explain why they have been advanced. We are told that many "independent" anthracite mines are shut down because under the present selling price they cannot operate at a profit. We are further told that "bituminous coal, against which there is a buyers' strike, is, and for the last three months, has been offered freely to industrial buyers at approximately what the United States Government says is the cost of production," and that "much soft coal has been sold at less than the cost of production." Anthracite, it is asserted, is now about 25 per cent lower than it was last winter. One reason advanced by this trade representative for public buying now is that Pennsylvania will, on July 1, begin collecting 1½ per cent tax on all anthracite coal mined within that state.

All of which is a rather involved and elaborate attempt to put up a smoke screen between the public and the cold, hard facts in regard to the coal industry. As was clearly shown in The Dearborn Independent last August, the alleged coal scarcity on which high prices are based is in large part a manufactured one. Our coal mines have a capacity of 700,000,000 tons a year: that is, they can turn out 13,461,000 tons weekly, as against an estimated consumption of 12,000,000 tons. At that time, in order to meet the objection that scarcity and high prices were due, not to any lack in the ability of producers to meet the demand, but to the inability of the railroads to move the coal from the mine to the consumer, the Interstate Commerce Commission instructed the railroads to distribute open-top cars to coal mines only for a whole month. The mines were then producing only 55 per cent of their maximum capacity. A slight improvement followed in the supply of coal cars, but not enough to count. It is plain, indeed, that the railroads have given anything but whole-hearted obedience to the commission's ruling.

The freight-car famine of a year ago no longer exists; but it is evident that the supply of flat cars is inadequate to the demand for the transportation of building materials to which preference is given over coal. That means the public's one hope of relief from extortion is an exercise once more of its emergency powers by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Even a year ago, while the people of the United States were suffering desperately from coal shortage, the mines were exporting 2,000,000 tons a month to Europe. Foreign demand this year, owing to the British miners' strike, has become so exigent that the coal operator can get almost any price he may ask for his product.

Coal operators are not lacking in pretext for their continued exactions of war prices from the consumer. Emphasis is laid again on the increased labor cost of coal production as a justification. This makes it necessary to repeat the reminder that the coal operators are far from limiting their increase in price to the increase in labor cost. It sums up in the typical instance quoted from the testimony before the President's coal commission in 1919:

> "The average amount received by labor for each ton of coal increased by 64 per cent, while the average amount received by the operators as profit on each ton increased by 250 per cent. By the time the much-talked-of increase in wages had reached the public, the average increase in the wholesale price of coal was more than four times the amount awarded to labor."

The Pennsylvania tax of 1½ per cent will probably be similarly "loaded." Surely the present state of things in England should convey its grave warning to America. The blindly selfish and stupid policy now being pursued by the coal operators here in restricting production is well calculated to plunge this country into the same sort of economic chaos and widespread suffering as England is experiencing. Must we pass through a similar experience before we learn that the welfare of workers, operators and consumers, in the long run, depends on establishing the cordial co-operation of all to give the nation the benefit of the largest possible output of coal at the lowest legitimate cost to the community?

The Great Napoleon

OUR age is one of iconoclasm and it would be strange if the name of Napoleon did not come in for its share of thoughtless derision. Beginning on May 5, Paris has been giving itself up to a five weeks' celebration of the centenary of Napoleon's death. His fame is sounded by Archbishop Dubois and the Abbé Hennoqué at Notre Dame. At the Arc de Triomphe, Marshal Foch and his poilus render homage to the idol of every French soldier. President Millerand, at the Sorbonne, pronounces the official eulogy and Maitre Robert, a distinguished jurist, discusses Napoleon as a lawmaker, while General Mangin, at the Invalides, expatiates on Napoleon's qualities as a soldier, and military writers comment on the battles of Napoleon in the light of later history.

Strangely enough, a newspaper campaign against the celebration was waged fiercely, especially in journals representing the Radicals and Socialists more or less associated with Lenin's Third Internationale. Edouard Herriot, mayor of Lyons and Socialist deputy, went so far as to refuse to serve on the committee in charge of the exercises on the ground that the manifestation was a political one. The Jews have no love for Napoleon. He compelled them to stand up and be counted. He kept them within single—not bi-national, rights.

All of which is sharp reminder of the truth that is bound to impress all who pass any time in the fair land of France: the truth that the life of the nation today, more than ever, reflects at every turn the undying influence of this greatest of Frenchmen who was born under the Italian flag. Napoleon is at this day the subject of more books and more lectures than any man in France before or since his time. He is more widely and variously celebrated in sculpture and paintings and monumental architecture. Among all classes, including the Royalists and the Radicals, the Napoleonic tradition and the Napoleonic legend is treasured and exerts a subtle but profound influence on life and thought.

Napoleon's fame grows greater with the passing of the years. If ever it could be truly said that "a great institution is but the lengthened shadow of a great individual," it can be said of France and Napoleon. At the close of a world war in which victory was won through close adherence to Napoleonic tactics and strategy, on the candid avowal of the Generalissimo in supreme command of the Allied and Associated Forces—of an army of some ten million men in the field—it is not strange that stress should be laid on Napoleon's military genius. That tremendous quality has well stood the test of time, despite almost cataclysmic changes in all the conditions of warfare, evolved in the century since his death.

Even the extreme pacifist, deeply disdainful of the claims of military genius to the admiration of mankind, and prone to dub every great general a "great butcher," a ruthless destroyer wading through slaughter to a throne, is beginning to realize that, entirely aside from his fame as a warrior, Napoleon must ever rank high among constructive statesmen. He found France impoverished, rent and torn within by revolutionary enemies of his country and of civilization and menaced, if not actually assailed, from without by the combined powers of Europe. He left his country solidly unified, great, strong, rich and prosperous, advancing rapidly in industry and all the arts, as in modern learning. His title to lasting fame might rest safely on the one achievement of the Code Napoléon, if that were his sole claim to greatness. The foremost of the world's militarists, as we now regard him, his boldness of initiative stayed the fierce swelling tide of European militaristic imperialism that threatened not only to devour France out of hand but to sweep over all the rest of Europe and even to sink its vulture claws in America. He made the pomp of emperors and kings and the boasted might of their seasoned armies ridiculous. For a generation, his name was hated in England as that of a black bogey. "Boney will catch you," was a threat used to bring naughty children to docility. But today, as Lord Rosebery's luminous biography of Napoleon shows us, it would be difficult to measure how much Britain owes to the influence of Napoleon for the democratic spirit that is her true greatness.

In his fall, as in his rise, Napoleon furnishes a striking example of the operation of the eternal verities in life. This does not lessen the value of that example. He fell because of his adoption of the very arrogance of those born in the purple with whom he had warred; because of his surrender to the temptations of luxury and the foolishness of imperial display. Nevertheless and all in all, he embodied France in a larger sense than Louis XIV boasted himself to be the State; and, what is more, he incarnated in commanding degree that sublime Power of the Human Will which on every plane conquers obstacles and ever transforms difficulties into opportunities and dreams into actualities.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE time is here when many young people are leaving school and casting about for clues by which they may settle the question of their careers; they want to know what they are going to do, what niche they will fill, what name people will know them by as to trade, service and success. It is a trying period. It is astounding sometimes how little can be done to help. The very anxiety of the search seems to be a stage through which the developing life must come.

There is probably not so much nonsense to be gotten rid of by the person leaving school nowadays, as there formerly was. Years ago no school was believed to have done its duty which did not send out every pupil filled with the idea that some day he (and now it would be also she) might become President. As the United States has required only 29 Presidents in the 145 years of its national existence, there has been a rather alarming waste of raw material.

The majority of people are blessed by being destined to the very best kind of life there is, the life of a plain person upon whom all the liberties descend and who with others of his kind constitute the ruling class of the world. They will not be President, nor Congressman, nor town councilman, nor even secretary of their lodge; they will just be folks.

It is very easy to state this another way. It may be said that "they are doomed to mediocrity." It may be said that "they are destined to live the colorless life of the common man." It may be said, "They are sentenced to a proletarian life."

These phrases are the scum that rose to the surface of those old false teachings that success consisted in getting the place that was accessible to only a few in a generation. Failing that, then life was "doomed" to be common. Utter rant and nonsense!

The very word "proletariat" is an insult, and if the majority of the people knew what it meant they would repudiate it and cast off the propagandists that foisted the name upon them. Proletariat means that class that is good for nothing but to raise children for the state—the lowest, most vulgar and useless type of human beings.

Yet whole bodies of well-read and highly useful American citizens are induced to parade around calling themselves the Proletariat, and reading about themselves as Proletarians. The man who calls himself a Proletarian, and knows what the word means, ought to be ashamed to look his wife and family in the face.

There are no such people as common people, in the sense that makes all the others uncommon. We are all common, or we are all uncommon, however you choose to look at it. The king is common, once you get to know him. The Presidential office is not a common office, but the President is common. Ask him, and he will tell you that he never felt himself to be anything but common. That is to say, people on the same plane of character are common possessors of pretty much the same qualities; they are citizens of the same commonwealth.

To say that the king is common and that the President is common is, however, not quite the whole truth; for these statements are made sometimes to soothe those who are in rebellion against being themselves. The major half of the truth is that no man is common; individuality, personality, the moral dignity of a human being as a creation of the infinite mind, these are the most uncommon things we can think about. No man is common. But in the compass of that fact, all men are common. They have a common uncommonness by virtue of their being human beings. Their commons is the universe.

Now, the book that the majority reads is said to be the best book. The food that the majority eats is held to be the most natural and nourishing food. The mode of life which the majority pursues is held to be the most satisfactory mode. The life that the majority leads may be called the standard, the normal of life. Very well; that standard, normal life is the same life we call common, and which some poor pitiable people regard as a life of failure. Life itself is at once the common and the uncommon thing. The richest and most successful person is the one who has the most life; and life is within; it is within and from within; there is no favoritism, no "pull" at the source of life.

Now that is what is meant when the false guides say "the majority are doomed to live the life of the masses," and that also is what is meant when others say, "the majority are going to live the standard, normal human life." That life is common to all. It is the life which everybody must live in order to live at all; the life of labor and food, of day and night, of home and family, of body and soul—the same life which the President must live in his White House and the pioneer in his prairie home. It is the same life. It ought to be a relief to know in advance that it is to be ours.

Life is divided into two main periods—the period when we take in and the period when we give out. Youth is the receptive period, and although that period does not end, there comes to keep company with it an expressive period when the individual makes his or her contribution to the general life. He does more than that, however; in his work he also makes a contribution to himself. The sum of earth life is the making of character. It is inevitable.

We make character whether we want to or not. We make it whether we are conscious of it or not. We make it wherever we are and by whatever we do. There is no special location or no special occupation which is more favorable to character-making than is another location or occupation. There is no station in life that is favorable to the production of a finer type of character than is any other station.

The more and better character that is made, the more the outer world is changed to conform to it. The money question, the industrial question, the political question, the social question—all these wait for the settlement of the character question.

The reason that high office is so powerless to bring about reforms, the reason that titles and prerogatives are helpless in making a clean sweep of injustices, is just this—no office or authority gets any further than the character that creates and fills it. Character is the great authority. Given character, office can be dispensed with. Presidents and kings and magnates of all degree are but the servants of great characters. And great characters are independent of riches or power. They *are* rich and they *have* power, and are therefore invincible in whatever right things they undertake.

We have rather successful inventions, successful businesses, successful policies, but not enough successful *men*. The success of a man is to become a Man in the character and power that make him, stripped and alone, a Man. And this is all within his own control; no outer circumstance can control that, but he can use that to control outer circumstance.

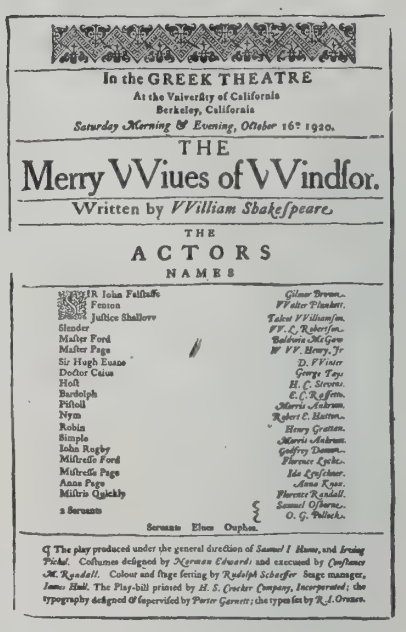
No one should be content with poverty, because if it is poverty instead of the clean, hard type of bareness which constitutes the voluntary "doing without" of camp life, it is degrading. If a man is poor, it should only be by his own choice. Many men have been poor by their own choice, and therefore they escaped the depression of *poverty*. In the perfect society, most people will choose to live on the plane of the average man of today—it is more comfortable, more human, more conducive to peace. The state to which the majority of society has attained today, with such corrections of the money and governmental system as will prevent dishonest tampering, is, with certain changes, approximately the state that will prevail when society becomes what it ought to be. Why not? What better base is there for the development of character?

THE life that the majority of people now live will probably constitute the standard of life in the perfect society. What most folks have found good and worthy, no future system is likely to upset. When the blind guides of social discontent announce that the majority are "doomed to live common lives," he does not see the uncommonness of our common life, nor does he see that the so-called common life is far and away the best life of all. It will need a little more room, a little more leisure, a little more sense of security, but all in all it is the type of life the majority of the people are going to choose when the social millennium permits every man to make a choice. The common life and character constitute the golden age.

Even the Carpenter May Play Shakespeare

That's One of the Things Revealed by Sam Hume and His Greek Theater at Berkeley, California

By EARL CHRISTMAS


In the GREEK THEATRE
At the Vniverſity of California
Berkeley, California
Saturday Morning & Evening, October 16th 1920.
THE
Merry VViues of VVindſor.
Written by *VVilliam Shakeſpeare*
THE
ACTORS
NAMES
Sir Iohn Falſtaffe — *Gilmor Brown*
Fenton — *Walter Plunkett*
Iuſtice Shallow — *Talbot Williams Jr.*
Slender — *FF. C. Robertſon*
Maſter Ford — *Baldwin McGaw*
Maſter Page — *W. VV. Henry, Jr.*
Sir Hugh Euans — *D. Vinter*
Doctor Caius — *George Toy*
Hoſt — *H. C. Stevens*
Bardolph — *E. C. Raſſen*
Piſtoll — *Morris Ashman*
Nym — *Robert C. Haſton*
Robin — *Henry Gratton*
Simple — *Morris Ashman*
Iohn Rugby — *Godfrey Dawson*
Miſtreſſe Ford — *Florence Lycke*
Miſtreſſe Page — *Ida Kruſchner*
Anne Page — *Anne Kyne*
Miſtris Quickly — *Florence Randall*
2 Seruants — *Samuel Osborne, O. G. Pollock*
Seruants Elues Oupheſ.
¶ The play produced under the general direction of *Samuel I. Hume*, and *Irving Pichel*. Cottumes designed by *Norman Edwards* and executed by *Conſtance M. Randall*. Colour and ſtage ſetting by *Rudolph Schaeffer* Stage manager, *Iames Hall*. The Play-bill printed by *H. S. Crocker Company, Incorporated*; the typography designed & ſupervised by *Porter Garnett*; the types ſet by *R. J. Orozco*.

SAMUEL J. HUME and the Greek theater at Berkeley are institutions in California. One connotes the other. Each holds a vital place in the community and together they provide an interesting commentary in these days when men are reaching out, seeking a means of developing wholesome entertainment in their own cities.

With the growth of the motion picture industry and with unfavorable business conditions recently, the West, indeed the greater part of the country, has found its opportunity to see good plays on the legitimate stage even more restricted than in the past. New York always has dominated the theater in the United States, but just now it has an almost absolute monopoly. To most cities over the country right now, the legitimate theater is a dark house.

So, men and women who are seeking entertainment without dependence on New York, or those who are rankled a little at the commercialism in its products, may find some refreshing moments in a visit to Sam Hume and his Greek theater at the University of California.

Hume holds a unique position. Perhaps no one has done so much to interest communities in better plays. But more significant still, he has been gathering the players for many of his productions from the communities where he worked. He has gone far toward making the community and art assume a vital relation to each other. As director of the Greek theater at the University of California, Hume has a yearly audience of 150,000 persons and takes in box office receipts of some $80,000 a year, though receipts are incidental in this uncommercial theater.

For eight months a year the beautiful outdoor theater at Berkeley is the center of musical or dramatic activity for the community. Incidentally, it is the largest open-air theater in America, and considered by many as the most attractive, sitting something like an architectural jewel in a spot of the greatest natural beauty.


Stage of the Greek theater.

Every Sunday afternoon, there is a free concert, and four or five thousand people gather there to hear the music. Six thousand persons can be seated in the theater, and at university assemblies and other notable occasions several thousand more may crowd in. Plays and musical entertainments are given there for more than half the year, so well is the climate of California adapted to the outdoor play. Indeed, California has gone further than any other section of the world probably in the development of the outdoor play.

But the activities of the Greek theater at the University of California don't stop with the coming of winter. The players just move indoors, and the plays go on.

The activities of Sam Hume and his Greek theater cover a wide range. Recently, in six weeks, he staged three Shakespearean plays, the "First and Second Parts of Henry IV," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

"We utilized student aid," Hume explained. "We obtained the best amateur talent in California. We used professionals. We went here and there in search of performers and the result was that we had a blending of amateur and professional talent that would have been hard to excel.

"We had all our costumes made in San Francisco, of fine stuffs, dyed in solid colors. All the costuming, the armor, the furniture—all were true to period.

"The cycle was presented in the Greek theater, and the shows were a great success. That's one thing that we have demonstrated—the people will pay for good shows. The Greek theater is self-supporting. I don't mean that we need to commercialize. If there should be a deficit, the university would assume it. That leaves us free to produce the kind of shows we wish without making concessions to the box office. However, we have found that the plays have paid their own way.

"We do not try to cater to the high-brow. We aim to present just good, normal shows, and we try to keep up our standards. People get so they know what to expect when they come to the Greek theater, and we try not to disappoint them.

"After the Shakespeare plays, we started a series of modern plays, beginning with Wilde's 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' Such big crowds came to see this that we gave a bill of one-act comedies and Ibsen's 'Pillars of Society.' Then we followed with a series of six modern plays, offering such plays as 'The Very Idea,' by William L. Baron; 'If Shakespeare Lived Today,' and 'Fame and the Poet,' by Dunsany, and 'The Thunderbolt,' by Arthur Wing Pinero—plays of that type—and we found them exceedingly well received."

Besides providing entertainment designed to stimulate appreciation of art, Hume is engaged in the interesting task of discovering talent for his plays. For instance, the head carpenter at the university is one of his Shakespearean actors. The wife of a professor is another.

"Our company is made up of students, of residents of Berkeley, of anyone who wishes to work with us and who has inherent dramatic talent," he explained. "We have a lad and his father, a white-mustached middle-aged man. We have a woman who has been with a San Francisco stock company. We have a woman from Illinois who was a school teacher; another from Vancouver—oh, it is a group of cosmopolites without social strata."

But the significant thing is that Hume finds talent in his community to present most acceptable plays. It is interesting here to note, too, that the Greek theater belongs not alone to the University of California. Rather, it is a community institution. The greater part of his support, Mr. Hume explained, comes not from university students, but from residents of the community who come regularly to the theater to see the shows. In other words, the Greek theater at Berkeley has come to fill a vital place in the community.

Hume also teaches play writing, and frequently his students write productions which are presented.

"I have no idea in the world that I can teach play writing," he said. "I even refuse to call the roll. I am only hopeful that someone in the class will be stimulated to think for himself, and express real ideas."

Besides plays, Hume presents concerts and pageants. Last summer he produced the Cranbrook masque at Santa Barbara. Each winter he goes to St. Paul, Minnesota, where he directs an annual Christmas festival.

For the Christmas City festival in St. Paul, he will prepare a play appropriate to the season, assembling all his actors and his choruses and training them in a few weeks. The festival of the Christmas City covers several days and constitutes each year an event of city-wide importance. Signs on the billboards proclaim St. Paul as the Christmas City and enjoin all to recall the spirit of the season. Candles in the windows, which has become a municipal habit with the growth of the institution, emphasize the appeal.


A section of the largest open-air theater in America at the University of California.

Then there is the municipal Christmas festival, and on another day a festival for the children, when 10,000 boys and girls crowd into the auditorium to see Sam Hume's Christmas play.

That's the sort of thing Hume is doing. Often he takes a part in his own plays, turning actor as well as producer. Out in the Greek theater he arranges for symphony concerts. There are art exhibits, too. He gave a show with Ruth St. Dennis that packed the big open-air theater with 7,000 people for each of two performances. The Greek theater has been the scene of some notable productions. Included in the number were the revivals by Margaret Anglin of Sophocles' "Antigone" and "Electra." Maude Adams presented "As You Like It" there, and Sarah Bernhardt produced "Phedre" there. The Greek theater at Berkeley thus serves as a medium for the best actors as well as a means of expression for the amateur.

Among the varied activities that center in the Greek theater, there is none more interesting nor more significant than the annual Shakespeare contest. Students from the high schools in California hold preliminary contests in reciting passages from Shakespeare. Then in the spring, they meet at the university for the final contest.

"Everyone has a natural inclination to act," Hume explained. "So, we find that the boys and girls enter into this contest with great zest. It opens up to them possibilities of which they never dreamed before. They obtain an interest in Shakespeare that you couldn't instill so effectively in any other way. Another thing that we are finding almost as popular is the choral contests. I hope also to start an orchestra contest for the high school students.

"You see, we try to make the Greek theater and this department of the university a sort of nucleus in a dramatic way for the state."

Hume has an idea that the rest of the country need not be so dependent upon New York for its dramatic entertainment.

"There is no reason why one city should dominate the country in that respect," he said. "Gradually as the cities in the West are growing, things are changing. Before long, there is going to be a new development in this line. Each of, say, eight or ten cities will develop a group of players of its own. It will be something better than the old stock companies, and organized on a different basis. One group of players may remain in one city for a period of several weeks, and then go to another city, the different groups changing about.

"This thing, or something like it, is coming, and it is coming so quickly that everybody will be surprised.

"When the West develops some such plan as this, it will have shows just as good as those in New York. With such a powerful organization, it will be able to get first productions of all the best authors. Cities in the West are growing rapidly, and the demand for such a development already has made itself felt. Such a project actually has been planned. It may soon be a reality.

"But even without such a development, most communities can provide good, wholesome entertainment at home. Your distance from New York need not limit your entertainment in a dramatic way."

This reminder that no American community need be dependent on New York for its dramatic entertainments is, of course, the hopeful significance of the success of Berkeley's experiment. Emancipation from the thralldom of a theatrical control that has tended in late years to the steadily increasing debasement and demoralization of the American stage is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

On the positive and constructive side, Mr. Hume has demonstrated that such a people's theater, drawing upon and developing local talent, may be built up in every community. There can be little doubt that such an institution would, in short order, prove effective in promoting a revival of that wholesome and gracious culture which has made the Athens of Pericles renowned through the ages. The cordial reception accorded in the past to Ben Greet's players indicates that there is no lack of appreciation of genuine dramatic art in America. For the play given in the open with sylvan and picturesque background, our people have a special liking. California's climate is a great asset; but over the greater part of the United States, it must not be forgotten, we enjoy an approximation to California's climate for at least five months in the year.

Borrowing the Eyes of a Lover of Nature

By ARTHUR PEIRCE VAUGHN

"NOW I won't lose it!" and Charles Livingston Bull shoved a scrap of railway time-table toward me, and on its margin a tiny pencil sketch of a small blue heron with its neck distended to inordinate size. For all its minuteness the bit of a picture was accurate in its drawing and in its record of form and effect; crest feathers showing as dainty needle points at the back of the neck, and hackle tips drooping from the downy bib of the breast.

It was the mating season of spring, and the slender-necked heron was probably preening in amorous display. The fact that it could inflate its throat like a drumming partridge or pouter pigeon was "very interesting" to the artist and nature lover.

We were at the time chug-chugging along in a little motor boat through one of the innumerable placid channels that wind and wander behind the outer keys on the south Florida coast. Where the water widened into a lagoon and shallowed, four great blue herons were doing their early morning fishing—I found the four after C. L. B. had given me the number, and was rather pleased with the achievement even then. One was posed with its long neck, head and beak extended in a straight line, pointing skyward. Two were motionless shadows in the edge of shadowy mangroves. And out in the flaring sunlight at the marsh edge a gray, weathered stick of driftwood lifted angularly above the water.

"That one reproduces in form and color a sun-bleached log exactly," said the artist. "One does not wonder the fish come nibbling around its feet without suspicion."

Mr. and Mrs. Bull spent part of their Florida outing in the little settlement that clusters around a fine, outdoor boys' school on one of the Gulf islands where the open-air winter is always sunny. One night in the school's big common room the artist for two hours drew animal pictures for the boys on their dusty classroom blackboard with their own common chalk—two hours of sheer delight for the writer. He blocked out studies for a series illustrating Aesop's Fables; then worked out a design for a tiger and bamboo page illustrating protective coloration and markings; and finally did two or three large animal sketches by request of the boys. The drawing was deft and exquisite. The flying chalk tip traced curious, unexpected little angles and quirks of outline and modelings of muscle that looked strange at first, but served the final beauty and truthfulness of the picture, giving it a distinctive and delightfully accurate individuality. Such skill has been attained only after years of trained observation, in the open and in the museum, and as dissector and taxidermist. Behind that are still other years, from earliest childhood, of intimate, friendly association with all the common animals.

The moral of all this is easily read—Surpassing excellence in art, as in every other thing, comes only as the fruitage of long love and labor.

I'm sure the truth is not overstepped in writing down C. L. B. as one of those who would rather, any hour of any day, eat in the open than under roof—and may their tribe increase! Unless other definite business forbade, it was not difficult to get his acceptance on any proposal for a venture afield, by preference on an untried trail, with a campfire meal wherever appetite caught up with us. For those "outer" meals he has the investigator's curiosity (and courage too) in trying new dishes, new combinations, and new fruits, especially the local products with which he is not familiar.

How "very interesting" is the world in which a naturalist lives and moves and has his being! Of the hours and days that were spent so happily in the open I think there was no instant when his senses were not tuned to any appeal that might impinge upon them. The merest hint of color or outline, unnoted by others, revealed to his eyes the leafy ambush of some bird; the stroke of its wing in distant flight gave its identity, as its faintly far note of song was recognized by his ear; and odors fetched their information definitely—to most of us their messages are very vague.

The approach of our boat sent a startled young heron darting erratically through the palms, its snowy plumage mottled and blotched with blue. It was in mid-change from the white dress of infancy to the duller garb of maturity, and was "very interesting." One midnight we rowed down one of the "little rivers" for which C. L. B. has a poet's love, with tropic foliage looming against the jeweled heavens, and drooping and dripping in the ripple from our prow, that silently rocked the stars on the mirror water and knit long lace streamers of phosphorus across its velvet blackness. Beyond a colonnade of palm trunks lay a wide marsh, with millions of fireflies. Often in the southern woods these midnight marshes are a vivid sheet of will-o'-the-wisp light. But this was different. The flash was intermittent over the wide flat, perhaps a mile square; it was periodic, like the flash of a lighthouse. All the insects shone at once, and were dark over the whole stretch the instant following. Undoubtedly it was an instinctive reaction, like that seen in the darting, instant change of direction by large schools of minnows or large bevies of birds in flight. But it was new—and "very interesting." It was pleasure to watch and share somewhat the naturalist's delight in every new trick of wild things, and every variant of habit and of past experience that forest and stream yield constantly to alert eyes. No idle studio argot, this "very interesting," but the simplest expression of a perennial, continuing response to the thousand-tongued call of life and beauty. One cannot conceive of any stretch of the earth's surface that would not verily interest him—except, perhaps, a too thickly populated drawing-room floor.

And it is good for us everyday folk that we have men, for our generation, who have as vivid interest as had Solomon in all things of nature from the minute to the stupendous, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedars of Lebanon; who have also the skill to reveal to us in assimilable form their love-bought knowledge.

One early morning I found Mr. and Mrs. Bull on a river dock waiting to board a little inter-island steamer that was loading passengers and nondescript freight for her day's run through the warm-water channels of the Gulf Coast. In the distance two birds were winging up the sky with the grace of a soft, old Japanese drawing. Mrs. Bull questioned their identity, and I ventured a guess. The artist, coming from booking his luggage at the moment, saw them and named them at once, the wood ibis, though I think he had seen none of their rather rare species for years. Two more of the winging ibises followed, then six, lining landward to the rookeries of the dusky cypress swamps for the day. Another evening, a fortnight later, we had the good fortune to be afloat on Orange River as the ibises were in flight back to the mud flats of the coast for the night's fishing. First four, then two, then a larger flight, twenty-six in all—an unusual number to be seen together in these later days. So sometimes to those who in the love of nature hold delight in her visible forms, rare privilege and beauty come. For the wood ibis with its stately gesture, its ever graceful flight, and its sharp conjunction of snowy and ebon plumage, is always a delight. On a goalless boating expedition among the coastal keys one day a great osprey wheeled and fluttered characteristically above us for some minutes, swinging to the light so that all the lovely design of its underfeathering stood out, the original pattern in black and fawn that has been reproduced by artists in decorative borders since the days of the early Egyptian temples. With eyes continually on such "copy" it is little wonder that Charles Livingston Bull's work is always decorative—as well as exact. And it is also always simple in its effects; there is no useless lugging in of the superfluous. His work shows strongly the influence of Japan. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the principle of Japanese art, the correct recording of the essential with a disregard for all else, is the principle on which he has worked. So one finds in his pictures the vivific action of old Japanese drawing, action that we were a little doubtful of until quick photographic lenses proved it to be true, and our own western, conventional representations of motion mistaken.







CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

The log of other impromptu expeditions might be added—of an alligator chase in the cypress, very successful, from which the hunters returned with eyes keen, alert and sparkling with the keyed-up pleasure of the day; of a midday rest in a cypress head, its pool filled with lily pads and drumming frogs, and the air above hung with wheeling hawks that should, by book and by reason, already have had their nests built a thousand miles to the north, but instead had apparently settled in the South as permanent summer residents; of a morning spent in exploring Thomas Edison's estate, with its shadow-dappled pleasance under great pines along the waterfront, its great bamboo thickets, rare fruits and exotic trees and flowers. These all are memories rich enough to make one greedy of them; memories that I would willingly retain as long as the enjoyment of memory is mine.

C. L. B. is one of the goodly company of quiet folk—to whom the earth yields far more of its wonder and beauty, I am sure, than to many thrusting, flamboyant personalities of our day. He has a quiet smile, and comfortable friendliness—both genuine surely, for they are things that are beyond the possibility of counterfeiting. In a world that has grown all too noisy, where men as well have caught the malady, how good it is to find one in whom quiet still has its values. Noise seems to me to belong to material contraptions, maladjusted at that, and there is something certainly wrong when it invades the souls of men.

Bull is fascinating in his loyalty to his friendships; and these include the finest of our age—naturalists, poets, artists, humanists. For example, a train hurrying to a scientific convention in one of the eastern cities, carried in its diner at one table some years ago, John Burroughs, Henry van Dyke, Edwin Markham and C. L. B. And the three older men spent their time "borrowing the eyes" of the youngster, and the things he had seen of the life of the wilds. He is quick in his appreciation of the work of other artists and the work of writers, wherever there is reality and delicacy of craftsmanship and freshness and naturalness of expression. Also there is quick revulsion when any carelessness or affectation or untruthfulness of portrayal shows itself.

If one held right of search I suspect there could be found in his vacation luggage always some of the best new books, on plants and birds and beasts, and other books, unhackneyed and vivid, that tell of expeditions in the open, beyond the end of used trails. For he can see beauty through other eyes than his own, and is always in search of it. And all of beauty that nature has to offer is grist to his mill.

Middle-aged, perhaps, you would call him. Which means that C. L. B. has his best work still to do and his richest life still to live. A score of years ago he came from a little Rochester art school to New York City, a youngster, with a pack of drawings under his arm for a try at the cynical world. The first magazine to which he submitted his work wanted to contract his output, I believe, for a year. Those were the "good old days," and one of the great magazines that has helped make America famous for her periodicals, was in its glory. On his second day in the city, in the offices of that magazine, the dean of art editors purchased some of his drawings and gave him further commissions.

"You are in luck, boy!" said this kindly, experienced judge. "There are men in New York who came to my desk here for years before they sold their first picture."

Having found his niche, doing what he loved to do, C. L. B. has continued to this day bringing bits of the wild to tame folk who could not otherwise come to them; spreading small sections of the open on walls under roofs where shut-in folk can enjoy them every day; and loaning to hearts that hunger for beauty, the eyes they do not themselves have—the eyes of a lover of nature.

Will Jewish Zionism Bring Armageddon?

Palestine Problems Constitute Serious Situation; The Balkan Question Moved to the Holy Land

WHEN the British Army passed into Jerusalem in the memorable capture of the city in 1917, the Protocols went in with it. A symbolic circle was thus closed, though not in the way the Protocolists had hoped. The man who carried the Protocols knew what they signified, and they were carried not in triumph but as the plans of the enemies of world liberty.

Zionism is the best advertised of all present Jewish activities and has exerted a greater influence upon world events than the average man realizes. In its more romantic aspects it makes an appeal to Christian as well as to Jew, because there are certain prophecies which are held to concern the return of the Jews to Jerusalem. When this return takes place, certain great events are scheduled to ensue.

Because of this admixture of the religious sentiment, it will be rather difficult for a certain class of people to scrutinize modern Political Zionism; they have been too well propagandized into believing that political Zionism and the "return" promised by the prophets are the same thing. Having succumbed to the initial confusion of mistaking Judah for Israel they have entirely mistaken the ancient writings that relate to these two, and have made the single tribe of Judah (whence comes the name of Jew) the hub around which all history and humanity swing. Judah was the tribe with which Israel could not live in peace over two thousand years ago, and which has the fateful gift of stirring up the same kind of dissension today. And yet no one ever thought of charging the Ten Tribes of Israel with "anti-Semitism."

Zionism in Russia and Berlin

ZIONISM is challenging the attention of the world today because it is creating a situation out of which many believe the next war will come. To adopt a phraseology familiar to students of prophecy, it is believed by many students of world affairs that Armageddon will be the direct result of what is now beginning to be manifested in Palestine.

For these, if for no other reasons, the subject becomes important.

With Zionism as a dream of pious Jews this article has nothing to do. With Zionism as a political fact, every first-class government is now compelled to have something to do. It is a bigger question than the German indemnities or American immigration, because it lies back of both, and is rapidly proceeding under cover of both.

It is worthy of note, if only in passing, that Zionism in the active modern political sense took its rise racially and geographically where Bolshevism arose, namely, in Russia, and that its center, the seat of its Inner Actions Committee, was at Berlin. There was always a close relationship between the Zionists of Russia and the New York Kehillah, as is evidenced by public utterances made in Russia after the Revolution in which the Kehillah is extolled.

Jews Free in a War-Locked World

AT THE time the war was declared in 1914, the Inner Actions Committee was spread about in various countries. For example: Dr. Schmarya Levin, of Berlin, was in the United States and remained here. He was Russian rabbi, German scholar, and cosmopolitan. Although his headquarters were Berlin, he remained in the United States and became recognized as the leader of the leaders of Zionism, until the great Jewish shift to Versailles. Another member of the Inner Actions Committee was one Jacobson, who was in Constantinople. "When he saw that Constantinople could no longer be the center of Zionist politics, he left and went to Copenhagen, Denmark, where in a neutral country he could be of practical usefulness to the Zionists *by transmitting information and funds.*" (Guide to Zionism, page 80.) In fact, the entire Inner Actions Committee, with headquarters at Berlin, moved freely through a war-locked world, the only two exceptions being Warburg and Hantke—and there was no need for the Berlin Warburg to move about, for there were others who represented him.

Dr. Levin gave his sanction for the shifting of the center of Jewish gravity from Berlin to America, and "as early as August 30, 1914, a month after the outbreak of war, an extraordinary conference of American Zionists was called in New York."

What this change of seat meant, has formed the subject of much discussion. In 1914 the Jews apparently knew more about the probable duration of the war than did the principals. It was not to be a mere excursion through Belgium, as some fancied. There was time to dicker, time to show the value of certain Jewish support to the governments. Germany gladly pledged the land of Palestine to the Jews, but the Jews had already seen what Wilhelm had done in that ancient State when he enthroned himself on the Mount of Olives. Evidently the Allies won in the contest of making promises, for on November 2, 1917, when General Allenby was pushing up through Palestine with his British Army, Arthur James Balfour, the British secretary of state for foreign affairs, issued the famous declaration approving Palestine as a national home for the Jewish people.

"The wording of it came from the British foreign office, but the text had been revised in the Zionist offices in America as well as in England. The British declaration was made in the form in which the Zionists desired it, and *the last clauses were added* in order to appease a certain section of timid anti-Zionist opinion." (Guide to Zionism, pages 85-86.)

Now please read the declaration and note the italicized clauses just referred to:

> "His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, *it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.*"

Zionist Jews Compel Western Jews

ZIONISM is of particular interest, not merely because of the quarrels which have arisen among the leaders over money—it is the war of "interest" against "capital"—but also because of the light it throws on the two great armies of Jews in the world, the way in which they use their power where they can, and the trouble that always embroils the nations which become Jewish tools.

People sometimes ask why Jewry, which is capitalistic, should favor Bolshevism which is the announced enemy of capital. It is an interesting question. Why should a New York Jewish financier, an officer of the government of the United States, help finance a "Red" publication which even our tolerant government cannot stomach? In addition to the fact that it is only "Gentile capital" that is attacked, the answer is that the Jew who has fallen for the worship of the Golden Calf is anxious to keep in the good graces of the Jew of the East—the Mongolian Jews—who are rampaging against orderly systems of society. It is quite useful when there is a revolution in Paris to have the 600 houses which you may own spared by the incendiary mobs—as were Rothschild's houses. Zionism has been one of the subjects upon which Western and Eastern Jew can unite. Indeed, it was the Eastern Jew that compelled the Western Jew to take a favorable stand on this matter. The Jewish gentlemen who are receiving the freedom of our cities today in their various aspects as "German" and "British" scientists are Eastern Jews. They have come to a contest with the Jews of America on the question of Money. The Jews of America have smothered some very ugly charges. The Jews of the East, more recently of Germany or England, are not likely to be browbeaten by the moneybags of Jewish New York, for *the Eastern type of Jew knows of a situation in which money is the most useless thing in the world*—and that is why he is feared and favored by Western Jewry of the Golden Calf.

The Jewish defenders are just now capitalizing the "split" in Jewry. The real split in Jewry will come when Jews of vision begin to support the attempts which have been made to liberate the Jews from their leaders. This internal squabble means nothing but a squabble of leaders; but when the Jews themselves divide, one side for twentieth century light and the destruction of the class power of selfish leaders, then may we look up hopefully. When the Jew recognizes the honesty of his critics and the righteousness of what they charge, then will there be a "split," but not before. The division in Jewry as evidenced by the contempt of the revolutionary party for the financial party, and as even more strongly evidenced by the fear of the revolutionary party by the financial party, is being brought about by the insincerity of the Western Jew's Zionism. The Western Jew says that the United States is the Promised Land, profits and interest are the "milk and honey" and New York is Jerusalem; the Jew of Russia has another view.

A knowledge of Political Zionism is worth while also as an authoritative illustration of what the Jew does when he is in power. Heretofore there has been Russia to illustrate this, but now there is Palestine. With every fact against them, with every traveler and observer giving them the lie direct, there are still Jewish spokesmen and poor befuddled "Gentile fronts" who insist that Bolshevism is not Jewish and that Russia is not now governed by Jews. It is just this constant denial of facts, this failure to use their opportunity to be honest, that is going to be the judgment of Jewish leaders. Bolshevism all over the world, not in Russia only, but in New York, in Chicago, in New Orleans, in San Francisco, is Jewish.

Palestine as a Mirror of Jewry

HOWEVER, there is no need further to insist upon that, except occasionally to add confirmatory illustrations of it. More to the present point is Palestine. It will be very difficult for the most irresponsible Jewish spokesman to deny that Palestine is Jewish. The government is Jewish, the plan of procedure is Jewish, the methods used are Jewish. Does anyone rise to deny that? Scarcely.

Very well, Palestine will do to illustrate the genius of the Jew when he comes to power.

Professor Albert T. Clay, in the *Atlantic Monthly* (will anyone declare that this long-established and thoroughly respectable Boston publication is "anti-Semitic"?) warns us that the information about Palestine which we receive in America comes to us through the Jewish Telegraph Service (which is the Associated Press of world-wide Jewry) and the Zionist propaganda. "The latter," he says, "with its harrowing stories of pogroms in Europe, and its misrepresentations of the situation in the Near East, has been able to awaken not a little sympathy for the Zionist propaganda."

This propaganda of pogroms—"thousands upon thousands of Jews killed"—amounts to nothing except as it illustrates the gullibility of the press. No one believes this propaganda, and governments regularly disprove it. But the fact that it continues indicates that something besides facts is necessary to keep the scheme going.

In Jerusalem, as this is being written, martial law is proclaimed. There has been a struggle between the native inhabitants, whom the Balfour declaration sought to protect, and the new-come Jews. As in the famous Easter disorders of last year, the wounded in the hospitals show that the Jews were armed and the natives fought with whatever weapons they could find on the spot; the conclusion of all impartial observers under the circumstances being that the Jews prepared for and sought the fight with unprepared natives.

Zionist and Bolshevist Rule Compared

THE mark of disorder perpetrated by the Jews is all over the place, the "persecuted" turned persecutor, and lest this should be charged to the general wildness of the people in Palestine let it be said that the rioters were only expressing in deeds what cultivated American and English Jews have expressed in words—namely, that the lawful inhabitants of the land ought to be driven out, in spite of governmental promises to the contrary. One of the first Easter rioters, Jabotinsky, whom the British authorities sentenced to 15 years in prison, was released immediately upon the arrival of Sir Herbert Samuel, and is now traveling in state, and is talked of as a possible successor to Sir Herbert, although he is originally one of the Russian Bolsheviki come down to practice the gentle arts of that tribe in Palestine.

The government is Jewish. Sir Herbert Samuel, is High Commissioner, representing the power of the

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew." Twenty articles, 255 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

British Government which holds the mandate over Palestine. The head of the judicial department who appoints the judges of Palestine is a Jew. Christian or Moslem judges who do not give the Jews a shade the better of the proceedings are ousted—a condition not unknown in New York. Chaim Weizmann is head of the department of works—he is a Jew now traveling in this country and having the polite lie passed to him occasionally by Judge Julian W. Mack. In fact, at the heads of all the departments are Jews, a former New York Jew being head of the department of immigration, who has made splendid rules for the protection of Palestine from an undesirable class of Jews, rules so well adapted for the purpose that if the Congress of the United States should adopt them the cry of "persecution" would girdle the world.

It is to be noted that the Jewish government of Palestine is very much like that of Russia—mostly foreign. Trotsky came from the East Side of New York. A gentleman recently released from Bolshevik custody told the writer that the governor of his prison was an ordinary Jew who formerly lived on Fourteenth street, Detroit. Practically every big American city is represented in the Bolshevik government of Russia. There is another full-fledged government waiting in this country for service wherever necessary.

The methods being adopted to get the land are such as will fill the world with indignation once the world fully understands what is being done. And that it is done with the knowledge and approval of the Zionist Commissioner is indicated by the fact that he suspended the activities of the British officer who endeavored to stop the abuse. It was the old game of lending money at an exorbitant rate of interest to people hard pressed by war and crop failure, and then seizing their land when they could not pay. The bank that did this was the Anglo-Palestine Bank, a Zionist concern. This British officer, to save the people and the land, made arrangements with a British bank to lend them money at 6½ per cent, with five years to pay. If payment failed, the land was to go to the government for redistribution, not to the Zionist bank. This was the humane plan which the Zionist Commissioner forbade, whereupon the British officer resigned. Some effort was afterward made to redress the terrible act, but there it stands as the well-considered action of Jewry in power.

Jewish Pressure on the People

THEN follows what is described by every impartial observer as an "arrogant" attempt to expropriate everything in sight. In Russia it could have been done very easily under the plea of "nationalization," but there was Great Britain whose laws do not condone theft. The only schools that have been established in Jerusalem have been built and manned by the so-called "Gentiles," although the Jews of Jerusalem have been the pensioners of world-wide Jewry for centuries. As long ago as 1842 Dr. Murray M'Cheyne noted that the Jerusalem Jews cared nothing for schools because their children were only growing up into pensioners too. But Christians, with a warm regard for the Holy City, set about to improve the miserable condition of the Jewish inhabitants, and thus it came that at the time of the Zionist invasion a considerable number of Jewish children were in attendance at the schools. The newcome Zionist leaders demanded that the best of the schools be given up to them. Of course, this was refused.

"The Council of Jerusalem Jews" then caused it to be published in the Hebrew daily that parents who did not withdraw their children from the schools would be punished. And now look at the typical punishments threatened:

If any parent refused whose name was on the list of the American Relief Fund, the relief would be withdrawn. An interesting bit of news to subscribers to that fund.

Doctors would be forbidden to visit the families that had children attending the enlightened schools.

Their names would be sent to the blacklist at the places where circumcision was performed, so that newborn descendants of the recalcitrants might be refused the rite of Moses.

They would be denied all share in Zionist benefits or funds.

If they were in business, they would be boycotted.

If they were workmen they could get no work.

"Anyone who refused, let him know that it was forbidden for him to be called by the name of Jew. They will be fought by all lawful means. Their names will be put upon a monument of shame and their deeds made to reproach them to the last generation. If they are supported, their support will cease. If they are rabbis, they will be moved far from their office. They shall be put under the ban and persecuted, and all the world will know that in this justice there has been no mercy."

It is the Jewish Bolshevist spirit all over again, that spirit which so many people have been vainly endeavoring to reconcile with the Russian temperament—because it is so un-Russian.

It is tyranny, and not the tyranny of strength, but of meanness and darkness. It is now perfectly clear what was meant by Dr. McInnes, who is Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, when he said: "The emigrants so far brought in (to Palestine, under the Commission) did not include many respectable English Jews; but they did include a great number of Russians, Poles and Rumanians, many of them thoroughly Bolshevik in their attitude to the government."

If this spirit obtains at the beginning of a movement which the Christian world has been taught by propaganda to regard as a profoundly religious and respectable exodus, it burdens the imagination to forecast what will be done in a period of full and unquestioned rule.

Meddling With World Politics

OBSERVING and weighing the events and tendencies of Jewish rule thus far in Palestine, it is not difficult to see the purpose in it all. The Jews still distrust their ability to make a State. They do not distrust the world's willingness to let them have a State; indeed, it is amazing how naturally the Jews place confidence in that portion of the world they have always affected to despise. But deep-seated in the Jew is a distrust of himself. He doesn't know how his people will contrive to live together. He doesn't know how they will contrive to drop the principles and practices which are so destructive of social comity elsewhere. And he feels that, patient as the mandatory power may be now, it is doubtful how long that patience will hold out under the blunders and brutalities that will be inseparable from Zionist rule, if any deductions can be drawn from the facts at hand. Therefore, feeling that the time may be short, he is endeavoring by such actions as interference with the cultural question, with the racial rights of the natives, and by such schemes as the land-grabbing device described above, to get so strong a hold on the situation as will seriously complicate it whenever Great Britain shall feel it to be her duty to the world to step in and attempt to bring some kind of order out of the chaos.

It begins to be very clear that Jewish nationalism will develop along the line of enmity to the rest of the world. Already the dangerous proposal has been made to organize a Jewish army for the protection of the Suez Canal. Instead of thinking of roads and farmsteads, of vineyards and oil presses, of schools and sanitary villages, the Jews are thinking of elevating themselves into the military power that shall stand between East and West on that most strategic strip of ground in the world. The whole situation is fraught with danger, and men who wish well to the Jews are alarmed and saddened by the prospect.

There are three elements of danger in the situation as it exists today: the overwhelmingly predominant Bolshevik element that is being poured into Palestine; the intense, egotistic and challenging nationalism that Zionists exhibit even before they get a potato patch—the taste for world politics and world power; and the racial confusion which now exists in Palestine.

These combined are dynamite. The first is more vital than many realize. Already the Jews who have gone to Palestine at great sacrifice and for pious reasons are complaining that instead of the Psalms of David the people are singing songs of the Red Revolution, and instead of meeting for instruction and prayer there are riotous gatherings extolling Trotsky as Messiah and the Soviet as the kingdom of heaven. On the third anniversary of the Jewish Revolution in Russia, the streets of Jerusalem were placarded with sentiments of blasphemy and treason, and May Day this year was devoted to the exaltation of anarchy.

"Judah Shall Fight Against Jerusalem"

THIS fact will be of interest to students of prophecy. It is as certain as any human forecast can be that this sort of thing will not be permitted to go forward in the face of the world. It is unimaginable that the nations responsible to humanity for the conduct of that important strip of territory will remain supine while Bolshevism spreads under the false pretense of a religious movement favored by Christendom. An attempt will be made to stop it. The Jews of Palestine will turn on their sponsor nation. The Jews of Russia will come down to help. Great Britain and perhaps the United States will defend the old pure vision of a Jerusalem redeemed. Then will come to pass the prophecy of Zechariah:

"And Judah also shall fight against Jerusalem."

Judah also! It is a thought to make a Jew bethink himself where the lawlessness of the East and the materialism of the West will lead him. Against Jerusalem! What a terrible ending of Judah's present mad delusion.

Palestine has been called the center of the earth. It is. The power that controls Palestine controls the world. Although exercising no sovereignty over the land itself, Great Britain's control of adjacent waters and of Egypt and Persia and India, forms the key of her power. The White Race has thus far been the Chosen People to whom the dominion of the earth has been given. Palestine is the key to world military strategy and trade. In question 12 of the Questions and Answers published by the department of education, Zionist Organization of America, this occurs:

12. What are the commercial possibilities of Palestine?

The location of Palestine *between the three continents* favors foreign trade.

All this lends itself to dreams of future glory, and many Christian friends of the Jew have pleased themselves by conceiving an universal Hague at Jerusalem and a new social order going out to bless the nations from Zion. It is the idea conveyed by men like A. A. Berle in books like "The World Significance of a Jewish State." All this might be expected if the Jews of today were Old Testament people, anxious to re-establish the social laws of Moses which are conceded to be the best safeguards ever devised against pauperism on the one hand and plutocracy on the other. But Palestine has not fallen into the hands of that sort of Jews. Before the dream can be fulfilled Judah must come to himself, as he has not yet, for from of old the Word is—

"And Judah also shall fight against Jerusalem."

The racial situation in Palestine just now is very delicate. Americans do not understand it. The Zionist propaganda has always been accepted on the assumption that Palestine is the Jews' land and that they only need help to go back. It is an historical and political fact that Palestine has not been the Jews' land for more than 2,000 years. There are in Palestine 500,000 Moslems, 105,000 Christians and 65,000 Jews. The industry of the land is agriculture. Engaged in this are 69 per cent of the Moslems, 46 per cent of the Christians, and 19 per cent of the Jews. Neither numerically nor industrially have they held the land. Yet, as the result of a war bargain, it is handed over to them as regardless of the native inhabitants as if Belgium had been handed over to Mexico. Many of the natives are Semites, like the Jews, but they do not want the Jews among them.

That is a strange fact for those who use the term "anti-Semitism"; why do real Semites also dislike the Jews? Surely Semites are not victims of "anti-Semitism."

The Disregard of Mandate Promises

THE Balfour Declaration, as well as the terms of the Mandate adopted at San Remo, recognized the rights of the native races. Indeed, everyone who knows about the people who have been native to Palestine for 2,000 years recognizes their rights, everybody except the Jews. Bethlehem was a Christian town, as befits the birthplace of Christ. Yet the Jews have contrived that 2,000 Bethlemites leave Palestine rather than submit to what they see coming. The other races are not so placid about it, hence the trouble. It is now that the last clauses, added as the Zionist historian declares, "in order to appease a certain section of anti-Zionist opinion" begin to get a meaning for the reader. Was the purpose only to quiet disturbing questions until all the arrangements were made? Evidently. It was then a dishonest appeasement! Such may have been the Zionist's intention, but no one need expect perjury on the part of the responsible nations. The end of the matter will see those last clauses redeemed by honest application of their terms to the people involved.

General Allenby promised those native races of Palestine that their rights would be respected. So did the Balfour Declaration. So did the San Remo Conference. So also did President Wilson in the twelfth of his Fourteen Points.

But Judah says, "Let them get out!" "The last clauses were added in order to appease a certain section of timid anti-Zionist opinion."

Let them get out! says Israel Zangwill. "We must gently persuade them to 'trek.' After all, they have all Arabia with its million square miles, and Israel has not a square inch. There is no particular reason for the Arabs to cling to those few kilometers. To fold their tents and silently to steal away is their proverbial habit; let them exemplify it now." Aside from the falsity of using the term "Arab," there is the delightful Jewishness of it—let them give it up to us, we want it! Americans have been in their land less than 150 years as a nation, and there is China and Arabia or Siberia for us to go to if we should want to, but we prefer our own country, and so do the native races of Palestine, who have dwelt there for 2,000 years.

The watchmen on the towers of the world are alarmed at what seems brewing in Judah's geographical caldron.

Either Volume One or Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 255 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Pocketbooks, Exports and Organization

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

Former American Consul in Germany and England

> ***GERMANY recently won a large contract for the sale of steel railway wheels to Argentina in the face of keen competition with England and America. It should be noted that some bids, including an American bid, were lower than those of Germany. But the liberal offer of long credit and quick delivery by the Krupp firm of Essen, landed the contract.***
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> —Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, April 19, 1921.

I PICKED up several beautiful ladies' purses in Leipzig one day, just before Christmas. It was on the sixteenth of December, a few years before the war, and I had to deliver my purchases to friends in Lincoln, Nebraska, in nine days. The next afternoon I was in London, and the following morning, moving out of Liverpool on board the Lusitania, off for New York.

While passing through London, I concluded that I would need two or three more gifts and, as my mind had been running on leather goods, I went into the London department store, (Whitely's) to look for more ladies' purses. I found a large assortment in the leather section, but could see nothing, in gracefulness and finish, like those I had bought in Leipzig. What they showed me were short, fat and extraordinarily conservative, it seemed to me, as compared with the delicate and refined things I had in my steamer trunk at the Euston station.

Now here's the point to this little preface:

I remarked to the salesman who was attending me: "The Germans have you beaten on this leather work about a thousand per cent!"

"You think so?" he answered.

"Think so!" I said, "Why, these things look to me as if they were made for the Victorian Age."

"No, we just got them in. They are Christmas goods. You'll be surprised when I tell you that everything on these tables came from Germany. They are made pretty much to order and are what our clientele demands in the way of styles and so forth."

Incidentally, I will say I got through to Lincoln on Christmas day and had dinner with my mother.

The next summer, in company with a friend from Chicago—the late Dr. Skiff, of the Field Museum, who was taking the cure at Bad Nauheim—I visited a near-by town, to be exact, Offenbach, in the suburbs of Frankfort, where they specialize in the manufacture of leather goods of all kinds.

By a bit of manipulation, we managed to obtain an invitation to go through one of the best-known factories there. It was very interesting. They employed some six hundred persons, all adults, and when we had passed through the establishment and were speaking with the son of the proprietor who had acted as our guide, he told us that they manufactured only for the foreign trade; in fact, exclusively for the English and colonial markets. This information was brought out by our particular admiration of an exhibit of table and desk etuis or stationery holders of most elaborate and ornate finish. I recall that the prices mentioned ran as high as $2,500 for single portfolios; extraordinary luxuries, they seemed to us.

On asking where these articles were sold, and saying we had never seen anything like them in America, this young man remarked that the entire line shown in that room was made for the West End of London; that the goods on exhibition in the room we had previously visited were solely for the Australian trade, and so on.

"How about the American market?" I asked. "We have the richest stores in the world."

"Your American tariff makes it impracticable for us to compete to any worth-while extent there."

And why not? We used to make the most out of propaganda of this nature to the effect that the Democratic party was being supported by the free trade interests of England. I began to reflect on the matter and figured it out something like this:

"Here are six hundred trained workers employed in this single factory. They represent a population of not less than three thousand people. These three thousand Germans must, if one analyzes the thing, receive their house rent, food, clothing, amusements, doctor's care, industrial insurance, savings and so forth, from the pockets of England and her colonies."

My vision shot back to the line-up of goods at Whitely's, which I had looked at the winter before in London. I could see the counters and cases of Melbourne and Capetown loaded with these German-made goods, the finest turned out, perhaps, in the world, and I said to myself: "This certainly is some system. I suppose this is what makes a nation rich."

Nor was I at all surprised to read in the papers, about that time, that the London and Chatham Railway had placed an order with the Borsigs of Berlin for several dozen high-class locomotives to use on their lines in England. Then, too, there was in Hannover, where I was consul at the time, an English engineer assigned to the inspection department of the Hannovrische Machinenbau Gesellschaft, which was executing an order for a large number of locomotives for the British India Railway Service; and so the business was moving in all sorts of directions all over the world. If my figures are not too far off, Germany's annual exports of chemical products, just prior to the war, were as great in value as the entire exports of steel products from the United States, and I believe that the United States Steel Corporation had already established its own line of freighters, with thirty or forty ships, to carry its products.

But aside from the inroads being made on the preserves of her English cousins, by organized and up-to-date Germany in the leather and locomotive lines, the most interesting exhibit of her export system was shown in certain lines of rubber manufacture.

For example, she went off to South America or the Congo to buy her raw rubber, shipped it up the Atlantic to Hamburg and Bremen, say a matter of ten thousand miles; then overland some hundred and fifty miles to Hannover, where it finally became the finished product. Then these rubber goods were sent once more across the Atlantic, to New York, Philadelphia and as far as San Francisco, to reach which places they had to surmount a customs tariff handicap of 35 per cent to come into the hands of the American consumer. They did all that; and the final wonder of the thing was that those Hannover rubber companies were not only paying dividends to their stockholders as high as fifty per cent, but were laying up surpluses of very healthy sums. (I might add that the big rubber companies of Germany had founded settlements and great plantations of their own in Africa at this time.)

How could they do it?

I often wondered as to the secret of their successes, and aside from certain valuable technical advantages of business policy, such as (a) adjustment of credits to the conditions and demands of the purchasers (long term credits), (b) special and elaborate preferential freight rates, on the Prussian railways and the steamship lines, I came to the conclusion that Germany's success in the export field rested chiefly upon (c) the stability and highly satisfactory status of her laboring classes.

This is a difficult matter to elucidate, for the reason that we judge the standard of working people, as well as others for that matter, from the standpoint of wages received. In my judgment, this did not apply to the German workingman—in Germany. It seemed to me, and I believe it is a fact, that the Geman mechanic or factory employe, could get more out of life (in Germany) on his $10, $12, or $18 a week than could be secured from double these amounts, or perhaps for any conceivable wage, in England or the United States. I will just give a few illustrations: He could get his street car transportation to or from his work for from 1¼ to 2½ cents; sanitary housing (under control of sanitary police) for from $5 to $12 a month; music of good quality afternoon and evening if he wished in the saloons and gardens without cost; and first-class beer for two and a half cents a glass. He could take his wife and family of three or four children to gardens or halls on a Sunday or holiday, and spend the whole day with music, games, song and conversation, and altogether his day's outing might cost him fifty cents, or at most a dollar. He could go to the Royal Opera, if his tastes ran that way, and they did often enough, for 10 or 15 cents. There was an employer's liability law that gave him protection in his work. Litigation in the settlement of claims in this respect was hardly of record. And then, above all, there was the state-regulated industrial insurance, where he paid a few cents weekly, the employer paid the same, and the government stood a third portion of the cost. The accumulations of assets in this fund just before the war, were more than twice that of the combined assets of the three greatest life insurance companies of the world, the Equitable, Mutual and New York Life. They exceeded three billion dollars, mostly invested in city apartment properties, and this fund and system served as a protective mantle covering with its benign folds almost 20,000,000 workers of all classes.

These conditions permitted the manufacturer, who was figuring on a two or five years' campaign, we will say in the Argentine, a campaign which might involve long-time credits, special machinery, expert knowledge of the territory and so forth, to calculate with safety on his labor problem, where such would not be the case with the American or English manufacturer.

Through the extraordinary care and development of the great economic force of productive labor on the part of the German nation—(due to the "Real Politiks" of the Social Democratic Party of that country, real politiks meaning to promote only for that which is practicable)—the German workingman has very generally come to accept his status, with a certain finality, to don his workman's uniform when he enters the factory, and to speak without shame of being a worker or laboring-man.

There is a noticeable absence in Germany of that silent, though apparent protest against his status, in the social economic scheme, which one may observe when watching the British workingman on his job. Fifty per cent, I should say, of these workingmen at the foundry puddling-pots, or at their machines, may be seen in dirty white shirts, hang-overs from the previous Sunday clean-up. These shirts will be covered with gunny-sack aprons or some improvised protection of nondescript character. You will be told that the British workingman is shiftless and improvident. My first thought, however, in making comparative studies of the English factory or mill worker, as against his German colleague, was very definitely that he was working under protest, and that his "gentleman's shirt," even if smeared with grime and grease, was the sign and proof of such protest.

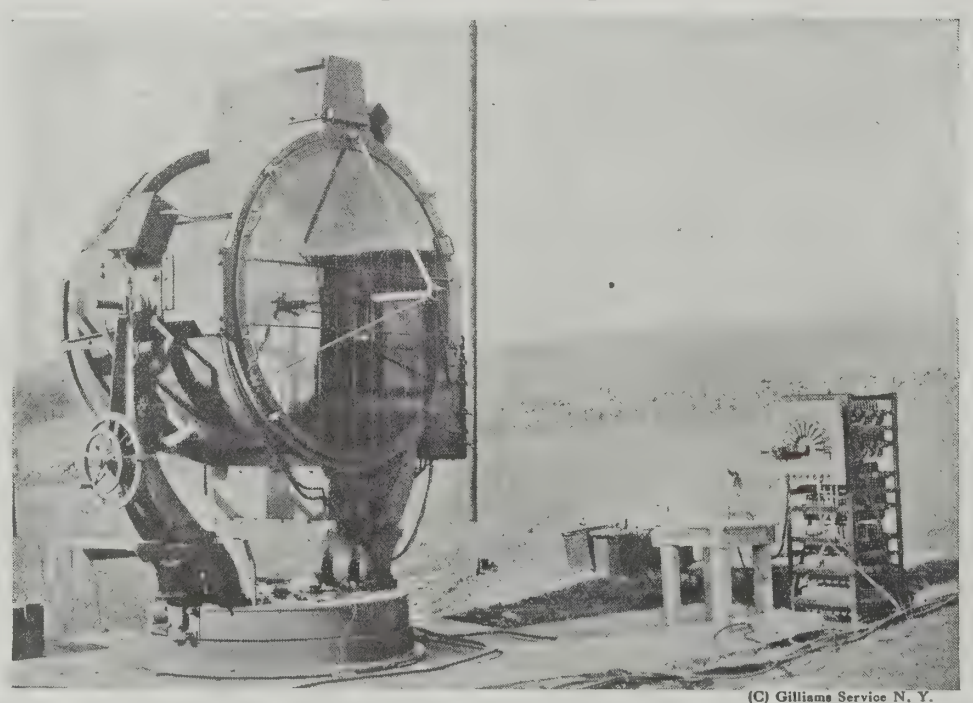
Now when I speak of the German workingman donning his workman's uniform, I can best explain what I mean by saying that a visit to a German manufacturing establishment will disclose to you that practically all the workers are clothed in a manner suitable to their occupation; with jumpers, overalls or proper aprons; and when a factory is closing down at the end of the day, and the workers are coming out, they are dressed and cleaned ready to go to some garden, theater, or home as the case may be.

This simple difference in the outer aspect of the workers of England as compared with those of Germany, was a sort of final argument in my mind as to the stability of the German working class.

There has been no sudden change in the spirit and scheme of economic Germany. She has been, from the politico-economic standpoint, operating on the basis of state socialism for the past twenty years. True, the machine has heretofore been directed by the capitalistic individualistic class, and with unprecedented success. The only change, however, to record now is that the same institution, still intact, is being run or has been run since the revolution, not by the "vons," "junkers" and so-classed aristocrats, but by the Socialist leaders.

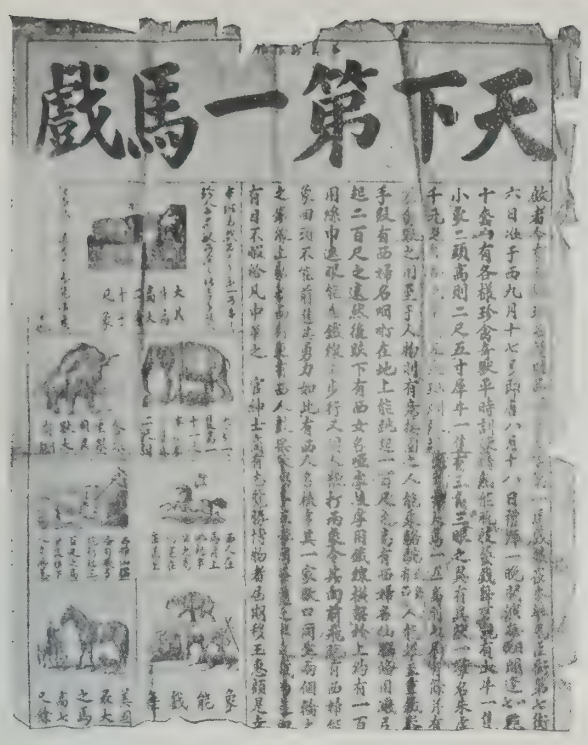
The same marvelous preferential freight tariffs (comprising not less than 1,000 different schedules, calculated solely to build up the special industries of the country) exist; the cartels for the control of prices are intact and strengthened; the state railroad system and inland waterways are functioning. For my part, I can see no reason why the country will not again shortly be overridden by commissions from America and England and other parts of the world to try and find out "how the Germans do it."

The World's Largest Searchlight Just Finished



(C) Gilliams Service N. Y.

It has 500-million candle power and is to be the Liberty Light of the Golden Gate, as it will be installed on Mount Tamalpais, near San Francisco. The searchlight weighs nearly three tons, is ten feet high and has a 60-inch lens. Its beam will be seen at sea a distance of 70 miles. You could read a newspaper by its light ten miles away, or light your cigar with it at a distance of ten feet. W. D. A. Ryan, the famous illuminating engineer who lighted the Panama Pacific International Exposition, first suggested the use of the light to stand as a sentinel at the Golden Gate. The picture shows the light connected to a switchboard the same as it will be when installed.



Photograph of the last piece in existence of John Robinson circus "paper," printed in Chinese. It had been folded and laid away for nearly thirty years. This paper was used in the Chinese quarters of large cities. Chinamen are great circus goers, but after a drunken boss hostler cut off the cue of a Chinaman in 1892, in San Francisco, Chinamen all over the United States boycotted the "Governor's" Show. The paper is yellow with black lettering.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

The "Governor" Himself—By HARRY BARNET

NOTE—It so happens that "Governor" John F. Robinson's last activity was the relating of the stories which end with this, his reminiscences of the pioneering circus life of America. The concluding story by Mr. Barnet was in type when word was received that the old circus man had died at his winter home in Miami, Florida.

A VERY dear old lady, who lives in Birmingham, Alabama, has written a letter to me. "You can't imagine how much I enjoy your 'Governor' Robinson stories," she states in that letter.

"Wasn't he 'some boy'?" she unexpectedly went on to say in slang. "Many, many years ago, we lived near Seventh and College streets, in Cincinnati, and I knew him and his family. The home was on the corner, and the animals were quartered during the winter in a building on College street, right back of the home. That place always seemed like fairyland to me—the pretty wagons, and the wild animals, and especially the appeal that circus things have to wondering small children.

"Then, sixty-six years ago, I went to school in Hyde Park, not a great way from where the Robinsons later established their winter quarters in the 'Little Miami River country,' that you speak of. I think it was a good choice, for that is beautiful country. We have many recollections of its beauties.

"But before you quit writing about him," she concluded, "won't you please tell us something about the kind of man the 'Governor' is?"

And from St. Louis recently came an appreciative letter from another very dear old lady. She, also, is deeply interested in the stories that so far have appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and she asked me to write a character sketch of the "Governor."

Well, this is the answer to these two letters, and in making this answer I believe that the best plan to follow is to set down here some things about the "Governor" as I have observed them, and a great many other things about his ambitions and ways of thinking in the language in which they were told to me by the man himself.

In many ways, the "Governor" is a contradiction. That is, he is not the sort of man you may think him to be, if you've pictured him to be anything like the impersonations of circus owners that you've seen on the stage, and in motion pictures. Neither is there anything about him that is suggestive of the cartoons you may have seen of circus proprietors. "Governor" Robinson is precisely like any other successful business man, plus a few notions and quirks that are the outgrowth of the things that he has seen and done.

For you must remember that he was not always a master circus mind. At one time he was a human baby, who opened his eyes nearly eighty years ago upon a world that to him was made up of a collection of scraggly wagons; wild beasts encaged in small dens painted precisely alike (for in those days, the "Governor" says, each show adopted one color for its wagons, and no other show used the same tint); and a troupe of what we might name as itinerant entertainers; that made up his father's circus. And that environment surrounded him during his boyhood, and through manhood, until he spent seventy years in it as a circus performer and owner. Of course, since the 1870's it was a very much enlarged and embellished aggregation. The "Governor" then owned it, and for fifty years he "toted" it over and about the country. Then he passed it on to his son, and it was finally sold to strangers, who took the name and good will of the aggregation along with its wagons and paraphernalia. Three generations of the same family owned the same show; the "Governor" was the connecting link between the first and the third, so that he is bound to be somewhat eccentric.



Noted playhouse erected by the "Governor" for his children at the winter quarters.

Physically, the "Governor" is a man of medium height, heavy set, and bald.

"I've got no hair on my head," he said one day, "because a consumptive old white bear died one Sunday when we boys with the show had a lot of time on our hands to get into mischief.

"We were crossing Lookout Mountain one Sunday morning on our way to Trenton, Georgia," the "Governor" continued. "I was a very small boy. In the menagerie we had an old white bear that had been declining for a long time. Just when we reached the top of the mountain the bear died. Now, we boys with the show had always heard that bear's oil made the best hair oil, and as a white bear cost so much more money than an ordinary bear, we thought that its grease ought to be just that much better than the oil of any other bear. If he had been a common bear we would have paid no attention to him.

"So we skinned him, and got all of the marrow out of his bones, and boiled it with the little fat that he had left on him. I guess we got a little vial of oil for all our trouble. And I remember that we hunted around and got a lot of wintergreen, and perfumed the oil with it.

"Well, we used that oil, and shortly afterward the hair came off my head. I have always thought that the white bear's grease did it, and that there was a curse on it, or something like that. You know, there always was a lot of superstition in me, and I've got a good deal of it left.

"Now, I'm an old man, and so far I've been through the world in a way that I believe no other man ever went through it," he went on without a pause. "But I've never done a good many of the things that most people think a circus owner naturally does, and I've done a good many things that most people think he never naturally does.

"For instance, I never saw a game of faro bank. No man ever saw me in a gambling house. I never gambled for anything more than a cigar. And I never have seen a professional game of baseball, nor have I attended more than two or three horse races. And I never drank liquors, except a little wine when I was a young fellow, although liquors always were before me. Everybody with the show carried whisky, and I was always welcome to a drink of it. Pa often told me that I could take a drink whenever I wanted it. But I never did it. I saw too much of the effects of liquor drinking. Liquor was no new thing to me; and it wasn't forbidden to us boys with the show. So I had no curiosity about it. But if pa had refused it to me, and had aroused my curiosity that way about it, I suppose I would have drunk it, because I would have thought it the manly thing to do.

"And we were very strict about town people drinking, or bringing intoxicants to sell, on the lot. However, they did it whenever they got the chance to do it. And that practice was one of the things that we had to contend with in the old days—men would open regular saloons on the show lot, or near to it, on show days. It caused us a lot of trouble, because too many men got drunk, and started 'hey rubes.' Finally, I issued an order that no liquors could be sold on the lot by any one; and when men started to sell on the streets or any place very close to the lot, except in saloons, I always put a stop to the traffic by sending some of my best fighters there to clean out these places.

"So you can imagine my surprise one day, just after the Civil War, when a man drove a two-horse wagon on the lot in a small Indiana town. He had at least half a dozen barrels—not kegs, but barrels—of beer in the wagon, and he proposed to sell it to the crowds waiting for the big show to open. Well, I saw a whole tent full of trouble if these people drank that beer. They would get drunk, and start a dozen fights that we would have to put a stop to, and maybe somebody would be hurt or killed.

"I went up to this man, and told him that he couldn't sell that beer on my show lot.

"'Who says I can't?' he replied. 'I got a permit from the owner of this here show grounds to sell beer here, and whisky, too, if I want to, and a state and a town license. I don't reckon I need anything else to sell it.'

"He showed me the permits. I was helpless then, but from that day on I had a clause in my contracts for show lots giving me the privilege of ousting every liquor vender who tried to open a shop on my lot.

"Then it was up to me to get rid of this fellow in some other way. One of my men said he would do the job. He went up the street, and got a big vial of croton oil. Then he got some fellow who was in the confidence of this beer seller to talk to him. Finally, this beer man asked the town fellow to watch the beer while he unhitched and unharnessed his horses, and tied them to a wagon wheel. While he was doing that my man went to each barrel, and put enough croton oil in it to give character to the beer.

"When the beer man came back he invited everybody to have a drink with him as a starter for his business. He was a big, jovial sort of fellow anyhow, and a lot of these people did drink with him. A lot of my men went up, but they took the beer and only pretended to drink it. Of course, nobody else knew about the trick, and the country people were ignorant of what had taken place. Well, there was no more beer sold out of that wagon that day."

Despite the fact that "Governor" Robinson occupied a place in the amusement world that no other man yet has filled, he is without doubt a disappointed man. He would much rather have been an army man than the greatest of circus executives. This ambition has led him to accumulate, and thoroughly to study for many years all the books he could buy that tell the story from cause to effect of each war in which the United States has been engaged, even to insignificant Indian wars. I seriously doubt whether there are many private libraries in the United States that contain such a collection of war books.

This love for the military cropped out in every interview that I've had with him.

"When I joined the navy I was assigned to the command of Admiral Porter," he began one afternoon, "as an ensign. Well, I never had known discipline, and I innocently got myself into a lot of scrapes when I felt awfully cheap. But the cheapest I ever felt while I was in the navy didn't have anything to do with discipline. I was mistaken for a Jew—either that or maliciously taken for one.



JOHN F. ROBINSON,
Viewing the parade a few years ago. This is one of the most characteristic pictures of the "Governor" ever taken.

"Along in the winter of 1863, we were trying to get in the rear of Vicksburg, and one night we tied our gunboat in front of the plantation of Governor Sharkey, I believe his name was. He had hundreds of bales of cotton piled up a mile or two back from the landing. Next morning we captured several ox and mule teams, and plantation wagons, and went out to get a bunch of this cotton. I had charge of the train of wagons.

"There were several young daughters at the big house, and some other young ladies also there. They were out on the porch as we went by, and a young officer from our boat was there talking to them. They were very pretty and nice young ladies and, of course, I was inclined to be a little on the flirt, or the mash, or whatever you want to call it. As we went by the house I kissed my hand to them.

"'Who is that young man?' one of these girls asked the officer.

"'Why, that is Mr. Robinson, from Cincinnati,' he replied.

"'Well, I declah,' she said, 'he is the first Jew I evah saw in the service.'

"Well, that took all of the conceit out of me, to be mistaken for a Jew. I had little side whiskers then, and a goatee, and a small mustache, and I shaved them off as soon as I got to the boat."

One of the peculiarities of "Governor" John F. Robinson is the fact that he treasures small memories. One of the pleasantest of all of them is the fact that he once was kissed by a President of the United States.

"I guess I am the only circus fellow in the United States that a President kissed," he went on to say, after pausing to light his cigar. "And it impressed itself so thoroughly on my mind that I can remember it as though it happened but yesterday.

"Zachary Taylor was on his way through Pennsylvania to Washington for his inauguration. There were no railroads in that section of the country, and the President-elect was traveling by carriage. He passed through York, Pennsylvania, the day we were showing there, and stopped for dinner at the same hotel where we stopped. Of course, the whole population wanted to see him, and he went out on the front porch of the hotel to make a speech.

"In getting out on the porch he had to go through the room occupied by my father and mother and myself, and in passing through I suppose I attracted his attention by getting in his road. I wasn't very old, and had long, golden, curly hair, and he remarked what a handsome boy I was. Old-manlike, he ended by picking me up and kissing me. I can see that man now, picking me up. And I can see him riding down the street. I had watched him come into town. He came in in a sort of a parade, accompanied by prominent citizens, a band, and the county militia, and went down the whole length of the street. Then he turned and came back to the hotel. When President Taylor left town I watched him until he got out of sight around a bend in the road. There was quite a cortege of carriages filled with prominent and eminent men of the country in the President's party.

"But speaking of Presidents," the "Governor" continued, "I've never smoked a cigar without a holder since General Grant's last illness. You know, the General was a heavy smoker, and I believe that's what killed him. If he had used a holder I believe he would have lived much longer."

The "Governor" paused to rummage through his humidor to get a cigar that exactly suited him. And that was a job requiring some minutes, for he was a bit cranky that day. It is a safe bet that the "Governor" has burned more cigars than any ninety-nine men out of a hundred. At the mention of his name, the first

(Concluded on page 15)



JEAN BAPTISTE LEMOYNE DE BIENVILLE

Records of French Rule in American Territory

A LAND rich in archives is a land rich in memories; and remembrance is the anchor of the state. Love of country, pride of country, faith in country, make heroes of that country's children.

In constitution, laws and race, a people are the succession of the institutions and the race preceding them. To know a people, one must know their ancestry; and to understand their institutions, one must understand their origins.—Extract from the speech of Henry P. Dart, of New Orleans, which resulted in the permanent preservation of 200 years of written history.

Unpacking History

How the History of Life in Louisiana Territory Is Being Put Into American English for the Future Generations

By HARRY H. DUNN

DOWN in old New Orleans, in that part of the city platted by the first of the French adventurers to enter the Lower Mississippi Valley, stands a square, brick-and-concrete building, known as the *Cabildo,* a relic of the Spanish régime in America. In that Cabildo, fronting on the historic Place d'Armes, once the center of life of La Nouvelle Orleans, lie 108 black iron chests, not unlike the chests over which the stage guards rested their rifles and their lives on western express routes of a little more than half a century ago. In these 108 black iron chests in the brick-and-concrete Cabildo, in the heart of ancient New Orleans, lie the only existent records of that vast area first known as the territory of Orleans, and later and more widely as the Louisiana Territory.

These records, written by hand in ink still as brilliant as the day it was penned, but on parchment and paper which is fast crumbling to dust, cover the period of French and Spanish domination, from 1699 to 1803; the territorial era, from 1803 to 1812, and the period of statehood, from 1812, with its gayly-flourished script, down to the prosaic, typewritten documents of today. In the French records lie the history of every Creole family in New Orleans; the story of every crime, from the theft of a bit of ribbon from a girl's hair while she walked in the Place d'Armes, to the murder of an official of the government; the record of every transaction, from the sale of a landing place on the river, to the freeing of a slave who had served his master 23 years; and often the "plain and simple annals of the poor," such as an order, issued by no less a personage than Jean Baptiste LeMoyne de Bienville, founder of La Nouvelle Orleans, to one plantation owner, directing him to deliver a "female Negro in good condition of health and body to her husband. . . . . since the man has worked seven years without pay, on the understanding that the woman is to be his at the end of that period." Thus does the story of Rachel and Jacob again leap to life from yellowed pages, scarred with ink made from the cuttlefishes of the Great Gulf a few miles away.

But all this detail of the life of more than two centuries past has been of little use to the world since Louisiana Territory became a part of the United States. The 108 iron chests have been stolen and returned, lost and found, once carried as far away as Illinois, during the Civil War—and yet, as if guided by some almost providential hand, they have been returned each time, until they found permanent resting place in the Cabildo, under the care of the Louisiana State Museum. Ever since the writing of the first volume, in 1699, these writings of the French and Spanish rulers of America have been waiting in silence, shut off from American students and historians, not only because they are written in foreign languages, but because the parchment on which they are written is so fragile that it can be handled only with the greatest care, and written in such old forms of both French and Spanish that only the rarest of translators—those born to both languages and equally familiar with English—can be depended upon to translate and transcribe them accurately.

But in these 108 iron chests are the detailed daily lives of the people of the Louisiana Territory of two centuries ago, such detail as is found in no other history in the world, detail which devotes a 60-page, handwritten pamphlet to the passing on——called "succession"——of the DeGruy estate, the DeGruys having been for a century and a half one of the leading families of the territory. Now, today, all this is being translated, word by word and line by line, and set down in typewritten English, to be published in book form and to be preserved forever as a vast storehouse—the only one in the world—of the life and actions of the handful of dwellers on the edge of the wilderness of the Mississippi Valley, the founders of an empire which eventually became a part of these United States.

The translation and transcription is being paid for by a resident of New Orleans, who has not allowed his name to be made public, and the cost runs high among five figures. The work is being done by two women, daughters of old Creole families of New Orleans, each born to Spanish, French and English—Miss Laura Porteous translating the Spanish documents, and Mrs. Heloise Hulze Cruzat, the French papers. Unfortunately, the Spaniard was not so immersed in detail as the Frenchman; consequently, the records of Spanish domination are by no means so voluminous, so detailed, or so clear as those of the French régime. The Cabildo, or advisory council to the Spanish governor, did not possess the authority held by the Superior Council which advised and aided the French governors. As a result, some of the Spanish governors, confronted with a court of inquiry in Madrid seeking information as to their acts in New Spain, either destroyed their records, or carried them back to the mother country, where they were lost.

With the passing of the Spaniard, the Frenchman came again, and, though Napoleon's representative, Colonel Prefect Laussat, had possession of Louisiana for only 20 days, awaiting the arrival of the agents of President Jefferson, he established a number of laws, and opened some problems in government which puzzled Jefferson and his agents, and all of which have not been settled even to this day. Racial, governmental and political questions arose when Louisiana came in as a territory of the United States, and, as a result, large numbers of the records of the French and Spanish periods were scattered all over the state, and many of them lost forever. Funds have been provided, by the same person who is paying for the translation, and a nation-wide search is now going on for these early records of the Louisiana Territory.

In them is told the verbose but tremendously interesting and important story of the slow operation of the legal and social machinery whereby French and Spanish people of Louisiana and their descendants became acquainted with and accustomed to American ideals of democracy and liberty; how they grew into American habits and customs; how they came to obey, even though they did not clearly understand, American laws and methods of justice; how they were weaned, and this was slowest of all, for the process is not even yet complete in New Orleans, from the languages of their childhood. Histories of that time tell of political happenings, but there is almost nothing printed concerning the domestic and social life of the period. Possibly these documents are lost for all time, but that the remaining 108 boxes never will be lost is now being made certain by two women, working every day over a long table down in the Louisiana State Museum, where once was housed the Cabildo of New Spain.

One of the most important discoveries made among these records is that, while it always has been believed that the Louisiana Territory when held by the French, was governed by the laws of France, and, while ruled by the Spaniards, governed by the laws of Spain, as a matter of fact, there grew up in this section a civil law entirely different in its basic principles, as well as in its application, from the laws of either one of the mother countries on the other side of the Atlantic. Louisiana even today follows some of the antiquated customs and forms then established in her judicial procedure, and her laws of 1921 reflect in no small degree those of 1700, especially in regard to matters concerning the family. In the days of the French and Spanish governors, laws were promulgated, as they are largely in the Latin-American republics today, by the posting of "decretos" in public places, but, prior to this posting, they were required to be written into the record books, and, after being written there by the "escrivenors" to be signed by the governor and his "commissaire ordenneur," with their great seals attached. Likewise the humblest act which came before any court of the colony, or was put up to the governor or to any of his deputies, had to be so written into these books. These form the contents of the 108 chests now being translated. Often the laws and legal proceedings of this colony of a few thousand souls for a year is greater in volume, even when translated and typewritten, than the proceedings of our national Congress for a session, representing more than 100,000,000 people. Thus it would seem that the territory was overburdened with laws, and over-eager to involve itself in lawsuits. It is estimated that at least five years will be required in the translation, possibly an even longer time will be needed, and steps are now being taken to add other translators to the work, if competent persons can be found, familiar with the ancient French and Spanish idioms and the old forms of writing.

So far—and the work was begun nearly one year ago—only three boxes have been opened and translated, the third being not quite completed. So expert have the translators become that they can take one of these old books, bound in heavy slabs of pig-skin, the pages fastened together with lacings of deerskin thongs, and handle the pages, stiff and brittle with age, until all has been translated, and not even a flake of the paper fallen from a sheet. Sometimes, where holes mar the pages, they must reconstruct sentences, in whole or in part, but so familiar have they become with the wording, the customs and the habits of thought of the "escrivenors" of two centuries past, that these two little women of the twentieth century write on and on and on, just as if nothing were missing from the flourished page before them.

And the most interesting part of all this translation which one day will be open to the world, is not the legal formulas, the orders of the courts, and the pronunciamientos of the governors of the territory. Seen through the veil of years in a glamour of history that is half tradition, it becomes rather hard to remember that these Louisianians of 1699 were merely human men and women, living lives of joy and sorrow, happiness and misery, prosperity and want. But it is as human beings that they live again their daily lives in these records. For instance:

The first marriage contract bears the signature of no less a personage than Jean Baptiste LeMoyne de Bienville, founder of La Nouvelle Orleans, with his great red seal, and likewise the three-palms, all gold, of the commissaire, Salmon. Romance breathes through its legal phraseology, for it tells of the marriage of Louis Menard, an orphan, with Catherine Marchand, also an orphan, both reared in the convent of the Ursuline nuns. A novel might be written on the story of these two parentless lovers, exiles in a tiny settlement on the verge of the wilderness, and brought together by the brave religieuses who dared untold dangers to spread their faith in the new land.

Indeed, the ancestors of many of the present-day dwellers in the land of the Creole and the 'Cadien were firm believers in marriage, for the records of both French and Spanish governors are filled with the "conventions" of marriage, remarriage and re-remarriage, to the third and fourth time. The men apparently lived longer—and thus married more frequently—than did the women in the territory of Louisiana. Under the petition for remarriage, the widow as well as the widower were involved, and it becomes plain that many of the men who remarried, chose widows for their second mates. It was a time of large families, and the records are full of long legal processes involving the division of property between "thy children, my children and our children."

One of the longest cases, which involves some 30 hand-written pages in the French series of volumes, is entitled, "Parishioners versus Parish," brought on when Father Charles, curé of the church of St. Louis, decided it was necessary to auction off the pews each year, because the church roof leaked, and it was needful to raise money to repair it. "Certain churchgoers," says the record, "objected to a sprinkling as they sat at mass every rainy Sunday, but Father Charles presented the argument that parishioners should take turn about sitting in the pews where the most rain fell." It is interesting to note that Father Charles finally had his church roof repaired, the money being furnished by the parishioners who "objected to a sprinkling."

Medicine in those days seems to have been a simple science. One court record shows an attempt to collect a bill for 80 francs—about $16—from the estate of M. Payon, decedent, by a surgeon who had attended several Negroes on the Payon plantation. The record shows the surgeon's bill in detail, including charges for "drugs, bleeding, visits," and frequent doses of "hipecac" and "astringent opiates." Today, the "several visits," without the "bleeding" or the "hipecac," would cost the estate of the rich plantation owner much more than eighty francs.

One of the most dramatic records, extending through seven or eight long documents, centers on a case from Natchez, then a far-away settlement on the Mississippi. F. W. DeKnepper, a notary of Natchez, brings this case to the attention of the governor, on September 2, 1727, nearly 200 years ago. By the document, Captain de Merveilleux, commandant of the post at Natchez, had to go to New Orleans on official business, leaving his affairs in the hands of a steward, one Pierre Gauilas, formerly a lieutenant in the army. Testimony of witnesses here begins to vary to such a degree that one suspects there was some influence exercised on each of them, but, eventually, after several trips between Natchez and New Orleans, the governor and the notary arrived at the truth, which is that a Negro, with the jumbo-mumbo name of Choucoura, fresh from Africa, had been terribly mutilated, losing the fingers on both hands, as the result of punishment inflicted by the steward. This steward claimed that the slave had defied his authority, and that, "for discipline, it had been found necessary to flog him." His wrists were injured by his struggles to escape, according to the steward, and after his punishment, he had plunged his hands into a kettle of boiling water, in "some savage form of remedy for the injury."

Witnesses for the prosecution, however, claimed that the man had been tied tightly by the wrists for five hours, and had been given 600 lashes on the bare skin. Mortification of the hands then set in. The outcome of the case was that on January 1, 1728, three months later, the steward, Pierre Gaulas, was ordered to pay "whatever shall be required above the auction figure, in order to secure 200 piasters in gold to Captain de Merveilleux, commander at Natchez, for injury to the Negro Choucoura." From the impersonal standpoint of 1921, one cannot but wonder just what the good governor, the judge and the notary thought there was left in life for the maimed Choucoura, victim of a system of barbarity worse than that of his own jungles, yet which he could not understand.

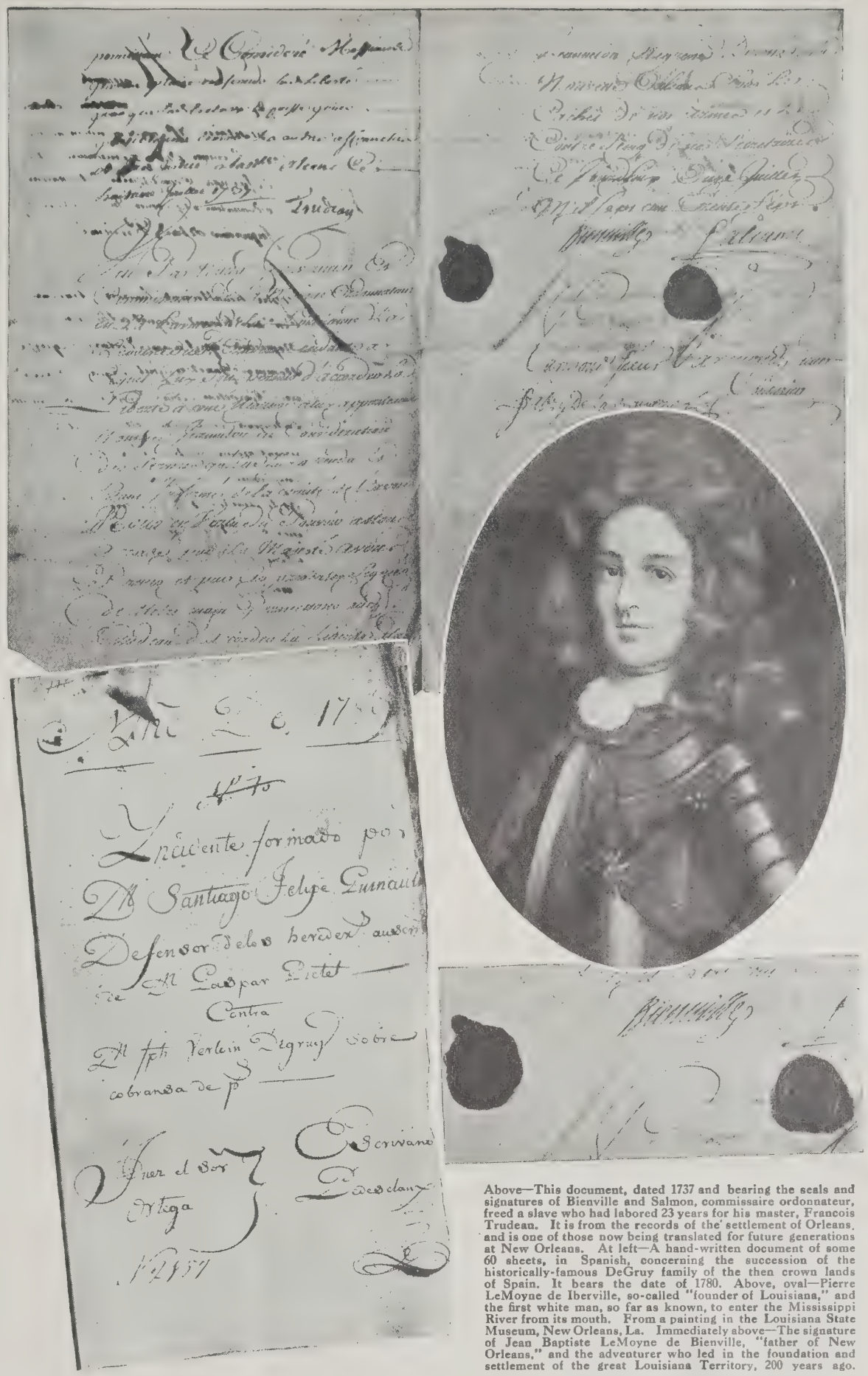
Flashes of humor glimmer across the pages of these ancient tomes every now and again, as, for instance, when Jean Baptiste Portier is whipped in the public square in 1720, for stealing three napkins from the home of Cartier de Baune, *attorney-general to the governor.* This order bears the signatures of such men as Bienville, Salmon, and the Chevaliers Dupuy and DeCoublant, names of power in the colony, who, it would seem, would have had other work to do than to sit at trial of a napkin thief.

Laws of church and state seem to have worked hand in hand in Louisiana Territory 200 years ago. There is a record which tells that Conde de la Pommeray, the king's treasurer, was fined 30 livres, and reprimanded, because he had buried *outside* cemetery walls the body of a Negro child who had been baptized. As the body of the child was entitled to rest in consecrated ground, the conde was compelled to disinter and rebury it in the cemetery.

There was no Juvenile Court, but runaways boys—no girls—appear now and again, as having been brought before the commissaire, after having fled from some tradesman to whom they had been apprenticed. There were no divorces, but there are applications of several wives for separation from their lords and masters, and permission to retire to a convent. In 1728, one Mme. Marie Magdelaine de la Tour, apparently stronger-minded than her sisters in the colony, petitioned the governor direct for an order directing her husband to "cease and refrain from dissipating his substance over the gaming tables, and thus wasting our joint property."

Neighbors quarreled and "made up," apparently about the same as they do today, and one volume is filled with records of such neighborhood disputes and the setlement made by the commissaire and the governor. The beginnings of feuds are told, some of which spread afterward into what are now the states of Mississippi and Alabama, and the extinction of more than one family is recorded through such battles. The books are not much of a record of good deeds, save in the distribution of lands, confirmation of titles, preservation of property, and such like works of a government imbued with at least some sense of its responsibility for the welfare of its people—yet through the whole historical story runs a dark thread, the tale of a people subject to its masters, rather than to itself.

Meanwhile, the same sun that shone two centuries ago on the periwigged Bienville and the armored D'Iberville, as they signed their names to these writings of the escrivenors, falls through the clouded windows of the same Cabildo, on the same writings, now being unraveled by two women, each the descendant of a family prominent beneath that same sun, in this same settlement, two centuries ago, so that those who come beneath that same sun, ten centuries from today, shall be able to know what happened in the Royal Territory of Louisiana at the beginning of the eighteenth century.



Above—This document, dated 1737 and bearing the seals and signatures of Bienville and Salmon, commissaire ordonnateur, freed a slave who had labored 23 years for his master, Francois Trudeau. It is from the records of the settlement of Orleans, and is one of those now being translated for future generations at New Orleans. At left—A hand-written document of some 60 sheets, in Spanish, concerning the succession of the historically-famous DeGruy family of the then crown lands of Spain. It bears the date of 1780. Above, oval—Pierre LeMoyne de Iberville, so-called "founder of Louisiana," and the first white man, so far as known, to enter the Mississippi River from its mouth. From a painting in the Louisiana State Museum, New Orleans, La. Immediately above—The signature of Jean Baptiste LeMoyne de Bienville, "father of New Orleans," and the adventurer who led in the foundation and settlement of the great Louisiana Territory, 200 years ago.

Lean Days for "Saviors of Our Country"

Concluded from page 2

however. A patriot must be perforce a diplomat, and now is his chance to prove it. Where is the diplomat who announces that he has a plan? It follows, therefore, that if the patriot lets any one suspect that he has a plan for saving the nation—blooey!

So, instinctively they murmur something about paying their respects, and even the toughest of the secretaries about, the most insensible and calloused unbeliever, has not the courage to deny that simple request, if it is at all possible to grant it.

Thus nearly all patriots may hope to see the President and shake his hand—but only once, because presidential hands can wear out and therefore everybody must have a chance at them. But between paying respects and buttonholing the President in a confidential aside the divergence is great. Moreover, there are so many patriots in line at times that no one of them would care to reveal his own plan where everybody, possibly a competitor, may hear and profit thereby.

The exiting is performed in various ways. Most patriots depart as if in a trance. They are prey of mixed feelings—hope, gladness, envy, irritation, animosity. They glow as they think of the tingling fingers which the President had enfisted in his—that love-at-first-sight feeling of the touch of the adored one—but they frown as they remember that the Big Boss heard nothing about the great plan, or the papers, even, and did not invite him to return for a smoke late in the afternoon, to talk it over.

"Maybe if I had voted for the other candidate," he mutters, "he would have treated me better!"

No wonder the Egyptians had a whispering gallery! They were more sophisticated, and knew the way of the patriot. When the Queen of Sheba headed a parade or Ptolemy presided at the corner stone ceremonies of the Knights of Ouephenes' combined temple and office building, how many Nihilists—for example, constituents with a voting precinct near the river—were itching to save Egypt?

The man in the White House two or three score of centuries later cannot dispose of fellow citizens as his ancient peers disposed of their subjects. He can't get away from them, and he must be on show once in a while. Twenty millions would go to him if they dared; two millions can't afford it; two hundred thousand will try; twenty thousand will succeed, and the first two thousand have already done their worst.

Washington today is an unfriendly place for patriot, patrioteer and jobseeker. It worked overtime in their favor during the war. But that's what consumes the new patriot. He, a Republican voter, is out, while the Democrat is in, laughing gleefully. As not infrequently he is in a place where he acts as buffer for Republican administration men whom he hopes to serve indefinitely. They kick against the insufficiency of the meal ticket, but even the mess of pottage looks good to them.

It looks good, too, to that vanguard of patriots who descended upon Washington and by the end of April and the first days of May, meteorologically drab and damp and cold, who presently began to find themselves facing something like thirty gates at the Union Station—facing them with their back toward the Capitol, which usually means that even patrioting has a limit.

Wholesome Agriculture—Prosperity for All

Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, Points Out in Interview Close Relationship Between Contented Farmers and Happy Country

AGRICULTURE is one of those terms that in print seldom attracts the attention of the urban reader, who little realizes that his indifference, sometimes not without a trace of contempt, is directed toward that very science that puts bread into his mouth. Agriculture is little understood by even well-educated persons who have been kept in ignorance about the very real meaning of dust-unto-dust. The humble farmer's calling has been humble perhaps during the last twenty centuries. Before then, however, it was venerated by the Egyptians, and hieroglyphics on ancient monuments always include the oxen and the farmer.

Any number of causes have united to alienate the average man's sympathy toward agriculture so that even during the most distracting days of the recent war his sense of security magnified the importance of every article except food, and it has since been generally admitted that the average city individual has forgotten the maxim that "food will win," whether it be war or prosperity.

During the last few months, generally termed the period of reconstruction, agriculture has been the first to suffer in the economic readjustment of the nation, and, despite a plentitude of foodstuffs everywhere, people are going hungry; hungry, not only in war-ravaged territories abroad but even in the United States and, as fate would have it, in those towns and cities which had received the greatest returns during the period of false prosperity. In one of the industrial towns, but not a boom town, the end of April saw hundreds of school children famished and even fainting.

Something, of course, is wrong somewhere. Whatever it is, either in theory or in practice, it seems that the people's attitude of indifference toward humble agriculture in favor of more meteoric and spectacular trades is fundamentally responsible for the unsatisfactory conditions existing today.

Nation's Prosperity Involved

REPLYING to a question submitted by the interviewer for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, Secretary Henry C. Wallace, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, said:

"The people of the nation must come to understand that our prosperity as a nation depends upon a prosperous and wholesome agriculture." Then he added: "People who are not familiar with agriculture find it hard to understand the situation; they refuse to take seriously what the farmers say concerning their troubles."

The interviewer found Secretary Wallace at his desk in every way "registering" as a man with a job ahead. This is different from a man doing his work—a distinction that is apparent at any capital where government activities are in full sway—or supposed to be. And Secretary Wallace, like a few of his predecessors, finds his way obstructed by a shortsighted Congress that is extremely liberal in appropriating funds for war purposes but inconsistently stingy toward agriculture.

The "first ninety days are hardest," is an old saying in Washington anent new administrators, but Secretary Wallace, judging by his statements, is sure that the time will be somewhat longer. The interviewer fixes it, in his case, at about ninety months.

Not a little of the inherent difficulties which he faces are those which involve educating all the people in considering the farmer's lot more intimately, just as they would figure the quality of flour or the richness of milk and the abundance of "ham and"—for all of which the farmer is to be thanked. The first step, therefore, is educational. And what Secretary Wallace says is interesting, too.

"We have come to a time in our national life when our agriculture must be put on a sound economic basis," he said. "This is imperative if production is to be maintained and our people are to be fed at reasonable costs. It is a matter of pressing concern to both producer and consumer.

Sales System Wanted

"IT IS a time to call in men who are qualified to study this problem in its larger aspects and map out a program which can be followed with benefit to all the people, and which will enable us to maintain this as a self-sustaining nation, agriculturally, industrially, and politically through the ages yet to come.

"If we are to make this a self-sustaining nation agriculturally, as President Harding put it in one of his speeches, there is no time to be lost in studying these great problems. It is not a question of production alone, it is a question of the farmer being able to sell what he produces at a price which will justify him in continuing to produce.

"We are the best producers in the world but our sales system is very bad indeed. We must study everything which influences both production and price. We must look into the matter of competition from farmers of foreign lands where agriculture is still being exploited and where the standards of living are very much below the standards which we demand for our people. We must look into world conditions both of supply and of demand and produce more intelligently and adjust our various crops to the probable needs. We must look into the administration of credit machinery. Those who control the finances of the country and who have it in their power to influence, either directly or indirectly, the extension of credit can exercise a large amount of control over the prices of farm products. The same thing is true of the administration of our transportation systems. Through the simple device of regulating the flow of cars, the prices of farm products can be sent up or down at the will of those who exercise such control. We had some costly experiences along this line during the war.

"People who are not familiar with agriculture find it difficult to understand the situation. They refuse to believe that the depression is as serious as it really is. They point to the high value of our land, to the high prices at which farm products were selling prior to the recent heavy drop; to the large number of automobiles owned by farmers; to the apparent wealth and comfort on every side; and they refuse to take seriously what the farmers say concerning their troubles.

What Struck the Farmer?

"I DOUBT whether the people of the East, for instance, realize just what has happened to the farmers of the producing sections. Farmers everywhere—the cotton farmers of the South, the rich farmers, the cattle and sheep growers of the Far West, the fruit growers—all are passing through a valley of discouragement and financial stress. Take the grain and livestock producing country of the Central West, which gives us our great surplus crops. We have the finest rural civilization, taken as a whole, the world has ever seen; our farmers average very high in intelligence; they produce more per man than almost any other farmers in the world; they have adopted the most advanced system of extensive farming yet developed. Notwithstanding all this, they are now in a most trying period and are suffering severe financial losses.

"At this particular time prices of practically all farm products are not only far below the actual cost of production, but are relatively far below the prices of other basic commodities. Prices of many of the larger farm crops are well below the pre-war normal, while almost none of them are above it. At the same time the basic commodities which enter into practically everything the farmers buy are from fifty to one hundred per cent, and more, above pre-war normals.

"But the more critical the situation the greater the need for keeping a level head. This is no time to be ruled by prejudices. This is no time for shallow thinking. We are in competition with the farmers of the world. We have a supply of farm products far in excess of the present demand.

"It is a situation which should challenge the very best thought of the entire nation. If it continues the trouble will be communicated to every one. We are brothers of one another. Anything which hurts the farmer will soon be communicated to all of our citizens. The farmers represent probably thirty-five to forty per cent of the population. Anything which seriously affects their buying power will bring trouble to the people who make or deal in the things the farmer buys.

"It is a terrible indictment of our modern civilization when this great country is in the period of what almost might be called economic chaos because of our great surplus food supply, while across the seas, in both directions, almost half the world is suffering for want of food.

Fair Prices Sought

"OF COURSE, the nation is not going bankrupt. The farmers are not going bankrupt. Neither are they going to lie down on their job. Gradually farm prices will be brought into fair relation with other prices and we shall go ahead hitting on all cylinders.

"We cannot hope to reach normal conditions, however, until we arrive on a price level which will be fair to all our people and all products.

"Farm products must come up in price and other products come down, until the normal relation between them has been restored.

"This talk of bringing prices, whether farm prices or other prices, back to the pre-war normal is morally wrong and economically impossible. We incurred a heavy national debt on the inflated prices. If we could force all prices back to the pre-war normal—which we cannot—it would be equivalent to just about doubling that debt. We can pay off our debts much easier if we maintain a price level more nearly the level at which the debts were incurred. Of course, the excessively high prices which prevailed during the war cannot continue, but if we should try to bring about a level, say seventy per cent above pre-war normal, everybody would be better off.

"Now, as to the present situation, surely the duty of the Department of Agriculture is evident. We should do everything possible to find an outlet for our great food surplus. We should search for ways to produce more cheaply. Our scientific men should try to find new uses for our surplus crops. We should help develop more efficient marketing methods.

"It is a time for every man who can help to take hold. As in the days when we dragged our fire engines by hand to the scene of the fire and every good citizen rushed out and took hold of the long rope and did his bit, so we must do now. Every good citizen, no matter in what business he may be engaged, should do what he can to help the farmers through this period of depression, not for the sake of helping the farmer alone, but for the sake of helping himself."

Like the products of industry, the products of agriculture are looking for markets. These markets must be found abroad. Abroad, of course, does not necessarily mean Europe, although Europe is the continent that comes to mind when one speaks of abroad. This means that there are other continents to be developed. It means getting away from the beaten path. It means, more frequently than is imagined, co-operation instead of competition.

Competition by Americans with Europeans, for instance, means distancing the day when fiscal obligations shall be satisfactorily adjusted. Co-operation can mean proper distribution. Proper distribution means consumption, and consumption means business.

The Department of Agriculture, however, faces problems of somewhat different nature from those faced by the Department of Commerce. The former deals in foodstuffs and a few other staples, more or less standardized, whose prices are quite universally known at a given moment, whereas the latter deals with the marketability of manufactured products of variable value, necessity and usefulness.

It is true, as one may gather from Secretary Wallace's views, that there is a surplus of agricultural production just at present, but it is nevertheless true, too, that there are tens of millions of persons who are perilously near starvation, and a few millions actually starving.

Men Who Lost Out

SALVATION for the American farmer, and in proportion salvation for those who deal in the things which the farmer uses or sells, depends upon finding a new way of distributing our goods, perhaps by indirection, and keep them moving so that by a process akin to barter they will eventually reach the ultimate consumer.

"The man who has been farming his own land and who has saved his money has prospered," Secretary Wallace explained further. "The five years prior to 1920 were profitable years, especially to the grain farmer who was so fortunate as to have good crops. If he exercised ordinary intelligence he made more money than he ever before made at farming. Those years were not so profitable to the livestock farmer. The man who grew his own livestock and own grain and fed his grain to the livestock, on the whole, made money, although not so much as he would if he had sold the grain instead of feeding it. The man who bought the livestock and bought the grain and fed the grain to the livestock, on the average, lost money. When hogs were selling at twenty dollars per hundredweight everybody seemed to think the hog feeder was growing rich, but most of the time when hogs were selling at those high figures the men who had to buy the grain to feed the hogs lost money.

"But let me make it clearer to you. The farmers of the United States during the past seventy years have, on the average, produced and sold grains and livestock at less than the cost of production if we take into consideration all the factors which properly enter into production costs. What I mean is that if the farmer would practice a sound system of business economy, charging a fair interest on the capital invested, both in his farm and his farm equipment, a fair wage for the actual labor expended on the farm against his receipts from the marketing of his crops, it would be found that he had not received for them enough to cover his actual costs. The farmers have been willing to sell their crops at less than actual cost of production because they have been willing to accept the value of the farm as a home—as a place to raise their children—as a part of the substantial reward for their work, and also because, as our population has increased, there has been a steady increase in the value of the farm land.

Farmers Should Watch Markets

"BY LIVING very economically, denying himself and his wife the luxuries and many of the comforts of life, they have been able to hang on, paying out on the farm and finally to see it growing into a valuable piece of property. On the other hand, the speculative value has been taken out of the land. The farmer can no longer depend upon the increase in the value of his farm to make good losses suffered through his farming operations year by year. Farmers' crops must sell higher relatively in the future than in the past.

"There are some good people who seem to think that the farmer should not concern himself with matters of marketing. They look upon him as a man whose sole business it is to produce. They think he should grow the largest possible crops and the greatest possible numbers of livestock without asking either as to the demand for what he grows or the price he is going to get. And they seem to think, further, that having produced abundantly he should turn his crops and his livestock over to the nearest buyer and be thankful for whatever he may receive.

"This," Secretary Wallace said, "is a shortsighted view. The obligation to get our food products to the consumer with the least possible waste and at the least possible cost consistent with fairness to all who handle them is just as sacred as the obligation to produce these crops in the first place. No one questions the right and propriety of the manufacturer's selling the products of his factory to the best possible advantage once he has produced them, and the right of the farmer to do this same thing cannot be questioned."

City Mothers to the Rescue

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

OVER in Los Angeles, California, there is a new municipal department in operation; it is called the "City Mothers' Bureau."

This southern metropolis is probably the only city in the United States, if not in the world, where there is a legal department of the city government that is working constantly to prevent and protect—prevent delinquency and protect dependents.

City fathers—councilors, burgomasters, aldermen, judges, police and truant officers—have all been trying to make boys and girls and young men and young women behave by telling them what will happen to them if they don't, but the City Mothers are helping children and grown-ups to be good by making it easier to be good than to be bad.

Like the ideal mother in the home who first tries to persuade, advise and convince her children that the lawful way is the best way, there is still the force of authority in the background to be used only as a last resort, so the City Mothers have police authority but very rarely have they been forced to use it.

Mothers are also confidential institutions. They are repositories of countless secrets, many trivial, some serious, others pregnant with disaster. Likewise the City Mothers' Bureau of Los Angeles is a confidential refuge, there is no tinge of publicity attached to it—there are no reporters about, nor do the walls or clerks tell any tales.

It assists mothers who have lost control over their unruly and straying daughters and helps women in need of advice or police protection. It takes young people from the juvenile court, bad cases in the making, and paves the way for them to lead decent lives without placing the stigma of the juvenile court upon them.

Its strength and stability lie in its maternal persuasiveness backed by police authority. It is the municipality's closest approach to a practical system of helping the members within its boundaries.

Mrs. Aletha Gilbert, the present City Mother, is the originator of the plan. Mrs. Gilbert combines the vision of a crusader with the practical abilities of a woman of experience.

She was born and reared in the city of Los Angeles. She began doing uplift work at nineteen and worked on emergency call in the police department. It was while she was acting as policewoman that she realized the very real need of more preventive work being done. She believed in the old adage, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and could see no reason why the city should wait until Johnny and Mary had become delinquent and had committed a crime before utilizing the powerful forces of the government.

Mrs. Aletha Gilbert saw the bad effect upon young women of the publicity connected with the juvenile court. She knew from twenty years of "close-up" experience that the great majority of girls needed maternal advice rather than harsh police censor and surveillance.

With an advisory board of ten experienced women of the city, most of whom have had a great deal of experience in social service work, she began the introduction and framing of certain ordinances that would regulate the many menaces to juveniles. This board also helped in the creating of a fund through which girls and boys without parents might be given emergency help until work or a proper home could be found for them.

Progressing along this line, the City Mothers have achieved most gratifying results. Only once in the hundreds of cases that they have handled (all satisfactorily as far as can be known) has it been found necessary to resort to police powers. They have proved better mothers to the great family than many home mothers.

The scope of their activities has gone far beyond the original limits—even of the originator. Domestic troubles of almost every nature are soothed and solved Wives who are neglected by their husbands for various causes come for counsel and help. And husbands, too, who need counsel in dealing with recalcitrant wives, come for suggestions, instruction and admonition. The City Mothers have come to be a court of domestic relations, as well as a force for keeping the boys and girls from harm and danger.

Recently a couple came from the East to visit California. They had a child a few years old with them. The husband had been addicted to drinking. In the past he would sometimes leave his home for several weeks and no one would know of his whereabouts. Before coming West he had taken a "cure" and had been getting along better.

When he reached Los Angeles he fell in with bad companions and suddenly left, leaving his wife and child at the hotel with a very limited amount of money. When the husband did not return the wife was frantic. She was in a strange city, among strange people, and alone. What should she do?

She was advised to tell the City Mothers about her troubles, and she did. From this bureau detectives were sent out on the case and eventually located the husband. In the meantime a position was secured for the wife and mother so that she could support herself. The case ended satisfactorily with a united family and what is most important with precautions taken that would make a recurrence difficult, if not impossible.

At another time a young man found a grievance against his wife. He was a hard-working husband who desired a carefully managed home. He was finding it hard to get ahead because his wife was extravagant and cared more for the bright lights than for the cares of the household.

He asked the City Mothers about it. Knowing that his confidence was inviolate he freely talked over with them his troubles and difficulties. He did not wish any publicity. He loved his wife and wished that the City Mothers might talk over the matter with her and persuade her to do differently. His own pleadings had been unavailing. This case was all in the routine of the day and was handled with the same care, tact and skill as the hundreds of others. Now the couple are living together happily and he is getting ahead nicely.

So while the original object of the bureau was to prevent delinquency and protect dependents, the need for a general clearing house of all kinds of trouble was early manifest, and the City Mothers have been equal to the task.



MRS. ALETHA GILBERT

The bulk of the work of the City Mothers, however, is in helping the future citizens of America, the boys and girls, the young men and young women to go straight and to keep within the law.

In thus preventing trouble and forestalling crime they have saved the city and county many thousands of dollars annually, besides sustaining that which is of far greater value—the moral standards of the boys and girls.

To the taxpayer a most interesting phase of this work is that the bureau is conducted wholly without expense as far as appropriations from the city are concerned. The advisory board co-operates in raising the funds necessary to maintain it.

A part of this fund is used to pay the salaries of trained nurses who, during the summer months, care for the children in the municipal day nursery, which is also under the direction of the City Mothers. Here mothers who are compelled to leave their children while they work can do so with the understanding that the little ones will receive the best of care under physical conditions that will promote health and happiness. An average of fifty children are cared for daily in this nursery.

Owing to the growth of the bureau and the work of the City Mothers in untangling domestic difficulties and straightening out the lives of the boys and girls, and because these things oftentimes involve business interests and fine distinctions, a legal adviser has recently been appointed by the mayor.

No less of interest and future benefit are the careful records and statistics that the bureau has been keeping since its inauguration. From a careful study of the register it is most interesting to note that from nine to sixteen years are the "dangerous ages" for children. At fourteen the boys and girls are most in need of help. The number gradually decreases from that period.

For the last year the records are most interesting. There were 1,054 individuals given attention by the bureau. The extent of the work of the City Mothers is shown by the divisions under which these cases were handled:

Contributing, 2; deficient, 2; delinquent, 13; dependent, 331; destitute, 21; desertion, 7; disobedient, 6; domestic relations, 137; felony, 5; illegitimate children, 2; immoral, 5; incorrigible, 9; in danger, 336; insane, 1; kidnapped, 1; miscellaneous, 148; neglected children, 7; petty larceny, 2; runaway, 19. Besides this there were eighty-three applications made to the bureau for help, and forty-nine of these requests were filled.

Mrs. Aletha Gilbert, who is still the guiding spirit and the faithful genius who controls the work of this organization, sums up her ideals and her aspirations when she says:

"Many children of the adolescent age who might be considered by the general public as immoral are handled by the City Mothers as unmoral. If they receive the right guidance until they reach the age of discretion they awaken to a higher sense of morality. We have found that in most cases the fear of the court is more effective than the court itself. We try through love, sympathy, encouragement and personal interest to teach children their duty to their parents and society, and by this same method awaken parents to their duties and responsibilities."

It is natural to conclude that with more City Mothers like Mrs. Aletha Gilbert there would be fewer delinquent children, fewer criminals, and less work for city fathers to do.

"Cutting Up Old Circus Money"

Concluded from page 11

impression that comes before the eyes of anyone who knows him is his mannerism of crooking his elbow, and holding his cigar in his hand before him at about mid-way the distance between his lower and upper vest pockets. These cigars are always mounted in a holder, with a rubber band twisted about the mouthpiece, because the "Governor's" teeth will not grip a cigar holder nowadays. I have never seen him without his cigar, except at meals.

"Now, I've always been a heavy smoker," he continued after he found a cigar to his liking, and had it well alight, "and when General Grant died, I thought I'd better begin to take care of myself, or I might go the same way. So I commenced using holders, and I've used all sorts of them, from some that cost me a dime, to others that cost me $350.

"One season, when I came home from the show, I wasn't feeling very well, and I used to take a buggy ride every day. In going through the village of Terrace Park, near my winter quarters, I saw one of the old settlers working on a wall. I stopped to talk to him, and found out that he was preparing to build a church. I suggested to my wife—she and my daughter were religiously inclined, and so am I—that as I had been through all kinds of experiences I might as well go into the church business, and help build that church. She thought it would be very nice, so I went over to the old gentleman, and told him that I was taking an interest in his church, and would like to help him; that I had about 3,000 or 4,000 feet of redwood lumber, joist and dimension stuff, that I had brought home from my last campaign into California to put into my own residence. Also, I told him that this was rare wood, and that he could have it if it would be of any use to him. I gave him the use of an old horse and dray that we had at winter quarters, and I also gave him $25 in cash to pay a laborer to drive the cart. That settled matters for a while.

"This old fellow was very hard of hearing. He used an ear trumpet. One night he came over to my home at winter quarters, all smiles. He was overjoyed, he said, to see me looking so well, and then he struck me for $600 for the church. Well, I couldn't see $600 then for the church, and as politely as I knew how to do it I refused. The more I refused the more determined he was to get the money, so it got to be right annoying, and a little painful. After a while I commenced to use some cuss words, and he got insulted. He went away after giving me to understand that the church would have a roof whether I put it on or not.

Throughout his life, "Governor" Robinson has been a retiring man. He spent his life building up the circus, and in doing things that he thought would please his family. One Christmas his daughter and some of her school chums came home to spend the holidays. The family carriage met them at the railroad station in Cincinnati, on orders from the "Governor," although the winter quarters is a flag stop for trains at the wagon road crossing that is at the foot of the bluff on which the family home is built. About a mile from the family home, on the road from Cincinnati, the pike hugs the foot of an enormous hill. As it nears the Robinson home the pike plunges into a small forest; approaches the entrance to the home through a deep cut, and leads in a winding fashion to the front portico.

As the carriage neared the winter quarters, about a mile from the home, a brass band of fifty men stepped before it in the road. Of course, the carriage was stopped and the band played a joyful bit of music. At the first note, men, stationed 20 feet apart along both sides of the road, the lines extending to the portico, lighted great flares, and held them aloft. Each man was arrayed in a spangled costume of the circus. Then the band lined up in parade formation, and played march after march as it led the "Governor's" daughter and her friends, riding in state, through the lane of flaming torches to the door of the "Governor's" home. The house was a blaze of glory—such a blaze as only the "Governor's" circus sense could devise.

But the most striking thing about the winter quarters is the children's playhouse, that overlooks one of the valleys of the Little Miami River country. The house is a two-story affair, with a front porch. Inside it is finished with as much care as a large dwelling. The "Governor" erected it for his children, and the structure really is noted among all circusmen as being a most unusual manifestation of a father's love.

I'm sorry that I cannot go further with my answer to the dear old lady who lives in Birmingham, and to the dear old lady who lives in St. Louis, but editorial patience, and the limitations of space, compel a halt right here and now. And at any time that is the penalty that an interviewer of "Governor" Robinson pays for the privilege.

UNIV OF ILL LIBRARY
URBANA ILL

Briefly Told

A New York bank has put into operation a fully tested bullet and bomb-proof motor car which carries the bank's money and securities to and from the depositories in Manhattan and Brooklyn. Provision for armed men is made in the body of the car and small peepholes enable them to defend the securities in the event of attack.

Nearly every workman in Japan wears an inscription on his cap stating the name of his employer and his business. It is a practice that has been followed voluntarily for centuries although it is not required by law.

The Minnesota house of representatives has passed a bill to the effect that persons supplying newspapers with false information for publication will be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Four hundred and fifteen Negroes have been lynched in Georgia since 1885.

The Burroughs memorial forest at Big Indian in the Catskill Mountains was recently dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. At the entrance to the forest a tablet was unveiled.

An order issued by the superintendent of schools of New Bedford, Massachusetts, forbids the use of cosmetics by teachers. Short skirts were also included in the ban but the length was left to the teachers' discretion.

Declaring that the present primary school systems were unattractive, Thomas A. Edison expressed the opinion that the substitution of motion pictures for books in the nation's elementary schools would bring about an advancement of ten centuries in civilization in twenty years.

If the name of any man is erroneously published in the list of draft-evaders now being made public, the War Department will make public apology, the Secretary of War has announced. Every effort has been made to check the list but it is possible that errors might have crept in.

Boy Scouts recently governed the city of Chicago for one hour, every city official being replaced by a scout. The arrangement was made as part of a membership and financial campaign for the scouts.

An average spruce tree yields about five hundred pounds of paper when it is reduced to that product.

Under arrangements perfected by the Shipping Board, American mariners are to receive storm warnings by wireless from all parts of the world. Many vessels on the seas are without radio equipment and in these cases the warnings are to be passed on from ships receiving them by other means when such vessels are encountered.

A cowboy on a South Dakota ranch recently captured a live eagle with a lariat. He saw the bird swoop down on a calf and waited until the eagle had eaten his fill. Then he rode toward it, roped it and carried it home a captive.

Misleading newspaper stories of street "caveins" alleged to be caused by coal mining under Wilkes-Barre have led the Wilkes-Barre Chamber of Commerce to issue a statement denying that surface subsidence has occurred on the city streets. The stories were ridiculous, the report declares, since mining is prohibited under central locations of the city.

A steamship recently dashed into Falmouth, England, afire, after a race of 100 miles to save the lives of her 88 passengers and her crew. The fire was discovered while the passengers were asleep and the captain, keeping them in ignorance of their danger, prepared the boats for launching and made for Falmouth under full steam.

Miners searching for gold along a river in British New Guinea encountered a bluish-gray, flakish substance which they discarded. This substance was osmirdium, a member of the platinum metals and one of the hardest metals known to science. It is worth about $150 an ounce.

Opium secreted in lemons selling at high prices was revealed when detectives investigated a run on the lemon market in the Chinese section of Pittsburgh, recently.

In an attempt to solve the local economic problem, the Tyrol has introduced "Traveler's Money." An act has been passed by the Diet providing that nonresidents of the province in effect, shall pay ten times as much as the native for everything he buys. Half the profit of all transactions will go to the government. The special money is on the basis of the German mark, the exchange rate being at the rate of ten to one.

As a result of the low prices paid for potatoes in Michigan, thousands of bushels will be used for fertilizer in that district this year.

A wrestler on the Pacific Coast recently killed with his bare hands a man he found rifling a bureau drawer in his San Francisco home.

In the island of Guam 747 boys and girls with only eighteen months' instruction produced food valued at $12,000. The work was done in cooperation with the department of education and under the supervision of the Guam agricultural experiment station. Of the total enrollment, 89.2 per cent completed the various courses.

In 1900 there were 184 farms on Manhattan Island where now there are but five. The land there devoted to this purpose is rapidly diminishing.

There are still living on the Island of St. Helena two turtles and a parrot that saw Napoleon when he was alive. The turtles are 170 years old and the parrot 120 years old.

White owls are being raised in the White House grounds under care of the gardener for the purpose of protecting the premises from rats and other pests. An owl will capture and destroy a large rat with ease.

The mayor of Noeux Les Mines, France, has ordered the absolute suppression of music in bars and public places, asserting that "music is the worst breeder of immorality." This order includes the banishment of mechanical pianos, and talking machines.

Japan has decided to adopt the metric system of measures. The House of Peers recently passed a bill stipulating that in the five years to come all leading factories, government works, government offices and technical schools will be asked to use the metric system of weights and measures instead of the Japanese.

A Negro scientist of Tuskegee, Alabama, has discovered 107 uses for the sweet potato. They range from mock oysters to cereal coffee. He is still experimenting.

The only known flock of snow geese in existence recently arrived in Quebec on its annual northern migration. Each year the birds stop at Cap Tourmente on the St. Lawrence River, on their way to the coast of Labrador. They have made these stops for more than forty years and the flock has been closely protected.

The hardened seed of a certain palm is used in Italy for the manufacture of artificial bone buttons. The seeds are shipped from Africa to Italy where the buttons are manufactured.

Experimenters are working on wireless telephones to be placed on automobiles of physicians, business men or anyone who owns an enclosed car. The instrument works successfully up to five miles. It is not necessary to have antennae high in air. Four parallel wires on six-inch posts are sufficient.

Chicago swindlers have been selling stock in the League of Nations at $10 a share. Department of Justice agents are searching for the men responsible for selling the stock. The salesmen collected twenty-five per cent of the price in advance of delivery.

France's heaviest man, weighing 558 pounds, recently died. The heaviest man of whom we have any authentic record died in London during the last century. He weighed 739 pounds.

Wilmington, Ohio, has a girl fire truck driver who answers all calls promptly with the other firemen.

Claquers, men whose duty it is to create applause in the Buenos Aires theaters, have demanded the right to be unionized together with the rest of the theatrical profession. Their activity in this respect is causing considerable confusion and discussion among the organizers of a union which is to include dressmakers, scene shifters and others who live behind the scenes.

Mail-carrying airplanes will land on the roof of the new government post office to be erected in Chicago. Cargoes will then be conveyed to motor trucks or trains via belts or tunnel cars.

5-28-21

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JUN 6 1921

Our National Vacation Land Is Beckoning
A story and photographs of the great open spaces

Reconstruction Tasks Republicans Assume
What Senator Frelinghuysen thinks of our problems

An Hour With a Famous Sculptor
An interview with and picture of Lorado Taft

Salvaging American Prisons
One-time bandit who says prevailing system of dealing with criminals must be discarded

The Jews and "Religious Prejudice"
This article answers once and for all the false cry that the study of the Jewish Question constitutes "Persecution"

When Knighthood Went to Seed
A brilliant little thing from the pen of a Canadian writer touching on the passing of political aristocracy

The President's Fighting Dromios
An interesting twin personality sketch of the Secretaries of War and Navy, by a Washington correspondent

The Farmer Sits In On the Market
How the producers of the Northwest are co-operating

Growing Junior Jekylls and Hydes
What parent, who "doesn't bother" with youngsters, may expect

Our National Vacation Land Is Beckoning

By R. P. CRAWFORD

A HUNDRED and fifty million acres of forests bid you welcome to the greatest vacation land on earth. Uncle Sam owns the national forests and their vacation pleasures are yours for the taking. For the payment of a modest fee you can even lease a site and on it build your own home in the National Forests and return every year. The opening of great arteries of roads through the forests have brought to common appreciation the scenic beauties which in years past were the sole property of the trapper, the prospector and the adventurer. Camping in the mountains in the early days was often a fool's paradise, which meant hard labor and considerable danger. Now, more than five million people every year betake themselves to the national forests for their summer vacations.

It was not so long ago that the officers of the Forest Service realized that the forests had an asset which was not generally considered in taking account of their many commercial possibilities. That they had great timber resources went without saying; that they protected the watersheds of navigable streams was also to be conceded; and that they were capable of furnishing livestock with abundant range was self-evident. But no one had taken into consideration the fact that several million people in this country take a vacation each year, and that they must have somewhere to go. So it was but natural that the national forests should be considered recreation grounds which would pay big dividends in the steady nerves and good health of the country's citizens.

Most of the national forests are located in the West, but it is true that there are national forests in the East, and even in the Great Plains and Lake States. In some places tracts of land have been set aside for the development of artificial forests, as in the Nebraska sand hills. In fact, today, there are something like 150 different forests in this country. California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana and Oregon have each a score of national forests, or nearly that number. Then there are national forests authorized by the Weeks law, where the government has purchased lands to safeguard the watersheds of important navigable streams. Most of the national forests in the White Mountains and Appalachians of the eastern states are of this sort. There are even national forests up in Northern Minnesota and Michigan.

Take the state of Colorado as just one example. Colorado's national forests have an area of more than 13,000,000 acres. The state itself has forty-one of the fifty-four named peaks in the United States which reach an elevation of more than 14,000 feet. There are 150 peaks over 13,000 feet high, 220 over 12,000 feet, and 350 over 11,000 feet, and almost without exception these mountain fastnesses are located in the national forests, which are public property. Does it not seem a fortunate idea that all of these mountain stretches are owned by Uncle Sam, especially when one sees the rapid encroachment of commercial interests upon scenic properties to which an admission fee can be charged?

Arapaho, Leadville, Battlement, San Isabel, Montezuma—are not the names of these forests sufficient to bring to one's mind the romance of the early Indian days, the Spanish explorers and the early days of Colorado mining history? All that is romantic is embraced in the mountain passes and heights of Colorado. From a prairie country at Denver, with an elevation of 5,000 feet, one gradually ascends to the yellow pine belt with the open forests of yellow pine and Douglas fir, with the birches, maples, alders, and cottonwoods along the stream banks, and with the kinnikinnick and its scarlet berries at an elevation of 6,500 feet. At an altitude of 8,000 feet one has reached the Douglas fir belt, with the thick Douglas fir forests on the northern slopes, and the yellow pine on the southern slopes. At an altitude of 9,500 feet one has reached the Engelmann spruce belt where there are the dense forests of spruce and balsam. Two thousand feet more and one is past timber line and in the Alpine meadows. Here there are grassy meadows aflame with flowers of brilliant color and unusual form, and small willow bushes.

In the northern part of the state are the Routt, Arapaho, and Colorado national forests, with their warm days and cool nights. In the Arapaho Forest are a number of noted peaks, including Arapaho Peak with an elevation of 13,506 feet and James Peak with an elevation of 13,260 feet. There is hardly a stream or lake anywhere in the Colorado Forest that does not afford a good site for camping and plenty of opportunity for fishing. Then come the White River, Pike, Leadville, Gunnison, Battlement, and Holy Cross national forests, forming the west central part of Colorado. The Holy Cross National Forest took its name from the Mount of the Holy Cross, on which is a gigantic cross of snow, visible as far away as the crest of the mountain. This has now been made accessible to mountain climbers and it is possible to ride on horseback to within a mile of the summit. The Pike Forest is easily accessible, being located just west of Denver. It has the distinction of having six peaks over 14,000 feet high, twelve peaks over 12,000 feet high, and more than twenty peaks over 10,000 feet. Pikes Peak is included in this forest. The Black Canyon of the Gunnison, located in the Gunnison National Forest is one of the most picturesque gorges in Colorado. On either side of the river are strikingly colored canyon walls.

In the southwestern part of Colorado are the Uncompahgre, Cochetopa, Montezuma, Durango-San Juan, and Rio Grande forests. These forests are among the most interesting in Colorado. In the Uncompahgre Forest is the beautiful little town of Ouray, known as "The Gem of the Rockies." It is nearly hemmed in by great massive mountains, which tower upward from the very edge of the little village. Easily accessible to the visitors of the Montezuma National Forest are the near-by habitations of the ancient "Cliff Dwellers," which now constitute a national park. Wild game, while quite readily seen by those climbing to higher altitudes of the other national forests, is especially plentiful in the Durango Forest, and it is not an uncommon thing in the summer to run upon elk, deer and bear along the various streams. Throughout all of these southern Colorado Forests are unusual peak and mountain views. It might be said that they are not visited so generally as those in the central and northern parts of the state. The San Isabel National Forest in Southern Colorado is the home of the Sangre de Cristo range of mountains, whose grandeur perhaps is unequaled by any other range in Colorado.



Courtesy of U. S. Forest Service

Snowmass Peak and Lake. Fishermen on raft in foreground, Sopris National Forest, Colorado.

However, it must not be thought that Colorado is the only place in which one may spend a summer vacation in the national forests. Prospective vacationists living in the eastern part of the United States will be more interested in the Shenandoah and Natural Bridge forests in Virginia, in the White Mountain Forest of New Hampshire, and the Pisgah National Forest in North Carolina. Then there is the Minnesota National Forest, a great place where one may row, fish or swim. This is near Cass Lake, and fishing is good enough to suit the most fastidious of anglers. In the Superior National Forest, along the north shore of Lake Superior, is one of the greatest canoe countries in the world. It is also the home of the heron and the bull moose. While the Superior Forest contains about a million acres of land, there are 150,000 acres of water including lakes and rivers. These are only a few suggestions for vacation trips. One can go to the national forests in Arizona, California, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Wyoming, or practically any of the western states and enjoy a vacation to his heart's content.

It is even possible now for one to build one's summer home in the national forests, and return to it from year to year. Charges for leases run from $5 to $25 a year, depending on the location, size of the tract, and length of term of the permit. Permits to build summer homes are usually issued for indefinite periods of time, but may be granted for a fixed term of years and not exceeding more than five acres to one person or association. Generally speaking, permits for building summer homes are limited to an acre or less, although this takes into consideration undue crowding in building homes. Practically all portions of the western national forests are open to occupancy under these provisions. In many cases, as in the Colorado National Forest in Colorado, several locations have been especially picked out for this purpose by the forest officials. Portable tent houses may be put up, or regular permanent houses may be built. In some cases where timber is available, fortunate homebuilders have been enabled to secure logs from the national forests free of charge for building their summer homes. In the eastern forests the tendency is to develop public camping grounds rather than lease sites for homes.

Many clubs, associations, business organizations, and even towns have planned summer camps in the mountains not far away. The city of Los Angeles has a camp in the mountains run as a municipal venture. On the Seeley Creek Flats in the Angeles National Forest, the Forest Service has leased to the city a tract of twenty-three acres of mountain land near a fine stream. Several scores of bungalows have been erected here, accommodating from two to six persons. There is a central clubhouse, and also a central kitchen. Water supply, sanitary equipment, tennis courts, and a cement swimming pool have been provided. This camp is simply run as part of the Los Angeles playground system. Each camper must help with the necessary camp work, averaging about an hour a day. The bungalows, beds and food are supplied by the city, as well as transportation to the camp. One gets his vacation at cost this way. Many cities are leasing forest tracts for similar use. One of the California normal schools holds summer sessions about seventy-five miles back in the mountains at a permanent camp. Clubs and associations have planned camps located on national forest land. All such organizations can lease land from the government for this purpose at very reasonable rates. A person desiring to secure a summer home site in some particular forest, should write to the supervisor of that forest, or to the district forester, who has charge of the forests in that state.

The district forester at Missoula, Montana, has charge of the national forests in Montana, Northeastern Washington, Northern Idaho, and Northwestern South Dakota.

The district forester at Denver, Colorado, has charge of the national forests in Colorado, Wyoming, except the western portion, South Dakota, except the northwest corner, Nebraska, Minnesota and Michigan.

The district forester at Albuquerque, New Mexico has charge of the national forests in New Mexico, and all of Arizona except the northwest corner.

The district forester at Ogden, Utah, has charge of the forests in Utah, Western Wyoming, Southern Idaho, Eastern and Central Nevada, and Northwestern Arizona.

The district forester at San Francisco has charge of the forests in California and Southwestern Nevada.

The district forester at Portland, Oregon, has charge of the forests in Washington, Oregon and Alaska.

The district forester at Washington, D. C., has charge of national forests in Arkansas, Alabama, Florida, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, New Hampshire, Maine and Porto Rico.

Inquiries regarding summer home sites addressed to the United States Forest Service at Washington, D. C. will also receive attention.

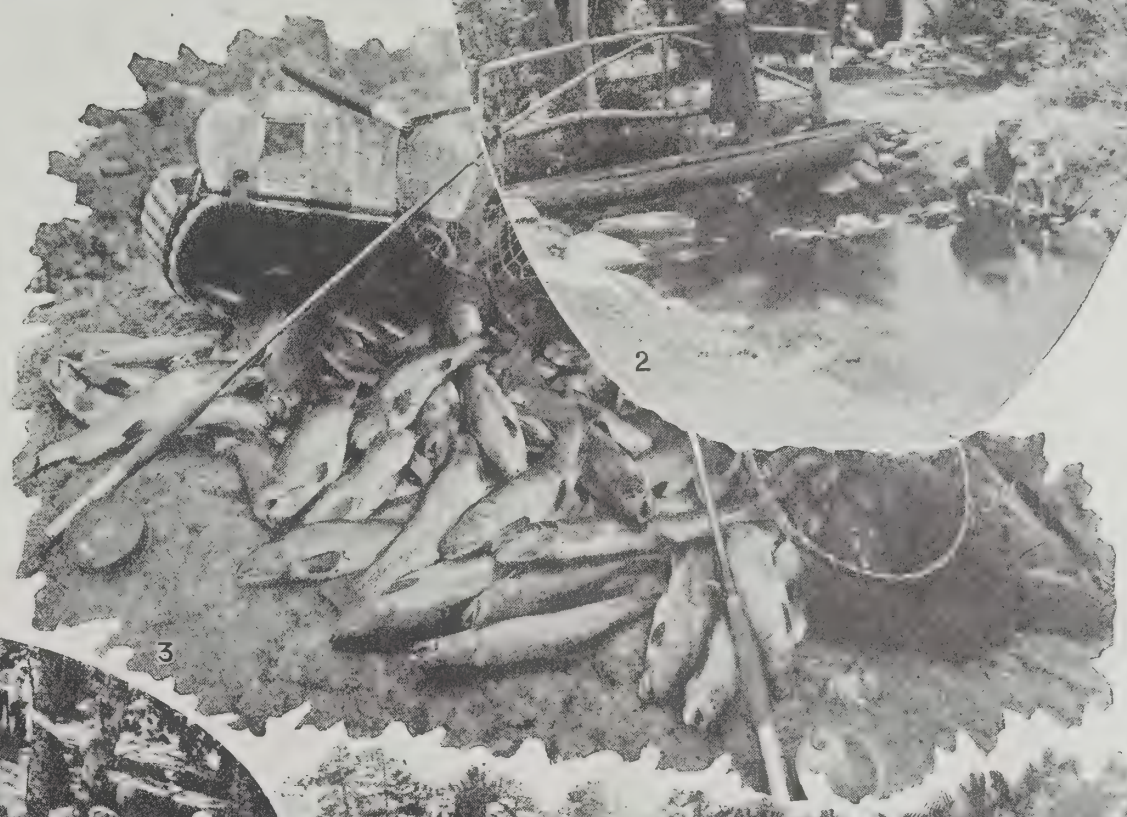
Thousands of people, however, will not build their homes in the national forests, but will find their greatest enjoyment in making automobile trips through them. In many national forests, both East and West, camp sites have been established and improved for the comfort and convenience of motorists. Here the tourist will find cooking fireplaces, an abundance of near-by fuel wood, pure water, open log shelters and sanitary arrangements—all of which are free. The most noted forest camp ground is that of Eagle Creek, on the Columbia River Highway, Oregon National Forest, which, it is estimated, was visited by 150,000 people in 1920. Other noted sites are found in the Angeles Forest of California, the San Isabel and Colorado forests of Colorado, and the Pisgah and White Mountain forests in the East.

All that the forest officials ask of these summer guests is that they be careful of fire—and obey the general laws of good conduct. Fire is the most important point for the tourist to watch. A little carelessness in throwing a match into some underbrush, or tossing a lighted cigaret away might precipitate a conflagration that would do hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of damage. When it comes to fishing or hunting, the laws of the state in which the forest is located must be observed.

It may be truthfully said that the possibilities of summer vacationing in the national forests have hardly been touched. The next few years are going to see more and more roads built, and more and more summer homes established. The best part about it is that these national forests are the property of the entire people, and not as in the olden days for the sole enjoyment of kings and queens.


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The Open Spaces Are Calling!
And Many Are Heeding

1. Tourists at the Wheeler National Monument viewing "The Temple," Rio Grande National Forest, Colorado.
2. Pueblo Municipal Camping grounds. Picnic ground improved by Forest Service, by construction of bridges and fireplaces, San Isabel National Forest, Colorado.
3. Fishing at Trappers Lake? I'll say there is! A morning's catch of black spotted trout, White River National Forest, Colorado.
4. Trout and bear breakfast. Eagle Creek Camp Grounds, Oregon National Forest.
5. Summer camp of the Fresno County Normal School at Huntington Lake in the Sierra National Forest, California.
6. Summer homes on Pike National Forest. Carroll's Lake and cottages of Colorado Fly Casting Club, Pike National Forest, Colorado.

Courtesy U. S. Forest Service


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The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 32, June 4, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Somebody Always Pays

WHAT "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford might call "legitimate graft" plays a very large part in modern financial deals and dickers. There is a widespread notion that many "pillars of society" systematically steer as close as they dare to the line that separates jailable from unjailable swindling. But the government itself is responsible for the sanction given to the legitimate graft of tax-exempt bonds.

Probably as a survival of the days when "taxes" meant tribute exacted by the rich and powerful from the poor and weak, there is even at this day no very strong public condemnation of tax-dodgers. We compass heaven and earth to punish draft-dodgers years after the war for which they were drafted, even to the extent of pillorying in public print the names of many men who, far from dodging, served their country nobly and contracted wounds and disease in its defense. This we do in the determination that not one guilty man shall escape, even if we have to sacrifice a thousand innocent men. Most of us have a sneaking sympathy for the moonshiner, or for the pseudo-sailor who sells us alleged Havana cigars for which no duty had been paid to Uncle Sam. The average tourist returning from a European trip rather prides himself on "getting by" the customhouse inspector. In fact, an interesting book might be written on the tricks and devices resorted to all along the line by ordinarily honest and respectable citizens in the effort to evade paying their just share of the public tax burden.

Yet all this illegal graft would probably prove but a drop in the bucket compared with the legal graft enjoyed by investors in tax-exempt bonds. This tax exemption must be extremely attractive to people having money to invest, if we may judge from the advertisements of banks and bond houses floating such bonds. They consist in large part of state, county and municipal obligations, usually paying good interest. Bankers regard them as "gilt edged" and are happy to accept them as collateral for loans.

Secretary Mellon in his first report advocates the abolition of this tax exemption as one means of raising necessary revenue in the present financial crisis. It is believed that the total amount invested in such tax-exempt bonds today is not far short of twenty billion dollars. Some estimates place it as high as $40,000,000,000. A tax of only one per cent on the lesser sum would produce an additional revenue of $200,000,000.

This in itself should be sufficient reason for a revision of Federal tax laws that would include prohibition of tax-exempt securities. A further reason of much cogency was suggested to the Senate Finance Committee the other day by Philip H. Gadsden, of Philadelphia, who appeared as chairman of the joint tax committee representing the American Electric Railway Association, American Gas Association and National Electric Light Association. He pointed out that the abolition of the exemption would enable regulated public utility industries to dispose of their securities and raise badly needed money. "The most serious question which confronts public utilities," he said, "is their inability to secure the necessary new capital required by them annually in competition with tax-exempt municipal securities." And he added that the present policy was one under which the country was rapidly drifting into Socialism.

Let us be frank and recognize tax exemption of this sort as merely an immoral legalization of tax dodging. The tax which one man dodges another and probably less wealthy man pays. Someone must pay always.

"Propaganda"

THE word propaganda has an honorable history. It was for the propagation of the faith, for the wider dissemination of the light of truth, that missionaries in the old days braved the dangers, hardships and privations of far ventures in savage lands and among savage peoples. Of late, however, it is not to be denied that the term has come to be suspect. In some quarters it is already synonymous with deception. For this we have largely to thank the impetus given during the war to the preparation and distribution on a scale of unprecedented vastness and elaborateness of ex parte arguments.

Just now newspaper offices all over the country are being flooded with "propaganda" of one sort or another. And it is curious to note a family resemblance in much of this voluminous product of the ready writers in the pay of one interest or another. There is the sales-tax propaganda got out in the names of various commercial organizations, but plainly enough deriving central inspiration from the Jewish banking house of which Mr. Otto H. Kahn is the shining head. Then there is the Polish propaganda and the anti-Polish propaganda, the Sinn Fein and the anti-Sinn Fein pamphleteers, the Japanese and the anti-Japanese —and always the pro-Jewish propaganda.

There would be no objection to the spending of thousands, perhaps millions, of dollars on this printed matter and the jobs it furnishes to the "space men" and the printers, if it did not seek to influence public opinion by sailing under false colors. Readers would be enabled to make all due allowances for bias and interest in the presentation or suppression or distortion of facts characterizing all this matter, if it were plainly labeled as paid advertising and the real names of the men who pay for it were attached.

As the experienced advertiser now well knows, the poorest of all advertising is that which masquerades as "reading matter" and in which false or exaggerated claims are made. By a natural reaction, people who have once been fooled become shy and suspicious of this camouflaged "publicity." So it finds its way promptly to the waste basket. In the long run, the people demand and will have the truth. They will insist on being allowed to make up their own minds on any question.

The Father of the Common School

THE celebration of the 125th anniversary of the birth of Horace Mann in the schools of America should give point to the present educational revival. It is difficult for us today to realize the gigantic task which Mann faced at the beginning of his career when, as secretary of the board of education of Massachusetts, he set about the reform and reorganization of the public school system of that State. A very practical idealist, he battled for a quarter of a century against the inertia and the antiquated prejudices of his time. But he lived to see the definite era of a truly democratized common school system placed on a basis of efficiency and progress not only in his own state, but also throughout the Union.

The twelve volumes containing his reports as secretary of the Massachusetts board, and which contain his ideas and recommendations, are now regarded as educational classics in Europe as in this country. Although a publicist, statesman and administrator, rather than an educator in the professional sense, Mann has been the inspiration of two generations of forward-looking teachers in America, and has exercised a profound influence on the whole American attitude in regard to our common schools. One of the many living monuments to his memory is the Horace Mann School in Chicago, in which a worthy disciple developed and applied Mann's ideas with a success which has made that school itself a center of true educational influence.

It is worthy of remark, too, that Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio, of which Horace Mann was president during the last seven years of his life (taking up the work after his retirement from Congress), is this year setting the pace in an advance step which is bound to mean much for the future relation of industrial life to national culture. This is the establishment of engineering and machine shops in close co-ordination with the liberal and theoretical courses of the classrooms, and the actual employment of students during their college careers in the work for which they are preparing, a departure which was the subject of a most informing special article in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT not long ago.

North Dakota's Struggle

AN ELECTION to recall a number of important state officials belonging to the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota is scheduled to be held "on or before November 8." In an appeal for financial help sent broadcast by the League organization, it is charged that the opponents of the present state administration will seek to gain an advantage by forcing this recall election early in June, when the farmers will be busy at home. Evidently the reformers anticipate a life-and-death struggle with the enemies of the League program. They have been successful in seven straight state-wide elections; but this time the fight is to be waged under conditions that make the outcome anything but certain.

According to the Non-Partisan League spokesmen, the situation has taken on the aspect of a beleaguered city in which the besiegers have settled down grimly to the starving out of the defenders. For the last four years, the rainfall has been utterly inadequate in the western part of North Dakota, the League's stronghold, and the farmers have had poor crops or no crops at all. Added to the drouth damage, many parts of the state have been plagued with grasshoppers, while the wheat yield has been disastrously cut down by attacks of rust.

These losses mounted into the millions and would be serious enough, but the farmer was further impoverished this year by the unprofitable prices of farm products, attributed to raids of the grain gamblers and affiliated big bankers. Although the farmers got only about one-half what they received last year for their wheat and corn, they were forced to sell their live stock at prices far below the cost of production, while supplies they had to purchase had not fallen in anything like the same proportion.

The present fight seems to rage about the state-owned and state-controlled Bank of North Dakota. It is charged that the moneyed interests of the entire United States see in this people's institution a menace to their own monopoly in the business of money-mongering and are determined to put it out of business. To that end, it is alleged, they have organized a boycott of North Dakota bonds and incited adverse legislation designed to cripple the state financially, that it may be held up as a horrible example to farmers of radical tendencies in other states.

It is mainly to prevent the sale of the North Dakota bonds issued to finance the bank and other state-owned and operated industries, such as the state hail insurance and state grain-grading laws (which alone have saved the farmers of the state some $8,000,000 yearly), state mills and elevators, state insurance on public buildings, state-built homes for workers and workmen's compensation and war veterans' bonus funds, that League opponents have initiated the coming recall election.

Whatever differences of opinion we may have in regard to the feasibility of government ownership, it must be conceded that the North Dakota experiment has vital interest as a demonstration of its possibilities for good or evil. The Dakota farmers are entitled to a fair chance to give it a fair test. And that means they should be given every aid to even up the handicap imposed upon them by the heavier monetary artillery used against them by their opponents and by the losses incurred through untoward crop conditions and economic chaos not of their own creating. For the campaign fund to fight the recall of their elected state officers, they ask that "every friend of freedom" send at least a dollar bill to Non-Partisan League Campaign Headquarters, Box 919, Fargo, North Dakota. There are quite a number of us in the United States who regard ourselves as "friends of freedom." If all respond, the League should have a sufficient campaign fund.

Why Colleges Fail

LACK of ability on the part of a college graduate to answer all Mr. Edison's 160 questions may not be a conclusive evidence of ignorance, and so a reflection on the efficiency of college teaching. But the incidental revelation of an inability to answer a dozen simple questions dealing with everyday practical life, recklessness in attempted answers that showed a slipshod mind, an attitude of supercilious superiority to the remembering of facts easily within the knowledge of a man of average intelligence, or a helpless inability to find the desired information, might well be set down to lack of the ordinary intelligence required to make a satisfactory worker in any field of industry.

It will have to be agreed, accordingly, that Mr. Edison has made out a good case against our present educational system. If it cannot be relied upon to produce intelligent and well-informed men and women it stands condemned. That an occasional man or woman comes through college well informed and intelligent does not alter the outstanding fact. The college fails in its chief function if it does not teach every student within its walls to think and to think straight!

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE is a false theory which dates from ancient times that the way to prevent social or political disruption is to prevent the people from thinking. Keep their minds off fundamental problems and everything will go along without disturbance. Sometimes this was done by free circuses and free distribution of food, as in ancient Rome. Sometimes it was done by bringing on a war when the population seemed to be growing restless. Sometimes it is achieved by bringing upon the stage a leader with a Roosevelt personality who captures the imagination of the people and gives an appearance of rushing hither and thither on an endless series of hopeful quests.

In these days, the same doctrine is preached with reference to unemployment—keep the people employed, because if you do not, they will begin to think, and thinking is not a good sign.

It is doubtless true that unemployment is unnecessary, or would be unnecessary if our affairs were managed by plain common sense. There is always enough to do and always enough people willing to do it, but there is always also that little-understood matter of money which usurps so big a position in the question. Unemployment is everybody's fault, and not the fault of a class only, as the false teaching of the day asserts. The class propaganda is merely a postponement of the sense of general responsibility which all the people must feel before substantial and enduring progress can be made.

As to the dangers of the people thinking, there are several points to observe. Thought, of course, is the most powerful dynamite in the world. Thought has achieved whatever we see. Wrong thought has achieved all the wrong we see. It is not thought that is dangerous, but its temper and direction.

It is perhaps true that one of the root causes of our troubles today is that there is too little public thought. More people are reading than ever before—as witness the enormous editions of incendiary literature which the radical organizations circulate—but what they read stirs up something besides thought. It stirs up passion, resentment, hatred, the latent destructive faculties, and puts the man into fierce vibration, but this is not stirring up thought. Thought has quite another tone and result.

What little thought may be mixed in these manifestations of the destructive passions is thereby contaminated, prostituted and neutralized. Men cannot think under such conditions. The real problem is not how to prevent the people thinking and asking questions, but how to make it possible for them to think under right conditions.

During the period of stress and unemployment which is now happily past, many people did a great deal of so-called thinking. That is, they brooded and they made vows and they gave vent to great denunciations. It was not purposeful thinking. How could it be? When a man is in a corner, how can he be expected to be philosophical? Unless, of course, he is an extraordinary man; and if he were that, the chances are he would not be in a corner.

Our best social thinking is not done in periods of stress and enforced idleness. Indeed, you can measure the difference between real thinking and brooding, by measuring the difference between leisure and idleness. Leisure is necessary to thought, but idleness seems to be the enemy of thought. Leisure is a breathing period in a situation in which the man feels secure; idleness is a brooding period in a situation in which the bottom has apparently dropped out of the man's security. If the lay-off last winter could have been employed as leisure, if men had been so well provided for that they could have looked upon the lay-off as a welcome vacation, the mental results would have been beneficial to the country. As it was, the idleness was not leisure, and the psychological recovery is just as necessary as the economic recovery.

SOME men appear to be afraid to have the people think. The danger of every age is that the people do not think half enough. Thinking is too hard work ever to become a popular pastime. The nearest we come to thinking is when things begin to go badly, and that is the wrong time to begin thinking. The best time to think about economic problems is the time of prosperity. But we allow others to do our thinking for us then—the shallow optimists; and when bad times come, we still allow others to do our thinking for us—the destructive and anti-social radicals. A man out of work cannot think completely round the subject; the man who has a job and is reasonably secure is able to consider the whole subject in a normal light and reach constructive conclusions. Do your thinking when the sun shines.

The farmer is a good illustration of this. No one can deny that the farmer has been very hard hit and that his problem is the problem of every one of us. Until we regard the farmer's problem as our own, we are neglecting a bulwark of our economic security and our social solidarity. We hear in other countries of "Soldiers' and Workmen's Committees"; what we need in this country is a better understanding and a closer relation between workmen and farmers.

During the slack season of the winter, when the farmer himself was shut out of his fields by winter, he did a great deal of brooding. He had enough to brood about, too. And he expressed himself quite fully. His leisure was robbed of its value because of the change that had come in his economic standing, and his thoughts veered likewise. He said, among other things, that he would not raise a bushel more grain this year than he needed for himself and family! He was through being the football of the profiteers! He would show them that they could not do as they liked with him!

It was a serious threat. Aside from the economic phase of it, there was something ominous in the priests of the soil threatening to prevent the forces of nature doing their seasonal work.

But what has occurred? The sun of spring began to shine and the spring rains came down, and the farmer went forth to his fields. He began to work. Work began to heal him. It is safe to guess that what the farmers think by the end of the season, by the time of harvest, will be more constructive than what they thought during the winter.

If the people only would think, and if conditions could be maintained which would enable them to think constructively, few problems would remain unsolved. Prosperity is the best time to think, for then you have the elements which are desirable to be maintained, and which the thoughtlessness of the people are sometimes a very large element in destroying.

Why is it that public thinking, under conditions of prosperity, is more valuable to the public interest than the so-called thinking which is done under economic stress?

The answer is clear. First, the man is free to think without bias or resentment. There is no sense of personal wrong resting upon him, no feeling of bitterness twisting all his views into one channel. Second, the elements which are fundamental are present before him—the fact of work and its necessity; the fact of home and its security; the fact of society and the great dependence it has on ordered industry. Third, a general view into all the grades of life which ease of mind permits him and which stress of mind often shuts out; he can consider his children and their education; morals and their sanction; literature, science, politics—all the things which are shut out and undervalued when mental stress forces the mind into merely class questions.

Now, with none of these things present, but with himself forced down to the animal plane of finding something to eat, plainly the man is not in a position to do all-round thinking. And it is all-round thinking that is going to save the people from lopsided mistakes. Our education cannot be too general, our acquaintance with the grades of life too wide, for in the breadth of our view comes the correction of our tendencies to narrowness.

Therefore, the agitators of destruction know exactly what they are doing when they choose the times of depression for their propaganda. Would that the children of light were as wise to choose the times of prosperity for the cultivation of sound, unbiased and constructive thinking upon the matters pertaining to our common life!

Anyone who preaches that the people must be prevented from thinking is as dangerous to society as are those who spend immeasurable zeal in their efforts to make society think wrongly. It is when all the people think, normally and wholesomely, that the world will become what it might be.

Reconstruction Tasks Republicans Assume

Some of the Problems as Seen by G. O. P. Statesman and Leader

By J. S. FRELINGHUYSEN
United States Senator from New Jersey

THE Republican administration, supported by a majority of twenty-two in the Senate and one hundred and seventy in the House, and upheld by an enormous popular majority, has before it a task unequaled in our generation and perhaps in the history of the government.

So well-nigh unanimous has been the voice of the electorate that it may be said without fear of serious contradiction that the Republican party has received a mandate not only to reconstruct the executive departments and our entire governmental administration upon a more businesslike and efficient basis, but to revise the laws so as to make them harmonize with the foreign and domestic needs of a country which has grown tired of arbitrary impediments to commerce and to the free expression of its intelligence, and, above all, a mandate to maintain our position as the first nation of the world.

It is, however, a time for caution. Our responsibility is grave. Our task is serious. We must put the country on a sound financial basis. Our foreign policy must be thoroughly American. Above all, we must return to constitutional government and cast aside any and all autocratic practices, many of which doubtless were advisable or perhaps necessary during the war.

As a people, we are faced with a tremendous responsibility. We must husband our resources. We must be content with nothing less than to be the greatest nation of all time, not in dominion or merely in wealth, but in service to mankind. This service consists in developing this nation to the utmost so as to reveal to an even greater extent what liberty may do under republican institutions.

We have just concluded in this country two great moral reforms. By one we have suppressed the liquor traffic and by the other we have admitted that the intelligence and character of women are needed at the ballot box no less than those of men. I doubt if the earnest men and women who brought about these reforms will be content with anything short of another triumph. I think they will now turn to the establishment of an efficient and economical government which will know how to deal with the many and pressing problems of the times in an orderly and businesslike way.

The problems are many, but if we practice economy, if we would avoid entangling alliances, and if we are guided by the Constitution, I have no question but that we shall deserve to remain in power and will remain a long time. And I have no doubt of constructive results at the hands of the party of Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt and Harding.

Problems the Party Faces

LET us look into some of our problems and their remedies, some glaring anomalies of our government departments from a business point of view, and some of the outrageous violations of business principles in the conduct of some of the governmental activities. With the return of the peoples everywhere to normalcy, it becomes imperative that we rescind unwholesome fiscal practices. The people must realize the necessity of work. And as we promised in the campaign, we must have more business in the conduct of the government and less government in the conduct of business.

In order to maintain that untrammeled initiative which is the genius of our institutions and has made all our progress possible, the Republican party is opposed to public ownership of public utilities and, instead, favors their strict regulation for the benefit of the people. Regulation is a necessity inherent in the business of public utilities. But, taking the railroads as an example, in so far as freedom is consistent with the character of public utility, we must see to it that government, in the exercise of the power it has assumed, must be the big brother, alert not only to guide but to strengthen. Our restrictions and safeguards we shall confirm and uphold; but our spirit will have in it that bold and courageous generosity that was typical of the faster growing America in the first era.

It was the Republican party which gave us our original Interstate Commerce Act, which founded our Interstate Commerce Commission, and which gave us the Sherman anti-trust law. It was the same party which made the development of our wonderful western country possible through the Homestead Act. With something of the same spirit it sought to conserve our national resources and also enacted the national reclamation act for the irrigation of arid lands. With that same progressive spirit, the last Congress enacted two laws for which the country had been clamoring for years and which the Democrats failed during their period of control to pass. One is the coal and oil land leasing bill, which retains control over and yet stimulates the development of our as yet unused mineral lands. This promises to increase the production and lower the price of fuel. The other is the water power bill, which gives Congress complete control over this great source of creative industrial energy. These laws are far-reaching and evolutionary. They stimulate our national growth in such a way that it cannot get beyond the control of the people.

The government departments and bureaus in Washington are swelled out of all proportion to what they should be. When war was declared we had a total of 32,000 employes; at the time of the signing of the armistice we had 117,000. After two years of actual if not technical peace we still have 55,000 more employes in Washington than when the war began. Within the next few months we should further greatly reduce the total, and if it is at all possible return to the pre-war basis.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance has given out the information that it has received gross applications numbering 4,655,916 and amounting in risk to $40,414,715,500. These are stupendous figures and would greatly impress us with the usefulness of the bureau did we not stop to examine them. The facts are that only 300,000 who have been honorably discharged from the service are still paying voluntarily on $1,740,000,000 and 200,000 now in the service are involuntarily paying on $990,000,000 on the risks in the grand total applied for. Ninety per cent of our soldiers, sailors and marines have not been sufficiently interested in their war-risk policies to keep up their payments and they were, therefore, dropped. If such a large proportion of men have abandoned government insurance, is it not fair to conclude that the bureau is a failure? Certainly the government should not go into the insurance business at a loss. The insurance should be continued for those who care to keep it up, but I can see no reason why the War Risk should not be abolished and all of its functions turned over to the Pension Office. The good of the bureau thus would be retained and much expense done away with. Then, in accord with Republican policy throughout two generations, we should continue to assist those disabled in the service and their dependents. Many millions would be saved from the taxpayers and at the same time a policy would be continued which has always been proved fair and beneficial. At least one-half of the present cost—ten millions—would be saved.

Other bureaus are overstaffed. One of these is the Bureau of Loans and Currency which in four years increased its personnel from 40 to 2,000. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing has thousands of clerks at work on activities growing out of the war which should be rapidly completed. With the completion of the census 2,000 more clerks should, of course, disappear. Several bureaus overlap in their activities. Thus the Bureau of Mines and the Bureau of Standards are making the same investigation of heat treatment in improving the quality of steel. Thus also the Bureau of Education, the Woman's Bureau, the Children's Bureau, the Public Health Service, the Census Office and the Department of Agriculture overlap in many instances.

This is only a part of the evidence of the crying need for the strictest sort of economy in order to bring us back to a businesslike conduct of the government, because outside of executive departments we find forty boards, commissions, offices, and bureaus which have no supervision except from Congress. In other words, a great deal of the executive functioning of the government is illogically and wastefully organized.

One of the evidences of waste and extravagance is provided by what is known as the Reclassification Commission, which has had for its noble purpose the rearrangement, on a more equitable basis, of the salaries of the government clerks. This commission spent $75,000 of the people's money and made a directory classification, which has failed in Chicago and every other municipality where tried. No great business enterprise would think of establishing a wooden standard of classification and remuneration for every position. Yet from the Reclassification Commission we have a voluminous report, which has all the appearance of presenting the details of a Chinese civil service.

Shipping Situation Hit

NO MEMBER of either branch of Congress has more sympathy for the just grievances of the underpaid government clerk than I have. When I see a man in charge of the sale of our public timberlands, and with many millions of dollars intrusted to his hands, receiving $1,800 a year, I know that something is wrong. Whatever rearrangement is made should be upon a plan that will make for increased efficiency and more business activity in the departments. Certainly something should be done to remedy flagrant inequalities and inadequacies in government salaries.

I know of no more outrageous violation of business principles in the conduct of the government than the extraordinary extravagance and waste practiced in the United States Shipping Board. In that remarkably inefficient organization 7,800 employes remain of those who assisted in throwing away two billions of the people's money. Congress has already laid down broad lines along which the efficiency of our merchant marine may be improved. It has provided that all our ships under government operation be turned over eventually to private ownership. It should become one of the chief aims of our Republican administration immediately to turn over to private ownership all government-owned vessels. Unless we have a selling organization in the ports of the world all this immense investment which we have in the merchant marine will go for naught.

We should have in every mart of the world, either through the consuls or the ministers or the legations, agencies to promote the carrying in American ships of the cargoes that are sent out from those ports. Our grand export total should give way to serious consideration of the problem of stimulating our manufactures by securing new foreign markets for them.

Everything must be done to stimulate the farming industry and encourage our farmers to continue production. Much has been done in this direction. They have the parcel post, rural free delivery, farm loan banks, better roads and telephones. Life on the farm is much more livable than formerly. Our American farmers have enjoyed during the period since the World War a greater prosperity than ever before. But they have had a serious setback. By wise governmental policies this temporary setback can be overcome. We must at all hazards maintain healthy prosperity, but not by keeping up fictitious prices created during a time of greatest demand and during a saturnalia of inflation. We should protect farmers and their standard of living by a tariff which will keep out foreign products grown under cheaper conditions, and this should be done at once. And then we should work out a national policy of benefit to the farmers generally, North and South.

The Department of Labor should be reorganized. The powers of the adjustment service should be extended. Between two and three millions of wage-earners are out of employment according to official reports. To help offset this condition we have another problem to solve, which should not be beyond American ingenuity or the constructive genius of the new administration.

There is a middle ground or method by which we may harness the vast energies of American labor and the productive might of American capital to the task of making America supreme among all the nations of the world in productive capacity. When we find that method we shall be fully prepared to lead the greatest commercial revival in history, soon to follow upon the present period of liquidation, for the energies of the earth have been quickened by war and those energies will be turned to commerce, as they always have after the period of readjustment following every war we have had.

Other Tasks He Sets

THE principle of collective bargaining should be acknowledged in interstate commerce, but unions should live up to their agreements when made. The fallacy that labor creates value and that labor is therefore entitled to the full return on the value it creates—which is the basis of most of our socialistic propaganda—should be met with education as to the real part which both labor and capital play in industry and as to the worth of initiative in our institutions.

The Department of Labor should not be conducted as an adjunct of the American Federation of Labor nor as a vehicle for the views of those who favor non-union labor entirely. It should be administered for the benefit of all our wage-earners everywhere, and the Republican party should make it its policy so to utilize it that in the four years to come it will actually better working conditions and at the same time assist in the upbuilding of the prosperity and efficiency of American industry.

The Post Office Department should be overhauled and made more efficient by taking the parcel post business from the main offices in the larger cities and conducting it through warehouses or other space obtained for the purpose. This is really an express business, and is delaying the delivery of the regular letter mail in these offices. For the protection of the banks and other senders of valuable mail, the carrying of mail by aerial route should be stopped unless special stamps are provided and it is so designated by the sender. Congress stipulated that this be done, but the former Postmaster-General so construed the statute as to do the opposite of what was intended.

The Department of Commerce should become an aggressive, reliable and efficient instrumentality for the development of trade. That is what it was intended to be, but instead it has become, so far as our foreign commerce is concerned, an adjunct of our Consular Service. It should issue exhaustive monographs on the foreign sources of markets for our goods. There should be quick general reports on this subject. It should be made the chief factor in the American trade boom of the next ten years.

While our total indebtedness is $24,330,889,731, our Liberty and Victory bond war debt on June 30 last amounted to $19,581,201,450. Less the $9,445,006,855 we loaned to our foreign Allies, and nevertheless owe the American people, because we borrowed it from them, we owe $10,136,194,595. By act of Congress provision was made for payment into a sinking fund of an amount equal to the sum of two and one-half per cent of the total Liberty and Victory loans, less an amount equal to the par of the obligation of foreign governments held by the United States on July 1. By this $235,000,000 will be paid each year and in twenty-five years the debt will be wiped out. This refunding provision should be so extended as to include the entire war debt.

We should, it seems to me, remedy our entire present fiscal arrangements by taking the tax from small incomes, removing the surplus-profits tax and surtaxes, and at the same time by gaining more revenue by a protective tariff and by a tax on manufacturers' sales. For rendering less complicated our entire fiscal affairs the enactment of the budget system is vital.

An Hour With a Great American Sculptor

By O. LAWRENCE HAWTHORNE



LORADO TAFT

"IT'S A curious thing about my statue at the Colony!" exclaimed Lorado Taft. I had spoken of the colossal concrete image surveying in majestic splendor the historic Rock River Valley south of Rockford, Illinois.

"I did not name it Blackhawk," he continued, "and had no idea of representing the old warrior at all. My fancy was simply to erect an Indian figure symbolical of pioneer days. Blackhawk was a hard-faced old boy, you know, so I was really careful *not* to reproduce his features."

As we hastened from the station to the Rockford Elks club, Mr. Taft's attention was repeatedly attracted to buildings he remembered. Incidents of early visits to our city were brought to mind.

At the Church of the Christian Union, his keenly active memory recalled the fact that back in "World's Fair time" he gave a number of lectures there.

"By the way," he said, "one of my girls made a very fine bust of the white-haired old gentleman who was pastor then."

Later in the day, as a guest of the Kiwanis Club, Mr. Taft visited the building and examined with the delight of a boy this reminder of his earlier activities.

"There's the Rock—our river!" was the great artist's greeting as we alighted at the club. His features—extremely fine in texture and molding—were aglow with the nature-love burning in his heart.

"It is my great desire to spend my declining days at the Colony," observed Mr. Taft. "You know I have a studio there, and it is a haven for all of us. I have made so many delightful friends in this wonderful valley. The Artists' Colony has had twenty-three years of happy experience upon Mr. Wallace Heckman's farm only a few miles down the valley. Its painter members have celebrated the autumnal glories of this region in many exhibitions at home and abroad."

Mr. Taft responds readily to all questions regarding his world-famed concrete landmark. I asked him about the inspiration for an Indian memorial. He was immediately aglow with reminiscent pleasure.

"It happened this way," he replied. "Every evening as the shadows turned blue, we walked over the bluff, Eagle's Nest. We always stopped at a certain point to rest—it was our fourteenth summer and we had generally taken that attitude—restful, reverent. And as we stood there, we involuntarily folded our arms, and it came over me that generations before had done so. And so the figure grew out of the attitude, as we stood and looked on those beautiful scenes."

A quotation from the dedicatory address by Edgar A. Bancroft at the unveiling of Blackhawk, July 1, 1911, expresses in a beautiful manner, says the sculptor, the thing he has attempted to perpetuate in stone for generations yet unborn. Mr. Bancroft declared:

"There the sculptor has placed imperishably the Indian—not sullen, not resentful, not despondent, not surrendering; but simple, unflinching, erect; with the pathos of the past in his face, the tragedy of the future in his eyes but with the dauntless courage of a man in his figure and in his whole attitude."

"The face of the statue is purely ideal," mused Mr. Taft. "It is a composite of various portraits of Indians. I left off the usual Indian trappings—the feather and buckskin and other conventional signs. There is even a hint of the old Roman in the face, which was necessary to make it suggest a spirit unconquered while still the conquered race. To be suggestive rather than direct, is what I aimed at; to do that is the great joy of the sculptor.

"We artists love the Rock River Valley and I am sure it must have had a strong appeal to the Red Men. So it was a natural idea for a sculptor to represent one of the old-time inhabitants taking his last look over that beautiful country—the home out of which the white man drove him."

Many residents of the Middle West are on terms of personal acquaintance with Blackhawk. Motoring and the ever-enticing beauties of the Blackhawk Trail weekly take hundreds and hundreds of tourists to Oregon, Illinois. Familiar to us has become the massive figure placidly defying the elements, and offering challenge to the ages of time. But how many know the story of its erection, the manner in which it was built? I asked Mr. Taft for particulars. Here they are:

It is made of solid concrete except for a hollow perpendicular shaft in the center, terminating just above the folded arms. This shaft is large enough for an observer to be elevated and peer out over the valley through a small window which is invisible from the ground. The statue, exclusive of the foundation and low pedestal on which it stands, weighs 270 tons.

The erection of Blackhawk was accomplished only after two summers of hard work, and after encountering many engineering problems. Five hundred barrels of cement were used in mixing the concrete, and a motor and windlass for getting it to the top had to be installed. The concrete was "poured" into a mold, which was prepared in an unusual way. First, a six-foot plaster model was made and this was enlarged by careful measurement to a frame of scantlings around an elevator shaft.

When the entire figure had been framed in lumber, the surface was made by stretching wire netting over the timbers and then nailing burlap over the forms. The burlap was painted over with plaster of Paris to make it stiffer. Next, a three-inch mold of plaster was built around the model. Finally, everything was taken out of the mold and the entire space, with the exception of the central shaft already mentioned, filled with concrete.

Regarding Mr. Taft's most recent triumph—the Fountain of Time in Chicago—he is justly though modestly proud. Many years have been devoted to its conception and final accomplishment. Much of the great artist's soul is expressed in this symphony of grace and grandeur.

He spoke of the fountain in this way:

"A vagrant line or two of Austin Dobson's once made a great impression upon me. Says the poet,

> 'Time goes, you say? Ah, no,
> Alas, time stays; we go.'

The words brought before me a picture which speedily transformed fancy into a colossal work of sculpture. I saw the mighty, crag-like figure of Time, mantled like one of Sargent's Prophets, leaning upon his staff, his chin upon his hands, and watching with cynical, inscrutable gaze the endless march of humanity. A majestic relief of marble, I saw it, swinging in a wide circle around the form of the lone sentinel and made up of the shapes of hurrying men and women and children in endless procession, ever impelled by the winds of destiny in the inexorable lock-step of the ages. Theirs the 'fate-formed movement' which has not ceased since time began. But in that crowded concourse how few detach themselves from the grayness of the dusty caravan; how few there are who even lift their heads. Here an over-taxed body falls—and a place is vacant for a moment; there a strong man turns to the silent, shrouded reviewer and with lifted arms utters the cry of the old-time gladiators: 'Hail, Caesar, we who go to our death salute thee!' and presses on."

Lorado Taft was born at Elmwood, Illinois, in 1860. He is a graduate of the University of Illinois, where his father was professor of geology.

His interest in sculpture began when, a boy of thirteen, he was permitted to help an Italian plaster-worker repair a collection of casts which had reached the university badly damaged in transit. The boy found it a delightful game to pick the pieces out of the packing boxes and fix them together, like assembling a jig-saw puzzle. For the first time it was seen in what direction his tastes lay and he carried on his modeling all through his college course.

In 1880, after his graduation, Mr. Taft went to Paris where he studied for five years in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Since 1885 he has resided in Chicago, with occasional trips to Europe, including Italy and Greece.

He has been connected with the Art Institute of Chicago for more than thirty years, as instructor in modeling and as lecturer. He is professorial lecturer on the History of Art at the University of Illinois. He is a member of the National Sculpture Society, of the National Academy, of the American Institute of Arts and Letters, an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects, and is one of the board of art advisers of the state of Illinois. He received a silver medal at the Buffalo Exposition in 1901 and a gold medal at the Exposition at St. Louis in 1904.

Mr. Taft's most important achievements date from the time of the Columbian Exposition, when he undertook the decoration of the Horticulture Building and whose two groups, "The Sleep of the Flowers" and "The Awakening of the Flowers," on either side of the main entrance, brought recognition and opportunities for later commissions.

His earlier works include busts of Joaquin Miller, Israel Zangwill, Hamlin Garland, Frances E. Willard and Susan B. Anthony. Later busts are those of Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, and Henry W. Longfellow (for the University of Illinois), Clement and J. M. Studebaker and General John A. Logan (for the Grand Army).

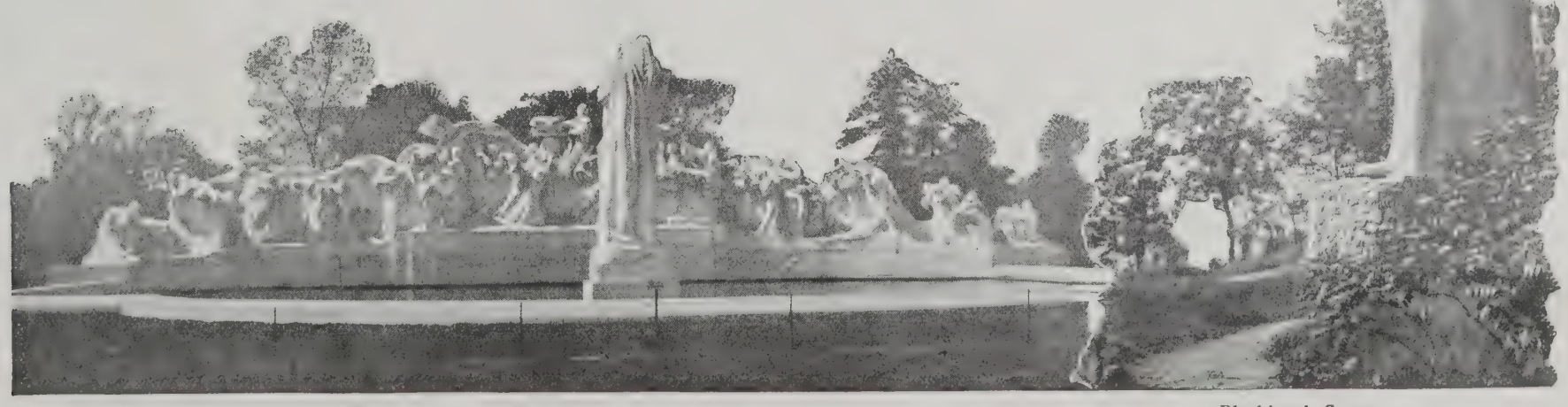
Recent professional works include "The Blind," an ideal group inspired by Maeterlinck's drama of the same name; the Columbus Memorial Fountain at Washington, D. C.; "The Solitude of the Soul" at the Art Institute of Chicago; the Fountain of the Great Lakes, adjoining; the Washington Monument at Seattle, Washington; Blackhawk and the Ogle County Soldiers' Memorial at Oregon, Illinois; the Thatcher Memorial Fountain at Denver, Colorado; and—recently set up—the vast Fountain of Time, on the Midway Plaisance, Chicago.

As an author, Mr. Taft has published a "History of American Sculpture"; and another work, six lectures on "Recent Tendencies in Sculpture," is recently off the press. Also, in 1919, he lectured for six months to members of the A. E. F. at Beaune and Bellevue, France.

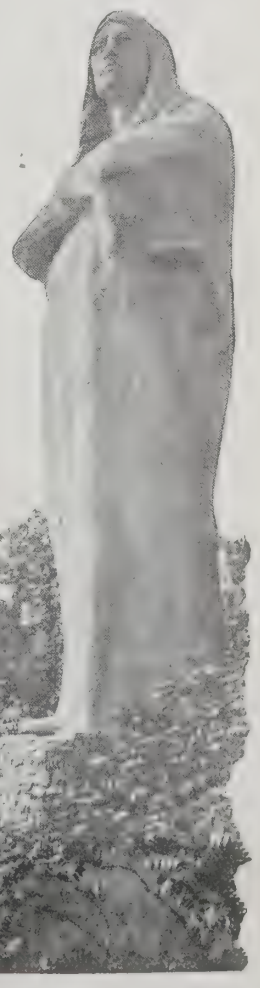
Mr. Taft's Chicago studio is situated on the Midway, in the immediate vicinity of the University of Chicago, between Washington and Jackson parks. The "Midway Studios" combine a double range of buildings erected around a central court and provide quarters for the artist himself, for seven or eight associate sculptors and for many assistants—some twenty persons in all. Here can be seen in operation most of the processes connected with the art of sculpture.

Mr. Taft's summer residence, as has been previously stated, is on the Rock River near Oregon, where for twenty-three years he has been head of the artists' camp.

"I am so keenly interested in modern community building and the city beautiful," observed Mr. Taft as the moment arrived when I could no longer properly detain him. "I recognize that patriotism begins at home. Learn to appreciate and love the home town and you have a good start for wider interests. We love our home towns, but how much more might be done to make them attractive. Anyone who points out their beauties or their needs is a public benefactor."



The Fountain of Time, at Chicago



Blackhawk Statue

The Jews and the "Religious Persecution" Cry

Showing the Attitudes and Activities of the Jews Against the Religious Rights of the Majority: A Reply to a Propagandist Lie

WE CHEERFULLY give the Jews of the United States credit for knowing when they are getting their money's worth. In the defense that has been set up for them they know that they have not had their money's worth, neither from Jewish money collectors nor from the "Gentile fronts" to whom the money has been paid. The Louis Marshall line of defense has broken down. The boycott has dribbled into nothingness. Speeches in Congress and editorials in newspapers have sounded too hollow to carry conviction. The Question has proved itself far too big for those who have entered the defense for gain, to satisfy personal grudges, or to win what they feel to be the favor of the stronger side. The Jews long ago quit the course which some of the "Gentile fronts" still continue; the Jews recognized the futility of it.

No intelligent Jew in the United States ever was asinine enough to declare that the Jewish Question is a religious question and that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT's investigation of that Question constituted "religious persecution." No Jew known beyond the next street has ever ventured such a silly charge. But it is apparently all that remains for the "Gentile fronts" to shout about. From what can be learned of them they are for the most part men of no religion themselves and they use the term "religious persecution" as a red rag which they think will stir people into action. It is rather curious how the cry of "religious persecution" is used to evoke the spirit of persecution against alleged persecutors.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT this week goes out of its course to squelch once and for all this cry of religious persecutions.

The Situation Under Three Points

THREE statements are sufficient to outline the situation:

First, neither directly nor by implication has THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT held that the Jewish Question is a religious question. On the contrary, supported by the highest Jewish authority, this paper has held that the Jewish Question is one of race and nationality. (See issues of October 9 and 16, 1920; reprinted in the new book, volume two of "The International Jew.")

Second, there is no religious persecution of the Jew in the United States, unless the agitation of various humane societies for the abolition of "kosher killing" may be considered such. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has published a valuable study of the Jewish method of slaughtering animals for food, in which is adduced much scientific evidence to support the conclusion that the Jewish method is "needlessly cruel." But even this can only with difficulty be stretched into an interference with "the religion of the Jews." The Jewish method of slaughter as now practiced is not commanded in the Old Testament but in the Talmud, and is, therefore, not religious in the authoritative sense, but traditional. Moreover, there is positive evidence that modern methods achieve the Jewish purpose (the disposal of the blood of the carcass) much better than does the Jewish method. This is the only instance where even remotely the religion of the Jews has been touched.

Where "Persecution" Can Be Found

THIRD, the fact is that while there is no "religious persecution" of the Jews, there is very much real religious persecution *by* the Jews. That is one of the outstanding characteristics of organized Jewish life in the United States, its active, unceasing, powerful and virulent attacks upon any and all forms of Christianity which may chance to come to public notice. Now and again we hear of outbreaks of sectarian bigotry between Catholics and Protestants, but these are not to be compared with the steady, relentless, alert, anti-Christian activity of the Jewish organizations. There are doctrinal disputes within the Christian churches, but none that challenge the basis of Christianity itself; organized Judaism, however, is not content with doctrinal disputation, but enlists its vast commercial and political power against everything that it regards as, in its own words, "Christological manifestations."

Now, these are facts, and being facts, they are important, and they ought to be publicly known.

No President of the United States has yet dared to take his inaugural oath on the open pages of the New Testament—the Jews would denounce him. When General Pershing announced that he considered the morale of the American soldier due to the interest of the Christian men and women at home, the Jews had him cut out the word "Christian." Various governors of American states, having used the word "Christian" in their Thanksgiving proclamations, have been obliged to excise it on demand of the Jews. The word "Christian" was compelled to be cut out of the officers' training manual at the Plattsburg training camp. Everything that would remind the child in school that he is living in the midst of a Christian civilization, in a nation declared by its Supreme Court to be founded on Christian principles, has been ordered out of the public schools on Jewish demand.

People sometimes ask why 3,000,000 Jews can control the affairs of 100,000,000 Americans. In the same way that ten Jewish students can abolish the mention of Christmas and Easter out of schools containing 3,000 Christian pupils.

In a nation and at a time when a minority of Jews can print every year a record of the apologies they have extorted from public officials for "having inadvertently used the term 'Christian,'" it is desirable that this charge of "religious persecution" should be placed where it belongs. In the *Daily American Tribune,* a Catholic daily published at Dubuque, Iowa, appeared a recent headline which said a great deal—*Not Persecution of The Jews, But Protection of The Christians.*

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew." Twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

Red Cross and Gideons

IT IS now proposed to let the Jews speak for themselves on this question. The Jewish press has been searched for an authoritative expression charging that the study of the Jewish Question constitutes "religious persecution," and none has been found. That cry has been reserved for "Gentile fronts" for use among Christians. All the attacks from the Jewish camp are against the doctrines and institutions of the Christians. They have carried on an insistent and successful persecution, and the details of it have filled the Jewish press for years past.

Upon reading the following selections, the remark of Dean Swift will probably come to mind: "We are fully convinced that we shall always tolerate them, but not that they will tolerate us."

The Red Cross is objectionable to the Jew. H. Lissauer, in *The Jewish Times,* proposed that the Magen David be substituted for "the red cross" on the Red Cross Society badges worn by Jews.

"We should not let our sensitiveness to charges of intolerance overcome our conscientious religious objections to the cross," says Mr. Lissauer. The editor of *The Jewish Independent* thinks the suggestion "is worthy of serious consideration."

The Gideons are objectionable to the Jew. The Gideons is the name given to the Christian Commercial Travelers' Association of America, whose efforts are responsible for the Bibles which are to be found in most hotel rooms. This is from the Cleveland *Jewish Independent*:

"It is quite evident that the Gideons do not know a typically Jewish name when they see or hear one. The Gideons' object, according to their letterheads is 'winning commercial traveling men for Christ' and the way this is done is by placing a Christian Bible in each guest room of every hotel.

"The Gideons have been at it a long time, long enough to know better, but the other day they sent a letter to Max Cohen of this city, who is a traveling man but the kind the Gideons have no right to ask for funds, and the person who selected him for an 'easy mark' certainly should have had better sense. . . .

"Mr. Cohen utterly failed to 'fall' for the invitation and instead of sending his little donation he wrote a letter to the secretary, C. A. Johnson, in which he bluntly said: 'Don't you think you ought to use better judgment than to ask me to contribute to a strictly religious work opposite to my own belief?'

"If the Gideons insist upon filling up hotels with Bibles that have no business there, they should go to the right persons for contributions."

The Jews do not like the Salvation Army nor the Y. M. C. A. Many thousands of printed lines expressed the fury with which they regarded attempts to "Christianize the Army and Navy" during the war, and the wild arguments with which they sought to make "Y" work and Salvation Army work appear to be a violation of the principle of no union of Church and State. The same objection was made to religious welfare work during the building of the Panama Canal. If there is any challenge of this on the part of uninformed "Gentile fronts" (the Jews themselves will not challenge it) the evidence can be produced. It is only a matter of space.

The Jews did not like Theodore Roosevelt's choice of a hymn for the Progressive party:

"With Hon. Oscar S. Straus as the nominee for the governorship of New York on the Progressive ticket, this question rises: Will the voters on the East Side of New York City march to the Progressive battle hymn, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' or will the song have to be changed to fit the candidate?"—*American Israelite.*

The Slur on Missions

THE Jews hate with a malice beyond expression what they call "mission holes," that is, a place of instruction maintained by Christian churches where inquiring Jews may learn what Christianity is and, in many instances, where destitute and neglected Jews may receive assistance and counsel. The boast of how "the Jew cares for his own" is given a jolt by the dire need which has called Christian welfare work into Jewish settlements.

This hatred overrode good judgment so completely that in 1911 Assemblyman Heyman introduced into the New York State legislature a bill making it an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment to entice or tempt a minor under sixteen years of age into a religious mission, Sunday school or church without the written consent of the parents or guardian of the minor! The language indicates a part of the contempt in which the welfare work undertaken by Christian institutions for the neediest class of children in America is held by the leaders among the Jews; not by the masses of the Jews themselves, however, except when they are terrified by their leaders.

In St. Louis, application for a charter of the Jewish Christian Association was opposed. The converted Jews wanted an association of their own. They represented that they had been ostracized by the Jews and were desirous of organizing and owning their own meeting place. A referee advised against the charter on the ground that "it would be contrary to the broad spirit of religious freedom guaranteed under the constitution of Missouri." The referee was, of course, coached by Jews. In the name of religious freedom these Jews opposed giving an association freedom enough to preach the gospel.

Curtailing American Religious Freedom

IN TORONTO the Jewish leaders issued a proclamation throughout all Toronto Jewry forbidding the use of reading rooms, baths, dispensaries, motion picture shows or anything else which they described as "the petty bribery of conversionist tricksters who seek for their wealthy donators to open the gates of heaven and find salvation for their sins by converting a weak-minded Jew."

By the way, all converted Jews are weak-minded or criminal, if we are to believe the hundreds of statements to that effect in the Jewish papers. The Jews are, without exception, superior people until they become Christians; *then* learn what they are from the Jewish leaders!

Among the nice names for this welfare work are "Jesus holes," "mission traps," "Jew-snatchers," "child stealers."

It happened that one of the helpers in the Chicago Gospel Mission was principal of a Chicago public

school. The Jews raised a great outcry against him, denounced him as unfit to teach children, and guilty of "the moral turpitude of eating food provided by taxes of which a large share is received from Jews, whose children they seek to entice from their parental religion and whose men and women they are seeking to degrade into liars and hypocrites." All because a competent man was willing to meet Jewish inquirers, or perhaps bring a few of the benefits of civilization into the neglected ghetto. If this school teacher were Christian enough to have a conscience, he would resign, said the Jewish thunderers, and with that never-failing tinge of dark-mindedness they added: "What is done in secret in these haunts can, of course, only be guessed at."

Talk about bigotry! This from a people who encourage the cry that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is engaged in "religious persecution," though THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has not yet carried even one of the scores of sensational and important stories which show the Federal Government discovering synagogues and rabbis as agents of the illicit liquor traffic. "These *haunts*" and hints of the things that may go on there, is the only way the *American Israelite* can find to refer to welfare works in which some of the best people, from no motive but the goodness of their hearts, engage.

A book of 500 pages could be filled with the unreasonable and in many cases positively vicious statements of leading Jews on any of the subjects touched here.

The Jews do not like the Christian Sabbath. The literature of attack against this institution is voluminous and the arguments extreme. Sunday is Christian, therefore to the Jew it is taboo. Court records in every state bear testimony to the fight of the Jews against Sunday. Few legislatures have escaped being pestered with bills on the subject. The latest fight has been the strongest yet waged, to destroy Sunday by throwing it wide open to Jewish exploitation. Yet the Jews are most chary of their own Sabbath. When recent college examinations fell on Jewish holy days, the Jews had the examinations changed. When primary elections last year fell on Jewish days, every power was moved to change them. There are Jewish records of a western governor being remonstrated with because a condemned criminal was sentenced to be hanged on Saturday—did the governor mean to "offend 3,000,000 Jews"? The St. Louis Charity Fair in 1908 planned to remain open on Friday evening; a great outcry; did the managers of that fair mean to insult the Jews; didn't they know that the Jewish Sabbath began on Friday night?

But when it is a question of maintaining the integrity of Sunday—pooh! pooh! "Don't the Christians know that Sunday perpetuates the silliest superstition, that their god Jesus rose from the dead?" When certain people aid the post office employes in an attempt to close the post offices on Sunday, the Jews regard it as a step back toward the dark ages.

Denouncing Governor Cox's Sunday Policy

HERE is a Jewish editorial relating to Governor Cox. It appears that Governor Cox in 1914 stood for a decent Sunday and liquor law enforcement, and this is the threat held out to him:

"At the 59th Jackson Day banquet of the Wayne County (Ohio) Democracy, which was held at Wooster, Governor Cox made the principal address in which he defended laws passed at his instigation. The governor laid particular stress on the fact that for the first time in her history, Ohio now enjoys a 'Christian Sabbath.'

"'I stand or fall by the Christian Sabbath in the next campaign,' the governor is reported to have said . . . .

"There are many who construe the declaration to mean that Governor Cox has bid defiance to the liberal element of the state and will rely upon the religious and class prejudices which he is arousing and keeping alive in the rural districts, to re-elect him to his present office, or, what is clearly plain from his entire attitude, boost him into the nomination for United States Senatorship. The *Israelite* will take great pleasure about the time the leaves begin to turn in reminding Governor Cox of his statement that he 'will stand or fall by a Christian Sabbath' in the coming campaign."—*American Israelite.*

The literature of Jewish thought toward Sunday presents complete evidence of the leaders' antagonism to this distinctly Christian and Anglo-Saxon institution. Sunday has never been regarded as set apart, in those countries where the Jewish idea has most infiltrated. The decline of Sunday in the United States is directly along the line of those invasions of the Sunday spirit which are mostly aligned with Jewish commercial interests. In Great Britain and her colonies where the Jew is not permitted to usurp a superior place as chief censor of morals and religion and education, Sunday is decently observed. The situation in this country is that, instead of enjoying its liberty, the Jewish leaders have taken liberties. The student who wishes to know how deep and hard-set is the anti-Sunday program will find all the material he wants in Jewish sources.

The Bible—Where, Now, Is the Prejudice?

THE theme of this article is "religious prejudice." You will not find it anywhere within the whole range of the Jewish Question, except on the Jewish side. There is, in the United States, a religious prejudice, but it is strictly Yiddish. If the Christian population bothered one one-hundred-thousandth part as much about Jewish religion as the Jews bother about Christian observances, the whole fabric of Talmudical teaching would be consumed in the bright light to which general attention would bring it, the bright light from which it has always been concealed. Sheer analysis in the interest of mental health, if undertaken by fifty men, would compel the Jewish people by their own decision to abandon the darkness which holds them now. Jewish Talmudism owes its existence today to the indifference with which it is regarded. This is the far opposite extreme of "religious persecution."

The list of headlines describing the various angles of Jewish anti-Christian religious prejudice is not, however, exhausted.

The Jew is prejudiced against the Bible. When he uses that term, he does not mean what the ordinary person means. Therefore, he does what he can to destroy public honor of the Book, unless it be an occasion where a President has been inaugurated, when it will run through the Jewish press like a strong breeze that once more has a Christian statesman ignored the Christian Bible and turned to the Jewish Bible. It is rather a trifling matter to mention; its significance comes solely from the light it throws on the Jewish attitude. It is not a trifling thing in Jewry, as the country will probably be made aware if any future President should be sworn in with, say, the Sermon on the Mount open before him.

And yet, even here, we observe a strange paradox. A Jewish authority says: "The Jew is a paradox. He is at once an idealist and a materialist. He is parsimonious and extravagant. He is courageous and cowardly. He is modest and vulgar. He is persistent and yielding. He is peaceful and warlike"—and so on. And though the Jew opposes the Bible in the schools, he never misses a chance to put it there, with the Jewish trade-mark. He quotes the Psalms—"We wrote them." He quotes Isaiah—"We Jews did that."

Teaching Hebrew Is "All Right"

MOST people sit open-mouthed at these glorious authors of Scripture and do not know how to answer. It is time the Churches began to learn what to say to the Jewish taunts—"We gave you your god;" "We gave you your bible;" "We gave you your savior." Perhaps it is also time that the Jews themselves considered how long the boast will stand the usage they are giving it.

In any case the literature which the Jews wrongfully claim as their own production, is rather far distant in time to justify its being used as a mantle of glory for the political rabbis, the discredited theatrical and movie magnates, and the violent penman of the Jewish press. Rather too distant in time! We, the race that confronts the Jews, have done somewhat more recent work; for example, the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation, not to mention the psalms and pronouncements of the great American prophets that have lifted up the world.

So, the Jew is very willing that the Bible should be in the schools, provided it is not what he calls "the Christian Bible." Listen to this:

> "Hebrew is to be taught in the Chicago high schools. Students who include this language in their course are to receive the credit now allowed for the study of other classical languages. Of infinite value in the training of the mind are the wonderful narratives of Genesis, and boys and girls will find the history of Israel under the Judges much more appealing than Caesar's bridge over the Rhine."

The people of New Jersey thought so, too; they believed that a reading from this ancient book every day would mean much to the general culture of the pupils. But what did the paper just quoted say about it? It called the cultivated Bible appreciators of New Jersey "soul-snatching enthusiasts" and raised a mighty yell about "the forcible conversion of Jewish children," although it was provided that Jewish or any other children should be excused from the reading if desired. Another mighty yell about excusing the children all on account of the tyranny of reading the Christian Bible in the schools—regardless of the fact, which every public school teacher knows, that no class of children is oftener out of school for religious reasons than are the Jews.

Truly, these people are a paradox. They are not fair. They are constituted so that they cannot see the other side of anything. For a time they actually do convince the secularists that everything public should be secularized down to the last notch of atheistic demand. Non-Jews are fair. They are willing to see the other people's point of view. When it was said to us that the "Merchant of Venice" was a cruelty upon Jewish school pupils, we said, without investigation, "Out goes the Merchant, then!" We discovered later that the Jewish children liked and appreciated that play better than any other group. Brander Matthews helped us discover that.

And so when they said, "Reading the Bible is sheer proselytizing; it isn't fair," the non-Jew, who wanted to prove that he is fair and unprejudiced above all things else (a weakness the Jews know how to manipulate), said, "Well, then, out goes the Bible!" And it went out. Very well! What next? "You must abolish Christmas, too." "You must not keep Easter—the Jews don't like it." "It is anti-Semitic to observe Good Friday." In other words, to please the sensitive Jewish natures we must eradicate from Christian civilization all that is Christian in it.

The Propaganda of Judaism

IN THE meantime what transpires? Having induced "fair-minded" non-Jews to do all these things—and every one above enumerated has been done over and over again at Jewish demand—the Jews then proceeded to sow Judaism on the fields thus denuded of Christianity. "No religion in the institutions of the State"—yet in every state university last year there were, and in every state university this year there probably will be, courses of lectures delivered by Jewish rabbis—the lectures delivered in the colleges themselves—propagandizing the youth of the non-Jews with Judaistic religion, ethics, and economics. That is what the so-called Jewish "Chautauqua" exists for. It is not a Jewish "Chautauqua"; it is Jewish propaganda in public educational institutions.

That is the repayment the Jews have made for our "fair-mindedness." Their demand for complete secularization is merely their preparation of the soil for their carefully organized sowing of the seed of Judaism. And non-Jews permit it to continue, for there is nothing they fear so much as that their opposition will be regarded as "religious prejudice."

The Jew glories in religious prejudice, as the American glories in patriotism. Religious prejudice *is* the Jews' chief expression of their own true patriotism. It is the only well-organized, active and successful form of religious prejudice in the country because they have succeeded in pulling off the gigantic trick of making not their own attitude, but any opposition to it, bear the stigma of "prejudice" and "persecution." That is why the Jew uses these terms so frequently. He wants to label the other fellow first. That is why any investigation of the Jewish Question is so quickly advertised as anti-Semitism—the Jew knows the advantage of labeling the other man; wrong labels are most useful.

This does not by any means exhaust the list of headlines describing the various avenues in which the expression of virulent Jewish religious prejudice and persecution is found. But it exhausts the space allotted to these articles each week. Therefore, the subject will be concluded next week.

Not Pleasant, But Necessary

IT IS not a pleasant subject. Religious prejudice is just as unpleasant to write about as it is to experience in any other way. It is totally contrary to the genius of the American and the Anglo-Saxon. We have always regarded religion as a matter of conscience. To believe as he will is part of every man's fundamental liberty. To interfere with force to change anyone's belief is exceedingly stupid.

Holding these hereditary principles, one chooses to study that active stream of influence in American life which is known as the Jewish stream, and immediately upon doing so, one finds himself classed with the bigots and torturers of other times.

It is now time to show that the cry of "bigot!" is raised mostly by bigots. There *is* a religious prejudice in this country, there *is*, indeed, a religious persecution, there *is* a forcible shoving aside of the religious liberties of a majority of the people, and this prejudice and persecution and use of force is Jewish and nothing but Jewish.

This is the answer to the cry of "religious persecution," and we shall make it so complete and definite that a repetition of the cry against students of the Jewish Question will automatically mark the criers as either too ignorant or too vicious for consideration.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents each in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Salvaging American Prisons

By AARON HARDY ULM

"THE prevailing method of dealing with crime and criminals is all wrong, fundamentally wrong. To seek improvement by merely tinkering with the system is almost useless. The system must be completely changed. I am devoting my life to fighting crime, the crimes against so-called criminals as well as the kind they commit. Criminality now costs the country not less than five billion dollars a year, which is more than we spend on popular education. The prisons are festering sores on the body politic, the breeding places of an insurgency that in a time of stress might threaten the life of society itself. They have long been training grounds for the I. W. W. and other violently radical organizations, several of which have a systematic method of recruiting from the jails and penitentiaries. This must be stopped by treating crime and criminals in a common sense way."

The speaker was Edward H. Morrell, himself an ex-convict with a record of sixteen years in prison, five of which he spent in solitary confinement in a dungeon.

Since his release in 1908 from San Quentin prison in California, Mr. Morrell has devoted his time to fighting for prison reform—though he denies that he is a "reformer" in the usual sense and has rarely worked with those who so style themselves. The average "prison reformer," he says, is satisfied with efforts to improve the present, and age-old, system of dealing with crime and criminals, accepting its fundamentals as sound and its principles as workable in the matter of estopping crime and correcting criminals.

Sentiment Not Considered

"WHEN one pronounces our method of dealing with crime and criminals as wrong, one is naturally open to the charge of wanting to coddle criminals and excuse crime," he said. "Why not think of those who suffer from the acts of criminals? is a very natural and pertinent question to ask of those who urge a change. Well, it is from that basis that I advance my creed. Under our present system, the innocent victims of criminals are veritably ignored. What state now makes provision for indemnifying, say, the widow of a man who has been ruthlessly murdered? It will spend thousands of dollars on the murderer. Often a small fortune is spent out of the taxpayers' money on long drawn out court proceedings that largely are legal mummery and nothing else, when a board of trained specialists could determine guilt or innocence in an hour's time and virtually without expense. Other thousands will be spent on detaining the criminal, if convicted, while he serves his sentence; and he is turned loose, at the end, not less dangerous, but much more dangerous than ever to the public peace. Meantime, the innocent victims of the criminals' wrongs are forgotten, scorned. They may be a woman and a group of small children deprived of a husband and father; and because of the deprivation those children may become criminals themselves.

"Now the innocent sufferers from criminal acts have just and meritorious claims against society, claims that society should meet. It should meet them by compelling the criminal to make up as far as possible for his wrongdoing. That is to say, if one man murders another, we should see that the wrongdoer takes care of the dead man's family. If a thief steals from you, see that he returns dollar for dollar that which he takes.

"At the same time make the law-breaker self-supporting, and by making him self-supporting prepare him to return to freedom equipped for maintaining himself honorably.

"This is not a question of what many are fond of terming 'maudlin sentimentality.' Sentiment has little if anything to do with it. It is a question of social economy and justice. Our present system makes for waste, terrific, inexcusable waste—and rank injustice. The injustice isn't so much to the person convicted of and punished for crime as to the victims of his crime. And the sufferers from crime are not confined to the direct victims of criminal acts, they include all who in the end must meet the outrageous direct and the almost unlimited indirect cost of crime."

Once in San Quentin's Dungeon

WHILE Morrell's views are in some respects "extreme," he is not of the extremist type. He speaks an everyday language. His personality is of the red-blooded kind, so much so, in fact, that his friend, Jack London, put him into a book, "The Star Rover." As a youth, Morrell was a member of a gang of California outlaws and with them took part in many spectacular feats of banditry. He was caught, when in his teens, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. He at first resented the confinement and was finally classed as an incorrigible and was made a "solitary" dungeon prisoner at San Quentin. There a humane warden found him and discovered that the severe punishment he had undergone was due to a false accusation, gave him sympathy and encouragement and ultimately made him a "trusty." He rose to be "chief trusty," and thus became interested in helping other prisoners. In 1908 he was pardoned.

He immediately took up the work of fighting for improvement in our prison systems. He induced the California legislature to enact a workable parole law, and became the father of the famous honor system among prisoners. He is given the credit for causing the honor system to be adopted by Arizona and Oregon.

His long study of the subject has convinced Morrell, however, that lasting results can be obtained only by changing our entire policy in dealing with them. He organized the Twentieth Century Prison League to promote his program. The league has been taken over by the Bureau of Commercial Economics, the altruistic motion picture organization that operates on an international scale from Washington. It is now the bureau's department of prisons, with Morrell as director. It is proposed to advance his ideas largely by means of pictures to be distributed freely all over the country. Morrell is now preparing for a motion picture exhibition and lecturing tour that will take him across the continent. He will make the trip in one of the bureau's traveling trucks, which will enable him to exhibit pictures and lecture anywhere en route.

"Does not what you advocate call for drastic changes in our criminal laws?" I asked him.

"Certainly, changes of the most fundamental character," he replied. "The first, I should say, would be an amendment to the Federal Constitution, putting the handling of crime and criminals exclusively in the hands of the national government. This, because the handling of crime is not a local problem, but one of national importance. We know the argument put forward in behalf of prohibition, the impossibility of a 'dry' state keeping out the inflow from 'wet' states. How much more difficult it is to keep crime from sweeping from one community or one state to another! A crusade against law-breakers in New York serves largely only to shift so-called 'crime waves' to other cities. Even now, it often happens that courts let law-breakers off without punishment on condition that they leave the community to pursue their operations elsewhere.

"We must have one uniform method or system of dealing with crime everywhere; one code of practice for courts and prisons, so to speak. The only practicable way to get that is by giving the Federal Government control of the entire procedure, at least from the courts to the prisons, and remove it entirely from politics.

"When we get that amendment, the nation must summon the world's best experts and get them to draw up codes aimed sincerely and scientificially at reducing crime and eliminating criminals from the body politic. Reduce crime by making it unprofitable and eliminate criminals by salvaging them to society.

"Psychology, medicine and other sciences have thrown on crime many lights of which the science of law, predicated on the medieval theory of total depravity, takes no cognizance. The criminal law, as we now have it, is based on the false assumption that artificial punishment is a deterrent—that the way to cure the criminal is to make him suffer, not from the natural effects of his crime, but from the effects of laws applied with more or less cold rigidity to all alike. Treatment is fixed by the character of the crime; not as it should be by the character of the criminal.

No "Criminal Class," He Says

"THE 'criminal class' theory is a fallacy. True, some people are born with tendencies that you might rate as criminal. But those very tendencies may function through a dozen other ways of vicious or inefficient conduct that are not defined by the law as crimes. Many acquire such tendencies through ill-health, malnutrition and lack of care in their early years; some even by accident. I know of two boys, the sons of the same parents, born to the same environment and reared with the same care. One was studious, orderly, obedient; the other, careless, indifferent, even vicious. When the latter was subjected to a thorough physical examination, a tooth, infected at the root, and which had never given him pain, was discovered. It was removed, his system was cleared of the poisons the infection had spread through his body and temporarily changed his nature, and he became as exemplary as his brother. Now if the child had gone on with that infected tooth, he probably would have landed in a reformatory, or, later on, in a penitentiary and have been turned out from either place a worse instead of a better person.

"Only seven to eight per cent of crime is committed by what you would call 'professional criminals,' that is, by persons who have made criminality a trade and consider it an art and take pride in it. If that type of criminal were let go entirely, the total of crime committed would be insignificant. The great bulk of crime is what for a better term you may call accidental. It is due more to inefficiency than to criminal instinct.

"Seventy to eighty per cent of all law-breakers are nothing but misfits. Studies show that 56 per cent of the children in the average common school are misfits, that is, not fully equipped for the struggle for existence. All these misfits are potential law-breakers, though only a small proportion actually become such. We must find how best to deal with those whose deficiencies function criminally.

"Under our present court procedure, many guilty go free and some who are innocent are convicted. We should leave the determination of guilt to boards of magistrates trained in weighing evidence, and free them of those technical restrictions once necessary to prevent oppression, but which are now used mostly for the manipulation of the law by skillful lawyers to make out their particular cases.

"When guilt is established, the offender should be turned over to another board, made up of scientific experts, who will grade and classify him with reference to what may be done for him and for what he may do by way of repairing the wrong he has done others.

"In the pitiful case of a moron with congenital vicious tendencies, he should be locked up for life and required at least to earn his own support. They should be permanently restrained, not primarily because they commit a crime, but because they cannot take care of themselves with safety to society.

"But suppose they refuse to earn their keep?" the writer inquired.

"Well, let the law of nature take its course; if they insist on starving let them starve," was Mr. Morrell's prompt response.



EDWARD H. MORRELL,

One-time bandit and for sixteen years a "lifer" in the prisons of California, who says the prevailing system of dealing with criminals is all wrong, and is beginning a national campaign for fundamental changes in our penal policies

"A very large proportion of persons sent to our prisons need medical treatment more than they do punishment. Instead of impairing them further, as our system does, we should repair them and fit them for honorable combat with life.

"Thus the scientific board to which I would have every convicted criminal submitted for diagnosis and sentence would prescribe for the criminal as a doctor would for a patient. If the mind is in need of repairs that can be made, send him to a psychopathic infirmary; if the body is the point of weakness, to the operating table or to a rehabilitation hospital. Turn out none until they are well and trained in a trade that will enable them to earn honest livings.

"Get rid of the stench holes we call jails. With all the faults of our penitentiaries our county jails are ten-fold worse. Not only do guilty persons go to them, but many innocent persons are also held in them pending trial. They are festering sores of disease, physical and mental. You can get rid of them by shortening the period between the arrest and the trial of offenders.

"Take your armed guards and your iron gratings from your penitentiaries. It has been done in Oregon and works successfully. It is done at Occoquan, the District of Columbia prison. Develop in every prison a healthy public sentiment among prisoners, who, if you permit them, will see to it that honor regulations are not broken to any great extent, even by the 'incorrigibles.'

Prison Population on Increase

"FORGET about the 'criminal class.' As I have said, there is no such thing. The people in our prisons are in great degree just like the people we meet on the street, a little less intelligent perhaps, not so healthy maybe, but discouraged and often envenomed. When the Allies were pressed to the wall they didn't hesitate to draw on the prisons, for soldiers and ex-convicts made splendid fighters. Many received the very highest honors for notable conduct. We did the same during the Civil War; and in the recent war I offered to recruit an army of 50,000 from our prisons, and it would have been as good an army as was in the field.

"But the salvage from our prisons is by no means what it should be. In 1910 I found that we had a steady prison population of approximately 500,000. It is now, I believe, around 700,000. It is almost a total dead-weight charge on society. Only seven or eight per cent of persons in prisons are permitted to do constructive work. I say 'permitted' for the reason that the resource of work is so desired by the average prisoner that many wardens know that the withdrawal of a work privilege is the worst punishment they can inflict on recalcitrant charges.

"So far as the harsh system of dealing with criminals being a deterrent, the entire history of criminology shows it to be the contrary. Every jurist knows that as the legal penalties for crime have been lowered, crime has decreased. The introduction of more humane methods in our penitentiaries has invariably been followed by less recidivism. In the old day, in some places 40 to 50 per cent of the prisoners released from penitentiaries came back. The returns now are very small for the country as a whole.

"Let the man who would commit a crime know that, as far as possible, he will be required to repair his wrong; not by way of receiving punishment, but by being forced to pay dollar for dollar to his victims.

"Beyond that see that he is treated humanely and constructively, that he need not have occasion to violate the law to live when he gets out.

"It all calls for a complete change in our system of dealing with crime and criminals and that change can be well made only by reducing the system to national uniformity and control."



Up the Stream—at Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania

When Knighthood Went to Seed

DOUBTLESS the days of chivalry—the days when knights were bold—were days of greatness, but knighthood when in full bloom never produced knights so bold as those who could be found in the lobby of any first-class Canadian hotel in the days before the institution of knighthood in Canada went to seed. That happened in May, 1919—on the twenty-second, to be explicit—when an address to the King passed the Canadian House of Commons by a vote of 96 to 43 in which His Majesty was asked to refrain, in future, from conferring any title or titular distinction upon any person living in Canada. It also asked that suitable legislation be instituted in the Imperial Parliament whereby all hereditary titles now held by Canadians might become extinct upon the death of the present holders.

There was a time when knighthoods were conferred upon only a few persons in Canada, and then the recipients were usually men to whom honors—if such were going round—might fittingly have been granted; but of late years it seemed that everyone who had made a few millions—by fair means or by foul—felt that his career was not properly rounded out unless he could parade a handle to his name; and, what is more to the point, he generally succeeded in his endeavors to this end—in most cases to the great pecuniary advantage of the campaign coffers of the political party in power.

"The Contributor Knight" is dealt with by Colonel Andrew T. Thompson, an Ottawa writer, in his humorous verses entitled: "The Canadian Knights' Entertainment," which were published at the time of the controversy, and which ran as follows:

And now a quiet smooth-faced man
Appears to speak his part,
A pros'prous man of middle age,
And not too big a heart.

"I won my title well," said he,
"I saved my country dear,
Subscribing to election funds,
When there was cause to fear

"Unless the boodle pot were full,
The other side would win,
And so wipe out all vested rights,
Which surely were a sin.

"I spent my thousands lavishly,
And when we won the day,
They handed me my knighthood, and—
That's all I have to say."

The traffic became so notorious that a knighthood was almost looked upon as a badge of infamy, which may be illustrated by the remark of a western wit who, noticing the name of an eminent Toronto scientist among the names of railway, commercial and financial barons in the birthday or New Year's honor list, declared that he "had always believed Blank to be an honest man, but his inclusion in such a list was not at all reassuring!"

Colonel Thompson's verses describing the "Railway Knight" are typical of the attitude of the public generally toward those who saddled Canada with an excessive railway mileage—at the expense of the public treasury—to their own personal enrichment. He says:

A sterner man succeeds the last,
A man of threat'ning mien,
And masterful—a leader he,
It's easy to be seen.

"Ye prate of ancestry," quoth he,
"And blood both red and blue,
But my descent can straight be traced—
I swear to you it's true—

"From brave Sir Henry Morgan,
Of buccaneers the King,
Who swaggered through the Spanish Main,
And robbed like anything.

"Of Spanish ships he took his toll,
He raided many a city,
His fame's kept fresh unto this day,
In roaring sailor ditty.

"'The Freedom of the Seas' was his,
For none dare say him nay,
He took his tithe from anywhere,
His motto, 'Make them pay.'

"From his hot veins my blood I draw,
His watchword, too, is mine.
I love to ponder on his might,
In the days of Auld Lang Syne.

"'From near Atlantic's sounding wave,'
To far Pacific's shore,'
I've looted every treasury,
I've gathered more and more.

"Until, my primacy confessed,
They made me a Knight,
In ermine's white and spotless fur,
I'm safely now bedight."

The retirement of Sir Robert Borden from the premiership of Canada and the resignation of Sir Lomer Gouin, premier of the province of Quebec, both of which took effect within the past year, marked the passing of the last of Canada's titled prime ministers. The present premier is plain Mr. Meighen—with the customary designation of "Honorable," of course—and, unless the people of Canada reverse their ideas, there will never again be a Canadian prime minister with a handle to his name.

There are still a number of lieutenant-governors—each province has a lieutenant-governor as the figurative head of the local government—but the office of a Canadian lieutenant-governor is about as useful as the gilded knob on the top of a flag-pole.

The governor-general, of course, has a string of titles—the present incumbent being a British duke—and is beyond the jurisdiction of the Canadian parliament, but even so exalted a post is being assailed by Canadian iconoclasts and it is not improbable that in the very near future the governor-general of Canada will be a Canadian, appointed upon the advice of the government of Canada; and, unless he happens to be one of those already possessing a title, he will be plain and unadorned.

Knighthoods and other titular distinctions are the trappings of royalty. Of late years—while all titles are considered to be direct from the King—it is well known that the King does not confer honors without the advice of his responsible ministers any more than he performs any other official act without their advice: so it really comes down to a question of the honors being the gift of the political party in power. In the early days of Canadian history, titles were conferred upon the advice of the colonial secretary in London, but of late years Canadian ministries have insisted upon being consulted in the matter, and thus it had come to be that Canadians who were honored with titles really received them at the hands of the prime minister of Canada.

Democracy and monarchy are incompatible; and every advance in the former must necessarily be at the expense of the latter. Thus it is that the King's prerogative has been gradually circumscribed. Even in the matter of the granting of titles it is seen that it is merely a form, and that the real decision lies with the elected ministers—in Canada it has been decided to do without the form.

Very few titles were granted during the premiership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, in a debate a short time before his death, declared that he would be willing to throw his title with the others in a heap in the market-place so that a bonfire might be made of them. It may seem strange for one who was himself the recipient of a title to speak thus, but it is well known that the late Liberal chieftain was really not in favor of titles in Canada, and had frequently stated that they were not in keeping with the democratic spirit which should prevail in Canada. It is told that the first intimation he received of his own knighthood was upon taking his place at a state banquet while in London attending the Queen's jubilee when he found his place-card inscribed: "Sir Wilfrid Laurier." He could not very well then have declined.

Knighthood may have been picturesque in feudal times; but, like everything else belonging to that age, it appears incongruous today.

Northwest Farmer Sits in on the Market

Minnesota Co-operatives Form State-Wide Selling Agencies

A FARMERS' market—such promises to be the new dispensation in Minnesota. At least, the farmer is going to become an increasingly important factor in it. Farmers in the North Star State, long among the most active in the development of local co-operative enterprises, now are going one step further and setting up their own selling agencies at the terminal markets. All the way to the terminal, is the new program.

Farmers all over the country are talking about improving our marketing system. The American Farm Bureau Federation, attacking the problem on a national scale, is seeking to work out a solution in a comprehensive way, and Congress itself is much concerned in the agitation that wages over the evils in the system of marketing farm products.

But without waiting for Congressional action or the establishment of national marketing systems, Minnesota farmers, beginning at the bottom, with the local shipping associations, have taken some commanding steps toward solving their marketing problems. For instance, consider these accomplishments of the last few months:

The legislature passed bills declaring the Minneapolis grain market and the South St. Paul live stock exchange open markets, thus permitting farmers' organizations to trade upon them on an equal footing with other dealers—the center of a constructive program of farm legislation.

Representatives of the Minnesota Central Live Stock Shipping Association, embracing approximately 30,000 shippers, have formed their own commission firm to sell their cattle and hogs at the South St. Paul market.

Plans are being worked out for another state-wide selling agency to market the products of the co-operative creameries, estimated at more than $75,000,000 a year, the first attempt of this kind in the dairy industry.

Of course, these are not the only lines through which the Minnesota farmer is seeking to follow his products to the terminal. Minnesota farmers, forming part of a great wheat-raising belt, are entering whole-heartedly upon the marketing program of the United Grain Growers, Inc. Indeed, co-operative elevators shipped 60 per cent of the wheat marketed from Minnesota farms last year, according to the state department of agriculture. So, it may be inferred, the program of the United Grain Growers may find recruits a-plenty in Minnesota. Developing a state-wide potato marketing exchange during the last year, farmers in that state now are preparing to enlarge this agency to handle other farm produce.



South St. Paul promises to become a farmers' market, with representatives of the local co-operative shipping associations federated into a state-wide marketing agency at this important terminal. Local co-operative organizations ship more than 75 per cent of the live stock sent south to St. Paul from Minnesota farms, by the way.

But these things are not so significant just now in a survey of the farmer marketing movement in Minnesota. The wheat-marketing plan of the United Grain Growers is national in scope, and the Potato Exchange, having demonstrated its success, has come to be accepted as a matter of course.

Of more moment, however, is the legislative program just enacted for the benefit of the farmers, and the quick steps taken by the farmers to form marketing agencies at the terminals to sell their live stock and dairy products. The significance of these steps may be seen when one stops for a moment and considers the extent to which the local co-operative enterprises have been developed in Minnesota.

For instance, take the case of the live stock shipping associations. According to W. A. McKerrow, live stock specialist at the University of Minnesota farm, and secretary of the Minnesota Central Live Stock Shipping Association, between 75 and 80 per cent of the live stock shipped to South St. Paul from Minnesota farms is shipped by local co-operative shipping associations. With all these associations federated into a central selling agency, a good many commission firms on the South St. Paul market are going to have slim picking this winter. Indeed, consternation among the commission men is real.

Now consider the creameries. Of 811 creameries in the state, 622 are co-operative creameries. Co-operative creameries make more than 60 per cent of the butter made in Minnesota, and Minnesota makes more butter than any other state in the Union. More than $80,000,000 a year runs the value of Minnesota butter, while the return from all dairy products reaches the commanding total of $166,000,000 a year, according to the most recent estimate of the state dairy and food department. So, it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see tremendous possibilities in a central marketing agency for the dairy industry of the state.

Likewise, it may safely be inferred that the farmer marketing program has had opposition in Minnesota. Members of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce and the South St. Paul Live Stock Exchange made a determined fight before the legislature to prevent enaction of the open market and open trading bills. The exchanges have taken the position that the co-operative organizations should be barred from membership because they prorate their earnings back to the shippers. The exchange calls this rebating, which it prohibits, and legitimately. But the farmers say this prorating is only a deferred settlement in full. In any event, the will of the farmers prevailed, and the South St. Paul stock market and the Minneapolis and Duluth grain markets were declared open.

The legislators further passed a law, designed to check gambling in futures on the grain market. They passed a law empowering local co-operative shipping associations to federate into a state-wide selling agency and charged the department of agriculture with the duty of assisting them. They provided for an audit of the books of co-operative organizations, extended the co-operative laws generally and introduced new features to facilitate the development of co-operative enterprise. A measure was passed to prevent members of the stock exchange from fining its members who trade with non-members, a bill designed to remove what the farmers claimed was a means of enforcing discrimination against their organizations. Altogether, it was a legislature awake to the new power of the farmers. What the farmers wanted, the legislature did. The farmer program had the right of way.

Of the readiness of the farmer to utilize the new avenues opened up to him by the legislature, the case of the live stock shippers is typical. The legislature had been adjourned only a few weeks when representatives of the Minnesota Central Live Stock Shipping Association met in St. Paul. The central association is composed of local shipping associations throughout the state. At that meeting the new farmers' live stock selling agency came into being.

"Four years ago, some of the shippers wanted to organize a central live stock selling agency," Mr. McKerrow said. "At that time, the local co-operative shipping associations in Minnesota were handling about 30 per cent of the live stock shipped from Minnesota farms. We decided that the time was not ripe, that we should wait until these local associations handled a substantial majority of the stock shipped.

"Now, between 75 and 80 per cent of the live stock going to South St. Paul from Minnesota farms is shipped by the local co-operative associations. The cattle buyer is a disappearing species in Minnesota, you see. So, when the legislature passed the open market bill and the open trading bill, we decided the time was ripe to form our own commission company. Of course, there are abuses, too, which prompt the farmers to launch this agency of their own.

"By the first of August, we expect to be shipping and selling cattle through our own commission firm at South St. Paul. In the first year, we expect to handle 15,000 cars of live stock. That is a conservative estimate. You see, there are 225 local co-operative shipping associations in the state associations. There are 25 associations in Wisconsin and perhaps 25 in South Dakota which will ship their cattle to the farmers' commission firm. But, supposing that but 200 locals send us their cattle, with an average of 75 cars a year, we will handle 15,000 cars.

"Now, let's see how this thing is going to work out. We propose to charge the usual commission of $15 a car. That will make our commission $225,000. Based on the experience of the marketing agency organized by the Farmers' Union at Omaha on a considerably smaller scale, we will return half of this commission to the farmers after paying all our expenses. In other words, the farmers will save $112,000 in commissions alone.

"But there will be a bigger saving to the farmer by getting more money for his stockers and feeders. That's going to go hard with the speculators, but it's inevitable. At present a commission man receives a car of cattle from some local co-operative shipping association, perhaps. Maybe there are a few head not good enough for the packer. They are weeded out as feeders or stockers. The commission man must take a small price because he has only a few. A speculator buys up these feeders, a few here and a few there. Presently, he has a carload, or several carloads. Then, he can sell them at a big advance. Thousands of dollars have been made by these speculators, and the farmer is the loser by the system. Now, the farmers' organization will sell all these feeders and stockers back to other farmers. Each day, we shall assemble them from the shipments.

"In five years, from 50 to 75 per cent of the live stock sold will be marketed through co-operative marketing agencies at the terminals."

The Minnesota Central Live Stock Shipping Association, formed to assist in the formation of local co-operative shipping associations and aid them in their work, incidentally is an illuminating instance of the value of organization. Promoted by the University farm, it has expanded in four years to include 225 local associations with approximately 30,000 members. It has obtained the passage of a law placing a branch of the state railroad and warehouse commission in supervision of the stock yards. This is the only stock market in the country having this provision for the protection of shippers. Appealing to the commission, the association got the price of hay reduced from $42 to $32 a ton, and corn from $2.75 to $2 a bushel at the yards, saving $60,000 in the first six months. In disputes over commissions, or when rates are raised, the association appeals to the commission in behalf of the shippers. For two years, Minnesota shippers paid switching charges of $1 a car, though the Federal Government allowed interstate shippers $2, all because the central association got on the job and presented the side of the shippers effectively before the state railroad and warehouse commission.

But with the farmers selling through their own commission firm, many of these difficulties will disappear.

Representatives of the co-operative creameries were not far behind the live stock shippers in launching plans for a central marketing agency. Called together by the state department of agriculture, representatives of fifty leading creameries early in April instructed a committee to draw up plans for a marketing agency to be submitted to a state-wide conference of all co-operative creamery men at an early date. Tentative plans made at the first meeting call for the establishment of a selling agency in St. Paul, and another branch in New York. Sale of the entire product of the co-operative creameries would be made through this agency. Plans are being formulated by the dairymen in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa for the formation of a marketing organization that will cover these three great butter-producing states. However, time will be required to perfect this organization. Mr. McKerrow pointed out that anything approaching a national marketing organization in the dairy line may hardly be feasible, but declared that the development of an organization handling the products of these three states is a likely development in the near future.

The open market bill passed in Minnesota simply provides that any exchange or chamber of commerce shall admit to membership any person, firm, company or corporation which applies for such membership, provided the practices of such firm or company do not conflict with any reasonable rule of the market and provided it agrees to abide by the rules of the market. The co-operative associations are expressly designated as eligible to membership under this provision. Any rule that would tend to limit the distributions of profits by a marketing association is declared unreasonable. Any member who refuses to trade or deal with another member on an equal footing is declared operating in restraint of trade and guilty of a felony. For the benefit of the cattlemen, another bill was passed, declaring the refusal of a member of the exchange to deal with a non-member to be contrary to public policy. It was provided further that no penalty or fine shall attach to any member of the exchange for dealing with a non-member.

"We do not propose to crowd out existing agencies," said Commissioner N. J. Holmberg, of the state department of agriculture. "If the farmers' organizations are more economical, they will persist. If there are any abuses, nothing will correct them so rapidly as the entrance of the farmers upon the terminal markets. The value of these organizations in the terminals lies not so much in saving money, though that will be considerable, but the value will be most in keeping things in balance. A farmers' market is approaching realization."

But more than this, Minnesota farmers propose to have their own state-wide selling agencies for live stock, for their butter and eggs and other products. Instead of seeking to develop their own markets, they are taking over existing markets more and more. It looks as if the farmer is about to have his long-deferred inning in the Minnesota markets.

Harding's Fighting Dromios

By WM. ATHERTON DU PUY



(C) Harris & Ewing

JOHN W. WEEKS,
Secretary of War



(C) Harris & Ewing

EDWIN DENBY,
Secretary of the Navy

OVER in those twin departments of national defense, the Army and Navy, the President has placed two men who, following the slap-stick example of Ike and Mike, and the more classic formula of the brothers in Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," look alike.

Secretary John Wingate Weeks, at the War Department, is but a slightly divergent facsimile of Secretary Edwin Denby, of the Navy. Fortunately the Secretary of War wears a tag of identification. It takes the form of a hirsute covering for his upper lip, a conventional mustache. The stretches below the nose of Mr. Denby are shorn of all adornment. The difference rests, not in the endowments of nature, but in divergent habits in the use of the razor.

If Mr. Weeks should shave off his mustache he could, any morning, walk over to the Navy Department and open his conferee's mail. If that gentleman should take up his associate's amputated appendage and stick it on his lip, he could readily stop at the War Department and issue a new slacker list.

And the remarkable thing about the likeness between these two secretaries is that they are of a type that is quite out of the ordinary. Each is over six feet in height, for instance, and men of this stature are rare. Each weighs near 250 pounds which is a possession of avoirdupois quite out of the ordinary. Both have towering domes which present aspects that are unbroken by even a suggestion of hair. Both are full-faced, blue-eyed. Both are Americans of many generations standing and both are of English extraction.

Experiences Much the Same

THERE are even points of striking similarity in their experiences. Fifteen years ago both were members of the House of Representatives. It even happened that they worked on the same committees. This was notably true in the case of "the spanking committee," so-called because its purpose was to rebuke Theodore Roosevelt, then President. Mr. Roosevelt had asked Congress for additional appropriations for enlarging the Secret Service. Congress had refused to grant the request. The President had charged that this refusal was due to a fear on the part of Congress that the Secret Service would ascertain facts which that body wanted to keep dark. Congress appointed "the spanking committee" which ordered the remarks of the President expunged from the record. Weeks and Denby were on the committee, and both favored this action.

These secretaries have seen service in the Navy, are business men, and successful.

Then, of course, there are elements of dissimilarity in the two men and the lives they have led. I have gone to each and led each to talk of himself and the things through which, like Othello, he has passed. A man may be properly judged by his performances but, I hold, he reveals himself best in the manner in which he looks on that record. The story is more interesting as he tells it.

The Weeks family, the Secretary of War told me, settled in New Hampshire a hundred years before the Revolution. Down in the town of Greenland there is an old stone house in which dwells a man named J. W. Weeks. The house has been occupied by people of that name since the time it was built 230 years ago and used as a fort for protection against the Indians. Just after the Revolutionary War a Lieutenant Weeks, shaken loose from the soil as youngsters so often are by such conflicts, moved up into the meadows of Northern New Hampshire and settled. There his descendants have lived and died, sturdy farmers, until the present generation.

The Secretary of War would have done likewise, he believes, had his Congressman not volunteered the offer of an appointment to the Naval Academy. The Secretary makes the point that this place was not sought but came to him. The remarkable thing to me in his career, as he sets it forth, is the fact that he has sought none of the opportunities that have come to him but has gained success by handling with common-sense efficiency the tasks that have fallen into his lap.

At Annapolis he plugged along and graduated at about the middle of his class. He won his chief distinction as a wrestler, for he was a lad of great strength and powerful on the mat. He graduated in the class of 1881 and Congress legislated him out of the Navy. That fighting arm of the government was full up on ensigns. There had been over production. So the ten men standing highest were retained and the others were dismissed with a year's pay.

So the farmer boy from New Hampshire found the calling for which he had been trained gone. But here again, he says, it was some influence entirely outside of himself which determined his course. He met a man casually who was going down to Florida to survey rights of way for some proposed railroads. This man, learning that he was not to follow the Navy, offered young Weeks a job which he accepted.

He worked three or four years along the east coast of Florida, running lines through a region that was then a wilderness but in which now stand such resorts as Palm Beach and Miami. He went to breakfast one morning at Orlando in the cottage of a friend and there he met a young woman just returned from boarding school, a Miss Martha Sinclair, and she, now much mature, is pouring tea as a cabinet hostess in Washington.

The idea of becoming a banker had never occurred to this Yankee farm boy, Annapolis graduate, surveyor. Here again did opportunity come to him unsolicited.

Becomes Mayor of Newton

HE HAD come to know quite well a gentleman from Boston who spent his winters in Florida. That gentleman was familiar with the affairs of a certain small banking and brokerage business in Boston which was having difficulties. One of the partners had died and the other had gone blind. The son of one of them was the bookkeeper in the establishment and he wanted to carry on the business and would do so if he could find the right sort of man for partner. The gentleman who wintered in Florida said he knew just the man, a youngster named Weeks. So did the offer of a partnership come to the surveyor unsolicited and so did he get into the line that was to be his life work.

Weeks, of course, knew nothing of banking or brokerage but he had Yankee hard-headed common sense and he had a training which makes for efficiency and discipline. His firm immediately began to pick up. In a few years it was a great institution of Boston.

As a solid citizen he became mayor of his home town, Newton, went to Congress, finally to the Senate. All of these opportunities came to him unsolicited. So did his present post in the Cabinet. He is a calm, composed, placid man who would be entirely content on the model farm he has developed in New Hampshire.

When, as a youngster of 18, he says, he made his first public speech, he got no single tingle of excitement out of the occasion. In 1918, after having served one term in the Senate, he met the only defeat in his career. They got the news at Newton by 10 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Weeks went to bed and was asleep in five minutes.

Yet upon occasion he tells a good story. There is one, for instance, which emphasizes the wisdom of keeping one's own counsel and talking little. A farm Negro, he says, went to a circus and there saw a remarkably human orang-outang. He edged up to the animal and remarked sociably:

"Howdy, Frien'," but got no response.

"It's nice an' cool in here," volunteered Sam. Still there was no reply.

"You may be right," he finally ventured. "If you got to talkin' they would put you to hoein' corn."

* * *

The early career of Secretary Denby was more eventful, was almost romantic in fact. He was a boy of 15 when, in 1885, his father was appointed minister to China. The Orient had hardly felt the touch of the outside world in those days and was a far different place in which to live than it is today. The upper-class Chinaman had not yet reconciled himself to the appearance of western women on the streets, a thing which to him was indecent. And when he was asked to tolerate so unthinkable a thing as dancing! It was impossible. So the Europeans and Americans lived apart and had little to do with the Orientals.

When Denby was 17 he entered the Chinese customs service which was internationally administered, and for ten years he lived in a colony made up of men from all nations—an experience which could hardly help having a most broadening effect on his mentality. And in those years he ran about a good deal on vessels that plow the seas and came to know much of the ways of men afloat. Particularly did he cultivate men of our own Navy who visited Chinese waters for already his first love was that branch of the service and already was he a student of naval history.

Denby was 26 or so when he returned to the United States, to Detroit, and started in to get himself a real, American education. He had but graduated in law when along came the Spanish-American War. Following his natural desires he was already a member of the naval reserve and was ready for muster in. He saw service as a "gob" on the U. S. S. Yosemite. He chuckles when he tells of the time when Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of Navy, went to President McKinley and urged that the Naval Reserves be sent to sea.

"But they have never been to sea," said Mr. McKinley. "They will all get seasick."

"That is just what we want," responded Mr. Roosevelt. "When they do we can see what is in them."

After the Spanish-American War Mr. Denby returned to Detroit, served in the state legislature, came to Congress for three terms running from 1905 to 1911, went into the truck business in his own home town, at the same time practicing law.

Denby Joins the Marines

WHEN the United States entered the European War, Denby enlisted as a private in the Marines despite the fact that he was 47 years old and weighed 254 pounds. He went down to the Marine training station at Paris Island, off the coast of South Carolina, and reported for duty. He says that he fully expected the government would provide war togs for him to wear so took only the clothes in which he stood. This was, however, early in the life of the station and the equipment was not very complete. They had clothes of the ordinary sizes but his dimensions were not those of the normal "leatherneck." There was nothing about the place that would cover him.

The drill sergeant did not seem to worry much about his predicament, Denby says, but admonished him to go ahead and do the best he could, that the situation would work itself out. So Denby put on the clothes and where they would not meet he tied strings from button to buttonhole. With 14 hours a day on the drill ground he began to notice that the edges of his garments were steadily approaching each other and before long the prophecy of the drill sergeant became true. The recruit had been reduced to fit the clothes.

Denby took all the gruelling training that was given to any other enlisted man. After going through the mill he became a drill sergeant and took other companies "around the loop." Finally he was advanced to lieutenant and it fell to him to administer the "Marine chat" to all the new organizations. The purpose of the Marine chat was to try the souls of the new men, to shame them out of the corps if they were not worthy, to exalt them if they were. In groups of a hundred he gathered them, talked to them of the honor of the service which must be upheld, the sacredness of the mission upon which they were going, the stress they might be called upon to bear, of the valley of death. His purpose was to consecrate or to break them. He says that those months when he talked to those boys were the greatest of his life.

So does this Secretary of the Navy bring to his office a very wide experience along those lines which should bear most directly on his task. He has been in the ranks as a sailor and a Marine and the Marines are under the Navy Department. He has sailed all the seas, is possessed of the world viewpoint. He has been in Congress and understands the necessity of co-operation between the legislative and executive branches of government. He is a human, oratorical sort of man with a great love for his fellows. He is hitting it off in Washington.

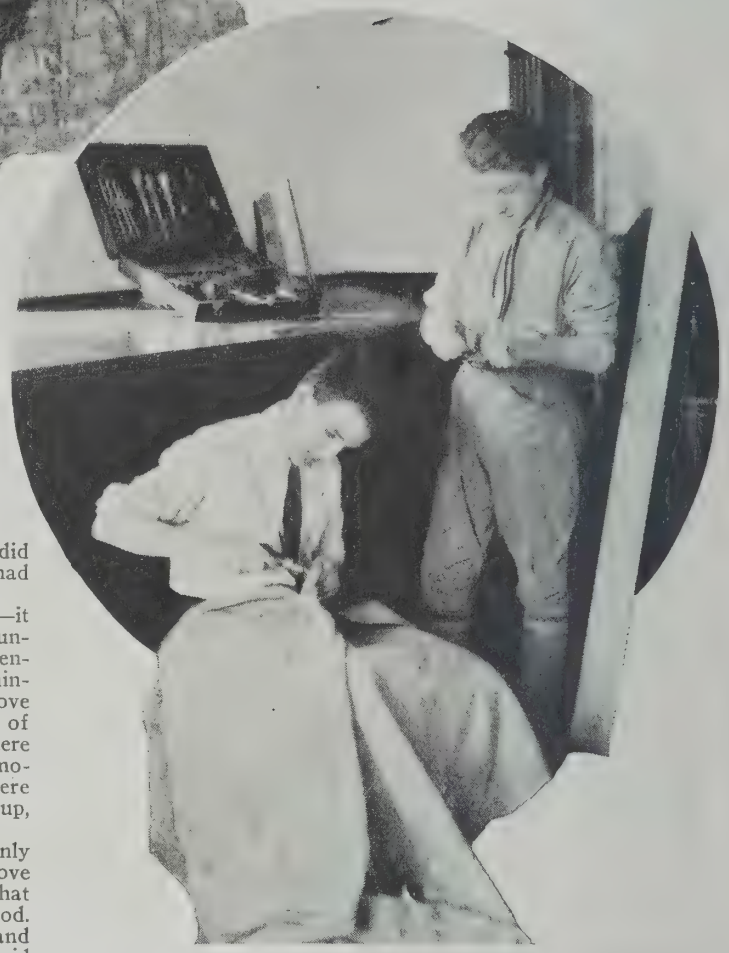
Growing Junior Jekylls



Let them begin this way. Out in the back-yard have a picnic, cook something, work out some youthful plans. This is the normal way for boys to develop.



The boy leader is giving the bunch a talk. He knows that he can say things to them out here on the shores of the lake or ocean that will be received and acted upon. They are in a receptive mood. Let them get their "kick" out of such pastimes.



These lads are making a tent for camping. They are doing something rather than hanging about the streets waiting for "something to happen."

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy of a near neighbor is the proud possessor of an automobile, a gold monogrammed cigaret case, and numerous tailor-made suits whose pockets are lined with spending money supplied by an indulgent father.

Also, he has been arrested three times for disorderly conduct. But his father's money paid his fines and paternal influence stood between him and the juvenile court. The father remarked to the judge in extenuation of his son's conduct, "I have been too busy with my affairs to look after my boy."

There seems to be an epidemic of business interest outside of the home, judging by the records of the juvenile court.

During the last year there were 6,727 cases of juvenile delinquency, and 6,900 cases of improper guardianship in New York City, "improper guardianship" meaning lack of parental care. This made a total of 13,627 youths in one year in New York that were hailed before the juvenile courts. The fathers of the country are evidently all too busy stabilizing the industrial condition of the country to save their own homes from disaster.

"I never bother about training the youngsters. My wife attends to that," said a business friend to me recently. His attitude is a fair indication of the majority of the men who have spent years building up a successful monument in the business world, but have neglected to stabilize their own homes.

"Let George do it," has come to mean, "Let someone else do it," when it comes to teaching the boys and girls the first rudiments of responsibility to the community and to the country.

For the past few years our orators have orated about "the children of the nation," as something to look forward to, as something grand and sublime. All of which is true, *only* if the fathers and mothers of the nation do their full duty—at home. We have been rudely awakened the last year. It is no longer the millions of children who happen to be living in the various towns and villages and cities: it is our flesh and blood at stake.

We have talked about "the children" and considered them as something apart and let them run about without attention; now it shocks us to open our morning newspaper and read in the news how Johnny, who lived next door, was apprehended by the police because they had found him with the stolen loot from a hardware store that had been recently burglarized.

Then follow the details. We had always thought of John as a normal boy. We had seen him several times and had heard his father tell about what he was going to do for Johnny when he should come of age.

"We did it to get a kick out of it," was the explanation of three youngsters who had been caught red-handed as they had planned to rob a down-town store in a western city. Their plans had been as carefully laid as those of the most experienced criminal. And, what is more, their parents did not know what their children had been doing.

We read in the daily news—it has ceased to be featured as unusual any more—of a seventeen-year-old boy, the son of a minister, who with a companion drove in his father's car to the end of one of the city's car lines and there waited for the conductor and motorman and while they were changing the trolley held them up, taking everything they had.

With a recklessness that only boys of that age know they drove through a cordon of police that had surrounded the neighborhood.

"My gun was in my hand and it has a hair trigger," the boy said when he told his story to the police. He seemed to have little idea of the seriousness of his act.

But, you say, didn't their parents know of the waywardness of their sons? Their parents did not. These boys and others tell their folks that they are "going to the movies," or "going to the Y. M. C. A." or "going to visit my pal," and then they will meet outside to "pull off" something "just for the fun of it," and return in time to go to bed without attracting the suspicion of their own parents.

These incidents are in no sense exaggerated nor are they unusual. It is scarcely worth a place on the front pages of the newspapers to tell the exploits of boy criminals and their gangs. The thing has come to be common, almost the expected.

In another town, three high school boys, the eldest of them eighteen, all of well-to-do families and ordinarily good boys at home, were caught. They had been stealing automobiles. The records of the case show that the parents had accepted the boys' excuses when they were out at night. The father and mother had been busy with their own work and "supposed" that their children were growing up in the usual way. It is feared that they did grow up in the altogether too usual twentieth century fashion.

Under false excuses, accepted at face value by the fathers and mothers, these boys of good families would steal high-powered automobiles and burglarize homes and stores. Before they had been caught or even suspected they had handled fifty automobiles and their loot was worth several thousand dollars.

They were all normal looking lads, who had never in any way come in contact with the police or with the law. They had learned how to shoot quickly and accurately, and they were reckless enough to do it under the slightest provocation.

It is needless to multiply incidents. That is unnecessary. The ones here given have been chosen from scores. The youths involved were not abnormal mentally and all came from "good families."

Read your morning or evening newspaper. But you will have to read it carefully for such an item as that of the boys who stole automobiles for it was given scarcely a dozen lines in a city paper less than one hundred miles from the town where it occurred.

What is the outlook today for "the children of the nation" and for the nation itself, as boys such as these are soon to become the voting citizens of this land of the free and the home of the brave?

Are we training youthful Jekylls and Hydes? Are we sure that our own boys and girls, that are carefully groomed of a Sabbath, able to lift the hat to their mothers on the street and bred with the home graces of politeness and apparent courtesy, are not members of some gang that is traveling along the edge of lawlessness if not actually doing unlawful things?

It is true that some children are endowed with exceptional vigor and precocity and do not yield readily to the ordinary restraints of parental and school control. Their play spirit seems to have gone wild. They do it to "get a kick out of it."

They may be living in a world of baseless romance, bred by too constant attendance at worthless motion picture shows, and the reading of unhealthy fiction. They are anxious to know more of the world as they view it. With the passions of a man and the self-restraint of a boy, without any other home conditions to steady him, such a boy is ripe for any course of conduct which suggests itself, or surroundings that may influence him. He may begin by playing truant from school, he may at home or elsewhere become dissipated; then he becomes secretive with his parents and restless with his relatives.

It is here that the "gang" spirit plays a large part in his life. He blindly takes whatever the gang has to offer be it good or be it bad. He finds a pleasure in planning on doing something that has the element of danger connected with it, he likes to do the "things that the fellers do," which are not the things that fathers and mothers wish their children to be doing.

If the restraint at home is tightened at this period without a sympathetic understanding of the boy's nature, he is apt to become either sly or deceptive, or run away from home and follow his own desires elsewhere.

Figures procured from New York City say that some four hundred thousand American boys under sixteen run away from home every year, or at least break away from home control, and their arrest is caused by their parents. This, of course, does not include other thousands of boys and girls who break away from home and are not reported to the police authorities.

In New York City alone the records show that "ungovernable children" which means the children of the homes where the parents have ceased to be a factor in their government—has increased more than fifty per cent in the last four years.

Last May a particularly well-informed chief of police of a metropolitan city said that the state of affairs among high school pupils was beyond the possibilities of detailed description in print. And he was not a man who was excitable or an alarmist.

In another city remote from this one the police department had for three years been troubled by gangs of sixteen-year-old boys who lived in the best homes of the city and who by night would terrorize the town, sometimes taking young girls with them to their rendezvous.

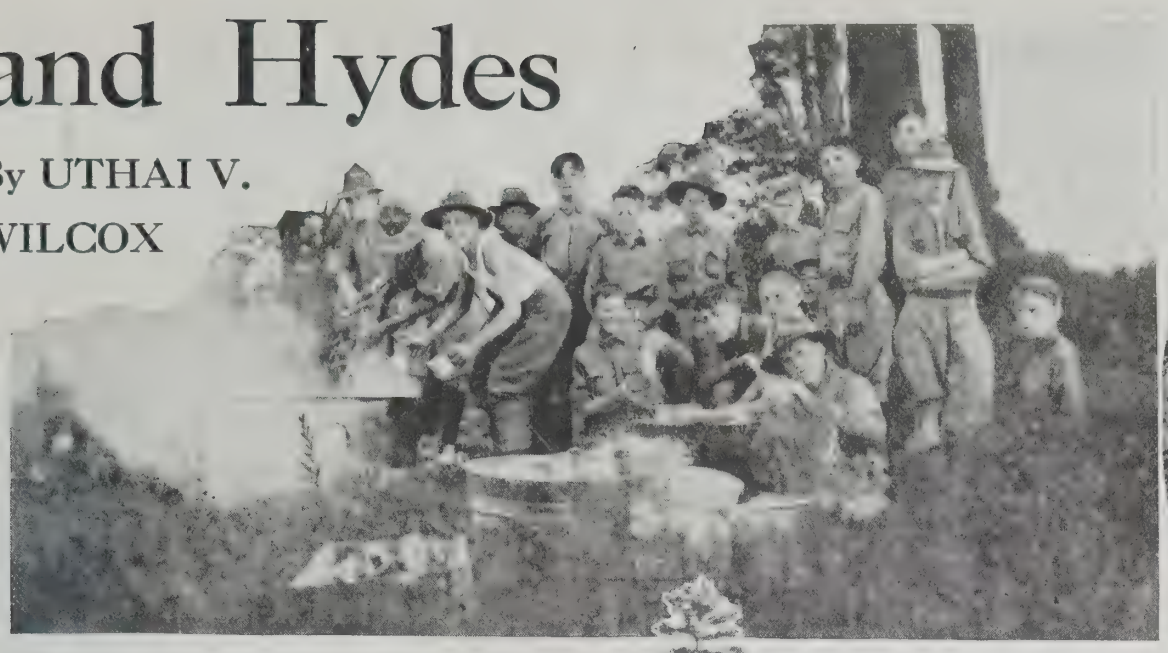
What can we think? Is there a new virus that has infected the youth of the last generation? What of the church and the home, has it lost its grip on the young?

The chief reasons for these conditions can be summarized in four words: "Lack of home control." This means many things. It means, as indicated at the first of this article, that the father has to a large measure ceased to be a factor in the training of his own children.

With the competition keen in his business line, he says grandly, "You bring up the children, and I'll earn the money." He says this to his wife and to the public school, and to the church and to the Y. M. C. A. and often unconsciously to the "bunch" and the "gang."

and Hydes

By UTHAI V. WILCOX



These lads have gone out with a boy Y. M. C. A. leader for an overnight hike. Supper is ready and all hands are turning to it. They'll get a "kick" out of such an evening, that will "kick" them along the right road.



Give your boy something to do. Let him get so tired in proper exercise and some work to do that he will have no desire to run the streets at night to find a good time.



Boy Scouts out for an encampment. The discipline demanded with out-of-doors setting appeals to growing lads.

He provides everything needed to rear his children—but himself. He is too busy to look after his boy during the very ages when his authority, position and attitude are most needed, during the ages from twelve to twenty.

Children have become more sophisticated than formerly. They listen to father's remarks and do not obtain the respect of the law and of law-abiding citizens that they should have. He comments very freely about such sumptuary laws as income taxes, speeding, the smuggling of illicit drink and those statutes that curtail his liberty. He is more fagged out when he comes home and weakly protests, instead of rising to face conditions that would demand the skill of a Solomon.

The family circle is not what it used to be. Instead of gathering about the table to read and study in the evening it is now the movie show, the dance, class stunts and entertainments.

There has been much said for and against the motion picture. There is much that can be said on both sides. Right motion pictures are one thing, the thrilling, hair-raising, dare-devil plays and sex-problem shows are entirely another.

Mr. Roland C. Sheldon, who is general secretary of the Big Brother Movement in America, visited a reformatory recently and talked with the boys about the reasons for their being imprisoned.

He summarized the composite answer of the majority of lads:

One said, "It was the movies that got me in here."

Mr. Sheldon asked, "Do you mean that you stole to get money to go to the movies, or that you saw pictures that made you want to steal?"

"I saw pictures that made me think of stealing," answered the boy.

"But didn't the pictures show that the thief always gets caught and punished?"

"Oh, yes, but I thought I was wise and wouldn't get caught. I thought I wouldn't make the mistake he did to get caught."

The boy was not more than fifteen, just an ordinary boy, good natured and unemotional.

Another boy of seventeen, possibly eighteen, was asked what he thought ought to be done to keep other boys from following in his footsteps. He answered promptly as if he had given it some consideration, "Don't let them go to the movies so much." He would limit them to once a week.

The camera in its kaleidoscopic portrayal of human emotion and passions registers motives and suggests ideas that would never have entered the boy's mind. Seeking excitement he follows along to the climax, forgetful of the comparatively few short feet of film that shows the culprit sitting in the prison cell, for that part is unexciting.

Examinations show that some persons should by their very inherent nature be forever prevented from seeing thrilling motion pictures. It unstabilizes them.

It is no more possible to rear a healthy-minded boy and girl on a daily diet of motion pictures as now shown than it is to expect children to be strong and well when they eat nothing but horse-radish. If you feel that you must let them have some horse-radish—well, consider the majority of the films as shown in just that light.

Then there is the lack of a religious element in the training that cannot wholly be supplied by the Boy Scouts nor by mere hikes or physical care.

There must be less jazz and more prayers if Johnny and Algy are to be saved for this life or the life to come.

Finally there must be a stronger appreciation of the boy's nature during these "difficult and dangerous ages." The question being a serious one it must be studied as you would study a problem in business. The boy must not be considered an outlaw and his every movement watched and suspected. But in order to be sure that he is not acting out a Mr. Hyde nature away from home see that his energies are so fully taken up in useful and pleasant occupations that he has no time nor desire to "paint the town red."

There is a regular amount of work expected and demanded each day that will be interesting and worth while. There is opportunity for plenty of out-of-door play—baseball, tennis, hikes, tramping, swimming and all the things that boys like to do. Let the parents help them to do it, and whenever possible do it with them. It is here that the Boy Scout company and the Y. M. C. A. rightly conducted with leaders of ability who understand the boy's nature may help.

But it is a splendid thing for any boy to "hit the trail" for a day out in the woods, along stream or by the lake. The discipline of camp-life with its give and take and its duties is good citizenship and character training.

But every father should see to it that he becomes personally acquainted with the captain of the Boy Scout troup and with the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The acquaintance will not only encourage the boy leader but it will open the eyes of the father.

Then let the family be home in the evening, or with friends that you KNOW. One of the great home-destroying practices of the American people is that of allowing children to run out upon the streets at night without restraint. It quickly produces an insatiable craving for excitement and induces dissatisfaction with the quiet of the household and a discontent with the commonplace things that may prove a life-long handicap.

Let the home furnish some entertainment that will enrich the life and give real and lasting enjoyment. Games and contests, class socials and story-telling will prove the best means of fostering in the boy a genuine fondness for the home.

Evil associations are the first steps toward evil habits and this too often begins with youthful smoking. "All scientists are agreed that the use of tobacco by growing children is injurious. Parents, teachers and physicians should strive to warn youths against its use," says Dr. Meylan, of Columbia University.

In a study recently made in a western state of twenty-five hundred school boys and college youths who were smokers, it was found that they ranked ten to twenty-five per cent below the average in their studies and in mental perception.

They were as a rule sufferers from chronic sore throat, sore eyes, weak lungs, heart palpitation, and were noticeably weak in moral stamina and self-reliance. They ranked 17½ per cent lower than the non-smokers.

Such are the remedies: Home life; regular work to do; outdoor exercise; stronger religious influence; elimination of exciting tendencies. It means more than a mere acceptance of these to lift the "children of the nation" to the higher planes that they should reach. The hope of America is in her youth. There is, therefore, no higher privilege of citizenship than in training the boy or the boys about the home, encouraging the community consideration of playgrounds, helping to foster movements that will open the way for normal, physical and spiritual development.

We are not true patriots unless we remember this. We are provincial in our regard for our own welfare. We trust to kind Providence and the police officers that everything will come out all right.

"Devoted to your boy? Nonsense! You're devoted to yourself!"

That is what one judge told a father who was trying to plead that he had indulged the lad because the boy was insistent, because he wanted this and that, and because he did "not have time enough to find out what his boy and the other boys were doing."

And that is coming to be the true diagnosis. In other words, it is a species of selfishness that keeps the father from spending time studying and helping in his boy's right development.

One family in California that had passed through some awakening experiences in regard to the trend of their home life and their children's future decided that it was time to do something.

The father called the members together and formed a partnership, with father and mother as the senior members of the firm, each child being apportioned some particular work which contributed directly or indirectly to the comfort of all the others. Here is the actual contract that was drawn up:

"We, the undersigned, love each other with all our hearts and want to do all we can to make our home the happiest place in the world. We will try always to be patient, kind and thoughtful and to do cheerfully and to the best of our ability whatever our part of the household work may be. We will try to close the doors after us in winter, and not to bang the screen doors in summer, to remember to use the doormat in muddy weather, to keep our things in order, to put the hammer back in place, and so on."

The younger members of the family were delighted with the form and ceremony, and liked the idea of drawing up a formal instrument. The older ones made suggestions which were voted upon, and lastly all affixed their signatures to it.

Once a week the contract was read aloud to all the members. However, no one was publicly accused of having failed to live up to the spirit of it, but it was tacitly understood on such occasions that acknowledgment and apology could be made for specific shortcomings during the week past, if they had affected the happiness of the entire family.

Another family appointed one of the children "captain of the day." The captain of the day was always helped first at the table, the next younger next, and so on. The captain took charge of the discipline during the day. The idea of his responsibility was so impressive that it was rarely necessary to interfere with the captain's orders.

With boys this partnership of sympathy may wisely extend to confidences regarding the family concerns and anxieties. "Watch the youth of fourteen," the Rev. Mr. Forbush says, "when his judgment is asked relative to some home arrangement; and if it is possible for you to agree with his suggestions, isn't it worth your tact and patience" as you notice the glow of ambition and pride written all over the boy when he realizes that he has actually formed a member of the advisory board.

Working along such lines that are fascinating and pregnant with interest, the community and nation will receive the trained talents and developed intelligence of every child. It will receive the child's good will whether the parent is educated or illiterate, well off or poor, because the children have taken an interest and have an understanding of the realities of life and grow up with an appreciation of their abilities to help.

The remedy is not difficult, but it needs a will to serve, and a willingness to face conditions.

Briefly Told

Ben B. Lindsey, juvenile judge, of Denver, recently paid a fine of $500 and costs for contempt of court. The contempt charges were the result of Judge Lindsey's refusal to tell what a sixteen-year-old boy had confided to him in a talk having to do with a murder in the boy's family. The boy was a charge of the juvenile court.

Despite the fact that peanuts have dropped from around fifteen cents a pound to four and one-half cents, the venders continue to get a dime for a thin sack of goobers.

The highest and lowest points of land in the United States are but ninety miles apart. Mount Whitney, the highest point, is 14,501 feet above the level of the sea and a depression in Death Valley lies two hundred and seventy-six feet below sea level. Both are in California.

Hot storage as opposed to cold storage for many things may be realized soon if the experiments of scientists connected with the University of West Virginia prove satisfactory. Great success has been attained in showing the practicability of hot storage for such articles as clothing, carpets, furs, cereals, dried fruit products and other materials unaffected by dry heat. Hot storage with uniform and constant temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit would prove more effective than cold storage in many cases.

To commemorate the termination of the war, the coinage of "peace" dollars of an appropriate design is proposed in a bill recently introduced in the House.

The latest development in commercial aviation is the transporting of fresh fruit by airplane. A Scottish peer recently demonstrated the possibility of the flying fruit express by delivering fresh strawberries picked in his Kent gardens to President Millerand's chef in Paris.

A French scientist, chief of the bureau of radiography for the Paris hospitals, has demonstrated that an X-ray apparatus can photograph subjects through a stone wall more than twenty-five feet distant from the source of the rays. He has obtained clear photographs of metallic objects, the rays filtering through marble plate more than an inch thick, twelve inches of oak, four inches of plaster and a sheet of lead an eighth of an inch thick.

A civil engineer, who has spent twenty-three years in Alaska, declared before the House Territories Committee that unless development of Alaska is stimulated soon, depopulation will reduce its inhabitants to Indians and Eskimos only.

President Harding designated the week of May 22 as forest protection week. Governors of the various states were asked to arrange educational and instructive exercises to place before the people the need for preventing waste by unnecessary forest fires.

A twenty-three-year-old aviatress recently broke the world's loop-the-loop record when starting at the height of 8,000 feet she performed 199 complete loops before she landed her plane. The entire flight consumed one hour and twenty minutes.

A tremendous avalanche, plainly discernible from Hood River, Oregon, recently rolled down the face of Mount Adams. It is believed to be one of the largest slides ever to occur on that mountain.

Two Bakersfield, California, high school boys recently sent out mysterious S. O. S. radio calls which resulted in the dispatching of two destroyers from Southern California in search of a vessel in distress. The maximum penalty for sending out false distress signals is a fine of $2,500 and five years' imprisonment.

Such a flood of gold from all the world has been pouring into New York in recent weeks that the Assay Office has not kept up with the incoming shipments even by working a twenty-four-hour shift. Shippers have been requested to divert import consignments to the Philadelphia mint. Most of it is coming from France, England, Holland, Sweden, Turkey, India, China and the South American countries.

Despite the fact that 28.9 per cent of the world's savings are in this country, only eight per cent of the total number of the world's savers are American. One of every five inhabitants of France has a savings account.

Immigrants at Ellis Island are now permitted to cultivate flower beds and fruit. Experts from the vineyards of Italy and Greeks from the land of olives are competing in decorating the detention island. The Red Cross provides fertilizer and oversees the work.

A Cabinet chair is to be fashioned and presented to President Harding from the wreck of the old American warship Revenge, sunk by the British in Lake Champlain, October 11, 1776. The skeleton of the old vessel lies on the shore of the lake at Ticonderoga, having been draggd out of the mud twelve years ago.

Compulsory voting is written into the Czecho-Slovakia constitution. Every man and woman who is eligible to vote must do so or go to jail. As a result the will of the people is faithfully recorded.

To show the practicability of using dogs to carry messages when an airplane is unable to land, a fox terrier recently made a descent of 1,500 feet in a parachute from an airplane. When he landed he worked himself free from his harness and ran to headquarters with a message suspended from his neck.

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Are We Buying Peace or Trouble?

Our Vital Need: More Business in Government

By A. R. PINCI

ORGANIZED inefficiency is what exists at Washington under the name of government. The government's inability in managing itself in a businesslike way is nothing new, and just now, because of President Harding's interest in the matter, is very much before public attention. But unscientific management of and by the administration is not, be it understood, an exclusively American characteristic. Other governments are alien to the science of management. The only difference between this country and other countries is that the American people can, if they insist, improve the situation which disgusts them, especially when taxes fall due, after which they forget all about it.

Waste, extravagance, overstaffing and duplication are the four principal governmental weeds in that perennial crop that Uncle Sam so carelessly cultivates year after year. From the day when the late Senator Aldrich declared that the government could save $300,000,000 a year to the recent day when Senator Ashurst raised the total—probably to keep up the ratio with increased costs—to $2,000,000 a day, exactly ten years have intervened, but the only ones who have profited by these warnings have been the campaigners, some of whom have been animated by the best of intentions and not a few by the desire for a subject suitable for the stump. It is so uncompromising and glib that the middle class does not realize that it is synonymous with *mañana*.

The problem is not new; it has no party. It is unnecessary to trace back its origin and constant variations. Suffice it to say that it exists. Its complexities, unfortunately, have been magnified by the lens of politics in a patronage shutter. It has led to the creation of miscellaneous commissions, boards and agencies that have been little more than ornamental. Discussion has yielded at times some good plans which, unfortunately, clashed with the intent of other parties at interest. As a result the feeble attempts at betterment have proved abortive. Attention has been given to auxiliary instead of primary questions. Every plan has involved the cardinal unwritten necessity to protect the personnel. In fact, every attempted solution has been based upon personnel instead of organization. The futility of this course can better be understood when it is realized that a problem involving the distribution and allocation of a hundred and odd bureaus is considered instead a problem of the government clerk, as the Federal employe has come to be known.

Both major political parties sermonized in accordance with strict campaign etiquette last year. The writer was assured of vigorous action on the part of both candidates and publicly quoted them accordingly. Both having been members of Congress they regarded the question with legislative equanimity. But this equanimity is an imaginative state, easily overcome by the "know how-ers."

President Harding, himself an advocate of system in reason, wants to reorganize the government departments on an efficient basis. If his chosen assistants do not interpose any obstacles, which would be superhuman on their part, he can bring it about in no time.

President Harding, like other Presidents before him facing the same problem, lost control of the situation by following the ancient custom of relying upon his executive assistants to get together and bring about the official millennium.

This is no actual cause for complaint. Regardless of just who it has been until now—and who it will be from now on—to obstruct the good work, and that everybody has been willin', it never happens that everybody would be in accord at one time on any one plan. It is to be expected that no man, be he the discoverer of efficiency even, is going to amputate his own department in favor of another.

Take the complex situation created by the need for a better understanding of our foreign trade problems. It was under President Taft that international commerce definitely assumed official importance. The Department of Commerce and Labor was established during Roosevelt's first term, and it remained a Siamese-twin sort of department until President Wilson's administration performed some excellent surgery. Meanwhile the department, little more than a statistical organization, did not concern itself with such imaginary questions as foreign trade. Foreign trade was not fashionable, not even to talk about. Secretary Knox invited much criticism by making the first plunge, and this was accompanied by the appointment of foreign trade advisors in the Department of State, of which he was chief.

Today there are or there is a trade advisor, and there are similar officials with other titles under the Department of Commerce. Both departments have, during the last eight years, engaged in a more or less silent war. Though to all intents and purposes the Wilson administration turned its back upon the dollar diplomacy of its predecessor, and apparently did so by relieving the State Department of its responsibility over foreign trade matters, the Department of Commerce began to experiment in this field, and the World War and the attending excitement made these experiments grow.

With the end of the war, however, Secretary Lansing, realizing that if the background of economics were eliminated foreign relations would not warrant the retention of the State Department, contended with his colleague of the Department of Commerce authority over the commercial attachés and the supervision of their work. Secretary Alexander refused to yield, and the matter was not stirred during the interim of 1920.

This problem, however, was inherited by the Harding administration. The business men concerned with this particular phase of governmental activities, as well as the few correspondents at Washington familiar with the genesis of this mix-up, ignored entirely the suggestion that this or that man could or would solve the difficulty. To say that it has been eliminated or that it will is to be optimistic—too much so. Neither Secretary Hughes nor Secretary Hoover, nor other secretaries or chairmen of executive and administrative commissions and boards having some jurisdiction over international economic needs, could by themselves, despite the best of intentions, correct the situation.

In fact, it may be taken for granted that an ideal, or nearly ideal Federal office reorganization will never be accomplished except by a President-elect before making his nominations, said nominations subject to his own theory of reallocation. President Harding could have worked out on paper—and as Senator the data was at his disposal—a chart involving the new plan, subject, of course, to modification and trial.

It is not just to say that Congress obstructs. Congress as a body will not obstruct if a President knows what he wants. Congressmen may impede for a while, but never in any policy which has the weight of public opinion behind it, as has Federal reorganization. Never passes a day that some member does not arraign or ridicule this or that bureau, and at appropriation time he makes his word good by voting to legislate out, yet in the course of interminable hearings before committees an unimportant officer of the doomed bureau is called to testify. Upon this testimony really depends his job, and eloquence at such times rises to zenith. Many a committee member unable to declaim as well on the floor, has envied the forensic brilliance of a witness thinking of his job, and his job alone. Think of the Congressmen at campaign time!

The reason that these bureaus succeed in perpetuating themselves is traceable to the President's attitude. I am speaking of the office, and of course of four or five administrations whose operations have come to my personal attention.

The President's indifference may be a loophole; again, it may be the secretary in charge who, scenting an emergency and fearful because of the threatened dismemberment of his composite organization, writes a letter or appears in person. Congress, because of the force of patronage, eventually yields.

If the President having decided upon effectuating a reorganization, were to submit to Congress a definite plan, the request would not be denied, because so far as the country is concerned, the advantages would all be on the President's side, with Congress or lesser officials on the defensive.

A precedent existed—a war precedent, it is true—in the Overman bill, by which President Wilson was given absolute authority to reorganize the government departments, commissions, bureaus, boards, in any way he pleased. But nothing came of it, though enduring fame would have been his in this case no less than for his other ideals. Instead, numerous war organizations, most of which have since become "reconstruction" offices, were added to an already topheavy, heterogeneous organization with resultant confusion.

It would be too much perhaps to expect the President himself to devise final plans for a reorganization, yet unless he alone decides to formulate them and rush them through, he will never succeed in squaring a party and platform promise with fulfillment. This is a cynical observation born of long experience at Washington, where, for instance, to trace a given bit of news it is necessary to visit several offices which ought to be one office, because their work is practically triplicated or worse. The trained correspondent becomes inured to these girovagations, but not so the business man. Thus we may explain the impossibility of team work between the business world and the government.

Briefly, while every official is sympathetic toward reorganization, his willingness is that the experiment be tried first on the other fellow. As long as the proposal carries with it the implication of diminished authority, executive officials are bound "to view with alarm."

Yet reapportionment by itself would not eliminate difficulties. It goes deeper than that. It is necessary to make many important changes in consonance with modern exigencies. The nation has grown so rapidly that the government has not kept pace with it.

This country has never emerged from its related railroad and shipping problem. Today it is more serious than ever. The railroads and our deteriorating merchant marine, which together constitute about $25,000,000,000 of property investment of vital nature, to say nothing of a million or so stockholders, have no representation in the President's cabinet. They form a constant emergency, but neither of which ever is brought to the President's attention except indirectly. Whenever railroads and merchant marine are discussed at a Cabinet meeting it is without the participation of railroad or shipping experts, but through disinterested secretaries as spokesmen. Thus our most costly property investments are separately permitted to drift along under the jurisdiction of independent commissions (frequently without experts because these are often barred by the organic acts of Congress) that, so far as records show to date, have never satisfactorily overcome difficulties. In between is sandwiched an occasional Congressional investigation, that as soon as completed is overtaken by new troubles.

This, of course, does not mean that a single departmental head could manage transportation affairs better than scattered commissions, but under the present system there follows a hodge-podge of legislative, executive and judicial duties that never dovetail and serve to keep our transportation properties in turmoil.

It is evident, therefore, that as much of our national wealth—the very nucleus of that greater wealth represented by other departments—is entitled to the benefit of the President's attention at the Cabinet meetings by

(Concluded on page 10)

Reorganization Proposed to Improve the Business of Government

This chart gives an idea of the changes proposed for the departments in our national government. It does not name, however, bureaus not subject to transfer, and all names that are in parentheses are those of the departments now holding jurisdiction.

STATE	TREASURY	ARMY	NAVY
Insular Affairs (War)	War Credits Board (War)	Soldiers' Home (Ind.)	Coast Guard (Tre.)
International Joint Commission (Ind.)	Federal Reserve Board (Ind.)		
Boundary Commission, Canada (Ind.)	War Finance Corporation (Ind.)		
Boundary Commission, Mexico (Ind.)	Farm Loan Board (Ind.)		
INTERIOR	**JUSTICE**	**AGRICULTURE**	**COMMERCE**
Federal Power Com. (Ind.)	Com'r. Prohibition (Treas.)	Bureau Fisheries (Comm.)	War Trade Board (State)
Forest Service (Agr.)	Secret Service (Treas.)		Tariff Commission (Ind.)
Naval Observatory (Navy)	Alien Prop. Cust. (Ind.)		Patent Office (Inter.)
Weather Bureau (Agr.)	Bureau Naturalization (Lab.)		Federal Trade Com. (Ind.)
Coast Geodetic Survey (Com.)			Bureau Markets (Agr.)
Public Bldgs. Grnds. (War)			xBureau Chemistry (Agr.)
Comm. Fine Arts (Ind.)			
LABOR	**POST OFFICE**	**TRANSPORTATION**	**PUBLIC WELFARE**
*Civil Service Comm. (Ind.)		U. S. Shipping Board (Ind.)	Bureau Public Health (Treas.)
*U. S. Employes Compstn. Comm. (Ind.)		Int. Commerce Com. (Ind.)	zPension Bureau (Int.)
*Bureau Efficiency (Ind.)		Engr. Bd. Rivers & Harbors (War)	zWar Risk Ins. (Treas.)
vMediation & Conciliation Bd. (Ind.)		Inland & Coastwise Wtrways Serv. (War)	Bureau Education (Int.)
		Bureau Public Roads (Agr.)	Census (Commerce)
		Bureau Navigation (Comm.)	Children's Bureau (Labor)
		Hydrographic Office (Navy)	Women's Bureau (Labor)
		Lighthouse Bureau (Comm.)	American Red Cross (Ind.)
		Steamboat Inspection (Comm.)	Miscellaneous Hospitals

*Should be one bureau.
vTo absorb identical bureau in Department of Labor.
zShould be combined into Bureau of Pensions.
xShould be combined with Bureau of Standards.

The foregoing is necessarily sketchy, and does not go into all the fine points and distinctions of the offices suggested for transfer, but their possibilities have been taken into account, and no challenge of dissent made tenable. If a further division is warranted it is not such as to involve difficulties.

The new departments are indispensable, because if the activities reasonably theirs should be distributed among existing departments more chaos would ensue.



REV. DR. CHARLES W. GORDON

Preacher-Writer-Fighter Now Industrial Arbiter

Ralph Connor as Chairman of Manitoba Council Outlines the Principles for Peaceful Relations

The service of the community is the supreme objective in industry.

The human element is the supreme consideration in industrial activity.

The highest interests of all concerned in industry are secured only by co-operation of all.

Differences of opinion are inevitable. The only sane method of settlement is by consideration *not by the club.*

THESE are quotations and it might be deduced that they are from a sermon on industrial relations, a fruitful and vital topic in these days. The sermon idea is not so bad a guess because they come from a preacher who is also a war padre with a record. You might not know him as Rev. Dr. Charles W. Gordon of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg, nor as Major C. W. Gordon of the 79th Cameron Highlanders of Canada, but if you know anything about popular authors and writers of "best sellers" you would recognize him instantly by his pen name, Ralph Connor, author of "The Sky Pilot," "The Man from Glengarry," "The Foreigner" and many other equally well-known books that are read and treasured wherever the English language is spoken.

This is not a story about preacher, war padre or author who is about to gain further renown when screen versions of some of his books appear shortly. It is about Charles W. Gordon, chairman of the Manitoba Joint Council of Industry, and about this body which has been working quietly in Winnipeg for the past year. The story is worth the telling, not alone because the Council of Industry is believed to be the only organization of its kind in the world but because there are many close students of industrial affairs who have followed its work and believe that it is blazing a trail which will yet lead to the solution of one of the greatest problems of the world today.

How Council of Industry Works

THE Manitoba Joint Council of Industry operates under The Industrial Conditions Act, which was passed by the Manitoba legislature in February, 1919. At that time were to be heard the first mutterings of the industrial troubles which culminated in the disastrous general sympathetic strike which paralyzed industry and upset all normal conditions in the city of Winnipeg and even throughout the whole province for six weeks from May 15 to the end of June. Impending trouble was in the air and the government was making every effort to find a way of avoiding a clash. Premier Norris had for months been giving his closest attention to the problem and had sought the advice of leaders among both employers and employes.

The Industrial Conditions Act of 1919 was drafted and submitted to the legislature after many conferences with representatives of the two parties directly involved and after exhaustive inquiry into attempts made in other parts of the world to find a remedy for existing conditions. The co-operation of both labor and employers was required, and after the bill had passed the legislature the government at that time was unable to secure the co-operation of the representatives of labor, who apparently mistrusted the professed objects of the act. Throughout the strike and for months afterward the whole situation was under constant study by the government with the result that at the 1920 session of the legislature the original act was amended to bring it more nearly within the views of the accepted representatives of labor. The amending bill passed without serious opposition in the legislature although it had a long and careful passage through committee. Incidentally, it may be mentioned, the provisions of the act were the subject of numerous discussions at meetings of an informal committee which sat while the legislature was in session and which was composed of representatives of labor and employes as well as some members of the legislature. The round table conferences of this committee, at which there was the frankest discussion of all the questions at issue, undoubtedly contributed largely to the understanding which was embodied in the amendments of 1920.

The Joint Council of Industry is composed of five persons, two representatives of employers and two of employes with a chairman appointed by the government, and who is, therefore, through the government responsible to the people. As previously mentioned, this chairman is Rev. C. W. Gordon. It is to be noted that through this chairman the general public is in control in cases of a deadlock between the representatives of employers and employes.

The council has all the powers of a judge of the Court of King's Bench in conducting inquiries. It may, whenever it has reason to believe that an industrial dispute exists, or seems likely to arise, hold a complete investigation and make public its report thereon. It was believed that in many cases this investigation would prevent a strike and in all cases as the result of the publicity given through the report of the council, the public would have an intelligent knowledge of the matters in dispute. During the past year this belief has been fully justified.

The council is empowered to make continuous investigation and report as to the cost of living from time to time for the purpose of enabling the public to judge whether demands for increases in wages are justifiable or not. In this connection the council has power to investigate the cost of any special commodity or service and to make public its report. It is also empowered to investigate and report as to unemployment and to estimate the number of persons likely to be or who are actually out of employment so that with such authentic information steps can be taken to provide employment or prevent unemployment.

Scope of Council's Work

THE council is given power to investigate and report as to housing conditions and also as to what extent prevailing rates of wages enable employes to make provisions for the future and their dependents. Another section gives the council the power to investigate as to unfair profits made by any employer or groups of employers through payment of unfair wages, this being a safeguard against sweatshop conditions and industrial "Bourbonism."

Section 10 gives the council power to take up the case of any employe who has been oppressively or unfairly treated and to assist him financially to obtain justice through the courts and by section 11 the council is given the power to lay a formal complaint against persons guilty of violation of any law which affects employers and employes or the public and to procure conviction.

The council is also given the power to recommend to the legislature of the province measures designed to improve conditions of employment and to safeguard against unemployment. Possibly the most important point in the amendments of 1920 was that by which the right of employers and employes to organize and to bargain with one another through their organizations, or the representatives thereof, or individually, is recognized by law. This embodies the much-discussed principle of collective bargaining.

The Joint Council of Industry was organized and ready for business on May 12, 1920, and up to the end of the year had held seventy-seven regular meetings and had ninety interviews with parties interested in cases dealt with. Twenty cases were heard in which a settlement acceptable to both sides was effected in eighteen, one case was still in process of negotiation at the end of the year while in the twentieth case the council's suggestions were declined. Acute strife such as strike or lockout was prevented in every case and, as will be noted later on, one case adjusted by the council contained all the seeds of real trouble in the building trades for the reason that between five and six hundred workers were actually concerned in the dispute and the whole membership of the unions in the building trades in Winnipeg might have been involved.

General Principles Worked Out

IN REVIEWING the work of the year Dr. Gordon places quite as much value on the general principles asserted and established by the council as upon the actual results of the specific cases brought before it. These general principles will be found to cover practically the whole field of relations between employer and employe and might well be studied by all persons who should realize the futility and stupidity of methods that in past years have brought no lasting improvement. The principles outlined by Dr. Gordon are as follows:—

General Principles Asserted and Established.

1. The Service of the Community is the supreme objective in Industry.
2. The human element is the supreme consideration in Industrial activity.
3. The highest interests of all concerned in Industry are secured only by co-operation of all.
4. Differences of opinion are inevitable. The only sane method of settlement is by consideration, not by the club.
5. Agreements once accepted must be preserved during their lifetime.
6. The spirit of an Agreement must over-ride the letter, if conflict between spirit and letter should appear.
7. Little troubles removed make for peace.

Dr. Gordon has also outlined the principle which should govern the rights of workmen and of employes as follows:—

Rights of Workman.

1. Trade Union activities which do not interfere with duty may not be penalized.
2. A living wage is every worker's right—a wage which enables the worker to live in decency and comfort.
3. Every worker has the right of appeal against any decision of his employer.
4. All workers permanently employed should receive a reasonable amount of holiday time.
5. The rate of wages involves such factors as

Cost of Living	Period of Activity
Permanency	Skill required
Hazard	Training required
Strain	Brain Power involved

Rights of Employers.

1. Continuity of work must be preserved.
2. A full day's work must be given in a full day's time.
3. Discipline must be preserved for the purpose of co-ordinate and continuous effort.
4. Insubordination involves prompt penalty.
5. Management must be untrammelled—a single hand must be on the wheel of control.

Some of the cases dealt with by the Joint Council of Industry during the year are of particular interest as indicating how a third party can study and measure the two sides to a dispute and find middle ground upon which the parties can agree. One particularly interesting case was that in which an individual worker claimed unfair discrimination and unjust dismissal. The employer claimed insubordination necessitating dismissal and the evidence given before the council indicated that the claim of the management was well founded. The point in this case is that, when it was put to him in the right light by the council, the justice of his dismissal was accepted by the workman and his former employer immediately offered aid in securing another position.

Disputes Between Labor Bodies Up

ANOTHER interesting class of cases which came before the council was that of disputes between labor organizations or between a union as an organization and individual members of that union. For example, trouble arose last summer between the Plasterers' International Association and the Bricklayers and Masons' International Union over work being done on a big new theater in Winnipeg. There was a difference of opinion here as to whether the plasterers or bricklayers and masons had the right to a certain class of work and when the contractors assigned the work to the bricklayers and masons the plasterers immediately went on strike. When the case was brought before the Joint Council of Industry the council was able to get the parties of the dispute to agree to a 50/50 division with the result that the work was finished without interruption. Meantime, the principle at issue was referred to the recognized International Union authorities for adjudication. The important point in this case was that work on a building, where early completion was of the most vital importance to the owners, was kept going with only a very slight interruption.

Another of the cases referred to had to do with disciplinary trouble between a union and members of the union. The investigation of the council showed that these members had been guilty of breach of rules of the organization and had therefore rendered themselves subject to discipline. In this case the good offices of the council secured mitigation of the sentence without interfering with the lawful authority to the union over its members. The interesting point in this case is that a labor union manifested such confidence in the council as to submit a case involving its internal affairs to the judgment of the council and that the union accepted the suggestion of the council. This has an important bearing upon the claim sometimes put forth as to the tyranny of such organizations over their members.

The experience of the council has indicated that friction frequently arises between employers and employes owing to the difference of opinion as to the interpretation of a clause in an agreement, the result being that from a very minor disagreement serious industrial disturbances may follow. One of the cases dealt with by the council during the year affords a good illustration. Here, owing to a difference of opinion as to an interpretation of an agreement between the Canadian National Railway Transfer Company and its employes, an incipient strike was produced but was called off on the understanding that the matter should be referred to the Joint Council of Industry. The council was happily successful, not only in settling the question of interpretation, but was able, first, to rewrite the clause so as to remove possibilities of future misunderstanding, and second, to remove various other causes of friction and to restore harmonious relations between management and workers. Incidentally, the council

(Concluded on page 15)

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 33, June 11, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Disarmament in Sight

THE unanimous vote of the Senate adopting the Borah amendment to the Naval Supply Bill, requesting the President to call a three-power conference to discuss reductions in naval armaments and expenditures, must be regarded as a splendid triumph for awakened public opinion. This record vote followed hard on the heels of the rejection of a similar amendment in the House at the behest of the administration.

There can be no question that a rejection that implied an alignment of the United States with the forces of militarism here and abroad startled thinking people into unwonted action. On all sides indignant protest was voiced. Church assembly after church assembly went on record in demands for a prompt initiative by the President looking toward bringing about world disarmament. At a convention of the Church Peace Union (an interdenominational body), in Chicago, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who had an important share in our Y. M. C. A. war work in England and France, went so far as to declare that the vote of the House made the United States at that time, in his opinion, "the greatest single menace to the peace of the world."

The press of the country, regardless of party or section, experienced a change of heart, and voiced the imperative sentiment of the country in favor of disarmament. Chambers of commerce and other business organizations made it very clear that further delays and vagueness in regard to a policy that contemplated the indefinite continuance of tax burdens with consequent sabotaging of the country's industries would not be tolerated. There can be little doubt that members of Congress in both Houses and the President himself were bombarded with such numerous and emphatic expressions of disappointment and dissatisfaction as left no doubt in the minds of the politicians as to the real nature of popular feeling and determination on the subject.

As a result, we have witnessed a volte-face in the administration's policy that is as hopeful as it is enlightening. Disarmament is no longer to be treated with mild tolerance as an academic or "sentimental" question. Washington has been served with unmistakable notice that the people are not to be played with. It is inconceivable that President Harding can now so greatly mistake the temper of the nation as to make the discretion as to time reposed in him a pretext for undue delay. Both Britain and Japan have already evinced readiness, even eagerness, to follow the lead of the United States in naval reductions. The President's opportunity is a magnificent one. It is nothing less than the fulfillment in our day of the counsel of Washington's farewell injunction to "give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted sense of justice and benevolence." And his responsibility is as grave as his opportunity is splendid.

"Benefits Derived"

PEOPLE all over this country are thinking about taxation. What is more to the point, they are thinking in terms of the collectivity rather than in those of selfish individual interests. This is well, for taxation is more than ever a vital problem at this time, when both the Federal Government and state and local units are making demands for expenditures on an unprecedented scale.

Each day's mail brings many letters from our readers on this subject. One from Mr. J. H. McEldowney, of Los Angeles, is helpfully analytical. Commenting on a recent suggestion in these columns that contributions to the expense of government should be in proportion to the benefits derived by any particular citizen or corporation, he points out that this notion—considered a taxation maxim by economists generally—is simply a substitute for an earlier maxim now regarded as fallacious and equally inherited from the days when tax collectors were very much on a par with bandits, as in Bible days "publicans" (tax collectors) and sinners were bunched—the maxim, that is to say, that taxes, tariffs and railroad rates should be based on "all the traffic will bear."

Our correspondent points out that one man's "benefits," in the way of government protection, aid and advantage, are pretty much the same as another's, regardless of the widest differences in income. Thus it would be impossible for the average man of small means to contribute directly toward the cost of the benefits he enjoys as much as does his wealthier neighbor enjoying no greater benefits. He reduces the case to a simple syllogism: If the benefits I derive from government expenditure are as great as those derived by any other person, it is only just that I should be compelled to pay as large a share of the cost of government as any other; but injustice is worked if the taxation of my income to aid in paying for government protection brings in only a trivial amount compared with that exacted from my wealthier neighbor, who receives no greater benefits.

Accordingly, it is suggested that even a rough approximation of the comparative values of "benefits enjoyed" is impossible, and that we might well substitute for that idea the assessing of every tax as a reasonable charge on the value of individual or corporate control of natural resources—the only property of all the people, if we except a few public buildings, bridges, ships and canals. Such control of natural resources, it is insisted, affords a much saner and more just measure of benefits derived from government protection than does income derived from wages, salaries, interest, profits, dividends or rents.

By "natural resources" our correspondent probably has in mind coal, petroleum, iron, copper, gold and silver, timber, water and water power. He would probably include as a proper basis for just taxation such natural monopolies as public utilities dependent on public franchises, such as railways, telegraphs and telephones, gas and electric light services and street cars.

There was probably some instinctive sense of the justice of such a tax in the early custom under which "the king's tenth" of all the gold and silver taken from the mines of Mexico and Peru went to the Spanish state—a provision that finds some place to this day not only in the mining codes of our Spanish-American neighbors but also in those of our own southwestern states. What gold and silver were in the days of the *conquistadores,* as important forms of national wealth, coal and oil are in our more modern day. So Mr. McEldowney's suggestion is not without historic example and its logic is evident. Such a tax might not solve the problem wholly but it would be a step in the right direction.

The Telltale Lines

"HE IS the kind of man who does his drinking in secret and his reeling in public—but he doesn't fool anyone but himself," commented the man who had been questioned concerning a certain character. But the man went reeling on, entirely oblivious of the fact that he had revealed his actions and habits quite as plainly as if he had advertised his intentions and then brought his bottle into the public square.

He fooled nobody but himself!

Those who saw him when he did not reel, could read his face. The lines of the face show as much as the lines of the hands—and they are plainly read by all.

You can behave according to one code of ethics during the week, and then profess faith in another code on Sunday, persuading yourself that you are fooling people. The chances are that you succeed in misleading someone—but that one is yourself and none other.

The butcher who short-weights, the grocer who short-changes his customers, the merchant who misrepresents his goods, the lawyer who double-crosses his clients, the farm hand who shirks his chores, and the man in the factory who tries to mislead his foreman, are all in the same class. But every thief robs himself most of all. The scars of dishonest dealing are bound to cut deep on their characters and reflect truly in their faces.

With persistent misbehavior and long-practiced cheating, the conscience may be hardened so that it refuses to function—but the fox-like expression of cupidity and cunning will mirror debasement in the lines of the face, disclosing the thoughts in the heart of the persistent malefactor.

What a silly, pitiful creature is the self-deceived man who thinks he can continue in the wrong way and conceal all trace of his hypocrisy from the world! He fools no one but himself.

Gun Turrets Into Farm Tractors

SLOWLY but surely, Isaiah's prophecy as to the coming time "when there shall be no more war" is finding fulfillment. Essen, home of Krupp guns, is busy making steel rails and mining machinery. There was much perturbation recently in England over a report that the two big ships shortly to be laid down—if continued armament competition is compelled by American naval policy—had been allotted to private firms so as to enable them to keep their armament plants going. The Admiralty promptly denied the report and investigation discloses that the Vickers and the Armstrongs, Britain's leading armament makers, are now devoting their plants to turning out sewing machines, mowers and reapers and other useful machinery.

Certain English papers deplore the fact that what are termed the "naval construction reserves" no longer received substantial assistance in their maintenance from orders from the Admiralty or even from such profitable erstwhile customers as Japan, Brazil, Argentina, China, Russia and Turkey. Three-fifths of the British Grand Fleet was built by private firms and all the guns, turrets, armor, engines and boilers came from that source.

It will prove a happy thing for the world if the element of private profit is wholly eliminated from the making of armament and munitions of war, in accordance with the provisions of the League of Nations Covenant. Enormous fortunes have been coined out of the wretchedness and misery of the peoples by these armament firms; but their day is passing. They may not make such big and easy money out of fashioning farm tractors and harvesters, spinning jennies, weaving frames and sewing machines; but people generally will be happier and more prosperous, and even the armorers will in time come to feel that there is a compensation in freedom from blood-guilt of the money made out of beating spears into pruning hooks, and swords into plowshares. Speed the day!

Mental Workers

WHEN Bernard Shaw was told the other day that there were 350,000 mental workers organized into unions in England, he expressed much surprise. He did not know, he said, that there was so much brain in the country.

Seriously, it is an interesting sign of the times that the "unionization" of the white collar brigade is proceeding apace in Britain just now. Time was, and that not so very long ago, when "Labor" disdainfully refused to recognize as a "worker" any man who did not toil with his hands for wages. The great army of clerks and accountants, stenographers and typists, to say nothing of teachers, lawyers, authors, doctors and newspapermen were regarded as without the pale of labor organization. On their side, these "mental workers" were apt to turn up their noses at the men in overalls.

Now, English teachers, newspaper workers, clerks and letter carriers have each well-organized unions, conducting frequent meetings and conferences and publishing informative papers and magazines. They have exerted an immense and wholesome influence, not only in obtaining the ameliorations of increased salaries and improved working conditions, but also on the entire morale of the labor movement. Old-time petty snobbishness has largely disappeared and better mutual understanding has been developed all along the line. This advance has been helped greatly by the affiliation of these workers' organizations. With the Labor party, in which so-called intellectuals like Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Commander Kenworthy, G. Bernard Shaw and Sir L. C. Money share the responsibilities of leadership with men who have risen from the ranks like Henderson, Thomas, Barnes and Hodges.

After all, the pretended distinction between mental and manual workers is a stupid one. As Ruskin said long ago, the notion that one-half the population should do all the thinking and the other half all the working is a false and mischievous notion. In normal men and women, thought and action are evenly balanced. Work without art—which means work without thought—is brutal. Thinking worthy of the name finds expression in creative work—in production of some sort. And thought is tested in action. Of course, in the last analysis, every real worker is a thinker and every real thinker a worker. The value of the work and of the worker is in direct ratio to the amount and the kind of thought put into the work.

Unhappily, the lack of genuine mental activity shown by too many "mental workers" offers some justification for Bernard Shaw's sarcastic gibe. This would be a better and happier world if more of our workers would only think now and then.

Mr. Ford's Page

AN ERA of common sense seems to have dawned upon the United States. If it only maintains itself for two or three years we shall be able to drop the "seems to have" and say "has dawned." We have had too much experience as a nation to hail the first furrow as a guaranty of how the whole field will be plowed, but even the most cautious and skeptical of us are ready to say that it really seems as if the new era not only has come (we knew that all along) but has come to the welcome of those who understand it and wish it well. The new era always comes; sometimes it is met with opposition; sometimes it is met with co-operation.

One of the counsels of caution at a time like this is to be very certain that we do not mistake a reactionary turn for a return of common sense. We have passed through a period of fireworks of every description, and the making of a great many idealistic maps of progress, and the utterance of all sorts of noble sentiments, but we didn't get anywhere. It was a convention, not a march. Lovely things were said, but when we got home we found the furnace out.

Reactionaries have frequently taken advantage of the recoil from such a period, and they have promised "the good old times"—which usually meant the bad old abuses—and because they were perfectly void of vision they were regarded as "practical men" and their return to power has been hailed—for a brief illusionary time—as the return of common sense. That is one of the memories that make us cautious. Is it reaction or common sense?

At any rate, the instincts of the people are fairly accurate in gauging the state of public affairs, and the people rather feel that at present we are following a safe and substantial policy and that what we may lack in brilliance in the conduct of our public affairs is more than made up in soundness and sanity. It is a great thing to evoke that feeling in a nation, especially without doing anything sensational, but just by attending day by day the daily duties as they come up. It is a very notable achievement to do that, and the President seems to have accomplished it.

The administration slogan of "less government in business and more business in government" is a very good one, not mainly on account of business or government, but on account of the people. Business is not the reason why these United States were founded, neither is government the reason. The Declaration of Independence is not a business charter nor is the Constitution of the United States a commercial schedule. The United States is land and people, and government and business are but methods by which the life of the people on the land is made worth while. They are servants only, never were anything but servants, and never caused anything but trouble when they forgot for a time that they were servants. The moment the people become adjuncts to business, or to government, that moment the law of retribution begins to work, for such a relation is unnatural, immoral, inhuman—wrong in every way.

Yet we cannot live without business and we cannot live without government. Even the hobo cannot live without business, for it is the most complex mechanical and commercial processes that give him his free rides across the country and provide the bread which he gets as hand-outs at back doors. Even the anarchist cannot live without government; it was the quiet and orderliness provided by government that gave men intelligence and leisure enough to think out the theory of anarchy, and whenever anarchy comes into temporary control it proceeds to institute the most steel-ribbed government ever known. Business and government are necessary as servants, like water and grain are; as masters they overturn the natural order.

It ought to be fundamental that you will never find what is good for business or government until you find what is good for the people, and it is equally fundamental that what appears to be good for business and government is not to be trusted at all, until it has been tested out by the principle of the people's good. We are always treating business, doctoring it, inventing laws which we think will protect or stimulate it. Go to the big conventions—business is regarded as a separate entity, a thing in itself, a separate empire; without a thought of the real fundamental entity, the people, and that encompassing empire, the people's good.

All the business that there ever was is right here now, in the people. Business is nothing more nor less than the supply of the people's needs. The need of the people to eat every day, to be clothed and sheltered, is the basic guaranty of business. If the people should dispense with these needs, there would be no business. Whenever a fool policy interferes with the people's ability to supply those needs in an honorable, orderly way, business slumps. There is always enough Supply—Nature and Nature's God saw to that long beforehand; there is always enough Demand—the recurring needs of human life provide for that; the kink is somewhere in between, in the realm which we call "commerce," and centers around a human invention called "money." The material for business is always present—always present; human interference by man-made laws causes trouble.

One step in the right direction is the new idea which seems to be held by the administration that the problems of the country must be settled in the country proper, and not in Washington. We have fallen into the bad habit of looking to Washington as to some shrine whose oracles possessed all wisdom. Now, whenever sensible men comprise the administration they know that all wisdom is not summed up in them. That is one of the very hopeful qualities of the present administration—there has not yet appeared among them any who imagines himself a superman. They are good workmen trying to do a creditable job and not afraid to ask counsel or assistance when they need it.

But when you get a whole country thinking that Washington is a sort of heaven and behind its clouds dwell omniscience and omnipotence, you are educating the country into a dependent state of mind which augurs ill for the future. Our help does not come from Washington, but from ourselves; our help may, however, go to Washington as a sort of central distribution point where all our efforts are co-ordinated for the general good.

It is, therefore, quite an important fact—much more important as principle than as policy—that the present administration has undertaken to let the United States be the United States with Washington as its office, instead of attempting to make Washington the United States with the rest of the country serving as a very useful back yard.

It puts the country's welfare up to us—all of us. And that is where it should be. A few more years of dependence on Washington, praying to Washington, hoping for miraculous occurrences and showers of blessings from Washington would have placed this country in a condition where almost any demagogue sufficiently beclouded with mystic glory could have come along and led us into the wilderness. That danger is past. We are once more a democratic republic. The autocracy of government, the autocracy of big business, the autocracy of caste have all disappeared, and if they remain out, we may consider that we have scraped through a dangerous place: dangerous because the people hardly scented the danger; dangerous because they were falling into the habit of letting the government do it, the government being a few men who can be seated in a very small room.

The country is now permitted to get under its own problems. The ancient principle is again exalted that the country belongs to the nation. There are no demigods, and we can't use demagogues.

THE present administration has staged a return to common sense which, if given a long enough run, will work wonders. The President does not regard the United States as Washington's back yard. We have had too much of that. Washington has been a sort of heaven where omniscience and omnipotence dwelt, to which the people prayed, and from which miracles and showers of blessings might be expected. We were rapidly falling into the habit of mistaking the government for the nation. The country is getting under its own problems. Washington has ceased to be a throne and has become a clearing house. We are once more a democratic republic. It is an era which the historian might describe as "the return of the American people to the United States."



Looking toward Lake Michigan from the side of a large dune. Note the pine trees, the shrubs, and the flowers in the foreground.

The Fairyland of the Middle West

Sand Dunes of the Indiana Shore: a Magic Country Where Hills Come and Go at the Caprice of a Gale

By J. S. MORRISON

THE sand-dune country of Northern Indiana, extending from Gary to the Michigan state line, is known to people the world over. It is a natural wonderland attractive alike to scientist and layman, to him who understands its secrets as well as to him who is ignorant of its meaning but captivated by its spell. There is no natural park like it in this country or any other. It is unique.

In the first place, the dune region is an uninhabited wilderness. That there is such a spot within a few miles of the center of our population and almost at the very doors of Chicago is itself worthy of note. Yet, while it is a wilderness, it is not a desert.

Moreover, the dunes are a different world from the monotonous flatness of the prairies of Illinois. They are a country of hills and bluffs, gullies and valleys, with all sorts of variations—little lakes, bogs, small streams and meadows. The beach is probably the finest along inland waters anywhere—broad, smooth, clean, free from rocks and quicksands, and sloping gradually into the coolness of Lake Michigan.

To the average visitor the spectacle of the so-called "walking dunes" is the most interesting. Here he sees land in the making. Here today is a towering dune crowned with flowers and other vegetation; tomorrow it is gone, and in its place is a great "blow-out" or saucer-shaped excavation of glistening sand—a silent testimonial of the might of the winds. Today is a deep gash in a bluff; tomorrow its place is taken by a lofty heap of white sand that has come up, grain by grain, out of the lake. Today stands a small forest on the edge of a great shallow pond; tomorrow it is a cemetery, with even the tree tops covered by sand marching in from the beach. Today one sees a glistening mountain; tomorrow it is no more, and its former presence is revealed only by gray, somber tree trunks perfectly preserved but denuded of all bark.

Not all the dunes, however, fall prey to the caprices of the winds. Those which are covered with sufficient vegetation are stationary, being able to withstand the onslaughts of the gusts, which quite often attain a velocity of sixty miles or more an hour. The cottonwood tree is the best sand binder because of its extensive root system, though other trees and shrubs fulfill this kindly mission also. In this connection the wild grapevine must not be omitted; valiantly does it strive to hold together whole hills of fickle sand.

Volumes might be written about the trees of this marvelous region. Both because of their variety and their extraordinary appearance are they worthy of comment. The prevailing type of tree of the northern or windward slope is the pine, of which there are several kinds; while the leeward sides boast principally the oak, the black oak being the most conspicuous on the older dunes. Most of the trees are deciduous, but there is at least one cone-bearer—the tamarack. Here also one can find junipers, alders, cottonwoods, poplars, sour gums, red maples, pawpaws, and willows. One need not be a member of scientific societies to appreciate their indescribable beauty and charm.

Not only the botanist but every other lover of flowers as well will find the dunes a floral paradise, a place where he or she can satisfy the heart's desire in this particular. The visitor will find acres upon acres and miles upon miles of rare and common plants, flowers, and shrubs. Their great diversity of colors will dazzle the eye; their combined fragrance will be the open-sesame to the unlocked memories of childhood's brightest hours.

Among the swamps you will see the yellow of goldenrod contrasted with the purple of asters. You will find violets, several varieties of orchids and pitcher plants. Cinnamon ferns several feet high will not escape you. Here also the blending of browns and greens of cat-tails, sedges, reeds and ferns will give you rest. Farther up, on the hills of sand, grows the wild lupine or wild pea, which, blooming profusely in May and June, enchants the beholder with its beauty of striking purple. Another plant of the same entrancing color is the Japanese iris. Once seen, it will never fade from the mind's eye.

Dune grasses of many species have been noted, which resist with success the heat of summer and the rigors of unusually severe winters. One observer places their number at more than thirty. Among them the wild rye is very much in evidence, attaining, as it often does, a height of eight or ten feet.

If the lover of birds will visit the dunes he will not be disappointed. It has been stated by an accurate observer that more than three hundred varieties of feathered folk visit here during the year. It is believed that nowhere else, during the period of migration, are there more varieties to be found. Formerly great havoc was done the edible game fowl by lawbreaking hunters, but it is hoped that the present penalties are sufficiently drastic to prevent the repetition of such wanton acts. Furthermore, the passage of the Federal Migratory Bird Act and its subsequent approval by the United States Supreme Court will undoubtedly have here a beneficial effect.

Lake Michigan itself, in whatever mood it may be, awakens fancies in the beholder. Hundreds of persons make excursions to this wonderland who are recreated and revived by the charm of the saucy whitecaps of the waves or by the blue-green smoothness of the surface, which begets the peace that passes all understanding. And if one cares to bathe in the refreshing waters he will discover that Nature could have built no finer beach if made to order.

The Indiana sand dunes are a Mecca for geologists. For a period estimated as five thousand years Lake Michigan has been taking material from its west shore, from Chicago northward into Wisconsin, and depositing it at the dunes. Previous thereto the level of the lake was fifty or sixty feet higher than now, and the discharge was toward the Mississippi at a point not far from the present site of the dunes. During this span of time, geologists tell us, about five hundred square miles of land were, in this manner, washed away and deposited—an unparalleled erosion. The student of geology also will be able to see here the action of wind and water upon the soil; to observe the selecting and rearranging processes which control the evolution of the earth's crust, and which, usually consuming ages, here work swiftly almost before the eye.

While the dunes are the source of greatest pleasure and profit during the spring and summer, it must not be supposed that they are forbidding in the autumn or winter months. In fact, the autumn affords perhaps the best opportunity for enjoying the flora of the region. For then the shrubs and trees are gowned in their most gorgeous costumes; then one sees matchless variations of all the colors of the spectrum. And, later on, the snows of winter cause one to imagine that he is in the picturesque hill country of some of the New England States.

What is the present status of this veritable fairyland so far as concerns its ownership? Virtually the entire strip, approximately twenty miles in length and from one to one and one-half miles in width, is owned by private persons. As long as this situation continues this marvelous playground is in grave danger of being lost to the public, to whom it would unquestionably be a blessing. The first agitation for public acquisition of the dunes occurred in 1915, those initial efforts crystallizing in the organization of the National Dunes Park Association, whose purpose was declared to be "to secure, establish, improve, and perpetuate a public national park or parks along the southerly shore of Lake Michigan in the state of Indiana." About that time the United States Senate adopted a resolution directing the Secretary of the Interior to investigate and report to Congress the advisability and cost of securing the sand-dune district for park purposes. Public hearings were held in the city of Chicago in 1916 before Stephen T. Mather, Director of National Park Service, who made a favorable report to his chief. While nothing more has been done by Congress, the project is still very much alive, being fostered by the aforementioned association, by the Indiana Federation of Women's Clubs, and by the public-spirited men and women throughout the Middle West. The people of Indiana have lately come to the front, and have determined to fortify their wishes by having the state acquire Duneland and maintain it as a state park until the Federal Government sees its way clear to take it over.

It is to be hoped that those men and women who believe in public parks and their salutary effects upon lives too often and too thoroughly tainted by the grime and soot and heavy labor of this commercialistic age will manifest a keen interest in a region that is incomparable for its natural beauty. The dunes cannot be duplicated; the works of man can be. To the geologist the dunes are unique; to the naturalist they are a wonderful field of study; to the artist and poet they are an inspiration; to the rank and file of us they are a fountainhead of perpetual wonderment and joy. To fail to preserve them for the benefit of this and future generations will be nothing less than a national calamity.

Working Miracles With Sagebrush and Water

Desert Wastes Will Produce Famed Apples of the Northwest

By CHRISTY THOMAS

AIDED by inexhaustible streams that rush down the valleys of great mountain ranges, western workers of miracles with water today are carpeting with beautiful green apple orchards what only a little while ago was a desert of far-reaching waste. Take the state of Washington. There the water wizards shortly will snatch a mountain torrent from its tumultuous race to the sea, carry it fourteen miles through a mountain of solid rock, and then turn its life-giving waters into another valley. There 40,000 acres of worthless sagebrush land will be made to produce big red and yellow apples, sometimes a hundred boxes to the tree.

The state is supervising the construction, settlement and financing of the project—something distinctly new in this country's agricultural development. Later the state will attract and select its own settlers. Washington is the first state in the Union to have its own reclamation service. It was created in 1919 by act of the state legislature. The act gives broad powers to the state reclamation board, which administers the law, and substantial working funds through a one-half mill tax levy on all state taxable property. The development in question now is in progress and is known as the Methow-Okanogan project. The arid lands to be reclaimed are located in North Central Washington along the Columbia and Okanogan rivers. The Methow River, whose waters are to be used, has its source in glaciers in the British Columbia mountains, across the Canadian border north of the project. The waste land to be reclaimed is situated in the Okanogan Valley, separated from the Methow by an arm of the Cascade Mountains.

It becomes necessary, then, for these enterprising westerners to circumvent nature by utilizing a third river somewhat removed from the lands involved. The connecting tunnel will be fourteen miles long and will cost $2,000,000. Several years will be required to complete it. When it is finished, however, the land will yield products valued at $10,000,000, add over $20,000,000 to the taxable wealth of the state and provide homes for 5,000 persons. According to present plans, these lands will be thrown open to settlement early this year.

The total number of acres irrigated in Washington last year was 547,000, and the commercial production of these lands was $76,000,000. The production of the Yakima Valley alone was $45,000,000, and of the 30,000 acres irrigated in Chelan County, of which Wenatchee is the commercial center, $22,000,000. The production of foodstuffs on the Naches Selah project of 10,500 acres near Yakima was $3,500,000. The Okanogan project of the United States Reclamation Service, on the Okanogan River near Omak, produced a yield of $136 an acre—the highest for 1918 of any of the government projects. The second highest was the Sunnyside, in this state also, with a yield of $102 an acre. The total investment of the United States in irrigation projects is $118,000,000, and the 1918 crop yield was $80,000,000 on those same projects.

"Is it any wonder," asks E. M. Chandler, Washington State Reclamation Service Engineer, "that interest in land reclamation and settlement has been stimulated as never before?"

There are several good and substantial reasons for this. On the one hand our free land is fast diminishing, if, indeed, it already has not gone; and on the other, the world is crying for increased production and more food. The people are hungry for land as never before in the country's history. When these facts are considered in relation to the financial returns made on irrigated lands, this awakened interest is not hard to understand.

Fruit farming in this North Central Washington country not only pays dividends in dollars, but it also adds immeasurably to one's joy in living, to one's appreciation of nature and those things which give to life and occupation out of doors their great appeal.

I recall the impressions of life there as they were given me in the Okanogan by a grandmotherly, gray-haired woman of 62, who keeps house for her two sons on their apple ranch. She spoke first of the mornings, the opal tints in the sky at daybreak and then of the bright, brilliant sunshine, the clear, blue sky of the later hours.

"I wake and sleep," she said, "to the cheery calls of numberless songbirds in the apple trees . . . . by day come the colors of a smiling land; from my window I look out and beyond to brown mountains, veiled by hazes of velvet blue, or to the green of forests of orchards, where trees bend, not with the wind, but with the weight of their red and yellow fruit.

"I know of no finer life or country—both are glorious, even to a woman at my age. Work here has its compensations, apart from monetary considerations, for it is clean and wholesome and healthful. It also has few, if any, of the unpleasant features to be found on the ordinary farm.

"Its financial rewards are perhaps better known. In our own case, we have thirty-three acres and confidently expect a $40,000 crop. The net profit should be about $20,000 for eight months' work. The remaining four months in the year, if we like, we can spend in travel where fancy leads us. As my boys say, 'This is the life.'"

Features of striking interest in the Methow-Okanogan project may be summarized thus:

1. The elimination of speculation in raw lands, made certain by the land settlement program adopted by the state.
2. The state will select its own settlers.
3. Permanent construction of canals and flumes.
4. An adequate water supply.

The lands included in the Methow-Okanogan project will be irrigated and developed by units. The first unit is known as the Brewster flat area and contains 11,140 acres. The other lands in the project will be developed at a later date. The total estimated cost of the Brewster flat unit is $3,369,000, or $302 an acre.





Above—An irrigated orchard in bloom in the Okanogan. This and most of the other orchards developed in the district at present use the pump system of irrigation, getting their water from the Methow, Okanogan or Columbia rivers.

Below—Scene on Methow River, just below the town of Twisp, where water will be diverted for the project.

The record of practically every irrigation project shows speculation in raw lands to have been the chief contributing factor in many failures. For this reason the state reclamation board in considering plans for developing this project decided to eliminate all such speculation. In order that the settler, who must bear the development charge, may not be required to pay more than the actual costs, the present landowners in the project have agreed to limit the price of the raw lands.

The lands to be utilized have been divided by the state reclamation board into two classes—the irrigable and the non-irrigable.

The irrigable lands will be offered the public by the state at $60 an acre and the non-irrigable at $10 an acre. In addition to the $60 payment for the land, the buyer will be required by the state to pay down $100 an acre against the cost of developing the project. A part of the balance may be paid in nominal annual installments, while the remainder will be absorbed in a 40-year bond issue.

The state's land settlement program is unique. Those desiring a farm unit on the project will make written application for it to the state reclamation board. In this way the state will select its own settlers. Before a unit is sold to an applicant he will give to the state definite assurance that he will be able to pay for the land and for the cost of construction, and to carry on the development work successfully.

W. W. Sherman, chairman of the Washington Reclamation Service, says professional men in all parts of the country are heeding the call of irrigated land as never before.

"Fruit farming," says this official, "today appeals strongly to the professional man and the chap who works for a salary. Many in these two classes now own or have an interest in orchards in Washington, and I suppose this is true of other states having large areas of reclaimed land.

"To these men orcharding offers a handsome competence for life away from the grind of office work and an opportunity, in the case of the salaried employe, to engage in business for himself. To both classes it gives a home amid surroundings comparatively exclusive, and excellent remuneration for their labors.

"The reclamation board knows of scores of cases where men have acquired splendid orchard properties in Washington by making a small initial investment and then letting the crops pay the balance. We also find large numbers of parents with sons in college who plan to start the boys in an orchard as a means of teaching them a fundamental occupation—the raising of food."

The type of construction adopted for this project will be of a permanent character as distinguished from the sort which must be rebuilt in ten to fifteen years. Concrete-lined canals and reinforced concrete flumes will be installed throughout the project. One comes now to the fourth feature of the project—the water supply. Too often the agencies promoting projects have obtained an amount of water sufficient to irrigate 5,000 acres of land and then proceeded to sell 10,000 acres. The result is obvious—none of the lands in these projects has received enough water. In the Methow-Okanogan project the state reclamation engineers have given a great deal of attention to water supply. In the first place, it was necessary to obtain a dependable source. Measurements by the state reclamation service, the United States Geological Survey and other agencies, show that the volume of water in the Methow River varies ever so slightly, if at all. In this project the state engineers say they have included only those lands which can be given a steady and adequate supply of water—four acre-feet during the season, or virtually double the amount available in many developments at the present time.

The region in which the Methow-Okanogan project is located is held to be especially adapted to the production of the highest quality of commercial apples. The developed orchards of this region have demonstrated this fact during the last few years. It was an orchard within this particular project that produced the apples which won the grand sweepstakes at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. The soil there is deep and very fertile. Most of the land in the project lies at an elevation of 750 to 1,350 feet above the sea level. There is also perfect air drainage with the result that frost damage to fruits of any character is practically unknown in the district. All kinds of deciduous fruits and berries of virtually every description grow there to perfection, according to orchardists.

In the work now in progress on the Methow-Okanogan project, the state is proceeding in two different directions to a common end. The reclamation service is represented on the ground by a corps of engineers and surveyors. These men have completed surveys and classifications of the irrigable and non-irrigable lands included in the project, and have also made topographical maps indicating the contour of the property, the latter for the information of the reclamation service when it undertakes the construction work. On the other hand, the land settlement feature already has been started by a state land settlement director, who is handling the diversion of the privately owned lands to the state, for sale later when the commonwealth will offer them to the public for settlement.

At a time when the crying need of our agricultural life is for increased production, the sources of output have been developed to their maximum. A trip through the farming districts of the East and Middle West leaves no doubt of that. The hope of the country for greater production in agriculture, therefore, would seem to lie in reclaiming these western waste lands.

Are the Jews Victims or Persecutors?

A Final Article on the Jewish Propaganda That an Attack Has Been Made on the Jewish Faith: Showing That Jews Attack Christians

"Half of Christendom worships a Jew; the other half worships a Jewess."—Jewish editorial.

"If the gospel story is correct, Judas was a pretty decent sort of a fellow. It was only *after he had become a convert to Christianity that he became that which has made his memory an accursed thing for nineteen hundred years.*"—Jewish editorial.

"Our land is frequently called a Christian nation. No doubt the majority of our citizens believe this. No less an authority than Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court so expressed himself in 1892. But the statement is clearly false . . . . *This is not a Christian nation. In inspiration, at least, it is a Hebrew nation,* for the Constitution which we now enjoy traces back to the Hebrew Commonwealth."—Jewish editorial.

(From the minutes of a meeting of the Committee on Families of the New York Board of Child Welfare.)

Mr. Hebbard: "That is one of the things I have in mind, that a widow brings deliberately into her home a nameless child and the inevitable consequence of that is that her legitimate children are always thereafter pointed out."

Miss Sophie Irene Loeb: "As far as nameless children are concerned, *Christ himself was a nameless child.* Let us get away from nameless children."

Dr. Dirvoch: "I think where there are three or four children in a home and a little stranger enters that home without a father, you are corrupting the morals of those legitimate children by permitting them to remain in such surroundings."

Miss Loeb: "I say to you that this committee if it takes such an attitude as that, is one hundred years behind the times."

Mr. Cunnion: "Anything against purity is immoral."

Miss Loeb: *"What has that to do with the question of purity? Was the mother of Christ pure?"*

Mr. Cunnion: *"Certainly."*

Miss Loeb: *"He had no name!"*

Mr. Cunnion: *"You can't bring that in here. We believe He was conceived without sin."*

Mr. Menahan (to Miss Loeb): *"That is very wrong to make that statement."*—Cited in letter of complaint to Mayor Hylan.

"The intimate relation of church and state in the great non-sectarian United States of America received direct demonstration on August 12 (1913), when a deputy sergeant-at-arms of the Senate was hurriedly sent out to get a preacher of any old denomination to open the Senate with prayer. The session opening an hour earlier than usual, the regular chaplain was not at hand, but with still two minutes to spare the deputy returned in an automobile, hurried to the Vice President's office and introduced the Rev. Dr. C. Albert Homas, of Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, to Mr. Marshall just in time for the Vice President to lead the way into the Senate chamber to open the session at 11 o'clock, and once again the Union was saved. We shudder to think what might have happened if no preacher had been captured in time to open the session with prayer!"—Jewish editorial.

"President Wilson in his inaugural address said: 'The firm basis of the Government is justice, not pity.' This is sound Jewish doctrine as laid down by Moses and the Prophets in contradistinction to the doctrine of love, as attributed to Jesus. This coming from so good a churchman as President Wilson might be a little surprising were it not that it is a well-known fact that whenever our Christian brethren want to talk to reasoning men they go to the Old Testament for their inspiration."—Jewish editorial.

"President Wilson at his inaugural gave another instance of the well-known fact that in solemn moments when they need comfort and inspiration, Christians turn to the Old Testament and not to the New. So President Wilson, when he kissed the bible after taking the inaugural oath, selected the passage Psalm 46."—Jewish editorial.

"Reference has frequently been made in thes columns to a number of addresses made by the late Isaac M. Wise at the celebration in honor of his 80th birthday anniversary in the course of which he predicted *that in a quarter of a century from that date (1899) there would be practically nothing left in Protestant Christianity of a belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ* or the distinctive dogmas of Christianity, and that all Protestant Christians by whatever name they called themselves, *would be substantially Jews in belief.* To any one who notes the signs of the times it is apparent that this prophecy is being rapidly fulfilled . . . . *The Jesus superstition* and the *fantastic dogmas built upon his supposed divine origin,* die but slowly, but that they are dying is nevertheless apparent."—Jewish editorial.

THE subject of this article is "Religious Prejudice and Persecution—Are the Jews Victims or Persecutors?" A study of history and of contemporary Jewish journalism shows that Jewish prejudice and persecution is a continuous phenomenon wherever the Jews have attained power, and that in neither action nor word has any disability placed upon the Jew equaled the disabilities he has placed and still contemplates placing upon non-Jews. It is a rather startling reversal of all that we have learned from our Judaized histories, but nevertheless it seems to be the truth.

Jews Attack Catholic Church

ATTENTION is once more called to the fact that the Jews themselves are not raising the cry of "religious persecution" here or elsewhere, but they are allowing their "Gentile fronts" to do it for them—just as they have not denied the statements made in this series (among themselves they freely admit most of them) but let "Gentile fronts" do it for them. The Jews would not be averse to raising the cry of "religious persecution" perhaps, (provided they could make it stand) were they not afraid that it would call attention to their own persecuting activities. But their "Gentile fronts" have brought that upon them.

There is no Christian church that the Jews have not repeatedly attacked.

They have attacked the Catholic Church. This is of special interest just now when Jewish agents are doing their utmost to arouse Catholic sentiment in their favor by circulating charges which these agents personally know to be false. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has perfect confidence in the information which Catholic leaders may have on the Jewish Question. On this subject the Catholic priesthood is not misled.

Examples of this attack are numerous. "Half of Christendom worships a Jewess," is not a statement but a slur, flung by Jewish men who say in the ritual of morning prayer: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, *who hast not made me a woman.*" The Talmudists' discussions of the Virgin Mother are often vile. The Christian festivals, whose preservation is due to the Catholic custom and conscience, are all attacked by Jews.

Opposed Columbus Day—Why?

THE *American Israelite,* whose great prestige in American Jewry is due to its having been founded by Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, *opposed the establishment of Columbus Day* and berated Governor Hughes for signing the law making it a holiday in New York. The act that established it deserved "the contempt of thinking men." Why? Is not the Discovery of America a memorable event? Yes, but Columbus was a Catholic! However, in recent months the Jews are proving him to have been a Jew, so we may expect some day to see Columbus Day insisted upon with Jewish rites.

The *Catholic Columbian* made editorial reference to the increasing Jewish influence on the American press, in these words: "Jewry is getting its grip on the news of this country as it is on Reuter's and the Havas agency in Europe."—A perfectly polite and true observation.

But the Jewish editorial thunderer came back—"The *Columbian,* in its sneaking Jesuitical way, does not mention the fact that these (the Jewish) papers are the very cleanest in the country. The *Columbian* cannot point to a single daily owned by one of its coreligionists that begins to compare with the above papers."

The sweet spirit here evidenced is very significant today when an appeal is being made to create a strong pro-Jewish Catholic sentiment.

If there is in the world any extra-ecclesiastical undertaking by Catholics which has won the undivided approval of the Christian world as *the Passion Play of Oberammergau* has done, the present writer does not know what it is. Yet in a volume entitled *"A Rabbi's Impressions of the Oberammergau Passion Play,"* Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, D. D., of Philadelphia, has stigmatized that notable production as reeking with falsehoods and vicious anti-Semitism. In the rabbi's eyes, of course, it is, for to him the entire Christian tradition is a poisonous lie. The whole fabric of Christian truth, especially as it concerns the person of Christ, are "the hallucinations of emotional men and hysterical women."

Denounce "Passion Play" and "Wayfarer"

"THUS," says the rabbi (p. 127) "was invented that cruel story, that has caused more misery, more innocent suffering, than any other work of fiction in the range of the whole world's literature." And thus the simple peasants of Oberammergau, presenting the Catholic faith in reverent pageant, are labeled anti-Semites.

These are not isolated instances. Antagonism to the Catholic Church runs throughout Jewish literature. The Jewish attitude was summed up in an editorial in the *Jewish Sentinel* of November 26, 1920, as follows: *"Our only great historical enemy, our most dangerous enemy, is Rome in all its shapes and forms, and in all its ramifications. Whenever the sun of Rome begins to set, that of Jerusalem rises."* These, however, are matters well known to Catholic leaders.

In their turn the other Christian denominations have been attacked. When *the Methodist Church* put on the great pageant entitled *"The Wayfarer,"* Rabbi Stephen S. Wise played critic and made the solemn and silly statement that had he been a South Sea Islander (instead of the itinerant platform performer which he is) his first impulse, after seeing "The Wayfarer" would have been to rush out into the street and kill at least three Jews. It says a great deal, perhaps, for the channel in which Rabbi Wise's impulses run, but the tens of thousands of Methodists who saw "The Wayfarer" will not be inclined to attribute such a criticism to the spirit of tolerance which Rabbi Wise so zealously counsels the Christians to observe.

Attack Christian Churches and Societies

THE Episcopal Church also has felt the attack of the Jews. Recently the Jewish press raised a clamor that the Episcopal Church was not competent to teach Americanism in our cities because it held that Christianity and good citizenship were synonymous. And when the Episcopal Church made provision for mission work among the Jews, the torrent of abuse that was poured out gave a very vivid picture of what the Jewish mind naturally turns to when aroused. This abuse is not reproduced here because of its excessive violence and disrespect. It is similar to that which is heaped upon all attempts to explain Christianity to the Jews. "What would the Gentiles do if we sent Jewish missionaries to them?" ask the violent editors. Any Gentile can answer that—nay, even the Jews themselves can answer that. In the first place, the Jews do not want to teach their religion to Gentiles because there is a Talmudical restriction against it; Talmudically the Gentiles are not good enough to mingle with the religious matters of the Jews. In the second place, the Jews do send missionaries everywhere, not to spread Jewish religious principles, but propaganda favoring the Jews as a race and a people, as is done in our colleges through the so-called "Jewish Chautauqua." In the third place, let there be produced one Jewish missionary, who has ever received anything but a considerate reception wherever he has appeared.

The Jews are bitter against all Christian denominations because of the conversion of numerous Jews to them. A large number of Jews have become Catholics; one of the *Knights of Columbus'* most useful lecturers against the menace of radical socialism is a converted Jew. It is so also with *the Presbyterian Church* which has been the most recent victim of Jewish vituperation. But only upon the Catholic Church has the Jew poured more wrath and malediction than he has poured upon *Christian Science.* The Christian Science Church has attracted large numbers of Jewish converts. Some of them have become very active, devoted members of that form of faith. Scores of columns and pages have been devoted to their denunciation in Jewish newspapers, magazines and books. Christian Science is a peculiar anathema to the Jew.

Where then is the religious prejudice? Search through the publications of all the churches named, and you cannot find in all their history so much of the spirit of prejudice and persecution as you can find ex-

pressed in the Jewish press in one single day. Jewry reeks with such prejudice. In politics, education, social functions, public holidays, literature and newspapers, they see everywhere traces of "Christological manifestations," and cry them down.

Attack Christian Public Men

NO PUBLIC man has ever given public evidence of his Christian faith without rebuke from the Jews.

Mr. Bryan, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Taft, Mr. Wilson, two of them Presidents, one of them Vice President, and the other Secretary of State, have all been called to task from time to time for their sins in this respect. Mr. Marshall is a devout man, whose faith is real to him, and he speaks very naturally about it at times. He has, therefore, been attacked oftener in the Jewish press than has any other public man of recent times. Nothing is more ludicrous to the Jewish press than a Vice President of the United States openly confessing that he is an "idolator," that is, a worshipper of the dead Jewish imposter whom the Christians ignorantly call "Christ." To Mr. Marshall's honor, be it said, he never apologized, he never begged to withdraw his public statements. Neither did William J. Bryan, whose lecture "The Prince of Peace" contained statements in honor of Christ which brought him into conflict with Jewish spokesmen everywhere, and whose remarks about missions after a trip round the world were savagely attacked by Jews. Mr. Bryan did not apologize either. Mr. Taft was promptly called down on several occasions for using forms of the word "Christian," which were particularly offensive to the Jewish press because they had advertised far and wide during the Taft campaign that Mr. Taft was practically a Jew in his belief in that he had abandoned all the distinctive Christian doctrines pertaining to Christ. After his lapses in which he used the term "Christian" approvingly, it was explained on his behalf (1) that he was accommodating himself to the audience, and (2) that he used the term as a synonym for civilization! But isn't it significant that the name of Christ should be an integral part of the very name of the highest civilization? Mr. Taft was a true liberal, liberal enough to tolerate Christian orthodoxy. And that was a rather weak spot, as far as the Jews' estimate of him went.

President Wilson Makes a "Break"

MR. WILSON, while President, was very close to the Jews. His administration, as everyone knows, was predominantly Jewish. As a Presbyterian elder, Mr. Wilson had occasional lapses into the Christian mode of thought during his public utterances, and was always checked up tight by his Jewish censors. In 1914, speaking before the American University at Washington he said:

> "That is the reason why scholarship has usually been most fruitful when associated with religion, and *scholarship has never been, so far as I can at this moment recall, associated with any religion except the religion of Jesus Christ.*"

That was terrible. So terrible that Herman Bernstein was chosen to administer the castigation.

And Mr. Wilson made proper reparation:

> "My dear Mr. Bernstein: I am sorry that there should have been any unfair implication in what I said at the opening of the American University. You may be sure that there was nothing of the kind in my mind, or very certainly nothing in my thoughts that would discriminate in the important matter you speak of against Judaism. I find that one of the risks and penalties of extemporaneous speaking is that you do not stop to consider the whole field, but address yourself merely to the matter in hand. With sincere respects and appreciation,
>
> Cordially yours,
>
> Woodrow Wilson."

The heading given this notice in the Jewish press was, "He Did Not Mean It."

Attack Christian Cults and Festivals

ALL of the President's offending took place in 1914. The second offense he gave was by taking the position of honorary chairman of the International Lord's Day Congress, which was to be held the next year in connection with the Panama Exposition. It was, however, the Christian Sunday which received the bulk of the abuse on that occasion.

The subject is "religious prejudice." Where does it exist in this country in more continuous and virulent character than among the Jews? Read these items selected at random from Jewish papers:

"District Grand Lodge No. 4, Independent Order B'nai B'rith, voted at the annual election held in San Francisco, March 2 (1911) to exclude from the order Jews who join *the Christian Science Church.* The body after earnest discussion decided that the portals of the order shall be closed against the Christian Scientist Jews on the ground that such Jews have abjured Judaism. The vote upon the question was almost unanimous."

"The Jewish Community at Philadelphia has found it necessary to publish a warning to the Jewish people against *the Daily Vacation Bible Schools* which are being established in various parts of the city, also against certain missions and settlement houses, all of which are *traps into which Jewish children are decoyed for the purpose of seducing them from the religion of their parents.* These institutions belong to that class of conversionist agencies which wage a campaign for the seeking of converts through *workers . . . . (who) are a class of criminals that keep just within the law and deserve no better treatment than is usually accorded to people of that kind.*"

When a bishop of the Episcopal Church said, "We must make the United States indisputably a Christian nation," the Jewish press retorted that such a thing could not be done until the Constitution of the United States had been "abolished." "Christian America" is a persecuting term according to the professional Jewish spokesman, and the most laborious efforts have been put forth by them to prove on paper that the United States is not and cannot be Christian.

Not only do the Jews *disagree* with Christian teaching—which is their perfect right, and no one dare question it—but they seek to *interfere* with it. It is not religious tolerance in the midst of religious difference, but religious attack that they preach and practice. The whole record of the Jewish opposition to Christmas, Easter and certain patriotic songs shows that.

When Cleveland and Lakewood arranged for a community Christmas, the Cleveland Jewish press said: "The writer of this has no idea how many Jews there are in Lakewood, but if there is only one, there should be no community Christmas, no community religion of any kind." That is not a counsel of tolerance, it is a counsel of attack. The Christmas literature of American Judaism is fiercer than the flames of the Inquisition. In the month of January, the Jewish press has urged its readers to begin an early campaign against Christmas celebrations the next Christmas—"Only three hundred and sixty days before Christmas. So let us do our Christmas arguing early and take plenty of time to do it."

If anything, Easter is attacked yet more bitterly. But we refrain, for good reasons, from repeating what Jews commonly say on such occasions. The strange inconsistency of it all is to see the great department stores of the Levys and the Isaacs and the Goldsteins and the Silvermans filled with brilliant Christmas cheer and at Easter with the goods appropriate to the time. The festivals of the "heathen" are very profitable. Jewish merchants have been chided for this—not overseverely—by certain rabbis. But on the whole the rabbis had better remain content, for there are no forces more rapidly secularizing the two festival days than are the merchandising and profiteering forces.

Prophesy End of Christian Religion

EVEN religious intolerance has its gleesome moments, and the Jews' come whenever the signs appear of the greater secularization of the church. One parallel between the Protocols and the real hopes of the Jews is written in *the common Jewish prophecy that Christianity is doomed to perish.* It will perish by becoming, to all intents and purposes, Judaism. And it will become Judaism, first, by ousting all the doctrines pertaining to the person of Christ, excising from the Gospels the great "I Ams" which are His distinctive teachings concerning Himself; and, second, by devitalizing Christianity of all the spiritual content which flows from a union by faith with a Person believed to be divine. That is the only way it can be done. There may be a union of all the churches of the Christian faith because the fundamentals are the same; no union of Christianity and Judaism can occur unless Judaism takes in Jesus as the Messiah, or unless Christianity ejects him as the Messiah. Judaism sees the union coming by the ejection of the Lord as the Messiah, and rejoices at every sign of it.

Dr. Charles F. Aked, who has since blossomed out as a Jewish spokesman, delivered a sermon in which he cast aside all the "supernatural" elements in the life of Christ, from His birth, to the significance of His death, and was hailed by the Jewish press as *"the fulfillment of the prophecy that within fifty years the religion of all the American people, outside the Catholic Church, would be Judaism in principle even though not in name."*

"No Jew," says the *American Israelite,* "will conceal his gratification when he finds Christians virtually admitting that liberal Christianity is practically an acceptance of the doctrine of liberal Judaism."

Unfortunately, this is true. Liberal Christianity and Liberal Judaism meet, but only by the surrender of all that is distinctively Christian in doctrine. A liberal Christian is more Jewish than Christian. The statement may sound harsh and arouse resentment, but it is a very simple matter for any liberal Christian to convince himself of this by reading the volume of liberal Jewish doctrine put out by Kaufman Kohler, president of the Hebrew Union College. Liberalism is the funnel by which Christianity is expected to run into Judaism, just as liberalism so-called in other departments of life is expected to bring about certain other Jewish aims.

"Liberalism" in Jewish thought means a wide-open country in every way. Judaism has opposed every significant reform that has come to the country; prohibition, Sunday decency, movie and stage regeneration, and community reverence for sacred things. Judaism has been the prop of the liquor traffic, Sunday desecration, movie and stage excesses, and public contempt for the sacred things of the prevailing religion; and it is all too evident that the Jewish propaganda has made serious inroads everywhere.

A Congregational Church in New Jersey decided to abandon the Bible in some of its classes and substitute sociology, politics, municipal government and kindred subjects for study, and the Jewish press hailed it as another sign that the church was "in a fair way to adopt what is in substance American Judaism." In St. Louis a clergyman, instead of preaching sermons, began to act out moralistic dramas which he himself had written, and the Jewish press again hailed it as a sign of the dissatisfaction of the Christian with his church. Everything done in every branch of the Christian church has been closely watched, and wherever a departure occurred from the distinctly Christian position it was extravagantly applauded; and wherever loyalty to the landmarks appeared, it was just as extravagantly condemned. Judaism does not wish the Christian church to remain Christian. This accounts for destructive Higher Criticism being almost exclusively the work of Jews, although the world has long known them under the guise of "German critics."

Anti-Semitic "Battle Hymn of the Republic"

JEWISH intolerance today, yesterday and in every age of history where Jews were able to exert influence or power, is indisputable except among people who do not know the record. Jewish intolerance in the past is a matter of history; for the future it is a matter of Jewish prophecy. One of the strongest causes militating against the full Americanization of several millions of Jews in this country is their belief—instilled in them by their religious authorities—that they are "chosen," that this land is theirs, that the inhabitants are idolators, that the day is coming when the Jews will be supreme. How can they otherwise act than in agreement with such declarations? You can see what is meant if you read Jewish articles describing the shoving aside of the New England people by the Jews; the supercilious attitude adopted toward the stock that made America is merely a foreshadowing of what would be the complete attitude if power and influence made it possible. Bolshevism, which began with the destruction of the class that contained all the promise of a better Russia, is an exact parallel for the attitude that is adopted in this country regarding the original stock.

We are not permitted by the Jews to sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" in our schools because one of the stanzas has a Christian flavor. The Jews claim that the presence of one Jewish child in an assembly of children ought in "fairness" to prevent the singing of that historic song.

Norman Hapgood, writing in a Jewish publication, said: "I need hardly explain that I do not think Jews ought to insist overmuch on their rights or nationality in a negative sense. They ought to be as much Jews as they can, but ought to be as little as possible of what is merely anti-Christian. For the Jews to try to get a song out of the public schools because it praises Jesus is perhaps natural but hardly wise." Mr. Hapgood received a lot of abuse for his well-conceived counsel.

Where, Then, Is Religious Prejudice?

AGAIN we come to the end of our space with the record hardly scratched. Sufficient has been presented to show the strong, unceasing anti-Christian activity of the Jews in the United States. Had the Jewish press been read extensively by non-Jews during the past 15 years, this present series of articles would have been unnecessary—the people would have known the facts. It is to present some of the facts that are illustrated in the Jewish press along the line of religious intolerance that these two articles have been written.

Jewish spokesmen plead for suppression of facts in the name of "religious tolerance," and they denounce exposure of the facts as being "religious persecution." Read the whole non-Jewish religious and secular publications, and you will not find one one-hundred-thousandth part of the animosity against the Jewish religion which is found in the Jewish press—continuously found week after week for long years—against the Christian religion. The present writer has never seen nor heard of an article attacking the Jews' religion.

So, once for all, in spiking the cry of "religious persecution," we show that it exists in quantity and strength among the Jews—nowhere else. No one imbued with the American spirit would or could condemn, hinder, or even remonstrate with any person on account of the faith he holds.

As to "religious prejudice" or "persecution" entering into the present series of articles—there they are, reprinted in booklet form for permanent examination: where is the prejudice or persecution? *Cite the page!*

Jewish spokesmen would use their energy to better advantage, and more to the honor of the Jewish people, if they would address themselves to *what is in the articles,* rather than to what is not in them. The statements made by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT have been voluminously *discussed;* but they are still awaiting an *answer.*

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents each in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Are We Buying Peace or Trouble?

By E. E. MILLER
Editor Southern Agriculturist

An Interesting Study of Disarmament From a New Viewpoint

ACCORDING to a statement prepared by the clerks of the Committee of Appropriations of the national House of Representatives the Federal Government is going to need at least five billion dollars the next fiscal year. It will get along on maybe a billion dollars less, by carrying over part of its 1922 expenses to the next year.

For what is this vast sum of money to be spent?

Run down the list. The Army will get $346,703,000 in round numbers; the Navy, $396,000,000; fortifications, $18,000,000. Pensions will absorb $265,500,000; hospital facilities for soldiers of the late war will take $18,600,000; the interest on the public debt will amount to $922,650,000; the sinking fund to $265,755,000. All these are to pay for past wars or to prepare for new ones. Wars are responsible for practically all of the deficiency appropriations of $275,500,000, and for a goodly share of the Sundry Civil expense of $384,196,000. This item was only $127,000,000 in 1916.

We all know, from acute personal experience, who furnishes this money. We do it.

We complain mightily about it, too; but most of us evidently have failed to reason seriously about it.

We are taxed so heavily because we have been at war and because we expect to be at war again. The expense account left by our past wars is unescapable. Most of us are firm in the belief that we were justified in taking it on. The expenses daily incurred in the preparation for future wars is not unescapable. Many of us are coming to believe that it is neither necessary nor wise that we devote so large a part of our earnings to this purpose.

There has been much talk of reducing taxes and of government economy. Just a few minutes with the appropriation figures will make it apparent to any citizen that no substantial reduction in taxation can come until the nation reduces its expenditure for armament. If the world is to remain an armed camp and the United States is to lead the world in preparation for war, there is no reasonable hope of lower taxes. Some of the tax reduction talk is amusing. Senator Penrose, a few months ago, came out strongly for reduced appropriations, and spoke of the agricultural appropriation as a good place to begin economizing. If the agricultural appropriation were cut out entirely, it would mean a total lessening of taxes for this next year of about 33 cents per capita. We shall pay approximately $3.20 per capita for the Army; $3.70 for the Navy; $2.40 for pensions; over $11 for interest and sinking fund on our war debt.

"But," we are told, "the money we pay out for the Army and the Navy and fortifications is money spent for insurance against war. Big as our annual appropriations for these purposes seem, they would amount in a decade to less than the cost of one year of war.

Admitting that there is something of truth in this, we need to ask ourselves a few straightforward questions and to answer them with equal straightforwardness to determine just how much of error is mixed with the truth.

One question we need to ask is: Granting that armaments are insurance against war, do we need all the insurance we are carrying or preparing to carry?

There is all the difference in the world between our present military program and absolute "disarmament." No one has seriously proposed that this country dispense with its army, scrap its navy and, as we so often hear it said, "remain unarmed in a world of armed nations." That is not the proposition at all; the idea held by the citizens who would reduce expenditures for war preparation is that this country is overdoing the matter of "getting ready to protect itself," that it has no call to arm itself to the teeth, and that instead of its present policy of burdening its citizens to outstrip the rest of the world in warlike preparation, it should be trying to find out just how little of such expenditure it can safely make. The United States is the world's foremost preacher of peace and international good will. Its President is on record as favoring the reduction of armament. At the same time, it is the world's foremost nation in war preparations, and is, in effect, inviting other nations to disarm first so that it can do so later. It is time for us to square our practice a bit better without our preaching.

Another question we may well ask ourselves is: Granting that war is to come, are fighting men and death-dealing equipment all the preparations we can make for that war—does money spent for armament add more to a nation's ability to fight and win than does money spent for some other purposes?

This will seem a foolish question to some citizens. Even the war just closed has not taught many people—some of them, unfortunately, in Congress—that a nation's fighting capacity is not measured solely by the number of its soldiers, the size of its cannon, the weight of steel its battleships can hurl, the skill of its airmen and the perfection of their machines. Yet, if the war taught anything, it taught just this thing. A nation must, of course, have fighting equipment to fight; but it must have something back of that equipment. It must have wealth—a reserve fund to draw upon—and it must have productive capacity—the ability to renew the wealth that war consumes. It is quite possible for a nation to spend so much for war equipment that it cannot effectively use that equipment. Russia did just this thing. The biggest army in the world fell a victim to ignorance and poverty at home. There is reason to believe that Japan is burdening herself so heavily with military expenditures and ambitious naval programs, that the nation would find it hard, indeed, to sustain the weight of the armament for more than a few months of real warfare. No one can question that it was this inability longer to run its own war machine that caused Japan to reduce so greatly its "irreducible minimum" at the close of the Russo-Japanese War. Germany was strong for war because, along with the military preparation, industrial preparations for war had been steadily made. Germany was not spending money on armaments, as the United States professes to be, to insure against war—Germany was getting ready to go to war. That this country will ever devote itself for a generation to organizing all its industry for some foreseen and premeditated war, is a thing unthinkable.

Let us take a concrete case or two: We spend less on the national Department of Agriculture in a year than a modern battleship costs. Does anyone believe that a year's work of the Department of Agriculture adds less to our national strength for conflict than another battleship would? Take a half, or a fourth of the money we spend on education and devote it to building ships and airplanes and training soldiers—would we be more able to resist a foreign foe than if the money were spent on the training of our youth? Reduce our road-building expenditures a few hundred million dollars for the next five-year period, and put the money out for purely military purposes—would the nation be in better position to fight?

These questions are self-answering. Granting that war must come, and granting—what no one disputes—that a great nation absolutely without armament might easily be conquered by a smaller nation well equipped for war, the fact remains that, beyond an equality of armament with its possible antagonist, a nation can best prepare itself for war by adding to its wealth, its productive capacity, and the intelligence and stamina of its people. Money spent for military and naval equipment is money taken directly away from the nation's productive capital. Money spent in the promotion of commerce or industry, for sanitation and education, may add many times to the nation's working capital.

Standing as we do, with at least equal equipment for war with any other nation, and with everything to gain by peace and the development and progress that peace only can give us, is it not time for us of America to lessen, and lessen greatly, the tremendous expenditures for war preparation? Above all, is it not time to show the world that we not only do not wish strife with any other nation, but that we so desire peace that we are willing to seek for it, and to prepare ourselves for it?

Still a third question we may well ask ourselves is: Do great armaments always insure a nation against war—have they not often been the promoters and provokers of war?

We cannot convince other nations of our good intentions toward them by straining every nerve to outstrip them in weapons of war. We cannot reasonably hope to secure peace by so thoroughly preparing ourselves for war that all other nations will stand in awe of us and that our word will be law to the rest of the world. A few Americans hold that idea of peace and the way to obtain it. Many Germans in 1914 held the same idea. This country cannot follow in Germany's footsteps without reaching Germany's goal.

We are now grinding ourselves down with taxes to make war preparations that excite distrust and fear abroad and so make war all the more likely. It is time for a change of policy—not for complete disarmament, nor any outburst of national quixotism, but for the diverting of a large part of the money, the energy and the thought that is now going into the machinery of death and the training of our young men for slaughter into the nobler activities of business and education and culture—into the things that will bring progress and prosperity at home, and by broadening the vision and developing the finer instincts of our citizens make for a love of justice and fair play that will do more than arms can do to keep us at peace with other peoples.

Our Vital Need: More Business in Government

Concluded from page 2

means of a Secretary of Transportation, who can pulse overnight variations, inconstant virtues, and their relation to the country's welfare.

Once or twice a feeble voice of protest has been heard against enlarging the Cabinet. It is alleged that a group of twelve men cannot confer efficiently. That, of course, is debatable, but presuming that there is some truth in the assertion, it does not necessarily follow that because the Cabinet consists of ten or twelve men all must be present at a meeting.

But as between the pressing questions of the hour, it is obvious that a Secretary of Transportation would be a much more needed official these days than some other secretary whose duties are more normal, less inconstant, and not at all entitled to the President's attention twice a week.

The really justifiable Cabinet meeting would be restricted to the secretaries of State, Treasury, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor. But with the exception of the State Department, all others are influenced more or less by the state of our railroads and merchant marine; it is futile, therefore, to say that our Cabinet meetings today embrace the nation's interests. But these five or more, precisely six, departments have jurisdiction over every possible problem, and active problems too. The other departments deal strictly with passive questions. A delay of a day or a month in adjudicating any problem met by the departments of War, Justice, Post Office, Navy and Interior, and inferentially the proposed Department of Public Welfare, would have no serious nor costly results. While these departments are technically equal, their importance in practice is far from equal.

One who knows his Washington—and presumably every business man knows—can imagine the snarl that would follow if the suggestion to eliminate the United States Shipping Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission were seriously advanced by any one other than the President of the United States. One need only think of the officials that would be legislated out to contemplate the secret influences set to work against the plan.

Yet every duty of those two commissions belongs to one department, the Transportation Department herein suggested. The Jones Shipping Bill of last year recognized that the two branches are integral by a provision of law with regard to rate adjustments.

The ideal Department of Transportation should consist of the Interstate Commerce Commission, Shipping Board, Bureau of Navigation, Bureau of Steamboat Inspection, Bureau of Lighthouses, Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service, Bureau of Public Roads, Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors, Mississippi River Commission, and the Panama Canal. As aviation is essentially a new transportation science in its infancy, it should come within the jurisdiction of this department.

The Department of Public Welfare, which has drawn the fire of official opposition of the American Federation of Labor, but which is President Harding's original idea toward a Federal reorganization at Washington, is likewise necessary.

The Department of Public Welfare, as so far suggested, does not seem to go far enough, and it would seem useless to organize a new department unless it is organized completely. Thus the new department should include the following units: Bureau of Pensions with which should be combined War Risk Insurance, Bureau of Public Health, the Census Bureau, the Bureau of Education, Hygienic Laboratory, Children's Bureau, Women's Bureau, American Red Cross and the national hospitals.

For the sake of economy there should be a central purchasing and distributing agency, combined with the General Supply Committee, to replace the existing wasteful system of a separate purchasing agent for each department, commission and board as at present.

There should be, too, for the sake of both the public and the press, a Federal Information Bureau for the distribution of all public printed matter and information. There is no reason or excuse for the score of bureaus of publication and publicity and information existing now. The service to the public would be more than fulfilled by such a centralized issuing office, built up possibly from the office of the Superintendent of Documents, as a centralized issuing office.

But reorganization means more than a change. It means more than a mere shifting of given bureaus from one jurisdiction to another which would amount in fact to a change of address and no more, but the establishment of two new homogeneous departments and the simplification of others, so that the Cabinet, in conference with the President, would reflect the interests and problems of the entire nation and not a few scattered problems half of which—as strictly intra-departmental—are too commonplace to thrust on the attention of a complacent but overworked President.

Even if no change were decided on for the present (a decision to be expected, by the way) it would be advisable for Congress to amend existing laws in two separate instances, so that the organic acts creating the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Shipping Board, and the Federal Trade Commission, and possibly other independent bodies, shall be more adaptable to the public service. One provision should be that the secretaries of the Treasury and of Commerce, singly or together, shall be ex-officio members of the boards mentioned.

By this means the President could exercise a beneficial control with due regard to those needs of which he is the final arbiter. It is pertinent to remark that the habit of calling on the President to adjudicate questions which commissions fail to settle satisfactorily has become too evident, and the President should be freed of these tasks. If he is to be the final arbiter the commissions are not at all necessary, because testimony could be taken in less expensive ways.

President Harding lost a good opportunity to reorganize the government—for after all it was and remains his task and not that of his advisors—by not formulating the needed changes before he had the first conference, even, with those he had in mind for important public office. In fact, two or three of them have practically made it impossible for him to make any radical changes because their views of record are virtually ultimatums.



Cottony-cushion scale, enveloped in the "honey-dew," which the Argentine ant loves and which is the cause of the ant becoming the "carrier" of this destructive scale insect.

Go to the Ant, Thou Sluggard, and Lose Millions

New Pest, Traveling Nearly 10,000 Miles on the Argentine Ant, Invades United States Through Louisiana, Is Costing Nurserymen and Horticulturists Fully $200,000 Annually

By HARRY H. DUNN



Close-up of the Japanese or camphor scale. According to government entomologists, this is the most destructive of all the scale insects.

THE United States Government has been called upon, and has responded with men and money, to combat a new insect invader, which, with less than six months' residence in this country, already is costing the horticulturists, florists and nurserymen of one state some $200,000 a year, and has created a situation which demands a minimum of $50,000 to check the invader, more to be spent thereafter in destroying him in his landing place. The invasion is due to a combination of legs and stomach, the latter being in the possession of a new scale insect, which has no legs, and the former belonging to the Argentine ant, whose stomach does not enter into this story.

The active destructive agent is the Japanese camphor scale insect, which, peculiarly enough, has so many insect enemies in Nippon that it never has been considered a menace. It appeared about six months ago on the camphor trees of New Orleans, spreading from this beautiful tree to 96 other varieties of trees and shrubs. Unlike Japan, Louisiana offered no insect enemies to this pest, and now city, parish and state are up in arms against it, while the Department of Agriculture has sent two scale-insect experts to conquer this new destroyer. With only half a year of residence in the United States, the Japanese scale bids fair to surpass in the cost of its ravages the red scale, to suppress which the orange-growers of California and Florida annually spend hundreds of thousands of dollars, or the cottony-cushion scale, on which, two years or so ago, New Orleans alone expended some $25,000 before the pest was eradicated.

Indeed, the new scale from the Orient is more dangerous than either of the other two, because, while they had no means of locomotion, and had to remain where they were hatched, the new scale is carried hither and yon by the millions upon millions of ever-active Argentine ants, and survives the coldest weather in the warm nests of these last-named insects. To eradicate the Japanese scale, every Argentine ant must be destroyed, and the magnitude of this task may be imagined when the word of a prominent government entomologist is taken that "one nest of the Argentine ant may contain as many as seven million individual ants." This same authority adds, as a sort of afterthought, that "the average ants' nest may contain and preserve throughout the coldest winter 500 to 1,000 scale insects."

The ant has no altruistic motive in housing and carrying about the scale insect, however; nor is he in any plot with the invader to destroy the trees of the United States. Like the cottony-cushion scale, the Japanese scale exudes a glutinous secretion—called "honey-dew" for want of better name—which forms the ant's favorite dish. To get this, the ant preserves the scale insect in his nest, and, wittingly or unwittingly, carries the tiny babies of the scale insect on his legs, dropping them here and there, probably by chance, on the shrubbery and trees over whose branches he passes. It is estimated that the average scale insect produces a minimum of 5,000 young in a season—and, as far as yet ascertained, nothing destroys these young except the elements, wind shaking the trees, rain washing the eggs and young to the ground, and cold weather chilling them to death. No amount of natural heat will destroy them. In Japan, there are insects and birds which prey upon this scale to such an extent that it never has become noticeably destructive. Such insects or birds have not been found in the United States in the first six months of the scale invasion, but experts of the Federal Government are now at work looking for winged allies in their fight on this destroyer.

The new scale insect works much more rapidly than any other insect invader with which the Department of Agriculture has had to contend. Trees 20 to 30 feet in height, which were in perfect health six months ago, when the Japanese scale first appeared in New Orleans, today are mere skeletons, rising leafless in the streets, possibly with a little life in the roots, but with the entire trunk above ground destroyed. Not only do these insects feed voraciously, destroying every green leaf, all the sap and every tender branch, but they exude a toxic poison, deadly to the life of the plant. This poison has not been found in any other scale insect, so that this newcomer is by far the deadliest and most destructive of all the foreign insect pests which have invaded the United States, with the possible exception of the pink boll worm, against which the cotton interests are now waging a battle throughout the Cotton Belt of the South.

Horticulturists of Louisiana, the state department of agriculture of Louisiana, heads of the sugar and cotton industries (for the new pest also attacks sugar cane and cotton stalks), the park commission of New Orleans, the Louisiana state department of conservation, the lumber interests—in fact every city and state department, every man and corporation in any way connected with the production of anything from the soil, combined in the appeal to state and nation for funds and men with which to fight the invader. They cited the example of Massachusetts, which, at first refusing an appropriation of $30,000 with which to fight the Gypsy moth, has since spent more than $17,000,000 without conquering the pest, which is estimated to have killed more than 100,000 fine trees in the state.

Leading this fight to confine the ravages of the new pest to Louisiana, until it can be destroyed, is Ernest R. Barber, Federal entomologist with the United States Department of Agriculture, stationed at the Louisiana state university sugar experiment station in Audubon Park, New Orleans. Declaring that the Japanese scale, if not checked, will destroy every bit of green life in New Orleans, Mr. Barber says:

"It is necessary to emphasize the important point that an insect is hardly ever a pest in its native habitat. The boll weevil is hardly known in Mexico; the Argentine ant is not a pest in Argentina; the Gypsy moth is not a pest in Europe, and the pink boll worm does little or no damage in Northern India, and so on. The camphor scale (Pseudaonidia duplex) is a native of Japan, but, as far as we know, it is not a pest there. It was described in 1896 from specimens collected in Japan, and, shortly after this, was found on plants in a Japanese tea garden in San Francisco. Apparently it was stamped out there, as we have no further evidence of it, except that it has been intercepted a number of



1. Healthy camphor tree. Compare this photo with the others.
2. Camphor tree after three months' invasion of the Japanese scale. It is slowly but surely dying, and the only remedy is to cut every branch back to the trunk.
3. Camphor tree killed by new Japanese scale. Six months before, this tree had no scale and was as healthy and strong as the uninfested tree.

times on plants entering California from Japan. In each case these plants were destroyed. I know of no instance where this scale has been reported as a pest, and can find only 13 references to it in all entomological literature.

"Just how this insect became established in New Orleans is not known, but it must have been brought in on some plant, probably from Japan. (Other entomologists consider that it probably came in on the legs of Argentine ants, which are carried by millions in ships from port to port all around the world the landing of which cannot be prevented.—Author.) It is known to have been in New Orleans only six to eight months, but its spread and multiplication have been extremely rapid. It now covers more than a square mile of the area of the city of New Orleans, and, differing from all other scale insects, appears to be highly noxious; in other words, it requires very few of these insects on a tree limb or branch to kill it, and, thereafter, to destroy the life of the entire tree. Many of the infected trees—in fact a majority of them—are dying very fast and conditions are very, very serious. Urgent steps will be necessary to save the dying trees and to preserve others from attack.

"The trees and plants are killed by the scales attaching themselves to the smaller twigs. These twigs die quickly, and the tree, thus defoliated and poisoned by the peculiar toxic poisoning carried by this insect, soon perishes. The Argentine ant is ever present in enormous numbers to collect the so-called 'honey-dew' secreted by this scale, and the ants foster and protect the scale to such an extent that *they cause it to increase from 900 to 1,000 per cent.* We know of only one way in which this pest can be eradicated, and that is to cut back all plants found to be infested, burn off the stubs, as well as burn the branches cut off, and spray the remaining stumps and cut-back trunks with lime-sulphur, or some equally good insecticide . . . . In addition to this, the Argentine ant must be controlled over the entire infested area, and controlled immediately, to prevent the further spread of the pest after it has been checked in New Orleans. Cost of this work will be heavy, and at least $25,000 is required for immediate use in this city alone. I am of the opinion that more money will be required later, but if less money is appropriated, and half measures are undertaken, it were better not to strive for the eradication of the pest, but merely to undertake control measures."

Mr. Barber, further on in his discussion of the situation, indirectly places the responsibility for the introduction of this newest and most destructive of all the scale insects, on the nursery inspection service of Louisiana, and demands its improvement. He says in part:

"The nursery inspection service of Louisiana is positively inadequate. At this time, only two men are employed to inspect all the nurseries in the state and to take care of all plant shipments out of the state. No provision whatever is made to inspect plants coming into the state, provided these plants bear an inspection tag from some other state. If all nurserymen were honest, this might be satisfactory; unfortunately, this is not the case and dirty plants are being dumped into Louisiana from surrounding states. Not being inspected, these plants are placed in nurseries, and new pests thus continually introduced. State Entomologist Anderson declares that his department, which has to be operated on $5,000 a year, 'is a camouflage to allow the state nurserymen to ship their plants out of the state of Louisiana.' He is about right, and he should be given at least $20,000 a year, so that he might employ a staff of ten or twelve men to inspect all plants going out of and coming into (this latter most emphatically) this state."

Thus, if the state of Louisiana had been on guard, the new and deadly camphor scale would not have entered the United States, or would have been destroyed as soon as it did enter, as it was destroyed by the California state authorities some years ago. As it is, the state of Louisiana, only through efforts of the state horticultural society, has placed an embargo on the shipment of all plants out of the parishes of Orleans and St. Bernard. This does not affect any other parishes of the state, or the state boundaries, so that there is no means of checking the spread of the scale through the state, or from this state to other states, or of knowing how far it has spread, unless the national government takes immediate charge of the situation, and either places its own embargo or compels the state of Louisiana to place such a wall around the infected spot.

It is estimated by the nurserymen's organizations that the local embargo will cost them about $200,000 a year, and many of them are opposed to it, regardless of the danger to all crops within the state and in other states. Sugar experts estimate that the new scale, if it reaches the "sugar bowl" of Louisiana, will destroy the entire cane crop in one season, and that the Argentine ants, by preserving the scale insects in their nests through the winter, will make eradication of the pest all but impossible. The cotton planters, already battling with the boll weevil and the pink boll worm, are confronted also with this new pest, more destructive than both the others combined.

Owing to the protection given the camphor scale by the ants, this pest can live much farther north than any other of the scale insects, and its spread through the United States can be limited only by the immediate activities of man in combating both it and the carrier ant. Compared with it, all previous insect pests are mere triflers, killing what they eat, and moving slowly, while this Oriental invader kills millions of times the quantity he eats, and has slaves to carry him rapidly to all parts of the country.

Fastest Sprinter the World Has Ever Known

By JOHN B. WALLACE

IN A meet held at Redlands, California, recently, Charles Paddock, a twenty-year-old student at the University of Southern California, performed the remarkable feat of breaking three world records in one afternoon. He ran the 100 meters in ten and two-fifths seconds which is a fifth of a second under the former record. He ran 300 yards in thirty and one-fifth seconds, clipping two-fifths of a second from the mark set by Bernie Wefers. He then continued on to the 300-meter tape running it in thirty-three and four-fifths seconds, far under the old mark of 36 and two-fifths seconds.

These are not all the remarkable performances of this flyer who can be truly called the fastest sprinter the world ever has known. At a track meet held earlier in the spring at Berkeley, California, Paddock ran the 100 yards in nine and three-fifths seconds, equaling the world record, and ran the two hundred and twenty-yard dash in twenty and four-fifths seconds, breaking the world record of 21 and one-fifth seconds for this event.

To prove that this was no fluke, three days later at a track meet held at Stanford University he again ran the hundred yards in nine and three-fifths seconds and ran the two hundred and twenty in 21 seconds flat.

All of the meets in which Paddock made these marks were held under the sanction and auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union with officials, including timers, approved by the union, so there is little doubt but that the records will stand. The tracks had been carefully measured and all the conditions provided for by the union had been observed.

At the Redlands meet the weather was cloudy and rather chilly. There was but little wind and what there was did not favor the runner. The track was surveyed and found to be perfectly level. It was a fast track, of decomposed granite, and was in perfect condition.

The tracks at Berkeley and Stanford were also good, of cinder, and surveyed both as to actual measurement and level. There was little if any wind and what there was did not favor the runner. Perhaps the most remarkable feature about this wonderful sprinter is his consistency. Nearly all great athletes have one day in their lives when they can surpass themselves. But Paddock has three times this spring in competition equaled the world record in the 100-yard dash and broken it in the two hundred and twenty. In view of this fact and taking into consideration his unusual strength and vitality his trainer, Dean B. Cromwell, predicts that Paddock will even better the marks he has made. Cromwell intends to send him against two other world records, the 150 yards and the 200 yards. There is little doubt that he will capture both of these events as his time in the 100 meters and the 220 yards shows that he has already beaten them but had no timers stationed at these marks.



CHARLES PADDOCK,
Holder of five world records in sprints.

Paddock began his career as a sprinter in the Pasadena, California, high school. He won most of his races there and held a high school record of ten seconds in the 100-yard dash. He came honestly by his running ability as his father, C. W. Paddock, was a fast quarter-miler at the University of Michigan.

While Paddock was considered a very fast runner in high school, his real ability did not appear until he came under the expert care of Coach Cromwell at the University of Southern California. Cromwell had already developed at this comparatively small institution three world champions in the sprints and high hurdles and when he got hold of this promising high school boy he clipped a fifth of a second off his record the first season.

Two years ago I first saw Paddock run at Claremont, California, where Pomona College is located. On a heavy track and with a cold wind blowing, Paddock ran the hundred yards in nine and four-fifths seconds and came within one-fifth of a second of the world record in the two hundred and twenty. I had heard of the youthful prodigy and when the runners were lining up for the dash I asked a college student near me which was Paddock. I had some trouble in identifying him and the youth turned to me and said:

"Never mind, you just watch the fellow who is ahead and that will be Paddock."

From that time on Paddock has always been the one ahead, no matter how stiff the competition. The only exception was the 200 meters at the Olympic games in Stockholm last summer and in this race Paddock was not in condition. He won the 100 meters with ease and afterward in Paris cleaned up the best runners in Europe. This year he is at his best and there is reason to believe that the mark of nine and three-fifths in the hundred yards will be finally lowered.

Paddock is a rather stocky youth with a tremendous thigh and a 15¾-inch calf. He would never be picked by the average person as even an ordinary sprinter.

But despite his rather short stature, he is really about average height but looks shorter because of his broad shoulders and muscular development. Paddock has unusually long legs for a person of his height.

In running he breaks practically every known rule for the guidance of sprinters. He has absolutely no form in the meaning of the word as defined by athletic trainers. When running he sprawls all over the track. Instead of running on a line as taught by most coaches he places his feet wide apart in what might be called spraddle fashion.

The secret of his success lies in his tremendous stride and his enormous muscular power. Not a particularly fast starter, when he once gets under way he fairly tears up the track. He has a stride of seven and one-half feet, tremendous for a person of his height and build.

He lifts his feet high in the air, so high that when he broke the records at Redlands he twice hit his chin with his knees. He has a leg drive like a flea.

Paddock does very little training. He does just enough work on the field to keep in condition and most of this work consists of such varied pursuits as putting the shot, hurling the discus and, in fact, everything but jumping which his trainer taboos for fear of injury.

He eats everything but pastry and indulges in no stimulants of any kind, even tea and coffee being under the ban.

Paddock is ambitious to become a newspaperman. He is editor of the college daily and during his spare moments does general reporting for one of the Pasadena daily papers.

There is absolutely no trace of conceit about him. He regards his achievements as just so much good luck in having been given his remarkable body by nature.

Extremes May Meet But Do Not Mate

A FEW years ago, the newspapers carried an account of an epidemic of suicides among the higher-class young men of a southern French city. An English musical comedy had come to town whose chorus consisted of golden-haired goddesses whose ravishing beauty played such havoc with the hearts of the local young men that the unrequited adoration in the case of five of them found solace only in death. The press story accounted for the tragic circumstances by the theory that blonde hair, blue eyes, and very fair skins were rare in the southern locality and that these exotic charms would inevitably possess a fatal fascination for the temperamental Romeos exposed to them because the latter were dark-haired, black-eyed and olive-complexioned.

Popular opinion assumes this supposed attraction between opposites to be universally operative. The light-haired, blue-eyed young man should marry a brunette, so he thinks, and the wistful black-eyed maiden imagines that she will realize her supreme happiness in finding her mate in a tall, masterful blonde.

A Swiss scientist, Dr. Herman Fol, of Geneva, has published in the *Revue Scientifique* the results of an investigation which he conducted with reference to this subject. Dr. Fol made a collection of the photographs of 251 couples which he separated into two lots, the first of which comprised pictures of young couples and newlyweds, 198 in all; and the second of which contained the photographs of 53 old couples. He classified each of these lots according to the resemblance between husband and wife as "very great," "medium" or "dubious." The following table indicates the results of his analysis:

	Resemblance Very Great	Moderate Resemblance	Dubious or no Resemblance
Young couples	27.3%	39.4%	33.3%
Old couples	24.5%	47.2%	28.3%

According to the law of chance, only 2% of the cases would exhibit resemblance. If the money-motive predominated that percentage would be the same as if there were random mating. Yet as a matter of fact, we find that two-thirds of the young couples (66%) show appreciable resemblance in looks as do also 71% of the old couples.

There is a popular belief that long years of living together as husband and wife makes old couples look alike. The above table indicates that the reason they look alike in old age is because they resembled each other when they were married.

Dr. Fol therefore concludes: First, that couples unite in accordance with conformities and not in accordance with contrasts; second, that the resemblance between old married people is not a state acquired in consequence of conjugal life.

Let it be admitted that blue eyes do attract the brown, that raven tresses are adored by the blonde-headed; that our youthful love affairs are often with opposites. But temporary infatuation and marriage are two different things. When people get ready to settle down, they seek not alluring differences in their mate; they want to cast their lot with one who looks on life as they do, who shares the same ideals, education, purposes and tastes, one who is congenial, not merely interesting or stimulating. If Dr. Fol is right, the resemblance is not merely confined to a community of mental interest; it is paralleled by physiognomical similarity so that people may be temporarily attracted by their opposites but they usually marry their likes.

A Government Official Who Is Different

THE new Republican administration at Washington is all agog over the discovery of an exceedingly rare man among government employes. He is an official who actually does the unheard-of thing of reducing the number of employes in his department while the quantity and quality of the work steadily increase.

This is such an unusual event in the government service that it is attracting wide attention.

The name of this chap is Henry Clay Neal. He is a native of Lexington, Kentucky. Neal has the distinction of having charge of the largest filing system in the world. He is officially known as the "Chief of Files" of the Income Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue Department of the United States Government. In the files under his jurisdiction are located more than 17,000,000 income tax returns and 28,000,000 letters which have a bearing on income tax affairs.

When Neal took over this colossal job several years ago he found 900 employes. Their work was 65 per cent efficient. Today there are only 288 employes and their work ranges from 98 to 99 per cent in efficiency. Bear in mind that while this great reduction in employes and increase in efficiency were going on, the number of returns and letters in the files were increasing at the rate of 3,000,000 a year.



HENRY CLAY NEAL

This job of Neal's is not only big in size, but it entails a degree of secrecy second to none in Uncle Sam's governmental establishment. He is familiar with the incomes of every individual and corporation in America subject to the payment of income tax. But when it comes to talking about the contents of his precious files, Neal makes the clam family seem like a busy boiler shop in comparison.

Meeting Neal in his official capacity in the beautiful Treasury Annex, located within the shadow of the White House, one is surprised at the ease with which he handles this stupendous task. Any one of the 45,000,000 documents in his files can be produced within an average of one minute after it is called for. There's real honest-to-goodness efficiency for you!

When asked how he obtained these satisfactory results, he briefly replied: "By organization and systematization. The results are a maximum of production at a minimum of expenditure. I make it a point to let each clerk under my supervision realize that he is a part of the organization and that his services are appreciated. The door to my office is always wide open to receive any complaint from my force. The zeal with which the employes dispatch their duties is brought about by making them feel at all times that they are an integral and important part of the organization."

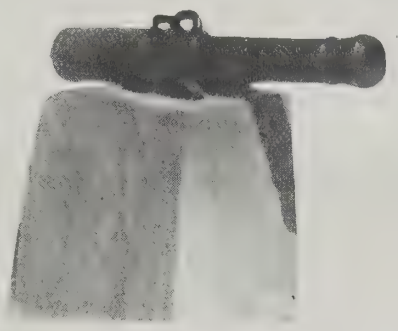
Marines, as Missionaries, Do Much for Hayti

By WILBUR FORREST

UNITED STATES Marines who, according to popular conception, normally live aboard battleships and dash ashore, rifles in hand, when occasion demands it in any part of the world, are today engaged in a unique land operation.

Down in the little West Indian Republic of Hayti, where political considerations, a war of pacification and other things served to draw the attention of the public to the fact that the United States has a real problem in the Caribbean, we find American Marines today as far away from their battleships as island geography will permit and as alien to popular home conception as Marines could possibly be.

The United States Army has usually drawn the lot of benevolent administration on a grand scale in American protectorates and possessions variously scattered. It was the Army in Cuba, the Philippines, in Porto Rico and elsewhere. America's idea of her Marine is that of a "devil-dog" fighter; a sort of rough and tumble individual good for stern and quick work; an undiplomatic though virile youngster ordered from his battleship hammock to go ashore and pacify and one who is not so particular how he pacifies just so there is pacification.



British gun mounted by Americans at Petit Goave outside Gendarmerie Headquarters, brought here by the French over 125 years ago.

Benevolence, tact and diplomacy are alien to America's conception of men who fought in the Boxer uprising in China, landed at Vera Cruz and among other affairs gathered a certain reputation during the late unpleasantness in France. But if we may come down to the present, American Marines, having finished their work of pacification, are doing real missionary work in the primitive little "Black Republic" which boasts ten thousand square miles and two million inhabitants. This work is not the missionary labor of Bible classes but an endeavor toward Haytian humanity which, as strange as it may seem, promises to do more toward Hayti's and all Latin-America's estimate of America's good intentions toward little protectorates than any other agency.

The missionary unit of the United States Marine Corps in Hayti is called the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, a military organization officered by Marines and composed of native rank and file. This native army is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Frederic M. Wise, whose record in France is the "devil-dog" variety, but whose alien work in Hayti today is rapidly stamping him as a Marine who knows benevolent administration among a simple, almost helpless people as well as he knows the sterner game of fighting.

Cubans still revere Major General Leonard Wood of the Army for the firm though scrupulously just hand which he constantly held on the Cuban helm many years ago. Haytians, who do not love the United States for our slipshod administration policy in their little republic during the past five years, are beginning to recognize the firmness and fairness of Wise, the unique Marine, who has been among them for two years.

General Wise, as he is ranked in the Gendarmerie service, believes that Marines have functions other than fighting; that of administering, for one, even if it requires tact to accomplish the latter. His assistant general is Richard Hooker—lieutenant-colonel of Marines—a "devil-dog" of long standing reputation.

In naval parlance which these Haytian-Marine generals are apt to use in conversation, the Gendarmerie d'Haiti polices Hayti from bow to aft. There are some twenty-seven hundred officers and men in the organization, controlling the two departments of the republic, the North and South. Each department is commanded by a colonel of Gendarmerie and three so-called divisions are commanded each by a major. One of these majors alone commands or administers more than fourteen hundred square miles with a parcel of white subordinate officers and black troops who not only preserve the peace but preserve native good will as well.

The black rank and file of the Gendarmerie receive ten dollars a month as pay and fifteen cents per day for rations. They can live on less. The annual clothing allowance is less than forty-five dollars, an allowance, incidentally, which permits them to appear universally spic and span in a uniform and with personal equipment not far different from that of the Marine ranker of lighter complexion.

British success with black troops in Africa is being repeated in America's unique experiment in Hayti, according to the white officers of the Gendarmerie. The blacks naturally lack certain soldierly virtues of whites but they are faithful to the trust and amenable to perfect discipline. Standing ever behind the Gendarmerie in its function of policing is the wholly white First Marine Brigade from which the white "missionary" officers of the native organization have been drawn.

To see the best results attained by these Marine missionaries, however, it is necessary to leave Port au Prince, the Haytian capital and travel into remote and isolated parts of the bush. You may ride, for example, for ten or twelve hours from the nearest sizable town over mountains into valleys and across plains to get to the village of Hinche, a community in the heart of the bush which not so long ago was a hotbed of bandit warfare.

Hinche has a church, a couple of schools and a prison. Whites are responsible for all. Otherwise the village is a conglomeration of native huts with thatched roofs and dirt floors. And Hinche is far above the average as Haytian bush villages go. Its schools are a novelty, its churches a God-send and its prison, figuratively speaking, a "college" where native malefactors are treated with goodly consideration and taught useful artisanship which follows them back to freedom. This is Hinche today. Hinche yesterday was not a rosy picture. Marines and Gendarmes alike held out here about a year ago with rifles ever ready to repulse bandit attacks and patrols were daily and nightly forging off into the dreary country in search of organized bands of vicious black men who were capable of barbaric and terrible deeds. Entire native villages were burned and whole families murdered by these bandits. Dreadful evidences of cannibalistic bandit orgies were found on various occasions. Fighting such foes was not a gentle task. Marines and Gendarmes stationed in the district of Hinche not only fought them but preserved the village as the main asylum for bush natives who fled into it for protection. Now, however, the district is at peace as are all other similar districts over the length and breadth of the republic.

It was at Hinche that I found two missionaries, one of them a Marine and the other a co-worker who was somewhat typical of other co-workers in the Haytian country.

The Marine was Lieutenant M. J. Perry, of Oakland, California, and the other was Abbe Belloit, long ago of St. Nazaire, France. One was the pacific administrator of the village and the other his chief aid and companion, both working in such isolation that they had good reason to believe—under ordinary circumstances—that their work would never be known to an outside world.

We were sitting at supper over a rough table in a little hut one evening in Hinche when Lieutenant Perry remarked:

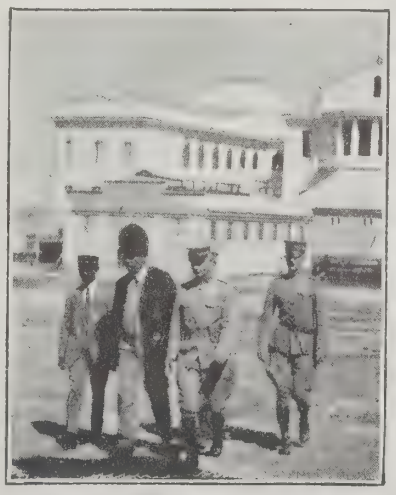
"It's about time for the Pere to be showing up."

Lieutenant Frank H. Mason, of Boston, a Gendarmerie doctor on temporary station, mentioned that the Pere was overdue. Mason had been with Perry but a few weeks. The latter, however, knew that if Abbe Belloit failed to put his head in at the door before the coffee was served that something was wrong.

"You see," explained Perry, "the Pere has not missed a night here for years. He likes to come and drink coffee and talk. He looks forward to his evening chat and is as regular here as he is at the church at four a. m. to hold early mass for his native converts."

Presently the Pere shuffled in. His grizzly hair rioted out from under a little cap and his lean figure was draped in a rusty black robe which ended just above the coarse nether ends of rough khaki trousers and heavy shoes. Unskilled and obviously masculine darning with heavy thread on the robe told its age and the penurious economy of an ecclesiast who had elected to live his religion. But the garb did not detract for an instant from the seamed face which appeared that of a man of fifty but which I later learned should have been the countenance of one only thirty-six. The figure that stood in the doorway looked every day of fifty.

For thirteen years the Abbe Belloit has lived and worked in and around the almost inaccessible village of Hinche, eight years of this the only white man among the blackest and most illiterate body of blacks this side of Equatorial Africa. Voodoo orgies with their terrors of human sacrifice were performed in the hills around him. Often bush bandits murdered or robbed the natives but except for one occasion never molested the village church. Here in this lonesomeness the old-young Abbe from France mastered the Creole tongue of the blacks, attempting always to convert them to his own religion. With his own hands he made the repairs always necessary on the rickety church and during periods of nonministration to his adopted charges he gathered big stones for the foundation of a parish house. Then he cut down mahogany trees in the near-by forest and hewed timbers for the structure. The house erected, he enclosed it in a fence of logwood, a precious wood from which basic vegetable dyes are made, but like the mahogany a worthless market product in the railroadless, roadless Haytian bush.



President Darteguenave, accompanied by Marine officers coming to testify before Naval Board of Inquiry in Barracks.

For eight ascetic, solitary years, during which he never saw the countenance of another white man, the Abbe slaved with his people and his bush institutions, bringing learning and education to the natives. He educated native girls for teachers and built two rude schoolhouses—one for boys and one for girls after the French fashion—and he admitted as we talked over the crude supper table in Hinche not long ago that it is only the deepest and firmest convictions of a white man's chosen religion that will prompt him to do such things.

But to get back to Hinche which must serve as the main example of the unique Marine policy of missioning. We find around the supper table in Lieutenant Perry's little hut each night not always only the famous Abbe but the colored notables of the town who are proud to be good friends of the young officer. Perry's name in Hinche stands for honesty and justice. Some years ago he was delegated by orders to come into the district and hunt bandits and he did the job with thoroughness. Now that peace is supreme in Hayti, he is the fast friend and co-operator of the village functionaries, a firm supporter of Abbe Belloit's system of spiritual uplift and godfather to some scores of little black "picks" who will grow up with a certain respect for the pacific intentions of the United States toward Hayti.

During recent and extensive ramblings over the little "Black Republic," the writer found these Marine missionaries in communities large and small; in posts smaller than Hinche and in cities and towns which boasted communication with the seacoast by road. They seemed to have caught the spirit of co-operation and uplift rather than that of force and bullying which usually fails to gain the respect of any people, illiterate or otherwise.

Before United States Marines landed in Hayti in 1915, native prisons were terrible holes. Haytian prisoners have been cleaned up by the Americans. Today they are models of cleanliness—light and sanitary. Inmates are fed perhaps better than their normal life provides and are often reluctant to accept liberty when sentences expire. They are taught useful trades and the importance of industry, to make them better citizens.

During five years of American occupation in the "Black Republic" there has been constant life-saving sanitation and road building and, as mentioned in a previous article, the greatest task of all, that of pacification in a territory which has known only strife for generations. Without peace the new mode of missionary work here described would be an utter impossibility.

The main work of regeneration began with the death of banditry more than a year ago.

Benoit Batreville was the last insurrectionist leader in Hayti. He was the "Villa" of the Caribbean republic. When a Marine bullet pierced Benoit during a mountain fight last April, banditry ceased completely. This Benoit Batreville served as the most formidable adversary of American pacification work since Charlemagne Peralte. The story of Charlemagne's death when two Gendarmerie officers penetrated six mountain outposts into the bandit chief's camp and "nailed" him there was announced by the Navy Department in Washington.

The story of Benoit Batreville's end is little known in the United States. Benoit, like Charlemagne, was a so-called intellectual, leading a band which was capable of terrible deeds. His "army" made an audacious attack on Port au Prince, the capital, a year ago last February and was repulsed with considerable loss. The next definite information about the mulatto chieftain's movements was that he had grouped about him one hundred and fifty very bad blacks, the pick of his entire force, and was more than ever on the warpath.

Last April, a Gendarmerie patrol was ambushed by Benoit's band and Lieutenant Muth, the leader, was wounded and captured. His body was found mutilated, giving evidence that Muth had been tortured before death. Charges of cannibalism against the bandits were not based on imagination.

Both Marine and Gendarmerie patrols redoubled their efforts to catch Benoit. Captain Becker, leading a Gendarme patrol, was the first to encounter him but as usual, the wily outlaw escaped after injuring Becker. The mulatto chief placed a whistle to his lips, blew several sharp blasts and fled into the mountain thickets followed by his band. The whistle was similar in tone to those used by officers of the Gendarmerie and Becker assumed that Benoit had taken it from the body of Lieutenant Muth.

The day after Becker's encounter, two patrols, one led by Captain Perkins, of the Marines, and another composing Becker's faithful Gendarmes—not more than 20 men in both patrols—came upon Benoit's band. The forces came into action in a gully. Perkins was fired on by a man who came bravely into the open. The American officer dropped to the ground and returned the fire. When the duel ended the enemy was dead and Perkins continued in the general fight. Finally, when the blacks had been routed Perkins returned to the gully to examine the victim of the duel. It was Benoit Batreville. The whistle he had taken from the body of Muth was found and identified and the unfortunate officer's automatic pistol and other possessions were found on the bandit's corpse.

During the political campaign in the United States last year, charges were made that Marines in Hayti had been guilty of the "indiscriminate killings" of Haytian natives. A Naval Board of Inquiry sought the facts and returned from Port au Prince to Washington where findings were made absolving the Marines of guilt.

The writer's investigations in Hayti would not have justified such a broad finding as that rendered by the Naval Board of Inquiry. Undoubtedly there have been cases of "indiscriminate killings" of Haytian natives But there have been extenuating circumstances. Considerable resentment is found among Marines that political charges of "indiscriminate" slaying should have been linked with a figure of about twenty-two hundred natives, who by inference appeared to have been law-abiding Haytian non-combatants. The great bulk of this figure represented lawless bandits in open warfare.

But the American political campaign is over. Hayti is enjoying the most profound peace in decades. The new Marine policy seems to be getting results.



Temple Block, Salt Lake City. Showing the Great Temple of solid granite, the domed Tabernacle, the Assembly Hall in the left background. The lower buildings just inside the wall are occupied by the Bureau of Information.

Mormon Temporalities

By DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE

Of the Council of the Twelve, Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

YES, of course, the Mormon church is in business, and big business at that. Not alone in Salt Lake City, which is the seat of the presiding councils of the church, but in every city, town, and village wherein a Mormon community dwells there is outward and visible demonstration of church activity in material affairs.

The present nation-wide depression in building operations and in business generally is evident in the "valleys of the mountains," though less markedly than elsewhere. Chapels, tabernacles, amusement halls, and one temple are in course of erection; and plans for further construction of the kind, now under examination in the office of the church supervisor of buildings, approximate six millions of dollars in estimated cost.

Brief mention of the general plan of church operation may be in place. Territorially the church comprises missions and stakes. Where the Latter-day Saints have gathered in sufficient numbers, as in Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona, Alberta (Canada) and Mexico, they are organized into Stakes of Zion; while the rest of the United States and other countries are districted into distinct missions. A mission comprises conferences, and these are subdivided into branches. Stakes are segregated into wards and branches, and of these subdivisions nearly a thousand have already been organized.

The ward is the territorial and community unit within the stake. At its head stands the bishopric, comprising a bishop and two other high priests known as the bishop's counselors. In lower order of authority are "quorums" of priests, teachers and deacons; and, as helps in government, the several auxiliary organizations are indispensable factors. These latter comprise the Relief Society, which is composed entirely of women; the Sunday school; separate institutions known as the Young Men's and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations; the Primary Association for children; and the Religion Classes, which supplement the secular instruction of the public schools by lessons in morals, theology and religion.

This fragment of the elaborate and efficacious plan of church organization should be considered if Mormon activities are to be rightly understood.

From the establishment of Mormondom in the West, dating from the settlement of the pioneers in Salt Lake valley in 1847, the ward has been the social center of the people. Its building equipment has advanced from the single-room meetinghouse of the early days—usually constructed of logs or adobe—to the modern chapel of pressed brick or hewn stone, beautiful in architecture, with auditorium, vestry and numerous classrooms; and the adjoining amusement hall. Only religious services or class exercises closely related thereto are conducted in the chapel; all recreational activities of indoor character are provided for in the amusement hall. Attention is given to training in music, social dancing, dramatics, debating, forum work and pageantry; and in these as in Scouting for the young men, and "Beehive" work for the girls, systematic courses are conducted. The motion picture is a feature of ward recreation; and an effective censorship of subjects is exercised, whereby the films exhibited in the social centers are such as conform as nearly as possible to the church standard of morals.

It should be added that the church engages in no recreational work for profit, its sole purpose being to provide wholesome entertainment at cost; though "benefit" performances or exhibitions are allowed, the proceeds from which are applied to some local need, such as additional equipment, renovation of the amusement hall, beautifying of the grounds, and the like.

For stake assemblies commodious tabernacles have been erected; and for greater gatherings, as those of the general conferences of the church, the great Tabernacle in Salt Lake City is used.

By architects and others the Salt Lake Tabernacle has been pronounced one of the most remarkable auditoriums ever constructed. Its structural plan is simple, comprising essentially a great dome supported by buttressed walls. It was in course of erection from July, 1864 to October, 1867. The building is 250 feet long, and 150 feet in greatest width. From floor to ceiling at the middle the distance is 70 feet; and the network of beams and trusses between ceiling and roof is 10 feet high. The immense dome-roof is of lattice construction and is self-sustaining, there being not so much as a single supporting pillar. More remarkable still, the roof is built entirely of wood and was originally constructed without nails or metal spikes. The enormous beams and trusses were held together by wooden pegs and rawhide thongs. While the Tabernacle was in course of building, iron nails and spikes were obtainable only as they were brought across the plains by wagon and team, and the high cost prevented their use.

Many modern buildings present larger roof-spans, but such are generally constructed of metal. A capacious gallery, 30 feet wide, extends along the inner walls and is broken at the west end only, where it gives place to the grand organ and the seats reserved for the great choir. In contrast with the usual methods of construction this enormous gallery is not continuous with the walls. At intervals of twelve to fifteen feet great beams connect the gallery with the wall buttresses, but between these beams the gallery is set forward two and one-half feet from the inside of the walls, and the open spaces are guarded by a high railing. It is believed that the surprising acoustic properties of the building are due in part to this feature of construction. The great dome is, in fact, a colossal whispering gallery, as the multitudes of visitors who have inspected the building know. When it is emptied save for the few, the fall of a pin dropped at the focal point of the ellipse near one end of the building may be heard at the corresponding point near the other end. The convenient seating capacity of the tabernacle, including the gallery, is nearly nine thousand, though, under conditions of crowding, congregations much larger than this have assembled beneath the dome.

No mention of Mormon buildings would be even half-way complete without reference to the temples, which are uniquely characteristic of this peculiar people. Of the four temples now standing in Utah, that at Salt Lake City was the first begun and the last completed. This splendid structure was forty years in building. The walls are of solid granite eight feet thick in the first story and six feet in the upper part. It is of a style peculiar to itself, not inaptly called "Mormonesque." Many stones of emblematical significance appear, representing sun, moon, stars, the earth and the clouds. On the main inscription stone at the east we read: "Holiness to the Lord," and on the keystones of the arched windows at both east and west ends, "I am Alpha and Omega," and above these is the awe-inspiring emblem of the All-seeing Eye.

The Latter-day Saints have recently completed a temple at Laie, Hawaiian Islands, and another is nearing completion at Cardston, Alberta, Canada. To the Mormons a temple is more than chapel, tabernacle, synagogue or cathedral. Temples are erected and maintained for the solemnization of sacred ordinances, and not as places for general assembly or for ordinary congregational worship.

Another Mormon structure of imposing proportions and striking architectural design bears over its main entrance the unpretentious inscription "L. D. S. Church Offices." Though but about five years old, it is known far and wide. It is essentially a steel structure faced with thick granite, but with foundation benches and supporting columns of solid stone. Within, the ground story and the next above are finished for the main part in highly polished aragonite, which is known in the trade as Utah onyx. This building constitutes the administrative headquarters of the church. It contains the offices and council rooms of the first presidency, the Council of the Twelve Apostles, the First Council of the Seventy, and other presiding authorities. One entire floor is devoted to the work of the church historian; and the greater part of another is given up to genealogical research, which, owing to the practice of vicarious ordinance work for the dead, ranks among the very prominent features of Mormon achievement. The administration of such ordinances in behalf of the departed is carried on in the temples only; and the compilation of accurate genealogical records is a prerequisite thereto.

The church has spent and is spending large sums for the erection and maintenance of hospitals. The

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT asked Dr. Talmage to prepare several articles on the activities of the Mormon church. As stated elsewhere, Dr. Talmage is a member of the Council of Twelve, but this fact must not be accepted as indicative of a desire either on the part of Dr. Talmage or this paper to publish anything which may be regarded as of a propaganda nature. Not alone is Dr. Talmage high in the councils of the church, but he is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of which there are only seven members who are Americans. He is the only American holding life membership. As one of the "Twelve Apostles" of the church he attended the Third World's Christian Citizenship Conference in Pittsburgh, in November, 1919, at which time there was a discussion of Mormonism.

L. D. S. Groves Hospital in Salt Lake City is one of the best equipped institutions of the kind in the West; and the Dee Hospital in Ogden, though smaller, is likewise thoroughly up-to-date. The church has under construction another large and strictly modern hospital at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Building, however, is but one of the many material activities with which the church is occupied. The beginning of irrigation by white men in the West dates from the day on which the pioneer band, under the direction of its intrepid leader, Brigham Young, entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake; and this enterprise—which is veritably the magic touch at whose response the desert has yielded its treasures for the sustenance of man—has been especially fostered by the church from the beginning. In the early days the construction of irrigation canals was largely a church undertaking. More recently great irrigation projects have been successfully carried through by private capital; and the National Reclamation Service has co-operated in the construction of dams, canals, and reservoirs on a scale which by comparison is colossal.

It is but a statement of simple truth to say that the church has been ever active in the support of home industry and in lending financial aid to any legitimate undertaking intended for the development and welfare of its people, and for the good of the state without regard to the religious affiliation of its citizens. It has always led in the introduction and establishment of enterprises that promised to be beneficial and helpful to the community. The church rendered substantial service in early railroad construction, by which the isolated oasis was brought into close communication with both East and West; it contributed to the establishment of the telegraph and the telephone; it was among the first movers in developing water power for electrical energy; it was instrumental in the establishment of the beet-sugar industry in the intermountain realm; it has devoted large sums of money to colonization and to the necessary irrigation enterprises connected therewith. It has rendered substantial financial assistance in the establishment of woolen mills, salt plants, stone quarries, brickyards, cement factories, coal fields, sulphur fields, iron and steel plants, elevators, flour mills, and a number of other smaller industries.

In these and other related activities the church has spent millions of dollars, not for profit to itself nor for the monopolization of industry, but primarily to furnish employment and insure prosperity to the community. Nevertheless, some of these enterprises have brought good returns to the church as an organization, while in others losses have been incurred; but it reckons its profit in terms of community prosperity and in the individual welfare of its members.

It is interesting to note that of the families of the church living in the organized stakes, over 75 per cent own their homes. There is little employment for the rent-collector except in the larger centers of population, and even there, most of the church members who pay rent are those who live in furnished suites by choice.

A good Mormon regards efficiency in what we are apt to call worldly affairs as a requirement of his religion. He devotes a fair and equitable part of his time to the contemplation of what lies beyond the grave, and conscientiously gives due attention to the practical activities of mortality. It is his bounden duty to contribute his full share of labor and time to everyday work, whether his vocation be that of the farmer directly delving into the soil, of the artisan, the clerk, the banker or the professional man. Temporal salvation, which is attainable through honesty, thrift, and hard work, plays an important part in individual preparation for the spiritual salvation of the hereafter.

So the church collectively and its members severally are in business, with such determination and thoroughness as shall insure success in all righteous dealings for betterment and prosperity here, and for the training and experiences that such labor shall afford in preparation for the life to come.

Deseret, the beehive, is the Mormon emblem of industry.







Above—East front view of Mormon Temple and grounds at Laie, Oahu, T. H. Extreme dimensions, 102 x 78 and 50 feet in height above the upper terrace. Dedicated on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27, 1919. Left—The Grand Organ and Choruses of the Tabernacle Choir. Right—DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Preacher-Writer-Fighter Now Industrial Arbiter

Concluded from page 3

took occasion to express strong disapproval of hasty action on the part of the workers in contravention of the terms of an existing agreement. In this particular case the council was able to prevent the disruption of a very important service to the business community of the province, saving a vast amount of annoyance as well as serious loss to shippers and to consumers.

Supreme Importance of Continuing at Work.

Possibly the most important and the most interesting case during the year was that which involved workers upon the big mail order building of the T. Eaton Company and in this case particularly the Joint Council of Industry succeeded in impressing on all parties that it is of supreme importance that industry should be continuous and that interruptions should be avoided. The motto insisted upon was, "Get on with the Work."

In the case of the Eaton mail order building the claim was made that, in contravention of recognized and fundamental Trade Union principles and in contravention of an agreement entered into between the General Contractors' section of the Winnipeg Builders' Exchange and the Building Trades Council, non-union workers had been introduced by the Vulcan Iron Works to complete a sub-contract which they had taken from the contractors, P. Lyall Construction Company, Limited. As can readily be understood, deep feeling of indignation was aroused among the workers. A resolution to strike was carried and, in fact, a mandate for the strike was issued. None of the parties to the dispute had suggested appealing to the Joint Council of Industry but the council stepped in and invited the parties to a conference. As before stated, the council succeeded in impressing upon all parties that the matter of supreme importance was to get the work on the building completed without loss of time. It was able to persuade all parties that this was not the most appropriate time nor the most suitable method for the settlement of a fundamental economic principle and that all parties should unite in seeking a *modus laborandi*—a method of getting on with the work. After negotiations carried on in an atmosphere of reasonable and fair-minded conciliation, the proposed strike was called off and the work was continued without cessation of a single day. In this case some five or six hundred workers were involved and financial interests to the amount of several hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is impossible to estimate the amount of loss a few weeks' strike here would have entailed nor to what extent the strike might have spread. It is important and interesting to notice that the very fact that the council was in existence offering an opportunity and place for discussion in an atmosphere of amicable interchange of opinion did much to prevent acrimonious and bitter feeling and render settlement easy. The fundamental principle at issue in this case still remains unsettled but in the meantime the work has been carried on to completion.

Sacredness of Agreements.

The council has persistently and consistently asserted the binding character of agreements and the necessity of maintaining contracts unbroken even at the cost of inconvenience and loss. For example there was the case of the Bricklayers' International Union and the contractors on a government building at Portage la Prairie. It was claimed by the union that a clause in the agreement between the Winnipeg Business Exchange and the union covering work carried on outside of the city of Winnipeg had been violated by the contractor in engaging bricklayers on terms other than those laid down in the agreement. After conference with both parties the council was able to show that the agreement had been violated and the contractor immediately expressed his willingness to alter the arrangements he had made and to make them harmonize with the terms of the agreement under which the work should be carried on. Here again, the advice of the council saved the cessation of work upon a very important public building and also saved the loss of wages to men at a time when there was much unemployment. It also saved loss to the contractor which would have resulted from the hindering of the completion of the building within his contract time limit.

Public Utilities.

The council during the year had a number of cases involving employes working on public utilities. Without going into the details of these it may be mentioned that in the most important the council insisted that the main consideration in the whole controversy was the interest of the community and the securing of the best and cheapest services to the community, thus enabling the parties in the case to preserve a due sense of proportion and making it easier for them to come together. As a matter of fact, the council was able in this case, which involved the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and the Manitoba Government Telephone Commission, to bring about an agreement as to principle after which the two parties agreed to settle minor details in mutual conference.

In commenting particularly upon the cases involving public utilities, Dr. Gordon suggests that the council has been able to exert this composing influence because the council is supposed to be, and in fact is, representative of the whole community and not of any section of it, and incidentally because of the very happy fact that all members of the council have been able to arrive at a unanimous decision in every case. He observes that the services rendered by the gentlemen who represent the two main elements in the industrial life of the community have been distinguished by ability, fair-mindedness and a devotion to duty that must have involved in many cases a sacrifice of personal interest.

Manitoba's experiment with the Joint Council of Industry is being watched by all of the other Canadian provinces and by a number of the states south of the "invisible line." This is proved by many official inquiries and requests for copies of the bill which brought the council into being. Manitobans who followed the bill through the legislature and have studied its application in the workings of the council in the past year noted with special interest the fact that a similar idea has come from the fertile brain of one of the greatest of living Britishers, Premier Jan Christian Smuts, of South Africa. It will be remembered that in outlining the policy on which the Smuts Government appealed to the people of the great British dominion in South Africa last year, he put first "the securing of industrial peace by the establishment of a Joint Council of Industry." The chances are that Premier Smuts never heard of Manitoba's Joint Council of Industry but in any event the honor of having been first must remain with Manitoba.

Briefly Told

More than three million men are under arms in Europe at this time.

The fez is no longer to be the national headdress of the Turk, according to a decision of the national assembly. The "kalpak" will be substituted. The "kalpak" is made of black cloth or felting somewhat similar to the fez only flatter and broader.

An aviators' special weather report will be sent out each day by naval radio, beginning June 1. In co-operation with the weather bureau the Navy Department will send broadcast from the Arlington station at 10 a. m. a report giving data from forty-four towns and cities. Wind direction and velocity for various levels of aerial travel will be included in the report.

The Knights of Columbus are planning to purchase twenty-six hundred acres at Nassau, Bahama Islands, which includes the authentic landing place of Christopher Columbus, the patron saint of the order. The estate will be maintained in perpetuity by the New York State Council of the order.

Papering the walls with Austrian bank notes has proved such a good advertisement that several innkeepers have taken up the idea in Geneva. The cost is but little more than that of good wallpaper.

An aluminum bearing deposit, believed to contain one hundred and fifty million tons of aluminum, has been discovered near Tapoleza, Hungary. This is one of the largest deposits in existence.

An airplane, acting as a cable layer, laid and put into service a six-mile stretch of land telegraph cable in eight minutes in Sweden. Six minutes were spent in flight and the other two in making connections.

French scientists who experiment with radium are using gloves lined with lead. Wooden tables lined with lead save the legs of the experimenters and the rest of the body is protected by thin metallic sheets.

It is illegal for any person, firm, company or corporation engaged in business within the jurisdiction of the Philippine Islands to keep books of account in any language other than English, Spanish or a native dialect.

Federal prohibition agents are directing their attention to druggists who are profiteering on whisky sold for medical purposes. Liquor bought on prescriptions for sick people have in some instances been found to have been adulterated with prune juice and water and sold at the price charged for pure liquor.

A Japanese representative has introduced a prohibition bill at nineteen consecutive sessions of the Diet.

French and Polish engineers, under supervision of the two governments, are seeking to recover a wealth of gold and silver reported to have been hidden from the enemy by French soldiers in a lake near Vilna during Napoleon's retreat from Russia in 1812. Estimates of the value run from twenty-five to thirty million dollars.

Grasshoppers are an excellent food for live stock, according to the findings of a commission appointed by the government of Uruguay. When dried, an analysis of the product showed a fatty matter content of forty per cent and more than this amount of digestible protein. The product is superior to oil cake and horses, sheep and pigs eat the dried locusts readily.

Lightning struck a barbed wire fence near Laramore, Colorado, killing fourteen valuable cows along the line of the fence.

In an attempt to reduce the toll of fatal accidents throughout Seattle, the coroner is erecting signs at places where fatalities have occurred, stating in detail the particular fatality responsible for the sign.

Germany is making synthetic gasoline from brown coal-tar.

Four women, arrested in Chicago for stealing from department stores, were sentenced to go to church every Sunday for a year. They must be home at 10 o'clock every night and wash and dry the dishes every day.

A wreath bearing the inscription: "A small tribute from those in trouble in whom Justice Ashley M. Gould consistently displayed a just and helpful interest," was placed on the coffin of the late justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia as a tribute from prisoners of the district, most of whom were sentenced by Judge Gould.

Priceless historical documents stored in the Castle of Simancas, near Valladolid, Spain, are placed in peril, due to the neglect of government officials to keep the building in proper repair. Thirty-three million documents, comprising the archives of Spain, many of them preserved since the days of Cardinal Ximenez, are in danger.

Ninety-three per cent of the people in fifteen cities in Japan favor an arrangement looking to disarmament by international concerted action, according to a canvass, made by the Japanese anti-militarist leaders.

The productivity of the banana is much greater than that of other food-bearing plants. One acre, under scientific cultivation, will annually produce seventeen thousand pounds of bananas. There are over sixty known varieties of the banana, with a great variation in character.

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Save Your Snaps

No Stripes, Few Bars in This Man's Prison

Briefly Told | Editorials | Mr. Ford's Page

Jewish Influence on the Monetary System of the United States

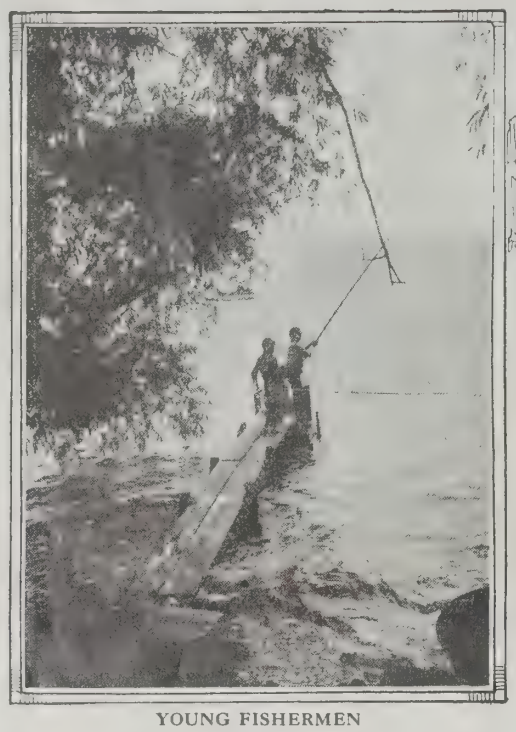
How a Jew from Germany Came to *"Reform"* American Banking

Singing Is a Municipal Project in St. Paul

A National House of Prayer

Golden Rule Does Pay—Ask This Chap

The Pro-Truth Campaign | The Psychology of Profanity



YOUNG FISHERMEN

One's first impression is that the boys are exactly in the center of the picture, but measurement places them slightly to the right and three-fifths of the distance from top to bottom.

Save Your Snaps

By M. E. DIEMER

Director, University of Wisconsin Photographic Laboratory

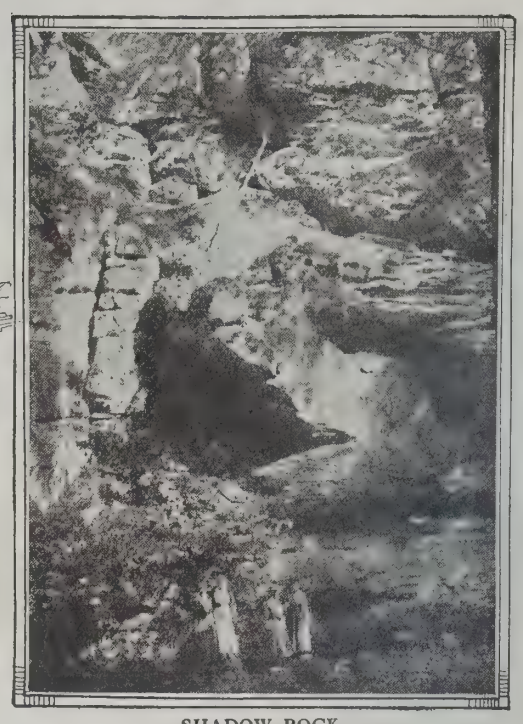
Transcribed by Wyman Smith

Hints for the amateur photographer which will help him make better pictures by improving composition and answering such questions as:

Which way should the shadows fall?

What is the best framing for a photo?

Where should the objects be placed?



SHADOW ROCK

While the persons are out of place the picture is redeemed by the line of beauty carried upward by spots of sunlight. Grouping is good but cutting off the upper part of the picture makes it only a "snap."

HOW many times have you exclaimed, "What a charming spot!"

How often have you rushed forward to take a picture of the delightful scene?

And later how many times have you developed and finished your films and pictures, only to find that everything is merely a horrible mess?

Do not immediately blame the camera, put it in your pocket and set out for the nearest exchange to purchase a new one with a better lens; nor resignedly accept poor pictures and believe that only a photographic artist can do really good work; for many times the fault lies not in the camera but in its use and understanding.

We can't make every picture artistic, but we can make it satisfying by remembering just a few of the little tricks which every good photographer has grown to use almost unconsciously. Hurry spoils more pictures than any other one thing, and many a man has had to wait for hours to obtain just the proper light, the correct clouds, or he may have waited for the wind to die down enough to prevent the movement of a leaf which might spoil the effect of beauty.

All that is beautiful does not photograph as a model of beauty, for color is too often deceptive. Color really has very little to do with making a good picture for when the reproduction can be made in only brown and white or black and white only two things have remained— mass and position of the mass. Pictures to be good must be simple—the shape of a tree, a bush, the direction of the sunlight or of the water in a river or the waves upon the lake shore alter the appearance of many a print. A scene spread out in all its glory before the eyes may be filled with charm and beauty; it may be enough to inspire poetry or to preach a sermon; yet the camera may do its most artistic work if confined to one corner or one little nook of the beauty spot. Such apparently insignificant objects as an old fence or a heap of stones give beautiful impressions if they are spotted with light and shadow and introduce the eye to something else farther into the scene.

But what of the camera?

One thing only need be remembered after one has learned to give it the proper time—it has only one eye while the person who is using it looks at the scene with two, and while the camera is in use its one eye is often two feet below the two eyes of the photographer. One eye does not possess the wide range of vision given the two nor does it show the objects so clearly or of the same size and position and it must, therefore, be accommodated by using the mechanism of the shutter.

Will you have background in your picture? Then close the shutter so that only a small opening is used. But if you are not concerned with the background and would have it that hazy, frowsy sort which accentuates the object in the foreground which you desire to photograph, then open it wide and use less time in the exposure. For long deep vistas the small opening gives the desired sharpness while the near-by object uses the larger opening or aperture of the glass eye in the camera.

If time is long and a color filter (a piece of colored glass set in front of the lens) may be used, clouds may be obtained and the browns, grays and whites made more distinct and true. A color filter requires three or more times the exposure given without it and hurry is sure to bring disaster, just as care will return ample reward in the clear perfect tones and gradations.

The eye follows the movement in the final picture and water, persons or animals moving toward the edge of the print are distracting. Watch an individual going down the street some day, see him climb a hill, and you will immediately wonder where he is going; but turn him around so that he walks toward you and your eyes begin searching the foreground to find what it is that brings him. An exception occurs when the person is absorbed in some task because we at once become interested in what he is doing and make that the center of interest. Shadows too, falling toward the camera, add life and in spite of the advice given every amateur, "always have your back to the sun," many of the best pictures have been made by pointing the camera almost directly toward the sun, shading the lens meanwhile with a hat or a cardboard to prevent "fog" or "ghost" from the direct rays.

It is easily possible so to point the lens that the shadows enter the scene, and clouds in such a picture will be the most beautiful because they then best display the silvery grays and whites, lights and shadows. Many of the so-called moonlight effects are taken directly against the sun and later the printing is deeper to show a greater and heavier depth of shadow, typical of the moonlight scenes we see at night, and not of the sunlight accompanying the day.

Photographers' trials begin when a picture of a group of picnickers or of campers around a fire is attempted. While everyone expects to see himself in the picture, every unposed camp fire or picnic scene shows everyone occupied and in making a photograph the position should not be changed unless it is desirable merely to have a picture of "the bunch." Otherwise some one must sacrifice his face for the best effect and if the camera catches everybody in a natural action, the picture will be a delightful success.

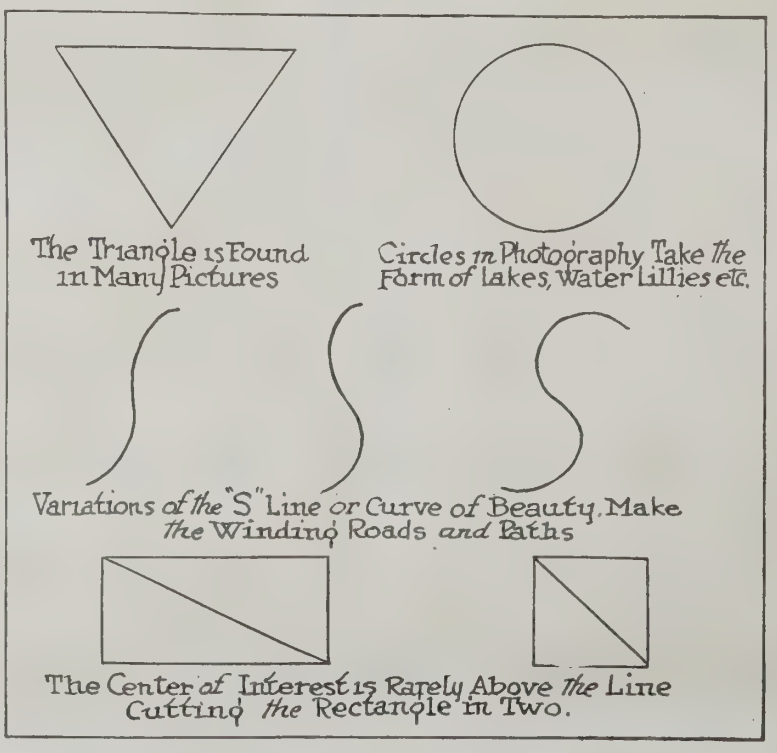
People will enter into many pictures and while their clothes often fail to harmonize with the surroundings, good results can be obtained by clever grouping or introducing action even though it be ever so minor. But—take a picture of a person looking down hill toward him and he becomes a convict while if slightly raised above the camera's eye he becomes a king. Therefore, if you would avoid injuring the dignity of your best friend, place him on a level or just above you.

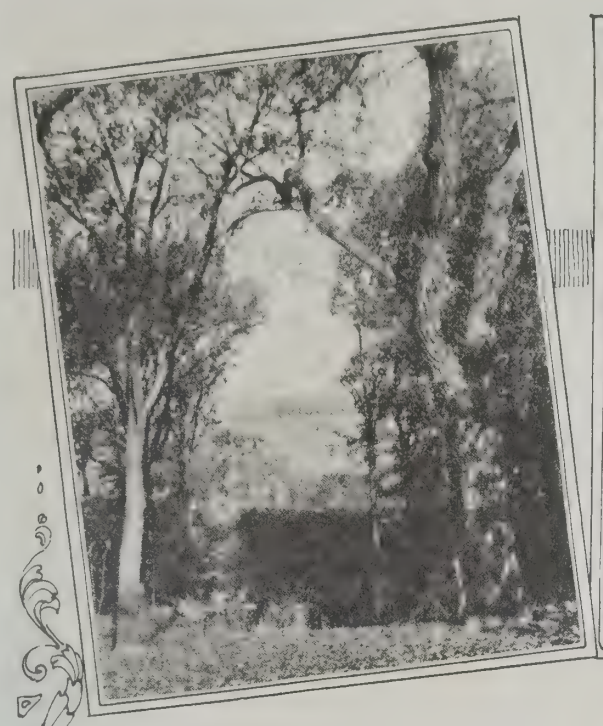
Only one object should be located as the central feature in any picture and in placing it thus at the center of interest the old example of the steelyards will help to obtain the proper balance. A small object a long distance from the center balances a large object near the center. Draw a line from one corner of the picture to another, place the principal interest in either the upper or lower triangle and a smaller object in the other triangle will balance it. Either right or left of the center and three-fifths of the distance toward the top of the picture is the happy location for the center of interest and even advertisers make use of this tendency of the eye to rest at such a point and accordingly place there the most important feature of their sales argument. Photography is an art peculiar in itself but so pliable that many of its points can be learned with care and practice. Six feet too near an object may spoil the picture and although the man who was farther away may trim his print before enlarging, the effect is often spoiled. Before cutting a picture try different positions with four pieces of paper and it will be found that very few pictures are taken which cannot be improved by simply cutting off a half inch on one side or an inch on either end.

But the mass and the position of the mass referred to in the first part of the article determine much of the beauty, yet the objects usually arrange themselves in one of three forms—triangles, circles, or "S" shapes. By so manipulating the objects or by placing the camera to include one stone or bush while omitting another, these shapes may be attained and genre or life made a part of the picture. The use of "notan" or light and shade may produce a beautiful effect and attract the eye like the black and white of a checkered pavement.

Three objects may be used to constitute either an upright or an inverted triangle with the central object at the vertex. A stone and a burdock bush in opposite corners may balance a huge stone, a person, or even a small hut near the center, for the eye moves from one to the other with a feeling of pleasure.

For the oval, a large black tree against the horizon helps attain the ideal. Wonderful effects are produced by the human face with subdued background, and circular masses of shrubbery, ponds, water lilies and irises are all adaptations of the circle or oval.





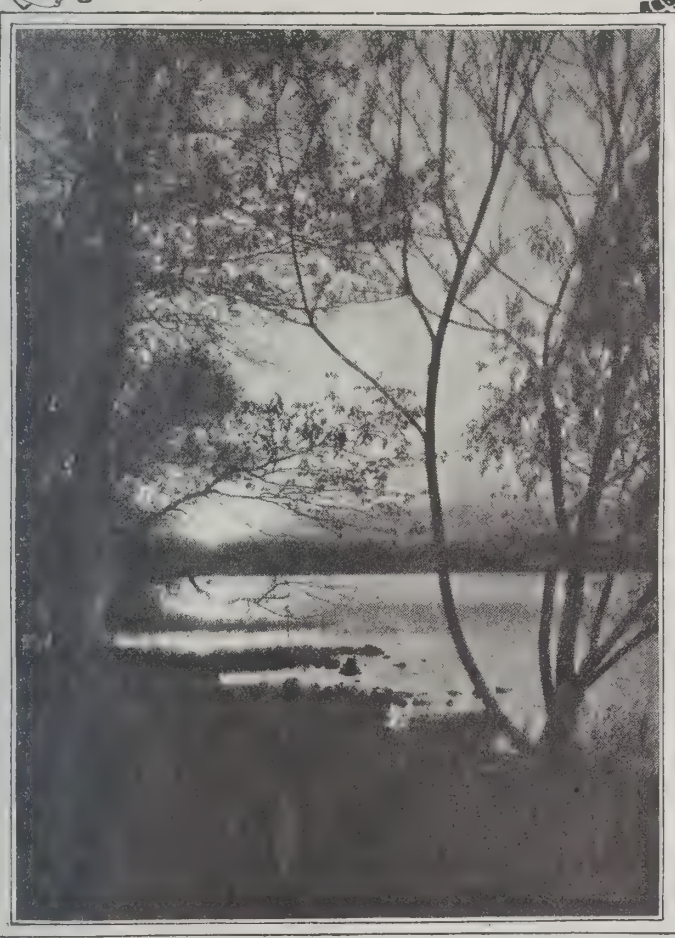
CHARMED VISTA—Touches of light through the branches of the trees in the right-hand side of the picture, balance the light from the opening vista, while the spot of sunlight toward the left entices the attention.



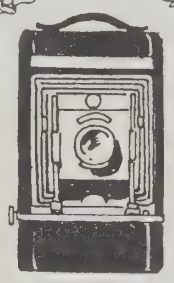
By retreating scarcely ten feet the photographer spoiled the effect of the distant scene. Trimming at both sides and top helps correct the error but an enlargement fails utterly.



An enlargement made from a portion of picture at left. While almost identical with it, note the foreshortening which brings the distant land too near the shore and destroys the sharp lines of the foreground shown in other picture.



ENTICEMENT—Light of setting sun falls in the lower left-hand triangle while the path of light leads the eye into the picture.





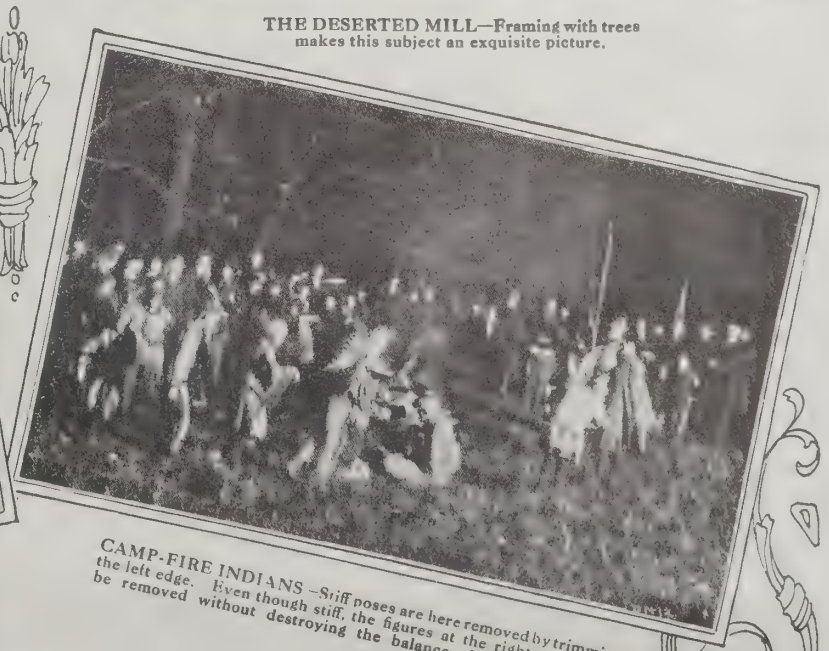
VILLAGE OF THE PLAIN—No better frame for a picture can be found than two trees in the foreground.



THE DESERTED MILL—Framing with trees makes this subject an exquisite picture.



CAMP-FIRE INDIANS—Both the groups at the right and left of the picture were interested only in the camera man and the photograph can be much improved by cutting as in picture at the right.



CAMP-FIRE INDIANS—Stiff poses are here removed by trimming the left edge. Even though stiff, the figures at the right can hardly be removed without destroying the balance of the composition.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 34, June 18, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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For the Common Good

THE late William James, one of the wisest philosophers America has produced, once suggested that the only way in which war would be abolished would be by producing a substitute for slaughter and destruction along constructive and creative lines. He indicated that it should be one that would carry all the chivalric appeal to the imagination of men, especially to youth, that now constitutes the chief lure of militarism.

The appalling disaster of the Colorado floods suggests a very natural and logical line which the evolution of our fleets and armies might well take. Despite all our boasted progress, we must admit that humanity still seems to be at the mercy of the elements in a very large degree. We are far from having mastered the causes of frequently recurring calamities in the nature of fires and earthquakes, floods and drouths, with consequent famine, disease epidemics, and widespread distress.

The "expectation" of such human disasters is almost as measurable as the life insurance actuary's mortality tables. Yet each recurrent disaster seems to take us utterly by surprise. It is seemingly considered sporadic and even utterly anachronistic—a thing contrary to nature. So it catches us unprepared and our relief measures are haphazard to such a degree that failure and neglect and delay became responsible for a loss of life and property, as well as an aggravation of human suffering, that is appalling to contemplate.

The President's prompt action in putting at the service of the Colorado flood sufferers the military resources of the government in the way of tent-shelters and army rations, and the activity of the Red Cross, all plainly point to the shape intelligent organization to meet this great human need should now take. With slight changes the age-long development and testing of our military and naval organization and administration might be utilized by transforming armies and fleets into agencies for the preservation instead of the destruction of life and property; for the building up of the golden sentiments of peace and good will among men instead of the extension and intensification of black strife and ill will.

Are we too poor in imagination to paint the chivalric glories of service in a great army of the common good so brightly that its appeal to the adventurous spirit of youth and the patriot's ardor shall be less alluring than are the possibilities of poison-gas, high explosives and the mud and squalor of trench warfare?

No one knows better than the fighters in the "Great" War that its greatest heroisms were displayed by the surgeons and nurses in the first-aid stations and hospitals, and in the ambulance service, while the really big men who succeeded in getting food supplies to the front lines, despite the risks of constantly shelled roads, broken bridges and ways axle deep in mud, displayed greater generalship than the "masters of strategy" poring over maps in field headquarters.

Let us mobilize for this too long neglected human service!

The Trend of Taxation Theory

PARTICULARLY illuminating as showing the inevitable trend of thought in this country in the matter of taxation is a recent speech by Mr. Frederick F. Ingram, of Detroit, in support of the Federal land tax proposed by the Committee of Manufacturers and Merchants on Federal Taxation. This measure, if enacted, would levy a tax of one per cent upon "the privilege of the use and enjoyment of lands of large value"—landholdings not exceeding $10,000 in value being exempted. The outstanding feature of the proposed measure is that it would tax only natural resources such as oil, minerals, natural gas, water power and forests, and "socially created values" excluding improvements. Mr. Ingram points out that as the first object of taxation is found only in mineral lands and forests exploited by big corporations and the second mainly in large cities, the farmer would pay no tax at all on natural resources and very little on socially created values, which attach almost exclusively to urban sites where large social expenditures are made and where the net or ground rent of a square foot of land is often greater than that of many acres in the rural districts. The $10,000 exemption, furthermore, would let out all but exceptionally large-scale farmers—say, the "bonanza farmers" of the western slope.

Mr. Ingram makes a strong point in his reminder that while industrial values and land values are about equal in aggregate amounts, only about one-sixth of the Federal revenues are derived from land values, the remaining five-sixths coming from the joint product of labor and capital. It is urged that this proposal of the Manufacturers and Merchants' Committee would help to solve the acute problem of our present housing scarcity, as it would encourage building by freeing dwelling-houses and all other improvements on the land, as well as labor products, from all taxation.

It is estimated that such a tax would raise an additional billion dollars of Federal revenue annually, and would raise it in such a way that it could not be shifted to the prices of products or the rent of houses, so relieving industry of heavy burdens, lowering the cost of living and stimulating business by increasing the purchasing power of the people.

Curiously enough, Mr. Ingram objects to the criticism of the proposal as a form of the "Single Tax." Not on the ground that there is anything economically unsound or impracticable about the theory of Henry George, but because "there is danger of inciting unintended prejudice by linking the committee's scheme with an unpopular phrase." In a letter to the editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* indeed, Mr. Ingram describes the "single tax" as an "epithet"!

As a matter of cold hard fact, the only difference between the Manufacturers and Merchants' proposal and the single tax is that the latter proposes to take for public purposes and as a substitute for all other taxation, Federal, state, county and municipal, the *entire* socially created unearned increment of land values, instead of the little one per cent of that increment.

The difference between the plan advocated by Mr. Ingram and that espoused by the Single Taxers is simply the difference between cutting off the tail of the dog an inch at a time and cutting it off at one fell stroke. The inch-at-a-time man regarded the process as merciful. Some day the farmer will wake up and tell the world what he thinks of it.

The Teeth of Lenin

A PROMINENT London physician advances a novel reason for Bolshevism. It is all due, he says, to the fact that Lenin and Trotsky suffer from bad teeth. No man whose teeth are good is likely to fall into ill health, and no really healthy man ever becomes a "Red."

It is being generally realized that many functional and nervous disorders may be traced directly or indirectly to infection from decayed teeth. There is obviously close connection between indigestion and defective mastication. That many men dig their graves with their teeth is an old saying. It has reference to the evils of over-feeding or reckless eating. But the man who follows Fra Elberta's advice to "Fletcherize his food more and the rag less" will live long and happily.

Cassius was lean and hungry in all probability because of a failure to Fletcherize and to assimilate his food. The London physician but confirms the judgment Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Caesar that "such men are fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils." If we are going to destroy Bolshevism, it might not be a bad idea to ship into Russia a shipload of tooth brushes and tooth powder. After we have drawn the dictator's bad teeth, we might furnish him with a new set of good American make, warranted to bring about the *mens sano in corpore sana* that may prove the beginning of a new and brighter era for Russia. There remains, however, the great question: "Is Lenin's nasty disposition due to his bad teeth, or his bad teeth to his nasty disposition?" As a man thinketh so he is; but it is also well settled that while grief and worry may induce cirrhosis of the liver, that very condition of liver increases the tendency to grieve and worry. Once the vicious circle is started there is no telling where it will end.

Watch your teeth, boy!

The Flood of Gold

THERE is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth among the owners of gold mines all over the world. They complain that the yellow metal does not pay costs of production at present prices. In other words, it is loudly asserted that the gold dollar is a very dishonest dollar and that gold is now worth more than the price paid by the mint.

The same complaint goes up from the depths of the Rand mines in Africa, from the Australian diggings, from South and Central American mines and from our own and the Canadian gold-fields. The fact is a very big one and should set men thinking. As long as gold really served to a large extent as money, or as a "basis" for paper money, and the great bulk of the supply was destined to that purpose, the large and constant market demand created by government monopoly and price fixing made gold mining a profitable industry. The practical demonetization of gold that has taken place in recent years has deprived the gold producer of his one best market. Gold is slowly but surely illustrating the universal process of price formation through the operation of the law of supply and demand.

Instead of tearful appeals to the governments of the earth to "debase" their own coinages by decreasing the weight of gold in the coins that we have been calling "units of value," because the prices the gold cornerers had induced the governments to fix in their favor have become unprofitable, the gold-producers would show more enterprise if they availed themselves of modern commercial publicity methods to increase the effective demand for their product in the arts.

There are a thousand uses to which gold might be put, but in which it has been denied to the people by the blindly selfish policy of locking it up in the vaults of the Treasury and the big banks. Let the gold producers seek and develop these natural markets, and it may prove that the demonetization of gold has been a good thing for them.

The situation suggests an interesting problem. If the gold coin and bullion actually held by the United States Treasury has an actual market value today of some ten per cent less than the "paper money" which the United States alone among the governments of the world holds itself obliged to "maintain at a parity with gold," who takes the loss represented by the difference between what the government paid for that metal and its present market value?

Incidentally, there are indications of a new flood of gold in two directions. A strike is reported at Rice Lake, Manitoba, of ore assaying about $200 to the ton (for years past the Treadwell mines of Alaska have been working and treating profitably low-grade ores averaging only $1 to the ton), and even richer deposits have been opened up in the Republic of Colombia and in Patagonia and in Iceland.

The Bolshevists are shipping to us directly and indirectly an accumulated store of gold for exchange in the more useful and valuable commodities for which they have pressing need. This transformation of cheap gold into high value products of American labor and capital is also being managed by Jewish Wall Street firms in the matter of the payments of Germany to the Allies on account of reparations.

Have the international bankers got all the gold they want? Or are they anticipating the early falling out of the bottom of the "gold basis" theory, and putting their gold into tax exempt bonds?

Price Publicity

THERE is sound sense in Secretary Hoover's suggestion, in his Atlantic City address, of fuller publicity for primary prices, and for figures of production and consumption, as a remedy for profiteering. For this service of compilation and publication, he advocates the maintenance of a government information service.

Mr. Hoover's argument seems convincing. Realization by the buying public of the true conditions in the industries, he points out, would make for the curbing of vicious speculation and the enhancement of soundness and stability in business conditions.

Some such service as is suggested would probably do much to make difficult, if not impossible, much of the "passing of the buck" in regard to the responsibility for high prices that now confuses and bewilders the ultimate consumer, leaving him helpless to check profiteering on the part of the retailer, who in turn is pretty much at the mercy of jobber and manufacturer. In this matter, as in the relations between nations, we want less of "secret treaties" and more of "open covenants openly arrived at." In the end, of course, even "pitiless" publicity will be found profitable all 'round.

Turn on the light!

Mr. Ford's Page

THE only communism that ever helped men, and that ever will help men is the communism of thought and understanding. Our modern life has taken a direction which makes it necessary for people to become acquainted all over again. We form our conclusions of persons and classes apart from them and, as a result, the world is dealing with dummy figures which never existed, and with types of men who are few and unimportant.

There was a time when people knew one another more intimately than they do now, and that time is still present in other countries. People knew one another in America when they were more dependent on one another. When neighborliness consisted in a community of understanding, sympathy and helpfulness, when neighborliness was a duty such as "keeping up an appearance" is now regarded, there was a widespread social knowledge, gained by contact, which is now only imperfectly gained from other sources.

Then the industrial era opened; the amount of money handled by each family increased; the things that people used to do for one another, were hired done, or done within the family; in a word, people became more independent on one another, and thus drifted apart. Neighborhoods, on the surface at least, are not what our forbears remembered them to be, nor even what they were in our youthful years. Indeed, there are no "neighborhoods" in the larger cities; there are just "localities."

Perhaps it is not as bad as this; it only appears as bad. From time to time there comes news of a revival of the old neighborly spirit. Trouble comes to a family that has lately moved in and whom no one knows, and presently the neighborhood spirit—sleeping, but apparently not dead—discloses itself again in those old and homely acts which, while they often have small power to heal the circumstance, have nevertheless a very potent power to soothe sore hearts.

Try as we may to relegate all this to the realm of useless sentimentality, the fact remains that there is mysterious power in just the compassion of men for one another in their difficulties. There is not enough of it, and the reason is that we have made ourselves believe that material sufficiency makes us independent of all men. Not so. As a matter of fact, no one is so constantly dependent on other men than he whose interests and responsibilities are great.

But if experience teaches us anything it is this, that there is no readjustment without its compensation. The only constant and reliable fact is change. Life is a river whose sources are hidden, whose ultimate sea is not in view, and no work of man is quite so vain as that which seeks to fix life in a certain form for all the future. Create the form you dote on; establish it by revolution or the people's suffrage; yet as soon as it is established, the law of change begins to eat it away, and in a generation men reared under your form will be sadly saying, "Things are not what they used to be."

And if we have been dislodged out of our reliance on the neighborhood, it has all been a profitable thing; by it we have been thrown back into more reliance upon ourselves.

After all, the successful man is the man who has no fear of himself. The true man of the world is the man who feels that as long as the earth turns round and the seasons come he is in his proper home, with all needful things awaiting his command.

If there is one element of darkness which one would banish from the earth sooner than any other, it is this element of fear. Fear is the offspring of a reliance placed on something outside—on a foreman's good will, perhaps, on a shop's prosperity, on a market's steadiness. That is just another way of saying that fear is the portion of the man who acknowledges his career to be in the keeping of earthly circumstance. Fear is the result of the body assuming ascendancy over the soul. It is the fruit of the mind that acknowledges itself to be a bond-slave. Many men fear every undertaking, and when you analyze the sources of their fear you will find that it is nothing but the memory of their own previous failures. Men are like colts; if they are permitted to fail too often, it becomes a habit with them. Colts, however, fail because they are overloaded; men, because they do not "adjust their efforts to obstacles"—which was Napoleon's rule.

This habit of failure is purely mental and is the mother of fear, and like any other bad habit it carries a great deal of blameworthiness with it. Men fail—everybody fails—experiment and the getting of expertness can be achieved by no other means than by items of failure; but to let failure in details or in experiment fix the habit and the fear of failure on the mind is not only tragic but positively sinful.

This habit gets itself fixed on men because they lack vision; that is, they start out to do something that reaches from A to Z of a certain matter. Now, at A they fail, at B they stumble, and at C they meet what seems to be an insuperable difficulty, and then they throw the whole task down—beaten! They have not even given themselves a chance to fail; they have not given their vision a chance to be proved or disproved; they have simply been beaten by the natural difficulties that attend every kind of effort.

It is a very serious thought that more men are beaten than fail. It was not wisdom they needed, nor money, nor brilliance, nor "pull," but just plain gristle, plain bone. This rude, simple, primitive power which we call "stick-to-it-iveness" is the uncrowned king of the world of endeavor.

People are utterly wrong in their slant upon things. They see the successes that men have made and somehow they appear to be easy. But that is a world away from the fact. It is failure that is easy. Success is always hard. A man can fail in ease; he can succeed only by paying all that he is and has. It is this which makes success so pitiable a thing if it be in lines that are not useful and uplifting to the people.

Men ought to learn not to keep putting their trust into what they deem untrustworthy. If a man is in constant fear of the industrial situation he ought to change his life so as not to be dependent on it. There is always the land, and fewer people on the land now than there ever was before.

If a man lives in fear of an employer's favor changing toward him, he ought to extricate himself from dependence on any employer. He can become his own boss. It may be that he will be a poorer boss than the one he leaves, and that his returns will be much less, but at least he will have rid himself of the shadow of his pet fear, and that is worth a great deal in money and position.

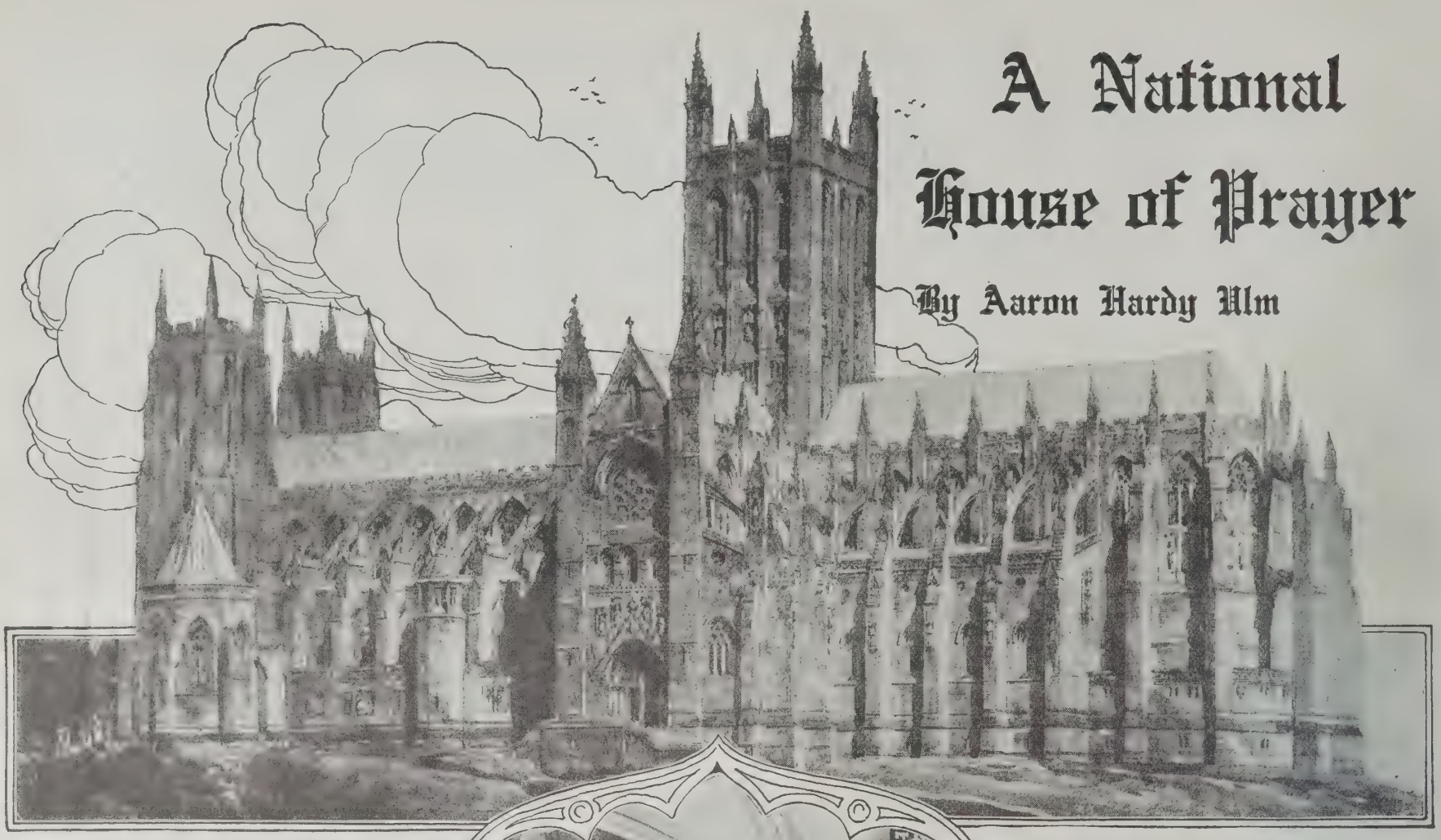
Better still, is for the man to come up through himself and exceed himself by getting rid of his fears in the midst of the circumstances where his daily lot is cast. Become a freeman in the place where you first surrendered your freedom. Win your battle where you lost it. And you will come to see that, although there was much outside of you that was not just right, there was more inside of you that was wrong. Thus you will learn that the wrong inside of you spoils even the right that is outside of you.

A man is still the superior being of the earth. Whatever happens, he is still a man. It may rain tomorrow—he is still a man. Business may slacken tomorrow—he is still a man. He goes through the changes of circumstances, as he goes through the variations of the temperature—still a man. If he can only get this thought reborn in him, it opens new wells of water and new mines of wealth in his own being. There is no security outside of himself. There is no wealth outside of himself. The elimination of fear is the bringing in of security and supply.

SUCCESS looks easy, but it is really the failures that are easy. And yet there are few failures. Few men go far enough to know whether what they attempted, what they saw in their vision, would be a failure or not. They never gave their idea a fair chance. They were simply beaten by the initial difficulties, and never got as far as the real problem. What they attempted has often been a success when taken in other hands. If men were not so easily beaten, if they would not give up so readily, if they believed enough in their vision to stay with it to the end, just as they stay with their families, there would be very few failures. It is fear that ails men. Men have their pet fears. And these pet fears, like spinsters' cats and canary birds, rule the house of life. Get rid of them. Open the doors and let them run away.

A National House of Prayer

By Aaron Hardy Ulm



The Washington Cathedral.
from a Water Color Drawing

A FREE church—a beautiful church—a national church! Such might be put forth as a description of what is proposed in the form of the Washington Cathedral, an edifice that promises to be among the most notable contributions to American architectural and institutional achievements.

Though it is being promoted by the Episcopalians and will be identified with that denomination, the cathedral has been planned as a national undertaking and in great measure is to be free from the restrictions of creed. Its promoters characterize it as a "National House of Prayer" where the poor may go on equal terms with the rich and where the visitor from the Far West, the East or the South will be as welcome and just as much at home as the regular attendant from the parish in which it is located. It is to have no congregation in the parish sense, no "members" whose whims or views must be taken into account by those who speak from its pulpits, entrance to which will not be measured by the color of the message to be delivered.

Like all great cathedrals, that in Washington is growing rather than being built. The first plans for it were made more than thirty years ago, the corner stone was laid nearly fifteen years ago, the first moves toward the establishment of the institution were taken more than twenty years ago. Yet today the foundation is still uncompleted, and the handsome lines of the apse alone give outward view of the magnificence the structure will display when finished—perhaps five years from now and possibly several times five years.

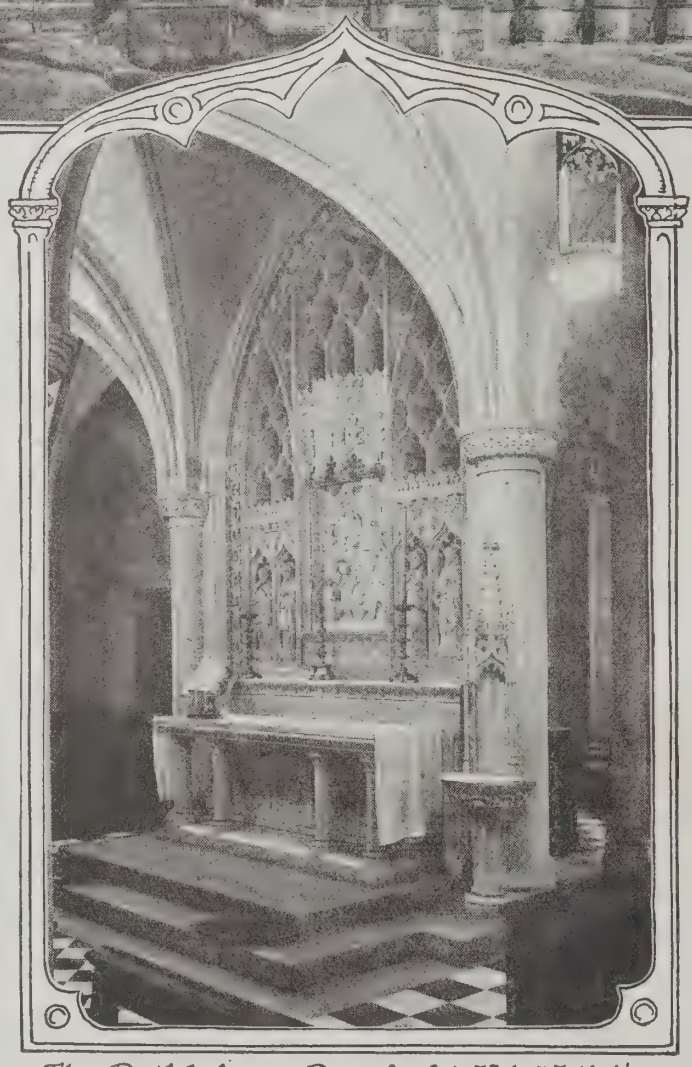
But when completed the Washington Cathedral will be an addition to the rounding out of the national capital as an expression of the ideals of America. Already in the variety and handsomeness of its buildings, the beauty of its parks and the harmony of its general arrangement, Washington probably leads all the capitals of the world. But our national capital has not yet attained the full degree of American expression that was expected of it by its founders and especially the one for whom it is named.

George Washington expected our capital to be more than an expression of the American sense of civic beauty. He thought it would develop even into a commercial metropolis, which might have happened but for the revolution in economic development caused by the building of railroads. He wanted the city of his name to include some outstanding representation of every important element of our national life. But the great national university which he sponsored in his will has not yet come into existence there. The cathedral will carry out his hope that there be at the capital a great edifice that would express the religious feelings of and be a common religious meeting ground for the nation.

It is noteworthy that, with all the grandeur that has come into existence in Washington, little of it is reflected through the symbols of religion. It is the only great national capital in the world that has been without a cathedral standing as a symbol jointly for the sense of beauty, religious fervency and the enduring faith of all the people.

Of course, in this country there is and can be no great state church as in most of the lands famous for their cathedrals. Though church and state are forever separated in the United States, no country probably is more religious than America. And there is no reason why there should not be at the national capital some religious establishment that may be accepted as an expression of all America.

Such is what is intended for the Washington Cathedral. While its architecture follows the Gothic of the great cathedrals of Europe, it is to be in many respects different from like institutions both abroad and in this country. One point of difference is that it is not to rise from the mass of congestion that surrounds most other cathedrals. Believing that our national capital will grow in immensity and thinking in terms of centuries, the cathedral promoters began concrete operations by buying a tract of forty acres of land on the then outskirts of the city. The Cathedral Close is situated on Wisconsin avenue, at a point known as Mount St. Albans, the highest spot in the District of Columbia. The section has developed considerably since the cathedral was conceived, but the location is still outside the center of things in Washington. However, it lies along the path of growth and is not remote.



The Bethlehem Chapel *of the* Holy Nativity *in the* Crypt *of the* Washington Cathedral.
A View of the Altar

"There is no good reason why the space about a great cathedral structure should be crowded," said one of the cathedral canons in explaining why the near-suburbs were sought for a location. "If the grounds are ample, the structure will be more beautiful because of the setting which can be harmonized with it. While a cathedral should be accessible to all and, above all, a poor man's church, it is still something that will be enjoyed more if in some degree it has to be sought and is not thrust upon the passer-by."

Another reason for the situation of the Washington Cathedral is that as an institution it comprises more than adheres to like establishments elsewhere. It is to be more than a great church. Already there are a girls' and a boys' school attached to it and parts of it, and it comprehends a social service as well as a religious and an educational program.

"A cathedral is meant as a witness to Christ and a help to humanity not only by means of its beauty but also by being a dynamic center, a central dynamo plant, as it were, for all manner of proper activities for the promotion of religion, education and philanthropy in the community and the nation," says Dr. W. L. DeVries, residentiary canon of the cathedral. "At the cathedral many powerful agencies and influences are maintained for the benefit of the community and of the many visitors and sojourners at the national capital. It is to be and is absolutely a free church. There are and will be no rented pews; in fact, there will be no pews at all—only chairs to be assigned worshipers in the order of their arrival. The pulpit is and will ever be free. Here great national and social questions may be handled fearlessly and frankly by the preacher. In parish churches, the local pastor is often hindered by the influence and domination of powerful individuals in his congregation or by the necessity of considering the interests and sorrows of innocent persons who would be deeply wounded by the condemnation of measures in which prominent members of their families are engaged. The better pastor a man is, the less fearless he is apt to become as a preacher; and those who understand can hardly condemn but must indeed commend ministers unwilling in any way to hurt the sheep committed to their charge. But at a cathedral the preacher does not know the personalities of the congregation before him, for the congregation changes every Sunday, and he himself is usually a visitor, so that absolute truth without regard to its bearing on the individual may be and is aimed at.

"Unlike the medieval cathedrals of Europe, with their deep-seated customs and traditions of a united church and state, the Washington Cathedral will stand on the firm foundation of a free church and a free state—free from any entangling alliance with the government; free to send a Savonarola into the cathedral pulpit to hold up the gospel standard of Christ himself amid the evils which honeycomb the social and political life of the capital of every modern nation; free to proclaim fearlessly the danger of denying Christ and becoming 'sub-Christian' when the tendency of the people is to accept no higher ethic than that of civil government itself; free to exercise spiritual leadership when the influences of such leadership will be needed and felt, and welcomed by high-minded statesmen themselves.

"The various undertakings of the cathedral both in and outside of Washington show that it is not a local but a national institution in its aims and objects. Even if its clergy did not extend their activities beyond the District of Columbia, the cathedral would be national. Very few people are permanent residents of Washington. People come here from all parts of the country and the world. I have known a congregation of 3,000 people here to contain, by actual count, persons from every state in the Union."

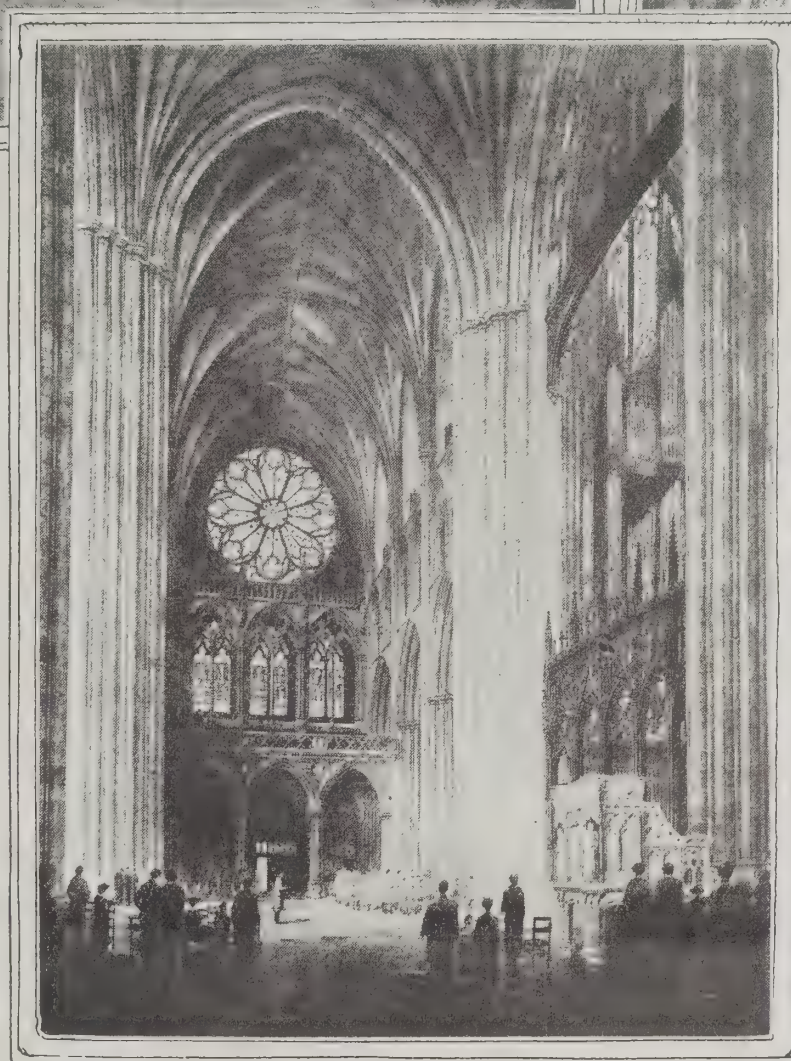
The national concept applies to the funds being provided for the completion of the cathedral, and to a large extent to the make-up of the board of trustees and the council which control the corporation that holds title to the institution, in which most sections of the country are represented. The corporation has not been limited even to the Episcopal Church but has included adherents of other denominations. Contributors are



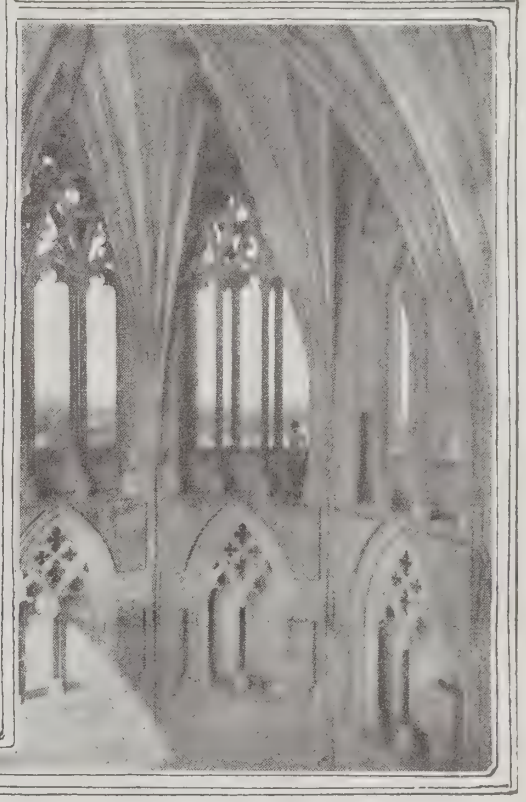
A View of the Peace Cross



A Front View
From an Architectural Drawing



A Perspective View of the North Transept



A View of the Clerestory and Triforium of the Apse

limited neither to the section where the cathedral is located nor to members of the Episcopal Church. Some of the largest givers have been non-Episcopalians. Out of twenty-eight donations coming on a single day recently, two were from Unitarians, one from a Baptist, one from a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, two from Christian Scientists, one from a Presbyterian and one from a Jewish rabbi.

They are endeavoring to finance the institution by the aid, in large part, of small contributions from persons in all sections of the country and of all creeds.

About $3,000,000 has been raised. When the construction work began they expected to complete the cathedral at a maximum cost of about $5,000,000. At present prices, the cost will total about $8,000,000, or approximately one-third of the cost of constructing a battleship, which would have a life of only fifteen years against one of centuries for the cathedral. The endowments which they hope to procure for the maintenance of the cathedral and its subsidiary work will call for additional millions.

Building operations began in 1910 and proceeded until brought to a stop by our entering the war. A part of the foundation has been laid and one chapel, named Bethlehem Chapel of the Holy Nativity, has been completed, and the apse or eastern end has been erected.

The chief designing work was done by the late Dr. George F. Bodley, who was the world's leading Gothic architect, and Henry Vaughn, of New York, though many of the leading architects gave expert advice. The general style of the cathedral is 14th century Gothic.

"The aim of the architects has been not to copy and raise on American soil any particular cathedral of England or the Continent," says a description prepared by the cathedral staff, "but to reproduce the Gothic style itself, in its best period and in the spirit of the old masters. Hence it is in design and model a vivid reminder of the cathedral with which one is familiar, whether that be Canterbury or Westminster Abbey, York Minster or Lincoln, Cologne or Rheims. Thus the Washington Cathedral is thoroughly typical of the best period of Gothic architecture, and yet, at the same time, it has an individuality all its own."

One of the features of individual distinction will be a great central doorway flanked by a smaller one on each side. This differs from the cathedrals of England, excepting those of Peterborough and Lincoln. In that northern clime there is more need for the western light, with the result that in most of the cathedrals large rose windows dwarf the entrance below. It differs also from the French cathedrals, whose entrances are marked by richly carved and recessed doors whose depth and beauty are gained by the devising of Gothic porches which project before and mask the cathedral facade. The central arch will be seventy feet in height and the two side ones will be fifty feet, and thus pierce two lofty towers on the west front. The great central tower will rise 220 feet.

It will not be one of the largest cathedrals, not quite so large even as that of St. John the Divine in New York. The size makes possible the achievement of more harmonious effects and greater beauty. It will provide space for 27,000 persons standing or more than 5,000 persons seated. It will thus have a capacity beyond that of any opera house in the country, and slightly larger than that of St. Paul's Cathedral in London and considerably more than that of Notre Dame in Paris.

There will be three chapels. Bethlehem chapel of the Holy Nativity, already constructed and in use, is in the crypt. It is of unusual architectural beauty and impressiveness. It is regarded as a memorial to the late Bishop Satterlee who had charge of the Washington diocese during most of the time when the cathedral was being planned and who is responsible for much that has been done.

The "Lady Chapel" in the east end of most English and Continental cathedrals is omitted as well as the coronet arrangement of chapels around the apse as found in the French cathedrals. It was thought best to omit those effects from the Washington Cathedral so that nothing will break the proportions and the height of the apse.

For the two main chapels the choir aisles are used. They will each be about one hundred feet long. They will be named for St. John and St. Mary, the Virgin. The choir, the transepts and the nave will be impressive in their proportions and harmonious in their effects.

Unusual art conceptions are expressed in the interior fittings, some of which already have been installed. Even before the fabric of the structure was begun there was brought from Palestine stone for the High Altar of the cathedral. The stones came from the supposed quarries of King Solomon and the ledge of the rock in which the sepulchre of Christ was hewn. The altar is the gift of all the dioceses of the country.

Stones also were brought from the River Jordan for the Jordan Font, which is of such ample proportions that a person may be either immersed or sprinkled when being baptized. The bishop's seat, called the Glastonbury Cathedra, was fashioned from stones brought from the ancient British Abbey of SS. Peter and Paul, from which was taken the formal official name for the Washington Cathedral.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has contributed a stone pulpit, called the Canterbury Ambon, made from stones taken from the Canterbury Cathedral. The pulpit was given in memory of Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury who led the Barons when they wrung Magna Charta from King John. The carvings and statues will tell something of the story of civil and religious liberty as evolved and maintained by Anglo-Saxon peoples.

The cathedral will contain ample space for the erection of memorials that Time will make fitting and also for the deposit there of the remains of notable persons. Some memorials already have been erected—notably one for Major Archibald Butt who lost his life in the Titanic disaster; and a few interments, as that of the remains of Bishop Satterlee, have been made there.

It is expected that the cathedral will take on something of the character of Westminster Abbey, as a sacred repository for national figures and for memorials to notable persons.

The length of the structure will be 500 feet, the span of the nave 39 feet and its height 93 feet. The area is 63,500 feet.

The foundation alone will cost more than a half million dollars and the choir nearly one million.

While the government has taken no official part in the development of the cathedral—that is to say, beyond a national charter granted by Congress—the designing of the structure and its environment has been under the advice and carried on with the co-operation of government specialists familiar with the needs, and students of the future of Washington.

While the Cathedral is technically an institution belonging to the diocese of Washington, the Episcopal Church as a national body is giving it support and sharing in its development.

While the institution in the beginning was given the name of the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, the real titles of such establishment are invariably the products of custom. The designation of the institution now varies from the Washington, the National and the Washington National Cathedral.

Jewish Idea in American Monetary Affairs

The Remarkable Story of Paul Warburg, Who Began Work on the United States Monetary System After Three Weeks' Residence in the Country

MR. BRISBANE says that Jewish bankers exercise their large measure of control because they are abler than the other bankers. It was very good of Mr. Brisbane to say so, and it adds to the sum of his weekly, almost daily, worship at the Jewish shrine, but it is scarcely true. Jewish bankers do not yet control the United States, and the principal reason they do not is that they are not abler than the other bankers. Doubtless they seek control; doubtless they have almost grasped it on several occasions; but not yet.

Nevertheless they form such a formidable force, and with their international connections constitute such a political problem, that the mere fact of their failing to top the column of control is not so reassuring as it sounds.

The great Jewish banking houses of the United States are foreign importations, as perhaps everyone knows. Most of them are sufficiently recent to be considered in their immigrant status, while the thought of them as aliens is stimulated by their retention of over-sea connections. It is this international quality of the Jewish banking group which largely accounts for Jewish financial power: there is team-play, intimate understandings, and while there is a margin of competition among themselves (as at golf) there is also a wiping out of that margin when it comes to a contest between Jewish and "Gentile" capital.

Four Jewish-American Financiers

FOUR conspicuous contemporary names in Jewish-American finance are Belmont, Schiff, Warburg and Kahn. All of them, even the most recent, are of foreign origin.

August Belmont was the earliest and arrived in America in 1837 as the American representative of the Rothschilds in whose offices he had been raised. His birthplace was that great center of Jewish international finance, Frankfort-on-the-Main. He became the founder of the Belmont family in America, which has largely forgotten its Jewish origin. Politics was a part of his concern in this country, and during the critical time from 1860 to 1872 he was chairman of the national Democratic committee. His management of the Rothschild interests was exceedingly profitable to that house, although the operations in which he engaged were quite simple compared with the operations of the present day.

Jacob Schiff is another Jewish financier who was given to the world by Frankfort-on-the-Main. He entered the United States in 1865, after having passed his apprenticeship in the office of his father, who was also an agent of the Rothschilds. The name Schiff runs a long way back without change, unlike the name of Rothschild. Originally named Bauer, this family of financiers took a new name from the red shield which adorned their house in the Jewish section of Frankfort and thus became "Rot-schild." Commonly the last syllable is pronounced as if it were "child"; it is "schild," shield. An epoch-making family in itself, it has trained hundreds of agents and apprentices, of whom Jacob H. Schiff was one. He became one of the principal channels through which German-Jewish capital flowed into American undertakings, and his agency in these matters gave him a place in many important departments of American business, especially railroads, banks, insurance companies and telegraph companies. He married Theresa Loeb, and in due time came to be head of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company.

The International Mr. Kahn

MR. SCHIFF, too, was interested in politics with a Jewish angle, and was perhaps the moving force in the campaign which forced Congress and the President to break off treaty relations with Russia, then a friendly nation, on a strictly Jewish question which had been skillfully given an American aspect. Mr. Schiff was of inestimable assistance to Japan in the war against Russia, but is understood to have been disappointed by Japan's shrewdness in preventing too high a return being made for that assistance.

Associated with Mr. Schiff in Kuhn, Loeb & Company is Otto Herman Kahn, who is probably more international than were either of the two gentlemen mentioned above and is more constantly engaged in dabbling in mysterious matters of an international nature. This characteristic may be accounted for, however, by his experience of many countries. He was born in Germany and is also a product of the Frankfort-on-the-Main school of finance, having had connections with the Frankfort Jewish house of Speyer.

Of just how many countries Mr. Kahn has been a citizen is a question not easy to determine here because of the doubt that was recently cast upon his American citizenship by a protest against his being permitted to cast his vote last year and by his failure—the announced cause being physical indisposition—to cast his vote. If Mr. Kahn is a citizen of the United States (a status that will be readily proclaimed upon proof that he is), that probably increases the number of his citizenships to three. He was a German citizen by birth, and served in the German Army. And in 1914, in August, at the time of the outbreak of the European War, when efforts were being made, which afterward succeeded, to put Paul M. Warburg, a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, on the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. Warburg testified that at that time Mr. Kahn was not a citizen of the United States.

> Senator Bristow—"How many of these partners are American citizens, or are they all American citizens . . . ."
>
> Mr. Warburg—"They are all American citizens except Mr. Kahn."—(P. 7, Senate Hearings, August 1, 1914.)
>
> Senator Bristow—"Now, the members of your firm, are they all American citizens except Mr. Kahn?"
>
> Mr. Warburg—"Except Mr. Kahn, yes."
>
> Senator Bristow—"Was Mr. Kahn ever an American citizen?"
>
> Mr. Warburg—"No."
>
> Senator Bristow—"He never was?"
>
> Mr. Warburg—"No; he is a British subject."
>
> Senator Bristow—"He is a British subject?"
>
> The Chairman—"He lives in England, does he not."
>
> Mr. Warburg—"No. At one time he thought he would move to Europe, and that was when the question arose of his standing for Parliament; then he changed his mind and moved back to the United States."
>
> Senator Bristow—"He was at one time a candidate, or a prospective candidate for Parliament, was he not?"
>
> Mr. Warburg—"No; he was not; but there was talk about it; it had been suggested, and he had it in his mind. Something had been written about it in the papers."—(P. 76, Senate Hearings, August 3, 1914.)

So, that if Mr. Kahn is a citizen of the United States now, which as a matter of fact has been disputed, then he has been a citizen of three countries, Germany and Great Britain being the other two.

Enter Paul Moritz Warburg

MR. KAHN, by the way, is one of those Jews whose adoption of another form of faith brings no denunciation whatever from the Jews themselves. A most peculiar circumstance! But doubtless not inexplicable. Mr. Kahn is not called a "renegade Jew" nor any of the other nasty names heaped upon Jewish converts to Christianity, because he does not deserve them. They would not fit him. He is not renegade. And he never was regarded for a moment by Jacob H. Schiff as anything but a Jew, else that "Prince of Israel" would not have chosen him to remain in America and run the business of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, at a time when it seemed undesirable to put the junior Schiff in full charge of it.

Doubtless it was Mr. Kahn's desire, just at the time Jacob Schiff made his wishes known, to go to England and stand for Parliament.

But from New York he fulfills, probably as well as he could from London, those mysterious missions which frequently take him to the Continent, at which times he makes what are regarded as certain authoritative decisions, though just *whose* decisions it is not always possible to say. In Paris particularly, and at points east thereof, Mr. Kahn has been established in the position of spokesman of the American Financial Hierarchy, which, of course, he is not. But he undoubtedly is the spokesman of some group, possibly the group which so ably put through the Jewish program at the Peace Conference, the group that impressed Eastern Europe with the feeling that the United States of America was a very powerful Semitic empire. Mr. Kahn's trips abroad are usually unheralded, but their results richly repay observation.

A fourth member of the Jewish financial group in America (which is the form of statement which Mr. Chaim Weizmann would sanction, rather than to say "Jewish-American financiers") is Mr. Paul Warburg, to whose testimony we have just alluded.

Mr. Warburg is the most recent of all. He was born in Germany in 1868; he came to the United States in 1902; he became an American citizen in 1911. He came to the United States for the express purpose of reforming our financial system, and it is hardly possible to understand fully the system in operation today without reference to Paul Warburg. He is a man of very fine mind, a money-maker, but something more—a shrewd student of the systems by which money is made. There are two types engaged in the mere work of money-making which is better described as "money-getting," without reference to production; one type grubs away under whatever system obtains, regarding it as fixed as the solar system; another type is sufficiently detached to see the system as an artifice which may be mended, remodeled or supplanted altogether. Paul Warburg, scion of a long line of German Jewish bankers, is of the latter type. He is not content with the fact that the cash-register fills itself with money; he wants also to know how the cash-register works, and whether it can be worked. He is thus a student of money and of the number of ways in which it can be manipulated.

The Internationalism of Mr. Warburg

PERHAPS it will be best to let him tell his own story as far as he goes. When he told it to the Committee on Banking and Currency of the United States Senate in executive session, there was some dispute as to whether the proceedings should be recorded by the stenographer. It was finally agreed that notes should be made but should not be divulged. The testimony was printed "in confidence" on August 5, 1914, and nominally "made public" on August 12.

The Warburgs are one of the international families whose importance was not realized until the war, and would not have been realized then if their internationalism had not been so apparent. It was an interesting spectacle to see brothers occupying important places of counsel on either side of the great struggle.

Paul Warburg learned the rudiments of banking in his father's bank at Hamburg, Germany, studying the over-sea trade which is the foundation of that city's business. The banking house of Warburg in Hamburg dates from 1796.

"After that I went to England, where I stayed for two years, first in the banking and discount firm of Samuel Montague & Company, and after that I took the opportunity of staying two months in the office of a stockbroker in order to learn that part of the business.

"After that I went to France, where I stayed in a French bank, so that—

The Chairman—"What French bank was that?"

Mr. Warburg—"It is the Russian bank for foreign trade, which has an agency in Paris.

"And after that I went back to Hamburg and worked there again for a year, I think.

"Then I went round to India, China and Japan.

"And then I came to this country for the first time in 1893. I stayed here only a short time then, and went back to Hamburg, and then became a partner of the firm in Hamburg."

The Chairman—"How long were you in Hamburg then in the banking business?"

Mr. Warburg—"Until 1902 . . . . And then I moved over here to this country to become a partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Company."

Ties of Race, Money and Domesticity

"I EXPLAINED in the curriculum which I gave you, Mr. Chairman, that by marriage I am related to members of the firm, the late Mr. Loeb having been my father-in-law, which brought about a desire on the part of the family to bring me over here . . . . I ought to say that I got married in this country in 1895 and

that I have been in this country every year since, for several months . . . . That is the history of my banking education."

It will be recalled that Jacob H. Schiff also married a daughter of Mr. Loeb, so that Mr. Warburg married the sister of Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff. Felix Warburg, Paul's brother, who is also in the firm, married Mr. Schiff's daughter.

Mr. Warburg immediately cast a critical eye upon the state of financial affairs in the United States and it is significant of the grasp he already had on such matters that he found the country rather behind the times.

He conceived the ambition—the very daring ambition—of taking hold of the United States' monetary system and making it what he thought it ought to be.

This alone would make him a remarkable man. It illustrates very well that detached point of view which the Jew is more fitted to take than any other man perhaps. He sees countries and systems with the same freedom from intimate bias with which another man would view assorted fish upon a market stall. Most of the world is engaged in doing its work and indulging its national, racial, domestic and social affections and inclinations; a small minority stands in the background and watches the entire mass at its unconscious maneuvers, and studies it as an observer studies a hive of bees. The man at work has no time except for his job. One man, standing back and studying 1,000 men at work, is able to see how he might utilize their labor or possess himself of a first toll on their production. Doubtless there must be men to stand at a sufficient distance from things to get a correct idea of their interrelationship, and doubtless such an attitude may be made of great service to the race, but doubtless it has also contributed to the selfish manipulation of natural and social processes.

When Mr. Warburg Became a Citizen

MR. WARBURG testified: "When I came here I was at once impressed by the lack of system, by the old-fashioned nature of the system that prevailed here; and I got immediately into one of those periods of high interest rates, where call money went up to 25 and 100 per cent; and I wrote an article on the subject then and there for my own benefit.

> "I was not here three weeks before I was trying to explain to myself the roots of the evil. I showed the article to a few friends but I kept it in my desk, because I did not want to be one of those who try to inform and educate the country after they have been here for a month or so; and I kept that article until the end of 1906, shortly before the panic, when those conditions arose again, and when one newspaper wanted for an issue at the end of the year an article dealing with the conditions in our country.
>
> "Then I took out that article and touched it up and brought it up to date; and that was the first article of mine that was published. It was called, 'Defects and Needs of Our Banking System.' . . . .
>
> "That was, however, the first time that I know of that the question of the discount system and the concentration of reserves was really brought out; and I got a great many encouraging letters asking me to go on and explain my ideas."

Mr. Warburg was perfectly willing to talk to the committee about himself, but not about Kuhn, Loeb & Company, his firm.

"I cannot discuss the affairs of my firm nor my partners," he said, "nor be asked to criticise acts of my partners, either to approve them or in any other way," but eventually he did tell a number of things which students of American financial affairs have considered interesting. Of which more later.

On page 77 of the testimony, more personal matters appear:

Senator Bristow—"When did you become a citizen of the United States, Mr. Warburg?"

Mr. Warburg—"1911. Did I not answer that?"

Senator Bristow—"Perhaps so. Did you intend to become a citizen when you came to the United States in 1902?"

Mr. Warburg—"I had no definite intentions then, because some of the reasons that brought me over here were family reasons; . . . . That had a good deal to do with my first coming here; and I was not sure at all that I would stay here when I came."

Senator Bristow—"When did you decide to become a citizen of the United States?"

Mr. Warburg—"In 1908, when I took out my papers."

Senator Bristow—"When you took our your first papers? You took out your second papers, then, in 1911?"

Mr. Warburg—"Yes."

Senator Bristow—"You made your declaration in 1908; that is when you decided to become an American citizen?"

Mr. Warburg—"Yes."

Senator Bristow—"Why did you wait as long as you did after you came to this country, before deciding to become a citizen of this country?"

Mr. Warburg—"I think that a man that does not come here as an immigrant; a man who has had, if you may call it such, a prominent position in his own country, will not give up his nationality so easily as a man who comes over here knowing that he does not care for his own country at all. I had been a very loyal citizen of my own country; and I think that a man who hesitates in giving up his own nationality and taking a new one, is apt to be more loyal to his new country when he does change his nationality than a man who gives up his old country more lightly."

Senator Bristow—"Yes."

Taking American Finance in Hand

MR. WARBURG—"I may add this: That a thing which had a great deal of influence on my making up my mind to remain in this country and work here, and become a part and parcel of this country, was that monetary reform work, for I felt I had a distinct duty to perform here; and I thought I could do that; and in fact I have been working on it since 1906 or 1907.

"Then I felt that it was the right thing for me to become an American citizen and work here and throw in my lot definitely with this country."

Senator Bristow—"When you became an American citizen; and the motive which induced you to become an American citizen was, then, as I understand it, largely with a view of laboring to bring about a reform of the American monetary system?"

Mr. Warburg—"Well, you put it nearly exclusively on that. I think a man wants to feel that he is going to do some useful work in his country; that he has a mission to perform; and that is what happened to me . . . . Moreover, I had been long enough in this country then to have thoroughly taken root and feel that I was a part and parcel of it."

Senator Bristow—"Yes. When did you first become active in promoting the monetary reforms in the United States?"

Mr. Warburg—"1906."

Senator Bristow—"What was your method of promoting your ideas with regard to monetary reforms?"

Mr. Warburg—"Mainly writing."

Senator Bristow—"Were you connected with the Monetary Commission?"

Mr. Warburg—"No, not directly . . . ."

Senator Bristow—"Were you consulted in regard to the report of the Monetary Commission in any way?"

Mr. Warburg—"Yes, Senator Aldrich consulted with me about details, and I gave him my advice freely."

Senator Bristow—"And in regard to the bill which was prepared by Senator Aldrich in connection with the commission, were you consulted in regard to that?"

Mr. Warburg—"Yes."

Senator Bristow—"What part did you have in the preparation of that bill, directly or indirectly?"

Mr. Warburg—"Well, only that I gave the best advice that I could give."

The Adviser of Senator Aldrich

MOST readers will recall that the name of "Aldrich" was, a few years ago, the synonym for the money power in government. Senator Aldrich was an able man and a tireless worker. His character for thoroughness and industry did more than anything else to disabuse the popular mind of the notion that such men were mere "tools of the money interest," or engaged in their work out of lust for gain, or out of sheer pleasure in legislating against the interests of the people. Senator Aldrich led on tariff and financial matters because he understood them; and he understood them by tireless study of them; and, therefore, he was the master of other men who had not paid the price of knowledge. But, he understood these matters from the standpoint of the business interests only. He was sincerely desirous of the prosperity of the country, but that prosperity was written in banking balances. Fifteen years ago it might not have been possible to judge him thus calmly, because then he represented in the public mind, more than any individual does today, the concentrated power of the financial group. Their prosperity was his first care, probably because he believed that their prosperity was also the country's.

It was such a man, then, that came to Mr. Warburg for advice. The labors of Senator Aldrich comprise many volumes of difficult material and Senator Aldrich's appeal to Mr. Warburg was a very high compliment to the quality of the latter's mind and financial experience—this, of course, assuming that Mr. Warburg's counsel was not forced upon the Aldrich committee by the New York money interests.

In his testimony, Mr. Warburg did not tell all. The omission, however, was supplied by an article in *Leslie's Weekly* in 1916, the author being B. C. Forbes.

It is a story of which *Current Opinion* said: "It reads like the opening in a shilling shocker."

It appears that the conferences between Mr. Warburg and Senator Aldrich took place on an isolated island off the coast of Georgia—Jekyl Island. Included in the party, besides Senator Aldrich and Mr. Warburg, were two New York bankers and the then Assistant Treasurer of the United States. The mysteriousness of it all was well brought out by Mr. Forbes:

Hist! Four Bankers on a Lonely Island

> "PICTURE a party of the nation's greatest bankers stealing out of New York on a private railroad car under cover of darkness, stealthily hieing hundreds of miles south, embarking on a mysterious launch, sneaking out to an island deserted by all but a few servants, living there a full week under such rigid secrecy that the name of not one of them was once mentioned lest the servitors learn their identity and disclose to the world this strangest, most secret episode in the history of American finance.
>
> "The utmost secrecy was enjoined upon all. The public must not glean a hint of what was to be done. Senator Aldrich notified each one to go quietly into a private car which the railroad had received orders to draw up at an unfrequented platform. Drawn blinds balked any peering eyes that might be around. Off the party set. New York's ubiquitous reporters had been foiled. So far so good. After bowling along the railroad hour after hour into southern country, the order was given to prepare to disembark.
>
> "Stepping from the car when the station had been well cleared of travelers, the members of the expedition embarked in a small boat. Silence reigned, for the boatmen must not find out how distinguished were their passengers.
>
> "In due time they drew up at another deserted pier. They were at Jekyl Island, off Georgia. The island was entirely unpeopled save for half a dozen servants.
>
> "'The servants must under no circumstances learn who we are,' cautioned Senator Aldrich.
>
> "'What can we do to fool them?' asked another member of the group. The problem was discussed.
>
> "'I have it,' cried one. 'Let's all call each other by our first names. Don't ever let us mention our last names.'
>
> "It was so agreed.
>
> "The dignified veteran Senator Aldrich, king of Rhode Island and a power second to none in the United States Senate, became just 'Nelson'; . . . . and the quiet, scholarly member of the powerful international banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, became 'Paul.'
>
> "Nelson had meanwhile confided to Harry, Frank, Paul and Piatt that he was to keep them locked up on Jekyl Island, cut off from the rest of the world, until they had evolved and compiled a scientific currency system for the United States, a system that would embody all that was best in Europe, yet so modeled that it could serve a country measuring thousands where European countries measured only hundreds of miles."

Mr. Forbes does not omit to write this further description of Mr. Warburg's condition at the time:

> "unable then to speak idiomatic English with perfect freedom and without an accent, an alien not naturalized."

Mr. Forbes also wrote—"Here is a German-American, but the sort of one that makes the hyphen look like a badge of honor."

That was in 1916. Hyphens went out of fashion, though not entirely out of use, soon after.

Thus far the story of Paul Warburg.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents each in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

No Stripes, Few Bars in This Man's Prison

By RAY YARNELL

WEATHER tanned, rugged, healthy, clear-eyed, this man in overalls and jumper and an old shapeless hat, busied himself about a team of horses, hitching them to a plow standing at the end of a half-turned field.

He was middle-aged. No peculiarities marked him. He appeared to be an average type.

He was whistling as he worked.

That man was a convict, an inmate of the Kansas state penitentiary. He came to prison from a farm because he had committed a crime.

No guard was in sight. At night this man did not go to a cell to sleep. His home was in a small house near the barn, comfortably furnished. He ate his meals there. No high stone walls penned him in.

Out in the field at work he did not feel the oppression of prison environment. Mentally he was back at home on the farm as he had been before he surrendered to a weakness which no one in his community had helped him resist.

Back of that prisoner at the plow, back of his whistle, back of the content reflected in his face, back of his freedom from supervision, I felt there must be a story, so I went to J. K. Codding, warden of the Kansas prison, and asked him to tell me about farmers he had met in jail.

Warden Codding is six feet tall. He is wide in proportion. He is a big man, with a big man's voice, a big man's smile and a big man's heart. There are no stripes in Codding's prison, few cells have barred doors and guns are seldom seen. A prisoner guards the steel door admitting to the office; another stands at the barred gate leading to the prison yard. Prisoners were at work and other prisoners were their foremen. Only in the wall towers could guards be distinguished.



J. K. CODDING

A man convicted of murder was seated in the warden's office alone, waiting for a hearing on his application for parole.

Through that environment Warden Codding led me to his private office upstairs in the prison office building and began talking about farmers he had met in jail.

Only 15 prisoners out of every 100 come from the farms. That is the outstanding fact discovered by Mr. Codding during the 12 years he has been warden of a penitentiary. It has been verified from prison statistics in other middle-western states. Eighty-five per cent of the criminals come from the cities and small towns despite the fact that the rural and urban populations are practically equal, in some agricultural states rural population being 10 per cent greater.

But one conclusion is possible: American farmers are more law-abiding, possess greater moral stamina than men in the cities and they live in an environment where criminal suggestion comes less frequently. They are accidental rather than natural criminals.

Naturally in sympathy with agriculture, himself the owner of a small farm and a herd of purebred Jersey cattle, Warden Codding has, perhaps more than any other prison official in the United States, studied the problem of rural crime. And by rural crime, in the bigger way, Warden Codding means both crimes committed by actual farmers and by persons living in the small towns in a strictly rural community.

It is in an effort to prevent crime, particularly rural crime, in Kansas, that much time will be devoted by Mr. Codding in the future. He has resigned as warden of the Kansas penitentiary and has taken up the practice of law in Leavenworth. Particularly he will seek to keep in touch with men as they come from prison to advise them and direct them.

"That is a wonderful field, preserving remade men," he said. "I have done my bit inside the prison in remaking them but I have found few men to take hold when I turned them out. There are some. I want to be one. If ever a prisoner needs a friend it is in the hour when he passes through the barred gate and out of the penitentiary. Inside he has been protected from himself and from bad associates. The state has been his friend.

"Once outside that barred gate it is a sad fact that the state no longer is his friend. The state forgets as the door clangs shut. The public is cold. Opportunities are few to make a decent living. Human friendship for a released prisoner very often exists only in the dangerous environment which made him a criminal and he seeks it there. I want to help stop that. I want to do something to prevent crime. I particularly wish to assist in preventing rural crime because I believe that most of it can be prevented, perhaps easier than city crime can be controlled."

Analysis of farmers in the Kansas penitentiary during 12 years has revealed these interesting facts:

The farmer is a one-crime man. He does not repeat. Once a farmer prisoner is released, penitentiary authorities do not count on his return.

Most prisoners from the farm are middle-aged, and are uneducated. They are mental or physical defectives.

Tenants and laborers, not farm owners, are in the majority. They make up the transient element of the rural population, the class to which defectives always drift because their handicap forces them there.

Farmers commit crimes of violence as frequently as city men. Arguments over line fences often lead to killings. Crimes against chastity are relatively numerous. Laws protecting property are often broken. Farmers do not steal motor cars or women, most often done by youths, but they do steal cattle and chickens.

The farm criminal is not vicious. Life out of doors has not taught him the brutal things the city criminal learns in alleys, saloons and dives. Vice has not left its degenerate mark on him.

Farmers who go to jail are healthier than other prisoners. Physically they are superior men, stronger, more able to work and to resist disease.

They are the better type of prisoners. Seldom does one attempt to escape although the opportunity to do so comes frequently. They are plain, hard working fellows, well behaved.

A majority of the women who come to prison from farms are convicted of immoral crimes. Their number is not large. Like the men they are uneducated and often feebleminded.

There are more defectives among farmers than is generally supposed. They are widely scattered, hence not so noticeable as in the city where they tend to collect in groups. But the menace is real, serious, and should be combated.

Through this analysis Warden Codding sought to isolate the causes and conditions which led farmers to become criminals that he might work intelligently in removing them.

"Theory isn't going to do us or our defective citizens any good," Warden Codding leaned forward earnestly as he spoke. "We can dream forever and not help a single man resist temptation nor protect him from criminal suggestion. We need action.

"All over the Middle West the American Farm Bureau Federation, working with the national Government, is building up farm bureaus and placing county agents in charge. The work of these agents consists of getting farmers to use better methods, suggesting the most profitable crops, advising remedies for diseases that attack crops or livestock, urging preventive measures that will halt disease and control pests. Their work is constructive; their aim is to guard against losses from pests and disease in advance.

"What every middle-western state needs is county agents for defectives. We should send into every rural community a man who will work with physically and mentally defective persons as county farm agents work with crops and livestock. Their task would be to seek out and salvage the wreckage of humanity that comes to their community; to direct and protect the feebleminded; to counteract evil suggestions that come to those persons who lack resistance or who know no better than to acquiesce.

"Through such agents defectives and feebleminded persons could be controlled as pests and diseases are now controlled by the work of county farm agents. They would be welfare workers.

"And because these county agents for defectives do not now exist there are hundreds of farmers in prison who should not be there, who easily could have been kept out. The state is spending much money to remake these men. It could have saved them at first for much less.

"Crime in rural districts already is low as compared with the cities but it should be lower. Out in the clean, wholesome country, there should be no crime."

One of the most potent factors in crime prevention, Warden Codding declared, is improved educational facilities. Rural schools are the weakest link in the nation's educational system. They have driven many farm families of the better sort to towns so their children could be given every advantage. Improved schools, he said, will accomplish three things: Prevent crime, keep farmers on the farms and bring back to the farms many of those who have gone to the cities.

Most farmers in jail are uneducated; they are mentally at a disadvantage with their fellows, therefore more susceptible to temptation when opportunity to break a law comes their way. Better schools would raise the standard of rural citizenship and bring more respect for law. Education always is a barrier against criminal suggestion.

"A hopeful thing to me," said Warden Codding, "is the increasing interest in better rural schools. Consolidation is a great step forward. Rural high schools will keep many a farm boy from looking at the world through bars and seeing it distorted.

In the cities are the centers of vice and crime as we know them best but they are also in the country. It is those centers that should be attacked. They spew out the tainted men and women who fill our jails, after they have been infected and become morally diseased.

"Not so many years ago, when the old-fashioned doctor was called to care for a typhoid fever patient, after administering the necessary medicine, he would turn to the mother and say:

"'It's typhoid. You had better prepare for several more cases.'

"That isn't true of the modern doctor. He, too, prescribes a medicine, but instead of making preparations in expectation that other members of the family will become ill, the modern doctor begins a search for the seat of infection. He examines the well and studies the sanitary conditions in the home. Usually he discovers the source of infection and removes it.

"That is the method cities and rural communities should use in combating crime. It is time that we removed these centers of criminal infection. Today we are doing practically nothing. We can strive to correct here in the penitentiary after the harm is done, but it will be a never-ending task so long as the diseased spots are permitted to exist."

Out on the farms, where everything naturally works against crime, where associations are clean and where health is found, there Warden Codding would begin his work of crime prevention. Crime there already is infrequent, broadly speaking. Results can be obtained quickly. With a crime-free environment waiting, the prisons will have a safe place to send their remade men—a place where temptation will not be constant, where men can get a new start, where old associates will not drag down the man who has been given a fresh impetus to live clean.

"The man on the farm is a skilled workman," continued Warden Codding, "one of the most skilled. He commands the remuneration of skilled effort. But if he goes to the city he is only an unskilled laborer, thrown among the floaters, the loafers and the occasional workers. He has nothing to barter but the strength of his hands and his back. He lives among the lowest class of people in the cheap boarding houses. He pals with men on the bottom of the human heap where discontent rules and crime flourishes. He meets lawbreakers and is lead into stealing and immorality. He finally graduates into the position of playing second fiddle to the city criminal. The skill that was his as a farmer counts for nothing.

"Quickly to farm boys and girls who move to the cities comes trouble. They are unsophisticated and trusting and there are hundreds waiting to take advantage of their innocence. They don't know the paths that lead to evil and they are easily influenced. Out of their element, they are at a disadvantage. Often they pay the penalty for the crime committed by the more astute and clever city criminals.

Seventy-five per cent of the farmers who are sent to the Kansas penitentiary are given farm work to do. Their acquaintance with cells and the prison yard is made as brief as possible. Warden Codding sought to prevent them from learning viciousness from more hardened criminals from the cities.

Men have come to Leavenworth who merely passed through the prison to be checked in. They did not even spend a night within the walls. Instead of in a cell they slept in a bunk house on the prison farm. One man went directly from the warden's office to the pumping plant, located a mile away on the river bank. He was out of sight of the high stone walls and guard towers. That man has seen the penitentiary but once—the day he checked in. Since then he has remained at the pump house. His food and clothes have been taken to him. He has escaped entirely the curse of the prison environment.

Out in the fields, working with the cows and horses and hogs, farm prisoners are content. They thrive. They are doing the things they know how to do, but most of all the portion of freedom accorded them keeps their mental attitude toward life in focus. They know they are being punished but they also realize it is a constructive punishment. "That is why," Warden Codding says, "none ever returns."

On the Kansas prison farm is a rapidly developing herd of purebred Holstein cattle in which inmates are very deeply interested. Year by year a fine herd of purebred hogs is being built up. The prison is handicapped for funds to do this work but it is progressing, nevertheless. Prisoners in charge are as proud of these cows and hogs as the warden himself, through whose efforts a start was made.

On this farm also women, both from the cities and the farms, are given outdoor work. They care for the gardens and some growing crops and chickens. They are kept out of doors so their health may be built up. The prison aims to turn out into society no person who is ill or who will have to overcome a physical disadvantage to make good. Sometimes it happens that such a person is released because correction is not always accomplished before a sentence expires.

Much food, milk, vegetables, meat and grain, used for prison fare, are produced on the farm. All prisoners are given food in liberal quantities—good, nourishing food. That is the basis of the process Codding uses to remake men.

Singing Is a Municipal Project in St. Paul

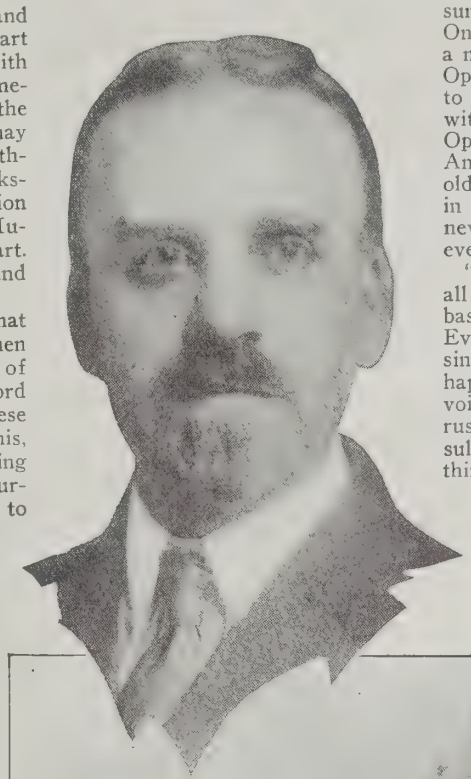
Choruses a Desirable Civic Asset Experience of One City Proves; No Room, Thousands Turned Away From Affairs Staged Recently

By EARL CHRISTMAS

SINGING is a desirable civic asset. At least, that is the illuminating experience of St. Paul, Minnesota, where the taxpayers are spending good, hard dollars to encourage it. Singing, in the Minnesota city, is a municipal project, supported by city funds and directed by city officials, the same as the public schools or the workhouse.

This unusual municipal activity functions through the Municipal Chorus, the first chorus in the country organized and supported by a city. The project was started two years ago, and now, with the growth of the organization as a public institution, officials in St. Paul are convinced that the promotion of singing pays dividends. Singing is just as necessary as the parks, in St. Paul, and it has a place in the budget almost as securely.

Indeed, the Municipal Chorus in St. Paul has become a public institution. It has come to stand for the city much as a fine orchestra may stand for another city musically. It has a part in every patriotic celebration along with the mayor of the city and other time-honored institutions demanded for the observance of any public event. It may be the celebration of Washington's birthday, or Memorial Day, perhaps a Thanksgiving festival, or whatever the occasion of civic or community interest, the Municipal Chorus is sure to have a part. The people have come to expect it, and they like it.



Men and women like to sing. That was one of the convictions of the men who organized the chorus. So, one of the objects of the chorus was to afford an opportunity of expression to these men and women who like to sing. This, the chorus has done, in ever-increasing measure, but more than that, it has furnished good musical entertainment to thousands of men and women in St. Paul. Free concerts and entertainments are given from time to time, and if you wish to know the place the Municipal Chorus holds in the community you need only try to get into the auditorium for one of these performances.

Take the presentation of "The Bohemian Girl," for instance. Crowds packed the street in front of the auditorium for a block when the last seat had been taken. Between 5,000 and 10,000 persons tried in vain to crowd into the auditorium for that performance. And the auditorium is not a small building, the theater portion set for the opera holding some 4,000 people.

Indeed, the crowds attracted by the performances have constituted the one obstacle in the promotion of the chorus, according to James M. Clancy, commissioner of parks and playgrounds, under whose department the work of the chorus comes. Increasing the number of performances of each concert has tended to obviate some of the difficulty, but even so, the Municipal Chorus has found itself at times beset with too much popularity.

Pre-eminently a public institution, the chorus is unique in that it admits into its ranks all who come knocking at its doors, be they grand opera singers or persons who never had a day of voice training in their lives.

"We have no voice test for admission," said Gus B. Wollan, organizer and president of the chorus. "Any one who wishes to sing is free to come and join with us.



Above—G. B. WOLLAN, who organized, in St. Paul, the first chorus supported by a city. Below—This picture, taken on the steps of the Minnesota state capitol during a holiday observance, is symbolic of the Municipal Chorus as a public institution. The chorus aids in the celebration of every holiday and has a part in nearly all public observances in St. Paul.

"You know, people like to sing. Some of them never had an opportunity to get any training, and here is a chorus where they can start out on an equality with men and women who have been trained in grand opera. So, they jump at the chance.

"Only a very small per cent of those joining the chorus have had special voice training. Some who come have little ability to sing, but we never turn anyone away. To one who likes to sing, there is pleasure in taking part in chorus work of this kind. A great many came at first who couldn't sing, but those who can't sing usually drop out. You see, those who can sing are the ones who get the greater enjoyment out of their work, and they are the persons who will stick through the year. But anyway, we never turn any one away. That is one of the objects of the chorus, to give an opportunity of expression to every man, woman or child who likes to sing. So, however poor may be the efforts of any member, he is never turned away from the chorus.

"The singer gets enjoyment out of the work, even if others may not benefit so much. To many, the chorus may be the only means of recreation, and we don't want to deny this means of expression to anyone. Rather we have tried to encourage all who like to sing to join the chorus.

"However, those who can't sing so well usually do not remain in the chorus so long, and the chorus has been able to obtain some unusually fine results.

"We have singers of almost every graduation of ability in the chorus, suggestive of the popular appeal of the organization. We have five members who have sung in grand opera choruses. One member of the chorus was a member of the Chicago Grand Opera Company before coming to St. Paul, and another was with the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company in New York. Another was a member of the old Boston Ideals. Others sang in church choirs, and some never had any training whatever.

"But here in the chorus, they all get together on a common basis, and they all enjoy it. Even the former grand opera singers, though accustomed perhaps to more finely trained voices of the professional chorus, like the work and the results. They marvel at the things our director is able to accomplish, taking a mixed group of varying capacities this way, and so they enter whole-heartedly into the work, helping along where they can those who are just learning to sing. Incidentally, we have in the chorus men and women who are getting their first lessons in singing.

"You can't imagine how much people like to sing unless you have had an experience with a public chorus of this kind. We have one Civil War veteran in the chorus. He is 72 years old, but he is just as enthusiastic as the girl of 16, who represents the other extreme. In several cases, husbands and wives are members of the chorus. In quite a number of instances, mothers and their daughters and fathers and their sons belong to the chorus. Nearly half of the women in the chorus are married women, and most of them are women with children. So great is the interest in the work, that the chorus keeps up its rehearsals even through the summer months. When other activities lagged or stopped with the coming of hot weather, the members of the chorus objected to stopping the weekly rehearsals or holding them less frequently.

"Besides affording opportunity of expression to singers, and entertainment in a musical way for the public, the chorus is worth while as a municipal project in that it helps materially to elevate musical standards. We gave three performances of Handel's 'The Messiah,' which competent musical critics rated as the best ever given in the Northwest.

"The chorus has given other performances that one might not expect from a public chorus of this kind. We gave one performance of Haydn's Oratorio 'The Creation,' and another of Cowen's 'The Rose Maiden.' We gave Balfe's 'The Bohemian Girl,' in full costume and with all the parts taken by members of the chorus. Even all the solo parts were taken by members of the chorus. We had a former actor for a stage director, and everything went off like a professional performance.

"Well, the night that performance was given, the auditorium didn't have a chance when it came to holding the crowds. Between 5,000 and 10,000 persons were turned away. Now, we endeavor to arrange for several performances of any given entertainment, so that fewer people will be disappointed." The Municipal Chorus was organized in January, 1919, Mr. Wollan, then secretary to Mayor L. C. Hodgson, and Leopold Bruenner, present director of the chorus, being the leaders in its formation.

"I had had the plan in mind for several years," Mr. Wollan said. "For a long time, I had felt the need of some organization, in which persons could express themselves in song, some place where they could go and sing even if they never had had any training. So the idea struck me that here is a proper function for a city to undertake.

"I talked the matter over with Mr. Bruenner, and we decided to go to Mr. Clancy. The city commissioner was enthusiastic about the plan. So everything was easy. We found that lots of people want to sing—we never have had less than 150 in the chorus—and large numbers wished to hear them.

"The chorus was organized in January. In five weeks, this group of mixed voices had been worked into a chorus and the first performance given. We have kept up the pace since that time. As soon as one entertainment is completed, the members are eager to start another.

"The St. Paul chorus was the first and, I am advised, still is the only chorus in the country supported municipally. But it is more than an experiment. We have found it exceedingly worth while both to the singers and to the public. I am sure that other choruses of the kind will spring up over the country, as cities begin to appreciate the value of music as a civic asset. We teach it in the public schools. Why not give the people out of the schools a chance to sing, and those who like an opportunity to hear them? There's nothing like a good, old singing bee for those who really like to sing."

Entertainments, of the Municipal Chorus, announced under the auspices of the St. Paul Department of Parks and Playgrounds, always attract big crowds. Newspapers give generous space to the events, and thousands gather for the free music festivals. The entertainment may be an oratorio, or it may be a light opera. Again, it may be some holiday festival, in which the Municipal Chorus takes a part, or a free concert in a park.

Frequently, the entertainment given by the chorus is augmented by a special orchestra, made up of members of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, who are glad to join in the presentation of better music to the public at these free entertainments. Music for the public by the public might characterize the work that the Municipal Chorus is doing.

All expenses of the Municipal Chorus, including the salary of the director and like items of expense, are paid out of a special fund voted each year by the city council.

"We feel that the Municipal Chorus is essentially a public institution," said Commissioner Clancy. "And we feel it is necessary, just as the parks are necessary. A city must provide for the recreation of its people if it is to perform its full duty, and music is one of the best ways. The chorus provides enjoyment for those who sing, and entertainment for the thousands who hear it yearly. Our only trouble has been that we can't take care of the crowds. But then, that only proves the value of such a chorus to the people of a wide-awake city."

Putting the Little Red Schoolhouse Into the Constitution

By HARRY H. DUNN

FOR nearly 150 years, the "little red schoolhouse" has been the national building of the United States. Out of it have come patriots and presidents, bankers and bank-wreckers, chorus girls and stars, suffragettes and antis, and all the rest of all the varieties of American manhood and womanhood that make life worth living for us ordinary folk—most of us also having come from the same l. r. s., these being the only letters we are entitled to wear behind our names. Up to date we have been content to allow legislatures, county supervisors and town aldermen, by and with the advice and consent of the well-known school board, to attend to the education of our young ideas. Hitherto, this system has proved so efficient that our public schools are the admiration of the remainder of the civilized world, as well as the hope of our own future as a people and as a nation—two vastly different futures, by the way.

But one state has decided to go a step further than this, and to make the educational system of the state a part of the organic law, in order to take the whole school organization out of politics; to distribute the funds appropriated for educational purposes more equably, and to centralize authority and methods, to a certain extent, in one state-wide organization. The state is Louisiana, whose new constitution, when it is completed, bids fair to be as long as both the two under which it is now operating, and the sixty or more amendments to these organic laws. In spite of its length, however, and the 143 men and three women thought necessary to write it at Baton Rouge, several pages will be taken up with the public school system, with explicit directions as to its organization and operation. While this seems to be legislation, rather than the customary direction for legislation, such as usually written into state constitutions, it has met with the approval of virtually all the educators of the state, and was prepared by a special educational committee, composed of those delegates to the state constitutional convention most closely connected with the educational work of the state.

In brief, the educational article of the new constitution of Louisiana provides for the co-ordination and unification of the public school system of the state, commencing with a state board of education, partially elective and partially appointive by the governor, and running on down to the district school boards in the various parishes. While this new school system will be apart from the bodies which will direct Louisiana State University and the large state agricultural college, for which provision has been made in the new constitution, it will be closely connected with these boards, and will work with them, to the end that a greater number of graduates of the public grammar schools, high schools and junior high schools—when these last-named are established—continue their education either in the state university or through the specialized courses of the agricultural college.

Supervisory powers over private schools, operating on a grade basis, are given to the state board of education in furthering the general plan of co-ordination and unification of the entire educational advantages and opportunities offered by the state. These private schools, both secular and otherwise, seem to have accepted the new plan and to have approved its incorporation into the organic law, to be a permanent arrangement, rather than one which can be altered each year by the state legislature. Discussing the new and untried plan of "constitutional education," Wilbur J. Black, a delegate to the constitutional convention from New Iberia, and chairman of the educational committee which drafted the educational article for the constitution, said:

"The committee on public education has presented a schedule which purports to unify and co-ordinate the entire educational system of the state, beginning with the first-grade pupil and ending with the finished product of the state university, meanwhile taking the entire system out of politics.

"To these ends, the new article of the constitution co-ordinates the various elements of the educational system under the general supervision of a state board of education, but at the same time seeks to evade and avoid too great centralization of authority even in that board. Beginning with the Louisiana State University, the supervision of this state board over this, the highest of our state educational institutions, is merely general, the close direction of the destinies of the university being placed in the hands of an administrative board.

"The superintendence of the secondary educational institutions of the state—of which there are eight, headed by the state normal school—is, however, placed directly in the hands of the new state board of education. This is accomplished by vesting in the board the power to appoint the governing bodies of these institutions, and to allocate to each the proportion of the gross fund given by the state for their maintenance. Each of these institutions has been conducted—of necessity—as though it were a separate institution, and not a part of the educational system of the whole state. Through this condition, each was brought, biennially, in bitter competition with other member schools of the secondary system in a scramble for needed legislative financial appropriations. Under the new system all will be brought together in co-ordinated work under the administrative charge of special boards, but with all these boards under direct supervision of centralized authority, and with proper and just division of all available funds to each.

"While it was deemed essential to approach centralization of authority with reference to the higher institutions mentioned, there is a recession in regard to parish (that is, county) school boards. If the state superintendent of education, or the state board of education, had the authority to dominate the parish school boards and superintendents, he, or it, would have the power to move an army, political or otherwise, composed of hundreds of officials and thousands of teachers, each dependent upon the central authority for his or her very livelihood. To make certain that no such condition might ever arise, the state board of education was given supervision over the purely educational features, methods of study, gradings, books used, and so on, but never to be vested with control of the administrative or financial affairs of the parish board or its personnel.

"The first steps in the progress of the present educational system of the state were slow, because there were not always available men qualified to lead in local educational work. Parish superintendents were appointed without regard to qualifications, and boards had as great political as educational qualifications. The first exercise of a centralized authority over parish boards, however, enabled the administration of Governor Blanchard later on to force the raising of the standards of parish superintendents and of the personnel of the parish boards. Wherever reluctance to advance appeared, the reluctant ones were removed. This was a beneficent use of centralized power and has resulted in placing the educational system on a higher plane than ever before in Louisiana. This exercise of power for good, however, also warns that it may be equally powerful for bad, and we believe it is safer to let control of the local schools rest in local hands, subject to the supervision of the educational features by the state board of education.

"Under the new article in the constitution, the state board of education is to be composed of one member elected from each of the eleven congressional districts, for overlapping terms of eight years, one to be elected every two years—with three additional members to be appointed by the governor of the state. The purpose is to obtain for the board not only men trained in general educational matters, but men familiar with local educational conditions in all parts of the state as well. This board will be responsible for its acts to the governor, and to the people—at the elections—and will prevent the state board of education ever becoming a machine in the hands of any governor."



(C) Gilliams Service.

The beautiful heroic statue to Simon Bolivar, the South American Liberator, recently unveiled in Central Park, New York. The statue was presented to the United States by Venezuela and was accepted by President Harding in the name of the nation. The President considered the event of such great importance that he attended the unveiling in person and delivered a long address. The statue is the work of an American woman, Sally J. Farnham, and is the largest sculpture in the world executed by a woman. Artists have pronounced it to be exceptionally fine. It cost $55,000.

The Pro-Truth Campaign

IN AN article published in this journal, April 30, 1921, Professor Arvid Reuterdahl presented definite evidence proving the similarity between the work of the unknown scientist "Kinertia" and the much-advertised Einsteinian Theory of Relativity. The similarity is so pronounced that any fair-minded person at once must wonder if the alleged contributions of Dr. Einstein rest upon borrowed foundations. It is a fact that "Kinertia's" work antedates that of Einstein. It is difficult to prove a direct charge of plagiarism. This is particularly true whenever the person involved is surrounded by a veritable host of protectors who refuse to permit an honest investigation.

Professor Reuterdahl's reply to his critics follows in part:

In the case of "Kinertia" Versus Einstein the present writer did not state that Einstein is a plagiarist. To make such a bald statement one must have indisputable proofs. I did state and again repeat the statement: "If Einstein was aware of 'Kinertia's' discovery then the appellation 'plagiarist,' bestowed upon him by his German professional colleagues, is eminently fitting. If, on the contrary, Einstein was unaware of this work, then he is, nevertheless, antedated by the work of 'Kinertia'. Einstein is at liberty to choose either horn of the dilemma."

Referring to an editorial criticism in the *Scientific American* of May 14, Professor Reuterdahl continues: "The *Scientific American* is particularly disturbed by my article entitled "'Kinertia' Versus Einstein." On the cover of this issue the following question appeared in bold type "Is Einstein a Plagiarist?" In reference to this question the *Scientific American* states: "It will be at once understood that according to Professor Reuterdahl he is." What I actually stated in my article has been again recorded above in order to refresh the memory of the editorial writer. After this perversion of truth a subtle atmosphere is created in order to link, by contrastive suggestion, both the present writer and THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT with the ambitions of the former Kaiser of Germany. A diversion is thereby adroitly produced which removes the reader's attention from the actual question in hand, that is, "'Kinertia' Versus Einstein," to an entirely different issue. Moreover, another irrelevant issue is deftly imposed, that is, anti-Semitism.

The present writer emphatically denies and resents both insinuations created in this questionable manner. I am a loyal citizen of the United States. I was born in Sweden. I came to the United States when I was six and a half years of age. Furthermore, the allegation, also by innuendo, that my attack upon the theories of Einstein are due to anti-Semitic feeling, I brand as a gross misrepresentation.

The *Scientific American* editorial then becomes a plea for Professor Einstein's mathematical product. There seems to be urgent need to show that although Einstein has benefited by "ideas which have had a rather nebulous existence before him" nevertheless in the hands of this master craftsman they have been mathematically welded into a "crowning achievement" which "has never been approached or approximated in any way."

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that we grant that this concession in no way affects the real issue which we may state in the form of a question: Has Einstein given proper credit to the creators of the "nebulous ideas" which he used in constructing this supreme masterpiece of the human intellect? We are not aware that he has ever referred to their humble contributions to his stupendous structure. It seems that he has ruthlessly discarded the scaffolding which he used in building his edifice without paying for its use. Do we find the name of Dr. J. H. Ziegler mentioned in any of his writings? Is there any reference to the contributions of "Kinertia"? Has he ever answered the charges made by Engineer Rudolph Mewes, Professors E. Gehrke and Paul Weyland that he appropriated a formula which appeared in a work published by the late Professor Gerber in the year, 1898? If perchance Professor Einstein should plead ignorance of these contributions at the time when he developed his mathematical analysis, then we demand that he publicly admit their previous existence and definite worth. It remains to be seen if Dr. Einstein will even condescend to comply with this eminently just demand. We trust that we may be permitted to state that what we have granted in the above, for the sake of argument, we do not admit as an actual fact. The writer is prepared to show that Einsteinism is a pernicious fallacy.

The climax of the extraordinary editorial is in keeping with the intent of the entire outburst. Vereschagin, the great Russian painter, could not have depicted the closing scene with more telling finesse and skill. In the foreground of the picture we see the vultures flying about picking the Einsteinian bones. These carrion birds are the "small fry" of science "whose names will be forgotten fifty years from now." In the background we see the Golden Sun of Relativity rising above the horizon and casting its brilliant rays over this field of iniquity.

We trust that if we presume to draw another picture descriptive of conditions five years from now, we will not be charged with undue lack of scientific piety.

In the foreground of our canvas we see the black ocean of Relativistic Despair stretching gloomily to the abyss-like boundaries of finite but unlimited space. In the background behold the lurid setting Sun of Einsteinism disappearing below the horizon, and casting gruesome shadows over the Island of Ignorance and the Ruins of Relativity while the somber mourners, Inconsistency, Chaos, and Skepticism, simultaneously and yet separately await the approach of Eternal Night

Law Enforcement and the Eighteenth Amendment

By ELLIS MEREDITH

THERE are a great many people in this country who are much concerned over the non-enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Part of them are saying "I-told-you-so" with a satisfaction that quite outweighs any regret they may feel, while others intimate that they are surprised and disappointed at the failure of the government to carry out the provisions of the Volstead Act. All of them agree that any law which remains unenforced breeds contempt for all laws. They point to open defiances and secret evasions of the Volstead Act and argue plausibly enough that the number shows the law is not in harmony with the public mind, and since democracies are supposed to be governed by the collective will of the nation, they insist that Columbia be given an opportunity to exercise the feminine right to change her mind.

There has not been quite so much insistence on submitting the Eighteenth Amendment to popular vote since Columbia's daughters have been enfranchised, but there is a persistent and ingeniously insidious campaign going on for the revision, if not the repeal, of the Volstead Act.

The district attorney of New York confesses his inability to enforce the law; a prosecuting attorney in Pennsylvania justified his failure to prosecute by declaring that juries refused to convict. Florida authorities say they cannot prevent the illicit contraband coming in from the Bahamas and Cuba. The states bordering on Mexico which were "dry" by their own vote before the adoption of the amendment, wail over the bootlegging Mexicans, and to listen to the chorus, one might infer that most of Canada was sopping wet instead of bone dry.

And the conclusion of the whole matter, with about ninety per cent of the chorus, is that voiced by the eminently respectable Washington *Post*, which says, with the air that proclaims that patience has ceased to be a virtue:

"It is obvious that in order to secure respectful obedience to the Volstead Act the act must be modified to conform to public sentiment."

Just so, but before starting in to modify the act, suppose we consider this whole question of laws and their enforcement, because there is a vast quantity of evidence to be sifted before arriving at the decision that laws which are not enforced should be modified or repealed.

All countries with sufficient civilization to have left any vestiges of history behind them have had laws governing certain things. Barbarians have customs which serve them as laws, and from Cain down to date there have been laws against murder and providing for its punishment. And yet murders have been committed in all ages and places. They are still committed with frightful frequency and in some American cities, notably New York and Chicago, the prosecuting attorneys do not seem able to do much to enforce the laws.

Shall we modify our laws against murder?

"Lynch" law isn't law at all, but mob rule, and the whole country denounces and deplores it and views with alarm its dreadful record, but in the last thirty-two years nearly 3,500 men and women have been lynched in this land of the free, nearly 3,000 of them in the South and fifty of them were colored women and eleven were white women. Sixty-three Negroes, five of them women and five white men were lynched by mobs in 1918, and "in no case was any member of the mobs convicted in any court, and in only two instances were trials held and in both of these instances the mob members were acquitted," says the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

Police and constables cannot arrest the mobs; attorneys cannot convict the ringleaders, because juries are in sympathy with them. Shall we throw up our hands and let the mobs pursue the furious tenor of their way?

Take the traffic regulations. Last year more than 10,000 persons were killed by automobiles. The speed limits range all the way from eight miles in Cimmaron, Kansas, to fifteen and twenty miles in some of the big eastern cities, and they are only indifferently observed beyond the range of the traffic cop. The record shows that "five persons were killed in traffic accidents on Washington streets during February, one was seriously injured and 101 received minor injuries." Apparently speed regulations are also violated "without the slightest sense of moral turpitude," yet the Washington *Post* did not echo its own pronouncement on the Volstead Act which is much in point.

"Even with state laws in effect and state officers actively engaged in the chase for offenders, the controlling factor in the situation, the lack of respect for the law, remains."

What is going to happen? Let us comfort ourselves with the cheering thought that if every house has its own distillery there will be no call for bootlegging, and if the blind tiger is able to establish lairs wherever it will, distilleries in the home will not flourish. One of these days the supply will be exhausted. Nothing is a better deterrent than lacking the price of vice, and as the cost of a drink reaches prohibitive proportions, prohibition will begin to prohibit.

When women are eligible for jury duty it will not be so hard to get convictions, and when we grasp the big idea and arrest the man who buys, as well as the man who sells contraband goods, we shall be on the highway to actual enforcement. The judge who sends a man to jail until he tells where he got his liquor will have found the fire that will burn the stick until the stick begins to beat the dog and the dog begins to bite the pig, and the squeals of the animal will make it easy to find him, and perhaps his owners.

Golden Rule Does Pay—Ask This Chap

By RAY YARNELL

APPLIED sociology, an application of the Golden Rule in business by a foreigner who has adopted the United States as his country and who is striving to build it up, is working a transformation in Allen County, Kansas.

The thing B. K. Baghdigian, of Iola, is doing is radical because it is unusual; it is revolutionary because it is practical and works. The theory at the bottom of it has been changed to fact.

Baghdigian did his first work in Southeastern Kansas in the mine fields where there is a large foreign element. There he served his apprenticeship in the newspaper business, studying conditions, becoming acquainted with the people and the country and getting the point of view of Kansans and Americans. That preparation and study fitted him for the job he is now putting over.

It is peculiar that a man of Baghdigian's type did not go into educational work or remain in the newspaper game as both hold an opportunity for service that seems to appeal to him, as well as offering a pleasant and fairly good living.



B. K. BAGHDIGIAN

But this man from the other side of the Atlantic saw a yawning gap between two classes of folks in Kansas, a gap that promised to become wider and which was causing a loss to both, because it blocked any community of interest or any co-operative effort for the benefit of all. It is that gap which Baghdigian is bridging.

In Allen County he has flung the girders of a bridge across the gap and they are firmly bedded on either side. Now he is adding the superstructure, stringing the supporting cables and laying the floor planks. Across that bridge he hopes to see pass a steady stream of traffic, a traffic in understanding and sympathetic co-operation, a traffic that will be a twentieth century interpretation of the Golden Rule.

Lack of understanding, Baghdigian found existed between farmers and business men. The farmer was suspicious of the merchant. He felt that the merchant lost no opportunity to exact excessive profits for all the luxuries and most of the necessities. This belief was to some extent fostered by agitators and politicians. Mail order catalogs, many of them quoting lower prices than those asked by the local merchant, were textbooks to this misunderstanding. The farmer did not stop to consider that the goods he bought sight unseen might be of inferior quality to those bought from his home town merchant to whom he could go direct in event he was not satisfied.

The farmer did not understand the business man and the business man had little conception of the problems of the farmer. And the unfortunate thing about it was that neither tried to overcome this misunderstanding. The merchant gave little thought to the farmer and the attitude was mutual. Suspicion thrived and became fixed.

That situation is not unusual in the great agricultural region although in recent years many attempts have been made to change it. Baghdigian found it so when he was invited to become the secretary of the chamber of commerce of Iola. But he grasped the opportunity as one which gave him a chance to try out his theory of applied sociology in business. So he took the job.

That's how the thing that has been done in Allen County started. Here is the story of what has been done and how it was accomplished.

Somewhere a start had to be made. It was a case of finding the weakest point in the armor and striking there. So Baghdigian worked quietly and through other men and finally persuaded the county commissioners to vote $2,000 toward the support of the Allen County Farm Bureau. A county agent was obtained—an expert on live stock. That was bull's-eye number one for Baghdigian because further along in his plan that knowledge of live stock was to be used liberally.

Previous to the coming of the county agent, however, the chamber of commerce brought into the county a representative of a cream separator company and a railroad agricultural agent. Both were experts in dairying. They lectured in schoolhouses, telling the farmers of the advantages of dairying and its possibilities financially and in building up the fertility of the soil.

So far the work done had been exclusively among the farmers. But now comes Baghdigian's theory of a practical application of the Golden Rule in business. He felt that the business men should understand the problems of dairying and farming before he could expect their support in the project he had in mind. So he brought to Iola, the county seat, an extension school in dairying and home problems. The business men, however, did not turn out to the meetings as was hoped. The old attitude was very evident—a lack of understanding and interest in the farmer.

Seeking to stimulate interest in dairying, the chamber of commerce invited the farmers of the community to be its guests on a motor car trip to Fort Scott, Kansas, a prosperous dairy center. Seventy-nine farmers and business men went. Some of the best and some of the poorest farms in the county were visited. The men were dinner guests at the Fort Scott chamber of commerce.

Mr. Baghdigian describes it:

"It was an inspiration to make this trip. Everybody got friendly and visited among themselves. The trip brought out the fact that we are all human and all have the same aspirations and aims in life and that one of the best assets in life is friendship and friendly co-operation."

That was the real beginning of the laying of the girders across the gap of misunderstanding between business men and farmers.

Recently the Iola chamber of commerce, the advertising club and the current topics club held a joint banquet. The members had as their guests the business men and the farmers. These farmers were invited individually to attend, not by the organizations but by some business man who knew them. Several business men invited as many as five farmers.

One hundred and sixty-nine farmers sat down at a friendly table with Iola's business men and merchants. The dinner was purely a social, get-acquainted affair, very informal. There was a speaker who discussed dairying as a business proposition. But most of the time was spent in individual discussions at the tables, the merchant and the farmer talking things over, each getting the viewpoint of the other. To many of them it was a revelation—something that made them stop and think.

The next day, under the auspices of the chamber of commerce, a big auction sale of purebred Holstein cattle was held. This sale was said to be the largest in the history of the Holstein-Fresian Association of Kansas in point of attendance.

The Iola chamber of commerce, the advertising club and the Kansas Holstein-Fresian Association guaranteed that no misrepresentation should, under any circumstances, be made about any animal sold at the auction and that every guaranty going with the animal sold should be made good.

Baghdigian realized that he must consider the welfare of the merchants as well as the farmers if he desired their support. He believed this could best be done by proving to the farmers that the merchants were their friends not only in theory but in practice. Every bargain offer, every statement in the advertisements of the merchants participating, is guaranteed by the Iola advertising club and the chamber of commerce.

To get sales-day publicity before the farmers the chamber of commerce is sending out 12,500 monthly bulletins to farm homes in the Iola trade territory. In addition to carrying sales-day publicity and advertisements, these bulletins contain discussions of farm problems of all kinds prepared by experts.

As a means of getting better acquainted with the farmers—putting the floor on the bridge across the gap—Baghdigian and James A. Milham, county agent, are putting on evening programs in various rural communities. The meeting is opened with 20 minutes of community singing. Farm problems and farm bureau work is then discussed by County Agent Milham. This is followed by a short talk by Mr. Baghdigian, contrasting agricultural conditions in the old country with those in the United States. The formal part of the program is followed with a light lunch supplied by the farm women.

Such has been the work of Baghdigian—an Armenian immigrant.

For the Promotion of International Good Will

American University Union in London Looks After Students Seeking European Advantages and a Broader Viewpoint

By GEORGE F. KEARNEY

THERE is in operation in London an institution that has behind it a very practical ideal of internationalizing education as a basis for a new world understanding. Its interest to the educational world of America is unusual, in that it represents a definite step toward a well-marked trend in higher education. This accounts for the ever-increasing number of American college students who are availing themselves of the privileges offered by the American University Union that has its headquarters at 50 Russell Square in the heart of the academic center of London near the British museum.

Educational values in the United States have so shifted within the last ten years that the student no longer stops when he is granted his college degree. The professional man, of course, goes on for his more technical courses, and it has become increasingly true that the man in search of general culture is more anxious for graduate work. The wise educator has always urged the student to take his graduate work in another college, for a change in the viewpoint of his higher education has been considered essential.

The advance in this idea, which is represented by the American University Union, is the definite recommendation that the student take his graduate work, even for general culture, in a foreign university. This ideal represents the finest trend of world thought today when all civilized countries are thinking in international terms. Long has the scholar journeyed to Leipzig and Oxford for his technically scholastic studies, but this desire for a totally different background for graduate education represents a newer phase in American educational life.

Outgrowth of World War

THE American University Union is an outgrowth of the movement that grew up after the signing of the armistice which sent 35,000 American soldiers serving their country to the universities of England and France. It was found to be such a practical institution to promote understanding between American and foreign universities that it was reorganized after the war as a permanent institution with offices in London and Paris.

The London offices are under the direction of Dr. George E. MacLean and there is being worked out in this office a unique phase of international education which is combining definite work in some English institution and a course of travel in that greatest of all institutions—the University of the World. Dr. MacLean not only arranges for places in the crowded universities of England for American students, but he is working out a system of guidance for college students who are anxious to see the world and to watch the wheels of civilization spin around.

Dr. MacLean was formerly the president of the State University of Iowa. He had earned a rest from his labors as a college president but the war, and the demand then for some sort of useful service, impelled him to accept an appointment with the American Army Over-sea Educational Commission. When he was finished with the task of supervising the placing of 2,000 students in English universities he was asked to organize the American University Union on a permanent basis. It is now on such a basis, definitely functioning as a clearing house for American and English college professors and students, and to it is now being added this newer phase of first-hand education in the mechanics of civilization.

First-Hand Factory Experience

THESE are great days for practical studies and there is a very general demand all over the country for the sending of technical students into industrial establishments for first-hand experience. The new contribution of the American University Union, then, is to send the student interested in political science, diplomacy, social science and foreign culture into the workshop of the world for intimate, first-hand experience. It is this function of the union that has become important, and it is for this reason that the General Educational Board and individual colleges in America, together with the British and French governments, have contributed to its support, thereby making it possible to offer its services free to all American students and college professors.

"We are living in a new international era" explained Dr. MacLean when interviewed in his spacious offices in the house on Russell Square, "and I conceive this union to be an answer to the definite demand to prepare university graduates for international leadership by study in foreign universities and travels throughout the world. It is my belief that peace throughout the world will be possible only through the formulation of a basis of mutual understanding that can be brought about only by an intermingling of the young students of the world in a new comradeship.

"The object of the institute is to develop international good will by means of educational agencies. It seeks, therefore, to be a bureau of information and advice for Americans concerning things cultural and educational in all foreign countries and for foreigners concerning things cultural and educational in the United States, and accepts the union officers in France and Great Britain as its representatives in those countries.

"The union undertakes to obtain and disseminate information as to opportunities for graduate study, regulations for degrees, and scholarships and fellowships open to Americans in the universities and other institutions of higher education of France, Great Britain and Italy. The union, by means of a questionnaire, hopes to obtain information with regard to British, French and Italian professors willing to accept temporary teaching posts or to give lectures in the colleges and universities of the United States.

"In short, at this university bureau house, there is a beginning of the realization of the vision of a university international clearing house of information and advice, and a headquarters for visiting scholars and conferences."

The American University Union functions in many interesting ways. Through its offices there is always passing the American college student and the office never seems to fail to take care of his wants. A young graduate student arrives with the object of gathering material for a thesis on a phase of English imperialism. He is referred to the great mines of literature at the London School of Economics. Another student has contracted a severe cold and would like to know a good doctor. He is sent immediately to one of the best specialists in London who charges a moderate price through agreement with the union. In a crowded London Dr. MacLean arranges hotel accommodations ahead of time for the traveling student. He puts at his disposal cards of introduction to prominent men and should any difficulties arise, the American University Union keeps in close touch with the American Embassy to solve all troubles. Students are referred to good London tailors who do not charge tourist prices. A list of good plays to be seen in London is kept, and the office is kept posted as to recitals and art exhibitions. Travelers are advised as to the best traveling routes to take and the best agencies with which to deal on tours. In these hundred and one little ways does this union make for the enlightened and more economical travel of American students in pursuit of this new sort of course in the wheels of civilization.

For the information of many American students thinking of coming to England for this new sort of graduate course, Dr. MacLean has prepared a prospectus of opportunities, but he has further explained in this interview the conditions which the American student must face in coming at this time.

English University Expenses

ENGLISH universities are crowded at the present time. Several generations of college students, owing to the war, are attending the colleges and also, Dr. MacLean explains, there has developed a new sense of the value of collegiate education among the English people which accounts for the greater number of students in all English colleges. In spite of these crowded conditions, and in spite of long waiting lists of English students denied admission to many English colleges, there has been evidenced a special desire on the part of English university authorities to provide in some way for graduate students from America who meet with their requirements. There has been reserved a special number of places for American students and Dr. MacLean states that the places have been rapidly filled by students until there are really very few vacanies now left for the next year in English colleges.

Oxford and Cambridge are especially crowded. All the colleges are full and the accommodations in the towns are said to be very scarce and very costly. The cost of a university training at Oxford and Cambridge might be illustrated by the experience of Rhodes scholars. The original Rhodes scholarship was three hundred pounds (roughly $1,500) but now the Rhodes trust grants an additional fifty pounds bonus and it is the experience of these Rhodes scholars that they can live only with economy over here and can do very little traveling as provided by their grant. Some of them depend on extra work to supplement their incomes which is totally out of the spirit of an Oxford education.

Rooms at Oxford in approved lodgings cost normally about three pounds and five shillings (roughly about $13) a week but they can be secured for three pounds. The British way of itemizing fees for university courses may be called the piece system of payment as contrasted with the American plan of payment in lump sums. The fees at Oxford are doubtless the most expensive of all and Cambridge next. The total of fees in Oxford for the doctor of philosophy degree (in England D.Ph. and in America Ph. D.) is about $240 if three years' study is required; $210 if for two years. The London total of fees for the same degree is $230 (if for three years) and $190 (if for two years). It must be noted that degrees in science cost considerably more on account of charges for materials used in laboratories.

On this basis, one might conservatively put the cost of a year's education at Oxford or Cambridge with an allowance for travel at about $3,000 a year and it runs all the way up to $5,000. It should be emphasized that the type of education offered by Oxford and Cambridge is radically different from that which one gets at, for instance, the University of London with its many branches that stretch out all over the city. Oxford emphasizes the gentlemanly tradition in education and a great deal of its value lies in the communal training that living within the musty old confines of a delightful college gives the young student. This real training of Oxford is totally dissimilar from the training of an American college that does not, in its community life, place so high a premium on the culture of manner. Incidentally, this is one of the best possible trainings that could be offered the ruder American student with his more boisterous traditions that does not make him a true man of the world. A sacrifice of American ideals to the ease and *savoir-faire* of the European is not a bad addition to the education of a true American gentleman and the development of a real sense of culture in American life is not an undesirable object.

World's Great School of Economics

IT SHOULD be pointed out that in a university like the University of London the American student can get a vision of world economics that can be obtained nowhere else in the world. Amid the life of London, the greatest human laboratory in the world, there is a great school for the study of economics and another for the study of world trade, and both are open to Americans. The University of London has a library surpassed by no other university in the world and has facilities for technical studies surpassed by few universities.

In a place like the University of London one finds a more democratic background for study. Frequently the American student does not attempt to enter the social life of Oxford and thus a great deal of the very best that Oxford can offer is not accepted. In London, there is no attempt made to develop a cloister-like social life. All the students are really day students or "out students" and they wander about London and the Continent at their own free will, returning only for their courses in the University of London. It is here that probably the more serious scholastic work is done by the foreign student.

Mention should be made of the provincial or civic universities of the United Kingdom which are even more cosmopolitan than Oxford and Cambridge for they have a greater percentage of foreign students. A university like the University of Aberdeen resembles more distinctly the American university and it is there that the American student feels more at home.

An interesting sidelight on English education can be obtained by a survey of the conditions of higher education in England. It will be noted that there are but 18 accredited universities in the United Kingdom as contrasted with the 600 universities and colleges of the United States, which number could be swelled to nearly 1,000 by the inclusion of those institutions that do not come up to the full attainments of a definite university standard. The total student population in Great Britain is probably not more than 35,000 as contrasted to the hundreds of thousands of American students now in attendance at American colleges.

Quality First Consideration

THIS indicates a great difference in viewpoint of the English people on higher education. They distinctly believe in quality in university training instead of quantity production that is inevitable in a more democratic social life. To the English it has been considered a waste of valuable time to send the average youth to college, and it is only today that this idea is being abandoned with very great reluctance. The residential and tutorial system of English universities, with the expenses entailed in such a procedure, does not lend itself to great numbers as it is very costly. However, this idea is breaking down in view of the wider acceptance of the ideals of higher education for the greater mass of the youth of Great Britain.

English universities are no different at the present time from American institutions in the facing of serious financial problems. The war has hit them much harder than it has affected American colleges. The English Parliament made a grant of one million pounds to the universities even before the signing of the armistice which indicates what great store England sets by for the value of higher education. The Royal Commission to determine the expenditure of this appropriation is now at work at Oxford and Cambridge. In the meantime the University of London is being developed more and more as the great imperial university of England.

Into the center of all this, into the center of a new world, the American student is now invited to enter, with facilities for achieving a new international viewpoint placed at his command.

Massasoit—the Good Indian

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

THERE was a time in our history when the people thought that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. But they had forgotten Massasoit and how the Pilgrims might have endured a miserable fate without his friendship. They had forgotten the story of Bradford, the governor, who recorded that on "a fair warm day toward" in the spring of 1621 the Pilgrims "were interrupted by the savages" and "interrupted again" and soon "there presented himself a savage which caused an alarm."

Boldly as a modern bandit the red man proceeded up the main street of Plymouth. Anticipating trickery of some sort, the Pilgrims prudently intercepted him; whereupon the lone visitor surprised them by saluting in words they readily understood:

"Welcome, Englishmen! I am the envoy of Massasoit, the greatest commander in this land."

Captain Miles Standish probably doubted the latter part of the announcement, but he did not urge upon the savage his own claims to the honor. Instead, he saw the fellow's bow and two arrows, one headed and the other bare; and presently he found occasion to suggest that henceforth all arms should be left about a quarter of a mile outside Plymouth.



This statue of Massasoit, the Indian friend of the Pilgrims, is to be unveiled this summer at Plymouth, Massachusetts. It is the work of Cyrus E. Dallin, famous American sculptor of "The Scout," "The Signal of Peace," "The Indian Hunter," "The Medicine Man" and other Indian types.

Samoset (for that was the Indian's name) wore only a thin leather about his waist. Such stark nudity did not agree with the Pilgrim ideas of modesty; the hosts hastily cast a horseman's cloak about him.

Where had Samoset learned the English language? Where was his tribe and how numerous the warriors thereof? These are only two of the dozens of questions the colonists asked while the savage ate the biscuit, butter, cheese, pudding, and piece of duck, meanwhile washing all down with the "strong water" cunningly substituted for the beer he had requested.

The visitor talked as he ate. Four years before his people had been almost wiped out by a plague; and that accounted for the fact that the Pilgrims had found the near-by land unoccupied. As for his acquirement of the English language, he declared he had been with the English fishermen along the Maine Coast and had picked up the few words he knew.

The Pilgrims and Samoset talked far into the afternoon. They wanted to be rid of him, but he had apparently made up his mind to stay. Still suspicious, they lodged him that night at Steven Hopkin's house and, as Bradford wrote, "watched him." The next morning they gave him a knife, a bracelet and a ring; and he departed after promising to return soon with some of his friends and "such beaver skins as they had to truck with us."

Samoset and five men came Sunday, after casting their bows and arrows aside at some distance from Plymouth. The colonists offered food, and the red men responded with songs and dances. They had three or four skins. The Englishmen refused to bother with the small number, also disliking to barter on the Sabbath; so they asked the savages to bring more and they would then "truck for all."

Because of the significance of the day the white men dismissed their visitors as soon as they could. They left the skins, even against the protests of the Pilgrims, and the five left Samoset who was "sick or feigned himself so." On Wednesday morning they gave their first acquaintance a hat, a pair of stockings and shoes, a shirt, and a piece of cloth to tie about his waist. Perhaps the English-speaking savage coyly suspected he would be enriched if he remained.

Would Samoset bring his chief, Massasoit, the next time he came? They would have a powwow and smoke the peace pipe and be friends forever. Samoset liked the idea. He would guide Massasoit there.

After a few days Massasoit and his warriors arrived at Plymouth. The colonists were not impressed with the dignity of the great sagamore, for they described him as "painted of a sad red" with head and face so oiled that he "looked greasily." This attitude was further advanced by the marked relish that Massasoit and his men displayed for drum music; they had never seen a drum.

But the Indians truly wanted to maintain their friendship with the white men and sought an alliance.

The Pilgrims knew that the Wampanoags had little military strength, but they also knew that as scouts and conveyors of information the tribe would be a valuable help. Consequently in the momentous spring of 1621 the first treaty in our history was signed at Plymouth. William Bradford thus recorded the agreement which contained six provisions:

1. That neither he nor any of his should injurie or doe hurte to any of their peopl.
2. That if any of his did any hurte to any of theirs, he should send the offender, that they might punish him.
3. That if anything were taken away from any of theirs, he should cause it to be restored; and they should doe the like to his.
4. If any did unjustly warr against him, they would aide him; if any did warr against them, he should aide them.
5. He should send to his neighbors confederats to certifie them of this, that they might not wrong him, but might be likewise comprised in the conditions of the peace.
6. That when their men came to them, they should leave their bows and arrows behind them.

Did the colonists "put one over" the Wampanoags in the final article? The red men must come unarmed when they desired to enter Plymouth; but the white men were not placed under any similar provision when paying a visit to Massasoit at the tribal camp.

Note that the second item required punishment for offenders among the savages, also that nothing was said on the subject of transgressions by the whites, with the exception of the stipulation on theft as set forth in the third paragraph. Furthermore, the opening statement was one which bound the natives while it left civilization, as represented by the Pilgrims, utterly free. Did our Puritan ancestors consider themselves angels on earth and incapable of doing wrong?

On the whole it cannot be denied that the treaty strongly favored the English. A summing up reveals that the Indians were bound by the entire six points whereas the wily white men were obligated by only two.

The aborigines, ever ready to aid their new friends, in a short time taught the "pale faces" how to "set their corne, when to take fish, and how to procure other commodities."

In 1623, approximately two years after the signing of the treaty, the death of Massasoit was reported to two Pilgrims. Like Mark Twain's, however, it was greatly exaggerated. These men, Edward Winslow and John Hampden, who had been dispatched by Governor Bradford to the bedside of the old chief, decided to continue their journey with their Indian guide, Hobbamock. When they arrived, they found a number of wailing squaws and medicine men trying to drive the devil of sickness away. Six or eight of the dusky women were chafing the limbs of the sick man who was so nearly dead that he could not see.

"Art thou Winslow?" the tribal head feebly asked on being told that the men were before him.

"Yes, Massasoit."

"Oh, Winslow," he mourned, "I shall never see you again."

But the Englishmen refused to give up hope. Winslow asked Hobbamock to act as interpreter. Then he told the savage who, in turn, told his master:

"The governor was grieved to learn that you are sick. Being unable to come himself, he sent us with some comfortable things for your relief."

Winslow gave his red-faced friend a "confection of many comfortable conserves," dosed it to him on the point of his knife; but the sick man clenched his teeth and the other could scarcely remove the knife therefrom.

"When it was dissolved in his mouth," Winslow afterward wrote of the incident, "he swallowed the juice of it; whereat those that were about him much rejoiced, saying he had not swallowed anything in two days before."

Winslow gathered strawberry leaves, pulled up a sassafras root, and boiled them together. "I strained it through my handkerchief," he said of the brew, "and gave him at least a pint, which he drank and liked very well."

Within half an hour the "physician" had wrought a noticeable improvement in the patient's condition.

The old sachem later revealed a conspiracy against the colonists, and the Pilgrims thwarted the plot.

In his "New England Memorial" Nathaniel Morton pictured the chief as "a very lusty man in his last years, an able body, grave of countenance, and spare of speech." Certainly he was humane and honest, and certainly he never violated his word.

The Psychology of Profanity

By EDWARD BOCK

WHY do men swear? Swearing is bad form and from the standpoint of common sense an utterly futile use of vocal energy. Religious teaching forbids swearing as blasphemy and public opinion brands the user of profanity as common, vulgar and indecent. And still men swear. Profanity seems to be as prevalent among the races of mankind as breathing and eating. The oldest literature extant familiarizes us with the oaths and objurgations of the ancients and travelers among primitive tribes confirm the assertion that swearing is a universal human habit. The universality of profanity suggests that it subserves some common and fundamental need which the rigid rules of propriety and social disapproval are unable to prevent from finding satisfaction. In his book on "The Psychology of Relaxation," Professor G. T. W. Patrick makes clear what this need is and how profanity satisfies it.

Disregarding for the moment the ethics of the situation and considering only the psychology involved, Professor Patrick observes that swearing offers a physiologically harmless exercise to emotions which might otherwise be destructive. Long before language was evolved, the animals through cries, snarls and growls gave expression to their feelings and communicated with their fellows. One of the most primitive forms of vocalization was the roar of anger which was of use in combat in terrifying the enemy. It was of a kind with the showing of teeth, the bristling of the hair and other defensive measures. When a man is in a frenzy of anger and action is impossible, his only relief from the tension is the modern form of the snarl and growl namely ejaculation and vituperation. Profanity is caused by "a situation in which there is a high degree of emotion usually of the aggressive type accompanied by a feeling of helplessness." Action being impossible, the strong feeling of anger or disapproval finds its outlet in withering language. Professor Patrick says that if a man did not swear, he would do something worse. As it is, he gets satisfaction without hurting the other fellow. The principle is similar to the relief obtained by women from a good cry. Swearing is therefore a purgative. The loudest swearer, like the barking dog, usually is the least to be feared. Swearing is a safety valve in that it prevents a destructive explosion.

Why cannot provocation and annoyance be relieved through more innocuous language? Professor Patrick answers this by showing that as the animal acquired the kind of roar which was most efficacious in terrifying its adversary, so man uses expletives which will produce the greatest amount of shock in the opponent. If one cannot do the enemy physical harm one can at least have the satisfaction of consigning him and his progeny to eternal perdition. If one cannot hurt him, the gods can be invoked to do the job. The verbal weapons chosen in this mock combat will be those which are most telling in their effects. The names of sacred persons, places and objects best meet the requirements.

Persons who do not use mouth-filling oaths, get relief from painful stress by using what appear to be innocent terms unaware of the fact that many of the words used are corruptions and disguised forms of regular cuss-words. "For the Land's Sake" is a harmless ejaculation but it invokes a sacred place—the Holy Land. It is inherited from the time when crusades were waged for sacred places. "Gad," "Gosh," and "Gol" are obviously euphemistic forms of saying "God," as is "Deuce," a derivation of the Latin "Deus." "Law" is a corruption of "Lord." "Darn," "Durn" and "Dang" are used by people too reverent and refined to say the real word implied. Even words like "Goodness," "Gracious," and "Mercy" are originally sacred, religious terms and were once ejaculatory prayers.

How is the most useless sort of profanity, the verbal filler, the casual swearing of ordinary conversation to be explained? Professor Patrick's thesis is that modern life is too artificial, confining and repressing for human beings so narrowly removed in point of time from savage life and that escape from the inhibitions must be sought and the primitive conditions approximated. Relaxation is found in drink, play, sport and laughter. Profanity is also considered to be a form of relaxation because it gives relief from repression. Vulgar language, disgusting phrases and revolting allusions serve the same purpose among the lower social elements as profanity and may, therefore, be classified in the same category. We laugh at a portly, silk-hatted man who stubs his toe because there is a momentary escape from excessive propriety. Improper phrases give a similar sort of satisfaction. Expressions which are nauseating to a sensitive and refined person give to grosser individuals a sort of mental catharsis. They take them back to the spontaneous and unrestrained conditions of animal life and savage freedom and give a momentary relief from the restrictions of civilization by offering the satisfactions of a brief return to a more untrammeled existence. Profanity is, therefore, seen as a lapse into savagery and offers the same enjoyment to men smothered by an atmosphere of culture and refinement as the restless urchin experiences when he takes off the starched blouse which he wore to Sunday school and goes out to play in the dirt.

Briefly Told

On June 21, the inky-black bottom of a fourteen-hundred-foot mine at Sombrerete, Mexico is suddenly flooded with sunlight. It is an annual event as the mine is on the line of the Tropic of Cancer, and at noon of each June 21, the sun is vertically above the excavation and lights up the shaft to the bottom.

The entire town of Nicola, British Columbia—courthouse, post office, stores and residences—was purchased by a South African capitalist who intends to convert it into a model English village. A village green will replace the business section and model farms will be laid out on the twenty thousand acres surrounding the town.

The "Iron Hindenburg," a great wooden statue of the German field marshal, is offered for sale as firewood. It was erected with the idea of covering it with a coating of nails. A small charge was made for war charities for the privilege of driving each nail.

A .50-caliber machine gun has been developed by the United States Army, capable of firing a bullet which, at 200 yards, will penetrate one-inch armor plate.

Transmission, publication or circulation of information concerning the odds on horse races, or the betting on horses in any race in the state of Louisiana, is forbidden in a clause of the new state constitution.

Telegraph service in the interior of Argentina is frequently interrupted as a result of weaver spiders whose long silken lines cause short circuits when they cross the wires.

Because of a shortage of spaghetti in his homeland, Enrico Caruso laid in a large supply prior to his sailing for Italy.

France plans to transfer twenty-five thousand houses from Germany to the devastated regions.

More than three millions of Americans of prerevolutionary stock live in the Ozarks and the Appalachian Highlands.

The battle of the Little Big Horn is to be reenacted on the forty-fifth anniversary of the Custer Massacre, June 25, with United States cavalrymen and members of the American Legion taking the part of General Custer's ill-fated forces and Cheyenne and Crow Indians representing the attacking Sioux.

Housewives of Berlin are boycotting the Fruit Growers' Union which has fixed the price of cherries at eight marks a pound.

A biological expedition recently sailed from New York to South America to explore the headwaters of the Amazon and seek Theodore Roosevelt's famous "river of doubt." Special search will be made for rare herbs and plants desired by chemists and the medical profession. It is expected the expedition will be away at least two years.

King George has entered his racing yacht in thirty British regattas this summer. On July 16 and 18, the royal yacht Britannia will race Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock at the Harwich regatta. The Britannia will not participate in any foreign regattas.

A former sailor and lumberjack, a student of the University of Washington in the engineering department of the Federal board of vocational training, has established a new record in the army's "alpha" intelligence test, with a perfect score of 212 points in 13 minutes. The best previous score was 207 points in 17 minutes, made by a Yale professor.

As a result of a terrific hail storm which recently swept a section of Colorado, many wild ducks, unable to battle against the high wind and the hail, broke their wings, causing them to fall helpless to the earth. In the vicinity of Crestone fully one hundred plump ducks were obtained.

Prehistoric ruins of what is believed to have been a different race of cliff dwellers from those who inhabited the ruins in the Mesa Verde national parks have been discovered in an almost inaccessible region north of the Navajo Mountains in Colorado. The discoverer believes he was the first white man to view the ruins, many of which are larger and better preserved than those in the Mesa Verde national park.

Girls who plan on entering the fashionable Wellesley college preparatory school, Dana Hall, must pledge themselves to wear evening gowns with long sleeves and dresses reaching to the ankles, according to new rules recently issued.

France's share of the two million dollars bequeathed to France and Belgium by a citizen of Grove City, Pennsylvania, is to be used in caring for sick children in the war-devastated regions.

Germany's casualties in the World War are placed at 6,888,982 by the commander of the American medical corps.

To soothe the Harvard undergraduate who is nervous over the approaching examinations, music in ten-minute doses is to be provided each morning in the university chapel. The choirmaster has made the announcement that a program of light classical selections is to be offered.

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Editorials

Briefly Told

Honor for  *the "Comrades of the Stars"*

Alan Seeger Chosen as Type for Memorial to American Volunteers

By ADRIENNE RICHARD

Paris, May 15—(By Mail.)

IT HAS been said on high authority that no poem written during the war attained greater reputation or touched a greater number of hearts than "I Have a Rendezvous With Death." Perhaps no other single figure so fitly symbolizes the spirit of high adventure in which the youth of America touched souls with the youth of France in the tremendous world struggle which these brave boys felt in their heart of hearts to be the high summons of chivalric duty, whatever scheming sordidness of politicians pulled the unseen strings. Of Alan Seeger, the young American member of France's Foreign Legion who fell in the attack on Belloy-en-Santerre on July 4, 1916, at the age of 28, the distinguished English critic, William Archer, says: "Of all the poets who have died young, none had so beautiful a death. One cannot help thinking of the group of English poets who departed in the flower of their manhood in the past hundred years: Keats exhaling his soul in a fit of coughing near the stairway of the Trinity of the Mount; the flaming spirit of Shelley extinguished by a blast of wind from the hills of Carrara; Byron poisoned by a fly's bite at the very beginning of his great adventure. For all these one cannot help feeling a regret which nothing can dissipate. Alan Seeger, on the contrary, we may truly envy. Youth had given him all that it could give . . . . And in the plenitude of his triumphal strength, his eyes brilliant, his pulse vigorous, he met the death which he had voluntarily chosen in the cause of the country which he loved and in the moment of victory. Over and over again, he had said in prose and in verse that such a death seemed to him beautiful. And two years of endurance without complaint of privations freely accepted, and of constant danger, proved that he said only what he really thought. Without pretending to measure Seeger with Shelley, Byron or Keats—although I think that none of these would have disdained his lyrical gift—I am certain that he was assuredly of their line, not only because of his premature death, but also for his entire devotion of heart to the romantic spirit. From his infancy, his one passion was Beauty, and it was under the form of Romance that she revealed herself to him. He was resolved from the start not only to write but to live romance; and when fatality threw in his way an historic occasion he seized it with delight. He knew that he played with death, but that was the very essence of his ideal."



Sculptor's first rough clay model of memorial statue to American Volunteers by Jean Boucher, which will probably find place in the Champs Elysees. The face of Alan Seeger symbolically furnishes the leit motif of the work.

The ardent and generous emotion that swayed this gallant young American and so many of his comrades is well suggested in his own lines: in the Memorial Day Ode read before the statue of Washington and Lafayette in Paris on May 30, 1916:

Now heaven be praised
That in the hour that most imperilled her,
Menaced her liberty who foremost raised
Europe's bright flag of freedom, some there were
Who, not unmindful of the antique debt,
Came back the generous path of Lafayette;

* * * * *

And where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
Where the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangled wires
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers:
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave drops;
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops were ours.

Such thoughts as these recurred to me yesterday when, accepting an invitation from the sculptor, Jean Bouchér, I had the privilege of a first private view at his studio of the model, or rather the *esquisse* (rough sketch), as he insists on calling it, of the memorial of the American Volunteers in the Great War which he has just completed. Suggested months ago by a group of Paris litterateurs, the idea has been enthusiastically taken up of erecting in Paris a lasting and fitting memorial that should in a special manner mark French appreciation of the fine spirit of those heroic young Americans who so spontaneously enlisted in the service of France immediately on the outbreak of the war, intuitively recognizing the French cause in that early hour to be the cause of America also—the cause of Human Freedom. Few of us here will forget the memorable day in August, 1914, when several hundred young Americans, students, painters, writers and newspaper men who had been living in Paris, marched through the streets to the War Office to offer themselves to France. Without renouncing their own nationality, yet loving France enough to make her cause their own and feeling under a moral obligation to put their breasts between France and destruction, they asked the privilege of serving in any capacity. Most of them were at first assigned to the Foreign Legion, whence later a number went to man the essential services in which it was felt that their intelligence and their youthful enthusiasm would count most. First there was the American Ambulance Service, organized at the outset of the war by Richard Norton when ten auto chassis were secured, their bodies made with packing cases and offered to the French Government. From this small beginning, the corps grew within two years to eight sections of 25 cars each with a group of hospitals near Paris. Then came the organization of the famous flying corps, the Escadrille de Lafayette, also composed of young Americans. Before the United States officially came into the war, the names of a number of these Americans were, like that of Seeger, immortalized by their heroic deaths in action. "Comrades of the Stars" he had apostrophized them. Readers will instantly recall the profound influence created at the time on the minds of thinking people in Europe and America by the news of the fall of Victor Chapman, Norman Prince, James McConnell, Richard N. Hall, of Ann Arbor, Michigan; Dilwyn Starr, Kiffin Rockwell, Kenneth Weeks and Henry Harnsworth are other names among these brave youngsters whose memory France will long keep green.

Not a man of them but would agree, could he speak to us from the Valhalla of Happy Warriors, that all for which they stood is well summed up and symboled in the soul of Alan Seeger. It was with quick response to this inspiration that I noted in M. Bouchér's model that the vitalizing feature of his strikingly chaste and spiritual design was the head of the young American poet-warrior. The happy thought is one that might well be looked for from the French artistic genius, which goes instinctively to the inner sources of ideas that count.

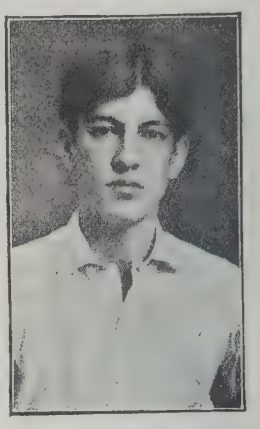
I ventured some remark to this effect after we had stood together in silent contemplation of the model for a few moments.

"Ah," exclaimed the sculptor, "I have thrown myself with all my ardor, with all my love for the beautiful into this work! From the moment the commission came to me, I have been inspired by thought of the young poet, Alan Seeger, whom it was my good fortune to know and love. It was inevitable that I should, in seeking to express the essential qualities of the spirit of these young American volunteers in the first dark and terrible days of the Great War—the qualities that so entirely command the veneration of the French people—reproduce as symbol of the central altar fire of France's memorial the head and the features of the author of 'I Have a Rendezvous With Death.' And, dear friend, I have a strong impression, that as time goes on both France and America will take from this modest reminder of the days that tried men's souls as they were never tried before, some suggestion of the grand truth that in nobility of these devoted sons shone the true soul of America: that eternal love for Liberty in which the two great republics must ever meet as sisters, children of a common mother."



ALAN SEEGER
In the War Uniform of the Foreign Legion

Only a few hours before my visit, the committee charged with the organization and carrying out of the memorial project had conferred with M. Bouchér at the studio in regard to it. All had expressed fullest satisfaction with his conception as embodied in the clay model which he insists on regarding as merely a rough sketch. But he assured them that he preferred that the matter of the final shape of the work should be kept open and exacted a promise that the independence of the artist in such matters should be strictly regarded and that he should have fullest liberty to make such changes as may seem to him best in developing his conception. In fact, it was only on my promise to keep this proviso before the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT that he consented to give me the accompanying photograph.



ALAN SEEGER
Student, Poet and Soldier of the Legion.

It is my belief, however, that M. Bouchér has so happily hit off the most fitting form for the idea his work is meant to express that the finished work will show no substantial departure from the *esquisse* pictured here. From a purely literary point of view, it is likely that in the critic's estimation, more than one other of Seeger's poems will outrank, "I Have a Rendezvous With Death"; but in the heart of the great majority of readers these are undoubtedly the lines by which he will be longest remembered. The poem breathes something of the vastness of view of Walt Whitman's "Heavenly Whispers of Death." Like Whitman, too, Seeger's fearless welcome of death went hand in hand with a sensuousness of nature fully alive to the joys of earthly beauty and the pleasures of this world, to which, however, he would not allow himself to be enslaved.

As to the thought that was his dominating inspiration, it has been said that Alan Seeger was not of our twentieth century, but rather an Elizabethan by nature. This verdict savors too much of the pedantic notion that we must always go back to the past for examples of high idealism and the lofty blend of courage and gayety of the old soldiers of fortune. Be that as it may, it is not without significance that the first of Seeger's sonnets is dedicated to that fine flower of English chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney:

Sidney, in whom the heyday of romance
Came to its precious and most perfect flower,
Whether you tourneyed with victorious lance
Or brought sweet roundelays to Stella's bower,
I give myself some credit for the way
I have kept clean of what enslaves and lowers,
Shunned the ideals of our present day,
And studied those that were esteemed in yours;
For, turning from the mob that buys Success
By sacrificing all Life's better part,
Down the free roads of human happiness
I frolicked, poor of purse but light of heart,
And lived in strict devotion all along
To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song.



1. The city of Hot Springs is hardly more than a great number of winding streets that weave in and out among the Ozarks. 2. "Bathhouse Row" in Hot Springs. Some of the most elaborate bathhouses in the world are located here.

Our Oldest National Park

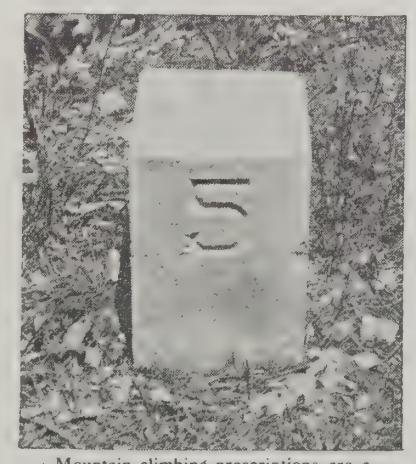
Hot Springs Reservation, in Arkansas Ozarks, One of Our Smallest Parks, Tempts Tourists in Search of Health and Picturesque Wilds—Vistas of Woodland and Mountains, Including a National Forest of More Than 640,000 Acres.

THE oldest and almost the smallest of our national parks is located in one of the least known of our states. In fact, this one and a half square miles, comprising the Hot Springs National Park in Arkansas, and very fortunately controlled by Uncle Sam, outranks any similar resort in the United States, and in the world for that matter. I have this from Dr. William P. Parks, the government superintendent, and it is just another reason why there is no particular argument for spending vacations in Europe. Today this park attracts 150,000 visitors yearly, most of whom come to make use of the radio-active waters which pour from the mountainside at the rate of nearly a million gallons a day.

The drive uptown from the railroad station is a never forgotten sight. For nearly a solid two blocks there are nothing but bathhouses, some modest and others more luxurious. In fact, Hot Springs is hardly more than a great number of winding streets that weave in and out among the Ozarks, the business blocks and houses jutting up against the hillsides. In normal times it has a population of approximately 16,000, but when the winter visitors begin their pilgrimages, the number is doubled.

For nearly a full century, forty years before Yellowstone was made a national park, Hot Springs has been a government reservation. A few months ago Congress officially declared it a national park, although it had always been classified as such. It is believed that the hot springs were visited by De Soto in 1541, and there is a tale that the Indian tribes battled for control of the waters, but finally declared a truce. As early as 1800 people resorted to the springs in hope of regaining their health.

So in 1832 Congress set aside the hot springs and mountains surrounding them, making the first national park reservation in the country, and preventing the commercial exploitation of the springs. The park today includes Hot Springs Mountain, North Mountain, West Mountain, Sugar Loaf Mountain and Whittington Lake Park. All of these lofty hills, except Sugar Loaf, are now connected with modern automobile roads, a development of the last couple of years. From a lofty tower on the top of Hot Springs Mountain land in Oklahoma may be seen. Nearly every foot on these mountain roads brings to view new vistas of woodland and mountain. In the early spring the bright green of the foliage, the purples of the distant mountains, intermingled with the wild flowers and shrubbery, make a pretty picture.



Mountain climbing prescriptions are a feature of Hot Springs. The government has placed these numbered stones along the roads, so that physicians may prescribe climbs to a certain point.

At the present time nearly a quarter of a million dollars is being expended by the government in the erection of a new free bathhouse for the use of patients who cannot afford to pay for treatments. On a daily average the year round 350 indigent patients receive free baths.

In connection with the new free bathhouse building, one entire floor will be given over to a free clinic. This free clinic will take care of all of the indigent bathers, and is divided into departments according to the nature of the disease. This clinic will be very elaborate and it is hoped to make it one of the best in the South. This takes the place of the old clinic now being operated in the government's old bathhouse, which was organized by the superintendent in 1916. Much benefit has been derived from this clinic and has been a great boon to those indigents who are unable to pay for medical treatment. Of course, most of the visitors make use of the baths in the paid bathhouses, where charges, however, are regulated by the government. The government does not have any facilities for caring for indigent patients, other than free baths and a free medical clinic, and they must arrange for board and lodging.

In fact, "Have you had your bawth?" is the most important question asked of a person in Hot Springs. Back home if anyone were to ask you that, you would feel very much insulted but in Hot Springs it is all right, and in perfectly good form.

There are approximately fifty hot springs from which the waters are derived. This is stored in reservoirs and distributed to all the bathhouses in the city. There are 536 bathtubs in Hot Springs that are connected with this hot water, and from each of these the government receives $80 a year for use of water. All of this money goes into the fund for the development of the park itself.

Just why these waters should be efficient in the treatment of numerous diseases such as rheumatism and neuralgia has been a much discussed question. The waters themselves are clear and not ill-smelling as are so many hot springs waters. Not so many years ago electroscopic tests of the waters were made, showing that they are radio-active to a marked degree, due to dissolved radium emanation (a gas), rather than to the presence of salts of radium, this accounting for the curative powers. But, of course, a great deal of the success of the baths lies in the outdoor exercises in which all the invalids participate. A rather ingenious system of supervised mountain climbing was introduced by Doctor Parks, the superintendent of the reservation, so that local physicians could make prescriptions of outdoor exercises. Throughout the mountains adjacent to Hot Springs have been placed numbered stone markers. There are four main roads, one comparatively level, one slightly inclined, one moderately steep, and one very steep. The doctor prescribing for his patient marks on a slip of paper the road that his patient is to take and the marker to which he is to climb. The first few days he may climb to only the markers numbered "8" or "10," while a few weeks later he may climb up to "31" or "32" on the mountain. These mountain climbing prescriptions are a unique feature of the Hot Springs Reservation.



3. Everywhere in this National Park are tangles of light and shade with distant hills popping into view.

The Army and Navy General Hospital occupies a prominent place on Hot Springs Mountain. It is for the benefit of disabled soldiers and sailors whom, it is believed, the waters of the springs will benefit. Application for admission to this hospital should be made to the Adjutant General, United States Army, Washington.

A drive of twelve miles from Hot Springs and one is in the Arkansas national forest. For one who is uninitiated in the Arkansas country, a trip in or near this forest is unique. Approximately 640,000 acres are embraced in the forest and more is constantly being added. Splendid hunting and fishing are to be found throughout this country. Deer and turkey make it certain that no one will have to miss his Thanksgiving dinner. It is hoped to establish some game refuges in this forest where the animals will multiply and gradually spread over the surrounding country. Where this has been done in eastern states great success has greeted the venture. Owners of land near these refuges have been able to sell hunting privileges on their land at such high figures that the Forest Service has been unable to purchase any more land adjoining the refuges. There are many parts of Arkansas where land can still be purchased almost for a song and doubtless as its possibilities become more fully appreciated, the country will become more densely settled.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 35, June 25, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Sidetracking Disarmament

THE suspicion is growing that the Porter Resolution, introduced in the House to "broaden" the Senate Resolution regarding a disarmament conference, is a deliberately planned attempt to sidetrack the whole proposition. Senator Borah's resolution simply requested and authorized the President to call a conference of the three great naval powers, Great Britain, Japan and the United States, for the calm consideration of a reduction of the present competitive building programs. It suggests the eminently practicable and effective first step toward disarmament.

Mr. Porter's resolution proposes what every thinking man well knows is an impossibility. It is that the conference to be called should include *all* the European and the Latin-American powers, and that it should deal with the whole subject of disarmament, including land and air as well as sea forces. It proposes the attainment of the millennium of disarmament at a single bound. This despite the fact that in the Senate Committee hearings on the subject such men as General Pershing and General Bliss, Admiral Sims and Benson and the then Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, all pointed out with conclusive reasoning that such an expansion in the scope of the proposed conference—because of the present world situation—would inevitably defeat its purpose, deferring indefinitely any real progress in the direction of world disarmament.

Obviously petty, if not dishonest, pretexts are urged by the leaders of the majority party in the House for the substitution of the Porter for the Borah proposal. One is that it would protect Presidential prerogative from Senatorial infringement; another that it would evince a more careful regard for the tender national susceptibilities of France, Italy and Spain. Even if we grant the fullest weight to these considerations, it is difficult to imagine sane and sincere legislators letting them stand for an instant in the way of the tremendously momentous issue that is at stake—the issue of peace or war throughout the world for at least a generation. Is President Harding "playing horse" with the disarmament issue? Are the Republican leaders blind and deaf to the ominous roll and rumble of a fast gathering public opinion demanding action, not words—action that shall mean in the eyes of all men at least an honest first step toward the mad and ruinous race for naval supremacy?

The defeat of the Borah Resolution now can mean nothing less than the yielding of the administration to an alien and sinister pressure which, for its own ends, is inimical to world disarmament and bending all its resources to prevent that consummation so devoutly to be wished by every loyal citizen of the United States and every well wisher of humanity.

Who is blocking disarmament?

The Sun's Power

TENNYSON tells us with lyric persuasion that the "Golden Age" is not to be mourned as lost in the dim past nor dreamed of as in the far future, but realized as a present reality, "ever at our door." Historians and philosophers use the term in fanciful reference to the Rome of Augustus, the Italy of the Medici, or Elizabethan England. Even the skeptical Ingersoll connected the emergence of Shakespeare with the flood of the yellow metal to Europe that followed the discovery of America and the exploitation by the Spanish "Conquistadores" of the mines of Mexico and Peru. Harder headed students dwell on the stone age, the iron age, the coal age, and just now petroleum seems to figure as the greatest of economic factors in our modern life, exerting tremendous influence not only on the course of industrial and financial progress, but also on those policies of nations which sway the balance now to war and now to peace.

Petroleum is important because petroleum means power, and the age of power will be the true golden age. It is already dethroning coal as a determinant of economic development. Still more important than petroleum as a source of energy looms the transmutation of falling water into hydro-electric power. From the ethical point of view, remembering the place power occupies in modern wealth production, hydro-electric power is handicapped by the same strife-breeding circumstance as attends on the utilization of nature's bounty in the coal fields and the oil deposits. That is, it depends on the appropriation of comparatively limited sites on the earth's surface.

For many years, it has been the dream of inventors who are inspired by love for humanity to discover some practically exhaustless source of power by which our cities and homes might be lighted and heated, our cars and carriages run and the wheels of workshops and factories made to turn at infinitesimal cost. Such a discovery, it has been said, would abolish poverty from the earth and advance civilization more in ten years than it has actually advanced in the last thousand.

Naturally enough, investigation has been turned to the possibilities of the ocean's tides and to the sun's heat. In this connection, an English scientist points out certain facts that have immense significance. He tells us that the storm on the sun which recently upset our cables and telegraphs, to say nothing of other repercussions in our terrestrial atmosphere, is only a feeble indication of the most wonderful fact concerning the sun, namely, the enormous amount of light and heat which it is continually giving off. Sunlight is to moonlight as 600,000 is to 1, and its intensity is 150 times as bright as the calcium light. If the sun were encased in a shell of ice 64 feet thick, its heat would melt the shell in just one minute! Or, if a bridge of ice could be built from the earth to the sun, two and one-half miles square in section and 93 millions of miles long, and the entire solar radiation concentrated upon it, the ice would be melted in one second; in seven seconds more that entire massive structure would be dissipated into vapor!

And any day a later Franklin may send up the kite that shall harness this mighty force to man's service, as the philosopher-statesman of an earlier day harnessed the lightnings.

Common Sense Wins

NEW light of distinct meaning for Americans is shed on the European situation in a recent interview by Thomas W. Lamont. He tells us that Germany's acceptance in good faith of the London plan will mean salvation for that distracted country and a new era for the rest of Europe. Doing their best to fulfill the schedule, Mr. Lamont sees the Germans earning the favorable opinion of the Allies. There will ensue in Germany itself, he says, a tranquil and vast increase in production. As a consequence, she will secure added credit abroad and experience a reversal of life in international commerce and intercourse.

This able and thoughtful American financier, in fact, sees in the London settlement the final sweeping away of the great barrier to economic quietude and progress the world over. To Americans, it must in the long run result in a stimulus to manufactures, better markets for our farm products, sound and increasing prosperity in both domestic and foreign trade.

The great question, of course, is how far we can rely upon German acceptance in good faith of a settlement that has been widely heralded as revengeful, crushing, unjust and impossible of fulfillment. On this point, fortunately, Mr. Lamont conveys information that is reassuring.

Jacques Seydoux, chief French economic adviser and author of the Seydoux plan, to which the German Government unofficially assented last January, commanded German confidence as an economist whose fairness is unaffected by political or emotional considerations. Thanks largely to his influence, plans "100 per cent economic" emerged from a background luridly belligerent to the French people, whose excitation—as Napoleon said of himself when he broke a vase in apparent anger—seldom extends beyond their self-interest. Realities of the war settlement which politics had long obscured, were recognized. At last, a settlement on business terms was proposed and accepted.

As one sequence of the war fever, public opinion on either side, it seems, had been misled. The Allies, on the one hand, held that Germany must pay for all the damages of the war. Germany protested against this demand as monstrous and impossible. Common sense has triumphed in a realization that Germany's capacity is the limit of payment. This, entirely aside from figures, is the substantial basis of the settlement. Both France and Germany are to be congratulated on the outcome. Let the world face forward!

A Letter to You!

THE communication appended is from an American citizen, the branch manager of a large industrial enterprise that has its headquarters in an eastern state. The correspondent's name is not given for obvious reasons.

Antwerp, Belgium, June—(By Mail.)

To The Editor:

I am going to take the liberty of bringing to your attention a subject which should interest every American and should have all the publicity possible to bring about a full and free discussion that will result in some very definite action.

Every so often we hear and read a lot about immigration laws; a weak attempt is made to do something; in a short time public interest dies out and we continue to welcome to our shores thousands of undesirables.

To the American situated on this side, especially at a port of embarkation, and thrown in contact with this horde of future Americans, the importance of more strict immigration laws is always fresh. One cannot help but think that it would be a good thing if those responsible for the laxity of our laws and their enforcement could spend a few weeks at some of the European ports.

At this writing, there are thousands of undesirables at Antwerp or on the way, the bulk of whom will get into the States by hook or by crook; bogus passports have been so numerous that special inspectors have been put on. This has improved matters to some extent. A de-lousing plant has been established here; all second and third class passengers get their bath—with many the first in a lifetime. All undergo a very rigid medical examination which also helps but the fact remains that with all this, even though they are de-loused and made temporarily clean, the bulk of them are not desirable citizens. Most of them are Russian or Polish Jews, flocking to our already over-crowded cities, a menace to health and depriving workers of homes without proving of any practical value. They are not agriculturists; do not, and many never will speak our language or adapt themselves to our mode and standard of living; consequently they are undesirable for these reasons alone, to say nothing of the Bolshevistic and Socialistic poison they bring with them along with other diseases.

To make matters harder for the consular officials who do all they can to eliminate as many as possible with the limited authority at their command, a very strong Jewish organization is at work at this and at every other port to do everything that money and influence can do to get these people into the United States. If there is no room in third class, they have the money to pay second class; in fact they are ready to meet any emergency. The Jews are better organized to get undesirables into the United States than we are to keep them out.

Some one will say: "Well, the new law restricting immigration to three per cent will keep out undesirables." It is the opinion of those who are actually familiar with the situation that it will increase the number. As an example to substantiate this we will say that only three per cent of the Polish population in the States is permitted to enter. The Poles are anxious to get rid of the Jews; the result will be that ninety per cent of this three per cent will not be Poles but Jews, and the Jewish organizations are ready to do all the work necessary to secure passports, pay transportation, house them at the port of embarkation, and so on. Under the new three per cent ruling, I do not think orphans adopted by Americans are included; if not, the Jewish organizations will arrange to have thousands adopted by Americans long enough to get into the States.

All European countries need producers, farmers and mechanics alike. There is plenty of opportunity in all of these countries. The real ambitious European is staying at home and in spite of all this, every boat to the United States is packed and millions of people are waiting. Can anyone put forth a good argument in favor of any immigration at this time, much less of the class that is coming in?

I trust you will pardon me for writing at such length but I am anxious to convey the sentiments of the average American business man on this side, hoping that you may see fit to carry this subject to your readers. I only hope that with the added force you can give it, it may be possible to bring sufficient numbers together to organize against and to defeat the Jewish organizations that are bringing thousands of undesirables to our shores and that we may eventually be in a position to invite whom we choose as our neighbors and business associates.

The Gift to Madame Curie

WHEN true historic perspective becomes possible, it is very likely "philosophy teaching by example" will point to an event that occurred in the month of May in this year of grace at the White House in Washington as having a real significance for humanity's future far beyond that attached to doings of the day that at the moment occupy the spotlight.

We may view with more or less discouragement, with more or less sense of importance, the utterances of statesmen and ambassadors, the passing developments in the industrial conflict on either side of the Atlantic, the wars and rumors of wars in Europe and Asia. But when the tumult and the shouting die and names now famous as those of commanders of fleets and of armies, and of rulers of nations or authors of best sellers, have passed into oblivion, the simple fact of this gift to Mme. Curie by the women of America of that very precious gram of radium will stand out shiningly transcendent.

The event, in all that it symbolizes, is assurance of highest hope for the future of humanity. We had thought ourselves swamped by an era of rampant materialism, a people for the most part lost to all sense of the eternal verities.

And lo! the mad whirl is halted for a moment to behold the spectacle of this nation honoring itself and its noble womanhood by a gift to this homely little old lady, so simple and modest, is a spectacle that recalls us to recognition of the fact that in her discovery of that marvelous element, she won place as the foremost scientist of our time and as one of the world's greatest benefactors.

The single gram of radium which Mme. Curie takes home to France is valued at $100,000; but who shall set a price on the gift to humanity of Mme. Curie's discovery!

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS human nature to want to sit down contented, to get everything so nicely arranged that it will go without tending; but everyone knows that that is not the way life goes. There is a difference of tempo, a difference of purpose, a difference of method between human nature and life. Human nature would seem to be the sleepy pupil, and the forces of life the stern teacher who prods the pupil and keeps him doing what he would rather not do. Which, of course, is the highest education, the best discipline—the power to do what we would rather not do.

Every now and again something comes along to jar us loose, and start us going again. The conditions we thought were settled turn out to be not settled at all. The method we thought was established turns out to be the most temporary of expedients. Life steps in and orders us to move on.

The thermometer is one of the staffs of authority which life wields over us. You will find within a certain belt around the world all the progress that is contained within the world, and the secret of that belt's prosperity, progress, morality and superiority is revealed to us by the thermometer. The thermometer is mightier than the sword. Those races whom destiny has not set within that earth-belt need not be fought with swords; the thermometer fights them and keeps them in their place. The People of the Four Seasons are four times set upon every year by the forces of nature; they have the sternness of winter, the promise of spring, the rich fruitfulness of summer and the beauty of autumn in their make-up. They are not suffered to loll upon the earth as others are. The gad of destiny is always whisking their flanks.

Take the gentler upset which the coming of the present season brings to our ways of thinking. "Spring fever," so-called, and summer discontent are not mere individual restlessnesses, they are comparable to the tremor which sometimes runs through the earth; they indicate that new settlements, new bases are being sought for. What we overlook too often is the fact that our desires are prophets, foretelling what is to be. Millions of people at this season of the year are becoming sensible, often in a dull, dumb, unconscious way, of the difference between the way we have organized our life and the way in which nature has organized the world.

People go out under the trees and beside broad waters; they endure dust and heat and crowding and the plaints of children, to seek a place where they may lie on a shaded hill and idly watch the cloud-fleets sail the sky. They get a new sense of the expanse and freedom of the world. Their minds range where there are no walls, no bounds, no close schedule of limitations.

Say what you will, this contact with nature, though it be but for a day, is more than a pleasure, more than a vacation from work; it is a jolt. People are made sensible of a jar between what is and what might be. Reflective people do not even enjoy the time of their vacation as they ought to, because it comes so clear to their minds that something is wrong. They may be inclined to think that it is merely their freedom from their usual work that causes this uneasiness, their freedom to think once more—but that is not always the case. The Voice of Nature is saying to them, "Up, for this is not your rest, you must march on!"

It is not that the city is hot; the country is hot too. It is not that the city means daily toil; there is daily toil in the country too. But somehow, at this season of the year, when the men of the cities come into the temples of the groves, and see miles of meadows and the sweep of rivers, they are torn between two feelings—first, that the cities have their disadvantages; second, that the cities have their advantages too.

One thing you may set down as true is that the cities are doomed. Not immediately, but perhaps much sooner than even the most adventurous are willing to believe. There is no city now existing that would be rebuilt as it is, if it were destroyed; which fact is in itself a confession of our real estimate of our cities.

There is a strange new movement afoot, which is well to attend a little. Never was there such an influx of people from the country into the cities; never was there such an exodus of people from the cities into the country. The two go on together. The people who don't know the cities are flocking in, as many as can. The people who do know the cities are flocking out, as many as can.

Now it means this: the city has had a part to play in the civilization of the world, and that part is now being played with accelerated speed. All our cities have changed their inhabitants the last few years. More and more people have been passed through them to gain what they have to give. When the full part is played, and it is being played out fast, cities will pass off the stage. To this many lines of indication agree.

CITIES have a work to do, but when that work is done, cities will cease. Cities are schoolrooms through which most of the population of the country has been passed, and the pupils get out of them again as quickly as they can. The movement of the country to the city and the city to the country is a movement that will some day empty the cities and transform the country. In the cities men learned how to live, and now that they are carrying that learning into the country, the function of the city as a place of residence seems to be about done. As central assembling plants and distributing points, some of the cities might continue to exist; but not as living places for hundreds of thousands of people. The city had a part to play in the civilization of mankind, but that part has been played.

So, the unrest we are beginning to feel, and which we increasingly feel at this season, is prophetic. Men are going to live nearer the source of things, not walled away like exiles from the very sun by which they live, and from the very soil that gives them bread.

The city had a place to fill, a work to do. Doubtless the country places would not have approximated their present livableness had it not been for the cities. By crowding together, men have learned some secrets. They would never have learned them alone in country life. Why, even the fresh air method of treating tuberculosis is a city discovery. Sanitation, lighting, social organization, all these are products of men's experience with each other in the city.

That is to say, practically all the improvements that have been made in country life have originated in the city and have passed on to bless the country. In that we may see the city's place in the world—it was a gathering place in which men might work out those necessary devices of successful living which, when transplanted into the country, would make the desert blossom as the rose and, what is better, make the gray waste of life a colorful thing.

People who are getting out of the cities now are taking the best of the cities with them—those discoveries and inventions which make life safe and pleasant, and which unburden men of loads that are better borne by iron and steel.

It is not the advantages of cities that are doomed, but the disadvantages—the congestion, the inequality which reigns even in the matter of air and sunlight and ground space. And yet, the world has known for many centuries that air and sunlight and ground space were not of themselves the infallible sources of happiness and success, for without certain improvements even country life becomes an insupportable drudgery and an unrelieved loneliness. The advantages of the country are natural; the advantages of the city are human; when both are fused, as they are being fused, the cities lose in large degree their justification for existence. When they bring their best to the country, their work is done.

Cities, in the sense of central assembling places for manufacture and commerce, may continue to exist; but people will live outside them. Wherever people can carry with them the advantages which the city has produced, they move out of the city. And that is the natural, necessary movement; for you cannot carry the country into the city, it cannot be done; or if it could be done, the city would be destroyed in the process. But you can carry the city into the country, without destroying the country, but even improving it.

So while it is clear that cities are to pass, let us not regard them as a sad blunder; they were a school for the race. They taught us something. They filled their place and did their work of education. But an end comes to every phase of education, and it seems clear that an end is coming to this also.



Roosevelt Dam, master project of the Reclamation Service.

The Wonder Valley

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

I WELL remember the day of my first coming into the Wonder Valley. What boy of eight is not wide-eyed with expectancy at every turn of the road when first he ventures from the place of his birth and the reel of the world begins for him the unwinding of even its commonplace scenes?

This, however, was an experience to be remembered though viewed from the middle point of an active life. The time was 1884 and the place an oasis born of water in the heart of the desert of the great Southwest. Conceive, if you will, barren stretches west from San Antonio as great as the distance between New York and Birmingham. Then visualize alternating gray desert sand and gray sagebrush plain east from Los Angeles as far as it is from Chicago to Kansas City. Now picture the pioneer and his family drawn by the lure of the unknown, responding to the instinct to fill up the empty spaces of the world, vaguely pursuing fortune's rainbow, lost in this infinity.

So, as a small boy, I saw the Wonder Valley in the beginning. Geronimo, last of the warlike Indian chiefs, was still at large, taking his merciless toll of settlers' blood. Army posts dotted the waste places of the Southwest. Plain, patient, everyday men and women from Michigan and Mississippi, from Missouri and Maryland, were feeling the urge of the pioneer, were facing unknown difficulties armed only with their racial resourcefulness, were planting the germ of civilization along the border.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company had but lately completed the titanic and empire-building task of welding two strips of steel across this waste of plain and desert. Even earlier the army and the pioneer had linked one water hole with another until the trail wound westward without end. Maricopa Wells had been a camping place where men, bound for California by this southern route, might satiate their thirst. It became a station on the railroad and now Phoenix, in Salt River Valley, thirty miles away, was springing into life.

We came to Maricopa after much travel in day coaches—father, mother, sister and I—bound for the new land of hope. We rocked that thirty miles in an old Concord stage just like those in the wild west shows—cowboy-driven, prospector-laden—and arrived at the baby town of the desert. A one-story adobe house, built in a hollow square, Mexican fashion, was the hotel that harbored these dauntless optimists upon their arrival. Similar adobe houses lined a street a quarter of a mile long. Beyond was the sagebrush.

But beside the intersecting streets were little ditches and down each of these sparkled crystal-clear water from the little canal above the town. And upon their banks grew verdant cottonwood trees and below the town they spread out upon the fields that were green with alfalfa, forage crop of the Spanish padres, then unknown to Americans except in the Southwest and later destined to become the far-flung and favorite hay crop of a nation. In this running water lay the promise of a miracle that was to come. In it, Darrell Duppa, a vagrant scholar working as a common laborer, had seen the possibilities of the future, had visualized the community that was to be, built here on the ruins of a prehistoric civilization, and had named it Phoenix.

Beneath this diversion ditch, which boasted no security beyond that of a brush dam across the river and head gate built in sand, my father settled on a tract of sagebrush land. The farmhouse was adobe-built and consisted of two rooms, with a brush shed between. The roof was of dirt as was the floor until we later covered it with gunny sacks. The green of our alfalfa fields was the only break in the gray of the sagebrush plains.

The third day after we were installed, we were gathered about the family table for the noonday meal when a weird thing happened. My timid little mother raised her eyes to the window opposite and, behold! it was a frame for the faces of a dozen naked Indians. Following her frightened gaze we saw these and others at other windows solemnly observing us. In the doorway a stately buck, clad only in a breechclout, stood with one bare leg akimbo, its foot on his knee.

They were but friendly and curious man-children come to visit these strange people who had settled in the midst of their favorite rabbit drive. In the years that followed I went with them on many a hunt and learned to ride and shoot a bow and arrow as one of them.

In these swaddling days of the Wonder Valley we lived through many an experience typical of the times that are gone. We had, for instance, a neighbor whose name was Dildy, one of those instinctive defiers of the law who had been hurried into the West by the authorities. My father owned a highly ornamented, ivory-handled six-shooter such as inspired pride in the breasts of quick-firing residents of the border. Becoming utilitarian on his homestead he traded his revolver to Dildy for a shot gun for use against the chicken hawks.

So, when Dildy got into a controversy with another settler over a claim and shot and killed that settler with the ivory-handled six-shooter, we felt some degree of responsibility. That feeling was intensified when the sheriff's posse went for Dildy and father's pistol snuffed out two more lives. Western justice found its mark when the outlaw, pursued into the mountains, was caught and hanged to a cottonwood tree in the public square of Prescott.

Even more gripping to me was the experience of Rollie Harris, a neighbor boy who at times worked for us. Rollie was six or eight years older than I and of such physical strength and prowess as to elicit my ardent admiration. But at eighteen he became a horse-thief and died in his saddle in full flight—a proof of the marksmanship of the early guardians of the law.

For the fifteen years that followed, the Wonder Valley, and those who lived in it, fought that long series of intense and tragic battles that ever falls to the lot of the pioneer. These blazers of trails had but a gossamer connection with that civilization that lay beyond the rim of hills of their horizon. Their little oasis was surrounded by great stretches where nature planted naught that was not adorned with a thorn and watered the plain so inadequately that the bones of the stout-hearted, dead of thirst, became its milestones. People who never knew entertainment, comfort, proper clothes or food; who fought abject poverty on their claims—a poverty of the plain more desperate than that of any tenement—lived here and clung with stolid tenacity to their strips of green. The Wonder Valley began when John Swilling threw a dam of brush across the river and dug his ditch leading on to the plain. It was followed by another and yet another ditch at higher and higher levels, each covering more land than its predecessor. The railroad finally came and the community evolved into an ever-widening garden like unto Damascus, the oldest city in the world, also a child of water wed to the desert.

But Salt River in the summer time when crops were thirstiest was but a ribbon drawn through the sand wastes and men fought for its limited waters and for lack of it many homesteads parched and died. Yet at times the rain fell on its vast watershed and the torrent flowed four miles wide and swept all before it.

At such times the dams went out and the farmers came with their teams, worked like so many beavers to replace them and often lost their crops before the task was performed.

For twenty years the Wonder Valley flung about like a young man unable to find his life work and failed of success. Its first love was that king of the open country, the beef steer, grown on the range and fattened on the alfalfa fields which thrive perennially. Once planted, such a field, unplowed and unfertilized, will yield seven crops of hay a year to the end of time if it but get water.

But this, the Nile Valley of America, the nook of the nation with the longest growing season, the settling pot of the ages for the sediments from the chaos of mountains round about, was born for more intensive purposes than cattle raising.

Men came and planted orange groves and they throve as in sunny Italy. Date trees from Arabia were brought to yield their succulent fruit. The fig, of Smyrna, the apricot, the grape, here found a home. Soon solid trainloads of cantaloupes and watermelons were hurrying to Chicago at the very opening of the season.

But over all hung the pall of an uncertain and inadequate water supply.

Then in the days of Roosevelt came a benign government and said to these experimental pioneers: "We will give you your heart's desire—water for all your available acres, perennial, inexhaustible."

The pioneer listened and was skeptical. Utopia was a land of the imagination. Man could not hold up his hand to the four-mile-wide floods and stop them. That chaos of useless rock mountains as big as an eastern state could not be used as is the roof that fills the barrel with soft water when it rains hard.

But government engineers had seen a vision. Of all the West, here was located the reclamation project that was nearest perfect. Seventy miles above Phoenix the Salt River had cut a sheer 300 feet through the solid rock of a mountain range. It was as though nature's saw had bitten a notch in the trough of a state that a tongue of water might flow through. The wedge should be put back, the trough should again be filled. It would mean adequate water for all who might find homes in the valley below.

The vision has been made a reality. The genius of man has welded two mountains together. I stood the other day in the bottom of the shady canyon below this stupendous dam. Like the stairway of a colossus it rose above me 284 feet. I knew that back of it was a column of water reaching to its very top, and back of this column was the weight of a stretch of it twenty-five miles up the canyons in which the navy of the nations might come to anchor. And a boy turned a wheel like that which guides an automobile and nozzles above me opened or closed and released or imprisoned the floods. These nozzles are the heart valves through which the lifeblood of the Wonder Valley flows.

The valley in which rests the lake created by Roosevelt Dam used to be known as Tonto (Fool) Basin and through it I passed as a lad in a buckboard twenty-five years ago, and in it I shot many quails. Ten years earlier it had been the battlefield of the Grahams and Tweksberrys, rival cattlemen and sheepmen who had here fought each other to extinction. The wife of a neighbor of ours was a sister of the Tweksberrys, half-breed Indians, and through her we got our first-hand war news.

Not until long after the completion of the Roosevelt Dam did the residents of Salt River Valley give the project their entire confidence. They refused to believe that the plan would work until the lake became a reality and the water flowed steadily into their ditches. Then they refused to believe that the condition was constant until years had passed and the flow had been unbroken. Finally there came in 1917-18-19 three years of almost unprecedented drouth and the stored water in abundance lasted through. Now the project is proved even to those who live under it.



The Indian maiden, much more elaborately garbed than in 1886.

With abundant water, prosperity came overnight to all who owned land in this valley. Ten tons of hay on an acre in a year, seventy bushels of wheat, two fat steers — even these spelled prosperity. The government, in its faith, had advanced the money for the project—$12,000,000 altogether. And now the farmers, in their prosperity, are paying it back. In the end it will cost the government nothing to have performed the miracle of the Wonder Valley.

But recent developments under Roosevelt Dam have far

outstripped even the vision of those who conceived it and made it a reality. In the beginning a power house was set in the canyon below the dam and the escaping waters with their hundreds of perpendicular feet of pressure were passed through its dynamos and set to generating electric power. Transmission lines were built to carry this mystic spark over mountain and desert to the towns and settlements, there to furnish ample and cheap power for whatever purpose it might be needed. There was unlimited electricity for whoever wanted to buy. A mining company at Globe, forty miles away, wrote a contract for $400,000 worth of electricity a year. Other customers are appearing. New dynamos are being installed. The profits go into the fund which reimburses the government. In a few years the debt will be repaid. Then the profits from power will maintain the project and pay money into the pockets of the farmers who will own it. Because of the efforts of a benign government unlimited water, breeder of wealth for them, will cost them nothing.

Yet even this is but the beginning of the wonder that has come to Salt River Valley. The denouement has been the development of long staple cotton, the highest bred cotton in the world, the cotton that tops all others in price, the cotton which can be successfully grown in no place else in the United States but in this Southwest.

The very existence of long staple cotton in Arizona is in itself a romance of science. Cotton with a long fiber makes stronger thread than ordinary varieties with shorter fiber. Egypt used to have the choicest long staple cotton in the world and American thread manufacturers sent overseas and bought it. Our Department of Agriculture resented this fact and brought the best Egyptian breeds to this country and tried to grow them. The difficulty was in keeping the varieties segregated. Egyptian cotton might be planted in the South and might thrive. When it came to bloom, however, some honey bee that had been harvesting its sweets in an adjoining field of ordinary cotton would come visiting. It would wipe its feet on the door-mat of the Egyptian cotton bloom. Those feet would have on them the plebian pollen of common cotton. When the bee brought that pollen to the Egyptian cotton it consummated a wedding between the two and the cotton resulting was a hybrid. It was no longer Egyptian. The two cottons could not live side by side and remain distinct. There is much deterioration in Egypt because inferior grades have been getting in.

But Arizona had a thousand miles of desert between it and any other variety of cotton. It had the long-growing season needed for the Egyptian varieties. Knowing this the patient scientists of the Department of Agriculture had, for ten years, been growing the best grades of Egyptian cotton down there. They would each year select their most promising individual plants and shake the pollen from one to the other, planting the seed which resulted. Thus did they build up better and better breeds. Finally they established a new type of cotton. They named it "Pima" after the tribe of Indians on whose reservation the experiment station was located. Long staple Pima cotton, native of Arizona, today tops the market of the world.

In 1912 the government scientists asked the farmers of Salt River Valley to grow this long staple cotton and about sixty of them responded. As usual the pioneers experienced hardships, met obstacles. It was an unaccustomed sort of farming, the facilities were not developed for handling and marketing the crops. The cotton brought about twenty cents a pound, which was from two to three times the price of the ordinary fiber. The undertaking showed possibilities. Production steadily increased until the war came and the price dropped down, in 1914, to fifteen cents a pound.

In 1915 the great advance started, Arizona cotton went to twenty-five cents a pound. This meant real money. A year later it sold for forty-three cents, in 1917 at sixty-nine cents; in 1919 at eighty-six cents a pound. To be sure there was a slump in the winter of 1920-21 for all cotton tumbled and there was a cessation in the manufacture of tires, but this circumstance did not affect the fundamentals that underlie this industry.

All this came to pass because a great new use had been found for long staple cotton. It had gone into airplane wings as a substitute for flax during the war. But it had also been found that cord tires for automobiles made of long staple cotton had strength and endurance far beyond those made of any other. The tire manufacturers were bidding for this cotton.

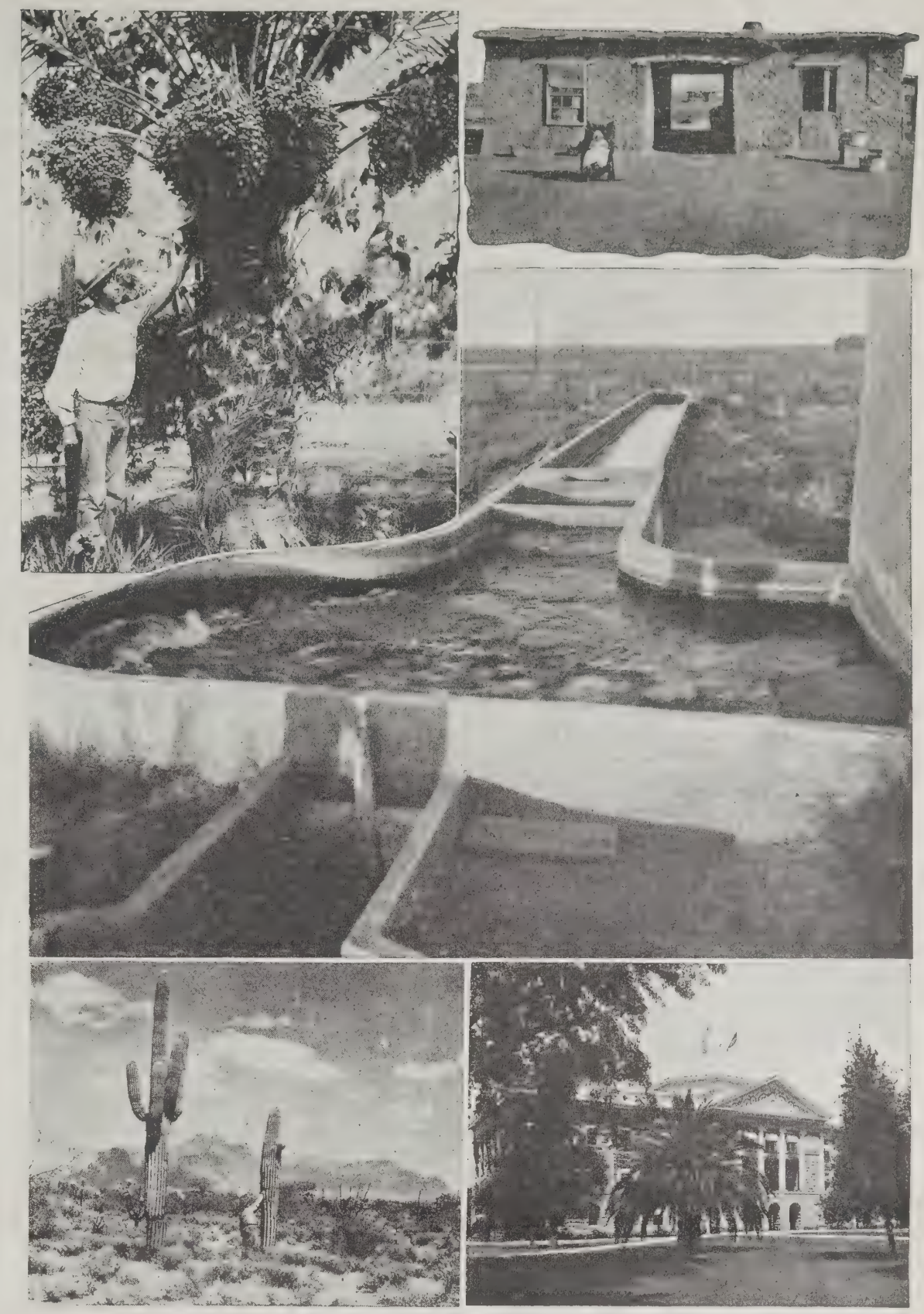
So here was a region which had a virtual monopoly on a product for which the demand was greater than the supply. There were no other considerable areas in which it could be grown. The demand was increasing.

Here is what a good farmer can do on one acre. He can plant and cultivate it for $125. If his work is efficient his return will be a 500-pound bale. This bale at sixty cents will bring him $400 and profits of $275. The average Salt River Valley farm is about fifty acres. On such a farm the season's profits are nearly $14,000. A hundred acre farm, if efficiently handled, is good for, in annual profits, from $25,000 to $30,000. These facts have been demonstrated. The case is proved.

So has the Wonder Valley come to be a cotton patch which is cultivated with the intensive care of a Chinaman's garden. Those beautiful alfalfa fields that have yielded their unstinted crops for a generation have been plowed up, vineyards have been subjected to the grubbing hoe, orchards to the axe. From mountain to mountain, sixty miles from east to west and thirty miles from north to south, there is a vast sheet of this pure-bred fiber, broken only here and there by established and more profitable squares in the checkerboard occupied by orange groves and olive and walnut orchards. Merchants have left their stores, lawyers their practice, teachers their classrooms and gone upon the land. There is a rush to it like that to gold discoveries in the same near-by mountains a generation ago.

E. W. Hudson, the government scientist who evolved "Pima," experienced the money madness, got a virgin 800-acre tract and made $200,000 on it the first year.

Yet the marvel of the Wonder Valley has not stopped even there. One of the great tire-making companies, in its anxiety to insure its supply of this cotton, came to Arizona to grow its own. Finding that all the land supplied with water from the established irrigation project was already divided among small farmers, it sought other possibilities. It had ambition to play the rôle of Moses and smite other rocks from which water might gush forth. So it went out upon the desert waste to which water could never be made to flow from any stream or reservoir—to land that man had looked upon as eternally beyond hope. But as it unreeled its miles of copper wire and this wire was tied back to the dynamo at the foot of Roosevelt Dam, over it came that power which is electricity. And the electricity hitched itself into pumps, reached into the bowels of the earth and brought forth life-giving water.



Top, Left—The date daughter of Egypt finds a home in the Wonder Valley. Top, Right—Typical home of the early settler. Center—Concrete ditches today where yesterday there were sand trails. Bottom, Left—The desert before water came. Bottom, Right—The State Capitol at Phoenix.

One passes down a lane of sagebrush that follows the copper wire. Presently there emerges from the waste a bit of a tower that looks strangely modern and industrial. The purr of machinery emerges from it and the lap of rushing waters, strangely out of place here in the home of the solitary coyote and the Gila monster. One approaches and behold, gushing forth, a stream of crystal water as big as might flow through his arms made into a hoop! It follows a ditch by the roadside and, as one later learns, is the first of a series of pumping stations. There are two of them every quarter of a mile, each pouring its stream into the ditch, which, thus augmented, evolves itself into a canal carrying an ever-increasing volume of water.

One goes into this pumping plant to be shown by the attendant how it works and is surprised to find that there is no attendant. The whole series of them is operated by one man who presses buttons at headquarters miles away.

When one reaches that headquarters he finds cultivators, driven by those Indians with whom I used to go on rabbit drives, stirring the soil about the roots of 6,000 acres of this new-found cotton, throwing its crown of green this year to a sky that has looked down through the ages but has never before seen aught but dull gray wastes.

Over by the reservation, on Indian land, a new project is being laid out. Under contract the company developing it is to install the pumps for irrigating 6,000 acres, it is to bring the tract under intensive cultivation, is to have the use of it for ten years, and is then to turn it back, with the improvements, to the Indians. Thus are my old friends to become possessed of one of the richest farming tracts in all the world.

And I wonder, as I see it all, if this incidental development of electric power has not demonstrated a way in which much of that useless land of the waste stretches of the West may, after all, be brought under cultivation and converted into model homes for the generations yet to come.

I have not been to Phoenix for twenty years. I checked my bags at the station and wandered up through those streets the feel of which my feet had known through the long years that they had gone unshod. Gone was the odor of damp earth behind the sprinkling wagon, for the streets now are paved. Gone are the hitching racks where we tied our horses when coming in from the country—replaced by parking spaces for automobiles. Gone are the low adobe buildings along Washington street, gone the half doors of the once frequent saloon, the purr of the roulette ball as it spun on its journey to the pockets which bore the lucky number. A prosperous, modern, bustling city has come to pass in which I find little to remember. I wander up the street hoping to be recognized, hoping to recognize somebody. I gaze scrutinizingly into the faces of the passers-by. I pull myself up for I find that I am watching the youngsters of the age my friends were twenty years ago. I see nothing that is familiar, and then—

In the front door of the old hardware store he stands—proud, erect, aristocratic, formal yet friendly, unchanged through all the years, just as I had seen him a thousand times in my youth, grandly displaying the latest thing in harness—Ezra Thayer's old, dapple-gray, papier-maché horse.

Jewish Idea Molded Federal Reserve Plan

What Baruch Was in War Material, Paul Warburg Was in War Finance; Some Curious Revelations of Money and Politics

THE last view the reader had of Paul M. Warburg in the preceding article was as "an alien not naturalized" secretly closeted with Senator Nelson W. Aldrich and a party of bankers on an obscure island off the southeastern coast of the United States, all the members of the party concealing their identity even from the servants by calling each other by their first names.

That conference in its ultimate results was of the utmost importance to the United States, for then and there were formulated those fiscal devices, those financial methods, those "monetary reforms" which have exerted an influence on every citizen, rich and poor, of the Republic.

Much history was made in that little trip. It irresistibly calls to memory that other trip made in 1915 —almost two years before America's entry into the war —by Bernard M. Baruch. As readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of November 27, 1920, will recall, Mr. Baruch had been financial backer of the Plattsburg camp, and in his testimony he said he thought that General Wood would admit this. Then—"I went off on a long trip, and it was while on this trip that I felt there ought to be some mobilization of the industries, and I was thinking about the scheme that practically was put into effect and was working when I was chairman of the board. When I came back from that trip I asked for an interview with the President . . . . The President listened very attentively and graciously as he always does." Mr. Baruch was an authority on the President's demeanor, for there was a long period in 1917 and 1918 during which he called at the White House every afternoon.

Baruch a Parallel of Warburg

TWO momentous trips in our recent history, both of them signalized and given their principal meaning by the presence of Jews. Not that there should not have been Jews in either case; to insist upon their total exclusion would be going too far. The Jew as a citizen, bearing his part, is one matter; the Jew as a master, directing the national show, is quite another thing. It is by no means agreed that Barney Baruch was the only man in the United States who could have run this nation's war business. That is the explanation made of the high place he took—that he was the *only* man who could do it. Nonsense! If that be so, let us close up the nation and hand the keys over to the New York Kehillah. Mr. Baruch could say—"I probably had more power than any other man did in the war; doubtless that is true," but he had that power because he was for the time the head and front of the Jewish group for war purposes.

If the explanation of Jewish mastery at critical moments were "brains," well and good, but if it were, it would be more evident to the people; brains do not need to be advertised, they advertise themselves. There is another reason.

The British public recently awoke to the fact that not Lloyd George but Mr. Montagu and Sir Alfred Mond were in charge of the recent negotiations over the German indemnities. These gentlemen are both Jews, one of them of German descent. Of all the British Empire are they the only two men to advise the premier in a great crisis? If they are, why is it? The Montagus, we know, control the silver of the world; Sir Alfred Mond, we know, turned the very neat trick of keeping the sign of the Cross off the war memorials raised to the soldiers of the empire; their Jewishness always so apparent. Both financiers; both the close advisers of the premier; as Baruch to Wilson, so they to Lloyd George.

"Warburg Created the Federal Reserve"

APPARENTLY there are no Anglo-Saxons on either side of the sea capable of managing these deep matters, if we are to judge from the war administrations—those that have passed off the stage and those that still linger. Lloyd George, for once stung to the quick by the criticism of the British public of his tendency to closet himself with Jews when confronted with a crucial question, retorted bitterly—with what? With the old outworn Jewish propagandist boast, that it ill became people who sang Jewish psalms in church to rag the race that wrote them! A most illuminating defense! The world would give a good deal for a true psalm from Sir Alfred Mond, Mr. Montagu, or even Sir Philip Sassoon who is soon to become the premier's son-in-law.

In our own history, Barney Baruch boldly claims his place, he unhesitatingly asserts that he had more power than any man in the war. If Allenby in Palestine needed a locomotive, if the Americans in Russia needed clothing, if the munition mills needed copper—it was Baruch who gave or withheld the word.

Mr. Warburg, being of somewhat finer grain, probably due to his having less than Mr. Baruch of the rough experience of "the Street," does not make the claim that he is the chief factor in the present monetary system of the United States, nor does THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT undertake to make it for him lest the cry of "anti-Semitism" wax wrathful again; but fortunately the fact is amply attested by a Jew whose knowledge of the matter is unquestionable.

Readers have doubtless become aware by this time that for a non-Jew to say that a certain Jew is a most important factor in any field is to be guilty of anti-Semitism, while for a Jew or a "Gentile front" to say it is perfectly proper. It is a rather odd etiquette in which simple minds sometimes become confused.

Professor E. R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, is the sponsor of this great honor for Mr. Warburg. What Professor Seligman says is of such importance, both as to its source and its subject, that quotation is justified: (the italics in all cases are ours)

"It is in a general way known to the public that Mr. Warburg was in some way connected with the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, and his appointment to his present responsible position on the Federal Reserve Board was acclaimed on all sides with a rare degree of approval and congratulation; but I fancy *it is known only to a very few how great is the indebtedness of the United States to Mr. Warburg. For it may be stated without fear of contradiction that in its fundamental features the Federal Reserve Act is the work of Mr. Warburg more than of any other man in the country.* . . .

"When the Aldrich commission was appointed it was not long before Senator Aldrich—to his credit be it said—was won over by Mr. Warburg to the adoption of these two fundamental features. The Aldrich Bill differed in some important particulars from the present law . . . . *The concession in the shape of the twelve regional banks that had to be made for political reasons is, in the opinion of Mr. Warburg as well as of the writer of this introduction, a mistake;* for it will probably, to some extent at least, weaken the good results which would otherwise have followed. On the other hand, the existence of a Federal Reserve Board creates, in everything but in name, a real central bank; and it depends largely upon the wisdom with which the board exercises its great powers as to whether we shall be able to secure most of the advantages of a central bank without any of its dangers . . . .

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

Mr. Warburg "Educates the Country"

"IN MANY minor respects also the Federal Reserve Act differs from the Aldrich Bill; but in the two fundamentals of combined reserves and of a discount policy, the Federal Reserve Act has frankly accepted the principles of the Aldrich Bill; *and these principles, as has been stated, were the creation of Mr. Warburg and of Mr. Warburg alone.*

". . . . *It must not be forgotten that Mr. Warburg had a practical object in view. In formulating his plans and in advancing slightly varying suggestions from time to time, it was incumbent on him to remember that the education of the country must be gradual and that a large part of the task was to break down prejudices and remove suspicions. His plans therefore contain all sorts of elaborate suggestions designed to guard the public against fancied dangers and to persuade the country that the general scheme was at all practicable. It was the hope of Mr. Warburg that with the lapse of time it might be possible to eliminate from the law not a few clauses which were inserted, largely at his suggestion, for educational purposes.*

"As it was my privilege to say to President Wilson when originally urging the appointment of Mr. Warburg on the Federal Reserve Board, at a time when the political prejudice against New York bankers ran very high, England also, three-quarters of a century ago, had a practical banker who was virtually responsible for the idea contained in Peel's Bank Act of 1840. Mr. Samuel Jones Lloyd was honored as a consequence by the British Government and was made Lord Overstone. The United States was equally fortunate in having with it a Lord Overstone . . . .

"The Federal Reserve Act will be associated in history with the name of Paul M. Warburg . . . ."—(pp. 387-390, Vol. 4, No. 4, Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science, Columbia University.)

It surely cannot be considered invidious for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT thus to introduce to the people of the United States a gentleman whose influence upon the country is so vital. Just how vital can be understood only by those who have studied the puzzle of a country filled with the good things of life, and still unable to use them or to share them because of a kink in the pipe line called "money."

But that Mr. Warburg himself is not entirely unaware of his position is indicated on page 56 of his testimony quoted last week. Mr. Warburg had just told the Senate Committee that he was making a heavy financial sacrifice to accept the position on the Federal Reserve Board offered him by President Wilson, and into the fitness of which appointment the Senate was carefully inquiring:

> Senator Reed—"May I ask what your motive is, or your reason for making that sacrifice?"
>
> Mr. Warburg—"My motive is that I have, as you know, taken a keen interest in this monetary reform since I have been in this country.
>
> *"I have had the success which comes to few people, of starting an idea and starting it so that the whole country has taken it up and it has taken some tangible form."*

Professor Seligman advises us of the strategy that was used to get the whole country to take up Mr. Warburg's idea, and of the fact that some of the items inserted to appease the public might easily be removed when the public shall have become accustomed to Mr. Warburg and the Federal Reserve Board; but Mr. Warburg adds another hint, to the effect that you can do some things by administration which you cannot do by organization.

"I Won't Show You How to Work It"

FOR example: Mr. Warburg wanted *only one central bank* which should be the sole arbiter of finance in the United States. The United States Government would have almost nothing to do save to make the money and stand back of it; the bankers of the United States, and the people thereof, would have nothing to do except what they were told; the one central bank would be the real financial governing authority.

When asked by Senator Bristow to state the fundamental difference between the Aldrich plan and the present Federal Reserve plan, Mr. Warburg replied:

> "Well, the Aldrich Bill brings the whole system into one unit, while this deals with 12 units, and unites them again into the Federal Reserve Board. It is a little bit complicated, which objection, however, *can be overcome in an administrative way;* and in that respect I freely criticized the bill before it was passed."

There is evidently, then, a method of administration for which severe critics might even use the word "manipulation," by which the plain provisions of a banking law, whatever they may be, may be, if not evaded, then somewhat adapted.

This idea is brought to mind by a more colloquial expression of Mr. Warburg's to be found in his address on "bank acceptances" delivered in 1919:

> "In this connection I am reminded of a story I once heard concerning a man belonging to a species now soon to be extinct and to be found by our children in Webster's dictionary only, the 'bartender.' A man of this profession, in prehistoric times, was abandoning his position and was turning over his cash-register to his successor. 'Please show me how it works,' said the newcomer. *'I will show you how it works,'* said the other, *'but I won't show you how to work it.'"*

The Interpartisanship of Internationalists

THE politics or Mr. Warburg and the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company formed part of the inquiry, and Mr. Warburg made some interesting revelations, which illustrate the oft-repeated statement that it is part of Jewish policy—perhaps of large financial firms generally—to attach themselves to both parties so that certain interests may be the winners regardless of which party is defeated.

> Senator Pomerene—"What are your politics?"
>
> Senator Nelson—"No; we have not raised that before this committee."

Senator Reed—"It has not been raised here, but I should like to know."

Senator Pomerene—"It has been raised before the Senate."

Senator Reed—"I will say why I should like to know."

Senator Pomerene—"Well, I have no objection to saying what was in my own mind."

The Chairman—"I will say that I do not know what Mr. Warburg's politics are."

Senator Pomerene—"Well, I did not."

Senator Shafroth—"I do not know and I do not care to know."

Senator Pomerene—"I heard the statement made that the entire board was Democratic, and I had understood that Mr. Warburg was a Republican, or had been, in his affiliations."

Mr. Warburg—"Well, so I was; and my sympathies were entirely, in the early campaign, for Mr. Taft against Mr. Roosevelt in the first fight. When later on Mr. Roosevelt became President Wilson's opponent my sympathies went with Mr. Wilson . . . ."

Senator Reed—"Well, you would count yourself a Republican, generally speaking?"

Mr. Warburg—"I would."

Senator Bristow—"It has been variously reported in the newspapers that you and your partners directly and indirectly contributed very largely to Mr. Wilson's campaign funds."

Mr. Warburg—"Well, my partners—there is a very peculiar condition—no; I do not think any one of them contributed largely at all; there may have been moderate contributions. My brother, for instance, contributed to Mr. Taft's campaign."

Senator Bristow—"Just what would you consider a moderate contribution to a presidential campaign?"

Mr. Warburg—"Well, that depends who the man is who contributes; but I think anything below $10,000 or $5,000 would not be an extravagant contribution, so far as that should be—"

Probing Jewish Political Sagacity

(Examination resumed another day.)

SENATOR BRISTOW—"Now, Mr. Warburg, when we closed Saturday some Senator asked you in regard to political contributions, and I understood you to say that you contributed to Mr. Wilson's campaign."

Mr. Warburg—"No; my letter says that I offered to contribute; but it was too late. I came back to this country only a few days before the campaign closed."

Senator Bristow—"So that you did not make any contribution?"

Mr. Warburg—"I did not make any contribution; no."

Senator Bristow—"Did any members of your firm make contributions to Mr. Wilson's campaign?"

Mr. Warburg—"I think that is a matter of record. Mr. Schiff contributed. I would not otherwise discuss the contributions of my partners, if it was not a matter of record. I think Mr. Schiff was the only one who contributed in our firm."

Senator Bristow—"And you stated that your brother had contributed to Mr. Taft's campaign, as I understand it?"

Mr. Warburg—"I did. But again, I do not want to go into a discussion of my partners' affairs, and I shall stick to that pretty strictly, or we will never get through."

Senator Bristow—"I understood you also to say that no members of your firm contributed to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign."

Mr. Warburg—"I did not say that."

Senator Bristow—"Oh! Did any members of the firm do that?"

Safe Three Ways—Wilson, Taft, T. R.

MR. WARBURG—"My answer would please you probably; but I shall not answer that, but will repeat that I will not discuss my partners' affairs."

Senator Bristow—"Yes. I understood you to say Saturday that you were a Republican, but when Mr. Roosevelt became a candidate, *you then became a sympathizer with Mr. Wilson and supported him?"*

Mr. Warburg—*"Yes."*

Senator Bristow—*"While your brother was supporting Mr. Taft?"*

Mr. Warburg—*"Yes."*

Senator Bristow—*"And I was interested to know whether any member of your firm supported Mr. Roosevelt."*

Mr. Warburg—*"It is a matter of record that there are."*

Senator Bristow—*"That there are some of them who did?"*

Mr. Warburg—*"Oh, yes."*

Senator Bristow—"Will you please indicate—or do you care to indicate—what members of your firm supported Mr. Roosevelt in that campaign?"

Mr. Warburg—"No, sir; I shall have to go on the principle that I cannot disclose the business of a member of my firm."

The result was this: that in a three-cornered fight between three candidates, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, the men who constituted the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, chief Jewish financial institution of the United States, distributed their support among all three. Schiff for Wilson; Felix Warburg for Taft; and an unknown for Roosevelt—was that unknown Mr. Kahn? In any case, Wilson won, and the above examination relates to a member of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company receiving an important appointment which gave him large power over the finances of the United States.

The point of not discussing the affairs of Kuhn, Loeb & Company was frequently made by Mr. Warburg.

"I cannot discuss the affairs of the firm nor my partners, nor be asked to criticize acts of my partners, either to approve them or in any other way. I would like to say that before we come to the point where I would feel that I should not answer any question," said Mr. Warburg.

The principle of this objection was conceded by the Senate Committee, but that it ought to serve as a blanket injunction against a number of pertinent inquiries was doubted.

Senator Bristow—"But you are a partner in this firm, and have you not had something to do with its operations and its management?"

Mr. Warburg—"Yes."

Senator Bristow—"Does that not go to show your general views and practices as a financier and as a citizen and as a business man?"

Mr. Warburg—"Yes; but you have got to take them individually. . . . I cannot permit my firm to be drawn into this discussion."

Senator Bristow—"But how can you divest yourself from your firm when you have been one of the managers of the firm?"

Mr. Warburg—"I shall divest myself of the firm."

Senator Bristow—"If the firm has done something that I might think was improper—to illustrate, being called upon to say whether or not I approve your nomination to this responsible position—have I not a right to know what your attitude was in regard to that transaction which your firm performed?"

Mr. Warburg—"Well, inasmuch as my answer there might be a criticism of my firm, I would beg to be excused, and I would leave it to the committee to draw its own conclusions . . . ."

Divorcing Business From Life

IN EXAMINING Mr. Warburg about the handling of $100,000,000 Southern Pacific securities, the same difficulty was experienced; Mr. Warburg objected, "but we are getting here again into the transactions of my firm!"

To which Senator Bristow retorted—"Ah! but when you participated in the profits of the transaction, is it not a part of your business life?"

Mr. Warburg—"Certainly it is a part of my business life, and there is no reason why I should not be proud of it. But as a matter of principle I think we should not get into a discussion of the business of my firm."

Senator Bristow—"I am discussing your business."

Mr. Warburg—"No, you are discussing the firm's business."

Senator Bristow—"Did you get any of the profits that came from the handling of this $100,000,000?"

Mr. Warburg—"You may take it that whatever my firm did I got my profits—my share in the profits."

Senator Bristow—"Your share in the profits. Now, without being specific, I take it for granted that this was quite material; that that was quite a material interest in size; that is, that you are one of the important members of the firm."

Mr. Warburg—"I am one of the important members of the firm."

Senator Bristow—"Yes, I think the testimony and the report here show that you are the third important member—or the second, which is it?—of the firm."

Mr. Warburg—"We are not numbered."

Senator Bristow—"You are not; all right."

Mr. Warburg—"There is Mr. Jacob H. Schiff who is the senior."

Senator Bristow—"Yes."

Mr. Warburg—"And the others rank very much alike."

Senator Bristow—"Yes. We may take it for granted, then, that whatever profits accrued to your firm in the handling of this business here since you became a member of it, you participated in the profits as one of the partners?"

Mr. Warburg—"Yes, sir."

Senator Bristow—"Yes. So I will assume then, of course, that you participated in the marketing of $113,000,000 of Union Pacific, and so on."

The responsibilities of a member of the Federal Reserve Board, especially such a member as Paul M. Warburg would be (for it was recognized that because of his purpose and connections he would become a dominating factor), were very great, especially at the time when the appointment was being considered. They are as important now, of course, but in a different way; it is not now a question of military safety. This thought was evidently in the mind of the senators, as the following shows:

Senator Hitchcock—"Mr. Warburg, *one of the important functions of the board is to guard the gold supply of the country,* and it has been thought that *it is very important to have men on the board who had at heart only the interests of the United States,* and had no foreign interests or alliances. You have said that you proposed to divest yourself altogether of your banking connections in Germany. Have you any other interests in Europe?"

"No, not to speak of," said Mr. Warburg. "I may have very unimportant things, like everybody has; but I could dispose of those; it would not amount to anything."

Senator Hitchcock—"Nothing in the line of banking?"

Mr. Warburg—"No."

A few moments later the chairman, Senator Owen, said—(the date was August 1, 1914)—"We are on the eve of a great European war, and the organization of this board is of great national importance."

At this time, Mr. Warburg was a member of the Hamburg firm. He testified (p. 7)—"I am going to leave my Hamburg firm, though the law does not require me to do so."

A part of the German firm of his father and brothers, a part of the American firm to which he and his brother were related by marital as well as financial ties, Mr. Warburg repeatedly said he would break off all business relationships so that he, like Caesar's wife (to quote himself) should be above suspicion.

Jewish World Notes

This choice bit is from the pen of H. L. Mencken, not entirely unknown in the United States, and was printed in the Baltimore *Evening Sun,* May 16: "The most ambitious of these new Southern magazines is the *Double-Dealer,* published in New Orleans. Of its four editors, one has a Scotch name and two others seem to be Jews. Well, it is not surprising. The Jews are always two or three laps ahead of the people they live among, intellectually speaking. The Southerners—that is, the well-to-do low-caste Southerners who now run the South—dislike them because they are shrewd commercially . . . . . It would not be unprecedented for the Jews to repay these swine by civilizing the South in spite of them."

The Eastern Jew rules in the United States: that is the conclusion to be drawn in the recent defeat of the Mack-Brandeis forces at the Cleveland convention. The defeat did not indicate, as some over-zealous Jew-defenders eagerly insisted, a split among the Jews. It only indicated which idea is supreme. Unfortunately, it is not the American Jewish idea that is now supreme, although the defeated groups promise to constitute a formidable minority.

Senator France, who has defended Red Bolshevism and Sovietism on public platforms in this country, has gone to Russia to "get the facts." There is difficulty about his entering Russia. The Bolshevik authorities appear to be growing tired of admitting their American admirers, only to have them turn sick on their hands with the sights they see and the tragic disillusionment they undergo.

So many Jews are going to Mexico in the hope of evading the new American immigration laws, that the Jews of that country are appealing to Jewish leaders overseas to stop the influx. The reason for the Mexican invasion is that the immigration law excludes only those coming from Europe. A landing in Mexico is made for the purpose of finding a loophole through that provision.

Rabbi I. Mortimer Bloom says: "There are too many Jews in the world. If hundreds of thousands of Jews in this country would withdraw entirely from the Jewish fold, it would be a distinct boon to Jewry at large."

Boston decided that it is "bad form" to extend the "freedom of the city" to any visitor. Boston made known that decision in time to prevent following New York's custom of extending the freedom of the city to well-advertised Jewish visitors.

The Hearst papers say of Jewish bankers—"They are sometimes abler than their Gentile brothers, that is what stirs up the trouble."

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents each in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Putting It Up to the Bankers

The Appended Letter Was Submitted by a Subscriber as a Communication addressed to the American Bankers' Association at Its Meeting in Seattle

TO THE AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION IN SEATTLE ASSEMBLED.

Gentlemen: We have grave doubts if your association appreciates and we positively know that the people do not realize the enormous trust our government reposes in your hands. We will analyze this trust. To do so a few facts must be stated.

1. Commerce is the exchange of commodities.

2. Complex exchanges of commodities are impracticable without a "medium of exchange."

3. A medium of exchange must, as an essential corollary, be "legal tender."

4. The "medium of exchange" and "legal tender" are creatures of law only.

5. Making laws is a function of government.

6. Making the "medium of exchange" and "legal tender" (money) is then a function of government.

7. Money is then a law.

8. Law is a few drops of ink on a statute book.

9. The execution of law is a governmental function.

10. The execution of the above law is by keeping money in free natural circulation. To do this the government must keep control of the money.

11. This can be done by the government owning and operating our banks and banking system. There is no other way. This is a plain governmental duty and this important function it fails to perform.

12. The government, by reason of its enlightened ignorance, has delegated this most important function to you as self-constituted executives thereof; and the people, lulled by the harmony of their lamentable ignorance, view this arrangement with angelic resignation.

THIS IS THE ENORMOUS TRUST OUR GOVERNMENT HAS REPOSED IN YOUR HANDS.

So far this arrangement is productive of the following facts:

1. On June 4, 1913, you had those few drops of ink on a statute book capitalized for $1,560,709,447.05.

2. By the provisions of the new Federal Reserve Act you are permitted to earn at 8 per cent per annum on 85 per cent of your deposits, compounded quarterly, 46.7 per cent on the above amount.

3. By leave of this arrangement you have succeeded with these few drops of ink in establishing an interest bearing debt of $20,033,992,043.88.

4. As a slight remuneration to you gentlemen for permitting this law, "medium of exchange" and "legal tender" (money), to descend to the people we paid you last year in cash the sum of $1,242,107,506.72. This was nearly all the ready money we had and has left us bankrupt.

5. You are the sole executors of this trust, accountable to no one, not even the government.

6. You can tell us, the people, just when we can, and also just when we cannot, enjoy the benefits of that law as passed by our government.

7. You dictate exactly the volume of money allowed to circulate at any time and this at your own caprice and at your own price.

8. You may thus provide "prosperity" or "panics" at will whichever suits your ends and make great profit by either course.

We resign our temporal welfare to thee.

We know you are human. We know it is human nature to provide for our neighbors even to our own detriment? We know you will do this for us? We fondly believe you are now in solemn conclave with a single eye to our welfare?

"Temper the winds to the shorn lamb."

Welcome to our city.

We have the honor to remain as ever,
Your meek and lowly subjects,
The People.

The Time Has Come

Happiness is largely the art of remembering—and forgetting—the right things.

It is as bad to think without acting as it is to talk without saying anything.

To aspire is a step upward; to covet is merely to admit your inferiority.

She who flirts and runs away will not run fast enough, some day.

A man is as old as his arteries, a woman as old as her art is.

Only a trifling mind allows itself to be vexed over trifles.

It's never too late to amend an amendment.

From Failure at Sixty to Fame at Sixty-five

An Interview With Charles E. Hetherington

By O. LAWRENCE HAWTHORNE

OUT near Chicago lives a tall, robust, elderly man who has proved to the world that youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. That it is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

This man has also proved that no one need recognize as insurmountable any barrier to the achievement of his dearest ambition.

At the age of sixty years, Charles E. Hetherington took up painting, the ambition of a lifetime. That was seven years ago. Today he is represented in a score of large collections throughout the country, although his paintings have been on the market only two years. A number of leading art magazines and newspapers of the United States have devoted generous space to consideration of the remarkable success of this "overnight" artist.

"Yes, I am sixty-seven years—*young,*" chuckled Mr. Hetherington, "and I am the happiest 'young' man alive. My work from day to day is simply a joy. I know nothing as fascinating as playing with color."

Critics pronounce Charles Hetherington one of America's foremost painters of the beauties of nature. Until two years ago, he was unknown, discouraged, classed as a failure. But worry, doubt, disaster failed to bow his heart and break his spirit. Through all the years of toil and disappointments he had not deserted his ideals.



CHARLES E. HETHERINGTON

At the age of sixty, when a tragic majority of men have fought the battle of life and lost, Charles Hetherington faced "old age" penniless. He had lost a small fortune in business investments. The first of these was the invention of an engine, and later the promotion of a colored motion picture enterprise proved disastrous. It was at this moment that the soul within him came to the rescue and demanded to be heard. He determined to take up art, as a solace rather than with any hope of earning therewith a livelihood.

He had always painted "mentally." In his boyhood near Hamilton, Canada, he spent his idle hours in the woods, dreaming and learning the secrets of nature. His parents emphatically discouraged his boyish desire to study art, ignoring the possibility of any talent, since among his ancestors there had been no artist. At the age of eighteen he began the study of photography, which was to his mind a step toward his cherished goal, yet proved commercial enough to win the approval of his father. At the time of his business reverses, he was head salesman for a New York concern.

Following a suggestion by his wife, to dispel his gloom and seek what comfort he might in a realization of his dreams to paint, he gathered up his pluck and settled down to work. At first he sought inspiration from the beauties of nature about his home. His experience gives apt illustration to these lines from Thanatopsis:

> "To him who, in the love of nature, holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language: for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty and she glides
> Into his darker musings with a mild
> And gentle sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness, ere he is aware . . . ."

Soon he became so absorbed in his work that all business disturbances were forgotten.

Having never seen anyone paint or mix colors, he was obliged to rely upon his own judgment, or more likely his genius, in experimenting. He made his own brushes required to produce the effect for which he was striving. In experimenting with the alphabet of color, he spilled his paints on to a piece of plate glass, placing colored paper beneath the glass and blending the colors with a knife, thus obtaining the graduation of tones.

"Grass was a stubborn thing to paint at first," said the artist, "and so was the contrast between calm and rough water."

The difficulty of obtaining the proper perspective was also to be overcome. Through perseverance, constant work from five in the morning until sundown, he has won what younger artists struggle for through years of study—an individuality in painting that reveals the beauty of the artist soul.

With a wealth of experience from upward and downward trends, and the serenity and breadth which come with the autumn of life, Mr. Hetherington has an advantage over the spasmodic enthusiasm and confidence often associated with immaturity. His paintings are aglow with the cheer and wholesomeness that fill his heart.

One feels so greatly refreshed from conversation with this man, because in him is typified the spirit of the Great Outdoors. In him is demonstrated the ennobling power exercised by nature's grandeur on the heart of man, when he answers the call of the infinite. There lies dormant in the breast of every human an appreciation of the beautiful, an interest in the natural and the sublime. Very unfortunate it is that so few of us who now inhabit our river valleys and woodlands take time for little excursions into their delightful areas.

We, whose days are crowded with business and civic affairs, whose nights are governed by the scepter of our social obligations—little do we know of the nobler heritage which they enjoy who frequent nature's solitudes. Little do we know of the habits of wildfowl and other creatures of the woodland. Little do we know of the comfort that comes from intimate companionship with the hills eternal and acquaintance with the handiwork of God.

Mr. Hetherington approached E. J. Timmons, for ten years instructor at the Art Institute in Chicago, on the matter of taking up the study of painting with him. On learning that the self-made artist had never received instruction, Mr. Timmons advised him not to study, saying that scientific training would impair his work, since Mr. Hetherington has a technique all his own. There is no imitation of others in what he does.

Critics make frequent reference to the wonderful color which Mr. Hetherington gives to his canvases. They express so clearly his own love of color. His paintings are largely impressionistic, a departure from the general run of pictures, his impression in some instances spreading a purple haze over the scene.

Especially is this true of an exquisite creation, "Crabapple Blossoms in the Mist," which is owned by an admirer in Rockford, Illinois. "The Old Tote Road," which has been added to the Samuel Scotten collection, the fifth largest in the country, he considers his greatest work. The "Bridal Path" is in the Dole collection, and "Woodland" in the McCurly collection. "The Old Monarchs" he likens to himself, the monarchs being two huge, gnarly oak tree trunks. His versatility is brought to light in "The Old Monarchs," a striking contrast to his other subjects. Others included in his exhibits are "Slender Saplings," "The Short Cut Home," a small and radiant wood scene, and his favorite, "Reflections."

Among the well-known collections in which he is represented is the Cowan collection at Aurora, Illinois. The Union League Club of that city has voted to set aside one of the club rooms as a "Hetherington Room," honoring the artist and his works.

The artist's residence is in the town of Hinsdale. His summer studio is located in the north woods of Michigan at Glen Lake. Here is ideal rustic solitude, many miles from civilization, where he indulges in what without doubt was intended for his life work. Mr. Hetherington believes that a man cannot escape his destiny, and he has reason to think so. He attributes his success, however, in a great measure to the encouragement of his wife and daughter.

Let me leave with you the essence of this man's philosophy, as expressed not only in his conversation and his everyday living but as he has, through the masterful stroke of a great artist's brush, caused it to permeate the atmosphere of his canvases:

Nobody grows old merely by living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease.

Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and disaster—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and at starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what-next and the joy of the game of living.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is Love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies you are old. In the central place of your heart is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power—from God and from your fellowmen—so long you are young.

Charles E. Hetherington has proved it.





One of the finest consolidated schools in the United States.



The high school at Cable, Ohio [consolidated]. Ohio had its first consolidated school in 1892.





Above—The Center, Col., school, dedicated in the spring of 1920. Pupils are transported by automobile to this school from a territory 153 miles square. Below—Jesup school, near Waterloo, Iowa.

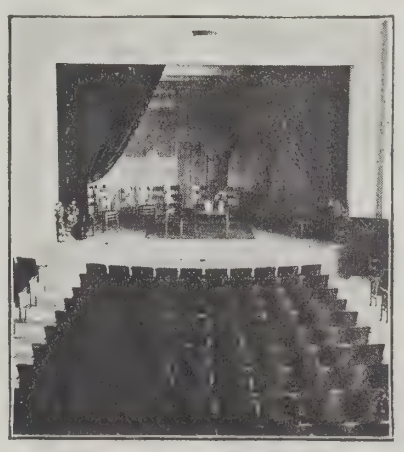
Better Schools for Rural America

By R. P. CRAWFORD



Above—Fairview school in Buena Vista County, Iowa. It cost but $25,000 and is a modern building. Below— The consolidated school at Alta, Buena Vista County, Iowa.

THE biggest revolution in educational progress in America the last ten years has been the least heralded. Today, for the first time in history, we seem fairly on the road to solve the problem of the rural school. Everyone is familiar with the little red or white schoolhouse, but few know that today approximately 50,000 of these little one-room country schools have been replaced with fine up-standing structures—schools that in every way compare with our big city institutions. It may seem hard for those unfamiliar with this new development in country life to believe that many of these schools are far better than those in neighboring cities, but that is nevertheless the fact. This new kind of school has transportation systems in connection, automobiles or horse-drawn busses being used to carry the pupils to and from their homes. It takes hardly longer now for the child to attend one of these modern schools than it did a few years ago to attend the one-room school.



Auditorium in the consolidated school at Center, Colorado.

Indiana has more than 1,000 of this new kind of schools and has abandoned approximately 4,000 of its little one-room schools. Ohio has more than 900 consolidated schools. Iowa has more than 400 consolidations. Minnesota, which many people are inclined to believe to be largely a mountainous state, has more than 300 such schools. Colorado, a mountainous state, has over 100. Even North Dakota, with its heavy snows, has more than 500 schools, each serving more than eighteen contiguous sections and with two or more teachers. Approximately 96 per cent of the public school pupils in Massachusetts are attending schools of two or more rooms. There are now approximately 12,000 of this new kind of rural schools in the United States.

One will hardly believe, perhaps, that in Colorado there is one school close to the mountains, which serves a territory 100 miles square and where very few of the more than 300 pupils leave home before eight o'clock in the morning, and almost all are home before five in the evening. There are scores and scores of fine consolidated school buildings in Minnesota, schools that are modern in every way even to vacuum cleaning plants and washed air for the schoolrooms, and in many places the schoolhouse is the only building in the village with running water. There are many counties in Indiana, Ohio and Iowa where there is hardly a single one-room school left.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature is that this great development has come in only the last few years. It took seventeen years for Iowa to secure its first seventeen consolidated schools, but it took only six years to secure the next 300. For the year following July 1, 1919, a new consolidated school was voted for every school day in Iowa. On that date there were only approximately 230 consolidations, but today there are over 400 which have been voted and in most cases have their buildings ready. More than 50,000 children are being transported to school every day in the state of Iowa. Over 2,800 one-room schools have been closed.

Since this development has been rather new in Iowa, most of the school buildings are unusually fine and compare favorably with almost any of those in the cities. Take the building at Jesup, about twenty miles east of Waterloo, Iowa. The total cost of building, grounds and equipment was in the neighborhood of $110,000. It is a fine type of school which must serve both a village and open country and is typical of the new kind of school. There are about 400 pupils, half coming from the country and half from the town. There are forty-eight square miles in the district and thirteen busses are used for transportation.

To give one some idea of the elaborate character of these new village schools, a brief description of the Jesup building may be of interest. The building itself is 159 feet long and 98 feet deep. It has three floors, the lowest floor being nearly level with the ground. The first floor takes care of the first and second grades, the manual training room—which is equipped with some power machinery—the gymnasium, shower baths and locker room, and a lunch room off the gymnasium. On the next, or main floor, are rooms for the seventh and eighth grades, a room for agriculture, a sewing room, and four additional grade rooms. On the third floor there is a model housekeeping suite, consisting of a kitchen, dining room and bedroom, the latter to be fitted out for the course in home nursing There is also a tile bathroom off the bedroom. This is in every way as well equipped as a small home would be. The dining room has a handsome fireplace. The kitchen is equipped with a large gas range and a built-in refrigerator. There are science laboratories on this floor, as well as four recitation rooms.

An auditorium opens into the corridors and as many as 650 people have been accommodated at one time. The stage is equipped with scenery and footlights. Telephones connect every room in the building. There is a large vacuum cleaning plant in the basement, and clocks in every room, operated by one master clock. There is even a covered driveway at one side of the building so that the children can be unloaded from the busses in stormy weather without getting wet. Eight and one-half acres comprise the school grounds, which are laid out like a park. Is this not a contrast to the eleven one-room schools that preceded it?

Take the consolidated school at Boxholm. It was erected four years ago at a cost of approximately $80,000. There is everything that one could think of in this school even to marble shower baths such as one would find only in a big city hotel, and yet it is practically a country school, since of its 300 pupils more than three-fourths come from the country. Or take the consolidated school at Alta, Iowa. The one-room schools have been eliminated in 74 per cent of Buena Vista County, where this school is located. Every day over 200 pupils are transported from the surrounding country to the Alta school. The building which was erected in 1916 represented then a cost of $110,000 with $25,000 spent for equipment.

There is perhaps no state in the Union that has learned to spend as liberally for rural schools as has the state of Minnesota. On one occasion I traveled nearly to the Canadian line and at nearly every station there was a schoolhouse that would compare favorably with those in any ordinary city. There are even consolidated schools miles from any railroad. One such consolidated school was formed by abandoning five log schoolhouses near the shores of Red Lake and fifteen miles from the nearest town. Three years of high school work are offered here almost in the wilds of upper Minnesota. Much of Minnesota's progress in securing its more than 300 consolidated schools has been due to its splendid system of supplying state aid and the state supervision of schools. There is hardly a consolidated school in that state which would not receive $2,500 a year state aid, and many of these schools receive more than $4,000.

The Bloomington school, located about eight miles from Minneapolis, is one of the finest school plants in this country. It is really in the open country, although there are a few houses and stores near-by. They do not, however, constitute even a post office. This school is located on an 18-acre tract of land, with a magnificent view of farming country and woodland in every direction. The total cost of the structure, completed about two years ago, was $100,000, including equipment. There is a washed-air ventilating and heating system and a vacuum cleaning plant. Gas for operating the stoves in the domestic science department is purchased in tanks and kept outside the building.

At each end of the building are small one-story sections. One of these constitutes an auditorium and gymnasium, while in the other part are the various laboratories. The auditorium and gymnasium has an outside entrance, so that farmers' meetings may be held with no interruption to the school work. There is a splendid stage, with dressing rooms and shower baths beneath the stage. The manual training shops and science laboratories are located in the one-story wing at the other end of the building. Like many other consolidated schools in Minnesota, the Bloomington school has a conservatory opening out of one end of the building, with glass on three sides. Here agricultural experiments may be carried on during the coldest winter weather. Remember that this is a country school.

Whenever one thinks of the state of Colorado, he must recall that here are some of the finest consolidated schools in the United States. There are 115 such schools in this state notwithstanding the mountainous country and absence of farming in many sections. Eastern Colorado has a number of consolidated schools, many of them very fine, but we shall confine ourselves to one of the newest schools in the San Luis Valley, where consolidation has secured such a remarkable start.

The Center school district embraces 153 square miles. The school building is said to be the largest consolidated school building in the United States. At least it must be in length, for it is 308 feet from end to end and 87 feet wide. It contains thirty-five rooms, not to mention small rooms used for cloakrooms and storage of supplies.

Center is just a little town of about 800 population. Thirteen acres of land at the edge of the town were purchased for the school grounds; shrubs and trees were planted in front, and the rear of the grounds was left to be used for an athletic field and playground. An auditorium equal to that in almost any city school building has been included in this structure. It has a seating capacity of 700, and is completely equipped with permanent theater seats both on the main floor and in the balcony. There is a real stage fitted out with scenery and curtains. On the first floor is the gynasium with shower baths and dressing rooms. Every mechanical convenience is provided in this building, including electric lights, heating and ventilating system, and telephones in each room. There are about 400 pupils enrolled, half of whom come from the country.



Several thousand schools of this type stand with barred windows in Indiana.

One thousand consolidated schools in Indiana make this state the leader of consolidation in the entire country. Not only that, but from 1890 to 1920, Indiana abandoned 3,990 one-room schools, or 45 per cent of the total number in the state in 1890. In 1902 there were only 181 wagons hauling children to consolidated schools, but by 1918, this number had jumped to over 4,000 (including automobiles which play a big part in the success of consolidated schools today), transporting 57,000 children daily to 897 consolidated schools. Indiana has had a good start over Iowa and Minnesota and now has probably one-twelfth of all the consolidated schools in the entire country.

An interesting provision of the law in Indiana is that any one-room school with less than twelve pupils must be abandoned, and it is optional where there are less than fifteen. The compulsory abandonment does not take place where there are peculiar topographic conditions which make it difficult to transport the children to another school.

What the communities mentioned in this article have done, others can do. To get this new kind of schools in your own state inquire of your state superintendent of public instruction or of the United States Bureau of Education at Washington.

The Farmers Make Known Their Demands

By H. O. BISHOP

AT NO time in the history of the United States have the farmers of the entire country been so unitedly and energetically represented at the National Capitol as they are at present.

The farmers now have the largest nation-wide organization that has ever existed in this or any other country in the world. This organization is known as the American Farm Bureau Federation. Its membership already exceeds a million and a half, and additional enrollments are made every day.

No corporation or business of any kind keeps in closer touch with individual members of Congress, Congressional committees and Cabinet members than do these farmers.

They maintain business offices in Washington, equipped with a corps of keen, shrewd men who seem to know exactly what they want and are going after it with all sails set. The head of the Washington headquarters is Gray Silver, one of the most successful farmers and stockraisers in the country. His services are considered so valuable that the members of the bureau gladly pay him a salary equal to that received by twenty-five or thirty country school teachers or preachers.

Mr. Silver is not a novice in legislative affairs, having served for many years as a state senator and lieutenant governor of West Virginia.

Knowing that the people, as a whole, are manifesting unusually deep interest in agricultural affairs, I asked Mr. Silver to explain just why the farmers deem it necessary to keep in such close touch with Congress, particularly the big important committees. He gazed meditatively out of his office window for several seconds and then turning to me said:

"Why are the farmers represented before the Legislative Committees of Congress?

"That is a fair question, since the average person knows very little about how our national laws are actually written.

"Congress is such a gigantic human machine, representing 531 men from all parts of the United States, that it requires time for a new Congressman to become oriented. He soon finds that legislation is national, not merely affecting one state or Congressional district. If he is so fortunate as to become a member of one of the committees the national character of legislation is borne in upon him quickly. He learns the vastness of the United States and the varied interests of the people. As a member of the committee he especially welcomes constructive suggestions, particularly if those making the suggestions reflect the thoughts of a large group of people.

"The farmers of this country make up a very substantial proportion—30 to 50 per cent—of our entire population. Their industry is fundamental, basic, and the very mudsill upon which the nation is constructed. They cannot sit passively by and see more attention be given to laws which will be of special benefit to organized classes, capital and urban dwellers without voicing protest or at least informing Congress how agriculture views the bill under consideration.

"For many years farmers have represented a very small minority in Congress. We have gone over the list and find only about five men who actually can qualify as farmers. According to their own statements more than half of the members are lawyers and the next largest group is bankers, followed by newspaper publishers, manufacturers, teachers, merchants, insurance and real estate dealers, physicians, owners of public utilities and ministers. Many members of Congress come from sections of the country where agriculture is not the predominating industry, and some of these are indifferent to the needs of agriculture. That, of course, is a very shortsighted view even for industrial interests. There is another group coming from strictly agricultural sections which has the welfare of the farmers at heart and which understands the problems of agriculture, of production and distribution, and, therefore, is anxious to see that agriculture is given a square deal in the laws written on the statute books. Within the last month these men have organized informally in both House and Senate to safeguard farm interests and agree upon united action.

"Since agriculture is not asking for special privileges or class legislation or for anything which will not benefit the population as a whole, it has a logical argument to present to the Congressman whose constituents represent our urban population and our congested districts. Our efforts, therefore, are directed largely to showing these Congressmen that the needs of agriculture are the needs of the nation.

"The farmer is not interested in all the 6,000 or more bills which have been introduced so far this session. He does not care whether some town receives a cannon from the great World War, but he is concerned with big issues such as taxation, tariff, transportation and finance.

"Since the farmers produce about $20,000,000,000 worth of new wealth each year and consume from 40 to 60 per cent of the goods manufactured in this country, it would be idle to explain why he is interested in taxation. Bills frequently are introduced and schemes propounded which would be to the decided detriment of the farmers; they would even go so far as to effect the prosperity of the country as a whole. Happily the present administration has declared itself against the shifting of the burden of taxes. However, some methods of taxation have been advanced that would be to the decided disadvantage of the farmers.

"H. C. McKenzie, our tax representative, recently stated before the Finance Committee of the Senate that a general sales tax would relieve the individuals and corporations with large incomes and increase the tax on the necessities of life. He protested against the enactment of a general sales tax and against the repeal of the excess profits tax and the lowering of the surtax brackets of the personal income tax. He told the committee that the American Farm Bureau Federation recommends that issuing of tax-free securities, Federal, state, municipal and local, be stopped by constitutional amendments; that a board for final adjustment should be established that would settle income disputes; that local boards of assessment be established for assessing income taxes locally on the same general plan as is followed in England; that about 75 per cent of the necessary revenue be raised by income and excess profits taxes, 25 per cent by consumption tax and that a net loss in any year may be deducted from the succeeding year or years.

"The general sales tax is decidedly objectionable to the farmer for he cannot pass the tax on to the ultimate consumer the same as can be done by the manufacturer. With the exception of the farmer's sales the burden of a general sales tax, it is contended, will be placed upon the consumer. This would fall with crushing force on the great mass of people with low incomes and their small savings would be absorbed by taxes. Another fallacy in a just spread of a general sales tax is that there is no relation between sales and net profits. The man dealing in high-priced articles on which there are large gross profits would pay proportionately a smaller tax than the merchant who deals in staple commodities and turns his stock over many times a year in order to make a living. In times of depression, when there are no profits, business would still have to pay the sales tax.



MR. GRAY SILVER,
Head of the legislative department of the American Farm Bureau Federation at Washington, D. C.

"Since the price of the farmers' merchandise is beyond his control he would have to pay a sales tax and in addition an income tax. Besides these two taxes, he would have to absorb as a consumption tax all that the trusts and closely controlled corporations are able to hand back to him.

"The tariff problem presents an intricate puzzle not only for agriculture, but for the manufacturer as well. The American Farm Bureau Federation, representing a million and one-half farmers, has not asked for a tariff wall of exclusion, but such measure of protection or other compensating factor as will equalize the opportunity of the American farmers with the low costs of production in the lands whose living conditions and rates of wages are inferior to our own. In considering such a tariff it has requested that the new economic burden being imposed upon agriculture by high domestic transportation cost, high cost of money, the competition of ocean rates, and foreign exchanges be considered. It has repeatedly asked that the emergency tariff, now long in Congress, be passed.

"Although agriculture does not request special consideration it realizes that organized labor and organized business are interested in agriculture as a source of cheap food and cheap raw material. They frequently have spoken with authority before Congress and little by little the protection that the farmers formerly had has been taken away. At the same time the protection has been retained on factory products. Wool comes in without paying a duty, but clothing is protected by a duty of 35 per cent. Vegetable oils are being imported in this country in increasing tonnage. They are manufactured into margarines which sell in direct competition with butter.

"Unless transportation charges are lowered, the agricultural map of the United States will be changed materially within the next 12 months. Freight rates have been most disastrous in the most remote sections of the United States where agricultural commodities of practically every kind have been allowed to spoil because the prices paid in many instances would not cover the high cost of freight. If transportation rates are not lowered the more perishable commodities as well as the heavy products, such as potatoes, will have to be produced and consumed locally and there will be less seasonal products on the market. Fruit and vegetables have been allowed to rot on the ground in the West and South. Livestock have died on the ranch because owners could not pay their way to feeding stations. Grain is stored in the barn or used as fuel and much cotton has been left in the field. There were several causes which brought about this lamentable situation, but high rates of transportation were most responsible.

"Involved in this problem also is the question of water and rail competition. Wheat can be shipped from Argentine to New York for 10 cents a bushel whereas, it costs 30 cents to move it from Missouri to the same point. Great quantities of our agricultural products, especially wheat, are moved to southern ports for export rather than to ports in the Northeast. This is because of the shorter and therefore cheaper rail route to water. And it costs no more to ship to Europe from the South than from the Northeast. Under these conditions, therefore, it is obvious why agriculture is interested in any legislation which would reduce freight rates. This accounts for its repeated appeals to Congress and commissions to afford relief.

"But the transportation problem is not solved alone by rail or water rates. The farmers' first transportation is from the farm to the primary market, the near-by town, county seat, the nearest railroad station or port. The farmer is making strenuous efforts to obtain farm-to-market roads. In this effort the consumer should be equally interested, for it is over these roads that his food and clothing, in raw form at least, must be hauled. The farmers while not objecting are not particularly interested in pikes or boulevards which run across the country, but they wish to see a good highway system constructed which will enable the rural population, which own more than half of the automobiles and do most of the traveling over the roads, for business purposes, get their produce to market expeditiously and economically.

"It is inconceivable that anyone should advocate seriously the building of great interstate highways, such as are contemplated in the Townsend bill, connecting our cities, when one-third of our farmers live on roads over which it is exceedingly difficult to market their produce, where mail is not delivered or where children do not have a fair opportunity to attend school.

"If Federal aid is to be continued to be given for the construction of highways within the states some authorization by which the same engineering skill will be available for local roads as for the thoroughfares should be afforded. Roads from the farm to railroad stations, to the schoolhouse, to the post offices and to the county seat should be built first, or certainly provided for concurrently.

"We believe that in many places the country can be best served by the building of nine-foot hard-surfaced roads with stone or gravel shoulders. These roads may be widened as travel needs and available funds permit. In short, the farmers are interested in a program that takes into consideration the development of a road system in the state and at the same time makes provisions for inter-county and interstate highways.

"In a study of the bills introduced on this subject the American Farm Bureau Federation is decidedly in favor of the Dowell bill and against the Townsend bill.

"There are a great many farmers in the same condition as the darkey, and they are not all cotton growers either. The farmer has not been very active in the field of finance, but his experiences during the last two years of steady deflation have left him practically prostrate. In April, many months after the process of readjustment set in, the farmer was at the bottom of the well of deflation. His dollar would purchase at wholesale only 82 per cent as much food, 62 per cent as much cloth and clothing, 83 per cent as much metals and metal products, 57 per cent as much lumber and building materials, 68 per cent as much chemicals and drugs, and 42 per cent as much house furnishings as it would have purchased in 1913. But the farmer usually buys at retail prices so his dollar has shrunken even more than these figures would indicate.

"This flattening of the farmer's pocketbook, without a chance to purchase upon the same basis as the balance of the nation, has given him such a jolt that he has decided he cannot afford to be found in such a precarious position again. He is very certain that he is not being adequately financed through the present system. Short-term commercial credit, as it is now available, is jeopardizing his welfare. The fact that commercial banks have to maintain very liquid form of assets which can be called upon very quickly in times of stress has been called to the farmers' attention many times recently and it may be that this form of banking is not proper for the demands of agriculture.

"An effort is being made to secure the financing of agricultural commodities based on warehouse receipts issued after the products are stored in a bonded warehouse. This would make agricultural production liquid or mobile and result in making more money available to the farmers. The federation also favors and is try-

(Concluded on page 15)



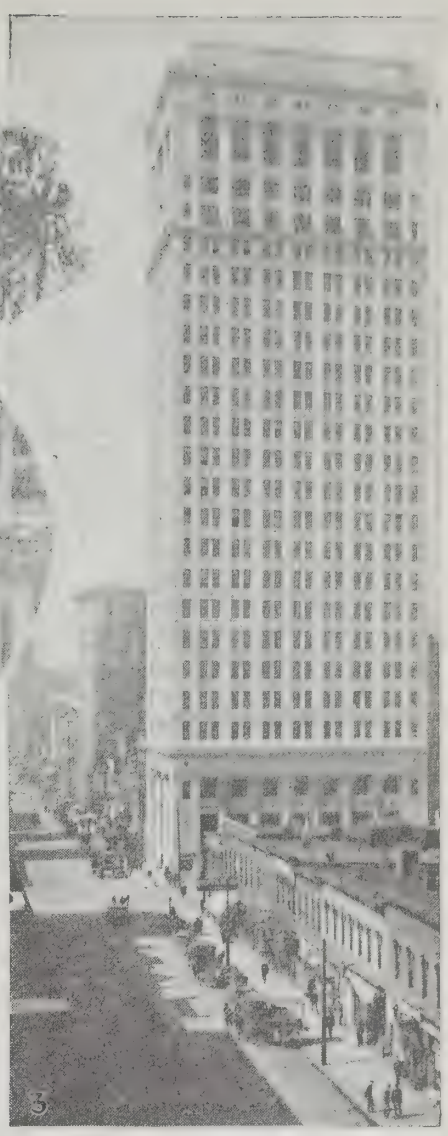
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1. New Federal building. 2. A peaceful scene in Avondale park. 3. The tallest building in the South. 4. The "Heaviest Corner in Dixie."

The Southland's Magic City

By JOHN TIPPEN

BIRMINGHAM, metropolis of Alabama and industrial center of the South, will have a birthday party in December in the form of a semi-centennial celebration. There will be fifty candles in her birthday cake, which would indicate that she is still in knickerbockers. And this is true, in so far as years are concerned, for Birmingham is a mere infant in age. But in size and strength she is a full-grown adult. The celebration will continue over a period of weeks and will be marked by historical pageants. An address by President Harding will be the grand finale of the celebration of the city's fiftieth anniversary.

Although the Indians were here when DeSoto came, the valley in which Birmingham is the central jewel—the valley itself having an elevation of seven hundred feet, but which is surrounded by high mountains and red hills of iron ore and coal—there are indications that the Red Man was not the first inhabitant of Jones Valley. For, just north of the city, there were formerly two great mounds, mute evidence that Birmingham once was the home of the pre-historic Mound Builder. These mounds have been leveled in the past few years by the white man in his quest for coal and iron, of which neither the Mound Builder nor the Indian knew the value.

Not a great many years ago the valley in which the present city nestles was the common camping ground of Indian tribes. Then the white man came. The early settlers knew the red outcroppings on the hillsides were composed of iron ore, but they were more interested in corn than in iron. Hence, the iron mines remained unworked and the coal veins untouched until comparatively recently.

Birmingham was incorporated in 1871, with less than a thousand population and including an area of a few square acres. Now the city is spread over fifty square miles and comprises fifteen townships. Many residents of Birmingham today are familiar with the very founding of the city. There are business men in Birmingham who can remember the time, not so very long ago, when an entire square could have been purchased for a yoke of oxen. Prior to the boom days of 1875-76, immediately after the downtown streets were laid off, fifty-foot lots were sold, some of them for a bushel of corn. Others, more desirably located, brought from five to fifty dollars. On these same lots today mighty steel skyscrapers stand, their peaks towering above the smokestacks of outlying furnaces and their upper stories being almost on a level with the crests of surrounding mountains.

The city spent a large proportion of its early tax collections in establishing a correct system of street-routing. Those pioneers apparently had visions of the metropolis to come, for no calf trails were followed. As a result, Birmingham has straight, wide thoroughfares, eighty to one hundred feet in width, the streets running approximately north and south and the avenues east and west. Both streets and avenues are religiously numbered. Few of them are known by name.

Of course, subdivision projects are permitted necessary liberty in the matter of curved avenues. The pride of Birmingham is Highland avenue, winding in and out around the side of Red Mountain and hedged on both sides for miles with magnificent residences. And on beyond this lie Mountain Terrace, Milner Heights, and Forrest Park, beautiful beyond compare and forever protected by deed from the encroachment of business establishments.

The principal residence sections are two and a half to six miles distance from the center of the business district, lying southeast, slightly southwest and northeast from the heart of the city. It is to the southeast that hundreds of mansions virtually cling to the side of Red Mountain, some of them being at the very top, with a view of the city in panorama to the north and a woodland vista to the south.

Birmingham could not be anything other than a city of industries. The very location forces her to be a city of manufactures. Iron ore is taken from the hills on one side, converted into iron at the furnaces, transferred into steel and manufactured into finished products within sight of the original mines. The furnaces are heated with coke made from coal taken from the same district.

The proximity of every element entering into the making of steel and iron, with consequent low prices on raw materials, has drawn to the Birmingham district countless industries, manufacturing every conceivable article in which iron or steel are used, from carpet tacks to steel rails and railway cars; from wire to skyscraper frames and steamships.

The value of rolled steel and other steel products turned out by Birmingham plants is in excess of one hundred million dollars annually. Nearly five million tons of coke are produced each year. The district mines in excess of ten million tons of coal each twelvemonth. Steel and pig iron total one million two hundred thousand and two million five hundred thousand tons respectively. Four million barrels of cement are produced annually. The operating industries of the district have a total valuation of over a quarter of a billion dollars.

There are two hundred and thirty-six coal mines and forty-four iron ore mines in the district. Twenty-seven pig iron furnaces, with tongues of flame shooting skyward, illume the entire district with a weird, reddish glare at night. It is estimated that the district has more than a billion and a half tons of iron ore in its hills, a quantity sufficient to supply the present number of furnaces for one hundred and sixty years. The coal veins are virtually inexhaustible. The cost of production of iron and steel is lower in Birmingham than in any other district in the world, according to President Elbert H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, due to the proximity of all elements entering into their manufacture.



Birmingham's first church, built nearly fifty years ago. It is still standing in Elyton, a suburb.

While Birmingham is four hundred miles removed from the Gulf, it has practically all the advantages of a deep-sea port. Federal improvement of the Warrior River, at a cost of millions, has made this stream navigable from Birmingham to Mobile the year round. Ocean-going barges transport raw materials and finished products from Birmingham southward on this stream at the rate of hundreds of tons a month, while upstream cargoes consist of merchandise of all descriptions, fertilizers and nitrates. Cities as far away as Chattanooga and Meridian are now receiving large shipments over the Warrior through Birmingham in order to reap the twenty per cent saving in freight rates over all-rail tariffs.

In 1900 there were twenty-five churches in Birmingham; today there are one hundred and fifty-six white and one hundred and forty-nine Negro churches. There are fifty-five public schools, twenty-five private schools, three high schools and three colleges. Construction work is already under way on a new central high school, which will be completed at a cost of half a million dollars.

The most wonderful development has come within the last eighteen years. Less than a score of years ago there was not a ten-story building in the municipality. Today towering skyscrapers form a jagged horizon when viewed from the surrounding hills. Twelve of them are among the tallest buildings in the South, and the twenty-seven-story Jefferson County Bank building is the highest structure south of the Ohio River.

Birmingham has a total of fourteen parks, some of which are not yet fully developed. The total park area is six hundred and thirty-five acres. One of these, Woodrow Wilson Park, three blocks removed from the business district, is the heart of a proposed civic center. A bond issue of five hundred thousand dollars has been voted and a site purchased adjoining this park for an auditorium capable of seating ten thousand people. The civic plan calls for the grouping of the municipal library, museum, city and county and other public buildings about the park. The estimated cost of the new structures is ten million dollars. The new Federal building, an entire block in length, which has just been completed at a cost of two million dollars, is a block and a half away.

During the war Birmingham exceeded her quota in every instance in every Liberty bond drive and every Red Cross campaign, and in the number of fighting men sent to the front. In some instances the oversubscriptions were as high as four hundred per cent.

Birmingham is the fastest growing city of its size in the United States, according to the 1920 census statistics. It has a population of two hundred thousand.

This is Birmingham on her fiftieth birthday. This is the Magic City of the Southland.



The "De Witt Clinton," the first locomotive and passenger train ever run in New York. This locomotive was built in America.

Early History of Our Railways Is Romantic

IN THE early days of the United States there were only four ways for the public to travel from one place to another—walk, horseback, stagecoach or rowboat. All four methods were used, depending upon the state of finances of the traveler.

In this era of palatial and swift-moving railway trains it is rather difficult for a present-day American to realize that in the early days of their country steam railroads were merely hazy dreams of the far-distant future.

It is altogether likely that in a few generations from now articles will be written telling all about the slow, pokey, primitive methods that people had to put up with away back in the old-fashioned days when the only means of getting over the country was by steam railway. The day is bound to come when passenger trains will be junked in favor of something swifter and more comfortable. Doubtless the grandchildren of the children of today will visit museums and amusedly look at ancient relics labeled "Pullman Car" and "Locomotive," bearing printed signs explaining that they were in general use throughout the United States during the first half of the twentieth century.

The first railroad built in the United States was three miles long, extending from the granite-quarries of Quincy, Massachusetts, to the Neponset River. This road was commenced in 1826, and completed in 1827. It was built with granite sleepers, seven and a half feet long, laid eight feet apart. The rails, five feet apart, were of pine, a foot deep, covered with an oak plate, and these with flat bars of iron. The cars were pulled by horses.

The second railroad was commenced in January, 1827, and completed in May of the same year, extending from the coal mines near Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, to the Lehigh River, nine miles. From the summit of the road, and within half a mile of the mines, the descent by a plane was nine hundred and eighty-two feet, inclined two hundred and twenty-five feet to the river, and thence twenty-five feet in a chute to the spot where the cars were discharged into the boats. The cars descended by gravity with the loaded wagons, and were drawn up again by mules. The rails of the road were of timber, laid on wooden sleepers, and strapped with flat iron bars.

In 1828 the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company constructed a railroad from their coal mines to Honesdale, Pennsylvania, the termination of their canal. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the South Carolina Railroad were also commenced in the same year.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad was the first road in America to attract national attention. The first meeting to form a railroad company in the United States, to connect the waters of the East with the waters of the West, was held in Baltimore, February 12, 1827. The practicability of the project was left to a committee who soon after reported at the second meeting, on the 19th, and a resolution was passed to obtain a charter from the legislature. The charter was obtained, and on April 24, 1827, the company was organized, and the first board of directors elected.

The construction of the road was commenced by laying a corner stone July 4, 1828, attended by one of the most magnificent processions of the military and civil associations, trades and professions, ever witnessed on any occasion in the United States up to that time.

The venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, then over ninety years of age, the only survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was present on the occasion and laid the corner stone with appropriate ceremonies. It is related that, on this occasion, after the ceremonies were over, the venerable patriot said to one of his friends present: "I consider this among the most important acts of my life, second only to my signing the Declaration of Independence, if even it be second to that," and to the end of his life he continued a firm friend of the work.

The construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was commenced in 1828, and completed in 1852. On January 12, 1853, in honor of the completion of the road, a magnificent banquet took place in Wheeling, West Virginia, its western terminus. At that time it was the longest railroad in the world.

At this banquet Mr. Swann, the president of the company, in his address, made this beautiful allusion to the venerable and patriotic Carroll: "There are those present who witnessed the enthusiasm which attended the laying of the first stone, by the illustrious Charles Carroll, of Carrollton." He then produced the trowel which had been used by Mr. Carroll, and was still preserved by the company, with this memorandum on it: "This trowel was used by Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, to lay the first stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, July 4, 1828."

When these pioneer railroads were commenced their builders had no idea of operating trains on them with locomotives. Their plan was to use horses or mules. The steam engine was an afterthought. Even ship sails were tried on several roads prior to the advent of the use of the iron horse. Two ways of utilizing the horse as motive power were evolved by the early railway magnates; one was to hitch the horse to the front end of a car, and the other was to put the horse inside the car where it produced power on a treadmill.

This horse-treadmill locomotive was tried on the Baltimore and Ohio with indifferent success. On one occasion when drawing a car filled with editors and other representatives of the press, it ran into a cow, and the passengers, having been tilted out and rolled down an embankment, were naturally enough unanimous in condemning the contrivance. And so the horse power car passed out of existence, and out of mind.

Following the horse power car on the B. & O. came the Meteor. This was a sailing-vehicle, the invention of Evan Thomas, who was, perhaps, the first person who advocated railroads in Baltimore. The Meteor required a good gale to drive it, and would only run when the wind was what sailors call abaft. Head-winds were fatal to it, and Mr. Thomas was afraid to trust a strong side-wind lest the vehicle might be upset; so it rarely made its appearance except when a northwester was blowing, when it would be dragged out several miles and come back, literally with flying colors. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, being the first in operation in this country, and almost the first in the world for the transportation of passengers and merchandise, of course was visited by crowds from almost every section of the United States, as well as from parts of Europe. Among them was Baron Krudener, envoy from Russia, who, by invitation of Mr. Thomas, made an excursion in the sailing car, managing the sail himself. On his return from the trip, he declared he had never before traveled so pleasantly. Mr. Thomas caused a model sailing car to be constructed, which he presented to the baron, with the respects of the company, to be forwarded to the Emperor. This courtesy on the part of Mr. Thomas was handsomely acknowledged by the baron.

Like the horse car, the sailing car had its day. It was an amusing toy—nothing more—and is referred to



Horse power locomotive used on South Carolina railroad in 1829-30.

now to illustrate the crudity of the ideas prevailing ninety years ago in reference to railroads.

The South Carolina railroad, extending 136 miles from Charleston to Hamburg, also had an inning at horse and sail power. The Charleston *Courier* of March 20, 1830, contains the following account of "Sailing on Land":

"A sail was set on a car on our railroad yesterday afternoon, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators. Fifteen gentlemen got on board and flew off at the rate of twelve to fourteen miles an hour. Thirteen persons and three tons of iron were carried about ten miles an hour. The preparations for sailing were very hastily got up, and, of course, were not of the best kind; but owing to this circumstance the experiment afforded high sport. The wind blew very fresh from about northeast, which, as a sailor would say, was 'abeam,' and would drive the car either way with equal speed. When going at the rate of about twelve miles an hour and loaded with fifteen passengers, the mast went by the board, with the sail and rigging attached, carrying with them several of the crew. The wreck was descried by several friendly shipmasters, who kindly rendered assistance in rigging a jury-mast, and the car was again soon put under way. During the afternoon the wind changed so as to bring it nearly ahead when going in one direction; but this did not stop the sport, as it was ascertained that the car would sail within four points of the wind. We understand it is intended by some of our seamen to rig a car properly, and shortly to exhibit their skill in managing a vessel on land."

Much laughter and ridicule were indulged in when an inventive genius named Peter Cooper brought to Baltimore a new-fangled dingus which he said was a steam locomotive. Mr. Cooper named his engine "Tom Thumb." The firm having the contract to operate with horses that part of the B. & O., then finished as far as Ellicott's Mills, sought to put a quietus on such foolish contrivances as locomotives, by staging a race between a car drawn by their speedy dapple gray, and one drawn by the locomotive. This celebrated race occurred August 28, 1830. A description of the race from a publication of that period says: "The great stage proprietors of the day were Stockton and Stokes; and on that occasion a gallant gray, of great beauty and power, was driven by them from town, attached to another car on the second track—for the company had begun by making two tracks to the Mills—and met the engine at the Relay House, on its way back. From this point it was determined to have a race home; and, the start being even, away went horse and engine, the snort of the one and the puff of the other keeping time and time.

"At first the gray had the best of it, for his steam would be applied to the greatest advantage on the instant, while the engine had to wait until the rotation of the wheels set the blower to work. The horse was perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead, when the safety-valve of the engine lifted, and the thin blue vapor issuing from it showed an excess of steam. The blower whistled, the steam blew off in vapory clouds, the pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, soon it lapped him—the silk was placed—the race was neck and neck, nose and nose—then the engine passed the horse, and a great hurrah hailed the victory. But it was not repeated, for just at this time, when the gray master was about giving up, the band which drove the pulley, which moved the blower, slipped from the drum, the safety-valve ceased to scream, and the engine, for want of breath, began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engineer and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the band upon the wheel; in vain he tried to urge the fire with light wood; the horse gained on the machine and passed it, and although the band was presently replaced, and steam again did its best, the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken, and came in the winner of the race. But the real victory was with Mr. Cooper, notwithstanding. He had held fast to the faith that was in him, and had demonstrated its truth beyond peradventure. All honor to his name!"

To the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company belongs the credit for having operated the first locomotive on the Western Hemisphere. The date of this epoch-making innovation was August 8, 1829. This road was in Pennsylvania, and connected the coal mines with the canal. This famous engine, known as the "Stourbridge Lion," was built in England expressly for the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company.

Horatio Allen, assistant engineer of the company, had the distinction of handling the throttle of this engine on its initial trip. While making a speech in 1851 at Dunkirk, New York, in celebration of the completion of the New York and Erie Railroad, Mr. Allen made the following reference to his trip on the first locomotive on the American continent:

"To bring before you as strikingly as in my power, it has occurred to me to lead your imagination to the conception of the scene which would present itself if, on some fine morning, you were placed at an elevation, and gifted for the moment with a power of vision which would command the railroad movements of the whole United States. There would be presented an exciting picture of activity, in thousands of iron horses starting forth from the various railroad centers, or traversing the surface of the continent in all directions. When the imagination has attained to some conception of the scene, let it seek to go back to the time when only one of these iron monsters was in existence on this continent, and was moving forth, the first of his

mighty race. When was it? Where was it? and who awakened its energies and directed its movements? It was in the year 1829, on the banks of the Lackawaxen, at the commencement of the railroad connecting the canal of the Delaware and Hudson Company with their coal mines, and he who addresses you was the only person on that locomotive.

"The circumstances which led to my being left alone on the engine were these: The road had been built in the summer, the structure was of hemlock timber, and the rails, of large dimensions, notched on to caps placed far apart. The timber had cracked and warped, from exposure to the sun. After about five hundred feet of straight line, the road crossed the Lackawaxen Creek on a trestle about thirty feet high, and with a curve of three hundred and fifty or four hundred feet radius. The impression was very general that the iron monster would either break down the road or that it would leave the track at the curve and plunge into the creek. My reply to such apprehension was, that it was too late to consider the probability of such occurrences; that there was no other course but to have the trial made of the strange animal which had been brought here at such great expense, but that it was not necessary that more than one should be involved in its fate; that I would take the first ride alone, and that the time would come when I should look back to this incident with great interest. As I placed my hand on the throttle valve handle I was undecided whether I would move slowly or with a fair degree of speed; but believing that the road would prove safe, and preferring, if we did go down, to go down handsomely and without any evidence of timidity, I started with considerable velocity, passed the curve over the creek safely, and was soon out of hearing of the cheers of the large assemblage present. At the end of two or three miles, I reversed the valves and returned without accident to the place of starting, having thus made the first railroad trip by locomotive on the Western Hemisphere."

The first American-built locomotive for actual service upon a railroad for the hauling of passengers and freight was built in New York City for the South Carolina Railroad. (The reader will bear in mind that while the Cooper locomotive was the first one built in this country, it was only a light model for experimental purposes.) This engine was named "The Best Friend of Charleston." The Charleston *Courier* of January 17, 1831, contains this account of the first trip:

"On Saturday last, the first anniversary of the commencement of the railroad was celebrated. Notice having been previously given, inviting the stockholders, about one hundred and fifty assembled in the course of the morning at the company's building in Line street, together with a number of invited guests. The weather the day and night previous had been stormy, and the morning was cold and cloudy. Anticipating a postponement of the ceremonies, the locomotive-engine, 'Best Friend of Charleston,' had been taken to pieces for cleaning, but upon the assembling of the company she was put in order, the cylinders new packed, and at the word, the apparatus ready for movement. The first trip was performed with two pleasure cars attached, and a small carriage, fitted for the occasion, upon which was a detachment of United States troops and a field piece which had been politely granted by Major Belton for the occasion.

"Upon the return of the engine, it was found necessary to tighten the packing, which occasioned some little delay. At about one o'clock she again started with three cars attached, upon which were upward of one hundred passengers. At two o'clock a Federal salute was fired by the detachment of troops stationed upon the remains of the fortification erected during the Revolution near the Quarter House. At four o'clock the company commenced returning, and were all safely landed at Line street before six. The number of passengers brought down, which was performed in two trips, was estimated at upward of two hundred. A band of music enlivened the scene, and great hilarity and good humor prevailed throughout the day."

The second American-built locomotive was also ordered by the South Carolina Railroad. This one was named the "West Point."

The officials of the South Carolina Railroad were the progressive hustlers of their day. They put into service the first eight-wheel locomotive in the world. This engine was designed by Chief Engineer Horatio Allen, of the South Carolina road. Many years afterward he explained the necessity for this innovation in the following letter to a friend:

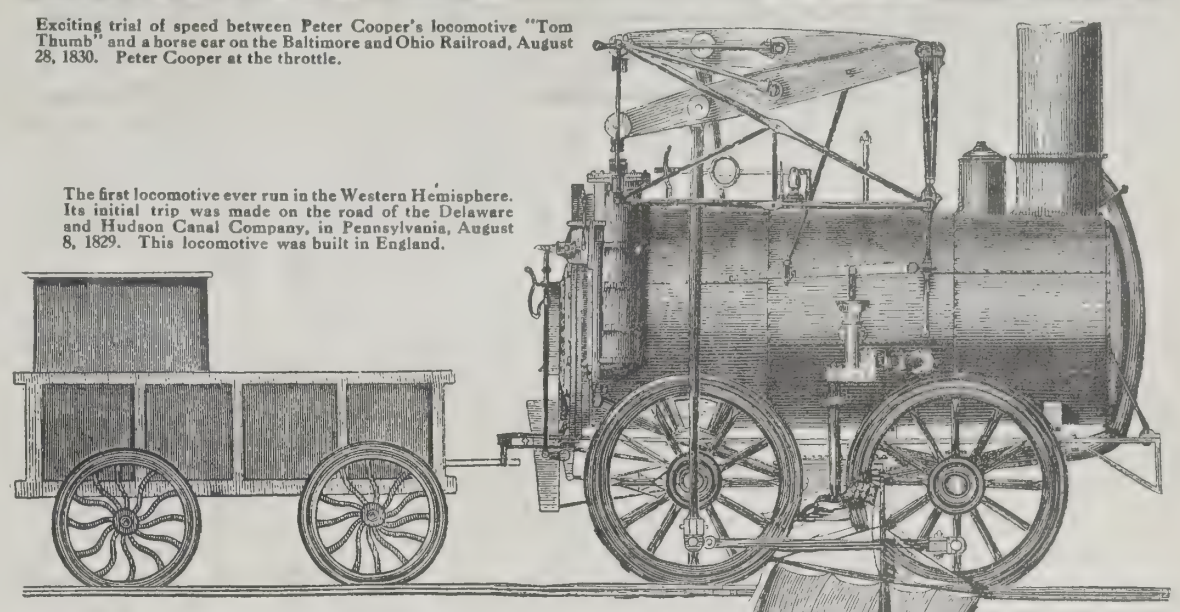
"I had early come to the conclusion that to make the locomotive the instrument that would be required, it must furnish more power in one instrument and one engineer; that it was plain that the materials, and that, too, of the road which carried the locomotive, limited the weight to rest under each wheel, and that, as more power required more weight, there must, of necessity, be more wheels, and that, if more wheels are required, power must be made in reference to curves and change of grade. In reports made in 1830-1831, I set forth the combinations by which such provision could be made. At that time the locomotives in England were all on four wheels, and it was maintained by a strong English influence that it was not for us, in America, to depart from English usage. The subject was a matter of discussion for a winter. I took the position (English usage to the contrary notwithstanding) that no long road for general passenger and freight purposes could maintain itself without the use of eight-wheel locomotives, and that probably ten-wheel locomotives would also be found desirable. Experience has amply sustained my position. My efforts were successful, and in 1831 the first eight-wheel locomotives were built on my plans and under my direction. The combinations by which provision was made for curves and changes of grade are substantially those so generally used on eight-wheel locomotives and eight-wheel passenger cars.

"It is of some interest that their introduction, without patent, was in a great degree the means of saving the railroad companies and the public from charges for their use."

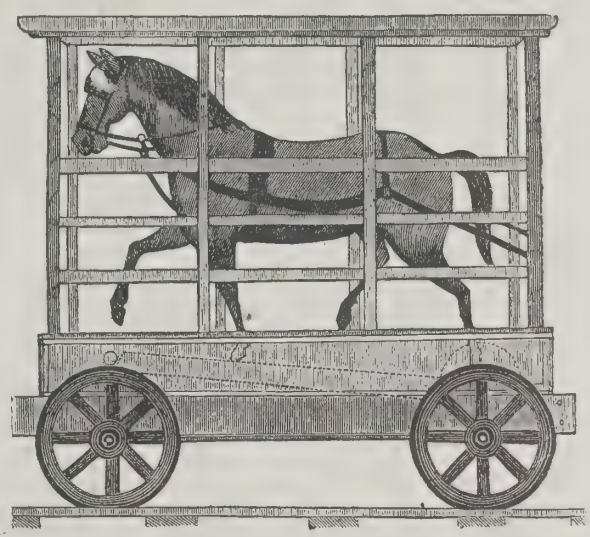
The first locomotive in the state of New York, and the third built in America, was called the "De Witt Clinton," and was operated on the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad. It made its first run on August 9, 1831.



Exciting trial of speed between Peter Cooper's locomotive "Tom Thumb" and a horse car on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, August 28, 1830. Peter Cooper at the throttle.



The first locomotive ever run in the Western Hemisphere. Its initial trip was made on the road of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, in Pennsylvania, August 8, 1829. This locomotive was built in England.



Horse power locomotive used in the early days of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.



Sailing car with party of excursionists on South Carolina Railroad, March 19, 1830.



The "Best Friend of Charleston," the first locomotive built in the United States for actual service on a railroad. Its first regular trip was made on the South Carolina Railroad, January 15, 1831.

The Farmers Make Known Their Demands

Concluded from page 12

ing to get legislation for a better financing of livestock industry and personal rural credits. It desires to have the Federal Reserve Board vested with proper authorization so to classify rediscounts that primary production may be given prior consideration. It also asks that profits from the Federal Reserve Banks constitute a revolving fund in such amounts as may be necessary to provide the working capital during the time of the receiving of the requests, and the sale of debentures. It also advocates that all debentures be eligible for sale in Federal Reserve Banks or on the open market. An effort has been made to have the maximum limit on Federal Land Bank mortgage loans increased from $10,000 to $25,000.

"The farmers of the Middle West for years have been interested in packer and stockyard control legislation. The American Farm Bureau Federation has presented its case to the House Agricultural Committee upon numerous occasions. At this time the Haugen bill is being considered by the House. It places the supervision of regulation under the Secretary of Agriculture which will avoid the twilight zone that frequently develops where one department of the government ceases to function and another takes up the work. It arranges for publicity of accounting and puts definitely upon the courts the power to enforce any complaint orders issued.

"For some time the Federation has been interested in the famous dam project at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, started during the war for the manufacture of nitrates from the air for munitions. Until then this country had not awakened to the fact that air affords our only source of steady commercial nitrogen in large volume. We had been depending almost entirely upon Chili for her deposits of sodium nitrate and it is from this source that most of our nitrate for commercial fertilizers is obtained. During 1918 and 1919 we imported about $70,000,000 worth of sodium nitrate annually and paid an export duty of $16,000,000 to $20,000,000. Before the war we relied upon her to furnish $16,000,000 to $20,000,000 worth and paid her a duty of $6,000,000 to $7,000,000.

"A committee of the American Farm Bureau Federation recently visited Muscle Shoals and unanimously recommended that the Government finish the dam to operate the nitrogen plant under its rights and that a Government corporation be created to direct the operation of the plant for making fertilizers and in case of need to supply the War Department with a cheap source of nitrates.

"Another bill which is of great importance to the farmers is the Tincher bill regulating the trading in grain futures. The Farm Bureau has given a great deal of testimony before committees in Congress on this subject and advocates abolishing speculative future trading and safeguarding legitimate transactions involving insurance features such as hedging. The Tincher bill as drawn should curb speculation for it taxes it so heavily as to make it prohibitive.

"There are many other items in the Federal legislative program in which the membership of the American Farm Bureau Federation is interested, but in all questions the general public—the consumers—are vitally interested with the producers."

UBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

A one-hundred-thousand-dollar exchange building in Wichita, Kansas, is threatened with destruction by hordes of ants, driving upward from the earth through mud tubes. Oaken lumber stored under the building has been practically consumed and the ants have tunneled as far as the second floor following pipe lines. Fly paper placed in the path of the ants was bridged with dirt by the insects.

A special issue of airplane service stamps of 15, 30 and 45-cent denominations has been prepared by the Chinese post office department, in anticipation of the air transmission planned for the near future in that country.

A green parrot swinging in a tree in Evanston, Illinois, jammed traffic for blocks by calling out, "Not so fast—go slow! Stop!" The same squad of officers who captured the parrot rounded up an organ grinder who had a monkey trained to climb into second-story windows and pass out articles of value. When captured, the monkey had a valuable vase and lavalliere which he had stolen from a bedroom.

Prehistoric Mexico was occupied and colonized by Chinese, according to archeologists whose researches have resulted in discoveries of incense burners and peculiar three-legged dishes made only by the Chinese.

An Eastern circus organization will tour the country this year in motor trucks costing from $12,000 to $30,000 apiece. It is estimated the saving in rail charges will go a long way to pay for this equipment. The motorized circus will be able to travel anywhere and, being independent of train service, may make towns not often visited by large shows.

Ten thousand Chinese entered Mexico through Pacific Coast ports and Guatemala during 1920.

A twelve-foot boa constrictor, a stowaway from some tropical port, recently arrived in New York Harbor where he was stunned by a fall caused when the Hoboken workmen tore away his resting place. He was boxed up and sent to the zoo. Floods have been prevalent in the tropics and it is thought he crawled through a porthole from a drifting tree.

All doctors and dentists entering Mexico must pass an examination. Those who have been practicing three years in that country may continue, provided they register diplomas from foreign institutions of good standing.

In the Cambria coal field of Wyoming small quantities of gold and silver are present in the coal veins. In South Africa a similar occurrence has been noted, the coal occurring in small seams running through the quartzite ore.

A dust storm recently blew for thirty hours carrying Gobi Desert sand to Shanghai and far out to sea. Japanese liners arriving at Yokohama found it difficult navigating, owing to the heavy yellow cloud enveloping them. During the blow, Peking resembled a deserted city, for nobody ventured out except under stress of necessity.

Following the injury of eight freshmen and sophomores who were cut and burned recently in a class battle involving about one thousand students, all forms of hazing have been abolished by the student body of the University of Wisconsin.

The Colorado catastrophe is a reminder that among the greatest floods of history were the tropical hurricane at Galveston, Texas, that in 1900 lifted the waves from the Gulf many feet above the high-tide level causing a loss of 8,000 lives; that caused by the breaking of a dam at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1889, with thousands of fatalities; the flood at Hoangho, China, in 1853, and a tidal wave in Bengal in 1876 which drowned 200,000 people.

A Philadelphia man lost his life recently while attempting to chloroform an aged pet cat. The cat scratched and struggled as he tried to administer the chloroform. The fumes became so dense the man fell unconscious and died. The cat escaped!

Help came from the skies when a man walked off the sea wall recently into the Potomac River. The pilot of a seaplane five hundred feet in the air saw him plunge into the water and swooping down enabled his companion flier to drag the drowning man to safety.

In the belief that prisons are too comfortable to serve as threats to those of criminal tendencies, a justice of the Brooklyn supreme court advocates the judicious use of the lash in certain cases.

Stockmen are exterminating the few remaining herds of wild horses which still roam the high ranges of Arizona, New Mexico, Southern Utah and Oregon. Wild horses are a menace to the domestic stock when turned out to pasture on the range. They consume fodder, break down fences and lure valuable animals from ranches. Expert rifle shots are engaged to hunt down these wild horses.

Airplane police to regulate traffic, patrol the lake front for persons and vessels in distress, assist in hunting bank robbers and automobile bandits, and to perform various other duties, will be added to the Evanston, Illinois, police department.

A bronze statue representing Victory, and designed to commemorate the heroism of Australian soldiers, laid for over a year, dust-covered and forgotten, in the yard of the Federal Parliament House. The unfortunate oversight has been rectified and Australia's thanks have been sent to the sculptor.

It is now possible to send a crewless vessel as far as radio impulses will carry. The same means can be used in sending a giant torpedo against a foe regardless of how far distant the enemy might be, provided he is within reach of the radio. In vessels the device is attached to the fuel engine, the water engine and the steering mechanism making it possible to guide, fuel and water by radio.

Rhodesia, under the administration of the Chartered Company of South Africa, is the most lightly taxed portion of the British Empire. Nevertheless the community has expressed a desire for the recognition by the Imperial Government of the status of a self-governing dominion, even though it would involve the payment of a debt of four million four hundred thirty-five thousand pounds.

Among the eight hundred and forty members of the Northwestern University graduating class is a blind student who worked his way through.

The lowly corncob can be made into many useful articles, due to a set of discoveries made in the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. After a high-grade adhesive is removed, pure cellulose, a very good quality of paper and valuable lime products are recovered from the residue.

One-half of our citizens who are eligible voters fail to vote.

In the belief that a wife's place is in the home and not in the schoolroom, the Chicago school board has dismissed all married teachers and replaced them by single women.

The curb market in New York will be no more after July 10 when the New York Curb Brokers' Association will move into their newly erected building. Thereafter all trading will be done indoors. Thousands of sight-seers will remember the mad throng which for thirty-five years operated on the actual curb in Broad Street.

The Passion Play is to be revived at Oberammergau in 1922 when it is planned to give thirty performances. Eighty-two men, formerly actors in the play, were killed during the World War.

The probation method of dealing with juvenile delinquents in New York costs only one-eighteenth as much as institutional care.

During one hundred and forty-five years, the United States has been engaged in 110 wars or military expeditions.

Certain natives of South Africa brew a drink which reverses the motor nerves, causing drinkers to walk backward. The liquor is made of the fruit of the cashew tree.

Two out of every three persons in the world are unable to read and write, and one billion of the billion six hundred million persons in the world are non-Christians.

Ever since his midshipman days, King George has been collecting postage stamps. He is the only monarch sufficiently interested in this pastime to have a special official in charge of his collection.

Gold and silver in small quantities have been discovered on a farm in Iowa, according to reports from a Chicago assayer. Certain sections of the country along the Des Moines River are underlaid by ore-bearing gravel beds.

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One Hundred Days of Harding

The Language of the Train Whistle

Two Jews and a Mystery

Warburg, Baruch and Col. House. Sidelights on the Making of the Great American Money Machine

Prosperity's Dependence on Agriculture

Safeguarding the Public Health

IN THIS ISSUE—Hugh S. Cumming, Carl Schurz Lowden, Homer Kingsley, A. R. Pinci, E. T. Meredith, Fred L. Holmes

Safeguarding the Public Health

By HUGH S. CUMMING
Surgeon General, Public Health Service

Uncle Sam Lends a Hand to Improve American Standards

THE war has emphasized the importance of public-health work. England, Canada and Australia have recently established ministries of health, thus recognizing that the care of the public health is one of the most important functions of a government. After the war emergency passed, the Public Health Service of the United States formulated a program to meet pressing needs.

The figures resulting from the draft showed that one-third of all of the men presenting themselves for examination were not physically fit to fight, due to defects a large proportion of which were preventable. The importance of this fact cannot be overestimated.

This unsatisfactory condition of the public health, persisting in spite of the emergency work of many health departments and voluntary agencies, indicates clearly that health work has not received the attention that it merits from governmental authorities. While preventable disease rates have been lowered in many cases, and campaigns against isolated diseases and unsanitary conditions have met with success, there has been hitherto no national campaign dealing with public health in all its phases.

Our government, however, is making an organized effort to improve the standards of health in the United States. The Public Health Service is charged with this important duty, but the success of its work depends largely upon the active co-operation of Federal, state, and local health authorities and voluntary organizations. Practical experience has proved that the proper co-ordination of public health activities can best be obtained under the Federal aid extension principle.

Not Much Money Voted

THE protection of the health of the public, including the encouragement of adequate health organizations in all states and localities, must be given serious consideration. While the appropriations that Congress has placed at the disposal of the Health Service are not large, valuable results are being obtained. True economy suggests and warrants additional appropriations, especially for use in rural health work, and which could be used with a high degree of effectiveness and in entire consistence with our principles of government, for nation-wide promotion of human health, and would yield to the national welfare a dividend second to no other obtainable from investment of Federal funds.

The program of the Federal Health Service is a comprehensive one. Its investigations have included the diseases of man, industrial hygiene, child hygiene, railway sanitation, rural sanitation, municipal sanitation, sewage disposal and public health organization. It has begun campaigns against malaria, tuberculosis, social diseases, and diseases of infancy and childhood.

While 7,000,000 people suffer annually from malaria, while one-third of our men of military age are unfit for military duty, and while a disease such as influenza can sweep across the country and kill 500,000 persons in the course of a few months, it is evident that there is a crying need that more attention be paid by the Federal Government to the problems of public health. Where measures for meeting these problems are now known, encouragement should be given to state and local health authorities in carrying them out, and the public should be reached by health educational measures on the part of the Federal authorities. Where such measures are not known, opportunity should be had for continuing on a much larger scale investigations which the service already has in progress, as in the field of child hygiene, the treatment of leprosy, studies as to cause and prevention of pellagra, combating the spread of trachoma, malaria surveys, and so on.

Among the new activities successfully established last year was the inauguration of a daily health column supplied for publication in newspapers throughout the country. Combined with a system of questions and answers, this has met with a very cordial reception by the public and has been an effective vehicle for the promotion of public health education.

Treating Leprosy Successfully

AMONG the interesting results secured during the last year or two is the apparently beneficial use of a preparation of chaulmoogra oil in the treatment of leprosy. It is too early to know positively whether treatment with this oil is a permanent cure for the disease, but under it a large number of patients have become bacteriologically negative and have been allowed their freedom. With the early operation of a national leprosarium the development of this treatment offers great promise for the relief of patients and possibly for their cure.

In no time in the history of the segregation of lepers in the Hawaiian Islands, extending over half a century, have there been so many voluntary surrenders as during the last two years. This is in striking contrast to the almost universal custom in the past of enforcing the segregation laws through direct arrest by deputy sheriffs. The old prejudice on the part of lepers against segregation and their disbelief in any remedial measures on their behalf has been slowly but surely overcome during the past few years through various agencies. Today the medical attendant enjoys the implicit confidence and hearty co-operation of his patients.

Let us consider malaria. This is a thoroughly preventable disease, for if malaria-bearing mosquitoes were eliminated there would be no malaria. Yet there are seven or eight million cases of malaria annually in the United States, causing a heavy economic loss to the country. Malaria fevers cause an annual loss of efficiency each year in our country that is appalling and the communities that suffer lack interest in public welfare. In many villages from ten to forty per cent of the inhabitants are infected. Where such conditions obtain the community cannot and does not progress or develop normally.

Through the activities of the Public Health Service active anti-malaria measures are now being undertaken in scores of communities. It is encouraging to note that there is a strong demand for state and county aid for the campaign of malaria eradication, and that such support has already been given and has the approval of the public. What is also important is that a large part of the public now realizes that it costs much more to continue to suffer and support the financial loss caused by malaria than it does to eliminate the disease from their community.

The studies of the service in regard to the cause and prevention of pellagra have been continued. Previous researches by the service have shown that this disease is due to an improperly balanced diet, and now attention is being directed toward the discovery of the precise dietary faults which bring it about.

It is now known that pellagra is not infectious and is not caused by eating spoiled corn. From the point of view of prevention, the knowledge that the disease can be avoided by the consumption of a well-balanced diet, including plenty of fresh meat, milk, and green vegetables, is the important fact. Pellagra has decreased in the South, owing to better economic conditions, but a great need still remains for popular instruction as to the means of preventing this disease and for a continuation of field studies bearing on the matter.

Trachoma—a highly communicable disease of the eyes, frequently resulting in blindness—has likewise been dealt with by the Health Service, which maintains a number of hospitals at which operations for the cure of the disease are carried out. As a result, trachoma has been eradicated from a number of districts where it was previously prevalent. In connection with a study of it, a surgeon was detailed to investigate the possibility of an animal scar-tissue conjunctivitis of insect origin etiologically related to trachoma. The results uncovered no evidence in support of the hypothesis that biting flies and equine conjunctivitis are agencies in the etiology of trachoma.

The Outbreak of Botulism

ONE of the subjects actively studied very recently, and which has aroused the attention of the public, has been the outbreak of botulism, which caused a few deaths, from the eating of bottled olives. The main object has been to find out the cause of old and recent outbreaks; whether it was due to vegetables or method of canning; contributory factors, as soil, insects, hog carriers; clinical manifestations, treatment, recovery; complications, if any. As to limberneck, investigation of the disease has been directed toward spoiled home-canned goods.

One of the most important features of the work of the Scientific Research Division and one which has been developed almost entirely in the past year and a half was an investigation in the field of child hygiene. This work was undertaken from the point of view of assisting the states in the establishment of child hygiene departments.

There is hardly a question before the country today which is so important as that of child hygiene, including as it does prenatal care, infant welfare, and personal hygiene prior to school age. How many know that approximately eighteen thousand mothers died in this country in childbirth in one year? How many know that one in every ten children born alive in the registration area of the United States during the year 1918 died before reaching the age of one year? How many know that approximately one-fifth of all the deaths which occurred in the United States during the last year were of children under five? And has it ever been realized that practically seventeen million children of school age in this country are without medical supervision?

Industrial hygiene is also being studied carefully. The Public Health Service is studying intensively certain trades and occupations, the occupational diseases incident thereto, and the means for their avoidance. The establishments investigated include such diverse industries as metal refining, production of bakelite, pottery, sanitary ware, tools, tile, brass and gray metal castings, sheet lead, motors, machinery, steel, cable, munitions, asphalt paving materials, chemicals, flour, paper, cigars and tobacco, clothing, shoes, corsets and other products.

In addition, consulting service has been given to about one hundred and twenty-five state and municipal health and labor departments, industrial establishments and other groups interested in various phases of industrial hygiene and sanitation.

The Public Health Service has been bending its energy to the problem of giving rural districts the same degree of health protection which is enjoyed by our large cities. Life in the country should be healthier than city life, but because of poor sanitary conditions and lack of health organizations and even lack of interest by the people themselves, it is attended by many dangers due to the inroads of preventable diseases. Stream-pollution, sewage, self-purification of streams, suggestions for practical and inexpensive or uncomplicated improvements—the service has dedicated its attention to all these subjects. It has even gone so far as to study trade wastes, and evolve methods which make it possible for industries to dispose safely of their wastes.

The Division of Venereal Diseases of the Public Health Service is a very recent creation, but a very important one. Its work has been organized on a three-phase program, including medical measures, educational measures, and legal measures. The work of the state boards of health has been more thoroughly organized. They have taken over all of the detail and follow-up work and generally have assumed greater initiative. Congress appropriated one million dollars to be allotted to state boards to facilitate their co-operation with the Public Health Service in this important phase of hygienic work. This fund has been distributed, and at the present time there is a fully-organized bureau at work in every state except Nevada.

In securing the co-operation of industrial and commercial groups, employers have been shown that there is a definite relation between social diseases and lost time, efficiency, delayed recovery from minor accidents, prolonged compensation, unsafe practices, costly accidents involving loss of life, labor turnover, and falling off of production. To increase the efficiency of their employed force by facing this problem frankly, employers are urged to include in their medical service free examination, diagnosis and treatment, and to introduce educational preventive measures, such as lectures, exhibit and film showings, pamphlets and placards—activities that are intended to be self-supporting. A total of 1,697 industries, representing an employed force of 609,335, have been interested in this educational work.

Medical Examinations Impaired

DUE attention, of course, is being given with regard to the spread of communicable diseases. The ideal prevention of epidemics should be based upon early reporting of cases; that is, reliable, prompt morbidity reports. To prevent the introduction into this country of yellow fever, Asiatic cholera, bubonic plague, typhus fever, and other quarantinable diseases, the Health Service administers the national quarantine laws. As a further protection against the introduction of diseases in the United States, service medical officers are attached to the immigration stations, for the purpose of making medical examination of all arriving aliens.

Last year 15,500 vessels and 838,328 passengers and crews were inspected at the continental maritime stations. At border quarantine stations more than 90,000 travelers were inspected exclusive of local interurban traffic.

The total number of aliens certified was 25,109. Of this number, there were certified 734 for tuberculosis or mental conditions, 5,216 as being afflicted with either loathsome, contagious or dangerous contagious diseases, 14,810 as having conditions that affected their ability to earn a living, and the rest for minor defects.

But the medical examination, especially at the larger ports, was seriously impaired in its efficiency by a number of conditions that should be remedied. The transportation facilities for enabling the examiners and inspectors to board incoming vessels is wholly inadequate. To compensate for lack of transportation the service necessarily has to assign additional medical officers, with resulting waste of administrative effort.

The medical examination of alien crews for immigration purposes has to be performed under conditions that are not wholly conducive to efficiency. It is necessarily a hurried procedure and attended with a lack of equipment for a thorough physical examination, with no privacy, and the result is far from perfect.

It is to be hoped, by the way, that some legislation will be secured, providing a penalty against steamship companies in cases where diseased alien seamen are discovered. Such a penalty would act as a deterrent against the employment of diseased persons in the same way as the penalty clause now provided in law acts to minimize the importation of diseased immigrants.

Handling the Typhus Louse

THE service took action, through proper channels, to effect the revision of the sanitary convention of Paris of 1912. This was deemed advantageous because with the cessation of hostilities in Europe and the resumption of maritime commerce, the danger of introduction of epidemic diseases into the United States increased.

Typhus spread throughout Continental Europe by means of returning soldiers, repatriated prisoners and, to a less extent, by commercial travelers. At present officers of the service are stationed at practically all of the important ports of Continental Europe for the purpose of inspecting vessels and personnel prior to their departure for ports of the United States. Notwithstanding all precautions, however, typhus has broken out on several of the vessels, but with the detection of the disease on the arrival here and the appropriate treatment at quarantine stations, the efforts to prevent the introduction of typhus from Europe have proved entirely successful.

The Public Health Service, in conclusion, is at all times ready to co-operate with the people of the United States in any case in which it can be helpful. Pamphlets and instructions have been distributed by the tens of millions.

The strongest recommendation is that the appropriations for the service should be adequate enough to meet the needs of the national health program, in order that constructive work along every possible line may be carried forward uninterruptedly and satisfactorily.

The Language of the Train Whistle

By HOMER KINGSLEY

This is the first of several stories on interesting facts having to do with the operation of a railroad. The next will appear in an early issue.



(C) Boston Photo News

Before the engineer receives his signal to go, he goes carefully over his engine to see that everything is all right. Oftentimes he himself will oil up. He does not wish to be delayed on a long run by a "hot-box" which comes from overheated bearings.

ENGINEERS, conductors, brakemen, firemen, have a language all their own. It is a foreign language as far as the general public is concerned. It is not a spoken language, unless the nerve-shattering screech of the engine can be called speaking. It is by means of whistles that the trainmen receive their orders and know just what to do.

For instance: We stand on the platform of the railway station ready to take the southbound local. As we hear our train giving one long blast in the distance we see the smoke of the northbound train. It seems to be about the same distance from the station as our train. We wonder which train will reach us first. As the tracks are such that one must come in ahead of the other in order to discharge its passengers we speculate on which one it shall be. Will they both try to make it? Will they both slow down expecting the other one to go on? Will they politely stop and do a sort of Alphonse and Gaston act while the engineers and conductors implore each other kindly to proceed first?

But they never have any difficulty in this way. There are whistles as they both near the station, and one will come in and the other will wait down the track until the first one is in motion, and then politely and considerately take its turn.

It is in just such places as these that the language of the whistles is used to good advantage.

The whistles as given were like this. One engineer gave two short blasts of his whistle (—— ——) which said "proceed." The other engineer, understanding, acted accordingly. But two long whistles would mean an entirely different thing (—— ——), release the brakes. The distant whistle of our southbound train that we first heard, one long (——), was the signal used when approaching a station or regular stop.

Ever ride in the cab of an engine? No? Then you have missed one of the thrills of life. To the mere passenger who is used to "riding the cushions" in the parlor car there is an absolutely new sensation in sitting up in the cab of one of the greyhounds of the road and relaxing to the swing and roll of the mighty iron brute that eats up the miles, poking its nose along by running streams, through dark tunnels, across dizzy trestles, through smiling villages and finally into the terminal at the end of the run.

But no little of the excitement is in the stentorian means of communication maintained by the conductor, engineer and trainmen. "Climb up there," shouts "Big Jack," as he takes a good look at our permit. And with a little assistance we do. We settle ourselves comfortably on the fireman's cushioned seat. He is busy most of the run shoveling coal, except in the regions where oil is used.

We are ready. Big Jack is leaning out of the window. Suddenly we hear a sound like escaping steam or air. It goes sss, sss, sss, sss, four times. It is the air whistle up in the top of the cab. The conductor or brakeman back in one of the coaches is pulling the rope that runs along the top of the passenger car. Four whistles when the train is standing still is the signal asking our engineer to test out the air brakes. This is commonly called for as the train is about to leave a division point.

After the air brakes are tested out, and everything is all ready, the final signal is given, and we gather momentum as we leave the station. The fireman shovels coal into the firebox, Big Jack is busy watching the signals and semaphores along the track and we rattle over switches and leave the yards on to the straight track.

What's that? Our engine gives a long whistle and two short ones. Just then we come up to a train on the siding. The engine of the siding train answers with two short blasts followed with one long and two short, and Big Jack jerks the whistle cord to the tune of two short jerks.

We wonder what it all means. Trying to catch the words we learn that the one long and two short said that there was another section to our train and to stay on the siding until it passed or to look out for it. When the engine on the siding gave two short whistles it meant, "Yes, we understand," and so to be pleasant Big Jack gave two short ones too. This particular signal, the two short, is used to answer any signal not otherwise provided for in the rules.

There are certain definite rules that the engineer must learn. At the present time all of the chief roads in the United States use the same signals. It is said that they all pay a royalty or rental right for the privilege of using this system.

Now we are on the go. It's a straight-a-way track, and Big Jack makes time. If we are riding in one of the Pacific Type moguls we will bounce and roll about until it seems that we will surely slide off the track. But, no danger. Our engine is built for speed and we make fast time.

We look out of the window while the wind rips through our hair and stings our faces. We feel the engine slow up a little. Away down ahead of us there is a cow wandering alongside the track. The old whistle ought to make bossy's ears deaf for a month as it goes in repeated short sharp staccato blasts, keeping it up until the gentle-eyed bovine decides to try the grass along the fence.

To run over a cow is not a safe thing to do, even though equipped with cowcatchers. Sometimes bossy will not bump out of the way easily, may decide to roll under instead. One wreck on the Pacific Coast division was caused by a freight train that hit a peaceful looking mulcy-cow. Bossy rolled under the cowcatcher and stayed nestled down between the rails until several cars had passed over her. Then for some unknown reason, perhaps a hot-box tickled her, she wiggled about and in front of a set of wheels.

Promptly twelve cars were piled up all over bossy and on both sides of the track. So badly wrecked were they that it took a crew two days of continuous work to clear the track. It is better to make the welkin ring than to take chances.

Now we come to an important station. Big Jack gives four short whistles. This is the general signal, used in this instance in calling to the operator asking if there are any orders for him. If the station man has no orders he will pull the right arm of the semaphore down. If he has an order, he will leave the arm extended, the signal to stop.

Again we make time. The two steel rails bend and stretch out ahead as far as we can see. Now there is a man ahead with a square yellow flag, and the air brakes are applied. The man with the flag is on the right-hand side of the track which means proceed slowly. Our engineer says one long and two short and one long, meaning that the signal is heeded.

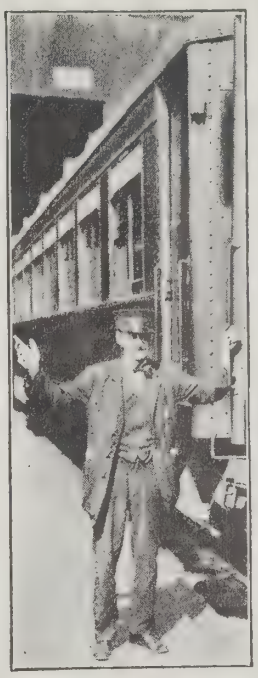
A little farther along is a brakeman holding a red flag. Big Jack gives two short, sharp blasts and stops. Then almost immediately we hear one long and three short which is the command to the rear-end brakeman to take his flag and signals and torpedoes and go back down the track for four hundred yards and protect the rear end of the train from any possible train that might collide into it from the rear.

We learn that to stop in this way means that there is a wreck ahead or trouble.

At last when our track is again clear and all is safe, the signal is five long pulls of the whistle which means for the rear-end brakeman to hustle back on the run for the train is going. Four long ones are used for calling in the brakeman from the south and west and five long ones mean the same thing to those who are called in from the north and east.

There are but two directions in railroading: north and east is east and south and west is west.

The hot-box has made us late, and now Big Jack is opening the throttle wide. We are "hitting it up" at a lively pace. Perhaps the conductor doesn't like the speed and signals with the air whistle four short hisses. That means to run slower—to decrease speed. If it had been five times it would have meant to increase the speed. Big Jack repeats these signals with the steam whistle as an acknowledgment.



(C) Boston Photo News

The conductor is the commander-in-chief of the train from the time it leaves the station. He gives the signal to go, sometimes called the "highball." He receives all the train orders at the different stops, takes tickets and is the final authority.

There is a station ahead. The switch lights are all right and there is someone raising and lowering a white light. That means "come ahead, everything is all right." Our engineer answers with two short. This lantern signal has been given because there is a train on the siding nearest the station.

We cross and recross tracks. Our fireman and engineer are closely watching every light and every signal. At many of the terminals the semaphores are "set against" them. That is, they are to whistle for their signal, for they are up. This is a precaution against danger. The train proceeding slowly gives four short whistles. If the arm goes down in answer to his whistle the engineer answers with two short blasts. If the arm stays up he will answer with one. The latter means that the train is to stop and receive further orders before proceeding.

These are the chief signals used on the railroads of the United States. They may sound complicated but they are simple. No trainman is excused if he forgets or disregards them for your life and the safety of property depends upon perfect attention.

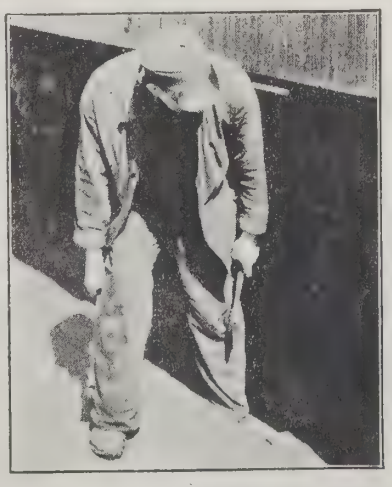
Summarized they are as follows:

Engine whistles: one short, danger, stop at once. One long, approaching station or regular stop. Two short, "Yes, I understand," answers any signal not otherwise provided for in the rules.

Two long whistles, release brakes; three short while trains are standing, back up; three short while in motion, stop at the next station; three long, while in motion, train is parted; four short, calls for a signal where one is missing or not understood.

One long and two short, notifies meeting trains that you are displaying signals for a following section. Two long and two short is approaching road crossing. One long, two short and one long, run slowly. One long and three short, flagman go back and protect the rear of the train. Three short and one long, flagman go ahead and protect head of the train.

Four long blasts, calls flagman in from south and west. Five long blasts calls flagman in from north and east. Two short, given in series like this —— —— —— —— —— means the air brakes are sticking. A signal given like this —— —— —— —— is for second engineer to assist in recharging the air brakes.



(C) Boston Photo News

As a train comes to a stop in the terminal and before one goes out an inspector looks over every car to see that the brakes, springs, journal boxes and other parts of the running gear are in order. Since the days of the steel wheels the car wheel "knocker" has gone out of business. In the old days he tapped the wheels to find a crack or flaw by the sound.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 36, July 2, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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France and Anglo-American Unity

ONE striking result of the resumption by the United States of a place in European councils has been a sudden subsidence of the menace to world peace involved in the Silesian rising. The possibility of a split between France and Great Britain, of which the clash between the respective policies of these governments regarding Poland was generally felt to be the entering wedge, seems to have been entirely dispelled, at least for the nonce. For this the hopes awakened in both countries of an American alliance, and with it substantial aid in territorial settlements that shall be satisfactory all round, would seem to account.

The Paris *Journal,* usually credited with a semi-official character and wielding at any rate the influence inseparable from a daily circulation of more than two million copies, offers much possible enlightenment on the whole situation. In a recent issue, the *Journal* declares that France will "accept with joy England's offer of an alliance"; but would "regard with equal approval an alliance with the United States."

So pointed is this expression of a lively hope for the development of the suggested Franco-British alliance into a triple bond including the United States, that one wonders on what it is based. Was the widespread opinion on this side the Atlantic that the eloquent and astute Rene Viviani returned empty-handed from his recent mission to Washington, despite the yeoman's assistance of that prince of publicity men, Stephen Lausanne, a mistaken opinion?

There can be little doubt that Viviani sought to obtain from President Harding pledges favorable to an economic if not a military alliance with France. Did he succeed?

Foreseeing the breakdown of the League of Nations consequent on its scrapping by the new Administration—and probably quite sympathetic with such scrapping—the French premier undoubtedly found it wise to cast an anchor to windward. American sympathy with British and Italian opposition to the occupation of the Ruhr and the sanction of Korfanty certainly had a deterring effect on French militaristic plans and policies. Balked of her plans for control of the Ruhr and Silesian coal-fields incident to the advantages of barriers against possible German aggression on the west and Bolshevism on the east, France was forced to seek other safeguards for her national security, undoubtedly her great and anxious concern.

M. Briand, probably coached by Millerand and Viviani, has been keen enough to see that the one hope for preventing a tipping of the European balance of power in favor of Britain and against France would be the throwing into the scales of the tremendous weight of American influence in the rôle of moderator if not arbitrator. Indicative of this change of front are the following extracts from the *Journal's* editorial:

> It is hardly necessary to say that any proposition from England for a military and political alliance, if conceived on a footing of absolute equality, will find on this side of the Channel a welcome at once impressive, cordial and joyous; above all, if such a proposition should promise to become the nucleus of a still larger agreement and one not limiting itself solely to European friendships.
>
> Neither France nor England were the sole victors: It was America that decided the conflict in their favor. On the morrow of the war's close, all eyes were turned toward the three nations and it was universally felt that the re-establishment of world peace waited on the union of all three in one strong alliance. It was in this spirit that the famous Anglo-Franco-American pact of guaranty was concluded.
>
> For reasons unnecessary to recall, that pact has remained so far simply a project. . . A dual alliance will not replace the contemplated triple alliance. Such a dual alliance cannot have for us the importance it should have unless it is permitted us to hope for the accession to the alliance in the near future of a third partner. If, however, it is concluded with the firm support and warm encouragement of that third partner, no one will have the faintest reason for suspicion that it will risk a separation of the cause of France from the cause of America, or of some day finding the two great democracies of the world ranged in opposing camps.
>
> Europe can do nothing without the Entente between France and England; but the world itself can do nothing without the collaboration of America. It has been said that a Franco-British alliance would be the cross-beam on which Europe would rest. That is true; but a cross-beam, however strong, to have lasting solidity must be supported on the joists of full confidence. And the joists of the world structure today are over there on the other side of the Atlantic, in the deep foundations of that nation of 120 million souls—the nation that is the most disinterested, most generous and most powerful on the planet today.

Making every allowance for Gallic effervescence and proneness to the superlative, these words certainly indicate a changed direction of the wind of national and international policy in Europe.

Mrs. Eddy's Centenary

CHRISTIAN Scientists the world over are making elaborate preparations for a dignified and impressive celebration on July 16 of the centenary of the birth of the founder of the cult, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy. The occasion directs attention anew, and in the sharper perspective of time, to one who holds unique place among leaders in American life, as to the particular movement of religious thought in our time of which she was in a way the initiator and apostle.

In all ages, there has been witness among men to the metaphysical basis of life. The disciples of Tsao Lo in China, of Krishna and of Buddha in India, of Zoroaster in Persia, of Hermes in Greece, of the Essenes in the Sinai Peninsula, all in some degree recognized the therapeutic value of right thinking. Aeschylus, "Father of Medicine," laid more emphasis on the spiritual than on the physical factors in healing.

Summed up, as to its basic philosophy, in the Master's saying, "The life is more than the meat and the body than raiment," there can be no doubt that this spiritual healing was taught and practiced by the apostles and the early Christians. In essence, it had large place in the metaphysical teaching of the Christian mystics and "Quietists" of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and that doctrine of "the inner light" which was the inspiration of George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends or Quakers, as of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Theoretically Emerson and the Transcendentalists, who exerted so profound an influence on American thought while Mary Baker Eddy was still a young woman, taught the same philosophy and may be regarded, indeed, as the natural precursors of Christian Science and other "New Thought" schools.

It was not until the advent of Mrs. Eddy's book and the organization of her system, in the seventies, when she was already past middle age, that this metaphysical philosophy became something more than the speculative toy of the intellectual few, or the ecstatic rhapsody of the religious devotee. Until then it was decidedly caviare to the general. If to bring an idea down from the clouds and give it concrete and definite form with standing upon the solid earth is the mark of genius, Mrs. Eddy must be regarded as a genius. She made metaphysics work.

And one does not have to be a Christian Scientist to concede in all fairness to the teaching a marvellously wholesome influence. The average Christian Scientist is serene. He does not let his mind be troubled, and has due regard for the peace and quietness of his neighbors. He is optimistic and neither howls nor whines, and so "stays on the job and gets there." The marked success of the institution of which he is a member is apt to be reflected in his individual success. Christian Science has done much to make sickness, and the habit of complaining of sickness, unfashionable and to beget that quietness and confidence which leads to achievement.

Not Such a Bad World After All

EVERY little while the heart of man is cheered by contemplation of a single concrete fact that stands out eloquently luminous. What could be more challenging to the pessimism clouding a billiously tinted vision fixed upon business dullness, financial stress and worry, the ingratitude of presidents, the thanklessness of children, and the perfidy of politicians, than the news that we are to have an unprecedented crop of watermelons!

Evidence of the determination of southern farmers to diversify crops this season is furnished in reports from Texas of an enormously increased acreage planted to watermelons. Furthermore, "all conditions are favorable to large production." Of special interest to the consumer—the Enjoyer, let us say with anticipative rapture of the absorption by and by of the melon's generous, cooling and delicious juiciness—an efficient distribution of this melonic abundance has been organized.

If there is any answer to Lowell's question, "O, what is so rare as a day in June?" here it is: "A nice big watermelon, freshly cut through its axial meridian." How its rich redness of pulp, so harmoniously contrasting with the green and white of the rind, and the fleck of glistening black seeds, smiles up at one! "Here be richness," it seems to laugh. "Here be sweetness! Let your eyes rejoice, and your nostrils with your palate. Take me to your heart for refreshment of mind and body!"

For the man assimilating a watermelon, the world is surely in tune, the sky is a heavenly blue and the grass very green. Youth is renewed and life resumes its normal rose-color. All envy, jealousy, malice and uncharitableness vanish into their native nothingness and the future becomes bright with hope.

To the farmer, especially, this big melon crop brings kindly and convincing rebuke for pessimistic complainings. He will now literally "cut a very rich melon." For melons are more profitable than cotton at present price levels. Quick and satisfactory returns on shipments, we are informed, will be made possible by the organization of a co-operative marketing association on the plan that has proved so successful in the marketing of California and Florida fruits. The melon crop, in fact, is the silver lining to the dark cloud of the low cotton prices that hit the farmer so hard. It enforces for the future the wisdom of crop diversification.

So let the thermometer mount, and the politicians scheme and the Jeremiahs predict black disaster on disaster. There's melons a-plenty!

World Prosperity at Hand

THERE seems to be a general agreement among men best qualified to speak on the subject that an era of unexampled prosperity is at hand. In the opinion of Samuel Vauclaim, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Company, we may look for a revival of business activity on a large scale not later than the end of November in this year. Less precise as to date, but equally cheering, is Judge Elbert H. Gary's declaration to friends in the steel industry that, unless grievous mistakes be made, prosperity is not far distant. Judge Lovett, basing his expectation on conditions in the railway world, is convinced that a distinct revival of prosperity will be made evident immediately after the first of July.

All these prognostications of a dawning era of prosperity are based on an appreciation of the enormous natural resources of the country and a more active exploitation of these resources as soon as world economic conditions become stabilized.

It is difficult to see how one who even faintly realizes the magnitude of our natural resources, the extent and fertility of our agricultural lands, the petroleum wells within our own borders whose output runs into the billions of dollars annually, our rich iron ore and copper deposits, our wealth of forests and the cattle and sheep on a thousand hills and plains, to say nothing of our store of precious metals, can help being, in the phrase of the elder J. P. Morgan, "a bull on the future of the United States."

Nevertheless, we are forced by the logic of recent events to recognize that there is something lacking when—despite our marvelous richness in natural resources—experiences of industrial unrest and compulsory idleness, business depression and general scarcity and unrest, are possible. What is the missing link between our abundant natural wealth and its general realization and enjoyment?

Is it not to be found in a currency system that involves an unsocial control of credit, and in a blindly selfish greed that undervalues the vital importance to all of establishing intelligently *human* relations between employers and employed?

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS rather a strange arrangement of nature that only the most precious values can be wasted. You can waste time, you can waste labor, you can waste material—and that is about all. You cannot waste money. You can misuse money, but you cannot waste it; it is still somewhere. You can waste your own opportunity to use it for benefit, but that is all. Which would seem to put money in at least the second class.

Time, energy and material are worth more than money, because they cannot be purchased by money. Not one hour of yesterday, nor one hour of today can be bought back. Not one ounce of energy can be bought back. Material wasted, is wasted beyond recovery. These things are in the front rank of values. They are the precious elements out of which all wealth is made.

It is worth noting that these precious values are not of human creation. We have done a great deal with our human intelligence and energy, we have accomplished much by the manipulation of natural material and forces, but the severely modifying fact remains that ourselves and all we have worked with, and the very intelligence we have worked by, were not our own creation. So, while mankind may be pleased, and even thankful, it ill becomes it to be boastful.

All our values were given us. Mind-values, power-values, material-values were all here. And we, the human race, have simply been cutting our eye-teeth on some of the elementary problems. The tree makes apples, mankind makes engines and philosophies—the tree cannot boast itself to be very original and powerful; it does what it was given power to do.

But mankind always has promise of being permitted to do still greater things. If trees bore different and finer apples every succeeding year, we should say, "Well, there is progress in the apple kingdom, and some day those apple trees are going to develop into beings of wonderful powers." But we don't see that. We see, however, mankind putting out different and better fruits age by age, and even helping the tree bear better apples, and the bush better berries; and therefore we say, "Well, there will come a time when this wonderfully endowed and protected race of beings will work in some finer material than steel, and by some finer force than electricity or gasoline explosions. Its present progress has every sign of being only preparation."

The waste which we practice upon the original store of wealth is always repairing itself. That is to say, the time we waste is wasted for us, not for Time—somewhere the unused hours and days return to original source where there are neither days nor hours, nor yet Time, but endless duration. Hours and days are doled out to us as small coin to see how we will use them.

It is the same everywhere. Wasted material is replaced; the earth never ceases making what we need and is prepared to fill future needs of which we have not now the slightest foreknowledge. If men waste energy, it is lost to them as individuals—the great reservoir of energy on which all life draws is not exhausted.

Therefore the great word of life is Use.

Some would say Economy. Not so. The word economy represents a half-idea born of fear. Its history is something like this: the great and tragic fact of waste is brought home to the mind by some circumstance, usually of a most materialistic kind; or there comes a violent reaction against extravagance—for even nature rebels against our unwise courses (which is the reason why so many people break down from "overwork," which is not overwork at all); and as a sudden revulsion against it all, the mind catches hold of the idea of "economy." It flies from a greater evil to a lesser one; it does not make the full journey from error to truth.

Economy is the rule of half-alive minds. There can be no doubt that it is better than waste, neither can there be any doubt that it is not as good as Use.

People who pride themselves on their economy sometimes bristle when it is attacked, as if one of the virtues had been denounced. It is principally in the interests of the economizers that this attitude is taken. For if there is anything more pitiable on earth than a poor, pinched mind spending the rich days and months pinching at a few pieces of metal, or paring the outer necessities of life to the very quick—if there is anything more pitiable, where is it?

Obviously, a practice that so pinches the mind is a wrong one. We all know economical people who seem to be niggardly even about the amount of air they breathe and the amount of appreciation they will allow themselves to give anything. They are all shriveled up.

Indeed, economy is waste: it is waste of the juices of life, the sap of living. For there are two kinds of waste: that of the prodigal who throws his substance away in riotous living, and that of the sluggard who allows his substance to rot from non-use. In the precious things of life the strict economizer is in danger of being classed with the sluggard.

The beauty of the principle of Use is that it obtains all the advantages of economy and at the same time gives healthy expression to all the instincts of which wastefulness are diseased symptoms. Most people's extravagance is a reaction from severe suppression of expenditure. Most people's economy is a reaction from extravagance.

Under the principle of Use the expansive experience of expenditure is obtained, as well as the self-control and economic discipline of "economizing."

Everything was given us to use. There is no evil from which we suffer that did not come about through misuse. There is no function which human beings can fulfil that is not good. But we have all about us the spectacle of whole nations having to make laws against things, not bad fundamentally, but bad in their misuse. The worst possible sin we can commit against the things of our common life is to misuse them. "Misuse" is the wider term. We like to say "waste," but waste is only one phase of misuse. All waste is misuse; all misuse is waste.

It is possible even to overemphasize the savings habit. It is proper and desirable that everyone have a margin; it is really wasteful not to have one, if you can have one. But it can be overdone.

We teach children to save their money. As an attempt to counteract thoughtless and selfish expenditure, it has its value; but it is not positive; it doesn't lead the child out into safe and useful avenues of self-expression or self-expenditure.

To teach a child to invest is better. Most men are saving a few dollars who, if they would invest those few dollars, first in themselves, and then in some useful work, would find it easier to save because they would have more to save.

Young men ought to be investing instead of saving. They ought to be investing in themselves to increase their creative value; after they have brought themselves to their peak of usefulness, then will be time enough to think of laying aside, as a fixed policy, a certain substantial share of income.

You are not "saving" when you are preventing yourself from becoming more productive. You are really taking out of your ultimate capital; you are reducing yourself in value as one of nature's investments.

The principle of Use is the main guide-post. Use is positive, active, life-giving. Use is alive. Use adds to the sum of good. Start out on that principle. You will have just as much materially, but you will have a great deal more mentally and spiritually. Investment is the prerequisite of returns. Investment is, in the old-fashioned term, "putting out to use."

USE is the antidote for the twin evils of waste and economy. These are both destructive, one of matter and the other of mind. The savings habit can be overdone, especially by young men. To Use what you have and what you are is much better than merely to "save" what you have. The best saving you can make is to invest in yourself; make Use of your money to make yourself more Useful, and then in your proper career you can handle the savings matter with ease. The only proper economy is Use. The only cure for waste is proper Use. The terms "waste" and "use" have no meaning apart from the individual. We cannot destroy matter. We can miss our opportunity with it, and misuse it, that's all. Our own interests are all locked up in the principle of Use.

One Hundred Days of Harding—By A. R. PINCI

President at This Time Declared to Be More Regent Than Executive

ONE hundred days of Harding!

What of them? Are they, chronologically, a fair sample by which to judge the President for what he has done? One-twelfth of a dozen is a standard business term for a sample; and Harding's hundred days represent an approximate quantity, a little less than one-fourteenth of the term for which he has been elected. In other words, is the country warranted in forming a judgment upon the Republican Administration's performance so far?

It is, at the time of writing, a debated question, this; but reportorial precision compels the admission that an indefinite but powerful majority of citizens, regardless of party, has taken the affirmative and has about drawn the first G. O. P. trial balance.

Yet this proclivity for analysis has not been very well received by many Republicans, who seem to forget that forming a judgment and passing a sentence are two distinct things. It is too soon by at least a year to frame a sentence, but it is undeniably in order to review the situation.

This difference should be understood by that floating minority attaching to every party, that is always hesitating and apologetic and whose habitual retort is "Wait," or "Give us a chance," whenever voters become inquisitive or the opposition critical. Separate and unworthy of consideration is that censorious group whose sole aim is nothing but the itch of odious comparisons. The safest measure is a mean average between "pointing with pride," of which too much has been done, and "viewing with alarm," so far camouflaging harrying satire.

Would Be Impersonal

THE political horizon, unfortunately, has been obscured by an element that not only has overinjected personalities in a political duel that has, or should have, served its purpose, but is obsessed with the idea that there exists an organized campaign of vituperation against the late Democratic Administration, and incidentally bent upon "destroying" ex-President Woodrow Wilson.

This is preposterous. The Democratic Administration achieved, together with some failures, a great deal of good. No Republican worth the name will deny it.

President Wilson was a most disconcerting opponent. His followers and his admirers may congratulate themselves upon a very evident fact—that there is no Republican in sight who will be as spiritedly pugnacious in behalf of his own party. President Harding does not dominate the Republican party. He is not dynamic; but a substituting magnetism is of equal if gentler usefulness in an emergency. To this extent he does not represent in his party the power represented by President Wilson over the Democratic party.

This means a great deal. It means that there is no perfect point of contact as between the Harding and Wilson administrations. It means that Dr. Wilson is ostensibly responsible for what happened by his party's authority under his double term, whereas President Harding would rather spread the responsibility throughout the Republican ranks. It means, to be exact, that President Harding wants to be regarded as the impersonal medium of his Administration, and to what extent he will succeed in that remains to be seen. Thus it is not possible to fix the relative position of the two Presidents without adequate qualification.

Task of Elimination

THE most important one is that Woodrow Wilson is more than the name of a former President; that it is, instead, the popular symbol of and for the late Administration. It is a cognominal metaphor for eight years of Democracy. Unfortunately, this frequent but necessarily impersonal use of that name has led to the belief, here and there, that the Republicans are going out of their way to denigrate its owner.

The fact is that President Harding is everywhere confronted and beset by the dominant personality of Dr. Wilson. The latter's influence is inextricably, or almost so, interwoven in every policy which he bequeathed to the present incumbent. Dr. Wilson has been a genuine idealist. He worked not for the moment, but for the future; and the Republicans, not to mention an assortment of Democrats too, are just about finding out how thorough a job he made of it, so far as he could go ahead with it.

As between Democrats and Republicans, and as between Republicans and Republicans, and as between either and Progressives, there seems to be no agreement as to exactly what policies the Harding Administration shall manage to carry out. It is evident, therefore, that the one authority on this mooted point is the President. And the President himself, if one wishes to be hypercritical, has not committed himself very definitely—not, at least, during the campaign or since. It is necessary, therefore, to go further back and examine his preceding opinions, a safe thing to do since he has authorized no retractions.

If there ever has been a President whose every word and deed in the public service is unmistakable, that President is in the White House today. The ambitious attempt to combine his scattered meanings into a composite attitude could lead nowhere except to error. Generally speaking, he contested the Democrats on every point. The net result was that his campaign was a campaign of reversal, a fact supported by the irreconcilables, who alone made the issues. These issues are directly related to the issues of the Wilson Administration.

President Harding, therefore, is not a free agent. He is unable, as yet, to initiate any sort of individual policy, because his first problem has been that of elimination. Owing to circumstances over which he has had no control, he has been obliged to assume the dual, and very unsatisfactory, rôle of judge and executive. He has been obliged to review the work of ex-President Wilson before he can assume responsibility on his own account, meanwhile embarrassed by his inability to act until after he has approved, amended or rejected, step by step, his inherited and unescapable problems. These he must adjust in accordance with party promises. Thus it becomes easy for a few politicians to confuse the question and pretend that President Harding is bent upon destroying Woodrow Wilson's achievements. And if it should happen, as it undoubtedly will, that any part of ex-President Wilson's unfinished business shall be successfully consummated by the Harding Administration, it will be alleged that Wilson's thunder has been stolen.

For these reasons, President Harding is at this time more of a regent than an executive.

To be exact, he will not be a full-fledged independent executive until after he has carefully examined every Wilsonian issue before him and disposed of it. It is probable, of course, that there will be divergent opinions between himself and his party's leaders on this, not only because the President is unwilling to control the party outright, but because a few of his most prominent advisers are officials who before the campaign was waged, weighed against the rank and file of the Republicans and inferentially in favor of Wilson.

These officials represent, however, the very antithesis of Republican purpose as set forth during the campaign. And it is beyond question that the opinions of these officials, measured strictly on a political basis, are of little or no consequence in comparison to the opinions of the irreconcilable Republicans.

It would be foolish to deny that there exists any undue affection between these two factions in the present Administration. They are friendly enemies, but the advantage is entirely on the side of that wing which owes its office to the voters and not to the executive. Consequently the former, which is made up of bitter-enders, are marking time. That is why they have been so quiet—during the first three months of the Administration—and why they have seemingly been vanquished by the President's personal lieutenants.

"Balderdash," Said Harding

A PARTY showdown is inevitable. It may be deferred, but it is bound to come. When it does, President Harding must either stand by his senatorial record as an irreconcilable or turn his back to it. It will be a very solemn moment.

Colonel George Harvey, American ambassador to Great Britain, has been the very first Republican to sense its approach. He is too subtle a man, despite his fiery style, and so it may be taken for granted that behind his now famous London speech there must have been a purpose. What was it?

Democrats have attempted to heckle the President about it. What does he think about it? Well, here is his opinion, plain and unadorned, uttered at a time when the vote he cast for the war was still fresh in his mind. As he has not retracted it, it must stand as of today. Said he four years ago:

> The President has said, and beautifully said, that we want to make the world safe for democracy. I subscribe to that sentiment, Senators, but I want to say to you men who are responsible for government in these trying times that you cannot justify this war and you cannot unify the American people in the defense of the American nation except on the justifiable ground of defending and preserving American national rights. If I were in any place other than the Senate Chamber of the United States, where one might speak with a little more freedom than the courtesies of this body require to be observed, I would say that much of the sentiment uttered concerning our part in the war is balderdash.

That is unequivocal language. It places the burden of our war on the saddle of patriotism, and it is not possible to read into the President's attitude the idealism that not a few individuals profess to read in accord with Wilson principles. Not that both Harding and Wilson may not be right, but a prosaic analysis warrants the belief that the President's opinions of record are quite at variance with those of his predecessor. In the heat of the campaign he emphasized this variance, but in later days he has been less direct. This quiescence has been the source of much cogitation.

In consonance with the President's wish to let the Congress act independently he undoubtedly assumed that the peace resolution was a legislative matter, but had he taken a hand in shaping it at the very outset by now it would be an accomplished fact. "I promise you formal and effective peace as quickly as a Republican Congress can pass its declaration for a Republican executive to sign." It was his promise, a year ago, which by the alchemy of election became a mandate; and though "quickly" may mean no time limit, the country can be forgiven for understanding it as calling for speed.

The minority, naturally, has been critical. It is the office of the minority to find fault with what the majority is doing. Naturally it objects to any rejection of the Wilson policies. This ubiquity of Wilson, already referred to, is a touchy and delicate matter. The President cannot overcome it except by courageous action. And nothing but action, which will determine his political fortunes, will help him. In Washington it is whispered about that he is not enough of a determined antagonist of the late Administration. In France they consider his association of nations a Wilsonian policy. It is feared, too, that he has been too prone to make speeches, at a time not propitious for speech-making, and his most faithful New York newspaper has chided him about it.

Before sketchily considering the situation, one fact must be understood, a fact that will govern future judgment. President Harding is certainly the first executive who at the outset has been fortified with preparatory knowledge of the job before him. A Senator for five years, and a prominent Senator too, he knows all about Congress; as an active critic of the late administration he is familiar with its merits or demerits.

No Anti-Harding Group

IT WILL happen, and not necessarily far hence, that any delays in bringing about a change will be countered with reminders along these lines. For that reason his task is doubly arduous, because the people have looked for speed. For this attitude he has been not a little responsible. Having for a few years pointed out that which has been wrong, or not right, inferentially leads to the conviction that he would have no trouble in making the required changes once he was in power to do so.

It would be too much to say that President Harding would or could perform miracles. His very best is bound to contain a little of the bad, if he is not superhuman. It would not be just to him to say that his official conduct in the future will be on the basis of his first hundred days, but nevertheless it remains the opinion, so far as impartial investigation goes, that he will be unable to carry out all of the party's promises in four years at the present rate of progress.

To what is this tardiness due? For it is tardiness and not, as some would have it, sluggishness. It cannot be charged to that illusive anti-Harding group about which many politicians talk but which nobody has yet found. The President has made enough enemies on his own account to invite some in turn, but these as yet are in eclipse. They will remain so for a couple of years at least. From them at this time he will not hear.

Whatever be the trouble it must be searched for within the Republican party. It is adhesive, this party, but not cohesive. There are many rifts, despite some very clever work in concealing them. Yet patronage is one of those things that, like murder, will out. Scylla and Charybdis to mariners was nothing compared to patronage for party leaders. Between a President whose "personal" appointments, as he himself has termed them, are becoming a feature of this administration as they were of the last, and a few important and if need be truculent executives who retain Democratic assistants in bland disregard of politics, patronage is not without its potential perils.

It would be difficult, of course, to duplicate President Wilson's system of personal appointments, because he controlled the party and by the same token made it over. Patronage has very little bearing in Wilson's success with his party. But the same cannot be said for President Harding. Unwilling, as I have said, to control the party, and perhaps now too late for him to do so if so minded, his disregard of Republican leaders is not going to be without effect later on.

Certain leaders are decidedly displeased about the situation. Now a great deal may be said in favor of efficiency, ostensibly involving the retention of experienced men regardless of political beliefs, but Republican leaders are unanimous, and are quoting the President to that effect, that the campaign was waged against the entire Democratic Administration. They are as a matter of principle against every Democrat.

As a party slogan they intend that the Administration shall stand or fall without divided responsibility or credit. They want a Republican in every place occupied by a Democrat and not intended by organic act of Congress for Democrats.

Big Business Men Often Misfits

PRESIDENT HARDING'S circumspection in making appointments is traceable to his desire to select the best men for the right place, but this ideal ability is subject to the personal equation. In a President, this personal equation is almost boundless. In connection with the personnel of a certain board he declared that he was looking for "$100,000 men." Whether he has succeeded or not in finding them is neither here nor there. Even if any of them is not in that class, the advance label places him there by inference.

Yet the war period is full of examples showing that high-salaried men in business and industry are frequently helpless and perhaps misfit in the government service. Being a million-dollar man has no true bearing upon his capacity as a governing official in the public service, any more than a twenty-five-dollar-a-day goldsmith would be a success at eight-dollar bookbinding. What the President really intended was that he was looking for men who would be worth at their government job the stated sum and not merely their wage.

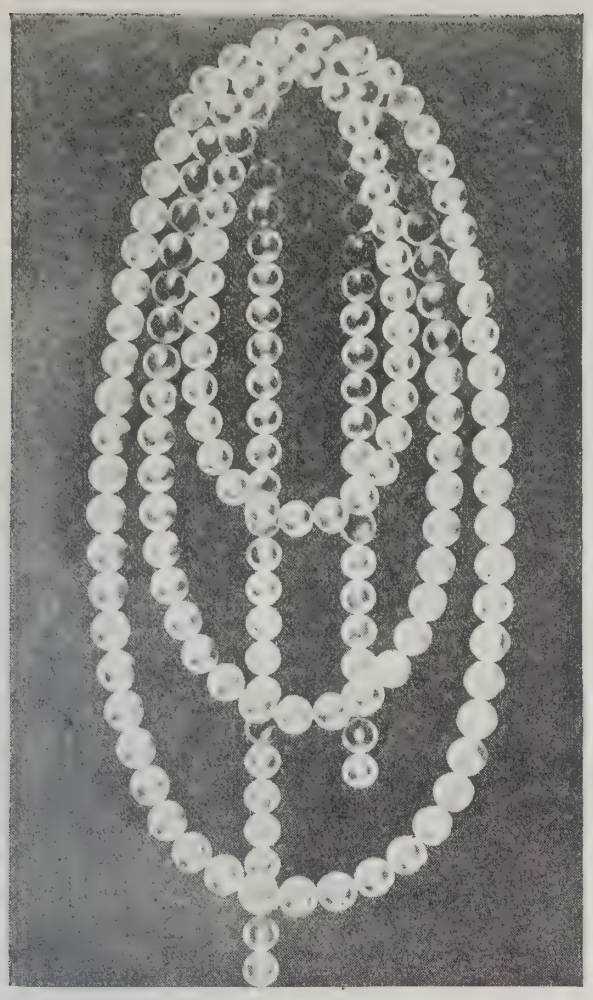
On the question of patronage, to use the commonplace word for what should be the proper distribution of offices among men of the successful party, the Republican Administration is traversing troubled waters.

So much for the negative side of it. On the other hand President Harding is entitled to unstinted congratulations not only for uniting himself to men of different political thought, but for having achieved the

(*Concluded on page 12*)

Pearls in Reality and Romance

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN



The late Russian Czar spent a quarter of a century in assembling this rope of perfect virgin pearls for his wife whom he devotedly loved.

FATE favored a young farmer who, on a certain summer day, went "pearling" on a tributary of the Mississippi River. It led him to make a momentous decision that changed his style of living.

He had dredged and dredged. Hundreds of niggerhead mussels, scientifically known as unio, had closed tightly upon the spider hooks. In mid-afternoon he had taken his catch ashore and proceeded to open the shells by hand. If he had boiled them for ten minutes as most of the other fishers did, they would have burst open but the process would have damaged any pearls they contained.

The sun sank lower and lower. The cows on his lonesome farm were waiting to be fed and milked; the horses, pigs and chickens were hungry too. He looked at the pile of niggerheads yet to be opened. Feeding by lantern light was no joy. He saw a man lounging nearby.

"Hey, pard," he called, "I'll take fifty cents for this bunch here. I got to be goin'."

The man approached and eyed the shells. "They ain't wuth more'n forty," he said.

They bantered back and forth, but both were obstinate. The would-be seller refused to come down in his price and the would-be buyer refused to increase his offer. Soon the man walked away. The next shell the farmer opened contained a pearl which he sold for a thousand dollars.

The farmer never knew that the buyer disposed of it for two thousand or that a jeweler made it into a pendant for which he received five. He would not have cared much anyhow, for the small fortune from the sale of the pearl meant that he could soon claim his sweetheart as his bride.

This may be just the first chapter of that pearl's story of love. Some man of wealth bought the pendant for a sweetheart or wife as a token of affection. In the future this woman's daughter will wear it from her neck; it will enhance her beauty, and some day some man will begin by admiring it and go on to admiring her. The imagination can fill in the rest.

Pearls were made for women, and women were made for pearls. No pearl has its best setting or shows off to best advantage in a jeweler's tray of finest velvet; but worn by a woman it delicately contrasts with her smooth, white skin and becomes enriched. The Roman beauties let the gems softly tinkle from their ears to bewitch the young men. The queens of Egypt knew their value as Cupid's aids. The houris of the Moslems fastened their filmy garments with pearl ornaments. Even the brown daughters of the South Seas wear pearls.

The ideal qualities of the ocean's most exquisite gem and of woman are the same. A pearl symbolizes purity, innocence and modesty; and these assets belong to the highest type of feminine beauty.

Sovereigns, both modern and ancient, used pearls to pay tribute to women. Julius Caesar had a buckler of the British stones placed in the temple of Venus, and to the sister of Cato he presented one worth a quarter of a million dollars. The late Czar of Russia spent a quarter of a century in assembling sufficient virgin pearls to fashion a necklace "as perfect as his wife."

When the Spanish ambassador visited London and boasted the splendor of the Spanish court, Sir Thomas Gresham boldly averred none could beat that of the good Queen Elizabeth. To demonstrate the great wealth of the English he chose a valuable gem, had it ground into powder, poured the powder into wine and gleefully drank the mixture in honor of the lady that occupied the throne.

Cleopatra gave a sumptuous banquet in honor of Mark Anthony and, to show her love for him, consumed a large gem which Pliny rated at a third of a million dollars. She is said to have dissolved it in vinegar; but, as the liquid can scarcely be considered palatable and as no acid except the strongest will dissolve a pearl, the story unfortunately seems doubtful. Perhaps the voluptuous queen reduced the pearl to dust and quaffed it in wine as Gresham did many centuries afterward.

Poets have seized upon the pearl with which to idealize women. In "Memories" Tennyson pictured the girl as the possessor of "eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl." In "Recollections of Arabian Nights" one of the beautiful women has a "brow of pearl tressed with redolent ebony." Tasso described Armida as ministering to her hero by wiping away the "living heat-dews that impearl'd his face." Shakespeare let King Richard III characterize a woman's tears as transformed to Orient pearls."

Perhaps the most favored comparison of woman's beauty with the gem is that which likens her teeth to rows of pearls. Byron said of an houri in a Turkish harem that her lips apart "showed the pearls beneath," and another poet spoke "of Orient pearls a double row" which cherry lips inclosed. Edmund Spenser quaintly declared that his love's teeth were "Pearles both pure and round." Lowell set a new fashion among the poets by comparing the dentine group to one gem, as in his "Fable for Critics" the goddess of freedom has "lips like a cherry and teeth like a pearl."

Perhaps no poet ever made more frequent allusions to the sea gem than did the Irish bard, Sir Thomas Moore. Undoubtedly one of the quaintest was that which presented pearls as possessing a "smoother whiteness" after doves had played with them. This, of course, merely embodied the ancient belief or superstition that doves could transmit the exquisite hue of their plumage to other snowy objects. In the "Loves of the Angels" he conveyed a double compliment when he asserted that the jewel on the "neck of woman threw a light it lent and borrowed too." The conception is highly poetic and, it may be said, one of the finest in the English language. Yet, consider the exquisite fancy embodied in this message of love:

"If I were yonder conch of gold
And thou the pearl within it placed,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embraced."

The Irish rhymer wrote those four lines a hundred years and more ago. Have any of our modern poets produced any pearl sentiment that equals or surpasses it? Though it has largely become the fashion to look down on twentieth century efforts, "The Rosary" by Robert Cameron Rogers, eloquently answers the question. It ingeniously combines the pearl with love and religious feeling and is, I hold, one of the most beautiful references ever made to the gem born within the rough exterior of the mollusk. How touching this is!

"The hours I spend with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end, and there
A cross is hung."

Robert Browning's famous line, "The hillside's dew-pearled," has a double meaning or origin. The dewdrops on the fence, the grass, and the spider's web, shimmer in the light of the morning sun like the gems. But the ancients did not liken the gems to dew; rather, they maintained that they were dewdrops congealed. At the full of the moon the oysters were supposed to rise to the surface of the sea, open their shells, and receive the drops of dew. Pliny, who wrote of gems about twenty-three centuries ago, said that if the weather was cloudy the resulting pearl would be pale in color. He also averred that the size of the gem depended upon the amount of dew that entered the shell, that thunder during the process would make it hollow, and lightning would cause the shell to snap shut so that the product would be dwarfed or undersized.

The Arabs had the same or a similar idea. "The rain of the month of Nisan," one of their proverbs set forth, "brings forth pearls in the sea and wheat on the land." The idea survived until 1733 when two Arab travelers wrote an account of their sojourn in India and China. They mentioned the "dew of heaven" theory enunciated by Pliny, discounted it, and then clearly revealed their doubt.

"Others say that pearls," they wrote, "are produced in the oysters themselves. This appears more probable and is confirmed by experience, for the greater part of those observed in the oysters are firmly attached there and are immovable. Those which are mobile are called by the merchants seed-pearls. Allah knows how the matter really stands."



Here the Japanese "pearlers" are seen at rest. Behold the example of domesticity, man and wife laboring side by side.

Scientists have discovered that the nucleus of a pearl is a worm parasite. To protect itself from harm and irritation the mollusk covers the intruder with a secretion, commonly known as nacre. It applies the nacre again and again as if it feared the organism would escape from the prison. Because of these successive coats defective pearls can be peeled by skillful workers and their value often greatly enhanced; but, if the operator's knife slips, the gem may be damaged beyond repair.

In the old days pearls were regarded as living objects which would die if not properly cared for. Gems that had lost their luster were classified as diseased, and remedies were prescribed for them. Usually the fair owner was advised to wear the ornament next the skin, as it was held that the jewels pine away when neglected.

Recently a California judge ordered a $100,000 pearl necklace "nursed back to health." He had conferred with lapidaries who pronounced the gems "sick." They told him the ornament needed light and air and, more than anything else, the vitalizing contact with the soft warm neck of a woman. The experts predicted that the necklace would continue to "starve" unless it received the suggested treatment. The judge then ordered the piece to be worn throughout one month each year, and added:

"After the hearing of said petition many requests to wear the pearls have come to the court from trained nurses and other women claiming to be in such perfect health that they would be able to preserve the luster. These requests have been fully considered by the court but, after seeing the petitioner's wife, Mrs. James B. Blum, I am convinced she is sufficiently sound in body and health to wear this necklace and preserve the luster of these pearls."

The divers for pearls have a hard life. Those of Ceylon and the Persian Gulf grease their bodies, stuff cotton in their ears, close their nostrils with a clip, and go down with a basket or net at the waist. They remain beneath the surface from sixty to eighty seconds. If attacked by a sword fish, they must hide and outstay him. Sharks, devil-fish, and rock-cod are other enemies; the last lies with his mouth wide open and grimly waits for his victim to step in. Divers do not welcome the use of a suit supplied with an air-line, and the majority of pearls are obtained in the old-fashioned way by nude or semi-nude men.

The largest known gem today lies in the Beresford Hope collection in the South Kensington Museum of London. It has a length of two and a circumference of four and one-half inches, and weighs three ounces. The finest pearl, "La Pellegrina," has its home in a museum at Moscow though it was born off the coast of the East Indies. Insignificant in size, it is perfectly round and possesses a luster which causes it to seem transparent.

The translucent jewel is a birthstone, a comparative newcomer as it were. The older generation of June children wore agates; but a few years ago the American National Retail Jewelers' Association endeavored to overcome some of the confusion that existed at that time, rearranged the list of birthstones, and replaced the agate with the pearl. Now it is said:

"Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to June her hour of birth,
With ring of pearl upon her hand
Can health, long life and wealth command."

Jewish Idea of Central Bank for America

The Evolution of Paul M. Warburg's Idea of Federal Reserve System Without Government Management

ACCORDING to his own statements and the facts, Paul M. Warburg set out to reform the monetary system of the United States, and did so. He had the success which comes to few men, of coming an alien to the United States, connecting himself with the principal Jewish financial firm here, and immediately floating certain banking ideas which have been pushed and manipulated and variously adapted until they have eventuated in what is known as the Federal Reserve System.

When Professor Seligman wrote in the Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science that "the Federal Reserve Act will be associated in history with the name of Paul M. Warburg," a Jewish banker from Germany, he wrote the truth. But whether that association will be such as to bring the measure of renown which Professor Seligman implies, the future will reveal.

What the people of the United States do not understand and never have understood is that while the Federal Reserve *Act* was governmental, the whole Federal Reserve *System* is private. It is an officially created private banking system.

Mr. Warburg's Plan Good for War Time

EXAMINE the first thousand persons you meet on the street, and 999 will tell you that the Federal Reserve System is a device whereby the United States Government went into the banking business for the benefit of the people. They have an idea that, like the Post Office and the Custom House, a Federal Reserve Bank is a part of the Government's official machinery.

It is natural to feel that this mistaken view has been encouraged by most of the men who are competent to write for the public on this question. Take up the standard encyclopedias, and while you will find no misstatements of fact in them, you will find no direct statement that the Federal Reserve System is a private banking system; the impression carried away by the lay reader is that it is a part of the Government.

The Federal Reserve System is a system of private banks, the creation of a banking aristocracy within an already existing autocracy, whereby a great proportion of banking independence was lost, and whereby it was made possible for speculative financiers to centralize great sums of money for their own purposes, beneficial or not.

That this System was useful in the artificial conditions created by war—useful, that is, for a Government that cannot manage its own business and finances and, like a prodigal son, is always wanting money, and wanting it when it wants it—it has proved, either by reason of its inherent faults or by mishandling, its inadequacy to the problems of peace. It has sadly failed of its promise, and is now under serious question.

Mr. Warburg's scheme succeeded just in time to take care of war conditions, he was placed on the Federal Reserve Board in order to manage his system in practice, and though he was full of ideas then as to how banking could be assisted, he is disappointingly silent now as to how the people can be relieved.

However, this is not a discussion of the Federal Reserve System. General condemnation of it would be stupid. But it is bound to come up for discussion one day, and the discussion will become much freer when people understand that it is a system of privately owned banks, to which have been delegated certain extraordinary privileges, and that it has created a class system within the banking world which constitutes a new order.

He Wanted One Central Bank

MR. WARBURG, it will be remembered, wanted only one central bank. But, because of political considerations, as Professor Seligman tells us, twelve were decided upon. An examination of Mr. Warburg's printed discussions of the subject shows that he at one time considered four, then eight. Eventually, twelve were established. The reason was that one central bank, which naturally would be set up in New York, would give a suspicious country the impression that it was only a new scheme to keep the nation's money flowing to New York. As shown by Professor Seligman, quoted in the last number, Mr. Warburg was not averse to granting anything that would allay popular suspicion without vitiating the real plan.

So, while admitting to the Senators who examined him as to his fitness for membership on the Federal Reserve Board—the Board which fixed the policies of the banks of the Federal Reserve System and told them what to do—that he did not like the 12 district banks idea, he said that his objections to it could "be overcome in an administrative way." That is, the 12 banks could be so handled that the effect would be the same as if there were only one central bank, presumably at New York.

And that is about the way it has resulted, and that

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

will be found to be one of the reasons for the present situation of the country.

There is no lack of money in New York today. Motion picture ventures are being financed into the millions. A big grain selling pool, nursed into existence and counseled by Bernard M. Barúch, has no hesitancy whatever in planning for a $100,000,000 corporation. Loewe, the Jewish theatrical man, had no difficulty in opening 20 new theaters this year—

But go into the agricultural states, where the real wealth of the country is in the ground and in the granaries, and you cannot find money for the farmer.

It is a situation which none can deny and which few can explain, because the explanation is not to be found along natural lines. Natural conditions are always easiest to explain. Unnatural conditions wear an air of mystery. Here is the United States, the richest country in the world, containing at the present hour the greatest bulk of wealth to be found anywhere on earth—real, ready, available, usable wealth; and yet it is tied up tight, and cannot move in its legitimate channels, because of manipulation which is going on as regards money.

Money is the last mystery for the popular mind to penetrate, and when it succeeds in getting "on the inside" it will discover that the mystery is not in money at all, but in its manipulation, the things which are done "in an administrative way."

The Money Question and the Jewish Question

THE United States has never had a President who gave evidence of understanding this matter at all. Our Presidents have always had to take their views from financiers. Money is the most public quantity in the country; it is the most federalized and governmentalized thing in the country; and yet, in the present situation, the United States Government has hardly anything to do with it, except to use various means to get it, just as the people have to get it, from those who control it.

The Money Question, properly solved, is the end of the Jewish Question and every other question of a mundane nature.

Mr. Warburg is of the opinion that different rates of interest ought to obtain in different parts of the country. That they have always obtained in different parts of the same state we have always known, but the reason for it has not been discovered. The city grocer can get money from his bank at a lower rate than the farmer in the next county can get it from his bank. Why the agricultural rate of interest has been higher than any other (when money is obtainable; it is not obtainable now) is a question to which no literary nor oratorical financier has ever publicly addressed himself. It is like the fact of the private business nature of the Federal Reserve System—very important, but no authority thinks it worth while to state. The agricultural rate of interest is of great importance, but to discuss it would involve first an admission, and that apparently is not desirable.

In comparing the present Federal Reserve Law with the proposed Aldrich Bill, Mr. Warburg said:

> Mr. Warburg—" . . . . . I think that this present law has the advantage of dealing with the entire country and giving them different rates of discount, whereas, as Senator Aldrich's bill was drawn, it would have been very difficult to do that, as it provided for one uniform rate for the whole country, which I thought was rather a mistake."
>
> Senator Bristow—"That is, you can charge a higher rate of interest in one section of the country under the present law, than you charge in another section, while under the Aldrich plan it would have been a uniform rate."
>
> Mr. Warburg—"That is correct."

That is a point worth clearing up. If Mr. Warburg, having educated the bankers, will now turn his attention to the people, and make it clear why one class in the country can get money for business that is not productive of real wealth, while another class engaged in the production of real wealth is treated as outside the interest of banking altogether; if he can make it clear also why money is sold to one class or one section of the country at one price, while to another class and in another section it is sold at a different price, he will be adding to the people's grasp of these matters.

This suggestion is seriously intended. Mr. Warburg has the style, the pedagogical patience, the grasp of the subject which would make him an admirable public teacher of these matters.

What he has already done was planned from the point of view of the interest of the professional financier. It is readily granted that Mr. Warburg desired to organize American finances into a more pliable system. Doubtless in some respects he has wrought important improvements. But he had always the banking house in mind, and he dealt with paper. Now, if taking up a position outside those special interests, he would address himself to the wider interests of the people—not assuming that those interests always run through a banking house—he would do still more than he has yet done to justify his feeling that he really had a mission in coming to this country.

The Fight for a Private Federal System

MR. WARBURG is not at all shocked by the idea that the Federal Reserve System is really a new kind of private banking control, because in his European experience he saw that all the central banks were private affairs.

In his essay on "American and European Banking Methods and Bank Legislation Compared," Mr. Warburg says: (the italics are ours)

"It may also be interesting to note that, *contrary to a widespread idea, the central banks of Europe are, as a rule, not owned by the governments.* As a matter of fact, neither the English, French, nor German Government owns any stock in the central bank of its country. *The Bank of England is run entirely as a private corporation,* the stockholders electing the board of directors, who rotate in holding the presidency. In France the government appoints the governor and some of the directors. In Germany the government appoints the president and a supervisory board of five members, while the stockholders elect the board of directors."

And again, in his discussion of the Owen-Glass Bill, Mr. Warburg says:

"The Monetary Commission's plan proceeded on the theory of the Bank of England, *which leaves the management entirely in the hands of business men without giving the government any part in the management or control.* The strong argument in favor of this theory is that central banking, like any other banking, is based on 'sound credit,' that the judging of credits is a matter of business which should be left in the hands of business men, *and that the government should be kept out of business.* . . . . . The Owen-Glass Bill proceeds, in this respect, more on the lines of the Banque de France and the German Reichsbank, the presidents and boards of which are to a certain extent appointed by the government. *These central banks, while legally private corporations,* are semi-governmental organs inasmuch as *they are permitted to issue the notes of the nation* —particularly where there are elastic note issues, as in almost all countries except England—and inasmuch as *they are the custodians of practically the entire metallic reserves of the country and the keepers of the government funds.* Moreover in questions of national policy *the government must rely on the willing and loyal co-operation of these central organs.*"

Government Control "Dangerous"—"Fatal"

THAT is a very illuminating passage. It will be well worth the reader's time, especially the reader who has always been puzzled by financial matters, to turn over in his mind the facts here given by a great Jewish financial expert about the central bank idea. Observe the phrases:

(a) "without giving the government any part in the management or control."

(b) "these central banks, while legally private corporations. . . . are permitted to issue the notes of the nation."

(c) "they are custodians of practically the entire metallic reserves of the nation and the keepers of the government funds."

(d) "in questions of national policy, the government must rely on the willing and loyal co-operation of these central organs."

It is not now a question whether these things are

right or wrong; it is merely a question of understanding that they constitute the fact.

It is specially notable that in paragraph (d) it is a fair deduction that in questions of national policy, the government will simply have to depend not only on the patriotism but also to an extent on the permission and counsel of the financial organizations. That is a fair interpretation: questions of national policy are, by this method, rendered dependent upon the financial corporations.

Let that point be clear, quite regardless of the question whether or not this is the way national policies should be determined.

Mr. Warburg said that he believed in a certain amount of government control—but not too much. He said: "In strengthening the government control, the Owen-Glass Bill therefore moved in the right direction; but it went too far and fell into the other and even more dangerous extreme."

The "more dangerous extreme" was, of course, the larger measure of government supervision provided for, and the establishment of a number of Federal Reserve Banks out in the country.

Mr. Warburg had referred to this before; he had agreed to the larger number only because it seemed to be an unavoidable political concession. It has already been shown, by Professor Seligman, that Mr. Warburg was alive to the necessity of veiling a little here and there, and "putting on" a little yonder, for the sake of conciliating a suspicious public. There was also the story of the bartender and the cash register.

Mr. Warburg thinks he understands the psychology of America. In this respect he reminds one of the reports of Mr. von Bernstorff and Captain Boy-Ed of what the Americans were likely to do or not to do. In the Political Science Quarterly of December, 1920, Mr. Warburg tells how, on a then recent visit to Europe, he was asked by men of all countries what the United States was going to do. He assured them that America was a little tired just then, but that she would come round all right. And then, harking back to his efforts of placing his monetary system on the Americans, he said:

Mr. Warburg Reassures Foreign Friends

"I ASKED them to be patient with us until after the election, and *I cited to them our experiences with monetary reform.* I reminded them how the Aldrich plan had failed because, at that time, a Republican President had lost control of a Congress ruled by a Democratic majority; how the Democrats in their platform damned this plan and any central banking system; and how, *once in full power, the National Reserve Association was evolved, not to say camouflaged, by them into the Federal Reserve System.*"

Remembering this play before the public, and the play behind the scenes, this "camouflaging," as Mr. Warburg says, of one thing into another, he undertook to assure his friends in Europe that regardless of what the political platforms said, the United States would do substantially what Europe hoped it would. Mr. Warburg's basis for that belief was, as he said, his experience with the way the central bank idea went through in spite of the advertised objection of all parties. He believes that with Americans it is possible to get what you want if you just play the game skillfully. His experience with monetary reform seems to have fathered that belief in him.

Politicians may be necessary pawns to play in the game, but as members of the government Mr. Warburg does not want them in banking. They are not bankers, he says; they don't understand; banking is nothing for a government man to meddle with. He may be good enough for the Government of the United States; he is not good enough for banking.

"In our country," says Mr. Warburg, referring to the United States, "with every untrained amateur a candidate for any office, *where friendship or help in a presidential campaign, financial or political, has always given a claim for political preferment,* where the bids for votes and public favor are ever present in the politician's mind, ... *a direct government management, that is to say, a political management, would prove fatal* . . . . . There can be no doubt but that, as drawn at present (1913), with two cabinet officers members of the Federal Reserve Board, and with the vast powers vested in the latter, the Owen-Glass Bill would bring about direct government management."

And that, of course, in Mr. Warburg's mind, is not only "dangerous," but "fatal."

Mr. Warburg had almost his whole will in the matter. And what is the result?

Mr. Baruch Also Takes a Hand

TURN to the testimony of Bernard M. Baruch, when he was examined with reference to the charge that certain men close to President Wilson had profited to the extent of $60,000,000 on stock market operations which they entered into on the strength of advance information of what the President was to say in his next war note—the famous "leak" investigation, as it was called; one of the several investigations in which Mr. Baruch was closely questioned.

In that investigation Mr. Baruch was laboring to show that he had not been in telephone communication with Washington, especially with certain men who were supposed to have shared the profits of the deals. The time was December, 1916. Mr. Warburg was then safely settled on the Federal Reserve Board, which he had kept quite safe from Government intrusion.

> The Chairman—"Of course the records of the telephone company here, the slips, will show the persons with whom you talked."
>
> Mr. Baruch—"Do you wish me to say, sir? I will state who they are."
>
> The Chairman—"Yes, I think you might."
>
> Mr. Baruch—"I called up two persons; one, Mr. Warburg, whom I did not get, and one, Secretary McAdoo, whom I did get—both in reference to the same matter. Would you like to know the matter?"
>
> The Chairman—"Yes, I think it is fair that you should state it."
>
> Mr. Baruch—"I called up the Secretary, because someone suggested to me—*asked me to suggest an officer for the Federal Reserve Bank,* and I called him up in reference to that, and discussed the matter with him, I think, *two or three times,* but it was suggested to me that I make the suggestion, and I did so." (pp. 570-571)
>
> Mr. Campbell—"Mr. Baruch, who asked you for a suggestion for an appointee for the Federal Reserve Bank here?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"Mr. E. M. House."
>
> Mr. Campbell—"Did Mr. House tell you to call Mr. McAdoo up and make the recommendation?"
>
> Mr. Baruch—"I will tell you exactly how it occurred: *Mr. House called me up* and said that there was a vacancy on the Federal Reserve Board, and he said, 'I don't know anything about those fellows down there, and I would like you to make a suggestion.' *And I suggested the name,* which he thought was a very good one, and he said to me, 'I wish you would call up the Secretary and tell him.' I said, 'I do not see the necessity; I will tell you.' 'No,' he said, 'I would prefer you to call him up.'" (p. 575)

There we have an example of the Federal Reserve "kept out of politics," kept away from government management which would not only be "dangerous," but "fatal."

Barney Baruch, the New York stock plunger, who never owned a bank in his life, was called up by Colonel E. M. House, the arch-politician of the Wilson Administration, and thus the great Federal Reserve Board was supplied another member.

A telephone call kept within a narrow Jewish circle, and settled by a word from one Jewish stock dealer—that, in practical operation, was Mr. Warburg's great monetary reform. Mr. Baruch calling up Mr. Warburg to give the name of the next appointee of the Federal Reserve Board, and calling up Mr. McAdoo, secretary of the United States Treasury, and set in motion to do it by Colonel E. M. House—is it any wonder the Jewish mystery in the American war government grows more and more amazing?

But, as Mr. Warburg has written—"friendship or help in *a presidential campaign,* financial or political, has always given a claim to political preferment." And, as Mr. Warburg urges, this is a country "with every untrained amateur a candidate for office," and naturally, with such men comprising the government, they must be kept at a safe distance from monetary affairs.

Warburg-House-Baruch in Conclave

AS IF to illustrate the ignorance thus charged, along comes Mr. Baruch, who quotes Colonel House as saying, "I don't know anything about those fellows down there and I would like you to make a suggestion." It is permissible to doubt that Mr. Baruch correctly quotes Colonel House. It is permissible to doubt that all that Colonel House confessed was his ignorance about "those fellows." There was a good understanding between these two men, too good an understanding for the alleged telephone conversation to be taken strictly at its face value. It is possibly quite true that Mr. House is not a financier. Certainly, Mr. Wilson was not. In the long roll of Presidents only a handful have been, and those who have been have been regarded as most drastic in their proposals.

But this whole matter of ignorance, as charged by Mr. Warburg, sounds like an echo of the Protocols:

> "The administrators chosen by us from the masses *will not be persons trained for government,* and consequently they will easily become pawns in our game, played by *our learned and talented counsellors, specialists educated from early childhood to administer world affairs.*"

In the Twentieth Protocol, wherein the great financial plan of world subversion and control is disclosed, there is another mention of the rulers' ignorance of financial problems.

It is a coincidence that, while he does not use the term "ignorance," Mr. Warburg is quite outspoken concerning the benighted state in which he found this country, and he is also outspoken about the "untrained amateurs" who are candidates for every office. These, he says, are not fitted to take part in the control of monetary affairs. But Mr. Warburg is. He says so. He admits that it was his ambition from the moment he came here an alien Jewish-German banker, to change our financial affairs more to his liking. More than that, he has succeeded; he has succeeded, he himself says, more than most men do in a lifetime; he has succeeded, Professor Seligman says, to such an extent that throughout history the name of Paul M. Warburg and that of the Federal Reserve System shall be united.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents each in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

Jewish World Notes

Canada is waking up to the fact that the immigration restrictions recently adopted by the United States have had the effect of flooding Canada with Jewish immigrants. An article in the Montreal *Herald* of June 17, says:

"The immigration authorities are somewhat concerned in regard to the great number of people of the Jewish race who are finding their way into Canada. In the past British and Italians have headed the landing lists, but the Jews are easily leading today, and as they are not workers on the land, in the mines, in the forests, or on railways, but confine their efforts mostly to factory work, the authorities are at a loss to know where all of them can find work in the Dominion.

"To obtain entrance to Canada today it is only necessary to possess $250 in actual cash. Many would-be British and Italian immigrants do not have that amount and are either turned down at a landing port or do not come to Canada at all.

"With the Jews it is quite different—they can all show their $250. The regularity with which each Jew produces the amount of his landing money has set the authorities thinking and they have come to the conclusion that there is an organization in existence for providing each Jew coming here with his landing money. On his arrival at his destination the $250 is handed back to the organization and is, so it is believed, sent out to Europe again to help another Hebrew enter Canada."

The *Living Age,* of Boston, prints this paragraph:

We are indebted to *L'Europe Nouvelle* for the following anecdote:

"Sir Philip Sassoon, who is now Lloyd George's secretary, was formerly the secretary of Sir Douglas Haig, from whom he received the following telegram last Easter Day:

"'Christ is risen. May want a secretary.'"

Marcus Loewe has opened 22 new theaters in the last twelve months, and has half a dozen more being planned.

The Jewish press has bitterly attacked Pope Benedict for his allocution with regard to the practices of the Jews in Palestine. Pope Benedict expressed the utmost concern for the course which affairs were taking in that country, where with a high hand the Jews were overturning every right and acting altogether like people who had just foreclosed a mortgage on a very desirable territory. What the Pope says is, of course, the plain truth. The better class of American Jews realize the situation but are powerless to better it, as was shown at the recent American Zionist convention. However, Zionism as at present operative in Palestine, constitutes the majority program in the world, and the efforts of far-seeing Jews to stem the errors are doomed to disappointment. Even in the United States, the squat, swarthy, anarchic Eastern Jew holds the reins of power, and really constitutes the Jewry that must be reckoned with.

Robert E. Simon, a New York real estate operator, appeared before Mayor Hylan with a proposal to sweep all the churches off Fifth Avenue. He said that the real estate values were too high to permit of churches longer occupying the ground. Mayor Hylan was rather wrathy in his reply and intimated that there were other things in life besides the almighty dollar.

Prosperity's Dependence on Agriculture

By E. T. MEREDITH

Former Secretary of Agriculture

THE farming industry of this country is of considerable proportions, representing an investment equal to that of all the railroads, all the manufacturing plants, all the mines and all the quarries in the United States. Essentially, it is the basic industry. The income from livestock and crops for a single year practically equals the entire national debt. In other words, agriculture represents a permanent investment of $80,000,000,000, and its output in 1919 was valued at twenty-five billions. The greater part of the output of this enormous enterprise comes almost to the door of American business. The manufacturers receive from it, directly or indirectly, the materials that go to make up their finished products. Bankers employ their deposits in facilitating the exchange between the two. The railroads and other carriers, including the comparatively new and important enterprise of motor transportation, have as their principal purpose the carrying of commodities from one to the other. The merchant has on his shelves many of the products of the farm, and with many of them, the farmer is the largest customer.

Importance Not Appreciated

TOO MANY persons, I am afraid, have failed to appreciate fully the importance of agriculture or their dependence upon it. This has resulted, in many instances, in lack of sympathetic understanding of the farmer's problems and of the difficulties confronting him not only in producing his crops or livestock, but also in the marketing of his products. Agriculture furnishes the basis of much of the business of the country. There are many industries which are entirely dependent upon it, such as the manufacture of farm implements and machinery, the packing houses, the grain merchants, and many others. Neither the business man nor the farmer, therefore, can be genuinely and permanently prosperous without the good will and the material aid of the other. Whenever a business man does anything toward making the agriculture of his section more profitable to the farmers, he does something which will help his own business, because there is not in the United States any business center that could continue to prosper independently of the farming communities surrounding it.

Recognizing these facts, I made it a part of my work as Secretary of Agriculture during the last year of the Wilson Administration to tell the story of agriculture to the citizens of America and to point out to them some fundamental points of contact between the two. It has seemed to me that, on the whole, we have given too little attention to public opinion as it relates to agricultural problems. Any misconception on the part of a large group of individuals as to the true function of public institutions relating to agriculture is almost certain to retard progress. Generally speaking, the consumer thinks that agricultural institutions, including the colleges and the Department of Agriculture, are maintained for the benefit of the farmer and for his benefit alone. This, of course, is not true. These institutions are serving, with a high measure of efficiency, the whole people, urban as well as rural.

During the past fifty years, the relative decrease in agricultural population and the increase in urban population has been very marked, yet the smaller percentage of persons engaged in agriculture has produced adequate supplies of farm products. Increased efficiency directly attributable to the work of agricultural institutions has certainly played an important part in bringing about this result. Everything done by them that has helped to increase production and to eliminate wastes not only has added to the farmer's income but has also benefited the city consumer. This fact, however, is not generally understood. One of the tasks ahead of us is to see that such an understanding is conveyed to the public; that it is demonstrated to the people in the cities, as well as those in the rural districts, that the funds devoted to agriculture are not used in the interest of the farmer alone but in the interest of the consumer as well.

Farmers Lose Five Billions

OUR great and basic industry is now laboring under many handicaps and, unless an active interest is taken by all our citizens in the problems of the farmers, the country may discover, in some not distant day, that the foundation upon which its entire business structure rests has been weakened. Although the farmers produced last year, in the face of enormous difficulties, the largest harvest in the history of American agriculture, with a single exception, the year's output was worth, at prices prevailing last December, five billion dollars less than the smaller crop of 1919 and three billion dollars less than the still smaller crop of 1918. No other industry or business could suffer a similar experience and avoid insolvency.

The situation which the farmers are facing now may have serious consequences, immediate and remote, to the nation. While there is, perhaps, no single solution for it, there are many steps that can and should be taken to place agriculture on a more satisfactory basis and to stabilize the business of farming—not in the interest of the farmers alone, but in the interest of the country as a whole. The matter is of such tremendous importance to our entire population that it should be recognized everywhere as a national problem and dealt with as such.

Life on the farm and in the rural community gives rise to problems the solution of which is of vital importance to American agriculture and American civilization. It has been demonstrated that these problems are susceptible of scientific investigation. Valuable studies already have been made, and they should be enlarged and others instituted, including especially studies relating to the human aspect of tenancy and landlordism, migration from farm life, population groups and community planning.

In our country, agriculture, manufacture, transportation, merchandising and professional service—strong competitors with one another for both capital and workers—are all expected to hold their own. The history of agriculture seems to show, however, that farming is in periodic danger of losing its grip on both capital and workmen and of allowing them to slip away into city industries. Statesmen have always viewed with alarm the tip of the scales from farming to industry and from country life to urban life. When the farm loses its balance to the city, the nation is threatened with a food shortage or with dependence upon foreign countries for essential foodstuffs. But the shortage of food is not the only danger. When American agriculture begins to lose ground, the political stability of the nation is endangered.

The real concern in America over the movement of rural population to urban centers is whether those who remain in agriculture after the normal contribution to the city are the strong, intelligent, well-seasoned families, in which the best traditions of agriculture and citizenship have been lodged from generation to generation. The present universal cry of "keep the boy on the farm" can and should be expanded into a great public sentiment for making country life more attractive in every way. Neither force nor exhortation will keep people in the rural districts if they are to be deprived of the benefits of modern social, educational and other opportunities. But when farming is made profitable and when the better things of life are steadily brought, in increasing measure, to the rural community, so that farm families need not give up farming in order to satisfy their desires for the best that modern civilization affords, the great motives which lead youth and middle age to leave the country districts will be removed. In order to assure a continuance of the best strains of farm people in agriculture, there can be no relaxation of the present movements for a better country life, economic, social, and educational. Country life has many advantages, but they cannot be sufficiently enjoyed without constant improvement in the living arrangements on the farms.

No more important problem confronts the agencies concerned with agricultural advancement today than the economic problem. This involves financial and commercial difficulties, which merit the people's attention.

The Financing of the Crop

THE financial problems of the farm have become more and more involved, until today they rank in importance with the financial problems of commercial industries. Tremendous sums of money are required every year to finance crop production and movement. Bankers have done many things to encourage agriculture. The entire commercial canteloupe industry of America, for example, was inaugurated by the bankers and business men of Rocky Ford, Colorado. The town was settling down into a rut of mediocrity, but in a few years it doubled in population and increased wonderfully in prosperity. The bankers who nourished the canteloupe industry in its infancy have received in increased business many times more than the sums they advanced.

I could take up pages of space in recounting the many activities of the bankers in financing all sorts of farming operations, and for every score of opportunities thus availed of, there are a hundred others knocking at the grated windows of American bankers. Apparently well-founded complaints have reached the department from farmers who have been denied credit for essential productive purposes while the producers of expensive luxuries and the dealers in them have been accommodated. I do not intend to imply that these bankers have maliciously chosen to handicap agriculture by the refusal of credit which they might have extended, but rather that they have yielded to the temptation of a larger immediate income from loans for less fundamental purposes. It is more than probable, however, that the bankers who have followed a short-sighted policy in such matters will, in the long run, be the losers.

A few years ago there was enacted by Congress a law known as the Federal Farm Loan Act, the fundamental purpose of which is to provide the farmers with farm mortgage credit, at a reasonable cost and on satisfactory terms of repayment, and thus to encourage land ownership by actual farmers and to decrease the percentage of tenancy. I do not need to dwell upon the importance of this measure and of the far-reaching influence of the system that has been developed under it. Unquestionably, it has been of immense benefit to farmers, but it is nevertheless true that the banking institutions of the United States are the largest single source of farm-mortgage credit. An investigation held by the Department of Agriculture four or five years ago indicated not only that the banks held more farm mortgages than any other class of institutions in the country, but also that a considerable percentage of the farm mortgages held by other agencies, as well as by individuals, was placed by them. They are in position, therefore, through wise and sympathetic handling of their farm-mortgage business, to play an immensely important part in the task of insuring the continued cultivation of a large part of our agricultural area by actual owners.

In addition to mortgage credit, there is frequent need on the part of farmers for short-time or personal credit. In the case of the man who owns and has paid for his farm, the supplying of such credit raises, as a rule, no serious problem. In the case of the renter, however, and of the young farmer who is just starting out as an owner, the question of short-time credit continues to be a difficult one. In such cases, bankers should realize that personal credit can and should be based, to a considerable extent, upon character and productive ability. To deny such credit to the honest, ambitious, energetic farmer because he has little tangible security to offer is to lessen the productivity of available capital and to discourage the man who in the future should be a land-owning farmer.

Because of the splendid security the farmer has to offer, because the farmer himself is a good risk, because the success of farming depends upon a sufficient amount of working capital, and because successful farming—and in the definition of successful farming I include profitable farming—is essential to the prosperity of the whole community, it is incumbent upon bankers generally to give to individual farmers who apply for loans the same consideration and the same service which they would give to any other class of business men.

Suggests Specialist in Bank

THIS leads me to suggest a plan which is already in operation in many country banks and which enables them to keep in close touch with farmers, to understand their needs, to assist them in various ways, and at the same time, to promote the business of the bank. This plan is the employment by their loan departments of a specialist trained in agriculture who will circulate over the county, get acquainted with farmers, attend their meetings, advocate improved methods of agriculture, and explain the banking business to them. Splendid results have been secured in this way by cultivating friendly relations with farmers, helping them intelligently in their problems and when they need financial accommodations, and encouraging them to build up a good bank account.

There is one fundamental and associated fact that I would like especially to emphasize, and that is, the farmer must receive adequate prices for his products, prices which will enable him to continue to produce, to secure a reasonable return for his efforts, and to maintain a satisfactory standard of living for himself and for his family.

Every business man, of course, is interested in keeping the farmer on the farm and in having the farm operated to its reasonable capacity, turning as much as possible into the channels of trade, manufacture and transportation, and this means that every business man should be vitally interested in seeing that the farmer gets fair treatment in the marketing of his products.

No more important problem confronts the agencies concerned with agricultural advancement today than that of marketing and distributing farm products. Until relatively recently the marketing half of the problem of farming received very little attention in any organized way. The lack of adequate transportation and credit facilities have intensified the problem, but, aside from these, there are other difficulties. The constantly increasing distances between our areas of commercial production and our centers of greatest consumption have complicated the situation. Until a few years ago, litle systematic work had been done looking to the improvement of our marketing processes. Now the Bureau of Markets is actively at work along this line.

No one will deny, I am sure, that it would be wise to concentrate the best brains of the country upon the vital problems of agriculture and to provide the Department of Agriculture, with its 20,000 employes of which 4,000 are in Washington, and the agricultural colleges and experiment stations with adequate facilities for carrying on their work in the most effective manner. And yet these institutions are being constantly weakened by having many of their best scientific and research workers taken away from them by private concerns who can afford to pay them better salaries—often three and four times as much as the government can offer them. The scientific worker ordinarily does not expect the government to pay him as large a salary as he can secure in private employment. He is usually willing to accept less in order that he may remain in strictly scientific work. The government should be in a position to retain its scientific and technical workers over long periods.

Find Out What Farmer Thinks

WHAT we should know is what the farmers, as a whole, think. How are we going to find out? I have heard members of Congress say that they could not find out where the farmers stood on questions relating to agriculture; that they wanted to serve the farmers but that they could not find out what their views were. When business takes a referendum through the United States Chamber of Commerce, one knows whether ninety or eighty or sixty per cent or whatever the percentage may be, of those in the North, in the South, in the East or in the West, are in favor of the proposition involved. One can learn what business men think about the Federal Reserve System or the Shipping Board, for example.

But what do the farmers think? Each organization has its particular problems, and each has its place, but it seems to me that there should be some central clearing house through which they could all work together. If one wants to know what the farmers think now, ten or twelve different views must be secured and then make a choice. That is not good business or efficiency. It does not serve the best interests of the farmers.

To my mind, the establishment of a national chamber of agriculture would be one of the greatest services that could be rendered to agriculture, and, in the end, to all the people.

The Oom-Ta-Tas Come Into Their Own

By JOHN B. WALLACE

THE town band was ready to begin its weekly rehearsal in the dingy loft over the hardware store. The alto player, who was also the secretary and librarian, had passed out the music and the boys had turned to number seven in the blue book, one of George Southwell's immortal compositions.

The leader, who when not directing harmony was the pharmacist in the local drug store, tapped on his music rack with his baton and glanced impatiently around the rude benches upon which the musicians were seated.

"Now where in the name of Heaven is that condemned snare drummer?" he peevishly inquired. "That boy is always late. No brains at all."

"Of course not," agreed the baritone player. "If he had any brains he wouldn't be a good snare drummer."

I really am going to treat this subject seriously because it is a subject worthy of serious treatment. The small town amateur band is not only the most typical institution of our democracy today but it is the corner stone upon which our national musical edifice of the future will be builded.

Men who play in amateur bands are actuated by a number of motives. Some of them, especially the younger generation, are impelled by a desire to show off, to parade around before their fair friends in a uniform.

Others, principally the married members, seize the opportunity as a respite from the family circle which in long winter evenings is apt to pall upon one with a fertile imagination and an active temperament. But behind it all, young and old members alike, is an inherent love of music, a desire to bring forth harmony which must find expression even through the medium of a column of air propelled through a horn.

Nearly every small-town band has its hopeless dub, an individual who could never learn to produce a musical tone or execute a measure properly if he lived for a thousand years. But the band will put up with him, allow him to hold them back, for a band like a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, because they recognize within him, despite his inability to bring it forth, a craving for musical expression. And besides, it is almost impossible to get rid of one of these lads short of actual deportation. I remember one band that disbanded and reorganized five times in an effort to freeze out a would-be trombone player but they finally had to give it up as his uncle owned the only building in town that could be used for rehearsals.

The members certainly cannot be accused of belonging to a small-town band for pecuniary reasons. As a rule they are not only compelled to buy their own instruments, their uniforms and music but often they dig down in their pockets to pay their leader if it so happen that he be an outside professional. Upon every public occasion they are expected to turn out gratis. If they should have the temerity to demand a small honorarium upon such occasions as Decoration Day and the Fourth of July they are denounced as lacking in patriotism and public spirit and the committee selects a chorus from the high school to furnish the music.

Sometimes the band by giving entertainments and concerts is able to raise enough money to purchase uniforms without drawing upon the personal funds of its members. This, however, is only at the sacrifice of its independence, for from then on every person in town who bought a two-bit ticket feels at liberty to call out the boys for each wedding, funeral or similar festival that takes place for the next decade.

Dances are usually the most prolific source of revenue for the band boys but even here they are apt to run against a strong sentiment of opposition from the churches. There was a time in the not distant past when the church looked with strong suspicion on anyone who played a horn. He was suspected—sometimes not without reason—of having rakish tendencies and of being inclined toward taking a hand at seven-up or shooting a game of pool.

But the old order has changed. Since Billy Sunday started rampaging around the country preaching hell fire and damnation to the accompaniment of a slide trombone, the churches have taken a different attitude toward the band boys. The church or Sunday school that does not have its orchestra with a liberal sprinkling of brass is the exception. The preachers now are our best friends. They invite us to play in their churches and they boost vociferously for our concerts.

Political campaigns sometimes afford the town band a chance to get its hands on some real money. Candidates with a large sack and an open heart will engage the Silver Cornet Band to play in front of the town hall in order to draw a crowd for the subsequent rally. These windfalls are none too plentiful and furthermore the boys have learned from bitter experience to demand their money in advance.

Politicians are notorious for their short memories. The defeated candidate after election feels that settling for unpaid campaign expenses is too much like paying for a dead horse while the successful ones once safely settled in office are inclined to let some one else do the worrying.

The band in a small town takes the place of a social club. Drawn together by their common love of music it exercises even a stronger tie than does the fraternal order or lodge over its members. A man will miss meeting after meeting of his secret order but he cannot miss many band rehearsals and remain a member of the organization. He takes no oath but there is an unexpressed obligation which few men will disregard. Here both duty and inclination call him.

The small-town band has more than a sprinkling of the live wires of the community. There are always a few members whose only bid for recognition is their ability to perform upon their chosen instrument but the majority are what might be called all around good citizens perhaps a little above the average run in intelligence. There you will find the cashier of the bank manipulating the keys of a clarinet, the dentist drawing soulful sounds from a flute, the rising young attorney blowing a cornet, the butcher puffing into a tuba and the town barber pecking away on an alto.



Top—Geary Avenue grammar school band, Pomona, California. None of the boys in this band are more than 13 years of age. Center—High school band at Chaffey Union High School, Ontario, California. Bottom—Upland Band at Upland, California, a town of 2,000 inhabitants that has one of the best amateur bands in the state. Four members were absent when this photo was taken.

Many a suggestion for the improvement of the community is made and got under way at band practice. In many ways the band functions as a local commercial club or business men's association. This is recognized in the almost universal custom of judging the progressiveness of a town by the size and ability of its band.

Another element that adds freshness and life to a small-town band is the wandering musician, the drifter. Ability to play a horn or a reed instrument is a distinct asset. It often lands a man a job where otherwise he would be kicked out as a hobo. There is always room in a small-town band for another player. Let the stranger venture into the hall on rehearsal night and let his talent be known and every man in the band constitutes himself a committee of one to locate the visitor a good paying job. There is a freemasonry among bandmen that perhaps does not exist as strongly in any other craft or profession.

These men with their tales of travel and experiences in other bands are a new source of entertainment to their fellows. Usually they remain a season and then drift on again. Sometimes they meet town girls who capture their hearts and they marry and settle down into staid and substantial citizens. Occasionally they abuse the confidence and trust placed in them and, after borrowing right and left, skip out leaving a trail of I. O. U.'s behind them.

The influence of the town band upon the music of the country is little realized by those who have not given the question thought. A study of the records of the big music and instrument houses of the country would give you a better idea of what I mean. In the world of music, the town band bears the same relation to the professional as the sand-lotter in baseball bears to the big-leaguer. If it were not for the corner lot development of the ball player there would be few players in the big leagues today. And if it were not for the small-town band our professional ranks would have to be entirely recruited from the musicians of Italy, Germany and France. I have no quarrel with these foreigners. They have exercised a splendid influence over the music of this country. We owe them more than we can ever repay. But it is not to them we must look for the development of our national music; it is to the American-born musician, the product of our own environment and institutions.

The small-town band not only develops players of strictly band instruments but it has a strong influence in the advancement of string and the voice. Every town that has a band has an orchestra and the latter is usually composed largely of band members many of whom double in string. Every youngster that shows talent on violin or piano or reveals a voice of unusual quality comes under the notice of these men. The advice, encouragement and oft-times financial assistance given these youngsters and given at the crucial time when a wrong step might mean the blasting of a career, has been the making of many a star in the musical firmament.

These men, too, are the backers and boosters of all high-class musical entertainment in their own town and organize the excursions for the purpose of hearing grand opera and noted concert singers and players in near-by cities. Through their efforts and influence, the musical taste of America is slowly but surely being raised.

This statement may not seem to accord with the present craze for jazz but it is a fact nevertheless. I am not one of the Puritan highbrows who elevate their digits in holy horror whenever jazz is mentioned. Syncopation has been used by some of our greatest composers. It is centuries old. It has a recognized place in music. It is only when it is carried to the extreme, run into the ground as it were, that it becomes distasteful. We must remember that the chief value of music lies in its interpretation of moods. Our fad for jazz today is but the expression of a certain mood of the American people. Fed up on the horror and tragedy of war they have turned to the sonorous barbarism of jazz. But jazz is not the true expression of our national temperament, and it will pass with the passing of the mood that it expresses. Just as Verdi interpreted the vivid emotionalism of the Italian, as Wagner interpreted the martial ardor and heavy sentimentalism of the German and Saint-Saens the light-hearted cynicism of the French, so will an American composer be born who will portray the practical idealism of the real American. And I venture to predict that he will come from the ranks of the small-town musicians.

Just as America is made up of a composite of all the nations of the earth, so will our music be a composite. But it will be a composite that will possess an individuality of its own that will make it recognizable as American wherever it is heard. Glance at the program at the next concert of your home-town band. Note the diversity of selections. You will see composers of every nationality represented. The grade of the music will be determined by the ability of the performers and the experience of the leader but the program will be cosmopolitan. The small-town musician is your true internationalist. He takes the best in music from all countries. In this respect racial prejudice does not exist. During the Word War, in deference to the sentiment against German music, very few bands put any Teutonic numbers upon their programs. But every true musician—loyal patriot as he was—in his heart secretly resented this concession to prejudice. He felt that music had no national or sectional boundaries and that every great composition, like every great painting or great piece of literature, belongs to the world.

As illustrating the catholicism and the high grade of music now being played in the small towns of the country, take these two programs selected at random from a list of summer concerts. The first program was played by a band of eighteen men, all amateurs, living in a town of less than three thousand inhabitants.

March—"Canton Halifax" ..... *Hall*
Sextette from "Lucia" ..... *Donizetti*
Waltz—"Civilization" ..... *Pestalozza*
Fantasia—"Old Kentucky Home" ..... *Dalby*
—Intermission—
March—"The Conquest" ..... *Alexander*
Grand Selection from "Robin Hood" ..... *De Koven*
Patrol—"Salvation Army" ..... *Herman*
Selection—"War Songs of the Boys in Blue" ..... *Tobani*
Star Spangled Banner

(*Concluded on page 12*)

One Hundred Days of Harding

Concluded from page 6

marvelous, if one would remember the popular theory a decade ago.

Representing as he does the plutocratic class, to use a former spellbinding term, the selection of one of the country's richest men as Secretary of the Treasury is a good omen for constructive America. At least, it augurs a healthy state of mind toward material success. For the first time politics has not outlawed wealth, which, deified by the common people, has been disparaged and jeered by politicians posing as reformers. Occasionally a rich man or one identified with big business has sat in the Senate or become invested with diplomatic regalia, lampooned as the "tool of predatory interests"; an ikon for votive adjurations in the name of a proletariat that owed consequent national atrophy to its own indifference. It is this indifference—this inconsistency between the national spirit of this business nation and its success-penalizing fashion in government—that President Harding seeks to destroy by his precedent-shattering selection. Is there a faithful Democrat who can imagine a half-billionaire in the Cabinet with the approval of a Wilson or a Bryan?

President Harding has gone even further. He has been host to a group of leading financiers who easily represented two-thirds of the nation's wealth. It was a coup that out-Roosevelted Roosevelt. Wall Street has been laughing about the dinner, because it is considered there a good joke on politicians, but for once the politicians—that is to say, the responsible leaders—have refused to become stampeded and to take the bankers seriously.

Wall Street Aid a Snare

AMERICAN foreign relations are essentially business relations; the question of the peace resolution and collateral treaty is an incident, as was the war. Yet there is a disposition in certain quarters to prevent the war from being forgotten.

If the President hopes for aid from Wall Street in solving the more pressing economic questions agitating the nation then he is heading for delay. His only recourse is to go directly to the people, with the help of those captains of industry who do not figure at all in Wall Street but who are, as they consistently have been, pioneers in foreign trade through the medium of their own wares. The bankers, looking for percentage profits, have secreted away all the money available, to collect the dust and cobwebs, maybe, that once graced bottled goods.

It may be possible to relieve the economic difficulties of the day from within, but the nation will never be prosperous without its adequate marketed export surplus. Emergency and permanent tariffs lead nowhere. They ease with the same impartiality that they restrict. Emergency legislation cannot be considered constructive legislation, and certainly is not a solution.

With due allowance for all the complexities involving many inherited policies, constructive statesmanship has been at a standstill.

The President wants a safe and sane Republican party, but commendable as is his goal, it is likewise dangerous, in that he must eventually answer for himself and his party. The party, on the whole, is not moving on smoothly, but in a series of jerks. It may be the executive brake and it may be something else.

But something must be done, in the light of recent slowness in Washington, to show a "record" at the Congressional elections fifteen months hence.

When that time comes the administration must be ready to report something definite about peace with Germany; it must have withdrawn every soldier in Europe, whose presence there has not been satisfactorily explained by either Democrat or Republican to date; it must show economical management not by an array of figures but in decreased taxation; a comparative statement of "business in government" will be necessary.

A tempest in a teapot has been started with regard to disarmament. Now Senator Borah may not have found the right plan, but it cannot be gainsaid that he has the right idea. Yet on his account there has come very near one of those impalpable demonstrations about congressional and executive prerogative. Is it supposed that the people are worrying about any such futile technicalities?

What they want to know is what is going to be done about American loans to foreign nations, which are costing this country a million dollars a day or so of uncollected interest, with nothing apparently being done to collect it and certainly nothing at all, according to a recent Treasury announcement, about transforming that huge principal into a negotiable asset.

Disarmament? It can be brought about on the double quick if this country decided forthwith that it must have its interest charges, which are being deviated into militaristic expenditures by the indebted powers. It will be found that foreign nations will be less apt to continue a race for armed aggrandizement if they are compelled to pay their debts first, but why should they worry with such an accommodating government?

Difficult? Of course it is difficult to insist upon payment, to risk offense; maybe it is even more difficult to obtain payment. Yet it means statesmanship and it is action. It requires imagination, push, agility, firmness, and it requires, above all, a courageous disregard of the obsolete albeit pleasant habit of laborious red-tape circumgyrations.

Of one thing I am certain; that few officials understand the mood of the people. It is a mood that has nothing in common with politics, with partisanship, with heroes, with leaders. It is a mood that will be difficult to combat even on the basis of the utmost possible achievements by the Administration.

Coming Election Test

THE Congressional elections next year will include some of the most noted names of both Houses. It is unlikely that the most prominent members will be retired but the Republican party, despite a handsome majority, cannot afford to lose even one seat—not next year, anyhow. And there are serious thinkers who declare that if the Administration does not gain one seat next year it has failed in reaching the people. It may be so and it may not be so, but this comment is worth thinking about.

To be precise, the voters prefer speed just now at any cost. They are not sympathetic with an ultra-conservative policy. The world moves too fast for them, and the cost of living makes Saturdays come around much faster than of yore. There were already too many conservatives in Washington, and it was not a good thing to add others. The campaign was a most unconservative affair. It hinged upon action. It thrived on action. It was decided by action. And nothing less than action will satisfy. Action is what the people want.

There are too many conferences; too many meetings; too many alterations; too many investigations; too many plans; too many promises; too many speeches; too many dinners; too many generalities, and too many ovations.

What People Want

TO REPEAT, it is only due the President to think of him for the time being as a regent, and therefore entitled to unravel his official way out, but this, however, will not serve as a reason for the administration's excess of conservatism and its predilection for settling abstruse subjects that can well be put off until next year or decade. Unless the G. O. P. ship unfurls its sails along new routes it is not going to accomplish anywhere near its program of reconstruction. Just now it is rather busy with correcting or altering existing unsatisfactory conditions, but the people are harsh masters and want something better than warmed-over policies.

It may be taken for granted that these observations will be considered premature and as disregarding the inclusive warning against haste in reaching conclusions. So the writer begs to explain that these are not his own personal views, but the result of reportorial investigation. They combine into a tentative judgment as of the time of writing, on the basis of one hundred days of Harding, in which neither party nor individual has been considered. It is the approximate measure of the situation in the middle of June.

I have taken the criticism of Republicans against the criticism of Democrats. Yet it would not be amiss to point out that on the two or three occasions, both in the Senate and House of Representatives, when representatives of the minority rose to berate the Administration for its complacence, Republican spokesmen remained silent. It is something new, this silence, in no wise related to the generous superiority usually displayed by the majority toward the minority.

The Oom-Ta-Tas Come Into Their Own

Concluded from page 11

The second program was played by a band of twenty-two men in a small city of 14,000. All of these men were amateurs, engaged in other occupations, except the leader.

March—Tannhauser	*Wagner*
Overture—Tambour Der Garde	*Titl*
Valse—Adele	*Briquet*
Pas des Escharpes, scarf dance from the ballet	
Symphonique "Callishoe"	*Chaminade*

—Intermission—

Selection—"The Fortune Teller"	*Herbert*
"Misere" from "Il Trovatore"	*Verdi*
Fackeltanz in B flat	*Meyerbeer*
"Marche Slav"	*Tschaikosky*

Star Spangled Banner

The leader of the first band taught music in the local schools. The leader of the second, an Italian, was a retired professional.

The occupations of the men who played in the larger band were as follows: Solo cornet, foreman in a packing house; assistant solo cornet, night watchman in a gas plant; first cornet, proprietor of a shoe repairing establishment; baritone, retired army musician; first trombone, truck driver; second trombone, baker; third trombone, cashier in a building and loan association; first horn, rancher; second horn, electrician; both tuba players were engineers; solo clarinet, beekeeper; assistant solo clarinet, painter; first clarinet, an orchard pruner; second clarinet, employe electrical appliance factory; flute and piccolo player, gardener in city park; oboe player, piano tuner; snare drummer, janitor in church; bass drummer, secretary of local chamber of commerce. Can the reader imagine a more Democratic organization or one more truly representative of America?

The influence of the small-town band is being felt today in our public schools. Thirty years ago a school band was almost unheard of and the teacher who would have attempted to introduce instruction in band music would have invited a storm of criticism. Today there is hardly a school or college in the country that has not its own band, and in most cases a good one. I know of even a little desert town in Nevada that has a public school band numbering forty pieces. The schools share with the small-town musical organizations the honor of being the breeding place of the future American composers.

I have found a surprising ignorance among the best patrons and friends of the small-town band as to the function of each of the various instruments and their relation to the whole.

The average small-town band is, roughly speaking, divided into three sections, namely: the reed, the brass and the percussion. Some of the larger bands also have string instruments but these are rarely found except in the Southwest where Spanish influence makes itself felt.

The saxaphone is the newest of the reeds and has come into great popularity through the craze for jazz for which it is particularly suited. Most band men are inclined to hold it somewhat in contempt, classing it with the ukelele; but in the hands of a competent performer it greatly aids in lending color to a band.

It is teamwork that makes a band, just as it makes a baseball nine or a football eleven. A good director can get better results with a band of mediocre performers than a poor director could with an organization composed of the best individual players in the country.

We are breeding some mighty good directors and composers in our small towns today. When next you hear your home-town band perform remember the advice given on a sign I saw hanging over the piano in a saloon in Alaska. "Don't shoot the piano player. He is doing the best he knows how!"

Your Own United States



For many years poets have told of "bearded oaks" but unless one has seen the giant oaks of the South draped with Spanish moss, he cannot understand why such a term should be used. In St. Augustine nearly every giant oak is draped with Spanish moss. In the country it is stripped from trees and sold. Many a "hair mattress" is filled with this Spanish moss. This moss grows to the length of ten or twelve feet and from ten to a hundred "beards" will be suspended from one limb. The giant oaks are covered with it, yet it does not sap their vitality.

Fiction-Historian of Western Pioneer Life

Haying Time

HAYING was the one season of farm work which the boys thoroughly enjoyed. It usually began on the tame meadows about the twenty-fifth of June, and lasted a week or so. It had always appealed to Lincoln, in a distinctly beautiful and poetic sense, which was not true of the main business of farming. Most of the duties through which he passed needed the lapse of years to seem beautiful in his eyes, but haying had a charm and significance quite out of the common.

At this time the summer was at its most exuberant state of vitality, and it was not strange that even the faculties of toiling old men, dulled and deadened with never-ending drudgery, caught something of exultation from the superabundant glow and throb of Nature's life.



HAMLIN GARLAND

The corn fields, dark green and sweet-smelling, rippling like a sea with a multitudinous stir and sheen and swirl. Waves of dusk and green and yellow circled across the level fields, while long leaves upthrust at intervals like spears or shook like guidons. The trees were in heavy leaf, insect life was at its height, and the air was filled with buzzing, dancing forms and with the sheen of innumerable gauzy wings.

The air was shaken by most ecstatic voices. The bobolinks sailed and sang in the sensuous air, now sinking, now rising, their exquisite notes ringing, filling the air like the chimes of tiny silver bells. The kingbird, ever alert and aggressive, cried out sharply as he launched from the top of a poplar tree upon some buzzing insect, and the plover made the prairie sad with his wailing call. Vast purple-and-white clouds moved like bellying sails before the lazy wind, dark with rain, which they dropped momentarily like trailing garments upon the earth, and so passed on in stately measure with a roll of thunder.

The grasshoppers moved in clouds with snap and buzz, and out of the luxurious stagnant marshes came the ever-thickening chorus of the toads and the frogs, while above them the kildees and the snipe shuttled to and fro in sounding flight, and the blackbirds on the cat-tails and willows swayed with lifted throats, uttering their subtle liquid notes, made mad with delight of the sun and their own music. And over all and through all moved the slow, soft west wind, laden with the breath of the far-off prairie lands of the West, soothing and hushing and filling the world with a slumbrous haze.
—From "Boy Life on the Prairie," by Hamlin Garland.

"THERE is a divinity that shapes our ends." Hamlin Garland, poor and unknown as a writer, left Boston in 1887 to revisit the home of his father in wheat-fielded Dakota. He stopped in Chicago to meet Joseph Kirkland, whose novel "Zury" he had reviewed. Mr. Kirkland had read some of Mr. Garland's western sketches and saw the neglected opportunity.

"Why don't you write fiction?" demanded Mr. Kirkland.

"I can't manage the dialogue," replied the twenty-seven-year-old teacher.

"Nonsense! You're lazy, that's all. You use the narrative because it is easier. You must emotionalize western life. A great opportunity is open to you to picture the trials of these pioneer people of the Middle West among whom you have lived."

That was the conception that sent Hamlin Garland up the literary ladder. Leaving noisome Chicago, every field along the railroad took on a new meaning. Forgotten were the warmed-over themes of his Hawthorne and Whittier. The weed-fringed country roadsides, the drab, sun-blistered depots, the brave farmers bent with toil, the loading of the hay and the harvesting now became significant. Here was a life that he knew—a pioneer country life of hardships; a new nation building; immigrants moving in caravans into the mighty places of the West. These he would portray.

From this chance admonition grew "Main Traveled Roads" which indelibly limned farm hardships now vanishing; sacrificing mothers, patient amid squalid surroundings, and fathers and son to whom the performing of difficult farm work was like the winning of college athletic laurels by their grandsons today.

The landscape of Western Wisconsin where Mr. Garland was born on a farm in 1860, near the present site of West Salem, is the most attractive part of the state. Exposed rocks and wind-swept cliffs give the appearance of ruined structures. The castellated heights are not as majestic as mountain scenery; there are no deep, cavernous gorges nor pent-up fretted streams that come chafing their rocky channels. But the landscape is boldly marked. Here spread hillsides of green, like carpets of velvet from the trains, streams crystal and placid, and clumps of trees dotting slopes with rich pasture lands watered by small streams that wind their way through hayfields. Up the coulee, weather-beaten, chiseled rocks crown escarpments, lending a mysticism of delusion and fantasy to the scene. This valley in which Mr. Garland spent his boyhood is still called the "coulee." In the years to come it was celebrated by him in many of his short stories and novels that have touched the heart and caught the fancy. He is the fiction-historian of the western pioneers.

"My Wisconsin birthplace has always been a source of deep satisfaction to me," said Mr. Garland recently. "That a lovely valley should form the first picture in my childhood memories is a priceless endowment. It doesn't matter so much what Green's Coulee looks like now nor what it looked like to grown-ups in 1865, it will always remain a charming and mysterious place to me.

"It is still very vividly in my mind. I have but to close my eyes to the present, and the tiger lilies bloom again in its meadows, the mowers toss up once more the scarlet sprays of strawberries, the blackbirds rise in clouds from out the ripening corn, and a hundred other sights and sounds equally beautiful and equally significant, fill my inner vision.

"In West Salem I saw my first circus. My first regular instruction was given in an Onalaska school, and my first notion of the outside world was derived from the sight of La Crosse and the grandly impressive Minnesota bluffs which stood to the west.

"The men and women who were our neighbors in those far days had a quality which made them heroic in my eyes, and as I think back to them now I perceive that they were, in truth, a cheerful and powerful as well as an intelligent group of genuine Americans. They could laugh and they could sing. They confronted the future with confidence, for the war was over and Uncle Sam was rich enough to give every man a farm—if he would go and get it.

"Work was a kind of game in which these strong young fellows contented, Dudley against a Garland, a McClintock against a Green. The faces of the threshers were jovial, the voices of the corn huskers merry. Why? Because they had vitality to spare. Nothing could subdue them to sullen drudgery.

"For all these reasons the reader of "A Son of the Middle Border" will find a note of hero-worship running through all the chapters which deal with early life in The Valley. There is nothing commonplace in those early memories. Green's Coulee belongs to the semi-mythical age of the world—to me. That others feel much as I do about those pioneer days is made evident by the many letters which are coming in to me from other Wisconsin homes."

Richard Garland, the father, was a pioneer, an explorer. For him the cramped hillsides of the coulee and stony fields had lost their charm and in 1868 he joined the caravans moving westward. The free lands

By FRED L. HOLMES

beckoned and he took up his new home in Winneshick County, Iowa, and a year later moved on to the prairie in Mitchell County, the scene of Mr. Garland's "Boy Life on the Prairie" and many of his sketches in "Main Traveled Roads." When about sixteen years of age he became a pupil in the Cedar Valley Seminary at Osage and was graduated in 1881. Then for a year he tramped through the East, while his family again caught in the western movement trekked into South Dakota settling in Brown County. These were days of indecision and trial for Hamlin.

"It was back in the early spring of '82 that I had a little job in Madison, Wisconsin, in a little machine shop or something of the kind," Mr. Garland told me. "I was general clerk and office boy. At that time there were very few typewriters, and so they wrote with a sort of analine ink that printed from one page to another when pressed together. That was one of my duties.

"But I left there suddenly," smilingly added Mr. Garland. "The man just above me was a tall gangling blond, and as I was probably a little older than he, I resented his petty commands. I was out of work three days and went to the river to get a job cutting ice. It was bitter cold. I watched and envied the men who had work. You see, I was getting down to my last dollar."

About this time his brother appeared on his way to Valparaiso, Indiana, to attend school and offered to finance a series of lectures which were the beginning of Mr. Garland's career.

Still undecided Hamlin again returned to the family roof and took up a claim in Dakota in 1883 in McPherson County, where he lived a few months. This he sold at the end of the year and determined to return to Boston to fit himself as a teacher. From this experience on the plains was later to come "The Moccasin Ranch," and several of his short stories.

Friends are helpful. In Boston Mr. Garland became a pupil under Professor Moses True Brown of the Boston School of Oratory. So diligent was Hamlin in his studies that he soon was selected as instructor and during the year 1885 and 1889 he taught private classes in English and American literature and lectured in and about Boston on Browning, Shakespeare, the drama and other literary subjects. It was through his school and lecture connections that he became acquainted with Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Dean Howells, Edward Everett Hale, Edwin Booth and other leaders in literature and art.

Poverty had pinched him, but could not still his ambition. Finally in 1887 he had saved enough money to return for a visit with his people in Dakota and it was upon this chance journey that he received the inspiration from Joseph Kirkland to portray western characters in the embodiment of fiction. In 1890 he published "Main Traveled Roads." The next year he again visited the West and wrote his first long novel, "A Spoil of Office."

"Rose of Dutcher's Cooly," published in 1895, is a significant title referring to his old western home. Then he spent two years writing a life of General Grant which stands as an historical masterpiece. In 1898, immediately after completion of Grant's life, he went into the Yukon Valley overland. This trip formed the basis of a novel, "The Trail of the Gold Seekers." Since then the following books have been published:

"A Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," "The Light of the Star," "Hesper," "Money Magic," "The Shadow World," "The Eagle's Heart," "Cavanaugh, Forest Ranger," "Other Main Traveled Roads," "The Long Trail," "Victor Olnee's Discipline," "The Forester's Daughter," and "A Son of the Middle Border."

For the past four years Mr. Garland has been working on a second volume of autobiographic material under the title, "A Daughter of the Middle Border," which he expects to bring out upon his next birthday, the fourteenth of September. This book is intended to answer the thousands of questions he has received from readers of "A Son of the Middle Border," and brings the family story down to the breaking out of the Great War in 1914. These volumes form a kind of intimate social history of the period between 1865 and 1914.

Nearly twenty years ago Hamlin Garland purchased a house in the village of West Salem, Wisconsin, which he still maintains. To this home back at the edge of the coulee he brought his mother and father to spend the remaining days of their lives. His father submitted rather stubbornly, but soon was happy at being surrounded by the farmer folk, hearing from their lips the quaint melodies and stories of farm progress.

His mother and father were pleased with their new home. Then Hamlin went into the world to make a home for himself. In 1899 he married Zulime Taft, sister of Lorado Taft the sculptor. They have two daughters, Mary Isabel and Constance Hamlin.

In recent years the summers of Mr. and Mrs. Garland and family have been spent in the Catskill Mountains, about 140 miles from New York. He owns a small cabin in Onteora, a literary and artistic colony, and spends nearly four months of the year up there. The cabin is at an altitude of two thousand feet above sea level and is of particularly stimulating atmosphere. Round about have been gathered all of the material that touches upon the Middle West and in the quiet of his home he is weaving the story of these people into an indelible history.

While there is a variety of characters and studies in the novels of Hamlin Garland, he stands out pre-eminent in the works which visualize western pioneer life. Mr. Garland is a striking figure upon the lecture platform. Tall and slender, a bushy, drooping mustache, think heavy eyebrows, a face deep lined, and a head crowned with silver and gray hair, he makes an interesting and picturesque lecturer. Recently he was speaking to a college audience, telling of stories of his pioneer life and the early trials of his family and neighbors. The portrayal was a bold contrast to the life of the audience before them. With tenderness and pathos he described the advance of the frontier—the first explorers, men who were ever anxious to move onward into the wilderness. Not so the women.

Then he sang for the audience the songs of his mother and father back on their Wisconsin farm before leaving for Iowa and the Dakotas. The father's was a pleading song to advance, the mother's a tender, appealing plea to remain with friends and family where settled. The sentiment in both gives a picture of the unrest on frontier:

"Away to Colorado a journey I'll go,
For to double my fortune as other men do,
While here I must labor each day in the field,
And the winter consumes all the summer doth yield,'

To this his wife replies:

"Dear husband, I've noticed with a sorrowful heart
That you long have neglected your plow and your cart
Your horses, sheep, cattle at random do run,
And your new Sunday jacket goes every day on.
Oh, stay on your farm and you'll suffer no loss,
For the stone that keeps rolling will gather no moss."

Here Mr. Garland sang the melody first in the deep tone of his father and then came the sweet tender reply of his mother. It was a picturesque and striking scene.

Caught by the sympathy and the feeling of these people, he is able to picture the life of the great West, its mighty prairies, its broad rivers, its endless acres of wheat fields waving in the sunlight and the grandeur and the mightiness of the plains. To all these phases of western country life he has given a breath of realization.

Lives in Royal Castle His Pay Is $4 a Week

NOT many persons may have their mail addressed to Windsor Castle, but there's one man who has lived in that royal dwelling for 15 years; and his pay is a trifle less than $4 a week.

No, he is not the second assistant janitor, nor the gardener's "boy"; he is the librarian, by courtesy, and his real task is writing a history of the British Army, on which he has been engaged for 20 years.

A recent interview, his first, was occasioned by the publication of Volumes IX and X of this monumental "History of the British Army," the volumes covering the close of the Peninsular War and the Waterloo campaign. To many people the appearance of the volumes, and the reviews of them, afforded the first knowledge of the existence of the Honorable John Fortescue, burrowing away into his records in Windsor Castle.

The work is admittedly the finest military history ever produced; and it will take five more volumes, he says, to bring it down to 1870. The historian's own comment on it is this: "I should have done better for myself financially if, instead of devoting more than twenty years of intense labor to this book, I had served for the same period as a private in the infantry of the line." A private in the infantry of the line used to get 25 cents a day, "and all found," with special field allowances, and, of course, more money with promotions, and an increased scale during the late war. Actually Mr. Fortescue gets fourteen shillings a week which, at the pre-war rate of exchange, is $3.36.

Mr. Fortescue was 61 years old on December 28 last, too late, as you will note, for him to change his life and prospects. He was the fifth son of the third Earl Fortescue, and younger sons of British titles get the prefix "honorable" and very little else. His whole life has been devoted to military history and, among other honors, the University of Edinburgh gave him an honorary Doctor of Laws, and Austria made him a Commander of the Order of Franz Josef. Also he holds the Chesney Medal.

His first important work was a history of the famous Seventeenth Lancers, published in 1895, followed a year later by "Dundonald." He began the History of the British Army in 1899, and was on the point of abandoning the work for lack of personal subsistence in 1905, when King Edward came to the rescue and appointed him librarian of Windsor Castle, which gives him living quarters and $3.36 a week.

In 1907 he was made a Member of the Victorian Order, an honor that added nothing to his income. But in 1914 he married the daughter of a Suffolk clergyman, and his wife, according to his own confession, has kept him to the task and, to make it possible, has opened a dress-designing and house-decoration business.

The problem is this: Does residence in Windsor Castle on next-to-nothing compensate for the devotion of a lifetime for a posthumous fame which may or may not materialize?



DEVESAGO FALLS, at Prattsville, in the Catskill Mountains.

Your Adopted Child and the Law—By WILLIAM C. DUNBAR

A VERY unnatural and extraordinary thing occurs when a child by law ceases to be a member of one family and becomes a part of another. The deepest relationships of life are changed by the process. Before the adoption, the natural parents had full control of the child and were under obligation to provide for it; and on the other hand, the child owed its parents respect and obedience. It bore their name and had the right to inherit their property. After the adoption proceedings have taken place practically all this is changed. The natural parents have no longer any control over the child and are relieved of all responsibility for it, and the child is not under any filial duties toward them.

It is small wonder, then, that the courts are strict on insisting that any one wishing to adopt a child must comply with the law in all respects. Yet many persons adopt children without the precautions necessary from a legal standpoint. If they were buying a house they would want to be sure that the title had been examined and approved by a competent attorney; but they will adopt a child, which is a matter of vastly more importance, without proper investigation or legal advice. They seem to think that if they can get the papers drawn up and approved by the court that everything will be all right. But this is not necessarily so, and the court itself will have no right to act unless the steps prescribed by law have been taken. So adoptive parents are sometimes shocked to find that notwithstanding adoption proceedings, they have no legal right to the child and must give it up after they have acquired an intense affection for it. They may learn, for instance, that the person or institution agreeing to the adoption had no authority to do so. Perhaps the mother alone had agreed when the father was living and should have been consulted, or the child may have been taken from the natural parents without proper notice having been given them. Possibly the child was adopted in the wrong county or the papers were not complete or were improperly drawn. There are so many chances for mistakes and omissions, and the resulting disappointment and grief are so keen that the greatest care should be taken in the beginning to see that everything is done in strict conformity with the law.

People sometimes take children into their homes with the idea of adopting them later, relying on the word of the natural parents that formal consent will be given to the adoption. After much love and care have been bestowed on the child and perhaps considerable expense incurred in its support, it is found that this consent cannot be secured as the parents have changed their minds or have perhaps disappeared or died.

In a recent case which came to my attention, the mother died at the time her child was born, and her brother and his wife took the baby into their home. I advised the brother to get, if possible, the father's consent to their adopting the child, because undoubtedly they would become so attached to it that they would not be able to give it up. Some months later the brother told me regretfully he could then understand my former advice, upon which he failed to act. The child had become so much a part of their lives that they could not think of parting with it, and now he was doubtful if the father would consent to its adoption.

In another instance the young mother of a illegitimate child consented that a woman take her child so that she might hide her mistake. The woman cared for the baby for almost a year and grew to love it as her own. Then the child's mother asked that it be returned, and when refused, took the matter up in court. Had the woman who took the child secured the proper written consent of the mother in the beginning, she would have been saved much worry and expense.

It would seem a mistake, therefore, to delay in securing the necessary written consent to the adoption, or to put off the adoption proceedings once they have been decided upon.

While it is probable that the laws of no two states are the same in regard to adoption, there are nevertheless certain similarities in many of them. Some of the most common provisions are:

Persons adopting a child must be ten or, in some cases, fifteen years older than the child;

A husband or wife, who are living together, cannot adopt a child without the consent of the other;

The consent of the natural parents must be obtained unless they are insane, imprisoned, have abandoned the child, or are dead;

An illegitimate child may be adopted with the consent of its mother only;

The child itself must consent if over a certain age, which varies from ten to fourteen years;

The name of the child may be changed to that of the adoptive parents.

As a rule, all of the parties interested must appear before the court, although in some states it is simply necessary to record the prescribed papers. Also, in some states, adults may be adopted as well as minors.

The laws of the different states differ greatly regarding the matter of inheritance. Nearly all, however, provide that the adopted child shall inherit the property of the adoptive parents. This does not mean that such parents may not will away their property from the adopted child, because they may even cut off their own offspring in this way if they choose. But if they die without a will there will be no distinction made between the right of the natural or adopted child to inherit their property. Nor does it follow that because the child will inherit the property of his adoptive father or mother that he would inherit from their brothers or sisters or other relatives.

There is another phase of the question of inheritance which is of great importance and interest. It is as to whether a child after adoption will still be entitled to inherit the property of his natural parents. This would depend on the law in force where the adoption took place. If the statute provided that the child would or would not so inherit from its natural parents this would settle the question. For instance, in Connecticut the law expressly states that the adopted child shall not inherit the property of its natural parents or their relatives. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, the statute provides that a person shall not by adoption lose the right to inherit from its natural parents or kindred. However, such express provisions are rare, and the courts, in at least a number of states, have held that the child will continue to have the right of inheritance from his natural parents unless the statute has taken it away from him. In the eyes of the law the question of supreme importance in adoption matters is the welfare of the child.

Among Those Present—By LILLIAN TAYLOR



"East, West, Hame's Best," says this oldest "schoolgirl." To prove it, she is here seen leaving Southern California, to attend the summer session at the University of Wisconsin.

"A FAIR Co-ed, Age Ninety"; "Oldest U. W. Co-ed Visits Madison"; "Still a Schoolgirl at Ninety." Who hasn't read these (and similar) captions describing America's premiere student, Mrs. A. D. Winship? And who, outside of the friends of this gentle little woman, has not seasoned these statements with the proverbial grain of salt? For it is still somewhat the fashion to discredit the idea that octogenarians can enjoy the same things that interest younger folk.

Mrs. Winship can—and does!

This much-heralded "school girl" possesses an enthusiasm for life that approximates a passion. The lure of the "Road," both literally and figuratively speaking, fascinates her. It follows, therefore, that she "hits the trail" every year; travels from California, Texas, Florida or other southern points, to attend the summer session at the University of Wisconsin. Arriving in Madison, she quietly settles herself in the Latin Quarter, enrolls for work, stands in line at the cafeterias, and otherwise enters into the ordinary student life. Remarkable, you say? But it is remarkable only when she does not come back—she has missed but one summer (1918) in the last ten years—and she travels unattended.

Old age a barrier to study?

When I looked into the beautiful blue eyes—not faded, *old* eyes, if you please, but eyes as clear as a June-day sky!—again this year, I was suddenly convinced that this oldest co-ed will never be old. Why? Because the flame of her spirit is unquenchable! Amy Davis Winship has kept the lamp of her mind trimmed and burning, and the accumulation of years is the very least of her worries. Or rather, worry has no place in her philosophy of life.

That she established a precedent when she started to school at the age of seventy-nine, Mrs. Winship modestly concedes; but it was not to set in motion an octogenarian renaissance that she began her research. Her opportunity for study had not arrived before that time, she tells you simply; when it did come, she merely took advantage of it. And this common-sense explanation of so unusual a procedure is characteristic of the woman. She believes that keeping interested in something and eliminating worry are two of the very essential ingredients in her recipe for longevity. Having thoroughly tested out the recipe herself, she confidently recommends it to others.

"All my life I've wanted to study," she explains, her wonderful eyes flashing the fire which keeps her so alive, "to get down to the very bottom of things; so, I have gone into biology and botany; chemistry and economics; physics and philosophy; psychology and—goodness knows what all! Everything and everybody interest me. If textbooks can help me to understand humanity, well and good. But I do not confine myself to them."

As an example of her interest in the welfare of others, Mrs. Winship devoted six years of a very busy life to a class of young boys in her home town, of Racine, Wisconsin. Six evenings in each week during this period, she met with these boys, directing their reading, games, and the like.

Mrs. Winship's latest achievement is the writing of her autobiography. That the task was accomplished without the aid of a single note or record of any kind (she never kept even a diary, she told me), is further evidence that age has not impaired her faculties. Think of having a memory like that!

When I asked, with the freedom of an old friend, who made her dainty clothes, quick as a flash came the reply, "Why, I do, myself—and help my daughter make hers, besides!"

And there you are!

Head up, blue eyes forward, an example of one who has fully conquered the bugaboo of Age, and its twin-sister, Worry—page Amy Davis Winship, the Intrepid!

His Clean-Up Record Made Him Governor



ARTHUR M. HYDE

A GROUP of members of the commercial club of the little city of Princeton, Missouri, were discussing civic conditions. The town was "wide open." A clean-up was being agitated. There had been considerable debate about the practicability of such a move. The president of the club about 30 years old, insisted, heatedly, it would not be difficult. He was so positive about it he was challenged to undertake the task. The result was the club president became mayor.

When the new mayor took office the clean-up began. An incident is illustrative of the method. Evidence was collected against one of the town gamblers. He was tried, convicted and fined $700. There was an exodus that relieved the community of its undesirable characters. The clean-up was complete as it was lasting.

Possibly that mayorality campaign convinced Arthur M. Hyde, now of Trenton, and governor of Missouri by more than 100,000 votes over his Democratic opponent, that the clean-up platform was a good one upon which to appeal to the voters for a higher office. When he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination last spring it was on a clean-up platform. He declared for prohibition enforcement, which was presumed at that time to be unpopular in Missouri, particularly in the larger cities; he attacked men who, he declared, were the bosses in his own party, charged the Democrats with having stolen previous elections and promised a change in methods.

At about the same time an anti-boss movement in the Republican party in Kansas City was begun. It was charged the Republican bosses had a working agreement with the Democratic bosses who controlled virtually every elective and appointive city and county office. Through that agreement, it was charged, the Republican party was made a "defeatist" party. Republicans elected generally voted with officials elected by the Democratic county machine on matters involving finance, favors and policy.

The anti-bosses won control of the Republican city convention. At the election its candidates, selected from the town's business and professional men, were counted out by two thousand votes in the heaviest city election vote in years. A contest now is pending in one of the courts. It was charged the boss election workers won the election by vote frauds, easy under Missouri's peculiar election laws and the complete control by the bosses of all election and court machinery, the police and county peace officers.

Boss Republican workers helped the operatives of the Democratic bosses, it was charged, in intimidating anti-boss election officials, slugging the anti-boss voters and participating generally in what was declared a reign of terror loosed late election day.

Shortly afterward Hyde began campaigning the state for the nomination for governor. He told of conditions in Kansas City, recounted how Republican after Republican candidate had gone to the boss-controlled wards north of the Kansas City belt line with majorities, only to be defeated. He charged elections were stolen and defied those he named to deny it. He urged Republicans to purge their party of bosses and go before the people with clean hands at the fall election. There were other developments. The Lowden fund exposures were among them. And in the primary Hyde was nominated.

Then came the campiagn for election. Hyde appealed to all voters, regardless of party, to vote for a clean-up. He continued his charges of stolen elections, thuggery and intimidation.

Hyde is an orator. His speeches made friends. Election day made him the second Republican governor in Missouri since Civil War days. The Republicans also elected, for the first time, the majority of the members in both legislative houses. Previously, even under a Republican administration, the Democrats had controlled, much of the patronage by the Senate being Democratic. It refused to confirm the governor's appointees to replace Democrats.

Perhaps the statement of O. B. Barton, of Trenton, Hyde's neighbor, who says he is a "nasty" Democrat, may explain the attitude of the Missouri Democrats who, tired of boss rule in their own party, took the opportunity to rebuke it, and voted for the national Republican candidates also. Barton said:

"I am going to vote for Hyde for four reasons.

"He has the disposition to do right.

"He has the intelligence to know what is right.

"He has the nerve to start anything he desires.

"He has the ability to finish anything he starts."

That was not, however, the first state campaign in which Hyde participated. He led the Roosevelt forces in the third Missouri district in 1912, which campaign ended in the now famous "ball-bat" convention. Ball-bats were used by some of the delegates in settling differences. He refused a place on the Republican ticket in 1916 but spent two months campaigning for the candidate for governor.

From a family of lawyers, Hyde formerly practiced in Missouri courts but gave it up, almost entirely, to take a large block of territory for a motor car concern, and investments.

A visitor to the Hyde home at Trenton brought back this message:

"Hyde's dog runs to meet him when the governor goes home. An eight-year-old daughter believes Hyde is a grown-up partner and Mrs. Hyde, after 16 years of married life, still is in love with him."

At the Hyde home the doorstep is worn, the grass on the lawn has been killed in many places by tramping, and the dining table is a big one, indicative of many guests. On a glassed-in porch is a roll top desk "for storing" the governor explained. Little Miss Caroline Cullers Hyde, however, rolled up the top. Inside was paper cut into fantastic shapes. "That," she explained with all the dignity of her pride in the governor, "is where daddy and I make our paper dolls."

Mrs. Hyde does her own housework. She is pretty, 37 years old, gracious and says no one else can make pies to suit the governor, so she gave up trying to keep help.

He Stuck to His Last

PREACHING the gospel of work has become so bromidic these days that it is refreshing to come across a man who does not preach but lives his creed.

Samuel N. Pelton, a harness maker of Pomona, California, now in his ninety-first year, has never lost a working day from his bench since he learned his trade more than seventy years ago and although but lacking a few years of the century mark he is still going strong. Only a few days ago he completed and sold a set of invisible stitch double work harness that in finished craftsmanship was a credit to the master workman that he is.

Mr. Pelton was born in Ohio in 1830. During his lifetime he has seen his country engaged in four great wars, not to speak of the Indian uprisings. He was a boy in his teens during the Mexican War and was a young man in his prime when the Civil War began.

Turned down twice by army doctors when he tried to enlist, Mr. Pelton has had the ironic satisfaction of outliving the grandchildren of the men who said he was too frail to make a soldier.



SAMUEL N. PELTON

Thirty years ago Mr. Pelton came to Southern California to grow up with the country. Although then in his sixtieth year he has witnessed the wonderful transformation of the cactus and sage-covered desert into one of the garden spots of the world.

He has also seen the rise and decline of a craft. The fancy buggy harness that once was the pride of the expert harness-maker is nearly a thing of the past. Even the art of saddlery is being lost. The gasoline steed has taken the place of the equine and even on the farm the tractor is narrowing the demand for work harness.

Mr. Pelton, himself, is no back number. Far from it. He keeps right abreast of the times. Magazines and the movies are his greatest sources of recreation and there are few meetings of the Odd Fellows, of which he is the oldest member in the state, that he does not attend.

Mr. Pelton does not have to work. He is in comfortable circumstances. His son-in-law, Mayor Vandegriff, of Pomona, is one of the substantial men of the community.

But in work Mr. Pelton has found contentment and contentment is the secret of health and happiness. Mr. Pelton is meticulously neat about his shop and person. He is as spry as a man of forty and his eyesight is keener than the average youth of twenty. He is no faddist. He eats what he likes and drinks what he likes and as much as he likes. He has never been sick a day in his life.

BRIEFLY TOLD

An everbearing Valencia orange tree, which is destined to revolutionize the orange industry, has been discovered by horticulturists in a grove at Tampa. The tree is about fifteen years old and has been bearing continuously eight years and apparently authentic records indicate that at no time during that period has it failed to have fruit and blossoms at all stages of maturity. Everbearing Florida lemons have been common for many years.

During the coal strike the change in the atmosphere of London has been noticeable. The air is clear and coal dust has ceased to settle in an ugly gray on clothing. Medical men have joined with architects in demanding that there be legislative repression of the uses of soft coal.

Beauty enduring for eight thousand years on the face of a girl is a remarkable feature of a mummy that has been brought to London from Egypt and is now in the Egyptology section of the University College.

Passengers for the United States, who miss the boat trains running between Paris and Havre, are to be taken to Havre by airplane. The planes will leave Le Bourget two hours after the boat trains have departed.

For nearly a mile along the Etobicoke Creek near Brampton, Ontario, thousands of dead fish and dead frogs floated on the surface of the stream when a high wind blew a hydro wire into the creek. Practically the entire frog colony was electrocuted.

Millions of army worms or caterpillars in New Brunswick have stripped the trees of foliage in many places. The railroad tracks are covered with these worms on certain sections and they grease the rails so badly that freight trains are having difficulty getting over the road and passenger trains are run in two sections.

A forty-foot vein of lead has been discovered in the heart of Dubuque, Iowa, one hundred sixty feet below the city.

An army airman flew across the Grand Canyon several times recently and also flew down into the gorge. He has been detailed by the War Department to study the air currents in and over the canyon and to locate possible landing fields there. This is believed to be a preliminary to establishing a commercial airplane service in that vicinity.

Texas is capable of marketing annually four million tons of wax from a weed known as the candelilla plant. It grows on the poorest kind of soil and a yield of ten tons an acre is frequently obtained. There are only six factories in Texas manufacturing the wax at this time.

The first jury trial ever held in the Mackenzie territory will be conducted at Fort Providence upon the arrival of the judge and the legal party who recently left Edmonton for the North. It will be the trial of a man for the murder of his wife and infant child.

According to a report to the infant welfare society in Chicago, the children of wealthy parents are not on a par physically with those of poor parents. In one school in an exclusive neighborhood half of the children examined were not up to normal weight and many were seven per cent. under weight.

In a barren and waterless waste in British East Africa is what appears to be a lake covered with a coating of snow partly thawed and then frozen again. It is in reality a deposit of soda. Travelers traversing this district in the dry season find their shoes burned and the sharp spikes of the soda will pierce any but the thickest soles. During the rainy season the lake is a beautiful pink.

A man ninety-seven years of age, living near Augusta, Maine, is cutting teeth for the third time in his life. Healthy, white teeth are working up through the gums with four teeth in sight.

To show their contempt for burglar insurance, burglars in New York City recently tore into bits the policy of the man they were robbing and scattered the pieces around the rooms.

A boy sixteen years old, while swimming in the Niagara River above Niagara Falls, was swept out into the current and over the falls. He saved himself by clinging to a drifting log which was whirled around in the outer eddy of the big whirlpool. Boy companions threw him the end of a rope and hauled him ashore uninjured.

Of the forty-eight states constituting the United States, forty have adopted the Mothers' Pension law in some form.

Street cars of Glasgow stop only at stipulated stations. At other places the motorman merely reduces the speed of the vehicle, the passenger making his ascent to the platform on the fly. This practice saves considerable current in the course of a year.

In Japan there are five Japanese for every acre cultivated.

For the first time in history a woman presided over the House of Representatives when Miss Alice Robertson, Republican member from Oklahoma, occupied the chair during the absence from Washington of Speaker Gillett.

Of every eight persons in the United States one is foreign born, according to recent figures issued by the Census Bureau.

An amphibious gun mount tractor has been invented which can travel under water to a depth of twelve feet by means of a periscope attached to the carburetor so it can get air. It can make ten miles an hour under water.

A Brooklyn judge refused to admit as evidence in a burglar's case a bag containing dynamite, fuse and blasting caps which were brought into court. When the prosecutor directed an expert to fit the caps to the fuse the judge suggested that the test be made before the grand jury.

The Navy Department has asked for sealed bids on a piano from the President's yacht, Mayflower. So many offers have been made for the old instrument by hunters of historical curios that this procedure was necessary to give everybody a chance. A new concert grand is replacing the old one.

In 1920 almost six million barrels of Chinese flour were shipped to Europe. New mills are to be built in the wheat-growing sections.

Afflicted with paralytic nerve shock due to an automobile accident and without the use of his right arm, a Chicago man has trained his left hand to handle a brush and has turned to painting. His paintings bring a good price in the market.

When the South Platte River was a raging torrent recently with all bridges washed away, a woman lay dying for lack of medical attention two miles from a physician on the opposite side of the river. When all hope seemed gone the doctor remembered that the Postmaster General had "humanized" his department. He secured a mail airplane and made the trip, receiving the authority afterward.

Details of a new continent in the Antarctic region describe a country rich in oils, minerals and furs. The British Antarctic expedition has found strange birds of immense size as well as many other oddities in the new country.

The United States Weather Bureau station on the north coast of Alaska frequently reports a summer temperature of one hundred in the shade.

A woodpecker recently held up an important Southern Pacific train near El Paso when it pecked away the lead wire to the track relay post near the signal. This threw a red "block" causing the engineer to stop the train to investigate.

A man in Waukegan, Wisconsin, claims to have discovered a bug that kills potato bugs and that he is raising a colony of the killers in his basement.

Senator Arthur Capper has loaned out two hundred thousand dollars, without security, to boys to purchase pure-blood pigs. The boys become interested in their stock raising and remain on the farm. The Senator is applying the same idea to chicken clubs with girl members and has already loaned fifty thousand to Kansas girls for purchase and development of purebred flocks.

The Australian Commonwealth Government has offered a reward of 25,000 pounds for oil in payable quantities and the New South Wales Government has offered 10,000 pounds for oil. Despite the fact that in many sections of the country oil is actually trickling from the earth at the rate of two or three gallons a week, government engineers have been unable to find oil in commercial quantities.

Utah's anti-cigaret law bars all smoking in public places in addition to prohibiting the giving away, sale, exchange or barter of cigarets.

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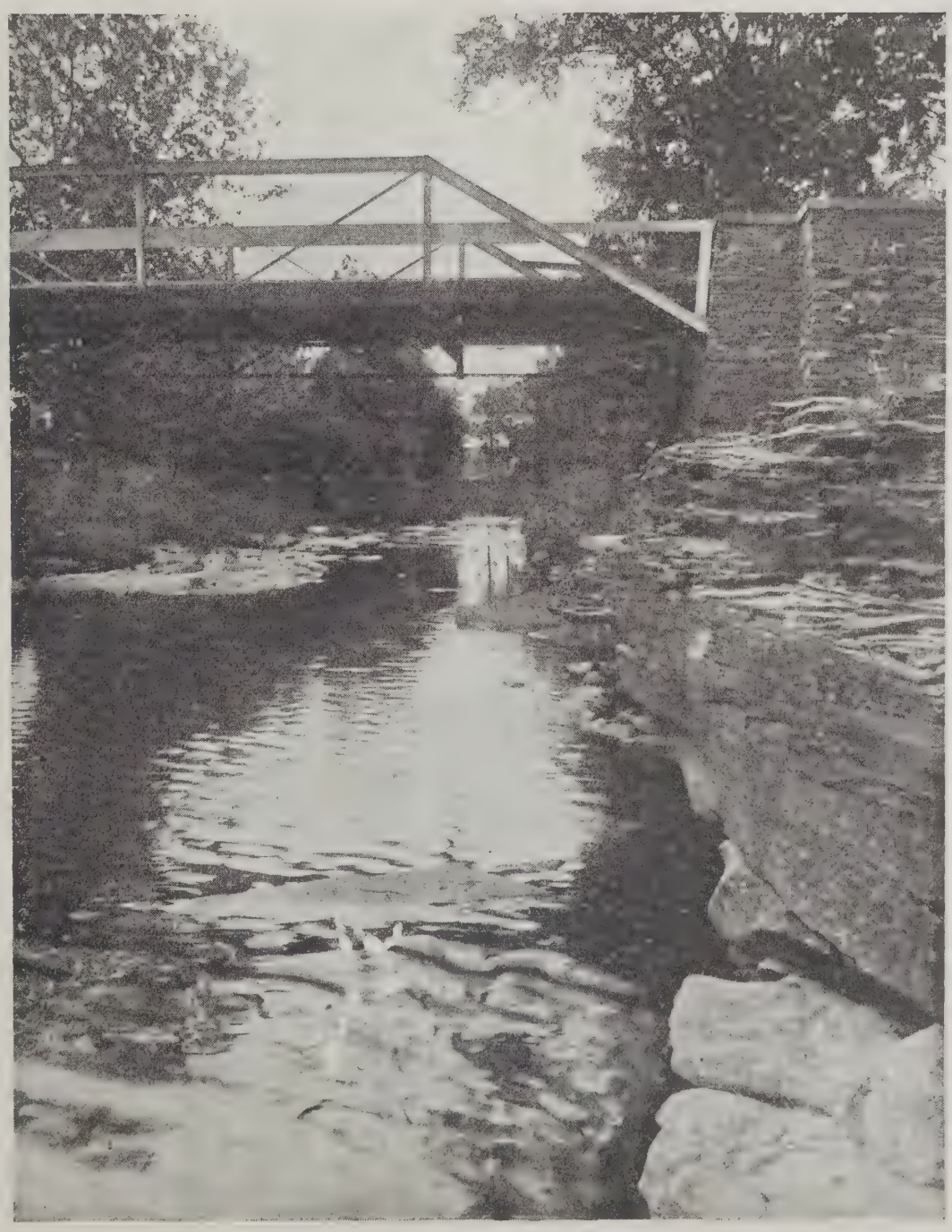
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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas to which they go,
Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river than to build a town.

—WALLER



A BRIDGE AND STREAM IN THE CATSKILLS.

When Fire Comes to a Forest



The tallest lookout tower in the National Forests. It is in the Sitgreaves Forest, Arizona. It is 117 feet high and was built by forest rangers.

By HARVEY W. PATTON

IN THE vast national forests of the West and Southwest, like the forests in other sections of the country, fire is the biggest problem confronting the government. Early discovery of an incipient blaze is of the utmost importance, for disastrous fires are often prevented when sighted quickly. For this reason the government maintains forest lookouts, whose duties are to watch for fires from sunrise to sunset.

The lookouts are stationed in towers at the highest points in the forests to enable them to obtain an unobstructed view of the territory in which they are located. But they do not depend on the naked eye to sight a fire. They have an instrument known as a protractor, a metal disc, which has sights and 360 degrees, or lines. The lookouts constantly scan the forest from the stations, and when smoke or a blaze is discovered through the protractor, its approximate location is immediately known. At that moment the protractor may have been focused on the 260-line, and that means the fire was on that line. The lookout immediately telephones to the office of the forest supervisor.

The supervisor has a chart on the wall of his office containing all the lines, or degrees, on the protractor. All he has to do is to refer to the chart and the fire is pretty closely located. Meanwhile, however, several other lookouts have discovered the blaze and also telephone in, giving the line on which they sighted it. The supervisor then compares all the reports with his chart, and the location of the fire is narrowed down to a few hundred yards, though it may have been 40 or 50 miles distant from the first lookout station reporting it, or the same distance from the others reporting it, for that matter.

From the foregoing it will be seen that a lookout's job is an important one, in addition to the lonely life he spends.

Notwithstanding this, girls and young women are seeking positions as lookouts in the forest service. These applications are the result of magazine publicity a young woman lookout in a Colorado forest received.

"How romantic to be a forest lookout," ejaculated many girls. And they forthwith sat themselves down and wrote applications for such jobs. The idea not only appealed to them as being romantic, but they figured the position would afford them an ideal vacation for the three best months of the year; also $90 a month.

One young woman wrote from far-off Constantinople, Turkey, applying for a lookout's berth in one of the Arizona forests. She said she would be ready to begin her duties in June. Other applications came in from girls residing in cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but not one of them has yet landed a job, and it is doubtful if any will.

Now let us analyze the reason for these applications. The girl lookout in Colorado has a keen sense of the value of publicity—they say she has been in the movies—and she really has a picturesque station, on the side of a cliff. She doesn't have to climb a lofty tower to reach her post, and when a picture of the young woman and her station, in its beautiful scenic setting, appeared in a popular woman's magazine, lots of other girls envied her and began making efforts to land the same kind of a job.

But the government has different ideas on lookouts. Forest Service officials, the men right on the job in the West, say women cannot fill the bill. Therefore they are discouraging them from attempting to land such berths.

In the first place, the fair maidens who are seeking the jobs know nothing about the country in which they seek to serve. And knowing the country is a prime requisite. For this reason the Forest Service selects men—men who are strong of body and keen of sight—men who know the country. A lookout's job in any of the big forests of New Mexico and Arizona is not a sinecure.

The men have to climb lofty towers, the ladders leading to the station being almost perpendicular; sometimes a towering pine tree is utilized as an improvised lookout point, and a man has to shin up that. And often, too, the lookouts actually have to fight fires, provided they are discovered close to the stations.

It is true that some women in New Mexico and Arizona have been successful forest lookouts, but they knew the country in which they served, because their homes were either in the forests or adjacent thereto. Other women have successfully served as substitutes for their husband lookouts.

A notable example of a successful woman lookout is Mrs. D. B. Whiteside, of the Mt. Taylor region in the Manzano Mountains of New Mexico. Mrs. Whiteside not only proved a valuable lookout, but she fought fires. She knew the region in which she served, because her home was on a ranch close by. She still resides there, but is not in the service now.

Of course, forest rangers are always on the lookout for fires, as are forest guards and other employes of the service, but a great responsibility rests on the lookout high up on his perch, and he realizes his responsibility and ever is on the alert. His hours are long, and he is exposed to the blistering rays of the sun as long as it shines. He perhaps won't see a human being for a month at a time. His supplies are packed in to him every thirty days, and he has to do his own cooking and housework. He may hear a voice, when he has occasion to telephone, but that is his only human contact for monthly stretches.

As for telephones, the Forest Service has built lines in all the forests for quick communication in the event of fire. The rangers and others in the service carry little telephones that they can connect up with the lines and talk from wherever they are.

"How do you fight forest fires?" a tenderfoot asked a forest ranger, who had paused to greet a group of hikers along the trail a mile out from the big camp grounds on the forks of the stream below his station.

By the side of the trail at this point was a large steel box bolted securely to a huge pine tree. The box had a legend painted on it reading: "United States Forest Service—Fire Tool Cache—In Case of Fire Break The Seals."

This box had prompted the tenderfoot's question.

Turning his horse into some tall grass, the ranger invited the hikers to sit down on a fallen tree.

"First of all," said the ranger, "the problem of fighting forest fires is quite simple. What do you folks do each night when you start camp fire down at the forks? Gather pine needles, those juicy, pitchy pine cones, dry wood, grass, and touch a match. Up it goes, just like oil. You don't put on green stuff, you don't pick wet pieces of wood out of the creek.

"Now, if all that stuff which is so plentiful in the woods serves to make a fire, what do you suppose we do when it gets burning in the woods and destroying things and generally raising Cain? Just this, we try to remove such stuff that fire feeds on. We discourage a forest fire by taking away the food on which it lives.



A Forest Service lookout "spotting" a fire in the Sitgreaves National Forest, Arizona, by means of a protractor.

"It is simple in principle, but not always easy in practice. As for instance, when a big wind comes up and some careless camper, down along the river, goes away and leaves his camp fire burning and an ember blows into the pine needles near-by and the spark becomes a little flame and the little flame a roaring sea of fire sweeping up through those beautiful trees all around the forks camping grounds; and the fire goes so fast it outruns a man on horseback, licks up all the tents and homes down there and in one jump goes up the slope of Baldy half a mile at a flash.

"Your camp is safe, but it might happen. Always remember that many a vacation that promised to be happy has ended like that.

"As I was saying, the problem of removing the fuel before the path of the forest fire varies with conditions. Dry seasons, a high wind, the steepness of the slope; they are the factors.



A lookout up a tree in the Coconino Forest in Arizona. This is an improvised lookout station and is another argument against women lookouts.

"You are well acquainted with the city fire department and its work; well, they put out fires by smothering them with water. No water is available for this method in the woods, so, as I said, we take the stuff away from in front of a fire and it naturally stops when there is nothing to feed on.

"With no wind and under normal conditions, by taking a rake and clearing a trail a foot wide through the pine needles on this flat we could keep a fire from spreading and in a short time put it out. Now, if the fire were to get into the log we are sitting on, it would smolder for days, perhaps, after we had corralled the fire on the flat and the needles and twigs on the ground were totally out. That log would be a danger point as long as a spark remained, for a wind coming up might carry a spark over our little fire line and if we were not here to put it out at once, we would have to fight our fire over.

"So in the case of burning logs, we smother the fire by shoveling on dirt, and shortly, the air being cut off, the fire goes out. If that standing dead tree over there were to catch up along its trunk, it would be sawed down either after the fire on the ground had been entirely surrounded or while it was still uncontrolled, if necessary, to keep it from throwing sparks across the line. In brief, that is the way forest fires are fought; a trail is cleared ahead of them to remove fuel and when fire burns up to the cleared area, it normally stops. When a fire is moving fast, it is often necessary to get a long distance ahead of it—some times several miles—to enable a line sufficiently wide to be cut and cleared. Sometimes dynamite is used to fell dead standing trees, remove logs and thus clear a wide path. Patrol of the line after the fire is stopped may be necessary for days to see that sparks are not swept across to unburned country.

"You can readily see the reason for that box and its tools. Rakes for the needles and small stuff; hoe and mattocks to cut sod and grass and to remove inflammable clods; shovels to smother logs with dirt; axes and saws to clear brush and fell dead snags that would act as huge torches to throw sparks far ahead of the fire line. Then we keep canteens and water buckets to supply the fire fighters with water; also lanterns for night work and sometimes a cooking outfit and rations for a small crew for several days.

"Of these fire tool boxes, we have six in this district, all so located as to be available in danger areas or along lines of travel where they can be reached going to a fire and thus save carrying tools a long distance, which, if you try it on horseback, you will find a slow job.

"Up at the station we have a rack of fire tools in the storehouse. That is the emergency equipment for a large crew in case of a big fire. Also we have there pack saddle racks with six pack outfits completely ready even down to spare shoes for the horses, cooking outfits, food in panniers or pack bags and also tents and a supply of blankets packed for a rapid getaway. Our fire department, you see," smiled the ranger, "and just as with the city department, we want to get to a fire quickly, only our getting there is not as spectacular as in the city.

"Now, the men who fight the fires, those who wield all those rakes and hoes, come from all sides of my district, which covers about 150,000 acres of these mountains. During the season, I have a 'smoke chaser,' who stays at the station awaiting fire calls. He goes at once to the reported fire; his horse always in the corral and an emergency fire equipment of a combination rake and hoe on his saddle and a light axe in his gun scabbard. He also carries a compact ration for two days. Bed he does not bother with, but he does take a small emergency telephone which he can tie on our system whenever he cares to. This man gets many fires before they do any damage. If too much for him to handle, I follow up with the packer and an outfit for a number of men and summon helpers from near-by ranches or pick them up on the way.

"All this is not quite as heroic or spectacular as your fire department down in the city, is it?" concluded the ranger.

How We Help Out the Men Who Rob Us

Some Foolish Things That We Do and Some Ways We Might Adopt

By JAMES C. MURNANE

Chief of the Bureau of Identification, St. Paul Police Department.

HUGE sums in money and jewels are stolen every year. Every newspaper carries reports of robberies of some kind. But few people realize that many of these losses might have been avoided.

Yet that is true. Men are always doing foolish things with their money or valuables, and so are the women. Sometimes they are just careless. More often they don't stop to think how easy they are making it for the burglar, or the pickpocket. Often they actually invite men to rob them. Of course, they don't intend to do it, but they do.

Now, take the pickpocket. Every year he reaps a rich harvest, much because persons don't keep their wits about them.

Incidentally, right now is the great open season for the pickpocket. Perhaps you never thought of it, but picking pockets is a summer occupation. It's too hard to find a man's pocketbook when he's bundled up in an overcoat, while in his summer clothes, it's easy. Pickpockets go South in winter, and come back with the warm days. They always get back by the Fourth of July—you see, that's one of their big harvest days.

So it may not be amiss to consider the methods of the pickpocket, and some practical means of foiling him. If men took only reasonable precautions, if they were only as observant as the professional criminal for instance, a lot of good pickpockets and burglars would be hunting other jobs.

Now, a pickpocket is an artist in his way. I have seen them so good that they could flip your money out of your pocket just in walking past you. A man digs down into an inside pocket to get money to buy a ticket. I have seen men who could brush past him and flip his roll out of his pocket while he's getting ready to button up his vest or his coat.

Here is a story that is characteristic, for instance. A bunch of pickpockets got on a train at Denver. There were nine men in the crowd. "We won't buy any ducats, but we will try to short the caducer," one of the gang said. They call the conductor the "caducer."

So they boarded the train without any tickets and paid their fares in cash. After they were out of Denver a little way, one man in the gang, Eddie Harvey, picked the conductor's pocket, and got all the money back.

Contrary to the popular belief, pickpockets work in groups, or "mobs." Usually in a mob, there are two or three "stalls," and one "tool." It is the job of the "stall" to distract your attention. Maybe he just knocks back your hat a little, apparently by accident, as the street car lurches a little. That is enough, just a moment while your attention is distracted the trick is done. The "tool" is the man who actually takes the money from your pocket. Usually, he passes the money to another member of the gang, known as the carrier, who makes the get-away, as they call it.

Now, here is a peculiar thing. Almost never do the victims pick out the right man when they find out they have been robbed. Men do the funniest kind of things when they get their pockets picked anyway. Sometimes they will turn around and grab the first man they see. Nine times out of ten, it is the wrong man. Lots of men will yell until you can hear them for a block. That, by the way, is the worst thing that a man could do, for it creates confusion, which is just the thing the pickpockets want to get away. And here is something else worth noting. If a fellow finds a good-looking woman thrown against him in a crowded street car as the car lurches, he's not going to resent it. It would be different if a man bumped against him. During the momentary distraction, a clever pickpocket can slip out his pocketbook unnoticed. There are lots of women pickpockets, and they are among the cleverest in the business.

Women rarely are caught picking pockets, either. You know how it is—you suddenly miss your pocketbook and look around and see a good-looking woman. Would you accuse her? Not on your life!

It is extremely hard to catch a "tool" in the act of picking a pocket, for it is done very quickly and usually there is a member of the gang standing on each side to obscure the view. Only the trained observer will notice a group of pickpockets working in a crowd. An amusing incident happened some years ago while a group of detectives were watching a crowd for pickpockets. Suddenly, one of the detectives came over to me very excitedly and said, "It's gone, my pocketbook—I've been robbed."

Men are always showing their money needlessly in public places, and they are always giving the prospective pickpocket assistance when they do it. If I were to lay down rules to avoid the pickpocket, one of them would be: "Never change a large bill at a ticket window, or other public place." Every man who shows a substantial sum of money invites robbery. A man may reach down into an inside pocket to get his money. The pickpocket notes the location of the wallet, and notices whether it seems well filled. Ninety per cent of the touch is accomplished right there.

There are six pockets in which a man carries money, and there is only one which may be called proof against pickpockets. Not very many men would think of it, but the only comparatively safe pocket is the little fob pocket down under the belt of the trousers. If you roll up your bills and stick them in this pocket, the only way a pickpocket can get them is to steal your trousers. That pocket lies so close to the body that no pickpocket with his senses about him would try to pick it.



Beware of the man who thrusts a newspaper under your chin in a crowded car—he may be using it as a screen, as in this picture posed by the detectives. Actually, an accomplice would be standing on either side to obscure the view shown in the picture of the watch being taken.

All the other pockets are easy for the expert pickpocket. If a man has a long, deep pocket, as for instance those at the side of the trousers the pickpocket "reefs" it, as he calls it. That is one of the most delicate operations in the business. The pickpocket slips two fingers into the pocket. He takes hold of the lining of the pocket on the side away from the body, and pulls the lining out gently, a little at a time, until he can reach the pocketbook.

Another rule to avoid pickpockets, I'd put into these words—"Never mingle with a crowd." Pickpockets always do their work in crowds, for then if a man is jostled, he will not notice it. Often, they create some source of excitement just to draw a crowd. I have known them to hire a tramp to fall over on the sidewalk apparently dead, for instance, and then they would explore the pockets.

Men are foolish for carrying around large sums of money anyway. Drafts are cheap, and they may be mailed to yourself, if you happen to be going on a journey. If you have to carry a large sum on your person, keep your hand on it every minute. Hundreds of cases of large sums being lost in this way are reported to the police of the big cities every year, and here is a significant thing, too—not all the cases are reported. In fact, scores of men get robbed who don't admit it because of the chagrin. That's human nature. There is another thing that it is well for men to know, and that is that the ordinary safety attached to a watch or scarf pin doesn't bother the pickpockets very much. Never wear a valuable scarf pin or watch unless the safety catch is sewed into the lining of the vest pocket or the reverse side of the tie. Any man who wears a valuable pin is regarded as an easy mark by the professional pickpocket. The safety catch on one end may keep the pin from falling out, but it doesn't bother the pickpocket. I have had old hands at the game tell me that they had worked for months, loosening the safety with the thumb and third finger, while they took the stone with the first two fingers.



JAMES C. MURNANE,
Chief of the Bureau of Identification, St. Paul Police Department, and a veteran detective, who points out some ways in which we actually help men rob us. He is one of the best-known Bertillon experts in the country.

It is the same with the safety on the watch. The pickpocket simply slips his fingers into the pocket and unfastens the safety. The easiest mark of all though is the man who wears his watch on a fob. That is an especial temptation to every pickpocket. All you have to do is to pull up. "Easy pulls," they call them in the trade.

Usually when a man has his pocket picked, he will cast his suspicions upon the poorly dressed man, if such a man happens to be standing near him. But that's another case in which invariably he is wrong. All clever pickpockets are well dressed, and many of them appear to be "refined and dignified." So, beware of the well-dressed man who sits or stands uncomfortably close to you. Also, look out for the man who thrusts a newspaper between your eyes and your scarf pin or your pocketbook. He may be using the paper as a screen while he takes your valuables. That is a favorite trick of the pickpockets, and works to advantage in a crowded car.

The man who gets too deeply interested in his evening paper is one of the men most frequently robbed. Here is another thing to remember. The man who sits or stands so close to you, with one hand out of sight, may be honest, and again he may be "crossing his mitts" on you, as the pickpockets say. By the way, that is an instance of the art of picking pockets. The pickpocket may sit down beside his victim and cross his arms casually. Suppose his victim is on his right. Does the pickpocket move his right arm? Not in the least, for that might betray him. He keeps that arm perfectly still and does the work with the hidden left hand.

Another thing to watch out for, is the man who steps on your toes, or breathes in your face. Pickpockets resort to dozens of different ways to distract your attention from your pocketbook. Usually, if they are clever, you think nothing of the jostling, but as the natural bumping about of the crowd. However, if you resent it, many gangs of pickpockets carry a bully to stay behind and do the fighting. Usually you won't be bumped about very severely until the pocketbook is lifted, if indeed it becomes necessary to handle you a bit roughly at all.

A gang of pickpockets was working in a street car. One member of the "mob," edging up to the intended victim, stepped on his foot.

"Get off my foot," said the victim, suspecting nothing in his anger at being trampled upon.

"It's off," said the "tool."

The victim, of course, thought he referred to the foot, and said "It's about time."

Instead, the "tool" meant the remark as a signal to his confederates that he had extracted the pocketbook, and was ready to make the get-away.

That's the way the "mob" works. The different members are total strangers apparently, and do not speak to each other as a rule. But they have signals by which they co-ordinate their actions.

If men would take only a few reasonable precautions, and keep their wits about them—but then, most of them lock the stable after the horse is stolen.

This is the first of two stories by Chief Murnane. The other will appear in an early issue.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 37, July 9, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Holding on to Their Jobs

WERE we premature in our rejoicing, several decades ago, over the assumed victory won by the Civil Service Reform movement? The spoils system that had held sway since the days of "Old Hickory" was then assumed to have been cast down and the merit system enthroned forever in its stead.

Yet, even at this late day, we are confronted by the discouraging fact that the President and his Cabinet advisers are opposed in their efforts to give the country a business administration.

The war involved an unprecedented inflation of departmental employes at Washington. After the war the mass of unfinished business to be cleared up made impossible any immediately drastic reduction in the clerical force. Still it seems unnecessary that today, nearly three years after the cessation of hostilities, a force about double that of pre-war days should be on the public pay rolls.

We are carrying burdens imposed by the war and there is need of economy in public expenditures. Yet impartial observers agree that every department at Washington is so crowded with clerks and messengers that they fall over each other on the stairs and in the corridors. Public business is actually clogged by superfluous employes.

Much to his credit, President Harding set about the necessary reorganization very promptly. After about three months' careful investigation, the competent committee appointed by him for this task has reported a plan by which it is claimed that the government will be able to cut its expenses a million dollars a day—with decided gain in efficiency.

But the job-holders and their friends have organized an opposition to this salutary reform and they are being backed by politicians in either house of Congress and politicians "back home." The office-holders seem to regard the public service as a private snap existing for the sole end of providing them with bread tickets. The politicians seem to be more concerned with "keeping up their fences" than with serving the true interests of the nation.

The humane side of the question, of course, should not be overlooked. It might be only fair to give even to the incapables weeded out in the public interest a month's extra pay when they are fired, so that they shall have opportunity to find other jobs. But the entire situation is one that offers a glaring illustration of the perils of bureaucracy—of the sort of thing that proved the dry-rot sapping the strength of the Russian Empire and at last toppling it into the dust, as it is today the canker at the heart of republican France.

The issue, therefore, is not only that of saving a million dollars a day, important as is economy. Uncle Sam may be rich, but he is not rich enough nor strong enough to permit the ascendancy at Washington of a bureaucracy—the worst of all forms of government. And the issue is now up to the people of the United States. Let others make prompt demand on their representatives for the complete and genuine separation of the civil service from party politics. And such a demand might well be made articulate in requiring that President Harding shall be supported whole-heartedly in putting through the reorganization he has planned.

King and Cooper

WHEN a Britisher asserts that his country is more truly democratic than ours, an American is apt to meet the assertion with an incredulous smile. He admits that there may be a democratic spirit among the officers at a regimental mess, but he sees wide separation between the bearers of the King's commission and the ranks. Members of a common profession, lawyers, doctors, journalists, teachers, treat each other as equals; but they all look down upon common tradespeople, as these in turn look down on common working people.

It is difficult for an American to reconcile the pomp and state of royalty, or the great gap between lord and commoner, with democracy. But the average Englishman sees no contradiction nor inconsistencies in these things. He will, perhaps, tell you that we fail in this country rightly to relate the principle of democracy with that of degree. There must be gulfs if democracy is to bridge them.

The career of "Will" Crooks, and the circumstances marking its close, help us to understand the English point of view. Crooks, who has just died in his seventieth year, was a typical British workman. He was born and lived all his life in London's East End in the Borough of Poplar among simple and, for the most part, very poor people. In early life, he was apprenticed to the trade of coopering and always earned his living at that trade.

Crooks' unfailing horse sense, his entire devotion to the cause he embraced and his native intelligence, supplemented by close study and clear understanding of social problems, early made him conspicuous among the British labor leaders. So in 1892 he was chosen to represent his native borough in the London County Council, the governing body of the British Metropolis and perhaps the greatest municipal legislature in the world. In 1901, he was elected mayor of Poplar, an office now filled by George Lansbury, editor of the *Daily Herald* and internationally famous as a Christian and Guild-Socialist leader. Two years later, Will Crooks was chosen as Labor member of Parliament for Woolwich, a seat which he continued to hold unttil his death, meantime serving for eight years also as chairman of the Popular Board of Guardians. In 1916, he received the distinction of an appointment as member of the King's Privy Council, carrying with it the right to the prefix, "Right Honorable" and the affix, "P. C." He laughed at the reporters who interviewed him as to what difference this honor might make in his manner of living and told them he would keep right on helping Mrs. Crooks with the family washing and "doing the dishes," when he was not attending to his parliamentary duties.

Eloquent of the popularity of this robustly honest, plain-spoken and hardworking Labor legislator were the tributes called forth by his recent death. So great was the prestige which he enjoyed that even the bitterest of his political enemies sincerely respected him personally. King George addressed a letter of condolence to his widow, paying genuine homage to the old workingman and declaring that his death would be mourned by all classes of his fellow citizens, regardless of their differing political opinions. More than this, several of the London newspapers, among them the Conservative *Daily Express*, are urging that the mortal remains of Will Crooks shall find sepulture in Westminster Abbey—the Walhalla of Britain's kings and heroes.

Nelson's words before Trafalgar: "Victory and Westminster Abbey or defeat and oblivion!" tell what that means in the minds of the English.

Our Picked One Per Cent

THERE was one phrase in President Burton's altogether admirable and inspiring baccalaureate address to the graduating class of the University of Michigan the other day that suggests some serious thinking, quite aside from its application at the moment. He was dwelling on the qualities of intelligent judgment, cool-headedness in emergencies, trained thinking and right-heartedness that qualify men and women for leadership in their communities, and for which communities have a right to look to the college graduate—especially the graduate of a state university supported by the people. "Remember," he said, "that you are a picked one per cent of the population."

In all the present discussion of the great problem of education, we have not begun to attach the significance we should to the great outstanding fact that only one per cent of the children enrolled in the common schools of the land ever reach college. Probably less than ten per cent of this one per cent of the school population are enabled to pursue the post-graduate work which is the essential function of a university, in the best sense of the term. That is, only one-tenth of the Americans who mount the bottom rounds of the ladder of our educational system ever reach the top rounds, which, in turn, but serve as base and start for the efficient and full human life in an ideal system.

We submit that this single fact is a startling commentary on the failure to adapt our present system to the ideals and the needs of a democratic community. What is the remedy?

Horizons

DETROIT includes in its population one person with a unique distinction. She is the wife of our janitor. Her niche in my hall of fame was not won by distinguished service with mop or broom but by the fact that she has never ridden on a train. And she is proud of it.

The Kansas City newspapers had a lot of fun at the expense of two Boston school teachers who attended a convention of the National Education Association in that city and who expressed disappointment to a reception committee at not having seen any Indians anywhere on the way.

A Brooklyn social worker tells in her biography of a nine-year-old child in his neighborhood who had never seen a street car and cried out in fright when it saw for the first time "a big yellow house on wheels" coming toward it.

Some people view life as the small boy saw the ball game—through a knot-hole.

The domain of their interest is bounded on the north by their job; on the east by their immediate family; on the south by the evening newspaper; and on the west by the motion picture theater.

Mr. Edison tested the knowledge of college graduates and found that many of them were ignorant of the simple facts of everyday life.

When I was a boy, I used to go down to a small grain elevator and watch the blind horse which furnished the motive power for conveying the wheat. Round and round it went day after day oblivious of the delights of green pastures and the rollicking joys of romping with the herd.

This picture has always remained with me as symbolical of the man with a narrow range of appreciations.

The difference between the neighborhood gossip and the man with the "international mind" is one of horizons. Both are endowed with an equal amount of that undifferentiated mental energy which manifests itself as curiosity and interest and which is a source of pleasure when projected toward the outside world.

But the hobbled mind of the gossip ranges within very narrow limits. The mental energy must have an outlet but it displays itself only as interest in petty scandals, trivial affairs of neighbors, murder mysteries in the papers and such public events as are highly personalized.

Travel will not necessarily widen such an outlook. The man who cannot see wonders in his home town, who cannot discover hidden meanings in the events of his daily round, or see the romance of everyday life, will not find them on a foreign shore.

You can't bring home souvenirs from abroad unless your suitcase has room to hold them.

One woman whom I know who has traveled a great deal can talk for hours about London, Paris, Munich and Naples. But her conversation is all about hotels—the Savoy served such delicious lamb-chops; the waiter at the Ritz had a funny way of blinking his eyes; the Kaiserhof's elevators were so slow you could do much better by walking up the stairs. This is her Europe.

"They return home with traveled bodies but untraveled minds," is the way Colton describes such people.

The world is a dreary and monotonous place to the man with the one-track mind; it displays a thousand splendors to him but he has his grimy working cap pulled so low over his eyes that he sees nothing but the concrete sidewalk which extends from his shop to his dinner table.

Cultivate the "open mind, the observing eye, the sympathetic heart." Expand your range of interests to include the big world beyond the three-mile limit of your present knowledge—push back your horizon toward the edge of the earth.

Remembering the Living

IN OUR concentration upon the pious and patriotic thought of honoring the memory of the men who have fallen in defense of the nation and all it stands for, there may be some danger of our forgetting the living. This possibility seems to have been foreseen and happily met by an organization of women called the Daughters of Columbia which had its beginnings in California a short time ago, but which promises to become national in scope.

A San Francisco reader, Mrs. John Parker, secretary of the new organization, writes us that the attempt by local women this year to institute in a modest way an annual "Memory Day" in recognition of living ex-service men met with great success.

The day chosen was May 29, probably with the idea of making the celebration a fitting prelude to the observance of Memorial Day, and so properly linking national gratitude to the living with that shown to our dead defenders.

Mr. Ford's Page

AS A general principle, the complaint against taxes is not well taken. By this is meant, of course, taxes in general. In theory, taxation is the contribution of the beneficiaries of our institutions toward paying the cost of the benefits. Dwellers in a city have water service, and fire protection, and police oversight, and public lighting, and various other community benefits, and they each pay their quota toward maintaining them. In theory, our governments are co-operative undertakings.

When we estimate what we get in return for our ordinary taxes, it is not a bad bargain at all.

Still, taxes have always had a bad name. People have always complained about them. And these are facts not to be disregarded. When people persist in disliking and speaking ill of a practice, there must be some reason for it. Anyway, it is a clue worth following.

It may be that taxation is the wrong way to provide for the support of governments: it may be that governments ought to be so organized as to pay for themselves. It may be that taxation is the right way, but that the method of laying the tax is wrong; it may be that the tax is laid in the wrong proportion, or on the wrong values, or on the wrong people; it may indeed be that certain values ought not to be taxed at all.

As it is with us, we tax initiative and progress. There is one whole school of thought which declares that we penalize ambition and success. The man who refuses to improve his property is allowed a low tax; the man who improves his property and puts a home on it, is charged a heavy tax. If a house is left unpainted and unadorned through the shiftlessness of its owner, it is taxed lightly; if a man takes pride in his premises and keeps his house painted and trimmed, he is charged more taxes for it. There is a great host of people who are ready to say that this is not the right method of taxation.

These are questions which have been with us a long time, but there has been little actual progress toward improvement. There has been talk of economy of administration, tax reform and the like, but the sole result has been an increase in the different kinds of ways we are taxed, without an appreciable increase in the benefits which the tax monies are supposed to buy.

But when taxes are mentioned nowadays, the reference is usually to the extraordinary taxes which still remain from war times. War is nothing but taxation to the limit. The people pay and pay and pay, and their children after them, to the fourth generation. They pay their own tax and they pay as many taxes as can be piled on to the commodities they purchase. Taxes are paid—the government sees to that—but not always by the persons who turn in the payment; they collect it all down the line.

There are two points of view from which to study this matter of taxation: one is that of the taxpayer, the other is that of the government. In times of emergency it is the government point of view that prevails, and perhaps always will prevail more or less.

From the government point of view, therefore, a good tax is a tax that yields sufficient revenue, and a bad tax is one that does not.

If that is accepted as a rule—and circumstances usually force such acceptance—it is not difficult to see that many of the present special taxes are bad taxes, because they kill the very source from which they hope to draw.

There is, as Emerson says, a higher law that steps in to regulate such matters when man overreaches himself. *"Though no checks to new evils appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict."*

Those natural checks have already begun to appear in the United States. "If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing" should be engraved on the walls of Congress as a prophecy which has been fulfilled. The revenue of the country, from taxation, continues to decrease.

The reasons for this are numerous. Some will say that it is due to the industrial depression, to the fact that many people are not working and consequently are not buying as heavily as before. And why are they not working? Because there is so little ready cash for industrial use. And why is there so little cash for industrial use? Because industries have been called upon to bear so disproportionate a part of the tax burden that investing capitalists have begun to put their money where it will be free from the tax law.

There are in this country a number of avenues for investment of capital on which no tax need be paid—municipal and state bonds, for example. The label "non-taxable" draws a great deal of timid capital. And, of course, this kind of investment in its turn increases the burden of the taxes and at the same time reduces the amount of taxable wealth. It is a scheme by which government, for its own ends, makes special arrangements with money-lenders.

The fact that investment capital thus seeks the lower rate and the longer loan term in order to escape taxation would indicate that there is more profit in doing nothing much than in doing something industrially progressive—and that is the sign of bad taxation practice.

There is no evil without some resulting good, of course, and perhaps it should not be overlooked that, industrially, the country has learned a lesson about borrowed capital that it never learned before. There was too much borrowing, too much of the habit of getting money to continue a losing program instead of adjusting the program until it produced its own money. American industry is going to find its salvation on the drawing board and not at the bank.

But even so, the taxation that makes it unprofitable for men to work is essentially a bad taxation—for the country. It will readily be granted that it permits a pretty clean-up for certain financial groups. No one will deny that it enables some financial institutions to get a grip which they should never have on industrial institutions. It all works into the plan to place the financier above the practical producer, but it is not beneficial to the country.

Monetary institutions are excellent things in their place, but their place is not on the throne. Imagine running a railroad or a factory from a banker's office! A banker has his own place and his own excellent service to render to society, but that place and service is not to be a directing hand over everything in sight. In the first place, he can't do it; it is not his business. In the second place, he never gets the chance to do it except where the business has been so mismanaged that he has to step in on the plea of protecting the loans or investments.

The burden of taxation is no longer a mere phrase in this country. It is a real burden. And it is a burden wrongly placed. The man who does his utmost to keep the wheels turning and to maintain men in their jobs (which is the basis of national prosperity), that man pays; but the man who doesn't care, who closes down and waits for better times to come, living well in the meantime off his war-time profits, that man does not pay.

Whatever penalizes recovery in industry is bad. Whatever assists and rewards it is good.

Americans have been pretty successful as mechanics and as organizers of vast enterprises; but as inventors of tax systems, as administrators of government business in a way to render a stimulus what is now a burden and discouragement, we have much to learn.

When America solves the tax question she will have brought another degree of liberty to the world.

"IF THE tax is too high, the revenue will yield nothing," says Emerson. Though we may not have learned the secret of government support, whether by taxation or otherwise, in the very nature of things we are made aware when we are on the wrong road. The decrease in revenues under the present tax system indicates that we are on the wrong road. When the tax-producing forces become overburdened and discouraged by the tax that is laid on them, it is merely a repetition of the stupidity of killing the goose that lays the golden egg. It must be admitted that taxation is not the only thing that is wrong with the business life of the country; there has been an unwise manipulation of the monetary agencies also. But the hint of over-taxation and under-returns no government can disregard.



Courtesy of U. S. Forest Service

Beautiful Sylvan Lake with Turtle Rock in the middle distance and Mother Nature's "bags of wheat" beyond.

Land of the Turquoise Sky

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

WHAT exquisite bit of rhymed nature study would the poet Byron have penned from a mountain top on the border between South Dakota and Wyoming? He saw and described "cloudless climes and starry skies." He saw the sky that hovers over Venice. He saw many of the earth's wonders; but he never looked upon the scenic gem of the central Northwest, nor the richest hundred miles square in the world, nor the vivid turquoise sky that is the canopy of the Black Hills.

Many of us are Lord Byrons. No, that is too complimentary. Lord Byron never came to America, and he consequently did not have the opportunity to see the Black Hills. What do we do? We go to Europe to see Switzerland and the Alps, and we forget our own. Familiarity does breed contempt. If the Black Hills were in France, they would be a Mecca for American tourists in the Old World.

The man that named them "Black" is no friend of mine; for the hills deserve a name fully as beautiful as they are. Black is gloomy; it connotes mourning and black magic, and that connotes the devil. Blue or red would be better. Of course, the Norway pines are responsible. If they were not so plentiful and so deeply blue-green as to give the effect of near-blackness at a distance, the hills might have had a better name and more glory today. Perhaps the turquoise sky has something to do with it all. Perhaps the peculiar sheen of blue-green accentuates the darkness of the pine-clad elevations. Well, I can't change the sky and I would not even if I could; but to me the Black Hills will ever be an example of unfortunate christening, and I shall ever think of them as the Bonny Hills or something like that.

What the Black Hills Hold

IF YOU have not seen the Black Hills, you have not seen your own United States. Certain features of them can be seen elsewhere at one place or another. The Black Hills are a nest of scenic variations, the variety show of the world. The highest peak is only seven thousand feet. There are no Niagaras in the section. But it contains probably the largest gold mine in the world, certainly the largest of those handling low-grade ore. It bosoms exquisite lakes. There are hot springs, trout streams, and caverns larger than Mammoth Cave. The dry, piney air invigorates. The magnificent sky appeals to one's sense of beauty, as do the trees that clothe the hills from head to foot.

In the Black Hills minerals and gems are common. You dislodge a stone as you walk, and where the stone was you find long hexagonal crystals of red, black, or white, or it may be banded. The substance is tourmaline. Farther on you glimpse gold shining from an outcropping. You have visions of a claim and millions. Alas and alack, you either make the discovery and save your equanimity, or you ask somebody and keenly feel your disgrace when he informs you that the scientific name is "iron pyrites" but that everybody knows it as "fool's gold." You then realize that you are a nobody. But you cheer up and walk on and see another shining substance. It proves to be mica. If you are fortunate in finding a big flat piece, you can split it up, cut it into postal size, and write home to the folks. The mica I found was all too small, but I begged some of the proper size from another fellow and scratched on it my homeward message.

You never know what's going to happen next in the Black Hills. My host, a mine owner, took me down the shafts and through the mine workings. He took along a gunny bag and a hammer, and me. It was a murderous outfit, and I scarcely knew whether I would get back alive. He chipped off bits of rock here and there. Upon our return we went to his own assaying room. He had selected rich ore; for some hours later he presented me with a button-like bit of gold almost as heavy as a five-dollar piece. Maybe I wasn't a surprised and happy lad with the glittering souvenir.

Little Streams Yield Big Trout

LEAF-BEDDED, fern-fringed, gurgling streams are frequently encountered. Brooks that one can hop across contain trout. There is never any need for anybody going hungry. Cut a limb from a birch or aspen, affix a bit of wrapping cord, bend a pin as a substitute for a hook, make your own fly, and go after the trout lurking in the shadows. Do not feel that little streams never yield worthy trout. They do in the Black Hills.

The fishing season for trout extends from the first day of April to the first of November. For bass, pike, pickerel and shad, the season is open the year round with the exception of April. The big hatchery of the government at Spearfish annually releases many thousands of fingerlings to replenish the streams; so there is not much danger of a famine in fish.

The hills are a paradise for the hunter. Of winged game there are partridge, pheasants, plover, ducks and geese. November is the month for the Nimrod after deer. In the least settled parts, those that are still rugged and primitive and scarcely touched by man's hand, one can introduce himself to bears, wolves, coyotes, and wildcats. The big game is steadily increasing in number, this being due to the rigid enforcement of the regulations. The government has no time for game hogs.

The man or woman that loves still, sapphire-blue lakes and boating in the moonlight and music wafted softly over the cool surface of the water, can find surcease from woe and a perfect heart's content on the placid lakes of this wonderland. Boating is exquisite in the daytime with the turquoise blue of the sky reflected where the paddles dip; idyllic it is at night with the stars twinkling from their cloudless dome.

The tourist should not miss Sylvan Lake, a well-named spot indeed. It is a rare gem. I never saw anything entirely matching it. The big white hotel and boathouse squats in a corner. The old turtle, "Turtle Rock," basks in the sunshine about three-fourths of the way across the jeweled water cup. All around Mother Nature has put on a fancy shore line. The columnar rocks, so white and upright, look like sacks of wheat that Mother Nature intended for some grist mill, only here she must have consideed herself overburdened and set them down and then forgot them. A children's story could be fashioned around these peculiar formations. If the lake were not so charming, it would be more easily described. No words—nothing—can paint its marvelous magic or enthralling beauty. It is one of those choice spots that must be seen to be understood, and boated upon before one can know its power of giving rest.

The Sylvan Lake region is rich in interest. The lake itself sits on top of a mountain located midway between Custer and Hill City. To the northeast Harney Peak attains an elevation of 7,240 feet. It is the giant of the Black Hills. Two peaks, Summit and St. Elmo, and Sheep Mountain cluster around the lake but none of them come within a thousand feet of Harney's head. Near the lake are many needle-like rocks, some apertures that might be called Mother Nature's windows, narrow passages between walls of towering granite and a tumbling river with its rock-strewn canyon. Below the timber line are the fragrant pines and some spruce; above the line the mountains prove their age by showing how bald they are.

The Devil's Tower near Sundance, Wyoming, is the most picturesque of all the mountains in the range. The government has, because of its oddity, set it apart as a national monument. It is a mile around at the base and several hundred feet high. It has the appearance of a huge tent made by leaning limestone poles around a circular form. Many years ago an unknown man and woman climbed to its top, though the ascent seems impossible. Uncle Sam (so it is said) plans to build a stairway from the bottom to the top so that the knowledge of the splendor of the view may not be reserved only to the daring man and woman.

Freaks in Range at North

THE mountain freak is at the north end of the range. At the south end is another freak of a different type. In 1881 a cowboy was galloping along when his hat was blown off with a gust of wind. He replaced it, but the same fate awaited him. Then he looked about him and discovered that the air current shot forth from the entrance or opening of a cave. Subsequently it was named Wind Cave and made a national monument. It contains a thousand rooms. A hundred miles of passages have been explored. The phenomenon has eight separate tiers or stories. The fact that it both exhales and inhales through the entrance makes it strangely human; and scientists have never been able to offer an adequate explanation; though they think it may have been a geyser long ago.

Still farther south lies Cascade Springs on an old stage road. There are seven of these mineral springs of which the largest, Big Geyser, carries on at the rate of sixty barrels of water each minute. The streams all converge and then flow on into the Cheyenne River.

A hundred thermal springs are grouped in and about the health-giving city of Hot Springs. Persons that have tried the waters of Europe come to this wonderful spot to renew their youth. The citizens aver that the mineral medicine of the water together with the magic of the ideal climate will make a sick man well and a well man "weller." The patients are required to take six glasses of water each day, also plentiful exercise between the glasses. If one is cynically inclined, he may point out that the exercise alone is beneficial; yet both the state and the nation have homes for soldiers there. The springs are of the same temperature as the human body. They flow to the astonishing extent of a million gallons daily.

Though the city of Custer is fringed about by forest preserves, it possesses a White House. This particular White House, however, serves mankind as a

hotel and lunchroom. The army of General George A. Custer discovered gold while encamped on the spot that later became the site of the town. This event made the town, and the presence of General Custer resulted in the use of his name. Then the commander led his men north after the forces of Sitting Bull who cunningly contrived the historic massacre. In the meantime, August, 1875, a plat of the budding city was drawn on birch bark, not because it seemed to be the best material but because none of the settlers had any paper. In those early frontier days the common necessities of life were often unobtainable.

Gold was next taken out of Deadwood Gulch. Within a few days the building of the town began. It took its name from the gulch, a tangle of nearly impassable underbrush and dense growth of pine thickly marked with dead timber. Here adventurers rushed from all the states, Canada, and even Mexico. Men drank, gambled, played fast and loose, with the right hand ever ready for a quick draw and both eyes ever watchful for the smallest sign of danger and turbulent conflicts. To wine, women and song, wealth was added often; perhaps more often, total loss at cards including the grub stake. No man's life was safe. Within a few months after the wild scramble began a Mr. Wheeler and two partners had taken $140,000 out of Mother Nature's bulging pocket.

The Gold City of the West

"PLACERS yielded fabulously," the oldest newspaper in the Black Hills averred. "Quartz brilliant with gold passed from hand to hand. Speculation in town lots amounted to a furor of the wildest kind. Everybody wanted to buy real estate. All did who could. Building was at its height, taxing to the utmost Boughton & Berry's sawmill which ran day and night. Workers were in great demand. He who could saw a board or drive a nail could command his own price."

All that is gone now. Deadwood is a civilized town surrounded by rich mines. The gulch and the old stage road remain. No more do agents lie in wait for the rumbling, careening, outgoing stage with its treasure of gold dust. One cannot stand on the corner of a busy street, however, without visualizing those old days of primitive instincts and emotions when the word of the mightiest man was the only law.

Three miles to the southwest and 550 feet higher than its sister city is Lead, the gold queen of the Hills. The tourist will find here the great Homesake mine, the greatest producer from low-grade ore in America if not in the world. More than three thousand men are employed, and some of them work a half mile beneath the surface. Hundreds of heavy stamps pound the ore incessantly in the process of separating the precious metal from its rocky tomb. Gigantic engines and mammoth machinery operate the mine. Visitors are cordially received but never permitted to descend into the shafts or tunnels that man, the mole, has laboriously carved in the mountain.

One Breathes Deeply Here

THE trip from Deadwood through the Spearfish Canyon to the city of the same name will never be forgotten if once made. In thirty-one lineal miles the railroad makes 375 curves while the pitch averages a hundred feet to the mile. The lift from Deadwood through Englewood to Portland exceeds a third of a mile. From Portland on to Spearfish, only twenty-five miles, the drop is 2,778 feet. At one point the traveler can look out of the car window and see three sections of the track on which the train has spiraled upward. The danger cannot be accounted serious, however, as the train has the track for its own exclusive use. It leaves Deadwood every morning, arrives at Spearfish near noon, and gets back to the starting point in plenty of time for supper.

From the windows of the coaches the passengers can obtain glimpses of Wyoming to the west and of Montana to the north. The rays of the sun illumine the castellated mountains of barren rock, of red and yellow sandstone and gray granite, which form the sides of the colorful gorge. At its bottom the Spearfish River lashes and lunges onward, hastily making its mad descent at the rate of a hundred feet to the mile; its water is muddy red from the waste of the cyanide plants that separate the gold from the ore. The Spearfish Falls gleam in the distance like a ribbon of the finest silver, and above them lies their snow blanket. Lakes dot the Hills. Beyond, ever beyond, is the dark green or near-black of the spruce and the pines with an occasional relief provided by clumps of white birch. The air is dry and fragrant with the pungency peculiar to the evergreens. One breathes deeply without effort. One vaguely wonders how anybody could sicken or die amid such invigoration; for it seems that there, if nowhere else, man should live forever.

The Hills are not awesomely grand like the Alps or the Himalayas; but they embody much that the widely scattered show-places of the earth contain. With its gold and mineral wealth, its placid lakes and rushing rivers, its falls and hot springs, its canyons and peaks, its rock formations and caves, its brilliant sunshine and raiment of evergreens, its balmy atmosphere and the clearest moon—with all these, the Hills are the Alps and the Himalayas and the Rockies in miniature. And one cannot forget the turquoise blue dome of the sky overhead. As Byron might have written and as Omar Khayyam did write in his "Rubaiyat" about another subject, the scenic gem of the central Northwest is truly "paradise enow."



Courtesy of the National Park Service

A freak formation, The Devil's Tower, near Sundance, Wyoming.

The Little Giant of British Labor

London, June—
(By Mail.)

J. R. CLYNES is just past fifty years of age. He began work as a half-timer in a mill in Oldham. Two years later he was a full-timer, doing a man's work.

No man before the British public at the present time has had such struggles to gain a foothold among his fellow men. Clynes left school at the age of twelve and about the only thing he remembered of his schooling is the canings he received from a priest. He hated school and everything and everybody connected with it.

His real education began when he heard of a local schoolmaster who had evening classes in his house. For the consideration of two pences an evening the schoolmaster undertook to teach him something—without the aid of a stick.

There is a good story told of Clynes—and it is well authenticated—that his first attempts at public speech were made under unique circumstances. He made the acquaintance of a young Irishman named, Byrne, who was a gifted street orator. The Irish boy undertook to initiate Clynes into the art of self-expression. They went to an abandoned stone quarry outside the town and practiced on each other until the Celt was assured that his pupil was ready for promotion. Hardly anybody beyond the small circle of their personal friends ever knew that the fierce debate in a public hall between Byrne and Clynes was a "frameup." Clynes wiped the floor—or the platform—with his friend the orator and Byrne was assured that his time had been well spent.

Mr. Clynes, when asked about the influence of books in his life, mentioned three. First, a cheap dictionary, which he copied page by page in order to acquire a vocabulary. The second was "The Seven Lamps," by Ruskin, and the third was a volume by Emerson. These he read while he was unable either to buy or borrow them. He read them at a second-hand book stall, under the pretext that he was looking for something to buy!

He ultimately bought "The Seven Lamps" for a shilling. "This price, low as it was," says Clynes, "upset my spending-money arrangements for three weeks."

At the age of 21, he began his work as Labor organizer for the Oldham district and for nearly a quarter of a century, was secretary of the Oldham Trades and Labor Council.

For some years he has been president of the National Federation of General Workers, with headquarters in London. He is a member of Parliament who is one hundred per cent proletarian and of the very warp and woof of the working class. When Lord Rhenda became food controller he chose Clynes as his Parliamentary secretary and when Rhenda resigned, the Prime Minister appointed Clynes to the position.

By this act a Lancashire cotton hand became the Right Honorable J. R. Clynes, a position he held with more distinction than any of his predecessors in that office, until the Labor movement broke their truce with the government and withdrew their members. Two other Labor members held their Cabinet positions and were repudiated by the Labor movement. Clynes worked in harness, did his job and held the respect of the British people, the British Government and the Labor movement.

Burns went out in pique. Henderson went out on a trivial misunderstanding. Roberts and Barnes broke with Labor and remained in the government.

During the war, the most illuminating comment on General Haig as a commander-in-chief was—no comment at all. There was nothing to say, either good or bad. The same thing might be said of Labor members of the Cabinet. There was nothing very good and nothing very bad. The old parliamentary hands of the Labor movement, the men of ability, were against the war and were therefore completely out of it, and when they offered themselves for re-election were shelved overwhelmingly. Those who were elevated to Cabinet rank showed no particular ability or adaptability for high office.

There is a suspicion abroad, even among the ultra respectables, that even while in high office they were unable to shake themselves loose from the all too obvious stamp of a servile tradition. Even Clynes referred to himself in the House of Commons once, as, "a common laborer." I am inclined to believe that this undue and wholly unnecessary meekness had much to do with the breaking of the truce between Labor and the government. As a Cabinet officer, Mr. Clynes, more than any of his Labor colleagues, displayed the qualities of statesmanship. He became the one outstanding success. He worked on equal terms with his chance colleagues of other political parties. He had courage, balance and vision.

In the Labor movement Clynes is the outstanding and pronounced opponent of direct action. As a consequence when addressing Labor meetings of a general character he meets more opposition than any other leader. Nevertheless, he has just been elected chairman of the Parliamentary Labor group in the House of Commons.

The mind of England is being prepared for a Labor government. When the day arrives, one of three men —Henderson, Thomas, Clynes—will be summoned to Buckingham Palace. In that case the little man from Oldham would easily outdistance all others in the race for the Premiership.

How Jewish International Finance Functions

The Warburg Family and Firm Divided the World Between Them and Did Amazing Things Which Non-Jews Could Not Do!

"Such has been the development of international bankers that they can no longer be regarded in their professional capacity as the nationals of any country, entitled to do business under their own government's supervision exclusively. They are really world citizens, with world-wide interests, and as such ought to be made amenable to some form of supernational control."—George Pattullo, in *Saturday Evening Post.*

NOT only did the Jewish financial firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company use farsighted prudence in splitting its political support—one Warburg supporting Wilson, another Warburg supporting Taft and an unnamed member of the firm supporting Roosevelt, all at one time, as Paul M. Warburg testified—but it split its activities in several other ways also.

The international interests of the Jews comprising this firm are worthy of note. The influence which forced the United States to repudiate a commercial treaty with Russia while Russia was a friendly country (1911), and thus to compel all business between the United States and Russia to pass through German-Jewish hands, was generated by Jacob H. Schiff. Russia seems to have been the country on which he chose to focus his activities. The full story is told in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of January 15, 1921, under the title, "Taft Once Tried to Resist the Jews—And Failed," and is reprinted in Volume II of the booklet containing this series.

Mr. Schiff's activity consisted in forcing the Congress of the United States to do a thing that was repugnant to the reason and conscience of President Taft, and which he personally refused to do or to recommend. Mr. Schiff left the White House in great anger with the threat, "This means war." It did not mean as much war as it might have, for President Taft acquiesced gracefully in the Jewish victory and has since been extremely laudatory of them on the public platform.

This Member Handled Russia

MR. SCHIFF'S firm also helped finance the Japanese war against Russia, and in return desired Japan as a Jewish ally. The wily Japs, however, saw the game and kept their relations with Mr. Schiff to purely business matters. Which fact is well worth bearing in mind when reading the widespread propaganda for war with Japan. If you will give particular attention, you will observe that the same interests which are just now engaged in most loudly "defending" the Jew, are most active in spreading anti-Japanese sentiments in this country.

The Japanese war with Russia, however, enabled Mr. Schiff to advance his plan to undermine the Russian Empire, as it has now been accomplished by Jewish Bolshevism. With funds provided by him, the basic principles of what is now known as Bolshevism were sown among the Russian prisoners of war in Japan, who were sent back as apostles of destruction. Then followed the horrible murder of Nicholas Romanoff, Czar of Russia, with his wife, his crippled son, and his young daughters, the full tale of which has now been told by the Jew who managed the crime.

For the part he played in destroying Russia, Mr. Schiff was wildly hailed in New York the night the news came that the Emperor had abdicated.

Meanwhile, the Jew who was "to take the Czar's job" (as the common New York ghetto phrase ran, weeks before the event) had left New York to be in waiting.

This Jew was passed out of the United States at the request of a very high American personage whose subservience to the Jews was one of the marvels of the past seven years. Halted by the British, this Jew was released from their toils at the request of a very high American personage. And thus, the Jewish Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, the program of which was made in America, was set in operation without a hitch.

Mr. Kahn Handles France and Britain

THIS whole firm is German Jewish, its members having originated in Germany. It had German connections. How far it maintained those connections through all subsequent events is a separate question.

Mr. Otto Kahn's allotted portion of the world seems to be Great Britain and France. Mr. Kahn is of German origin, like the rest of the firm, but he has not publicly shown such concern for Germany as have the other members. Mr. Schiff was once very active for the settlement of a peace on the basis of a victorious Germany. Mr. Paul M. Warburg also had interests, discussion of which is postponed for the present.

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

But Mr. Kahn succeeded, through the connivance of American authority and the excessive repression of the newspapers, in conveying the impression that by some species of occult separatism he was not "German-minded."

Therefore Mr. Kahn flits lightly everywhere—except Germany. He is sufficiently French to be able to tell in the first column on the first page of *Le Matin* on what terms America will do business with Europe, and he speaks as one having authority. He is sufficiently British to have thought of standing for the British Parliament, when an unfortunate event made it necessary for him to remain in the United States. Mr. Kahn sometimes flits farther East into the more Jewish portions of Europe, and his comings and goings are marked by certain changes with which his name remains most ostentatiously disconnected.

Mr. Kahn has very recently been telling France on what terms the United States will help her. There apparently being no other spokesman, Mr. Kahn's word is accepted as authority. France is one of the most Judaized countries in the world, the haunt of International Jewish Financiers who exercise their power (thus saving France the trouble of passing laws) to keep the emigrant Jew out of France; so that France presents the spectacle of being Judaized by Jewish finance and not by immigrant Semitic hordes, and is thus a fit platform from which Mr. Otto Hermann Kahn may utter his pronouncements.

In his last declaration to France, Mr. Kahn prepares her to expect little by stating that "America is a country of immense resources; but the actual money which the people have at their disposal is comparatively limited." True enough. It was a member of Mr. Kahn's firm who invented a monetary system which was promised to keep *money* in more equal relation to *wealth.*

But as he goes on telling what America will and will not do (the American people knowing nothing about it meanwhile) Mr. Kahn discovers with great enthusiasm a place where he thinks American capital can be placed, namely, *"in the development of the vast and immensely rich colonial empire of France."*

Playing Them All From One Center

AND pray where is that? Any Frenchman would tell you now, "In Syria." Syria—ah!—that part of the East where the natives are loudly complaining that the Jews are driving them out contrary to every written and moral law. The Jewish powers have already succeeded in getting French troops over there; bad blood has been caused between France and Great Britain; the Jews on both sides are playing for the middle; and here is Mr. Otto Kahn himself pledging American capital to the development of the French colonial empire! Talk to any Syrian who knows his country's present status, and he will interpret Mr. Kahn's words very vividly.

One of the nicest bits of work Mr. Kahn has done is to denounce "pro-German propaganda" which he says has exasperated Americans in favor of France. Next to committing the United States to an undying admiration for Briand, this is really his finest bit. Especially, with Partner Paul playing the German sympathy string! It is a great international orchestra, this Jewish financial firm; it can play The Star Spangled Banner, Die Wacht am Rhein, the Marsellaise, and God Save the King in one harmonious rendering, paying obsequious attention to the prejudices of each.

Next come the Warburgs. Their interest is, of course, in Germany. Paul stated in his testimony given at the beginning of the World War that he had interests in Hamburg and would dispose of them. The war came on. The Jewish government in the United States was augmented. Mr. Warburg was no mean figure, as previous articles have shown.

The Warburgs are three in number. Felix M. is the other one in America. He appears but sightly in public affairs although he is a member of the American Jewish Committee and of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. His retiring habit, however, does not argue lack of consequence. He was of sufficient consequence, Jewishly, to have bestowed upon him a sort of honorary rabbinical degree of "Haber" which entitles him to be known as "Haber Rabbi Baruch Ben Moshe." He is the only Jew in America upon whom the title has ever been conferred.

Max Warburg represents the family in its native land. Max Warburg had as much to do with the German war government as his family and financial colleagues in America had to do with the United States war government. As has been recounted in the press the world over, the brother from America and the brother from Germany both met at Paris as government representatives in determining the peace. There were so many Jews in the German delegation that it was known by the term "kosher," also as "the Warburg delegation," and there were so many Jews in the American delegation that the delegates from the minor countries of Europe looked upon the United States as a Jewish country which through unheard-of generosity had elected a non-Jew as its President.

Max Warburg is an interesting character also as regards the establishment of Bolshevism in Russia. The Jews had several objectives in the war, and one of them was "get Russia." To this end the German Jews worked very assiduously. Because Russia was a member of the Allies, the work of German Jews was made the easier. But the fact that Russia was an ally made no difference with the Jews who were resident in Allied countries. Win or lose, Russia must be destroyed. It is the testimony of history that it was not so much the German military prowess as the Jewish intrigue that accomplished the downfall of that empire.

In this work Max Warburg was a factor. His bank is noted in a dispatch published by the United States Government as being one whence funds were forwarded to Trotzky for use in destroying Russia. Always against Russia, not for German reasons, but for Jewish reasons, which in this particular instance coincided. Warburg and Trotzky—against Russia!

Comes Close to Bolshevism Again

POOR John Spargo, who ought to know better, denies all this—while every American who comes back from Russia, even those who went over there pro-Bolshevik, yes, and returned Jews themselves, proclaim it.

The crushing fact is that Bolshevism is not only Jewish in Russia, and in America, but it is Jewish in the higher regions of Jewry where better things ought to exist. Take Walter Rathenau, a German Jew on the plane of the Warburgs. Rathenau was the inventor of the Bolshevik system of centralization of industry, material and money. The Soviet Government asked Rathenau directly for the plans, and received them directly from him. Max Warburg's bank held the money; Walter Rathenau's mind held the plans—which makes it a pertinent question: If Bolshevism can be so Jewish outside of Russia, what hinders it being Jewish inside Russia?

It is a most significant fact that, as in Washington, the most constant and privileged visitors to the White House were Jews, so in Berlin the only private telephone wire to the Kaiser was owned by Walter Rathenau. Not even the Crown Prince could reach the Kaiser except through the ordinary telephone connections. It was the same in London. It was the same in Paris. It was the same in Petrograd—in Russia which so "persecuted" the race that controlled it then and controls it now.

All in the Schiff-Loeb-Warburg Family

NOW, this sketchy outline of the internationalism of the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company is not offered as the result of keen research, for the facts are found on the very surface of the matter, for anyone to see. What is revealed by research is this: whether Mr. Schiff's interest in Russia had underground features which affected the welfare of the nations; whether Mr. Kahn's flitting missions here and there, which he made with great freedom during the war, were wholly taken up with the business announced in the public notices; and whether Mr. Warburg, whose interest in Germany has not abated, to judge from his recent utterances, was able to retain complete neutrality of mind during the war. These are questions of value. Obviously, they are not easy to answer. But they can be answered.

It was a family enterprise, this international campaign. Jacob Schiff swore to destroy Russia. Paul M. Warburg was his brother-in-law; Felix Warburg was his son-in-law. Max Warburg, of Hamburg, banker

of the Bolsheviks, was thus brother-in-law to Jacob Schiff's wife and daughter.

Speaking of the farsighted manner in which the house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company disposes itself over world affairs, there is also the curious fact that in this Jewish firm is one who goes to a Christian church—a most heinous thing for a Jew to do. Split three ways in American politics and as many ways as international matters require, we find this firm split two ways with regard to religion. Mr. Kahn professes—at least he attends, a Christian church and is accounted an adherent of it. Yet he is not ostracised. His name is not taboo. The Jews do not curse him. He is not denounced as a renegade. The Jews have not buried him out of mind, as they do others who desert the faith.

This presents a strange situation when it is considered. Not to recount again the horror and reprehension and active antagonism with which Jews view such a desertion, suffice it to say that there is no greater marvel than that of Jacob H. Schiff retaining in the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company a "renegade" Jew. He could not have done it; every fiber of his intensely Jewish nature would have rebelled against it. Yet there it is!

Without going further into this ingenious system of covering all vital points from one center, enough has been said to show one busy Jewish financial firm with which political matters, national and international, is almost a profession. The family of Warburg high in the controlling group of two countries, and enemy countries at that. The family of Warburg high in the negotiations of world peace and the discussions of a League of Nations. The family of Warburg now advising the world from both sides of the earth, what to do next. It was probably with more reason than the general public surmised that a New York paper printed during the Peace Conference an article headed, "Watch the Warburgs!"

The fact seems to be that, as Mr. Pattullo is quoted as saying at the head of this article, the international financiers have been so engrossed in world money that the sense of national responsibility sometimes becomes blurred in their minds. They desire everything—war, negotiations and peace—to be conducted in such a way as to react favorably on the money market. For that is their market: money is what they buy and sell: and because money has no fixed price, it is a market which offers the widest opportunity for the trickster and swindler. One cannot play such tricks with stone or corn or metals, but with money as the commodity everything is possible.

Looking Forward to the Next War

MR. WARBURG is already very much interested about the treatment to be accorded foreign securities in the next war. Readers of the daily newspapers may recall that recently a demand was made for the gold in the Reichsbank, which was resisted on the ground that the Reichsbank, although the central bank of Germany, was really a private concern—just as Paul Warburg said it was and just as he has insisted that our own Federal Reserve System should be, and which it is. There is farsighted wisdom in that, with a view to possible defeat in war.

Mr. Warburg is apparently quite disapproving of the treatment accorded alien enemy property "by some countries." He quotes a French banker throughout—nationality not stated—and drives home his point. Th French banker used as an illustration a possible war between England and France (this was only last year) and said that the bankers in each country would proceed to withdraw their mutual balances and securities, for fear of confiscation, and that such a course would precipitate a panic.

To which Mr. Warburg adds: "I think that our bankers ought carefully to study this very serious question. We have nothing to gain and much to lose by joining in a policy of disregarding the rights of private property. We shall probably, in the course of time, become the largest owners of foreign securities and properties, which would become endangered in case we were drawn into war. To me, however, it is of greater interest that nothing be done that might stand in the way of making the United States the gold reserve country of the world. . . ."

Such talk passes with too little scrutiny. It bears a strong reflection of recent events which should not be overlooked. Moreover, it presents a grandiose vision which is supposed to command instant agreement because of its appeal to superficial national pride and selfish ambition.

If what Mr. Warburg says is an intimation that the International Jews are planning to move their money market to the United States, it is safe to say that the United States does not want it. We have the warning of history as to what this would mean. It has meant that in turn Spain, Venice, Great Britain or Germany received the blame and suspicion of the world for what the Jewish financiers have done. It is a most important consideration that most of the national animosities that exist today arose out of resentment against what the Jewish money power did under the camouflage of national names. "The British did this," "the Germans did this," when it was the International Jew who did it, the nations being but the marked spaces on his checker board.

Today, around the world the blaming word is heard, "The United States did this. If it were not for the United States the world would be in better shape. The Americans are a sordid, greedy, cruel people." Why? Because the Jewish money power is largely centered here and is making money out of both our immunity and Europe's distress, playing one against the other; and because so many of the so-called "American business men" abroad today are not Americans at all—they are Jews, and in many cases as misrepresentative of their own race as they are of the Americans.

The United States does not want the transfer of All-Judaan to this soil. We do not desire to stand as a gold god above the nations. We would serve the nations, and we would protect them, but we would do both in the basis of real values, not in the name or under the sign of gold.

On the one hand Mr. Warburg recites pitiful facts about Germany in order to raise sympathy for her, and on the other hand he stimulates the gold lust of the United States. The plight of Germany is entirely due to the forces from which the United States has only narrowly escaped; and to hearken to international Jewish plans for the rehabilitation of Germany is to be in danger of approving plans which will fasten Jewish domination more strongly on that unhappy country than it is now. Germany has paid dearly for her Jews. The Warburg voice that speaks for her would seem indeed to be the voice of Jacob, but the hand that proposes financial dealings is that of Esau.

Samples of Jewish Internationalism

THE internationalism of the Warburgs is no longer in doubt, and cannot be denied. Felix Warburg hung on to the Hamburg connection longer than did Paul, but the breakage of either was probably perfunctory. At the same time that Felix left the Hamburg firm of his brother Max, a Mr. Stern also left the Frankfort firm of Stern, and both became very active on the Allies side, taking sides against the German nation as lustily as anyone could. "Impossible!" say those who fancy that a German Jew is a German. Not at all impossible; the Jew's loyalty is to the Jewish nation; what the Jew himself refers to as his "cover nationality" may count or not as he himself elects.

This statement is always met with frothing wrath by the Jews' "gentile fronts" in the purchased pro Jewish press. But here is an example: Do you remember "The Beast of Berlin," that lurid piece of war propaganda? You did not, perhaps, know that its producer was a German Jew, Carl Laemmle. His German birth did not prevent him making money out of his film, and his film does not prevent him annually going back in state to his birthplace. This year he goes accompanied by Abe Stern, his treasurer; Lee Kohlmar, his director; and Harry Reichenbach—a list of names duplicable in any movie group.

Messrs. Stern and Warburg, of Frankfort and Hamburg, respectively, and away from home perhaps only temporarily, were not concerned about the fate of the "Huns," but they were immensely concerned about the fate of Jewish money power in Germany.

To indicate how blind the public has been to the inter-allied Jewish character of much of the world's important international financial activity, note this from the *Living Age* earlier in the year:

> "According to the *Svensk Handelstidning,* the recent American loan of $5,000,000 to Norway was really the outcome of an agreement between the Hamburg firm of Warburg & Company and the New York bankers, Kuhn and Loeb. It is regarded as a significant sign of the times that a German firm should be responsible for an American loan to a neutral country. The conditions subject to which this money was borrowed, are not regarded as very favorable to Norway, and no marked effect on the rate of exchange between the two countries has followed."

Note, in the light of all the statements made about Kuhn, Loeb & Company, and the Warburgs in particular, the assumption in the above quotation that the transaction was really between a German and an American firm. It was principally an arrangement between the Warburgs themselves in family counsel. But the loan will pass in Norway as *"an American loan,"* and the fact that the terms of the loan *"are not regarded as very favorable to Norway"* will react upon Scandinavian opinion of this country. It goes without saying that *"no marked effect on the rate of exchange between the two countries has followed,"* for that would not be the object of such a loan. The dislocation of exchange is not unprofitable.

It would be most interesting to know in how far Kuhn, Loeb & Company has endeavored to readjust the rate of exchange.

In Germany to Whisper Was "Verboten"

DURING the war, Kuhn, Loeb & Company made a loan to the city of Paris. Considerable German comment was occasioned by this—naturally. And it is very well worthy of record that in the city of Hamburg, where Max Warburg does business, the chief of police issued this order:

> "Further mention in the press of loans made by the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company to the city of Paris, and unfavorable comments thereon, are forbidden."

The following story is vouched for as reliable, and if in one or two minor details it does not represent the exact fact, it is a trustworthy illustration of how certain things were done:

> "A Jewish international banking corporation bought up the mining and other similar concessions of Jugo-Slavia, and consequently the policy pushed at the Peace Conference was that which was most convenient for that group. An understanding on the Fiume question was in progress between Wilson and Nitti. Certain concessions had been agreed upon and Wilson was willing to negotiate, when Oscar Straus and one of the Warburgs appeared on the scene. Wilson changed his attitude over night and afterward insisted on the Jugo-Slavia solution of the problem. The way in which concessions had been bought through that territory was a disgrace, and observers expected that it would play an important part at the Peace Conference."

The financiers are not the only International Jews in the world. The revolutionary Jews, of all countries and none, are international also. They have seized upon the idea of Christian internationalism, which means amity between nations, and have used it as a weapon with which to weaken nationality. They know as well as anyone that there can be no internationalism except on the basis of strong nationalism, but they count on "cover words" to advance their plan.

Enough transpired between the lower and higher Jewish groups of every large center during the war to render it imperative that Jewry confess, repent and repudiate the madness that has ruled it, or else boldly assert and espouse it before the world.

Certainly enough has transpired to render it desirable that the American people look again into the purposes of those Jews who were instrumental in reorganizing our financial system at a most critical time in the world's history.

Max Warburg was apparently strong enough to suppress German discussion of his brothers' activity in America. The Warburgs at present resident in America must suffer it, therefore, that American comment be made as full as need be.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

JEWISH WORLD NOTES

Press dispatches signed "Jewish Telegraph Service" have ceased, probably temporarily. It was becoming rather difficult to blame all the disorder on the Arabs when non-Jewish sources of information were insisting that the trouble was due to the Red Bolshevik Jews who have entered Palestine from Russia. Another reason for the cessation of the reports may be the fact that the Jewish ruler of Jewish Palestine has been forced to make a rule curtailing Jewish immigration. It would be difficult to protest against anti-immigration laws in the United States when they have been found necessary even in Palestine.

"Every Jewish boy and girl is of princely descent, for every Jew is of royal lineage. We trace back our blood relationship to the most exalted ancestry in human history. There flows in our veins the living fire of Abraham, Joseph, Moses, David, Ezra, Nehemiah, Daniel, Isaiah, Judas Maccabeus, Bar Kochba, Maimonides, Einstein."—Address by Saul J. Cohen, to the Young Judeans.

One feature of the past month was the large number of articles about the Jews printed in the magazines. Give a newspaper or magazine writer half a chance and the truth comes out. Some of the fairest criticisms have been from the pens of Jewish writers.

There is a serious revolt in American Jewry against the "persecution" cry. Most Jews are growing tired of it. Moreover, there is an increasing Jewish willingness to admit that public statements made concerning the Jew in the United States are true, and that the proper answer is not a whine nor a curse but a sensible "about face" on some things.

Judge Mack, Rabbi Wise and other American Jews recently defeated by the Zionists at Cleveland are going to have a convention of their own at Pittsburgh.

It is reported that the dance craze has hit Jerusalem. Quite likely and quite logically.

It is rumored that the Jewish leaders are preparing to open up Jewish "defense" on a grand scale. Deep disgust has been expressed by the scandalously stupid "defense" efforts made up to date. Denial has failed. Confession requires more courage than has yet been aroused. The Jewish Question can only be settled by the Jew facing the facts about himself and ridding himself of that which brings him in collision with a very patient world. This will be the inevitable attitude if the rumored literary campaign is to have weight. Previous literary efforts are dead already.

As to That Watch Tower on Capitol Hill

By A. R. PINCI

WHAT do the American women want now? That's what members of Congress would like to know. But they would like to know it by the old-fashioned method, as man to woman or, to be exact, as woman to man, and not by the new-fangled political processes operating, legally, through constitutional amendment. The mere fact that women are labeling their wants by means of the vote, or the power of the vote, is creating consternation in the manly breasts of our legislators, not only in the District of Columbia, but in forty-eight state capitals, too.

So Congressmen are worried by the threatened militant activity of the new Woman's Party, which has decided to erect a "Watch Tower" on Capitol Hill, a few hundred yards from the two Houses. And to prove that they are in earnest, the suffragettes have bought more real estate, which is going some these days in Washington, D. C.

Of course, all is not peaceful and serene within the women's camp or camps, because it seems that there are many of them, distinguished by differing purposes. While the first pronunciamento is for a constitutional amendment which would make it compulsory for the President to appoint a woman to the Supreme Court of the United States—a sort of woman's bill of rights—the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage has called on President Harding to urge his opposition "to issues not related to the Nineteenth Amendment."

President Harding, some time last year, let it be known that he looked with favor upon the plan of including women in the foreign service of the United States, in the belief that they could be very useful in commercial activities abroad. But in contrast there stands the official action of the British Government, just announced (which proves that women elsewhere are on the jump), by which the Civil Service Commission reserves to men all posts in the diplomatic, consular and commercial service.

Want to Sit on Juries

THE Woman's Party is anxious for legislation which will establish the right of women to sit on juries in every state and Federal court, yet within one week in June one lawyer excused women from jury service in Cincinnati because "the record so far in criminal cases has shown that female jurors always are for conviction; women are merciless, much more so than men," while in Chicago the question came up whether or not women, despite enfranchisement, are the peers of men. Although the attorney for the Cook County jury commissioners did not deny woman's fitness to serve in the rôle of juror, he pointed out that for "1,000 years the laws of England and the United States have specified trials by twelve men—a rule as hide-bound as the code of the Medes and Persians." He denied that a woman is man's peer.

Along comes a noted New York woman who says that "suffrage simply makes things worse. There were too many politicians in this country before the women got the vote. The women are using suffrage to vent their jealousies and spite and to promote personal ambitions."

That all is not smooth sailing with the women may be proved, however, by the plan of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church a few weeks ago, to bar women from all activity, including foreign missions, Christian Endeavor supervision, attendance at assemblies, and speaking in churches.

London meanwhile announces that five pounds sterling, about twenty dollars today, and no more, is to be the price of a wife in Liberia, according to a recently ratified convention between Great Britain and Liberia, but even at that price, not a bargain by any means, women's rights are to be recognized, for the convention expressly provides that no claim can be made in respect of a woman except by her husband, and that "no woman can be compelled to return to a claimant against her will."

There seems to be a cross-current of purposes, as between women and women, men and men, and women and men. Perhaps that's why the women of America are "out again" and on the warpath. Officials and politicians, especially those who cannot be one without being the other, had hoped that the Nineteenth Amendment would have satisfied the women, but the renewed promise of the suffragettes that their hats—and don't forget the hatpins—are once more in the ring has dismayed them. Worst of all, the lone Congresswoman in their midst speaketh not.

Eve Cast the First Vote!

IT IS difficult to account for the renewed uneasiness of public men. The novelty of woman in a man's world is now uninteresting. There is no use getting excited about what men are not going to do shortly before they make ready to do it. For a long time the men temporarily in power refused to give the women the vote—which refusal did not last long—and those strenuous objectors were probably the very men who wore scarlet underwear because the woman of the house said so, and they took paregoric because she believed in the remedy, and ate fried brains and made out he was pleased while his stomach ached for Frankfurters. Those were the men who yielded to some woman every moment of their lives—except in the hallowed precincts of Senate or House.

It is nettling for a man to admit that the joke is on the men. A "chicken" with her head on can make an official act like a chicken with his head off. Now there is nothing humorous about woman's activities in politics and government, in this country or in other countries, and whatever comicalities are obvious are rather contributed or made possible by man.

Eve cast the first vote recorded in behalf of her sex. An amateur scientist said it was not exactly a vote, but a spell which she cast, and which he termed "feminite," and which remains dormant unless it mixes the right proportions of "mannitis." But be that as it may, it is well known that there was some question as between Eve and Adam as to whether they should partake of the forbidden fruit, and it is equally well known, alas for man, that when the matter came to a vote Eve carried it. The "eyes" had it. She has carried it ever since. It does not help matters at all to say that the *tabernoemontana dichotoma*, good before they ate it, has been poisonous ever since, and that the indentation in the rind suggests the guilty toothmarks of she who voted not wisely but too well! All that is pertinent is that woman has outvoted man from the very beginning.

If man disregards woman's vote he is going to get in trouble. If there is an unbeliever it is only necessary to refer him to the eloquent admission of William Hohenzollern, when he was Emperor of Germany, who in a diary wrote as follows:

"I do not know what is the matter with me. For the first time in my life I find myself thinking constantly about a woman. It is the Countess Sophy von Goertz." A month afterward, April 6, 1902, the monarch, after having confessed his love, was amazed to hear her say: "Will you give up your plans of world conquest? Oh, if you do, all I have is yours and my love besides!"

This request angered Emperor William. He did not see her again until the following November, when she was dying. Again the Emperor told of his love.

"You would not sacrifice any of your plans and designs for my sake," she reproached.

And this is how the monarch himself analyzed the situation a few hours after her death:

"If ever I loved anybody, it was Sophy Goertz, but when she asked me to give up for her sake all the ambitions I had been imprudent enough to confide to her, I am glad that I did not hesitate and that I rather sacrificed her, and my love for her, than what I owed to my country and to my people. Germany must become the world-wide power it is destined to be, and it must become such during my reign, if only as a compensation for all that I have sacrificed for its sake."

Thus Emperor William was a conspicuous example among millions of man's unwillingness to abide by what Ruskin calls woman's power for sweet ordering and decision. It brought disaster to this world of ours. The countess had no way of "voting" in favor of her own judgment except by plain speech, which was the one thing monarchs have resented.

Thus we come to the subtle difference between the actual and potential vote of woman. Merely as a phase of politics and government it is one thing, and a very superficial thing; as a guiding influence in invisible ways in her own sphere it is another thing, all pervading and beautiful. Man, generally yielding to the latter influence, goes on the warpath as soon as it is translated into a vested legal right.

How the Women Win

EVERY mother's son, be he a Senator, an alderman, a deputy, a wai wu pu, a prefect, a chancellor, a mayor—will be quite susceptible to the wishes of the woman or women who are his relations or friends, and each word by these women is a feminine vote. He doesn't know it, but it is. Yet as soon as these selfsame ladies want to register perhaps the same views in a booth by means of an X-mark instead of at the breakfast table or while driving or on a sofa, then the men become stark crazy.

Of course there is a reason for this feeling. And on the men's part, it is a good reason. The women should be flattered by it. The hardiest champion of woman's rights must admit that man's opposition in the matter is not solely a question of selfishness. It traces its origin, rather, to the instinct of knighthood, sometimes crudely or grotesquely manifested, but none the less compelling.

For such opposition the women themselves are to blame. The first and most militant women's rights representatives were not very good for sore eyes to look upon. Who does not remember the masculine woman with the long stride, the tweed suit, the swinging arms, the big-booted feet, her pockets and stiff collar, her crush hat and seal ring? Their hearts were all right, but their appearances were against them. One or more of such women calling on a defenseless Congressman or governor made him wish for chromatopseudoblepsis, nyctalopia and all the other opias.

The fear which statesmen have of women is no product of the present times. Has any one forgotten Cardinal Mazarin's comment, as he was about to return to France after attending to a state matter, that there was no rest back home, because "female politicians" were more dreaded than the male? Doesn't it sound like a quotation from our own Congressional Record?

What the woman with the seal ring on her index finger and hand-sewed heels on her boots and mannish suit could not accomplish by means of prize-fighting methods, the sweet young things a generation later cajoled men into giving them. Uncle "Joe" Cannon knew. So do some others of the old-timers. One of them exactly sixteen years, seven months, and nineteen days before the time of writing, known as one of the leading fishing enthusiasts of Congress, referred to a certain suffrage representative as a whale. That same man has lived to see a different breed; something like the fighting fish of Siam, that when quiet are dull but when excited or after something their colors glow with metallic splendor. Perhaps that's why we have metallic dress goods.

Naturally a little thing like a constitutional amendment could not destroy the inherent antagonism between the sexes. While deluded males thought all was right with the world, they have received another jolt by seeing the Woman's Party refurbish itself and the country for another campaign. And the men who are holding jobs by virtue of the vote, or by grace of a power that has its origin in suffrage, are beginning to wonder what's coming next. The Watch Tower on Capitol Hill does not seem very reassuring to men whose tasks in the past were soporific. They know something's coming, and needless to say, with women implicated, they cannot guess what.

They are truly in a panic. It seems silly, too, that able-bodied monarchs of all they survey, when women are not around, should be stampeded by so innocuous beings as the more deadly of the species.

A few days ago in a conversation with a member of Congress the question of suffrage came up. He was one of the unyielding opponents all the while the question was before Congress—until he married. He married a few months before ratification. His bride "voted" him in favor of the Nineteenth Amendment. He himself admits it, though perhaps unaware of the marvelous potentialities of woman over mere man, sometimes. Yet he was bewailing the times. He wished he had been called into this world a couple of generations sooner. In the movies he had seen pictures of American homes, North and South, before the fifties, and he felt that the women of those days, with their lace gloves, their ten-inch sunshades, their domesticity, and the like, were not worrying the legislators of their day with "insane requests for this and that."

On the Vote for War

HE EVIDENTLY had overlooked, in his feeling, the exact measure of influence exerted over the men by their women in those days, of which the literature of the times is rich in examples. It seems to many that the principles which led to the Civil War beset the women more than the men. It is undoubtedly true that the women of the South, a trifle more reserved, more feminine, and more unassuming, in comparison to their hardier northern sisters, became the dominant figures that led to war, and every chronicle of the times bears out this fact. If that was not an indirect but withal a vote for war—what was it?

It has been my privilege, for twenty years, to meet men whose names have figured very prominently, and some still do, in the world's news. In many cases I have known their women. Every one of them, as far as information of this nature can be traced, has been an admirer of the women of his immediate circle. It was these women, after all, who made them. Excepting those men whose tradition or religion actually ostracized woman, not one of them has truly carried out uninfluenced masculine ideas and plans, whether for better or for worse. Behind their work there has been a woman or the dream of one.

In the case of one of the most inaccessible diplomatists—and I am speaking of days before the war, when public men had no reason to be nice to members of the press—it was by mere chance that I stumbled upon the secret of what put me in possession of much valuable information, and it had to do with some innocent bit of gossip.

"Ah!" laughed he, replacing his monocle which mirth had displaced, "my wife will enjoy that."

Thus I knew that he was one statesman subject to a superstatesman—or is it superstateswoman—and thenceforth I never went back unless I carried with me an excellent bit of gossip.

There is no way of eliminating this interdependence between the sexes. Nero was one who tried it, when he feared the ascendancy of his mother in state matters, and proceeded to do away with her, with disastrous results to himself.

Thus no matter at what point in history we may start, it is quite impossible to single out any outstanding event in which woman's influence does not figure. To repeat, this influence is a vote—and it is the vote. It is the original suffrage method provided by nature, as tough as the bone from which sprang the voter, and of which Adam was the first victim.

It was a lesson for the women; ever since then they have been trying to vote him back into Paradise, or as near to it as they could achieve, and they are still at it.

Absurd to Get Excited

SO IT does seem on the whole absurd for men to get excited about what women want in the way of votes. The last election did not prove much about women's votes.

Getting down to corner stones, what woman in this country wanted above all was the right to vote. She wanted it because! Now if legislators can explain that because they can perform miracles. They can eliminate taxes.

Women know very well, if the men don't, that the Nineteenth Amendment is merely a safeguard. They are not going to the polls to get anything in particular out of the men, although it may be needed to get something out of other women, and then the fun will begin. As long as woman's ancient method of voting, by suggestion or innuendo, works satisfactorily, she won't bother much about that X-mark (not to be read as a ten-spot) but if he is hard-headed, and things don't go just right, and the country be in danger, then the vote—the formal vote—will come handy.

Much is going to be said about equality and division of responsibility and liability, but just as long as man continues to uncover his head before a woman, that equality cannot be established. That uncovering is a good sign that he considers her a superior being and it gives her a good chance to look into his mind. Buying a watch tower, or whatever it is to be called, to prod the sluggish ones, is persiflage and publicity.



GARFIELD A. WOOD,
Vice Commodore of the Motor Boat Club of America



Miss America in Action

How "Watching Everything" Won Fame and Fortune

ONE time a certain successful man was asked for the secret of his success. His reply: "Quite simple. Even when a boy I made it my business to watch everything that went on about me and to find out all I could about everything I did not know."

Now, if a certain young man had not paused on a side street of St. Paul one day, back in 1912, to watch three laborers unload a truck, America would not stage the international speed boat championship races this year.

You will probably say that it is a long jump from watching three laborers unload a truck in 1912 to holding a world's race event in 1921. It is. If the jump did not exist this story could not be written, for the story will attempt to explain the connection.

It is not so much the story of a speed boat race and the lifting of the championship title from England's shores in 1920 and the attempt to keep it in 1921, as the story of a successful man which shows that opportunities exist in side streets and in tenement districts as well as in world-famed corporations.

The principal character is Garfield A. Wood. He is the man who, in 1912, paused on the street to watch the workmen referred to.

When a boy Garfield A. Wood was an inquisitive sort. He made it his business to find out all he could about everything that interested him. His father was the captain of a lake steamer and Garfield, who was born at Mapleton, Iowa, on December 4, 1880, moved to Duluth with his parents when he was still quite small. Duluth is a leading port of the Great Lakes and the steamer that Captain Wood bossed had Duluth as its home port.

At times his father permitted Garfield to become a passenger. On these occasions the boy spent most of his time watching the work of the hydraulic device that was used to reverse the engines. He was impressed with the ease with which the hydraulic pressure reversed the engines.

When 13 years of age Garfield was hired to supervise the operation of three power boats, purchased by the government for inspection boats in constructing the Duluth Harbor. These boats were of a cranky disposition and young Wood got the job because he could make the engines run although he was hardly strong enough to crank the three-horsepower engines.

Garfield spent as much time around the engines as possible. When not on trips with his father or at work on his power boats, he was investigating other engines, asking questions of the engineers and gathering information.

Interested as he was in engines, Garfield turned to the automobile and decided he would like to sell cars. He became one of the first men in the United States to sell Ford cars. He sold the Model N car in Duluth. The first car he received was No. 13, Model N, in a shipment of five cars.

Later he moved to St. Paul and continued selling Ford cars. Then he handled Ford sixes and had the first Model T's.

Becomes Interested in Power Boats

WHILE selling Ford cars in St. Paul he became interested in power boats for racing purposes. He cruised to Dubuque and attended the 1911 regatta of the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association on July 4, making the trip to Dubuque in a small power boat.

At Dubuque he met W. P. Cleveland, who had the 14-footer "Leading Lady," carrying a six-cylinder two-cycle engine. The boat had much speed but Cleveland could not keep it running. Wood volunteered to put the engine in shape. Cleveland accepted the offer. Wood put in new bearings, changed the ignition and won the class race, making 30 miles an hour. This time set a new record for the event.

It was the following year when Wood met with the most important event in his life. Walking along the street one day he saw three men laboring to raise a dump truck body with a small hand winch. Wood watched the men for some time and then accosted the driver of the truck. He suggested to him that he could make a mechanical device that would do the work. The driver seemed dubious but Wood continued talking and the driver became partly convinced that Wood might really be able to go through with it. The following day the driver looked Wood up and told him that he would get him an order if Wood was able to produce the device he had outlined to him on the previous day.

At that time Wood was conducting a machine shop in connection with his Ford establishment in St. Paul. This shop was called the G. A. Wood Company. In this shop Wood set about to make good on his promise. He worked for one week and at the end of that time he had produced a crude hoist but one that really did the work. He sold it to the driver.

Wood, not lacking in imagination, saw the possibilities of his invention and visited a patent attorney. He explained to him in detail the invention and its possibilities. The attorney laughed at him. However, the attorney had a young assistant. This assistant had overheard the conversation and became deeply impressed with the proposition that Wood presented. He followed Wood out of the room and told him he would like to go into the matter. This he did with the result that the patent application, as made out by the young assistant, was granted.

Now, fully impressed with the possibilities of his device, Wood thought it a better plan to move near the center of industry, so he gathered his belongings and shipped to Detroit. There he opened a small machine shop.

Wood used a column of oil, forced into a cylinder by a pump operating off the transmission, to lift the body. This idea he received from watching the engines in his father's steamer when he was a boy and also from the fact that the engine was running while the three workmen were trying to dump the load of the truck that day in St. Paul.

Engineer at Age of 13

THE device was improved by Wood and a few minor changes made with the result that it opened a new field of transportation because it permitted excavating operations to be completed more quickly and reduced the number of men and trucks necessary.

During the war the Allies used 3,000 of Wood's hoists on one American-made truck, principally for building and repairing roads in the war zone. With this Wood hydraulic hoist in operation the trucks could discharge their loads rapidly and get out of the way quickly. It takes exactly 13 seconds for the truck to deposit its load.

One day a friend asked Wood how he happened to decide on oil for his hoist and he replied that the oil is self-lubricating and the average driver of a truck would not properly lubricate such a machine.

The first hoist that Wood built was used for an entire year without any replacements being made which in itself was a major accomplishment.

Now to return to the sport end of it and to the connection of the hydraulic hoist with the winning of the world's speed boat championship.

It was in 1912 that Wood invented the hoist and in that year he teamed with Cleveland in the annual motor boat regatta and won all class events for Leading Lady.

The following year Cleveland furnished the engine and Wood constructed his own hull. He named the boat Little Leading Lady and won every event that he could enter at Keokuk, Iowa, where the Mississippi Valley Regatta was held that year.

The hydraulic hoist was now a success. Money was coming in and Wood had the funds with which to pursue his hobby. In 1914 he took his Little Leading Lady to Peoria and again won every event he could enter. The next year he did not race but bought a small cruiser and cruised to Duluth, the home of his boyhood, and back.

In 1916 he made a Georgian Bay cruise and on his return he entered the express cruiser race in Detroit's first Gold Cup Regatta. He won but withdrew the boat when a protest was made that it did not comply with express cruiser rating.

During the autumn of 1916 Wood purchased the Miss Detroit from the Miss Detroit Power Boat Association, an organization of prominent citizens that had clubbed together and subscribed the money used in building the Miss Detroit, a boat that won the national speed boat championship for the Michigan city.

At Algonac, Michigan, Chris Smith, the boat builder, lived. He had had considerable success with building racing craft but Wood thought that he could have even more, so he set about to associate himself with Smith in constructing boats that would smash all previous speed performances on water.

Wood took the Miss Detroit to Smith's boat factory and had him build a new hull, so designed that it would permit a faster journey than the old hull did. He used the same power plant and with this new combination Wood succeeded in bringing back the national championship from Minneapolis in 1917 with the Miss Detroit II.

The following year Wood went after wider honors. He built still another craft during the wintertime, that is, Chris Smith and Chris Smith's sons built it, in company with Wood and with his assistance. This boat was christened Miss Detroit III in the spring of 1918 and it was the first hydroplane ever successfully equipped with an aviation engine, carrying a Curtiss 12.

With Miss Detroit III, Wood won the Thousand Islands trophy and again landed the Gold Cup, emblematic of the American speed boat championship. He also won the Canadian International Gold Challenge Trophy Race at Toronto but was disqualified for accidentally cutting a stake.

Wood still had the Miss Detroit II and with this earlier built boat he captured the Webb Trophy in the Mississippi Valley Regatta at Moline, Illinois.

In 1919 Wood again brought out the Miss Detroit III to defend her honors and the boat again came through for him, once more winning the Gold Cup.

Having conquered everything in sight in his own country Wood turned to other shores. England held the Harmsworth trophy, emblematic of the world's speed boat championship. England had held it for several years, and England expected to continue holding it. Wood pointed his efforts toward lifting it.

After the race season of 1919 closed Wood began laying definite plans for an invasion of Great Britain. His manufacturing achievements were paying him good dividends. He had become a wealthy man and with the riches he intended to go to the very limit with his hobby; he decided to bring back the world's race boat championship to the United States.

Wood talked to Smith, the boat builder. Together they planned the Miss America and the Miss Detroit V, both twin-engined hydroplanes. He presented the Miss Detroit V to his son, Garfield A. Wood, Jr.

Last summer Wood went to England, taking both boats with him. It was a costly undertaking. The expense did not matter with Wood; he wanted the title brought back to America.

66 Miles an Hour Fast Enough

THE international championship races were staged at Cowes, Isle of Wight, on August 10 and 11. Miss America, averaging 66 miles an hour, won the event and Miss Detroit V finished second.

It was not much of a race. Wood had planned for several years, had gone so deep into the subject, considered every angle so carefully that it was almost impossible to slip up. He knew the possibilities of his own craft and, before he was in England two weeks, he knew exactly the possibilities of the craft that would oppose him for the trophy. He went no faster than he had to to win; he had reduced the matter to an exact science.

Wood brought the Harmsworth trophy back with him. He returned to Detroit and in September, less than a month after he took the international championship, he once more won the Gold Cup. Having accomplished that he went after the one-mile championship and in this dash he "stepped on her." Miss America, under Wood's guidance, covered one mile at the rate of 78.23 miles an hour, the fastest any craft has ever traveled. This record also gives an idea that Wood, winning the Harmsworth trophy in a pace of 66 miles an hour, was not going nearly so fast as he could have traveled in the race at Cowes.

(Concluded on page 15)

Odd Animals From Africa

Little Stories of Freaks Found in Wilds of Jungle.—By COURTENAY SAVAGE



African dik-dik, the smallest antelope, not much larger than a cottontail rabbit. The name comes from its peculiar cry, "dik-dik."

AFRICA! A land of vast forest tangles, the sunlight scarce trickling through the foliage, and rain pools standing for weeks at a time in the elephant tracks. Africa, a land of strange fancies—of savage men and beasts—of hidden mysteries from which come weird tales.

They tell, for instance, of animals that white men have scarcely, if ever, seen alive, of little beasts that men can stamp under foot and not kill, of birds whose devotion, mate to mate, is so wonderful that the natives believe the bill of the bird has charm to make a marriage happy, and of fishes with lungs that lie buried in the sun-caked mud of the dried river beds. Odd stories of odd animals!

The hero shrew is one of these animal oddities—a mouse-like creature, related to the mole family of our own country, and the other varieties of shrews that are found in many parts of the earth.

The hero shrew, however, is found only in two parts of the Belgian Congo. Easily recognized among the other varieties of shrew by its more clumsy appearance, the most striking characteristic of the hero shrew is the remarkable strength of its vertebral column. So strong is this backbone that the natives delight in using a captured hero shrew to give a public performance.

After much shouting by all those assembled, a full-grown man, weighing from one hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty pounds, steps barefoot on the shrew. Balancing himself on one leg he stands there for several minutes, while the crowd keeps up its chatter. The poor shrew seems doomed, but as soon as his tormentor jumps off, the shrew, after a few shivering movements, calmly attempts to escape, not at all the worse for its experience. This escape is always marked by wild applause on the part of the crowd.

The ability of the hero shrew to withstand such pressure comes from the fact that the heart, and other vital organs, are protected by the very strong spinal column, which is made up of heavy, closely interlocking spines, and curiously convex behind the shoulder, forming an arch that resists tremendous crushing without breaking. During this exhibition care is always taken not to step on the head of the shrew.



Okapi (*Okapi Johnstoni* Sclater). It is found only in a small area of Western Africa, the Rain Forest of Northeastern Belgian Congo. Discovered by Sir Harry Johnston, in 1901.

The natives of the neighborhood where the hero shrew is found believe that the charred body, or heart, of the hero shrew, when properly prepared by one of their medicine-men, makes the wearer invisible. Those who are about to go to war, or about to engage in a wild animal hunt, always try to carry along some part of the hero shrew as a charm. Their great faith in its protective power stimulates them to courage, and in all probability this incentive to heroism led to the name "hero" shrew.

A full-grown hero shrew measures about eight or nine inches from nose to the tip of its tail. It makes its nest under the roots of trees, and insects constitute its principal diet. Its feeding habits offer no explanation of its enormously strong backbone. There are generally five or six babies in the nest during the early summer, funny little creatures, born naked, blind, and toothless, but soon able to run around and take care of themselves. Hero shrews are extremely shy, and are not often captured, for they hide in the dense undergrowth. They move deliberately, and in watching the escape of a captive it is easy to see that scent, rather than sight, points the way.

Another creature of the dense rain forests of the Congo which commands the interest of the few travelers who have been able to penetrate the jungle and actually see the beast, is the white rhinoceros.

A hundred years ago the white rhinoceros was common in South Africa, but the march of civilization has brought about its practical extinction, until the herds are small and scattered. In 1900 Major Gibbons came upon a herd far to the north of their usual feeding grounds, on the left bank of the Upper Nile, and during his African trip the late Colonel Roosevelt also found a small herd.

The natives of the Congo are really to blame for the extinction of the animal, for while the Belgian Government forbade sportsmen to shoot more than a single specimen, the natives were permitted to kill them at will for food.

The white rhinoceros differs from the Asiatic specimen in as much as it has no incisor or canine teeth, and its skin lacks the deep folds. Its color is not really white, but more of a slate. The horns are unusually large, a full-grown bull of a little more than ordinary proportions having a horn more than forty inches in length, and weighing thirty-eight pounds.

Then there is the okapi—the mystery animal of the mystery continent. Until twenty years ago it was unknown—man had never seen it, and what stories were told of its being were vague and conflicting. How such a large animal should have remained undiscovered can be explained only by the fact that the okapi is a hermit, living in the very heart of the forests — the wilderness that stretches half way across the continent. It is not a place for white men, this wilderness, for the heat, the moisture, and the tropic storms are practically unbearable —and the natives are hostile cannibals.

The existence of the okapi was first noted by Stanley, who explored much of Africa, in 1887, and who referred to it as "a donkey-like animal feeding on leaves, living in these swampy forests." Whether he saw one, or whether it was described to him, is not stated. However, in 1901 scientists secured a few strips of the striped portion of the okapi's hide, and impressed by the stripes, announced that they had discovered a new type of forest zebra. A little later, Sir Harry Johnston, one of the greatest of African explorers, obtained the coveted body of an okapi. It was found that the animal had cloven hoofs, and characteristics of the skeleton, especially the skull, proved that the animal belonged to neither the donkey nor the zebra family, but was a survivor of the giraffe group which lived in Southern Asia and Europe during the Miocene Ages, two million years ago. Though having the same ancestors, the okapi has practically no resemblance to the present-day giraffe, the two stumpy, skin-covered horns on top of the head, and the tuft of long bristles tipping the tail being the only external counterparts.

Writing of his difficulty in hunting the okapi, Herbert Lang, leader of a recent expedition into the Congo, says: "Having walked more than a thousand miles in the tracks of the okapi, I unhesitatingly state that its wariness and nocturnal habits effectively protect it from being successfully stalked by white men. Those who claim to have seen or shot an okapi have been favored accidentally. The natives often capture them in carefully arranged traps set in their trails. The okapi is a typical browser, feeding by night, often while rambling with a companion. The female invariably takes the lead, her ears alert for the slightest suspicious sound. During the day they generally rest, but sometimes move about when storms rage, and the falling leaves and branches drown the usual noises. While they visit the swampy regions, they spend by far the greater portion of their time in the higher parts of the forest."

A big okapi stands five feet at the shoulders, the short heavy neck carrying a delicate, deer-like head. The body coloring is a glossy brown, or purplish black, set off by white stripes on the limbs, and a zebra-like pattern on the buttocks.

The African hornbill is one of the most remarkable birds of the earth, and quite as interesting as any forest dweller. It derives its name from its large horny bill. This bird often attains a length of four feet, and seldom measures less than two. In many species the large bill is surmounted by a casque, a helmet-like structure which in a highly developed form appears to be a second bill. In all but one species the bill and casque are hollow, the walls being thin, and supported inside by a lattice-like bony structure. The coloring is limited to black, white, gray, or tan. In some species the bill is red or orange, the skin round the eyes blue or bright red. Across the tail appears a white band. The wings are powerful and large. In flight they make a noise not unlike the passing of a distant train. The hornbill has well-developed eyelashes, rare in birds.

When the female hornbill is ready to lay her eggs she and her mate select a cavity in a large tree, the cavity being from fifty to more than a hundred feet from the ground. If the nest is not on the main trunk, it is on the underneath portion of a branch which is not near other branches, nor close to vines. This is so that the nest will not be disturbed by either snakes or monkeys. When the nest is selected the female enters and the male proceeds to wall up the opening, the female helping him from the inside. Only a narrow slip is left, room enough for the tip of the mother bird's bill, which is thrust through the opening to receive the food that the male bird collects and brings to his mate. The mother bird remains in this prison-nest for six or eight weeks, until the four white eggs are hatched, and the young birds quite fledged.

During all the imprisonment the male bird is very faithful, and the mother and her young emerge quite fat and well-fed, though the male has grown thin from his extra duties. In feeding his family the male hornbill clings to the tree much as our woodpeckers do, using his tail as a support.

A remarkable and interesting fact about the male hornbill of certain species is that during the nesting period, a sac some three inches long, and two inches in diameter, which is not in evidence at any other time, is used to store nuts, fruit, and berries, which are carried to the female. This storing allows the male to make less frequent visits to the nest, and helps keep the nest hidden. Part of this hiding is necessary because of the young birds which are born without down, and are blind until after the feathers begin to appear, a couple of weeks after birth.

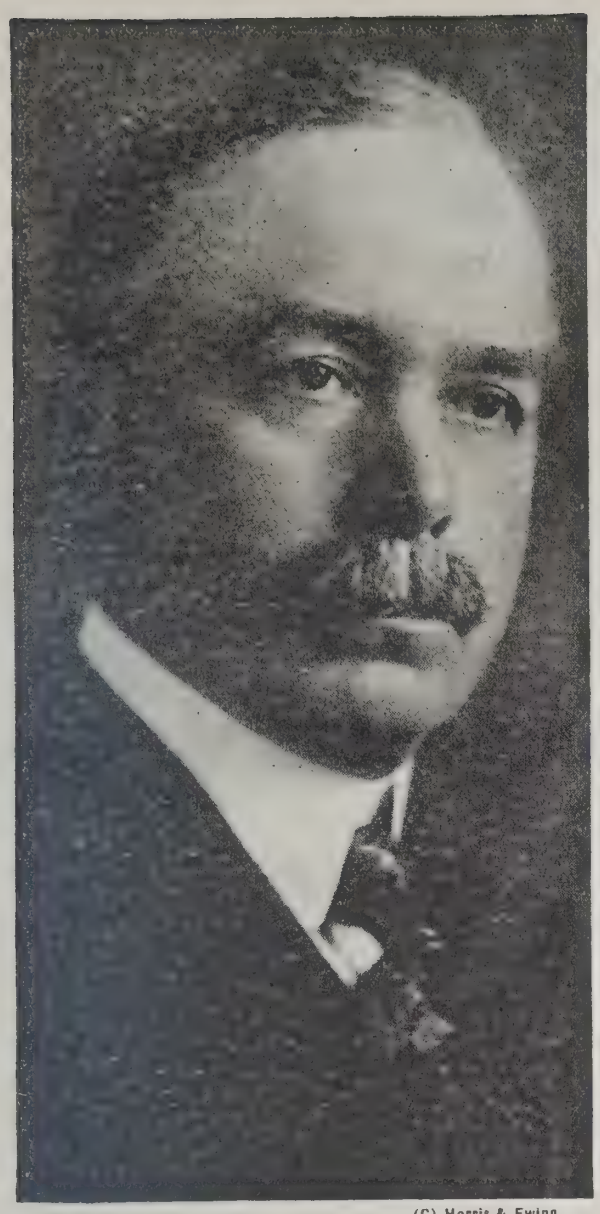
Incidentally the monkeys and the snakes are not the only enemies of the hornbill, for the natives climb the high trees looking for the nests, knowing that they will find a nice plump old bird, and equally plump young ones.

The tail of the hornbill has a peculiar hinged joint, which allows the tail to be folded over the back—very useful when the nest is crowded. (The Toucan, a South American bird can also fold up its tail—probably because, like the hornbill, it nests in holes.)

The food of the hornbill is not limited to fruits and nuts, but the bird quite enjoys small snakes, lizards, flowers, and so on; in fact they are said to eat anything that they can beat with their wings and bill, and swallow whole.

Among certain tribes of the African natives it is believed that a man who wears on his neck the beak of a breeding hornbill can be sure of the love of his wife, and the newly married men wear this charm. This superstition undoubtedly

(*Concluded on page 15*)



(C) Harris & Ewing

JAMES W. GOOD

Common Sense in Our Fiscal Affairs

By JAMES W. GOOD

Former Chairman of Committee on Appropriations, House of Representatives, who resigned to enter private business.

THE appropriations for the fiscal year, 1922, are showing a downward trend. The estimates submitted to the Congress for the fiscal year, 1922, and for deficiencies for this and prior fiscal years and for indefinite and permanent appropriations, aggregated $5,259,515,574.60. Assuming that the naval bill, when it becomes a law, shall carry the amount to which the House has agreed, the total of all the appropriations will aggregate $3,806,029,647.72 of which $275,256,005.21 is to supply deficiencies in appropriations for this and prior years.

This means a net saving, if the saving is the difference between the amount estimated by the late administration and the appropriations actually made by Congress, of $1,453,585,926.88. If we compare the appropriations made by the last session of Congress with the appropriations made for the fiscal year, 1921, just closing, we will find that we have made substantial reductions. If we take into consideration the deficiencies, we find that the appropriations for the next fiscal year are less than the appropriations for the current year by $898,247,910.46.

A stupendous task confronted the last Congress when it convened last December. In addition to enacting the necessary legislation that claimed the attention of Congress, it was necessary to conduct hearings and consider and pass the great supply bills. The problems confronted, as far as appropriations were concerned, were far more serious than those confronting any previous Congress. It was not difficult to make appropriations during the war, when it was necessary to scan estimates hurriedly and grant appropriations practically as requested. Not so during the session brought to a close on March 4. The war is over and the burden of debt left by it makes it necessary for the government to economize in every department. A degree of economy has been necessary that forced us to deny appropriations except for the most essential services. There are some services in which there can be no reduction, for some services of the government are constantly increasing and to permit them to function in a healthy way it will be necessary for the Congress to make larger appropriations every year.

Some New Powers Voted

A YEAR ago in response to a universal demand, Congress passed a measure creating a national budget, and while that bill was on President Wilson's table for his consideration, the House of Representatives changed its rules by providing for a single Committee on Appropriations to conform to the budget bill, so that the budget when submitted by the President might be passed through Congress as a budget. Unfortunately, President Wilson vetoed that great measure, and hence last year the estimates came in the old way, and the new Committee on Appropriations of thirty-five members, designed to deal with the budget, found it necessary to consider and make appropriations as before.

The House changed its rules in another vital particular, which increased the work of making appropriations. Rule 21 was amended so that Senate amendments, which would have been subject to a point of order if offered on the floor of the House to an appropriation bill, should be brought back to the House by the conferees for a vote. This change has taken from the conferees some of the power they have hitherto possessed; and has placed in the House the power to pass on all Senate amendments on appropriation bills carrying legislation.

Those who have closely followed the history of appropriation bills realize the power of conferees under the old system. Not infrequently were several pages of legislation added to some of the annual bills. Some of this legislation was often repugnant to the members of the House, and most of it was never understood, not even by the conferees themselves. It was legislation sent by the departments on which there were no hearings and for which the necessities were never explained. Too frequently such amendments were incorporated in the conference report, and the members of the House never had an opportunity to discuss, consider or vote upon the legislation which was thus placed upon the statute books. They were compelled either to vote up or down an entire conference report. This is a grave responsibility, and the average member would rather shut his eyes and vote for a conference report, even though it carried legislation in which he did not believe, rather than assume the responsibility of voting against a great supply bill.

Rule Needed, Use Shows

WHEN this rule was changed and until about February, it was confidently predicted by well-informed members of the House who are familiar with the history of appropriations that the proposed change was unworkable and that too much time would be involved in considering Senate amendments. That rule has lived long enough to justify its existence and prove its great value. During the last session of Congress every important Senate amendment carrying legislation was laid before the House, and on each of those amendments the House took a separate vote. The retention of this rule and the strict enforcement of it will maintain for the House its proper place in the legislation of the Congress. I believe it marks the dawn of a new and better day for the honor and dignity of the House.

It may need to be modified, but in principle it will live, and it will preserve and strengthen the rights of the House. When this experiment is tried on the budget—and I hope we may soon have a budget law—we will thereby permit the great legislative committees of the House to turn their attention and study to matters of legislation over which they have jurisdiction. The Military Committee will be composed of men who will be the greatest experts in the United States on military law and the activities relating to the Army. The men who compose the great Naval Affairs Committee will become the most expert men in the United States on all questions relating to the Navy. The Committee on Foreign Affairs will have in its membership men who are schooled in the diplomatic history not only of our own country but of the world. They will become experts in the highest sense.

Budget Reform Needed

IF THE Senate continues to put legislation on appropriation bills these experts will be on the floor of the House to attack or defend such legislation. Their knowledge and experience will then be available and will be most valuable. They will be able to force this legislation from appropriation bills. Under the old system gentlemen had no choice when it came to adopting a Senate amendment, because legislation would be placed upon an appropriation bill by the Senate, and the House did not have an opportunity to vote upon the merits of such legislation, but must vote for or against the entire supply bill in which the amendment had been incorporated.

Budgetary reform is an essential phase of the trend toward economy and efficiency in making provision for the fiscal needs of the United States Government. It should not be inferred from what I have said that the financial requirements of the government for the next fiscal year will be $898,000,000 less than they have been for the current year. They ought to be very much less than that. How much less it is impossible to state at the present time with any degree of definiteness.

Provision had to be made for the fiscal year, 1921, for about $1,500,000,000 or more, for which there will be no corresponding requirements during the next fiscal year. Of that sum, about $1,400,000,000 was for railroad requirements; $150,000,000 to continue the construction of the merchant ships that were contracted by the Shipping Board during the war; $57,000,000 for the purchase of obligations of foreign governments, and about $100,000,000 to discharge other contracts entered into during the war.

It looks to me, therefore, that the future, as far as our government finances are concerned, is bright when contrasted with the situation presented two years ago when the Republican party took control of the House. Then, and since, huge estimates were made in time of peace to carry on activities assumed during the war. In the two preceding sessions of the last Congress the Republicans reduced the estimates made by the administration by $2,710,000,000.

Financial chaos would have remained if the Republican Congress had not stood between the Treasury and the onslaught made upon it by a wasteful and extravagant administration. The policy adopted provided for a minimum of new construction and to reduce estimates wherever a reduction could be made without the serious impairment of a necessary government service.

The Committee on Appropriations, moreover, commenced its work with very definite convictions. It realized that there could be no substantial reduction in taxation until there was a substantial reduction in appropriations.

Since the signing of the armistice large sums have been expended for war supplies and materials, and other large disbursements have been made in the cancellation of contracts made during the war. But this war hangover, as far as accounts payable are concerned, is largely behind us. Looking at the matter in a broad way, it has seemed to me that if we do not by additional legislation take on new obligations in the way of financing activities heretofore financed by individuals or corporations, and if we do not take on additional government functions involving large expenditures, we should be able to keep the appropriations to within $3,500,000,000 and possibly less.

The Committee on Appropriations has consistently urged Congress to refrain from embarking upon new services at this time and opposed every effort to broaden or extend the Federal aid provisions, for it has been forced to realize that the government can meet its expenditures in but two practical ways: first, by levying taxes, and second, by borrowing money. The taxes must come from the very people who pay taxes in their respective states. We certainly will not borrow money to engage in new enterprises; and the government ought not to tax the people of a state to carry on the very work which the state is authorized to do, and for which the local state and county governments have ample authority to levy local taxes.

Urge Repeal of Profits Tax

AN ANALYSIS of the receipts under the war revenue act will, I believe, show that by the repeal of the excess-profits tax there will come into the Treasury under the income tax provision alone $1,500,000,000 a year. Unquestionably the excess-profits tax is in a large measure passed on to the consumer, and is one of the elements that has tended to keep living costs excessively high. That tax can be repealed, and it ought to be repealed.

We will not need the revenue brought in by excess-profits taxes if we will adhere to a policy of cutting down appropriations to the normal requirements of an efficient government. There is where we can effect a saving. We can avoid the payment of that tax or a substitute tax (I think a sales tax is not wanted by the people) by a system of economy and national financing of temporary loans, such as our certificates of indebtedness, War Savings stamps, and the Victory notes.

There will mature within the next three years certificates of indebtedness, War Savings stamps, and Victory notes of approximately $7,000,000,000. Shall we continue to lay this heavy tax upon American industry so as to pay this indebtedness within the next three years, or shall we refinance these obligations by loans rather than by taxes?

During the next few years we will go through an era of unemployment and social unrest. The man who does not realize that fails to read the signs of the times. How will the laboring man feel, while out of employment or with a small income, if he is compelled to pay a tax on everything that he eats and everything that he wears? Not realizing that the excess-profits tax has been passed on to the consumer and that in the past he has been compelled indirectly to pay it, he will become bitter in his resentment at a Congress that repealed a tax required out of excess earnings only to substitute a direct-consumption tax, which he must pay. Congress must keep in mind the fact that all taxation must be fair and just, and that in levying new or substitute taxes great care should be exercised not to antagonize unduly the man who earns his living by the sweat of his brow. It might result in disaster.

Increased Production Needed

ONE of the things that we most need in America today is increased production. Practically every business concern, be it great or small, is hampered today because of a lack of capital. When we require that so large a portion of the earnings of industry shall be paid in taxes, we leave but little available for the growth and expansion of business. If by the repeal of the excess-profits tax and a reduction in the surtax we can permit American industry to keep a greater portion of their earnings to take care of their increased capital demands, we shall in a broad and constructive way do much for the upbuilding of a bigger and better industrial America.

There are a number of ways by which taxation legislation may be simplified and improved. The government's receipts last year, broadly speaking, totaled $7,141,564,649.96. The four billions necessary to raise next year could be derived somewhat as follows: Customs, $400,000,000; income and corporation taxes, $1,500,000,000; miscellaneous taxes, $1,250,000,000; miscellaneous receipts, $500,000,000; postal revenue, $500,000,000. The allotment suggested would exclude excess-profits taxes with no direct substitute provided, while at the same time providing for an equivalent for the repeal of the transportation tax. The half billion annual interest on our foreign credits is likewise left out of consideration.

As I see it, therefore, the problem faced by the government in its fiscal affairs is one of economy on the side of appropriations and expenditures, and one of a more businesslike and efficient taxation program.

Do You Know What Your Children Read?

By HELEN PUTNAM VAN SICKLEN

WHAT thought do we ever give the children in the public library other than to observe, "What a cute little room! Bless their dear little hearts!" as we peek into the nursery-like juvenile department; or perhaps to smother a desire to spank them when they noisily invade the grown-up precincts?

To be sure, every now and again some thoughtful editor publishes a list of "Books a Boy Would Like." A list probably beginning with Victor Hugo, Scott, and Dickens, Charles Reade, Washington Irving, Kingsley, Halevy, Shakespeare, and Charles Lamb. It includes something of Drummond, Ruskin, Emerson, Maeterlinck, Stevenson, Wordsworth, and Longfellow, Rider Haggard and George Ebers, Tennyson and Lew Wallace; Homer, Vergil, Dante, and Goethe in good English translations; Oliver Goldsmith and Conan Doyle. Mark Twain, O. Henry, Hawthorne, and Poe are there, too, along with Barrie, Jack London, and John Fiske. Something on creative chemistry and the world's food resources, with perhaps Well's "Outline of History" complete the list. Its author (in this case I quote Frank Crane) explains that "it does not pretend to be anything else than books a boy will read, books that will make him a lover of books, and books that will do him no harm. They will not give him an 'education' nor make him religious, nor in any way supply the need for other serious study. Just books that I, now over fifty, would want were I eleven."

So may the lads now eleven agree when they, too, are become thoughtful, gray, and fifty.

But in the meantime what ARE they choosing from the open shelves of the public libraries? What are they reading at the rate of two or three books a week till you wonder they have time for any constructive, original thought or work or play?

They Like "Story Books"

IN MOST cities one needs only to be a resident nine years old or over to become a card-holder or "member" of the public library, and each card-holder is entitled to borrow two books at a time; one fiction or "story book" as the youngsters call it, and one non-fiction book. Non-fiction being everything else—art, music, literature, myths or fairy tales, poetry, religion, science, history, biography, travel, sports.

Now a parent in the children's department is a rarity. Usually even the smallest children choose their books unaided, for children are much less dependent on the librarian than the average grown-up. They consult with each other. The leader of the gang doubtless has more influence on the other boys' choice of reading than parent, teacher and librarian combined.

Nine youngsters out of every ten will first try to take two "story books." Failing that (for the librarian is usually alert enough to detect them even in the busiest hours), somewhat bored by such rules, they will turn to the non-fiction shelves. Just how enthusiastically these are read is another matter. They are seldom sticky and worn.

A hasty glance through this section will suffice to show you what is most read here. The smaller Americans and the little foreigners of all sizes, especially the Chinese and Japanese, are very fond of fairy tales. The foreigners take biography and history, which most young native Americans overlook. Books on aircraft, electricity, any kind of engineering, inventions, carpentry, and, most of all, wireless, appeal to the American lad. Girls are not very fond of handicraft books, though such books as "How Boys and Girls Make Money" have wide circulation. Works on music, art, literature and poetry seldom move save for occasional school work. Ernest Seton-Thompson, C. G. D. Roberts, and Maeterlinck enjoy a limited popularity, but as a rule children prefer their natural history in story form with the animal doing the talking. Titles such as, "The Book of Battles," "Pirate Explorations," "Daring Deeds in the Dark Forest" always attract the boy. Translations of the Odyssey and the Iliad are fairly popular, for Ulysses or "Useless," as the boys are prone to call him, is a "pretty good guy." Camping, recreation and sports are eagerly read.

Travel Books in Demand

TRAVEL books the wee folk like best are "Peeps at Many Lands," "Our Little Foreign Cousins," and the "Twins" series. The older boys especially like Paul du Chaillu and Thomas Knox' travel works, while their history is preferably American and French. But they like their "larnin'" best in story form. "Too much facts" is a frequent youthful criticism.

The youngest children adore stories of Brownies and of Pinocchio the Marionette. The children's librarian in the San Francisco library calls the Baum stories of the land of "Oz" the most universally popular fiction in the library. Says she: "The Mammas and Daddies frankly enjoy them with the small tots, who scramble to get them; the older boys sheepishly slip out with them, while the girls quite shamelessly read them." Animal stories of the Thornton Burgess type (Bailey, Paine, Trick, and Potter write similarly) are close seconds in popularity. If you are not acquainted with these tales, a few titles will tell you much: "Adventures of Grandfather Frog," "Jimmy Skunk," "Poor Mrs. Quack," "Prickly Porky," "Tale of Cuffy Bear," "Solomon Owl," "Jemima Puddleduck." These are always "out" in circulation, seldom ever reaching the shelves, for as one child returns one, another stands waiting to take it. "Heidi," "Cornelli," and the half dozen others of Frau Johanna Spyri are great favorites of the small folk, as are Sophie May's "Dotty Dimple" and Amy Brooks' "Dorothy Dainty" series.

One librarian in discussing girls' books said: "On the whole the girls are better off than the boys, for they have their own stuff and the boys' books, too." Of course, no boy would deign to read a girl's book! Only occasionally, as in the case of Augusta Howell Seaman's mystery stories, are the boys "taken in." "Slipper Point Mystery," "Three Sides of Paradise Green," "Boarded Up House" and "The Sapphire Signet" are always in demand, for the most oft-repeated request is for "something exciting, please." Still a boy can't seem to help an expression of disgust and mortification when he finds he's actually enjoyed a story written by a woman for girls!

A bit of romance is wild adventure for the girls. They're never too young for a love affair. A fairly brief list will acquaint you with the girls at school, and in the social whirl, who are the favorite heroines of today. Of course "Little Men" and "Little Women" (Alcott) are still beloved. "The Little Colonel" (Johnston) and "Patty" (Wells) are probably the two most popular girls in juvenile fiction. "The Five Little Peppers" (Sidney) and "Pollyana" (Porter) fill a place of their very own. "Isabel Carlton" (Ashmun), "Sylvia Arden" (Piper) and "Betty Wales" (Warde) each star in a series of high school and college stories. "Co-ed Stories" (Lee) are similar. Other books and authors quite as popular are: "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet," "Beth Stories" (Taggart); "Marion's Vacation," "Nora's Twin Sister" (Rhoades); "Responsibilities of Buddy," "Janet at Odds" (Ray); "Glenlock Girls" (Remick); "Another Flock of Girls" (Perry); "From Sioux to Susan," "Gentle Indifference of Bab" (Daulton); "Anne of Avonlea" (Montgomery). "Campfire Girls of Brightwood" (Blanchard) and "Mrs. Manning's Wards," "A Popular Girl" (Baldwin) are English stories well liked.

Given good illustrations and a boy for a hero—say a boy with a dog and a gun off to war or a gold rush; in search of buried treasure or on a marvelous engineering feat; winning fame in the athletic world or at college (Annapolis and West Point preferred); given also the appealing title, and you simply couldn't stop the popularity of that book with the boys. Glance through this list of war stories, the great World War being most interesting just now: "On Secret Service" (Gilson); "Tommy of the Tanks," "Knights of the Air" (Lynn); "Fix Bay'nets" (Fenn); "Forest of Swords," "Hosts of the Air" (Altsheler); "In the Trenches" (Botsford); "Winning His Wings" (Westerman); "Sergeant Ted Cole, Marine," "Scouting with General Pershing" (Tomlinson); "Wonder of the War" series (Rolt-Wheeler).

Children's Tastes Differ

HENTY? Yes, indeed, his stories of nearly every land and its wars are read enthusiastically. Here, though, is a specific instance of the difference in literary tastes of boys in different sections of the same city—which makes us wonder just how the boys of the East or South differ from these far western lads of whom I speak. At San Francisco's main library, located on the edge of the down-town business section, the Henty books are exceedingly popular. At a large branch library in a pleasant residence section, they seldom move from the shelves. Why? Who knows, when so small a thing as shelf location may be accountable? Top shelves the least bit high, bottom shelves the least bit low, and about all the attention the books there get is dusting. The tiniest, limberest child will not stoop way down.

Boy adventure stories cover so wide a range of subject there seems little left unwritten. The love for "Treasure Island" (Stevenson) and Jules Verne's tales never wanes.

"Schultz lived with the Indians and his stories are true," a lad will inconsistently explain when borrowing "The Great Apache Forest," "The Gold Cache" or "On the War Path." Just another example of "facts" cunningly presented as "fiction."

Gold rush and western stories are numerous. These are some the boys most approve: "Buffalo Bill and the Overland Trail," "Gold Seekers of 49," "Bar B Boys," "Cowpunchers"; "Lost With Lt. Pike" (Sabin); "Ross Grant" series, as a tenderfoot, on the trail, in a miner's camp (Garland); "Buried Treasure" (McNeil); "Young Alaskan" series (Hough); "Connie Morgan" in the lumber camps and with "the mounted" (Hendryx); 'The Steam Shovel Man" of the Panama Canal (Paine).

"Blackbeard's Island" (Holland) and "Billy Topsail & Co." (Duncan) are of sea adventures. "Jack Heaton," oil prospector and wireless operator, (Collins); "Boy Electricians" series (Houston); "Camp Brady Wireless Boys" and "The Hidden Aerial" (Theiss) inspire every boy to own an outfit. "Boys of the Otter Patrol" (LeBreton) is the kind of Boy Scout story that attracts.

You can't preach much, either; the boys will ignore you. Yet Trowbridge in his many war and adventure stories offers a mild form of preaching so well sugar-coated that they swallow it whole. See "Doing His Best," "Drummer Boy," "Fast Friends."

Youthful newsgatherers, too, are splendid heroes; for instance, "Mark Tidd, Editor" (Kelland); "The Cub Reporter" (Wooley); "Under Orders" (Monroe).

This group of authors has written a little of everything, all popular: Monroe—"Dory Mates," of fishing; "Fur Seal's Tooth," Alaskan; "Cab and Caboose," railroading; "Derrick Sterling," mining.

Otis—"Raising the Pearl," ship stories; "Aeroplane of Silver Fox Farm," series; "Minute Boys," historical series; "The Lifesavers," of the U. S. Life Saving Service.

Stoddart—"Chumley's Post," of the Pawnee trail; "Lost Gold of the Montezumas"; "The Farm that Jack Built." This last one is surprisingly popular with the little city boys.

Last, but by no means least on my list of what boys DO read, come the stories of school life and sports. There's "Ice Boat Number One," "Freshman Dorn, Pitcher" (Quirk); "Winning His Y," "Fullback Foster" (Barbour); "The Half-Miler" (Dudley); "Catcher Craig," "Pitcher Pollock," "Second Base Sloan" (Christy Mathewson). "T. Haviland Hicks" (Elderdice) as a freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior spends four thrilling years at college. "Army Boy Series" (Capt. Kilbourne) are West Point stories, so popular they're often stolen. "Roger Paulding" and "Ralph Osborne" (Commander Beach) are Annapolis lads winning their way to official rank. "U. S. Midshipman" series (Com. Sterling) are the same type. How the boys do esteem the author with the military or naval title!

Australia Torn by Cash Gift to Premier

SHOULD the head of a government accept a reward of value from the citizens he serves, or from any group of them?

The question is raging in Australia, just as it raged in England some years ago over the famous Turnerelli wreath. William Morris Hughes, premier of the Commonwealth, has accepted a check for $125,000 for distinguished patriotic services during the war period. No one questions that he performed the services. The question is whether as prime minister he should accept a public subscription.

Mr. Hughes entered politics a poor man and has remained one. Like all Australia's prime ministers Mr. Hughes has never attempted to make use of his office to secure advantages which could be construed as personal benefits; he has used it in the accepted way for party political advantage. The real point is whether a man will or will not be deflected unconsciously from his public duty by the remembrance of substantial monetary favors.

This question is of particular importance in Australia where the government's administration affects every trivial interest. Mr. Hughes, when he accepted the gift, confessed his poverty and recalled that years ago, before he entered politics, he was forced to sleep several successive nights in a public park. It is a fact, also, that most of Australia's leaders have left office impoverished, and none has asked or cared what happened to them afterward.

Years ago an attempt was made to raise a public subscription to Sir Henry Parkes, premier of New South Wales, at once one of the most powerful and one of the very poorest financially of Australia's public men. He declined the gift, saying there would be inevitably the imputation that he might not forget, in his legislation, the men who had been good to him.

No one ever has been quite sure what motives decided Lord Beaconsfield in refusing the Turnerelli wreath. Edward Tracy Turnerelli, a sculptor's son and himself a sculptor, as well as a writer of topical verse and pamphlets, was a student of foreign affairs, and especially of Russia, where he spent much time. He opposed the Crimean War, as did John Bright. And he won attention by his steadfast prediction that Kronstadt was impregnable, a prediction amply verified later.

He conceived the idea that the Conservative workingmen of Britain should subscribe each a penny (two cents) to present Lord Beaconsfield with a gold laurel wreath. It was to be "The People's Tribute" and was in particular recognition of Disraeli's work at the Berlin Congress.

Fully 52,000 workingmen subscribed their pennies for the wreath, each leaf of which Turnerelli estimated would cost $25. The wreath still exists and is on view in England. Each leaf is of gold, and under each one is inscribed the name of a town where a committee collected the pennies. The "tie" bears the inscription "Tracy Turnerelli, chairman."

The wreath became the subject of hundreds of jests and lampoons, London amusing itself highly with the subject. Suddenly, the workingmen having subscribed their pennies, the wreath being completed, and exhibited for some time, Beaconsfield announced he would not accept the gift, and poor Turnerelli was left with the wreath on his hands, and unable, of course, to return the pennies of the subscribers.

Turnerelli himself took the matter much to heart. He explained the refusal by saying that a "high legal functionary" had warned Beaconsfield that the wreath was a typical "Imperial diadem" which could only be loyally offered to a sovereign. The adviser added that the promoter of such a presentation would have been consigned in previous reigns to the Tower.

However that may be, the fact remains that Disraeli did not repudiate the gift, although its preparation was given wide publicity from the start, until it was too late for Turnerelli to do anything but sell the wreath or bestow it, as a curio. His remonstrance seems a little tardy.

In his will Turnerelli wrote: "I leave the gold laurel wreath to the nation, provided my generous friends, the Conservatives, will help me to cover the hundred and fifty pounds or thereabouts I have personally expended upon it."

The discouraged sculptor designed his own tombstone, which is surmounted by an imitation in stone of the famous rejected wreath. He died in Leamington, England, in 1896, in his eighty-fifth year.

Uncle Sam's Lady of the Fungi

IF YOU should want to know about fungi—and before that word scares you away let it be said that you and virtually everybody want to know about fungi—you probably would finally go, in person or by letter, to the subject of this article. She is the directing head in one of those mysterious offices buried in the great masses of brick and stone that house Uncle Sam's scientific workers in Washington.

There, if you should go to the office in question, you would find a silver-haired lady who looks at you over her spectacles and from dancing eyes that would paralyze you with shame, but not fear, in case you dared to think of the word "old" in association with her. She isn't afraid of, but, on the contrary, defies dates.

Without adhering to the customary persiflage of chivalry, it can be truly said that Mrs. Flora W. Patterson is of the type that never grows old despite the passing years. But for historical accuracy as well as for the lessons that may be drawn from them certain dates must be set down, as for example:

The year 1847 during which she was born, that of 1865 when she graduated from college, that of 1869 when she married, that of 1890 when she returned to college, and that of 1896 when she joined the scientific corps attached to the United States Department of Agriculture.

Quite a period of time elapsed, as you will observe, between the middle and late sixties and the early and middle nineties and a fair period of time since the last.

What the writer is driving at may be illustrated thus: Three good "lessons" could be evolved from the facts in question. The first would come from the fact of a woman after being a successful wife and mother returning, as a student, to college, or rather to colleges and universities, for Mrs. Patterson attended several after her two sons were grown or nearly so. In truth, while she was completing her scientific studies at Harvard her youngest son was in the freshman class at the same institution. The second would have to do with the fact that for the succeeding quarter of a century she has been a big figure in Uncle Sam's organization of scientists, an organization in which women have not always been conspicuous. In length of service, she is the oldest woman doing scientific work for the government. The third might have to do with her work, a very important and difficult work which she took up and mastered at a time of life when most women are settling down irrevocably to the tedium of domesticity.

Mrs. Patterson was born in Ohio, the daughter of a clergyman, and received her first school education at Antioch and the Ohio Wesleyan, from which latter she received the A. M. degree shortly after the close of the Civil War. Marrying a few years later, she devoted about twenty years to the duties of a wife and mother. Then when she lost her husband, through death, and her two boys were ready for college, she looked around for something to do. She decided to return to school herself. So she enrolled as a student in the Iowa State Agricultural College, where she specialized in science, and gained another A. M. degree. Then she went to Harvard and took a post-graduate course in botany at what is now Radcliffe College and was then known as the Harvard Annex. After that she did work in plant pathology and mycology at the Gray Herbarium for a year.

"Why not get a place with the government?" she was asked one day.

"Oh, they wouldn't employ a woman for scientific work," she replied. However, she filed a formal application and was astonished when, within a short time, she was directed to take a scientific examination. She passed with creditable rating and was immediately offered a job in the Department of Agriculture.

It was found important long ago that we learn all that we possibly can about fungi, for it can be helpful as well as harmful to human life. There are probably more than 25,000 species, ranging from microscopic organisms, like yeast and mould, to big umbrella-like plants as in the case of the large mushrooms. Some can be eaten with benefit by men and other animals, others are highly dangerous when eaten. Many cause serious diseases in the plant world and a few cause diseases among animals, inclusive of human beings.

To keep the scientific trails into the fungi world open and clear, it is important that specimens of that form of life be gathered, studied, described and be kept where they always would be easily available.

The Agricultural Department had begun to develop a fungi herbarium when Mrs. Patterson came into it. Her work in bringing order out of the mushroom situation led to her being placed in charge of the fungi herbarium.

It is one of the biggest in the world. It now contains more than 95,000 specimens of fungi life and thousands of others are being added annually. In addition a catalog describing each of them and their hosts—for fungi usually are parasitic, making it important to know on what other forms of life they live—together with all developed information on the subject, is preserved in orderly form.

So when authoritative information is wanted on some fungi problem—be it the edibility of a mushroom or toadstool or the habitat and habits of some microscopic organism that is found to be playing havoc with rose vines or fruit trees—the search nearly always leads to the herbarium Mrs. Patterson has evolved and still directs.

If you don't believe there is much interest in fungi, drop in there some time and note the queries that go to Mrs. Patterson and her associates. In spring and summer, Mondays usually are very busy days with them, for then people in the vicinity of Washington stroll in requesting that samples of mushrooms collected in the open on outings the day before be passed upon. Other inquiries from all parts of the country go to Mrs. Patterson's office.

"If you are not an authority on mushrooms, it is best to let them alone until you do become an authority—that is to say, don't eat them unless you know what you are about or get them at eating places where they take care to serve only the right ones," Mrs. Patterson declared to the writer.

"Many of those that are edible look very much like others that are poisonous. There is one class that is both edible and poisonous but the varieties are so nearly alike that only a microscopic examination can tell which is safe and which is not."

While Mrs. Patterson, through her studies and the bulletins she has helped prepare, assisted considerably in developing the growing and eating of edible mush-



MRS. FLORA W. PATTERSON,

Who after raising two sons went back to college—for a time being a college mate of her youngest child—equipped herself in botany and mycology and became one of the Government's important scientific workers.

rooms in this country, she does not recommend any of the fungi plants for high or solid food values.

"The edible mushroom has about the same calorie worth as cabbage and about one-half that of the potato," she says. "But, of course, their flavoring makes them worth while. Be very careful in choosing those you eat and, if you cultivate them, in those you grow."

One species commonly prevalent in this country has very virulent intoxicating qualities. The same mushroom is used in Russia for distilling a potent beverage, and a recent writer says that it is eaten dry, for its intoxicating effect, by some members of some of the tribes in Siberia.

Mrs. Patterson believes that the field of scientific research offers splendid opportunity to women in search for careers.

"Women's inquisitive instincts, their devotion to system, their patience and their interests in all problems that affect human life, may give many of my sex a special penchant for several kinds of scientific work," she said. "When I took up this kind of study, a woman was rarely encouraged to enter the scientific field. The work of Madame Curie and that of many other women show what women can do in the scientific world.

Mrs. Patterson shows her belief in the woman scientific worker by the make-up of her own organization. Her first assistant is Miss Vera K. Charles, a mycologist of distinction and on her staff are several other women who are authorities in that line of research. Men are not excluded, for her corps includes several who rank high. One of her force does a particularly unique work. She, Miss Edith Cash, a young woman not long out of school, is able to read and translate fungi data when found in as many as six languages.

If you don't believe that the job of keeping tab on the fungi world for the National Government and very largely for the United States is quite a job, note the following first sentence from a long article in the Britannica Encyclopedia:

> "FUNGI—(pl. for Lat. Fungus, a mushroom). The botanical name covering in a broad sense all the lower cellular cryptograms devoid of chlorophyll, which arise from spores, and the thallus of which is either unicellular or composed of branched or unbranched tubes or cell-filment, (hyphol) with apical growth of more or less complex wefted sheets or tissue-like masses of such (mycelium).

Yet Mrs. Patterson, with a corps of mostly women assistants, takes care of the job in apple-pie order.

How Watching "Everything" Won Fame and Fortune

Concluded from page 11

That finished Wood's work for 1920. Last winter he went to Miami, Florida, where the express cruiser championship was to be decided. He entered his boat Gar Jr. He won the race. Then he went out and won two ocean races. Having accomplished this he busied himself with another scheme and decided that his boat could travel from Miami to New York in less time than it took an express train. He won, covering the 1,300 miles in 47 hours and 25 minutes. This beat the fastest train time by 21 minutes. Wood continued and set another record, covering the distance between Miami and Detroit, via Hudson River, New York barge canal and Lake Erie, a distance of 2,200 miles, in 84 hours.

Late this summer Europe will try to take the Harmsworth Cup back to the other side of the Atlantic. Europe has been busy for six months building new speed boats, according to new designs. These boats are planned to beat anything that Wood has brought out or anything that he might be able to bring out with the assistance of Chris Smith, the boat builder. In the meantime Wood has been busy himself. A man who spent as much time and thought and energy to win a thing like a world's championship is not liable to let it slip because of lack of effort.

Wood has been successful where other men failed. Several wealthy men in this country have tried their hand at motor boat racing, purchased fast boats or had them built and employed skilled mechanicians to run the boats.

That is where Wood differs from them. Wood himself supervises the construction of his boats and helps build them. He drives his boats himself or where he has two boats in a race, the other one is piloted by an assistant.

Wearing an oilcloth "union" suit, with life preservers strapped about his waist, Wood holds the pilot's seat and this is a neat trick, for a boat that goes 50 miles an hour or faster behaves with less grace than a bucking broncho. The high-powered craft, attaining high speed, leaps out of the water and skips over the surface. If you have ever watched boys "sailing" flat stones over the water, you can have gained an idea of how a motor boat behaves when it happens to be a boat with enough speed to compete for the Gold Cup. Few men care to drive one.

Wood learned all about engines, all about racing that it is possible to learn and then learned all he could about boats. Using this knowledge, his money, time and patience, he developed the speed boats that have brought the highest honors to the United States and he guided them to victory.

As remarked in a previous paragraph, Wood is today a wealthy man. He operates three factories in Detroit, one in Windsor, Ontario, and has an assembling plant in Paris. He has sold more than 60,000 hoists which enabled him to pursue a hobby to an end marked with the ultimate success he could achieve.

Wood is a man who is tall and slender. His hair is gray and he is usually smiling. He is modest but can deliver what the members of any chamber of commerce would describe as a good talk and he has a keen sense of humor. Also, he is most inquisitive. If he did not happen to be inquisitive he would not have stopped on the street in St. Paul one day in 1912 and watched three laborers try to unload a truck. If he had not stopped he would not have conceived a big idea, that of making a hydraulic hoist, and if he had not conceived the big idea he would not have had the money to develop speed in power boats and had he not developed that, England would still be holding the Harmsworth trophy and the international speed boat championship and would not have to come to the United States this autumn to try to win it back.

Odd Animals from Africa

Concluded from page 12

had its foundation in the devotion of the hornbills for one another and their nest-home—the native hoping his home will be as well cared for and as happy. Hornbill beaks are also fastened to the waists of young children as a cure for malnutrition, for mothers know that young hornbills are well fed, and hope that the charm will fatten their little ones.

From the African rivers come the lung fish, yellow in color, eight or ten inches in length, and looking not a great deal unlike the eels that are found in less tropical lands.

The lung fish has true lungs instead of the usual gills, and so can live without water. In the rainy season they live in the shallow rivers, frequently coming to the surface to breathe, and the natives spear them from rafts. During the dry season the river-bed shrinks to a small sluggish stream. As soon as the waters begin to go down the lung fish burrow into the mud, curl themselves up, and lie waiting for the first heavy rains. They get air through the holes in the mud, and these holes are a guide to the natives who dig them out as they want food.

Still another forest dweller is the dik-dik, or dwarf antelope, which is the smallest antelope known to science. The dik-dik is an exceedingly graceful little animal, about the same size as our cotton tailed rabbits, and has short, very sharp, spike-like horns. It is shy, and not easily taken by sportsmen or explorers, keeping well under cover in the jungle tangles. When it is alarmed it gives a shrill whistle as it races away, "dik-dik," and it is from this cry that it takes its name.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Although ninety-six per cent of the twenty-two thousand inhabitants of the Aaland Islands speak Swedish, they have formed part of Finland for more than a century.

National, provincial and municipal authorities in Austria may requisition land not in use for public playground purposes. Such land is in charge of organizations interested in the promotion of outdoor recreation, the owner of the property receiving suitable compensation for its use.

Not more than ten per cent of the Franco-American marriages contracted during the war have been successful.

A group of Chinese girls, daughters of wealthy families in China, are now students at "finishing" schools in Paris.

During his thirty years' pastorate at a Cincinnati church, a minister kept eight colonies of bees in the church tower. It is said they would range fifteen miles for honey.

Belleau, the little French village on the edge of the Belleau Wood foothills, is to be rebuilt by Americans as a memorial to the American dead in that historic battle.

The Red Cross has developed a disaster census card to be used by relief workers in cases of disaster. "Disaster kits" are now provided all Red Cross division offices and contain all sorts of supplies, record forms, badges, telegraph blanks and other essentials which may be needed in an emergency, for setting up relief headquarters with least possible delay.

A royal decree has been issued in Belgium for the calling of an international congress for the protection of children. The question of establishing an international office for child protection is to be discussed.

The Osage Indians are one of the richest peoples in the world per capita. Recent sales at auction of thirty thousand acres of Indian reservation oil lands near Tulsa for four and one half million dollars plus a bonus of one-sixth of the oil produced was recently approved by the Interior Department.

Since the signing of the armistice a half million women have come into this country.

Chinese railways have free boiling water at each important station. A boiler under a queer-looking circular roof furnishes the water for the making of tea.

Gold is being panned daily near the heart of the north residential district of Los Angeles. The chief engineer for a rock and gravel company operating in the Arroyo Seco, has installed crude sluice boxes and each day "pans" out about $20 worth of gold. The engineer discovered the pay streak when he first entered the employ of the company several months ago and has been panning it since then.

Seven companies control seventy per cent of the total output of anthracite coal in the United States. The remaining thirty per cent comes from mines operated by less than one hundred companies and individuals.

As a tribute to American soldiers who fell in the Great War, a large wreath was officially placed in the American Cemetery at Winchester, England, on Memorial Day.

The cost of producing a ton of hard coal is from two and a half to three times as great as for mining a ton of bituminous coal because the beds are deeper, thinner and generally inclined at steeper angles than those of the soft coal.

A golfer, playing on the Lancaster Country Club course at Lancaster, Ohio, killed a black-snake while striking at the ball just as the snake raised its head from where it lay concealed in the grass.

An army of grasshoppers is advancing on El Paso County, Colorado, from the southwest, destroying virtually all vegetation in its course. The county farm agent says the onslaught of grasshoppers is the largest in the history of that section.

Germany now has four air routes out of Berlin. The longest of these are the Berlin-Dortmund and the Berlin-Koenigsberg routes, each about three hundred miles in length. Other lines are Berlin-Bremen and Berlin-Dresden lines.

Prince William, son of the king of Sweden, has trapped, single-handed, twenty-four gorillas, fourteen lions and many other animals which he is taking to the Stockholm muscum.

Where the new Pacific Highway crosses the Canadian border at Blaine, Washington, a gateway is being erected to commemorate one hundred years without fortifications or armies along the 3,000 miles of international boundary. Inscribed over the doorways are the legends, "Open for 100 Years" and "May These Doors Never Be Closed."

A wealthy Chicago man, the owner of a chain of restaurants which bear his name, has offered one thousand dollars to anyone who will give him one good reason for the private manufacture of revolvers in America and for the use of the United States mails by the manufacturers.

Pickpockets in Chicago are protected by a highly organized trust, who hire criminal lawyers by the year to protect them, according to charges made by the chief of detectives. He states stringent laws in the East are driving the crooks to Chicago, and that it is almost impossible to secure conviction of a pickpocket because of the testimony of their lawyers and their "witnesses" and their ability to obtain bonds at once and escape being identified by their victims.

Two-thirds of the world's gold supply is concentrated in the United States and more is coming in.

It is said that a branch of the I. W. W., with office files and records complete, was organized in the Northumberland, Pennsylvania, county prison. The organizer was sentenced to seven additional months in the prison for his work in connection with the affair.

One unusual effect of the heat in New Jersey recently was the ignition by the sun of guncotton in an arsenal at New Brunswick. A magazine containing three hundred cases of black powder exploded, but no one was injured.

A curious insect of the Malay Peninsula was recently discovered by a member of the London Zoological Society. It is called the lantern-fly and is remarkable for its sudden leaps, made by a curious projection on the front of its head, a kind of creased nose which, when bent back under the abdomen and suddenly released sends the insect flying.

The juices of clover and alfalfa are aiding to destroy the tuberculosis germ, according to the American Institute of Homeopathy. Use of the grass juices has aided in fights against the disease in the treatment of former service men at the Alpine sanatorium. The treatment calls for well-selected food, the utilization of rays, energies and vibrations, and for surroundings of a cheerful nature.

The United States still has fifteen thousand soldiers in Europe, chiefly on the Rhine.

The supreme court of New York has decided that a suit by a young man to recover a ring given during courtship should not be dismissed because of a claim in behalf of the defendant that she was not of age and could not be sued. The court ruled that infancy could not be pleaded as a shield to prevent the return of another's property.

A junior student in Montana State College is the first woman ever to be named as ranger in Yellowstone National Park. It is said she knows every hill and valley and point of interest in the big reserve. She has spent every summer of her life in the park.

Erie Railroad engine drivers, who have achieved a certain standard in the care and handling of their engines, are elected to the Order of the Red Spot and a red spot is placed on the locomotive of the driver. A second degree of the order provides for the substitution of the engineer's name in gold letters for the number plate on his cab.

Twelve homing pigeons were recently released at Edmonton, Alberta, on an eighteen hundred mile flight to San Antonio. This is believed to be one of the longest flights of its kind ever attempted.

Airplanes in their flight to the oil fields of Fort Norman so frightened the Indians that it was with difficulty they could be prevented from shooting at the "devil birds." At one settlement the entire populace took to the woods.

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Behind the Veil in Ireland

By ALEXANDER IRVINE

The Irish question is every editor's nightmare. Nothing was ever written about it which failed to bring denunciation from one side or the other. Alex. Irvine, Irish by birth, American by choice, went over to see if he could see it steadily and see it whole. Here is his report. Irvine is a good observer and an honest man. No editor can hope for more.

DUBLIN is the brain center of the Irish movement. I went over there a few weeks ago to find out what men were thinking about. What they do is the result of what they think. I was born in Ireland but I found myself looking at the situation through the eyes of an American. My sympathies were with the Home Rule movement and what I saw confirmed my sympathies in that direction. I had some ideas about violence as a political weapon and they were strengthened in the midst of violence.

I met the extremists at both ends. I talked with men of every phase of opinion. I met the real leaders. They talked freely. I asked questions and the answers were plain and explicit.

"Would an offer of Dominion Home Rule be a basis of negotiation for an armistice or truce?" I asked a member of the I. R. A.*

"We have not been definitely offered anything," he answered.

"But the prime minister has publicly stated that he would meet any representative of the Irish people."

"Yes," he replied, "but we are a nation and he must recognize our government and make terms with our president."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then the fight goes on!"

The policy of all or nothing permeates all ranks. "The moral supremacy of Sinn Fein is complete," is a phrase I heard a score of times. I spoke of "murder," they didn't like the word. Nobody would concede that to shoot a man dead in his bed or from behind was murder. When I pointed out that the British Government had pardoned the Countess Markevitz and that the I. R. A. had taken Kate Connell out in the middle of the night and killed her without trial, one man replied that the latter was "a damned spy." The man who said that was standing at a window overlooking a Dublin street with a bomb in his hand. He gazed down the street as he spoke. A gun leaned against the wall near the window.

He spoke of reprisals and outrages by the British as sufficient in themselves to justify any sort of killing. When pressed for an instance in which a woman was killed he could only reiterate that the I. R. A. was a regular national army and as such dealt with all spies as the nature of the war demanded.

I was asked scores of times whether in my opinion the United States would recognize the Irish Republic. When I ventured to suggest that such recognition would probably mean war, they said they knew that and were working toward that end. Some men frankly said that reprisals kept the movement alive. It stirred to action their friends and silenced their enemies.

It has been stated in the press many times that Sinn Fein is divided on the policy of violence. I found no such division. I believe from what they told me that Sinn Fein and the I. R. A. are in solid agreement as to the present methods. There are a considerable number of Irish people who deplore and stand out against murder but at present they have no voice in the matter.

The man who was described to me by Sir Horace Plunkett as "the greatest living Irishman" is the poet and dreamer George W. Russell ("A. E."). He is against the policy of violence, so is Sir Horace. So are scores of men and women who were working for Ireland before Mr. DeValera was born. All the men and all the movements living and dead are in hopeless ill repute. "They were corrupted by the English," I was told, and "betrayed Ireland for social recognition in London." Sir Horace Plunkett, after 40 years of constructive service for Ireland, is suspected by both Sinn Fein and the British Government. So is Lady Aberdeen who has done more for Ireland than any other woman. The "no surrender" of Ulster finds its counterpart in "no compromise," in Dublin.

Everybody in Dublin seemed to be in revolt against the curfew, against the military search for arms, and the raids. Yet Dublin does business as usual. The people move freely up and down the streets. Even the armored cars—filled with armed men who sit with their fingers on the triggers—cause little excitement. Every time they pass through the crowded thoroughfares people turn to watch them, not out of mere curiosity but to notice where they fall foul of a bomb.

The popular mind is still mystified about the Black and Tans. Nine out of every ten persons in London or New York do not know the difference between the R. I. C., the Auxiliary Division and the Black and Tans.

When the regular police force of Ireland—the Royal Irish Constabulary—was found inadequate to cope with the situation, it was re-enforced by recruits from England. These recruits were very largely misfits in the social reconstruction. Some of them were desperate characters. Not having enough R. I. C. uniforms to fit them out, they were arrayed in khaki trousers and black R. I. C. tunics. That was soon rectified but the combination gave them the name that still sticks. All the R. I. C. force is now "Black and Tan" in the popular mind.

When it was necessary still further to reinforce the police power, the Auxiliary Division, composed entirely of ex-army officers, was organized. In the beginning of this force there were desperate characters also and outrages were committed. The regular army is quite distinct from all of these. Outrage, violence and murder by men in rebellion are reprehensible in any civilized community but at their worst they are not quite so reprehensible as acts of the same nature done by the agents of the state

(Concluded on page 2)

*Irish Republican Army.

THIS WEEK

The Dominions and the Anglo-Jap Treaty

Two Pennsylvanians in the Cabinet

Service to Fellows Displaces Doctrine

Jewish Power and Money Famine
Why Is the "Richest Country in the World" Broke?

Within Sacred Precincts of Diplomacy

The Study-What-You-Want School

Wanted—A Friend to the Indian

and Many Other Features

Behind the Veil in Ireland

Concluded from page 1

who are charged with the responsibility of enforcing the law.

I am convinced that the psychological origin of violence by the armed forces of the crown can be traced to the mental attitude of one man. That man is General Tudor. He commands the R. I. C. and the Auxiliary Division. He went to Ireland determined to carry out the policy of the mailed fist and he did it ruthlessly. What he is quoted as saying about the Irish as a race is not fit to print. His policy failed. He is hated bitterly by both friends and enemies. By friends, I mean the men under his command. How much the British Government was cognizant of his mental attitude or how far it was responsible for his acts I do not know. I do know that one general under him resigned and the man who succeeded him refused to carry out a policy of ruthlessness. I also know that he is living because he is the best-guarded man in Ireland.

General E. A. Wood is the new commander of the Auxiliary Division. I was with him in France and knew him to be one of the finest men who ever wore uniform. Four times in France he won the Distinguished Service Order. After sensing the situation in Dublin I called on him at Beggar's Bush barracks and asked permission to accompany him through the disturbed areas.

"If you'll take pot-luck in pot shots, come along," he said. He had made that offer to many men before but I was the only man who ever accepted the invitation. He rides in an open car. He never carries a revolver. I cannot say I was particularly enthusiastic, for Ireland is not France. In the latter bullets came from one direction. In Ireland they come from all directions.

So off we went through Lengford, Leitrim, Roscommon and Sligo. In front of the general went a very powerful car—a 70-mile-an-hour arrangement—with machine guns and armed men. Behind us were two armored cars. There were times when this armored train crept along at a mile an hour clip, for the roads were ripped up, huge piles of stones lay in the road and at times great giant trees lay across our path.

In one afternoon the stage was all set for an ambush, nine times, but not a shot was fired. We saw the men of the I. R. A. on the hilltops but we looked too formidable to engage.

Every time we were held up, the soldiers got out of the cars and rifles in hand spread out like a fan for action. Farm houses in the vicinity were visited and the men found therein were brought to the scene. Once when we were up against a huge stone wall across the road—four feet high and as many in width, a farmer was brought to the scene.

"When did you do this?" asked the general.

"Oi dunno," said the man, intentionally or unintentionally evading the personal allusion.

"How long has it been here?" was the next question.

"A month, maybe more," was the Irishman's reply as he looked the general straight in the eyes. The general smiled incredulously. We were all of one opinion—to wit, that the man was lying. He lived a few hundred yards away and must have known. The pile looked quite new.

"Come, come!" urged the general, "let's have it. Have these stones been here three days or four?"

"A month, oi towld ye," said the man in a tone of mild impatience.

"Very well," said the general to a subordinate, "gather all the men in the region and make them clear them away at once." The man turned to the pile and began to remove the boulders. Several of us started to help at the same time.

Suddenly a Willy-Wag-Tail fluttered from the stone pile. We looked at the spot and found a nest with five eggs in it. We looked at each other, then at the farmer. He was working. We were thinking.

"He was telling the truth," said a Dublin Castle official. We agreed. There was no doubt of that. There in front of us lay the evidence in the case.

"They must have been here a month," said an officer to the man.

"Oh, indade yer roight, sor," said he. "Faith, she'd be afther takin' a month t' lay thim!" and he went on with the work—unconcerned.

At each headquarters of a company the general received reports, inspected the men and addressed them. His address was brief and to the point. "When you are in a fight with these men," he would say, "you will fight as you fought in France. When you are not in a fight you will remember that we are not here to fight the Irish people but to restore law and order. Only as a last resort will you appeal to force or respond to it in defense. Most of these people are as law-abiding as our own folks at home. Respect their religion and their customs and their wives and property. The provocation is terrific, the temptations are great, but you must not give way."

And privately he let it be known that even well-grounded suspicion would be enough to have a man dismissed instantly from the force.

Wherever I went I interviewed the townspeople—I wanted their point of view. In the early stages of this, extra police force outrages had been committed upon the people—the general told me that some of them were "damnable." In every town I visited the cadets—who are the privates in the Auxiliary force—walked the streets freely, just as they did in France, with the girls of the town. There were times when the girls were forbidden to meet them or to attend dances. They were told that their hair would be cut off but they went just the same.

There were instances where the men of the army were shot dead but as a whole the regular British army was popular all over Ireland.

"If you don't believe that," said an I. R. A. man to me, "go to the race course and observe." I did, and at the Phoenix Park races the Tommies mingled with the civilians quite plentifully and freely. But not a single policeman of any sort could be seen on the course.

I witnessed a round-up. I hate the words but that is what the thing was called. An area, a center of trouble, was selected. The cavalry encircled it on horseback—horses can leap ditches and get over plowed fields—and the infantry manned the roads. From the outer rim the cavalry closed in toward the center, bringing with them from farms and villages all men suspected and that seemed to be the entire male population.

There was no escape from this iron ring. As men were caught they gave up their guns and were driven toward the center—in this case the village of Mayvore. The operation seemed like the drawing in of a great net. It was a soldier's job. None of the Auxiliaries nor R. I. C. were engaged. The colonel in charge was Colonel Cavendish, of the same family as that other Cavendish whose murder in Phoenix Park shocked Europe a generation ago.

I saw the results. Sixty-seven Irishmen were lined up against a white wall in the village. They were dishevelled, many of them had no hats, no collars. They were silent and watched in a listless vacant way what was going on.

A strange emotion swept over me. I had a terrific struggle to keep back tears! General Wood too was silent until we passed on, then he said: "What an awful business for civilized men to be engaged in!"

We had tea with the colonel. It was a successful round-up. He was pleased, happy, and his happiness gave me more pain than the sight of the men against the white wall.

The leader of the I. R. A. in the Boyle region of Roscommon is Jim Hunt. Jim was a footballer of national fame. He was formerly a member of the R. I. C. Here is what Jim wrote to the man in command of the Auxiliary company at Boyle:

"Dear Sir:

"We now throw down the challenge for you to meet us in an open fight under the following conditions: An equal number of men, from 30 to 60. Similar weapons, rifles preferred, and an equal amount of ammunition. Ground to be prearranged by a neutral referee. If you win, we surrender and give up the fight in this area. If we win you are to evacuate this area and not enter it except by permit granted by the republican army. Trusting you will favor me with an early reply accepting the challenge:

"Signed,

"On behalf of the men on the run."

The C. O. of another Auxiliary company issued a similar challenge to the I. R. A. of the region. Neither of the challenges was accepted. Here, however, is the authentic story of a challenge that was accepted and fought to a finish. I got the story from one of the principals in the fight.

A group of about ten cadets rounded up as many men on the run in a mountainous region, and having them completely overpowered, issued a challenge to fisticuffs.

"Throw down your guns!" said an Irishman. Guns were downed and belts discarded. Two fights were arranged. In the first fight the Irishman was knocked out. He had caught a Tartar—a heavyweight who was not unfamiliar with the prize ring. In the second encounter the Englishman was half killed and the score was even. Then the forces of the crown buckled on their belts and took the Irishmen to the nearest saloon where they treated them to their national beverage, shook hands with them and sent them back to the hills. There is no gall of bitterness in that region now.

It is difficult to be neutral on the Irish problem. I was born in Ireland but I went back with an American mind. At least I had no bias. I had no axe to grind.

As I had asked men on the run to give me their philosophy of murder—so I asked soldiers to explain to me the psychology of reprisals.

"It is the policy of whatever government we have in Ireland," said one man who had himself executed such orders. He told me the names of a score of men who had been shot dead in their beds. Some of them were his personal friends. "Even the Germans never waged war like that," he said. I corrected him on that. The Germans did when they got a chance but that did not make it right in Ireland.

"We know," said a high official, "that reprisals have saved life and we do it not for revenge but as a deterrent and it deters." He had a friend. One night in Dublin three armed men entered his bedroom. "Don't shoot me beside my wife," begged the man. He repeated the language of the armed men. They did shoot him beside his wife and the act embittered many men. There was a tinge of it in this man.

"Do you know what is meant by the punishment of Abelard?" asked this officer. Yes, I did. "Well, that's the sort of hellish fiendishness that these murderers have inflicted on some of our comrades before death relieved them!"

As I sat in General Wood's office on the day of our return the door opened, an officer clicked his heels and saluted. "May I borrow your car for 30 minutes, sir?"

"Yes—what for?"

"The hospital patients must be armed at once, sir!"

"Go ahead!"

"They drag our wounded men out of their beds and shoot them like dogs," said General Wood, "and nothing that happens here is quite as provoking to our men." Anger creates anger, outrage creates outrage and force creates force. It matters little who begins it—what matters is who will end it.

The most striking thing in Ireland is the bankruptcy of religion. The thing does not exist. The politico-theological aspects are quite alive.

In no country on earth is there such chaos of authority as in Ireland. No one over there can tell you what relation the lord lieutenant bears to the British cabinet or what relation the chief secretary bears to the lord lieutenant. General McCready commands the regular army but they have no relation whatever with the forces under the command of General Tudor. Chaos at the top means chaos at the bottom and all the way through.

"Well," said a member of the British Government to me, "what would you do?"

"If your House of Commons could believe in God for one afternoon," I replied, "they would settle the Irish question over night!"

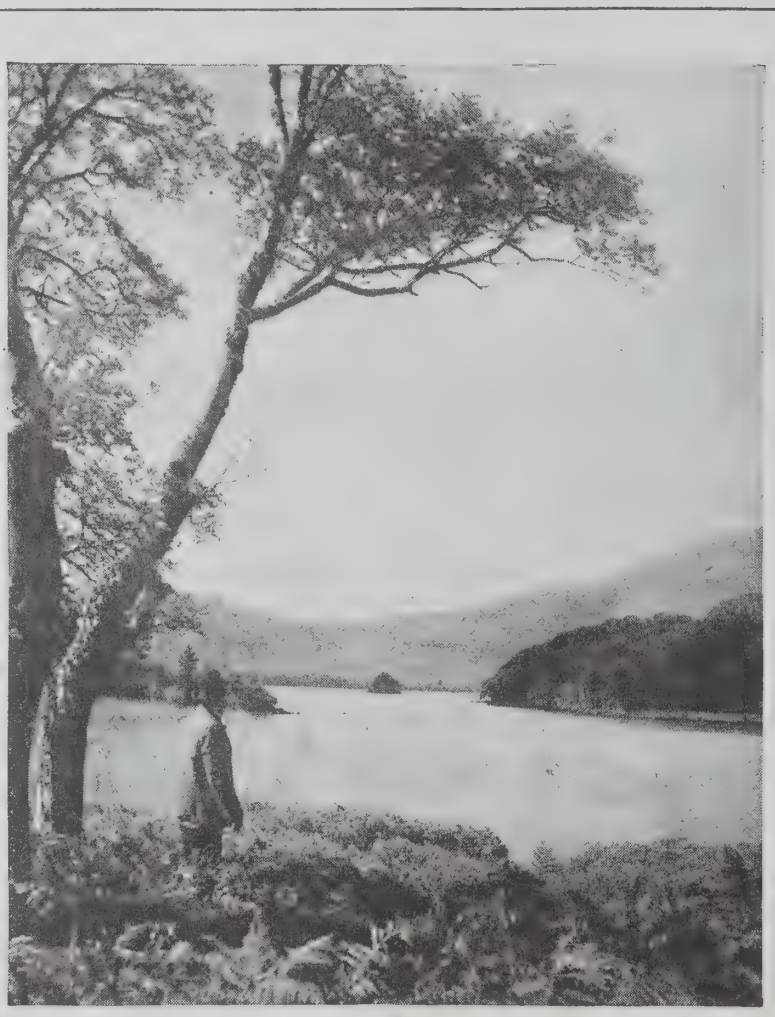
"How?"

"Part of that belief would be a supreme act of faith in the Irish people and part of that would compel you to remove the army and police and trust the people!"

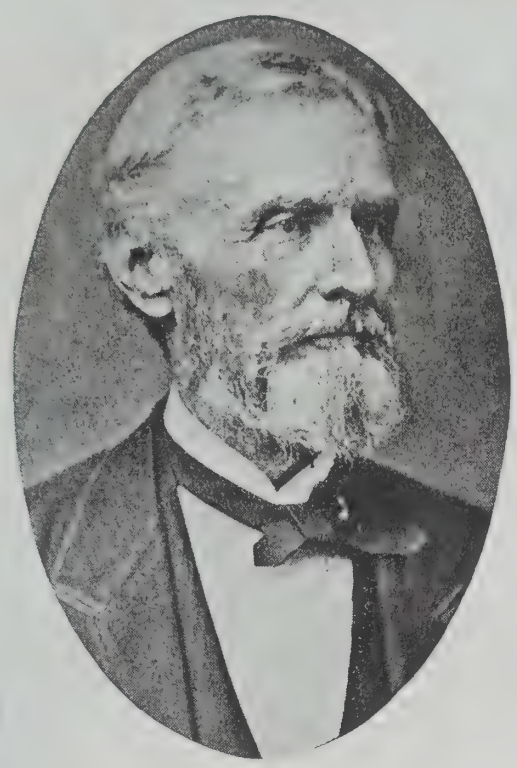
He smiled a little and I asked him what would happen if they did that and he frankly told me. It was his belief that if the government did that the Unionists would march out en masse!

"And that," said I, "would be the end of the Coalition!"

"Yes!"



Devil's Island, Killarney



JEFFERSON DAVIS

This photograph, never before published, was taken in Montgomery, in 1885.

Preserving First White House of the Confederacy

By JOHN TIPPEN

"I WAS inaugurated on Monday; the audience was large and brilliant. Upon my weary heart were showered smiles, plaudits and flowers. But beyond them I saw troubles and thorns innumerable. Yet I do not despond, and will not shrink from the task imposed upon me. I thought it would have gratified you to have witnessed it, and have been a memory to our children. Thus, I constantly wish to have you all with me. As soon as an hour is my own I shall look for a house and write you more fully."

These lines were contained in a letter to Mrs. Jefferson Davis written February 20, 1861, two days after the inauguration of her husband as president of the Confederate States of America at the capitol in Montgomery. Jefferson Davis, hero of the hour, president of a new republic, statesman and soldier, was still the husband and father, longing for some haven of refuge from the cruel hour which the war must bring. He desired a home. He wanted his family by his side.

And by diligent search, he found a suitable house—the first White House of the Confederacy.

On March 4, 1861, a great steamboat came proudly plowing her way around the curves of the majestic Alabama. The mellow notes from her whistle mingled with the martial music of the caliope, quickening the heart of a waiting president—a loving husband, a proud father.

The old landing at Montgomery has never known a gladder meeting than that which followed the coming of Varina Howell Davis to comfort and smooth, as best she could, the pathway of him whose far-sighted vision had already told her would be a thorny road.

It was on this same memorable Monday that the first flag of the Confederacy had been flung to the breeze—raised by Miss Letitia Tyler, grand-daughter of former President Tyler—while "ten thousand hailed it gladly, and ten thousand wildly, madly, swore it should forever wave."

And Mrs. Davis was well pleased with her new home. It was, she said, a "gentleman's residence, roomy enough for our purpose."

The old mansion had formerly been the "handsome" home of Colonel Edmund Harrison, located at the corner of South Washington (now Lee) and Bibb streets. It was built by William Sayre. In 1825 Mr. Sayre entertained LaFayette in this house. It was from there that a sofa was sent to Bell Tavern, corner of Commerce and Tallapoosa streets, for LaFayette's comfort during a ball given in his honor. This sofa is now owned by Mrs. Westwood Sayre, of Memphis, Tennessee.

Mr. Sayre sold the house to William Knox, who disposed of it to George Mathews. Fleming Freeman was the next owner. Then it was transferred to Colonel Joseph S. Winter, who remodelled it and sold it to a Mr. Calloway. At the outbreak of the Civil War Colonel Edmund Harrison was the owner; then it passed on to William Crawford Bibb and later to Archibald Tyson, of Lowndesboro, Alabama. On November 8, 1873, Mrs. R. L. Render, of LaGrange, Georgia, daughter of Mr. Tyson, inherited the property for her natural lifetime on the death of her father. At her death, on May 6, 1918, her heirs, Miss Eulah Render, Mrs. Bettie Render Morgan, and R. L. Render, of LaGrange, Georgia, and Mrs. Robert Ridley, of Atlanta, came into possession of the property.

But none of these owners were as proud of their possession as are the present owners of the first White House of the Confederacy—the women of Alabama and the South.

The beaux and belles of Montgomery after the war, as well as the brilliant men and women of the sixties, spent many happy hours in the White House, but none of them were so happy as are the women who have carried on a continuous struggle for twenty-four years for the preservation of the historic old building. For on June 3, amid scenes which rivalled those of the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, or the arrival of Mrs. Davis, the first White House of the Confederacy was dedicated at Montgomery as a southern shrine.

The story of the struggle for the preservation of the first White House is one of compelling interest. Twice the women of the First White House Association succeeded in securing passage by the state legislature of bills making appropriations for the purchase of the building and the site, but the measures were vetoed by the governors in each instance. Undaunted, the women refused to give up. They toiled ceaselessly and saved money. During the Alabama constitutional convention of 1901 they cooked lunches and served them in the rotunda of the capitol to add money to their treasury.

The third White House appropriation bill was passed by the legislature of 1919. It required hard work on the part of the members of the White House Association. It took tears, tact, sacrifice and courage. At times the task seemed almost hopeless, and spirits less brave undoubtedly would have given up the fight. But the women of Alabama stuck to the job. Finally, an appropriation for the purchase of a site for the building was passed. Governor Thomas E. Kilby signed the bill. With money raised by their own efforts to purchase the building, the passage of this measure providing funds for the site assured the preservation of the White House.

The struggle for saving the first White House for the South was begun in 1897, with the organization of the Alabama Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Some years later opposition to the proposal developed among the members of the organization. Growing weary of trying to keep up the work in the United Daughters of the Confederacy, friends of the movement gave up the effort and formed the First White House Association, with Mrs. Jefferson Davis, queen regent and Mrs. J. D. Beale, regent. The office of queen regent expired with the death of Mrs. Davis and other officers were elected from time to time. Mrs. Chappell Cory, of Birmingham, is the present regent of the association.

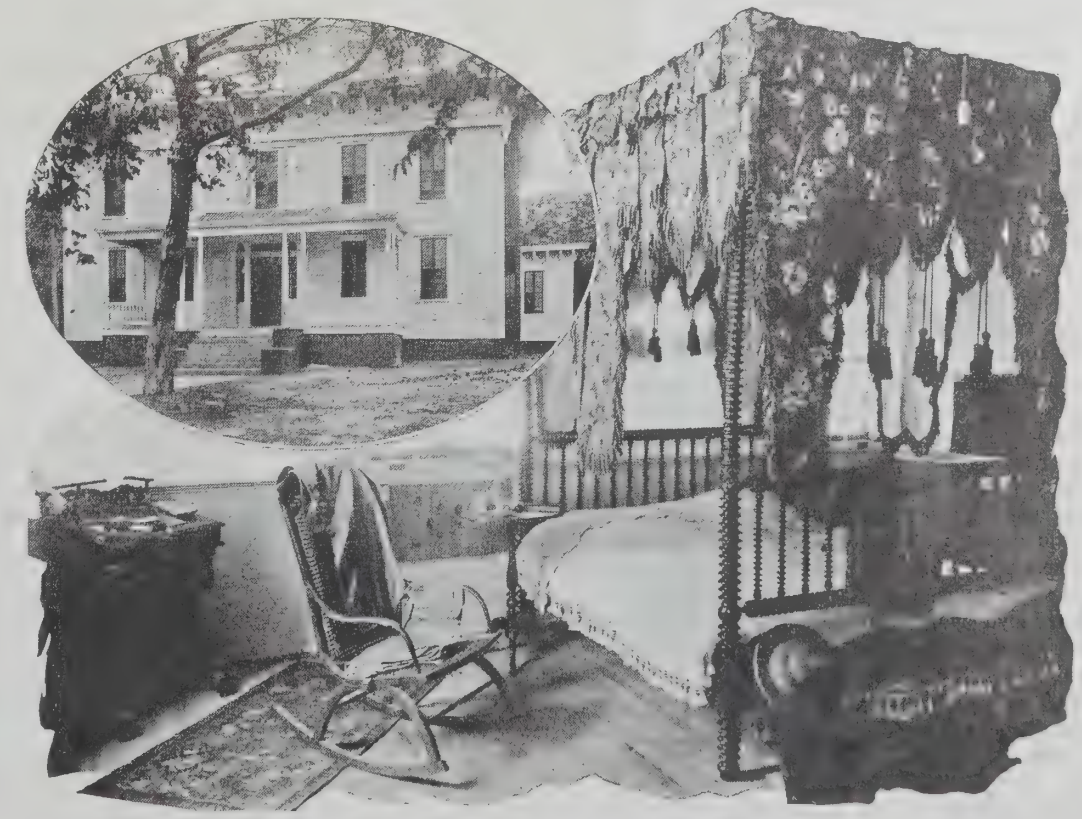
A charter was granted the First White House Association by the Alabama legislature on February 5, 1901.

Among the most valued relics preserved in the first White House are those presented the White House Association by Mrs. Jefferson Davis. They consist of furniture from Beauvoir, last used by Mr. Davis; his historic sword, chairs, bureaus; the table upon which he wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy"; valuable books used by himself and his daughter, Winnie Davis; bric-a-brac, vases and other articles.

These articles, prior to the purchase of the White House, reposed in the Jefferson Davis room of the state capitol. It was in January, 1919, that the White House Association was informed that due to the crowded condition of the capitol the articles would have to be removed. With aching hearts the women wrapped each sacred relic carefully and carefully laid it away in the basement of the capitol. Some thought this meant the death of the movement for the preservation of the White House, but it was actually the forerunner of the success of a movement which had been carried on for almost a quarter of a century.

In the meantime workmen began excavating on the corner lot next to the White House. It was reported that the building was to be demolished to make way for a garage. Something must be done or the White House was doomed. The White House Association sent an envoy to the owners of the building. When she returned the papers had been signed. The White House had been purchased, but the owner refused to sell the lot. The building would have to be moved, quickly. With tears and pleadings the legislature was induced to make an appropriation for a site. Victory was won.

A commission was appointed to select the grounds, and the first White House of the Confederacy now stands on a hill facing the state capitol, where Jefferson Davis took the oath as president of the Confederacy. In its restoration it is beautiful and complete—a memorial to President Davis and to the women of the South who worked twenty-four years to save it. It has been dedicated as a southern shrine, and in the future will house the sacred relics of the state and the South.



Jefferson Davis' room in the first White House. The furnishings of the room were presented to the First White House Association by Mrs. Jefferson Davis before her death. They have been arranged just as they were when Mr. Davis occupied the room. Insert—The First White House of the Confederacy, the home of Jefferson Davis in Montgomery. The building has been purchased by the women of the South and dedicated as a southern shrine. It houses numerous relics of the state and the South.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 38, July 16, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Judged by Its Fruits

ALL reports agree that the representatives of the British Overseas Dominions at the Imperial Council in London are at heart and unanimously opposed to a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese pact. The chief reason for this attitude is represented to be an aversion to facing the possibility of Britain being lined up against the United States, should we become involved in a war with Japan. Recognizing this feeling, the British premier has definitely announced a desire to co-operate fully with the United States in the matter of foreign policy affecting the Pacific. Several leading colonial premiers and London newspapers go as far as to suggest that the new treaty should not be signed until it has received American approval.

This friendly anxiety to please the United States is certainly flattering to our national pride in the manner of its expression; but the question is, how about the matter of it?

Soon after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, it was officially announced that the Tokio Government would not seek a second renewal of the Anglo-Japanese pact of 1902 (renewed on June 13, 1911, for a period of ten years), because its provisions are obviously inconsistent with the Versailles pact. In this view, it was said, the British Government concurred. The whole matter was gone into at the peace table in Paris and it was generally assumed at the time that the Versailles Treaty practically abrogated the Anglo-Japanese pact by making it superfluous.

It is certainly a mistake to attribute dominion opposition wholly to concern for the United States. The dominions do not lack lively sense of their own interests. Both in Australia and in Canada, especially on Canada's Pacific coast, there has been a steadily growing feeling, during recent years, that their interests were seriously menaced by the growth of Japanese imperialism. This growth, as the facts show plainly, has been stimulated and strengthened by the alliance that bound Britain to the support of Japanese policies in the East. Glaringly and persistently, Japanese policy has been and still is opposed to the American policy of the Open Door and Chinese territorial integrity.

A tree should be judged by its fruits. By this criterion the Anglo-Japanese pact stands condemned. It has been responsible for the dictation at the cannon's mouth of the 21 articles that virtually reduced the Republic of China to the condition of a Japanese vassal fief. The seizure of Korea and the ruthless reduction of its inhabitants to Japanese rule and subjection; the occupation of Eastern Siberia and the scheming patently aimed at the acquisition of that rich northern empire; the partitioning of China by the stealing of Shantung, and, lastly, the cavalier flouting of international cable-rights in the Island of Yap, in violation of solemnly assumed treaty obligations; all these things are among the most obvious fruits of a treaty that holds the might and prestige of the British Empire to the bolstering up of Japanese imperial expansion.

If Mr. Lloyd George really wants to please the United States, and at the same time to please the great democratic British dominions, he will let the Anglo-Japanese Treaty die a natural death. However friendly and cordial the sentiments expressed toward the United States, such a treaty cannot be otherwise than disquieting. Every alliance is one between the contracting parties and against some third party. At the present time, an Anglo-Japanese alliance is an alliance against the United States and—the self-governing British dominions. It cannot be otherwise and no amount of casuistry should blind us to this fact.

And not only in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa is there distinct repugnance to committing England to the defense of Japanese aggression in the Far East. The sentiment is one that is largely shared in England itself by the more thoughtful men in both Liberal and Unionist ranks, while the formidable Labor party, which already holds the balance of power, is solidly against what it regards as "an unnatural alliance."

Up the Hill and Down Again

CONGRESS seems to be exemplifying the old nursery rhyme:

"There was a King of France who had ten thousand men;
He marched them up the hill and then marched them down again."

First the Senate passes the naval appropriation after putting on an extra $100,000,000, making it something more than $500,000,000. Then the House lops off the extra hundred millions. At the same time the House adds 25,000 men to the strength of the Army; but the Senate takes its whack at the bill and slices the 25,000 men off again.

In all this see-sawing the one hopeful feature has been the realization of both houses that the country is in no mood for any further fooling with the Borah amendment calling for a disarmament conference.

As between Senate naval appropriations footing up $500,000,000 and the $400,000,000 for which the House is putting up a spectacular fight, the difference is that between tweedledum and tweedledee. The largest items in the bill are battleships at fifty millions apiece—battleships which a disarmament conference would probably make altogether unnecessary and which, in any event, are likely to become obsolete before they are launched.

Taking this into account, the taxpayers of the country may well feel that an appropriation of even $150,000,000 would be excessive. At a time when there is need and demand for the strictest economy, Congress votes appropriations as if the public purse were inexhaustible.

The people will not forever continue to be fooled by the farce of tax-wasters asking impossible sums through the Senate and then getting the House to vote only less preposterous sums. It is a little too suggestive of the huckster that asks an absurdly high price for a suit of second-hand clothes in order to make a virtue of letting himself be "cut down"—to a still excessive price.

The Foster Memorial

THE news that it is proposed to raise $50,000 for a memorial on the Bowery in New York to Stephen Collins Foster will bring up many bittersweet memories to those of us for whom the old melodies of the author of "Old Folks at Home," "Swanee River," "Nelly Gray," and a hundred other of his songs continue to hold charm. Of all the songs of this popular composer of a generation gone, perhaps none had more "heart interest" than "Hard Times Come Again No More." In the years following the war, a great many people knew well what hard times meant. The song made deep appeal to thousands.

It was a song that stirred the heart because it came from the heart. Foster himself had known hard times. It was on the Bowery that he spent the last few of his ill-rewarded years. Out of a shabby little lodging-house room on that thoroughfare, he carried scores of his melodies to be sold for the pittance that would buy needed bread. But out of his hard times, he surpassed all the present-day Judaic "artists" who know such very soft times. Fortunes are obtained from a single "popular" song today, while Foster, whose songs will live on and on long after the latest vaudeville or jazz favorite of today is forgotten, was allowed to starve. With wise old Fletcher of Saltoun, he could say: "Let me but make the songs of a people and I care not who makes their laws." His reward is more than money.

There is something fitting, something that would appeal to the gentle soul of Foster himself, in the fact that the memorial in his honor is not to take shape in marble, granite or bronze, but is to constitute a living fund that will, through coming years, afford saving help to men and women with whom "hard times" is a matter of daily experience. The income of the fund is to be used to support a bread line under the direction of the Bowery Mission—and it could not be under better supervision.

If every lover of Foster's songs in America were to contribute one dollar to the fund, it would be subscribed many times over. If the copyrights were in force, the royalties in a single month would exceed the entire sum needed. For many a "down-and-outer" on the Bowery, that bread line will mean the difference between going to bed fed and going to bed hungry. And that, in turn, may mean a tiding over to a place where hard times shall come again no more.

The International High Court

ONE of the greatest difficulties that perplexed the commission of jurists charged with drawing up the framework of the Permanent Court of International Justice provided for in the Covenant of the League of Nations was the selection of the judges. An idea advanced by Elihu Root, American Commissioner, was adopted as a happy solution of the problem. It was, in effect, that the nations' representatives in the old Hague Tribunal should be asked to make nominations to be acted upon at the next meeting of the Council and the Assembly of the League in September.

In accordance with this arrangement, Elihu Root, John Bassett Moore, Judge George Gray and Oscar S. Straus, our present arbitrators in the Hague Court, have been asked by the Council of the League to submit the names of four persons, no more than two of whom shall be Americans, as candidates for election as judges of the new court.

In view of President Harding's scrapping of the League and all its works by the voice of his accredited representative in the Supreme Inter-Allied Council, it may well be asked: What are these eminent American jurists going to do about it?

One of several courses is open to them. Bowing to Colonel Harvey's pronunciamento, they may simply ignore the existence of the League of Nations, despite the fact that 42 sovereign states are already enrolled and acting in its membership. Or, as jurists, regardless of nationality and of national policies, recognizing an accomplished fact and fulfilling a duty laid on all four as members of the Hague Tribunal, they may comply with the request of the Council of the League.

If they should name four foreigners, they might avoid embarrassing President Harding. He would possibly regard the participation of Americans in the International Court as inconsistent with his policy, as announced by his ambassador in London. Yet there is probably no law to prevent the acceptance by Americans of an election to the bench of the Permanent Court of International Justice. Americans are not ineligible to that high office.

Let's wait and see!

Wanted: a Way-shower

THE one note dominant in the flood of recent commencement oratory is a pessimistic conviction that things are in a bad way and that our reliance on the product of the universities to lead the way out is a parlous hope.

President Lowell of Harvard emphasizes the need of more thought, rather than more organization or machinery. He feels that clear, illumined and unbiased thought should be as widespread among our people as possible, "for in the multitude of the wise is the welfare of the world."

That last has an oracular sound. It suggests a question. Is there no longer wisdom either among the multitude or the educated elite? President Lowell in this connection re-echoes the familiar condemnations of the unthinking impulse to follow the crowd and its clamor, instead of every man thinking for himself. There is timeliness in his reminder that "the art of producing the semblance of a public opinion by a general shout has progressed greatly within a generation." But man is a thinking animal, after all. Why are thinkers now so rare?

Another more optimistic baccalaureate speaker declares that hundreds of thousands of men would be found ready to live and work for an idea, if only one should show the way, as four years ago they were ready to die for an idea.

Wherever thoughtful men come together in serious conversation one hears a wail over the paucity of our age in leadership. Opportunists, politicians, time-servers, clever poseurs there are a-plenty. But it would be difficult to name, in either church or state, a leader of the old-time qualities; one inspiring in the crowd any passionate devotion to an ideal and full consecration to the work of its actualization. Where is the Jefferson or the Hamilton, the Lincoln, the Webster, the Sumner, the Lloyd Garrison or Wendell Phillips, the Garibaldi or Mazzini, the Wesley, the Beecher, or the Roosevelt of our time? Where is the leader whom the common people follow gladly?

Perhaps we lack leaders because we lack thinkers, lack ideas. Perhaps, in the last analysis, we lack leaders because we lack men and women endowed with the divine gift of being good followers. An appreciative audience has much to do with the success of a speaker or singer or actor. An orchestral leader is important, but he can do little without men who contain within themselves the makings of a good orchestra. We need a way-shower, it may be. It is certain that we need people willing to be shown the way and to take big chances for a big idea. Even a Garibaldi or a Lincoln would fail lacking a people who cared little for such dreams as Human Freedom and Human Unity.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE word "bonus" is frequently heard these days in connection with the men who fought for our country in the Great War. And wherever it is heard, there will be found two opinions upon it. Perhaps everybody, those who are for it and those who are against it, feels that at best it is a makeshift, that the granting of a bonus will not do much for the soldier after all, and that it will constitute no *permanent* good for him. The principal element is the spiritual: to refuse the bonus is felt to be ingratitude, and this is to be avoided as an evil spirit. But at the same time no one will be found to say that to grant the bonus, a mere $10 or $15 for every month of service, is an adequate show of gratitude. It doesn't discharge the debt. Heaven help us if we measure our gratitude to our soldiers by the amount of any bonus.

So there are the two points: the bonus pays nothing. It is a small and temporary aid to men who may be in need of ready money by reason of unemployment, but who would prefer a return of their rightful work in the world to anything else we could do for them.

The American Soldier, the boy who left shop and store and office and school, taking a year or two out of his life to settle the military question overseas, should not be placed in a false light in all this discussion. He is not asking for charity. He would not take charity. He should not be used in argument or plea as if he were asking or expecting charity.

But he has a right to expect that after having done what we asked him to do, we shall give him the opportunity to regain the place he left, and shall leave nothing wanting in our effort to restore him to the same degree of competence which he had before.

That is one of the really black blots on our whole war organization. We had a splendid organization for the handling of copper, for example. We had many men ready to leap in and offer their services where it was a matter of rounding up war supplies. Our war government, with its price fixers and its general manipulators of "understandings" here and there, was certainly an amazing institution. But when it came to cleaning up the ruck and riot of war, there wasn't one to help. They had all resigned. There is no profit in teaching a blind soldier a trade. There is no profit in helping to salvage the human wreckage of the war. There is no profit in taking the armless and the legless and the shell-shocked and helping to restore them again. And so our famous "war government" is not on the job. It is out looking for other worlds to conquer. And about the only thing we hear is complaints about the mistakes and lacks of the restorative program, and urges for the bonus.

The soldier has a right to complain, although to his credit be it said that he is not complaining for himself so much as for his wounded "buddy" who isn't getting the chance he ought to have. And he also has a right to reflect that the so-called "bonus" is a mighty little thing after all.

In one state where it is proposed to pay the soldiers a bonus, no soldier will receive more than $300, yet the state will expend about $30,000,000 in paying the amounts, and an additional $54,000,000 for interest on the bonds which it had to issue in order to raise the bonus money. There is the matter of $150 to $300 for the soldier, and a matter of $54,000,000 for the money-lenders. Indeed, whatever bonus the soldier gets, he will pay for over and over again in his taxes.

Now, if the people of that state should go down into their pockets and by a self-imposed assessment of about $10 a head, raise a fund to present to their soldiers as a special gift to tide them over a tough time, there would be something tremendously human and moving about that. But the trouble is that bonuses have not even that much sentiment. They are first politics, then they are debts, and the only people who really benefit are the money-lenders. They get their "bonus" regularly for 30 years afterward.

If a bonus, no matter how small it was, came as a wreath of victory; if it were really the conscious act of the people in showing their appreciation, that would be quite another thing. But all it amounts to nowadays is the sale of interest-bearing bonds.

If a state really wants to do something for the soldiers, *why does it not give them the interest?* If the state would arrange to give the soldiers the *interest* on the projected bonus loans, the soldiers would get nearly *twice as much,* and the state would save the entire principal.

To give its soldiers $30,000,000 the state in question is going to give the money-lenders $54,000,000; a total of $84,000,000 in all to finance the giving away of $30,000,000. If the state would give its soldiers the interest, $54,000,000, it would save the principal, or $30,000,000. And the soldiers would get nearly twice as much.

If a state can pay interest to the banks, it can pay interest to the men it ought to help.

Now, the soldier himself does not regard our system as a very good one, when it works out that way. He is not impressed with the wisdom of a system that mortgages a state for 30 years in a great sum, and still doesn't do much for the soldier.

If the bonus really set the soldier up for life, if it established him in his place as a professional man, commercial man, mechanic or farmer, if the bonus settled anything at all, it might be worth any state's effort to do it.

But what does a scrawny $150 to $300 do for a man? It is totally inadequate as a testimonial of the state's gratitude; it is totally inadequate to the establishment of the soldier in his place in the world.

When you give a soldier $300 and a banker $540 interest for the privilege, it would seem much wiser as well as much kinder to give the soldier the $540 interest and save the $300, thus costing the state only $240 when measured by the other plan. And, if the state wanted to go as far as it goes under the bond plan, let the soldier have the $300 and the $540 too, $840, and let the state pay both interest and principal to herself.

The best bonus that can be given the soldier is a place to work where he can snap his finger at bonuses, and a state to live in where the money-lenders have not the deciding voice about everything.

Money is the least valuable of all the commodities, yet it brings the highest price; and though we have the manufacture of it in our own hands as a nation, yet it is the scarcest of all the things we make. The controllers of money were able to smooth the way for the soldier when they wanted him to fight; they seem strangely helpless to smooth the way for him now that he only wants to work.

There is doubtless a duty and a debt to those who, in response to our call, suffered loss, of whatever kind the loss may be. Certainly there is an element of fairness in the consideration that the man who staid home and had a year or two advantage over the man who went, should not thus put the soldier at a disadvantage The breaks of war were many; they must be repaired where possible; many of the breaks can never be repaired. But can it be done in this slip-shod, half-hearted borrowing which profits nobody but the lender? If a state desires to give its soldiers $30,000,000, let it tax its people for that amount, instead of taxing its people for $84,000,000 in order to expend $30,000,000.

The soldier himself would be of that opinion.

THE soldier's bonus may help him out temporarily, but will not establish him for life, nor even give him a good start. In one state it is planned to give the soldier $150 to $300, but bonds must be issued which will pay the money-lenders 180 per cent of what the soldier gets. If the interest were paid the soldiers, they would get almost twice as much as they will get now. The bonus system is politics and debt; it doesn't discharge our debt to the soldier, and it is a very inadequate expression of our gratitude. What the soldier asks is a chance to snap his fingers at bonuses. He wants a chance to get back where he was. Who is helping him do that?

The Study-What-You-Want School of Denver

Where Everyone From 14 to 70 Learns Just What He Needs; Thousands Finding Gates of Opportunity Again Opened to Them

By R. P. CRAWFORD

OUT in Denver it is known by the dignified name of Opportunity school, but I prefer to call it the "Study-What-You-Want" school. For, unlike any other school in the world, young people and old people, and those in between, come and go from eight in the morning to nine-thirty at night, studying whatever they want to know. Men who long ago thought the doors of Opportunity closed to them have taken a new lease on life. Boys and girls who had been forced to become breadwinners at tender years receive the schooling which other city schools had forgotten to give. Last year, almost in a ceaseless stream, more than 7,000 persons from 14 to 70 years of age, and from all stations in life, passed through this remarkable institution receiving that learning which Fate apparently had decreed they should not have.

If one has a little time to spare, it is only a few blocks walk from the heart of the Denver business district. The gaunt red brick structure, one of the oldest school buildings in Denver, was once the pride of Denver's best residence section before the days of Capitol Hill. Upon entering this school almost the very first person that one meets is Miss Emily Griffith, the principal. Miss Griffith is just as different from most principals of schools as this school is different from other schools. She has her office right out in the open on the first floor. It is no effort to see the "princpul." It is the pride of this school that there is probably hardly a single student who does not feel that he knows Miss Griffith personally.

It was Miss Griffith who originated the unique plan of this school. She saw that there were thousands of boys and girls, men and women, the city over that needed some one line of practical instruction, either to help them in their daily work or to make life more attractive in a social way. Miss Griffith had been principal of a night school and so she went to Mr. Carlos M. Cole, then superintendent of schools, with the proposition that the night school be kept open in the daytime as well.

The Opportunity school is a school that runs strictly on its own merits. There is no compulsory attendance for the thousands who take work every year. They study because they see the advantage in doing so. The employment department of the school placed 1,000 persons in positions in three months.

There is almost every kind of course in this school, and if the school has not the kind of course that the pupil wants, one is manufactured for him. For instance, more than one person has come to the school for the specific purpose of learning how to behave in society. One man came to the school with the announcement that he was being considered for a promotion in his company where he would have to entertain guests at a big hotel. That night he was to be tried out. Miss Griffith promptly arranged a model banquet in the basement of the school, where he learned all the niceties of banqueting from the right forks and spoons to a line of small talk. And what is more, he made such a good impression at the Brown Palace hotel that evening that he landed the new job.





Above—A banquet at the Denver Opportunity school. Every one of these young men is looking forward to doing bigger things in the future. Below—The Denver Opportunity school, which operates day and night and where one may study anything he pleases. Pupils come and go all the time, taking a few hours work each day.

Another man had just arrived in Denver from a small town. Having some acquaintance of social pretentions, he desired to call on them. But he was completely mystified by the system of telephones and speaking tubes in the apartment houses. Miss Griffith arranged a practical demonstration at the home of one of her friends. The man was completely straightened out and went on his way rejoicing.

A similar case was that of a woman who had just broken into society. The school never learned her name—in fact, they never asked—but she wanted a course in social etiquette. It was only necessary to tell her in private the things that she wanted to know. Later she was able to discriminate with such nicety in social functions that she pronounced one function "Nothing but a feed."

In your own home town, just what would you do if you wanted to know such things? Most likely, you would pick up the information as best you could, and perhaps be mortified several times in the attempt. But these isolated cases just show the length to which this human school goes in its efforts to satisfy the demand for practical knowledge on the part of the common people—to which class nine-tenths of us belong.

The school has instituted courses of the most practical nature. They include such subjects as machine shop work, drafting, all of the commercial courses, oxy-acetylene welding, millinery, domestic science, telegraphy, show card printing, applied electricity, sheet metal work, automobile repairing—and what not. One can even study to be a beauty parlor expert—and don't laugh at this, either, for some of those taking work in this department hold exceedingly fine positions. The millinery course is not just a few hints on hat-trimming, but it enables those who finish it to run shops of their own. More than one student has done this very thing, and on such occasions the millinery expert from the school looks after all the details of stocking up the shop to furnishing the student with a big exhibit for the opening day.

The great majority of the students are those who contemplate a change in occupation. Ordinarily changing occupations, where one has no special training and no money saved up, is almost impossible, but the Opportunity school through its study-what-you-want courses takes care of the student. Many business houses will permit an employe to have a few hours off during the daytime to study at the Opportunity school, or he can study evenings. There is always a way found to help people.

This city school does not aim to turn out world celebrities, but it does aim to help thousands of common ordinary people to make their lives more successful. One day a girl, penniless and with practically no education, knocked at the doors of Opportunity. For twenty-two years she had lived in the mountains. Before night a position had been secured for her in one of Denver's best families. She also went to school. After three years she is a bookkeeper in a large business house and is putting a sister through school.

A man of forty who had been an elevator pilot became a bookkeeper for a machinery company. A Swedish girl who was unable to speak a word of English came to the school, completed the English course, and was employed by an irrigation company at $150 a month. One boy out of the school wrote: "I was an elevator boy earning $40 a month. I now make $125 a month and have a stenographer of my own." One day Miss Griffith saw a little stock girl called down for trying to show goods. She was invited to the Opportunity school. Three years later, she proudly showed a check for $150, her monthly salary with one of the big railroad companies.

An unskilled laborer reported to the school that his girl would not marry him because he had a defect in his speech. A year and a half has passed; through the efforts of the school he has become a skilled laborer and the girl has married him. One man brought his wife to the school. She was a beautiful little woman but she had worked in the cotton mills of the South and had never learned to read. "I recall nothing more interesting than the sight of that man and his wife walking down the street of an evening, spelling out the words on the electric signs," said Miss Griffith.

One day a man came to the school with the explanation that he had been promoted to a position which necessitated the use of fractions, but that he did not know how to use them. The school immediately made arrangements with the firm for which the man worked to hold the position open until he could master fractions.

Shortly after the school opened it was found that many of the young people were coming to school direct from work without any supper. So free soup was served every evening through the generosity of Denver people.

When the employment department secures a position for a young stenographer or bookkeeper, an expert is usually sent with her from the school. This expert helps the young person to get on to the work and if she becomes tangled up, straightens things out. When a boy from the school secures his first position, the manager of that concern very probably will hear his telephone ring.

"This is Miss Griffith," a voice will say. "We're sending you down a boy. Now I want you to go down and get acquainted personally with that boy. We're going to do our part at this end of the line, and we want you to do yours."

The citizenship class is one of the most important features of the school. As in every large city there are many people of foreign birth in Denver. In four years more than 3,700 men have passed through this department of the school. Little community centers have been started in different parts of the city among the foreign-born women. Here groups of Polish, Russian, and Italian women are interested in neighborhood gatherings and learn some useful household arts and the English language.

And then there are the bad boys. It quite often happens that there are boys who do not seem to fit in with the other schools and are sent to the Opportunity school. The very first time that boy hands in a paper, he finds a whole lot of red marks on his paper and very few blue ones. The teacher explains that she has become so interested in all the good things about that paper that she has marked them in red. "Being sent to the office" at the Opportunity school is entirely different from that at most schools. "I act just as if I wanted to see that boy," Miss Griffith explained. "I never mention why he happened to come to see me. I explain to him all about the possibilities in vulcanizing or automobiles, for example, and try to find something that interests him especially."

In fact, there is no limit to what this great university for the people does for its students. From Miss Griffith, on down through Mrs. Martha F. Miller, the assistant principal, there is a spirit of co-operation and interest in what everyone is doing. The school never loses its friendliness or its abiding faith in the goodness of people. And this, of course, has contributed largely to the success of the school.

Whatever you want at this school, you get.

Two Pennsylvanians in the Cabinet

WHEN those twelve men who advise the President gather around the Cabinet table twice a week at the White House to discuss momentous questions of national interest and of world import, it is interesting to visualize the group and consider the wide varieties of American life from which they came. There is, for instance, Albert Bacon Fall, the southern gentleman who has become a grandee of the Mexican border; there is Henry C. Wallace, Iowa scientific farmer; and again there is Calvin Coolidge (for the Vice President sits in the Cabinet council), austere Puritan of New England. No contrast, however, is stronger than that between Andrew W. Mellon and James J. Davis, both of the state of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Mellon, son of wealth, breathing throughout his life the atmosphere peculiar to those who are somewhat set aside by the possession of much money and the administration of large affairs, is of a different world from that of Mr. Davis, iron worker in mills such as his associate has called into being by the score.

I have been to see each of these Cabinet officers and have asked each to tell me of the early experiences which laid the foundations for the important work that has come to him. The characteristics of the men are indicated by the manner in which each received me. Mr. Mellon, carefully reared in a family of wealth and exclusiveness in Pittsburgh, approached the problem of being interviewed with great hesitancy. He had always lived a life apart. For fifty years he had been an official in a great banking organization, sitting far back in its inner offices and very difficult of approach. He had not met with many people, had maintained a dignified reserve. He had never been part of a world where the hurly-burly of personal contact entered.

Quite different was the attitude of James J. Davis, normally genial and full of talk, who had grown up in the home of his iron worker father in Sharon, Pennsylvania, not very far from Pittsburgh, and who had gone about the world of late occupying himself with organizing posts in that fraternal order, the Moose. To Davis the latchstring hung out to all the world and to him an opportunity to recount the events of his past was an occasion so pleasurable that he was likely to yield hours to it in forgetfulness.

But Mr. Mellon did tell me many of the events of his life—a story of the growth of a family from complete obscurity to prominence and power, a story of another of those miracles of America. He told me, for instance, that his father had been born in the North of Ireland and had come as an immigrant to America when a small boy. The family, he said, had more of Scotch blood than of Irish. It settled on a little farm thirty miles from Pittsburgh and it was there that the elder Mellon grew up. From the farm, however, he came down to this busy little city which was just then growing into industrial activity. There he studied law in the University of Pittsburgh, graduated, practiced his profession, and became a dignified and influential judge on the bench, acquired wealth and grew to be a pillar in the community.

This elder Mellon was the father of five sons and as they grew to maturity he took thought of the careers which they should lead. He estimated the possibilities in this formative city of Pittsburgh and decided that banking offered for his sons careers of great promise and possibility. He established a bank upon a sound foundation and distributed its stock to the younger Mellons. He preached to them the gospel of constructive participation through this bank in the affairs of the city and community. Today, if one turns to the name of Mellon in Who's Who, he will find but three men listed out of the hundred million: Andrew W., Secretary of the Treasury; James R., his brother; and William L., his son, all three bankers of Pittsburgh.

When he was 17, Mr. Mellon said, he began spending his vacations at work in the bank. When he was 19, for example, he went down to Baltimore where he participated in the development of a subdivision of that city, supervising the distribution of hand bills advertising the weekly sales of lots. He remembers well that it was while working in Baltimore that he first came to the city of Washington, delved into its museums, watched its lawyers at work, viewed the externals of the government machine. On another vacation he went to Europe with another Pittsburgh boy of his own age, Henry Clay Frick, himself destined to become one of the great figures in the industrial development of the nation. These two boys traveled about the cities of Europe for five months surfeiting themselves with viewing the sights of the Old World.

Then came those decades spent in the inner offices of his own bank in Pittsburgh, a bank which grew constantly in strength and influence, a bank which was interested in any phase of development which came to the city of steel and which found itself lending aid to many industrial undertakings.

For four decades Andrew W. Mellon has been a directing official in this Pittsburgh bank, has extended his influence to one after another similar institutions, has been the quiet figure back of many an undertaking that has aided in the development of this industrial metropolis. His policy has always been constructive. As typical of the sort of undertaking to which he lent himself, there exists today the town of Donora just outside of Pittsburgh, a municipality built that it might take care of the activities of huge steel mills established by this one man. All enterprises of the Mellon bank and its allied institutions seem to have prospered and today this quiet, gray, unobtrusive gentleman is reputed to be the wealthiest individual in America next to Rockefeller.

So at the age of sixty-six, Andrew W. Mellon comes to Washington as Secretary of the Treasury. He makes no claim of having come exclusively because of a desire to render public service or because of a belief that he above other men could best meet a national emergency. He says that he was ready to retire, that men must quit some time and that the Treasury Department in Washington offered him a place to light, an excuse for breaking away from his lifelong activities. He says he will serve in Washington until his job is finished and then give himself over to the quiet he has earned.

What sort of man do you conceive is this master of finance? Do you picture him as the huge, iron-jawed man of indomitable will who bowls all obstacles over before him? If so, be prepared to revise your opinions and let me describe Mr. Mellon.

I saw him standing one day at the side door of a fashionable Washington hotel. A reception was being held and the weather had changed and was threatening rain. The porters were hurrying to put up the awnings across the sidewalk. Mr. Mellon was evidently expecting someone to arrive by that doorway, probably his young daughter who acts as his hostess in Washington. He stood there, a slender, frail, shy, gray little man, somewhat awkward and ill at ease. He is probably five feet five in height and weighs 115 pounds. His hair, which he retains, is white, while his moustache is gray and short cropped. His face is sharp and sallow and the parchment-like skin is stretched tight over its bony structure.

The porters running back and forth that day with the parts of the awning structure thrust him almost rudely first to one side and then to another. So unobtrusive was he that they never dreamed of his being the man who presided over the financial destinies of the nation.

Mr. Mellon appears to be a man of great paucity of words. He talks hesitatingly, expresses himself with difficulty. I heard one who had interviewed him say that were he as poor in dollars as he is in words he would be in the bread line. Yet this impression is not entirely correct and I can easily imagine that with his intimates when the restraint of a natural timidity is broken down he is a man of charming companionship. He talked to me, for instance, of the time when he was a youngster just coming to maturity when he used to read to his father whose eyesight was failing. It seems that the elder Mellon was a great student and fond of philosophy. So it was largely Herbert Spencer that Andrew Mellon read to his father and the same text was gone over many times. This, Mr. Mellon tells me, was the foundation of the philosophical reading which he has carried on through all the years of his life.

Such is the man to whom is entrusted the financial program of the United States in these days when the rehabilitation of the world depends largely upon the acts of this financially dominant nation.

Now look at this other Pennsylvanian, James J. Davis, over at the Labor Department. Mr. Davis was born the son of a puddler in the iron mills of Tredegar, Wales, forty-seven years ago. He was seven years old when his father came over to America, worked a year in the iron mills of Pennsylvania and sent money back for the transportation of his wife and six children to this land of promise.

The little Welsh mother, assaying her worldly possessions, decided that in addition to her children there were two family possessions with which she could not part. These were the two feather beds which to Welsh housewives are a prerequisite of family comfort. So when the little mother arrived in the storage at Castle Garden with her six children she had these two feather beds compressed and tied up in bundles against the establishment of the new home. Great was the confusion of landing and great was the happiness of that reunion. But it was marred by the fact that those two feather beds were that day lost and this loss has stuck in the mind of James J. Davis and now that he is Secretary of Labor and administers the Bureau of Immigration he has taken steps for a more careful handling of the packages of those who would make their dreams come true by coming to America.

Once established in the town of Sharon, the Davis family soon found itself an active and independent element in the life of the New World. There was the iron mill for the father and the public school for the six children and the workman's cottage in which the mother maintained the home. Great as was this institution of the public school, however, the Welsh iron workers could not get away from the theory that when an opportunity presented itself for earning good money nothing should stand in the way of grasping it. So when, at the age of twelve, Jimmy was offered a roustabout job in the iron mills, he accepted. Then and there began his apprenticeship. By the time he was sixteen Jimmy had acquired such a mastery of his tasks that he was admitted as a full-fledged member of the Iron Workers' Union, was entitled to draw a man's pay. Not many years had elapsed before the youngster felt the call of the great outside world and began to drift about, working in different steel producing cities, even as far away as Birmingham, Alabama. So at the age of twenty-one he found himself working in the tin plate mills of Ellwood, Indiana, and before long he bore the title of boss roller and received ten dollars a day.



(C) Harris & Ewing

ANDREW W. MELLON,
Secretary of Treasury

It was while working in the tin plate mills of Ellwood that James Davis got his first taste of public service. He became chairman of a committee the duty of which was to dispense sick benefits to workers in the mills who required them. He became enthusiastic over this task and so organized it that illness among the workers of Ellwood no longer brought tragedy to their families.

And this sick benefit work called attention to the young boss roller. Eventually it came to pass that the workers in this town demanded a degree of recognition in its political offices. James Davis became the workers' candidate for city clerk. Somewhat to his surprise he was elected. Thus he found himself holding his first public position, one which paid him forty dollars a month and to hold which he was forced to relinquish a job that paid him ten dollars a day. Not only this, but he found himself without the education that was necessary to perform the duties of city clerk.

So he left his job in the tin plate mills, pocketed his savings and went back to Sharon, Pennsylvania, and there, in a business college, in the four months that intervened between his election and his inauguration, he acquired the necessary knowledge of accounts to become city clerk.

He served four years as city clerk and four years as county recorder and delighted in his tasks for here the geniality of his disposition found its desired outlet. Then, just as his term as recorder was expiring, there came to him a proposal to become organizer for the Order of the Moose. The Moose is one of those fraternal organizations, the chief purpose of which is to provide sick and burial benefits for its members. It had been in existence for twenty years, yet in 1906 it had in all the world but 246 members. The measure of the success of this man Davis as an organizer is shown in the fact that the Moose now has seventeen hundred lodges and six hundred thousand members.

The culminating glory of the work of the Moose and of Mr. Davis is the institution known as Moosehart, located on a tract of land thirty miles west of Chicago on the Fox River and which is an outgrowth of the Welshman's early sick benefit work at Ellwood. It is to this institution that the orphan children of the members of the Moose are brought and it is here that they are cared for and educated with a care that approximates that of the well-regulated home. Moosehart is one of the admittedly best institutions for orphan children that exists in the world. It carefully avoids herding the children together on an impersonal basis. They live in cottages presided over by the mothers of some of them and their lives approach those in good homes. That each child should be given an education equal to that of the high school and that each should acquire a trade is the ambition of those who operate Mooseheart. Every member of the Moose in all the world contributes two dollars a year to maintain this institution, which amounts to the sum total of $1,200,000 a year and that sum is adequate to develop and maintain the home on a very ambitious scale.

It was to this iron worker who became an organizer and who evidenced the possession of very human qualities that the post of Labor Secretary in Mr. Harding's Cabinet came. A stocky Welshman is this man Davis, sturdy of physique and handsome of feature. He has a big and masterful head like his fellow Welshman, Lloyd George, adorned by a mass of dark brown wavy hair. His eyes are big and brown, his nose is aquiline and his features as handsome as those of any star of the screen.

He is genial, hearty, enthusiastic, given to the theory of gathering around the table and discussing as man to man those issues which ordinarily breed strife. He is the peace maker between labor and capital for the United States Government and strong in the conviction that he can prevent destructive strife during this vital period of reconstruction.



(C) Harris & Ewing

JAMES J. DAVIS, Secretary of Labor

Jewish Power and America's Money Famine

The Warburg Federal Reserve Sucks Money to New York, Leaving Productive Sections of the Country in Disastrous Need

THE international Jewish banker who has no country but plays them all against one another, and the international Jewish proletariat that roams from land to land in search of a peculiar type of economic opportunity, are not figments of the imagination except to the non-Jew who prefers a lazy laxity of mind.

Of these classes of Jews, one or both are at the heart of the problems that disturb the world today. The immigration problem is Jewish. The money question is Jewish. The tie-up of world politics is Jewish. The terms of the Peace Treaty are Jewish. The diplomacy of the world is Jewish. The moral question in movies and theaters is Jewish. The mystery of the illicit liquor business is Jewish.

These facts are unfortunate as well as unpleasant for the Jew, and it is squarely up to him to deal with the facts, and not waste time in trying to destroy those who define the facts. These facts are interpreted by the Jew and the anti-Semite with strange extremes of blindness. The Jew never gets the world's point of view at all; he always gets the anti-Semite's point of view; and the anti-Semite is equally at fault in always getting the Jew's point of view. What both need is to get society's point of view, which is the one being set forth in this present series of articles.

Jews Must Try to Find Solution

TO SAY that the immigration problem is Jewish does not mean that Jews must be prohibited entry to any country; it means that they must become rooted to a country in loyal citizenship, as no doubt some are, and as no doubt most are not. To say that the money question is Jewish does not mean that Jews must get out of finance; it means that they must rid finance of the Jewish idea which has always been to use money to get a strangle-hold on men and business concerns, instead of using finance to help general business. To say that the tie-up of world politics is Jewish does not mean that Jews, as human beings, are to be denied a voice in affairs; it means that they must give up trying to make the world revolve around the Jewish nation as its axis. To describe the influence of the Jew on the theater is not to demand that he leave the theater, but it is to demand that he rid the theater of his idea that sensualism is entertaining.

The Jewish Question is first for the Jews to solve; if not, the world will have to solve it for them. They may stay in business, say the theater, for example, if they will cease spoiling the theater; if they do not cease, the theater will be taken away from them just as certainly as that day follows night. The world has been patient and the world will be fair, but the world knows the limit of imposition.

It is not the true Jewishness of the Jew, nor yet the nationalism of the Jew that is on trial, but his anti-national internationalism. A true Mosaic Jew—not a Talmud Jew—would be a good citizen. A nationalist Jew would at least be logical. But an international Jew has proved an abomination, because his internationalism is focused on his own racial nationalism which in turn is founded on his ingrained belief that the rest of humanity is inferior to him and by right his prey. Jewish leaders may indulge in all the platitudes they possess, the fact which they cannot deny is that the Jew has for centuries regarded the "goyim" as beneath him and legitimately his spoil.

International Jewish Banker Confesses

THE internationalism of the Jew is confessed everywhere by him. Listen to a German banker: imagine the slow, oily voice in which he said:

"We are international bankers. Germany lost the war?—what of it?—that is an affair of the army. We are international bankers."

And that was the attitude of every international Jewish banker during the war. The nations were in strife? What of it? It was like a Dempsey-Carpentier bout in New Jersey, or a base ball game in Chicago—an affair of the fighters—"we are international bankers."

A nation is being hamstrung by artificial exchange rates; another by the sucking of money out of its channels of trade; what of it to the international banker?—he has his own game to play. Hard times bring more plums tumbling off the tree into the baskets of the international bankers than does any other kind of times. Wars and panics are the Jewish international bankers' harvests.

Citizens wake up with a start to find that even the white nations are hardly allowed to see each other nowadays except through Jewish eyes. When the United States supposedly speaks to France, through whom does she speak? All that France sees is Otto H. Kahn! Why must a Jew represent the United States of America to France? When France supposedly speaks to the United States, through whom is it done? Through Viviani, Jewish in every thought and method. Now they are talking of sending Millerand over, another Jew. Britain sends Lord Reading. Germany sent Dr. Dernberg. And to other countries the United States sent Morgenthau, Strauss, Warburg, and lesser Jewlings.

It comes with something of a shock to learn that Foch is coming to the United States. We have not seen a Frenchman since Joffre visited us. It is good to see men of the white race come across the sea as if to reassure us that white men still live in those countries. The business of the Peace Conference was done by Jews—has it come to a point where international diplomacy is to become a Jewish monopoly also? Must the special conversations between France, Britain and the United States be held through Jewish interpreters, while Anglo-Saxons and true Frenchmen do the routine embassy work—or shall it be possible for the non-Jewish nations to see one another occasionally through non-Jewish representatives?

Internationalism is not a Jewish conviction but a Jewish business device. It is most profitable. In diplomacy and at the immigrant station, internationalism pays. Jews interpret nation to nation in the high rites of special conversations between governments; Jewish interpreters swarm at the ports of every country also, where the poor swarm in. It was stated in the House of Lords the other day that most of the trouble in Palestine was caused by Jewish interpreters. It was charged that the Jewish administration added an extra language to the official list in order to make Jewish interpreters indispensable.

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"A Jew Let You Into This Country"

GO THROUGH the government of the United States, where the income tax secrets are kept, where the Federal Reserve secrets are kept, where the State Department secrets are kept—and you will find Jews sitting at the very spot where International Jewry desires them to sit, and where nothing is kept from their knowledge.

Go abroad and come back to your country, and a Jew will open the gate to let you in, or close it to keep you out—as he chooses.

"Will you be going to Detroit while you are here?" asked a Jewish government agent of a gentleman entering the country on a visit a few weeks ago.

"I may go to Detroit," was the reply.

"Well, you go to the damned DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and tell them a Jew let you into this country," said the government agent.

What the visitor replied is known, but had better not be quoted. The American Jewish Committee might shriek that the people were being incited to pogroms.

The incident, however, is but a sample of what is occurring every day. The truth about the Jewish Question in the United States is perhaps the one form of truth that cannot be indiscriminately told.

The international Jewish bankers regard themselves as in similar fashion "letting" the nations do this or that, regarding the nations not as fatherlands but as customers—and as customers in the Jewish sense. If an army wins or loses, if a government succeeds or fails, what of it?—that is their affair—"we are international bankers," and we win, whoever loses.

For international Jewish bankers the war is not over. The period of actual hostilities and the emergencies of the nations were but the opening of the trade. The ready cash was skimmed in then—all the cash the world had. True, some of it had to be distributed among the people as war wages and bonuses, in order to keep the struggle going, but this was soon recovered through the means of high prices, artificial scarcities and the orgy of extravagance deliberately organized and stimulated among the people. That phase over, and money disappeared.

Is there any more tragic joke than that diligently disseminated in this country—"The United States has more gold than any other country in the world." Where is it? How long since you have seen a piece of gold? Where is all this gold—is it locked up in the Treasury of the United States Government? Why, that government is in debt, desperately trying to economize, cannot pay a soldier bonus because the finances of the country cannot stand it! Where is that gold? It may be *in* the United States, but it does not belong *to* the United States.

The American farmer, and those American industries which were not "wise" to the tricks of international Jewish bankers, and who were nipped by small loans, are wondering where all this money is. Furthermore, Europe, suffering from every possible lack, is looking to us and wondering where the money is.

Jewish Political and Financial Headquarters

THIS dispatch in a London paper may throw light on the matter: (italics are ours)

> "It is learned today that new gold shipments aggregating $2,800,000 are consigned to Kuhn, Loeb & Company, New York, making nearly $129,000,000 imported by that firm since the movement started. In responsible banking circles the belief is expressed that some of the *German* coin recently imported by the firm *is from Russia, instead of Germany*, as generally supposed."

This dispatch, coupled with one printed in a former article which showed Warburg & Company of Germany arranging with Kuhn, Loeb & Company of New York for a $5,000,000 loan to Norway, is not devoid of light on the question—*Where is the money?*

The Jewish international banking system may be easily described. First, there is the international Jewish headquarters. This was in Germany. It had ramifications in Russia, Italy, France, Great Britain and the South American states. (South American Jewry is very menacing.) Germany and Russia were the two countries scheduled for punishment by the International Jewish bankers because these two countries were most aware of the Jew. They have been punished; that job is done.

Jewish political headquarters, as related to the internal affairs of the Jews, was also located in Germany, but the headquarters dealing with the "goyim" was in France. Statements have been made that the political center of Jewry has been transplanted to the United States. But these statements have been made by American Jews whose wish may have been father to the thought. During the Wilson Administration it was possible for a Jew to think and to hope this, but affairs have slightly changed. The ousting of American Jews from the Zionist movement at the behest of Eastern Jews indicates that if the political center of world Jewry has shifted to the United States, the *power* is still in the hands of *aliens* resident here. The center is still in Jewry; the United States is merely a square on Jewry's world checker-board.

Fine for War: Helpless in Peace

BUT, wherever the financial and political world centers may be, each country is separately handled. In every country—the United States, Mexico and the republics of South America; in France, England, Italy, Germany, Austria—yes, and in Japan—there is an international Jewish banking firm which stands at the head of the group for that country. Thus, the chief Jewish firm in the United States is Kuhn, Loeb & Company, of which one of the members is Paul M. Warburg, brother of M. Warburg & Company, of Hamburg; and another member of which is Otto H. Kahn, resident successively of Germany, Great Britain and the United States, and self-appointed financial spokesman for the United States to France and Great Britain. Great Britain and France seldom see a special American spokesman who is not a Jew. That may be the reason why they reciprocate by sending Jews to us, thinking perhaps that we prefer them.

Paul M. Warburg was the inventor, perfector and director of the Federal Reserve System of the United States. He is not the only Jew in the Federal Reserve System, but he was the chief Jew there. His mind counted for a great deal. There were others in the war government, of course; Bernard M. Baruch; Eugene Meyer, Jr.; Hoover's regiment of Jews; Felix Frankfurter; Julius Rosenwald—hundreds of them, and everywhere; but the financial group alone is receiving

our attention just now, and they are not so notably successful in getting the country out of financial difficulty as they were in other lines of effort.

The Federal Reserve System may not be a bad system, in spite of the fact that it yields government monetary functions to private financial corporations, but there are all sorts of testimony that it has been badly manipulated. Mr. Warburg, the reader will remember, spoke about certain things being "overcome in an administrative way," showing that there was a certain amount of "play" or loose motion in the system which could be manipulated either way. The fact remains that the country went swimmingly through the war by reason of the assistance of the System, and is coming very lamely through the Peace, as the result, monetary experts say, of the hindrance of the same System. Mr. Warburg whose name was so prominently connected with the advertisement of the glory of the System, must also stand being mentioned in connection with the criticism.

The Masters of Cash Never "Caught"

WHATEVER money we are said to have as the per capita in the United States, it is a false statement. The money *per capita* should always be figured on the basis of the money *in circulation.* The statistical "per capita" is not always in circulation. Less than half of it, as a rule. The rest is being juggled.

Whatever the *gold* in the country, the *wealth* is still greater. There is more wealth in the United States than there is gold in the world. One year's products of the farms of the United States exceeds in money value all the gold in the world.

Yet, under our present system, the burgeoning bulk of the country's *wealth* must *pass through the narrow neck of Money.* And the *Money* must pass through the *still narrower neck of Gold.* And the controller of the Gold, under our present system, controls the world. There is more wealth than there is money; there is more money than there is gold; money exists at the pleasure of gold; wealth moves at the pleasure of money. Whoever sits at the neck of money, opening or closing as he will, controls the movement of the world's wealth. And the world's prosperity depends on the movement of that wealth. When wealth stands still and does not pass from hand to hand, the world's circulation has stopped; the world becomes economically sick.

The scarcity of cash in hand has led to Credit. Credit is a form of barter. It is a form of dealing by which many transactions are carried on, only the final one being cleared in money. It is a device which has its dangers, in spite of the efforts of apologists to exploit its advantages. But one thing the system of Credit indubitably does—it allows the money masters to hang on to the *Cash.* When the world is caught, *it is caught with paper,* not with Cash. The Cash is always in the hands of those who extol the advantage of the Credit System. Who holds money holds power, and will hold it, until real barter or *real money* comes in fashion again.

In 1919-1920, according to one of the best monetary authorities in the United States, the total shrinkage in values of the products of our fields, mines, factories, mills and forests represented a sum greater than the total gold supply of the world. It runs as high as the total amount of Liberty Bonds outstanding.

Federal Reserve vs. National Condition

PEOPLE say, "Well, the prices were too high." Certainly they were too high, but who and what made them too high? It was the generosity with which money was supplied by the private Federal Reserve System. There was plenty of money. People say, "Well, the shrinkage is only in paper values; the real value of the product is still there." Certainly, but when you live under a system in which "real" value and "money" value are so intimately intertwined that it affects your bread and butter, the tenure of your farm, and the steadiness of your job, it is pretty hard to separate the two. Moreover, when your prosperity was due to the readiness of a group of men to let out money, and your adversity is due to the unwillingness of the same group, and your own welfare and your country's welfare is thus see-sawed up and down without any reference to natural law but solely upon determinations taken in committee rooms, you naturally inquire, "Who is doing this? Where is all the money gone? Who is holding it? Here is the wealth of the country; here is the need of the country; where is the money to transfer the wealth to the need? Every condition remains as it was, except money."

We have a Federal Reserve System which still is benefiting by the assistance of its perfector and director, Paul M. Warburg. And what is the condition in the United States?

Some of the biggest industrial institutions in the country now in the hands of creditors' committees.

Farmers being sold out by the hundreds, their horses bringing about $3 each.

Cotton and wool enough to clothe the nation, spoiling in the hands of the men who raised it and cannot dispose of it.

Every line of business, railroading, newspaper publishing, store-keeping, manufacturing, agriculture, building, in depression. Why? For lack of money.

Where is the money? This is the country that is supposed to be the financial center of the world—*where is the money?*

It is in New York. The Federal Reserve System, which Mr. Warburg desired to head up in one central bank, has just about turned out that way. *The money is in New York.* Here is the charge made to the governor of the Federal Reserve Board by a responsible public official who knows:

While there is a scarcity of money for the producing sections of the West and Northwest, the South and Southwest, "we find that individual banks in New York City are borrowing from the Reserve System, in a number of cases, more than $100,000,000 each; and sometimes as much as $145,000,000 is loaned there to a single bank—*twice as much* as some of the Reserve Banks have been lending recently to *all* the member banks in their districts."

One bank in New York borrowed $134,000,000, *or $20,000,000 more* than the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City was advancing to 1,091 member banks in that Reserve District which covers the states of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, and parts of Missouri, Oklahoma and New Mexico.

"Jew York" Always Gets Money

AT THE same time, another New York bank was borrowing from the Federal Reserve Bank about $40,000,000, which was *more than the aggregate loans which the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis was lending to its 1,000 member banks* in the great states of Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana and part of Wisconsin.

Another New York bank borrowed from the Federal Reserve Bank a sum which was *greater by $30,000,000 than the Federal Reserve Bank at Dallas was lending to all the banks in Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma.*

Still another New York bank got a loan which *equaled the total loans allowed by the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis to the 569 member banks* of that very important district, which includes the whole state of Arkansas, parts of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi, and the larger part of Missouri.

Take the Fifth Federal Reserve District, served by the Federal Reserve Bank at Richmond, Virginia: one New York bank was able to borrow from the New York Reserve Bank *more* than the Richmond Reserve Bank would lend to all its member banks in Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina and the larger part of West Virginia.

That is the situation. The twelve regional banks, which were supposed to make money serve all parts of the country equally, have apparently been "overcome in an administrative way" to such an extent that the New York Federal Reserve Bank is to all intents and purposes the Central Bank of the United States, and serves the speculative part of the country with millions, while the productive part of the country is permitted to wilt with paltry thousands.

When it can occur that four New York banks can borrow from the New York Federal Reserve Bank as much money as the banks of 21 states were able to borrow from the five Federal Reserve Banks of St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Dallas and Richmond —there would seem to be need of explanation somewhere.

A Suction Pipe From West to East

WHERE did this money loaned in New York come from? It came from those parts of the country where money was scarcest. In May, 1920, the word went out over telephones—"The tie-up will come on the 15th." And it came. Credit was stopped. Payment was pressed. A stream of money, literally squeezed out of the producing sections of the country, began to roll toward New York. Otherwise those giant loans just recorded would have been impossible. It was pressure, Federal Reserve pressure, politely known as deflation, and that is the way it worked. The banks of the West were squeezed dry that the banks of New York might overflow.

"The money was withdrawn from legitimate business in various parts of the country to be loaned at fancy rates in Wall Street," says the official referred to above.

The speculative banks, it has been discovered, were able to borrow money at six per cent, which money they loaned at as high as 20, 25 and 30 per cent.

Federal Reserve deflation created a scarcity which speculative banks utilized. The Federal Reserve policy took the money out; New York banks borrowed the money thus taken out, and loaned it at tremendous rates—rates which people paid to stave off the ruin caused by the moneyless condition which the ill-measured deflation process brought on.

And all this time the Federal Reserve System was in the best financial condition of its whole career. In December, 1920, it had 45 per cent of its reserves, which was a higher reserve than it had in December, 1919. But at this writing (July, 1921) the reserve has reached 60 per cent.

The money is in New York. Go out through the agricultural states, and you will not find it. Go into the districts of silent factories and you will not find it. It is in New York. The Warburg Federal Reserve has deflated the country. A System that was intended to equalize the ups and downs of financial weather has been used "in an administrative" way to deplete the country of money.

Federal Reserve's Own Reserve High. Why?

THE Federal Reserve Idea was doubtless right; if it had not been, it could not have been established. But it has been manipulated. It has not been a "federal" reserve; it has been a private reserve. It has been operated in the interest of bankers and not of everyone in general. Capable of being used to carry the country gradually back to a natural flow of business and to a natural level of prices, it was used to bludgeon business at a critical time and to bludgeon it in such a way that money-lenders profited when producers suffered.

If that is the fact, there is no American banker but will say that the method was wrong; economically wrong, logically wrong, commercially wrong, if not criminally wrong.

Today the Federal Reserve boasts of its own reserve as if that were a sign of national economic health. With the country struggling to live, the Federal Reserve ought to be low, not high. The height which the reserve has reached is a measure of the depth of the country's depression.

If the Federal Reserve would let out a part of that flood of money—a high financial authority suggests that less than 10 per cent would do it—it would be like an infusion of blood into the nation's veins.

Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the Speyers and the other Jewish money-lenders have money for Mexico, Norway, Germany, and all sorts of commercial companies being organized to do business overseas, and it is American money. The Warburg Federal Reserve System has been badly misused, badly manipulated, and the country is suffering from it.

Still, the people know not what to do. Money is still a mystery. Banking is still sacrosanct. What would be perfectly apparent if done in ordinary business intercourse with a $5 bill, is exceedingly complicated when the sum is five millions and the parties are (1) country banks, (2) Federal Reserve banks and (3) Wall Street speculative institutions. Yet they are only Tom, Dick and Harry with a $5 bill, after all.

Borrowers Cannot Be Critics

THE matter is somewhat affected by the gags that are placed on many men competent to criticise. High officials are more or less tied up, by campaign contributions in which all financial concerns have an interest. Legislative officials are, too many of them, indebted to these same interests. A schedule of the private debts of some of the men who have aspired to the Presidency in the last eight years would be very illuminating—almost as illuminating as a schedule of the names of Jews at whose homes they stayed while on journeys through the country. Men who are thus tied up with the present financial system cannot say what in their minds they know.

It is all illustrated in the testimony of T. Cushing Daniel before a committee of Congress. It shows to what an extent the power of this private corporation called the central bank can reach:

> "When going through the Bank of England I presented a letter which I had from Secretary Hay, and the official of the bank was very polite. He took me through the bank and when we got back to the reception room I asked him if he would allow me to put a few leading questions to him. He said he would, and I asked him if he would give me a statement of the Bank of England. 'We do not issue statements.' 'Does not the House of Parliament sometimes call on you for some statement as to the condition of the bank?' 'No, sir; they do not call on us.' . . . . 'How is it that some of these revolutionists, so-called, do not get up in the House of Commons and raise the devil to know something about what is going on down here? That would be the condition in our country.' *'Oh, most of them are large borrowers from the bank, and we have no difficulty with them.'* (laughter.)"

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents each in stamps to cover printing and mailing cost.

He's the Walter Reed of the Plant World

Dr. Elmer Darwin Ball Devotes Life to Discovering Crop Pests

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

HERE is a man who has established a scientific fact which, in its bearing on crops that grow in the field, is almost identically parallel with the discoveries of Dr. Walter Reed who, in the days of the Spanish-American War, found that yellow fever was carried by a certain sort of mosquito and that it could be fought by destroying that mosquito.

Dr. Elmer Darwin Ball, who is an entomologist, a student of insects, and who is, at the same time, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, is the discoverer of this fact of the transmission of plant diseases by the bite of an insect which inhabits them.

But the story of the man's discovery is so intertwined with the story of his career that it seems almost necessary that we go back to the beginning and follow the course of the development of a man of science through to the day of accomplishment.

There is no more alluring search than that for the origin of the impulses that have driven men on to accomplishment. Dr. Ball, for instance, is a pure scientist and entomologist. His instincts from early boyhood have been scientific. He has a brother, Dr. Carleton Roy Ball, who is chief of the cereal plant studies of the Department of Agriculture. He, likewise, is a true scientist.

These two youngsters grew up on an Iowa farm as members of a family of seven children, none of the others of whom had any scientific tendencies. They were the descendants of John Ball, of Concord, New Hampshire, eleven generations back, and from that early American down to the present date the Ball family had produced no scientists. It is interesting to note, however, that on the maternal side of this family, two generations back, was a Grandma Grimes, who was a woman with a natural bent for science which expressed itself in her knowledge of botany and zoology. And Grandma Grimes came in the day of her age to live with the Ball family and the minds of two of the Ball children responded to her hobby and turned to science.

Idea Took Early Root

WHEN Elmer Ball was 13 years old there came into his hands a bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture which was entitled "Entomology for Farmers' Sons." Those were the days of the grasshopper plagues in the Middle West and the government was attempting to give farmer boys what information it could that would help them combat the plague which devoured their crops. Elmer Ball read this bulletin over and over again, absorbed the information that it imparted, but reacted to it in a way that was different from that expected by its creators. He determined that he would become an entomologist.

In those days, forty years ago, there were few men in the United States who had made very serious study of the insects of the country. Young Ball attempted to get a list of those men who had made reputations as entomologists. He was able to find but four men known for insect study. To each of these four he wrote a letter telling of his ambition to devote his life to the study of insects, and asking each if there was an opportunity in the practical world for an entomologist, if he would be able to earn a living at that calling.

Of these four scientific men, three answered him in the negative, advising against his pursuing this line. One of the group had the foresight to see that the future offered for students of this sort a great opportunity for usefulness. Dr. Herbert Osborn, of the College of Agriculture of Iowa, encouraged the youngster to devote himself to this little-followed science. So the boy on the farm saved his money and studied hard under the guidance of his own father. When he was 18 he went to this mid-Iowa school and studied under the man who had encouraged him to be a Gulliver and explore the lands of the real Lilliputians.

$1,000 a Year for Catching Bugs

TWO years after he had graduated he returned to the home of his father and there in Northwestern Iowa during the summer vacation, he gathered specimens of those insects which were of importance because of the damage they from time to time inflicted upon growing crops. This was some years after that series of grasshopper plagues that swept the West and that devoured the crops of the farmers for three successive seasons and inflicted upon them as great a hardship as the men who farm in America have ever had to face. Of all the members of the grasshopper family, those which were most deadly to these crops were known as the Rocky Mountain locust. Strangely, after the years of plague, this locust had disappeared and it was with difficulty that even isolated specimens of it were to be found. So one day Elmer Ball, the young entomologist, became greatly excited when he ran upon a cluster of Rocky Mountain locusts. He was working busily in the grass, catching these locusts, when an old acquaintance of his father, a man of mature age, came past. This old man stopped by the roadside and upbraided Elmer. He tried to shame him for devoting his time to so childish a thing as catching grasshoppers. The young scientist tried to explain his object in doing so but made little impression. Finally he said:

"I would have you know, sir, that I am employed by the state of Colorado which pays me a thousand dollars a year for studying insects."

This quite impressed the neighbor, for in those days a thousand dollars a year was an imposing sum of money. No other young man in the whole community had ever earned so much. The neighbor, however, was still unconvinced and his answering argument took the form of a query.

"But what does the other fellow get?" he wanted to know.

And so it becomes a matter of considerable interest to follow along the life line of this young scientist and find out what the other fellow, his employers, in this case the public (for he has always worked for the public) gets out of the fact that this man has made a study of insects.

Growing up as he did in Iowa in the days of the grasshopper plagues, Dr. Ball's first studies were of this insect. Its life history had been quite well established, however, by the time he came to maturity and he sought other fields more virgin. He found right there in Iowa that there was an entirely new world of which few people dreamed that awaited the foot of the explorer. There was a race, or in fact many races, of small creatures akin to the grasshopper but so tiny that they were scarcely noticed. These little creatures were leaf-hoppers and made their homes on and fed upon



(C) Harris & Ewing

DR. ELMER DARWIN BALL,
Who proved that plant diseases are carried by insects.

the leaves of the crops which grew in the fields. Dr. Ball did go into the domain of these leaf-hoppers and learned their life story and the secrets of the purposes that they served, the damages that they did. He found among these leaf-hoppers many creatures not known to science, has given to many of them, which until his time were unnamed, labels which they will carry forever. He has in his office in Washington many other varieties of leaf-hoppers which are as yet unnamed and which year by year he is carefully studying and classifying. There are little trays of them carefully arranged in his drawers to which he devotes much time and attention.

While Dr. Elmer Darwin Ball was thus developing his leaf-hopper specialty, he was also studying other crop pests of Colorado. The first success as entomologist which produced satisfactory financial returns to his employers was made through his development of a scheme for exterminating the coddling moth which is parent to the worm which spoils so many millions of apples every year. This apple worm, in fact, was ruining the crops of that fruit throughout the Rocky Mountain states to such an extent that farmers were chopping down their well-developed orchards and planting the land in other crops.

Saved Apple Crops for States

THIS one accomplishment of the entomologist saved the apple industry to Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, and those other states of the Rocky Mountain belt which was so rapidly growing into a great apple-producing section of the United States. The value of this accomplishment amounts to many millions of dollars annually and makes available unestimated quantities of wholesome food which otherwise would not have existed. It was because of his success in fighting this coddling moth that Dr. Ball became the director of the state college of agriculture for Utah, a position which he held for a number of years.

It was while he occupied this position in Utah that a disease known as curly top attacked the sugar beet plants of the West and threatened their extermination. A great industry had here been developed for 20 years. Extensive areas were under cultivation. A field might have a crop which seemed to be growing and developing toward ideal results. Then, suddenly, curly top would appear, the leaves of the plants would begin to crinkle up. In a little while they would die and the crop would be entirely lost. Dr. Ball went to examine the Spreckles sugar farms in California. They were just being attacked by curly top. He recommended the destruction of growing crops to the value of a million dollars.

The cause of curly top was a mystery which defied the scientists for a decade. It was a disease of the plants, but whence it came and how it was transmitted was the puzzle that they could not solve.

Dr. Ball examined carefully his old friends, the leaf-hoppers, that abounded in all these fields. To be sure, there were great numbers of the leaf-hoppers in beet fields that were unaffected. Likewise, there were leaf-hoppers in the fields that were affected. There seemed to be more in the affected fields than in the unaffected fields. Yet, possibly this leaf-hopper had something to do with the disease. He would take two unaffected plants from the same field and enclose each of them. One of them he would expose to leaf-hoppers from an affected field. The other he would effectively protect from those leaf-hoppers. Thus he would be able to determine whether or not the leaf-hopper had to do with the disease.

New Plant Diseases Discovered

THE plant which was exposed to the leaf-hopper from the affected area caught the disease and died. The unexposed plant thrived. Thus was primary evidence acquired which finally led to the making of a brand new discovery which has led to an understanding of the diseases of plants which did not exist in the world before. It has been found that the leaf-hopper transmits curly top, just as the yellow fever mosquito transmits that disease. The leaf-hopper inserts its beak into the leaves of a diseased plant just as the mosquito inserts its beak into the body of a diseased individual. It acquires the fundamental element of the disease, probably a germ. When the required amount of time has passed for that germ to incubate within the leaf-hopper, it becomes a disease carrier. Every plant into which it inserts its beak thereafter becomes affected and that plant affects every other leaf-hopper which feeds upon it. Thus the disease spreads so rapidly that a single affected plant in a field will very quickly destroy the whole field.

In making this discovery, Dr. Ball gave to the beet farmers the fundamental facts upon which to base any campaign against curly top. The enemy was the leaf-hopper. It was to be combated. If it could not be exterminated, its life habits were to be studied and the beets were to be brought into production at a season of the year when that leaf-hopper was not present. Advantage could be taken of the cycle of the insect's life in such a way that it was not present at the time when the beet fields were susceptible to attacks of curly top. Thus was much progress made toward the saving of another vital crop of the West.

Ten years later there occurred another disease which spread through the potato fields of a great part of the United States. Those potato fields suffered from what the farmers called tip-burn. Beginning at the top of the plants, the leaves gave the appearance of having suffered from drought or too much heat from the sunshine. At first the disease was confused with potato blight which had been known for a long time, which was understood and for which there was an established cure.

Diagnosing a Potato's Ailment

THIS tip-burn which threatened the potato crop of the nation, however, turned out to be an entirely different thing. Dr. Ball was entomologist for the state of Wisconsin at the time this disease appeared, and he early decided that it was quite different from the blight and kindred diseases of potato plants. He examined into it in the light of his discovery of the cause of curly top in sugar beets and made the same tests to determine whether or not this might be a disease transmitted through the leaf-hopper in the course of its feeding upon the plants. He put on the same tests of exposing unaffected plants to insects from affected fields, and again caught the reaction of the contagion carried to those plants by the infected insects.

The fact of the transmission of diseases of plants by this method, by the means through which yellow fever is transmitted by the mosquito, was established in a second case and the secret of the disease which was ravaging another great crop was established.

Just recently the fact has been established that spinach blight is likewise transmitted by the leaf-hopper and is a disease similar to tip-burn and curly top. Thus has the entomologist established and demonstrated new facts with relation to the diseases that attack the food supply of the nation. Thus has one man, who was so foolish as to go about catching grasshoppers, already produced results that mean many millions of dollars in food products to the people of the United States every year, and thus has he opened up avenues of knowledge which in the future are sure to yield other uncounted millions.

Service to Fellows Displaces Hidebound Doctrine

By FRANK M. CHASE

HAD the Rev. Dr. James Wise been a man of less vision he might have solved the question of a dwelling place, when he came to Topeka five years ago to become bishop of the Kansas diocese, more simply. But with characteristic first thought for his church, he arranged for an increase in the personnel of the diocesan staff, though by doing so he eliminated himself from occupying the quarters of his predecessor. The same vision that saw enlarged opportunities for the church, however, solved the problem of the bishop's home.

While the matter of his residence was still giving the trustees concern, Bishop Wise took a stroll about the Episcopal grounds. These consist of a beautiful twenty-acre campus, on which stands the College of the Sisters of Bethany, a girls' school established more than fifty years ago. In addition are a large cathedral and several buildings affiliated with the parish and diocesan headquarters. One of these was a stone barn erected when the college was founded. Architecture is a hobby with Bishop Wise, and his appreciation of the values in the massive old stable, with his natural capacity to visualize, enabled him to see big possibilities in it.

"What a fine home that old barn would make!" he suggested. The idea of a bishop living in a barn did not appeal very strongly to some of the sedate church officers at first, but on finding him sincere in his plan and thankful at being able to solve the housing problem so easily, they gave him carte blanche to remodel the building as he chose. So well was the old structure adapted to the bishop's purpose that it was necessary to make but three additional openings, which, in view of the fact that they had to be cut through sixteen inches of stone, was fortunate. The addition of a porch and three dormer windows were the only other major changes, no redivision of the rooms being required. And so the interior finished and furnished, the former barn was transformed into a home of surpassing refinement and comfort, though even yet a reminiscent caller occasionally reminds Bishop and Mrs. Wise that the preceding bishop's cow stood in their dining room or that his driving horses occupied the living room.



The Rt. Rev. JAMES WISE, Bishop of Kansas

A man who can see a beautiful home in a prosaic barn might easily be expected to take a big view toward the other interests of his life. And in this Bishop Wise offers no disappointment. Indeed it is his big vision of the service of the church that commends him to our present attention. A man of extremely democratic ideals, a leader in civic as well as in church affairs, and possessed of great dynamic force, there is little room in his creed for a church made up only of hidebound doctrine. A church that serves humanity is his conception of its place. He believes also that the church must make room for all the people, for the young as well as the old.

Throughout his ministry the young people have been of special interest to him. In his first rectorship, that of St. Martin's at Omaha, he devoted much time to working with boys, taking groups of them on numerous camping trips. As everyone who knows boys at all is aware, camping has a very strong appeal to them during a large part of the teen age. Bishop Wise's idea simply was to turn this normal and healthful instinct to the account of the church by making a place for it in the religious life of the community and so win the boys' interest in the church itself.

At St. Louis, where he went from Omaha in 1909, to become rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, he continued to work largely with the young people. This was an institutional church, situated in one of the city's poorest districts, and through the children was one of his most effective ways of accomplishing the church's work. Despite the poverty with which the church was surrounded, and the ignorance of the foreigners who formed a large percentage of the population of the district, he built up a large Sunday school and made a record in social service work that undoubtedly had much to do with his selection as bishop of Kansas.

On entering this new field of service, Bishop Wise lost none of his interest in the boys and girls. Rather his vision for them increased as his own opportunity widened. For instead of working with the boys of but one parish he was now in position to promote greater attention to the young people in all the Episcopal churches of the diocese. Consequently, as he traveled among the parishes he urged that the future men and women be kept in mind in planning the church activities. "We have merely suffered the young people in the church too long," he said. "They should have a definite part and place in it." As a result many of the churches began to take more notice of the boys and girls, and more projects were planned for them primarily and not incidentally. Particularly did the number of Boy Scout troops under church leadership increase, and the camping trips such as he used to supervise at Omaha became noticeably frequent.

Then the bishop conceived the idea of a state encampment for the boys. For sixty years adult representatives of the parishes had been coming together in annual conventions and training schools for Christian leadership, where they saw the church as a whole in action and received inspiring views of its work from national leaders. Would not the boys similarly profit from an enlarged view of the work and purposes of the church which they attended? Too often they knew it only as a building where they went, perhaps unwillingly, to a more or less uninteresting Sunday school.

With these thoughts uppermost, but treading new ground a little cautiously, Bishop Wise had about 150 boys from the near-by parishes come to Topeka in the spring of 1920 for a three-day convention. The boys spent the nights in tents on the campus, there were athletic stunts, including a competition among several parish teams for a cup offered by the bishop, and two or three addresses by men who were to speak before the adult convention immediately following.

Though a small beginning, the encampment was a success, and the boys returned to their parishes so enthusiastic over the plan that Bishop Wise repeatedly heard favorable comment on it. Before the next year passed, therefore, he decided to repeat the boys' convention, but to lay the plans earlier so as to work out a more effective program and arrange for handling more boys. Accordingly 428 boys, representing more than thirty parishes of the diocese, were on hand for the second encampment at Topeka in May.

The boys came in a camping spirit and prepared for "roughing it." Some of them came 200 miles overland in motor trucks. They came as delegates of their Boy Scout troops or simply as representatives of their parishes. The bulk of them wore their Boy Scout uniforms, or other costumes suitable for camp life. A group of about forty army tents on the Bethany campus constituted their quarters. For nearly all the boys this was their first experience in tent life, and they had a touch of military regimen along with it. They stood reveille at seven each morning, for instance, had mess instead of meals, and went to bed at taps. The boys ranged from nine to twenty-two years old, the average being the high school boy.



Home of Bishop Wise, at Topeka, formerly a barn.

The first day of the encampment, which was Friday, was largely taken up with the registration of the boys and their assignments of tents. In the evening, however, they went on a motor car ride, visiting the boys' industrial school near the city. Some of the boys from this school had erected the tents for the convention, and were assisting otherwise in entertaining the young campers.

Saturday, the "big day" of the convention, was crammed with interest and activities for the boys from the time they stood reveille until taps were sounded. Following the morning mess a short time was spent in roll call and organizing the convention. Then they listened to an address by George K. Gibson, of Chicago, a business man who left them some very practical things to think about with respect to their attitude toward women.

The selection of a business man as one of the principal speakers illustrated an important aim in the conduct of this gathering. The object was to keep the lay viewpoint foremost, to lead the young folks to an appreciation of spiritual values through something that they already understood, rather than to try to impress them with an avalanche of abstract religious doctrine, no matter how sublime it might be. It was desired, too, to present Christ to them as a man's man, whose spirit could be with them in their games as well as in their religious devotions. Accordingly a big place in the program for athletics was provided, while speechmaking was held down to the minimum. Besides the bishop, who made a short talk to prepare the boys for communion, there was but one other speaker. This was the Rev. Dr. W. F. Pierce, president of Kenyon College, who drew the boys' attention to some of the important considerations in choosing a college.

In the afternoon were numerous exhibitions and contests by the Boy Scouts, and a track meet open to all the boys. In the track meet the teams from the various parishes competed for a cup offered by the bishop. A campfire meeting following the evening mess was among the plans, but as rain interfered with this the 428 boys were crowded into the mess hall where they had been taking turns at eating. Here they participated in group singing and their parish stunts, while the industrial school boys provided a varied entertainment that included band music and boxing. The ribbons which the boys won in the track meet and the bishop's cup also were distributed at this time.

The boys were enjoying themselves, as some of them said, "just an awful lot." In the midst of all this hilarity, following a day of the sports that boys love, it would have been easy for the skeptic to believe that serious religious thoughts were quite foreign to them. But just as the evening's fun seemed to reach its climax, Bishop Wise made his way to the front of the hall and asked for quiet. He got it instantly, and during the next few minutes gave them a heart-to-heart spiritual talk as a devotional preparation for communion the next morning. As one observer remarked, the boys "jumped from boxing to prayer" with equal earnestness, showing that after all the bishop's plan of reaching their religious natures through play was working out.

It was a thoughtful bunch of boys that filed out of the little hall that Saturday night. And no sooner had the first of them reached the door when the rain that had been threatening all evening came down in torrents. The boys ran for their tents and, each with a lighted candle in hand, went down the tented streets to their respective cots under canvas that billowed with wind and rain.

Feeling responsible for the youngsters who, in a way, were his guests, Bishop Wise spent much of the night walking between the rows of tents. Well he knew that among more than 400 boys there is ever the danger of a severe stomach ache or that some imaginative lad might give way in tears to his dire thoughts of such a "wild" night in a tent. So, unknown to the boys, the bishop kept near at hand, ready to give such aid as necessary, and incidentally getting a pretty straight line on the real reactions of the boys. He was impressed particularly with the fine spirit in which the boys accepted the unpleasant circumstances of the encampment as well as the thoroughly enjoyable parts. "I did not see a particle of grouchiness shown in the entire affair," he said. "With one exception, too, I did not hear an oath, which I considered a good record, even for a bunch of Sunday school boys."

Rising at seven Sunday morning, the boys attended communion at the cathedral a half hour later, though actual participation in the communion was not expected nor required of the boys whose beliefs forbade them making it in other churches. Mess followed, while at ten-thirty the boys attended the regular cathedral service with the adults. This concluded the three-day program for the boys.

"It was truly inspiring to see those boys make their communions," said Bishop Wise. "The service seemed to mean more to them than before, doubtless because of their enlarged view of the church. In the encampment they met boys from over all the state who were members of the same church and worshiped in the same way, whereas their former idea of the church was bounded by the borders of one parish. This bigger view could not help but awaken an increased pride and satisfaction in their church. Next year we hope to have girls as well as boys at the young people's convention. This arrangement can be effected by holding the gathering after Bethany College has closed for the summer.

Bishop Wise is a fore-thinker. It is on visions like these that tomorrow's church will stand.

Within the Sacred Precincts of Diplomacy

By GEORGE A. SCHREINER

This is the third of several stories by Mr. Schreiner, based on his experiences as an Associated Press correspondent. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

MUCH has been said recently anent *secret* diplomacy. The phrase was one of the red herrings of the war, because within itself it has no meaning at all. There is no *secret* diplomacy, because all diplomacy is secret.

The fact that Mr. Wilson is the discoverer of *secret* diplomacy does not necessarily mean that there is such a thing. The dust that was raised from the pages of history was merely an excursion into the perfectly obvious—a trip to the diplomatic Coney Island with a description of some chute-the-chute resulting therefrom.

This preamble should be kept in mind, because it will contribute much toward the understanding of what is to follow.

The great noise concerning *secret* diplomacy was a beating of the war tom-tom. To the pretexts for war that were fashioned it was the engineer's drawing; just a fine diagram on paper that had no meaning to those who drew it. The member of government who will prate of secret diplomacy is either dishonest or does not know what he is talking about. As said before, there is diplomacy, but no *secret* diplomacy, because diplomacy and secrecy are one and the same thing, immutable and indivisible—a Zoroastrian god.

Must "Educate" the People

WE ARE still looking for the government that has the habit of giving to the press any of its diplomatic correspondence, except when it wants to gain something thereby. The publication of notes, treaties, and such, by governments is invariably based on questionable intent. The government has either worked itself into a position where it must step before the public to cover up its tracks, or it has become necessary to prepare the governed for the ultimate—war. When a government starts to publish notes and treaties the ultimatum is not far off.

The logic of this is very simple. Not even a czarist government can afford to break into print with the ultimatum itself. For years the dear public has had of its international relations only the inkling which enterprising journalists have given.

Even the strongest jingo might faint did he read at the breakfast table that the government had gone to war over night—without the consent of the people! That would be too sudden. It would be foolish, because the public must be prepared to make the sacrifices in blood and treasure which the war will call for.

Before a government can go to war, it must *educate* the governed. That takes some time, naturally, and it takes suitable means. The archives of the foreign office are consulted and everything favorable is given to the press. The waking and intensification of race and political prejudices has become necessary. The latent passions of the beast in man must be fanned into soul-searing hatreds. The wrath of the many must be mobilized.

To dumbfound the public would not be the proper method. So the governed are taken into the confidence of the government. The *news* given out is in itself *a fait accompli*. As yet the fact of war may not be accomplished, but the design of it is achieved.

The day is near when the national head will appear in parliament or congress, to proclaim, with tragic mien, and sorrow-riven voice, that the nation is confronted with the dire necessity of having to fight for its existence. All nations going to war hear that same set speech. It is an old formula. Rameses II used it 1279 before Christ, and there is reason to believe that it will be used until diplomacy has become a mere wraith in history.

Other Side's Diplomacy Secret

SPELLBOUND parliament listens and, when the big man allows his hands to fall to his sides, rises to vote war credits and exculpate the government from all evil intent. Recent experiences are too fresh in the mind of the public to make it necessary to draw attention to what happens after that.

We then hear a great deal of the *secret* diplomacy of the adversary. The public does not stop to think that hitherto it was no partner in the international affairs of the country. Though the foreign office dig up documents years old, showing that there were crises and crises, it will not explain how it came that these difficulties were not aired at the time. Also at that moment the parliament has slapped on most efficacious War Acts, and questioning of the government after that is equivalent to high treason.

Reference has been made to diplomatic privileges. Some of them are no longer important. That the premises of the embassy and legation be placed under the fiction of exterritoriality is a mere courtesy these days, though still liable to abuse, as has been in the case of Mr. Lewis Einstein. The inviolability of the person of a diplomatist and his staff is a humane provision, and should be held in better esteem than the Entente and United States governments have recently done, though the modification should be made that the diplomatist is answerable for his conduct to the criminal law of the country in which he is stationed so that he may be reached in case he seduces the young females of the foreign community. To do that would be a step forward. As it is the diplomatist can not be held responsible for this and other acts, because the foreign government can not punish him, and his own government will not punish, because it can not admit that it had such an individual in its foreign service. All that happens is that the man is dismissed. As an example, it should be mentioned that Mr. Gerard, while in Berlin, threatened a man with arson. The man made a complaint in the courts, but the foreign office asked him not to press the case, because nothing more than diplomatic correspondence could come of it in the end. The foreign office could have given that advice a little sooner, and perhaps gained the eternal gratitude of Mr. Gerard, but it had an interest in parading this great diplomatist in all his splendor of intellect. That was the reason why the court took notice of the complaint in any form.

To diplomatic privilege belongs exemption from taxation, custom duties, inviolability of baggage and parcels delivered through the mail, and a few other favors not important enough to be named. The great privilege, however, consists in the permission to the diplomatist to use a secret code, and to maintain his own postal service. The function of the diplomatic courier consists of convoying the diplomatic mail pouch, in the recesses of which may be hidden the very secret treaty which later encompasses the ruin of the country through which the courier carries it. In diplomacy that is an everyday occurrence.

Routine dispatches of the diplomatist, especially those for which some private person pays the tolls, are transmitted in what is known as *texte clair,* or plain, legible words. Official communications, however, are first drawn up in text, then they are handed to the code clerk who transcribes the message into code. They are delivered at the telegraph or cable station in that form Upon arrival the code telegram is turned over to another code clerk, who proceeds to decode it. The "clear text" is then turned over to the official to whom the message is addressed. For "special" and "strictly confidential" instructions there is usually a special code, and very often that is not in the possession of the code clerk, but is held by the ambassador and minister for foreign affairs themselves.

On the Theft of Codes

MANY an interesting piece of fiction has been written about the theft of codes. The fact of the matter is that the possession of a code book means nothing. That sets of five numerals identify sentences and parts of sentences does not justify the conclusion that these sets of numerals have always the same meaning. As a matter of fact they never have the meaning of the words placed in conjunction with them, so far as the cyphers in the telegram are concerned. Governments go no longer to the trouble of stealing one another's code books, because to do that is now no longer profitable. It is the key to the code that determines what the cyphers mean, and since that key may change with each week, or day, even, it would be an utter waste of time to inquire into the matter.

The system is best explained by a demonstration. Let us assume that on a certain day there had arrived at the American embassy at Vienna a cypher cable from the State Department containing the following: "Amembassy, Vienna.

"65743 85472 63219 73241 54578 89765 84327 Ancona 94578 58782 64327 54898 54937 99819 56782 59327 59334 58733."

Assuming that the Austro-Hungarian government had been in possession of a United States diplomatic code, its foreign office could have obtained a copy of the dispatch from the telegraph office, and, setting one of its code clerks busy, it might have had the following garble of words:

65743 should be guarded against in the future
85472 informed me this morning that
63219 situation needs immediate
73241 the minister for foreign affairs said that
54578 has not yet returned
89765 fall of the ministry is near
84327 result of the recent election was
Ancona "'Ancona"
94578 faced by a deficit
58782 departed yesterday for
64327 a rapprochement between
54898 upon his return last
54937 his statements were unclear
99819 Royal government of Siam
56782 will return on
59327 no further steps will be taken until
59334 present situation is not to be considered critical
58733 attitude is hard to understand

From that jumble of terms the ministry of foreign affairs could learn nothing, of course, but the case would be different did it know the key that was to be used in the decodization of the dispatch. The key for that day may be the numeral 1221. The code clerk of the embassy would retire into his office, lock it, if thought necessary, and the first thing he would do would be to subtract from the cyphers in the telegram the factor 1221. The result of this operation would be the following:

67543—66321 *Aides-mémoir.*
85472—84251 "You will inform (the Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian government) that
63291—61998 the reply to our note of
73241—71020 November twenty-first
54578—53357 in regard to the
89765—88544 sinking of the
84327—83106 Italian (Royal mail) steamship
Ancona 'Ancona' is
94578—93357 overdue and that an expression by the (Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian government) is
58782—57571 anxiously awaited.
64327—63106 Should the (Imperial and Royal Austro-Hungarian government) fail to
54898—53677 inform (the government of the United States)
54937—53716 what its attitude is
99819—98598 the government of the United States will
56782—55561 consider itself at liberty to
59327—58106 take such steps as it may deem
59334—58113 necessary for the
58733—57512 protection of its national interests."

The matter within parenthesis would be added by the diplomatic secretary entrusted with putting the finishing touches to the *aides-mémoire*—the ultimatum, for such in effect the document is.

By that time the foreign office would know that an "Ancona" note had arrived. Dispatches addressed to diplomatic posts and their personnel are carefully scrutinized by the government. Should it be deemed better not to have the word "Ancona" appear in the dispatch, then it would be omitted, of course. The code is quite ample, and the cyphers following the key combination of 63 will easily convey two and three letters of the alphabet, in which case "Ancona" might appear as 63924, 63829, with 9-a, 2-n, 4-c, and 8-o.

The Key of the Day

THERE is little danger of a foreign government learning what the key for the day is, since that information is generally in the keeping of a secretary. To make assurance doubly sure, the cyphers of the key may be in the keeping of two persons with the 12 here used quite useless until the 21 has been added to it. The code clerk may have one factor of the combination, and the ambassador the other. At any rate every precaution is exercised not to have an accident occur.

That code is used for the transmission of a note which will come to the attention of the government anyway, may seem useless at first. The question may be asked: What difference does it make that the foreign government learns from its agents in the telegraphic service that a diplomatic note has arrived?

Governments are unanimous in their determination to let the governed know as little as possible of their affairs. The use of cypher can be interpreted into a courtesy, therefore. Again, by sending diplomatic communications in legible text, publics the world over would unnecessarily fall from one spasm of excitement into another, since diplomacy does now and then clear out of the way, without bloodshed, the situations it creates—usually for a definite purpose.

There is a third party involved. Diplomatic communications in *texte clair* could be scrutinized by the governments of the countries of transit. Intrigues of the brand which recently led to the Great War could not be carried on, because the governments could place themselves in possession of the contents of diplomatic dispatches, and, on the other hand, it would be impossible to form combinations of powers that might be needed to trim some international bully. While such alliances could be decided upon at meetings or by diplomatic mail, it would be extremely difficult to make them effective, or keep them alive. Alliances are veritable scraps of paper when not constantly nourished by intrigues that make such understandings necessary. The Franco-Russian-British pact would have died a hundred times had not Messrs. Iswolsky, Sazonoff, Poincaré, Cruppi, Viviani, Nicolson, Grey, Asquith, Benckendorff, Buchanan, Paleologue, Rennel Rodd, Barrerè and scores of others done their best to feed the beast with new crises, and the Triple Alliance would have died the death of a rag doll had it not been that Aehrenthal, Berchtold, Bieberstein, Schoen, Lichnowskyy, Pourtalès, Jagow and Kuehlmann were never slow in demonstrating to one another how badly they would fare if separated.

Withdraw Right, He Urges

IT WAS the diplomatic code telegram that conjured up the great idiocy, and it is a certainty, of course, that it will serve again the same purpose.

What has been said here in favor of the use of code and other secret rigmarole represents the governmental attitude.

After all it really is better that the ambassador should hand in the ultimatum. To have the news of war leak out through the telegraph operator is not to be advised, naturally. To have other governments know that a crisis is on can not be tolerated. Nor would it be well to use the ordinary commercial codes, because they could be deciphered by anybody. We have arrived at an *impasse,* seemingly.

However, where there is a will there is generally a way. There is no valid reason why a government should not have its own code. But the chances for peace would be greater in the future, if governments insisted that no diplomatic dispatches could be forwarded when not put into the code of the government exercising juris-municipal jurisdiction at the sending point. The principle of exterritoriality of diplomatic posts would not be upset thereby. The telegraph office or cable and radio stations are under the sovereignty of the state, and that ought to suffice to meet all arguments. Parliaments can attend to that little matter by passing a law excluding from transmission by telelectric means all dispatches that can not be read by means of the government's non-public code, with incoming dispatches, and messages in transit, excepted.

The diplomatist can then receive instructions from his own government, as seems necessary in this imperfect world of ours, but he could not send electrically what may be his own wrong interpretation of the facts, or, as is only too often the case, a deliberate lie. To be sure, this expedient would not totally eliminate the use of code and cryptograms, but their employment would be too hazardous, and the risk of misunderstanding would be run to such an extent that no sane government would care to resort to that subter-

(Concluded on page 15)

Wanted—A Faithful Friend to the Indian

Thus, in Plaintive Appeal, Blackfeet Look to Washington for Relief From Hardships and Adjustment of Their Claims

By EARL CHRISTMAS

THE Blackfeet are turning their faces again toward the great councils of the pale face at Washington. You see, there's a new President in the White House, and new men in the Congress, say the Indians, and so hope rises anew in their breasts.

In the plaintive way of the red man, a group of Blackfeet chiefs told me the other day of their hopes—and disappointments. It has been a long and discouraging fight these chiefs have waged for their people. In thick voices of gutteral eloquence, they told me that large numbers of their tribe, with little or no means of livelihood, are destitute out on their Montana reservation, or are the objects of private charity. But there's a new session of Congress now, and so the big chiefs of the red men are turning again to Washington for relief. They told me, too, of their fruitless attempts to get legislation through Congress settling claims for large tracts of land which they said they once owned, how they have been put off from time to time and action delayed from year to year.

Said one swarthy chief:

"It seems the government wants all the Indians to starve so it can get their lands for nothing."

The land claims of the Blackfeet Indians may be discounted in the councils of the white man. Legally, it may be right and proper to do so. The Blackfeet warrior, when he speaks of the destitute condition of his people, may even be charged with overzealousness. But his plaintive appeal nevertheless is significant as indicating how at least a portion of our Indians feel regarding their treatment by the white man.

Our treatment of the American Indian has not in all respects conformed to the highest conception of justice. Under the circumstances, it may have been difficult to have followed any other course, and most of the men charged with the administration of Indian affairs may have done the best they knew. But the fact remains that we haven't satisfied all the Indians, and some of them we haven't helped so much as we like to think. So the point of view of the Indian must at least be interesting to those who have a friendly feeling for the red man. Indeed, the Blackfeet Indians might contribute quite an eloquent commentary upon our policy of dealing with the Indians.

Chief Curley Bear, senior chief of his little band, was the first to speak when I asked the Indians about conditions on the reservation. Curley Bear, a rugged warrior of 85, twice has made pilgrimages to Washington to obtain relief for his people or seek adjustment of their claims against the government.

Curley Bear does not speak English, but Little Chief, a Carlisle graduate and highly accomplished, acted as interpreter.

Curley Bear began.

"I am very glad you have asked me this question," he said, through the interpreter. "It is something that touches my heart much."

We were sitting in a little, half-lighted room, the five chiefs decked in all the feathered costume and paint of the warrior, donned for some gala occasion. Curley Bear grew eloquent as he proceeded. The other chiefs sat about the room with immobile faces, the spectacle, in the half-darkened room, forming an appropriate setting for the words of the tribal orator.

"We are very poor," Curley Bear went on. "We have been wanting help for the last thirty years, and we can't find a man who is a true friend to the Indian to call upon for assistance in our destitute circumstances.

"The people on the reservation wish, if such a power is in heaven, that it will make us think of the man who can help us conquer the circumstances that make us helpless.

"I shall be very glad to have any man go among my people and find out for himself the conditions, so he may look into the matter and see what will be for the benefit of the Indians in the future. These Indians for two or three years have suffered for food and clothing.

"If it were not for Mr. Hill (L. W. Hill), we would all be starving. He is very kind to the Indians and gives them employment during the hard winter and summer, too. It seems the government wants all the Indians to starve so it can get for nothing all the minerals and gas and oil and coal under our lands. We know our lands are very valuable with these things I have mentioned. There are a great many white men who came to our reservation and took leases for gas and oil and coal. When these leases were sent to the Indian office, the government cancelled them.

"I don't see why they won't help us get something for our land for the benefit of the Indians in that reservation. Last winter was a very hard winter, and even the stock, the horses and cattle, all were starving. Over three-fourths of the Indians have no horses, and one-fourth of them might have one or two. And, these horses, they can't use. They are little horses, cayuses, who can't do hard work on roads and farms."

Little Chief then explained some of the difficulties of farming on the reservation. On the western portion of the reservation, the elevation is so high and the season so short that grain can't ripen. Wheat, barley, oats, potatoes and rutebagas may be raised in lower portions of the reservation, but with some difficulty.

"Each Indian got 320 acres of land," Little Chief explained. "Then under the new allotment, he got 80 acres. This new allotment was given as a homestead, and he can not sell it. When he becomes a citizen, he can sell the 320. Large numbers have sold the 320 allotment. You see, the majority are citizens now.

"Other Indians borrow money. They can't make living, and their stock is lost. So, they borrow money. Then they can't pay back the money, and the traders come and take their land. When we go to the Indian agent to help, to keep the traders from taking the land, the agent says, 'Can't do anything for him now because he is a citizen.' The agent seems to help the trader more than the Indians."



Little Chief, a Carlisle graduate and one of the ardent spokesmen of his tribe.



Chief Curley Bear, of the Blackfeet Indians, who seeks aid for his people. In the language of the Indian, Curley Bear is Kio-so-esch.

Curley Bear, somewhat impatient at the interruption, resumed his discourse in the tongue of the Blackfeet.

"The gas, oil and coal leases were turned down, I understand, because of the low price of oil," he said.

"What I tell you is all true. If any man doesn't believe it, he can go among the Indians and ask anyone, and I think he will say that the same conditions continue which I tell you about. Now, my son, I call upon you to help us. The Blackfeet have one of the biggest claims ever presented pending before Congress. It has been pending for the last fifteen years, and we can't get any help. The claims are based on the treaty of 1855.

"Bills were introduced, but they never passed. When we can get our delegation to Washington, we will re-introduce the bill. We want to get this matter investigated thoroughly before Congress. It seems that the government wants to wait until all those who were present at the time of the treaty are dead and no one is left to represent it. Then the government can say, 'This claim can't be allowed; it can't be taken up unless someone is living who was present when the treaty was made.'"

Little Chief explained that the chiefs wished to go to Washington to continue their fight for their claims, but that authorities had said they could not make the trip.

"We have no money now," he said. "The agent says we have no money to travel. Congress is ready to take the claims up again, but we can't go down to fight any more. The agent says we can't go down. I don't know what we are going to do.

"Before the war, Congress was about to allow the claims. Then the war started, and everything was dropped except the big things. Now we are getting ready to try it again. We have a man down there now handling the matter, and he has sent word that we should come on with the delegation, but they won't let us go down."

Little Chief says that the Indians hope to obtain $1.25 an acre for a tract totaling 62,000,000 acres, under what is known to the Blackfeet as the treaty of 1855. Members of the tribe who were present at the time the treaty was made still are living, he says, and will go to Washington if possible to aid in establishing the claim.

Chief Big Spring likewise made an appeal for his people, affording, too, an unusual slant at the point of view of the Indian.

"I call upon you for help," he began, Little Chief acting as his interpreter. "I have been looking for a man who will investigate our destitute condition on the reservation. This winter we needed much help. We thank the Red Cross which came to our reservation this spring and helped all the poor Indians, and gave them clothes and food. Mr. Hill is another man who is a great friend of the Indian, and he helps them any way he can.

"Half of the Blackfeet Indians are starving on account of the government not trying to help them. I call upon you to call upon some one who you think is a true friend to the Indian in every respect to let this representation, consisting of five men, to go to Washington and try to help the old people and to present the bill we have in past years to get money for our land under the treaty of 1855. Many of the Indians would have starved but for the Red Cross and different lodges, which collected gifts for them.

"The new agent, Mr. F. C. Campbell, seems to be a very good man to the Indians. He tries to help the Indians raise grain so in every home there will be some for winter, but we do not know how he will be in the future. At present, he talks very kind and helps all he can. If he is true friend to the Indians under his charge, he will be great help, but if he fails, in food or clothing . . . .

"I should think that with another hard winter, all the Indians will starve, and for that reason before winter sets in we want to have some help.

"Now, here is something else that puzzles us, and that is about the Indian traders. It puzzles us about their prices on groceries and dry goods. Since the war started, or before, they raised the prices on groceries and dry goods, and they keep raising. We understand that in the cities away from the reservation, that is in the East, prices have gone down. Instead of that, they are getting higher on the reservation right along. Many of the traders in Browning are robbing the Indians, and in the past, our agents, it seems, have failed in helping us get anything cheaper.

"Now, I hope you will call this matter to the attention of some of the true friends of the Indian, so we can go to Washington and help our starving people."

With that the chiefs shook hands with me—not by taking the tips of the fingers, but by grasping the forearm and shaking arms like true friends, they explained—bowed very low and went out to do a war dance for which they were scheduled as an entertainment.

The Blackfeet once were very powerful and ranged over quite a wide territory north of the Missouri and east of the Rocky Mountains. A scourge of smallpox in 1840 decimated their ranks severely, and they dwindled in numbers until there were but 2,700 at the time of the 1910 census. Now, there are less than 2,000 members of the tribe left, according to Little Chief. Having lands unsuitable for farming and being by temperament indisposed to undertake it, the Blackfeet never have made great progress in this line. The government has sought to encourage stock raising, but only with partial success. Due to lack of feed, mismanagement or misfortune of one kind or another, the Indians have lost many of their animals.

The government has made arrangements to provide rations of food and clothing to the aged and sick among the Indians, but this is wholly inadequate, according to the chiefs. They complain, too, that the regulations of the service frequently work hardships. The able-bodied Indians were expected not to need help. One case in point was that of the wife of an Indian who was killed. She received the allotment and was presumed to be able to make her living from it. An able-bodied man might, but this woman could not.

But relief measures for the Blackfeet Indians are pending in both houses of Congress now, and more liberal provisions for the needy may result. But for the settlement of their claims for lands, the Blackfeet may have to wait for some years more, and possibly meet with more disappointment. Officials at the office of Indian affairs, Department of the Interior, said that the claims of these Indians had not been formulated and officially the department had no knowledge of their nature.

But anyway, the Blackfeet are ready to take up the trail to Washington.

The Dominions and the Anglo-Jap Treaty

Belief Prevails That Britain's Colonial Possessions Bordering on the Pacific Ocean Will Be Heard Before One Is Signed

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England, June—(By mail).

MUCH the most important of all questions to be discussed at this year's gathering of the British premiers in London is the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. In the normal course of events the alliance would have been renewed last summer, but it was announced that the renewal was postponed because some of the phrases of the treaty might be found to be incompatible with the Covenant of the League of Nations and it was thought that during the next twelvemonth the two powers might be able to adjust the language of diplomacy to the needs of the covenant, with which all its signatories must square their treaties and conventions.

This was the reason assigned but it is generally believed to have been but a pretext. The real ground for postponement, it is thought, was that the British Government would not, and felt they could not, renew a treaty affecting vitally the fortunes of the Pacific Ocean without consulting the British dominions that lie about its borders. (We shall see later that consultation of an altogether non-British party, the United States, is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility.) The premiers, therefore, will render their opinions shortly—Mr. Hughes for Australia, Mr. Massey for New Zealand, Mr. Meighen for Canada (these are the three countries most concerned) and General Smuts for the Union of South Africa.

Dominions Are Now Consulted

THIS is not a wholly new departure within the British Empire, but the dominions have never been so formally and fully consulted before on any great single issue of foreign policy. The treaty-making power for the Empire lies with the king, or, in other words, with the Imperial Government in London. Whether or not the government renew the Japanese treaty, they must, in a technical sense, bear the sole responsibility. Even in 1911, when the alliance was last revised and renewed, the dominions were consulted on one or two points in it, but events have moved so fast since then that no Imperial Government dare now renew the alliance without the formal approval of the British dominions. The alliance was originally made and renewed regardless of what opinion the dominions might hold, but now it affects them too intimately in several ways for such a course even to be conceivable:

1. Japan has become a great Pacific power, stretching out to the islands near the equator, so that Australian public opinion is demanding the establishment of British naval stations between the new Japanese possessions and the northern coast of Australia.

2. Not only is Australia nervous of the Japanese pressure southward toward her shores, but Australia herself has expanded northward into some of the former German islands—the German part of New Guinea, for instance—which she now entirely controls. There is talk even of a new British dominion—the Dominion of the Pacific Islands. This expansion brings Australia and Japan into much closer contact and intensifies Australian anxiety about the teeming millions and the strong and highly trained Japanese army and navy.

Australia's Gates Are Closed

3. The dominions, like California, have always before them the problem of Asiatic immigration. Canada has the problem in British Columbia and has solved it by an amicable agreement with the Japanese. Australia (and New Zealand) simply will not have colored immigrants at any price. A "White Australia" is the fixed and unalterable policy of the Commonwealth. With a small white population (five millions) dotted here and there along the fringe of an enormous continent, they cannot but believe—and they do—that the sixty millions of Japanese, not to mention the 400 millions of Chinese behind them, industrious, frugal and intelligent, must look longingly on the forbidden land and resent their exclusion, with the secret determination sooner or later to force the gates of the proud and selfish but numerically feeble white men. These apprehensions have been quickened by the events of the Paris Peace Conference, where Japan put forward her claim to equality with the white man. Mr. Hughes, the Australian premier, then explained that he fully recognized the equality of the Japanese and would do anything to show his recognition—except, of course, admit them to his country. On that neither he nor any Australian will budge and they will not have the Japanese treaty if it involves by a scintilla the modification of their fundamental policy.

4. The greatest country that looks on the Pacific Ocean is the United States, and there is friction in the Pacific between Japan and the United States. There is the trouble over Yap. There is the old controversy about Asiatic immigration into California. There is the question of free American communication with the Philippines now that Japan holds so many of the ex-German islands. There is the alteration for the worse in the stragetic position of the American island of Guam, now surrounded by islands in Japanese possession. There is the competition in naval armaments, as the world begins to see it—as Europe certainly sees it—between the two great powers. There is, in short, the possibility of serious trouble in the future—may it never come!—between America and Japan. The sympathies of the British Dominions are admittedly with the United States. They hope for, and count on her sympathy in their difficulties. They believe she is a safeguard to them in their apprehensions, if those should prove not to be baseless. They will do nothing, and consent to nothing, that might offend her. That is one of the foundation stones of their policy and they will declare it at their meetings in London this month and next.

We are often told over here that there prevails in the United States a widespread belief that somehow or other England might be involved by the Japanese treaty in war with the United States. Such a thing is, in reality, inconceivable; neither in England nor in the dominions would public opinion tolerate it; it is specifically provided against in the treaty of 1911; and the Japanese recognize and admit the fact. In 1911 England was engaged in negotiating a treaty of general arbitration with the United States which was expected to go through. In the event, it was rejected by the American Senate, but in the meantime England has caused the following clause to be inserted (with the approval of the dominions) in the revised version of the treaty:

IV. Should either High Contracting Party conclude a treaty of general arbitration with a third power, it is agreed that nothing in this agreement shall entail upon such contracting power an obligation to go to war with the power with whom such treaty of arbitration is in force.

Don't Want to Antagonize the U. S.

BUT the treaty of arbitration fell through? Yes, but in 1914 the two governments signed the Peace Commission Treaty under which they agreed to refer all disputes to a Permanent International Commission. The British Government thereupon notified Japan that it would regard this treaty as equivalent to one of general arbitration, so that clause IV automatically came into operation and there could be no excuse for supposing that the treaty might bring England into war with the United States.

Such is the present position and now let us see what the dominion premiers have been saying about the renewal of the treaty. I doubt whether either in America or in England it is fully realized how remarkable is their agreement about the conditions on which, and on which alone, the treaty should in their opinion be renewed. A few quotations will make it clear. Except for Mr. Meighen, the Canadian premier, they have all defined their positions clearly within the last few weeks to their own parliaments.

Canada—A Reuter telegram which was dispatched on Mr. Meighen's departure from Quebec and is clearly little removed from an official communication, says: "It is understood in reliable quarters that Mr. Meighen will support the renewal of the treaty only on condition the treaty is satisfactory to the United States. Under existing circumstances it is believed he will be influenced by evidence proving that such an alliance would serve the best interests of the British people. The majority of members of the Canadian House of Commons hold the same views, with the stipulation that the treaty should be executed so as not to antagonize the United States nor impair British chances of greater friendship with the American people."

Australia—Mr. Hughes, unlike Mr. Meighen, has given his opinion bluntly in a memorable speech in which he reaffirmed Australia's intention to exclude the Japanese and hinted not obscurely that he would like to see the United States entering into a Japanese-English-Dominions treaty. This is what he said:

"There has lately been much talk of strained relations between the United States and Japan. Now in that lie the germs of great trouble and possibilities of infinite disaster to this world. What is the hope of the world? As I see it, it is an alliance and an understanding between the two great branches of the English-speaking peoples. Now here is our dilemma. Our safety lies in a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. (Note Mr. Hughes' remedy for his fears—to make Japan harmless by having her as an ally, just as Italy for the same reason joined Austria in the Triple Alliance.) Yet that treaty is anathema to the Americans. Our ideal at the conference is, as I see it, a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty in some such form, and modified, if that should be deemed proper, as will be acceptable to Britain, to America, to Japan and to ourselves.

"We desire above all things to live in peace and friendship with Japan. It is utterly wrong for the Japanese people to think that because we have passed certain laws we regard them as our inferiors. We do not. But while we are friends of Japan, we do not always invite our friends into our house. We have our ideals, they have theirs. We say, 'This is our country; Japan is yours. We shall treat you with courtesy. We desire your friendship. We want to trade with you, but we cannot go any further.'

Must Be Agreeable to America

"IT IS the bounden duty of Australia to use every means at her disposal to effect such a *modus vivendi* as will secure a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese treaty in a form agreeable to the United States. Whether she is a party to it or not is not material, so long as she accepts it, and does not regard the renewal of it as being in itself a hostile act by Britain directed against herself. While making every effort to retain the friendship of Japan, we cannot make an enemy of the United States. Nor can Britain do so."

New Zealand—Mr. Massey emphasizes the immigration question. "So long as we insist on, and maintain, our right to choose our fellow citizens in New Zealand—and we have the most stringent immigration law in the world—we have much to gain and nothing to lose by the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty. The Japanese were perfectly loyal to us during the war. We owe them a debt of gratitude. That does not, of course, imply any change in our attitude as regards immigration into our country."

Mr. Massey does not himself mention the American aspect of the question but press telegrams from New Zealand to England state that public opinion in the dominion is willing to accept the treaty provided that immigration is not affected and that the interpretation of the treaty is not such as to raise the slightest risk of embroiling Britain with the United States.

South Africa—General Smuts delivered his opinion to the Union Parliament on May 20. "The paramount consideration," he said, "that they ought to keep before them was that it was essential as far as possible to secure an understanding and co-operation between the British Empire and the United States. The essential policy for the British Empire was to work with America."

All Want to Co-operate

THESE pronouncements have not been estimated at their proper significance, which is immense. We are in face of a new phenomenon in international politics. The British dominions fronting on the Pacific (and with them South Africa) openly declare that the essential element in their policy—and, as they would have it, in that of the empire—is co-operation with the greatest Pacific power, the United States. It need not be, and as Mr. Hughes' speech shows, the dominions do not desire it to be, an exclusive co-operation hostile to other powers. It would be a great mistake to convey to the rest of the world that the English-speaking peoples are ranged together, in the Pacific or elsewhere, with any sort of implied opposition to other peoples. But they may fittingly co-operate in the pursuit of principles which they hold in common and welcome the assistance of any country that will join with them in the pursuit. Co-operation of that kind there will clearly be and the desire for it could not be more publicly and solemnly announced than by this general conviction that England ought only to renew the Japanese alliance if it does not in any way prejudice the prospect of acting along with the United States.

By the bare announcement, the problem of the Pacific has taken on a different aspect from what it wore only a few months ago. It has become simpler and at the same time more serious. The prospect of a peaceful future is increased but so is the danger of racial division. The English-speaking peoples are gradually coming together in the Pacific to face an incalculable future.

NOTE:—The Conference sessions already held bear out much of what Mr. Crozier has written here.

Do You Put Your Jewels in the Top Dresser Drawer?

By JAMES C. MURNANE

This is the second of two articles by Mr. Murnane, who until his death a few days ago was Chief of the Bureau of Identification, of the St. Paul Police Department.

WHEN it comes to helping the men who rob us, the average householder takes a high rank. Many homes continually hold out invitations to the burglar, and even when they are not so openly helpful, men and women are always leaving their valuables in places most convenient for the thief.

One of the greatest fallacies with which the general public is obsessed is a false belief in the security of the lock on the door. Why, some persons won't put their money or valuables in the bank, but will keep them in the home, with just an ordinary lock on the door.

You can't depend upon the lock on your door to safeguard your valuables. If I could make everybody see that, a lot of burglars would have to go out of business. Then if I could prevent people from doing some of the foolish things they do with their valuables, some more burglars would be seeking new vocations. But to get back to locks—you may have a patent lock, with all the frills of the locksmith, and a reassuring sense of security, but that won't insure the safety of your gems — if if you leave them in places that are handy for the thief, as so many people do.



The man who gets too deeply interested in his evening paper is one of the easy victims of the pickpocket. The picture, posed by detectives, shows how the pickpocket may cross his arms, being careful not to move that nearest the victim, while he takes the money with the other hand.

People lock their doors and think they are safe. Now practically there isn't a door nor a window that a good burglar can't open if he really wants to get in. Why, they get out of jail without any tools. They certainly can get into a house just as easily. And it is all the same, whether it is a door or a window. As an expert on locks, the burglar, or the "prowler," may be quite as good, or a little better than the man who made the lock.

Here is something that a great many people do not know, though it is exceedingly simple when you come to think of it. Lots of persons will lock their doors at night and leave the key in the keyhole, imagining that its presence there will keep the burglar from inserting his key and unlocking the door.

Now a key in the keyhole doesn't bother Mr. Burglar one bit. Every high-class burglar carries a little instrument for just that purpose. It consists of a small pair of nippers that will slide into the keyhole and fit over the end of the key. Then the prowler can turn the key either way, unlocking or locking the door without removing your key.

But here is one way that will give them trouble. If you take a piece of wire, run it through the ring in the end of your key and draw it tightly around the doorknob so that the key can't be turned around, Mr. Prowler has a harder job. Also there are some door catches that help.

But even with these precautions, the burglar can get in if he really wants to very badly. If he finds the key fastened so it won't turn, all he has to do is to bore a small hole through the door. A sharp pointed blade of a knife with a curved edge will drill a hole through the soft panel of the ordinary door in but a turn of the wrist. All the fellow has to do then is to cut the wire to the key and unlock the door. Sometimes they use an augur, and bore right around the lock.

Speaking about getting into doors, there's hardly a chance to keep a good burglar from getting into any of them. For instance, take one of the well-known patent locks that has been advertised much. Open up your door, and note that you can push the tongue of it back into its socket.

Well, the burglar takes a thin instrument like the blade of a knife and inserts it into the crack of the door, striking the beveled edge of the tongue. He pushes on the tongue, and it slides back into its socket and presto—the door is open.

The ordinary door bolt would appear to be fairly safe, but it isn't. The "prowler" takes a small hacksaw—no, he doesn't cut the bolt. He uses it to turn the bolt and work it back out of place so the door will open. Windows are opened just as readily.

"Prowlers" often enter homes as peddlers or solicitors. A well-dressed man may knock at the door of an apartment. The woman may be afraid and start to close the door, but he sticks his foot in the door—oh, they are bold all right—and goes ahead with his talk about whatever he is selling. Meanwhile he makes the best of the opportunity to look about for any valuables that may be in sight.

That is the way thieves find out about homes they rob, or at least it is one way. The man who goes out first is the "locator." He rarely does the stealing himself, but he furnishes the information to his companions who do the work. Sometimes, the thieves pick their mark by seeing a man show a big diamond in public, or a big roll of money. If the prospective victim is a business firm, the burglars may even send a member of the gang to the place in the rôle of a business man. While attending to some minor business, he finds out the kind of safe in use and notes the probable amount of cash they might expect.

But it is in the home that we are most apt to be helping the burglar out when we don't know it. Now here is one rule that I'd like to put up in every home in the country — Don't put valuables in the top drawer of anything. Women invariably put their valuables in the top drawer of the dresser, or they even may leave them lying on top of the dresser. The thief looks in these places the very first thing. You see, the thief has learned a bit about human nature, and the rest of us who own the jewels have been slower to learn. Often we think we are original, when we may be doing just what the other fellow is doing.

Locking gems in your trunk is about the same. When you do that, you invite someone to steal them. Every good thief carries keys that will open any trunk, and a locked trunk is one of the first places he will search. You see, he knows something about human nature.

Don't take earrings or rings off in a washroom and lay them down if you expect to see them again. Constantly we have cases like that. When you are traveling, always keep your gems on your person, or else check them with the clerk or purser. Never show jewels in public places like cafés.

Some people sleep with their diamonds on, and there is some sense in the practice, too. Thieves robbing a house will avoid the persons in it, fearing to awaken them. However, the best way is to have a safe for furs and valuables. Many homes have steel safes and vaults, and you never heard of anybody cracking a safe in a residence. Of course, a safe can be cracked but usually the man who "prowls" a residence hasn't time, and the safe cracksmen, anyway, play for bigger game. Another wise precaution is to put your valuables in safety deposit vaults in banks. The safety deposit vault might profitably be used much more than it is.

Burglar alarms also are valuable, even though they are only noise makers. Noise is a mighty effective weapon against the burglar, because he knows that the noise will awaken the family, and no burglar with his sense about him will stay long in such a house.

Now, here is another thing that it is well to consider. Scores of families, when they go away for the day, pull down all the blinds tightly, as if the house were closed for the summer. That in itself is an invitation to the burglar. Then when the family goes downtown for the evening at the theater, invariably all the lights are turned out. That is another eloquent sign for the house "prowler," who likes to call while you are away. Even if he hasn't seen you go out, as may very probably have been the case, the darkened house speaks louder than any other message you could leave.

Now, if you should leave one or two lights burning, there would be less chance of your having visitors during your absence at the theater. The thief won't be able to tell whether there is anyone at home or not then, and no thief is going to take a chance of entering a home when someone may be in it, and awake.

In spite of all precautions there will be robberies, only you would be surprised to find out how many of them are due to the carelessness of the victims themselves.

Within the Sacred Precincts of Diplomacy

Concluded from page 12

fuge. The practice established by the Wilson Administration, in the case of the Austro-Hungarian, German, Bulgarian and Turkish diplomatic posts in Washington, ought to be continued.

The operation of this method will be outlined in the following chapter, but here it should be stated that it consisted of the *modus operandi* here described, except that it was one-sided, and left the diplomatists of the United States in the full enjoyment of their codes, if that term be understood. The diplomatists of the Central Powers group of belligerents wrote their dispatches in plain, legible texts, handed them over to the Department of State, where they were converted into United States code, to be then transmitted to the embassy or legation in the capital in question, decoded at the United States embassy or legation, and then handed to the foreign office. The results of this practice were inimical because the United States diplomatists passed into complete control of the international situation—at a time when this country was not in the war—and the limitations and handicaps imposed upon the diplomatists of the Central Powers made it impossible for them to inform their governments rightly—even when they had the inclination.

There would remain the inviolability of the diplomatic pouch. There seems to be no reason why that should be attacked. *La nuit porte conseil.* The letter written today and read tomorrow is often rewritten or not sent at all. The thing which seems so absolutely necessary one day, has seldom the same aspect of urgency and imperativeness on the next.

Diplomatic telegraphing shares many characteristics of vice. The dispatch is gone, in a few hours it will have been read by the minister for foreign affairs, who, not knowing any better, takes alarm, and telegraphs to other diplomatic representatives of his. Within a day the *faux pas,* the views of an alarmist, the version of the exaggerator, the fabrication of the *agent provocateur,* the web of the liar, may be the stuff of conversation in all the foreign offices and chancelleries. The damage is done and usually the author of the *affaire diplomatique* can not be made to retract a word of what he telegraphed. Instead he telegraphs more, to save his reputation and position, and finally the matter is submitted to the arbitration of war. Governments are predisposed to believe their own agents, as is but natural. No matter what the inculpated government may do, the impression falsely made can not be eradicated. Diplomacy has the motto: *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

It is nothing unusual to have ambassadors spied on by the military and naval attachés, commercial attachés and even the secretaries. Since these emissaries have the right to use the code of the post, *chefs de mission* with the instincts of decency not wholly killed in them have often made the discovery that they were recalled from their posts because some jingo minister for foreign affairs, or chauvinist chief of general staff, thought them entirely too peaceful, as witnesseth the case of Count Metternich in London, whom the war clique in Berlin sawed off on account of his popularity at the British capital.

With the code eliminated, all these conditions would belong to the past, and mankind could look with some assurance into the future. Haste makes waste, they say, and of the modern speed mania it must be said that it leaves man no time to think in the realm of alternatives and ultimates. The diplomatist with code and telegraph constantly inviting him to be rash is forever tempted to diagnose from the first symptom he discerns. In the foreign office they decide upon the operation, and each time the march of progress is halted and the world set back.

The ideal state is to have no diplomatists at all. The case-hardened adherent of the present system says that this is not feasible. Yet the fact is that many of the smaller states get along very well that way. The Transvaal had just one diplomatic agent in all of Europe, Dr. Leyds, who had no trouble at all attending to the affairs of the Boer republic. He was stationed in Brussels, and from there conducted what correspondence was necessary. He used an ordinary commercial code. The Orange Free State employed a similar system.

As a matter of fact diplomacy is somewhat of a craze. Rich men like to see themselves as Excellencies, and there attaches to the *métier* a glamour and so much fuss and feathers of a social nature that even the governments that could take a stand against this medieval custom are persuaded by the social climber to turn a deaf ear to the attempts to lay the ghost of Metternich once and for all time.

And where can they shine better than in the *monde diplomatique?* In times of peace the life of the ambassador is one round of kaleidoscopic enjoyments, *Monsieur l'Ambassadeur et Madame l'Ambassadrice* are most welcome in the *salons, Vous savez!* It is so very charming, you know, to meet then only the people of one's class. No longer is it necessary to mix with the banalities of existence. None but the sanctified and annointed dare invade the precincts of His or Her Great Effulgence. And one finds such excellent chances to marry off one's daughters to men not mere commoners. One is presented at court, and at the levees of *Monsieur le presidente de la republique,* one finds the very *crème de la crème de la capitale.*

His Excellency, meanwhile, is afforded the opportunity once more to fling himself into *la vie d'oree.* While *madame* is in the country, the old chap, pleading pressure of business, stays on post, goes to the race tracks. There is balm even for the sad thought that ultimately all this will come to an end. There will be a successor some time. But forever and aye the folks back home will have to associate with the persons of M. and Mme., the ambassadorial couple, the thought that they belong to the diplomatic world.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Millions of pounds of picric acid accumulated for war purposes and made useless to the War Department by the armistice, will be distributed to farmers for agricultural purposes. This acid is a highly crystalline powder, lemon colored, and eighteen per cent stronger than forty per cent straight nitro-glycerine dynamite. It is never used in bulk but in paraffined paper cartridges.

Spain has introduced infirmity and old age pensions for workers.

As a result of the present crime wave Paris policemen, for the first time in history are permitted to carry revolvers in the daytime. Heretofore the police have carried little swords during the daytime and revolvers only after nightfall.

Bullfighting is becoming popular in France. New rings accommodating thousands are being built.

Proving the intense penetrating powers of X-rays, a French scientist produced photographs of human bones which were taken across a courtyard 250 feet broad and through a thick brick wall. This clearly showed the necessity of proper protection when using the powerful rays.

A Yale forestry professor is authority for the statement that alcohol can be economically manufactured from the moist vegetation of tropical forests and jungles. Alcohol has been distilled from the nipa plant in the Philippines at a cost of about twenty cents a gallon. Had the plant been operated at full capacity it would have cost less than fifteen cents a gallon.

Canada, during the past twenty-five years, has lost sixty million dollars annually through failure to segregate properly platinum and other precious metals of that group found in Northern Ontario.

A baby whale swam through the narrows into New York Harbor recently and while it lay upon a sand bar off Staten Island, two men, one with a shotgun and the other with a carving knife, killed it.

A shopkeeper in Orient, Long Island, has advertised his place by placing buffalo nickels in the concrete sidewalk in front. The Indian head is up and each head faces in the same direction. The coins are placed close together and spell out "Wigwam," the name of his place of business.

The heat was so intense in Washington, D. C., recently, that a Kentucky representative won a bet when he said it was hot enough to fry eggs on the steps of the Capitol. The eggs were procured and the heat slowly fried them.

Large signs in black and white bearing the inscription, "Private cemetery across the bridge for reckless drivers" and decorated with skull and crossbones have been erected on both sides of the Otterkill bridge on the state road between Goshen and Chester, New York. Many accidents have occurred on the bridge in the past and they were put up as a warning to careless motorists.

For the first time in its existence the New Hampshire *Gazette,* which boasts of being the oldest weekly newspaper in this country, did not appear June 18 because of the compositors' strike. Its first issue was October 7, 1756.

Narcotics are pouring from across the Rhine into Paris to such an extent that it has drawn a cry of alarm and protest from the French Academy of Medicine. Airplanes drop five or ten-pound packages at pre-arranged spots and agents in automobiles distribute the drugs.

Mexico is claiming several groups of islands off the California coast, among them being Santa Catalina, owned by William Wrigley, the chewing gum manufacturer.

Two bandits in evening dress are operating in Miami, Florida.

The New York state health department warns children against the pastime of making miniature balloons from the ruptured rubber ones by sucking or blowing against small pieces of the rubber held against the lips, because the dyes used in coloring the balloons are poisonous.

Two ex-service men led a crowd of several hundred persons in an attempt to lynch a Brooklyn truckman who wrapped a chair in an American flag when moving a company's office furniture. The truckman was held in bail for examination.

As part of the campaign waged by the Federal and state upon the camphor scale, which threatens to destroy much vegetation in New Orleans, residents of that city are required to obtain a certificate when they wear flowers, showing that the blossoms are free from insect pests.

In the famous Soho district of London there is a restaurant where guests are able to select their fish alive from a glass tank in the center of the dining room. Guests are furnished with fishing tackle if they desire and can have the pleasure of catching their own whiting or trout. Through a glass screen separating the dining room from the kitchen the fish can be seen cooking on a Tuscan spit, which revolves over a wood and charcoal fire.

Footprints, believed to be one hundred and thirty years old, of a Hawaiian army that fled from the wrath of the volcano Kilauea, Hawaii, have been found in the Kau desert, south of the great crater, by a professor in charge of the volcano observatory. Thousands of tracks in the volcanic ash, all pointing in the one direction, deep at the toes and light at the heels, indicate that the inhabitants had been running at top speed.

A French inventor has perfected a tank which resembles the ordinary whippet tank except that it is propelled from the stern. It crosses trenches, climbs walls, enters water, cruises on the surface, dives and crawls ashore along the bottom, according to French army officers who recently witnessed the performance.

A noted Chinese horticulturist has produced, on his estate in Florida, a remarkable variety of citrous fruit, a perfumed grapefruit. The fruit, when placed in a room, permeates the air with an odor unlike that of any citrous plant. Only one tree of the variety bears at present.

Wood carving by special application of the sand blast is giving satisfactory results, especially when used in connection with redwood. Protective stencils cover portions of the surface which leave figures in relief and a uniform background.

Five of every one hundred men in Europe are in the army, according to the British war secretary. The nations least able to support armies are those having the largest.

Washington game wardens are using electricity to prevent fish from ascending the irrigation canals. An automobile magneto driven by a water-wheel generates electric current which is conducted to a series of terminals beneath the water on both sides of the stream. Fish coming in contact with the "line of fire" receive the current and back off.

A corps of confidential clerks opens the President's mail and such communications as the President ought to see are briefed and a written synopsis of its contents and the writer's name are pinned to each letter. Requests for charity are so numerous that a special "form" is used in replying. Letters from persons on the same subject are bunched and the arguments pro and con are briefed.

With baggage consisting of two letters dealing with her father's war record, a three-year-old girl recently made a trip from her home in Glasgow, Scotland, to the home of her uncle in Swift Current, Saskatchewan, with only the kindly directions of steamship officials and trainmen to guide her.

A Tokio cablegram says that many old men in Japan are flocking to the Imperial University in quest of the "elixir of youth." The university claims that goat gland treatments are successful.

There are three hundred and ninety homesteads in Alaska, a small number compared with the opportunities.

A late Paris style is feather shoes. For the fall trade evening shoes are to have toes tipped with little plumes and paradise feathers are to be on the buckles.

More motorcycles are in use in London and all England than automobiles or other automotive vehicles, according to registration certificates.

In one year more than two hundred and fifty-two million persons arrived in New York City by train.

A Vermont judge fined his daughter when she appeared before him charged with violating a city ordinance. Court attachés said the judge later wrote a check for the amount of the fine.

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Muscle Shoals Foreshadows New Industrial Era

Completion of the Project Would Eliminate Much of Present Waste

Mr. Ford's Page Editorials Briefly Told and Many Other Interesting Features



The Wooden Fleet in the James River at Claremont, Virginia.

How Shipping Board Is Ridding Us of Ships

Ocean Steamers Sold for the Price of Twenty-Foot Pleasure Craft

SWINGING at anchor in the James River, off the little village of Claremont, Virginia, are more than 250 huge ocean steamships. To make possible the construction of this great fleet, more than two million persons of this country saved and sacrificed to buy tens of millions of dollars' worth of Liberty bonds, because we "needed ships to win the war."

Claremont, Virginia, is little more than a "four corners," and seldom appeared in the date lines of the news of the day until this great fleet of ships made the little Virginia village its home port.

A few weeks ago, in Claremont's pool room, there gathered in the afternoon a little group of men. That little group was a delegation of visitors, who mouthed a jargon which the natives of Claremont had difficulty in understanding. But the visitors understood each other. Perfectly. One who overheard their conversation reports that it smacked of "how much money it *vill* take" to do this, and "how much *eggspense*" it would be to carry it out. The conversation dealt solely with the great fleet of ships that lay, in units of nine, a few hundred yards off in the James River. The speakers, for the most part, were short, swarthy individuals and their type is to be found wherever there is trading, and speculation—and profiteering. New York knows the type best of all.

During the conversation one of the group was overheard to say that after "the boats are *sdripped*, they could be towed up to the flats and burned down for the metal in them."

Who were these men who discussed so calmly the fate of that great fleet of steamers, each of which had cost the American people at least $300,000, and in many cases as much as $800,000?

* * *

An Associated Press dispatch, dated Washington, which appeared in the daily papers for Monday, August 22, carried the following information:

> *Bids of $2,100 each* for 205 wooden vessels, submitted by the Ship Construction and Trading Corporation of New York, have been accepted by the Shipping Board . . . . Under its (contract) terms the board will receive 15 per cent of the total sale price of $430,500 in cash, and a pro rata portion of the balance on delivery of each vessel . . . . *The vessels cost the board from $300,000 to $800,000 each.*

Whether the foregoing bears any relation to what is to be set down hereafter is to be left to the judgment of the reader.

* * *

The story of the governmental twin war babies, the United States Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, or the vicissitudes these four billion-dollar twins have suffered, never has been related in detail. It never will be. And in addition to the fact that the story never has been told with the completeness it deserves, let it be said that there is more than one sinister rumor afloat as to why that tale when broached brings "Hush" to the lips of official Washington.

That this late attempt to bring before the American people *some* of the facts which either have been suppressed, or slighted, by the daily papers, shall not be branded as malicious or as muckraking, let the characterization of the operations of the Shipping Board, as given by Representative William R. Wood, of Indiana, during a debate in the House, be presented in the record. Mr. Wood is a Democrat, and certainly none can charge him with a desire to blacken the party upon which must rest much of the responsibility for what has taken place. Let not, however, this last sentence be misconstrued; the Shipping Board today is no better than when Democrats controlled it. Said Mr. Wood:

"Never since this government of ours began was there presented such a conglomeration of incompetency, graft, waste, and corruption as has been presented by the facts giving the history of this Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

"This Shipping Board from first to last has been the victim or the agent of plunder and colossal waste from its very inception down to this hour."

Analyze that last paragraph! It has been the "victim or the agent of plunder and colossal waste," says Mr. Wood, and continues, "from its very inception down to this hour." In this indictment, one, if one accepts Mr. Wood's words, either must believe that the men who have operated, and are operating the Shipping Board, were, or are, quite simple-minded, or knowingly permitted or are permitting practices that have resulted in the dissipation of hundreds upon hundreds of millions of dollars.

Albert D. Lasker, an advertising and publicity man, and an active politician in Illinois during the last campaign, took the oath of office as chairman of the Shipping Board on June 13, 1921. In the three months between March 4 and June 13 more than thirty million dollars was lost through operations of the shipping fleet.

In so far as careful inquiry has been able to determine, the following actions bulk large in the accomplishments of Mr. Lasker and his associates since the middle of June:

1. Newspapers credit Lasker with official statement that the 285 wooden ships of the Shipping Board fleet are worthless and might well be taken out to sea and sunk. The 571 ships that originally comprised the wooden fleet cost a quarter of a billion dollars.

2. Mr. Lasker appears before a sub-committee of the House Committee on Appropriations, to explain why he needs $125,000,000 to continue the work of the Shipping Board. The demand originally was $300,000,000, scaled to $125,000,000, subsequently reduced to $100,000,000. After the hearing the committee voted $48,500,000.

3. Appointment of Elmer Schlesinger, of Chicago, a lawyer, as chief counsel of the Shipping Board.

4. Appointment by Mr. Schlesinger of the following special attorney personnel, to handle claims against the Shipping Board amounting to not more than $75,000 each.

Three at salaries of $25,000 a year each;
One at a salary of $20,000 a year;
Four at salaries of $15,000 a year each;
One at a salary of $12,000 a year;
One at a salary of $9,500 a year;
Four at salaries of $10,000 a year each;
Six at salaries of $7,500 a year each.

5. These attorneys' salaries totaled $260,000 a year, and this, it was promised, would be *less than half and probably not more than a quarter* of what would be expended for attorney hire during the year. A natural query comes to the reader: Why is the Department of Justice?

6. Announcement that although the list just given was of men retained for claims amounting to $75,000 or less, all claims amounting to more than $75,000 would be handled by special attorneys retained for the occasion, without fixed fee. There are *hundreds of claims* against the Shipping Board amounting to more than $75,000 each.

7. Retention of a general controller, *whose figures cannot be analyzed*, at $15,000 a year.

8. Retaining of a former United States Senator at $5,000 a year *to give legal advice to the board's legal adviser*, Mr. Schlesinger.

9. Appointment by Mr. Lasker of the following men:

J. B. Smull, Operating Vice President	$35,000
A. J. Frey, " " "	25,000
W. J. Love, " " "	35,000
E. P. Farley, Special Asst. Chairman	20,000

10. Appointment by Mr. Lasker of a number of other individuals at salaries of more than $5,000 each.

11. Announcement by Shipping Board that 205 wooden ships *costing from $300,000 to $800,000* each, have been *sold for $2,100 each.* These are the ships which Mr. Lasker did not aid in selling by announcing to the world that they should be taken out into the ocean and sunk as valueless.

What qualifications Mr. Lasker had for the chairmanship of the United States Shipping Board, a corporation in which four billion dollars of the people's money has been sunk, has not been adequately explained. The inspired dispatches that went out from Washington at the time of his appointment would have been amusing, if they had dealt with a figure and a situation other than that of the Shipping Board.

Mr. Lasker, it was explained, was a dynamo of business energy; he was a "go-getter"; he was one of the big business executives of the country. The fact, that in so far as any technical knowledge of the shipping business was concerned he scarcely knew the stern from the bow of a ship, was glossed over. As to the dynamo allegation, there is no question; the hearings before the Congressional Committee indicate that; as to the "go-getting" there is every reason to believe there was no exaggeration; he tried for $125,000,000. He also employed three shipping men at three times the salary they had previously received from the board.

As to his standing as one of the big business executives of the country there is a difference of opinion. He is the head of a Chicago advertising agency, and

The Ship Construction & Trading Company, of New York, in purchasing from the Shipping Board 205 wooden vessels for $2,100 each, is not engaged in its first transaction with the Government Board.

During the war, the company, of which Frank J. Fulton is president and one M. S. Orth, vice president of the Mexican Producing & Refining Company, is his chief associate, contracted to build at its yards in Stonington, Connecticut, two wooden vessels, minus the machinery, for $300,000 each.

After the United States Government had paid out for the account of the Ship Construction & Trading Company $1,333,000 it became necessary, for the Shipping Board to insure the completion of the ships, to abrogate the contract and finish the vessels by taking over the Stonington Plant.

Subsequent to this action, the Ship Construction & Trading Company, which already had received for its work on the two ships $733,000 more than the contract price, put in a claim of $1,952,230.94, which is still pending and which is in effect a demand for $619,230 of additional government funds.

Offsetting this claim, the Shipping Board now has before it official audits in which the claim is made by the government that there is in reality more than $300,000 due the Shipping Board for excess payments under the contract.

If the claim of more than $600,000 made by the construction company be allowed, that corporation will obtain the wooden fleet without the expenditure of a single dollar, and the government will owe it more than $188,000.

It is stated that the foregoing facts were all in the possession of A. D. Lasker, chairman of the Shipping Board, at the time when the deal for the wooden ships was consummated.

Mr. Lasker's position on the sale of the wooden ships is that the junking of the vessels would cost more than $2,000 each and that this justifies the sale of the boats awarded the New York company. On the other hand, shipping men of New York, who are familiar with every angle of the shipping and salvage business, declare that from each ship's deck more than $5,000 worth of material can be salvaged without injuring the boats in the slightest degree. Other items, it is asserted, would bring the junking to more than $11,000 net on each ship by sale at auction.

It is also stated on the authority of shipping men that the vessels could be disposed of in Near Eastern ports for use in Mediterranean trade at from $30,000 to $40,000 each.

that agency hastened to assure its clientele that the passing of Mr. Lasker to the Shipping Board did *not* mean that he had retired from the advertising agency. He also is part owner in the Chicago National League Ball Club.

E. J. Frey, as already mentioned, receives $25,000 a year as "operating vice president of the Shipping Board. He is one of three such officials. The other two receive $35,000 a year each, and the reason for the discrimination in salaries, as given by Mr. Lasker, is interesting. Mr. Frey was with the Shipping Board "all through the war." During part of that time he received $8,700 a year. He was being paid at $10,000 a year when he left. Before Mr. Frey came to the Shipping Board the first time, at $7,800 a year, he was vice president of a company operating two boats out of Los Angeles.

Mr. Lasker, in appearing before a committee of which Martin B. Madden, a member of Congress was chairman, explained his hiring of Mr. Frey, and of Mr. Smull, and of Mr. Love, as follows:

"One man was getting $35,000, and we paid it to him; another man was getting $25,000, and we paid that to him. The other man was making so many times more than $35,000, that he said: 'What I get is a matter of indifference, and I will take what you pay the other men. I do not want to humiliate them by taking less.' Those men were in important positions, and are important men in the shipping world."

The man who didn't want to humiliate the others was placed on the pay roll at the higher of the two figures, $35,000.

Mr. Love was with the British shipping firm of Furness, Withy & Company, as American manager, and is American-born and an American citizen. Mr. Smull is a member of the firm of Winchester & Company, a shipping brokerage firm. He is reputed to be a half owner in a firm whose profits were estimated by Mr. Smull at no less than $500,000 for a year. Both of these men had considerable power in the war days of the Shipping Board as they were members of the chartering committee of the government corporation. According to Mr. Lasker, it required 12 days to sway Mr. Smull sufficiently to bring him back into the midst of the wreckage he had left many months before. Mr. Lasker, in testifying, said that he told Mr. Smull that it would be only with him that the "American marine can be saved." During the war Mr. Smull accepted $5,000 a year for his services.

The wooden ships and the program which called for their construction form perhaps the more interesting chapter of the mercantile marine debacle which this country has gone through. There have been 571 wooden ships constructed. Prior to the sale of the 205 recorded earlier in this story, 112 were disposed of, at a tremendous loss. In accepting the first loss, a further loss resulted when the buyers defaulted in the deferred payments so obligingly arranged for them by the government. Two hundred and seventy-four of these vessels are, or, up to a short time ago, were tied up in the James River.

In Which the Mistake Is Pointed Out

AS STATED, there were 571 ships of wood built, and turned over, and accepted by the Shipping Board. *Only 90 of these had been finished the day the armistice was signed, November 11, 1918. The other 481 have been delivered since that time.*

As Mr. Madden, the Republican member of Congress from Illinois, said: "The mistake that has been made in the whole business is that *we have carried on a wonderful shipbuilding program three years after the armistice was signed.*"

And to prove that it can continue to build ships, even though today it is operating only 632 (all steel) of the 1,753 it has, and even though it is losing money at the *estimated* rate of $136,000,000 a year, the Shipping Board blithely goes on its way *turning out more ships. There are 19 more to be built,* and, we have the word of several, these 19 will complete the program. So much for that. Quite incidental to the building and finishing of these 19, the last of which will not be delivered until the spring of 1922, is the fact that at the recent hearing where Mr. Lasker testified, it was desired of the House Committee that $29,175,000 be allowed to finish up the score. This sum was allowed. No doubt these will be tied up, either at Camp Eustis, in the James River, where 315 steel ships are now huddled together, or in Jamaica Bay where three great fleets are idling, when they are turned over.

How much it will cost to maintain these 19 ships, designed for passenger service, perhaps may be gleaned by looking over the cost of maintaining the Leviathan, the giant passenger ship seized by this government when it went to war with Germany. The Leviathan is not in service but that seemingly has little to do with the cost of keeping it afloat. The Shipping Board, it is stated, sought to sell the Leviathan for $4,000,000. William Randolph Hearst, waving the American flag and shouting, "Down with England," obtained an injunction forbidding the sale. As a result, the United States Shipping Board pays $45,000 a month to maintain the Leviathan, and $17,000 a month for dockage space in New York Harbor. This boat could be towed out to Jamaica Bay, and at least the $17,000 saved.

The present cost of keeping the Leviathan is $62,000 a month. That is at the rate of $744,000 a year. Half of that, it appears, could be saved.

As far as can be determined, the proposals of the present Shipping Board to solve the question of what to do with the American mercantile marine now rusting and rotting in idleness, are of three kinds:

(a) Sell the ships. (They can't be sold as ships —only as junk).

(b) Make bare boat charters. (None will charter them that way).

(c) Give contracts, each paying half, sharing half. (So far, none has signified willingness to accept this proposition).

The foregoing naturally leads to speculation as to what has been done heretofore with the Shipping Board fleet. It should be explained that the ships have been operating under what is known as a M. O. (managing operator's) contract. A most interesting document. The managing operators sorrow in the knowledge that ere long public opinion, if not the Shipping Board, will force the abolition of the M. O. contract. Here is what it is, briefly:

The contracts provide that the government shall "expend all money to operate the ship, to keep it in repair, to pay its port charges, to pay any damages, to pay the men, and that the operating manager is to receive five per cent of the gross receipts."

More than two hundred million dollars (as nearly as can be estimated) was lost during the past year through the operation of this contract.

Nice for the Operator

THE government paid *all,* the managing operator paid *nothing,* and profit or loss, he took five per cent of all money collected for all cargoes carried in the ships allocated to him. Not bad, not bad! The board has not, up to the time this is written, abrogated any of these contracts. It hopes to, and the House Committee has Mr. Lasker's assurance to that effect! There have been four years of this kind of assurance, and several billion dollars lost by the American people.

In one of the preceding paragraphs the phrase, "as nearly as can be estimated" is used in reference to the loss sustained by the government in the operation of ships under the M. O. contract. The reason for that phrase is that Mr. Madden, the chairman of the committee that stands sponsor for the bill appropriating $48,500,000 for the continuance of the activities of the board, said in explaining to the House the position of the committee, *"No one can find from the records of the Shipping Board what the loss is or what the cost of anything is.*

Mr. Lasker is authority for the statement that of 9,000 voyages made in Shipping Board ships, *6,000 have never been audited* and the cost or revenue from those voyages is unknown. Perhaps Mr. Lasker has not had the opportunity to go back through the days of 1919, when John Barton Payne was chairman of the Shipping Board. At that time, there was a general controller (he was succeeded by Mr. Tweedale,) the man who now gets $15,000 a year) named Colonel E. H. Abadie. Colonel Abadie instituted what he termed a "voyage-account drive" while he was in office, and within a few weeks, succeeded in obtaining from the pockets of the operators to whom the ships had been allocated, more than *$130,000,000.* As an incident of this, it was found, that, contrary to the terms between the operators and the Shipping Board under which the operators were to keep separate all voyage-accounts, more than half of this sum had been permitted to remain in with private funds of the operators. The auditing of 3,480 voyage accounts brought in this sum. That was back in 1919. Since that time there has been no auditing of ship operators' accounts by the Shipping Board. What sums the operators have collected within that time, if any (and from the figures herein presented it is not unfair to presume that there are such sums), is absolutely unknown. It has been passed over as something quite negligible.

The status of the books of the Shipping Board is a matter that has puzzled Washington for some weeks. The rest of the country has heard little of it. Indeed, it has been stated, not with the authority perhaps that such a statement should bear, that the *vital* records (provided that there were records in such shape that results could be obtained by consulting them) have been stolen and destroyed. At any rate they do not appear to be available.

That things are in a pitiable mess, however, certainly may be gathered from what facts are officially available, and the reader is referred to the following statements:

> "Rep. Madden: "There was no system of accounting whatever. The urgent need seemed to be material for ship construction. Every effort was bent in that direction. (In connection with that it should not be considered harsh if one were to point out that of the 2,000 ships built for the Shipping Board, but 113 steel, four composite, and 90 wood vessels were delivered up to the date of the armistice, November 11, 1918—a total of 207—Ed.). The accounting of expenditures was a lost art. No one knew what became of anything or where it went, how it got there or how much it cost . . . . The controller of the Shipping Board stated that under the stress of war the accounting department was not able to find out where the ships went and when they came away from the place to which they went . . . . The record is replete with evidences of bad management."
>
> During the hearing:
>
> The Chairman (Mr. Madden): "Is there a balance sheet ever gotten out in the Shipping Board?"
>
> Mr. Lasker: "No; that is what we have got outside auditors for now, to try to get such a thing as a balance sheet."

And when Mr. Lasker mentions the employment of outside auditors, it brings to mind that there is an audit which has cost the United States Government (or its citizens) more than a half million. It was expected that, completed, the audit and the methods employed to obtain it would be of immense value in like operations in the future. *That audit, begun somewhere around two years ago, never has been completed.* It had to do with the books of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, a subsidiary, if one may use that term, of the great steel corporation of which Charles M. Schwab is the controlling genius. Mr. Schwab, it will be remembered, at one time, shared the two-man control of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation. At the same time, the Bethlehem Corporation was engaged in building ships for the government.

It was during the régime of Colonel Abadie as general controller of the board that the audit of the Bethlehem Corporation was begun under his direction. The work seemingly proceeded smoothly until a voucher for more than a quarter of a million dollars was investigated by the auditors. There was a notation, or a memorandum, to the effect, it was alleged, that $100,000 of the amount was to be charged to ship construction. The voucher supposedly was issued against Mr. Schwab. At any rate, the audit was stopped, and some months later, during the Walsh committee hearing, the facts as Colonel Abadie understood them, were given to the committee.

Mr. Schwab Is Exonerated

MR. SCHWAB, at his own solicitation, appeared before the committee the next morning. During his testimony, in which he repudiated the suggestion previously made that ship construction had been charged with any personal expenses, Mr. Schwab wept. The committee in its report, had this to say of the incident:

> "Your committee is of the opinion, based upon the testimony, that the charge made by Colonel Abadie in his testimony has not been proven and is not true."

What is of interest today is that the audit, after an expenditure of more than a half million dollars, never has been completed as originally planned and directed. The facts, whatever they may have been as indicated in the examination made by the outside auditors (and later by Shipping Board auditors), are so incomplete as to be entirely valueless.

Further to stress the fact that the records of the Shipping Board are in miserable form (granting that any records now exist), let the following evidence be added:

As a result of Shipping Board operations, construction, and otherwise, there are 3,500 claims against the government, amounting to $350,000,000, as "nearly as can be estimated." Again, the reader will note, there is the expression, "as nearly as can be estimated." It is an official stock phrase. There are 3,500 suits pending against the government, of which 900 are pending in state and district courts all over the United States. No preparation has been made by

(*Concluded on page 14*)





The three United States Shipping Board fleets assembled in Jamaica Bay, between Barren Island and the Rockaways

At the top is Fleet No. 3, now being built. At the right is the largest and longest of the three, which is Fleet No. 2. At the left is a front view of Fleet No. 1, lying across Ruffle Bar. These three photos show the collection of idle steel vessels in Jamaica Bay.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 46, September 10, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Where Japan Comes In

THE British treaty with Japan has proved distasteful to British colonies, especially those in or bordering on the Pacific. Japan's attempt to show her civilization to the world by following Civilization's favorite method of shaking a sword has reacted to create a suspicion against her designs. This has been exceedingly unfortunate for Japan, who has perhaps not sensed which way the world is going, and who is following in international affairs an outworn model, even as she has done in industrial affairs.

Discerning readers will have noticed that the British treaty with Japan is causing no unrest in this country, because it is known to our government that Great Britain specifically stated in the treaty that in the event of Japan and the United States becoming involved, Great Britain would consider the treaty at an end. This means neither more nor less than that Great Britain has elected to consider herself the natural ally of the United States, treaty or no treaty.

It goes without saying that in arranging for the peace of the Pacific, Japan cannot be ignored. This quite explains the reluctance of British statesmen to terminate the treaty with Japan without substituting another. The businesslike method would be for the United States, Great Britain and Japan to enter into an understanding governing all Pacific matters, the three nations guaranteeing that ocean to the uses of civilization as the former two now guarantee the freedom of the Atlantic. In no other way can there come "freedom of the seas." Such freedom must be guaranteed, and that can be done only by those nations which are most able to make good the guarantee.

Too many interests are eagerly active to stir up trouble between Japan and the United States, on grounds entirely insufficient for even a diplomatic quarrel. In the absence of facts precluding a peaceable understanding between the three nations, it should be entered into at once. Japan has shown a disposition to ask a great deal—a trait not entirely oriental—but firm determination founded on fairness will be sufficient to handle that quality. Japan has gained too high a place to jeopardize it by forfeiting the confidence of the modern world. The time is past when military force could accomplish much for her.

The Big Dirigible Disaster

IT IS desirable on many accounts that there should be the fullest inquiry into the disaster that caused the giant dirigible R-38 to burst and burn in mid-air and plunge into the Humber carrying to death two score or more of brave men. If apparently well authenticated reports now coming in are to be depended on, structural defects inherent in an obsolete model, well known to the aviation experts in both Britain and America, and set forth in reports on file in the departments, plainly account for the breaking of the airship.

There is much mystery behind the whole matter of the purchase by the United States for two million dollars of this British-built copy of a German airship. At every stage in the business, there seems to have been a display of inordinate haste. It may well be that the innocence and good faith of neither the British Government nor the American can be impugned. But that there were influences behind the governments, influences of a dark and sinister sort and undeterred by any scruples of honor or patriotism, is becoming more and more evident as the days go by.

From beginning to end, Germany's experience with dirigibles during the war was disappointing and disastrous. At first, the highest hopes were entertained that this leviathan of the air would prove the decisive factor in winning the war. The mere appearance of a Zeppelin over London, it was believed, would throw the British public into a blind panic ready to end the war at any cost. We know how mistaken this German psychology proved in its reading of the mind of the Briton; how the effect was exactly opposite of that intended, only intensifying and solidifying British determination to fight to the last man and the last shilling.

Over and over, it was shown that the Zeppelin was no match for the airplane in actual warfare. Its very bulk and unwieldiness rendered it an easy prey to the quick-darting and circling airplane. When, following their last raid on the British coast two of three Zeppelins flying homeward were brought down by a fowling-piece well aimed by a Frenchman out for a morning's pheasant shooting, the vaunting pretensions of the Zeppelin's promoters became ludicrous. As a weapon of war, the big dirigible lighter than air machine was utterly discredited and condemned by actual experience in war.

Of course, the dirigible continued to have speculative scientific interest. More than that, the successful crossing of the Atlantic with one stop by the R-34 opened up a prospect of possible utilization of the German invention in the speedy transportation of passengers and mails between the Old World and the new. True, giant airplanes have been found more practical in the services now actually in daily operation between London and Paris and Paris and Warsaw, Brussels and Belgrade, as in our own transcontinental mail air service. That fact aside, it is plain that any importance remaining to giant the dirigible is commercial rather than military—a matter of private exploitation for profit rather than of national defense.

Why, then, were we in such a big hurry to buy this two-million-dollar gas bag and to spend another two millions in erecting a hanger for it at Lakehurst? The British themselves condemned the Sunbeam motors and planned to delay work on their newer ship, the R-80, until Maybach motors could be procured. Why could not we wait also? Who was so anxious to have the deal go through that the report of the American officer, who inspected the R-38 in July, 1919, when it was building, and pronouncing its design obsolete, was ignored or suppressed?

These are questions that must be answered.

"The Sucker List"

THE discovery of wholesale confidence gangs who do business from mahogany paneled offices and who operate on the basis of "sucker lists," does not justify the too ready conclusion that there is a fool born every minute; it may rather be a damning indictment of a failure to provide the people with proper information regarding the traps that are set for them.

The gambler who goes into "blue sky" operations either on the buy or the sell side, deserves all that befalls him, if he is speculating; if he is exploiting, he deserves the severest penalty the law can inflict. But the usual victim of these fake "get rich quick" schemes is not a gambler in the ordinary sense; he or she is usually an innocent person who imagines that "business men" have discovered a magic process of getting money out of the air. And they are encouraged in their delusion by newspaper advertisements, alluring booklets carried in the mails, and other devices to allay the natural suspicions of the mind untrained in business.

We go to great trouble to educate people as to the habits of the subtle tuberculosis bacillus. We induct people into a knowledge of the processes by which pneumonia takes hold on the human organism and saps its vitality. We instruct people in the philosophy and method of "safety first." At election time the newspapers go to enormous pains to advise the people how to vote. But when it is a mere matter of a man investing his life's earnings, he is left to the mercy of anyone who can get his ear.

Common sense should function in behalf of the uninitiated, and it would function if given a chance, or even half a chance, but the periodical literature of our times has been devoted so completely to the spinning of fairy tales about quick and magical wealth, that the people have become inoculated with the wrong ideas. They are victims of an illusory atmosphere which romantic writers have thrown around quite practical things.

There is a field for the giving of "safety first" instructions to the people with regard to their financial affairs, if we are to judge by recent revelations. There are too many people who provide "easy picking" for men who should be breaking stones on the state roads.

A Tax on Bank Clearings

EVERYTHING is good until the better appears. There is something very impressive about the plan suggested by T. A. Darby, a former Florida Senator and widely known as the man who organized the Florida orange growers, for the solution of the taxation problem now vexing Congress and the country. It is a new sort of single tax he proposes and one very different from that proposed by Henry George. Mr. Darby would substitute for all other Federal taxes a tax on bank clearings.

He estimates that a tax of one per cent on the country's bank clearings would yield an annual revenue of from four to six billion dollars, an amount surely adequate for all needs of the national government, including the provision of interest and a sinking fund for the payment of the public debt. Requiring all banks to deduct this one per cent tax from the credit of every deposit and to make monthly returns to the United States Treasury, Mr. Darby's proposed amendment to the general revenue bill would so simplify collection, he says, that at least 25 per cent of the present cost would be saved.

He meets the protectionist argument for a tariff on imports, by pointing out that importers would pay the one per cent tax on the amount of the proceeds of their sales of the imported goods when they deposited the proceeds. Customs frauds, it is claimed, would be impossible under this system, and our own producers of wheat, cotton, wool, meat and fruit, as well as our manufacturers, would be given a one per cent advantage over foreign products sold in our markets.

Another advantage claimed for the Darby plan is that it would discourage speculative gambling and have a tendency to prevent international bankers from contracting our currency and credit here to supply money and credit elsewhere.

The proposition is daring and is doubtless open to criticism; but that is no reason why it should not have fair examination.

The War Trials

TRIALS of German officers charged by the Allies with responsibility for the atrocities of 1914 are proceeding with legal exactitude in German cities. Convictions have been secured and prison sentences meted out. A world that was frenzied by the brutalities of the period hardly pauses to observe the culmination of the human sense of justice, and a few lines in the newspapers serve to convey all that the trials "are worth as news."

Efforts made to shield responsible higher officers have been uniformly successful, the general plea of "military obedience to orders," or "shattered nerves," or "insanity" being sufficient to mitigate punishment. Cases apparently worthy of the death sentence have drawn 30 months' imprisonment. No doubt the pointing out of individuals as perpetrators of the staggering savagery is in itself a punishment not to be minimized. Moreover it has been exceedingly refreshing to see the readiness with which the German private soldiers were ready to stand with the Allied private soldiers as witnesses for the prosecution, thus testifying to the plain man's protest against systematic militarism with its senseless and inhuman policies for the handling of difficult war situations.

It is noteworthy that whenever a German general's "nerves gave way," he ordered more and more shootings. His aberration was always in the direction of more blood. The normal human being's nerves usually give way in the opposite direction. Hundreds of German soldiers whose nerves collapsed under the wanton murder of civilians simply refused to obey orders—they could not behold more brutality and blood—and were shot for insubordination in the face of the enemy. But the grip of the militaristic system was shown on the officers—there was no reaction toward human normality; it all went the other way.

Reform—Inside and Out

OCCASIONALLY a note of progress is heard. One of the southern states recently abolished the whipping of women in the county jails. Another southern state has abolished the ball and chain for its prisoners. In still another state's prison the rule of silence has been cancelled. With so much reform taking place within the precincts of prisons, hopeful people may be induced to look for humanizing reforms outside of prison also. Many barbarisms persist in modern life, many vestiges of the jungle law. The defects of the life "inside" are the result of too much suppression; the defects of the life "outside" are the result of too much freedom. And perhaps the latter is hardest to reform.

Mr. Ford's Page

MOST of the things which people say they see, are actually seen. There is no imagination about it. The pessimist who sees things going to pieces, is not deluded; he is correctly reporting what he actually sees. The optimist who sees things soaring up to the height of perfection is an equally good reporter—he is not fooling us or himself—he sees what he says he sees.

But the trouble is, too many people are doing all their seeing within too narrow limits, and while their reports of what they see are true, they are not comprehensive. There is nothing more likely to be misleading than a field of vision so narrow as to leave out part of the points. It is like seeing the elephant so limitedly as to report only his tail or tusks. The animal appears quite differently in a comprehensive view.

Now, all this has an important application to the state of mind in which many people find themselves today. There are perhaps more minds focused on economic problems than ever before, more people thinking, or perhaps it is more truthful to say they are wondering, about the conditions which have befallen human affairs.

It is probably true that though we are all looking and wondering, we do not see very much as yet; but it is still a mighty fact that the minds of the people are focused on their affairs. Formerly we left it all to the government or destiny; but now the governments have failed us, and destiny is not a thing to take without co-operation. And there is a million-fold more chance of seeing when we are looking than when we are not. That is the attitude of people today: they are looking, and presently they will see.

Some people see certain things going to pieces. They see correctly. Certain established customs, methods, processes, institutions, traditions we have been accustomed to lean upon, are undoubtedly going to pieces, and they are going to pieces irrecoverably too.

It is that last element—the irrecoverability—that strikes fear to many people. They thought that "normalcy" meant the recovery of the old things, the re-establishment of the old way, the restoration of the old habitual leaning-posts. Most people thought of "normalcy" in that way—as yesterday come back. But yesterday is not coming back.

The old world is dead, dead, dead. It is beyond recovery. God himself will not restore it, and Satan cannot.

That is the a b c of the new alphabet, namely, the old world is dead. Not dying, but dead. The things you see going to pieces is its funeral, its decay.

If people would only learn this a b c, it would save them from a great deal of confusion.

But the point is this: those who say that everything they see is going to pieces, are telling the truth, *because their eyes are focused on the things which belonged to the old era.* The old era is dead, and is being buried bit by bit. Every day another fragment of it falls into dust.

Now, if that is *all* that you see—and it will be all that you see if it is all that you look for—no wonder you have the feeling that *everything* is going to pieces.

But if you turn around and see what is coming swiftly up behind your back, as you gaze apprehensively into the past, you will get the other half of the field of vision: you will see the things that are to be.

Perhaps you have seen the oak take color in company with other trees in the autumn. Then came the rains, and the other trees let go their leaves; not so the oak, only a few did he let fall. Then came the winds, and the branches of the other trees were left ragged; but the oak held most of his leafage. Then came the frost, and all the trees were stripped clean and bare of leaves; but the oak leaves shriveled a bit and took on the tone of old Cordovan leather, but for the most part clung to the parent boughs. They are a cheering sight in winter, those shriveled leaves that defied the frosts of autumn; they are a cheering sight as they defy the winter's snow and blast. Then winter begins to wane, and spring is a promise in the air, and green things begin to appear, but still the oak holds tenaciously to last year's foliage. A little later and the leaves begin to fall—in spring. If you had not looked around upon the earth to see what else was transpiring there, if you did not know what compensating work was being done, you might well think that at last every leaf in the world was about to go.

But this is the fact: the leaves that stayed longest, that we had learned to associate with stability—those are the leaves that fall before the new leaves appear.

In the social order, is it not our seemingly most strongly established things that are beginning to flutter down? Are not the most solidly essential services the ones that are now most under doom? Certainly, as anyone who focuses his vision only on the passing things will tell you. It is the collapse of the most dominant methods and institutions that alarms most people. Well, it need not alarm anyone. When the leaves of the strongest tree fall, spring is here. If you will widen your field of vision you will soon see other things springing up to take the place of that which is passing.

So, you have a choice. You can sit and look at the fading out of all that made the old "normalcy" and you can wail about calamity to come; or you can stand up and watch the new era come in, looking for your place in its ranks. If you do the latter, you will see an entirely different state of facts. It will not be imagination, or mental suggestion, or this foolish mysticism of pretending things are all right whether they are or not; it will be fact—the thing is true, the new era IS here.

A business man in a small town said it all very well the other day. Said he: "I just try to accustom myself to the thought that I have waked up in a new world. I don't know just what kind of world it is going to be, but I know it is my duty to keep on the watch to find out, so that I may be ready for it. I know there is going to be a new way of salesmanship, and I am trying to find out what it is. I know I shall have to keep wider awake, and I am trying to find out on what lines. I am in a new world and I have got to learn about it all over again. The only things that have carried across from the old world into the new is Service and Honesty—but you can drop the 'Honesty' and save time, for when you say 'Service' you say it all.

That is the attitude! That man was awake to the fact that the new era is here; he wanted to be alert in all his senses when it tried to teach him something. He says he hasn't learned much yet, but he has learned the basic thing—without which he could not learn anything at all—he has learned that the world is new. If that plain fact could be dinned into people's heads and hearts, so that even without understanding it completely, it could become the time-beat of their thinking, a great deal would have been accomplished.

Certainly many things are going to pieces. They ought to! And if you look at them long enough you may get the impression that everything is going to pieces. You should turn around and look the other way, and see the New Era marching up the side of the hill. Then you will see that although the ruin of all our own stupid, inefficient, unjust and unproductive methods is unavoidable and good, the real cause of their disappearance is the New Way which is pushing them out.

While you are looking, be sure and see it all.

NOTHING is going to pieces except that which will not fit into the New Era. All our stupid, inefficient, unjust and unproductive methods are going to the junk pile, and all the finance and legislative tinkering in the world cannot prevent it. But if you are wise you will not stand looking at the junk pile grow, you will get out and see where the New Era is going to rise, and take a hand at rearing it. People who say everything is going to pieces simply because the junk pile is growing, are looking only at one corner of the field. They have limited their vision to the funeral of the Old Era. Turn around, look the other way, and you will see another procession coming on.



Top, left—Interior of St. Anne's. Marble pillars support a lofty groined ceiling elaborately carved and guilded, the nave being lighted by many stained glass windows picturing in the highest form of the art scenes in the life of St. Anne and episodes in the long history of the shrine itself. At the head of the 15-foot wide central aisle and immediately before the great central altar of Carrara marble stands the statue of St. Anne holding the infant Mary. The relic—a piece of bone from the arm of St. Anne—occupies a reliquary of gold set in the base of the statue facing the reader and is seen through the circle of plate glass which the kneeling pilgrim kisses. Top, right—The permanent reliquary in which the bone is exhibited on special occasions, now kept in the sacristy. It represents an arm with hand of solid gold in the gesture of apostolic blessing. The relic (seen through glass) occupies the relative position it had originally in St. Anne's arm. Bottom, left—Scene in Rue Commercial, the main street of the village. It will be observed that there are many hotels and that street signs are in French. Bottom, right—Exterior of the Basilica of St. Anne de Beaupre. This splendid stone edifice built at a cost of some $200,000 in 1878, on the site of the little wooden "sailors' chapel," the fame of whose healing miracles made St. Anne's famous as early as 1666.

Lourdes of America Draws Hosts of Pilgrims

By PAUL TYNER

ONE may leave that modern Babylon, New York, after late dinner in the evening and be in St. Anne de Beaupré for lunch next day. Yet it is like jumping from the very center of twentieth century materialism into the remoteness in time and space as well as in state of mind of a medieval fishing hamlet of France or Italy. Not merely is the hurly-burly of the metropolis exchanged for the stillness of a quaint old village set amid green fields on the banks of a peacefully flowing river, but one finds himself in the midst of a people speaking the French of the early seventeenth century and, to a marked degree, thinking the thoughts and living the life of a community of olden France. In an age which is commonly regarded as the very antithesis of an age of faith, this village is just now witnessing the strange spectacle of pious pilgrims from all parts of the western continent streaming in to pay their devotions at the splendid shrine of the Basilica of St. Anne de Beaupré, a shrine which in architecture and adornment rivals the richest of the Old World cathedrals.

These pilgrims come from all parts of Canada, and from all parts of the United States in even greater numbers. In the 40 years between 1879 and 1919, they totaled no less than 5,325,209, a host greater than that which made the first and second crusades. Persons suffering from all manner of diseases are they; the blind, the deaf, the halt and the lame; and all seek relief from their sufferings and infirmities by miraculous interposition.

Of course, "there are no miracles!" according to the modernist, and yet the saying that "All things are possible to him that believes" is in train to become an accepted scientific axiom capable of actual demonstration, instead of a vague aphorism having abstract rather than concrete meaning.

A fact is a fact, an eternal challenge to intelligent comprehension. "Impossible" has become an unscientific word. The healing experiences of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Anne are not to be pooh-poohed. Confirming the saying of Rouchefacould, the mediocre mind may go on condemning what it does not understand; but the progressive mind will ever seek the truth and an understanding of the truth. To be truly free we must know the truth.

Of the 271,000 pilgrims and visitors to St. Anne's last year and the 300,000 who probably will make up this summer's total, not all will go on the record of the healed. Perhaps only one in a hundred or one in a thousand will be counted among those whose petitions are granted—to the outward observation. Keeping in mind that practically all are cases given up by the physicians as hopeless from the medical standpoint, the healing of even one in a thousand means an achievement. Reasoning by analogy, the healing of one proves the existence of a healing power—a power capable of healing in *every* case, were the law of that one healing complied with fully. A law is proved quite as much by what the world calls "failures" as by what the world calls "successes." Failure to obtain the desired result in spiritual healing must be explainable in much the same way as failure in a chemical or mechanical process. Sand in the gear, a loose bolt, or a defect in ignition may make all the difference between a smooth-running and a balky motor car. A slight variation in temperature or an infinitesimal variation in the proportions may spoil a chemical combination. Under or over exposure may spoil a photographic plate.

These, of course, are not the explanations vouchsafed by the good Redemptorist fathers in charge of the church of St. Anne. Yet they were suggested to my mind by a remark made by Brother Jean-Louis, the bright, earnest and enthusiastic young juvenate who was good enough to act as my cicerone.

It was in a pause between the morning services. After inspecting the hundreds of crutches and canes ranged against the back wall and around three pillars on which they reached almost to the roof, we had advanced up the broad central aisle to where the precious "relic" was exposed to the veneration of the faithful at the foot of a statue of St. Anne carrying the infant Mary in her arms. Itself an exquisite piece of art, both in modeling and coloring, the statue occupied a niche or arch formed of myriad tiny colored electric lights. A mass of fresh roses and lilies sent up their incense from its feet. The beautifully carved golden reliquary was set in the base; an opening near the top and facing us showed plainly, through a circle of thick plate glass, a bit of bone yellowing with age and about two inches long by one inch in width—a bit of bone from the arm of the grandmother of Jesus!

The August sun was pouring through the beautiful stained glass windows. Behind the statue, in the deep recess separated by a wonderfully carved marble communion rail, rose the great altar before which swung three richly worked lamps, the central one of gold and those at either side of silver, in which burned softly the mystic lights symbolic of the life divine and eternal. The notes of a Gregorian chant sung in the confidently conquering notes of a clear baritone, and the deep murmur of the organ accompaniment seemed still to linger in the air. Scattered through the body of the church were perhaps half a hundred worshipers who had lingered after the mass for special devotions. Others were kneeling before one or the other of the "stations of the cross" in sculptured and colored high relief that adorned the walls at intervals between the tall windows. In one corner, a venerable white-haired priest was silently praying. On the other side a little group of Ursaline nuns from the neighboring convent, in their brown habits, were telling their beads in adoration before the side altar dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

Quietly, reverently and moving with evident difficulty, a young man, whose pale face showed traces of pain long and patiently endured, approached the reliquary and kneeling kissed the glass covering of the relic, having first wiped it with a fresh handkerchief. Then he bent his head for a few moments in prayer Rising, he betook himself to a neighboring pew, where he continued his devotions. He was succeeded at the foot of the shrine by a young girl seemingly suffering from some defect of vision, if not total blindness. She was led to the spot by an older woman—perhaps her mother. And so a constant stream of afflicted persons flowed to the prayer step of Champlain marble. No lines were formed, but there seemed to be some understanding by which no single devotee remained for more than a few moments before the relic, each giving way to the next who emerged from a pew close at hand in perfect quiet and perfect order. One old man —he might have been a laborer from his toil-worn frame—whose twitching head and shoulders indicated a nervous palsy, seemed particularly intense, returning

(Concluded on page 10)



Courtesy of the National Park Service

The General Grant in a park of the same name, which contains 10,000 sequoias, is the second largest tree in the world. Imagine if you can a tree so gigantic that it would reach from fence to fence if set down on a country road, and with a height about eight times the width of the road—that's the General Grant.

The Oldest Things Alive

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN



Courtesy of the National Park Service

Which was the greater poet, Longfellow or Whittier? Let "The Poets" in the Mariposa Grove settle this point. Longfellow, on the left, grew true to his name; he is two hundred and seventy-three feet tall, just five more than Whittier.

IN HIS day Methuselah was "some" patriarch. A hundred years was a mere bagatelle, nothing to worry about; and five hundred seemed to Methuselah little better than a good beginning. He had no intention of vacating the world too soon. He lived on and on, probably aspired to a full thousand, but attained only 969. From that day to this, however, 969 has stood as the record for human longevity.

The modern record is held by a man in Asia Minor. I cannot pronounce his name and I would not be able to spell it, anyhow. But this man is 156, and he has high hopes of reaching a hundred and three score. Compared to Methuselah, this unnamed fellow is a rank amateur in the art of living long; and Methuselah is a rank amateur when compared with the oldest living thing of today.

That proud distinction belongs to General Sherman, a big tree in California. Man cannot cope with his arboreal rivals. General Sherman is said to be 3,600 with a fine prospect of adding another thousand or two before he bows his head to the inevitable scythe of Father Time. He looks down on us humans and shakes his shaggy head as he beholds our puppet vanity; and he contemplates the disparity of his near maturity at 3,600 while our oldest has one foot in the grave at 156.

The age of 3,600 is conservative. Many authorities estimate it at 4,000. Galen Clark, the famous woodsman of the West and of California in particular, declared that General Sherman is 6,000 years old. The wood rings of a living tree cannot be counted; when the veteran of countless summers and winters tumbles to the ground, man takes a pencil, some paper and a magnifying glass, and calculates the age on the basis of one ring for each year.

"The Big Tree," John Muir thought, "does not attain anything like prime size and beauty before its fifteen-hundredth year, or under favorable circumstances, does it become old before its three-thousandth. Many, no doubt, are much older than this. On one of the giants, 35 feet 8 inches in diameter exclusive of the bark, I counted upward of 4,000 annual wood rings in which there was no trace of decay after all these centuries of mountain weather."

Robert Sterling Yard, of the National Park Service, said that of all the nights he had slept in the mountains the one he remembers best was spent in a sequoia grove of the Giant Forest. He and two companions shared a bedroom amid purple red sequoias with trunks fifteen feet in diameter and a ceiling 120 feet above, outlined by the flickering camp fire. There he obtained rest with inspiration.

"In the Giant Forest," he afterward commented, "grow a million sequoia trees, some of them tiny babies of a year, springing sharply from the warm, moist soil; some of them youngsters of a thousand years just peering over the tops of the towering sugar pines; some of them youths of two thousand years with fine rounded crowns and huge bent arms hugging their plumed togas; some of them majestic seniors, three hundred feet in height, who began life while the dramas of the Book of Exodus were still enacting."

Perhaps the General Sherman was a healthy young fellow a thousand years old when David killed Goliath with a stone from his sling. The tree probably had born seed at the time of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. It may have been as old as our nation when the brothers of Joseph sold him down into Egypt.

The value of the General Sherman as a relic of bygone ages is attested by the fact that a picket fence has been built around the base and all persons have been barred from the inclosure. During the tourist season soldiers are detailed to guard him. Without this protection his twenty-inch bark overcoat, which he wears in summer and winter alike, might be stripped from him by souvenir hunters; and if he did not die from the injury itself he would certainly die from shame.

This tree, commonly called the oldest living thing, though there is in Mexico a cypress which may be older, has a height of 280 feet with a diameter of 36 ½. It would hide the front of the average house, and if felled it would almost equal the length of the hundred-yard dash. Many of its mates exceed this measure. The Mark Twain bears the proud title of the tallest tree in the world, as the tip of its topmost branch towers 331 feet above the ground.

No other sequoia has a greater diameter than the General Sherman, though the General Grant makes a close approach with 35 feet, but is shorter by a rod. The Grizzly Giant, another of these wonderful trees, is slightly more than 200 feet tall and nearly 30 in diameter. The first branch, 125 feet from the soil, is two yards through, a veritable tree itself. Eighteen horses, standing head to tail, barely circle its base; 22 persons can accomplish this if they stretch out their arms and touch the tips of their fingers together. When one has thus lined up to play drop-the-handkerchief around a "Big Tree" and chased around the 100-foot ring a couple of times, he is quite willing to concede the immensity of the arboreal chieftain.

The Grizzly Giant is hollow at the base. Perhaps the room was made by some forest fire that swept the region. Anyhow, a great party of mules, ponies and horses can easily be stabled therein at the same time. One can romantically imagine that the Indians may have used the room for their pow-wows. In days long gone some Spaniard may have cached gold and treasure there.

What secrets the old tree might tell if it could speak our language! It has a stirring life-story of fire, flood, lightning and earthquake. It has endured much. It has seen much. Every year a thousand forms of life struggle for existence in its neighborhood. Millions of seeds drop from its own cones, but few survive. Fire would devour it, but fails; yet this same agency that would destroy the big tree performs a helpful service by burning off the rank vegetation, which has kept the seeds away from the soil. So a fire both saddens and gladdens the heart of a sequoia; it shortens its life but brings new life into being.

The name of this tree is expressive, as it fits like a glove should fit a woman's hand. The Grizzly Giant has been struck by lightning dozens of times, and its top woefully shattered on each occasion. It pays a penalty for towering head-and-shoulders above its neighbors. Nothing protects it from the wind and the increased velocity that storms bring. It is battle-torn but rugged, enduring into unknown ages.

The General Sherman was thus christened by James Wolverton, the hunter and trapper who discovered it in August, 1879. He had made the celebrated march from Atlanta to the sea, and greatly admired his leader. Mrs. Lucretia P. Baker, a member of a party which camped near a big tree in the autumn of 1867, gave it the name of General Grant in appreciation of his military successes.

A pair of sequoias in the Mariposa Grove of the Yosemite National Park are picturesquely known as "The Poets," individually as Longfellow and Whittier. In the Giant Forest of the Sequoia National Park are a number of trees "old when Rome was young and bidding fair to grow broad and high for a thousand years to come." This is the home of the General Sherman, also of the Abraham Lincoln and the William McKinley, which falls short of 300 feet by a scant three yards. The General Grant is in a park of the same name; the George Washington and 10,000 sequoias keep it company.

At least four of the big trees are alive and healthy, though they have been tunneled so that automobiles and other vehicles may pass through them. Two, the Wawoma and the California, are in the Mariposa Grove; they had been so seriously burned by forest conflagrations that enlargement of the passages can scarcely be considered as an additional impairment of their vitality. Roadways also have been cut through the Dead Giant and the Pioneer of the Tuolumne and Calaveras groves, respectively.

General John Bidwell, a famous character in the American history of California, probably was the first white man to see the big trees. In 1841, while with a party of immigrants making their way to Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento River, he noticed the great sequoias and immediately appreciated their grandeur; but he was too busy dodging Indians and getting food to make a close examination of his find.

Two or three years after the party had broken through the wilderness and reached civilization, John C. Frémont, the explorer who later became a presidential candidate, stopped at the Sutter settlement. Bidwell told him of the remarkable giant trees he had seen. Frémont laughed. He had heard exaggerations, or "tall stories," before. In this way he lost a chance for the honor of giving to the world the story of the discovery.

Throughout a period of a decade and one year the world did not know that the sequoia existed. The news was not disseminated until 1852, after A. T. Dowd, a hunter, had penetrated the Calaveras Grove. Even then his friends would not believe the story he brought back to camp. They refused to accompany him to the spot, as they feared it would be a fruitless, wild goose chase. Then Dowd resorted to stratagem. They were all hunting together one day, when he brought them into the presence of the forest masterpieces; and thereafter the fame of the trees spread rapidly.

An unnamed tree in the Calaveras Grove made Big Tree history. It was 300 feet high and 30 feet through the base, and its bark overcoat had a thickness of 18 inches. Somebody conceived the idea of removing the bark and exhibiting it as a curiosity; so the tree was girdled and an immense bark ring 30 feet high and of the same diameter was taken. At the Crystal Palace Exhibition in London this oddity created a real sensation, and the big trees obtained more publicity from it than the press agent of a circus could have heaped on them.

As the girdled tree could not live, the owner decided to manufacture souvenirs from it. The method of felling it with axes seemed impossible and was not even attempted. Five men worked twenty days boring it with pump augurs. With the trunk severed it would not fall, as it rested squarely upon the stump. The men spent two days in the process of inserting wedges; but nature stole the glory of the conquest

(Concluded on page 14)



Courtesy of the National Park Service

Though now only a little more than 200 feet tall, the Grizzly Giant, on the left, probably mounted higher towards the clouds many years ago. Storms and lightning strokes have chastened it; yet it has a girth so tremendous that eighteen horses, standing head to tail, are required to encircle it. Center—Auto road in the Giant Forest of Sequoia National Park. The three big trees in the center are youths only 1,200 or 1,500 years old; they may reach 4,000 or 5,000 before some cyclonic wind downs them. Right—The General Sherman, largest tree in the world, measures 280 feet in height, thirty-six and one-half in diameter. It was a seedling 2000 years before Christ was born.

Jewish Degradation of American Baseball

Corruption Began Years Ago; Burlesque Managers in Big Leagues; Story of the "Lasker Plan" and Judge Landis' Shrewd Move

EVERY non-Jewish baseball manager in the United States lives between two fears, and they are both describable in the Biblical term "the fear of the Jews." The first fear concerns what the Jews are doing to baseball; the second fear concerns what the Jew would do to the manager if he complained about it. Hence, in spite of the fact that the rowdyism that has afflicted baseball especially in the East is all of Jewish origin—the razzing of umpires, hurling of bottles, ceaseless shouting of profane insults; in spite of the fact that the loyalty of players had to be constantly guarded because of the tendency of individual Jewish gamblers to snuggle up to individual players; in spite of the evidence that even the gate receipts have been tampered with—the managers and secretaries of baseball clubs have been obliged to keep their mouths closed. Through fear they have not dared say what they know. As one manager said, "Good God, man, they'd boycott my park if I told you!"

This in free America, and in the "cleanest game"! It is time for baseball fans to begin to look round.

Incidentally, the fans have been looking round. The fans *know*. If managers only knew how much the fans have observed, they might feel more certain of support in the event of a move toward a clean-up.

Not Really Gamblers; Not Really Sports

ALL that the Jew needs to make him eligible to baseball or any other sport on the same terms with other people, is to develop a sportsman's spirit. The Jew has crowded into all the lucrative sports, but only on the commercial side of them, seldom if ever in sympathy with the sport as a real sportsman. The Jews referred to as gamblers in these articles are not really gamblers: they take no chances; they are not sportsmen enough to gamble; they are "sure thing" men. The "Gentile boobs" who walk into their traps are the people who provide the money. Even in the field of money, the Jew is not a sport—he is a gangster, ringing a gang of his ilk around his victims with as much system as a storekeeper supplies clerks and delivery boys.

Lately the Jews have been endeavoring to prove that they are sports. Venial sport editors are sometimes induced to write certain laudatory articles along that line, and frequently the name of Benny Leonard is used—Benny Leonard, the light-weight fighter. Benny forms an instructive illustration just along this line. Benny declares that he went into the ring without a scar and that he will leave the ring without a scar. Why? Because he will let no one hit him. He will go a long way to avoid pain.

The true wrestler risks and often suffers physical pain. So does the true ring fighter. But it is a Jewish characteristic to avoid, if possible, the pain of contest, just as it is a characteristic to avoid unnecessary effort.

Look at the other light-weight champions and fighters. Kid Lavigne carries scars; his hearing is affected by the blows he took. Battling Nelson was so badly shattered by his fights that operations were necessary. Ad Wolgast, as a result of the honest straight fighting he endured, went into a sanatorium. Imagine Willie Ritchie and Freddie Welsh boasting that they never took a blow! But Benny Leonard is still unscarred. It may be boxing, but it is not fighting.

Hippodroming the Baseball Diamond

WRESTLING is so tightly controlled by Jewish managers, that a real wrestler is absolutely barred out, for fear he will be able to show that the handful of wrestlers hired by the Jewish trust are not wrestlers at all, but only impositions on the good nature of the public. In order that the statement just made may not be misunderstood, it is repeated: the wrestling game at present is like the chariot race in a circus—the performers are hired men and the race is only a sham. The Jewish controllers of wrestling will not permit a real wrestler to appear—indeed, they go to infinite pains to bar him out—because a real wrestler would immediately show up the game. Wrestling is as much a Jewish *business*, controlled in its every part, as the manufacture of clothing, and its hirelings are mostly Gentiles.

That is what baseball was coming to. The whole sport was getting down to an "exhibition game" status. The overtone of "money, money, money" grew louder and louder. The sport aspect of the game was beginning to give way to the "show" aspect. There were numerous signs that an attempt was being made to "star" certain persons, to run "headliners," and to pull off a game with a sensational ending—just like a ballet is staged, or a pageant. Thrills were being offered—not as the give and take of the game, the accident of tensest action, but as practiced acting.

That is, baseball was slowly being brought under the level of the box-office idea.

There were forces against this metamorphosis of the game. Certain men saw what was coming. There were also forces favoring the change, and wanting it to come. Curiously enough, the forces that favored turning baseball into afternoon vaudeville were Jews, and those who favored keeping the game as part of American outdoor sports were non-Jews.

There was more involved in that Chicago trial—that curious medley of Jewish defendants, witnesses, lawyers and judge—than the mere trial of baseball players accused of unlawfully taking money.

The players were the "Gentile boobs." The players were not a whit different than a candidate for the United States Senate who plays the game according to the Jewish method. Every player on trial was there because he had listened to the suggestions of a Jew. The Jews who made the suggestions were not on trial. Some of them were not even indicted. Some who were called before the grand jury were not required to testify. Others who were indicted were acquitted. The spotlight of the whole scandal was centered on the non-Jewish players who were pushed out in front to do the job and who were known to any number of Jewish witnesses as having been mixed up in whatever shady work there may have been. The "Gentile boobs" had no witnesses; the Jews had all of them.

The Corruption Began Years Before Discovery

THIS is not a whitewash for the players. They deserved all they got for mixing up with the low hangers-on; but they did not deserve it alone. Had they been half men there would have been a few Jewish gamblers cured for life of the little habit of approaching ball players with a shady proposition. The players are Jewish dupes. To be such a dupe is punishment enough.

It would be erroneous, however, to hold the opinion that corruption in baseball began with the matter which was aired in court. Reference was made at the beginning of this article to the fear which the managers feel. This fear is of long standing. The managers had observed certain manifestations of evil years before. They had heard rumors which they did not repeat to their closest friends. They had started quiet investigations the results of which they did not reveal even to their partners in the clubs. Everybody acquainted with the true situation lived in deathly fear of emitting a whisper that might give a clue to the truth. But the truth is stronger than walls and doors and steel vaults—the truth was known at every stage of the game, by somebody.

Fans may recall that several years ago one of the eastern teams began to get rid of most of its men. It was a strange proceeding and occasioned much discussion. The sport pages speculated about it and the "wise" ones doped out plausible or fantastic explanations. The true explanation has never yet been given, and it is this: the manager of that club had seen certain things in the World Series of that year which turned him cold. He knew that he saw them; morally he was convinced that something was wrong; he exhausted every available method to get at the truth, and failed; so, unable to bring the men to public punishment, he simply got rid of them one by one, and the next season he had practically "rebuilt" his team. That was not more than ten and not less than five years before the 1919 World Series which formed the basis of the Chicago scandal.

It may be stated also that this which follows is the concensus of Jewish opinion as regards baseball: "You can't kill baseball as a *business*. It will always draw a gang on an afternoon, particularly a Sunday afternoon. It can be 'pepped' up and 'jazzed' up in a way that will make it quite a show."

The Jews are probably right, that baseball cannot be killed as a business. But it can be killed as a sport. And the American baseball fans who value the game as a sport should wish its utter destruction rather than consent that it become a rendezvous for the gangs that now fill the Jew-controlled burlesque houses. Baseball as a business will become a danger in American life, a mob-center, a hang-out of the disorderly and criminal classes.

There is another peculiar Jewish story regarding baseball which has not been told and it necessarily brings in the name of Judge Landis, of Chicago, an upright man with a wise head, whom the Jews would better not try to fool.

When the story is told, however, even the Jews will agree that Judge Landis is too shrewd for them.

The Genesis of the "Austrian-Lasker" Plan

BEFORE the baseball scandal the situation was this: Ban Johnson was the head of organized baseball, through the National Commission. He had brought the sport from a minor place to its position as the national game. Ban Johnson was something of an autocrat, as all leaders must be, because as old General Booth of the Salvation Army said. "If the Children of Israel had been managed by a committee, they never could have crossed the Red Sea." Autocracy has its uses, especially in striking out new lines. Ban Johnson used his power for baseball, not for personal aggrandizement. He saw the game grow great, he wanted it kept clean. In his efforts to keep it clean, he made certain enemies. One of those enemies, the Jewish owner of a baseball club, threatened to "get Johnson." As far as the National Commission as the head of organized baseball is concerned, they did "get" him. But so far as his prestige is concerned, so far as his character and reputation are concerned, they did not "get" him.

Judge Landis was a fan. That is, he was a fan, besides being a learned and rather strict judge. Judge Landis was one of the few judges who did not quail before Chicago meat packers and Jewish bootleggers. Judge Landis always went the limit on the numerous cases of Jewish business crookedness that came before him—"blue sky" investment companies, and the like. He was at least one judge who tried Jew and Gentile alike and whose impartiality and fearless righteousness no one doubted.

The Great Idea—"Unseat Judge Landis"

JUDGE LANDIS was a rather uncomfortable man to have on the bench in Chicago.

Moreover he was a comparatively poor man. The United States pays its judges only $7,500 a year. That is less than $150 a week, comparatively little on which to live as a Federal judge must live. Yet Judge Landis lived in a modest house and within his income. And no one ever dared tamper with him. An honest judge on the bench, a frugal man outside.

And he was a fan!

Now, while Ban Johnson was doing his best for baseball, and while Judge Landis was seeing a game as often as his duties permitted, certain others were viewing the situation. One of them was Alfred S. Austrian, the Jewish lawyer referred to in the last article, attorney for several ball clubs, friend of Replogle and Lasker, attorney for Rothstein the gambler and several others. Barney Dreyfuss, the Jewish owner of the Pittsburgh Club was on the trail of Johnson, on persistent enmity. The Jewish coterie in Chicago and the Jewish influence throughout American baseball looked at Johnson and they looked at Judge Landis.

Then the great idea broke! If at one stroke they

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

could rid baseball of Johnson and rid the bench of Landis, what a good job that would be!

Both these men were dangerous to Jews—not that they intended to be, not that they were consciously so—and it would be desirable to remove both from the spheres of their activity.

Then it was that the Jew lawyer, Austrian, came forth with the "Lasker Plan," named for his Jewish friend Lasker, member of the American Jewish Committee, head of Lord & Thomas (Gentile names) and Chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

The "Lasker Plan" proposed that the National Commission with Ban Johnson be superseded by a one-man government, that one man to be selected from outside both leagues.

The proposal was not an immediate success. Even the National League was in no hurry to obey this suggestion against Johnson. Indeed, there was so much hesitancy on the part of the Nationals in which the Jewish colleagues expected to find their best support, that the trump card was played.

There Is Always a Concealed Play

WHAT was that trump card? It is said to be the secret testimony of the grand jury before which Ban Johnson was glad to appear as a witness to tell the jury everything it would need for a proper prosecution of its inquiry, and before which Alfred S. Austrian also appeared to save some of his clients from the consequences of such testimony. The report is that Austrian was able to reproduce at the National League meeting the secret testimony which Ban Johnson had given before the grand jury, and by that means swing the Nationals against Johnson and in favor of the "Lasker Plan," because in the grand jury room Johnson told the truth about certain elements in baseball, which was held to reflect on National League members. What those elements are may be gathered from a survey of the people who were interested in "getting" Johnson. Johnson is anything but anti-Semitic. He probably has never stopped to think about such a thing. He has never been known to attack Jews as Jews. But he has stood for straight baseball, and for so standing he has won the enmity of the Jews in baseball. These facts are sufficient to justify a conclusion.

So, with Johnson left to head only the American League and not both leagues, the next task was to select the new autocrat of baseball. Not a commission this time, but one man! With all his power, Johnson was never more than one of a commission; but the "Lasker Plan" disposes of such safeguards and leaves the whole authority in one man's hands. It will be interesting to see who becomes the second incumbent of that office, if indeed the "Lasker Plan" lasts long enough to warrant a second autocrat.

The Judge Was More Than a Match for Them

GENTLE reader, do you suppose for a moment that the Jews who opposed Johnson did not know who the new leader would be? Ah, well they knew! He was to be a man outside both leagues. And he was to be a man whom the Jews would just as soon have off the bench as on it. He was, indeed, none other than Judge Landis, who can be trusted to see through a trick as far as any other living man.

Of course, he would accept a $42,500 job, he who was receiving only $7,500 a year! And, of course, he would resign from the bench!—thus the coterie reasoned.

They trooped over to the court to interview the judge. They made so much commotion on their entry that the gavel was banged for order. The interview was held. Judge Landis agreed to accept. This news was widely heralded. The judge tied them down to a seven-year contract. It was assumed in all the interviews in all the newspapers that the judge would resign. It was assumed he would devote the rest of his life to baseball.

The baseball magnates signed up under the "Lasker Plan" put across by Austrian.

Judge Landis also signed.

And then he remained on the bench!

The reader no doubt remembers how quickly enthusiasm for Judge Landis died down in certain quarters. Remember too, no doubt, that *a fight was started immediately afterward in the United States Congress to force Judge Landis off the bench*—not to make him give up the dictatorship of baseball, but to make him quit the bench.

And be this said: in spite of all the collusion and conspiracy and trickery, of which Judge Landis was the unconscious object, baseball fell into the hands of a man who will be just as jealous for its good name as Ban Johnson was. The Austrian-Lasker-Dreyfuss plan has so far failed. And Judge Landis has rendered several decisions which show that on the bench or off the bench he has the same shrewd eye for the detection of a fallacy.

Judge Landis is safeguarded by a seven-year contract. He is free to be absolutely fearless and fair. What his accession means to baseball will be anxiously awaited.

Judge Landis is probably not empowered to stop the steady falling of baseball clubs into Jewish hands, and if this cannot be stopped, his position as supreme dictator becomes little better than that of a police court judge settling disputes relating to the rules and offenses against them. The peril of baseball goes deeper than that.

The Fate of Boston's Famous Club

A FEW years ago the owners of the American League entered into a gentleman's agreement not to sell their holdings at any time without first consulting all the other owners. The name of a prospective purchaser was to be submitted and considered, and the deal was to wait upon the approval of all the owners in the league.

In the face of that fact, many people wonder how Harry Frazee became owner of the Boston American club. It is very simply explained: the agreement was not observed in Boston's case, and thus another club was placed under the smothering influences of the "chosen race." The story is worth telling:

Frazee, like so many of his kind, was in the "show business," a manager of burlesque companies. Then he saw a chance in sport. In partnership with Jack Curley, another Jew, he put on the notoriously crooked fight between Jack Johnson and Jess Willard at Havana. Curley has been the principal influence in killing wrestling, by precisely the kind of Jewish policy here described.

Frazee's Part in the Cuban Fake

JACK JOHNSON, the Negro, was a fugitive from justice, yet he was champion prize fighter of the world. He was spending money like a wild sailor, and his funds were running low. He was getting into precisely the condition where Jews like to find a man, to use him. Unable to fight in the United States, but still possessing the championship, he was in need of a way out. At this time Frazee and Curley made a proposition to Johnson, said to involve the sum of $35,000, if he would "lay down" before Jess Willard. And thus Jess Willard, "probably the worst fighter that ever held a title," was made world champion. Frazee and Curley then exhibited Willard on the stage and in circuses, and drew rich dividends. The crooked fight at Havana did not involve Willard, he was too poor a fighter to need "fixing." Only Johnson had to be "fixed" not to knock Willard out, which he could easily have done. But between the time when Curley and Frazee gave Willard the title, and the time when Dempsey took it away from him, the Jewish syndicate made a very rich killing out of the gullible American public.

But Curley is not the subject here, he deserves a separate story. Frazee concerns this article because he became owner of the Boston baseball team. He bought a new show—the Boston club, in the best baseball city of the American League. John J. Lannin, former owner, was a real baseball man, so much so indeed that the excitement of the games told on his health and it became necessary for him to relieve himself of the strain. Frazee was waiting to cut in, and whether Lannin feared that the proposal of Frazee's name to the American League would result in disapproval, or whether Frazee himself, knowing it, contrived to make it worth while that the agreement between the American League owners should be ignored, remains an open question.

Bringing Burlesque Into Baseball

HOWEVER that may be, the American League woke up one morning to find the little burlesque manager and promoter of a crooked prize fight in their midst. It was a sad shock to the dignity of "the cleanest sport."

What could they do about it? Nothing. Frazee had bought and paid for what he held.

Baseball was about as much of a sport to Frazee as selling tickets to a merry-go-round would be. He wanted to put his team across as if they were May Watson's girly girly burlesquers. Baseball was to be "promoted" as Jewish managers promote Coney Island.

The American League owners rebelled, but let them rebel! What could they do about it?

Frazee began his neat inside work almost immediately. Ban Johnson was unalterably opposed to the Frazee idea of sport, and Frazee set out to "get" Johnson. A split occurred in the American League, with Frazee, Til Huston and Jake Ruppert of the New York Club, and Charles A. Comiskey and Grabiner, of the Chicago Club, on one side against Johnson, and the other American owners comprising the other party supporting Johnson.

Frazee got money out of Chicago—the home of Lasker, Austrian, Replogle and Grabiner—to put through his Boston deal. A bank loaned him a quarter of a million dollars—one of Frazee's friends was a director of the bank. Frazee's friend died and Frazee had difficulty with the bank about re-making the notes. He finally was enabled to pay $125,000. Frazee secured this money from the New York American Club by selling "Babe" Ruth. Thus the New York and the Boston clubs have become financially interwoven. Boston is referred to as "New York's farm" in baseball circles.

In the meantime, the fans of Boston feel toward Frazee as the fans of Chicago feel toward Grabiner. The "class" of Boston no longer flows through the gates. The attendance at Boston park is smaller than at any other time in the last 15 years.

Now, it is unlikely that Judge Landis could tackle that question. Has he power, or lacking power, has he daring enough to assume power to drive the peril away from the ownership and fringes of baseball? It is probably not his field, but it pertains to the future character of baseball.

The Chicago Tribune Pioneers the Passing

THE Chicago American League Club is the most recent to attract the desire of Jewish capital. The Ascher brothers of that city have offered $1,500,000 for the club franchise. The Ascher brothers comprise a Jewish family, Max, Nathan and Harry, who conduct a string of motion picture theaters in Chicago. They have erected their own theatrical circuit. Like Frazee, they wish to add baseball to their string of "show businesses," and are willing to pay the price. At the time of this writing, their offer has not been turned down.

But a significant development—and in Chicago also—is the announcement made by the Chicago *Tribune* that it will curtail the space heretofore devoted to baseball on its sport pages. This, more than anything which has occurred, indicates the new scrutiny with which the game is being viewed. For a long time many observers have wondered where the "sport" was found in sitting on a bleacher watching a few men earn their salaries. Hours thus spent in a ball park "do not take anything off the waistline of the spectators nor add anything to chest measurement," says the *Tribune*; "the majority of spectators get only eye and mouth exercise." "Journalism has overfed it with space," the *Tribune* rightly says, referring to professional baseball. In ruining baseball and securing control, the Jews may be just in time to take a loss. Better no baseball than every park an afternoon midway filled with the alien and Red elements of the country.

The Nation-Wide Poison of Baseball Gambling

THERE is, however, a baseball duty devolving upon the police of every city, and that is the abolition of the Jew-controlled baseball pool. Gambling has grown up around the "cleanest game" to the extent of $20,000,000 a year. It flourishes in 150 cities in the country, and in many small towns. The "boobs," of course, are mostly non-Jews, the owners and profit-takers are Jews. It is as much a part of the national network of the Jewish gambling fraternity as are booze-running and horse-racing. The baseball pool runs more openly than the "books" because the very name "baseball" has seemed to give it the protection of "the cleanest sport." However, it has turned cigar-stores, barber shops, pool rooms, near-beer saloons, and newspaper stands into agencies for the national and international Jewish gambling forces. The bettor is entirely at the mercy of the managers of these pools.

These dishonest money-collecting devices are in violation of the law everywhere. The police could put them out of business easily if they should decide to give their attention to it. And thereby they would be taking the hands of a most undesirable alien class out of the pockets of the American people.

If baseball is to be saved, and there are those who seriously doubt it ever can be restored, the remedy is plain. The disease is caused by the Jewish characteristic which spoils everything by ruthless commercial exploitation. The disease may be too far gone for any cure. There are those who, like the Chicago *Tribune*, deny that professional baseball ever was a sport, and who are glad that Jewish exploiters, like scavengers, have come along to reduce it to garbage. But there is no doubt anywhere, among either friends or critics of baseball, that the root cause of the present condition is due to Jewish influence.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for each volume.

Lourdes of America Draws Hosts of Pilgrims

Concluded from page 10

to the shrine several times in his eagerness to grasp any unoccupied moment.

Good Brother Jean-Louis must have noted my watching of this scene and caught something of my thought. "Yes," he said softly, "that bone of Saint Anne has a marvelous power. Thousands who have come here crippled or suffering from diseases regarded by the doctors as incurable have gone away whole, gratefully praising God and *la bonne Sainte Anne.*" He spoke with genuine fervor, his face flushed, his eyes bright and something of the ecstacy of a young saint in his voice. Then catching a questioning look in my eyes, he seemed to recover something of the calm precision of the reasoning student. He corrected himself quickly. "I don't mean that they are cured by the Saint's bone," he added; "they were cured by their faith in God's goodness; faith in the power of the intercession of the great, pure and holy soul privileged in the Divine Providence to become the mother of the immaculately conceived Mother of Christ. Without faith it would not have been possible; all things are possible to them who believe."

We passed on into the smaller chapel which occupies the sacristy at the back of the church and which is a veritable museum of interesting objects connected with the 200-year history of St. Anne's. In one large glass case, I was shown great heaps of jewelry, gold watches, bracelets, rings, necklaces. In the same case, a little to one side, stood out a magnificent crown and beside it a chalice, both of elaborately worked solid gold set with gems. These offerings are not sold, but are periodically melted down and made over into the sacred vessels and ornaments consecrated especially to the veneration of St. Anne. The chalice is valued by experts at $8,000. It is enriched with no less than 323 precious stones.

Among interesting historical souvenirs in this chapel is a solid silver altar crucifix given by the illustrious Pierre Lemoyne d'Iberville, the conqueror of Hudson Bay in 1697 and the discoverer of the mouth of the Mississippi in 1699, founder and first governor of Louisiana, the territory out of which the states of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Oklahoma and the eastern half of Colorado, were carved after our purchase of the province from France during the administration of Jefferson. There also is a silk mass vestment richly embroidered in gold and silver, the gift of Anne of Austria in 1666 and made by her own hands. Visitors to Paris churches will remember the story of how Queen Anne, after 20 years of marriage, had despaired of presenting to her husband, Louis XIII, an heir to the French throne. "Fully confident in the intercession of her patron saint in this extremity," runs the veracious chronicles of the time, "she ordered prayers and masses to be said daily in every church in the French dominions for that intention. Her wish was granted by the birth of the prince who later became Louis XIV, "the Grand Monarch," who to this day stands out in French history hardly second to Jeanne d'Arc as the national hero. For him the French province of Louisiana was named. In thanksgiving, the queen ordered some offering to be placed in every church in the kingdom dedicated to St. Anne.

Then there is a gilded wooden statue of St. Anne dating from 1662, and which for 200 years adorned the front of the old church. Of a collection box used for the first time during the dedication of the second church on July 29, 1663, we are told that it was returned with 12.65 francs ($2.53), considered a good collection at that time as wages were only one franc a day. It is recorded as a remarkable event that when the viceroy, the Marquis de Tracy, and his staff made their pilgrimage a few years later, the sexton, Michel Bouchard, actually saw 70 francs ($16) dropped into this box, one silver franc after the other! But then a franc went much further in those days than it does today.

Of a later date are curious reminders of the visits of living personages, such as the chiseled and embossed silver portrait presented on the occasion of his pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré in October, 1890, by the Comte de Paris, who is regarded by thousands of Catholics as the legitimate king of France.

Near this reminder of the French claimant, oddly enough, one comes upon the red onyx pen used first by King George V, of England, when, as Prince of Wales, he visited the shrine in June, 1908, and again as lately as August 23, 1919, by his son, the present Prince of Wales, in signing St. Anne's Visitors' Record.

A very curious souvenir is the seal of General Santa Anna, president of Mexico in 1832 and through the historic days of our war with that republic. This seal is made of solid gold in the form of an eagle with outspread wings standing on a rock of lapis-lazuli, engraved with the seal and holding between his wings a sphere, likewise of lapis-lazuli, the eagle's eyes being formed by two rubies, seemingly directed to the word *Mejico* inlaid on the sphere in gold letters. The seal proper bears the initials of the president, wreathed with the Mexican national insignia.

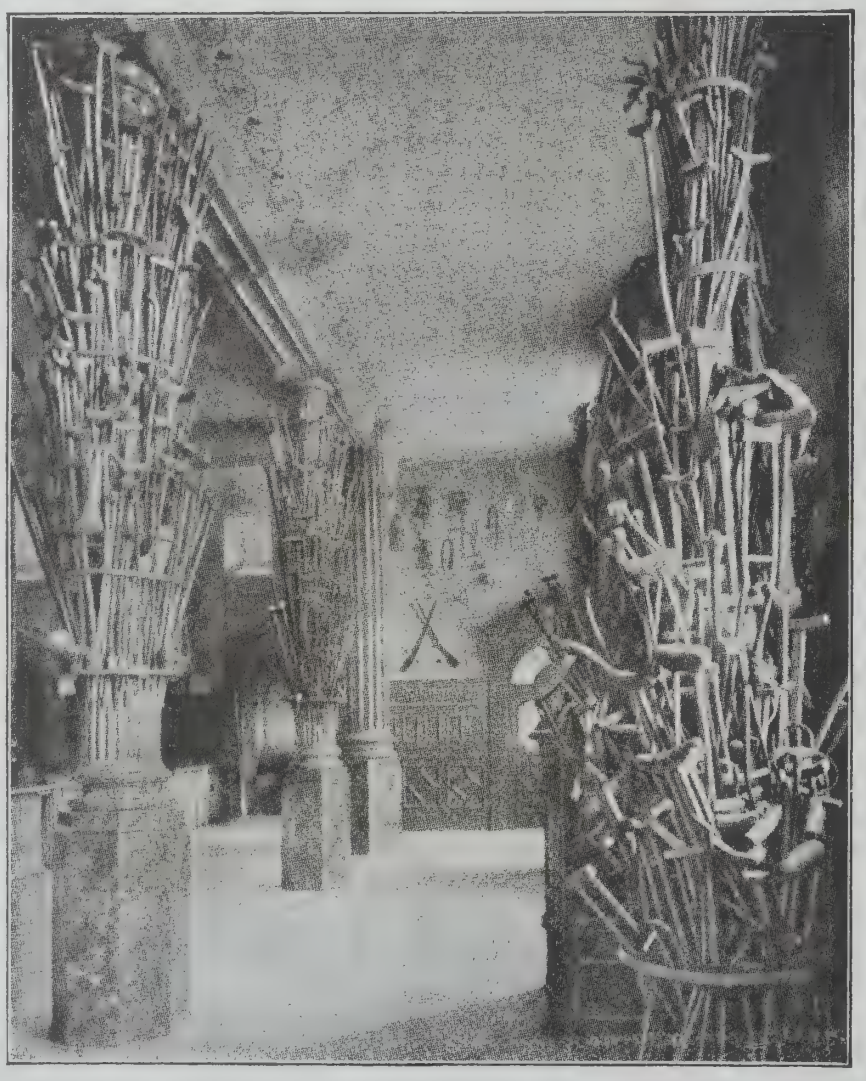
Among a number of paintings on the walls of the sacristy and adjoining passages, I single out for mention one which seemed to me especially to accord with the "miraculous" atmosphere all about. This is a large painting from the brush of Lebrun representing in the center St. Anne teaching her daughter, Mary, and on either side below them two figures in the garb of pilgrims at prayer. The picture is a votive offering made by the Marquis de Tracy, viceroy of New France in 1666, and the pilgrims in the picture are the Marquis and his Marquise. It is related that during a fierce storm at sea, the pious viceroy made a vow to St. Anne that he would make her a generous offering if she would save his life. He fulfilled his promise by presenting to St. Anne's church here this masterpiece of one of France's greatest artists.

The painting of a sailing ship of war of the early eighteenth century fashion, like that given by the Marquis de Tracy, is a reminder that St. Anne has been regarded for centuries as the patroness of sailors and of those who travel by sea. It represents the man-o'-war "King's Hero," and was presented by the crew of that vessel in thanksgiving for St. Anne's protection, when in 1711, they were cast up on the shore in the neighborhood, following a furious storm in which 84 ships of the British line sailing up the St. Lawrence under command of Admiral Walker were dashed on the rocks near Egg Island beach and destroyed, a calamity which caused the British to abandon their first invasion of New France.

"If sailors and passengers on ocean ships today prayed more to St. Anne, we would not have so many shipwrecks as we are having in these irreligious days," said my cicerone.

According to accepted tradition, the first church of St. Anne was built on this coast by a few Bréton mariners who, believing themselves in danger of perishing by shipwreck, vowed that they would erect a chapel to the patroness of their own loved Brittany on whatever spot they might be able to land.

As far back as 1662, marvelous cures were reported as being obtained at this chapel through the intercession of St. Anne. In 1665, the venerable Mary of the Incarnation, foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec, wrote: "There the paralytic are made to walk; the blind receive their sight; and the sick, whatever their ailments may be, regain their health."



Reminders of many miracles of healing. Hundreds of crutches, canes and surgical appliances are stacked around the four pillars near the entrance and hang against the walls. The crossed rifles are the pious offering of a smuggler saved from shipwreck and testify fulfillment of his vow to St. Anne to abandon his trade.

In response to a question as to the crutches, canes and steel leg-supporters and back-braces I noticed within railings around three sides of the reliquary itself, Brother Jean-Louis told me these were left by persons who had been healed within the past week. Each article was ticketed with the name and address of the healed one, his ailment and date of healing. Not all who are healed leave such visible reminders, he added. For instance, on the very feast of St. Anne this year (July 26) a prominent and wealthy New York woman had been healed of cancer, he said. At the end of six months, her physician would be asked to sign a certificate as to the genuineness and lasting nature of the cure for the church archives.

I was not fortunate enough to witness a miracle personally; but various pilgrims I talked with told me that they had been encouraged to come to the shrine, in some cases from a long distance, by the cure in former years of friends and relatives and declared that they had already experienced remarkable benefit physically, as well as spiritually, and were confident of final healing.

Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," has left on record interesting impressions and observations of his visit. He says:

> "For my part, I have not seen the blind recover their sight, but an English lady of great distinction, Mrs. G. P., related to me the details of the cure of a little girl ten years old, who had been blind from her birth. I never that I know is that it is true . . . . That same day, I remarked in the church a poor old man all crippled and so weak that he could not even use crutches. They helped him to drag himself as far as the statue. He sank down at its feet. As I had not come to pray but to see, I attentively fixed my eyes on that man. Nor could I easily remove them from those features in which feeling and life seemed extinct, and so deadly pale. Yet the sufferer raised his head and his lips moved. I will say no more, lest I profane the subject. Let me merely add that I saw the old man restored to health, if not to youth. He arose, and I followed him as far as the door. There he took his traveling bag and his stick and began to walk with a vigorous step. I followed him for a while. No doubt could remain: he was cured."

Not only in the Basilica itself, but also in the surroundings, everything in the arrangement and environment is well calculated to foster faith. The church yard surrounding the Basilica is a prettily laid out garden with statues and grottoes set in the shrubbery and flower beds, and in one corner is a "holy well" whose waters are said to have miraculous healing powers. Eastward of the church rises a large three-story building, the monastery of the Redemptorist Fathers, 40 of whom are engaged in looking after the work of the shrine. Here also is maintained a training school for novitiates in the order. Along the slope of the terraced hillside, stand out at intervals striking groups in bronze life-size figures portraying the stages in the passion of Christ and forming the stations of the "Way of the Cross." On one of the lower terraces, rises the edifice known as the "Scala Santa," or Holy Stairway. Here pilgrims ascend a broad flight of steps to say a short prescribed prayer. On the upper floor is a chapel with an altar. A balcony leading from this chapel affords a fine view across the broad St. Lawrence and over the surrounding countryside.

This stairway represents the 28 marble steps of the Praetorium which Jesus ascended to appear before Pilate. The original stairway, trodden by the Saviour and stained with his blood, is said to be still in existence, and to consist of a flight of 28 marble steps brought from Jerusalem to Rome about the year A. D. 35, under direction of St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine. In the Eternal City they are housed in a magnificent temple where they are a constant object of the veneration of the faithful, being now "worn down by the kisses of pious worshipers whose tears of repentance and love flow continually," to quote the phrasing of the good Redemptorist Father who is the author of the official guide prepared under ecclesiastical authority for the use of pilgrims to St. Anne de Beaupré.

To those not in sympathy with the cult of this saint, there may be something repellant in the promiscuous kissing of the glass lens covering the relic, in the awkward climbing of stairs on the knees, and in the commercial suggestion of numerous boxes for offerings, and the stalls for the sale of books, photographs, gold and silver medals and crucifixes, the "Oil of St. Anne" and similar articles. But I must say that the evidently sincere and whole-hearted devotion of the worshipers reduces such impressions to minor importance.

Along with the first and deep impression of admiration for the striking demonstration of faith which these pilgrimages present, there is an inevitable sense of pathos in the reflection that while many are healed very many more experience sharp and bitter disappointment. The church itself recognizes that certain preliminary conditions of heart and mind are indispensable to any experiencing of the efficacy of the religious exercises connected with the pilgrimage and the veneration of the relic. Why could not intending pilgrims receive beforehand in their own home churches, the training necessary in most cases to induce those proper states of mind?

I do not overlook in making this suggestion, the outstanding fact that, whether healed of physical infirmity or not, practically every pilgrim who faithfully follows the directions given to him, is sure to reap decided spiritual advantages from his experience. This, after all, is perhaps more important than physical healing.

Helping the Other Fellow to Find a Job

Unique Organization Sends Men Out in Pairs to Boost One Another When Applying for Places, and the Plan Works

By DR. DU BOIS H. LOUX

Founder of the Two and Two Club of President Grant's Church

"I CAN'T get a job. I've been trying for weeks and weeks. I'm in need of a nerve-up. It's perhaps my last chance with myself. I'm a graduate of a western university. I'm a draughtsman, and am two years out of college. There is nothing to be had in my line. I go out looking for a chance, and after two or three failures in a morning's calls I'm bowled over. I'm no good for the rest of the day, but sit around feeling the hell of it. This is General Grant's church—I thought it was a good place to come for my last fight."

Your attention is called to the last sentence but one: "I'm no good for the rest of the day, but sit around feeling the hell of it."

The kernel of the Two and Two Club is in that sentence.

It took days for the idea to drift through the half-contempt that was raised by this pampered young fellow's confession. Off the shot, I could not help contrasting him with Horace Greeley, when he recurred once and again to his editorship of a well-known university paper. No doubt he had traveled over some of the very same streets that Greeley had tramped years before with his belongings strung over his shoulder. But Greeley had made at least an eight-hour day of downright seeking for a job, and the third day got his reward. The university graduate, on the contrary, as per his confession, hadn't one-sixteenth of the necessary sand to put in one honest day's work in quest of a job. In eight hours it is possible to brighten the doors of 50 places where jobs may chance to be waiting the right man.

The college man merely dipped daintily into a shop or two, and then, while his money lasted, dropped into a movie. There he caught his melodrama. A grown man going to a picture show during business hours is contemptible. Between the man who will consent to travel the streets with his head sticking out from two advertising boards that slant to his feet, one at the front and one at the back, and the man who will advertise his second-rate soul at a motion picture house while the busy hours are flying, give me the man who is sandwiched between the advertising boards.

He was a little man in size and soul who sat before me and wound up with the words, "This is General Grant's church—I thought it was a good place to come for my last fight."

I leave him for a moment to relate what President Grant's church was aiming to do for men.

It was in February, 1911, that Dr. John Wesley Hill, the pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, New York City, invited me to speak to his people at the Metropolitan Temple, Seventh avenue at 14th street. President Grant made this his place of worship when he was in the metropolis, and he was buried from it. It has a plain exterior, but a very beautiful interior. It boasts its "President Grant's pew." The Metropolitan Temple is a Methodist church. The city has grown uptown away from it. It is now in a business district. The idealists of Greenwich Village come to it, as do busy people, and young people from the boarding houses.

Dr. Hill leaned over to me from his chair on the pulpit platform as I took my seat at his side after my address. "Loux," he said, "you must come in with me as associate pastor of this church to build that gospel into this community." I shook my head, "You are a Methodist, I am a Presbyterian; it would arouse opposition." But he persisted. I finally named the condition on which I would accept. We must raise a fund together in the city for an industrial department in the church, and I must be no more burden to the church than he was. He was serving the church without salary.

Dr. Hill was soon appointed by President Taft as a special envoy to the Orient. He left me in complete charge with the splendid church committee to back me, and with high hopes for the industrial work which we had begun. His resignation from the pastorate on his return to America somewhat interrupted and transferred the seat of the industrial work to another church.

But to get back to the story of the college man. The two-and-two idea hadn't entered my head at the time. I looked him over and told him to put in a full day for once for himself, and tell me the result.

He got out of this with a poser. "The place where I worked as a draughtsman for two years has gone out of business. I haven't a city reference. The doors of New York are shut against the man who does not carry a reference from a going concern."

I took his statement with a grain of salt. It was not strictly true. Bang up young fellows will strike New York without money and will find a place in a laundry or a restaurant without bothering anybody about their experiences.

"Just help me, and let me prove that I can work."

I kept him around several days, and then took him over to a Fifth Avenue concern where they gave him a job at $12 a week. He went up the line in promotion, but *no job for any other unemployed fellow ever came to us at his hand.*

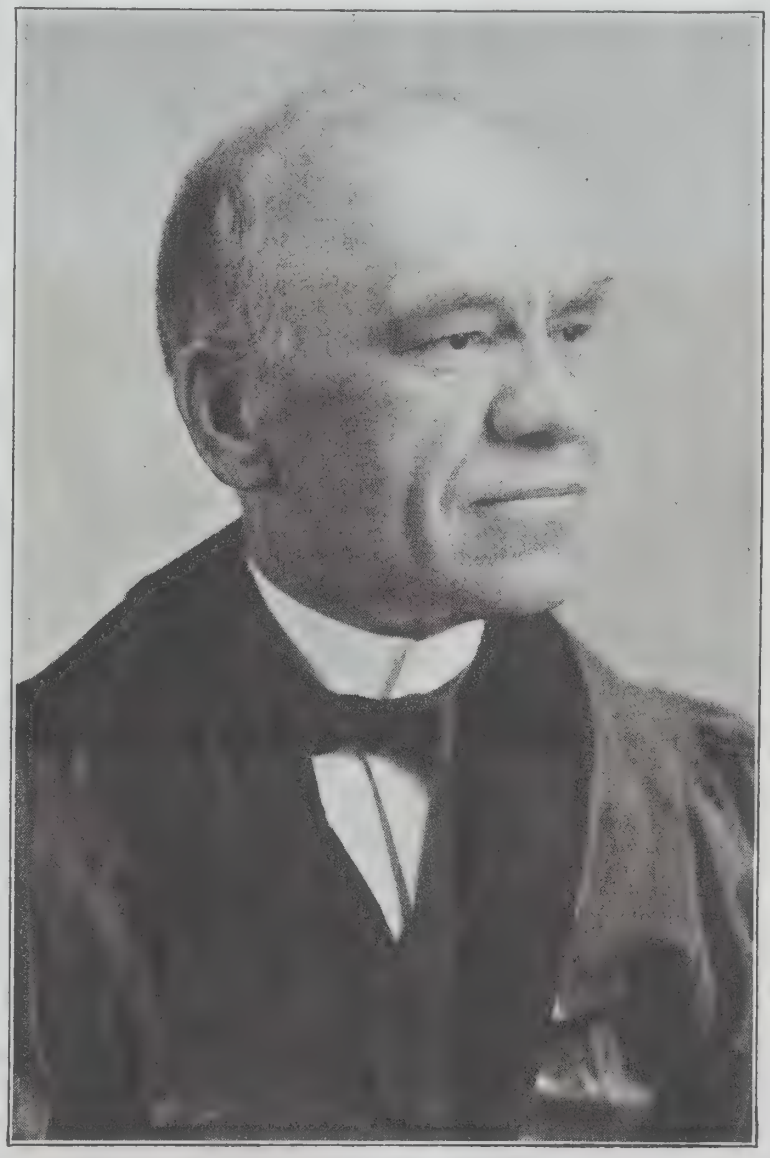
It was this last circumstance that finally rounded out the idea of the two-and-two plan.

Why not harness men together, so that they would react on each other to spur them on to do an honest day's work for a job?

But then, the thought interposed, it is quite true that New York demands men whom somebody will personally recommend.

Grant that this is true: why not have the men go out two and two to talk, not for themselves, but for a hearing for the other fellows, understanding that the other fellows were out talking for a hearing for them?

"Why, I could talk my head off for a bunch of fellows like that!" I found myself saying to myself, in face of the chagrin of having walked about for the young draughtsman with no charge to him, and *with no help from him for the other fellow.*



DR. DU BOIS H. LOUX,

Who directed the Two and Two Club described in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of August 20—a miracle club that accomplished wonders by a simple method.

"Let's not make a saintly thing out of this two-and-two idea. It had no angelic origin. It was born out of resentment to ingratitude. I found myself boiling over every time I thought of this man. You know the thought, "He put one over on me, and on the rest of the fellows."

"We are going to have worth-while teamwork, and no bunch of stars satisfied to kick in just a game with no thought of a WIN!" That was the genesis of the two-and-two germ. It was the bite of the "bug" to win. "You can't do anything for me, but if I play for you, you must play for the other fellows, and they will play for you." That was the two-and-two thump. It was a stand-up-knock-down propulsion.

The girls were kept apart from the canvassing idea. I do not believe young women should be put under the necessity of tramping about, either singly or dually, for the chance to be gainfully employed. At the church the men met for our daily efficiency talk and planning apart from the women. The women had a different entrance and egress. They were in charge of a matron, and when their case came to me, it was settled on its merits, without any thought of subjecting a woman to do calling for her position. Young women must be seen before they are engaged, of course, but they always are in high hopes of the place.

I say *high hopes*, meaning precisely that. When a girl goes out to work, we should provide an atmosphere of exalted emotion for her. The atmosphere, be it equally urged, should be big enough and lasting to invest her life during the entire period of her gainful employment days.

Having settled this affirmatively among ourselves, let us see what the men did for those who were not asked to go out to do similar work for them.

I have a case in mind.

It was a young woman who had nothing at all "exalted," you will agree, for an investing atmosphere of good cheer. She was working in New York City for the magnificent sum of $6 a week. She was clothing herself and boarding herself on this sum. She was a stenographer. Stenographers require presentable apparel. Some young women informed me that they got along by living on two meals a day, their parents sending them clothes to make over, or the money for the materials. This girl had no parents living. She was a young English woman. Her father had been a railroad contractor in South Africa. She had been educated in a Catholic convent, though she was an Episcopalian, the convent being the best educational place for young women in that part of Africa where her father was working. Her education included four languages. Now she was in America, at 24, living in New York as a stenographer for the princely sum of $6 a week, an orphan.

She came into the parish house office one morning before 9 o'clock, and told her story. That she was a beautiful and refined young woman with that charm of simple dignity that is never more winsome than in young women who must spend their days in business offices, is beside the question.

"Do you mean to say that you are clothing yourself and finding room and board for that sum of money in New York City?" I cried.

She said something to the effect that she had not been here long, and that it was her faith that she would not have to continue forever on such terms of living.

"Come back in the morning," I said.

We had a boys' department in our work that worked in behalf of all boys without respect to age, creed, or color, who would take a pledge not to smoke cigarets. There was a sign outside on the bulletin board of the church stating the facts about the boys' work.

Some time before the visit of the young woman mentioned, a Yale student looked in on me to commend the stand about boys and cigarets. He caught the swing of what we were doing, and volunteered to spend the summer with us without charge, building up a boys' club, and finding them places. It was Carl Hamilton, associate editor of a Yale publication, last class but one, I believe, before the World War.

The war took him out of my knowledge. He was an industrious fellow, and not ashamed to say that he made a good income maintaining a clothes pressing service for his college mates in New Haven. Hamilton took to the idea of making calls for the men and boys as a matter of social efficiency.

He was the Chesterfield of the two-and-two idea.

I don't know that it got any more jobs for the fellows, but one of Hamilton's first ideas was that we could afford more pressed-up clothes.

In general, it is true that in New York next to London and Paris, "the apparel oft proclaims the man." Our unemployed hosts came around as the rule in very presentable clothes.

It was to Hamilton I told the story of the visit of the young English woman who was working for $6 a week. He caught the idea of her being "well dressed."

"I think something can be done for her," he said.

Now, if you are expecting a romance, I am sorry to disappoint you. I think Hamilton met the young woman but twice. But I will record that her apparel proclaimed the woman to him. He was distinctly pleased that so much could be done with so little.

"I tell you what," he said, naming the cashier of a leading bank in the city, "the son of a cashier of that bank is a college mate of mine. They've a lovely home, and have had me there a number of times. I'm going down to the bank to see them."

"Why, they told me down there," he began, when he returned, "that they had been advertising for two weeks for a young woman capable of taking foreign correspondence in three languages, and hadn't found the girl they wanted. They told me to bring our lady down and they would give her an interview.

The young woman got the place. It meant a jump from $300 a year to $1,800.



The great Muscle Shoals nitrate plants erected by the United States Government

Dawn of a New Industrial and in the Great Muscle Shoals

SOMEONE has stepped on the accelerator of the world during these last few years.

Who it was, history will decide. But historians, viewing the advance of civilization through the ages, and considering the vast changes within the last half century, will find it difficult to disassociate the name of Muscle Shoals from two of the mightiest impulses which have stirred the thought of the world.

Centuries were required to bring the world from barbarism to the day when calm thought declared that war is wrong.

Centuries were required to fulfill measurably the human impulse for political freedom.

Centuries, too, were necessary to realize the present-day industrial progress.

But it was only a few brief years ago that the awakened ambition of man, combined with the awakening needs and desires of his fellows, brought the flood of inventions which has so changed the daily life of the world.

Less than a quarter of a century ago some one expressed concretely the idea of conserving the country's natural resources. There had been haphazard efforts, some successful and some failures, to utilize the great water power of the nation. A few astute corporations had profited immensely. There had been little development in water power, however.

But with the expression of the idea of conservation, the country awakened. Where there was one dam before, there are ten now. Water power which for ages had pounded its energy against the rocks in river beds became a thing of value. Sentimentalists learned that it was possible to utilize practically the great power in the swift streams of the land, and do so without committing a sacrilege against Nature.

Much of Niagara Falls' mighty power has been harnessed, and put to work in supplying the necessaries of life for human beings. And the enslavement of this great wonder of the natural world has been accomplished without destruction of its colossal beauty.

And now comes Muscle Shoals.

Some will say that the name must inevitably be connected with the development of water power. For the Tennessee River, which the country decided to dam at Muscle Shoals, has a potential power, second only to Niagara. But water power, in the language of the street, is "old stuff" now. The world understands its necessity, but refuses to be thrilled.

There are, however, two things in connection with Muscle Shoals which derive their impulse from its opportunity.

One is the revivified idea of an industrially awakened South, an idea big enough to comprehend within its scope the thought of vast benefit to the nation and to the world.

The other is the infinitely greater conception of the conservation and renewal of the agricultural resources of the country. The country's awakening to this necessity has been slow indeed. For a half century there have been more or less confident predictions that the South would awaken to its industrial possibilities and take advantage of them for the mutual advantage of itself and the North. But except for a few agricultural college professors, and a few clerks in the United States Department of Agriculture sending out its pamphlets, there has been almost no attention given to the fact that the agricultural resources of the nation are being exhausted by reckless waste of products, by lack of care of the land, and by governmental failure to provide the farmer with his needs.

Muscle Shoals, where the United States has built two great nitrate plants, and has begun a great dam, affords ground for the belief that the South and the nation are on the threshold of a New Era.

The dam, when completed, will give the South the long sought opportunity to manufacture its own products near home, to save vastly in freight carriage charges, and to offer more cheaply to its own and the country's citizens, its manufactured products. The nitrate plants, built to manufacture war material in protection of the nation, may afford a greater national protection in making possible intensive production from the soil.

The condition which makes the industrial development of the South necessary is older than the nation itself, and grows out of the natural wealth of the section. It was the agricultural poverty of New England which first turned the attention of the down-east Yankee to manufacture and caused him to utilize the water power of his rocky homeland. Southerners, rich in agricultural resources, were less ready. In the early days of the country, their abundant agricultural resources were satisfying. They were quite willing to permit the New Englanders to share in their wealth, and without objection, but rather with encouragement, they saw the down-easters monopolize the manufacturing industry. Recent developments, however, have focused their attention on the imperative need of bringing the factory close to the raw product.

The railroad debacle in recent years, together with the rapidly mounting freight rates, has made the question of carriage foremost in the minds not only of southern economists, but also of the serious thinkers of the nation.

The vast national waste embodied in the transportation of raw products hundreds of miles to the factory for manufacture and then back again to the consumer is beginning to engage careful consideration. This means a double haulage for the great volume of goods, and a consequent unnecessary waste of labor and increase of cost to the consumer.

Viewed roughly, one-half of the population of the United States lives west of the center of the cotton belt. In 1920 the production of cotton for the country was in the neighborhood of 12,000,000 bales. One-half of this amount is annually required for domestic consumption.

Three million bales, then, are consumed east of the center of the cotton belt, and three million west of that point.

For the first three million bales, the transportation East for manufacture and back to the consuming point can be viewed only as 100 per cent waste. For the remaining three million bales, the waste is relatively smaller. But for a bale of cotton, shipped from Sheffield, Alabama, to Fall River, Massachusetts, and there manufactured into cloth and returned to New York City, the short hauls beyond New York City impress the average observer as waste, provided, of course, that manufacture of the original bale in the neighborhood of its production, is feasible at a reasonable cost.

In some measure, of course, the percentage estimates of the amount of waste are inaccurate. Some railroad statisticians, too, will argue learnedly that the waste of double transportation is no greater than the waste of empty cars from one-way carriage.

Common sense, however, convinces the average observer that in the aggregate the present manufacturing concentration imposes a burden on the carriers which in boom times is too great for them to handle.

The southerner, awakening to his industrial possibilities, is inevitably impressed with the manifold prospects which the utilization of his manufacturing opportunities affords. It means cheaper production of the finished material. To the consumer it means the saving by the elimination of the freight margin. It has been the law of business always, but never better exemplified than in these last few perilous months, that the cutting of production costs and consequent selling prices stimulates buying, and thus aids consumer and producer alike.

In a word, then, the southerner sees that his manufacture of his own raw products will make money for him, will save money for his customer, and even more important than these, will reduce the vast waste in the usage of the nation's common carriers to which a generation of growing expansion and reckless spending has habituated the country.

It means in effect that the northern and southern sections of our common country will be united in commercial bonds stronger than have ever existed before. Both North and South will feel the impulse of new business, and will become more than ever before reciprocal beneficiaries, both together forming the strongest economic combination that any single nation can present.

Muscle Shoals is a name which is becoming synonymous with this new consciousness of possibilities.

With a potential water power of 600,000 horse power, with its location in the very heart of the South's

Nitrates Will Conserve the Farms of America

Agriculture is crying for fertilizer. Nitrates will supply this need, and two great plants for the manufacture of nitrate were part of the Muscle Shoals development.

One plant was completed by the government to produce nitrates for explosives in war time. The plant has been idle since the armistice.

An industrially awakened South wants the completed plant placed in operation and wants the other plant finished, along with the completion of the water power development, so that nitrates can be distributed to the farmers at reasonable cost.

Conservation and renewal of the agricultural resources of the country are necessary. America is approaching the day when intensive cultivation of the soil alone will suffice for the needs of the population. Scientists assert that immediate action must be taken to restore to the soil its productive qualities.

Nitrates will supply this need. And one plant for their manufacture, more cheaply than they can be imported, is ready for service at Muscle Shoals. The other plant at the same place is partially completed. The completed plant isn't turning a wheel.

The farmer naturally wants his land to produce all it can, but the land must have fertilizer to produce the maximum, and nitrates are the answer to this problem.

The South realizes that not all the nitrates necessary for the farmers of the nation can be produced at Muscle Shoals, but it believes once the project is launched there it will be the beginning of a program whereby other plants sufficient to supply all farmers will be built.



during the war, which have lain idle for two years, as they appear today.

Economic Era Believed Near Power and Nitrate Project

richest agricultural district, with the fourth largest river on the continent seemingly pleading that it be put to the use of navigation, the South has come to see Muscle Shoals as the genesis of its new industrial life.

Not that the southerner believes for a moment that the factories he visions will all be placed at the midpoint. He hopes and expects rather that each little stream and waterfall in his whole picturesque territory will ultimately be put to its maximum practical use without the destruction of its scenic advantage.

But he has come to believe that the development of Muscle Shoals will signalize the dawn of his new industrial era. At the midpoint of the Tennessee River, Nature for decades has been offering ready made, vast water power. The rising of the people's needs functioning slowly through the machinery of government year by year has put to work one after another of the great natural resources with which the land abounds.

At last, reaching fruition at almost the moment the South's industrial ambition was keyed to its high point, the movement reached the Tennessee River power. It took the tremendous energy and enthusiasm of war time to inspire finally the development of Muscle Shoals power.

And it is unthinkable to believe that the government, having spent $100,000,000 in a vast enterprise, will permit it now to sink into uselessness, with comparatively little still to be done.

Great, indeed, as are the hopes of utilizing fully for manufacturing the Muscle Shoals water power, there are vastly more entrancing considerations which concern operation of nitrate plants, another aspect of the Muscle Shoals development.

Scientific research during recent years has been turned toward the task of conservation. The profligate use of coal and oil supplies has caused careful investigators to sound the warning that the world's supplies of those necessities are not limitless.

But until very recently *there has been almost no consideration of the question of scientific conservation or restoration of the soil*—a national and world problem on which depends the welfare of farmer and urban resident and, in fact, through the dietary necessities, of the very preservation of the race.

Farmers have struggled manfully with the problem of restoring to full vigor the over-worked and tired soils which have produced their crops. Fertilizing has been conducted in more or less haphazard manners and with greater or less faithfulness. The Department of Agriculture, studying the problem earnestly and disseminating its information to the limit of its possibilities, has during recent years furnished the farmers with much information on how best to conserve and restore their soil.

But information alone is not sufficient.

There must also be material with which to conserve or restore.

And that is where the nitrates come in.

America is approaching the day when the intensive cultivation of its soil alone will suffice for the needs of the population. Scientists insist that immediate action must be taken to restore to the soil its productive qualities. So serious a publication as the London *Athenaeum* within the past few months devoted much attention to the world danger of exhausting its nitrogen.

Theoretically, scientists maintain, light and heat will be exhausted some time. But the inhabitants of the world do not worry much about this eventuality, a matter of some thousands or millions or trillions of years. But, according to the *Athenaeum,* the matter of the exhaustion of the world's supply of available nitrogen is not only theoretically, but practically possible within measurable time.

Nitrogen is necessary to the dietary problems of the human race. It is necessary to all life, animal and vegetable. Man's only source of nitrogen is in the proteins he eats. The animal sources of nitrogen are confined to the plants they consume. The plants in turn must obtain their nitrogen from the soil, a fact which makes it clear that the ultimate source of all nitrogen consumed in maintaining life of all kinds, is the soil.

Nitrogen, once taken from the soil, can return only through the death and breaking up of the living thing into which it was transported. Decayed matter therefore becomes fertilizer and helps restore the soil from which it came. But it is easy to realize that a great portion of the nitrogen originally extracted from the soil does not return. Some is carried away in solution and goes to the sea. Some is transformed into non-edible plants and lost. The perpetual diminution of nitrogen must in theory and according to the *Athenaeum,* practically exhaust the soil unless some other means of obtaining it is applied.

It is all very vague and involved, this scientific dissertation on the exhaustion of nitrogen and its possible effect on plant and animal life. But, translated into plain language, it is a fact which the crudest of farmers knows with certitude. He knows that the continuous use of the same field to grow a crop of wheat will destroy that field's productiveness within a brief span of years, unless he renews the productivity by fertilizer.

Fertilizers have as their chief constituents, nitrates. And the obtaining of nitrates from sources other than the decay of animal or vegetable matter has engaged practical thought for years. And this thought could not help being directed toward the atmosphere above. For *four-fifths of the nitrogen is contained in the air. Only one-fifth is present in the soil or animal or vegetable matter.* It was natural for attempts to be made to recover that nitrogen in the air.

Which brings us directly back to Muscle Shoals, and the nitrate plants. One of these, the smaller, is still in the experimental stage. It was built for the utilization of the Haber process of extracting nitrogen from the air. The other, which has been proved a success by two months of practical operation, presupposes the use of the cyanimide process.

The important thing is the manufacture of nitrates which will enable the farmers, with the information, suggestion and instruction which the Department of Agriculture will eagerly afford, to obtain from their land its maximum production, and still maintain that land in normal condition of productivity.

The Muscle Shoals nitrate plants will not be the only ones in the country. Once inaugurated the nitrate business must become adequate for the nation's needs. But Muscle Shoals must remain as significant of launching a program which must grow steadily until the country has realized its possibilities in intense production of foodstuffs sufficient for the population which must be expected in future generations.

The great irrigation program launched in the West a decade or so ago was one great step toward making useful all the area of the country. It would be the height of folly if the nation should spend millions to reclaim acres of arid land, and then refuse the comparatively small expenditures necessary to conserve the fertility of the soil.

But southerners hold no fear that the country will abandon the great Wilson Dam, partly finished, and shut its eyes to the possibilities of Muscle Shoals power and the wisdom of providing for the perpetual re-filling of the national granary.

They believe that the picayune days of thought are gone forever. The nation has learned to know that national wealth is measured by its productiveness in useful and necessary things, rather than by a fluctuating thing called money. Taxes, indeed, are burdensome things, but real public improvements do not tax the country—rather they pay for their cost over and over again. But that is another subject. Just now, those who are considering the matter are attempting to visualize the immense possibilities which lie in the utilization of Muscle Shoals—possibilities embracing things all the way from lowering of freight costs to energizing an industrial people, all the way from conserving food supplies of future generations to helping in the solution of the country's railroad problem, all the way from the profoundest scientific researches to the farmer's decision whether he shall raise wheat or hay.

The ramifications of the proposition are too many to enumerate. They run together like the parts of a great machine.

And it was only yesterday that Muscle Shoals was unheard of.

Today, even, it is a mystery.

Tomorrow—who knows?

Tennessee River Power Second Only to Niagara

The Tennessee River, which the government decided to dam at Muscle Shoals, is second only to the Niagara in potential power.

The South wants to utilize this power to manufacture its own raw products in the South so that these products can be distributed more cheaply throughout the country.

Now the raw products of the South are shipped East, West and North to be manufactured. Too often these finished products are shipped back over the same routes for distribution. Such haulage is wasteful.

Completion of the Muscle Shoals project would eliminate this waste and expense. It would bring the factory close to the raw product, from which the finished goods would be shipped only once.

There would be no duplicate trips. The consumer would benefit through this saving.

For years the South knew the possibilities of water power in the Tennessee River, but the energy of war time was necessary to actually inaugurate the plan of harnessing this power. Nitrates are very necessary in the manufacture of explosives, and the government decided on Muscle Shoals as the place to erect two huge plants for making nitrates, the plants to be operated by water power from the Tennessee River. One plant was completed and operated for two months. Then the armistice.

The government expended $100,000,000 on the development, when all work was stopped. The South, nor the nation for that matter, cannot make itself believe that the great development, which means so much to the industrial and economic life of all the people, will be allowed to remain incompleted.

How Shipping Board Is Ridding Us of Ships

Concluded from page 3

the government to defend these suits when tried. There are 1,700 admiralty cases pending with *no evidence of record* to enable the government to defend the cases. Some of the cases involve as much as $17,000,000 each, and there are many ranging from $5,000,600 upward. Remember, the claims filed aggregate $350,000,000.

This cannot help but bring back consideration of the appointments made by Mr. Schlesinger, the $10,000 a year general counsel, who hired ex-Senator Sutherland to advise him.

According to Representative Byrns, of Tennessee, the "general counsel stated that he had not half started, because, he stated, that that (appointment of $260,000 worth of legal talent for cases under $75,000) was not half the force that he would require to complete his attorney personnel. And one of them stated that the attorney expense of this board would amount to between $500,000 and $1,000,000 every year.

"But that is not all. These men are employed on regular salaries. They look after claims under $75,000, but when it comes to the other claims special counsel are to be employed."

Invested $67,000,000; Rights Not Defined

MR. SCHLESINGER in his testimony explained that Senator Sutherland had been retained as "advisory counsel to me." On which Representative Byrns comments:

"In other words, he has this former United States Senator employed at $5,000 to advise the general counsel of the Shipping Board as to his legal duties."

Mr. Schlesinger, from a reading of the testimony given before the Madden committee, has full knowledge of the immense difficulties to which he has fallen heir in taking over for solution the legal problems of the Shipping Board. For instance, there is a story that weaves into the earlier operations of the Shipping Board:

Mr. Schlesinger: "Let me tell you about this Pusey & Jones case. As they told me the facts in New York —and I cannot vouch for their accuracy because I have not investigated it personally—I understand the United States Government put $67,000,000 into that company for the erection of a plant and the construction of boats, and as I am told there is not a stroke of a pen or a contract of any kind to show what our rights were in the premises, or what our contract for the construction of these boats was, and we are now being sued for $14,000,000.

The Chairman: "Have you any records in the Shipping Board that show that?"

Mr. Schlesinger: "I have not been able to find them."

It has even been brought out that to this day, despite the scandal that attended the earlier operations in the War Department under such a system, that at least eight of the 19 ships now under construction are being built under the cost plus plan.

Commander R. D. Gatewood: "The passenger ships are all being built under the cost plus plan."

The Chairman: "Will you be kind enough to state just what cost plus plan means in the way it is used by the Shipping Board?"

Commander Gatewood: "There are two cost plus plans now being used by the Shipping Board. One is a straight cost plus. That means it is cost plus a percentage of that cost accruing to the contractor as a profit."

The Chairman: "What is the percentage?"

Commander Gatewood: "It averages about 10 per cent.

The Chairman: "Is there a limit beyond which he cannot go in the matter of profit, under that plan?"

Commander Gatewood: "No; there is no fixed limit. It is very hard to give it to you because it is different in almost every contract, and there is no fixed point beyond 10 per cent or beyond 12 and one-half per cent, but the nature of it is such that he cannot do very much better than 10 per cent, and it will average 10 per cent or somewhat less than 10 per cent, as things stand now."

Mr. Buchanan: "Is there a limit on the cost of the ships on which this 10 per cent is to be figured?"

"Three and a Half" Boards

COMMANDER GATEWOOD: "No, sir; that is the whole trouble with the cost plus plan. At the time the contracts were entered into nobody would accept the ships on any other basis, because nobody knew where labor and materials were going, and they would not undertake the responsibility of building the ships with any limit of cost.

"The second cost plus system, which is the one under which most of the present boats yet to be delivered are being built, is somewhat better. It is cost plus a fixed fee, so much a vessel, plus a profit-sharing arrangement in the difference between the actual cost and a fixed limit on the boat. If we go over that limit, the government has to pay it, but we are not going over the limit in any of the vessels yet to be constructed, and we are going to be under the limit, so the government will participate half and half in the so-called profits; that is to say, there was an upset price set on the boats at so much a ton. The contractor gets a fixed fee for building the boat and then of the difference between the actual cost and that price we get half of it and the contractor gets half of it. That is a very much better proposition."

The Chairman: "That is, he gets one-half of the saving, in addition to his percentage?"

Commander Gatewood: "In addition to his fixed fee. It is not a percentage."

The Chairman: "What is the fee?"

Commander Gatewood: "About $50,000."

The Chairman: "On what size ship?"

Commander Gatewood: "On a 10,000 tanker."

Surely, the reader will exclaim, there must be assets, too! Everything in connection with the Shipping Board is not a total loss! Oh, yes, there *are* assets, besides the thousand steel ships tied up at various anchorages for large fleets, and the $430,500 the Shipping Board expects to receive from the New York corporation that has bought 205 wooden ships for less than the price of one.

One of the shipping boards—Mr. Madden has said that there have been "three and one-half" boards—undertook the construction of towns to house thousands engaged in ship construction. It is estimated that more than $65,000,000 was spent in this manner. Houses by the hundreds were built in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Florida and Washington.

Mr. Wood, of Indiana, explained in considerable detail what the board did and what it is NOT doing in connection with the housing propositions:

"The Shipping Board built towns all over this country, all along the coast wherever they could find a place to build a town. There is one of them outside of Philadelphia, or just at the outskirts of Camden. I went through it the other day. I do not know how many thousands of people it will house.

"Many of the buildings are of a permanent character and all of them are occupied by somebody, *but nobody is paying any rent or has been paying any rent since activities ceased.* They paid $22,000,000 for building this town at Bristol, Pennsylvania. There is absolutely nothing being done there. Yet all of these houses have been and are occupied without a cent being paid in rental."

It has been estimated that there are $500,000,000 of assets, "which," says Representative Madden, "they (the Shipping Board) call 'live assets.' I would not call them very live. They consist of items like this: Past due notes, past due accounts; *rents of tenants that occupy whole towns that were created by the Shipping Board during the war, uncollected.* They have taken mortgages, some past due, taken on ships that were sold. They have claims for advances for assistance to those who took the contracts to operate ships.

Billions Appropriated for Ships

"ONE of the expert accountants....said that if we forced the liquidation of this $500,000,000 of so-called live assets, we would bankrupt a great many people in the United States and we would dissipate at least $300,000,000 of the $500,000,000 of accounts."

Up to July 1, 1921, the Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation had received in government appropriations more than three billion dollars, to be exact, $3,240,053,000. There were added allotments made by the President during the war, and this brought the grand total appropriated for these institutions up to $3,322,248,179.31, *approximately one-seventh of the money raised by this country for all war purposes.* In addition to the amount already set down, there was received from all sources, principally operations and the sale of ships, $1,477,011,542.41, which should be added to the more than three billions noted. The total reaches $4,762,405,089.39. The expenses attaching to sales, operations, cancellations, and so on, left the Shipping Board $3,084,060,247.88 to invest in the manner which has been revealed in these pages.

To obtain funds to maintain itself the board in the past has sold ships. Four hundred and two ships were sold. They amounted to 1,900,000 tons, and cost $320,000,000 to build. How much more was lost in operating them, if they were sailed, is not known, but the boats were sold for $260,000,000, a loss of $60,000,000. *Of this sale price, $130,000,000 was all that was received.* Not content with having lost the $60,000,000 noted, on the 402 ships, *the Shipping Board turned the $130,000,000 cash received into the construction of more ships.* What the ships built with this money are worth today perhaps can be determined from the selling price of the 205 steamers which together brought a price equal to the cost of building one ship.

The cost of maintaining the ships tied up is appalling. The wooden boats cost for five months, January 1 to May 31, $675,000, to maintain. It also cost $200,000 to bring them up the river to anchorage. It seems that the ships were gathered together and brought into Chesapeake Bay in units of four. These units were then split up, why it is not known, and each ship towed separately to anchorage. It is reliably stated that the pilots association charge for this service was a modest $1,000 a boat. But that was not all. After the wooden boats got to their anchorage in the river, their crews had to be paid off and dismissed. And when they left the boats everything portable went with them. It is said that hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of instruments, including long-distance glasses loaned to the government by patriotic citizens upon promises of return, were mailed parcel post from the Claremont, Virginia, post office. It is known that compasses, and other instruments of a like character, were smashed to pieces to obtain the alcohol in which the needles were floated.

Some More Huge Losses

AFTER this wholesale looting by officers and men alike, stripping crews came along with barges, and tens of thousands of dollars more was lost when equipment indiscriminately was thrown over the sides of the ships into barges, thence to be conveyed to Hog Island.

Below Claremont is Camp Eustis. There three hundred and fifteen steel ships were tied up, with skeleton crews to maintain them. England, as has been known, has been suffering from a nation-wide coal strike. England needs coal. England appealed to the United States to ship coal to England. The United States—Uncle Sam the Good Samaritan—agreed to ship coal to England provided that England would furnish return cargoes. Oh, yes, England would —and did! So, according to the story as it is told in Claremont, one hundred and twenty of the steel freighters were reconditioned, filled with coal and sent to England.

They came back from England not with return cargoes, but in ballast, with ballast sold by the English at $6 a ton. When the ships got to Chesapeake Bay it cost $2 a ton to dump the ballast out. *The freight money for the coal did not pay for the reconditioning alone.*

There is much more to be told of Shipping Board operations. There is much more to the story than ever has been revealed. There is one person in Washington, who, if called before a senatorial inquiry committee—a committee prepared to get the truth and not furnish a whitewash—is reliably credited with having information enough of certain practices to send "twenty-five persons to prison."

The report that he made is an interesting document. It was furnished to the Shipping Board in the belief that an inquiry would be instituted. This was not done. And the chap who had furnished the information "resigned"—by request.

A certain Senator recently sought to obtain a copy of the report. He called upon the Shipping Board for the document.

"Certainly, Senator," he was told. "It will be sent over in the morning." Morning came but there was no copy of the report forthcoming. Inquiry followed.

"We are sorry, Senator, but that report is withdrawn from distribution. It cannot be had," was the reply.

A senatorial committee could obtain it.

The Oldest Thing Alive

Concluded from page 11

from them, when she dispatched a gust of wind that suddenly overturned the mammoth, with a mighty crash and shaking of the earth, while they were at dinner.

The owner obtained plenty of souvenirs by using the wood from the huge branches. After he had the fallen log smoothed, he erected a bowling alley and also a bar room thereon. The stump, fashioned into a pavilion, served each Sunday as a place for religious meetings; through the week it was a dance floor, a concert hall and a theater. For a time in 1858 *The Big Tree Bulletin,* a newspaper, was published there.

The Big Tree, sequoia gigantea or Washingtonia, is first cousin to the redwood or sequoia sempervirens. The species were named in honor of Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian, who liberated hundreds of his tribe from illiteracy by inventing an alphabet of 85 characters that enabled them to read and write in the only language they knew, their own. When one considers that this great Indian has often been called the American Cadmus and the Modern Moses, it is plain that the trees were not dishonored by receiving his name; in fact, each is a monument to and a reminder of the other's greatness.

This aristocratic genus is found only in a narrow strip 250 miles long on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountain range in Central California. It prefers an elevation of 5,000 to 8,000 feet. Once the genus consisted of many species and flourished in the Arctic regions, as fossil remains show.

Stumps that have been exposed for centuries and trees that have fallen remain solid with a strength apparently equal to that of the green wood. Moreover, it has been said that if every one of the giant sequoias were to die today, numerous monuments of their existence would remain available for the student 10,000 years hence.

The shape of these giants vary with the age of the specimen. In youth they are arrowlike and resemble other conifers, but with the slow march of the years the lower branches are dropped and the upper ones thinned out until only a few remain. Because of the thinning the few wax larger, divide into numerous branchlets and end in masses of leafy twigs. As a big tree grows older its head gradually takes on the broad oval shape of a dome.

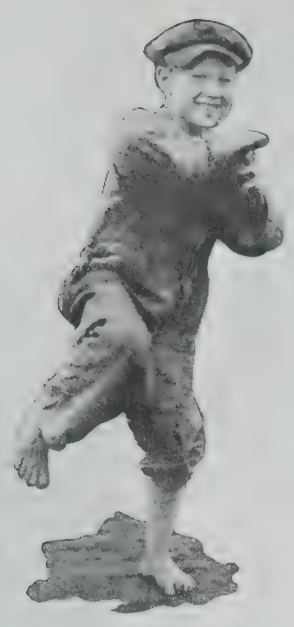
The sequoias bloom long before winter passes. The snow beneath them may be eight or ten feet deep, but they either do not know or do not care. Their small, pale green flowers are almost the first evidence that spring is approaching. They grow in thousands and millions, coloring the whole tree and the snow or ground below.

The grass-green cones are about three inches long and heavily laden with seeds, which fall like so many snowflakes on the foliage and deeply seamed bark. Some of the myriads of baby seeds sift through the vegetation and come in contact with the soil, sprout and grow. The tremendous reproductive power of the redwood is not shared nor possessed by the Big Tree; the seeds of the latter have a vitality so low that in a large proportion of the groves almost no seedlings can be seen. Even when the seedlings do get a start they may perish in a greedy forest fire or before a flock of sheep pasturing on the mountainside. Those that survive the vicisstudes that living entails may become not a hundred feet but a hundred yards tall and thousands of years old; it seems almost a miracle that the General Sherman, the General Grant, the Grizzly Giant and the entire sequoia host all sprang from tiny seeds about a fourth of an inch in length.

Almost without limit is the life of a sequoia. Fire may harm it, but rarely kills. The tree is practically exempt from disease. Storms worry it a bit; yet the ordinary bolt of lightning is something to be laughed at and forgotten. On life it has a most tenacious hold.

Humanizing the Health Center

By EARL CHRISTMAS



A live case from the outdoor clinic of the health centers

CLINICS — yes, there are clinics at the health centers in St. Paul. That is the usual conception of the health center. But there is something else at these health centers in St. Paul. There is play, and there is self-expression, which are community tonics, more valuable than any administered by the physicians in the clinics and just as health giving.

Every year some 8,000 men, women and children are given free medical attention at the centers, made possible through the bequest of the late Amherst H. Wilder. Thousands more are helped on the way to health by the visits of nurses. But more interesting, more significant many fold, is the human quality that runs through these unique enterprises. Located in three widely separated and congested districts of the city, where a little friendliness is apt to find the readiest response, they have come to hold a vital place in each community, all because the directors of the work have sensed in a very human way the needs of their neighborhoods.

The old dispensary idea is losing ground. Everywhere men and women engaged in the promotion of health or social welfare work are looking out, seeking new means of vitalizing their institutions in the eyes of the people. They are seeking ways to get closer to the people. At such a time, the experience of the Wilder health centers, founded on a new and unusual conception of the function of such agencies, must prove illuminating indeed.

For instance, there's that first rule of the health centers as set forth by Miss Florence M. Briggs, supervisor.

"Our first rule is to make friends," she explained. "That's more important than getting a bad tooth pulled. Oh, we are very informal. The center is one of the neighbors, you see.

"We are not afraid to yell out of the window to the woman next door, and she calls back and we talk over the back yard fence. Perhaps we will go over and borrow her wash boiler, and she may come over and borrow our tubs.

"Being friendly is the important thing. Clinics and health follow in their places.

"Many of the people out in these congested districts are starved for a means of expression—not of the body, but of the spirit, the group, the community. It is the same in every large city. They love music. They love to dance. They love beauty, color, motion—and they don't know it. They would do anything to express themselves, in a proper way; and if not in another way.

"Some of them haven't had any fun all their lives. They have been working always. Some need play, just play, more than any other tonic. And so we are trying to fill all these needs. We are trying to give the people opportunity to express themselves, in play, in dancing, social activities and in educational channels. We are not handing anything out to them like a dispensary. They are coming to us and demanding these things, and we are giving them to them.

"You will find the friendliest people in the world right out around these health centers. I don't know—I suppose that it would be the same in any other part of the city, or in any other city. It just seems that the health center brings out the innate friendliness that one always will find in people if you stop to look for it, or do something to prompt its expression. They are square and ready to meet you half way. You have to be friends, and the rest is easy."

Indeed, the health center in St. Paul has attained fully its ambition to be a friend to the neighborhood. To ascertain the truth of that, all one has to do is to take a walk down one of the dingy streets in the neighborhood. From all the porches one will hear messages yelled by youngsters of many and varied nationalities, and greetings by mothers as many and varied.

"'Lo Biggs," or just "Piggs," yell the youngsters too little to say "Miss Briggs."

She is the chief adviser, promoter of recreation and the final arbiter of disputes to some 600 boys and girls who play in the health center games and clubs. She is a counselor of mothers, hurrying from one health center to another, dropping suggestions here and there along the way. In fact, she is something of a mother to three congested districts of the city, who need a community mother very much.

So, with the others on the health center staff. When one of the nurses makes the rounds of her neighborhood, she comes home laden with gifts. One family may give her some oranges, and another a couple of eggs, while a third will have some dainty prepared for her to eat. Nor can the nurse discourage this, for that would hurt the feelings of persons, who prize beyond words this opportunity to show their appreciation.

Just the other day a woman came into one of the health centers, and, with tears in her eyes, said in Polish:

"I don't know any prayer that is good enough to say for you people."

So, they come often to the health centers, which makes it easier to see why the centers can be so friendly.

Then there was the case of an elderly woman who came to have her teeth pulled one morning. While she was waiting, a nurse spoke of having received some lilies of the valley, and the doctor said he liked flowers. As soon as this woman got through—she had all her upper teeth taken out—she hurried home to her garden and picked some flowers. She came all the way back to the health center and gave the flowers to the doctor.

"God bless you," she said, "I will."

The health centers are veritable mines of interest to those who appreciate the human things that people do.

One little girl not long ago was furious because the doctor pulled her tooth before she knew it. She cried, for she wanted to save the tooth and take it home to her mother. The doctor had to do a Highland fling for her before she would stop crying. That is characteristic of the health centers, by the way—the doctor stopping his work to do a Highland fling to induce the girl to stop crying. Being friendly is more important than getting a tooth pulled, you see.

Then, there was the lad of four who informed the dentist after his tooth had been pulled:

"You are pretty good. The other dentist down town was rotten. When I grow up, I am going to be a dentist and be good to kids."

And then this from a little girl:

"I don't want any teeth filled. My mother got all hers out. I am 10 now, and I might as well begin on mine."

So run the pictures in the daily kaleidoscope at the health centers. Miss Briggs and her assistants can sit and talk to you for hours about the humorous, the pathetic, the human things that people do. That's one good way to test the human element in an institution, by the way. If you find that its directors appreciate the human things, if they can laugh at the funny things that have illumined their work, or can sense something of the sorrows and disappointments of people, you can be pretty sure that institution is close enough to its patrons to be of excellent service.

From morning until night, the St. Paul health centers are vital centers of activity in the communities in which they are located. There are clinics, gymnastic classes, club meetings, games and social meetings from 10 a. m. until 9:30 p. m. Even the married women have their gymnastic classes, and they enter into the contests with as much zest as the youngsters of three or four years.

"There is one woman of 68 in the classes who never has missed a meeting," said Miss Briggs.

"She's as young as any of them. You see, the class started out to do general gymnastics, but the women got too enthusiastic. They had to have some competitive athletics. That's the way things work out. Now they have their newcomb team and play match games with other teams.

"When you stop to think about it, there is something significant in this. These married women get down on the floor and do all kinds of exercises, really strenuous exercises. For the most part, they are women of two classes. Either they weigh more than 200 pounds, or they weigh 100 or less. They want to reduce or build up. So we fit the kind of exercise to the purpose of the individual. Some times it is a little strenuous, but they are all good sports. If you could drop into one of the health centers one day and find the married women of the community rolling on the floor, you might be surprised a bit at the spectacle, perhaps amused a little, but you would learn one thing, and that is that women like to play. And it's good tonic for them, too."

Each year the health centers hold an annual field meet, another unusual feature of the new health center. Married women were among the most enthusiastic, if not the most active contenders for the prizes at the 1921 meet held recently. Some of the women had sons and daughters in the meet. One woman with snow-white hair was among the most zealous of the aspirants. There was a relay race for fat women and a relay for thin women.

Here were these married women, some of them weighing 200 pounds or more, running races and playing games with as much zest as their daughters. Some of them even tried the high jump.

That is characteristic of the work of the health centers. Boys and girls have their clubs. They have their games and their contests, culminating in the annual field day events, where they have opportunity to win the prize Health Center button. Even the husbands have asked for classes, catching the infectious atmosphere of the center from the women.

But what has all this to do with the health center, and health? The work of a health center—the health center of the new order—is as wide as the needs of a community, and so every activity that contributes to the individual or community health properly may center there. That is the theory of the St. Paul centers.

At first the centers started out to give corrective gymnastics, and from general gymnastics to athletics the transition was natural. There followed also a demand for the esthetic, and dancing and music entered the centers, and social and educational classes.

So much for purposes. Results are more interesting. Every child in the districts around the centers has come to cherish the Health Center button, which signifies that he is physically fit, or that he is willing to do something to become fit. Little ones too small to go to school, will toddle into the health centers and say, "I want to be physically fit."

During the influenza epidemic in 1918, there was but one case of serious illness among the 400 members of the health center classes. After the epidemic, the University of Minnesota sent word to one of the districts, informing it that this district was the best controlled district in the Twin Cities and asking for the reason.

"It wasn't good nursing, though we had good nurses," Miss Briggs explained. "It was the spirit of the people, the way they co-operated with us."

In those trying days, Miss Briggs herself took an automobile and went from house to house with food. In one district alone, the center cared for 230 cases of influenza in the homes. Boys from the health center classes went with Miss Briggs, carrying food to the sick. Other boys trained in the health center classes patrolled the district daily. Sometimes, they found whole families ill with influenza—but not a single boy on the volunteer staff contracted the disease. You see, they were physically fit. Of the 230 cases of influenza in the largest health center district, but two deaths occurred, which redounds somewhat to the credit of the health center nurses and their impromptu assistants, recruited from the boys on the playground.



Above, left—Two married women coming in on the finish of a 100-yard dash—yes, it's a part of the new health center. Above, right—This picture, taken at one of the health centers in St. Paul, ought to prove a good sermon on the value of play as a community health tonic. Below, left—Girls can do the high jump, the health center has found. Below, right—Girls going through corrective drills at the annual meet of the health center.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Preservation of the boyhood home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in Casco, Maine, is the object of the Hawthorne Community Association, which has been incorporated at Portland in that state.

New blue sky laws in Massachusetts require security sellers to register an account for all their offerings.

A crow lighting on a heavily charged wire was instantly killed and fell a blazing mass into a field of uncut hay near Spencerport, New York. The hayfield caught fire, causing a loss of several hundred dollars and threatened adjoining wheat fields, whose uncut crops were estimated to be worth several thousands. The Spencerport fire department rushed to the scene and prevented further damage.

Egret breeding is an established industry in India. The plumes are plucked from the living birds and are available in large quantities. Especially prepared aigrettes are hawked in the streets of Calcutta and sold at very high prices.

Ten sticks of dynamite dropped from between the ceiling and the first floor to the basement of the Pacific hotel building in Spokane while workmen were making alterations. The dynamite was so old it failed to explode. It was wrapped in a newspaper bearing the date of 1899.

The American Embassy in Buenos Aires is located in the upper floors of a building occupied by a carpenter shop, mattress factory and a woman's tailoring establishment. Gaudy-colored mattresses on one side and women's dress forms on the other mark the entrance, and a dark spiral stairway leads to the small waiting room above.

Blistered hands, caused by handling of pick and shovel after months of striking, made it necessary for thousands of Nottinghamshire coal diggers to lay off for a few days until they became hardened to the work. Coal dust entering the blistered hands caused intense pain.

Seven hundred miles on foot—said to be the longest march ever attempted by an American military organization—will be covered by the Third Infantry Regiment, when the soldiers travel from Camp Perry, Ohio, to their new station at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. The marchers, with full equipment, will have about 40 days in which to make the trip.

Human hair importations have dropped from 222,000 pounds to 7,000 pounds a month due to the new fashion of American girls who are bobbing their hair. The Chinese have for years been exporting great quantities of hair to the United States.

A dense, white smoke screen, more impenetrable to vision than any known, has been invented and demonstrated at Camp Meade. The secret of the new invention is being guarded closely by chemists and army officers directing its use.

Hidden three months in an unfilled water tank of a steamship, 26 emaciated Chinese stowaways were recently removed to Ellis Island from a British steamship. The discovery was made by a customs official searching for contraband liquor and opium.

A drug route on which narcotic deliveries were made regularly after the fashion of ice and milk deliveries, was disclosed recently in New York City, when officers arrested three delivery men and seized a route book containing 88 addresses. An automobile and a quantity of narcotics were taken at the same time.

Photographs taken from the air and plates developed while flying are regarded by aviation officers as possessing high military value. A photographer flew from Bolling Field and returned a few minutes later with a plate developed, showing clearly the parade of students attending the citizens' training course near there.

Burning corn instead of coal for fuel this winter is the plan of Minnesota farmers, who are attempting to mature the largest corn crop in the history of the state. With no prospect for a market and with railroads maintaining abnormally high freight rates on both coal and corn, the farmers find this to be the cheapest way out of the difficulty.

"Sourdoughs," who headed the famous gold rush to the Klondike in '96, recently held a reunion in Dawson, Yukon Territory, to celebrate the Yukon's twenty-fifth birthday. The crowd was made up of prosperous-looking men who had struck it rich and grizzled old prospectors who still follow the game. Rugged old-timers renewed old acquaintances and swapped thrilling yarns of the late nineties.

An 18-foot candle will burn 5,000 years as a memorial to Enrico Caruso. Every All Souls' Day for 5,000 years this candle will be lighted. It weighs 1,000 pounds and will require ten weeks to make it. The maker has erected a derrick in his shop by means of which the candle is dipped thrice daily into boiling tallow. It will be placed in the Church of the Madonna of Pompeii at Naples.

Tourists have been conscripted by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police to fight a severe forest fire north of Waterton Lakes Park, Alberta.

Baseball is displacing the wrestling game as Japan's national sport. Japanese baseball fans are always silent during the game. A home run on the third strike with the bases full—and the fans merely smile and nod their heads.

A fish that chews its cud like a cow is known as the parrot-fish and is found in the eastern Mediterranean. These fishes possess certain pocket-like extensions of the membrane of the mouth in which they stow their food while grazing, so to speak, later seeking a quiet place where they chew the contents of the pouch.

Acetylene for singeing chickens, if properly used, performs this operation in a very short time, without scorching the skin or heating the flesh.

Personal notes and documents of Field Marshal Earl Haig, of immense national and historical importance, have been given into the charge of the trustees of the British Museum, with instructions that they are not to be opened until 1940.

Lighthouses as bird sanctuaries along the English coast have proved a boon to the migrating birds. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has had placed on the lighthouses long lines of perches around the lighthouse gallery and on the dome. At migration time thousands of birds sit in long rows on the perches instead of beating against the glass dome as they formerly did.

An airplane fire engine, carrying chemical fire extinguishers and pumps, driven by the airplane motor, recently succeeded in extinguishing a considerable fire near San Francisco, before the fire department reached the blaze.

"Water cold. Lost canoe, August 9, K. L. Shiras. Finis. Love to all at home." This was the farewell message scratched into the rocks by a Canadian, in a stony, wave-beaten cave at Squaw Bay Point on the desolate shores of Lake Superior, where he had been marooned during a heavy storm. Fishermen found him clinging to the rocks exhausted and wearing only a shred of a bathing suit.

Ruins of a great temple have been unearthed on the southern shore of the Gulf of Corinth. Pillars and foundations indicate that the temple was built by the Dorians who captured the ancient town from the Ionians and held it for several centuries.

Music to improve the morale of workers who work into the small hours of the morning has been tried out in the Minneapolis post office and proved a success, according to Postmaster-General Hays. It is said that at quitting time the employes are more alert and less tired and worried than before the installation of the phonograph.

Wealthy drug addicts in New York City have received letters from the head of the narcotic squad, in which they are told that they must either take the cure or face exposure. Exposure, if it comes, will reveal names high in the artistic and social life of the city, among them being several millionaires, a noted composer of popular songs, novelists and screen stars.

Thirty-one hundred portable houses are being shipped to Northern France and Belgium by an American company. Scattered among the ruins of stone cottages many centuries old, new, brightly-painted, frame houses will spring up over night.

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Closed Doors—Why Conference Will Prefer Them

Will Main Street Grasp Its Main Chance?

Gaunt Hunger Stalks In Once Proud Austria

How Jews Use Power —By an Eyewitness

Churchman Tells What He Saw Where Jews Claim Rule: Confirmation of Common Charges: A Bad Master

Official's Attack on Rent Hogs Costs His Job

Animals of the World in Prehistoric Days

Mr. Ford's Page—Poet of the Wilderness—Problem of My Watch

Closed Doors—Why Conference Will Prefer Them

By A. R. PINCI

DURING the half a hundred years since the modern periodical has become the main and generally the only source of information about national and international relations available to citizens of civilized countries, and by which, for better or worse, they temper their thought and attitude toward one another, their leaders, commonly called statesmen, have dreaded the printed word. This instinctive antagonism is truly a phenomenon, because it is no respecter of persons or nationalities. It thrives in many American minds as it does in European and oriental minds. Despite the state of advanced publicity existing today in this country, that group which has been predestined to statesmanship is only occasionally friendly to freedom of the press, and not a few individuals are distinctly contemptuous of its mission. The only time publicity is desired is in the event of a great personal success; the only time publicity is wooed is in the event of a mistake or defeat, when it is resorted to, with all the wiles statesmen are capable of using, to break the news gently, generally to the taxpayers. This, briefly, spells the difference between pitiless and pitiful publicity.

It will be remembered that about this time seven years ago statesmen in many European countries were deluging the reading public with an overwhelming mass of so-called information about who started the war and why. It is a fact, however, that prior to August, 1914, the selfsame statesmen were diametrically secretive, and what facts or circumstantial evidence became of record was solely due to journalistic enterprise. It was an incomplete and necessarily imperfect record. This the common people did not begin to realize until after they regained their bearings in the midst of war.

In due time a movement was inaugurated in favor of unlimited publicity. President Wilson devised the term "pitiless publicity," although he himself never interpreted its meaning. The people liked the sound of it and so they championed it. Other statesmen seconded it. International affairs were thereafter to be washed with printer's ink and hung out to dry in the light of public opinion.

Realizing that abridged publicity—the kind daily allotted to the reading public, which is information authorized by officials in power, as well as propagandist publicity, which is information "inspired" by the same individuals—was perilous to the public welfare, by the time the war was over oppressed taxpayers, speaking the same thought in a dozen languages, demanded pitiless publicity as their share of victory. Inasmuch as representative government "for" the people, if not in every case "by" the people, was to be the war's gift to humanity, pitiless publicity would enable the common people to become partners in government.

A prolonged and bitter controversy, which has led nowhere, raged about the failure of pitiless publicity during the progress of the peace treaties of 1919, upon which it was to be tried first of all. Something of an identical controversy has been started recently in connection with the forthcoming Disarmament Conference to be held in Washington, under the auspices of President Harding. An attempt was made in the Senate to make publicity compulsory by legislation, an attempt that failed but that has left a cumulative political effect.

Since publicity is demanded now even about publicity itself, it was a foregone conclusion that the Disarmament Conference should be requested to deliberate in public. As no auditorium could accommodate even a fraction of the audience that would seek admittance to so interesting a debate, a public conference would mean, therefore, one to which the public press should have free and uncensored access. This, offhand, seems a simple thing, and it should be a simple thing, but the fact is that it is not. And precedent is as much against it in the United States as it is abroad. It is worth while, as a result, to examine the problem dispassionately both in theory and practice. It would be too much to expect foreign delegates to the conference, the majority of whom (if the names so far mentioned are a criterion) are politicians and nothing more, to participate in a discussion that within a few hours would be placed verbatim before a few hundred million readers. They are not used to it. For foreign statesmen to speak in the presence of press stenographers would be tantamount to silencing their lips. The realization that their remarks would be subject to the immediate review of an anonymous reading public, a part of which would be nationally hostile, would confuse them.

The disarmament conferees expect to get publicity—personal advertisement—out of the conference. This greater fame lures them. But as to their speech making, they expect that to be a very solemn function. There will be no galleries to speak to, as it were, but nevertheless a certain dramatic spirit will enter into the proceedings. I doubt if even the most experienced speakers will deliver extemporaneous remarks. Quite likely every speech will be carefully prepared in advance and perhaps read from manuscript. But it is a cold-blooded statesman who reads his own remarks verbatim. No matter how slight, the change is just what the experienced correspondent seeks out, because frequently it furnishes the key to the real meaning between the lines. It dwindles to a contest, but the journalist wants to do his own discovering.



View of the Pan American building and grounds in Washington, where the Disarmament Conference will be held.

The foreign delegates to the conference will be in a peculiar position; so peculiar that up to the time of writing the most surprising news has been the series of conflicting reports as to who will be present. They want to come, Europe's notables, but they hesitate. There is a reason for their hesitation, which is this:

The conferees will play a dual rôle: they must appear to the American nation as sincere friends of humanity, which means championing disarmament, but at the same time they do not feel free to set aside the national aspirations of their respective countries, some of which might be nullified by a successful disarmament policy. The government or the people for whom each speaks will expect him to favor a so promising tax-reducing step, but none knows so well as a European diplomat what those people would say if disarmament meant a corresponding voluntary abandonment of expansion policies. Likewise, returning without being able to promise substantial relief by the new means will not be a straight road to public favor. In any event the average European statesman feels that he has more to lose than to gain by participating in the disarmament conference.

Publicity of the conference proceedings is, at best, a relative term. Probably not more than two or three newspapers throughout the United States would attempt to publish a complete verbatim report. Not one in a hundred readers would peruse such complete reports intelligently. The introductory news paragraphs and editorials would single out the statements worth while, which is about all that the layman is interested in. It is not a problem of publicity in the sense that the press wants to print everything. In fact, in these days, publishing the reports of such a conference, even in limited form, is a drain on space.

The real reason for the demand for publicity is the fear that unless responsible national correspondents are given the freedom of the hearings, with discretion to use that which in their estimation seems of greatest importance, the official press representative of the conference will pass out stereotyped and probably deleted (if not doctored) reports.

It is obvious that official press reports would be of a monotonous uniformity if the newspapers throughout the country were to rely simply upon the official releases. It would be a dangerous method, too, because it would oblige many ambitious writers to seek recognition by an undue use of "dope," of imaginary situations, of interpretations, of declarations by "a high authority," and all the manipulations available to more or less clever writers.

Conference-tailored reports, as a result, would be preceded by an indifferent attitude on the part of the reading public, not to mention the disgust of responsible editors and correspondents. This indifference would assist materially those who wish the conference to fail of its object, as the people understand that object, without causing the violent reaction of disappointed expectation.

Certain newspapers, which in the Senate are dubbed "administration" papers, openly favor the secret method. Apart from the fact that these newspapers are the recipients of a gratuitous fame not in accordance with the facts, it seems indeed surprising that they should oppose unlimited publicity, especially if the trouble be taken to look back through their files two or three years and compare their erstwhile denunciations of the so-called Wilson secretiveness. Whence and why their anti-professional attitude?

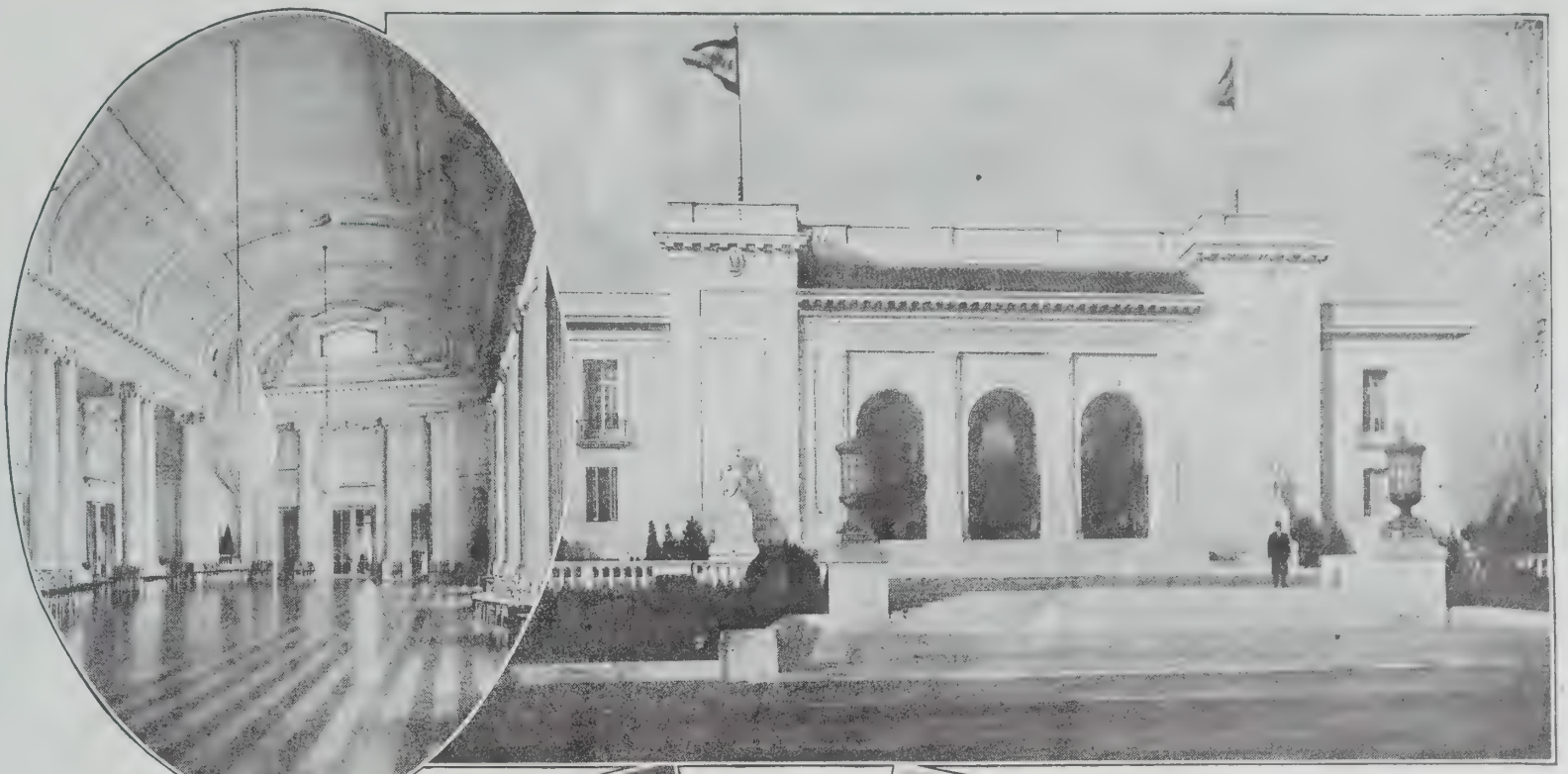
These newspapers contend, briefly, that (a) President Harding has called the conference, thus guaranteeing the motive; that (b) American interests will be safeguarded by Secretary Hughes, Senator Lodge and probably Mr. Root; that (c) the American public may blindly intrust itself in their keeping; that (d) famous foreign statesmen will represent the great powers in this great cause, and that (e) the discussions will be more or less technical and therefore uninteresting to the public. The conclusion is reached that the foregoing reasons are sufficient to permit the public to take its chances and to permit the conference to proceed without benefit of press.

These conclusions are fundamentally traceable to the accepted type of hallowed diplomatic reasoning. But nothing has so far been said by the President which would warrant one in deducing that the Disarmament Conference is to be a diplomatic conference. No secrets are involved. *Every government knows to a nicety the extent of the other's armament. The problem before the conference is to decide how much to curtail it, and if possible how much more to reduce it by destroying some of it.* The only diplomatic phase involves the nationalistic policies of those governments, the extent to which they would be affected, if at all, by partial disarmament. These policies are known; and the only complication might arise from the desire of some delegate to be overzealous, which is improbable.

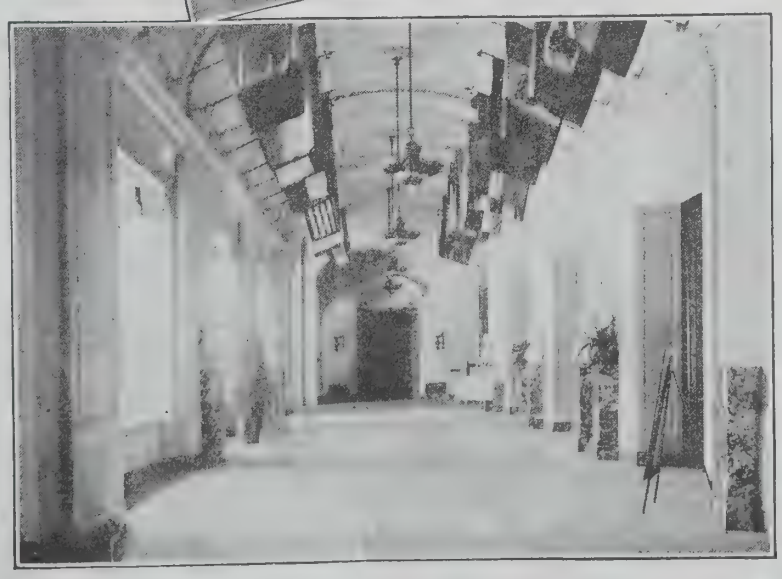
As to the identity of the probable delegates, their position at home may be discounted outright. Public opinion in France and in England, in fact, is crystallizing against officials in office participating in the conference. The belief is growing that *statesmen of the old school, in of-*

(Concluded on page 14)

Views of the Pan American Building in Washington









Top, left—The Hall of Americas, where the delegates will discuss disarmament. Top, right—A front view of the building. Center, left—Fountain, designed and executed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. Center, right—This picture shows the landscape treatment of the grounds surrounding the building. Lower, left—The Gallery of Flags, where the colors of all the Americas are displayed. Lower, right—The patio on the main floor of the building, copied after the architecture of South America. This is one of the most beautiful interiors of any building in Washington, and it will be the first part of the building to be seen by the delegates.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 47, September 17, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
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Disarmament First!

IN THE tendency to "broaden" the scope of the Disarmament Conference to meet at Washington in November there is some danger of sidetracking the great main issue. Written or unwritten alliances, the formation of a new "association of nations"—even the settlement of the now open problems of respective rights and duties in the Far East—important as they may be, are all properly subordinate to the one distinct object of the conference and the clear and imperative demand of a war-weary world for the practical step of restricting and limiting naval armaments.

The suggestion of Secretary Hughes that the conference should occupy itself with the question of restricting or prohibiting the more "inhuman" methods of modern warfare that horrified humanity during the last war, and that are very certain to be fearfully multiplied and intensified in frightfulness in the next war, should there be a next war, is emphatically beside the question. Such restrictions come well within the existing "regulations" of the Hague Tribunal. Yet experience has shown that, in the fever and madness of actual warfare, they quickly go by the board. *All* war is inhuman. It is simply inevitable that it should become more and more fiendishly brutal in its methods with the intensification of the search for more and more destructive agents that war always stimulates.

In truth, this suggestion of the chairman-elect of the American delegation is irresistibly suggestive of the brilliant scheme of the man who cut a large hole in the barn door for the cat and a small hole for the kittens.

Let us make sure of disarmament, and there will be no need of "regulating" frightfulness. Disarmament first! No sidestepping!

The Mania for Waste

THE food sent to the bottom of the ocean and the foodstocks burned in the field or in surrendered towns during the World War would probably suffice to feed the starving millions of Russia, Austria and Poland for a year. Because of the devotion of steel, lumber, cement and other building materials to the fashioning of shells and other instruments of destruction during five long years, the world is just now suffering a house shortage running into the millions.

Paper shortage that compelled the cutting down to a minimum of the publication of books, magazines and newspapers and doubled the price of those to be had at all was brought about by the devotion of the available wood-pulp supply to the manufacture of explosives. That the belligerents might have plenty of gun-cotton, the world went ragged and naked. So on, all down the line. Taking these wastes into account, the estimate of the cost of the World War at 300 billion dollars might easily be doubled.

Suffering as humanity is today from this war waste and destruction, and facing the gigantic and exigent task of economic rehabilitation, one would suppose that there would be keen appreciation of the vital necessity for intelligent conservation of our resources. Yet the waste of war-time seems to continue in peace-time without assumed excuse. The recent suggestion of the chairman of the Shipping Board that the wooden ships that cost the taxpayers some three hundred millions might be towed out to sea and sunk is illustrative of a general mental attitude.

People on both sides of the Atlantic seem to be seized with a perfect fury for wanton waste on a large scale. A little while ago the papers were full of pictures of the destruction of thousands of German airplanes. The careful dismantling of these structures, it might be supposed, would answer every purpose. But there was no thought of saving out perfectly good motor engines and other fittings. Motors and propellers, wheels and framework made of valuable materials and on which months of careful labor had been spent, were doomed to utter smashing.

The corner druggist will charge you 75 cents for the half-pint of very weak grain alcohol you buy to rub sore muscles or a rheumatic knee. But millions of gallons of confiscated alcoholic liquors from which this valuable alcohol might readily be extracted for use in medicine and the arts is run into the gutters every little while by government officials, to the glee of the small boy and the disgust of the toper.

Sometimes the waste is not deliberate and of malice prepense, but flows from what may well be termed criminal carelessness and neglect. The French people have always been regarded as pre-eminently thrifty and frugal, "living well on what Americans waste." But this virtue cannot be imputed to their bureaucratic government. It is estimated that of the hundred million dollars' worth of army stores sold to the French Government by the United States for ten millions (payable any old time), about 50 per cent was spoiled and destroyed in the year following the armistice by preventable fires and lack of protection from the weather. And this at a time when there was acute food scarcity in all France and a general outcry against the high cost of living! Perhaps an investigation of the disposal of our surplus army and navy stocks at home would reveal similar recklessness in the wasting of our substance.

It is about time some one started a vigorous anti-waste movement. The proverb, "waste not, want not" may be hoary with age and trite from repetition, but age has not withered nor custom staled its unquestionable wisdom.

Japan's Cue to Lloyd George

TELEGRAMS from Tokio to London tell us that the feeling in Japan is strongly that the continuance of some form of "written assurance of the close relations between Britain and Japan" would have for its more valuable effects "an encouragement to Japan to co-operate ever more closely with the United States."

It is significantly affirmed in addition that, "in certain cases of unwise action on the part of former Japanese governments with regard to China, it was only necessary for Great Britain to suggest a line of conduct for Japan to mould her policy in accordance with the suggestions of her ally."

Good! This practical repudiation of the former wicked administrations which are responsible, say, for the retention of Shantung and the invasion of Mongolia, as well as for the iniquitous "Twenty-One Demands" that would reduce China to vassalage, makes Mr. Lloyd George's next move easy. The affirmation is a virtual invitation for him to tell Japan that the restoration of Shantung, the evacuation of Mongolia, cancellation of the notorious "demands" and recognition of Korean autonomy would be a "line of conduct" eminently pleasing to her western ally—and the rest of the world.

A Tax on Cash Transactions

THE general dissatisfaction with the present income and excess-profits taxes is measured in some degree by the number of plans proposed to obviate the evils these taxes impose. Somewhat in line with the suggestion, recently discussed on this page, of a tax on bank clearings as a "single" Federal tax, to take the place of all other Federal taxes, is the plan now proposed by C. P. Landreth, of Philadelphia, and which has already received the commendation of business men and bankers, lawyers and manual laborers.

Mr. Landreth suggests a tax on all money transactions above 50 cents. With much reason, he argues the need of a stable and certain basis for taxation, even though the rate may be an adjustable one to meet varying needs of the government. He would begin with a tax of one per cent, and would include not only the money transactions represented by bank clearings—which amounted to some $450,000,000,000 last year and on these alone would yield a revenue of $4,500,000,000—but also on minor transactions. By deducting one cent on all transactions between 50 cents and one dollar, he thinks a fair average on transactions below 50 cents would be made up. To simplify bookkeeping, he would continue this averaging process all along the line, taking two cents on transactions between $1 and $2 and so on.

This simplicity of assessment and collection of such a tax is its most attractive feature. It would perhaps be the least objectionable form of a sales tax. It would be widely distributed and stimulate rather than retard business. That its burden would be passed on to the ultimate consumer seems likely; but what form of taxation is free from that objection?

State Medicine

STATE ownership and control is perfectly sound in theory, and has proved itself wholly unsound in practice. There may be countries in the world where it is safe to trust the control of vital interests to the group of men who comprise the government; it has not always been safe in this country, as years of experience prove. The revelations of official incompetency, and not so much incompetency as dishonesty, during the recent war period, will effectually modify any theoretical appeal which the idea of state control may have.

But that there are influences in this country which are bent on bringing all the people's affairs under official scrutiny, is most apparent from the efforts now being made to create a sentiment in favor of "state medicine." This means simply: more jobs, no privacy, curtailment of freedom, the destruction of the medical profession by the discouragement of research work, and the coarsening of delicate intimacies. It means practically that what the United States Shipping Board did to the shipping situation of the country, "state medicine" would be permitted to do to the people's health.

The most astonishing feature of this propaganda is the assumption that the proposal *could* be made attractive to the American people. Most cities have city physicians now, and most counties have county physicians, and no one rests under any doubt of the quality of the services rendered. The public has had a wide experience in going to its officials for sufficient water, heat, light, school facilities, transportation service, and sufficient difficulty in getting any kind of service at all at any reasonable tax rate, to prevent its falling in love with the idea of going to its officials for medicine when it is sick. Practically, it will not work; the genius of the American people is against it.

Between family physicians and families there is a confidential relation which rests on choice and experience. It is not official. It is not altogether professional. It partakes of the confessional in large degree, and constitutes a friendly pact based on the experience of many fights with disease and death. So well recognized is this that the family physician has become a fixed figure in our lives, and with results of undoubted good, as the records generally show.

To change all this and establish a police health station, as it were, at which citizens must apply for medical aid and await the pleasure of an official doctor who is paid anyway and whose professional career does not depend on the confidence he is able to evoke by skilled and loyal service, is to suggest something which is so alien to our Americanism as almost to prove an alien course and an alien purpose.

With the growing predilection of a certain group for medicine and surgery, and with that group's constant predilection for securing control of the intimate sources of the people's confidence and strength, there is no doubt whatever as to what complexion "state medicine" would take if it were adopted.

These are times when more than at any previous period the American people must be on guard against *ideas* that are not American. The time has come for the exercise of a wholesome defensive suspicion about many things that outwardly are made to appear desirable, but inwardly conceal dangers to our fundamental traditions and liberty. And we are never more justified in our suspicions of alien influences for an alien purpose than when we see attempts made to "regiment" the American people or their private affairs.

A Waste of Silver

PERHAPS our readers have noticed the emergence of the "dollar of the daddies," the dear old silver cart wheel, in the circulating coin of the realm. During the month of August, the Philadelphia Mint coined six million silver dollars, which is 1,710,000 more pieces than were coined in any preceding month of this year. And the mint is still running exclusively on silver dollars to replace the pieces which were melted down under the Pittman Act, so that the resulting bullion, on the suggestion of Rufus Isaacs, Lord Reading, then Special Ambassador, and now Indian Viceroy, might be sold to the British Government below the market price and "on tick" to supply the demand of India.

Under the act, the 270,000,000 silver dollars so melted down are to be replaced by new purchases of the white metal, the product of American mines and smelters, at the fixed price of one dollar a fine ounce. This is a good thing for the owners of silver mines—for the Guggenheims especially. But why are the taxpayers put to the expense of coining the silver? We have got along without this cumbersome coin very well. Its paper representative has proved much more convenient. Why are the mints just now concentrated on the cart wheels to the neglect even of subsidiary coinage? Is bimetallism to be restored? If so, in whose interest?

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE is a disease known as "swelled head" which may be contracted in any line of activity, but which is particularly dangerous in business. Because of the inelegance of its name and the commonness of its occurrence among light and giddy youth, it is regarded as not a dangerous disease, but something light, like the ailments of childhood. We know, however, how serious the ailments of childhood can be when they attack grown persons.

If we were to be very strict about words, we should perhaps say that the term "swelled head" was hardly descriptive. If the head of the patient actually should enlarge and his brain power increase, the disease would not exist. It is the feeling of enlargement in heads that have not enlarged nor expanded at all, that constitutes the abnormal condition.

That is to say, the condition described as "swelled head" is a delusion—the patient thinks he has expanded when he has not. The only element in him that has increased is his self-esteem, and when that increases out of proportion to everything else, there comes an unbalanced condition which is just as dangerous to his affairs as insanity is to society.

This ailment is not confined to men in small and unimportant positions, although it is found there too; but it is frequently found among men whom the world thinks to be "big men" because they wear big titles and *deal in big things.* There would seem to be little reason for much swelled-headedness among the "big men" of today, for it is precisely in their fields that all the big failures and all the big humiliations have come.

There is, of course, such a thing as a sense of self-satisfaction in one's work, a sense of being able to do the thing required, a sense of mastery, and a plain knowledge of having accomplished something when a good job has been done—these are the wholesome flavors and reactions of honest work. They are not to be confused with the disease of "swelled head." The difference between them is this: the former has the work for its center; the latter has one's self for its center. And self-centered persons (not necessarily selfish persons) are in great danger of letting themselves get in the way of their work. They are in great danger of the delusion that their work exists for their glory.

The sign of a little man is so various that it is next to impossible for an ordinarily observant person to mistake him. He never forgets himself. He is afraid to surround himself with bigger men than himself, with men who know more, or who can give him help. Thus the little man is a fool: if he knew where his interests lay, he would surround himself with the biggest and best men, and by his just treatment of them retain their services. But the little man lives in daily dread that somebody will show up more meritoriously than he, and he strives to keep a false pre-eminence by seeing to it that, little as he himself may be, those who surround him are smaller still. This is often true because the little man is usually himself a subordinate who fears displacement. But even a subordinate who can surround himself with superior and efficient assistants is not in nearly so much danger of displacement as one who deliberately hammers down the standard of his organization.

The disease of "swelled head" has its preliminary symptom in shortsightedness. No one who can see very far ahead or very far around, is ever troubled with it. The world is so big and there is so much to be done that a man can contract "swelled head" only *by comparing himself with himself.*

Is not that the trouble? The process is usually something like this: a man goes to work earnestly and intelligently, and as a consequence his work attracts attention. Any man who works this way is bound to make an impression. In course of time this man is advanced, and the recognition thus accorded has the effect of making him still more earnest and intelligent, and therefore more useful and desirable. So another advancement inevitably comes; and perhaps another, and another.

Then one day, the man stops to consider what has befallen him and the idea creeps into his mind that he must be quite a fellow. Look what he was *then,* and look what he is *now!* Comparing himself with himself, you see. It is the first whisper of the tempting serpent.

The man receives his last advancement—and usually it is his *last*—with the feeling that at length he has arrived. He has ceased to regard every new step as a new challenge to his ability; he has come to regard it as a decoration pinned on him for what he has done sometime in the past. As a result, he sits down to enjoy his new place and his new title—and his degeneration begins right there. He has caught "swelled head" and the treatment needed to cure that is often very drastic and severe.

Where did the disease begin? In the man's thought that advancements are decorations instead of new challenges. Nobody has "arrived" until he has filled his post and is leaving it—only then can a judgment be rendered on his work.

Can you imagine a newly elected President of the United States entering the White House with a smug smile and saying to himself, "Well, at last I have attained success—I have arrived—I have become President"—can you imagine that? Oh, no, for just at that moment there would come thundering through the corridors of his soul the cutting challenge—"What kind of a President?" Ah! —that is a question to be answered after four or eight years of service.

The President does not arrive until he leaves; it is then his record is made; it is then his measure is recorded on history's page. The exalted position is sometimes only a loftier stage upon which to enact a tragedy of failure.

It is true everywhere if you are promoted, it is only another burden, another demand laid on you, with the questions: "Can you carry that? Can you fulfill that?" The reward for good work done is always more work. Not decorations, nor titles, nor "soft snaps"; these are the snares which have wrecked many a career.

It is better to remain a good bookkeeper and to be known as such, than to be promoted because you are a good bookkeeper and think that you can dispense with the qualities that made you a good bookkeeper. Unless you take those qualities with you, enlarged and intensified, you are only ascending the scale to a more spectacular failure. Promotion that is not regarded as a challenge to greater and better performance may easily become a snare.

We want to write the word "success" too soon. It should be kept for the epitaph. Any man who thinks he is a success, has come to his terminal. He is about ready to get off. He is running under the momentum of past steam. He is coming down with a form of "swelled head."

One fact about this disease should be noted: it does not always take an offensive form. It does not always show itself in bumptiousness. A man may be a victim of it and yet never suspect it. When a man settles back as if he had done all he ought to do, when he begins to have the deliciously drowsy feeling that, after all, he has done pretty well—it is time to be on guard. The disease is not unpleasant to the victim and therein lies its danger. He should distrust such thoughts and go on a hunt for something hard and difficult and "impossible" to do—something that will bring back a normal sense of proportion.

NOT all cases of "swelled head" are bumptious and offensive. Many men contract dangerous disease without knowing it. It is very agreeable to its victim, it soothes and satisfies him. It has numerous subtle forms which should be learned and rigidly avoided. Some people get "swelled head" by winning promotion: they think the promotion is a decoration pinned on, instead of a challenge to carry heavier burdens and fulfill more exacting demands. You don't measure success on arrival, but on leaving. Arrival is only opportunity, it is not achievement. People with "swelled head" think it is achievement, and in the end the delusion destroys them. A sense of proportion cannot be preserved by comparing yourself with yourself.



LEW SARETT

Lew Sarett, Poet of the Wilderness

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

WHEN a man turns down an offer to lecture on the platform at $300 a week and all expenses, for a job as forest ranger at $100 a month and his board, it means something. In the case of Lew Sarett it meant a chance to "come up to breathe." What is money when a man who has lived the greater part of his life in the wilderness is offered an opportunity to get away from stuffy lecture halls on hot summer nights, back to snow-capped peaks, tumbling mountain streams, limpid lakes, murmuring pines, grizzly bears, bob cats, porcupines, and fried trout and flapjacks of his own cooking in the open!

Lew, it should be understood, was not overburdened with this world's goods, and when the proposition was first put to him by a certain renowned Chautauqua for twelve weeks at the rate mentioned, he saw instantaneously that it meant $3,600 in his pocket. He also saw with equal quickness that it meant frequent and tiresome hops by rail, cheerless hotel rooms, meals served on white tablecloths, and a host of other things that go to make up our modern civilization. And from these things he instinctively shied. The result was a quick jump to the nearest telegraph office and a wire to the chief ranger of the Yellowstone that he would take the next train West.

So it came about that during the summer of 1920, Lew Sarett, a duly appointed ranger, traveled the wildest and most dangerous patrols in the Rockies, his days and nights filled with adventures and his heart singing "This is the life," and that's why thousands of persons missed hearing from his own lips the story of thrilling adventures in the pathless Canadian forest; of wilderness folk and wilderness ways; of trails, tepees, and tenderfeet, the whole topped off with a selection of his remarkable poems of Indian life.

It is as an interpreter of Indian life, of the red man's thoughts, moods, his customs, his legends, his symbolism, his natural mysticism, that Mr. Sarett has made his greatest impress on American literature, an impress which seems destined to grow with the years, for he is only 33 and virtually at the beginning of his career as a poet. For ten years he worked in the north country among the Indians as a guide and woodsman. He became their friend and three years ago was received as a member of the Chippewa tribe. He learned their traditions, superstitions, problems, needs, their songs, chants and dances, and the result is that in his poems he visualizes the Indian as never hitherto painted.

Since he was 15 Mr. Sarett has had what might be called a fairly busy and crowded life. He has had experience as a guide and teacher of woodcraft, canoeing, swimming; college athletic director and coach; tutor; debater; member of the Great Lakes life saving service; forest ranger; teacher of business law, public speaking and English; political speaker; writer; professor, and professional lecturer. He holds degrees from Beloit College and the University of Illinois, and has done post-graduate work at Harvard and Michigan.

In the simple statement that Mr. Sarett earned the money for his education lies considerably more than the words themselves express; lots of men have done the same thing, but he did it in a decidedly unique way. Also, he acquired his education in the face of tremendous odds. Lots of men have done that, too; but, aside from such ordinary handicaps as lack of funds and having to go to work to help support the family while he was still a boy in knickerbockers, there was for Lew Sarett the constant and overwhelming call of the woods. For the first 10 years of his life he had run wild in them; had come to feel the need of them almost as much as the need of his mother. It was something of a transition, then, from the boy's paradise on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan to the basement of a Chicago department store, carrying bundles at the munificent salary of $2.50 a week!

"Lord, I'll never forget that experience," he says, "although it might have been good training for me—teaching me how to repress my natural feelings and tackle the job at hand in a calm and bus'nesslike way."

Lew Sarett seems to be one of those rare mortals who is born with a love for everything wild—trees, flowers, fish, animals—and who is never very happy except when among them. He confesses that during his school days on the Upper Peninsula it was about 50-50 between attending classes and playing hooky, to get into the woods; but at that, he always got high grades.

"I showed my instinct for the woods early," he confesses. "My earliest memory in this connection relates to a time when I was about four. I used to walk off with part of my breakfast packed in a little salt sack of muslin. I treasured it as a kind of pack sack. Right after breakfast I'd slip out of the house and hit for some low thick bushes in the farthest corner of the yard. I'd beat my way into the heart of them, and I'd stay there alone sometimes for hours, having the time of my life building rock piles, looking at the ants and bugs, or just sitting.

"Now all the money in the world will never get me away from them for any length of time."

After a couple of years in Chicago, matters straightened out a bit and Lew found himself once more back in Michigan; back to the open, with woods, rivers, lakes, fishing, rabbits and things to hunt, snares to set in the winter. There was also work in the high school, athletics, football, track work—three happy years of it and a long step on the road toward an education. When 18 he began to hit to the woods in Northern Wisconsin, working there during the summer months as guide, ranger and teacher. The third summer it was farther north, up to the Canadian border, through Ontario, Canada, around Northern Minnesota, in the Superior National Forest. In all of the 11 years he has lived in the woods he has paddled something like 12,000 miles, over the Lake Superior waters, the Hudson Bay country, the Mississippi. In 1913 he accepted a position as assistant in the rhetoric and public speaking departments of the University of Illinois, the position giving him much time to work on his law degree, which he earned in 1916, his summers being spent in the woods as usual. From that time forward his advancement was so rapid that in 1918 he had earned the position of associate in English and public speaking at Illinois. For two years he held that position, leaving in 1920 to become associate professor in the school of oratory at Northwestern University, which position he held until last spring when he received a full professorship.

It was in 1916, however, that his big chance came. He was offered an opportunity to lecture about the primal wilderness as he had seen and known it.

"Well, I was a bit fussed," he confesses. "You see, I had heard only one Chautauqua in all my life, and I had only two days in which to prepare my talk. But I went at it and whipped together my ideas of what a lecture should be."

The result was a lecture that was entirely different from anything people had ever heard before. Its uniqueness and freshness, plus the lecturer's own personal charm, created a sensation in platform circles, and at 27 Lew Sarett found himself one of the youngest and most successful lecturers in the country.

He admits that he never had any idea, when he was working in the woods, that he would ever write about the North or lecture on it.

"I was just a plain roustabout in some ways. My friends were, are yet, and ever will be, lumberjacks, guides, Indians, and some of the wealthy tourist folk I piloted through the woods. I learned to respect and admire the two-fisted cussing men of the backwoods. They are genuine; no snobbery, no affectation there.

"As to the Indians, I've come, as I got closer to them and learned to understand their customs, superstitions, religion, language, I've come more and more to see the beauty of it all. About this bronze figure, the symbol of our vanished West and of our beaten borderlands, hovers a wild poetic beauty as peculiarly American in fragrance as the redolence of burning pine."

Mr. Sarett does not concede that he ever had any exceptionally thrilling experiences during his years in the woods and disclaims even any symptoms of heroism, but those who know of his exploits do not agree. The several medals he has won for saving the lives of drowning persons speak for themselves in the matter of bravery, while many of his adventures in the wilderness, which he mentions so casually, vie with the exploits of some of our best wild west movie heroes.

He mentioned a meeting with an old she grizzly and three cubs, when the only weapon he had was a pocket knife.

"I was standing on top of the peak looking over the country when all of a sudden, coming around the rim of a draw 100 yards away, I saw the biggest silvertip I'd ever run across, an old she that would have weighed close to 1,000 pounds, and at her heels three scampering cubs. She was moving slowly toward me, scratching under the rocks for bugs which the cubs gobbled up as fast as she found 'em. It was a fine chance to study a grizzly, so I sat down and watched. Pretty soon the old lady got my wind, looked up once in a while, growled now and then, but went on turning over stones, gradually working closer to me.

"At the end of half an hour she was only 25 yards away, and I began to study the land to see where the best retreat lay, also to locate a tree in case she charged suddenly; a black bear can shin up a tree as quick as blazes, but a grizzly doesn't climb trees.

"All of a sudden the bear disappeared in a little draw 20 yards away. I couldn't see which way she was going, but I could see the cubs running, following their mother, no doubt, and they were coming in my direction! That meant the old bear was trying to sneak up on me in a hurry. I left."

The point is, how many men would have sat there, unarmed, and calmly watched that bear for half an hour when he might have made his get-away in safety as soon as he spotted her. I thought it suggested a lot of courage.

"Courage! I don't know about that. It may have been pure recklessness. It seems to me that tackling a dangerous job is often not only recklessness, but pure bravado."

Although Sarett's versatility is remarkable, and the range of his interests runs all the way from shooting rapids in a birch bark canoe or talking Chippewa at an Indian council, to teaching the technic of poetry in a classroom or discussing a problem in economics with a crowd of college professors, he keeps his long list of vocations, avocations and hobbies harnessed and going together in one direction. He rides the bunch, and none lags.

Many Many Moons—By Lew Sarett

Red-Rock, the Moose-Hunter

Bronze in the rose-dusted twilight,
A statue of bronze, arms uplifted,
He stands ankle-deep in the lilies
As rigidly fixed and as silent
As a red granite butte on the prairie,
As still as the dusk in the foot-hills—
"Ugh! Red-Rock, big hunter-of-moose!
Red-Rock, him fool-um old bull!"
Red-Rock, big moose-killer!—Ugh!"
Bronze in the tranquil sunset,
Statuesque bronze in the willows.

The Loon

With mournful wail from dusk to dawn
He gibbered at the taunting stars—
A hermit-soul gone raving mad,
And beating at his bars.

The Wolf Cry

The Arctic moon hangs overhead;
The wide white silence lies below.
A starveling pine stands lone and gaunt,
Black-penciled on the snow.
Weird as the moan of sobbing winds,
A lone long call floats up from the trail,
And the naked soul of the frozen North
Trembles in that wail.



Above—Lew Sarett "packing" on the wilderness trail. Below, left—Lew Sarett and his pet bear "Jimmie" in the Yellowstone, 1920. This was a "tame-wild" bear. Below, right—Lew Sarett at his lookout in the Yellowstone.

The Problem of My Watch

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY



DR. A. F. BEAL,

Of the Bureau of Standards, is the government's expert on timepieces.

"MY WATCH is out of repair," a friend I met on the street said to me. "Where shall I take it?"

Now, that was a simple question, yet it stumped me. I could not recommend a good watch repairman. I wondered what guidance there was available for the man who made this inquiry. I conceived that there were many people in the nation who were asking this question. I set out to find the answer. Being here in Washington, in touch with the vast sources of information developed by the government, I turned to our Uncle Sam. And here is what I found:

The watches of the nation, the timepieces which its citizens wear on their wrists, pin on their shoulders or cache in their vest pockets, are going to pot. There are some 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 of these ticking timepieces distributed among the multitudes in the United States, each approaching the time when it will need repair. There are 15,000 new watches sold in the United States every business day in the year. Each of these starts out bravely on its run, but each, sooner or later, needs a bit of tinkering to keep it in condition.

And when that day of tinkering comes, the chances are twenty to one that it will meet its partial undoing, and each time it goes back for repair it will suffer additional atrocities. This melancholy prophecy is based on the crying fact that this great nation is almost entirely without competent watch repairers to meet its needs. There are three or four watches in the United States to every automobile, but there are fewer watch repair stations than garages and these that exist are largely incompetent.

I got the facts on which I base these assertions from that official who is the authoritative specialist of the United States Government on just this subject. Not many persons are aware of the fact that the Federal Government, among the many services that it renders to its people, makes a study of the timepieces they carry in the interest of punctuality. In the Bureau of Standards, however, that great scientific agency of the government, there is a timepiece section, and in charge of that section is Dr. A. F. Beal, who devotes himself to the problems that revolve about clocks and watches. Dr. Beal is a man of science, originally an astronomer, long with this technical bureau. He has grown up with its timepiece work and has become its authority.

Dr. Beal is an horologist, for such is the term, little known among the masses, which designates the student of timepieces. There is an Horological Institute of America, which was but recently created and which revolves about the National Research Council, a semi-public agency. This Horological Institute of America was created for the exchange of information in its field and for the encouragement of the development of efficient watch garages throughout the nation. This latter task is its principal immediate concern. Here is the situation, as Dr. Beal, in the Horological Institute, finds it to exist.

Some individual, among the 100,000,000, purchases himself a watch. It is a first-class watch, for America manufactures watches of quite excellent quality and imports as many as she manufactures. The imported watches come largely from Switzerland and Austria and generally they are of pretty good quality. A first-class watch, if given proper attention, should last its purchaser 50 years.

This watch runs for a year or two years and some small part of it may get out of adjustment, or some accident may happen to it, or it merely comes to need cleaning. The owner has no information as to how to proceed in the circumstances. He is likely to drop in at the most convenient jewelry store and leave this excellent timepiece in the care of the man behind the counter. This man may be competent for the task in hand, but the chances are twenty to one that he will turn out to be a watch butcher and that the watch will come back to its owner very much worse injured by its visit to the jeweler than it was by the circumstances that had disarranged it before that visit. The Horological Institute asserts as a fact that the average lifetime of a watch, which should be 50 years, is today in the United States four years. This institute charges up this shortening of the life span of the timepiece to the repairmen of the nation. The watches become unreliable from being tinkered to death, and finally are abandoned for new ones.

There are few competent repairmen working in the jewelry stores of the United States. A repairman with the glass screwed into his eye is recruited from one of three sources. The first of these is from the American boy who begins work in the jewelry store sweeping it out and running its errands. This boy becomes the jeweler's assistant and gradually picks up the detail of watch repair as it is practiced in that shop. The jeweler is a busy man and he teaches the boy just enough that he may be able to tinker the watches that come in and get them to ticking again—merely ticking.

The second source of repairmen is from the American boy who goes to a special trade school which teaches the watch-repairing craft. At the Bradley Polytechnic Institute in Peoria, Ill., there is a course in watch making that is quite worth while. There is another at the Bowman Technical School at Lancaster, Pa., and another at the New England Jewelers' Institute, of Milford, Mass., which is owned and operated by a group of enterprising New England jewelers. These and similar schools are turning out from 300 to 400 trained men a year.

The third source from which repairmen come is from the foreigners who find their way to America, but who have grown up in Switzerland, or Austria, or Germany, in the watch-making industry. In accordance with the adage that the best workmen do not emigrate, more poor watch repairmen have come to this country than good ones. So, when I asked the Bureau of Standards and the Horological Institute of America how my friend should proceed in the selection of a watch repairman, those agencies were hard put to give me helpful suggestions. A jewelry store of good standing and reliability, and whose advertisements are worded conservatively, is more likely to have a good watch repairer than is a flashy, fly-by-night concern, but even such jewelry stores are very prone to commercialize their work and be satisfied with making a watch merely run. In general, stores or small shops having reduced prices on repair work should be strictly avoided. It sometimes happens, however, that an old foreigner tucked away in a musty shop may be the best watch repairer in the town.

The Horological Institute of America is going out on a campaign to supply this crying need for competent watch repairers. The institute proposes to help the individual owning a watch by establishing a standard among repairers and offering certificates of competence to all those who measure up to that standard.

I asked this government expert on watches for some advice as to the manner of timepiece one should own and the manner in which it should be worn. I wanted to know, for instance, about the wrist watch, which has grown in favor since the days of the war.

"The wrist watch," said Dr. Beal, "has one important thing in its favor, which tends to make its use more than a fad. One may get at it to ascertain the time more readily than at a watch worn in any other position.

"On the other hand, there are two points against the wrist watch as a timekeeper. In the first place, it dare not be made large enough to contain parts of sufficient size from which to build a first-class timepiece. There is the additional necessity in a wrist watch of making some of these parts particularly strong that they may resist the unusual jars to which it is subjected.

"The second difficulty about making the wrist watch a good timepiece is due to the fact that it is constantly changing position. A watch, to keep good time, must be separately adjusted for each of the positions it occupies. A good watch is adjusted so that its error is small between any two of five separate positions. Naturally, it is harder to keep a watch running accurately for these five different positions than it would be to keep it running accurately for a smaller number of positions.

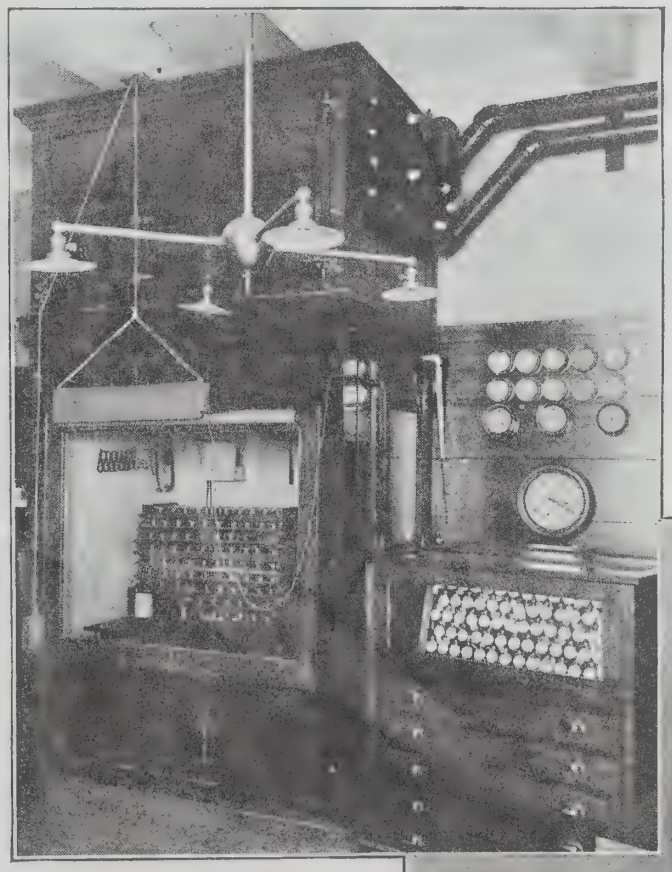
"The watch carried in the vest pocket spends about two-thirds of the time in an upright position in that pocket and about one-third of the time lying flat under the owner's pillow. If it is made to run properly in these two positions, it will keep fairly good time. The task of meeting the constantly changing positions to which a watch is subjected when on the owner's wrist is very difficult indeed. The popularity of the men's wrist watch has already largely passed.

"The problem of women's watches is even more difficult than that of men's watches, because, in the first place, they are generally smaller, and, because, in the second place, women have no such convenient place in which to carry a watch as a vest pocket. The watch pinned on the shoulder of the wearer occupies a fairly satisfactory position."

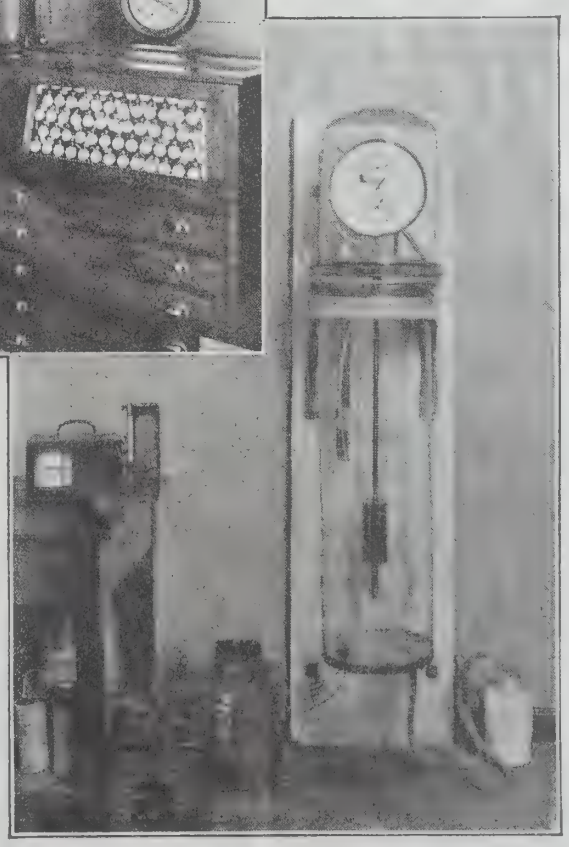
The government, at its Bureau of Standards, will test any watch for any citizen and give him the results of this test. The bureau maintains a clock, a very peculiar clock, which is probably as accurate as any clock in the world. It keeps this clock in a vault all by itself, tucked away in an obscure basement, where very great care is taken to maintain an unchanging temperature. The clock is enclosed in a glass cylinder and this is converted into a partial vacuum. The most delicate method of regulating a clock that is known to science is by controlling the density of the atmosphere in which it works. This clock is regulated by letting in or taking out a little of the air in its glass cylinder. So it is possible to get an accuracy in this timepiece within one-hundredth of a second a day and which means that this clock would not vary more than three seconds a year.

A peculiar thing about this remarkably accurate clock is the fact that it is wound every 30 seconds. If it were allowed to run 36 seconds, without being wound, it would stop. It is run by a little weight and when that weight reaches a certain point, which it does every 30 seconds, it makes an electrical contact which winds it.

The ticking of this marvelously accurate clock is recorded by an electrical device and carried over switches through various parts of this great scientific bureau where accurate measurement of time is required. In the time section, for example, the ticking of this clock goes steadily on and there is a machine which registers its measure of the moments on a chart. When a watch comes to the bureau to be tested one of the first things done with it is to hitch it up to this same machine and thus allow it to write the record of the time it keeps alongside the record made by this accurate clock. So are its deficiencies shown. Then the Bureau of Standards tests the time kept by this watch when it lies on its back, or its face, or stands upright, or on one edge or the other. It shows just what this watch lacks of keeping time in these various positions. These are facts of great value to a large purchaser of certain sorts of watches, to an importer, or to an individual who has just purchased an expensive new watch and wants to know if it is good. A fee of $1.50 is charged.



The government's plant for testing watches.



This clock at the Bureau of Standards would vary but three seconds in a year.

How the Jews Use Power—By An Eyewitness

Dr. Peters, of the University of the South, Tells What He Saw Where Jews Claim Rule: A Confirmation of Common Charges: The Jew a Bad Master

THE Jewish Question continues to mount the scale of public attention, attracting ever a higher type of mind to the discussion of its significance. When THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT first began to print some of the results of its research into the Question, the initial response was largely from those who disliked the Jew because he was a Jew. This class expected to find in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT a spokesman for all their coarse humor and abuse.

The method that was followed by this paper, however, was not abusive enough, nor bitter enough to satisfy Jew-baiters and Jew-haters, and gradually a new response from another class began to be heard, which by this time has attained massive proportions. The better class of people, seeing that racial and religious prejudice had no part in the work, began to consider the Question with relation to our American life and the future of this nation as a Christian people.

An American Scholar States His Views

UPON this ascent of the discussion to its proper plane, the better periodicals began to give thoughtful attention to the matter. These publications have been referred to in previous articles. There is to be added to the list the *Century Magazine* for September, which contains an article by Herbert Adams Gibbons which clearly intends to be fair and is certainly able, in spite of a difference of opinion that might exist with regard to some of the author's conclusions. Mr. Gibbons states some matters more plainly than they have been stated outside the pages of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and some matters he states just as plainly; and he will be justified by the unprejudiced reader.

One of the most notable studies of the Jewish Question has come out of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tennessee. It is entitled "Zionism and the Jewish Problem," the author being the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, formerly canon residentiary of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Morningside Heights, New York, also rector emeritus of St. Michael's Church, New York, and professor of New Testament Languages and Literature in the University of the South. The article has been reprinted from the Sewanee *Review* and makes a brochure of 29 pages.

Dr. Peters begins with an historical sketch of the development of the two lines of thought among the Jews, the nationalistic which made for exclusiveness, and the religious which made for inclusiveness, and he describes the domination of the latter by the former with the coming of modern Zionism which he finds to be racial and not religious. He says "the dominant control of the Zionist party is at present in the hands of those who are not religious but merely racial Jews." He believes that the development of race-consciousness along these lines "must be inevitably in the end to make the Jews bad citizens of the United States or of any other country and to keep alive and increase the hostility to the Jews . . . ."

This monograph by Dr. Peters will repay study. By permission, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT reprints the article from page 20 to the end, this portion being selected because it deals with Dr. Peters' testimony as an eyewitness of certain conditions in Palestine: (The italics are ours, there being none in the university reprint.)

Jewish Intolerance From America

"THE experiment of the Zionist homeland is now being tried. It is too early to determine fully how it will work, but it is at least of interest to consider its manifestations so far. My earliest contact with Zionism and Zionistic influences in Palestine dates from 1902. When I first visited Palestine, in 1890, the Jews in Jerusalem were almost exclusively of old oriental Sephardic families. Jerusalem was then still the old Jerusalem within the walls. There were no houses without. Jewish colonization, economic and philanthropic in character, had just then begun on the Sharon plain, but what little there was in the way of colonization was a feeble, unsuccessful exotic—an attempt to replace the persecuted Jews of Russia on the land, where, however, the Jew, unused to manual and especially farm labor, sat under an umbrella to protect himself from the sun and engaged native Syrians to do the work.

"On my next visit, in 1902, more colonies had been planted, and a serious effort was being made to turn the Jewish colonists into farmers. The majority of the Jews who had come to Palestine, however, were settled about Jerusalem, and the new Jerusalem without the walls was larger, in space at least, than the old Jerusalem within. The Alliance Israelite had developed there splendid schools to teach agriculture, and manual and industrial arts. I was urgently solicited by the management to visit and inspect these schools. Here I found Jew, Moslem and Christian working side by side without prejudice. This was, in my judgment, the best work of any sort being done in Palestine, for two reasons: first, these schools were teaching the dignity and the worth of manual labor, which the oriental of all sorts had theretofore despised, regarding it as unworthy of any man of intelligence or capacity; secondly, because they brought Moslem, Christian and Jew together on a plane of common work and common worth, the most valuable agent for the breaking down of those ancient prejudices, religious, racial and social, which have been the curse and the bane of the land.

"I was asked to put this down in writing because, I was told, *great pressure was being exerted—I regret to say, especially from America—to prevent the management from continuing this particular work* of teaching Jew, Christian and Moslem on the same plane, the demand being that the Jew should not be brought into such contact with the Moslem and the Christian, and that he alone should be trained, that he might not be infected, as it were, by the others, *and that they might not be prepared to compete with him for possession of the land. This spirit I met in a more thoroughly organized and offensive form on my latest visit in 1919 and 1920.*

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

Difficult to Get the Jew to Work

"I FOUND immense progress in the development of agricultural colonies. There was still difficulty in persuading the Jew, except only the African or Arabian Jew, to do the actual work of the colony, but colonies were prospering, and fruit-culture, vine-culture and especially the manufacture of wine and liquors on a grand and most scientific scale, had progressed wonderfully. In general, the land occupied by those colonies was not in a proper sense ancient Jewish land. They were on the Sharon and Esdraelon plains and in the extreme upper end of the Jordan Valley; but those regions were being enriched, and the country at large benefited by the colonists. The great bulk of the Jews were still gathered in Jerusalem as heretofore, and there were on one hand the intellectuals and on the other the parasitic or pauperized Jew, what would ordinarily be regarded as the very best and the very worst. Life in the colonies was often very sweet and very lovely, a wholesome, normal family life, and an exhibition in peace and prosperity of what religious Judaism at its best may be.

"In Jerusalem one found the extremes of intensely narrow and bitter orthodoxy, and unbelief with extreme Bolshevik radicalism. Here, too, aggressive Zionism manifested itself in an attitude of bumptiousness and aggressiveness. The country was for the Jew. It belonged to him and he would shortly take possession. One was made to feel that one's presence in the land was objected to. The Hebrew press contained angry diatribes against the existence of Christian schools and missions. The attitude taken by these Zionists at first alarmed, then aroused and irritated enormously, the native population, both Christian and Moslem, making the Jew an object of dread and hatred as he had never been before. I had opportunities to talk on intimate and friendly terms with leaders in all camps, albeit I was unable, through language difficulties, to communicate with the rank and file as freely as I should like to have done. I myself felt the annoyance and in some places the danger of the animosity aroused. Under government order I was not permitted to visit certain sections of the country on account of the raids or uprisings of the Arabs, partly due to animosity roused by their apprehension of the Jewish invasion, and partly due to banditry, which took advantage of that as an occasion. In other parts it was difficult to travel, because any stranger, unless he could prove the contrary, was suspected of being an agent of the Zionists, spying out the land for possession by the Jews. It was difficult to obtain lodgings or food, and there were sometimes unpleasantly hostile demonstrations on account of these suspicions. Everywhere it was believed that the Jew by unfair means was seeking to oust the true owners and to take possession of their land.

"In Jerusalem it was asserted that the Zionist funds, or the Jewish funds which the Zionists could influence or control, were used to subsidize Jewish artisans or merchants to underbid Christians and Moslems and thus oust them by unfair competition, and that similar means were being used to acquire lands or titles to lands. It was even believed by many that the English authorities were unduly favoring and helping the Jews in these endeavors, as is shown by a letter from a Christian in Jaffa published in the *Atlantic Monthly*:—

> "'We are already feeling that we have a government within a government. British officers cannot stand on the right side because they are afraid of being removed from their posts or ticked off.'

Zionist Funds Used Against Christians

"FROM time immemorial the Jews the world over have contributed for the help of pious Jews in Jerusalem and the other sacred cities, Hebron, Tiberias and Safed, the so-called *halukha* or dole, in return for which the Jews in those cities were to win merit for themselves and those who contributed to their support by study of the law, prayer and pious observances. St. Paul carried over the same practice into the Christian Church, causing alms to be collected in the different congregations to be transferred to Jerusalem for the benefit and support of the Christians living there. To this day annual collections are taken in the Roman Catholic churches throughout the world which go to the Franciscans for the same use in Jerusalem. The Greeks and Armenians have like customs. In the past there had been no prejudice with regard to these doles, but now, it was claimed, the Zionist committees were using the moneys thus collected or contributed to organize and help their people in a systematized attempt to gain the upper hand in the land.

One Face for Jews—Another for Gentiles

"PERHAPS the attitude of the extremists who possessed the dominating power in the community can best be shown by the utterances of one of their own organs, written in Hebrew. (It should be stated that *the English edition of this journal was, as a rule, quite different in its contents from the Hebrew edition.*) One article, entitled 'Malignant Leprosy,' is a denunciation of parents who allow their children to go to any school except those under the control of Jews and conforming to the demands of the local Zionist Committee. Parents are notified that a list has been made by the Zionist Committee of all children who are attending foreign schools, even though they are not subjected to any religious teaching, and it is demanded that they shall be withdrawn from those schools and placed in schools where they shall be taught the Hebrew language, customs and traditions, and kept separate from contamination by the Gentile, with his different ways and customs. Those teaching in foreign schools, or schools not complying with the conditions laid down by this committee, are ordered to withdraw from their positions. The 'malignant leprosy' is the contamination by the outside world which results from education with the Gentiles. It is admitted in this article, in answer to protests, that the opportunities in some of the non-Jewish schools are better than in the Jewish schools—for example, in the teaching of foreign languages, so important for conducting business or securing employment; that there is greater diligence in instructing; and better hours and better care of pupils. Nevertheless, parents are informed that they must sacrifice for the sake of their race those chances for their children, doing their best meanwhile to raise their own schools to the higher level. Those who are failing to live up to these ideals are designated as 'traitors' and by other opprobrious names, and the article ends with this threat of persecution to any who do not obey the orders of the Zionist Committee thus conveyed:

> "'Let him know at least that it is forbidden him to be called by the name of Jew and there is to him no portion or inheritance with his

brethen, and if after a time they will not try to reform, let them know that we will fight against them by all lawful means at our disposal. Upon a monument of shame we will put their names for a reproach and blaming forever, and unto the last generation shall their deeds be written. If they are supported, their support will cease, and if they are merchants, with a finger men will shoot at them, and if they are Rabbis, they will be moved far from their office, and with the ban shall they be persecuted, and all the people of the world shall know that there is no mercy in judgment.'

"This was followed about a month later by a second article, also in Hebrew, entitled 'Fight and Win,' which announced that the threatened persecution would now be carried out:

"'The names of the traitorous parents and of the boys and girls who have not taken notice of the warnings ought to be published at once and without delay, in the papers and on public notices, placarded at the entrance of every street. The list of these names should be sent to the heads of every institution and to the rulers of the synagogues, to hospitals, to those who arrange and solemnize marriages, and to the directors of the American Jewish Relief Fund, and so on. It should be the title of "Black List" and "Traitors to Their People." An order should go forth to all, and if one of these men has a son, he shall not be circumcised; in case of death the body is not to be buried among Israelites; religious marriages will not be sanctioned; Jewish doctors will not visit their sick; relief will not be given to them when they are in need, if they are on the list of the American relief fund—in short, we must hunt them down until they are annihilated. Men will cry to them: "Out of the way, unclean, unclean!" Because these people will be considered as malicious renegades, there can be no connecting link between them and us. Again, the society of young men and girls of Jerusalem must accept it as a principle to expel from their societies all those who visit these schools; to point the finger of scorn at them; and to make them see that they are put out of the camp. These traitor scholars, boys and girls, must understand themselves that they are sinners and transgressors, who are isolated, driven from all society, separated from the Jewish community, after they have once despised Israel and its holiness, and it will be interdicted to all sons of Israel to come near them . . . . War against the traitors among our people. War by all means legal. War without pity or mercy; that the traitors may know that they must not trifle with the sentiment of a people. Fight and win.'

A Sample of "Jewish American" Hate

"THE Zionist Committee, *of whom one was an American,* followed this by a printed announcement that the time of grace had passed and that forthwith the names of those who were still refractory would be posted publicly on street-corners, and the boycott begin. Miss Landau, a devout Jewess, the head of the best and highest Jewish school for girls in the city, the Eva Rothschild School, one of those, however, whose pupils and teachers were threatened under these rulings because they would not follow the dictates of the Zionist Committee, appealed to the civil authorities. The committee was haled into court and the threatened boycott enjoined.

"With such an attitude on the part of Zionist leaders in Jerusalem it might be expected that violence would ensue. Easter is a time of great excitement and unrest in Jerusalem for Christians, Jews and Moslems alike, for with Easter coincide the Jewish Passover and the Moslem pilgrim feast of Nebi Musa, when Moslems gather from all over Palestine to hear sermons in the Haram Esh-Sherif, and then march to the so-called tomb of Moses near the Dead Sea. The religious excitement of that season which vents itself in curses of each against the others, is always likely to produce physical outbursts if the cursers come into contact with one another. The Turks wisely segregated at that time each religion in its own quarter. This, in spite of warnings and requests from the Moslem religious leaders, the English failed to do, either through ultra-confidence in the *pax anglicana,* or because of objections from Jewish representatives against such segregation as applied to them. For days beforehand hot-heads among the Jews and Moslems were inciting to riot, and in their quarter Jewish trained bands were preparing for the conflict, a preparation of which Moslems from long wont probably had no need. On Easter morning, 1920, the fanatical Moslems of Hebron arrived at the Jaffa gate with their sacred banner, singing their songs of religious intolerance. There numerous Jews were waiting to greet them. The English Tommies with their officers were all in church. Whose insults were the worst and who struck the first blow is not clear. Battle was speedily joined. *The Jews were better armed,* with guns against the Moslem knives; but the Moslems were the better fighters. The city within the walls was speedily in their hands. The Jews living there were the old-time Sephardic families, dwelling close-packed in miserable slums, with no sympathy with Zionism, peaceful and quite unprepared. Moslem fury vented itself on these poor wretches. Without the walls the Jews were in the vast majority. All told, by official count there were at that time 28,000 Jews, 16,000 Christians and 14,500 Moslems in Jerusalem. What the Moslem did within the walls the Jew endeavored to do without the walls. Before my eyes an Arab camp just below the great Jewish quarter was set upon, burned and plundered, the poor inhabitants fleeing for their lives while guns popped from the Jewish quarter. Two men were killed there. When the troops reached the scene the great bulk of rioters whom they rounded up were Jews. The subsequent court proceedings also seemed to place the chief responsibility for the outbreak on them. The major sentences were equally divided between Jews and Moslems, but of *the criminals who received lighter sentences the majority were Jews.* For a week we lived in a state of siege, not allowed to pass in or out of the city gates, or to show ourselves on roof or balcony after sundown, and for months there were guards at every turn, assemblies were prohibited and there was continual danger of a new outbreak.

THE NEW WITNESS, of which the famous Gilbert K. Chesterton is the editor, published this as a part of an editorial utterance:

"We have never professed to utter prophecies, but only principles. But again and again those principles have turned out to be prophecies. We do not pretend to describe the events that will happen, but only the facts that exist . . . .We said that certain elements existed under the surface; we did not know exactly when or where they would come to the surface. But at least when they did come to the surface, we were not surprised. A good many other people, however, were very much surprised, not to say bewildered; and that bewilderment is the whole of the present politics and philosophy.

"For instance, we never predicted that a particular sect of Jews would ride the Russian Revolution, would halve the power of the Allies and double the length of the war, would create an armed internationalism menacing the nations, and pit the ideas of the landless against traditions of the land. Nor did anybody else predict it; though many predicted almost everything else except the thing that happened. But we did say that the Jews were dangerous, when everybody else was saying they were innocuous and almost non-existent. We did say they were dangerous through their indifference to the agricultural civilization and the national idea; while all society was engaged in setting them up as squires to rule the countryside and as statesmen to rule the country.

"We were quite certain that something would happen, if men went on denying the Jewish problem, something to convince them that there really is such a problem. It has happened; and they are convinced. A change in the whole tone and terminology even of the Press proves that they are convinced. In whatever other way we may succeed or fail, we shall certainly not now be the only people to distrust or denounce the Jews. We are far more likely to be the only people left to defend them."

Machine-Guns Needed by Sir Herbert

"THE appointment of Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew, as governor of the new protectorate under the Zionist Mandate, greatly increased the excitement. In Moslem towns like Nablus it was openly said in my presence that no Jew might enter the place and live. The Christians, who had taken no part in the riots, were nevertheless to a man in sympathy with the Moslems, and one saw the curious spectacle of Cross and Crescent making common cause. It was prophesied that should Sir Herbert come as governor he would never enter Jerusalem alive. In point of fact, he landed at Jaffa and came up to Jerusalem under strong guard, *with machine-guns before and behind,* and the following week made a visit to Nablus and Haifa in the same manner. That was the situation when I left Palestine. Sir Herbert had at that time just issued his declaration and his interpretation of the mandate. *English officers and officials almost to a man were against the Zionist Mandate,* and their utterances in many cases were extraordinarily frank. Some of the most prominent and best-trained sought transfers to other posts because of their feelings on the matter, and some resigned.

"It has since that time been extremely difficult to obtain reliable information of prevailing conditions. It would seem, however, from all the information I have been able to gather, that Sir Herbert, who is, I believe, not himself a Zionist, has acted with singular tact and discretion. He has shown great fairness and indicated his intention to govern with impartiality, granting no special favors to any, nor allowing outside committees or local organizations to dictate or assume to dictate unfair policies. When I left Palestine, Jews were leaving in considerable numbers, especially those claiming American citizenship, so that the outgo was larger than the income. Since then, if I may judge by reports, Jews have been coming in, chiefly from eastern European countries, some parasitic and objectionable, others of a higher type. Some of the latter, graduates of universities, both men and women, may be seen engaged in hard manual labor, I am told, building roads and the like, not despising to do such work in order to secure their Palestinian home and fulfill their aspirations.

Danger Lurks in Zion

"IT IS too soon to judge the future of the Zionist experiment in Palestine. If the English authorities will give fair play to all, and if the Jews will pursue the old policy of the Alliance Israelite and its schools of seeking to benefit all dwellers of the land alike, to break down, not to build up, religious, racial and social prejudices, then the Jew may perhaps overcome the present prejudice against him, and his invasion of Palestine may prove to be a blessing both to himself and to the land. The methods of those in control of the Zionist movement in Palestine while I was there were, however, aimed in the opposite direction and tended to make the Jew an object of hatred and violence wherever the opportunity for violence offered. This has been illustrated again by the recent bloody riot in Jaffa which compelled the expedition of a British warship to that port; and the order issued holding up all immigration shows that not Jaffa only but the whole country is unsafe. *The Jews in Palestine are now protected only by force of British arms. Were the British troops withdrawn, the Jews would be exterminated by the angry natives, of whom the Moslems alone outnumber them in the ratio of more than ten to one; and with such action the neighboring countries would sympathize, yielding ready assistance if any were required. Mesopotamia and Egypt are seething with disaffection against British rule, and racial-religious ferment, and Palestine is to them and to the Arabs of Arabia a holy land included in the heritage of Islam. Moslem India also feels this keenly, and the British have been obliged to withdraw Moslem Indian troops from Palestine, because they will not fight fellow-Moslems.*

Jewish Problem Not Religious Antipathy

"IN THIS country the Jewish problem which we have hitherto had to face is not a result of religious antipathy. Religiously, politically and economically, the Jew has the same opportunity as everyone else. The Jewish problem here has been merely a matter of social prejudice, resulting from the extremely difficult task of amalgamating with great rapidity an enormous population, alien in race, culture, custom and habit. In 1880 there were, according to Jewish statistics, 250,000 Jews in this country. The Jews now claim 3,500,000, for the most part an undistributed mass huddled together in a few of the great cities—one-third of them in New York. Coming in such great numbers in so short a time and herding together thus, intentionally or unintentionally they help one another to resist the process of Americanization. This enormously increases the incidence of social prejudice. Those who have no conscious prejudice either of religion or of race are in danger of imbibing or developing such prejudice as a method of protection of their institutions, their traditions and their habits. The Zionist movement, with its intentional development of race consciousness and race peculiarity on the part of the Jew, is an additional obstacle against the efforts of those Jews and those Christians who are seeking to break down prejudice and to bring Jew and Christian together within a common recognition of the Golden Rule: that each should treat the other as he in like instance would wish to be treated by him. One of the greatest of English Jews, honored and respected by Jew and Christian alike for his learning, his philanthropy and his godly piety, says of this racial-political Zionism that it has broken his heart, and set the clock backward for his people a hundred years. The Christian lover of his country and his fellow-men may well express a similar feeling on his side."

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for each volume.

Remaking the School Children of a Big City

By FRANK M. CHASE

"RESTORING tone to under-nourished muscles is the first essential to their training," the physical director held. "Feeding the brain cells," said the supervisor of hygiene, "is an educational matter." On the basis of these views a city's children have been remade.

Early in 1919, Dr. Fred Burger, director of physical education in the Kansas City schools, felt that his department should do some additional health work. This led to the employment of a supervisor of hygiene, whose task was to see what could be done for the health of the children in a school system having neither physicians, nurses nor dentists. Tackling the job earnestly and thoughtfully, the supervisor's first step was to determine existing conditions. To this end she conducted a rapid weight-height survey of 55 grade schools. Federal agencies at that time were calling attention to the alarming percentages of malnourished school children, the estimates ranging from 20 to 30 per cent, and it was assumed that the schools of Kansas City were not exceptional in this respect. The results of the survey indeed not only justified this assumption, but revealed a serious health emergency. At least an average percentage of the children were below standard, while in the school where malnutrition had its greatest hold, 41 per cent of the pupils were 10 per cent or more underweight.

To determine what remedial measures should be taken, a complete health service was provided the under-weight children of this school. This was in charge of the supervisor of hygiene, and consisted of medical, nurse and dental service; correction of defects; and mid-session meals on the "protective feeding" plan, the main feature of which is the serving of milk.

Owing to the objection of parents, not all the children in the school could be included in the test. This divided the underweight pupils into two almost equal groups, there being 112 who received the school feeding, and 109, identical in physical condition, who were regarded as the control group.

The test continued nearly 10 weeks. At the end of the period, despite adverse conditions and handicaps unremoved, it was found that the demonstration group had made a gain of 231 per cent, or 40 ounces each, the normal gain (100 per cent) for the group being 18 ounces each. The control group, on the other hand, which received none of the health service, lost four ounces, or 24 per cent, each. The total gain of the demonstration group over the control group, therefore, was 255 per cent. As striking, perhaps, is the fact that this school, which ranked the lowest, or fifty-fifth, in the spring weighing ranked third in September, the difference undoubtedly being attributable to the intensive health service.



The teaching of formal physiology in Kansas City schools has been largely displaced by instruction in the simple things that go to make health. This class is absorbing such information from a special exhibit which the hygiene division of the physical education department sends from school to school.



Miss Maud A. Brown, supervisor of hygiene in the public schools of Kansas City, Mo., knows how to arouse the pupils' interest. These youngsters are getting some essential lessons in foods from her that are certain to go home with them.

Manifestly so complete a health program, which was supplied only through the excellent co-operation of the local anti-tuberculosis society, could not be obtained at once for all the under-weight pupils of the city. Out of her knowledge of local conditions and from the results of the test, however, the supervisor of hygiene recommended the employment of an adequate number of school nurses and the feeding of milk in school, at least for the under-weight pupils. A departure so radical as providing milk for the children in school met, of course, with objections; the schoolroom, it was said, is a place for mental, not physical, feasting. But the supervisor stood her ground, insisting that the proper nourishment of the brain is of pedagogical importance, and was backed by the physical director's opinion heretofore indicated. Several of the principals, too, were convinced by the results of the test and began at once to serve milk in their schools on their own initiative, many more of them doing so in the autumn.

Coincident with the adoption of milk feeding was the addition of scales to the school equipment. "A department of physical education without weights and measures is as absurd as would be an apothecary shop, and the results similar," declared the supervisor of hygiene. All the 87 grade schools in the city were equipped with scales by September, the use of which indicated that in that month more than 30 per cent of the pupils in the schools of Kansas City were seriously (10 per cent or more) below standard weight. The scales, too, were soon giving ample proof of the effects of the milk feeding. Wherever it had been instituted the undersized bodies immediately began to regain their normal flesh, while the teachers noticed the improved lessons and attention.

These early results, illustrating concretely the effectiveness of the milk feeding, gave a decided impetus to the entire school health program. New plans were laid, and the force of nurses increased as rapidly as possible. "Wipe out malnutrition" became the slogan of the department of physical education, and the second half of the year opened with all forces organized for an aggressive campaign to reduce the number of under-weight children.

In the work that has followed Kansas City's good fortune in the choice of Maud A. Brown as supervisor of hygiene has been shown many times. After graduating from the University of Iowa, where she specialized in biology, she spent a number of years in teaching. For seven years immediately before going to Kansas City, she taught in the public schools of Los Angeles. During half this time she was head of the biology department in one of the high schools, where she became especially interested in the problem of hygiene for high school girls. She also was assistant supervisor of the science teaching in the grade schools of that city several years. With this thorough training and experience in teaching is coupled a sincere love of children and unusual ability as an instructor. Thus she has brought to her position an admirable fitness for directing the health work of a city's schools, as the results that she has obtained further indicate.

Among the means of attack on the malnutrition problem has been the weighing and measuring of every child three times a year by the teachers of physical education or other members of the department, these examinations taking place in September, January and June. In September, 1919, it will be remembered, approximately 30 per cent of the pupils were seriously under weight. But by January, 1921, or only 16 months later, the percentage of under-nourished children was halved, being but 15 per cent. And this despite the fact that during the summer vacation, the school health program being relaxed, two-thirds of the pupils who had been restored to normal from the 10-per-cent-underweight class, slipped back into their old under-nourished condition.

The weighing for June, 1921, has not been tabulated. A cursory examination indicates that a slight rise in the number of under-weight children is to be expected, as occurred between January and June, 1920. This is due partly to lighter underwear, but mostly to preventable causes. One of these, which the department now believes has been removed, is the city field meet held each spring. Heretofore this has been a temptation to thousands of children to "train down" to a point far below that for the best interests of their health. Since the last track meet, however, the physical education department has established a weight standard for participants, barring the children who are under-weight from competing in the contests.

The large increase in the staff of school nurses has doubtless contributed to the improvement in the health of the pupils. When the health work began in 1919, there were no nurses in the Kansas City schools. Last year, 1919-1920, there was one to every 5,000 children. Since, the number has grown, until in the school year recently closed a nurse was employed for every 1,400 pupils, Kansas City now ranking among the foremost cities of the United States in this respect.

The nurses' service, however, represents the defensive side of the war on malnutrition. The aggressive factor in the fight is the milk feeding, which has been established in all but five or six grade schools of the city. Then, coupling the health work of the school with the home, the backbone of the entire plan, is the periodic weighing and the report to the parents.

At first all the grade children of the schools serving milk received the mid-session lunches. The principals also arranged the details of the work for each school, and attended to financing the supplies. Later a uniform plan went into effect, whereby the domestic science department took charge of the milk feeding, the department of physical education recommending the children to receive the extra nourishment. Under this arrangement, which has been in effect the past year, the milk is prescribed for only those children who are 10 per cent or more under weight and those in the primary grade and kindergartens, though other pupils may have it if they so desire and their parents assent.

When feeding-time comes each child who doesn't weigh what he should for his age and height gets a half-pint bottle of cold milk, a straw and a graham cracker or two, and proceeds to enjoy his lunch. The usual time for serving the milk is just before recess. In a number of the schools the pupils receive the milk twice daily, or before each recess, but the general plan is to provide only the mid-morning ration. The milk, straw and crackers cost the child five cents. In nearly every case the parents pay this charge, but where they cannot the under-nourished boy or girl gets the milk just the same.

Edge to the pupils' interest in good health is obtained by classifying them according to their physical condition. After each of the thrice-a-year weighings they are divided as follows: Those 10 per cent or more under weight; those under weight, but less than 10 per cent; and those normal or above the normal weight for children of their heights and years. Every child's name, with his age, height, normal weight and actual weight, is then placed on a wall chart within easy reach of his eye and pencil. At the bottom of the chart are tables for determining normal weight and normal rate of growth, so that every one may tell whether the milk drinkers are making progress or the others are slipping back.

In addition each child receives a card, on one side of which are recorded his weight, height and normal weight. On the reverse side are a number of health rules. The children who are 10 per cent or more underweight get red cards; those less than 10 per cent under-weight, yet below normal, get blue cards, while those having the correct quota of flesh or more receive white cards. To the pupils these cards represent tangible evidence of a proper or inferior condition, with the result that they strive constantly to possess the white cards and get rid of the red and blue ones.

An especially close check is kept on the weight of the pupils receiving milk. Besides the regular weighings in January, June and September, they are weighed monthly by the classroom teacher.

In this connection, consider the forces centered on the malnutrition problem of Kansas City—teacher, nurse, mother and extra nourishment at school. This is an ideal combination. How it works may be illustrated by what happens when Johnny takes the little card bearing the information relative to his weight home to his parents. It is largely a story of what "teacher says."

"Teacher says," he tells his mother, "that if I am as much as 10 per cent below standard it means I am breaking some of the health rules on the back of the card, and that if you will help me to keep them this month, probably I will weigh more next time."

Month after month the card comes back, and with it what "teacher says" every time: "Teacher says I mustn't go to the movies at night"; "teacher says to eat more spinach"; "teacher says to sleep with the windows open." And what "teacher says" has its effect, of course. The recorded gains of the malnourished children show that.



Will Main Street Grasp Its Main Chance?

By EDWARD J. BECK

A JUNIOR executive of a chain-store company in Cincinnati was compelled by ill health and the after effects of an operation to give up his position for an indefinite period.

When the doctor advised him to take a good long rest in a place where he could have the advantages of perfect quiet, fresh air and good food, he notified his folks in an Indiana village that he was coming home. He knew of no place that better met the requirements of his physician than the place where his father, a retired farmer, lived and where his uncle had a general store. He himself had grown up on a near-by farm.

His previous visits had all been casual ones. Now circumstances compelled him to be an actual resident of the town until the recuperative forces of nature could work their slow results. His mind could not remain long inactive. He soon began to occupy his imagination with speculations as to what he would do if he were in a position of leadership in the community.

As he lay back in his reclining chair he wondered just what would happen if the six leading stores in town sold out overnight to a half-dozen keen young men schooled in the latest methods of city merchandising. His uncle and the rest of the local merchants were literally storekeepers instead of business-getters. The inroads of the mail order houses and city stores were beginning to cast some doubt on even the "keeper" part of their designation.

Farmers Were Buying in the City

THE methods of doing business had not changed much in the 10 years since he had gone away, though other revolutionary changes were apparent. The roads had been greatly improved; practically every farmer had an automobile. Evidences of prosperity and higher standards of living and comfort were noticeable throughout the countryside. But the better highways had been a business detriment to the village because the farmers now made many of their large purchases in the county seat and the city 65 miles away.

After the young man had inventoried the causes of business stagnation and decline, he presented his conclusions and deductions to an informal meeting of the local merchants. A commercial club was organized. Co-operative bargain days were instituted to draw trade from beyond the normal trade zone. Several merchants who handled the same line were induced to pool their orders of certain staple, bulk goods and bought in carload lots at a considerable saving. The idea of specialization was emphasized and pretty soon the druggist gave up handling cutlery, the dry goods store quit handling phonographs, a general store stopped selling patent medicines. Considerable capital was thus released and duplication avoided.

These and other co-operative measures resulted not only in mutual good-feeling but also in increasing profits. The young man became so interested in the carrying out of the new ideas that he accepted his uncle's offer of a partnership. He saw the business possibilities of the village located in a prosperous farming territory.

Walk through the streets of any of our large cities today and you will see hundreds of *Room for Rent* signs where a year and a half ago lodgings were scarce. The young people who were attracted to the city by the hectic prosperity that followed in the wake of the war have in thousands of instances gone back to the old home town or the farm.

Advantages in the Old Home Town

THEY were never in so favorable a mood to consider the village as a permanent place of activity as they are now. The leaders in the life of the smaller communities who not so long ago were deploring the departure of their most talented sons and daughters to the fields of larger reward in the city now have a unique opportunity. They have a rare chance to impress the somewhat disillusioned young people with the advantages of life and labor in the old home town.

These young people are far more valuable assets now than they were before leaving home. They have participated in city life, industry and business and increased their contacts with the world. They return home with new acquisitions of both knowledge and skill and are more than ever qualified to make a worthwhile contribution to their community. What sorts of inducements must be offered to get them to locate permanently where they have now temporarily found a refuge?

The village to retain its energetic youth must offer two sorts of advantages. It must impress them as a livable place and it must have commercial possibilities.

It must offer a satisfying human existence and scope for the realization of the natural human desires for recreation, good fellowship, agreeable relationships and pleasurable activities. The business opportunities must be discernible and inviting enough to counterbalance the vocational attractions of the city.

The resourceful young man can find no more remunerative field for his enterprise today than the small town. He cannot build up a colossal industry there but he can find more opportunities per capita than in the city. Hundreds of small-town businesses, many of them located in mere hamlets, are doing a gross business of $50,000 a year without using Napoleonic sales tactics.

The overhead cost of doing business is often under 20 per cent and the net profit gives the proprietor a far more comfortable living than he could obtain in the city with a much larger income. One store in Ohio situated in a small hamlet does a business of a half million a year and another in Indiana has annual receipts of three hundred thousand.

These records are not the result of a set of unusually favorable circumstances but are the reward of large-visioned business generalship which would win equal returns if applied in any one of a thousand other places.

The only way the village will ever be able to realize its possibilities is by concerted action and organization.

A New England village was located in a natural setting of unusual beauty. But its run-down and shabby appearance presented a drab contrast to its attractive surroundings. Many of the hills about the town were thickly wooded but some of the streets of the town were bare of shade trees. The town hall was in a state of disrepair and other structures in the center of town were an eyesore.

A young physician returned to town after an absence of some years to take up his father's practice. He started to agitate for village improvement. After some weeks of propaganda work, he enlisted the support of the leading citizens. A meeting of the whole community was called to organize an improvement association. The meeting was so well advertised that everybody attended. Not only men and women but even the children were admitted to membership. The dues could be paid either in money or an equivalent amount of labor.

Town's Appearance Transformed

THE first project to which the new body gave its attention was a clean-up week. Then tree planting was encouraged by the offer of prizes for the best ten trees set out during the year. A leading citizen offered a prize of $50 to the householder who could show the greatest amount of improvement in his premises in the course of the year. This competition was the beginning of activities that completely transformed the appearance of the town.

A rest room was established for farmers' wives. A swimming pool was made by damming up a brook at a narrow place and the man who owned the property deeded it to the association together with three acres of adjoining land. This was made a park and picnic ground.

Several ball teams were organized. The married men crossed bats with the single men and the boys from the north side of Main street were pitted against the boys from the south side. A community picnic was made the crowning event of the year. In two and a half years, a commonplace village was charged with an amazing amount of life. Through organization, every person in the community—old and young, rich and poor, was mobilized in constructive effort for the common good and enjoyed the benefits of collective and purposive effort.

An old Scotch divine once preached a sermon with the suggestive title, "The Expulsive Power of a New Affection." The new community spirit will displace narrowness, pettiness and gossip by directing the energies of the people into constructive channels. The gossip and small-mindedness that infest a community cannot be criticized, legislated or ridiculed out of existence. When everyone is enlisted in boosting and bettering the community, the new activities drive out the old rivalries and replace sterile mental interests with vital aims.

Organization is the only method whereby the village can make itself a place where life is fully enjoyed and the potential prosperity may be realized. Organization may take the form of a commercial club, a broad-aimed women's club, an improvement society or a civic association. Any sort of organization marks a significant step in advance. The writer has studied the history of many of these bodies and has been particularly struck by the fact that even where the first aims were restricted, the organization soon found itself compelled to enlarge the scope of its activities, provided it survived beyond the infantile stage.

The commercial club may be organized for the purpose of securing better service from the railroad. Pretty soon the consciousness of collective power and an awareness of other needs will cause it to branch out into other activities.

A commercial club out in an Iowa town was formed to induce a pearl button factory to locate there. It failed in this aim. But it went off on a tangent and erected a band stand for Saturday evening concerts that attracted the farmers for miles around. Occasionally free open air movies were displayed. The grounds around the railroad station were beautified through its efforts. A Chautauqua was brought to town. A community field day which was arranged provided more fun and produced more good will than the town had ever known.

"Finally and happily we are moving from *me* to *us*," is the way the present social trend has been expressed. The individualism of the past must give way to a group consciousness. The village must be conceived not merely as a collection of houses, a dot on the map, a place where the fast mail drops a pouch but as a *community*. Civic fatalism and inertia must be supplanted by an aggressive attitude.

Nothing Left to Chance

IN BUSINESS, industry and home life we leave nothing to chance. We decide what we want and go after it. The welfare of the town cannot be left to chance or to the benevolent intentions of isolated citizens. We must consciously and deliberately determine what the community lacks and needs and then organize to secure those ends.

First, there must be a vision of the possibilities. Before James J. Hill began his vast railroad building projects, he visioned the possibilities of the great Northwest. The vision of the transformed village may come either from a familiarity with what other communities have done or from the use of the constructive imagination of what can be done.

Then there must be an arousing of the spirit of service, a desire to find a larger self-realization in the common good. A new patriotism diverted out of the mere flag-cheering channel must be expressed in localized and more practical manifestations.

Finally there must be a program. It may start limited in scope or it may be ambitious and comprehensive. Certain definite and tangible aims must be set up as the object of endeavor.

A successful community organization should start off with lots of steam. Enthusiasm may be artificially aroused, as witness any college rally before a football game or the recent war drives. Care must be taken in choosing the projects which are first to be worked for. They must meet two requirements; they must be worthwhile and they must be attainable with reasonable effort.

Start with something simple like a clean-up campaign. It is a big enough project to get excited over and it is practical enough to secure everyone's co-operation. One successful community organization began with a local-talent minstrel show which demontrated how much fun there was in working together. Then plays were produced, a community house was built and after a while the co-operative activities were expanded to cover all phases of village welfare.

For the Good of All

THE ideal improvement association works for all phases of community betterment not only for civic beauty or business expansion. These aims are good to start with because they are tangible but when the organization has sampled the fruits of co-operative effort, it should use the same methods to promote other projects which intensify village life.

Other activities which have been successfully promoted are athletics, dramatics, libraries, lecture courses, playgrounds, summer and winter sports, community celebrations, community club houses, musical organizations, local fairs, and many other means of adding to the pleasures of life and making COMPLETE living in the village possible.

The young people will be content to live and work in a live town where there are opportunities for engaging in the activities and pleasures which youth demands. It is simply a matter of leadership and organization to supply the things now lacking. The experience of scores of villages offers convincing proof that deadness and commonplaceness can be supplanted by a rich and satisfying community life through well-directed collective action.

Gaunt Hunger Stalks in Once Proud Austria

Depreciated Money Makes It Impossible for Natives to Buy Food; Starvation Killing Many, Including Notables, While Foreigners Feast

By R. RUTHERFORD

CUTTING off Austria's sources of supply has left her dependent on the outer world for nearly all that her people require to eat and wear. As she produces little, she has little or nothing to sell. As she has nothing to sell her valuta (exchange rate of her currency) has sunk so low that her money has little value and it is impossible for her people therewith to pay the prices demanded by the producing lands. The result is the terrible famine now raging there.

Austria's budgetary estimates for the last half of this year show a total expenditure of more than 49,000,000,000 kronen (crowns), and receipts of more than 24,000,000,000; the deficit to be covered by credit operations amounting to 24,500,000,000 kronen. Compared with the last budget, the expenditure has risen by 40 per cent and receipts from monopolies by 63 per cent. The total indebtedness of Austria now amounts to 170,000,000,000 kronen, and the end is not yet in sight. Meanwhile the government, through subsidies, must supply the population of Vienna and other big towns with flour bought from abroad at ruinous prices. In despair it has been compelled to resort to the offer of the Austrian monopolies to the highest bidder. Sir William Goode, president of the Austrian Section of the Reparation Commission, now dissolved, says in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*:

"There are dark times ahead and the public should know it. They must be faced with courageous resolution, and emergency measures are necessary both on the part of the government and the public."

External credits cannot be granted by the League of Nations, he explains—they have no money—nor by the Reparations Commission, which also has no money; neither can they be obtained solely by Austria's initiative—she has no assets to pledge except by permission of the Reparations Commission. Only by a combination of all these factors can the result be achieved.

Human Wrecks Walk Streets

ALL Austria's misery is centered in Vienna. "Coal, firewood, meat, flour, nearly every commodity of food and clothes are lacking," writes an English Vienna correspondent, "and columns of half-starved human wrecks walk through the principal streets and pass and repass in front of the government and other principal buildings. An American investigator says: 'The situation can scarcely be realized by the outer world. There are groups of pitifully ill-clad people with eyes so hungry that any well-fed investigator feels ashamed under their accusing glances.' The agitation for food and clothes is reaching such a point that the government can no longer control it. The populace is quieted by promises of great things from the League of Nations finance committee. The starving multitude is told to wait but a little longer, when salvation will surely come, and the poor submissive Viennese public resigns itself for a time only soon to burst forth again in renewed clamors. The League of Nations finance committee meets, but it can only make recommendations for help, all of which are very problematical.

The coal famine is almost as serious as the food famine, and is due entirely to the action of the Peace Treaty in transferring Austria's coal mines to Czecho-Slovakia, which now refuses to sell coal to Austria.

Most of the distress in Austria is due directly to the depreciation of her monetary standard. In six months the depreciation of the kronen (crown) has amounted to an additional government debt of 4,000,000,000. Of course, no nation, no people, can continue at this rate and buy necessities from abroad. The situation is most abnormal. Salaries and wages have been raised from five to 60 times, and still the increase is insufficient, because the price of commodities, especially those derived from abroad, have been raised 20 to 235 times their former value. An unskilled laborer receives from 500 to 800 kronen a week. A skilled laborer receives from 1,000 to 1,500 kronen, and a professional man 900 kronen. Judging by the former standard, this might seem like good remuneration until we consider the prices. A pair of shoes fit to wear costs 1,600 kronen; a suit of clothes 12,000 kronen. A tin of condensed milk costs 56 kronen. The cost of the necessities of life would be many times higher but for the government subsidies, which are helping to reduce the nation to ruinous poverty. The Reparations Commission has recommended that the state bread and flour subsidies must continue for the present, because they seem to be the only means of saving the entire populace from starvation. Uncontrolled flour now brings in Austria more than 300 times the pre-war price, and this is what the people would have to pay for it, but for the subsidies. The actual cost to the government of controlled flour is 200 times the pre-war costs, while official salaries, which are the support of 800,000 persons, have advanced only 18 to 20 times the pre-war rates.

If the people of Austria were to pay the present world-market prices for foods at the prevailing depreciated rate of their currency, a laborer's weekly salary would scarcely buy a day's rations for his family. Hence the state subsidies for the controlled or rationed foods. The state buys the foods at the world-market price; that is, the price charged by the producing lands in their own currency. She then sells them at enormous loss to the Austrian dealers for Austrian currency. The losses to the state resulting from the food subsidies amounted at the latest calculations to the staggering figure of 37,700,000,000 kronen (normally $7,540,000,000). While the flour subsidies will continue, the other subsidies, under the new League of Nations' plan, are to be abandoned or reduced, which means a still further rise in food prices, with attendant greater distress among the populace.

The kronen (crown) is the monetary standard of Austria, as the dollar is of America. Formerly it was worth 20 cents. Now the American exchanges his dollar in Austria for 500 kronen; the Englishman his pound for nearly 2,000 kronen, and there is similar disparagement in comparison with other foreign moneys. Thus, while to the foreigner, prices in Austria are remarkably low, to the Austrian, himself, they are fabulous. People of means have suddenly found their fortunes reduced to myth.

Many erstwhile wealthy men are now in direst want. Some have starved to death. I have already mentioned in my previous article the case of General Boroevic, commander-in-chief of the Austrian Armies, who killed himself to avoid starvation. The *Neue Freie Presse,* of Vienna, reports the death from starvation of Dr. Max Margules, the world-famous meteorologist. He was forced to live on a monthly pension of 429 kronen, less than one American dollar at the present exchange rate. Pride forbade his accepting the proffered assistance of friends. The report adds: "The tragic occurrence has caused consternation in Vienna, but there are many similar cases due to the depreciated monetary standard."

Hugh Hofmannthal, who wrote the libretti to the Richard Straus operas, on the other hand, has been begging for bread. The professional classes are the greatest sufferers from the destitution which the Versailles Peace Treaty has provoked.

When I was in Innsbruck a short time ago the newspapers there published an account of the death of Professor Jacob Mayer from starvation. Professor Mayer is not unknown in America, where he formerly taught languages in New York.

Most of the starvation sufferers among the professional classes refuse to permit publication of their names. The *Daily Express,* London, publishes the following from its Geneva correspondent:

"A statement made to me by an American Red Cross officer who has just arrived here from Vienna gives a lurid picture of the state of famine prevailing in Vienna. 'We have to protect little children against the rapacity of their parents,' he said. 'When we gave children food, the parents snatched it from their offspring. We therefore made the children eat the food on our premises. The result was that the children were ill-treated by their parents, who are also starving, and therefore cannot be greatly blamed.'"

The casual visitor to Vienna—he who spends his time in the hotels and restaurants—sees few signs of the hunger wolf that is gnawing the once proud city to death. The shops are well filled with foods and good clothing. But foreigners are their chief purchasers. The hotel tables are set with substantial dishes and many delicacies. The restaurants and cafés are crowded with elegantly dressed women and men who spend the night in wine-drinking, feasting and laughter. But this is not Vienna. This is the "schieber" and the foreign element that has flocked to Vienna to fatten on the city's distress, to take advantage of the low exchange rate which enables them to live in luxury at less than the cost of the bare necessities at home, to buy the heirlooms of nobility and royalty who are compelled to sell them to get something to eat.

Foreigners Live High

THERE would be more food for the Austrians and at lower prices but for this great influx of foreigners. They include speculators, investors, buyers of odds and ends of every description; men who amass fortunes by buying and selling currency in anticipation of a rising or falling exchange; sharks, sharpers and "schiebers" of every breed. Vienna is teeming full of them. The result is there is a terrible house famine, as well as a coal famine and food famine. It is almost impossible to get a room even in the Vienna hotels.

The hotels and restaurants of Vienna have gone quite out of the lives of the Viennese whose affable manners were once their chief attractions. The costs are now prohibitive to all but the very rich and the foreigners. They have advanced not 50 per cent, as in some favored countries, but 50 times. Thus a meal for which the rich Viennese in pre-war days paid ten kronen in the restaurants around the opera, now costs a minimum of 500 kronen. Hence not even the wealthiest Viennese can today afford to go often to these restaurants. But the foreigner laughs at these prices. To him they are extraordinarily cheap. An American, for instance, with $1 (500 kronen) can sit in the most fashionable Vienna restaurant and have a meal forbidden to its quondam millionaires.

The *Wiener Journal* aptly says that the post-bellum conditions have created a state of things in which the once rich Viennese has completely forgotten what it is to eat a good meal. The Vienna gourmet has lost even the memory of his former fine dishes, such as the *Kruspelspitz,* the *Broselfleisch,* the roasted *Beinfleisch,* and his favorite *Schnitzel.* Waiters no longer dread scandal from a *Stammgast* because a steak is slightly overdone or too underdone. Viennese guests no longer know what a good steak is like. The only ones who still get them are the privileged foreigners. These ask the restaurant proprietors to supply them with roast beef at 120 kronen a plate, *filet de turbot a l'americaine* at 200 kronen, steak and potatoes at 85 kronen, fish salad at 60 kronen (less than 10 cents), roast duck or goose at 1,800 kronen, and vegetables and soups, which to them cost the ridiculously small price of 10 or 20 kronen (two to four cents) a plate. The poor Viennese look at these wonderful viands and stare. They are entirely beyond the capacity of even their longest purse. And yet foreigners take out a dollar or two and pay with a smile as they say: "How cheap is living in Vienna compared with Paris, New York or London!" They order costly Austrian or Hungarian wines at 700 to 800 kronen a bottle, which simply staggers the natives, and when they order champagne at 1,800 to 2,000 kronen a bottle, the Viennese simply run away in amazement. Such a sum represents perhaps half a month's salary of a minister of state, or a month's salary of a university professor.

In the cheaper restaurants frequented by the Viennese the food is very inferior. While foreigners eat the finest white bread, the natives are forced to subsist on the rationed article, made from the standard flour, which is deep brown and of a musty flavor. White bread is considered a rare luxury. All over Vienna the foreigner may buy as many fancy cakes and pastries made from white flour as his purse can afford.

The native Viennese do not fail at times to sneer at the foreign invaders of their former epicurean haunts, and the Americans come in for their share of the derision. Alfred Polgar, a Viennese scribe, once an associate of the gourmets, takes a severe fall out of the Americans in an article entitled "The Conquerors," recently published under his name. It is given as an example of the manner in which some rich Americans conduct themselves in the Viennese restaurants. Here is an extract from "The Conquerors":

"The small special dining room of the hotel possesses a table that is unlike all others. A tiny flag, starred and striped, peeps out from between the flowers in the vase. A dish is piled high with slices of perfectly white, whitest of white, bread. The golden yellow of pure butter gleams from under a glass lid. Tins and pots, round and square, brightly labeled, surely conceal tasty foods. Bottles and dishes emit the smell of food—of spices and essences.

Stare at Noisy Americans

"THE natives at the tables round about contemplate the culinary still life with awe.

"Here the conquerors dine, the Americans. Hail to them! To their entrance into the war do we owe peace (albeit one of fourteen sore points) dollar parcels, democracy, soup-kitchens. We love America! Hence do the natives gaze with awe at the table of the mysterious dishes, pots, tins and sauces. Two conquerors in white summer garb enter the room. They are young, good looking, erect. They have no eyes for the natives. We of the wrinkles look with shy envy at these smooth faces, crossed by no folds of humiliation or deprivation.

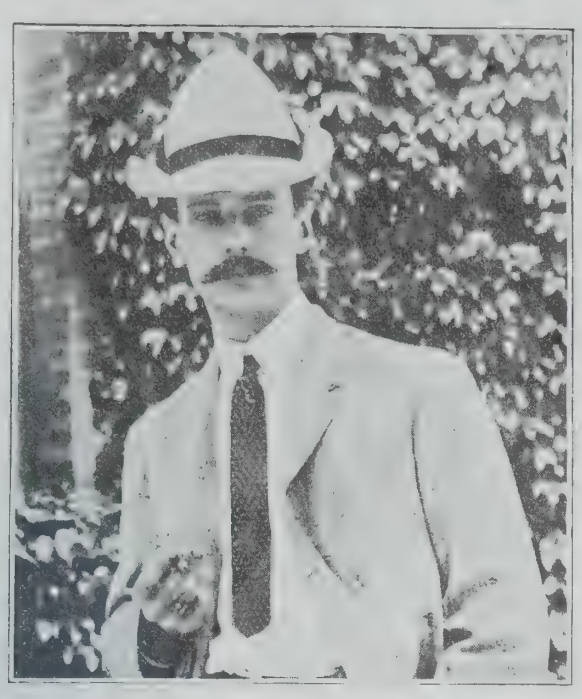
"Then enters a youth in naval garb, apparently the head of the table. He sits down without greeting, seizes a prepared plate of white of egg and, with the soup spoon as a whip, begins lashing the egg. Why he does so, why he does so here, why he does so himself—who can penetrate a strange psyche? The American whips the egg for ten or twenty minutes. The spoon strikes loudly against the plate. The room reverberates with noise. And the natives pale and duck. It seems to them as though the drum of victory were rolling overhead.

"Do American gentlemen at home whip their white of egg themselves in a crowded hotel dining room, beating a spoon-and-plate tattoo? What entrancing music that must be! As nerve-soothing as the Sousa rhythms!

"The next American joining the table is followed by a dobermann (black breed of dog), whom he drags behind him—a fine, bold, dashing animal, still unlicked by servile European culture, himself licking everything in reach. The American carries a whip. Eye glares at wrathful untamed eye, and training begins. The dog foams, bays full-throatedly; the whip comes slashing down; the dog does not give in; the American does not give in; chairs crash; a screen overturns; waiters and natives bolt; the hotel manager, white as his tablecloths in peace-time, abjures the panic with the assurance that the dobermann scene is repeated day by day, that no serious mishap has so far occurred, and that in America people have the habit of breaking in their dogs in crowded dining halls. And why should the conquerors—present not for their 'out-for-out' sakes—forego in a vanquished city the customs, foods, habits of their homes? The dog howls horribly, the whip whistles in air, the youth in naval garb loudly whips his egg, the scowling American whips his dog, the booty is being initiated into the mysteries of 'Yankee Doodle' by her neighbor. They sup in comfort.

"No importance! Thousands of children are fed in Vienna by American charity. May the self-whipped white of egg agree with the man in naval garb! May the dobermann take the lessons in the dining room to heart! Training is necessary, dear fellow, for members of a good and strong race as well."

Many Americans abroad are obsessed with a desire to "show off." This is a sample of their doings and the opprobrium they are bringing on their country. None is more ashamed of them than the quieter and better element of Americans themselves.



RAYMOND L. DITMARS,

Who carried out a boyhood ambition and became a great naturalist. Besides being curator of reptiles and mammals at the New York Zoological Park, he is known the world over for his remarkable motion pictures of nature subjects.

A Boy Who Did What He Wanted To

By R. P. CRAWFORD

FROM the age of five or six years he had taken a strange delight in bringing home toads, which amused themselves by hopping over the various rooms in the house—that is, when this boy's mother wasn't looking. Then his interest shifted to snakes. This bad boy, no doubt as the neighbors considered him, got into the habit of going over to a swamp and soon had substituted snake hunting for toad hunting, and shortly there was quite a museum of snakes at his home. The first thing this boy's parents knew he was bringing home rattlesnakes. He had turned out all the harmless snakes, because they were so commonplace and uninteresting, and had substituted rattlers. And, of course, our story must say that the father of this young man had many talks with him as to the impracticability of such a course as he was pursuing.

And this boy—no, he did not become a street car conductor, or a carpenter, or a merchant, or end up in the poor house, or become a do-nothing—in fact, he became a distinguished naturalist, one of the best we have in this country.

Today wherever motion pictures are shown you will see the work of Raymond L. Ditmars, for it was this boy now grown to manhood, who put all sorts of queer bugs, insects and animals into the movies. He has prepared more than 500 film releases dealing with natural history subjects at his country home in Westchester County, near New York, all in addition to his work as curator of reptiles and mammals at the New York Zoological Park.

Isn't it refreshing to find a boy who really did what he wanted to and succeeded in doing it? Especially in a day like the present when every one imagines he is a misfit? Isn't it lucky that this boy did not turn out to be a mechanic, or doctor or lawyer?

What I have told of young Ditmars' early life is actually true. He did bring home toads; he did bring home snakes, and he did turn out the common snakes to make room for the rattlers. The latter happened one summer when he was about 14 years old and the family was at its summer home some distance from New York. Ditmars found a rocky cliff some two miles away, and climbing it discovered a rattlesnake on a ledge. He put a noose around its head and brought it home. Later it developed that there was a regular summer colony of rattlers around this ledge, and Ditmars was in his glory. Formerly he had to hunt for ordinary snakes around a swamp near the family's Brooklyn home, but now with his rattlers, he had a real subject with which to experiment.

But the next important point is the way this boy finally found out how to make use of all this knowledge and to find a place in the world where he could apply it.

Young Ditmars had asked his father to be permitted to give up his college course. He wanted to become an apprentice at the American Museum of Natural History. He had observed that those officials who had obtained positions of prominence there drove down to the museum with horse and carriage, and to every appearance were prosperous, respected men of affairs.

So he went into the museum and when he was 20 years old had become an assistant curator, a position of prominence for so young a man. Then he made the highly interesting discovery that so many scientists have made since—that scientists did not receive a great deal of money. The curators themselves were very well paid, but it probably would take eight or 12 years to become a curator, promotions in science, as in teaching, being made slowly.

Right here this young man nearly got sidetracked from his real purpose in life. "I had just spent a vacation in Washington, D. C., and had talked with a couple of the congressional stenographers," Mr. Ditmars told me. "I found that young men who were proficient received anywhere from $2,500 to $5,000 a year, exclusive of all compensation allowed for one's assistants. They advised me to take down in shorthand a number of Dickens' works. When I had learned to do that I would be able to take any congressional speech. My father read to me David Copperfield, The Tale of Two Cities, and Nicholas Nickleby, and I took them down in shorthand. I then applied for a reportorial position on the New York *Times* and obtained one in which shorthand came in handy. Besides 'covering' the criminal courts, I had evening assignments to report speeches.

"But one can find his right place in the world even if he is sidetracked now and then. About this time there were rumors of the establishment of the Bronx Zoological Park. The whole upper floor of our house had by that time become a collection of snakes and animals. Judge Goff, of the Court of General Sessions, where I was a newspaper reporter, advised me to try for something in the way of a curatorship. 'You can be a specialist in your chosen line, and then you can write, lecture, and do photography on the side,' he told me. Dr. W. T. Hornaday, who was to be the director of the park, had heard of my collection of snakes, and he was favorable to my appointment. That was 20 years ago and I have been out at the park ever since."

Of course, the most unique feature of Mr. Ditmars' career has been his development of the motion pictures of nature subjects. Out at his Westchester home he now has a complete motion picture laboratory, where he can photograph anything from a fly to a giraffe, and can produce countless photographs of flowers, and other difficult subjects. He has made reproductions of tropical scenes, swamp scenes and desert scenes so that he can give just the proper background to his nature pictures. Huge tanks are provided so that pictures representing conditions underneath the sea can be made. He has numerous motion picture cameras, and he does some of his work out in the field.

But his big achievement is not so much the 500 films that have been shown in theaters the world over, but a work which he is just now completing and which he plans to leave for posterity, just as other great naturalists and scientists have left great books behind them. But Mr. Ditmars' work will be a volume of motion pictures. It is a set of films which form a complete natural history. It begins with the apes and includes practically every animal and insect of importance. One hundred thousand feet of film have now been completed and filed away in vaults. Mr. Ditmars feels that a work such as this will greatly simplify the teaching of such subjects in schools.

"One must remember that often a rare animal may live only a few months," he said. "By photographing it we may preserve it for all time and for all people." Photography is an old subject with Mr. Ditmars and years before motion pictures came round he had taken many still photographs of animals and has altogether some 10,000 negatives.



Mr. Ditmars on a snake hunt. On this occasion he was summoned to a farm 125 miles from New York to clean out a colony of snakes. The farmer had only essayed to watch the thirty or thirty-five snakes which came out of the hole every spring through a spy glass. In this case the snakes were of a harmless variety and Mr. Ditmars persuaded the farmer to keep them, since they rid the barn of rats and mice.

One often wonders what it means to be a naturalist. Mr. Ditmars has still continued his study of snakes, begun in boyhood, and I presume there is not another man in America who knows more about their habits and has had more interesting experiences in his snake hunts. He has made repeated journeys to the swamps in our southeastern states and brought home large collections of deadly poisonous snakes. The other day he sat back in his chair and told something of how these reptiles are captured.

"I usually aim to make the trip to the southeastern states just about flood time, when the rivers are running high. My wife and two daughters go along. We usually camp or procure a house in some settlement near the scene of operations. The girls enjoy riding horseback, so we get some horses and proceed to make ourselves comfortable. We also have a horse and buggy and, of course, a boat.

"Under ordinary conditions it would be very dangerous to go poking around these swamps trying to catch poisonous snakes, but when the spring floods are on, the reptiles climb up on the sand hummocks or little islands. We make for one of these islands and there we can take our pick of all the snakes. There are the coachwhips, diamond rattlers, pigmie rattlers, water moccasins, canebrake rattlers, cottonmouths, coral snakes; in fact, just about every variety of poisonous and non-poisonous snakes that one would wish to see.

"We wear heavy boots and look where we step. As a general thing a snake cannot bite through heavy boots. In fact, in all my lifetime of experience with snakes, I never have been bitten, although I have been poisoned in handling them. When we find a snake we want, we slip a noose around its neck, and then put it in a box.

"More recently our two daughters, 15 and 17 years old, go out on these snake-hunting expeditions. It happened this way. We had left them behind at the cabin. They saw what seemed to be a rabbit in the bushes near the house and went out to investigate. Coming closer, they saw that instead of a rabbit it was the head of a rattlesnake, coiled and ready to spring. The girls decided they would not let me outdo them. They went in the house, got a cloth, and waved it in front of the rattler. That caused it to come out from under the bush, and coil up on the ground. Then one of the girls attracted the rattler's attention, while the other shoved a box over it. They filled a bag with sand and put that on top of the box. When I got home they had the rattler securely captured. However, after that, I decided that they might as well go with us, since I didn't want them capturing rattlesnakes on their own account. The snake which they caught was seven feet long."

On his next vacation Mr. Ditmars plans an expedition to the Painted Desert of the Southwest, where he plans to procure specimens of the pink and white rattlesnake.

It is not all fun, either, just running a zoological park. Mr. Ditmars returned a short time ago from San Francisco, bringing with him numerous animals and snakes, just received in a shipment from the Orient. Among them was an orang-outang. The orang-outang got the colic in San Francisco. Mr. Ditmars took it to his room in the hotel.

"Soon the manager appeared with the announcement that animals could not be permitted in rooms," said Mr. Ditmars. "They fixed up a place for it in the basement, but it was so cold and clammy there I knew it would never do. Just as soon as one porter disappeared I covered the box with paper, and summoned another porter to take 'the package' to my room. We got along all right until a few days later the manager again appeared, courteously sympathetic and saying, 'I see you have the monkey back again.'

"To settle the matter I had to quote Darwin and others to prove that an orang-outang is not exactly an animal, and might indeed be some distant relative of the hotel man himself. Consequently the rule against animals should not apply. The manager left us undisturbed for the next few days. Meanwhile the orang-outang had been given some brandy, obtained on a prescription, and after a short time was ready for the trip across the country."

For the most part the animals and snakes for parks and museums are obtained from professional collectors. Most of these men are world travelers who make a business of capturing curiosities of all sorts.

"Out of 111 species of snakes found in this country, but 17 are poisonous," Mr. Ditmars told me. "There are 97 species of lizards, but only one of these is poisonous, and that is the Gila Monster of the Southwest. Most species of poisonous snakes are to be found in the South, but in parts of Pennsylvania and New York—strange as it may seem—the few northern species of venomous snakes are so abundant that poisonous snakes are actually more common than in the South. The poisonous snakes in the United States include the coral snakes, copperheads, water moccasins and the many kinds of rattlers."

The recognized treatment for snake bite today consists in applying a ligature above the bite on the arm or leg, and then enlarging the punctures with a knife so that there is a free flow of blood. Then the wound should be washed in a near-by stream and bathed in a solution of potash permanganate crystals. Next the anti-venom serum should be injected where it will gain general circulation, preferably in the abdomen. Of course, the important point is to get a doctor as soon as possible.

"People should realize that the United States is wonderfully rich in reptile life," Mr. Ditmars told me. "In fact, as far as I am personally concerned, I do not feel it necessary to leave the country to find things to study. There is enough work here to consume three lifetimes accomplishing it."

And this is the story of the boy who did what he wanted to and found his own peculiar place in the world.

Official's Attack on Rent Hogs Costs His Job

THE newspapers of New Orleans, under pressure of the Jews, of that city, have compelled the governor of Louisiana to call for the resignation of an official who tried to tell the whole truth.

Morgan D. E. Hite, an architect and civic leader, had been named chairman of the Louisiana Housing Commission, which was created by the 1920 General Assembly of Louisiana. He began an investigation of rent profiteering in New Orleans, and discovered that Jews were the profiteers. At the outset the three local daily papers were backing him. Then he made an address in which he vigorously attacked the Jew landlords and real estate agents, who continued to raise rents while the prices of almost everything else were descending.

One newspaper printed Mr. Hite's speech, and then this paper joined the others in their attacks on him. The result of the pressure was the ousting of Mr. Hite.

As chairman of the Housing Commission of his state, Mr. Hite ran up against a cold and cruel combination that exploited the poor who rented houses. The longer Mr. Hite bucked that combination the clearer it became that there was something peculiar about it. When he plainly discovered what it was, he told at a meeting what he had found.

The speech was given on the evening of August 23 and reported (without informative headline) in the New Orleans *States* of August 24. The following report is from that paper:

Mr. Hite said he has found one particular group of real estate people are the chief offenders. He made it plain they are foreigners or of foreign extraction, and he said the American real estate men should be ashamed to let these people come into the field and ruin a prosperous business.

Mr. Hite said in part as follows:

"I will name one element here tonight—but there is another less serious, and found among landlords mostly as these others are found among the real estate agents, which I will name at another meeting.

"The element which has put the screws on are seldom owners of real estate, except apartment houses, but in recent years they have entered the real estate brokerage field and now practically dominate it—I might almost say, have ruined it—and the pity is that Americans have permitted themselves to be crowded out, Americans and American fair dealing methods crowded to the wall, and none so mute, inactive and passive in the face of these things as Americans, open-minded and fair and not seeing the real purpose until they are literally hit in the face.

"That is the great fault of Americans; they see fairness in all and do not raise suspicion, and seldom hit back until violence is laid on them. But not so silent and so high above suspicion is this other element. No sooner the rent call was sounded by me on the Fourth of July, than the attack commenced; immediately the voices, in anger and in bullying tones, were raised and for weeks the city was a patient listener to the howling of the pack against one lone man.

"Within the Housing Commission itself, from the very first day when it convened, has the opposition of this element raised itself against me. It is always quick to speak for itself and to bully over others, over Americans who prefer to sit quietly and do not often give expression, and in all the walks of life and through all our civic ramifications, with a few glorious exceptions, we find this element present and always thinking of A Number One and consciously or unconsciously working for its own aggrandizement and benefit, and working into control.

"From the highest down to the most ordinary field of endeavor, this acute and sharp-witted element is found taking advantage of every circumstance to hedge itself within stronger bounds. And Americans, to their shame, sit by silent, supinely sit, and let them put it over on them. In many cases they even help with all their power to play the game of his insidious element, unknowingly, of course, but they are swept into it and know not what they do, until some day they all wake up to the realization, and then let everyone who has unwittingly been made a tool, an instrument of this element, do penance for the evils he has helped to bring down on his city, as we now see in the real estate business.

"'If the people would only stand up like men,' a great man of this state said, 'and with one voice cry out for justice, the elements that are responsible for the present conditions would scurry to cover, and once and for all the people who in fear and trembling today report to me their cases of oppression would be freed and would need to fear no longer.' But because the cry of the tenant families is low and under cover, because they are afraid for their very homes, this element took courage and thought to go through with the monstrous program of tenant-hunting. Silent today they are, it is true, after having exhausted all their first means to cry me down, and to bully the public with their loud and aggrieved cries.

"There in the Housing Commission I felt their influence against me. There in the Young Men's Business Club, for three weeks now, a resolution has been pending, introduced by that self-same element, a resolution against me, and the young Americans of that club have fought it back, perhaps not knowing why, and have held it back against almost violent tactics of the opposition led by members of this element I speak of. Tomorrow it comes up again for a vote, and I hope that good old American names like Dunbar and Mabry and Ewing and Van Buren Harris will be able to win out against the forces led by those others.

"All through my months of exertion to get housing bills through the Constitutional Convention, one man in particular would rise up and oppose me at every turn, a man who pretends he is desirous of helping the housing situation, and yet who has done all within his power to prevent new buildings getting started—Alfred Danziger is his name, a brother of George Danziger, the real estate agent, of whom some other things might be said. Alfred Danziger has been more instrumental in holding back a building program by his hostility to me and my purposes than any other one man, and he never misses an opportunity to do and say what will, in his estimation, put an effective stop to building. He has certain interests to protect. Then I could tell a story of a close relative of his and his dealings with a poor woman of this city, and of an attorney whom she mistakenly went to see, also of the same element, and what he also did to her, the details of which I am not free to disclose now. Then there was the loud and unfair tactics of another of this element. Meyer Eiseman, president of the Louisiana Real Estate Board, who sought to get from me information that he knew had been given me in confidence by terrorized tenants, sought to get me to break my pledge to these poor families, and sought by means public and mean to do so. That shows how high is their conception of duty and honor!

"Notice that among all those who raised loud voices and published tirades against me, no Americans but one was to be found, and that is a shame to say, Carroll Walmsley, who joined in with the pack. Mr. Walmsley, I am convinced, did so through a mistaken idea of his position as chairman of the real estate bureau of the Association of Commerce, and abandoned his attacks when he realized what he was doing, that he alone of all American real estate men, was baying on my trail with those others. Loud against me in the beginning, Charles Roth, of Roth & Rosenberg, and Leo Fellman also appeared in public and Jacob and Ashton Blum—note the names! Do not confuse him with Joseph Blum, whom I deem a gentleman. Then there were others. Weiss, of Weiss & Dreyfous, Albert Bear, and some others, who were less active against me, and whose names I will withhold. On the Housing Commission there was another, Goldstein. In the evidence sent to me on the rent situation appears more of the names. Rosenthal & Klein, and there is still another loud in his thunder, Bodenger of Algiers. Note how compact is this element, how the chorus swells, and how in all this we find American names like Walmsley only for a moment, and so on through many of our civic activities influence of this element, compact and unanimous is found, even unto the supreme court of the state, where one this day seeks place whose brother, Charles Godchaux, acknowledges he is the Godchaux in the syndicate made up of other Jew names—strange to say—which was among the first to realize the profit-making possibilities of rents, and last summer took the tenants of the old Hibernia Bank Building by surprise with their extraordinary rent raise and sharp terms, or get out—and no place to go. As Governor Hall said the other day, you will more often find these people on the side of the oppressor than on the side of the poor and oppressed, and I feel it my duty to bring out the close connection between the rent conditions and this element in this city, and how unanimous has been their voice against me, instantly as they do always, to rise in protest when their vested rights are jeopardized. But as against them, and tenant families of this city in this housing emergency, I cast my lot with the tenant families, with the Americans, with the majority who are at the mercy today of a predatory group, of which this element may well be placed, and whosever takes sides against the tenants takes sides with that other that I have named!"

No other paper printed the address, but in the evening the New Orleans *Item* came out with a front page editorial denouncing Mr. Hite, attributing his utterances to the "hot weather" and "overwrought hysteria," and generally castigating him in a manner to indicate either that Jewish journalists did the job, or that Jewish pressure put the office on the jump. "Mr. Hite's speech is omitted from the *Item* on the judgment of the editor," says the news story.

Next morning the New Orleans *States* sought to make amends for what it had done by printing an editorial entitled, "An Outrageous Attack" in which Mr. Hite's statements were described as "atrocious," and the good old humbugs of "intolerance" and "religious issue" were dexterously drafted for duty.

Two days later the *Times-Picayune*, which also omitted Mr. Hite's speech "on the judgment of the editor," came out with an editorial proposing the ousting of Mr. Hite from his position.

In fact, when through some as yet unexplained factor, the policy of *suppression* failed, the Jewish policy of *oppression* for the truth-speaker was immediately invoked.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has long known the Jewish situation in the South, and it was clearly only a matter of time when a protest had to break forth. What is important now is the reaction of New Orleans—whether that city will cringe under the Jewish whip, or stand by one of its own people who has dared to speak plain words.

> Governor Parker, of Louisiana, demanded the resignation of Morgan D. E. Hite when the latter revealed Jews as the rent profiteers of New Orleans. The letters exchanged read:
>
> "Dear Sir—On my return to Baton Rouge I find yours of the 27th instant, which has had my very careful reading, and in view of your public statements, I am very frankly writing to say that your usefulness is at an end, and to request that you kindly return your commission, together with your resignation.
>
> "JOHN M. PARKER, Governor."
>
> Mr. Hite replied:
>
> "Governor Parker has proven himself to be another Pontius Pilate of a kind. Pontius Pilate was also a governor and listened to the cries of the Jews for the blood of an innocent man.
>
> "MORGAN D. E. HITE."

Closed Doors—Why Conference Will Prefer Them

Concluded from page 2

fice or out, are not the logical men to select for the purpose. They cannot be in sympathy with the problem President Harding seeks to adjust for the benefit of all. In saying this I have in mind the composite attitude of statesmen I know. It is a peculiar attitude that renders them intolerant of theories that have surfeited them in the past.

It is not heresy to declare and aver that *public men of the passing generation cannot entertain a very receptive opinion about the efficacy of disarmament.* It is a topic that occupies many a file in the State Department, or in Downing Street, or in Quai d'Orsay, or the Consulta, or even Wilhelm Strasse, where it received its deathblow about twenty years ago. Statesmen who have dealt with disarmament have become so convinced of its alleged impracticability that they cannot respect it very much. Can it be said that they would sincerely advocate it, and could they be expected to face universal publicity with parliamentary records rich with past cynical observations?

Just how veteran statesmen will be able to give the plan their unalloyed enthusiasm, and later justify their change of heart at home, is indeed a mystery. *Secret conferences, therefore, offer a means of escape,* in that it gives them freedom of discussion without an uncensored record to explain afterward.

In the question of disarmament the President is not so optimistic as certain Republican organs picture him. He issued the invitations for what they may be worth. The conference can be no stronger than its weakest delegate, which means the least willing nation. He can rely, and do no more than that, upon the good sense and co-operation of the delegates. These delegates will not have absolute powers; whatever agreement they will reach, directly or otherwise, will be subject to review by the ratifying powers back home—and that is an immeasurable step.

It is obvious that if the success of the disarmament conference depends upon its participating missions, these missions are entitled to the right of determining the rules and regulations under which the conference will be carried on. Undoubtedly the President would be happy indeed to have it open to a few press association representatives and an adequate press—not publicity—department that would make provision for the quick distribution of news matter, unabridged and undoctored.

Most discouraging, despite the alleged effect that such an imposing number is supposed to have, is the report that the delegations will consist of a hundred and more members, so that unless the number should be curtailed, which seems improbable, the conference will deploy something like seven or eight hundred members. Making allowance for clerks, assistants, secretaries and interpreters, which a liberal estimate fixes at three hundred, it would seem that the delegations proper would be a small army in itself. The press of Italy has already alluded to the "junket" of favorite sons of favorite politicians.

It is probable that after much casting about the chief delegates from each nation will be ministers in active service, and probably premiers themselves. This means that the conference would be a duplicate of the Paris Conference, with its Big Four. The rest would be a council, to include the high functionaries, while the remainder would be classified as military and naval experts or the like.

The point, however, is that the disarmament conference, as an effective conference, will consist only of the extraordinary ambassadors, if that is to be their title. They alone will have the right to speak for publication, on their own responsibility and in behalf of their respective governments. Possibly not more than a score of men, altogether, will make addresses or give statements which the press would feature on first page. It is quite easy, as a result, to see how simple the question of publicity would be if these chief delegates decided to simplify it.

The greatest objection to the proposed conference is the reported size of each delegation. It is top-heavy. It will be the means of injecting into it a sprinkling of delays that had better be avoided. The press in Italy has already alluded to the "junket," of favorite sons of favorite politicians. The more people the more there may be cause for secrecy.

The subject itself offers no difficulties unless these be artificial. It is a matter of statistics to decide what and how much and when to suspend and even destroy of existing armament. Only a few leaders could and would decide these points; and it is difficult to justify a delegation of a hundred or so men, in view of the fact that the American Government will provide all personnel facilities of routine nature.

Animals of the World in the Long Ago

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

IT WOULD be startling, to say the least, if a hunter, wandering in search of game over the Bad Lands near Medicine Bow, Wyoming, should suddenly find himself facing a beast more than 60 feet long, 15 feet tall at the hips, and weighing close to 40 tons. The hunter probably would drop his gun and run, that is, if he were not frightened out of all power of locomotion. And the great beast, lacking brain power in proportion to its size, probably would gaze in wonder, and go on munching the water grasses.

Of course, it would not be possible for such an encounter to take place in this age and day, for while what we call the Bad Lands of Wyoming were once the feeding grounds of that gigantic beast we call the Brontosaurus, that beast, and all its fellow creatures, had vanished from the earth thousands of years before the appearance of the first man.

It is only in comparatively recent years that men have gained any knowledge of the prehistoric animals. Dr. Frederic A. Lucas, the director of the American Museum of Natural History, in his book on "Animals of the Past," tells that it was not until about 1830 that scientific scholars began to show interest in the huge bones that were occasionally found in the earth, or in the strange footprints that were seen embedded in the rocks. And it is to our credit that the scientists of the United States were quick to realize that they had a key to the past, and began to excavate in the earth where they believed they would find the remains of the ancient animals.

"The now famous tracks in the 'brown stone' of the Connecticut Valley seem to have first been seen by Pliny Moody in 1802," says Dr. Lucas, "when he plowed up a specimen on his farm, showing small imprints, which later on were popularly called Noah's raven. The discovery passed without remark until, in 1835, the footprints came under the observation of Dr. James Deane."

At that time, Dr. Lucas goes on to point out, the family of huge prehistoric reptiles we now call dinosaurs were virtually unknown, and it was believed that the tracks in the "brown stone" were made by birds. In the years that followed, however, it was found that the Connecticut River Valley was rich in fossil material, and it was there that the first skeletons of the dinosaurs were found.

In more recent time, even since the beginning of the present century, American scientists have organized expeditions that have discovered valuable data regarding the world's first animal life, and much of the most notable material has been found on the North American continent.

A famous remark once stated that "everything in nature is engaged in writing its own history." Certainly the men delving in the earth in search of the remains of ancient animals have proved that remark to be true, for as they turned over the rocks and soil they have not only found the skeletons of strange animals, but they have found imbedded in the rocks, tracery of the plants on which they lived. Even the most casual wanderer in the northern forests may find a piece of sandstone in which there is the imprint of a fern or flower, and it is possible to find the fossilized remains of ancient snails in limestone deposits (as for instance along parts of the shore of Lake Champlain).

Fossils are found, of course, in varying states. They may be turned to stone, they may be fragile. And just because an animal has become extinct its bones are not necessarily fossils. The general understanding of the word, however, is that a fossil is a bone of an ancient animal preserved by the action of the elements. The action of the air, of course, would decay a dead bone, and that is why fossils are found buried in wet ground, or covered with water.

If an animal should die on the ground it would not take long for the rain, sun, and snow to destroy the bones. Plant and animal life also would aid in the destruction. In the same way an animal that died in the ocean probably would be destroyed in a short time, for the action of the waves, and the movement by the waters of the stones on the ocean floor, soon would wear out the bones.

But it would be different if an animal were to drop in the depths of a quiet lake, or a small river bed, where the still water would not move the body, and the mud and sand that belong at the bottom of the lake would settle about the bones, gradually forming a covering, and at the same time protecting them from harm, and in some cases turning the bones to stone. At least two great dinosaurs have been found with the thigh bones in their sockets, and the ossified tendons running through the backbone as in life.

In the course of the years, thousands and even millions of years, the surface of the earth has naturally changed. The lakes and rivers in which the ancient dinosaurs died have dried up, but not until they had added layer after layer of mud and sand to their bottoms, and so preserved the bones of these beasts. The lime and silica of the earth formed rock—and the bones were imbedded for all time. These exact changes are not definitely known, but roughly such is the story of what happened.



1. Brontosaurus skeleton found in Wyoming—compared with the skeleton of a man. 2. Brontosaurus on their feeding grounds—from a restoration painting by Charles R. Knight. 3. Smilodon skeleton; saber-toothed tiger. Note one tusk had been broken off. This beast lived before the coming of man. 4. Saber-toothed tiger—from a restoration painting by Charles R. Knight. 5. A running dinosaur. Skeleton of the Gorgosaurus recently placed on exhibition in the American Museum. It was found on the Red Deer River, Alberta. 6. Gorgosaurus pan jazt!

While the dinosaur, or terrible lizard, family were not the first animals on earth, they are perhaps the most interesting. When they lived, millions of years ago, the Rocky Mountains had not been formed, and our great Middle West was a place of marshes, of stagnant lakes, covered with swamp vegetation, and the ocean came close, it being known that great deep sea monsters swam where the Kansas cornfields now grow. Most of the life of that period was of the reptile variety, and they were practically lacking in any brain power.

The Brontosaurus, or thunder lizard, probably is the most interesting of the dinosaur family. It was a huge beast, and roamed the northern section of our continent. Its size may be judged from the fact that an expedition from the American Museum of Natural History found a skeleton near Medicine Bow, Wyoming, that when restored measured 66 feet, 8 inches, in length, stood 15 feet, 2 inches, at the hips, and must have weighed when alive about 40 tons—a weight that would shake the earth at each step. One of the massive thigh bones weighed 570 pounds.

The Brontosaurus lived both on land and in the water, but always made its home near the water, for its food consisted of herbs, water grasses, and so on, and it probably ate 600 or 700 pounds of vegetation in a day.

Further north, in the great fossil beds of the Red River section of Alberta, Canada, have been found the remains of the Gorgosaurus. The Gorgosaurus, unlike the Brontosaurus, was a flesh-eating animal. This beast, also a reptile, was in many characteristics like a gigantic lizard, but with long, heavy hind legs. Like the modern lizard, the Gorgosaurus ran on its hind legs, and the tracks left in the rocks show one foot in line almost directly in front of the other, a very narrow tread, and no trace of the waddling stride of a short-legged animal.

The Gorgosaurus of Alberta was a descendant of the Anchisaurus whose bones have been found in the Connecticut River Valley. The Anchisaurus, however, lived years before the Gorgosaurus, and was much smaller. The Gorgosaurus of Alberta was a swift racer, and its small front limbs could not support the weight of its body, so to help keep its balance this beast used its long tail.

Still another lizard was one whose remains have been found in the great chalk cliffs of Kansas, showing that at one time Kansas was part of the ocean bed. These were marine, or swimming lizards, capable of swimming at great speed and for great distances, because of their paddle-shaped feet, and great propeller tails.

Also from Western Kansas come the remains of the giant flying lizard, which in life must have resembled the bat. It had long claws by which it hung from trees, and a dagger-like bill.

There were feathered giants in those days, too. The largest of them seemed to have lived in the tropical countries, the islands of New Zealand, Madagascar, and the Patagonian regions. In comparison with any of our modern birds, the giant Moa of New Zealand was a tremendous creature. It probably stood more than 10 feet high.

Coming down through the ages we find a period when the huge beasts were dying away, and in their place came the mammals—the saber-toothed tigers, the mammoths and the mastodons. These are more or less closely related to the animals of today—to the tigers and elephants.

The saber-toothed tiger roamed over what is now North America and Europe. They were savage beasts, even more terrible than the tiger of today.

By the skill of modern science men piece together any missing sections, and so restore the skeletons.

Such a work is always a long and difficult process. It requires skill and patience to extract the huge skeletons from the earth, and prepare them for exhibition. The fossil bones are generally fragile, and it is not easy to remove the rock in which they are found without injuring the bones; and when the bones are cleansed and restored, their size and weight make it necessary to devise an elaborate method of supporting them. The framework of the mounted skeleton resembles a single block, but often consists of seven or eight sections, each framed with wooden and iron braces. The whole skeleton is generally faced with a thin plaster of paris surface backed by a wire mesh.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

A miniature flour mill has been set up by the Bureau of Markets in Washington for experimental purposes.

Pig iron made from melted magnetic sands in Japan will, if successful, revolutionize the steel industry, according to reports from that country.

Caruso was his mother's nineteenth child.

A honey bee can outfly a carrier pigeon for a distance of three miles, according to the findings of a German scientist. In a longer race, it is stated, the pigeon would win.

Ivory from the remains of mastodons to be found on the Yukon and Norton sound tundras is the object which is luring ivory hunters north this summer. Lately there has been a regular trade for the ivory found in the floes of ice and glacier moraines north of the Yukon River.

A mountain of calcium phosphate, or lime, 25 miles long by 10 miles wide, is located 20 miles north of Las Cruces, New Mexico. The lime oozes out of the earth like the waters of a boiling spring and when the sun is shining brightly one cannot look on its glaring whiteness without wearing smoked glasses.

"Your dog is welcome. We will feed him without charge," is the sign on the window of a New York restaurant in the theatrical section.

Sending their "first night" floral tributes to hospitals is an old custom of Broadway actresses.

An outdoor elevator stationed between two buildings and serving both is in operation in Los Angeles. It operates "open-air" cars owing to the lack of inclement weather and enables passengers to view the city, as the buildings are located on a high elevation. At each landing there is a door into each building, the elevator car being fitted with a door on each side.

A homing pigeon is claimed to have recently broken a world's record by covering the 614½ miles between Chicago and Beltsville, Maryland, near Washington, D. C., in 27 hours elapsed time, which means less than 16 hours actual flying. The bird bore a message from Mayor Thompson to President Harding.

Wireless telephone communication as an aid in its work against forest fires has been successfully established by the Forest Service in Idaho.

The use of radium to color colorless stones has proved partially successful. Colorado topaz was tinted yellow by exposure, but the color was not permanent. Experiments with a view to making the color permanent are being carried out.

The United States Pharmacopoeia is being translated into the Chinese language, and it is believed that through the adoption of American standard formulas for medicines and drugs the American drug trade will benefit largely.

Red clay is used in the manufacture of cocoa to give it color and to preserve it. Practically all the tropical exporting houses have adopted this method.

Twenty-one thousand watermelons were dumped recently along the railroad right-of-way near a small town in Kentucky because the consignee in Cincinnati refused to accept them on account of a glutted market. Mountaineers and their families rode down from the hills to partake of the feast.

Theodore Roosevelt, during hunting trips near Mattawahkeag Lake, Maine, often sought seclusion beneath a tree at the mouth of a brook to read the Bible. A small tin box containing a Bible has been placed by the tree together with a request that all who go that way pause long enough to read a few passages of the Scriptures.

An automatic coupler which connects the steam, air, signal, electric light and telephone lines on trains without manual aid of any kind, has been invented.

An old Roman road that ran from London to Manchester has been discovered in England by workmen who were digging manholes near Farnham. The road was in excellent preservation, the surface layer being composed of flints and a foot in thickness, necessitating the use of drills to penetrate it. Engineers say the road was capable of carrying heavier traffic than any modern road.

James Watt's tools still lie just as he left them a hundred years ago in his attic workshop at Heathfield Hall, near Birmingham, England. It is proposed to preserve this sanctuary of science to the British nation.

A twelve-ton cheese is being manufactured for exhibition at Syracuse during the New York state fair.

Citizens of the United States only are permitted to hold jobs on public works in Seattle.

The average age of penitentiary inmates is 19 years, according to statistics recently supplied by the New York State Prison Commission.

Trade-mark covering the name of a farm of an Iowa farmer was recently published in the *Patent Office Gazette* by the United States Patent Office. The farmer is a breeder of pure bred hogs, cattle, and sheep, and the name of the farm as trade-mark is "Hawkeye." The trade-mark protects the owner of the farm products outside of the state in which the farm is located.

The gold dollar will replace the pound sterling as the standard on which the Italian gold lira is based.

The largest natural underground room in the world is located in Wind Cave, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and is known as the Fair Grounds. It is several acres in extent.

The oldest bell in America is in the rectory of East Haddam, Connecticut. This bell bears the date "A. D. 803," and is believed to have been taken from an ancient Spanish monastery.

A hobo farm near Rockwall, Texas, it is said, consists of about 600 acres of the best black land in that part of the country, on which only hoboes without money are permitted to work. They get three meals a day, a place to sleep and the regular wages. Two brothers operate the farm, and it is said they are making a success of it.

Every day for 38 years Josephus Daniels has written his mother.

Unfolding an American flag containing the ashes of his father at an altitude of 3,000 feet over Long Island Sound, a New York aviator disposed of the remains of his parent in accordance with that parent's wish, as expressed just prior to his death.

Complete electrification of our railroads would enable them to haul 20 per cent greater loads without increasing operating expenses.

Wireless telephones are to be installed on important government express trains in Germany, and receiving instruments will be placed in hotels and embassies at Berlin.

Teasel growing is a thriving industry in Skaneateles, New York. The teasel is a plant producing a ball of porcupine-like quills, which are an indispensable element in the manufacture of broadcloth, felts, and woolen goods of the finer grades. The teasels are ranged on a shaft against which the finer quality of fabrics are run. The points are very brittle and as fine as the finest needle. The points scrape the cloth, giving it its nap or woolly surface.

Shang Ming, *The Life*, is a Chinese weekly newspaper which recently made its first appearance in Chicago. Only two other Chinese newspapers are published in America, one in New York City and one in San Francisco. Only four thousand characters are used, instead of the entire 40,000.

An ironing board used as a bridge between two buildings, one of which was afire, saved the lives of two women in New York City. One of the women, an aged paralytic, had to be carried by a policeman.

Fruit valued at twice that of Alaska's gold was raised this year in the Yakima Valley of Washington. In their best year the Alaskan gold fields produced $22,000,000, while the value of Yakima's fruit is $50,000,000 this year.

One million pounds of wool sent to textile mills in Michigan direct from a farmers' pool was turned back to the farmers in the shape of finished goods. By this method stagnation of the wool clip was overcome; the mills kept running full time and the farmers clothed in a new sort of homespun at about half the usual cost.

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The Jews Rule and Ruin Tammany

The Syndicalist at Work in the United States

Bringing America's Heart to the Seaboard

Nation's Dry Laws Do Not Make a Drouth

Geology's Partnership With Our Industry

Marketing Our Live Stock Co-Operatively

The Return of the Gladiators—A Meditation

Fierce Outlaws of the Animal Kingdom

Editorials - Mr. Ford's Page - Briefly Told

The Mortgage on the United States

The Syndicalist at Work in America

By EDWARD JEROME DIES

A DEAD hush fell over the court room. The super-climax of a great trial had arrived. It was the hour of atonement for 100 men. One by one they stepped before the bar of justice. One by one they were sentenced by Federal Judge K. M. Landis for conspiracy to overturn the American war program. Some were given 20 years, others 10, others lesser terms.

There was William D. Haywood, "uncrowned king" of the Industrial Workers of the World. He blanched slightly as the maximum sentence was imposed. There was Georges Andreychine, the fiery young Bulgarian poet who left a revolutionary trail in the Slavic nations of Europe. He swayed, then turned and blew a kiss to his pretty bride among the spectators. Then followed others—Vincent St. John, Grover Perry, Carl Ahlteen who was always stroking his red beard; Harrison George, Ralph Chaplin and Aurelio Vincente—poets, authors, artists, students of economics and all have a queer philosophy.

It was a tense drama of life, this sentencing of 100 leaders of an anti-war campaign and of a 15-year fight to "take possession of the earth and its production machinery." When the last man heard his fate a woman outside the court room screamed. Another became hysterical and fought the guard. But the sentenced men remained quiet.

"We must be brave," counseled Haywood, as irons clicked about wrists. "No court can sentence an ideal. The I. W. W. will be bigger, more powerful next year and next and next, till finally it sweeps the world."

As dusk gathered about the jail that night the I. W. W. war-time revolutionary song burst from 100 throats—

> Onward, Christian Soldiers! Duty's way is plain;
> Slay your Christian neighbors or by them be slain.

In a few days the revolutionists were taken from Chicago to Leavenworth to begin serving their terms.

* * *

The scene shifts. It is nearly three years later. Enough time has elapsed to test the prophecy, "you cannot imprison an ideal," of "Big Bill" Haywood, the international executive secretary, who fled to Russia after the Supreme Court decided he must serve his sentence.

What has happened?

Today the I. W. W. has 250,000 known active members. A quarter million exponents of industrial revolution, all recognized "comrades" ready to flash the red card of I. W. W'ism. This represents a membership increase of 100,000 in three years.

To this 250,000 add another 100,000 who are not members, who are not "reds," but who are rose-pinks and delicate shades of vermillion, who never miss an opportunity in classroom, factory or office to say a good word for radicalism.

Hundreds of I. W. W. organizers are in the field. Daily reports come from all corners of the continent and from overseas. All are directed to General Headquarters on West Madison street, Chicago. This central seat of action—a suite of offices covering two floors—has been presided over by Roy A. Brown, chairman of the General Executive Board, since he was released. Haywood and two score other leaders were out on bail for several months. All were denied new trials, but several of the leaders fled their bail.

The labor "observers," flotsam and jetsam of the industrial world, report by the hundreds each week at a station near General Headquarters. They receive instructions either from Dan Buckley, known internationally as an anti-militarist and extreme radical, or, in his enforced absence in Leavenworth, from his assistants.

"It's a strange fact," Buckley told me, "that a man is of greatest value to the I. W. W. only after he has been to 'college,' the big iron house with the armed door men."

Tons of literature are sent broadcast from Chicago. Other tons leave district headquarters in New York, Seattle, Minneapolis, Duluth, Kansas City and other points of concentration. In Chicago two editorial staffs are maintained, one for foreign language papers and another for English publications. Thirteen foreign language papers, four big English papers and a 60-page monthly magazine, *One Big Union*, are issued by the General Executive Board.

The dominating note in all is: "Men! Strike off the chains that bind you to masters. Go into the factories, the mines and workshops and declare yourselves. See the new dawn. Forward the revolution!"

It has been authoritatively estimated that 10,000,000 persons in America read radical publications each week. Four million of these are reached by I. W. W. literature, either current or that intended as permanent. Lumberjacks in the north woods read it in the glow of camp fires; its message goes to miners on the iron ranges of Minnesota and Michigan and in the coal fields of Pennsylvania; it reaches workers in the industries of the west coast and the mills of New England. Wherever workers concentrate it will be found.

The serious-faced men at General Headquarters are proud of the organization's growth. They say that whether its great leaders are in prison or out, it will continue its strides toward victory. For, they declare, "the eastern sky is red with the dawn of syndicalism."

* * *

Haywood began his checkered career as a youthful "mule-skinner" in a mine and has been in the public eye as an agitator of labor wars for 20 years. He was prominent in the Coeur d'Alene war in 1892. He was at the helm in the formation of the Western Federation of Miners in the jail at Boise, Idaho, the same year. He was tried for the murder of former Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, and acquitted. He has been a member of the I. W. W. since its inception in 1905 and in 1915 succeeded Vincent St. John as general secretary-treasurer. He was president of the Western Federation of Miners during that reign of terror among western mining camps, when 40 murders were charged to its account; 40 murders to which Harry Orchard, the "destroying angel" of the organization, confessed.

Haywood is a giant in stature and strength, a powerful leader and a professed "eternal enemy of the employing class and all who defend the wage system."

"And the wage system must go," he declared, addressing a radical meeting in Milwaukee, shortly before fleeing to Russia. "You cannot kill the craving of a million souls dedicated to a single purpose.

"We have suffered terrible persecution. Our members have been jailed and starved. Two thousand were shut up in jails, prisons and internment camps in two years. Many are now in for life; others for long terms. A half million dollars has been spent for legal defense and another $500,000 raised as bail.

"But jailing us hasn't killed the I. W. W. It is going forward by leaps and bounds. Today it has 29 national industrial unions in the United States. It is spreading to every civilized country.

"We want universal industrial suffrage. We do not believe in 'a fair day's wage for a fair day's work.' We inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, 'Abolition of the wage system.'

"A million membership cards have been written out, but all are not still card holders. Many have gone to industries unorganized. Others were sidetracked by war mobilization.

"Thousands of former card holders are within the American Federation of Labor trying to win it over. The numerical strength is no measure of I. W. W. power. The seed sown in America has become a giant plant whose foliage spreads over the world. Syndicalist movements of Europe have adopted our principles.

"Three and a half million workers in Russia are organized nearly in accordance with our program, learning to run industries through their unions. Australian workers have started to remodel on the basis of One Big Union. So has Mexico, and in South America our principles permeate most unions."

Small claim is made on Canada, for that country in settling its rich prairie lands is making each new citizen a self-appointed guard against "reds."

Other high I. W. W. chiefs reckon that at the rate the doctrine is spreading the transformation of all unions will be complete in two or three years. Then these unions will make common cause with the I. W. W., "after which," says Brown, "the future belongs to us. Today we are a great world power. And the principles we endorse make us humanitarians and lovers of our fellow men."

A somber picture of the present readjustment period is painted by the chieftains. The labor surplus is certain to cause great distress. Quick action therefore is necessary, they say. A special bulletin under the flare-head "The Unemployed—What Shall They Do?" was issued and its message transmitted to armies of workers in factories, mills and mines. The gist is: "Loaf on the job. Produce as little as possible and make room for more workers at high wages."

The I. W. W. chiefs say that in 1920 heavy immigration added materially to the membership. An overwhelming proportion of all members are foreign-born.

Sabotage—the silent, secret destruction of property by workers—has always been and is today the chief weapon of the I. W. W. In government hearings big employers have estimated losses from this doctrine in huge figures.

Sometimes these secret reprisals take queer forms. There is the case of 10 South Dakota farm hands. Their persistent demands were refused while the planting season was at its height. Weeks later the farmer waited patiently for his corn to appear. It showed only in streaks. Most of the vast field was barren.

Then one day a neighbor telephoned him to drive over to his farm on a rise some two miles away. From that distance the farmer looked back on his field. The growing corn spread across the 20-acre tract formed the giant design:

"I. W. W."

"But," says an I. W. W. book of instruction, "sabotage requires courage and individuality and creates in the workingman self-respect and self-reliance as a producer. Sabotage instead of being sneaky and cowardly is a courageous thing, an open thing."

The black cat is a symbol of sabotage. It symbolizes silence but aggressiveness. The wooden shoe symbolizes revolt. A tale tells how a little Dutch boy, enraged one day by the rigid rules of his grandmother, suddenly removed his wooden sabot and shied it at her head with unfortunate results for the gruff old woman.

When tiny leaflets bearing the silhouette of a black cat make their appearance at a mine or factory it is the I. W. W. call for sabotage. The wooden shoe design appears later, when it is time to close the plant by strike. A worker practicing sabotage is called a "Sab Cat." Members of the I. W. W. are called "Wobblies." These verses, government evidence against the order, are characteristic of the more subtle sabotage gospel.

THE KITTEN IN THE WHEAT

> A sab cat and a wobbly band,
> A rebel song or two,
> And then we'll show the parasites,
> Just what the cat can do.
> The sab cat purred and twitched her tail,
> As happy as could be;
> They'd better not throw wobs in jail
> And leave the kitten free.

The continued growth of the I. W. W. in the face of successful government prosecutions in Chicago, Sacramento, Wichita and other cities is surprising. One explanation is that the order has absorbed scores of smaller radical groups.

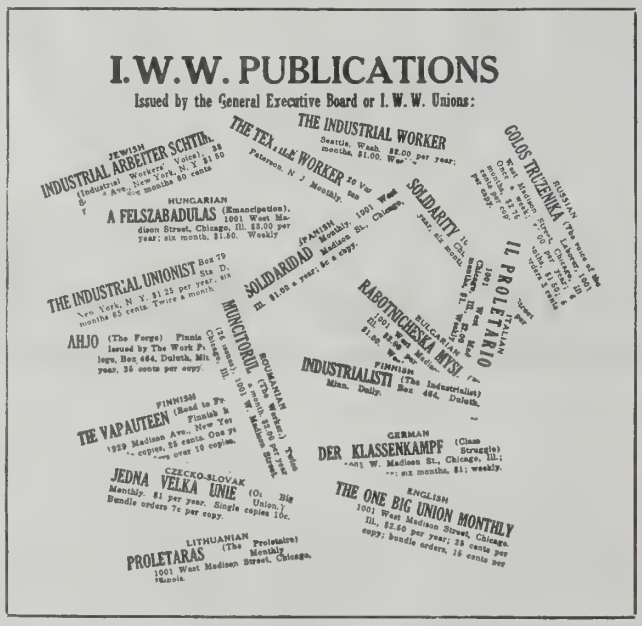
During the war and for a year after many of these minor societies appeared. Later they apparently disbanded. The members remained radical, however, and joined other bodies. There was the Union of Russian Workers, with a membership of 4,000, the El Ariete Society, made up of Spanish anarchists, the L'Era Nuova Group and many other cliques with memberships ranging from 50 to 10,000. Thousands of these radicals sought refuge under the red flag of the I. W. W. when their own societies crumbled from government action.

There has been talk of the Communist Party of America bringing its 50,000 members into the I. W. W. fold. This party's announced aim is "to direct the class struggle to the conquest of the political power, the overthrow of capitalism, and the destruction of the bourgeois state."

Louis C. Fraina, international secretary of the Communists, is said to favor the I. W. W., which, he says, was formed because labor unions were incapable of struggling against capitalism. Craft unionism was deemed reactionary.

"Industrial unionism," said Fraina, "was urged, not simply for the immediate struggle of the workers, but as the revolutionary means for the workers to assume control of industry of the world. Other revolutionary movements united with the I. W. W. The Socialist Labor party was a vital factor in starting the I. W. W. in 1905, Daniel De Leon formulating the theoretical concepts of industrial unionism."

The I. W. W. feeling toward Bolshevism is most cordial. Agents of the I. W. W. are understood to have been in Russia for three years offering coun-





A symbol of sabotage. When the silhouette of a black cat on a wooden shoe appears in tiny leaflets, it signifies a complete tie-up.



A symbol of sabotage. When tiny leaflets appear bearing the silhouette of a black cat, the industrial barometer registers storm.





Top, left—"Live Wire Georgie" Speed, 70, the oldest active I. W. W. and secretary of the Board of Directors. Center—The nerve-center of the international organization. The second and third floors are the executive offices of the I. W. W. The building is at 1001 West Madison street, Chicago. Right—Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, "The Iron Judge" the I. W. W. call him, because he sent 100 leading "Wobblies" to prison; "Big Bill" Haywood, the man with his arms folded and looking toward the left in the lower picture, spent more time in court than out during the past two years. The man with the fur collar is Otto Christianson, Haywood's counsel.

sel and advice. But the organization did not publicly make known its stand on Bolshevism until recently.

"The Russian revolution," said an announcement by Brown, who is now the official I. W. W. mouthpiece in America, "is today a great fact. And the masses of the world are looking toward it for light and encouragement.

"Hemmed in by enemies, villified by the press of all lands, fought with arms and money, a prey of starvation and want, Soviet Russia still stands heroically working at her mighty task of creating a Workers Republic, an Industrial Commonwealth. The Bolsheviks have never said the present government is the final one. In everything Lenin and his friends have written, they have stated that the dictatorship of the proletariat shall continue until the transference of the means of production and distribution from the control of the capitalists to that of the workers shall have been completed.

"The attitude of our organization toward the struggling revolution of Russia should be that of wholehearted encouragement and fraternity."

Brown, George Hardy, general secretary-treasurer, and George Speed—"Live Wire Georgie" they call this 70-year-old veteran—escaped with light sentences for anti-war conspiracy and have taken leading parts in the international campaign.

The Negro membership has grown in the last three years. Numerous Negro organizers are in the field. The greatest Negro organizer, Ben Fletcher, who with southern lullabies crooned his way into the hearts of hundreds of marine workers, black and white, is under a 10-year sentence at Leavenworth. He was deemed a tremendous asset. Besides being shrewd and calculating, he was a quick-witted humorist, ready to turn a serious situation into merriment. His heavy sentence had scarcely been imposed when he dryly remarked: "The jedge is using poor English today. His sentences are too long."

WHERE DO THE WORDS COME FROM?

BACK in 1880 it was said that in a certain district in Old England the people used less than 800 words to express all their thoughts and needs.

Yet, your English dictionary defines and explains more than 450,000 words. The new editions will bring this to more than 500,000.

Where do all the new words come from? What use are they anyway? Bible truths are expressed in about 6,000 words and Shakespeare in running the gamut of human emotion needed only 15,000.

There seems to be an epidemic of new words. This is in a great part due to the war, science and faster communication. Our language began to show signs of rapid growth about three centuries ago. This was at the same time that modern science began to be exploited. New religions and new political creeds came into being at about that same time; these all needed new words with which to define themselves.

Travel from one country to another always results in the introduction of new words. The arts and sciences have taken over many of the old Latin and Greek words and these are adopted into our language. Commercial expansion and big business have coined new words. We have radio activity, telegraphy, telephony, meteorology, etymology, with their families of new-born expressions.

The automobile has given us words of which our best educated grandparents never heard. Finance, engineering, eugenics and even the soap box orators have contributed their share. There were no Bolshevists nor Soviets in Noah Webster's time.

The Great War and aviation produced many more new words; not only in this country but wherever the tides of conflict rose. We have "dud," "sniperscope," "tailspin" and other hybrid French-English words brought from overseas. Our boys, too, left many New World terms among the people with whom they associated.

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 48, September 24, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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3. Write clearly.

The Pessimistic Mr. Beck

FOR woeful wailing of the blackest order commend us to the jeremiad delivered the other day before the American Bar Association by James M. Beck, Solicitor-General of the United States. Surveying mankind in the present generation from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand, he sees nothing but calamity and disaster on all sides. He mourns the departure of the good old times when there was "more reverence for authority." Mutterings of revolution disturb his dreams. Nothing is as it ought to be.

In his admiration for the men of yesterday, Mr. Beck feels pushed to brand as worse than worthless the men of today and all their works in every field. He declares that all beauty and symmetry are vanishing from painting and literature before the audacious onslaught of "undisciplined and uninformed" spirits. For him, all light and leading was the divine monopoly of the Victorian painters and writers and we have bartered our heritage for a mess of pottage in according place to later painters and writers! All honor has gone out of business, out of politics and out of men, if we are to take Mr. Beck's words at face value.

It is to be feared that the eloquent gentleman's liver is out of order, or that he is succumbing to the ancient complaint of senility. His symptoms are characteristic of the atrophy that comes upon one who has fallen into the habit of traveling from Dan to Beersheba, as John Bunyan put it, seeing only vileness where other men see beauty and joy. The fact is significant that Mr. Beck seems to be moved to tears chiefly by the present insurgence of youth.

The shams and the shysters, the profiteers and the demagogues, like the poor, we have always with us. What of it? Have we not also brave and honest souls and that sincere and sound sentiment that ever puts roguery and pretense to shame? Crooks may flourish like the green bay tree for a time; but their end is sure. Today, more than ever, men know that there is a power that maketh for rightness; that progress is the law of life.

Remembering that chaos and horror of the war into which the rule and behest of old men plunged the world and from which we have so lately emerged, is it any wonder that youth is insurgent and challenging? Would it not be strange if impatience with the old accepted things by which we were led blindly into so fearful a trap should not express itself in even cubist art and astonishing verse?

No; the world is fairly safe after all. The disturbance youth is making everywhere evidences a wholesome and divine discontent. It means not so much disrespect for authority as determination that the authority that commands respect by being worthy of it shall be established in the seats of the mighty. What Americans all over the land are after is not revolution but better order in their own affairs and a larger realization and application of the principles upon which our Republic was builded by the fathers, and by which alone it can be continued by the sons.

The Mania for Protection

WHEN some years ago the "protectionist" idea reached its logical climax in "Schedule K," and, after menacing a wide split in the Republican party, was repudiated by the voters at the polls in an election that returned the Democrats to power, it was supposed that the country had learned its lesson and turned a bad corner.

Post-war politics, however, shows that the notion of having the government use its taxing power to tax profits into the pockets of one set of people and out of those of another—always at the expense of the consumer—is still very much alive. About the most brazen expansion of the mania is the proposition of certain railroad officials that freight-hauling motor trucks should be taxed by the state and the Federal governments to such a point that shippers will have to favor the railroads.

A more enlightened policy would recognize that there is business enough for all and organize to meet competition fairly. It may be well to tax motor truck companies operating under franchises, so that they shall pay a fair share of the cost of road construction and maintenance; but to levy a tax deliberately intended to hurt their business and limit their usefulness would be as stupid as it would be unjust.

Cannot Leave Out Lloyd George

SOME notion of the present French attitude regarding the British premier is suggested in a recent chronique of that sprightly boulevardier, Louis Forest, in the Paris *Matin*. A fair reader, complimenting him on his humor, begs him to continue to make people laugh. "That life may be pleasant is the great need of the times," she writes, adding: "And enough of that Lloyd George who no longer interests anybody!"

To this Forest rejoins in lively mock heroics: "What! Mr. Lloyd George interests nobody? For my part, he interests me hugely. If he continues his present policy much longer, my reader who would enjoy her laugh will wind up by weeping. It is fortunate that there are still among us those whom Mr. Lloyd George interests. They are the true protectors of the ladies' laughter. If Mr. Lloyd George continues, the lady who likes to laugh will see France isolated and impoverished. Will that be so gay? She will see the English, excluded by the Germans from the world's trade and taking out of our manufacturers satisfaction for their disappointment and vexation. That would be droll, would it not? . . . . Yes, the lady who wishes only to laugh exaggerates!"

The One Thing Needful

IT TAKES courage to really live—courage and hard work. For no man can be said to have life in him unless he has discovered and rejoiced in the discovery that fate has given him hard stunts, not easy ones. And the harder the stunt, the greater the victory and the greater the man. Rule and dominion always come to the overcomer of difficulties and obstacles. General Pershing has told us that during his campaigns in France he found that no sooner had he managed to accomplish a task which seemed beyond his powers than he found himself facing another and bigger task. And after this sort of thing had been going on for some time, he realized that his capacity for work enlarged with every task accomplished. The normal man is like the athlete, happy only when doing things worth while.

Courage, purpose, persistence, determination are all very well. We are all familiar with Buxton's saying that the longer he lived the more he became convinced that the essential difference between man and man, between the failure and the success, was concentration of purpose, holding an unconquerable will to achievement. But courage, determination, perseverance, concentration are all impossible without faith. With faith all things are possible and nothing is impossible.

The encouraging thing about General Pershing's example is its demonstration of the fact that faith grows by what it feeds on. The least atom of genuine faith, to begin with, will suffice for a starter. With *any* faith—faith "even as a mustard seed"—a man may be sure of that well begun which is half done. Like a muscle, faith increases with exercise until finally there is consciousness of that full self-confidence in which a man feels himself equal to any and every emergency, and doing the work which at first seemed difficult and doubtful with joyful ease and serenity.

The rich young ruler in the parable went away sorrowful because he lacked faith. The one thing needful, which had been overlooked in his training and his views of life, was self-confidence. Let no man run away with the notion that any career, any enterprise, any character likely to last, can be built up on other than the rock-foundation of invincible and unconquerable faith; faith in the worth of his work, his cause, himself. If he thinks to base his structure on the shifting sands of outside help or patronage, on conformity to custom or prejudice, on special privilege or favor from politicians or governments, relatives or friends, the day will surely come when like Humpty-Dumpty he will "have a great fall."

The Advance in the Price of Cotton

"HUNDREDS of millions of dollars are being added to the wealth of the South and a situation bordering on bankruptcy is being relieved," according to Eugene Meyer, Jr., chairman of the War Finance Corporation. This owing to brighter prospects for the financing of exports and renewed confidence among the small banks.

Cotton is America's largest and most important crop. In normal times, it makes up from 20 to 25 per cent of our total exports. This, Mr. Meyer frankly avows, is the reason he has been "paying particular attention to cotton." As a matter of fact, since the War Finance Corporation announced its first loan to Southern cotton growers on July 7 last, to "permit" the exportation of approximately 100,000 bales, the market price of cotton has gone up from 12 to 18 cents.

What Mr. Meyer does not tell us is that the main reason for this spectacular advance in the price of cotton is due largely to the discovery that English buyers and their agents quietly picked up about one-half of last year's crop at prices around six or seven cents—prices that spelled bankruptcy to the growers—and that these English buyers and a clique of American speculators are now gathering the cream of the recent rise in price.

To the man who stops to think a moment, it is evident that price manipulations of this sort do not add a penny of real wealth to the South. And the cotton grower and every other producer in the land is beginning to ask why those government-created and privileged "Gold Dust Twins," the Federal Reserve Board and the War Finance Corporation, should be allowed to play horse with the exchange values of their products?

A Picture Show Probe

THE resolution introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Meyers calling for a Federal investigation of the motion picture industry should be promptly adopted in the interests of common decency and of the continuance of free institutions in this Republic.

Over and over, this strongly organized interest has announced that it has "entered politics" and proposes to become "a factor in the election of every candidate from alderman to President, from assemblyman to United States Senator." And what is its test of candidates? Simply that they shall pledge themselves to governmental action favoring this one business, regardless of public morals and public interests.

In a hearing before Governor Miller, of New York, last April, representatives of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry testified that absolute and unlimited power over the whole business in this country is in the hands of four or five men—those named were Messrs. Lasky, Loew and Fox.

The question is a vital one. If four or five men are allowed to gain a strangle hold on our state and national governments for selfish purposes, then representative government is at stake.

Wealth From Waste

WE MAY be a wasteful people in our handling and consumption of some things: food and forests, for instance. But American industrial genius is to be credited with splendid realization of wealth from what was once regarded as inevitable waste. Utilization of the by-products of petroleum and of iron furnaces and of Chicago's packing houses, by-products that once were a nuisance and a source of expense for disposal, now contribute a very large share to the annual dividends of these enterprises.

An example of the possible opportunities remaining in this field is suggested by a Standard Oil expert who has proposed that New York City collect the waste oil floating on the waters of its harbor in 50,000-gallon lots and use it for fuel in furnaces, or as road oil. Not only for the money that might be saved, but also for the lessening of the danger of destructive fires through ignition of the oil, this suggestion has a value that might find appreciation in all our harbor towns.

If a penny saved is a penny gained, the man who points the way to preventing waste is as truly a benefactor as he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE question of ownership is not so acute as it was. Not long ago there was a theory abroad that if so-called "private ownership" could be abolished and "public ownership" set up, then all our troubles would cease. It has been tried in various ways, on a huge scale as in Russia, on a small scale as in some American cities. The net result so far is this: if you propound a theory that the cook should be driven out of the kitchen and that the whole boarding house personnel should be brought into the kitchen to superintend the cooking of the steak, you might be fortunate enough to find a boarding house that would try out your theory. But from the standpoint of a well-cooked steak it is only a matter of time when you are going to call the cook back.

The question of ownership will be settled when it ceases to be acute; that is, it will settle itself. What the world is restless about is the recognition of certain ideas, not the general position of the people. Ideas have a hard time being born, and restlessness is part of the general operation. Once born, however, the effect is rather greater easiness of mind than a strong overturning of the fundamentals of life.

A man owns what is given him in his personality and what he earns by his labor—that, and nothing else. If a man has character, he owns it; no one can claim a share in it. If he owns self-respect and the respect of his neighbors, it is his, absolutely his. If he has the gift of foresight, if he has the faculty of insight, if he has the power to plan and to manage and execute, if he has the qualities of a leader—these are all his own. They are his in a personal, private sense. The mind and the eye are greater reapers, and what they reap cannot be taken from them.

But what else is his? What can he absolutely own in the physical realm? By common consent he can own all that he needs for the living of his life—if he earns it. Civilized mankind recognizes the investment of a man's soul and body into his home and all the material requirements of his life. That is what we mean by "the sacred right of property"—property is sacred by reason of the thought and sweat and blood that human beings have put into it. When you take that from a man, you take his life. Where property is not respected, life is not respected.

But what about all this other wealth—this great expansion of industrial wealth that we see all around us? This is what people mean when they talk about "ownership."

Well, take any big concern you may happen to think about. Who made it what it is? Everybody who had a hand in it. The man whose idea inspired it. The men he called in to help him. The public whose patronage supported the business. They all made it. They are the only ones who own it because they are using it.

Well, but what about the "millions" that the business has made? Let us see where those millions are. There are "millions" in the buildings, "millions" in the machinery, "millions" in the outlying sources of supply, "millions" in railroads and tank cars, "millions" in material, "millions" in goods on the market.

Now, no one can put those "millions" in his pocket when he goes home at night. No one "owns" those "millions." They are out in use by hundreds of thousands of people all the time. If tomorrow the world should be turned upside down and another "class" should take control of business, it would have to leave the "millions" right where they are—else there would be no service nor business.

That was the crude, childish thing that occurred in Russia. They rushed in and took those "millions" out and then wondered why they could no longer produce their daily bread.

There is a great deal of misunderstanding about wealth. Wealth is not money. Wealth is in things of use. That is where all the wealth of the big industrial institutions is—in things of use. All of it lies out-of-doors. It cannot be locked up in safes. If, however, it were all divided equally, so that everyone now participating in its operative benefits could participate in its dead value as material, what would it amount to?—this one would have a few bricks, that one half a wheel, another a pile of junk.

In fact, it was only because all this material and all this effort was successfully taken out of the field of absolute private ownership and piled together into one well-planned whole, that the public could be served as well as it is. Redistribute it all back to its private ownership, and the public is left gasping for everything that it needs.

But what people usually have in mind when they talk about "ownership" is not the question of who ought to own the bricks and the mortar and the furnaces and the mills, but rather the question "who ought to be boss?" That is really the big question in most minds. "Who set this man over us?" is the often unspoken challenge.

Well, this is very much like asking, "Who ought to be the tenor in the quartet?" Obviously, the man who can sing tenor. You could not depose Caruso. Let any theory of musical democracy come, depose Caruso to the musical "proletariat"; very well, there is no substitute; Caruso's gifts are still his own.

Who will be the leader of the army? The man who can lead. Who will be the pilot of the ship? The man who knows the way. Who will be the leader of the country in a moral emergency: men say this one or that one, but God said "Lincoln."

In lesser things it is the same. The man who can, is the man who does. No one chose the real leaders of today; they came forward because they could lead, and men followed them because they knew a leader. They came up from the ranks, all of them. The new leaders are in the ranks now.

Some young men, poisoned by the cynicism of a false social philosophy, do not believe this. They feel sore within, they are straining and stressing. That is good. That is the way leaders are born. There is a great deal of that kind of feeling before a man is forty. Don't interpret it as rebellion, it is growing pains. The old principles still hold true. Modern industrial development hasn't changed a single rule of life—and cannot! Go back to your grandfather's copy books, and what the maxims said then is true now. Men rise today, just as they have always done, by backing their native gifts with their acquired energy.

This much is certain: no one will long remain "boss" who was not called to that work by nature and development. It would be an extremely simple matter to displace all the "bosses" and leaders today, but it would be an extremely difficult matter to replace them. That was the trouble in Russia.

But say that by force you do replace the natural bosses with artificially created ones, what happens? Why, shortly there is nothing left to "boss," the whole thing has just crumbled away into uselessness.

So, there are correctives. In the natural course of events the incapable man cannot get into positions of power, but if through an unnatural, artificial course of "pull" or "favor" or "relationship" an incapable man does rise to that position, natural law soon begins to operate: he fails and his failure is apparent to all.

If there is a great industry which has ceased to serve the people; if there is a great industry whose leader has ceased to care for it and has begun to exploit it; if there is a great industry whose leader has been poisoned with the thought, "This is mine and exists for my benefit alone"—you will not long be puzzled about the problem of ownership. Nature will soon settle it.

THE question of ownership is very easily settled. Most of the "wealth" involved lies out-of-doors, and everybody has the use of it. Nobody can put industrial wealth in his pocket and take it home at night. It is not ownership, but leadership that bothers most people. "Why should he be boss, and not me?" is the deep core question. Industry is comprised of leadership and labor. Who ought to lead? Obviously, the man who can lead. If any other attempts it, he falls down. Only the man who can do the job has any right to do it. If he can't do it, Nature checks him up and replaces him. The wrong boss spoils the job. The right boss proves his right by doing the job right. It is as simple as that.

The Mortgage on the United States

What It Means to You, Who Must Lift It

By AARON HARDY ULM

THE mortgage of which I write is known euphemistically as the national debt. It now amounts approximately to $24,000,000,000. There is a set-off of about $10,000,000,000 which is owed us by foreign countries. That "set-off" so far has not affected a penny in interest or principal. We had as well make up our minds that the United States national debt is going to be paid *in toto* by Americans and no one else.

The market value of the national debt, the sum for which the evidences of it could be purchased at prevailing prices, is probably *ten per cent less than its "face value."* That is of no concern to us who must carry it, for interest is paid on "face value" just as the principal some day will be paid. But what does concern us is this: *The commodity value of the national debt is about one-third greater* than when it was contracted. That is to say, if we had to pay the debt now in current production, namely, in wheat, corn, cotton, live stock, manufactured goods, or labor—in almost anything except coal and transportation—it would take an average of one-third more than what was purchasable with the money when it was borrowed. *In fact, where the proceeds of a $100 Liberty bond bought only about 40 bushels of wheat when the bond was sold, it would now take about 100 bushels of wheat to take up that bond.*

Hence we have this peculiar economic situation with regard to the national debt: It was contracted in the main on a basis of 40 and 50-cent dollars: we have already reached the point where the interest must be paid in 75-cent dollars and are rapidly approaching that where both interest and principal will be payable in 100-cent dollars.

Synonymous With War Debt

BUT that singular turn of the financial wheel is not peculiar to our national debt as it stands. It has attended most national debts since bankers created the device; it particularly characterized our Civil War national debt, some of which, by the way, we still owe. It is coming to characterize the national debts of Great Britain and France, though Germany, by a process that amazes modern financing, appears to be reversing the process. Germany's war debt, contracted on a basis of marks worth 20 cents each, is being carried with marks worth only about 2 cents each.

To make clear what is stated above requires the presentation of some history bearing on national debts in general and ours specifically. For some reason it, in the main, has been ignored by historians. Though the military and political phases of war are made to fill volumes of history, the financial phases have rarely called for a single tome. Yet the financial phases are the ones that most touch posterity, which has to pay the bills.

National debt and *war debt* are almost synonymous. Small portions of national debts are sometimes contracted for purposes other than war, as in the case of a few hundred millions of our own which cover the cost of building the Panama Canal. Being for war, it follows that there is cardinal difference between a national debt and state and city or county debts. The latter usually cover some form of tangible investment, roads, buildings or other things that are of material service to those who pay, as well as to those who contract, the debts. Those investments frequently increase in value and often aid in the creation of other values that more than offset the debts. But national debts, being almost wholly for war, cover few permanent investments of a material nature; the money raised is "shot away," so to speak, as soon as or even before it is in hand.

Such has been the case since in December, 1692, William of Orange originated in Great Britain what the historian Macaulay says is "the greatest prodigy that ever perplexed the sagacity and confounded the predictions of statesmen and philosophers."

Bankers and War Loans

THE funded debt which William III established in England to finance his European wars, was not the first of national debts. They existed in various forms on the Continent for a century or more before William's time. Up to that period the process commonly was reversed; rulers usually accumulated funds in advance for wars. Most often they trusted to levies on and indemnities from the people warred upon to meet the costs. For emergencies they sometimes wrung cash from wealthy subjects. It is probable that those who were thus most often forced to come across—sometimes under the lash or while swinging by their thumbs—invented the device of funded war loans. Anyway the development of national debts of the modern kind and the great Jewish banking firms of Europe were somewhat concurrent phenomena. The House of Rothschild, for example, was builded and still rests principally on war loans and speculations in them.

It is interesting to note Macaulay's justification of the first British funded war debt.

"Why," he asks, "meet the extraordinary charge of a year's war by seizing the chairs, the tables, the beds of hard-working families, by compelling one country gentleman to cut down his trees before they were ready for the ax, another to take away his hopeful son from the University, when 'Change Alley was swarming with people who did not know what to do with their money and who were pressing everybody to borrow it?"

Many men predicted freely that the debt would be "the ruin of the country," and those predictions were steadily repeated as the debt grew into such volume as to cause the mother country to demand that the American colonies help to carry it.

The colonists refused to help carry a debt in the making of which they had had nothing to do. The American Revolution and American Independence were due, as is often forgotten, to resistance to national debt.

Yet our Revolution demonstrated that national debts can be justified and at times are necessary. The colonies were without large capital or machinery for mobilizing the capital that did exist. They also needed much by way of munitions and supplies which could be obtained only in foreign countries. They had no means for paying immediately for those things. So they turned to the Continent of Europe for gifts and credit. Most of the loans came from France and Holland, though some were procured in Spain. All Revolutionary foreign loans totaled only $13,000,000, however. In addition there were gifts and subsidies from Spain and France.

The American Revolution, with all of the heroism displayed therein, demonstrated a peculiar war psychology that still exists. People may be willing to make great sacrifices for a cause, to die for it in battle and to give to it the lives of their sons, but at the same time be obstinately reluctant about giving their property to it.

The colonists were for every war sacrifice except that involved in high taxes. Were they not fighting against unjust taxation? Then why apply to themselves the very evil they were opposing?

The result of that attitude was an adventure in finance that reads more like "Alice in Wonderland" than a story of real fact. Yet, modified, it is the story of all subsequent wars in which we have been engaged—a story of inflation and peculation, not only the shifting of a real burden from class to class but the creation of a fictitious burden as well, and one that in part was passed on to generations unborn.

The Continental Congress procured some domestic loans, but the total loaned to the nation by the colonists for the Revolutionary War was scarcely more than $20,000,000. There were other forced loans, through impressment of supplies, by which means alone could the army be maintained during several periods of the conflict.

What the Continental Congress sought to do was to finance the war with a printing press. Paper money, with nothing behind it except hope, was ground out like so many handbills. For a year it maintained something approaching par with currency, that is to say coin of intrinsic value. Then it began to fall. In line with the well-known law of economics the bad money drove out the good, with the result that business had to be carried on with depreciated paper money. The depreciation was expressed in advancing prices as happened again during the Civil War and also during the World War.

When U. S. Currency Depreciated

IN 1780 prices were 20 times those of 1774. Indian corn sold for as much as $150 a bushel, butter for $12 a pound, tea at $90 a pound, sugar at $10 a pound, and a barrel of flour at one time cost as much as $1,575. In 1781 John Adams noted that he had to pay $12,000 for a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes.

Solemn conventions that "fixed" prices were held. It was made a crime for one to refuse the paper money. Mobs often took the situation in hand and inflicted summary punishment on those who did refuse, or who held what they had to sell for higher prices to come. Congress constantly reasserted its promise to redeem the paper money with real money, and made repeated appeals to the patriotism of the people on behalf of its paper.

But the laws of economics continued to operate, as they did in the recent war, in spite of attempts to control them by arbitrary measures.

Congress tried to bolster up the financial edifice with the prop of repudiation. "Bills of credit" were called in and redeemed with other bills of credit, which Congress said would certainly be redeemed in real money.

But the wave of depreciation continued. Paper money went to a parity of 100 to 1 with currency, and the phrase "not worth a Continental" became so fixed in the language that it survives to this day.

Finally the paper money went to 1,000 to 1 and then, in the language of Thomas Jefferson—but not entirely correct—"expired without a groan."

The "paper" cost of the Revolutionary War was $650,000,000.

The actual specie cost of the Revolutionary War was only $135,693,000.

When Hamilton funded the debts he had to issue bonds amounting to only about $75,000,000, which included also some Federal obligations acquired subsequent to the Revolution.

Hence the Revolutionary War "paid for itself" very largely as it went along, but, because of the extraordinary effort that was made to pass almost the entire cost to the future, it paid for itself at a price that was as astounding as it was unnecessary. And the cost fell largely on the backs of those who could not protect themselves and therefore were least able to bear it.

"All tricks of legerdermain with the currency bear most heavily on the poor," says Horace White in that classic textbook on finance entitled, "Money and Banking." While the debts of the Revolutionary War were being contracted on the basis of paper that proved all but worthless, there was—as again during the Civil and the World wars—an appearance of great prosperity throughout the country.

"Every form of wastefulness and extravagance prevails in town and country," a man of the period wrote, "nowhere more than in Philadelphia under the very eyes of Congress."

"The extravagant luxury of our country in the midst of all its distress is to me amazing," wrote Benjamin Franklin.

Rising prices, due to the issuing of multiform "bills of credit," had opened wide the gates of opportunity to speculators and peculators. Fortunes were made overnight. One with something to sell had only to hold it to be assured of immense profits.

"Speculation, peculation, engrossing, forestalling afford too many melancholy proofs of the decay of public virtue," wrote George Washington.

"Those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, forestallers and engrossers!" he exclaimed on another occasion. How reminiscent, in all but phraseology, of a time quite recent!

But those with nothing to hold or sell made most of the sacrifices necessary for sustaining the false prosperity as well as the war itself.

A workman, as Professor Sumner has written, could easily lose his wage while earning it. During a great part of the period three months' pay for an enlisted man in the army wouldn't buy a bushel of meal for the man's family.

Showing how the minds of the most honest of men could become confused, George Washington himself directed his agent so to arrange his rents that they would be returned on a basis of sound currency. Richard Henry Lee provided for his rents being paid in produce, and, for it, was denounced as a Tory and beaten for re-election to Congress.

What they did was essentially what most others whom they denounced were doing, that is discounting the depreciated mediums of exchange issued by Congress.

"Produce Paid for War"

SOME went much further, however. Old debts made on a basis of real money were paid in the all but worthless paper. Advantage was taken of the country's needs and distress to make big private fortunes. It is recorded that a member of Congress delayed final action on a measure for purchasing a supply of grain until he could take part in a cornering movement by which the government was "held up" on the final sale. That member was a signer of the Declaration of Independence!

In producing the above citations there is no intention to discredit the heroes of the Revolution. The only purpose is to show that the patriotic hysteria which generally accompanies a war does not overcome the avaricious instincts of human beings. Instead, the hysteria is taken advantage of by cupidity; just as much so during the Revolution as during the late war. And war debt, with the accompanying inflation, is cupidity's best means for harvesting from that advantage.

Had the debt of the Revolution been "passed on," at full face value, as was done in subsequent wars, the nation would have crumbled under the terrific burden. Fortunately most of the debt extinguished itself—that is to say the "bills of credit" covering the bulk of it became so worthless that they were thrown away. When they were finally redeemed at 100 to 1, under Hamilton's refunding measures, only $7,000,000 out of more than $500,000,000 "outstanding" was brought forward. The people had destroyed the remainder as worthless. Thus, as some economists claim, most of the cost of the Revolution was met, after all, by taxes collected at the time.

"Except what was borrowed or begged abroad, the whole cost of the war was paid for by the 13 states out of their annual produce," says Horace White.

But the process by which it was paid entailed tremendous injustice—injustice that laid most heavily on the poor who could not protect themselves.

Hence you can understand why the sentiment of the country favored repudiation for the surviving remnants of the indebtedness which were refundable when the Federal Government was formed.

Wholesale Bribery in the Early Days

ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S greatest stroke of statesmanship—and practical politics—was the overcoming of that sentiment. He knew that the country must have credit, and it could get credit only by establishing a precedent of absolute honesty. Hence he was for funding what remained of the debt, in spite of the fact that the domestic claims, in the main, were in the hands of speculators who had paid but pittances for them. He also visioned the need for a strong central government; he, therefore, proposed that the Federal Government assume the Revolutionary war debts of the states. Most of the states opposed the latter suggestion, for the reason that only a few of them had been com-

(Concluded on page 10)

Bringing America's Heart to the Seaboard

THE magic wand of progress is to touch the Great Lakes into a fresh water Mediterranean. The seaboard is to be shoved to the heart of the continent. Three thousand miles of coast dotted with rich, productive cities is to be made accessible to ocean-going craft.

Then the hobbles on mid-western industrial development will have been removed.

The West is hurt. Its yearly losses through breakdown of a congested rail system are mounting to staggering sums. Embargoes, spoilage and interruption of industry are squeezing the profits out of factory, farm, mine and mill.

Iowa alone, according to a startling statement by Governor Harding, lost $250,000,000 in 1920 through transportation shortage. Crops could not be moved advantageously; many lines of business were halted and the major trade channels securely plugged. Iowa's dilemma is no different from that of many other western states.

The St. Lawrence deep sea waterway project today looms a beacon on the murky transportation horizon. Economists term it the premier waterway movement of the age.

It would make every lake port a seaport. Down an open road to the ocean would move unhampered the West's bountiful contribution to the world's bread basket. Down this water lane, too, would go fleets laden with slaughtered cattle, hogs and sheep, dairy products, wool, iron ore, copper and coal.

Railroads staggering under an ever-swelling burden would be relieved. Experts say efficiency of the national transportation system would be doubled; profits of agriculture and industry would be enhanced, and industrial power of western centers increased. Hidden resources of mountains and plains would be brought to light, the fuel famine of the seaboard remedied, and the coast and interior drawn to closer trade relations. Rates of transportation would be reduced as much as $10 a ton on some commodities.

And it would all reflect back to the dinner table, to the coal cellar and even to the little white tag on milady's hat in the shop window.

Cost of carrying goods from farm and factory to market, say the economists, is from five to ten times as much by rail as by water. They illustrate in this manner.

A horse hitched to a wagon can haul, at the rate of three miles an hour, two tons.

One horse power with a car on a steel tramway can haul 15 tons.

One horse power in a boat can haul 105 tons.

Before the war the average rail rates were .7 cents a ton mile; the average canal rates .2 to .3 cents a ton mile; the average ocean rates .1 cent a ton mile, and the average lake rates .07 cents a ton mile.

Development of the Great Lakes in the last 20 years may in a measure be understood, when it is considered that traffic exceeds in tonnage that of the Mediterranean and Black seas combined. More tonnage passes Detroit in nine months than sails from New York or Liverpool in a year.

But two natural barriers stand between the lake ports and the open sea. They are Niagara Falls and the rapids of the St. Lawrence River. Traffic is halted just above the falls and freight put on rails at Buffalo for the seaboard or shifted to small boats for passage through the Welland Canal and down Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River to Montreal.

The Canadian Government, ever alive to constructive measures, ranging from aid to settlers in the rich Canadian West to good roads and waterway improvements, is building a ship canal which will solve the first problem.

This canal, the fourth Canada has built since 1833 to move craft around the falls, is 25 miles long, deep enough for ocean-going vessels, and with its seven locks will overcome the difference of 326 feet in the levels of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The Welland Canal has 26 locks. The new canal will cost $75,000,000. It will be completed in three years and, the experts say, will be used by three American vessels to one Canadian bottom.

The second barrier, the St. Lawrence rapids, presents a simple engineering problem. The rapids start below Ogdensburg, New York, and end with the Lachine Rapids at Montreal. The rapids section of the river extends about 100 miles.

"It is proposed to drown out the upper rapids," said H. C. Gardner, president of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, after the recent inspection trip of American engineers, Congressmen, governors and business men. "The level of Ontario will be regulated by a large dam near Cornwall. It will be 80 feet high and yield a net head of 74 feet minimum for power purposes.

"Two navigation locks at the dam will each be 80 feet wide, 800 feet long and 30 feet deep over the miter sills, and will have a lift of about 37 feet. Unrestricted navigation will be extended from Lake Ontario to the foot of the Longe Sault Rapids."

Below the dam the river channel broadens and forms Lake Francis, 30 miles long, which affords open navigation to the Cedars Rapids. To by-pass these the engineers recommend a channel 300 feet wide and 30 feet deep on the north side of the river. There would be two locks with a lift of 30 feet each. The river broadens again and forms Lake St. Louis, 16 miles long, and then come the famous Lachine Rapids.

"The whole construction," said Mr. Gardner, "would involve about 30 miles of restricted channel with six lifts and three guard locks. This development would net about 1,470,000 horse power at the lowest flow of the river. Power installation recommended would be on Barnhart Island and consist of 52 turbine wheels with electric generators having 36,000 horse power each.

"The total cost of the work, including power development and delivery of the power on the main switchboard, is $252,000,000. If it is decided to make all channels the full depth of 30 feet, $17,000,000 would be added, making the grand total cost of the St. Lawrence seaway $270,000,000."

New York's opposition to the project is slowly waning. The objections raised have been likened to those of the stage coach drivers between New York and Philadelphia in the early days of railroads. "We are unable to keep our coaches full," lamented the drivers. "So how in the world could a railroad pay?"

Experts say New York would be years catching up with traffic demands even if the St. Lawrence seaway were effected at once.

Ten years ago James J. Hill declared the railroads should spend $1,000,000,000 a year for five years in expanding facilities.

Five years later a group of experts reported that if traffic continued to increase for the succeeding 10 years on the basis of the past 20, the railroads would be forced to spend $1,500,000,000 a year, or a total of $15,000,000,000, to meet the demands of agricultural and industrial expansion.

The Central West, judging from statements by representative business men, is realizing the soundness of these predictions and is greatly alarmed over the prospect of a serious transportation snarl with the resumption of normal business and subsequent increased traffic.

Rapidly centers of production are moving west. Indiana is now the center of population; central Missouri is the center of farm acreage; Iowa of farm values; Nebraska of wheat; Illinois of corn; Wisconsin of potatoes; Illinois of butter and swine; Minnesota of iron ore production; Wyoming of bituminous coal reserves, and West Virginia of soft coal production. Eastern Ohio is the center of manufacture, measured by primary horse power, and Pennsylvania is the center of persons engaged in manufacture.

Chicago, half a century ago an overgrown village sprawling along the lake shore, has for years been the world rail center. Thirty-nine roads converge there. Forty per cent of the United States rail mileage terminates in Chicago. No train passes through the city. It either starts or finishes its trip. Last year 15,000,000 carloads of freight were handled through the Chicago terminals.

Chicago is within a night's ride of 50,000,000 persons. It is the focal point of the great productive area, the heart of the continent.

Sixteen states in the district that would benefit by the St. Lawrence waterway project pour part of their products into Chicago. These states produce three-fourths of the wheat of the country, 70 per cent of the corn, and half the cattle, hogs, horses, butter, eggs, cheese and wool. They mine 85 per cent of the iron ore, 40 per cent of the copper and coal, 75 per cent of the zinc and 45 per cent of the lead.

Take grain alone. Chicago has grown from a wagon load market to the hub of the world grain trade. The little brig Osceola carried away the first water shipment of grain one autumn morning back in 1839. The shipment totaled 3,678 bushels. The Chicago Board of Trade, organized by a handful of merchants 73 years ago, the year Chicago received its first telegraphic message, now handles 400,000,000 bushels of cash grain a year, and to carry on this huge business maintains bank balances of $200,000,000. Chicago's elevator space totals 55,000,000 bushels.

Julius H. Barnes, president of the United States Grain Corporation during the war; President Joseph P. Griffin, of the Chicago Board of Trade, and other economists estimate the St. Lawrence seaway would add at least five cents a bushel to all grain produced in the heart of the continent. The saving is placed by some as high as 10 cents.

On a basis of a 10-cent saving on transportation cost to European markets, such reductions, if fully reflected back to the mid-continent farmers, would in Mr. Barnes' opinion add $336,000,000 to the annual income. This is on the theory that the surplus export price determines domestic prices.

Should the farmers benefit only by the modest estimate of five cents a bushel, Mr. Barnes figures it would add $183,000,000 to the agricultural income of the Central West and $22,000,000 to the steadily swelling Canadian farm income.

Before the war, say government statisticians, wheat cost 10 cents a bushel between Chicago and New York, a distance of 1,000 miles. At the same time the average cost between New York and Liverpool, a distance of 3,000 miles, was three cents a bushel. Chicago is 37 miles nearer to Liverpool direct through the St. Lawrence than by rail and water through New York.

Grain is a prime commodity. But from a traffic standpoint equal importance may be attached to the receipt in Chicago and reshipment in part last year of 15,381,001 head of live stock and 2,412,887,000 feet of lumber. Shipments also included huge quantities of steel products, agricultural machinery and furniture. The bulk of the city's manufactured products, aggregating $6,500,000,000, was likewise dumped into the clogged traffic channels.

It is little wonder, therefore, that discontent over traffic conditions is increasing in the Central West. It is mirrored in all commercial activities. In late months it has been crystallizing into determined efforts to hasten the St. Lawrence seaway as a solution.

The railroads themselves recognize the absolute need of greater facilities and a number of high officials have endorsed the St. Lawrence seaway in public statements.

American and Canadian engineers declare that sale of the tremendous hydro-electric power developed at Cornwall would pay the entire cost of the project in a comparatively short time.

Under a plan being considered appropriations from the two governments would not be necessary. A financing corporation for each nation or perhaps a joint corporation would issue government-guaranteed bonds which would be sold to the extent of approximately $15,000,000 a year by each government. This would continue for nine years, the time required to complete the improvement.

The International Joint Commission has not reported on dividing the cost. It is assumed that it will be equally apportioned as to the enterprise and the 1,470,000 horse power development on the international section of the river. Power development on the Canadian side has not been taken up.

"Total traffic originating on Class I railroads in 1918," say the economists of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, "amounted to 2,526,531,000 tons, or 24 tons per capita. On this basis total freight of the territory affected by the St. Lawrence seaway amounts to nearly 1,000,000,000 tons a year.

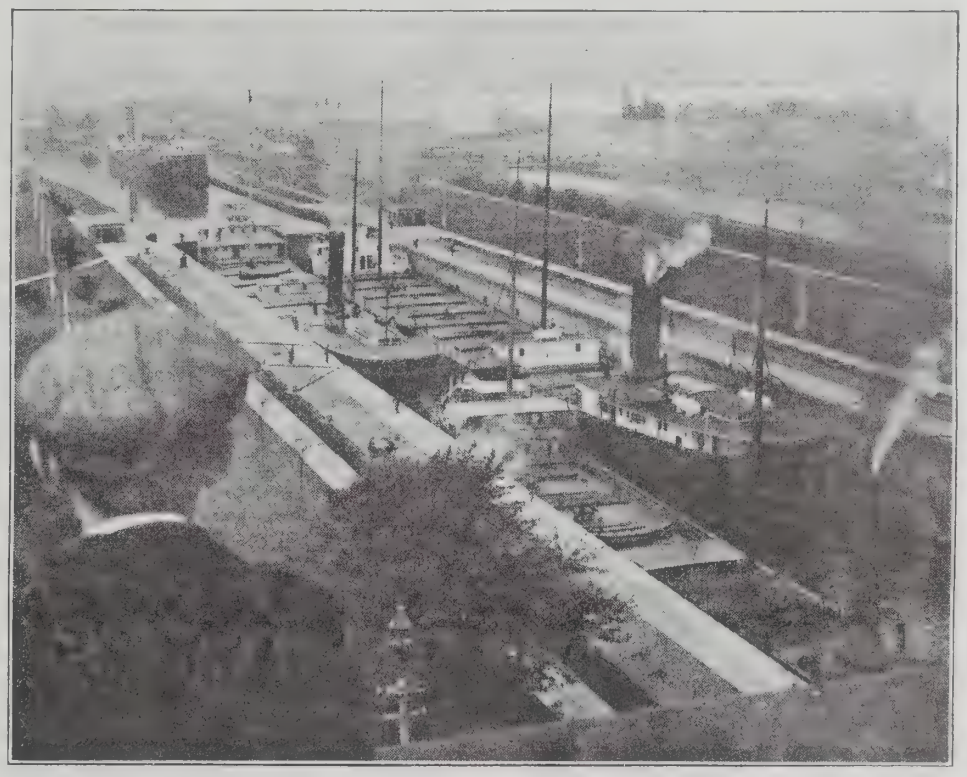
"The greater proportion is purely internal business not directed at seaboard, but there is a heavy foreign commerce as well as domestic commerce for points on or near the seaboard.

"On a basis of population, 28,000,000 tons of exports and 12,000,000 tons of imports originate in the tributary area, which embraces Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Missouri and Kansas.

"Rail traffic in and out of Chicago alone totals 200,000,000 tons without duplication. In a year six of the principal eastern trunk lines carried 561,883,000 tons. The traffic moving to and from points on or near the Atlantic seaboard is estimated at about 250,000,000 tons. It is from this tonnage that the coastwise traffic of the St. Lawrence must be drawn."

To New England the hydro-electric power is the main attraction of the St. Lawrence seaway project. It means industrial expansion and more and cheaper goods for the western market through electrification of new factories and railroads.

With the St. Lawrence seaway opened, say the economists, the Central West would enter a period of unprecedented prosperity marked by tremendous industrial and agricultural expansion.



Soo Canal paid for itself five times in freight saving last season. Estimated grain direct from lake ports to Europe in large bottoms would save farmers of Central West at least $183,000,000 a year.

How Jews Ruled and Ruined Tammany Hall

An Original American Order, Steeped in Crime, Disgraced, by Yiddish Influences; Why Tammany Is No Longer Rebuked

WITHIN the memory even of young men, Tammany Hall has been the synonym of all political trickery, in the vocabulary of popular criticism. Tammany Hall was held up as the worst example of boss rule and political corruption that it was possible to find in either of the parties. Its very name became a stigma.

But even the most unobservant newspaper reader must have observed the gradual fading out of Tammany Hall from public comment, the cessation of the bitter criticism, the entire absence of headlines bristling with ugly charges, and the calling of the hosts of good citizenship to do battle against the grim bossism that maintained its headquarters at the Wigwam.

Why this change? Is it due to the dying out of Tammany Hall as a political force? No, Tammany is still there, as any New York politician will tell you. Is it due, then, to a reform of that organization? No, the Tammany Tiger has not changed its stripes. Then, perhaps, this change is due to public sentiment? Not at all. The explanation is to be found along other lines.

There was a time when fearless publications told the truth about Tammany, but *Harper's Weekly* and others which waged fierce war against the Tiger, have either gone out of existence or have fallen under control of the Jews. The silence which has shrouded certain matters must not be noted and set aside without reference to the changed control of the press. There was a time when public bodies like the Citizens' Union organized to oppose Tammany and to keep a volunteer vigil on its activities; these groups have succumbed to Jewish contributions and officership and no longer stand guard.

Why the Jews Coveted Tammany

THE outcry against Tammany seemed to be hushed the moment that Tammany patronage fell into the hands of New York Jews, where it now reposes, the Kehillah being the real political center, and Tammany but a distributing station—a sort of organizational "Gentile front" for the more powerful Kehillah. A few Tammany leaders are permitted to strut out in front, but everyone knows that from the Wigwam chiefs the power has departed, it is now to be found in Jewish conferences. Murphy is still the titular head of Tammany, but like a Samson shorn, he is not feared and obeyed as of yore. In fact, the Judaization of Tammany Hall is now complete. Once in a while the Irish—always a match for the Jews—rear their heads and show battle, but for the most part Jewish money rules and the Tiger lies down.

Tammany Hall was one of the strongest political organizations ever seen in the United States, potent not only in municipal and state politics, but often exercising a decisive influence on national affairs. It was, without exaggeration, *powerful.*

If there is one quality that attracts Jews, it is power. Wherever the seat of power may be, thither they swarm obsequiously. As Tammany was power and the gate of power it was natural that the Jews of the biggest Jewish city in the world should court it. Doubtless they were also affected by the incongruity of the fact that in the biggest Jewish city, the most solid political power was non-Jewish. That was a condition which called for correction.

The First Jew in the Wigwam

WHEN the German Jewish banker Schoenberg came to this country under the name of August Belmont to represent the interests of the Rothschilds, his keen eye at once took in the situation and at once he began to court the favor of Tammany. He became a member and a supporter. It was good business for this Jewish banker, because the funds of the Rothschilds were heavily invested in New York tractions. The properties of city tractions were and to a great extent still are, as in all American cities, at the mercy of the local Tammany power, by whatever name it may be known. Belmont was insinuating himself under the wing of power to protect the investments for which he was responsible.

August Belmont eventually attained the coveted eminence of Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society. The Belmont family for a time represented the sole Jewish banking support of Tammany Hall, but that honor is now divided among many.

In Richard Croker's day, when corruption went hand in hand with power, and power apparently was none the weaker for it, we find that this notorious leader's intimate friend, business partner and political associate was a Jew—Andrew Freedman. Freedman and Croker lived together at the Democratic Club in Fifth Avenue, Tammany politicians even then having become rich enough to despise Fourteenth avenue. Freedman held the purse strings of the organization, as head of the Committee on Finance, and he was Croker's representative and mouthpiece when the chief went into exile on an over-sea estate.

The most recent Jewish power in Tammany Hall, and one of the most liberal contributors to Tammany campaign funds, is the lawyer Samuel Untermeyer, whose specialty of recent years seems to be to serve as the battering ram of the Jewish power against interests which it wants destroyed, and whose efforts are usually camouflaged under exaggerated journalistic advertisements as being wholly in the public interest. Mr. Untermeyer is not in particularly good humor with Tammany these days, because of the recent defeat of his son, Irving Untermeyer, for a judgeship. There was somewhere a slip. The Jews deserted the Wilson ship anyway, apparently seeing what was coming in the way of retribution for the colossal and amazing mismanagement of war business which was principally in their hands; and in the ensuing mix-up, a scion of the house of Untermeyer tasted defeat.

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

Some Yiddish-Kehillah-Tammany Lights

TAMMANY numbers other Jews among its supporters. Nathan Straus, one of the owners of R. H. Macy & Company, has been for years an active member of the organization and one of the rulers of its inner councils.

A Jewish ghetto politician, Henry M. Goldfogle, has represented the Jewish interests in Congress for a number of years, and expected to continue, but he slipped in the election and has recently been "taken care of" by a city appointment.

There is also Judge Rosalsky who has been implicated in a number of interesting matters which illustrate the completeness of the Jewish network of control in New York City.

One might mention also M. L. Erlanger and Warley Platzek, justices of the supreme court of the state of New York, but if one began a list of the Jewish judiciary of that city, where would one end?

Another Tammanyite is Randolph Guggenheimer, founder of the corporation law firm of Guggenheimer, Untermeyer and Marshall—Untermeyer being the aforesaid grand inquisitor of Gentile activities generally, and Marshall being head of the American Jewish Committee and the Kehillah.

It was doubtless necessary for a Jewry that contemplated control of the judiciary as well as special protection for certain powerful Jewish enterprises that are near enough the borderline of the law to merit question—it was necessary to obtain control of the supreme political engine through which favors were disbursed in local politics. And control of such organizations can always be had by money.

Not that the Jews threw themselves entirely into Tammany. The Jew's natural political home seems to be in the Republican party, for thither he returns after venture elsewhere. But his predilection for the Republican party does not move the Jew to make the mistake of being exclusively the partisan of one group. It is better, as he knows, to control both groups.

As a matter of political fact, strong as is the Jewish element in Tammany, it is still stronger in the ranks of the Republican party, while New York Socialism is completely headed and manned by Jews. This renders it extremely easy for the Jews to swing support in whichever direction they choose, and for Kehillah to fulfill any threat it may make. It also insures that any Jewish candidate on any ticket will be elected. The fluke in the case of young Untermeyer is perhaps not to be entirely explained politically; other causes were doubtless working in that matter.

It is a long time since Ferdinand Levy bore the distinction of being the first Jew in New York to hold a political job. He was only a coroner, and the man who appointed him was only a fire commissioner, but that fire commissioner was Richard Croker. And Levy was solidly backed by the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, whose success in this matter laid the foundation for more ambitious demands later.

Political Campaigns Are Mere Diversions

BUT at the beginning, the Kehillah Jews adopted the ancient policy, not of putting forward their own people, but non-Jews who could be useful to Judah. The difference between pro-Jewish politicians who are not themselves Jews, and politicians of the Jewish race, is that the former in office can sometimes go further than the Jew in office can, without detection. This has been true at least up to this time, but it will probably not be true very long, now that the people's eyes are being opened. The Jewish officeholder is only standing up for his race, but the "Gentile front" has betrayed the people for the pottage of Jewish favor.

Thus, in the early days of Tammany, indeed until comparatively recent years, we see the "Gentile front" in Tammany offices and basking in the glory of Tammany publicity, but in the background there is always his "Jewish control." This also is a formula for citizens who wish to know the meaning of things otherwise unexplainable—"look for the 'Jewish control.'"

To this end, therefore, the Jews have been strong in all parties, so that whichever way the election went, the Jews would win. In New York it is always the Jewish party that wins. The campaign is staged as an entertainment, a diversion for the people; they are permitted to think and act as if they were really making their own government, but it is always the Jews that win.

And if after having elected their man or a group, obedience is not rendered to the Jewish control, then you speedily hear of "scandals" and "investigations" and "impeachments," for the removal of the disobedient official. Usually a man with a "past" proves the most obedient instrument, but even a good man can often be tangled up in campaign practices that compromise him.

The Americans Roar When Told

IT HAS been commonly known that Jewish manipulation of campaign matters has been so skillfully handled, that no matter which candidate was elected, there was ready made a sufficient amount of evidence to discredit him in case his Jewish masters needed to discredit him. To arrange this is part of the thoroughness of Jewish control. And, of course, the American people have been sufficiently trained to roar against the public official immediately the first Jewish political hound emits its warning bay.

Amazing as is the technique of the Jewish political process, the readiness with which the American people can be counted on to do their part in forwarding the game is still more amazing.

What Mr. Hylan, the present mayor of New York has done to merit chastisement, is scarcely clear to a non-partisan investigator. But the fact that the Jews have set out to "get" him for something, is evident on every side.

In the Untermeyer so-called "housing investigation," the people hauled up were non-Jews, and the result of the whole business has been a stronger Jewish hold than ever on the housing affairs of New York. Jews are exempt from such inquisitions. The choice prey are non-Jewish business houses whose secrets may be forced and whose good name may be stained under cover of a legal procedure. There is such a thing as blackmail so entirely respectable as to be unsuspected.

Governor Sulzer, of New York, was the choice of the Jews. They subscribed money for his campaign,

forced it on him, and kept careful account of it. Finally, under pressure of a compelling sense of justice, Sulzer pardoned a non-Jewish valet of an important Jewish New York family, a young man whom a coterie of Jews very prominent in the political, financial and social worlds had contrived to "put away" for a period of 30 years. Sulzer had no option but to pardon young Brandt. But he paid the penalty. He was impeached. The Jews who supported him testified against him and their checks were used to assist his dismissal.

The story of young Brandt hangs heavily over the heads of some of the proudest Jewish names in New York.

Special Jewish Political Trickery

PLAYING on both sides of the political fence, and always retaining a string on the men they elect to office, are two Jewish characteristics which should not fail to be reckoned with. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, in its recent articles showing the hand of Paul Warburg in the Federal Reserve System, was able to prove by Mr. Warburg's own words that his firm, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, during the three-cornered fight between Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson, supported all three. The Jewish owners of R. H. Macy & Company, New York, illustrate the same principle: while Nathan Straus looked after affairs at Tammany Hall, his brother and partner, Isador Straus, was one of the most active opponents of Tammany. Were the interests of the two men therefore different? Not at all.

Take the firm of Guggenheim, Untermeyer and Marshall. This is a notable firm for the part it plays in the people's business. Every community in America has been affected by Louis Marshall's decisions as head of the American Jewish Committee. Untermeyer is the arch-inquisitor for Jewry. Randolph Guggenheimer, the founder of the firm, achieved the foremost influence of any except the Chief in the old Wigwam, and was a power to be reckoned with in all matters. But Louis Marshall is a "staunch" Republican and a member of the Republican Club. Here again is the favorite method of including all parties under the capacious wing of the Jewish program.

Hence the popularity of "Fusion" in New York City elections. It has become the fad, but its most notable purpose is to insure the election of a Jew whatever his politics may be. In some Assembly Districts it is impossible to find anyone but a Jew to vote for. When Otto A. Rosalsky, a jurist who was implicated in the Brandt scandal, was re-elected Judge of General Sessions in 1920, he was the "Fusion" candidate on both the Democratic and Republican tickets. It was perhaps fortunate for his candidacy that he was. The point just now is that whenever a candidate may be vulnerable, it is very desirable to forestall a fight upon him by eliminating all opposition before the election. "Fusion" is another matter that should be carefully scrutinized in behalf of American rule of American cities.

By the way things are going in New York, these inter-party and "fusion" expedients may soon be unnecessary, because in any event it will be most difficult to avoid electing a Jew. Of the candidates of all parties for the offices of justice of the supreme court of New York, numbering 26, 14 were Jews. Of the Democratic presidential electors, 13 were Jews. Of the Republican presidential electors, 14 were Jews. Of the Socialist presidential electors, 22 were Jews.

"The Essex Market Court Gang"

THE strength of Tammany had exactly the same source as the strength of the Kehillah, namely, in the foreign population; the difference being that the Kehillah had a more compact foreign mass to draw upon. But both the Jewish leaders and the Tammany leaders have always been alertly aware of the fact that their power depended upon an uninterrupted flow of immigration, to supply the losses sustained by the Americanization of the people. It is always the un-Americanized foreigner that makes the best material for the Kehillah's and Tammany's purposes. The Kehillah is based upon the principle of recognizing racial minorities, and Tammany has made a specialty of giving representation of racial minorities in its councils. This was a liberal policy, and was thoroughly American in its original intent (as Tammany was a thoroughly American assemblage at its inception) but it was soon seized upon by the Jews and used to their own ends, and to the eventual ruin of all except Jewish representation. Thus all through the history of immigration activity, Tammany has been on the side of the wide open gate without any restrictions. The lower the type of immigrant, the more easily amenable it is to the ward boss's orders.

Tammany of recent years has been the able seconder of the Kehillah in all efforts to frustrate control of immigration.

The third great influx of immigration into the United States occurred in 1884 and was really the cause of the beginning of the degeneration of Tammany Hall. The great wave was composed of Russian, Austrian and Hungarian Jews, whose arrival was followed by a memorable period of crime, the marks of which remain to this day. Indeed, the downfall of Richard Croker was a direct result.

At that time the police department and the police courts before which all criminal cases in the city were first brought, were in the hands of Tammany Hall. The result was a partnership between local government and crime which has not been duplicated outside of Semitic countries.

Immigrant Jews of the shadier type organized an association called The Max Hochstim Association, which was known during the Lexow Investigation as "The Essex Market Court Gang." One of its chief rulers was Martin Engel, Tammany leader of the Eighth Assembly District. The "king" of this Jewish district was a man named Solomon who had changed his name to the less revealing one of "Smith," and who became known as "Silver Dollar Smith" because of the fact that he ruled his little empire from the Silver Dollar Saloon, which gained its name from the silver dollars that were cemented into the floor of his place of business. This saloon was just opposite the Essex Market Court, which was thronged daily by hordes of Yiddish criminals, the bondsmen, false witnesses and lawyers.

Where "Shyster" Lawyers Came From

LET not the fastidious reader deem it unnecessary to linger longer round the old police court at Essex Market, for out therefrom came a word which has fixed itself in common English speech—the term "shyster," by which a certain type of lawyer is described. A Clinton street lawyer named Scheuster, whose practices were quite characteristic, made himself very obnoxious to Justice Osborne. Whenever another Yiddish lawyer attempted a shady trick, the judge would openly denounce it as "Scheuster practice," and so it came that the first men in the profession to bear the name "shyster" were the Yiddish lawyers of Essex Market Court.

To make a nasty story brief, the Max Hochstim Association became the first organized White Slaver group in America, and the revelations made by the Lexow Committee are shuddering glimpses into that lowest form of depravity—a coolly conducted, commercialized, consolidated traffic in women. The traffic was made to yield dividends to politicians, to Tammany Jews in particular. The Ghetto became the Red Light District of New York. The first man to undertake the export trade in women with foreign countries, especially South America, was a man who later became a Tammany notable.

The surprising fact is that, although these matters are written in official documents, and although the same matters have been written into the record of every similar investigation which has been made, Jewish leaders persist in denying that the leaders in this particular form of depravity are Jews. When the United States Government made a nation-wide investigation, it found and recorded the same facts. The New York Kehillah came into existence as a defense organization at a time when the exposure of the Jewish White Slave traffic threatened to overwhelm the New York ghetto.

A Savory Organization and Its Work

THE Max Hochstim Association was not the only organization of its kind. The other was the New York Independent Benevolent Association, which was organized in 1896 by a party of Jewish white slave dealers as they were returning from the funeral of Sam Engel, brother of Martin Engel, Tammany leader of the red light district.

The gangs that formed the backbone of Tammany power in the slum districts were made up of "cadets." Their principal field of operation was the cheap dance halls. Paul Kelly's gang originated in the halls about lower Broadway. Monk Eastman's gang grew strong in the Russian Jewish District below Delancey street. And Kid Twist's gang developed close to a dance hall for Galician Jews on the far East Side. All of these three were Jewish gang leaders. They were slavers as their forbears were in the days of Rome's decline; they were bootleggers before the days of prohibition; and they constituted a strong support of the international narcotic ring which to this day has defied the law by corrupting the officers of the law.

It was to associations like these that the lights of Tammany lent their names. Tim Sullivan was a vice president of the Max Hochstim Association. The name of the Honorable Henry M. Goldfogle also appeared on the picnic announcements.

The exposure which resulted when the white people of New York finally succeeded in getting the forces of the law to function impartially for a little while, caused many of the implicated Jews to change their names. These names are now representative of some of the best Jewish families, whose concealed bar sinister is the fact that the foundation of the family fortune was laid in the red light district. Society, sliced down to its seeds, is a queer growth.

Tim Sullivan—an Irish-Yiddish Tragedy

IT IS due in justice to say that men like Tim Sullivan were not the originators of the Jewish abuses referred to, nor willing participants in the gains therefrom. Tammany would do favors for its friends, at the police court or elsewhere; Tammany had its occasional political upheavals; Tammany believed that they who profited by political spoils should divide with the Wigwam's treasury; but with such traffic as seduction and barter in women, Tammany had never been compromised until the Yiddish invasion of New York and the Judaization of the Wigwam. This much must be said for the Irish and American leaders.

The situation is the same in Boston. An Irish city, its chief political control is in the hands of Jews. The old-time Irish leaders are still permitted to be out in front, but the inner power has departed from them. One Boston ward, where once none but Irish lived, now contains only Jews, but the old-time Irish boss retains his seat. This is by favor of the Jews and nothing else.

The same state of facts accounts in large degree for the connection between a man like Tim Sullivan and the Jews. "Tim," as everyone knew him, was leader of a district inhabited by Irish and Germans. Then the Jews came in. And then began the Jews' practice of profiting by the people's dislike of them.

Foreign Jews well know that they are disliked. It is one of their assets which never fails to produce dividends. They choose the part of the city where they desire to live, and a few move in. Their immediate neighbors move out. More Jews move in—more of the others move out. The property nearest the Jews always goes down in value. People will sell at a loss rather than live engulfed in a ghetto.

Jewish Supersaturation of East Side

IT WAS so in Tim Sullivan's district. As the Jews swarmed in, the Irish and Germans fled north. Sullivan stood his ground. It was his old territory, he would not leave it, nor remove his family. He cultivated the new arrivals and made a partnership with the ex-kosher chicken butcher, Martin Engel.

The Jews lived under Sullivan's rule for a time, awaiting the moment when they should know what to do for themselves. The Yiddish flood increased until the district was crowded, and then the Jews demanded representation for themselves. With a premonition that a new force had arisen, Tim Sullivan played safe and helped the Jews to get recognition—Martin Engel was made leader of the old Eighth. But Sullivan had previously gone to Tammany—or to what remained of the old non-Jewish Tammany—and exacted an understanding that his rule should be left unchanged below Fourteenth street.

From that time forward, in spite of the understanding, Sullivan's power began to wane, principally because he continued to get in deeper and deeper with the Jews. He went into Jewish lines of business. He formed a theatrical partnership wih George Kraus, among his enterprises being the Imperial Music Hall, the Dewey Theater, and the traveling Eagle Burlesque Company. Still the old district continued to become crowded and overcrowded and saturated with Yiddish newcomers, for whom neither the name Sullivan nor the traditions of the district had any meaning.

In his closing years, scarcely more than a hanger-on around the former scene of his power, Tim Sullivan bitterly lamented the ease with which he was led into associations that undermined his power.

Croker was destroyed in public confidence by the terrific shock of the exposures attending the Jewish "cadet" activities. Sullivan, equally picturesque, was the slowly shoved-out victim of Jewish infiltration. There were other occurrences and other downfalls, all of which are a part of the real story of Tammany.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for each volume.

The Mortgage on the United States

(Concluded from page 6)

pelled to contract large debts. The southern states were almost unanimously opposed to Hamilton's refunding scheme. They were brought over finally by a trick of jobbery—in cold truth, they were bribed. By means of a deal made through Jefferson the city of Washington was established on the banks of the Potomac in return for sufficient Congressional votes from southern members to insure the adoption of Hamilton's scheme of national finance.

Hence the recognition of the beginnings of our national debt as we now know it was characterized by one of the boldest bits of political jobbery known to the annals of politics. And the city of Washington, D. C., is its enduring memorial.

In connection with this bit of history, it may be well to note that Hamilton is commonly misquoted regarding his view of a national debt's worth. He did not say that a "national debt is a national blessing" but that *a well-distributed national debt might be a national blessing.* Hamilton was no more insistent on the national credit being sustained via the national debt than he was on the necessity of that debt being reduced "as fast as shall be practicable, consistently with integrity and good faith." He recognized the dangerous fact that the "vicissitudes of nations beget a perpetual tendency to the accumulation of debt."

Since it was originated this country's policy toward the national debt has aimed at steady reduction and quick elimination.

Debt Paid and Money in Treasury

THE gross debt on December 15, 1815, was $133,403,476. That included the cost of the war of 1812, which was financed almost wholly on a basis of credit. It included also the $15,000,000 paid France for the Louisiana Territory and some parts of the cost of the war with the Barbary pirates and also of the near-war with France in the last days of the eighteenth century.

But as shortly thereafter as the seventh of December, 1836, the President announced to Congress that "all the remains of the public debt have been redeemed or money has been provided for this purpose whenever the creditors choose to receive it." Not only had the national debt been paid, but there was a surplus of $19,000,000 in the Treasury—a very large sum for those days.

The surplus was distributed among the states, which were then participating in the great campaigns of public improvement precipitated by the advent of the steam railroad. It is hardly pertinent to this narrative, but it is worth while to note here a curious sequel. About 1840 a number of the states on the verge of substantial bankruptcy came forward and asked the Federal Government again to assume their debts. After long debate Congress refused—and thus established a precedent that may account for the subsequent caution exercised with regard to debts by the states. In 1900 with twice as many states and several times the population and wealth the state governments owed only about as much as they did in 1840, but there has been rapid increase during the last 20 years.

After 1835 the highest figures reached by the national debt before the 60's were $65,304,796, which included a large part of the Mexican War's cost, and which had been reduced to about $60,000,000 when the Civil War began.

The financing of the Civil War included a repetition on a reduced scale of many of the evils attending the financing of the Revolutionary War.

The crux of the Civil War scheme was paper money, known as "Greenbacks," being, legally, non-interest bearing Treasury notes. As during the Revolution, they for a time kept on a par with coin; then they went to a premium which varied with the fortunes of the war and the changing outlooks for the Union's survival. At one time it took 285 cents of "Greenback" money to buy 100 cents of specie, or real money.

The story of advancing prices, due to inflation and depreciation, is an old one but *the vast increase in the "cost of the war," thus caused,* is not so well known.

H. C. Adams, whose work on "The Public Debt" is the accepted authority, calculated that *extra cost* to have been $850,000,000, or about one-fourth the total cost of the entire war.

That extra cost was brought about in this way: The government issued the "Greenbacks" and then accepted them in payment for bonds whose interest and principal were to be paid in gold. Thus all the government got, say, for a $100 loan was the gold value of $100 in "Greenbacks." If "Greenbacks" were worth, say, only one-half as much as gold, the government would get in fact only $50 for a $100-bond. In that manner the most outrageous premiums were paid on government purchases, and posterity was loaded with a war debt that in large part was "water" and nothing else.

"In the third quarter of 1863," says Horace White, "the government made an average loss of 10 per cent in its purchases and *this loss rose to 68 per cent* at the end of 1864. In 1865 the government was paying with currency worth 75 cents on the dollar debts contracted when it was worth only 40 to 50 cents a dollar, and after 1879 it paid 100 cents on the bonds sold at various rates of discount."

In April, 1865, the gold value of a month's pay of a private soldier was only $10.70, instead of the $16 which the government was supposed to be paying. Worse still, the commodity value of the soldier's monthly pay was only $7.69; in July, 1864, its commodity value was only $6.19.

Thus, instead of financing the war "out of the air" as Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, seems to have intended, the policy he adopted ended in "selling bonds at 40 cents on the dollar in a roundabout way, and cheating creditors and laboring men out of more than half their dues in an incidental way."

It also resulted in passing on to posterity a burden several times greater than the actual commodity cost of the war. Most interest on and principal of the Civil War debt was paid finally with farm products and labor and manufactured goods on prices only one-third to one-half those prevailing when the government was spending most of the money thus refunded.

It is only just to state that with Civil War financing Abraham Lincoln had little to do. The realm of money was not his forte and he left it to "financiers" who were considered capable. Finally, Jay Cooke, a Wall Street operator, had to be made financial agent of the government, to get any adequate amount of funds.

Chase, who fixed the policies that governed, in later years, as Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, held the crux of those policies—the "Greenbacks"—to be illegal and unconstitutional.

The national debt at the close of the Civil War was $2,844,649,626. It was not until 1879 that the credit of the government reached as low as a four per cent basis. At the height of the war, in 1864, the government had to pay as high as 15½ per cent for money.

Though, in line with the nation's policy from the beginning, the debt was steadily reduced; nearly two billions of the debt remained unpaid in 1880 and nearly a billion, or about one-third, of it was still unpaid in 1890. When the World War began we still owed about a half billion of the Civil War debt, but for several years there had been no attempt to reduce it. The reason was that it and other remnants of the national debt took care of themselves as security for national bank currency.

Interest paid on the Civil War debt during the 35 years, or the period of about one generation between the close of the Civil War in 1865, and 1900, aggregated about $2,500,000,000—or almost as much as the principal of the debt itself.

Who got the money?

That question cannot be answered in specific terms. If it could be answered it would be easy to say who will get the perhaps eight times as much as that which the government now proposes to distribute during the next 25 or 30 years on the score of the World War debt.

Many Bonds Held by Foreigners

IN 1803 there were 14,236 holders of Federal Government bonds. Seventy years later, or 10 years after the Civil War, there were 73,114 registered holders of government bonds. In 1880 a total of $825,917,150 worth of bonds was registered in the names of 80,802 individuals and corporations. This was $10,221 per capita of registrants. A little more than $1,000,000,000 additional bonds were then outstanding, mainly in coupon form. Of the ownership of coupon bonds no record is kept. *In 1880, $220,000,000 worth of our national debt was held abroad.* In 1880, 36 per cent of all the national debt was held by persons living in the New England states.

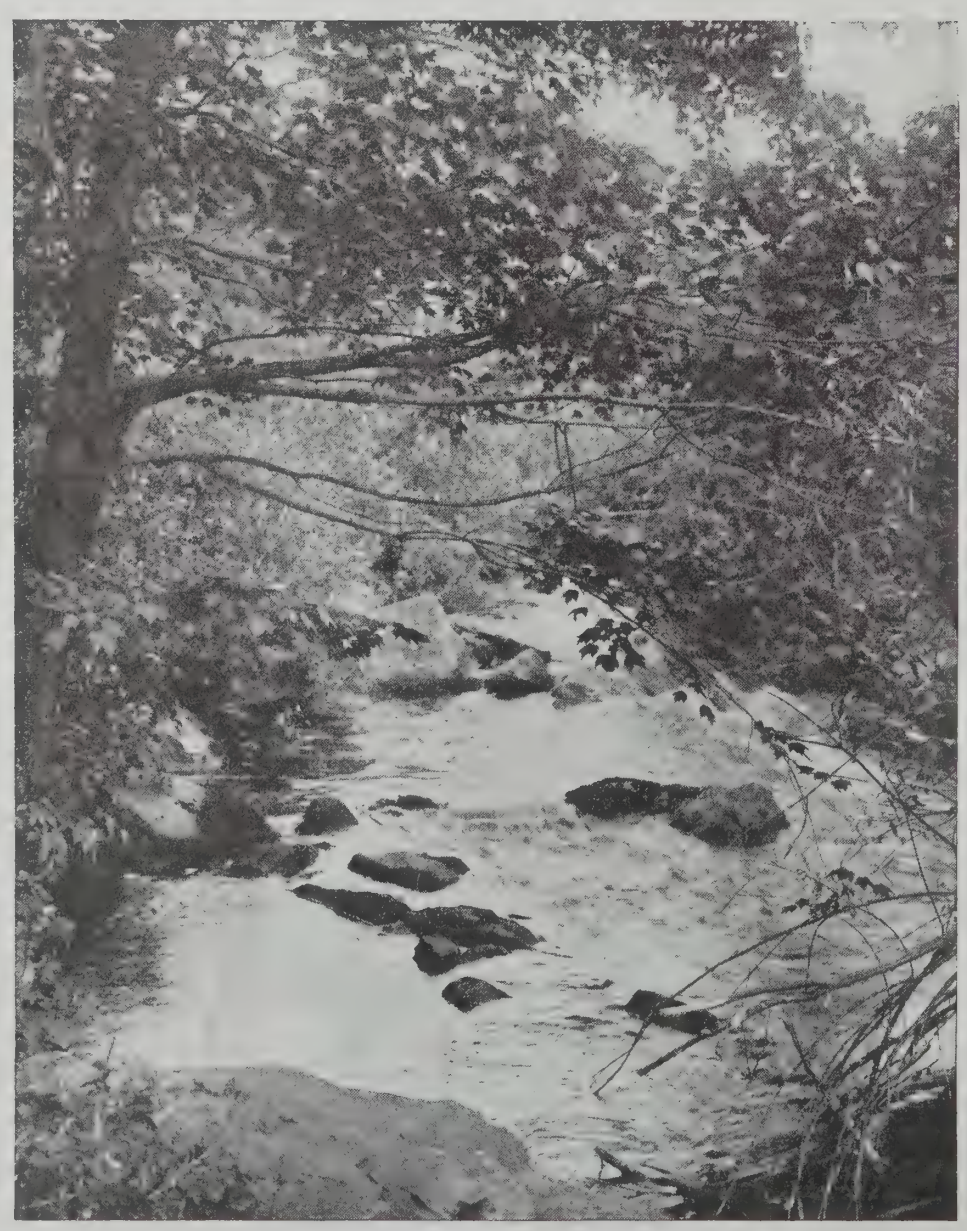
There is perhaps no greater fallacy than that a national debt is "taking money from one pocket and putting it into another." This could be true only if all of a nation's bonds were held by its resident citizens. Then the nation's goods, securities or gold would not have to be shipped to foreign lands to meet principal and interest. But even if all the bonds are retained in the country they are never at any time equitably distributed.

Most of the Civil War bonds, like the Liberty bonds, were sold "popularly." That is, in the beginning they had wide distribution, but that distribution was never equitable and as time passed it became more and more confined to a comparatively few persons. The bulk of the interest on Civil War bonds and virtually all of the principal were paid by the great body of the people to non-producing "coupon clippers." When we entered the World War it was estimated that there were not more than 300,000 bondholders of all kinds in the United States. Eighty per cent of our government bonds, totaling about $1,000,000,000 in value, were owned by the national banks.

How the Liberty bonds likewise are drifting, perhaps even rushing, into the hands of "coupon clippers," the effect on national economy of the resulting vast tying up of capital that might be productive, its tendency to increase the "leisure class," and other interesting things appropos to the national debt as it now exists, is another story. Suffice it for now to quote words uttered during the World War by Roy G. Blakely, professor of economy in the University of Minnesota:

"While it is impossible for this nation to shift part of the burden (of war) to the future, *it is possible for certain individuals and classes to shift parts of their shares on to other individuals or classes,* both now and in the future."

There is much evidence indicating that he was right.



Mountain stream near Walkerville, Pennsylvania.

Nation's Dry Laws Do Not Make a Drouth

A Moonshine Excursion Discloses That Bootleggers Bring Millions of Gallons of Liquor to the United States Monthly

By R. F. CHARLES

"MAKE the United States dry in 10 years," was the slogan adopted at the opening session of the W. C. T. U. forty-eighth annual convention, which recently convened in San Francisco. In the words of Mrs. Anna Gordon, national president of the W. C. T. U., "Prohibition has failed to achieve its object and the women of the W. C. T. U. are going to get back of it and put it over. We are carrying on a campaign against alcohol and nothing but alcohol."

Within the last few months a large proportion of the daily press of the country has prominently featured flagrant violations of the Volstead Act. These violations are prevalent practically all along the Atlantic coast and the Canadian border. Detroit is one of the main gateways through which Canadian liquor is entering the United States. Until a few months ago New York City was so unaffected by the Eighteenth Amendment that hard liquor in any combination and quantity could be obtained "for a price" quite openly and without trouble in any of the thousands of saloons which are still operating there in the guise of "soft drink" and eating places. The limited personnel of the Federal dry law enforcement office was utterly unable to cope with the situation, and it was not until after the New York police department was instructed to take an active part in the enforcement of the prohibition act, that an effort was made by the wet fraternity to make at least a show of observing the law.

Most of the Stuff Is Doctored

THIS ostensible obedience to the law has, however, had the effect of considerably increasing the wet undercurrent which runs the length and breadth of Manhattan Island and seeks an outlet wherever a weak spot appears. Any one who wants a drink of whisky, gin or real beer in New York can get it without difficulty, if he has the price to pay for it. And, according to last reports, the prices are 25 cents for a "stein" of nine per cent beer and anywhere from 40 to 75 cents for a good-sized drink of whisky of varying degree of quality.

Much of the stuff that is offered as whisky and consumed in staggering quantities by New York's native and visiting wets is of inferior quality and generally doctored. Bottled-in-bond whisky is scarce. Scotch whiskies command a high price, frequently selling for $25 to $30 a bottle.

The remarkable fact is that a large number of men in New York and other large cities will pay fancy prices for liquor. These men are largely responsible for the ridicule with which the Eighteenth Amendment is generally regarded by visiting foreigners and a fragment of our own population, which may be regarded as "the entrenched army of wets."

It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, to note the strong language used by Roy A. Haynes, on the occasion of his assuming charge recently of the office of Federal Prohibition Commissioner. Said Mr. Haynes:

"To wink at the breaking of one law and preach the observance of another is unpatriotic and un-American. On that basis I believe former so-called liberals will as vigorously aid in the enforcement of the dry laws as those who have always been dry. Any other policy toward law in general means chaos—means Bolshevism.

"I am a newspaperman by profession. I have full knowledge of the power of the press. I appeal especially to the editor, the editorial and news writers, to the cartoonist, to the reporter, to the scenario writer and the playwright to lend every aid to the dry law enforcement."

Such an appeal is of necessity an admission of failure to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. And, according to Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel and directing genius of the Anti-Saloon League, "as long as one portion of our citizens is making, selling, transporting, buying or giving away liquor, and the other portion is looking on with inactive antipathy, the problem of enforcement will remain unsolved."

Huge Bootlegging Traffic

ACCORDING to statistics supplied by the United States customs authorities, international bootleggers get into the United States about 9,000,000 gallons of liquor a month. Whisky smugglers, attempting to enter the country by land and sea are constantly matching wits with Federal and state guards on the Atlantic coast and the Canadian and Mexican borders. Raids, seizures and arrests are daily occurrences. Courts are imposing heavy fines and even jail sentences to those convicted of violating the Eighteenth Amendment.

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes believes that the activities of bootleggers are being curtailed. Officials are making it more and more difficult to obtain liquor from bonded warehouses under the much abused permit system. The failure of this system is evidenced by the fact that 10,000,000 gallons of liquor found its way into the hands of bootleggers last year.

Approximately $500,000,000 a year is now going into the pockets of bootleggers, who supply whisky, beer and other anti-Volstead potions to thirsty citizens in violation of law, Federal authorities estimate. Between 35,000,000 and 60,000,000 quarts of hard liquors a year are now passing through the underground channels of the United States, government data indicate.

Liquors seized from international bootleggers amount to but one-tenth of the amount which originates in the United States, Chief Ashworth, of the United States Customs Service, estimates. From the same source the following illuminating figures are obtained:

In 1920 the imbibing portion of the American people consumed 41,000,000 proof gallons of distilled spirits. This amount does not include the untold and uncounted gallons of home brew and various and sundry liquors intoxicating to a more or less degree, that were brewed, distilled and concocted at home or made and peddled by bootleggers.

There is left in officially bonded warehouses something like 60,000,000 proof gallons, and spirits are still being made under government sanction by three distilleries, while scores of others are making alcohol for non-beverage purposes. Whisky, wines, gin, brandy and other alcoholic beverages are stored in 378 warehouses, scattered all over the country, many of them, according to official statement, without adequate protection.

As a matter of fact, investigations which have been conducted by Federal agents for months in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland and Chicago, have recently resulted in the startling revelation that with the connivance of dishonest officials, millions of gallons of liquor have been removed from government bonded warehouses in the cities named, on permits obtained by bootleggers through bribing and corrupting of public officials to the extent of millions of dollars.

Such permits for the removal of specified quantities of liquor are supposed to be issued only to reliable firms, after conclusive proof has been submitted that the spirits thus removed are to be used specifically only for medicinal or other legitimate and non-beverage purposes. Yet the disclosures prove that permits have been issued promiscuously to one-stand, fly-by-night establishments, whose enterprising promoters and backers reaped untold fortunes through the extensive trafficking in large quantities of intoxicating spirits, illegally obtained.

But by far the largest supply of spirits for the consumption of the thirsty element of our population to whom the Eighteenth Amendment means little more than a law that was made to be broken, comes from the home-made stills that have sprung up all over the country.

Detroit an Active Center

PEOPLE who ordinarily would not think of breaking any law intentionally, who are respected and important factors in their respective communities, have no scruples about making, consuming and offering to their friends home-made beer and wine.

Detroit, a cosmopolitan city, has been one of the most active centers of the so-called booze ring activities. Her foreign element is large and her laboring classes legion and well-paid. Against the coming of the dry spell, as it were, some of her people laid in wet supplies. But thousands, notably the working classes, and these embrace practically all the foreign elements, did not. Either they hadn't the money to spare, or they were not convinced that prohibition was a reality.

As in every other large city in the land, liquor in one form or another can be purchased almost anywhere in Detroit. This is not successfully denied. Any citizen, anywhere, with the price can prove it. Those who think wet, say that this proves that prohibition doesn't prohibit. Those who think dry say that it will, and that price is the barometer. If the latter contention is correct, the dry thought is the right thought, because the barometer in going up, despite the fact that huge quantities of whisky and beer have been sent from Canada across the Detroit and St. Clair rivers.

Detroit's long shore line offers easy crossing to illicit traffic. Under a recent ruling by Police Magistrate W. E. Gundy, of Windsor, Ontario, nine per cent beer and whisky may be legally manufactured in Canada for export to the United States or other foreign countries and is perfectly proper under the Ontario Temperance Act, which went into effect several months ago.

Unusual activities resulted in the wake of this decision. At the docks in Sandwich and Walkerville, Ontario, beer was and is still being handled by the truck load. Shipments of whisky are made from Walkerville in wholesale quantities. Hundreds of high-powered motor boats, so heavily laden with beer and whisky that their gunwales were washed by water, sped across the river to unload their cargoes at Ecorse and other down-river towns. Speedy and commodious trucks awaited their arrival. The transfer of cargo was quickly made by experienced handlers and the trucks started on their way, creaking under the heavy wet loads, to their various destinations.

Canadian authorities contend that they are powerless to prevent this flow of liquor into the United States, claiming that it is up to that country to enforce its own laws. As the manufacture of beer and whisky is permitted under the Canadian court decision, Canadian customs officials said they could not refuse to issue clearance papers to any shipper applying for them.

Charles P. Campau, chief inspector of public safety, declared that Ecorse is the center of the traffic in illicit liquor brought across the border. Colonel Roy C. Vandercook, commander of the Michigan state troopers, placed more than 100 of his men at the disposal of those charged with the enforcement of the prohibition act, and, in a measure, the flood at that point was checked, temporarily, at least.

A recent decision by Federal Judge Arthur J. Tuttle, of Detroit, to the effect that United States customs officials cannot interfere with liquor shipments made from Canada in transit through the United States to foreign countries, loosened a veritable flood of liquor. Shipments aggregating more than $1,000,000 have already been made and orders for many millions more are awaiting shipment.

Such a tremendous influx of liquor, even in transit and under seal, is bound to leave a wet trail in its path. Consequently Detroit is getting its share of the wet avalanche. And bootleggers and their agents are so thoroughly organized that prohibition enforcement officials find it increasingly difficult to stem the wet tide that is deluging the city.

On the day Canada opened the flood gates 226 men were arraigned for drunkenness in recorder's court in Detroit, breaking all records for drunkenness since prohibition went into effect. Every culprit arraigned declined, of course, to divulge where he obtained his supply of the intoxicants, but officers who took them into court declared that the Canadian liquor influx and not home brew was responsible for this wave of insobriety.

Doctors Object to Being Bartenders

WHILE the Detroit police department is maintaining a "moonshine" squad whose work of ferreting out violators of the prohibition act and taking them into court, together with the evidence, is keeping them busy, recent decisions, handed down by various state courts, are discouraging these police activities.

At a recent meeting of the American Medical Society measures for adoption of legislation were discussed with a view toward ending the extensive practice of "making bartenders out of doctors."

While some states have already adopted and are enforcing legislation which prohibits the issuance of a physician's prescription for *spiritus frumenti*, commonly known as whisky, it is a common practice in many other parts of the country to use a conveniently located doctor as a means for quenching a thirst.

While a comparatively small number of physicians have encouraged this practice and in some cases got themselves into trouble through indiscriminate and promiscuous use of the special prescription blanks issued by the government for dispensation of liquor, the vast majority of the medical profession objects to this practice and is in favor of abolishing altogether the doctor's prerogative. As a matter of fact, it is generally believed among physicians that other non-alcoholic therapeutical agents are much more effective in certain ailments than whisky has ever been and the tendency among an ever-increasing number of physicians is to put "John Barleycorn" permanently on the black list.

So it appears that despite the countless private stills, the manifold home brews containing more or less "kick," the host of moonshiners, bootleggers and rum runners, those who have put prohibition into our Constitution will eventually succeed in making our country dry. Authorities everywhere agree that already much good has been accomplished by prohibition, and in this connection it may be of interest to scan the reports from various parts of the country which were received by the New York *World* to a recent query sent out in an effort to ascertain how prohibition has affected the community life of various cities.

Prohibition Reduces Crime

FROM San Francisco comes the report that crime has decreased and that home life is happier.

Crime condition in St. Paul has decreased 50 per cent.

Minneapolis reports a similar result.

Chicago has had an increase of crime, but attributes this to an influx of undesirables from other cities.

Pittsburgh has not experienced any material change, but reports that brawls and dissatisfaction among mill workers have materially decreased.

Seattle reports no material change.

Philadelphia reports a decrease in crime.

Boston, Portland, Maine, and Cincinnati report similarly.

Newark, New Jersey, reports crime less prevalent and vicious.

The police of Jacksonville report fewer arrests since prohibition went into effect.

There is no change in crime situation apparent in Milwaukee.

Other cities report similarly, and the New York *World* draws the conclusion that prohibition has lessened crime in the country and placed into many American homes many of the necessities and some of the luxuries of life which extensive use of beer and liquor formerly made impossible.

If prohibition, therefore, tends to make the world in general and our country in particular a better place to live in, it may be well for the average citizen to look at the Volstead Act with more than disinterested antipathy and to bear in mind what Mr. Haynes has said:

"To wink at the breaking of one law and preach the observance of another is unpatriotic and un-American."

Geology's Partnership With American Industry

Facts Gathered by Scientists Are Being Made Use of to Help Solve Problems of the Present Day

By GEORGE OTIS SMITH

Director of the U. S. Geological Survey

TWO tendencies in geologic work are noticeable today, and I believe that both are in the right direction. Geology is becoming more exact in method and result, and geology is becoming broader in outlook. Perhaps, indeed, I might shift these two statements on to a single track and say it all in a single phrase—our science is becoming more useful.

We dignify science—not degrade it—when we make it useful; we dignify it most when we realize its relation to human welfare. Geology is at its best when geologic facts are made to serve humanity by solving the broad problems of the best use of national resources of men and material.

I am glad that I have come to think of geology as a phase of citizenship rather than merely as a branch of science. A connection does exist between geology and public service, and there should be nothing to interfere with that connection; no bulkheads should stand between our science and our citizenship—between our scientific standards and our civic duties.

By his training the geologist is fitted to think clearly; by his experience he is fitted to act effectively. The geologist who is more than a "rock hound" or "outcrop chaser" is the one who can render the largest service. His unique qualification for public service is his sense of time. With his eye trained to see far back into the earth's remote past, he is better fitted to put correct values on the episodes of the brief present day in which we happen to live.

Intellectually, this longer view back into the past gives him poise; practically, this ability to see things in true perspective leads him to plan intelligently for the future.

The professional geologist is very much a modern product; indeed, it has been given to us of this generation to see geology establish itself as a partner of business. It was only in the early eighties, for instance, that geologic principles and methods were first applied in a professional way to the hunt for oil, and only in the last 20 years has oil geology become essential to the oil industry.

Geologists Are Now Consulted

SCIENCE and industry in their present-day progress are treading paths that converge, until they are now well within each other's sphere of influence. Science is becoming more useful, and industry is becoming more efficient, and this mutual approach means a mutual attraction. I may illustrate this by pointing to the gratifying tendency of up-to-date construction engineers to consult geologists on questions related to large engineering projects. To the trained geologist, familiar with the many kinds of rocks and their varied habits of assembling together, it has seemed strange indeed that so many engineers have gone ahead with great works of construction on the theory that rock is rock and that nothing can be learned of the third dimension of the earth's crust in advance of actual excavation. Possibly, however, some of this blame for their neglect of the geologist may be laid at our own door, for all of us do not seem to be firm believers in the practical value of our own science, and only in these later years have we learned to talk of the facts of geology with any approach to the quantitative exactness that the engineer requires.

Geology was never a closet science; its subject is this earth of ours, and its field is all out-of-doors. The horizon of the geologist is wide, and his contacts with life are many, so that geology has most naturally come into touch with human needs and by that association has become more and more practical.

That the geologist has won a high place in the world is gratifying, but that place carries a corresponding degree of responsibility. The two basic productive industries, agriculture and mining, have long been served by geology, and this close relationship was most keenly realized during the World War, when food and munition requirements demanded in turn new sources of fertilizers and other raw materials. Thrown as we were on our own resources as never before since colonial days, we had to recognize the geologist as a partner in our industrial expansion.

The raw materials problem was one we had to solve to meet the exigency, and now that the exigency is happily past we find ourselves studying our material resources with a new and broader outlook. A specialized type of geology is now demanded—the application of geology in terms of commerce; and to be most useful geology must occupy conjointly with industry the whole field of commerce, which is the whole world.

The raw materials issue will last through the centuries; but unlike the foodstuffs, whether corn or cattle or the fibers, whether cotton, wool, or pulp wood, the minerals, such as oil, coal, copper and iron, have but one crop to harvest. The duty laid on the geologist to discover every mineral deposit and to disclose its limits thus becomes more than a service rendered to his employer, the landowner or mine operator; it is a part of the national undertaking to determine the assets available for use by this and future generations.

We need to realize that American industry has reached the intensive stage. American business becomes more and more complex as by-products and side lines are added to industry and commerce. These additions are sure signs of economic progress, but this expansion necessitates the employment of specialists. The larger the business undertaking the greater its need of a staff of technical advisers who can see markets and supplies in terms of a generation rather than a fiscal year—men who can measure the unseen and weigh the undiscovered.

In planning for the future we must reckon with possibilities and probabilities. So it is that many corporations other than mining companies now employ geologists. Raw materials' specialists are employed to hunt for the needed supplies. Thus the geologist thinks of American industry as founded on stores of energy and of raw material, and he studies the geography of industry—its sites and its markets—in terms of adequacy and permanence of resources.

After our war experiences it was natural that the geologist should discuss the economic limits to domestic independence in minerals. There must be some economic limit to this possible self-sufficiency, even in a country as wealthy in raw materials as our own. With the question of adequate supply, which was uppermost during the war, is now joined the question of satisfactory price, which regains its old-time prominence with the return of competitive conditions.

Industrial expansion on the scale imposed on our country as its part in the war has cleared our judgment as to value in terms of utility. Gold was not one of the "war minerals" the increased output of which engaged the best efforts of geologist, metallurgist, and mine worker. Gold continues to hold its place as the universal measure of value, but gold is not a raw material whose general utility is at all comparable with that of its more democratic fellows like iron and copper. Indeed, there is some reason to liken this "noble metal," which has so long held the allegiance of mankind, to the idle aristocracy of Europe and to suggest that the more abundant the world's supply of gold the poorer off we are in the humble but useful things of life. It is a nation's output of coal and iron, petroleum and copper, sulphur and lead, cement and zinc, brick and aluminum that gives it power, rather than its output of gold and diamonds.

We need more interest in the science of geology itself—the interest not only of the public generally, but of those whose days are filled with effort to apply the science to immediate practical ends to make geology useful. Geologists have a large responsibility in conservation, and when I say conservation I have in mind not a sentimental theory, but the practical policy of use with full regard for future as well as present welfare.

The geological work of the Survey comprises all phases of geology, including stratigraphy, structure, petrology, paleontology, physiography, glaciology, metallography, mineralogy, chemistry and physics, as well as a census of the country's mineral resources. It includes also special investigations made for other departments of the government or for commissions, states, and municipalities. The results of nearly all these investigations are made public in printed reports. Especially gratifying has been the popular demand for maps and reports, many of which were out of print, and in recent years more reprints than usual of exhausted editions have been authorized to meet an insistent demand. The public is making use of the publications of the Geological Survey as never before.

A Census of Mineral Resources

NOT very long ago an inquiry was made as to what part of the Geological Survey's investigations concern the future. Every activity of the Survey is forward-looking: facts are being collected with which to guide present action and to plan for future action. This is true not only of a special investigation, like the superpower survey authorized about a year ago, but of the collection of stream-gauging records, the making of topographic maps, the study and the estimation of mineral resources and mineral production, and even the interpretation of geologic history. The Survey's function in the classification of the public lands is not simply co-operation with the General Land Office in the administration of the land laws; it is a co-operative effort to insure the best use of these lands, to plan their use so that the West may not have to pay the penalties attaching to an unwise disposition of the nation's real estate.

Forty years ago the first director of the Geological Survey outlined the future of the work and emphasized the relation of scientific research to the development of the country's national resources. In a period of rapid expansion and exploitation he gave warning that without adequate information in the possession of the government as to the needs of industry, without scientific knowledge of all the elements of national wealth, commerce is mere transportation, industry is short-lived, and an equilibrium of population with local resources is not to be attained.

Though for 40 years the Geological Survey's policy has been to contribute to the formation of a national plan, its own outstanding need today is a plan for itself—a program. It lacks that assurance of continued and adequate appropriations that would encourage or warrant long-term investigations, a few of which are absolutely essential in any forward-looking program of scientific research. The Geological Survey, therefore, is not fully occupying the field which is recognized as peculiarly its own. It could, however, occupy that field. The nation can well afford to invest in engineering data for future use. In a word, the Geological Survey, even though its shortcomings have been keenly realized from within, has not yet measured up to its task in the nation's business.

An item in the working program whose value was foreseen but whose adoption has not been possible is the mapping of geologic structures favorable to oil accumulation in the western states prior to the enactment of oil-leasing legislation. The need for such mapping was realized, for it would be helpful alike to the oil operator and to the government official administering the new law, but neither men nor money have been available to do more than touch the outer edges of this project. Similar preparation for the water-power law was obviously desirable but could be made only in part.

The examination of storage sites made in 1888-1891 was pioneer work that marked a beginning in the larger utilization of the water resources of the West, and it is unfortunate that this investigation was discontinued, for now authoritative information of this kind would be invaluable in planning the storage of flood waters for power and irrigation in the West and for power development, improvement of navigation, and flood protection in the East.

In fact, the Geological Survey has been unable to fulfill the requests made by the various Federal departments; and the appropriation has not been sufficient to meet the needs of the Survey for maps required for the investigation of the resources of the national domain. There are on file requests from the government, states and members of Congress for surveys in various parts of the United States, which would cost approximately $20,000,000 and which cannot now be considered.

A program for completing the topographic map of the United States has not yet been approved by Congress, though it promises to get results most expeditiously and economically. The data to be procured by such surveys are most needed for the development of our country.

Should Know America Better

IN MY Washington office hangs a large relief map of the United States. From daily glances at this map I learn the position of the earth features that have guided the growth of our country and even now exercise a large influence on our national progress. Most of us need to know our America better and to use every possible means of visualizing the comparative extent of its geographic units and their relation, one to another—the narrow Atlantic seaboard, the mountain barrier separating us easterners from the broad prairies, plains, and plateaus of the Mississippi basin—an empire in itself—and then the other and greater mountain mass, with its rich intermontane valleys and arid interior basin, and at the western edge of our map, the heavily forested slopes and fertile valleys of the Pacific Coast. All that is our country, and we need to have a clear vision of all that 3,000,000 square miles as we plan the location of our industries or survey our lines of transportation. In a nation's geography the whole is greater than any of its parts, and living as we do in a continent-wide country, our task is to see the nation's business on a continental scale.

The Geological Survey has just issued the first volume of a World Atlas of Commercial Geology, a work planned for the desk of the business man, as well as for that of the college student. This atlas exhibits graphically the distribution of mineral wealth over the entire surface of the earth, for one of the lessons we learned in the school of war was that it is not enough to know simply what America contains and possesses—we must know the mineral wealth of the world, exploited and unexploited, in all its continents and countries.

These facts, as disclosed in maps and texts, sustain in part the patriotic pride we feel in our national primacy in mineral wealth, but they also no less plainly appeal to our patriotic regard for the future continuance of our present prosperity. To be adequate, any stock taking we now attempt must include world resources and world needs and by balancing production against consumption must set forth a true picture of world competition, for under the complex requirements of present-day life no continent, not even North America, can be self-sustaining. It is not enough for us to make an inventory of the mineral wealth of the United States; we must supplement that inventory by a broad understanding of world demand and supply.

The practical value of this exhibit of the world's mineral assets is evident. Experience gained during the war emphasizes the advantage of an adequate supply of raw materials close at hand, yet that there are certain economic limits to domestic independence in raw materials is clearly shown by the readjustments already made. The more facts we possess bearing on the relative quantity and the relative availability of the mineral resources of our own and other countries the better able will be our captains of industry to decide whence they should derive their raw material.

The geologist's best contribution to industry is perhaps his advice regarding the future. Resources are expendable, but industry is long-lived. The geologist believes that he sees plain facts spread over the face of this old earth as through the pages of history, and he is keen to safeguard the future security of the American industrial program.

Marketing Live Stock Co-Operatively

Organization Owned and Controlled by 23,000 Farmers Has Eliminated Expensive Middlemen

By E. G. HERST

JUST how far farmers may go in the handling of their market live stock so that they may obtain the best returns, constitutes one of the greatest problems of producers today. The formation of co-operative live stock shipping associations has been a big step in the right direction, but aside from eliminating one middleman, the local buyer, they have accomplished little else.

In some sections federations of shipping associations have been formed through which practically all the co-operative and individual shipments of live stock of districts and even whole counties are marketed. This is another step forward in the field of more efficient marketing, but there still remains a huge gap between the farmer and the big buyers of his stock—the packers and the farmer buyers of stock and feeding animals, who, in so far as the producer is concerned, are the ultimate consumers.

That there is an absolute need for farmers to be represented on the terminal live stock markets is beginning to be conceded generally, although comparatively few producers realize fully the magnitude of the enormous business they are required to support and the many dishonest practices which they have been compelled to tolerate. On the Chicago market alone there are more than 500 speculators and about 100 privately-owned commission firms, all of whom are so thoroughly organized for their mutual protection that farmers are at their mercy absolutely as soon as their live stock is placed in the pens on the markets. At South St. Paul there are 34 commission and 54 speculative firms. Similar conditions prevail on every large terminal live stock market of the United States.

Of the two largest farmer-owned and co-operative live stock selling agencies operating on the principal terminal markets, the Equity Co-Operative Exchange at South St. Paul and Chicago is the largest and oldest in the Northwest states. In fact, it is the only live stock marketing organization owned and controlled solely by farmers on those two great markets at the present time.



Above—Equity Co-Operative Exchange in South St. Paul, Minn., which handled 3,383 cars of live stock in 1920. The exchange is owned and controlled by 23,000 farmers of the Northwest, who joined the organization to eliminate the middleman, to whom a large share of their profits was going.

The Equity Co-Operative Exchange had its inception back in 1908, when farmers of North Dakota, having become dissatisfied with the returns they were receiving for their wheat on the terminal grain markets, set about to form their own marketing machinery at Minneapolis, and later at St. Paul, to obtain a fair price. This they believed could be accomplished by the establishment of their own marketing agency, with an endeavor to deliver the grain to the millers and for export without the intervention of unnecessary middlemen. Despite opposition on all sides, this little farmer organization, after eight years of struggle and hard work against strongly organized interests, came into its own, and now is a prosperous and fast-growing marketing organization with a paid up capital of more than $1,560,000. It has 80 country elevators and one large terminal elevator at St. Paul, with a capacity of 550,000 bushels.

Having learned the value of co-operation in the marketing of grain without the intervention of a host of middlemen and speculators, farmer members of the Equity Co-Operative Exchange placed faith in the ability of their organization to serve them in the live stock trade as well. They saw no good reason why they could not sell their live stock through similar channels by establishing their own selling agency on the terminal market. Consequently plans were made, an organization perfected with an office, a sales force and an allotment of pens at the South St. Paul stock yards. October 1, 1916, marked the first business day of the organization on that market, and during the first month 107 cars of live stock were received, and during the second, November, the number was increased to 141.

Opposition was met, as was expected, from the commission men and speculators already established there. Drastic rules were drawn up by the Live Stock Exchange and heavy penalties were imposed on any of its members who dealt in any way whatsoever with the new farmer company. They were determined to smash the co-operative movement in its infancy, but the loyalty and determination of its members formed a bulwark that could not be broken down. The excellent service given in the sale of fat and stocker and feeder live stock, and, in the case of stockers and feeders especially, the savings made by only the one handling in the route from the producer to the farmer buyer, proved to its members and many others that co-operative marketing on the terminal market was possible as well as profitable.



The elevator owned by the exchange in St. Paul, which has a capacity of 550,000 bushels of grain. The exchange delivers grain direct to the millers.

In the brief period of its existence the Equity Co-Operative Exchange grew from the smallest to the next largest commission firm on the South St. Paul market. At its present rate of growth there is no question that this farmers' selling organization will be the leading firm at that point by the end of the current year. Following is a table showing the total number of cars received during the time of its operation on that market and the amounts of the gross sales made each year:

Year	Cars Rec'd.	Gross Sales
1916 (3 months)	320	$ 434,247.63
1917	1,585	2,868,896.14
1918	2,312	4,786,607.52
1919	2,309	5,089,816.12
1920	3,383	6,073,566.85
1921 (6 months)	1,704	2,339,145.87

It will be noted in the foregoing figures that the number of cars received in 1919 was slightly less than the number received in 1918. This was due to the Equity Co-Operative Exchange withdrawing its soliciting for live stock in North Dakota in that year, when the Equity Co-Operative packing plant opened at Fargo, with an understanding that all surplus which the plant could not handle would be shipped to the Equity Co-Operative Exchange at South St. Paul. The plant never had and does not now have any official or financial connection with the Equity Co-Operative Exchange.

It also will be noticed in the foregoing figures that this organization handled 1,704 cars at South St. Paul during the first six months of the present year. Compared to the first six months of 1920, when 1,295 cars were received, an increase of 409 cars, or more than 31 per cent, was made. The entire live stock receipts of the South St. Paul market decreased 15 per cent during this same period.

In August, 1918, the Equity Co-Operative Exchange opened its second branch on the Chicago market and since its beginning there it has shown a growth corresponding with the one at South St. Paul. During the first six months of the present year the business of the Chicago establishment showed a healthy increase of 54 per cent over the same period last year, while the entire receipts of the Chicago yards increased only about one per cent.

The governing body of this organization is a board of nine directors. These directors serve three years and three are elected by the stockholders at each annual meeting. Stockholders are entitled to only one vote, regardless of the number of shares held. Under the articles of incorporation and by-laws no one person can own more than 20 shares of capital stock. A shareholder owning but a single share has as much voice in a stockholders' meeting as one holding the maximum number. This control by farmers themselves makes the organization strictly and absolutely co-operative. Its stockholders control the business themselves through the wide distribution of its stock and the inability of any individual or group of individuals to get control. All the profits it earns are reserved for the producers, who make up its membership, and for its patrons. Those who furnish the business share the profits through patronage dividends. The organization is fully democratic in management, having initiative and recall and direct mandate in regard to policies or officers. A referendum or recall can be ordered by 25 per cent of the stockholders at any annual meeting.

The rapid growth of the Equity Co-Operative Exchange is proof that producers of live stock are fast learning to appreciate the value of co-operation in the selling of their products. However, much educational and promotional work is needed to teach farmers the benefits that are to be derived from co-operation and organization along that line.

Heretofore the farmers have been drilled and urged incessantly in better methods of production, with practically no effort made toward more efficient means of marketing what they produced. The wide margin that now exists between the buying price paid the producer and the selling price charged the consumer has awakened both classes to a realization of the big waste and inefficiency that exists in present marketing systems. To bring the consumer and the producer closer together has been the cry for a number of years, but it has only been in the last year or two that a nation-wide movement has been started toward this end.

It is the chief object of these co-operative marketing organizations to sell farm products at lower cost to consumers, and at the same time benefit the producers by paying them a higher price than they are now receiving for their products.

In the past two years farmers have lost heavily in not being able to get so much as the cost of production for their crops. What producers desire in the way of returns is the cost of production plus a reasonable profit.

That the Equity Co-Operative Exchange opens up trade channels that benefit the producer and consumer is shown by the loyal support of its 23,000 farmer-members and the recognition it has received from the American Farm Bureau Federation.

At a recent meeting of the Committee of 15 a report was adopted recommending farmer-owned co-operative commission companies on the terminal live stock markets. The report expresses the thought that existing producer-owned live stock commission companies are to form an integral part of a national marketing plan. With such assurance, little doubt remains that the Equity Co-Operative Exchange, the only co-operative live stock marketing agency on the Chicago and South St. Paul markets, and other existing real co-operative live stock commission companies on other markets will form the foundation on which to build a nation-wide farmer-owned marketing organization.

The Return of the Gladiators—A Meditation

The Second of the Series "Fighting the Devil in Modern Babylon"

By DR. JOHN R. STRATON

Pastor, Calvary Baptist Church, New York.

I ATTENDED the prize fight as the guest of one of the great newspaper syndicates to send out to its 600 papers a rebuke of the affair from the Christian standpoint, and to gather material for a sermon against it, in the fight that I have tried to wage against the devil in New York, modern Babylon. The event impressed me especially as an illustration of the fact that our moral progress seems completely to have stopped.

Victor Hugo once said, in his wonderfully eloquent way: "Progress is the stride of God." Through the inspiration of Christian ideals, we saw many magnificent strides forward in the moral progress of the race. Under the guidance of God, womanhood was freed, childhood was glorified, slavery was abolished, dueling was stopped, the Louisiana state lottery and other gambling were prohibited, and the bloody prize fight was outlawed in practically every American commonwealth.

But there were certain counter currents strongly operative which played on the inherent weakness of human nature, and these counter currents had begun to manifest themselves quite strongly even before the war. Then the war came along and knocked the props from beneath our moral idealism, and we shot down the broad way toward hell.

Every war, of necessity, is followed by a wave of immorality, for war is the supreme immorality. Naturally, therefore, the greatest war in the history of the race is now being followed by the widest wave of immorality that has ever swept the world. Only a silly and spurious optimism can deny the fact.

As a student of history, as well as an observer of contemporary thought and tendencies, I have been profoundly interested in watching the effect of this prize fight on the further development of our American life. We need to understand that such things as this prize fight do exert an enormous influence for the debauching of an entire people. Blood lust and the glorification of brute force feed on themselves, and if these tendencies, which are now triumphant in America, are allowed to continue unrebuked and unchecked, they will soon bring us back to the grossness of the Roman Empire at the time Christianity began to exert its beneficent influence.

The further these things go, the greater will be the tendency of the depraved taste of the easily moulded multitudes which follow after such things to demand something stiffer than a mere prize fight. Already, through the killings which have occurred, we are in sight of a return to an equivalent of the gladiatorial shows of Rome, in which human beings were murdered as a pastime for the multitudes.

Not only will our men be debauched, but our women also, as is clearly indicated by the attendance of more than 5,000 women at the recent fight. Our society belles of that coming day—the descendants of the "smart set" of today, who attended the Dempsey-Carpentier meet—shorn of all womanly delicacy and gentleness, will gloat with their male consorts in the fever of the blood lust, and they will turn down their jeweled thumbs as a sign that the defeated gladiators in the arena before them must die!

Such things as the return of the Roman Arena are not at all impossible for the near future in our country. Historians tell us that when the gladiatorial combats first started in Rome, they were comparatively mild affairs, with dummy weapons and two or three pairs of gladiators furnishing the entertainment for the day. But by the time of Julius Caesar much larger numbers were being used, and they were fighting to the finish. Then, when the republic, with its more humane ideals, passed, and the empire, with its glorification of brute force, supplanted it, the passion for the arena steadily increased, and the battles became bloodier and more fatal. We learn from Horace and Persius that in their day 100 pairs of gladiators were the "fashionable number" for private entertainments. By the time of Titus, shows were in vogue which lasted 100 days, and Trajan, we are told, celebrated his triumph over Decebalus with an entertainment in which 5,000 pairs of gladiators fought. They had regular pitched battles in the arena, in which scores of men on either side fought to the death.

So degraded did these public exhibitions become that Domitian, at the Saturnalia of A. D. 90, arranged a battle between male dwarfs and women, and all are familiar with the terrible injustice and degeneracy that led to the revolt of the gladiators under the heroic leadership of the Thracian Spartacus.

The passion for play as an end in itself, the love of luxury, the glorification of brute force, the decay of the family and home ideals, neglect of the church and desecration of the Sabbath day, crowned by such things as this bloody prize fight and the insane movement for huge armaments, will finally lead us into a moral quagmire within another generation in America, unless these things are definitely checked and overthrown by a revival of real religion and a return to the old American ideals.

One cannot fail to fear for the influences of this degrading affair which we are considering upon the youth of our country. Not only did I notice gambling among small boys before the fight; and not only did I hear an excessive amount of shocking profanity and obscene language before, during and after the fight, but, while one of the preliminary bouts was in progress—a brutal and bloody fight between two men—little girls, mere children, passed through the crowd taking up a collection for a Jersey City Hospital!

And the motion pictures of this fight have been sent throughout the nation and around the world, to parade Dempsey before the eyes of our youth as a great hero!

Think of the influence which will be exerted on the standards of success of the growing generation by the strongly emphasized fact, in connection with these pictures, that Dempsey received $300,000 for that one fight! Three hundred thousand dollars for less than a half hour's brutal work, while the President of the United States receives only about the same amount in return for four years of arduous and wearing labor!

I wish that my readers might consider calmly the significance of the presence of large numbers of church men and women at that ring side. It illustrates the fact that multitudes of church people have surrendered completely to worldliness and self-indulgent pleasure.

The culmination of this whole disgraceful tendency has been reached in the attendance of a multitude of church women at the Dempsey-Carpentier mill. They deserve the sternest and most scathing rebuke. Think of women, whose influence is world-wide because of their wealth and position—women who belong to the church and who come to the communion table—think of such women, I say, sitting at a ring side watching and applauding two men pounding and bruising each other and struggling in sweat and blood until one was beaten down by the cunning and the sheer weight of the other!

Have these women, and the church men also, who attended this prize fight, forgotten their spiritual heredity, as well as their Christian ideals in the living present? The early Christians were often in the arenas of paganism and heathenism, but always as victims and never as witnesses of the brutality and butchery that made such a popular holiday!

To sum it all up, the outstanding impression that this fight and everything connected with it made on my mind, as already hinted, was that the whole thing was a glorification of the principles of paganism, which are utterly alien to the Christian ideals and the origin and genius of our noble land. Paganism is the exaltation of the flesh above the spirit, the supremacy of matter over mind. It is the apotheosis of the soulless and the sensuous, and its growth means the supplanting of Christian ideals by idolatry, the worship of mammon, the glorification of brute power, and the passion for "pleasure."

There is no magic in America to preserve us from the results of the sins and follies that have wrecked other great peoples before us. As I see these deadly forces that have destroyed every people of the past who have surrendered to them—as I now see these forces of worldliness and godlessness and sin menacing this beautiful America of ours with all her matchless promise and all her meaning to the world, and as I see already our boys and girls being swept down to destruction by these forces, I feel like crying out with old Jeremiah: "Oh that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

Most humbly and yet most earnestly I appeal to the people for a return to the realities of religion and the splendid strength of old-time Americanism. I appeal for a return to the old fashion. I appeal against all those who violate the Ten Commandments and despise the Sermon on the Mount. I appeal for a return to the stern and splendid ideals of true Americanism. I appeal for those simple and yet sublime forces which made our fathers great and our mothers good, which put service above self, manhood above money and God above gold—the forces which made duty instead of pleasure the real motive of life, which repudiated the Epicurean maxim, "Dum vivimus, vivamus," which, instead of the easy-going "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," said rather, "Arise and stand upon your feet, gird on your armor, strive for the eternal right, and follow those sublime and heavenly ideals which constitute at last the true life of man!"



Mount Tacoma from Spanaway Lake near Tacoma.

Outlaws of the Animal Kingdom

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

SWIFT, lustful, relentless, are the outlaws of the animal kingdom, enemies of both man and beast, feared, hated—oftentimes with a price on their heads, as when an East Indian community offers a reward for the death of a man-killing tiger—or a Northern Michigan township sets a bounty for the destruction of timber wolves.

All animals, even the house dog and cat, are creatures of prey, but few animals are deliberate killers who attack for the sake of killing. When the ordinary creature of the forest kills it is because of hunger, while many of the greatest beasts do not kill for food, but get their nourishment by grazing along the grassy glades of the jungle. The deliberate man-killers are very few, most animals being afraid of man, escaping whenever possible. When cornered, however, nature has endowed the beasts with powerful weapons of defense, and a great intelligence as to how to use them.

And the killers are not limited to any division of the animal kingdom, the birds and the fishes both having members of the family that are destroyers.

There is the condor, for instance, a bird of prey belonging to the vulture family that makes its home on the mountain tops. The largest condors are found in the Andes of South America, but there are condors in the mountains of California—though not so huge as the South American birds. These birds probably have the keenest eyesight of all, and soaring 15,000 or 16,000 feet in the air they can discern an object of prey — and swoop mercilessly down. Condors have been frequently known to attack a horse, a cow, and all the smaller domestic animals, and while they gorge themselves, no bird could eat so much as the condor kills. They rarely attack a man—though several instances of such an attack have been recorded. The condor's chief fighting weapons are the tremendous talons with which they tear—the hooked beak, and the beating wings, which can deliver sledge-like blows. A full-grown condor will have a spread of wings measuring 10 or 12 feet—and their power can be imagined.

To a certain extent our great American eagles are killers, and so are the great hawks that will raid the unprotected chicken yard, and kill more than they can eat.

The wild elephant, when hunted and enraged, is, of course, a dangerous animal, but the elephant cannot be called a killer, for they are by nature a rather docile beast—easily tamed, and through certain sections of the Orient they are used as beasts of burden. The jungle lion is different. This greatest member of the cat family often kills for the joy of killing, lying in wait for the passing of an unsuspecting prey—a swift pounce, a savage, fear-rending roar, the lashing of a tufted tail—and the killing is done. In Africa, where this master of the jungle is very numerous, the government reports that in the past few years the number of lions has grown so that now they have again become a serious menace to the outlying farms and cattle ranches. Before the great war huntsmen from all over the world went to Africa, and all tried to kill at least one lion. The war stopped this hunting, and the lions have grown so bold that they raid the grazing fields of cattle.

Far more blood-thirsty than the lion, however, is the tiger, the striped death of the jungle, as the natives often call the beast. So lustful is the tiger, so feared, that among the natives of many Indian communities the animal is worshiped as a diety, and prayers are offered, imploring the tiger to keep away from the villages. These prayers, however, do not in any way hinder the hunting of the tiger, and the man who kills one is a local hero. More than one white man has owed his supremacy in a native community to his ability as a tiger hunter, and there is probably more superstition connected with the East Indian tiger than any other beast. Certainly the tiger has been the central character of hundreds of stories, and novels.

A full-grown tiger will often measure more than nine feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. Although a tropical animal, heat enrages the tiger, so that they make their homes in a well-watered country where there is plenty of food—deer, wild pigs, monkeys, and other small animals. The man-eating tigers are generally females.



Top, left Barbary Lion. Top, right—The tiger is probably the fiercest killer of all. Center, left—Fossa—one of the fiercest killers, found only on the island of Madagascar. Center, right—California condor or California vulture. Bottom—The killer whale, a giant porpoise that will attack any other fish or whale.

The wolf is perhaps the most common killer found in the United States, the long legs, lank body, bushy tail, and upright ears being a familiar forest sight in most of our northern states, where there are great unpopulated tracts.

A common killer, well known throughout the northern portion of the United States is the weasel. No poultry yard situated away from a town is apt to be safe from it.

An interesting tropical cousin of the weasel is the fossa. The fossa is found on the island of Madagascar, and in appearance is not a great deal unlike our American martens. Fully grown, the fossa measures close to five feet, two feet of this length being taken up by the tail. It is one of the fiercest, most destructive animals known.

Among the fishes, the shark has always been dreaded as a man-killer, and like the tiger, this creature of prey takes a yearly toll from the natives of the tropical islands. Sharks have been known to come as far north as the New England coast, and have entered the mouths of rivers to attack bathers. They prey on smaller fish for food, and for the sake of killing.

Far more of a sea tiger, however, is the giant porpoise that is commonly known as the killer whale. This killer is found in temperate and cold seas—as the Japan Sea, for instance, and is as swift as it is fierce, attacking anything that comes its way. The killer whale has been known to force open the jaws of the grey whale, and tear out its tongue. It attacks and kills seals and sea lions and has been known to try to break up, or overturn an ice floe, in an attempt to throw the young seals into the water. It will even attack the great sulphur bottom whales, and many of them caught show marks of mutilation, where the killer whale has bitten at their huge fins. Grey whales are much afraid of the killer, and more than one of them has gone around on the beach while hurrying from a persuing killer whale.

This giant porpoise, or killer whale, is about 12 or 14 feet in length, very swift in action, and peculiarly marked, almost as if it had been painted. The jaw is rather more pointed than the average whale, and the teeth are its cruel mode of destroying.

Of all the killers of the animal kingdom, however, the most feared, and perhaps the most deadly to mankind, is the snake family. Ever since the dawn of the human race the snake has been the symbol of fear and hatred. The ancient people worshiped the snake as a god of evil, and all through history the snake has typified evil. Christianity knows the snake as the enemy of mankind, as typified, for instance, in the story of Adam and Eve, and the apple. And the Old Testament curse, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head has come down through the ages. Certainly, there are few men and women who will not kill even inoffensive snakes.

The snakes that are dangerous to man are not limited to any portion of the globe, though the larger, and more deadly poisonous members of the family are found in tropical countries. The cobra is perhaps the most deadly snake, and the boa constrictor is equally savage, but their modes of attack differ. The cobra poisons with its fangs, while the boa constrictor swiftly coils its huge and powerful body about its victim, and crushes out life. Pythons are another member of the killer family that is not uncommon to the tropical jungle.

In our own country, and very generally found, are the poisonous adders, the rattlesnake that is found from north to south, the copperhead, and the water moccasin. The rattlesnake is probably the most common of all these, but fortunately the rattle gives warning of the reptile's presence. Copperheads, however, lurk in the rocks and strike without warning. All snakes, however, will do their best to escape. And, contrary to general belief, the bite of a rattler or one of the other poisonous snakes of the United States need not prove fatal.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Red snow is an added attraction to the wonders of Rocky Mountain Park in Colorado. Countless billions of tiny organisms that reproduce in the cold environment are responsible, according to government experts. The coloration is more intensive a quarter of an inch below the surface and streaks often red as blood have a sweetish taste. Scientists believe that the spores may have been brought down from the Arctic by the Chinook winds.

Canadian hemp, grown in the western provinces, has been successfully manufactured into practically anything from the coarsest rope to the finest linen. The hemp tested was grown at the Manitoba Agricultural College and it had laid under the snow all winter.

College courses on transportation are suggested by a prominent railroad operating official, who believes that the colleges might well turn their attention to the development of courses in railroading, treating it as a scientific study compared to medicine, engineering and law.

Diamond mine owners in the interior of Congo are planning airplane service 500 miles distant to reach a point which by existing water transport requires a month.

Honey bees guarding their honey, which a wind had scattered from a hollow tree across a road near Lexington, Kentucky, refused to abandon their property, and hovered in great numbers over the scene. All traffic was detoured until the honey was cleaned up by the bees.

Tarring and feathering were made legal penalties by Richard I, who ordained that "a robber who shall be convicted of theft shall have his head cropped and boiling pitch shall be poured thereon, and the feathers of a pillow shall be shaken out on him, so that he may be known, and at the first land at which the ship shall touch he shall be set on shore."

Steam shovels will begin demolishing the Cahokia Mounds near East St. Louis soon unless the state or some historical society purchases them. These relics are the last evidence of prehistoric Indian culture of the United States. There are 64 in number, the largest covering 16 acres.

A wireless-controlled automobile made several successful trips in tests at McCook Field.

Carusos lungs were so powerful that when a concert grand piano was pressed against his chest he moved it several inches by the expansion of his lungs.

The spreading of culture through the medium of personal contact rather than classroom work is the latest venture in education. The University of Michigan has obtained the services of a prominent poet to perform this service. If the experiment succeeds it will be repeated next year, a painter or sculptor being chosen.

Prohibition Creek is the name given to a tributary of the Mackenzie River by oil prospectors because it goes dry at its mouth on July 1 or thereabouts each year.

Kindling a fire by plunging a stick into water was the unusual experience of members of the National Geographic Society in Katmai National Monument, Alaska. Natural steam issuing from a vent in the earth's surface had a temperature of 645 degrees centigrade. A stick thrust into this steam burst into flame immediately.

No food will be taken by Stefansson on his rush to the South Pole.

Jumping into a partly filled silo instead of using a ladder caused the death of a farmer living in Nebraska. He was overcome by gas and died before rescuers arrived.

Chamiza sage brush may be used successfully as cattle feed, according to the announcement of the New Mexico Agricultural College. This is of great importance to ranchers of the Southwest as it has been found that cattle will live in drouth periods when fed only on the plant. It is found in the foothills but will be transplanted to the plains districts. It is not fattening but stock will survive if they eat nothing but chamiza which is hardy.

Carrier pigeons will be used for disseminating news of the convention of the United Mine Workers of America in Indianapolis, September 20. In this manner miners in the fields will be informed of the convention proceedings.

Snapshots of Mars, as if the planet were but a mile and a half away, are promised in 1924 by an American scientist, collaborating with a prominent American astronomer. Professor Todd, astronomer, has found a mine shaft at Chanaral, Chile, the shaft of which will be used as the barrel of the telescope. Mars will be at its zenith over this shaft several times in 1924.

More garages than dwellings were built during 1920 in the United States.

The intelligence of a setter dog saved a French alpinist from certain death when he fell over a precipice, breaking his legs. Unable to move he wrote a message to his wife and fastened it to the dog's collar. The dog rushed home and six hours later help arrived, the dog leading the way.

"Court convenes at 9:30." This sign, conspicuously posted on several streets leading into Quincy, Massachusetts, is the police chief's warning to motorists of the danger of fast driving.

Welding cables on bridges three hundred feet above the ground is the work of a Jersey City woman. She is the mother of two children and earns $30 a day at her work.

July, 1921, was the dryest July experienced in England for more than 100 years.

Chloroform sprayed from atomizers is the latest development in chicken stealing. Chicken thieves near Chicago spray the interior of the chicken coops with the anesthetic and then enter and collect the dazed fowls. By this means they are able to operate on a large scale undisturbed.

Corn that grew in Tennessee possibly before Joseph put away his seven years' supply in Egypt, was unearthed recently by the Bureau of American Ethnology in Davidson County. The corn was found in stone slab graves and is the same type of Indian corn that occurs in the West Indies which leads the scientists to believe there was a very early communication between the West Indies and North America.

The richest phosphate fields in the world are owned by the United States. A new process of mining and manufacturing drives off the phosphoric acid where it is concentrated, saving millions of tons of phosphates which were previously wasted.

Alligators are protected by Louisiana.

The daughter of Charles Dickens placed in the British Museum documents with the instruction that they were not to be opened until 1925. Lord Haig has filed comments in the museum labeled, "Not to be opened before 1940."

Living in a copper horse is one way three Germans of Coblenz solved their housing problem until the city authorities caught them at it. They gained entrance to the inside of the giant figure of a horse bearing the statue of William I, by discovering a loose copper plate on one side. They had installed a bed and laid in a supply of choice wines and provisions.

Gondolas for the Thames is the plan of a London builder, who is making a fleet from real Venetian models.

Auto tubes dropped from an airplane saved the lives of three young women who were struggling in the surf at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire. Life guards were beaten back in their efforts to reach the bathers when the aviator and his mechanic flew over them and dropped the inflated tubes within reach. They clung to the tubes until the guards reached them.

Old army forts of no historic value are to be sold by the War Department.

Hot water gushed from a well driven near Sebring, Florida, and is coming to the surface at the rate of 40 gallons a minute. The flow has maintained an even temperature of 130 degrees and shows no signs of abating. This is the second hot water well brought in in Florida, one having been drilled at Pensacola about 20 years ago. The first well ceased to flow when the drill broke through rock and diverted the water into a subterranean lake.

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Why Does Johnny Quit School?

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Improved Highways Play Big Part in Our Activities

Why Does Johnny Quit School at Tender Age?

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

JOHN JONES, JR., 15 years old, had somehow slipped by the doorkeeper and the eagle and argus-eyed secretaries into the private office of the president of the great railroad company.

It was springtime and the president, instead of being buried deeply in cost sheets, traffic problems, reports of vice presidents and efficiency experts, had his feet on the polished table about which the solemn-visaged board of directors met, and was dozing while the balmy spring zephyrs played with his iron gray locks.

Johnny Jones, Jr., opened his mouth and started to speak, but hesitated. A smile crept from the corners of his mouth to his ears, and radiated to his eyes.

He looked steadily at the colossus of industry, then on tiptoe looked toward the door. But the genius who made nearly double the salary of the President of the United States suddenly awakened and rubbing his eyes caught sight of the intruder. Instantly his face assumed its stern and businesslike aspect. "Well!" he exclaimed, in metallic-like tones and with a decidedly rising inflection.

Johnny Jones, Jr., wiggled. His grin disappeared like a shadow in the sun as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and his hands in and out of his trouser pockets.

"Please, I would like to go to work in the shops," he managed to say.

"Finished school?" asked the president in a staccato-like voice.

"Nope! Don't want to go any more, it ain't no good, don't learn anything there."

The big man turned about and for the first time looked his chance caller over carefully. He was about to speak in fatherly tones several times, but somehow he couldn't begin. It may have been the weather, and wisps of memory that flitted through his mind. Somehow he had heard words like that before—or others had heard them from his own lips. And because he was a really great man and greatly interested in young America he forgot his dignity, and calling Johnny Jones, Jr., over beside him, enjoyed a pleasant little visit with him. He tried to find out why school wasn't all right; why Johnny didn't like it; what Johnny did want to do, and concluded by giving Johnny a note to the foreman of one of the shops requesting that his informal caller be allowed to act as helper after school hours. This was on the condition, he solemnly emphasized, that "you go to school faithfully. When you get out you can come over and learn and watch how to run the machines, and perhaps some day the engines."

Johnny Jones, Jr., never knew just how he got out of that room, and he didn't notice the startled look of the private secretary as he went by her. It was just as well, for he wouldn't have understood. Anyway, he had decided that he could stand school—he could endure it some way for the chance to work around the machines out there in the shops.

But back in the velvet-carpeted sanctum the president of the great railroad company was having a vision. He was seeing things and dreaming dreams. His vision was of an elementary schoolroom. It was not by choice the vision of the schoolroom of his youth either—the formal rows of seats, the bare ugly walls and windows, and a lot of languid youngsters droning over abstractions under the guidance of an antiquated "acidulous vestal." As it all came back to him he shook his head to rid himself of it. Then the vision gave place to a dream of a schoolroom that was more like a corner of a foundry, or a sewing room, or a brick yard, or blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, aquarium, herbarium, library or some practical place—the window of which opened on to the school garden. And the teacher—well, some one who could DO things.

To dream was to do, so he worked out his dream in a very practical manner. He made it possible for youngsters to supplement their school work by additional practical study, learning to do things that they liked, using their hands, arms and leg muscles.

"For," said the president, "in these days of repeating rifles and automatics, Yale sent me and my classmates out into the strife equipped with shields and swords and javelins."

It wasn't the fault of the great university that this man became an authority in his line, for the studies in school and college were practically useless as far as fitting him specifically for his life work. So in his realized dream he tried to make it possible to inculcate habits of industry and thinking and practice together with tools and tinkering and doing things, for which, God be thanked, is in every boy and girl. There is that wonderful curiosity about the world that is a vision more compelling than the wonders of Aladdin's lamp.

The Santa Fe Railroad has realized on this dream. It conducts more than a score of such schools in different places along its lines, and reports an attendance of more than 500 boys. The headquarters are at Topeka, Kansas, where the largest school is conducted and where the schedules for all are made out. The sessions continue throughout the year and offer from two to four hours a week on the part of each boy, and with no home work. Mechanical drawing, business letter writing, arithmetic, spelling, mechanics and physics and an outline of civics are taught along with the shop practice.

It is indisputable that the thing we need most in America right now is efficiency, and it is the very thing that is hardest to obtain. If we do obtain it, it is generally at too great a cost. The corporation chiefs confirm this. Now, three-fourths of the matter of efficiency is training, and what is training but practical education.

In the professions this is realized. There are highly efficient schools of medicines, surgery, art, architecture, military and naval science and engineering. These schools have given us wonderfully capable men in these lines. Then why not promote efficiency along other lines as well—in our farmers, our artisans, our foremen, designers, salesmen, builders and workers generally. And by all means let us have efficiency in our municipal administration.

Think of this: Every city in the land is fighting for this thing and cannot get it. Hundreds and thousands of dollars spent for it at every election. We have not yet a single place where municipal administration is taught. Some day we shall train municipal officials and the result will be worth notice.



Any boy who can rig up out of scraps such an "airplane" has ability that should be developed during his formative years.

Is it any wonder that boys and girls, too, often become restless as they reach the ages of life where they begin to want to do things? When their fingers itch for a saw and a hammer, and kites, toboggans, railways, do-dads, and thing-a-bobs are more important than the bounding of Afghanistan.

It was President Eliot who said recently: "Multitudes of American children take no interest in their school work, for they see no connection between their studies and the means of later earning a good livelihood. They drop out of school of their own accord or the parents permit them to go to work, or, if required to attend, they acquire a listless way of working and thinking because of their lack of interest in their studies."

Recent statistics show that the educational mortality is very high. Even in cities of 25,000 population and more, where the best educational centers are located, approximately half the children are scholastically dead at the end of the seventh grade. A third of them enter high school and about one-twentieth graduate. To make it more specific still, ten per cent leave school at 13, forty per cent at 14, seventy per cent at 15, and eighty-five per cent at 16 years of age. You see Johnny Jones, Jr., was going with the majority rather than as an awful exception.

By a public school system that is inadequate as an industrial force, that does not reach nor hold the children it is provided to instruct, we attempt to mold our nation in advanced lines, and noting the results about us we grumble because we have discontented citizens, labor troubles, and general misfits from clerks to executives, from clergymen to street sweepers.

The truth is that the material and method of our instruction are still predominately the product of a philosophy and an economic system that are both out of date. This repels all pupils whose aptitudes and interests differ from those of the orthodox schoolroom, and repels them in increasing numbers as they grow in consciousness of their powers and likings.

The great need is for vocational and industrial training, trade and commercial studies during the critical periods of the lives of boys and girls—the teen ages. Children are then too young for shop apprenticeship, they find little to hold them in the grammar grades or the academic high school. They stop school if at all possible and drift into unemployment or unskilled occupation, or into crime. There is a great need of trade schools connected with the regular state school where diversified outlets into the world would be possible. Such a system of education would command co-operation of parents and employers, and more, it would greatly interest and hold the children themselves.

What Johnny, Jr., and most of his pals need is a school after the order of the Boston Pre-vocational School, now operating in at least three of the school centers of the city. This training is available for children 12 to 14 years of age, who, in the opinions of the parents and teachers, will receive greater benefits therefrom than from continuing in the ordinary school. The time spent in the school ranges from a quarter to a half of the daily school period, and the child is put to work at once on some of the elementary mechanical arts. Every article made is useful, and is designed to serve some purpose in the schools.

There is many a parent of another Johnny Jones, who is driving his boy through the ordinary school, but who, as a matter of fact, is driving him into vagrancy, will find an outlet for the son's best native energies in this sort of school. Every town and city should have such a place.

There are in other parts of the nation thoroughly modern schools that offer wholesome alternation of book work and hand work in the daily program. The industrial reform schools have realized this ideal more quickly than have the day schools. In such places every facility is offered for indulging daily the fundamental juvenile instinct for play, study, manual industry, recreation and sociability.

Then, in spite of the fact that the inmates of these schools are taken up as little miscreants and are usually lacking a close parental sympathy, they are making a surprisingly good showing in the world at large, after finishing their course of training and discipline.

Alice and Hazel like to "play house," rock their dollies, set the tables and sweep and all these other things. Do we encourage them by teaching them how to do these things better? Do we develop their love of domestic science from their first love of it until they are more mature? We do not. We teach them calculus, or geometry, or advanced chemistry, or demand that they write an essay on whether Chaucer or Shakespeare or Captain Cook or William Hohenzollern is the greatest puryevor of facts and fancies, if not, why not, and so on, *ad libitum*.

But thanks to agitation, many schools really teach and train for scientific housekeeping and home-making in spite of the fact that the advocates of the one-room red schoolhouse down the lane said that such things were God-given and should not be tampered with; but nevertheless go to school and learn how to read Dante in the original, for in some way the knowledge would come, whether the beans should be boiled for three minutes or the soup warmed in the skillet.

Now George and Harry come to school with fingers that itch for the feel of a screw driver and pliers and machine hammers, and wires and motors. Do we help them to develop that itch into action? We tell them there is plenty of time for that after they have gone through school and college and learned to parse and diagram, and can tell the reason why the Shah of Persia and the president of Liberia are not the political leaders of their parties.

Yet, strange to say, there are some of these things that we recognize as worth while. Ability in drawing, painting, and speaking is quickly accorded recognition, but the work of carpenters, farmers and artisans is not considered worthy of emphasis during the "sacred" hours of the schoolroom.

The ideal of education is definite today. It is to see that every man and every woman in every walk of life is a true civic unit engaged in useful work, having power as an individual and insight as a citizen. Such are the duties of our educational system.

When we reach that ideal then the Johnnies and the Willies will not be quitting school for a chance to work with the tools of the shops, for they will have these tools to work with as part of their regular education. Our future Edisons will not have to beg and borrow and scheme for legitimate ways of providing themselves with the rudiments of the sciences that they want for progressive inventions; they will be a fundamental part of their early education. Thus they will be able to go further and longer up the road of achievement.

We must take the great majority of boys out of the class of the "I never had a chance," "I missed my calling," "I was not given a square deal," "I have never found my place," such as is declared and reiterated by that great mass that is the supple tool of the "red" agitators.

And, furthermore, the placing of the blame on some one else is, in a greatly increasing manner, right. It IS some one else's fault rather than the victim himself that his life has proved a failure. He was trained wrongly, advised wrongly, directed wrongly, or in all of these ways mistreated by those around him who were responsible for his well-being and were mature enough to have known better than to let his life go to waste. It may have been fair enough under old-fashioned conditions for us to contend that every boy "will find a way or make one," but such is not the case in this day of high specialization. Our motto should be that every common boy must be helped to find his true place in the world and to make it a success.













Top, left—The schools are just beginning to recognize a child's ability to draw, paint and color. If there is real ability it should not be lost in the shuffle of reading, writing and 'rithmetic later on. Top, right—Many a husky lad loves the farm, and many another would find real enjoyment and prosperity there if his teacher could teach him the principles of farm management that would assure his success in the world's oldest industry. These lads are having the time of their lives playing nursemaid to this young porker. Center, left—There is something a little bit more human to a lad who has tried to work a saw and a plane and has succeeded in cutting a board straight, than to the Percies who can read Dante in the original. Center, right—This little girl shows a real love for molding in clay. Without any training she delights her parents and older people with her ability to catch the expressions and attitudes of the people she sees. Our present system of schools will soon eliminate this natural ability, for there is no place for its expression. She will become another machine-made educational product. Bottom, left—Even girls like to tinker. There are now places open in the industrial world for female mechanics. The specialized world in which we live offers a place for skilled workers of both sexes. Bottom, right—Johnny likes to make things. There is real fun in learning how to use the saw and hammer and nails. Vocational schools take this liking and make valuable craftsmen from it.

How the Human Body Fights Germs

By G. H. HEALD, M. D.

FOR the ordinary observer—which means about all of us—it is hard to realize that around the body and within the body there is being waged a relentless and endless guerilla warfare. It is a warfare between the body tissues and certain organisms which live a parasitic existence—that is, they live at the expense of the being which they infest. These parasitic marauders vary in size from worms several inches in length to minute organisms much smaller than the point of the finest needle. Some of these minute organisms are animal, some are vegetable. Naturally, these organisms must find in the body conditions favorable to their growth and multiplication, else they would not survive. They find moisture, food, and a proper temperature, so that if they gain an entrance into the body or into the tubes lined with mucous membrance (the air and food passages, and so on), they may multiply and cause trouble.

The greater number of infections takes place because the germs gain an entrance into some of the passages of the body, particularly the food and air passages, where they find ideal conditions for rapid multiplication.

How They Enter System

With food and drink, and on eating and drinking utensils, and on the other articles which are sometimes put into the mouth—fingers, coins, pipe stems, cigar holders, and a host of others—germs are taken into the mouth; many of them harmless, some perhaps dangerous. And with every breath particles of dust and germs are inhaled, some of which are not harmless. It is true that we have certain more or less efficient defenses against these intruders; the hydrochloric acid in the stomach and the little epithelial cells in the air passages which are arranged as brooms to sweep out germs and other foreign bodies. Moreover, the healthy secretions of the nose are more or less antagonistic to germ growth.

The tonsils in health, and the little lymphatic "glands" or nodes in the neck seem to have the function of destroying many germs that are brought to them. They act as sentinels to the body. When, for any reason, the tonsils and lymph glands are diseased, they no longer form an adequate protection against the inroads of germs.

Not only may the tonsils cease to act as sentinels, but they may actually become badly infected themselves and form a center from which the germs are spread to set up infection elsewhere. Thus after an attack of tonsillitis one may have an attack of articular rheumatism, one joint being affected after another—for the germs are floating around in the blood current—and likely as not they will attack and damage the valves of the heart. In children an attack of tonsillitis may also be followed by an attack of chorea, or "St. Vitus' Dance," another rheumatic disorder. Thus the tonsils, which should be sentinels to protect the body, have in these instances surrendered to the enemy and have been used by the enemy as a sort of headquarters from which to carry on the warfare against the body.

The body has many defenses, in addition to those at the surface—many means of protecting itself against its environment. Were it not so, it would not long survive. When one recovers from any infectious disease it is not because he was cured by some medicine, but because the body defenses have thrown off the invaders.

Right Living a Good Weapon

Most interesting among the body defenses are the white blood cells, which under certain circumstances swallow the germs and digest them. These white cells are efficient or inefficient, according to the general tone of the body.

One who, by the observance of hygienic measures, keeps his bodily condition at par, is much more likely to overcome an invasion of germs than one who, by careless living, or through ignorance, has allowed his physical condition to drop below par.

Besides the white cells there are other body defenses. There is some germicidal principle in the serum, or liquid part of the blood. Moreover the body, when threatened with a germ invasion, may react by forming specific antibodies, designed to antagonize the particular germs, or their poisons, for which the antibody is formed.

In view of the fact that the body is often too slow in forming these antibodies, we sometimes increase artificially the body defenses. For instance, a horse is given minute doses of diphtheria poison, sets up a reaction and develops some antibodies. Then it is given a larger dose and a larger, at intervals of a few days thus increasing the dosage for months, until its blood is rich in diphtheria antibodies or antitoxin. Some of the blood is drawn off, clotted, and the liquid part put up in sealed sterile packages and used as a preventive or treatment of diphtheria. A small injection of the horse serum into the body of the child wards off or cures an attack of diphtheria. In like manner, serum is prepared to antagonize the tetanus or lockjaw poison.

Again, instead of manufacturing the antibodies in the body of a horse, we make the person manufacture his own antibodies. To render a person immune to typhoid fever, for instance, increasing doses of killed typhoid germs are injected into his body, for three times. The body in defense creates typhoid antibodies; and should the person by accident get contaminated water or food, he is comparatively immune to typhoid infection.

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 49, October 1, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Troops in West Virginia

THERE can be no doubt that the President did right in ordering Federal troops to West Virginia on the request of the governor. Two mobs were facing each other, undisciplined, without rational leadership nor a fixed purpose and animated by mutual hatred and moonshine whisky. The situation was one beyond the power of the local and state authorities to control; civil war was imminent. This was recognized even by the officials of the miners' unions, usually so fiercely opposed to any use of the military in strikes. The invasion, indeed, may well be assumed to have been resorted to by the President only as a disagreeable last resort.

Happily, the troops seem to have arrived in time to prevent the situation from developing into a bloody conflict warranting the correspondents' use of such terms as "sectors" and "salients." The incident has afforded welcome proof that regular army officers and regular soldiers may be counted on to hold themselves immune from the hysteria that sweeps mobs on to acts of wild violence and destruction. They have given themselves calmly to their task of averting bloodshed and restoring order.

But the whole matter of conditions in the soft coal regions of West Virginia cannot rest with the present military "demonstration." These conditions plainly call for a congressional investigation.

It is not too much to say that the good name of America and the vitality and stability of democratic institutions are at stake. In his recent speech before the War College, President Harding said:

"We ought not to have a conflict like that which is going on in West Virginia. It is due to lack of understanding."

Right-minded men and women the country over, regardless of party, must agree with the President in this view. When the first Federal soldier set foot in the soft coal region, West Virginia's problem became the nation's problem—one about which the people are entitled to be fully informed. The explanations that have usually satisfied public opinion regarding similar instances of disorder will not satisfy public opinion now. It will not do to declare vaguely that the trouble makers are "ignorant foreigners under radical leadership," or avowed Bolshevists with a plan to overthrow the government. The miners of West Virginia are for the most part native Americans of native parentage. They are fairly intelligent men with long traditions of loyalty and patriotism behind them. Such men do not lightly abandon work and arm themselves in resistance to recognized authority.

"Lack of understanding," President Harding says, is at the bottom of all the trouble. It is at the bottom of most troubles between employers and employes, as between individuals and nations. It is something then, which can be cleared up and should be cleared up by turning on the light. This in the interests not merely of the immediate parties to the quarrel, but, what is more, of that genuine Americanism which is synonymous with justice and fair play.

Tax Simplification

SENATOR SMOOT is earning a reputation as the Great American Tax Simplifier. The very multiplicity of the imposts under the present internal revenue law makes it irritating and onerous. To the average American, there is something decidedly savoring of governmental inquisitiveness and interference in the compulsion to pay a tax to the Federal Government every time he buys a drink at a soda water fountain, or a railroad ticket, or admission to a theater or a movie show.

There are some 30 of these annoying taxes in force just now, and it is practically understood in Congress that some of them must go. Senator Smoot goes further and proposes that they shall all be repealed and that the revenues of the national government be raised by six new taxes to the exclusion of all others. He estimates that all the revenue needed would be realized from a tax on incomes, the maximum of which is not to exceed 32 per cent; a 10 per cent tax on the net profits of corporations, a tax on tobacco, an inheritance tax, a three per cent tax on manufacturers' sales, and a tax on imports.

Although the principle of Senator Smoot's sales-tax has been indorsed by the United States Chamber of Commerce after a referendum to its members, its practicability is exceedingly controversial. In many cases, it is not easy to decide who are manufacturers and who are not. Several independent manufacturers contribute to the completed product in numerous instances. If each pays the tax, we have double, and so unjust, taxation. If the last man in the series pays the whole tax, all who went before are enabled to shift their burden to his shoulders.

Both in its assessment and in its collection the tax on bank clearings already discussed in these columns appears to offer many advantages over Senator Smoot's six taxes. And if he is really going in for simplicity, why does he not bring forward the sweet simplicity of the undodgable and entirely equitable single tax on land values?

Who Pulls the Strings?

ANTITHESIS is the soul of humor. That play and counterplay of forces which so largely focus the attention of the philosopher and the scientist make possible those vivid contrasts of situation in comedy that appeal to the risibles.

Just now we have interesting, if not amusing, illustration of the counterbalancing of opposites in the business situation in these United States. About a year ago, the Federal Reserve System decided that "to save the country," contraction of credits and deflation of currency were in order. At the eleventh hour, after leading manufacturers had already adopted measures to move stocks by price cuts, and so to lower prices gradually, this action of the controllers of our credits and currency helped to bring things down with a rush.

As one result, there was no money in the country banks to move crops, although there was plenty of money in the New York banks for speculative call loans. So speedy was the deflation that the growers of cotton and corn and wheat and wool, in the West and Southwest, found these things—the only things they had with which to pay their debts and buy the things the manufacturers produced to keep their families and their farms going—had shrunk something like five billion dollars in value. The farmers of America were precisely in the position of men robbed of these five billions by an invading army making forced levies. As far as their own ability to purchase what they needed goes, they might have suffered the loss of one-half of their ten billion dollars' worth of corn and cotton and wheat and wool by fire or flood. Yet government agencies took this immense sum out of the farmers' pockets without enriching the government Treasury by a penny.

With a decrease of five billions in the people's purchasing power, there was naturally a shutting down of factories and the throwing of millions of workers into compulsory idleness. Export trade, as well as domestic, suffered. So to make up for the deficiencies of the Federal Reserve Board in "helping business," the War Finance Corporation was revived and Eugene Meyer, Jr., was placed at its head.

Mr. Meyer tells us that his corporation, in the last 60 days, has directly arranged, through the extension of credits to southern cotton growing associations, banks and other business institutions, for financing the export of approximately one million bales of cotton, or one-eighth of the surplus now on hand, compared with a normal surplus of 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 bales.

And to this action of Mr. Meyer's corporation he attributes "the steady advance in the price of cotton, adding hundreds of millions to the wealth of the South and relieving a situation bordering on bankruptcy."

Of course, Mr. Meyer's "financial genius" has not really "added billions" nor added one cent to the actual wealth of the South. Neither did Mr. Warburg's Federal Reserve Board deduct a penny from that actual wealth. Yet we tolerate a system by which "values" are put up and down, to the impoverishment of the people and the utter demoralization of the nation's industries!

How we used to laugh at the quaint quips and rejoinders between the "end men" of the old minstrel troupe, as called out by the sober "interlocutor" in the middle. We can almost hear the touching trilogue:

"Brudder Bones, you spoke that little piece real pretty. Now Brudder Tambo, it's your turn. What can you say to entertain us?"

People Are Good

THIS is a pretty good old world after all! Every little while newspaper readers experience a saddening of heart in perusing reports of happenings calculated to depress and suggesting that we are going to the "demnition bow-wows," as Major Joey Bagstaff put it. Selfishness and self-indulgence, eventuating in the sort of thing we libel the lower animals by characterizing as "brutal," makes a dent in our faith in human nature. There is certainly much in the day's doings of these post-war days to feed the tendency to cynicism and pessimism.

All the more, we should be quick to recognize events, few and far between though they may be, which kindle hope anew and cause us to feel that at heart, the world is full of kindness, of love and of beauty: that, in truth, man was made "a little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor."

Of such cheering significance is the story of how Mrs. Frank O'Connor and her nine children have been established in a comfortable home by New Orleans people who have shown themselves true neighbors. Only a few months ago, the husband, father and bread-winner of the family was killed by a fall. Mother and little ones struggled along bravely for weeks. But the struggle became too much for them, and they were on the verge of being evicted for non-payment of rent, when a local paper made their plight known to the public and appealed for help in their behalf.

The response was immediate and adequate. What is more, it took a form that means much more of kind-heartedness than would mere money doles. The home into which the O'Connor family moved the other day was constructed by union workers who labored without pay, out of materials donated by builders' supply men, on a lot purchased out of a purse made up by real estate dealers; and it was furnished without charge by furniture dealers who vied with each other in making their offerings. It is a thing of this sort that brings realization of the blessing that blesses givers not less than receivers. And it will doubtless prove an example of far-reaching influence.

"How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Help for Philippines

ON THE urgent suggestion of General Leonard Wood and former Governor General Forbes, indorsed by Secretary Weeks, Congress has wisely decided to come to the aid of the Philippines in a serious financial emergency by passing the bill authorizing the insular government to increase the limit of indebtedness from $15,000,000 to $30,000,000.

One of the early results of the work of the special commission appointed by President Harding to visit the Philippines and investigate actual conditions, with reference to the early fulfillment of our pledges to pull down the American flag there and allow the islanders to set up an independent national government, seems to be a sober re-examination of the problem on all sides. Undoubted champions of Philippine independence now suggest that it may be wise to go slow. This quite as much and as sincerely in the interest of the Filipinos themselves as in that of the United States.

The consideration for national aspirations shown by the Wood-Forbes mission, of which the seconding of the request for an extension of the Filipinos' borrowing power is an example, seems to have strengthened the feeling of trust in American good faith.

Americans in the mass have a very proper regard for the aspirations of small peoples to nationhood. One of the shibboleths of the Great War was that the sword of justice was taken up to protect the rights of small nations. "Self-determination" has been one of the most fertile of the assertions of rights in Wilson's famous "fourteen points." Now it is being asked if political independence is really a wise desideratum in every case and under any and all circumstances.

May it not be worth inquiring if the system which unites such diverse and separated populations as those of Virginia and California, Maine and Texas, while recognizing their essential autonomy, may not also prove elastic and adequate enough to include Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico? Acting on the principle that "dependencies," "possessions," "colonies" or "dominions" have no logical place in a democratic republic, shall we not find means to erect into sovereign states proud and happy to be included in our federal commonwealth the Philippines not less than Alaska and the Virgin Islands?

We have assumed and we have discharged to some extent duties in regard to peoples and territories taken under our protection and our rule. How can we escape the taunt of and the taint of imperialism if we continue to govern these peoples as outsiders, unrepresented in and indeed excluded from our essential governmental system? What was that the fathers of the republic said about "taxation without representation"?

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE are many good people in the world who are in great mental distress because they see very clearly the evils which exist, and because they are impatient to do away with them. This combination of clear seeing and impatient spirit is very destructive of interior peace, and many are running around with the impression that the rest of the world is wrong because it takes the matter less anxiously.

Every man who is doing something, knows that there are thousands of people who have each chosen another thing that they think he can do. And most of these thousands are people who are troubled with the disease just mentioned—clear seeing, complicated with an impatient spirit. Their home-made prescription by which they hope to cure themselves seems to be a very simple one, namely, to get some one else started on the line of action which their impatient spirits dictate.

There is a surprising number of people in the world who would be immensely relieved if you—"you are the one person in this world to do it"—would simply do the thing they want done, and which they are sure is the only proper thing to do.

It is a rather difficult matter to deal with, because most of the activities proposed are good, with a promise of being useful. But most of them will never be realized at all, because they will never be done by one person for all the rest, but rather by all the people for themselves. And another reason is: the people to whom the work is given have the habit of looking around for someone else to do it.

What we overlook is that only people can do things. It seems simple enough to say, and yet it is hardly simple enough to understand. Any number of individuals are buzzing around the world today under the delusion that people are the last element to be selected, on the theory that you can always get the people if you can get the money.

Indeed, that is the new process of beginning a "good work"—induce somebody to give money, and then, after the money is given, the person who receives it will undertake to find people to do the human side of the work; the consequence being that in a short time you discover that "the work" never had any human element at all, and that the money which it certainly had is gone.

One would say offhand: If you see a thing to be done, go and do it. If you cannot do it all, do what you can; you cannot take the fifth step until you have taken the first four. If you cannot do anything at all, consider whether the time has come to do anything. Times grow ripe, like everything else; yet many people think they can pick ripe events off green years; which cannot be done any more than ripe apples can be picked in months when they are green. Many reforms are picked green; many progressive plantings are done, not in mellow soil, but in the frozen ground. People don't observe the times and the seasons.

Now, take the evils in the world. They are many, and perhaps the weightiest burden we have to carry is the wonderment that they are allowed to exist. But there they are. Everybody doesn't see them; but you, let us say, can see them clearly. Everybody doesn't realize how these evils are eating into the life of the people; but you, let us say, see it so clearly that it is a pain to you.

Now, you can spoil your own life, sour your friends and bring your very vision into question by insisting that everyone sees exactly what you see. They will see it when the time is ripe, but not until then, and you are very foolish if you fret about it.

There are men working day and night on the problem of cancer; but as for you, you don't think much of cancer because it has not come within your life. And you would possibly resent it very much if a cancer researcher should continually insist that you take up an interest in cancer. You would say, "I don't want to. I am not called to consider cancer. That is your field, not mine." Very well, you would be right.

Don't you see that with everyone working in his field, not insisting that the whole world come in also, much is being done? Every little while reports come from this field or that of achievements, and you had not even heard that men were working in those fields. Yet they are, each doing his work, and when the time is ripe, up goes the flag and the job is completed.

There are sentries along the frontiers of all our problems, men and women here and there who are sometimes lonely, who wonder why they must pace their beat alone; but we know that where sentries walk now, the whole army will march soon. Some people are sentries, to whom it is given to be on watch, this one on the frontiers of cancer, this one on the frontiers of financial diseases, this one on the new boundaries of statesmanship, this one on the limits of a new order of social life. Sentries all, but never so foolish as when they insist on calling the whole army out before the day dawns.

If it is given to a man to see that a certain condition exists, he is sentry at that point to give the alarm. Presently at the right time, the time set by the director of destiny, his work will bear fruit.

"Well, but," the impatient spirit cries, "what about the evil done in the meantime? We must do something to prevent that!"

Well, do it!

"But," says the impatient spirit, "I can't do it." Rightly said; you cannot, neither can anyone else. You cannot ripen an apple faster than it will ripen, and you cannot rot it faster than it will rot. These things appear to be under the law.

The people have the evils they deserve, no more, no less. By "deserve" one does not mean the judgment which any human being can pass as to desert; one means that all of us together have the sort of life that we have made, and we will continue to have it until we are fit to remake it in better quality.

When people begin to feel the evil; when there runs through society a new consciousness of the stupidity and the wrong of certain things; when false notes begin to irritate us; when the heat of indignant resentment begins to break out in thought and speech—these are the first streaks of the new day, or, to change the figure, these are the first flushes of color which begin to show that the fruit is ripening for the autumn.

What is needed by people who see the evil is a still clearer sight; they need to see that the evil will collapse, utterly collapse. And what people of impatient spirit need to learn is that they must detach themselves from the system they despise and turn their efforts against it.

All of us want to slay the giant with one dramatic stroke of our sword. As a matter of fact, the giant usually dies from self-generated poisons.

Whatever the moral judgment of the morally sensitive people is against, that thing is inevitably doomed. Though it become the social rage and sweeps all the people within the circle of its viciousness, it is nevertheless doomed. Indeed, when you see evil at the height of its popularity and power, when you see all who speak against it ridiculed and despised, you may be very glad—for from that apex the fall is swift and sure. Never forget that. That is the ripeness of the times for the fall of the fruit. It falls, it rots, its pulp fertilizes more wholesome growths.

THERE is an impatience which is founded on fret and not on faith, although its cause is an anxiety for the progress of the Good. The destruction of evil and the progress of the Good wait on the law of ripeness and decay, as much as any fruit does. Some people try to pick ripe reforms in green years; but the times are not yet ripe. When it is given a person to see what is wrong, that person is a sentry on that frontier; he is stationed there until the main body of the army comes up. He must wait and watch. Impatience is an insidious sort of disloyalty that lures us from our posts which may have none to watch them if we desert.

First New-World State to Try Profit-Sharing

By HARRY H. DUNN

PROFIT-SHARING, now passed beyond the experimental stage in the plants of many American industrial corporations, is being given its first governmental sanction in the New World by a state in Mexico. This state, which is Vera Cruz, the richest, most densely populated and probably the most advanced, industrially and commercially, of all the 27 states of the southern republic, has decreed, through a law passed by the state legislature, that all workers shall share in the profits of the firm, company, corporation or individual by whom they are employed.



Mexican wood cutter and carrier, of the state of Vera Cruz. Most of the smaller towns, and many of the larger ones, are supplied with fuel by these *mozos*. He is wondering how the new Soviet system will benefit him.

The law has been in effect about two months, but was made retroactive, so that its operations extend backward to February, 1917, the month in which the civil forces of Venustiano Carranza, then president, came into control of the state, taking it over from the revolutionary forces. The revolutionary leaders had promised that such a profit-sharing law should be passed, but as President Carranza insisted that the military should not formulate any new laws for the civilian population, nothing was done about the matter until after the civilian officials had taken charge. Then a legislature was elected, pledged, among other reforms, to the enactment of this law. While this newly-elected legislature was waiting to take its seat, however, the revolution led by General Alvaro Obregon, overthrew the government of Carranza, and the state legislature of Vera Cruz was suspended, or suspended itself, reports are not clear as to just what happened, until the civilian officials of the Obregon Government could take charge. True to his promises, however, President Obregon did not disturb the various state legislatures, and changed few of the state officials. This left the state legislature of Vera Cruz in office and free to carry out the pledges on which it had been elected, among them the passage of the profit-sharing measure.

This bit of history is necessary to a complete understanding of this unique experiment by a state in the Americas, and brings out, further, the fact that the national government of Mexico had nothing to do, either with the inception of the idea of profit-sharing laws, or with the action of the state in passing them. In addition, it shows that Mexico's national government is approaching the desirable condition of non-interference with the state governments, as long as they confine their attentions to matters concerning the state in which they function. In view of these two conditions, the attitude of the federal government toward this experiment in state profit-sharing is of interest, possibly of vital moment to the continuation of the experiment. Of this, however, more hereafter, since the actual results attained by the experiment in the state of Vera Cruz are most important of all the sides to a situation which, if successful in the place of its beginning, may become a national factor.

The new law provides, briefly, and translated into plain English, that all workers, irrespective of sex, age, character of work performed, or any other qualification whatever, except that of seniority in employment, must—not "shall" or "will," but "must"—share in all profits taken by the firm, company, corporation or individual by which they are employed, forward from the date of the passage of the law forever. Further, these employes or any others who are employed or have been employed by any person, company, firm or corporation, back to February, 1917, or for any period since that date, must share in all profits taken by their employers during the period of their employment. That is to say, the man or woman, boy or girl, who has worked for any one employer, or for any number of employers, any time since February, 1917, is entitled to a share in the profits of that employer or those employers for such time as he or she may have worked for him or them. Workers who have been employed by one employer continuously for these four years, are entitled to a share in the aggregate profits of all four years. The man or woman who has been employed continuously for all four years by one employer, however, gets a larger share of the profits than the worker who has been employed by more than one employer during that period, since length of service is placed at a considerable premium in the percentages of the profits allowed to the workers. The profits mentioned are the net profits.

The minimum share of any workers in the profits of any individual, firm, company or corporation, is ten per cent. That is to say, if an employer employs only one worker, that one employe is entitled to a minimum of ten per cent of that employer's profits; if the employer employs any number of workers more than one, the entire body of workers is entitled to a minimum of 10 per cent of the profits, the ten per cent to be divided equally among the workers. This 10 per cent, however, is merely the minimum. The workers' share may be as high as 50 per cent of the profits, or may be fixed at any figure between 10 and 50 per cent, but it must not be less than 10 per cent. Seniority of employment also is taken into consideration in the division of the percentage of profits among the workmen. While the detailed working out of this ratio of shares among the working people is left to a commission especially created to handle the entire profit-sharing project, the legislature makes it plain that the employe who has worked longest for an employer, is to receive a larger share of the "dividends," as the workers' share of the profits are called, than the employe who has just commenced to work for this employer, and so on.

The legislature created a special commission, to sit permanently, and to have complete charge of the profit-sharing project. The duties of this commission are to fix the percentage of profits to be allotted to workers in each industry, business, commercial or agricultural undertaking, and so on. Thereafter, the commission is to fix the share of each employe in each group, or to establish a ratio according to length of employment, whereby the leaders of the groups of employes may figure out exactly the amount to which each employe is entitled. These dividends are to be paid once a year, but the date of payment is left to the decision of the employer. That is to say, he can pay it at the time best suited to the condition of his finances, but he must make official announcement of that date, which must be the same each and every year, and must disburse such shares in the profits promptly on that date.

This commission has the power to decide which employers shall pay "dividends," which employes shall receive them, how much each employer shall pay, how much each employe shall receive, and, if there is any attempt on the part of the employer to evade payment of the shares in the profits to the employes, to seize that employer's property and sell it immediately at public sale, dividing the proceeds of that sale among the employes who were entitled, under the law, to the dividends which the employer refused to pay. Appeal may be taken from the decision of the commission to the civil courts of the state, and from them, in turn, to the supreme court of the state and thence to the supreme court of the nation. Incidentally, steps are now being taken by two foreign industrial corporations operating in Vera Cruz, to test the constitutionality of the law through the courts of Mexico. In preparation for this, the legislature of the state is preparing an amendment to the state constitution, embodying this law, which will be adopted at the next session of the legislature.



Crowd in the streets of the city of Vera Cruz the day the first plans for the present Sovietization of the state government were laid.

In view of this test case, the national government of Mexico has instructed Governor Tejada, of the state of Vera Cruz, to suspend enforcement of the law against foreign-owned corporations and against foreign individuals, until a decision has been rendered by the courts. American, British and French firms have protested the law to their respective governments, but the state of Vera Cruz has stood fast behind the law, and the federal government has refused to interfere beyond holding up the seizure and sale of foreign-owned property until the courts have had an opportunity to pass on the constitutionality of the statute. The chief protest of the foreign individuals and firms seems to be to the retroactive section of the law, rather than to its present and future operation. Some of the most brilliant legal minds of Mexico are now working on these attacks on the new law, either in behalf of those who are seeking to overthrow the law, or in support of the state's action. There seems to be a growing opinion among the newspapers of Mexico City and of the state of Vera Cruz that the retroactive clause of the law will be declared unconstitutional, but that the law itself will stand.

The dividend commission in charge of the profit-sharing law and its administration, is also a court of appeal for the grievances of the workers. The commission has the authority to call out all the police powers of the state to enforce its decrees, and is also empowered to assess against employers the costs of any cases brought before it by the employes of those employers. The injunction, as known in the United States, does not exist in Mexico, but employers of large bodies of labor—native employers, since the foreign employers are not feeling the effects of the law and will not feel them until the courts have decided the test cases—are resorting in some cases to other methods to escape paying the dividends. These methods were discussed with the writer by Domingo F. Ybarra, of Mexico City, an expert on international law, as follows:

"The majority of the employers of the state of Vera Cruz are not opposing the law. They realize that the workers of Mexico have been underpaid ever since the Spaniards landed in the country more than 400 years ago, and they understand that, in some way or other, these workers are now determined to get a share in the wealth they produce. Some of the employers, however, notably the owners of large agricultural properties and coffee plantations, are endeavoring to escape the workings of the law by reducing wages and lengthening hours of labor, thinking that the shares in the profits they have to pay their workers each year will be less than they will save in the reduction of salaries. The commission in charge of the enforcement of the new law, however, has made a list of all employers in the state, and is checking up those who have reduced salaries and wages, so as to give their employes a larger percentage of the profits than would have been done had these employers met the law with honest intent.

"It is possible, in my opinion quite probable, that the retroactive clause in the law will be declared void by the courts; if not by the state courts, at last by the supreme court of Mexico. If this clause is removed, I believe there will be little objection to the law on the part of foreign employers, since, with the exception of the oil industry, the average wage of workers in other industries throughout Vera Cruz is rather less than a dollar a day, and almost every man at all connected with commerce or industry in Mexico knows that the working people cannot subsist, much less advance themselves to any condition of prosperity or self-respect, on such wages.

"In fact, my opinion is, and I am confident that officials of the state and national governments hold the same opinion, that the legislature of Vera Cruz really was seeking to compel an increase in the wages paid to labor on the gulf coast of Mexico, rather than to reduce the legitimate profits of individuals or corporations when it passed the law. The federal government has been seeking ever since General Obregon became president, to find some means whereby the wages of the working people could be increased and their condition improved throughout the country without impeding industry or reducing commerce, either between the states or with foreign countries. With this end in view, the federal government has undertaken several large road-building and irrigation projects, but, naturally, has not been able to absorb all the labor thrown on the market by the disbanding of revolutionary armies containing nearly 200,000 men. For this reason, too, the federal army has been kept at 100,000 men, when General Obregon desired very much—as he had told me several times—to reduce it to 50,000 men or less. If employment could be found for half or more of the present army, it would be cut at least in half.

"Possibly, the state government of Vera Cruz is pointing the way to action by the federal government throughout Mexico. I know that President Obregon; Governor Tejada, of Vera Cruz; General Plutarcho Elias-Calles, secretary of the interior, and Adolfo de la Huerta, secretary of the treasury, are much in favor of the experiment and of allowing it to continue to a natural conclusion, to see just what the economic result will be."

George Washington in Trafalgar Square

THE deep significance of erecting the handsome bronze statue of George Washington in front of the classic portico of the National Gallery on Trafalgar Square, in London, in just that spot evidently is sinking into the English mind. Washington shares with Nelson and Gordon and Napier and other British worthies what has so often been called the "finest site" in Europe. The whirligig of time, does indeed bring its revenges. An equestrian statue of King George III occupies a spot just beyond the southwest corner of the same square from whose northeast and higher corner now looks serenely the effigy of the republican George whom the royal George deemed an arch-rebel against his authority and who might have been hanged had he failed and been caught. Nor did the event of the dedication of this beautiful bronze lack added significance in the fact that on the very same day (June 30), General Smuts, to whom the Empire and the world were looking for happy initiation of Irish reconciliation, was unveiling a memorial to South African soldiers in Richmond Cemetery—another fighting rebel came into his own in overflowing measure, in and—marvelously enough—his own lifetime!

The work is a replica of Houdon's famous statue, erected more than 100 years ago in front of the state capitol at Richmond, and shows Washington in his general's uniform, his left arm resting on the top of a column over which has been thrown a military cloak. The straight-ahead square look of the eyes, the poise of the head and the dignity of the erect figure all convey strongly the sense of grace, strength and sincerity we associate with the character of the Father of His Country. The inscription on its pedestal reads:

Presented to the People of Great Britain and Ireland by the Commonwealth of Virginia, June 30, 1921.

The Virginia State Commission, which had come to London to present the gift to the British people, was headed by Dr. Henry Louis Smith, Lieutenant Governor B. F. Buchanan, Richard L. Brewer, Jr., speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, and John W. Williams, clerk of the House of Delegates and keeper of the state rolls. The cord which actually dropped the veiling folds of Old Glory from the statue was pulled by Mr. Brewer's charming daughter, Judith, a typical Virginia girl. The formal unveiling took place in the presence of an immense crowd of spectators filling Trafalgar Square and St. Martin's Lane. A score or so of G. A. R. and Confederate veterans living in London occupied places of honor. Preceding this scene, a more elaborate ceremony took place within the National Gallery and was presided over by Marquis Curzon, secretary for foreign affairs; the Virginia Commissioners occupying seats of honor on his left. The gathering was a notable one, including Butler Wright, counsellor of the American Embassy, representing Ambassador Harvey, who had been called to Paris for a Supreme Council meeting; Viscount Bryce, Lady Astor, M. P.; F. W. Massey, the New Zealand premier; Lord Charnewood, Lord Lee, of Fareham; Sir George Perley, Canadian high commissioner; Major Ian Hay Beith, General Marlborough Churchill, Dr. J. W. Jowett, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Admiral Niblack, Commander White, U. S. N.; Lord Desborough and such journalistic big guns as J. L. Garvin, of the *Observer;* Lord Burnham, of the *Daily Telegraph* and Lord Riddell, of a score of dailies and weeklies.

Dr. Smith's presentation speech was a gem of power and impressiveness. After telling how the gift was originally intended seven years ago to fittingly celebrate the close of a century of unbroken peace between the kindred nations, he went on to say that, after fighting and dying side by side in the struggle against a common foe, the two peoples had now learned for all time that blood was thicker than water. They presented to Great Britain, he went on, in behalf of the people of the state of Virginia, the likeness of one who forsook Britain's flag, rejected her sovereignty and fought against her king. With splendid and characteristic magnanimity, Britain had answered the challenge by placing the one-time rebel on a pedestal amid the mighty monuments and memories of Trafalgar Square. With Virginia's gift to Britain went her whole heart. They brought the assurance of undivided fellowship and friendship of the great body of American citizens. "The shrill cries of hate that were sometimes heard were but the clamor of a narrow and turbulent shore line, not the voice of the great deep that lay beyond." Theirs was a world friendship that had come to stay. Representing the thinking millions of America, he added to his message the plea that the English speaking nations of the world, so recently united in war, should unite again for the more complex tasks of peace, and in closest and most unselfish co-operation, enter at once on a joint program of world leadership and reconstruction. Speaking in behalf of 100,000 other American parents who had given their sons in the supreme sacrifice, and of 5,000,000 more who risked that incomparable loss, he declared that they had sent their sons not to protect America but to rescue humanity. Would to God that the English-speaking nations might rise again and forever to those lofty heights of international co-operation for the common good.

Marquis Curzon, whose appreciation of America, it will be remembered, was very distinctly shown in his choice of an American bride in his second, as in his first marriage, was at his best in a speech hitting the happy mean between the grave and gay. Among other things he said:

> "I suppose that the features of Washington as depicted in that historic statue—features so calm, so dignified, so noble—are better known than the form and features of any man in the world, with the possible exception of the first Napoleon. Probably more speeches have been made about Washington than about any human being who ever lived, with the possible exception of Bobby Burns. No one would have hated this more than Washington himself."

Proceeding, Lord Curzon asked why it was that they as Englishmen gladly and proudly welcomed the statue of Washington. The answer was because he was a great Englishman—one of the greatest Englishmen who ever lived; because, though he fought us and vanquished us, he was fighting for ideals and principles which were as sacred to us as they were to the American people, and which were embedded in the very fibers of our common race. The defeat that he inflicted upon us was our gain; he laid the foundations of a structure which we could never have laid, and which required for its accomplishment the genius of an emancipated race. One of the remarkable things in reading the history of Washington was that his merits were recognized by Englishmen even in his lifetime. He had always thought it a moving thing that when the great man died and the news of his death was borne across the waters, the British fleet flying at anchor lowered their flags to half-mast in honor of the illustrious dead.



The bronze figure is a replica of the Houdon statue in front of the State Capitol at Richmond, and is the gift of the state of Virginia to the British people. It occupies a remarkably conspicuous site on the greensward in front of the left wing of the massive portico of the National Gallery facing Trafalgar Square. The group of immediate participants in the ceremony includes (reading from left to right): the Marquis Curzon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs; Dr. Henry L. Smith, President of Washington and Lee University, representing Governor Davis; Lieutenant Governor Buchanan, of Virginia, Speaker Richard L. Brewer, of Virginia House of Delegates; his daughter, Miss Judith Brewer, who unveiled the statue; Sir George Perley, Canadian High Commissioner, and John W. Williams, Clerk of the House of Delegates and keeper of Rolls of Virginia.

"What was it that made this man one of the greatest personalities of all time? The answer lay in his personality and in his achievement. His personality represented integrity of character, nobility of soul, modesty and dignity of demeanor, and sagacity of judgment in a degree rarely combined in any human being. To deal only with his political achievements, Washington created a government and made a nation. He became ruler not by birth or inheritance, not by accident, not by right of conquest, but by the free choice of a unanimous people. Rarely, if ever, had there been a nobler life, rarely if ever had there been a more comely or more gracious death.

Washington found himself in Trafalgar Square alongside the fiery Napier, the noble-minded Havelock, the heroic Gordon; and the glorious Nelson looked down upon the wonderful gathering. If the spirits of the departed could revivify and reimbue the bronze or the marble effigies, if in the stillness of the night they could hold converse, what a symposium there would be! Three gave their lives for their country, one added a province to a great empire, the other added a great empire to the world. Of each it could be said that the mainspring of his life and action was duty; of all of them it could be said that their lives enriched the records of mankind.

They welcomed the introduction of that statue to the square as a symbol and a sign. "It is a mark," said Lord Cuzon, of the fact that the two branches of the great English-speaking race are now and henceforth indissolubly one.

> It is now more than a hundred years since we last fought, and that conflict was one of which none of us are proud, and of which some of us are very much ashamed. We can never fight again. I should like to add that we can never quarrel again. We ought never to quarrel again. But not merely can your nation and mine engage never to fight and never to quarrel; we can do a great deal to prevent other nations from fighting. That, I submit, is the main function and duty that lies upon us in the future. It is a great and powerful weapon that is in the hands of these two great nations, and if our use of it is inspired by the temperate judgment, the lofty nobility of soul, and the unselfish purpose of George Washington, we ought to be able to use that weapon for the inestimable advantage of mankind."

At a luncheon given to the Virginians at the Carleton by the government following the unveiling, Lord Lee, of Fareham, presided and voiced some interesting speculations as to what Washington would have thought had he been in London on that day without any knowledge of the intervening course of history. "How remarkable things would have seemed to him!" he said. "Perhaps the most remarkable thing of all would have been that a daughter of Virginia should be the first woman member of the British Parliament. He would have marveled that, in spite of his meticulous advice about European entanglements, 2,000,000 American soldiers had crossed the seas to join in battle side by side with the British; that Old Glory and the Union Jack had gone into action together against the countrymen of Baron von Steuben." As to the statue unveiled that day, Washington would have been far too modest to think that the bread he cast upon the waters in those far-off days was returning in the shape of admiration and appreciation on the part of the British people of the things he stood for. It was because he stood for what he did that we honored him today, and it was because we had learned the lesson bestowed on us in that period of our history that it was possible in the great conference of the empire now assembled in London to find General Smuts sitting at the board, the great fighting leader of the people with whom we were in conflict but a few years ago. That was something we had learned from Washington, and for which we were peculiarly grateful to him."

Anglican *savoir faire,* marked the delicate regard for the special susceptibilities of the Southern guests shown by Lord Lee in his tribute to two other great Virginians: Robert E. Lee—"with whom it was his greatest pride that he was distantly related"—and Stonewall Jackson, "one of the greatest military geniuses whom war had ever produced."

Lieutenant Governor Buchanan replied in kind, asserting that although his family had lived in Virginia for 200 years, he had inherited sentiments of admiration and respect for England from his father's loins and imbibed them from his mother's breast. It was but natural, he added, that a daughter should love her mother, and Virginia was England's eldest daughter in the Western Hemisphere.

Washington and Lincoln have had to wait long for their statues in the heart of the ancient British metropolis; but not nearly so long as one whom many consider to be truly the greatest of Englishmen—Oliver Cromwell. It was not until a few years ago, early in the reign of the present king, indeed, that it was felt that Cromwell could be honored with a statue without somehow insulting and offending the throne! From his vantage point in the yard of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, Cromwell in marble looks across at St. Gaudens' Lincoln at the head of Victoria street, neighbored ironically enough by the gilded effigy of that arch-imperialist, Benjamin Disraeli. Only five minutes' walk straight up Whitehall separates the English revolutionary leader who defied Charles I in 1642 from the American who defied Charles' successor in 1776. Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln!

Jew Wires Direct Tammany's Gentile Puppets

Surrender of New York's Political Organization Complete; Real Rulers Permit Fronts to Carry Out Yiddish Idea

THE proposal that non-Jews emigrate from New York City, 500,000 in the first exodus, and 500,000 in the second, to hasten the event which is held to be certain of occurrence, namely, that New York shall become an all-Jewish city, may be a joke; but it is no joke that the Jews themselves discuss and have proposed that the City of New York be separated from the state of New York, and made both a state and city in itself. This would entail three governments—state, county and municipal—whose offices the Jews could parcel out as they pleased. Besides it would rid them of Albany. It is a most amazing fact that the state capital, bad as it is, has always been able to defeat the New York Jew in his most ardently pursued quests, as notably, his insistent appeal to abrogate the Sunday law.

Of course, if the non-Jews emigrated from New York, the Jews would soon follow. They are not self-sufficient. If New York could be isolated, Jewish initiative would not suffice to provide enough potatoes for the inhabitants.

It is too trite to say that New York is already in the hands of the Jews. But it would be most startling to give a schedule illustrating how completely this is so. The New Yorker himself can scarcely comprehend the extent of his vassalage to the Jew. The average intelligent New Yorker does not know what the Kehillah is, nor yet how it works. Like the child born within sound of Niagara Falls, the New Yorker takes Jewish supremacy as a matter of course, as the way things should be, and as the way they probably are elsewhere. The New Yorker is thus like a native of the Balkans.

Hylan and Hirschfield Today

THE Hylan administration, ostensibly non-Jewish, is really Jewish, as any New York administration must necessarily be, except there should arise a man whose ambition would be to prove that New York could be better governed if the Jews should be excluded from the government. Well-informed New Yorkers say that the power of Hylan is Hirschfield.

This is a rather peculiar situation to those who do not understand how the Jewish leaders work. Directly you say the Hylan administration is Jewish, it is objected: "But it is the arch Jewish inquisitor, Untermeyer, who is trying to break down the Hylan administration!" Exactly. That is the game. It's inside and outside that does it. There is power gained in making them and there is power gained in breaking them, and often it is profitable to try both ways with the same man. That is the way Russia went: there were Jews plentifully sprinkled throughout the government of Russia (in spite of the "persecution") and there were Jews outside. Between the two, they got Russia. It is the same in a Texas city today. Four non-Jewish candidates for postmaster were made the center of a political deadlock—up through the deadlock pops a Jew as a compromise candidate for all sections. A sufficient number of Jews were available in that city to keep all the non-Jewish candidates in a deadlock until their own man was trotted out. The "Gentile mind," of course, does not easily realize these turnings and twistings of group conspiracy. And that is why the Jews feel safe, as a rule: they rely on what they call "Gentile stupidity." The Gentile says, "incredible!" And the traditional Jewish game is incredible, until by mountainous proofs and centuries of illustration the actuality of it is forced home to the mind.

New York's Jew Departments

BUT to return to the New York City government: The police department has its Jewish streak in the higher offices—a Jewish police commissioner who has fortunately escaped thus far the full story of his career. The department of health, where it actually touches the people, is Jewish, although occasionally a distinguished non-Jewish name meets the eye in the roster of the higher officials. The public health is becoming more and more a Jewish monopoly in all our cities. The department of accounts, the board of child welfare, the board of inebriety, the municipal service commission, the board of taxes and assessments, are all under the leadership and domination of Jews.

The judiciary becomes increasingly Jewish, litigation is almost overwhelmingly Jewish, and the consequences to the reputation of the courts of justice and the profession of the law are well understood. Real estate exploitation and speculation is strictly Jewish, the profiteers treating even their own co-nationalists with the utmost cruelty.

In short, New York's most influential press (within New York) is the Yiddish press; New York's real government is the Yiddish Kehillah; New York's real administration of the law is the Yiddish administration; New York's real politics is Jewish. A little more, and New York's official language would be the Yiddish dialect.

In all this Tammany Hall is little more than a name; it is one of the rallying centers which the Jews have left the non-Jew who still interests himself in New York politics. There must be rallying places for the non-Jews, and one or two do no hurt. The Jew has the double advantage in such a matter, for while he claims equality with all, he denies equality with any. That is, any Jew proclaims his right to join any fraternity, or any club, or any society, or any party whose members are chiefly non-Jewish; but where is the Jewish fraternity, or club, or society that admits non-Jewish members? The newspapers carried the report, after a certain occurrence, that hundreds of Jews had offered to join the Knights of Columbus! It was very typical of Jewish character. But let any non-Jew attempt to join the B'nai B'rith or the Hebrew Young Men's Association, or the Menorah Society, or any of the others: he will see how far the principle of "equality" operates. "We want to be part of yours, but we want our own for ourselves," is the Jewish attitude.

So, politically, the New York Jew has the advantage. He belongs, together with the non-Jew, to organizations like Tammany or the Republican Club—but the non-Jew cannot with him belong to the Kehillah.

"We Want in; You Keep Out!"

IT IS all so very familiar: the Jew insists on double everywhere. In the Balkans he insists on a double citizenship. He insists on a double protection. He insists on a double standard of education. He insists on all his own religious rights as strenuously as he insists that all Christian majority rights shall be stamped out in this country. He insists that he shall have his Sabbath and that you shall not have yours. He wants his own social rights and yours, too—but he wants you to have only your own and not his with it. It casts serious doubts on Jewish intelligence that this course should be so seriously pursued, as if on the one hand the humor of the "nerve," and on the other hand the disgusting impudence of it, had never appeared to his consciousness.

In New York, therefore, the Jew politically belongs twice, while all non-Jews belong but once, and it can easily be perceived that this is an advantage.

In the previous article it was rehearsed how Tammany besmirched its name by association with Jews who used the organization as a protection for their traffic in vice. This was in 1894. The revelations were so terrible that in any other community they would have led to a complete abolition of any possible chance of recovery, but as it was never made plain to the people that the traffic in vice was not a sudden appearance of rottenness among Americans, but was the normal activity of an alien racial strain, the moral power of exposure was dissipated. The people were left staggered by what they were allowed to believe about the origin of the horror. People said it was Tammany because the press said it was Tammany, and yet people could not understand how it could be Tammany, and so in the midst of hesitancy the fire of reform burned out. It was exactly like these days when we are told that "American business men" abroad are doing terrible things; yet even while the press declares them to be "American" we cannot understand how Americans could do such things—and we never get the key to the matter, nor see the solution, until we stumble on to the fact that these so-called "Americans" are not Americans at all, but alien Jews. Over in Canada the name "American" is becoming a stigma because it is borne by men who are not Americans. What Canadians point out in the United States as definitely "American" is mostly Jewish, but how are the Canadians to know? The national name suffers. The whole cause of evil is camouflaged and a nation pays the price of a racial group's misdeeds. There should be some method of protecting this forging of national names.

Thus Tammany became a synonym for what was not characteristically Tammany at all, but what was characteristically Jewish.

The exposure of 1894 disclosed that vice was really a thing of cold blood. Evil that springs from passion and impulse really amounts to far less than is commonly supposed. It is when passion is deliberately cultivated and impulse stimulated, that the great bulk of the world's social evil occurs. And this stimulation is undertaken in cold blood by those who make profit out of providing the means of gratification—like the old-fashioned bar keepers who served very salty free lunches to stimulate the sale of beer.

This kind of vice is not a thing to be shamed by exposure as can be done with involuntary vice, as it might be called. This cold-blooded merchandising of human weakness was merely a matter of profits, and if business had been interfered with by a Lexow Committee it was rather unfortunate, but good business required that operations be resumed at the earliest possible moment. And so, though the investigations of 1894 were successful and the exposure duly made, it was not to be expected that mere oratory and printer's ink would suffice to keep the serpent down.

Traffic in Hands of Jews

IT WAS only seven years before scandal flamed again throughout the length and breadth of New York, and strangely enough—strange enough in all conscience for "Gentile fronts" of this day and generation to heed!—it was found again that the traffic in evil and its ramifications all over the land, and even to foreign countries, was in the hands of Jews. There was no doubt about it. There was even no accident about it. The fact was as continuous as it was colossal.

William Travers Jerome, then Justice of the Court of Special Sessions, made in 1901 a ringing indictment of conditions in the city and used the full power of his court to punish wrongdoers; he even went so far as to specify individuals and political connections—but he did not mention the key-word of it all, which was "Jew." It was doubtless wise for him that he did not, else he could not have enjoyed the subsequent political career which came to him.

Tammany was defeated in the election of 1901. The defeat was due to the same cause—the stigma of Jew-controlled vice traffic under political protection.

It was at this time that Richard Croker "abdicated." He was a rich man. He sailed for Ireland, where he became a country squire on his Wantage estate.

Public curiosity was fed the statement that Croker had selected Lewis Nixon to be his successor, but this turn in Tammany's career is too important to be thus misstated. The truth is that *when Croker left he surrendered Tammany to the Jews.*

Croker could confirm this if he would talk, if he should be permitted to talk. It is, however, not well to have garrulous old men spilling the secrets of other days. Croker in his age took a bride who is said to be of "Indian descent," and he has not been much in touch with his family nor the public since.

Lewis Nixon was the convenient and perhaps unconscious "Gentile front." The real ruler of Tammany in Croker's stead was Andrew Freedman, mentioned in the former article as Croker's friend and house mate.

With the Passing of Croker

JUDGING from the habit of individual Jews to room with baseball players before the baseball scandal, and the result of another Jew's living with Croker, it might be just as well to keep an eye on those other men who are in positions to do favors or influence legislation, whose close cronies happen to be Jews. Some of these friendships may indeed be perfectly conceived; but there are numerous instances where the plans of the "Jewish friend" are very completely matured through the agency of the "Gentile chum.")

So, upon the departure of Croker from these shores, we find Tammany under the dictatorship of a Jew who was Croker's chief influence, if not his absolute master.

But by the time this occurred, it was useless for Tammany to rebel. Tammany men who had noticed the infiltration of Jews and were alarmed by it had consoled themselves with the thought that, at least, the higher offices were immune from Jewish occupation. This consolation served only to permit the filling of the lower offices by Jews, with less protest from the membership. By the time the Jews were ready to permit Croker to "abdicate," they had permeated every part

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

of the Wigwam and the assumption of supreme control was thus made a simple matter. Croker stepped aside; instantly into his place stepped the Jew, Freedman, operating through Nixon.

It was too late for Tammany to remonstrate. Tammany could not protest against the Wigwam *becoming* Jewish, because the Wigwam already *was* Jewish. To remonstrate then was to ruin Tammany. Becoming reconciled to what seemed to be the inevitable, Tammany leaders saw that their only hope of survival came through preserving Jewish support.

Presently even Nixon was relegated to the background and Freedman issued his orders directly. The Jews, however, with great astuteness continued to make much of Nixon, because he was the last thin veil which concealed the change which had come over Tammany, and he was valuable to that extent. He was, unwillingly, perhaps, their puppet, but even puppets must be accorded their proper dignity. Nixon was tendered a great reception in 1902, but the influential men on the reception committee were mostly Jews: Andrew Freedman was chairman; then followed the names of Oliver H. P. Belmont, Max F. Ihmson, Samuel Untermeyer, Nathan Straus, Randolph Guggenheimer, Henry M. Goldfogle, Herman Joseph, and others.

Names on the Roll

ON THE executive committee of Tammany Hall at this time were Randolph Guggenheimer, Isaac Fromme, Nathan Straus, Henry M. Goldfogle, O. H. P. Belmont, and other Jews.

On the committee on law were Samuel Untermeyer, M. Warlet Platzek, Abraham Levy, Henry W. Unger, Morris Cukor and Fred B. House.

Andrew Freedman had complete control of the committee on finance that was nominally headed by Lewis Nixon.

Randolph Guggenheimer was president of the municipal council.

Ferdinand Levy was on the committee on resolutions and correspondence.

Jews had so spread themselves as to constitute a controlling group in all the assembly districts that were under tribute to Tammany. In the "Fighting Eighth" district, Martin Engel was leader. His chief aid was "Manny" Eichner, chairman of the Isidor Cohn Association and of the Young Men's Democratic Association. His other assistants, Max J. Porges, Max Levein, and Moe Levy were floor managers of the dances and balls of the Florence Sullivan Association.

In the Tenth district, Simon Steingutt, "Mayor of Second Avenue," was one of the hardest workers in Tammany affairs.

Edward Mandell was the active Jewish Tammany man in the Twelfth district.

In the Eighteenth district, Maurice Blumenthal was one of the principal workers. He devoted his career chiefly to the training of Jewish speakers for the Wigwam.

The Eighteenth district was known as "the Gashouse district," notorious for the Gashouse scandals over padded pay rolls, and here Charley Murphy ruled, his aides being Julius Simon, Edward E. Slumasky, Joseph Schlesinger, Leopold Worms, Hugo Siegel, Alfred B. Marx, Nathan Fernbacher, and other Jews.

And so on through the list. Among the Sachems of the Tammany Society there were to be found the wealthier and more socially exalted Jews.

They Go Too Far, as Usual

HOWEVER, the Jews made their cyclically recurring mistakes: they carried things with too high a hand, and rebellion broke out. It is this Jewish tendency to boast and overdo that has always given the game away. Superficial observers and writers like John Spargo and Norman Hapgood have observed the recurrent periods of protest against Jewish presumption and bumptiousness and have explained them as being recurrent spasms of a vile poison which is supposed to reside in the blood of the Gentiles—the vile poison of anti-Semitism. That, of course, is the conventional Jewish propagandist explanation, and Spargo and Hapgood are merely retailing it. They say it always breaks out after wars. Why after wars? Because in wars the world sees more clearly than at other times the real purpose and personality of the Jew. Thus, it is not anti-Semitism that breaks out—it is Semitism, gross and exaggerated Semitism; and the serum which forms in the social body to encist and control the germ of Semitism, comes in the form of public exposure and protest. That serum is working now—the serum of publicity, and the Jewish program cannot endure it. Study the history of all things whatsoever into which Jews inject themselves, from summer resorts to empires, and you see the same cycle appearing.

Thus it happened in Tammany Hall—"too much Jew" engendered revolt. Lewis Nixon became aware of his position. As a gentleman of standing and responsibility he could not continue in a position whose falsity had become clear to him. When he accepted the leadership of Tammany Hall, it was not with a purpose to continue the old order. His understanding was that he was to be left free to restore Tammany to the plane of its former serious purpose and respectable character. He discovered that he was being used as the "respectable Gentile front" behind whose name the Jews expected to carry on the old game. Therefore, in May, 1902, three months after the great reception above mentioned, Nixon resigned as leader of Tammany Hall. Doubtless the reception that was tendered him was for the purpose of inducing him to love the exaltation of his position so much that he would sacrifice its moral obligations.

Nixon accompanied his resignation with a speech in which he protested that ever since he had accepted the leadership of Tammany he had been hampered in his every action by a group headed by Andrew Freedman; they dictated the names that were to be placed on the list of Sachems: "When I rebelled, I found that at every turn I would be opposed by this coterie of interferers; I found that all my important acts had to be viséd before they could become effective." He said he could no longer retain his position and his self-respect, he had to give up one or the other.

Mr. Murphy's Position

WITH this, Mr. Nixon vanished from the scene of Tammany politics.

The resignation of Mr. Nixon had a bad effect on the reputation of Tammany with the public. The plan had been to allow him to serve as long as ordinary and then replace him with a Jew by means of the usual process of selection. But the resignation and the explanation that accompanied it, showing as it did the Jewish influence in Tammany, made it seem inadvisable to follow with a Jewish leader. So, the district leaders were obliged to find another "Gentile front," only this time one who would prove sufficiently docile. There was enough rankling disfavor against the Jews in the old organization to warrant this observance of appearances, at least.

The dictatorship of Freedman was seen to be a failure, much as the dictatorship of Trotzky is seen to be a failure. A rearrangement of committees automatically eliminated him from control, at the same time the name of Croker was dropped. A triumvirate of leaders was chosen, of whom Charles F. Murphy became and remains the chief. "Boss Murphy" he is called. Mr. Murphy has been an ideal "front," not attempting to do anything, not attempting to interfere with the Jews doing anything, keeping wisely silent and thereby gaining a reputation for silent wisdom. Mr. Murphy is a millionaire. Those who do the higher Jewish leaders' bidding get their reward that way; there is no other reward they can hope for; certainly they never have the reward of public confidence and the people's gratitude.

That is the status of Tammany Hall at the present time. A few of the Old Guard are left at their posts, but they are officers in name only. Tammany is no longer denounced by the public press, but the Jewish leaders of Tammany live daily to a chorus of praise in the Jewish-controlled newspapers of New York. Samuel Untermeyer, for example, receives more publicity in New York than does the President of the United States, but it is not discriminating publicity; it does not penetrate to the inner purposes and consequences of his actions.

How Some Have "Arrived"

THOSE who were the lesser Jewish lieutenants of Tammany a few years ago have now arrived at posts of influence and affluence. Morris Cukor was made president of the municipal service commission, to be succeeded by former State Senator Abraham Kaplan. Fred B. House rose to be a city magistrate. The city marshals are mostly Jewish. Jews predominate in the College of the City of New York. Jews control the municipal courts, the city magistrates' courts, the city court, the New York state court of appeals, the New York state supreme court. They rule in the departments enumerated in the fore part of this article. The New York judiciary has a distinctly Semitic complexion.

The leadership of the Tammany-controlled districts tells the same story. In the Second, the leader is M. S. Levine; in the Sixth, David Lazarus; in the Eighth, S. Goldenkranz, F. Bauman and S. Salinger; in the Ninth, Mrs. P. Lau, in the Seventeenth, Nathan Burkan —and so on.

The Jewish conquest of Tammany, however, is only one phase of the conquest of New York. The Jewish objective is more than political. Merely to strive that the lucrative and powerful officers of the city shall fall to their people, is not the end in view. New York has been turned into the Red Center of America. There most of the alien treason carried on against the government of the United States, has its source. The United States Government has been compelled at times to regard New York as almost alien soil, but even that watchfulness on the part of the national government is relaxed as Jewish influence becomes more potent at Washington. Tammany is a convenient cover for ostensible political activity as the Kehillah is for the more radical racial and anti-American racial activity. The United States Government could not do better than to investigate—through a committee of invulnerable Americans—the Jewish activities of that center. And that there is much to investigate is indicated by the rush of Jews to Washington when it was recently proposed in the United States Senate that such a thing be done.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages, respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps for each volume.

JEWISH WORLD NOTES

"Poland's star is waning. Poland is not going to grab Upper Silesia, and if she cannot have Upper Silesia, she cannot have Vilna either. From the Jewish point of view it is of paramount importance that the Poles be not placed in the position of political supremacy in Central Europe . . . . The Upper Silesian problem is a Jewish problem, too, for there are tens of thousands of Jews living in Upper Silesia and for the last twenty or thirty years, Upper Silesian Jewry was actually the intellectual reservoir of German Jewry...Fortunately, English liberalism and foresight still prevail and make it impossible for Poland to lay her hands on Upper Silesia." —Chicago *Jewish Sentinel.*

Sir Stuart Samuel, English Zionist leader and politician, recently arrived in London on his return from Palestine, where he had been visiting his brother, the high commissioner. He was "very reticent" with the reporters, but expressed the personal opinion that "things were settling down" and he regarded the outlook as favorable.

Colonel Young has been dispatched to Palestine by the British Colonial office, specially commissioned to make a detailed investigation of conditions. The announced reinterpretation of the Balfour declaration will be held back until the Colonial Secretary, Winston Churchill, shall have received and studied Colonel Young's report. Meantime, the delegation of Palestinian Arabs now in London is pressing its protest against being turned over to Jewish rule. The anti-Zionist Chicago *Israelite,* in view of the actual situation in the Holy Land, goes so far as to declare: "The dream of an exclusive Jewish political state in Palestine seems to be, for the present at least, not only unattainable, but also undesirable in the interest of the Jews themselves."Sir Herbert Samuel, has now declared the policy of the British control on the immigration question in words that put an end to hopes of a Jewish control and of an open and unguarded door for all Jewish comers. He says, with reference to the Balfour declaration that Palestine is to be made "a national home for the Jewish people," but that this does not mean that "a Jewish government will be set up to rule over the Moslem and Christian majority."

Continuing, Sir Herbert Samuel suggests: "It may be that the translation of the English words into Arabic does not convey their real sense; they mean that the Jews, a people who are scattered throughout the world, but whose hearts are always turned to Palestine, should be enabled to found here their home, and that some among them—within the limits that are fixed by the numbers and interests of the present population—should come to Palestine in order to help by their resources and efforts to develop the country to the advantage of all its inhabitants."

Commenting on this declaration and on "the renewal of Arab assertion and activity" to which it has given rise, the London *Jewish Chronicle* says with some suggestion of the anguished tone:

"The year which has seen our two great political successes—the decisions of the San Remo Conference and the sending of Sir Herbert Samuel to Palestine—has also seen the failure of the Zionists in the Holy Land. That is all, and it is much."

At the ninth session of the advisory council in Jerusalem recently, the high commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel, informed the members that in order to develop the economic possibilities of the country, the government was prepared to grant certain concessions. The first would be given to a company for the purpose of providing Jaffa and its neighborhood with electric power by means of the Ruthenburg scheme. All concessions, he said, will be conditioned by limitation of profits. Further, no concessions whatever would be granted for the working of minerals or oil. If this keeps on the Jews will lose interest in Palestine.

Christian bishops and Christian laymen of high standing deem it advisable and necessary to come out in our defense. They do not feel that while they are defending the Jews they are actually accusing civilization and are actually charging modern humanity with superstition, malice, narrow-mindedness, ignorance, brutality and savagery. We, of course, have known for some time that modern civilization of which humanity is so proud, may rather be compared to a beautifully made-up face of a rather none too beautiful girl and we knew for some time that not human reason but human passion—and the human passions are always the same—are dominating civilized humanity, but in order not to disturb the traffic we did not say it and we preferred the representatives of the Gentiles to say it. Now they are saying it very often and repeating it aloud. But still there are a great many Gentiles, who invite us to abandon Judaism and to join Christianity, to become civilized. Whenever we receive such an invitation and unfortunately we receive it too often, we must keep on smiling at the naive and innocence of those believers in modern civilization.—Chicago *Jewish Sentinel.*

Bus Boy, Mule Skinner, Senator

Holm O. Bursum Wins Honors Because He Knows and Understands Human Nature



SENATOR HOLM O. BURSUM

He learned much of human nature skinning mules, acting as bus boy and stopping stampedes. He is the junior Senator from New Mexico.

THERE are several ways of learning practical and applied psychology. They are all said to be successful. You may go to college and listen to "high-brow" professors and study Henry James and perhaps find out how to fool the professor when it comes to examination time. Or, you may begin as a bus boy in a frontier town, advance to switchboard operator, and finally qualify as a mule skinner.

While the first is not guaranteed to teach practical human nature as it is known today, the latter is sure to give knowledge and patience and insight that would make a practical postgraduate course of Henry James.

And the man who can guide the destinies—and all in one direction—of eight mules with their super-intelligent and distinctly premeditated aims is assured of being able to guide his fellow men. Mules and humans have much in common when it comes to political, social and industrial life.

Senator Holm O. Bursum, who has recently been appointed by the governor of New Mexico to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Fall, had bequeathed to him a heritage of hard work. He used this heritage to the utmost. Born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, he early went to Colorado and became a bus boy in a restaurant in Denver, known as the "English Kitchen." Washing dishes and acting as general roustabout were a part of the job. His "salary" for this term was the capitalistic sum of $3.50 a month! But out of this amount Bursum was able to save something!

Later on, he graduated to switchboard operator, for which he received $30 a month, out of which he paid his own "keep." But still there were other grades ahead of him in the school that Nature had decreed should be his. Looking around he saw a chance to become boss of a railroad section gang.

He took the job, although it meant rising in the morning at 3 o'clock and a watchful oversight until the sun went down. Such was his progressive life in Colorado until 1881, when he "hit the trail" for New Mexico, which was then a new and little-known territory.

His next grade was that of "mule skinner." He had found out that the contracting business in a new country was profitable, so he hired out driving mules. Continuing to save from the amount he received it was not long before the young man Bursum was able successfully to pilot some eight of these long-eared creatures.

The years spent with the "jerk line" of mule skinning were profitable and valuable ones in the University of Bumps and Initiative, in which Bursum was enrolled for a life course. His major subject was human nature. He learned quickly. For instance, he soon learned that his team of eight when given a chance to rest from pulling through the sand would begin again with alacrity when told to go on. But if they were tired so as themselves to decide to stop, it was one of the labors of Hercules to get them started again. There are many variations to this in humanity.

When the contracting and the mule skinning seemed to be in a more or less permanent slump because of new settlers and new people, he decided to sell off his outfit for sheep. But his stock died and later, in 1893, he went broke. He had the satisfaction of knowing that there were thousands of others in the same position during that memorable year. It seemed as if his savings and life training had been lost, and that he would have to start out anew.

But nothing was ever known long to daunt Senator Holm O. Bursum. He improved his time, every moment that he could; he attended night school, and his leisure hours were spent in reading good books. He studied better, back there, than he knew.

Again, by hard work and thrift he obtained another start. He began to take an active interest in politics in his own state. He soon held important positions because he knew and understood people and knew what they wanted and just what to give them.

From serving in the territorial senate in 1899 he became a national committeeman in 1919. All because he knew people and his judgment was sound. He had been forced to know others, and he probably never would have lived to think of the Sixty-third Congress and its Senate had his knowledge and appreciation of events been faulty.

Holm Bursum spent many a long day and night punching cows and looking after cattle. On two separate occasions he went through all the dangers, the excitement, and the thrill of a crazed and stampeded herd of cattle. It was only because he had learned well his early lessons that he survived.

Perhaps you have watched a stampede of cattle—on the motion picture screen. If it has thrilled you there, when it has all been safely rehearsed at the call of the cameraman—it probably would unnerve you completely to see thousands of wild, reckless and insane cattle charging down on you.

By a thorough knowledge of cattle and their process of reasoning and doing, coupled with a faithful pony, the present Senator was able to emerge from the stampedes with his own life as well as the lives of his stock.

His ponies won other things for him than thrilling races with wild cows. In other days the men of New Mexico and the adjacent states used to race their ponies in what they called, "quarter horses." The runs were about 440 yards.

One time Bursum learned that there was to be a horse race the next day in a town through which he was passing. He decided to stay over and see the fun. The race was won by a pinto pony, whose owner was so delighted with the result that he loudly challenged all others saying, that "his horse could run faster than anything that wore hair."

Bursum, too, was proud of his own little pony and resented the challenge, so the match was arranged. When the race was run it was Bursum's horse that came out ahead, although handicapped with a heavy saddle, while the pinto was ridden bareback. The challenger was not satisfied and demanded another race. Bursum was willing and again won

Senator Bursum is a warm booster of New Mexico and its people, its wide prairies, hills and mountains, for he believes that there is not another state in the Union quite so good. He said of it, "it is a country where opportunity is to be found for the man who plays the game fair. The people there are the sort you can depend on, if you are yourself dependable. Their outlook is broad and human. They are ever willing to help the less fortunate ones if they are really helpless. Their manhood and womanhood are of the highest."

And the Senator ought to know.

Although he has been in the Senate for but a few months he is still the man of action. He does not talk much. Talk, somehow, was never very effective in the early days—deeds counted most. Senator Bursum has kept everylastingly after certain bills for the people of his state, and they will soon become laws. He found that such plugging brought success out in the West—he evidently believes that it has value in the very halls of Congress.

The Senator would easily fit the clothes of the western "cowman." Tall, muscular, strong and resourceful, of athletic build and smooth face, he knows what he wants and generally gets it. He does not carry an ace up his sleeve ready to fool his opponent, neither does he permit the other ones to carry anything up their sleeves.

When Familiarity Breeds Forgetfulness—By E. J. BECK

HAVE you ever had an embarrassing experience like this? You are about to introduce a person you know fairly well to a friend of yours. But just at the crucial moment when you say: "John, allow me to present Mr. . . . ." you find it impossible to finish the sentence and you fail to recall the name that was almost at the tip of your tongue. It is perfectly familiar, but still it eludes you.

The latest psychology explains such a lapse of memory by the principle that we have a tendency to forget the things which have unpleasant associations.

A friend of the writer's studied psychology under Professor James Mark Baldwin at Johns Hopkins University. Recently he went to a book store to buy a publication written by his former professor, but when he was making an inquiry of the clerk about the desired volume he was unable to mention the name of the author until he had concentrated on it for a minute. Being a psychologist, he immediately began analyzing the capriciousness of his mind. He called up his mental associations with the word "Baldwin" to discover which one of them was unpleasant enough to prevent the name from popping instantaneously into his head. His first association was "bald" and then "bald head." He had lost most of the hair on the top of his head; he was self-conscious about his shiny scalp and therefore the familiar name was held back from consciousness by a disagreeable thought connected with it.

Freud mentions a similar case of a traveler who had stopped in a Sicilian village called Castelvetrano. Later he was able to remember the details of his experiences there, but couldn't for the life of him think of the name of the place. After considerable groping he declared the elusive name to be "Castrogiovanni." The last part of the right name, "vetrano" sounded like veteran, which suggested old and age. The man had a horror of old age and about the same time took a friend seriously to task because the latter made the remark, "I am no longer a young man." The "giovanni" in the false name suggested young and youth.

If you have met a man by the name of Brown and he has proved disagreeable to you, you will be handicapped in recalling the names of other Browns because of the association with the name of the person who first aroused your antipathy. If a man with a striking facial feature has incurred your ill will—we'll say he has a red mustache—you probably will find yourself harboring an unreasonable, instinctive aversion against other men with red mustaches. Further acquaintance may cause you to lose your original dislike because other agreeable qualities will counterbalance your first impressions. You will, however, have some difficulty in remembering the names of people thus linked together in your unconscious mind.

Most names are forgotten for the simple reason that we never paid any attention to them in the first place. They went in one ear and out the other. But when we forget people with the most familiar name of all—our own—we may be sure that a hidden complex has blocked the way to consciousness.

Andre Tridon, the New York psycho-analyst, gave an illustration of this. He said: "While in Mexico City I became acquainted with a man bearing my family name, which is one of the rarest in existence. I made several appointments with him, which I never kept, and finally mislaid his address. To this day whenever I recollect my experiences in Mexico, I never think of that Tridon unless I make a special effort and at times, having made the experiment of closing my eyes and visualizing his appearance, I have almost entirely failed. When trying to visualize his printed name, I generally see his first name, Leon, followed by the initial T. The rest of the surname always seems blurred and unreadable. My unconscious mind evidently allows him to enjoy his first name which constitutes no infringement of my ego's pretensions and the letter T, which I share with a million others."

Mr. Tridon's theory is that our ego feels a certain loss when some one else assumes one of the elements of our personality over which we wish to retain a monopoly. He says further: "It is very rarely that a man named Smith enters into a very friendly relation with another Smith."

First impressions are often deceiving because our childish, unconscious mind attaches undue importance to a tone of voice, a color of dress or a personal peculiarity which may have either a pleasant or unpleasant connotation in our memory.

Lapses of memory such as those described may be overcome by self-analysis. When the inhibiting association is ferreted out and brought into the light it loses its obstructive power. When you become aware of the fact that red mustaches give you vague feeling of dislike and cause you to forget an otherwise well-known name, the memory is no longer affected. Self-publicity cuts off the weight that prevents a name from rising to the surface of your stream of consciousness.

When an associate of yours chronically has difficulty in remembering your name or when you have to repeat your name again and again to an acquaintance, you may be sure either that he hates you secretly or that you are innocently linked in his sub-surface memory with some previous, painful experience.

A World Court That Solves Trade Problems

By EDWARD J. DIES

A GONG sounded. Workmen put aside their tools and formed a twisting, muttering line before the pay shanty. Only a month before they had come from distant points to the new oil field which sprawled out over a desolate waste, flanked by low, barren hills. Now they were to be thrown out of work.

It was not a labor dispute. Trouble over commercial rights had arisen between two factions interested in development of the wells. All work must cease until the courts could define these rights. Both sides realized such delay would mean a tremendous financial loss, and that the restive spirit of the men in the empty basin swept by scorching winds might endanger property.

Messages went clattering over telegraph wires. Last minute proposals and counter proposals were flashed back and forth. When it looked as if the gap could not be spanned, that industry must halt and take pot luck with crowded court calendars, one side suggested placing the dispute before the International Trade Court. The other side quickly agreed. Accordingly long telegrams of instruction were sent to opposing counsel in Chicago.

On the very next day the trade court heard the case. Contentions of each side were considered, differences ironed out, and the rights of each established. On the second day a formal decision was given. Papers were signed. Attorneys shook hands. Telegrams were flashed back to the oil field, and on the third day after operations had ceased the gong sent all workmen back to the job.

There had been no clumsy legal procedure, no lengthy continuances, no verbal barrage on the fine points of law. A court jury trial that might have stretched over months had been avoided. Without serious interruption to industry a settlement had been reached.

It was one of more than 200 commercial disputes settled in four months by the first International Court of Commercial Arbitration.

This court, which sits continuously, is attracting world-wide attention. In a single week a dozen towns in Mexico and six in South America asked permission to use the court's facilities, while commercial bodies in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, San Francisco and Minneapolis sought information with a view to establishing similar tribunals or directing litigants to the Chicago court.

Chambers of the trade court consist of a modest suite of business offices half way up a skyscraper. J. Kent Greene, for 13 years assistant to the chief justice of the Chicago municipal court, directs the trade court. Long ago he visualized its value to the commercial world.

"Commercial arbitration," says Mr. Greene, "means commercial success. Under America's cumbersome court methods England could not have maintained her commercial supremacy. Arbitration is the secret of her commercial success.

"Ninety-five per cent of England's trade disputes never go to court. They are tried before arbitrators. In all England there are only 23 judges. In Chicago alone there are 73. A glance at our crowded court calendars will drive home the urgent need of trade courts in America."

Justice is placed ahead of technicality by the court, whose jurisdiction is defined under the Illinois Arbitration and Awards Act. Its speed may be reckoned when it is considered that Mr. Greene alone can handle twice as many cases as one judge without a jury, and 10 times as many as a court with a jury. This is due in a measure to the elimination of "hear ye, hear ye"; "if the court pleases we will introduce" a bushel basket of evidence one page at a time, and all the other frills that go to make up the law court.

By calling in its reserves—business men, trade experts and attorneys who have agreed to serve—the trade court can be quickly expanded to almost any size. If necessary it could handle every civil action coming up in Chicago.

Jurisdiction is world wide. A diamond miner in South Africa whose claim is disputed by a jeweler in Medicine Hat, Alberta, may have the case adjudicated in Chicago, even though the precious stones never passed through the United States. Only the agreement of the two parties to arbitrate is necessary.

A Baltimore exporter and a Chicago manufacturer may submit their cases and go on about their business. If necessary the court will gravitate between the two cities, gathering evidence and testimony. Neither party to the conference is forced to appear as a witness in open court. This prevents the revealing of important trade secrets and dissemination of objectional publicity that frequently involves financial loss and business disturbance.

When two parties submit their controversy to the court—which has authority to try any civil action except divorce cases and those that are quasi criminal, in which the public has an interest—Mr. Greene is automatically appointed arbitrator. But the parties may also select additional arbitrators from their respective trades or from a list of attorneys and commercial experts provided by the arbitration bureau.

After this selection the procedure is directed by the arbitrator. The trade court may administer oaths, subpena and examine witnesses, take depositions and issue subpenas *duces tecum* requiring production of documents. Obedience is enforced by application to court.

The arbitrator often inspects premises, examines goods in process of manufacture and, moving quickly from place to place, in a few days gathers evidence which immobile courts would be months in obtaining under the handicap of red tape.

When arguments have been heard the arbitrator gives his decision covering the entire controversy. If a demand has been made for money that is due, the award will fix the amount to be paid. The award may order a litigant to perform certain acts to comply with a contract; it may interpret a contract that has been altered by unexpected developments; or it may map out the procedure of parties before money is hazarded on a dubious venture.

Frequently the award defines rights of both parties under a contract where no right of action has yet accrued. In such cases a court of law could not entertain an ordinary suit until damages had accumulated through breach of contract.

All questions of law and of fact are decided. Conclusions of fact are final. Questions of law may be revised by the court selected by the litigants. As in any other case, an appeal may be made to the appellate or supreme court to review the conclusions of the arbitrator and the lower court on questions of law. In event the arbitrator has erred in law he will be directed how to proceed in making his award strictly legal.

When the final award is filed in court, the court has jurisdiction over the litigants. Therefore the trade court is quasi judicial and quasi public in character.

Should a party to arbitration fail to comply with an award, the opposing party may within a year file the award in court. Judgment can be obtained and then contempt of court proceedings begun if there is still a refusal to comply with court instructions.

Best proof of the high efficiency of the trade court lies in the fact that of the first 200 cases decided only two were carried further. One of these was to clear up a legal technicality.

This almost unprecedented record is due largely to the fact that competent advisers take the place of the law court jurors picked from the street and usually unskilled in the intricate problems of commerce. Decisions are given with the dispatch that marks the conclusions of directors of any well-conducted business.

Elimination of the law court jury also eliminates local prejudice. The New York or San Francisco man whose case against a Chicago man is tried before a Chicago jury may meet with prejudice. The same applies to any other city. Local pride and sympathy for the fellow citizen will tend to sway a jury. But a trade court, with an international reputation to maintain, must be guided solely by cold facts.

The enmity that springs up between litigants who must reveal their secrets in open court also is avoided. Records show that in 90 per cent of the cases tried the disputants have come to friendly terms. The non-publicity feature helps to bring about this harmony. In law courts unfavorable publicity against one side or the other is sometimes brought about by the introduction of skillfully chosen evidence. In the trade court such a course is impossible.



J. KENT GREENE,

Manager of the first International Court of Commercial Arbitration. The court will save millions of dollars annually to American industry.

When the trade court was established, after the law on which it is operative was held constitutional by the state supreme court, strenuous opposition was offered by some attorneys and judges. They deemed it an encroachment on their rightful domains.

But this antagonism quickly disappeared. In a short time the court had fully justified its existence and made clear its peculiar field. It has proved a distinct aid to the courts—many of which are more than a year behind—and attorneys say it relieves them of protracted court calls, unprofitable delays, and affords them opportunities to serve in cases requiring legal and industrial training.

Fees charged are almost negligible when compared with the cost of settling the average commercial dispute in a law court. Where the amount involved is as small as $200 the fee is $5. There is a graduated scale up to $5,000. Where more than $5,000 is involved the fee is one per cent of the total sum. Fees are paid by the unsuccessful party to the Chicago Association of Commerce, which brought about the trade court and which pays the salary of Mr. Greene as court manager. He is the only paid employe. He receives no part of fees collected.

Commercial leaders say that in Chicago alone the trade court will save millions of dollars a year for industry by the quick, effective handling of commercial disputes. The saving to other cities and other countries which are already taking advantage of the facilities offered will be tremendous.

So the first International Trade Court is being hailed as a forward stride in American industry.

Money Is Not Capital

THERE are only two factors in the production of wealth, capital and labor. These factors are entitled to all the credit and profit arising from the creation of wealth.

Does money have any right to participate in these earnings? In other words, is money capital? We think it is not. Should there be any doubt on the subject the assurance of accepted masters in political economy will be helpful. Their definitions of capital are as follows:

"That part of a man's stock which he expects to afford him a revenue is called his capital."—Wealth of Nations, book II, ch. I; Adam Smith.

"Capital is that part of the wealth of a country which is employed in production, and consists of food, clothing, tools, raw material, machinery, and so on, necessary to give effect to labor."—Principles of Political Economy, ch. V; Ricardo.

"The capital of a nation really comprises all those portions of the produce of industry existing in it that may be directly employed either to support human existence or to facilitate production."—Notes on Wealth of Nations, book II, ch. I; McCullough.

"Whatever things are destined to supply productive labor with the shelter, protection, tools and materials which the work requires, and to feed and otherwise maintain the labor during the process are capital."—Principles of Political Economy, book I, ch. IV; John Stuart Mill.

"The common sense of the term is that of wealth devoted to procuring more wealth."—Progress and Poverty, book I, ch. II; Henry George.

It appears from these definitions that capital must, as an essential fact, be a part of wealth, as Henry George, in his Progress and Poverty, book I, ch. I, so aptly expresses it; "Now, as capital is wealth devoted to a certain purpose, nothing can be capital which does not fall within this definition of wealth," and further, on the same page, "But though all capital is wealth, all wealth is not capital. Capital is only a part of wealth—that part, namely, which is devoted to the aid of production."

It is evident then that for money to be capital it also must be wealth. That it is neither, we have but to consult that eminent authority, John Stuart Mill, who says in his Principles of Political Economy, book I, ch. IV, sec. I: "Money is no more synonymous with capital than it is with wealth. Money cannot in itself perform any part of the office of capital, since it can afford no assistance to production. To do this it must be exchanged for other things."

"First of all we must not make the mistake of confusing money with wealth. We have seen that wealth is different from and bigger than money. Yet it is astonishing how easy it is to forget this simple fact." Why the Dollar is Shrinking, ch. II, page 15; Irving Fisher.

The great truth that money is not wealth, and hence cannot become capital, is rapidly gaining ground, and it will impress itself more and more as the world realizes the colossal wrongs money has committed, and still commits, in the name of capital.

As the exchange of commodities becomes wider and more complex, the more is money thus abused; the results of this abuse become more and more manifest till the centers of population and complexities in exchange are reached. Here we are confronted with conditions which have perplexed philosophers from time immemorial, the disgusting wealth of the few and pitiable misery and poverty of the many; and this in the midst of plenty, and in a day when the powers of production were never greater.

A great many theories, as to the cause of this condition, have been advanced; but we are constrained to believe that the abuse of money, by thus permitting it to usurp the function of capital, is the most virulent and active poison, and is by far the greatest cause of the diseased condition of the industrial world.

Good Roads and Their Influence on Life

Improved Highways Play Big Part in Business and Social Activities; Government's Place in the Building Program

By T. H. MACDONALD

Chief of the Bureau of Public Roads

THE extent to which transportation influences the lives and well-being of everyone is rarely appreciated. Each of us for his own needs requires transportation facilities and services in our everyday movements, both of social and business character, and for the carrying of commodities which we produce, handle in trade or which we consume. If transportation is easily accessible and reasonable in price, our use of it increases. As transportation becomes more difficult to procure and higher priced, we economize more in its use, and if it is unsatisfactory in character we limit our use to the more necessary purposes. These transportation services are rendered direct to the individual and we are necessarily in daily contact with them. Yet we seldom heed this influence until there is a disturbance or change which limits or makes impossible our ordinary use, or increases the cost of the transportation services to which we have accustomed ourselves.

How vitally the element of transportation can affect a whole nation is repeatedly shown in conditions which exist today. Take, for example, the famine conditions in China. These are not due to a lack of transportation facilities primarily, for continued drought is the immediate cause. But there is grain in different parts of that country which could be used to relieve the suffering were it possible to get it to the provinces affected. Inadequacy of transportation facilities is responsible for much of the suffering from lack of food.

Transportation Badly Needed

TURNING to other countries, recent travelers returned from Russia state that reconstruction there is largely dependent on improved transportation. In Central and Eastern Europe the small, recently carved out countries like Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary as separated from Austria and Austria itself, are all suffering from the lack of transportation. To let a car stray ver the borderland is to lose it. The other country will keep it as its own property. Trains are stopped at the border and unloaded. This means that supplies in transit must be reloaded at each border. These conditions still exist, so that if the peasants produce sufficient food for everybody and have more than sufficient for themselves it is impossible to get the food to the cities.

In this country, with its system of railroads already developed far beyond that of any other country, we have recently added nearly 9,000,000 motor vehicles capable of going anywhere serviceable roads were provided, and of bringing transportation to the very door of every man in the city or in the country. But there is this requirement—that serviceable highways be provided.

The growth of the motor vehicle has been amazing. The principal development has taken place during the period from 1914 to the present. During this period we have increased our registration of motor vehicles by more than 1,000,000 annually. Almost nine-tenths of all the motor vehicles in the world are in use in the United States. Thus we have in this country ready at hand to our use the greatest system of railroads and the greatest number of motor vehicles of any nation, but our fortunate condition with respect to these available means should not blind us to the necessity for ever increasing their efficiency and adding to their usefulness.

The usefulness of the motor vehicle in furnishing ample transportation facilities when adequate highways are provided has been so well demonstrated as to be unquestioned.

Trucks Performing Big Service

MOST interesting in character are the uses of the highways by the trucks. For example, the trucks hauling from the farm to market carry loads of garden truck, fruits, cereals, feed, cotton, meat and live stock, dairy products, poultry and eggs, honey and bee products and fuel wood. Hauling away from the market the trucks carry groceries, provisions and general merchandise, dry goods and laundry, house furnishings, building materials and machinery, seed and nursery stock, ice, gasoline, oil and general freight of all kinds.

Although in some sections there is still a very considerable traffic by horse-drawn vehicles, it is not an uncommon thing now for our highways to carry as many as from 8,000 to 10,000 motor vehicles in a single day. Outside the larger centers of population it is a very common thing even out in the agricultural districts—along what might be called county-seat highways—to carry from 1,000 to 2,000 vehicles a day.

The use of the highways made for the transportation of commodities is not so important nor so influential, however, on the life of the communities as the use of the highways by the people in their business and social activities. The latest development is the interurban and suburban bus line carrying passengers on regular daily schedules.

A factor of great influence in bringing about the marked improvement in highway transportation facilities which has characterized the last half decade has been the effective aid given by the Federal Government. The magnitude of this aid may be more fully realized if one considers that in the United States there are 2,478,552 miles of public rural roads and more than 300,000 miles of surfaced roads.

In passing the Federal Aid Act of 1916, Congress laid down a policy radically different from that which had governed the United States in its attitude toward the highways of the country for a century preceding. By the habit of 100 years the highways were regarded as the sole concern of the states and their subdivisions. Under the principle of local self-government the original jurisdiction was lodged in the smallest units, and many of our state constitutions specifically forbade the states to meddle in these affairs which the locality considered as its own special province. But for some years there had been a drift toward state control, and those states which had advanced furthest in that direction had accomplished most in improving the well-nigh hopeless condition to which a century of local mismanagement had brought the country roads.

The Federal Aid Act recognized the success of state administration and built on it a plan of Federal and state co-operation designed to encourage highway improvement and to bring about the adoption of the successful principle of state control by all the states. In the five years since its passage both these primary objects of the act have been accomplished. Every state now has a special department of the state government whose duty it is to provide for the building and upkeep of state highways.

Where a decade since the suggestion of scientific, systematic highway construction met with skepticism and doubt, there is now confidence and a determination to improve the means of transportation by applying the tested principles of modern highway engineering. States have found their people the more willing to invest their money as the value of the investment in public roads has been demonstrated, and thousands upon thousands of skeptics in communities all over this broad land have been converted into ardent supporters of good roads.

Frankly an experiment in the beginning, with no precedent to guide its course, Federal aid has become an accepted principle which is likely never to be abandoned. By complete co-operation between the states and the Federal Government, 25,447 miles of Federal aid road have already been placed under construction, of which 3,803 miles have entirely been completed and paid for.

Nearly Half Billion for Roads

IT IS interesting to note that the total estimated cost of the projects which have been placed under construction is $433,907,746, and of that amount $185,376,462 is Federal aid. That is equivalent to a government participation of 42 or 43 per cent. Of course, there is a certain amount of variation from year to year, but there has been a tendency for the states to ask for co-operation approaching more nearly the 50 per cent limit.

The administration of the Federal Act has pointed out, however, certain problems of a major character. One of these which should be remedied at once is the failure of a large group of states to provide state revenues, as such, to meet the Federal funds. About one-third of the states are in this category. Some of these have been limited, through constitutional inhibitions on their power to raise revenues for internal improvements.

This influence has not yet seriously affected the logical development of the most important state highways, only because the roads in the different communities which are of the largest importance from the state viewpoint have also been of major importance to their respective localities. This being true, great progress has been made even in the states having no state revenues, on the development of state and interstate systems. But to be of state and nation-wide service, the improvement of the system must go forward in the communities which can ill afford the expense of main line highways.

A study of the states shows that interposed between the wealthier communities are those which, although devoting a greater proportion of their wealth to highway improvement, cannot in fairness be required to continue main line highways to complete the state and interstate systems. Only from state and Federal funds can the development of such systems be assured.

Nationally we are in a transition and reconstruction period from many causes, and as is to be expected, the highway question is one of those acutely affected by these changing conditions. The highway engineer and the highway administrator are not guaranteed a safe passage through smooth waters, after avoiding the Scylla of a single problem on the one side or the Charybdis of some other problem on the other. In the development of the highway program in this nation there is involved not *one*, but a large number of major problems, so extensive that they will constantly demand very large expenditures and the allocation of a great amount of labor and materials to this purpose by the public as a whole, in return for highway service, rendered primarily to the individual, but collectively, to itself.

The highway problems which are of an engineering nature are capable of solution if adequately attacked; those which are economic are also capable of solution, but in principle rather than in detail. The application will need always to be localized. Of these two classes —certainly not minimizing either—the most immediately serious are economic rather than engineering, and of the economic problems the determination of the amount and character of service which is to be required from the highways is the most important.

Only in a few of the more advanced states does an adequate conception exist as to the traffic—present and prospective—which must be carried over the highways. The character and amount of traffic which the highways must carry can, through painstaking studies, be reasonably determined. Such a study should precede the settling of the second problem, which is of immediate importance; that is, the mileage rate of improvement. For example, let it be determined within any state that only the high-class, heavy duty pavements will be constructed, and automatically the rate of progress has been fixed. There are now two distinct theories of improvement. First, the one which seeks to extend a comparatively limited mileage of high-class roads annually as fast as the funds and available material and labor will permit. Second, the one which seeks to build a comparatively large mileage of highways to a usable condition in the shortest time possible. This second theory automatically determines that a large percentage of such mileage will be of the lower cost roads with their well-known traffic limitations.

Classifying the Roads

WITHOUT, however, setting up definite requirements of construction or stipulating that roads of a certain type or types only shall be constructed, it has been and it will be necessary to apply more fundamental considerations to determine the adequacy of roads proposed by the states as Federal aid projects. The considerations applied in determining whether a particular project is adequate and of a substantial type may be grouped under four general classes.

The first class refers to traffic, and under this heading each project is considered with respect to (a) the amount of traffic at present using the road; (b) the nature of the present traffic, with special reference to the amount of heavy trucking, and (c) the probable future traffic which will use the road after improvement.

The second group has to do with (a) the type of adjacent roads, and (b) the relation of the proposed road to the state road system.

The elements of the third group are (a) the quality and kind of local materials available for construction; (b) peculiar local conditions affecting construction, and (c) prevailing practice in highway construction in the state or locality.

The last group of considerations is of a more technical nature and is at the present time confined to the results of experiments and studies made by the bureau and believed to be applicable to a greater or less extent in determining the substantial nature of proposed pavements.

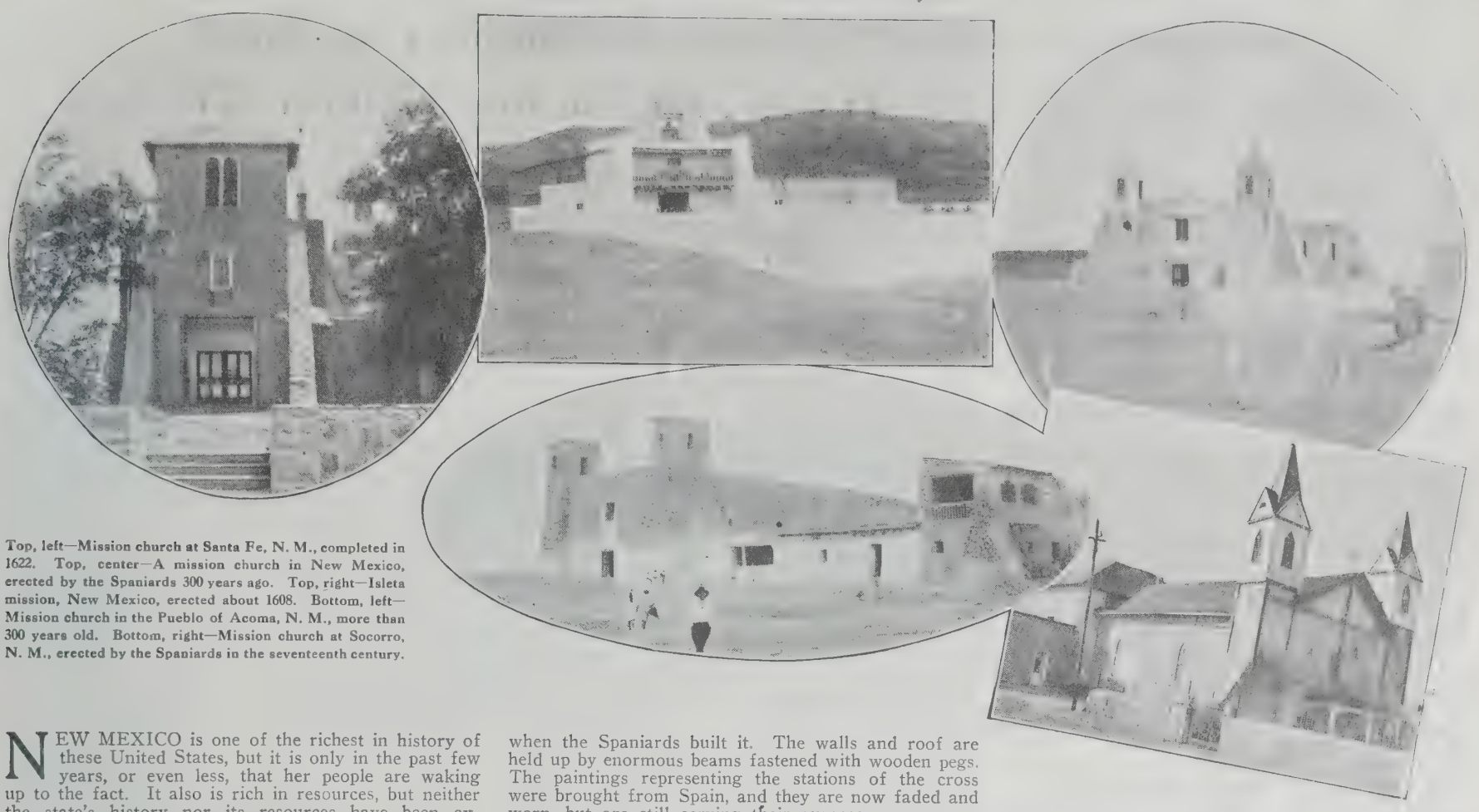
Taken as a whole, I think that a fair appraisal of what has been accomplished already will stamp the public roads program as a successful experiment, although I should not like to give the impression that the plan as it is now established is not susceptible to further improvement.

Must Be Part of State Highways

UNDER the present law the government requires that roads proposed for Federal assistance be parts of a definite system of state highways. There have been few cases in which this requirement has been waived, but in a number of the states the systems as adopted are more extensive than they should be and include many roads which can hardly be considered as of sufficient importance to warrant Federal aid in their construction.

Summarizing the general highway situation, it would appear that first, there is an insistent demand for better highways, which has resulted in the appropriation of enormous sums for highway construction; second, that this demand should be met by the prompt construction of serviceable highways as rapidly as possible; third, that there are difficulties to be met in transportation, labor, materials and construction organizations which must be solved or the construction program will defeat itself by developing unreasonable prices, and finally, that the solution of the problem lies in the selection of types of construction which will throw the least possible strain on the weak points. If this is done, it is confidently believed that even higher rates of highway construction can be attempted with safety and with every assurance of success.

The Ancient Spanish Missions of New Mexico



Top, left—Mission church at Santa Fe, N. M., completed in 1622. Top, center—A mission church in New Mexico, erected by the Spaniards 300 years ago. Top, right—Isleta mission, New Mexico, erected about 1608. Bottom, left—Mission church in the Pueblo of Acoma, N. M., more than 300 years old. Bottom, right—Mission church at Socorro, N. M., erected by the Spaniards in the seventeenth century.

NEW MEXICO is one of the richest in history of these United States, but it is only in the past few years, or even less, that her people are waking up to the fact. It also is rich in resources, but neither the state's history nor its resources have been exploited. A few months ago, however, a state Chamber of Commerce was organized, and one of its chief objects will be to let the rest of the country know that New Mexico is in the United States and to advertise its history and its resources.

Only recently the more progressive business men of the state realized that a grievous error was being made by erasing signs of antiquity in its buildings. The ancient adobe stores and mission churches in the older towns were being modernized at a rapid rate, until it was discovered that the charm of these old buildings was lost in their modern dress, so it is altogether likely that there won't be much more modernizing.

The majority of the mission churches, notably in the Rio Grande valley, were erected by the Spaniards when they came up through Old Mexico and into New Mexico more than 300 years ago and conquered the Indians. They converted the Indians, and every Indian pueblo has its mission, or church, some of which were erected as far back as 1608. It is true the Indians turned on the first missionaries after they had been converted and slew them, but more returned and established peace once more, and the great majority of pueblo Indians have remained true to the Catholic faith ever since.

In many instances the old missions have been robbed of their antiquity through the placing of modern roofs on them, also in building façades in front, but in the pueblos, the missions remain almost in the same state they were 300 years ago, except that the walls are much thicker, for which there is an interesting explanation.

Take the mission at Isleta, near Albuquerque, for instance. The walls of this mission were originally one adobe in thickness. An adobe block is perhaps three times as wide as a brick. Now the walls are five feet in thickness.

This mission, like the others throughout the state, is the center of activities during every fiesta. The Indians like to see the mission looking well, so they "doll" up the exterior. They plaster it with fresh adobe, or in plain English, mud, for each fiesta. It is put on over the old coating each time, because the latter can't be scraped off like paint. This has been going on for ages, with the result that the walls have reached their present gigantic thickness. The same thing would happen to a frame or brick house if it were painted several times a year for 300 years, provided the old paint was not scraped off. But the adobe, or mud, used on the missions isn't black. It is of a dark, brownish hue when first applied, but it becomes lighter as it dries, until it attains nearly the color of whitewash. And it does stick where it is put.

The Isleta mission, and the pueblo itself for that matter, draws many visitors. It always is possible to get inside the mission and saunter through the rectory grounds adjoining it. The only grass or anything else green in the pueblo proper is to be seen in the rectory grounds. There the aged Spanish-American priest has peacocks, pheasants, pigeons, chickens, rabbits and a dog.

It was the former custom of the Indians to bury their dead under the mission floor, but every foot of space there now is filled. It is believed the remains of 150 Indians rest there. After the space beneath the mission became filled, the Indians began burying their dead in the mission yard, which is surrounded by a very thick adobe wall. This ground became so crowded that the authorities put a stop to burials there, and now the Indians have a little cemetery on a hillside adjoining the pueblo.

The interior of the mission is exactly the same as when the Spaniards built it. The walls and roof are held up by enormous beams fastened with wooden pegs. The paintings representing the stations of the cross were brought from Spain, and they are now faded and worn, but are still serving their purpose.

There are only two or three pews in the mission. There also are a few benches without backs. The Indian worshipers seem to prefer squatting on the floor during services.

St. Augustine is the patron saint of Isleta, and a statue of the saint always has the place of honor during fiestas. The mission bell rings continuously all the time the statue is out. Some times the statue is borrowed for a wedding or other celebration, to bring luck, and the mission bell never ceases tolling until the statue is safely on its pedestal in the mission again.

Of course, the same beliefs and customs prevail in the other Indian pueblos, but in the towns populated by Americans and Spanish-Americans there are none of these harmless superstitions, though they do have their fiestas.

The mission church in the pueblo of Acoma is as interesting as the others. Its walls are ten feet thick from repeated coats of adobe. This building was erected on a table rock 350 feet above the plain, which means it was a laborious job for the Spaniards and their Indian helpers, because adobe blocks weigh considerable, and they had to be carried to the top of the rock.

Considering the quaintness and historical aspects of these old missions, it isn't any wonder that the people of New Mexico are at last alive to the asset they have and are taking active steps to preserve the antiquity of the structures.

An Interesting Analogy

By FREDERICK R. BURCH

THE producing and commercial world of today is an exact replica of a steam plant, such as now furnishes power to carry on the various industries of the world. Let us select a great ocean liner, as she steams forth upon the sea (of commerce) to perform her functions in the world's activities.

The safe transport of ship and cargo from port to port, from producer to consumer, is the task to be performed. Her engine is the capital, and the steam in the boilers is the labor with which this is to be accomplished.

These forces, standing separately, are powerless. To get results there must be devised a medium of exchange, a method by which these two forces may be economically united. This link is easy of discernment and simple in construction. A comparatively small pipe, known as the steam line (the medium of exchange) connects the boilers with the engine, and the passage of the steam through this line is controlled by a valve therein called a throttle (the banks).

Thus the enormous energy in the boilers and immense capabilities of the engine will become efficient, both as to time and quantity, at the will of the engineer (the banker). The engineer can, with the slightest effort, permit that vessel to be propelled by thousands of horse power, or with very few, or shut off the power entirely. This by virtue of the fact that he has control of the medium of exchange.

During these various changes the volume of energy in the boilers has not diminished; in fact, it increases to a point of danger, averted only by a safety valve. The capabilities of the engine remain intact, but their efficient co-operation has been rendered impossible by the closing of the steam line.

In the meantime, the vessel, thus rendered helpless, drifts helplessly toward the tumultuous seas of the shoals of bankruptcy. The captain and owners of the vessel are horror-stricken. The impending disaster to their enterprise has unnerved them. They apply to the engineer for relief. He tells them that the cause of the condition is that he has become timid, as the boat had been running along too smoothly. He also could ascribe the difficulty to the fact that some one had been "meddling with his business," or "tinkering with the tariff."

Their supplications are in vain. The engineer remains obdurate. One by one they are devoured by that tempestuous sea of bankruptcy and no one remains but the engineer and his minions, who have played the heroic part of the boy who "stood on the burning deck." Yet, unlike the boy, they knew they were masters of the situation at all times.

They are now owners of the entire enterprise. The time to act has arrived. The engineer, by a slight turn of the wrist, opens the throttle, thus permitting the medium of exchange to perform its function; labor and capital again unite, the great vessel steers for the open sea and comes proudly into port, bedecked from topmost peak to water line with flags fashioned from the front pages of the daily editions of a subservient press, each bearing a legend proclaiming the return of prosperity.

We, the people, go home, bolt our simple dinners, and hasten down to the opera house to hear our Congressman tell us about what he did to bring these glorious events to pass, and how fortunate we are to have an engineer of such sterling and transcendent qualities in our midst.

This picture is too beautiful to mar. Let us not sully our memory by any reference to the host of black and bloated remains that are, at this instant, being ruthlessly tossed about out there on those boisterous shoals of bankruptcy, the innocent victims of the engineer's groundless timidity or lack of confidence. Let us draw the veil.

Until sufficient of the thinking people of the world see and understand the incontrovertible analogy which exists between the open sea of the foregoing illustration and the sea of commerce; the vessel sailing the open sea and a business enterprise; the boiler and engine of the vessel and labor and capital; the steam line and money; the throttle and bank; and the engineer and banker; we will continue to take our text from the daily press, our modern gospel, and listen to the sermons of Congressmen, our modern preachers, and, being thus at peace with ourselves and our modern god (of Mammon), we will promptly proceed to outfit another vessel and send her forth in high glee, and the best of cheer, with the same old engineer in complete command of the same old throttle, and, although we cannot bring ourselves to believe it, we may well expect to have the same old results.

Playing Politics With the Panama Canal

Tolls Question Injects Whole Problem Into Partisan Realm

By A. R. PINCI

AFTER many disconnected circuitous attempts, the great Panama Canal tolls problem will be *once more* solved by the Senate of the United States. Once more is said advisedly, because theoretically, more than a century ago, and actually, during the last two decades, the subject has been considered and debated from every angle.

From the time that Secretary Clay drafted the first official American note about the projected canal in 1825 to the present day, when notable Americans are divided in opinion, the exact status, of the United States in relation to its own authority over first the projected and thence the completed canal, has been argued and discussed. The net result is that beyond injecting the entire problem into the realm of partisan politics, sometimes concealed by solemn international law interpretations, the true owners of the Panama Canal —the American people—do not know very much about it except that they have paid its bill through the United States Treasury.

Because the platform of the Republican party has given to the administration a mandate, so to speak, to restore the free tolls privilege to American coastwise vessels using the Panama Canal, there is a growing feeling that whatever the action of the Senate on Senator Borah's bill it will be in response to political urge rather than to sound international thought. Of course, it is unthinkable—even though such things have happened—that the Senate would at this critical post-war juncture lend itself to political maneuvering, but it cannot be denied that all activity in behalf of the bill is looked on in variants of political scheming. Not only is the problem considered a standing major difference between the Republican and Democratic parties, but it has served, and still seems to serve, the purposes of the so-called agrarian bloc, the transcontinental railroads, and similar geographical or industrial groups.

Afraid of Offending Britain

HOVERING in the background, like a Damoclean sword over Uncle Sam's head, there has been the constant shadow of what is termed "friction with Britain." In certain quarters it has become the fashion to regard proper and independent action by the United States over the Panama Canal properties as somewhat of a *casus belli*, with England as the offended party.

Discussing the problem in elementary English, there are two groups; those who believe that the United States has absolute and sole authority over the canal and its regulation, an authority traceable not only to ownership but the perpetual assumption of its fixed charges of maintenance, and those who believe that certain treaties, especially with England, deny this right, and that, to all intents and purposes, the construction of the canal must stand as an altruistic gift to the world.

The latter group, which includes such Republicans as Elihu Root and George W. Wickersham, both prominent in the Roosevelt-Taft administrations, fall back for their attitude on the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of more recent times, as well as a mass of official correspondence throughout 100 years. They and their co-believers assume that any action by the United States which would be contrary to the terms of existing treaties and agreements would involve this country in technical diplomatic difficulties. The opposing group, however, points to vague and indeterminate language in all treaties and correspondence, and interprets a contrary view.

Inasmuch as great lawyers, in the present cabinet and in past cabinets, in this Congress and in past Congresses, have interpreted all available references in roughly two specific sides, without regard to politics, although the parties have assumed a definite stand, the approaching Senate decision makes it pertinent to examine certain new phases which, surprising as it may seem, practically should eliminate all treaties from the discussion.

Every treaty and agreement based on a projected or actual Panama Canal is contrary to the word and spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. The United States cannot, personal wishes to the contrary nothwithstanding, observe the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal treaties at the same time. The Panama Canal treaties are inconsistent with the Monroe Doctrine.

Can't Conflict With Monroe Doctrine

THE Monroe Doctrine dates from a declaration of December 2, 1823, by Presdent Monroe. This declaration antecedes by one year the first formal American proposal for the construction of a canal through Nicaragua. President Wilson in 1915 rededicated the principles of Monroe's all-American policy, and so ineradicable are those principles that four years later they were sufficient to clash with and defeat the League of Nations. From this it may be deduced that the Monroe Doctrine is the corner stone of Amreican foreign policies, and that all subsequent treaties and agreements must not conflict with the Monroe Doctrine—and that cannot be said to be the case with, barring a certain technicality, the Clayton-Bulwer and Hay-Pauncefote treaties.

The Monroe Doctrine denied the right of foreign powers to interfere with self-determination by the various Latin-American republics. As fast as each European colony in southern or central America freed itself of its yoke the rejected nation would not be permitted, by force or other means, to restore its influence. This is simple and understood by all.

But the Monroe Doctrine, however, operates both ways—a fact that is not understood nor appreciated by many pro-treaty champions of the Panama Canal problem. Inasmuch as the Monroe Doctrine denied the right of European governments to perpetuate themselves or their territories in the Americas, it denied the right, obviously, of the United States to engage in any undertaking or understanding in that territory in conjunction with any foreign power. Moreover, as it is admitted that Latin-Americans may not be permitted to seek or invite foreign dominion of any kind, or to recall that which they rejected, it is obvious that an isthmian republic, whether it be Nicaragua, Colombia or Panama, cannot bargain for the lease, sale, or other transfer of territory for the benefit of a foreign power.

Yet under the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, the United States practically departs from this inhibition and proceeds to bargain with England on a "joint" project of building the canal.

The Clayton-Bulwer treaty not only was a bald attempt to ignore the Monroe Doctrine, but it has led to a continuation of this false assumption of rights on the part of the United States as to lead to the continual international and national difficulties besetting this country since the Panama Canal became a reality.

In other words, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, as well as its successor, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901, are jointly inconsistent with the Monroe Doctrine, and being so have no place in American international law except as an anomaly.

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which has been held up as an example of advanced American diplomacy, unfortunately stands as a monument to the indifference, if not ineptitude, of American diplomacy. Far from being a conspicuous feat of the late Secretary Hay it remains, as it has always been (and it happens to be the standing joke in European chancelleries), an incomprehensible action. England had begun to take the Monroe Doctrine more seriously than it was thought, and expected any time a request by the United States to denounce the treaty of 1850. The American proposal of a substitute treaty, with real teeth in it, which was entirely in favor of England, was a surprise.

The United States did not have the right in 1850 to enter into an agreement with Great Britain or any other foreign power, for the construction of a canal and this right did not exist in 1900. To this extent the rights of Great Britain do not exist now, and did not exist then. The right of the United States to invite England in a joint undertaking on territory which the Monroe Doctrine has outlawed from Great Britain and other foreign nations cannot exist.

Tied Hands of United States

AT MOST it may be held that inasmuch as at that time the canal was planned in conjunction with a foreign power, or by a foreign power in conjunction with the United States, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was ratified to fix the respective rights of the owners, but the instrument as it stands, or as it stood during its force, is anything but a working agreement of two partners about to venture in a mastodonic undertaking.

As a matter of fact, it has never been believed in Europe that England ever seriously entertained the idea of building an isthmian canal, and the curious thing is that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which practically tied the hands of the United States, was signed four years before the Suez Canal was begun. It is difficult to conceive England, after 1854, and certainly after 1869, when it was opened, as embarking in the distant enterprise of a canal in America whose effect would be to weaken England's hold on foreign shipping to the Orient.

As a restrictive and self-protecting measure, England's attitude is one of foresight. That England should in 1912 rely on the gratuitous rights granted by the United States under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was to be expected, and the same protest against granting the free tolls privilege under the new law will follow again as a matter of diplomatic routine.

There is unmistakable propaganda in Washington against the restoration of the free tolls privilege, first granted under President Taft in 1912. Most of it, however, is of strictly American color and origin. It is quite local. It involves the so-called Middle West. It is supposed to have the sympathy of the railroads. But on the other hand, inter-American interests, clash as they may, will never be so serious as the foreign.

A few weeks ago, shortly before the Congressional recess, many newspapers were publishing dispatches from Washington to the effect that the President did not want the proposed exemption law discussed until after the limitation of armament conference, or that he preferred not to have it discussed in Congress, or that he wished to settle it by amicable "diplomatic exchange," that friction with England was inevitable, and that in any event reversing the Wilson legislation meant a dishonorable national act.

These dispatches skirted the simple truth; that the Harding Administration finds it difficult to extricate the country from formal commitments. And how extrication may follow unless the untenability of the American position is acknowledged, and frank admission is made that the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is an agreement in violation of the Monroe Doctrine, cannot be imagined.

In fact, a mere legislative provision exempting American coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls—in other words, the restoration of a former law—will not suffice for a permanent solution of the problem. It will tend, instead, to restrict the question to one of party politics, with the Republicans favoring exemption and the Democrats favoring tolls, both basing their opinions on interpretations of international law and existing treaties—and it has been shown that the treaties are unsound and un-American.

That fact is enough to warrant the administration in denouncing the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, but as it would be too much to expect the Republican party to acknowledge that a previous administration—and a highly praised one—made such an absurd mistake, politics may be served if need be by falling back upon proper diplomatic procedure.

It is very true, to forestall objectors, that records never fail to include such phrases as these: ". . . . benefits of it (the canal) ought not to be exclusively appropriated to any one nation," or ". . . . of securing forever, by such (treaty) stipulations, the free and equal right of navigating such canal to all such nations," or ". . . . such an enterprise should be for the benefit of the world's commerce, and in no proposition that it has ever made has it sought for its citizens or its commerce special advantages," or ". . . .It would be our earnest desire and expectation to see the world's peaceful commerce enjoy the same just, liberal, and rational treatment." These declarations are conditional and non-inclusive; the owner remains the owner with all rights.

The Hay-Pauncefote Agreement

THE "free and equal" canal policy of the United States, as set forth in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, is based on this agreement: "The canal shall be free and open to these vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

It is indeed difficult to see, in all these declarations, which are from official American records, where the United States is bound to deny itself certain privileges for the benefit of the world. As it has been pointed out, the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is made from a rib of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, yet the second treaty entirely ignores the fact that the 1850 treaty was drafted when it was considered that England would assume one-half the responsibility, expenses, and fixed charges, for the construction and operation of the canal as then projected.

But most indicative of any, and at the same time rarely referred to, is President Grant's consistently American, pro-Monroe Doctrine, George Washingtonian policy, as made known by Hamilton Fish, his Secretary of State.

"The President," Secretary Fish wrote to Minister Hurlbut at Bogota, "is disinclined to enter into any entanglement in participation of control over the work with other powers. He regards it as an American enterprise, which he desires to be undertaken under American auspices, to the benefit of which the whole commercial world should be fully admitted."

Forty years or so afterward the Panama Canal was under construction, by American engineers, at American expense, as an American enterprise, for the benefit of the commercial world, but somewhere, somehow, President Grant's disinclination to enter into any entanglement in participation or control with other powers was forgotten. England, at no expense except that of diplomatic routine, was given the lion's share (as a European ambassador described it to the writer). Taking things away from a lion is always delicate work—and this occasion will prove no exception. But little will be gained by the United States by beating about the bush; by trying to conceal causes. A courageous handling of the entire difficulty will not diminish England's rights to equal participation, but it will give the United States certain rights which no treaty could ever take away from American citizens.

Rights of American Shipping

IT HAS been alleged that coastwise shipping, American-owned, has no rights in the canal. The allegation has been advanced frequently, backed by the treaty stipulations, but a very practical situation in its favor has been wholly ignored. There is no more reason why American shipping shall not enjoy the Panama Canal as an all-American enterprise than there would be in prohibiting free access to continental canals.

When the Panama Canal project was the cynosure of politics, under Roosevelt, the popular slogan was that American coastwise ships could make ports from one coast to the other, carrying freight much cheaper than railroads. But somehow the Panama Canal has never become even an active competitor of the railroads, and at the present pace will never do so.

This is due to the fog of hostile thought of politicians, who have reduced the waterway to a party plank, so to speak, as well as a mistaken idea on the part of unyielding, single-track minded men who fail to acknowledge that nothing is owed to Great Britain.

Recapitulating, England never intended building a canal; not intending to do so she decided to share authority with the United States, which "might build it"; England favored and built the Suez Canal, an actual competitor of the Panama waterway, though under a different foreign trade program Suez's value would be secondary; and that the United States, having assumed the entire burden of Panama waterway building and operating, England will depend on the word of the treaties to hamstring it as much as possible, by a strict interpretation of the treaties.

Denounce the treaties and there will be no more Panama Canal tolls problem.

The Porto Ricans and Self-Determination

By CHARLES E. GRADWELL

CHICKENS, political and feathered, come home to roost. Any farmer will prove to you the veracity of the adage, as applied to the egg-laying species, and if you are interested in the figurative chick, as applied to politics, consider Porto Rico.

In pre-Gamaliel times the doctrine of self-determination occupied the front page for quite a time. It was hailed as the cure-all for European ills. Self-determination—the weak sisters in the family of nations to determine for themselves the why, whom, what and when; the solution of the Balkan broil and the Silesian sizzle—all in six syllables and a hyphen!

The academic brain that gave birth to this utopian theory was concentrated on the trials and tribulations of territories and peoples in Europe, with no thought for those nearer home. However, the politicians of Porto Rico seized on the pronunciamiento of the then President of the United States, and assuming he would practice what he preached, managed to get their fellow countrymen all worked up at the prospect of independence.

Last year the Unionist party in Porto Rico rode into office on the platform of independence. The fact that the leaders know they have no more chance of independence than the proverbial snowball matters not. They got themselves elected and are now engaged in distributing the spoils after many lean years.

Porto Rico became the property of the United States in 1898, after the Spanish-American War, being part of the penalty paid by Spain for ruffling the eagle's feathers. The island is approximately 3,435 square miles in area. It is bounded on the north by the Atlantic and on the south by the Caribbean. The climate is an ideal one and the principal product is sugar. About five-eighths of the island is given over to sugar production. Tobacco and fruit raising are the next industries in order of importance. The natives speak Spanish and with them Americans are about as popular as an Englishman at a Sinn Fein meeting. If the people were given the choice tomorrow of remaining under the American flag or becoming one of King Alfonso's dominions, the United States would very quickly be minus one island possession. The reason for this is hard to find, for during the American Administration the living conditions of the natives have been improved beyond comparison. They have been taught something about hygiene, splendid roads have been built, and an intelligent school system installed. American teachers are employed and the rising generation is being taught the English language, which may help to dissipate the prejudices and superstitions of their parents.

Porto Rico has no stabilizing middle class; that is, none strong enough to exercise any influence on the political life of the island. But for the veto power invested in the American governor, the politicians would soon bankrupt the island with their prodigality. In fact, given independence it would not be long before the political and commercial life of the island would be completely in the hands of a half dozen men.

In common with the rest of the world, Porto Rico is suffering from the reaction of war-time prosperity. Gone are the days of 23-cent sugar, and the majority of planters will be fortunate this year if they get back their cost of production. Signs of restiveness are to be found in industrial strikes that have occurred intermittently this year—first the cigarmakers, and incidentally, the tobacco business is controlled by the American Tobacco Company; then the motormen and conductors on the San Juan trolley system, and also the employes of the American railroad company.

In each case the victory has been with the employers. The only apparent result obtained by the strikers was the slaying of the island's leading strike breaker.

The railroad was built with American capital, but was not found to be a profitable investment and the road was unloaded on local capital, which in turn, discovering that it had been stung, is now trying to unload the railroad on the government.



Scenes in Porto Rico, the inhabitants of which want to be free from the United States Government and govern themselves.

The primitive condition of the rolling stock is not conducive to making travel a pleasure, and any one acquainted with conditions prefers to travel from place to place by automobile.

The island has splendid roads and passenger and freight traffic is being successfully handled by auto lines to the detriment of the railroad.

Automobiles also are competing with the street cars to the detriment of the latter. Jitney service from San Juan to all parts can be obtained and workers find that they can reach their homes on the outskirts of the city by jitney in about one-half the time it takes by trolley.

The amusements are limited—motion picture theaters being about the only diversion. Although making large profits, the theaters of San Juan show their patrons American pictures of very ancient vintage.

A striking feature of all Porto Rican towns is the plaza—a large public square in the heart of the town or city. Plenty of shade trees and seats are provided, and here the natives can be found at all hours of the day settling the affairs of nations.

In most towns one also finds two clubs—Casino Espanol (Spanish club) and Casino Porto Rico (Porto Rico club), the local explanation being that Porto Ricans and Spaniards do not get along well together, although an examination of the membership rosters of both clubs reveals the astounding information that practically the same men make up the membership of both clubs.

Porto Ricans have a favorite word which might well be adopted as the island's slogan. It is *manana*, (tomorrow). They hate to be hustled and anything that can possibly be put off until *manana* is so relegated. If a Porto Rican makes an appointment with you for noon and shows up any time before 4 p. m. he is pretty much on time from his point of view.

The Porto Rican closes up his bank or store from noon until 1 p. m. each day while he takes lunch.

Another surprise the visitor gets in Porto Rico is the number of automobiles he sees. Every known make is represented and everyone seems to own one.

The Vanderbilt Habel Company, of New York, has built in San Juan a magnificent hotel known as the Condado Vanderbilt. It is easily the most beautiful and pretentious hotel in South America and would even meet with approval on esthetic Fifth Avenue. The hotel made a little money in its first season, but during the last season, November, 1920 to April, 1921, lost heavily.

An attempt was made to keep the hotel open all summer, the management consenting to this plan, provided 50 persons could be found in Porto Rico who would maintain one room throughout the summer. The rates asked were absurdly low, but the desired quota could not be raised and the hotel was closed. It will be opened again in November, but it is generally understood that if another season is experienced like the last one, the place will be closed for good and sold.

An effort was made to make Porto Rico a rival of Los Angeles as a place to produce motion pictures.

More than $250,000 was invested by local capital, but efforts to date do not seem to indicate that California is in any danger of losing its laurels.

Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, visited Porto Rico in March as the guest of Governor Yager. On his return to this country, it is reported, he saw President Harding and told him what a good governor his friend Yager is. Dr. Shaw's interference brought forth a torrent of criticism and abuse from San Juan newspapers, but just how much influence Dr. Shaw's reported interview with the President had can be judged from the fact that the President has appointed E. Mont Reily, of Kansas, to succeed Yager.

Governor Reily has a big task. He will make himself unpopular if he vetoes some of the bills passed by the last legislature calling for extravagant expenditures, but his hardest task will be explaining that self-determination does not apply to Porto Rico.

The First Woman M. D.

TODAY every city has one or more women doctors; yet only a century ago there were none anywhere, none who had received a diploma and duly graduated from a medical college. Why, a century ago the child destined to become the first of her kind was born: date, February 3, 1821; place, Bristol, England; name, Elizabeth Blackwell.

The whole family transplanted itself to America when Elizabeth was 11 years old. She went to school, became a teacher in Kentucky, and spent many moments wondering what her life work should be. She was getting nowhere until an invalid friend in Cincinnati supplied the cue.

"Oh," the friend sighed, "if I could only have been treated by a woman doctor, I think much humiliation and suffering would have been spared me."

The conversation continued. They chatted merrily for a time on other subjects. Suddenly the woman's countenance displayed seriousness, and she turned and resumed the subject that had been dropped.

"You are fond of study, have health and leisure," she said. "Why not study medicine?"

For weeks and weeks she tried to banish the idea the friend had suggested, but it constantly recurred. She dreaded the life that is a vacuum. Finally out of the welter of her desires and aversions she chose the course which contained the most of the former with the least of the latter.

Elizabeth's family did not object; so she wrote to a number of physicians regarding the feasibility of her plan maturing. They agreed thoroughly that the idea was good but impossible, that women were barred from medical colleges, the obstacles numerous, and the education expensive. These replies, however, only whetted still further her appetite for conquest over a silly convention that should have been long obsolete.

A force stronger than herself seemed to lead her on. Certainly the shift was fortuitous. The principal of the school at Asheville, North Carolina, where the ambitious girl obtained a position as music instructor, had been a physician. Elizabeth borrowed his medical books, and applied her spare time to perusing them; thus she edged nearer her great goal.

By the summer of 1847 Elizabeth was ready to enter a medical college if she could find one that would admit her.

After being rejected by several medical schools, she was finally accepted as a student in a New York medical college, and she was graduated in 1849.

Two more years of study followed, one in London and one in Paris. In 1851 she returned to New York. With the help of philanthropic Quakers she established on the East Side a dispensary for women and children.

Two years later the charter for the New York Infirmary was obtained. At once Dr. Blackwell established a hospital where maternity cases could be handled with sympathy and understanding. It was a woman's hospital for women.

When the Civil War came, a meeting of interested women was held at the infirmary. Many offered themselves as nurses; but the significant feature is that in that crowded infirmary parlor the National Sanitary Aid Association was organized. What a great work it did in the war!

In 1864 Elizabeth and her sister, Emily, who had also obtained a medical education after many trying experiences, founded the Women's Medical College in New York. The failure of all efforts to gain admission for women in the large men's colleges had caused the women to have one of their very own. It was closed a few years later when the recognized institutions relented and threw their doors open to the other sex.

The infirmary grew and grew. In the dispensary connected with it 11,000 patients were treated in one year and 6,000 visits were made to patients in their own homes.

Elizabeth Blackwell wrote numerous books, "The Laws of Life," "The Human Element in Sex," "The Purchase of Women," "The Religion of Health," and probably a dozen more.

In 1869 she returned to the land of her nativity, England. She felt more at home there. Her sister, Emily, remained in New York guiding the destinies of the hospital and the infirmary.

Elizabeth died at the ripe old age of 89. At the hamlet of Kilmun Argyllshire, Scotland, a handsome Celtic cross marks the grave.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

A mountain disintegrating so fast that the action is discernible day by day is a remarkable phenomenon of the Aussee region of Austria. Great cones and pinnacles of rock crash and tumble and forests lie flat or move slowly and steadily downward, piling into the valleys. It is believed that water in the chalky limestone core of the mountain causes the collapse of caverns and the slipping of strata.

"All the beans you can eat for 15 cents. All the spaghetti you want for 15 cents. All the coffee you can drink for a nickel. It's hell to be broke; if you're hungry, come on in anyway." So reads a sign of a West Thirty-fourth street restaurant man in New York City—and he says the restaurant is a great success.

Pulling teeth with only the fingers is the method used by Chinese dentists of the older class. From youth to manhood the dentist is trained to pull wooden pegs from a board and the training changes the aspect of the hand, giving him a finger grip equivalent to a lifting power of three or four hundred pounds.

Land birds far from land is a strange sight on Lake Michigan steamers. At sundown the rigging and spars of vessels at the docks form good roosting places for the land birds. When the boats move out under cover of darkness the birds are not aware of it. Upon waking up the birds circle around the vessel and finally rest on the rigging until they come to the boat's destination when they fly to shore to establish new homes.

Waterholes shaped like a carafe, with a narrow neck and wide cavity below, are found in the deserts of Western Australia, holding water only at night and drying up in the day. Near the bottom of these wells are found horizontal pits separating thin layers of gneiss from the main mass. The high temperature during the day expands the plate of gneiss, causing the water to retreat into the cavity thus formed, only to be expelled at night when the gneiss contracts.

A journal printed in shorthand by a tribe of Indians living in the interior of British Columbia is one of the queerest newspapers in the world. A French missionary learned the Indian vocabulary and taught them to write by means of shorthand signs, which represented all the sounds the Indians use in pronouncing the words. The paper has 16 pages and contains all the news of the tribe. More than 3,000 Indians have learned to read it.

Gold dust in such quantity as to make the eyes of old miners bulge with wonder was taken out of the earth by well diggers working on a farm near Portland, Oregon, recently.

Charged with making false returns, a woman election official has been indicted in West Virginia. This is the first instance since woman suffrage was granted that a woman has been indicted on this charge.

Sound-proof rooms for nervous artists are a part of a New York hotel service. They are installed on the top floor of the hotel. There are no windows in the rooms and the doors are of the ice box type, the room being ventilated by means of a special device. Each room is furnished with luxurious upholstered furniture, and the walls and ceilings are done in a flat dove-gray.

The American soldier will appear on a monument of thanksgiving in memory of sailors and soldiers who fell in the Great War, which will be erected at Lourdes, France.

Eels of certain kinds migrate as do birds. They are now leaving the British Isles for their journey across the Atlantic to their breeding waters, south of Bermuda, 3,000 miles distant. The eel progeny drift with the current of the Gulf Stream from the Bahamas to Europe, undergoing their metamorphosis enroute and taking between one and two years for the journey one way. The eel never returns to Europe after leaving for the Bermudas.

Coats for coatless men are furnished by the railroad dining room service in a station in Kansas City. Heretofore patrons were denied entrance to the dining room if they were coatless. Now the management has in readiness several nice coats which it permits the patrons to wear while eating.

An electrically operated typewriter is being manufactured by a German company. It is claimed to be a labor-saving device with an easy touch and considerably greater speed, and with virtually no wear nor tear on the nerves of the operator.

Paper barrels are being manufactured in Canada. Preparations are under way to make them suitable for the shipment of flour, dyes, lime, sugar, lard, butter and other goods.

Harnessing a volcano to provide power for manufacturing is the plan of a committee of manufacturers in Hawaii. Kilauea volcano is giving off vast quantities of heat, ranging as high as 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit. It is believed this heat can be developed into steam pressure from which electricity will be derived.

Recovering petroleum that has become mixed with water in the wells by means of a device similar to a cream separator will save millions of dollars annually, according to an American scientist. The machine is being used with success in oil fields of the Middle West. Its speed is 17,000 revolutions a minute, breaking up the emulsions into clear oil and salt water, which are then drained off through spouts.

The Hudson Bay Company, a powerful factor in the fur trade for three centuries, is turning its attention to the development of the oil resources which the company's holdings of more than 4,000,000 acres in Canada are believed to contain.

Buried treasure, believed to be a part of the loot of Jean Lafitte, the pirate, has been found in the vicinity of Jefferson Island, the home of the late Joseph Jefferson. According to legend, large sums of money were buried in that neighborhood by Lafitte, who operated in the eighteenth century.

Indians in Northern Canada face extinction unless measures are taken to safeguard them against contagious disease, according to an inspecting physician.

Ending a two-year vacation, Valentine Geyser in Yellowstone National Park now spouts twice weekly in the Norris Geyser basin.

The City Corporation of London has named one of its streets for Samuel Pepys, the quaint diarist.

Inoculating dogs instead of persons to prevent rabies is a custom among the Japanese. Instead of the usual methods of killing mad dogs, Japanese medical experts advocate inoculation of all dogs.

Rare marble is used to build roads in Kentucky, according to reports of experts. Twenty different kinds of marble, many varieties of commercial importance, have been crushed for road use.

Chinese are the most satisfactory bank depositors, according to a Chicago banker. They have the largest average accounts, and the bank never has any trouble or controversy with any of them. They ask no favors that cannot be granted to the bank's advantage and work hard and save their money.

Paris' "Hundred Kilo Club," a club composed of men tipping the scales at 220 pounds, is coming to life again. During the war many members lost out when the food restrictions and hard work of military service lowered their weight. Since the armistice many have gone into "training" at the little café where the club convenes, eating fattening foods.

Stone crabs of Florida have dug into the concrete piling of a bridge across Boce Ceiga Bay, near St. Petersburg, tearing holes in the stone to make homes for themselves. Heretofore concrete has been regarded as a match for everything but steel tools and high explosives. The piling is to be sheathed with sheet iron to prevent further damage from this source.

Contents of waste baskets at the Allied Supreme Council's last meeting at Paris reveal the secret thoughts of the League leaders. A journalist rescued the following scraps which the prime ministers scribbled and drew while the interpreters were translating various speeches: Lloyd George drew perfect oak leaves; Lord Curzon, a geographical map of mystery; Briand drew a picture of a wedding couple just emerging from a Parisian church. Briand is a bachelor.

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Putting the Pianist on the Pay Roll

By HARRY H. DUNN



EUGENE BLANCHARD,

Of Oakland, California, who directed the mixed chorus of more than 300 voices on the first evening of the music festival.

TO GIVE genius a free hand, and to allow the artist to meet Inspiration at least half way, with a mind unwearied by financial cares, the people of a state are planning to provide a source of funds whereby composers, musicians, sculptors, painters and other creative artists may be paid for their work to such an extent, at least, that they may devote their best energies to productive work, rather than to teaching or to other laborious pursuits. Strangely enough, the men and women who are promoting this project, and who, in September, took the first big step toward its realization, are what are commonly known as "hard-headed business people," though, as a matter of fact, the idea of this altruistic revival of the Golden Age in art originated with a poet, a very capable poet, withal, who poetizes as a side issue, but who is a pretty hard-fisted battler in the world of dollars most of the time.

The state is California, and, on the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth of September, this year, the composers, musicians and singers of that state were brought together, from Siskiyou to San Diego and from the Sierras to the sea, in a three-day music festival, in the Greek Theater at the University of California in Berkeley. Not only is this the first time a state has done this thing, but it marks the laying of the foundation of a center of art in California, in which producing artists will be regarded at least as worthy of their hire as the plumber or the carpenter or the bricklayer.

In another feature this music festival, which is to be an annual event, in one form or another, was unique —every instrumental or vocal composition produced was the work of a California composer, with the single exception of some of the kindergarten music introduced in the program presented by the young musicians of the public schools. Further than this, every musician and singer who appeared was and is a bona fide resident of California. Never in the history of music in the New World has a state attempted to prove itself so completely self-sufficient musically as this—and succeeded.

Attendance at the festival was recorded from every state of the Pacific slope. Washington, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, all contributed their quota of men and women who came to hear the collected works of the California composers, the majority of them played or sung by the composers themselves, and many interpreted by musicians and singers of international reputation, but all residents of the westernmost state. Within this unusual production was another, even more unusual, for one of the programs, that which occupied the second of the three nights of music, was composed entirely of the work of composers resident in the city of Berkeley, as were also the instrumentalists and vocalists who interpreted the numbers.

Though Berkeley has only 60,000 inhabitants, there were more recognized composers and artists than could be accommodated on the program.

Charles Keeler, the leading poet of the Pacific Coast, conceived the idea of the establishment of the art and music center in Northern California, and, as the first step to that end, the three-day, all-California music festival was held. Now, though Mr. Keeler is a poet, he is also manager of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce and one of the moving figures in the business life of the San Francisco Bay region. Instead, therefore, of endeavoring to lay the foundations of the state's art center among artists, he went to the business and professional men and women of the community, and obtained first, the support of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, then of the Berkeley city government, and, with this as a start, of the business, civic and municipal organizations of Oakland, San Francisco and other California cities. The Berkeley Chamber of Commerce named a permanent art committee, of which Mr. Keeler is a member, to take up the project of the art and music center for California, and carry it through, by every means possible, to a successful culmination. This committee is to be permanent, though its personnel may be changed from time to time, as necessity for such changes arise. One of the first things this committee did was to inform all the composers, instrumentalists and vocalists that they would be paid for their services to the musical festival. In all previous musical history, whenever so-called "local talent" has been drafted to give of its productions or its ability to a home exhibition, all the artists have been expected to donate their services free of charge, receiving their remuneration, if any, in the plaudits of their friends and the publicity given to the exhibition. In this instance the composers and artists were more than mildly surprised when they were offered contracts, at quite good figures, for the use of their compositions and their own appearances on the programs. This method of paying for services rendered is to be maintained at all these annual musical festivals at Berkeley hereafter. This year, the net proceeds, after all expenses were paid, went to the War Memorial for the city of Berkeley, the implanting of the idea of the art and music center in the public mind being considered sufficient result for this year's festival.



Above—TSIANINA, the Indian girl from Southern California, who sang a number of Indian songs, compositions of Charles Wakefield Cadman, leading composer of the Pacific Coast.

Left—FRED'K. MAURER, JR., of Berkeley, who furnished a number of his own songs, played and sung by himself, on the second night of the music festival.

The proceeds of next year's festival, and of similar events each year thereafter, will go to the establishment of a foundation for the art and music center, from which funds recognized composers, and other producing artists in sculpture, painting and literature, will be put on such a financial basis that they may devote the best of their time and talents to their chosen work. Incidentally, this is the first time the people of a state have shown such wide and practical appreciation of the position of the artist in the life of the community

Four programs were presented during the three-day music festival in the Greek Theater, three in the evening and one in an afternoon. In the majority of cases, the composers selected their own programs, as well as the artists who were to assist them in the presentation of their compositions. This rather novel method of arranging the programs proved highly pleasing in its results, since it enabled the composer to select what he himself knew to be the best of his work, and to have it presented by men and women whom he knew to be most familiar with it and most capable of presenting it in the spirit in which it was intended to be presented when written. As no syncopation, ragtime, nor so-called "jazz" was permitted in any part of any program, the Jewish composers were entirely absent, yet the thousands who attended all the presentations manifested their approval and enjoyment of the classical and popular selections of the best grade offered by the long list of American, Italian and French composers, instrumentalists and singers.



WILLIAM J. McCOY,

Composer and master of orchestration of the celebrated Bohemian Club of San Francisco, under whose direction that club presented a number of its famous musical offerings on the closing night of the 3-day music festival, Berkeley, Calif.



THOMAS F. FREEMAN,

Of Berkeley, composer and pianist, who contributed largely to the success of the evening in the music festival in which the city of Berkeley furnished all the composers, compositions and artists who interpreted them.

The first night of the music festival, September 15, was devoted to the works of Charles Wakefield Cadman, of Los Angeles, considered one of the leading composers of the Pacific Coast, and internationally known as an interpreter of the Indian dance music and folk songs of the American Indian. An Indian girl, Tsianina, of the Cherokee tribe, possessed of a pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, sang two groups of the composer's Indian songs, including the weirdly thrilling Zuni "Invocation to the Sun God," the lilting Ojibway Canoe Song, and the popular "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water." Mr. Cadman's Trio in D Major was played by Mr. Cadman at the piano, with Antonio de Grassi at the violin and Arthur Weiss at the cello. A chorus of more than 300 voices, under direction of Eugene Blanchard and Lowell Redfield, sang three selections, the entire evening being devoted to the compositions of the Southern California composer of music and songs.

The second evening was given over completely to the works of residents of Berkeley, including, among the musical numbers, a dramatic reading from the play "Sempervirens" by Mrs. Ralph Waldo Trine, with incidental music by a sextet of stringed instruments, which, by the way, furnished one of the most interesting parts of the program. Seven Berkeley composers were represented, including Frederick Maurer, Jr., E. G. Stricklen, Henry B. Pasmore, Thomas Frederick Freeman, Catherine Urner, Antonio de Grassi and Wallace A. Sabin.

The Saturday matinee saw more than 1,500 public school children of Berkeley, presenting individually and collectively the musical work of these schools as one program in the music festival. The combined bands of all the high and grammar schools furnished one organization of more than 1,000 instruments, and a chorus of nearly as many voices sang to the accompaniment of this band, believed to be the largest amateur musical organization ever assembled. The school children's matinee was the best attended of all four presentations of the music festival, and the great Greek Theater was crowded to the exits. The music given led through the kindergarten work, to choral and orchestral performance in the schools to the playing of the Berkeley High School Orchestra, which has taken prizes all over the state. Keen rivalry was aroused among the schools for this music festival before the spring term ended in June, and the result was that many of the children had worked on their individual numbers during the summer, making the entire presentation probably as nearly perfect as it could have been with so many participants. The schools have been assured that one program of each annual festival will be given over to them, and work has been started on next year's program.

On Saturday night, the closing night of the music festival, the celebrated Bohemian Club of San Francisco, which each year presents an original play in Bohemian Grove, and gives a number of musical events, took charge of the program. More than 2,500 members of the club and their friends went from San Francisco to the Greek Theater, where the following five numbers were staged by the club:

1. Excerpts from "Ilya of Muron" *U. Marcelli*

   Grove Play of 1920, Book by Charles Caldwell Dobie.
   Chorus and Orchestras, conducted by the composer.

2. "Hunting Song" *Eugene Blanchard*

   Sunday Morning Concert, 1916.
   Orchestra conducted by the composer

3. "Man of the Forest" (Fantasia) *J. D. Redding*

   Grove Play 1902, Book by Charles K. Field, conducted by the composer.

4. "St. Patrick of Tara" *W. Sabin*

   Grove Play 1908, Book by Henry Morse Stephens
   Prelude, Chorus and Orchestra, conducted by the composer.

5. "Egypt" Opera in Four Acts. *W. J. McCoy.*

   Book by Charles K. Field
   (a) Farewell Duet Act 1
   Cleopatra, Mrs. R. G. Retallick; Anthony, sung by Charles Bulotti *W. J. McCoy*

   (b) Prelude—Prayer and Storm Scene Act III
   Cleopatra Chorus of Priests and Priestesses
   Conducted by the composer.

The Champion of All Destructive Insects

By C. E. COLLINS

THE most destructive insect in America, who would have eaten the dry goods you buy, the clothes you wear, the very shirt from your back if he had got around to it, is now busily engaged in consuming another $500,000,000 worth of farm crops in the southern states. The house fly, the mosquito, the fruit tree borer, the wheat field chinch bug—all of them must take a back seat when this persistent pest of Dixie steps forward. He is the champion of 'em all. For dollar-and-cents destruction it is doubtful if the records he is making can be duplicated in the whole history of agricultural pests. He out-armies the army worm, and the Kansas grasshopper is a mere flash in the pan compared with him.



A mature cotton boll that has been attacked by the weevil.

He is the cotton boll weevil.

Since that day back in the early 90's—there is some doubt as to just the exact year—when he winged his flight through America's back door from across the Rio Grande somewhere near Brownsville, Texas, he has swept Dixie until today there is not a section that has not felt nor feared him.

Poisons of all kinds and descriptions; traps, nets, fire—even the gas clouds that were used in sweeping the battlefields of France—have failed to hold him in check.

On the most conservative estimates he has already eaten, since visiting the United States, something more than 10,000,000 bales of cotton. A bale of cotton weighs 500 pounds. Ten cents a pound is a moderate valuation. And the $500,000,000 appetite is merely whetted. This half-billion dollar loss to southern agriculture does not take into consideration the hundreds of acres of lands that were deserted nor the loss incident to reduced acreage or altered farming systems.

In the last six years, with cotton prices higher than since the Civil War, and with the Allies urging the growing of greater and greater cotton crops—with every inducement for the greatest production of cotton humanly possible—the growers in the southern states were unable to exceed a 12,000,000-bale a year average. The boll weevil damage nullified their efforts.

What is the boll weevil? Where did he come from and when and how? What does he do to cotton? Why hasn't he been stopped?

These are familiar questions from the northern man when he first visits the cotton states, especially if his visit is in the growing season, when weather and weevil share equally in the anxiety of the farmer.



Grub, or weevil worm, which does the damage to cotton.

Entomologists have been studying the boll weevil for years and have experimented constantly with means of eradicating him; the United States Department of Agriculture, state governments and private interests have spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in carrying on the investigations and experiments, and some of the most brilliant entomologists have been enlisted in the work, but the doom of the weevil is not yet sealed. He is scattered over a wider area and his clan numbers more by billions today than ever before, and the weapon to stop him is yet to be devised.

Progress, however, in holding him in check a few weeks during the most active part of his career, has been made, but since the new method is scarcely more than two years old it is yet far from the perfection that undoubtedly is to be expected. At present it is a system of poisoning which aims only to interrupt the weevil long enough for the cotton to mature to a point where but little damage can be done to it.

The cotton boll weevil belongs to the beetle family. An adult is less than a quarter of an inch long, including his remarkable snout, and about a third as wide as it is long. It has a grayish-green color which grows darker as the adult ages. Some authorities say there are more than 25,000 species, with as many characteristics and habits which closely resemble it, causing belief in many cotton sections in the early days of infestation that the boll weevil had come, when it really was a related specie that had been found. The cotton weevil is distinguished from its relations by the tibiae of the first pair of legs, which have two small spines.

The attack on cotton is made by the female weevil, which punctures the buds of the plant with her long, strong snout. An egg is deposited in the bud and from it a worm hatches, and it is this infant that does the damage. It feeds on the tender interior of the bud, or "square," as it is known, and instead of blooming, the bud falls to the ground. Late in the season the female attacks the boll, which forms after the blooms and from which the fleecy cotton comes. The boll seldom drops but withers away, sometimes maturing and bursting, but instead of the handful of snowy-white cotton fiber, there is but a pinch of ragged, curled, worthless cotton unfit for any use

It has been estimated that one pair of weevils will produce 12,000,000 offspring in a single season. The period of life seldom is more than six months and, ordinarily, is much less if the weather is hot and dry. Late generations hibernate during the winter, emerging in the spring to start hordes of new generations. Severe frosts and cold weather do more to kill the weevil than perhaps any other natural or artificial agency, although severe heat also is a dire enemy.

Under normal conditions the worm or grub will hatch from the egg in three days. The grub immediately begins feeding. In a week it passes into the pupa stage similar to the cocoon of butterflies. In three to five days the adult weevil, or beetle, issues. Thus in two or three weeks there is a new generation.

The hibernating adults begin to appear with the first warm days of spring, some as early as February. By the last of June they are all out. First feeding is on the tender foliage of the young cotton plants. In badly infested fields it often appears that the plants are alive with weevil by the time the first flowers appear. The period of hibernation is an excellent time to exert control work. Winter quarters may be leaves, grass, the old cotton stalks, nearby woods, litter, and so on. Destruction of these and late autumn and early spring plowing are methods now urged on farmers by the investigators. Rotation of crops, selection of fields offering fewest hiding places and other such precautions are essential, they say.



A mature cotton boll weevil, (considerably enlarged).

Implements for shaking the cotton stalks have been tried, both to dislodge the weevil and to loosen the infested buds, but unless the sun's rays reach the ground and the weather is dry and hot, the death rate is so low as to be negligible.

The use of strong lights at night has been tried, but Mr. Weevil, unlike many of his kith and kin, has no time for the Great White Way. In one government experiment more than 24,900 specimens of insects were captured in a weevil-infested field—but there was not one weevil in the number.

While dozens upon dozens of "cures" have been submitted to the field men in charge of the investigations in the southern states, and practically all have been pronounced of no value, the Bureau of Entomology takes an interest in each new proposal. A special laboratory is maintained at Tallulah, Louisiana, and no weevil question, problem, device or cure, however far-fetched and absurd, is permitted to slip past without some sort of a practical test or experiment.

Nature herself thus far has done more than man, for all his shrewdness, in holding the weevil in check. Severely hot and severely cold weather are merciless enemies. Were it not for these and other natural enemies, cotton production in the United States would be an absolute impossibility by this time.

No less than 45 insect enemies of the weevil, nearly half of them parasites, are helping hold the pest in check. Birds, too, are allies. Chief of the insect enemies is a small reddish-brown ant, of which 12 species have been identified. They prey on the immature stages of the weevil in the cotton buds or bolls and some investigations have disclosed that from 25 to 50 per cent of these immature stages have been found destroyed through the agency of the ants alone.



Horse-drawn poison dusting machine in cotton field infected with weevil.

The truly great accomplishment in heading off weevil losses has come since 1919. It is the use of calcium arsenate poison. It is the one outstanding and really the only method of fighting the weevil that the government's experts will say is bringing actual and paying results.

Calcium arsenate dust is sprayed in clouds on infected cotton fields at certain periods and certain intervals, not to eradicate the weevil but to hold him in check until the cotton can mature its fruit.

This system has been developed very largely through the efforts of B. R. Coad and T. P. Cassidy, experts in the southern field crop insect investigations of the Bureau of Entomology. They say frankly:

"It should be understood at the outset that the present system of boll weevil poisoning is not intended to eradicate the weevil. It is purely a percentage proposition, and the best that can be hoped under the present methods of operation is to reduce the weevils sufficiently to permit the maturing of a full crop of cotton."

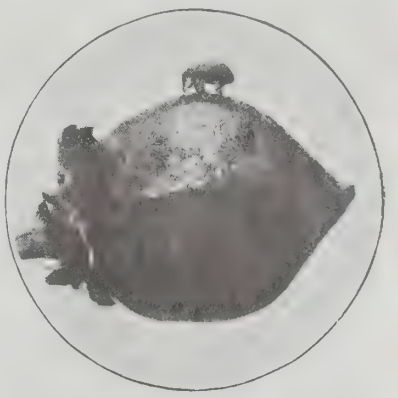
The poisoning is done by spraying clouds of the dust over and through the plants by both hand "guns" and machine or power dusters. At present most of the dusting is done at night, when the plants are moist and when the air is calm, so that full benefit is obtained of all the poison.

Specifications of the preparation as now developed provide for not less than 40 per cent arsenic pentoxide; not less than 0.75 per cent water soluble arsenic pentoxide, with a density of not less than 80 nor more than 100 cubic inches a pound.

Quite a number of manufacturers now are turning out the poison and the dusting machines, but owing to the many uncertainties because of the newness of the system, farmers are being urged to avail themselves of the free analysis offered at the government laboratory at Tallulah, before they start poisoning work.

Properly made, the preparation does not injure the plants, nor is it injurious to man or animal, although excessive contact with the dust should be avoided, the experts say.

Five to seven pounds of the poison to each acre of ground at each application is advised. The work should start, it is suggested, when fields are 15 to 20 per cent infected, or when the first squares begin falling. Application should be made at four-day intervals until three or four have been completed, or until the bolls are well enough developed to escape injury, else kept up to prevent more than 30 per cent infestation. The cost of poisoning this year is estimated at from $6 to $10 an acre, but more efficient methods of manufacture of both poison and implements is expected to reduce these figures materially.



Boll Weevil attacking a cotton boll just before the boll matures.

For all his destructiveness and in spite of his enormous appetite, the cotton boll weevil is not without his good points. In some portions of the cotton belt he has forced the farmers to pay less attention to cotton and more to the growing of general farm crops, a thing for which the South's leading minds have been working for years. The one-crop system, they have said time after time, is ruinous. "Safe Farming" has been a battle cry in Dixie for fully 15 years, but it remained for the boll weevil to force the issue in many sections. Farms that had grown nothing but cotton were forced to grow corn, hay, live stock and other feeds and foods.

In one Alabama cotton city a monument was erected to the boll weevil recently. The farmers of that community abandoned an all-cotton farming system because of weevil damage and they were so elated with the safe farming system that a fund was raised, a monument executed, and it was erected in a conspicuous place in the town.

What the future will bring and what the developments will mean to the cotton producing states in the way of changed methods of growing cotton and in the agriculture of the region is a matter of speculation. Breeding and cross breeding to develop early maturing varieties of cotton that will get ahead of the weevil already is well advanced under the leadership of the Bureau of Plant Industry. Old methods are giving away in favor of methods that will aid in stemming the weevil tide.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 50, October 8, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Arbuckle and the Newspapers

HOLLYWOOD always was a horror to those who really knew it. Long before the recent troubles of the fat so-called comedian, whose "party" is now the sensation of newspaper readers, there was always an accompaniment of horror in the whole commercialized motion picture business. It has always been tainted and now it is ruined, for reasons which are well known to readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S recent exposé of the control of motion pictures.

The attempt to centralize attention on Fatty Arbuckle and make him the sacrificial offering may succeed. But the Arbuckle party was not the first, nor the hundred and first; nor is it the first with tragic accompaniments. It is not the first evidence the authorities had of what was going on. It is not the first information the newspapers have had of what the life of the motion picture colony really was. What has happened out of the ordinary is that the victim this time was a rather well-known picture star. The case of Fatty Arbuckle and Virginia Rappe is only one of many eruptions upon a body wholly rotten.

It was rather amusing to observe how well-informed the newspapers proved themselves to be immediately following the Arbuckle-Rappe sensation. They knew the very same day, that life at Hollywood was rotten; they knew that Arbuckle was anything but what the deceived motion picture public thought him to be; they knew that decent entertainment could not come out of such an atmosphere as Hollywood fostered. But they had never before told their readers!

Only a few weeks ago, when earnest men and women were sounding a warning against conditions in the motion picture industry, these newspapers which became suddenly so wise, were printing the most scathing editorials against the "reformers" and were carrying on a cartoon propaganda against those whom they portrayed as propagating blue laws. If what they say now is true, what they said then was false; it was in direct obedience to the advertising influence exercised by the motion picture industry, and was not the expression of editorial conviction.

No one cares how much prestige the motion pictures lose, but the loss of confidence in the newspapers is a public calamity. Cannot the newspapers see how regularly they have been let in for just such reversals as the present one? No one believed that the defense of the motion picture industry previous to the Arbuckle trouble, represented the true feeling of the staffs of our newspapers, just as no one believes today that the propaganda patter in favor of liquor is the expression of honest editorial conviction. Both are "by order" and are considered as an unwritten but clearly understood part of advertising contracts. The newspapers who can afford to divulge their knowledge when bestiality and violence have torn the lid off, can more profitably afford to divulge their knowledge before the lid is torn off. Prevention is more useful than post-mortem denunciation.

The regrettable thing is not the San Francisco hotel tragedy. In the very nature of the case, these things must come, and have come, and will come again as long as present conditions last. The regrettable thing is that American newspapers permitted themselves to be apologists for the makers of the conditions, to the extent of palliating them right up to the eve of the Arbuckle case.

An Honorable Compromise

IT IS already apparent that if the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments is to bring about the result for which the world hopes, the negotiators must have that flexibility of mind which makes agreement through compromise possible. For many Americans, the word "compromise" in itself has unfortunate and distasteful associations. We are a positive people. "Compromise" often suggests lack of moral fiber and some weakening of will in holding out for a principle. We think of William Lloyd Garrison's heroic declaration in his fight against chattel slavery: "To die prepared, but not an inch to yield."

There are, of course, occasions when compromise may imply surrender, and even betrayal, of principle. But oftener an attitude of extreme rigidity in the name of principle is simply a blind stubbornness that in reality imperils the triumph of the vaunted principle and sacrifices substantial gain. So entirely honest and high-minded a statesman as Gladstone once declared that all political progress came through wise and timely compromise.

Of this sort, possibly, is the compromise Lloyd George now suggests in regard to such a modification of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance as would make it a tripartite affair to include the United States. He finds himself in a difficult position as between the Conservatives in his coalition insisting on a renewal of the old dual alliance as of paramount importance to British interests, especially in India, and the more liberal opinion of leaders, like Viscount Grey and Lord Bryce, who sincerely regard a friendly, even if indefinite, understanding and co-operation with the United States as the more important desideratum.

The first view is supported not only by foreign office traditions, but also by British naval opinion, as represented by Winston Churchill and Lord Lee of Fareham. These leaders are much more impressed with the power of the Japanese Navy than with that of our own navy in Far Eastern waters. The second view, besides commanding Liberal and Labor support in Britain, is strongly urged by the spokesmen of the great self-governing Overseas Dominions.

An Anglo-American-Japanese understanding, such as the British premier now suggests, may make possible the successful steering of a middle course which will prove satisfactory all round. So with Japan's feeling that if she is to accept as a permanency the present inferiority of her naval strength to that of either America or Britain, then we should be willing to cease the virtual increase of armament involved in our program for the further establishment and strengthening of naval bases and fortifications in our Pacific insular possessions.

An hospitable attitude toward any proposition that will make distinctly for the prime object of the conference: the lessening of possibilities of future wars and of consequent need of armaments is the one essential in considering such compromises.

Government by Gunmen

EVIDENCE multiplies day by day that the anarchy in West Virginia is traceable directly to the displacing of government of, by and for the people by government of, by and for the coal and railroad corporations.

For all the orderly processes of law in a modern democratic community these corporations seem to have succeeded (in the regions that were in insurrection and controlled by the mine-owners) in substituting the rule of gunmen, of hired thugs and mercenaries, assassins and plug-uglies furnished by a private detective agency and imported from outside the state. In the districts in which the mine-owners play the part of dictators, the local governments are on record as pliant tools of their will and mere auxiliaries of the gunmen.

This on one side of the question. On the other it is charged that similarly anarchistic combinations of working miners inaugurated a reign of lawlessness in the regions that were actually in their hands. Any attempt to apportion blame between the warring interests of mine-owners and mine-workers is entirely beside the great main issue. This is nothing less than the imperative necessity of restoring an American form of government in the state of West Virginia. Now that the legally constituted state authorities have abdicated in favor of the Federal Government, opportunity and duty synchronize. It is high time, indeed, for a decisive cleaning up of the state.

We are asking the nations to disarm in the name of humanity and civilization. Let us be consistent enough to ban the irresponsible desperadoes to whom the disputants of West Virginia have delegated the task of settling with revolver and shotgun their differences. Let it be understood that the substitution of privately controlled armed forces for the law of the land, constitutes high treason.

Not until anarchy is ended and its chief cause and incitement abolished by the will of the people, backed and aided with all the resources of the Federal Government, will West Virginia once more vindicate its right to the proud motto of the state: *"Montani Semper Liberi"*—Mountaineers Are Ever Freemen.

Capitalism and Communism

THERE is much significance in the rapid abandonment of communism and the return to a régime of individual enterprise in Soviet Russia. Largely in consequence of the contracts made with the outside world for the facilitating of famine relief, even the Moscow theaters and picture shows are being turned over to private enterprise. Factories are being leased to individuals and groups. Just as soon as the bars began to be let down, applications for such leases poured into Petrograd by the score and they now number more than 100. Five per cent of the product is offered to the government by 35 former owners who want to re-establish stocking and glove factories. Agricultural machinery works have been leased in Odessa and sawmills in Gomel. Twenty-four small samovar makers have started up operations in Tula.

Parenthetically, American and English manufacturers would certainly consider a five per cent tax as light indeed. Our congressional committees, which are now wrestling with the taxation problem, may well wonder if they have not something to learn from Russia: The possibility, for instance, that it may not be an unalloyed blessing to rely wholly on taxes in providing government revenue.

As to the changed trend in the direction of "capitalism," observers long ago became convinced by the logic of events that those responsible for the Bolshevist bouleversement do not object so much to the capitalistic system as to Gentile control of capital. In fact, the very eleventh-hour change of front heralded in the opening up of Russia to trade with the world, and the concessions being granted by Lenin for the "capitalistic" exploitation of Russia's rich natural resources (always for a consideration), lend color to the suspicion that, with a certain racial subtlety, "communism" has been simply a tool for the transfer of the capital of that unhappy country from Russian to un-Russian control. Czarist absolutism was doomed to assassination not by reason of any Bolshevist hatred of absolutism, but because it blocked that transfer.

Man's True Inheritance

THE supposition that tuberculosis is an hereditary disease was long ago exploded by the medical science of our day. Some lingering vestiges of its long sway over the public mind appears in the current discussion in the European press anent the recent celebration of his eighty-sixth birthday by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, the French composer. It is recalled that his father died of consumption several months before the birth of the future celebrity on October 9, 1835. "What have the old-fashioned eugenists to say to this fact?" it is asked.

Undoubtedly, Francis Galton, the "father of eugenics," has much to answer for. Soon after the appearance of his book on "Heredity" English and American novelists were prone to utilize his theme for the construction of plots in which noble and self-sacrificing heroes or heroines refuse to marry because of a presumed taint in the blood derived from an ancestor who had died of consumption. The prevalence of this belief indeed caused many a youth and many a maiden to regard themselves as doomed because of such a "family history," and so mentally to magnify the symptoms of a cough or cold and to induce the very negative conditions of depression and despair in which a slight cough may be developed into a serious pulmonary degeneration.

The present concensus of medical opinion, based on extended study and research in actual cases, is to the effect that the direct "inheritance" of consumption is extremely rare; the existence of families especially liable to develop tuberculosis and to die from it is doubtful. At most, one may inherit general conditions of health or lack of health that indicate a "tendency" to tuberculous disease. Such a tendency means simply that special care in the matter of sanitation and diet is called for to overcome the tendency. Instances are numerous in which weaklings, facing and fighting the evil tendency, have developed into unusually strong, vital and long-lived men and women.

And a big help in the fight is remembrance that our greater inheritance in the matter of health conditions is derived from our earlier ancestors who roamed the hills and the plains and sailed the seas, living sane, normal lives, one with nature. Health is a more invincible fact than is disease.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE never was a time when propaganda against the truth was so brilliant and efficient, and by that token there never was a time when the truth had a better opportunity. The evil that is about to disappear flares up in a burst of glory just before its collapse. The worst delusion of all is its delusion of success. Between ripeness and decay the line is too fine to be seen. Look at the glory of German imperialism in years preceding 1914!—it was but the early brilliance of a conflagration that reduced it to ashes. Look at the all-powerfulness of the liquor barons during the 10 years previous to the people's revolt; our governments were made at the bars of saloons and our national policies dictated by a whisky ring; no political party ever achieved such power as did the liquor barons. But that very power was already the beginning of the end. Baseball itself was a summer fever; in pennant time it became a sort of madness; it ruled the leisure of the country. But that flare of popularity was but the signal of a change.

Success is dangerous, because it is only on short-time plans that you can see success; and when you see it, you may know that the end has come. If it come in a good cause, you may know that the cause is about to be swallowed up in another or greater. But if success come in a bad cause—that is, a cause that trivializes, misleads, corrupts or exploits the people—then you may accept the success as a harbinger of collapse.

This is a principle to be firmly grasped by those who are amazed at the bold course which the propaganda of untruth takes in the world today. It is really a cause for rejoicing and not despair. The higher their balloon goes, the sooner will it burst. If you are to fear any propaganda, fear that which has existed for years and decades and centuries without success; fear that which has never won the brilliant and mighty to its cause; fear that which exists in the humility and tenacity of truth; fear that which is cursed with unpopularity, so that modern butterfly men and women avoid it—for that is the propaganda that is linked with truth, and it never succeeds, because its end is too great to be fulfilled in that trifling temporary thing which men call "success." The thing that is always living without succeeding, is the thing to fear. That which can live without success has its rootage in eternity; only that which is soon to disappear must have immediate success.

This is not a matter of faith, but of knowledge. All knowledge begins in faith, but faith, that does not settle down into sure knowledge to make room for deeper-digging and higher-soaring faith, is not performing the function of faith. Faith is first an inner sense of the way the world works, just as the inventor is led by an inner sense to do things that were never done before. But his inner sense does not lead him the second time; his faith has crystallized into knowledge, and his action the second time is dictated by knowledge.

Faith begins in hope; and hope when it is true ripens into belief; and belief when it matures is knowledge, and knowledge is power. They are all developments along the one line, and they never develop to their highest except in a spiritual atmosphere, that is, the atmosphere of ideas from the Good, and ideals toward the Good—name it how you will.

This old world, if we could see it essentially, is a field of contending forces—the forces of Light and the forces of Darkness. Incarnate in the bodies of men or in institutions, they are sometimes mixed in great confusion and are hard to identify; but the insight which comes by faith gives us ever a surer touch in these matters. Men whose intentions are founded in simplicity and good will have an inner sense by which they know the quality of a man or a movement, whether it be good or evil. The hardest man to deceive in all the world is a good man, not because he is smarter and shrewder than the other, but because faith is antiseptic and protective. He *knows* in a different way than the "wise" man of the world knows.

You see the world then, for what it is, a battlefield between contending forces, and if you pay attention to the appearances of things you begin to think that the evil forces have it all their own way and are bound to win. Have they not wealth on their side? Have they not wisdom, polish, shrewdness? Have they not the suave, refined, comfortable people? Have they not convention and respectability? Yes, and so has every cause that fell. Such things are the twilights of the dying.

What you see *with* the eye is not the truth; it is what you see *through* the eye, using the faculty of faith within. And you see then that brilliant as the autumn is, it is the time of stripping bare.

The propagandists of false things have their day. Their work is skillfully done. All mechanical, financial and political forces are at their service. With their work they seem to cover the earth and men take note of the flood of matter which they pour upon a patient humanity.

Yet with every planting a worm is planted. And when the plant grows and is about to fulfill the highest hopes, lo, it withers and decays. At the heart of every propaganda of falsehood there are fatal worms—insincerity, untruth, supreme selfishness; these kill whatever harbors them, kills outright after bringing a simulated fever of success. It is the law of the world.

In the hopeful archives of the truth there is a saying that it is always darkest just before dawn; in the experience of organized, aggressive and self-confident evil the saying is reversed—it is always brightest just before nightfall.

That is not hope, but knowledge. It *is* so; not it *may be* so. The last thing we have to fear is successful evil. The louder its songs of triumph roar, the oftener its glass of celebration is quaffed, the more swiftly is it fulfilling its doom. The Feast of Belshazzar is always being repeated. Success is death, when it comes in a wrong cause. Brilliancy of propaganda is the hectic flush of a fatal fever, when exercised in a wrong cause. Even that so-called popularity, the temporary tickling of the people's ear, is merely the preparation of the people for a terrific rebound in furious indignation against imposture.

We are now in a time when the inconvenience of previous impostures is being severely left by the rulers of the old scheme of things. There was a time when words did duty for things—words, words, words. How sick the people became of words during the period when we won the war and lost the peace. Words, words, words!—high cathedral-like words, soft promissory words, words of wide visionary range. They soothed the people because they were at least a recognition in vocal sound of what was silent in the people's hearts. But these words were excuses, not seeds. They were meant to satisfy the people with less than they asked. Thence has arisen a great distrust of words.

At a time when it would be most convenient for the rulers of the old order of things to pass words at their old-time value, they find a distrust of words everywhere. The exchange value is very low. The people prefer deeds. Words had great success several years ago. But it was another case where success was death—because the words were employed to deceive. A brilliant game, a successful game, but it is dead. When you push your evil game to the very apex of achievement, be sure of this—the game is over.

SUCCESS in an evil program is the harbinger of collapse. The bold course of evil propaganda, with its brilliant achievements, is a cause for rejoicing, not for despair; because the more hectic the popularity the more sure and swift the fall. Never fear the rise of insincerity, selfishness or deception to what seems to be success. Never grow sour because the false and unjust rise to power. It is the only way in which they can be destroyed. Success is death in a wrong cause. Even in a good cause, success may indicate a short-time program. Success is always the epitaph of something. But nowhere is the meaning of it more hopeful than when the wrong succeeds. That is sign of the end.

Making Weather Forecasts for the Nation

By C. F. MARVIN

Chief of the United States Weather Bureau.

TO THE general public the Weather Bureau probably is best known through the medium of its daily forecasts and weather maps. These forecasts are based on simultaneous observations of local weather conditions taken daily at 8 o'clock in the morning and 8 o'clock in the evening, 75th meridan time, at about 200 regular observing stations scattered throughout the United States and the West Indies, and on similar reports received daily from various points in other parts of the Northern Hemisphere.

The results of these observations are immediately telegraphed to the central office at Washington, D. C., and other forecast centers, where they are charted for study and interpretation by experts trained to forecast the weather conditions that may be expected to prevail during the following 36 or 48 hours.

A complete report includes such data as temperature, pressure (reduced to sea level), precipitation, direction of the wind, state of weather, current wind velocity, clouds, and maximum or minimum temperature since last observation. From this information the forecaster, by comparison with preceding reports, is able to trace the paths of storm areas from the time of their appearance to the moment of observation, and approximately determine and forecast their subsequent courses and the attendant weather conditions. A careful comparison of the forecasts with the weather for the periods covered show an approximate verification of 90 per cent.

Distributing the Forecasts

WITHIN two hours after the morning observations have been taken the forecasts are telegraphed from the forecast centers to about 1,600 principal distributing points, whence they are further disseminated by telegraph, telephone, wireless telegraphy and mail. The forecasts reach nearly 90,000 addresses daily by mail and are available to more than 5,000,000 telephone subscribers within an hour of the time of issue. This system is in addition to and distinct from the distribution effected through the press associations and the daily newspapers. The rural free mail delivery system and rural telephone lines also are being utilized to bring within the benefits of this system a large number of farming communities.

Today there is scarcely any important industry or activity of the nation which is not to a greater or less extent influenced by weather conditions, and therefore needs the advices, information and economic benefits which flow from the full and efficient administration of the Weather Bureau's duties.

These benefits are of great variety and the information, advices and warnings of the Weather Bureau serve the immediate needs of practically every interest in the nation. Great atmospheric disturbances visit with relative frequency one section of the country or another. Violent storms, cold waves, frosts, freezes, hurricanes, floods, heavy snows, and the like, repeatedly cause destruction of property, such as shipping on the Great Lakes and coastal waters of the nation, and, in recent times, the lives and property engaged in aerial navigation.

Crops and farms in flooded districts are laid waste. Lambs, live stock and meat animals in the stock ranges of the West are killed by blizzards and cold waves. Orchard crops, truck gardens, and vineyards everywhere are damaged by frosts and freezes. By forecasts and warnings, issued and disseminated well in advance, great economic benefits and saving accrue to the nation through the precautionary measures which can be taken on timely advices to minimize or ward off injuries which otherwise inevitably attend the great atmospheric phenomena mentioned.

All Depend on the Weather

THE benefits of the weather service have been readily appreciated by nearly every industry and every department of our complex civilization. Reports on climatic conditions have been demanded for farmers, and observations and warnings for the public and for railroad and water carriers. Hence the sphere of the meteorologist has been extended to cover the study not only of the dynamics and motions of the atmosphere, but of climatology—the prevailing temperature and rainfall—together with their effects on human life.

The importance of a foreknowledge of weather changes in the conduct of the daily affairs of life was early recognized. The invention of the telegraph made the dissemination of this information possible, and practical meteorologists soon began to formulate plans for the preparation and effective distribution of weather forecasts and warnings. These efforts led to the organization of weather bureaus, some of them antedating our own, in nearly every civilized country. The cordial co-operation of these national bureaus in the general interchange of data and knowledge has tended to marked increase in the value of the respective services to the community at large.

Obviously meteorology cannot be limited by either national or even continental boundaries. Its logical field must embrace the entire globe. Every success attained in great storm warnings and forecasts simply increases the confidence of those served and benefited, awakens great expectations, and imposes added obligations on the forecasters.

The greatest hope in meeting this situation comes through the collection of numerous reports from the vast ocean expanses and international exchange of observations. A circumpolar service of this character, but of small extent, which existed before the war, has not yet been restored, but happily agencies are at work which give promise that the future will ultimately bring about the realization of a daily weather map, first of the Northern Hemisphere and, possibly, later of the world.

While the mass of data available for land and continental areas is very great, the details of information available from the larger expanses of ocean areas are correspondingly meager and inadequate. Owing to the uniformity of conditions over ocean areas, as well as their tremendous extent, we should expect the sequence of atmospheric phenomena to be more simple and easy of investigation. The collection of more complete data from ocean areas and its intimate analysis and discussion are, therefore, most important.

The term "aerology" has come recently to be applied to the meteorology of the free atmosphere in contrast to observational data dealing specifically with surface conditions. The appliances and agencies for conducting observations in the free air have been improved, multiplied and made highly practical, and the attainment of practical navigation of the air has not only added to the observational possibilities but has imposed new and important obligations on the meteorologist to make applications of his science to the aid of aerial navigation.

Free air observations over the oceans especially are greatly desired, although very difficult to obtain. The whole field of investigations in the free air is relatively only recently occupied and appears to be fruitful of the most important developments. The organization of systematic studies of upper air observations to be carried on concurrently with the making of the observations is at once among the foremost problems awaiting consideration.

It is hoped that these and closely related investigations may lead to the further solution of problems in dynamic meteorology and give more detailed information than now available concerning the general circulation of free air. The value of this aerological work does not lie so much in the current use of the data, though many of the observations are individually useful, as in the light thrown on the whole subject of dynamic meteorology.

Forecasts for Airmen

CLOSELY related to this work is the new form of "flying weather" forecasts. The country has been divided into 13 zones, and a separate forecast made for each of them in the morning and certain of the eastern zones in the afternoon. A typical forecast, which explains their character, is as follows:

> Zones 1 and 2: poor flying weather today; local thunder showers probable; moderate to fresh south and southwest surface winds, becoming west and moderately strong above 3,000 feet.

The Weather Bureau is maintained and conducted in the interest of all the people, and officials of the bureau earnestly desire that the greatest possible use be made of the very large amount of meteorological data accumulated during 45 years. Information as to how data and publications of the bureau may be obtained and the steps necessary to procure the forecasts and warnings will be promptly furnished on request.

Certainly the activities of the Weather Bureau are comprehensive enough, as will be seen by the following summary:

Weather forecasts and warnings include daily forecasts and weather information, weekly forecasts, shippers' forecasts, storm and hurricane warnings, cold wave warnings; frost warnings for truckers, tobacco, cranberry and sugar growers; fire weather warnings, for the protection of forests; forecasts and warnings for stock growers; fruit frost warnings; forecasts for alfalfa growers, and fruit-spraying forecasts.

The highway weather service consists of the issue of bulletins giving the conditions of the main highways in the section in which the distribution center is located, and their passability as affected by rains, heavy snows and other conditions. Detours and other pertinent information are included. These bulletins are used by travelers in determining journeys and routes, in the dispatching of trucks, determining of loads, and so on.

Aerological investigations; forecasts and warnings in aid of aviation, involve the furnishing of reliable information as to free air conditions for the benefit of aviation in general. There is no authenticated instance in which an aviator has had an accident due to bad weather when favorable weather had been forecast.

Marine meteorology in aid of navigation and vessel reporting means much useful information and assistance to mariners. A full understanding of the meteorology of the ocean is of tremendous economic value in determining the safest and best voyage routes, the location of dangerous storm areas and other meteorological facts. Vessel reporting gives owners several hours' advance notice of the docking of ships and enables them to assemble stevedores and make other arrangements regarding loading and so on.

Evaporation and run-off investigations are conducted in certain arid and semi-arid regions of the far West to determine the loss of storage water by evaporation. These results are of value to engineers in planning city water supply systems and water and irrigation reservoirs. Another study is of the effect of forest covers on stream flow, erosion and run-off, which involves the making of continuous observations in two nearly similar watersheds in their natural forested condition for a term of years; then to denude one of the watersheds and continue the observations for a similar period of years for comparative purposes.

River and flood work is one of the most valuable and important activities of the Weather Bureau service. Gages are maintained at suitable intervals on all the navigable rivers of the United States, their tributaries and watersheds. When conditions warrant, warnings of floods are disseminated to all affected interests in the flood areas by the quickest means possible. The saving which results from this service consists in transferring goods, stores and other movable property to places of safety.

Mountain snowfall and water supply investigations are maintained in the western states to give dependable information relative to the seasonal snow cover, its depth and water content, by which may be determined the probable water supply that will be available both for irrigation and power purposes in those states having little or no rainfall in the summer months.

Advising the Producers

CLIMATOLOGICAL work consists of observations that are useful to commercial exchanges, farmers, engineers, home seekers and many other classes; and its value is incalculable. It affects and benefits the entire people; and is used even in the settling of damage claims, cases at law and for other purposes too numerous to mention.

Agricultural meteorology consists of a service of collection and dissemination of information relative to the effect of current weather conditions on farm activities, the growth of vegetation and the development of crops and their advancement as compared with an average season. Advice is given in the interest of various lines of agriculture and horticulture and stock-raising, and as to growing seasons and crop yields. It involves three classes of work; corn and wheat service, cotton region work and cattle region service.

Solar radiation, already alluded to, is to measure the intensity of the sun. Illuminating engineers have for a long time been asking for measurements of daylight or sunshine intensity expressed in light units. This information is of special value to them in connection with the designing of factories and other buildings to meet the requirements of state laws relative to natural light.

Seismological investigations are undertaken to determine how frequently on the average and how severely the various portions of the country are shaken by earthquakes. By this data it may be learned what sections of the country are seismic; just where the active cracks are, and their liability to further slips or movements. This information is of prime importance in enabling engineers to avoid the placing of aqueducts for city water supplies, dams and other structures on or across fault lines.

It can be easily understood, therefore, that the extent to which the work of the Weather Bureau affects the daily life of the people and becomes a factor in their various vocations and business enterprises, already very great, is increasing yearly.

Storm Warnings Valuable

OF THE warnings, those of storms and hurricanes, issued for the benefit of marine interests, are the most important and pecuniarily valuable, and so nearly perfect has this service become that scarcely a storm of marked danger to maritime interests has occurred for years for which ample warnings have not been issued from 12 to 24 hours in advance. The warnings of those sudden and destructive temperature changes known as cold waves are probably next in importance. The warnings issued for a single cold wave of exceptional severity and extent resulted in the saving of more than $3,500,000 through the protection of property from injury or destruction. The warnings of frosts and freezing weather are also of immense value, particularly to the fruit, sugar, tobacco, and market gardening interests, as well as to the citrous fruit districts.

There are numerous special applications of the information to individual pursuits and industries that might not be suspected. An account of some of these may lead to an increased use of the data in quarters where the possibility of their application has not yet been recognized.

Transportation companies make continued use of the forecasts in all their shipments. Perishable goods are protected against temperature extremes by icing or heating, as conditions may require.

The uses made of temperature forecasts in the cities are more varied than is generally supposed. With notice of an approaching cold wave greenhouses are closed and boilers are fired; preparations are made by heating and lighting plants, whether gas, electric, steam, or hot water, to meet the increased demands that will follow. Fire plugs, exposed mains and general plumbing are protected. Gasoline engines are drained. Work in concrete is stopped. Merchants direct attention largely to cold weather articles and prepare their stocks accordingly.

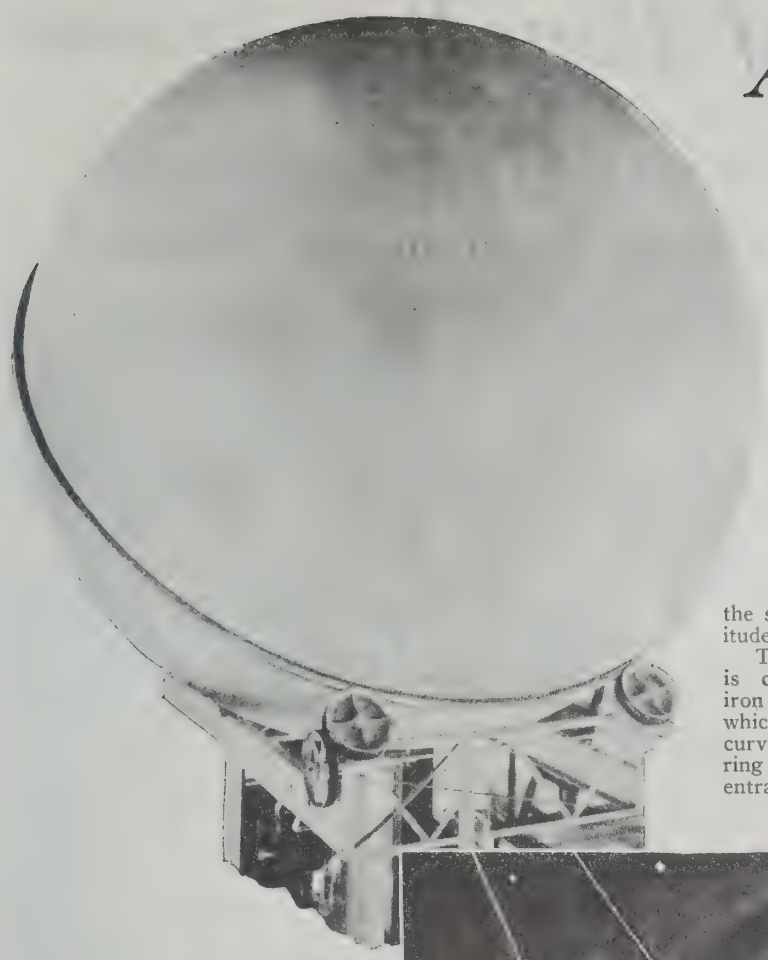
In the agricultural districts these warnings are invaluable, especially in the spring, when the tender vegetables are protected by covering and fruit is safeguarded by smudging, irrigation, or other methods designed to maintain the temperatures above the danger point. Likewise these forecasts are utilized by farmers in the killing of hogs, by sheepmen at lambing and shearing time, and by stockmen in general.

Rain forecasts are of great value, too. They are especially utilized in the large fruit-growing districts to enable picking in advance of rains. Vegetables dug in dry weather are also shipped in better condition than those on which rain has fallen after they have been taken from the ground. Lime, cement, brick, drain tile and sewer pipe material all require protection from rain during the process of manufacture, and cement work must be protected from rain a day or two after it is laid.

A Miniature Firmament

Where All Can Study the Sky

By ROBERT H. MOULTON



TO GIVE Chicago people a simple and vivid instrument for studying the heavens, the Chicago Academy of Sciences has constructed a miniature universe on the inner walls of a 15-foot sheet iron sphere. This big, hollow globe, placed in the museum of the academy, can exactly and ingeniously depict all the celestial phenomena regularly visible to Chicago.

All the stars of the first, second, third and fourth magnitude, and a selected few of the fifth magnitude, are shown in the sphere. The full number of fixed stars thus shown is 692. Included in the exhibit are representations of the sun, moon, and four planets, Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Saturn, all of which are visible to the unaided eye. The celestial equator is also clearly marked in the interior of the sphere, and the ecliptic, or apparently yearly path of the sun among the stars is also shown.

The impression gained by looking out at night on a clear sky is that of a hemispherical dome of infinite size, studded with stars. The Celestial Sphere gives a miniature reproduction of this surface, which we call the sky and in which the stars are commonly supposed to be placed. Necessarily, the sphere is of almost microscopic size, as compared with the universe. If the earth were represented in proportion, it would be an infinitesimal ball located in the center of the sphere, while an observer standing on this ball would be correspondingly tiny.

The earth, as we all know, looks flat to any one standing on its surface, and we can see only one-half of the heavens at one time; the half which lies above the plane bounded by the horizon. The same effect is gained in the Celestial Sphere by providing it with a so-called horizon table, which extends out from the inner surface of the sphere almost to its center, surrounds the observer and lies in the same plane as the center. There is thus exposed to a person standing in the center of the sphere a complete hemisphere, corresponding to the one we see above the surface of the earth, the other hemisphere being hidden by the horizon table, just as the earth conceals the other celestial hemisphere.

Not only is the Celestial Sphere a perfect pattern of the firmament, but in every other respect, with the possible exception of shooting stars, the idea is carried out in detail. In it, the sun, moon and stars rise in the east and pass overhead, following certain definite paths, just as the real stars do in the real sky. Fortunately for the observer, however, the effect is produced in exactly the opposite way, since, if this were not so, he would at times be put to the inconvenience of standing on his head. We know it is the rotation of the earth on its axis that causes the stars to move across the heavens, and that the sky itself does not move. In the Celestial Sphere the sky actually does rotate, being so mounted as to turn about the miniature earth, which we have imagined as being placed at its center.

There are certain parts of the sky which are never visible to observers at any given point. At Chicago, for instance, because it is north of the equator, one can at no time see the stars in the South Polar region. If one were to stand in a level field near Chicago and look straight south just above the horizon, his line of vision would pass as close to the South Pole as is possible from this latitude. If he continued so to look for 24 hours, during which time the earth would make a complete revolution on its axis, his line of vision would describe a circle on the imaginary spherical surface called the sky. This circle would inclose that part of the sky which is never visible to an observer at Chicago. In the Celestial Sphere that part of the spherical shell coming within this circle was omitted, thus leaving an opening for the entrance of the observer, and for supporting trusses for the observer's platform. The omission of this part of the spherical shell in no way interferes with a correct representation of the sky for this latitude, since no part of the opening ever appears above the horizon. The diameter of this opening subtends an arc of 83° 40′ on the spherical shell, or twice 41° 50′, the latitude of Chicago.

The sphere is 15 feet in diameter and is constructed of very light galvanized iron one-sixty-fourth of an inch thick, which has been pressed to the proper curvature, and soldered to the equatorial ring and to a much smaller ring about the entrance to the sphere. Its total weight, exclusive of the wooden platform inside, is a little more than 500 pounds. This weight is carried by a two and one-half inch tube attached to the outside of the sphere along the line of the equator and resting on three wheels, two of which are under the lower side of the sphere, while the other is just above the entrance door. The greater portion of the weight is carried by the two lower wheels, the upper one being designed to resist a certain thrust due to the inclined position of the sphere.

As this sphere was constructed for observers at Chicago, who are located on the surface of the earth at North Latitude 41° 50′, it would not, of course, give an accurate representation of the firmament to observers in other latitudes. Similar spheres constructed for other latitudes north or south would be placed at other angles and would represent other constellations.

For example, a Celestial Sphere for Buenos Aires would be constructed to represent the southern heavens and would be so placed that an observer would enter from the North Polar region. He would see the southern constellations, which are not visible at Chicago, but, on the other hand, would fail to see any of the constellations about the North Pole which are visible from Chicago latitude.

The rotation of the two wheels on the under side of the sphere, which are propelled by an electric motor, attached to the steel structure supporting the sphere, causes the spherical shell in turn to rotate. This motor also supplies the light for illuminating the interior of the sphere, the power being controlled from within. The electric light necessary for representing the sun is received at the North Pole at a rotary contact, and carried by an insulated wire to the ecliptic, about which there is a wire on the side of the sphere. The fixed stars are shown by tiny perforations in the surface of the spherical shell, these perforations being of different sizes according to the magnitude of the stars which they represent. The size and location of each star was determined by an instrument especially constructed for this purpose. Even the shifting positions of the planets, Jupiter, Venus, Mars and Saturn, among the constellations have been provided for; a number of openings representing the different positions of each of these planets at different times of the year serve this purpose. When not in use these extra openings are very readily covered.

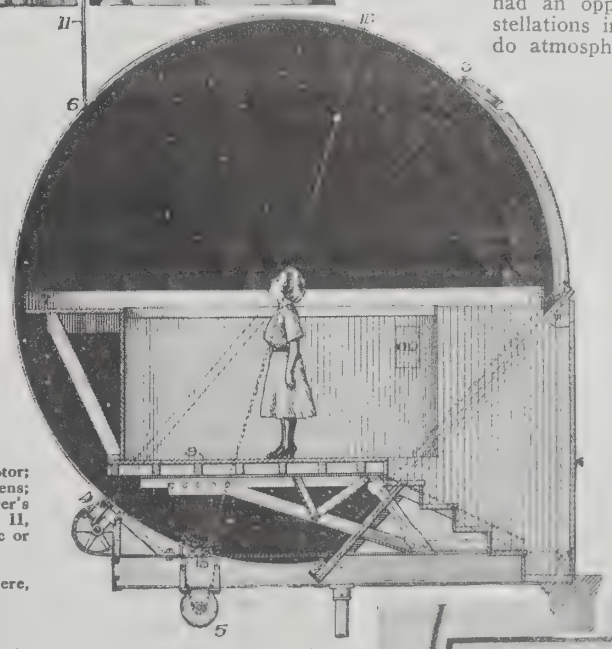
The sun is represented by a small electric light, to give it greater brilliancy than that possessed by the other heavenly bodies. The moon is represented by a similar light enclosed in a circular box, and by means of an ingenious device its different phases can be shown. The box inclosing the light is provided with a slot into which opaque discs may be inserted to cover portions of the moon's face, so that it can be exhibited at full, three-quarters, one-quarter, and so on, as desired. The lights representing the sun and moon are movable so that these bodies may always be kept in their appropriate places.

From an educational standpoint the Celestial Sphere undoubtedly will prove of the greatest value. For a long time the Chicago Academy of Sciences has appreciated the increasing interest in the stars, and the difficulty which every one meets in trying to become familiar with even the brighter stars and more commonly known constellations. The means heretofore provided for aiding students, such as flat star charts and globes on the outside of which stars are sometimes represented, are unsatisfactory and often confusing to the untrained observer.

Through the use of the Celestial Sphere it is possible to become familiar with all the constellations that are ever visible in the latitude, and, of course, the same thing applies to any other latitude for which a sphere may be specially constructed. Very few persons have had an opportunity of seeing all the constellations in any one latitude, for not only do atmospheric conditions serve to conceal many of them, but their apparent motion is so slow that it would require many hours of careful watching to see all those visible on a single perfectly clear night.

The use of the Celestial Sphere also makes simple many of the mathematical conceptions necessary for the study of descriptive astronomy, which so often discourage the beginner, as well as many of the fundamental ideas in mathematical geography necsesary in elementary education. There is now no reason why anyone, including school children, cannot become familiar with the chief constellations, their apparent movements, the brighter stars, and the real and apparent movements of the sun, moon and planets.





1—View of the Celestial Sphere, showing machinery for turning it.

2—Interior of the Celestial Sphere. Wallace Atwood, the inventor, is pointing out some of the constellations, his arm resting on the horizon table, which corresponds to the surface of the earth. The white spots represent certain stars.

3 Cross section of the Celestial Sphere. 1-2, South Polar ring at entrance to sphere; 3, Upper wheel supporting sphere; 4, One of the two lower wheels which support the sphere and are propelled by electric motor; 5, Electric motor; 6, North Pole of the heavens; 7-8, Horizon table; 9, Observer's platform; 10, Switchboard; 11, Electric wire; 12-13, Ecliptic or apparent path of the sun.

4—View of the Celestial Sphere, showing the entrance door.



The Jewish Associates of Benedict Arnold

Beginning the Story of the Part Played by Jews in the Treason of Benedict Arnold; the Principal Material Being Brought From Jewish Sources

AS THE Jewish propagandists in the United States cannot be trusted to give the people all the facts—even though these propagandists have the facts in their possession—it devolves upon some impartial agency to do so. The Jewish propagandists are accorded the utmost freedom of the newspapers of the United States—by reason of Jewish advertising being more than 75 per cent of all the advertising done in this country—and thus a wide web of false impressions is constantly being woven around the Jewish Question. The most recent is the widespread publication of a new "exposure" of the origin of the Protocols. This makes the sixth "final" and "complete" exposure that the Jews have put forth for public consumption. The Jews have still time to repent and tell the truth. Suppose they make the seventh the whole truth with a true repudiation of the Protocols.

It is THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S purpose to open up from time to time new angles of the Jewish Question, so that the candid reader who would be informed of the extensive character of Jewish influence may obtain a general view of it.

Filling in Omitted Parts of History

THE part taken by Jews in the wars of the United States has been a subject of considerable boasting by Jewish publicists. It is a most interesting subject. It deserves the fullest possible treatment. It is not THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S present purpose to challenge the Jewish boast; it is, however, our purpose to fill in the omitted parts of the story, and supply the missing links in several of the most interesting episodes in American history. This will be done on the basis of unquestioned historical authority, mostly of a Jewish character, and solely in the interests of a complete understanding of a matter which Jewish leaders have brought to the front.

The first subject which will be treated in this series is *the part of Jews in the treason of Benedict Arnold.*

Benedict Arnold, the most conspicuous traitor in American history, has been the subject of considerable comment of late. Among the commentators have been American Jews who have failed to make known to the American public the information which may be found in Jewish archives concerning Benedict Arnold and his associates.

To begin with, the propensity of the Jews to engage in the business of supplying the needs of armies and to avail themselves as far as possible of war contracts, is of long standing and notice.

An authority on this matter, Werner Sombart, says in his "Jews and Modern Capitalism" (pp. 50-53):

"The Jews throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were most influential as army-purveyors and as the moneyed men to whom the princes looked for financial backing . . . . we cannot attempt to mention every possible example. We can only point the way; it will be for subsequent research to follow.

"Although there are numerous cases on record of Jews acting in the capacity of army-contractors in Spain previous to 1492, I shall not refer to this period, because it lies outside the scope of our present considerations. We shall confine ourselves to the centuries that followed, and begin with England.

The Jews as Ancient Quartermasters

"IN THE seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Jews had already achieved renown as army-purveyors. Under the Commonwealth the most famous army-contractor was Antonio Fernandez Carvajal, "the great Jew," who came to London some time between 1630 and 1635, and was very soon accounted among the most prominent traders in the land. In 1649 he was one of the five London merchants intrusted by the council of state with the army contract for corn. It is said that he annually imported into England silver to the value of £100,000. In the period that ensued, especially in the wars of William III, Sir Solomon Medina ('the Jew Medina') was 'the great contractor,' and for his services he was knighted, being the first professing Jew to receive that honor.

"It was the same in the wars of the Spanish Succession; here, too, Jews were the principal army-contractors. In 1716 the Jews of Strassburg recall the services they rendered the armies of Louis XIV by furnishing information and supplying provisions. Indeed, Louis XIV's army-contractor-in-chief was a Jew, Jacob Worms by name; and in the eighteenth century Jews gradually took a more and more prominent part in this work. In 1727 the Jews of Metz brought into the city in the space of six weeks, 2,000 horses for food and more than 5,000 for remounts. Field Marshal Maurice, of Saxony, the victor of Fontenoy, expressed the opinion that his armies were never better served with supplies than when the Jews were the contractors. One of the best-known of the army-contractors in the time of the last two Louises was Cerf Beer, in whose patent of naturalization it is recorded that '. . . . in the wars which raged in Alsace in 1770 and 1771 he found the opportunity of proving his zeal in our service and in that of the state.'

"Similarly the house of Gradis, of Bordeaux, was an establishment of international repute in the eighteenth century. Abraham Gradis set up large storehouses in Quebec to supply the needs of the French troops there. Under the Revolutionary Government, under the Directory, in the Napoleonic wars it was always the Jews who acted as purveyors. In this connection a public notice displayed in the streets of Paris is significant. There was a famine in the city and the Jews were called upon to show their gratitude for the rights bestowed upon them by the Revolution by bringing in corn. 'They alone,' says the author of the notice, 'can successfully accomplish this enterprise, thanks to their business relations, of which their fellow citizens ought to have full benefit. A parallel story comes from Dresden. In 1720 the Court Jew, Jonas Meyer, saved the town from starvation by supplying it with large quantities of corn. (The Chronicler mentions 40,000 bushels.)

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

From 1492 to 1776—the Same Business

"ALL over Germany, the Jews from an early date were found in the ranks of the army-contractors. Let us enumerate a few of them. There was Isaac Meyer in the sixteenth century, who, when admitted by Cardinal Albrecht as a resident of Halberstadt in 1537, was enjoined by him, in view of the dangerous times, 'to supply our monastery with good weapons and armour.' There was Joselman von Rosheim, who in 1548 received an imperial letter of protection because he had supplied both money and provisions for the army. In 1546 there is a record of Bohemian Jews who provided great-coats and blankets for the army. In the next century another Bohemian Jew, Lazarus by name, received an official declaration that he 'obtained either in person or at his own expense, valuable information for the imperial troops, and that he made it his business to see that the army had a good supply of ammunition and clothing.' The Great Elector also had recourse to Jews for his military needs. Leimann Gompertz and Solomon Elias were his contractors for cannon, powder and so forth. There were numerous others: Samuel Julius, remount contractor under the Elector Frederick Augustus of Saxony; the Model family, court-purveyors and army-contractors in the Duchy of Ansbach in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are well known in history. In short, as one writer of the time pithily expresses it, 'all the contractors are Jews and all the Jews are contractors.'

"Austria does not differ in this respect from Germany, France and England. The wealthy Jews, who in the reign of the Emperor Leopold received permission to resettle in Vienna (1670)—the Oppenheimers, Wertheimers, Mayer Herschel and the rest—were all army-contractors. And we find the same thing in all the countries under the Austrian Crown.

"Lastly, we must mention the Jewish army-contractors who provisioned the American troops in the Revolutionary and Civil wars."

Sombart's record ceases there. He does not go on to mention "the Jewish contractors who provisioned the American troops in the Revolutionary and Civil wars." That task shall be THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S from time to time in the future.

It is in the study of Jewish money-making out of war that the clues are found to most of the great abuses of which Jews have been guilty. In the present instance, it was in the matter of profiteering in war goods, that the Jewish connections of Benedict Arnold were discovered.

"Wars are the Jews' harvests" is an ancient saying. Their predilection for the quartermaster's department has been observed anciently and modernly. Their interest being mostly in profits and not in national issues; their traditional loyalty being to the Jewish nation, rather than to any other nation; it is only natural that they should be found to be the merchants of goods and information in times of war—that is, the war profiteers and the spies. As the unbroken program is traced through the Revolutionary War, through the American Civil War, and through the Great War of recent occurrence, the only change observable is the increasing power and profit of the Jews.

Although the number of Jews resident in the American colonies was very small, there were enough to make a mark on the Revolutionary War; and while there was no wholesale legislation against Jews as there was in the Civil War, there were actions against individuals for the same causes which in 1861-5 obtained more extensively.

The Jews in the American Colonies

THE Journals of the Continental Congress contain numerous entries of payments made to Jews, as well as the records of various dealings with them on other scores. For drums, for blankets, for rifles, for provisions, for clothing—these are the usual entries. Most of the Jewish commissars were Indian traders (the extent to which the Jews dealt with the American Indians has not as yet been made a subject of research it deserves). The Gratz family of Pennsylvania carried on a very extensive Indian trade and amassed a vast fortune out of it. A most curious lot of information concerning the dealings of the Colonies with the Jews is obtainable by a search through the old records.

The Jews of Colonial New York were both loyalists and rebels, as the tide turned. They profited under loyalism by the contracts which they secured, and by buying in the confiscated property of those who were loyal to the American cause. It is interesting to note that some of the purchasers of the extensive Delancey properties were Jews. Delancey was a patriot whom New York City afterward honored by giving his name to an important thoroughfare. That same New York has recently by official action separated the name of Delancey from that thoroughfare, and substituted the name of Jacob H. Schiff, a Jew, native of Frankfort-on-the-Main.

We enter immediately into the limits of the Benedict Arnold narrative by making mention of the Franks family of Philadelphia, of which family several members will claim our attention.

The Franks were Jews from England who settled in America, retaining their English connections. They were in the business of public contracts, principally army contracts. They were holders of the British army contracts for the French and Indian wars, and for the succeeding Revolutionary War.

The Important Franks Family

TO GET the picture, conceive it thus, as it is taken from Jewish sources:

Moses Franks lived in England, doing business with the British Government direct. 'He had the contract for supplying all the British forces in America before military trouble between the Colonies and the Home Government was thought of. He was the principal purveyor of the British Army in Quebec, Montreal, Massachusetts, New York and in the country of the Illinois Indians. It was all British territory then.

Jacob Franks lived in New York. He was American representative of Moses Franks of England. He was the American agent of the Franks Army Purveyors Syndicate—for that is what it was.

In Philadelphia was *David Franks,* son of Jacob, of New York. David was the Franks' agent for the state or colony of Pennsylvania. He was at the seat of the colonial government, the center of American politics. He was hand in glove with many of the fathers of the American Government. He was an immensely rich

man (although but an agent) and carried a high hand at Philadelphia.

At Montreal was another Franks—*David Solesbury Franks*—also in the business of army contractor. He was a gay young man, described as "a blooded buck," who knew all the arts of turning an honest penny out of the needs of armies and the distress of nations. This young man was a grandson or grand nephew of the Moses Franks of England, as he was a nephew of the David Franks of Philadelphia.

Here and there were other Franks, all intent on business with the non-Jewish government, but the four here mentioned carry along the main parts of the tale.

A moment's digression will give us at once a view of the looseness of the liberalism of some of the Fathers of the Country, and a view of the equanimity with which David Franks, of Philadelphia, could pass from one rôle to another—a facility which cost him dearly when war came on.

A Side Light on the Early Times

JOHN TRUMBULL, an artist of considerable note at the time, whose paintings still adorn the National Capitol, was invited to dine at Thomas Jefferson's home, among the guests being Senator Giles, from Virginia. Trumbull tells the story:

"I was scarcely seated when Giles began to rally me on the Puritanical ancestry and character of New England. I saw there was no other person from New England present, and, therefore, although conscious that I was in no degree qualified to manage a religious discussion, I felt myself bound to defend my country on this delicate point as well as I could. Whether it had been prearranged that a debate on the Christian religion, in which it should be powerfully ridiculed on the one side and weakly defended on the other, was to be brought forward as promising amusement to a rather free-thinking dinner party, I will not presume to say, but it had that appearance, and Mr. Giles pushed his raillery, to my no small annoyance, if not to my discomfiture, until dinner was announced.

"That I hoped would relieve me by giving a new turn to the conversation, but the company was hardly seated at table when he renewed the assault with increased asperity, and proceeded so far at last as to ridicule the character, conduct and doctrines of the Divine Founder of our religion; Mr. Jefferson in the meantime smiling and nodding approval on Mr. Giles, while the rest of the company silently left me and my defense to our fate, until at length my friend David Franks took up the argument on my side. 'Thinking this a fair opportunity for avoiding further conversation on the subject, I turned to Mr. Jefferson and said, 'Sir, this is a strange situation in which I find myself; in a country professing Christianity and at a table with Christians, as I supposed, I find my religion and myself attacked with severe and almost irresistible wit and raillery, and not a person to aid in my defense but my friend Mr. Franks, who is himself a Jew.'"

This episode throws a curious light on the character of Thomas Jefferson's "philosophical unbelief," the unlovely fashion of that day; it also illustrates a certain facility in David Franks.

Relations between the Colonies and the Mother Country became strained. Political feelings ran high. The lines of division between "American" and "British" began to appear for the first time. At first there was a degree of agreement among all the population, except the government officials, that a protest against governmental abuses was justified and that strong representations should be made in behalf of the Colonists. Even loyalists and imperialists agreed with that. It was a question of domestic politics. But when presently the idea of protest began to develop into the idea of rebellion and independence, a cleavage came. It was one thing to correct the Empire, another thing to desert it. Here is where the people of the Colonies split.

The Franks Family Caught by War

MR. JACOB FRANKS in royalist and loyalist New York, was, of course, royalist and loyalist. As army contractor for the British Government, he had no choice.

Mr. David Franks, down in Philadelphia, was a little nearer the heart of the new American sentiment, and could not be so royal and loyal as was his kinsman north. In fact, David Franks tried to do what is modernly called "the straddle," attempting to side with the Empire and with the Colonies, too.

It was natural. His business was in Philadelphia. He may also have wished to remain as long as possible in the position of a spy, and send information of the state of public feeling to the royalists. Moreover, he was received in good society and his reputation for wealth and shrewdness won him attentions he could not otherwise have commanded.

So, in 1765 we find him joining the merchants of Philadelphia in the pact not to import articles from England while the hated Stamp Act was in force. In 1775 he favors the continuance of the colonial currency.

He was enjoying his accustomed life in the city—and his acquaintance with the Shippen family into which the dashing young Benedict Arnold married.

There is a strange intermingling of all the tragic figures of the play: Benedict Arnold marries the girl for whom Major André wrote a parlor play. Major André, during his period of captivity as an American prisoner of war and before his exchange, was often at the home of David Franks. And David Solesbury Franks, at his post as agent of the Franks syndicate at Montreal, is placed by a strange turn of the wheel of destiny in the military family of Benedict Arnold for a considerable period preceding and including the great treason.

So, for the moment let us leave the Jewish family of Franks—all of them still stationed as we first described them: Moses in England, Jacob at New York, David at Philadelphia, David S. at Montreal—and let us scrutinize the young American officer, Benedict Arnold.

These facts would most of them be lost, had they not been preserved in the Jewish archives, by the American Jewish Historical Society. You will read any history of Benedict Arnold without perceiving the Jews around him. The authors of the accepted histories were blind.

Benedict Arnold Heads Toward His Fate

THE principal defect in Benedict Arnold's character was his love of money. All of the trouble which led up to the situation in which he found himself with reference to the American Government and Army, was due to the suspicion which hung like a cloud over many of his business transactions. There have been attempts to paint Arnold as a dashing martyr, as one who was discouraged by the unmerited slights of the Continenal Congress, as a victim of the jealousy of lesser men, as one from whom confidence was unjustly withheld. Nothing could be further from the fact. He was a man to whom men were instinctively drawn to be generous, but so general was the knowledge of his looseness in money matters that, while admiring him, his brother officers acted upon the protective instinct and held aloof from him. He was tainted by a low form of dishonesty before he was tainted with treason, and the chief explanation of his treason was in the hard bargain he drove as to the amount of money he was to receive for his guilty act.

Arnold's own record makes this clear. Let us then take up his career at a certain point and see how the Franks strand and the money strand weave themselves through it like colored threads.

Extraordinary efforts have been made in recent years to extenuate Arnold's treason by the recital of his daring services. These services need not be minimized. Indeed, it was his great achievement of the winter march to Montreal and Quebec in 1775-6 that seems to begin the chapter of his troubles. To rehearse this feat of courage and endurance would be to tell a tale that has thrilled the American schoolboy.

Arnold's First Alliance With the Jews

IT WAS at Montreal that Benedict Arnold came into contact with the young Jew, David Solesbury Franks, the Canadian agent of the Franks army-purveying syndicate. And the next thing known about young Franks is that he returns to the American Colonies in the train of Benedict Arnold as an officer of the American Army.

How this change was effected is not explained in any of the records. There is a moment of darkness, as it were, in which the "quick change" was made, which transformed the young Montreal Jew from an army contractor for the British into an officer of Benedict Arnold's staff.

But as it is impossible for every fact to be suppressed, there are here and there indications of what might have been, what indeed most probably was, the basis of the attraction and relation between the two. It was very probably—almost certainly—the opportunities for graft which could be capitalized by a combination of General Arnold's authority and young Franks' ability in the handling of goods.

From the day they met in Montreal until the hour when General Arnold fled, a traitor, from the fort on the Hudson, young David Solesbury Franks was his companion.

In one of the numerous court-martials which tried General Arnold for questionable dealings in matters pertaining to army supplies, Franks, who was aid-de-camp to Arnold, and by rank of major, testified thus:

"I had, by being in the army, injured my private affairs very considerably, and meant to leave it, if a proper opportunity of entering into business should happen. I had several conversations on the subject with General Arnold, who promised me all the assistance in his power; *he was to participate in the profits of the business I was to enter in.*"

This testimony was given by Major Franks in 1779; the two men had met in the winter of 1775-1776, but, as the records will show, Major Franks was always General Arnold's reliance on getting out of scrapes caused by questionable business methods in which Arnold's military authority, was used quite freely. Major Franks admits that he was to enter business and General Arnold was to share the profits. On what basis this arrangement could exist, is another point not known. Arnold had no capital. He had no credit. He was a spendthrift, a borrower, notorious for his constant need of money. The only credible inducement for Franks to accept a partnership with him was on the understanding that Arnold should use his military authority to throw business to Franks. Or, to state it more bluntly, the "profits" which Benedict Arnold was to receive were payments for his misuse of authority for his own gain.

A complete opening of the records will show this to be the most reasonable view of the case.

Arnold's First Public Disgrace

IT WAS at Montreal that Benedict Arnold's name first became attainted with rumors of shady dealing in private and public property. General George Washington had laid down the most explicit instructions on these matters, with a view to having the Canadians treated as fellow-Americans and not as enemies. General Washington had cashiered officers and whipped soldiers who had previously disobeyed the order against looting and theft.

General Arnold had seized large quantities of goods at Montreal and had hurried them away without making proper account of them. This he admits in his letter to General Schuyler: "Our hurry and confusion was so great when the goods were received, it was impossible to take a particular account of them." This means only that Arnold seized the goods without giving the Canadian citizens proper receipts for them, so that he had in his hands a large amount of wealth for which he was under no compulsion to account to anybody. This mass of goods he sent to a Colonel Hazen at Chambley, and Colonel Hazen evidently aware of the conditions under which the goods were taken, refused to receive them. This disobedience of Colonel Hazen to his superior officer, especially in a question relating to goods, made it necessary for Arnold to take some self-protective action, which he did in his letter to General Schuyler. Meantime a very ugly rumor ran through the American Army that General Benedict Arnold had tried to pull a scurvy trick of graft, but had been held up by the strict conduct of Colonel Hazen. Moreover, it was rumored (and the fact was admitted by Arnold in his letter) that in the transfer the goods were well sorted over so that when they finally arrived a great part of them was missing. All the principal facts were admitted by Arnold, who used them, however, to throw blame on Colonel Hazen. He even went so far as to prefer charges against Colonel Hazen, forcing the matter into a court-martial. The court was called and refused to hear the witnesses chosen by General Arnold in his behalf, on the ground that the witnesses were not entitled to credibility. Whereupon General Arnold flouted the court, who ordered him arrested. General Gates, to preserve the useful services of Arnold to the United States Army, dissolved the court-martial, to that extent condoning the conduct of Arnold. Before the court-martial dissolved, however, it informally acquitted Colonel Hazen with honor.

Setting the Stage for Treason

HERE, then, almost immediately, as it would seem, upon his new connection with David Solesbury Franks, Benedict Arnold is involved in a bad tangle concerning property which had come into his possession irregularly and which disappeared soon after. His attempt to throw the blame on an officer whose disobedience was the factor that disclosed the true state of affairs, failed. It was his bold scheme to forestall an exposure which must inevitably have come.

While it is true that on this Montreal case, no verdict stands recorded against Benedict Arnold for the theft of goods, it is also true that the American Army became suspicious of him from that day.

Had Benedict Arnold been innocent then and had he kept his hands clean thereafter, the Montreal episode would have been forgotten. But as a matter of fact such affairs came with increasing frequency thereafter, all of them, strangely enough, involving also the Jew whom he associated with himself at the time of that first exposure.

The story of this Jew's relations with Benedict Arnold all through the period ending with the great treason, may now be taken up with greater consecutiveness, for now their formerly separate courses run together. In another article this relationship and all that it meant will be illustrated from the government records.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages, respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for each volume.

Can the Span of Human Life Be Lengthened?

By GEORGE HENRY HEALD, M. D.

IN THE first place, what is the span of life? Is there a period set by nature—a bound beyond which man may not pass? Is there something in his very being that determines that within a few short decades at most he must age and pass on? Is the "three-score and ten" of the Bible a limit beyond which the average man cannot expect to live?

These and similar questions have been asked of old, and are still being asked. The possibility of increasing indefinitely the span of life has long been an attractive theme. Only recently, Bernard Shaw has issued a series of five plays, entitled "Back to Methuselah," in which he attempts to teach how man may lengthen his life to 300 years or more. In the early days of this continent—the days of discovery and exploration—one Ponce de Leon traveled far and wide, searching for a fabled fountain of immortal youth, and his search was but the expression of the wishes and hopes of many of his day.

There are a number of seemingly well-authenticated cases of persons who lived to be 120, 130, or even 140 or more; but those who have studied most thoroughly into the subject are inclined to doubt the accuracy of such reports, for they do not succeed in finding any cases in which incontestable proofs of the great age can be found; and in those cases in which it is possible to get exact data, they always find that the age has been greatly exaggerated. Only recently an old Kentucky mountaineer was exhibited by interested persons as being more than 130 years old, and they seemed to have made a pretty clear case of it. But a New York physician, who had doubts as to the accuracy of the reported age, made the rough trip into the Kentucky mountains at considerable expense, and there among the old settlers, he obtained positive proof that the decrepit man, who was partially demented, was only about 100 years old. He had been coached by his exhibitors to say that he was more than 130. Students of longevity are inclined to believe that the instances of life much beyond the century mark are much more rare than the extant stories of extreme age would indicate.

Life tables are prepared by officials of the life insurance companies, based on the lives of their policy holders, and also by Government officials, based on mortality statistics, showing the life expectation at different ages, for different classes of persons. For instance, some insurance statistics show a greater expectation of life for those who are total abstainers from liquor than for moderate drinkers, and a greater expectation for moderate drinkers than for steady or hard drinkers. As fire insurance companies give a better rate on buildings of slow-burning construction than for ordinary buildings, so certain life insurance companies give better rates to abstainers than to drinkers. These better rates, usually in the form of return dividends, are based on the actual saving of life among the abstaining policy holders.

These insurance companies have shown that if one desires to live long he should abstain from liquor. It is true that occasional instances are cited of drinkers living to a great age; but the statistics computed from millions of individual lives show that such cases are exceptional. The average drinker is a short-lived person as compared with the average abstainer. Temperance, then, or rather abstinence, is one means of lengthening life. Are there others? It is the purpose of this article to discuss this question.

The Bureau of the Census has published a series of life tables based on the estimated population July 1, 1910, and on the reported deaths in 1909, 1910 and 1911, for the original registration area, and for the different states, for various classifications of the population. The accompanying abbreviated table gives figures taken from these official life tables, which show that the life expectation varies with sex, race, location (city or country) and nativity (whether native or foreign-born). For instance, women, except those in rural districts, are longer-lived than men; whites are much longer-lived than Negroes; and native-born are slightly longer-lived than foreign-born (the latter not shown in this table). Moreover, the tables prepared for different states show striking differences, due probably to the proportion of urban and rural population. For instance, the life expectation at birth for the different states studied and for the original registration states, is thus given:

Your Chances of Reaching a Ripe Old Age

Classification of population, original registration states. SEX	Life expectation at birth—average longevity	Of 100,000 born, number that reach fifth year	Number that reach twentieth year	Number that reach fiftieth year	Age at which half of original number are still alive
Both sexes	51.49	83,887	80,074	62,460	60-61
Males	49.86	82,718	78,792	60,118	58-59
Females	53.24	85,117	81,418	65,001	62-63
White Males	50.23	82,972	79,116	60,741	59-60
Females	53.62	85,349	81,750	65,629	63-64
Negro Males	34.05	68,589	61,426	35,427	34-35
Females	37.67	72,768	64,764	40,886	40-41
CITY					
White Males	47.32	81,185	77,122	56,913	55-56
Females	51.39	83,374	79,962	63,058	60-61
COUNTRY					
White Males	55.06	86,223	82,674	67,734	65-66
Females	54.70	86,536	82,648	66,735	64-65
NATIVE					
White Males	50.58	82,722	78,923	60,772	60-61
Females	54.19	85,121	81,526	65,723	64-65

Life Expectation at Birth

	Male	Female
Indiana	54.70	56.16
Michigan	53.86	56.24
Registration States	*49.86*	*53.24*
Massachusetts	49.33	53.06
New Jersey	49.08	52.80
New York	47.89	51.89

It would seem, then, that, notwithstanding the cities have done much to lower death rates, and that sanitation in the cities is much more perfect than in the country, it was safer to live in the country than in the city in 1910. It is possible that the improvement in city sanitation in the last 10 years may give a better showing for the cities in later life tables.

How are we to account for the better life expectation in rural districts than in the cities? Is it due to the fact that people in rural districts as a rule live a more simple and natural out-of-door life? Such an explanation would account for the paradox that the rural woman is an exception to the fact that females in general are longer-lived than males.

It will be noted from the table that Negroes are very much shorter-lived than the whites. Is this a racial characteristic, or is it incident to the fact that on the whole the Negroes, because of poverty or ignorance or both, live a much more unwholesome life than the whites? The Negro is peculiarly susceptible to tuberculosis, and the tuberculosis mortality among this race is exceptionally high. On the other hand, the Negro is comparatively immune to malaria and to the effects of hookworm disease. That is, these diseases are much lighter with the Negro than with the whites. These racial differences as regards different diseases suggest that there may be a racial difference in longevity, independent of the fact that the Negro as a rule lives under more unfavorable conditions.

In addition to racial differences in longevity, there are apparently also family differences. It is a matter of common observation that certain families are unusually long-lived. Physicians, when they desire to express opinion as to the outcome of a doubtful case, inquire into the family history. If the patient is of a long-lived race, or family, the outlook is better than if he is of a short-lived family.

In the city people commonly turn night into day, and possibly live through as much in five years as country people live through in 10 years. It is not at all surprising that an automobile that runs 10,000 miles a year, other things being equal, will wear out sooner than another machine that runs only 5,000 miles a year.

These are some of the factors that have to do with the problem of longevity. Then there is the general question of germs and infection. About 40 years ago, the discovery was made that disease is often caused by minute organisms, known as germs, or bacteria. Later, other microscopic organisms belonging to the animal kingdom, were shown to be the cause of certain diseases, such as malaria, yellow fever and sleeping sickness. For a time the germ theory overshadowed everything else, and disease prevention was reduced to the simple problem of swatting the germ. Latterly it has become apparent that swatting the germ is more than a man's job, and is practically impossible of accomplishment. That is, the tuberculosis germ, for example, is here with us to stay, and no amount of fumigation, or disinfection, or sterilization will get rid of it. We have also learned that this germ is not such a terrible fellow after all. It will take quarters with a person for a lifetime, and does in many cases, without doing much damage. We have learned that while it is important to limit the spread of disease germs as much as possible, and to prevent their propagation, the surest protection against germ invasion is a sound body. And a sound body is very largely a matter of proper nutrition.

The Future of Food Growing—By F. B. NICHOLS

DESPITE the economic ills with which agriculture is now confronted, it is evident that the business of growing food is on a secure basis. The farms are going to produce crops large enough to meet the demands of the cities, and at fair prices. Through the use of improved machinery and the growth of the co-operative movement in marketing, it will be possible for the producers to do this and get a fair return for their toil. We are just at the beginning of a great extension in the use of improved implements—the era of machinery is here! This movement, by the way, is typically American.

The man production from the farms of the Great Mississippi River Valley has long been the wonder of agricultural students the world over. It is, for instance, about three times the production of the average French farmer, and the contrast is even more encouraging when compared with the producers of India or China. But it is evident that it can be increased still further, through the use of good tools. For the farmer this will mean larger returns, and at a lower expenditure of physical labor. For the laborer in the industrial centers, it means ample supplies of food, at prices he can afford to pay.

In the production of grain the benefits of improved machinery have been especially evident. It is a long way in the economic evolution of the human race from the "man with the hoe" and the cradle, to the man with the tractor of today. In this connection it is evident that the artists who have been showing the farmer as merely one who toils with his hands should get more of a modern version of things. This progress which farming has made has been shown by a huge increase in production, that is steadily developing with the years, and which will continue to grow. More than that, the work is much easier. Man has been able to invent few forms of drudgery more difficult than harvesting grain with a cradle. What a contrast to the modern farmer, who "knocks down" 25 acres a day with a tractor hitched to an eight-foot binder! And the combination harvester-thresher, which harvests and threshes the grain all at one operation, makes an even more pleasing contrast.

As a rule, the farm implements of today have been developed with the best methods of soil management in mind. Take with tractors and wheat—the great bread crop—for example. If the best yields of winter wheat are to be grown, the soil must be plowed deeply and as soon as possible after harvest, which means in July in the great surplus grain-producing states like Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska. Naturally the weather is warm—perhaps hot would be a better term ——at this time of the year, and when the horses must supply the power the acreage which can be covered with each individual outfit is small. This is a tremendous handicap in the more important wheat sections, where the grain acreage on almost every farm is large. The net result is that where horses are used the plowing is continued until along in the autumn, and much of the crop is planted on seed beds prepared in a very inefficient way.

But how different it is when power work is the rule! The farmer gets the tractor started as soon as possible after the wheat is off the ground, and he makes some real speed. There is no stopping for a "breathing spell" as there is with horses; the tractor goes right ahead through the heat, with only an occasional stop for fuel, water and oil, for many hours every day. And this relieves the horse—man's friend—from one of the worst forms of killing work known. Many wheat growers put a headlight on their tractor and run it day and night, and naturally cover an immense acreage.

The work is done properly; six inches or more is a common plowing depth; and the conditions are made favorable by this early, deep plowing for the forming of available plant food, and, of course, the moisture is conserved, for the surface is broken. After the plowing is finished it is important that the soil be cultivated enough, usually with a disk, to keep the crust broken and the weeds killed. As a rule this work is done with a tractor when one is available; the lighter engines are especially well adapted for disking and harrowing.

When a field is handled in this manner, the soil usually is in ideal condition in the autumn for the crop, and the plants make a quick growth after sowing. They thus go through the cold weather with a minimum of winter killing. As a result they are in a favorable condition to make a quick start the following spring toward maturity and a high yield.

Then when the crop is sold in a co-operative way, either by a local association or as it will be largely in the future, through a powerful commodity marketing association, such as the proposed United States Grain Growers, Inc., we have almost an ideal production and sales system. Intelligent production and efficient selling are the two things which guarantee fair prices to the producer and buyer, in both country and city.

The general distribution of tractors because of the, real power supplied, has done much to encourage the use of other forms of big machinery, such as silage cutters, power cultivators, large binders, tile-ditching machines and the like.

When a State Goes A-Fishing in the Ocean

Government's Part in Industry Producing $25,000,000 in Food Yearly

HOW well it pays, in dollars and cents, as well as in industrial and commercial advancement, for a state to take charge of its resources, direct and develop them is shown this year in the taking of first place among all the states in the fishing industry, by California, with a production of sea foods valued at more than $25,000,000. How much more the development of trout and salmon streams and bass streams were worth in the advancement of the health and recreation of the thousands who fished them for sport, there is no means of estimating.

Working without salary for half a century, the various men, who have succeeded each other on the California State Board of Fish and Game Commission, appointed by the governor with the approval of the state senate, and serving at the pleasure of the governor, have established 22 fish hatcheries to maintain forever the supply of fresh and salt water food and game fishes. How many fish have been planted in the streams and lakes, bays and bayous of California it is impossible to estimate even approximately, but from these planted fish in 1920, $19,202,318 was received for canned and packed fish alone, while the value of the fish consumed in its fresh state is placed by the statisticians of the state government at more than $6,000,000 more. This total is approximately four times the total sum spent by the commission on the development of the state's fisheries, since it was established, with an appropriation of $5,000 fifty years ago.

Since that first year, the commission has been self-supporting, and, in 1920, the year for which figures are now available, it handled $460,000, every cent of which went for the further advancement of the fishing industry, and the greater development of the fish supply of the state.

Seldom, if ever, has any state government developed for its people an industry which can be compared in practical returns to this, and it is estimated that, with the work of the fish hatcheries now going on and the careful supervision now being given to the commercial side of the industry, next year's figures will show that the 1921 "fish crop" was even more valuable than that of 1920.

Some idea of the extent of the industry, built up under the supervision of the commission and with its aid, may be gained from the fact that, in 1920, there were 106 fish packing plants in full operation in California. To man these plants, 7,097 employes were required, while 5,269 were engaged in the catching of the fish. At least 2,500 more men were employed in the handling of the fish and the office work of the business, so that the pay roll of the commercial fisheries of California for last year numbered not less than 15,000 persons.

Though the salmon was saved from extinction in California waters by the action of the state fish and game commission in years gone by, and is today a productive fish of Northern California waters, the sardine and the tuna take the lead in the commercial fisheries. The sardine has been made the subject of some interesting figures by Frank M. Newbert, of Sacramento, president of the commission, who, in making his report for 1920, said:

"There were 1,062,996 cases of sardines packed in California in 1920. These cases contained 55,462,738 cans, which, if laid end to end, would reach 4,097 miles, or one and one-half times across the United States at its widest part. To fill these cans, 463,055,924 sardines were hauled from the briny deep. If these little fish were laid end to end, they would form a line 3,877,193,016 inches long, or about two and one-half times the distance around the earth.

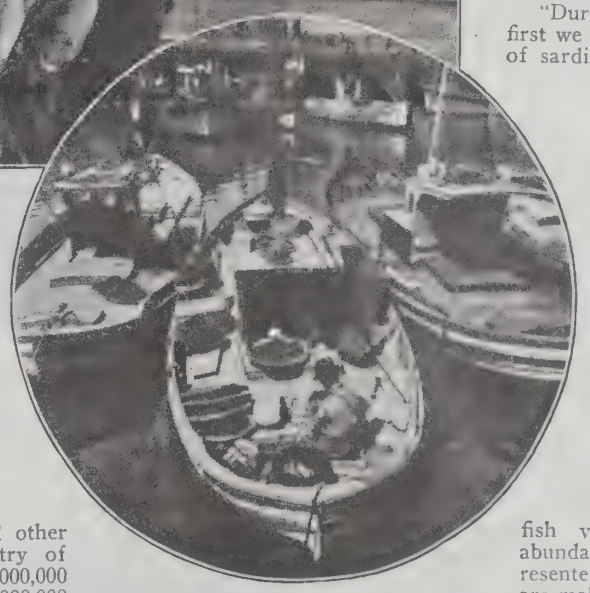
"The tuna packed in California during 1920, numbered 835,645 cases, containing 42,781,688 cans, which, laid side by side, would have reached 2,025 miles, or nearly from San Francisco to New Orleans, following the railroad route, while the tuna which went into these cans numbered 1,002 774, which, if laid end to end, would have reached from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

"We started this commission fifty years ago, with an appropriation of $5,000. Today, the income of the commission is more than $460,000 annually. We have 22 fish hatcheries and many stations, and these are being enlarged constantly, to meet the ever-increasing demands of the sportsmen who love lake and river fishing and the out-of-doors. To do this we have to keep constantly ahead of the automobile with the pack mule, to insure the anglers plenty of game and food fish in every stream and lake in the state."

Regarding the purposes of the commission, Mr. Newbert says:

"It is the aim of the Fish and Game Commission to increase the stocking of the lakes and streams with fish every year. We have 10,000 lakes in California, all of which one day will be stocked with game fish. We have 100 unnamed mountains, all of which are more than 13,000 feet in height. We have plenty of game and plenty of fish, and it is the purpose of the commission to insure the conservation of the fish for future generations of anglers, and, at the same time, to give the present generation plenty of health-giving recreation and plenty of fish food. The commission is self-supporting, and, contrary to some opinion, none of the commissioners, M. J. Connell, E. L. Bosqui, or myself, receive a cent in salary. Our expenses do not amount to more than $20 a month to the state, though I know that all the commissioners actually do spend more than this, but they do it out of their own pockets."





Upper left, circle—A corner in the harbor devoted to the sardine fleet in San Francisco Bay. Center—Unloading a catch of sardines at one of the several canneries at San Pedro, in Southern California, where are located the largest sardine packing plants in the world. Lower right, circle—Baiting 700 feet of line. A salmon fisherman in San Francisco harbor preparing for the next day's work. One of his lines has been baited and is coiled at the entrance to the cabin. Four other lines are seen coiled on their plates, ready to be baited, at the left of the fisherman.

It is estimated that between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000 of private capital is invested in the fish canneries, packing plants, boats, seines and other equipment of the fishing industry of California. More than 150,000,000 pounds of sardines and 30,000,000 pounds of tuna are taken every year, this total of 180,000,000 pounds of these two varieties being greater than the total of all other varieties of food fishes taken in the 12 months. It is, of course, impossible to estimate the amount of game fish taken by sportsmen in the streams and lakes and on salt water. There are 12 large and modern sardine canning plants on Monterey Bay, in Northern California, and 40 sardine and tuna canneries in Southern California, located at San Pedro, Wilmington, Long Beach, Newport and San Diego. All are prospering and are accounted among the most successful industries of the state. The 1921 output of these canneries probably will find a quicker and more eager market because of the fact that the Alaska salmon pack is reported as only about 60 per cent of normal, and will fall below the 4,500,000 cases packed last year, which was under the average annual pack by many thousand cases. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the California commission in the past two years has distributed 29,000,000 young Chinook salmon in the Sacramento, Klamath and Eel rivers. Incidentally, and so that the mountain-loving angler might not be disappointed in years to come, 34,000,000 trout fry were reared and planted in a number of streams in the same period.

So important is the Fish and Game Commission considered, and so great attention does the state of California pay to its commercial fisheries, that the commission has the power to compel the various packing and canning companies and all other corporations or persons engaged in the purchase of fish from the commercial fishermen, to keep an accurate record of all fish purchased, the source, condition, how caught, date; in fact, all data covering all the fish taken during a season. A state fisheries laboratory is maintained, in which all this data is filed, correlated and studied, in a vast general program of protecting, conserving and increasing the supplies of commercially valuable fish. Thus, for example, the sardine, the most valuable fish, commercially, in California waters, is known to have appeared in commercial quantities off the coast of California in 1914, and in the North Pacific was regarded as a curious stranger when caught occasionally among the herrings, up to two years ago. "Such data, carefully substantiated, leads to the belief," says W. F. Thompson, of the California State Fisheries Laboratory, "that the sardine fishery is subject to great fluctuations, because, if the sardines were lacking once in these waters, they well may be lacking again, not only in British Columbia, but in California. So, the most ordinary business sense dictates an energetic inquiry into the probability that such great changes will occur in California, and into the chance of foreseeing them. The great natural changes in abundance may be so overwhelming as completely to overshadow depletion. To the changes in abundance, then, we have addressed ourselves along lines suggested by the phenomena in the herring and other fisheries."

Thus, it will be seen that the state of California has found that not all the success of her $25,000,000 fisheries is due to the methods of taking them from the sea, but that the life histories of the fishes, their movements, their migrations, their food and their feeding, their spawning and their young, must be studied, and the harvesting of this crop so controlled that it may be of value not only to this generation, but to all generations to come.

One of the interesting problems now being considered in connection with this sardine fishery—which took, let it be remembered, 150,000,000 pounds, or 75,000 long tons, of fish from the California sea in 1920—is stated as follows by Mr. Thompson:

"During last season, the first we investigated, the group of sardines we may regard as being in their fourth year, predominated and made, at Monterey, a good pack for 'half-pound oval' cans, much as the dominating class in our diagram was in 1904. Will this year's catch be of fish one year older? And will next year's catch be of fish two years older? Or, will the catch continue to be of the same size, and equally good for packing such cans? In other words, do the age-groups of fish vary widely in their abundance, as we have represented in the diagram we are making, and will the fishery vary between success and failure with their growth in size, and with the presence or absence of a successful year? The packer, wondering whether the fishery is to remain good, and whether he will be able to pack 'quarter-oil' sizes, or obtain good 'half-pound oval' sizes, naturally wishes to know the answer. Perhaps, when we know the exact rate of growth, we may be able to prophesy very exactly the character of the catch. So we are concentrating on age and rate of growth of the sardine."

To solve this problem which, to the layman may seem rather simple and uninteresting, yet which is of vital importance to an industry worth $25,000,000 every 12 months and growing by leaps and bounds, two men are stationed on the California coast, one at Monterey and one at San Pedro, centers of the sardine fisheries, whose duty it is to do nothing but take samples of every boatload of sardines brought in to the canneries. These samples must show the average age and size of every cargo of sardines taken from these waters, and are turned over to the state fisheries laboratory for comparison, tabulation and analysis, so that, eventually, the California State Fish and Game Commission will be able to say to the sardine fishermen and canners: "This year you will get fish of such-and-such size, in such-and-such quantities; therefore prepare yourselves accordingly for the catch."

Taking Health to Kansas in a Railroad Car

By FRANK M. CHASE

PULLMANS have carried many persons to health, but one doesn't need an adding machine to count those that are taking health to the people. There are only four of these. One is the Warren, the health car of Kansas.

In 1915 the Pullman Company presented an old observation car to the State Board of Health. An appropriation for remodeling and equipping it was obtained, and maintenance funds have been granted. Its name is in memory of the son of Dr. S. J. Crumbine, secretary of the board, who died in China in 1916. The car has been in use five years, during which it has literally taken health to thousands of Kansans.

Yearly itineraries for the car are arranged. The first four of these consisted of rough loops into each corner of the state, the plan being to reach the remaining communities by a series of shorter trips. Formerly the car stopped at almost every station, and the stay varied from one day to two weeks, according to the size of the place. Owing to the increased cost of mileage and moving the past year, stops were limited to towns of 500 population or more. It has made two small towns or one large town a week.

At least two attendants always accompany the car, one of whom is a public health nurse. During the first two years the force consisted of two nurses and one helper, one of the nurses being contributed by the State Tuberculosis Association. Lack of funds prevented the continuation of this arrangement, a woman physician and one helper then operating the car. The helper sometimes has been a student of social service, sometimes a nurse, sometimes only a capable woman. The past year the car was conducted by a public health nurse and a social worker, Miss Edna Burch.

The management of the health car, so as to present its message most effectively, suggests the method and directness of a circus organization. Advance publicity is obtained by letters to the mayor, city and county superintendents of schools, a leading club woman or two, health officers and newspapers. These letters explain the purpose of the car, give the itinerary, and solicit co-operation. Data are provided for newspaper publicity. On arriving at a town one of the workers calls on the editor of each local paper, to determine what publicity has been given and to ask and aid him to continue it during the stand. Attractive framed posters are placed in the store windows, while to reach the rural people the telephone operator often gives a line ring, then tells them of the car. But the most effective means of bringing persons to the car is provided by the children. Special attention is given to seeing that the school children of the community have an opportunity to see the car. The city superintendent always is instructed by correspondence to send the pupils, by grades, in charge of their teachers. Each grade spends one school period at the car. The exhibit is explained, and usually all the children are weighed and measured. When time and the size of the group permit, the mouths also are examined. Then, before leaving, they are urged to tell every one they know about the car and to bring their parents.

And the parents come. One-half the visitors are adults. One farmer brought his family 25 miles purposely to see the car. A rural school came 18 miles in a truck. While the schools are in session, the mornings are reserved for them, while in the afternoons, and often the evenings, the car is open to all who wish to come. Usually it is kept open one or two evenings at each stand. Often from 600 to 800 persons visit the car in a day, it being well filled from nine in the morning until late at night. The average attendance for the seven months in which the car was in actual operation last year was about 350 a day.

As the work of the car is mainly with and through the children, its exhibits have been adapted to the understanding of young minds, the aim being to make the object lessons intelligible and interesting to the child of the fourth or fifth grade. For the same reason little attempt is made to operate the car while the schools are closed. The appeal of the exhibit to the children is remarkable. They grasp every lesson of the car, whether of personal, school or community interest, and then go home and tell their parents about it.

At one town, the car arriving on Saturday, it was found that the principal of the school had neglected to advertise the car. As the school was closed, it was impossible to reach the children. But the 10-year-old son of the mayor, who evidently was well schooled in civic matters, rose to the occasion. At intervals he came to the car, carrying one or two children on his bicycle, while several more followed in his wake. The car physician taught him to measure and weigh. With an assistant he took down the weights of the children. When he found one underweight he would say, "March over to the doctor and open your mouth. She'll see what's the matter with you." Throughout the day the youngster worked at his self-appointed task. And many of the parents, interested by the enthusiasm of the children, came out in the afternoon to view the exhibit.

In another case where the car arrived in town Saturday morning and there had been no publicity, the first visitors were a group of boys idling in the railroad yards, whose curiosity got the better of them. Once inside the car, however, their eyes opened wide with interest. "Go and tell every boy you can find to come to the car," said Miss Burch, seizing the opportunity. The boys left and soon, by means of the freemasonry of a town's boyhood, groups of youngsters were trailing through the car, listening to Miss Burch's explanation of the exhibits and permitting the nurse to weigh and measure them and examine their



Upper, left—General interior view of the Warren, the health car operated by the Kansas State Board of Health. Upper, right—On entering, numerous lessons on what and how to eat greet the visitor. This is the front end of the car. Lower—Mother's conference. More than 60,000 persons saw the health car last year.

mouths. But they were not all. Again their mothers and fathers and aunts and uncles came in the afternoon, and before nightfall the car and its attendants, despite the lack of advance notices, had done a very creditable day's work.

"Health, Strength, and Joy for all the children of all the people." This motto, displayed conspicuously at the rear of the car, expresses the spirit of the exhibit, as in it are health lessons for every one. Along the left side, as one enters, are seen graphic studies in foods, milk, teeth, tonsils and adenoids, child care, weighing and measuring, school hygiene and sanitation. Coming back on the other side, are found the quarters for examining mothers and babies, then the sections devoted to tuberculosis, communicable disease, personal hygiene, infant and prenatal care, exercise, posture and clothing, homemade play grounds and fresh air—a thorough course in health, all making for the welfare of childhood.

In the food section the child and its mother see several samples of well-balanced rations. Passing on to the milk exhibit, it is learned that milk is indispensable in the child's diet and that a quart of it is equal in body-building ability to two and a half pounds of chicken or a pound and a quarter of beef.

Under communicable diseases it is shown that 312 deaths from measles—"nothing but measles," as the uninformed often say—occurred in Kansas the preceding year, and that the state lost more residents through whooping cough in the same period than by scarlet fever, diphtheria and smallpox combined.

Let one of the eighth grade girls of Goodland describe the exhibit, as she did in some written work at school after the car's appearance at that town:

"Upon entering the car you are under the impression that you are visiting a display of doll houses. But they are miniature tuberculosis cottages. They show how those afflicted with this disease should live. In these houses or on the porches are miniature cots such as tubercular patients should sleep on. Fresh air, nourishing food and rest are the best cures for tuberculosis. A map showed the number of cases of this disease in Kansas. It was very strongly impressed on us that tuberculosis is a curable disease and a preventable one.

"We passed on and were warned as to the danger of the many contagious diseases. We learned that there have been many more deaths from measles than from scarlet fever in Kansas, though scarlet fever is much more feared. People do not use enough precaution with measles or other diseases that are catching.

"On the other side were foods both helpful and injurious. One thing which attracted our attention was a quart of milk which had ribbons fastened from it to different plates of meat, to show that one should get as much nourishment from one quart of milk as from all these meats.

"We then saw where they had displayed best amusements and comforts for children and babies, also proper clothing for babies. We were then weighed, and found we have one perfect girl and one perfect boy in our class."

A fourth grade boy, showing that the car's message was not lost on the younger visitors, wrote:

"This was a health car. Dr. Crumbine sent it out into Kansas to prevent people from getting diseases. We should get plenty of fresh air by sleeping on the porch and leaving our window open at night so we won't get tuberculosis. I do not want to have tuberculosis. The germ might live in an old dirty house. If we let tuberculosis go too long it cannot be cured, and if you eat healthy foods and get plenty of fresh air and right kind of exercise it can be cured.

"We should breathe through our nose. If we breathe through our mouth it will make our teeth crooked. We should wash our teeth to get all the food from out of between our teeth. We should be careful of the water, because it may have germs in it.

"A well should be placed on a high place, because the germs won't get in the well. Flies carry many germs. We should poison a fly. Milk is our best food. Our food tables should be clean. We should eat less meat and more vegetables. You should keep your body warm in the winter."

The exhibit elicits many questions, in the answering of which the car workers give much personal service. Whenever possible, the requested information is supplied directly; otherwise the visitor is referred to the proper state department. Questions concerning diet lead in number. "I am asked how to get thin a dozen times a day," said Miss Burch, "while a great deal of interest is shown in sanitation, tuberculosis, communicable diseases and shoes for women."

Mothers receive help with their individual difficulties which otherwise they could not obtain. Many instances of pathetic ignorance on the part of mothers and tragic handicap to their children come to the car. Parents sometimes drive miles to get this coveted advice. To accommodate them the car is open in the afternoons especially for the mothers and fathers with children of the pre-school age. A special effort is made to examine these children and to confer with their mothers. The car physician or nurse attends to such examinations, while the assistant is explaining the exhibit to the other visitors.

Results often follow swiftly the appearance of the car. This is not wholly accidental. Usually a conference of leading citizens is held on the car the first evening of its stand, at which the local situation is discussed and it is determined how the car can best serve that particular community. Public meetings frequently are held, a speaker or a film being sent from the board of health office, or one of the car workers is invited to address a club gathering.

At home the lessons of the health car are promptly translated into better habits. A father once reported that when he and his wife retired to the second floor for the night, a blast of cold air struck them. "Mercy," he said, "what's the matter up here?" "Oh, nothing," replied his wife. "The children have been to the health car."

The health car traveled 1,000 miles last year, and more than 60,000 persons saw the exhibit. And it cost the state of Kansas less than six cents to deliver the powerful message of health to each of the visitors.



Sleepy Hollow Road, Tarrytown, N. Y.



View in the Highlands of the Hudson River.

(C) Keystone

Can a Woman Go a Journey?

By GEORGIA JACKSON

IN THOSE otherwise delightful "Walking Stick Papers" of Robert Cortes Holliday, there is, alas, one flaw. A woman, he says, cannot "go a journey," and he makes this masculine mispronouncement casually, even amiably, with an air of finality. Now, as a matter of fact, of course, a woman can go a journey, and joyously. Many a holiday have I taken à la carte on the highway or bypath. And, moreover, a woman may be the most humdrum person in the world, but the moment she puts on a khaki suit and takes to the open road, whimsical adventures flock along her trail and swoop down on her at every turning.

For instance, there was my first visit to Tarrytown along the Old Post road, past heavenly mansions and still more heavenly grounds, on a Saturday afternoon quite in tune with my high spirits. No sooner had I arrived in the pleasant streets of the town than I happened on the statue commemorating the capture of Major André, and stopped to look it over with what I considered due reverence and curiosity. All of a sudden I became conscious of another gazer—a diminutive individual. When he caught my sympathetic eye he raised his hand and exclaimed with some histrionic ability, "This is the most sacred spot in American history!" And in the next breath he told me he had come all the way from Boston to see it. I should have guessed that, anyway.

An amiable idler set me on my way to Sleepy Hollow. There was the church, right where Ichabod Crane had left it so precipitately. The sunshine made a smile on its plain face. The slats in the quaint shutters were open enough to let me peek in at the white, brown-trimmed pews and curious wooden pulpit with its winding stair. The grave stones in the old churchyard were crumbling red and white, and I prowled around among them, reading their dried-prune poetry.

I discovered a hospitable pump, filled my little aluminium dish-of-all-work, and looked about for an appropriate mess hall. There it was, some little way from the churchyard—a clump of trees shading an old two-wheeled affair that might have carried a cannon in the Revolution and again might not. It looked rather too young and agricultural. But it suggested itself as a proper place to cook coffee, so I carefully deposited my dish of precious water at the wide end of its tongue and then seated myself on the tongue. You would have thought that in all the time since the Revolution or the last harvest somebody else must have sat on that very evident resting place. But no. The tongue promptly swung down and dumped me and the water on the ground. Before very long, however, my can of solidified alcohol was spluttering, and the coffee proved entirely tractable. Is there anything in this world, I wonder, so good as coffee cooked—and drunk—in the open air? After two chicken sandwiches I felt so energetic I started on again. I had been figuring that it would be amusing to sleep in Sleepy Hollow churchyard if I could manage to do it without being caught, and then attend the services in the old church Sunday morning. But, luckily for me, as it proved, when I got to the railroad path along the very river edge, I decided that the evening was too lovely to be spent idling about Tarrytown. Tarrytown would wait, and the sunset wouldn't. I tramped along the solitary path for some time, consuming quantities of balm. Who am I that I should try to tell what the Hudson and the hills can do in the way of a sunset, with rain clouds gathering and sun rays streaming over their gilded edges into the blueness?

The clouds rolled up heavier, and the lightning began to slit them with gold. One has to be sensible. Thunder storms are so beautiful and exhilarating—it's too bad they are so wet. I crossed one of the frequent bridges over the railroad—they all looked alike to me—and followed a road into the woods.

Well, it turned out to be one of the most alluring roads I have ever seen. Great slender trees, a gurgling, tinkling brook with little rustic bridges crossing it, shrubs and bushes lining the way, lightning flashes above the trees, where the sky showed dimly, and, best of all, deep within the dusky aisle, among the bushes, over the spring, down the road—fireflies! Such tiny wisps of light! It was a good world. A short distance beyond I came to a small lake with ducks and swans swimming in it. Presently I noticed a small house and a big gate. I went up to the householder.

"Is that a private estate?" I asked, pointing to the gate.

"No," he said. "That's the road. This is a private estate you're on."

"Oh," I said. "There were no trespass signs."

"No, there aren't any."

And I thought it was very pleasant that at least one rich man didn't show people out, but shared his treasuries with stragglers like me.

The kind gateman was worrying. "I'm afraid you're going to get wet," he said. It did look that way. He hurried me off to a wide stone arch over the road and told me the bus to Ossining would soon pass right under it. So I sat down on the floor under the arch, and the rain began to pour. It was dark by that time. Automobiles passed occasionally. It was interesting to watch them come. First a slender streak of light picked out the wet stone edge of the gutter at the curve of the road; it crept slowly along, then a glow followed, growing sudden and vivid, and finally breaking into a glare, a whir, and a whiz past me. Soon a red light announced the bus, and I climbed in.

At Ossining I found a pleasant little inn, more than a century and fourscore years old, a cool, pink-papered room, and the most restful sheets imaginable.

I was on my way early Sunday morning. There was a sharp curve and a worried traffic cop. He didn't know when there would be another bus. He turned from me and deliberately stopped a passing automobile.

"Here," he said to the driver, "take this woman to Peekskill with you," just like that! And to me, dumfounded, he said, "It's all right. He's a friend of mine. You'll be perfectly safe."

I was likewise very happy as we sped along over the picturesque road, the gentleman pointing out spots of interest. I noticed that the country seemed to be thickly populated—or rather thinly populated—with many playwrights. The man was a winsome person with eyes that crinkled at the corners. I thought he was a westerner by the honesty of his r's and the frank unconsciousness and friendliness of his manner. Surely enough, he told me presently that he was from Wyoming. He dropped me at Peekskill, and there I found a small launch going over the river to Bear Mountain. It was a lovely run in the sunny blue morning, a fine bright breeze blowing and little moving white clouds casting deep green shadows over the mountain tops.

The climb up the mountain was stiff, because, as usual, I followed the wrong trail. But it was fine, anyway. If I had gone the right way I should have missed something. There was a reservoir marked 'Preserved for drinking water, keep it clean." That water did look clear. There was a board about two feet long drifting in it, and on the board were seven green frogs sitting cheek by jowl in nicely graduated order gazing at the universe. They were as calm and meditative as seven little Buddhas. I stayed with them for a minute.

My hat began to be troublesome. I stuck it in my belt, and the first thing I knew, it wasn't bothering me any more. Going back to look for it didn't appeal to me. Up and up I went, in sunshine and shade, stopping to rest and breathe, to look at the view, or to pick a handful of black raspberries or huckleberries that were loud in their demand for appreciation. Then a fortress of rocks to scale, and I was at the top. It was a rocky plateau girdled with trees.

I had been mourning all to myself that I shouldn't be able to have coffee for dinner, for, of course, there wouldn't be any springs on the top. But what do you suppose I found? It's an ill rain that drips nobody good! In some half dozen little depressions in the rocky surface were tiny clear pools of water, the deepest not three inches. By taking the cover of my tin coffee box I had no trouble in ladling out all I wanted and had enough left to wash my hands and face. There were three stones in a cluster that made an ideal stove, and I built a fire of dry pine needles and bits of bark that crackled and raged in the wind, and I felt like a real gipsy. I found plenty of huckleberries for dessert.

After dinner I had just stretched out on a bed of thick moss to rest and look at the sky, when I heard voices. Evidently I was to have callers. So I reluctantly put my shoes on again and fixed my hair shipshape—just in time! They were two nice men—the sort who go in for athletics in college and never get over it, wholesome Americans, pleasant to have for husbands or fathers or uncles. We compared notes. They had passed my hat, and said it seemed patiently intact. They sat down and began to smoke. It was a delightful party.

They went on, finally, and as the afternoon was waning, I broke camp and packed my knapsack and started homeward. I got one more chuckle. There was a boy with a handsome head and brow and with the direct serious gaze characteristic of one type of our best young scholars. In a moment of abstraction he cleaned his fingernails with the corner of his Phi Beta Kappa key.

It was dark when we reached New York. Though tired, I was happy. Mr. Holliday to the contrary notwithstanding, I had gone a journey.



(C) Keystone

Old Dutch church, Sleepy Hollow, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Striving for Perfection in Production

Government Bureau of Standards Helps Industry to Solve Problems That Are of Great Concern to Mankind

By S. W. STRATTON

Director of the United States Bureau of Standards

DESCRIBING in detail the various scientific and technical problems in which the Bureau of Standards at Washington is engaged would be so vast an undertaking it would lead to a discussion of about every related subject brought to the attention of mankind in the course of the world's progress.

Although many of these problems are highly technical and frequently experimental, there are other problems of very practical and intimate nature whose solution is of the very greatest importance to the public. A better acquaintance on the part of the public of the work involved is therefore desirable.

The subject of standardization in its broad and modern sense involves functions that relate to our general well-being, and concerns more or less directly countless articles and objects that are used by or are of use to every man, woman and child in the country.

Mentioning only a few articles, such as shoe leather —soles and uppers—collapsible tin tubes, sterling silverware, paper, woolens and cotton, satins, baseballs, glues and pastes, printing and writing inks, carbon papers, paints and enamels, optical glass, sirups, incandescent lamps, steel, celluloid, glass, building materials of all kinds, fireproofing and waterproofing, rubber and rubber tires, canning jar rings, spark plugs, motor truck wheels, storage batteries and dry cells, gears, saw blades, knitting needles, oils and dyes, it will be seen that the list is quite diversified. Investigations of electrolysis, radio engineering, building materials tests, acoustic properties of building materials, to say nothing of special military and scientific investigations for the public defense, are constantly being undertaken. But while this work is confined almost exclusively to government needs, the results of the investigations are even more important to the general public and the information is distributed in the form of suitable publications.

Serves as a Testing Bureau

THE Bureau of Standards, serving as a testing bureau for the various departments of the government when called on, as such, is assisting to place Federal purchases on an economical and businesslike basis. The example of the government in such matters has a far greater influence on the public than is generally supposed. The government can do no greater service to the country than to place its own purchases on a basis which may be taken as a standard by the public at large.

Generally this work is to ascertain whether miscellaneous materials when delivered comply with the specifications. This is especially important since such materials are purchased by means of competitive bids, a method resulting in much fraud and injustice unless suitable standards are established and successful bidders held absolutely to this standard in making deliveries.

The standards with which the bureau is authorized to deal may be conveniently classed as standards of measurement, standard value of constants, standards of quality, standards of mechanical performance, and standards of practice. Behind each standard there is a purpose worth understanding and worth remembering.

A sketch of the problems involved reveals at once that the bureau studies about everything that can be of use, and that it is brought home to us, in dollars and cents generally, and in comfort or ease of mind in other instances.

The scientific and technical staff is organized according to the nature of the expert service involved rather than on the class of standards. In the case of the more important technical fields, divisions have been formed dealing more specifically with large and important classes of materials, but many of the purely scientific questions would be handled by respective scientific divisions or jointly with them.

Some of the Problems

THERE are nine such divisions.

The one dealing with weights and measures—probably the subject with which the public is most familiar —deals with length, area, volume, mass, density, pressure and time, including researches on units and standards, measuring methods and instruments, specifications and tolerances, and the standardization incident thereto for inspectors of weights and measures, manufacturers of measuring appliances, scientific and technical laboratories, government bureaus, engineers and the general public.

Electricity: Electromotive force, resistance, current, inductance, capacity, conductivity, insulation, magnetic permeability and hysteresis, radio activity and radio communication, including researches on electrical units and standards, measuring instruments and methods of measurements; co-operation with standardizing committees of technical societies, with testing laboratories, the electrical industries, public service companies, public utility commissions, municipalities and engineers on problems of standardization, including standards of adequacy and safety of service.

Heat and Thermometry: Establishment of the standard scales of temperature throughout the range of measureable temperatures; testing and standardization of thermometers, pyrometers and other temperature-measuring instruments; determination of specific and latent heats, heats of reaction, melting and freezing points, and other properties of materials in the determination of which precise heat temperature measurements are the principal requirements; standardization of calorimeters; production and distribution of standard heat and temperature samples; industrial applications of heat and temperature measurements; determination of fundamental engineering data involving thermal constants; determination of the fire-resistive properties of structural materials; investigations relating to automotive power plants, fuels and lubricants.

Light and Optical Instruments: Spectral analyses; measurement of standard wave lengths; aerial photography; standards and testing of sugar and other materials by optical means; general polarimetry; color measurement and specification of color standards; spectral transmission and reflection of dyes and other materials; design and testing of optical instruments; testing of optical glass; radiometry; investigation of dispersoids; interferometry.

Chemistry: Chemical composition and purity of materials; chemical properties and constants, including researches on methods of analysis, specifications for technical materials, and preparation of pure materials for standardization work for the government and for industrial and scientific laboratories.

Engineering Research and Testing: Operative efficiency of mechanical appliances, accuracy of engineering instruments, conditions affecting their effective use, for example, structure and design as related to durability and efficiency; methods of standardization and tests, standards of performance and fundamental researches on the scientific principles involved in speedometers, pressure gauges, water current meters, anemometers, tachometers, gasoline and other motors, propellers and other airplane parts and materials, and so on.

Structure, Miscellaneous and Engineering Materials: Investigation of properties, use, fabrication and design of structural, miscellaneous, and engineering materials; development of specifications covering the use of such materials; improvement of processes of manufacture; improving present and developing new methods of testing; development of testing apparatus.

Metallurgy: Thermal analysis and structure of metals, heat treatment and its effects on the properties of metals and alloys, including the researches involved in determining the causes of metal failures; cooling and heating curves; the investigation of hardening, annealing, tempering, cementation; the determination of critical ranges; and the preparation of pure metals and alloys.

Studies Automotive Problems

CERAMICS: Development of new uses for clays; replacement of imported by native materials; improvement of quality products; designing and conducting tests for quality; standards of quality; routine tests for government purchases; acting in advisory capacity as to conservation of fuel and transportation for ceramics; acting as clearing house for collection and dissemination of information.

Let us examine a few of the many activities.

An increasing demand on the part of the automotive industry for research in fundamental problems of this industry has developed. This involves the scientific and technical problems related to the design and operation of internal combustion engines and accessories, and the qualities and characteristics of fuel, lubricants, and so on, for use in such engines.

A knowledge of the phenomena which accompany the burning of fuel in engine cylinders is of importance in the design and improvement of such engines. A study of some features of the problem has been in progress for several years. The situation of the country as regards motor fuels is such as to demand greater efficiency and economy in their use. As a part of this program a special research was undertaken to determine what effect of intake manifold temperature and mode of heating on fuel economy and acceleration of typical automobile engines burning commercial gasoline. Results of this research have been made public.

The amount of paper used by the government departments is approximately 50,000 tons annually, and, as it is necessary for this material to be tested to see that it conforms to the specifications under which it was bought, standard methods of testing paper have been developed. This class of work is called routine testing and consists of chemical and physical tests and microanalysis. Paper is tested for bursting, tensile and tearing strength, as well as—in the case of certain papers—for penetration of ink.

Tests have been made to determine the comparative resistance to water of chrome-tanned and bark-tanned upper leather used in making (army) shoes; or the wearing qualities of a number of specimens of satins by means of an abrasion machine recently constructed; or the method of construction, composition, resilience, endurance under wear, and other properties of representative samples of baseballs; or tinned plate intended for export trade for the canning industry but rejected by the purchasers as unsatisfactory; or "non-scatterable" glass—a protective glass, suitable for aviators' goggles and airplane windshields, and so on.

Unusual attention has been, and is, being given to the investigation of textiles. Textiles is rather a broad term and somewhat hard to define, but in general it may be considered to refer to such manufactured articles as fabrics, hosiery, knit goods, felt goods, cordage, twine, laces, braids and embroideries, which are made from a number of different raw materials, including cotton, wool, silk, flax, hemp, jute, and so on. Tests are made to determine their physical, chemical, microscopic, and esthetic properties, the development of new materials, preparation of specifications, investigation of manufacturing processes, and aid in the establishment of a scientific basis for textile testing.

The subject of electrolysis of underground pipes, cables, and other metal structures is one which has been given more attention in recent years than formerly, but it still does not receive the attention in many quarters that its importance deserves. When one considers the enormous value of the pipe and cable properties buried in the streets of cities and forming in many cases transmission networks between cities throughout the country, and considers further that there are very few water, gas, or lead cable systems which are not more or less subject at some points to electrolysis damage from stray currents, it is possible to form a better judgment of the practical importance of the subject.

A Billion Dollars in Pipes

THE water and gas pipes systems of this country alone have an aggregate value at the present time in excess of $1,000,000,000, and, in addition to this, there is a vast extent of underground lead cable systems belonging to telephone and electric power companies and to municipalities. There also are possibilities of trouble in the case of bridge structures, portions of steel-frame buildings, and piers, which are occasionally exposed to damage from this source.

It is not alone the property loss, however, that makes the electrolysis problem one of importance. An important fact is the inconvenience to consumers of water, gas and telephone service due to the interruption of the service when repairs are made necessary by electrolytic damage. Possible interruption of the service of police and fire alarm systems is also one of considerable importance to almost every municipality.

Another important field is the investigation of fire resistive properties of structural materials. The standardization of fire tests is studied; fire tests of structural materials and structures are carried on, as well as investigations to develop engineering data relative to the fire resistive features of building construction; tests of fire retarding devices, and investigations of building codes and fire codes. The object of the investigation is to furnish architects, construction engineers, builders, state and city building bureaus, insurance interests and others with fundamental engineering data relating to the behavior and safety of various types of building material and construction when exposed to different conditions met with in fires.

Every process which is improved through the investigations of the scientific staff of the bureau results in conservation. Thus, if the section concerned with the investigation of internal combustion engines can discover a means for rendering automobile engines even ten per cent more efficient on the average than they are today, it will result in a tremendous saving in the amount of gasoline consumed and will lengthen the time during which this fuel is available for our use. Similar arguments apply to improvements in the making of textiles, paper, rubber and in metallurgical work.

Helps to Improve Quality

IT MUST not be inferred that the Bureau of Standards devotes its activities principally to the interests of the user or consumer. The fundamental facts regarding standards of measurement, quality and performance, for instance, are the very things which most deeply concern manufacturers; they are concerned, either directly or indirectly, with the improvement of methods of production or the quality of the output. And it is on quality as well as on price that competition must finally depend, whether in domestic or foreign commerce.

The use of exact methods and scientific results is the greatest factor in the improvement of quality, efficiency, or the development of new industries. The educational value of the bureau's work in this respect is almost entirely unknown to the general public, and yet hundreds of letters are received, as well as many personal visits from interested parties, seeking information that eventually redounds to the public's interest, economic or otherwise.

In conclusion, I wish to state that the bureau does not compete with private testing laboratories, but endeavors to assist them by the development of standard specifications, methods of measurement, and other matters where uniformity is desirable. In fact, the bureau has the hearty co-operation of manufacturers, engineers and technical societies.

The Bureau of Standards is willing to extend the use of its technical facilities to qualified investigators paid by technical societies and industrial organizations. The plan contemplates that such investigators will work on problems of particular interest to the organization concerned.

Fighting the Devil in Modern Babylon

Over-Emphasis on Sex—The Main Menace to Modern Morals Following in the Wake of the World War

By DR. JOHN R. STRATON

Pastor, Calvary Baptist Church, New York.

IN A FORMER article I related some of the striking and significant facts about New York, giving a cross section view of this, the greatest melting pot of the world. In this article my desire is to diagnose the main disease from which we are suffering in the world's metropolis and also throughout America.

Every war is followed by a wave of immorality, and now, following the greatest war in the history of the race, the widest wave of immorality that the world has known is sweeping the nations. Nothing but a silly and spurious optimism dares to deny this fact. Anatole France, Sir Philip Gibbs, Sisley Huddleston, George Bernard Shaw, Harold Begbie and many other thoughtful observers, frankly and fully confirm this fact.

The main moral menace, in my opinion, is a wrong relationship between the sexes.

To give it a brief biological name, we might call it "sexitis." It is the undue stressing of the entire sex idea in all the relationships of human life. God created man and woman with beneficent purposes. He established certain relationships between the sexes and gave to each sex its appropriate functions and powers, not only for the promotion of individual happiness, but for the propagation of the human race.

And the relationships between the sexes as purposed and planned by God are the holiest, the most beautiful and the most blessed that this world knows. These great forces, springing from congeniality and love, were designed of God to move along lines of innocence and beauty. But the sad truth that we are a fallen race is proved by the fact that even the lower animals are more obedient to God and his righteous laws than men are at all these points.

Now, sexitis is simply a distortion of the high and holy relationships which God has established, and their perversion to base, selfish and unholy ends. We see illustrations of this malady on every hand. We find it in the literature of the day. Many of the novels which attain to the dignity even of "best sellers" are not only full of sickly sentimentality, but of such sordid realism that they ought not to be allowed in the hands of any pure girl or any developing boy.

We find a manifestation of this modern malady in an acute and extreme form in the theater—both in the so-called legitimate drama (now a misnomer) and in the movies. The bedroom farces, the display of lingerie and the risque dialogue of the modern stage are the outward manifestations of this disease. And, when it comes to the movies, the playhouses throughout the land are simply reeking with it. Here, for example, is an up-to-date paragraph written by Benjamin B. Hampton, president of four film-producing companies, and one of the movie men who deplores the downward tendency in his own business. He says, writing in the *Pictorial Review* for February, 1921:

> "Compared with the conditions now, the old-time sex appeal (in Trilby, Zaza and Sam T. Jack's sex lure) is gentle as a bottle of milk. To put over a play simply filled with the sex appeal under the guise of uplift drama is the farthest point north in motion picture strategy, and therein lies the dangerous subtlety of present-day tendencies. Nearly all our leading sex appealers manufactured movies of clean domestic grade until competition forced them into sex stuff. Children everywhere are receiving more 'education' in crooks' methods and in other phases of manners and morals in a month than adult humans formerly received in a lifetime. A spoken play that might be presented to an audience of educated, experienced grown-ups without serious danger may become dangerous when shown in a motion picture house to school children and to young sweethearts sitting in the dark."

What are we going to do about it? If the old saying is true that "Eye Gate is the way to Child Soul," what sort of souls are being developed in the children of today by the things that are passing before their eyes in the movie houses and the theaters?

Ellis P. Oberholtzer, in a recent article in the *World's Work* magazine, said:

> "The producers of such films, as every one at all familiar with the facts knows full well, are not acting in the interest of any dramatic end. They select a theme and give it settings with the object, principally, of lining their own pockets without regard to the public welfare. A picture which is made to bear the name 'Tainted,' 'Hell Morgan's Girl,' 'The She Devil' (I know of two separate pictures of this name), 'Shackled Souls,' 'The Scarlet Woman,' 'The Mortal Sin,' 'The Courtezan,' 'The Libertine,' 'The Littlest Magdalene,' 'The Gutter Magdalene,' 'The Sin Woman,' by its very title appeals improperly for public support. Even when a film story is adapted from a well-known play, opera or book, it may be given a new name selected for commercial purposes. I have in mind 'La Gioconda,' which, when it was 'picturized,' became 'The Devil's Daughter'; 'La Tosca' made into 'The Song of Hate,' and 'The Jewels of the Madonna' which was offered us as 'Sin.' More recently Barrie's 'The Admirable Crichton' has been filmed as 'Male and Female,' Clyde Fitch's 'The Bachelor' is 'The Virtuous Vamp,' and a story founded on the play, 'DuBarry' is 'Passion.' The picture may be unobjectionable; it may, indeed, have positive value. The disheartening, really disquieting symptom, when we diagnose the case, is that those who are in close touch with our amusement business and follow it for gain feel that they must resort to such contemptible devices to attain success."

In other words, they are victims of sexitis, and they are spreading its germs far and near.

Yes, the stage is suffering from acute and chronic sexitis, and the noble dramatic art has just about been strangled in the house of its friends by these unwholesome and distressing conditions.

The extreme styles in women's dress are manifestations of sexitis. The exposure of the female form through modern styles has come to the point of positive indecency. Yet many good women allow themselves to be driven by the slave masters of style because of their desire to be considered "smart."

The true purpose of dress is utility and beauty, and it would be just as legitimate and just as logical for men to begin to dress with a view to sex appeal as it is for women so to do.

The modern dance also is a manifestation of this disease. These popular dances of today that have crept now even into the upper social circles, and, in some places, are being danced even in the churches, have come up from the underworld. They take their very names and movements from the lower animals, and they were originated in the slums of New York, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, London, Paris and the degenerate cities of the Orient.

That thoughtful and talented Englishman, Harold Begbie, in his book, "The Crisis of Morals," exclaims: "Think what it means that these filthy and lascivious dances are tolerated in private houses, and that they are laughed at and caricatured in the newspapers as though they were merely an absurdity of fashion!"

It is encouraging, however, to note that even some secular papers are at last waking up to the real menace in these evils. The *Times-Picayune*, of New Orleans, in an editorial said:

> "The trouble with questionable dancing is that there is nothing questionable about it—it is unquestionably bad! There has been a gradual undermining of the sensitive feelings of a large element of the public, until today actions are tolerated and moralities accepted in connection with social functions which until recently, would have subjected those who gave them to instant ostracism. The characteristic, as we see it, of the present period of dance degradation is that it attacks most virulently the very young. *It is striking at our boys and girls, our young women and men, and thus at the very roots of our future society.*"

Even *Broadway Brevities*, the New York amusement magazine, gives unexpected support. The editor wrote me a personal letter thanking me for my fight on the dance, and in the course of an editorial in this magazine, he said of the dance:

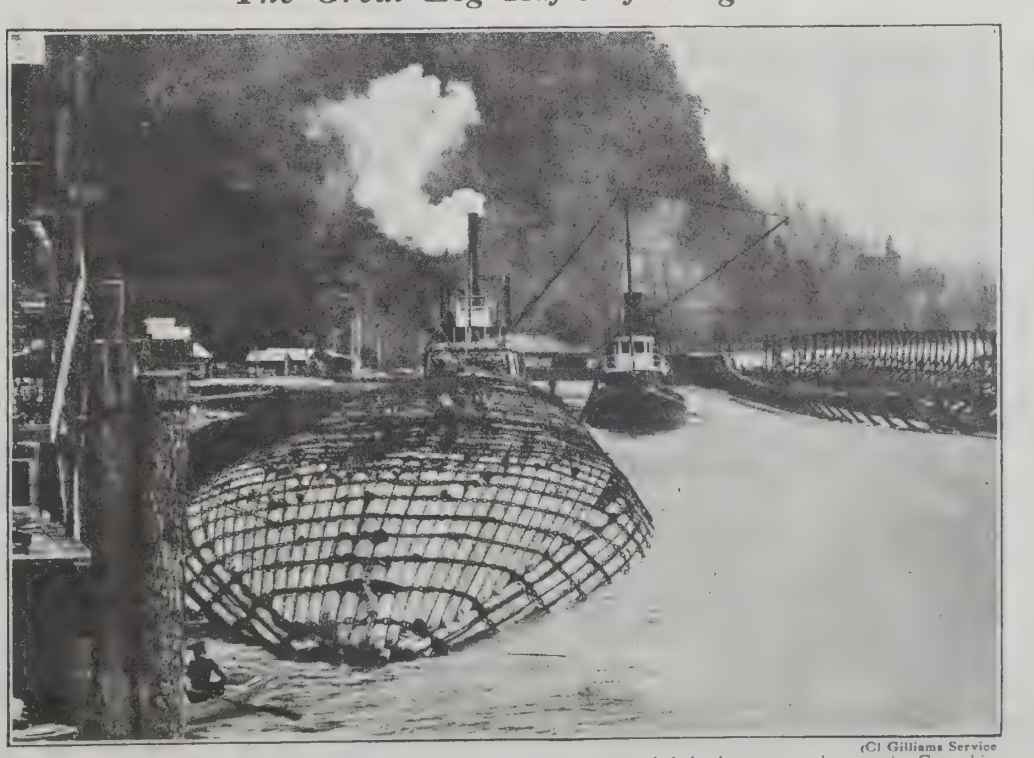
> "Dr. Straton might have gone on to say that its licentious insipidities must, sooner or later, react on our civilization, and undermine and annihilate it. To get down to copper tacks—its mad devotees regard dancing principally as a medium for 'landing' chickens. Dancing, therefore, not only is a fraud but a social menace of the most frightful magnitude. *Brevities* is continually in receipt of complaints against the dancing halls, especially since Dr. Straton made his memorable visit. *We do not fear to state that in our opinion most of these places are notorious incubators of vice.* Young girls are in profusion among the patrons, often unaccompanied, and thereby exposed to the tender mercies of cubs to whom neither virtue nor pocketbooks are sacred. It is not our desire to pose as a moral censor, but some sympathy is certainly due to the mothers of these silly creatures."

The increasing number of divorces and the terrible fact of race suicide are also manifestations of this same malady—sexitis.

Sexitis is a serious disorder because it carries with it the shadow of racial degeneration and social decay. There has never been an age in the past where the conditions were more favorable for the development of a wrong relationship between the sexes than they are today. The shocking congestion in our great centers of population, the throwing of the sexes together helter skelter by commercialism, the stress of modern life, with its strain on the nervous resources and its consequent weakening of the powers of resistance, the curtailment of home life and the lack of adequate inculcation of ideals as a consequence, all these things are making for a breakdown of the barriers of safety, and they will plunge us into a moral quagmire within another generation unless these evils are corrected. Every great civilization of the past has decayed first and fastest precisely at this point.

These, therefore are no light matters with which we are dealing. The very life of the race is at stake in these tremendous issues, and instead of rebelling against rebuke and justifying ourselves in pride and haughtiness, we need to bow in the very dust of repentence and turn back, in humility to God and His truth. The sanctity of the marriage relationship, the integrity of the home, the proper rearing of childhood, the success of the church, and the health and very life of the race are all at stake in the menacing malady—sexitis!

The Great Log Rafts of Oregon



(C) Gilliams Service

These log rafts, known to the people of Oregon as the cigar rafts, on account of their shape, are unique to the Columbia River. Huge logs are bound together in a "cradle" by great chains and then launched by the river along which they are towed by powerful tugs to the Pacific ocean and down the California coast to the cities where the logs are cut into lumber. During the trip every precaution is taken to see that the raft does not break up nor come to harm. This is not remarkable when it is remembered that every raft when completed represents a large fortune in money. This photograph shows a raft starting on its voyage to the sea. To the right is the cradle from which it was launched.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Chauncey M. Depew deposited the first $100 he ever earned in the Peekskill Savings Bank, Peekskill, New York, at interest, more than 60 years ago. It has been there ever since and has multiplied to $800. The bank considers it as its star account because of its venerableness.

Autumn blossoms on several fruit trees near Omaha and Council Bluffs, Iowa, present a strange sight. The early spring frosts, with the drouth that followed, then excessive rain and hot weather, caused the fruit trees to blossom, it is believed.

A politeness contest has been organized by a Paris newspaper. Five thousand francs weekly for six weeks will be paid to the most polite persons in France. Chauffeurs and horse cab drivers, telephone operators, employes of the post office, railways and other transport services, department stores and policemen will be included in the category.

The first alligators ever found in Shanghai were brought out during the great heat of July and early August, according to authentic records.

Hand-woven cloth made from banana fiber in East Africa has been brought to Australia. There are several grades of this fiber, and it is believed that portions can be used in the manufacture of artificial silk. Experiments are being made to obtain cloth, rope, twine and paper from the banana by-products.

The hydroscope is a clever instrument by which the sea bottom can be examined with a clearness hitherto impossible. It is similar to a huge telescope, with a complex system of 12 lenses. A newspaper lying on the sea bottom at a depth of 360 feet from the surface can be read by means of the hydroscope by daylight.

A jack-tar, dressed as if he were living in Nelson's day, is placed at the door of the Royal United Service Museum, in Whitehall. He wears a blue jacket edged with white, a green striped shirt with a black silk tie, a shiny black hat, white stockings, and black buckled shoes.

Coated with barnacles and oysters and provided with an electrical firing device, a three-foot mine recently was washed ashore at Oceanview, Virginia. The mine bore the letters K-1.

Twenty million persons attend motion picture theaters daily, paying in the aggregate $4,000,000 each 24 hours.

The seven-year-old ban on the French language in Berlin has been broken. A Chicago opera star has received permission from the German Government to sing the rôle of Mephisto in French. The rest of the cast will sing in German.

A one-million volt electrical current has been transmitted over a wire, a triumph ending 30 years' experimenting by the General Electric Company.

One man in every 25 in the United States is a coal miner.

A fortified watermelon patch near Parker, South Dakota, is believed to be the only one of its kind in the United States. Armed guards patrol the patch, assisted in their work by a powerful searchlight, which has been installed on an elevation. The searchlight rays shoot in every direction continually throughout the night

The oldest harp in the world is preserved at the Louvre in Paris. It is nearly 4,000 years old and was found in an Egyptian tomb. Harpers were held in such high regard by the ancient Celtic races that they were treated with veneration, their persons being sacred and their lands being free.

The oldest university known to history is the White Deer Grotto University in Kiangsi province, China. It was founded in 960 A. D.

The largest ruby in the world, the great Moson Tarsca ruby, was carried around, in its rough state for nearly 20 years by a Hungarian laborer of Omaha as a lucky pocket piece. The Hungarian found the stone near a little stream in Hungary and brought it to this country in 1903. The stone weighs 23.9 carats and is valued at $125,000.

With the recklessness of a cowboy, Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior, joined in with "cowpunchers" and assisted in stemming a buffalo stampede at the buffalo farm in Yellowstone Park. Only an expert horseman would attempt this, as stampeded buffaloes become blind with fright and fury and charge at anything.

Pigeons of the capitol park in Madison, Wisconsin, are doomed to extinction on orders of the superintendent of public property. It is costing the state hundreds of dollars to keep these birds and expert riflemen are posted in the capitol to exterminate them.

Natural resources of Spitzbergen in the frozen North are commanding attention. It is estimated there are nine billion tons of coal and much iron ore on the archipelago. It also has extensive deposits of zinc, copper, asbestos, gypsum, molybdenum, oil shale and possibilities of free oil.

Northern Scotland in early July has no dark nights. The track of the sun's passage from northwest to northeast is marked by a crimson glow above the horizon, which links the long summer days together in an unbroken chain. On the shores of the Moray Firth one can easily read a newspaper at midnight and play golf. The birds twitter and sing continually.

Walrus hunting for the ivory is depleting the large herds that formerly existed among the ice floes of the Arctic Ocean and in Bering Sea. The walrus is helpless against the high-powered rifles of the hunters and enormous numbers are slaughtered for their hides and tusks.

Of every 1,000 persons in the United States, 837 are white, 99 black, two and one-quarter red and one and three-quarters yellow, according to the latest figures compiled by the Census Bureau.

The most perfect Venus hitherto come to light has just been discovered in the Thermal, or Baths, of Cyrene, where extensive excavations are being carried on. The statue is perfectly preserved and is somewhat larger than life-size. It belongs to the Greco-Roman period and bears a strong resemblance to the Venus of the Capitol.

A singing motorman is winning the hearts of many car riders on a Seventh avenue surface line in New York City. He sings only the old songs in a clear, melodious tenor voice. He was once a member of a famous minstrel troupe and despite the many warnings of inspectors he continues to sing at his work.

Hull-less oats have been raised by the South Dakota Agricultural College after four years' work. The new oats this year yielded 30 bushels to the acre. The ordinary white oats with hulls yielded only 35 bushels to the acre. The new grain is exceptionally valuable for hog feed.

The bite of a cobra or deadly Russell viper of South America is no longer dangerous if the victim is vaccinated with the serum of the snake biting. Snakes are compelled to strike aseptic gauze depositing their poison there. The poison is diluted with sugar or milk and injected into a horse. More than 5,000 tubes of the vaccine have been distributed in South America.

A device which rings a bell if water is found in gas recently has been developed by the National Bureau of Standards.

Petaluma, California, is the egg city of the United States. A large plaster chicken stands at the railroad station and the chicken population is more than 6,000,000.

Beavers saved the pear crop in the Enitia district of the state of Washington. When the water for irrigation purposes became low and threatened to dry up, two beaver dams in the mountains were opened up and enough water released to save the entire crop. The dams were then repaired to save the lives of the little builders.

Fires have been burning continuously for more than 130 years near Fort Norman, not far south of the Arctic circle. They feed on great seams of lignite that have ignited spontaneously. Alexander Mackenzie, the explorer, reported them in 1789, and it is likely that they had been burning many years before he saw them.

Gold and silver alloyed copper spikes were found by wreckers of the old American frigate, Granite State, built in 1812, and burned at New York for the metals. The Granite State served in four wars, but no gun was ever fired from her deck at a hostile vessel, so far as is now known.

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Step by Step With a Traitor and His Jewish Accomplices

The Second of Several Articles Dealing With Some Interesting Bits of American History Heretofore Not Joined Together

Is There a Shortage of Ministers in America?

Nebraska's Poet Laureate—Civic Dream Comes True
Merging School and Hospital—Floating White House
Plane Destroys Insects—Smoke Turned Into Money
Shell-Shocked in the Great Battle of Life—Editorials
Fifty Miles On a Freight Train—Mr. Ford's Page
He Made It Safe to Take a Drink—Briefly Told

John G. Neihardt, Poet Laureate of Nebraska

By FRED L. HOLMES

THERE is only one poet laureate in the United States. This title that takes one back to the days of John Dryden, William Wordsworth and Alfred Tennyson, of England, has just been bestowed on John G. Neihardt by the Nebraska legislature. Not only is he the first man who has such an honor conferred on him by any state in the Union, but he is the only poet since the days of the Cambridge group to have one of his long epic poems dealing with American life published in a volume by itself for use in the schools. Two editions were exhausted in a single year.

Up to 1914, John G. Neihardt was an obscure poet, who made his home at Bancroft, Nebraska. For more than 20 years he had been making a study of the hardships of the early pioneers, the fur traders and the trappers who came into the plains region following the famous expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1804. These men he has immortalized in a poem, "The Song of Hugh Glass." Instant recognition came. Teachers demanded it for use in the schools. Then the Nebraska legislature, in the spring of 1921, caught the inspiration and passed the following joint resolution:

"Whereas, There is the closest connection between the growth of civilization and the developments of literature, and

"Whereas, wise commonwealths in all ages have recognized this relation by lifting the poet to the same plane as the statesman and military chieftain, and

"Whereas, John G. Neihardt, a citizen of Nebraska, has written a national epic wherein he has developed the mood of courage with which our pioneers explored and subdued our plains, and thus has inspired in Americans that love of the land and its heroes whereby great national traditions are built and perpetuated, and

"Whereas, our people wish to exalt such gifts of the human spirit, therefore be it

"Resolved and enacted, by the house of representatives, the senate concurring, that John G. Neihardt be, and hereby is declared poet laureate of Nebraska."



JOHN G. NEIHARDT

Laureate was the name first applied to poets who were honored by the gift of a laurel wreath. It is now a title of an official of the royal household of Great Britain and has been recognized there for more than 500 years. The ceremonies conferring the laureate honors on John G. Neihardt were held at Lincoln, Nebraska, June 18, 1921. They were conducted by the Nebraska University faculty, and the presentation was made by Dean L. A. Sherman.

"This is an auspicious day and date for Nebraska," said Dean Sherman. "No other state, it appears, has by legislative recognition, a poet laureate. No other state, we may fairly say, has such a reason. Nature has not shaped for us, in this paradise of prairie country, mountains that might become by myth of fancy the home of gods and muses. There is, there can be, no Olympus, no Parnassus here. But we have that which has given fame to all the sacred groves and mountains and fountains of spiritual history. We have the poet's informing vision, and shaping hand.

"The ceremonial that we assembled to witness is by no means a novel one. In the days when Parnassus was, in the youth time of the arts, sons of Apollo were crowned publicly with his laurel. And so at the close of the Middle Ages was Petrarch crowned at the capitol in Rome. Were our own great new capitol finished, it would have been fitting that the first poet laureate of Nebraska should have been honored at its portals."

Before the audience which came to witness these coronation ceremonies, came a slender man just 40, whose heavy hair and large head would mark him conspicuous in any audience. He was simple of address—simple as had been his life. The Poet Neihardt was born in an unplastered one-room structure on a rented farm near Sharpsburg, Illinois, January 8, 1881. Shortly after the birth of this son the family moved to Northwestern Kansas, where pioneer conditions prevailed and the family residence was a sod house. Five years later the family went to Kansas City, Missouri, and in 1892 to Wayne, Nebraska, where Neihardt was educated at the Nebraska Normal School. He was so poor that he earned his tuition by ringing the chapel bell hourly to announce the convening of classes.

Even in his youth there was a noticeable mysticism and melancholia in the nature of Neihardt. As a little boy he wanted to become an inventor and the back yard of the Kansas City home was strewn with cable line systems, tunnels and grades and turbine engines. When the boy was 10 years of age his father died and his mother supported herself and children by working for 50 or 75 cents a day. It was while living in Kansas City that the awe and pervading atmosphere of the West settled with all its subtle meaning into his nature. The Missouri River as it comes sweeping down through the plains at Kansas City touched him with a feeling of loneliness and insignificance, later to be portrayed in the poem, "The River and I."

"I remember well the first time I looked on my turbulent friend, who has since become as a brother to me," said Mr. Neihardt in explaining this hushed feeling and a sympathy inspired by the river. "It was from a bluff at Kansas City. I know I must have been a very little boy, for the terror I felt made me reach up to the saving forefinger of my father, lest this insane devil-thing before me should suddenly develop an unreasoning hunger for little boys.

"For the summer had smitten the distant mountains and the June floods ran. Far across the yellow swirl that spread out into the wooded bottomlands, we watched the demolition of a little town.

"Many a lazy Sunday stroll took us back to the river; and little by little the dread became less, and the wonder grew—and a little love crept in.

"If in a moment of despair I should reel for a breathing space away from the fight, with no heart for battle cries, and with only a desire to pray, I could do it in no better manner than to lift my arms above the river and cry out into the big spaces, 'You who somehow understand—behold this river! It expresses what is voiceless in me. It prays for me!'"

At 11 years of age Neihardt forgot his toys, his sailboat, his engines and machinery, and, following a dream, decided to become a poet. It was not unnatural, for his father had scribbled many unpublished lines.

"It was as if a voice called me from my mechanical inventions, saying: 'Come away. This is not the thing,'" explained Mr. Neihardt. "That was the first feeling which I had and it is this compelling influence which has guided my life since."

Shortly afterward Neihardt wrote the first of his verses, "The Stubble-Haired Boy." At once he began to collect a library of good books in cheap bindings. The first volume of poetry he owned was "Idylls of the King," obtained as a premium for soap wrappers. His first verses were published in the Cook County (Illinois) *News,* when he was nearly 14 years old. His first poem for which he received pay was printed by the *Youth's Companion.* It was written in 1900 in a potato patch with the back of his hoe for a desk and was called "The Song of the Hoe."

For nearly six years, 1901-7, Neihardt lived among the Omaha Indians, studying their character, history and legends. He had taught country school two years at Hoskins, Nebraska. When this desire came to know more about the world than the ordinary human sees, he spent his summer tramping through Kansas and Missouri and between the ages of 16 and 20 he engaged in the occupations of farm hand, hod carrier, office boy, marble polisher, stenographer and teacher.

Neihardt has always been poor. When he had finished the normal school he wanted to go to the state university, but was without funds. Carrying in one pocket a copy of Tennyson and in another Browning, he went back to work in the beet fields for 50 cents a day, and as he crawled on his hands and knees, weeding and thinning the beets, his brain was busy with the great dream. It was called "The Divine Enchantment," and was finished in 1900. As soon as the beets were harvested he began the composition of the poem and continued work on it for more than two years.

It was while as a boy living in a sod house in Northwestern Kansas that Neihardt conceived the greatness of the West, the compelling beauties of the prairie, the immensity and boundless sweep of its vast untrammeled acres. The Greek and Latin poems which had inspired him in his college course now awakened in him a desire to picture this western advance of civilization as an epic.



A SNAPSHOT OF MR. NEIHARDT

"The four decades during which the fur trade flourished west of the Mississippi River may be regarded as a typical heroic period, differing in no essential from the many other great heroic periods that have made glorious the story of the Aryan migration," said Mr. Neihardt in explaining how he conceived the idea of writing western epics. "The heroic spirit, as seen in historic poetry, we are told, is the outcome of a society cut loose from its roots, of a time of migration, of the shifting of populations. Such conditions are to be found during the time of the Spanish conquests of Central and South America; and they are to be found also in those wonderful years of our own West, when wandering bands of trappers were exploring the rivers and the mountains and the plains and the deserts from the British possessions to Mexico and from the Missouri to the Pacific.

"We lack the sense of racial continuity. For us it is almost as though the world began yesterday morning; and too much of our contemporary literature is based on that view. The affairs of antiquity seem to the generality of us to be as remote as the dimmest star, and as little related to our activities. But what we call the slow lapse of ages is really only the blinking of an eye. Sometimes this sense of the close unity of all time and all human experience has come on me so strongly that I have felt, for an intense moment, how just a little hurry on my part might get me there in time to hear Aeschylus training a chorus, or to see the wizard chisel still busy with the Parthenon frieze, or to hear Socrates telling his dreams to his judges. It is in some such mood that I approach that body of precious saga-stuff which I have called the Western American Epos; and I see it, not as a thing in itself, but rather as one phase of the whole race life from the beginning, indeed, the final link in that long chain of heroic periods stretching from the region of the Euphrates eastward into India and westward into our own Pacific Coast."

Out of this study of the advance of the pioneers, the establishment of trading posts, the rise and decline of the fur trade, the depredation of Indians, the founding of military camps, and the picture of the plains has come the epic poem, "The Song of Hugh Glass." It is the story of a pioneer trapper who enters the West and who in searching for food is caught by a grizzly and left prostrate on the plain. His friends discover him, but after two days of watching, the unconscious man was left alone to die. But Hugh Glass, a mountain of a man, the embodiment of sinew and brawn and adventure, revives, and crawls a hundred miles back to civilization, subsisting on berries and the fruits of brush and thicket the while.

Founded on historic facts, this poem is not a story of colorless and naked straight lines, but is a rich mosaic made up of a thousand historic incidents, pictures of shades and light, of waste changing every hour from dawn to midnight, the odorous ozone of rain-drenched land, the soughing of the winds in the cottonwoods, the nickering of horses in the corral, the disturbing voices of wild life, the blistering heat of summer, the blinding snow of the blizzard and the loneliness and solitude under the judgment of stars twinkling in the night.

Deserted by friends in the drear and waste of a land then desolate, Hugh's memory paints the picture of days at home, the twilight and evening:

It was the hour when cattle straggle home.
Across the clearing in a hush of sleep
They saunter, lowing; loiter belly-deep
Amid the lush grass by the meadow stream.
How like the sound of water in a dream
The intermittent tinkle of yon bell.
A windlass creaks contentment from a well;
And cool deeps gurgle as the bucket sinks.
Now blowing at the trough the plow team drinks;
The shaken harness rattles. Sleepy quails
Call far. The warm milk hisses in the pails
There in the dusky barn lot. Crickets cry.
One hears the horses munching at their oats.
The green grows black. A veil of slumber floats
Across the haunts of home-enamored men.

It is not alone the colorific portrayal of Hugh Glass which the Poet Neihardt would canvass, but it is the story of that body of adventurers, their characteristics and their aspirations, who from 1822 to 1829 opened a way of expansion of the nation beyond the Missouri found the southern pass through the mountains and the overland route to California, which thousands were to travel in a mad rush to the gold fields 20 years later. It is the story of westward expansion in America told in its relation to the whole race movement from the beginning. It is the humble achievements of ordinary men, not the official leaders.

"History as written in the past, has been too much a chronological record of official governmental acts, too little an intimate account of the lives of the people themselves," said Mr. Neihardt in explaining the basic inspiration back of this poem. "Doubtless, the democratic spirit that now seems to be sweeping the world will, if it continues to spread, revolutionize our whole conception of history, bringing us to realize that the glory of the race is not the glory of a chosen few, but that it radiates from the precious heroic stuff of common human lives. And that view, I am proud to say, is in keeping with our dearest national traditions.

"I dreamed of making those men live again for the young men and women of my country. The tremendous mood of heroism that was developed in our American West during that period is properly a part of your racial inheritance; and certainly no less important a part than the memory of ancient heroes. Indeed, it can be shown that these men—Kentuckians, Virginians, Pennsylvanians, Ohioans—were direct descendants, in the epic line, of all the heroes of our Aryan race that have been celebrated by the poets of the Past; descendants of Achilles and Hector; of Aeneas; of Roland; of Sigurd, and of the Knights of Arthur's Court. They went as torch bearers in the van of our westering civilization. Your Present is, in a great measure, a heritage from their Past."

(*Concluded on page 11*)

Our Floating White House















Top, left—President and Mrs. Harding and friends waving goodby from the deck of the Mayflower; right—Commander Balston L. Holmes, of the President's yacht, the Mayflower. Center, left—The Mayflower; right—Smoking room. Bottom, left—Dining room; right—Reception room.

NO PRESIDENT nor Mistress of the White House ever has had so much rest and pleasure out of week-end yatching as the Hardings. Scarcely a week goes by that they do not embark on the beautiful government-owned boat, the Mayflower, known everywhere as the President's yacht, and cruise down the historic Potomac into Chesapeake Bay, visiting here or there as fancy dictates.

There's nothing selfish nor exclusive about these Mayflower trips. Neither the President nor Mrs. Harding are the sort of people who like to herd by themselves in lonesome aloofness. Being real, genuine, whole-souled human beings, they thoroughly enjoy the good old-fashioned art of being neighborly and sociable as practiced in typical small American towns where everybody knows each other by his first name. In this delightful respect the Hardings haven't changed the least bit since leaving the little town of Marion, Ohio. The elevation to the position of chief executive, and America's first lady, has not, in the leastwise, turned the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Harding. They never dream of starting out on a yachting trip without inviting as many friends to be their guests as the boat will comfortably accommodate.

The frequent use of the Mayflower during the past spring and summer has given it unusual prominence in the press of the country, arousing the curiosity of the public as to the history, general appearance and details of the noted craft.

The Mayflower, originally, was the property of Ogden Goelet, a New York business man of great wealth. It was constructed for him at Clydebank, Scotland, in 1896. Two years later, at the breaking out of the Spanish-American War, the United States Government purchased it from the Goelet estate for $430,000. During the exciting days of our little scrap with Spain, the Mayflower, in command of Captain M. R. S. Mackenzie, was one of the busiest vessels connected with the American Navy.

It was during the days of the Roosevelt régime that the Mayflower was converted into a pleasure yacht for the exclusive use of the President of the United States.

The boat is of fair size, the water line being 275 feet, the breadth 36 feet, and draft 17 feet 4 inches. Her water displacement is 2,690 tons. She makes an average speed of 14.2 knots an hour. It requires a large crew of officers and men to keep the Mayflower in readiness for sailing at any hour of the day or night. It is always spick and span in appearance, the decks and every nook and corner being as clean and shiny as a bride's kitchen or a nurse's collar. Many a present-day wife could get some valuable housekeeping pointers in the way of neatness and cleanliness from the sailor methods aboard the Mayflower. It is quite evident that there is never any stinginess in the use of soap, water, scrub-brushes, brooms and elbow grease.

The reception room is as cozy and comfortable as any to be found in a private home. There is an abundance of big cushiony chairs and couches. For the musically inclined there is a beautiful piano and a victrola. It is quite evident, however, that the Hardings and their friends have little or no patience with the jazz junk with which the world is so sorely afflicted. On a little table near the piano are half a dozen hymn books and a large volume of old-fashioned songs, such as "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Dixie," "Swanee River," "Annie Laurie," "Good Bye My Lover, Good Bye," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Home, Sweet Home." Both the hymnals and the popular song volume look very much the worse for wear, clearly indicating that many a happy afternoon and evening have been spent in the reception room.

Just one glance at the dining room is enough to make anyone feel as though he had been mealless for a week or more. It is, by all odds, the most fascinating part of the boat. This room extends the full width of the yacht and is as richly furnished as the best hotel in the land. The smoking room is as comfortable and palatial as the ones to be found on popular ocean liners.

Taking it all in all, the Mayflower makes it possible for the President to have a floating White House that is virtually as comfortable in its appointments as the celebrated mansion in Washington.

The man who is responsible for keeping the Mayflower in deep water and away from jutting rocks or shoals is Commander Balston L. Holmes, of the United States Navy. Commander Holmes saw much active service during the World War.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-first Year, Number 51, October 15, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:
1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
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Let Us Have Peace!

IT MAY be that Senator Borah is right in declaring that the Treaty of Versailles without the League of Nations is "a militaristic document." Senator Williams may not be far from accurate in his characterization of the new treaties as "an ignominious and inglorious postscript to American war history." But all this is crying over spilt milk.

Congress and the country face pressing tasks in connection with the economic rehabilitation of America and the world. The people are a thousand times more concerned at this time with the tremendously vital issues to be decided in the immediate future by the Disarmament Conference, than with party politics or the revision of history.

Let us honor the fallen, succor the needy, cheer the brave—but for heaven's sake let us get on!

A Costly Port for Business

THE movement for a lakes-to-ocean waterway via the St. Lawrence River should be helped by recent revelations as to the use New York makes of her virtual monopoly as a seaport. In the Meyer committee hearings, it has been brought out that profiteering and graft implicating both city officials and steamship companies have been practiced on a colossal scale in the matter of pier leases. Over and over it is shown that Tammany officials have been enriched through connection with firms favored in the original letting of the piers that they might sublease them at an advance of 100 per cent or more.

That New York is a very costly port to do business in has long been known to shippers and that plain "graft" has had much to do with this costliness has been more than suspected. But even to taxpayers hardened to exposures of this sort the recent testimony in regard to the cost of policing the piers given by Major George W. Knight, formerly in charge of Army Traffic Service in New York, caused a rude shock of utter amazement. He testified that the cost of pier policing alone was $30,660,000 in 1917; $33,850,000 in 1918; $41,610,000 in 1919; $35,850,000 in 1920. This year, he said, basing his estimate on the number of men employed and the prevailing wage, it will be a little less, but only "on account of the slump in tonnage."

The municipal police department budget allowance this year is $28,349,407, so it has cost the Federal Government and private interests much more to guard the piers than it does to police the entire city. War emergencies may account for some of this stupendous expenditure, but the burden was actually increased after the armistice. And this burden, of course, is imposed on New York commerce, and the country's commerce passing through that sea-gate, on top of the actual and very considerable loss from thefts and fires, as well as the scandalous profiteering in pier leases.

One curiously illuminating item in this policing cost is, despite the fact that dodging and circumventing the desperate and cunning New York wharf rat is rather a man-sized job for its danger, difficulty and exposure, many veterans of the city police department, pensioned for age and disability, are engaged in it, drawing half-pay from the city and whole-pay from private employers!

The Bombed Battleships

IT IS going to be hard to convince people who have no interest in steel production or armament manufacture or in perpetuating the provocation to war (and naval or military promotions) which big navies really constitute, that the day of the dreadnought has not ended in view of the sinking of the battleship Alabama in the bombing tests off Tangier Island. Aviation enthusiasts declare that their most hopeful predictions have been confirmed, pointing out this latest demonstration of the deadliness of the airplane as a weapon of attack.

The flying men, despite the limited means at their disposal, have practically proved to a certainty that they can sink any warship afloat. In fact, the conclusion is now inevitable that the heaviest armor-clad vessel is at the airman's mercy when he rains high explosives upon it.

In the case of the sinking of the Osfriesland, it will be remembered that the naval experts tried to throw cold water on the value of the experiments made off Hampton Roads. They protested that the bombing airplanes were favored by conditions wholly unlike those prevailing in war time, when a battleship might do some shooting on its own account. There may be some reason in this; but it can no longer be denied that armor-clads are extremely vulnerable to overhead attack.

Within the last few months, boys who had never before tried to sink naval vessels, and working against the mossbacks, succeeded in sinking every sort of craft at which they had a chance. Our new superdreadnoughts cost $40,000,000 each and the airship that sunk the Osfriesland cost $23,000. The bigger the battleship the easier it is for an airplane to sink her. We could build 1,800 airplanes for what the Massachusetts will cost. In war, perhaps ten of these airplanes and 20 men would be lost in sinking a battleship with probably 2,000 men—a battleship that took three years to build sunk in a few minutes.

What use is a battleship, anyhow? This is one big question that the Disarmament Conference will have to take into account.

Miracles Do Happen

MORE than ordinary food for cogitation is offered by the marvelous recovery of the Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, associate president of the United Christian Endeavor Societies of the World, whose back was broken in an automobile accident near Worcester, Massachusetts, some three months ago. He is now able to walk about and on the road to complete recovery, although at the time of the smash in which he was hurt it was at first thought that he had been killed and later that his injuries would cripple him permanently.

More than that, it is related, on the authority of eyewitnesses, that he was virtually called back from death to life by his wife who, despite the protests of bystanders, flung herself beside what seemed the lifeless corpse of her husband and for 15 minutes kept calling on him to come back, bending her entire thought to the work of reviving him, until at last she was rewarded by the fluttering shut of the opened eyelids and the sighing of the unconscious man.

"The hair on the back of my hand is miracle enough for me," said Walt Whitman, "and a mouse is miracle enough to stagger quintillions of infidels." It is all very well for the cynical and sophisticated to insist that miracles are impossible; but facts speak louder than opinions. Despite his compulsory recantation, Galileo could declare that the world did move.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for October 1, 1921. State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:
Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding more than one per cent of the stock are:
The Ford Motor Company of Delaware, Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; C. J. Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. B. Ford, Dearborn, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1921.

[SEAL] J. EMMET HALL,
(My Commission expires September 29, 1924.)

"It Must Succeed!"

THIS, according to H. Wickham Steed, editor of the London *Times* and Lord Northcliffe's right hand man, is the slogan that the powerful Northcliffe press has adopted in regard to the Disarmament Conference. In a *World* interview, Mr. Steed went on to say that the calling of the conference is "the most important initiative ever taken by any government in the history of mankind." This is one reason why it must succeed. The American and British peoples must make it succeed because "it is so vital to humanity the world over that its failure would mean world disaster."

As to how the English speaking peoples shall score the tremendous victory for humanity which an agreement for the limitation of armaments would mean, Mr. Steed is luminously specific. Quoting a speech by Lord Northcliffe at Vancouver in which he said, "We must disarm our minds before we can reduce our fleets," the great British editor declared: "If the British and the American delegates approach the conference with a sense of concordant good will, without prejudice or prepossessions, taking care to know all the facts, ready to consider them dispassionately and ready to give each other the benefit of any doubt that may arise, it will succeed."

Voicing the belief that President Harding and Secretary Hughes are already animated by this essential spirit and that delegates from other nations must respond to the influence of the favorable position in which it places the United States, Mr. Steed voiced the tremendously encouraging impression gathered in the course of his American tour that "even in quarters which consider themselves anti-British" in California, in the West and Middle West, as well as in the East, "there is a keen intuitive feeling that if the conference succeeds it will be because the representatives of the English-speaking peoples trust and support each other from the beginning to the end." In England, the masses of the people, he affirmed, are animated by the same feeling.

That this broadmindedness shall be expanded and emphasized on both sides of the Atlantic is therefore of the utmost importance.

New Use for Poets

THE University of Michigan is this year offering a novel attraction to its students. They will enjoy the advantages of personal contact with a real live poet. President Burton "believing that university students should get something immeasurably greater and more valuable out of a college course than all that textbooks and lectures offer," has arranged to have Robert Frost, the New England "poet of the common life," accept a fellowship in poetry with a salary of $5,000.

The arrangement is an ideal one for Frost. He will not have to conduct any lectures or classes; just living in Ann Arbor according to his own fancy in perfect freedom and shedding upon the students, so to speak, the light of his countenance and the inspiration of his splendid personality. He will not even have to fulfill an equivalent of the English poet laureate's function of celebrating academic glories and traditions on occasion. In President Burton's own words: "the poet will simply be a lovable human being, unhampered and unharrassed." And the popular "Prexy" foresees "how this freedom from worry and routine duties will tend to inspire him to do his greatest work." That was also probably the idea of giving the laureate a butt of malmsey.

We live in a utilitarian age. The utilization as by-products of what used to be considered waste is one of its marked features. An old-fashioned notion regarded the poet as fulfilling his chief end in life when he wrote poetry; but hereafter all the sweetness and light, the grace and beauty generated in the process will not be left to be distilled out of his writings by chance readers or partial critics contemporary or posthumous. It will fall on freshman and sophomore, junior and senior, alike, as he mingles with the boys and the co-eds while they meander in academic shades. New luster will be taken on by gridiron and baseball diamond. Lyric grace will deck the campus and "exams" will take on true epic qualities.

We remember, of course, that both Longfellow and Lowell did much of their best work while acquitting themselves of the duties of Harvard professorships. What a fine thing it would have been for Robert Burns if this new sort of fellowship had been his at Edinburgh! Yet there is the awful example of Thomas Bailey Aldrich who, in mid-career, was freed by the bequest of an admirer from any care about pleasing publishers or public—and who wrote never another line worthy of his genius! Still the experiment is one that will be watched with interest.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE human race is not a brotherhood as yet. It may become so at some future time, but it is not so now. For one thing, there is no sentiment of brotherhood throughout the world. For another thing, there is a very strong and well-established sentiment of stranger-hood, which education, civilization, contact and understanding have been powerless to diminish.

We so commonly accept as possible facts, the things that we wish to be true, that it was once our habit to say that if the peoples of the world only understood each other, the reign of perfect amity would arrive. But there is no lack of suggestion that, in some cases, the better some of the peoples understand each other, the more they dislike each other.

It is not so very different in individual matters: we accept the majority of people because we do not know them; the majority of those we avoid are the ones whom we know.

If it be true that there are in the world two or more opposite and antagonistic elements which can never be reconciled without doing violence to the very nature of things, then it follows that until the superior element arrives at mastery and the inferior element is disposed of, such a thing as unity is not to be thought of.

Our present times are times of break-up. Many people stand aghast at the opening seams which appear throughout society. There are rips and fissures where apparently all was cemented into a solid whole. "What does it all mean?" the people cry in their anxiety. It simply means that where we thought there was unity, there was no unity at all—it was all veneer; society has been "kidding" itself into believing that it could ignore the profounder principles and secure a superficial sort of unity by the process of back-slapping and glad-handing and general meaningless chatter about human unity.

A suspicion of this is always with mankind. "Let sleeping dogs lie," is a common proverb, but it does not describe a secure state of things. If security depends upon our keeping certain dogs asleep, then it is not security. For sleeping dogs will wake, and then security will be gone. If dogs awake are dangerous, the only possible security is in taming them so that asleep or awake they may be friendly, else remove them from any possibility of doing harm.

Anyway, no matter what may appeal to us in the form of theory, the fact is present and indisputable, that there is in the world a new consciousness of differences between groups, and that this consciousness is most felt and is most manifested in countries which most profess democracy. It is a popular manifestation, that is, it appears among the people, growing up out of them, not imposed upon them from above or from without.

It must be very clear to anyone who thinks about it that the present situation could not have arisen if the previous situation had been what we supposed it to be. That is, if everything had been as lovely as we supposed it to be, if the "sleeping dogs" were really not dangerous, then what has happened within the last year could not have occurred. There were sores left unhealed, there were differences left unsettled, there were rival claims left undecided. And there never will be peace until the sores are healed and until the differences are settled and until the rival claims are finally and rightly adjudged.

Now, what does this mean, practically? It means this: there will be division and strife until the naturally and eternally superior thing is acknowledged in its superiority.

"The survival of the fittest" is more than a term of science, it is more than a statement reeking with the sense of universal struggle, it is the declaration of the method of history and the objective of destiny—only the fit does survive.

The main difference in human thinking arises with reference to what constitutes the fitness of the fit. One side says that might makes right, and the other side says that right makes might. One side says that the brute will reign, the other side says that the angel will reign. To common sight it looks as if power would win, and money, and influence, and force, and majorities. That is the way flesh-minded men figure it. But faith-minded men see it differently and more truly. They see that there is an essential element of superiority without which money, majorities, force, influence and prestige are failures already. The flesh-minded men are always saying that the swiftest wins the race and the strongest wins the battle. But history is sufficiently long for us to confirm the truthfulness of the faith-minded man's declaration that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

But we must not be misled by this term "the survival of the fittest" into the delusion that the fit survives by struggle. Not so. If there is a "struggle for life" it is on the part of those elements which are already passing away; they struggle to retain their place. The superior elements of life do not have to struggle to maintain their place nor to retain their superiority. Not at all; their whole strength is to be what they are; "he that believeth shall not make haste;" struggle belongs to the defeated.

All of which has a side light on tolerance. Some people do not like the word. Nevertheless it stands for a real elemental fact in our civilization. Tolerance is possible only to the superior; the lower elements are always intolerant. The nearer right a man is, the more tolerant he is; his tolerance is in ratio to his immersion in error. Good grows and multiplies of itself and crowds wrong to the corners; it is wrong that struggles and fights; the good does not have to.

What is occurring in the world today is this: under a false notion that vital differences could be patched up by a specious attempt at "good fellowship," the world has gone along for many years trying to pretend that nothing mattered much so long as nothing interfered with our fun or our pursuit of money. It has been mostly pretense, a rosy cloud of words without meaning.

Well, reality has overtaken us again, as it always will. There are strains of blood that will not mix, there are great group ideas and ideals that will never agree, there are great contrary claims that will never be reconciled. We have been pretending that it doesn't matter, but life is teaching us that it does matter; the differences are rolled back upon the consciousness of humanity once more, to be dealt with more wisely than we dealt with it during the miscalled "era of good feeling," which was only an era of camouflage.

A great deal of mushy sentimentalism has gone by the board. Some people, mistaking the matter, say that it is "idealism" that has disappeared. No, only sentimentalism. Sentimentalism is mushy, and soft, and polite, and likes a nice book in a cozy corner. Idealism is willing to fight, and be unpopular, and rouse nasty language and get its head cracked, if need be, for the honor of an idea.

In the meantime, let every man be true to his own position, if he is honestly convinced it is the true one. And let us give room and liberty for everyone to profess his own loyalty. The world is breaking up into its component parts. Every man must line up with the group to which his inmost soul gives its vote. It is a time of taking sides, and a man must take his own side. Afterward, when once again the position is made clear, we may find a better plan of working and living together in spite of our differences, and yet without denying them.

THERE is not less unity in the world; there is only the discovery that what we called unity was mere pretense. We pretended that certain differences did not matter; we are learning that they do matter. We were trying to bring in brotherhood by putting out loyalty to principle; we have found it would not work. There are deep and irreconcilable differences which will never be healed until the inferior disappears in favor of the superior. Society is now going back to its component groups; men are lining up with their own side; and when we get our various positions clearly defined, we shall be better able to work and live together. But it is not Unity, it is only camouflage that is disappearing now.

Is There a Shortage of Ministers in America?

The Other Side of the Widely Discussed Question

By a Practical Minister Who Is Working at It

THE recent announcement by one of our widely circulated reviews (*Literary Digest*, July 16, Page 30) that *"Ten thousand Protestant pulpits are expected to be vacant next year because of the lack of students for the ministry, as displayed by records of attendance at theological seminaries,"* is startling to church people who are satisfied with mere headlines for final authority.

Before entering into the discussion, and giving some facts as they really are, it is well to remember:

(1) That church news is the most incorrectly reported news in America. It is always big news in every way and too many reporters are like the blind men who went to visit the elephant and each brought back his own version of what an elephant was like. All denominations suffer greatly from badly reported news by those who are too busy to get all the facts, or who try to interpret the report through terms of their own denomination. Even among the leaders in the denominations we still find men who at times are not unlike Elijah under the juniper tree.

Jesus Chose Workingmen

(2) In this particular case the secular journals were partly excusable, for they got their information from statistics of theological seminaries which are specially set aside for training of ministers. For the comfort and consolation of the learned professors in theological schools, I refer them to their own historical departments to find that theological schools have never been a reliable thermometer or barometer of religious conditions or growth. What the theological schools have really revealed is that they are failing to get the students, and instead of suspecting the students are at fault, they might well look to their own work. They should at least remember that God raised up judges in Israel from unexpected quarters; Jesus did not select his disciples from either the schools of the Pharisees or Sadducees, but plain everyday workingmen, and many of our foremost bishops and leaders in all churches never completed a theological course in a high-grade seminary.

(3) Five years ago, after visiting several theological schools, I wrote an article published in one of the leading magazines, "Do Our Theological Seminaries Meet Modern Needs?" I found seminaries unpopular with many men even attending them. The complaints I heard were such as indicated restlessness among the students, and chafing under old rules and standards and regulations. They were splendid places to polish fossils, but not suitable places to awaken and inspire red-blooded men who had to meet real conditions as they are in real life today in the ministry. The schools were a generation behind their times, as many students looked at it, and men are going into the ministry direct from colleges and secular universities without three additional years at a theological school. Statistics will show that in the largest Protestant denomination in America—the Methodist Episcopal—more than 75 per cent of the ministers go directly into the ministry without entering a theological school. I am disposed to believe that similar conditions exist in the next largest Protestant denomination—the Baptists.

Many Never Graduated

SINCE the Methodist Episcopal church began work in the United States it has elected and ordained 93 men to the high office of bishop. Foremost among these were men who were schooled for law, like Bishop Emory and others, or medicine or educational work. Probably half of them never graduated from a seminary. I need not add that our foremost evangelists, like Mr. Moody and Mr. Sunday, never graduated from a theological school. I would not call attention to these facts except that constantly in almost every alarm sent out about a shortage of ministers, theological schools are taken as barometers and thermometers of religious conditions. Understand me, a close student myself, I believe in theological schools, although they did not do God's work and were no criterions in the days of Jesus, Martin Luther, John Wesley or D. L. Moody.

The real test of preacher shortage is the work needed and men to do it. Times change. Methods of work change. Amount of work required changes with generations. God does not need nor call men like so many fossils to fill places others have filled when the work others did is finished.

Church work, like all other work, is in a period of readjustment. Where the minister was the sole religious worker in the days of our grandfathers, we have today a Young Men's Christian Association with several workers in almost every town. A single denomination has nearly 500,000 trained Sunday school teachers and workers, giving each scholar as many minutes of religious instruction a week as the old-fashioned preacher once gave in a month to the entire congregation. Almost every newspaper carries as much religious news and sermon matter in some form as a minister once carried in a single church service.

The automobile and improved roads have made it possible for one minister to do as much in many places as two ministers could do 10 years ago. As it has made possible the consolidation of schools, so it has done with churches. Quite a few small struggling churches which never did more than maintain an existence have consolidated, or closed their churches entirely, and the congregation now goes to the town church to the profit of all concerned. A still larger number will do this within the next decade.

The automobile has made it possible for one minister to serve several weak country churches formerly requiring several ministers. The growing intelligence of the congregations themselves helps to this. Almost any congregation has several college graduates and school teachers and persons who can hold a prayer meeting, to the profit of themselves and others.

In still other cases where four preachers have been quartered in a town of 300 persons to gratify denominational pride, or the contrariness of local church officials, some of the preachers are having religious sense and judgment enough to go elsewhere, to fields which need them more. Much of the constant cry about vacant pulpits might be spent on churches which should never have been built, or which have served their day. Almost every little country town in America 50 years old has one or more such churches. Except where they are preserved for historic associations or social use, liquidation should take place at once and we should charge them off the ledger.

Present-day economics and business will not much longer run churches for the sake of running. They must show profit for God and His Kingdom or get out of the way. The church is God's Factory, its members are the workmen and the preacher is the foreman. Each factory must show profit for God or close its doors. The church as a whole is rising to this conception and individual congregations must do so. The Protestant churches of America have done more for world salvation in the last three years than in 10 previous years, shortage or no shortage of ministers. Religious leaders of every denomination concede this.

This directs attention to the fact of efficiency of the average preacher and that it is far greater than a decade ago. That is, he is turning out more goods whatever may be his preaching ability.

The reported causes offered for the shortage surprise me more than the alleged shortage of ministers. I have preached for 20 years and in the last decade have tried to keep close contact with church conditions in the East. Five years ago I took a whole year to study them in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and smaller cities. In 1919 I took a trip through Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago and other western towns and cities. I have personally known more than 300 ministers since I began preaching 20 years ago. With this knowledge I confess nothing but surprise when some editors are constantly assigning starvation pay as the cause of few recruits. To this they add old age, poverty, hard times for family, and lack of social prestige.

Not After Big Pay

IN ALL my life I have never known a recruit who entered the ministry for big pay or was kept out of it by poor pay. Not a single case have I met. It is more a matter of consecration than compensation. Big consecration forgets compensation. No compensation can draw a man to the ministry if he has no consecration. Many men have had to abandon the ministry after entering it to support or educate large families, but this did not affect new recruits of consecrated young men.

It is almost a safe guess that 90 out of every 100 Methodist or Baptist ministers who started to preach 10 years ago or more, did so on less salary than $500 a year. Many of them have since become bishops and church leaders. The kingdom of Christ first, and the Kingdom will support every worker who is worth it if he is really needed.

Moreover, the quality of preachers is more important than the number. Quality is determined almost entirely by consecration and common sense. Eleven disciples—not one of them a graduate of a theological seminary of their day—started out after the elimination of the traitor among them, and the death of their Lord, and they changed world conditions in government, living conditions and religious life, because eleven of them were willing to die for their faith and consecration to Him "who had not where to lay His head." Nor do I read that our Lord promised them anything except a chance to work for Him and His Kingdom.

But where is the poor pay? A minister myself, I have never served a congregation in my life which did not give me a better home, better food, better clothing, better opportunity for self-expression, better social prestige than was enjoyed by one-half of the congregation that gave it to me. Lest I may be an exception I challenge all the editors in America to show me a preacher in good standing of any standard denomination who does not have a better home, better food, better clothing, better social surroundings than one-half of the congregation he serves. Is not that more than their Lord had? Then why the cry? What more should a follower of Him "who had not where to lay His head" expect? Moreover, the experience I have quoted above is the experience of every preacher to whom I have put the question.

True enough, some preachers do not become millionaires. Neither do some of their flock. The fact is, I have buried a few lawyers, doctors and business men who did not leave enough money to pay their debts, which causes me to add that ministers should create no debts but live on what they get if they have to wear overalls and work with their hands at times as did Paul—a thing that few of us have to do.

There are some real obstacles to obtaining recruits for the ministry. Among them I have found the following:

1. Growing autocracy of government in church work in all denominations.
2. Growing helplessness of the minister who is becoming a cog in church machinery.
3. Educational requirements some cannot meet.
4. Ecclesiastical politics and politicians.
5. Favoritism in denominations, which claim to be free of ecclesiastical politicians.
6. Unsatisfactory lives of men higher up.
7. Selfish ambitions among men, where they are not expected.
8. Constant money hunting required of ministers.
9. Money drives, which, I am persuaded, caused many efficient ministers to retire from the active work because they were unable or unwilling to stand the pressure.

While the above list is long, it probably is no greater than at any other time in the history of the church. Human nature is human nature everywhere and in all times.

Minister Growing Helpless

THE growing helplessness of the minister because of the growing autocracy above him which he dare not displease, and the same in his congregation which he must consider lest he be ground between, the upper and under millstone, is quite serious to men who have been in the work, but not considered by those who are entering it. The chief damage it does to recruiting ministers is when it cools the enthusiasm of the old preacher acting as enlistment officer.

However, the tide is turning. There can be no denomination without the preacher in the pulpit. There can be no bishops, church boards, church offerings, church drives without him; and he has it in his power to correct every evil named above. The pendulum seems ready to swing the other way and it may restore the preacher in the pulpit to his former power and glory.

But why argue the case of "preacher shortage" before the facts and evidence are submitted? Simply because so much has been said by so many editors about it from the standpoint of theological seminaries, past pay and other false viewpoints. In addition, readjustment in church work and church conditions may make an apparent decrease within the next generation. However, that time is not yet. Let us look at the facts and figures and evidence as given by statistical authorities in all standard works.

In spite of the fact, that fewer ministers are needed to do the same work as in former times;

That church membership is constantly growing;

That slavery and saloons have both been abolished;

That religious knowledge is disseminated through newspapers, graphophones, summer schools, and books as never before; let us see if 10,000 pulpits will be vacant next year or the year after.

Statistics show the following conditions in America for 30 years:

	1890	1900	1910	1919
Total number of ministers..	111,036	143,201	170,153	193,769
Total communicants	20,618,307	27,383,804	35,332,776	41,491,989
Total number population	62,947,307	75,994,575	91,972,266	(1920) 105,683,108

In 29 years the church communicants have more than doubled.

In 29 years ministers have nearly doubled.

In 29 years the population far from it.

Where we had one minister for every 560 persons in the United States in 1890 we now have one for every 528 of the population.

Denies There Is a Shortage

THE average church membership for each minister has increased from 185 members to 205.

The ministerial efficiency per minister has more than doubled in 30 years.

Nearly $500,000 has been raised for world salvation in the last three years. All this has been done in World War conditions which took 4,000,000 young men from home and home churches and left more than 50,000 dead in France.

All this has been done in spite of the fact that thousands of ministers were taken out of pulpits to serve as chaplains and in Y. M. C. A. work in the army.

All this has been done in spite of the fact that in former wars in our history there were terrible losses for the churches.

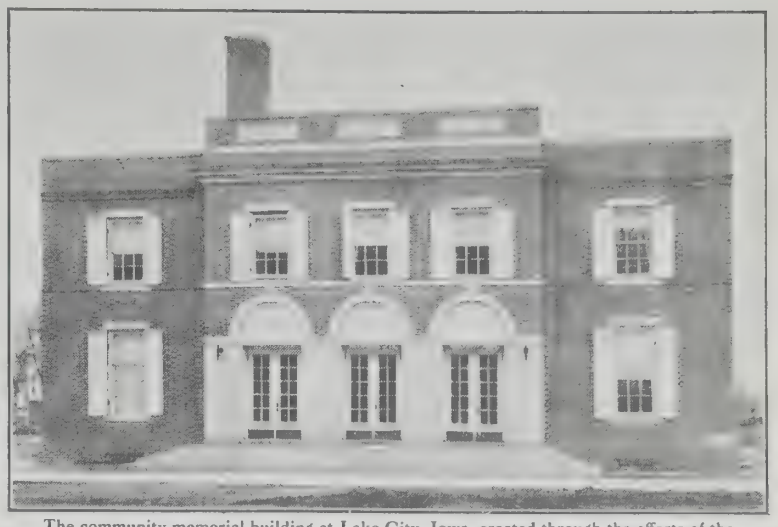
But is there a real shortage of ministers in any part of the country which did not exist before? I challenge any editor in the United States to find a community of 200 persons which has been settled permanently for two years and is five miles from a minister of some kind. There probably are such, but also there are consecrated men who would like to serve them.

In the days of President Roosevelt he was reported to have said that he could address a letter to "The Methodist Minister" at any post office in the United States and some Methodist minister would reply. And there are good Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational and Lutheran ministers and ministers of all kinds in addition to Methodist ministers.

Civic Dream Comes True

What a Unique Women's Society Has Done for a Small Iowa Town

By R. P. CRAWFORD

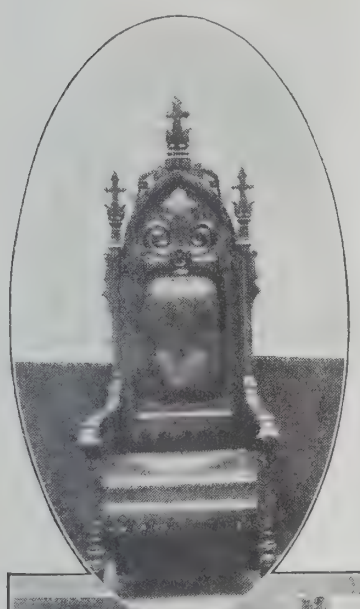


The community memorial building at Lake City, Iowa, erected through the efforts of the Lake City Civic Improvement Society, a women's organization, as a crowning achievment to many civic improvements.

FOR a long time the town of Lake City, Iowa, had dreamed of a memorial that would fittingly commemorate the services of its soldiers and sailors, but it remained for the women of the town to engineer the project that resulted in the erection of one of the finest community buildings, not only in the Middle West, but perhaps in any town of the size in the country. This building is unique, for it fills the needs of the small town in a remarkable way, from affording the council a place to meet, to furnishing an auditorium and hall for social events. There are a women's rest room, handsomely furnished, a room for the American Legion, shower baths and gymnasium equipment. It is a theater, town hall, women's club, gymnasium, banquet hall, young people's club—all in one. There is nothing that concerns the community as a whole that does not have its center here.

But along with the story of this building goes the story of the Lake City Civic Improvement Society. A men's organization? Not a bit of it. There are nearly 250 members of this society from the town and surrounding country, and the strange part of it is, they are all women. One must remember, too, that Lake City is a town of only about 2,500 population. This society is not a study club nor a federated women's club. It is just what its name implies, an organization which spends all its time and efforts on improving the community. It is very democratic. An effort is made to enlist every woman in the town, and the woman from the country is welcomed just as much as the woman from the town. Its dues are only 50 cents a year.

Not long ago I sat in the home of Mrs. W. H. T. Shade, wife of the editor of the Lake City *News*, and heard her tell some of the inner secrets of this society, which grew to its present membership from 40 or 50 women who were the charter members.



"You don't need to have me tell you that every small town has certain things that need to be done," said Mrs. Shade. "The men are good workers, once they get started, but they always have their business worries and cares. You see," explained Mrs. Shade with a smile, "sometimes a man dislikes to say anything about a needed improvement to another business man, because he feels that his attitude may be considered as a critical one, and provoke a little resentment. But we women can go ahead and do things, and not be criticized, or when we are, it doesn't matter anyway."

I had been assured beforehand that the Lake City Civic Improvement Society was the peppiest organization in town, and when I began to learn some of its accomplishments, I agreed that such a characterization was true. The first thing the women discovered was that the town park had never been kept up. Of course, that was not much of a discovery, since every one knew that anyway. Perhaps it should be said more properly that the women discovered here an opportunity and an outlet for their club's efforts.

The first thing for the women to tackle was the hitching post proposition. Around the edges of the park were numerous hitching posts, almost gnawed into kindling wood, relics of the day when everybody came to town with horse and buggy. Six years ago there were still a great many who drove in with a team and a number of direful things were threatened the town if the posts were touched. But by working through the town council, the posts were finally removed and relegated to the side streets. The dire threat from a few farmers to boycott the town if this was done did not materialize, and everybody was happy. In fact, today, about a third of the improvement club's membership is composed of country women.

The next job was to clean up that park. The men of the town donated their time and the women served sandwiches and coffee all day.

A humane society was formed within the civic society and soon the latter took over the lyceum course, and saw that through. The next thing a public rest room for the women was established in the basement of the public library. Baby beds were provided and a matron was employed, so that women could leave their children there while they went shopping.

But finally came the big project. Long hours the women of the civic society had worked on Red Cross supplies during the hard days of the war, and the question had often arisen as to what should be done for the boys when they returned. It had frequently been suggested that a suitable place should be provided where the boys might talk things over; in fact, where the entire community might get together and talk things over. And that was the beginning of the community building.

Facing the park, which the women had so effectually brushed and combed, was an old hotel, an eyesore to the town. The owner had agreed to remove the hotel, provided some one would buy the lot for $1,750. The civic improvement society took him at his word and bought the lot. The women pledged the first $1,000 toward a community memorial building, provided the town would see it through. It was decided that the project must be paid for by public subscription. This was a big proposition, and it was necessary to obtain the co-operation of every one; and, of course, when it came to giving large sums of money, the men folks were taken into consideration. There were, of course, many large subscriptions from well-to-do business men, but there were also unique entertainments for raising money. Pigs, calves, horses, furnishing goods donated by merchants, were auctioned off, even doughnuts bringing $1 each. Individual organizations and clubs in Lake City pledged themselves to raise money. Finally virtually the entire $80,000 necessary for erecting the building had been raised by public subscription.

It was but a short time ago that I visited this community building and saw what had been accomplished. Facing one corner of the park is the memorial building, constructed of a light reddish brick with white cut stone trimmings. At the very top of the building are three stone slabs with the inscriptions, "Soldiers," "Sailors," "Marines." Over each of the three doors is a stone arch. One of these is inscribed "San Juan, Santiago, Manila Bay." The second arch is inscribed "Shiloh, Antietam, Gettysburg." The third arch has the inscription, "St. Mihiel, the Argonne, Chateau Thierry." The structure is not only a memorial to the soldiers and sailors who served in the World War, but to the veterans of the three great wars of our last century.

The doors open into a foyer and then into a spacious lobby. On one side is the council chamber, reserved for the meetings of the town council. A cloakroom is at the other side of the lobby. From the lobby one enters the auditorium. The seats are movable so that the floor can be used for dancing or other entertainments. There is a large stage. This theater has been one of the most delightful features of the building, for it makes it possible to have outside as well as home talent performances.

Stairways lead to the second floor from both sides of the lobby. There is a large hall on the second floor. This is the trophy room, and here all relics of the war and community keepsakes are on display. The service flag hangs along one side of the hall. This hall opens into the balcony of the auditorium. At one side is a room for the American Legion and at the other side is a men's smoking room.

Across almost the entire front of the building on the second floor is the women's rest room. Directly off the rest room is a nursery, where women may leave their babies while shopping. The rest room is always in charge of a matron. It is here that the women of the town are always free to come and talk, and this is where the different women's organizations hold their meetings.

The building itself is under the management of a community congress, composed of three members, including at this writing Fred Boldes, George Pearen and Mrs. I. D. Weirick. They, in co-operation with the town council, have supervision of the building. In fact, the state of Iowa now has a special law providing for the erection and maintenance of buildings such as this. It even provides that communities may issue Liberty Memorial bonds for the erection of these memorials, which may take the form of a library, assembly hall, gymnasium, or include any of these features. Club rooms and rest rooms may be provided, and the building also may contain offices for any county or municipal purpose. A tax levy of three mills is provided for maintenance. Gifts and bequests also are authorized to be received for such buildings.

The Lake City building, perhaps the first community building of its kind to be erected in Iowa, probably will have the benefit of the three mill levy for maintenance, although it was erected by public subscription. At the present time the profits derived from the use of the building are used to extinguish a small debt. The building can be made practically self-supporting without any recourse to the levy. As much as $800 has been taken in from a two-day entertainment.

Probably the greatest reward from this community project is the good feeling that it engenders. Anybody in the town or surrounding country feels perfectly free in making use of the building.

There is something doing at the building nearly every day in the week. The Farmers' Club has the auditorium for its dance and big dinner every Monday night. There also is a women's club from the near-by country that holds its meetings at the community club regularly. The high school finds it a great place for its class plays.

Nor does one forget that this is a memorial building. The coziness of the American Legion quarters suggests something of the good feeling that will bind the boys together, while the trophy room will become a source of unending inspiration to young people, with all important accomplishments of the community and its citizens recorded therein.



Above—In the trophy room on the second floor. In this room will be kept all of the trophies and community relics. Insert—The nursery where women leave their babies while they go shopping. Below—Quarters for the American Legion in the memorial building.

Benedict Arnold and Jewish Aid in Shady Deal

Narrative of Conspiracy Between Maj. Franks and Gen. Arnold to Loot Americans Under Cover of Military Authority; Speculating in Contraband

WHILE Benedict Arnold was in Canada and David Solesbury Franks, the Jew of Montreal and a British subject, was serving as quartermaster to the American troops, David Franks, of Philadelphia, a member of the same Jewish family and of the same Jewish syndicate of army-contractors, was also engaged in an interesting business.

It has already been shown that this David Franks, the Philadelphia Jew, had gone part way with the colonists in their protests against British colonial rule. That this was not sincerity on his part, his subsequent actions proved. He first comes into the purview of this narrative in 1775, the year in which Benedict Arnold performed the remarkable feat of marching into Canada, whence he was sending back into the colonies numerous Canadian prisoners. These prisoners were kept in the New England colonies for a time, but were later collected into Pennsylvania, some of them being quartered in the city of Philadelphia.

An Early Jewish Traitor to the U. S.

HOW inspired it is impossible now to tell, but presently a committee of the Continental Congress proposes that Mr. David Franks be commissioned to feed and otherwise care for these British prisoners, and be allowed to sell his bills for as much money as may be necessary for the purpose. Of course, in accepting this proposal, Franks was only pursuing the course for which he and his numerous relatives had come to America. He was really doing business with and for Moses Franks, the head of the family syndicate in London. Shortly afterward we read of David under the mouth-filling title of "Agent to the Contractors for Victualing the Troops of the King of Great Britain," and to check him up, a British officer was allowed to pass the lines once a month and spend a few hours with David. That this was a dangerous practice may be deduced from his further story.

In the records of the Continental Congress is a request from Franks that he be permitted to go to New York, then the British headquarters; and such was the power of the man that his request was granted on condition that he pledged his word "not to give any intelligence to the enemy" and to return to Philadelphia.

In January, 1778, six months before Benedict Arnold took command of Philadelphia, David Franks got himself into trouble. A letter of his was intercepted on its way to England. The letter was intended for Moses Franks, of London, and was concealed under cover of a letter to a captain in a regiment commanded by a British general who had married Franks' sister. It appears on the record of the American Congress "that the contents of the letter manifest a disposition and intentions inimical to the safety and liberty of the United States."

Whereupon it was "Resolved, that Major General Arnold be directed to cause the said David Franks forthwith to be arrested, and conveyed to the new gaol in this city (Philadelphia), there to be confined until the further order of Congress."

Thus Benedict Arnold comes into contact with another member of the Franks family, whose name was to be so closely associated with the great treason.

A Slippery Gentleman of Much Influence

AND now begins a serpentine course of twistings and turnings which are so delightfully Jewish as to be worth restating if only to show how true the race remains to its character through the centuries. It is in October, about the eleventh day of the month. Franks is imprisoned and remains a week. Then by strange reasoning it is discovered that the United States has no jurisdiction over the charge of treason against the United States (!) and that the prisoner should be handed over to the Supreme Executive Council of the state of Pennsylvania. It follows that the state of Pennsylvania has nothing to do with the crime of treason against the United States either, and in spite of the contents of the letters and the findings of the Congressional Committee thereon, David Franks smiles pleasantly and goes free! It was a time, of course, when much money was lent by Jews to public officials. The Jew, Haym Salomon, was credited with having most of the "fathers" on his books, but he did not charge them interest nor principal. He grew immensely wealthy, however, and was the recipient, in lieu of interest and repayment, of many official favors. David Franks, likewise a wealthy man, charged with treason, has his case transferred and finally dismissed. It is a trick not unknown today.

The Jewish records give much credit to Mr. Franks for not being daunted by this experience. Whether he is entitled to particular credit for his courage when he was master of so much influence, is a matter for the reader to decide, but that he was undaunted his subsequent actions show. He is very soon on the records again with an appeal for permission for his secretary to go again to New York within the British lines. He appeals to the Council of Pennsylvania. The Council refers him to Congress. Congress says it has no objection, if the secretary will be governed by General George Washington's orders in the matter. Washington's aide-de-camp gives permission, and the secretary gives sufficient bonds and sets out for New York.

Arrived in New York, the secretary discovers that Mr. Franks' presence is necessary and has made all arrangements for his master to go to New York, having even secured British permission to pass the lines. It was made very easy for Congress, it had only to say yes. But this time Congress said "no." The former escape of Franks made people aware of an un-American influence at work. After his first arrest he was regarded as dangerous to the American cause. He apparently succeeds in living well in Philadelphia in spite of his difficulties, living even gayly with the society of the city.

Up to this time, David Franks had come into contact with the two principal figures in Arnold's treason. As purveyor to the captured troops, Franks had met and entertained, in 1776, the young and engaging Major André, who in 1780 was to become the tragic victim of Arnold's perfidy. And in 1778 Franks had been the subject of an order of arrest given to General Benedict Arnold. Jacob Mordecai "mentions that it was at Mr. Franks' house that he met Major André, then a paroled prisoner, who was passing his idle hours and exercising his talents in the most agreeable ways by taking a miniature likeness of the beautiful Miss Franks." (American Jewish Historical Society, Vol. 6, page 41.)

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies is now off the press. It is entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages. Sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

A Bit of Important Neglected History

IN THE meantime, Benedict Arnold was pursuing his career, a career strangely checkered with brilliant bravery and subtle knavery, a career sustained by the confidence of noble friends who believed in Arnold even against himself. Except for this strange power of holding friends in spite of what they knew of him, Arnold's career would have terminated before it did. That psychic gift of his, and the desperate need of the Continental cause for military leaders, held him on until his moral turpitude matured for the final collapse. As before stated, there is no intention to minimize Arnold's services to his country, but there is a determination to show what were his associations during the period of his moral decline, and thus fill in the gaps of history and account for the distrust with which the American Congress regarded the young general.

David Solesbury Franks, the Montreal Jew, who was an agent of the Franks army-contractor syndicate in Canada, came south to the American colonies with Arnold when the American Army retreated. In his own account of himself, written in 1789—eight years after the treason—he makes so little of his association with Arnold that were it not for the reports of certain courts-martial it would be impossible to determine how close the two men had been. In his record of himself, as preserved in the tenth volume of the American Jewish Historical Society's publications, he admits leaving Canada with the Americans in 1776 and remaining attached to the American Army until the surrender of Burgoyne, which occurred late in 1777. He then lightly passes over an important period which saw the command of Philadelphia bestowed on General Arnold. He mentions simply that he was "in Arnold's military family at West Point until his desertion," which was in 1780. Reference to the first court-martial of Arnold, in which Colonel David Solesbury Franks was Arnold's chief witness, will show, however, that Franks and Arnold were more closely associated than the former would care to admit after Arnold's name had become anathema. Indeed, as the Jewish Historical Society's note correctly observes, the account of this court-martial "is of much interest, as it bears directly upon the relations of General Arnold and his aid, Major David S. Franks, before the traitor's final flight in September, 1780."

There were in all eight charges preferred against Arnold, the second one being—"In having shut up the shops and stores on his arrival in the city (Philadelphia), so as even to prevent officers of the army from purchasing, while he privately made considerable purchases for his own benefit, as is alleged and believed."

Follows a supporting affidavit, printed in the style of the original, with emphatic italics added:

The Deal Between Arnold and the Jew

"ON THE seventh day of May, A. D. 1779, before me Plunket Fleeson, Esq., one of the justices, etc., for the city of Philadelphia, comes colonel John Fitzgerald, late aid de camp to his excellency general Washington, and being duly sworn according to law, deposeth and saith: That on the evening of the day on which the British forces left Philadelphia, he and Major David S. Franks, aid de camp to major Arnold, went to the house of miss Brackenberry, and lodged there that night; and *the next morning, major Franks having gone down stairs, the deponent going into the front room of the said house,* to view colonel Jackson's regiment then marching into the city, *saw lying in the window two open papers;* that on casting his eye on one of them, he was surprised *it contained instructions to the said major Franks to purchase European and East Indian goods in the city of Philadelphia, to any amount, for the payment of which the writer would furnish major Franks with the money, and the same paper contained also a strict charge to the said Franks not to make known to his most intimate acquaintance that the writer was concerned in the proposed purchase;* that *these instructions were not signed,* but appeared to the deponent to be in the hand-writing of major general Arnold, whether or not there was a date to it the deponent doth not recollect; that the other paper contained instructions signed by major general Arnold, directing major Franks to purchase for the said general Arnold some necessaries for the use of his table; that *the deponent compared the writing of the two papers and verily believes that they were both written by major general Arnold's own hand;* and *soon afterward major Franks came into the room and took the papers away,* as the deponent supposes. And further the deponent saith not.

"Sworn, etc. John Fitzgerald."

That such a charge involved as much the trial of Major Franks as General Arnold, will at once appear. The statements in the charge argue close association between Arnold and Franks. Yet in Franks' written record of himself in 1789 he passes over this Philadelphia period thus lightly: "In 1778, after the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British Army & on the arrival of Count D'Estaing I procured Letters of recommendation from the Board of War . . . . and joined him off Sandy Hook, I continued with that Admiral until he arrived at Rhode Island, where on the failure of the Expedition I returned to Philadelphia where my military duty called me."

The Jew "Explains" for Arnold

NO REFERENCE here, nor anywhere in his record, to a closeness of bond between the two which his testimony, now offered from the records, amply proves to have existed.

"The judge-advocate produced major Franks, aid-de-camp to major General Arnold, who was sworn.

"Q. On General Arnold's arrival in Philadelphia, do you know whether himself or any person on his account, made any considerable purchases of goods?

"A. I do not.

"Q. At or before general Arnold's arrival in Philadelphia did you receive orders from general Arnold to purchase goods, or do you know of general Arnold's having given orders to any other person to make purchases of goods?

"A. *I did receive from general Arnold that paper which colonel Fitzgerald has mentioned in his deposition.* There are circumstances leading

to it which I must explain. I had, by being in the army, injured my private affairs very considerably, and meant to leave it, if a proper opportunity *to enter into business* should happen. *I had several conversations on the subject with general Arnold,* who promised me all the assistance in his power; *he was to participate in the profits of the business I was to enter into.* At that time, *previous to our going into Philadelphia, I had several particular conversations with him, and thought that the period in which I might leave the army with honor and enter into business (had come). I received at that time, or about that time, I think several days before the enemy evacuated the city, the paper mentioned in colonel Fitzgerald's deposition that was not signed, as well as the other.* Upon our coming into town we had a variety of military business to do. I did not purchase any goods, neither did I leave the army. That paper was entirely neglected, neither did I think anything concerning it until I heard of colonel Fitzgerald's deposition. General Arnold has told me since, which is since I came from Carolina some time in August last, that the reason for his not supporting me in business was, supposing that I had left the army, it was incompatible with his excellency's instructions and the resolution of Congress."

The Undisputed Facts in the Case

THIS testimony, seemingly straightforward in form, is rather damning to the characters of both the men involved. Arnold, upon taking command of Philadelphia, ordered the stores and shops to be closed and no goods sold. He stopped business outright. It was a most unpopular order, because it prevented the merchants profiting by the new order of things, the return of the Americans.

The very first day the closing law is in force, Arnold writes an order to Franks to make large purchases of European and East Indian goods "to any amount" and to keep the transaction secret from his most intimate acquaintance. That is, Benedict Arnold and the Jewish major on his staff, have an understanding that under cover of the military closing, they will loot the city of its most profitable goods at the enforced low selling prices—for the obvious purpose of selling at higher prices when the military order was rescinded.

These are the undisputed facts. Colonel Fitzgerald saw the papers and knew the unsigned one to be in Arnold's handwriting, even as the signed one was. They were both addressed to the Jewish Major Franks. In his testimony, Major Franks admits the existence of the unsigned order as Colonel Fitzgerald saw it, and admits also its character.

Even Benedict Arnold admitted the order, but he endeavored to show that having exhibited General Washington's orders to him (Arnold) to command Philadelphia, that fact would be a sufficient countermand to the order given to Franks to load up on valuable goods.

> "General Arnold to Major Franks. Did you not suppose my showing you the instructions from general Washington to me, previous to your going into the city, a sufficient countermand of the order I had given you to purchase goods?
>
> "Major Franks. I did not form any supposition on the subject."

Guilty of Intention if Not of Act

THIS admission that he wrote the order, and the fact that no large purchases of goods could be shown, constituted Arnold's defense. It requires no keen legal mind to show its weakness. If the order was countermanded several days before they entered the city, what was it doing in Miss Brackenberry's house in Philadelphia on the first morning of Arnold's command and the first morning of the operation of his order to close the stores? And why did Franks come in search of it? Discarded orders are not thus carried around and preserved.

Probably no purchases were made. Probably the order was not carried out. When Colonel Fitzgerald walked into the room early in the morning and saw the papers, and when soon thereafter Major Franks walked into the room and saw both Colonel Fitzgerald and the papers, there was nothing else to do than to call the plan off. It had become *known.* Colonel Fitzgerald waited in the room to see what became of the papers. He saw the Jew Franks come and get them. He saw him go out with them. He knew what those papers directed the Jew to do, and he knew that the directing hand was Benedict Arnold's. Doubtless with this clue he kept his eyes open in Philadelphia during the operation of the closing order. And doubtless Franks lost no time in transmitting to General Arnold the fact that he found Colonel Fitzgerald in the room where the papers had been left. The inadvertent visit of Colonel Fitzgerald is the key-fact in that phase of the matter.

But the Jewish major, becomes talkative in his effort to explain the situation. "There are circumstances which I must explain," he says. And then, in words that were frequently in the mouth of Arnold, he represents that his service in the army was injuring his private affairs very seriously, and that he was contemplating retiring from the army and going into business.

It is worth noting at this point that numerous opportunities were given Franks to retire, both before and after the Arnold treason, but he developed into a persistent clamorer after official jobs. In spite of his testimony, he could not be shaken loose from public employment.

Evidence of Arnold's Intimacy With Jew

AND then Franks revealed the whole secret of his relations with Arnold. They were in close association in profiteering matters. "I had several conversations on the subject with general Arnold . . . . he was to participate in the profits of the business I was to enter into." Arnold was to remain a general in the army; his aide was to get out of the army and work with him privately, sharing the profits.

But what had all this to do with the orders to close the stores at Philadelphia? What had this to do with the papers found by Colonel Fitzgerald? For after all, this was the "circumstance" which Major Franks had set out to explain. At last he reaches it: "At that time, previous to our going into Philadelphia, I had several particular conversations with him . . . . I received at that time, or about that time, the paper mentioned in Colonel Fitzgerald's deposition which was not signed, as well as the other."

The paper authorized him to get the most merchantable goods out of the closed stores. It followed upon "several particular conversations" about the business of which Arnold was to "participate in the profits." But, apparently, the deal did not go through. Colonel Fitzgerald's untimely appearance, and the carelessness of someone in leaving the papers about, were most unfavorable to the Arnold-Franks project.

There can be no question of the intimacy of the relations between the Jew and Arnold and the use that both made of their relationship. There can be no question, either, that these relationships must have been the result of continuous acquaintance and testing.

Merely to show that a Jew once crossed the path of Benedict Arnold and was implicated with him in a discreditable scheme that probably did not fully mature, means nothing. But that this Jew was involved in Arnold's fortunes from the time the two first met in Canada until the day that Arnold betrayed his country, may mean something. And that is the case. From the time of their first meeting, their lines run along together—Franks always being relied upon by Arnold as the credible witness who extricates him from his scrapes, and Franks usually doing it with a sort of clumsy success, as in the instance just cited.

They Both Desire the Sea at Same Time

THE reader may refer now to the reference made above to Franks' record of himself in which he mentions having joined Count D'Estaigne, the French admiral, at Sandy Hook. This was just a month after Arnold took command at Philadelphia, just a month after the events on which the above charge was based. Evidently Franks got out of town for a little while. He would notice the coolness of his fellow officers among whom reports of Colonel Fitzgerald's discovery must have circulated. There would be no prejudice against him because he was a Jew, it would be solely due to the suspicions concerning him. Indeed, readers of the ordinary history will never learn that Arnold had Jews around him. There were David Franks, moneyed man and merchant in the city, and David Solesbury Franks on Arnold's staff—both outstanding figures, yet wholly passed over by the historians, with one or two exceptions, and even these have never caught the Jewish clue. In that day there was no prejudice against Jews as Jews, even as there is none now.

Franks, then, easily gains letters which permit him to join the French fleet of D'Estaigne, within a month after the Philadelphia business. And strange to relate, at precisely the same time, Benedict Arnold conceived the notion that he too should go into the navy, and a month after his appointment to Philadelphia he writes to General Washington suggesting nothing less than that he be given command of the American Navy! —at precisely the time Major Franks takes to the water.

". . . . being obliged entirely to neglect my private affairs since I have been in the service," Arnold writes to General Washington, "has induced me to wish to retire from public business, unless an offer, *which my friends have mentioned,* should be made to me of the command of the navy . . . . I must beg leave to request your sentiments respecting a command in the navy."

So far as the historians have been able to discover, no one ever proposed such a thing as making Arnold the admiral of the American Navy. But, then, the historians did not know David S. Franks. He, a landsman, had gone for a few weeks with the French ships. Perhaps he was the friend who "mentioned" the matter. At any rate, when Franks came off the ships again, it was to serve as witness once more for Benedict Arnold.

The charges against Arnold were such as these: Permitting an enemy ship to land, and buying a share in her cargo; imposing menial service on soldiers (a charge brought about by an action of Major Franks); issuing passes unlawfully—the case in point being that of a Jewess, named Levy; the use of army wagons for his private affairs, and so forth.

This is Major Franks' testimony concerning Arnold's permitting "The Charming Nancy" to land at a United States port, contrary to law:

"Q. (by the court) Do you know whether general Arnold purchased any part of the Charming Nancy or her cargo?

"A. I do not know of my own knowledge, but I have heard general Arnold say he did, and I have also heard Mr. Seagrove say he did.

"Q. Was it previous or subsequent to general Arnold's granting the pass?

"A. It was subsequent."

Trading in Contraband Under Washington's Nose

HERE is a complete admission of all the facts, but the defense consisted in laboriously showing, by means of quite leading questions addressed to Franks, that the owners of "The Charming Nancy" were indeed good Americans though residing and doing business in enemy territory. Franks was rather useful in this part of the business, and the court, overlooking the other elements, simply found that the permission which Arnold gave to "The Charming Nancy" was illegal. The fact that a major general of the United States Army speculated in the cargo of the ship which had come into port in violation of law and on his military permission, was not considered at all. Neither was the fact, stated in the charge, that he gave this permission while he was in camp with General Washington at Valley Forge, whom he did not consult in any way.

But here again the fact is established that Major Franks was privy to the whole matter, and was the chief witness for Arnold's defense.

If it had occurred but once, as at Montreal, that Arnold had been charged with irregularities involving profitable goods; or if it had occurred but once, as at Philadelphia, that Major Franks happened to be the chief available witness, no serious notice could be taken of it.

But time and again Arnold is caught in shady acts involving profitable goods, and time and again the Jewish Major Franks is his accomplice and chief witness. And this partnership in shady transactions, extending from the time Arnold first met Franks till the time Arnold betrayed his country, is significant, at least as a contribution to history, and possibly as a side light on the gradual degeneration of Benedict Arnold.

The First Snuffer on Arnold

ARNOLD could no longer wholly escape. But still the good fortune that seemed patiently to accompany him, as if waiting for his better nature to recover from some dark spell, remained with him; the court could not exonerate him entirely, but neither could they punish him as he deserved; and so it was given as a verdict that General Arnold should be reprimanded by General Washington, his best friend.

Washington's reprimand is one of the finest utterances in human record. It would have saved a man in whom a shred of moral determination remained:

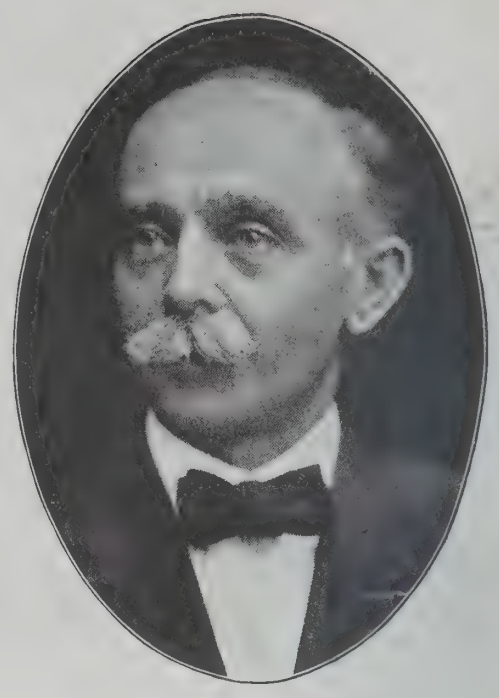
> "Our profession is the chastest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the luster of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment toward your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

It was a bad day for Benedict Arnold when he got into touch with the Jewish syndicate of army-contractors. There was hope for him even yet, if he would cast off the evil spell. But time pressed; events were culminating; the alien, having gripped him, was about to make the best of the baleful opportunity. The closing chapter was about to be written in glory or in shame.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages, respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for each volume.

The Man Who Made It Safe To Take a Drink

By FRANK M. CHASE



DR. S. J. CRUMBINE,

Secretary Kansas State Board of Health

THIS is the story of the man who made it safe to take a drink. He is Dr. Samuel J. Crumbine, who banished the common drinking cup from Kansas, the first state to legislate it out of business. He also originated the "Swat the fly" slogan, as well as the movement bearing its name, both of which have gone around the world.

Dr. Crumbine was born in Emlenton, Pennsylvania, September 17, 1862, and was educated at the Cincinnati College of Medicine and Surgery. He went to Kansas in 1885. For a location he chose the frontier settlement of Dodge City, then notorious throughout the West as probably the most lawless town on the whole long cattle trail from Texas to the Dakotas. The yip-yip-yippy of the cowboys was still heard there when the young physician hung out his sign, and Boot Hill—the special burying ground near the city for the men who died with their boots on—still received its victims. Crumbine, however, blessed with the sense to mind his own business, got along without trouble. Despite its trials, too, he came to enjoy the strenuous life of the region, developing a self-reliance and knowledge of Western ways that have stood him well in the battles that were to come. Meanwhile he prospered, marrying Miss Katherine Zuercher, of Springfield, Ohio, in 1890. He also became the health officer of his county, and in 1898 was appointed a member of the State Board of Health. On the death of the board's former secretary, Dr. U. B. Swan, in the summer of 1902, Crumbine was offered the position.

Salary Only $1,200 Then

DR. CRUMBINE was not certain that it would be advisable to accept it, for the secretary's position was then small indeed. The salary was but $1,200 a year, this being for part time services, the incumbent devoting the remainder of his time to private practice. Acceptance of the offer thus meant the abandonment of an established business at Dodge City and the starting of a new one at Topeka—a matter not to be decided offhand. After delaying his decision two years, however, and at the urgent solicitation of the board, he accepted the secretaryship, taking up its duties July 1, 1904.

On becoming secretary, he realized at once the hopeless inadequacy of the work of the State Board of Health. He had but one assistant, a stenographer, who, like himself, served only part of the time. Nor was the pitiful appropriation of $2,000 a year the only reason for the lack of action. The real reason was that the statute books contained almost no laws concerning health, so that the secretary was practically powerless. Crumbine accordingly planned to obtain laws granting his office more authority, and in 1907 the legislature adopted several such measures. Among them were two proving very important, the food and drug law and the water and sewage law, both of which have been copied by numerous states.

Meanwhile, he went ahead with a great deal of new work without having specific legal authority. In 1905 he bought samples of many foods on sale in Topeka, and sent them to the University of Kansas for analysis. This investigation revealed astonishing cases of adulteration and use of preservatives, the findings helping materially toward obtaining some of the desired legislation. Later he kept numerous pens of dogs at his home, some of which he fed "embalmed beef" and meat preserved with benzoate of soda, comparing the results with those from the dogs receiving equal quantities of less questionable meats.

Posting the Public

IN THE same year he began to publish the monthly *Bulletin* of the Kansas State Board of Health, the purpose being to inform the public of the work of the secretary's office; and in the issue for January, 1906, printed the results of the food analyses. This caused a sensation, and headed Crumbine into his first big fight. It not only aroused the first state-wide interest in the board of health, but likewise the war dogs of the food interests affected. Influential business men waited on the governor, with the obvious intent of having Crumbine "fired."

But the secretary, backed by the governor and the results of his own investigations, stood his ground, and after a hard fight in which the hand of the "interests" was plainly seen, the legislature passed the food and drug law. As a result of this and other legislation, the secretary's office was put on a full-time basis and permitted to employ six food inspectors and a clerk, while the passage of the water and sewage bill enabled Dr. Crumbine to add an engineer, to be stationed at the state university, to enforce that law. The office force thus quickly increased from the secretary and his stenographer, both on part time, to nine persons on full time.

By passing the food and drug measure in 1907, the same year as the Federal food and drug act became law, Kansas assumed the lead among the states in tackling the false claims made for patent medicines.

It was while working on the adulterated food problem that, in the spring of 1906, he laid the foundation for the vigorous warfare against flies in which we are still engaged. Of course, we fought flies in those days, but not so pointedly and persistently as now; we weren't then aware of the long list of sins that are now placed at the door—or more properly, the feet—of the fly. So, in preparing the copy for the April issue of the *Bulletin,* which was to be a special "fly" number, he planned, as usual, to emphasize the screening of homes to keep flies out, largely as a matter of personal comfort. But he was also thinking of the discovery, made during the Spanish-American War, that the fly carries disease, and, still interested in pure food, came to the conclusion that to protect it against flies is quite as important as to insure its freedom from adulterants. All these ideas were to be presented in the next *Bulletin,* so that for the time his thoughts were well seasoned with flies.

Origin of "Swat the Fly"

TOPEKA was then in the Western Baseball League, and while he was engaged in writing his "fly" issue the first game of the season occurred. Nearly everybody in town went to the opening game and Crumbine, a deep-dyed enthusiast for the sport, was there, of course. The teams were evenly matched, and in the last half of the eighth inning the score stood two to two. Topeka was at the bat, with one man out and one on third. Naturally the fans were an excited lot at this point, and many of them yelled, as the next batter stepped to the plate, "Sacrifice fly! Sacrifice fly!" At the first ball pitched, the batter struck—and missed. Then, during that lull which always accompanies disappointment in the bleachers, some stentorian voice boomed out, *"Swat that ball!"* Crumbine didn't see the next play, for he was engaged in pulling an old envelope from his pocket and jotted down the slogan destined to circle the globe: "Swat the fly."

For a day or two he forgot about the notation, but when the copy for the *Bulletin* was ready he placed it on the front page. This in itself, of course, did not make "Swat the fly" famous, but succeeding events brought it quickly into prominence. Annual clean-up campaigns were then being started in many places, and in connection with the one at Weir City, Kansas, a teacher had the idea of using the Boy Scout organization in this work. This idea he put in a letter to Dr. Crumbine. Crumbine instantly saw the value in the plan and could scarcely wait to write the teacher to compliment him on his vision. The teacher also had asked for suggestions concerning the kind of work which the boys might do. In answer the secretary suggested an anti-fly campaign, and sent the teacher a copy of the current *Bulletin.* He also wrote the teacher a long letter giving details for arranging such a project, and urging particularly that stable refuse piles, the special breeding places of flies, be removed from the town. The teacher acted immediately on all these suggestions. This was perhaps the first instance of Boy Scouts engaging in civic work.

From this beginning the clean-up and anti-fly campaigns spread apace and with them the slogan, except that "Swat the fly" traveled faster because of its briefness and epigrammatic form. Soon it was known from coast to coast, and then taken up across the seas.

Aboard a through train to the Southwest one day in 1908, Dr. Crumbine noticed two persons obviously suffering from tuberculosis in its later stages, drinking from the cup at the water fountain, while shortly afterward their fellow travelers—men, women and children—used the same cup. Dr. Crumbine had just been studying the methods of disease transmission and, as he watched the foregoing procedure, became deeply concerned over the danger involved. The insinct to investigate then arising, he strolled casually through the train, on which he found 11 persons who were obviously tubercular. Here, he saw, was a situation challenging his attention; for, inasmuch as every train bound for the Southwest passed through Kansas for several hundred miles and each was probably carrying one or more tubercular persons, the drinking cups on these trains were a potent means of seeding the state with tuberculosis.

He Proved It by Evidence

PLACING his facts and observations and conclusions before the State Board of Health at its next meeting, he asked that it issue an order abolishing the common drinking cup on railroad trains, in schools and in all public places. But those were the days of tremendous railroad influence and the board, while previously giving Crumbine excellent support, balked at this request.

The secretary, now faced with the necessity of proving the wisdom of his stand to the board, set out for evidence that would convince the most skeptical. At the state university he obtained the services of a bacteriologist who, under Crumbine's direction, took cultures from all the drinking cups on trains running into the old union station at Kansas City during one week. The results showed that a great variety of diseases was being passed around by this medium, some of the worst known to science among them.

So conclusive was this evidence that Dr. Crumbine did not wait for a meeting of the board, but mailed copies of the report to the managers of all railroads operating in Kansas, asking them whether they would agree to abide by a board of health order, if issued, prohibiting the use of common drinking cups on trains and in other public places. In every case where the matter was referred to the medical departments of the railroads, there was hearty agreement. This won the battle for Crumbine, and at the next meeting of the board the order was issued. This became effective September 1, 1909, since which Federal and state laws, as well as public opinion, have rapidly removed one of our national terrors—the common drinking cup.

Drives Out the Common Towel

THAT other arch-spreader of disease, the common towel, was the next to receive his attention. Here the method of attack was similar to that on the public drinking cup, the material adhering to the towels gathered in the public places of six Kansas towns being analyzed at his direction. Twenty-five per cent of the towels examined were found to be contaminated with fecal material, their hazard to health thus being enormous. This evidence convinced the members of the State Board of Health of the danger lurking in the common towel, and they at once decreed that its use "in hotels, railway trains, railway stations, public and private schools" should cease, the order taking effect September 1, 1911.

Dr. Crumbine's work toward the control of tuberculosis has not only placed Kansas among the foremost states for intelligent handling of the disease, but has also established him as a leading authority on it. He organized the Kansas Tuberculosis Association, serving as its first president. He is now a director of the National Tuberculosis Association, and has served a number of other important organizations in various high capacities. Early in the summer of 1921 he was elected secretary of the National Health Council, a super-organization of nearly a dozen national health agencies, his selection for this position being a notable compliment to his ability and standing among public health workers.

The work of Dr. Crumbine has been distinctly of the kind that sets the world ahead.

HEALTH

By DR. S. J. CRUMBINE

HEALTH is a state of physical, mental and moral equilibrium, a normal functionating of body, mind and soul. It is the state when work is a pleasure, when the world looks good and beautiful, and the battle of life seems worth while. Health is the antithesis of disease, degeneracy and crime.

The laws of health are as inexorable as the law of gravitation, as exacting as eternal justice, as relentless as fate, and their violation is the beginning and cause of all disease, suffering and sin.

Health is the most desirable of earthly blessings. When finally lost it cannot be purchased by uncounted millions, restored by the alienist, nor returned by the pulpit.

Health is that state of happiness, faith and love whose prototype was the first man—Adam; whose ideal is the Christ.

Fifty Miles in a Local Freight Train

By HOMER KINGSLEY

This is the third of several stories on interesting facts having to do with the operation of a railroad. The next will appear in an early issue.

"SIXTY-EIGHT double O four, ninety-three ball fourteen, two stock and two thirty-ton box set out. We go in the hole for four."

This seeming jargon of meaningless words is what the conductor of the local freight said to the brakeman. It sounded queer, but by the trainman it was perfectly understood.

This is what we would have had to say, had we been trying to say the same thing. "We 'set out' a box car No. 68004, loaded with coal; a flat car No. 93014, loaded with lumber; two empty stock cars, two empty 60,000-pound capacity box cars and then after doing all this work we are to back into the siding to let passenger train No. 4 go by."

There are several peddlers on the freight train. No, they are not the flesh and blood kind with whiskers and hampers and greasy palms, they are cars that contain mixed freight for stations along the line. These cars are opened, loaded or unloaded, at every station and so they are called "peddlers."

These "peddlers" are always near the caboose.

Here is an average freight train of 26 cars. Beginning at the caboose, there are the six "peddler" cars, five empty stock cars, eight empty box cars, two cars of lumber, two cars of gravel, one car of railroad ties, and three cars of coal.

The empties are distributed at stations for stock and grain. The lumber and coal are also "set out" at different stations, as they have been called for. The gravel and ties are material that belongs to the company and are to be unloaded along the line somewhere.

The conductor has checked over his train before he started and made sure that everything was the same as given in the waybills. He has made a record of each car and the seal numbers on each car door.

When the freight stops at the station he hands the bills to the agent, who makes his own record of the seal numbers of the cars before the seals are broken and the door opened. Then the freight in the "peddlers" is checked over and the deliveries made or added and the doors sealed again and the train proceeds to the next station.

As the train makes its run it grows "light." Most of the freight has been left, but then some new freight is added to the "peddler" cars. These cars are taken to the terminals and switched to the big freight houses and their contents shifted about and transferred so that everything will go to its destination. Of course, loaded cars are picked up. There are grain, machinery, and wood; and perhaps fruit that is shipped in a refrigerator car.

As the train travels along the conductor reads a train order to the brakeman: "Train No. 93 will leave two cars of gravel on main line at culvert 446-73. Train No. 94 will pick up the empties." This is fairly plain to a tenderfoot. Two cars of gravel are to be left by our train at this culvert to be loaded by the section men and the local freight, running in the opposite direction, will pick up the empty cars and take them to the station.

Both trains receive this order and the station on each side of the culvert also has a copy of the order. Any train approaching these stations would find the semaphore arm at "stop," and would get a copy of an order reading, "Cars on the main line at culvert 446-73."

But train No. 94 brings these cars in before any train reaches these stations. This is expected, and is what the train dispatcher expected when he made out the orders. But he sent out the other requests merely as a matter of precaution. The culvert is numbered and the 446-73 means it is 446 miles from the general terminal and the 73 is 73/100 miles. All bridges and culverts are so marked.

Reaching the next station the conductor reads the telegram which says, "Run slow, blank to blank, for section men to unload ties."

This means that the section men will go along with the train and while the freight is pulling along slowly the men will throw off the ties. When the car is empty the men get out and go back on the little hand car they have fastened on behind.

At the end of the run is the great city freight house. The freight sheds of one railway at Chicago are half a mile long, with a covered shed extending another quarter mile. This is the "out" freight house, from where the freight going from the city is received. The "in" freight house is nearly as large.

The doors and cars are all labeled with the names of the stations for which freight will be loaded. At this great freight house there is an average of 600 cars of freight loaded each day. By means of electrically propelled motor trucks they haul the loaded trucks that contain the freight. The "checkers" load up the trucks and hand the "trucker" a small card with the number of the car in which he is to place the freight.



Above—The day of the old-time baggage "smasher" and freight "banger" is gone. Instead the baggage is now handled on big trucks drawn by a little electric tractor which is operated by one man.

Left—The fruit and provision cars have to be reloaded with ice for their refrigerators during the hot weather. Ice also is used in the passenger cars for drinking water. These men have a large cake that they are cutting for the water tank.

The loading is well systematized. The "peddler" cars are filled to the roof. The freight men have a list of the stations and on which side of the track they are, so they load the material accordingly and on the side that will make it easiest to remove. The freight cars are also connected according to order.

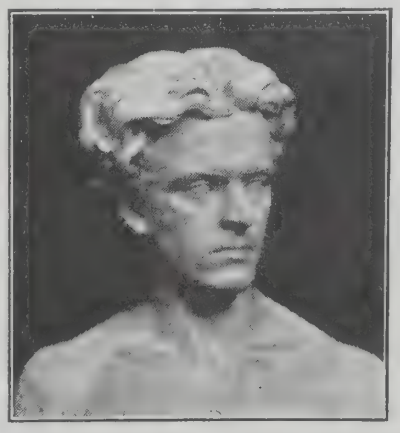
After the loading is finished the switch engines pull out the cars and place them in trains for departure. Then there are the manifest, or through trains. These are handled separately. They are sent to the division points, from where they are distributed by the local freights.

John G. Neihardt, Poet Laureate of Nebraska

(Concluded from page 2)

Many other poems and stories have been written by Mr. Neihardt embodying a chain of western circumstance: "The Lonesome Trail," "A Bundle of Myrrh," "The River and I," "The Dawn-Builder," "The Stranger at the Gate," "Life's Lure," "The Quest," "Two Mothers" and "The Splendid Wayfaring."

Contemporaries have risen to pay tribute. The Yale *Review* "fervently prays that these songs may take rank with, if not precedence over, Scott and Tennyson in our schools." Local Neihardtian literary clubs, have been started in several cities and a national organization bearing his name was founded two years ago. Dr. John T. House, a graduate of Chicago University and an intimate friend, has written the poet's biography. The University of Nebraska in 1917, conferred on him the degree of Litterarum Doctor and in 1919 he was awarded the Poetry Society's prize, for the best poem of the year, "The Song of Three Friends." This is another epic of western pioneer life which in chronological order antedates the story revealed in, "The Song of Hugh Glass."



A bust of the poet done by his wife.

Mr. Neihardt points out that the great American epos was developed west of the Missouri River during the nineteenth century, beginning in 1822 and ending in 1890, and he regards the body of legends that grew up about the heroes of that time as "precious saga-stuff." His "Song of Three Friends" and "The Song of Hugh Glass" are historical prose epics dealing with this period, and he is now engaged on a third piece of the cycle, "The Song of the Indian Wars." He believes that the work still to be written by him will require another 15 years.

Probably no single poem has been more quoted before juries and conventions than, "Battle Cry." It is a demand for courage in solving the complex problems of the day. Each generation must meet its battles:

More than half beaten, but fearless,
Facing the storm and the night;
Breathless and reeling, but tearless,
Here in the lull of the fight,
I who bow not but before Thee,
God of the fighting Clan,
Lifting my fists I implore Thee,
Give me the heart of a Man!

What though I live with the winners
Or perish with those who fall?
Only the cowards are sinners,
Fighting the fight is all.
Strong is my Foe—he advances!
Snapt is my blade, O Lord!
See the proud banners and lances!
Oh spare me this stub of a sword!

Give me no pity, nor spare me;
Calm not the wrath of my Foe.
See where he beckons to dare me!
Bleeding, half beaten—I go.
Not for the glory of winning,
Not for the fear of the night;
Shunning the battle is sinning—
Oh spare me the heart to fight!

Red is the mist about me;
Deep is the wound in my side;
"Coward" thou criest to flout me?
O terrible Foe, thou hast lied!
Here with my battle before me,
God of the fighting Clan,
Grant that the woman who bore me
Suffered to suckle a Man!

Since 1912 Neihardt has been literary critic for the Minneapolis *Journal*, reading 10 books and writing seven columns each week.

At his little home built on the same lawn as the home of his aged mother, at Bancroft, Nebraska, surrounded by a wife, who is a sculptress, and three children, Mr. Neihardt spends three forenoons each week writing review criticisms. The afternoons he spends in his garden, or in winter chopping wood or reading, and with it all he keeps a reserve of energy by which he rejoices in the beauties of sky and earth, night and day, his ear attuned to the music of the birds and his mind a filming plate for poems.

Singularly enough, the Neihardt family has been a participant in the long continental migration movement described in these western poems. The original Neihardts settled in Pennsylvania in 1737, descendants of an old Bavarian family, the founder of which was ennobled by Friederich Barbarossa and given large estates near Zweibruecken. Mrs. Neihardt is a daughter of Rudolph Vincent Martinsen, a German-Russian financier, and for some years president of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad. She took her training in sculpture under the late Auguste Rodin, and some of her work was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1907. Mr. and Mrs. Neihardt were married in 1908. For them the vanities of life have few attractions.

"—As for me, a cracker box and enough food to keep me going," said Neihardt. "But half of a poet's job is that of being a real he-person, and that is one good reason why I am increasingly glad for my responsibilities. So far, I've done the trick by the simple expedient of producing necessities instead of fighting for money with which to buy them—that is, to a great degree. Soon the world will learn that money is only a medium of exchange! It has temporarily forgotten. Sometimes I have a vision of our world making industry an end instead of a means—and it is terrible.

"What am I, John Neihardt? What matters it that I or some one else should do this work. The individual must be lost in the mass. I am willing, eager to give up my ego, even the memory of my name that my work may be done."

Shell-Shocked in the Great Battle of Life

Mental Disorders Are Often the Result of a Desire to Get Away From the Struggle of Existence

By EDWARD J. BECK

IS everybody more or less insane? What distinguishes a crazy person from one who is normal? These questions I put to a medical friend of mine who is a specialist on mental diseases and the fame of whose competence attracts patients from several states.

"Your question is about as easy to answer as 'How high is up?' or 'How long is a string?'

"It is impossible to give a clear-cut definition of insanity. The border line between mental disorder and actual insanity is often indistinguishable. Just as we have colds, chills and headaches without cataloging ourselves as invalids, so we may be haunted by some obsession or compulsion or be subject to absent-mindedness or forgetfulness without making the term 'crazy' rightly applicable to us.

"What are brains for anyhow? The answer is 'to enable the individual to adjust himself as a whole to his environment.' Insanity is the lack of capacity for efficient adjustment.

"The normal mind, for example, correctly pictures the outside world. It mirrors the environment as it is—it does not habitually see things which are not there nor habitually misinterpret the impressions furnished by the senses.

"The mind relates us to the world of our physical environment; it chooses our vocation; it earns our living; it adjusts us to frictionless relations with our fellows.

"When the mind loses the very capacity to adjust its possessor to the world of the senses, the workaday world or the social world; when it fails to perform its most essential and valuable function, so that the individual becomes a menace to his own interest or a danger to society, then we call the disorder insanity."

Brave Soldiers Were Victims

LOOKING through the literature I found no more useful explanation than this—for practical purposes at least—though the diagnostician has more precise criteria for identifying insanity. Life is a battle, a struggle for life, power and happiness and in the harshness and tumult of the fight, cases of mental abnormality develop very much like the shell-shock of which we heard so much during the war.

During the war, whole hospitals were filled with soldiers who had been shell-shocked; they had lost sight, hearing or memory in some mysterious manner though their seeing and hearing apparatus were unimpaired. The victims of the derangement were often the strongest and bravest men in their units—not nervous weaklings nor cowering sissies.

Psychologists attributed their condition to the suppression of the instinct of flight and its accompanying emotion—fear. The brave soldier did not distinguish between fear and cowardice; one seemed as despicable to him as the other; he dismissed fear from his mind as a sign of weakness instead of regarding it as an inevitable and instinctive reaction to the dangers of modern, large-scale warfare. He had no consciousness of fear but fear was there just the same—hidden unrecognized in the subconscious mind.

In the unconscious mind was a desire to escape, an urging to flight that was strong enough to produce blindness and deafness. The instinctive self reasoned thus: "When I am blind, I am incapacitated, I can go to the rear—so I'll be blind." The bravest soldier could be made a victim of a part of his personality which was deeper-seated than will power or habit. The cure came when that same primitive self was made aware that the war was over and the danger past—though this reassurance was often difficult to transmit except by hypnotic suggestion or a shock of some kind.

Tracing the Cause

IT IS the desire to flee from the battle of existence and to evade unpleasant reality that causes the shell-shock in the battle of life. The same sort of refusal to face facts which caused blindness on the battlefield, produces disintegration of the personality, mental disorder and milder forms of mental disturbance in times of peace.

A hidden conflict between instinct and reason; between desire and conscience; between things as they are and as we would like them to be, causes those eccentricities and derangements which are manifested in varying degrees in everyone and which furnishes some justification for the uncritical dictum that everyone is more or less crazy.

A news item from the daily press offers a typical illustration of how suppressed desires may manifest themselves in grotesque form.

The society columns of Atlanta newspapers announced the engagement of a music teacher whom I shall call Miss Jones to a Dr. Alleyne Hensley, of Quebec, Canada. Two years previously, Miss Jones had been a patient at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, and on her return home she informed her family and friends that the physician who had performed her operation had fallen in love with her and had asked her to marry him.

Wedding invitations were mailed out and published notices went so far as to give the details of the forthcoming wedding, stating that the eleven-year-old daughter of Dr. Hensley would be a flower girl.

Miss Jones left Atlanta about the time the engagement was announced saying that she was going to New York to purchase her trousseau. A little later, relatives received a message saying that Dr. Hensley had been badly injured in a train wreck. Another message from Chicago said that he had died before she arrived and that she was bringing the body to Atlanta for burial.

The Atlanta undertaker was doubtful that the body could have been that of a surgeon; it seemed more like the remains of a laborer. The funeral, which was set for a Thursday, was postponed until the family had time to investigate.

Then Miss Jones confessed the truth. There had never been any Dr. Hensley; the letters and presents she had received during the courtship had been ingeniously sent by herself to herself. The body was that of an unidentified tramp who had been killed by a train in the Chicago railroad yards.

Miss Jones had appeared at the office of a Chicago undertaking firm which takes care of burials in potter's field and said she was looking for the body of her husband—Dr. Hensley. When the body of the tramp was shown her, she identified the remains as those of her husband and made arrangements for shipping the body to Atlanta.

The deputy coroner in Chicago said: "She wept incessantly while giving the statement and I never for a minute suspected it was anything but a bona fide identification."

This is an illustration of the results of conflict between a strong mating instinct plus a desire for social recognition, with the cruel facts of life. Condemned by circumstances to celibacy, the unconscious mind would not be denied the fulfillment of its wish, and not finding realization in actual life possible, it found satisfaction at first probably in romantic phantasies or daydreams and later in the elaborate and cleverly-planned fiction told above.

The psychologists tell us that most of the functional mental disorders and many peculiar physical manifestations such as twitchings, stuttering, many cases of skin eruption, even some cases of paralysis, blindness and deafness may be attributed to inner conflict between hidden desires on the one hand and conscience, pride or fear of social disapproval on the other. Or the present condition may be traced back to some shock in childhood or to a submerged discord of personality which had its origin in the faulty handling of the child by its parents. Eccentricities, obsessions and delusions are often derived from the same causes.

Man's Double Nature

TO UNDERSTAND abnormalities of this kind, we must recognize that man has a double nature. First, he has the conscious mind with which he thinks and reasons, and then also an unconscious self, the savage and the baby in him which never grows up. When he is born he comes to the world with a ready-made outfit of instincts—the same equipment which nature gives every infant whether born in the jungles or on Fifth Avenue. Our natures are not modernized. This out-of-date self is the oldest and most deep-seated part of us and the standards of adult life are simply a surface veneer.

Infancy is a care-free time of complete satisfaction in the mother's arms. The baby is just an animated stomach. His is a blissful existence of feeding and sleeping. Everything comes easy—all that is needed to fill a want is a cry.

Conflict begins when the child learns that there are others to be considered also and that the heart's desires do not materialize automatically.

Parents may handle their children wrongly in two different ways and render them susceptible to later mental disorder: they may spoil them or they may bully them.

A child may be so sheltered from unpleasantness and pampered that a mama's darling results. Or it may be capriciously knocked around, denied any understanding of its whims and cowed by parental tyranny. In the latter instance, an inferiority complex may be built up which may end in some form of mental disorder.

Mrs. Smith was a chronic invalid. She had consulted many doctors and lived in numerous sanitariums, all to no avail. Her medical advisers all told her there was nothing organically wrong. The latest specialist happened to be a psycho-analyst and went on the theory that the trouble was caused by some repressed craving. He analyzed Mrs. Smith's dreams to obtain clues as to the nature of the suppressed wish.

"Madame, you wish you were back with your father in the golden days of childhood," said the doctor. "When you fell and hurt yourself your father always petted you and kissed away the pain. As an only daughter, you had too much affection lavished upon you.

"Your husband, though considerate and attentive to your wants, is reserved and withholds the tendernesses of the lover. Your submerged infantile nature yearns for loving attention and to get it, lays you up in bed, because then he must minister to you."

This revelation brought the conflict to the surface and as soon as Mrs. Smith recognized the true state of things, the symptoms left her. Her husband was coached as to the attitude he should take and Mrs. Smith is now a new woman.

A bookkeeper for a wholesale hardware company suffered from writers' cramp and finally felt himself compelled to give up his position. One of the fortunes of the town had been made in the manufacture of cough drops and so the young man decided that he also would acquire wealth by making cough drops.

The young man was undersized in stature and rather chubby-faced. At school he had been taunted about his size and bullied by the other boys. To compensate for his feeling of inferiority, he found satisfaction in the thought that physically he resembled Napoleon. A picture of Napoleon hung on the wall and on the mantle stood a bust of the "Little Corporal." The young man thought of himself vaguely as a coming Napoleon of finance.

He left a few cartons of cough drops with druggists whom he knew and traveled around the country "promoting sales." When the consignments were returned as unsatisfactory because the spring heat caused them to melt into a solid mass, the young man was not dismayed. His identification with the conquering Napoleon and his dreams of wealth warped his judgment and rendered him incapable of seeing the true state of things. When all his savings had been consumed by futile business trips, his dream structure collapsed.

Restoring the Bookkeeper's Balance

THE physician who was treating him for writers' cramp decided that something more than liniment and massage was needed to render him capable of resuming his old occupation of keeping books. He delved into the young man's history and laid bare the hidden motives which explained both the writers' cramp and his dream of empire. The former was caused by his aversion to routine work and the detestation of his position of inferiority at the hardware company. The latter was an example of self-protective delusion whereby a painful complex which is repressed manifests itself in consciousness by an exaggerated development of its opposite. The physician suggested that the young man act as a boy scout leader, thus giving him the satisfaction of superiority and leadership. The bookkeeping is also bearable now, the writers' cramp has disappeared and the young man's reactions to life are normal—because the analysis ended the conflict.

The natural result of craving and ambition is action which brings actual realization. In some cases where the world of reality thwarts realization, recourse is had to daydreaming and the desire of the heart is attained in agreeable mental pictures. Fame, love, money and success are enjoyed in imagination. Daydreaming is the refuge from reality.

William James called attention to the danger of becoming filled with emotions which prompt no deed and are not translated into action. Plays and concerts produce a sentimental effect. James says: "The remedy would be never to suffer oneself to have an emotion at a concert without expressing it afterward in some actual way. Let the expression be the least thing in the world—speaking genially to one's aunt or giving up one's seat in a horse car, if nothing more heroic offers—but let it not fail to take place."

Both Kinds Are Preventable

MENTAL disorder and life-shock are preventable through self-knowledge and candor. If we admit our brutish, uncivilized and childish proclivities to ourselves instead of repressing them; if we drag them out of the dark into the daylight, we abort mental trouble. If we acknowledge our limitations and face the demands of the world with deeds rather than excuses or delusions, we are sane. We must not fool ourselves by seeking the rewards of life in phantasy instead of winning them from an obstinate world by actual effort.

The National Committee for Mental Hygiene makes the following suggestions as essential in protecting the mental health of children:

Give your child opportunity for a variety of wholesome activities and interests.

Train your child to work hard in some regular occupation suited to his ability and talents but to avoid fatigue by alteration of work and rest.

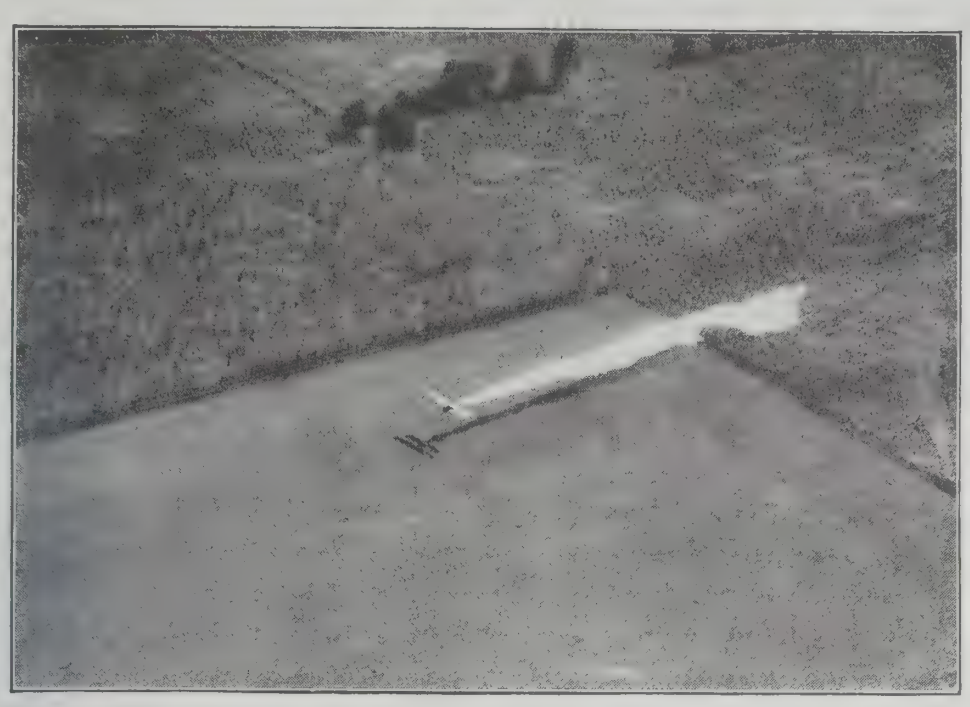
Train your child to strict obedience in a few important matters and let him alone in regard to unimportant things.

Avoid conditions that tend to produce overstrain or precocity. The special business of a young child is to grow and play with other children.

Protect your child from shocks. Do not frighten him yourself nor let other people do so.

Take the advice of a competent person concerning the peculiar, sensitive or nervous child to correct a possibly bad inheritance by proper education and environment.

Using the Airplane to Destroy Insect Pests



Airplane spreading insecticide over a grove in Ohio. Photo taken from another airplane.

HOW much advanced has become the various phases of human activity to which the airplane has been associated, is attested by an experiment in Ohio a short time ago. A farmer near Dayton had been busy trying to devise a plan for saving from destructive insects thousands of trees in a grove which he owns. He labored hard to achieve his purpose without success. He was able to spray the lower limbs of the trees, but the tops, where much of the harm was being done, remained virtually untouched by his efforts. The state agricultural experiment station at Wooster, Ohio, was communicated with. Officials of that institution suggested that the use of the airplane might result in putting a stop to the damage being done to the trees. At any rate, it was worth the effort. The McCook Experimental Post at Dayton, where all engineering work with government airplanes is carried on, was communicated with and fell in with the plan. The result was that Lieutenant John MacCready volunteered to help the farmer. He took one of the experimental airplanes from the field, attached a box of insect powder beneath the body of the ship, flew over the grove and distributed, through a process of sifting, 100 pounds of insecticide. The device operated on the principle of a flour sifter and it worked perfectly.

The McCook Field has announced its willingness to cooperate with all farmers who may be needing an agency to relieve them of insects. The airplane, it is said, fits in admirably with this new process. Lieutenant MacCready had to fly low and skim over the tops of the trees, but his skill enabled him to do this without more than ordinary danger to himself.

Estimating Your Vocabulary

THE average adult is supposed to have a vocabulary of 11,700 words and the superior adult one containing 13,500 words or more. Experiments made by specialists at various universities have shown that by using a test, like the one given below, requiring only a half hour or less, the vocabulary of a person may be gauged so accurately that the margin of error does not exceed five per cent.

The method used to arrive at this result is that known as sampling. The last word in every sixth column of a dictionary containing 18,000 words is selected for the test. A list of 100 such words is compiled. A dictionary with 18,000 words is presumed to contain only the common terms in ordinary use.

The person taking the test is asked to tell the meaning of the words in this list. The number of correct answers multiplied by 180 indicates the size of his vocabulary. If he possesses average intelligence he should be able to give correct definitions of 65 out of the 100 and his total vocabulary would equal 65 times 180, or 11,700.

If you stood by the side of a leading highway and for half a day tabulated the different makes of automobiles that passed, you would be able to estimate pretty closely the number of machines of each make in the county. You would exclude machines with license plates from other states. You would express your results in terms of percentages, then get figures from the license board on the total number of machines registered and then you could compute your final figures on the assumption that the distribution of makes in the county as a whole would be the same as on the stretch of road you had under observation.

Professor Lewis Terman's vocabulary test is the one most widely used. We give only every other one of his 100 words, so you will multiply your correct answers by 360 and thus obtain the figure showing the size of your vocabulary. You are not expected to give a precise dictionary definition, but merely to show that you know the meaning of a word with reasonable accuracy.

1. Orange
2. Bonfire
3. Straw
4. Roar
5. Haste
6. Afloat
7. Guitar
8. Mellow
9. Impolite
10. Plumbing
11. Noticeable
12. Muzzle
13. Quake
14. Reception
15. Majesty
16. Treasury
17. Misuse
18. Crunch
19. Forfeit
20. Sportive
21. Apish
22. Snip
23. Shrewd
24. Repose
25. Peculiarity
26. Conscientious
27. Charter
28. Coinage
29. Dilapidated
30. Promontory
31. Avarice
32. Gelatinous
33. Drabble
34. Philanthrophy
35. Irony
36. Embody
37. Swaddle
38. Exaltation
39. Infuse
40. Selectman
41. Declivity
42. Laity
43. Fen
44. Sapient
45. Cameo
46. Theosophy
47. Precipitancy
48. Paleology
49. Homunculus
50. Limpet

Americanizing the Art of Dancing

By JOHN B. WALLACE

DANCING as a branch of the fine arts is of comparative recent origin in America. Strictly speaking, we have no national dance, as we have no national music. The nearest approach to it is the primitive war dance of the American Indian. We also have adopted and elaborated the buck and wing and shuffle of the Negro.

Yet America is a dancing nation. Imbued with the vigor and health that comes from plenty of good food and sanitary environment, it is but natural that we should turn to the dance to work off our surplus energy. It is that superabundance of physical energy that has made the one-step and the two-step so popular with our younger generation. As they become older, however, they turn to the waltz, the one ballroom dance of perfect rhythm.

While dancing as a form of amusement always has been popular in America little attention has been paid to it as an art. There has been for a number of decades, it is true, sporadic attempts to popularize so-called esthetic dancing, but it was not until recently, especially since the revolution in Russia, that this form of physical expression has come into vogue.

Now dancing is even taught in our public schools. Not only has society adopted it, but it has percolated down to our humblest citizens, thus insuring its permanence as an institution and not a mere fad.

While credit for the recent popularity of what might be called artistic dancing—to distinguish it from the ballroom type—must be given largely to the influx of Russian dancers, who undoubtedly are of all nations the greatest masters of this art, yet it is doubtful if the teaching is left entirely in their hands the art can long survive in America. This is because the art of the Russians, while wonderful in technique and expression, is essentially an appeal to the senses. America, a melting pot of all the nations of the earth, is yet predominantly Anglo-Saxon in its ideals. While composed in the aggregate of neither prudes nor Puritans, it fails to react enthusiastically to the manifestations of either the Slavic or Latin temperaments.

Therefore to preserve this wonderful art until we can evolve a distinctive American dance, it must be shorn largely of its physical appeal, for which must be substituted appeal to the mind. Love, the foundation of all arts, as it is basis of all human efforts, provides the motivity for the dance. It cannot be eliminated without destroying the appeal of the dance. But it can be spiritualized. Instead of depicting what predominates in Russian and other European dances there can be portrayed the love of home, of mother, of brother, the love of man for man, the love of God.

It is along these lines that Marian Virginia Shipp, who in private life is Mrs. E. C. Howard, of Los Angeles, is working.

Miss Shipp is a Kentucky girl, who started out to be an illustrator and designer. While studying in New York she concluded that dancing offered a more alluring field. She studied the art under some of the best teachers in New York, including the famous Menzeli. She now has a large studio in Los Angeles, where she has under instruction many of the daughters of the society leaders of that city.



MARIAN VIRGINIA SHIPP

Every year she gives what she calls a dance-drama in one of the larger theaters of Los Angeles. These productions are entirely original with Miss Shipp, who not only arranges, composes and directs, but designs all the costumes and scenery. Miss Shipp, although she borrows a little from all schools of dancing, may yet be said to have created a distinct school of her own. All her productions are distinguished by marked originality.

So successful has she been in developing talent that many of her pupils have received flattering offers to enter the professional ranks.

Her dances, while beautiful in their grace and grouping, make a distinct appeal to the mentality of the audience rather than to the senses. Her pupils are taught that the body is but the instrument for the expression of the idea. In fact, the consciousness of physical being is taken from them so that in acting their parts in one of Miss Shipp's dance-dramas they become literally identified with the idea which they are representing, just as a great actor becomes merged in the character he is playing.

Miss Shipp also has original views on the relation of the dance to the other arts.

"I am a believer," she says, "in but one art, and that is the unity of all arts in giving forth one great beautiful thought or idea of beauty and truth."

"I do not consider music greater than literature, nor sculpture greater than the pictorial arts, nor any of them worth more than dancing. Each and all these expressions are inspired by the Master Builder, and in proportion, as an artist or a group of artists combine their faculties for expression and seek to portray or to reflect life's perfect unity and beauty, does art become worth while."

Miss Shipp carries out this creed in her dance-dramas, in which music and design are given an equal place with dancing, combining the three to make one harmonious whole.

She believes that dancing should be used only where it is the natural medium of interpretation for an idea. In this she differs from the European school. Consequently an audience is not compelled in viewing her production to draw on its imagination to the lengths often carried to absurdity in Russian and French ballets.

Two years ago she engaged one of the largest theaters in Los Angeles to stage one of her productions. Not only did a group of Jewish stage hands annoy in every possible manner but when she came to settle the bill she found that they had charged for the services of 20 men for each rehearsal, although three men had actually done the work required. Miss Shipp has plenty of good American spunk and she refused to be gouged. As a result her productions have been boycotted in every theater in the city and she is compelled to stage them at a club, which is far too small for the productions she has planned.

Merging the Public School and the Hospital

Minneapolis Plan Serves as a Check on Tuberculosis

By JOHN M. WRIGHT

"PLEASE, doctor, can't you find something wrong with me?" questioned a boy in tears.

The test had been negative. He had been pronounced free of tuberculosis.

"Please, doctor, I want to stay," pleaded the boy.

The unusual request came from a pupil in Lymanhurst, a unique institution just opened in Minneapolis, which partakes of the functions of both school and hospital.

Dr. F. E. Harrington, commissioner of health in Minneapolis, explained that Lymanhurst is not a school, nor is it a hospital. It represents a new idea in the treatment of children with tubercular tendencies, and there isn't a word that will fit it. And so, in Minneapolis, the institution goes by the name of Lymanhurst —not Lymanhurst school, nor Lymanhurst hospital, but Lymanhurst.

Now, when a boy cries to stay in a hospital—or a school—you may conclude that it is something out of the ordinary. Indeed, the Minneapolis institution represents a departure in a good many ways.

Numerous cities have installed open-air schools, though even this improvement has not reached hundreds of cities and towns throughout the land. Frequently these schools house all anemic children taken from the regular schools. Some of these pupils may have tubercular tendencies, but others may have been retarded by other causes.

Nor has there been in the usual open-air school adequate means of treating children afflicted with tuberculosis. To Dr. Harrington and his associates in Minneapolis, a school didn't seem to fill the bill. Neither would an ordinary hospital do. When a child is placed in a hospital, he gets good physical treatment, perhaps, but no schooling. His body is improved, but the development of his mind more than likely is allowed to stop just at the period when it should be receiving the most encouragement.

Then, too, Dr. Harrington has found that there are a large number of children who are not actually ill, yet are infected with tuberculosis to the extent that they are dangerous to other pupils. To the profession, they are known as ambulatory, open lesion cases. Excluded from the schools, most of these boys and girls did not enter the state or county sanatoria. In fact, parents of many of the pupils saw no necessity for it. The children apparently were well.

"Last spring I excluded 118 pupils from the schools because they were infected sufficiently to be dangerous to others," said Dr. Harrington.

"Now, what did these children do? Why, in most instances, they remained at home.

"And putting the boy in the usual hospital, where there are no classes, wouldn't be any better so far as his mental development is concerned. We were convinced that we must protect the child in every way. We take him out of the regular schools, and it certainly wouldn't be right to shut him up in a hospital without a chance to get an education. If it is our duty to safeguard the health of the child, likewise we must prevent him from becoming a vagrant."

Hence, there came to be established in Minneapolis a hospital where boys and girls afflicted with tuberculosis may go to school, or a school where boys and girls may receive the best hospital treatment. It has X-ray rooms, therapeutic lamps, and all the finest equipment developed by medical science for the testing and treatment of tuberculosis. And it has also sleeping rooms, a kitchen, play rooms, a victrola, and all the adjuncts of the most up-to-date school.

No wonder these boys and girls hate to leave Lymanhurst. Consider a school where you are required to sleep for two hours a day, for instance. Or a school where you get ice cream for lunch, and where you are required to play. There are motor buses which call for children who live too far from the school to walk.

The public health organization in Minneapolis is novel in one respect. Dr. Harrington is at once commissioner of health and director of hygiene in the schools. As supervisor of Lymanhurst, he thus is working for two bosses, the welfare board and the school board. The two boards co-operate in running the institution. The department of education furnishes the teachers and provides for instruction costs, while the welfare board furnishes the nurses and doctors.

"We are going to examine every one of the 60,000 children in the Minneapolis schools," Dr. Harrington explained. "Few persons realize that tuberculosis infection is so prevalent. When you consider that 85 per cent of all children are infected with tuberculosis to some extent, the importance of dealing with the matter becomes strikingly apparent.

"Really, that is the function of Lymanhurst. We propose to fill the gap between the open-air school and the regular hospital. The open-air school possibly is all right for those only predisposed to tuberculosis, or from families with tuberculosis. The regular hospital is necessary for the serious cases. Our institution is both hospital and school. It is a new link in the chain.

"As we make this survey, we are going to take out those with infection enough to be dangerous to other pupils. I am sure there will be 200. The number may even reach 500. These children will go to Lymanhurst for six months or a year, returning to their regular schools as they are improved.

"As for the operation of this hospital-school, the daily program will be suggestive. When the child arrives in the morning, we give him a cup of hot milk.

"There is a recess at 10:15. Each child is given a half pint of milk. At 12 o'clock the children prepare for dinner, and at 12:30 eat a full meal, including soup, meat, vegetables, salad, and ice cream for dessert. Then the children go to the rest room and sleep for an hour or two. They really sleep, too. After their nap, they go back to classes for a bit. In the middle of the afternoon they have a bowl of broth or cereal, and another drink of milk before going home at 3:30.

"We have had 48 boys and girls in Lymanhurst during the summer. The institution was completed in June and we decided to open it to volunteer students in advance of the survey to be made following the opening of school in September. These 48 volunteered, and they had a picnic all summer.

"All but three of these children gained in weight. Here, too, is a significant thing—all but one were promoted to a higher grade in their school work. Now, these children had been excluded from the regular schools. Yet here at Lymanhurst, while being treated for tuberculosis, they passed their grades.

"We taught every grade from the first to the eighth. In another year I expect to add the high school classes.

"Many of these children never missed a day. Really, it was a marvel to see how they enjoyed it. We have 13 showers in the institution, and you couldn't keep the youngsters out of them. We have a victrola, too. You see, you have to amuse and entertain these boys and girls. It is more than teaching. Many of the youngsters tire easily at first, and so we have to do things to stimulate their interest and enthusiasm.

"Next summer, we are going to have a garden, and let the children work in it. That will mean more open air and less study, but it will be worth while."

Temperature of the children is taken daily. Their weight also is recorded every day. When the child enters the institution, X-ray pictures are taken, and, later, other pictures, to show his improvement. These are shown to parents, thus enlisting them in further efforts for the promotion of the health of the family.

Ten leading physicians of Minneapolis volunteer their services as a staff, and trained nurses have been provided, so that the children at Lymanhurst are constantly under the observation of specialists in the treatment of tuberculosis.

"The time to begin treating tuberculosis is when it is in its earliest stages," Dr. Harrington emphasized. "Many mothers think that their thin, anemic boy or girl is 'growing too fast,' or that the child has a bad cold or poor digestion. I have watched the school children, and it is my opinion that many of these cases are incipient tuberculosis. The time to stamp it out is in its earliest stages."





Above—Boys may look healthy enough to the casual observer, and still be tubercular. For instance, consider the lads in the picture. Perhaps you wouldn't guess it, but all have been under treatment for tuberculosis. Under the new plan in Minneapolis, Dr. Harrington plans to test every child in the public schools for tuberculosis.

Right—The Lymanhurst building, erected to serve both as school and hospital for Minneapolis children afflicted with tuberculosis.

A Rah-Rah Community Spirit—By E. J. BECK

COOPERSBURG, Pennsylvania, is populated by a Pennsylvania Dutch citizenry, an element not ordinarily thought of as effervescing with emotionalism. This community has official town colors, a town hymn, a town motto and a town slogan.

A local poet wrote the hymn and home talent furnished the motto and slogan. A contest was held to elicit literary competition along these lines, and a committee of judges selected the best contributions.

The town hymn is quoted herewith:

MY COOPERSBURG

My Coopersburg! Of thee
Home of my childhood's glee
Of thee I sing:
Haven of peaceful rest,
Village of all most blessed,
To every parting guest
Thy praises cling.

My native Coopersburg!
Dear, fostering, home-like burg!
Thy name I love;
I love thy rolling farms,
Thy quiet rural charms;
My heart with ardor warms
For thee I love.

Dear God we plead with thee,
Drive all adversity
Far from our town;
Long may her glory rise,
Her praises fill the skies;
Bless thou the town we prize,
Grant her renown.

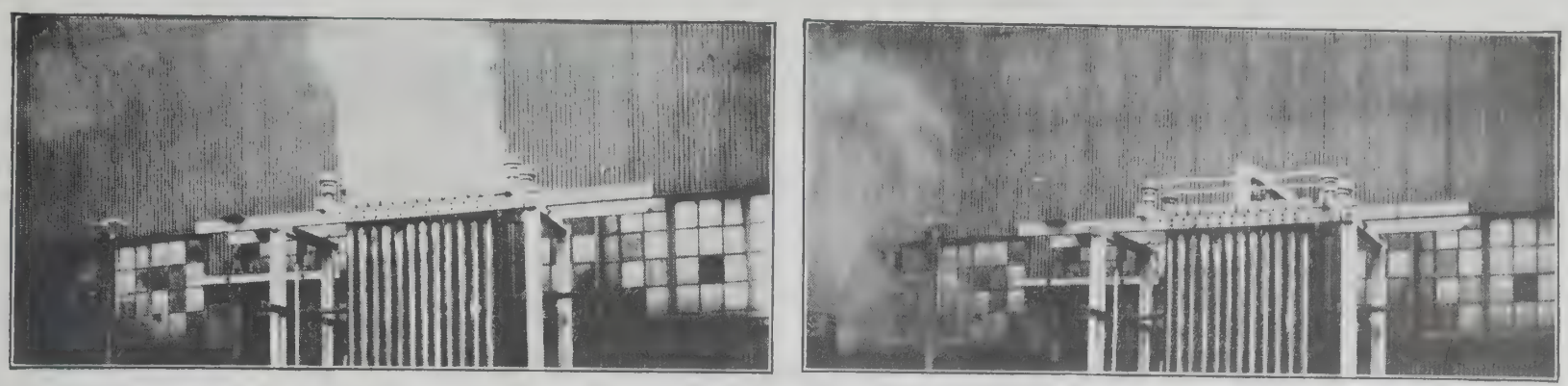
No one can possibly mistake a University of California man for a Harvard man or a Cornellian for a product of Yale. Long residents in college towns even claim the ability to distinguish almost at sight the members of one fraternity from another by an indefinable something which is the product of group ideals and spirit.

One of the things that strikes a man driving through the country as he passes through village after village is their sameness. Why cannot a village exhibit a distinct individuality? Such an individuality would first be expressed in externals by the exploitation of the natural beauty of the location. Like the discriminating woman, the village should dress itself in the garb that sets off its inherent charm.

This landscape and architectural distinctiveness should then be accompanied by a psychological individuality. Why cannot the village have a morale, a spirit, a communal fervor analogous to that of the college? Local pride, historical traditions, the fond recollections of childhood, the sentimental associations rooted in the impressionable years, the typical American "boosting" propensity—all these emotional ingredients may be blended into a dynamic town spirit.

Why cannot the rah-rah impulse furnish the kinetic energy for civic progress? Let the village give up its fatuous dream of growing into a metropolis, the "10,000 by 1922" idea, and develop its present human, commercial and esthetic resources to the limit by intensive cultivation.

Let Smithville, Ohio, come to represent something distinctive in the mind of every tourist who casually travels through it; let its buildings, its natural beauties, and its human elements combine to form an individualized social entity—a community with a personality—just as a college represents a distinctive composite of ivy-covered halls, a campus unlike any other and a body of special traditions and sentiments.



Left—Cottrell experimental apparatus in cement plant, with current off; right—Plant under identical conditions with the current on. Note all absence of smoke or dust fumes.

Turning Smoke Into Money

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

AMERICA sends millions "up in smoke" yearly because of the enormous waste in the fuel used by our industries. On the other hand, there is a man in Washington who has discovered how to turn smoke into money, and he is now busily engaged in teaching the rest of the country how to perform the same trick. He does this by means of devices which, through electrical precipitation, not only reclaim vast wealth from the smoke, dust and fumes of smelters, but at the same time redeem thousands of acres of near-by land. As a matter of fact, the curb which this man has put on the smoke and dust nuisance—his original aim—now actually bids fair to be, in some directions, the primary reason for the running of certain of our industries. The smoke wizard who has accomplished these remarkable things is Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell, chief of one of the government's greatest scientific agencies—the Bureau of Mines. Dr. Cottrell has many claims to the appreciation of his fellow scientists. He is a man who does things and says little. He is that rare thing, an American who cares little for either money or publicity. The clearest proof of the possession of the qualities of the true scientist that Dr. Cottrell has ever given, a demonstration deemed to be a model to be followed by those of his kind, came a decade ago, when he made a discovery of such practical value that it was obviously capable of being made to yield all the riches any man might desire. After having demonstrated its possibilities Dr. Cottrell gave it away. He consistently refused all offers to make a fortune out of his work, and when money began to pour in on him in spite of himself he promptly got his friends together, formed what is known as the "Research Corporation," and turned the financial stream into the corporation, with the provision that the funds were to be used to assist struggling scientists whose hardships he already knew. An ironclad agreement was made that all profits from his work go to the corporation and not to Dr. Cottrell himself.



Rich potash (in bags) reclaimed through dust precipitator at a cement plant.



DR. FREDERICK G. COTTRELL

The first big contribution of Dr. Cottrell to science was the electrical precipitation of particles of liquids and solids, or, in popular terms, the elimination of smoke and rescue of smoke constituents by a process of electricity. Undertaken at first to eliminate smoke as a nuisance, the process showed that the so-called smoke dust precipitated at big plants was worth in some cases more than the product being manufactured.

It was in 1906, while he was working as assistant professor of chemistry at the University of California, that the idea first came to Dr. Cottrell. California at that time was much annoyed over fumes from smelters. There were examples of it close to the university. The fumes were admittedly necessary to the running of the smelters, but were a nuisance to everyone within their radius. There was continued talk about it, but no one suggested a possible remedy, excepting to remove the smelters. Dr. Cottrell said little, but it was noticed that he began spending all his spare time in the laboratory. He worked whenever he got a chance during the day and far into the night. Finally he surprised his friends at the university by telling them that he had discovered an "electrical precipitation process" which would do away with the smoke.

In a general way his idea was to remove the suspended particles from the gases by the aid of electrical discharges. His process was to operate by passing the gases, carrying the suspended, finely divided particles, between two systems of electrodes, one of which was made to carry a negative electrical charge, while the other carried a positive charge.

The electrodes were to be charged by being connected with a source of high voltage electricity, consisting of a high voltage transformer for increasing the electric potential up to a working voltage of from 20,000 to 100,000 volts. A rectifier for changing alternating current into direct current and a switchboard were to provide the necessary control equipment. Dr. Cottrell figured that the suspended particles, while passing between the electrodes, would become electrically charged and would be driven into pipes by the forces of the electric field. The original laboratory experiments conducted by Dr. Cottrell were made with the apparatus shown in the accompanying photographs, which clearly show the effect of turning the electric current on and off in a precipitator in which sulphuric acid mist had been generated

Dr. Cottrell had no money at the time he perfected his invention. He was distinctly "hard up" in those days, but he was certain he could eliminate the smoke nuisance if given a chance. It happened about this time that at Riverdale, a town not far away, there was a huge cement factory, which had likewise become a nuisance in the community because the dust from it found its way into the blossoms of orange groves near by and interfered with the development of the fruit.



How dust from cement manufacture collects on vegetation and destroys life.

The orange growers took the matter into the courts and spent hundreds of thousands of dollars pressing and winning their cases. The company then tried the expedient of buying up the land at $1,000 an acre, but found it couldn't stand the pace. More than $1,000,000 had been spent by the company in litigation and still there was no relief in sight. In desperation the firm sent for Dr. Cottrell, the fame of whose experiments had reached it from the university.

Dr. Cottrell told the firm that he believed his process would solve its difficulty, but that it would cost a considerable amount of money to install it. He was told to go ahead and never mind the expense. The process was installed and it worked like a charm. It did away with the dust nuisance completely, and it was not necessary for the community to sacrifice either its cement plant or its oranges. The electrodes in the smoke stacks of the cement plant yielded every day 100 tons of minute particles which would otherwise have been spread out on the community. Although the plant had a capacity of 5,000 barrels of cement a day and business was good, Dr. Cottrell suggested that the concern might find it profitable to examine the dust which his process collected. The firm did so and found that it contained large quantities of potash, and potash is the basis of one of the most valuable fertilizers in the world. Since that time the company has manufactured chiefly potash, obtained from the smoke dust by the Cottrell process, and is only making cement as a by-product. Thus a new and profitable means of getting potash has been discovered. This is certainly a romantic development of modern industry, where an apparatus installed to save the life of the factory turns out to be the center of the operations, around which the entire plant is adjusted, the incidental profits being sufficient to make the former operation of the factory of secondary importance.

The success of the experiment at Riverdale attracted the attention of a smelter at Vallejo Junction, located a few miles from the former place, which was at that time the subject of injunction proceedings brought by the farmers of the surrounding country. Three separate stacks of the smelter contributed to the alleged nuisance, the most serious offender of the lot being one which handled the gases from the lead blast furnace and discharged several tons of lead fume daily into the air.

While this particular trouble was overcome by the installation of a bag house before work was begun with the electrical precipitators, there still remained a stack which, besides discharging the gases from the roasters, furnished dense white clouds, consisting chiefly of sulphuric acid, arsenic, and lead salts, and to which the bag house was not applicable because of the corrosive action of these gases on the bags. There was still another stack which carried the mists escaping from the pots of boiling sulphuric acid used in dissolving the silver out of the gold and silver alloy coming from the cupels. The electrical precipitators installed at this smelter by Dr. Cottrell proved eminently satisfactory and was the first commercially successful use of the method applied to this type of smelter. The precipitators have now been in regular daily operation for more than 12 years at a cost for labor attendance and repairs of less than $20 a month. As a matter of fact, the plant made enough bluestone to utilize all the weak acid recovered, so that the saving on the purchase of the latter paid for the entire cost of operating at least five times over.

While the solution of the coal smoke problem lies in better combustion, and while what is here needed is not so much a method of collecting smoke as one for preventing its original formation, Dr. Cottrell expresses the opinion that in some special cases, and probably for some time to come, precipitation methods may prove a stepping stone and a useful adjunct. As an example, he points to power plants which have a very high power demand for a short period during the day, as compared with the rest of the time. Under such conditions it is impracticable to prevent the production of a certain amount of black smoke during the high power period without providing a much larger furnace and boiler equipment than is required for the average load. The installation of precipitation apparatus would prove more economic than the addition of boilers and furnaces that would otherwise be required.

The waste in metallurgical smoke—which means gases, vapors, and fine dust—that issues from blast, smelting and roasting furnaces runs into hundreds of millions in money. To prevent that waste was really the problem to which Dr. Cottrell addressed himself.

It is thought Dr. Cottrell's device will be generally applied throughout industry in the near future, but none of the earnings will benefit Dr. Cottrell—the money will all go to aid other struggling scientists.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Three cowboys will make the trip from Yellowstone National Park to New York City on horseback without purchasing fresh horses. They are to dress in typical western style and expect to arrive in New York City on January 1.

The belt buckle of a Hessian soldier, who took part in the Revolutionary War, was discovered recently on the site of an old Revolutionary hut cantonment. This buckle is in a perfect state of preservation. It is of bronze, engraved with the monogram "F. F." surmounted by a crown with ermine tails below. Evidently the F. F. stands for Fuerst Frederick, the regiment of the Hessian army which was brought over to fight Washington's troops.

The U. S. S. Pecos is capable of supplying fuel oil to four vessels at the same time, while moving at sea. Two vessels can be bunkered from the stern and two from the sides.

Holland auctioneers start at a high figure and gradually reduce until a bid is received.

African children are taught to balance a calabash on their heads while learning to walk. Thus they learn their first duty in usefulness at an early age.

The remains of "John Daniel," the gorilla that recently died in America, are being studied by scientists. Casts of the head and face have been made, finger prints have been taken and the brain and body are being dissected by specialists.

An airplane flight to the North Pole will be attempted by an American aviator, who intends to start from Point Barrow, Alaska, and plans to reach the northwestern corner of Spitzbergen. From Spitzbergen he proposes to fly via Norway to England. Sufficient fuel will be carried for a 50-hour flight and if it is impossible to make landings on the polar ice the 1,800-mile flight will be made without descending.

One full-grown bull snake is capable of cleaning up all the gophers on an acre of alfalfa, according to the Kansas Agricultural College.

Crossbreeding of the woolly ox, or yak, of Asia with Galloway cattle is expected to produce ideal meat animals. Seven head of yak have been imported and the experiment will be carried on in Alaska, where the winter is too severe for ordinary cattle. The yak weighs about 1,100 pounds and has a coat of woolly hair three or four inches in length on the upper part of the body and longer hair on the neck, shoulders and underparts. The meat is similar to beef.

Out of every five marriages comes one divorce, according to statistics.

Rent profiteers are forbidden to charge higher rents in Buenos Aires than those in force before January 1, 1920. President Irigoyen recently signed and promulgated a new law to that effect.

San Francisco high school girls voted nine to one against silk stockings, fancy frocks, transparent dresses and pyramid hair dressing. Cotton stockings, middy blouses and wash dresses will be substituted.

Toys 1,900 years old were recently unearthed in the tomb of a little girl in Rome. In the child's hand was a coin of Tiberius—the ferryman's fee for crossing to the other side. A small doll and doll's silver candlestick also were found. The girl had dressed the dolls.

Silk woven from spider webs by the French in Madagascar is beautiful and strong. Female spiders, about three inches long, spin from 300 to 400 yards of web every day. The thread spun by this spider is as strong, in proportion to its size, as the finest steel cable.

Sectional steel bridges, which were constructed during the war for use in Europe, have been turned over by the War Department to the Department of Agriculture, which has placed many of them on roadways in the National Forests, where they are used to span streams.

The percentage of illiteracy in Japan is lower than that of the United States.

The ordinary house fly makes journeys of five to six miles in 24 hours, according to experiments conducted by the Bureau of Entomology.

Traffic at Columbus Circle, New York City, was blocked 15 minutes recently, when motorists and pedestrians halted on their way home to rescue a squirrel which had wandered from a park to Broadway.

A new test for gold has been perfected by the United States Bureau of Standards. Electric sparks jumping from one bar of gold to another are photographed through a diffraction grating revealing minute quantities of baser metals. The highest grade of the San Francisco mint, known as "1000 fine gold," is but 99.997 pure.

A telephone connecting pedestrians on the sidewalk to demonstrators in show windows is a new way of attracting attention to advertised goods. The demonstrator has a telephone on a table in the show window with connections outside under a sign reading: "Answer the phone!" A button rings the outside telephone and the pedestrian usually responds and the demonstrator endeavors to interest him further.

Supersensitive instruments in the United States Bureau of Standards at Washington are of such delicacy and precision that the mere presence of the operator's body is sufficient to generate heat enough to disturb the machine's accuracy. Another instrument shows the loss of weight due to reduction of the earth's atmosphere when two pieces of metal are weighed one on another instead of being weighed side by side.

Poverty has hit the historic Latin Quarter of Paris. Where 12,000 students attended the lectures at the Sorbonne in 1919, only 7,000 names were entered last year. Unfavorable rates of exchange force many students to go to German universities instead of to France.

Salmon, marked four years ago at the hatchery, have returned to the hatchery on the Columbia River to spawn.

Bismarck's chef is now a janitor in the Capitol at Washington.

Nine-tenths of the annual mortality from lightning occurs in the rural districts and towns and villages of 2,500 inhabitants or less.

The right of a man to eat in his shirt sleeves in a public dining hall has been upheld by an Oklahoma court.

Contending that the average police officer is as alert and intelligent as the average citizen and that he continuously carries his life in his hands while doing his duty in protecting the public, the city police forces of New Jersey cities have issued an organized protest against the manner in which police officers, sheriffs, constables and judges are caricatured on the screen, holding that it brings the institutions of law into ridicule and has a bad effect on the public mind.

An orchestra plays every afternoon from 4 until 6 in a large barber shop in New York City.

Detective schools have been established by the Department of Justice. The curriculum includes study of such technicalities as the laws of search and arrest, rudiments of evidence, rights of citizens and preparation of cases for prosecution.

A twentieth century Robinson Crusoe has been found living on an island in the Caroline group. He was shipwrecked in 1901 and was the only white man living there. He was befriended and admitted to the tribe of a native chief, who ruled the island.

Military tanks were used in England to check heath fires this summer. All efforts to check heath fire flames near Aldershot failed until a detachment of tanks, with water and chemicals, cleared the way for the fire fighters who followed through.

"War does not pay," so declares Pierre S. du Pont, chairman of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company. This maker of munitions says that his company has lost, as a result of the war through taxation, accrued profits of 20 years.

Discarded hats constitute a real problem for hotels of New York. One chain of hotels rounded up more than 3,000 discarded hats, collected from rooms where they had been left by patrons. The discarded hats will be sent to Central Europe for distribution.

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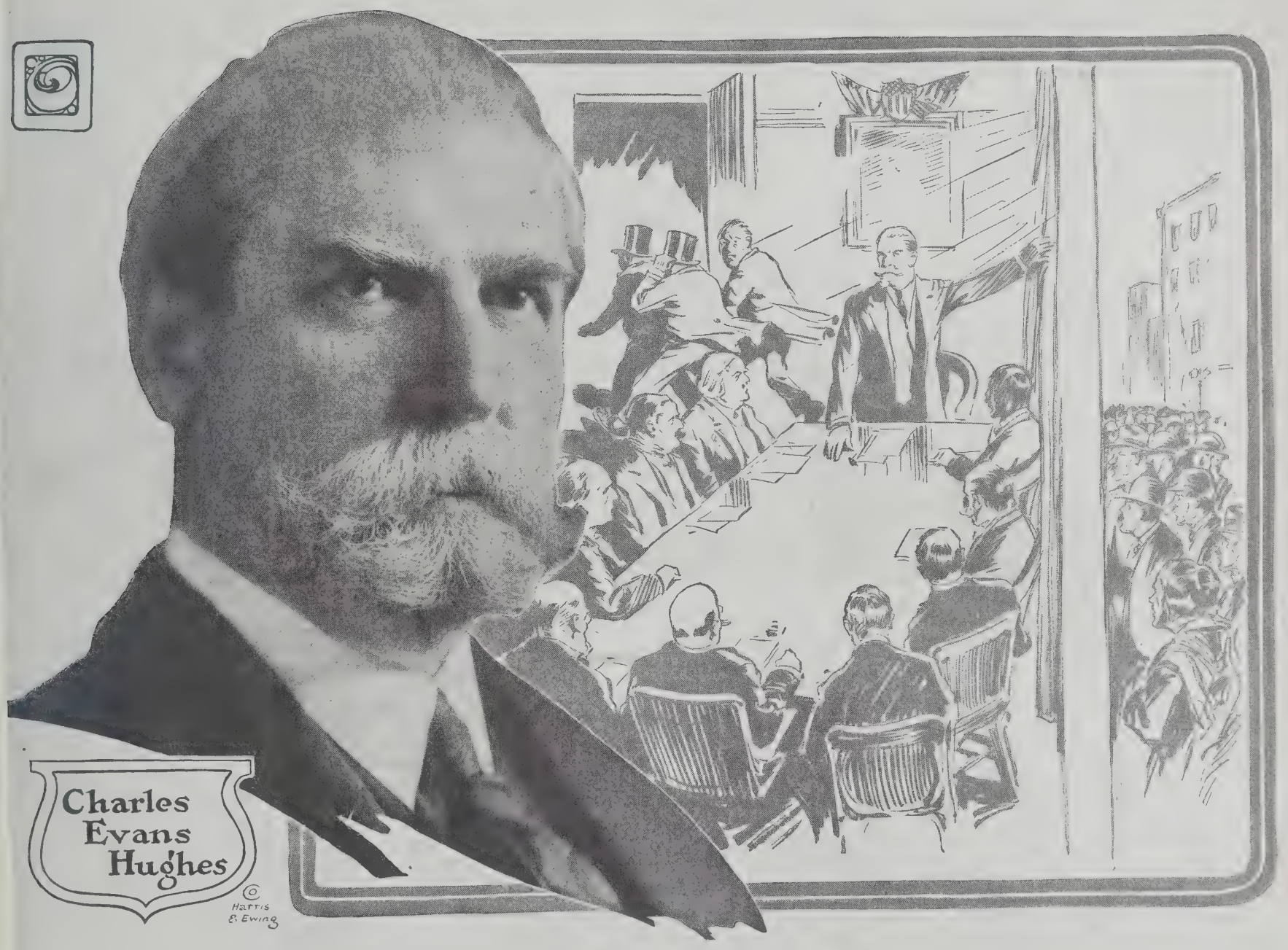
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Uncle Sam's School for "Leathernecks"

Marine Corps Institute Is Training Fighters In the Arts of Peace While in the Service

By H. O. BISHOP

ISN'T it a bit surprising to hear that young men are eagerly enlisting in the United States Marine Corps chiefly to obtain an education?

The twin courses of scrapping and schooling in the famous "Leatherneck" branch of Uncle Sam's fighting forces are a new combination that is making a big hit with the boys of the country.

More than 4,000 of the 20,000 young men comprising the Marine Corps have already enrolled as members of the government correspondence school, which is known as the Marine Corps Institute. It is believed that it will be only a year or two until practically every man in this great organization will be putting in his spare time learning some trade or profession that will fit him for an important place on the stage of life after finishing his term of enlistment in the service.

"Now, let me get this proposition straight," earnestly questioned a young man who was talking to a recruiting officer in a large eastern city. "Do I understand that if I enlist in the Marines I will not only get $30 a month, with my board and clothes thrown in, but also a chance to get the kind of an education that will mean something to me after I get through with my three years' enlistment?" On being assured that such was the case, the young man said: "Give me a pen and show me where to sign; I'll study those books so hard there won't be anything left of them when I get through."

The work of the Marine Corps Instituted is conducted through world-wide correspondence. The headquarters are in the marine barracks, near the navy yard in Washington, D. C.

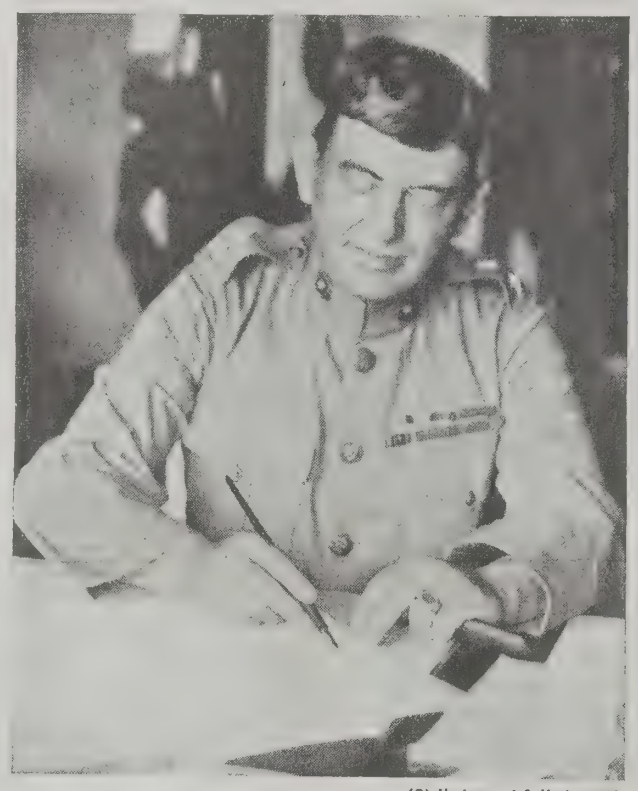
It requires a faculty of about 100 members to conduct this institute. They are composed of the brightest and best educated officers and men of the Marine Corps. Their work consists in the preparation and grading of papers and keeping in touch with their pupils no matter how remotely they may be stationed from Washington. Marines on battleships headed for Hong Kong, Rio Janerio, Honolulu, Norway, Spain, the Island of Yap, or any other part of the world, are busily engaged with their lessons, getting them ready to mail back to the institute at the first landing. They also know that the instructors of the institute are keeping in close touch with their movements and that a new lesson will be awaiting them at each place where anchor is dropped. Of course, when Marines happen to be stationed on shore duty for many months at a time the schooling problems can be pursued more rapidly.

The instructors at the institute are themselves graduates of a well-known correspondence school, they having been required to take a course in some certain line that they are now teaching the boys. In addition to the institute in Washington, there is an instructor at each marine post in the United States, whose duty is to help the young men with their lessons, provided they need it. And on each ship at sea there is some officer who has been designated to help the young men the same way. In fact, it would seem that Uncle Sam is doing all he can to fit these boys for civilian life after their discharge from the service.

The government has been giving Marines the various courses for a year and a half now, and some have already graduated. A recommendation from the commandant accompanies each graduation certificate. In addition to the government's institute, each man enlisting in the Marines is entitled to a free correspondence school course, in the same school from which the officers of the institute graduated. Many have availed themselves of this opportunity, but it would appear that the government school is the most popular, judging from the number of enrollments. Both the Marine Institute and the free courses at the private correspondence school are an outgrowth of the original vocational training school, which was established at Quantico, Virginia.

The instructors at the Marine Institute are examining and passing on about 400 examination papers sent in by the students each week, which indicates that the boys out on the deep or at scattered posts are keeping them quite busy.

There are many colleges throughout the country with enrollments of from 1,000 to 1,500 that are considered big schools. One will get a better idea of the bigness of the Marine Corps Institute by comparing its enrollment of 4,000 pupils with the number of students attending the following nationally known colleges and universities: Princeton, 1,850; Harvard, 5,273; Yale, 3,326; Tulane, 2,908; Vassar, 1,106; Wellesley, 1,529; Lehigh, 1,136; Leland Stanford, 2,450; University of Texas, 4,478; Dartmouth, 1,738; Brown, 2,105; University of Michigan, 10,000; University of Florida, 812; University of Montana, 1,296.



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MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LEJEUNE,

Commandant of the United States Marine Corps.

The range of subjects taken up by these ambitious young fighters is surprising and of unusual interest. The favorite study, strange to say, is automobile mechanics. It is a trifle odd to think of boys on a battleship out in the middle of the ocean burning the midnight bulbs in an effort to learn all about the construction and repairing of automobiles. Nevertheless more than 700 of the boys are pursuing that line of study.

Electrical engineering is a favorite with the boys, too. Almost 400 of them are eagerly fitting themselves ultimately to follow in the footsteps of the Edisons, Teslas and Alexander Graham Bells.

It would seem that a lack of leg work is proving somewhat irksome to some of the men. Something like 200 of the Marines are studying salesmanship, with a view of getting jobs as traveling salesmen after their careers on the briny deep are a closed incident of their lives. Wise young men are they! What could be more desirable than legging it from one big buying customer to another after several years on a ship.

The jokes about the easy life and big incomes of plumbers evidently have reached the ears of some of the boys. Half a hundred of them are diligently learning all about that important vocation.

Poultry raising is engrossing the attention of 31, while general farming is holding the interest of 82 others.

From battleships to mining and metallurgy is quite a jump, but 32 Marines are delving into the mysteries of those important occupations.

Five are going in for concrete engineering, five for structural engineering and 118 for civil engineering.

The idea of launching into the commercial world seems to be very popular. Among the boys who are taking courses in the business departments of the institute, 15 are studying banking; 54, commercial law; 44, business management; 339, commerce; 123, higher accounting; 8, railroad accounting; 33, traffic management; 177, civil service, and 579, general English.

In the industrial schools, 32 want to be chemists; 10, druggists; 6, refrigeration experts; 54, telephony and telegraphy experts, and 88, gas engine mechanics.

Seventy boys are devoting every spare minute of their time to the study of architecture, while 118 are learning drafting.

Some day in the future 16 musket toters will be converted into that number of high-class cooks. Domestic science has been chosen by these boys as the most fascinating thing in the curriculum of the institute.

Three lone Marines are dead sure that nothing in the world could be more interesting than learning how to trim windows in artistic fashion. Nineteen are ambitious to perch on high ladders and paint bright-hued signs on the sides of big buildings. Illustrating and designing is holding the deep interest of 82. Show card writing is being studied by 16.

The mastering of foreign languages is another very popular course. Almost 200 students are endeavoring to equip themselves for life work in foreign countries.

Hundreds of letters have been received by the officers of the institute from students and parents expressing their appreciation of the work that is being done. Here is one from the mother of a boy whose home is in the farming section of the Middle West:

"It is with much pleasure I write you these few lines to let you know we are indeed very proud to receive word of our boy's studies and work. I am proud my boy is getting along so nicely in the Soil Improvement Course. This is the first time he has ever been away from home and you can realize how lonesome we are and how we appreciate your efforts in giving him an education along lines that will aid him greatly when he returns home."

The following is typical of letters received from students:

"I am very much pleased with the course I am taking and cannot speak highly enough of the service the instructors of the institute are giving me in advancing me in my course. Every little thing that I get wrong is marked on my returned paper and I can then go to the book and look the question up and find out just where I was in error. I think the course in general is a fine thing and an opportunity that no one in the Marine Corps should let slip past, as one or two hours' study will certainly help a fellow. The textbooks are well prepared for study and easy to master when you get right down to it and study. I am getting a great deal of benefit from the course and sincerely appreciate all that the school has done for me."

Every officer of the Marine Corps from Major General John A. Lejeune, commandant of the corps, right on down the line, is highly enthusiastic about the work of the institute and never overlooks an opportunity to boost or improve it.

The "Devil Dog" Learns the Three R's—and Much More



(C) Underwood & Underwood

No. 1. Captain George K. Shuler, executive officer of the Marine Corps Institute. No. 2. A corner of the incoming mail room of the institute. No. 3. Some officers of the Marine Corps, who direct the activities of the institute. Seated—left to right—Captain A. B. Hale, Captain G. B. Reynolds, Captain G. K. Shuler, Major C. B. Vogel, Captain A. Kingston, Captain T. P. Cheatham. Standing—left to right—Lieutenant B. G. Jones, Lieutenant G. L. Hollett, Lieutenant B. F. Johnson, Lieutenant C. Gardner, Lieutenant H. N. Potter, Lieutenant J. C. Wemple, Captain R. L. Montague, Lieutenant C. W. LeGette. No. 4. Major C. B. Vogel, director of the institute. No. 5. Preparing lessons to mail to Marines on battleships in all parts of the world.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 1, October 29, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

The Railroads May Want a Strike

THE strike, as the last hope of perplexed mismanagers, is forcing itself more vividly than ever before upon American attention.

The threatened railroad strike becomes intelligible only when viewed in this light. The railroads are frankly up against it. Mismanagement has brought them to such a plight that they are unprofitable even for Wall Street to gamble in. Mismanagement has so completely ruined even itself in the process, that with an emergency staring it in the face, it cannot think of a single way of escape, it cannot thrust itself into the collar for a forward pull. The only contribution which railroad management has made, aided and abetted by certain dangerous friends of President Harding, is that wages should be cut and rates lowered. This stupid, asinine, suicidal proposal is made in the face of the demonstrated fact that the salvation of the roads is in lower rates and possibly higher wages—a fact which members of the old order will never understand.

What are the railroad managers to do? They are either to repent and be saved, that is, admit that they have been wrong all the time, and proceed to learn how to do right; or they are to throw the railroad system into such a chaos that a startled country will approve even so foolish a plan as to give $500,000,000 for the postponement of the railways' day of judgment.

The managers have shown no disposition to repent; there are signs which would indicate that they would not consider a general strike as a calamity—to them!

The railroads have proposed that they cut their men's wages twice before they cut their freight tariffs even once!

That is confession, but it is more—it is incitement to strike. When the railroads proposed it, they knew it was an incitement to strike. And knowing that, they began to figure on what a strike would do. And having figured, they were just as well satisfied if the strike should come. Why? Because it would make the public willing that the wrong thing should be done for the sake of a temporary relief.

It is confession that the railroad managers have no resource left except to take out of the men's pay envelopes what they have not been able to take out of their own managerial brains. It is management that makes a railroad pay, not holding back the laborer's hire. The railroads are a necessity; there is more than enough business for them all; they have just passed through a period of unprecedented opportunities to make money, and all that they can show for it is an indisposition to meet their pay rolls.

As if pay rolls are the real burden that is bearing the railroads down! The way railroads are run now, they would be just as badly off if they paid no wages at all. The trouble is not in the pay roll. But tampering with the pay roll may precipitate a condition—a strike—from which they may hope much.

Most strikes have purposes behind them that neither the public nor the strikers ever see. Most strikes are strategic moves in a great battle that is far removed from the apparent matters at issue.

The threatened railroad strike—which by the time this is printed may be called or may be off—is plainly one of that class of strikes. And being that, it will be a boomerang upon the heads of those who placed their hope in it.

If President Harding could only be lifted out of the financial fog of the old way of doing things, so that he could be left free to tell the railroad gentlemen of this country just what the trouble is—that the trouble is in them, and in their way of doing things, and in the silly system which puts service last—he would be striking out a new path of reform.

It is not compromise that is needed, but drastic regeneration. And a strike is not necessary to that. Indeed, it is possible to organize a strike for the very purpose of postponing that.

Started, But Not Finished

MOTION picture producers—the alien kind, alien in origin and soul—are on the run. But it may only be a strategic retreat. Running is, for them, safety; they should be caught and safely bound to prevent them returning to their filthy trade. The American public is notorious for being easily satisfied with any alarm its expression of opinion causes. More than alarm among the enemy is needed. More than censorship bills which chloroform the conscience of the public. More than speeches and editorials that tell the tardy truth. A thorough cleaning out of the foul nest and all its brood is needed, else the old evil will swarm back again.

Without modifying in the least the previously expressed opinion that the newspapers of this country were culpable in waiting until the Arbuckle explosion before they told the truth they very well knew, it is extremely gratifying to observe the honest lengths to which numerous editors have gone to tell the truth now. In Los Angeles the expressions are very sharp. When Bishop Leonard, at the University Methodist Church, spoke out as plainly about the facts of movie control as ever THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT did, his statements were printed.

There is no doubt that these gentry who have controlled the movies and given it its moral tone, are in for it. That is the meaning of Charlie Chaplin's hurried journey to Europe. In spite of Mr. Brisbane's ecstacy over the meeting of the banker Sassoon and the clown Chaplin in Paris, this was the meaning of that meeting. It was not two successful Hebrews meeting in mutual admiration committee, it was two financiers consulting about the ruin with which the movie business was threatened by Christian opinion.

In the stupid efforts at defense made by the movie controllers, there are daily illustrations of the truth that "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," William C. De Mille, whom a million posters urge us to consider as a great figure, has made a spectacle of himself on the plea of "artistic freedom." Even Gouverneur Morris, the novelist, who should have had more respect for his name, has been rung in as a propagandist, and an article signed by him has gone the round of editors. And what is his plea?—This: Before jumping on Arbuckle, you ought to know something about the woman who was the victim, and of the drunken woman who alleges the crime was committed. That from Gouverneur Morris! How account for it? Simply that the alien movie controllers have gained control of the popular writers, too, by screening their works at fabulous fees.

The *Morning Oregonian* remarks that it is strange that the film-makers do not understand better the public psychology. It is not at all strange, no more so than that the cannibal does not easily understand our aversion to his choice fare. But it is unquestionably strange that the newspapers have not begun to understand the psychology of the film-producers.

Indeed, there is where the work must begin. Newspapers have asked the film-makers to understand the public. The shorter cut, the more effective method, is to let the public understand the psychology of the film-makers, who they are, whence they come, and why they think as they do. It is this very thing that the film-makers ask to be protected from—public knowledge of themselves.

Before we can understand the pictures, we must understand the men who make them. Before we can understand the lecherous riot that marks so large a part of professional movie life, we must understand the atmosphere that is created to make such riotous living possible, and who creates it.

One promising result of the whole mess is the emergence into public notice of religious and denominational journals which seem ablest of all to voice the growing moral determination of the people. The *Literary Digest* of October 15 prints liberal excerpts from these, and there are many more that might be cited. With editorial independence and vision on those papers, the so-called "secular" press might be moved by envy, if not by example, to give in the future more heed to the welfare of their readers, and not lavish all their anxious care upon their advertisers.

Inertia Blocks the Way

SUMMING up a keen survey of mankind down through the ages and from Kamchatka to Peru, a famous philosopher once said that history showed that the force of greatest moment in human affairs has been the force of inertia. That is, he explained, mere inert mental indolence had blocked and delayed human progress and advance more than all the active opposition of opponents of reform.

This saying recurs with particular force at a moment when we are forced to realize that, despite all the war-time predictions that the great upheaval would usher in a new era, the era of optimistic and achieving youth, the mossbacks are pretty much everywhere still occupying the seats of the mighty. Not the Young Man but the "Elder Statesmen," the Bourbons, the Stand-Patters, the Old Guard, are running this government.

No sincere student of political history can fail to be impressed with the fact that, despite the almost heroic impulses toward revolt within the lines of both the Republican and the Democratic parties that marked the first decade of this century, little lasting impression has been made in the half-century gone on the massive inertia of American public life.

The same thing is true in varying measure in the fields of trade and industry (especially in transportation) banking and finance, education and organized religion. On all sides, those who were inspired by the war to look forward and attempt to go forward to better things find themselves impeded and blocked by unlooked for obstacles placed in the path of progress by that Old Guard which dies but never surrenders—or changes.

What are we going to do about it? We who cherish and believe in the glad, daring and beneficent Spirit of Youth? If we have any sense we will know that just rising on our hind legs and howling, or tearing around, calling names and smashing the crockery will only make matters worse. Perhaps we will find a practical hint in the lines of Charlotte Perkins Gilman, whom W. D. Howells called "America's greatest satirist." In a poem called "The Obstacle," she tells of a traveler on a mountain road, who found the upward and onward way blocked by a "great big hulking Obstacle" who sat squarely across the path. After the Obstacle had been politely petitioned, reasoned with, berated, cussed and threatened to no avail, a sudden inspiration came to the traveler and taking a deep breath, he

> "Walked right through that Obstacle
> As if he were not there!"

Nothing the Matter With Kansas

IT IS rather cheering in the midst of so much talk of general depression in business to learn that Kansas is more than holding her own. We are told on the authority of the Public Utilities Commission of that state that, during August last, Kansas products shipped out of the home territory filled 8,505 more freight cars than were filled in the same month of 1918, when the peak of war-time prosperity was reached. August shipments this year filled 19,508 more cars than did those of August last year.

This looks very much as if Kansans had taken to heart the sting in the tail of William Allen White's famous editorial, "What's the Matter With Kansas?" which appeared in his Emporia *Gazette* nearly a generation ago.

Steel Prices

STEEL rails are being maintained at the war price of $47 a ton, despite wholesale reductions in wages and remarkable economies effected in the manufacture of steel through new processes and machinery. High prices for steel mean high prices for railroad transportation, high costs for building and high costs for nearly everything.

According to John R. Dunlop, editor of *Industrial Management,* American steel plants are now so perfectly equipped mechanically that they can produce steel cheaper than ever before—cheaper than anywhere else in the world. From mining the ore to shipping the finished product, machinery does 90 per cent of the work—the few highly paid skilled mechanics who operate the machinery being paid what the economists call the wages of superintendence.

It will be remembered that the war profits in steel were the subject of a public protest made by Walter R. Hines, when director of railroads. He put up a brave fight to save the railroads and the government tens of millions of dollars yearly on their enormous purchases of steel.

Now that the roads are back in the hands of private owners, may we look forward to hearing them protest against these war prices as vigorously as did Hines?

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE is a conference coming on at Washington, which some people speak of as a "disarmament conference," as if the purpose were to disarm the governments, but which the governments themselves describe as a conference upon a proposal for the "limitation of armaments," which means little or nothing, as anyone will see upon analysis. There is now a very energetic effort being made to convince the people that they ought not to expect too much from it.

It is very doubtful if the people are committing the error of expecting too much; most of them are not expecting anything, so far as the conference is concerned. Conferences have lost their power either to awe or stir the people. Words, words, words, woven of weakness and deception, no longer cast their spell upon the world.

And yet it is not too much to say that the real thing which the peace-loving people of the world are seeking, would not come so soon if this conference were not held. One may go even further and say that the peace we seek would not come so soon if this conference were not a failure. There are certain hurdles to be jumped on the way of progress, and futile conferences are often one type of them.

What is important is not what this conference does, but what the people shall continue to think. He is little less than a fool who ties his faith to a few gray-haired men, steeped in the deceits of diplomacy, sitting about a table anywhere in the world. But he is not quite a fool who ties to the constant desire of humanity's heart.

And so there are two dangers to be guarded against: one is that of expecting too much; the other is that of becoming absolutely indifferent.

You won't expect too much after Versailles. Nobody will. The meeting, it is true, will be held at Washington, and there is no doubt whatever that honest American thinking will have a better show at Washington than it had at Versailles, and doubtless our representatives will prove pretty shrewd men when it comes to the ancient European game of cornering the honest man or the honest policy. But for all that, most of the old players are coming, and they will attempt to make it the old game, probably in this instance befogging the issue with matters the public are not discussing at all.

But that is not the important point. More important than anything the conference may do or fail to do, is the faith of the people in what is right. It is very important what ground we have for our faith. If we pin it to a person, he may fail us; better pin it to a principle. If we pin it to a conference, it may sell us out; better pin it to the truth of the future.

Versailles has made millions of cynics. Why? Because they founded their faith on Versailles. But has Versailles made any truth less true? Has it made any lie less false? What failed at Versailles?—only the men who had in their hands the highest climax of opportunity which the Old Era had ever offered. That's all. Truth is so much the gainer, because now the world knows what error can and will do.

Cynicism and indifferentism are the penalties we pay for shortness of vision. Men who through conviction follow principle, are not so easily thrown off the track. Given enough cynicism and indifferentism in the world, and the battle of the evil diplomats is already won in a place where they never hoped to win it, namely, in the hearts of the people.

Now, there is a way of regarding all this, which saves ourselves and preserves the cause. It is worth while to know what it is, and to adopt it.

In every advance which good principle makes in the world, there is always a series of experiences where the thing which we think is to be *the* thing, turns out to be only one of its ingredients. The boy at school learns to add a line of figures, and when he comes to the top of the line he feels that he has arrived. But life takes all of that, blots out the very memory of it, and builds the essence of the action and experience into his life. After a time he wins a prize, and again he thinks he has arrived at the top, but that too is ground down into its elements, and is built into him.

Now, there must be conferences. And conferences must fail. The Old Order must meet in conclave on the New Order, and condemn it. *Must*—at least it always happens so. It seems that one of the elements which contribute to the downfall of the Old Order is to allow it to retain its show of authority by permitting it to sit in judgment on the New Order, and passing its condemnation. And when in robes and titles and with every form of man-worship the Old Order meets, hears the plea of the more righteous future, and denies it—off-stage somewhere, in the wings with Destiny, one hears ominous creaking, as of a curtain about to descend forever.

The Old Order condemns itself in condemning the New, and the condemnation of the Old is necessary to the arrival of the New.

The conference is necessary; let it be held; but if it fail, it is only another hurdle safely crossed on the way to the goal. It must needs be; it is on the eternal schedule. One more thing out of the way when Versailles flared up and faded out. Another thing out of the way when the Washington conference shall be a matter of the past. And perhaps other such occurrences yet in the future. But this is the truth about them all—they must needs come to *pass*, and then comes *the thing itself*.

How men needlessly pain themselves by staking their whole soul on the outcome of an election, or the progress of an organization, or the success of this little plan or that. Why, every great reform has won through lost elections. Every great advance has been made over the ruins of organizations that were formed to foster it. Every success that ever came, has come amid the broken plans that were expected to bring it in. And even in the history of wars, lost battles have been an important element in the ultimate victory.

The greatest good the Washington conference can do, of course, is to adopt and secure the operation of a means toward disarmament of the governments. The people are disarmed already.

But the greatest harm the Washington conference can do cannot be done without our consent, and that is, to destroy men's confidence in the possibility of ever attaining a better state in the world. The conference cannot do that to us, unless we permit it. That is within our own power. Better judgment tells us to take the view that if the conference fails, it only advertises anew that the Old Order is insufficient to take up the advancement of the New Order, and is sealing its own departure.

In these days, when so many people cling so piteously to the old departing forms of things, and fear the New Era that is coming in, it is a very valuable thing to have the Old Era personified in a conference, advertising itself that it cannot do what ought to be done.

Sufficient advertisement of the inadequacy of the Old Era to the requirements of the New is all that is needed to make the timid people willing to part with the Old.

The conference, however, may be a new kind of conference. It may contain both the New and the Old, and we may see the departing order in its last conflict, and the New Order in its first attack. Who can tell? Nevertheless, let us keep the faith. Our faith is in something profounder than conferences.

MANY people expect the Washington conference to fail. The Government itself, by insisting that the object is "limitation" and not "disarmament" is practically telling us not to expect too much. What if the conference does fail? Nothing is lost! Indeed, much is gained! It is one more world-wide advertisement of the inability of the Old Order to meet the requirements of the New Order. Wars are won through battles lost. Reforms are carried through elections that failed to carry. Pin your faith to the Principle, not to any particular Plan of getting it. Success breaks up the best of plans. If the Washington conference is not the way, it is certainly not the end. Don't build your faith on anything that any group of men can manipulate.

The Origin of Habits of the Mind

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

"HOW is it," I asked Dr. William A. White, the government psychologist, "that women indulge in the use of the first person singular more than do men?"

"This comes about," he replied, "because woman's position in the world inclines her more strongly toward becoming an 'exhibitionist' than man's does him. The rôle that woman has played through the ages has been more or less that of displaying her charms and getting on by that display. She has won her way on a purely personal basis. Her chief business has been to get a mate and her success has depended on how she looked and how she deported herself. In such a campaign the small detail of those things which she has said and done have been of importance. She has come instinctively to talk of those small matters. In unconsciously advertising herself, she has become an exhibitionist.

"Man's life activities do not keep him so much in the show window. He becomes absorbed in his business, in the job on which he works, in the gratification of his desires. These usually do not call on him to be an exhibitionist. Many men, however, instinctively tend to show themselves off and instinctively talk in the first person singular. They assume an attitude and take great pains to live up to it."

"Is there not a close connection," I asked, "between this tendency and lying?"

"Certain varieties of liars," said Dr. White, "are exhibitionists. A man may tell stories of his own daring deeds to win the approval of members of the opposite sex. In doing this he is following the same psychology that a woman follows when she talks of herself. The liar is very likely to be a weak individual, a man who has lived few stories that are worth the telling. In his attempts to justify himself to others and particularly to himself, he begins telling fantastic stories. Finally, he becomes a victim of what we call *pseudo logia fantastica*. In his imagination he performs heroic acts, dispenses largess.

"The more common or garden variety of liars, however, are persons who are incompetent and who falsify to hide that incompetency. A man fails on a job and tells a lie to excuse that failing; he makes a mistake and lies to cover it up. Lying is always an evidence of weakness or inefficiency. The individual whose record is not sufficient to sustain him is driven to lying to bolster it up."



(C) Harris & Ewing

DR. W. A. WHITE,
Government Psychologist

Dr. White is superintendent of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, that great institution maintained near Washington by the Federal Government for the treatment of those men of its army and navy who suffer from idleness of the mind. For 20 years he has been coming to the front in America as one of the explorers in this field and today probably stands out as does no other man in America as a student of the operations of the human mind.

"I know a man," I said to Dr. White, "who constantly underestimates, depreciates himself. How did he get that way?"

"The chances are," said the psychologist, "that this man was the son of a very dominant, probably a very successful father. It is not generally appreciated that a titanic struggle often goes on between father and son—a struggle on which hinges the whole career of that son. It is an unequal combat, for the father occupies a position of natural dominance. The more forceful that father, the more successful he is, the more overwhelming his dominance over his son. The boy struggles through all his formative years to overcome that paternal dominance. If he fails to do so, as he probably will, he becomes this apologetic individual who depreciates himself. Success to him is almost impossible because it would upset his habitual attitude of self-depreciation.

"It has long been a subject of comment that successful fathers do not usually breed their kind. Their sons tend toward being weaklings. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the father's success gave him too great an advantage over his son in the duel that was fought between them and the father won. This is unfortunate from the standpoint of this individual, this son of a rich man. It is, however, probably quite fortunate from the standpoint of the general public, because it results in a weak individual falling heir to a strong one and dissipating the wealth which he has amassed. If strong fathers bred strong sons it might come to pass in a few generations that all the money would be in the possession of a few."

"The habitual grouch," he went on, "is another type of man which we often encounter and who is likely to have laid the basis for his state of mind in his early youth. In his case, the parent probably was not merely dominant but abusive and cruel. The father probably beat the son, kept him so intimidated that his mentality soured. He got into the habit of having a depressed outlook. He came to take pride in the sourness of his conceptions of life and to accentuate them. They became a part of him. His name is Scrooge.

"Even more interesting psychologically is the individual who is almost a shut-in, but who has not quite given up the fight. This individual subconsciously realizes that he is beaten down, submerged, but he is still fighting in a half-hearted way against his fate. He forces himself out of his corner, he bustles around most busily, meddles in many things, assumes many interests. You have encountered him many times. He is the individual who takes you by the lapel, leads you aside and talks very earnestly with you on some subject of importance. He is the habitual buttonholer. He is the meddler-in where he has no business. He knows that he is beaten, but still makes a pretense that he is not."

"What is the origin of conceit?" I wanted to know.

"Conceit," said the doctor, "does not lie where it is currently supposed to exist. The man who appears to be most conceited may, as a matter of fact, be least conceited. The individual who puts up the boldest sort of front, who talks the loudest, who struts most vaingloriously, probably is not a conceited man at all. On the contrary, he has very strong weaknesses and he is aware of those weaknesses. The bold demeanor which he assumes is but a camouflage for the weaknesses of which he is aware.

"The quiet man who sits in company and says nothing, who remains an individual quite apart, is more conceited. This man regards himself as being above the small talk in which ordinary individuals indulge. He believes his qualities to be so superior, that he need in no way assert himself.

"Back of virtually every peculiarity of the human mind is the same explanation, an attempt at its own protection. There is, for example, the individual who goes about the world nursing always the idea that people do not treat him right, that there is a conspiracy against him. This is camouflage. It is his way of throwing out a smoke screen to disguise his own weaknesses. A shopkeeper who is failing in business, the old bookkeeper who can no longer keep his accounts straight, the chorus girl who is crowded out of her job—each is prone to raise the cry of persecution, of conspiracy, to gloss over failure. As a matter of fact, each has failed because of some natural defect, or inability.

"All this gets back to the real purpose of these psychological studies. Every individual has his strong points and his weak points. He is quite unlikely to know which are the corner stones on which the structure of his success may be built and which are the qualities that will cause his house to tumble. If he could come to know that certain acts of his, certain arts which he practices, are but covers for defects, that the defects may be brought to the light and cured, he would be greatly helped. He would not throw a carpet over a hole in the floor of his house to hide it. He would mend the floor.

"Yet this is exactly what he does with that vastly more important possession of his—the mind. It is coming to be realized that it may be possible for a man to have himself examined and diagnosed in such a way that he will come to know wherein he is weak and which are the facts it is advisable for him to turn to the front. He is finding that if there are splinters in his mind that are causing infection, it is the part of wisdom to remove them.

"In many of the industries today employers are studying the persons who work for them and determining the strong points and the weak points of those workers and are fitting them into tasks where they will serve best. These employers are finding it advisable to take the measure of the qualities of their workers and adjust them according to those qualities. The employer, himself, has not gone so far as yet to have a psycho-analysis made of his own character and to shape his career according to that analysis. This is a development that may be expected in the near future.

"There is, of course, the possibility of curing the defects that may exist in the mental attitude of all these people. The man who depreciates himself, the man who is a grouch, the man who is a pouter pigeon, the man who is a liar—each of these has a quirk in his mentality which should be straightened out. There should be psychopathic wards available for the treatment of persons suffering from mental maladjustments. It should be possible for an individual to go to one of these wards and get his intellectual carburetor so tinkered up that it will function properly.

"It has been shown that the uncovering of the exact cause of the quirk of the mind is very likely to cure it. The great need is the development of the psychopathic wards in our hospitals to straighten out the disrepair of human minds."

A Great Russian Dancer

DANCING, which has been aptly defined as "the poetry of motion," is the oldest of the arts. Like music it expresses emotions that cannot be translated into words. Just as the performer, in music, is able to instill the emotion he feels into the hearts of his auditors, so the dancer subtly conveys through another sense his emotional reactions. But the dancer must be skillful just as the musician must be competent.

The history of the dance has been traced back through the centuries to primitive man. Every race has a dance peculiar to itself, which often expresses its dominant traits. The dance is used to express every phase of human emotion. Among more primitive peoples their character often may be adduced from the national or tribal dance. In civilized countries this is more difficult. But the dances of a community may well serve as an indication of its stage of culture.

In the great civilized countries of Europe dancing has evolved from the rude folk dances of the ancients to the modern ballet. The Greeks were perhaps the first to originate what we call classical or esthetic dancing, although the art was not altogether unknown to the Egyptians, as the inscriptions upon their tombs denote.

Revolution Scattered Dancers

THE ballet, however, as a form of entertainment consisting solely of interpretative dancing or drama originated early in the seventeenth century in France. The French Revolution drove many of her greatest ballet masters out of the country and they fled to England, Spain, Italy and Russia. The latter country proved the most receptive to the idea of the modern ballet, although England and even Germany were liberal supporters of this form of entertainment.

These countries, however, furnished very little native talent, while Russians seemed to take naturally to dancing. There, in the great schools of Moscow and Petrograd, have been trained some of the greatest dancers in the world. And as the French Revolution caused her great dancers to emigrate to other countries, so the Russian Revolution has scattered her wonderful corps of ballet masters among other countries and many have come to the United States and South America. In these men lies our hope of building up the dance of America to a character befitting the greatest nation of modern times.

"The American youths of both sexes are physically and temperamentally fitted to become marvelous dancers," said Theodore Kosloff, one of the greatest of Russian dancers. "I have had schools in my native country, in France, England, Italy and Germany, and nowhere have I found the talent you have in this country. Only in England have I found the younger generation to rival yours physically. In temperament your young people, through the mixture of races from which they have evolved, combine the fire of the southern races with the poise of the North. From all races they have borrowed a little, and it is easy for them to enter into the spirit of whatever dance they are called upon to interpret."

Kosloff maintains two schools in the United States, one in New York and one in Los Angeles. He has founded them upon the principles of the Russian schools from which he graduated. The Russian Revolution was a costly affair for him. He had invested half a million dollars, his earnings in Paris and London, in apartment houses in Moscow, and these the Bolsheviks have confiscated.

His Eventful Life

KOSLOFF has led an eventful life. In search of material for new interpretative dances he has visited every country except Australia. He had some exciting adventures while studying the native tribal dances in Africa. He still bears the scars from injuries suffered in a leap from a two-story building in Arabia. A friend had smuggled him to the roof to witness an Arabian wedding dance, which is forbidden to foreigners. Kosloff narrowly escaped with his life when he was discovered.

Kosloff is rather small and of seemingly slight build. One seeing him in his street clothes would never suspect the wonderful muscular development and marvelous agility of this Russian athlete. Those who are prone to sneer at dancing as being effeminate would speedily change their minds if they came to grips with this bundle of muscular energy who is equally at home in the ring or upon the wrestling mat.

Kosloff is not only a dancer and an athlete but he is an artist of more than ordinary ability. Some of his paintings have been exhibited at the Royal Academy at London. His talent for sketching and drawing would have brought him fame in that field if he had chosen it instead of dancing. He is also a gifted musician.

Speaking, as he does, a dozen languages and with a thorough knowledge of the sciences, Kosloff is indeed a man of culture.

The graduate of one of the Russian dancing schools is much further advanced than our high school graduates and has the additional advantage that he or she is ready to step out in the world and command a large salary. Kosloff, upon graduation, danced for five years in the great Mariansky theater in Petrograd, then went to the Paris Grand Opera, the London Coliseum and was one of the stars in the Russian ballet in New York. He has earned nearly a million dollars from his dancing alone.

Spending a Morning With George Moore

By CHARLES HENRY MELTZER



GEORGE MOORE.

AT THE office of a well-known London publisher, not long ago, I met a tall, unusual, rather slouchy man. He looked at me in silence for a while. I looked at him. Then suddenly we recognized each other. "George Moore, I think?" said I. It was George Moore. But since I had last seen him, he had aged. His long, limp, sad mustache had once been golden. Now, like his hair, it was as white as snow. And, with increasing age, he had put on a certain dignity. He had the same old careless tricks of dress and carriage. But he had mellowed in all sorts of subtle ways. His voice was gentler and more pleasant than of yore, though I should flatter if I said that it was musical.

We chatted for a time of vanished days, of wrangles we had had concerning Ibsen, and of a morning spent together close to Paris, when, on the way to a forlorn suburban cemetery, George Moore had outlined to me a projected novel. I still recall the impression this had made on me, and how incongruous it had seemed to discuss mummers and their wives in a grim mourning coach.

Before we parted we had one more wrangle, but when I turned to go, he asked me to call on him.

His Drab Surroundings

AT THE appointed hour, 11 o'clock, one Sunday, I knocked at a door in Ebury street. It is a street not far from a huge London terminus; like many other cheerless London thoroughfares; dull, drab, depressing. Old houses of brown brick, with formal entrances, stretched endlessly away on either side. From time to time a motor car rolled by, a "bobby," all in black, strode on his beat, a group of sober children stared and grinned at me, and went back to some sober game of play. Itinerant peddlers bawled their cry, "Fresh strawberries." A wagon here and there blocked the way. Why any writer should have gone to such a spot—how any writer could create in such surroundings—heaven only knows. But there at least one author makes his home. And there he has invented books and plays. George Moore's house stands out clearly from its neighbors; for its five narrow stories have just been repainted white.

The novelist was waiting to greet me. His manner was at first a little stiff. It was a mixture of dejection and embarrassment, yet not uncordial. In other days, in Paris and in London, I had been often struck by George Moore's want of ease and poise. Humanity had always seemed to puzzle him and make him awkward. His face had lines in it which told of strain. His voice was veiled, and tired. Not bored, but tired.

"You wish to interview me, don't you?" he began. "I don't mind interviews. I draw the line at one thing only. I will say nothing of contemporary authors."

The room in which we sat was not inspiring. The chairs were mostly covered with ugly red stuffs, which clashed with the green drapery on an oval table. An inlaid desk, which showed no sign of work, stood near one wall, and facing it I saw on the mantelpiece a clock and a few ornaments. Above the desk a landscape and two portraits. And at my back a dark and cheerless inner room.

Chooses the Easiest Way

WHEN he began to speak, at first, as it seemed, reluctantly, his arms and hands—distinguished, languid hands—were used to emphasize his words. At times a spark of feeling warmed his eyes. But as a rule, no matter what his words might be (and they were often startling), they gave the impression of being curiously detached. As I listened to his merciless iconoclasms and disturbing paradoxes, in fancy I went back to my green and salad days, when, with the man before me and his comrades, I had seen something of the Arcady called Barbizon. Those were the days when George Moore, still a fledgling, was known only by his early "Flowers of Passion." It was a book of rather imitative poems, inspired by Baudelaire and Swinburne. Unmoral and decadent, though quite clever. The first effort of a man who frankly admitted to his friends that he was unable to discriminate between right and wrong.

Even then he had been groping after truth, seeing the facts of life more clearly than their moral. He used to wander to and fro, as he does now, with a queer air of being mystified by the world. He seemed bewildered by the conventions and hypocrisies which hedged him in. He was sure of little, he professed no creed. But, when in doubt, he chose the easiest way. Nor was this strange. For he had had a bitter youth, and, very possibly, life owed him all he snatched from it. He sipped the honey from all sorts of flowers. Yet, though he may have found some joy in life, he always looked detached and far from happy.

All men, they say, suggest some bird or beast. Well, Moore has always been linked in my mind with sheep—or rams. There is something sheep-like in his face and in his voice. But there also is just a hint of femininity in the swelling lines of his tall, clumsy figure. Yet he is a masculine and unshrinking in his outlook on the universal scheme, and he has surely had his full share of romance.

I wish I could convey at least a notion of the tone in which George Moore replied to my first formal question. I had asked him what he thought of English literature.

"We are going back to the dark Middle Ages. There is no literature now in England, and there will be none. The English novel? I will not discuss the living. But, in the past, I know of no good English novelist. Fielding? I'd like to read you a few passages from an essay which I wrote some time ago about that author and 'Tom Jones.' It was printed in the *Fortnightly Review,* as an imaginary talk with Mr. Gosse."

He had warmed. Not much. But he had warmed a bit. And, as he picked up the *Review* and read what he had said of Fielding, "Tom Jones," "America," and the other works which we have all been taught to admire were torn to shreds.

Squire Western? A crude, lumpish, vulgar lout. So obvious that he really had no art value. Sophia and the rest? Trite, shallow things. No life in them. No life at all. He challenged Fielding's truth and Fielding's style. He would not hear of his having any claim to genius. How could a writer really be a genius when he cared neither for the outer truth of nature nor for the inner truth of souls?

Calls English Novels "Hack Work"

"DEFOE? I have discussed him, too, with Gosse. He was a hack. To be sure, he gave us one most able work. Up to a point I can admire his 'Robinson Crusoe.' Defoe does give one facts, good, concrete facts. And these appeal to average English minds. 'Moll Flanders?' I have dipped into that story. But how could one describe it as a masterpiece? Like all the novels in the English tongue, it is mere hack work. The English novelists of the past were all commercial. Their achievements were the outcome of mere bargaining between publishers and authors."

I mentioned Thackeray and Dickens and George Eliot. I entreated mercy for some other cherished writers. But, with a gesture of the hand, a ruthless phrase, George Moore consigned them all to black oblivion. Dickens? Too silly to be treated seriously. Thackeray? Only Smollett dished up for the drawing-room.

There was no anger in the phrases which fell limply from the speaker's lips. Nor did they seem to him outrageous, wild, absurd. They were the sayings of a man who had thought deeply about books and authors, and found them barren, without interest—trite and trivial.

The Brontes? How preposterous was "Jane Eyre"; how unimportant, though romantic, "Wuthering Heights." One author only seemed to him worth while—Jane Austen, in her "Sense and Sensibility." The English novelists cared nothing for sincerity. Or so he said, "they wrote their books for money, just for vulgar money."

"The English put their genius into poetry. They have produced a few great poets—but not novelists."

This hard judgment was a shock. I asked him if the increased cost of publishing would not be bad for England?

"Bad? Not at all." The idea appeared to charm him. The less most people read, perhaps, the better. It might help if men deserted books for nature. They might learn more, and in a sense become more literary, by watching fields and hills, and dropping novels.

And so they might. But George Moore goes on writing. And, what is more, somehow, he gets his stories published. Not always on the old and usual plan, for some of them are now printed by subscription.

"I found out long ago," he commented, "that I must not expect sales of 50,000 or 60,000 copies of my books."

In a recent contribution to a mazagine, he has reverted to his first love, to verse. Strong, Gallic verse, erotic, unabashed. Not of the kind that one could set before nice women. But what are right and wrong? And what is truth? George Moore has never really found the answers to those conundrums.

Forgets Debt to French Writers

I HAVE more than hinted now that he is not a moralist. He is not immoral, either, but—well, just unmoral. His early poems—he has lived them down—scorned the proprieties. His "Esther Waters," too, (it is now being advertised as the greatest of all English novels) could surely not be called a moral work. Nor was the "Germinie Lacerteux" of the Goncourts highly moral. It was from "Germinie Lacerteux" George Moore drew his inspirations for his own book. Read both the novels and you will agree with me. But though "Germinie Lacerteux" prompted his "Esther Waters," he has forgotten what he owes the two De Goncourts.

"C'est si menu, menu!" "It's all so thin, so thin," said he.

Menu, menu! Well, Jules and Edmond both died long ago. They had been treated rather badly many times. By Zola, quite as scurvily as by Moore. It was from the two brothers' marvelous studies, "Mme. Gervaisais" and "Une Page d'Amour," that Zola borrowed more than one of his neurotic women. Edmond reminded me of this himself one day in his famous "Grenier"—that "Grenier," which for years had been the meeting place of Zola, Flaubert, Daudet and the rest.

Moore is hard on Flaubert, too. "More perspiration than inspiration," he once said of him. He saw the effort which had given us "Mme. Bovary" and "Salambo," but was not able, as he said, to see the genius. He glided swiftly over Zola (whom he thought well of when he wrote "A Mummer's Wife." He ignored Daudet and De Maupassant and Loti. Only in Balzac could he discern the essential qualities of the great novelist.

What were those qualities? The "Flow torrential of deep wisdom and deep knowledge, the analysis of souls and their environments, profound psychology." He would not own that, in the essence, even Balzac was a romantic writer, the creator of the fascinating characters whom, later, he analyzed. The women Balzac drew were first inventions of his mighty mind. The living women rearranged themselves to suit his women.

He Bows to Balzac

BALZAC, our George Moore worships and bows down to. He also has some liking for Turgeniev.

The impression he conveyed, by his wholesale damning of all other authors, was that the world so far has given us only two great glorious novelists. The first was Balzac. As for the second. Well, of course, he did not name him.

He let me into several of his secrets. How did he write? Why, he dictated first. When he had done that, he revised, rewrote, improved.

He had not yet given up his hope of turning out a few more plays. He had published what he thought was a good comedy—remade, as he reminded me, from a much shorter play. It had appeared this year in three parts, in the *English Review,* under the title of "The Coming of Gabrielle." What chiefly occupied him at the

(Concluded on page 15)

Pro-Jewish Scout In the Daily Newspapers

Norman Hapgood, Erstwhile Writer on the Jewish Question, Is Now in the Press as Special Pleader for Jewish Leaders

"'NO MORE articles,' I said to myself a few weeks ago, 'about the Jews. Their problems are interesting, but they are in such a state just now that discussion will do more harm than good.'"

The writer is Norman Hapgood, writing for a Hearst syndicate service which is carried daily by many American newspapers.

Following the above quoted paragraph, which was printed in the papers of August 24, was the usual article, pro-Jewish, very thin as regards material, most palpable propaganda. And then more articles followed, and still more, until in the newspapers of October 1, Mr. Hapgood gave notice of a letter protesting against the personal abuse with which he had liberally sprinkled his articles, *and that letter was from a Jew!*

The letter of protest ended this way: "The last part of your name is good. Think it over. I am a Jew."

And Hapgood rejoins: "Well, I am not, but I am pro-Jew."

The Jewish letter of protest is not at all surprising. The Jewish people have become utterly sick and tired of those ebullient "defenders" who elaborately praise the Jews for the sake of Jewish applause. And it is becoming the conviction of the Jewish people that they would better trust those who are candid enough in their friendship to tell them the truth about themselves. Of this there is evidence on every hand. The Jews understand honest criticism and appreciate it; they also understand flattery and discount it. They were sore at first and vindictive, and some are still so; they were incited to enmity and folly by their leaders, and some are still incited; but the truth is making its way, that there is no enmity in truth, that "faithful are the wounds of a friend."

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT also has received letters concerning Mr. Hapgood, most of them being requests for information concerning his race. Although you will hear occasionally in New York that he is a Jew, it is probably true that he is not. His word may be taken without reserve on that point. There are also points of circumstantial evidence that he is not a Jew: his work is too thin and apologetic. It lacks the virility found in Jewish work of the same type. It is too often suggestive of pose. Besides, it utterly lacks the treasures, if not of wisdom then of texture, which mark the writings of a student. Offhand, one would say that Hapgood is a reader, but not a student. What he reads is pretty likely to come to the surface of his writings, so that in perusing a given article it is not at all difficult to trace what Hapgood's reading had recently been.

Hapgood Once Had a Vision of Candor

MR. HAPGOOD is of special interest with reference to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S series of Jewish studies, because there was a time when Norman Hapgood wrote more on the Jewish Question in the United States than any non-Jew had ever before attempted. Mr. Hapgood was a sort of pioneer in this field, as far as the public press is concerned. In fact, Mr. Hapgood once faced the opportunity to do this country a service, but he flinched, and he failed. He is now working for Hearst, the man on whose name and works he used to pour his most deadly editorial acid.

Norman Hapgood was editor of *Collier's Weekly* from 1903 to 1912, during which time he did excellent work. The fact that it consisted mostly in attacking non-Jews need not detract from its usefulness. The Jewish idea which debauches business must be blasted out of non-Jews as well as Jews. From 1913 to 1916 he was editor of *Harper's Weekly,* which publication proving unfortunate was merged with the New York *Independent,* which has since been merged with the *Weekly Review,* among the controllers of which is Louis Marshall, president of the American Jewish Committee, and Mortimer L. Schiff. After the disappearance of *Harper's* from the field, Hapgood went into government work, presumably under the direction of, or in some association with, George Creel. From February to December, 1919, he was envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Denmark, representing the Wilson Administration. The Senate never confirmed his appointment. And now he appears before the public again as "Universal Service Staff Correspondent," with constant attacks on the study of the Jewish Question as being conducted by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and constant support of Zionism in particular, and in general all things Jewish.

Mr. Hapgood is a witness to the fact that the Jewish Question exists. He was not long settled in the editorship of *Harper's* before he gave evidence of being deeply impressed by it. If one may essay to read another's motive and purpose, one would say this: Once upon a time, Norman Hapgood had a vision of the good that would result to American society by a straight aboveboard discussion of the Jewish Question and also the question of religious prejudice in the United States. It was a daring thought for any editor to harbor, especially for the editor of *Harper's.* The very announcement in that weekly that the word Jew was to be used, that the terms Protestant and Catholic were to be used in candid articles, gave promise of a new appearance of frankness in American journalism. It seems to have been Mr. Hapgood's purpose to bring these questions into the air and sunlight, rescue them from the atmosphere of whispering and suspicion, and talk them over man-to-man fashion.

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages will be sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

But He Was Afraid to Give Offense

THE work, of course, did not come to much. Mr. Hapgood wanted to tickle with a feather while he worked with his scalpel, and no remedial major operations are performed that way. He was always in the attitude of apologizing for his facts. He kept anxiously glancing over his shoulder to see if anyone was taking offense, and as a result he committed the greatest offense of all, he was unfaithful to his venture.

The fact is, Hapgood was so "thick" with the Jews that he did not dare be the kind of friend that would antagonize them for their good. He knew far too many in a way that it is better for a writing man not to know any. Hapgood had a vision of what might be done, but he did not do it.

In his editorship of *Harper's,* Mr. Hapgood started off boldly on the path of reform, employing George Creel to write several articles against the entrenched evils of society. Gentiles, interested in the manufacture of patent medicines, were one of these evils. If these Gentiles happened to belong to a Christian church, it made a much juicier article. Billy Sunday was another of the evils attacked, it being charged that he was hauled from industrial center to industrial center to take the people's minds off wages and make them think of God—the bills being paid by the men who would otherwise have to pay increased wages. Tammany Hall was attacked, too, but never a word of the Jewish control of Tammany, never the name of a single Jew belonging to it. There were articles also on the motion picture censorship, but not a word of the Jewish control of the movie industry. An article on "What is the Matter With Baseball?" failed to give the real answer. It was the good old game of fighting the air, shooting into the sky, while the persons at the helm of the evils attacked went right on exploiting, corrupting and raking in the profits.

To Say "Jew" Was His Daring Plan

BEGINNING with the issue of January 23, 1916, *Harper's* began to speak about Jews. (That issue, incidentally, contains a photograph of a crowd of Jews hurrahing for Bouck White who rebelled against the Christian church by starting "an Anarchist Church.") The first article that appears on this subject is "Religion for the Jew," by Arthur H. Gleason. It is a Kehillah-inspired article. That is, it boosts the then proposed new Jewish system of education undertaken by the Kehillah. It was outspoken enough, however, to refer to the rabbi's schools of New York as the "five hundred holes where 15,000 boys are huddled around over-worked street peddlers with a smattering of rabbinical lore." Even that would have been seditious without Kehillah sanction.

In *Harper's* for August 7, 1915, Mr. Hapgood himself writes an article on "Big Jews and Little," in the course of which he indicates quite plainly that he knows the charges brought against Jews and that he believes there is some reason for it. We quote him:

"We accused the Jew of bad manners, of overacquisitiveness, of commercial dishonorableness, of ruining peasants wherever he went, of vulgarizing life and drama, of white slavery and prostitution . . . . And we conceive of a mighty political and commercial (especially banking) conspiracy, with a vast information bureau, having its malign influence on every move upon the international board . . . .

"Is there no reason for the persistence of this Jew-baiting? Most national pastimes are shorter-lived and less diffused. Frankly, there is a reason."

And then he goes on to discuss the "big" Jew and the "little" Jew, the "big" Jew being the Jewish leader against whom Mr. Hapgood brings the true charge—"He made moral ghettos for his fellow-Jew."

With these bare gleams of showing fact through to the bone, he desists, and drifts away into inane compliment and praise, returning only once to mention "the moral disintegration of the young Jews, especially in the New York slums," and the rest is mere words.

In *Harper's* of August 14, 1915, Hapgood has another article on "The Soul of Zionism," of which he knows nothing more than is contained in the propagandist literature put out from the Zionist publicity officers in lower Fifth Avenue.

In the issue of August 21 he discusses "The Jew and This War," being an appeal for pity for the Jews, another glance at Zionism as a solution, possibly with intermarriage on the side for those who do not go to Palestine.

Then on November 13, Mr. Hapgood takes up the question "Do Americans Dislike Jews?" and does not do very creditable work in dealing with it. He gives the yearly Jewish immigrant arrivals from 1880 to 1913, without saying where he gets the figures, and without alluding to the fact that the Jewish lobby at Washington prevented the United States Government from compiling those same statistics. (See first article, "How Jews in the United States Conceal Their Strength," Volume II, Jewish Activities in the United States—a reprint of previous articles in this series.) He hazards the guess that Jewish immigration would go down after the war. He was wrong, of course. Jewish immigration went up so rapidly and so high that Congress felt it necessary to pass laws curtailing it.

Failing in Frankness, Becomes Impudent

IN THIS article Mr. Hapgood says: "As to the United States, the simple truth is that Americans do not deprive Jews of any rights, but that they do not on the whole like them, and do not therefore bring out their more ideal sides." That is, it is the Americans who are to blame for the Jew. This is a variation of the Jewish statement, "Every country has the Jews it deserves."

November 20 appears another Hapgood article, "Jews and Intermarriage," in which he has the effrontery to do what no student of the Jewish Question would think of doing, namely, propose intermarriage to the Jews. Hapgood never got beneath his reading in this matter; he indulges in mere clap-trap. It is the right of the Jews to remain separate in any way they choose; they may keep socially segregated, racially separate, religiously separate, linguistically separate, if they choose. None of these things is the cause of the charges against them. The charge is that, being separate, they have a foreign policy against the people among whom they live. If the Jewish people, casting off the false leaders who have ensnared and enslaved them, will live to the common good, and not exclusively for that Jewish type of good which spells enmity to others, then the problem is solved. It is the Jewish idea, the Talmud idea, the anti-Gentile, anti-Christian idea which must be got rid of. Then, even the overdeveloped commercial instinct of the Jews will become an asset of the common good, which it is not now. Mr. Hapgood, besides betraying a fear of facts, a cowardice in the face of conclusions, betrays in his discussion of intermarriage an unconscious and coarse discourtesy which reflects seriously upon his knowledge of the Jewish Question.

In the November 27 article, "The Future of the Jews in America," a reward should have been offered for Jew or non-Jew finding what it is about. One absolute proof of Hapgood's incapacity on the whole subject is embodied in his words: "and since the war broke up the Zionist movement in Europe"!! That is one of the pathetic things about the Jews' use of their "Gentile fronts"—they keep them in such ignorance of the facts, permit them to go before the curtain and spout their errors, and then let them take the consequences.

That, however, was not the end of Mr. Hapgood's obsession on the subject of the Jews. It seems that he could not keep his hands off it. Apparently he knew of

something that ought to be said, and he was always trying to say it by indirection, but somehow he could not pump up courage enough to get it squarely said. He was constantly muffling it with words and a patronizing attitude. It was nothing for him to charge the utmost ignorance, cruelty, narrowness and baseness against his own people, against the American people, but apparently he could not screw up even a mild reprimand for people who he must have known were in collusion and whose influence he could not have misunderstood.

So, the Jews come up again in the issue of January 8, 1916, in an article "The Case for Intermarriage" by Armand Schreiber. This article contains some forthright statements:

"Why are the Jews, after so many centuries, still persecuted? Let us be frank. Nobody seriously contends that anti-Semitism is religious intolerance; it is purely racial animosity. And when accounting for the racial animosity, it will never do to raise the finger of scorn and point out the Gentile as the only cause of our suffering. This would be but a very simple device of hiding our own guilt. Though I do not for one moment admit that the absurd charges of the anti-Semitic propaganda are true, yet I freely concede our guilt to the extent that living among Gentile nations, we, on the theory of being the chosen people, the Simon Pure people, have scrupulously kept up our isolation."

Always Running Down His Own Race

AND in the next week's issue (January 15) Hapgood himself opens up again a new series about the treatment of Jews in schools and colleges, the first article being "Jews and College Life," the second one (January 22) being "Schools, Colleges and Jews," and the third one (January 29) on "How Should Jews Be Treated?" He says very little, the following quotations being as near as he ever comes to his apparent dream of saying something that has rock-like substance and strength.

The first quotation will throw light on Mr. Hapgood's quality of prejudice: "The two great influences in the schools of New York are the Jews and the Catholics. The Jews desire only to have the places assigned according to examinations, but Catholic politicians and office-seekers have sought constantly to have them assigned arbitrarily, so as to allow personal choice." Here he lauds the Jew at the expense of the Catholic Christians.

He does recognize, however, without entering into an adequate defense or even a complete explanation of the fact, that certain schools do not encourage Jews to attend:

"In some of the small preparatory schools, and even in some of the colleges, steps are taken to limit the number of Jews admitted. Usually this does not mean entire exclusion. The school does not wish to take a definite anti-Semitic stand. It simply wishes to prevent itself from becoming a Jewish institution, as it would become if everything were competitive" (Here is Hapgood putting the American student a notch below the Jew again.) "There, it establishes a waiting list, even if the prospects are that for the coming season it will have too few students, rather than too many. By tactful use of the waiting list, it is able to have about three or four Jews in a hundred, instead of allowing the number to increase rapidly. In many cases, where this device is used, the result is that the few admitted are treated very largely without prejudice, since it is to a large extent true that the prejudice that does exist is not against the individual Jew but against the race."

A Man Who Told the Truth in Harper's

ON FEBRUARY 5, *Harper's* contains an article by Stanley Washburn on "America's Chance in Russia." Washburn is rather refreshing after the noncommittal stuff of Hapgood. He says what he has to say, and what he says is not something he has read in literature sent out by a Kehillah, it is the result of observation:

"The question of the Jews is a delicate one to handle, but the Russian treatment of the Jews in this war has been, all things considered, extremely lenient, and many measures looking toward the alleviation of the Jews in Russia are under way. When I say that the Russian treatment of the Jews has been lenient in this war, I am quite well aware that I shall be contradicted vehemently by many persons, for certainly the German press agents have not been slow to capitalize Jewish sentiment by piling up stories of alleged Jewish atrocities. I cannot, of course, prove a negative and state that there have been no excesses in regard to the Hebrews, but I can say this, that I have been, as correspondent of the London *Times*, with instructions to look out for this very aspect, in the theater of operations from October, 1914, to November 1, 1915, and in all of this time I have seen nothing to warrant any statements of Russian cruelty to the Jews nor have I received any evidence from any credible source to establish the truth of any such story. During these months I suppose that I have been in not less than one thousand villages in Russia, covering country all the way from the Bukovina to the Baltic, and barring the expulsion of Jews from the war zone, I have seen nothing whatever that can be considered as an outrage on the Jews . . . . I think it safe to say that the major portion of the Jews in Poland were pro-German in their sympathies, and that the greater portion of spies in Poland proved guilty, were Jews. Yet there has been at no time during the war in Russia any, save possibly isolated cases of which I have no information, general persecution of the Jews."

IN response to numerous inquiries: The testimony given by David S. Franks, the Jewish aid of Benedict Arnold, may be found in Volume 5 of "The Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society," published in 1897. Other important information concerning the Franks family is contained in Volumes 1, 3, 4, 6, 10, 11, 16, 18 and 20. Consult the Index which was published in 1914.

This was a bomb shell among people nourished on the thin Hapgood pap, and *Harper's* heard of it from its readers, for in an editorial for the February 26 issue, Mr. Hapgood refuses to let the discussion burst forth, but gives instead an appeal to send money to those same Jews of whom Mr. Washburn wrote.

The last utterance, until he took up the task of getting into the daily papers his attacks against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, was in the Jewish college fraternity publication, the *Menorah Journal*. In the October, 1916, issue he writes a special article in which he addresses the Jews directly:

Taffy—And a Slap on the Wrist

"DURING most of my life my individual acquaintance with Jews has been fairly wide, but not nearly so wide as it has been in the last few years. . . . The ablest young publicist whom I know in this country, the man who has the widest grasp among the distinctly young men, is a Jew. The man who in the last few years, without conspicuous credit, has done the most careful and patient work to organize the forces of reform in New York, is a Jew. He among the distinctly young men who has made the highest impression in the law is a Jew. The man of my acquaintance among the very young with the widest historical knowledge is a Jew. The man who understands finance from the intellectual side best in New York is a Jew. The man who seems to me, over a long period of years, to have contributed the greatest number of reform ideas to the solution of economic problems, is a Jew."

That is the way all Gentile pro-Jews begin. And the Jews hate it. Read their books, their papers, their correspondence, and see how they detest it. The exceptional Jew (as far as publicity goes), the flashy Jew, the well-advertised Jew, is often too well known to his people, to render palatable the Hapgood sort of compliment.

When Hapgood, with a glimmer of his old ambition to say the truth, turns to serious things, he says:

"I need hardly explain that I do not think Jews ought to insist overmuch on their rights or nationality in a negative sense. They ought to be as much Jews as they can, but ought to be as little as possible of what is merely anti-Christian. For the Jews to try to get a song out of the public schools because it praises Jesus is natural but perhaps hardly wise. I admit that question, however, is an extremely complex and baffling one. Again, the Jews have naturally taken a great interest in this war, but in that case also they ought to choose as far as possible the more tolerant view. Too much hostility to Russia was shown, it seems to me, when some of their spokesmen were fighting over the wording of the Immigration Act. They seemed to be fighting not for a real gain, but simply to rub their political power in America into the Russian mind."

Knowing so much about the Jews, their anti-Christian activities, their intolerance of the Christian American majority, "their political power in America" which they have so grossly misused, Norman Hapgood is guilty of plain cowardice in starting out with sugary praise and ending with a sweet little slap on the wrist.

He knows too much to say so little, and to say that little so timidly.

Why Should They Use the Daily Press?

IT IS a question, how much right Mr. Hapgood and Mr. Hearst have to use Norman Hapgood's name to get American Jewish Committee stuff into the American newspapers. We shall not now discuss the part of the newspapers themselves in this, for at the present time too many American newspapers are caught in a vise; the cure is not in scolding them, but in liberating them.

Norman Hapgood, with all his boasted independence, is not free today to write a series on "What Is Really the Cause of the American People's New Scrutiny of the Jew." He is not free even to quote what the true Jewish leaders say, leaders such as Herzl and others who have been quoted at length in this series. He is free to say only what is pleasing to the New York Jews, who for the most part are not Jews at all, and who are a curse to their people. He can please these New York leaders only by praising the Jews and attacking all who speak plainly about the facts of the Jewish Question. Even to discuss it at all is a mistake, in Hapgood's judgment. This is in implicit obedience to the Jewish decree that discussion of Jews as Jews must be prevented at any cost. That Hapgood accepts that view in the main is indicated in the quotation with which this article begins.

This is Hapgood's weakness as a writer on the Jewish Question—he never crosses the boundary line of Jewish opinion, he is saturated in it.

It is indeed sad to contrast and contemplate the might-have-been and the reality, in Hapgood's case. Once he seemed to see clearly marked the path by which plain-speaking could have brought a more wholesome atmosphere into our national thinking. But what "the fear of the Jews" dampened in him, the lure of Hearst has quenched. Hapgood flinched, therefore he failed.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages, respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps for each volume.

JEWISH WORLD NOTES

The Jewish press writers are feeling very sore over the success of the Polish Republic in placing a $250,000,000 loan in this country. The worst of it is that Jewish money lenders, despite persistent Jewish attempt to defeat the effort to finance the struggling new nation and so punish it for alleged "pogroms," seem to have succumbed to the temptation to participate in the profits of the loan. "Emes" in "Modern View" commenting on the report that the Guggenheims subscribed for a large share of the bonds, waxes almost tearful in his reproach of his brethren for "placing financial gain above the principles of humanity...thereby aiding and abetting in the nefarious policy of pogrom and massacre."—Chicago *Israelite*. But possibly the reproach is a bit premature. In catching the creditor's whip from the hands of Gentile bankers, the Jews need not necessarily have been moved by any very friendly feelings toward Poland, nor have proved themselves false to their tribe and its program.

Identification of the World Zionist Organization with the International Jewish Banking Combine is no longer a matter of any difficulty. The presiding officer of the Twelfth Zionist Congress, which held a two weeks' session in September at Carlsbad, is Lord Rothschild, head of the great London banking house of M. Rothschild and Son and the central headquarters of the Frankfort, Paris and Vienna "Rothschilds" and their numerous branches and agencies throughout the world. He is assisted in his presidential duties by Professor Otto Warburg, and vice-chairmen, who will conduct special sessions, include Louis Lipsky, secretary of the American Zionist Organization; David Yellin, of Palestine; Professor Pick, of the Mizrachi, and Dr. Arthur Hanke.

In connection with the petition of the Arab deputation now in London to the British Colonial Secretary for the establishment of self-government in Palestine through an elective national assembly in which Christians, Mohammedans and Jews should be represented according to their respective percentage in the population, the Chicago *Israelite* declares: "There seems to be a terrible storm brewing in Palestine and one which will prove disastrous to the Jews unless they are willing and able to meet these demands of the native population fairly and squarely." The Arabs charge that they are being unfairly treated by the present administration, which is entirely under Jewish influence. In conversation with the London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, a member of the Arab delegation said: "We do not object to the Jews, but we do object to the policy of Zionism, which is gradually to obtain a dominant power by immigration and finally to establish a Jewish state. The immigrants who have come are the most objectionable class, including Bolsheviki, and this low-class Jewish labor is displacing Arab workers. In the Parliament we want, the Jews would have as many members as their numbers justify."

Numerous inquiries reach this office asking if there is anything in the book, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which shows a monkey searching for lice through the hair of a non-Jewish American soldier, while the other American soldier shown—a Jew—reads a newspaper printed in Yiddish. No! These delicate touches are the contributions of the Jew-owned, Jew-controlled and Jew-degraded motion picture industry of the United States.

"The great German editor" is the style in which Maximilian Harden is described for his forthcoming lecture tour of the United States. This "German" is a Jew of Polish origin, as were many of the "Germans" whose behavior puzzled the world. "Harden" is a "cover name"; his real Hebraic name is Witkowski.

The Boston *Post* prints the story of "a camp of anarchy" near Steelton, New Jersey, of which it says, "The only flag on the 57-acre plot is the red flag of anarchy." It is only another instance of the increased liberty being taken by American newspapers that the *Post* should add, "There are 175 persons living in the colony, chiefly Russian Jews." Even if that had not been stated, the intelligent reader could have assumed it.

Antarctic Adventure: The Voyage of the Quest

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England—(By Mail).

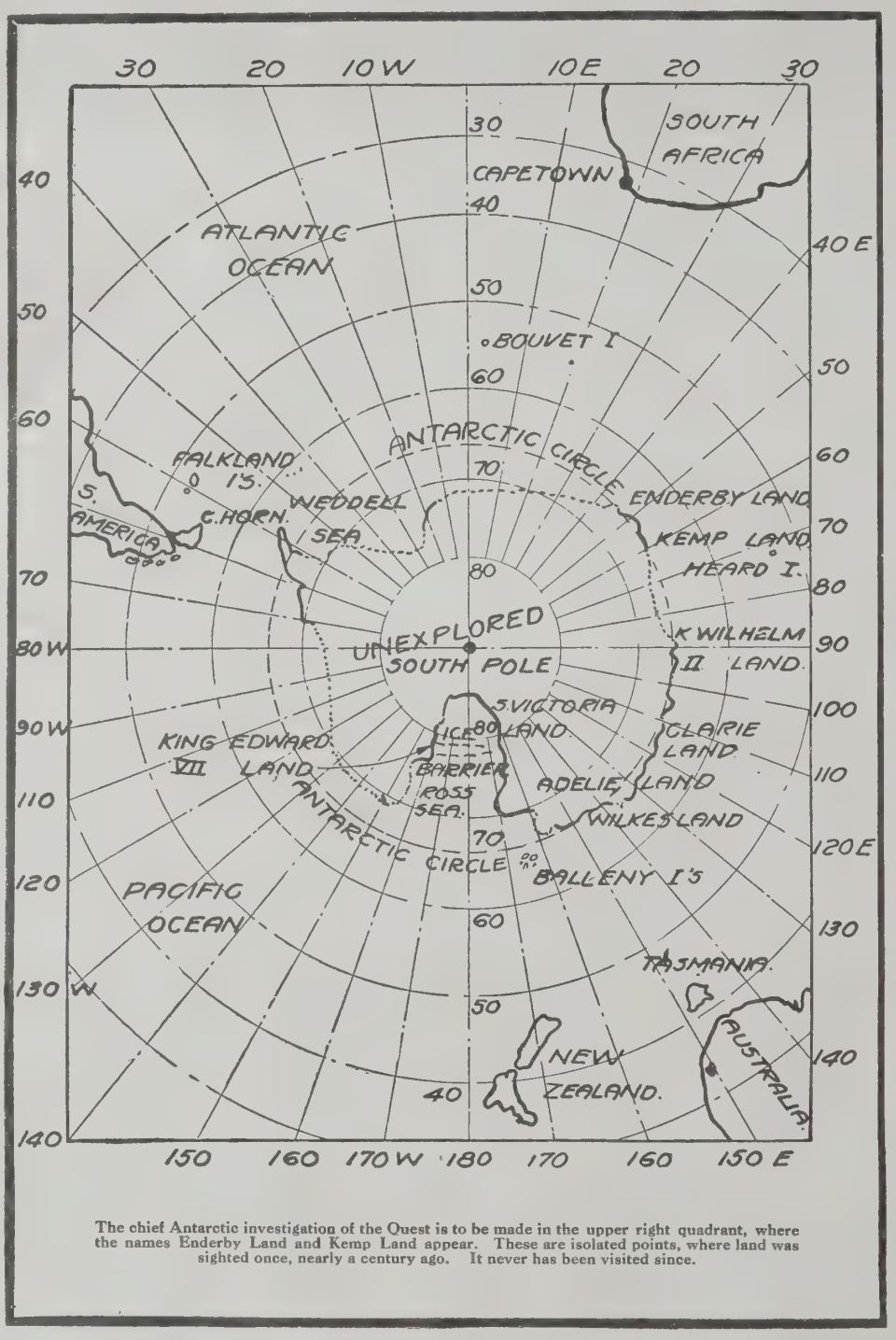
SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S little ship, the Quest, has started on her journey into the South Atlantic, the Pacific and the unknown Antarctic regions. The voyage will take 18 months and cover 30,000 miles. The equipment of the ship itself records the march of science. Just as Captain Scott's last expedition carried motor cars and Sir Douglas Mawson's a wireless telegraphic plant, so Sir Ernest Shackleton has the wireless telephone on ship and will have it at his shore base, with his exploring parties and on the airplane which is aboard the Quest. These are enormous advantages, equivalent to many extra weeks, it may be months, of voyaging. The value of the airplane when the Quest pushes its way into the Antarctic pack ice, hoping to find a passage through to the continental land mass, cannot be overestimated. From the crow's nest the range of vision is at most a dozen miles, from the airplane, on a clear day, some scores. The airman will discover the best and shortest track through the ice fields, where otherwise the ship would only find her way after days of painful labor and endless disappointments, if she found it at all. There is one qualification only: the airplane asks for moderately fair weather, and the Antarctic is not generous in that gift.

The wireless telephone, too, will save time and perhaps life as well. The stories of polar research are full of the hardships and dangers of the exploration parties that set off from the base and meet the infinite attacks of Nature with no means of communicating with the main body of the expedition or of obtaining help. If Captain Scott had had an airplane or wireless telephone or both—for the two go together now—his journey probably would not have ended in its grim tragedy. There are other scientific apparatus of the latest sort on board the Quest, but two things only need be mentioned here: the instruments for investigating air currents by means of captive balloons and machinery for carrying out sounding operations down to a depth of nearly six miles.

The Quest is a small boat to venture into the great southern seas, with their tempests and week-long blizzards and fields of ice and bergs, of which the famous Captain Cook once counted 300 all about him. She is less than 200 tons, in length only 111 feet. But though small she is not frail. She is a Norwegian whaler, built to withstand the shock of the floating ice and the pressure of the pack. Her sides are of solid wood two feet thick—as thick, almost, as those of her much larger predecessor in Antarctic work, the Endurance. But it is wrong in any event to treat smallness as a disadvantage in such work. The small vessel can be handled easily. She can turn in the loose ice and slip through the narrow passages where the big ship misses her chance and is brought to a standstill.

Besides, some of the most famous boats in the history of Antarctic exploration have been as small as, and even smaller than, the little Quest. The Jane, of Leith, in which James Weddell, in 1823, discovered the sea which bears his name (and from which he brought back the Weddell seal) was 160 tons, while the cutter Beaufoy that went with him was only 65. The Belgica, in which sailed both Dr. Cook (afterward famous for his claim to have discovered the North Pole) and Amundsen, who first reached the South Pole, was not more than 250 tons. The Eliza Scott and the Sabrina, both of London, which nearly 100 years ago made history on the fringe of the Antarctic continent, were but 154 and 54 tons each. Size matters less than structure, though it limits rigidly the number of persons who can be carried on the ship. The Quest carries 16 persons, but no crew, properly so-called. There is no room for crew. But of the 16, nine are seafaring men. And for the others, "the scientists will do the stoking," it is said.

It is no doubt because of the absolute lack of spare room that Sir Ernest had to decline to carry two passengers to Tristan da Cunha, the desolate island in the south Atlantic, which lies 2,000 miles from anywhere. About 100 persons live on Tristan, and for many years they have sought a clergyman-schoolmaster who will go and live among them, ministering to their spiritual needs and educating their children. A Mr. Rogers and his wife volunteered for a period of three years, but the admiralty, which used to send a warship to visit the island each year before the war, declined to do so now because the Quest will call there, but the Quest could not find room for Mr. Rogers and his wife. A sad calamity for the little group on that great volcanic rock which stands up starkly hundreds of feet above the Atlantic, while the ocean all about it is three miles or more in depth. The voyage of the Quest exhibits the third stage in the history of the exploration of the Poles. The first stage was that of scientific research, and it ended by bringing explorers within reach of the Poles. Then came the second phase, when the object of each expedition, whether admitted or not, was to obtain the glory of being the first to reach the Pole. Peary attained it in the North, Amundsen in the South. With their achievements the race was over, there were no longer earth-stirring "records" to be won, but now—the third stage—exploration returns to its primary and proper object of increasing the scientific knowledge of the world. That is the object of the Quest, and its pursuit will take two forms.



The chief Antarctic investigation of the Quest is to be made in the upper right quadrant, where the names Enderby Land and Kemp Land appear. These are isolated points, where land was sighted once, nearly a century ago. It never has been visited since.

First, the Quest will visit a number of far-separated, rocky islands in the Atlantic and Pacific. About some of them little is known except that their existence furnishes us with some slight information about the structure of the ocean bed and throws some light on the connection of the continents on either side. It is known, for example, that right down the center of the Atlantic Ocean, from north to south, there stretches a vast submarine ridge, which here and there thrusts gigantic peaks above the water. The ocean along the line of this ridge is only from 9,000 to 10,000 feet deep; on either side of it there is about 18,000 feet of water. This ridge rises steeply to the surface at the Azores, at St. Paul's Rocks (500 miles off the eastern coast of South America), at Ascension Island, and at the group of Tristan da Cunha already named. Away to the south of Tristan lies Gough Island, about which one may search most books in vain for information. Does it also belong to this ridge that runs from north to south or does it mark the point, as some think, where another ridge crosses from west to east—a ridge connecting America and Africa and marking the stage when at some far distant age there was a land ridge between the two great continents? Hundreds of miles away, again, to the south, lying between Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope is Bouvet Island, another desolate rock thrown up out of the sea, found long ago by a Frenchman, then lost, though vainly sought for by some of the great explorers, and then once more discovered. What is the significance of Bouvet Island in the structure of the earth and seas? Does the great ridge which we had thought to stop at Tristan, run right south to Bouvet?

By examination of the structure of all these islands and of their animal and vegetable life and by systematic soundings about and between them, Sir Ernest Shackleton hopes to extend our knowledge of the way the world is made. He will visit St. Paul's Rocks, little islets separated by narrow but deep gulfs of water, so that they stand up from the ocean bed like dolomites, occupying in all only 500 yards. Then on to South Trinidad, which stands out in the sea 700 miles east of Brazil, an island four miles long by two broad, the home of petrified trees and of ferocious land crabs. Thence to Gough Island and to Tristan, 16 miles in circumference, and all of it, except for one small stretch, made up of cliffs that tower up sheerly from the water from 1,000 to 2,000 feet into the air. And so to Bouvet Island, on which no man has ever landed. Later, returning from her plunge into the Antarctic, the Quest will visit Heard Island, so named from Captain Heard, of the American ship Oriental, who discovered it in 1853; and this also is ground little, if at all, explored. And lastly, on its pilgrimage of islands, the Quest will search for two, the very existence of which is in doubt. One of them is Dougherty Island, midway between New Zealand and South America, which, if it does exist, Sir Ernest thinks might make a useful British wireless station. The other is Tuanaki, a lost island of the Pacific, mentioned in missionary records as well-wooded and inhabited, but not heard of now for 90 years. What has become of Tuanaki? A shoal is reported now where Tuanaki is reported to have stood. The Quest will dredge over the shoal and come back with a record which will prove whether there was nothing in the missionary stories or whether the well-wooded island sank in a sudden subsidence beneath the waves. The voyage of the Quest has its picturesque side.

It also has a side which is pure Antarctic research. It will explore a part of the great Antarctic continent, about which next to nothing is known, though it is 3,000 miles in length. Look on the map due south of New Zealand and there lies the Ross Sea. This is the region made famous by all recent exploration, for from it Amundsen, Scott and Shackleton set out for the South Pole. Look again, due south of America and there is the Weddell Sea, the character of which is comparatively well known. But look due south of Africa and there is an almost unmarked coast line for some thousands of miles. This is the Enderby quadrant, where, in all the years that have passed, since Captain Cook first crossed the Antarctic circle in 1773, land has only been sighted for a few moments at two points.

For 3,000 miles here and eastward around to the Ross Sea, the coast of the Antarctic continent remains to be tracked out. Only a chain of names, dotted over that great space, marks the points where an explorer, sailing along the Antarctic circle, saw—or thought he saw—the land appear. Farthest north, the first point to be reached by the Quest, will be Enderby Land. It is nearly 100 years since the firm of Enderby Brothers, of London, combined the business of sealing with a keen interest in Antarctic exploration. Their captains shared this fervor, and in 1831 Biscoe saw a point of land to which he gave the name of Cape Ann; the coast he named for his employers. From that day to this nothing more has been seen or known of Enderby Land. A little farther on toward the east is Kemp Land, which commemorates the voyage of another Enderby pioneer. These are the only points of known land in the whole of the vast Enderby quadrant. Farther east, if Shackleton should prolong his search that way, there are others like them, as isolated, as dimly seen by their original discoverers and as long left unexplored. First, is a little spot called Kaiser Wilhelm II Land, the discovery of a German expedition; next, Clarie and Adélie lands, which were so named by the Frenchman, D'Urville; and, stretching for many miles, a vague line dimly noted by the gallant Wilkes, the United States naval captain, who in 1836 set out with ships that were but ill-equipped for their hard task. A little eastward of Wilkes Land, one of the Enderby captains discovered five mountainous islands (named for himself the Balleny islands) with smoke issuing from their peaks. Who knows what strange and interesting discoveries might not be made at points noted as land by Enderby pioneers and by Wilkes and D'Urville.

Baring the Heart of Hollywood: The Truth About the Motion Pictures

Growth of Industry, Development of Trust, Owners, Stars, Propaganda, and the Future



ADOLPH ZUKOR,

President Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

WITHIN eight years the motion picture industry has attained the status of fifth largest industry of the world. Some statisticians have even ranked it as high as third, placing above it only the iron and coal industries.

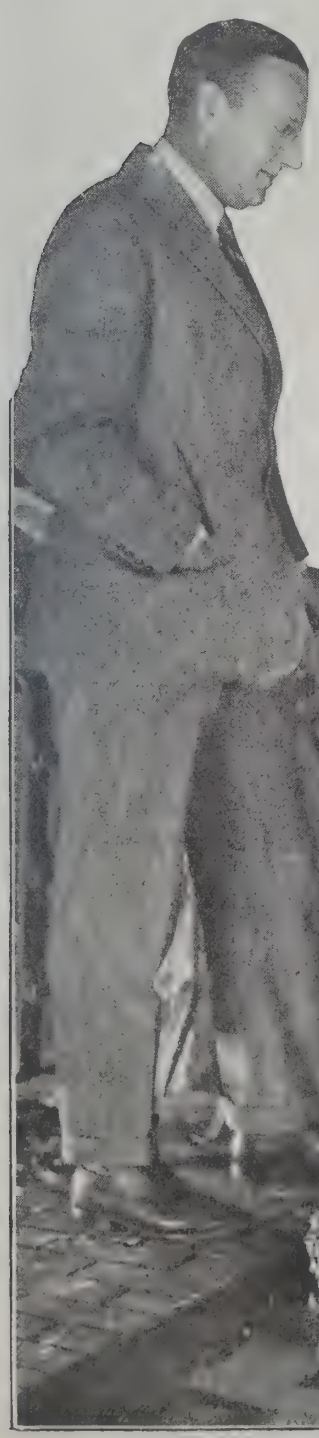
The United States alone contains 25,000 theaters, of which more than 16,000 are devoted exclusively to motion pictures and some 5,000 to combination pictures and vaudeville.

The investment in these theaters aggregates many hundreds of millions. The investment in motion picture studios also runs into many millions. About 40 of the largest of these studios are in or near Los Angeles. Fifteen or twenty more are in New York and New Jersey.

Eighty-five per cent of all the photoplays made are produced in Southern California. What Detroit is to the automobile industry Los Angeles is to the film industry.

Besides the vast sums invested in theaters and studios, it is estimated that more than $100,000,000 is spent yearly in the making of the big photo-dramas.

Today this vast industry is on the verge of the greatest upheaval in its cyclonic history. The independent producers, the movie actors, the independent exhibitors, the independent distributors, the members of the various labor crafts affiliated with the industry are all running in circles. Those who dare are uttering loud wails of protest, others are dumbly awaiting their fate. The situation reminds one of a tree full of nesting birds in which a serpent has appeared and is leisurely devouring their progeny. The serpent in this instance has been known under many names. It is a devil whose name is legion, a hydra-headed monster; but its center of action is one—and one with the International Power that controls the world's money.



At the time this is written things look very dark for the denizens of the tree. The serpent—to continue the metaphor—is powerful, very powerful. The birds cannot combat it, either singly or as a body. But they have a mighty ally if he can only be aroused; an ally of whom the serpent is ever in deadly fear. This ally is known as Public Opinion—the same force that has slain many such dragons in the past.

If this were merely a struggle between competing elements in the industry, the public would have no interest except as a spectator on the side lines. But the matter goes much deeper than that. It is a question that vitally affects the public itself. The domination, by a Wall Street corporation, of such a medium of public information and molder of public opinion as the motion pictures have become, is a dangerous thing.

Few realize the terrific power wielded by the controllers of the film-screen. Read what Sydney S. Cohen, president of the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America, said in an address to President Harding last May.

"Its language is simple, vivid and direct, because it appeals to the eye, which has been called the immediate channel of the soul; because it impresses with equal force the literate and the illiterate, the motion picture has developed into an agency more powerful than either the printed or the spoken word."

In other words, the motion pictures may become a more powerful engine for the molding of the human mind than our books, newspapers, magazines; a more dynamic influence than the eloquence of preacher or orator. Small wonder that those who would subvert society have gazed with covetous eyes on this tremendous leverage over that public which it affects to despise but secretly fears. That public is like a herd of Texas cattle, in that while under control it can be handled by a few men, but when once stampeded it becomes a menace that terrorizes the stoutest hearted.

But the greatest power of the motion picture, the real secret of the desire to control it, is its internationalism.

The motion picture, by appealing to the eye, and the eye alone, overcomes the great barrier of language and distance that has until now separated the world's peoples. On the screen the little touches of nature that make the whole world kin might be utilized to bring together the inhabitants of the globe into one great family. Insular prejudices and ignorance might be swept aside and the cause of humanity advanced further in the next century than it has been in all the centuries of the past.

This end would be realized if the motion pictures were in the right hands. In the wrong hands they can be and are used as an instrument for sowing discord, hate and warfare. We have seen what they were able to accomplish during the World War in this country. Appeals by public speakers and the press left a large portion of the public unmoved. But the pictured stories of well-staged "atrocities" fanned their indignation to white heat. It is the difference between the recital of a narrative and actually seeing the occurrence.

With this mighty instrument to use as they see fit, the little group of men who dominate the industry today can hold the peace of the world in the hollow of their hands. Who are these men; what are these men; where did they come from and how did they obtain this control? It is only by the past that we can judge their conduct for the future. Without passion or prejudice, the writer will tell the story straightly and simply as it was revealed to him by men who have grown up in the industry.



Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-President of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Elinor Glyn, the writer, and Gloria Swanson, the film star, at Hollywood.

The facts told here are open secrets within the industry. Several of the trade journals catering to the exhibitors have openly made charges based upon these facts and have named names. The charges are at last now matter of investigation by the Federal Trade Commission, and the United States Senate has before it a resolution demanding an inquiry into the alleged movie trust's violation of the Clayton Law.

That the reader may understand the present situation in the film industry it is necessary to delve a little into its past history. It has become commonplace to say of motion pictures that they are in their infancy. As an art this is probably true; but as an industry they are grown up. Wall Street has no time for infants. Sometimes a promoter leading his prodigy by the hand may be sandbagged and his child kidnaped by hangers-on lurking in its environs, but the street itself is only concerned with grown-ups.

During the years that the industry was getting on its feet, Wall Street ignored it. It was classed with the theatrical business. It was too much of a gamble for the "sure thing men" who never play without having the cards stacked and the wheel wired.

Even the big Jews in the theatrical business who had succeeded in getting control of the legitimate stage and had already begun their campaign of substituting pretty faces for actors and shapely forms for acting, looked with contempt upon the early development of the screen.

Some of these very Jews, however, are now leaders in the industry, and they got in on the ground floor. They broke in through the penny arcade route; open front storerooms filled with music boxes and peep shows where one deposited a penny and watched a bunch of chorus girls in tights or a couple of prize fighters strike boxing attitudes. They had little idea in those days into what these crude machines would eventually evolve. The ingenuity of Thomas Edison and the genius of David Wark Griffith carried them forward to a fame and fortune of which no one had dreamed.

But it was something besides luck that brought such men as Zukor, Goldfisch (now Goldwyn) and Loew into the dominant positions they now hold in the industry. They had the opportunity and they also had the ability to avail themselves of it, an ability that must not be underestimated.

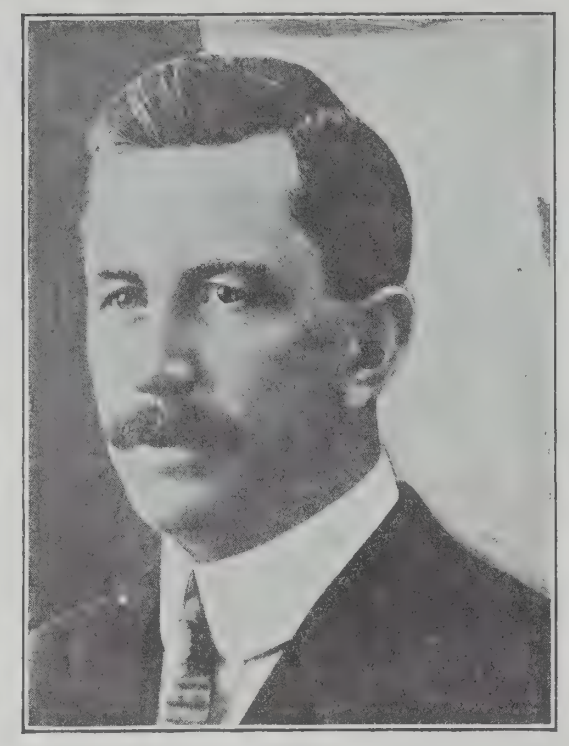
Fortunes came quickly in those early days of the pictures, especially after Griffith had conceived the idea of making big photoplays for the screen. Previously the pictures had attracted by their novelty, but with the advent of the drama in the films genuine interest was created and a steadily increasing, regular patronage was built up.

It took but little capital to get into the business then. All a producer needed was money to purchase a camera and supplies and he usually could get credit for these. There were no stars drawing bank president's salaries, no directors whose weekly stipend would require a wheelbarrow to convey home, no costly studios representing millions of invested capital. The producer simply took his cameraman and with a dozen or so active young people hunted a location that did not cost him a cent. As soon as his film was completed his

(*Concluded on page 15*)



HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN



T. A. CRERAR



WM. L. MACKENZIE KING

Canada's Unique Election Campaign

Advent of Third Party Gives Contest Odd Twist

By JOHN R. BONE

WHO will be Prime Minister of Canada after the general elections to be held in the first week of December?

Will it be Mr. Meighen, the incumbent, or Mackenzie King, Laurier's successor, or "Tom" Crerar, the Farmers' leader? It may be any one of the three, for the emblem of this year's contest might be a clover leaf or an equilateral triangle or any design that denotes a tripartite symmetry. Never has there been such uncertainty as to the outcome of an election in Canada, where hitherto electors have been prone to take their politics, like their whisky, straight, and the modifying influences of third parties have been unknown. But the reciprocity election of 1911, followed by issues raised by the war, and the death of Laurier, were to the Liberal party a series of catastrophes that have left it but a semblance of its former self; the old Conservative party, from a variety of reasons, disintegrated, leaving behind a chrysalis from which has emerged a butterfly with an imposing name, the National Liberal and Conservative party, but with wings as yet undeveloped, and meantime, out of the disorganization and confusion, has risen a young giant, menacing in form, but untested as to strength, bearing the name of its class, the Farmers.

The Farmers, or Progressives, are not merely an offshoot of the Liberals, as Roosevelt's Progressives were of the Republicans. They represent a movement all their own and have undermined positions held by each of the old contestants without discrimination. For the moment the two-party system in Canada has vanished. After the election there may be a new alignment which will result eventually, if not at once, in the two-party system's restoration. But that event is in the lap of the gods.

It is not even certain that either Meighen or King or Crerar will be the next Prime Minister, for in the readjustment or making of alliances that may be necessary to carry on government, it is just possible that some new leader may have to be brought in to make co-operation possible. The titular leaders, however, have the advantage of position.

All Three Called Too Serious

UNTIL the present juncture Canada's premiers always have been veterans, even on their accession to office. But in the year of grace, 1921, youth will be served. Mr. Meighen is 46; Mr. King is 46; Mr. Crerar is 45. All three are Presbyterians. All three are clean-cut Canadians, earnest, sincere, actuated by high motives. If they have a fault in common it is that they are too serious.

Meighen and Crerar were born in near-by Ontario townships. Both went West and grew up with the same Manitoba town, Portage La Prairie. Meighen and King were fellow undergraduates at the University of Toronto. Crerar also is a university man. The three have much in their outlook that is common to all.

The outstanding personal characteristics of Mr. Meighen are his courage, perseverance and indomitable industry.

Arthur was raised on the farm and is a graduate from the school of barnyard chores with postgraduate degrees, earned in summer vacations from college in haymaking, harvesting and all the rest of it, though the modern farmer, with his advanced political creed, recognizes him not. After college Meighen taught school and studied law, hung out his shingle in Portage La Prairie, plunged into politics, raising the Conservative flag in the sea of western radicalism, and found himself in Parliament and in the cabinet before contemporaries had found their bearings.

It is said that on Borden's retirement Meighen was a second choice successor. It also is said that there are today grumblers in the ranks of his party. But the chances are that though his defeat in December seems inevitable, he will be the dominating influence in the Conservative party and a potent factor in Canadian affairs for 20 years to come. In his short term as Premier he has been prevented from exhibiting initiative by his disintegrating support and his enforced absence for a considerable period to attend an imperial conference in London. And it is curious that the chief impress he has made on Canadian policies has been in foreign affairs, a field where critics said he would flounder. In London the youthful premier from Canada made a distinct impression. It was largely his courage that initiated the beginning of the end of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and insured Mr. Harding's success in launching the Washington Conference.

He Knows Labor Issues

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE KING, to give him his full name, entered politics through the civil service, and his early career was therefore more sheltered than that of the politician who only reaches the top through the rough and tumble of ward politics.

King's specialty is labor. As a postgraduate student in Chicago he became interested in Jane Addams' work at Hull House. On his return to Toronto he investigated, in connection with temporary work as a newspaper reporter, sweating conditions in clothing shops that were working on government contracts. He laid the facts before Sir William Mulock, then a cabinet minister, who was horrified. That was the origin of Canada's Fair Wage Law. Since then sweating conditions in connection with the labor on any government contract has been legally impossible. It also was the origin of King's career. He became almost immediately the first deputy minister in Canada's Department of Labor. Here he did much constructive work. The Lemieux Act, an advanced piece of legislation, which has had far-reaching effects in preventing strikes on public utilities, was largely, if not entirely, his product.

Laurier took him out of the civil service directly into his cabinet, selecting him, it was said, as a potential future premier. In the government's downfall in 1911 King lost his position, and also his seat, and having abandoned the civil service, had no profession or calling to fall back on. But shortly he was engaged by John D. Rockefeller as one of the directors of the Rockefeller Foundation, with special jurisdiction on matters of industrial relations, a position he held almost up to the time he was selected by the Liberal party to succeed Laurier.

King is recognized as a world authority on labor and industrial issues.

Gaze now on Thomas Alexander Crerar, leader of the revolutionists in Canadian politics, the new third party, alternately described as Farmers and Progressives. He is a product of the West. There is not the slightest awkwardness about his six feet of massive manhood. His clothes are immaculate, his manner courteous, one might say polished, his form of speech noticeably correct. Meighen and King, the old line party leaders, are relatively poor men; Crerar, the "radical," is the president of a corporation with $5,000,000 paid up capital and reserves.

Like King, Crerar was obliged to serve no political apprenticeship on a parliamentary back bench. When he came to the House of Commons he came as a cabinet minister. As a "win the war" leader of the western Farmers, he went to Ottawa in 1917 to enter Borden's Union Government. Indeed it was he, more than any other individual, who made the Union possible, for if Crerar and the Farmers had opposed, the government could scarcely have survived till the end of the war. But Crerar was the first to step out of the Union as soon as the war was over and differences on domestic issues could no longer be composed.

Friends say that Crerar has no taste for public life and that if he is obliged to take ministerial rank again, or even the premiership, it will be against his will.

When Crerar as a child went West, it was to live on a homestead that was 40 miles from a post office and 170 miles from a railway station. He, therefore, knows his West. He taught school to relieve the family exchequer for his college course, but as soon as he was through the university he returned to farming, in which his father was already successful.

So much for the men. Now what are they fighting about?

According to Mr. Meighen the tariff is the issue. He is uncompromisingly a protectionist, and the issue, he says, is between protection and prosperity on the one side, and free trade and ruin on the other.

It is the boast of protectionists that whenever there has been a clear-cut issue on the tariff in Canada, the protectionists have always won. It is, therefore, not surprising to find the Liberals and even the Farmers declining to take up Mr. Meighen's gauge of battle. Perhaps if it had not been for the Fordney tariff now in effect against Canada, they might have entered the lists once more boldly bearing the banner of free trade or at least, freer trade. But there is so much loss and resentment caused by the new American tariff barrier, that such a course would be dangerous. We have, therefore, Mr. King declaring that the tariff is only a minor issue in this election and even the Farmers are singing low on that topic.

The Dominating Factors

BEFORE the campaign closes Mr. Meighen may be able to make protection the paramount issue, but in the meantime the dominating factors are not Mr. Meighen's defense of the customs barrier, or what the Liberal and Farmer conventions said about free trade a year or two or three years ago, but they are:

1. The unyielding hostility of the province of Quebec to the Meighen Government, chiefly because of its war record,

2. The disorganization of the Conservative party throughout the country,

3. The new class consciousness of the Farmers based on tariff and other controversies of the past.

As a result of these conditions the province of Quebec is expected to send an almost solid block to support Mackenzie King, regardless of its convictions in the tariff. The western prairie provinces are expected to send an almost solid block of farmers, with substantial reinforcements from elsewhere. These two circumstances, alone, if realized, seal the fate of the Meighen Government. No government can carry on with a solidly hostile Quebec and a solidly hostile West. Ontario is the great battle ground. If Mackenzie King could sweep Ontario he could, with Quebec, form a government. If Crerar could sweep Ontario, he could, with the West, form a government. But the fact is that Ontario, the home of protection, is likely to give Meighen the majority of its seats and so the prospect is for a three-cornered deadlock.

The government will, of course, have to be carried on, and after the election is over some kind of an alliance between two of the three groups may develop, which will result in a stable administration.

But for many reasons the coming months promise to be the most interesting in the record of Canadian affairs.

What America's Burbank of the Soil Is Doing

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

FORTY-FIVE years ago in a little country schoolhouse in the backwoods of Michigan, a teacher gave a pupil this motto:

"My boy, each morning, when you start to work, hold up your right hand and say: 'This day I will beat my own record—I will put the best I have into this day's work.'"

We little know how our words may affect the lives of others. But the teacher in the Michigan woods gave to America a missionary, a teacher, a preacher, a philosopher, and a prophet, for the boy applied the motto and today he is preaching it to the men and women, the boys and girls on the farms and in the towns and cities of the United States. This man is Perry G. Holden, who is credited with having done more to set agricultural America to moving, and moving in the right direction, than any other single person. He has been described as the Burbank of the soil—the man who set King Corn on the throne and crowned Alfalfa queen.

Not so many years ago Professor Holden trebled the value of the corn crop in Iowa. A little later he put millions of dollars into the pockets of the farmers of Oregon, Washington and Iowa. As a final achievement, his teachings induced the farmers of Arkansas to adopt a system of crop diversification which resulted in an increase of the wealth of the state of more than $30,000,000 in a single year.

And Professor Holden says he has only started; that it is his ambition to do as much, or more, for every state in the Union, and the chances are he will accomplish his purpose, for he is today the leader in a movement for agricultural revival and rural uplift which, in its scope and significance, is without parallel in this or any other country. What is of equal importance, he is at the head of an organization with virtually unlimited facilities for carrying on the work. During the last few years he and his assistants have co-operated in organizing and conducting 60 campaigns for agricultural education, have spoken at nearly 50,000 meetings, and to meet these engagements have traveled approximately 3,000,000 miles by railroad and more than 1,000,000 miles by automobile, while their activities have reached the enormous total of more than 20,000,000 persons.

It was while professor of agronomy at the University of Illinois, from 1897 to 1901, that Professor Holden's work first attracted attention. He looked on corn culture as a source of prosperity and happiness to humanity. He had a vision of more generous fields, more golden harvests. He pictured big red barns, fine dairy cattle, happy homes.

But he beheld these things as possible only through the united efforts and intelligent co-operation of the people and organized the Corn Growers' Association. He recognized the agricultural possibilities of the sugar beet, and the Sugar Beet Growers' Association came into being.

Already he had done much for the farmers of Illinois, but he was not content. He saw the need of improving the quality of the corn and organized both the Corn Breeders' Association and America's first corn judging school. He placed corn on a higher educational plane than Latin and Greek, organized the Illinois club for the dissemination of agricultural knowledge among young men, and revived and broadened the farmers' institutes of the state.



Above—Professor Holden addressing a typical crowd of farmers. Center—School children greeting Professor Holden. Below—Farmers at a "better farming" meeting jotting notes down for future reference.

Then the Iowa State College beckoned him. As professor of agronomy and as director of the agricultural extension department of that institution, he continued the work he began in Illinois. He did more. He "beat his own record."

He inaugurated a better corn campaign that is unique and majestic in the history of agriculture. He shattered all traditions of extension work by refusing to rely on bulletins and other printed matter to carry his message to the people. He went in person to the farmers at their homes and taught them by word of mouth. He inoculated commerce and transportation with the bacteria of more and better corn, and set a precedent for every state of the Union by conducting the first railway train ever run for spreading the gospel of profitable farming.

Other men had treated corn culture as an obtuse science; Holden taught it in the terms of the people, and he taught it whenever and wherever he could. He talked corn to the farmers at their institutes. He attended their grange meetings and conventions and urged care in the selection and storing of seed corn. "Test, don't guess," was his slogan.

To the farmers of Iowa, Professor Holden taught in terms of their own fields. He did not urge doubling or trebling the yield. Possibilities must dawn slowly. He impressed on them the advantages of even a slight improvement, knowing that the greater improvement would follow.

"Add what would equal a three-ounce nubbin to a hill," he said, "and the gain will be 10 bushels to the acre. About 9,000,000 acres are planted to corn in Iowa. That one little nubbin more in each hill will mean an increase of 90,000,000 bushels."

In 1912, after Holden had talked and demonstrated and labored for 10 years, the nubbin was added to the hill. The corn yield in Iowa that year showed an increase of 10½ bushels to the acre, or a total of 122,147,000 bushels over what it was in 1902. In 1912, the farmers of Iowa planted 9,420,434 acres to corn. The total increase in the yield was 98,914,557 bushels, which at 36 cents, the average price of corn that year, meant that the market value of this yield increase was $35,609,240.

Holden became a prominent figure in national progress. There were those who believed that his activities should not be confined to even one nation, so he was offered and accepted the position of director of the agricultural extension department of one of America's leading industrial concerns, organized for world-wide teaching of agriculture. After a period of great work in Illinois, and even better work in Iowa, Holden entered on the world's work.

But first there was more work to be done at home. Professor Holden had long known that the agricultural problem of the Northwest was the one-crop system. Great tracts of land had been seeded to wheat year after year until the soil was becoming worn out—robbed of the elements necessary for the growth of plant life. He decided at once that the remedy was the growing of alfalfa, that wonderful plant, which is not only a money-making crop in itself, but possesses the magic power of putting nitrogen and organic matter into the soil. Thereupon Professor Holden organized the Inland Empire Alfalfa Campaign, and in co-operation with six great railroad systems of the Northwest, began the campaign for alfalfa on every farm.

While the agricultural demonstration train inaugurated by Professor Holden in Iowa was a mighty step forward, he believed there was a still better way of reaching the farmers. At last he hit on it: the automobile in conjunction with the railroad train. The farmer could come to the towns where the train stopped, and thousands of them did, but in many instances this meant a long trip. The thing to do, then, was to go to the farmer, to meet him in the fields, on his own threshold, or wherever it was most convenient for him to go. It was planned, therefore, that at every place where the train stopped automobiles should meet it and carry the speakers to prearranged meeting places; in schoolhouses, churches, town halls, theaters, barns, out in the open fields, or by the roadside.

On reaching a designated stopping place, the Alfalfa Special, with its corps of experts, was met on scheduled time with automobiles and from 10 to 20 speakers, with charts, samples and literature and whirled away to as many meeting places in the country, while one or two speakers remained for a central meeting in the town itself. Here was something new. There had been Corn Specials, Soil Specials, Dairy Specials and the like, in other days, but the combined auto-train Alfalfa Special, with its speakers who went to the people instead of the people coming to the speakers, was a revelation.

When a meeting was held in an alfalfa field there was no question of its success, as many good lessons were easily driven home by illustrations from the growing crop. The speakers used huge charts which told some most interesting stories in a manner that was indisputable.

One of Professor Holden's strong points was that alfalfa will act as a land reclaimer. He declared that once it is given a chance it will refuse to be kept off of land that is now considered practically valueless. Alfalfa is known to put back into the soil what other crops take out. By a peculiar process, the nodules that form on the roots extract nitrogen from the air and deposit it in the soil. And nitrogen is what other crops need.

Even the school children got their lesson from this campaign; not only a lesson on alfalfa, but on history and geographical subjects. But, underlying every talk, whether it was to the boys and girls, or to the men and women who had grown old on the farm, there was the same lesson to be learned: "Fertilize the soil with brains."

The result of this campaign was that more than 200,000 acres of land in the Inland Empire, never before in any kind of grass crops, were put into alfalfa the following year. Thousands of farms which had been deserted by their owners because of the soil, worn out by constant planting to one crop, did not yield returns of any sort, were reclaimed, rejuvenated.

Having accomplished so much for the people of the Northwest, Professor Holden turned his eyes to the South. Arkansas immediately invited his attention. The need here was similar to that of the Inland Empire—crop diversification. The farmers of Arkansas had been growing cotton for nearly 40 years—growing it to sell for money to buy food for man and animal. The practice of this system had placed the state at the mercy of the North and East, both in buying and selling. The cotton crop was sold in 1913 for $63,000,000. This amount and $12,000,000 more was sent out of the state to buy foodstuffs which should have been produced on the Arkansas farms.

Professor Holden realized that it would be a tremendous undertaking to change a one-crop system of 40 years' standing to a safe system of agriculture whereby the farmers of an entire state might be induced to raise their own food and feed and thus make cotton a cash crop. But he entered on the work with enthusiasm.

With a staff of 60 men, the campaign was begun November 10, 1914, and carried on for 35 days, approximately 1,400 meetings being held in 49 different counties, covering the entire cotton belt of the state. The speakers pointed out to the farmer the folly of buying food and paying a big profit to some one else, when he could raise that food at home and save this big profit.

According to the Little Rock Chamber of Commerce, this campaign added $30,744,150 to the value of the agricultural products of Arkansas.

Thus one by one the states of the Union are being covered by Professor Holden and his army of expert talent, the campaigns in each instance being pertinent to the direct needs of the people.

How to Understand the Armament Conference

Existing Land Forces Sanctioned by Allies Total Nearly Ten Million; Limitation of Naval Armament Must Also See Militarism Repudiated

By A. R. PINCI

EXCEPTING the League of Nations, the conference to be held at Washington on the subject of limitation of armament, popularly and logically understood as disarmament, has been preceded by the greatest possible amount of universal publicity ever given upon any one problem at any one time. Publicity and explanation, however, are not always related, especially where statesmanship is concerned.

To understand the purposes and practicability of the conference it is best to regard it for what it is rather than for what one would like it to be. Because it is based upon inherent humanitarian principles is no reason to make sentimentalism the quality of one's beliefs. Political or diplomatic bias serves to distort the outlook.

Forecasts are dangerous as they are inconclusive. Reports oscillate between inevitability of success and that of failure. Of course, they are qualified but on the whole they are too involved. Making all allowance, it is very difficult to reduce theories to facts, and the only safe thing to do is to analyze the facts upon which the theories are based.

Disarmament offers a peculiar problem in compound psychology. When the people clamor for relief from taxes, reduction of armament is the first thought; but let them be told that such a step would mean national suicide, then their respective statesmen score a victory. The latter is a phase of patriotism which is very useful to militaristic administrations, because it facilitates their practices.

Quibbling Will Mean Bad Faith

DOUBT arises as to how sincere is the policy of big armament and how great its necessity. Circumstances vary with nations, and future contingencies cannot be predicted with certainty, but it will remain forever and ever an unanswered question as to just what is the responsibility of statesmen between theory and fact in national safety. Is it possible that every country is constantly menaced by every other country? If it is possible, is attack probable? For this is the fear that consumes every government official of whatever race, creed or color.

How much of this common and habitual fear is fact and how much of it is delusion? It never happens that a group of citizens of different nationalities, not specifically out to bluster, fail to get along amicably; but those very same citizens, once vested with the authority of government will not hesitate to commit their peoples to war in the name of patriotic duty. Unless it is possible to eradicate this dangerous official frame of mind, which is the corner stone of professional diplomacy, disarmament will remain an unsolved problem.

To begin with, Washington is iterating the warning that the conference is on "limitation of armament" and not on "disarmament." There is a technical difference, but otherwise it is mere apologetic quibbling. And the people represented at the conference will regard quibbling as the soul of bad faith. There can be no delimitation policy without the corresponding intention to disarm.

Disarmament, therefore, is the more proper term, even though it has a drastic, harsh sound to which diplomacy's ear refuses to be attuned. It is essential, at the very outset, to determine whether armament, as a problem before the conference, will mean navies, armies, man-power or industrial wealth. Armament today implies somewhat more than men and guns. It really means the intensified scientific force of a country. Can this force, so useful to the world in its normal pursuits, be diminished just because another country is less well endowed with internal resources? An example of how this distinction operates will be set forth, so that one who understands that understands practically all that there is to the problem. The United States, for instance, hardly justified the prophecy that a million men would be ready overnight for defense, but nevertheless in 18 months we demonstrated several industrial and scientific miracles. There is no limit to the number of times this metamorphosis can be undergone. Governments do not disregard its possibilities. France will consider reducing her armed forces only if assured of a "protective" alliance with us, which in reality means guaranteeing her the benefit of this country's combined forces, actual and potential.

United States the Strongest Nation

ALTHOUGH the spokesmen of the delegations will hardly risk making such a statement, it can be taken for granted that the United States will be considered by foreign conferees as the world's most powerful nation, despite its non-militaristic character. England, France and Japan, as the chief armed nations, count what they have in the way of warships and soldiers and what they do not have of internal resources and, practically disregarding American military power, will base their attitude on what this country possesses of frontier-protected internal resources. There are experts who hold that this American force exceeds all foreign artificial protection. At this juncture fact ceases and theory enters; it is the question of good or bad intentions, already alluded to, with the diplomats to control its effect upon the public mind.

The official view is born of recent experience. If Mother Nature is not prodigal, the nation seeks to protect itself otherwise, which means armed resistance. A proposal, which has been advanced by responsible public men, that this country would be ready to set aside a given tonnage of warships and other related quantities of military equipment, together with identical contributions by other powers, to sink the whole in the Atlantic Ocean, would be simplicity itself, since it would reduce totals without affecting the existing order, but it is not acceptable abroad for the reasons stated. It is futile for American officials to discuss disarmament with foreign statesmen in terms of warships and soldiers; they regard the United States with awe after the showing that was made in 1917 and 1918.

Mention must be made, also, of the suggestion of a co-operative international navy, because its possibilities probably will be discussed by the conferees. Fundamentally such a composite navy should be feasible, but what super-authority would control it? It revives somewhat the theory of the League of Nations, whose friends claim it to be the natural instrument for disarmament. The League, unfortunately, has no mandatory powers, and it cannot compel any member to discard a single torpedo boat or throw away even a rusty bayonet.

In so far as the object of the conference at Washington duplicates the League of Nations, either as to ideals, motives, intentions or results, it cannot surpass the League, either toward success or failure.

In the popular phraseology of the day there is a saying that the United States must or should or will—as the case may be—"lead" all other nations. It is a phrase that may be found in every newspaper and the *Congressional Record*. It is a treacherous phrase. Statesmen and capitalists with the object of industrial greatness, divines and some editors in the name of supreme altruism, politicians and propagandists for the sake of beguiling the multitudes—together they invoke that exortation which is read abroad as a continual challenge, until the average foreigner is convinced that Americans who now have everything are minded to obstruct the progress of their nations.

Our foreign friends, and not a few antagonists, ask why the United States does not "lead" in disarmament. The question, of course, is reasonable enough, from their standpoint. But can the United States lead? And if it can, will Europe and Japan follow?

Several years ago, this same question was agitated. Once I submitted it to the late Admiral George Dewey. He said that the United States did not set a naval pace but had to follow the pace set by others. Just where following said pace ends and setting said pace begins is something about which few minds seem to agree.

Conference preliminaries have stressed the need of naval reduction, and the net result has been to draw public attention away from the very ominous military situation.

The Armies of Nations

THE latest available figures show that there are 9,348,131 soldiers in the world's armies, or about 19 soldiers to every sailor! The world's combined naval personnel is estimated at 497,000 men. When it is remembered that the opportunities of navy men to start trouble that leads to war are very rare, one may form an idea of what so many soldiers scattered about in this world can bring about.

Russia and China lead in numbers, the former with her mysterious Bolshevik organization approximating 1,500,000 men, and the latter with a force of 1,369,000 soldiers; but neither of these national forces may be considered armies in the fullest sense of the term. Nineteen Latin-American republics, Panama not included, have a net total of 429,547 soldiers, which somehow gives the impression that the lauded Pan-American unity is far from being a reality. Ominous indeed, however, is the showing made by the Slavic countries, not including Russia, which have 1,981,164 soldiers scattered from the Adriatic Sea all the way to the White Sea. As that territory represents the seat of about all of the great military troubles of the last century, culminating with the Great War, the situation is not encouraging. The League of Nations, which has had the power to decrease armies to the bone and has supposedly done so, has nevertheless authorized aggregate land forces that compare unfavorably with those anteceding the war.

Germany has been reduced to the required total of 50,000 soldiers; but for some inexplicable reason Poland to the east and France to the west have each been permitted to build up huge peace armies, with both absolutely unwilling to consider any thorough reduction. Collaterally Austria, with about 30,000 men, is between Jugo-Slavia with 200,000 men and Rumania with 250,000. One marvels at these totals, but more so one may marvel at the amiability with which statesmen enforcing the terms of the various peace treaties suspend those terms which Balkanic countries find unsatisfactory.

With regard to naval armament, only the navies of the seven leading powers are important enough to warrant consideration. The total tonnage of warships of every description is 5,551,813, divided as follows: England, 2,617,327; United States, 1,167,586; Japan, 606,262; France, 502,933; Italy, 286,671; Russia (condition unknown) 254,148; Germany, 116,886. Their combined personnel is 430,000 officers and men.

It is evident that countries are divisible into two distinct groups—naval and military, and each makes up in preponderance of one arm or the other so balanced as to give the highest degree of required protection. Under the circumstances armament is not susceptible of land or water distinction, not at least as the objective of the conference. For one power to be disposed to discuss only the other fellow's strength is beating about the bush. This should be understood in its fullest significance—*that the powers are endeavoring to consider the limitation conference as an equalization conference.* The only way to guard against this tendency is by putting delegates on record, and that means unstinted publicity.

One hears much about the "menace of Germany." Whatever unsatisfactory militaristic condition exists is laid to Germany. Germany counts no more; her complete disarmament has been announced. "There is not the slightest apprehension of the possibility of Germany being able," it was officially announced in London late in September, "to organize and equip an army of such size as to constitute any danger to the Allies. There are, of course, plenty of men, but they are lacking all necessary armament and equipment."

Despite this pronouncement, and that Germany has practically been restricted to its maximum military force of 50,000, France still remains dissatisfied. Although no French official would risk making such a statement officially, or in so many words, it seems that so long as German man-power is greater than France's, France cannot feel "safe."

France will participate in the conference, bearing in mind that the Senate of the United States not only rejected the League of Nations, a matter about which the French cared nothing, but that it also rejected the promised protective alliance with this country. But was the comfort of this protection, so much desired by French statesmen, essentially against Germany? Yes, is the popular idea. No, is the diplomatic secret; there is a more serious intention.

France Wouldn't Efface Itself

AS A matter of fact, France's entire policy since the armistice has been directed toward the possibility of disturbed Anglo-French relations. Prognosticators of broken relations have been many, but discounting sensational reports, it cannot be denied that England and France are not in very hearty accord. As soon as Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the government leader, found it necessary to make an announcement in the House of Commons denying the intention of a separate Anglo-French alliance, French statesmen openly took issue with England. As a result Franco-British relations will never again be what they were prior to 1921. France lost the only opportunity to weld itself with England, because it depended upon France's self-effacement.

England, of course, although concealing the purpose to save the feelings of her war associates, has favored a policy whose effect is to revive industrial Germany, with an eye to Russia because without these two countries, the latter rich in raw materials which Germany can transmute into finished products which England intends selling to the world, England cannot retain its supremacy. It is essential to follow the meaning of these individual nationalistic European contentions to realize how vital they become and how they can and will influence all disarmament discussions.

England and Her Navy

ENGLAND, after the United States, really favors a limited armament policy, provided, however, that all advantages accruing by reason of her present naval supremacy will not be diminished in any respect. But it is well to see just what the British Navy means, and how far England can, in view of the outlook, restrict its growth. Her navy has become a sort of inseparable corner stone of the whole Britannic colonial superstructure. In itself that navy has never been regarded as a menace, because, so long as things remain as they are, the spirit of England is progressively industrial.

Strategically, England could wage a naval battle against any potential antagonist if she could rely on the undivided support of the dominions. This support is indeed problematical; pending the identity of the enemy it will remain doubtful. It is a mistake to point to the fidelity of the dominions during the recent war because that support was due to self-protection against Germany's colonial aspirations.

England has a mastodontic navy either to protect or to hold her dominions. Certainly there are no indications whatsoever that these dominions, separately or together, will be in danger of hostile annexation. With no enemy in sight, England does not require her extravagant fleet to protect. Upon this premise, then, the conference might, if in earnest, suggest reduction.

But would England entertain it? The question answers itself. There is fear of contraction from *within*, and the navy is in consonance with growing maturity and accompanying indication of sovereign independence of the powerful dominions. How far England will sacrifice so much of power for the sake of the hoped-for limitation as against the fear of loss by dismemberment cannot be doubted.

The weight of attack for a vacillating attitude toward the conference has been toward Japan, which

Concluded on page 15)

Baring the Heart of Hollywood

Continued from page 11

returns were immediate. Money literally poured in on him. The industry financed itself.

At the time Griffith was beginning to prove that there was a real field for drama on the screen, the big money was in prize fight films. The boxers soon discovered this also and presently the picture rights became even more valuable than the purse at stake. Then certain states began to pass laws against the showing of fight pictures and a lucrative source of revenue was cut off from the promoters.

Business began to slacken, the people were getting tired of pursuit pictures and, besides, these early films with their spots and flickers were hard on the eyes. Many producers were about ready to throw up the sponge when Griffith galvanized the industry into new life. He opened the vista of possibilities for the silent drama and encouraged the improvement of the camera. Inventors began to realize that this was no longer a mere amusing novelty, but a new art in the making. Improvement followed improvement in the technical side of the industry.

From the time of Griffith the motion picture industry grew and spread like a prairie fire. No other industry, with the possible exception of the automobile, has equaled it. At first the theaters were cheap garish structures but, as the class of pictures became better and better, the theater owners began to realize that the new industry had come to stay and they built more pretentious edifices.

Practically all these theaters up to a few years ago were built by local capital. A man of theatrical experience would interest a local capitalist or large property owner in building a theater, and they would form a partnership, with the theatrical man actively conducting the business. Both the theater man and his backer would be residents of the town or city in which the theater was situated. Being residents and citizens, they would be sensitive to the criticism of their neighbors and would accordingly govern their selection of pictures to be shown in their house. Furthermore, at that period in the history of the industry, *they had a choice. They were absolutely independent of producing companies and could buy where and what they pleased.* These are facts that the reader will do well to bear in mind in view of what shall be revealed as the situation, today.

While the exhibitors were busy in erecting theaters, the producers were likewise frantically building studios in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. While locations were still being used a great deal more than they are today, they found that they must have studios for the interior scenes that were being used more and more as the art of the photoplay improved. New York being the theatrical center of the continent was at first the center of motion picture production, but when the producers discovered that the climate of Southern California would give them double and treble the number of working days because of its almost perennial sunshine, the production center gradually shifted to Los Angeles.

The financial end of the business in those days was about evenly split between Jews and Gentiles but the latter held the reins. Thus the first attempt to control the industry was made by the General Film Company, an organization having Jewish members but composed mostly of Gentiles. The General Film Company, later dissolved by the United States Government as being in violation of the anti-trust act, attempted to control the industry through distribution, and succeeded for a time. It made no pronounced effort to go into either production or exhibition but contented itself with taking its principal toll from the theater owner or exhibitor.

The present group of promoters, who are attempting to and to a large extent do control the industry today, have gone about their plans differently. They started at the producing end, then began to distribute their own product and that of others and finally, as the culmination of their effort completely to control the industry, have entered the exhibition field.

They learned much from the futile effort of the General Film Company which many of them—then on the outside looking in—lent considerable aid in baffling. They learned for one thing that the open use of the club and sandbag was disastrous. They found that the smothering process was much more efficacious. They discovered it was cheaper in the end to buy out a man who stood in their path than to ruin him. But they usually bought him out at their own price. This price depended not so much on the value of his interests as his ability to make a roar where it might do them harm.

The second article will appear in an early issue.

How to Understand Armament Conference

Continued from page 14

has been the scapegoat often before under similar circumstances, notwithstanding that the Japanese Government has been the only one frankly to demand, and with justification, outright advance information as to the scope of subjects to be discussed. Japan has precipitated the unexpected. The requested information has not been forthcoming. Instead there has been a great deal of both evasion and equivocation to which the State Department has contributed its share.

Just why the Far Eastern problem, sidestepped for a score of years, should be a preliminary or echo of the disarmament discussions, is indeed a mystery. The belief current in London and Paris diplomatic circles is that the American-Japanese issue has no more place at the forthcoming conference than would have a French-Italian issue on Mediterranean affairs. European statesmen, however, welcome its recognition because it may offer unexpected opportunities for indefinite parleys at a time when they do not wish to commit themselves.

Japan is a well-balanced naval and military power, even if preponderantly militaristic, with due regard for her limitations and sphere. The problem immediately before the conference would be to determine the extent of Japanese armament limitation, in ratio to corresponding action by the other powers, and not the recognition of issues of abstract scope.

If there exists today a Shantung controversy it is because Japan has learned that it is an advantage to hold contested territory as a means of driving an international bargain, having by experience realized that wars favor the chief victors far too generously, militarily speaking, for her to compete with them otherwise.

With regard to the conference proper, how will Japan approach it? What does she intend to do with her army, which has exceeded defensive strength, and her navy, which has surpassed probable needs? Alas! Japan points to British-Indian clouds to the west, and to the United States to the east. Racial equality has nothing to do with the conference, nor has the "necessity" of territory for overflowing population, because Japanese population to the square mile is far less than is that of many European countries.

Italy's share in the conference is rather moral than military. Her armaments, which on paper can be made to look rather formidable, are negligible and categorically occupy a last place. Nevertheless, Italy will enter into the conference with no little concern about European militarism, to which she is exposed both to the east and west. The elimination of Germany has led French diplomacy to extend its sphere of influence in formerly German or Russian spheres, and Italy feels the weight of this policy, which has already given rise to open hostility. Militarily, Italy's navy and her potential army mean very little, lacking as they do steel and coal and with no direct access to either. Italy, therefore, has everything to gain by a limitation policy and nothing to lose.

Coming to France's attitude toward disarmament, we open another chapter, leading to the Balkanic Peninsula. Intrigue is always in order there. Two great powers have expended tens of millions of dollars—how many no one knows—in furthering enterprises of all kinds in Poland, in Silesia, in Anatolia, in Syria, in Greece and elsewhere. England and France have acted in the name of the peace treaties. The situation, as a result, is worse than ever, as exemplified by armament figures, the latest peace strength of Poland, Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia aggregating 1,114,000 soldiers, representing one military force through an agreement which binds them together. Thus the disarmament conference is to be participated in by nations that have been engendering turbulence. Is it likely that France or Italy, for instance, will agree to reduce their land armaments to a total that will not reasonably exceed Slavic totals? France is sending Marshal Foch as her military spokesman, and he is irreconcilable on this point, although he is pleased to refer to it as the German menace.

For the United States, the problem is at once difficult and easy. Unless the American navy should be required against not one but three powers—an impossible thought—then it has reached its maximum, and very likely even exceeded it. The quick demonstration of how this country can think and wage war in an emergency is a safeguard; no other nation will pick a quarrel with us under the circumstances. But there is the great American problem—to convince every nation at interest that the American national idea is averse to war except under foreign duress.

So much for the strictly military or naval problems of each nation represented at the conference.

To recapitulate, therefore, the conference to be successful must do two things in the name of one; reduce or limit armament, but with it destroy the essence of militarism. Unless militarism is repudiated, delimitation cannot be practical except mathematically.

It must deal solely with the problem for which it was originally planned, and must not digress into a general conference of ethnic, geographic, financial and economic questions, most of which were taken up, without results, by the peace conferences two years ago.

It must, before adjourning, specifically declare if, in case the conference agrees to recommend a definite restrictive program, it will have the sanction of the respective home governments and how soon such sanction will be forthcoming.

There are nearly 10,000,000 men under arms at the present time. Can—and will—the Washington conference determine to disband a substantial number?

That is the question—and the only question.

Spending a Morning With Geo. Moore

Continued from page 7

present moment was his coming story (he objected to the word 'novel'), a retelling of the tale of the immortal "Heloise and Abelard." He meant to treat it from a new and curious angle, allowing himself liberties at times, but basing what he had to say on the few documents that could be viewed as evidence. He would show Abelard in places as a minstrel and incidentally would touch on the Crusades. The subject was of quite amazing interest. It was most fortunate that no one else had thought of it.

Throughout our talk he had maintained his aloof mental attitude. His most destructive verdicts on men and books and life had been delivered in the same, sad, weary tone. It was as though he had exhausted all things human, explored the inmost recesses of the heart. There was not a trace of wrath in his most arrogant condemnations of his forerunners. They had to live, poor souls. And so they wrote their rubbish—not for the sake of truth, but just to live. He smacked his lips, but in a simple, childish way, when he read from his own essays, but only once or twice admired them openly. He is still puzzled, I believe, with life and men—still groping in the dark for some great truth. (But he will never end his life as Huysmans did.)

He is a skeptic and an agnostic, of a sort. And yet, at times, he seems to have an open mind, warped and perverted though it be by his experience of all kinds of sordid facts. I never set him quite so high as most do. I do not like him for denying his inspirers. He was indebted to the French for his first successes. To Baudelaire, Balzac and to Zola and the two De Goncourts. If he has added much admittedly original, he has not forgotten what those Gallic authors taught him. As to his style—well, he is largely imitative. If you had read some French books you would not dispute this. I view him very much as he views Flaubert. I see the effort in his style, more than the genius. It is not always fluent, nor as natural as most seem to think it. Just here and there it is a trifle vulgar.

George Moore has traveled far since he produced his early works. He has done splendid things. But of the labor they have meant, the signs are plain. The art of hiding art he has not always mastered.

He is not a poseur, if you will, as one might fancy, but he has fads and whims. For instance, he abhors photography.

He is an iconoclastic student of the world. If he has ever seen the lovelier sides of life, he has forgotten them. And there has always been a lack of spirituality in our George Moore, an inclination to the sensual and unnoble things in human hearts, a tendency to doubt that life can ever have at least pure aspirations. He has the courage to reveal much that he feels. But what he feels is not what most men do.

The Native Australian Village



(C) Gilliams Service

With the march of time and the development and colonization of the wild parts of Australia by the English, these native villages are rapidly disappearing. They are inhabited entirely by natives who are ruled over by their chief. The homes, or huts, are built of mud, poles, reeds and rushes. The white building noted in the photograph is the chief's dwelling, he being the only one who is permitted the luxury of whitewashing his home.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The New York Giants have placed on the club's salary list for life an old man who aided in founding the club many years ago. The club, with a present value of $1,500,000, was organized with 10 uniforms, four bats and half a dozen balls.

The original "Little Eva" in the first production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was recently discovered in Troy, New York, in the person of a woman who is now 73 years old. She first played the part in Troy in 1852, when but four years of age.

The final elimination of the disappearing gun carriage, used on American coast defenses, is forecast by army experts as a result of a recent test of a 16-inch, 50-caliber rifle, mounted on what is known as a "barbett" carriage. This carriage permits a maximum elevation of the gun to 65 degrees and has a heavy steel apron and shield, which afford protection to the operators from aerial bombers and observation planes.

The annual per capita loss from fire in the United States is about five times the per capita loss of other countries.

A new apple, known as the orange pippin, is being grown in Mendocino County, California. The remarkable feature of this apple is that the tree does not require irrigation, according to the farm advisers of that county. The branches and twigs are tough and never break under weight of the fruit.

The "raincheck" is the name of an umbrella made almost entirely of paper and costing but a quarter. It has no ribs to penetrate the covering and is good for several rains.

Outnumbering the whites five to one, the Negroes in Cape Colony are permitted to vote. However, a suffrage qualification is that the blacks must be able to sign their names and earn approximately $250 annually. The native blacks are keen for education.

Liberty of thought and the free exercise of all forms of religion and worship are recognized by the constitution of the new Central American Federation, consisting of the republics of Guatemala, Honduras and Salvador. All legislation on religious matters has been abolished and all forms of worship not opposed to morals, public orders and good customs are allowed.

Paris will spend 120,000,000 francs in beautifying and modernizing its streets and parks. Many new hospitals and modern schools are to be built, and an American system of inspection of the health of school children is to be installed. Huge refrigerating plants are to be built to be used in connection with the public markets to prevent waste of tons of perishable foodstuffs.

A scientist has reduced salt brine to a metal 40 per cent lighter than aluminum. In a recent test in a fatigue machine this metal was bent 27,000,000 times before breaking.

One-quarter of a cent a year from each person in the United States is all that is required to maintain the President of the nation.

Foxes have made their holes in the deserted German and French trenches in the valley of the Meuse and have multiplied greatly in that district.

The aurora australis, the southern counterpart of our northern lights, has been photographed by British expeditions to the Antarctic regions. The southern lights are similar in appearance to the aurora borealis.

A letter, written by King Charles I to his father, James I, when he was a 10-year-old boy, has been discovered in an old house in Edinburgh. The crypt museum of Parliament House paid $50,000 for the letter.

The John Burroughs Memorial Association is an organization formed to protect and preserve his homes and camps, with their wild life, for future generations.

A snake farm near Brownsville, Texas, uses many snakes for hatching, and supplies poison to chemists and medical men and specimens to museums. Each rattler yields about a quarter of a tumblerful of green liquid which is extremely poisonous.

More women than men engage in mining in the Philippine Islands. The owner of an iron mine north of Manila is a woman, who devotes all her time to mining and the manufacture of agricultural implements. One of the largest contractors in Manila and the owner of a large number of sand and gravel pits is a woman.

The champion girl typist of England recently typed from dictation delivered at more than the normal rate of speech and then retyped the piece from memory. Blindfolded, she typed from dictation a passage spoken at the rate of more than 160 words a minute.

Blackberries in the Puyallup Valley, in Washington, yield seven tons to the acre.

The broad fields of Hog Island, once the largest shipbuilding yard in the world, were used the past summer and this autumn as a pasture for farmers' bees. A certain weed, called bur marigold, bearing small yellow flowers, furnished thousands of pounds of honey when the spring frosts and heavy storms of the summer proved disastrous to honey-bearing vegetation. Beekeepers transported their beehives on motor trucks many miles to let the bees feed and bring the year's honey yield up to normal.

Chicago's truant officers welcome the movies in schools of that city, because movies shown in the classroom in connection with the lesson appeal to the boys and girls and insure full attendance. Lesson films on history, geography, health and nature study arouse a real desire to go to school.

The French Government has issued a circular to public prosecutors urging strict compliance with the laws having to do with dueling. The government intends to suppress the old custom.

China plans to link her leading cities by telephone. The Chinese admire the telephone because the many characters of their alphabet have compelled them to send all their telegraphic messages in code.

Steel manufacturers in Czecho-Slovakia are erecting storehouses and depots at Agram and Esseg, Jugo-Slavia; Galatz, Rumania; and Constantinople, to act as headquarters for their products during a selling campaign designed to win business in Turkey and Russia.

Volcanoes of the Aleutian range of Alaska are active again, emitting ashes and smoke.

The Hudson Bay Company is the oldest commercial corporation in the world. Its charter was signed by King Charles II. At the height of its power this company was ruler of an empire greater than Europe. It still operates 155 fur trading posts and a chain of department stores in Western Canada.

Melons, peaches, citrous and other fruits are kept fresh for a long time when gummed paper tape is used to seal the fiber containers.

Joy rides for Federal prisoners are to be abolished by order of the Attorney-General at Washington. It has been the practice to take large squads of convicts in special cars across the country when accommodations at prisons at shorter distance would have saved the government heavy travel costs and other expenses.

Poland has a navy consisting of three torpedo boats.

Not one able-bodied seaman is aboard Sir Ernest Shackleton's ship, the Quest, which is en route to the Antarctic on an exploring expedition. However, all on board have had considerable experience on the sea and will perform the ordinary duties of the seaman in addition to their own specialized work.

Approximately 8,000,000 electric lamps are used today in illuminating advertising signs throughout the United States.

A recent shipment of 30,000 pounds of Alaskan reindeer meat received in San Francisco proves the success of a reindeer experiment in Alaska. The value of the Alaskan herds is between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000. The deer number about 140,000 and furnish the natives with milk, butter and cheese.

Dogs herd goats for a New Mexican rancher who has no hired help. Under the care of the dogs the herds are driven out on the range in early spring and remain there until the first snow falls. The dogs herd their charges to the best grass and round them up at night, just as a human herder would do. Once a day the herder carries food to the dogs.

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The Ku Klux Klan



An Independent View

The Honor of a Jew's Word

Explaining "Kol Nidre" and "Eli, Eli"

The Ku Klux Klan—An Independent View

When the Power Behind the Press Cracks the Whip, the Public Becomes the Victim of Propaganda Game

THE daily mail of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT during recent weeks has brought numerous inquiries as to the Ku Klux Klan, the implied attitude of most of the writers being that it was incumbent on this publication to express an opinion.

In common with the majority of the people, we did not so much as know there was a Ku Klux Klan, except in the colorful romances of reconstruction days, until the fury of adverse publicity burst upon the country. The first intimation that the Klan was again in action was had from a Negro publication which published a long and carefully prepared article designed to prove that the studies in the Jewish Question, to be found in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, were really the secret communications of the Imperial Wizard to his widespread Klan, and that if you happened to have the secret key you could read in those articles the secret orders which were being sent broadcast to the lodges, or camps, or whatever the local bodies of the Klan are called.

Secrecy Policy a Mistake

WHEN a New York newspaper began what is called the "exposure" of the Klan, we joined the list of readers prepared to receive whatever facts might be offered, and prepared to pass on them impartially.

Had we been chosen to sit on a jury that was trying the Klan, and had we been questioned as to our prejudices, we should have been compelled to admit holding one prejudice. It is a prejudice against secrecy. We do not believe in secrecy. We do not believe it accomplishes anything. We believe that the most vulnerable institutions today are those most closely wrapped in secrecy. By this we do not mean those societies whose ritual is secret and whose objects are fully known, but those societies whose objects and purposes are just as secret as their ritual work. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has carried on its own work in the light. It has hired no private detective agencies; it has not utilized any of the strong-arm force, government or otherwise, to enter apartments by pass-keys and rifle private papers; it has not done any of the things which we strongly fear are being done in some quarters today. Not because we would boast of being better, but because we believe that the winning policy, as well as the most productive method, is that which allies truth and frankness on your side from the first. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT thoroughly believes that honest men are more than a match for all the private detectives, government or otherwise, or all the hired thugs and "frame up" lawyers that can be named.

If, therefore, that prejudice disqualifies us to form an opinion, we are disqualified.

The Power Behind the Press

THE "exposure" made by the New York newspaper was duly read and unhesitatingly classified—on the ground of sheer incompetency of the work—as far below the standard which should be reached by any serious investigation. There is no desire to press this point; we simply think that the investigation did not achieve what it set out to do. Perhaps, the facts being what they are, it couldn't.

But there was one point which became of more importance than the Klan itself, namely, *the amount of publicity that could be commanded against it.* Suppose some tens of thousands of men *had* banded themselves together for certain purposes; suppose some of the charges made against their order *were* true—there have been other orders which have avowed more detestable purposes and into whose ranks more abuses have crept, but they have never been given any publicity. It takes vast power to command the publicity of the press in the United States. There was nothing in the Klan itself to account for that exercise of power. By whom was it exercised?

The answer seems to be clear. If there is one thing more detestable than another, it is mere religious prejudice. To smear a man or a movement with the suspicion of religious prejudice is the quickest way to nullify anything the man may say or the movement may attempt. We testify to that expertly, for upon the appearing of the studies in the Jewish Question, the Jewish influences of the United States started out to smear them with that very suspicion. They failed in their attempts and then, by means of unadulterated lying, endeavored to keep up the slander by spreading broadcast the rumor that the Jewish studies were but preparatory to a campaign in denunciation of the Catholics.

What these dark would-be deceivers of public opinion failed to do then, they have sought to succeed in doing since. The Klan, according to their interpretation, made an admirable target. If they could link up Catholic protest against religious intolerance, with the enormous power of Jewish control of the press, something might be accomplished.

That is the only possible explanation. *If Jews had been admitted to the Ku Klux Klan there would not have been the deluge of adverse publicity that has just been poured out.* The Catholics of the United States have suffered under the most persistent and malign forms of misrepresentation in the past and have never been able, in spite of the immense power their enemies credit them with, to obtain one ten-thousandth part of the publicity which has lately surprised the public. The explanation of it is the Jew. He wanted to destroy a supposedly anti-Jewish organization under the plea that it was anti-Catholic. In brief, the power-intoxicated Jew has been indulging in his favorite sport of trying to make a monkey of the public.

Now, as to the Klan itself. The charges are that it is anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-Jew, anti-foreigner. The Congressional hearing, which was followed closely as being possibly the best method of obtaining the facts, has closed, and the charges have not been sustained.

It makes not one iota of difference to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT what the facts concerning the Klan may turn out to be. We have a wholesome reverence for facts, whichever way they hit. But it is time to protest against that misuse of power which seeks to do strong-arm work on the public mind by telling it that certain mere suppositions are Facts. And it is time to protest to the Public itself against being the dupe, the daily dupe of a press that lends itself to thinly disguised propaganda.

What Started the Fireworks

THE facts seem to be these: the Klan seeks for its membership native-born, Protestant, Gentile, white Americans. There is nothing in these terms which makes any organization "anti" anything.

If to exercise a perfectly legitimate policy of exclusion is to be "anti," then what follows?

Masonry is then to be described as anti-Negro, because Negroes are excluded from Freemasonry.

The Knights of Columbus then is to be described as an anti-Protestant order, because its membership is limited to Catholics.

B'nai B'rith is to be described as an anti-Christian order, because its membership is restricted to Jews.

You try to put Masonry on trial for being anti-Negro, and the K. C.'s on trial for being anti-Protestant, and the B'nai B'riths on trial for being anti-Christian, and see how far you can get with it.

But the moment the description "anti-Jew" is given, the fireworks begin.

If there is a body of men in this country who believe that it is for the public good that an organization of native-born, white, Christian membership should exist, it is a new philosophy of liberty that would say it has no right to exist.

And if such a body comes into existence, it is a new exercise of government power, a new influence exerted from a new quarter, that puts the secret machinery of government in operation to break it up.

If THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT could ever be drawn to any degree of sympathy with the Ku Klux Klan, it would be because of some of the secret methods adopted by its enemies.

Regarded impersonally, the Klan, supposing it to be as big and powerful as its enemies have tried to make it (and it may be small and comparatively weak), is to be explained by the times in which it has arisen. These movements, when they are spontaneous and virile, are natural reactions to the abuses of their times. If the Klan is what its enemies say it is, its reason for being is in the conditions for which its enemies may be partially responsible. These movements do not come out of the air, causelessly. Where there are vultures, there is carrion. Where there is fever, there is disease. Where there is protest, there is abuse. Not even the bigot will deny that.

But, assuming that what the Klan wants to be done is that which by all the rules of righteousness ought to be done, it is seriously to be questioned whether it can be done through secrecy. There is a quality inherent in the very section of humanity from which the Klan seeks its members which is natively antagonistic to secrecy. The Anglo-Saxon Protestant is notoriously the most loosely attached of all racial or religious allegiances. His liberalism is proverbial. It is constantly criticised as "looseness." He cannot be tied to secret schemes, he wants the world for elbow room and he is ill at ease unless he is on the frankest terms with every man. The poorest material in the world for a real secret society is the very material which the Klan seeks, and it is the best material in the world for carrying on an open, aboveboard campaign toward any good end.

They Want to Fight in the Open

THAT would seem to be the root error of the Klan—it seeks to impose a secret method on men whose genius is for quite a different method. As for its purpose to gather and disseminate information for the benefit of citizens generally, it is a good purpose. The curse of the times is the impossibility of getting the facts. Newspapers do not pretend to give the news, but only the highly colored reports of nonessential things that appeal to thoughtless readers. A real news service that shall be responsible only for the complete and accurate information of its patrons on every matter of interest to any of its patrons, is sorely needed. Evidently this is in the mind of the leaders of the Klan, but whether they can carry it out efficiently and broadly enough, is open to question.

There is one service the Ku Klux Klan can perform. It is reported that the Klan has purchased, or in some way has taken over or otherwise assisted, a university in which the Imperial Wizard is interested.

There is assuredly a place in university education for a department of research and a chair of teaching in the general subject of Conspiracies Against Civilization. In every generation, the kindly power that watches over the destinies of men has arranged that there shall be sentinels set upon the walls to give warning of the enemy. Whatever the Conspiracies Against Civilization may be, or whatever form they may take from age to age, it is certain that they do not succeed, because of these sentinel-watchers who expose the enemy. It does not require public uprisings nor feverish efforts to alarm the public; it needs only the quiet information of the fact among a comparative few, and the evil is set back once more.

Historical Truth Would Help

NOW, if in a university there could be a library where was gathered all the literature on this curious subject, and a teacher or a group of teachers who had mastered the history of the various Conspiracies Against Civilization, and a picked body of young men—not too many—who were most plainly destined to be leaders in their several professions or communities, it would be a most effectual means of keeping guard over society for its preservation from generation to generation. The study of history cannot be worthily pursued without taking account of these Conspiracies, and it is certain that the history which thus took account of them would be described as "anti" something or other. The endowment of a chair of Historical Truth might be a beginning. To both these studies a newly stimulated and more advanced than at present study of racial strains, would greatly contribute.

To sum up: the Ku Klux Klan appears to have been made the recipient of a great deal of otherwise unpurchasable advertising as the result of someone's tactical blunder. In the meantime, humanity is not so blind nor so sleepy as might be imagined.

Gene Stratton-Porter, Nature Lover and Writer

By FRED L. HOLMES

"I HAVE a gift for you, finer and more precious than anything man ever has made or ever can make; a gift straight from the hands of the Creator. You are to have personal and indisputable ownership of each bird of every description that makes its home on my farm."

This offering of Mark Stratton to his little daughter, Gene, many years ago, started a study which has since filled 14 volumes of nature books and nature stories that have been sold to nearly 8,000,000 persons. In all probability Gene Stratton-Porter is the most widely-read woman writer in America today:

"Even while he was talking I was making a flashing inventory of my property," said Mrs. Porter recently in recalling this inspirational scene. "Now, I owned the humming birds, dressed in green satin with ruby jewels on their throats; the plucky little house wren that sang by the hour to his mate from the top of the pump, even in the hard rain; the green warbler, nestling in a magnificent specimen of sweetbriar beside the back porch and the song sparrow in the ground cedar beside the fence. The bluebirds, with their breasts of earth's brown and their backs of heaven's deepest blue; the robin; the flaming cardinal and his Quaker mate; the oriole spilling notes of molten sweetness; the vireos, catbirds, jays and thrushes. In my enumeration I included the queer little stilt-legged killdeer that had a nest on the creek bank of the meadow. In that hour I was almost dazed with the wonder and the marvel of my gift, and today, after a lifetime of experience among the birds, this gift seems even more wonderful than it did then."

Always a Lover of Birds

THE Hopewell farm in Wabash County, Indiana, was a nature paradise, bright with flowers and shrubs, a dooryard of trees, from which stretched cultivated fields and a lane fringed with thickets of berry bushes, wild rose and elder and marked by a zigzag rail fence. From the time that little Gene was able to cling to her mother's apron in the garden she had shown a fondness for birds. She promised her parents she would go without cherry pie, if the woodpeckers that purloined fruit in the orchard would be left unharmed. She nursed to strength the little birds that had fallen from the nests. She protected them against cats, snakes and red squirrels. And when she was sent away to school she carried cages of her feathered friends with her. That was nearly 50 years ago. Today, a grandmother, she is familiarly known in literature as the "Bird Woman."

Those who feel that they must travel to some foreign environment to discover beauty in nature will find a rebuke in the books of Gene Stratton-Porter. Nature in all its changing wonders is at your own doors and along the dusty roadsides you travel. But it required a nature crusader like Mrs. Porter to drive the lesson home. The thousands of acres of black muck marsh, in the Limberlost region of Northeastern Indiana, with its darksome pools, its entanglements of weeds, vines and flowers, with its rank underbrush, have since been made as familiar to readers by her pen, as Dickens made the side streets and alleys of London.

Children born on farms, near to nature's heart, have blessed advantages with which city streets and parks and schools cannot compare. Familiarity with the trees of the orchard, the miracle of growing crops and budding vines, the splashing beauty of wild flowers, the serenity while watching the lazy white clouds drifting in a boundless sky, the cunning and resourcefulness of bird and fowl, the exultant wonder of earth's transfusion from spring to summer relieve monotony and hardship in a work-a-day world. Love of nature lays a character foundation which great sorrows cannot uproot; it spreads in the soul an ineffable devotion to God and a kinship for humanity; blends into men a purity of life and a purpose for right.

Finds Consolation in Work

GENE STRATTON-PORTER lived this early life. Her books and stories challenge popular approval because of the autobiographical way in which she has pictured faithfully her innermost and sincere personality. Throughout life she has found great consolation in work.

A love of books came by heredity. Her father was the son of a schoolmaster in Northern New Jersey. The first dollar Mark Stratton earned he spent for a book. Later, when ordained as a minister, he knew his Bible by heart. Her mother was of Dutch extraction on her mother's side and Swiss on her father's. This mother had an inappeasable love for flowers. Her great gift was in making things grow—vines and climbing plants started from tiny seeds she found in rice and coffee.

"Thus I am nicely accounted for," declared Mrs. Porter. "Books on one side, flower magic on the other, on both a keen love for life. To this mother at 46 and this father at 50 whose every faculty had been stirred for years by the dire stress of Civil War, and the period immediately following, I was born (1868). I arrived when our family numbered 11 children."

Hardships and sorrows she knew in early life. She saw three members of the family circle, including her mother, die in a single year. Into this home came sickness, accident, disease and disaster.

"All these occurrences were mixed almost in even proportion with the joys of life," answered Mrs. Porter to the suggestion that she had never seen life in all its realities; that she only pictured the bright and the good in her books.

"Always with me the scales tipped in favor of joy. There was so much color, action and enticement in joy."

She was placed in a public school at the nearest county seat. She developed a dislike for mathematics. Now she claims she never had one teacher who made the slightest effort to discover what she cared for personally. The joys of school life were few, save when she strayed to the fields to study botany and zoology. She loved music, painting and had a few congenial friends. Her father encouraged her in writing and when she wanted to do something in colors he built an easel, from which she later painted water colors for "Moths of the Limberlost." It was he who lived before her such a life as she afterward portrayed in "The Harvester." She was a girl of ambitions.

When she left school the desire to write was burning in her heart. Then at the age of 18, in 1886, she married Charles Darwin Porter, a banker, at Geneva, Indiana. A daughter was born to them, but this only checked the writing fever for a time.

"It dominated the life I lived, the cabin I designed for our home and the books I read," continued Mrs. Porter. "When my daughter was old enough to go to school my time came.

"I did not have a maid, but I was very strong, and I knew how to manage life to make it meet my needs, thanks to even the small amount I had seen of my mother. I kept a cabin of 14 rooms and kept it immaculate. I made most of my daughter's clothes, I kept a conservatory in which there bloomed from 300 to 600 bulbs every winter, tended a house of canaries and linnets, and cooked and washed dishes, besides, three times a day. In my spare time I mastered photography and began sending photographic and natural history hints to *Recreation* and with the first installment was asked to take charge of the department. The following year I accepted a place on the natural history staff of *Outing*.

But her real ambition had not been reached. She wanted to write "nature stories sugar-coated with fiction."

She sent her first fiction story to the *Metropolitan*. Three months she waited and no word came. In the little store at Geneva, Indiana, then her home town, one afternoon the clerk told her he had enjoyed her story, "Laddie, the Princess and the Pie," in the current issue. She seized a copy of the magazine in amazement and hurried home to write a letter to the editor. A reply came quickly. The office boy had destroyed the letter containing her address and it had been impossible to communicate with her before. And with the letter came another order—a Christmas story. Under the time limit she had one day to prepare the story and the pictures. She worked from 8 a. m. to 4 a. m.—20 hours in a stretch. It was accepted.

Her First Book a Success

EACH new venture in the story-writing field only added new zest. She prepared a 10,000-word story and sent it to Richard Watson Gilder, of the *Century*. He returned it.

"Make a book of it," wrote Mr. Gilder. "It is too good to be spoiled in short story form."

The story was quickly recast and from it readers now have "The Song of the Cardinal," published in 1903. Into it has gone all her command of word pictures of bird life in the Limberlost region as it appeared before devastated by the lumber companies, scarred by the oil drillers and the inroads of the plow. And it was illustrated by pictures made in her own kitchen and bathroom used as a dark room.

Next came a story that has made a ten-strike with every speckled boy in the country. "Freckles," published in 1904, was another story of the Limberlost region. This nameless waif found his way to the camp of a lumber company and was hired to guard the properties through the long winter and spring before the logging companies would begin their work. While on guard he came to love his surroundings—the wonderland of nature. Around his adventures she has woven a beautiful love and nature story.

In spite of all that publishers might do, "The Harvester" moved slowly for three years. Buyers suspected from its pictures and marginal drawings that it was a nature volume. When published in a cheap edition the readers by word of mouth put on an advertising campaign, which public prints could not do. More than 1,600,000 copies of the book have now been sold—and it is still going. On all her books she is said to have collected $750,000 in royalties and spent most of it gathering new material.

Publishers wanted her to omit many of her nature scenes. They wanted fiction. But Mrs. Porter would write only the things she wanted to write. She told them she would rather do as she liked and make only $600 on a book than do as they wanted her and make much more.

Nature she knew and of nature she would write.



MRS. GENE STRATTON-PORTER botanizing in California.

She alternated her works between nature books and nature stories. And just at the time when the public was eagerly waiting for another Limberlost fiction story she came forth with a book on "Music of the Wild" and "Moths of the Limberlost." Some of her other nature books are, "Friends in Feathers," "Birds of the Bible," "Morning Face" and "Homing With the Birds." Her other nature stories include, "At the Foot of the Rainbow," "Laddie," "Michael O'Halloran" and "A Daughter of the Land."

She Faces Real Dangers

THE lessons at play among the birds during childhood have guided Mrs. Porter in her studies of birds for the past 20 years. She has employed again the little acts of kindness used when a girl to entice her feathered friends before her camera.

To appreciate to the full the work which Mrs. Porter has done for nature literature, it is necessary to know the difficulties and hardships which she has encountered in field studies gathering her material.

"Sometimes I have worked in deep, dark woods, where it was necessary to cut down a number of trees and bushes to obtain sufficient light for an instantaneous exposure," said Mrs. Porter. "Again I have worked on embankments in the scorching suns of June and July without a trace of shelter. I have waded in swamps and braved the quicksands of lake shores, at times being mired until it was utterly impossible for me to extricate myself. I have worked under bridges, in the unspeakable odor of vulture locations, near slaughter houses and crematories. In all these years of field work I have met with every peril that can be found afield in nature, to which there must be added tramps, vicious domestic animals and cross dogs."

Fortunately for her early studies, Mrs. Porter had the old Limberlost swamp region of thousands of acres nearby her Rome City home. It was a great feast table for the birds. The muck was alive with worms. Tall trees, vines and thickets furnished secluded nesting places.

Seven years ago the swamp was cleared of its giant trees by the lumber companies, and the farmers drained the marshes into tillable land.

Bird studies she would make. Mrs. Porter hunted all over Indiana for some interesting landscape to reproduce. Finally, at the head of the same swamp region, near Rome City, 70 miles north of her Geneva home, where there are scores of lakes and miles of verdant shores tangled with chaparral undergrowth, with a background of towering trees, she found another spot. She purchased 120 acres of land from the earnings of her books and has gone on with her studies. Here she has practically reproduced her first home—"Limberlost Cabin, North."

A kindly, devoted, well-rounded face is the marked first impression on meeting the author. All the tender instincts of the mother are at once apparent.

Critics may carp and reviewers may rant, but the sales of her books increase. She has the ability to write so that lovers of nature, and those far from nature, can hear the birds sing, scent the perfume of the wild flowers, feel the rustle of the breezes through the trees—a sincerity that breeds a passionate love for the out-of-door world.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 2, November 5, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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The Only Durable Labor Union

THE only strong group of union men in the country is the group that draws salaries from the unions. Some of them are very rich. Some of them are interested in influencing the affairs of some of our large institutions of finance. Many of them are so extreme in their so-called socialism that they border on Bolshevism and anarchism, their union salaries liberating them from the necessity of work so that they can devote their energies to subversive propaganda. All of them enjoy a certain prestige and power which, in the natural course of competition, they could not otherwise have won.

If the official personnel of the labor unions were as strong, as honest, as decent and as plainly wise as the bulk of the men who make up the membership, the whole movement would have taken on a different complexion these last few years. But this official personnel has not devoted itself to an alliance with the naturally strong qualities of the workingman; it has rather devoted itself to playing upon his weaknesses, principally upon the weaknesses of that newly arrived portion of the population which does not yet know what Americanism is, and which never will know if left to the tutelage of their union leaders.

It can no longer be said that the desires or efforts of any individual or group toward justice in wages and working conditions are wrong or in any way questionable. The time is past when that point admitted of argument. The principle is agreed upon everywhere, and the more it is observed the more the union of union leaders see their occupation endangered. The workingmen, except those few who have been inoculated with the fallacious doctrine of "the class war" and who have accepted the philosophy that progress consists in fomenting discord in industry ("When you get your $12 a day, don't stop at that. Agitate for $14. When you get your eight hours a day, don't be a fool and grow contented; agitate for six hours. Start something! Always start something!), have the plain Anglo-Saxon sense which enables them to recognize that with principles accepted and observed, conditions change; but the union leaders have never seen that. They wish conditions to remain as they are, conditions of injustice, provocation, strikes, bad feeling, crippled national life. Else where would the need be for them! Every strike is a new argument for them; they point to it and say, "You see! you still need us."

More frequently than ever before the army of producers is voting down the plans and purposes of the union of union-salary-drawers. The producers are beginning to see that their natural alliance is not with union officeholders, but with their daily partners in industry—those who work with them, and plan with them, and succeed when they succeed, and fail when they fail.

That is to say, the new labor union that is arising is a union of the elements of labor, a union of all the interests on the job, from one end of the business to the other. The only true Labor Leader is the leader who leads labor to work and to wages, and not the leader who leads labor to strikes, sabotage and starvation. The union of labor which is coming to the fore in this country is the union of everybody whose interests are interdependent, whose interests are all together dependent on the usefulness and efficiency of the service they render. In the new union there is no longer capital and labor; capital is fuel, as coal is; and labor is a component of the product, as motive power and character; and together they blend for the rendering of the service by which both together live. The union principle is the job—fellowship in effort and fellowship in its fruits.

There is a change coming at the other end, too. When the union of "union leaders" disappears, with it will go the union of blind bosses. If the blind boss was the disease, the selfish union leader was the antidote. When the union leader became the disease, the blind boss became the antidote. Both were misfits, both were out of place in well-organized society. And they will both disappear, are disappearing, together.

It is the blind boss whose voice is heard today saying, "Now is the time to smash Labor, we've got them on the run." That voice is going down to silence with the voice that preaches "class war." The producers, from the men at the drawing board to the men on the molding floor, have gotten together in a real union, and they will handle their own affairs henceforth.

Japan at the Conference

COMMON sense takes into account the solid material bases on which Japan will stand in the Disarmament Conference. The futility of crying, "Peace, Peace" when there is no peace, was realized by the Administration deciding to include discussion of Pacific and Far Eastern questions "in connection with limitation of armament."

Because of China's possible interest in "Far Eastern questions," that largest of the Asiatic nations was invited to send representatives of her 400,000,000 population to the meeting. Accepting the invitation, China seems to have taken it for granted that an appeal was in order to the sense of justice and fair-play of the Western Powers against what she deems the aggression and wrong inflicted on her by Japan. She has made it plain that she looks to the Washington conference to order Japan to hand back Shantung, to get out of Mongolia and to cancel the Twenty-One Demands that practically reduce China to the position of a feudal vassal of Japan.

Japan has suggested that "accomplished facts" shall not be subject to discussion. It is a tremendously clever suggestion. If it is acted on, there will be no disturbing talk about Japanese "rights," or Chinese "wrongs," as embodied in existing treaties and signed contracts. Peace will reign in the Far East, albeit the Peace of Warsaw. The lion will lie down with the lamb—with the lamb inside the lion. China may withdraw from the conference, or refuse to assent to its conclusions, as she refused to sign the Versailles Pact that robbed her of her richest province. But Japan's position will be strengthened in every way by the implied sanction and approval of seven great powers in council assembled.

If Japan's suggestion is declined, the merry war will be on. Opening up "accomplished facts" for discussion will lead into all the problems of the world, for there is not an existent evil that is not an "accomplished fact."

Thus, at the outset, the limitation of the truth precedes the limitation of armaments, and it is the limitation of truth which renders unlimited armaments necessary.

Lenin's Confession

IN A recent address in Moscow, Nikolai Lenin, the Soviet Czar, frankly admitted that the Bolshevist brand of Communism as a working political economy had completely broken down in practice. As a matter of fact, the Communist theory has already been largely discarded, and Lenin went so far as to confess that the only hope of rescue from the chaos into which the "experiment" has plunged Russia lies in a general reorganization of industry on a capitalistic basis.

To save his face, Lenin lays the blame for the failure of the Bolshevist system not upon any defect in the Communist theory, but on "conditions." For one thing, he tells us, the Soviets had failed to obtain the co-operation of experts.

But what is the practical value of any plan if it breaks down in an attempt to cope with conditions?

The cast-iron Communism of Lenin and Trotsky has broken down utterly because of its disastrous failure to meet this test.

The capitalistic system may not be perfect, being human; but the fact that the Russian Communists after four years' experience find themselves obliged to fall back upon it to extricate the country from disaster is striking evidence of the superiority of Capitalism to Communism—a superiority probably due to its flexibility in meeting conditions.

The Policeman of the Future

AN AMAZING development, or degeneracy, of city life is the increasing number of instances where police power has been found in alliance with lawlessness. In one American city practically the whole police department has been rounded up in a wholesale illegal liquor conspiracy. In another, many of the holdups have been traced to police officers. There is a mass of information which indicates that the very arm of the law is itself, in many places and in many ways, on the side of lawbreaking.

Why is this? The decreased respect in which police work is held, is perhaps one cause. But why is there a decreased respect for that form of public service which we know as police work? Principally because policemen are no longer chosen for the qualities which once distinguished them. They have owed their appointments to political pull, they have been given instructions which shielded wrongdoers with political pull, they have been made the prostituted servants to the gang that happened to inhabit the city hall, and in this way police morale as we once knew it has broken down.

Police work is an important form of public service. We need not go farther than Canada to see the dignity and the respect that may invest it. There the policeman represents the Crown, the high dignity of the Law; he has a position as honorable as that of the magistrate of the court; he is respected because he is clothed in the sign and authority of the government. There are no daily attacks on policemen in Canada. And as for the constabulary of the Crown, of the Law, becoming active partners with criminals—that is a perversion which they must look across to *the States* to see.

The general conspiracy against civilization consists in destroying it from within. Bolsheviks and ultra-socialists seek office not to serve, but to make government more confused, more impotent. Under the guise of "detective agencies" a very dangerous set of gentlemen who know exactly what they are doing, go very far to undermine the morale of citizenship. Men who would harm the State, clothe themselves in its livery. Men, who would devitalize the public respect which is the strength of the government, organize the "Federal" reserve system or the "Federal" something else which is not Federal at all, but grossly private and selfish. Everywhere this game is played, and it is not surprising that rum runners, holdup men and other enemies of society should see the advantage of a policeman's uniform.

Police work presents a field for reorganization and extension. It calls for a higher type of man than is nowadays generally associated with it—although there are in perhaps every police force men of the type the future will require. Police work is a field for the young college man looking for a place to serve his generation in the work of reform. The policeman has come to be the circuit rider of his beat, the peripatetic magistrate who settles many matters as he walks; the guardian of the peace, of law and order; the sanitary and safety officer, the children's friend, the neighborhood's Big Brother and protector. It is a great job if it were liberated and the right men set to working at it.

We need police leaders of vision who will see something of this and begin to build for the future. The uniform of the policeman ought to be as highly respected as any insignia of the State, and it will be when the right men are left free to do the right work.

The Slump In Cotton

POSSIBLY there is much that would bear looking into in connection with the present very active speculation in cotton on the New York, New Orleans and Liverpool exchanges. First, there is a phenomenal rise in price coincident with Eugene Meyer's decision to have the War Finance Corporation use $100,000,000 of the government's credit to finance the export movement of cotton. Then followed government reports suggesting a considerable shortage in this year's crop; boll weevil devastations in Texas and so on.

Now there has been a slump of from 80 to 90 points and it bids fair to continue. New Orleans press dispatches naïvely declare that the government report for the first week in October "was considered bullish by some and bearish by others." As an official letter to the Cotton Exchanges had previously announced that no further crop reports would be issued this season, "because the cotton crop was so far done for," "the trade was taken entirely unawares."

The whole trouble, as far as it affects the producer, seems to lie in failure to look ahead and failure to obtain dependable information. England is our best customer for cotton; but this will not always be the case. Just now the British Government is making elaborate plans to raise in Egypt and East Africa all the cotton needed by her mills. Why wait to have crop diversification forced on us?

Mr. Ford's Page

IF THE gentlemen who are soon to gather in Washington find it difficult or impossible to pledge their nations to bury their hatchets, that is, reduce their armaments, they need not hastily close their meetings, for there is, as we say in America, more than one way to skin a cat, and there may be more than one way to make war impossible or at least unpopular.

Suppose—if they are stopped at the military and munitions end of the question—they try at the money end. Suppose they say to the governments, the munition makers, or whoever else may be regarded as insisting on retaining the world's armaments, "Very well, you may keep your guns and your swords, your cannon and your ships, your gold lace and your armies; we shall not interfere with them in the least; *but* in consideration of that compromise we are going to decree that hereafter there shall be no war profits of any kind whatsoever. You may keep your military establishments, you may even bring on armed strife if you so desire, but this Conference which is failing to abolish armaments is succeeding in abolishing war profits!"

The opportunities of these gentlemen are not exhausted with disarmament at all; they have half a dozen other cards if they only care to use them.

How long would the war spirit survive the abolition of profits? About five minutes. It would give one hopeless shrug and die.

One is aware, of course, of all that war has done, of what war may yet be destined to do. One is aware that there is a pacifism that is mushy sentimentality, in the same moment that one is aware that war is a colossal stupidity. The end of war will come when the work of war is done, and that will be when the nations who are too civilized for war have imposed their peaceful rule upon the races and nations whose civilization has not yet included peace. The last war will probably be waged to impose the rule of peace on the war-makers. We caught a glimpse of such a purpose in the war that is just passed. War is stupid; so are periods of industrial depression; both will continue until we master and correct the moving cause of them.

We are told that the gentlemen who are soon to meet in Washington will not approach their discussions in a sentimental mood but will come to their work like hard-headed business men (as if that were possible to diplomats!).

It really doesn't matter in what mood they come, if only they come for business, and if only their business is to make war less possible than it hitherto has been. It is not the mood of the meeting that is important; it is the purpose of the meeting. If these delegates have gathered to accomplish something, it can be accomplished; if they have gathered to pull each other's coat-tails and prevent anyone going too far in the direction of actually doing something, then nothing will be done.

If they really desire to do something, they can do it. It may not be reduction of armaments, but it will be something toward the reduction of the possibility and desirability of war.

Of course, reduction of war profits would be a terrible blow at militaristic patriotism. It is the only method by which the inevitableness and historical necessity for any war could be determined. A war that would be fought in spite of the fact that no profit would accrue, would be beyond all doubt a necessary war. As it is, the people in war times are enthused with artificially big wages and floods of inflated money; business is smothered in profits; speculators wax fat—in brief, war is made so profitable all round that the moral sting, the stupidity of it is covered over.

It may be that the gentlemen who sit in Washington would think the abolition of profits a far too drastic step to take just now. They might think it fully as drastic as would be the abolition of armament. Assuming, in spite of this possibility, that they are still in Washington to do something toward the abolition of war, is there anything else they can do?

Yes, and it is extremely simple, too. *They can abolish interest on war debts.* By doing so they would cut down the burden of the last war in greater proportion than any ordinary man can realize, and they would also put a decided damper on any eager expectation of "the next war."

Let the gentlemen of the conference do this. Chances are the people would think that in so doing they had accomplished nothing. But the war bankers would know different. A populace that would be unstirred by the fact that the Conference had abolished interest on war debts, would soon be made to realize that something had been done, else the war bankers would not be crying out so lustily! For the war bankers would know that for them the end of the world had come with the abolition of interest on the debts of war.

THE gentlemen who are to Confer at Washington may find that they have not the power nor their nations the inclination to abolish or even limit armaments. But if these gentlemen are really set upon doing something to abolish war, that fact need not deter them. There is more than one way to abolish war. War is so vulnerable at so many points that, strike it anywhere, and it is mortally wounded. If you cannot abolish armaments, gentlemen, why not abolish war profits? And if that would seem too much like a rebuke to certain notables, there is still another course: why not abolish interest on war debts? If you cannot do what you like along the military line, try it along the money line. You will find that in abolishing war profits and war interest you have abolished 99 per cent of the danger of war.

Interest is the double chain upon the liberties of men. Debt is bad enough, but in course of time a man's or a nation's labor will discharge its debt. But when the interest on the debt is itself a mountain, when the mere payment of interest consumes all the flower of a nation's effort, when interest becomes imprisonment at hard labor for life, the men who collect the interest are *the men who rule the nation.* National debts have reached such proportion that they may never be paid, but the interest on them is so colossally great that it need hardly matter whether they are paid or not. Every nation has paid many times its debt in interest.

Debt is shorn of most of its enslaving power when it is divorced from interest. It is said that when Napoleon was shown a certain interest table, he remarked: "I wonder that this deadly monster Interest has not devoured the whole human race!" And the writer who makes this quotation adds, "It would have done so long ago if bankruptcy and revolution had not acted as counter-poisons."

Bankruptcy comes when the weak collapse under the false system; revolution comes when the strong throw down the system to escape the final accounting. They build again the same old structure upon the ruins, and teach the people to think that "revolutions" are blessings. Revolutions have been the devices by which the money-suckers have burned the house to destroy the evidence of their crimes—and the Interest system is one of these evidences. Will the gentlemen who are soon to confer at Washington consider the abolition of interest on war debts as a step toward the abolition of war? Indeed, they will not! Why will they not—is it because they doubt that such an action would have the desired effect? No, they do not doubt it at all; they know it would have the desired effect; possibly that is the chief reason why they will not consider it.

It is a revelation by what slender strings the Old Era has held itself up, when the abolition of six per cent would transform us into a world healed immediately of half its present burden and relieved of most of its future fears.

This is not a program for the Conference at Washington. It is simply to show that if the world were ever so fortunate as to see in conference assembled a group of men *empowered* and *desirous* of making peace over the earth, how many ways there would be to do it. Blocked in one way, they could reach the goal by another. And, as a matter of fact, the swiftest way to reduce armies and cause navies to melt away would simply be to touch and neutralize the money nerve which feeds all these things.

War profits on war work, and interest profits on war debts are the two most dangerous war-makers in the world.

The Producer, the Distributor, the Exhibitor

The Second Chapter of "Baring the Heart of Hollywood"

THE affairs of the motion picture industry are so complicated it is difficult for the uninitiated to understand them. At present even many of those who have grown up in the game are puzzled. That those readers who are unfamiliar with the different branches of the industry may fully understand the events set down here, they must bear in mind that there are three distinct branches, namely:

Production.
Distribution.
Exhibition.

The producer makes the picture.
The distributor buys it.
The exhibitor shows or exhibits it.

As long as these three branches are independent of each other there can be no real danger of the industry coming under the control of any one group of men.

Economists will say that it is an ideal condition for a producer to sell direct to the public, and it would be, if the public were to get the benefit of the saving made by the elimination of the middleman. But it has seldom worked out that way. By over-capitalization and other devices known to corporations, the producer has managed to pocket the savings himself, while assuring the public, and ostensibly proving it by means of his books, that he is making only a reasonable return. Were the public to put practical men in charge of its affairs instead of politicians, such a condition might be prevented, but that would be anticipating the millennium.

Competition Is the Solution

IN THE motion picture business the public need have no fear but that the producers charge all the traffic will bear, the steady scaling of prices upward being sufficient evidence.

But it is not here that the danger lies. Motion pictures are amusement and are, therefore, luxuries. The public can soon end overcharging by staying away from the theater when prices get beyond its purse, but it never can be assured of high-class entertainment at reasonable prices unless there is healthy competition.

Let us, then, begin with the producers.

Although there are more than 100 producing companies in the field today, those of real force can be counted on the fingers of two hands.

The others are either directly or indirectly connected with the big corporations that control the industry or are owned by men of only moderate means, with no extensive financial backing. The industry also is afflicted with the usual number of crooked promoters, who organize companies solely to reap a harvest from the sale of stock. A number of such gentry are in the hands of justice now.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, with its multifarious ramifications, overshadows and dominates all the big producing companies in the world of pictures. Following it in the order of their importance are the other big four Jewish-controlled corporations, the Goldwyn Film Corporation, the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Metro Pictures Corporation and the William Fox Film Corporation.

Ranking in importance with these is the United Artists Corporation, composed of the four big stars—Mary Pickford, David Wark Griffith, Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks. Hiram Abrams, a Jew, is president of this organization which is extending its activities.

Then comes the Associated Producers, embracing such noted men in the picture world as Thomas H. Ince, J. Parker Read, Allan Dwan, Maurice Tourneur and Mack Sennett.

Other big independent producing companies are the Benjamin B. Hampton Productions, Robert Brunton, Realart, Selznick, Vitagraph, Associated Exhibitors, Equity and Robertson-Cole.

Dominates Distribution, Too

THERE are dozens of other companies which make excellent feature pictures, but which are of comparatively little importance in the financial end of the industry.

In addition to these there is a number of companies devoted to the making of one, two and three-reel comedies and travel and educational subjects. Many of these are made by the big companies already mentioned, which also produce photo-dramas, serials and animated cartoons.

The big producing companies which have entered the exhibition field have paid but little attention to the production of the short reelers, concentrating on the features and buying the short stuff, such as comedies, cartoons, travelogues, and so on, for their own houses. Lately, however, there has been a tendency toward entering these fields, thus to monopolize all branches of the industry.

Now, coming to the distribution branch of the motion picture industry, we find the same phase to be noted as in the producing end, namely, that although there are dozens of companies engaged in the distribution of the film, only a few are of real importance.

Here again we find the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation dominating the field. Under the trade names of Paramount, Artcraft, Cosmopolitan, and so on, and aided by national advertising campaigns, its pictures are the attractions, according to its own claims, in more than 11,000 of the motion picture theaters of this country.

Following the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are the same four Jewish corporations that come after it in the production field: Goldwyn, Metro, Universal and Fox.

Then come the other producing companies previously enumerated, which distribute their own product.

But in the distribution field there also are two other large corporations which do but little, if any, producing. These are First National and Pathé. The former was a co-operative organization formed by the exhibitors to combat the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The detailed history of this concern will be given later.

Pathé, a French corporation, the majority of the stock in which, according to recent reports, has been purchased by the American stockholders, is the largest independent distributing company in the business. Through it are distributed the products of W. W. Hodkinson, who handles the pictures of Benjamin B. Hampton, Robert Brunton, J. L. Frothingham, J. Parker Read and other independents. Pathé also distributes the productions of the American Film Company, Incorporated, the Stoll Film Corporation (an English-Jewish concern) and others, including many serials and comedies.

Then there are a large number of small exchanges and state rights organizations, which, at the present time, cut but a small figure in the industry.

And, lastly, we now come to the exhibitors, the only persons connected with the industry with whom the public is in contact.

Once again we find the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation leading the field as the largest owner of motion picture theaters of any single concern in the business.

Another chapter of this interesting fact narrative will appear in an early issue.

Owns Hundreds of Theaters

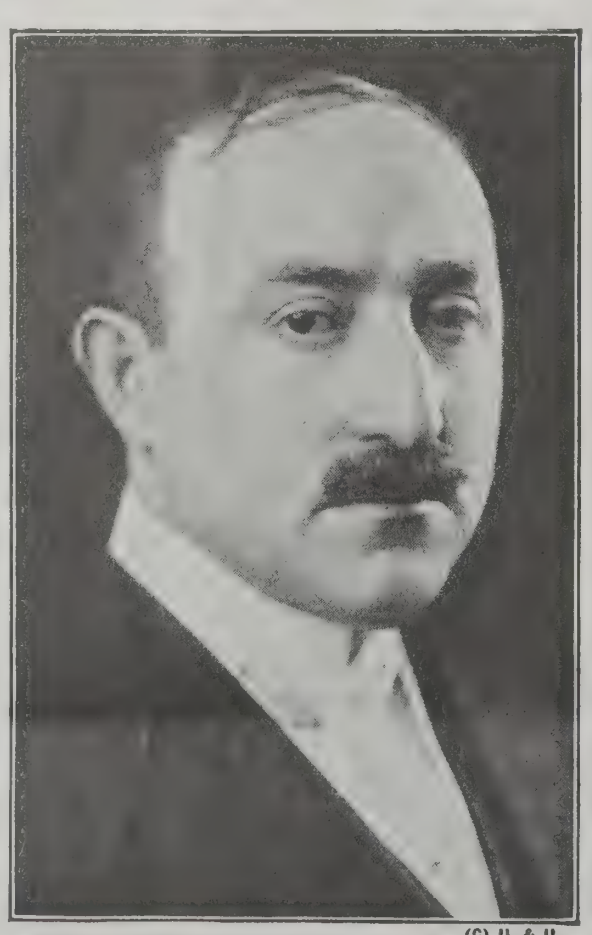
IN AN interview published in the New York *World* of May 18, 1921, Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, while denying that his company was attempting to control the exhibition field, admitted that it owned several hundred theaters. These several hundred include the three largest motion picture theaters in New York and two of the largest in Los Angeles, with many others under construction.

The First National Exhibitors, which is a distributing concern with co-operative exhibitor-ownership, also controls a great many theaters, although the houses themselves are owned by the individual units of the corporation.

Other producing concerns that own theaters are Goldwyn, Fox and Universal. This latter company was compelled to buy a theater in Los Angeles to get a first-run showing of its pictures. It has been said that it cost this company its entire receipts to get a first-run showing in Chicago.

Although the Metro Pictures Corporation is not publicly known to own any theaters, its president, Marcus Loew, controls a chain of houses which bear his name and are used for both vaudeville and pictures, numbering more than 100.

Aside from these theaters controlled by the companies mentioned are some 12,000 houses throughout the country which are owned by local persons in the smaller cities and towns and in the suburbs of the larger cities. Last year these theater owners were driven by the exactions of the large distributing companies to form an organization known as the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America.



(C) U. & U.

WILLIAM FOX

Now, it may seem strange to the reader that with more than half the theaters of the country in the hands of independent owners it should be possible for one producer or group of producers to control the situation.

Mr. Lasky made that point in reply to the trust allegations in the New York *World*, previously referred to.

"It is perfectly ridiculous," he said. "Of the 15,000 or 16,000 theaters in America we are interested in but a few hundred. The picture business by its very nature can never be controlled. All Wall Street could not control so peculiar an industry. You might as well try to control all the newspapers in the United States, their circulation and their policies."

Sounds reasonable, does it not?

But let us analyze the situation.

In every section of this country there always is one large city which dominates the smaller cities and towns. Thus Chicago dominates the territory contiguous to it. St. Louis exercises a commanding influence over the country near it. Los Angeles dictates to the smaller cities and towns in its vicinity. Especially is this true in theatrical matters. New York, for instance, dominates theatrically the entire continent.

The motion picture industry recognizes this fact. It calls these cities "key" cities.

Advertising Big City "Features"

THE theater patrons of the small towns and cities, as well as the patrons of the theaters in the outskirts of the cities, read the daily papers published in these "key" cities. The patrons, as well as the small theater owners, note the pictures that are favorably criticized in the dramatic columns, and, what is more important, they note what pictures are having the long runs and are attracting the big crowds. Also, many of these patrons go into the cities frequently for holiday or business trips and while there attend these performances. If they are favorably impressed with a picture they tell their friends and neighbors about it. Then the theater owner will begin to get requests to obtain that picture for a showing at his theater. He thus obtains the benefit of all the advertising in the city papers, as well as the oral advertising from those in his town who have seen the picture.

Supposing, as has been the case frequently of late, that an independent producer is unable to get a showing in one of these first-run theaters in the city. Not only has he lost the large receipts to which such a showing would entitle him if his picture is meritorious, but he has lost all this advertising. What chance has he to break into the smaller theaters in the city or the out-of-town houses in competition with the attractions that have had a first run in the big down-town theaters?

You see, therefore, that for any special feature film, the making of which may have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, it is absolutely necessary for the producer to get a first-run showing if he expects to make money or even break even on his picture.

You can now perceive how the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, because it owns, as Mr. Lasky says, "but a few hundred theaters," located in these "key" cities, can control all the theaters in contiguous territories.

However, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, not satisfied with occupying these strategic positions, has been slowly but none the less surely reaching out for the possession of even the smaller theaters, as will be shown later on in these articles.

As the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is the dominant power, it might be well to delve into its history, to show who and what are the men who hold the reins.

Zukor's Rapid Rise

ADOLPH ZUKOR, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and generally recognized as the financial genius of the motion picture industry, is now in his forty-eighth year. He was born in Hungary of Jewish parents, and came to this country when 16 years old.

His first job was in a fur store in New York, where he was employed as a sweeper. A youth of his native ability could not be kept in a subordinate position and it was not long before he was a valued employe. After four years he left for Chicago, where he went into the fur business for himself. Nine years later he was back in New York as a partner of Marcus Loew in the penny arcade business. This prospered so that they soon established a chain of penny arcades and later vaudeville theaters throughout the East and Middle West.

From running movie shows to producing pictures was but a step to this ambitious young foreigner. Therefore, in 1912, he organized the Famous Players Film Company, enlisting with him the Jewish theatrical producer, Daniel Frohman.

Men familiar with the history of the films at that time say that Zukor deserves great credit for his perseverance in the face of odds. Even at that time Zukor had conceived great plans for the stabilization of the industry, but the men then in power would have none of him.

Perseverance seems to be Zukor's greatest asset. Give him an idea and he will hang to it like a bulldog

(Concluded on page 14)

The Colorado, Mother of an Inland Empire

This is the second and last article on "The Mother of an Inland Empire." The first told of the vast possibilities of agriculture and industry in the great Southwest if there were only water for irrigation. It explained how the mighty Colorado River, flowing through this inland empire, could be made not only to supply the necessary water for irrigation, but that it also could furnish power that now is going to waste. The first article also mentioned the rich Imperial Valley in California, which already is receiving some water from the Colorado.

IMPERIAL Valley, California, has been called America's winter garden, because the growing season is never at an end, and winter-grown fruits and vegetables are shipped to all states. It is a wonderful dairy country and supplies the northern part of the state with a large portion of its butter and cream.

It also is a great feeding place for beef cattle, owing to the heavy crops of alfalfa, barley and milo maize raised on its soil. Hogs, sheep and turkeys contribute largely to the income of the valley farmers. Cotton also is a big factor.

Cities and towns have sprung up like magic. Where once there was nothing but sand and sagebrush, there are now thousands of acres of green alfalfa, cotton plantations, stock farms, melon and vegetable gardens. A visit to the Imperial Valley will convince the most skeptical of the value of irrigation applied to these desert wastes along the Colorado.

One of the first persons to conceive the idea of harnessing the Colorado was a woman, Mrs. H. W. R. Strong, of Los Angeles. Mrs. Strong came from a pioneer California family. As her brother elected to study engineering, the sister also became interested in that work.

Having been left a widow with large interests in walnut and orange groves, the question of conservation of water and irrigation was of vital interest to her. While visiting the Grand Canyon one summer, she was seized with the idea of making dams in the bottom of the canyon, stepping the water down and creating a series of reservoirs to hold the water back during flood periods. She advocated the improvements, but she was ahead of her time, and nothing was done.

It was the late Franklin K. Lane, who while Secretary of the Interior, gave the real impetus to the movement that now is in progress for harnessing the Colorado and the development of the great inland empire.

Under his direction government engineers investigated the various power sites and storage reservoir possibilities and, in 1916, a comprehensive report was issued by the Department of the Interior. Then came the war to disrupt all internal improvements, and the project lay quiescent until the last two years.

There are nearly 75 available or feasible sites for dams and power plants on the Colorado and its tributaries. The utilization of all probably will come in the course of time and when that time comes the nation will be enriched by more than 6,000,000 acres of fertile land.

At present, however, the two projects before the public are the Boulder Canyon Dam and the Glen Canyon Dam.

The site of the proposed Boulder Canyon Dam is located just below the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, near the junction of the state lines of Nevada and Arizona. The purposes of this dam, as outlined by Arthur P. Davis, director of the United States Reclamation Service, are threefold.

First, to control the flood waters of the Colorado River. Second, to conserve and store these flood waters and reclaim by irrigation vast areas of desert land. Third, to convert the potential energy of the water thus stored into power for the use of the people of the southwestern states.

Preliminary surveys have already been made by the Reclamation Service for this project.

The dam as now proposed will be 200 feet wide at its base, 1,000 feet wide at the top and will rise to a height of 600 feet above water level. The foundation base will be 130 feet below water level. This dam will hold a year and a half of the average flow of the Colorado, amounting to 30,000,000 acre feet. It will create an immense reservoir or lake extending 80 miles up the river.

It will provide dependable irrigation for more than 2,000,000 acres of land in Arizona and Southern California, or a total of 1,250,000 acres more than are now under irrigation. A conservative estimate of the additional agricultural wealth to be created places it at $250,000,000.

It is estimated that 700,000 horse power can be developed for hydro-electric purposes, having a value sufficient in less than 50 years' time to more than pay off the national debt.

The cost of the dam is estimated at from $45,000,000 to $55,000,000. The sale of power alone would pay for it within 12 years, if the government built it and sold the power.

For the threefold purposes of flood control, conservation of water and generation of power, the Boulder Canyon site is considered by engineers the most feasible, although for power purposes alone the Glen Canyon site has some advantage. This site, which is favored by the private interests seeking to obtain control of the power projects, is farther up the river above the Grand Canyon and just below the state boundary line of Utah and Arizona.

The dam proposed at the Glen Canyon site will create a lake in the Upper Colorado of an average depth of 400 feet for 200 miles along the Colorado and 50 miles up the San Juan River Canyon, holding a total of 40,000,000 acre feet.

Through this and three companion projects, which are being considered, power could be supplied to all Arizona, Utah and Nevada; three-fourths of California; more than one-half of Colorado and New Mexico, and about one-fifth of Wyoming and Idaho.

This project also would do away with the silt nuisance and make the Lower Colorado navigable for commercial purposes from Laguna Dam to Boulder Canyon, 300 miles.

This project would raise the irrigated area of the Colorado basin from 750,000 acres to 3,000,000 acres and add a total of $4,000,000,000 to the national wealth.

How is the work going to be done and who is going to do it? This is the same question that is at present agitating the entire Southwest and eventually will doubtless impress itself on the national consciousness.

At present there are two parties in the field seeking to gain control of the project. One is the city of Los Angeles and the other is the Southern California Edison Company.

The Southern California Edison Company is a private corporation engaged in the light and power business. It has a virtual monopoly of the electrical service in the northern and central part of Southern California, its only rival being the city of Los Angeles. It is backed by a group of the strongest banks in Los Angeles and has the active support of the Los Angeles *Times*, owned by Harry Chandler, who it will be remembered, also owns large concessions of land beyond the Mexican border.

The municipal enterprise, however, has the newspaper support of the two Hearst papers in Los Angeles, the *Examiner* and *Evening Herald*, with the other two papers, the *Express* and *Record*, giving full publicity to both sides.

The fight between the two interests—public ownership and private ownership of this great development project—is very bitter. Charges and countercharges fill the newspapers.

The plans of the municipal organization are briefly, to enlist Federal aid in building the dam at Boulder Canyon and then obtain an allocation of part of the power rights to the city of Los Angeles.

From a Federal standpoint, the conservation of the water for the development of arid lands is the main thing to be considered, next comes the prevention of floods and lastly, the development of power.

Los Angeles has taken the lead because she already has a number of power projects of her own in successful operation, but she is desirous of having other municipalities come in with her as partners in the enterprise if the government refuses.

On the other hand, the Southern California Edison Company is seeking permission from the government to build the dam at Glen Canyon under a 50-year lease, as provided for by the present Federal statutes. If it obtains the lease, it is its announced intention to form a super-power company consisting of all the power companies in the states and districts which could be served by its project. The power, as well as the financing of this corporation, would be allocated in accordance with each company's needs and share in the project.

Those favoring the building of the dam by the government and the sale of the power to municipalities assert that there are a number of questions which will arise in the development of the Colorado that only the Federal Government can handle. For instance, there is the treaty with Mexico under which certain questions concerning the Colorado must be adjudicated. Also the conflict between the various states interested and the proper allocation of the water and power to each.

They also argue that it would not be proper to allow the disposal of the irrigating water in the hands of a private corporation whose interests are primarily in power.

A. P. Davis, director of the Reclamation Service, is a firm advocate of the Boulder Canyon Dam site, because it is not only better adapted for the conservation of flood waters, but is closer to the principal districts to be served by hydro-electric power.

He estimates that the cost of building the dam should be principally allocated to the power values, irrigation coming next in its share and then flood control. The allocation of cost to power has been fixed as high as 85 per cent. So far most of the money raised for preliminary investigation of the project has been raised by the irrigation and flood control interests. The government is allowed by law to expend in investigation an amount equal to that put up by interested districts and associations.

All investigations made by the Southern California Edison Company have been made by its own engineers at its own expense.

The problem before the advocates of the Boulder Canyon project now is to obtain the enactment of the necessary legislation to go ahead with the plan.

There are at present two bills before Congress, one known as the McNary Bill, introduced by Senator McNary, of Oregon, and the other the Jones Bill, introduced by Senator Jones, of Washington.

The McNary Bill provides for Federal appropria-

(Concluded on page 14)



Glen Canyon, on the Colorado River, about 75 miles above the Grand Canyon, where the Southern California Edison Company proposes to impound the river, "eliminating flood damage and making possible subsequent developments farther down the stream."





Center—MR. WILLIAM MULHOLLAND, chief engineer of the Los Angeles water development. He built the aqueduct which carries the city's water supply from the mountains. Below—Boulder Canyon dam site, looking down stream.

Jewish "Kol Nidre" and "Eli, Eli" Explained

Two Questions Answered: About the Honor of a Jew's Word: May He Break It? Jewish Religious Propaganda on Vaudeville Stage

"I have looked this year and last for something in your paper about the prayer which the Jews say at their New Year. But you say nothing. Can it be you have not heard of the Kol Nidre?"

"Lately in three cities I have heard a Jewish religious hymn sung in the public theaters. This was in New York, Detroit and Chicago. Each time the program said 'by request.' Who makes the request? What is the meaning of this kind of propaganda? The name of the hymn is 'Eli.'"

THE Jewish year just passed has been described by a Jewish writer in the *Jewish Daily News* as the Year of Chaos. The writer is apparently intelligent enough to ascribe this condition to something besides "anti-Semitism." He says, "the thought that there is something wrong in Jewish life will not down," and when he describes the situation in the Near East, he says, "The Jew himself is stirring the mess." He indicts the Jewish year 5681 on 12 counts, among them being, "mismanagement in Palestine," "engaging in internal warfare," "treason to the Jewish people," "selfishness," "self-delusion." "The Jewish people is a sick people," cries the writer, and when he utters a comfortable prophecy for the year 5682, it is not in the terms of Judah but in the terms of "Kol Yisroel"—All Israel—the terms of a larger and more inclusive unity which gives Judah its own place, and its own place only, in the world. The Jewish people are sick, to be sure, and the disease is the fallacy of superiority, with its consequent "foreign policy" against the world.

Jewish Year 5681 "A Year of Chaos"

WHEN Jewish writers describe the year 5681 as the Year of Chaos, it is an unconscious admission that the Jewish people are ripening for a change of attitude. The "chaos" is among the leaders; it involves the plans which are based on the old false assumptions. The Jewish people are waiting for leaders who can emancipate them from the thralldom of their self-seeking masters in the religious and political fields. The enemies of the emancipation of Judah are those who profit by Judah's bondage, and these are the groups that follow the American Jewish Committee and the political rabbis. When a true Jewish prophet arises—and he should arise in the United States—there will be a great sweeping away of the selfish, scheming, heartless Jewish leaders, a general desertion of the Jewish idea of "getting" instead of "making," and an emergence of the true idea submerged so long.

There will also be a separation among the Jews themselves. They are not all Jews who call themselves so today. There is a Tartar strain in so-called Jewry that is absolutely incompatible with true Israelitish raciality; there are other alien strains which utterly differ from the true Jewish; but until now these strains have been held because the Jewish leaders needed vast hordes of low-type people to carry out their world designs. But the Jew himself is recognizing the presence of an alien element; and that is the first step in a movement which will place the Jewish Question on quite another basis.

"Saving Them From Themselves"

WHAT the Jews of the United States are coming to think is indicated by this letter—one among many (the writer is a Jew):

"Gentlemen:

"'Because you believe in a good cause' said Dr. Johnson, 'is no reason why you should feel called upon to defend it, for by your manner of defense you may do your cause much harm.'

"The above applying to me I will only say that I have received the books you sent me and read both with much interest.

"You are rendering the Jews a very great service, that of saving them *from themselves.*

"It takes courage, and nerve, and intelligence to do and pursue such a work, and I admire you for it."

The letter was accompanied by a check which ordered THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT sent to the address of another who bears a distinctively Jewish name.

It is very clear that unity is not to be won by the truth-teller soft-pedaling or suppressing his truth, nor by the truth-hearer strenuously denying that the truth is true, but by both together honoring the truth in telling and in acknowledging it. When the Jews see this, they can take over the work of truth-telling and carry it on themselves. These articles have as their only purpose: First, that the Jews may see the truth for themselves about themselves; second, that non-Jews may see the fallacy of the present Jewish idea and use enough common sense to cease falling victims to it. With both Jews and non-Jews seeing their error, the way is opened for co-operation instead of the kind of competition (not commercial, but moral) which has resulted so disastrously to Jewish false ambitions these long centuries.

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages will be sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

Now, as to the questions at the beginning of this article: THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has heretofore scrupulously avoided even the appearance of criticising the Jew for his religion. The Jew's religion, as most people think of it, is unobjectionable. But when he has carried on campaigns against the Christian religion, and when in every conceivable manner he thrusts his own religion upon the public from the stage of theaters and in other public places, he has himself to blame if the public ask questions.

It is quite impossible to select the largest theater in the United States, place the Star of David high in a beautiful stage heavens above all flags and other symbols, apostrophize it for a week with all sorts of wild prophecy and all sorts of silly defiance of the world, sing hymns to it and otherwise adore it, without arousing curiosity. Yet the Jewish theatrical managers, with no protest from the Anti-Defamation Committee, have done this on a greater or smaller scale in many cities. To say it is meaningless is to use words lightly.

The "Kol Nidre" and Its Basis

THE "Kol Nidre" is a Jewish prayer named, from its opening words, "All vows," (kol nidre). It is based on the declaration of the Talmud:

"He who wishes that his vows and oaths shall have no value, stand up at the beginning of the year and say: 'All vows which I shall make during the year shall be of no value.'"

It would be pleasant to be able to declare that this is merely one of the curiosities of the darkness which covers the Talmud, but the fact is that "Kol Nidre" is not only an ancient curiosity; it is also a modern practice. In the volume of *revised* "Festival Prayers," published in *1919* by the Hebrew Publishing Company, New York, the prayer appears in its fullness:

"All vows, obligations, oaths or anathemas, pledges of all names, which we have vowed, sworn, devoted, or bound ourselves to, from this day of atonement, until the next day of atonement (whose arrival we hope for in happiness) we repent, aforehand, of them all, they shall all be deemed absolved, forgiven, annulled, void and made of no effect; they shall not be binding, nor have any power; the vows shall not be reckoned vows, the obligations shall not be obligatory, nor the oaths considered as oaths."

If this strange statement were something dug out of the misty past, it would scarcely merit serious attention, but as being part of a *revised* Jewish prayer book printed in the United States in 1919, and as being one of the high points of the Jewish religious celebration of the New Year, it cannot be lightly dismissed after attention has once been called to it.

Indeed, the Jews do not deny it. Early in the year, when a famous Jewish violinist landed in New York after a triumphant tour abroad, he was besieged by thousands of his East Side admirers, and was able to quiet their cries only when he took his violin and played the "Kol Nidre." Then the people wept as exiles do at the sound of the songs of the homeland.

In that incident the reader will see that (hard as it is for the non-Jew to understand it!) there is a deep-rooted, sentimental regard for the "Kol Nidre" which makes it one of the most sacred of possessions to the Jew. Indefensibly immoral as the "Kol Nidre" is, utterly destructive of all social confidence, yet the most earnest efforts of a few really spiritual Jews have utterly failed to remove it from the prayer books, save in a few isolated instances. The music of the "Kol Nidre" is famous and ancient. One has only to refer to the article "Kol Nidre" in the Jewish Encyclopedia to see the predicament of the modern Jew: he cannot deny; he cannot defend; he cannot renounce. The "Kol Nidre" is here, and remains.

If the prayer were a request for forgiveness for the broken vows of the past, normal human beings could quite understand it. Vows, promises, obligations and pledges are broken, sometimes by weakness of will to perform them, sometimes by reason of forgetfulness, sometimes by sheer inability to do the thing we thought we could do. Human experience is neither Jew nor Gentile in that respect.

But the prayer is a holy advance notice, given in the secrecy of the synagogue, that no promise whatever shall be binding, and more than not being binding is there and then violated before it is ever made.

The scope of the prayer is "from this day of atonement, until the next day of atonement."

The prayer looks wholly to the future, "we repent, aforehand, of them all."

The prayer breaks down the common ground of confidence between men—"the vows shall not be reckoned vows; the obligations shall not be obligatory, nor the oaths considered as oaths."

Babylonish Character of Judaism

IT REQUIRES no argument to show that if this prayer be really the rule of faith and conduct for the Jews who utter it, the ordinary social and business relations are impossible to maintain with them.

It should be observed that there is no likeness here with Christian "hypocrisy," so-called. Christian "hypocrisy" arises mostly from men holding higher ideals than they are able to attain to, and verbally extolling higher principles than their conduct illustrates. That is, to use Browning's figure, the man's reach exceeds his grasp; as it always does, where the man is more than a clod.

But the "Kol Nidre" is in the opposite direction. It recognizes by inference that in the common world of men, in the common morality of the street and the mart, a promise passes current as a promise, a pledge as a pledge, an obligation as an obligation—that there is a certain social currency given to the individual's mere word on the assumption that its quality is kept good by straight moral intention. And it makes provision to drop below that level.

How did the "Kol Nidre" come into existence? Is it the cause or the effect of that untrustworthiness with which the Jew has been charged for centuries?

Its origin is not from the Bible but from Babylon, and the mark of Babylon is more strongly impressed on the Jew than is the mark of the Bible. "Kol Nidre" is Talmudic and finds its place among many other dark things in that many-volumed and burdensome invention. If the "Kol Nidre" ever was a backward look over the failures of the previous year, it very early became a forward look to the deliberate deceptions of the coming year.

Attempts at "Explaining" Kol Nidre

MANY explanations have been made in an attempt to account for this. Each explanation is denied and disproved by those who favor some other explanation. The commonest of all is this, and it rings in the overworked note of "persecution": The Jews were so hounded and harried by the bloodthirsty Christians, and so brutally and viciously treated in the name of the loving Jesus (the terms are borrowed from Jewish writers) that they were compelled by wounds and starvation and the fear of death to renounce their religion and to vow that thereafter they would take the once despised Jesus for their Messiah. Therefore, say the Jewish apologists, knowing that during the ensuing year the terrible, bloodthirsty Christians would force the poor Jews to take Christian vows, the Jews in advance announced to God that all the promises they would make on that score would be lies. They would say what the Christians forced them to say, but they would not mean nor intend one word of it.

That is the best explanation of all. Its weakness is that it assumes the "Kol Nidre" to have been coincident with times of "persecution," especially in Spain.

Unfortunately for this explanation, the "Kol Nidre" is found centuries before that, when the Jews were under no pressure.

In a refreshingly frank article in the Cleveland *Jewish World* for October 11, the insufficiency of the above explanation is so clearly set forth that a quotation is made:

"Many learned men want to have it understood that the Kol Nidre dates from the Spanish Inquisition, it having become necessary on account of all sorts of persecution and inflictions to adopt the Christian religion for appearances' sake. Then the Jews in Spain, gathering in cellars to celebrate the Day of Atonement and pardon, composed a prayer that declared of no value all vows and oaths that they would be forced to make during the year . . . .

"The learned men say, moreover, that in remembrance of those days when hundreds and thousands of Maranos (secret Jews) were dragged out of the cellars and were tortured with all kinds of torment, the Jews in all parts of the world have adopted the Kol Nidre as a token of faithfulness to the faith and as self-sacrifice for the faith.

"These assertions are not correct. The fact is that the formula of Kol Nidre was composed and said on the night of Yom Kippur quite a time earlier than the period of the Spanish Inquisition. We find, for instance, a formula to invalidate vows on Yom Kippur in the prayer book of the Rabbi Amram Goun who lived in the ninth century, about five hundred years before the Spanish Inquisition; although Rabbi Amram's formula is not 'Kol Nidre' but 'Kol Nidrim' ('All vows and oaths which we shall swear from Yom Kippurim to Yom Kippurim will return to us void') . . . ."

The form of the prayer in the matter of its age may be in dispute; but back in the ancient and modern Talmud is the authorization of the practice: "He who wishes that his vows and oaths shall have no value, stand up at the beginning of the year and say: 'All vows which I shall make during the year shall be of no value.'"

That answers our reader's question. This article does not say that all Jews thus deliberately assassinate their pledged word. It does say that both the Talmud and the prayer book permit them to do so, and tell them how it may be accomplished.

The Inquiry Regarding "Eli, Eli"

NOW, as to the Jewish religious hymn which is being sung "by request" throughout the country: the story of it is soon told.

The name of the hymn is "Eli, Eli"; its base is the first verse of the Twenty-Second Psalm, known best in Christian countries as the Cry of Christ on the Cross.

It is being used by Jewish vaudeville managers as their contribution to the pro-Jewish campaign which the Jew-controlled theater is flinging into the faces of the public, from stage and motion picture screen. It is an incantation designed to inflame the lower classes of Jews against the people, and intensify the racial consciousness of those hordes of Eastern Jews who have flocked here.

At the instigation of the New York Kehillah, "Eli, Eli" has for a long time been sung at the ordinary run of performances in vaudeville and motion picture houses, and the notice "By Request" is usually a bald lie. It should be "By Order." The "request" is from Jewish headquarters which has ordered the speeding up of Jewish propaganda. The situation of the theater now is that American audiences are paying at the box office for the privilege of hearing Jews advertise the things they want non-Jews to think about them.

A Bad Breach of Good Breeding

IF EVEN a vestige of decency, or the slightest appreciation of good taste remained, the Jews who control the theaters would see that the American public must eventually gag on such things. When two Jewish comedians who have been indulging in always vulgar and often indecent antics, appear before the drop curtain and sing the Yiddish incantation "Eli, Eli," which, of course, is incomprehensible to the major part of the audience, the Jewish element always betrays a high pitch of excitement. They understand the game that is being played: the "Gentiles" are being flayed to their face, and they don't know it; as when a Yiddish comedian pours out shocking invectives on the name of Jesus Christ, and "gets away with it," the Jewish portion of his audience howling with delight, and the "boob Gentiles" looking serenely on and feeling it to be polite to laugh and applaud too!

This Yiddish chant is the rallying cry of race hatred which is being spread abroad by orders of the Jewish leaders. You, if you are a theatergoer, help to pay the expense of getting yourself roundly damned. The Kehillah and the American Jewish Committee which for more than 10 years have been driving all mention of Christianity out of public life, under their slogan "This Is Not A Christian Country," are spreading their own type of Judaism everywhere with insolence unparalleled.

"Eli, Eli" is not a religious hymn; it is a racial war cry. In the low cafés of New York where Bolshevik Jews hang out, "Eli, Eli" is their song. It is the Marseillaise of Jewish solidarity. It has become the fanatical chant of all Jewish Bolshevik clubs, it is constantly heard in Jewish coffee houses and cabarets where emotional Russian and Polish Jews—all enemies to all government—shout the words amid torrential excitement. When you see the hymn in point you are utterly puzzled to understand the excitement it rouses.

And this rallying cry has now been obtruded into the midst of the theatrical world.

The term "incantation" here used is used advisedly. The term is used by Kurt Schindler who adapted the Yiddish hymn to American use. And its effect is that of an incantation.

In translation, it is as follows:

"My God, my God, why has thou forsaken me?
With fire and flame they have burnt us,
Everywhere they have shamed and derided us,
Yet none amongst us has dared depart
From our Holy Scriptures, from our Law.

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
By day and night I only yearn and pray,
Anxiously keeping our Holy Scriptures
And praying, Save us, save us once again!
For the sake of our fathers and our father's fathers!

"Listen to my prayer and to my lamenting,
For only Thou canst help, Thou, God, alone,
For it is said, 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God
The Lord is One!"

The words of the hymn are so much resembling a lament that they strangely contrast with the spirit which the hymn itself seems to arouse; its mournful melody inspires a very different spirit among the Jewish hearers than the same sort of melody would inspire among other people. Those who have heard its public rendition can better understand how a hymn of such utterly quiet and resigned tone could be the wild rage of the anarchists of the East Side coffee houses.

The motive, of course, for the singing of the hymn is the reference to non-Jewish people.

"With fire and flame *THEY* have burnt us, everywhere *THEY* have shamed and derided us?" Who are "they"? Who but the goyim, the Christians who all unsuspectingly sit near by and who are so affected by the Jewish applause that they applaud too! Truly, in one way of looking at it, Jews have a right to despise the "gentiles."

"THEY have burnt us; *THEY* have shamed us," but we, the poor Jews, have been harmless all the while, none among us daring to depart from the Law! That is the meaning of "Eli, Eli." That is why, in spite of its words of religious resignation it becomes a rallying cry. "They" are all wrong; "we" are all right.

Jews Ought to Clean House

IT IS possible, of course, that right-minded Jews do not approve all this. They may disapprove of "Kol Nidre" and they may resent the use which the Jewish leaders are making of "Eli, Eli." Let us at least credit some Jews with both these attitudes. But they do nothing about it. These same Jews, however, will go to the public library of their town and put the fear of political or business reprisal in the hearts of the Library Board if they do not instantly remove THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT from the library; these same Jews will form committees to coerce mayors of cities into issuing illegal orders which cannot be enforced; these same Jews will give commands to the newspapers under their patronage or control—they are indeed mighty and active in the affairs of the non-Jews. But when it is a matter of keeping "Eli, Eli" out of the theater, or the "Kol Nidre" out of the mouths of those who thus plan a whole year of deception "aforehand," these same Jews are very inactive and apparently very powerless.

The Anti-Defamation Committee would better shut up shop until it can show either the will or the ability to bring pressure to bear on its own people. Coercion of the rest of the people is rapidly growing less and less possible.

The "Kol Nidre" is far from being the worst counsel in the Talmud; "Eli, Eli" is far from being the worst anti-social misuse of apparently holy things. But it will remain the policy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, for the present at least, to let all such matters alone except, as in the present case, where the number of the inquiries indicates that a knowledge of the facts has been had at other sources. In many instances, what our inquirers heard was much worse than is stated here, so that this article is by way of being a service to the inquirer to prevent his being misled, and to the Jew to prevent misrepresentation.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages, respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps for each volume.

JEWISH WORLD NOTES

Because the *Christian Standard* in its issue of August 6, published "without comment" a paper read before the Birmingham, Alabama, Christian Ministers' Association by the Rev. Alfred E. Seddon on "The Jewish Question as Raised by THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT"—a scholarly and fair-minded presentation—the Chicago *Israelite* avows its opinion that "there is on foot a concerted effort to discredit the Jew"! Considered in connection with the simultaneous appearance of matter of similar character in other Protestant papers, this influential Jewish organ regards the fact of the *Christian Standard's* giving space to Mr. Seddon's candid criticism of the sacrosanct "chosen people" as "most disquieting." Could anything be more naively self-betraying as to Jewish assumption?

The New York *Tribune* carried the following story, which is worth considering:

Former Governor Al Smith has received during his political career a good many queer communications, but yesterday he showed his friends one that he says is entitled to the blue ribbon. It practically is an invitation to move out of New York, but "Al" says he is going to stick around. Here is the document:

"Your assistance is requested, with great respect, to help influence 300,000 to 500,000 Christians to leave from within the corporate limits of the City of New York before January 1, 1922, and a like number before July 1, 1922.

"The City of New York is destined to become non-Christian eventually. Why not now?

"It should be realized that the non-Christian city of New York will anticipate, by but a few years, the non-Christian state of Manhattan.

"It is idle, futile, useless to seek the establishment of a Zion in Palestine when a New Jerusalem is developing in this community with startling rapidity.

"Please do not go back on Hylan. He is our very good friend. He is aiding to sovietize New York by seeking to secure proletariat ownership and operation of the public utilities. Very truly yours, Moe."

Before turning the card over to a Jewish friend for a souvenir, "Al" wrote on the back of it:

"Let us stay here for spite.—A. E. S."

A correspondent writes: "Attending a show of 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' during the part where the American troops arrive in France, I was surprised at the insert of a soldier reading a Jewish paper, followed by the caption 'American.' Is this in the book? Is it supposed to be funny? Or is it merely a Jewish trade-mark?"

It is not in the book, and certainly it is not funny. But that the film has not passed unheeded is evidenced by hundreds of letters from readers.

The nearest approach to "religious persecution" of the Jew that has been heard of in this country is the protest of the residents of the Bronx concerning the lack of cooking gas on Friday afternoons. Numerous investigations were made, and at length the gas pipes were given a thorough cleaning, when it was finally discovered that the decrease was caused by the heavy Friday night cooking done by the Jews of the district. At that the protest changed, and became a joke. The newspaper that printed the fact, however, was made a target for that stupid charge, "religious persecution."

Jews have so strenuously objected to the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which has become increasingly popular at public gatherings of a serious nature, that an emasculated version has been prepared which absolutely beheads, eviscerates and otherwise mutilates the famous Christian hymn. It is almost inconceivable that American citizens would submit to sing the Judaized version—yet it was the only one recently offered at the third annual festival of the Community Sing at Cincinnati. Following is the first verse and chorus:

"Onward, faithful soldiers, marching as to war,
With the Flag of Freedom going on before,
Liberty, our master, leads against the foe,
Forward into battle, see our banner go.

"Onward, fearless soldiers, marching as to war,
With the Flag of Freedom going on before."

Which flag is meant, whether the Red Flag of Bolshevism with its Jewish Star, or the Star Spangled Banner, is not indicated by the slightest syllable. The real meaning of the song is, however, that Jews have prevailed upon public officials to mutilate a Christian hymn.

John Spargo denied that Bolshevik Russia was Jewish. Now comes the Yiddish press and announces that, owing to internal troubles, the Bolshevists are going to supplant the Jewish commissars with Christians. The Jewish leaders should not leave their Gentile dupes hanging in the air that way. Spargo should have been told!

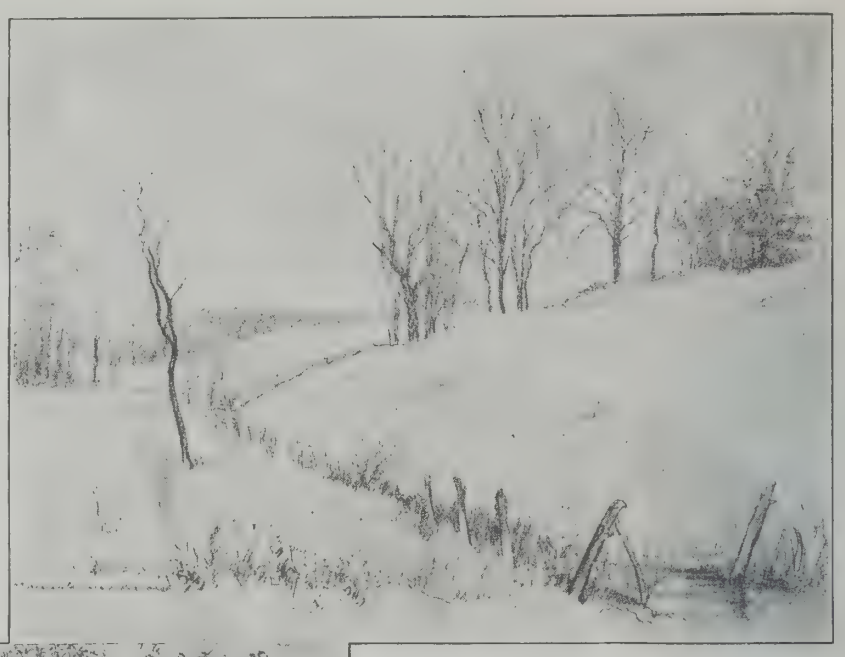
The $200,000,000 estates of Archduke Frederick of Austria and his son are reported by the Associated Press to have been purchased by a New York syndicate. Samuel Untermeyer, the New York Jewish lawyer, represented the syndicate, from which fact the usual deductions may be made.

A citizen sent information to Washington regarding an income tax fraud perpetrated by a Jewish firm. The Treasury Department sent a Jew to investigate. Result: some papers could not be found, and a whitewash resulted. And the Jews in the employ of the government have the complaining citizen's name!

"Forever debarred" from the ball parks of the Pacific Coast League, is the sentence passed on Ben Levy, Lou Levy, Max Zimmer, Benny Chaplin, Benny Radnick and Cet Ward. The worst thing about these names is that they represent the tribe of Benjamin, whereas their bearers are of Judah.

Brook Farm—Abode of the Brilliant

By HAROLD D. CAREW



BOSTON'S bid in the recent census for seventh place among the cities of the United States has somehow curiously obscured the fact that there is still a rural Boston.

The visitor within her gates who finds himself at once thrown unceremoniously into the vortex of the Hub's commercial activity finds nothing to indicate it. Park street subway at 5 p. m., that sector of the city which compares favorably with St. Mihiel's "grand push," and other points of traffic only invite comparison, but Boston, true to form, defies comparisons.

The city as we know it—or, I should say, the city as we think we know it—presents a strange picture of cosmopolitanism in contrast to that of Boston's farming community 45 minutes from Milk street.

That is why certain up-state members in the House of Representatives on Beacon Hill could not understand, a few years back, when a colleague from one of Boston's industrial districts announced his occupation as that of farmer. The gentleman from Suffolk is still banteringly called "the Boston farmer," perhaps because some self-inflicted titles have a habit of never jarring themselves loose, like that of the enterprising Italian immigrant with his shoe shine outfit whom we once called "professor"; or "colonel," which goes with full-grown goatees in Kentucky; or "captain," as applied along the Maine coast to every owner of a 16-foot dory.

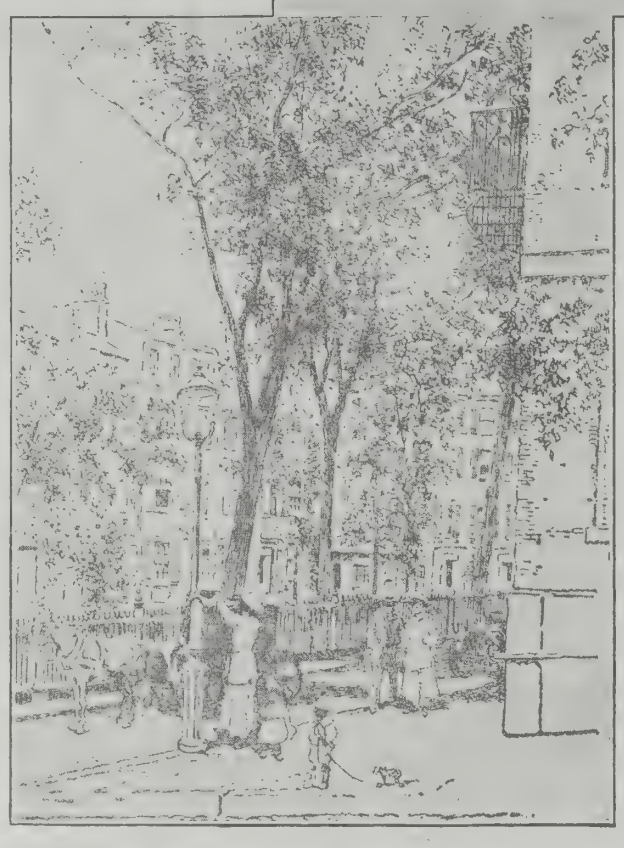
Berkshire was not to be blamed for chuckling over the spectacle of a Suffolk farmer, for even modern Boston knows little of its farming community at the other end of the city, which centers in Brook Farm on the outer edge of West Roxbury. So little, in fact, that Brook Farm to the average apartment house dweller in town probably is only another of those "trade-mark registered" names he sees on the milk bottle in the morning.

Has he heard of Emerson? Of course he has! but why talk of philosophers while we're on the subject of farming? Does he remember Theodore Parker? No; but he's sure his mother often heard the great American pulpit orator preach in old Music Hall in Boston on the site of the present Orpheum Theater.

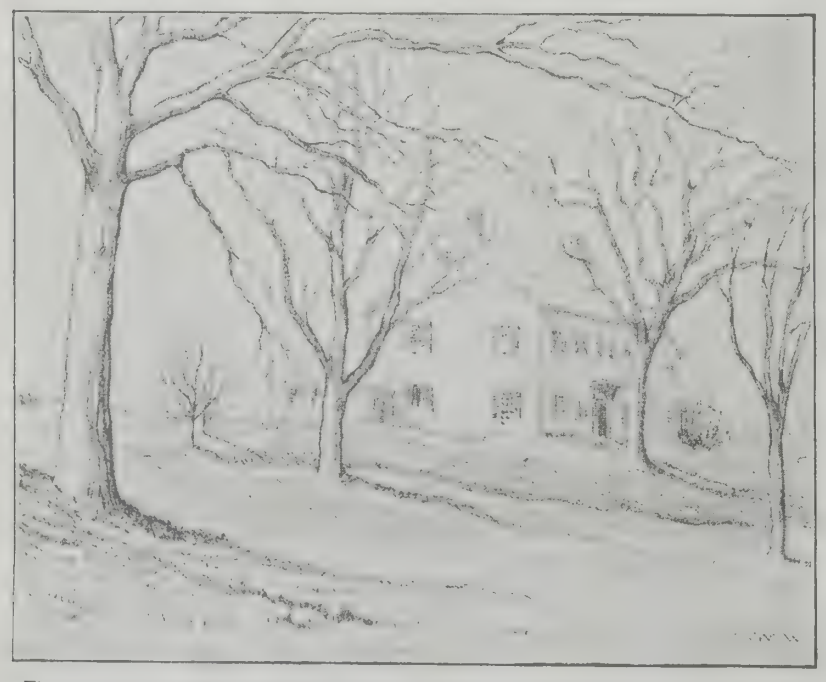
Then there are Hawthorne, Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller, George William Curtis, Charles A. Dana and John Sullivan Dwight. The modern Bostonian remembers them as brilliant lights of an earlier Boston, but of their association with Brook Farm he knows little. That the farm itself remains practically unchanged through the three-quarters of a century since all Boston made its pilgrimage to West Roxbury and to the home of a bold experiment is both puzzling and interesting.

Perhaps it is not to be wondered at, for over the portals of modern civilization is written the word "Change"; and it is 81 years ago the past summer since Brook Farm came into being. In that year George Ripley, a Unitarian minister in Boston, went to the country with his wife for a vacation. The scene of this quiet sojourn "in the country" was this West Roxbury farm of 168 acres; and it is curious to note that this farm which soon after became the center of one of the world's most famous social experiments in which its leader sought "to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor and to combine the thinker and the worker in the same individual," remains today untouched by the obliterating hand of progress.

The story of Brook Farm is the closing chapter of New England Transcendentalism, that movement which called into its ranks through sympathy or association nearly every leader and lover of reform in that golden decade of discontent. The revolution in religion known as Unitarianism had succeeded in dividing the traditional church of New England. In politics and economics, no less than in religion, startling new theories were being advanced, intellectual agitations and philosophical controversies in Europe were making themselves felt in America, and the temper of the age was carrying old forms and ceremonies into the discard.







The groves and the woodlands through which the dwellers on Brook Farm used to pass are still there, and Louisburg Square, in Boston, which those folks knew so well, also remains, retaining its old-fashioned atmosphere, except for the costumes of the people; the old rustic bridge to the miniature island on the farm hasn't been disturbed either, and Brook Farm house itself is there today, just as it appeared when these brilliant men made it their home 75 years ago. (The Louisburg Square picture is from an etching by Sears Gallagher. Courtesy of Goodspeed's Bookshop, Boston.)

How and by whom the Transcendental Club received its name has never definitely been known. It was first applied in derision to the little group of men and women who met occasionally to discuss literature and art and life. Its membership was composed almost wholly at first of clergymen, and its early discussions were chiefly theological. The first meeting was called for September 8, 1836, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Ripley, F. H. Hedge and George Putnam. There is no authoritative list of members in existence, if, indeed, there ever was one; but among those who attended were James Freeman Clarke, George Bancroft, Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing, Christopher P. Cranch, John Sullivan Dwight, Samuel J. May and Orestes A. Brownson—all ministers except Bancroft. Bronson Alcott, the mystic; Jones Very, the Salem poet, now all but forgotten; Hawthorne, rarely if ever heard, but always a good listener; Thoreau, the hermit poet-naturalist, and Samuel G. Howe, picturesque protagonist of Greek freedom and husband of Julia Ward Howe—these and a score of lesser lights were also to be found there.

Women, too, took part, notably Elizabeth Peabody, whose enthusiastic support of reforms has inseparably linked her name with the kindergarten and social welfare; her sister Sophia, who married Hawthorne in 1842; Sophia Ripley and Margaret Fuller, brilliant writer and votary of feminism, whose birthplace in Cambridge now serves as a social settlement.

So closely interrelated is the story of Brook Farm with the names of those who made New England's golden age of letters, that it is, indeed, but an episode in the record of their individual activities which has been overshadowed.

Brook Farm as a sociological experiment took form with Ripley during his vacation 81 years ago. Returning to Boston in the fall of 1840, he resigned his pastorate of the Purchase Street Church and set out to interest his friends of the Transcendental Club in the project, which had now become an all-absorbing passion with him. Purchase of the farm for $10,500 was arranged early in the following year, articles of association were drawn up and signed, the stock was subscribed for, and officers of "The Institute for Agriculture and Education" were elected.

Organized, as Ripley set its purpose forth, "to guarantee the highest mental freedom by providing all with labor adapted to their tastes and talents, and securing to them the fruits of the industry . . . . and thus to prepare a society of liberal, intelligent and cultivated persons whose relations with each other would permit a more wholesome and simple life than can be led amid the pressure of our competitive institutions," Brook Farm was in effect a trial of communism. It was social rather than political in its program. Fortunately for the experiment, its leaders cared nothing for the political phase of its problems. That it succeeded at all, even though failure finally overtook it, was due to a fine spirit of co-operation among its members who lived as one big family. The association worked out its own destiny, probably because there were no Mitchell Palmers in the 1840's. Or else the Department of Justice in those years was not so highly sensitized by political expediency.

We need not here concern ourselves with a problem in relative merits, nor is it necessary to detail the multitudinous duties which Ripley had to face. The area of 22 acres was sold to Ripley, Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana and William B. Allen, acting as trustees, and each subscriber was entitled to the tuition of one person for every share of stock held. Although only a few members of the Transcendental Club became financially interested in Ripley's scheme, all watched its course and were frequent visitors at the place. And what a galaxy of names to conjure with!

Dana, who years later became one of the most outstanding figures in American journalism, was instructor in Greek and German. In later life he was said to have had little faith in reforms, political and social, but it is recorded that he always referred to his years at Brook Farm with affectionate feeling. His opinions while there stand out sharply in contrast with those he preached for 30 years as editor of the New York *Sun*. Despiser of pretentiousness, a wholehearted hater of sham, it is not surprising that he perceived much humbug outside the confines of his Utopia, once he left it; and, in the judgment of those who knew him best, he of all the Brook Farmers departed furthest from its ideals and aspirations.

There were no regular study hours at Brook Farm. The educational policy permitted the greatest freedom

(*Concluded on page 11*)

Meeting Farmer's Demand for Market News

By HARRY T. DOBBINS

FULLER recognition of the status of the American farmer as a business man and thus entitled to receive promptly as full and complete information of what is going on in the world that affects the marketing and value of what he produces, as is open to those who deal in what he has to sell, is to be given by the Federal Government in the near future.

This will take the form of supplying and broadcasting all news of the markets, crops, weather and general events that have a bearing on the business of agriculture. As the plans are now formulated, the work of collecting this news will be undertaken by the Department of Agriculture, and that of disseminating it by the Post Office Department. In general, the method employed by the great press associations of the country will be utilized.

R. B. Howell, of Omaha, an engineer of repute and member of the Republican National Committee from Nebraska, is chairman of the commission named to make and carry into effect the necessary plans. Nebraska has been selected as the experiment field. Several reasons have prompted its selection. Mr. Howell will be enabled to give the experiment his close supervision. The plains region is best fitted topographically for using wireless telephony, which is to be employed in the work of dissemination, and the lines on which it is to be conducted were mainly the suggestions of H. D. Lute, secretary of the State Farm Bureau Federation.

The plan in brief is this: The news will be telegraphed to a radio sending station at the University of Nebraska, the power plant of which will be made the center of operations. Each county agent in the state will be supplied with a receiving set, and at stipulated hours during the day a representative will seat himself at these instruments and transcribe the bulletins as they are sent by wireless telephony. Later he will call up the farm lines radiating from the county seat, where his office is located, one at a time, and repeat the information. Where this is impracticable, farmers will be notified that if they call up after a certain hour they will be supplied with the contents of the bulletin.

Mr. Howell says it is entirely practicable, with the later developments in wireless telephony, to send these bulletins direct to all listening farmers. It has been established by elaborate experiments that both the wire and the wireless may be used in connection; that is to say, an electric current carrying the human voice through the air may be so connected with the ordinary telephone system that all persons holding attached receivers to their ears may hear. This connection is accomplished easily and with excellent results.

Only county seats where agricultural agents are on duty will be supplied with these receiving sets for the experiment, and those only within a radius of 200 miles, which is the limit of perfect service at present. Later the number of these stations will be greatly increased, as experience dictates, and in time the entire agricultural population is expected to be given service.

Market reports only are now sent out three and four times a day by the air mail wireless service in the Post Office Department through broadcasting stations at Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Omaha, North Platte, Nebraska; Rock Springs, Wyoming, and Elko, Nevada. These serve but a limited territory and are limited in their usefulness because of the dependence on volunteer distributors who pick up the news at various times.

"The farmer was content for a good many years to enact the rôle of producer only," said Mr. Howell. "After he had harvested and threshed, he hauled his grain to market, and accepted what was the current local price therefor. Then he went back and made ready to produce more. As his lands have grown in value and as he has learned more about profitable means of production, through the aid of the government's Department of Agriculture and the farm press, he has come to realize that he is just as much of a business man as the man who produces farm implements, hats, clothing and other necessaries, and that if he desires to reap the full reward of his own industry and earn a reasonable return on his invested capital, he must know more about marketing.

"The co-operative enterprises that have been developed in such large numbers among the farmers in recent years are the results of his thinking along the lines of being a business man. This is particularly true of the farmers' co-operative elevator systems, designed to give the producer a share of the profits of handling his production. The farmer was inspired to do this by the knowledge that the grain dealer, with but a small investment compared to that of the grain grower, was able to gather in more money each year for the services he performed, which consumed only a part of the year, than the man who owned the land, bought the seed, did the plowing, harrowing, cultivating, harvesting, threshing and hauling to market.

"The formation of the United States Grain Growers, which is to be used as a national sales agency for those farmers who desire to use its facilities, is a still further development of the farmer as a business man. The creation of the commission, of which I am a member, is another step toward a desired goal. The government has maintained a Department of Agriculture for a great many years at considerable expense, and has been justified in doing so by the importance of agriculture to our national prosperity and existence. It is proposed to make that aid still more valuable by furnishing the farmer with the news so vital to his success as a business man, a recognition of his status in that new relation. The men who handle as buyers or commission merchants the products of the farm have at their command a vast fund of information specially prepared for them, and from which they make the deductions and inferences that form their judgment in determinig what to pay. The farmer is entitled, in making up his mind as to what he should sell for, to have access to the same fund of information in so far as it is possible to furnish it, and as speedily as the other men in the market get it.

"Another feature of the new service which will come with its fuller development will make farm life more attractive. In time, it is not unreasonable to expect, that over the wireless telephone will flow into the farm homes of the country a constant stream of news, information and entertainment that will remove all necessity, if not desire, of leaving the country for the city. Keeping the farms running and at normal productive capacity is a big problem the nation has had on its hands for some years, and almost every man who has sought the answer has found it in, 'make life on the farm more attractive.'

"The one missing link in the problem of the wireless telephone is that no calling signal has yet been devised, but men who have made feasible the steering of a ship in mid-ocean by radio will find a way by which a telephone user may be notified when he is wanted At present, appointments must be made."

Mr. Howell has gone to Europe where experiments along kindred lines have been made or are being made

Brook Farm—Abode of the Brilliant

(Concluded from page 10)

of intercourse between teachers and students, who worked together in tilling and cultivating the land. Every associationist had his work to do, and there was no questioning so long as it was done. The baker, the carpenter, the gardeners, the printers, all had their tasks to be varied at will with study and recitation.

Activity about the farm began with milking and the loading of carts with vegetables, which were delivered in the early morning hours to the markets of Boston. It is worth more than passing notice to record that the "city folks" of 80 years ago did their marketing much the same as we of today, though no doubt in much more leisurely fashion. But those were the days before the cold storage idea, before the profiteers took a hand in business development.

The school curriculum was of a high standard from the beginning. Harvard College indicated Brook Farm to students seeking the seclusion of country life; and many young men who subsequently gained distinction in art and letters sat under its tutelage.

Dwight, who is best remembered as one of the founders of the Harvard Musical Association, taught Latin and music and also assisted in editing *The Harbinger,* the monthly journal of the Brook Farmers. It is said of Dwight that he wrote with much labored effort, being moved to the task only under necessity. Years later Emerson told a story of Dwight in which Ripley is said to have remarked to Parker: "There is your accomplished friend. He would hoe corn all Sunday if I would let him, but all Massachusetts could not make him do it on Monday." *Dwight's Journal of Music* was established in 1851—"my last desperate (not very confident) coup d'état to try to get a living," as its editor confided to Cranch, a contributor to the first number. For nearly 30 years this enterprise was loyally supported by the Harvard Musical Association until the last issue of the magazine, on September 3, 1881. Boston music lovers remember this pioneer critic who did so much for the art he loved. He was a familiar figure at Music Hall in the early days of the orchestra, and later at Symphony Hall, even to the day of his death, which occurred September 5, 1893.

The modern seeker after country quiet will find Brook Farm as attractive today as did those who lived there in those far-off years. Over its undulating acres cattle still graze, and groves and woodlands through which Parker came Sunday afternoons to visit are still there. The main house, which has since received its baptism of fire, faces toward the east. Two terraced embankments separate it from the brook and miniature island reached by a rustic bridge.

Obscured from the road—now known as Baker street—is the Margaret Fuller cottage, built in the form of a Maltese cross and with gabled roof. During her occasional visits Miss Fuller never stayed at the cottage, and just why it has borne the name is not explained. It is probable that she gave readings there, and thus its sentimental associations which remain to this day.

The motive which prompted Hawthorne to go into retreat at Brook Farm and to invest $1,000 in the enterprise was his yearning for solitude and a desire to throw off the yoke of drudgery in the Boston Custom House, which he left in 1841. He arrived in a blinding late spring snowstorm—just such a storm as he narrated in the early pages of "The Blithedale Romance."



The Margaret Fuller cottage.

"This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life," he wrote to his sister, Louisa, "and as secluded as if it were a hundred miles from any city or village." Commenting in his notebook on the neighboring country along the valley of the Charles River, he recorded in late October: "Fringed gentians—I found the last probably that will be seen this year growing on the margin of the brook." So little has been changed that fringed gentians, as if in memory of Hawthorne, still thrive in secluded places along the river.

In January, 1843, there came to the farm from New York a young student of religion and philosophy. He was Isaac Hecker, "a baker by trade and a mystic by inclination," who made a favorable impression by his studious habits, his candor and his amiability. There he met Brownson, and together they became interested in Roman Catholicism, though not until he had gone often to hear Parker preach in the little church in West Roxbury, and to Concord to see Emerson. He was baptized into the Catholic faith on August 1, 1844, and at once prepared for the priesthood. Before leaving in 1845 for St. Trond, Belgium, to begin his studies in the Redemptorist Novitiate, he proposed to Thoreau that they go to Rome together.

Brook Farm had many strange experiences. It entertained many guests from all parts of the world who came to see these disciples of the New Order. One of them was an Irish baronet, Sir John Caldwell, fifth of that title, and treasurer-general of Canada, who supped on pork and beans at the banquet board. The simple tastes of his hosts were probably too much for the old baronet, for he died suddenly of apoplexy the next day in his room in the old Tremont house in Boston.

During its first two years the experiment showed no signs of failure. There were many who believed it would have succeeded if its plans had not been remodeled after those of Charles Fourier, the apostle of French Communism, which were introduced by Albert Brisbane, father of the New York editor. But that is another story.

With the collapse of the movement in 1847, the farm was sold and Ripley joined the staff of the New York *Tribune* as its literary editor. In 1855 James Freeman Clarke acquired the property with a view, it is said, of renewing the experiment, but his plans never matured. In 1870 G. P. Burkhardt became the owner of Brook Farm, and shortly after deeded it to the Association of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. It is now the Martin Luther Home for Children and one of the most valuable farm properties in Boston.

The old house presents a commanding view as one trudges down the long road today—the same unobstructed view which greeted Horace Greeley's eyes when he came for rest and contentment with old friends. A severe simplicity and quiet still pervade the place, and something of the old spirit remains. But the voices of those distant years have departed and through the halls the melody of children's voices is now heard.

The Story of Margaret

By GEORGE S. BRYAN

IN NOVEMBER, 1835, the ship Hyperion landed a young Irish couple at New Orleans. The Crescent City, with a population of between 45,000 and 50,000, had just entered on the first phase of its commercial development but had lost little of its earlier picturesqueness. Increasing trade crowded the river front with motley craft; but in the *Vieux Carré* the old Creole civilization went its unmoved way amid its rose-gardens and behind its jealousies. Illuminating gas had been introduced, and the steam cotton press; but the social affairs of the old *cité* still displayed their half-exotic brilliance.

To New Orleans Charles and Margaret Haughery had come from Baltimore, the husband trusting that in the change he might find benefit to his health. Margaret was a very plain young woman.

Accounts do not agree as to Margaret's birthplace; some of them placing it in County Cavan, Ireland, others in Baltimore. Nor is the exact date known; the year was perhaps 1814 or 1815. Her parents, Irish immigrants of the name of Gaffney, died in Baltimore when Margaret was still very young. The little orphan was, as it happened, left to kindly keeping. Margaret, however, neither then nor afterward learned to read or write.

The Haugherys had not been long in New Orleans when the husband, still unimproved in health and having been advised to try a sea voyage, set out to visit relatives in Ireland; and there he died soon after his arrival. Margaret's baby died, too; and then it was that, utterly bereft, a lonely stranger in a strange new home, this remarkable woman entered on her life of charity. She had already come to know Sister Francis Regis (Barret), then at the head of the Poydras Female Orphan Asylum, which at that time was under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. To Sister Francis Regis she offered her services. At the asylum she labored as a servant; to it she gave from small savings previously laid by; for it she sought money and food.

Peddled Milk to Feed Orphans

AT THE close of 1836 or the beginning of 1837, the sisters withdrew from the Poydras Asylum, and, seeking a home for the orphans in their charge, occupied a dilapidated residence that had been left untenanted and was known to the superstitious as a "haunted house." In these forlorn surroundings Margaret strove to provide necessary comforts; and amid distresses and straits it was Margaret who kept the traditional wolf from the orphans' door. With her own means she bought two cows, and with the two cows she set up a dairy. Each morning for about 15 years, she drove her milk cart on its rounds. When the milk had all been delivered, she would apply at the hotels for donations of cold victuals and at the shops for gifts of provisions. They tell that once, when she called for this purpose at a large grocery on Tchoupitoulas street, a young member of the firm—evidently rather proud of his sense of humor—declared with a laugh, "We'll give you all you can pile on a wheelbarrow, if you'll take it to the asylum yourself." Margaret also had her sense of humor, but this feeding of orphans was to her a serious business. She promptly found a wheelbarrow. The young fellow was much impressed by her spirit; and when the barrow had been well filled with supplies, he offered to do the wheeling of it. But Margaret, though grateful, declined his aid; saying, as she started away with her load, that she welcomed such chances any day. One cannot but hope that the shop-keeping soul of the young grocer had caught at least a glimpse of the fact that life is not wholly a matter of commercial "smartness."

In a year or so the sisters had again to move; and again they went to an old dwelling, ill-adapted to their special needs. More and more pressed the want of suitable quarters, and in 1840 Sister Francis Regis began the building of the New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum. This was a bold venture, but Margaret was pledged to stand by until the asylum was clear of all debt. The pledge was kept. Within the next 10 years—chiefly through Margaret's labors, and particularly through the income from her dairy, now enlarged and increasingly profitable—the heavy debt was paid. When at last the asylum had been freed of incumbrance, Margaret left it and on her own account opened a yet larger dairy. For about 17 years she had been under the same roof with that devout woman and devoted friend, Sister Francis. The two had shared hardship and achievement.

The new dairy, on Seventh street, was from the start a success. Its proprietor lived as simply as she had before; most of its revenues went to the relief of orphans and of others in need.

As the orphans increased in number, due to yellow fever epidemics and the natural course of events, Sister Francis Regis determined that it would be best to separate them into three classes. For this purpose it was necessary to provide another establishment. Once more was Margaret's co-operation enlisted; and St. Vincent's Infant Asylum was soon an accomplished fact. It is stated that to Margaret the St. Elizabeth Industrial School for Girls, forming the third unit of the group, also owed much.

Despite all these generous charities, Margaret had somehow managed—such was her thrift and so simple were her own needs—to put by a little money. The proprietors of a well-known old-time bakery had, in their prosperous days, responded liberally to Margaret's appeals for her orphans. Financial difficulties had later overtaken them, and they applied to Margaret for a loan, which they were unable to repay, and Margaret was compelled to take over the business. She then decided to get rid of either the dairy or the bakery; and so the story goes, having offered both for sale, let chance determine. The dairy first found a buyer; and for years thereafter Margaret might be seen driving a baker's cart with the same cheerful, plodding patience with which she had before driven a milk wagon.

Long before she died (February 9, 1882), Margaret had become more truly an institution of New Orleans than was the asylum she had helped to build. Her dress was always of calico or a dark stuff (usually the first); and her head gear always a bonnet of dark straw, somewhat in the style once known as a "poke." Over her dress she customarily wore a kind of knitted shawl, occasionally replaced by a white kerchief. Her features were rather heavily plain; her skin was tanned and coarse; and her parted hair, brown in earlier years but gray before she died, was drawn back into the simplest of knots. The gray eyes smiled at the world a sincere and honest welcome. In energy and endurance Margaret was almost masculine; but in her manner she was always a natural gentlewoman.

Left Her Money to Asylums

THOUGH firmly a Roman Catholic, so far as concerned her personal faith and religious observance, Margaret in her charities was without bias or restriction.

Margaret's will, signed with her mark, distributed among the orphan asylums of the city all her remaining resources. Sister Francis Regis had died 20 years before, and Margaret was buried in the same grave. Mourning borders enclosed the columns of the New Orleans newspapers that announced her death. In her funeral train followed most of the city's folk—ladies of worldly rank and society fashion, merchants, members of the local government, professional men—headed by the mayor, the governor, and the archbishop of the New Orleans diocese. Almost at once, and as by a common impulse, arose a movement to erect in the city a public memorial to Margaret. The memorial took the form of a portrait statue, and the sculptor chosen was Alexander Doyle, known for his commemorations of numerous eminent Americans, who was also at that time modeling for New Orleans a bronze statue of Robert E. Lee. The statue of Margaret was set up in a small plat reserved for it and officially named Margaret Place. There, on July 9, 1884, it was unveiled in the presence of high dignitaries and 1,000 orphans.

The statue of Margaret shows a seated figure clad in the simple fashion that had so long been familiar; the left arm resting upon the shoulder of an orphan child who stands beside her in an attitude of confident affection.

It is not needful to tag the story of Margaret Haughery with either practical or sentimental reflections. It is a plain story of a plain woman—humble, unlettered, devoid of embellishments of mind, without the finer social graces, yet rich in sympathy and graced with a big heart—who for 46 years went about doing good; who entered no order, wore no habit, directed no bureau, held no office, won no preferment, yet was called "Our Margaret." It must carry its own significance, or forever have none—this story of one who "watched to ease the burden of the world."



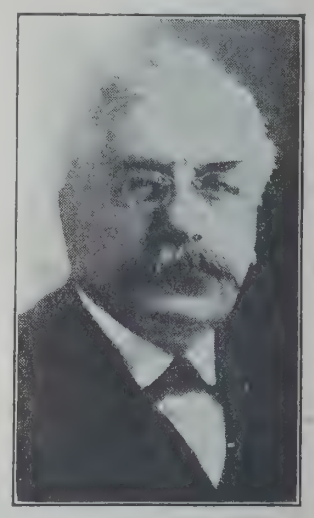
The statue of Margaret erected by New Orleans.

Presidents of World's Republics

By HARRY PENCE

THERE are 30 nations, large and small and more or less independent, that are classified as republics, the executives of which are known as presidents. They are a distinguished array of statesmen, these presidents, varied in appearance, personality and reputation for attainments and capacity, from the President of the United States of America, one of the most influential personages in the world, to the president of the republic of Georgia, known, or known to exist, only to those who follow the news more closely than even the average well-informed citizen.

Of course, the President of the United States of America is the foremost republican executive in the world, the model for nearly all the others. The one most conspicuous exception is the president of Switzerland, an official with few duties and practically no power, whose term of office is only for one year, without right of re-election.



ALEXANDRE MILLERAND,
President of France.

It can scarcely be regarded as an invidious comparison to say that next to Warren G. Harding the most important president is Alexandre Millerand, the eleventh president of France, who was elected September 23, 1920. Millerand has been a conspicuous figure in French public life for more than a quarter of a century. He has five years of his term yet to serve and is nearly 72 years of age.

A scarcely less important and, in some respects, a more influential international figure at present is Frederich Ebert, president of the "Progressive Republic" of Germany, elected February 11, 1919, for a seven-year term. This harness maker Socialist, who, under the pressure of governmental responsibility, has lost most of his communist ideas, won standing as a member of the Reichstag, before and during the war. He was born in Heidelberg 50 years ago.

Very close to us, geographically, stands General Alvero Obregon, president of Mexico, who was in 1920 elected for a four-year term. Obregon is a little more than 40 years of age.

Among Latin-American complications, of which there have been many, most prominent in recent months has been the border dispute between Panama and Costa Rica, settlement of which was negotiated under the direction of the late Edward D. White, Chief Justice of the United States. Dr. Belisario Porras is president of Panama, and Julio Acosta is president of Costa Rica. Both were elected in 1920 for four-year terms.

Brazil is the largest South American republic, both in area and population. The present president of Brazil is Epitacio Pessoa. He is a little more than 60 years of age, and was elected to a four-year term in 1919.

The other Latin-American presidents are:

Argentina—Hipolito Irigoyen, elected for six-year term in 1916.

Chile—Arturo Alessandri, elected for five-year term in 1920.

Colombia—Don Marco F. Suarez, elected for four-year term in 1918.

Cuba—Alfredo Zayas, elected to four-year term in 1920.

Ecuador—Dr. Jose L. Tamayo, elected for four years in 1920.

Guatemala—Carlos Herrera, elected for six years in 1920.

Honduras—General R. L. Gutierrez, elected for four years in 1920.

Paraguay—Dr. Manuel Gondra, elected for four years in 1920.

Peru—Augusto B. Leguia, elected for four years in 1919.

Salvador—Jorge Melendez, elected for four years in 1919.

Uruguay—Dr. Baltasar Brum, elected for four years in 1919.

Venezuela—General Juan V. Gomez, elected for seven years in 1915.

Two European presidents must not be overlooked. They are Thomas G. Masaryk, president for life of the Czecho-Slovak republic and General Joseph Pilsudski, president of Poland.

Masaryk is more than 70 years of age and won fame as an educator before he became a master of international intrigue in the interest of his native land—Bohemia.

Black presidents are at the head of three republics. C. D. B. King is president of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa.

President Francisco H. y Caravajal, of Santo Domingo, and President Philippe S. Dartiguenave, of Hayti, exercise limited authority, both nations being more or less under the protection of the United States.



(C) Harris & Ewing

JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS

A Close-Up of Jan Smuts

ONE of our London readers favors us with an interesting first-hand impression of General Jan Christian Smuts, which may be worth passing on in view both of his commanding initiative in bringing about the conference that promises a peaceful settlement of the Irish question and of the probability that the South African premier will figure conspicuously at the disarmament conference in Washington.

"Regarding General Smuts as one of the truly great ones of the earth," writes our correspondent, "I was happy to be favored, during his speech at the unveiling of the memorial to the South African soldiers in Richmond Cemetery recently, with a seat so near that I could study him closely. Without recourse to any of the ordinary tricks of oratory, he makes a profound impression on his hearers. This is not due so much to what he says or the way he says it as to a certain irresistible conveying by his tone and bearing of absolute sincerity of conviction coupled with remarkably true and sure grasp of his subject. He makes one feel that he is endowed with real wisdom, a wisdom flowing from singleness of purpose. He sees far, as well as with crystal clearness of vision. These mental and moral traits seem to be registered vividly in his physical make-up and personality.. There is more than 'soldierly straightness' in his figure and his carriage. It is the straightness that means not merely military training but an outstanding moral integrity and intellectual honesty. Similarly, the clarity and keenness of his eyes, while reminiscent of the wide and far horizons of his native veldt, speak also of a habit of looking well ahead and taking in near and distant objects with a sweep of the eyes. He shows himself in his whole appearance, and in his lightest words or least movement, the marvelous combination of scholar, jurist, soldier and statesman so fortuitously born into a time that is calling anxiously for dependable leadership.

"He spoke as if he were thinking aloud—an indication perhaps of the man's deep and profound thoughtfulness—and gave me the idea of a search, as yet unsatisfied, for the real significance of what we call the Great War and its aftermath. We are still groping about in a world mist, he said, but there was one fact that stood out inescapably. And that was that there were to be found in all parts of the earth men and women ready and eager to make the supreme sacrifice for noble ideals and aspirations. The enticement of luxury and worldly ambitious had no power over these souls. One was made to feel the greatness of the man throughout his speech. In more than the hackneyed sense of the phrase, his words went to the heart of his hearers because they came from the heart of the speaker."

Getting Over the Earth Then and Now

By FRANCIS D. NICHOL

THE councilmen of a thriving community in the Far West recently passed a seemingly commonplace resolution. They decreed that the hitching posts that had adorned the curbings of the main streets ever since the city had been laid out, should be removed. Certainly the resolution sounded most ordinary, and received scarce a word of comment from any one. Yet the action was really a notable one. It marked the end of an age. Future writers on the Intellectual Advancement of the Race, will quote such a resolution as the foregoing when they present the evidences regarding this marvelous century.

Horses and buggies are a novelty on the streets of our cities today. They are rapidly becoming relics of a bygone age, symbols of a day that is past. The hitching post still standing on the curb of many a town serves only as a monument to the departed.

This strange and speedy change in modes of conveyance merits investigation. From the earliest days of man, as recorded in history, down to the last generation, the horse and kindred beasts of burden had been used to transport men from place to place. And they seemed to fill the bill. For thousands of years our ancestors were content to travel at the snail's pace of six or eight miles an hour. But suddenly, behold a generation who feel they must put ether in the gas and tune up the carburetor so they can pass everything on the road. We have today a generation that would, in toto, be ready for the madhouse if they had to travel across the continent by stage coach.

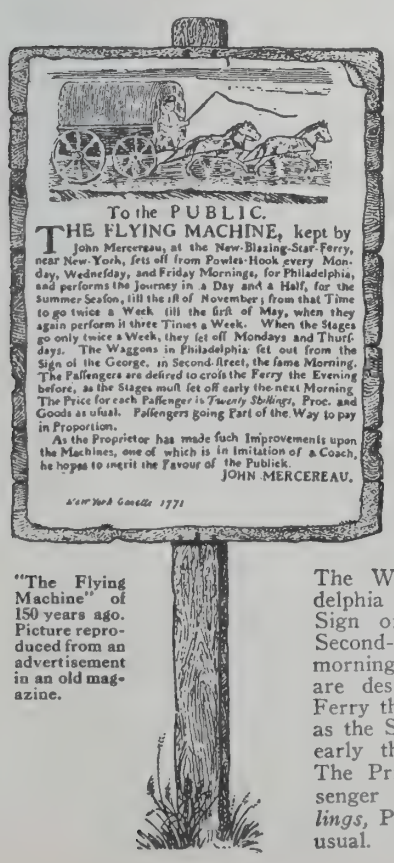
The great contrast in methods and speed of cross-country transportation is excellently illustrated by a clipping from the New York *Gazette* of 1771, and by a news photo of the present year.

The clipping, with its obsolete spelling reads thus:

"To the Public. The Flying Machine, kept by John Mercereau, at the New Blazing-Star-Ferry, near New York, sets off from Powles-Hook every Monday, Wednesday and Friday Mornings, for Philadelphia, and performs the Journey in a Day and a Half, for the summer season, till the 1st of November; from that Time to go twice a Week till the first of May, when they again perform it three Times a Week. When the Stages go only twice a Week, they set off Mondays and Thursdays. The Waggons in Philadelphia set out from the Sign of the George, in Second-Street, the same Morning. The Passengers are desired to cross the Ferry the Evening before, as the Stages must set off early the next Morning. The Price for each Passenger is *Twenty Shillings*, Proc. and Goods as usual. Passengers going Part of the Way to pay in Proportion.

As the Proprietor has made such Improvements upon the Machines, one of which is in Imitation of a Coach, he hopes to merit the Favour of the Publick.

John Mercereau."



"The Flying Machine" of 150 years ago. Picture reproduced from an advertisement in an old magazine.

The other side of the picture, the modern side, is the view which news photographers have given us of a modern caravan. The explanation which accompanies an interesting photo of a string of very modern-looking automobiles and trailers is to the effect that a number of persons have decided to emigrate from New York to Idaho and build up a colony. The trailers are arranged with sleeping accommodations for five. Speed and comfort are the two outstanding features in these truly "modern" prairie schooners. Such is the change of the century. Man, who was once a rather stationary object, now rushes about from place to place over the surface of this old planet. His highest aim is to annihilate time and space. And in this he is wonderfully succeeding.



(C) Wide World Photos

"The Modern Caravan." Mayor Hylan of New York City, bidding farewell to the caravan starting west for Idaho.

A most interesting clipping recently fell into my hands. It is entitled "America Seventy Years Ago." Listen to its revelations:

"Enterprise was then not a national characteristic. The few who dared to suggest improvements were persecuted as enemies of society. The first iron plows were said to poison the soil. The first railroad was torn up. The first telegraph wires were cut. The first sewing machine was smashed. And the first man who sold coal in Philadelphia was chased from the state as a swindler."

Another clipping which I obtained, shows excellently the sharp distinction between our age and the past, both in the matter of knowledge and of speed. It is a transcript of the reply which the school board of Lancaster, Ohio, in 1828, gave to a company of men who requested the use of the schoolhouse in which to discuss the building of a railroad. The enlightenment it gives is only exceeded by the merriment it provokes.

"You are welcome," said the school board in its reply to these men, "to use the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in; but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossible, and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the Word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour by steam, He would have clearly foretold it through His holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

That reply was given right in our own land less than a century ago. Just imagine the "frightful speed of 15 miles an hour." The only "frightful" part today would be the thought of having to travel on some "tramp train" at that funeral pace.

The kind of train that the good old conservatives in Ohio opposed, was shown as a curio at the Pageant of Progress Exposition in Chicago the past summer. It is the "DeWitt Clinton," New York's first locomotive, which hauled its first train 90 years ago, from Albany to Schenectady.

Thus was the first great step forward taken. And from the days in the early thirties, when we began to make "iron horses" and to feed them coal instead of the time-honored hay, we have had but one aim; namely, to get over the earth in the shortest possible time.

Not long since the newspapers told us of a special train that ran from New York to Philadelphia in 80 minutes. What a fitting sequel this is to the New York *Gazette* advertisement of John Mercereau in 1771 regarding his "Flying Machine," as he termed his stage coach, that would cover this distance in a "day and a half." If the members of the Ohio school board could have been resurrected for a moment to see that "80-minute" train on its journey to Philadelphia, they would doubtless with one voice have declared that the fallen Lucifer himself had transported to our planet one of his infernal machines and was at the throttle in person.

As we appraise, in the light of these discoveries, the "hitching post ordinance" of our first paragraph, it becomes a classic document. And as we think of the mighty strides forward we have made, we confess that Gladstone said rightly that "a single decade of years might be found in the nineteenth century, during which the race has advanced further than during five hundred decades preceding."

And the end of wonders is not yet. Not only has man speeded up on land, so that the hitching post is now worthless, but he has advanced equally on the sea and in the air. Even as I write there passes over my head with a mighty roar a great mail-carrying airplane. But wonder of wonders, we have these various speed machines controlled by wireless. One writer aptly remarks, in connection with his account of wireless-controlled automobiles, that "once it took what was called a 'cracked brain' to admit the possibility of such a thing." He might have added that the man who today steps on the highway doubting the speed possibilities of modern conveyances is almost sure literally to suffer a "cracked brain."

This world-embracing speed mania is humorously reflected in the story of the little Sunday school boy who, on being asked what was the difference between the "quick and the dead," replied brightly, though irrelevantly, that "the quick are the ones that get out of the way of autos, and the dead are the ones that don't."

Too Many Diamonds Produced—Trade Center Hit

Antwerp, Where World's Buyers Congregated, Now Depressed

By MYRIAM DEROXE



Above, right—Scene in the Diamond Market at Antwerp.
Left—Buyers testing stones in the Antwerp Diamond Market.
Circle—In Belgium, as in France, business is often done in cafes between drinks. This is where diamond brokers congregate and above one of the bars is their club.

Antwerp, Belgium—(By Mail).

WHENEVER anything goes wrong industrially in Belgium it is termed a *crise* and just now there are many crises in Belgium, among which is the diamond *crise*. Antwerp, as is well known, is a center of the diamond trade and for years has been the rendezvous of American jewelry and cut-stone experts in search of a supply of gems. The *crise* in the trade has now lasted a year and, far from improving, conditions have become worse and there is no indication of improvement. The industry has been hit as never before, with disastrous consequences. As to the causes, they are being discussed animatedly by those best able to define them. Inquiry among the leading diamond dealers in Antwerp leads to the conclusion that a leading factor in the situation is excess production, which is undeniable. During the war, when most of the "luxury" industries were suspended, the diamond workers were busier than ever. At Antwerp, the men were unemployed only during the first months of the war, but little by little, employment increased until the end of hostilities.

At Amsterdam, after some weeks of hesitation, quite comprehensible, not only the Dutch diamond workers but also the Belgian refugees were kept steadily at work. Moreover, in England, where diamond cutting had been nil up to 1914, the Belgian lapidaries resumed their work and began to teach English workers, especially disabled soldiers, who are now a big factor in the output of cut stones.

Far from diminishing, production has increased since the war. The conclusion is simple: diamonds do not wear out, so it is certain that a time of over-production is bound to come.

The first year after the armistice business was more active than ever. Those who made money by the war purchased stones unceasingly. But it soon became evident that this situation could not continue. Among unfavorable influences was the imposition of heavy luxury taxes by various governments. Then many American banks hesitated about according credits to the diamond merchants. Fluctuations of exchange rendered business difficult and other obstacles arose.

Before the war the best customers of the Antwerp market were the United States, Vienna, Petrograd, Constantinople, Moscow, Persia, Egypt and British India. The United States seemed to have "filled up" with diamonds during the war and throughout the year 1919. For the time being, at least, American buyers were comparatively rare. At Vienna, Budapest, Petrograd and Moscow the people had other things to think of than buying diamonds. British India and the Far East are quite reserved. The general business depression throughout the world, of course, reacted on the diamond market.

Furthermore, it must be considered that during the war many persons, especially in Austria-Hungary and Russia, but also in Germany, to save their money from the effects of depreciation put it into diamonds whose value continued to go up. This explains partly the big demand for diamonds during the war. Since the armistice, these persons have been compelled to realize and inundated the markets with what stones they were able to buy during hostilities. To this must be added the enormous quantities of old diamonds which have come from Russia. Those Russians who escaped the Bolshevist terror were obliged to sell their diamonds to live.

The Producer, the Distributor, the Exhibitor

Concluded from page 6

to a root. He also has an uncanny ability in picking his subordinates. It would be useless to deny his ability, for otherwise how could this little ordinary appearing man, who still speaks English with a broken accent, have become the dictator of the film world? Those who know him say he is a born executive, able not only to conceive plans but to put them into execution.

Zukor's business ethics are those of most "great financiers." Judging from his tactics in the past, he believes in the doctrine of "dog eat dog." If innocent spectators should suffer in the process of the battle he is ready with words of sympathy, but little else.

A man who has been in the picture business for years, who has worked with and for Zukor, was asked what kind of man he found the head of the Famous Players-Lasky to be. He replied:

"Personally, I found him rather likable. He impresses one as being a man of vision and sincerity. When there is any strong-arm work to be done Zukor shifts it to a bunch of big-teethed kikes said to be kept for that purpose. A Gentile has no chance to advance in his organization. He hires Gentiles because he needs them in his work, but as soon as they are squeezed dry they are supplanted with young Jews whom he has had in training. The minute a Gentile goes to work for the organization of which Zukor is the head and directing genius, the axe is sharpened for him. Unless he is a genius who is absolutely indispensable, he has not a chance to survive."

Zukor's first venture in producing having met with success, he began to look into the distribution field, which was then in a rather disorganized condition.

About this time he met W. W. Hodkinson, who at that time was the most prominent distributor on the Pacific Coast. Hodkinson is a Scotchman who started in the picture game in 1907 in Ogden, Utah. He owned and operated motion picture theaters and film exchanges for a number of years, was Pacific Coast representative of the General Film Company and after that so-called trust was dissolved went back into the distribution business on his own account.

In 1914, Hodkinson organized the Paramount Pictures Corporation, a distributing organization with Zukor's Famous Players, the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company and Bosworth, Incorporated, as its units.

On July 1, 1916, the Famous Players and the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company combined, taking the present name, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Jesse L. Lasky, also a Jew, had been a theatrical producer with but indifferent success before he tackled motion pictures. With Cecil De Mille, who now bears the resounding title of director-general of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and Samuel Goldfisch (now Goldwyn and president of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation) as partners, Lasky bought the picture rights to "The Squawman" and produced it with Dustin Farnum as the star.

The three organized the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company, with a capitalization of $20,000. Goldwyn soon left this combination and went into business for himself as head of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Then came the merger of Lasky and De Mille with Zukor.

Three months after this combine the Famous Players-Lasky expanded again by absorbing Bosworth, Incorporated, and the Oliver Morosco Photo Play Company.

The Colorado, Mother of an Inland Empire

Concluded from page 7

tions for reclamation projects, and while much farther advanced on the calendar than the Jones Bill, it is not considered as satisfactory to those interested in the Colorado improvement project.

This bill was drafted by W. E. Southard, an attorney of Ephrata, Washington, who has made a deep study of reclamation problems, and it is receiving the active support of Dr. George P. Clements, of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

The bill calls for the loan of the credit of the United States and the states which will be benefited by the various reclamation and power projects. Under its provisions the government of the United States will not be asked to furnish one cent of actual money.

The plan provides that each state that will be benefited by a project, such as the improvement of the Colorado, will issue collateral bonds on which the state will guarantee the interest. These bonds will be turned over to the United States Government, which will issue against them Federal Government bonds. These bonds will be sold and the money devoted to the improvement of the Colorado and its tributaries. After the desert land has been reclaimed, the various districts in which it is located will be bonded and the proceeds used to retire the government bonds. Thus the burden of the actual improvement will come on the land that is actually benefited. The states will be paying only the interest while the project is under way, an outlay which will be more than repaid by the increase of taxable values in the reclaimed lands.

The government will have advanced nothing but its credit. The actual holders of the reclaimed land will not be unduly burdened, as they will be able to borrow money from the Federal Farm Loan after their land has water on it and is actually producing.

This bill also will provide machinery for the formation of an improvement district embracing all the states that will be benefited. It is absolutely essential in a project as vast as that of the Colorado improvement that it be considered as a unit. Otherwise infinite confusion would follow and useless expense would be incurred.

Under the McNary Bill the government would be directly out many millions of dollars to no practical purpose, as the sums provided are absolutely inadequate for such an improvement as the Colorado.

The fund to be raised for the entire Colorado project is estimated at $500,000,000. Such a sum could not be obtained in any other manner except by some such scheme as provided in the Jones Bill.

Another advantage that the Jones plan has is that the government bonds can be readily sold at par, while local or state improvement bonds would be sold only at a discount. It is doubtful if local improvement irrigation bonds could be sold at all before the water is put on the land and, of course, no water could be put on the land until the bonds were sold.

The advocates of the Jones Bill look for opposition from all the private interests seeking to exploit government resources, and also from that class of politicians who are not in favor of anything, no matter how practical, unless they can reap political benefit for themselves. They realize they have a long, hard fight ahead of them, but if they can get the support of those who have the real interests of their country at heart, they feel they can succeed.



Mr. Skunk goes home with the boy trapper, ultimately to become a part of some lady's fur coat.

Getting Dollars for Growing Muscles

Boy Trappers Earn Money While Building Both Health and Character in the Great Out-of-Doors

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

"EARLY to bed and early to rise"—we all know the adage that Benjamin Franklin put into the mouth of Poor Richard—"makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

This proverb has been adopted by the boy who traps fur-bearing animals because he knows the full meaning of it. He knows that the walking, the running, and the crisp early morning air of the outdoors puts vim into him. The daily activity that trapping entails develops him; he may have been a weakling, but the dollar-bringing, muscle-making work before school time has transformed him into a sturdy oak. If you were to talk with him, he might well say:

"Hit the hay early and get up when the roosters first herald the sun, and the boy trapper will not only gain a broad chest but he will also corral a number of dollars in addition to the ability to think straight."

John Stanley, of Indiana, was a bookworm. He stuck indoors and sat around in a chair. He had a flat chest. When a wheeze in his breathing became noticeable, his father gave the matter immediate attention. He had long felt that his boy should spend more hours away from the four walls of the home; so he adroitly put before his son the idea of making money by trapping. To make a long story short, John swallowed the bait like a hungry fish. He obtained permission from the neighbors to set his traps on their land and tend to them. He got up early every morning. He ran and skipped and breathed deep. Before the winter was half over the wheeze had disappeared. But look at him now; he is the stout, muscular boy in the picture at the top of this page.

Some very real credit should be given to John's father. He would have blundered if he had bluntly told his son that trapping is the best means of regaining health; ten chances to one the boy would not have taken up with the idea. The man was wise like the physician who prescribes a teaspoonful of red liquid to be drunk in a glass of water before or after each meal; the doctor does not tell the patient that the red liquid is colored water, nor does he reveal that the purpose of the treatment is to beguile the sufferer into drinking more water. Yes, indeed, psychology can be made to play a very real part in the business of saving lives and repairing worn bodies.

Rarely does a person receive silver and greenbacks for a health-giving exercise. Usually he must pay for it instead of being paid. Here the trapper profits doubly. With muskrat hides bringing as high as $2 and skunk up to $3, some ambitious boys make enough money to pay their own way through college. They get paid for developing themselves physically. They could use the coin to buy candy or they could squander it in a hundred ways; instead the wise boy buys an education which materially helps him to find Success Road.

The possibilities of trapping are not to be laughed at; it is one of those things that appears little at the first glance, yet is truly big to the red-blooded youngster with vision. There may be obstacles to surmount. Land owners may object to the placing of traps. The boy who is afraid can conjure or imagine all sorts of fears. Most of the fur-bearers, however, destroy crops or raid hen roosts to such an extent that the farmer invariably consents when some one gives him an opportunity to say "goodby" to the marauders.

The two animals that can be found readily in the average country section are the muskrat and the skunk, both prolific breeders and both widely distributed through the United States. Being sociable, they often live near cities, sometimes in the outskirts of them. Thus the boy whose home overlooks a street may have his chance as a trapper and may chose that profitable method to keep himself physically fit. Within recent years these animals have brought high prices.

The muskrat prefers a swamp or a stream. There he builds his house of mud, sticks and meadow grass. As it rises above the water about two feet it resembles the home that a beaver fashions. Ten or 12 inches below the surface is the dweller's front door, which can be seen easily in periods of drouth when the water lowers.

The well-worn slides along the steep banks of the streams also indicate that the animals live there. When the muskrat family feels hunger, the father and the members of the social unit swim to one of these paths and follow the route to their feeding grounds. As all are vegetarians, they dine on the roots of water plants, vegetables and crops located near their home. They particularly like to travel at night, but sometimes they venture forth in the daytime.

In March the rats mate. In April the first litter comes. There are usually three each season, occasionally four or five litters, averaging eight babies. With the families large and the animals plentiful the trapper, be he boy or man, rarely finds his efforts wasted.

The laws of certain states are designed to protect the muskrat and give him a fighting chance; for instance, it may be illegal to place the trap nearer than 10 or 12 feet from the swimmer's home. If this condition maintains, stakes are driven into the mud at a narrow point through which the quarry probably passes to and from its home. These serve as a means to make the channel still narrower; to one the trap is securely attached, while an apple on an adjacent stake may be used as bait.

Often a rat will bite off its foot to escape. As it is a night prowler and may have been caught during the early hours, the trapper may lose the game unless he reaches the spot as soon as he can. It is another example of the early bird getting the worm. Most boys visit their traps before sunrise, find their way about with a flashlight, and sturdily brave the coldness of the winter weather. As the muskrats dwell in wet, swampy land, the work will not appeal to a mollycoddle, inasmuch as it requires courage, determination and perseverance.

The ease with which the skunk can be trapped makes the occupation profitable for those persons who can devote only their spare time to the business. There is one drawback, however, for these animals possess a scent which they can eject and thus render an unwise trapper undesirable throughout many days. The clothing should be buried or burned; frequent baths with plenty of soap and water should be the rule. Before going after skunks the beginner should consult some experienced friend and learn how to handle the animal with the proper amount of care to insure against any unfortunate occurrence of the kind suggested. As in all matters of every nature, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The animal has as its home a den or hole in the ground with an entrance of a winding type. It likes to dwell under old barns, abandoned buildings, hen houses, the upturned roots of trees, in the burrows of woodchucks, and beneath haystacks. Chickens often have a prominent position on its menu, also the young of birds, eggs and rabbits. It travels by night in the open fields, about the ponds and along streams in its quest for food. A skunk has two evident weaknesses—its curiosity, which often gets it into trouble, and its apparent preference to live near villages or in crowded communities. In this respect it outdoes the muskrat, who rarely finds swampy land at the edge of a city and who seems to have more knowledge of the world's wicked ways.

To find if a hole or den is inhabited, the boy trapper should fill the opening with leaves so that the dweller cannot enter nor depart without disturbing them, thus giving a sure sign of its presence. A strong odor usually pervades the mouth of the burrow; if this is worn smooth, or a beaten trail leads to the den or shedded hairs can be seen, a trap should be set.

The best bait for skunks is a piece of meat or the head of a chicken, but this lure cannot be considered necessary. If the steel jaws are open where the animal may step, Mr. Skunk will be captured. The trap should be tied or chained to a stake or branch and then placed well within the hole.

Both skunk and muskrat should be skinned-cased and the hides then placed on a stretching board for curing. In skinning-cased, the hide is drawn off in stocking fashion instead of slitting the body the full length, which is known as open skinning. Cut around the heels with a sharp knife and slit from one heel across to the other. The muskrat tail should be cut off close to the body, as the furrier has no use for it, but that of the skunk is valuable; cut the full length and gradually work off without breaking the end of the tail. Work the skin down carefully over the body and use a knife wherever the pelt adheres to the flesh, around the shoulder muscles, eyes, nose, ears and mouth. The work should be done carefully, because a mutilated pelt never can bring the top price.

Before the skins are placed on the stretching boards, the surplus flesh should be removed; if this is left on, the drying process will require many days, whereas a properly prepared pelt will dry within a week or a little more. It should then be kept away from the sun and out of the heat until sold.

The beginner does not need a large equipment. An old suit, boots, a 22-caliber rifle, and a few steel traps will be enough at the start. As the skins are sold more traps may be purchased, so that a larger territory may be covered. I have not mentioned the principal part of the equipment, which is something that cannot be bought—the grit, the determination, the will to succeed.

No boy can be a trapper without helping himself to be a better man, a better subject of Uncle Sam. He develops his muscles and builds up his breathing apparatus. He learns the ways of the wild folk of the field and wood. To him comes the joy of accomplishment, of taking on himself a task and staying with it. He acquires self-confidence, a possession whose value can scarcely be overestimated. He may earn $200 or even more in a single season, enough to pay his own expenses at home or enough to help him materially through college.

The best feature of trapping, however, is the truly remarkable fact that a boy with a weak body can make it a tower of strength by going after the fur-bearers. Just as John Stanley was, he can be paid in real coin of the realm for saving himself.



Upper—These 17 muskrat pelts were caught within 11 days after the first trap was set. Lower, left—The trapper sets stakes in the mud to make the channel narrower and increase the danger to Mr. Muskrat; then the trap is anchored to one of the stakes. Right—As he came out of his underground home, Mr. Skunk failed to see the trap fastened to a cable, which in turn was attached to a tree root.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Huge fields of mineral and timber wealth will be opened up when the government of Ontario extends a railroad to tidewater on the shores of James Bay, as proposed. Power resources in this section are so great that it will be possible to develop 300,000 horse power. A 200-foot fall can be established at the proposed terminal, it is said. Seventy of the 400 miles of steel will be laid this winter as a beginning.

"Drive slowly and see our city; drive fast and see our jail." This sign, a welcome and also a warning, is posted on roads leading into Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Airplanes that will fly without engines have been invented by German scientists. These gliders have already succeeded in soaring five miles without the use of mechanical power, the planes consisting only of movable wings and the fuselage. Small machines have been built at a cost of about $150.

A vest pocket movie camera recently made its appearance in New York City, when a traveling Australian brought it from Paris. It uses 25 feet of film and is operated by pressing a spring.

Of British Columbia's 450,000 inhabitants 58,420 are Orientals.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in France is striving to prevent bullfighting in that country.

Steel corsets, claimed to be bullet proof, are being tested in New York City's Police Department. The corsets will be worn regularly by men assigned to dangerous duty.

The odds are 50 to one that "moonshine" gin or whisky is poisonous, according to the chief chemist for the Prohibition Bureau. Less than two per cent of the liquor of this variety that comes into government hands is fit to drink.

The greatest single and unbroken telegraph circuit ever operated was that which transmitted the play-by-play story of the world series baseball news instantaneously over 34,000 miles of telegraph wire. A single operator sent the report, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, to Seattle, Bangor, Galveston, Ottawa and Havana. Thousands watching the bulletin boards received the reports within a second of the actual play on the field.

The great Chicago fire of 1871 was not started by Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicking over a lamp, as many have believed. The only living newspaper man who "covered the story," confessed that the reporters concocted the O'Leary cow story. Three or four men who had been drinking heavily had assembled back of the O'Leary cottage. Later they clambered into the hayloft of the cow stable, all of them smoking pipes. The fire broke out in the barn and a high south wind swept the flames to property adjoining the barn and soon the city was burning.

Japan is not suffering from an excess of population, and the rural districts report a scarcity of farm labor, according to an authoritative Tokyo daily paper.

Capturing 171 German prisoners single-handed, Joseph Oklahombi, a Choctaw Indian, was decorated and cited by Marshal Petain, of France, as the second greatest American hero that the war produced. Alvin York ranks first. Oklahombi, which in Choctaw means "man-killer," lives in obscurity on a small farm near Idabel, Oklahoma. The citation reads: "Under a violent barrage he dashed to the attack of the enemy position, covering 200 yards through barbed wire entanglements. He rushed on machine gun nests, capturing 171 prisoners. He stormed a strongly held position containing a number of trench mortars, turned the captured guns on the enemy and held said position for four days, in spite of a constant barrage of large projectiles and gas shells. He crossed No Man's Land many times to get information concerning his wounded comrades."

The Mamakating Wallkill and Crawford Horse Thief Detecting Society of Middletown, New York, has voted to disband. It has been in existence since July 9, 1877, and has brought to justice many horse thieves and recovered many stolen animals. A plan will be considered for changing the society into an organization for the detection of automobile thieves.

Fire-fighting airplanes are to be tested in Paris soon. Instead of using pumps and water, the aviators will be provided with huge gas bombs, which will explode on striking the burning structures, filling the atmosphere with a gas that chokes the flames and yet is harmless to people.

Refusing to accept his own excuse for being late, a Georgia judge fined himself $1 for every minute he missed from court. He accepted the qualification of naval observatory time as a witness that he was late and fined himself accordingly.

Ten million persons located in every one of the United States, it is believed, could enjoy a concert by wireless if the players were to be given a radio room somewhere near the center of the United States, provided several receiving stations used amplifiers. In New York City a radio operator makes a practice each Thursday evening of giving a wireless concert free for all radio stations within an area of 700,000 square miles, who care to listen in.

Five fig trees, grafted together as one tree, near Fresno, California, produce an annual yield of two tons of white figs.

Napoleon's original tomb on St. Helena has fallen into disrepair since the body was removed to the Invalides in Paris 81 years ago. This tomb is down in a deep corner of a valley with just a slab covered with dirty whitewash to mark the spot. There is no inscription on the slab.

A project is on foot to construct a tunnel linking Essex and Kent, England, under the entrance to the Thames at Tilbury. It also is planned to extend the existing Midland Railway line from Tilbury to connect the Essex port with all the principal lines serving northeastern England.

A hospital in which every room will be an outside room is a new feature in building construction. New York City is to have such a hospital. The building will be in the shape of a great X, containing semi-square structures at the ends of the crossbars. Each patient will have a room to himself and there are to be no wards. One-half of the bed capacity is to be free, or partially free, to the public. Walls will be equipped with deadeners and each room will be separately regulated as to temperature.

Men in lumber camps of Oregon are to have an opportunity for vocational instruction if they are willing to pay half the cost. The Oregon State Board for Vocational Education will pay the other half. Acetylene welding, steam engineering, arithmetic, civil government and English are some of the many subjects that may be taken up.

Rats to the number of 570,000 have been killed in Paris during the past year. Thirty centimes a head was paid for each rat killed.

Pulling a red sweater from his back, a Boy Scout ran down the track of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad's Omaha division, waving the garment and stopping a through passenger train a few yards from a tree trunk lying across the railroad track.

A municipal potato patch is paying for a town hall in Patricia, Alberta. The entire town tends the crop, and it is the cleanest patch in the vicinity.

The total wealth of California has nearly doubled in the last 10 years.

A daily newspaper published by a prominent hotel in New York City has on its staff 2,250 reporters. Every employe in the hotel is interested in the paper and most of them, at some time or other, contribute news. As far as is known, this is the only hotel in existence which publishes a daily newspaper for its guests.

Tearing a crater in the earth 100 feet in diameter and 25 feet deep, a new aerial bomb, weighing 4,300 pounds and dropped from an altitude of 4,100 feet, proved the most destructive of any yet invented. The test was made at Aberdeen, Maryland.

Copper shingles and copper-zinc shingle nails are being made by a large copper mining company as an experiment. The shingles have been laid on roots and are to be given a thorough test.

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What Is the Conference for?

THE invited company are determined to dictate the program. That may not be a very diplomatic way of saying it, but that is what it comes to: the Conference called by the President of the United States for certain specific purposes, is in grave danger of being twisted and turned until it becomes unrecognizable. The President has said: "Come to Washington and we shall talk about four specific points." And the nations accepted the invitation to talk about four specific points. But the representatives of the nations are now proposing that the Conference deal with everything on earth *except* those four specific points.

Unless the American host and his assistants in the receiving line, so to speak, insist on the American program going through, there is no telling what the Conference for the Limitation of Armament may become. It is a safe guess that the Delegates who have honored the United States with their presence have come here with other notions than mere disarmament. If they are thinking of disarmament at all, or even a small degree of disarmament, they are using it merely as the smoke screen behind which they hope to accomplish other things.

There is no doubt whatever that at least one group, perhaps three groups, will arrive with a very complete plan for cancellation of war debts. If occult means were available to measure up the difference between the disarmament plans which the delegations bring with them, and the cancellation plans which they bring with them, it would be clearly seen that the cancellation intention far outweighs the disarmament intention.

No doubt is now possible that a long campaign toward this end has been on foot. All the talk about "America having all the gold in the world" was doubtless framed for that purpose. *But it is very seriously to be questioned that America is a creditor nation.* The amount of American securities held in foreign countries, and the amount of foreign capital invested in America, is such an enormous sum that the debts between governments make a mere drop in the bucket. The United States looks more like a debtor nation. The truth is we are not so rich as propaganda would make us feel.

If it were a matter of the American people forgiving an obligation of the English people, or the French people, or the Italian people, or the Belgian people, that would be one thing. The benefit sought in cancellation is purely a benefit for war financiers. They own the worthless obligations which Europe is unable to pay, and they want to collect of someone who can pay. To accomplish this they must saddle themselves on America. That is, the war financiers will forgive no debts; they simply ask the American people to pay to the money-lords the vast sums which Europe should pay and cannot.

Cancellation ought to begin in the offices of the international financiers. Beginning there, it would be unnecessary elsewhere.

It is possible that England *may* cancel the debts owed to her. She can do it, and still own enough foreign wealth to keep her a creditor nation. England owes the United States four billions; she owns four billions and more of American securities and real estate. Her example of cancellation, if it ever should be offered, would not be proof of a greater generosity but of a greater wealth.

America is the only country in the world (with the possible exception of Germany) whose people are willing to work and produce wealth. The other countries have been paralyzed by large expectations of indemnities and cancellations. It is the industry of the American workingmen, not the generosity of American bankers, that has led to the suggestion that we cancel the debts owing us. Yes, gladly, if the debt be not transferred to the American workingman! Yes, gladly, if cancellation means that the war financier simply wipes his own artificial income and profit off his books!

The Conference will have to sidestep a great many proposals, wholly foreign to its announced purpose, if it is to justify itself. Too many groups are organized to break up the proposed program of the discussions. And the Conference cannot stand much of that, neither can public opinion. It may be that the Washington Conference will go down in history as among the last, if not the last chance which organized governments had to deal with the war question. The Washington Conference can rehabilitate or completely destroy the hope which men entertain of conferences. This is no time for prophecy; it is a time for warning.

The American delegates will have to be impolite enough and undiplomatic enough to prevent the purpose of the Conference being killed. It is their solemn duty to be hard, unflinching. In their own country a strongly organized effort is being made for the injection of racial and religious questions. From the Orient comes a plan to ensnare the United States into a confirmation of certain immoral statesmanship that has transpired there. From the international financial interests comes the thousand-winged propaganda for cancellation—a peace profit added to a war profit.

Unless Mr. Hughes stands as solidly as he is well able to do, unless Mr. Root drives his mind along as straight a furrow as he alone can, unless Mr. Lodge will be as immovable for the honor of the American Conference as he was against the questionable terms of the Peace Treaty, the Conference is going to be whirled out of its orbit.

Hughes, Root, Lodge, Underwood are the hosts of the conference; they have a right, at the risk of the charge of dictation, to direct the deliberation of the Conference.

If the time has come to show the fundamental difference between the American and the European idea, let the Americans stand up for America—undiplomatic, unafraid, unselfish America.

THIS WEEK

Preserving Democracy—America's Task

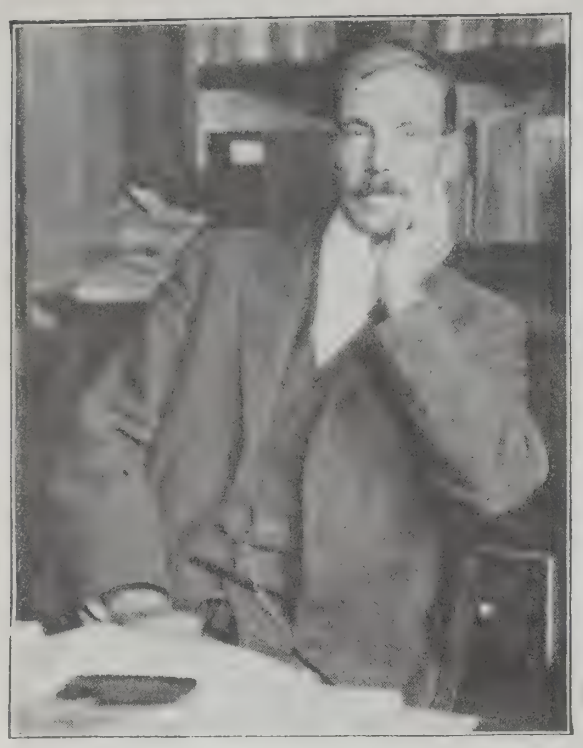
The Mystery Man of the Motion Pictures

First Municipal Railroad Links Two Big Cities

Taking the Frontier Out of the Border

Libeling Canada in Both Story and Picture

"Good Luck" to Change Name? Jews Say Yes—and Do!



PROF. E. A. ROSS

World-traveled sociologist who has greeted new governments and discovered tumbling old ones.

Preserving Democracy—America's Task

Professor Ross, Noted Sociologist, Believes Heterogeneous Population Hampers Progress

By FRED L. HOLMES

"THE thing that causes the most foreboding to me is how to preserve democracy and popular government in a people that has become so heterogeneous as ours."

Edward A. Ross, professor of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, summarizes in that statement what he considers to be the greatest problem in the social life of the United States today. And he is no visionary. He probably is the most famous and traveled "reporter" on economic affairs in this country.

To gather data on the "Changing Chinese" he spent six months in the Celestial Empire in 1910 during which he traveled 10,000 miles, was carried 500 miles in a mule litter and 800 miles in a sedan chair.

He spent months in the Andean part of South America gathering information for his searching analysis of South American society.

In the latter part of 1917 he roamed 20,000 miles in the Russian Empire interviewing editors, clergymen, mayors, employers, employes, land commissioners, both radicals and conservatives, to get an inside story of "Russia in Upheaval."

He has greeted the newest governments in the world and discovered the surprising fragments of old ones.

For 17 years he worked on one volume embodying his sociological ideas; he has gone everywhere to get facts on some new social or economic development.

He is against caste, formalism, institutionalism, clericalism, militarism, imperialism, commercialism, mammonism, socialism and anarchism. He has lived more in a day than some men live in a lifetime. He is a teacher, lecturer, traveler and writer of 13 volumes, some of which have come close to the "best sellers" in fiction.

"There is abundant room for differences of opinion as to what is our greatest social problem," said Professor Ross in answer to my question. "Some insist that our greatest problem is how to preserve our erstwhile wide diffusion of economic opportunity in the presence of the mal-distribution of wealth in the United States. Others, with much plausibility, contend that our greatest problem is how to preserve peace and co-operation between the whites and the colored people. However, the thing that causes the most foreboding to me is how to preserve democracy and popular government in a people that has become so heterogeneous as ours.

Many People of Many Minds

"ROUGHLY speaking, moral and economic standards will be realized and new laws will be enforced when 80 to 85 per cent of the people are behind them. Now, within 30 years it has become difficult to get that proportion of us behind anything whatever. There have come among us in the last half century more than 20,000,000 European immigrants with all manner of mental backgrounds, many of them having traditions which will no more blend with American traditions than oil will blend with water. The people have become so unlike minded that you cannot get 80 per cent of them to back any advanced step.

"Among us have come millions who have never acquired the habit of looking to sheriffs and courts for protection but have put their trust in the vendetta and secret societies, the result being that in certain of our cities American justice is quite foiled. Immigrants are in our midst who are entirely unprepared to accept our American policy of the total separation of church and state. Within a generation after our people generally had been brought to acknowledge the concern of the community in education, we were flooded with people from Eastern and Southern Europe, who insist that it is a parent's prerogative to determine whether his child shall have any education.

"Long ago Americans formed the habit of expecting their country to lead the world in popular progress. But we have had the mortification of seeing people after people pass ahead of us in such matters as education, status of women, sanitation, law enforcement, vice suppression, public morals, and so on. Not only New Zealand and Australia but the Scandinavian countries and, in some respects, England, have made strides that in many of our commonwealths we have been unable to make. Thus I noticed lately that in infant saving 13 peoples are ahead of us. Such stalling and fumbling is the inevitable result of the cross purposes and confusion of ideas that result from excessive heterogeneity.

"This is why I regard our persistence in the open door policy in respect to immigration as the greatest mistake the American people have made in our time."

"What is causing the movement of population to the cities?" I asked. "How extensive is it and how can it be checked?"

"In a general way the flow to the cities is normal and inevitable," he replied. "Cheap transportation provides the denizens of great cities with food at moderate prices. Hundreds of articles that, two generations ago, were homemade are now factory made and these factories are in cities. Power-driven machinery on the farm releases a part of the rural population for other pursuits. So the shift of people from the open country to the city has a sound economic basis.

"There is abundant evidence, however, that conditions have worked to the discouragement of agriculture. It would seem that, owing to their strategic position, their skill and their organization, the middlemen between the farmer and the consumer are rewarded quite out of proportion to their services. Too little of what the ultimate consumer pays for the farm products reaches the farmer. The distribution centers have received more of the values produced by agriculture than is reasonable. This unhealthy state of affairs has stimulated the exodus of the young people from the hard work and penny-pinching of the farms to the prospering easy-going cities.

Farmers Not Getting Their Reward

"WE HAVE not measured this evil and we cannot say yet how general it is. So we have no right to indict all middlemen. But it is certain that in many localities the lumber dealers, the hardware men, and the implement men are skinning the farmers, but there are no localities in which the farmers are skinning these middlemen. So the conclusion is irresistible that as a whole the farmers are not reaping their proper reward. The remedy seems to be in co-operative marketing.

"Another aspect of the flight from the farms is that the country has not been keeping a fair share of its brighter boys and girls. It has been the young people with spirit and initiative who have responded to the call of the distant city. Had they stayed on the farm this spirit of initiative would have shown itself along rural lines. They would have been among the first in the community to change their method of farming, to introduce some new crop, to embark on an untried industry or to promote some community enterprise. They would have taken a stand for good schools, vigorous churches and abundant means of recreation.

"In certain older parts of the country which have been losing their young people to the West and the cities for two generations there is a visible moral decline. The roads are neglected so there is less social intercourse and a smaller turnout to school, to church and public events. School buildings and grounds have deteriorated. The church is in a rut or has even disappeared. Frivolity engrosses the young, because no one organizes singing schools, literary societies or debating clubs. The next generation, having missed the benefits of these communal institutions, shows itself coarse and irresponsible. There is a marked decline in the standards of individual and family morality.

"The remedy is to make life on the farms more attractive. There is need of redirecting rural education, reinspiring the rural church, multiplying societies of recreative opportunities and dispelling the false glamour of the distant city. The young people need to be shown that farming can be made to pay if one puts brains and energy to it."

Knowing that Professor Ross is one of the most forceful and uncompromising defenders of free speech and remembering that he had once said that no great wrong can long survive open discussion, I pressed for his views on the question as to how this nation can save itself from domination by cliques and maintain our inherent rights. Again he was prepared.

"Capitalists and business men are organized up to the hilt," he answered. "Nearly all industrial enterprises are run by corporations and, of course, a corporation is an organization. Then, too, within a dozen years we have seen an amazing growth of associationism among business men. They are organizing themselves into Chambers of Commerce, Associations of Commerce, Rotary Clubs, Kiwanis Clubs, and Merchant & Manufacturers' Associations, to say nothing of a special association for every branch of business. Many of the aims of these associations are altogether good and salutary, but it is certain that the organized always get the best of it whenever there is a conflict of interest between them and the unorganized.

"Since associationism has come to stay, there is nothing for the farmers and workingmen and professional people to do but to try to catch up with the aggressive elements in point of organizing. They must organize as widely, as closely and as earnestly as the elements with which they do business.

"There is the further consideration that the average farmer is quite unable to cope with the average merchant or banker. But when farmers are organized their leaders or experts, or legal advisers, or legislative representatives, may be quite as fit and competent men as the leaders or experts or legal advisers or legislative representatives of the implement dealers or the grain buyers, or the meat packers. Organization, therefore, has an equalizing effect on the elements that organize and bring about something like an equilibrium between the contending groups."

As a study of physical characteristics Professor Ross is unique. He must have been a farmer's son. He is the tallest man in the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, being six and a half feet high in his shoes, has the arm of a blacksmith and a frame fit for the job. He has brains and personality sufficient to equip several ordinary men. Born in Virden, Illinois, in 1866, he was educated at Coe College, Iowa, and later received his doctorate degree at the University of Berlin.

For one year he was instructor of sociology at Indiana University and from 1892 to 1893 an associate professor at Cornell, when he joined the faculty of Leland Stanford University to hold a position for several years. He was dismissed from Leland Stanford University because of his advanced ideas and caused such a rumpus that a committee of 18 prominent professors of political economy, appointed by the American Economic Association, condemned the dismissal as an infringement of the scholar's rightful liberty. Seven professors resigned from Stanford University. The "Ross case" gave rise to developments which have pretty solidly established the principle of "academic freedom" in American universities. For five years he was connected with the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, when he was called to the University of Wisconsin, where for 15 years he has occupied the chair of sociology. A wholesome, companionable man is Ross—free from officiousness and social snobbishness.

He Coined "Race Suicide"

WHAT Strong, Sumner, Washington Gladden and Ely have done to popularize political economy, Professor Ross has done for sociology. Every problem is made applicable to the farm, the city and the home. In 1901, speaking at Philadelphia, he launched the phrase, "race suicide," which later had great vogue from being used by President Roosevelt. His "Sin and Society" reads like a tale of Guy de Maupassant. Legislatures have been stirred to activity and the vertebrae of courts have been rectified by the exhortation on modern impersonal sins committed by some of the most pious—franchise grabbing, food adulteration, humbug healing, ballot frauds, wholesale bribery, speculation and the exploitation of infant toil.

For pungent epithets and apt comparisons Professor Ross is a master. He writes and speaks as he thinks and cinches the new ideas in the memory of men with a burr. When he needs a new word to express an idea he coins it. That is why the students like him. Aside from his duties as professor, Ross has found time to write books of such various character as, "Honest Dollars," "Social Control," "Sin and Society," "Latter Day Sinners and Saints," "Social Psychology," "The Foundations of Sociology," "The Changing Chinese," "Changing America," "Russia in Upheaval," "What is America?" "Principles of Sociology," and "The Russian Bolshevik Revolution," in addition to a vast array of magazine articles on every conceivable subject of interest to the home in these days of unrest.

Ross has a passion of phrase-making. What editor did not look enviously at:

His—"Sinning by Syndicate."
His—"Commercialism Rampant."
His—"The Grilling of Sinners."
His—"Unbinding of the Women of China."
His—"Knight of Conscience."

"My thirst for romance is like some men's thirst for firewater," said Professor Ross, describing his inherent love for rambling to all quarters of the world. "To be whisked in an instant from today into the remote and historic gives me a delicious spinal shiver. I will go far to experience it. It is this thirst for romance that prompts me to try every exotic fruit and dish I come across. My motto is that of Cabell's hero: 'I'll try anything once.'"

With his family at Madison he lives a quiet life, camping in summer with his boys, for he is a passionate lover of outdoors.





Above—Battleground at the far end of Cincinnati's "longest street in the world," Chickamauga Park.
Oval—High Bridge, crossing the gorge of the Kentucky River.

First Municipal Railroad Links Two Big Cities

By HARRY BARNET

STRANGERS in Cincinnati are told that each citizen there shares in the ownership of a long distance steam railroad. Crowding the heels of this assertion is the statement that no similar situation is to be found in any other municipality in the world.

Chief among these declarations is the assertion that the situation in Cincinnati comes about because the city constructed and never has sold its own steam railroad into the heart of the South. The name of this railroad is the Cincinnati Southern. It begins at Third street and Central avenue in Cincinnati. From there this railroad crosses the Ohio River into Kentucky, and taking up a straight crow-fly, it makes its way through the Blue Grass country, continues across the highlands, climbs up and down among the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, and stops on lower Market street in Chattanooga, almost within the shadow of Lookout Mountain.

From northern terminal to southern extremity, the Cincinnati Southern Railroad covers 338 miles. Because the city owns the right of way of its railroad, Cincinnatians say it is as much a city street as is any thoroughfare that lies wholly within the corporate limits of the city. On that account strangers in the city also are told that Cincinnati has the longest street in the world. No city in Kentucky or Tennessee through which the Cincinnati Southern passes has questioned this declaration, so it is likely Cincinnatians will forever continue to make it as their most cherished and widely flung boast.

This municipal railroad, however, is not operated by its owner. It is leased to an operating company, which pays annual rental to the city in excess of $1,200,000. This sum takes care of the entire interest and sinking fund charges on the bonded indebtedness incurred in building the railroad, and also leaves a balance of approximately $700,000, which is annually paid into the general interest fund of Cincinnati. In addition to the rental, the operating company pays all taxes and assessments; makes all repairs, improvements and additions, including compulsory double-tracking of the railroad from one end of it to the other during the lifetime of the lease; and pays $12,000 annually toward the expenses of the trustees of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad. When the indebtedness incurred by the construction of this railroad is finally wiped out, Cincinnati will have an unincumbered civic asset valued at more than $100,000,000, because all improvements and additions made by the lessee become the property of Cincinnati when the railroad is turned back to the city at the expiration of the lease. Fixed rental is paid whether traffic is light or heavy, and the regularity of this income, among other things, establishes an excellent credit rating for Cincinnati.

Figures, however, in relation to any story of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad tell only a small part of what there is to be said about it, and in a prim way at that.

The real story of the railroad is more of a romance—a romance that was forced on Cincinnati by the necessity for building a railroad to rescue its commerce from impending and speedy strangulation by fierce competition. Cincinnati did not engage in railroad construction solely because it wanted to tap a new empire.

All this goes back to 1787, when Cincinnati was founded on the north bank of the Ohio River, about midway the length of that stream. In 1802 the settlement was incorporated by the Northwest Territory as a town with 2,500 inhabitants. In 1803, Ohio was admitted to statehood, largely because of the rapid growth of Cincinnati.

The city was a trading center, and soon became also a manufacturing center. Its trade with the South especially was enormous, and that trade was carried on principally with sailboats, and barges on the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, and their tributaries. In 1816, Cincinnati built a steamboat to increase its southern commerce. At that time it stepped forth as a pioneer in the field of municipal ownership of transportation lines.

With the advent of this steamboat Cincinnati's commerce leaped upward. Memphis, Vicksburg and New Orleans became distributing points for Cincinnati products.

Cincinnati's commerce was virtually built on river transportation. In those days the city's trade took in not only the South, but also by water it reached a wide stretch of western, northwestern and southwestern territory. Vast as their business was, however, the traders and manufacturers of the city were not satisfied. They wanted more. River traffic was slow and uncertain. For long periods during the year there was low water, and that prevented steamboats from making trips. A great deal of what was thought to be undeveloped Cincinnati territory was far from navigable waters, and, therefore, it was beyond convenient reach.

To increase its commerce, and for no other reason at that time, agitation for the construction of a railroad from Cincinnati to the southeastern seaboard

(*Concluded on page 15*)





Oval—Sky line of Cincinnati from Kentucky shore. Below—Chattanooga, from Cameron Hill.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 3, November 12, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Let Us Know Our Waterways!

A RECENT address of Governor Miller, of New York, before the Waterways Conference of that state at Syracuse, suggests that we may be on the eve of a sensible renaissance of water transport. The railway age dawned in an era that was witnessing a truly marvelous development of canal transit in this country. Unfortunately, fear of the canal as a competitor impelled some of the early railway companies, like the Delaware and Hudson and the Lackawanna, to buy up the shares of the canal companies and adopt a policy of deliberate disuse, discouragement and degeneration of the waterways. State ownership of the Erie Canal, and the sentiment which regarded it somewhat as a monument to the farsightedness and statesmanship of one of the state's greatest governors, caused that waterway to be an exception. Subsequent experience on the Erie demonstrated that canal and rail in co-operation might well prove mutually advantageous. Even the competition between the two proved a wholesome one.

Governor Miller stressed the discrepancy between the heavy investment of the state in transforming the famous waterway into a barge canal and the use that has been made of it. "We need to sell this canal to our own people," said the governor, "just as much as we do to the rest of the country . . . . Hardly any of the cities along the canal use it. None use it at all commensurate with its possibilities, because they have got in the habit of the other means of transportation."

Not only the Erie Barge Canal, but all our inland waterways are in need of a brisk and intelligent selling campaign. It is a matter of psychology. Jumping to the conclusion that railways were to supersede canals entirely, people made the mistake of ignoring or neglecting their possibilities. Along the line of the Erie Canal, they continued to send by rail thousands of tons of freight that might have been carried as conveniently and much more cheaply by canal.

It is exceedingly likely that the canal age in its full development is before rather than behind us. Thoughtful traffic experts declare that we need more and larger canals, if only to regulate freight rates on the railways and bring them within the "rule of reason." What is needed to meet the demands of our growing population, of course, is a thoroughly worked-out national system of co-ordination of transportation lines by rail, water and motor truck.

The Real Settlement Is to Come

THE railroad strike has been called off. For once the situation has been handled in a manner to bring out the truth. No one can say this time that "the unions are beaten," no one can boast that "the bosses have been brought to their knees." If anything is clear about the whole proceeding, it is this: railroading and railroaders occupy the same position they did before, but the exploiters both of the railroads and the railroaders have been shown up in a posture of colossal incapacity.

These are times when few things turn out as they are planned; some obstreperous destiny waves a wand and very well organized movements take a sudden turn and leave their sponsors in the lurch. The gods of destiny are having many a laugh on the impudent people of earth these days. The railroad owners and the railroad union leaders planned a strike. From the stupid point of view which each little group maintains, the strike was not only inevitable but desirable. Given a strike, the railroad exploiters could force the government to extend help. Given a strike, the union leaders could extend their tenure of power by maintaining wages. Both groups of leaders wanted strikes. The situation very much resembled that which some street railway companies were able to bring about—arrange a strike, and under cover of that announce a necessary increase of fare.

But the strike did not come. The best laid plans, the most reasonable justifications, the quite sufficient provocations did not work out as they were intended. An imp of destiny flirted into the situation and it soon collapsed like a bubble.

What was the idea that brought the collapse? Mainly this: that the railways were going to run, strike or no strike.

Who would run them? The men who have always run them, the railroaders who had a right to protest when wages were cut twice when rates were not cut at all.

That is what both railroad exploiters and exploiters of railroad labor feared, and that made them both lie down. The railroads of this country could have been run, the men paid a living wage and something more, the rates reduced and the roads made to yield profits—and both the railroad exploiters and the union leaders knew it!

The best thing about the railroad strike is that the railroad workers came through without a stain on their name. Propaganda was not able to touch them. They showed no anti-social spirit. They showed at every turn of the business that they did not belong to the trouble-making and trouble-loving class. And if, in the midst of a strike, had one been called, the whole stupid combination of railroad exploiters and union leaders could have been thrown overboard and the railroads set upon a new and equitable basis of operation and service with promise of better pay for the railroaders and better rates and service for the railroad users, the railroad men, *the real railroad men* of the United States, would have buckled up their overalls and swung into line. No question about it.

We shall always need railroad men. Railroad exploiters and union leaders, however, we can get along without. One more such bungle as the last—a bungle of provocation on one side and sheer pride of power on the other—and their day is over. And they know it. That knowledge had a great deal to do with the "settlement." But the real settlement is yet to come, when railroading is placed on its proper basis.

Evacuating the Rhineland

WITH the formal ratification of the peace treaty between the United States and Germany, it is announced that the repatriation will begin of the 15,000 American troops now forming a contingent of the army of occupation in the Rhine country. This should be good news to the boys who have so long lagged superfluous "over there." It must be good news to all who cherish the true American spirit—to all lovers of peace.

"Powerful pressure," it is currently reported, was brought to bear on our government to prolong our occupation of German soil. It is still being brought to bear for a further prolongation. We are at no loss to discern the nature of this pressure and its sponsors. "Press-agented" stories of how happy the doughboys are in Cologne and Coblenz, living high on the multiplication of their $30 a month by its exchange for depreciated German marks. Yes; the "pressure" has been and still is that of the militarists and their jingo auxiliaries at home and abroad. Great Britain, with much more immediate interest in European political adjustments than ours, long ago reduced her force in Germany to 5,000 men and is making further reductions. Our English cousins seem to have been able to offer stronger resistance than have we to militaristic influence. And they have incidentally obtained an inside track on German trade.

Our boys in khaki have been kept on a very unpleasant and unnecessary job nearly three years after fighting ended, more than two years after there was any legitimate pretext for their quartering on a former enemy people. All honor to them for the very American manner in which they have discharged their difficult and delicate duty. Thanks to the fact that their behavior has been marked by very human friendliness and fraternization, they have helped to make friends for America among her former foes and won laurels that remind us that peace hath her victories. They come home late; but better late than later.

Cancellation and the Taxpayer

OUT of the $26,000,000,000 of war debts created by America, approximately $10,000,000,000 is money loaned to Allied governments and now overdue. The country has been deluged with propaganda looking toward the cancellation of these debts. If it were simply a question of the American people paying the $10,000,000,000 represented by these debts we could, perhaps, afford to do that.

However, the cancellation of the war debts is but the first step of the international financiers. Their big idea is the *stabilization of the world's finances.* This is a proposition that involves, not a policy of inflation that will make our money as cheap as that of the bankrupt nations of Europe, but a policy that will *give* an American guaranty that Europe's almost worthless money shall be equal in purchasing value to ours. This means, of course, that American labor and America's natural resources shall underwrite the financial deficiencies of an inflated Europe.

European war securities are held by the international financiers. These securities (nominally representing billions of dollars) are almost worthless. An agreement on the part of America to cancel the war debts and stabilize the finances of the world, would mean that European war securities would be increased in value to par at the expense of the American taxpayer. The international financiers would be the real beneficiaries, and the American people would be the proverbial "goat."

King Business on the Wane

AS THE genius of Cervantes in "Don Quixote" laughed the pretensions of European "chivalry" in its decadence out of existence, so the second rash venture of the former Austro-Hungarian Emperor, Karl, and its comic opera dénouement dramatizes the passing of monarchism.

The "king business" is decidedly on the wane. Kossuth's countrymen are evidently in no mood to restore the Hapsburg dynasty to the Magyar throne.

Almost simultaneously with Hungary's emphatic slamming of the door in the face of the former king-emperor, General Ludendorff is out with a book, "War and Politics," in which he seems utterly blind and deaf to the logic of recent events—to the world-indorsed finality of the overthrow of monarchy in Germany. Like all monarchists, he is an extreme militarist. The two things go together. He declares oracularly that: "The era of wars which began with the World War will bring on new wars. This is the only way for us Germans to look upon the world today." And calling on the German people to rally around the old leaders and prepare for the next war, he pleads for a return to a strong central power—the restoration of the monarchy—under the Hohenzollerns, "the princely house that gave the German people a special conception of life known as Prussianism."

This, of course, is the sort of thing with which German democracy may expect to have to struggle for years. But the fluke of the Kapp insurrection and the more recent popular demonstrations against the royalists show anything but receptivity to Ludendorff's evangel of militarism and monarchism. In what he has meant for a eulogy he has written an epitaph.

Youthful Simplicity

COMPARISON of group photographs of the Goodwood house party taken in 1909 with one of the same party taken in 1921 indicates how remarkably present fashions in women's dress emphasize youthfulness. The Duchess of Northumberland, for example, in the long, full-skirted and tight-fitting dress with large sleeves and large hat covering all her hair in the picture of 12 years ago, when she was in her early twenties, looks decidedly older than she does in the recent photograph.

According to a leading London designer, women have insisted on wearing simple fashions since the war; "and the simple fashions, robbed of the dignity which characterized women's dress a decade ago, emphasize the wearer's youth. Women are even studying children's fashions solely to copy them for their own wear."

But is it not a mistaken notion to attribute "loss of dignity" to the simple dress of the day with its open neck and short full skirt and short comfortable sleeves? To our mind, Her Grace of Northumberland looks much more as a duchess ought to look, and certainly more human and comfortable, in her present-day summer costume than in that of 1909. After all, simplicity and dignity may go together.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS a pathetic illusion of the people that perfection can be found in government or industrial organizations. Ceasing to believe in the eternal verities they transfer their worship to little gods of temporary fashion, bowing down before each one of them in turn as if at last the answer to all questions had come.

We have learned a great many things of recent years, one of which is that there is no perfect wisdom, foresight or ability. Governments get things done because they have the power to command power, they have unlimited means to ride over all mistakes; some of their mechanical achievements are at a cost that would be ruinous to even the largest privately controlled means. It is not dishonesty, it is not wilful waste, it is mere human frailty which even connection with a government does not cure.

Likewise a great industrial institution. At first it was a very wonderful thing that large production could be secured. The very bigness of growing business impressed the mind, and the increasing flow of goods made people believe that the apex of human daring and ingenuity had been reached. But new developments proved that mere bigness was not all. Big production sometimes spelled big waste. And so, a new element entered industry—the element which took the name of "efficiency": the saving of time, labor, material, money: producing as good an article at a lower cost, or perhaps a much better article at a lower cost, and thus permitting the buyer to profit, too.

That was merely the addition of brain to brawn, the mixing of mind with machinery.

Then came something more: the element of humanity began to thrust itself up through industrial development, and forward-looking manufacturers and managers began to consider *men*. It was natural that the product should usurp the center of the stage in its time, but it was also natural that the producer should arrive to share the attention given the product.

This was the beginning of the era of good will in industry. Employers who were fit for their jobs began to see that while it was an excellent thing that the buyers of their products were treated honestly, there were other people to consider, too—the men in the shop.

Of course, a great deal of nonsense accompanied the eruption of this new idea. New ideas always have that handicap. Professional "welfare workers" saw their opportunity. A great deal of impertinent paternalism was indulged in. Attempts were made to model men on office-made standards and to regulate home life on professional theories, and it did not work out very well, although it did accomplish some good and was a hopeful omen. The object of all welfare work ought to be to make itself unnecessary; to establish men in their sense of dependency is most harmful.

But this arrival of the idea of humanity in industry has always had to reckon with the parasitic nature of men. It is amazing how many men would like to regard industries as perennial Christmas trees which hang with free fruits. No industry has anything but what is put into it by the men who are in it. What "the company ought to do" is only what work and management permit it to do.

It has followed, therefore, that those who looked for the complete purification of industry by the humanitarian idea, have been disappointed. In the very best intentioned industry, if it be of great size, there are undoubted injustices and perhaps even occasional brutalities, which do not grow out of the policy of the industry, but out of the nature of the men engaged in it. It is a matter of observation, and worthy of much thought, that the treatment accorded the workers between themselves, the cruelty of man to man, is beyond that which the least humane management would attempt.

A great industry is like a human body. If you analyze it closely you will find all sorts of disease germs in it. If you specialize on the individual injustices that may occur within it, you will appear to have gathered such a mass as spells death to any organism or organization. Yet, the industry goes on. Its product is of service to the world. It provides the means of livelihood to thousands of families. It fills its place in the world and, in the main, has the respect and good will of men.

It is undeniable that the disease germs are there. There are men whose sense of human relations may be blunted. There are perhaps general methods which could be improved. There is always the tendency of men and managers to break up into cliques—"office politics," "shop politics," as it is called. There are men who like to gain and keep personal power. There are men whose very ideas circulate as a poison through the organization.

And when you segregate these men, these ideas, these tendencies, you wonder how in the name of decency the organization survives!

Well, it is just like isolating a disease germ in the body. There is nothing to be said in favor of the disease germ. But we have learned that every healthy body contains disease germs. There is enough disease in any body to kill it, if resistance should fall below the requirement of health. The reason that the body remains healthy even while carrying disease germs is that the health germs are in the majority. You could make a very startling report on any body by merely finding and counting the disease germs within it. But it would not be a complete report.

An industrial organization is like a human body in that respect. The poison creeps into it. There are methods of elimination, of course, but a certain amount of poison manages to lurk around. And the only reason for the organization retaining its health and activity is the existence of the health germs which always resist the poison. When resistance lags or ceases, death comes.

This is an idea which should occupy the mind of every worker in any industrial concern which has this antagonism between good ideals and only partial achievements. In such a case, men tend to one of two extremes. Either they condemn the whole business as one immense hypocrisy living on false estimates, or they totally deny that there is any evil in the business whatever.

Both are wrong. The evil is there. But evil is to be resisted, it is to be overcome with good, the poison is to be drained off. That is the part of all who see where the wrong is. It is a big mistake to so focus your eyes that you can see nothing but the wrong; it is an equally big mistake to close your eyes so that you cannot see the wrong at all. The evil, if it is there, is to be recognized and resisted.

And this also is true: unless this warfare against the poison is kept up, it soon exerts its toxic power to such an extent as to paralyze all possible resistance. Some of this poison is in the management; some of it is in the shop. It looks much worse when it is found in men of authority, than when it is found in the rank and file of the workers. But even officials are not immune from penalty. Usually they go quickest of all when they become poison to the organization.

Nobody ought to assume for a moment that because something is wrong it has got to stay wrong or that it is going to stay wrong. They have got to assume that, like a gum boil, when it comes to a head it is going to burst. When poison becomes so manifest in an organization that the men begin to notice it and those who really desire the health of the institution are beginning to feel it keenly, then is the time when it is just about ready to break.

The only power any wrong can exert over us is to make us believe that it is here to stay. Expose its transient character and its sting is drawn.

IN any body, be it a human body, a government, or an industrial concern, there is poison. If you segregate all the disease germs in any body, you will wonder how it remains alive. If you focus your gaze on the poison in an industrial organization, on the disease germs that float through its management and workmen, you wonder whether it is not a mass of corruption. But health and life are matters of resistance. If the poison in a body or a shop is being eliminated, if there are enough health germs to resist the action of the poison, life continues. Nothing is perfect. It is the element in excess that determines fate. It matters a great deal to your outlook whether you are poison or a resistance germ.

Libeling Canada in Both Story and Picture

Misrepresentation of the Dominion Resented by a Native

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

WHILE on a trip to Chicago a few years ago I happened to drop into the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company there to see a friend who was connected with that company's department of natural resources and colonization. As I entered the door my friend pounced on me immediately.

"You're just the man I'm looking for; there's a lady in the office who wants to know all about British Columbia, and we don't seem to have very much dope here on B. C.," he said.

"Lead me to her," I replied.

"Here's a man who was born in British Columbia," he explained, as he presented me to an elderly lady who sat primly in one of his office chairs. "He'll be able to tell you all you wish to know about that province."

She greeted me without enthusiasm. I was dressed in the habiliments of the ordinary city-going male. She evidently expected me to be dressed in buckskins, at least.

"About what particular part of British Columbia do you wish information, madam?" I inquired.

"I am reading the most realistic story of western life!" she exclaimed. "It is called————————by ————————; have you read it?"

As it happened, the story was running as a serial in one of the cheaper magazines and I had glanced over an installment a few days before—to my infinite disgust. It was quite obviously written by one who had never been west of the Great Lakes and whose views of the West were evidently culled from the most sensational of a certain type of motion picture.

I admitted that I had seen but not read it. I was curious to know by what process of reasoning the woman had arrived at the impression that this literary botch was "realistically western."

"You're familiar with the West, madam—you've lived there?" I asked.

"Oh, no; this is the first time I've ever been West."

Chicago, west! And here was I thinking I had penetrated the effete East!

"I live in Boston," the woman added.

The story writers and scenario fabricators are now engaged in describing a Canada which never existed outside of their own hectic imaginations. Innumerable writers, from the days of Dean Swift onward, have created imaginary settings for their tales, and there can be no cavil at this; but, at least, these were palpably fictitious places; the authors did not seek to invest lands in actual existence with people, habits and customs entirely at variance with reality.

The reader of much contemporary fiction could scarcely fail to get the idea that Canada is a country peopled almost exclusively by bearded, ignorant habitants, garbed the year round in mackinaw; prospectors, bootleggers, dangerous adventurers and others of that ilk, who live in some mysterious "northland," where they do nothing but drink whisky, play poker and engage in gun fights. Among these uncouth individuals is generally a beautiful girl—where she comes from God only knows! She is usually alone in this "northland"—excepting, perhaps, for a pet grizzly or mayhap a faithful wolf! Then these bewhiskered, whisky-sodden ruffians fight to the death for possession of her. The general atmosphere is one of snow, snow e v e r y w h e r e—dog sleds, northern lights, intense cold, blizzards, frozen wastes . . . .

Through it all runs the vein of the heroism of the Northwest Mounted Police. What care they for a little thing such as a blizzard blowing right off the frigid pole! They blithely ride the storm and the hurricane—a thousand miles, more or less, is nothing to them!

Now, Canada is a very large country; it is larger than the United States; and, in its way, there is to be found within it as great a degree of variation in people, customs, habits, fauna and flora and climate as there is in the United States.

On the Atlantic seaboard, in the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, the people are principally of British stock, whose viewpoint is much closer to that of the people of the British Isles than it is to those living in British Columbia, for instance. In some sections are to be found descendants of those early Acadians who escaped expulsion by the British, the story of which has been immortalized by Longfellow in his "Evangeline." In some communities, such as Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, are colonies of Europeans of other nationalities—German in this case—who have been in Canada for generations, a study of whom would provide many interesting side lights on the effect of environment on inherited racial characteristics.

Fishing, mining and agriculture are the principal occupations of the people of the maritime provinces—the frozen northland and Northwest Mounted Police have no place in this picture.

Quebec is the home of about 2,250,000 descendants of the original French settlers; there has been practically no immigration from France since the British conquest. The part which these people play in the national life of Canada probably is not fully realized outside of Canada. The newspaper having the largest circulation of any paper in Canada is printed in Montreal in the French language. Montreal is the largest city in Canada; it is a progressive city of about 750,000—a cosmopolitan city as befits a seaport, but also because it is bi-lingual. In the streets, the stores, the hotels, everywhere, two languages are heard. It is a city of wide divergencies and likewise broad tolerance. In Montreal is McGill, one of the great universities of the world.

Quebec city is full of historic interest and could alone provide writers with a wealth of material more fascinating in reality than the wildest figments of imagination.

The province of Quebec extends up to the sub-Arctic regions and, therefore, snowshoes, dog sleds, mackinaw-clothed habitants, make part of the picture—in winter; summer in Quebec provides a field for wonderful stories of the "northland" in which beautiful lakes, rivers, waterfalls, might supply a background for romances in which some of the most interesting people on earth would play their parts, but one would seek in vain for the familiar "bad man"; neither would one find the Northwest Mounted Police.

Ontario might be any state in the Union, excepting that its people are more preponderantly of British stock. It is the sort of province where future statesmen are born on the farm; where social reformers flourish. Ottawa, the capital city of Canada, is in Ontario, as is Toronto, the chief financial and industrial center of the Dominion. Ontario extends up to Hudson's Bay—Moose Factory is in Ontario!

In Northern Ontario are some of the greatest gold mines in the world; and, if one goes far enough north, trappers, hunters, grizzly bears, and so on, may be encountered.

The provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta fill in the space between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. They consist of a vast prairie, broken at intervals by rivers, and in some places by low ranges of hills. Not many years ago the buffalo grazed over this entire expanse, hunted on occasion by the Indian. Both Indian and buffalo are now preserved by the government on reservations; the latter have increased so fast that it was necessary to sell 1,000 head this fall at the Wainwright National Park, but then the buffalo has been spared contact with the white man's civilization and its concomitants, whisky and "social disease"—the Indian will soon be with the dinosaurus:



A few of Canada's great buffalo herd, which had increased to such an extent, it was necessary to sell 1,000 head this autumn.

Following the buffalo came the range cattle, but they in turn had to give place to the grain grower, under whose hand the prairie is fast becoming a vast carpet of green growing grain in spring and bright yellow gold in autumn. Here life is not much different from that in the prairie states to the south; in fact, many of the people have simply moved across the line with their lares and penates and have begun life anew.

This is where the Royal Northwest Mounted Police formerly held sway. In the days before the formation of the present provinces, the maintenance of law and order was placed in the hands of this body. It was made up mostly of young Englishmen of good family who enlisted in the force because of a love for the out-of-doors and a liking for adventure. They were not policemen simply because they had to earn a living somehow; they were not in the force just for the pay that was in it. The pay was small, as a matter of fact, but they did not care. Being men with some sense of honor and with traditions behind them, they soon developed a code under which the traditions of the force were established. The great bane of ordinary police forces is the greed for money. It is virtually impossible to keep men free from corruption when money means more to them than anything else; but the young men who formed the Royal Northwest Mounted Police cared little for money; they cared more for honor. The crooks soon discovered that the Mounties could not be bought. The crooks departed. Consequently the Mounties were able to maintain law and order with comparatively little trouble. There was some hardship at times, but their greatest foe was ennui. Occasionally some crook, more obtuse than others of his kind, believed he could defy the powers, but he rarely escaped. The force had early set the precedent of getting their man, and they usually did. "Getting" did not mean shooting him; it meant arresting him and bringing him to trial. Crooks are the most observant of persons; soon they found it paid to behave, or get out.

British Columbia has been termed a "Sea of Mountains," and there is no doubt that future transcontinental airplane passengers will be quite willing to confirm this description.

Gold was discovered in Northern British Columbia shortly after the rush of the "forty-niners" to California, and background exists for many virile pictures of frontier conditions in this province. Also British Columbia contains a considerable Oriental population that always can be counted on to add to the picturesqueness of the communities of which these people form a part.

So Canada is subject to all climatic conditions excepting the tropical; it contains all sorts of people but the blacks. Between its coasts may be found cities, which, if smaller, are not less advanced and progressive than any on the continent. Within its borders may be found all gradations of society, from those possessing the advantages of the latest advancements of civilization and science, down to the most primitive frontier conditions.

It would be hard to indicate any particular sphere of activities as being typically "Canadian," but perhaps the keynote might more truly be found in a picture of rural life, that great culture-bed in which lie the seeds of this young Dominion's coming greatness: those human elements which will go toward shaping the destinies of this virile new nation in the course which fate has marked out for her.

It is true that the wheat operator of Winnipeg and the dry goods merchant of Montreal or Toronto are little distinguishable from their counterparts in Chicago and New York; that the lumber barons of Ottawa are no different from the men who have made their millions in the woods of Michigan; that the wheat grower in Saskatchewan is not essentially different from the grain grower in Kansas or the Dakotas; that the rancher in Alberta resembles closely the rancher in Wyoming. On the other hand, the habitant of Quebec, the Northwest Mounted Policeman, the trapper, cruiser and frontiersman of the North *are* peculiar to Canada now, and because of that fact they are probably more interesting as subjects for fiction than individuals in the more prosaic walks of life. This is undoubtedly true. It is perhaps inevitable that the mention of Canada should bring to the minds of people unfamiliar with the Dominion pictures of habitants, trappers, Northwest Mounted Policemen, snow, ice, dog sleds, northern lights, although the great majority of Canadians are, themselves, as unfamiliar with most of these things as are the people of the United States.

There is ample scope for imagination in literature without its being employed in supplying local color—this should be true to life at least.

No sound objection can be taken to the use of the picturesque elements in our Canadian life by writers, but it is not unreasonable that aggravated Canadians should demand that the authors of these "Canadian" stories should be familiar with the life which they claim to interpret. It will be readily admitted that it is easier for a person who has never been farther north than Niagara Falls to write a story of the Canadian "northland" than it would be for the same person to write "Main Street," for instance, granting that he or she had never lived west of the Alleghanies. It seems all one has to do to write a story of the Canadian "northland" is to take equal parts of popular belief and ignorance of actual conditions, add habitants, whisky runners, bad men and Northwest Mounted Police; flavor with a charming maiden; stir in a leaven of bizarre imagination and serve under any sensational title with the sub-head: "A Romance of the Canadian Northland." Then get your photograph taken in a buckskin shirt, if possible. If you can get a carcass of a mountain goat or a bighorn to share the spotlight with you, the ensemble will be much more effective.

On the other hand, to write a book like "Main Street" one must, at least, be familiar with the conditions one would depict. There might be a certain amount of controversy regarding your efforts, but if you are familiar with your subject, the product will bear some resemblance to reality. This, it must be said, is much more than can be said for virtually all the stories of the Canadian "northland" that are being offered today by current fiction magazines.

Taking the Frontier Out of the Border

By H. H. DUNN



(C) Keystone
ALVARO OBREGON,
President of Mexico



Interior of the Owl gambling house, Mexicali, when it was one of the largest establishments of its kind in the world.



A Chinese-Mexican mestiza, or half-breed girl, a type becoming very common on the border.

IN THESE days of the much-talked-of, but slow-to-arrive, return to normal conditions, when there are those among us doubly bent on the reform of everything under the American sun, we are prone to lose sight of the fact that there are other nations, less advanced, less prosperous, less populous, possibly less adventurous along untried national lines of progress, who are confronted by the same problems that stand before us. We are apt to believe that we are leaders in reform movements. Yet, all the time that we have been working and planning to put our feet back into the walks of normal life, another republic in the New World has been setting its house in order, without any conferences, and without investigations or reports by professional reformers.

Less than five years ago, the northern border of Mexico, where 800,000 square miles of land, the home of 16,000,000 persons, abuts on California, Arizona and Texas, was the sink hole of the New World. Into the towns on the southern side of this border, each one of them set opposite a town on the northern side of the same imaginary line, had drifted and floated and fallen and blown, the human riffraff—male and female—of the two Americas. There the voice of the game keeper was raised in the only hymnal in the land, a chant to the Goddess of Chance; there the only music was the broken-down piano of the dance hall or the tinkle of the glass on the bar; there the *gaucho* of the Argentine pampas set his skill with the knife against the synchronized quickness of hand and eye and gun of the American cowboy, and there the gangster from the underworld of any large American center of population found a City of Refuge, beneath the red and green and white of the Mexican tri-color. In those days, the only business was the providing of pleasure in these towns below the border, just a step across an imaginary line from healthy American cities.

Today, where stood big gambling houses, rise stores and schools and theaters; today, where once yawned the doors of noisome dance halls, are markets, chambers of commerce, wholesale houses, cotton gins, potato dryers, and other signposts of industry and commerce.

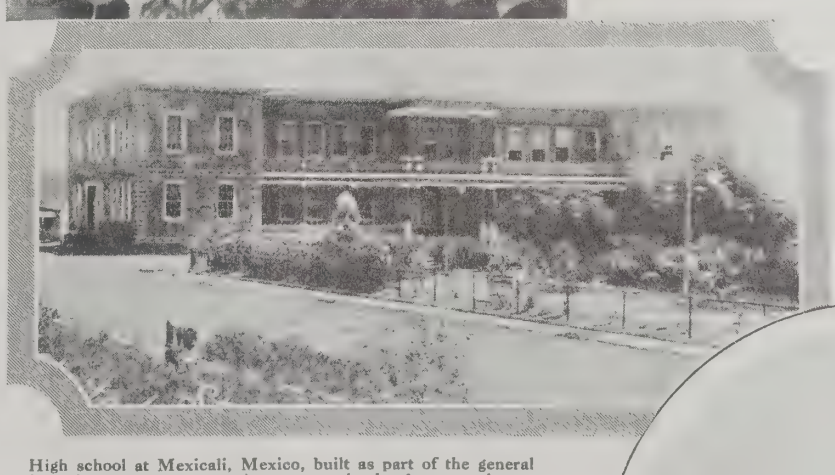
Only the saloons remain, and these are so closely regulated, so carefully watched, that they might almost as well be dispensaries, operated under government supervision. Even their days are numbered, and this autumn, when the Mexican national congress meets in the federal capital, it will consider a law automatically reducing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, which will make Mexico bone dry at the end of seven years. Even the fight has been taken out of the bullfight, the one-time national sport of the Mexicans. The bulls horns are cut off, he is not allowed to be killed, nor is he allowed to kill any horses. Cockfights are no more, not if the federal or state police know anything about them.

In short, Tia Juana, Mexicali, Nogales, Nuevo Laredo, Juarez and the other border towns in Mexico, half a decade ago the only remaining upholders of the fame that once belonged to Laramie and Cheyenne and San Antonio, are today as tranquil, as filled with business, and as ambitiously marching along the path of prosperity as San Diego, Calexico, El Paso, Laredo, or any of the American cities which keep watch of them from across the boundary.

Back of this change, which is of scarcely less vital importance to the United States, and especially to Texas, Arizona and California, than it is to Mexico, because it removes a spider's web of vice from our very doors, there is, of course, a reason. This reason is important, because, due to it, there has been eliminated a chain of hiding places for the vicious element in the citizenship of America, hiding places to which more than 4,000 American criminals have fled in the past 10 years, according to estimates given to the writer by American police authorities along the border.

In reality there are two reasons:

The first, and, I believe, the fundamental cause of this national reform movement on the part of the government of Mexico, is the establishment of numerous colonies of Chinese immigrants along the Mexican side of the American border.



High school at Mexicali, Mexico, built as part of the general federal government campaign to put the border on a better business, moral and educational plane.

The second, in reality an effect of the foregoing cause, is the established principle of the present government of Mexico to act in conjunction with the Government of the United States in any matters which affect the lands, settlements, people or industries along the border line of the two nations.

A third factor which, doubtless, had some influence in hastening the general clean-up by the Obregon Government of Mexico, was a desire to end the international graft and corruption, which was going on throughout these Mexican border towns. The Chinese, however, through their own investigations and reports, were largely responsible for bringing this condition to the attention of the officials of the federal government in Mexico City.

Take, for example, the town of Mexicali, the capital of the northern district of the Territory of Lower California, situated opposite the city of Calexico, in Imperial County, California. Five years ago, even three years ago, Mexicali was known from New York to Nome and from Hudson's Bay to Buenos Aires, as "the toughest town in the Americas." It was advertised as a place in which the sportively inclined could get "anything they wanted, if they had the price to pay for it." It held the doubtful record of having one of the largest dance halls, and one of the largest gambling houses, and the most cockfights of any city in the New World. To it flocked questionable characters, men and women, from East and West and North and South. Even with this influx, in the heyday of its vicious popularity, Mexicali did not have more than 12,000 inhabitants.

At that time it boasted 55 saloons, or one for every 218 inhabitants, men, women and children. In those days, the mildest afternoon's entertainment in Mexicali was to be found in the Plaza de Toros, where from two to six bulls were slain bloodily, once or twice or three times a week, depending on the season.

Came the Chinese, quiet people, devoted to business, largely to exporting the products of the soil in Northern Lower California, and to importing manufactured articles from the United States. Fortunately for Mexicali, these Chinese foresaw an excellent business turnover from the raw materials, cotton, ores, lumber and other material, production of which was possible in territory immediately contiguous to Mexicali and other border towns, at which, also, there were large colonies of Chinese. They foresaw, too, that with gambling, drinking, dancing, bullfighting and other similar sports as the principal "industries" of the border lands, the people never would produce that which would bring export business to their hands.

About this time the Territory of Lower California was in control of a governor, Colonel Esteban Cantu, whose view of life was "get the money." Concessions for all forms of "entertainment," from horse races, gambling houses and so on, were bought and sold. Out of the tremendous returns received by the state government from these licenses issued to vice, an occasional schoolhouse was built, here and there a bit of street or road improved, an "international highway," unnecessary, and little used, from Mexicali to Ensenada, the capital of the southern division of Lower California, was started, and similar sops thrown to the people, in an effort to demonstrate to them that the money received from licensed gambling, licensed liquor, licensed bullfighting, was being used for their benefit.

The Mexican people began to look on Colonel Cantu as one who had saved them and their city from gradual disintegration. But among the then 10,000 inhabitants of Mexicali, the Chinese colony had grown to more than 5,000. (It now numbers some 7,000 in a total population of about 12,000.) These Chinese had some doubts as to the accuracy of the popular concept of Colonel Cantu and his works. They began to investigate what basis in fact lay in the idea that the gambling houses, and saloons and dance halls made prosperity for Mexicali and for Lower California, and they found that the principal

(Concluded on page 12)



Porfirio Diaz Avenue, Mexicali, one of the main business streets, not so very different from the business street of Calexico, on the American side of the line.

The Gentle Art of Changing Jewish Names

How Business, Social and Other Reasons Bring About Strange Effects: Asiatics With New England Cognomens: Numerous Interesting Examples

THE Madansky brothers—Max, Solomon, Benjamin and Jacob—have written that their names henceforth will be May. It is a good old Anglo-Saxon name, but the Madanskys are of Asiatic origin.

Elmo Lincoln, a movie actor, comes into a Los Angeles court on the motion of his wife, and it is discovered that he is only Otto Linknhelt.

A large department store owner was born with the name Levy. He is now known as Lytton. It is quite possible he did not like Levy as a name; but why did he not change it for another Jewish name? Or perhaps it was the Jewishness of "Levy" that displeased him.

A popular tenor star recently brought suit against his wife who married him after allowing him to believe that she was of Spanish origin. "I understood from her misleading stage name that she was Spanish when I married her. Later I found that she was Jewish and that her real name was Bergenstein."

One of the biggest and best known stores in the United States goes under an honored Christian name, though every one of the owners is Jewish. The public still carries a mental picture of the good old merchant who established the store, which picture would speedily change if the public could get a glimpse of the real owners.

The Metamorphosis of a Name

TAKE the name Belmont, for example, and trace its history. Prior to the nineteenth century the Jews resident in Germany did not use family names. It was "Joseph the son of Jacob," "Isaac ben Abraham," the son being designated as the son of his father. But the Napoleonic era, especially following upon the assembly of the Grand Sanhedrin under Napoleon's command, caused a distinct change in Jewish customs in Europe.

In 1808 Napoleon sent out a decree commanding all Jews to adopt family names. In Austria a list of surnames was assigned to the Jews, and if a Jew was unable to choose, the state chose for him. The names were devised from precious stones, as Rubenstein; precious metals, such as Goldstein, Silberberg; plants, trees and animals, such as Mandelbaum, Lilienthal, Ochs, Wolf and Loewe.

The German Jews created surnames by the simple method of affixing the syllable "son" to the father's name, thus making Jacobson, Isaacson; while others adopted the names of the localities in which they lived, the Jew resident in Berlin becoming Berliner, and the Jew resident in Oppenheim becoming Oppenheimer.

Now, in the region of Schoenberg, in the German Rhine country, a settlement of Jews had lived for several generations. When the order to adopt surnames went forth, Isaac Simon, the head of the settlement, chose the name of Schoenberg. It signifies in German, "beautiful hill." It is very easily Frenchified into Belmont, which also means beautiful hill or mountain. A Columbia University professor once tried to make it appear that the Belmonts originated in the Belmontes family of Portugal, but found it impossible to harmonize this theory with the Schoenberg facts.

It is noteworthy that a Belmont became American agent of the Rothschilds, and that the name of Rothschild is derived from the red shield on a house in the Jewish quarter of Frankfort-on-the-Main. What the original family name is has never been divulged.

Names Chosen for Concealment

THE Jewish habit of changing names is responsible for the immense camouflage that has concealed the true character of Russian events. When Leon Bronstein becomes Leo Trotsky, and when the Jewish Apfelbaum becomes the "Russian" Zinoviev; and when the Jewish Cohen becomes the "Russian" Volodarsky, and so on down through the list of the controllers of Russia—Goldman becoming Izgoev, and Feldman becoming Vladimirov—it is a little difficult for people who think that names do not lie, to see just what is transpiring.

Indeed, there is any amount of evidence that in numberless cases this change of names—or the adoption of "cover names," as the Jewish description is—is for purposes of concealment. There is an immense difference in the state of mind in which a customer enters the store of Isadore Levy and the state of mind in which he enters the store of Alex May. And what would be his feelings to learn that Isadore Levy painted up the name of Alex May with that state of mind in view? When Rosenbluth and Schlesinger becomes "The American Mercantile Company," there is justification for the feeling that the name "American" is being used to conceal the Jewish character of the firm.

The tendency of Jews to change their names dates back very far. There was and is a superstition that to give a sick person another name is to "change his luck," and save him from the misfortune destined upon his old name. There was also the Biblical example of a change of nature being followed by a change of name, as when Abram became Abraham and Jacob became Israel.

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages will be sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

There have been justifiable grounds, however, for Jews changing their names in Europe. The nationalism of that continent is, of course, intense, and the Jews are an international nation scattered among all the nations, with an unenviable reputation of being ready to exploit for Jewish purposes the nationalistic intensity of the Gentiles. To mollify a suspicion held against them wherever they have lived (a suspicion so general and so persistent as to be explainable only on the assumption that it was abundantly justified) the Jews have been quick to adopt the names and colors of whatever country they may be living in. It is no trouble at all to change a flag, since none of the flags is the insignia of Judah. This was seen throughout the war zone; the Jews hoisted whatever flag was expedient at the moment and changed them as often as the shifting tide of battle required.

A Polish Jew named Zuckermandle, emigrating to Hungary, would be anxious to show that he had shuffled off the Polish allegiance which his name proclaimed; and the only way he could do this would be to change his name, which would very likely become Zukor, a perfectly good Hungarian name. Originally the Zukors were not Jews; now the usual guess would be that they are. In the United States it would be almost a certainty. Such a change as Mr. Zuckermandle would make, however, would not be for the purpose of concealing the fact that he was a Jew, but only to conceal the fact that he was a foreign Jew.

"Cover Names" and Real Names

IN THE United States it has been found that Jews change their names for three reasons: first, for the same reason that many other foreigners change their names, namely, to minimize as much as possible the "foreign look" and the difficulty of pronunciation which many of those names carry with them; second, for business reasons, to prevent the knowledge becoming current that So-and-So is "a Jew store"; third, for social reasons.

The desire not to appear singular among one's neighbors, when stated in just these words, very easily passes muster as being a natural desire, until you apply it to yourself. If you were going abroad to Italy, Germany, Russia, there to live and engage in business, would you cast about for a changed name immediately? Of course not. Your name is part of you, and you have your own opinion of an alias. The Jew, however, has his own name among his own people regardless of what "cover name" the world may know him by, and, therefore, he changes his outside name quite coolly. The only likeness we have to that in America is the changing of men's pay numbers as they move their employment from place to place. John Smith may be No. 49 in Black's shop and No. 375 in White's shop, but he is always John Smith. So the Jew may be Simon son of Benjamin in the privacy of the Jewish circle, while to the world he may be Mortimer Alexander.

In the United States it is hardly to be doubted that business and social reasons are mostly responsible for the changes in Jewish names. The designation "American" is itself much coveted as may be gathered by its frequent use in firm names the members of which are not American in any sense that entitles them to blazon that name throughout the world.

When Moses is changed to Mortimer, and Nathan to Norton, and Isadore to Irving (as for example, Irving Berlin, whose relatives however still know him as "Izzy"), the concealment of Jewishness in a country where so much is done by print, must be regarded as a probable motive.

When "Mr. Lee Jackson" is proposed for the club there would seem to be no reason, as far as reading goes, why anything unusual about Mr. Jackson should be surmised, until you know that Mr. Jackson is really Mr. Jacobs. Jackson happens to be the name of a President of the United States, which names are quite in favor with the name-changers, but in this case it happens also to be one of the "derivatives" of an old Jewish name.

The Jewish Encyclopedia contains interesting information on this matter of derivatives.

Asher is shaded off into Archer, Ansell, Asherson.

Baruch is touched up into Benedict, Beniton, Berthold.

Benjamin becomes Lopez, Seef, Wolf (this is translation).

David becomes Davis, Davison, Davies, Davidson.

Isaac becomes Sachs, Saxe, Sace, Seckel.

Jacob becomes Jackson, Jacobi, Jacobus, Jacof, Kaplan, Kauffmann, Marchant, Merchant.

Jonah becomes by quite simple changes, Jones and Joseph, Jonas.

Judah (the true Jewish name) becomes Jewell, Leo, Leon, Lionel, Lyon, Leoni, Judith.

Levi becomes Leopold, Levine, Lewis, Loewe, Low, Lowy.

Moses becomes Moritz, Moss, Mortimer, Max, Mack, Moskin, Mosse.

Solomon becomes Salmon, Salome, Sloman, Salmuth.

And so on through the list of Jewish "changelings"—Barnett, Barnard, Beer, Hirschel, Mann, Mendel, Mandell, Mendelsohn, with various others which are not even adaptations but sheer appropriations.

The Millinery Business and Names

THE millinery business, which is one of the principal Jewish grafts off American women, shows the liking of the Jews for names which do not name, but which stand as impressive insignia—"Lucile," "Mme. Grande," and the like. Reuben Abraham Cohen is a perfectly good name, and a good citizen could make it immensely respected in his neighborhood, but Reuben thinks that the first round in the battle of minds should be his, and he does not scruple at a little deceit to obtain it, so he painted on the window of his store R. A. Le Cân, which, when set off with a borrowed coat of arms, looks sufficiently Frenchified for even observant boobs among the Gentiles. Similarly a Mr. Barondesky may blossom out as Barondes or La Baron.

Commonly Mr. Abraham becomes Miller. Why Miller should have been picked on for Judaization is not clear, but the Millers of the white race may yet be compelled to adopt some method of indicating that their name is not Jewish. It is conceivable that a Yiddish and an American form of the same name may some time be deemed necessary. Aarons becomes Arnold—there are a number of Jewish Arnolds. Aarons became Allingham. One Cohen became Druce, another Cohen became Freeman. Still another Cohen became a Montagu; a fourth Cohen became a Rothbury and a fifth Cohen became a Cooke.

The Cohens and Charlie Chaplin

THE Cohens have an excuse, however. In one ghetto there are so many Cohens that some distinction must be observed. There is Cohen the rag gatherer, and Cohen the schacet (ritual meat killer) and Cohen the rising lawyer, as well as Cohen the physician. To make the matter more difficult their first names (otherwise their "Christian" names) are Louis. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the young lawyer should become Attorney Cohane (which does all the better if thereby certain Irish clients are attracted), and that the young doctor should become Doctor Kahn, or Kohn. These are some of the many forms that the priestly name of Cohen takes.

The same may be said with reference to Kaplan, a very common name. Charlie Chaplin's name was, in all probability, Caplan or Kaplan. At any rate, this is what the Jews believe about their great "star." Non-Jews have read of Charlie as a "poor English boy."

There is the Rev. Stephen S. Wise, for another example. He booms his way across the country from one platform to the other, a wonder in his way, that such pomposity of sound should convey such paucity of sense. He is an actor, the less effective because he essays a part in which sincerity is requisite. This Rabbi, whose vocal exercise exhausts his other powers,

being Weisz. Weiss. When not know. If rian name it e. Apparently to be white a fresh point

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known in mo- ger. Some of elwyn made a business. A came Posner. on of Kalen- Side tinsmith Jewish. It is INDEPENDENT ly the names ves. But the and opened and his luck nd, being an industrious, honest workman, deserves his prosperity.

Of course, there are lower uses of the name-changing practice, as every employer of labor knows. A man contracts a debt under one name, and to avoid a garnishee, quits his job, collects his pay, and in a day or two attempts to hire out under another name. This was once quite a successful trick, and is not wholly unknown now.

There is also much complaint among the stricter observers of the Jewish ritual requirements that the word "Kosher" is greatly misused, that indeed it covers a multitude of sins. "Kosher" has come to signify, in some places, little more than a commercial advertisement designed to attract Jewish trade. For all it means of what it says, it might just as well be "The Best Place In Town To Eat"—which it isn't, of course; and neither is it always "strictly" Kosher.

It must be conceded, however, that the tendency to mislabel men and things is deep set in Jewish character. Jews are great coiners of catchwords that are not true, inventors of slogans that do not move. There is a considerable decrease in the power they wielded by such methods; their brilliancy in this respect is running to seed. This may be explained by the fact that there are so many song titles to write for the Jewish jazz factories, and so much "snappy" matter for screen descriptions. Their come-back is painfully thin and forced. Without peers in dealing with a superficial situation like a dispute over the beauty of two rival "stars," or the amount and method of distributing confetti, they are the veriest dubs in dealing with a situation like that which has arisen in this country.

Immediately upon the appearance of the Jewish Question in the United States the Jews reverted naturally to their habit of mislabeling. They were going to fool the people once more with a pat phrase. They are still seeking for that phrase. Slowly they are recognizing that they are up against the Truth, and truth is neither a jazzy jade nor a movie motto, which can be recostumed and changed at will.

This passion for misleading people by names is deep and varied in its expression. Chiefly due to Jewish influences we are giving the name of "liberalism" to looseness. We are dignifying with names that do not correctly name, many subversive movements. We are living in an era of false labels, whose danger is recognized by all who observe the various underground currents which move through all sections of society. Socialism itself is no longer what its name signifies; the name has been seized and used to label anarchy. Judaistic influence creeping into the Christian church has kept the apostolic labels but thoroughly destroyed the apostolic content; the disruptive work has gone on quietly and unhindered because often as the people looked, the same label was there—as the same old merchant's name stays on the store the Jews have bought and cheapened. Thus there are "reverends" who are both unreverend and irreverent, and there are shepherds who flock with the wolves.

More Names That Deceive

ZIONISM is another misnomer. Modern Zionism is not what its label would indicate it to be. The managers of the new money collection—millions of it, badly used, badly accounted for—are about as much interested in Zionism as an Ohio Baptist is in Meccaism. For the leading so-called "Zionists," Mt. Zion and all that it stands for has next to no meaning; they see only the political and real estate aspects of Palestine, another people's country just at present. The present movement is not religious, although it plays upon the religious sentiments of the lower class of Jews; it is certainly not what Judaized orators among the Christians want the Christians to think it is; Zionism is at present a most mischievous thing, potentially a most dangerous thing, as several governments could confidentially tell you.

But it is all a part of the Jewish practice of setting up a label pretending one thing, while quite another thing really exists.

Take anti-Semitism. That is a label which the Jews have industriously pasted up everywhere. If ever it was an effective label its uses are over now. It doesn't mean anything. Anti-Semitism does not exist, since the thing so named is found among the Semites too. Semites cannot be anti-Semitic. When the world holds up a warning finger against a race that is the moving spirit of the corruptive, subversive and destructive influences abroad in the world today, that race cannot nullify the warning by sticking up a false label of "Anti-Semitism," any more than it can justify the sign of gold on a $1.50 watch or the sign of "pure wool" on a $11.50 suit of clothes.

American Jewish Committee Misnamed

SO WITH the whole group of labels which the Jews have trotted out like talismen to work some magic spell upon the aroused mind of America. They are lies. And when one lie fails, how quickly they hitch their hopes to another. If "Anti-Semitism" fails, then try "Anti-Catholic"—that might do something. If that fails, try "Anti-American"—get the biggest talent that can be hired for a night on the B'nai B'rith platform to shout it. And when that fails, as it has—?

The American Jewish Committee is itself a misnomer. The committee is not exclusively American and its work is not to Americanize the Jews nor even to encourage real Americanization among them. It is a committee composed of Jews representing that class which profits most by keeping the mass of the Jews segregated from Americans and in bondage to the "higher ups" among the Jews. They are the "big Jews," as Norman Hapgood used to call them, who say to the "little Jews"—"You hang closely together; we will be your representatives to these foreign peoples, the Americans and others." If the American Jewish Committee could change its name to this: "The Jewish Commission For America," it might be nearer the truth. It has dealt with America in the recent past very much as the Allied Commissions deal with Germany. There are certain things we may do, and certain things we may not do, and the Jewish Commission for America tells us what we may and may not do. One of the things we may not do is to declare that this is a Christian country.

There is one absolutely safe rule in dealing with anything emanating from the American Jewish Committee. Don't rely on the label, open the matter up. You will find that the Kehillah is not what it pretends to be; that the Jewish labor union is not what it pretends to be; that Zionism is a camouflage for something entirely different; that the name and the nature are nearly always different, which is the reason for a particular name being chosen. It runs all the way through Jewish practice, and presents another little job for the Jewish reformer.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages, respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for each volume.

Jewish World Notes

The Jewish press exhibits much wrath over the Benedict Arnold articles. Those articles were merely an essay in analysis. During the recent Jewish New Year season the special numbers of Jewish newspapers and magazines published portraits and praise of David Solesbury Franks as "the great Jewish soldier in the Revolution" That boast we simply analyzed. Under scrutiny the story comes to very little of praise and very much of doubt. If the Jews do not wish their boasts to be thus weighed in the balances, they should stop throwing them in the face of the world. There are other things which the people are asked to believe about Jews which would turn out just as badly under analysis. It is not necessary to go raking around in history to find a concealed Jew; it is only necessary to take the most blatant Jewish boasts and probe into them.

At the close of a recent conference attended by representatives of all the New York locals, Benjamin Schlesinger, president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, announced that every member of this revolutionary organization, which is known to be in close touch with the Jewish Kehillah, would be called on to donate half a day's pay for the relief of the starving Russians, a measure which will realize a sum of $250,000, the organization having a membership of 150,000, most of them Russian or Polish Jews.

Rabbi Meyer Berlin, of New York, has been a resident of the United States for many years, but has never taken out his citizenship papers. He is one of the "American Jews" who are so prominent in the papers today. But when he went to the Zionist Congress at Karlsbad, he went as a Lithuanian on a Polish passport. Now that he wishes to return to the United States, he finds that the regulations are against him. But "a special plea," as the newspaper reports describe it, will be made for him, and doubtless this "American Jew," who appears in Czecho-Slovakia as a Lithuanian bearing a Polish passport, may again return to his work in this country.

"Washington Avenue," a fiction story by Samuel Merwin in the *Saturday Evening Post* of October 15, 1921, has this keen analysis of Jewish jazz:

"The guest glanced through the pile of music there. It was a gathering in of the song hits of half a hundred musical comedies and revues, crude in colored covers as in theme, music and words; the melodies mere stencil reproductions of other long-successful tunes, the verses ungrammatical and bearing down heavily on that distressingly sensual bluntness that had become, swiftly of recent years, a social commonplace; songs manufactured by vulgar but determined aliens to tap that vein of success known to the trade as surefire. And he considered, this guest, the ease with which the careless American public permits the domination, in the fields of popular music and the theater, of these curious outlanders, as if they had come prospecting into an immense area of waste lands of the mind and staked out vast claims. He considered as well the pathetic efforts of certain groups of narrow-minded folk, lingering ethnological fragments of that somewhat savage subspecies, the Puritans, to strike a new balance by forcing the vital life of a huge young nation back into the shackles of an old lost day. The whole business seemed a mess. He gave it up and turned to the window. In spite of the artificiality and the pretentiousness of the curving avenue, it was at least freshly green out there, and the flowers were lovely."

Professor Gotthard Deutsch, a highly honored Jewish scholar, is dead at the age of 62. He was dean of Hebrew Union College. At the great gathering of Jewish notables to consider ways and means of suppressing the facts reported in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, Dr. Deutsch was chosen to conduct the literary part of the fight. He was an able man, hence greater is the pity that his talents should have been devoted to the perpetuation instead of the solution of the Jewish Question.

Jewish troops are being raised in Palestine. The Jews of Minsk have demanded and received permission to arm themselves. Gentile quarters, known to be protesting against the monopoly of food and money and power by the Jews, are treated to "pogroms." This latter fact is hopeful. As most "pogroms" have been Jewish contrivances, though denied, the present "pogroms" are so openly Jewish as to be undeniable. The world may now be able to perceive the truth of the past.

This is the way the *American Hebrew* announces it: "Morris Gest, the well-known theatrical promoter and son-in-law of David Belasco, has contributed $500 to the million-dollar fund the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society is campaigning for." Mr. Gest is some sport, isn't he?

Sir Ernest Cassel, the German Jew who became a titled British financier, is dead. He was a Jew who wished people to believe that he was not one. He was a pillar in the international government which the Jews seek to impose on the world. He was international in his remembrances, leaving gifts to Mortimer Schiff, Paul and Felix Warburg.

The rites of the Jewish religion may be included among those which require the use of wine, though there is good authority from the Jewish church itself for the statement, wine is not necessary. However, at the most, not more than 10 gallons of wine in a year are needed for all the religious uses of a Jewish family.

Under the cover of this rightful use, a horde of real and alleged rabbis have established mock congregations. Their only furniture consists of a desk in an office where the business of selling wine may be carried on, cloaked under the name of religion.

The profit that these men make is large, but it is of little consequence alongside the fact that religion is being used to break the Constitution of the United States.

What can be done about it?

Real Jews are, of course, not guilty of these crimes against both law and conscience. Rather are they mortified that their religion should afford the cloak which protects such a sneaking evasion of the law.

Is there not some way that these real Jews, who above all men value the religious tolerance which is theirs under the Constitution of the United States, may bring an end to this practice which is casting disrepute on the sanctity of their religion?—California *Liberator*.

Rabbi Wise calls the Ku Klux Klan "a loathsome apparition." A California paper exclaims: "Glory be! Ku Klux is coming to San Francisco and salvation is in sight!" It has probably never occurred to the rabbi that he usually occupies one extreme of crankism. How could it, when he offers himself as the plummet line by which all Americanism is to be measured!

The Mystery Man of the Motion Pictures

A Multi-Millionaire Who Threatens to Control the Films; The Third of the Series, "Baring the Heart of Hollywood"

THE absorption of Bosworth, Incorporated, brought into Famous Players-Lasky Corporation Frank A. Garbutt, one of the most powerful men in the industry. Garbutt might truly be called the mystery man of the motion pictures. Not a Jew, he is regarded in Los Angeles as being as powerful in the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as Adolph Zukor, its president. These two men have a great admiration for each other. Both are credited with the same ruthlessness and with the same general disregard of others' rights. Which would win out if their interests should happen to conflict is a moot question in filmdom.

Garbutt is a product of Southern California. As a boy he is said to have driven a milk wagon and peddled vegetables on the streets of Los Angeles. Today he is considered a multi-millionaire. His interests are as varied as they are extensive. He owns mines, sawmills, lumber schooners, oil wells, business blocks. He is the dictator of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Nothing is too small to occupy his attention. He even owns a printing plant and a manicuring shop. Just how extensive are his holdings in the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and its subsidiaries no one knows but himself and his partners.

Garbutt, unlike Zukor, shuns the limelight. He dislikes publicity, especially in regard to any of his business affairs. The only newspaper notoriety he does not object to is when he is called "the millionaire sportsman." He owns a yacht, takes considerable interest in aviation, and is a better than ordinary chess player.

But even in sport Garbutt is said to play both ends against the middle. He never risks a dollar unless he is practically certain to get it back with another dollar added thereto.

Garbutt and Zukor have several other qualities in common, besides the ruthlessness previously mentioned. Garbutt, like Zukor, is a good family man without a breath of scandal against his reputation as far as relations with women are concerned. In fact, Garbutt is unusually particular in his personal habits. He does not even drink or smoke. He takes excellent care of himself and is a fine specimen of robust virility.

The other characteristic in which Garbutt and Zukor are so much alike is their bent for acting. Motion picture men say that Zukor is every bit as good an actor as David Warfield. The only difference is that Warfield confines his talents to the stage while Zukor brings his histrionicism into play in his business dealings. Zukor can go into a meeting held by men who are his bitter business rivals and in half an hour send them away wondering how they could have so misjudged him. He has the Caruso-like power of putting tears in his voice and rising to an emotional frenzy, while inside his mind is working coolly with clock-like precision.

Garbutt does not possess this emotionalism, or rather theatricalism, but has a fascinating personality when he deems it worth his while to exercise it. This power to convince against the dictates of reason and the existence of fact is his greatest asset.

Combined with a dominant will this plausibility is too much for the average mind and explains the strange influence that Garbutt has been able to acquire. Garbutt also is a student of character and has thus been able to play at will on those weaker than himself.

Almost miserly in money matters Garbutt seems to wish to hoard it for the power it gives him. In this he shares the ideas of his Jewish associates. Unlike them, however, he spends very little on personal pleasures. This desire for power is evidenced in his every action. But he always wishes to be the man behind the scenes, the man who pulls the invisible strings.

He has long been influential in municipal and county politics in Los Angeles. At the present time his political power in Los Angeles is somewhat in eclipse, as he backed Mayor Snyder for re-election and the mayor was defeated. The new mayor, Cryer, ran on a reform ticket and was sponsored by the churches and civic organizations. He was opposed by the liberal element, being dubbed a "blue law" candidate. Garbutt, representing the Affiliated Motion Picture interests, furnished some 2,500 automobiles to convey the Snyder adherents to the polls, but notwithstanding this and the support given him by the Hearst papers, Snyder was defeated by a majority of some 6,000.

Garbutt's connection with the picture industry came through Hobart Bosworth, the actor and motion picture star. His relations with Garbutt form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of motion pictures and tend to throw a great light on the character of the men who are behind this great industry.

Bosworth has had a career that is only paralleled by that of Jack London, whose intimate friend he was. He has been a hobo, an itinerant house painter, a sailor, a prize fighter and an actor. Although of apparently robust physique, he has long been a victim of tuberculosis and only his life in the open has kept him alive.

Bosworth broke into motion pictures under Selig after a long career on the stage, where he had been leading man for such actresses as Julia Marlowe, Henrietta Crossman, Minnie Maddern Fiske and Amelia Bingham. He acted in the first motion picture ever made in Los Angeles.

Jack London had received an offer from Selig of 50 per cent of the net profits for the screen rights of his books. Bosworth got an idea that he would like to put these stories on the screen himself. London told him he could have them on the same terms as offered by Selig. But Bosworth had difficulty in finding a backer. Capital was chary of the screen in those days, even of such an innovation as filming the works of so popular a novelist as London.

Finally in despair, Bosworth appealed to Garbutt, whom he knew casually at the Los Angeles Athletic Club as a wealthy oilman. Bosworth had some property that he had turned over to his wife because of his tubercular condition. He agreed to mortgage this for $15,000 to Garbutt if the latter would put up the cash to finance the first picture.

Accordingly an agreement was entered into by which a stock company was organized in which Bosworth was to own 49 shares, a man named Rudisill, a henchman of Garbutt's, 49 shares and Garbutt two shares. Rudisill was given the mortgage on the actor's property and Garbutt was to act as treasurer of the company. Later Bosworth found that he never did own any shares but only had an option to purchase the 49 shares.



BENJAMIN B. HAMPTON,

Independent motion picture producer who is fighting the trust.

The first picture made was London's "Sea Wolf." This was said to be the first multiple reel picture in the history of the industry. It cost $9,000. It was given a preview at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, where it was received with enthusiasm. Garbutt and Bosworth then took the film to San Francisco, where they were offered more than $13,000 for the rights to three western states. Garbutt began to see that he had struck a gold mine.

From then on Bosworth's troubles began. He was busy from morning until night making other pictures in which he was both the star and director. He paid little attention to the financial end of the business, leaving it all in Garbutt's hands. Bosworth, although a capable director and a splendid actor, had no head for figures, and he took Garbutt's word that the company, although the "Sea Wolf" was a most successful picture, was losing money. Garbutt would take the books and show him figures until his brain reeled. He would call him up and hold him on the telephone for long periods. At the end of two years Bosworth was a nervous wreck. To cap it all, he was threatened with foreclosure of the mortgage on his home.

In desperation Bosworth engaged an attorney and Garbutt agreed to make over to him 25 shares of Bosworth, Incorporated. But there was still the mortgage outstanding and as Bosworth was receiving good offers from other companies and Garbutt kept dinning in his ears that he was a failure, that the company was going deeper and deeper in debt, Bosworth decided to get out on any terms. Therefore, in February, 1915, he left the company which he had helped to found and to which he had given all his genius and ability as a director and actor with nothing to show for his two years' hard work but a salary of $333 a month. He immediately went to work for Universal at a salary of $300 a week.

Soon after came the merger of Bosworth, Incorporated, with Famous Players and the 25 shares of stock that Bosworth had owned, and which he had surrendered to Garbutt in consideration of getting clear without assuming any of the debts of the corporation, became worth thousands of dollars, some even placing on them a value of at least half a million.

It was when W. W. Hodkinson organized Paramount as a distributing corporation for Famous Players, Lasky's and Bosworth, Incorporated, that Garbutt obtained ammunition for his charges that Bosworth was a failure on the screen. With the first organization of Paramount, Hodkinson had no pictures to distribute except three snow pictures made by Bosworth and belonging to Bosworth, Incorporated. Famous Players and Lasky had nothing ready at the time, so these three pictures were sent out in succession against Bosworth's remonstrances. Naturally the exhibitors were fed up on snow stuff and Bosworth. They complained. Garbutt made the most of these protests.

An incident related as occurring during the early formation of Bosworth, Incorporated, shows the careful attention to detail paid by Garbutt in conducting his operations. It seems that the company had in its employ a man who did the developing in the laboratory with unusually good results, with a secret formula he used. Garbutt endeavored to buy this formula, but the man refused to sell, saying that it was his only means of obtaining a sure livelihood.

The next morning before the man came to work Garbutt had two of his children—then in their late teens—go into the laboratory and weigh the various chemicals. When the man came in Garbutt told him to mix up 10 gallons of the developer. After he had done so, he sent him down town on an errand and while he was gone Garbutt had the chemicals weighed again. He thus obtained the exact proportions. Having acquired his secret, the next week he fired his employe and hired a cheaper man in his place. He told this story himself, as an evidence of his canniness!

During the life of the corporation, Garbutt succeeded in estranging London and Bosworth and it was not until after the death of London that Bosworth learned from his widow the cause of the coolness.

Although London was to have received 50 per cent of the net profits from the sale of his pictures, it is said his share has been but little more than $18,000 and that his widow is in straitened circumstances. Some of the films taken from his books have never been shown on the screen and to avoid paying the 50 per cent royalty, it is asserted, are still reposing on the shelves of Famous Players. It was during the life of the Bosworth Incorporated that the studios now occupied by Realart Pictures Corporation were constructed. Realart is a subsidiary concern of Famous Players and is reputed to belong to Zukor and Garbutt personally. Garbutt's son, a mere youth, is manager of this studio. Directors and actors of the Famous Players are constantly being shifted back and forth from Famous Players to Realart, much to their disgust, owing to the alleged penny-pinching policies of Garbutt at Realart, where he is dictator.

The Famous Players-Lasky studios are under the ostensible direction of Cecil De Mille and Jesse Lasky, but it is said that Garbutt is the real power. It is asserted that Garbut could oust De Mille at will, the sole reason that he is kept being his unquestioned ability as a director. The tenure of Lasky is also said to be hanging by a thread, it being openly asserted in the New York *World* that he is to be succeeded by S. A. Lynch, a heavy stockholder in the corporation, and the man who, it is alleged, brought the southern states' theaters under the Paramount banner. Lynch, it is claimed, is slated for the vice-presidency of the corporation, which office Lasky now holds. It is believed that Lynch is the choice of the Wall Street financial committee, which is said to hold the real power in the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

The power of both Garbutt and Zukor to endure insult and humiliation patiently until they can gain their end constitutes a great measure of their strength. This inborn trait is understandable in Zukor, but is hard to explain in Garbutt, a Gentile.

With Bosworth, Incorporated, which was at that time distributing under the trade name of Pallas Pic-



At extreme left is Frank A. Garbutt, the millionaire, who is a growing figure in the film world. Glenn Martin, the aviator, is in the machine. The others are members of the Garbutt family.

tures, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation also absorbed the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company, another corporation of Garbutt, formed to produce the plays controlled by Oliver Morosco, whose real name is Mitchell. Mitchell, or Morosco, is a talented man who started in the theatrical business with a stock house in Los Angeles. He developed ability as a producer and now has extensive theatrical interests in both New York and Los Angeles. Morosco did not long survive the merger with Famous Players and soon left the corporation, it is said, with no kindly feeling toward Garbutt. Samuel Goldwyn was another for whom Garbutt was said to cherish no particular affection and he also soon turned his talents elsewhere.

W. W. Hodkinson, the original organizer of Paramount, had been sponsored by Garbutt and brought into the organization at his instance. Zukor, however, evidently feared the possible combination of Garbutt and Hodkinson to his disadvantage and it was not long before Hodkinson, too, walked the plank. As consolation, however, he bore away with him a sum running into millions.

The organization of Artcraft Pictures Corporation is a typical instance of the shrewdness of Zukor and Garbutt. Mary Pickford was under contract to Paramount. When this contract expired she demanded a larger salary. As other producers were bidding for her services, Zukor was compelled to meet her terms. At this time T. L. Tally, a Scotchman of considerable wealth who made a hobby of the theatrical business, owned the principal motion picture house in Los Angeles. He had the contract with Paramount for the exhibition of that company's pictures.

Mary Pickford was then, as now, one of the big stars of filmdom. Theater owners could always count on big houses when her releases were shown. For that reason they were glad to hook up with Paramount and take all its product, for they figured that if they lost or only broke even on some of the poorer pictures they could more than make it up with a Pickford or Fairbanks film.

Soon after Miss Pickford signed her new contract with Zukor, Tally began to perceive that he was getting no more Pickford pictures, but that they were being shown at rival houses. He at once made inquiry.

"Oh, yes, that is true," he was told. "You see, Miss Pickford no longer belongs to Paramount. She is under contract to a new corporation called Artcraft."

It was further explained that Artcraft pictures could be obtained, but, of course, the rental would be much higher than for Paramount. The proportion is said to be about five to one. Thus the theater owner was left tied to Paramount, legally bound to take its output, stickers and all, without the cream for which he had to pay a much higher price.

Soon after this both Paramount and Artcraft were absorbed by the parent corporation—Famous Players-Lasky, but the trade-marks and trade names were retained and are still being used.

Another incident which has a bearing on the organization of a big distributing concern in rivalry to Paramount occurred soon after the organization of the Artcraft.

Tally was showing one Paramount picture a week. Paramount began increasing production, so that more than one picture was being released a week. Tally being unable to handle all the releases, Paramount put up a second franchise for auction. It was bid in by a rival house.

About this time J. D. Williams came to Los Angeles with the intention of embarking in the motion picture theater business. Williams had been interested in theatrical matters in Australia. After coming to America he dabbled in the state right picture distribution for a time. On arrival in Los Angeles, he discovered that he would be unable to obtain the pictures he wanted, even if he did build a theater, because Paramount had things sewed up tight.

He conceived the idea of organizing a co-operative exhibitors' association, which would make arrangements to buy its own pictures direct from the producers. He enlisted the aid of Charlie Chaplin, who also was dissatisfied with the Paramount organization. With Chaplin as a talking point, he succeeded in interesting Turner & Dahnken in San Francisco; Jensen & Von Herberg, in Seattle, and T. L. Tally, in Los Angeles.

The company was finally organized with 26 units, or original franchises, under the name of the First National Exhibitors Circuit. In February, 1920, it was reorganized and is now known as the Associated First National Pictures, Incorporated. With the reorganization came the issuance of the sub-franchise, of which more will be told later.

The present franchise holders, that is, the holders of the 26 original franchises as listed, which is something entirely different from the original holders of the 26 unit franchises, are:

Sol Lesser and Gore Brothers, Southern California and Arizona.

Turner & Dahnken, Northern California, Nevada and Hawaii.

Exhibitors Film Exchange, Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Montana and Northern Idaho.

First National Exhibitors Circuit of Colorado, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming and Southern Idaho.

Western Theater Company, Western Canada.

First National Exhibitors Exchange, Illinois.

H. Lieber Company, Indiana.

A. H. Blank, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska.

First National Film Exchange of Michigan, Michigan.

First National Exchange Circuit of Northwest Minnesota, Wisconsin, North and South Dakota.

Skouras Brothers, Missouri.

First National Exhibitors Circuit Company of Ohio, Ohio.

Gordon-Mayer Film Company, New England states.

First National Exhibitors Exchange, Maryland, District of Columbia and Delaware.

First National Exhibitors Exchange of New Jersey, New Jersey.

First National Exhibitors, New York.

First National Exhibitors Exchange, West Virginia and Western Pennsylvania.

Peerless Feature Film Exchange, Eastern Pennsylvania.

H. Brouse, Eastern Canada.

First National Exhibitors Circuit of Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Virginia, North and South Carolina.

First National Exhibitors of New Orleans, Louisiana and Mississippi.

First National Exhibitors Circuit of Texas, Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas.

Big Feature Ret. Corporation, Kentucky and Tennessee.

Taking the Frontier Out of the Border

Concluded from page 7

patrons of these resorts were not the Americans and other "visitors"—who, it was true, came by thousands—but the Mexicans themselves, who were neglecting their business of production for the business of losing all they had to the much more clever human buzzards who flocked to this center of pleasure. The Chinese realized that Cantu's methods ultimately spelled ruin for Mexicali, and, likewise, ruin for their own businesses.

These Oriental business men carried word to President Obregon, to Secretary of the Interior Plutarcho Elias Calles, and to Secretary of Finance Adolfo de la Huerta.

Presently strangers from interior Mexico appeared at the gaming tables, in the dance halls and in the saloons. Some of these visitors were men, some of them women. One of the latter, said to have been from Yucatan, became friendly with Colonel Esteban Cantu. There is a book in the archives of the Department of the Interior in Mexico City. It was written by this *Yucateca* and in it is set down the income of the territorial government of Lower California from the Mexicali resorts, and just what was the ultimate disposition of these funds. Since no one except Colonel Cantu, then Governor Cantu, knew exactly where all this money went, it is to be inferred that the woman obtained the information from him.

Then, quite suddenly, Governor Cantu was no longer governor. He made some show of resistance, but federal troops in numbers appeared simultaneously in many parts of Lower California. It seemed that they had come there all unbeknown to Governor Cantu. After some argument, Cantu removed himself to the United States, where he now is, or was when these lines were written. At any rate, he is out of the picture.

Then began the real cleaning up. With the aid of the Chinese, who own nearly $1,000,000 worth of business buildings and other property in Mexicali, a chamber of commerce was formed. Streets were cleaned and extended, men were given employment on roads, agriculture was encouraged by the furnishing, through the federal government, of implements, seeds and even land, to those who would plant cotton, corn, beans, or any other staple crop. Meanwhile, the Chinese merchants, headed by such men as W. J. Peters, who is an American citizen, by the way, and lives in Calexico, on this side of the line; Arturo Him Sang Lung, Pablo Chee and other leaders in the Chinese association, offered an immediate and cash market for all the products of that section of the country, as well as for such manufactured articles made in Mexicali as could be exported with profit.

These Chinese stood solidly back of the government they had helped to arouse; they bought everything produced in Northern Lower California; they brought in manufactured articles the country needed; the Chinese association built a club and hospital, at a cost of $50,000, which had been planned for two years later, to give immediate work to carpenters and masons of Mexicali. Peters himself erected a building costing $40,000; Sang Lung put up one costing $45,000 and Pablo Chee erected a "flatiron" concrete building at a cost of $50,000. These Chinese contributed to schools, and sent their children to them, until now there are six elementary schools and one high school, the latter recently erected.

Where the Owl gambling house flourished is now a motion picture show and a restaurant. In the place of the largest dance hall and "hotel" is today the Mexicali Chamber of Commerce; where another dance hall stood, is the market for farm products. In the cocking main is a bowling alley and a handball court, and a plan is now well under way to tear out one side of the bullfight arena, extend the ground and install a baseball diamond. Prosperity is in evidence in every line of Mexicali, and is beginning to appear to great degree in the other Mexican border towns, which have been cleaned out of virtually all their "resorts," none of them so effectively as Mexicali, because in none of them did the Mexican National Government have the support of so strong a force as the Chinese and their association in Mexicali.

There's Always Something New Under the Sun

Inventors Throughout the World Are Busy on Various Things

By A. R. PINCI

INVENTORS the world over seem to be disregarding the accepted signs of the times, and instead of lying low during the so-called industrial depression, are planning for the future. Having learned the bitter lesson taught by the recent war in the way of shortage of all needed materials, aided by science they are, each in his way, contending with Mother Nature, whose cornucopia has a habit in emergencies of running short. These efforts are directed at waste—man's waste and Nature's waste.

Artificial fabrics form perhaps the most important group. Germans, British and Japanese are devoting efforts to these discoveries. Experiments have been conducted at the Textile Institute at Leeds, England, for manufacturing by a chemical process artificial wool from cellulose derived from cotton waste. The problem today is to remove the "harder" feeling that this artificial fabric has in comparison to genuine wool, but it is believed that in due time this coarseness will be vanquished. This new wool, so to speak, may be easily dyed, but even more important is the quality of sturdiness. Its wearing possibilities are said to be excellent, and in combination with other fabrics its uses are unlimited.

The Germans are taking considerable interest in a patent recently taken out on a process for the manufacture of artificial wool. The process consists of compressing wool scraps, short fibers, washing wastes, ends, shreds, and soaking them in a solution of cellulose with glue. The product is then cut into thin sheets and strips, which can be treated like paper yarn. It is waterproofed by treating it with compounds of chromium and later with formaldehyde and tannin. The addition of glycerine gives flexibility. The product at this stage will resist the action of boiling water. It is claimed for it that this product possesses all the properties of real wool.

Japan has discovered a new fiber to mix with cotton which promises to surpass all cheap fabrics in the Orient. It is a kind of sea grass, known as sugamo, which, when properly treated and mixed with raw cotton, makes a thread strong and flexible. As this sea grass is plentiful about the shores of Japan there will be no trouble about quantity supplies, should it come into general use among the spinners.

According to late reports, the secret of the use of this weed lies in removing the skin completely without injury to the fiber. This secret has in the past baffled those who experimented with the old idea of utilizing sugamo for textile purposes. The commercial process being tried now is, of course, patented, but roughly speaking, it means that the dried plant is first boiled in lye for about two hours and then allowed to cool. Rewashing and boiling in ordinary water causes the outer skin to blister off, exposing the fiber within. The preparation for spinning is a work that does not require special pains.

Consular reports mention that the manufacture of paper from seaweed also is proving a profitable undertaking in Japan. A concern built two factories in less than two years to take care of its new business, which in a few months had a capacity of 150 tons of pulp daily, which is said to be largely used in the composition of cigaret paper. Its price is very low.

The experts in the employ of the British Indian Government have devoted much of their attention to the development of the pulp resources of that empire, at a time when the rest of the world is beginning to fear a shortage of wood pulp materials. The Indian authorities have experimented with pulp made from bamboo, of which they claim they can produce 15,000,000 tons yearly. This estimate is based after a survey of the bamboo and savannah grasses in sight along the coastal belt of Burma. It is said that bamboo pulp has many features in common with esparto and can be used for all grades of paper. The cost of production is said not to exceed one-half the present cost of wood pulp. While for newsprint bamboo pulp does not entirely take the place of strong sulphite, it can be advantageously used to the extent of about half the present percentage of sulphite.

Science now is ready to extract furfural from corncobs. Furfural is still in its infancy, even as a comparatively rare organic chemical, but a number of uses are already known for it, while the field for future development seems very promising. Among the known uses may be mentioned a series of dyes which may be produced by interaction with various coal tar derivatives; hard resins, similar to the well-known bakelite, and also soluble resins, which may find application in the varnish and lacquer trades. Although not so efficient as formaldehyde, furfural has antiseptic and deodorizing qualities, and also been found useful as an insecticide.

The American Chemical Society says of corncobs that they represent probably the greatest waste product of American agriculture. The pioneer work in the utilization of corncobs was done during the war by chemists of the Department of Agriculture, who devised a simple and economical method of extracting about one-fourth of the material of the cobs as an adhesive gum and about 40 per cent of the weight of the cobs as bleached white cellulose. Several useful and interesting by-products are obtained in this process besides furfural, about three per cent of which is formed as a by-product in the extraction of the first adhesive. By a new and very cheap method, the furfural may be separated almost quantitatively as a yellow, aromatic oil of high boiling point (162 degrees centigrade).

Corncobs may be closely related to fallen leaves, as a waste product, and for years scientists have gone about suspecting that those leaves may serve humanity. It has been said by scientists that these leaves must contain in direct proportion to their weight the same properties and qualities to be found in the trees on which they grew, whether wood, bark or other part. But the latest plan is very elemental; it is to take a page from Nature herself, which uses dead leaves as forest fertilizer, and adapt the waste leaves to the same uses nearer home. Fallen leaves represent a great waste of plant food. Leaves should be gathered about the home grounds and placed in a heap where they will decay and make humus. Or they may be spread over the lawn or garden patch and then spaded under thoroughly.

The idea is not new, but now botanists are taking seriously the idea that square trees would be more practical commercially, in terms of lumber and conservation, than the existing round or misshapen trees.

The sea, of course, has been the subject of all sorts of scientific myths from time immemorial. Perhaps the most astounding was that of turning sea water into gold. But now comes Professor Helland Hansen, of Norway, declaring that the new salt works at Bergen will produce 100 tons of metallic magnesium yearly, the raw materials being only salt water and electric power. Metallic magnesium is 35 per cent lighter than aluminum, and when the latter is alloyed with 80 per cent of magnesium it can advantageously be used in all kinds of motors, especially for self-propelled vehicles (submarine, air and surface), the lightness of the metal making it possible to economize greatly in power. As the present total production throughout the world is about 400 tons of magnesium, the new process conceals vast possibilities.

Synthetic ammonia is one of the new discoveries. A prominent Italian chemist has installed a plant in Italy, financed by American capital, by which he hopes to produce 1,000 tons of ammonia a day.

To what an extent glassmaking will be simplified or cheapened by the use of granulite is another of those scientific questions that the future alone can answer. But it seems that if British manufacturers fortunate enough to have found granulite and adopting it in the glass industry have made correct estimates of production costs, glassmaking in foreign countries by the present process will be found too expensive commercially. Granulite contains not only silica, soda, and alumina, all of which are necessary in glassmaking, but gives the best results in the production of glass of the highest quality.

It is claimed that there is an almost inexhaustible supply of it near the River Ockment, on the northern borders of Dartmoor. Glass bottles and jars will be made cheaper, according to latest reports, than anywhere else in the world.

Just at the time when navies of the world seem to be turning to oil as the modern fuel for propulsion, comes a report that there is something even better, and cheaper. It is said to be a colloidal fuel, a composite of pulverized coal and oil, giving ships a wider cruising radius with increased boiler efficiency. This new fuel is reported as having equal or superior steam-making power per unit of volume compared with standard navy oil fuel and saves from 25 to 35 per cent of expensive and scarce oil fuel by incorporating coal "into a treated composite where it will remain in a state of suspension."

This fuel may be made with the smaller sizes of coal too fine to be fired on grates. Thus earth, crushed anthracite and washings from rivers may be utilized.

When He Told How Rent Hogs Hogged It, He Lost His Job



MORGAN D. E. HITE

BECAUSE Morgan D. E. Hite, of New Orleans, accused Jew landlords and real estate agents of that city of being rent hogs, he was dismissed as chairman of the Louisiana Housing Commission by Governor John M. Parker. The commission was created by the state legislature to investigate why house rents were increased from 50 per cent to 200 per cent in a short time. The newspapers strongly supported Hite in his work until recently, when he made a public speech in which he placed the blame on Jews of that city. The newspapers then about faced and demanded that the governor remove Hite from office, and he was fired forthwith. But Hite is still active in his efforts in behalf of the tenants in his home city. He is president of an organization of tenants, which is continuing the fight directed by Hite, for reasonable rents, and the Jews are continuing to attack Hite. Hite is standing by his charges against the Jews and insists he has the proof. He has demanded a complete investigation of the entire rent-gouging question. Such an investigation would prove or disprove his charges, but word from New Orleans says it is believed there that such an investigation will not be held.

In his accusations against the Jews as rent profiteers, Mr. Hite set up what lawyers call a prima facie case. His case apparently was established by the evidence he submitted, and this evidence was neither explained away nor contradicted by the persons who are fighting him. Hite has obtained a great deal of information from tenants as to who raised their rents, and how it was done, but he has refused to make this information public until the proper time comes. He was summoned before the state real estate board, headed by a Jewish real estate agent, and requested to name three Jew real estate agents who had violated the law. He declared he would be willing to do so after the summer renting season was over, when the tenants would not be subject to persecution for a time at least. The investigation he asks would bring out all these things.

Moral Decay From Bondage to Foreign Fashions

The Fourth of the Series, "Fighting the Devil in Modern Babylon"

By DR. JOHN R. STRATON
Pastor, Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

FEMININE fashions have become a perennial source of interest and discussion. Even the Pope, the head of one great branch of the Christian church, has had to take note of the menace to morals seen in over-emphasis of the sex idea at the point of dress, and caused him to make some striking remarks on the matter. And I note that even so sedate and venerable a person as Dr. Charles W. Eliot has recently been sounding his warning against prevailing styles.

I am well aware that there are some today who challenge the right of any man to discuss woman's dress, even though he may be one whose life calling makes him a molder of public opinion and a conservator of moral ideals. The position is taken by this school of thought that what a woman wears or doesn't wear is her own affair alone and no one else has any business to interfere.

This attitude is a palpable overworking of the idea of "personal liberty." There are certain canons of decency and certain limitations which modesty, universal custom, and the long experience of the human race have accepted as righteous and true, and the violation of these essential things is not legitimate personal liberty, but anarchistic individualism, whether it is practiced by men or women. The hurtfulness of these things is due to the fact that we are born in this world to a social, and not a solitary, existence. What we do, therefore, as individuals, in the exercise of our "liberty," may profoundly harm, by its wrong example, our fellow mortals.

If, now, we are ready to allow personal liberty and the "rights" of sex to run to extremes, then we may as well make up our minds to sink back into savagery in other ways as well as in our ways of dress; but if there are established standards of decency and laws of modesty, then the time has come when the truth should be boldly stated and very definite steps taken to protect the race from the silliness and shame of foolish fads.

There are also economic considerations, as well as moral issues, involved in this question. The lightning-like rapidity with which styles succeed each other, for example, and the effect of these things on the domestic purse are among the striking phenomena in the field of fashion. One rhymester has aptly said:

"Mary had a little waist,
Where nature made it grow,
But everywhere that fashion went,
That waist was sure to go!"

A few years ago when bustles were all the rage, the fastidious maiden would have laughed you to scorn had you suggested a change; yet it was but a short time before new tendencies became operative in the style world, and the bustle began to dwindle, while, at the same time, the tops of the sleeves began to swell. The faster the bustle dwindled, the more rapidly the sleeves enlarged. The ladies stopped trying to float with a balloon attached at the back and tried them at the shoulders. The "big sleeve girl" was the idol of the hour, and the entire geography of the mysterious female costume had to be rewritten!

Then suddenly and without warning, either to artistic sense or exhausted pocketbook, the slave masters of fashion decreed that the big part of the sleeve must be at the bottom instead of the top. This necessitated another revolution, including the throwing away of old dresses and the purchase of new—much to the delight of dressmakers and merchants, but to the consternation of the exchequers of fathers and husbands.

Then came the "Merry Widow" bonnets, when the male half of congregations went into total eclipse, and the whole earth was full of the glory of hats as the waters cover the sea! Then, later, instead of going out at the sides like the "Merry Widows," until an umbrella dwindled into insignificance beside them, the hats ran up and toppled over into every imaginable fantastic shape. And now we have a mixture of the two styles and every conceivable color of feather and flower has been pressed into service, until the sanctuary on Easter Sunday looks like a head-on collision between a flower garden and a poultry show!

At one time the skirts were so wide that two ladies filled a parlor, but, anon, the word was passed down the line from Paris, and the hobble skirt dawned on us with the "Standing Room Only" sign displayed. The public was much diverted with the changed steps of ladies, as they tried to walk, and with their fantastic contortions in their efforts to get on street cars and climb the stairs.

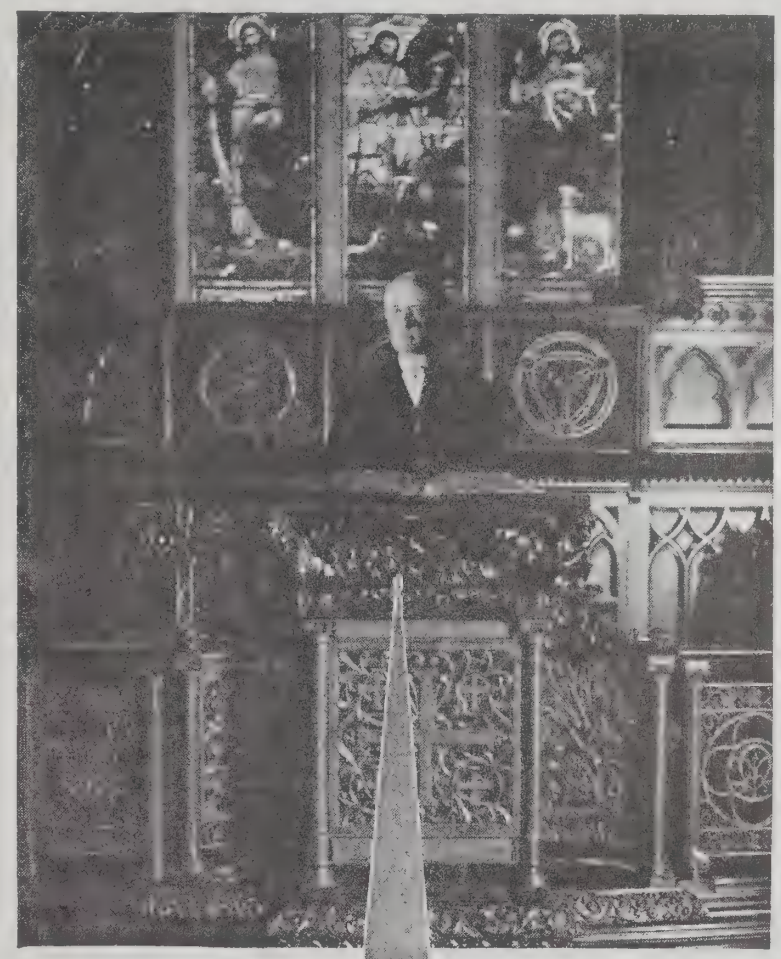
Then, once more, the fashion masters cracked their whips, and the skirts were widened some, but at the same time the decree was sent that they should also be shortened, and the results were indeed startling. The present altitude of the skirts and their condition of "unstable equilibrium"—as Herbert Spencer would have phrased it—has left us wondering whether there is any limit.

One with a touch of sentiment and imagination beautifully said, in the sweet long ago:

"The poem hangs on the berry bush,
When comes the poet's eye,
The street is one long masquerade,
When Shakespeare passes by."

But the street today and the hotel lobby and the theater foyer, yes, and even the vestibule of the church, is more than such a masquerade. It is a vaudeville show and hosiery bazaar and statuary exhibit rolled into one.

The greatest harm, perhaps, that flows from these modern fashions is their cheapening of womanhood. Women never win when they throw themselves at the heads of men. There is a certain reserve of femininity which is its chiefest charm and its greatest power—something of the atmosphere of sanctity amid the staggering irreverence of today; something of the veil of mystery and the glamour of romance amid the cloying commonplace; something of the sweet holiness of the unattained; something of the sacred shyness which still knows a blush; something left to the imagination and the yearning for the ideal; some halo in the gloom; some softness to ease the crass harshness of the race; some little touch of transfiguration light to glorify the drab dunness and the prosaic plainness of the times. There is power in these things. The obvious is always undesirable, and women have cheapened themselves in the eyes of men—yes, good and bad alike—by their weakness and folly at these points.





Upper—The REV. JOHN ROACH STRATON, D. D., in his pulpit in the Calvary Baptist Church, on Fifth Avenue. Lower—Exterior of the famous church.

In the grace and charm of true womanhood we have the one touch of heaven that makes tolerable the bleakness of earth. Her beauty has brightened life, her gentleness has softened its asperities, her voice has comforted its sorrows, her hand has cooled its fevered brows, and her goodness has purified its passions and lifted us all up nearer to God!

Must we lose these things for the sake of mere "smartness," or even for the sake of practical "progress" today? Some women complain that the men of today are losing respect for them. Can you wonder at it, when they practice such folly?

Do the good women of today, who allow themselves to conform to the degenerate fashions that are alleged to be imported from Paris, really know the harm that they often do by their extreme and questionable styles of dress? If some of our women, when they attend the ball or theater or walk the streets in garments that look as though they had been taken out of a nightmare—if some of the women thus attired could see the old men and the young men turn and gaze at them, and could hear their remarks, they would understand the profound harm they do by such thoughtlessness in dress. For the sake of being considered "smart," they help to destroy man's respect and veneration for womanhood. The slavish following of foreign fashions has been an ally of vice for years, in all our cities.

The greatest evil in modern styles is the fact that the present tendency toward undress is so obviously to direct attention to the sex idea. This idea is tremendously over-emphasized in our modern life any way. It is fired at us from the magazines, both the pictures in them and the stories. It is literally rubbed all over us in the motion picture show and the modern theater; it screams at us from the pages of the novels of today, and, that no man may escape, it parades itself in the follies of woman's styles.

Women are complaining today of the "double standard of morals," and they do right to complain; but, in Heaven's name, let them be consistent and not by their mode of dressing, their dances, and other follies unconsciously foster the very double standard of morals which they so righteously denounce. And certainly the thoughtful, noble women of today, strong with the new strength and freedom which have come to them in connection with their emancipation from ancient bondage, ought themselves to take the initiative and work out a solution for this problem which will remove from our modern life the over-emphasis on the sex idea, which is manifest in the follies of fashion. The strong women of today more and more are coming to recognize that these are real dangers, and surely they are.

What is the remedy for these evils? Well, for one thing, let American women assert their independence and refuse longer to pattern after Paris in their styles. We have in America the finest, strongest, sanest and most beautiful women on earth. Let them prove their true greatness now by breaking this bondage, and they will serve thereby not only the forces that are making for decency, purity and health, but they will also serve the great cause of justice to womanhood at every point, for the "woman movement" of today is hindered by these follies.

There is no way out from these problems, as well as from all our other modern problems, except to come back to the Bible standards of truth and learn the lessons of dress which God, our Heavenly Father, is trying to teach us. The Bible deals with every possible need of men and women in this world, and it has set forth clearly the exalted principles which should control all women in the adornment of their bodies. In I Peter, third chapter, third to fourth verses, for example, in referring to women's dress it says:

> "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner, in the old time, the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves."

May I ask you to read also I Timothy, second chapter, ninth and tenth verses, where it is written:

> "In like manner, also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with quietness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array: But (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

The conditions in our country and in the world today are too tragic for the strongest elements in our society to fritter away valuable time, money and effort on mere frivolity, when there is so much that is noble and constructive to invite our efforts.

Yes, let the great, good women of today, those who have not lost the vision of the lovely forces that beckon from the heights of life, bestir themselves.

What's the Matter With Father?

He Sees Too Little of His Son

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX

THERE was a more or less popular song about 10 years ago, the chorus of which asked the question, "What's the matter with father?" The answer was, "He's all right!"

But while the reply may have been satisfactory as far as the song was concerned, it is far from satisfactory as far as the relation goes today between the average father and the average son. Social workers and educators say that father is not "all right," and that there is certainly "something the matter" with many fathers.

In a well-known city the members of a social club spent an evening discussing "their boys." In beginning the discussion the speaker passed around pads and asked each man to think over his week's program and put down the number of hours a day (or a week) he spent with his sons.

It was most enlightening to look over the statements of these men. It may be interesting to try the experiment on yourself. Unless you are above the average, you will find very low numerals on your sheet of paper.

The majority of the members who answered the question had to honestly admit that they did not see much of their children on week-day mornings. Many of the men did not return to their homes for a noon lunch, or if they did it was eaten hurriedly. If the children did not take their lunch away from home the talk, if it concerned them at all, was comments on tardiness, or poor table manners, of lack of study, or complaints by one child concerning another or by the mother about her inability to make the children behave.

Two or three evenings a week the men remained down town on business, or were with men friends, or there were social engagements that consumed their time.

And when Sunday came they took trips unaccompanied by their sons; or their sons went away on trips with their companions. In averaging up the week there were few if any hours that fathers spent with their boys.

But these men—average men of America—could not see that they were to blame. When they were home, some of them complained that the children most likely would be attending some party, or just on their way to the movies. So these fathers rarely saw, except in a fleeting way, their children from one week's end to another. They scarcely kept up a mere acquaintanceship with their own sons!

A noted educator who always has taken a special interest in boys, and, of a consequence in their fathers, received this letter the other day:

"Dear Sir:

"What can I do to get my father interested in baseball? There doesn't seem to be anything we can talk about when we are at home, and naturally we are not very good friends. Yours truly, Edward M."

The records showed that that boy was one of a family of six of a well-to-do lumber dealer. The mother had previously written that there seemed to be little hope of awakening the father and that "anything done for her children would have to be done through her." This meant that this family, these children, and particularly this boy, who was entering the most difficult age of his life, was to all intents a half-orphan.

Yet this father was an "ideal" business man. He was doing much good in his own way. He was successful in every business undertaking except the most important one of being a father.

There seems to be a real scarcity of fathers. The so-called fathers of which the foregoing incident is but one is proof and the social club discussion but another. It indicates the trend of the times.

There are so many men who apparently delegate their jobs to some one else. They are among those who play the great American game of "passing the buck." As long as they are "a good provider" they think their duty is done. Yet they provide everything essential but themselves.

When a man makes a poor job of plumbing; or when a carpenter builds a house which doesn't stand plumb; when a merchant makes for himself a poor reputation among his customers, no one else will take the blame. His failure is naturally considered the result of poor workmanship on his part, or lack of business acumen, of unfitness for the work or lack of proper application to business.

When a father is confronted with failure in his own son—when this son turns out to be a good-for-nothing, a ne'er-do-well, a spendthrift, he puts the blame on the son—not on himself. And some way society in the past has condoned the father and has felt sorry for him. But there is a change coming. No longer do the neighbors pity such fathers, and condone the misfortune. They are beginning to feel that the father has not done all he could by merely giving the boy "an education," and "advantages."

As a matter of fact, the son who turns out to be a failure is not alone to blame. His parents are mostly to blame. It is more particularly the father who is at fault, for he has neglected to do his duty as the masculine parent, the masculine educator, the natural inspirer of his masculine offspring.

The disappointing son is as much a proof of poor educational workmanship, of paternal inefficiency and neglect, of educational folly and maladjustment, as was ever a leak in the plumbing, or a disjointed house, or a failure in business; which testified to the inefficiency of the workman or the business man.

Whatever may be said about the fine and enduring influence of mother in the life of a boy—and surely too much cannot be said—in the case of the growing lad it is the indisputable fact that at the age of 12 years at the latest, if the father isn't on the job, or rather hasn't been on the job, there is danger ahead. The signal shows red!



When father and son get out on the woodpile together, watch the chips fly. And they learn something more than chopping wood, too. Did you ever try a job working with your son? It's enlightening.

The things that actually happen because of the neglect of fathers would almost seem unbelievable were it not that actual experiences make the matter only too real.

One intelligent and apparently considerate father of a family of three casually remarked not long ago, "I never happened to be home when any of my children were born." This man practices parenthood "in absentia," which might also be a sort of "absent treatment" father, as later results proved. It seems strange that such men call their children "my" children.

In later years it came to pass that this father had to "happen around" with a good-sized check and with much anguish of heart to get his son out of a scrape into which his excess energy had misguided him. There is, of course, no apology for the son, but there cannot but be blame for the father.

Another man said, "I really can't understand George very well. His mother, you know, has had full charge of him. I haven't time for such things."

He had time at a recent holiday festival to listen to a recital in court of his boy and other boys who had been spending their time in small gambling and drinking with certain undesirable female companions. These are not such extreme cases as might be supposed. They occur in a greater or less degree every day in the large cities of America. Such men would do well to release themselves from their business occasionally and put a note on their desk pads something like this:

GONE TO ATTEND TO BUSINESS
AT HOME.
WILL BE BACK WHEN THIS IS
ACCOMPLISHED.

The public school system of America is a wonderful institution, but it will never take the place of the father, even though fathers give it every opportunity to do so.

For one thing, the modern public school lacks masculinity. There are many cities where in all the elementary grades there is not one man teacher. In several cities that have recently been examined there are on the average for each city about 64 teachers, and all but 18 of them are women. It is quite apparent that the boys in these cities will not come under masculine influences to any extent from their birth on through the high school age.

Former President Theodore Roosevelt throughout his married life took an active interest not only in his own boys, but helped to encourage and inspire the sons of fathers who were "too busy."

The dominating passion of his life was devotion to his family—and a true understanding of the man cannot be had short of his own threshhold. It is in the memory of his loved ones that the true measure of Theodore Roosevelt is found.

"At times," Archie Roosevelt once remarked, "I have positively marveled at father's inexhaustible patience."

Those who were nearest Theodore Roosevelt, friends such as Jacob Riis, General Wood, Senators Lodge and Root, and even the old employes of the White House, declare that the outstanding feature of Theodore Roosevelt's life was his love for his family. He was before all else, a father.

Never did the promise of a career interfere with those home obligations which he regarded as his duties—and of which he was very proud—and the little acts of respect and courtesy and companionship to his wife and the hours devoted to his children.

"No matter how strenuous the day, how pressing the problems nor how trifling our troubles," according to the younger Theodore, "father always had time to give us. It was his invariable rule to devote a certain amount of time to us *every day*, and that he did as surely as he was home.

"No Senate battle or Cabinet tangle was ever fierce or intricate enough to cause us to be neglected. Even in the days when his political battles were white-hot he continued to sacrifice his chances to be with us.

"Then he would close his desk and come out to Sagamore Hill to help us train a dog, or hold a court-martial or go for a long tramp in the woods or for a night along the coast. He would teach us how to make the campfire and to cook over it, and then thrill and fascinate us with stories."

As another of his sons said at one time: "He wanted his boys to grow up into men, not mollycoddles—so the training he gave us was naturally somewhat strenuous."

And that is just the training that most boys need. A strenuous training such as men can give *in addition* to the influences of their mothers and teachers.

The Roosevelt slogan exemplified this idea, and he taught it and lived it: "Don't flinch; don't foul, but hit the line hard." This motto was the property of his boys long before it ever reached the politicians.

And that is just the kind of fathers who are needed in America today as never before. Fathers—and there are thousands of them who can if they would—if they just understood, be as much to their children as ever the mother is. They can—if they will—exert a tremendous influence for true American citizenship, for fair play, for clean standards and living, for uprightness and honesty and for the sturdy American aggressiveness that is needed right now and will be needed in an ever-increasing degree to keep this old world level and balanced.

But somehow, right here in America father seems to be at the mercy of his growing brood. He is the burden-bearer of the family. His wife shares this office with him to the extent of administering his funds and managing the household. It is in carrying this burden of family that the average American loses the joy of



Does father like to go fishing? Then you can wager your last dollar that the lad is aching for an invitation to go along! What fun out there with dad! And what companionship for both of them. They will both learn things about each other that they never knew before. Father and son day as pictured in the center with a few daughters along for good measure is a real milestone in the lives of both father and son. There ought to be more of them. Father thinks the world of that boy even before the boy can talk. If he will just remember to spend some time with him regularly as he grows up, he will have many opportunities to feel repaid later on.

fatherhood. The small, intimate manifestations which would at once win him the place of honor in the hearts of his children are swallowed up in the larger, all-inclusive position of provider.

All this time father seems not to know of the daily doings of his growing brood. He seldom holds a connected conversation with one of them, but he is, nevertheless, working for his family, is feeding, clothing, housing, and providing comfort and pleasures for his boys and girls, is making possible their every little blessing, and is doing it at the expense of his own personal pleasures and needs. Too often each white hair that shows itself in the ever-thickening crop of gray, each added line in the frequently tired face, the ever-increasing stoop to the shoulders—shoulders that mother once poetized as such splendid bulwarks of strength—these are the price father is paying for fatherhood, and they are the marks of his service.

So there is real force to the excuse of father when he says, "I am too tired." He has had a strenuous day at the office, no doubt. Then Tom and Louise come bounding in from the confinement of school ready for a romp or a fight. Then it is that he wishes they would not bother him and that they would get their amusement somewhere else. And perhaps he grows cross, when he does not mean to be cross.

Then he finds that the family grows to ignore him more and more as they become older. And it worries him. He really doesn't wish it to be that way, but he doesn't know how to prevent it.

He remembers the first days of his marriage. It was different then, when the children were coming and when they were young. Then he was almost a king and the chief consoler of troubles.

Now he comes home to an atmosphere of fearfulness and distrust. "What have I done?" he asks himself. And, strange as it may seem, everywhere he looks he sees something that irritates his tongue to correction. His wife seems to be standing between him and the children, and the children themselves are constantly hiding from him.

Tom was caught smoking by his mother, or wants a motorcycle, or didn't do well in school this month. And Mary, who is thinking of putting her hair up on her head or bobbing it, wants a low-neck gown and would like to go to the high school dance with a boy whom father does not know. And their mother has promised to speak to the father about their desires when he is in good temper. But somehow he never seems to be in a good temper and he always is learning of things that he thinks he should have been told of a week before. He resents this secrecy and he is unhappy, but he can find no solution for his sadness. His life is crumbling where it should be most sound—yet he never thinks of blaming himself.

But one father found out and one boy sensed this difficulty. The boy was telling the story:

"My father was a very upright man and much respected among his business associates and I stood in considerable awe and fear of him. I had always associated him with business, for he was either hurrying to the office or coming home late, tired and cross. I was proud of him, but I did not really know him.

"One time I did something that he had always forbidden. I had been smoking. I was closeted with father for some time. He began with the usual advice and the scolding. He felt terribly that a son of his had been so weak. During my "lecture" his voice broke and that one thing brought me up standing at once.

"Why, father," I blurted out, "if I had realized you would care so much, I would never have been tempted to do it."

"Son, son," he said, in a quavering voice, "that's just it. If I had fathered you enough you would have understood how it would have hurt me. I've left all the loving to mother and mothers just can't *father,* too."

Later on when this young man was married, his father came to him and said, "if it please God to give you children, son, be sure and father them. Be a kiss-the-bump-and-make-it-well father; be a tuck-them-in-father and be a father confidant. Don't forget that."

And that is a part of the secret of being a successful father today, *now.* Taking some time each day to be with the boys, perhaps a week-end away from home, an evening or two a week with them, keeping their confidence, helping in their education.

Let there be a "Father's Hour" each day when father may have the children for himself, when he can enjoy their viewpoint and when they can expand in his larger experience. He can play with them, walk and talk with them, laugh and study with them—and he will *know* them.

Then much of the future of America will be solved—its success and well-being will be assured and the sons can shout in boisterous sincerity, "What's the matter with father?" Then the reply will come with full meaning and volume from the police officers and judges, and lawyers and juvenile court workers, and city mothers and legislators and statesmen, and the *sons themselves,* "He's all right!"

First Municipal Railroad Links Two Big Cities

(Concluded from page 3)

was begun in 1836. One million dollars was privately subscribed for the construction of the railroad. But nothing substantial came from this. There also was in that year a great deal of jubilation in Cincinnati because of the grant by the legislature of Kentucky for the Cincinnati, Lexington & Charleston Railroad. And in 1836 the Ohio legislature granted a charter for the building of the Little Miami Railroad. It was completed between Cincinnati and Xenia in 1844.

In 1836, the "Great Southwestern Railroad Conference" was held in Knoxville. Cincinnati sent a big and a strong delegation. Virtually all the states in the South sent delegates, and after an enthusiastic discussion of railroads, it appeared that no time would be lost in the construction of a railroad from Cincinnati to Charleston. All plans came to an empty end, however, during the panic of 1837.

Pronounced decline of Cincinnati's river traffic to the South came in 1859, when the Louisville & Nashville Railroad was put in operation between Louisville and Nashville.

At the conclusion of the war, Cincinnati's river traffic flared for a time, and then relapsed. In the meantime, the work of rejuvenation was going on in the South, and Cincinnati had no means of direct access to it. When it appeared that comparatively and commercially speaking, Cincinnati was about to wither and blow away E. A. Ferguson, Cincinnati attorney, came forward with a statement.

"We want a railroad into the South," he said. "Very well; we'll build it.

"It makes no difference where a public improvement for the benefit of the city is located," he concluded, "so long as it is a benefit to the city, the city has the power to build it."

Ferguson backed his statement with a bill that got around the constitutional inhibition against lending the city's credit to a private corporation. This bill provided that whenever the city council of Cincinnati (then a city of the first class, having a population of more than 150,000) should declare it essential to the city's interests to provide a railway, one terminal of which should be at Cincinnati, and a majority of the city's qualified electors, at a special election held for that purpose, should approve such declaration, it should be the duty of the superior court of Cincinnati to appoint five trustees to carry out the will of the electors.

The new railroad was "to be built to a given point." Because 4,000 miles of railroads, penetrating the South, converged at Chattanooga, that city was selected by a special council committee, and this selection was announced in the resolution calling for the election on June 26, 1869. The result of the election was 15,423 in favor of building the railroad, and 1,500 against the project.

Early in the summer of 1872 the first lot of bonds, amounting to $150,000, was offered for sale. These bonds bore seven per cent interest, and were sold to a Cincinnati bank. Congress authorized the construction of a bridge across the Ohio River. The legislature of Ohio authorized the "completing and leasing" of the proposed railroad.

"Completing and leasing," however, was knocked into a cocked hat by failure to negotiate the sale of the bonds in New York. About that time, Jay Cooke & Company failed, and business depression seized the United States. Cincinnatians demanded that the railroad project be abandoned. They argued that not a spadeful of earth had been turned, though four and one-half years had elapsed since the enterprise was set afloat.

The trustees raised $5,000 on their personal credit, and, in December, 1873, awarded the first contract for excavation. In February, 1874, a statement of location of the entire route, including names, was published. In March, 1874, $1,000,000 worth of bonds was sold in New York; a second $1,000,000 worth was sold in May; still another $1,000,000 in October, and in May, 1875, the remainder of the issue was disposed of.

In November, 1875, the chief engineer estimated the cost of completing the railroad, exclusive of general expenses and right of way, at $15,916,096. The trustees prepared a bill, and presented it to the legislature, asking authority to borrow an additional $6,000,000. This bill met considerable opposition in Cincinnati. It was strongly advocated that all work stop, and that the $10,000,000 be abandoned, rather than add to it $6,000,000 of indebtedness. The bill was amended to provide for submission to a vote of the people of Cincinnati. An election was held on March 14, 1876. The result was 21,701 yeas and 9,013 nays. There was no difficulty in floating the new bond issue, and the road was completed to Somerset, Kentucky, and opened to traffic in July, 1877. It was leased on a determinable license to the Cincinnati Southern Railway Company, composed chiefly of Cincinnati capitalists.

Looking over what was done by Cincinnati in what was, perhaps, the greatest movement ever instituted and finished by an American city for the preservation and development of its commerce, three things are prominent. First, the city saved its trade at a time when it appeared that Cincinnati was pocketed and doomed to shrivel to insignificance.

Second, the foresight of the men who are responsible for the road kept the enterprise entirely out of the hands of the politicians.

Finally, to the Cincinnatian there is the courage of the road's projectors. They built a railroad across the mountain country of Kentucky and Tennessee when that country was a wilderness, unknown to the outside world.

This is the why and the what, the where and the when, of the assertion made by Cincinnatians that each citizen of their city shares in the ownership of a long distance steam railroad; and this is proof of the assertion that Cincinnati has the longest city street in the world.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The original records of Juan de Anza, the first Spaniard to enter California from the Southeast, have been discovered in libraries of Mexico, where they had been lost. These records are in the form of diaries and record in minute detail an expedition in 1775 from Spain's northernmost outpost to the San Joaquin Valley and San Francisco Bay, faithfully depicting the life of that time in what is now California.

War horses and mules attached to the American forces during the World War have been commemorated by a bronze tablet recently unveiled in the War and Navy Building at Washington.

The Chinese language is to be taught at Harvard this year.

The original manuscripts of the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence have been removed from the State Department and have been placed in the Library of Congress, that building being of modern fireproof construction, with appropriate exhibition halls.

Demonstrating parachutes for an aerial equipment company is a hazardous occupation. A demonstrator in Dayton jumped from a plane several times in attempting to prove that he could safely jump from a plane no matter what position or trouble the ship might be in.

A clue to gold dust and nuggets valued at $85,000, hidden by miners years ago during Indian depredations near Quincy, Washington, has been discovered in the form of a cache of saddles and other accoutrements. If Mrs. Eliza Turtle, formerly of Salem, Oregon, can be found the treasure can be located. She has hunted for the saddle cache, knowing that if she found it she could walk to the spot where the gold is hidden. Mrs. Turtle was a child when the incident occurred and has a map left her by her father, one of the miners.

A diamond weighing 20.25 carats in the rough was recently found in the Pike County diamond field of Arkansas.

Because he did not want to work more than eight hours a day, a Denver substitute mail carrier destroyed more than 10,000 letters. Five hundred pounds of letters were found in the basement of his home by detectives.

A lock of Napoleon's hair has been found by a granddaughter of a famous composer, in the case of a gold watch presented him by Princess Pauline shortly after Napoleon's death. A letter from the princess to the composer at the time the gift was presented establishes its authenticity.

Two mushrooms, four feet across and weighing between nine and 10 pounds each, were recently found on an estate in Saint Germain, France. The species is known popularly in the district as the "death's head" mushroom and is edible.

An automobile connection across the Sahara Desert is the plan of a French engineer, who is experimenting with cars specially constructed to cross sand and climb sharp undulations. Six automobiles will make the trip. The cars are of the caterpillar type. If the trip is a success it will mean the establishment of road communication throughout the French African empire and will aid in its development.

Non-freezing dynamite has been invented by a manufacturer as a result of years of experimenting.

An entire valley of almost pure iron ore, lying on the shores of Lake Athabasca in the Canadian Northwest, has been discovered by a resident of the Edmonton district and his son. Transportation facilities are such, however, that it will be many years before the property can be developed.

Many long-haired cattle are living wild in the foothills of the mountains of certain parts of Washington state, according to accounts of Ozette Indians. In summer they follow the water courses down to the lowlands, treeing hunters when they come in sight. The Indians say the meat of these cattle tastes of cedar and is not fit to eat.

An enterprising advertising artist barely escaped serious consequences when he undertook to smear a big cigaret sign across the sacred "painted rocks" of the Yakima Indian reservation. Nearly a hundred braves raced their ponies to Wapato just as the North Coast Limited was due to leave, and insisted on searching the coaches for the painter. Failing to find him, the Indians returned to the reservation and with turpentine washed off the offending advertisement. The Yakimas believe the hieroglyphics on the rocks to be of divine origin.

A "bungalow" covering the entire top of a 15-story Battery Park building in New York City is the home of a wealthy bachelor. There he lives as isolated as if it were the heart of the jungle. The only sounds which penetrate to this height are the fog horns of boats plying the rivers which inclose the Battery. The "bungalow" contains sleeping and drawing rooms, gymnasium, billiard room and a chemical laboratory, where the owner, an inventor, spends many hours experimenting.

Five hundred persons are housed to the acre in certain parts of London.

Apple growers on the Pacific Coast have adopted a new system of advertising their product. They have invented an electrical branding instrument which brands the skin of the fruit and does not affect the quality.

Claysburg, Indiana, will not bother with an election this autumn. This town believes the present administration is good enough and has decided to let the municipal election go by default. The present officers will hold over and neither party will put a ticket in the field.

Fire destroyed what is believed to be the first department store in America recently, when the old Ford store of Duxbury, Massachusetts, burned to the ground. Clipper ships of New England brought goods from Europe and the West Indies for sale over its counters. The store was built in 1826.

Muir Glacier in Alaska has receded 60 miles in the last 127 years.

Profiteering by whites, it is alleged, has driven the Indians of the Southwest back to the use of bows and arrows in hunting game. The Navajo and Ute Indians are shooting jack rabbits and prairie dogs with this weapon because of the high cost of ammunition. The animals are easily killed at a short distance with the bow and arrow.

Atlanta, Georgia, has a Carnegie Library for Negroes.

A French engineer has invented a stabilizer for airplanes which, it is said, will make it possible for the pilot to leave his post while the machine automatically flies. In a test a large passenger-carrying machine flew from Paris to Amsterdam without the pilot once touching the levers. It is claimed that in a fog or thick clouds the appliance assures the plane keeping the correct course. Electric lights reveal any deviation at night. The appliance weighs only 88 pounds and does not interfere with the ordinary steering gears.

Many tons of wild rice, fully as nourishing as the tame rice, is going to waste in the marshes of the Pacific Northwest. Indians gather their winter supply by running their canoes through the marshes and knocking the heads and kernels together over the canoe, the threshed grain dropping to the bottom of the craft.

A mammoth cave rivaling that of Kentucky has been discovered in a secluded section of the Olympic mountains of Washington, by woodsmen. The opening resembles a gigantic tunnel 60 feet in diameter and 1,000 feet in length. Beyond this there are large rooms with high ceilings. A pit in one of the passages is so deep that a stone did not strike bottom for five seconds. Further investigation is to be made soon.

Every 11 days America has as many divorces as England has in one year. Every four minutes of every day and night some American couple arranges alimony. American men and women to the number of 3,767,182 have obtained divorces in the last 20 years. Minor children numbering 5,600,000 were involved in these cases, their homes being wrecked by the divorce mills.

Silk stockings are being made from ordinary sand by a young Russian engineer in Paris. By combining silica with other ingredients he has created a material which is as easily woven as the choicest silks, at a cost of about one-fourth of genuine silk.

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West's Revolt in the Steel Trade

Keeping Them On the Farm

Why Families Leave Home

By HOWARD EGBERT



JUDGE ROLAND G. BAGGOTT,

Judge of the Court of Domestic Relations, Dayton, and Judge of the Juvenile Court.

Sparks From Judge Baggott's Anvil

Canned baked beans have contributed as much to the breaking up of homes as any other one element.

There is no such thing as the "home harmonious" when the principal actors find themselves at the same time tired out and out of sorts.

Nine out of every ten husbands are liars and all of them are more or less vain.

Parents will do well to tell their children the truth about sex problems.

Vanity is a predominating influence in the breaking up of homes.

An unreasonable woman is a hard proposition to solve.

Husbands and wives, generally speaking, do not study the home problems seriously enough.

If I had my way all back yard fences would be torn down. They have aided in wrecking many homes.

A woman likes to be seen in her husband's company occasionally.

We do many things to see what effect what we do will have on other persons.

Ordinary family arguments never foment serious trouble.

(Editor's Note—Judge Roland G. Baggott, of Dayton, Ohio, has made a conspicuous record on the Juvenile Court bench and as judge of the Court of Domestic Relations by his clear understanding of human nature. Himself a devoted student of the human race, Judge Baggott has heard within the last decade thousands of divorce cases and handled thousands of delinquency cases involving men, women, boys and girls. What he has to say in this article is some of the knowledge he has obtained from close application to the subject.)

BILL OF THE PLAY

Scene—The average American home.
Time—Along about the dinner hour.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Husband—Tired after a hard day's work.
The Wife—Tired after the movies or shopping tour.

THERE you have the principal characters in the average drama of the American home, according to Judge Roland G. Baggott, of the Court of Domestic Relations, Dayton, Ohio.

"There never is such a thing as the 'home harmonious' when the principal actors find themselves at the same time out of sorts and tired," says the judge. He ought to know. He has handled thousands of divorce suits in his judicial career. It has been his job to study the problem, "Why Families Leave Home," because families do leave home with considerable frequency these days.

"Canned baked beans have contributed as much to the answer to this question as any other one element," Judge Baggott remarked. "By that I mean this: in such cases where the woman in the home goes tramping off down town to the movies or on a shopping trip or to some card party or what not, as a general rule it is 'way after five o'clock before she begins to recollect that she has a home to go to. Of a sudden the amazing thought that she might be expected to get home in time to get Henry's dinner ready, dawns on her. And so away she hustles. On her way she passes a grocery. Just the thing for her. Why, they have the best baked beans all prepared in cans and, of course, Henry will be simply crazy to eat baked beans once more. It has been almost 48 hours since he has been served with this 'tempting fruit.' Then there is the delicatessen. She can get some cold potato salad there and perhaps a portion of a cheese. What in the world more could a man want for dinner than baked beans, potato salad and cheese? The wife confesses she is unable to undersand a man who would expect more than that.

Most Husbands Are Vain

"BUT the man has been sitting out on the front porch for an hour, smoking and reading and playing with the boy or the dog or the cat, and when he sits down to a meal of that kind—good night, love. Love hasn't a ghost of a chance to survive.

"Two or three applications of this character usually are sufficient to 'cure' the man on the front porch. And so he takes up golf and plays until six or seven o'clock and forgets to tell the good wife where he is. She sits down and eats alone and then berates him for his lack of civility in failing to keep his dinner engagement. And so it goes on ad infinitum, until some unhappy day one or the other lands in the divorce court and another family has left home.

"Nine out of 10 husbands are liars and all of them are more or less vain," continued Judge Baggott. "Women, on the other hand, in increasing numbers, are not willing to give in a little to meet man's vanity or eccentricities. The result is the Court of Domestic Relations, then divorce, and, subsequently, a broken up family."

Another reason for the breaking up of homes, and which is developing to an alarming extent in the United States, has its inception in childhood, the judge believes.

"Take the average boy, for example," he says. "He is a nomad by nature. The average girl, after she reaches the age when she is able to tell whether her home is prettier or less attractive than some other girl's home, is ruled in an immeasurable way by environment. Parents do not tell the truth to their children. The result is the boy or girl grows up into young manhood or young womanhood knowing nothing about sex problems, practically nothing worth while about marriage and certainly absolutely nothing about the things which make a home the best place on earth—heaven in itself.

"I have had wives come to my office and cry over the fact that they have worked day in and day out while some scoundrel of a husband wouldn't spend a nickel on them to take them to a picture show at night. A woman likes to be seen in her husband's company occasionally. The right kind of a husband is proud to be seen in the presence of his wife. Yet vanity is a predominating influence in breaking up homes. I have talked to lots of women whose chief cause of complaint against their husbands has been that he would not spend $30 a week on their happiness when the poor devil was making only $25 a week. An unreasonable woman is a hard proposition to solve. Many husbands, on the other hand, are too blamed economical to be entitled to good wives. Some of them think if they bring wife home a package of chewing gum every week or a motion picture weekly once a month they have been extremely prodigal. He will spend $10 on himself to $1 on his wife and then wonder why she isn't crazy about him. I know why lots of wives aren't crazy about their husbands, and the answer is found in the dollar mark.

Fail to Study Home Problems

"THEN there is another thing that I find enters into this business of families going wrong. Lots of women have worked before they were married. They have saved up a little money and then along comes some good-for-nothing and thinks because he has married her she ought to hand over everything she possesses. Some women respond quickly to such an appeal. And they always find they have driven a bad bargain. Any husband who expects his wife to keep him or contribute to his support or the family's support, provided he is able bodied and has work, isn't a husband at all—he's just an ordinary loafer.

"Husbands and wives do not, generally speaking, study the problems of the home seriously enough. I know a family that needed five years to adjust itself. Nothing ever went right in the family. First it was the wife who went back to her mother and then it was the husband who went back to his original apartment. One day the two met accidentally, after a two-months' separation. Both were old enough to know better and in an instant they agreed to make up and work out their problems together. It takes at least two persons to comprise a home. And I may say from my own experiences it takes two persons to run a home.

"Nevertheless, about eight per cent of the second marriages of either men or women 'stick.' By this I mean that in about eight per cent of cases of divorcees remarrying each goes about the thing in a more careful and studious manner. The mistakes they make the first time rarely are repeated. From many years' experience on the bench, handling all manner of domestic entanglements, I am safe in saying that one out of every five first marriages are good marriages and happy married life results.

"If I had my way about it, all back yard fences would be torn down. The old-fashioned, and still somewhat popular custom even today of discussing scandal over the back fence, has done more to wreck homes than most people imagine. There is nothing in the world that beats gossiping during the morning over the fence. I believe you'll find where fences have been jerked down gossip quickly subsides.

"I've never feared much from the so-called 'vamp' or in dress reform or in the others which seek to regulate the length of girls' skirts or the way their hair is dressed. No man would like to have his wife dress up like these so-called 'vamps,' who paint and powder and make such a showing on our public thoroughfares. If the average man who goes out of his way to look at a 'vamp' would see his wife dressed like one he would jump in the river from embarrassment or mortification. Physical appeal has had a part to play in breaking up homes, I suppose. A wife who refuses to make herself look as attractive as she can, cannot expect to find her husband raving about her, when he has a perfectly wonderful chance to see other women, with as much money as his wife has to spend, looking chic and interesting.

"Immodest dress is a characteristic phrase that we have grown into the habit of using to a more or less degree. As a matter of fact, if every woman in the average town would spring out of her home some morning with her dresses up to her knees, the men wouldn't pay any more attention to them than they would to some homely spinster who ran around in hoop skirts. It is the fact that a few dress in immeasurably short clothes that causes the comment. But 'vamps' and that sort of thing rarely break up homes. Generally speaking, the trouble lies with the husband and wife and their attitude toward each other.

"I always take an interest in boys and girls. I have two boys in my home and I know they are going to be good boys. I have abiding faith in the youth of this country. Not long ago, following a practice I have followed since I have been on the bench, I talked to a lad who repeatedly stayed out of school. He sat down next to me in my private office a week or so ago. 'See here, my lad,' I said, 'I'm your friend and I want to get you going in the right way.' Then I told him I could remember a time when I was a kid and never liked to go to school and used to play hooky occasionally. I made that boy my friend, rather than an enemy. I didn't try to frighten him with visions of the reformatory, and so on. In the end he laughed at some of the experiences of mine which I recounted. Today he is back in school and is hitting on all cylinders."

It ought to be mentioned right here that Judge Baggott instituted something in the way of a novelty for about 35 boys who were wards of the Juvenile Court in Dayton. He collected about $300 from lawyers and friends of the boys and established a three-weeks' camp near Dayton. Officials from the Juvenile Court went along to sort of "father" the crowd. Not a boy returned who was not better for the experience. "I simply wanted to show those boys that the court wanted to be a big brother to them and to help them rather than compel them to do something that they ought to be willing to do.

Must Understand Each Other

"THE whole problem of the American home, after all, is simply that of arriving at the right kind of understanding as between the husband and wife and as between the parents and children. We are in a measure actors. We do many things to see what effect what we do will have on others. Men have to be humored, simply because they are boys of an older growth, I suppose. Women need the sympathetic concern of men, not because they are the weaker sex (I am not persuaded that they are), but rather because the Lord laid the burden of providing the home on man. Men ought to provide, for a home means proper respect for his wife and children and the right kind of an environment.

"In my work I come in contact with social service workers. I admire them for what they are doing and attempting to do. But back of everything else, in our judicial dealings with men, women, boys or girls, one has to remember that the human frailties must be studied. In my court room there is a map of Dayton with different colored tacks showing delinquency cases. I have observed, for example, in North Dayton, which in large measure is settled by those of foreign birth, since the establishment of the Barney Community Center, the boys aren't as bad as they used to be and the girls do not give us the trouble they formerly gave us.

"I am not apprehensive of the future. I have great hopes for it. It is only when the man in the house and the woman in the house, make up their minds that it is their house to do with as they will together that things will take a decided turn for the better."

The Story of "Tark," of Whom Hoosiers Are Proud

In Which Newton B. Tarkington Says Persistence Won for Him

By FRED L. HOLMES

"I CANNOT say which manuscript I have written gave me most pleasure in preparing. I am unable to recall any pleasure of this kind—except now and then a moment when it seemed to me, usually temporarily, that I had written a short passage rather well."

Booth Tarkington was talking. Newton Booth Tarkington to be exact, but not one in ten of his friends have ever heard him called Newton. More of his close friends call him "Tark," the name that has clung to him from Princeton college days. Romping across the campus evenings the students would call in measured symphonic voices, breaking into a diapason, "Tark" "Tark" "Tark," when they wanted him to sing, "On the Road to Mandalay," or "They're Hanging Danny Deever," for be it known that in those days Tarkington could sing and win the pleasure of an audience, just as he can write novels now that meet the plaudits of his countrymen.

Fortune has since smiled on Booth Tarkington. It is altogether different now than in early days when he wrote scores of manuscripts and saw them come tumbling back in bunches from the hands of the mail man, all bearing the little blue rejection slips. His recent successes have made possible the ownership of a beautiful summer home at Kennebunkport, Maine. This mammoth residence crowns the hill back of the little village of about 3,000 inhabitants and from its front porticos there is a commanding view across the hamlet to the ocean beyond. At the rear of the house are undulating woodlands that crowd his back dooryard—a landscape view of either sea or land as the fancy dictates.

But there have been days when he has not dwelt amid such inspiring surroundings—days when in his own heart he wondered if success would ever come. If every man who has set out to do a definite task possessed the courage of Mr. Tarkington he would win in the end. Others fail because they cannot bear the continual buffeting of disappointments.

"Before 'The Gentleman From Indiana' was accepted," Mr. Tarkington told me, "I had written a great many manuscripts, but my 'literary' earnings' had reached a total of $61.50; the items being: $15 for a prize story and $25 for the words of a prize song, both at Princeton; $20 for a drawing and a text in *Life* and $1.50 for a joke in the same periodical."

It is not the big things in life that send one up the pathway to success. Little encouragements turn the scales. Jesse Lynch Williams, New York, now the author of a score of books, was in college with Mr. Tarkington and claims to have given the inspiration nudge.

"I had told Tarkington that I thought perhaps he could write," says Mr. Williams, "and I really meant it. He did not seem to think so, but I told him, most kindly, that one never can tell till one tries. In short, I was probably as patronizing as became my superior rank as a senior and an editor. He was a fresh-junior and nobody in particular—as yet. But that doesn't matter. He wrote a story, and it was a good one. It won the competition and the prize was $15. Thus encouraged, he has been writing ever since. In short, I began his career for him."

It remained, however, for S. S. McClure to find the author and bring him to public attention. The little cream puff of literature, "Monsieur Beaucaire," lay in Booth Tarkington's desk two years before the author had the courage and confidence to submit it to a publisher.

Following college life, he attempted newspaper work, but found it irksome and unremunerative. Then he turned to writing manuscripts and plays. In 1895 he went to New York from his home in Indianapolis to bring out some of his plays, and failing, he returned home.

"I then wrote a story of 50,000 words," continued Mr. Tarkington. "It was rejected by many publishers, but became the greater part of 'The Gentleman From Indiana,' so my pains were not thrown away. I submitted 'Monsieur Beaucaire' to McClure's, which they liked, and wrote to me asking me to call, and inquiring if I had written anything else. I spoke of 'The Gentleman From Indiana,' which was in an unfinished state. They asked to see it, advised me to complete it, and then to do a little pruning, and I might say I did not spare it, but slashed, condensed, and rewrote the book from beginning to end; always bearing in mind that it was to be a serial, and that each installment should in some way make reference to the past, and have an ending both satisfactory and carrying—which the publishers excused me from doing in 'The Two Vanrevels.'"

Success came more rapidly now. After the publication of "Monsieur Beaucaire" in 1899, Mr. Tarkington suddenly sprang into notice. Many of his volumes bear a distinct resemblance to the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, whom he has studied faithfully, if not accepted as a model. Who in reading "The Two Vanrevels" is not struck with the likeness and tone of Stevenson's "The Wreckers." But this can be forgiven, for Tarkington's favorite among Stevenson's books is "The Wreckers." "The Two Vanrevels" is a book of imagination, vigor, portraiture, dramatic tone, and a touch of humor.



Booth Tarkington in the boat room in his "Seawood" home writing a brief manuscript.

A shelf full of books have followed this first success—"The Gentleman From Indiana," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Two Vanrevels," "Cherry," "In the Arena," "The Conquest of Canaan," "The Beautiful Lady," "His Own People," "Guest of Quesnay," "Beasley's Christmas Party," "Beauty and the Jacobin," "The Flirt," "Penrod," "The Turmoil," "Penrod and Sam," "Seventeen," "The Magnificent Ambersons," "Ramsey Milholland"; plays—(with E. G. Sutherland) "Monsieur Beaucaire," (with Harry Leon Wilson) "The Man from Home," "Cameo Kirby," "Your Humble Servant," "Springtime," "Getting a Polish," "Mister Antonio," (with Julian Street) "The Country Cousin," (with Harry Leon Wilson) "The Gibson Upright," and "Up from Nowhere."

During those early days in Indianapolis, when Mr. Tarkington was learning his trade, people passing by the Tarkington homestead late at night, might see the student lamp burning in the lonely tower where he did his literary work. Quizzed by his friends as to what he might be doing up so late he always made the same response, "Fussin' with literachoor." The essays and stories which he then wrote were like the drumming of a novice on a piano—practice.

Suddenly, at about the age of 30, these practice lessons ceased and accomplishment was at hand. With the acceptance of his first novels he came to be referred to as that "new writer from Indiana." The people with whom he had lived could not realize that this leader in the affairs of society of the home town had achieved a distinct literary success.

Constant writing and revamping of his manuscripts have probably done more to win him success than any other single thing. That he had the courage to stand out is the singular incident. Out of his toil he had acquired a fluid style that breathes the essence of the best literary atmosphere. Throughout his books there is a rollicking spirit, a lucidity of touch, a neatness of characterization, an occasional playfulness that characterized his student life. His heroes have the traits of chivalry; his heroines are all ladies—the product of home life with attributes not dissimilar to the reserve of women of the South. Hard work over his manuscripts has taught him the art of character delineation to a fine degree.

"Writing is a trade," said Mr. Tarkington, "and, like any trade, it must be learned. We must serve our apprenticeship; but we must work it out alone. There are no teachers. We must learn by failure and by repeated effort how the thing should be done."

"What do you consider the greatest mission of the contemporary writer of fiction?" I asked Mr. Tarkington.

"Aiding the people to solve the problems of life. To paint life truthfully," came the response.

There was a twinkle in his eye and a smile wreathed his face as he answered a question whether people are as much interested in novels as they were a few years ago.

"I haven't even a warranted guess," he replied.

Then it was that I remembered the strange political stories, "In the Arena," written by Mr. Tarkington, and I recalled that he had been a member of the lower house of the Indiana legislature from 1902 to 1903. There was bribery and corruption in political life. Elections were bought. The votes of the ignorant citizens were bartered. Mr. Tarkington remained long enough in political life to write and expose in fiction some of the vicious practices of this period that will stand as an indictment against a corrupt political régime. These stories have helped to make a cleaner, democratic government.

"As a former member of the state legislature, can you suggest some great economy that you believe possible?" was asked.

"The economy I suggest is, I fear, possible theoretically only," he replied. "Allowing legislative sessions but once in four years; 20 would perhaps be better."

The Tarkington who wrote "The Gentleman From Indiana" more than 20 years ago and "Alice Adams" for the summer of 1921, are different personalities both in literature and physically. "Alice Adams" is a study of American life during the transformation of its home town into a big city. It is a strong portrait of American womanhood.

Physically, Mr. Tarkington has changed. Recently his friend, Mr. Williams, was making a comparison of his appearance in college days and now.

"He was woefully gaunt, almost cadaverous, and had a concave chest," said Mr. Williams, describing Mr. Tarkington. "It always made me feel as if it had been sprung by one of his spasmodic exhalations of cigaret smoke so that the breastbone hit the backbone and stuck there, like a pair of collapsed bellows. That was more than a quarter of a century ago, but I may add that until comparatively modern times, six months has been the usual limit allowed him, not only by anxious friends, who, of course, don't understand such things, but by famous physicians in Paris, Rome and New York, who, of course, have scientific knowledge. And Tarkington, being the kindest, most imaginatively considerate person in the world, feels a real sense of shame and sorrow whenever he meets any of these famous scientists face to face, for he has a convex figure now, and can stand longer hours of work than any member of the authors' trade union."

There is a fine historical lineage back of

(*Concluded on page 13*)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 4, November 19, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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3. Write clearly.

Thanksgiving Day

PRESIDENT HARDING voices a deep and general national sentiment in his first Thanksgiving proclamation by stressing the return of peace as chief cause for the people's gratitude.

"We shall be prospered as we shall deserve prosperity," he says further. Undoubtedly we shall also deserve the return of peace and its perpetuation as we deserve peace. The God of our Christian civilization is a God of justice and his nature implies the reign of law, of that exact and equal justice and perfect order in nature and in human affairs, national and individual, which is summed up in the scientific axiom that "action and reaction are equal"; or, as the Great Teacher put it: "As ye sow, so also shall ye reap."

Talleyrand once cynically defined gratitude as "a lively sense of future favors." There is deep truth as well as cynicism in the saying, taken in a large way. The sincerity of our gratitude must be judged and guaged by the strength and persistence of our aspirations and our efforts to deserve our blessings and to insure their continuance by being worthy of them. As the maxim of our common law has it: "He who seeks equity must do equity." The Golden Rule will prove an excellent and sufficient guide to the attitude of the delegates to the Disarmament Conference and to the attitude of the millions of us common people behind the delegates and looking to them for wise and just decisions—decisions that shall make for the weal and not the woe of humanity through generations to come.

Income From Anticlines

THE first assisant secretary of the interior is an expert on anticlines and is concerned with them because under government rules and regulations, he administers the National Domain.

Uncle Sam owns a sizable landed estate, part of which is already yielding a crop of timber and a much larger part of which will one of these days be yielding various crops when it is drained and ditched and irrigated. The total area of this National Domain is given as about 1,086,404 square miles, or roughly a little more than the combined area of the British Isles, France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Holland and Japan. From the forest lands on it our Uncle is getting an annual revenue of $4,793,000 which is some $793,000 more than "cost of administration." Sales of other public lands, power-site leases, and so on, yield about six millions a year. But there is a prospect of our getting a little more out of our big farm by and by, thanks to the anticlines on it.

An anticline is one of nature's reservoirs storing through the centuries the gasoline that is so important in running our motor cars and trucks and tractors. It is a sort of inverted dishpan of rock and shale into which the oil is crowded by subterranean pressure. There it is held safely until a drill pierces the bottom of the pan producing a leak upward so to speak, in the form of an oil well—perhaps a "gusher" which will make some people millionaires overnight.

Prospectors, many of them in the pay of Standard Oil, search diligently over the public domain for these anticlines. When one is found, the prospector or his principal takes possession and draws off the oil. It is his. But he has to pay Uncle Sam a modest royalty. The royalty which the United States Government is already drawing from the anticlines amounts to some five or six million dollars yearly and will grow as time passes.

If every barrel of petroleum taken from these anticlines should pay Uncle Sam a royalty of only a nickel, he will be rich enough in a few years not only to pay every ex-service man and woman a bonus, but also to give every unemployed man a farm with a house and a barn on it and a mule and a cow. If the royalty amounted to a dime a barrel, Uncle Sam could also abolish all the nuisance taxes and the excess profits and "sur" taxes and man the American Shipping Board fleet with American sailors receiving American wages and carrying American goods. That is what our anticlines are likely to do for us.

Look at Denmark

WHATEVER may have been rotten in the state of Denmark in Hamlet's day, that little kingdom today presents a remarkable example of national robustness and vitality. Denmark is far from being in the "banana belt." Yet she is one of the richest agricultural countries in the world. In fact her soil in large part is rocky and sterile. But she is fertile in brain and brawn for her prosperity is due largely to the sturdy character, industry and good sense of the hardy viking breed. The Danes have long specialized in dairying and intensive market-gardening with such success that Danish butter and cheese and hams and bacon are reckoned the best in Europe and command the best prices in all markets.

So far, the Danes have been remarkably immune from the dehumanizing influence of the Iron Man. Dairying, fruit and vegetable raising, shipping and fisheries are the main sources of wealth. These are supplemented by few manufacturing industries, mostly handicrafts, of which the chief is the fabrication of pottery and porcelain—"Copenhagen ware" being famous the world over for its distinctively artistic character. The city of Copenhagen itself combines the attractions of a busy port and trading center with those of an artistic center. Municipal development and administration along the best lines add much to the comfort and beauty of life and a recent issue of Copenhagen bonds in this country quickly went to premium. Its credit is good.

Democratic to the core under a genuinely democratic constitution and happy in a King who puts on less airs than do most presidents of republics, to say nothing of mayors, we had a striking demonstration of the strength of Danish democracy about a year ago. An ill advised premier had threatened the same sort of bellicose swashbuckling over the Holstein plebiscite that France, Poland and Germany have since exhibited in connection with the plebiscite in Upper Silesia. The King was at first inclined to back up the premier. But inside of 48 hours the people held great meetings of protest in all parts of the country. They demanded the premier's resignation and served notice on the king that unless he observed faith with the Allies and accepted the result of the plebiscite which gave about one-half of the disputed territory to the Germans, a Danish republic would be established and there would be no more kings in Denmark. Big democratic King Christian saw the point and gave way gracefully, losing nothing of his people's love and trust in the process.

And now Denmark is giving the world an example of something new and big and really practical in the way of education. An International College has been established on a big farm—big for Denmark, about 500 acres. Here students of all nationalities are learning to do useful things well and joyously, the while they are learning each other's languages and manners and customs. Giving an hour or so a day to "literary" studies and scientific theory, they spend most of their time learning by doing and earning in field and orchard and vegetable garden, in dairy and smokehouse and at the carpenter's bench, or in brick and tile kilns and potteries.

With a better sense of real values, a scholarship in Denmark's International College will be considered as worth more than a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford. Why should we not have several such colleges in the United States?

British Co-Operators Hard Hit

HERBERT N. Casson, who less than 20 years ago was one of the reddest of the Reds in the American Socialist movement, author of "The Red Light," and later editor of the *Coming Nation* and a leader in the Ruskin Colony, now seems to be outheroding Herod as a protagonist of things as they are. In a London letter to an influential eastern financial weekly he tells us that "British co-operators are on the rocks," on the edge of total wreck, "one more socialistic Humpty Dumpty that has had a great fall," heralding "an inglorious end to the Co-operative Millennium!"

All this because the latest report of the Co-operative Wholesale Society confesses to a loss of $14,000,000 on its operations during the past half year.

Yet Mr. Casson's own letter furnishes figures that, to such a noted efficiency expert and financial authority, should on honest analysis yield an interpretation far other than that he chooses to give them.

We all remember the wondrous story of the rise to importance as the largest business unit in Britain of the co-operative movement started less than 60 years ago by the Rochdale Pioneers, a dozen workmen in a Lancashire cotton mill, with a total capital of "fourteen shillings and a wheelbarrow" plus indomitable pluck and determination that they should no longer be the prey of profiteering middlemen that reduced their already slender wages to one-half its normal and proper purchasing power.

Mr. Casson holds "bad management" responsible for the "startling loss" which he views as heralding the total smash of the society and of co-operation generally.

What then shall be said of the management that built up this co-operative concern from a membership of a dozen men to one of 3,443,046 members, one having total assets of more than $150,000,000 with average annual sales of $1,300,000,000 (its total volume of business last year was $2,600,000,000)? What is now the Co-operative Wholesale Society started as a small retail distributing business and its main operations remain distributive in both wholesale and retail fields, but incidentally to this distributing function it has gradually become a large-scale producer. To supply its several thousand retail stores, run by 1,226 subsidiary retail societies, the "C. W. S." operates more than 100 mills and factories, farms more than 50 square miles of land in Great Britain and some 70 square miles of tea plantations in India and Ceylon, besides running its own banks and insurance companies, collieries, a fleet of ships and their complement of docks and warehouses.

Last year it produced $8,000,000 worth of clothing, $11,000,000 worth of margarine, $14,000,000 worth of soap, $50,000,000 worth of flour and $20,000,000 worth of tea and coffee, among other things.

Yet because in a year in which it did a total business of $2,600,000,000; a year in which it was forced to liquidate depreciation on land and buildings bought at war prices patriotically to aid the nation to meet war and post-war food emergencies, and in which it suffered in common with every other business on either side of the Atlantic an enormous slump in sales, Mr. Casson holds up this loss of the Co-operative as a "horrible example" of the bad management of common ordinary workmen (George Thorpe, the actual president of the society, started in life as a breaker-boy in a coal mine, had no schooling, and got all his business experience in the co-operative movement). Because it has had to write off a loss of $14,000,000 for the last six months, he sees in this single fact an indication that "after many years of abuse and vilification, the private capitalist is coming into his own."

The six months' loss amounts to writing off something less than 10 per cent of the society's total assets and about one-half of one per cent of its volume of business for the year. Is there another legitimate business concern in the world engaged in anything like such a widely diversified business, employing and keeping in employment through a protracted business slump 190,000 employes, that would not be proud of such a record? Should not a fair critic recognize that this record alone should entitle the Co-operative Wholesale Society of Great Britain to be regarded as far from a disastrous business failure wrecked on the rocks of socialistic experiment? Does he really believe that the "coming into its own" of private capitalism depends upon the wrecking of this co-operative business, which for two generations now has been doing business for service rather than for profit, which has supplied some four millions of people with the necessaries of life at cost, saving to them a sum equal to at least twice its total accumulated assets, or say $300,000,000, snatched from privateering profiteers?

Which is to ask if private capital can succeed only through profiteering and if the competive system can be sustained only by the destruction of co-operative enterprises and the people they serve?

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE is a sentimental side of citizenship and there is a practical side. The sentiment of Country is one of the strongest and deepest rooted, and yet within that sentiment there is room for the most active spirit of criticism. There is the idea of Government as embodying the decree and confidence of the American electorate; and then there is the idea of the government as a group of selected men who are performing important duties with more or less competence.

It is perfectly plain that on the sentimental and patriotic side there is no danger of abatement. It is plain also that however high the tides of criticism may rise against the government *pro tem*, they are never strong enough to threaten the idea of government as the orderly expression of the popular will. So with that settled, anyone is free to proceed with his observation as to how the business of government should be administered. This is fundamentally different from proposing to change Government or to detract from its dignity.

Liberty, for example, is settled for all time. That is fundamental. The clock of progress will never turn back with regard to that. Inalienable human rights are recognized in principle and are steadily being defined in detail. The principal danger comes from those interests which misuse the word "Liberty" as a screen for imposing a new bondage. Liberty is the removal of arbitrary restraint at the will and pleasure of men who are no better than those over whom they exercise power. But that is not all. It is the removal of arbitrary restraint in order to its transformation into self-restraint. Self-government is self-restraint. It is for this reason that when Liberty is turned into license it automatically ceases to be liberty; the instinct of social preservation works unerringly for the imposing of a new outward restraint.

Democracy is the doctrine of the rights of the people, all of the people; it is not the doctrine that any one of the people, or any group of the people, are the depositories of all wisdom. Whereas the old theory was that the people needed to be mastered, it has been modified into the theory that the people need to be served. The servant of the people is the master. The exploiter of the people is not and never has been the master, although for a time he has been able to make a show of mastery.

In the future, all the fundamentals of Liberty being settled, and the idea of service as the highest honor being recognized, our statecraft will become less a matter of state papers and more a matter of business administration. On the side of sentiment and principle we are solidly established, but on the side of doing the thing we are lacking. We elect statesmen who can make attractive speeches, men of the platform instead of men of the manager's desk. We give our suffrage to men who draw pictures of things as they ought to be, and find that we have not chosen one who can start things moving to the state of ought-to-be. The state papers of the future will be blueprints of national systems of service.

This will require, of course, a further education of the people. And this education will be given, not in theory, but in demonstration. It is the only way the people are ever educated or convinced. The public of our great cities cared nothing whatever about ideals of civic beauty as expressed in speeches and written articles; but directly some lover of beauty accidentally slipped into office and took it upon himself to give his fellow-citizens a concrete idea of beauty, that is, directly he created a beautiful street or square or park or public building, then the people were won over. The *idea* had become visible.

So it will be in greater affairs. Instead of talking about the unusual thing, someone will do it, and thereafter words and arguments will be unnecessary. By a lucky accident the forerunner of the new type of statesmen—engineers of government—will slip into office, and then talk will fade and reality come into view.

We are still doing things in a most slipshod way. There is no African tribe so stupid about its tribal affairs as we are about our taxes. We do everything on earth to trick ourselves into a blindness about taxes. We tax the wrong things in the wrong way, we invite extravagance and waste, merely to blind ourselves to the fact that we are paying taxes. We try to do most things so that we shall not feel it, and as a result the money is spent with the same unfeelingness for values received.

For example: consider the way in which we have been handling soldiers' bonuses. Everybody can be induced to go on record as favoring that something be done. But if the government should propose to lay a tax, raise the money by a direct tax, nobody in the country would favor it. The government of the United States would not dare lay a tax to do what the people want. And yet it would be a far more efficient government, and would transmit to our descendants a less burdened country if it would adopt that policy with regard to some matters.

There is a lot of camouflage in the argument that "the next generation shares the benefit and should share the cost." But what the next generation usually gets is the whole accumulated cost—just as this generation from the preceding one—and the money-lender gets a hold on several generations at one swoop.

One state wanted to give its soldiers a bonus of $30,000,000. It sold its bonds, and those bonds pledged the people to pay $87,000,000 for the use of the $30,000,000. What is still worse is the fact that had it been proposed to raise the $30,000,000 by direct taxation, that state would have defeated the bonus! The essential dishonesty of doing by indirection the thing they would not do directly, and imposing on the coming generation the task of paying $87,000,000 for the glorification of this generation's reputation in having "given" $30,000,000 to the soldiers—the essential dishonesty of that system must be apparent to the plainest mind.

You see how utterly impossible it would be to educate the people out of this system except by a demonstration of the business superiority of another system.

We have been fattening the interest-milkers, the agents of speculation and idle capital, and fostering the utmost waste in government because the people are deceived by the fiction of deferred payments. We of this generation are paying 80 cents out of every dollar for the now forgotten things which the last generation shoved over on us. And the same financial houses that sold the bonds to our fathers, are collecting mountains of interest from us.

Under indirect taxation the people have next to nothing to say about it. If the money came directly from their pockets, all in a lump, or month by month, they would see that they had a say about it. Today politicians in office, with an eye to votes, propose bond-issues with the utmost glibness, knowing that this generation will be in their graves before the debt begins to pinch. Other politicians of other days did the same thing, so that now the immense amount which we pay to our government does not go back into the country at all—all but 20 per cent of it being paid on dead issues.

Not only is money thus loosely appropriated, but it is just as loosely expended. The government is always in debt, always compelled to borrow its own money from the interest takers, and one generation simply plunges its children deeper in the financial mire.

Somehow there must come a change. Interest is eating up our national capital. Wealth and money are becoming more and more separate. The generation that decides to bear the strain of facing about and starting the other way is the generation that will deserve most of American honor.

IF the Government tried to raise by direct taxation all the funds that are proposed to be raised by bond-issues, there would be a great reduction in the amount of debt that is piled upon the country. Bond-issues are painless to the generation issuing them, but they accumulate their burdens upon the generation following. The enormous income of our government today is not put back into the country—80 per cent of it is used to pay for dead bond-issues. Other generations shoved their burdens down to us, and we are shoving a heavier load down to our children. And through all the generations the same families of bankers take interest from all of us. Interest is a parasite that is eating up our wealth, without creating any wealth in return.

Your Theater Owner Must Show What He Gets

The Sub-Franchise That Ties the Picture Exhibitor

Fourth of the Series, "Baring the Heart of Hollywood"

WITH the reorganization of First National Exhibitors circuit into Associated First National Pictures, Incorporated, there came into existence the sub-franchise. This sub-franchise is a contract between the distributor and the individual theater owner, which obligates the distributor to supply a certain amount of pictures to the exhibitor each year and the exhibitor to pay for and show these pictures.

As a one-sided document, this sub-franchise is in a class by itself. The theater owner must pay for every picture delivered to him by the company whether he wishes to run it or not, or whether he has open dates or not; he must pay for each picture 14 days in advance of the exhibition date; the exhibition value of each picture is fixed by the distributor company, and the rate of payment of each exhibitor is in accordance with a percentage schedule fixed by the distributor company. The exhibitor is bound to run all pictures furnished by the distributor company on the dates set by said company and to run them for the number of days fixed by the distributor. There is a provision whereby the exhibitor may allow the distributor to exhibit surplus pictures in rival theaters in his territory, but he must pay for the picture himself and take the chance of the distributor making a deal for its exhibition. Furthermore, the exhibitor is bound by his contract to run all pictures without alteration, to use only the advertising furnished him by the company and for which he is compelled to pay.

In other words, the exhibitor by accepting one of these sub-franchises signs away his independence as a theater owner.

His only control over his theater is to count the receipts, pay his rent and hire the employes. He has no choice in regard to what attractions he may show. If the distributing company sends him such a picture as "Passion," a German-made film depicting the licentious life at one of the early French courts, he must show it no matter if it offend every patron of his theater.

On the other hand, the theater owner's patrons no longer have any control over him. The force of public opinion, the strongest and only weapon of the community, may beat itself in vain against the iron-clad contract with which the theater owner is bound. He can only shrug his shoulders and say, "I can't help it neighbors; I am forced to run these pictures whether I desire or not."

Scarcity of Pictures Cause

IN VIEW of these circumstances and also the fact that the exhibitor is practically compelled to finance the distributing corporation, the reader may wonder why any exhibitor would be so foolish as to accept such a one-sided arrangement. The answer is, the scarcity of pictures.

To continue in business the exhibitor must keep his theater open and must be assured of a steady supply of pictures. His overhead expense is a fixed quantity and, except in very small communities, he cannot afford to close up even for a day or two. Especially is this true where he has competition.

Therefore, when a franchise salesman appears on the scene and informs him that he can have a guaranty of say 36 pictures a year and shows him a list of stars and big producing companies under contract, he is apt to jump at the opportunity of procuring at least a portion of his bookings. Many of the exhibitors scarcely read the agreement, relying on the glib statements of the salesman.

This franchise system is not essentially vicious in its workings if the exhibitor is given a choice as to accepting and running certain pictures. It is not so much the cost of the service to which the exhibitor makes objection, because he can regard it as a sort of insurance to keep his theater open. It is the fact that he is compelled to run the picture whether he wishes to or not. He is thus not only debarred from an opportunity for extra profit, but he runs the risk of offending his patrons by running pictures that may be distasteful to the community in which his theater is located. While the distributing companies undoubtedly endeavor to obtain pictures of wide appeal they inevitably do get some that would meet with approval in a mining town and be offensive to a refined community.

The First National representative assured the writer that his organization made no attempt to dictate to the producing companies it has under contract as to the theme or method of treatment of their photo-dramas. Whether the exhibitor had an option to run a picture or not this arrangement would be ideal, because no producing company could long continue in business if its pictures were put on the shelf and not shown, even if it were paid the agreed rentals. But this club of the exhibitor, and incidentally, the general public, is denied him when he is compelled to run a picture against his wishes, as he is under these First National franchises.

It is the principle of the sub-franchise that is wrong, the principle which compels exhibitors to show all the distributor's product regardless of the local conditions. It is this principle which by depriving public opinion of its weapon against the local theater owner, gives rise to the censorship and so-called "blue law" agitation about which the leaders of the motion picture industry are so bitterly complaining.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has spent millions in the national magazines and big local newspapers to popularize its trade name of Paramount. This cost has been added to the price of its pictures and thence to its rentals, so that the motion picture theater owners are really paying for the weapon that is used to induce them to contract for the product of Famous Players.

But there are other methods. Take the case of an independent theater owner who owns the only theater in a good-sized town. Paramount makes an especially fine picture, for Paramount does make some splendid pictures, as well as a lot which are "not so good."

What Exhibitor Must Do

THE theater owner reads in the city papers of this big hit. Also his patrons read about it and ask him why he doesn't run it. The general public, you see, does not understand the true situation and seems to have an idea that all an exhibitor has to do is to run into the city and pick out any film that suits him as he might select a suit of clothes.

The exhibitor, however, concludes that he will make an effort to obtain this particular film. He goes into the exchange and makes known his wishes. The salesman turns to his books.

"Ho, Hum," he yawns. "Let us see, Mr. Exhibitor, you have not been buying many pictures of us lately. Now, we will be glad to sell you this picture, but you understand it is one of a series of eight. To get it you



MARCUS LOEW

must buy the whole series, or if you don't wish to run the other seven pictures in the series you can just pay for them and run this one alone or as many of them as you wish."

In other words, to obtain one good picture with which he can make some money, the theater owner must also buy seven stickers on which he probably will lose or at best break even.

Supposing that the exhibitor decides he doesn't wish to do business on such terms and he quits buying Paramount pictures altogether. Then what happens?

Let us cite the case of Mr. Uran, an exhibitor in Mattoon, Illinois.

Uran was a user of Paramount service. When his contract expired he was asked to renew. But, he says, the new contract showed an increase of 75 per cent over the old one. For such pictures as "Heliotrope" and "Forbidden Fruit" he was asked a rental of $400 and $550. These prices were confiscatory, Uran asserts, as such rentals would take all his receipts.

When he refused to sign a new contract an attempt was made by Gerald Ackers, manager for Paramount, in St. Louis, to buy his theater. Uran refused to sell. Then a campaign of advertising was begun in the Mattoon newspapers. The following is a sample of one of these advertisements:

"Mattoon is a good town BUT—

Yes that is the way visitors talk about Mattoon. It is a good town but—

Why the but? Business is good. The people who live here are all right, town is well laid out; good roads.

(Insert copy concerning local improvements and so on.)

Surely it is a good town BUT—

Well, how is it that it is about the only town left in the state where you can't see Paramount pictures?

You can see Paramount pictures in New York, Chicago, Frisco (insert three names of towns near by where Paramount pictures are shown). In all these places you see Paramount pictures, see them frequently and regularly.

Why not in Mattoon?

Lack of appreciation? Hardly that.

You know what Paramount means in motion pictures; the seal of quality and the standard of achievement. You've heard about Paramount pictures; you've seen Paramount pictures—in some other town or city maybe; you've certainly read about them in the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Literary Digest* and the other big national magazines.

And still no Paramount pictures in Mattoon.

Is it your theater manager who is at fault?

Maybe he doesn't quite get your real viewpoint in the matter of better motion pictures.

Maybe you haven't made it clear how you feel about it.

But there is no reason to prevent Mattoon from having Paramount pictures if Mattoon really wants to see pictures as good as they have in New York, Chicago, Frisco (insert names of three towns near by where Paramount pictures are shown.)

Suppose you talk to your theater manager about it?

For example, Mattoon can't see these Paramount pictures:

(Exchange will list here some of the first Paramount pictures that will be shown in event of sale.)"

These advertisements were not specially devised for Mattoon. They were part of a set of seven form advertisements prepared by the Famous Players advertising staff for use all over the United States. This form left blank space, as indicated, to be filled with local data. You will note how insidiously they are worded so as to stimulate local pride and put the proprietor of the local theater "in bad" with his patrons by insinuating that he was too cheap to buy good pictures for his audiences.

One Owner Who Retaliated

BUT Uran did not tamely submit. He bought a little newspaper space himself and told his patrons why he did not run Paramount pictures. One of his advertisements runs:

"There Must Be a Reason Why Paramount Pictures Are Not Being Shown in Mattoon.

Is it because the greatest of directors and the biggest stars have quit Paramount?

Because D. W. Griffith has quit Paramount?

Because Marshall Neilan has quit Paramount?

Because Thomas Ince has quit Paramount?

Because Mack Sennett has quit Paramount?

Because Charles Ray has quit Paramount?

Because Marguerite Clark has quit Paramount?

Because Mary Pickford has quit Paramount?

Because Pauline Frederick has quit Paramount?

Because Douglas Fairbanks has quit Paramount?

Because all these people are making wonderful pictures for other companies and we are running them?

Because inferior foreign-made pictures are being imported by Paramount and foisted on the public under the Paramount banner?

Because the president of Paramount is reported to have bought control of nearly 200 German-made films?

Because the exhibitors' organization has condemned Paramount for unfair and dishonorable practices?"

The advertisement concludes with a list of big feature pictures, which, it says, "are not Paramount pictures" and are coming to Mattoon.

The people of Mattoon knew and had confidence in Uran. They did not know the people behind Paramount pictures. So the tactics failed in this town. But it is of record that they have not failed in other towns, where the exhibitor was driven through threats and intimidation either to sell out his theater or to play Paramount pictures on the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation's own terms.

(Concluded on page 11)



Steel mills cover square miles of territory in the Chicago region and production aggregates 7,500,000 tons of steel ingots a year.

West Revolts Against Steel Tradition

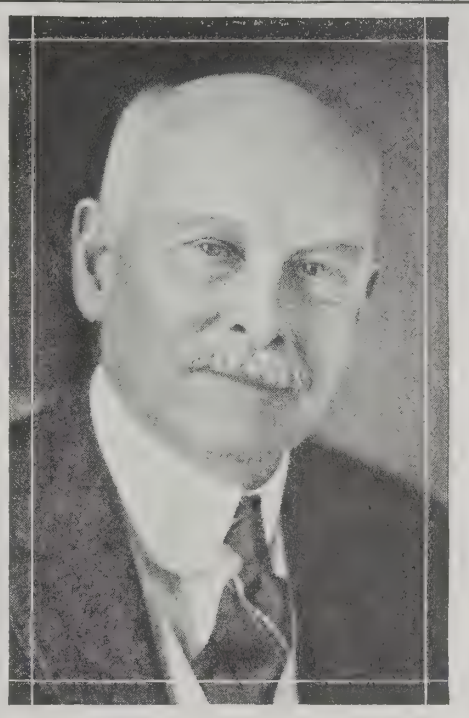
By EDWARD JEROME DIES

THIS is the age of steel. The caldron of molten iron that sputters in a blinding white-hot glitter has been called the cradle of civilization. Out of it is poured railroads that lock together the centers of production; cables that link up the nations of the world; bridges, skyscrapers, automobiles and machinery.

Many years ago when the steel industry was young it was concentrated at Pittsburgh. The city was near the coal supply. It was at the confluence of rivers that tapped great agricultural stretches. Because of its natural position, Pittsburgh was made the price-basing point for the entire country.

Then in 1855 Captain E. B. Ward came out of Detroit and set up a charcoal blast furnace in Chicago similar to one he had operated successfully in Wyandotte, Michigan. That was the foundation of the steel industry in the West.

As the years passed great mills spread out at South Chicago, Gary and Indiana Harbor. Muddy streams were transformed into harbors where boats unloaded their red cargoes from the Minnesota iron ranges. Across the sand dunes was flung a network of railroads. Coal began moving from near-by mines. Armies of workers were drawn from the corners of the earth. And the West strode into the age of steel.



JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY,

Of the United States Steel Corporation, who declared the price-basing question was the most important case ever brought before the Federal Trade Commission.

But Pittsburgh retained its supremacy as the capital of steel. It is still the price-basing point, in spite of the fact that the Chicago-Calumet region is producing 7,500,000 tons of steel ingots a year.

Today if you buy a ton of steel at a Chicago mill and move it across the street in a wheelbarrow you must still pay the freight from Pittsburgh. It is against this so-called "Pittsburgh Plus" practice that the West is rising in loud protest. And the Federal Trade Commission has justified the protest by issuing a formal complaint against the United States Steel Corporation and 11 of its subsidiaries. To the West the ultimate outcome means hundreds of millions of dollars.

America's remarkable growth as a steel-producing nation has caused the world to wonder. A quarter of a century ago the mills could produce but 10.000.000 gross tons a year, operating at high speed. At present, full capacity means an annual production of 55,000,000 tons. America's normal output of iron and steel equals the production of the remainder of the world combined. Last year exports of iron and steel products had a total value of $1,100,000,000.

Increased production is no more striking than increased consumption. In a few years western states have trebled their consumption of steel and steel products.

With increased consumption and higher freight rates, the "Pittsburgh Plus" price became more and more burdensome. A few steel fabricators grew restive. They began a movement against the practice. The movement was joined by thousands of manufacturers. It spread to 28 states. It has gathered in its ranks commercial clubs, chambers of commerce, and more than 1,000,000 farmers holding membership in the American Farm Bureau Federation. It is supported by a dozen towns and by the legislatures of three states.





Above—H. G. PICKERING, chief counsel for the associations attacking the "Pittsburgh Plus" practice. Below—Caldrons of this hand-operated type have been replaced by containers holding tons of molten metal.

The Federal Trade Commission issued the complaint on application of the Western Association of Rolled Steel Consumers after the case had been before the commission two years. Judge E. H. Gary, of the Steel Corporation, at a preliminary hearing in Washington in July, 1919, strongly urged the commission to consider the issue.

"You should have jurisdiction over the whole thing," Judge Gary said. "It is one of the most important questions you ever had before you, or ever will have before you." One reason for its extreme importance, Judge Gary said, is the fact that the "Pittsburgh Plus" plan is duplicated "in whole or in part in many other basic industries."

The commission held a number of hearings. It sent out thousands of letters to chambers of commerce in all the big cities of every state and to hundreds of trade associations and business concerns. All were asked to express opinions regarding the practice.

When the complaint was issued two of the five commissioners dissented. One of the commissioners who voted for issuance of the complaint has since resigned. The attitude of his successor is unknown.

The case was scheduled for further consideration this fall.

Under the "Pittsburgh Plus" device, all steel, except rails, wherever made and whether made by the United States Steel Corporation or by independents, is sold at the f. o. b. Pittsburgh price, plus an amount equivalent to the freight to point of destination.

Thus the Pittsburgh steel manufacturers, according to the complaint, obtain substantially 50 per cent of the steel manufacturing business. To retain this percentage, growth of steel manufacturing in other sections is necessarily retarded.

It is contended that the practice also enables the high cost steel

(*Concluded on page 13*)

What Jews Attempted Where They Had Power

The Story of the Persecution of Dr. Carter in the City of New York, in the Year 1920, the Authorities Being the Dupes of the Jews

THE time of the year has come when Christians implore the tolerance of Jews while Christmas is being celebrated. If the Jews will only permit the Christians to celebrate Christmas in their schools, their homes, their churches—in their city squares and country villages—there will be more disposition on the part of the public to believe the Jewish boasts of tolerance.

It is not yet announced whether the Jews will give their permission or not. But that there are inquiries being made into the matter is indicated by this article in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, of October 31:

"Canon William Sheafe Chase today made public a letter he has sent to the secretary of the Board of Education asking for a copy of rules and regulations which, he alleged, forbid the telling of a Christ story at Christmas time in the public schools. Canon Chase said that the attention of the Federation of Churches has been called to a statement of a kindergarten teacher who last year said she had told such a story and had been notified that 'she will be removed from her position if she repeats such an exercise this Christmas.'

"He said that the Supreme Court of the United States has said that this is a Christian country and 'the courts in the State of New York have said that Christianity is the common law of our land.'" Dr. Chase added:

Doing Their Christmas Asking Early

"'THIS government has treated the Hebrew more generously than any other nation in the world. I believe that the people generally, Hebrew as well as Christian, are very glad to enter into the spirit of Christmas time. Any attempt, therefore, to eliminate Christ from the hymns of our country, from the reading books, and from the religious holidays of the Christian people, I believe is not instigated by the Hebrews as a whole, but by certain misguided leaders of Jewish religion.'"

This is a variation of the Christmas theme. Instead of looking forward to Christmas, it is a spirit of inquiry as to how far we can go at Christmas. We are asking whether we dare, as Christians in a Christian land, whisper the Name that gives Christmas its meaning. That is, the Christians are doing the Christmas asking early this year. Christian teachers want to know if they will be discharged if they give their classes a bit of Christmas flavor, as all our teachers gave us when we were young. The contrast between the schools which we of the mature generation attended when we were young, and the schools of today whose pupils are carefully screened from the fact that Christmas celebrates Christ, is such a contrast as ought to give mature Americans a pause.

But, if past experience be the standard of judgment, the appeal to Jewish tolerance in New York will be futile. If Christians do not take their rights, it is certain the Jews will never grant them. It would be un-Jewish to do so; and the ceaseless cry of the leaders is, "Be Jewish!"

Any number of instances could be cited of the whip which Jewish leaders crack across the educational and political systems of the City of New York, but one or two must serve for the present.

A Scholar Speaks on "Racial Origins"

THE first case to be considered is that of Rev. William Carter, D. D., given in "Who's Who in America" as pastor of the Throop Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn; author of "The Gate of Janus," an epic story of the War; also of "Milton and His Masterpiece" and "Studies in the Pentateuch." He is an extensive traveler and a lecturer of reputation, his specialty being history and literature. At an important Y. M. C. A. center he has lectured for 30 consecutive weeks a year on "Current Events," which course was so successful that he was asked by the New York Board of Education to start a similar one at the Erasmus High School. For 10 years he has been engaged by the New York Board of Education as special lecturer in the popular evening extension courses.

The course Dr. Carter undertook was badly run down, but in six weeks the regular audience had been increased from 35 to 350. The plan of the lectures was to discuss a major topic selected by the board, a second period was devoted to the discussion of current events, and a third period to questions from the audience.

Now it happened that for the week of November 15, 1920—just a year ago—the topic selected by the Board of Education was "The Racial Origins of the American People," a study of immigration. That is to say, Dr. Carter was asked to study that matter and discuss it publicly before his weekly lecture audience at Erasmus school. He did so, taking time to make a serious investigation of all phases of the subject.

He showed that just before the war—30 days before the war—the highest peak of immigration was reached; the year ending June 30, 1914 having seen 1,403,000 aliens enter this country. Analyzing this great flood, he showed that whereas six per cent came from Great Britain and two per cent came from Scandinavian countries, over 10 per cent were Jews. The doctor's subject was "The *Racial* Origins of the American People."

Again, on the subject, "What Has Immigration Done for America?"—this subject also scheduled by the Board of Education—Dr. Carter showed that some parts of Europe had given their worst instead of their best, and stated that the lowest percentage of immigration came from the best developed and most desirable countries, while the largest percentage came from the least desirable. For example, he differentiated between the desirable Italians and those who form the material for Black Hand activities. Speaking of Russia and Austro-Hungary he made a reference to the Jews.

The Mistake of Fearing the Jews

BUT Dr. Carter made a mistake—perhaps two. It is always difficult to tell just where the line falls between fear of giving offense and fear of being unfair. In any event, Dr. Carter gave every evidence of, let us say, fear of being unfair. But it is fear, and a Jew scents fear a long way; the man who fears even though he fear to be unfair is already marked by the Jew who may happen to be stationed to watch him.

So Dr. Carter, to avoid giving offense by this part of his lecture, did the usual thing which has always drawn sneers from the Jewish press, he began to pay compliments to the Jews on their good points. He spoke of their contributions to Art, Science and Philosophy; to Statesmanship, Religion and Philanthropy. He lauded their distinguished men by name, such as Disraeli, Rubinstein, Schiff, Kahn, even Rabbi Wise! He referred to his pride in counting many Jews among his personal friends. With all respect to Dr. Carter, it was the same old stuff usually handed out in such circumstances. Madison C. Peters made it unjustly famous and American clergymen have been spouting it ever since.

If Dr. Carter will study the alleged contributions of the Jews to the Arts and Sciences, study this as carefully as he did the immigration theme, he may omit the praises from future lectures. And he may also revise his list of great Jews. But that is neither here nor there.

"As we have found bad elements in these other peoples," said Dr. Carter in this portion of his lecture, "so they are to be found in the Jew, and as the majority of these 143,000 Jews who came here the year before the war were from Russia, or Russian countries, let us not forget that the Jews themselves admit the Russian Jew is the worst of his race."

Apparently the audience remained unshocked. The question period came round and two Jews, a woman and a man, asked the lecturer why he had picked out the Russian Jew in particular for criticism. Dr. Carter replied that he had only given the evidence of the Jews themselves, that he was merely quoting what the Jews themselves had alleged time and again to explain certain matters. He added that the statement was universally accepted except by some who came from Russia.

A few days afterward the Board of Education sent word to Dr. Carter that complaints had been received against him for certain statements against the Jews, and calling upon him to explain. Dr. Carter is said to have replied that as only two Jews out of 400 people had objected at the lecture, he regarded that as evidence that the proprieties had not been violated.

Within a week, however, a more insistent communication was sent out by the Board of Education stating that more letters of complaint had been received and citing Dr. Carter to meet his accusers at a special meeting of investigation.

Now begins as strange a proceeding as American people may hope to see in this land of the free. It is really not as rare as some might think. It can be duplicated in a number of known and proved cases. The way the Carter case worked out was this:

Dr. Carter arrived, as summoned. There were seven Jews there before him. Four of these Jews admitted they had not attended the lecture, and one had never even heard of Dr. Carter before. The minister was alone. Not knowing what was afoot, and not having been told to bring witnesses who had heard his lecture, he was there—a lone Gentile before a Jewish tribunal.

The Jewish delegation was headed by a certain Rabbi C. H. Levy who was referred to as secretary of the Board of Jewish Ministers, a union of rabbis in connection with the New York Kehillah, which is part of the general spy system of American Jewry. Rabbi Levy admitted that he had not attended the specific lecture complained of, nor any other lecture in the course, but declared he was there to "represent my people."

The Gentle Art of "Getting" Gentiles

WELL, Rabbi Levy's "people" were pretty well represented. There was hardly any other kind of people there except the Christian clergyman who was on trial for telling the truth as to public opinion, and Jewish opinion particularly, about the Russian Jew.

So the Inquisition upon the Gentile began. Six letters were read, most of them having been addressed to Dr. W. L. Ettinger, Superintendent of New York Schools. One of these letters asked Dr. Ettinger as a Jew not to allow his people to be maligned and misrepresented but to see that this Gentile was stopped!

After the reading of the letters, Dr. Carter was permitted to speak. He called attention to the similarity of the style in all the letters, a similarity which suggested to him the possibility of their having been dictated by one person. At which Rabbi Levy flew into a passion—though no one had mentioned his name. Dr. Carter also observed that as Dr. Ettinger had been appealed to on racial, religious and prejudiced grounds, it would be right to permit Dr. Carter time to get witnesses on his side. This was not permitted. He was on trial!

Even the Jews admitted, under straight questioning, that what Dr. Carter had said was not uttered invidiously. They admitted that he had referred to the undesirable elements of other races as well as of the Jews. It was admitted that the subject was not of his own choosing, but was assigned to him by the Board of Education. There was very little left at the end of the examination except to assume that the Jews were a sacrosanct race with special privileges, a race whom no non-Jew should presume even to mention in anything but awe-filled tones.

A Rabbi Drops His Mask

THAT was the issue as it appeared that day. With half the Jewish population of the United States centered in the city of New York, they had assumed control of American education at its source. The group of Jews sitting in judgment on Dr. Carter were as serene in their control of the education of the Christians, as if they had been a Soviet court sitting in Moscow. They had succeeded in driving everything Christian out of the schools; they had succeeded in introducing the most sickening praise of their own race; they looked forward to the teaching of Judaism as the universal morality!

It was further brought out that this Christian minister had been one of the men who had preached in favor of the Jews. He had been one of those public men on whom Jewish leaders could depend to respond with typical Christian generosity. He had delivered blows at race prejudice. He had lauded the Jewish race and its leading figures. He had interpreted its commanding influence as the reward of diligence and ability. He had thundered against what Jewish reports had led him to believe was "the Crime at Kishineff." And for this he had been duly complimented by the Jewish Publication Society, and others. *BUT* he had now spoken a word of truth which the Jews dis-

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages will be sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

liked, and he was before them for trial and condemnation.

In the course of the examination it developed that he had been a citizen of the United States for 30 years, having come to this country from England at the age of 15. Rabbi Levy apparently missed the full fact, only getting the fact that Dr. Carter was born in England.

"May I inquire as to whether the gentleman is or is not a citizen of the United States?" said the rabbi in the air of one who was innocently uncovering a great exposure.

"I became a citizen over 30 years ago, as soon as the law allowed—as I trust you did," was Dr. Carter's straight thrust.

The rabbi dropped the subject. He did not take up the challenge as to his own citizenship. But that the matter burned in him is evidenced by his later remark:

"I'll see to it, notwithstanding all this, that you shall never speak again from any platform in New York, you dirty Englishman!"

An American Rises in Rebuke

DR. CARTER called the attention of the committee to the hatred and malignity expressed in the face, attitude and words of the enraged rabbi, and said he did not know whether it was a threat against his life, his pastorate, or his position as lecturer for the New York Board of Education.

The term "dirty" is rather an unusual one to apply to a race that has so long astonished Semitic countries by its insistence on its "bawth." That is to say, the accuracy of Rabbi Levy's description would draw about the same degree as would an appraisal of his gentlemanliness.

There was, fortunately, one other non-Jew present, namely, Ernest L. Crandall, supervisor of lectures, who was American enough to enter the fray. He addressed the hysterical little rabbi:

> "I never have seen nor heard such bitterness and hatred expressed by any human being toward another as you have manifested here. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and if I hear another word from you along such lines, I will have you thrown out!"

The future of Mr. Crandall should be worth watching. If he is apologetic for his principles, they will "get" him. If not, he may be the instrument of "getting" some things that are wrong with New York.

At any rate, Mr. Crandall acquitted Dr. Carter, and the Jews went out muttering.

It is rather an unusual and noteworthy fact, the acquittal of a man against whom the Jews had moved the charge and against whom the secretary of the Board of Jewish Ministers had uttered the aforesaid threat.

Dr. Carter went back to Erasmus school. He received from the Board of Education his appointments for the ensuing months. Affairs seemed to be going along as before.

Then one day all the lecturers on "Current Events" in New York public schools received simultaneous notice that they must refrain from discussing the *Jewish* and *Irish* questions. With Zionism crowding the newspapers, and breeding a war in Mesopotamia, and dictating the policy of the diplomatic departments of Great Britain and the United States; with the Irish Question uppermost in the minds of millions and coloring the politics of the United States as well as challenging the full ability of the British Government—that is, with the two foremost "Current Events" seething throughout the world, orders were given through the New York Board of Education that lecturers must remain mum.

It was plain to be seen what had happened. Rabbi Levy, and those who worked with him, having failed in their personal attack, had achieved what they wanted another way—by an order given to lecturers not to speak about the Jewish or the Irish question.

Why lug in the Irish? The Irish were not protesting against discussion of the Irish Question. The Irish wanted the Irish Question discussed; they believed that the successful issue of the matter depended on wide and free discussion. It is beyond the realm of imagination that the Irish should ever ask, desire or sanction a gag on popular discussion of Irish affairs.

As to Dr. Carter, his audiences had been asking him questions about the Irish Question for three years. In Y. M. C. A., in public school, in people's forum, everywhere he had been asked for information about one or another phase of the Irish Question; and being a well informed man he was able to give answers. And no one had ever complained before. Indeed, it is said that at the next lecture he gave at Erasmus school, following the encounter with Rabbi Levy, the audience had asked questions touching the Irish Question, and Mr. Crandall was present, and found no ground for criticism.

Yet soon thereafter came the order to observe complete silence on the Irish Question. Why?

Another Instance of Jewish Strategy

EVEN the tyro in Jewish policy knows the answer. The Irish Question was lugged in to camouflage the order regarding the Jewish Question. That is a very common Jewish practice: any Gentile name will serve for concealment!

Imagine an Irishman and his family attending an evening lecture on "Current Events" and asking a question about the Irish situation. Imagine the lecturer saying, "I am forbidden to mention Ireland, or the Irish, or the Irish Question on these premises." The Irishman, being a white man, would not be slow to see that somehow he was being discriminated against. He would demand to be told *why* the lecturer dared not mention the matter. And, being forbidden to mention the Jews either, the lecturer would not be able to say, "Those Jews down at the Board of Education have put their taboo on both the Jews and the Irish!" He would be breaking the rules even in giving the explanation.

But imagine the Irishman being classed with the Jew—the Irishman who wants publicity, with the Jew who fears it! How long would it take an Irishman to see that what was intended to be discrimination *in favor of* the Jew was discrimination *against* the Irish.

Yet that was precisely what the Jews of New York brought about in the public lecture system to make their point against a Christian clergyman who had told a very well-known truth about the Jews.

Of course, there is nothing in such an order that would appear to the Jew as being subversive. Suppression is his first thought. Suppress the paper! Suppress the investigation! Suppress the out-and-out speaker! Suppress the immigration discussion! Suppress the facts about the theater, about the money system, about the baseball scandal, about the bootlegging business! Suppress the lecturers of the City of New York! Fire them from their jobs unless they stand up like phonographs and recite what men like the sentinel rabbis of New York dictate!

Dr. Carter Makes a True American Protest

THE order was Jewish in every element of it. And as an American citizen who did not believe that American free speech should be the plaything of a crowd of aliens, Dr. Carter resigned his lectureship. It meant serious inconvenience and financial loss of him to do so at the end of December when it was late to make further plans for the winter, but a principle was at stake, and he resigned.

Immediately the matter came into the newspapers and there was the usual ado—the Jewish writers throwing threats about recklessly; a few timid Americans asking what New York was coming to! One newspaper came out with an American editorial defending the right of free speech, but changed its tone somewhat upon receiving a deluge of Jewish protests threatening the paper with the displeasure of the Jews.

A man of less ability and of lower standing than Dr. Carter might have been overwhelmed by the storm. But he had at last struck rock and there he stood. At that time he was not known to have said anything detrimental to the Jews, and he is not known to have made subsequent remarks upon his experience. That is, being attacked by the Jews, he is not known to have attacked them in return. It is quite possible that he might be induced to do the Madison C. Peters stunt again and speak in praise of them, giving them the usual laudation which they themselves first prepare for our consumption. But nevertheless he has been, through no fault of his own, the focus of the vindictive policy which pursues the truth-teller. It may be distasteful to Dr. Carter to have his story thus told, but if he will begin anew his studies in the history and character of the International Jew, he will find his own experience a valuable commentary thereon.

Dr. Carter is only one of many. There are teachers in New York who could a tale unfold that would stir indignation to its depths—but there has never been any one to tell their story or take their side. Many of these stories are in the possession of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Volumes One and Two of "*The International Jew*," 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for each volume.

Jewish World Notes

Motion picture houses in New York City showed Hylan news pictures only during the election campaign, and all attempts by the Curran people to obtain like publicity failed. The Jewish gentlemen in control of the news weeklies and the exhibitors' association explained that the featuring of Hylan was intended as a rebuke to Gov. Miller for the latter's espousal of film censorship.

A *mezuzzah* is a Jewish "good-luck" charm. A Jew-owned department store in a middle-west city of more than a million has one fastened to its front door.

Jewish periodicals are reporting a suppositious difference of opinion as to the advisability of the Jews maintaining a formal lobby in Washington during the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, as planned by certain Cincinnati Jews. Naturally, the opinion of Louis Marshall was sought, by at least one Jewish newspaper, which obtained the information that Mr. Marshall was opposed to the presentation of Jewish claims at the conference. What Mr. Simon Wolf, in the name of Union of Hebrew Congregations, could not puzzle out, seemingly, was explained by Mr. Marshall, who, at the same time, may, it is suspected, be of the opinion that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has taken cognizance of the brazenness of this latest Jewish attempt.

Norman Hapgood has noticed the "attack" made on him in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of October 29, but he has not replied to it. It may be quite possible that all the world, save Mr. Brisbane and Mr. Hapgood, are hopeless fools, but there is left in most of us a sufficient sense of responsibility to make decent and honest answer to charges based on printed and public work. Mr. Hapgood prefers to ignore the statements of our article and resorts to an expression of unimpressive irritation, which indicates a still further declension from the Hapgood of *Collier's* and *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Hapgood once recognized the Jewish Question and said things about it; his statements then are inconsistent with his statements since he joined the Hearst Jew-booming squad. And that is the point at issue. It may be "childish" to remind him of it. It may seem funny to him to make a reference to Benedict Arnold as "a Jewish banker." But these two things remain true: Norman Hapgood has not toed the scratch, and the true story of Benedict Arnold's associates has not been refuted and cannot be refuted.

At any rate, Hapgood gives evidence of having felt the sting of fact. The occasion for smiling is really on this side; for with Mr. Brisbane saying that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is too insignificant for notice, while he belabors it with his paper sword every day; and with Mr. Hapgood referring to the "aimless mumblings" of an article that was made up of quotations from himself, it would seem that "an insignificant provincial weekly" is capable of giving the Hearst crowd considerable concern.

"Judge Fisher certainly understands the essence of that spirit which led *our Fathers* to draft the Constitution," comments the Chicago *Sentinel*, Jewish, on the court's recent decision in the libel case brought by the officials of the city of Chicago against the Chicago *Tribune*. There seems little question of the correctness of the foregoing quotation, but we wonder whether the Jews in Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and elsewhere who permitted *all* the people, through their city officers, to pay for the suppression tactics employed against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, will not snicker (just a little) upon reading the *Sentinel's* righteous upholding of the right of free speech and free press.

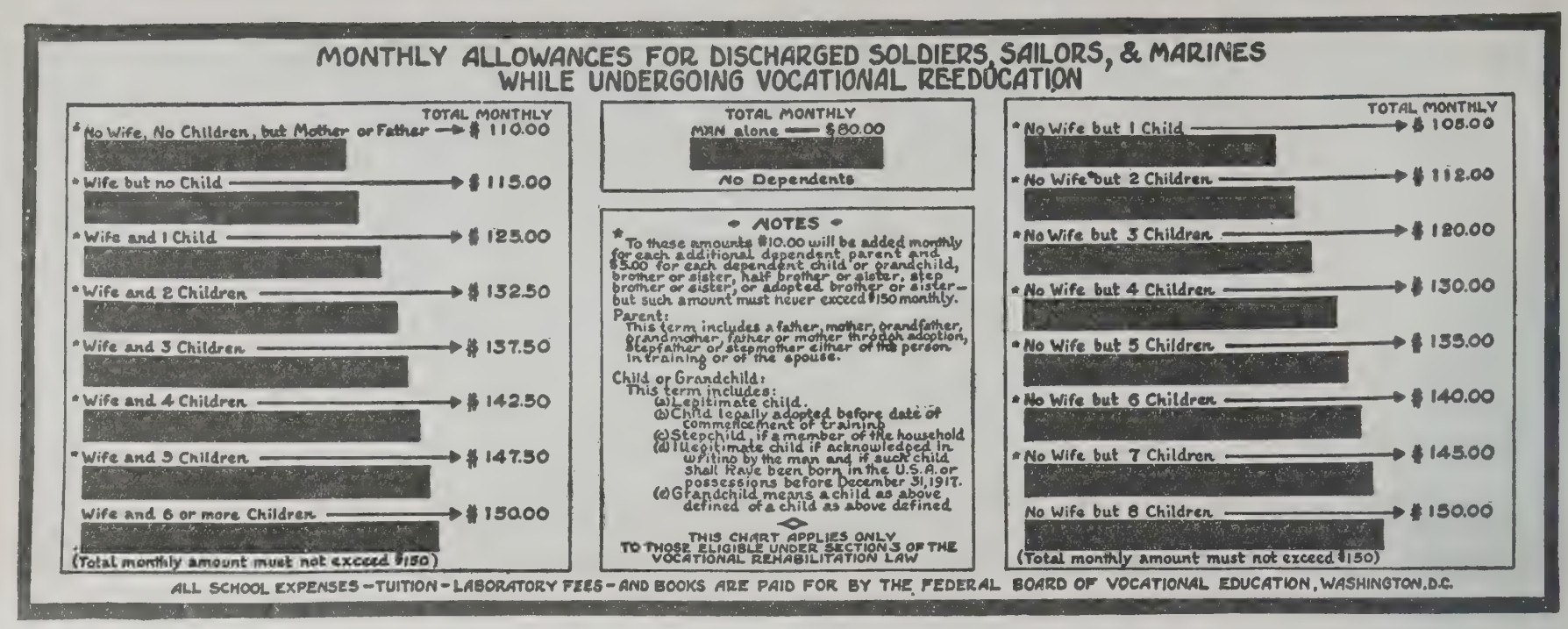
The Polish city of Lodz has not adopted the suggestion of the Jewish councilors that official announcements be printed in Yiddish, because of the refusal of Jews to learn their supposedly native tongue.

"The Jew, *except in isolated cases*, cannot gather his forces to act unitedly."—*The American Hebrew*, November 4, 1921. The italics are ours, and we cannot refrain from suggesting that among the isolated cases may be mentioned the elimination of "The Merchant of Venice" from the public schools, the deletion of Christ from Christmas celebrations, and the hounding of any who may say aught of the Jew save that which the American Jewish Committee approves.

According to the Jewish Telegraph Agency, the Letts, formerly constituting part of Russia, but now sovereign, are attempting to solve the Jewish problem in their country by deporting, at the rate of 100 daily, Jews who break out with Communism. The dispatch does not state how great a task faces the Lettish officials.

"The new economic policy of the Soviet Government is causing many Russian Jewish refugees living in Poland and Galicia to return to Russia."—*The American Hebrew*, November 4, 1921. The "new economic policy" mentioned permits private trading for profit, openly, whereas, before, it went on surreptitiously, at tremendous profit to the Jews who, through some unexplainable magic, had for sale that which the government ostensibly forbade private enterprise to handle.

E. H. Sothern, in a signed article, says: "Seriously, I don't believe the Jews are so stupid as to want to do away with 'The Merchant of Venice' in the schools. I think the pawnbrokers are at the back of the movement. It is usury which is assailed—not Israel." Mr. Sothern can't be serious when he says "seriously," for he must know that the Jews have maintained a campaign of terrorism over boards of education which have thrust the "Merchant" out of hundreds of schools. And it was not a pawnbrokers' movement either, unless the B'nai B'rith and the American Jewish Society are composed of pawnbrokers. If Mr. Sothern "seriously" cannot believe that the Jews are stupid enough to want to do away with "The Merchant of Venice" in the schools, let him read Chapter 36 in Volume II of "Jewish Influence in the United States."



This graph was prepared and is published by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. Men in hospitals receive temporary compensation while there at the rate of $100 a month.

What Has Been Done for the Service Men

Expenditures for Relief Already Exceed Billion Dollars

By AARON HARDY ULM

IN A remote room in one of the biggest buildings in Washington there are two interesting machines. One writes checks with the rapidity of a printing press turning out handbills and the other enables a man to sign those checks at the rate of about 100 a minute.

The machines are in the United States Bureau of War Risk Insurance. They are operated steadily throughout each work day of seven hours, and occasionally they have to be helped along by other machines of like character. By the aid of those machines, a few individuals prepare all the checks sent out by the bureau. The checks are written and signed at an average rate of more than one a second. Between 25,000 and 28,000 are written and signed every day, and about 450,000 are mailed out every month.

The bulk of the checks go to veterans of the World War or to the dependents of veterans who lost their lives. They call on the Treasury of the United States for payments that average a total of about $1,000,000 a day.

At the same time another governmental establishment, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, is spending on veteran relief an average of $1,500,000 a week. Another, the Public Health Service, is spending in carrying out its part of the relief program about $1,000,000 a week.

To date there has been spent all told on relief, incidental to service in the military and naval forces during the war, a total of approximately $1,200,000,000. That does not include maintenance of nor pay for the men while in the service. Neither does it include allotments they made to dependents from their salaries nor what has been paid out on war insurance claims.

This means that for relief incidental to service in the World War, the government already has expended about $250 for every man who was in the service. Total appropriations that have been made, but all not yet expended, amount to approximately $300 the man, or a total of more than $1,500,000,000.

These figures are presented out of no desire or intent to combat appeals for added measures of soldier relief nor for more liberalization of those already established. They are presented only to show what the country has actually done and has engaged to do for the men who served it in a fighting way during the war. As far as the writer knows it is the first time such has been attempted. The presentation here to be made required an immense amount of research; for the war relief program that began with our entering the war and has been steadily added to is an immense affair and very complicated.

More Than Four Million Insured

FOLLOWING prior wars the question of relief was settled very simply—and judged by the complaints that have recurred, very costly—by providing pensions for the disabled and the dependents of those who died, and, ultimately, service pensions for all those who were in uniform.

When we entered the World War it was decided to get rid of pensions. So far as the World War goes, we did get rid of them in name but by no means in fact.

The Bureau of War Risk Insurance was set up, or rather enlarged, and was authorized to provide cheap insurance for all those who were in the military or naval services. More than 93 per cent of the service men—many of them believing it was the only way they or their dependents were protected against the uncertain eventualities of war—took out war insurance. Premiums paid on the more than 4,000,000 policies total to date about $375,000,000.

Congress doubled the pay of enlisted men and provided that both officers and men with dependents back home should make allotments, from what the government paid them, to wives and children, or parents, or others who needed their help. The government offset the allotments with allowances of about equal volume.

There also was provided, substantially along the lines of the old pension system, a "compensation" program, whereby those who were wounded or otherwise disabled would be indemnified, and the dependents of those who lost their lives would be provided for.

Then, for the disabled, two other distinct measures of relief were established. One provides for physical and the other for vocational rehabilitation.

On being discharged all men were given a bonus of $60 over and above actual pay and other allowances due them.

Stated in round figures, the amounts expended under the provisions named above are to date approximately as follows:

Allowances to dependents	$300,000,000
Compensation	250,000,000
Administration	48,000,000
Hospitalization	100,000,000
Vocational training	100,000,000
The discharge bonus	250,000,000

The above are estimates of what has actually been spent to date. Not included therein are other items which might properly be rated as relief. The family of every man who died and whose body was returned home for burial received $100 to cover interment expenses. There were extra allowances to the families of men who lost their lives in the aviation branch of the service, and since the war ended to those of the regular army who died.

Claims Triple Premiums Paid

UP TO June 1, this year, there had been paid out on war term insurance claims a total of $216,000,000, which was about $150,000,000 less than had been received in premiums. This doesn't mean that war term insurance proved profitable to the government. On the contrary, the full value of claims allowed is about three times that of premiums collected. The outstanding liability on insurance claims totals about $1,200,000,000—most claims being paid in monthly installments covering a period of 20 years. A large number of veterans are still carrying war term policies. For those who take it out the government is providing regular life insurance at a charge of about 25 per cent less than that of the standard companies.

"Compensation" in most cases is continuous and the number receiving it—323,415 with 80,030 claims pending on June 1—is increasing very rapidly.

It is very probable that expenditures for veteran relief during the present fiscal year will total not less than $500,000,000, or more than one-half the average annual cost of the national government prior to the World War. Appropriations already made for relief, but not all expended, amount to about what all costs of the national government, barring the almost self-sustaining postal service, totaled for the two years of 1915 and 1916.

The crest, even if no additions are made to present measures of relief, is not expected before 1925 or 1926. If the lesson of history is a safe guide, there will be no decrease, but a steady increase, for the next 60 years.

A better conception of the volume involved by the program can be had by comparing its figures with some relating to the aftermath of other wars. Pensions, to repeat, have comprised—outside of grants of unsettled land—virtually the only form of relief given the veterans of wars other than the last. Up to June 30, 1919, the total paid out in cash pensions on the score of all wars was $5,617,483,127.11. The figures are large, but the country has already set aside for the relief of World War veterans one-fourth as much money as was paid out in pensions during the first 140 years of the nation. At the present rate World War relief will cost more during the first 10 years of peace than has been spent for relief in connection with all other wars in the country's history. While only about one-half as many enrollments were made, Civil War battle deaths exceeded those of the World War by 17,000. There were during the Civil War about three times as many total deaths from all causes. The number of wounded was considerably larger than for the last war.

In 1868 the pension roll called for payments totaling $23,101,509.36. That was the third year following the Civil War. The sum is about the same as is now paid out monthly in the form of "compensation" on the score of the World War. Pensions then comprised all, while "compensation" now comprises only from one-fourth to one-third of all that is spent on the relief of veterans or their dependents. In 1868 there were fewer than one-half the number on the pension rolls that are on the "compensation" rolls now.

It is impossible to say how many are or have been the beneficiaries of World War relief measures, but the total, including both veterans and dependents, are beyond 500,000, even when omitting those who received allowances during the war.

The roll is changeable and subject to many duplications, for as far as the veterans themselves are concerned, a man at the same time may be the beneficiary of all forms. In fact, generally speaking, most of them who have received anything so far have been the beneficiaries of more than one form of relief, for "compensation" is provided those who go to hospitals and also those who take vocational training.

It is only fair to say that veterans of authority estimate that, aside from the discharge bonus which went to all and the family allowances made during the war, only about three per cent of the service men have been the beneficiaries of relief measures. This, if a fact, means that the cost of the average subject of relief has been in the hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars. Of course, there are many cases, like those who were totally disabled, where by every reason of right the cost should be large.

Millions for New Hospitals

IT IS possible, however, for a man not totally disabled, while the subject of relief, to cost the government several hundred dollars a month. He may be taking vocational training in a trade, profession or business that requires a teacher for every man or calls for costly equipment. At the same time his maintenance expenses are met by the government and he is paid for his time at the base rate of $80 a month. It is possible for a man with a wife and several children to get, while being hospitalized or vocationally rehabilitated, as much as $150 a month in addition to maintenance and treatment or teaching, as the case may be.

Nearly 125,000 men have been O.K.'d for hospital treatment. Nearly 100,000 have been in hospitals, where nearly 30,000 of them are at this writing. Since the armistice there have been nearly 1,000,000 physical examinations. The physical rehabilitation program alone now includes the use of about 75 hos-

(Concluded on page 11)

Your Theater Owner Must Show What He Gets

Concluded from page 6

In some instances where it was absolutely necessary Famous Players has purchased theaters outright through its agents. But the usual method of procedure is to offer to purchase a half interest. The corporation offers a good price for this half interest, one that interests the theater owner at once. But when the method of payment is mentioned, then comes the joker. The first payment is to be made three months after the deal is consummated, the second six months and the third a year later. In other words, it is going to buy a half interest out of the receipts of the house. The original owner might as well make the corporation a present of it in the first place.

The favorite plan, however, is to buy the lease from under the local exhibitor. It is always easy for a rich and powerful corporation to outbid a small theater owner, who may be making but a bare living from his house.

There have been half a dozen or more specific instances of this being done, and two will be cited, the two which Adolph Zukor has admitted and in which, after pressure had been brought to bear through the indignation of the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America, he made a belated restitution.

The first case was that of a widow, Mrs. Pauline K. Dodge, of the little town of Morrisville, Vermont. The story can be told in no better words than it was related by Sydney Cohen, president of the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America, at the convention held by that body at Minneapolis last June:

The Case of Mrs. Dodge

"MRS. DODGE owned a 250-seat house and her profits were barely sufficient for her to eke out a livelihood for herself and little boy. Her husband had died suddenly and left this little theater to her as her sole inheritance and means of support. Now, it seems that a Famous Players-Lasky Corporation subsidiary, headed by Alfred S. Black, who was acquiring theaters in New England in partnership with Famous Players-Lasky, coveted this little theater. No claim was ever made by him or his principals that Famous Players pictures could not get adequate representation in Morrisville.

"There was a hearing on the facts involved in this case on September 15, 1920, before a committee of your body especially appointed to inquire into it. Senator James J. Walker acted as counsel for the organization. Mr. Black was repeatedly urged to attend the hearing and rebut any evidence that might be presented. The influence of Mr. Zukor had been sought to have Mr. Black appear. Nothing availed, however; Mr. Black chose to stay away.

"The evidence brought out that Mr. Black, during the lifetime of Mr. Dodge, had negotiated with him to purchase his lease and equipment and later secured an option from the owner of the property on which the little theater, the Bijou, was situated. Armed with this option, he went back to Dodge and offered the alternative of taking $200 or losing the equipment of the theater. How had he secured this option?

"Black, according to the evidence, told the owner of the property, that, unless he gave him the option and eventually control of the property, he would build a competitive theater in Morrisville, although there were only 800 people in the town. He made his intimate relationship with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation very plain to the owner, telling him he would be unable to stand the competition of the foremost producers of this country, and the theater on his property would have to be converted into a garage. This hearing, it must be remembered, was attended by the personal representative of Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. As the evidence I have just set before you was developed in the course of the hearing, Henry Salsbury, the personal representative of Mr. Zukor, proclaimed his indignation. He said that neither he nor Mr. Zukor knew that such conditions had been permitted to exist. He said there would be a house-cleaning and carbolic acid used, if necessary.

They Take It Up With Zukor

"WHEN Mrs. Dodge applied to this organization for advice and assistance, it seemed to us under the mandate you gave us at the national convention in Cleveland last year, it was our plain duty to protect to the best of our ability the interests of this widow.

"If our slogan, 'An injury to one is the concern of all,' means what it says, Mrs. Pauline K. Dodge, an independent exhibitor whose existence was threatened by unscrupulous and coercive methods, was entitled to our fullest protection and we could do no other than place the entire strength of our organization back of her cause, which was, of course, honest and meritorious. We, therefore, got into communication with Mr. Zukor, both by letter and personally, advised him in writing of the facts of the case, and reminded him on a number of occasions of his solemn pledge made to our committee and his promise of redress. He told us that this little theater would be returned to Mrs. Dodge.

"The time limit for the fulfillment of Mr. Zukor's promises expired with the lease of Mrs. Dodge on her theater, January 11, 1921. We waited in vain that day for any word and then the following telegram was sent to Mr. Zukor:

"'Mr. Adolph Zukor,
"'President, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation,
"'485 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"'Dear Sir: This is the 11th day of January, 1921, the last day of the present lease of Mrs. Pauline K. Dodge on the Bijou Theater, Morrisville, Vermont, and we are just advised by wire from Mrs. Dodge that she has received no word from you, your company nor Mr. Black relative to turning back to her the Bijou Theater by way of lease for a term of years or by sale at the price paid for same by your associate, as per your pledge and agreement made to our organization. May we not have some written expression from you in view of your several declarations in regard to this matter?

"'Signed
"'Motion Picture Theater Owners of America,
"'1482 Broadway, New York, N. Y.'

"The lease expired and Mrs. Dodge's occupation was gone. What were we to do?

Griffith Comes to Rescue

"IT WAS in the depth of a New England winter. The case was urgent. Red tape was out of the question. We therefore decided to help our fellow member. We immediately obtained for her the use of the town hall in Morrisville, and to make sure she would have a drawing card for her opening day, we went to D. W. Griffith, set the facts before him, and modestly asked him to give us the use of 'Way Down East' for the opening day in the town hall at Morrisville.

"It seems Mr. Griffith understood our position, for not only did he agree to give Mrs. Dodge 'Way Down East' in this out-of-the-way New England theater, but he also went to the trouble of sending his best publicity man to see that it was properly advertised.

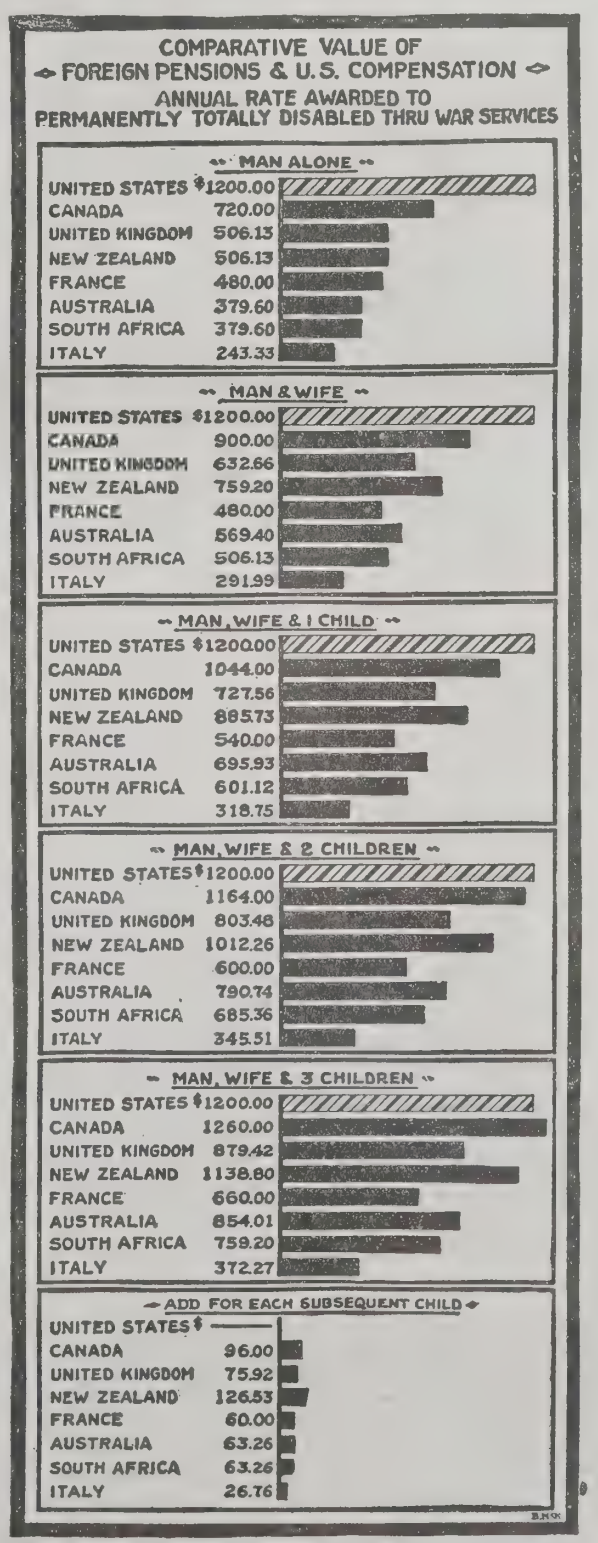
"He also sent a special operator and a special musical score, which was played by an expert pianist on Mr. Griffith's staff. We lost no time in notifying every citizen in Morrisville of all the facts in the case and urged them to do their bit by patronizing the show in the town hall. We kept Mrs. Dodge's theater going and are still keeping it going at this very hour. I am glad that the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America have so promptly and nobly stood the test in a crucial hour and have shown the world that they will always try to protect their own under any circumstance.

"But ladies and gentlemen, this is not the end of the story. A miracle happened, last Tuesday, June 21, 1921, after we had begun to reconcile ourselves to the Dodge situation, Mr. Adolph Zukor, who had so persistently ignored all our appeals and protests for the past 12 months, sought an audience with the exhibitors' organization in New York City. I do not believe he came in any penitent mood, because even to the last hour he disclaimed all responsibility for the fate of Mrs. Dodge's theater. That night, however, brought a great change. The next morning, Wednesday, Mr. Zukor sent Mr. Salsbury, his personal representative, to our headquarters prepared to make such restitution to Mrs. Dodge as the circumstances warranted.

"A check for the amount to cover her losses and to reimburse ourselves for the expenses incident to protecting her interests is now in my hands and awaits your action. We also have a check to reimburse H. Schwartz, of Willimantic, Connecticut, and our organization in a similar case. Neither the case of Mrs. Dodge nor that of Mr. Schwartz will in any way be considered as closing the incident."

The check for Mrs. Dodge for $5,016 and one for $3,500 for Mr. Schwartz were accepted finally by the convention after heated discussion, in which Zukor was unsparingly condemned. It might be noted also that although Zukor had disclaimed any responsibility, for himself and the organization of which he is head, in the matter and had told the committee that he would personally make up the loss out of his own pocket, the checks when received were Famous Players-Lasky Corporation checks.

What Has Been Done for the Service Men



From booklet published by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance.

Concluded from page 10

pitals operated by the Public Health Service, while more than 10,000 patients are being cared for in private or contract hospitals. The hospital cases are increasing at the rate of about 1,000 a month. The sum of $18,600,000 has been set aside for new hospital construction during the present fiscal year.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education has had to date nearly 100,000 ex-service men in training, with the view of fitting them for occupations other than their old ones for which disabilities have unfitted them. More than 2,000 schools and more than 6,000 shops and factories are being used in training those men. The training of fewer than 5,000 has been completed, but the earnings of those trained show an average of several hundred dollars' annual increase over what they made prior to the war.

"Those figures," in the words of President Harding, "suggest neither neglect nor ingratitude."

They certainly show that the Lincolnian precept "....to care for him who shall have borne the brunt of the battle and for his widow and orphan...." has been followed so far as the providing of funds and authority is concerned.

This doesn't mean that the country may not be obligated to care for all whether they "bore the brunt of the battle" and regardless of their actual needs. It only means that provision for the disabled and for the "widow and orphan" of him who lost his life has been made on the most stupendous scale ever before known to this country, or to any country.

Britain Spending Much Less

WHERE we have spent, for example, more than $100,000,000 on vocational rehabilitation, Great Britain had spent to January 1, 1921, on a similar measure of relief only $30,374,000, and has set aside for the full undertaking only $98,460,000. We have already appropriated for the one item alone nearly $200,000,000 to cover the cost only to June 30, 1922. And our war casualties were small compared to those of Great Britain.

While other countries are applying similar measures of relief—and some are applying additional and more inclusive ones—none, so far as the records indicate, has provided nearly so liberally as we have done for the "care of him who bore the brunt of the battle and for his widow and orphan."

Congress erred very probably in failing to meet the requests of Public Health Service authorities for ample funds with which to construct new hospitals. Despite all the funds that have been provided and spent on medical attention, thousands of men have preferred to go untreated, or to provide treatment at their own expense, to accepting that which the health service, for lack of sufficient facilities of the right kind, it is claimed, had to offer them.

In an undertaking so vast—as vast in some respects as that of the entire National Government was 25 or 30 years ago—there necessarily is room for criticism and no doubt much reason for complaint.

But one thing is shown by figures already put forth. It is that so far as the taxpayer is concerned there is no reason for feeling ashamed of what he has provided by way of relief funds for the disabled and for the widows and orphans of the war.

What he should provide for those not disabled is a question he can yet determine.

How You Can Keep Them Down on the Farm

Boys Should Know the Romance and Miracles of Agriculture

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

WHEN Charles William Pugsley, the new assistant secretary of agriculture, was 12 years old he sat one day on the high spring seat of the farm wagon beside his father as they drove through the pasture where 200 head of steers were being fattened for the market.

"Father," asked Charles, "which is the best steer in this herd?"

The elder Pugsley was a man of considerable renown as a judge of cattle and was a successful feeder. He prided himself on his ability to pick good steers and was, therefore, interested in his son's question. He circled about through the herd and finally stopped his wagon on a ridge from which he could overlook the field. In the end he pointed to a rangy, white-faced, glossy-coated steer and said it was the best animal in the field.

"Why is he the best?" young Charles asked.

"I don't know," replied the father, "but I suppose it is because he will make the best use of his food."

"Why will he? How do you know he will?" asked Charles.

"Oh, I just know it," said his father, and drove on.

It was two years later and Charles was big enough to handle a plow, when his father told him one day to hitch up a team and go out into the red clover pasture and plow it up.

Charles wanted to know why in the world the red clover pasture was to be plowed up now, just when they had it well seeded and it was yielding so abundantly. They had worked hard to get that stand of clover. The father explained that if land was seeded with red clover and the clover was plowed under, the land always yielded better crops of corn. Charles wanted to know why.

"It just does," said his father. "Now, you go on and hitch up that team."

I had gone to see this new assistant secretary of agriculture at the department in Washington. He had just come from Nebraska after an active 20 years devoted to getting the message of better farming to the youth of that state—20 years spent as a teacher of agriculture, as an organizer of agricultural information, as an editor of an agricultural paper.

There is a mile of parkway between the Capitol and the Washington monument and out in the middle of this stands the old red brick building in which the department has grown up. Back of it are several big marble and granite buildings in which many of its bureaus are located, but the secretary and assistant secretary still keep their offices in the old red brick, where Jeremiah Rusk first took office when the department was created and where "Tama Jim" Wilson held forth for more years than any other man ever sat as a cabinet officer since the government began.

A youngish man is this new assistant secretary, a man not yet 45. He is smooth-faced and round-faced and a man of huge bulk and physical strength. He bears a strong resemblance to Secretary Denby, of the Navy Department, who became a "leatherneck" in the Marines during the war at a weight of 252 pounds. He is blond and blue-eyed and of English descent on his father's side. He had one Irish grandmother and another one who came from the Isle of Guernsey, where the cattle of that name originate and which is French.

And so it happened, Charles William Pugsley told me, that when he arrived at the age of 19 and had graduated from the Woodbine Normal School down in Iowa, near his home, he told his father he wanted to go to college and study electrical engineering. He says he does not yet know why he selected electrical engineering. He knew little about it as a profession. He merely knew he wanted more education and he groped out into the unknown for some subject he hoped would be interesting, and he wanted to learn something that would take him away from the uninteresting monotony of the farm.

Young Pugsley was surprised at the reply his father gave him. He was not only surprised by it; he was angered and filled with resentment. His father said he was perfectly willing for Charles to go through college and become an electrical engineer if he chose to do so. He said he would give Charles his time off from work on the farm. This would give him an opportunity to earn the money to go to college.

Now, the elder Pugsley was a prosperous and well-to-do farmer and could easily have afforded to send his only son to college. Charles had expected his father would be willing to do so. When, therefore, he was told all he would get was permission to earn his own way through school he was resentful. He stayed awake that night and thought the matter over and developed a sullen determination to show his father he would get all the education he wanted through his own efforts.

Later he realized this was the result for which his father had striven. Later he observed the young men with whom he was associated in his classes who came there well financed by their parents and who frivoled through their classes without any serious purpose. He came to realize that the fighting spirit had never been aroused in these boys, that they were making no sacrifices for their educations and that they consequently placed little value on their opportunities. So, because of his father's unreadiness to finance his education, young Pugsley found it necessary to work and save his money. Faced with this necessity for money earning, it never occurred to him to fall back on that drab calling which had been his through all his youth—cultivation of the land. He became a teacher in the commercial department of the normal school from which he had graduated and later principal of that department, a post he held for four years.

Thus it happened that Pugsley came up to the University of Nebraska with four years' teaching experience back of him and with money of his own in his pocket to pay his way through school. He still clung to the idea of electrical engineering and arranged his classes in such a way as to lead in that direction. He was an earnest young man and mature, and was, therefore, determined that every minute at the university should be occupied. As he fitted the mosaic of his studies together he found in the schedule of his week there were two hours that might be used that were not as yet accounted for. He wanted to get credits for those two hours, but he wanted to fill them with something which required no study, aside from the time he devoted to them in class.

Some one suggested that on Saturday afternoons there were two hours over at the agricultural school devoted to live stock judging. All he had to do was to stand around during that period, listen to the instructors and get his credits chalked up. He decided he was for that.



(C) Underwood & Underwood

CHARLES WILLIAM PUGSLEY,
Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

Charles W. Pugsley says the first Saturday afternoon of his attendance at this class of live stock judging was the turning point in his career. He was not at all interested in what was going on and is quite sure the lecture of that day made little impression on him. At the end of it, however, two animals were brought out into the lot for the inspection of the class. One of these animals was a rangy, white-faced steer, and when Charles Pugsley saw it his mind went back to the day when he was 12 years old and he and his father drove through the pasture and his father picked just such a steer as the likeliest animal in the field.

The teacher of live stock judging asked the pupils to step forward and feel the coats of these two steers. One of the points in judging an animal was its coat. They observed that the white-faced steer had smooth, glossy, pliable hair and skin. The coat of the other animal to be judged, however, was stiff, dry, bristly, and unpleasant to the touch. The coat of the white-faced steer, said the teacher, was a very strong indication that it would be a more profitable animal to feed than was the other.

"Why?" demanded Charles Pugsley.

The instructor explained that the same skin that covered an animal on the outside lined its internal organs. A pliable, healthy, sensitive lining for those organs played its part in the digestion of its food, while a harsh, unresponsive inner lining was as incompetent in its handling of foods as it was in its development of an external coat of hair. Thus was there a very good reason why the cattle feeder should take note of the coat of the animal that was to be fattened for the market.

Here was a bit of information Charles Pugsley had been wanting through all the years of his work on the farm. Here was one of those "whys" of his early youth which satisfied his longing for information. Here was the reason back of the cattle feeder's instinctive liking for a creature with a smooth coat. Here was a satisfying scientific fact that lent an interest to this problem of stock judging that Pugsley had never thought existed. Here was a thing that gripped his imagination and made him want to know more about this subject. Here was the first chapter in a romance of animal husbandry which unfolded for him as he dropped one and another of the studies he had mapped out for himself and devoted additional time to this thing he had at first scorned.

The young student of electrical engineering, having obtained this one illuminating flash into the mysteries of the farm, as he had known it in his youth, felt his way toward other revelations. It came about, for example, that he learned the why of plowing under the red clover—that he got the explanation of the fertilizer factories that were built on the roots of that clover by certain bacteria and of the peculiar way in which that bacteria took the nitrogen from the air and so converted it that it entered the soil of the field and thus furnished the element indispensable to certain crops.

He learned how and why moisture may be held in the ground and fed to the crops by stirring the soil on top and breaking up the capillarity which causes it to escape. He learned that one ear of corn would produce heavy crops if planted, while another, apparently just like it, would yield poor crops. He knew why. He knew this second ear of corn had grown near an inferior variety and cross pollenization had taken place. He learned that choice varieties of corn could be bred up just as could choice breeds of cattle, and how.

With each revelation of this sort that came to Charles William Pugsley there grew on him a lure for the farm that drew him constantly back to it. Between terms of school he went back to his father's farm and again took up the work of it and understandingly performed the miracles he had studied. He carried to his stern father the story of why he did many of the things his experience had told him to do. And the revelation was no less interesting to the older man than it had been to his son.

Thus it happened that Charles Pugsley gradually discarded most of the studies he had mapped out for himself and worked gradually over into the agricultural college of the university and occupied himself with coming to understand more and more of the miracles of why as applied to the processes of the farm. And when he had finished his school he went back to his father, who was then growing old, and cultivated his ample acres on shares—acres he afterward purchased for himself. He farmed these acres and on them demonstrated for himself over and over again the lessons of science he had learned in the university.

Later Charles William Pugsley taught husbandry, agronomy and farm management at the University of Nebraska and became the director of agricultural extension work for the Department of Agriculture. He directed much of his interest toward what he regarded as the great problem—that of getting to the youngster on the farm the romantic why of all its processes. To the boy who does not know that why, he says, the work of the farm is drudgery. Plowing and harvesting are so many hours of unattractive labor, paid for in so much money. From the time a boy is four years old he takes his toys apart to see how and why they work as they do. The why of things is his absorbing interest. If he is shown the unending miracles of the farm and the how and the why of their working out, the labor in the fields will interest him and hold him. Otherwise only the dull drudge will remain. The active minds will drift away to other callings.

Believing this, it is the mission of Charles William Pugsley, as assistant secretary of agriculture, to increase in every way possible the efficiency of the methods used by the department in getting those lessons to the boy on the farm. There are three branches of work in the Department of Agriculture which point in this direction. One is the Division of Information, which broadcasts the lore of agriculture through the newspapers and other periodicals. Another is the Bureau of Publications, which prints the findings of the Department of Agriculture in bulletin form and endeavors to get those findings to anybody who will make use of them. The third is the States Relations' Service which reaches out through county agents to every part of the nation and gives every farmer direct contact with the department and a spigot through which he may draw from the central reservoir.

Mr. Pugsley will attempt to speed up and improve each of these agencies. He will try to answer the unending "why" which opens the door of interest and leads to the land of fascination. The game is good enough to keep them down on the farm if they are but given the password, are but initiated and admitted into its secrets.

West Revolts Against Steel Tradition

Concluded from page 7

manufacturing plants at Pittsburgh to maintain prices that assure a profit without having their business jeopardized by the lower cost plants of other sections. The complaint further recites that the western plants can manufacture rolled steel at a much lower cost than the Pittsburgh mills, that they charge a much higher price, and that the price charged is increased with each advance in freight rates.

"This," the complaint alleges, "provides an effectual method whereby the steel manufacturers of the United States maintain uniform prices among themselves. All of which restrains free competition and tends to substantially lessen competition throughout the United States by the respondents and their competitors."

"The practice," says George M. Gillette, vice-chairman of the Western Association of Rolled Steel Consumers, "places every western fabricator of steel, no matter where he may locate in the West, on the extreme eastern boundary of his territory. He cannot go one mile east of his plant except at the expense of profits which rightfully belong to him.

"Let us assume that the cost of fabrication is the same. The Pittsburgh fabricator can deliver the finished product to any buyer located east of a western plant at a lower freight cost than the western fabricator.

"It goes further than this. Because of the through freight rates between Pittsburgh and Spokane, for example, the western manufacturer has been debarred from competing on a basis of equality with his Pittsburgh competitor in territory directly beyond his plant, territory logically his own. The iniquitous practice shifts the trade centers and confines the points at which one may most profitably engage in the manufacture of iron and steel articles to the territory east of the Illinois-Indiana state line."

He said the rate from Chicago to Detroit was slightly under the rate from Pittsburgh to Detroit, but that the Chicago mill was compelled to meet the Pittsburgh price in that market.

Assume that a manufacturer in Duluth wishes to place an order for rolled steel. He must pay the Pittsburgh base price. Assume this base price is $50 a ton. Then the "Pittsburgh Plus" price at Duluth is $63.20 a ton. So $63.20 is the price the Duluth consumer must pay for rolled steel manufactured not in Pittsburgh but in Duluth and delivered in Duluth.

The additional $13.20 on each ton is what the complaint terms "the imaginary freight charge from Pittsburgh to Duluth, though the steel is not shipped from Pittsburgh but is manufactured right in Duluth" at a lower cost than steel produced in Pittsburgh.

The effect is the same in Chicago. With a Pittsburgh base price of $50, the "Pittsburgh Plus" price at Chicago is $57.60 for steel manufactured in Chicago and delivered in Chicago. Figures produced by opponents of the basing method show that cost of producing steel at Chicago, because of the comparatively short haul for basic materials, is substantially under the Pittsburgh production cost.

Steel manufactured at Birmingham, Alabama, costs Atlanta, Georgia, $12.50 more a ton than the price in Pittsburgh. Cost of transportation between Birmingham and Atlanta is comparatively small, so again imaginary freight toll is taken. Cost of production in Birmingham also is less than in Pittsburgh.

Steel producers, on the other hand, declare that the practice stabilizes values; that it is maintained without collusion; and that it may be maintained as an absolute legal right.

Rolling mills, they contend, have been established in locations where they would be protected by the advantages of the practice and that generally the trade and the public have adapted themselves to the custom.

The Steel Corporation's answer to the complaint denies that it or its subsidiaries own or control the ultimate iron ore supply. Gross assets are placed at more than two billion dollars. While the Steel Corporation does not itself manufacture steel products, it states that the total annual business of its subsidiaries has at times reached one and a half billion dollars.

It is explained that the subsidiaries, in quoting their products on the Pittsburgh basis, plus the freight charge, follow a practice recognized by manufacturers generally; that the price is not arbitrarily fixed, that it varies from time to time and represents the judgment of different manufacturers. Competition is declared to be vigorous.

"The practice of quoting a base price is largely for convenience of customers," says the answer, adding that it is followed by the other more important industries. "In the steel industry it has obtained from the beginning. Pittsburgh was made the basing point in the early days because at that time nearly all steel was manufactured in the Pittsburgh district.

"It has remained the basing point simply because, notwithstanding the construction of steel manufacturing plants in other localities, the country outside of Pittsburgh is still dependent on the Pittsburgh market for the major part of its requirements of steel, excepting rails." Denial is made that the practice gives Pittsburgh fabricators an advantage that tends toward monopoly. While the western fabricators pay more "they have other countervailing advantages on account of which they have prospered more and increased in number much faster than the Pittsburgh fabricators."

The answer points to the Supreme Court decision of March 1, 1920, which in effect held that the Steel Corporation did not constitute a combination in restraint of trade, that it did not control the iron ore supply nor monopolize steel production. There has been no change in practice since then, the answer says, and as the basic issues have been decided, an order such as opponents of the "Pittsburgh Plus" practice seek would constitute "the taking of respondents' property without due process of law."

An entirely different view is taken by H. G. Pickering, chief counsel for the Western Association of Rolled Steel Consumers.

"To plead the decision of the Supreme Court in the dissolution suit is merely throwing out a smoke screen," he said. "The 'Pittsburgh Plus' case was not being tried. Nor did the Supreme Court authorize the collection from consumers outside of Pittsburgh of an unreasonable surcharge on steel products under the guise of a freight charge not incurred and never paid to the railroad.

"The people of the West will fight on until the Supreme Court has decided this issue. And if by any chance the Supreme Court should finally say that the Clayton Act does not reach a discrimination such as this, the West will demand that Congress amend the law to protect their natural trade rights."

Every farmer of the West is being schooled in the steel price-basing subject. Statistical tables have been prepared showing that a large proportion of the burden falls on farmers.

The American Farm Bureau Federation believes that elimination of the practice would immediately be reflected back to the farm. Farm machinery would be produced and sold at lower figures. The great agricultural sweeps west of Duluth's steel mills would see more rapid development, and the shifting West of the industrial area, with its millions of consumers, would boom agriculture generally.

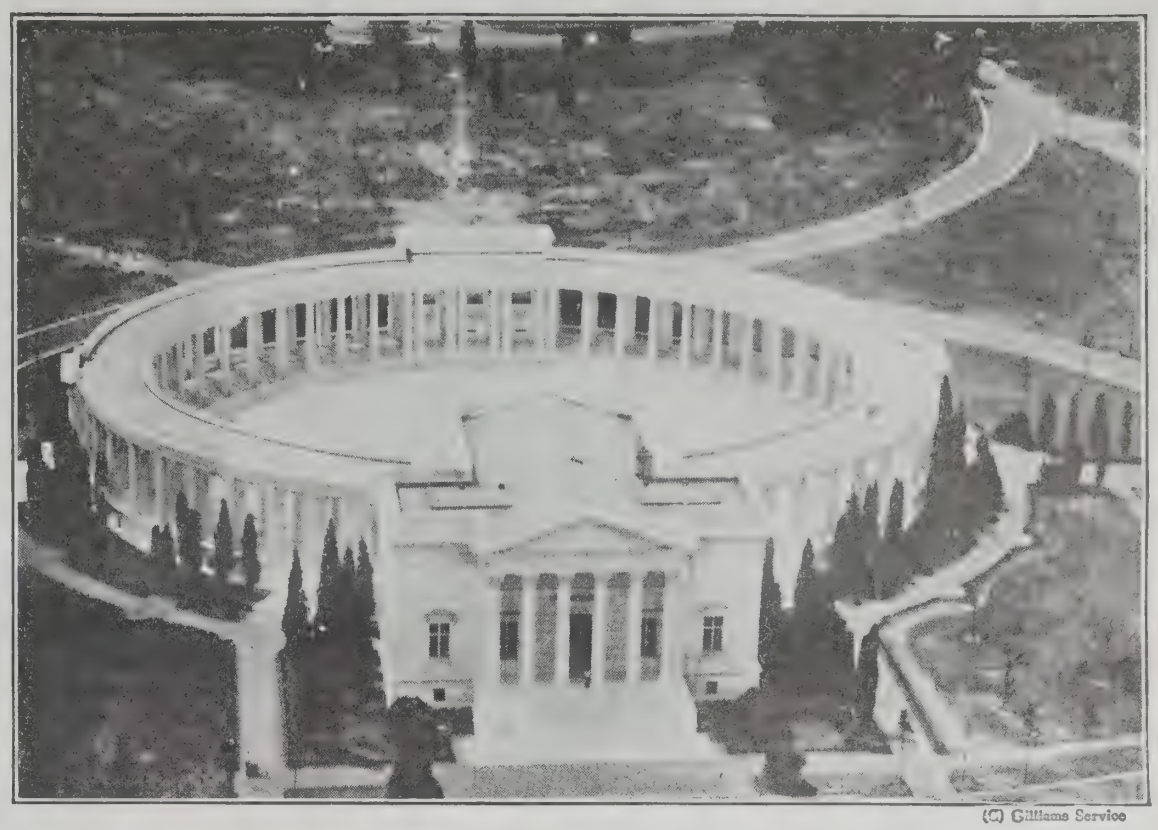
Stress is also laid on road building. The federation declares the farmer carries the lion's share of road building cost. Figures have been obtained from state highway engineers on the amount of steel to be used for new roads during the next four years. Ten states will use nearly 300,000 tons. The "imaginary freight from Pittsburgh," according to the Farm Bureau's calculations, will cost the taxpayers of the 10 states more than two million dollars. In Minnesota, an iron ore and steel-producing state, the toll would be $456,000, and in Illinois, another steel state, $504,000.

They point to swelling production figures; to the fact that the Chicago region produces 7,517,657 tons of steel ingots a year, and is surpassed only by Pennsylvania, with 19,998,158 tons; to the Ohio district, with 10,373,407 tons; to recent surveys which show that total ore in Europe and North and South America amounts to 31,800,000,000 tons, or reduced to iron, to 14,310,000,000 tons—a sufficient supply to last two centuries on the basis of a pig iron production of 70,000,000 tons a year.

Opponents of the basing practice also point to that section of the Clayton law making it unlawful for any person engaged in commerce "either directly or indirectly to discriminate in price between different purchasers of commodities,....where the effect may be substantially to lessen competition or tend to create a monopoly."

They say that this is the age of steel, and that the West is determined to get its share as economically as any other section regardless of tradition.

Where the Unknown Dead Were Honored



(C) Gilliams Service

Remarkable aerial photograph of the Arlington Memorial amphitheater at the National Cemetery, Washington, D. C. In this place the funeral services for the unknown American soldiers killed in the recent World War were held on Armistice Day.

The Story of "Tark," of Whom Hoosiers Are Proud

Concluded from page 3

Booth Tarkington. He was born in Indianapolis, July 29, 1869, the descendant of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, scholar and orator of Revolutionary War fame. May Newton, his great-grandmother, figures as a beauty in the Annals of Old Salem. For three generations his family has been prominent in Indiana, and the author was named for his uncle, Newton Booth, governor of California in 1875.



"Seawood," the summer home of Booth Tarkington in Kennebunkport, Maine, where many of his most important novels are written.

The Hoosiers are as proud of Mr. Tarkington as they were of James Whitcomb Riley. He is their own and he has pictured their life, amplified their own story and they are pleased. He lives in Indianapolis in winter, but about two years ago built a summer home called "Seawood" in Kennebunkport, Maine.

Away from his literary workshop, Booth Tarkington is a hale fellow, who throws an electric shock into any gathering he enters. He dresses pleasingly, punctilously. But at work in his study at Indianapolis, or at his "Seawood" home, shut away from the outside world, he plunges at his task collarless, garbed in an old dressing gown, with a stoop that gives him a slight hunchback appearance. With shell spectacles in hand, he plods about his room shuffling his slippers along the floor.

Generally he goes to his work at nine in the morning, and when some particularly important literary endeavor is at hand, he closes his study and sometimes labors for three days in a stretch, taking a little needed rest on a couch.

In Indianapolis, literary work is not his whole pursuit. He is interested in civic affairs and serves on important committees. Sometimes he writes a statement of his views on a public question and carries it personally to the newspaper offices, where the editors play it black face, two-column on the first page.

The "Seawood" summer home in Kennebunkport is an artistic structure of more than 20 rooms, the most historical being the boat room, which is Mr. Tarkington's workshop. Here before him, with nature in all its changing wonders, with ocean sails whitening in the summer light, quiet, pungent sea breezes drifting in from shore, he shuts himself in his boat room workshop and dreams of stories of fiction, picturing, painting and vitalizing the life of the citizenry of our country.

There's a Wolf in the Coal Pile

Greed Blamed for the Threatened Shortage of Fuel During Winter

By VINTON V. DETWILER

COAL dealers have called "wolf, wolf" so often when the average consumer could see no wolf that but scant attention was paid to their cries of alarm during the summer. The writer is no exception. He received a letter from his local coal dealer in July stating in strong terms that there would be a coal shortage this winter and urging the putting in of the winter's supply without delay. Like most of the other men who received such letters during the summer, he smiled skeptically and slipped it into the wastebasket. It was a distinct shock to discover for himself later that there is a wolf in the coal pile this year; a bigger and more dangerous-looking wolf than any of those which have sent coal dealers into hysterics in recent years.

Suppose we face a few hard and unlovely facts now and consider the reasons for them later. Less coal was mined during the spring and summer than at any similar time in the last five years. Even in 1919, when the coal industry was ill with "Strikitis," the production of coal was considerably greater than it has been this year.

Why was less coal mined? Ask that question of 100 persons and 99 will give one of two answers. Both the answers are wrong. It is not because the miners were demanding more money or fewer hours of work. It was not because the operators were refusing to meet the just requests of their workers. It was not even because of transportation difficulties, labor shortage, mine disability or any other cause except one: There was no market for coal.

Big Decrease in Production

REPORTS from 2,683 soft coal mines in the United States, for the month of July, 1921, show that the average production was on less than a half-time basis. There were times during the war years when we believed there was a shortage of coal, but during the first seven months of this year the production of soft coal had fallen one hundred and three million tons behind the average production for the four previous years during the same period.

Some mines had to shut down almost entirely. Mines in western Pennsylvania that ship coal by river reported the last week in July that they were mining only two and seven-tenths per cent of what they could if they had any place to put the coal after it came from the mines. They asserted that 97 3-10 per cent of their loss in operation was due to no market. Unloading docks were full. There was no place to unload barges.

This caused a serious situation. Fuel is not a luxury. It is almost as vital to our well-being as shelter, clothing or food. Will it be possible for the mines to produce or the transportation systems to deliver, during the winter months now about here, the coal that will be badly needed? It does not require technical information to answer that question. Many persons who need fuel the most because they have the least adequate shelter, clothing and food will feel the cold this winter. To make the matter more serious to contemplate, we have no assurance that this winter will be mild as last winter was. It will not be surprising if transportation is delayed more on account of snow this winter than last.

That there was no market for coal during the summer is verified by the experience of your own local coal dealer no matter where you live. He will explain to you there is a certain class of trade that he never expects to order coal until cold weather comes—day laborers, men on small salaries, families that may move on short notice. Members of another rather large class who own their own homes and have accumulated at least enough savings to keep a little ahead of a hand-to-mouth existence, usually follow the policy of filling their coal bins during the summer. These folks did not buy as usual this year. Why?

But Coal Continued to Climb

THE price of all commodities, averaged, climbed steadily from the fall of 1915 until the summer of 1920. After the war was over every increase in price added to the resentment of the average purchaser. Finally the resentment became acute enough to put a considerable check on buying. Prospects for unusually large crops brought prices of farm products down. Farmers, as a class, promptly went out of the buying market. The money market tightened up, many industries shut down entirely and the remainder operated on the basis of decreased production. Labor, out of a job, bought as little as it could and exist. With prices dropping sharply from week to week, every one bought as sparingly as possible, because it was obvious that money could be saved by putting off until tomorrow what you would like to buy today. Many a man with money in his pocket to buy clothes wore patched garments and watched the price of suits slide from $75 to $32.50. Meanwhile, King Coal stolidly came up a notch in price. Such insolence was unspeakable. Fresh from the triumph of forcing down the demanded prices for clothing and groceries, would we bow to such a tyrant and buy as usual several months in advance and at an increased price? The results show that the reaction of the average man was that the weather was hot and he did not need coal and, furthermore, he would see it a lot hotter before he would be robbed in any such fashion.

Fuel suitable especially for generating power in manufacturing plants also was a drug on the market during the summer. Screenings that cannot be used efficiently in stoves or furnaces make good fuel under boilers, and immense amounts of this grade of coal were available. Manufacturing could stage quite a come-back this winter without competing very much with coal dealers for that part of the mine output suitable for consumption in the home.

Public opinion is firmly set against present coal prices as unjust. As often is the case, public opinion is venting the larger part of its righteous anger against a comparatively innocent party. The local dealer is not to blame. He is not happy. He is between the devil and the polecat. On one side of him is a force of apparently unlimited power to say, "Coal will now cost you 50 cents a ton more." On the other side of him and close to where he lives is a clamor of "robber, thief, profiteer, bloodsucker." The coal dealer at present is a shock absorber that has had so much pressure applied from both sides that his back and his front are tolerably close together. He is not trying to get away with more than a reasonable profit. He finds it means a lot of unpleasantness, sometimes, to get that, because before he gets his profit he must collect for the miner, the mine owner, the transportation agent and the broker. Go and examine your local coal dealer's goat. It is not an arrogant, care-free goat with sharply protruding beard and the light of battle in its eye. It has developed into rather a timid animal that seems to desire only to slip away from the dogs to some retired spot, where it can enjoy a meager meal of scraps of paper and tin can lids in peace.

Frantic denials will convince no one that there isn't a rotten smell in this year's situation. We all notice it when we step up to buy a ton of coal, and the pungency of the odor leads most of us to believe it is not as far away as Denmark.

A shortage of coal this winter will benefit some one. It is a thoroughly degenerate wind, you know, that blows nobody good. Who will reap the benefit? The consumer in a coal shortage is in much the same condition as the shorn lamb in the wind that nobody took the trouble to temper. Still he will reap some benefit if he survives the hardship and lives to enjoy it. A coal shortage means less coal sold. If at the end of the year it is evident that every one connected with the coal industry would have made more money at lower prices, then there will be a keen desire, where it will do the most good, for lower prices next year. It would seem that if the coal industry is to benefit from a coal shortage it must be by exacting a larger profit on the decreased sales. Hasn't it put prices up now almost as far as is safe? The public, long suffering as it is, becomes dangerous when pushed too far. There are gentlemen in Washington who would much prefer to play bean bag, who with sufficient goading of public opinion, will go out to battle and return proudly with blood on their swords.

Business Law Was Ignored

THE coal industry ignored the law of supply and demand this year. Its own statistics and government figures prove this. It is a law that no business can break with impunity. A lot of innocent persons will suffer with the guilty. In the end, however, the ones who trifle unduly with as fundamental a law of business as this, are punished in their most vulnerable spot, and their hospital record is issued at intervals of 30 days by their bank. It is expensive to allow a huge industry to lapse into comparative idleness for a large portion of the year. The powers in the coal industry are nobody's fools. The price of coal will be lower next summer.

The butcher and baker and candlestick maker have felt the power of concerted, though unorganized, public disapproval during the last 15 months. All these men have climbed down off their high and mighty. The coal industry has felt the same influence since last spring. It has stubbornly held its nose in the steadily increasing heat and with tears in its eyes has prayed for cold weather.

Who will win? Ultimately the public wins. It always does if it wants anything with enough sincerity. For one thing, the farmer is not in the market for coal this winter. He will burn wood. It happens that the acreage of farm wood lots has gradually been increasing in some sections and almost holding its own in others, until there are 168,615,122 acres pretty well scattered over the whole country. Even a prairie state like Kansas boasts 1,313,093 acres that have been growing into fuel for years. Remember, a dollar looks a lot larger to the owners of these wood lots now than it did two or three years ago. For one thing, it will buy more; and for another, fewer of them make up the family income. A great many trees that proudly rustled their leaves all through the war period, and the coal rationing times, will find their way to the towns and cities this year. The blaze they make will help to hold at bay the wolf of cold and hardship which is lurking behind our national coal pile; that coal pile which is millions of tons smaller than it should be at this time of year.

British Royalty Rubs Elbows With People

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England (By Mail).

IT IS said that the advisers of the Japanese dynasty were recently inquiring the reasons why, at a time when thrones were toppling in Europe, the British royal family appeared to be more firmly seated than ever in the affections of the British people. Probably that statement of the position is not exaggerated. Partly it is due to the tact and loyalty with which the present king observes the constitutional limitations of the monarchy. In theory the British monarch has all kinds of formidable powers. His is the army, the navy and the air force; he concludes treaties, wages war, makes peace. All these things are done in theory by the crown, but in practice the monarch reigns but does not govern. In general his ministers bear the sole responsibility. King George has always been most careful to obey the unwritten constitution of the country and the country likes him for it.

If one looks beyond the British Isles to the dominions, India and the "dependencies," the monarchy is the visible link of empire which binds them all together—a link which is not a fetter and which is only tolerable to the self-governing nations overseas because it implies no limit or restriction on their freedom and yet proclaims their participation in the British commonwealth. The monarchy embodies the sentiment of loyalty alike in England and overseas, it enables the idea of unity to find expression, and as the various parts of the empire grow and expand in the practice of self-government they value the more an institution which enables them to feel and express their oneness after all.

Closer to the People Now

BUT this, though true, does not account for the intimate popularity of the royal house—of the king and queen and, especially in these latter days, of the young Prince of Wales. That is largely due to the changed view which the royal house nowadays takes of its relationship toward the people and every aspect of their lives; to the new view, also, which it takes of the best method of preparing a young prince for the duties he will some day have to perform as king. To understand what is happening in England now one has to go back to the days when Queen Victoria and Prince Albert the Good ruled in England and were engaged in training the then Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII, for his future task.

Prince Albert had many admirable qualities and Queen Victoria, though a woman of great common sense, doted on him so much that she could not see his weaknesses. He was industrious, methodical and conscientious and he had the strictest ideas about the training of his eldest son. One of his principal tenets was that the more he could cut the prince off from contact with his ordinary fellow men the better he would be fitted to be their king. His idea of training was an exclusive regimen of tutors, guides, books and memoranda; especially memoranda. When the parents sent the Prince on a tour to Italy, presumably to broaden his mind, they instructed his staff not to let him speak to or have anything to do with ordinary folk, which was the only way of carrying out the broadening.

But all this strange system belongs now to the pedantry and lumber of the past. King Edward, from the beginning, took a very different view of the best means of equipping his own son and of bringing him into touch with the realities of life, though even there he had to face the opposition of his august mother. The present king and queen have gone a step further in humanizing the training of the Prince of Wales. Of course, life is still full of duties for a Prince of Wales and the present prince performs them nobly. But they have less and less of the ceremonial flavor about them. They become increasingly informal and the prince figures in them more and more as a man and less and less as a prospective monarch. His tour in Lancashire furnishes a curious illustration of the working of popular monarchy. He was for a week the guest of Lord Derby at Knowsley, near Liverpool. Day by day he set out and journeyed by motor car through the crowded towns of Lancashire, passing through many hundreds of thousands of children, who were assembled specially at his request, and making himself everywhere liked for his good humor, modesty, and, occasionally, his shyness.

Prince May Marry King's Subject

THE truth is that monarchies can only flourish in the prevailing temper of democracy by establishing personal contact with it. It is to know and be known of the humble people whom Victoria would call the "lowest of the low" that the Prince of Wales is sent out on his journeys—the king and queen have made similar journeys of their own—and if the prince is everywhere hailed as a "bonny lad," he has done more for the monarchy than if he had carried through a brilliant piece of statecraft.

And this is the way things go. Politically, the royal house plants itself firmly on safe constitutional ground, leaving to ministers the sole responsibility. In everyday life it identifies itself with the interests of the people. It has been suggested that the new spirit of the age may result in the Prince of Wales marrying not a foreign princess but one of the king's subjects. Not a little, perhaps, depends on the prince. It appears that on some of these matters he has a mind of his own.



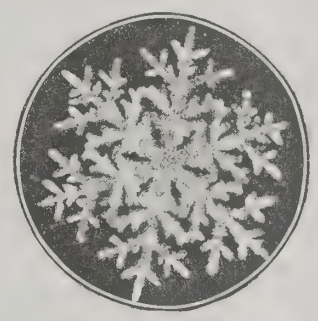
WILSON A. BENTLEY,

The scientist, who has made more than 4,000 photographs of snowflakes, no two of which are alike. The pictures on this page are from Mr. Bentley's collection, and they show the exquisite loveliness of the flakes, also proving that Nature creates no duplicates.

Nature Never Makes Two Snowflakes Alike

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

NATURE in her most whimsical moods has created nothing more wonderful than that which she gently drops from a winter's cloud—a snowflake. The fairy-like beauty enshrined in a minute particle of frozen moisture which we ruthlessly crush underfoot surpasses in variety and delicacy of effect any decorative design contrived by man.

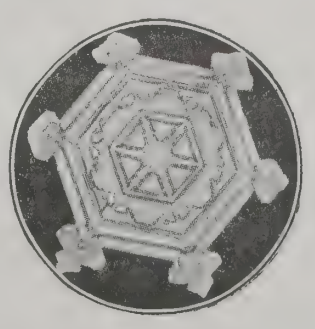


Such are the conclusions of Wilson A. Bentley, who for 35 years has devoted his time and thought to a scientific study of snowflakes, raindrops, dew and clouds. In this time he has taken more than 4,000 photomicrographs of snowflakes and found that no two are ever exactly alike—another illustration of Nature's apparently unalterable will to create no duplicates, but an infinite number of variations. Nature's wonderland, Mr. Bentley says, is not more manifested in the infinitely big than in the infinitely small, and if his eyesight were keener, man would become as much fascinated in contemplating a snowflake or a dewdrop as he now is in gazing into the starry heavens.

Beginning in a humble way as a boy, Mr. Bentley, who lives at Jericho, Vermont, has developed his study until today he is recognized as the world's authority on snowflakes. He has been the first to devise a means whereby the snowflake, the most evanescent of Nature's phenomena, can be photographed and enlarged with exactness and within a moment after the delicate and feathery messenger has wafted its way to earth. The rigorous winters of Vermont have been particularly favorable to Mr. Bentley's investigations, for at his home in Jericho the snow falls often and deep, and in his little laboratory, where he has his microscopes and photographic apparatus projected through a window, he has been able to show the world for the first time that an ordinary snowflake often contains formations more intricate and decorative than any design of the jeweler's art.



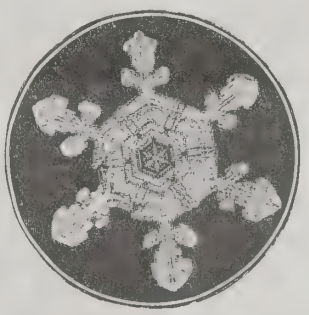
Frost crystals, of which he has taken more than 500 photographs, clouds and raindrops have been a passion with Mr. Bentley, but his hobby has been snowflakes. It is perhaps because the flake, subject to changes by evaporation even in the severest cold and likely to melt as soon as it touches the earth, is a more elusive study. It requires greater preparation and quicker action. A snowflake may be said to be the most short-lived of all of Nature's manifestations and to photograph even one of them successfully may be considered an achievement. Yet Mr. Bentley has obtained perfect negatives of thousands of individual flakes. Naturally, too, he has lost during his 35 years of work, a large number of pictures because of unfavorable conditions.



The very first money Mr. Bentley ever earned in his early teens he invested in a microscope and telescope instead of in guns, watches and knives. The marvelous beauty of snowflakes early attracted his attention. He first made about 400 drawings of them. Drawings proved utterly unsatisfactory. He enjoyed them so intensely, however, that it led to an overmastering desire to have others see and enjoy them, too. When he learned that dry plate photography made the photographing of them possible he procured an apparatus, a camera coupled with a microscope, giving from eight to 60 diameters magnification (64 to 3,600 times), and after many failures and discouragements procured his first photomicrograph during his nineteenth year (1885). The lure of the snowflakes has compelled him to continue the unique photographic study ever since. Every winter finds him always on duty when good snowflakes are falling. And business, cold, hunger—everything—is forgotten or neglected.

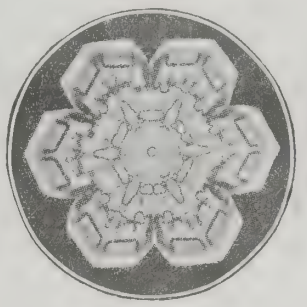
Mr. Bentley says it is difficult to convey an idea of the extreme fascination of the work. Sometimes the snows are extremely rich in beautiful forms and one is in despair as to which to select to photograph. Again, one must search all day long, perhaps to find a few perfect ones. Favorable snows come from four to 15 times during a given winter at Jericho, falling usually from the western segments of general storms. Every new snowflake placed under the microscope is a possible great find, and almost surely will be new to science, for infinite variety is the rule. Hence it is an inexhaustible study and ever new. Of course, no one has as yet found the few matchless snowflakes that every storm furnishes.

"The task of photographing snow crystals, although very delicate, is by no means difficult," says Mr. Bentley. "The utmost haste must be taken, for, once the flakes are separated, evaporation (not melting) rapidly wears them away, even during intense cold. The crystals are usually caught on a blackboard as they fall from the sky and are picked up by a short, pointed splint, and placed on a glass slide for observation under a microscope. A brief glimpse, holding one's breath meanwhile so the heat of the breath may not reach the flakes, is given them, and if suitable, they are pressed down flat on the glass slide by a feather, and the glass slide containing the flake is placed on the stage of the microscope, centered, focused, and an exposure of from eight seconds to several minutes is given, according to cloudiness and magnification."



"Ordinary daylight is used for illumination, the apparatus being merely pointed through a window for that purpose. Although comparatively easy to photograph, the subsequent processes employed on the negatives to show them up naturally, white on a dark background, are tedious. This consists of removing the film of the negative from around the image of the snowflake by cutting and scraping it away. It takes three or four hours of continuous work on each of the branchy forms to do this and, all in all it is a monumental work of great difficulty, demanding all the patience of the true scientist."

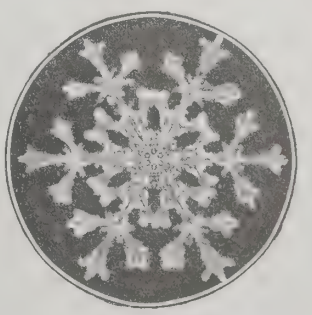
Snowflakes, according to Mr. Bentley, are remarkable in many ways: for quantity, distribution, origin, and the all-important part they play in Nature's plan. They are perhaps the most exquisite examples of Nature's art. Although constructed usually according to the rule of six, every crystal grows in kaleidoscopic fashion from start to finish, and almost every moment in cloudland sees them changing in form. These ever varying outgrowth shapes, while uniting with the parent crystal, often do so imperfectly, thus imprisoning or bridging over tiny quantities of air, forming tiny air tubes within them, or diffuse shadings, which outline more or less perfectly the transitional shapes. These present the appearance of minute lines, rods, dots, and fairy-like geometrical figures in endless variety, and give exquisite beauty, richness and complexity to their interiors. And no matter how many pictures one makes, it seems as easy as ever to find new and unique designs. Mr. Bentley's photographs are not only used extensively in educational ways in schools and colleges, but also in the arts and sciences, and as designs in artcraft shops and for jewelry designing.



While snowflakes, among all Mr. Bentley's photographic studies, have always appealed most strongly to him, yet the great beauty and diversity of other water forms, such as frost, ice, dew, rain, clouds and hail, also have had a strong attraction both to his mind and camera, and he has obtained hundreds of wonderful photographs of each. After snowflakes, he says, comes the frost, especially window frost, in beauty and diversity. The frost crystals are easily photographed. The camera is placed indoors and pointed out a window. A black background is arranged outside of and at varying distances from the window, depending on the magnification required. The frost crystals are thus illuminated by oblique, or incidental, light and shown white on a dark background. The windows inside a room always kept cold display the richest specimens. It is an absorbingly fascinating task on a zero morning, says Mr. Bentley, to search out and photograph the tiny crystals on each window where Jack Frost has wrought his masterpieces of hoary art, often seemingly fashioned in imitation of natural objects, such as ferns and trees, or of such man-made designs as lace or castles.

"As I gained more experience," said Mr. Bentley, "the beauties of dew, raindrops and clouds each in turn excited my curiosity and admiration. The dew especially which collects so charmingly and variedly on different objects seemed worthy of my best photographic efforts. A dewy scene in the early morning, while spiders' webs gleam with drops of iridescent hues, as though strung with myriads of pearls and opals, and while meadows, hillsides and all vegetal nature sparkle with spectral colors, is indeed Nature's choicest work of art. The loveliness seems even enhanced when examined and photographed in detail.

"I found dew photography quite easy. One proceeds much as with window frost, by photographing against a black background. The chief difficulty is the early morning breezes which sway objects and thus cause blurred likenesses of the dewdrops. I frequently overcome this difficulty by screening the objects to be photographed with windows, leaving an opening only toward the camera.



"The moral to be drawn from my experiences seems to be that, if one has an aptitude along any given line, he should take up a hobby and follow it through life. A seemingly unimportant study sometimes brings unexpected results. In any event, one's life will have a definite aim, will be enriched by a thorough knowledge of at least one thing, and will be an example to others."

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Wireless control of airplanes has been accomplished by a French inventor. He has succeeded in controlling a machine and in directing its course from the ground for a distance of more than 100 miles, according to a report from Paris.

A fine of $10,000, assessed against every county in which a lynching occurred, is the penalty that would be enforced if a bill which the judiciary committee in Congress has just reported is passed. It would also imprison rioters and prosecute negligent officers.

The origin of the word "Gringo," the Mexicans' nickname for Americans, goes back to the time when troops from the United States first crossed the Rio Grande in the war with Mexico. The favorite song of the American soldiers was Burns' "O, Green Grow the Rushes, O." The Mexicans, hearing the song so much, began to call the Yankees by the first two words, which they pronounced "grin go."

Owing to the great need of economy, King George of England announces that he cannot afford to fit out the royal yacht, Britannia, for the yacht race next year.

Walcott, Iowa, has established a Sunday school, the first in the history of that community. Although a progressive community with fine schools, homes and banks, the town has had no churches since its founding about 50 years ago. The inhabitants say that despite the absence of churches, they have always had peace, loyalty and order in their town.

The sun regulates the lights in the acetylene beacons that line the Panama Canal. Each regulator contains a copper cylinder that expands under the sun's rays, thus closing a valve and shutting off the flow of gas to the burner. When the sun is obscured, or at sunset, the cylinder contracts, a spring opens the valve and the gas flows to the burner.

Counterfeiters are flooding the Northwest, particularly Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma, with thousands of dollars in bogus $10 Federal Reserve notes. Money transactions in illicit deals for large quantities of liquor make easy the passing of the counterfeit notes. The interchange of bills takes place frequently at night, when there is little opportunity to examine the money closely.

Famous surgeons indorse the movie as a demonstrator of difficult operations. Members of the American College of Surgeons, in convention at Philadelphia, pronounced it a success, when operations by seven of the world's best surgeons were shown, in perfect detail, on the screen.

Money paid by check in settlement of a gambling debt is recoverable by the loser in England, according to a decision made by the House of Lords. If all losers insist on their rights under the law, scores of bookmakers who do a big business at all the race meetings will be ruined.

Wild geese rained from the sky near Everett, Washington, recently. A man driving a car was overtaken by a severe rain storm. Following a violent flash of lightning, geese began to fall in his vicinity. One goose hit the road in front of the car, several dropped alongside, two more struck the top of the car and bounded off. Passers-by in automobiles were busily engaged in picking up the geese in a very short time. Evidently the geese were in direct line with the bolt of lightning, causing numbers of them to be electrocuted when the rain was charged with the electricity.

Some real estate dealers and trade associations of the United States are using air views to advertise housing and terminal facilities to prospective purchasers of property. Chambers of commerce are also having annual photographic maps made of their cities, showing graphically its yearly growth.

Twenty million horse power—one-third of all the undeveloped water power in the United States—is wasted in the Columbia River basin alone, according to engineers.

In the belief that the right of the dog to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is second only to the rights of man, the Lancaster County Humane Society, of Lincoln, Nebraska, has constructed a home and hospital for homeless dogs, surrounded with a generous acreage for frolicsome puppies.

The Japanese print two sets of characters side by side, one script for the educated people and one easily read and understood by the common and uneducated people.

A rivet gun used under water where ordinary riveting tools cannot be employed is the invention of a London man. It is expected to prove valuable in salvage operations. The tool is an actual gun, weighing about 15 pounds, and is driven by an explosive cartridge. A diver recently "shot" rivets into a five-eighth-inch steel plate under water.

A mountaineer of Pike County, Kentucky, escaped from the Rock Castle convict road camp last spring. Going to his home in a distant part of the mountains, he cultivated a crop to keep his family in food for the winter and then returned and gave himself up at the state reformatory.

A bald-headed eagle, measuring seven feet from tip to tip of his wings, was slain at Vanderhoof, British Columbia, when it attempted to carry away a nine-year-old girl from the veranda of her home. Mother and child fought off the bird until help came. The girl is suffering from flesh wounds.

A letter due 41 years ago recently arrived at Otisco, Indiana. The letter contained papers regarding the settlement of an estate, which is pending. The sender died years ago.

More than half the 24,000,000 families in the United States were living in rented homes during 1920.

Two coins, approximately 600 years old, were taken from a vein of coal at a small mine near Clarksburg, West Virginia, recently. One coin is copper and the other silver. On one side of each coin is a small human head or skull. On the reverse side one coin bears the date, 1329 and the other, 1330.

A submarine cable is to be laid direct from Italy to Brazil within two years. Later it will be extended to the Pacific coast of South America. It is to be exclusively Italian.

There was less illiteracy among the native white population of Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Utah and Idaho in 1920 than in any of the other states.

A copper serpent has been found in a freshly plowed field near Monk's Mound, one of the largest of the Cahokia group of Indian mounds near East St. Louis, Illinois. The find is important, according to the scientist who is directing excavation work on the mounds in the vicinity. The serpent is believed to have been the object of worship. It is six inches long, made of refined copper and has four coils.

One-half of the graduates of women's colleges do not marry at all, according to statistics published by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Strapped to a six-foot plank, which was in turn lashed to the wing of an airplane, an injured marine was brought to Port Au Prince, Hayti, and probably saved from death through prompt attention to his wounds. The marine was injured in the jungle so severely that it was impossible to place him in a sitting posture in the machine. Wearing helmet and goggles, he suffered no ill effects during the 30-minute flight.

An endless chain of death confronts the rat population of New York City, if an experiment now under way is successful. A half dozen of the city's 6,000,000 rats will be inoculated with a serum which will cause their death shortly after their release, it is expected. It is said by experts that the carcasses will be eaten by other rats who in turn will die and provide poison serum for succeeding rats.

Sixteen pedigreed sheep met their death when they followed their leader, which accidentally fell into an old well near Norfolk, England. The leader stepped on the cover of the well to reach leaves of a tree which hung over the well. The cover gave way, the leader fell through and the 16 others followed of their own accord.

A pumpkin weighing 100 pounds was raised by a farmer near Columbus, Indiana, according to reports from that city.

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A Step—a Long One—in the Right Direction

Washington, D. C.

DISARMAMENT became something more than an abstract phrase when Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of State, astonished the world by proposing to the Disarmament Conference in Washington a detailed program for a 10-year naval holiday.

The Hughes proposal did more than furnish the Conference with a concrete basis for discussions. It rallied the public opinion of the United States and apparently the world behind a specific performance. It gave public opinion something it can bite into.

Washington's reaction to the proposal was magnificent. It began with a shout from the galleries in demonstrative approval as the Secretary was reading his address. In the clubs, the hotels and other places where gathered the experts and critics attending the Conference, the atmosphere changed at once from doubt, suspicion and cynicism to hope, confidence and optimism.

For they all saw that in case of failure, those responsible for the Conference's success will have to face their people with explanations very difficult to make.

The proposal calls for a most gigantic scrapping of armament and the abandonment of virtually all naval construction by the United States, Great Britain and Japan for the next 10 years—if not forever. It means that the only three great navies of the world will be reduced to scarcely more than augmented coast guard importance.

Yet each of the countries, under the program, will be as safe as it is now, if not, indeed, much safer. And hundreds of millions of dollars will be saved from future expenditures on armament.

It was not the nature of the Hughes proposal which startled Washington so much. Every one expected such a proposal to come forth. But few looked for it to appear until smoke screens to becloud it had arisen from clashes over political and economic issues which are involved with the military policies of the nations.

Now the smoke screens that may be generated by the political problems of the Far East must lag behind and not float before to obscure the big issue, which is the relief of the peoples from the exorbitant burden of armament. This probably is what the national capital visioned when, with an acclaim surprising for this sophisticated environment, the Hughes proposal was accepted as being something in itself as momentous as it seemed astonishing. It was the fact that, whether here, or in Great Britain or Japan, the public had a gauge with which to measure the Conference's ultimate success, which caused Washington to exult. Britain's and Japan's accepting the program, "in principle," could not help but follow.

The Hughes proposal as first presented comprises only a ground work. Its adoption will involve many problems of difficult detail. It contained, for example, no reference to submarines, or air vessels, which many believe have rendered the dreadnought more or less useless as an implement of war. And, of course, there are auxiliary problems, such as fortifications in the Philippines and Guam, and cables in the Pacific, which may becloud the big issue. And, of course, there is the Chinese problem that must be dealt with

But Mr. Common Man has something upon which he very easily can keep an eye—the Hughes proposal, fundamentally fair to all.

"What will our people say?" is the question clearly in the forefront of the minds of the delegates to the Conference, however aloof, removed and powerful they be. From evidences noticed during the first few days, it is clear that the public opinion of the United States will have much effect on the minds of even the visiting conferees. For in a naval race we could defeat and perhaps bankrupt all competitors. Secretary Hughes, it is said, has been much afraid that opinion in this country would become confused with regard to the Conference, and that, by over-demonstration along some lines, it might interfere with, rather than promote, good results.

The Secretary's initial move seems to have obviated that danger, for opinion has rallied behind the American delegation as it rarely, if ever, has rallied to representatives of the kind before.

Of course, there are many who believe the Hughes program doesn't go far enough. But they all believe that it is a going program, which is more than expected. And, if it goes through, the future possibilities are infinite. Anyway, the world has been proffered something it clearly can visualize—and watch.

He Specializes in Big Figures

Independent Movie Men Denied Bank Loans

A Day in Romantic Annapolis

Uncle Sam Teaches Nature Study in the West

The First Acoustic Engineer

The American Jewish Leader—Louis Marshall

Interest as It Appears to Great Minds

A Symposium on Usury and Its Effect on the World

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

USURY bringeth the wealth or treasure of a state into a few hands. For the usurer being at certainties and others at uncertainties, at the end of the game most of the money will be in the box. —Bacon.

Ferrero, in "Greatness and Decline of Rome," describing the situation in 65 B. C., says: "There was a single question upon which the anxiety of thoughtful men was centered—the question of debt. The imperial democracy that held a world beneath its sway, from Caesar down to the smallest shopkeeper, was at the mercy of a small group of usurers."—Vol. 1, p. 223.

It is related that Napoleon, when shown an interest table, said, after some reflection: "The deadly facts herein revealed lead me to wonder that this monster Interest has not devoured the whole human race." It would have done so long ago if bankruptcy and revolution had not acted as counterpoisons.—Michael Flurscheim.

A country which pays even five per cent interest, to say nothing of the rates of Wall Street, must from time to time commit bankruptcy, in order to rid itself of a burden of debts which it cannot discharge, its entire property having already passed into the hands of the creditors. This fact has hitherto not received the attention it merits, only because the creditors are in most cases within the country itself.—Charles A. Dana.

To a friend who was talking of borrowing money at three per cent a month for six months, Peter Cooper said: "Why do you borrow for so short a time?" "Because the brokers will not negotiate bills for any longer time." "Well, if you wish, I will discount your note at that rate for three years." "Are you in earnest?" asked the borrower. "Certainly I am. I will discount your note for $10,000 for three years at that rate. Do you want me to do it?" "Certainly," was the reply. "Very well," said Cooper. "Just sign this note for $10,000 payable in three years and give me your check for $800 and the transaction will be complete." "But where is the money for me?" asked the borrower. "You don't get any money," was the reply. "Your interest for 36 months at three per cent a month amounts to 108 per cent or $10,800. Therefore, your check for $800 just makes us even."

That interest is a tribute paid by one set of men to another is made clear by the simple fact that all men could as little live on their interest income as all could live by burgling. —Flurscheim.

An old lady left—because she could not take it with her—one million dollars. On calculation I found that this old lady, who had been lying bed-ridden for a year, was accumulating money (that is, the results of other people's labor) at the rate of eight cents a minute. In other words she awoke in the morning $50 richer than when she went to bed.—Ruskin.



(C) Harris & Ewing

Chinese delegates to the conference on the limitation of armament. From left to right are Gen. Li, Dr. M. T. Liang, Admiral Tsai, Dr. S. Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to the U. S., Dr. Wellington Koo, Mr. Yang Chang Yu and Mr. Ching-Hui Wang, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Interest! What is it? Paying for the same thing more than once is Interest.

Then take for the World-Reconstruction slogan:

The World on a Cash Basis.

Nothing paid for but Once.

If anything is paid for more than once, who gets the rest of the payments?

If anything is paid for more than once, who has to give up the other payments, and why?—Eleanor F. Baldwin.

What I want to know is, why the Bank of England is paying me 1,200 pounds a year. It certainly does not pay me for superintendence. It is not compensation as risk, since I put my money into the bank because I thought it was exactly the safest place to put it in. But I am told it is paid me as "reward for abstinence." It strikes me that if I had not my 15,000 pounds of Bank Stock I should be a good deal more abstinent than I am and no one would talk of rewarding me for it. It might be possible to find even cases of very prolonged and painful abstinence, for which no reward has yet been adjudged by less abstinent England.—Ruskin.

Hugo Bilgram in his work, "The Cause of Business Depressions" (Lippincott) says: "Our currency consists of promissory notes or evidences of indebtedness. And if we trace the method by which our currency is created, it is found to be nothing else than a re-issue of the evidences of indebtedness or promissory notes, acceptances, and so on, that were rediscounted by the Reserve Banks and deposited as security for the currency. The only function of the government is to go security for those debts and the function of the Reserve Banks is to insure the securities and to get them into circulation. The cost to them is comparatively trifling, but having the exclusive right to effect the exchange of business debts into currency debts, they can charge an outrageous toll for the use of currency. Had the business world the same right that is granted to those banks, the interest rate would be so low that it would not contain the item 'net interest' through which the business world is being robbed slowly of the medium of exchange, without which business cannot be performed nor wages paid."

Interest for the use of money could not long be exacted were it not for the Federal and state laws maintaining the money monopoly. It will, if not abolished, soon drive the world into revolution and repudiation or starvation. The money monopoly is the chief support of all other monopolies and the cause of wealth concentration, or the exploitation of all who labor, by the privileged few—who alone may issue notes intended for general circulation.—Henry Cohen.

Interest was held by Dante to be one of the worst sins that could be committed against nature and the receivers of such interest were put in the same circle of Hell with the people of Sodom and Gomorrah.—Ruskin.

He who would give the name of robbery or parricide to the iniquitous invention of interest would not be very far from the truth. What, indeed, does it signify if you have made yourselves masters of the wealth of another by scaling walls or by killing passers-by, or if you have acquired what belongs to you by the merciless method of the loan?—St. Gregory of Nyssa.

Why do the masses work overtime for insufficient pay? Why has our transportation system broken down? In each case the answer is—Interest. If we let the interest-taker skim all the cream off the profits of the transportation system, of course it will break down. If not arrested, Interest will throw to the scrap heap Humanity itself.

Five hundred dollars, if lent at five per cent in the year 1620, would today amount to a sum equal to all the wealth of the United States. One penny, lent at five per cent in the year 1492, would amount to a sum sufficient to make multi-millionaires of every man, woman and child on earth. What will such a total be when we are paying interest on thirty billions of public debts and an equal amount of private debts?

Every great statesman who has written his fame in the history and in the laws of the world has denounced and forbidden interest. Was Lycurgus a fool when he forbade it? Was Solon a fanatic when he denounced it? Were Cato, Plato and Aristotle mad when with burning words they taught its iniquities? Were the Councils of the Church of Rome deceived when, one after another, they condemned it as a mortal sin? Was the Protestant Church of England in deadly error when she declared it to be the revenue of Satan? Was Mohamet wrong when he strictly forbade it? Was the Jewish law wrong when it poured its loudest anathemas on it as a crime of the first magnitude? They all with one accord, in all ages, under the influence of every form of civilization and religion, denounced and forbade it even in the smallest degree; and it has destroyed every nation where it has been established.

Usury has always occasioned the ruin of the states wherein it has been tolerated; and it was this disorder which contributed very much to subvert the constitution of the Roman commonwealth and gave birth to the greatest calamities in the provinces of that empire.—Rollin.

The annual interest now paid on the National Debt amounts to $2,000 a year income for 463,000 families of five persons each. That is, the annual interest on the national debt alone approximates the "support" of 2,315,000 individuals. Other public debts in this country amount to nearly $20,000,000,000 principal. Add this, and our annual interest paid on all public debts amounts to the "support" of 4,630,000 persons.—Aaron Hardy Ulm.

"A" is a farmer owning a farm. "B" is a banker known far and wide as a cautious and honest man of business. "A" needs ready money. He mortgages his farm to "B" for $1,000 (giving "B" a mortgage note, and receiving in exchange "B's" notes in various denominations for $1,000). For this accommodation "B" charges "A" this transaction's just proportion of the expenses of running the bank, say, one-half of one per cent. With these notes "A" buys various products which he needs of "C," "D," "E," and so on, down to "Z," who in turn, with the same notes, buy products of each other, and in course of time come back to "A" with them to buy his farm produce. Then "A" carries the notes to "B," the banker, receives back his mortgage note, and the mortgage on his farm is cancelled. All these parties from "A" to "Z," have been using for the performance of innumerable transactions "B's" notes based on "A's" farm—that is, *a currency based on security supplied by the party who would ordinarily be called the borrower.* They were able to perform these transactions only because they all knew that the notes were thus secured. "A" knew it because he gave the mortgage; "B" knew it because he took the mortgage; "C," "D," "E," and so on, down to "Z," knew it because they knew that "B" never issued notes unless they were secured in this or some similar way. Now, in the whole circle of these transactions, has there been any lending of capital or of anything else? If so, who was the lender?—Who is out of pocket? If not, who is entitled to any interest?

The Ghost at the Disarmament Conference

Debt Rears Its Ugly Head to Dominate Meeting at Washington

By AARON HARDY ULM

REPRESENTATIVES of the world's first powers, gathered about the board in Washington to discuss disarmament, take cognizance of a ghost which, because of its terribly appalling possibilities, dominates the entire proceedings.

It is the ghost of debt.

Debts are the chief excuses for our practical rulership over Santo Domingo and Hayti today; it supplies the ground for British rule in Egypt. Debt is the biggest factor in the Far Eastern problem, for it has provided the chief cover under which outside nations have encroached upon China.

No mind can grasp the totals necessary to the expression of the world's debts at the present time. In fact, no man knows them beyond rough approximations, for they are so tremendous and involved that what they are today may be very different from what they will be tomorrow.

One probable truth about them is now being suspected. In all likelihood those debts can never be fully redeemed; indeed, it is doubtful if full interest charges ever can be paid on them. Yet they are still increasing.

Debt and especially public debt has become a sort of Frankenstein monster that is threatening to turn upon and devour its creator. It seems on the verge of fulfilling the predictions made concerning it when it was but a seemingly and perhaps actually beneficent pigmy.

"Nations are wading deeper and deeper into an ocean of boundless debt." Thus more than 100 years ago, wrote Edmund Burke, the man who, according to John Morley (and many others), possessed the greatest mind ever devoted principally to politics. "Public debts which at first were a security to governments by interesting many in the public tranquillity are likely in their excess to become means of their subversion," added the political philosopher often quoted by the defenders or apologists of public debts. Because Burke saw and declared that the British public debt of his day did not as it stood mean the country's ruin, nor justified it in taxing the American colonies, he was not kept from seeing the dangerous potentialities in growing public indebtedness.

Adam Smith, who wrote before Burke expressed himself in the foregoing, speaks in his "The Wealth of Nations" of "the enormous debts which at present repress and will in the long run probably ruin all the great nations of Europe."

What would the father of the science of political economy say about the debts owed by the great nations of Europe now when those debts are hundreds of times larger than was imagined possible in his day?

"The national debts of the world are of incredible size," declared C. E. McGuire, of Washington, D. C., an expert on the subject, before the 1920 conference of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. "Any attempt to calculate them involves the use of figures that formerly were used only by statisticians when they speculated on the extent of national wealth. The currencies of the world are being increased in volume in an alarming way."

And in great part those currencies represent legal additions to the national debts of many countries, for they are presumed to be redeemable in gold or silver at face value. But, excepting the more stable governments which have maintained fair volumes of gold reserves, it is doubtful if any of the countries that have been looking to printing presses for revenues will ever meet those obligations. The expansion of paper currencies has continued on such a scale in several lands that the money of some European countries now is worth scarcely more than the paper used in printing it. In fact, the currency of the Eastern Siberian Republic already has reached a point of absolute valuelessness and has disappeared from use.

The cheapening of a currency after debts are contracted usually means at least part repudiation of obligations, unless the value of the currency is restored before the obligations are met. It is probable that a great proportion of the book obligations of several European countries will thus be dissolved; for in many cases the raising to par value of outstanding mediums of exchange would hoist those debts to points above the totals of national wealth.

As stated before, it is impossible to give even approximately figures covering the world's national debts now. Several of the first-class powers have ceased to give out definite figures on obligations. The following table, compiled for and published by the Bankers Trust Company, of New York, gives them for five counties as of May 31, 1920:

Debt and Interest Charge Compared with Estimated Wealth and Income—debt, wealth and income being in billions of dollars:

	Debt	Wealth	Debt % wealth	Interest	Income	Interest % of Income
United States	$25	$300	8.3	$1.0	$60	1.69
Great Britain	39	120	32.5	1.8	18	10.00
France	46	90	51.1	1.8	12	15.10
Italy	18	50	36.0	.7	8	9.00
Germany	50	60	83.3	2.5	10	25.00

Thus, according to this table, the French national debt is more than one-half the entire wealth of the French nation. Interest on it calls for 15 per cent of the national income. And the figures for wealth and income, showing great advances, cover an immense volume of inflation. The per capita income in France rose from 960 francs in 1911 to 3,200 in 1920. In 1913 the taxes were 1,296 francs per capita; they increased to 574 per capita in 1920, though the government was still accumulating debts and deficits.

The British national debt, which is the most stable one of any European country, now amounts to $326,000—estimating par value in terms of United States coin—for every square mile making up the territories of Great Britain and Ireland, barring colonies.

In fact, practically all European national debts now run into the tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars for every square mile in the respective countries.

Even the new governments are loaded down with appalling volumes of debt. Czecho-Slovakia is burdened with a debt—taken over in part from the old Austrian-Hungarian government—of 40,000,000,000 kronen, and probably half as much outstanding in the form of currency which has no gold backing. The kronen, of course, is now worth only a cent or two in American money, but if it should ever go to par Czecho-Slovakia would be covered with a debt that it couldn't possibly pay, even if it could pay it in depreciated kronens.

The same state of affairs exists in Poland, only worse, and in Rumania and Jugo-Slavia, and in Germany.

The entire national debts of the civilized countries now run into the hundreds of billions of dollars. In 1714, they amounted to only $1,500,000,000, and in 1848, when they began to grow at rapid pace, they amounted to only $8,650,000,000.

While, as Macaulay said, the story of national debts has "amazed the wisdom and confounded the predictions of statesmen and philosophers" because prosperity and progress seemed to grow with them, all students have agreed that there are limits beyond which they cannot go except at tremendous and ruinous cost. In fact, there are many instances of governments collapsing because of national debts growing beyond what peoples could bear. Egypt is a notable example.

In some countries the peace-time tax revenues do not take care of interest charges, which in part are still met by additional borrowings—a process which, if not stopped, leads to disaster in government as in business.

Who holds the debts? In the main debts are held by the people of the countries owing them. Such is almost wholly true of our own national debt. Much of the European debts are held by outsiders. Former members of the Allies owe the United States Government about $11,000,000,000 and citizens of the United States many billions more. Even several hundred millions of German bonds are owned in the United States. No one wants to cancel obligations for which real money probably was exchanged. Hence international difficulties are involved in all the debts, international suspicions created and reasons given for strong sentiment in favor of such "preparedness" as may be necessary to insure payment of debts.

How national debts may affect public opinion is shown by the Russian situation. Despite the impracticability of and the solid objections to the Soviet régime in Russia, every one knows that if Lenin and Trotzky had assumed the debts of the old Russian government and paid interest thereon as it fell due much outside opposition to their rule would have been quieted, regardless of the general quality of that rule. A little incident within the writer's personal knowledge shows how insinuating national debts may be. During a national campaign occurring since the Bolsheviki experiment began, a political committee was seeking funds with which to make its fight. They appealed to a wealthy adherent of the party for a contribution. He answered that he could not give because he had several hundred thousand dollars tied up in old Russian bonds from which he was getting no return. "But," he added, "if and when interest payments on those bonds are resumed, I shall contribute $2,500 to your campaign fund." He probably had no idea of thus influencing a political organization on behalf of the securities issued by the czar's government, but what he offered to do naturally had some effect. It is well known that the intense opposition among French peasants to the present régime in Russia is due only mildly to the general policies of the Bolsheviki. What the peasants really do care about is the millions in money they had invested in the czar's securities.

In considering the state of public indebtedness, which seems on the verge of fulfilling the predictions of Edmund Burke, Adam Smith and other great authorities on political economy, it might be well for the statesmen to note what Burke said about the validity of public obligations that go beyond the power of a people to maintain:

"It is to the property of the citizen and not the demands of the creditor of the state that the first and original faith of society is pledged. The claim of the citizen is prior in time, paramount in title, superior in equity. The fortunes of individuals . . . . were no part of the creditors' security, expressed or implied . . . . The public, whether represented by a monarch or by a senate, can pledge nothing but the public estate; and it can have no public estate, except in what it derives from a just and proportioned imposition upon the citizens at large . . . . No man can mortgage his property in justice to himself as a pawn for his fidelity to his government."

If the Disarmament Conference in some way manages to quiet the ghost of war debt, it will take a long step toward restoring normal conditions and will thus remove a complication which bears mightily on genuine disarmament.



(C) Harris & Ewing

The three prominent Japanese delegates to the conference on the limitation of armament, from left to right, are Baron Shidehara, Ambassador to the United States, Vice Admiral T. Kato and Prince Tokugawa.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 5, November 26, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Shirt Sleeve Diplomacy

THE address of Mr. Hughes in opening the Disarmament Conference started the discussions with the right force and in the right direction. He may have administered a rude shock to old-fashioned diplomats by the bluntness with which he revealed the mind of the United States and the abruptness with which he announced its definite objective. To the cynics and pessimists and to the sinister international interests bent on turning the Conference into a meaningless farce of unending and intriguing "negotiations" the American program must have seemed like a bolt from the blue. Mr. Hughes is true to the tradition of shirt sleeve diplomacy established by John Hay and carried it forward another stage. America stands for peace and progress, as well as for the open door and the square deal all round.

And the real America—the men and women of faith and good will all up and down this broad land who are hopefully looking to the Washington Conference to mark the opening of an era of friendship between the nations, by an abandonment of armament burdens—will hail the Hughes initiative as an eminently gratifying fulfillment of their highest hopes as to the American attitude and as an earnest of genuine and practical results to be achieved. "Well begun!" must be the verdict also of the anxiously waiting millions in Europe and in Asia who are centering their hopes of a world freed from the war's menace, as from taxation so exhausting as to threaten universal bankruptcy.

The chairman of the American delegation has certainly set an example of candor and directness. He has laid this nation's cards on the table face upward for all the world to see. He has gone further than the most optimistic of us dared hope in boldly declaring our readiness to take our own medicine to the extent of scrapping 15 capital ships now in course of construction and on which we have spent more than $330,000,000. Mr. Hughes' gesture is not an ultimatum. There is nothing dictatorial about it. It is simply an invitation to get down to real business promptly.

While not stating an irreducible minimum, it sets a mark which sister nations at the conference table may well feel impelled to approximate. An agreement to a 10 years' naval holiday as to battleship construction would aid greatly in giving the laboring and struggling peoples sufficient relief to allow them to get their breath and go to work to pay their debts and restore the world's economic and commercial equilibrium. And what is more, the 10 years' truce may well extend into a permanent peace—real disarmament.

Hope at Last for Alaska

IT IS gratifying to note that congressional attention is at last being given to the maladministration of Alaska which has for more than a generation retarded the economic and industrial development of that great territory and abandoned its exploitation to a monopolistic combine.

That this ring was treating our great national domain—magnificent in its wealth of natural resources as in its spacious dimensions—as a pocket-borough politically and as its personal plunder perquisite economically was recently revealed in a series of articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. So fearlessly candid and direct, and so undeniably authentic and arresting, were the facts set forth in those articles that they commanded wide public attention at the time and made further dodging difficult.

Now John E. Ballaine, of Seattle, tells the United States Senate Committee on Territories of conditions in Alaska that emphasize the demand, in all fairness and justice to its people, for legislation that shall establish the "Open Door" in Alaska for American citizens at least and save the territory from the sway of financial barons who are throttling its development.

The Far Eastern Republic

FROM far Siberia has come to Washington a delegation from one of the newest nations born of the war in the ancient East—representatives of a people having as vital an interest as any in the settlement of problems of the Far East. This is the delegation from the Far Eastern Republic which, "unofficially," has laid before our State Deparment the facts and arguments on which it claims recognition and a voice in the Conference with China and Japan.

This Far Eastern Republic, according to Charles H. Smith, recently returned from Siberia where he had spent more than two years as American member of the Inter-Allied Railway Commission, is of most significant origin politically while its strategical position geographically suggests the possibility of its playing an important rôle in future national and international readjustments. The republic is a direct outgrowth of the demands made by Japan on Russia at the close of the World War for the establishment of a buffer state between Japan and Bolshevism. Mr. Smith suggests that the Japanese expected the new state would be under Japanese influence and favorable to Japanese policies in Siberia. Forestalling this expectation, the Soviet Government at Moscow gained the local liberalists in organizing the Far Eastern Republic on a basis which, while it should depart radically from the Communism of Lenin and Trotzky, would be inclined to favor Russian rather than Japanese interests. Perhaps with some prescience of the downfall of Communism in Russia, these Soviet representatives realized that Communism could not be established in Siberia, especially as Seminoff was planning a Czarist coup under the guise of a constitutional republic.

The constitution of the Far Eastern Republic proclaims the inviolability of private property, freedom of the press and of religious worship and declares strongly for compulsory education. According to the American railway man, at least 90 per cent of the people are supporters of the new government, only a small minority attached to the old régime withholding approval. It is suggested that if given economic support by the Allies and America its sane constitutional democracy will spread, eventually to old Russia.

Not Born to Die

FOR the first time in 15 years, the name of Caruso was conspicuous this year by its absence from the program of an opening night of the Metropolitan Opera season. Mme. Galli-Curci shone as the newly risen luminary in the musical firmament which so recently saw the setting of Caruso's star.

It means much that, by general report, there was a vivid sense of Caruso's real presence in the scene of the greatest triumphs of his art on the repetition of the annual occasion which always inspired him to his splendid best. "He is there," said his widow, "just as always, for his life was and is in his art." And this feeling was evidently shared by all, contributing rather than detracting from the decided success of his successor on the earthly stage.

It means much that we are enabled through a masterly achievement of the science of our day to hear the voice of Caruso, at least in broken fragments, throughout the world in even the humblest home that boasts a phonograph. But if it be true that good music exerts the supreme influence over the human heart and contributes most to make earth like heaven, our debt to the great singer is one incalculable. To think of Caruso's bequest is to be reminded of George Eliot's immortal lines:

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is Heaven:
To make undying music in the world. . . .

The Ban on War

PRESIDENT HARDING did well to take the double occasion of the Armistice Day anniversary and the burial of America's Unknown Soldier to sound what later proved to be the keynote of the Disarmament Conference. The military pomp and ceremony, with its booming guns, crashing martial music and soldiers and sailors on parade, might easily have developed into a glorification of the military spirit. The President chose rather to exalt the higher and nobler ideal of peace and to mark war as a savage survival unworthy of nations laying claim to be civilized.

This at least is a fair interpretation of the following passage in his speech:

> "The loftiest tribute we can bestow today—a heroically earned tribute, fashioned in deliberate conviction out of unclouded thought neither shadowed by remorse nor made vain by fancies—is the commitment of this Republic to *an advance never made before*. If American achievement is to be a cherished pride at home, if our unselfishness among nations is to be all we would wish it to be and ours is to be a helpful example in the world, then let us give of our influence and strength—yea, of our aspirations and convictions—to put mankind on a little higher plane, exulting and exalting *with war's distressing and depressing tragedies barred from the stage of righteous civilization* . . . . Knowing that the world is noting this expression of the Republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that the sacrifice of this fellow American and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. There must be, there shall be a commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare."

War is a survival of savagery.

Dominion Protests

THAT Premier William Hughes, of Australia, should have angrily resented what he called the "slamming of the door" by our government against separate representation of the British Dominions at the Washington Conference was not very surprising. It is not the first time that the Australian statesman has gone off at half-cock. But that General Jan Smuts, prime minister of the Union of South Africa, should also have made similar animadversions against the omission of the Washington Government to invite the Dominions as separate political units seems very unlike the thoughtful and deliberate leader Smuts is generally esteemed to be.

The answer to this sort of invective, of course, is that the purpose of the numerical elasticity permitted to the British delegation was to allow for representatives of the great self-governing dominions. As a matter of fact, representatives of all the Dominions, including Canada and India, are included in the personnel of the British delegation. That they are in Washington as the representatives of the British Empire as a whole, rather than of its separate component states, is a quarrel which Messrs. Hughes and Smuts should take up with London rather than with Washington, especially in view of the fact that as yet no independent diplomatic relations have been entered into between the United States and any of the Dominions. Canada's Parliament has authorized a special envoy at Washington, but, presumably for reasons sufficient to both the Canadian and the British governments, no such envoy has yet been appointed.

American Indians at Work

A MOVEMENT that should make strong appeal to popular interest and support is the American Indian Arts and Crafts Foundation with headquarters in Washington. Its purpose is to help the Indians to help themselves. To this end, it is planned to establish a new sort of "industrial center" on or near the Indian reservations. The center will restore and encourage the old native arts and crafts of the Indians, while introducing "modern work of commercial value" for Indians of mixed blood.

Commissioner Charles H. Burke, of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, is chairman of the advisory committee of the foundation. He declares that there is no greater need of the Indians today than the opportunity for self-expression along the lines proposed. Under the leadership of a bright and capable young Indian woman, Miss Jane Zane Gordon, scientific and businesslike plans have been worked out, all directed toward helping the Indians to become self-supporting and so to prepare them for citizenship. In a letter to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, this trained and enterprising Indian maiden remarks parenthetically: "The Indian has not had much of a chance here in his own native land."

While we are calling for justice in behalf of all the peoples of the ends of the earth, may we not stop and think about justice at home?

Mr. Ford's Page

SUCCESS is the enemy. It is the only enemy that can overcome men who are invincible to failure. Men who cannot be beaten though they fail a score of times, men who cannot be discouraged by an army of difficulties, sometimes go tumbling down as the result of a little success. More men are failures on account of success, than on account of failure.

It is very easy to show how this comes to be.

Here is a railroad that has suddenly come to its senses. It has not done anything very wonderful, it has merely roused itself out of its loafing. It has not introduced a single new plan, it has not practiced a single magical formula, it has simply taken the old, time-worn system and tightened up the bolts, put in some grease and compelled it to go! It has done only the simplest and most common-sense things. It has cut out the slack and the loafing and the senseless waste. It has made cars and locomotives and men do what they were created for—move!

Now, it is a commentary on the slough into which we had fallen that when one railroad did that very simple thing, it made a sensation. That really is a point to think of. When the simple, common-sense thing is so unusual as to cause a sensation, it is proof that common sense is not being used very extensively, else people would be more familiar with it.

But with all the buzz and talk, there comes another element, that most people would not look for. Every man down the line knows that the railroad is doing its work better than ever before, that a new spirit and a new alertness have come into the work, that clumsy duplication and the necessity for loafing have been cut out. And every man naturally feels better about it. Anyone who tells you that a man prefers the dog's life of loafing to the real life of going after something and getting it done, does not know men.

Besides that, the common-sense thing is so unusual that it causes a great deal of outside talk. Common sense in business administration appears to be so unusual that it is "news." And thus the men on the railroad know that the world is talking about the big improvement they have made in railroad operation.

They make clippings of the papers and magazines. They take a personal satisfaction (which is right and proper) in all the praise that is given. They enjoy it thoroughly.

But all the time they are unconscious of what this praise, and all this credit for success, is doing to them. The most common mistake of all is the belief that when people begin to buzz, it is a sign that something has been definitely and finally accomplished, that success has been won. We are such simple creatures that we imagine the race is run the moment the cheers are heard.

Now, in the illustrative case of the railroad which we are using, it is very easy to see how praise and the sense of success works upon the minds and energies of men.

If the manager has kept his head at all, he knows that though much has been done in lifting the old system out of its rut, it is not to be compared with what is yet to be done. And just there is one of the differences that mark men: you find one type of men standing still, complacently enjoying the little good work they have already done, smiling over it, receiving congratulations upon it, simply sucking it dry of all that can minister to their sense of pride and personal satisfaction.

If the manager is of that type, he has reached the end of his achievement; he is through, so far as making progress is concerned. The man who thinks he has done something, hasn't many more things to do.

But there is the other type of manager who is so busy with the things yet to be done that he cannot stop to enthuse over what has already been done. His is a long-range program. What he has done he regards as a beginning—maybe a mighty good beginning, but only a beginning after all. His eye is far ahead on plans yet to be realized, new ideas yet to be introduced. He spends no time congratulating himself. Of course, he misses a lot of the soft enjoyment of the other type; he misses a lot of that enervation which comes from basking in praise and adulation; he seems rather callous to public opinion—but all that is because he has not yet done the thing for which he will perhaps deserve praise.

Now, this man sees defects that the satisfied crowd of men don't see. He sends for his railroaders, and points out what is wrong. He brings them to book on this dereliction of duty or that failure of alertness. He talks to them in a tone which reveals none of the self-satisfaction which they supposed was the constant atmosphere of the inside office—satisfaction with all the praise and buzzing which was going around.

"Why, boss," they seem to say, "what difference does a little thing like that make? See how well we are doing. Why here is a newspaper clipping which says . . .," and they go down into their pocketbooks for the cherished bit of paper.

Don't you see what the air of success does? Don't you see how it has seduced these men? Don't you see that after fighting failure through, they are now ready to surrender to a little success?

Success is the enemy. It brings those elements with it that minister to our softness. There are more people desiring to enjoy life than to contribute something to life. A man wants recognition and reward; we say these are natural desires, and so they are. But when a man gains recognition, the temptation is very great to stop and enjoy the recognition. And when he gains reward the temptation is to think that he has "arrived." Who can count the number of the men who have been halted and beaten by recognition and reward!

Make your program so long and so hard that the people who praise you will always seem to you to be talking about something very trivial in comparison with what you are really trying to do.

If success comes you will have to work twice as hard to keep on top of it; once it gets on top of you, then success becomes your failure.

People at large will never be convinced of this, of course, and it is not necessary that they should. It is only when they approach the perilous place of popular approval that they must be sternly warned.

The people transfer their own feelings to the successful person, and then think of his success under those terms. They see the statesmen carried aloft, the ruler exalted, the man of achievement moving along to the plaudits of the people. And they think how lovely, how enjoyable, how perfectly satisfactory such a position must be. And so the attainment of that loveliness and enjoyableness and satisfaction becomes their idea of success. If they only knew it, the man so honored was probably fuming because he was wasting his time to make a public holiday—he wanted to get back to his work.

This much is certain: had the man who was thus honored behaved himself so unseemly as to indicate that he thought he deserved all that adulation, had he shown that success was to him what the people thought it was, they would have dethroned him.

It is all a very strange game, and the man who is deceived thereby is lost. Better have a job too big for popular praise, so big that you can get a good start on it before the cheer-squad can get its first intelligent glimmerings of what you are trying to do. Then you will be free to work. And being free to work you will have achieved the truest success and satisfaction.

MORE men are beaten by success than by failure. There are men who cannot be defeated by difficulty nor disappointment; but before praise, reward and recognition, they go tumbling down. The man who is not ahead of what the people praise him for, who is not willing to forego their praise to fulfill his program, is already on the down grade. The man who thinks he has done something, has not many more things to do. One's program should be so long and so complete that when praise comes to him it will seem to him to be trivial, or for some accomplishment which he made long ago and has left behind. The man who cannot see more things yet to do, than the public praises him for having done, is nearly through.

Measuring Mental Stature

Tests Enable Modern School Properly to Place Children

By EDWARD J. BECK

MORE than one-tenth of the money annually spent for public school instruction in the United States has been wasted by placing children in classes whose requirements they could not meet. When the child failed to pass in his studies at the end of the year, the rules required that he cover the same ground again during the next term. This costly duplication of effort has been more or less unavoidable, because until recently there was no practical method for predicting the child's probable rate of progress.

The authorities of one of our best metropolitan school systems discovered in an investigation that 10 per cent of the boys in the fourth grade were three years or more retarded in their studies. They should have been in the seventh grade, and here they were grouped with boys younger and smaller than they and often unable to keep mental pace with them at that. This situation is not unusual, but is a fair example of the retardation found in most school systems. Statistics for the country at large show that more than one-third of the pupils in the public schools fail to go through the grades at the rate of progress expected of them.

The evils of "lock-step" schooling have been equally apparent in the case of the very bright child. He was held back by being placed in a class with mediocre children. The pace was made too slow for him; his time was partly wasted and he was not given tasks advanced enough or large enough in quantity to engage his powers.

The "Smart" and the "Dull"

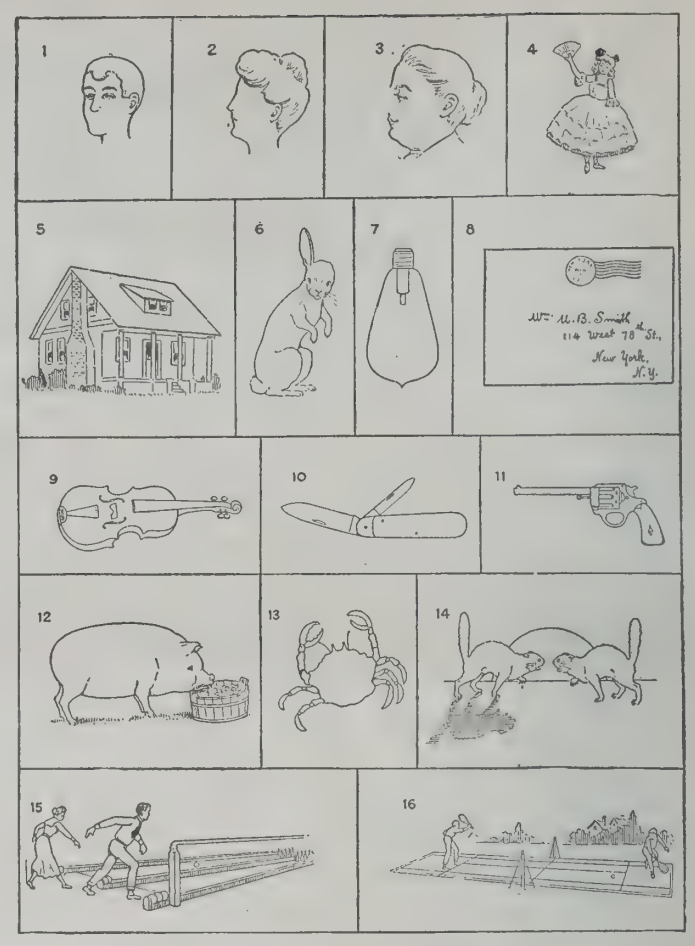
THE school authorities have tried to remedy the situation by modifying the plan of promotion, by paying more attention to individual differences and by starting special classes for retarded children. It was found that defective teeth, infected tonsils and other physical disabilities affected the brain power and more systematic attention was paid to the health of the child. Some children were underfed and schools served meals to listless pupils and thereby improved their ability to learn.

But the chief factor in unequal progress in school is undoubtedly that native ability which we call brains, intelligence, mental capacity, brightness. Some children naturally have more brain power than others and get along faster than their classmates because of it. If we could tell just what the inherent mental capacity of the pupils is we could classify them accordingly and give them the sort of instruction they can take advantage of and need. We could segregate them in groups of equal intelligence and give them a chance to progress according to their ability. The slow-witted child would be put with others of the same kind and they would all learn with the same degree of rapidity or slowness; the same would be done with the average children and the precocious children.

Some teachers have the mistaken idea that they can gauge the intelligence of their pupils by their looks. An animated expression, a mobile face and bright eyes are assumed to be a sure indication of mental alertness and intellectual brightness.

Professor Rudolph Pintner, of the Ohio State University, proved by an experiment that this sort of snap judgment is very unreliable. He had photographs of 12 children—some very bright, some average, some backward and some definitely feeble-minded. He showed the pictures to 63 individuals, among whom were doctors, lawyers, psychologists, psychiatrists, business men and mothers, and asked them to rank the children according to their apparent intelligence.

Not a single observer made an accurate ranking of all the 12 children and the judges differed widely among themselves. The consensus of opinion was that child No. 11 (according to the numbering of the photographs) should be ranked second. She had sparkling eyes and an appearance of brightness. Yet child No. 11 was feeble-minded and confined in a public institution. Child No. 2, a precocious boy, was ranked 9.5 on the list, probably because of an expressionless face and an awkward pose. He was branded as dull by the experts. Professor Pintner's experiment thoroughly demonstrated the fallacy of judging the mental possibilities of children by their appearance.



MISSING PARTS TEST

Another of the Detroit "X" tests, an adaptation of an army test given by groups to thousands of illiterate and foreign-born soldiers. The object is to mark in roughly the missing part. Two minutes is the time allowed. Used only for children 10 years or under. Some adults are stumped by number 14 and number 15.

He Attends a Special Class

THE judgment of teachers and parents about the mental caliber of children, as based on intimate personal contact with them, also is unreliable. Professor Louis Terman, one of the leading authorities on the testing of children, emphasizes the fact that the intelligence of superior children is usually underestimated by both parents and teachers. A friend of mine recently tested an 11-year-old boy, the son of an inventor. The boy's performance in the examination showed that he possessed the mental capacity of a youth of 17½ years. His mind was developed six years ahead of the average boy of his age. The lad was entitled to be considered a genius, but the significant thing is that his parents were unaware of their son's high mentality; they had merely thought of him as a bright boy who was apt in his school work but not radically distinguished from his playmates in power of accomplishment. This boy now is in a special class studying high school subjects and he will be saved several years of time by the discovery of his capacity for rapid learning.

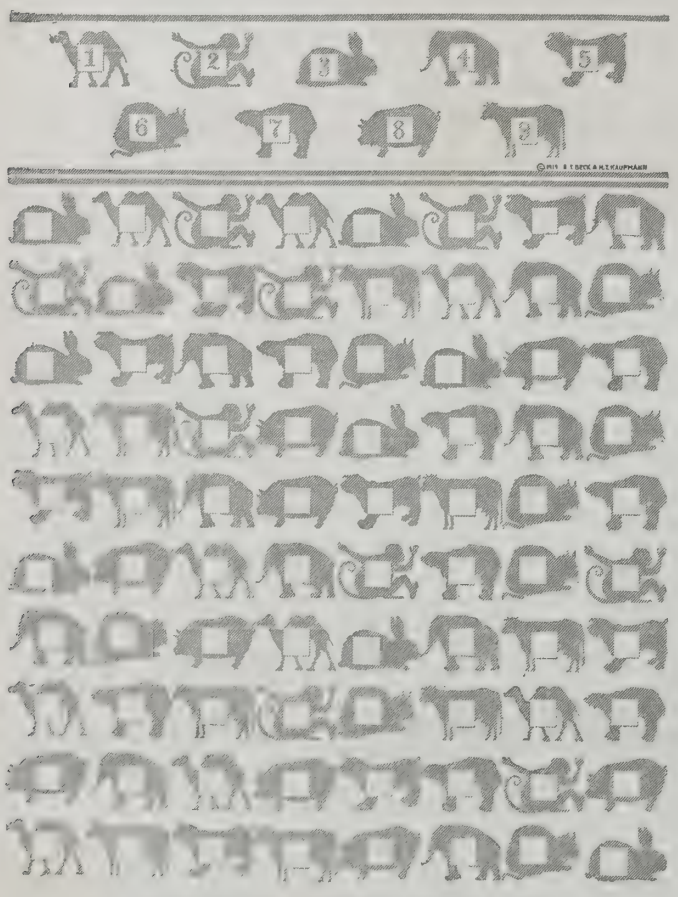
Experience covering hundreds of thousands of cases has taught that mental tests offer the best practical method for quickly determining the mental caliber of the child so that he may be placed in the grade and type of class where he can attain the largest measure of self-development. Virtually all the large school systems now have some facilities for ascertaining the intelligence of pupils in their charge. In most cities, the work of mental examining seems to be confined to cases suspected to be subnormal and emphasis is placed on the diagnosis of feeble-mindedness and other mental defects.

Some cities, Detroit for example, employ a staff of experts to examine whole schools and to furnish data on the basis of which the pupils are assigned to the classes in which they can do the most satisfactory work. During the past year, 58,000 pupils in Detroit were given mental ratings by means of tests. The entire student body of two of the largest high schools in Detroit was tested and this autumn the grouping of the students into the various sections was based on the results brought to light in the intelligence examinations.

The Binet tests, long the standard in this field, had one practical limitation. It took a half hour or an hour to administer them and only one person could be examined at a time. A small army of experts would be required to cover a school system at this rate, so that individual examining is out of the question, except for the diagnosis of special cases.

The experience of the army psychologists who tested more than 1,500,000 soldiers during the war indicated the method by which school children also could be rated on a large scale. The army psychologists had devised a series of group tests by means of which 200 or more subjects could be examined at one time. They had group tests, not only for men who could read and write, but also for those who could not understand English or who were illiterate. The directions for the latter were conveyed to the subjects by means of gestures and pantomimic demonstrations. The Missing Parts test, which is illustrated in this article, is an adaptation of the army group test for foreigners and illiterates.

The test blanks for the group examinations are so arranged that no writing is necessary, because if writing were required the test would not be measuring intelligence only, but also proficiency in penmanship and rapidity of writing. The clumsy-fingered child would be handicapped by a physical difficulty which had nothing to do with his general ability. The child merely marks the right answer. The examiner first makes clear in his instructions what he wants the subjects to do and then he says, "Go." The mental race is on and the idea is to see how many items of the test can be completed within the limited time. When the stop watch shows the examiner that the two or three or five minutes allowed have expired he says, "Stop," and the next test is taken up. The subject is not expected to complete a test but merely to finish as many items as possible.



PICTURE-DIGIT SUBSTITUTION TEST

This is a page from the Detroit group examination "X." It is used for testing children of 10 years or under. The subjects are allowed three minutes to fill in as many of the 80 squares as possible. The key is seen at the top of the cut. In each camel, the figure 1 is to be placed; in each monkey, the figure 2; in each rabbit, the figure 3, and so on.

Revealing Poor Brains

IF THE child shows up poorly in the group examination he is given a supplementary individual examination to verify the accuracy of the previous rating and to obtain additional information about the exact nature of his mental inefficiency. In many cases the child is not only given the individual Binet examination but also a series of so-called "performance tests." Here wooden blocks, form-boards, materials that look like jig-saw puzzles, and so on, are used. Book learning will not help the child to score well here, nor will lack of book learning hold him back. His success depends entirely on his ingenuity, his constructive mental ability and his practical judgment. He has to use the same mental powers that he employs on the street and on the playground. If he has poor brains, that fact is revealed in the way he handles the test materials and when the test is over, the examiner has a definite figure or score to represent the mental capacity of his subject.

The whole validity of mental testing rests on the assumption that there is such a thing as "general intelligence" as distinguished from special proficiency along a single line. It is assumed that there is a "common central factor" which lies behind all our mental processes. The thing to be tested is "brains" as distinguished from knowledge. The tests must be of such a character that they will reveal what we call "brains," even in the child which comes from a poor home and has had a poor training. The thing tested is that power of the mind which enables it to adjust itself readily to new situations and to combine the facts of observation into meaningful judgments. Intelligence is that ability by which the mind cumulatively masters the facts of the environment by forming a constantly increasing range of associations. It is not gained by schooling but by brain growth and merely living in the world.

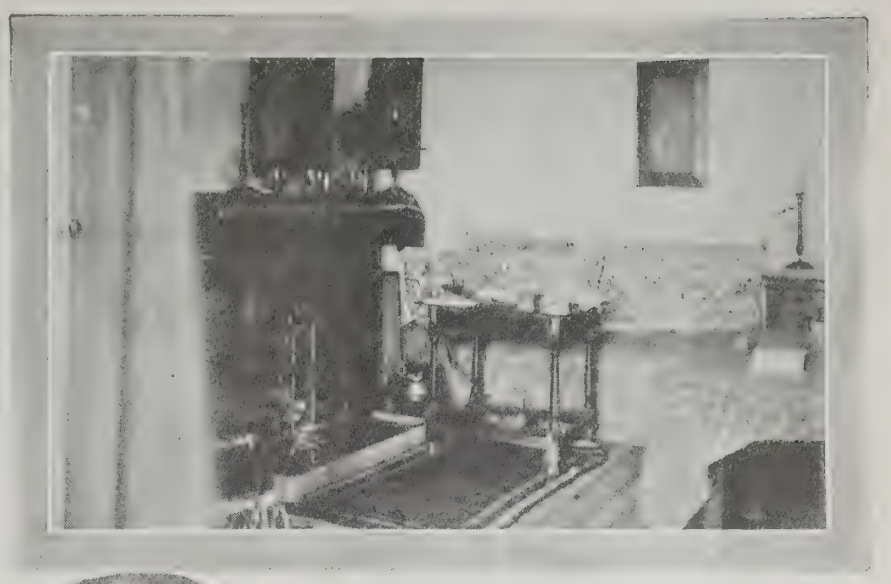
Intelligence expands from year to year and its growth is marked by certain definite stages of development from infancy to puberty. From puberty to maturity the intellectual milestones are less plainly discernible but still distinguishable.

We can measure a child's intelligence by comparing it with that of other children of the same age. Sta-

(Concluded on page 14)

With John Galsworthy at Home

By CHARLES H. MELTZER



TO LEAVE some writers for John Galsworthy is to exchange the hot atmosphere of the stokehole for the pure air that blows about an English tor. John Galsworthy lives lonely, on the heights. Not quite secluded, in an ivory tower; but far above the men who push and rush and sweat and fight for bread below. He does not keep his fellow creatures at arm's length, as Maurice Maeterlinck did in the long ago. His friends are welcomed at his charming Hampstead house. And even strangers, such as I, are not discouraged when they call on him.

But he has done his best to make it difficult for outsiders to distract him at his daily work or play.

He has chosen for his home a quiet cottage, hid at the end of a green winding side way. A careless traveler might pass quite close to it and not know the fact. The lane he lives in forms a *cul-de-sac*.

As I was climbing up the hill I had the good fortune to meet William Archer. He told me how to find the place I sought. A low three-story cottage, very old, and mellowed by the sun and rain and fog till it had put on the soft colors of a village home. The city seemed a hundred miles away. The air was fresh and sweet, and very silent. The echoes of my ring seemed quite indecorous. A lady opened, smiled, and asked me to come in. She was Mrs. Galsworthy.

On entering I saw a plain, low hall. The walls were of a dull, gray, restful shade, and hung with drawings. From the moment when the street door closed behind me, I was enveloped in an atmosphere of peace. That impression lasted till I left the house. It clung to me long afterward, as I strolled lazily about the famous Heath.

We passed into a still and pleasant room. It looked out on an Old-World, hedged-in garden. In the center was a smooth, raised lawn, surrounded by green trees, a walk and flowers. As we stood on the lawn the cottage gained in beauty. It was all overgrown with creepers and at one end it thrust out two small bay windows. Returning to the room already mentioned we sat down to talk, the writer facing me in a snug high-backed chair, that fitted in agreeably with a piano and more chairs, a sofa, and a few pictures on the walls. As in the hall, I felt a curious peace around me. The mantel, with the old mirror placed above it, the quaint plates and vases, bookcase and whatnot, made the interior very soothing to the nerves. The taste, the author said, is Mrs. Galsworthy's. He owes her many things besides his environment. It was his wife (she was not yet his wife though) who first inspired him with the ambition to write stories.

Galsworthy is a tall, spare, rather pale, close-shaven man, with graying hair, brushed smoothly right and left, a lofty forehead, a firm mouth and chin, a well formed nose, large ears, set very close to the high, shapely head. The eyes are kind and, though critical and probing, seem indulgent. There is more humor—or at least more sense of humor—in the lips than one can find in many of the author's works. The lines that travel downward from the nose, the furrows set between the even eyebrows, hint at a sterner something in the man. There is a small cleft in the chin. What can it mean? Perhaps merely doggedness. Galsworthy seems just what he is—a sensitive English gentleman.

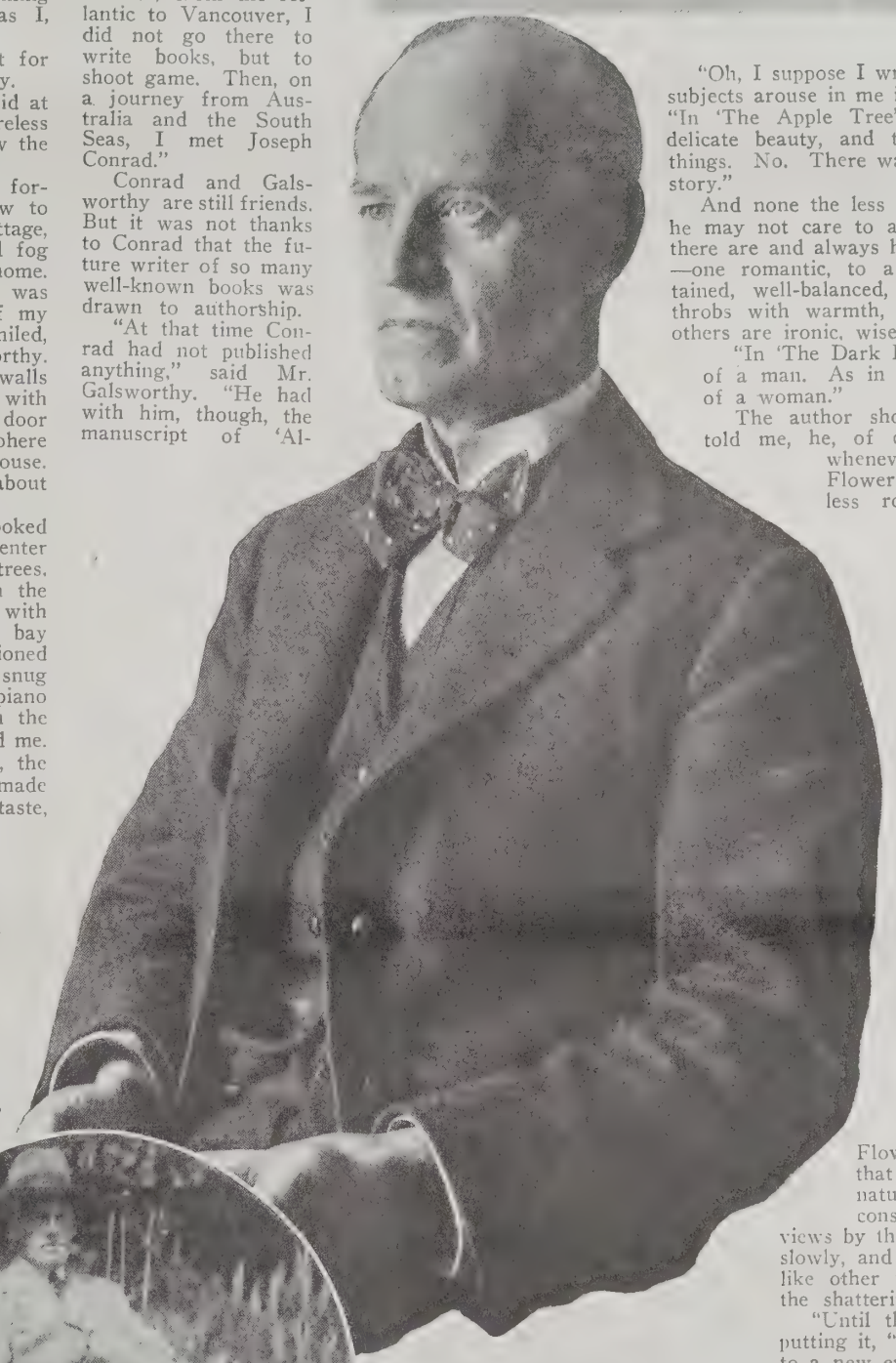
He dresses, as he speaks, with great simplicity. His phrases come from him with a little effort. They seem to cost him just a little previous thought. They do not rush nor flow. But they are always clear. And modest. And serene. And rarely harsh. Before he speaks, one feels that he wishes to be fair, quite fair, to avoid the slightest swerving from the truth, to express his thought with entire sincerity.

How did he take to authorship? He told me—simply.

"When I set out on my travels—first to Canada, from the Atlantic to Vancouver, I did not go there to write books, but to shoot game. Then, on a journey from Australia and the South Seas, I met Joseph Conrad."

Conrad and Galsworthy are still friends. But it was not thanks to Conrad that the future writer of so many well-known books was drawn to authorship.

"At that time Conrad had not published anything," said Mr. Galsworthy. "He had with him, though, the manuscript of 'Almayer's Folly.' It was the lady who is now my wife who persuaded me to try my hand at authorship. Something I had said or done led her to suggest to me that I could write. I acted on the hint and turned out nine short stories. But the first work of any consequence I invented was 'The Villa Rubein'."



JOHN GALSWORTHY





Above—John Galsworthy's writing nook at Wingstone. Circle—Galsworthy in the garden: Grove Lodge, Hampstead. Below—Galsworthy's Hampstead cottage near London.

Most of his earlier works have never been reprinted. Mr. Galsworthy has suppressed them.

I led him gently on to talk about his later books, and asked him, haltingly, to explain the striking difference that I thought I saw between such works as "The Patrician" and "The Country House" (which most persons rank high) and two stories of romantic form and charm. One, "The Dark Flower," the other that short, exquisite little tale, published with four more, not all of them so exquisite, which he named "The Apple Tree."

"Oh, I suppose I write according to the interest my subjects arouse in me in various moods," he answered. "In 'The Apple Tree' I endeavored to express the delicate beauty, and the subtle influence of natural things. No. There was nothing at all personal in the story."

And none the less I cannot but believe that, while he may not care to acknowledge it to his own soul, there are and always have been two John Galsworthys—one romantic, to a fault, one far more self-contained, well-balanced, critical. "The Dark Flower" throbs with warmth, and blood and passion. Some others are ironic, wise and true. But—

"In 'The Dark Flower' I described the love life of a man. As in 'Beyond' I showed the love life of a woman."

The author should know best. And what he told me, he, of course, believes implicitly. Yet, whenever I have reread "The Dark Flower," I have been puzzled by his less romantic works. By the more realistic studies of conditions which he gave us in that group of books which includes "The Island Pharisees," "The Man of Property," "The Country House," "The Patrician," and, if you will, by his "Saint's Progress."

That "Saint's Progress." It is not his finest work, by any means. It stands about where "The Soul of a Bishop" does among the works of H. G. Wells. I incline to class it also with the "Blind Alley" of W. L. George, and—though with a long gap between—with "The Rough Road" of W. J. Locke. Galsworthy wrote it at a time when many men, no longer young, were pondering sadly on the havoc war had wrought; regretting, it may be, their vanished youth; and questioning their hearts as to the future. It lacks the clear-cut touch, the firmness, of his early books, the glow and heart throbs, above all, of "The Dark Flower." As we discussed it in that cosy sitting room, it seemed natural to me to ask him if he had consciously been affected in his views by the world's tragedy. He answered slowly, and rather rigidly, that he supposed, like other thinkers, he had suffered from the shattering of high hopes.

"Until the war came," was his way of putting it, "we had imagined ourselves close to a new era. It was a shock to have our dreams destroyed so utterly—to find that men had thrown away what might be called the idea of salvation through beauty." I interrupted at this point with the remark that, in three words, he seemed to have summed up his own noblest message.

"Do not misunderstand," said he. "I do not speak of merely esthetic beauty. There are more kinds than one—the beauty we call idealism. The war dealt a sad blow at that—a dreadful blow."

He leaned back in his chair, and did not see me. A favorite attitude of his. He writes his books, he says, in his armchair, with a pad on his knees, a pen in hand. The desk reserved for him in his own sacred den, is seldom used. He works more easily in what to some would seem an uncomfortable position.

On being asked if work meant pain or joy to him, Mr. Galsworthy assured me that "though he might seem to create his books with labor," the process as a rule caused him no anguish. "I should, indeed, feel lost without my creative work," said he.

We touched, in passing, on his tour of the United States; and, when I hinted at a book of "impressions," he said he had written nothing of the sort, and had planned out nothing. He did not feel that in a few months he had learned enough of American life and character to warrant him in attempting such a work. In this again, he differed, very modestly, from others who have turned out bulky volumes with amazing ease, based upon observations which, to say the least, were hurried. For John Galsworthy is honest as the day. His conscience, I am sure, must vex him constantly. His mental attitude toward the world is scrupulous.

(*Concluded on page 14*)

America's Jewish Enigma—Louis Marshall

Some Facts About American Jewish Committee's Head, Whose Name Is Not Very Jewish, But Who Leads Anti-Christian Campaign

SOMETHING of an enigma is Louis Marshall whose name heads the list of organized Jewry in America, and who is known as the arch-protester against most things non-Jewish. He is head of nearly every Jewish movement that amounts to anything, and he is chief opponent of practically every non-Jewish movement that promises to amount to something. Yet he is known mostly as a name—and not a very Jewish name at that.

It would be interesting to know how the name of "Marshall" found its way to this Jewish gentleman. It is not a common name even among Jews who change their names. Louis Marshall is the only "Marshall" listed in the Jewish Encyclopedia, and the only Jewish "Marshall" in the index of the publications of the American Jewish Historical Society. In the list of the annual contributors to the American Jewish Committee are to be found such names as Marshutz, Mayer, Massal, Maremort, Mannheimer, Marx, Morse, Mackler, Marcus, Morris, Moskowitz, Marks, Margolis, Mareck—but only one "Marshall," and that is Louis. Of any other prominent Jew it may be asked, "Which Straus?" "Which Untermeyer?" "Which Kahn?" "Which Schiff?"—but never, "Which Marshall?" for there is only one.

The Head of All Activity

THIS in itself would indicate that Marshall is not a Jewish name. It is an American, or an Anglo-Saxon name transplanted into a Jewish family. But how and why are questions to which the public as yet have no answer.

Louis Marshall is head of the American Jewish Committee, and the American Jewish Committee is head of all official Jewish activity in the United States.

As head of the committee, he is also head of the executive committee of the New York Kehillah, an organization which is the active front of organized Jewry in New York and the center of Jewish propaganda for the United States. The nominal head of the Kehillah is Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, a brother-in-law of Louis Marshall. Not only are the American Jewish Committee and the Kehillah linked officially (see chapter 33, Volume II, reprint of this series), but they are linked domestically as well.

Louis Marshall was president of all the Jewish Committees of the world at the Versailles Peace Conference, and it is charged now, as it has been charged before, that the Jewish Program is the only program that went through the Versailles conference as it was drawn, and the so-called League of Nations is busily carrying out its terms today. A determined effort is being made by Jews to have the Washington Conference take up the same matter. Colonel House was Louis Marshall's chief aid at Paris in forcing the Jewish program on an unwilling world.

Louis Marshall has appeared in all the great Jewish cases. The impeachment of Governor Sulzer was a piece of Jewish revenge, but Louis Marshall was Sulzer's attorney. Sulzer was removed from the office of governor. The case of Leo Frank, a Jew, charged with the peculiarly vicious murder of a Georgia factory girl, was defended by Mr. Marshall. It was one of those cases where the whole world is whipped into excitement because a Jew is in trouble. It is almost an indication of the racial character of a culprit these days to note how much money is spent for him and how much fuss is raised concerning him. It seems to be a part of Jewish loyalty to prevent if possible the Gentile law being enforced against Jews. The Dreyfus case and the Frank case are examples of the endless publicity the Jews secure in behalf of their own people. Frank was reprieved from the death sentence and sent to prison, after which he was killed. That horrible act can be traced directly to the state of public opinion which was caused by raucous Jewish publicity which stopped at nothing to attain its ends. To this day the state of Georgia is, in the average mind, part of an association of ideas directly traceable to this Jewish propaganda. Jewish publicity did to Georgia what it did to Russia—grossly misrepresented it, and so ceaselessly as to create a false impression generally. It is not without reason that the Ku Klux Klan was revived in Georgia and that Jews were excluded from membership.

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages will be sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

Louis Marshall is chairman of the board and of the executive committee of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, whose principal theologian, Mordecai M. Kaplan, is the leading exponent of an educational plan by which Judaism can be made to supersede Christianity in the United States. Under cover of synagogal activities, which he knows that the well-known tolerance of the American people will never suspect, Rabbi Kaplan has thought out and systematized and launched a program to that end, certainly not without the approval of Mr. Marshall.

Leader at "Kosher Conference"

LOUIS MARSHALL is not the world leader of Jewry, but he is well advanced in Jewry's world counsel, as is seen by the fact that international Jewry reports to him, and also by the fact that he headed the Jews at the "kosher conference"—as the Versailles assemblage was known among those on the inside. Strange things happened in Paris. Mr. Marshall and "Colonel" House had affairs very well in hand between them. President Wilson sent a delegation to Syria to find out just what the contention of the Syrians was against the Jews, but that report has never seen the light of day. But it was the easiest thing imaginable to keep the President informed as to what the Jews of New York thought (that is, the few who had not taken up their residence in Paris). For example, this prominent dispatch in the New York *Times* of May 27, 1919:

"Wilson Gets Full Report of Jewish Protest Here.

"Copyright, 1919, by the New York Times Company.

"By Wireless to *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

"Paris, May 26—Louis Marshall, who has succeeded Judge Mack as head of the Jewish Committee in Paris, was received by President Wilson this afternoon and gave him a long cabled account of the Jewish mass meeting recently held in Madison Square Garden including the full text of the resolutions adopted at the meeting . . . . and editorial comment in *THE TIMES* and other papers . . . ."

When Russia fell, Louis Marshall hailed it with delight. The New York *Times* begins its story on March 19, 1917:

"Hailing the Russian upheaval as the greatest world event since the French Revolution, Louis Marshall in an interview for the New York *Times* last night said,"—a number of things, among which was the statement that the events in Russia were no surprise. Of course they were not, the events being of Jewish origin, and Mr. Marshall being the recipient of the most intimate international news.

Oh, Yes! Jews Not Bolshevists?

EVEN the new Russian revolutionary government made reports to Louis Marshall, as is shown by the dispatch printed in the New York *Times* of April 3, 1917, in which Baron Gunzburg reports what had been done to assure to the Jews the full advantage of the Russian upheaval.

This glorification of the Jewish overthrow of Russia, it must be remembered, occurred before the world knew what Bolshevism was and before it realized that the revolution meant the withdrawal of the whole eastern front from the war. Russia was simply taken out of the war and the Central Powers left free to devote their whole attention to the western front. One of the resulting necessities was the immediate entrance of America into the conflict, and the prolongation of the hostilities for nearly two more years.

As the truth became known, Louis Marshall first defended, then explained, then denied—his latest position being that the Jews are against Bolshevism. He was brought to this position by the necessity of meeting the testimony of eyewitnesses as given to congressional investigation committees. This testimony came from responsible men whom even Mr. Marshall could not dispose of with a wave of his hand, and as time has gone on the testimony has increased to mountainous proportions that *Bolshevism is Jewish in its origin, its method, its personnel and its purpose.* Herman Bernstein, a member of Mr. Marshall's American Jewish Committee, has lately been preparing American public opinion for a great anti-Semitic movement in Russia. Certainly, it will be an anti-Semitic movement because it will be anti-Bolshevist, and the Russian people, having lived with the hybrid for five years, are not mistaken as to its identity.

During the war, Mr. Marshall was the arch-protester. While Mr. Baruch was running the war from the business end ("I probably had more power than perhaps any other man did in the war; doubtless that is true.") Mr. Marshall was running another side. We find him protesting because an army officer gave him instructions as to his duties as a registration official. It was Mr. Marshall who complained to the Secretary of War that a certain camp contractor, after trying out carpenters, had advertised for Christian carpenters only. It was the discrimination in print that Mr. Marshall chiefly objected to, it may be surmised, since it is the policy of his committee to make it impossible, or at least unhealthy, to use print to call attention to the Jew.

It was Mr. Marshall who compelled a change in the instructions sent out by the Provost Marshal General of the United States Army



Photo by Paul Thompson

LOUIS MARSHALL,
President of American Jewish Committee.

to the effect that "the foreign-born, especially Jews, are more apt to malinger than the native-born." It is said that a Jewish medical officer afterward confirmed this part of the instruction saying that experience proved it. Nevertheless, President Wilson ordered that the paragraph be cut out.

It was Mr. Marshall who compelled the revision of the Plattsburg Officers' Training Manual. That valuable book rightly said that "the ideal officer is a Christian gentleman." Mr. Marshall wrote, wired, demanded, and the edition was changed. It now reads that "the ideal officer is a courteous gentleman," a big drop in idealism.

There was nothing too unimportant to draw forth Mr. Marshall's protest. To take care of protests alone, he must have a large organization.

And yet with all this high-tension pro-Jewish activity, Mr. Marshall is not a self-advertising man as is his law partner, Samuel Untermeyer, who has been referred to as the arch-inquisitor against the Gentiles. Marshall is a name, a power, not so much a public figure.

As an informed Jew said about the two men:

"No, Marshall doesn't advertise himself like Sam and he has never tried to feature himself in the newspapers for personal reasons. Outside his professional life he devotes himself exclusively to religious affairs." That is the way the American Jew likes to describe the activities referred to above—"religious affairs." We shall soon see that they are political affairs.

Mr. Marshall is short, stocky and aggressive. Like his brother-in-law, Rabbi Magnes, he works on the principle that "the Jew can do no wrong." For many years Mr. Marshall has lived in a four-story brownstone house, of the old-fashioned type with a grilled door, in East Seventy-second street. This is an old-time "swell" neighborhood once almost wholly occupied by wealthy Jews. It was as close as they could crowd to the choice Fifth Avenue corners which had been preëmpted by the Vanderbilts, the Astors and other rich families.

That Mr. Marshall regards the whole Jewish program in which he is engaged, not in its religious aspect alone, but in its world-wide political aspect, may be judged from his attitude on Zionism. Mr. Marshall wrote in 1918 as follows:

"I have never been identified and am not now in any way connected with the Zionist organization. I have never favored the creation of a sovereign Jewish state."

BUT—

Mr. Marshall says, "Let the Zionists go on. Don't interfere with them." Why? He writes:

"Zionism is but an incident of a far-reaching plan. It is merely a convenient peg on which to hang a powerful weapon. All the protests that non-Zionists may make would be futile to affect that policy."

"I Am Speaking Advisedly"

HE SAYS that opposition to Zionism at that time would be dangerous. "I could give concrete examples of a most impressive nature in support of what I have said. I am not an alarmist and even my enemies will give me credit for not being a coward, but my love for our people is such that even if I were disposed to combat Zionism I would shrink from the responsibilities that might be entailed were I to do so."

And in concluding this strange pronouncement, he says:

"Give me the credit of believing that I am speaking advisedly."

Of course, there is more to Zionism than appears on the surface, but this is as close as anyone can come to finding a Jewish admission on the subject.

If in this country there is apprehension over the Jewish Problem, the activities of Louis Marshall have been the most powerful agents to evoke it. His propagandas have occasioned great resentment in many sections of the United States. His opposition to salutary immigration laws, his dictation to book and periodical publishers, as in the recent case of G. P. Putnam's Sons who modified their publishing program on his order; his campaign against the use of "Christological expressions" by Federal, state and municipal officers; all have resulted in alarming the native population and harming the very cause he so indiscreetly advocates.

That this defender of "Jewish rights," and restless advocate of the Jewish religious propaganda, should make himself the leader in attacking the religion of the dominant race in this country, in ridiculing Sunday laws and heading an anti-Christianity campaign, seems, to say the least, inconsistent.

Mr. Marshall, who is regarded by the Jews as their greatest "constitutional" lawyer, since the decline of Edward Lauterbach (and that is a tale!) originated, in a series of legal arguments, the contention that "this is not a Christian country nor a Christian Government." This argument he has expounded in many writings. He has built up a large host of followers among contentious Jews, who have elaborated on this theme in a variety of ways. It is one of the main arguments of those who are endeavoring to build up a "United Israel" in the United States.

Mr. Marshall maintains that the opening of deliberative assemblies and conventions with prayer is a "hollow mockery"; he ridicules "the absurd phrase 'In the name of God, Amen,'" as used in the beginning of wills. He opposes Sunday observance legislation as being "the cloak of hypocrisy." He advocates "crushing out every agitation which tends to introduce into the body politic the virus of religious controversy."

But Mr. Marshall himself has spent the last 20 years of his life in the "virus of religious controversy." A few of his more impertinent interferences have been noted above. These are, in the Jewish phrase, "religious activities" with a decidedly political tinge.

Perhaps a "Fair Question"—Today

THE following extracts are quoted from the contentions of Mr. Marshall, published in the *Menorah Journal,* the official organ of the Jewish Chautauqua, that the United States is not a Christian country:

IS OURS A CHRISTIAN GOVERNMENT?
By Louis Marshall.

When, in 1892, Mr. Justice Brewer, in rendering the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the Church of the Holy Trinity against the United States (144 U. S. 457), which involved an interpretation of the Alien Labor Law, indulged in the *obiter* remark that "this is a Christian nation," a subject was presented for the consideration of thoughtful minds which is of no ordinary importance.

The dictum of Mr. Justice Story in Vidal against Girard's Executors (2 How. U. S. 198), to the effect that Christianity was a part of the common law of Pennsylvania, is also relied upon, but is not an authoritative judicial determination of that proposition. The remark was not necessary to the decision.

The remarks of Mr. Justice Brewer, to which reference has already been made, were also unnecessary to the decision rendered by the court.

The fact that oaths are administered to witnesses, that the hollow mockery is pursued of opening deliberative assemblies and conventions with prayer, that wills begin with the absurd phrase, "In the name of God, Amen," that gigantic missionary associations are in operation to establish Christian missions in every quarter of the globe, were also instanced. But none of these illustrations affords any valid proof in support of the assertion that "this is a Christian nation."

Our legislation relative to the observance of Sunday is such a mass of absurdities and inconsistencies that almost anything can be predicated thereof except the idea that our legislators are impressed with the notion that there is anything sacred in the day. According to the views of any section of the Christian church, the acts which I have enumerated as permitted would be regarded as sinful. Their legality in the eye of the law is a demonstration that the prohibitory enactments relating to Sunday are simply police regulations, and it should be the effort of every good American citizen to liberalize our Sunday legislation still more, so that it shall cease to be the cloak of hypocrisy.

As a final resort, we are told by our opponents that this is a Christian government because the majority of our citizens are adherents of the Christian faith; that this is a government of majorities because government means force and majorities represent the preponderance of strength. This is a most dangerous doctrine . . . .

If the Christianity of the United States is to be questioned, the last person to initiate the inquiry should be a member of that race which had no hand in creating the Constitution or in the upbuilding of the country. If Christian prayers in public are a hollow mockery, and Sunday laws unreasonable, the last person in the world to oppose them should be a Jew.

Possessor of a Large Fortune

MR. MARSHALL has the advantage of being an American by birth. He was born in Syracuse, New York, in 1856, the son of Jacob and Zilli Marshall. After practicing law in Syracuse, he established himself in New York, became a Wall Street corporation lawyer, and his native country has afforded him generous means to win a large fortune.

The question arises whether it is patriotic for Mr. Marshall to implant into the minds of his foreign-born co-religionists the idea that this is not a Christian country, that Sunday laws should be opposed, and that the manners and customs of the native-born should be scorned and ridiculed. The effect has been that thousands of immigrant Jews from Eastern Europe are persistently violating Sunday laws in the large industrial centers of the country, that they are haled to court, lectured by judges and fined. American Jews who are carrying into practice the teachings of Mr. Marshall and his followers, are reaping the whirlwind of a natural resentment.

Mr. Marshall was the leader of the movement which led to the abrogation of the treaty between the United States and Russia. Whenever government boards or committees are appointed to investigate the actions, conduct or conditions of foreign-born Jews, great influences are immediately exerted to have Mr. Marshall made a member of such bodies to "protect" the Jewish interests.

As head of millions of organized Jews in the United States, Mr. Marshall has invariably wielded this influence by means of a campaign of "protests," to silence criticisms of Jewish wrongdoing. He thus protested when testimony was made before the Senate Sub-Committee in Washington, in 1919, that the Jewish East Side of New York was the hotbed of Bolshevism. Again he protested to Norman Hapgood against the editorial in *Harper's Weekly,* criticizing the activities of Jewish lobbyists in Washington.

Mr. Marshall describes himself in "Who's Who" as a leader in the fight for the abrogation of the treaty with Russia. That was a distinct interference in America's political affairs and was not a "religious activity" connected with the preservation of "Jewish rights" in the United States. The limiting expression "in the United States" is, of course, our own assumption. It is doubtful if Mr. Marshall limits anything to the United States. He is a Jew and therefore an internationalist. He is ambassador of the "international nation of Jewry" to the Gentile world.

The pro-Jewish fights in which Mr. Marshall has been engaged in this country make a considerable list:

He fought the proposal of the Census Bureau to enumerate Jews as a race. As a result there are no official figures, except those prepared by the American Jewish Committee, as to the Jewish population of the United States. The Census has them listed under a score of different nationalities which is not only a non-descriptive method, but a deceptive one as well. At a pinch the Jewish authorities will admit of 3,500,000 Jews in the United States. The increase in the amount of Passover Bread required would indicate that there are 6,000,000 in the United States now! But the Government of the United States is entirely at sea, officially, as to the Jewish population of this country, except as the Jewish government in this country, as an act of courtesy, passes over certain figures to the government. The Jews have a "foreign office" through which they deal with the Government of the United States.

Mr. Marshall also fought the proposed naturalization laws that would deprive "Asiatics" of the privilege of becoming naturalized citizens. This was something of a confession!

Whenever there were extradition cases to be fought, preventing Jewish offenders from being extradited, Mr. Marshall was frequently one who assisted. This also was part of his "religious activities," perhaps.

Fights Ban on Immigration

HE FOUGHT the right of the United States Government to restrict immigration. He has appeared oftener in Washington than any other Jew on this question.

In connection with this, it may be suggested to Mr. Marshall that if he is really interested in upholding the law of the land and restraining his own people from lawless acts, he could busy himself with profitable results if he would look into the smuggling of Jews across the Mexican and Canadian borders. And when that service is finished, he might look into the national Jewish system of bootlegging which, as a Jew of "religious activities," he should be concerned to break up.

Louis Marshall is leader of that movement which will force the Jew by law into places where he is not wanted. The law compelling hotel keepers to permit Jews to make their hotels a place of resort if they want to, has been steadily pushed. Such a law is practically a Bolshevik order to destroy property, for it is commonly known what Jewish patronage does for public places. Where a few respectable Jews are permitted, the others flock. And when one day they discover that the place they "patronize" is becoming known as "a Jew hotel" or "a Jew club," then all the Jews abandon it—but they cannot take the stigma with them. The place is known as "a Jew place," but lacks both Jew and Gentile patronage as a result.

When Louis Marshall succeeded in compelling by Jewish pressure and Jewish threats the Congress of the United States to break the treaty with Russia, he was laying a train of causes which resulted in a prolongation of the war and the utter subjugation of Russia. Russia serves the world today as a living illustration of the ruthlessness, the stupidity and the reality of Jewish power—endless power, fanatically mobilized for a vengeful end, but most stupidly administered. Does Mr. Marshall ever reflect on the grotesque stupidity of Jewish leadership?

It is regretted that space does not permit the publication here of the correspondence between Mr. Marshall and Major G. H. Putnam, the publisher, as set forth in the annual report of the American Jewish Committee. It illustrates quite vividly the methods by which Mr. Marshall secures the suppression of books and other publications which he does not like. Mr. Marshall, assisted by factors which are not mentioned in his letter, procured the suppression of the Protocols after the house of Putnam had them ready to publish, and procured later the withdrawal of a book on the Jewish Question which had attracted wide attention both here and in England.

Mr. Marshall apparently has no confidence in "absurdities" appearing absurd to the reader, nor of "lies" appearing false; but he would constitute himself a censor and a guide of public reading as well as of international legislation. If one might hazard a guess —Mr. Marshall's kind of leadership is on the wane.

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for each volume.

Riding the Circuit Among the Deaf

By EARL CHRISTMAS

THE old circuit rider was a romantic figure. Venturing into new and untried fields, he carried the message of Christianity into far places. He was a pioneer in his way, and lived a life full and complete, often exciting and always rich in experience.

But the old circuit rider passed as the country settled. Every community has its church.

However, there is a new circuit rider abroad in the land. He is the minister who is riding the circuit among the deaf—a stranger, more interesting land, by the way, than ever attracted the circuit rider of old.

Perhaps, you never stopped to think of it, but there is one deaf mute to every 1,500 persons. Now, in a city of 150,000 persons, there are 100 persons who cannot hear nor talk. Your minister may preach a fine sermon, and the choir may sing its songs beautifully. Perhaps you are inspired by the services. But do you ever stop to wonder how the deaf would get along at church? The chances are that you have not, that is, if you are the average man or woman. In every city, there are numerous churches, and services every Sunday or oftener—for men and women who hear. Hearing is a requirement for participation in the services of the usual church.

Here the new circuit rider steps in to fill the breach. He travels from city to city, holding services and ministering to the deaf. In these services men and women, knowing nothing of the beauties of music, or any sense of sound or rhythm, join, nevertheless, in the singing of hymns—in the sign language. There are sermons and stories from the Bible—all this the circuit rider brings to the deaf, often for the first time.

For instance, take the Rev. John Schumacher, Lutheran pastor for the deaf. Traveling constantly over Wisconsin, Minnesota and part of Canada preaching to the deaf, his work is illustrative of what is being done by this new type of circuit rider. The Rev. Mr. Schumacher travels 1,800 miles a month. Only a few men are engaged in this work in the United States, and each man must cover a wide territory.

Ministering always to persons who cannot hear, the Rev. Mr. Schumacher and his associates in this unusual work lead an interesting life. Something like emissaries to a land of silent men, they are, and they gain an unusual insight into the problems of the deaf. One of the greatest, if not the greatest handicap of the deaf, is the limitation of their association with other persons imposed by their defect. Deaf persons are isolated, more or less, from association with those about them. The traveling pastor to the deaf thus becomes a connecting link between the deaf and the outer world. Or, so it seems often to these modern circuit riders as they go from city to city holding their services.

Coming of the pastor always is an event in the cities along the route. Often, deaf mutes will come 30 and 40 miles to "hear" the minister preach and to meet other deaf persons who gather there. You see, the deaf, living very much in a strange land of their own, are confined largely to the association of their own kind, and so when any meeting or gathering is planned, they come from miles around.

Strange as it may seem, scores of men and women among the deaf never have heard the story of Christ. Deaf children naturally are not taken to church as other children are, and so they never have the opportunity that other children have to obtain Christian instruction. Usually, too, the parents of a deaf child have but a very imperfect system of communication with it. The result of the system is that the great majority of the deaf know little or nothing of Christianity, according to the missionaries to the deaf. Often, the traveling pastor, interpreting the story of the Bible in the picture symbols of the sign language, reveals its truths for the first time to members of his unusual congregation.

Working among the deaf, the minister soon begins to realize the extent of the obstacles placed in the way of the deaf, and not infrequently he helps his charges surmount them. That is the thing that makes the work worth while, according to the traveling minister. The Rev. Mr. Schumacher, for instance, is a young man with a good voice and other pleasing accomplishments. He might be a minister in a church where men hear and talk in the usual way. But he prefers to preach to the deaf in the sign language.

"We haven't given the deaf a chance," he said. "In the first place we haven't taken enough patience with them. In many homes, I find there are no persons who can speak the sign language. The deaf child cannot go out and play as the other children do, and so often it is practically isolated in the home. One would think that the parents of a deaf child, of all persons, would learn the sign language, but few parents do.

"The deaf child virtually is restricted to the association of other deaf children. Usually the parents have some simple signs of their own, but they are very incomplete and do not satisfy the normal desire of the child for association. That is one thing we are trying to do—encourage the parents to send their children to schools where they may learn the sign language and induce the parents likewise to learn it.

"Often I am called on to get employment for the deaf. That is another instance where we haven't given the deaf a chance. When I go to an employer and ask for work for a man, as soon as I mention the word 'deaf,' he stops. There is no work for the deaf.

"Now, there are lots of things which the deaf can do as well or better than others. For one thing, they have a highly developed sense of touch. Most accidents are the result of carelessness, and we have found that there have been fewer accidents proportionately among the deaf than among other workmen.

"You know, we always have been disposed to shun the deaf. In the old days, parents used to consider it a disgrace to have a deaf child. Often they would keep the child indoors, and try to conceal the fact that they had a child that could not hear. That feeling hasn't disappeared entirely.

"When I happen to be on the street cars with a party of deaf persons, I hear people make all kinds of silly remarks about the deaf. Seeing me with the deaf, naturally they imagine that I, too, am deaf, and so they say whatever comes into their minds. Frequently, I hear some one say 'dummy' when referring to a deaf mute. That is one thing that will make a deaf mute furious. The deaf say that the term 'dummy' means one who is ignorant. They say that they are as bright as any persons.

"Many deaf mutes are exceedingly clever. Especially are the senses of sight and touch highly developed. One girl on whom I call is blind and a deaf mute. Yet this girl, unable to see, hear or talk, is one of the cleverest girls I know. She knows all about Shakespeare and the other classics. She has finished her high school studies. She is an expert at needle work. She keeps well informed on current events, too. Two deaf girls at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, are engaged in pen sketching and oil painting, and they are quite good. Others are stenographers.

"If we will only give them a chance, the deaf will make good. But always there has been a tendency to keep the deaf in the home. Parents make a great mistake when they do that. Deaf mutes as a rule are not very active churchgoers. You see, they grow up without knowing what church is, and some times it is hard to interest them in church. In St. Paul and Minneapolis, for instance, there are about 350 deaf persons—usually the ratio is one deaf mute to every 1,500 persons. Yet out of these 350 deaf mutes, not more than 50 go to church regularly.

"At present, the deaf person has little chance of association with persons other than the deaf. Other persons won't learn their language. So, recreation is often the first concern of the deaf when they get out with their kind. Nor can you blame them, for rarely do opportunities for such associations come. Perhaps, only once or twice a week at most, may a deaf person meet others of his kind with whom he can talk. All the other days, he must go around virtually in silence, waiting for the time to come when he can talk to some one.



REV. JOHN SCHUMACHER,

Who preaches to the deaf in two states and a part of Canada. He is an example of the new circuit rider, who is bringing the church to the deaf.

"But more and more, we are getting the deaf interested in the church. Once we get them interested, they are very responsive. Especially when a hearing person takes the trouble to learn their language, do they appreciate it. They enjoy the songs, and take great interest in the Bible stories. Indeed, I would rather preach to the deaf than to hearing audiences. To the deaf, there is always something new in what you have to tell. It is interesting, too, to work with the deaf. Always you find something new in them. Each person is different from the others. With hearing persons, everything is the same. You are able to acquaint one with some new revelation, and another with some other great discovery. Nearly always you can have something new and wonderful for them."

Preaching to the deaf would seem to have its difficulties, but to the new circuit rider it is a simple matter.

"We use the sign language almost altogether," the Rev. Mr. Schumacher explained. "Only rarely do we stop to spell out words. If we spelled out the words, the eyes of the spectators soon would be too tired to see.

"The sign language really is a picture language. It originated in France, where instruction of the deaf was begun as long ago as 1759. The Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet first brought it to this country in 1817. The language is ideographic and pantomimic. Except for a few arbitrary signs, the signs represent some distinctive suggestion of the action, shape or characteristic of the idea intended. In the sign for 'run,' for instance, the hands make motions such as the feet do in walking.

"An idea is presented in word pictures rather than in an orderly arrangement of signs corresponding to simple words. There are no prepositions and articles. Tense rarely is indicated. 'I go town afternoon,' says the deaf mute in the signs, meaning 'I will go to town this afternoon.' Or, if the statement is made after his return, it may mean, 'I went to town this afternoon.'

"Being thus a succession of pictures, the sentence of the deaf mute often sounds peculiar if transcribed literally into the words of the hearing person. It seems abbreviated.

"The Bible cannot be read to the deaf just as it is written, as a rule. The stories must be told in their own language. The language of the deaf is decidedly different from the language of the hearing person. Instead of speaking of the resurrection in the usual way, for instance, I must say 'the body is dead, and will rise again,' emphasizing it by the motions and expressions associated with the signs for this idea. Expressions of the face and motions of the hand form much of the sign language. The more of an actor you are, the better you will be in the sign language."

"Singing" of the deaf mutes is an interesting part of the service conducted by the traveling pastor. The minister repeats the song in the sign language, and the silent spectators follow the lines by making the same signs.

"Of course, the deaf mutes have no sense of sound or rhythm," the Rev. Mr. Schumacher explained. "When you see this, you appreciate how great it is to be able to hear and appreciate music. You know, music has been called the voice of the angels. Well, here are men and women wholly incapable of hearing a note. Yet, they enjoy the songs, and get a great deal from the spirit of the words. That is one thing about the deaf—most of them are ready to make the best of things, and they will do mighty well at it, too, if we will only give them a chance."

So, the new circuit rider has a field as rich as that of his counterpart of old.

A Picture Building in Old Prague



(C) Gilliams Service

This is one of the few remaining examples of the city architecture of the Middle Ages in an old town section of Prague, the capital of Czecho-Slovakia. Some of the pictures painted on the walls are a camel, a procession, horses and armed men. Heads of lions and Medusa are among the other pictures. The house was reserved for the housing of important visitors to the city.

Uncle Sam Teaches Nature Study to 60,000 in West

Government Feeds Human Hunger for Wider Knowledge of Outdoors

HERE is the explanation of the California Nature Study League for the 100 per cent increase in attendance at nature study classes in the Yosemite National Park this year:

"The nature guide plan is designed to meet a human hunger for a wider knowledge of outdoor life. It had its beginnings in an international survey of the world's recreational culture. In American high-powered cities, for example, we had developed the playground under the direction and for the use of the public school as a social center. On the other hand, Nordic, or blond, Europe had the highly organized nature study field excursion. Europe, with a culture much older than ours, had grasped the value of making scientific knowledge available to even young children. The nature study hike by school children under the direction of trained scientists has become an institution oversea. In Denmark, even the children in the schools for the blind, unable to appreciate the colors of the forest birds, or the beauty of the wild flowers, are taught to enjoy the music of the one, and the varied odors of the other. As an experiment in internationalizing such recreational culture, these nature study sessions throughout the vacational period are offered in the national park."

By HARRY H. DUNN

OUT of the murk of jazz thought and tangled social standards into which the people of America passed with the ending of the World War, there rose, at the beginning of October, 1921, a note which seems to tell of the beginning of a return to normal methods of thought and to rational objectives of study, as clear and strong as any signal of better things in business, education or general living. It appeared in the form of a report issued on the progress of an experiment taken up by the national government in 1920, continued in 1921, and to be greatly expanded in the immediate future.

This experiment was and is that of teaching nature study in one of our national parks—the Yosemite Valley, California; and the result—that more than 60,000 persons turned from their dancing and loafing and fishing and hunting in this one national park, to devote many hours of each day to serious study of the rocks, the trees, the animals, the birds, the insects and the flowers of that wonderful valley.

The report of the progress and results of this national nature study is made by Dr. H. C. Bryant, of the faculty of the University of California, at Berkeley, who has been for three years at the head of nature study work in the state, assisted by Dr. Loye Holmes Miller, of the southern branch of the University of California, at Los Angeles. The work of teaching nature study, first as a means to educate the people of California in the reasons for and necessity of wild life conservation, has been going on since 1918, but it was in 1920 that the attention of Stephen T. Mather, director of national parks of the United States, was drawn to the results accomplished by the California State Fish and Game Commission, originators of the idea in the West.

Then Uncle Sam, in the person of Mr. Mather stepped in, and the teaching of nature study became a national matter, with the California Fish and Game Commission furnishing, out of its large store of motion pictures, lantern slides and other nature study material, all the equipment necessary for the instructors. At first Drs. Bryant and Miller were able to give all the instruction, but when the attendance at the lectures leaped from a few thousand to 31,545 in the summer season just closed, when the trips afield grew to thousands, and the visitors at the seasonal flower show reached nearly 25,000, two assistants, Miss Laura Dodge and Miss Myra Drachmann, were added to the teaching force.

The service is free and co-operative, the Fish and Game Commission paying the salaries of the instructors and nature guides and the United States National Park Service paying the expenses while in the valley. During the three months in which the nature study classes, lectures and trips afield are maintained, from June 15 to September 15, the attendance for 1921 was more than double that of 1920. Questions at the rate of 50 an hour, verified record, were fired at the nature guides and instructors, by persons eager to obtain accurate knowledge of the great outdoors and the life which fills it and makes it interesting. Never before in the history of the nature study movement, according to Dr. Bryant, has there been such a vivid, rapid growth as that shown in this one national park in the three months of teaching the past summer.

"The people are thinking of something else besides social affairs, parties, card playing and money making," says Dr. Bryant. "With the great outdoors as a laboratory, the free nature guide service in the Yosemite National Park this year, has aided more than 60,000 visitors—not special students, but persons from all walks of life—to a better understanding and greater enjoyment of the birds and mammals, the trees and the flowers, the stones and the brooks, and to a greater appreciation and larger mental return from their vacations.

"The outstanding aim of the service was and is to awaken vacationists to their natural history opportunities; to teach them to see and appreciate all living things never before seen, or, if seen, not understood, or ignored; and, above all, to convince them of the worth-while results and the great necessity for the conservation of all wild life. To accomplish these objectives, three methods were adopted by the nature study guides—trips afield, on which first-hand study could be made of wild life, so abundant and so carefully protected throughout the Yosemite and other national parks; lectures, illustrated with motion pictures and lantern slides of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, and last, but by no means least, camp-fire talks, highly informal, in which all took part and in which all manner of questions were asked, often producing the most profitable results of the day.

"Formal lectures and 10-minute camp-fire talks were given alternately in the two main resorts in the park. The formal lectures were illustrated with pictures and enlivened with whistled bird notes and calls by Dr. Miller, who has attained a remarkable ability in this unusual art. The shorter talks dealt with some tree, mammal, bird, insect or flower, or answered directly some question asked by several persons. This year a distinct attempt was made to reach the outlying camps and lodges, and 52 lectures and camp-fire talks were given. Attendance at the 19 of these meetings held in June reached 14,025; at the 21 in July, 12,105, and at the 12 in August, 5,415, a total of 31,545, which, I believe, is the greatest number of persons, and the largest amount of interest ever shown in any nature study center in the world. Of the approximately 90,000 persons who visited the Yosemite National Park this year, 60,000, or exactly two-thirds, manifested a persistent and constantly increasing interest in nature study, either through the lectures, the camp-fire talks, the trips afield or the seasonal flower show, maintained in the park by Mrs. Enid Michael. This is a remarkable showing of a reversion to the simpler and better things of life, a mental 'return to the soil,' so to speak.



Invention comes to the aid of Nature: A ranger in the Yosemite National Park feeding a young black bear which had been rescued from Yosemite Creek. The bear is about four months old.

"Remarkably enough, the majority of the nature students were adults, not children, showing an independent desire to improve the adult mind by study of the indwellers in the great outdoors. For example, of the 105 trips afield, begun originally to instruct the children rather more than the grown-ups, the average attendance was 29 adults and nine children. An attempt to limit attendance on these trips to 20 had to be abandoned, as it often reached more than 50, and it was deemed better to reach the larger number than to give more detailed instruction to the few. Although the trips started alternately from different camps and lodges, it was found that many would travel between the camps, so as to repeat their study and experiences of the day before. Many school teachers made use of the opportunity to make a longer and more thorough study by attending regularly.

"Questioners appeared by the hundreds at the superintendent's office during the hours set apart for answers to queries. This feature of the work alone could and should take all the time of one instructor. The results of this year's work should furnish convincing evidence that a large national park affords a splendid opportunity—in fact, the best—to reach a large number of persons in a short time with Nature's vast store of information, and to inform all the people, as well as impress on them the urgent necessity of conserving and preserving for future generations, all forms of our wild life."

Though the adults formed the majority of the attendants at the lectures, the camp-fire talks and on the trips afield, especial attention is paid to the youngsters, for it is recognized that the best time for inculcating love and appreciation of the out-of-doors is in the early years of life.

According to advices received from Washington, the present intention of the National Park Department is to expand this service in the Yosemite Valley, and to extend it to the other national parks next year.

"To know what one sees is to make the vacation fuller, richer and more worth-while," says Dr. Bryant. "This nature study is important to open the eyes of children—and adults—to the living things about them. It makes them worth more to themselves and more to those about them."





Photographs by courtesy of the California State Fish and Game Commission

Circle—DR. H. C. BRYANT, of the University of California, head of the Yosemite nature study service, at the head of one of the field parties, holding in his arms a wild mule-deer fawn caught in the high grass on the floor of the valley. Left—Dr. Loye Holmes Miller telling a field trip class the story of the many varieties of trees with which they are surrounded on the floor of Yosemite Valley.

Right—The great gash in the California Sierras known as Yosemite National Park. In the foreground are some of the lodges in which more than 30,000 persons attended nature study lectures during the past summer.

Independent Movie Men Denied Bank Loans

Zukor's Firm Holds Whip Hand Through Wall Street

Fifth of the Series, "Baring the Heart of Hollywood"

MOTION picture exhibitors must keep their houses open or quit business. Through the exactions of Famous Players, accused of being a trust, they have many times lost money or at best broken even. But they have no recourse. There are not enough independent films in the market to keep them going if they quit Paramount, a subsidiary of Famous Players. So they have stayed with it and been content to eke out a bare existence.

And why have the independent producers not been able to supply them? Because it takes money to make motion pictures. It is virtually impossible to make a feature film under $100,000. Money had always been supplied in abundance by the banks in Los Angeles and New York, at a price, of course. Every producer who has borrowed money from the banks has paid a big tribute in the form of a bonus besides a high rate of interest. But the picture game was a money-maker and the producer was willing to divide the spoils with the banks that supplied him with working capital.

Then came the hard times and many of the banks shut down on their loans, especially to the independent producers, claiming that the motion picture industry came under the head of somewhat speculative ventures.

Famous Players, like the rest, needed money. It went into Wall Street and got it, but—at the sacrifice of its independence, because the finance committee of the banks that loaned it the cash insisted on having a voice in the management of the business.

Others Can't Get the Money

ADOLPH ZUKOR denies that any one but himself controls Famous Players, but delegates to the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America convention at Minneapolis, say that he had to wire to his Wall Street masters before giving them an answer to a certain question.

Since then there has been but little if any curtailment of production by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. True, this company recently closed down its New York studio and Jesse L. Lasky announced that production for the present would be confined to its Los Angeles studio. But the clue to this move will be found later, when the question of foreign films is taken up.

Thus when other producers have been shutting up their studios while they are on a still hunt for ready cash, Famous Players has been steadily turning out pictures.

If Messrs. Adolph Zukor, Frank A. Garbutt et al had been content to let circumstances take their course there could be no criticism. That they enjoyed superior banking facilities was but a credit to their financial acumen.

Rival producers say that they were not so content, but that they used their influence in banking circles to curtail the credit of other concerns.

For instance, Hewlings Mumper, partner and active business manager of Benjamin B. Hampton's various picture enterprises, went to one of the big Los Angeles banks regarding a loan on a forthcoming production. The cashier assured him that there would undoubtedly be no difficulty in obtaining the money. Several days later, when Mr. Mumper returned for his answer, the cashier said the loan was impossible.

When pressed for a reason, the cashier refused to give one. He admitted that the bank was in the market for good loans and that the security offered by Mr. Mumper was sufficient.

The men interested in the syndicate with Hampton and Mumper are men of means, several of them being rated as millionaires. Mumper, himself, had at the time, on deposit in the bank, within $2,000 of the amount he desired to borrow for the corporation.

Independents' Product Reduced

A PECULIAR situation this, it seems. And yet not so peculiar when one learns that Cecil De Mille, director-general of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Neil S. McCarthy, attorney for De Mille; Sid Grauman and a former attorney for Famous Players, were directors of this bank; also the bank did a great deal of business with Famous Players and its heads.

Mr. Hampton also was refused a loan by a Los Angeles bank, but Mr. Hampton had had experience in the ways of such corporations. He threw down a package of bonds issued by the city of Los Angeles and told the bank official that those bonds had been purchased from the bank through his recommendation.

"You'll either loan me the money I ask on them or I'll take the story to the newspapers of Los Angeles," he declared. He got the money.

Thus aided by the money stringency and the use of its own financial power, Famous Players has succeeded in cutting down to a minimum the product of independent producers.

And it also has furnished the banks with another argument against loaning money to its rivals. For instance, a successful producer went to a bank with plans for a new production.

The banker looked them over. He said, "Yes, you seem to have a fine story, a good cast and all the elements of a money-making picture, but where are you going to show it?"

The producer was stumped. With Famous Players, Goldwyn, Loew and Universal controlling all the first run houses in the country, where could he obtain assurance that his picture would get the first run showing so necessary for its success?

Thus, you see, is completed the vicious circle. The independent exhibitor must buy from either Famous Players or First National, because he cannot get enough independent productions. The independent producers cannot make more pictures because they have no theaters in which to show them.

At first glance this looks like a hopeless situation. But it is not as hopeless as it appears. Both the independent exhibitors and the independent producers have a weapon strong enough to curb the head of the Famous Players—a weapon that will restore control of his own house to the exhibitor and restore thereby control of its theaters to the community.

This weapon is the co-operation of the independent motion picture theater owners of the United States with the independent distributors and the independent producers.

The independent exhibitors already have a powerful organization in the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America.

The solution of the distribution problem will eventually come through a form of co-operation between the producer and exhibitor which may eliminate the distributor as a separate entity altogether. Plans along these lines are now being worked out.

The present great problem is that of financing the independent producer. If he cannot get money to make his pictures, the exhibitor is left to the tender mercies of the big controlling corporations in Wall Street.

Let us hark back to this financing for a moment, because therein lies the key to many matters not understood by the general public nor, in fact, by many men in the industry itself.

The financing of motion pictures from the production angle has been almost entirely in the hands of Jews. From the big banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company in Wall Street, which now handles the finances of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, down to the little syndicates which are always ready to back a venture in the film industry, the money has come from the Jews. This is not said in disparagement of the Jews. The production of a motion picture is somewhat of a gamble. It may either be a huge financial success, or it may be a financial failure. Independent producers have appealed in vain to non-Jewish financiers to back them in their productions. But Gentiles with millions to invest have preferred to place their money in safe five and six per cent bonds or mortgages rather than take the risk of a big return or a big loss in the rather speculative picture industry.

They Must Pay the Price

THE Jew does not have to be besought. He camps on the trail of the successful producer and entreats him to take his money.

Until Kuhn, Loeb & Company and other Jewish Wall Street bankers began to take an interest in the picture industry, production money was largely supplied by small Jewish syndicates.

After the production center had shifted to Los Angeles, certain banks in that city began to take an interest in the financing of motion pictures.

Of course, these banks could not loan their depositors' money direct to producers, as this is contrary to law. But methods were found to get around this obstacle. Some of these methods resulted in scandals and the indictment of certain bank officials, but on the whole picture financing was accomplished.

Independent producers who could show a reasonable percentage of successes in the past and could furnish fair collateral had little difficulty in obtaining the money they needed. They had to pay more for the use of money than other industries but this was to be expected, as the hazard was greater.

Since the gradual domination of the field by the big Wall Street companies this condition has changed. Independent producers with ample security have been refused money, as has been previously shown. The banks on which the independent producers had relied for capital have come under the influence of interests antagonistic to them and their source of supply has been shut off. Not all sources, however; there are still some banks that will obtain money for the independents at a price. But what a price! Listen to the experience of David Hartford, a successful independent producer, a man who has made clean pictures in the past and who is absolutely opposed to the salacious sex pictures of the present.

Hartford was prepared to produce four pictures this coming year. He needed money. He sent his business manager to the banks. The following is the report of the manager as given the writer by Hartford:

"On a loan of $75,000 we are required to pay an immediate bonus of $9,500, which is deducted from the money loaned, leaving us a working capital of but $65,500. In addition we are to pay interest at the rate of 12 per cent on the entire $75,000.

"Assuming that we produce four pictures a year, disposing of each picture immediately, we will be required to pay to the parties loaning the money four times $9,500 plus 12 per cent interest.

"In addition to this there is an agent's commission of 10 per cent, or $7,500. Four times this commission makes a total commission to be paid during the year of $30,000. Four times the bonus of $9,500 makes a total of $38,000. The interest would equal $9,000. The total sum, therefore, we would be required to pay for the use of $75,000 would be $77,000.

"In addition, we are to furnish, ourselves, 25 per cent of any money required, which would mean in this case $25,000 of our money to be expended before the borrowed money would be available. The money is to be advanced us each week on certified vouchers which we are to render before the weekly advance is made, so that the parties loaning the money will benefit by the interest allowed by the bank during the time the money is on deposit previous to being advanced to us."

After reading over this report Hartford looked in the mirror to see if the gold fillings in his teeth were still intact.

The half of the extortions practiced against independent producers who have tried to keep their business from the clutches of the Jewish money lenders probably never will be told. When the writer began gathering the material for these articles he anticipated little difficulty in obtaining the stories from those who had been squeezed. But he found those who had been hardest hit reluctant to talk. Why? Because the motion picture business is one of the most complicated and involved of any industry. Although some of these men were being slowly strangled to death—in a business sense—they dared make no open protest. They feared that if they told the truth about conditions, the half a loaf which they had would be taken from them.

He Dare Not Talk

TAKE the case of one of the best known producers in the industry, a man who started without a cent and by sheer industry and ability became the head of one of the largest studios. This man always stood for clean pictures. He is not a Jew. His training of motion picture actors is so thorough that for one to say he came from his studio is to stamp him as a finished artist.

This man, if he would talk, could tell a remarkable tale of the inside workings of the picture industry. But he cannot talk, yet. For a number of years he has been making pictures for Paramount release. Recently his contract expired and he became his own distributor. But Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is still showing his previous pictures, will still be showing them for some years.

Should Zukor and Garbutt wish to discipline him for telling what he knows about them, they would simply put his pictures on the shelf, as they have those of others who offended, and his whole source of income while he is getting his new productions under way would be stopped.

Others are in the same position. Through controlling distribution and exhibition, Famous Players-Lasky still holds most of the independent producers under its thumb, preventing them from squealing while the noose is being tightened.

But they are not all tamely submitting. While this is being written a corporation is being formed by independents, backed by business men and bankers of Los Angeles, to finance independent producers. This corporation to be known as the Cinema Finance Corporation is to have a capital of $2,000,000, divided into equal portions of preferred and common stock. Business men of Los Angeles, who realize that their interests lie with the independent producers, rather than the Wall Street dominated group of Jewish producers, have agreed to subscribe for most of the stock.

New Era Approaches

ON THE board of directors are such men as John B. Miller, president of the Southern California Edison Company; Thomas H. Ince, motion picture producer; Harry Chandler, owner of the Los Angeles *Times;* George E. Ferrand, attorney and capitalist; Dan Murphy, capitalist and president of the Brea Canyon Oil Company; William H. Davis, vice-president and counsel of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company; Garretson Dulin, of Hunter, Dulin & Company, and John E. Barber, vice-president of the First Securities Company.

Thus comes the dawn of a better era in picture making. An era in which a producer can go ahead with clean, wholesome and artistic pictures without being hampered by the exactions of a group of usurious money lenders.

The problem of distribution is also in a fair way to be solved through the agency of the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America. This organization had its inception but little more than a year ago at Cleveland, Ohio. The independent theater owners of America found that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation was gradually but none the less surely depriving them of their liberty through the acquisition of theaters, curtailing the production of independent producers and driving independent distributors from the field.

With a membership of more than 12,000 independent theater owners, organized to do battle for their very existence, the second convention of the organization was held at Minneapolis in June.

A Day in Romantic Annapolis

Home of Naval Academy Retains Much of Its Old-Time Glory

By R. P. CRAWFORD



The capitol of Maryland. This is the identical building in which Washington resigned his commission in 1783. The imposing dome was added later.

ANNAPOLIS, City of Romance! Perhaps no town in America has changed less in the last century than has Annapolis. Softened by the companionship of years, it has often been likened to one of the cathedral towns of Southern England. One can still walk down many of the streets and see things almost as they were when George Washington resigned his commission in 1783. The big brick mansions, with their flowering gardens in the rear, are a little more moss-covered and the elms have grown a little more stately, but otherwise in the older parts of the Maryland capital there is scarcely a change.

The Naval Academy is something of an anachronism. The bustle, hustle and rush of turning out 300 or 400 graduates each year at first makes the academy seem a little out of place in this romantic city, were it not for the fact that most of the traditions of the Navy are centered here. The brilliant social life that reigned when Annapolis was the heart of American society is quickened a little by the presence of the hundreds of young midshipmen and naval officers. The color of the present-day martial life has been added to the dignified and mellow character of the city of yesterday and has imparted a charm that does not easily pass from one's memory.

The old gentleman who volunteered to guide me through the winding little city, ventured the information that he had lived there all his life, and before him his father had been an old resident. We were standing in the old State House, near the very spot where Washington stood when he resigned his commission. It is the same State House, too, only that now an imposing dome has been added and there is a large addition to the northwest. All around are the great oil paintings of famous scenes and famous men in our history.

We had really set out to see the Naval Academy, but my friend could scarcely forego the opportunity of introducing me to the old landmarks of history. From the capitol some eight or nine streets radiate out to every part of the little city. It is an easy matter to get lost, and on certain streets one finds himself where he started, if he does not watch his step.

Right at hand was St. Anne's Church, with several tombstones in the yard dating back before 1700. A little farther on was Reynold's Tavern, built in 1735, but now become the residence of the cashier of a neighboring bank. And then we come to Acton, a typical Maryland home of another day, erected more than 150 years ago, and with its spacious grounds as yet uncut into city lots.

What is more glorious than these old Maryland mansions, with their wonderful doorways, quaint gardens, and their interiors unsullied by any touch of the modern-day apartment craze? My friend recalled that Annapolis has more of these old romantic houses for its size than almost any other place in the United States. There is the old home of Charles Carroll, built about 200 years ago; the Harwood house, the Chase home, the only three-story colonial house in Annapolis; the Ogle house, and many others.

While we were talking, an overseer from a neighboring plantation clattered into town on a horse, suggesting another day, long ago, when everybody came into town on horseback. The luxury of Annapolis in those early days was almost unbelievable. The old Chase home has solid silver latches and a marble mantel from Italy. Its great hall, 14 feet wide, extends for 45 feet to the rear of the house. Charles Carroll, who was born in 1737 in the old Carroll home, was reported before the Revolutionary days to have had an income of about 10,000 pounds sterling, with promise of 14,000 pounds still later, and shortly he would inherit his father's vast estate of 60,000 acres. There were some rich men even in those days. And, speaking of a more or less important subject, one colonial dame in Annapolis hired a French hair dresser at 1,000 crowns a year.

It was not a great walk along the Duke of Gloucester street until we came to the ballroom, erected in 1764, from the proceeds of a lottery. And it was here that Washington danced while attending the horse races. Those colonial people believed in having a good time. After a turn around the town, we passed Carvel Hall, now a spacious hotel, but once, without its newer addition, a fine colonial residence. It was here that Winston Churchill was a guest while a midshipmen in the Naval Academy, and he found in this house the original of the Dorothy Manners' home, depicted so well in "Richard Carvel."

It was just a step to St. John's College, said to be the third oldest college in America, founded in 1694 under the name of King William's School. On the magnificent campus surrounding the college still stands the Liberty tree, where, according to tradition, the treaty with the Susquehannocks was made in 1652. Just before the Revolution the sturdy patriots used to gather here to decide how those who had not joined the patriots should be dealt with.

One walks right through the gate of the Naval Academy and into the spacious grounds, a long sward of green stretching down to the Severn River and blue Chesapeake. Seven hundred young fellows from 16 to 20 were admitted last June and in another four years will be graduating as full-fledged ensigns—that is, those of them who do not fall by the wayside in the meantime, for the Navy is a strict place despite the good times that it affords.

The Naval Academy today is the stronghold of most of the history and traditions of the Navy. They may have the records in Washington, but at Annapolis, they have the actual exhibits, from battle flags captured in the War of 1812 to the small boat in which Captain Sicard and a few brave members of the crew of the Saginaw set out for the Hawaiian Islands to get help when the Saginaw was wrecked on a forsaken island.

The United States Military Academy at West Point was founded in 1802, but the Naval Academy is a decidedly newer institution, having been established only in 1845. It occupies the site of old Fort Severn, which was transferred from the War to the Navy Department. However, from this little plot of nine and a half acres the academy grounds proper have grown today to 80 acres, not including neighboring government property across the creek and on the other shore of the Severn River. The grounds of the Naval Academy, in fact, take up more room than most of the town of Annapolis itself.

For the last several years the academy has been growing in size, due largely to the increased number of appointments allotted to each senator and representative. They now have five appointments each, and there also are 100 appointments to be made each year from among the enlisted men of the Navy. This gives an opportunity for enlisted men to advance to better things.

"A student in the academy virtually receives a college education with expenses paid, since he also receives a cash allowance of $780 a year," Secretary Magruder, of the academy, explained. Then every midshipman has the added advantage of seeing a good part of the world through the annual practice cruises held every summer. The past summer the trip embraced Europe, and such interesting places as the Azores, Scotland, Norway, Portugal and Gibraltar were touched."

The best time of year to see the academy is when the graduating exercises are in progress in June. Then all is excitement, with fathers, mothers and sweethearts thronging the hotels, with the dress parades and parties in full swing. But any time in summer or autumn, the academy is a delightful place, with the cool blue waters of the Chesapeake, its trim cut stone buildings, and its spacious lawns.

My friend insisted that we should take a look around at the different buildings. Perhaps the most beautiful and one of the most imposing buildings is the chapel. Its gilded dome can be seen for miles across the bay and adds an element of dignity to the otherwise low-lying group of buildings. The magnificent stained-glass windows for the most part are memorials to distinguished men in the Navy. Every Sunday morning the cadets march over to the chapel in a body. There is a great organ in the rear balcony and a large choir of midshipmen furnish music. Beneath the chapel in a crypt lies the body of John Paul Jones. The sarcophagus is of black and white marble, and around its base are the names of the ships which Jones commanded in the American Navy.

Dahlgren Hall is the oldest of the new academy buildings. It is the armory and here, too, is a great display of guns and relics. Bancroft Hall is the midshipmen's dormitory. Two more wings were added to this building in 1918-19 to take care of the great increase in number of midshipmen, and, in fact, there



The old assembly hall and ballroom, built in 1764, is still standing. Here Washington danced while attending the horse races at Annapolis. There is perhaps no city in America that preserves so much of the old colonial atmosphere as does Annapolis.

are now some 2,500 midshipmen in attendance at the academy. Memorial Hall, which contains the portraits of naval officers who have distinguished themselves, is in this building. Macdonough Hall, which is an exact counterpart of Dahlgren Hall, is given over to athletics, with a gymnasium and swimming pool.

An adjoining wing, known as Luce Hall, is the home of the departments of seamanship and navigation. The relics that have found their way to the Naval Academy, as well as models that have been exhibited at many expositions, to a large extent have been placed in this building. The academic group of buildings is at the other end of the grounds.

There is little of popular interest in the academic group of buildings, unless it be the trophy flags displayed in Mahan Hall. For years these flags, captured from the enemy in our early wars, had been packed away in cases. But in 1912, $30,000 was appropriated for restoring and mounting them. Nearly a year was spent by a corps of women in carefully stitching the originals on linen backing. They are now arranged in cases in the corridors of the building. Isherwood Hall, back of the academic group of buildings, contains a large collection of marine machinery and models of engines. Here the midshipmen put into practice the principles they learn in their textbooks.

The academy course is calculated to keep one busy, to say the least.

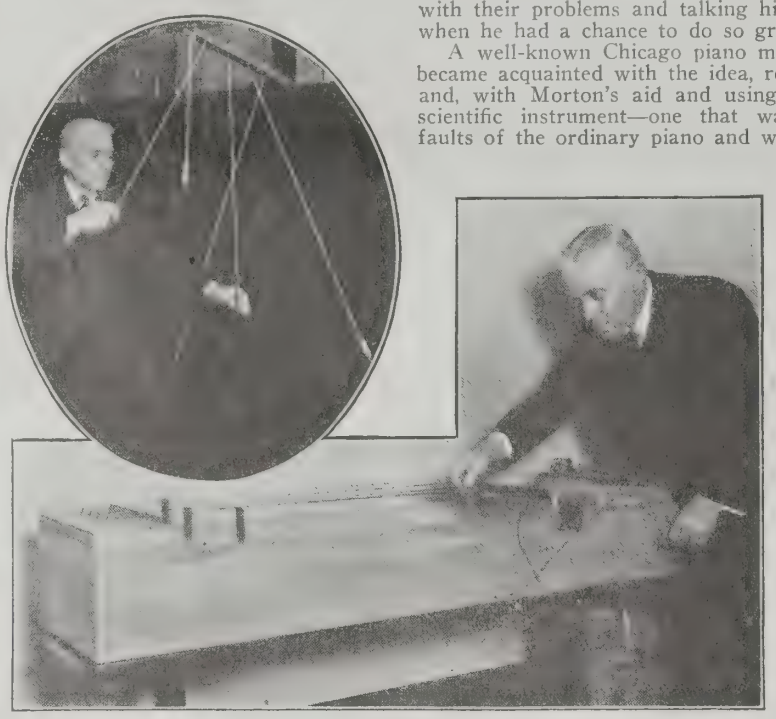


An airplane view of the Naval Academy with the beautiful Severn River stretching away in the distance.

The First Acoustic Engineer

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

WE DON'T hear of any college graduates with the degree of acoustic engineer as yet, because this is a comparatively new profession. It originated with a Chicago man, Frank Morton, who is generally credited with knowing more about it than any one else in the country. Mr. Morton, in short, is an expert on piano wires, as well as various other kinds of wires, and his knowledge of the subject has opened the eyes of piano manufacturers on two continents. It all began when Mr. Morton was a small boy and his mother thought to make a great musician of him. She bought him a piano, and it was his duty to practice several hours every day. Instead of practicing, however, he began to explore the works of the piano. Before any one knew it, he had taken the strings off the piano, rebuilt the action, and restrung it. About all he learned from this experiment was that pianos play because their wires vibrate. The question that bothered him then was why they vibrate with different intensities. To find out, he obtained employment in a piano factory.



Above—The smaller picture shows Frank Morton using pendulums to demonstrate some point with regard to piano wire. Below—This shows Mr. Morton and his sonometer, the instrument he uses in his extensive studies of wire.

In this factory he showed such aptitude for the work that he was finally given a laboratory of his own, and there he proceeded to make endless experiments having to do with instrument strings—the gauge of wire, methods of stringing it, weight, tension, pitch, and various other qualities. The result was that in a few years he was able to furnish tables and formulas for the use of scale draftsmen, piano makers, and all others using wire, and largely through his work the whole piano industry was given universal standards.

Before this came about, however, he met with many rebuffs while attempting to show piano manufacturers that their methods were not efficient; they seemed too busy trying to square theory with practice to pay much attention to the young man. But these rebuffs did not discourage Morton; he plugged away, gathered data, studied his subject, and waited for his time to come.

Finally he was in a position to move again, and this time he executed a flank attack. Through his own reorganization he spread the idea that the sales force would get the best results by making itself into an unofficial staff of consulting engineers, giving away expert advice with each order taken. He used this scheme himself on the piano people, helping them with their problems and talking his ideas about wire when he had a chance to do so gracefully.

A well-known Chicago piano manufacturer finally became acquainted with the idea, recognized its value and, with Morton's aid and using his ideas, built a scientific instrument—one that was free from the faults of the ordinary piano and which would outlast any instrument not built along the same lines. This piano, put together as it was by a practical manufacturer who could and would push the advantages of the instrument, gave Morton a complete and unanswerable argument to vindicate the value of his theories.

Then slowly but surely other manufacturers began to line up until more than 100 major American piano manufacturing firms were convinced of the soundness of Morton's ideas, and they either sent for him or went to him with their troubles. Then Morton would set about diagnosing the cause of the trouble, as a physician diagnoses the disease of a patient, and prescribe the remedy. It is a maxim of his that if you diagnose discordance in anything the remedy is usually plain.

That's how Morton earned his title of acoustic engineer and why he is hailed as the dean of the profession. Largely as a result of his enthusiasm, the whole piano industry has been given universal standards. Today he has a score of protegés taking full acoustic engineering courses.

Exact study and design of wires can, of course, be applied far beyond pianos. There are telegraph and telephone wires, power wires, wires used in bridge construction—the field of scientific study is immense.

Measuring Mental Stature

Concluded from page 6

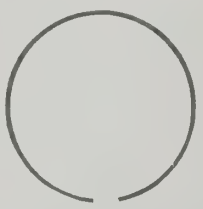
tistics show for example that five out of every 10 children eight years old know the names of all the coins in ordinary use from the penny up. Five out of 10 children at this age can count backward from 20 to zero in 40 seconds, making not more than one error. The same proportion is able to give an intelligent answer to three questions of judgment, one of which is: "What is the thing for you to do if you have broken something which belongs to some one else?"

Their power of abstraction is developed to a point where they can reply correctly to the question: "In what way are coal and wood alike; iron and silver; apple and peach; ship and automobile?" Fifty per cent of the children of this age can successfully pass the series of questions, problems and tasks listed under "Year Eight" of the Stanford-Binet examination. If a child makes a perfect score on these items his mental age is said to be eight; if he can pass only the items in "Year Six" his mental age is six, though his chronological age may be eight or more. The army psychologists found many grown men with mental ages of 8 and 10. Retardation as great as this is called feeble-mindedness.

The significant point of it all is that the amount of retardation or acceleration may be expressed in precise mathematical terms. When you test the child, you "get his number" mentally and you can ascertain just where he belongs in school. In the group tests the results are first expressed in terms of a total score of so and so many points. When the reports are sent to school principals, the ratings are usually expressed by the letters A, B, C, D, E and F, C being the average: or the rating may be given him in terms of mental age. The principal can then tell whether the child is in the proper grade considering his general ability as shown in the tests. He knows where the child is able to make good.

Special provision can thus be made for children who deviate widely from the average. Detroit, for example, has established three centers for exceptional children and 75 classes for retarded children. The Detroit superintendent's report says: "In the near future the school system will be able by means of mental tests to place correctly and at once without loss of time and effort every new child who comes into the system."

If you want to try a simple test on your child take the Ball and Field problem devised by Professor Terman. Draw a circle like this one, open at one end and two and a half inches in diameter. Then say to the child: "Let us suppose that your baseball has been lost in this round field. You have no idea what part of the field it is in. You don't know what direction it came from, how it got there or with what force it came. All you know is the ball is lost somewhere in the field. Now take this pencil and mark out a path to show me how you would hunt for the ball so as to be sure not to miss it. Begin at the gate."



There is no one correct answer to this problem, but the plans are graded as "failure," "inferior" or "superior." "Failure" means no plan at all and indicates a mental age under 8. Terman lists 15 "inferior" plans. A mental age of 8 is indicated. The "superior" plan shows a child to be mentally 12 years old. The marking may be a spiral covering the whole field or concentric circles or transverse lines joined at the end and running back and forth across the field parallel to each other.

If you want to test your own ingenuity try Terman's test number six for "superior adults." Time limit: five minutes for each problem. Two out of three must be right. No pencil and paper allowed:

1. A mother sent her boy to the river and told him to bring back exactly seven pints of water. She gave him a three-pint vessel and a five-pint vessel. Show how the boy can measure out exactly seven pints of water, using nothing but the two vessels and not guessing at the amount. Begin by filling the five-pint vessel first.

2. Same as number one, except that five-pint and seven-pint vessels are used to get eight pints. Begin by filling five-pint vessel.

3. Four and nine-pint vessels are used to get seven pints and you begin by filling the four-pint vessel.

With John Galsworthy at Home

Concluded from page 7

Toward himself, too, as a man of letters, it is no less strict, especially as to the choice of words and style. I guessed from a remark or two he made, that the chief pain of work to him lay in the effort to express with absolute accuracy the lights and shades of thoughts and hints and meanings. Which, as Pascal knew and told us, in his "Pensees," is impossible.

And, as to this, he spoke in some detail, when, after mentioning that I had seen his latest comedy (it is now doing very well indeed in London) I asked him whether he preferred playwriting to bookwriting.

"To tell the truth," he answered, "in writing plays, I feel slightly constricted. I began by inventing novels, as you know; and drama does not give me quite the scope, the ease, the freedom one requires to express the more subtle lights and shades of thought and life. In the play you saw ('The Skin Game') my chief purpose was to show that, if men plunge into a fight, like my country gentleman, and his enemy, the self-made man who attempts to kill him socially, they will find they have to shed the civilized decencies."

The love of justice and the scorn of wrong, shine out in all that Mr. Galsworthy has given us. Once one has talked with him, one sees, one knows, how impossible it would have been for him to do as Molière did—to take ideas from other men, and call them his. I say this *apropos* of "Strife," which, until lately, I confess, I had assumed to have been inspired by Hauptmann's "Weavers." It did me good to be informed by Mr. Galsworthy that he had not read "The Weavers," and that, with the exception of "The Sunken Bell," he was unfamiliar with the German author's plays.

Like other men of his own intellectual cast, he was thinking much of capital and labor problems when he wrote his "Strife." But he was thinking independently of Hauptmann, not borrowing from him.

Whatever his defects may be in drama, Galsworthy shines by contrast with most other playwrights. His proper field, however, seems the novel. There he is free and can express himself, strongly or delicately, as best suits his purpose. His sense of beauty he can never lose, whether the medium he employes be the short story, the long story or the play. That sense of beauty may reveal itself as in "The Apple Tree," in tenderly tragic tones; or, with a rightful show of force and irony, as in some novels and, just now, in "The Skin Game." It may express itself in charming, descriptive passages, in the exposure of injustice, or in the portrayal of character. But it is always plainly seen in all he writes. It seems part of him. The beauty which he puts into his tales and works is largely due to his habitual serenity. Some think he is serene because he is passionless. That is absurd. It is unfair to him as well, it seems to belittle him. The man who could create a book like "The Dark Flower," must have known all the usual heartaches and allurements of his brother men. John Galsworthy, I feel, has lived his inner life up to the hilt, though only seldom—in three books—does he allow one more than glimpses of his most secret self. If he were willing, he could fill more than one volume of great interest with avowals. He has refrained, because his fine and sensitive taste forbids him to air personal facts too publicly. We are left to guess.

All he discloses of himself he tells reluctantly, as if he shrank from taking others into his confidence. Those who would know his thoughts can read his works. He has his fervors, his ideals, his high dreams. He has had fights to fight as surely as all artists. And, having fought them, he has learned to sympathize, and, above all, to put his sympathy into words. Impersonal, or objective, as to form at times, his books may be. But, through his characters, he gives us his experience, observations, dreams and thoughts.

What he enjoys most, next to work and thought, is nature. Much of his leisure time he spends in Devonshire, at Wingstone, near a lonely spot called Manaton.

"My cottage, as you see, is very simple," he explained, as he showed me a photograph. "It stands in a secluded part of Devonshire, not far from Dartmoor. A rather eerie place, that might be haunted. A landscape that should suit 'the little people.' The woods are very strange there, like the moors—they are really 'witching woods' and full of mystery. The natives, though, are proof against the appeal of the fantastical. They are stolid and surprisingly unlike the creations of our novelists, who love to invest them with abnormal power and passions."

Galsworthy, like his wife, delights in porcelain and in dainty bric-a-brac of many other kinds. Old French and English ware and Cantonese decked out the shelves and mantel in his sitting room. I did not see many books about the house. But of prints and pictures—there are enough to please the eye and give some color to the harmonious walls. And as we passed into the lane again, I felt that I had seen an ideal home—the very setting for a man like Galsworthy. All London lay spread out for miles on miles, and crawled up slowly to the Hampstead heights. But of the city all one heard was a faint, droning hum, the muffled rumble of a distant train, and a dull sound of bells.

He Specializes in Big Figures

Expert Amazes Firms With His Speed in Calculating Large and Intricate Invoices

By CLYDE ROBERTS

MENTAL mathematical calculations that stagger the imagination have won for Arthur P. Landess, of Kansas City, Kansas, the title of being America's foremost invoice expert. His genius is of a peculiar kind—it is of great value commercially, and manifests itself only when there are prodigious tasks in figures before him.

Visualize the invoicing of the entire stock in the largest store in America in 14 days or imagine the invoicing of the entire property of Montgomery Ward & Company in two weeks, and you have a sample of his accomplishments in figures. Those two feats are done annually by Mr. Landess, as well as numerous other jobs of great magnitude.

Landess performs mathematical feats that are almost unbelievable. He multiplies in fractions any number less than 1,000 horizonally across the page and at the same time adds the results perpendicularly up and down the page. All the results are carried in his head until he reaches the grand total, which he puts down at the bottom of the page.

In the higher branches of mathematics, he finds the square root of any number up to 1,000,000 without the aid of a paper or pencil.

Twenty thousand calculations is an ordinary day's work for him, and, as he puts it, he "sleeps better at night when he is deep in the figures" during the day.

Figures by the Bushel

INVOICE sheets of large corporations generally have 30 lines. Various departmental clerks count the goods in the store and place the amount of merchandise and its cost by the yard, pound or whatever the measurement may be, on the sheet. Items like 69 1/5 yards of silk at 72⅜ cents a yard, 200½ yards of linoleum at 79 3/5 cents a yard, and 16 3/5 gross of candles at $4.24 a gross, appear on each line. Landess multiplies the total across the sheet, and when he gets to the thirtieth space below he has the grand total ready. Each calculation is made in less than three seconds. The sheets are brought to him by the bushel. He keeps at his work bent over the desk, mumbling to himself. When the day is done he has finished many departments.

In the invoicing process of large institutions, a check of the invoice is made for errors. One year when the Montgomery Ward & Company stock in the Kansas City branch aggregated $12,000,000, 36 of the best comptometer operators in the firm's employ had to work on the checking to keep up with him.

He performs his biggest job twice each year; that is, the invoicing of the John Wanamaker store in Philadelphia, said to be the largest single store in the United States. One invoice is the complete annual figuring up, and the other is the midsummer check. He finished his last check there in August. The firm uses 26 of its best trained clerks to check his work, and it is only on rare occasions that a mistake is found.

His Uncanny Knack

LANDESS was invoicing a smaller store in Philadelphia when the Wanamaker store heard of him. The manager asked him to come over to try his hand. As an example he was given a packet of invoice sheets to total. In 10 minutes he finished and handed them to the manager.

"You don't mean to tell me that you have finished those already!" the manager exclaimed.

"Certainly, all complete and correct."

The manager wanted to bet him that none of the sheets were correct, but Landess refused on the grounds that he is a good Presbyterian. He asked the manager to check the figures on the comptometers for accuracy.

It was nearing noon. Nine girls were put to work on this checking, and it was 5 o'clock before they could finish the work. Not a single error was found. Landess was immediately employed. That was eight years ago; and he still has the job.

In many large stores goods of foreign make are measured and weighed by the metric system. It falls to Landess to reduce the metric system to our own system of figures, and then calculate the values. The same applies for figuring the tariff or duty.

A friend who held one of the invoice sheets of Montgomery Ward & Company before him observed the notation. Thirty-five gross complete with 133 extra at $13.02½ a gross.

"How much is that?" he asked Landess.

"Oh, that's easy, it's $474.38."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Landess, the total figure here compiled is $464.89."

"But, my dear sir, you will observe that the figure you mention is beneath the line where it says two per cent off for cash. You will notice the figure I have given you is in the total column at the edge."

It was there.

Made Up Pay Rolls Mentally

FOR five years Mr. Landess was extension figure expert for the Western Electric Company at Chicago. He kept all records of time and made up all pay rolls mentally, once every week.

Some of the men were paid by the piece, others by the week, still more on the hourly basis, and some by both piece and hour.

"That work was comparatively easy," Mr. Landess reflected. "You see, if one employe worked 42¾ hours at 11⅛ cents an hour, he had $4.75 coming. Another man may have worked only 18¾ hours at 39¾ cents, and he got $7.45.

"What did you say about multiplying? What is 120 times 354? Oh, pshaw, give me something difficult; that's 42,480. Let's have some good division problems."

"Divide 975,255 by 255," said his friend.

"Get out your pencil so you won't make any mistake of the figures you name. Are you ready? Then write down 4-3-3-4 and 125/255. What's the next? 363,458 by 92. That's 3-9-5-0 and 58/92. Some problems in subtraction did you say? What's that—take 1,359,244 from 2,575,696? All ready, write 1,000,000 2-1-6-4-5-2."

He was asked to give the square root of 425,104. In eight seconds Mr. Landess said 652. Almost instantly he gave the square root of 9,216 as 96.

Feat Stumps the Lawyers

HE HAS had many odd experiences in his career as an extension figure expert. A number of years ago the state of Arkansas began suit against the Kansas City Southern Railroad Company, alleging it was charging excessive freight rates on tropical fruits coming into Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska from the Gulf of Mexico Coast.

The rate case was being bitterly fought in the United States court with the state as the plaintiff in the action. Attorneys for the state at 3 o'clock in the afternoon made a motion that the railroad company produce at 10 o'clock in court the next morning, an exact statement showing how much the company had charged on each shipment going into the four states during the year preceding. In the motion it was pointed out that the apportionment for each state would have to be made.

State's attorneys gazed at each other in extreme satisfaction when the judge granted their motion. Attorneys for the railroad company were horrified. Both sides believed the request impossible.

Telegrams were sent to Kansas City to the office of the company. It happened that Landess was there making a check on cases and some other details. He was shown the telegrams.

"That's easy," he said, "just give me enough men to pull those freight records down from the shelves and call out the numbers to me." Four of the best in the company's employ were called in. Their fingers flew through the pages of the records and each sang out numbers at Landess throughout the night. In some instances he had to make four apportions of certain bills, others two, and some three, according to the state where the fruit was shipped. At 3 o'clock the next morning Landess had a report showing the railroad company's charges on all fruit that went into the five states. The report was put



ARTHUR P. LANDESS,

Mathematical genius.

on the telegraph wires and the attorneys at Little Rock had the figures copied in report form by expert stenographers. When court convened the railroad lawyers placed the document of many typewritten pages on the judge's desk. It was itemized and apportioned so simply that even a lawyer could understand it without adding his own scientific explanation.

State's attorneys were seized with consternation. They declared their motion called for a detailed report—not an attorney's estimate. The company contended the report was true and correct, and the judge gave the state a week to verify it.

When the case was called a week later the state said it could not verify the report in one week, and therefore, had nothing more to say on the point, except that it would require months to obtain such detailed information. The failure resulted in victory for the company, and Mr. Landess says he believes the same rates still prevail, unless they have been raised.

On another occasion Mr. Landess was in bed when a friend called up and said:

"I am raffling off my shotgun; selling chances from one cent to 50 cents. I was under the impression that I would get something like $80 for my gun, and now most of my chances are sold and I have less than $9. Can you tell me how much I will get?"

"Yes, sir—$12.75. Is that all? Good night."

A Genius in His Boyhood

MR. LANDESS spent 10 years teaching school in Illinois, five of which were in the Normal College at Bushnell, and five in the lower schools. He has degrees of B.S. and LL.B. from Bushnell. For five years he was a practicing attorney in Peoria County, and was assistant state's attorney part of the time. He was born on a farm in Pike County, Illinois. His father was a practical farmer. When the boy grew old enough to notice books, his father began teaching him the method of calculating mentally.

Before he finished the grade schools he had become so efficient at mental calculations he could do any of the problems without the aid of a paper and pencil. After his graduation his years of teaching sharpened the faculty, but he still studied to be a lawyer.

His first work in large calculating was in some Illinois tax suits he began when he was in the office of the state's attorney. From there he went to the Western Electric Company at Chicago. He then moved West to Oklahoma, where he now owns a ranch.

Although he is a genius at figures, he is absolutely as well balanced on other subjects. He is a Sunday school teacher in the Presbyterian church, and more than half of his class does not know of his remarkable skill at figures. He says he would resume the practice of law if it did not require all his time to attend to real estate he looks after, and to care for his ranch.

Even his next door neighbors are not aware of his skill in figures. Mr. Landess is not a crank on the subject. He says it is just the faculty of perfect concentration, and is within the reach of any one. He is 52 years old.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The first foreign civilian permitted to travel on a Japanese gunboat was Professor William H. Hobbs, of the University of Michigan, who recently sailed from Japan to the Coral Islands on a Japanese warship, with the consent of Japanese authorities.

New York City is to be extended six miles into the sea, if present plans are carried out. By building mammoth sea walls from both sides of the Battery and filling in the intervening space with earth, six square miles would be tacked on the most valuable piece of real estate in the world. In addition 12 miles of needed docks would be added to the port, and the tax on all real estate in that vicinity may be reduced one per cent.

A new Royal Canadian Mounted Police post has been established at Ponds Inlet, in the extreme north of Mafflin's Land. This is the farthest north post and a staff sergeant only will be full police authority for the entire Mafflin's Land territory. Eskimos are the only inhabitants.

Raising wild turkeys as tame fowl and training them into the ways of the ordinary turkey has proved successful in certain parts of Louisiana, according to the Conservation Department of that state. Given a wide range, the wild turkeys are not subject to disease, as are the tame fowl.

It required 18 minutes for an army aviator to drop 26,000 feet in a high altitude parachute drop at Kansas City recently. This broke the record for distance.

To make London beautiful and to keep it beautiful, drastic reforms are being put forward. It is proposed that the city do away with all railways above ground. It is predicted that London will see all lines disappear into the earth at a radius of 15 miles from Charing Cross. The old railway tracks may then be converted into highways or speedways for motor traffic. Beautiful homes in the country for many of London's workers form a part of the project for the future.

Bees have been hoarding honey for years in a hollow statue of a woman on the courthouse of Charleston, West Virginia. The bees gained access to the statue through a hole in one of the arms.

In 1920 the hens of Kansas alone produced a sum that represented more than twice the amount needed to pay for the Louisiana Purchase.

New York is building a beautiful Memorial Hall in honor of its war dead. It is to be four times as large as the Parthenon of Athens, after which it is modeled, and will have a seating capacity of 10,000. On the walls of the amphitheater, in letters of bronze, will appear the names of the New York City men and women who died in the military service of the United States or any of the Allies. Another feature will be quarters for an employment agency for service men.

Soldiers who paid for the transportation of their European brides to this country must stand the expense themselves. Provisions of the law under which European wives of soldiers were brought to this country at the expense of the government, prior to June 5, 1920, do not apply where a soldier has already paid for his wife's passage. Such wives were transported on the credit of the United States to avoid the appearance of wholesale desertions by American soldiers of their European brides when the enlisted men were financially unable to bear the cost of transportation.

Heavy oil is the secret of the melodious timbre of Cremona violins, according to a German professor, who intends to start a workshop for production of artificial master violins this winter. He believes that the resonance is particularly due to the regularity of vibrations caused by dense wood. He acquires density in the wood by painting the violins with a mixture of rapidly drying oils, which penetrate the wood, making it especially resonant.

A great petrified forest has been discovered on the high plateau of Northern Sardinia, Italy. Stone trees of from 9 to 12 feet in circumference have been found.

"Eulan" is a new product of the German chemical industry. The base appears to be a yellow dye, the use of which, it is claimed, renders wool moth-proof.

Unsteered by the hand of man, a ship has crossed the seas for the first time, from Hamburg, Germany to New York City. Controlled by gyroscopic compasses, the steering device makes a helmsman unnecessary. In addition to the regular compass there is a compass corrector, which turns the rudder to the exact extent necessary to bring the ship back into position when it swings off the set course, due to the motion of the sea.

What is believed to be the oldest British inn is Ye George Hotel, of Colnbrook, Bucks, England. The present proprietor says the inn was founded in 1066 A. D. According to old records, the inn was presented to the town by one Milo Crispin, who lived there at the time of the Conquest.

Fifty thousand Chinese merchants control 85 per cent of the business and pay 65 per cent of the mercantile taxes of the Philippine Islands, which have a total population of more than 10,000,000.

The Theodore N. Vail gold medal and $1,000 cash award for heroism during 1920 has been given to a prairie telephone girl in the little town of Homer, Nebraska. She saved more than 100 lives at the risk of her own when Omaha Creek overflowed its banks during a cloudburst and flood. She refused to leave her post and continued to warn the countryside until the flood water rose to the switchboard plugs, putting the apparatus out of commission.

Lord Nelson's flagship, the Victory, is being repaired and is to be preserved as a British national relic. The wooden timbers are for the most part sound, although it is 116 years since the vessel, with 26 others, defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain at Trafalgar, breaking Napoleon's naval power forever.

Football was played in China 4,618 years ago. The Chinese used a round leather ball stuffed with goat hair, and the players wore uniforms of silk.

A Canadian Pacific Railway train, consisting of 110 fully loaded cars of wheat, a water car and caboose, recently arrived at Arcola, Saskatchewan. One hundred and sixty-five thousand bushels of wheat were in the cars. The train weighed approximately 6,868 tons.

Shooting hydrogen-filled toy balloons with a shotgun from an airplane is the latest sport in London. At airplane race meetings successive "coveys" of balloons are released and airplanes go up in pursuit. The object of the gunners is to determine who can shoot down the largest number of balloons.

It is impossible to tell natural pearls from the Japanese cultivated variety, according to the official report of the Academy of Sciences of Paris. Cutting tests, as well as the X-ray, are impracticable owing to the fact that all pearls have foreign matter as their nucleus. Cancerous matter forms around a grain of sand creating the pearl forms.

The remains of a large palace and beautiful mosaics, also an old Roman road, have been discovered by chance at Alexandria, Egypt, by laborers engaged in digging the foundations of a new building. The ruins are of the Ptolemite period and are believed to be the site of a royal palace.

A plague of Ysahu ants is threatening large tracts of land in Paraguay. They are very voracious and spread rapidly, eating off all the vegetation, working ceaselessly above ground, except on the coldest days of winter. Chemicals are being used to exterminate them.

Chief of the whales on which the whalers of the North Atlantic depend is the blue whale. This whale is the largest of all animals living or extinct. It grows to 80 or 85 feet in length and six men must exert all their strength to turn over a portion of the skull when cut off from the rest.

"Bobbed" hair is officially recognized by the state of Connecticut. Applicants for barbers' licenses must list as one of their qualifications that of bobbing hair for women.

The wife of William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," famous scout and Indian fighter, recently died and is buried in the grave with her husband at the top of Lookout Mountain, near Golden, Colorado.

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

11-26-21

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Leo Frank Case—Are Jews Clever?

Awakening the Minds of the Chinese

Pan-American Unity the World's Need

Foreign-Made Movies in U. S. Theaters

Oh, for a Cervantes to Set the World Aright

Jewish Production of Passion Play!

Awakening the Minds of the Chinese

New Phonetic Language Lifts Age-Old Burden of Illiteracy Among the Mass of People

IT IS difficult to overestimate the possibilities that lie in China's new phonetic language—to that nation and to the rest of the world. At last all classes of Chinese are learning to read and write. The bondage of ignorance which has fettered a quarter of the inhabitants of the earth is lifted and they find common ground with the other peoples. With the situation in the Far East what it is, with Japan rushing her armament night and day, with the new Republic of China earnestly seeking to realize something of its vast potentialities, the fact that common coolies can now read newspaper bulletins on the street corners of Pekin is fraught with mighty meaning.

Odd as it may seem, China has heretofore had no written language which could be spoken and her spoken language has not been written. Spoken language she has had, of course, and in dialects so varied that often the people of adjoining provinces could scarcely understand each other; and written language as well, the famed "literary language" of the Chinese scholar; but the two were unrelated except as each in its own fashion gave expression to an idea.

All this is changed by the phonetic system arranged by Wang Djao, a Chinese scholar, who on a sick bed in Hanlin originated an alphabet of symbols for basic Chinese syllables by which the Chinese that is spoken can be written. This is called Chu Yin Tsu-Mu. It has spread over China with incredible rapidity. The national government has taken it up and provincial governments have in some cases made it obligatory on all classes of citizens.

The very atmosphere of China is altered by this boon that has opened the Chinese mind. Enthusiasm over their new accomplishment could scarcely run higher among those whose civilization is the oldest on the globe. At last the Orient has the key to so much in Occidental civilization that has been hopelessly unattainable to the masses. China's national curse of illiteracy is by way of being ended for all time.

Old women now master the art of reading in but a few weeks and are eager to pass on this marvelous thing that has come into their lives. Men and women of middle age and utterly without education learn both to read and write in a month, and in spite of local dialects; while those whose youth is not so long gone need even less time.

In the past the Chinese child who would write must spend years memorizing thousands of complicated ideographs; now he learns his alphabet almost with the ease of the American child learning his letters.

There is much misapprehension regarding the old-time written language of China. The statement is even made that it has an alphabet of 214 letters, but this is far from the fact. There is no real resemblance between these 214 and the letters of our alphabet. They give no indication of sound. They are merely the radicals, basic combinations of strokes which appear frequently enough in the ideographs which make up China's written language for scholars to classify them.

These ideographs are arbitrary signs, each standing for a word. They aren't limited to a single word, either; often it requires a phrase of English to translate one of them; but each is the expression of an idea. Those based on the radicals have come down through the usage of successive generations to a sort of standardization. They by no means cover the range of written Chinese, not by a very long way. There is another class of ideographs whose strokes picture the idea, in a way, but more numerous than either of these are the purely arbitrary symbols.

Under the old system it was customary to create new ideographs all the time. Usually there was something about them which gave a clue to their meaning to one skilled in reading Chinese. The custom gave rise to a necessary institution in all newspaper offices and publishing houses—the typecutter—ready to grave on wood any ideograph which was not in the fonts.

There is, to be sure, a Chinese dictionary of the old literary language, "Kang Shsi," but it is merely a compilation of the ideographs of more frequent use. It contains individual word signs to the number of about 50,000. No scholar, regardless of how profound his erudition, ever found time to memorize all these, however, or anything like it. The average Chinese intellectual knows but 5,000 or 6,000.

Of course, the great mass of Chinese knew little or nothing of this. They communicated with each other by means of the spoken language and, at best, had a few signs by which they could put ideas on paper. Spoken Chinese, whatever the dialect, is a tonal language of simple syllables, in the main true monosyllables, but with an occasional dissyllable slurred as a compound vowel sound.

There are 420 of these syllables in the spoken language, and they must serve for an average of more than 100 words each, each with its distinctive ideograph. For instance, the syllable "chi," pronounced as is the English g, is used for 165 different words—or to convey that many different meanings. The syllable "i," spoken like the English e, stands for 178. The variation comes in the tone in which the syllable is spoken, and if that doesn't make it clear what its meaning is, the rest of the sentence must.

There are five different tones, two ascending, one level and two descending. They come to an Anglo-Saxon tongue with no small difficulty, but the Chinese finds no more trouble in their correct use than we in pronouncing English.

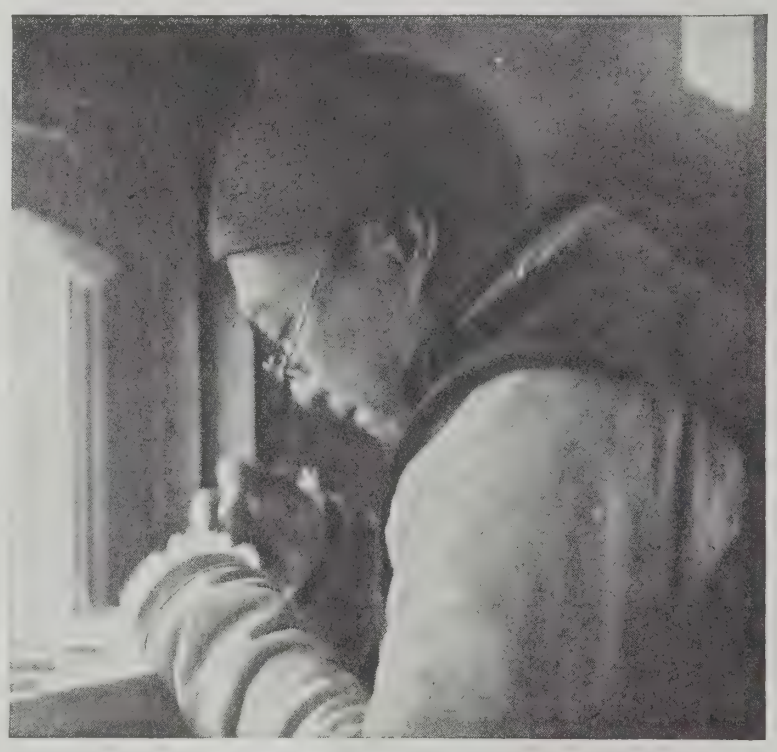
The Chinese syllable "ho," for example, given with the sharply ascending tone, means "to bow." Spoken with a more moderately ascending tone, it may mean "a river," "to harmonize" or "what." In the level tone, which is possibly as hard for us as any, "ho" stands for "fire." When the tone descends somewhat this syllable carries the meaning of "to congratulate" or "calamity." The fifth tone would be sharply descending and in that our syllable is used for "to drink," "fit" or "to be living."

The effort to bring reason out of this variety of meanings will doubtless be about as successful as satisfactorily to explain the wide difference in meaning of numerous English words that have several meanings for one spelling.

Chu Yin Tsu-Mu is not the first attempt to find a middle ground between written and spoken Chinese. Far from it. For many years past missionaries and others have sought to arrange this, but never with more than temporary success and seldom even with that. Always the basis of the proposed system would be Romanization, which amounted to Anglicizing Chinese. If this had been practical, it wouldn't have been popular—with the Chinese; no people are more averse to foreign innovations. Meantime not more than two per cent of the population of 400,000,000 was really literate. Estimates vary, but the most generous gives China no more than 10 per cent of her men who can read and write, and not more than one per cent of the women! To 375,000,000 Chu Yin Tsu-Mu gives an entirely new meaning to life.

Wang Djao first proposed his phonetic system 20 years ago, but under the empire little attention was paid to it, and it is only within the past three or four years that it has come into its own. Within the past two years it has swept the country.

Changes have been made in Chu Yin Tsu-Mu since it originally came out, as is not unnatural, but by the Chinese themselves always. The system is based on the mandarin dialect, and that fact brings us to one great difficulty in introducing a phonetic Chinese; it is only lately that there has been an official Chinese language. It is but 15 years since the Chinese Government did away with the age-honored essay on the classics, which had been the criterion of all scholarship in the Flowery Kingdom, and quite something less than that since the republican government instituted the further reforms which have given China the foundations of a school system modeled after the western pattern.



The typecutter, an institution of the Chinese printing office under the old system.

It quickly became apparent that there must be a recognized national language and the mandarin dialect, before that scarcely more than the official court language, became official spoken Chinese. Fifteen of the 18 provinces now use it as such, though pronunciations vary so over China that the government has been obliged to go still further and fix standard pronunciation for some 800 of the commoner words. The rest grouped themselves about these more or less naturally.

The "alphabet" of Chu Yin Tsu-Mu—which actually is more a syllabary than an alphabet—is rather shorter than the original of Wang Djao. Improvements have been made in it, but without disturbing the adaptation of Chinese characters with purely oriental aspect. In all, there are 39 phonetic symbols—24 initials, three medials and 12 finals. Tonal values are indicated by a short horizontal stroke under the lower left hand corner for the first tone and dots on the different corners for the others. Sentences are written from the top down, as in old Chinese, and the emphasis is marked in each clause.

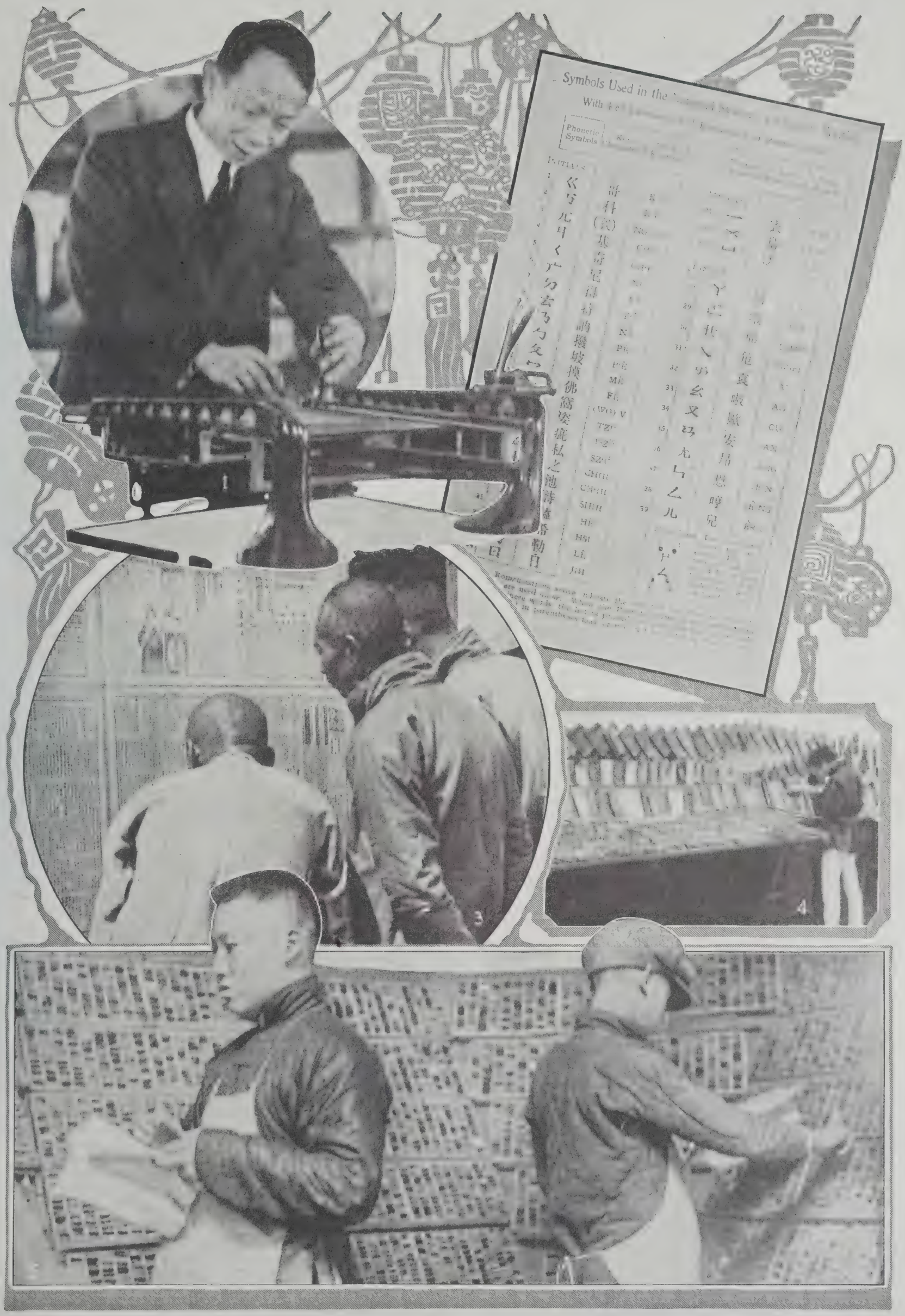
Chu Yin Tsu-Mu became the Chinese national language at a meeting of official representatives and prominent educators from each of the 18 provinces at Pekin in the autumn of 1918. The system was taught first in the government normal schools and then passed down through the entire school organization of the nation.

The newspapers took it up at once and dispatches were often printed in the new script and the old in parallel columns.

While people generally in China have been more than ready for the new phonetic language, the central government and provincial governments have made it an official matter to push its adoption everywhere. Several of the provinces have made use of the Shensi plan. Governor Yen of Shensi province was an early convert and at once set about giving the wonderful benefits of the new system to his people.

He began by ordering 2,500,000 phonetic primers for general distribution and in every possible manner advanced the universal adoption of the new national language. Indeed, he issued an official order requiring all adults to learn it within the ensuing eight months.

One thing Chu Yin Tsu-Mu has given China is the typewriter. American typewriter manufacturers soon began equipping their machines with its characters and many of these are now in use. There is, to be sure, a Chinese typewriter using the characters of the old style written language, but one can scarcely imagine a more cumbersome affair. It writes about 8,000 ideographs in place of the 26 letters of the American machine. Though expensive and awkward it has come into use because only by this means could satisfactory carbon copies be made.



1. A Chinese newspaper editor operating the old style typewriter, which has 8,000 characters. 2. The "alphabet" of the new Chinese phonetic language. 3. Coolies reading newspaper bulletins printed in the new characters. 4. In a Chinese bookstore. 5. Typesetters at the case in a Shanghai composing room.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 6, December 3, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Throwing Men Out of Work

AN OBJECTION to disarmament now beginning to be heard is that it will throw men out of work. There are between three and four million men unemployed in the United States and the unemployment problem in Britain has reached a stage so acute that extraordinary grants of doles from the public treasury are being made just to sheer off bread riots. If the building of dreadnoughts in American shipyards and on the Clyde is halted there will be a corresponding slump in all the steel foundries and machine shops, causing thousands to be added to the already swollen ranks of disemployed breadwinners.

Such is the argument. It leaves out of account several important facts. Times are hard in Britain and in America chiefly because of war waste and destruction and of the continuance of war expenditure on a war basis in both countries. Business is dull and factories closed down or running on part time because of burdensome taxation to meet this wastful expenditure. There is unemployment because the labor and capital that should go into healthy constructive activity that would restore trade are going into the building of naval armament and the making of big guns and shells.

How many miles of hard roadbed could be built for the cost of a single battleship? How many thousands of acres of swamp-land could be reclaimed or of arid land irrigated? How many houses could be built?

For the destructive, abnormal and uncertain jobs armament workers would lose through scrapping battleship-building they would find many more profitable and steadier jobs in productive and constructive industry making for the general welfare. Germany is already giving us an object lesson in this respect. There is practically no unemployment in that country today.

And if we shall not manage to tide over the temporary displacement of labor without serious hardship to the armament workers, we shall show ourselves sadly lacking in intelligence.

China's Demands

WITH the filing of China's Ten Demands, the big problem of the Washington Conference was squarely set before the delegates. The practically general acquiescence in Mr. Hughes' naval reduction proposal in a measure commits the nations represented to the fullest consideration of China's claims. Little time was lost, indeed, by Britain, France and Italy each in declaring their readiness to go as far as any other in showing regard for Chinese territorial integrity by relinquishment of extra-territorial rights exacted practically at the point of the bayonet by nearly every one of the powers at the conference table, including the United States, and exercised at this moment. Not Japan alone but Britain and the United States also have been busy securing important mining and railway concessions from provincial governors without reference to Peking.

In a vague, general way, the Japanese spokesman has voiced sympathy with Chinese aspirations and a desire to guard Chinese national unity. Mr. Balfour's offer to surrender Weihawei and abandon all special spheres of influence, should serve to encourage Japan to make a similarly specific declaration as to getting out of Shantung, Manchuria and Mongolia—which the Chinese rather stubbornly insist on regarding as Chinese territory despite Japanese inclination to differ with her on this little point of political geography.

Summed up, the Chinese declaration of independence as it may be regarded, asserts the right and the desire of the Republic of China to be allowed to conduct her own affairs without interference or aggression from other nations near or far and asks the powers collectively to agree to respect this right.

John Bull Means Business

ACTIONS speak louder than words, and the action with which Great Britain responded to the concrete American proposal for a 10-year holiday all round in naval construction should be hailed with satisfaction in this country. The order of the British Admiralty immediately suspending construction on the four new battleships of the Hood type which featured the British naval program is more eloquent than any words of hearty agreement with American policy and purpose. "Blood is thicker than water" promises to take on a new and larger meaning as one development of the Washington Conference. No longer an expression of sickly sentimentality or a chauvinistic shibboleth of Anglo-American belligerence toward the rest of the world, it promises to stand for an understanding between the English-speaking nations of mutual interest and mutual determination in the guaranty of international fair play and justice for all.

The conference will prove the acid test of Anglo-American faith and sincerity and the whole world is watching anxiously to note how we come through it; how ready we shall be to make the sacrifices and shoulder the responsibilities of giving to the nations of the earth a new lead—a lead in the direction of genuine human advance.

The Fordney Bill

"WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad." The ancient saw is strikingly exemplified in the very general protest aroused against the new extreme to which the long discredited doctrine of protective tariffs is carried in the Fordney tariff bill now under consideration in the Senate. Taking advantage of general appreciation of the need of increased revenues and of the desire to obtain them without increase of direct taxes, Congressman Fordney's bill not only fixes the import duties in his schedules so high as to make a new "high-water record," but, piling Pelion on Ossa he has incorporated in his bill the brilliant conception of getting the actual rate still higher by calling for the fixing of the duties on "the American valuation." Instead of levying the tariff on the basis of the prices or values stated in the invoice, the actual cost to the importer, the costs of freight, insurance and the tariff will be added.

The object of this inflation of the basis on which tariff duty has always been levied hitherto in this and every other country is, of course, to afford additional "protection" to American manufacturers. The odd thing is that while Mr. Fordney predicts that his tariff bill will bring in a revenue of $700,000,000, it is boasted that this American valuation clause alone erects a tariff wall around the United States so high that foreign goods will practically be kept out of the country altogether. If there has been one fact in regard to import duties that has been demonstrated beyond question it is that "the higher the tax the smaller the yield." We cannot collect duty on goods we do not import.

At a meeting of the National Council of Importers and Exporters in New York recently, attended by 1,000 members, resolutions were unanimously adopted declaring the plan to be "unnecessary, unwise, revolutionary and certain to result in the imposition of duties higher than those imposed in any previous tariff law." The farmers all over the country have now joined with the boards of trade, consumers' committees and financial and industrial interests in the fight to have the new valuation clause stricken from the bill before it goes back to the House. This, although the framers of the bill held out the bait of looking especially after the agricultural interests.

Perhaps the most humiliating feature of this high protective measure is the fear it manifests of the competition with strong, efficient and prosperous America of the war-exhausted and desperately struggling European countries.

Better Uses for Steel

ONE excellent sign of the seriousness with which the British public is taking the proposals for armament limitation is the slump of armament and munition shares on the London stock exchange. Prominent armament magnates, before the opening of the Washington Conference, did not hesitate to condemn any proposals in that direction as likely to aim a serious blow at British industry, as well as British sea supremacy. It means much that Mr. Balfour seems not to have been influenced by these fears.

Our own big steel and armament makers have shown themselves both sensible and patriotic, in a sense larger than that of the militarists. Judge E. H. Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, declares that naval disarmament will be a good thing for the steel business of the country and for all business in making possible normal adjustments of the industry. James Skinner, secretary of one of the biggest ordnance-making firms in the country, declares that disarmament means the larger welfare of humanity and incidentally a great saving in the people's money.

The cessation of battleship building will hardly affect the American steel industry. In normal times less than one per cent of the total steel production in this country goes for armaments, and it is reasonable to expect that this loss will more than be made up by increased demand for steel in a world made more productive by the lessening of war burdens.

Anatole France Gets Nobel Prize

THE 1921 Nobel prizé in literature ($40,000) has been awarded by the Swedish Academy to Anatole France, the famous French author and dramatist. As Anatole France, whose real name is Jacques Anatole Thibaud and who recently celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday by a second marriage, has long been regarded by a consensus of critical opinion not only in France but the world over as the greatest living writer of fiction, the wonder is that he has had to wait until now for this recognition.

In his keen sensitiveness to delicate shadings of style, his deep human sympathies, his vivid character drawing and profound understanding of nature and of life, as in his scholarly appreciation of historical and philosophic lore, Anatole France has long been easily the prince of story-tellers. He has been called "the French Dickens." In truth, he may be said to combine in his style and range of subjects the qualities that gave to Dickens and Scott, Thackeray and George Meredith each their special literary distinction.

The humanistic enthusiasm of Anatole France led him to join the ranks of the Socialists; but at the outbreak of the war his patriotism so far overcame his pacifism that he enrolled in the French Army, although then a septuagenarian, and served until its close as a simple poilu.

His masterpiece, "La Rotisserie de la Reine Pegaud," was dramatized and had a long and successful run at the Opéra Comique in Paris last year. Most of his novels and short stories have been translated into English and are well known in this country, where his early triumph, "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard" had a remarkable vogue and is still among "best sellers."

Women and Disarmament

EAST and West meet squarely in the recent declaration of Jane Addams, president of the Women's International League for Peace, that "future wars will be averted through the organization of the women of every nationality," and the arrival in Washington from Japan of that brave nonagenarian feminist, Mme. Kaji Yajima, to present to President Harding a memorial signed by 10,000 Japanese women in praying for the success of the Disarmament Conference.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to recognize in this coincidence not so much the "meeting" of East and West, as that same vanishing of East and West or other divisions pictured by Kipling when one brave man meets another, and equally evident when true women join hands with each other the world over for the betterment of humanity.

Mme. Yajima says the women of Japan want to see "real limitation of armaments." So do the women of America and those of Britain and of France and of Italy and of Germany and every other land in which women have borne the heavy and sad burden and anguish of bereavement. Will the men want what the women want in this instance, and want it with equal insistence and persistency? They must!

Mr. Ford's Page



INDIVIDUALS are very much alike, whether they be on a bench in the park, or sitting at beautiful and costly tables in a Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. They are alike in this, that they usually will do the right thing if they can do so without too much trouble, or if they can see how it can be done without too much dislocation of the existing situation.

Perhaps that is the reason for the fact that in the long course of human progress on this planet, the people have usually been beneficiaries instead of benefactors, that is, they have been recipients instead of the initiators of reform. Their function seems to be to receive and establish that which is thrust upon them; they are the custodians, the conservators of the good that is brought them; they decide in favor of the progressive step whenever they have an opportunity to express themselves; they are the depositories of every good thus far achieved; but usually the first work, the pioneer work, the breaking through the crust of custom, must be done by individuals who *see*.

It must be conceded that the men at the Washington Conference —at least, some of them—would be very glad to reduce or abolish armaments and all the machinery of war, if they could do so without creating complications. What these complications are we should have to be present-day statesmen to know. And by the time you had devoted enough energy and attention to understanding the complications which statesmen see, you would simply have smothered the other vision you had before you understood the complications. So, it is just a question of preference—whether you prefer the vision you have, or the complications which the statesmen see. If you have one, you usually must forego the other. This is a fact which should forever silence the absurd statement that the people are *ignorant* of statecraft; the truth is, they have only escaped being *smothered* by it.

There is an analogy in the money question. If a man wishes to understand the money question and begins with a study of the various theories of money and coinage, standards and values and exchanges and the like; if he goes into practical banking and familiarizes himself with all the details of that business, the net result will be that he will only understand what is, he will become so burdened with the multitude of facts within the monetary circle as it is, that he will have no room in his mind for a vision of the monetary system as it might be and as it ought to be. The best way to study finance is to study the ways in which finance hampers the people; study its defects; watch where it fails; mark where it enables skilled persons to play a game—and then you will understand finance better than the men who are top-heavy with a knowledge of details. For these details will not exist in a more perfect system.

It is a great trick, this getting people to see "complications," and to understand details; it is almost as efficacious as giving them a dose of chloroform. The "complications" and the details belong to a system of things we are trying to get rid of, and stopping to master them is simply to play into the enemy's hand.

The most successful plan to adopt with regard to a right and proper thing to do, is to do it, create the situation, commit yourself at once. This done, all the details that would have perplexed and delayed you beforehand are half mastered. That is to say, it makes all the difference in the world whether you are figuring on the "if" side or the "must" side of a fact. If you stop to arrange all the details first you are not half so certain of accomplishing it as when you commit yourself and arrange the details afterward. Instead of waiting to bring all the circumstances to that condition where the new step can be taken easily, it is often better to take the step first, and let circumstances adjust themselves. They will do it. A man will always do what he *must* do, but he will waste a lot of time over what he merely might do.

If the world should disarm tomorrow, doubtless it would create a considerable mess in more directions than one. Many men would be thrown out of work. Thousands of careers would be completely changed. Certain international situations would take on a sickly greenish appearance. But, at least one thing would have been definitely accomplished, and it would only remain then to adjust circumstances to the fact. And that is always an easier thing to do than to adjust the fact to circumstances.

But, in the present situation, there is no power that can declare disarmament to be a fact, an accomplished fact. That is, there is no authority anywhere which could declare the world disarmed, so that when people awake tomorrow morning they could look upon a world in which all the argument was done, and realization begun—just as the United States awoke one morning to find that the Emancipation Proclamation had gone forth. For the present, at least, the world is caught in the question, *How* can it be done? *That question will never, never be answered.* The world cannot be told *how* to disarm; but it can be told to disarm.

Suppose it were possible (and perhaps it is more swiftly becoming a possibility than we know) that the question of disarmament could be put up to the peoples of civilized countries instead of to the delegates of government. Suppose that on Armistice Day, 1922, or 1925, all people on the earth should vote on disarmament—men and women, all vote on the matter. In Italian cities and French towns, in German burgs and English shires, in the United States and Belgium and the Scandinavian countries, in Greece and the Balkans, the ballot would be taken for war or for peace, not under the stress of some international complication, but as the desired rule and order for the life of the common people. And suppose that when the returns came in from Europe and America the count should show that Disarmament carried, that the people of the earth had given orders to their governments to beat their war gear into farm gear—would that create a new condition?

It certainly would. Under the mandate to disarm, the governments would have nothing to do but disarm. Ways and means of doing it would be speedily found. It would be completely different from the present situation in which a reason why it *cannot* be done weighs just as much and more than a reason why it *should* be done.

As far as one can see, some such projection of a situation upon the world in which a fact accomplished will be there to deal with, is the best hope the world can have of realizing its dream. That fact accomplished may come from the collapse of militaristic burdens upon themselves; or it may come as a result of an event that will prove that the last war has been fought.

It may be that the need for war is not yet over. But certainly the need for war between civilized, or at least between the Christian nations, is over. There may yet be need for force, but surely not for force where the light of reason has entered. Recognition is due to the fact that only a part of the world is civilized or partially so, and that even a lesser part is Christianized, and that there stretch around civilization and Christendom great chaotic forces which may yet be mobilized to some dark end. It may be that in a contest between world-light and world-darkness, the military science of civilization may prove its salvation. Be that so, it still remains true that as between the civilized races, as between the Christian countries, war has no more place. As between ourselves we may disarm, and the way to do it is—to do it.

IT may be that the need for war is not yet past. But certainly the need for war between civilized nations is past. Around civilization and Christendom there stretch dark forces that one day may be mobilized for a dark purpose. But be it so—as between civilized races and Christian countries—there is no need for war. Civilization may arm against uncivilization, if that be necessary—although the school and commerce are still the best forces in that fight—but for civilization to arm against itself is a most grotesque folly. Disarmament of civilization against itself will be as natural as the emancipation of the slaves, once it is accomplished, but doubtless something will have to occur to accomplish it, before its possibility and simplicity and practicability can be seen.

Oh, for a Cervantes to Set the World Aright!

If knight errantry could be laughed out of existence, why not world armament? Can there be a greater farce than a forty-million dollar battleship that probably will never fire a gun except in target practice? Essentially the big battleship maintained for "preparedness" is just as much a joke as the heavy spurs that a witty anecdote caused to be laughed off the booted feet of army officers doing desk service at Washington during the war, or the Sam Browne belt which is worn for "looks." This article endeavors to show how a genius for humor and satire might aid mightily in solving world problems now dealt with largely by the processes of reason and logic only. Will the genius come forth?

By AARON HARDY ULM

ONE night, during the hectic war days of 1918, a newspaper reporter connected with one of the Washington news bureaus thought of an excellent joke. He repeated it to a superior who thought it was well worth printing and that, though it "poked fun at the army" it could be "safely" put forward.

"But it won't get anywhere as a mere newspaper man's witticism," declared that chief of the bureau with a cynicism born of long experience. "S'pose you hang it on to some man of prominence, and it'll get over fine."

In a few days people all over the country were laughing at the following anecdote:

> "'Why do all these army officers holding desk jobs in Washington always wear spurs?' a congressman asked in the cloak room of the House of Representatives the other day.
>
> "'To keep their feet from rolling off their desks,' 'Uncle Joe' Cannon promptly replied."

The newspaper reporter had made use of a blanket permission "Uncle Joe" long ago gave Washington newspaper men to "hang" any good joke for which they might need a "peg" on him.

For some time after "'Uncle Joe' Cannon's anecdote" was first published one rarely saw an officer adorned with spurs in Washington. The appearance of them on the heavily booted feet of officers assigned to office duties provoked a laugh from all who were familiar with the anecdote.

If some one had thought of and published another anecdote that would have "showed up" with equal poignancy the greater absurdity of the puttees and leather boots that gave validity to the wearing of spurs by "desk officers," a really important war economy would have been accomplished, for throughout the war period and afterward, army officers in Washington were required to wear costly and uncomfortable footwear for which there was no practical necessity whatever. The only excuse for it was that puttees or boots and spurs were of some value in the field and "looked good" anywhere. Hence army officers sitting at desks had to increase needlessly the leather shortage by wearing, even in midsummer, knee-high footwear that could only add to their discomfort and perhaps detract from their efficiency however more military such trappings made them look.

"Sam Browne" Belt an Example

FIFTY such anecdotes, properly circulated, would have done the army more good than all the serious criticism made of its methods.

Five hundred such anecdotes probably would do more for disarmament than all the fine words of serious suggestion and criticism that will be written about the Disarmament Conference in Washington.

What, seriously speaking, the world needs above all things just now is a Cervantes to turn what is a tragical absurdity into a laughable one. The military idea should be laughed out of court and it could be if there were living a satirist with a super-genius equal to the task.

Just as a further incidental illustration—also having to do with apparel—there's the famous post-war "Battle of the Sam Browne Belt." It began just as soon as the World War ended and was won only recently, when General Pershing became chief of staff. During the war only American officers abroad were permitted to wear "Sam Brownes." Even those returning were ordered to discard the article of apparel. But Pershing, who was for the "Sam Browne," continued to wear it. The first order he issued as chief of the general staff directed all officers to wear the "Sam Browne." In field service the belt is perhaps of utility value, but in service that does not call for the carrying of arms it can be little more than a nuisance. But it "looks good." Hence thousands of pounds of leather that might be used in producing cheaper shoes or harness goes into "Sam Brownes" only to add to the martial appearance of army officers.

If one takes into account the full significance of "The Battle of the Sam Browne Belt" one will see merit in the assertion that Will Rogers, the vaudeville actor, recently crammed into a sentence of a dozen words of humor. This contained more real sense about disarmament than is given in any thousand words put forth by serious-minded writers on the subject.

"We ain't going to have much disarmament and we ain't going to stop wars," declared the vaudevillian in his monologue, "so long as men look good in military uniforms."

One may pass by the artistic question of whether men ordinarily do "look good" in military uniforms. If Ruskin's contention, that the highest utility is the finest art, is correct, high boots on men working in stuffy offices during sweltering weather, and jangling spurs on men who sit at desks and never ride horses, certainly cannot be "artistic." The reason the average military uniform "looks good," regardless of its lack of beauty, is what it presumably stands for. Most of us associate the uniform of a soldier with bravery, heroism, patriotism and noble sacrifice. The past gives sound validity for the association, for men in uniforms have been brave, heroic, patriotic and supremely sacrificial. Likewise, men who were on the "other side" also wore uniforms. The German and Austrian troops in the recent war often wore very handsome uniforms.

Hence, with all its merited associations, the military uniform has no *per se* claim to esteem above any other form of wearing apparel. But it does receive esteem above ordinary male dress regardless of artistic and utilitarian warrant and in spite of the fact that *per se*, the military uniform is associated with the horrors and cruelties and injustices of war as with the heroism and patriotism and noble sacrifices of war.

Will Rogers on Disarmament:

We ain't going to have much disarmament and we ain't going to stop wars so long as men look good in military uniforms.

Because it receives that esteem the military mind always aims at making military dress as distinct from ordinary citizen apparel as practical necessity will permit. The civilian who went around encumbered with paraphernalia, like the "Sam Browne" belt, would be laughed at on every hand, unless some peculiar need justified the encumbrance. But thousands of officers whose daily work calls for no apparel differing materially from that of civilians are made objects of admiration by the ridiculous bit of leather garb.

The mere question of dress is of itself alone of little importance. It is the far-reaching "psychology" it pertains to which calls for the pen of a master satirist.

No doubt hundreds of philosophers wrote tomes of "logical" argument against knight errantry gone to seed long before Cervantes dipped his pen in Puck's ink and made knight errantry as it survived beyond the time of its need ridiculous for all time. Likewise a library probably could be fairly filled with what has been written in serious vein against dueling. But not until Sheridan and others poked successful fun at the practice did its absurdity become generally recognized. All the serious arguments against dueling are forgotten; we only remember the satires aimed at it.

In a certain southern state dueling was practiced until the Civil War. What ended the practice in that state was not laws which made it a crime or the protests of the serious-minded against it. It was a biting epigram coined by one of the state's famous men. He was challenged to meet a bachelor rival on the field of honor. In declining to do so, he remarked: "I have a family to support and a soul to save; you have neither." After that a challenge in that state only aroused a roar of laughter aimed at the man who issued it.

A Master Humorist Could Do It

IN THE light of mere reason it seems absurd to compare armies and navies and wars of modern times with the knight errantry of the latter Middle Ages or with the code duello as enforced throughout the civilized world a hundred years ago. But it is not a question of reasoning. The premise of this thesis is that reason and logic are sorry and all but futile implements for fighting illusions that grip the imaginations of men. As some one has said, logic, after all, is only a dodge. We resort to it only when we are incapable of using sharper implements, like satire and sarcasm and humor. Humanity has always been suspicious of anything that bores it and logic is boresome. Where one has read Kant a million have read Cervantes. Where, in America, one person has so much as heard of John Dewey, a hundred thousand have been influenced by Mark Twain.

While the thesis here put forth in the form of reason and logic may seem absurd, if set forth by a master satirist or humorist without regard to logic or reason, it could be made convincing to thousands who under no circumstances would read what is written here.

For such a genius could easily show by sweeping exaggeration and pert comparisons that big armies and navies in this day and time are essentially just as absurd as was knight errantry in the days of Cervantes or dueling in the time of Sheridan. They are the children of illusions of fear, rapacity and perhaps of patriotism, and of inherited traditions.

If one thinks in terms of all humanity and assigns only fair common sense to the race which dominates the earth, the spurs and heavy boots lugged around by "desk officers" during the war are no more essentially absurd than the building of a $40,000,000 battleship, which, in all probability, will never fire a gun except in target practice. But so long as the illusion, which justifies the battleship, holds sway, the fighting implement can't very well be disposed of entirely. But if that illusion were shattered the idle battleship would become a mere joke. And it is unlikely that the illusion can be shattered by reason or logic; those instruments certainly have failed so far. But it could be shattered if a Ulysses of satire were here to poke Jovian fun at the whole business.

At the National Press Club round table in Washington the remark was made that the most powerful individual attending the Disarmament Conference is H. G. Wells, the English novelist, who is there only as a "reporter." He is perhaps more powerful in the premises than any official delegate to the conference, because he has the ear of the world and can express himself. But H. G. Wells cannot shatter the illusions which cause a world to be more or less an armed camp in despite of reason and in the face of necessities that may be cardinal. The reason he can't is that he deals only in logic. He puts it interestingly, but it remains logic. He reasons, he quarrels, he even preaches—but he lacks faculty for overwhelming ridicule.

Hence a remark made as a frivolous demurrer to the statement about Wells being the most powerful figure at the conference may contain as much truth as wit. It was to the effect that Ring Lardner, the American humorist, may be more powerful than Wells. Thousands who wouldn't dare tackle Wells will read Lardner. Wells will be "convincing"; people will only laugh at Lardner's jests. But it is entirely probable that Lardner's fun-making will make deeper and more lasting impress than Wells' sound and scintillating criticisms.

If Mark Twain were living and, in writing of the disarmament business, would overcome those inhibitions against risk of being disrespectable which kept him from becoming one of the first of five greatest satirical philosophers the world has known, he could exercise more influence on disarmament than all official or non-official attendants at the conference in Washington.

The Humor of the Situation

THINK of the opportunities for satire in the mere fact of the best thinkers from the most civilized nations sitting about a table in all solemnity to discuss a proposal that their countries put only a limitation on preparations for destroying each other! Imagine also the humor that a Cervantes or a Swift or a Mark Twain could evolve from the heavy pros and cons that lie at the basis of discussions that scarcely anyone will understand on a proposition that, if reduced to its lowest equation and yet not changed one whit in principle, could be thrashed out and settled by two farmers of intelligence and character in an hour's time! In fact, it is hard to imagine a situation of finer humorous possibilities than the Disarmament Conference and its issues reduced to a controversy between neighboring farmers. Think of a group of farmers spending a large proportion of their earnings on armed guards patrolling their land lines to keep each other from encroaching thereon. Do you think those guards would be revered over the farmers and their children who tilled the fields? Assuming that the farmers run true to type, how easy it would be for one of them, possessing a good sense of humor, quickly to chide all the others into an understanding of the absurdity of their fears and thus shatter the illusion that was so costly to them.

But the jangling of the horseless soldier will continue to be music to the ears of good men, knee-high boots on uniformed office workers will yet seem attractive in the eyes of many persons, the "Sam Browne" belt, with all of its waste of leather and its inconvenience to the wearer, will set off the noble soldier from the ignoble worker, $40,000,000 battleships will continue to become obsolete and to rot in uselessness—all because there is no Cervantes to bring down the laughter of the gods on the essential assurdity of the whole tragical business of armament!

Pan-American Unity the World's Need

Co-operation Will Have a Stabilizing Influence

By L. S. ROWE

Director of the Pan-American Union.

The total population of the 21 American republics maintaining the Pan-American Union approximates	200,000,000
The total area in square miles is	12,000,000
The total foreign commerce, exports and imports, is	$13,200,000,000

THE foreign commerce of the 20 Latin-American republics for the year 1919 amounted to $5,064,588,740, an increase of $1,161,420,834 over the preceding year.

In the four years before the war, 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913, the total trade of Latin America, exports and imports, with the United States was $3,053,000,000. For the four years of the war, 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918, the trade with the United States was $6,160,000,000.

In comparing these figures due allowance must be made for the great increases in commodity prices beginning about 1915 and continuing through 1919. In some cases the advances were very large, in others not so large; and there was more uniformity in imports than exports.

In short, during the war Latin-American exports, raw materials and food products, increased to all countries, but largest to the United States. Roundly speaking, coffee, cocoa and sugar were the only food exports to the United States; the remainder was wool, hides, oils, minerals, flaxseed, and so on. Meat, wheat, beans and other articles went to England and France.

The expectation entertained by many that the close of hostilities would at once work a transformation in Latin-American trade was not realized in 1919. The effect of the war in diverting trade from one country to another was less than was popularly supposed it would be. Except in the case of the Central European countries, Germany and Austria-Hungary, there was no great upheaval. These Central European countries were shut off by an effective blockade; otherwise trade functioned with less disturbance than was, or might have been anticipated.

In fact, the war accentuated and brought into relief the facts in regard to the currents of Latin-American trade that had worn channels for themselves from times far antedating the war. These currents primarily followed the progress of economic development in the United States and in Western Europe. Latin America before the war sent its products to those countries that most needed them; in other words, to those countries that could make the best economic use of them, and consequently paid the best price. In raw materials for manufacture—rubber, wool, metals, hides, and so on—this country was the United States, with the largest manufacture and the largest consumption. The war did not change—it accentuated this fact. Foodstuffs, except tropical foods, sugar, coffee and cocoa, before the war naturally went almost as a whole to England. The war did not change this economic basic fact; it brought it more into relief.

On the side of imports, before the war Latin America bought where goods were best and cheapest; in other words, where there was the greatest skill in manufacture. The United States was the largest manufacturer in almost all lines, but by no means the best or most skillful in all. Skill in manufacture, reflected in quality and price, was the touchstone that opened, and yet opens, the foreign market. This touchstone the United States before the war possessed in many lines, but not in all.

In those lines in which superior manufacturing skill existed, this country had procured predominance in Latin-American imports from Mexico to Chile before the war. During the war the increases—largely a matter of advance in prices—were chiefly in the same lines. In the lines where English or French skill had proved greater, England and France, notwithstanding the stress of war, for the most part kept in the field. In the borderland where efficiency and skill in manufacture were about balanced, or only slightly against the United States, it gained at the expense of Europe.

The cessation of hostilities in no way changed fundamental trade channels. Whether the sum total of manufacturing efficiency in the United States has increased, or whether there is any marked decrease in European efficiency, is a question not lightly to be answered. In all probability there has been no pronounced change in comparative efficiencies, and it is the comparison that counts.

It is to be expected that for some years to come there will be a percentage increase in Latin-American trade with Europe, especially on the buying or import side, and Germany, no doubt, will share in this. But the increases by percentages, it is believed, will be greater in the case of the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Germany, and perhaps one or more countries than in the case of the United States.

The war gave a certain unnatural disproportion that time will gradually correct, but the primacy of the United States in Latin-American trade is the result of economic causes operating before the war and little affected since by it. The main cause probably is the industrial position of the United States as the largest manufacturing and raw material consuming country of the world. Except food products of the kind produced in temperate zones, the total production of raw materials in Latin America and the bulk of tropic foods find their chief market in the United States, and where the chief market is, there the bulk of the goods must go. So, on the other hand, where there is the largest and most diversified manufacture, there the buyers must come. The war in no way created nor greatly altered these conditions.

Yet the situation is not without its difficulties and related questions. It is evident that we are at the opening of a new era in our international financial relations, and the basic question which presents itself to the American people is whether they will develop that broader world outlook necessary to maintain and fully utilize the position in which they have been placed as the result of the World War.

Many of the countries in Latin America are knocking at our doors for the financial co-operation which they have the right to expect from the United States. Our bankers are eager to extend this co-operation to them, but they are handicapped by the fact that the American investor of moderate means cannot be induced to purchase securities of those countries in large quantities.

Recently I had occasion to make a careful study of the foreign loans made to Latin-American countries as compared with other sections of the world. When the actual facts of the situation are examined, it is astounding to find how insignificant the losses have been relative to the total amounts advanced. I am thoroughly convinced that during the next few decades the purchase of the securities of Latin-American countries will mean one of the safest investments.

The international financial situation of today, however, makes it essential that the peoples of Latin America develop native capital with far greater rapidity than has been the case in the past. This necessity is dictated not only by their own national requirements but also by the world situation. In view of the marvelous natural resources of these countries, as well as the productive power of their people, it must be admitted that they have not as yet contributed their due share to the world's capital. While this has in the past meant a serious loss to them, it did not mean a serious loss to the world at large as long as European capital was plentiful. But now that this source can no longer be drawn on, and will not be available for at least a generation, it becomes a world duty on the part of the Latin-American nations to develop to a greater degree of thrift, to promote in a more systematic way the habit of saving on the part of the masses of the people. Unless the signs of the times are fundamentally misleading, it is evident that the most effective form of international financial co-operation on the American Continent will be the combination of American with native capital in developing the resources of the countries of Central and South America. Such a combination presents advantages, not only because it strengthens internationalities, but also because it affords a most effective protection to the investment of foreign capital.



Avenue Rio Brancho, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

In Argentina, for instance, American and native capitalists have recently founded a bank and are promoting the establishment of new industrial enterprises financed by a combination of American and Argentine capital. The fact that the leaders of the industrial enterprises in Argentina are interested in this project means that they are assured of the good will of the people—an asset of no mean importance in determining the success of the enterprise.

As I look on the immediate future, there is every indication that all the conditions are today favorable for the strengthening of those financial ties between North, Central and South America, which will be not only a source of strength to the countries of the American Continent, but which ultimately may be the means of saving Europe from dissolution and decay. United in the closest cultural, economic and financial bonds, the republics of the American Continent are destined to exert a stabilizing influence on the destiny of the world.

Meanwhile the movement for closer co-operation among the 21 republics has brought many good results.

The Pan-American Union at Washington is active in furthering good relations. For commercial purposes the union is in touch with government officials of each republic, as well as with commercial organizations, manufacturers, merchants, exporters and importers, and shipping interests, doing all it can to facilitate the building up of trade among the American nations.

The Pan-American Union is the international organization and office maintained by the American nations, as follows: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Hayti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Salvador, United States, Uruguay and Venezuela.

It was established, under the name of the International Bureau of the American Republics, in 1890 in accordance with the resolutions passed at the first Pan-American Conference, held in Washington in 1889-1890. It is devoted to the development and advancement of commerce, friendly intercourse, good understanding, and peace among these countries. It is supported by quotas contributed by each country.



A general view of Buenos Aires, Argentina.



"Maciel" wharf, Montevideo, Uruguay.

The Leo Frank Case—Are the Jews Clever?

A Famous Instance of Colossal Jewish Blundering Which Cost a Man's Life. Lessons in American Public Opinion

THE student of Jewish psychology, as well as the psychology of the average non-Jew's feeling toward the Jew, will find in the records of the Leo M. Frank case much suggestive data.

Frank is the Jew who was tried and convicted in Georgia, and later lynched, for the murder of a young white woman. In no other instance in this country did the Jewish mind and the so-called Gentile mind clash so violently as in that unfortunate affair, which attracted almost as much attention as the Dreyfus case in France. The Jewish attitude to subjects of controversy affecting the Jewish race was exhibited as on no other occasion of recent times. The power that the Jews as a race possess in America and can wield, as well as their faculty for using such power, was given most striking display. The Jew also was shown both on the offensive and the defensive as a racial entity in American life.

The affair in question has never been given the study that it deserved. The vast discussion at the time was mostly emotional or legalistic and quite naturally centered in the question of Frank's guilt or innocence. The social phases, the true racial phases, the "mob mind" phases and the possibilities existing in the fact of a small segment of the population possessing powers of finance and publicity far out of proportion to its numbers have never been analyzed. Neither has anyone ever given study to those important phases that bear on the Jew in action under the kind of circumstances exemplified by the case.

Frank a Victim of His Own Race

MANY very close observers of the Frank case were convinced that the man was innocent. They were convinced, furthermore, that he was the victim of his own race more than of the people who pursued him to the tragic end. This does not excuse nor defend the undoubted unfairness and the rank injustice with which he was treated from start to finish. Many observers believe that the treatment given him was a disgrace to the state and people where it occurred. But, though it cannot be excused, it can be to some extent explained. And full explanation would necessitate going into many features not apparent on the surface of developments.

For more than a year after Frank was arrested few people outside of Georgia ever heard of him or his troubles. Yet 18 months after the origin of the case, and more than a year after his first trial, Frank's misfortunes were displacing the World War as news in most of the newspapers and general periodicals in the country. Overnight, almost, the "news value" of the case became national and even international, though for nearly a year and a half it had been only local.

There is significance in that; not because the case did not possess high news value anywhere but because of the sudden general recognition and acceptance of those values. That general recognition and acceptance was concurrent with the action of the Jews of the country in taking over Frank's cause as their own and making it an issue as between Jew and Christian. Then began the vital blunders which made the final tragedy inevitable.

The first blunders were made by the Jews near the events of the drama from its beginning. No sooner was Frank arrested than the Jews of Atlanta and very largely of all Georgia accepted his case as one involving them as a race and began to make it an issue as between Jew and Gentile.

The Jewish Situation in Georgia

THERE was some justification for that attitude, but to set it forth requires a knowledge of the background of racial factors. It is rather difficult to explain the situation of the Jews in their relations to Christians in Georgia and largely in the South as a whole at the beginning of the Frank affair. It was and still is different from those existing in most other sections of the country. Jews in Georgia were and are not so numerous as in Eastern and Northern states generally. Those that were there may be segregated into two somewhat distinct classes: The first, or old type of Southern Jew, and second, the new type of immigrant Jew. As a rule the first type was comprised of a good class of citizens who had ceased, all but nominally, to be Jews. Many of them descended from Colonial families that had married into Christian families and otherwise had become blended with the body of the people generally. Against them there was little if any feeling that might be called prejudice. The second type is made up very largely of the Russian type of Jew, new to the country, and is substantially the same as found, but much more numerously, in the East. Against them there was the same kind of feeling and prejudice, so to speak, that exists in other sections of the country.

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages, will be sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

The suspicion against Frank undoubtedly was heightened by the fact of his being an "outside Jew," that is to say, a newcomer. It is true that he did not belong to the second classification of Jews, as given above; his affiliations were wholly with the other and higher class. That fact, however, was not generally known; for he had been in the state for only a few years and, unlike most active Jews of his type, had failed to establish protective associations with the Christian elements of the community. Aside from his business activities, which were confined to the management of a small pencil factory, he had little identity outside of more or less exclusive and limited Jewish circles, belonging to no clubs or secret orders other than some made up of Jews only. All that 999 of every 1,000 persons in the community knew was that he was a Jew; and, being a newcomer, he was identified in the popular mind with the lower or immigrant type of Jew. Had he actually been a low-type Jew, calmness would have followed the first excitement and the public mind might have come around to a sane consideration of his defense. But being of the high-type Jewish class, the leading Jews of the community began immediately to champion his case and the more they championed it the more they hurt it.

For, though many are well convinced that he was innocent, there were circumstances connected with the murder that at first pointed, not conclusively but clearly, to him as the probable murderer. They were such as no efficient police or prosecuting officials could ignore. Even his detention, pending investigation, was wholly justified by those circumstances.

A Series of High-Priced Jew Blunders

BUT no sooner was he taken in charge by the police, soon after the discovery of the murder, than the high-class Jews to whom alone, almost, he was intimately known, began to make his case a racial issue and in doing so they accentuated the suspicion against him.

They committed one blunder after another until the public mind of the state reached the conclusion that the issue represented a test of Jewish right and power as against the power of the state and its courts.

The tendency of the Jewish mind was evidenced in the first move made by Frank's friends. When on the day following the discovery of the crime he was taken to police headquarters, not to arrest him, but to get all information that he—as manager of the factory and one of the last to see the murdered girl alive—might have, he, of course, took his lawyer, a young Jewish attorney, along. But they wanted even more protection for Frank and before they would allow him to talk they called in one of the leading and most high-priced lawyers in the city. Whether it was so intended, or merely was a tactless blunder, remains a matter of opinion, but throughout the course of the case, there was an all too conspicuous evidence of the Jews' reliance upon resources they could command in Frank's behalf as against faith in the ultimate sense of justice coming to control the affair, or dependence upon the facts which should have saved him.

They showed no inclination to await developments or depend upon the results of careful investigations to bring out the truth. They viewed the insistence of others that the suspicious circumstances warranted investigation, as mere feeling against Frank because he was a Jew and nothing else. That there should be concrete prejudice was due to certain typically Jewish traits, no more conspicuous there than elsewhere or in any way peculiar there. Prior to the Frank affair the expression of antipathy toward Jews was not common and very rare except in the case of individuals. In social life there was scarcely a bar, erected on racial grounds alone, against them; they belonged to the best clubs, held office (one in fact was an early governor of Georgia) and took free and full part in all activity opened to the commonality of citizens. But the new or immigrant type of Jew, by reason of his mode of life, his business habits and his manners, had aroused among the people, especially of the cities, some specific feeling against Jews in general.

In the confusion following the murder, the newspapers, in giving sensationalism full sway, did not hesitate to play to public feeling. The "circulation contest" that the newspapers made out of the case was due largely to the fact that William Randolph Hearst had just taken over an afternoon paper there, and the murder of the little factory girl supplied the kind of "news" in which Mr. Hearst's publications delight. The other newspapers knew this and attempted to out-Hearst Hearst, which in truth they did.

Jews in Atlanta Newspapers

IN VIEW of the newspapers' hands in the affair, it is interesting to note that the city editor of Mr. Hearst's paper—the man who directed the covering of the story for that paper—was a New York Jew, who only recently had been sent to the city by Mr. Hearst.

The managing editor of the only morning newspaper was a southern Jew who sprang from one of those old Jewish families above described.

The managing editor of the third, and other afternoon newspaper was the son of a Jew, coming, also, from one of those old families that are held in high respect. His mother belonged to one of the state's most prominent Christian families.

Thus the newspaper methods that accentuated the feeling against Frank and fixed in the public mind an insuperable conviction of his guilt were manipulated in great part by Jews who held important executive positions on each of the three newspapers.

There soon was evidence of large funds being available for Frank's defense. He, or the owners of the factory he managed, made quite a gesture at the start by announcing the employment of the Pinkertons to investigate the murder. Instead of that being accepted publicly as an honest effort to get the truth, it was construed as a mere strategem to "sew up" an agency that might enter the case on behalf of the state. That feeling was crystallized later when the Pinkertons were dismissed, following their disclosure of facts injurious to Frank.

Following the trial, the newspapers awoke to the very sad part they had played in the affair, and the Jews also came fully to realize the potency of that part. Jews disposed of much local advertising and held a position in local finance far out of proportion to their numbers in the population. The newspapers which had been utterly reckless during the important period before and even during the trial now became ultra conservative with reference to the subject. Everything favorable to Frank and the Jews was "played up" and everything unfavorable that could be passed over was not published. The change, which was attributed to the power of high Jewish influence, did Frank about as much damage as did the former policy of recklessness. Everything was explained on the score of "Jew money."

Jewish Organizations Rush to the Fray

WILLIAM J. BURNS, the noted detective, was then brought in with great fanfare. He and his force paraded around as if their mere coming settled the entire issue. The newspapers threw open their columns to Burns, and he used them with a liberality that disgusted even the folks who were sympathetic with Frank.

There was finally produced an affidavit which was challenged as false, made by a man who was clearly a mental defective, and, rather to the general satisfaction of the people, the noted detective and his force moved out of town.

It was at about that time that the Jews, utterly unequal to the situation that had come about in Atlanta and Georgia, made appeal to Jews in other sections of the country.

How it was originated is a matter that never has been fully disclosed, but suddenly in late 1914 there began the general agitation that gave the case national and even international interest.

The lead in the matter was taken too prominently by publications that were owned or dominated by Jews. The New York *Times* was *the* leader in the agitation and, of course, it was well known that Mr. Ochs, its publisher and chief owner, was a Jew. But the *Times'* treatment was much fairer and more sensible than that given to the case by many other publications that "featured" it. The same is true of the New York *World*. Those two papers did send capable reporters to investigate the affair and apparently left them to tell the

facts as they were. The facts themselves, put forward without coloring and exaggeration, were the best argument that could be made for Frank; they really needed nothing more. But unfortunate Frank again got caught in a bad mess of circumstances.

Jews in many sections of the country began to bring "pressure" to bear on mediums of publicity. Some no doubt were inspired by an honest desire to help a member of their race who certainly was in a deplorable situation and who deserved help. But it was apparent that the bulk of them gave more importance to the display of help than to actual service that could be accomplished. Some publications sincerely wanted to render a justifiable service, not to Jews particularly but to truth and humanity. They went about the undertaking calmly and with some attention to the peculiar situation that had developed. Others plunged into it merely for the clearly apparent purpose of pleasing their Jewish clientele and arousing the maudlin sentimentalities of their readers.

Epochal Display of Jewish Arrogance

NO OTHER campaign such as that carried on for nearly a year throughout the country for Frank, was ever made in the United States. A great deal of it, of course, was due to honest interest in justice. But other men of whose guilt there was serious doubt had been convicted and in some cases hanged without a national furor being raised. Thus in addition to the natural and honest interest the facts of the case aroused, the furor was due to the concerted action of Jews throughout the country. It was a great display of power and solidarity, for within a few months time after the outside campaign started there began to flow into Georgia reams of published matter of every known variety aimed mostly at arousing national interest in Frank's position. That it was due in great measure to the pulling of "strings" within the reach of Jews as a group is proved by the fact that a year and a half had passed before virtually any interest was shown in the case outside of Georgia.

Of course there was nothing essentially improper in the Jews of New York or Chicago or Podunk appealing to local editors on behalf of a man in Georgia or elsewhere. And there was nothing improper in those editors taking proper editorial cognizance of the case and of informing their readers concerning it and in commenting upon the injustice that a great state seemed on the verge of doing to one of its citizens.

But when the case became a mere pretext for the exercise of "Jewish power" and for the display of "Jewish arrogance" and for the cultivation of Jewish patronage by non-Jewish editors, then a double fault entered into the equation. For such exemplification injured the very cause that it pretended to serve.

Nation-Wide Slander of Georgia

LOOKING over a bundle of clippings of that period one is astounded by the speciousness, absence of sincere interest in the facts and apparent lack of any desire to do other than to appeal to the sob instincts of the public and to curry favor with Jew advertisers and financiers which characterized most of the matter published on the case outside of Georgia.

Here's a streamer—the first clipping that comes to hand—which was spread across the top-page of an Eastern newspaper. A seven-column, 30-point heading says: "It Isn't Leo M. Frank Who Is on Trial, But the U. S. Constitution." (The United States Supreme Court already had held that the Federal Constitution was in no way involved in the case). The hysterical appeal in the lines beneath the heading is typified by the following sentence: "All the circumstances have a Russian odor," meaning, of course, the circumstances of the case.

Mr. Hearst, whose advent into the Georgia newspaper field had so much to do with the development of the horrid state of mind that came to be the chief factor in the affair, took up Frank's cause veritably as his own and devoted to it much space in all of his newspapers—outside of Georgia. His paper in Georgia merely played low on the subject, taking care to drive no Jewish advertisers or anti-Jewish readers away. To have published in Georgia what he put forth in New York and Chicago and San Francisco would have wrecked his Georgia publication and would have done Frank no good, for it left out of consideration the very factor that in the ultimate had to control the public opinion of Georgia. It appealed merely to public sentiment elsewhere, and especially to Jewish patrons of the Hearst papers.

Most of the outside newspapermen who went to Georgia, ostensibly to investigate the case, were sent under orders to write the Frank side of it for a public that could have little weight in the premises. Hence they wrote only the Jewish side, with all its blood-curdling possibilities, for an outside public that was little acquainted, if at all, with antecedent or underlying facts. Several of these newspapermen have since told how they merely made out a case for Frank and made no attempt to go to the heart of the matter; one, a young Jew who went down there for a New York Jewish paper, said later that he believed Frank to be guilty.

In making out a case for Frank and the Jews they necessarily made out one against those who insisted on Frank's guilt and one that could be construed as a case against the state of Georgia and its citizens. That is where the big blunder was made and the harm was done, for, instead of alleviating, the outside agitation intensified the feeling in Georgia against Frank and the Jews. The average man there—not the man in the street alone but intelligent men, as well, could see in it all scarcely more than a display of far-reaching Jewish power and dominating influence. Hence it was resented.

In the midst of the agitation, the Macon, Georgia, *Telegraph*, editorially among the strongest papers in Georgia and the South, said: "If Frank is innocent, and the *Telegraph* does not pretend to say that he is or is not, he has been done incalculable harm by those who sought to aid him. Well might he exclaim, 'God save me from my friends!' If there has been stirred up racial prejudice in Georgia it has been stirred up not by the Gentile, not by the average Jew living in peace, contentment and mutual self-respect with its neighbors of other faiths in the South, but rather by those journalistic and self-appointed propagandists who first raised the charge that Frank was being persecuted because he was a Jew."

Again the *Telegraph* said: "Much as Georgia may resent the unwarranted and astonishing attacks made on her good name and the spirit of justice and tolerance in her people by this libel-bund beyond our borders, it must be admitted to our shame, that this infamous heraldry of befouling sensation originated at home. The treatment of the Frank case by the hysterical Atlanta papers is directly responsible for it. Before and during the trial they handled the necessarily sensational features of the case pretty much as they developed and without especial color one way or the other. Then after several months there came a most astounding policy. One and all they clamored in lusty unison for a new trial for Frank. It was unanimous and it was all three of them together as if at a given signal—which may and may not have been mere coincidence."

The Augusta, Georgia, *Chronicle* made similar editorial expression, protesting against the kind of matter that was being used in appealing to the Jews outside of Georgia and which was necessarily injuring them in Georgia.

The Jews Fear Facts Even When Favorable

HOW much money was actually used in making the outside campaign for Frank would be difficult to determine, but there is reason to believe it was considerable. Jacob L. Schiff, the New York banker, was treasurer for the fund that was raised, and money was collected in all parts of the South. To what extent money was used improperly, if at all, is not known. What is known, however, is that the power of money was used to a greater extent than money itself and that neither was used effectively.

No one ever had a better case than did those who championed Leo M. Frank's cause. The bare facts, should they have been isolated, brought clearly to light and emphasized, were sufficient. They were so convincing that to go beyond them was not only unnecessary but foolish, for such overshooting the mark merely confused the facts and added to the complications. So much for boasted Jewish cleverness and brilliancy.

The course of the Frank case and its aftermath made it quite clear that a characteristic of the Jew is *a fear of facts*, even when they are in his favor. From the very beginning of the case, Frank's Jewish friends were prone to reach beyond the facts—to seek to do by indirection and artifice what could easily have been done by direction and candor. They proceeded too frequently as they might have been expected to do had the facts been entirely against them, which they were not. Thus the public was never convinced that even the Jews truly believed Frank to be innocent and based its own belief in his guilt very largely in the methods pursued by the Jews in his behalf.

There are, of course, many notable exceptions to the statement about to be made:—but the Jews who took a leading part in the man's behalf were usually moved more by their arrogance than by intelligent sympathy for the man, though doubtless they sincerely wanted to help him.

It Was Not a Sense of Justice But of Power

AFTER Frank was taken from the state farm and lynched—and it must be said when he went to die he showed superlative courage—many of those who had been interested in the affair wanted to pursue it until every question was cleared up. In other words, to them much more than the life or death of Frank was involved. Believing the man innocent they wanted to see him cleared, whether alive or dead, of every possible suspicion. And believing that public opinion had made a mistake that ended in a fearful tragedy, they wanted to prove that such a mistake was made; so that in future the people under similar circumstances would be loath to form opinions so readily on faulty facts. Then another individual was involved. He was Slaton, the governor, who saved Frank from being hanged by the state. From the most popular public man in Georgia, he fell, by the act of commutation, to the grade of the most unpopular; as is well known, his own life was threatened by a mob. And to this day—more than five years afterward—he is still in the shadow of the local unpopularity that he won for himself by the most courageous act it is possible for a public man to perform.

But to the suggestion that proper investigations be made, at least from the point of view of the wrong done to Slaton, *the Jews were the first to say NO.*

Their answer was: "It hurts business; let's forget it."

It has been rather difficult to talk to Jews about the case since it was closed by Frank's death. Toward Slaton they evinced more of contempt than of true admiration. They joined in the superficial applause given him—outside of Georgia—immediately following his act of commutation. But in talking about the matter a number of Jews in New York not long after the occurrences in question, were almost unanimously of the opinion that Slaton had yielded more to Jewish power than to his sense of justice. In other words, it appeared difficult for the average Jewish mind to conceive of a man in Slaton's position sacrificing himself for a principle. They thus seemed to find something pleasing to their racial self-esteem, rather than an example of human nobility, in Slaton's performance.

Jews Do Not Fight in the Open

SEVERAL Jews of national prominence were appealed to—notably Henry Morgenthau—to lend a hand in bringing about some recognition of Slaton that would show to the people of Georgia that the world in general would not ignore an act of sacrifice such as he performed and would not permit such a man to "kill himself politically."

But from no one could any encouragement be had.

Even Mr. Hearst, a personal friend of Slaton's and for whose Georgia newspaper Slaton did considerable and who made the "pro" side of the Frank case a newspaper asset outside of Georgia, refused to lend his resources to an effort made to rehabilitate Slaton in Georgia.

While Frank's being a Jew had something to do with the feeling that quickly rose against him, it is doubtful if any abstract prejudice against Jews in general figured very much in the formation of opinion.

Frank finally was sacrificed by the blunders, the arrogance, and the lack of tact of his own people and by the average Jews' refusal to look facts in the face and to accept them and act upon them, characteristics which were quite clearly exemplified in every phase of the Frank case.

The case showed how the Jews on necessity, for either right or wrong, may wield a power out of all proportion to their numbers. It also proves very probably that the Jew in using that power is prone to bungle the job, especially when it is employed toward controlling and maneuvering the public opinion of other races.

It also indicated quite clearly that Jews as a class are opportunists, more interested in the event than in the principle.

One interesting psychological phase, somewhat apart from the others, was demonstrated. The Jew would not fight clearly in the open.

Jewish World Notes

The Jews, uninvited, appointed a delegation to the Disarmament Conference, and notified Secretary Hughes of the fact. Mr. Hughes ignored it. Then the Jews appealed to the White House and the appeal was turned over in the regular course of routine business to the State Department, where one of Mr. Hughes' under-secretaries replied to it with a refusal to grant the delegation any standing whatever. Upon this unmistakable rebuke to their impudence, the Jewish leaders endeavored to create a situation which would make it appear to the public that the failure was due to a difference of opinion in their own ranks, and Louis Marshall was rung in as opposing what they knew they could not have. But the Jewish delegation is in Washington, comprising many of the same crowd that put the kosher sign on the Versailles Conference. But it is a different Washington than it has ever been before. The overplayed game of the Jewish leaders is not so popular in that city as it was not so very long ago.

The Chicago *Sentinel*, Jewish, congratulates the nation on the appointment of Dr. Joseph Kornfeld, a Columbus, Ohio, rabbi, as Minister to Persia. The rabbi, says the *Sentinel*, is "close both to the President and to Attorney-General Daugherty." America is to be congratulated, but has Persia been heard from?

From a letter: "When I read a statement made in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT that 60 per cent of the shoe business is in the hands of Jews, I discredited it. But upon investigation in our shoe department, I find we have practically nothing but Jew-made shoes. And in the ready-to-wear departments, for men, women and children, we have to buy every garment from Jew makers."

Volumes One and Two of *"The International Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents for each volume.

A Man With Thirty Thousand Friends

He Is Head of the World's Largest Club

By J. OLIN HOWE



CHARLES T. HOSKINS

IF CHARLES T. HOSKINS had happened to be born a girl, he could have been appropriately named Pollyanna. He is the glad kind, and inasmuch as he is the moving spirit of the largest club in the world, that fact is of more than passing importance. The International Buyers' Club has 23,000 members, who are scattered all over the globe, and Hoskins, its general manager, is a personal friend of every one of them.

From Patagonia to Kamchatka and Auckland to Christiania, there are buyers who know him and like him—they couldn't help that—and trust him. A millionaire Arab who owns a chain of department stores and bazaars in Morocco and other North African states sends him photographs of his family in their home life, and the owner of a great department store in Shanghai, China, an establishment modeled on the best American stores, leans heavily on his advice.

Hoskins knows personally easily 30,000 buyers and can call thousands of them by name instantly. Even if your name isn't on the tip of his tongue, you are never permitted to suspect it. "I don't think there is any length to which we wouldn't go to make a man feel at home here," he said to me one day.

When there is a vacancy on the club staff, the men who handle the thousand and one details that come up at the information desk and greet all comers, Hoskins puts applicants through this routine:

"Just step outside again and when you come in say 'good morning' to me. Say it as though you meant it. Make it sincere. Say it as though meeting me was the one good event of your morning and had brightened your whole day. Make me feel it, no matter what the weather is or what your troubles are."

How to Say "Good Morning"

"IT'S such a simple thing to say 'good morning' to a man in a way that goes over," he says. "It helps him and helps you, too. This is a booster outfit. We have no use for the grouch."

His own "good morning" is a burst of sunshine, nothing less.

The International Buyers' Club is composed of two classes of men, and women as well, manufacturers and buyers—heads of mercantile houses, their merchandise managers or just plain buyers for this line or that. The manufacturers are principally American; the buyers come from all parts of the United States and every corner of the globe. One's business card is the open sesame.

The club, housed in the Bush Terminal Sales Building, is, indeed, the focal point of most of the activities under its roof. The Bush Building is that lofty shaft which towers over Forty-second street in New York, shooting 30 stories into the blue, an architectural gem, which, in some sense, dominates the skyline of the central part of the city. But it is of far more importance from a business than from an architectural standpoint. It is the meeting place of buyer and seller, a great business museum and a wonderfully busy mart.

The variety of manufactured wares one may see there is fairly bewildering, all classified and arranged in departments on different floors. In some cases the manufacturer has his own sales force to handle his business; in others he is represented—and, difficult though the task may be, to his entire satisfaction—by the Bush organization.

The first three floors of the building and the basement are devoted to the Buyers' Club. There a member finds every convenience and comfort of a first-class club, excepting only dormitory privileges, from the barber shop below the street level to the luxurious and ample club library and reading room. He can meet his friends there or hold business conferences, eat in the restaurant and replenish his stocks or dispose of his goods upstairs, and the club will look after his theater tickets for the evening. He needs but go to a hotel to sleep, and the club will reserve accommodations for him there.

Nor do the women members enjoy a less measure of club freedom. The club hostess looks after everything which can aid in making their stay pleasant. And always Hoskins is the god from the machine.

The Bush Sales Building and the International Buyers' Club are logical by-products of the Bush Terminal in Brooklyn. There, on harbor side sand lots, long deemed all but worthless, Irving T. Bush has made a dream come true. Older heads advised him that his plan for a great ocean terminal on this shore property, inherited from his father, was wildly visionary, but today the largest industrial and shipping terminal in the world stands a monument alike to the breadth of his vision and his unfaltering courage and tireless persistence.

At its numerous piers ocean freighters by the dozen load and unload manufactured product or raw material, which are handled over its own private railway for transshipment between cars and ship or the reverse; in its huge warehouses millions of dollars' worth of both is stored; in other buildings light manufacturing of many kinds, or assembling, or final touches on articles made elsewhere go on; and always the human element in this vast exchange of goods is supplied by the competent organization which administers the terminal.

But that is Irving T. Bush's story and not Charles T. Hoskins'.

Hoskins is a shoe salesman, or was. He and one or two brothers, out of a family of eight, didn't follow their father into the business of making agricultural implements in Zanesville, Ohio, where they were born. As with everything Hoskins does, he learned how and then he did it with all his might. A dozen years ago he came to New York to represent a Chicago shoe house as resident buyer and for several years he and his job got along splendidly.

Meantime the need of an adequate place where buyer and seller could meet was looming large over at the Bush Terminal and one day Hoskins heard that Mr. Bush had a plan for a New York building for the purpose. He investigated from the standpoint of the shoe buyer, met Mr. Bush, discussed the project with him and offered some suggestions and of a sudden Bush said to him: "Hoskins, you're one man whom we need in our organization," and put him in charge of the shoe department.

Big and Little on Same Footing

HOSKINS expected to have that place when the sales building finally came into existence, but Bush had other ideas. He was looking for a man who could put over the Buyers' Club, which was to be the focal point in the whole plan for the sales building, and Hoskins was the man.

He went at it with characteristic enthusiasm, moreover. He and five other men infused with his energy and good nature went over the principal cities of the United States to feel out buyers and merchandise men on the scheme. One pertinent point was whether the club should charge substantial dues. If it did, it could perhaps do things on a more extensive scale, but would inevitably be more exclusive. This Mr. Bush was set against as much as Hoskins.

Yet both club and sales building were new ideas; there was no precedent to go by. There is nothing exclusive about either, however, as they have worked out. The little man stands on the same footing as the bigger. Many a man over the world owes promotion and business advancement to what he has obtained from Hoskins and the Buyers' Club, just as many a small concern owes it growth and success to the Bush Sales Building.

The Buyers' Club is an inspiring place. One enters from busy Forty-second street to find one's self in a lofty-ceilinged room of almost cathedral aspect. Directly in the rear are public rooms where are lists of manufacturing and sales concerns in the building, display frames carrying their advertising matter, merchandise books to give the news of their activities and so on, with conference rooms and private dining rooms on either side and the restaurant in the rear.

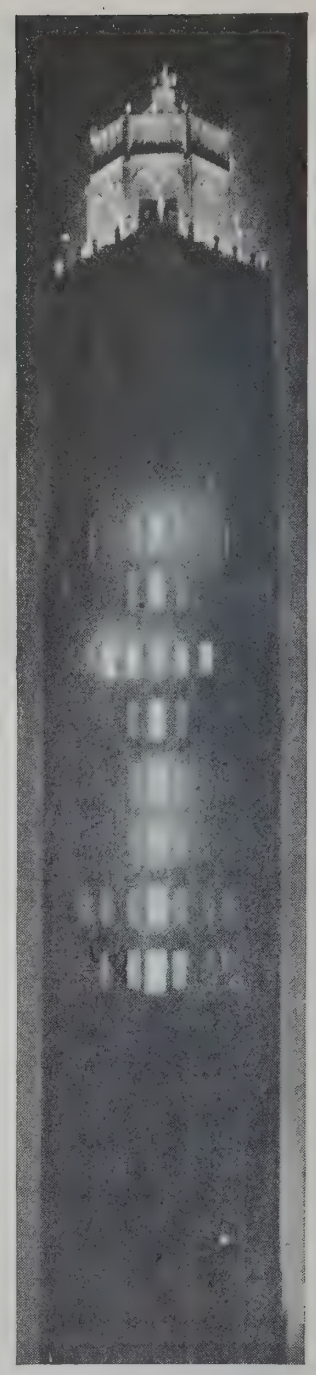
A broad stairway leads to the second floor, where in the rear is the library and reading room, with remarkably comfortable chairs and couches, and with thousands of volumes of business value, including many rare books of old plates and the like. The front half of the second floor is a mezzanine balcony, where are cozy nooks for conference or a quiet meal. The third floor has an ample exhibition hall.

The woodwork and furnishings are in the Tudor period and furniture and furnishings were specially built for the club, save for the antiques and fine old tapestries and oriental rugs. It would be hard to imagine aught which might add to a member's ease in transacting business of which Hoskins hasn't thought. Everything is homelike and informal. There is an interpreter at the information desk in the lobby able to meet most linguistic problems and the foreign department upstairs covers the world.

The thought behind it all is to create a feeling of trust and confidence, a belief that a thing must be so if the Bush people say it is; and Hoskins is wonderfully successful in this. He it is who looks after the sending of literature, containing useful information of many kinds, to the buyers before the buying season begins, and they always are writing in to him to know if they ought to buy at present prices and what he thinks of the market. Club members know what to expect in new styles or any other change before they come to New York to buy goods.

There are many stories of what has been done for the small manufacturer under this roof. Some even come in and join the club before they begin to produce. There is a children's garment concern there, started in their own rooms by a man and his wife. They were fairly avid for advice. In a year and a half they had come to employ a large number of operatives in a modern factory.

The man who built the myriad of cases in the building was a small man in his line, with a little factory over on the east side in New York. Today he has a great up-to-the-minute plant in Brooklyn. And for every little fellow in the building there are five well-known prominent concerns.



The Bush Building at night, 42nd street front, showing the Easter cross which is an annual lighting feat.

Hoskins never forgets any of these folks. He remembers their faces by means of incidents connected with them; association of ideas, you know.

There is a fascinating variety to the buyers who come in to see him, in their club. Perhaps a man from India in his native costume is followed by a buyer from Reykjavik, Iceland, and in the same day may come a buyer from Rabat, Morocco, and the millionaire Chinese department store owner previously mentioned.

Within a few days buyers registering at the Buyers' Club came from Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, Brazil, and from British Guiana; from different points in Cuba and from Kingston, Jamaica, and Santo Domingo, Hayti; from Johannesburg, Port Elizabeth, Cape Town and Durban, South Africa; from Bombay and Calcutta, India, and Tokyo, Japan; from Copenhagen, Denmark; Amsterdam and Utrecht, Holland; Nonkoping, Sweden; Christiania, Norway, and Paris, Madrid and Vienna, to say nothing of four at once from Iceland and buyers from Bradford, Liverpool, Leeds and London, England; from Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, and from Mexico City, Winnipeg and Toronto.

He Plans and Stages Shows

THE International Buyers' Club has 300 members in Australia and a hundred or more in South Africa. Meantime, they come always from every part of the United States.

Hoskins is an organizer of unusual ability. Once he prepared and staged a corset show in three days—a show participated in by dozens of manufacturers, which was commented on for the smoothness with which it went off and the great amount of preparation probably required. He has handled fashion shows of many kinds, in the Bush Building and elsewhere, and any time a show seems likely to stimulate business or be a help to any considerable number of persons, Hoskins can be depended on to come through with features as novel as they are attractive.

It is not alone in shows such as those mentioned that he figures; the Buyers' Club has had more than one public exhibition which veered toward the museum sort of thing and made the connection between business and the arts.

Hoskins is a great success with the children, too. In the annex to the Bush Building there is a small theater and exhibitions of children's clothing and playthings and the like by living models are frequent affairs on its stage. One is ever sure that Hoskins is just off-stage when everything is running smoothly.

Nurse Is Doing What Peter the Great Couldn't

By FRANK M. CHASE

ON THE plains of Western Kansas a little, five-foot Red Cross nurse is doing what Peter the Great, sitting on the throne of Russia, could not. Peter tried to Europeanize his country, to free it from ignorance. He failed. Evalina Dawley Reed is taking the light of American ways and knowledge to a secluded settlement of German-Russians, and succeeding. What a different world we might be living in had old Peter obtained the results that are coming now to Mrs. Reed!

This woman's name may be linked with Czar Peter's for another reason, as it was he who set in motion the idea which finally led this settlement to America, to Mrs. Reed and to enlightenment. To understand her work better, let us glance back a moment to Peter's time. As we said, he desired to Europeanize Russia. But his zeal was misdirected. His reforms were of the edict, and came to nothing as far as the common people were concerned.

Continuing her grandfather's policy, Catherine II, another "benevolent despot," also sought to improve her land and people. Among her methods of doing so was to invite colonists to Russia; and, with the issuance of such an invitation in 1762, followed by a more detailed statement of conditions the next year, began the series of long journeys and treks over land and water that finally brought the people of our story to Kansas.

In her supplementary proclamation, foreigners colonizing in the unsettled districts of Russia were guaranteed an almost free exercise of religion, being permitted to build churches and bell towers, but no monasteries, and to have priests. The colonists also were to be free from all taxes, levies and land service for 30 years, and to be exempt from military duty for an indefinite period.

Armed with these guaranties, an imperial delegation went into Germany in 1763 for the specific purpose of attracting settlers to Russia. In this the emissaries were successful. The Seven Years' War, which had involved all Europe, was just closing, and the war-weary people eagerly accepted the lure of immunity from military service. As a result 8,000 families spent the following winter in a vast hegira from their native provinces in Germany to the Volga River. Additional emigrants followed during the next four years, so that in all more than 100 colonies were established. Part of these were on one side of the Volga and part on the other, several being as far south as the Black Sea.

But as these people went to Russia to escape armed duty, so the military specter a century later caused their descendants to avail themselves of America's freedom. For centuries they had been devout Catholics, and irked at the abstinence from religious observances that military service entailed. They were also discriminated against in the Russian Army, as they could not become officers, and their treatment left much to be desired. The immediate cause of the emigration, however, was a law passed January 13, 1874, which subjected the colonists to military service.

Now, in 1871, an edict had limited the period of exemption from military service to 10 years, in which time the colonists were free to emigrate without forfeiture of property. This fact was not generally known, and that the liberty existed came out in an unusual way. During a term of court in one of the villages a juror, whose attention had been called to this provision in the law, entered into a bet with an acquaintance who denied the right to emigrate. The decision was left to the procuror (state's attorney), who at an appointed time and place affirmed this privilege of the colonists.

Largely as a result of this occurrence about 3,000 colonists met in the spring of 1874. One of the speakers was the winner of the bet, who, by means of a geography imported from Germany and a friend whose father had washed gold in California, had obtained a considerable knowledge of America. Selected delegations then made several trips to find suitable locations for settlements, Kansas and Nebraska being considered by the various scouting parties.

In the autumn of that year the first drafts of soldiers among the colonists occurred. This precipitated the emigration movement, the first company starting within a year. The band remained in Topeka, Kansas, about one year, while deciding on the exact location of their settlement, finally taking up their abode in Western Kansas during the spring of 1876. Shortly afterward many more immigrants, coming direct from Russia, joined them, they together settling either wholly or largely no less than a half-dozen towns and villages in Ellis County.

Pursued by the ghost of war in two countries, these pious folk found here their beloved peace and freedom from both military and religious restrictions. No enforced army service kept them from their sacraments, while they maintained their parish schools and worshiped in their churches as they wished. They even established the forbidden monastery, whose structure rising from the plains is a picturesque reminder of the Old World and persecutions left behind.

Land was cheap when these people came to Ellis County, and they obtained large tracts well suited to their purposes for $2 and $2.50 an acre. Though thousands of acres were taken, some of it as homesteads, only a few of the people settled directly on their holdings. Instead they retained the European habit of locating their homes in little villages, from which they went to their daily tasks in the surrounding fields. Their homes were simple, stone affairs of one and two rooms, set closely together along narrow streets. In them was little provision for light and still less for ventilation. Yet they were the shelter for large families.

Though the communistic character of the villages served to unite the inhabitants closely in social life, public spirit developed very slowly. Even today these villages remain under township law, and have neither paved streets, nor water nor lighting systems. Educational progress likewise has been slow. Left to themselves, they learned nothing of American ways, not even the English language. As a consequence, German is still the language of this settlement. Their old speech was fostered both at home and in the parochial schools. And, enjoying their freedom from the cant and kingship of the Old World, they were content to live and to adhere to their old customs and language.

As the region developed, more people came to the community and towns grew up. Although enduring the hardships of pioneers to win it, surprising prosperity came to them. Many now own good farms, and live in fine residences. Despite these things, however, their language and customs have remained virtually the same as they were when these settlers came to Kansas. True, doctors, lawyers, nurses and business men have come from the settlement, yet the bulk of its inhabitants are yet to make their acquaintance with American ideals. That 80 per cent of the population of Ellis County was classed as foreign in the last census contains but an inkling of the educational problem in this district.

But these people were not always to live in darkness, and their enlightenment has begun. Came the Great War, of whose lessons a legislature took thought and passed a law requiring the teaching of English, and forbidding the teaching of any other language, in all the elementary schools of Kansas. Taking effect in 1919, this law brought new lines of thought and opportunity to the settlement. On starting to school, hundreds of its children since have heard English for the first time. The priests have ordered the catechisms to be printed in English, and are sending English-speaking sisters into the schools.

But the fight for the Americanization of these people was really won before the law was passed. It was won when Mrs. Reed, in the course of her duties as public health nurse of Ellis County, gained the friendship of the German-Russians, the first step in leading them to better living and real citizenship.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the county health department and the nurse, when Mrs. Reed took up her present work, it was decided that the physical defects and living conditions of the children should have first attention. Accordingly she went into the schools, making physical examinations, giving health talks, becoming acquainted with the children and their customs and ingratiating herself generally into their lives. Parents were notified of conditions needing attention, while she followed these children into their homes, always with a desire to make friends and to be of service.

While so engaged a special opportunity to serve these people arose, she assisting in caring for a number of them who had been injured in the explosion of an oil tank. An epidemic of influenza also swept the community in 1918, in the handling of which she saved many lives and won the deep gratitude of the German-Russian inhabitants. They thus came to place their trust and faith in her.

During Mrs. Reed's survey of home conditions, the need for home training for mothers and girls became increasingly evident. Because of the impracticability of getting all the mothers together in classes, it was deemed best to start such instruction with the girls in the schoolroom. This led to the formation of Little Mothers' Leagues in the schools of the settlement. Many of the girls, it was found, were leaving school in the fifth and sixth grades, entering homes of their own soon afterward, so the classes were organized especially for the girls of these grades.

For the first year's work a course of study stressing the primary care of the child and sanitation was outlined. This instruction covered a period of three or four months, and was tried out in three schools. In two of them a half hour each week was devoted to it during the regular school hours, while in the third the instruction was given following the dismissal of school; the former plan being found the more feasible. During the course practical demonstrations were given, valuable health lessons taught, and notebooks compiled. At the end of the course the notebooks were corrected. All girls handing in completed notebooks were granted diplomas by the State Board of Health, these being presented to 130 "little mothers" at special graduation exercises.

On the completion of the first year's course, the priests, teachers and sisters felt this work was so valuable that they made it a part of the stated educational program, introducing it into the schools of the eight centers in the settlement. This instruction now falls regularly as one of the studies of the fifth grade, though where the work is given for the first time all girls from the fifth to the eighth grades inclusive receive the training.

In each class period Mrs. Reed talks to the girls 10 or 15 minutes about some important health subject. Every child is requested to tell her mother at home everything that the nurse gives at class time, after which she is to write it in her notebook just as she told it to her parent. After the talk the teacher and pupils go on with the instruction for the remainder of the period. A half-hour lesson a week is given for 18 weeks.

The class work is supplemented by training for three practical demonstrations. These include bed making, both for the baby and for the girls themselves; bathing the baby, and milk modification, every girl practicing each of these until she can do it well. Along with bed making the girl is taught the essentials of ventilation, and the care and arrangement of bedrooms. She also is taught the importance of bathing, and how the child, beginning with the baby deprived of mother's milk, should be fed. Dress, sleep, exercise and personal hygiene are other subjects discussed.

"During the last year 324 'little mothers' have received diplomas, 95 per cent of them being from German-Russian homes," said Mrs. Reed. "The work has opened avenues into the homes and hearts of these people which could have been opened in no other way. The practical results from it are seen every day."







Top—Mrs. Evalina Dawley Reed, public health nurse of Ellis County, Kansas, and a graduating class of "little mothers." At their commencement exercises these girls give demonstrations in bed making, bathing infants and preparing the baby's milk. Center—Typical home of German-Russians in Ellis County, Kansas. Bottom—These girls, from the homes of a long-secluded German-Russian settlement in Kansas, are becoming real Americans through the work of a Red Cross Public Health Nurse. They are members of Little Mothers' Leagues, which she has formed in the settlement. By means of these leagues the girls receive a quite thorough course in home training, on the completion of which they receive diplomas from the State Board of Health.

Foreign-Made Movies for American Theaters

Sixth of the Series, "Baring the Heart of Hollywood"

THE fight against foreign motion picture films, which means the fight against the free importation of motion pictures made in foreign countries, was begun by the Hollywood Post of the American Legion and has been taken up by that organization throughout the country at large.

This fight was backed by the business men of Los Angeles until recently, when circumstances which will be related caused active opposition temporarily to cease.

The fight against foreign films is being waged by the Legion for two purposes, one patriotic, the other economic. The patriotic motive can be no better expressed than by reprinting the following resolution which was adopted May 23, 1921, by Hollywood Post No. 43:

"Whereas, the United States and its Allies have been engaged in a great war with Germany and its Allies in which many thousands of American soldiers were killed and wounded, and

"Whereas, Hollywood Post No. 43, of the American Legion, is aware of a movement to spread propaganda in this country favorable to Germany and unfavorable to the countries allied with the United States in the World War, and

"Whereas, the two German films, 'Passion' and 'Deception,' exhibited to date, have taken for their subjects the fictionized lives of two rulers of countries allied with the United States in the war against Germany, namely, England and France, holding up to ridicule these rulers and their countries in the eyes of the American people, and

"Whereas, German-made films are being advertised and exhibited not as 'German' films but as 'European' films, and

"Whereas The United States of America is undergoing a period of reconstruction in which it finds one of its greatest tasks to be that of providing employment for its returned soldiers, and

"Whereas, Hollywood Post No. 43, American Legion, deplores the fact that due to the absence of proper import and tariff restrictions American capital is being withdrawn from the motion picture business and is being invested in this industry in Germany to a great extent, thereby causing loss of employment to thousands of American citizens, many of whom are veterans of the World War, and

"Whereas, there is a movement existent within the motion picture industry to create films of a more wholesome and elevating character, and

"Whereas, the moral standard of the above mentioned German films is that of Germany and not that of America, parts of these films having shown scenes unfit for public presentation,

"Therefore, be it Resolved, that Hollywood Post No. 43, American Legion, in regular meeting assembled this twenty-third day of May, 1921, does go on record as being unqualifiedly opposed to the importation and exhibition of any picture containing even so much as hint of the above mentioned propaganda, and

"Be it further Resolved, that Hollywood Post No. 43, American Legion, petition the Congress of the United States to enact such tariff laws as will protect American industry and labor from the encroachment of foreign products which in no way assist in supporting either the government or the citizens of this country through their production, and

"Be it further Resolved, that Hollywood Post No. 43, American Legion, petition the Congress of the United States to enact legislation requiring all foreign-made products in general and motion picture films in particular, to be plainly labeled with the name of the country in which produced.

"Be it further Resolved, that copies of this resolution shall be sent to the President of the United States, the Congress of the United States, the commander of the American Legion, the commanders of all departments of the American Legion, the commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, the commander of the Veterans of the Spanish-American War, the commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, all news syndicates, all Los Angeles papers and periodicals, the affiliated picture interests, the Ministerial Union of Los Angeles, the American Federation of Labor and William Randolph Hearst."

The framers of the foregoing resolution made only one mistake and that was when they said that American capital is being withdrawn from this country and being invested in Germany.

They should have said Jewish capital, because it was Adolph Zukor and Samuel Goldwyn who went to Europe and bought up the product of German studios. It was Adolph Zukor who hired away from the German film industry its stars and directors. It was the Jewish-owned and operated First National Corporation that bought and exhibited the German film "Passion," a film depicting the licentious life of the court of Louis XV, with his mistress, DuBarry, as the heroine. A film that shows France in one of the worst moments of its history just before the fall of the monarchy, and a film which by its very title, a title, by the way, given it *after* its purchase by First National, is not fit to be shown before any but the most sophisticated audience. The general impression given by the film to those who are not students of history is that the French are a nation of roués. That this was the impression designed by the makers of the film is undoubted.

This film was distributed by First National as a European, not a German film, and the advertising was so worded as to give the impression that it was made in France.

Likewise "Deception" was a German-made film created to excite hatred against the English. This film was imported and distributed by Famous Players. Its plot was laid in the time of notorious Henry VIII and his mistress, Anne Boleyn, and was designed not only to hold England up to ridicule in one of the worst phases of that nation's history, but also excite the Catholics against that nation.

The Hollywood Post of the American Legion is known as the "Motion Picture Post," being composed mainly of men connected with various branches of the film industry who served in the World War. These men know the industry and they know Europe. They know the kind of men who are in control of the film industry—men to whom the dollar is everything and patriotism nothing. They know that the simple passage of resolutions availed nothing. They know that they must act and act in such a way as to hit these exploiters where it would hurt most, in the pocketbook.

Therefore, when "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," a German-made film, which perhaps carried no particular significance as propaganda, being simply a gruesome picture after the cubist style of art, but which would serve as the insignificant wedge for the showing of other pictures that would be dangerous, was advertised to be shown at Miller's theater they decided on more strenuous measures than resolutions. Miller's theater, together with the more pretentious theater, the California, belongs to the Goldwyn Film Corporation. Legion members picketed the theaters carrying large banners telling would-be patrons to stay away and why.



(C) U. & U.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN,

President Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, which imported German-made pictures.

The police smiled tolerantly, many of them being Legion men themselves. Most of the patrons kept out. Some entered. Finally the affair generated into a riot. Outside rowdies who had no connection with the Legion availed themselves of the circumstances to get rough. Eggs were thrown. Patrons continued to stay away from the theater.

Finally the management capitulated. The picture was withdrawn and an American-made film substituted. Thus the Legion men not only won a victory, but they forcefully called the attention of the community to the situation. The business men became aroused. An organization was formed known as the Loyal American Film League. Its executive committee consisted of such men as Orra E. Monette, president of the Citizens Trust & Savings Bank; Sylvester Weaver, president of the Chamber of Commerce; Cliff Horne, secretary of Elliott & Horne; Robert Brunton, president of Brunton Studios; Edward J. Nolan, attorney; George E. Feagans, head of a large jewelry house; Benjamin Hampton, motion picture producer; Marshall Stimson, attorney; G. M. Schneider, president, Retail Dry Goods Association; Roy Marshall, adjutant, Post 43, American Legion; Bradner Lee, Jr., attorney; W. E. Chamberlin, vice-president, Hamburger & Sons; Earnest Joy, manager, Actors' Equity Association; Charles Giblyn, first vice-president, Motion Picture Directors' Association.

It became a live issue in Los Angeles, the home of the motion picture industry. Not only was the patriotic zeal of the citizens aroused, but the business men began to realize that the making of pictures in foreign lands would imperil the industry, which has done so much to make Los Angeles one of the fastest growing cities in the world.

The Actors' Equity Association was, with the Legion, one of the first organizations to see the danger. With half of its members out of work, owing to the curtailment of production, they saw where nearly all of them would be idle soon.

Famous Players, with more than 150 of foreign-made films on hand—this was the admission made by a supervising director of the corporation at a meeting of the Loyal American Film League—closed its New York studio, throwing a large number of actors out of work.

Pressure was brought to bear by the association on members of Congress, who were opportuned to enact tariff legislation that would equalize the difference between the cost of production in this country and abroad.

It was pointed out that a special or super-special feature picture that would cost from $150,000 to $750,000 to make in the United States would cost only $6,000 to $25,000 to produce in Germany. This difference is not only in the cost of materials but in wages. Extra people can be hired in Germany for the equivalent of ten cents a day in our money, while these same employes are paid from $5 to $10 a day in this country. The latter sum is not exorbitant, for it must be considered that extra people are idle at least half their time.

It was also pointed out to Congress that the admission of these cheap foreign films meant no reduction in admission to the general public, as the exhibitor was charged on the same basis of rental as if the picture had been made in this country. For instance, "Passion," although it was purchased with two other films, one of which was "Gypsy Blood," at a total cost for the three pictures of $45,000, was rented to exhibitors as a super-special picture, which alone would have cost $200,000 to produce in this country.

Alarmed at the efforts made by the American Legion, which took up the fight throughout the country until posts in 14 states had adopted the resolutions against the foreign films, Famous Players immediately started a backfire.

The Los Angeles *Express* had been the first to take up the fight in that city and the other newspapers—as is the habit of newspapers when one of their number is first to champion a cause—became lukewarm in their attitude. They printed the news, but remained non-committal editorially.

The main argument against putting a tariff on foreign films advanced by the Famous Players' representatives was that it was retarding art. Such an argument coming from men like Frank Garbutt and Adolph Zukor, whose idea of artistry is the engraving on a $20 bill, caused amusement in the picture colony, but it served to excite alarm among a number of well-intentioned but shortsighted dramatic critics. An argument which had more weight with other producers was the danger of foreign countries retaliating with a similar impost on American films. This argument, however, was ably answered by Robert Brunton, one of the principal independent producers, who showed that the foreign trade comprises only 12 per cent of the total business of the motion picture producers of the United States.

It must be borne in mind that Famous Players has a large number of subsidiary organizations which distribute not only these foreign films but the lower class of its American-made productions. The trade name of "Paramount" is placed only on such productions as will not tend to lower the standard set for "Paramount Pictures." Therefore, when the picture fan views in one of the high-class motion picture houses "Paramount Pictures" he must not think that these are the only productions put forth by Famous Players. It is estimated that at least two out of every three pictures made are failures, from one cause or another. Famous Players must have a market for these failures else they would be a total loss. To prevent such pictures from injuring the established name of Paramount they are placed on the market and sold through some of the various subsidiary distributing organizations maintained for that purpose.

It is through these subsidiary companies that Famous Players will undoubtedly market a large number of the foreign films already in its possession. But even for the low-class theaters many of these films are unfit for presentation until a great deal of cutting and some retaking has been done.

A Jew Producer, His Press Agent, a Christian Minister, a Fearless Reviewer and the Passion Play

The article here presented was written by Mr. Patterson James, a reviewer for the Billboard, the American Theater's leading magazine, and published by that paper in its issue of November 12. It is reproduced here without change, deletion or comment, except thanks to Mr. James for his splendid courage in speaking out in this hour of crisis for the American stage and film.

The Worm Has Turned

A stomach provoked to nausea, a brain deadened to shock, ears deafened from listening to filth and stupidity, and eyes aching from the sight of unlovely scenes, bad acting and vulgarity, compel me to announce that in the future plays like "Getting Gertie's Garter," "The Demi-Virgin," "Beware of Dogs" and "Lilies of the Field" will be dismissed with as little notice as is compatible with decent human resentment. Just because "business men," authors, actors and actresses find profit in creating such nuisances is no reason why the readers of the *Billboard* should be annoyed by reading and I sickened by writing about them at length. I hereby announce myself as one worm who has definitely turned.—Patterson James, in November 12 *Billboard*.

THROUGH a letter written by Herbert E. Hancock, director in chief of the educational and industrial divisions of the William Fox motion picture enterprise, it has leaked into print that Professor Fox (whose disclosures of the life, loves and box-office possibilities of the Queen of Sheba were attended by some highly diverting press work) contemplated making a film of the "Passion Play." Communications were sent out to a number of Protestant clergymen, because the producers wanted to have "the scenario perfected along the lines of Protestant ideals and teaching." A synopsis was included, with the cheerful information that "the whole play would be constructed to contain an atmosphere of extreme reverence." Mr. Hancock's epistle to the preachers announces:

> "Believing that the time is at hand when leading motion picture companies with vast resources should devote a part of their interests to the making of productions containing the message of the churches to the people, William Fox is contemplating a fashioning of the 'Passion Play.' This picture will be produced on the most lavish scale. No expense is to be spared to make it absolutely true and akin to Biblical facts."

Unfortunately for the benevolent scheme of Professor Fox, one of the communications fell into the warlike hands of Rev. John Roach Straton, whose ideas on the theater and its people are not doubtful. Dr. Straton immediately put himself on record as to his position as co-deliverer, with Professor Fox, of the "message of the churches to the people":

> "I do not care to offer any comment or to render any assistance in your plan to bring out a film 'Passion Play' which will feature Jesus Christ," replied Dr. Straton. "Since you have written me, you will pardon me for being very frank in replying when I say to you that it appears to me as a shocking thing that the motion picture industry of today should seek now to capitalize Jesus and to use the glorious story of His life and death and resurrection in a money-making scheme.
>
> "You have capitalized crime, marital infidelity and the sacrifice of female modesty, and now you are reaching out in an effort to wring dividends from the more sacred things of life.
>
> "May I be permitted also to say that I do not believe your particular firm has any claim upon the Christian public in connection with any such proposition? For you to present such films as 'Her Price' and 'The Scarlet Letter,' and then to follow these with the life of Jesus, is a monstrous inconsistency. I would point out to you that the original "Passion Play," as rendered by the peasant people of Europe, was enacted by Christians—those portraying the Biblical characters being selected especially because of their piety and religious devotion, and what they did they did as an act of worship.
>
> "What you are proposing, however, as I stated before, is inspired by crass commercialism and the lust for gain, which has already so debauched the motion picture business in this country that, in the light of recent events, it is a byword and a hissing to thoughtful people and to those who have a due regard for the moral welfare of our American youth."

The anguish into which Dr. Straton's refusal to help Professor Fox play messenger boy to the Christian world through the industrial and educational divisions of the William Fox motion picture enterprise can only be imagined. A faint idea of the pain which racked the soul of the producer, who intended "to spare no expense to make it absolutely true and akin to Biblical facts," may be visualized upon reading what Mr. Hancock said when he received the brutal news that the firebrand of Fifty-seventh street would have nothing to do with the play:

> "Dr. Straton evidently thinks he is right, when he is all wrong. Mr. Fox's idea was simply to produce a film for use in churches and church entertainments. It was to be purely a philanthropic production, and the picture was never designed to be shown in theaters. I am afraid that this agitation by the blue law fanatics will cause Mr. Fox to abandon his plan."

What a finish to "a purely philanthropic production!" I don't blame Professor Fox "to abandon his plan." To be suspected of anything but the holiest motives is enough to make any self-respecting motion picture producer refuse to help "the churches deliver their messages to the people." For all of Professor William Fox, the churches can now have their messages returned marked "Nobody Home." When a Jewish gentleman like Professor Fox offers his aid to the churches to get the story of the "Passion Play" "perfected along the lines of Protestant ideals and teaching" presented to the Gentile patrons of motion picture theaters and gets snubbed in the nose for his pains, he should worry! Oi! But what Professor Fox could do to the Passion of Our Lord after the experience he gained while making Sheba vamp Solomon!!!!! How "lavish" would have been the production only the initiated in the works of the motion picture world can picture. With the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke for the "script," what the directors of Professor Fox's laboratory for the Dissemination of Scriptural Lore could have done to the Last Supper, the Praetorium, the dream of Pilate's wife, and the ascent to Golgotha! Oi! Something snappy and nifty would have been sure to result! And Dr. Straton spoiled it! Mr. Hancock now fears that Professor Fox may be deterred "by the agitation of blue law fanatics" from "doing" the "Passion Play" at all.

Nothing could better illustrate the hopeless degradation of the motion picture mind than Mr. Hancock's comment on Dr. Straton's reply. Because a minister of the gospel (who is quite right in a lot of things he says) refuses to be a party to the recrucifixion of Jesus Christ at the behest of a Jew motion picture producer who wishes to make "productions containing the messages of the church to the people perfected along the lines of Protestant ideals and teachings," his refusal is construed as the action of "a blue law fanatic." I have no intention of fighting Dr. Straton's battles. He is perfectly able to take care of himself. Certainly every Christian, no matter what his denominational affiliation, who reads his answer to the invitation of the chief of the educational and industrial division of the William Fox motion picture enterprise, will applaud. It may be news to Professor Fox that so far as events of the Passion of Christ are concerned all Christian "ideals and teachings" are the same. But the spectacle of a motion picture Jew screening the "Passion Play" according to his ideas of Protestant teaching, and seeking to make it heresy-proof by engaging the services of clergymen to approve the scenarios, is too ironic for words. One thing is sure. Hebrews who represent the religious and racial ideals of the Jewish people will be as instant in their disapproval of the scheme as was Dr. Straton. Once more the proof is furnished that there is NOTHING sacred to the motion picture producer.

Dispatch in Newspapers of November 19

Oberammergau, Bavaria, November 18—The Passion Play committee, which has been bombarded by proposals from American motion picture concerns for the privilege of filming the production in 1922, when the play will next be performed, is standing firm in its refusal "to play Judas to our tradition, despite our poverty," as it puts it.

The committee, it is stated, has refused offers running as high as 70,000,000 marks, representing a huge fortune to the villagers. Their production of the play every 10 years is in fulfillment of a vow made back in the seventeenth century thus expressing gratitude of the village for having been spared from a plague. The play, last produced in 1910, was not given in 1920, the regular date, because of the mortality among the performers and musicians caused by the war.

The Newspapers Are to Blame!

THE action of the chief of police of Pittsburgh in the case of "The Demi-Virgin" having failed to get results at the New York box-office, the publicity pulmotor has been summoned. The duped patrons of the show (deserving as they are of no consideration at all, because anyone who voluntarily paid money to see it did so hoping to enjoy filth) have evidently passed the word along, and the receipts have fallen off. Al Woods and Avery Hopwood have now been summoned to appear before Chief Magistrate McAdoo as a result of complaints that the play constitutes an immoral exhibition. The press carries no names of the complaining parties. How anyone can be deceived by such a worm-eaten press agent's trick is hard to understand. There is one way to stop "The Demi-Virgin" and all its scabrous kind, SILENCE. *If the newspapers would refuse to accept advertising for such pieces, there would be none.* But the press of this country, generally speaking, is purchasable. Once the business office of a paper accepts a theater's money for advertising it becomes a procurer for the producer of pornography. "The Demi-Virgin" is not an iota as bad as "Getting Gertie's Garter." All there is to it is the provocative title. *But just so long as theater managers are able to get critics who tell the truth fired from their jobs, or refuse them admission to the theaters, just so long will the theater remain in the pig trough.* Newspapers which accept advertising are accessories to the fact. No amount of explaining can remove that. Meanwhile the censorship draws nearer. The sooner it comes the better. The press will suffer along with the theater, and it will have no one to blame but itself. Refusal of advertisements and silence on plays that are obviously built to satisfy a craving for filth will put the purveyors out of business. Oh, the newspapers must live? So must the street strumpet, the drug peddler and the hold-up man.—The *Billboard* of November 12.

How Unemployment Is Dealt With in England

"Doles" and Insurance Help, But Distress Is Great; Reviving Industry to Create Work a Difficult Problem

By W. P. CROZIER

Manchester, England—(By Mail).

IT IS commonly said here that unemployment in the United States is worse, allowing for the difference of population, than it is in England. That may very reasonably be so, since the countries that came out of the war in the soundest condition, commercially and financially, are suffering the worst. The world cannot afford to buy from England, and if it should ever pay its debts it will do so in free goods that will demand no return in British employment and production. All the more, then, must the United States—which is now the greatest of all creditor nations and whose currency is stronger even than the British (itself vastly stronger than that of its old European customers)—suffer in its foreign markets. We hear that there are from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 unemployed in the United States. Here we have 1,750,000. On August 1, this year, Germany had 250,000. Irony indeed, that with the mark about 150 to the dollar or 750 to the pound sterling, Germany should have a twentieth of the American, a seventh of the British unemployed.

But there is one great difference between the unemployment problem in America and here. Until a few weeks ago, when President Harding held the conference on unemployment, the American unemployed, we understand, were able to get along without help from outside, living in part on the savings which they had accumulated during and since the war. We have not been so fortunate. It is some months now since the distress here became so acute that a violent demand was made that the local and then the national authorities should frame schemes for relief. It must be remembered that our industrial history since the armistice has been much more disturbed than that of the United States. We have had a continuous succession of great strikes which have depleted the funds of the trade unions and forced many of the working people to sell out the small investments (war savings certificates and the like) which they made during the war.

Millions for Relief Work

THE government, of course, never anticipated the present violent depression in trade nor made plans adequate for the maintenance of 2,000,000 unemployed and their dependents. But something it did do. It has, in fact, been paying "doles" pretty steadily since 1918 to ex-service men and ex-munition workers who became unemployed. Every time the government attempted to curtail or abolish this system of "doles" on the ground that the country could not afford it and that it was demoralizing to the recipients, there went up so loud a cry of indignation from the Labor party and the unemployed that the government always in some measure gave way. Nearly 50,000,000 pounds sterling has been paid since September, 1920, under the government schemes. The Unemployment Insurance Act, under which the state, the employer and the employe all pay weekly contributions into a benefit fund, was enormously extended. The government always encouraged the local municipal authorities to undertake relief work and provided 3,000,000 pounds to assist them. In all 25,000,000 pounds have been spent on relief work for the unemployed. Then more than 600,000 pounds went on a scheme for settling ex-service men in the British dominions, and 60,000 of them have taken advantage of it. In a wider field, which could only affect unemployment indirectly, an exports credit scheme, with a total in view of 26,000,000 pounds capital, was established to help the economic recovery of Central Europe. So it is fair to the British Government to admit that it has done a good deal in a piecemeal way. Of course, it did not foresee the collapse in trade nor make provision for it. Had it foreseen, it would not now be making feverish efforts to cut down state expenditure to avoid a heavy deficit in the next budget.

Our unemployed, therefore, have been for weeks in a pretty desperate plight. The unemployment insurance plan provides that benefit should stop for an interval after a certain number of weeks, and there are large numbers of men and women who have been drawing nothing from the fund since the beginning of September. They have, therefore, been driven to the Poor Law guardians. Poor Law relief, by the way, is really intended only to meet individual cases of destitution; it never was supposed that it would have to meet what is really not so much a local as a national emergency.

But now at last the problem being beyond the capacity of guardians and Poor Law relief, a combined effort is being made to tackle it and so soon as that is done it is seen to fall into two parts:

1. What can be done to relieve the actual unemployment that exists?
2. What can be done to diminish unemployment by reviving production?

The first question is comparatively simple. It concerns "palliatives." It is a matter at bottom of the amount of money that can be taken by national or municipal taxation out of the pockets of those who have it for the support of those who have it not. The Labor party puts it most crudely when it says that the community must provide the unemployed man and woman with the trade union rates which they would receive were they fully employed. The second question is of another kind altogether and goes down deep into the roots of the present state of trade. In effect, it amounts to the question whether by artificial means we can in a large or small measure revive trade.

The government has now decided to do two things to increase the palliatives of unemployment. Under the present insurance scheme, the financial basis of which I have already described, the maximum benefit which any man can receive is 15 shillings a week (say $3)—a miserable enough allowance on which to maintain, say, a wife and four children. It is now proposed that every employed person paying to the fund should for six weeks pay an extra weekly contribution of 2d, the employer 2d and the state 3d. This will enable a maximum addition of nine shillings to be added to the 15 (five shillings for the wife and one shilling for each child). Furthermore, the government will devote a lump sum of 10,000,000 pounds to assisting relief work throughout the country. It will be seen that these are very accurately called "palliatives," for they will touch only a small portion of the unemployed and will only slightly relieve their distress.

Credits Plan Not a Success

THERE remains the second part of our state policy, the effort by direct government intervention to revive industry. No one is very hopeful about it. We have had for a considerable time an export credits scheme designed to assist the British trader. The government guaranteed the payment of 85 per cent of the value of the goods up to a certain period of time after which, if the foreign importer had not paid, 57½ per cent of the loss fell on the British exporter and 42½ per cent on the British Government. The government assigned 26,000,000 pounds to this scheme, but it was soon apparent that it would have no great success. The Labor party then intervened with a proposition of its own, suggesting an elaborate system of state trading. It is a curious fact, illustrative both of the deep and widespread distrust of state management of trade which is felt in this country, and also of the present ineffectiveness of the Labor leaders, that this tremendous scheme excited no public interest and was by common consent dismissed as impracticable and mistaken. But as it constitutes the principal instance in our industrial history of a serious plan for state trading on a great scale, I should like to set out the Labor summary of the way in which the scheme was to work:

> "It is proposed that the government should itself place substantial orders for staple commodities with manufacturers. Let us take as an example wool textiles and agricultural machinery. The government would, under this scheme, call together the representatives of the industries and place definite orders for goods for which there is an ascertained demand. The orders would be placed at prices agreed after an examination of costs. We do not think that employers could expect to receive their normal profits under this scheme; and we believe it would be to their advantage to continue production on terms including overhead charges and a margin for contingencies. It might be found advisable to establish a working week of, say, 40 hours a week.
>
> "The allocation of the total government order within the industry should be left to the joint decision of the employers' organizations and trade unions concerned. Production under this scheme would be on government account, and it is suggested that the government should export, say, wool textile goods and agricultural machinery on credit to continental countries needing them. The government might deal direct with other governments, with co-operative societies or with other organizations able and willing ultimately to pay for the goods.
>
> "Some of these goods might be disposed of at home to great advantage. For example, a proportion of the agricultural machinery produced under this scheme might be retained by the government and sold, if need be, on the plan of payment by installments, to farmers and groups of small holders."

Must Increase Trade Within Empire

THIS scheme was stillborn. No one believes that the government can handle trade on this scale without infinite muddle and waste and inefficiency. On the other hand, the authors of the scheme talk blandly of placing orders according to the "ascertained demand." The trouble which lies at the root both of this and of the government's exports credits scheme is precisely the lack of a demand backed by the ability to pay.

What the government is doing is to amend the exports credits scheme already described. It will guarantee 100 per cent of the value of exported goods (although its ultimate risk will remain at 42½ per cent) and in some cases the period of credit to the importer will be as much as seven years. The scheme will now apply not only to the broken-down countries of Central Europe, but to other countries also, including the various parts of the British Empire. The inclusion of the empire should be carefully noted. I think it will be found to mark a turning point. As the realization of the bankruptcy of all Central and Eastern Europe, and the ruin for an indefinite period of our markets there, sinks into our minds, we shall turn more and more to the prospect of increased trade within the empire and to the development of the immense resources which the empire still holds either partially unexploited or wholly untouched.

So far as the collapsed markets are concerned, the thoughtful man does not expect very much from these little changes in the government's credits scheme. Employment depends on the demand for goods. It is no use increasing the production of goods unless they are goods which can be sold. What we ought to do, if we can, is to create the foreign customer, to give the inhabitants of Central Europe the capacity to produce and pay for goods, but this credits scheme will not do that. A good authority in the textile export market said to me the other day that his business had no need of credit; it had plenty of credit but there were no orders for which it saw any prospect of being paid; under the government scheme, he said, firms could no doubt get plenty of orders, but they would lose their money and the government would lose its money also. The abrupt plunging of the exchanges is in itself a grave barrier to business contracts. So we cannot feel that any great relief to unemployment is likely to come out of export credits. If, on the other hand, the government were able, which, of course, it is not, to go directly to the aid of trade in Central Europe, to finance, say, purchases of raw material, then production might revive there; Central Europe would re-acquire purchasing capacity, would begin to take our goods and would create employment here. But that is not within the range of practical politics.

One other thing the government is doing, and this should be effective. It is going to guarantee the interest on sound schemes for capital development of all kinds where the work is to be done in this country. The proposal is:

> "Where the government is satisfied that the proceeds of any loan to be raised by the government or by any part of the dominions or colonies, by any foreign government, any public authority, or other body of persons, are to be applied toward the carrying out of any capital undertaking or in the purchase of articles to be manufactured in the United Kingdom required for the purchase of that undertaking, the government may, on such conditions as may be deemed proper, guarantee the payment of interest on the loan. And it is to be a condition of the guaranty that the application of the loan is calculated to promote employment in the United Kingdom."

Useful Industry the Plan

THE capital amount to be so guaranteed will be 25,000,000 pounds. This scheme is important for two reasons. The state will only act where there is an actual demand to which it can respond. The sort of thing that the government has in mind is the construction of material for railways, bridges, electrification schemes, ports, docks and the like. Secondly, the state will help the execution of orders that come from outside England, including the empire. This is here a prospect of a great accession of trade, even though it comes only gradually. It was Joseph Chamberlain who first took an active interest in promoting the development of Nigeria and last year the British trade of that colony amounted to 33,000,000 pounds. Mr. Churchill, the present colonial secretary, is busy now raising fresh loans for further development. And there are half a dozen rich areas in the British Empire that are full of commercial possibilities, if the capital can only be obtained for the public works that are needed to tap their resources. This is the direction in which we are bound more and more to turn in our present distress from the loss of our European markets and the partial loss of our markets in India. We shall call in a new world to redress the balance of the old. There is only one qualification. We must not seek to ring round the undeveloped area of the empire with a tariff fence which will debar the other peoples of the world from sharing in benefits of its great natural resources. Meanwhile, there is unquestionably a field for future employment in the construction of capital works for empire development, even though it amounts to little now.

The truth is, as emerges from the whole of this article, that comparatively little can be done here and now to abolish unemployment. The causes are too many and too deeply rooted. Look at the list which affects England only—the collapse and still plunging exchanges, the exhaustion of great European populations, the payment in goods by Germany of the reparations levies, the ruin of Russia—3,000,000 pounds only of trade this year under the Anglo-Russian trade agreement—the political boycott of British goods in India. No, we can only administer palliatives and lay the foundations for better things. And of these foundations I believe the strongest may be laid in the development of the great and fertile colonial areas whose riches are waiting for development, to the mutual profit of their native populations and the outside world.

Succeeds on Foundation of Failures

Orphan, Whom Fate More Than Once Sought to Crush, Wins and Points the Way to Others

By R. P. CRAWFORD

PRESCRIPTION for Success—Take a little sand, grit, pluck and courage. Add optimism and gumption, mix well, and take at regular intervals.

Fortune has a strange way of taking persons from obscure places, persons who by all the laws of the world should amount to nothing, and of thrusting them into high places. Fate has a stranger way of taking persons, who by all the rules of the game should make home-runs, and of thrusting them into seats on the bleachers.

Orison Swett Marden, who has written more inspirational books than any other man in the world, ought to have made a complete failure in life, according to all the rules of the world. One failure after another came during his life, and then at the age of 45 he found himself and made his great home-run.

Marden was born in the backwoods of New Hampshire. He was an orphan at seven years of age. He was "bound out" in five or six isolated places in New Hampshire and often did not get sufficient food to eat.

Ruined in Panic of '93

HE HAD to make his own way without a cent from anybody. Even after he had graduated from college, after years of hard sledding, and had saved money and owned four hotels, came the great crash of his life. His hotel in Kearney, Nebraska, burned and Marden barely escaped with his life. His hotel business at Grand Island, Nebraska, was ruined by the drouth. His Florida hotel burned and smallpox broke out in the hotel at Block Island, Rhode Island. All his money was swept away.

He had already begun to plan a literary career, but the manuscripts of three books went up in smoke at Kearney. While the ruins of that hotel were smouldering, he walked down the street, and bought a 25-cent notebook. He rented a room over a livery stable, allowed himself $1 a week for food, and at 45 years of age began all over again.

Today he is one of the most successful of authors. Two million copies of his books have been published in more than 20 countries of the globe. His first book, "Pushing to the Front," written over a livery stable, sold more than 250,000 copies. Approximately 40 books, large and small, have come from the presses, all packed with the gospel of good will, cheerfulness, persistence and success.

Marden ought to know something about making a success in life. He had plenty of opportunity in his youth to put his ideas into practice. He had enough obstacles which might have defeated many; but every time he made success out of failure.

His mother died in his infancy and his father died when he was seven years old. Being "bound out" in the fastnesses of New Hampshire 60 years ago wasn't any fun for a boy. When company was present, and he was inadvertently passed the butter or cake, he was obliged to say that "he did not eat those things." "You'll never amount to a hill of beans," his guardian encouragingly told him, when he asked permission to go to school.

Worked Hard for an Education

BUT he struck out on his own account, determined to attend Colby Academy, 50 miles away. He did the chores, sawed wood, waited on the students' table, and washed dishes for his meals and lodging. He chopped cordwood in the forests to get money for books and clothing. Then he tried his luck at New Hampton Institute.

"I decided this time that I was going to earn my way through school by being a barber, as so many college students have done since," Dr. Marden told me. "I bought a piece of calico for an apron, a razor, comb, pair of shears, and with a wooden chair costing 32 cents, opened up shop. My first customer was a student who was going to a ball that night. Knowing that I was likely to cut the young man, I tore up some bits of newspaper, and whenever I drew blood, I applied a piece of paper. I never shall forget the expression on that student's face when he looked in the glass after I had finished. I had to give him an extra amount of hair oil to soothe his feelings.

"But, surprising as it may seem, I stuck to that business and during the school year I earned nearly $100 with that razor and pair of shears."

Next Marden went to Boston University, won the degrees of Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Arts, entered the School of Oratory of Boston University, and graduated there. He wasn't satisfied yet, so he entered the Harvard Medical School and the Boston University Law School, took both courses at the same time, and came out with the degrees of Doctor of Medicine and Bachelor of Laws. If there ever was a man who started with no education at all, and tried to take all the courses in the world, that man must have been Marden. He was making up for lost time.

But he was already something of a business man. His gumption and grit were beginning to get results. Along with Frank A. Munsey, the New York publisher, he had spent his summers waiting on table at fashionable hotels in the White Mountains. It was only a little while until he was managing hotels, sometimes earning as high as $5,000 a year. Before he completed his education, he had enough money to begin the erection of a summer hotel at a cost of $20,000.

He was a real hotel man by this time, and took over two hotels, one in Kearney, Nebraska, and one at Grand Island, in the same state. He also owned a hotel in Rhode Island and one in Florida. The boom, preceding the panic of 1893, was on.

All the time he was thinking about writing books. As a boy, an English book, Smiles' "Self Help," fell into his hands, and he had determined to do for American boys what this book set out to do for English boys.

For a long time he had wanted a striking motto, or keynote, for his book. Suddenly it came to him. He took his pencil and printed in large letters on the first page of his manuscript:

"Let Every Occasion Be a Great Occasion, for You Cannot Tell When Fate May Be Taking Your Measure for a Larger Place."

Barber Suggested Title

HE WANTED a striking title for the book. A Negro barber who was having a hard struggle to get an education in Boston and to whom Marden loaned books, suggested "Pushing to the Front."

But then came the great crash, the crash that ruined him financially and yet put him on his feet at the same time.

His hotel business was destroyed by fire, drouth and the panic of '93.

It usually takes a great crash to wake people up and so it was with Marden. Up over that livery stable he began rewriting "Pushing to the Front," the original manuscript of which had been destroyed in the Kearney fire. He worked at that book so hard that it became the talk of the town.

But he had already earned something of a reputation as a hotel man, and while the book was being rewritten from memory came telegrams offering him a large salary to manage a famous hotel in California.

Five telegrams came, but Marden still held forth in that loft above the livery stable. He had made a great decision. He had a big idea and he was going to see it through, something that he has so often preached to young men in his books.

"Pushing to the Front" was finished. Dr. Marden cannot tell of having had to peddle his book from publisher to publisher, for being unfamiliar with publishing affairs in general, he sent the book to three publishers and all three accepted it.

But probably no one of the three, or Dr. Marden either, ever imagined the distance that book would go. A prominent man of letters was encouraging enough to tell him that the book might sell 500 copies, but that there was no demand for that sort of work. Today, more than 250,000 copies of "Pushing to the Front" have been printed, and there seems to be no let-up to the demand. Thousands of his books have been printed in Japanese and the languages of the Orient. In fact, "Pushing to the Front" has been printed in about 25 different foreign languages.

Dr. Marden looks on himself as something of a missionary in the fields of self-help. He wrote with no idea of making best sellers, but simply with the idea of encouraging poor boys and girls to make something out of themselves.



ORISON SWETT MARDEN,

More than 2,000,000 of his books of inspiration have been sold the world over. From the most meager of boyhood opportunities he has achieved a unique place among American writers.

Other works have come from his pen. "Peace, Power and Plenty," "Every Man a King," "You Can, But Will You?" and nearly two score others have contributed their bit to awakening people to the possibilities in life.

It is pleasant now to sit on the far side of life and enjoy the fruits of success. Most persons at 70 years of age would think they should retire from active life, but with Dr. Marden there is the vigor of youth. Every morning he comes in from his Long Island farm to his New York office, where he does most of his work. Dr. Marden is a living exponent of what optimism, sand, grit, pluck and gumption will do for a man, the very qualities he has been preaching to young men from his book pulpit for 30 years. He would rather get a letter from some young fellow who has determined to strike out in the world for all he is worth than to have his publisher sell another 100 books. And, indeed, few authors have ever received so many letters from readers.

"My whole purpose in writing has been to help some poor struggler," Dr. Marden told me. "The most interesting thing is to see young men push ahead and discover the giant within them. I had such a hard time in my youth trying to get anywhere at all in the world I decided I would dedicate my life to inspiring youths and young men to make the most out of themselves. A short time ago Charles M. Schwab told me that when he picked his 14 partners for his great steel business there was no doubt in his mind that he could have picked 400 others right out of the ranks who would have made just as big successes. In other words, he believes that the ranks are full of giants who would become great leaders if somehow they could just get a chance to show what they could do. My great idea has been to help people to help themselves, to awaken them to the possibilities within them.

Too Many Stick at Old Job

"IF I had remained in the hotel business, I probably would have made a great deal more money, but all the time I would have had that inner feeling that I was in the wrong pew. Every one of us knows some one thing that we feel we ought to do and that we really have ability to do, although we do not say so openly. We keep working at our old job because we don't know how to change.

"Today there are thousands of persons receiving such a shaking up as they never had before in their lives. Some of them will find, as I did, that a financial crash is the best thing in the world to put them on their feet. Others will gravitate back to the same old rut."

Dr. Marden's books have been living pages out of his own life and everybody's life. All of us are trying no longer to find the fountain of youth, but the great prescription for success. This man who barbered, waited table, who turned down big jobs to work over a livery stable, who had his first book published when past 40, really found himself in the great crash of 1893, just as many men may find themselves today. That was his great occasion which he had prophesied in the first writing of his book:

"Let Every Occasion Be a Great Occasion, for You Cannot Tell When Fate May Be Taking Your Measure for a Larger Place."

BRIEFLY TOLD

The best mile of road in the world will be constructed on the Lincoln Highway between Dyer and Schererville in Lake County, Indiana. It is believed that this mile of perfect road will stimulate interest in highway improvement, especially in the promotion of an ocean-to-ocean roadway, embodying the highest ideals of American highway construction.

What is believed to be the largest volcanic crater in the world was recently discovered in Iceland by two Swedish scientists, who were exploring there. This tremendous crater contained hot water and was no less than eight kilometers long and five kilometers wide. It was surrounded by hot springs.

Identified as a former governor of Idaho, a man recently died at the county poor farm in Topeka, Kansas. He was formerly a miner in Idaho until elected lieutenant governor in 1892. When the governor resigned to accept a Federal position, the lieutenant governor filled out the term.

France's national debt will amount to 320,000,000,000 francs by the end of 1921, according to the senate finance committee.

A pack of dogs which have assumed the savagery of wolves is being exterminated near a famous cattle and sheep breeding farm near Lexington, Kentucky. The dogs have terrorized people and attacked an employe of the farm, who only saved himself by firing on the ferocious beasts.

The pronghorn antelope is making its last stand in the district of Southeastern Oregon and Northern Nevada, along the boundary of the two states. It is being exterminated rapidly.

Volcanic dust, in some places 30 feet in thickness, is found in Nebraska and Kansas. As there have never been volcanoes within hundreds of miles of these deposits, it is thought the wind was the cause of the deposits.

Marshal Foch's party carried away the "key of St. Louis" when it left that city. While the party was visiting the mayor's office the mayor handed the brass key to the generalissimo, saying: "You have won the heart of St. Louis, you should have the key to it." Expressing his appreciation, the marshal handed the key to an aid. When the special train pulled out the aid had the key in his belt. Hundreds of times the key has been used in the figurative ceremony of "presenting the key of the city" to visitors, and has always been recovered.

A British inventor has perfected a talking film which photographs action and voice on the same strip. Only one camera with two lenses is required. Perfection of the process to a commercial scale remains to be accomplished.

The gun carrier of Theodore Roosevelt when he hunted in Africa, a giant Zulu, was recently fined $25 for toting a gun in New York City.

Regulating the operations of airplanes in interstate and foreign commerce is the object of a bill now before the United States Senate committee on commerce. Forty serious accidents were recorded the first six months of the present year, nearly all of them in the avoidable class. It is planned to create a bureau of civil aeronautics in the Department of Commerce.

Sarah Bernhardt will build a white Carrara marble statue of herself with arms outstretched on the shores of a small, deserted rocky island in the stormy Bay of Biscay. A light will shine from the head at night to guide the fishermen on the waters.

"Ride all week for $1.25" is the slogan of the Youngstown, Ohio, municipal railway. The first week 4,200 weekly tickets were sold to patrons who paid $1.25 each for them, and were entitled to as many rides as they wished during the week.

The study of newspapers is in the curriculum of West Point Military Academy. The cadets are required to read two dailies as part of their class work, and pass examinations on deductions from important editorials and stories. The papers are read after breakfast and the cadets are quizzed orally on the day's news. Then they summarize the important happenings, domestic and foreign, and explain their significance.

A 30-acre potato field near Prosser, Washington, yields 19 tons to the acre.

Mustard gas, furnished by the Department of Agriculture, routed 53 rattlesnakes from a den near Husum, Washington. A party of orchardists freed the gas in the porous formation of a large pile of lava rock with a long garden hose. Within 30 minutes rattlesnakes of all ages and sizes began wiggling themselves out of the den. Blinded and half dead, the snakes were clubbed by members of the party.

Lichens are eaten in various parts of the world. In times of famine a species of lichen in Northern Asia serves as food for the Tartar tribes living there. Due to the fact that Chinese swallows make their nests of lichens, the Chinese eat the nests, which have great nutritive value.

The greatest of ocean liners, the Majestic, with a tonnage of 56,000, is nearing completion at Hamburg. She belongs to the White Star Line and will enter service about April 5, 1922.

Seventy-eight rounds were exchanged by two duelists in Rome recently. As neither of the duelists was hit by that time their seconds stopped the fusillade. Before retiring from the field the two men declared themselves reconciled.

Within two miles of the world's highest peak, Mt. Everest, explorers are halted. They now have to find other men who can stand the terrific blizzards and the frightful cold encountered on the last two miles of the knife-edge ridge. Six men will be needed for the climbing party.

The Indian tribes of the Far North have formally ceded to Canada approximately 372,000 square miles of territory during the past year. Nineteen hundred Indians benefit by the transaction. On treaty day each chief receives a silver medal, $25 and a flag, and every third year a suit of clothes. Ordinary members of the tribe receive $5. Every mother receives $15 for each child. This is in accordance with a treaty made with the tribes in the reign of Queen Victoria, when Canada took over all Indian lands and agreed to pay yearly bounties "forever and aye."

Motion pictures showing educational and scenic views of Canada are part of the regular equipment of certain ocean liners operating between Canada and England. Eight thousand feet of film are shown at various times during the passage, both in the cabin and in the third-class quarters. Immigrants on their way to Canada now have the opportunity of acquiring a definite knowledge of the country and tourists and other passengers find in the films an additional diversion during the trip. The films are of Canadian manufacture and are distinctly Canadian.

The city of Watsonville, California, recently acquired a large acreage, which is to be equipped as a free camping ground for motorists. The property is on the bank of the Pajaro River, and a dam will furnish an all-year-round lake for swimming, boating and fishing.

The "Strangers'" gallery of the British House of Commons is again open to the public. It was closed when the Sinn Fein alarm became most acute in England.

A fossil skull which has been taken to London from Africa, where it was discovered in the Broken Hill Mine, in Northern Rhodesia, has aroused much interest among scientists. The skull would seem to antedate the Gibraltar skull of the Neanderthal type, said by some to be the earliest yet found in Europe, but not necessarily the Java skull, believed by some to be the oldest human skull that has been found. The new skull is more primitive than the Neanderthal type and may represent the ancestral form of that race which is presumed to have come from Africa. It may be a member of the same genus as the Java skull.

Of the 11 cities in the United States with a population between 300,000 and 500,000, Seattle has the greatest per capita municipal expenditures and Indianapolis the least, according to figures compiled by the National Security League, in its campaign to educate the public in the cost of government.

A dog with hydrophobia bit a three-year-old girl in Louisville, Kentucky, recently. The head of the dog was sent to the city health officer for examination. The health officer mailed a letter to the parents of the girl stating that the dog had hydrophobia. The letter failed to reach its destination and the girl died.

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The Morals of Hollywood

The Arbuckle Case and Other Incidents of the Film World

How the People Are "Bribed" by War Debts

Illusion of "Good Times" Wins Support in Time of Conflict

By AARON HARDY ULM

"IF THE world will resolve not to have another war until the recent one is paid for, everlasting peace will be assured," writes the paragrapher of the Greenville, South Carolina, *Piedmont*.

But the world doesn't owe only for the recent war; it owes much of the "cost" of numerous wars preceding the World War. The United States, for example, as set forth in a previous article, still owes nearly $500,000,000 on the account of the Civil War.

To whom does "the world" owe billions on the "costs" of past wars? To Mars, Venus, Jupiter or some other planet? No, it owes the billions to itself. Does it owe itself for what it supplied out of its possessions in 1921 toward the conduct of wars that ended 60, 25, 10 or 3 years ago? That would be impossible.

"No father can eat the potatoes to be hoed by an unborn son," Dr. Henry C. Adams wrote in his book on "Public Debts," "nor can an army live on bread to be delivered at the option of the baker between 10 and 40 years from the date of the contract. It is thus the production of the past and the present, and not that of the present and the future, which furnishes the required capital for a war."

The ancients in making war left no burdens of public debt on future generations. Up until about 500 years ago and, generally speaking, much more recently the war that could not support itself simply did not occur. Even Napoleon left no huge war debt on the backs of the French people—and that is perhaps the chief reason why France recovered so quickly from the terrible losses suffered in the Napoleonic wars.

The reason modern wars are fought largely on debts is the fear of governments that the people will not support a war for which they have to pay at the time of its occurrence. Yet every people that engages in war *must in fact pay for it at the time*, excepting in so far as they may borrow from other peoples.

By making debts, a bubble of inflation is started and until that bubble bursts a seeming prosperity is generated. Hence "good times" are associated in the popular mind with war. Incidentally, humanity needs to be disarmed of that delusion as much as it needs to get rid of armaments.

But the average folk hug their delusions much more tenaciously than they do proved facts. Twenty or 30 or 50 years from now the majority of Americans who then recall the World War days will associate, at least subconsciously, the period of 1917-20 with high prices and general prosperity. And when war is suggested that psychological quirk will play its part as it has done since financiers began to use the illusion of "good times" in bribing publics to give full support to all kinds of war-making activities.

"Bribing" is a hard word to use, but it is not an overstatement. During the World War there wasn't a government which felt sure enough of its people to ask them consciously to bear the material burden of the war as it went on. Germany tried to carry on her part wholly by borrowings justified by the illusion that the opposing countries would be made to pay the bills. For three years there was scarcely any increase in French taxes. Great Britain did levy heavy war taxes from the beginning, but trusted in the main to "war loans." More nearly than any other major power in the war the United States paid its way at the time, but funded about two-thirds of its total war costs. Nearly one-half of that funding was predicated on "loans" to our associates in the war.

There is nothing which flies so directly in the face of logic as the apparent fact that war usually produces "good times." It will be very difficult to rid the popular mind of that illusion. However, steps can be taken to prevent this illusion becoming fixed. Those steps would comprise the laying down of rules during peace times for financing war if and when it comes. Though armies are formed and trained and navies are built in anticipation of wars that may come, no country prepares in advance for the most important part of war; that is, the financial or economic phase.

Most state constitutions place severe limitations on the amount of debt legislatures may contract without direct reference to the people. In many states cities are permitted to go only so far in contracting debts even by popular vote, which invariably is necessary to the issuing of bonds. But no such good rules prevail with regard to the Federal Government.

If Congress, for example, were required to levy specific taxes for armament, the public always would be aware of what proportion of its contributions to the Federal Government was going for war preparation. Better still, a constitutional maximum beyond which Congress could not go, without, say, a referendum, would be some assurance against wholesale extravagance on armies and navies.

If definite rules were made in advance on how war, when occurring, should be financed, the public would know what to expect in case of war developing. There is no more reason why, within certain broad outlines, such rules shouldn't be established in advance than that armaments should be prepared in advance.

It would mean heavy taxes, it is true; but the public would know that war meant heavy taxes and wouldn't permit war to occur unless it were willing to pay those taxes. There would be no inflation, no pyramiding of prices, no false prosperity, and when the war ended recovery would not be handicapped by mountainous debts covering virtually nothing except a mortgage held by a comparatively few over the heads of all. That would be the honest way and, perhaps, the most expedient, for, though most wars have been started on loans few of them have thus been ended.

"There are very few cases," says Professor Adams, "in which a struggle of any magnitude, testing all the people's financial resources, has been carried to a successful conclusion on the basis of a loan policy during the progress of the war—which itself must be accepted as confession of failure. Twice in the history of our own country has this fatal over-confidence in the sufficiency of public credit brought a rich and energetic people to feel the stress of money demands and to experience the evils of ruinous and expensive methods of treasury control."

"The administration," he adds elsewhere, "that shrinks from a levy of taxes, lest the war spirit be chilled, shows either a doubtful cause or a weak-kneed cabinet."

Adam Smith long ago said that huge war debts had no other excuse than "fear of the people, who, by so great an increase of taxes, would soon be disgusted with the war. Were the expense of war to be defrayed always by a revenue raised within the year the taxes from which that extraordinary revenue was drawn would last no longer than the war. The ability of private people to accumulate, though less during the war, would have been greater during the peace than under the system of funding.....Wars in general would be more speedily concluded and less wantonly undertaken. The people, feeling during the continuance of the war, the complete burden of it, would soon grow weary of it, and government, to humor them, would not be under the necessity of carrying it on longer than necessary. The foresight of the heavy and unavoidable burdens of war would hinder the people from wantonly calling for it when there was no real or solid interest to fight for.....The process of funding has gradually enfeebled every state which has adopted it."

Horace White in "Money and Banking," says, with regard to the financial experience of the Southern Confederacy:

"Secretary Meminger said it was impossible to carry on war by means of taxes alone. This was a mistake. Except money borrowed abroad, every country pays the cost of war at the time of the war. The Southern Confederacy presents an easy illustration of this maxim, because it was for the most part isolated, having little communication with the outer world, and because all its debts were obliterated at the end of the war..... There being nobody else to pay it, the people of the Confederacy must have paid it, and must have paid it during the time of the war and not a moment later."

And therein perhaps lies the secret of the rapid recovery of the southern states following a war that devastated most of the region and disrupted its social and industrial fabric.

"There are few fallacies," declared Professor Roy G. Blakely, economist, at a meeting of specialists at about the time we entered the World War, "so plausible and yet so harmful and general throughout the land as those involved in the idea that we can shift the larger part of the burden of this war to the future by substituting loans for taxes."

As quoted in a previous article, he added: "While it is impossible for this nation to shift part of the burden to the future, it is possible for certain individuals and classes to shift parts of their shares to other individuals or classes, both now and in the future."

Thus for the food, millions of wives, acting on the excellent urging of Mr. Hoover, saved; for the increased production that millions of farmers, thinking of their sons at the front, accomplished; for the extra exertions others put forth that our forces and those of our associates should have supplies and materials; a national debt of $24,000,000,000, or about $1,000 for every family, is now owed by the United States. As stated heretofore, the commodity value of that debt is now at least one-third greater than when it was contracted. That is to say, it takes one-third more of all production to meet interest and principal than was purchasable with the money when it was borrowed. And as deflation supplants inflation, the real burden of those debts will increase unless it is offset by increase in population and national wealth and income, for interest and principal must be paid in dollars without regard to the purchasing power of the dollar.

In return for that burden contracted for the future, the people as a whole had "war prosperity," for which the bond holders will levy a toll of around $1,000,000,000 a year for perhaps generations to come. The holders of the bonds, once numbering in the millions, are growing fewer at a pace startling in its rapidity. That drift of public bonds into the hands of what is largely the "leisure class" is facilitated by numerous other complications resulting from policies of war financing predicated on the Wall Street dictum, put forth at the time we entered the war, to the effect that "everybody must be got to feeling good" by an appearance of "good times."

The public danced and now will pay and pay and pay. It had its illusions and is now facing cold realities.

But precautions can be taken against a repetition of past experiences.

Where Three Modes of Travel Meet



The train, the steamship and the sailboat "rub noses" in the harbor of Seattle.

When a Shirtless Washington Excited Congress

Criticism and Jests Finally Caused Banishment of Statue

By H. O. BISHOP

EIGHTY years ago—when such men as "Uncle Joe" Cannon and Chauncey M. Depew were just getting nicely accustomed to wearing their first trousers—President John Tyler, the members of his Cabinet, the United States Senate, the House of Representatives, the public press; in fact, virtually the entire population of the country, were busily engaged in either ridiculing or defending—mostly ridiculing—the advent of George Washington at the National Capitol minus anything in the way of wearing apparel from the waist upward.

This unusual and conversation-provoking appearance of "The Father of His Country" was in the form of a 20-ton marble statue which had been chiseled on the authorization of Congress to be placed in the main rotunda of the Capitol. It was the idea of Congress to provide a fitting and lasting memorial to the great general and statesman. The sculptor seemed to forget that Washington was a real genuine thoroughbred American and not an old-time Roman. Had the sculptor clothed him as he appeared leading his army of the Revolution, or in the style of civilian dress he wore as President of the United States, the statue today would be reposing in the rotunda of the Capitol where it was expected to remain through the coming centuries, instead of being in the far corner of the Smithsonian Institution just beyond an exhibit of ancient printing presses.

Isn't it strange how the early sculptors and artists disliked making their work thoroughly American?

To add to the oddity of the creation, and to mystify the American onlookers, the artist carved on one side of the base of the statue a long-geared nude woman driving a frisky four-horse team hooked to a chariot; on the opposite side he carved two naked babies, one lying on his "tummy" hiding his eyes with one hand, and the other little chap lying on his back choking a vicious-looking snake with his right fist, and nonchalantly holding a dead snake in his little left hand.

The name of this sculptor was Horatio Greenough, of Massachusetts. In 1832, during the Andrew Jackson Administration, the House of Representatives apparently was stricken with remorse over the way in which Washington's memory had been neglected, and proceeded to pass a resolution authorizing the President of the United States to employ Greenough to "execute in marble, a full-length pedestrian statue of Washington, the head to be a copy of Houdon's Washington, and the accessories to be left to the judgment of the artist."

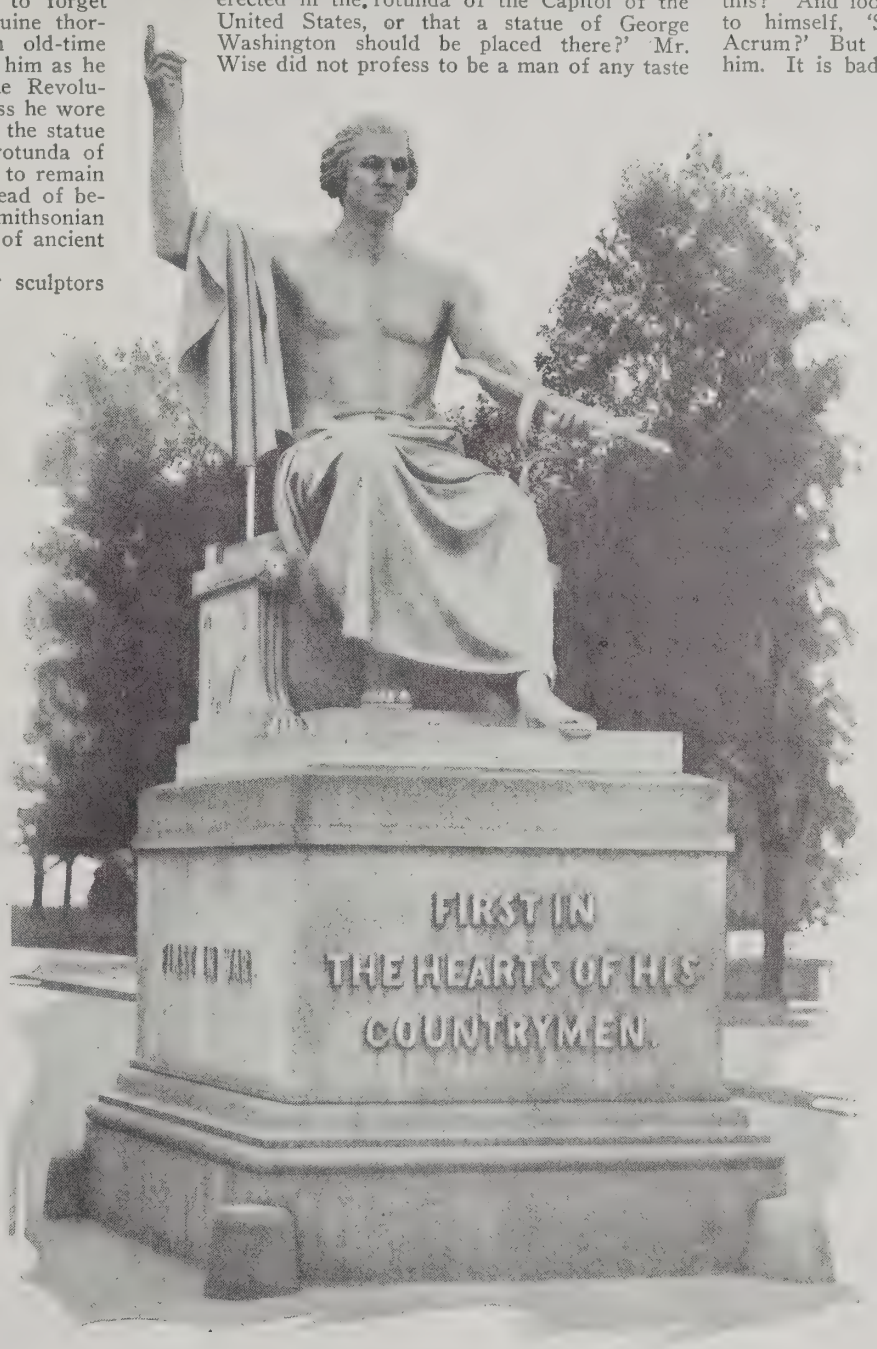
Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, who was then Secretary of State, wrote a letter to Greenough closing the contract for a statue at a cost of $5,000.

Greenough, quite naturally, was highly elated over the privilege of making a statue of the greatest man in America. He immediately sailed for Florence, Italy, where he devoted the following eight years of his life to his beloved task. Early in the spring of 1840 he proudly announced its completion. James K. Paulding, of New York, then Secretary of the Navy, dispatched a war vessel under command of Commodore Hull to bring the statute to America. When Hull reached Florence and saw what a ponderous thing it was, he blued the air a bit and bluntly refused to put it aboard his boat, explaining that it would be necessary to tear out the decks to get the bulky contraption into the hold. A deal was made with Captain Delano, skipper of an American merchant vessel named the Star, to take it to the United States. Delano was not so fussy about his craft as was Commodore Hull. He readily enough made the necessary changes in the deck. The trip across the Atlantic and up the Potomac River to the Navy Yard at Washington was uneventful, but trouble started after the statue was taken off the vessel and laboriously dragged and lugged from the wharf to the Capitol. It was found that Sculptor Greenough had used such a large chunk of marble that it could not be taken through the doorway. This necessitated taking down the doors and removing a considerable portion of the masonry. Its location in the rotunda was so conspicuous that all Washington visited it and boisterously commented on its unbecoming and un-American lack of habiliments. It became the subject of so many jokes and constant ridicule that Congress, in desperation, made an appropriation for its removal from the building.

From the *Congressional Globe,* of May, 1842, is taken a portion of the debate over the statue. Representative Henry Alexander Wise, of Virginia, warmed up considerably on the subject, saying:

"'Was it the wish of the government that an image—a personification such as that—should be erected in the rotunda of the Capitol of the United States, or that a statue of George Washington should be placed there?' Mr. Wise did not profess to be a man of any taste and judgment in the fine arts; but, speaking as an American citizen, he must say that that was not the conception of George Washington which had any place in his mind.

"He had been told, by those who had far higher claims to speak on subjects like this, that to look upon that piece of sculpture made the blood to thrill in one's veins. All Mr. W. could say was, that it never had had any such effect upon him; possibly because he had never looked long enough upon it at any one time. He must confess it had upon him much the same effect as it had produced upon a gentleman from Maryland, one of the olden time, a gentleman of the old school, who, having heard so much said about the statue, mounted his horse and rode a long distance purposely to look at it. Having hitched his horse to a post in front of the Capitol, he mounted the long row of steps and entered the rotunda, where, after looking at the statue a few seconds, turned away from it, as he said the father of his country would do.



Greenough's shirtless statue of George Washington.

"What was it but a plagiarism from the heathen mythology, to represent a Christian hero?—a Jupiter Tornans, or Jupiter Stator, in place of an American hero and sage?—a naked statue of George Washington! Of a man whose skin had probably never been looked upon by any living. It might possibly suit modern Italian taste, but certainly it didn't the American taste."

At this juncture of the debate, Millard Fillmore, a congressman from New York, subsequently vice-president and President of the United States, made an appeal to the speaker declaring Wise to be out of order for irrelevancy. Speaker John White, however, ruled that Wise was in order, and that gentleman proceeded:

"A countryman, entering the rotunda by the library door, and seeing the back of the statue, would very naturally ask, 'Who is this?' And looking at the inscription, would say to himself, 'Simul Acrum! Who is Simul Acrum?' But the next word 'istud' would tell him. It is bad Latin written in Italy."

The report in the *Congressional Globe* continues as follows: "Mr. Wise's objection to the statue was, that it was not American—it was not Christian; it belonged to another age and country. Mr. Wise made some remark here about the position of one hand, as if holding up the clouds—a position better suited to 'the cloud compelling Jove'—and to the graceful surrender of his sword with the other, which some Irishman had mistaken for a harp. He also very sharply criticised the left shin, and seemed no better pleased with the naked feet and sandals. Mr. Wise said he knew he was on dangerous ground; he was not an artist—on the contrary, in works of art he was a perfect ignoramus (a voice—'never a truer word'). He spoke from the untutored taste of nature and of an American citizen who had been taught from his cradle to venerate everything, little or great, which pertained to the greatest man that ever lived. He preferred seeing Washington as Houdon had represented him in the statue in the capitol at Richmond—in a lapeled coat and military boots, with epaulets and a sword by his side. He said he would gladly vote to preserve the head of the Greenough statue, provided the rest of it could be thrown into the Potomac, to hide it from the eyes of all the world, lest the world should think that that was the people's conception of their nation's father."

To get the statue out of the Capitol again required the removal of the doors and the tearing down of the masonry. It was placed on the plaza several hundred feet beyond the main entrance of the Capitol, where it remained for a number of years. Each winter a windowed house was built around it to keep the elements from destroying it through freezing. Its outside position naturally brought forth still more comments of an uncomplimentary character. The authorities finally banished it to a nice dry remote corner of the Smithsonian Institution.

As Greenough progressed with his sculping over in Florence, the cost increased in like proportion. It took many times the original contract price of $5,000 to finish the job.

Poor Greenough was deeply wounded by the rough criticisms. In answering the objection to the nudeness of the statue he said: "When contemporary designs had portrayed Frederick II with his huge walking stick, and his preposterous queue, when the sculptors of the age of Louis XIV had elaborately copied the redundant periwig, the cumbrous robes, and stilted shoes of that monarch, without doubt the assembled courts of France and of Prussia saw in these representations images as imposing as they were exact. What is the effect which they now produce? Irresistible laughter."

From that day to this, sculptors have portrayed American public men as they actually looked in everyday life.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 7, December 10, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Saloon and Chemicalized Booze Are Dead

NOTHING is funnier than the antics of the wets and their allies in the effort to make prohibition appear as a failure. People should survey the spectacle with attention because it offers this generation a vivid comment on the historical and moral fact that evil kills itself. The liquor business, as typified by the saloon, killed itself: it doped its goods with poison, thus maddening and murdering its customers. The distilling of whisky in the old-fashioned manner which required skill and consumed 10 years of time and produced an article which had no delirium tremens accompaniment, gave way to the 10-day method of juggling poisons together and selling them under the name of whisky. Liquor-making toward the end of the saloon era was not the industry it was in its former days, because a certain gang had taken hold of it and changed it for quick profit, thus outlawing the business in the minds of all right-thinking people.

That same gang saw legal prohibition approaching but, undeterred by its threat, turned their agile minds to the problem of making even prohibition profitable. This they did by a national organization of bootleggers —a *national* organization—the directors and big profit-takers of which are all of one class. They are playing the game wildly, and not without the connivance of government officers. Fortunes are being made and lost, but even the lost fortunes go to swell the winnings of a certain gang.

Well, there is to be an end to that also—an end that the jugglers will not be able to juggle. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and madness has marked the liquor business ever since it ceased to be the purveyor of an honestly made product. Its own poison killed it. And its own poison will put an end to the bootleg rebellion against the Constitution of the United States.

It is fortunate for the country, of course, that there are militant persons who go out to do battle against the bootleg evil. But there is also need that they keep their sense of proportion. This is the way the giant dies, with prodigious threshings which make fearful folk fancy he is recovering his strength. The saloon and chemicalized liquor were never so dead as they are today. That which is still in circulation probably has a mission in the world—a mission to finish off quickly the unreconstructible boozers who insist on making their exit by the booze route. At least 95 per cent of former drink victims have been saved. The other five per cent cannot hold out very long—especially on bootleg liquor.

Harvesting Our Forests

WE HAVE had much academic talk about the importance of "forestry" in this country. Spasmodic press condemnation of the reckless commercial exploitation of our timber lands has become familiar. Yet we have not waked up to any vivid realization of the disastrous drouths and floods, consequent on this denudation. The woeful diminishing of our lumber supply has recently impressed many of us through enhanced building costs; but we are still far behind most European countries in appreciation of the vital importance of a broad national forestry policy. In Germany and in France the forests are for the most part national property and are "farmed" with every application of the utmost skill and knowledge, looking not merely to immediate profits, but also to continuous and improved production for generations ahead.

In the Scottish Highlands, exploitation of vast wooded tracts has been brought to such standardized cultivation and results that the annual timber crop yield compares favorably with that from grain crops in the Lowlands. At the same time, these wooded hillsides yield a crop of health and wholesome recreation as the nation's playground—a crop immeasurable in terms of money. University students in particular delight to spend their summer holidays helping in the regular work of contemporaneous planting and harvesting in the woods, and returning to their studies in the autumn physically braced and hardened and with brains cleared and invigorated by their happy outing. Forest fires which are so constant and serious a source of loss in this country are practically unknown abroad, thanks to the adoption of common sense precautions.

Of foremost importance, then, must be considered the experiment now under way on a large tract of forest land in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Here, under the policy adopted, only mature trees are cut. Underbrush and the waste wood incidental to lumbering operations are carefully cleared away to protect the remaining trees against fire and the young trees are permitted to attain maturity. Meantime, the ground about these trees will be seeded so that when they are cut a new growth will be well started.

This radical change in practical methods of treating our forest wealth is in the true interest of the public and may well be commended to nation-wide attention.

"Defensive" Armaments

BRIAND'S plea for the continuance of France's standing army at almost full war strength may have been eloquent, but it is not convincing.

Germany, it is to be hoped, despite the little knot of embittered militarists that still worship Hindenburg and Ludendorff, has come to realize fully that its tremendous war machine made not for security but for danger. Among the German masses it now seems more than probable there is a conviction that preparedness for peace rather than for war will be the nation's best assurance against attack. In demonstration of good faith regarding her obligations and of desire to live in friendly relations with her neighbors and all the world, Germany certainly will possess an assurance of safety which armies and fleets could never give her.

Despite M. Briand's protests of pacific intentions, he was evidently well aware that the atmosphere of the Washington Conference was heavy with distrust of the uses to which France's powerful land forces might be put. Recent events in connection with Upper Silesia and Syria have not tended to inspire entire confidence that France's Army will always be employed defensively.

Despite this shadow of distrust there is undoubtedly a genuine desire on the part of both Britain and the United States to show themselves true friends of France. All this good will and understanding should make it possible for the Conference to devise some plan that would encourage the French to abandon the mailed fist in favor of some better assurance against possible German aggression. Otherwise "defensive" armament will continue to be used as a pretext for aggressive wars.

Much Gold, Little Money

THE financial writers are making much of the fact that practically one-third of the gold supply of the world is now held in this country, so that the Federal Reserve ratio to note issues and deposit liabilities stands at about 71 per cent, the highest ratio since 1917, when our vaults were choked with the gold drawn from Europe in payment of munitions and other war supplies and the life was being choked out of American trade and industry.

We are assured that this flood of gold means "a great abundance of money" which has resulted in unusual strength in the bond market, although it has not as yet depressed call money rates as low as they should go. The truth is we are attempting to carry water on both shoulders. We have launched a greater volume of paper money than the country has ever before known. At the same time, we are locking up in Treasury and bank vaults, and out of circulation, the yellow coin which we insist on regarding as the country's only real money. The effect has been to diminish credit and deprive industry of a dependable medium of exchange. This artificially created currency scarcity is causing widespread business stagnation and industrial paralysis.

It is the old story of "much cry, but little wool."

Facing the Race Issue

ESSENTIALLY statesmanlike as President Harding's Birmingham speech must be regarded, it would be a mistake to consider it more than a tentative approach to tackling the Negro problem. This, indeed, is probably all that the speaker intended. And he will accomplish much if he succeeds in directing intelligent thought anew to the solution of what for generations has been perhaps the most baffling and momentous issue now confronted not only by this nation, but, as the President stated, by the whole world.

Mr. Harding's utterance at Birmingham is compared for importance with the speech a generation ago of that brilliant and great-hearted Georgia newspaper man, Henry W. Grady, when he addressed the New England Society in New York on "The New South." The Grady speech marked a great turning point in the process of reconciliation between the sections of the Union that had been severed in sentiment by the Civil War and its aftermath. It was a noble and brilliant plea to the North to recognize that a new South had risen from the ashes of the old and to get the southern point of view. As Grady's speech aimed at bringing about better understanding between North and South, Harding's speech 35 years later appeals to the nation to get rid of sectionalism altogether and view the Negro problem nationally. This in order to break the political and economic shackles that it has fastened on the South especially, but also on the nation generally, owing to the great migration of colored people to the North and West during the World War.

Mr. Harding is to be thanked and congratulated on his boldness in declaring explicitly that both whites and blacks must recognize "the absolute divergence of the races in things social and racial." The phrase is to be accounted as flat condemnation of that "social equality" so insistently demanded by a few of the more mischievous and unthinking of the Negro leaders and by their ill-advised white sympathizers. "Men of both races may well stand uncompromisingly against every suggestion of social equality," declared the President.

A square deal for the Negro? Yes, and fullest right to the equal protection of our laws in his struggle to better himself economically and culturally. But true friends of the Negro, and the intelligent and thoughtful among the Negroes themselves, must come to see that their lasting welfare lies in frank recognition of the racial differentiation which makes the assimilation involved in social "equality" as impossible for the African as for the Asiatic elements of the population of this Republic.

Man's Unconquerable Soul

TO THE cynic all heroism is futile. He sees man sooner or later overborne by a relentless and victorious Fate, no matter how bravely he may fight, however patiently and persistently he may strive, however stoically he may endure the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Yet to all of us comes at times a strange inner assurance that no repulse is final; that we fall to rise again, are baffled to fight better. Walt Whitman sang peans not to victorious generals only, he also honored "those who had gone down in the fight, the defeated and vanquished persons." And Lowell's saying: "Not failure, but low aim is crime," rings responsive in every true soul.

The function of tragedy is purgative, Aeschylus tells us; "the purification of the emotions through pity." But his own tragedies meant more than that. They pointed the same great truth which W. E. Henley voiced with such force in our own day: the truth of man's unconquerable soul; the soul which man captains in his mastery of fate. This theme of the old Greeks, evidently, is given modern emphasis in Eugene O'Neill's new play, "The Straw." His portrayal of the girl dying with tuberculosis yet radiant with new plans for happiness stirs the heart to its depths. The highest peak of tragedy, after all, is not in death and its apparent triumph. It is rather in the often unconscious valor of the last proud gesture of the captain going down with his vessel; in the cheery goodby of John Jacob Astor as he placed his wife in the lifeboat of the Titanic.

Happily, instances of this superiority of the soul to Fate are not exceptional. One might well say that they are the rule. Every day and in every community, there are men and women who hold to the ancient dignity of the race in the face of defeat and disaster—men and women who can smile "when everything goes dead wrong." It is some dim consciousness of this supremacy of the soul shown not only in supremely dramatic crises, but also in the recurring troubles and trials of commonplace existence, that is our assurance of that something in the inmost center in us all which makes Fate powerless to harm us. We know we are immortal and will go on

"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds."

Mr. Ford's Page

PRICES are not falling so much as they are being knocked down here and there, which usually occurs where the buyer has the power to force it. Large buyers are at present better equipped to bring about a reduction of prices than are small buyers. Indeed, the retail buyer of daily necessities will testify that in some lines there has scarcely been any reduction at all. All the talk of the "buyer's strike" was calculated to give the impression that prices had reached rock-bottom, but the plain people cannot be blamed if they take the testimony of their own purses in preference to the headlines in the newspapers.

On the average, prices will approximate normalcy when they reach a point about 15 per cent above the average point of 1912-14. That means that in some lines prices have still a big drop ahead of them. If we were all working for the good of the world, trying to do the best for the least cost, it could safely be said that prices would decrease below the before-the-war standard. But that need not be expected yet. Time will come when prices will be a negligible question—because money will cease to be the superstitiously precious thing it now is.

The point about prices is this: they are not regulated by natural law, and in very few instances by man-made law, but they are almost wholly in the control of individuals or small committees of individuals.

Now, that statement means more than at first appears. For one thing, it means this: that the young men and women students of political economy who are being taught that the rise and fall of prices are the result of natural economic law, are being taught something that might be true under a natural order but which is decidedly not true under our artificial order.

There may be such a "law" as "supply and demand," or it may only be a figure of speech; again it may only be a description of a certain reaction of raw human nature. Anyway, this so-called law of "supply and demand" has mighty little chance to work, and wears a suspicious appearance on all sides. "The law of supply and demand" is an expression which covers a mass of ignorance among theoretical economists, and a multitude of tricks among practical economists.

Practically, prices are changed by individuals, and the change is mostly made arbitrarily. That is, any spurious internal need of a corporation may cause a rise in prices: the need for dividends, the need for an extra lot of money for speculative purposes—anything like that. As a matter of fact most of the price juggling is done with a financial instead of an industrial purpose in view. God help the business where finance is at the top instead of at the bottom! Where finance rules for its own purposes, industry and service have little chance. The finest kind of banking is often the poorest kind of business.

Industrialists are always working toward ends that will reduce prices; financiers are always working toward ends that will increase prices. Why? Because the universe of the industrialist turns on the desire to make the best article at the lowest cost for the greatest number, while the financier's universe is comprehended in the mere money—mere money, than which by itself nothing is more useless!

Now, since price control has been lifted out of the realm of natural law and into the hands of financial groups, there is this to say: It would be just as easy to reduce prices as to increase them. It is too bad that words can seem so tame when they are really carrying a significant truth—for it is a significant truth: *it would be just as easy to reduce prices as to increase them.*

At every price change, whether up or down, there is always a readjustment. Men quail before the readjustment which would have to come if they reduced prices, but there is just as serious a readjustment to be made when prices are increased. The only difference is that the readjustment which accompanies a price reduction is a readjustment in the direction of bigger volume, wider employment, livelier business, brisker movements of materials, a general stimulus all round; while the readjustment which accompanies price increase resembles a tree freezing itself in for the winter. One liberates, the other shackles. One starts trade, the other bottles it up.

The world readjusts itself to whatever these committees of control may do. But there is one adjustment that is toward prosperity and there is another that is toward world poverty. Financiers may always be trusted to take the course that leads toward world poverty—because it means ready money in hand, right away, quick! They are not to be regarded as deliberately doing this out of the cruelty of their hearts. No, no; poor men, they don't know any better. They are steeped in the deepest of all the superstitions of the dark centuries, that money is wealth, and that there can be no money but that based on gold.

Of course, that is where our "law" of "supply and demand" is lifted out of the region of goods into the region of money. There is such a thing as "supply and demand" in the money market. But it is artificially stimulated. Money is a commodity which is bought and sold, and sometimes the price of it is high, and sometimes low, according as the money monopolists may decree. Money merchants are merchants indeed, but unlike potato merchants or corn merchants or cloth merchants they do not sell their goods; money merchants control the money supply; they rent out money, on their own terms. It is thus clear that, living as we do under a system which makes money the first commodity into which all other commodities may be changed, the money merchant has the first advantage. And he keeps it.

So, it is not our demand for goods, nor the condition of the supply of goods, that determines prices, so much as it is the price of money. If money is high, the financial pressure is put upon the purely industrial or merchandising institutions, and prices go up. It is merely a method of collecting from the public to meet some demand which comes down from the upper region of finance. It has nothing whatever to do with supply and demand as related to goods and merchandise; it is purely a fiscal game.

Now, money ought not to usurp this ruling place, because money has no inherent worth that justifies its position as the first commodity. Money, by itself, is worth nothing. It has its worth from the life, labor, skill, honesty, self-restraint and association of the people. Where these are absent money has no value. It would seem, therefore, that the first wealth, the wealth that gives worth to money, is just these things—life, labor, skill, honesty, and so forth, and they ought to come first. As a matter of fact they do, but the false money system is able to make it appear otherwise.

Our economic life will never be right until money becomes like coal—something to use. The User is greater than the Thing Used; therefore, industry is greater than finance, and instead of finance dictating to industry, Industry should be able to regard Finance as one of its tool departments, or a transportation department, and no more. Money will one day become cheap and its lure will fade away because it will be subordinate to industry and not master of it. A heap of money will be like a heap of bolts and nuts—means wherewith to keep business going.

If you can make money the first commodity and then keep the price of money up, you can rule the world—until—until—someone discovers what a hoax it all is.

IT is as easy to reduce prices as to increase them. Either way, there must be readjustment, but the readjustment which accompanies reduced prices favors sound prosperity, while readjustment to high prices is like the freezing of a river. The price situation is unnatural. The so-called "law" of supply and demand is not permitted to operate. The arbitrary decision of unwise men determines most price changes. Above that, putting a price to money is the highest arbitrary power that anyone can exercise. Our money superstition leads us ignorantly to pass our money over to a banking group which rents it back to us, and the "rent" or interest greatly affects prices. At bottom is the Money Question—why the people lost control over a commodity which is theirs and which without them is nothing.

Discovering a New World for City Children

By R. P. CRAWFORD

IN A quiet little park in the residence section of Brooklyn, New York, is an old house, once the home of a prosperous citizen of another day. But now, with the surrounding land given over to civic purposes, this house has become one of the most interesting and novel and useful institutions in the world. Every boy and girl in Brooklyn knows what it is—the Children's Museum. That is its only name, and it is operated solely for the benefit of children, although grown-ups may look in, too, if they desire. It has an annual attendance of more than 200,000.

The Children's Museum is a unique institution and a new departure for cities. To every child it aims to bring a knowledge of the great outdoors, an appreciation of the history of our own country, and an interest in travel. With its frequent excursions to woods and water, its illustrated lectures expressly for children, its own children's scientific library, its numerous clubs and activities, and the big old-fashioned house just chock-full of everything to interest a boy or girl, the Children's Museum is really a great after-school-hours club for Brooklyn's young people.

"In any large city one realizes how small are the opportunities for the ordinary boy and girl to realize what the great outdoors really means," Miss Margaret W. Carmichael, of the museum staff, explained to me. "With the present-day system of apartment living, the children see little enough of the woods and water, anyway, besides having small outlet for their surplus energies. There are many boys who do not know whether they would like to live in the country, or take up some line of scientific work because they have had no opportunity really to find out where their natural bent lies. What we try to do is to interest them in a great number of things, and unfold an entirely new world to the city boy and girl."

And this museum succeeds in its undertaking, too. It has been largely responsible for the planting of hundreds of trees along the streets; it has a Children's Museum League, with more than 6,000 boy and girl members; it sponsors organizations in woodcraft and among bird lovers, besides helping the Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls; it has its own "research courses," with medals to be awarded; it has taken a great part in Americanizing the foreign children. It is an Open Door to a Wonder World, and such is its slogan.

This museum in Bedford Park is under the direction of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, which has done so much to quicken the artistic life in that city. But as far as the museum itself is concerned, it is entirely separate. The Children's Museum is several blocks from the larger museum of the institute. It has the building to itself. Money for maintaining the museum comes from the city treasury, but the money for the exhibits and many of its most interesting ventures comes from private sources, one of the most prominent of which is the Woman's Auxiliary, an organization of 1,000 women who have done fine things to help it along.

But nothing is done on a parsimonious scale. There are some 12 persons connected with the administration of the museum, and with the hundreds of children who flock in after school each day, it keeps them busy. The museum has no connection with the public schools of the city, although it aims to co-operate with them. It makes its especial appeal to the boys and girls before they reach the teen age, while they are still in the grade school. It is these who can make the most use of it, too, because they are the ones who have the most time on their hands, and also the ones for whom usually the least has been done through organizations and entertainments. Miss Anna B. Gallup, the curator of the museum, and her corps of assistants have developed here a program of interesting work and practical entertainment that is perhaps unequaled anywhere.

In some respects this institution is as dignified and imposing as its elder brother, the big Brooklyn Museum. It has a regular course of lectures, a regular course of study, and a real scientific library, in charge of a librarian, but the whole is brought down to the level of a child. Because most of the children are from the city, unusual attention in the exhibits has been given to the natural sciences. Practically every snake, every bird, every moth and butterfly, and most animal curiosities to be found within street car radius of New York City are on exhibition. Then, when the child sees these things in the park or out in the country, he can recognize them. There are large models of flowers and seeds, showing a flower opening, or a section of a seed, so that a child may see just how changes in the plant kingdom take place.

The history of our own country is represented in unique fashion by a series of displays representing different periods and events. Each of these displays is a little stage with a glass front. The different types of people who settled America are shown graphically by tiny figures and home scenes that a child is not likely to forget. One sees the Quakers, Cavaliers, Dutch, Spaniards, French and New England people just as they were during the early days of our country. The war with Mexico, the War of 1812, and other events are laid out in a fashion that a child cannot easily forget. The Half Moon, Hendrik Hudson's ship, is shown by a little model, with the explanation that a modern ocean vessel can carry as much cargo as 125 Half Moons.

The countries of the world are illustrated by scenes and displays of all sorts. There are dolls from everywhere, each in appropriate costume. The rice industry in China is shown by a series of models, as are the methods of transportation in that country. There are minerals of all sorts and every kind of sea shell that a child can find on Long Island. And so it goes, a very practical display of all sorts of subjects from a muskrat hut and muskrats to models of diamonds and a collection of minerals. One case is devoted to things discovered and brought to the museum by the children themselves.

But it is in the outdoor work that one catches the best insight into what the museum is doing. Nearly every Saturday and throughout the summer season there are excursions to the near-by woods under the guidance of an instructor. One can go a long distance for 30 or 35 cents on street cars and subways around New York, and the excursion ends up well out in the open places. Here the boys and girls are turned loose, so to speak. They gather all sorts of botanical and insect specimens, which they later bring to the museum and prepare for a permanent collection. The instructor points out the different kinds of birds, insects and trees. After a few trips of this sort the boy or girl begins to imbibe a great deal of practical information about the great out-of-doors. After school hours during the year there are little trips to near-by Prospect Park and in Bedford Park, where the museum is located.

One of the biggest undertakings of the museum was the organization of the Tree Club. It was originally started as a junior branch of the American Association for the Planting and Preservation of City Trees, but, to tell the truth, the Tree Club has about outgrown the parent organization. Today the Tree Club has more than 7,000 boy and girl members. Its purpose is the study of trees, the protection of growing trees, and the planting of trees in sections where they are most needed. By signing the pledge and paying 10 cents for a badge, the boy or girl becomes a full-fledged tree warden.

"I promise to study, to protect, and to help plant trees whenever and wherever called upon," says the pledge. "I will be loyal, honest and obedient and will help promote good-fellowship in behalf of trees. I will be courteous and patient in all my requests for the care of trees, and will win for my 'tree warden' badge respect and honor."

This organization has made it decidedly easier for the Brooklynite to plant trees on the parking. Formerly it required a lot of red tape to obtain a permit to cut a hole in the sidewalk and set in a tree. Now for $10 any Brooklyn resident may call up the park department, which will cut the sidewalk, set in the tree, and guarantee it for three years. The city also looks after the trees along the parking. Directly and indirectly, this organization of boys and girls has been responsible for some 3,000 trees being planted on the parkings.

Six out of 10 blocks on Albany avenue have been planted by the Tree Club directly out of the club's own funds. The money for the work is procured by gathering old papers, tinfoil and rubber and selling them. There are a dozen or more chapters of the Tree Club and each chapter has its own meetings. A captain and four workers in the Tree Club constitute a squad and each squad works to gather up as much old paper, rubber and tinfoil as possible. The winning squads are usually taken on some little extra trip and nature excursion.

An important part of the activities consists in getting rid of the tussock moths, which for several years have ravaged the trees in Brooklyn. The boys and girls collect the egg masses of the moths from the trees and when they have a cigar box full bring it to the museum to be burned.

Best of all, this work gives the boys and girls something useful to do and makes them feel they are accomplishing things. The tree wardens, as those who have signed the pledge are called, take a keen interest in the work. If they see a man's horse nibbling the bark off a tree, they can call the man's attention to the fact, and their request will be respected. If they see the caterpillars eating certain trees, they can notify the park department and the spraying wagon will arrive to put an end to it.

The Woodcraft Club is a smaller organization, consisting of some four "tribes," which features outdoor living for boys. The Bird Lovers' Club is mainly an organization of adults, which meets at the Children's Museum from October to May. The Woman's Auxiliary is an organization of women which stands sponsor for many of the activities of the Children's Museum and helps wherever help is needed. There are three classes of membership here, one class at $1 a year, another class at $5, and a third class at $25. If some children cannot afford to go on excursions this organization supplies the money, as well as financing many of the side lines. There are about 1,000 women members.

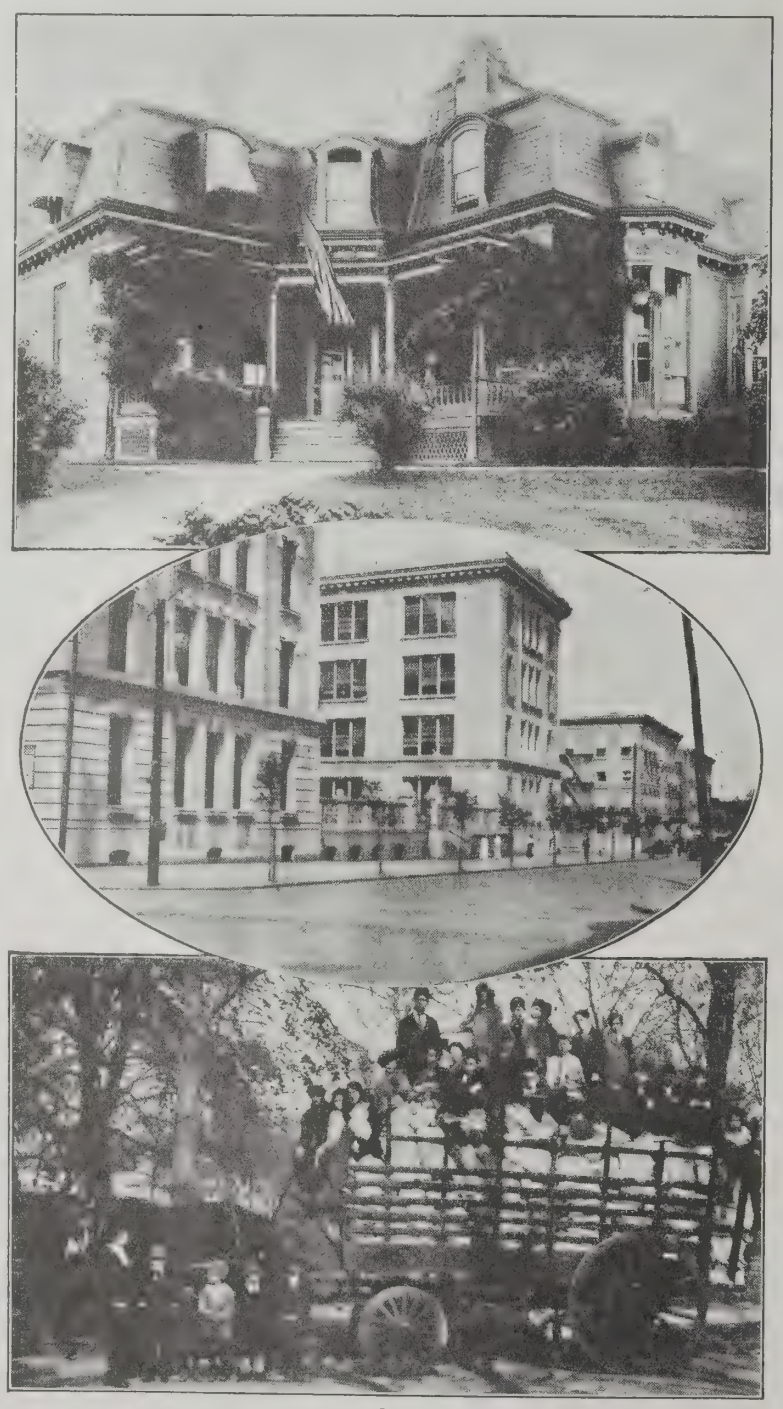
The study programs for the boys and girls during the winter months are interesting features of the museum. Credits are awarded for study in various lines, and 50 credits means a bronze medal and 100 credits a silver medal. For instance, there is animal study, aquarium study, insect study, bird study, mineral study, botany, history and geography, each with from 10 to 20 credits. The boy or girl does a certain amount of elementary study, writes a composition and presents the results of his or her investigation at a meeting of the Children's Museum League, just as grown-up scientists do for their advanced degrees. The library, in the museum is a busy place, well equipped with scientific books, which are eagerly consulted by the youngsters.

There also is a lecture hall in the museum, and this is busy about all the time the children are out of school. Virtually every school day there is a children's lecture at 4 p. m., and lectures both Saturday morning and afternoon. Usually they are illustrated with lantern slides or motion pictures. Preceding holidays there are special programs appropriate to those days.

The Children's Museum League includes the boys and girls, some 6,000 of them, who come to the museum regularly, and has its own officers and meetings, where scientific affairs are discussed with all the enthusiasm of youth. There are all sorts of museum games, which are played by the children. The Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls often take their tests at the Children's Museum.

One might go on and enumerate almost indefinitely things that have been accomplished. There have been special parties of foreign boys and girls organized and, through the historical exhibits, given an insight into American institutions and customs. There have been special parties for crippled and blind children.

But the biggest thing is the new world that is gradually unfolded to the city children. They begin to realize something of the great outdoors and free country. Through this Open Door to a Wonder World more than one boy is finding his life work.



Top—The Children's Museum in Brooklyn, New York, a unique institution maintained exclusively for boys and girls. Center—After the trees were set out. The Tree Club connected with the Children's Museum has been responsible for the planting of hundreds of trees along Brooklyn parkings. For years to come the children will be able to see the results of their labors. Bottom—The Tree Club raises money for planting trees by gathering up old newspapers and magazines, tinfoil and rubber.



DR. WALTER E. CLARK,

President of the University of Nevada, who is building for his state a higher institution of learning on a population of less than one to the square mile.

Least-Populated State Is Building a Fine University

By DR. WALTER E. CLARK

WITH a population of one, or less, to the square mile of its 111,000 square miles of area, a number of inhabitants less than that of many a county and not a few cities in other near-by states; with a name which in itself tells of peaks from which the snow never melts, and gaunt ranges whose prevailing color is white, and with only two industries to which its young men and young women may turn, one western state has built for itself a university which is fast taking rank with the best of its contemporary institutions in that vast area from the Rocky Mountains to the Sunset Sea.

Born with the state constitution, away back in 1864, the University of Nevada has redeemed the pledge of the founders of the "snow-crowned" state, when they guaranteed in their organic law that "there shall be an institution of higher education free to all the people," a pledge written into the original constitution nearly 60 years ago. Today, that university, with only mining and agriculture as the industries to which its graduates may turn for careers within their own state, ranks, save for size, with the universities of Arizona, New Mexico, Washington, Oregon, and even California.

The story of the University of Nevada is told here by a man whose every word shows that he has found his life's work, that his heart as well as his mind is bound up with the state and the university.

THOUGH the University of Nevada was promised to the people in the constitution of 1864, under which the one-time territory of Washoe was admitted to the Union, nine years of planning and negotiations for Federal aid were required before the work of building the university was actually commenced in Elko, in 1873. The old building, which, in those early years, served as the state university, was torn down, only last year, to make way for a new civic building. In 1885, the university was moved to a sagebrush-covered sandhill just outside the village of Reno. Here, through the toil and patience and faith of regents, president and faculty members, and through the generous support of the then small population of the state, as well as of certain influential friends outside the state, university campus, a set of buildings and equipment worthy of the work to be done, and of the present-day development of Nevada, has been developed and is now firmly established.

Through the more than a third of a century which has passed since that day and date, many have served the state by helping to build up this university, not alone in buildings and equipment, but in spirit and efficiency, but there is one whose constructive service towers above the rest as the peaks of the Sierra Nevada rise over the plateau on which Nevada rests. That man is the late president, Joseph Edward Stubbs. During the 20 years of his administration, commencing in 1895, the university was transformed. In campus terms, the change was from a treeless waste of sand to the present beauty spot of the entire state. In working plant terms, the change was from the three old poorly equipped buildings to 14 well-equipped college buildings. In academic terms, the change was from what was little more than a high school, to a fully standardized and modern state university, with three co-ordinated colleges.

New Buildings Added

SINCE the death of Mr. Stubbs, development and advancement have been continued along the lines he established, and three major buildings and two farm buildings have been added to the permanent plant. Agriculture and mining are the two industries of the state; consequently to best equip our young men and women for a life work in this state, we are devoting great interest and attention to the proper instruction in these. The agricultural building, situated directly east of University Lake, is one of the finest and best-equipped buildings on the campus. The beautiful Educational Building suggests clearly the new west line of the academic quadrangle, and stands as a fair model for the other three buildings which, eventually, will come to complete the west and east sides, as the regents are now planning development of the campus. The mines experiment building completes the housing for the expanded mining work of the university, affording, as it does, ample space for experimental work in the rare and precious metals of the entire United States.

On the 213-acre stock farm, four miles south of Reno, beginnings have been made on an important plant for this great branch of the university for the training of leaders in the state's original industry—stock raising.

Further improvements will follow, some financed by the state, and some through private generosity.

The growth of the university is remarkably consistent and greater than its strongest proponents had expected. During the autumn term, 1921-22, men to the number of 400 and 235 women enrolled, a total of 635, as compared with 465 in 1920, and 389 in 1919, a steady, satisfactory growth. It is worth noting that, of the 65 special students, only 31 are really specials, the remaining 34 being war service men, assigned by the Federal Government. The College of Arts and Sciences enrolls 373 students, including 40 enrolled in the School of Education. The College of Engineering enrolls 200, of whom 68 are in the School of Mines, 109 in the Schools of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, and 23 in the School of Civil Engineering. The College of Agriculture has an enrollment of 62, including 32 enrolled in the School of Home Economics.

Faculty Meets Every Student

OF THESE 635 students, 393 are from Nevada; 188 from California, and 54 from other places, including 24 states of the Union outside Nevada and California; England, Japan, China, Guatemala and the Philippine Islands. To be the guides and friends of this increasing student body, the university has selected a staff of men and women highly trained and seasoned by successful experience in building the leaders of tomorrow. Important student advantages at this university are that leading members of the faculty teach freshmen as well as seniors and that the classes are small enough to permit of personal contact by the faculty members with every student. No student at the University of Nevada ever is lost in a human mass; he is an individual from the first freshman day, and, if worthy, he or she soon has real friends among the teachers.

The students follow many courses, as the university is prepared with practical instruction to fit youths for high service in any one of a score of different walks in life. There is an excellent general, practical course in liberal arts and sciences. Special selection of studies in this college will give the necessary preliminary training for later professional study of law or medicine. The university grants its four-year degree to any good student, who, after completing three years of pre-medical or pre-legal work here, goes to a first-class medical or law school and certifies back to the university one year's good work in this professional school.

In engineering, the University of Nevada has won general reputation, and the fame of its engineering school has so spread that students come to it not only from east of the Mississippi River, but from China, the Philippines and South and Central America. Its museum contains one of the most complete collections of minerals in the United States, if not in the world. The College of Agriculture, the Agricultural Experiment Station, and the Agricultural Extension Division are co-operating in service not only to Nevada but to all the inter-mountain states. Important experiments in the irrigation of grain crops, potatoes and alfalfa, and in testing to discover the varieties of grains, potatoes, alfalfa and other crops which are the best suited to Nevada soils and climate, are being made constantly; insect enemies of Nevada crops are being studied, and practical experiments are being carried on to determine the best methods of range management to the ends of re-vegetating depleted ranges, of increasing the percentage of lambs in flocks, of preventing further injury to the white sage ranges, of avoiding or minimizing losses from poisonous range plants, and of reducing horse, cattle or poultry loss through diseases and insect pests.

Whole State Is Benefiting

THE Extension Service of the university is bringing the latest and best ideas and methods of progressive agriculture, stock raising and rural life betterment into every district in the state. The School of Home Economics is training young women for service in their own homes and in the community. Teachers for Nevada schools are being trained by a corps of specialists in the new Educational Building.

One of the most important branches of work done by the University of Nevada is carried on through its Public Service Department, which provides the whole state with expert service in public health matters through the Bureau of Hygiene in safeguarding food and drugs; in assaying Nevada ore finds for prospectors and in making soil tests for agriculturists, through the Bureau of Weights and Measures, and in preventing and arresting the spread of contagious diseases in the state's 2,000,000 or more head of livestock. As an example, one of these bureaus assayed in the past two years more than 5,000 samples of ore from 178 of the 226 post offices in the state.

During 1920, two new and nationally important Federal agencies—the Mining Experiment Station and the Federal Wireless Station—were assigned to the campus of the University of Nevada. The experiment station experts serve not only Nevada but the whole nation, through their researches into the secrets of rare and precious metals. The superintendent of the station is one of the nation's greatest experts on radium, and in the equipment of the station is more than $60,000 worth of radium. Six carloads of special machinery are now being installed in the new building, which houses this Mining Experiment Station.

Summarizing, it should be said, first, that the University of Nevada deliberately has adopted and is enforcing a policy of limitation of student numbers, believing that quality results can be attained better in the college which has an enrollment of less than 1,000 than in an institution of greater enrollment. To those who enter, the university offers the best of general college education; opportunities for special training to fit them for medicine, the law, business, teaching, home and social service, agriculture, or for civil, electrical, mechanical or mining engineering. In all its training, its emphasis is on quality.



The Building of the College of Agriculture, University of Nevada, at Reno.

The Educational Building of the University of Nevada.

Jews as New York Magistrates See Them

The Restrained Opinions of Men Who See Alien Jews in Their Anti-American Attitudes: Straight Talk From Americans

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has been frequently importuned to make exposure of the Jewish crime record in New York and other cities, but up to this time has chosen not to do so. The material is mountainous and the facts are damaging, but THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will continue to assume that the majority of the Jewish people do not approve of criminal acts even against non-Jewish life and property. This paper prefers to confine its attention to those matters which are plainly within the purpose and approval of the Jewish leaders. There is a decided criminal element in the Jewish Question, and no small part of the criminality flows directly or indirectly from the attitude of the Jewish leaders, but the Great Crime is the introduction of corruptive and anti-American ideas into American life, and Jewish leaders cannot escape responsibility for that.

The magistrates of every city with a considerable Jewish population know the facts. In practically every state in the Union there is today a celebrated case where some Jew, through money or influence, is playing horse with American law. It is locally known, but not generally, except in two or three instances. The local press—deriving 80 per cent of its support from Jewish advertising—is usually very discreet, preferring to leave the matter to the courts. Strange things occur in the courts, such as judges being taken into very lucrative partnerships after giving decisions favorable to wealthy Jewish defendants.

The following extracts of opinions given THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT by magistrates of the City of New York are offered in the hope that the Jewish leaders will read and digest them, and see, if possible, what a hopeless game they are playing. The Jewish Question of today is turning about in the direction of the Jewish Question of tomorrow—which is, When are the Jewish Leaders going to admit that their game is a losing one? They *see* it now; but they must *admit* it and *quit* it. And it will not be surprising if a mass movement of the Jewish people compel them to do so.

Jews Neglect Their Own, Says Judge

"THE Jewish race," said one of the magistrates, "seems deliberately blind to its own faults. Some 12 years ago, General Bingham, then police commissioner, found it necessary to call attention to certain criminal tendencies of the East Side Jews. His criticisms were bitterly resented. I venture to say, however, that there are few men who preside in our inferior courts who will not readily endorse those views of General Bingham in their application to the conditions of the present day."

(It was because of General Bingham's criticisms that the New York Kehillah was increased in power—not to clean up conditions, but to shut up the critics.)

"The different groups, racial or religious of New York City, have always each supported institutions for the care of its fallen women. We have the Magdalen Home, the Protestant Episcopal House of Mercy and the Catholic House of the Good Shepherd. The Jews alone are the exception. Yet it does not require more than a short experience in the Magistrates' Courts to convince one that more than two-thirds of the fallen women in the metropolis are of the Jewish race. This fact and the urgent necessity of caring for these unfortunates was laid before some prominent Jews. They gave the assurance that ample provision was being made by a group of wealthy Jewish families to endow an institution of the kind. However, nothing was done or even contemplated. The Jews absolutely ignored the issue. And today we magistrates are compelled, as usual, to commit such Jewish women to the Protestant Episcopal and Catholic homes.

"This is indicative of a strange refusal to look facts in the face, if the facts reflect on the Jews. A lawyer, once highly prominent in Jewish circles here, became involved in a blackmailing scandal with a notorious member of his race known as the 'Wolf of Wall Street.' The 'wolf' was convicted and sent to a Federal prison. The lawyer was scathingly denounced by the Appellate Court and only escaped disbarment because of his age. The Jews of New York deliberately refused to condemn this man's nefarious acts. Only the other day they 'honored' him by dedicating a library to him in one of their charitable institutions, and hanging his portrait on the wall. An action such as this smacks a great deal of an absence of moral sense."

VOLUME two of this series of Jewish Studies entitled "Jewish Activities in the United States," being the second volume of "The International Jew," twenty-two articles, 256 pages, will be sent to any address at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

One magistrate prefaced his remarks by stating that he had no desire to dwell upon any special misdemeanors or crimes that might be considered peculiar to the Jewish race. But he pointed out that a more serious situation than one caused by sporadic criminality had been created by reason of a persistent class movement among the Jews.

The "Big Jews" Encourage Error

"ANY law," he said, "which appears to be obnoxious to the self-centered Jewish element, is deliberately ignored by them, or opposed with a stubborn resistance which neither time nor education seems to mitigate. The result is that our Magistrates' Courts and the Court of Special Sessions are crowded with cases of violations of that character. The newly arrived Jews especially are apparently determined to subordinate this country to their own desires, rather than to accommodate themselves to the conditions here as other races do.

"The most blatant example of this attitude is in connection with the law relating to Sabbath breaking. Our Penal Law is plain and specific on this matter. It states:

> The first day of the week being by general consent set apart for rest and religious uses, the law prohibits the doing on that day of certain acts hereinafter specified, which are serious interruptions of the repose and religious liberty of the community.
>
> A violation of the foregoing prohibition is Sabbath breaking.

"Sabbath breaking is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or by imprisonment in a county jail, and where the offense is aggravated by a previous conviction, the fine and jail sentence are doubled. Yet the various acts specified as Sabbath breaking are violated openly and with insolent impunity by thousands of Jews every Sunday in New York. Their race has much to say about its own religious liberty, but it thinks nothing of outraging the religious liberties of other races. If any serious attempt were made to enforce this statute in the Jewish districts, the police would be compelled to arrest the larger part of the population.

"These Jews are determined to trade and traffic and to keep their factories and workshops going on the American Sunday. They impose their will upon the greatest city in the United States, through silent resistance and the sheer force of numbers.

"The Jews of whom I am speaking, are mostly from Eastern Europe—Russia, Galicia and Poland. They are of the first or second generation of immigrants. They generally speak and read only the Yiddish tongue. *But it is a deplorable fact that Americanized Jews of prominence, openly encourage these ignorant people in their defiance of the law.* Whenever Yiddish tradesmen and manufacturers are arrested for Sabbath breaking, hosts of Jewish lawyers spring to their defense, and powerful Jewish societies intervene to protect them. The Jewish Sabbath Alliance, with offices on Fifth Avenue, *conducts a constant propaganda among the ghetto people, urging them to insist upon their alleged legal right* to pursue their ordinary vocations on the American Sunday. And it provides them with legal counsel when they get into trouble.

Defiance of Sunday Law and Public Rights

"JEWISH lawyers set up the specious claim that these people from Eastern Europe observe another day as 'holy time,' and therefore have a right to labor and traffic on Sunday. Some of the Jewish magistrates encourage this contention by discharging such lawbreakers. But there is no question of religion in these Sunday violations. It is merely money greed. These Jews are so hot after money that they are afraid of losing some if they close their shops on Sunday. This is easily proved by the fact that *when the Jews find it to their interest or convenience to observe Sunday closing, they do it by agreement among themselves.*

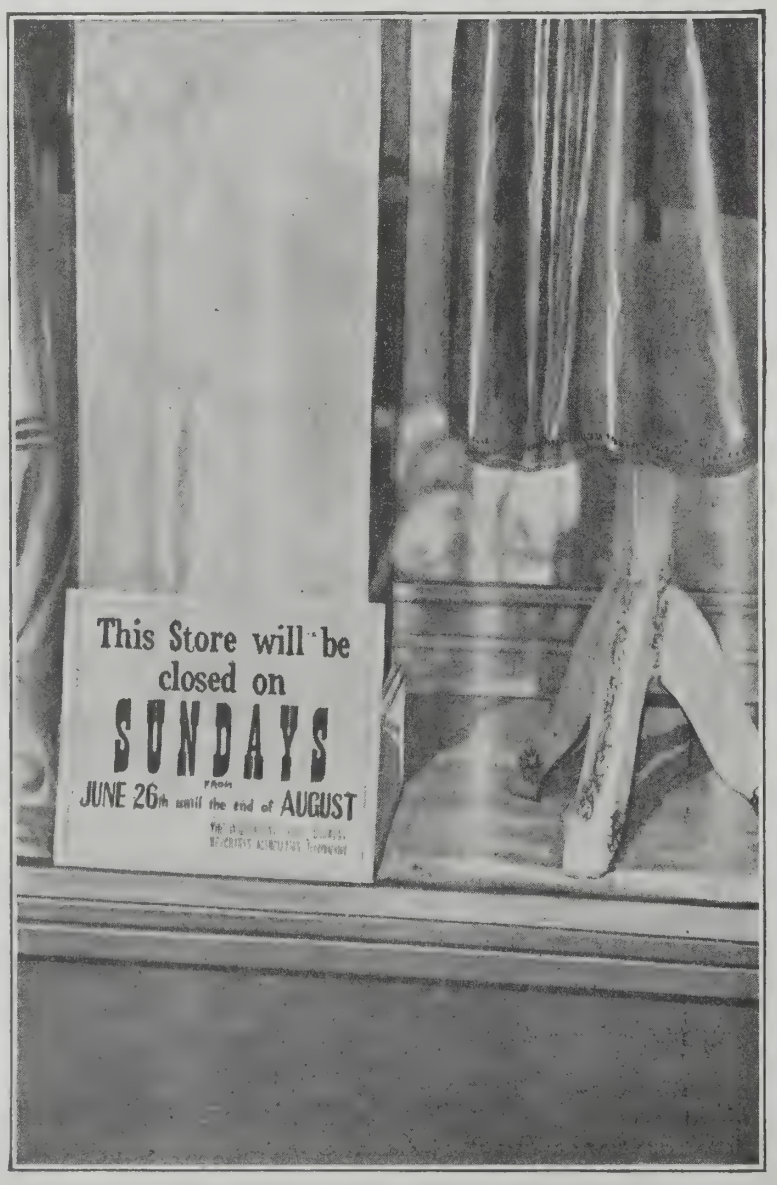
"This was demonstrated during last summer. In Rivington and Delancey streets, and in fact throughout the ghetto, there were signs posted in the shop windows of Jews, authorized by an organization calling itself 'The Independent Ladies Garment Merchants Association, Incorporated.' The notices read:

> This Store will be
> closed on
> SUNDAYS
> from
> JUNE 26th until the end of AUGUST
>
> The Independent Ladies Garment
> Merchants Association, Incorporated

"In other words *these shopkeepers were spending week-ends at the Yiddish summer resorts. They didn't want any of their competitors to steal the trade of customers during their absence. So they all agreed to close up. The question of religion did not enter their minds.*

"Jews of the more intelligent and well-to-do class are also constantly attempting to break the Sabbath laws in sections of the city where their race does not predominate. Non-Jewish merchants have had to organize associations to protect themselves against this unfair competition. If a non-Jew is arrested for Sabbath-breaking, he suffers. The Jewish Sabbath-breaker goes free. This gives the Jew an unfair advantage.

"Not long ago there was a large advertising sign posted conspicuously on the platforms of the elevated railroad. *A Jewish wholesale house on Fifth Avenue* notified buyers that its salesrooms would be open from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. every Sunday afternoon. I thought this was going a little too far, and I called the attention of several of the protective associations to the methods practiced by this firm. The signs soon afterward disappeared. However, such tactics are continually being attempted by Jewish merchants and manufacturers in the Bronx



Sunday closing is so unusual that they advertise it.

and on the West Side of the city, in an effort to gain a business advantage over their non-Jewish competitors.

"But there are means of putting an immediate and effective stop to all this rascality. This would be by enforcing Section 2149 of the Penal Law, which provides for the forfeiture of commodities exposed for sale on Sunday. The section reads:

> In addition to the penalty imposed by Section 2142, all property and commodities exposed for sale on the first day of the week in violation of the provisions of this article shall be forfeited. Upon conviction of the offender by the justice of the peace of a county, or by a police justice or magistrate, such officer shall issue a warrant for the seizure of the forfeited articles, which when seized, shall be sold on one day's notice, and the proceeds paid to the overseers of the poor, for the use of the poor of the town or city.

"This statute is not enforced. But I believe we shall yet be compelled to enforce it in New York. The seizure of the stocks of some of these Jewish shopkeepers would be the most effective lesson one could administer in teaching them to respect the law."

The Tendency of Jews to Abuse Power

ANOTHER magistrate expressed himself still more forcibly on the Jewish question. "These people from Eastern Europe," he said, "are tending to destroy all American conceptions of right and justice. Day after day, my court is crowded with Jewish people. I am compelled to fine and warn them. The attitude of the women is especially truculent. They have adopted a misconception of woman's suffrage. They say to me: 'This is a woman's country. Woman can do what she likes—men can't.'

"There is no denying the fact that New York is falling more and more under the dominance of Jews. Americans are gradually being driven from public life. It will not be long before we shall have a Jewish mayor and a Jewish board of aldermen. This in itself should be no great misfortune were it not for *the tendency of the Jew to abuse his power.* He is ambitious and restless to obtain authority. But the moment he gets it, *he becomes oppressive. This is evident already* wherever the Jews are obtaining monopolies. A friend, a young man, came to me the other day, complaining bitterly that he was deliberately being driven out of business by the Jews. He was the owner of a prosperous laundry. But the large machine laundries of the city are now mostly in the hands of Jews. They refuse to do his work for him, saying: 'You are not a member of our syndicate.'

(This is one of the new phases of the Jewish invasion—the almost complete absorption of the laundry business).

"We all remember the time when the Jews began to clamor for special news stand privileges. They formed Jewish organizations of news dealers, until the business was entirely in their hands. While they still had non-Jewish competition, they were obliging and attentive enough. They did anything to curry favor. But today they carry themselves like lords. *No Jewish news dealer in New York will deliver newspapers to his non-Jewish customers on Jewish holidays.*

"In the New York post office, where there are now some 11,000 employes, about one-half of whom are Jews, the same conditions exist. The Jewish postal employes complained that they were being deprived of their constitutional rights if they were compelled to work on Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year and on Yom Kippur, the Jewish Day of Atonement. The postmaster was compelled to grant their demands, *at the same time pointing out that leaves of absence could not be granted to Christian employes on Christmas, New Year's and Good Friday, otherwise the post office would be swamped with mail.*"

Of Forty Races, Jew Alone Protests

ANOTHER phase of this Jewish insistence upon special rights was emphasized by one of the magistrates. "I have often observed," he said, "that there is generally a good result when a Jew settles in a small New England town where there are only three or four stores. The situation develops social stimulus and competitive spirit. Too often there is a tendency toward dry-rot among the native population. They stagnate.

"But where Jews assemble in large numbers, as they do in New York City and the industrial towns of New Jersey, they immediately develop a class and racial consciousness that is unfortunate. It is not surprising that Jews should cling to their traditional customs. *But it is a peculiar fact that of the 40 different nationalities in New York, it is only one race, the Jewish, which persistently tries to impose its own modes of life upon the mass of the people.*

"One dangerous feature of this tendency is a constant effort to put upon the statute books laws which favor the Jewish race, and placing weapons into the hands of the mischievous and litigious.

"In the Penal Law of the state of New York there is a statute which is outrageous in its import and should be stricken from the code. In effect it renders a man guilty of a misdemeanor if he ventures to have a process served upon a Jew on Saturday. He is equally guilty if he dares to serve a process which is made returnable on Saturday. It is a notorious fact that a large percentage of Jews deliberately alter their names in order to conceal their race. Yet if a man should induce his lawyer to procure a civil action to which such a Jew is a party to be adjourned to Saturday for trial, in ignorance of the fact that the borrowed American name conceals a Jew, that man renders himself liable to fine or imprisonment.

"This is Section 2150 of the Penal Law. Its exact wording is as follows:

> Maliciously serving process on Saturday on person who keeps Saturday as holy time—Whoever maliciously procures any process in a civil action to be served on Saturday, upon any person who keeps Saturday as holy time, and does not labor on that day, or serves upon him any process returnable on that day, or maliciously procures any civil action to which such person is a party to be adjourned to that day for trial, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

In Matt. 27: 15, it is said: "Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would." The Jews have established that custom in Ohio also, according to newspaper reports. In the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of November 19 is the story of the release of David Shyne, a Jewish robber who was sentenced to from 5 to 30 years in the Ohio penitentiary. He was released six weeks before the news leaked out. The newspapers accordingly went into the mystery so searchingly that the governor's office felt obliged to issue a statement.

This statement is worth the attention of every citizen of Ohio and of the United States:

> **"Governor Davis today announced that the annual Jewish New Year pardon has been granted to David Shyne, serving a penitentiary sentence for burglary. He was convicted in Cayahoga County.**
>
> **"Granting of the pardon was at the urgent recommendation of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, international Jewish philanthropic organization; I. B. Jashonosky, rabbi at the Ohio penitentiary, and Dr. Joseph Kornfeld, rabbi of the B'nai Israel Temple, newly appointed United States ambassador to Persia."**

This is good work by the newspapers. Let them print all the news of Jewish activities along this line, and they will learn for themselves how much the Jews fear the truth in print.

"Advantage was taken of this statute by a Jew in the city of Rochester to evade the payment of goods which had been delivered to him. The summons which had been served upon him was made returnable upon a Saturday, and upon the return day, the Jewish defendant, evidently at the instigation of his Jewish lawyer, appeared in the action for the sole purpose of objecting to the jurisdiction of the court upon several grounds, but more especially for the reason that the defendant was a Jew, and that as such he uniformly observed Saturday of each week as 'holy time.'

"This case was used to tie up the business of two courts until it was finally taken to the appellate division of the Supreme Court, where Judge Adams rendered a decision, in which he said:

"'In order to give to this section the construction claimed by the defendant's counsel, we must hold that the legislature has not only utterly ignored this elementary principle (that to constitute a crime there must be not only the act itself, but a criminal intent must accompany the act), but, in violation thereof, has declared that, while in the case specified, malice or intent must exist in order to constitute the crime of procuring a process to be served on Saturday or of procuring a civil action to be adjourned to that day, the crime of serving a process which is returnable on Saturday may be committed without any intent accompanying the act.

"'This proposition, it seems to us, has only to be stated to render its absurdity manifest; for the person who served the summons in this action, as is generally the case, was a public officer; and it is fair to assume that he performed his official duty in this instance without knowing, or having any reason to suppose, that the party served regarded one day of the week as more sacred than another.

"'It is true that the defendant is a Jew, and certain racial characteristics may have manifested themselves to such an extent as to acquaint the officer with that fact, but there are other religions than the Jewish which require the observance of the seventh day of the week as "holy time," and, consequently, if the rule contended for is to obtain, an officer must somehow ascertain, in every instance before serving a process, that the party upon whom it is to be served does not come within the favored class; otherwise he renders himself amenable to the statute.

Cannot Serve Legal Paper on Saturday

"'IT IS inconceivable that the legislature intended that a person thus serving a process returnable on Saturday, in ignorance of the fact that he was in any way interfering with the religious liberty of the party served, should be regarded as a criminal and it is equally certain that a conviction under such circumstances would be absurd and unjust, if not impossible. A construction of a statute, therefore, which leads to such a result should manifestly be avoided if practicable.'

"Judge Adams thereupon reversed the judgment of the county court and of the municipal court, with costs."

"Now Jewish politicians and Jewish lawyers are clever enough, as a rule," continued this magistrate. "Therefore it seems the more surprising that they should waste their time and efforts in placing such laws on the statute books, and trying to establish precedents by means of them. It is very stupid business. The ultimate effect is calculated to bring ridicule upon the Jew, and awaken suspicion, dislike and enmity against his race."

Another of the magistrates commented on the fact that in London, Jews were permitted to trade on Sunday by Act of Parliament, but only within the circumscribed limits of their ghetto. "When I was in London several years ago," he continued, "I was shown one of the Jewish Sunday markets in full swing. Opposite it was an English church. But trade was confined to the Yiddish district.

"But compared with New York, there is only a small Yiddish population in the British metropolis. Our millions of Jews are scattered throughout the city, and if we were to relax our Sunday laws in their favor, it would mean goodby to the Christian Sabbath. I cannot understand the attitude of the Jews on this question. They cheapen their own status by their conduct."

Volumes One and Two of *"The Internationa' Jew,"* 236 and 256 pages, respectively, sent to any address upon receipt of 25 cents in stamps for each volume.

JEWISH WORLD NOTES

Having driven all Christian references out of the text of the Thanksgiving Proclamations of Presidents and Governors, the Jews are now objecting to the legal form which marks all Presidential Proclamations:

> "Done at the Capitol of the United States in the Year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one, and the Independence of the United States, the one hundred and forty-sixth."

Rabbi Coffee, editorial writer for several Jewish papers, objects to this. He says that the custom of some states is to put this phrase on marriage licenses too—"the phrase stares at you for years, if the license is framed. The free use of the above words is harmful." He is chastened enough to think that the Jews ought not to lead in an effort to abolish the use of the words, "but rather for liberal Christians—if anybody—to take the lead." The "liberal Christians" are pretty busily engaged spreading pro-Jewish propaganda just now, but they may be induced some time to abolish the phrase "in the year of Our Lord," for that does indicate, doesn't it, that this is still a Christian country? That is, of course, if the "liberal Christians" remain of the same mind after they discover that the pro-Jewish propaganda is a mixture of lies which return very embarrassingly upon those who disseminate it.

Writing in the *Jewish World*, of Chicago, A. Grodner has this to say: "Last Sabbath, writing about the unasked for Jewish delegation to the Disarmament Conference, we said that it was very well possible that Secretary Hughes would let them know that they better stay home. How it will be with the Zionist leaders is not yet known, but another uninvited Jewish delegation has already received an invitation not to come. This is the delegation planned by *Louis Marshall and Simon Wolf,* which was going to represent the United Hebrew Congregations. Mr. Marshall has received a letter from the State Department in which he was told that the character of the Conference does not allow the reception of a Jewish delegation. It was added, however, that a memorandum would be welcome. But a memorandum is only a piece of paper, which can be got rid of by throwing it in the waste basket.

"*Let this be a lesson for those nuisances who all the time try to make themselves prominent in the name of the Jewish people, though nobody asks them, and who with their clownish grimaces make a laughing stock of the Jewish people.*"

Mr. Grodner deserves the thanks of his people. Plain speech among the Jews themselves about the asininities of their leaders will forestall the necessity of free speech outside.

The Exaggerated Ego of Radical Leaders

"WHY would it not be advisable," a Communist was asked, "to consolidate with the I. W. W. and other radical groups?"

For a moment he turned the question over in his mind. Then his brow clouded.

"It would seem logical on the surface," he said. "But the fact is *we* are deeper thinkers than the I. W. W. *We* visualize life broadly, thoroughly. Indeed, problems that bewilder the minds of so-called great men are to the Communist thinkers as simple as a child's puzzle picture.

"Of course *we* philosophers have our internal disputes over questions of world economics . . . . Great thinkers are also individualists . . . . *I* have my personal views . . . . They are admittedly superior to the Marxian conception of political action . . . . They are the views that ultimately will be adopted . . . . *I* am years ahead of other party leaders . . . . *I*. . . . *I*. . . ."

The great drug ego—the eternal master of the radical—was fast taking hold.

Strife Foreshadowed by New Communism

By EDWARD JEROME DIES

IT WAS the end of an autumn day. A low sun cast sidelong shadows across the park. Here and there strolled a clerk and his sweetheart. On the benches were a scattering of loungers, men from factories, mills, shops, offices and from nowhere in particular.

Suddenly an unbarbered gentleman appeared carrying a small box. He placed the box on the ground, mounted it and turning his face toward the west, shouted:

"Thank God for that setting sun; for the beauties of the autumn evening."

His thunderous voice stirred the loungers from their reveries. Strollers turned in the direction of the speaker. Soon he was surrounded by a substantial audience.

"That golden sunset," he continued, "is one of the few blessings which the struggling toilers are still permitted to enjoy. Under the iron heel of the capitalistic régime our puckered lives are becoming more and more unbearable."

As he bellowed his jagged lightning indictment, replete with timely catch phrases, his listeners became more intent. They pressed closer. Meantime a half dozen men, following the tactics of cappers for a bunko game, passed quickly through the crowd. To the most promising prospects they whispered a street address where a more important session would be held later in the evening.

Just as the speaker was concluding his vivid story of how the toilers had been betrayed and of how the Communist Party of America would bring the masters of wealth to a bar of justice, presided over by toilers themselves, the police unceremoniously broke up the meeting.

But that night the Communists of Chicago added many new names to the membership list.

It was a meeting typical of those being held not only in Chicago but in all large cities as a part of a new national campaign launched by consolidated Communist groups, which for two years had been torn by internal strife and disorganized by state and Federal prosecution.

The program of the rejuvenated party provides, briefly, for mass strikes, to be brought about by secret shop committees with which it is intended to honeycomb all great industries. When general mass strikes have paralyzed industry, the shop committees would take control. At the same time the "capitalist government" would fall and a "soviet government of toilers" would step into power.

A rather ambitious program, and one which some authorities admit may prove a bit difficult to break up, since the Communists now comprise one of the strongest of the major radical groups and their entire activities are secret.

The story of the birth, temporary death and the rebirth of the Communist party in this country is a record of the evolution of radicalism. It shows among other things, the utter inability of the extremists to sacrifice egotism and personal selfishness in behalf of party aims.

Legal records of the last decade clearly indicate that internal strife alone will prevent full achievement of radical aims. For it would take a masterful leader, a man of iron will, to dominate and hold together an army of other men, each having that peculiar mental twist which makes him incapable of sound reasoning.

It is no exaggeration to say that 99 of every 100 radicals secretly consider themselves Napoleons. Each is pitched to the key of egotism. And when the setting is right and the conversation skillfully turned, each will tell you with earnestness and swelling chest that, after all, his personal doctrines are those that in the end will be adopted, and that in the rising tide of victory he, with his doctrines, will be made a high dictator.

Radicalism and egotism are one. Egotism with subsequent internal strife will as in the past tend to hamper the progress of radicalism. But in the meantime the roots of radicalism will continue to spread, minds of workers will be poisoned against American ideals, and industrial strife engendered in every possible way. Industrial warfare is the only weapon of radicalism. It is likewise a most dangerous weapon.

The Communist Party of America, organized in Chicago in September, 1919, was a child of the old Socialist party, just as that party was a child of two other radical groups that broke up on the rocks of dissension.

Louis C. Fraina, missing international secretary of the old Communist Party of America, tells of these internal upheavals in a confidential report to the Communist Internationale.

The Socialist Labor party was organized in 1890. It sought revolutionary unionism and opposed dominant craft unionism. The Social Democratic Party of Wisconsin was a liberal party tinged with Socialism. In 1899 there was a split in both these parties. Seceders from the two groups—bitter over failure to dominate—came together; others joined their ranks, and in 1901 the Socialist party came into being.

The report to the Communist Internationale says the panic of 1907 awakened a new spirit of industrial freedom which threw the Socialist party into violent dispute. At its 1912 convention this party "emasculated the Marxian conception of political action" and in thus rejecting revolutionary tactics defeated the aims of the extremists.

That year the Socialists polled more than 900,000 votes for their presidential candidate, while thousands of militants, including William D. Haywood, representing the industrialists in the party, either withdrew or were expelled.

Thereafter the Socialist party proceeded on its "peaceful, petty bourgeois way, betraying comrades of other lands" by not taking a more radical stand in the war.

The Socialist Propaganda League, the first new group of disgruntled Socialist party extremists, was formed in Boston in 1916 and began publishing *The New International*. Then appeared another group with *The Class Struggle*, an organ intended to incite international industrial warfare.

At the Socialist party convention in St. Louis another split developed and a left wing of the party was organized.

A few months later the left wingers brought into their ranks the Lettish, Russian, Lithuanian, Polish, Ukrainian, Hungarian and Esthonian federations of the party, representing 25,000 members. At the Socialist party convention of August 30, 1919, the left wingers were expelled. Immediately they held a separate convention and formed the Communist Labor party.

Meantime another and larger group of radicals had worked out a plan for formation of the Communist Party of America, which was to be recognized by the Communist Internationale. The plan was carried out the same day that the Communist Labor party was formed and a preliminary membership of 58,000 was reported.

Then followed futile attempts to merge the Communist Labor party and the Communist Party of America. But leaders of both groups insisted on adoption of their respective doctrines and demanded the choice offices of power. So again egotism, the overwhelming weakness of radicals, stepped in and upset affiliation. The conference became so violent that police rushed the hall and settled the immediate question.

Thereafter the Communist Labor party spent its efforts and fortune in abusing the Communist Party of America, which it claimed was using the money of the workers to satisfy the greed and selfish aims of party leaders. So the Communist Labor party, by these counter efforts, for a time performed a sort of public service, something vastly different from that which had been intended.

In spite of the bitter attack of "the traitors comprising the Communist Labor party," the Communist Party of America prospered. It was the radical group of the hour; its platform was sweeping, revolutionary, unapproached by anything yet publicly sponsored, with the possible exception of the sabotage plank of the I. W. W. platform.

Money began to pour in. Some said it came from Germany and Russia; others that it came only from a vast and enthusiastic membership. Still others contended that wealthy radicals in this country were financing the movement.

The official organ, *The Communist*, leaped into print. So did a score of other daily and weekly publications printed in German, Hungarian, Lettish, Polish, Hebrew, Lithuanian, Russian, Ukrainian and South Slavic.



Mass strikes, the goal of Communism, means industrial warfare and riots. The "thinkers" of the Communist party believe only mass action can bring about a government of the toilers.

The labor world was flooded with revolutionary leaflets containing abstracts from these publications. Each carried its lurid message, its call for preparedness against the day of mass action.

It was not until January, 1920, that the Communists received their first staggering blow. Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson, in a widely heralded decision, held that membership in the party was sufficient cause for deportation of an alien.

The decision was in the case of Engelbret Pries, an Austrian subject, who was promptly started homeward. The secretary based his decision on the party's constitution, which seeks "by revolutionary means to conquer and destroy the state in open combat, and by violence to overthrow the Government of the United States."



WILLIAM BROSS LLOYD, millionaire society man, is reported to have renounced Communism since his conviction.

The next blow fell in Chicago at almost the same time. A grand jury that had been investigating various radical activities returned a large number of indictments. Those named included Rose Pastor Stokes, Nicholas Hourwich, Charles Ruthernberg, Louis C. Fraina, Isaac E. Ferguson, Alexander Stolitsky, Oscar Tyverowski, Henry M. Wicks, John J. Ballam, Maximilian Cohen, Dennis E. Batt and many other extreme radicals. A number were later deported.



Extending the mass strike to the peaceful harvest fields through agitation among small farmers, tenant farmers and farm hands is one dream of Communism.

Twenty leading Communists of both wings were at the same time indicted for violation of the Illinois act making it unlawful to advocate overthrow of the government. They were tried, convicted and sentenced to prison and jail terms, and were given heavy fines. It was then believed the backbone of the Communist movement had been broken. Among those convicted was William Bross Lloyd, millionaire resident of Winnetka, a fashionable Chicago suburb. He was characterized by the prosecution as a leading spirit in the movement and one of the chief financial sponsors.

Others convicted by the jury, which was selected only after 52 days of legal battle, included Ludwig Lores, New York, editor of *The Class Struggle;* Arthur Proctor, Chicago, publisher of radical litera-

(Concluded on page 14)

Radium for the Household

Amateur Chemist Says It Is Possible; How He Keeps Himself Supplied

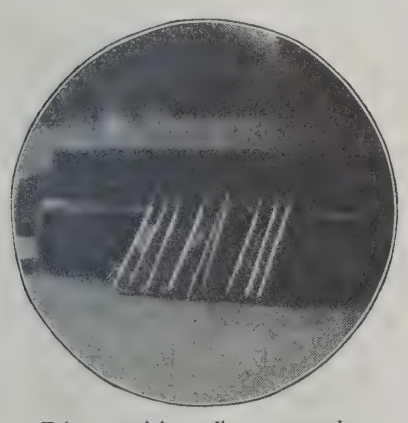
By EDWARD J. BECK

RADIUM for household use was a novel idea to me. Joseph C. Hoover, an amateur Detroit chemist of recognized standing, assured me it was not at all unlikely that within a few years many families would have a tube of "radium" in the home for medical and other purposes.

I had read that radium costs more than $3,000,000 an ounce, so I was pretty certain that at that rate our family for one would probably forego the benefits of radium, even if it were possible to buy it in infinitesimal lumps and on the installment plan. The down payment alone would be out of our reach. But Mr. Hoover and I —it developed—were thinking about two different things.

Mr. Hoover is sales manager for a tool and drill company. But for years he has made radium his hobby. While his business friends are chasing a little white ball around the golf links, Hoover is in his laboratory engaged in the pastime of pursuing minutiae of matter that emanate from radio-active substances with his sensitive apparatus. Or he is devoting his time to another hobby of his—the growing of crystals and the study of crystallography.

My impression had been that radium is so rare and expensive that only scientists with the unusual facilities of a Madame Curié or a Professor Rutherford could afford to experiment with it. And it is true the amount of pure radium in the world is limited. But there are 32 radio-active compounds which give off emanations or rays similar to those of pure radium. A study of them is gradually revealing possible uses to which they may be put which promise many benefits to mankind.



Tubes containing radium compounds—a little goes a long way.

An infinitesimal amount of radium affects plants and the human system. Small quantities—so small that according to the mathematics of everyday life they may almost be said to be non-existent—are stimulating to plant growth while minute doses of greater strength are destructive and cause the plant to wither and die.

When I first called at Mr. Hoover's office, I noticed that the large inverted bottle of drinking water, which stood in the corner, had a cork floating in it to which was suspended a small glass tube. I assumed it was a thermometer, and I couldn't figure out what value it would have because the water is cooled by passing through iced coils after leaving the bottle. I asked Mr. Hoover about it.

"That's an emanation tube," he explained. "I charge my drinking water with a radio-active gas by keeping that tube suspended there. The charging requires 24 hours and the radio-activity persists in the water for 48 hours after the tube is removed."

He opened his desk and pulled out a little plush-lined box, inside of which was a glass tube about half as thick as a lead pencil and three inches long.

"That tube contains a concentrate of radium-bearing ore. It is far from being chemically pure radium, but there is enough radio-activity given off from a tube like this to charge drinking water with the beneficent properties of radium."

"What good is it to the human body?" I asked.

"It seems to have a revitalizing effect and acts favorably on the kidneys and eliminative organs. But, to tell the truth, we know practically nothing as yet about the therapeutic uses of radium."

Mr. Hoover then told me he would have to go into a more or less technical explanation to make clear what uncertain points would have to be settled before radium could be safely prescribed for therapeutic purposes.

"Radium gives off three kinds of rays," he elucidated, "the Alpha, Beta and Gamma rays. The Alpha rays are atoms of helium with a positive charge of electricity. They travel at the amazing speed of 12,000 feet per second. The Beta rays are corpuscles of matter negatively charged. The Gamma rays are not material at all but vibrations of ether that resemble in a way the X-ray. Almost all the radio-active substances give off one or more of these rays, but the proportions and intensities vary."

"Before radio-active substances can be accurately used for medical purposes it will be necessary to study the effect of each of these rays, what intensities and proportions are beneficial and what dosages are harmful. At present we know too little of the specific effects of radio-active medicines absolutely to be certain of the right results. We simply know that in general radium possesses rejuvenating properties that eventually will make it a health promoter of first importance.

"I have amused myself by experimenting with radium on flowers and vegetables. My experiments are not original, as the French scientists have already devoted much attention to this phase of research. I tried out the effect of radium in a little greenhouse and in my back yard on the theory that if plants were benefited the human body might also profit by its application.

"My first experiment was with two boxes of pansies. One box contained ordinary soil while to the dirt in the other I added some low-grade, water-soluble, radio-active salts. The plants in the treated soil grew more luxuriantly, bore more blossoms, and developed richer colors and a more pungent perfume than those in the other box. Similar results were later obtained by further experiments with tomatoes, peanuts, geraniums, sweet peas and potatoes.

"In the sweet pea experiment, I didn't put any radio-active substances in the soil. I merely sprinkled the plants each day with water which came from a container with radio-active walls. The results were perceptible, even with the use of the small quantities of radium which were rendered effective by this indirect method. In each instance, I had a control-plant; that is, a plant growing under normal conditions. By checking up with the control-plant I could determine the effects of the radium treatment. I found out what the Frenchmen had previously discovered—that radio-active compounds in small doses accelerate germination, increase the number of nitrogen-fixing microbes, speed up the metabolism and promote the free assimilation of food constituents from the soil."

"Apparently a little radium goes a long way," I interjected.

"That's right," replied Mr. Hoover. He went into another room and brought out a Boston bag made of heavy leather. "I usually take Wednesday afternoon off to go out to the research laboratory of a college near here to do some experimenting. Recently I made a trip out there, taking this bag and the bottles you see here. Before I was in the laboratory—while I was still in the hall—the professor in charge remarked: 'Hoover is here again.' The sensitive instruments they were working with registered the effects from the radium in this bag while I was still outside. The clothes and body of a person experimenting with radium give off emanations after he has left the laboratory."

I steered the conversation back to the medical phase of radium.

"If we find out, for example," said Mr. Hoover, "that a certain intensity of Alpha rays is beneficial for a certain disease or condition of the system, it will be easy to find a radio-active substance which throws off rays of the proper kind and intensity. The use of pure radium will not be necessary; in fact, it might be dangerous. A cheaper and much more common radio-active compound may be used to do the work.

"If you want to blow up a stump, you will be wise in using ordinary black powder to do the work instead of nitroglycerine, which is much more explosive. Or another example may illustrate the principle. A small amount of hydrochloric acid in the stomach is necessary for digestion, but if a person took a dose of real hydrochloric acid of the kind found in a laboratory it would kill him. So the diluteness and impurity of the radio-active preparations used in medical work is an advantage rather than the reverse."

I asked Mr. Hoover what he meant by his previous assertion that radium would be used for household purposes.

"One of these days, some company which supplies office buildings and homes with drinking water in bottles will install a system for making the water radio-active. Such water would have virtues that would entitle it to more favorable consideration than the mineral water that people travel far to get at famous health resorts. A tube in a large reservoir would emanate enough radio-activity to charge the water."

"How long would the water retain its radio-active properties after being bottled?" I inquired.

"Twenty-four to 48 hours," he replied, "but a scientific correspondent writes me that he has devised a method to keep water charged for a longer time.

"What I really had reference to in my statement about using radium in the home was the immersion of tubes containing radio-active concentrates in drinking and bathing water. Any substances on which the rays impinge become radio-active. The emanations are soluble in water and make any water in which they are absorbed radio-active. Water will dissolve only a certain amount of these emanations, after which it gives them off as fast as they are dissolved."

"Is it possible to charge water so highly that the person drinking it is harmed?" I wondered.



Emanation tube suspended in a bottle to charge drinking water.



JOSEPH C. HOOVER,

In his private laboratory.

"No," replied Mr. Hoover, "it is impossible to overcharge water by any method known to science today. Drinking such water cannot do any harm.

"Radium bromide, which is the chemical name for one of the varieties of so-called pure radium, can cause severe burns. The Alpha rays are exceedingly strong. But we have found out enough to know that Alpha rays in the right proportions cause tissues to grow and increase their vitality. The Beta rays are germicidal and have a greater penetrative power. The Gamma rays can pierce a sheet of lead an inch thick."

"Mr. Hoover, if what you say is true, the people who now carry a buckeye for rheumatism can throw it away and keep a little chunk of radium ore for the same purpose. If I understand you correctly there would be enough emanation from a piece of rock to tone up a fellow's system."

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, though one of our journals did mention the case of a man who picked up a queer rock and put it in his pocket as a curiosity. He almost forgot about it, but some time later he was troubled by some severe burns that notified him that it was no ordinary rock. Later, he sold it for $20,000. Before you could carry a piece of ore to advantage you would have to be sure it emitted any rays at all and then, if so, what kind those rays were."

"How do you detect the presence of radio-activity in a mineral and how can you tell which kinds of rays are being emanated?" I inquired.

"We use a very simple but highly sensitive instrument called the electroscope. It is a metal box with two thin gold leaves suspended in it. These leaves project at an angle from each other like the crotch of a boy's sling shot. If you put a radio-active substance in the box, the air is ionized, causing the leaves to close in on one another like a duck's bill. The time required for this closing-in movement is measured and calculations are made which tell the amount of radio-activity present.

"By using screens beginning with a thin aluminum foil and progressively adding layer upon layer, the Alpha rays are first screened off, then the Beta rays and finally by using a lead screen, the Gamma rays.

"To show you how sensitive the electroscope is, I can tell you an experience I once had. I was working with some mixed radium salts and had trapped some emanations in a tiny glass tube which I sealed off with a gas flame. Later I broke this tube in an electroscope. It not only discharged my 'scope but put out of commission every other 'scope in the large room. The emanations persisted for four days and all the instruments were unfit for experimentation during that time. A thousandth part of the emanation obtainable from a gram of radium if mixed with the air of a large hall or auditorium would be strong enough to incapacitate these delicate instruments. The amount of radio-activity in a single cubic foot of air of that hall could be detected by an electroscope.

"Radium is obtained from kernotite ore found widely in the United States and monozite sands also existing in large quantities in this country and Brazil. The pitchblende of Bohemia is particularly rich in radium."

I asked Mr. Hoover how radium was found in the field, how prospectors would know radium-bearing ore.

"You can carry an electroscope in a suitcase," he answered, "and when you find a rock you want to test, you simply place it in the 'scope. Then you can soon tell if it is radium-bearing. By making comparisons with the standards in a handbook, the investigator can tell in a short time what the grade of the ore is and what significant properties it possesses."

Oil in the East Stirs Hornet's Nest Anew

France, Imperialistic, Militaristic, Seeks to Subjugate Syria in Absolute Violation of Every Pledge Made by the Allies

By GEORGE D. HERRON

Professor Herron is an American publicist of wide repute. Throughout the war he was the confidential agent of our State Department. Later he was attached to the American delegation at the Paris Peace Conference. Profoundly disappointed by the results of the Paris Conference, he has exposed its blunders and betrayals in "The Greater War," his latest book.

STAGED and managed by the Parisian Junta, and as pitiless as it is cynical, the devil's lewd comedy of nations continues. Today, it is in Silesia the chief scene is laid. The officer in charge of the British troops resigned his command rather than participate in what was really the French subjugation of German Silesia under the ostensible expedition of Korfanty.

Tomorrow, the scene will be laid in Asia Minor. And no man can today tell how vast the scene will be—how terrible a tragedy to Asian peoples may be enacted. The policy of Britain has been to separate the Arabs from the Turks, and to keep the Arab race under British protection. Incidentally, the road to India is in question; but fundamentally, it is a question of oil. Britain is in Mesopotamia and Persia and Palestine for oil. The Arab Kingdom of Irak (Mesopotamia), the Zionist Commonwealth in Palestine, the independence of Persia—each of these is sheerest fiction. No such thing as a Zionist Commonwealth or a Jewish State exists; no such thing as an Arab Kingdom exists; no such thing as an independent Persia exists.

Again, the French occupation of Syria is involved. And nothing more flagrant, more savage or shameless, has grown out of the war than this French seizure of Syria. Nothing has been more rooted or organized in lies than the Syrian conquest—for it was a conquest, in absolute violation of every pledge made by the Allies.

The Exploitation of Syria

I KNOW the people of Syria. I have been among them on foot and on horseback, and as a tent-dweller in the regions beyond Damascus. The Lebanon Syrians are among the most intelligent, beautiful and capable people of the world. I say without hesitation that they are more capable of actual self-government than the citizenry of interior France. I know, moreover, that not a man among them, either Christian or Moslem, unless bought and a traitor to his own people, wanted the unqualified corruption and administrative anarchy inevitably attendant upon French occupation and Jewish exploitation.

Yet if now France and England, each of which has been diplomatically fighting the other in Asia Minor, come to an agreement to recognize the Angora Government of Kemal, it will be but a temporary success the two governments thus achieve. The day of the European exploiter of Asia is already near unto its dusk. Its day will soon be done.

Yesterday, it was in Hungary the scene was laid. But the genesis thereof went back to the middle of the war, and to subsequent intrigues reaching from Paris to Berne. One of the managers of the recent Hungarian scene was a Hapsburg agent in Switzerland in 1918. And, though France and Austro-Hungary were at war, this Magyar magnate was *persona grata* at Paris, and traveled back and forth with the freedom of a French diplomatic agent. The next preparation for the Hungarian scene was the presence of Bela Kun in Budapest. English and American workers are still obsessed by the notion that Bela Kun represented an uprising of Hungarian Socialists. He represented nothing of the kind—for by his régime the Socialists were exiled, imprisoned, or assassinated. Not by Hungarian Socialists, but by agents of Parisian concessionnaires accompanying the French Army of Occupation, was Bela Kun placed in power. It was Paris that kept Bela Kun in Budapest for so long a time, despite the protests of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia and Rumania; and the fabled Soviet régime, deluding Hungarian workers as it did, was a French preparation, first for rich concessions in the Banat, and then for a French conducted return of the Hapsburgs.

France Wants Hapsburgs

THE knowledge that France has steadily intrigued for the Hapsburg return, that she heavily financed the restoration of Charles, is now public property in Europe—just as it is public property that she is financing the Wittelsbach propaganda in Bavaria, with a view to dividing Germany and establishing a South German power under virtual French protectorate. The French munition factories have worked day and night to supply the war materials with which the boundaries of Hungary are now bursting. Whence Hungary is a French barracks, a French military satrapy, where new wars are preparing; where, also, needy Hungarian magnates, lapping gold from French hands, have been preparing the way of King Charles.

So Charles stole from Lake Geneva to Strasburg—a French city, remember—whence French agents started him on his way to Budapest. Charles naively blurted the truth to Admiral Horthy: "I came here with M. Briand's knowledge and consent. He had proposed to me that I should make a *fait accompli*, which Europe would accept."

Yet all did not fall out as was planned. Even with Hungary as a French protectorate, both domestic opposition and foreign obstruction unexpectedly balked the Hapsburg adventure. The able Hungarian Socialists—whose ranks were first decimated by the Bolshevists and then by Admiral Horthy—suddenly manifested a voice and a vigor not predicated by the agents of the French Government. Again, the resolution of Italy to fight rather than consent to a Hapsburg restoration, together with the resolute action of the British High Commissioner in Budapest and the ultimatum of the Little Entente, arrested the Franco-Hapsburgian march. Moreover, Admiral Horthy, even if subsidized by France, manifested sudden royal ambitions of his own that cooled his ardor for Charles.

"Trying to throw a wrench into the machinery!" we hear persons exclaiming upon concluding this. If the truth is the wrench, we are guilty.

France alone stands in the way of disarmament. Her plea that she is the "frontier" is insincere; Germany cannot begin a war. France cries of her fear of her vanquished neighbor, not because she fears Germany, but to mask her evil designs; rather, the evil designs of the financiers that control her every act.

Came now the climax of the fiasco. From Paris went abroad the news that France was unalterably opposed to a Hapsburg restoration! Yet, even so, the opposition was tempered with qualifications. The first was the anxiety of France—an anxiety widely advertised—as to vast quantities of munitions left in Hungary by the Germans. (The munitions shipped from France suddenly became the munitions left by Von Mackensen's Army!) Next, there was the greater French anxiety lest an English prince be placed upon the throne of Saint Stephen. Third, was the French fear that Italian intrigues in Hungary would result in new dissensions in the Balkans—though these dissensions as everyone familiar with the European situation knows, were the creation of diligent Balkanese agents whom France had subsidized. Finally, though Charles started to Budapest from a French city, where he was indirectly commissioned by the agents of the French Foreign Office, the world was informed—and especially was America informed—of how Hungary was saved from the Hapsburgs by the instant and fervent intervention of France, true to her "historic mission to preserve public order in Europe!"

Always Demands Spotlight

THE Hungarian scene was precisely the same as that displayed before the international public at the time of the Polish invasion of Russia. When Pilsudski's armies had reached Kief, it was France, so Paris proclaimed abroad, that had alone championed the Polish cause; France that had supplied and trained the Polish armies; France that had accomplished the near overthrow of Moscow; France that thus deserved the gratitude of "the great democracies, America and England." But when the marauding Poles were hurled back to Warsaw, and during the days when the fate of Poland was in the balance, then the news went forth from Paris that it was France that had steadfastly protested against the Polish adventure, and that the peril of Poland was now due to the refusal of Warsaw to listen to the French military advisers as well as to the French Government. But, lo! when the Russians were turned back, and the Poles had their French peace, it was again France—and France acting alone—that had saved Poland—had indeed saved Europe—from the Red armies; and Pilsudski had all along acted under orders from Paris.

Meanwhile, France ever higher and more brazenly builds her besotted "reparations" figures. And her juggling is not confined to the astronomical sums demanded from Germany. It is illustrated by every French presentation to the world—never more aptly than in M. Stephen Lauzanne's article in the *North American Review*. He tells his American readers of the vast increase in amounts paid to Germany's public servants, as compared with the number of public servants and the amounts paid under the Empire—confirming Napoleon's adage that nothing lies like the truth.

The immense increase in the German public service is due, as M. Lauzanne perfectly well knew, to the fact that Germany is now a Socialist state in process of evolution. The workers who were employed by industrial owners under the Empire are now to a considerable extent employes of the state. What was private industry under the Empire is now public. Every coal miner of Germany, for instance, is now in the way of becoming a public servant. And from all this socialization comes, in large part, the increase of which M. Lauzanne speaks.

Again he names the increased quantity of champagne bought and consumed in Germany. But he does not tell you how largely this champagne is bought and consumed by foreigners, and especially by officers of the Army of Occupation. He also tells the phenomenal increase in the amount of betting at the Berlin races. He does not tell you—though it is a notorious fact—of how greatly this betting is by the foreigners crowding Berlin, and of how the gambling and luxury of these foreigners is sorely deplored by the Germans themselves.

Profiteering and Restoration

NOR does M. Lauzanne tell you what the better French publicists all declare, how large a part of the money ostensibly used for the devastated regions has passed into the hands of contractors, some of whom have as yet no restorations to show to their credit. Nor does he tell you that, over and over again, Germany has offered to restore by her own labor and materials the devastated regions, and put them in more perfect order than that which prevailed before the war. And that, furthermore, the French Union of Contractors, or Constructors—of which union M. Loucheur, the French Minister of Finance, is a member—has steadily fought the German restoration of France—because it would interfere with their own profits. In other words, these restorations, which would give back their homes and farms to hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen, are refused in the interest of French profiteers. French peoples of the devastated regions are sacrificed, are deprived of their homes, in order that the French contractors may add peace-profits to war-profits.

Such is the quality of French figures, such the quality of French truth, wherever and whenever it today officially appears.

So the spirit of France of today is being manifested in innumerable ways—without one spark of magnanimity or decency in international relations; without fidelity to a promise. The diplomacy of loot and lies, the fountain whereof is the Parisian Junta, is now supreme in Europe. Any peace made in Europe under the French domination will be purely a peace of plunder. Even the things which call for some decency, if not chivalry, are not to be found. Take the cynical and brutal violation of the ancient treaties regarding the zones upon which the economic life of Geneva and French Switzerland depend. Or take an instance like the following, furnished me by a publicist of international authority, who was himself Frankophile during the war. "On the occasion of the exposition at Lyons in 1914, the municipality of that city requested the trustees of the Goethe Museum in Frankfurt to lend the exhibition committee some objects belonging to this collection. With this request they gladly complied and sent to Lyons a considerable number of objects, among them the original portrait of Goethe painted by Colbe, some statues, silhouettes, manuscripts and the original edition of 'Faust' illustrated by Delacroix. The Grand Duke of Weimar lent for the same purpose his special set of the great Weimar edition of the works of Goethe. In the meantime the war broke out, and the exhibits were kept back in France. All endeavors on the part of Professor Dr. Heuer, the chief conservator of the Goethe Museum, to get them back through the mediation of neutral savants, proved ineffectual. As a final means, Professor Heuer addressed himself directly to President Millerand, pleading that there are things which ought to be considered as being beyond the strifes of nations, such as relics of great poets and thinkers, like Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe or Moilère. To this President Millerand replied that he had passed the letter on to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Now the news has come from France that the French Government refuses to restore the objects in question. Comment is unnecessary."

Millions for Propaganda

SO THE comedy continues, with French millions spent in an American propaganda, even while France is bankrupt.

Yet the France that M. Viviani represented at the White House, the France that is still bestirring American public opinion anew against the dangers of a fabled pro-German propaganda, is the France that is but augmenting the world-ruin which Prussia began. The material devastations of France by the Germans, appalling as they were, are indeed trifling, as far as their evil results are concerned, as compared with the moral devastations of France by the French financiers themselves. And France, moreover, now openly fights—and fights with all the weapons in the arsenal of the powers of evil—for the continued government of the world by fraud and violence. It is the France that stands, as no modern power except Prussia has stood, against every approach of that peace and good will which go forth from Christ for the healing of the nations.

The Morals of Hollywood and the Arbuckle Case

Owners of the Movies Are Responsible for Present Conditions; Seventh and Last of Series, "Baring the Heart of Hollywood"



CECIL B. DE MILLE,
Director-general Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

THE men in charge of the destinies of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which is accused of being a motion picture trust, are a far-seeing group when it comes to saving or making a dollar. Take, for example, the strike of the carpenters, electricians and employes other than actors, directors and scenario writers, which has been (at this writing) on for several weeks with prospect of settlement very remote. It is charged by men who understand the inside workings of the industry that this strike was deliberately fomented by the producers.

One reason given for such procedure is the supply of foreign films in the hands of certain producers.

With their studios idle for two or three months, the supply of American-made films will soon be exhausted. They will then be in a position, it is charged, to go to the exhibitors and say:

"We are sorry but we have no more pictures for you. You know we had a strike last summer which put us behind in production. However, we have a supply of foreign pictures which we will let you have at the same price."

What can the exhibitor do? He must have pictures to keep his house open. The result will be that he will buy these foreign pictures and pay the same price as he would for American pictures, and the producer-distributor will clean up a tidy sum.

But, says the Actors' Equity Association, there is still another reason for the encouragement of a strike by the producer. Many of the biggest producers, notably Famous Players, are burdened with a top-heavy salary list. They have been seeking, especially since they have discovered this foreign pasture, to find some way to reduce these swollen salaries. They have found a place, it is said, because virtually all these contracts contain a joker in the form of a strike clause. Thus in case of a strike a star who is said to draw the comfortable sum of $4,000 weekly, would be allowed to rest while the company adds the amount of his salary to its dividends. This plaint about the big salaries paid to stars and directors has been aired in the press frequently. No doubt many of these actors do get what appears to be an exorbitant sum for the work they do. But it must be remembered that they are paid not because of the amount or difficulty of their labor, but because of the drawing power they have at the box office of the theaters. It is by this measure that the amount named in their contracts is fixed. The public flocks to see them, therefore the exhibitors demand them and to maintain their prestige the producers must hire them.

This is the reason for the sudden exaltation of the author and director by Famous Players and Goldwyn. They figure that if they can make the *story* the thing and cause the public to forget the *star* they will be relieved of a tremendous expense.

The actors, however, point out that they are not the only ones who are draining the stockholders of these big film companies. They refer to the salaries of men like Adolph Zukor, who is said to receive $3,000 a week from each unit in Famous Players. There are something like 10 of these units, so it can be seen that Mr. Zukor, although no star himself on the screen, yet makes these luminaries appear as pikers when it comes to remuneration.

Topheavy Overhead Expenses

THIS burden of overhead expense is the source of great complaint from the directors of the unit companies. They assert that if they make a picture for say $40,000, an overhead expense of a sum equal or more than that amount is charged against the picture. This overhead goes to pay salaries of executives, cost of distribution, and so on. The tremendous cost of production therefore cannot be all placed at the door of the stars.

The truth of the matter is that there is need of a radical reduction all along the line, but it should begin at the top instead of the bottom. The whole structure of the motion picture industry is unsound in that the profits are disproportionately divided.

In no other industry is such stress placed on such intangible assets as good will, drawing power at box office, and so on, all of which is largely a matter of guesswork. The motion picture industry always will be of a somewhat speculative nature, but the element of chance could be largely eliminated if it were in different hands. To be placed on a sound foundation, it should be passed into the control of men who really have the future of the business at heart and are not simply trying to make a quick profit for themselves; men who would realize that the real backbone of America is not found in the slums and ghettos of the cities but in the American home. For the motion picture, to be a lasting institution, the appeal must be made to the home element rather than to the shallow-minded, sensation-craving apartment-house and tenement dweller. Just as the American nation is founded on the American home so must every industry and art that would live be builded on that same rock. And no industry can be erected by those who fail to know what an American home is.

Since the Arbuckle case, attention has been focused on the moral conditions surrounding the production of motion pictures. The tales of degeneracy as revealed in the daily press have shocked the public, and yet had this same public reflected for one moment it might have known that such conditions must exist. The type of pictures shown on the screen are but an indication of the type of mind that produces them. This means not only those who act in them and direct them but those who finance them. They are all tarred with the same stick. The men who own the motion pictures are just as responsible for the conditions existing today among the directors and players as are the men who own buildings rented for immoral purposes. Their atrophied moral sense is proved by their attitude in the Arbuckle case. Those who have not rushed to the defense of Arbuckle have remained silent, awaiting the course of events. None of them have denounced Arbuckle, with the exception of a few men like Benjamin Hampton, men who have been fighting for years against just such conditions as led up to the Arbuckle affair.

It would be amusing if it were not pathetic to see some of our stars and directors rushing into print with denials that Arbuckle was a true representative of movie morals. Arbuckle and his gang, they assert, are the black sheep of the industry. Only about 10 per cent of the movie world is bad, they assert. The remainder are as pure as angels. In the light of their own convictions and code of morals, perhaps they are right. But if we accept the standards that govern the average American home we must reverse their figures.

An Un-American Atmosphere

THE truth of this will be apparent when anyone familiar with the picture world sits down and tries to pick out the stars who are leading sane, normal lives. Among the screen luminaries, those who have not been tainted by the breath of scandal, who do not number their husbands or wives in the plural can be counted on the fingers of two hands.

It is true that among these, however, there are a great many who do not practice nor countenance the excesses of the Arbuckle crowd, who hold aloof from the orgies and bacchanalian revels that have made the name of Hollywood a byword throughout the land. But it is also true that the whole moral tone of the motion picture colony is distinctly Continental-European rather than American. That is why so many of our stars find themselves much more at home in Paris or Vienna than they do in American cities.

It is not only among the stars that one finds this low moral tone, but also among the lesser luminaries and especially those known as extra people.

It has been the writer's fortune to have had considerable to do at times with people of the legitimate stage. Among these "troupers" will be found a certain freedom from convention due largely to their enforced method of living. Yet despite this a surprising adherence to fixed moral standards always was found. The old-time trouper, like the circus performer, was bound by an unwritten code that kept family relations as sacred as they are in any other walk of society. At least this was true a decade or so ago, before certain elements attained complete domination of the speaking stage, as they have of the movies.

It is among these old-time troupers, who are known as character actors in the motion pictures, that we find the cleanest people in the pictures today. It takes work, hard work to become a good character actor or actress, and it is work that keeps the body wholesome and the soul clean.

That the great body of our motion picture players should have become what they are is a great pity and it is a condition for which they cannot be held altogether to blame. The environment of an aspirant for fame in the pictures is such that only one of exceptionally strong moral fiber could be expected to emerge unspotted. This applies to either sex, for the temptations are just as strong and appealing to the boys as to the girls.

Many of our motion picture players have been recruited from good American homes, the same kind of home that furnishes the bulk of our skilled labor, our office workers and our salesmen and saleswomen. These boys and girls, good looking, healthy and with some degree of personality or talent, come to the studios as clean morally as the average American youth, but how long do they stay that way? How long *can* they stay that way?

Spooning Expensive to Producers

THE working conditions in a few of the larger studios have changed for the better during the past two years. This was not in the interest of morality but of efficiency. The producers found that love making around the studios during working hours was a costly proposition for them and they took steps to eradicate it. But in other studios conditions are much the same as they were. A well-known producer mentioned two of the largest studios in telling the writer that he would rather see a daughter of his in her grave than working in either of them.

The comedies are particularly bad. A college girl who had done some newspaper work before coming to Hollywood and going into the movies, told the writer about a certain well-known comedy company where the brother of the producer and star hired the girls used in the pictures. Before a girl was given employment she took a walk with this man and on her acceptance or rejection of his advances depended her engagement.

This same system of employment was followed by many other studios until it was seen that such methods

(Concluded on page 14)

AS THIS series of articles on the motion picture industry closes, word comes from Los Angeles of the almost complete submergence of moviedom into the hands of Jews. A syndicate, the United Pictures, Incorporated, headed by Joe Schenck, defender of "Fatty" Arbuckle, has taken over the studio heretofore controlled by Robert Brunton. Brunton's is the last studio but one where the independents had a chance to make pictures. The Robertson-Cole, an independent, is now the only studio where Jews are not in the ascendancy.

Brunton fought the Jews in the motion picture world as long as he could. Last summer only the Pickford and Hampton companies were left on the lot, and Brunton was, it is said, paying interest and depreciation on an investment of more than $1,000,000.

Associated with Schenck in the Brunton deal are the Selznicks and others, including a number of New Yorkers with Jewish names. Some Los Angeles Gentiles, stockholders in the Brunton organization, are left in the new syndicate with their minority holdings, probably as a matter of policy.

The Los Angeles *Times* says the immediate result of the taking over of the Brunton studios will be the installation of a number of new units that have, prior to this, functioned in the East. Principal among these are the Selznick companies and the Talmadge units, which operate under the supervision of Schenck.

The taking of the Brunton studios means, of course, that the heretofore independent Pickford and Hampton pictures will be made at what is now a Jewish-controlled studio.

The Morals of Hollywood and the Arbuckle Case

Concluded from page 13

were costing them a lot of money. Jealousies between directors' favorites often delayed pictures and caused friction among the players that destroyed discipline and ran up production expenses.

The director was a petty czar on the lot or on location, and he could ruin the chances of advancement of any girl who might reject his overtures. A girl with ambition to be a star, therefore, either had to accept the director's advances or quit the pictures, unless, as was sometimes the case, she was the sweetheart of the producer, which gentry often had a penchant for beautiful Gentile women.

A Gentile producer brought out a young woman who showed promise as an actress. After she had been working in her first picture for a few days the producer noticed that she was worried about something. After some difficulty he succeeded in getting the story from her. The director, she said, had made overtures to her from the first day she had appeared on the lot. When she refused his attentions he had threatened to get her job. One day he had torn off nearly all her clothing before she could get away from him.

Curbing the Director

THIS director had a two-year contract with the producer. The latter said nothing to him at the time, but put a private detective on his trail. After he had obtained sufficient evidence the producer called the director into his office and informed him that he was through. The director threatened to sue for fulfillment of his contract, but after being shown the evidence against him thought better of it. He immediately went to work, however, for another large studio where he is still directing.

It was such abuse of their positions by directors that led to the installation, by some studios, of casting directors. Under this system the applicant registers with the casting director, is photographed in several poses and these photographs, known as stills, are filed away with the name, address, telephone number and description. Sometimes a few feet of film are also taken. After it is decided to film a certain script these files are gone over and the players selected from them. Thus the director does not see his players until they walk on the lot the first day. Being shorn of his power to hire, his power to fire is also limited. In the studios where the casting director system is used a girl has an even chance of preserving her honor, provided she escapes the notice of the producers themselves, and has sufficiently strong character to resist the blandishments of the male stars and directors.

It takes a girl of exceptionally strong character to emerge unscathed from the temptations presented at the studios, and all honor should be given to those who do. The free and easy life, with its escape from the conventionalities, tends gradually to weaken the sternest moral fiber. Things that horrify at first become a matter of course when seen daily. The ambitious girl sees others availing themselves of their charms to push themselves forward into stardom and its attendant financial reward. It is only a girl of the most exceptional talent and energy who can hope to succeed without the aid of a pull. Small wonder that so few of them hold out. The blame does not rest on them, but on the whole rotten un-American system, a system that will endure until the public has convinced the producers that there are some things more precious than the dollar.

Stories of wild parties given by motion picture stars have not been exaggerated by the newspapers. Owing to the difficulty of getting liquor, except at almost prohibitive prices, many players have resorted to



CARL LAEMMLE,
President of Universal.

drugs, especially heroin, codeine and cocaine, for their "kick." Federal narcotic officers told the writer that the Hollywood clique affords one of the best markets to the "dope peddlers."

While holding no brief for Arbuckle, who richly deserves all the censure that has been heaped on him, it must be borne in mind that the comedian is but the product of a certain environment. Arbuckle was the victim of a host of fawning sycophants who encouraged him in his vices and bled him of every dollar they could get out of him. While possessing a certain cleverness as a comedian, Arbuckle is intellectually and morally a moron.

It is interesting, and were it not for the tragedy, somewhat amusing, to note the change of attitude of some of the motion picture colony since the San Francisco affair. Many of those who were proud to be seen in Arbuckle's company, who were glad to accept his invitations, now hold up their hands in horror when his name is mentioned. The ones who are sticking by him are for the most part those who hope to benefit financially by their friendship or who are not yet sure that he is dead as a motion picture star.

Arbuckle Means Money to Them

THOSE to whom his ruin means financial loss are either making loud protestations of his innocence or are maintaining a complete and discreet silence. Illustrative of the former are Joe Schenck and Marcus Loew, two Jewish gentlemen who naively assert that the comedian must be innocent because he means a lot of money to them and of the latter, Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky, who are silently awaiting and watching the effect of the revelations on the public. These two heads of Famous Players are in something of a quandary after their promises of reform. Lacking the courage to write off their loss and publicly proclaim that they have no further use for men of Arbuckle's caliber, they yet realize that Arbuckle is done as a comedian no matter what the outcome of his trial. Dense as they have shown themselves in certain matters of gauging public opinion, they are not so lacking in perspicacity as not to know that Arbuckle has transgressed beyond the bounds of public tolerance. What they are looking for now is a soft place to light.

Besides this is not the first time that the fat comedian's parties have put them in a hole. A certain affair at a resort in a Boston suburb that cost them more than $100,000 in hush money, as well as costing several Massachusetts officeholders their jobs, is sticking in their minds.

In justice to them it must be said that the blame for that affair is reputed to rest on Hiram Abrams, the Jewish head of United Artists. Abrams, in his desire to curry favor with Arbuckle and his guests, introduced the women at the banquet without the previous knowledge of the others. His evident desire was to add a little spice to the entertainment. The real spice, however, was furnished by the alleged husbands of the women, who worked the well-known badger game on the movie magnates to the consequent depletion of their bank rolls.

The blame for movie morals rests unqualifiedly on the heads of the producers. There is small hope for their improvement until a different type of men get into the game. Federal licensing is the only practical solution. It may not eliminate all the evils, but it will weed out the worst elements, and the others will find that clean pictures will pay.

Strife Foreshadowed by New Communism

Concluded from page 10

ture; Max Bedacht, San Francisco, western coast organizer; Jack Carney, Duluth, editor of *Truth;* L. E. Katterfield, Dighton, Kansas, national organizer; Samuel Ash, Chicago lawyer; Dr. Oscar J. Brown, Illinois organizer; Niels J. Christenson, member of the party's international relations committee, and Dr. Karl F. Sandberg, of Chicago.

Appeals on technical grounds have long been pending before the Illinois Supreme Court.

After the convictions the Communists in this country apparently became somnolent. The propaganda stream for a time nearly ran dry. Then almost overnight the smoldering Communist movement flared into new flames. Reports in Chicago have it that the work of organization had never ceased, but had been going on quietly for months, and that on instructions from headquarters of the Third Internationale in Moscow the divided party held a secret convention in New York state, ironed out differences and united under the common banner of "all power to the workers." It was deemed advisable to make the convention proceedings secret because of prosecutions that followed previous meetings.

The Communist Party of America reported at the convention that since last February it had distributed 2,183,000 leaflets in English, 104,000 copies of radical books, and 61,000 pamphlets inciting industrial unrest. It also reported that 19 newspapers printed in seven languages and having a joint circulation of about 1,000,000 copies a month are controlled by the party.

The convention decided to adopt the "group plan" of organization. Under this system no more than 10 new members meet together. Each group is presided over by a captain, who in turn meets with other captains when general instructions are issued.

The convention determined to extend its efforts far beyond the workshop. Convention reports say it was decided to place "nuclei," consisting of one, two or more Communists, "in trade and industrial unions, in factory committees, in working class educational and social organizations, in government institutions, in the army and navy, and in the organizations of the agricultural laborers, tenant farmers and small farmers."

Frank Comerford, who made a study of Sovietism in Russia and who was special prosecutor for Illinois in the case against the Communists, declares that as long as the Soviet Government of Russia is in control, the Communists will continue their underground, secret battle in America.

The new campaign, he says, is timed to the psychological hour. Its directors know that the country, in the grip of post-war unrest, is ripe for agitation, strikes and interruption of industry. Ex-service men, thousands of mechanics, shopmen, laborers, mill workers and clerks thrown into idleness during the last few months, men who under normal conditions would not listen to radical drivel, are easily intrigued by the skillful approach of organizers. Their idleness, they are told, is deliberately foisted on them by calculating capitalists.

The "success" of the Russian Soviet Government will be stressed continually. This government, workers are told, is functioning efficiently. No government can prevent unhappy conditions brought on by nature, such as a short crop or disease.

"Russian workers," says a manifesto, "smashed the front of international capitalism. They have shown the way. The shops belong to the workers.

"Russian workers organized their power. They created shop committees in every plant and united these in workers' councils. When the crisis came they were prepared. Before their mass power the capitalists broke. The workers' councils became the organs of the working class government. Workers control the state, the police, the army. In Russia they are building the society that means happiness for all.

"Workers! Prepare now to take control of your shop, of your lives, of your happiness."

Perhaps no other radical group so systematically saturates its subjects with incendiary doctrines. A vision of revolution is kept constantly before their eyes, a vision of a government in flight before the victorious army of toilers, a vision of factories, mines and mills operating only four hours a day, but paying workers fabulous sums with which to buy handsome homes for their wives and children. Indeed, the Communist victim in the final stage seizes his latest leaflet with the eagerness and suspense that a child awaits the reading of a fairy tale.

"The specter of Communism haunts the world of capitalism," says a typical manifesto. "Communism is the hope of the workers to end misery and oppression. The class war rages fiercely. The call to greater action has come. Workers must answer that call.

"The war made a shambles of civilization. It proved the utter failure of capitalism. The Communist party proposes to organize a workers' industrial republic.

"There is today a more vital tendency, the tendency of workers to start mass strikes that are equally a revolt against the bureaucracy of the unions and the capitalists. The party will broaden and deepen these strikes making them general and militant, developing the general political strike. The strikes will develop into the mass action of the revolution. The class struggle is essentially a political struggle, a struggle to conquer the power of the state.

"Participation in parliamentary campaigns, which in the general struggle of the proletariat is of secondary importance, is for the purpose of revolutionary propaganda only. The party shall make the great industrial struggles of the working class its major campaigns."



The Indian, explaining to John Christiansen, the new settler, that the plowed ground is "wrong side up." Thirty-eight years later, this statement became the campaign slogan of the college of agriculture, and it is changing the farming practices of Western North Dakota. Farmers are being induced to go into dairying, utilizing the prairie grasses, just as the plan brought prosperity to the farmers at New Salem.

The Epic of the New Salem Farms

By EARL CHRISTMAS

ONE day in 1883, a west-bound train stopped in the midst of a rather bleak prairie out in Western North Dakota. John Christiansen alighted with a little group of pioneers, and there, miles beyond the farthest settlement, prepared to wring a livelihood from the prairie.

Chritiansen had two horses, a plow and a tent—in partnership with another man.

Taking up his claim, he began plowing, "breaking sod," in the parlance of the frontier.

An old Sioux Indian surveyed him critically, as the plow turned under the rich prairie grass and left in its place a strip of fresh soil closely knitted with grass roots. Then, he shook his head.

"Wrong side up," he said in his characteristic Indian way.

Further to emphasize his point, the Indian stooped and turned the strip of sod over, letting it fall back into its original position with the grass on top again.

But John Christiansen didn't heed the words of the Indian, a warning that the grass of the prairie should be left undisturbed. He plowed it up and tried to raise potatoes and oats. Gophers got the potatoes, and the oats were not much more of a success.

Hardships, such as fall only to the lot of the pioneer, Christiansen and his neighbors experienced at New Salem. Half of the colony of 100 gave up and departed. Christiansen decided to stick it out a little longer. He tried raising wheat, but there was little or no rain. Often the farmers never got their seed back. Frequently, they had no money at all, and sustained themselves only by trading meager supplies of butter and eggs for groceries.

Christiansen began to think of what the Indian had told him. "Wrong side up," were the words. Perhaps there was significance in that after all.

There were two fair crops. Then came a string of dry years to destroy all the gain, and the farmers were reduced to the lowest extremities again. During one of these periods, Christiansen, unable longer to sustain himself on the farm, went to Minnesota to work in the lumber camps through the winter, hoping to earn enough to tide himself over.

When he arrived in Minnesota, he had $2. Work was hard to obtain. Soon, he was reduced to a dime and a loaf of bread. It was a bitterly cold winter night. He had no place to sleep. Finally, he obtained permission to sleep in a barn. Soon he saw he would freeze if he allowed himself to sleep. He walked up and down the barn, but there seemed no way to keep warm.

Spying about the barn as a last hope, he saw a cow. He crawled down next to her warm body, and there he slept the night through—John Christiansen, and the accommodating cow.

"O, but that cow looked good that night," he recalled recently. "I've always liked cows since."

Christiansen went back to his North Dakota farm. He had a fair crop or two, and then more failures, as did his neighbors. In a country where the annual rainfall does not exceed about 15 inches, there inevitably must be many years when grain crops fail. Fifteen inches—well, in a good many sections of the country that would be regarded as a perpetual drouth.

"Eight years, we lived on wind and sun," Christiansen said not long ago, looking back to these trying days.

But each time he got bumped by adversity Christiansen thought more and more of what the Indian had said—"wrong side up." He concluded he was trying to farm too much of his ground "wrong side up." He would utilize the nutritious prairie grasses to graze a herd of cows, and not stake all on the chance of a single grain crop when there were so many cards against him. He would go in for dairying and diversified crops, for the two go together very much.

Christiansen did go into dairying. Not only that, but he induced some of his neighbors to take up dairying gradually in connection with other farming. It was a hard job divorcing them from the one-crop idea. But Christiansen hammered away at those farmers from year to year. Later, the college of agriculture of the state came along and lent its help to the cause.

As a result, there has been developed at New Salem a community enterprise that stands today as one of the most eloquent examples of intelligent, co-operative effort on the part of farmers. Seventeen men near New Salem are engaged in dairying—as a community. Aided by the State College of Agriculture, they maintain an organization, known as the New Salem Circuit, to breed dairy cows and promote dairying as a community project. In addition, mutual help and co-operation cover almost every phase of farming at New Salem.

Starting with a few grade cows, these farmers have developed fine, pure-bred Holstein herds that are attracting nation-wide interest of farmers to New Salem. At the recent National Dairy Show, perhaps no exhibit drew such great attention as that of these North Dakota farmers, who all but starved back in the nineties. Farms which they were ready to abandon now are yielding generous profits yearly. Wealth has followed in the wake of those lean years that preceded the cow. While other farming communities in North Dakota are experiencing hard times, prosperity of the farmers in the New Salem territory has not been clouded.

Nor are these idle statements. The North Dakota College of Agriculture has figures to back them up. If more evidence is needed, the big barns, the large and extensive improvements on the farms, the bankers at New Salem, the town of New Salem itself—all are ready to speak of what the cow and co-operation have done for this North Dakota community.

"The old Indian was partly right; we turned too much of it 'wrong side up,'" said Christiansen recently. "We plowed up too much good prairie grass. All you see here, the cows have paid for, and they have furnished me and the family a good living besides. The Indian was right."

The example of New Salem is changing farming practices in other communities throughout Western North Dakota. Three other circuits have been organized, and others are being formed, modeled after the New Salem plan. More and more these Dakota farmers are being induced to give up the hazardous one-crop plan for dairying and diversified farming. From 1910 to 1920, North Dakota gained 201,000 dairy cows, or an increase of 77.8 per cent.

The State College of Agriculture, seizing the opportunity, is waging an active campaign to induce farmers in other sections to adopt a program similar to that of New Salem. "Wrong Side Up" is the slogan being carried far and wide, and a picture of John Christiansen and the Indian, lends graphic emphasis to the appeal. The warning of the old Sioux, uttered 38 years ago, may yet have an important part in improving the agricultural fortunes of a state.

According to Professor J. H. Shepperd, of the State College of Agriculture, who, with Mr. Christiansen, was largely responsible for the development of the New Salem breeding circuit, the adage of the Indian fits a large section of Western North Dakota.

"The statement applies to 25 per cent of the land in North Dakota west of the 100th meridian," he said. "This constitutes a total area in North Dakota of more than 6,250,000 acres, an area larger than New Jersey and double the area of Rhode Island and Delaware. Seventeen per cent of this land either is too hilly or too stony to plow, and at least eight per cent of it should be left in the natural, nutritious prairie grass. The Indian's slogan has made a dairy district of the New Salem region. Retaining the prairie grass pastures has made co-operative dairymen of the settlers, and prosperity has followed."

New Salem does everything as a community. When the farmers took up dairying, the necessity for a creamery arose. The townspeople and the farmers built the creamery jointly for the common good. In 25 years, it doors have been closed but two days, and then only for repairs.

The New Salem farmers bought a carload of pure-bred cattle through a committee of one man back in 1906. This was before the co-operative dairy movement had crystallized into the New Salem Circuit, which organization was formed in 1909 through the assistance of Professor Shepperd. These farmers joined and bought the carload of cattle in 1906 because they found it good business and good neighborliness to do so. In other words, the movement developed naturally. Purchasing that carload of fine cattle was an expensive proposition for these drouth-beset farmers, but they were convinced they must have the best. No individual took more than two head of this herd. In 1921, these farmers owned 251 pure-bred cows.

The community of farmers bought a carload of silos at wholesale, and then hired a contractor to put in the concrete foundations for the 10 silos on a single contract. That's the way the New Salem farmers do business. Later, they bought 10 milking machines at once. Nearly all purchases are made through the circuit. Co-operation is in the air around New Salem.

The New Salem farmers have a mutual insurance company that has been in operation for 20 years. Headed by John Christiansen, it has given the farmers mutual insurance at a low rate, and has paid every loss.

The farmers do their own threshing and silage cutting, the machines being mutually owned, manned and operated. Herd bulls are owned co-operatively, and are passed around the circuit from farm to farm. A co-operative pasture also is in use.

There were 12 charter members in the breeding circuit when it was formed in 1909 Ten of the original herds still are in the circuit, but only two of the original owners are still in the organization. Others have died, or are retired. But here is the significant thing. The men who dropped out of the circuit have been replaced by sons or sons-in-law. That suggests that keeping the boys on the farm is not a problem at New Salem.

Profits are impressive. To show how a typical herd improved in production and net profits during the first seven years of the circuit, Professor Shepperd submitted the following table, taken from his records:

Year	Av. Butter Fat Lbs.	Av. Cost of Feed	Average Net Profit
1st	131.9	$27.25	$16.90
2nd	140.7	24.66	13.20
3rd	189.5	26.52	35.45
4th	211.4	38.99	33.09
5th	282.4	33.71	50.98
6th	291.8	37.09	54.50
7th	427.6	57.30	90.24

Increasing the average profit of a cow from $16.90 to $90.24 a year—that would seem to commend the New Salem venture. But consider this further statement by Professor Shepperd:

"The year 1920 was a short crop year, but the 17 circuit members averaged more than $2,300 of gross income per man from milk products and surplus stock alone. Of the 17 members—many of them young men—there is but one with a mortgage recorded against him, and he is just starting out in the business."

John Christiansen, patriarch of the little colony, now owns and operates a farm of 1,400 acres, is vice-president of a bank and has an income of $5,000 a year. Others in the circuit, too, have made substantial sums. Meanwhile farmers who are still devoted to the one-crop plan are having a hard time in North Dakota, according to authorities at the college of agriculture. One community not 50 miles away from New Salem recently had to appeal for help to obtain seed.



Above—When Christiansen settled in North Dakota, bison thrived on the nutritious grasses of the prairie. Now, after lean years of dependence on grain farming, he and his neighbors are utilizing these grasses to feed dairy cows. Center—After the bison disappeared, in the bovine evolution of Western North Dakota, there appeared this animal. This was the unprofitable cow on the farms at New Salem in 1906. Below—Last in the bovine evolution at New Salem comes this pure-bred cow. She made a net profit of $202 in 1920.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The mayor of Youngstown, Ohio, was elected on a freak platform. His platform provided for jailing any citizen who paid taxes under a recent revaluation; for discontinuance of street car service, turning the streets over to jitney buses, and the dismissal of the entire police force if it "did not mend its ways." He has lived in Youngstown only three months, starting in business there with a barrel of potatoes and a wheelbarrow. Now he has a big business.

A blizzard swept over the Orange River colony, Natal, Cape Colony, and the Transvaal of South Africa last September, terrifying the natives of that region so that explanations by the whites could scarcely reconcile them to the seeming miracle of snow.

The Garden of Light is a place in the beautiful park of the city of Sao Paulo, Brazil, where clear, winding waters are bordered by tall palms hiding colored lights that tint them by night. Gorgeous flowers and marble statues bending over, are mirrored in the long lake.

The new wireless telegraphic sending station of the Radio Corporation of America at Rocky Point, Long Island, is said to be the most powerful station of its kind in the world. When it is finished it will be able to send messages through all obstacles except thunderstorms, and will eventually be able to send around the world in less than a second.

The first copyright law existing on the North American continent is that relating to the totem poles of British Columbia and Alaska. The totem pole is a symbol of wealth, power, position, commanding the respect of all members of the tribes. These poles are carved from huge cedar logs. Intricate designs relating the traditions of the family are carved into the pole, and the artist must not in any way duplicate anything carved on any pole existing in the region.

Baltimore plans to prepare a local exhibit of the commercial and industrial activities of the city, place it on board a ship, and send it on a 10-months' cruise to all the seas.

A woman loses her right to vote in Massachusetts if her husband establishes his legal residence at a club. Her only recourse would be to go to the club and live with him.

The finest of all autograph collections is in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. They embrace millions of signed manuscripts covering the field of military, diplomatic, political and economic history and art, literature, science, religions, music and poetry. They embrace the papers of virtually every person who attained a degree of prominence in his particular line of endeavor since the founding of the United States.

The Fruiterers Company, of London, has presented the lord mayor with a splendid array of English fruit in accordance with a century-old custom. The lord mayor is entitled to a sample of every package of fruit that enters the city.

Sixty Norwegian reindeer have been purchased by the Conservation Commission of Michigan and will graze in the northern part of the state.

The regal carriage, once used by Queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, was recently sold at auction to a Honolulu expressman for $6. The carriage was taken to Hawaii from New England 35 years ago for the special use of Princess Kaiulani, daughter of the then ruling house of Hawaii. It was later used by "Queen Lil" for years.

A new type of airplane wing, which the inventor claims will practically revolutionize flying, considerably impressed high officials of the British Air Ministry at a recent trial in London. The new wing is shaped and pointed at the tips like those of a hawk, giving a minimum of resistance. It attained the remarkable speed of 220 miles an hour when fitted to an ordinary airplane fuselage and engine of no special horse power.

Valuable farm lands are being burned up by fires which have been raging in the peat swamps near Moyock, North Carolina, for the past month. In many places the fire has eaten down to the clay subsoil, 10 feet under the surface. The burned section will be useless for cultivation, and probably will become one of the many lakes which dot the great dismal swamp.

Skunks as household pets are raised by a farmer near Crystal Springs, Mississippi. A simple operation removes a small gland which secretes an objectionable odor. They are the most easily domesticated of all wild animals. They are cheap to support, are insect feeders and good mousers. They are in great demand and a pair of five-months-old skunks sell for as much as a high-grade baby beef of the same age.

A penniless over-sea war veteran was given his liberty at the Leavenworth Federal prison under a War Department order. He had served five months of a six-months' sentence for desertion imposed on his "buddy," the man who saved his life in France. His reason for serving the sentence was that he wished to repay part of the debt he said he owed his "buddy," who is married and living in Canada.

A floating village located on the Mekong River in the interior of French Indo-China consists of 40 or 50 huts built on rafts and lashed together with ropes. About 200 fishermen dwell in the village, which changes its location from time to time, according to the whims of its inhabitants and the vagaries of the stream.

A London newspaper registers a protest against "the terrible affliction of the jazz luminaries," that shout their advertisements from every corner of London streets during the dark hours. This paper complains of the display on the Regent street corner of Piccadilly Circus and compares London with Zurich, where the citizens see only the reflection of the stars in the water of the swift-flowing Limmat.

New Orleans is raising a $30,000 fund to combat the Argentine ant which has invaded the city.

One of the loftiest peaks in the Tatoosh Range in Mount Rainier National Park has been named Mount Lane in memory of the late Franklin K. Lane, former Secretary of the Interior. The mountain has an altitude of 6,000 feet.

For the best aeronautical engine suited for commercial purposes the French Government has offered a prize of $200,000. The winner, if a foreigner, must permit the manufacture of the engine in France.

The cost of one United States battleship would endow four universities like Princeton or build 8,600 homes at a cost of $5,000 each.

Three complete stills were discovered in a tomb in a cemetery in Somerset, Massachusetts, by an undertaker. Authorities believe moonshiners have been making liquor, as there were evidences of recent use of the stills.

Congress will be asked for $10,000,000 for the enforcement of prohibition during the next fiscal year, according to reports from Washington.

Gold assaying $160 a ton is now accessible in Turnagain Arm, Alaska, a branch of the sea reaching into the highlands. Until the railroad penetrated this section, the six-foot tides rushing up the arm, swamped the small boats of the prospectors. Now they go in over the railroad and work the rich gravel lying offshore. The workings are covered by high tide.

The oldest newspaper in the United States, in point of continuous publication, is the Paris *Kentuckian-Citizen*, of Paris, Kentucky. It was founded in 1807.

A complete historical survey of London is in the form of a collection of views comprising 111 volumes, collected by John Edmund Gardner. The views illustrate London history from earliest times down to the days in which Gardner lived. It is now for sale and has been offered to the Corporation of the City of London, but the corporation has no money to spend in these days of economy. Many artists were employed on buildings about to be demolished. The pictures include many famous buildings, streets, parks, squares and gardens. Water color paintings by celebrated artists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are included, with a special series by R. B. Schnebbelie.

Pensions for bank employes are being urged by the president of Argentina.

Prince Wilhelm, of Sweden, has collected 1,000 animals, including gorillas, bison, elephants, lions, crocodiles and many birds and insects. He recently arrived at Gothenburg from Cairo with the largest collection of animals, birds and insects ever brought to Europe.

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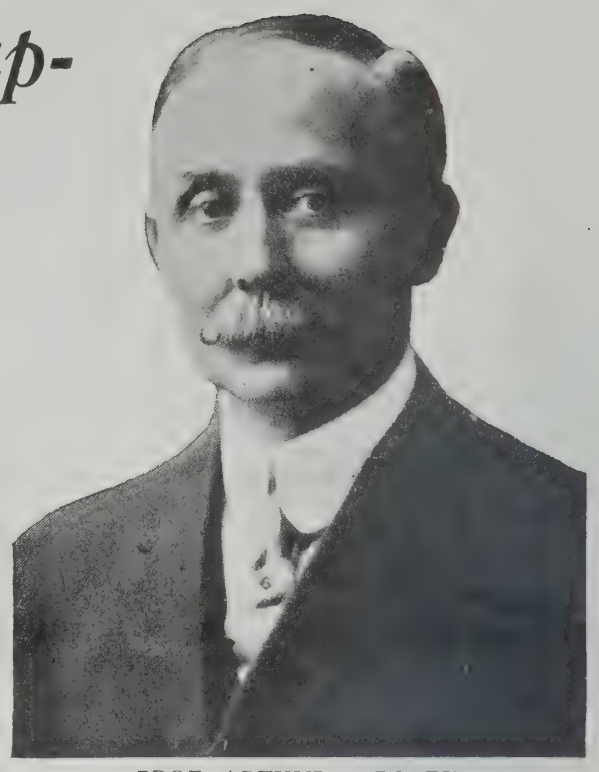
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Federal, State, City and County Levies Are an Appalling Burden

Seeing Sound and Making Snapshots of Sound Waves

Indiana Professor Accomplishes Feat Despite Speed at Which They Travel

By ROBERT H. MOULTON



PROF. ARTHUR L. FOLEY

IF YOU ever examined carefully a photograph of a racing automobile going at full speed, you undoubtedly noticed that the image was more or less blurred. The fastest camera shutter used on such subjects works at a speed of only one-thousandth of a second. This means that when an automobile is traveling at the rate of 70 miles an hour, or about 100 feet a second, it covers one-tenth of a foot during the interval that the shutter is open. This is sufficient to blur the image to a certain extent.

Now imagine a person trying to procure a sharp, clear negative of an object traveling at the rate of 1,100 feet a second—more than four times as fast as the automobile mentioned. "Impossible," you say? Well, what would you say if it were suggested that the object be placed only a foot or so from the camera, remembering that photographs of racing cars are always taken at a distance of 50 feet or more?

But that is not all. Automobiles are comparatively large objects, and to obtain even a fair negative of one going at full speed it must be snapped while illuminated by the bright light of the sun. Suppose, now, that the object to be photographed while traveling 1,100 feet a second is not only small, but something quite invisible to the naked eye—how would you go about describing the utter futility of trying to take its picture?

Nevertheless this thing has been done. The man to do it was Professor Arthur L. Foley, head of the department of physics of Indiana University. The object photographed by Professor Foley under the conditions named was a sound wave, or rather many sound waves, for he has a collection of 30 or 40 of the most wonderful negatives ever made.

In our day one does not need to be a physicist to know that wave motion of one kind or another plays an important part in nature and in technical applications of natural phenomena. The simplest and most obvious type of wave motion—the one to which the name is primarily applicable—is that which we observe in the ripple in a teacup, a surface-tension effect, or in the mighty ocean billow rolling on under the action of gravitation. Such waves are essentially two-dimensional—at least, their direction of propagation lies in a plane. A typical wave front in this case, such as that produced by a stone falling into a pond, is circular in form.

Other waves, and a very important class, are three-dimensional, the typical form being spherical, each wave starting out from a source point, and spreading out as a sphere with that point as its center. Light waves are of this character, as well as the waves used in wireless telegraphy. In fact, the two are propagated with the same velocity through vacuum, and are identical in character except as regards their wave-length, which is of the order of one fifty-thousandth of an inch in the case of light, and of the order of several thousand feet in the case of electric waves commonly used in wireless telegraphy.

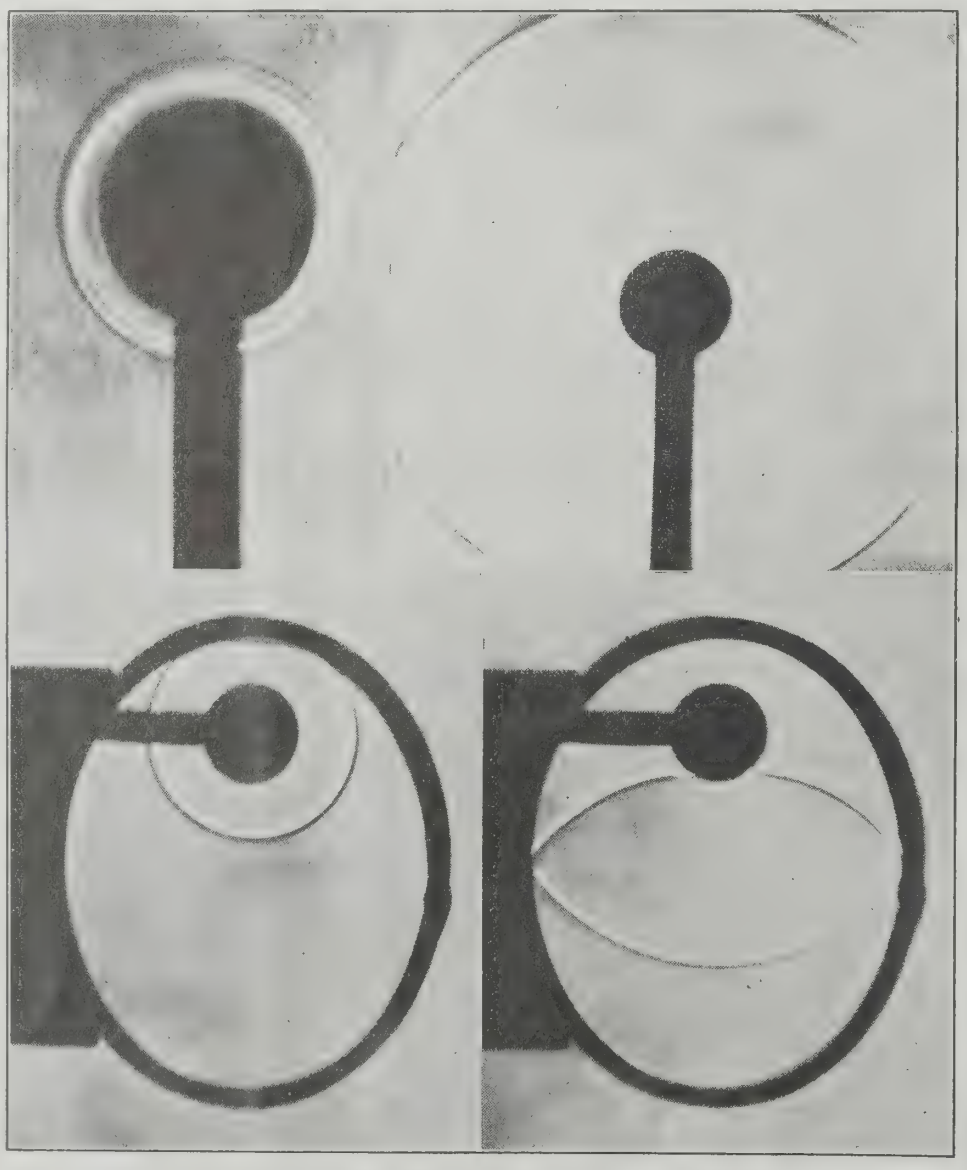
While the circular waves on a sheet of water are readily observable and known to every child, it is only by special means that spherical waves can be rendered visible. Light waves are themselves, of course, invisible—contradictory as this may seem. A beam of light passing through a perfectly dustless space is absolutely invisible to an eye looking across the beam. In this sense it may indeed be said that no eye has ever "seen" a wave of "light." But there is another kind of spherical waves—sound waves—which, though ordinarily quite as invisible as waves of light, or electro-magnetic waves, can nevertheless, by suitable means, be rendered observable to the sense of sight, and photographed, as done by Professor Foley.

The difficulties of photographing an invisible sound wave in an invisible gas, the wave itself being merely a series of condensations and rarefications in this invisible gas, are such that only two methods of overcoming them have ever been discovered.

One method, called the Toepler or Schlieren method, was originated by Toepler, the renowned German physician, whose name is familar to every student of physics in the high schools, because it was this same Toepler who invented the electric machine to be found in almost every laboratory. But Toepler's method had many faults. It required the use of two lenses, one of which had to be of very large size, and of the finest quality.

Even then pictures taken by the Toepler method are very unsatisfactory. They are indefinite and very small, the entire picture being about the size of the end of a lead pencil. The wave whose picture is taken can never be as large as the lens which is used in taking it. With a lens five inches in diameter one could not get a picture of a wave that had traveled more than two inches from where it started. Notwithstanding these deficiences, advanced textbooks on sound and light contain some of these pictures, because up to this time nothing better has been available for illustrating and verifying the theories of wave motion.

But now, thanks to the genius and experimental skill of Professor Foley, perfectly definite sound wave pictures as large as desired may be obtained which show the waves traveling in all directions from the source, and which show them in the process of being reflected from plane and curved mirrors, being brought to a focus by convex lenses and made divergent by concave lenses; in fact, doing everything demanded by the wave theory.



No. 1—A sound wave produced by an electric spark, just emerging from the spark terminals. No. 2—The same wave as in No. 1, taken .0002 of a second after the spark. This illustrates how the wave travels. No. 3—A sound wave reflected by an elliptical reflector. Time .00007 of a second after the spark. No. 4—The same wave as No. 3 a little later. The original and reflected waves are symmetrical; one divergent, the other convergent.

Professor Foley's method of photographing sound waves is so simple in its fundamental principle that it can be understood by anyone. All of us, looking out over a field on a hot, bright day, have seen what is commonly called "the heat rising from the ground." We have also seen stars "twinkle." The heat rising from the ground is simply the confusion of the waves which reach the observer's eye after passing through air of varying density due to varying temperature. The same thing causes the twinkling of the stars, while in reality the light from the stars is absolutely constant. The astronomer tries to get above as much air as possible; that is, into rarefied air, and as far as possible from anything that disturbs the air, and thus avoid the twinkling.

In a sense, Professor Foley has put the twinkling to a practical use. According to his own statement, the argument which first led him to undertake the experiment was as follows: "Sound waves in air are waves of condensation and refraction; that is, series of regions of varying air density. Light from a star or any point or source of light will be bent from its straight line path when it passes through such region. Therefore, sound waves produced between a point source and a photographic plate should cast shadows on that plate. Just photograph the shadow and the work is done."

At first this seems simple and easy, but not when it is explained that, owing to the great speed of a sound wave, the light of the source or star could not last longer than the millionth part of a second, or the shadow would be blurred.

Further, if the light lasts only the millionth part of a second, while it does last the light must be a thousand times as strong as the light which a camera uses when taking a picture in one-thousandth of a second to give good images on the plate. Still further, one must be able to turn on that light at exactly the right time, or the sound wave will not be in the correct position with reference to the photographic plate and other apparatus.

To a large electric machine capable of giving a perfect torrent of electric sparks a foot or more in length, Professor Foley connects some Leyden jars, which act as a reservoir for the storage of electric charges. The number of sparks produced by the machine is reduced, because the jars must be charged before a spark will pass. But when a spark does occur, the entire system is discharged, resulting in a spark of great energy, the crack of which sounds like the report of a gun. This spark is discharged through a circuit containing two spark gaps; that is, two breaks in the circuit across which the current must pass.

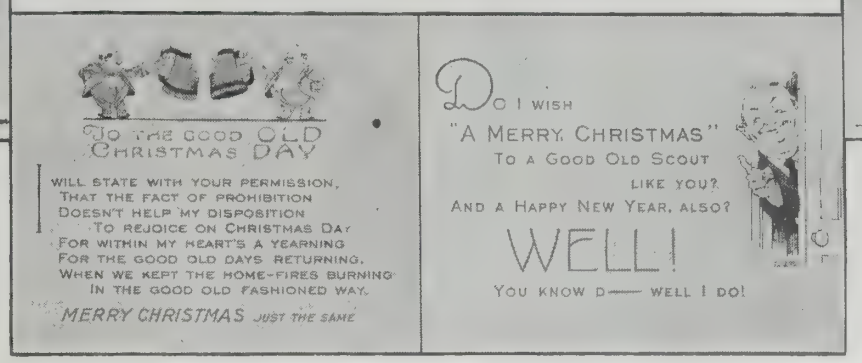
One of these gaps, the one nearest the electric machine, is placed just in front of a photographic plate and when the spark passes it, generates a sound wave in front of the plate. The current then passes under the second gap, arriving there later than at the first gap. When the spark occurs at the second gap it throws on the photographic plate a shadow of the second wave that had been produced a moment before at the first gap. Thus the time interval between the sound and the light that is to photograph it is due to the time that it takes the electric current to pass from the first gap to the second gap, and can be regulated by changing the capacity of the current.

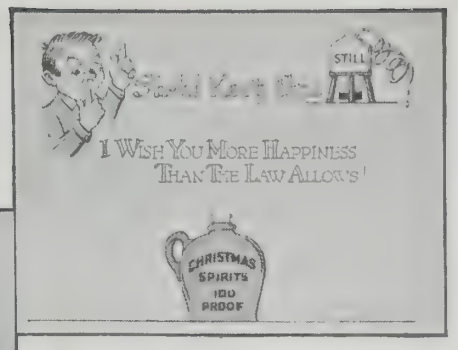
To produce light of sufficient intensity, the spark at the second gap is made to pass between magnesium terminals placed in a tube, shaped somewhat like a gun barrel, and directed toward the photographic plate. In this way the light is in a sense shot toward the plate, and although it lasts only about the millionth part of a second, it is strong enough to make an image on

(Concluded on page 15)

How Christmas Cards Have Been Degraded







The comic valentine type of card today.

MANY years ago, in the American Republic, there was kept a Day called Christmas, in which by all good folk was called to mind the Birth of Christ. How the Day fell from the Calendar, to have its place usurped by great vulgarity, is a theme for curious researchers into the past. It is said that in remote places even now, there are those who keep the day with a mind to its meaning, but their tribe grows fewer with the years.

The default in the Day is witnessed by the greeting cards which once were wont to pass from friend to friend. The elders of this generation will recall those greeting cards. Some bore the words of a carol, suitable to the season; some a wintry scene, with a frosted steeple rising over a wood of evergreens; others made reference to the Angels' song of peace, and some to the shepherds of Bethlehem town. Here was a card with the Babe in the Manger, and there was a card with the Wise Men, seated high on camels, following the Star. Any child, turning over Christmas cards, could learn why Christmas was.

It is quite different today. Men and women hunting through the shops for the Christmas card, are not finding it. It is true they find heaps of pasteboard with the name of Christmas stamped, but it might just as well be Valentine's Day. There is nothing on the cards to tell why Christmas is. Men and women search in vain for the card that tells what Christmas is. Maybe there is not much demand for it in these modern times, and the shopman may have a few put away for simple people who ask for them. No, he is sorry, but he has none. Yes, the people ask for them. Yes, last year and this, but particularly this, he could have sold many did he have them, but he did not have them. Why?—well, the salesmen did not carry them in their stocks of samples. Very sorry.

To another store one goes in search of the Christmas card. The man here is sorry, too, he has had so many people ask for real Christmas cards. No, his salesman did not have any real Christmas samples either. There had not been any real Christmas cards of recent years. Oh, yes, people always ask for them, every Christmas they ask for them, but, you see, if the card makers don't make real Christmas cards any more how are the people to get them, unless they make them themselves? He had heard, said the man, that some people were actually making their own Christmas cards, and not omitting the meaning of the Day.

And so the round of stores, at every counter people asking for the real Christmas cards: "They don't come that way any more, sir." "No, madam, I know the kind you mean; no—sorry."

Yet there were Christmas cards there, small mountains of them. I picked up some in unbelief; it seemed that comic valentines had by mistake been mixed in. But, no, they bore the name of Christmas stamped upon their rude caricatures and their sordid verse. Here is one of the expensive kind; it held the picture of a large open mouth out of which is spilling a shower of musical notes:

"How dear to my heart is the old-fashioned dollar,
Of which I am sorry to claim but a few,
For if I had plenty, their eagles would holler
A lot more than just MERRY CHRISTMAS at you."

No doubt there are people who would use such a method to explain their inability to keep up with the staggering pace of Christmas gift-giving; but few will be so far lacking in taste as not to feel there is something very wrong about it all. There is no sentiment in the loud-voiced verse; it is pure vulgarity.

Others were worse: it seems a pity to tell what they were; they were a blotch on the counters that bore them, even as they are a blotch on the Christmas sentiment. Some of them had to do with "hootch" and "blue laws." *Indeed, I was surprised to see in every stock the apparently determined effort that has been made to carry "wet" propaganda, and applause for every form of license, into the very Christmas cards.*

And these were found in the refined precincts of the better bookstores and stationers' shops where once was found *the type of Christmas card that created the vogue of Christmas cards.* Is it not curious?—the good type establishes the custom and the market, and then the cheap harpies come along and demoralize both.

Now if this is what we have at Christmas, what shall we have at Easter? I know what we shall have at Easter if the present alien and un-Christian strain is followed. We shall have a number of cards containing best wishes for an abundant dandelion crop.

Strange, strange, that the only two greeting days of the year, the two High Days of the year, should be robbed of their meaning because that meaning is Christian.

There is here a curious challenge to your observation. You observe that the days do not die—Christmas is more generally kept in one fashion or another than ever before; Easter retains her place also. The days do not die. You observe also that the custom of sending greeting cards does not change; there are still cards stamped "Christmas" and cards stamped "Easter" in abundance. Nothing that has to do with a commercialized Christmas or a commercialized Easter has been disturbed, rather it has been greatly enhanced. The card business has grown until it involves tens of millions of dollars of capital. But all that has to do with a Christian Christmas or a Christian Easter is concealed.

Is this due to the general indifference of the people, or is it a definite policy somewhere outlined and everywhere followed?

I heartily dislike suspicion, it is nothing I would nurture, but I confess that when I see the disappearance of all the Christian sentiments of Christmas, and then see the very strong appearance of "wet" and "bootlegging" and illicit distilling propaganda on our Christmas cards—good heaven, Americans, *on our Christmas cards!*—I find myself utterly incapable of following the explanation that "this is what the people want." Bootleggers, I am convinced, don't buy Christmas cards. I am perfectly competent to understand that this is all that the people are going to get, but I have seen enough to know it is not what they want.

What I want to know is where this de-Christianization and secularization originates?

The experts, who seldom agree on anything, agree that there is a market for real Christmas cards which indicate Bethlehem rather than the East Side of New York. That being so, why are 90 per cent (another expert estimate) of the cards utterly ignorant and destructive of the true Christmas sentiment?

Christmas cards, like any other commodity, are made. They have their makers. These makers determine what the Christmas cards shall be. Who are the makers and by what standard do they determine?

It is understood that certain card publishers bitterly resent any suggestion that their business has largely fallen into the hands of Jews. They should not. The best maker of greeting cards in the world was a Jew—who has not heard of the Raphael-Tuck productions?—but he used neither his skill nor his vogue to turn Christmas and Easter into mockeries. His skill was given to the worthy expression of the native meaning and enduring sentiments of the Days. No one frowned upon him for being a Jew; no one was jealous of his success because he was a Jew; nor did he conceive his earthly mission to consist in removing all Christological manifestations.

So, to non-Jew card manufacturers who have been led into the Kehillah policy of banishing all reminders of Christ, which policy is based upon the doctrine of Louis Marshall that "this is not a Christian country," it should only be necessary to say that when in any business controlled by Jews it can be seen with one eye that something is being deliberately shoved out while something else is being deliberately edged in, people must not be blamed if they draw their own conclusions. And the way for the non-Jew to clear himself is not to follow the others' lead.

In New York it is reported that the Greeting Card Association, a combination of 50 members, counts about one-third of their membership as Jews. The Dreyfuss Art Company leads with Dr. Frank Crane as one of the writers of greeting card sentiments. In Cincinnati it is one of the whisky-making Jewish families that controls one of the largest greeting card manufactories.

If it will be of any comfort to non-Jewish card manufacturers to say that Jewish card manufacturers are not numerically superior in the business, let that be said; but it will be impossible to say that the Jewish idea of Christmas has not completely—or to the extent of 90 per cent—overcome the Christian idea of Christmas in the greeting card output. No card manufacturer will find himself able to deny that face to face with anyone who knows.

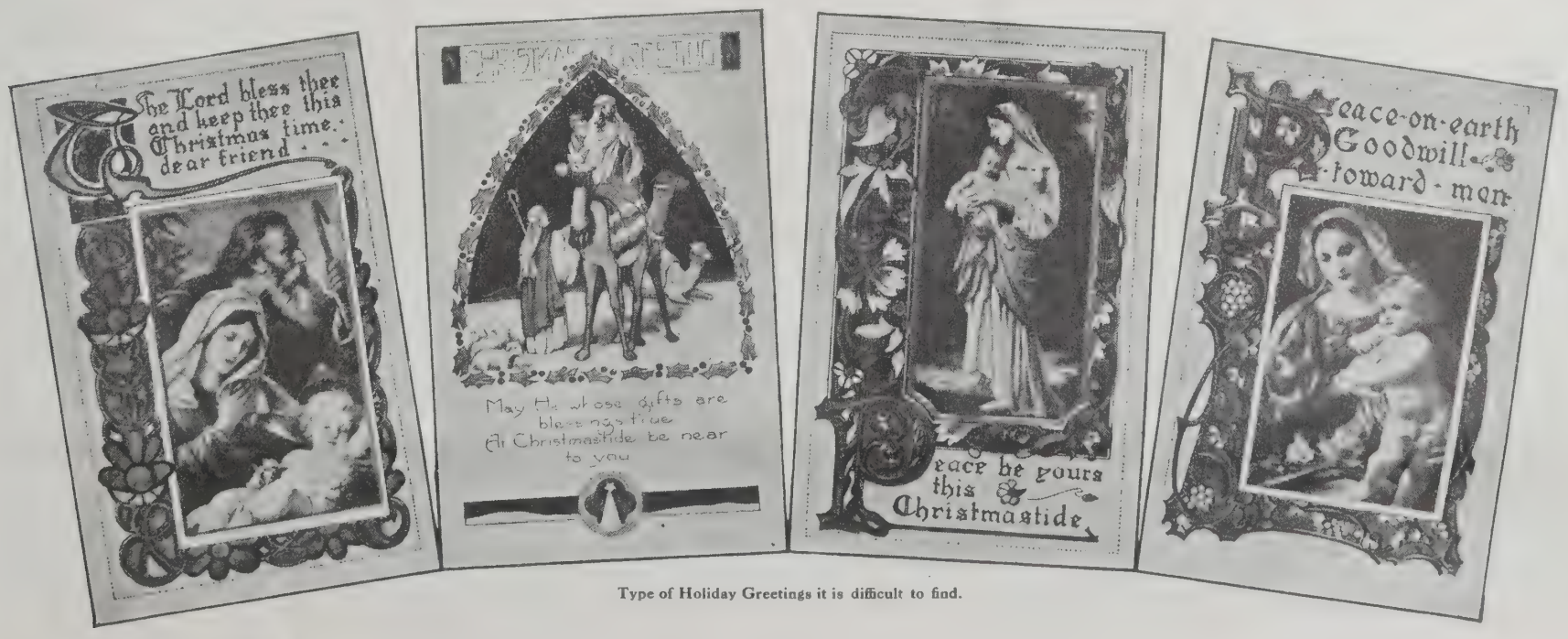
A Catholic priest wrote not long ago to a Cincinnati firm to ask why all Christian symbols were omitted from Easter cards. The firm replied, "You attend to your business and we will attend to ours."

The whole greeting card game, said a Jewish manufacturer, is built on the inability of the American people to write a decent letter. So few people can express themselves in writing, so few can trust themselves to give at first hand the sentiment which moves them, that the printed greeting card is welcomed as a cheap and lazy substitute. This same Jewish publisher, whose explanation of the card business is really a contribution to the subject, had no explanation to give for the disappearance of the Christian sentiment from cards designed to mark the Christian festivals.

A New York newspaper recently said:

"Among the Christmas cards pure and simple there seems a curious lack of the religious element in the American output, and this fact is commented on and complained of far and wide by the card-buying public .... It is a curious commentary on the lack of understanding between buyers and sellers that this desire for the religious element in the Christmas card could be so disregarded by the publishers. Last Christmas there were buyers who literally hunted the city trying to find suitable cards which should bear a greeting of Christmas cheer and at the same time make some recognition that Christmas is a festival different in caliber from the Fourth of July or a personal birthday.

(*Concluded on page 15*)



Type of Holiday Greetings it is difficult to find.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 8, December 17, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Curzon's Check to Briand

AMERICAN example in the matter of shirt-sleeve diplomacy is evidently proving contagious—happily for the future peace of the world. It seems plain that the French Premier, innocently or designedly, gave a twist to the expressions of appreciation of France's exceptional position on the part of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Hughes that put Britain and America in the false position of fully approving French militaristic policy. The outburst of applause and congratulation with which the French press hailed M. Briand's "success" at Washington clearly indicates that he had succeeded in conveying his own interpretation of British and American sentiment to the French people, to the decided enhancement of his own personal popularity and political strength.

That the British Foreign Secretary should have chosen this psychological moment to turn the cold douche of blunt and candid realism on Gallic exuberance may seem to savor of harshness. But the awakening had to come sooner or later. Lord Curzon only stated the American idea when he declared that France's safety lies not in her own military strength, but in the confidence of the world; that her unwise policy toward Germany cannot succeed, and that she cannot be permitted by isolated action to frustrate the plans of the nations represented in the Disarmament Conference.

The speech of Lord Curzon practically warns France that in pursuing the policy of continued opposition to the Anglo-American conception of duty in the new world order succeeding the war, France is very likely to find herself in the unfortunate isolation to which she has sought to relegate her ancient foe. To M. Briand's rejoinder that seven million men of the German Army are still alive and available, the obvious comment is that they cannot well be killed off and they are not the less alive because of the fact that France herself now mobilizes on the German frontier the largest army in Europe.

French propaganda in the United States has failed. Not because we do not honor Foch and admire Briand and love France, but because the idea which now inspires France is not French—it is alien—and it broods menace instead of breeding peace.

The Submarine

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN says there is force in Great Britain's suggestion that there should be a substantial decrease in submarines along with battleships and that the long-distance submarines should be eliminated altogether. He thinks it may lead to the suppression of submarines for offensive purposes. But "the Commoner" regards the submarine "unequaled as an inexpensive weapon of defense."

Evidently Mr. Bryan has forgotten the rôle played by the submarine in the World War. From first to last, it was Germany's chief offensive weapon. It led all the devices of frightfulness that horrified humanity. The precursor of all the other atrocities to which perverted chemical science gave birth in the welter of war's inferno, the submarine stands out in man's memory as the vilest and most cowardly of them all.

The thrill of horror that struck through all humanity with the news of the sinking of the Lusitania, signalized the world's judgment on the submarine. So immediate and final was the moral sentence then pronounced, so distinctive the accompaniment of righteous anger, that by that one act Germany not only lost the war, but incurred a shame which her people would gladly be rid of today.

Already the cynics in Washington are whispering that the only result of the limitation of battleship building will be that "the next war will be a war of submarines and airplanes." But the people—the real people—do not share the specialist's view of submarines. If these undersea snakes had ever served for a single defense, or for prevention of loss of life in war, public sentiment might be more receptive of the praise showered upon it. But thus far, Mr. Balfour's suggestion for a curtailment of submarine activities is more in accord with popular conviction than any that has yet been advanced. If it were proposed to utterly abolish the war submarine, public opinion would be unanimously in favor of it.

Vindicating the Oyster

EXCEPT along the fringes of our eastern coast bordering Chesapeake Bay, Massachusetts Bay and Long Island Sound, we Americans do not wax particularly enthusiastic over the oyster. Even in the months when restaurant cards proclaim that "Oysters R in Season," it must be admitted that the bivalve undergoes a land change in traveling a thousand miles or so from salt water. To some extent, this difficulty is being overcome by cold storage and careful packing. With increased appreciation of the oyster's qualities west of the Alleghenies, possibly something more might be done in the direction of making this particular sea food more available in the West.

The popularity of the oyster rests largely on its gustatory appeal. There are, indeed, dietitians who insist that it has no nutritive value to speak of, being about seven-tenths water—which, by the way, is about the proportion of liquid to solid content of the human body and of the earth's surface.

Now comes along a French specialist, Dr. Llaguet, who awards high place to the oyster as a health-giving and curative agent. Finding that practitioners in the oyster regions of Brittany prescribe oysters successfully for various ills, especially for tuberculosis and habitual dyspepsia, he sought by careful analysis and experiment to get at the reasons for its curative properties. He found that the oyster is a stimulant to the stomach, increasing the flow of pepsin and hydrochloric acid. Its derided juices contain in unusually assimilable solution iodine, iron, phosphorus and lecithin. Even the shell of the oyster in powdered form is administered successfully in affections characterized by decalcification, or degeneration of the bony structure.

The King of Irak

IT SOUNDS like an opera-bouffe title, but it is as real as that of the Sultan of Swat and is likely some day to occasion as puzzling an editorial as that on "The Elbows of the Mincio" which once made a New York editor famous. Irak, in fact, is the newly constituted kingdom which includes virtually all of Mesopotamia, not forgetting the region from which muslin derives its name and which contains the Mosul oil wells, the cession of which to Britain cost Clemenceau several bad quarter-hours in the French Chamber of Deputies.

The King of Irak is Feiçal, the tall and distinguished looking Arab in a white burnoose whose sad mien and general obviousness at dejeuners and dinners made him a familiar figure to newspaper men in London and in Paris during the Peace Conference, which he attended as delegate from the Kingdom of Medina, ruled over by his father. The Emir, as he was then known, had foiled Turkish plans for precipitating a "Holy War" in the East.

Feiçal bitterly accused both the British and the French of playing fast and loose with solemn promises that he should be rewarded for his aid by establishing him as sovereign over a new and vast Arab empire which should succeed to the vanished glories of the Caliphs of Stamboul. For a long time he was kept waiting and kept patiently hopeful through the diplomacy of the clever British Foreign Office agent, Colonel Lawrence, who accompanied the Emir everywhere.

Feiçal's patience gave way at last, however, and he created a sensation by one day marching into Damascus at the head of an Arab army and proclaiming himself King of Syria. Finally British diplomacy and French troops maneuvered him out of Syria and into Mesopotamia.

Just now Irak looms up in the news in connection with cable dispatches from Paris. Herbert A. L. Fisher, British member of the Council of the League of Nations, announces that Great Britain is preparing to negotiate a treaty with King Feiçal, defining the relations of the British Government as a mandatory power to the new kingdom. If the British agent is as tactful and resourceful as Lawrence proved in many critical moments, the arrangements may work smoothly. He will have nothing to say about those Mosul oil wells.

The Power of the Press

A RECENT decision of the United States Supreme Court strikes a blow at the ideal of "government by journalism," said to have been announced by Lord Northcliffe when he acquired the London *Times* in 1909. That journalism is not a liberal profession and not entitled to its amenities is the inference logically to be drawn from the decision in the case of Hector Elwell, managing editor of the Chicago *American*. The court ruled that Elwell must pay a fine of $500 or go to jail because he refused to tell judge or jury the name of the person who informed him that a certain Dr. William H. Sage, then head of the Chicago police department's "narcotic squad," was to be indicted by the Grand Jury. The truth of the statement was not questioned, but the Illinois Court, keenly alive to the importance of preserving the secrecy of Grand Jury proceedings, insisted on probing the "leak."

Elwell's counsel rested his case on the contention that it was covered by the legal guard thrown over "privileged communications." That is, he claimed for the journalist, as a professional man, the same privileges and exemptions as the law accords to the priest, the lawyer, the physician, the military officer or the teacher in the matter of confidential communications. The denial of this claim by the highest court in the land is certainly a matter gravely affecting all members of the journalistic profession.

What is more, it suggests the query to what extent this attitude of the Supreme Bench reflects public distrust of "government by journalism." Newspaper men in this country are justly proud of their record of honorable regard for confidences reposed in them by public men. This was especially marked during the war.

It is not the working newspaper men, but the control and direction of the press that is under suspicion; and not without reason. Newspaper control is indicated by the habit of "coloring" the news in a way to favor certain powerful financial interests and to denial of justice and fair play to the critics of those interests. The Inter-Church Industrial Commission indicted most of the important Pennsylvania papers of deliberately suppressing or distorting the facts in the steel strike. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching has charged that lawyers of great reputation were "given the editorial columns of certain newspapers" for marked defense of the profession against criticisms published in the Foundation's pamphlet, "Justice and the Poor."

It is suggested by a writer in the *Editor and Publisher* that there be a convocation of American journalists "to establish journalism as a profession" by adopting a code of ethics and electing a tribunal for its enforcement. Most journalists, however, well know that journalism needs no such formulation of the unwritten code that constitutes them honorable members of a liberal profession. What is called for is rather a realization by the people that failures of popular government have always been failures of public opinion—of public opinion that is misinformed, denied the facts, misguided by self-constituted masters who should be held to responsibility for any misuse of the tremendous power in a democracy of our "moulders of public opinion."

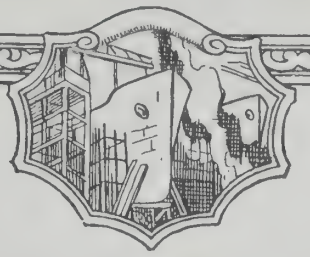
They Have Gone Home

IT IS impossible to say what has happened at Washington, but something has—that is certain. The indication of this is the fact that a certain group of people, all alike, though for publicity purposes they sometimes appear to quarrel and differ among themselves, began to leave Washington about December 1. They had swarmed thither unanimously, although it was announced that they would have no delegation at the Conference as they had at Versailles, because they were refused the right by our State Department. They came in droves, they pre-empted the swellest apartments at the hotels, they entertained lavishly (to the next day lassitude of many a third-rate "statesman"), they even gave orders that the names of the persons they entertained should not be made public, "because they had so many friends they did not want to give offense to those not invited"—an excuse that did not serve to conceal the identity of the dined and the diners in the hectic days when the Conference was trying to square itself.

However, it all came to an end about December 1, when this group began silently to steal away. Something had been accomplished; the part they were interested in was over; their work was done. It is a point that may prove to be worth remembering.

At the same time President Harding felt it necessary to insist to the newspaper men, who were allowed to quote him as if it were felt that the insistence was needed farther afield, that the Conference had been a success.

Mr. Ford's Page



AFTER having come as far as an agreement about sea armaments, the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, seems to have run up against its principal snag, which is the matter of land armaments. It was an open conference at which the land armaments first came up for discussion, and the attitude of the various nations was soon made plain. As the matter now stands, the sea powers have shown ability to understand each other, but Continental Europe is still in the grip of jealousies and fears by land.

Why is it that the sea powers so quickly arrived at an understanding? The explanation is found in a phrase much used these days—"moral disarmament." The two sea powers are, of course, the United States and Great Britain. Japan is reckoned one by courtesy, but Japan's sea power must be counted as aspiration not realization.

The case of Japan is not so mysterious as efforts have been made to have it appear. The Japanese are very astute; they have learned the art of saying nothing, and of course it is also natural for them to look wise. Aided by a propaganda, part of which is sheer delusion, and part of which is a shrewd desire to turn the delusion to profitable account, Japan has been permitted to loom in public opinion much higher and more importantly than would have been possible in a day of no newspapers, or of uncontrolled newspapers.

People who know, know this: Japan will do what she is wanted to do, for outside the consideration shown her by Great Britain and the United States, her hopes are not great. Japan knows this. That is the very satisfactory element in the whole Japanese ferment; Japan knows all the time, but does not tell all she knows, and by her silence learns a great deal about the rest of the world. Japan is wise, and because of that we may be pretty sure that she will see the necessity of doing a number of things about which propaganda would make her appear to be obdurate.

Japan is a great imitator of western mistakes, which is a great pity. Her industrial growth, while very wonderful when measured by the total lack of industrialism in the Orient, is unfortunately mostly a rehash of the mistakes and injustices which we abandoned years ago or are determining to abandon now. Japan saw that we were great industrially but could not see that the mistakes and injustices were not an essential part of the success. And Japan saw that western civilization flourished on war, so Japan became quite militaristic with all the trimmings: she went to the highest school of militarism—Prussia. A willing scholar, Japan will follow the ways of the United States and Great Britain; she will do that rather than forfeit the standing which she enjoys by reason of the good will of the United States and Great Britain. Which means, of course, that she will follow in good courses as well as any other.

But why did the United States and Great Britain come so instantly and unitedly to an understanding about naval armament? It is very simply explained. The two peoples trust each other and will continue to do so regardless of all efforts that may be made to sow seeds of distrust between them. Such seeds have been sown, and some distrust has been raised, but it is not sufficient to affect the fact of racial unity and understanding.

That is why the proposal to reduce naval armament was so instantly adopted—these two peoples have nothing to hinder such a good understanding. There was no need of a middleman to interpret the American mind to the British mind. They *understood*. That says volumes, they simply understood. We hear a great deal about "a good understanding." Well, the basis of a good understanding is an *understanding*. And an understanding is easily reached between similar minds. That is what happened between the United States and Great Britain. The "moral disarmament" had taken place long ago; the other was therefore easy.

We may say that war has reached that point where it is becoming impossible between peoples of the same type. The horribleness of war is that it has mostly been civil war; the higher type has spent much time and effort slaughtering itself, to the great advantage of the lower types which immediately slip into the higher type's shoes. As against each other, the higher type can and should and will disarm. There is nowhere in the world, in the midst of all the war talk that now afflicts the world, a single suggestion of war between the same type of people. If peace has advanced that far, it has come on very well.

The matter of land armaments struck its first snag in the French attitude. In a speech which is said to have been full of a kind of magnetism which is not even remotely conveyed by the printed reports, Briand set forth the reasons why France could not look favorably on the reduction of land armaments at the present time.

The spokesman of France presented his country's past experience with war, its present desolation; then he presented evidence that the militarists like Ludendorff still believe in war, and drew the inference therefrom that the German people are still resolved to whip France; and last of all he asked whether a nation situated like France should be asked to disarm or even seriously limit its armaments.

The fact that Germany is disarmed now, that the army is demobilized, does not weigh with Briand. He says the men who served in the German army still retain some military knowledge and practice, which doubtless they do; he says that there can be found in print here and there warlike utterances; but you can find them galore in the United States, too, "the most peaceable nation in the world."

The fact is, *facts* do not matter in such a situation as Briand describes; it is the mind that counts, "the moral disarmament." As long as France fears, or thinks she has reason to fear, the intentions of Germany, just that long shall there be no "moral disarmament" even though every regiment in the Republic of France be disbanded.

Whether this state of mind must remain, whether it can be removed, are important questions. In the common practice of diplomacy it would be offensive to try to change that state of mind. Diplomats must assume that France is not only perfectly within her sovereign right but is also exercising great wisdom in cherishing those fears. At least, in the speeches that followed Briand's, no one ventured to say "Tut, tut" or its diplomatic equivalent. It appears that when a nation succumbs to that state of mind, it is impolite for the representatives of other nations to disparage it. Common people may say "Tut, tut," but officials dare not.

It seems that the only time nations dare speak their minds to each other is in time of war; then a great deal of truth is told on both sides. But there appears to be a barrier to plain speech in times of peace. Yet, in the case of France, plain speech is undoubtedly called for, that France may be helped to secure such reasonable conditions as she regards as being necessary to her physical security and mental peace. Doubtless some of this plain speaking may take place in those conferences that are not reported to the public. But Mr. Briand will not be there to take part.

France illustrates, it would seem, that nothing is so important as the moral attitude. If it is one of distrust, nothing else matters. And whether it is destined that France and Germany shall ever trust each other, is a question unanswered. War may yet be the means to dispose of the irreconcilable elements in international affairs.

IT appeared to be easy enough to reach an agreement regarding sea armaments, but when the question of land armies came up, the Conference struck a snag. Not that navies are easier to dispose of than armies, but because the naval agreement was entered into by a different group of nations than were touched by land disarmament. The naval powers understand each other better than the land powers do. When the United States and Great Britain agreed upon navies, it was done. But the land army negotiations did not directly affect these two powers. France still has fears of Germany, and that is enough to make a problem. Had the United States and Great Britain feared or distrusted each other, there would have been no naval agreement. Only peoples free from fear are competent to make peace.

On the Back of the Body Politic

Federal, State, City and County Taxes Now "Support" Nearly 15,000,000 Persons

By AARON HARDY ULM

EVERY dollar expended by or on behalf of government comes from somebody, and every dollar handled by the government goes to somebody. The billions it takes to support government go to the support of individuals who make up the machinery of or provide the "loans" or the materials used in carrying on government. Do you know that the operations of government in these United States now provide incomes approximating the support of 15,000,000 persons, or about one out of every seven individuals in the country? Do you know furthermore that 10 per cent of the national earnings now go for governmental operations having to do alone with the protecting of man against man? Do you know that interest on public debts in this country provides what amounts to the full "supports" of more than 4,000,000 persons? This article goes into the fundamentals of government costs—as expressed in the terms of individuals supported by governmental expenditure—and the character of general benefits thus provided for all the people.

WHAT amounts to the "support" of around 15,000,000 individuals passes in the form of taxes from the public as a whole to a minority of the people in these United States. This means that 15 per cent of the population, or what is tantamount thereto, is supported in some form by government. It does not mean that those thus supported do not return value received for what they get. Only about one-third of the population is made up of what by strict interpretation can be called producers. Not many more than 30,000,000 persons are actually engaged in producing and distributing food, clothing and other necessaries of life. Every two actual producers now maintain, in addition to "dependents" and other non-producers who draw from production, the equivalent of one individual that is maintained by governmental expenditure of some sort.

In considering this it should be borne in mind that every penny that passes in the form of taxes into public treasuries goes ultimately to other individuals who draw from public treasuries. Government is not a saving nor an accumulating institution. Indeed, during the last hundred years few governments have paid even running expenses; the modern tendency of governments to accumulate "deficits" was tremendously accentuated by the late war and has not been curbed since peace went into effect. The cost of government may be calculated in two ways. It can be expressed in terms of the total energies and resources of the people deflected via taxes into governmental operations. In an article in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of August 20, last, the writer presented that phase of the subject. The cost also can be expressed in terms of the number of persons whose energies or resources are purchased, as it were, by the funds expended by government. It is the purpose of this article to present that phase of it—not to "attack" anything, but solely as a matter of fact of high importance to every person who pays taxes.

Millions on Public Pay Rolls

SPEAKING in the United States Senate on August 17, this year, Senator King, of Utah, declared:

"There are at this time classified (in the Federal Civil Service) 645,000 persons. In the Army on June 30, there were 221,762 officers and enlisted men. That number has since been reduced (to about 165,000). In the Navy on the same date there were 147,756 officers and enlisted men, including the Marine Corps. Those figures will be reduced to 121,000. On the pension rolls of that date there were 566,053 persons. On the same date there were as beneficiaries on the records of the War Risk Bureau (now Veterans' Bureau) 154,960 persons....These make a total of 1,735,531 persons who are deriving support from the Treasury of the United States. Then there are thousands of retired officers and Federal employes who receive pensions and allowances from the Federal Treasury.

"Against these in 1918, there were 4,425,114 persons who filed income tax returns; so that every five taxpayers are at this time carrying two persons . . . . In addition to this there are 48 states, 1,065 counties, 2,787 cities, 12,904 towns, making a total of 16,756 municipal corporations in the states, not including the school districts and the precincts, with their own independent complement of employes. It is certain, Mr. President, that the number of persons on the pay rolls of the states and of the municipal governments is as great and, indeed, in my opinion, is greater than the number who are on the pay and pension rolls of the United States Government. Upon this assumption *the number of persons drawing pay from the public purse in the United States is at least 3,500,000.* In my opinion it is more: *it is probably between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 persons.*"

In fact, Senator King's figures are very conservative; and they are by no means all inclusive. They relate only to those who draw directly from public treasuries, omitting the probably equal or greater number who draw therefrom indirectly.

For the workman who in a private factory in New York state builds a filing case that is purchased ultimately for use in the War Department, the laborer who helps build a public bridge constructed by a contractor; in fact, all the vast number of persons who perform governmental work let out on contract or supply materials for things used by government are drawing, to that extent, from public treasuries just as certainly as a Civil Service stenographer in Washington or a Missouri war veteran on the pension rolls.

How much tax money is thus distributed cannot be estimated with accuracy, but it probably approximates the "support" on the basis of the average cost of living of between 500,000 and 1,000,000 persons.

But even that isn't by any means all, for none of the figures above take cognizance of public debts.

As pointed out in a previous article, the annual interest now paid on the national debt amounts to $2,000 a year income for 463,000 families of five each. This means that the interest paid on the national debt alone approximates the "support" of 2,315,000 individuals.

It is estimated authoritatively that other public debts in this country amount to nearly $20,000,000,000 principal—and are growing. The interest rates averaging high, it is probable that the carrying cost of those debts equals that of the national debt alone. Thus from the earnings of all the people there is deflected via government what amounts to the "support" of 4,630,000 in the form of interest on public debts alone.

Some Get More Than "Support"

OF COURSE, some holders of public securities get a great deal more than mere "support" and others—as in the case of the thousands who hold small Liberty bonds or War Savings certificates—get a great deal less. Whatever anyone thus receives relieves that person, to the extent of what is received, from the necessity of producing. In other words, if 906,000 heads of families held all the public securities outstanding in the United States, as they might do, a total of 4,630,000 persons could live absolutely idle lives in a degree of comfort even though they had no other sources of income.

And if the trend of public securities toward the safety deposit boxes of mere "coupon clippers" continues as it has during the last three years—and as it has always done in the past—something analogous to the above state of affairs will be a fact within five or ten years.

The same rule of family, as in the case of interest on public debts, can be applied in some degree to those embodied in Senator King's figures, which give the estimated number of persons who draw pay, pensions or beneficences in the form of cash paid directly from public treasuries. A large proportion of all individuals on public pay rolls and a great many who are on pension rolls are the sole support of families whose living incomes are limited to what the "head" thus receives. But many may not be so listed; in truth, a consequential proportion receive only a part of their own "support" from government; and some perhaps get less than they pay to government in the form of taxes.

The average pension paid by the Federal Government to veterans of wars or dependents of veterans amounts to nearly $400 a year, or about the average per individual income for all the United States. The average beneficiary of direct payments from the Veterans' Bureau receives about $500 a year. But in the latter case thousands receive additional benefits—by no means improperly—in the form of physical or vocational rehabilitation, much of the cash paid them being provided as help for their dependents.

The average salary paid in the Federal Civil Service is around $1,200 a year, and the salaries paid all civil employes of government, of all kinds, in the United States, probably is around $800 to $1,000.

Most Are Entitled to It

HENCE it is fair to estimate that the payments made directly from public treasuries for personal services cover the actual "support" of at least double the number of persons on the pay rolls. It is conservative to estimate that the average pension, all kinds, covers the "support" of one and one-half persons. Summarizing on the family basis we have:

	Persons
"Supported" via the civil pay rolls of all government	7,000,000
"Supported" by the pension rolls, all kinds	1,000,000
"Supported" by interest on public debts	4,630,000
"Supported" indirectly through expenditures on the part of government	2,000,000
Total	14,630,000

Those figures are very conservative; the total probably should be several millions higher.

It is not a question of how many thus rated are on individual merit entitled to what they get; in fact, in law and morals, most of them are fully entitled to what is received from public treasuries.

The question involved is one of public policy. It can be determined, not by the mere size of the figures, but on the basis of benefits received in return by the people as a whole.

It is theoretically if not practically possible for 15 per cent of a population to be maintained by government to the great advantage of the taxpayers as a whole. That point would be determined by measuring a fair evaluation of those advantages with their cost—not only by the net money cost but the cost in deflected energies or resources as well.

Government is a necessity. There are benefits and advantages which can be procured only through government.

It is not intended here to contend that the total benefits at present received by all the people in these United States from government of all kinds are not commensurate with the aggregate costs.

But a brief analysis of those benefits may help the taxpayer to decide that point for himself or herself.

The first purpose of government is to protect the life and property of its citizens. Its protective operations, while in essence highly important and all essential, are in the main negative. At best they conserve, sometimes they facilitate, but to only a mild extent do they contribute affirmatively to production.

The second purpose of government is to help its citizens. In those operations it is sometimes actually a producer as in the case, for instance, of a city-owned waterworks. In all of them, affirmative aids are rendered to production, as in the case of the public school teacher who trains the child, or the traffic policeman who expedites activity at congested centers.

But despite great elaboration of governmental operations of the helpful kind, the bulk of human energy and resource availed of by government still goes to the credit of "protection." Where the cost of government has grown by one dollar on behalf of helpful or constructive operations it has grown by 10 on behalf of merely protective operations. More than 85 per cent of all the cost of the Federal Government may be accredited to protective operations, past, present or for the future. All but a moiety of the national debt may be so accredited. This does not include protection against natural dangers, such as the overflowing of rivers, the lack of rainfall, obstructions to traffic caused by floods or winds, the assaults of disease-carrying insects or microbes. It includes protection only of mankind against mankind. In other words, it is for war.

It is probable that from one-third to one-half of all other public revenues goes for various forms of protection of mankind against mankind; that is, for the preservation of order and the administration of justice.

Largest Portion Is for War Purposes

BUT a large proportion of such other revenues does go into constructive and sometimes actually productive operations. The biggest item that can thus be classified is creditable to education. But figures collected in 1918 indicate that less than $1,000,000,000 of all public revenue in this country goes annually to the support of education. That is to say, only one out of approximately each 15 individual "supports" provided by taxes is for the biggest item in the list of affirmatively helpful operations of government. Two or three others may be creditable to "public improvements" of all kinds —streets, roads and public buildings, and so on—especially if we include thereunder the more than 2,000,000 "individual supports" covered by interest on public debts other than national. Most public debts other than national were incurred for public improvements that are actual or potential aids to production.

After allowing full and liberal credits to the affirmatively helpful or genuinely constructive operations of government, those operations still comprise only or less than one-third of all. That is to say, at least two-thirds of governmental operations and two-thirds of government costs, are still for "protective" purposes. Succinctly there flows from public treasuries not less than $5,000,000,000 in money, providing what is tantamount to the "support" of more than 10,000,000 persons, living on the average scale of all Americans, rich and poor, which is creditable only to the protection of man against man as provided in the past and present and for the future. Thus the energies and resources of what approximates 10 per cent of the population, at a cost of 10 per cent of the national earnings, are set aside for nothing but the governmental protection provided mankind against mankind.

At best it is an anomalous cost, however "necessary" at least part of it be. That 10 per cent of the energies of a life species should be devoted to "protecting" its members from each other is by no means a phenomenon creditable to mankind. In fact, it is a biological contradiction. In nature, while species make war on other species it rarely, if ever, happens that the members of one species need "protection" against each other. Even in the insect world where endless wars of the most gigantic kind go on perpetually, those wars generally are confined to species against species.

Man almost alone gives evidence of intra-species enmity. Such may be a natural or an artificial fact, or the natural fact may have been artificially augmented.

Anyway, it is on the basis of such fundamental principles that, in the main, the rising cost of government, and the acceleration of those costs in the direction of "protective" operations must be adjudged.

If it keeps up on the scale of the last 50 years, the energies and resources of one-half of mankind 100 years hence will be absorbed in operations having to do alone with the protection of mankind against itself.

Why Not Adopt Universal Fingerprinting?

By GEORGE H. HEALD, M. D.

OF ALL the means ever used for personal identification—for labeling a person, as it were, so that he can be distinguished from every other person in this wide world—nothing bears comparison to the fingerprint. Twins may be so nearly alike that not even their most intimate friends can tell them apart, yet their fingerprints will be entirely different. The writer recently saw photographs of three notorious criminals who looked so much alike that it would have been extremely difficult, if not impossible, to tell them apart by their appearance; yet their fingerprints were entirely different. Without the aid of the fingerprint, the process of apprehending and identifying criminals would be very much hampered.

Not only are one's fingerprints characteristic of himself alone, so that in hundreds of millions there would not be two exactly alike, but by an ingenious method of classifying and indexing, a set of fingerprints properly described can be located in a cabinet system containing millions of such records, almost as easily as a word is located in the dictionary. So valuable has fingerprinting proved to be for criminal identification, that no modern police department would attempt to get along without it.

Occasionally a prisoner wanted for some crime in one continent is apprehended, by means of his fingerprints, in another continent. In India, where formerly it was common for friends or relatives of a dead pensioner to personate him and continue illegally to collect his pension, and thus defraud the government, the practice of fingerprinting all pensioners, and requiring them to impress their fingerprint on every receipt for pension money, has made it impossible for any one to personate the pensioner, and has stopped this method of swindling the government. Numerous crimes have been traced solely on the evidence of the telltale fingerprints, left at the scene of the crime. Here is a typical instance: A burglar entering a store, took a lot of clothing. It was found that he had entered and left the store by a transom, and that he had drawn an arm chair to the door to reach the transom from the inside. Fingerprints were found on the arms of the chair, and also on the inside of the glass door. From these, photographs were made. The burglar, attempting to sell the clothing in a near-by city, was arrested and brought back to the city where the crime was committed. Denying that he had entered the store, he claimed that he had bought the clothes from a stranger. But his fingerprints were identical with those found in the store; and on trial, he was convicted, and was given six years in the penitentiary. In many cases, prisoners who have denied all knowledge of the crime confess when they are confronted with the fingerprint evidence.

Millions of fingerprints were taken in the immense work of recording the personnel of the American Army, and of the Navy; and in very many cases of doubt, these records have furnished the needed clue, and have thus proved invaluable. These great departments of the Federal Government could not be induced to conduct their work without the aid of fingerprint experts.

The Army Identification Bureau, which has accumulated upward of 3,000,000 fingerprint records, has had numerous opportunities to test their value. For instance, when the Tuscania was sunk off the British Isles, the bodies of 35 American soldiers could not be identified. Their fingerprints were taken, and the formulas telegraphed to Washington, where 34 of them were identified.

The Identification Bureau of the Navy, installed January 1, 1907, has records of more than 1,300,000 men. As every applicant at the recruiting stations is fingerprinted, it is possible by this means to detect undesirable men who have been in the Navy before, and fugitives from justice, seeking to get into the Navy. By this means many inferior men are kept out of the Navy, and the personnel is kept at a high level. In another way the fingerprint system has been of great advantage—namely in the identification of men suffering from amnesia (commonly called aphasia) in which the individual forgets who he is, and loses all connection with his past life.

For the rapid identification of naval men who have been killed, monel-metal identification tags, the invention of J. H. Taylor, head of the Naval Identification Bureau, have been adopted. These tags are the most resistant to corrosion of anything yet tried. On one side of the tag are written the initials U. S. N., or U. S. N. R. F., with the name of the man. On the other side is made a rolled impression of the man's right index finger. These impressions are etched on the tag by means of diluted nitric acid. The tag is hung around the neck, or attached to the wrist of the individual by means of monel-metal wire. With this tag, it is impossible for a man to lose his identity; for as the impression on the tag must match his fingerprint, he could not exchange tags with another person without the fact being discovered.



One single print of a finger is sufficient to distinguish an individual from any other person who has ever lived. On this enlarged reproduction of a fingerprint are shown 65 ridge characteristics. The chance that one of these characteristics will occur in exactly the same place in another individual is one in a million. The chance for two being located exactly alike is one in many millions.



One can protect himself against forgery by adopting the simple expedient of fingerprinting through his signature, and giving his bank teller a sample. Skilled forgers can counterfeit a signature very closely, but they will never counterfeit a fingerprint.

Many twins have been enlisted in the Navy; and so close has been the resemblance in some cases, especially after they have put on the uniform, that, with voice, manner, gesture and features so similar as to deceive an expert, it was impossible to distinguish them, except by their fingerprints. But fingerprints always make the distinction, even between identical twins.

One remarkable incident which occurred in connection with the naval identification service, sounds strange enough to have a part in one of the great detective stories. Fingerprints of a man wanted for murder in Chicago were sent to Mr. Taylor to determine whether the man had enlisted in the Navy. The files showed that he had not, and the prints were returned to Chicago. Some weeks afterward, a murder was committed on the Bennings Road, near Washington, and the Washington *Times* printed the impression of the slayer's hand. Mr. Taylor, seeing the impression in the *Times* recognized it to be the same as the one that had been sent from Chicago a month before, and notified the Washington police that the Bennings slayer was wanted in Chicago for killing a man. At first the Washington police department was inclined to ridicule the idea that any one could remember the characteristics of a hand print for a month; but they finally requested the return of the prints from Chicago, and when they came, it was shown unmistakably that the Bennings slayer was the same as the Chicago criminal.

The question naturally arises, Why should not a device that has proved to be so valuable as a means of personal identification in these various government branches be useful as a means of universal identification? Why not fingerprinting for everybody, with a central record office, containing the fingerprints from every person in the United States? Why should not every birth record carry the impression of baby's fingers? Such a record would prevent the mixing of babies, and would identify the baby born of certain parents at a certain date, with the man or woman, 30, or 40, or 50 years later; for it has been shown that the patterns of the fingerprints do not change during life. Such a record would be positive evidence of one's age, and would establish his identity, and nativity, and might be of great value in proving one's right to a certain legacy.

Why could not every school, from the lowest grade to the university, at the beginning of, say, the next school year, take a fingerprint of every pupil, a duplicate of which could be sent to the central fingerprint office? Then at the beginning of succeeding years, only the new pupils would need to be taken.

Why not legislation providing that every voter must register, and at the same time leave his fingerprint for identification? A single finger might be used for identification in connection with voting, but full impression taken to forward to the central office. With the finger impressions of all those who attend school, and of all who vote, we should thus soon have in hand the fingerprints of a very large portion of the population of this country.

"But," it is objected, "the fingerprint is a means of criminal identification. As we are not criminals, why should we be surrounded by the cordons of the police?" In answer, it is suggested that photographs are also used for criminal identification, yet we do not decline to use them on that account. Moreover, no honest person, no law-abiding citizen, need fear identification; and as a complete system would make it more easy to trace criminals, the country would thereby be made safer for peaceably-inclined citizens.

Another objection may be that the idea of fingerprinting the entire population is fanciful and foolish, would involve great expense, and would not accomplish enough good to warrant its use. The reply to this objection is that the system is in successful use in Argentina. There every person is fingerprinted, from the babe to the oldest citizen. And as a result, they have no unidentified dead, which is in marked contrast to our thousands of unidentified dead every year in this country. For thousands of men and women die in this country every year, and are buried in the potter's field, because they are not identified; though many of them doubtless have relatives somewhere, who would gladly trace them if possible, and give them a decent burial. All this is prevented in Argentina. If some one there dies unidentified, the formula of his fingerprint is sent at once to the central office, where the man's print is found, together with data regarding his identity, home, and friends; and so his relatives are informed regarding the circumstances of his death.

In Argentina, cases of so-called "aphasia," (more properly "amnesia")—where the victim forgets who he is and wanders off among strangers, and is thus lost to his friends—are easily cleared up, for the impressions of the man's fingers, sent to the central office, will reveal at once the man's identity.

Almost every day we read in the newspapers of a person being picked up in this city or that city, who is unable to tell his name or anything about himself. These persons are victims of so-called "aphasia," and days, sometimes weeks, elapse before their identity is learned. Meanwhile relatives are anxiously awaiting word, which would quickly be forthcoming if universal fingerprinting were in existence.

In addition to a centralized system of fingerprinting, finger impressions might well be used as a means of identification, and of preventing fraud in many ways.

In signing an important document, as a deed, the fingerprint might well take the place of the seal; and it would mean something, whereas, the seal as now used (a scroll made with a pen) is a mere relic of a worn-out practice. If the practice of sealing with the fingerprint were general, there would not be the present need of witnesses and notaries, for fingerprints cannot be forged.

In signing checks, one might prevent forgery by impressing the print of one finger, or of three fingers, over the signature. This has been done to some extent, but the practice might well be more general.

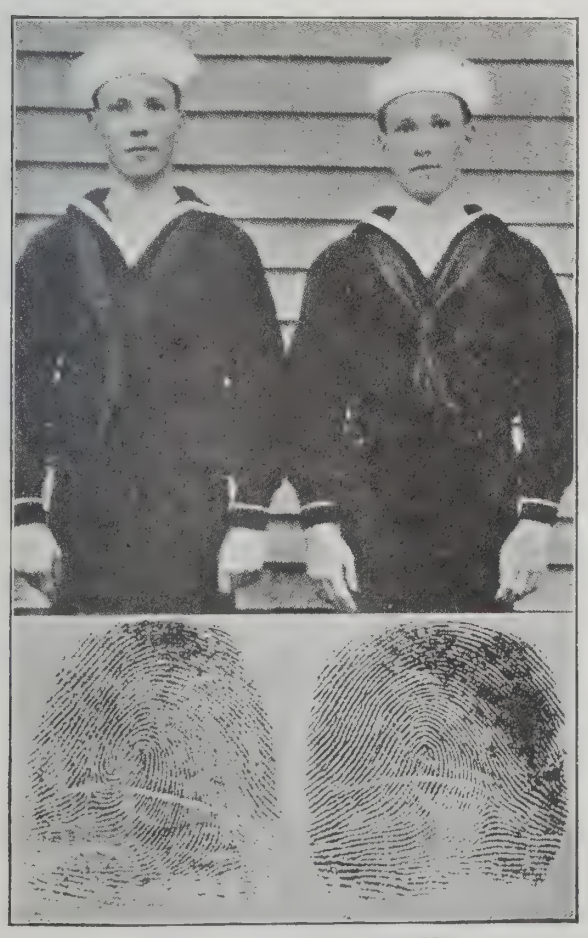
Travelers might have their fingerprints on their passports. These would be worth more than a lot of description or more than a photograph.

Persons carrying travelers' checks around the world, could identify themselves by their fingerprint.

Railway companies, issuing "non-transferable" tickets, might use this device for the identification of the passenger, and thus prevent "scalping."

Life insurance and accident insurance companies might have the fingerprints of policy holders with their records. Proof of death could be made certain by having fingerprints of the deceased made and sworn to by the undertaker, who would act as the agent of, and under the pay of the insurance company.

In fact, there is no good reason why this means of identification, which is capable of picking the right individual out of hundreds of millions should not be in general use, and there are many reasons why it should be.



THE MALONEY TWINS

These young men were so much alike that it was difficult to tell them apart, impossible for many. Their fingerprints, shown herewith, are quite different.

How Jews Gained American Liquor Control

The Terrible Degrading of Whisky Which Brought Prohibition: How Rectifiers Drove Out Distillers; "Nine Years Old" in Nine Hours

TO THOSE who have been surprised and confounded by the widespread evidence, which even the newspapers have been unable to suppress, that the bulk of the organized bootlegging which is being carried on in this country is in the hands of Jews, it would have been less of a surprise had they known the liquor history of this country.

The claim made for the Jews, that they are a sober people, is undoubtedly true, but that has not prevented two facts concerning them, namely, that they usually constitute the liquor dealers of the countries where they live in numbers, and that in the United States they are the only people exempted from the operations of the Prohibition law.

Here as elsewhere the principle holds true that "the Jew is the key." The demoralization which struck the liquor business causing its downfall, and the demoralization which has struck Prohibition enforcement for a time, cannot be understood without a study of the racial elements which contributed to both phenomena. If in what follows the Jews find objectionable elements, they should remember that their own people put them there. It is impossible to doubt that if the organized Jews of the United States were to make one-thousandth of the protest against the illegal liquor activities of their own people that they make against the perfectly legal and morally justifiable exposures being made in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the result would be not only favorable but immediate.

The Whisky Grew Worse and Worse

THERE was a time when the term "whisky" had a much more respectable connotation than it has today. There was a time when to *use* whisky and even to make it, were customs sanctioned by the better class of public opinion.

It is a common explanation of the difference between *then* and *now,* that people of the latter period became more sensitive morally than their forbears, that whereas the previous generation guzzled its whisky, innocently oblivious of the evil in it, the latter generation developed a stronger moral discrimination and banned the custom.

The truth is this: the people did not become better; *the whisky became worse.* When the entire story of the people's justifiable indignation is written, the competent historian will trace along with the people's rising disgust, the whisky's decreasing quality.

Attention to this matter will materially assist an understanding of the fact that Jews and bootlegging are so continuously and prominently connected in the public prints these days.

Readers of the old romances know how proud the master was of his wines. Vintages ripened under certain skies, on certain hills, where certain waters flowed, with cellarage in certain soils, had a faculty of aging gracefully, mellowing to a smoothness and purity and desirableness that made for cheer and health without the alloy of sordid inebriety. The bouquet of wine, the perfected essence of the grape subjected to the further courses of nature, has been a theme of praise for centuries. If it were uttered today the source of the utterance would be suspected, and very probably with good reason, of being in pay of the "wets." For the vile stuff which civilization threw out is not at all the wine of popular custom and century-long esteem.

When Distilling Was a Science and an Art

NEVERTHELESS, it is not difficult for even a modern to grasp the fact that there was an art in making wine and strong drink, in which art men took pride. That art required time, experience, a love of good quality.

It is a little difficult to speak of this art in connection with whisky—wine being a more poetic word—yet it is a matter of knowledge that three places in the world have devoted to the production of whisky the same spirit which France and Portugal devoted to their wines. These three districts are Glenlivet in Scotland, the region of Dublin in Ireland, and the Blue-Grass region of Kentucky. Why in these three regions? First, because there were men—non-Jews, of course—who were willing to wait 10 years to produce a good article. Second, the waters of these regions are of a quality which is beautifully adapted to the making of pure goods. Pure whisky, it should be remembered, is a vegetable product matured by natural forces and no other. Grain, water and time—not even artificial heat added, nor any other thing—completes the best whisky product.

In older times in America there were men who were as choice of their whiskies as of their horses or books. There was then such a thing as quality. But there was no such thing as delirium tremens. That came later, with the disappearance of pure whisky. A distiller seldom grew rich—he was too engrossed in maintaining the quality of his product; and it consumed much time.

There were certain brands known nationally because of their mildness and purity—purest wine of the choicest grapes, aged in the best adapted cellars, was not more mild or pure. There are names that remain until this day—Pepper, Crow, Taylor, and others—the names of men who took time and pains, whose names became "brands" which guaranteed quality and purity. These men were distillers in the true sense, not manufacturers nor compounders, but *distillers* in a time when distilling was both a science and an art, and not a mere name to conceal a gigantic fraud on the public.

In time to come, when the people's justifiable moral indignation will permit a study of the steps by which the reputation of whisky came to its present low degree, they will see how much better it would have been, how much more efficacious and clarifying, if the attack on whisky had included an exposure of the men who had driven whisky out of the country and were selling rank poison as a substitute. The saloon, the brewer, the man who used strong drink were all of them made the target for attack; the Jews who demoralized the whole business went on collecting their enormous and illegitimate profits without so much as their identity being revealed.

The Liquor Business Became a Jewish Monopoly

WHISKY ceased to be whisky and beer grew less like beer; the results upon humanity became apparent and deplorable. So society raised the license fee and increased the restrictions. To meet this, the Jewish compounders turned out still cheaper stuff, and still more vicious mixtures. Licenses went up, and quality went down; the Jewish compounders always getting a larger margin of profit. And through the long, long fight, no one, with one or two notable exceptions, had the sense and the courage to point a finger at the solid racial phalanx lined up behind the whole rotten combination.

Distilling is one of the long list of businesses which has been ruined by Jewish monopoly. Those who favor Prohibition will probably thank the Jew for his work in that direction. It may be that the Jew is destiny's agent to demoralize the business that must pass away. But set against that the fact that it is Jewish influence that demoralizes Prohibition, too, and both "wets" and "drys" have an interesting situation to consider.

In general, the Jews are on the side of liquor and always have been. They are the steadiest drinkers of all. That is why they were able to secure exemption from the Prohibition laws; their religious ceremonies require them to drink an amount which the law has considered to equal 10 gallons a year. And so the Prohibition law of the United States—a part of the Constitution of the United States—is made legally ineffective to the extent of 10 gallons a year a Jew. The amount, of course, is very much more; it is always easy to get 100 gallons through a 10-gallon loophole. In fact, thousands of gallons have come through that 10-gallon loophole.

It will come to many people as new knowledge that the liquor business of the world has been in the hands of Jews. In the United States the liquor business was almost exclusively in the hands of Jews for 25 years previous to Prohibition, during the period, in fact, when the liquor trade was giving point and confirmation to Prohibition arguments. This knowledge has an important bearing on the interpretation of our times.

In the volume, "The Conquering Jew," published by Funk & Wagnalls Company in 1916, John Foster Fraser writes:

> "The Jews are masters of the whisky trade in the United States. Eighty per cent of the members of the National Liquor Dealers' Association are Jews. It has been shown that 60 per cent of the business of distilling and wholesale trade in whisky is in the hands of the Jews. As middlemen they control the wine product of California. Jews visit the tobacco-growing states and buy up nearly all the leaf tobacco, so that the great tobacco companies have to buy the raw product from them. The Jews have a grip on the cigar trade. The American Tobacco Company manufactures about 15 per cent of the cigars smoked in the United States. The Jews provide the rest."

It was also true in Russia, Poland, Rumania. The Jewish Encyclopedia states that "The establishment of the government liquor monopoly (in Russia in 1896) deprived thousands of Jewish families of a livelihood." They controlled the liquor traffic, the vodka business which undermined Russia. The government made the liquor business a national monopoly in order to abolish it, which was done. Liquor in Russia was Jewish, as the Encyclopedia testifies. Anyone reading carefully the article on Russia, especially pages 527 and 559 in the Jewish Encyclopedia, will be in no doubt as to the fact. In Rumania the whole "Jewish Question" was the liquor question. The land of the peasants came into control of the liquor sellers, and the business of handling liquors was a strict Jewish monopoly for years. In Poland the same was true. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the United States whisky also became Jewish.

The "Rule of the Region" in Strong Drink

FOR convenience in detailing this story, most of the observations made will center in the state of Kentucky. Almost every one of age knows the phrase "fine old Kentucky whiskies." It was once a phrase that meant something. Kentucky produced, in her limestone regions, the kind of water that served best with the grain ingredients of whisky. The word "Bourbon," known mostly as a kind of whisky, is really the name of a county in Kentucky where "Bourbon whisky" was first made. How profoundly the region in which whisky is manufactured affects the product may be gathered from the fact that a primitive Kentucky distiller named Shields who became famous for a brand of Bourbon made from the waters of Glen's Creek, conceived the idea of lowering his costs by transferring his distillery to Illinois where he would be nearer the rich cornfields. He was disappointed. Illinois water would not make Bourbon. "The rule of the region" is supreme. Jamaica rum owes its characteristic to the waters of Jamaica. Port wine is best produced in the region of Duro in Portugal, champagne in the region of Rheims in France, and beer in Bavaria. And so, in Kentucky there was the right combination of elements which made the whisky product of that state world famous.

An alcoholic spirit from grain may be made in *any* climate and by many methods. Neutral spirits, high wines and alcohol, are not indigenous anywhere. They can be made in any back room or cellar, in very little time. Little care is required. A concoction of drugs and spirits, properly colored and flavored, fraudulently labeled "whisky" and passed out over the bar, is a crime against the art of distilling, against the human nervous system and against society.

When Dr. Wiley Tried to Awaken Us

READERS may recall that in 1904, Dr. Wiley, then chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, had a great deal to say about this. But because he did not point out that the evil he was attacking was fostered by a single class of men bent on gain at the cost of ruin to an American industry and to countless thousands of American citizens, few paid any attention to him. The public supposed that Dr Wiley was discussing a technical question which interested American distillers only. It vastly more interested the American citizen, if he had but known it, if anyone had but had the clear vision and the courage to expose the great Jewish whisky conspiracy.

The difference between the non-Jewish and the Jewish method, as illustrated in the history of American whisky, is thus described by Dr. Wiley:

"The aging of whisky takes years of time. It is expensive. The whisky leaks out. It is allowed to stand for four years at least. The object of this is to permit the oxidation of the alcohols . . . . There is a loss of interest on the value of the whisky while it is aging; hence it is an expensive process.

"But the manufacture of compounded, or artificial whisky has for its purpose the avoiding of this long and expensive process. The makers begin with the

Volume Three in this series—"Jewish Influence On American Life," containing a third selection of these articles, is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and is sent at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

pure article of spirits which can be made in a few hours . . . . To this is added enough water to dilute it to the strength of whisky. The next step is to color it . . . . this is done by adding burnt sugar and caramel. The next thing is to supply the flavors . . . . By the way I have described, in two or three hours the compounder can make a material which looks like, smells like, tastes like and analyzes like genuine whisky, but it has a different effect on the system. The people who drink this whisky are much more liable to receive injury from it than those who drink the genuine article."

All sorts of practices were resorted to. Drugs and raw "crops" of whisky were bought up and the business of "rectifying" as it was called, began the ruin of the natural and wholesome process of distilling. Quick money, regardless of what happened to the customer: that was the motive of the rectifying business.

Nine Years Old in Nine Hours

THIS rectifying business was mostly Jewish. Here and there a non-Jew was associated with Jewish partners, but rarely. The way had been found to trade on the reputation of the term "whisky" by compounding a liquid which looked and tasted like whisky but the effect of which was harmful. That was the capital fraud—the capture of the name "whisky" for a synthetic poison. There was a concealment of the meaning of "rectified spirits," a deceptive use of the word "blend," and even a most fraudulent misrepresentation concerning aging. If chemical deception could be used to make a whisky taste as if it were nine years old, then it was advertised as "Nine Years In The Wood." Here is a bit of Jewish court testimony:

Q. Is your make of whisky nine years old?

A. Nine years old, but I want to explain in that respect that the whisky may not have existed nine years before it was put into that bottle . . . . That brand of whisky which we brand as nine years old blended, means that it is equal to nine-year-old whisky in smoothness and quality.

Q. How did you arrive at the fact which you put upon this bottle that the whisky was nine years old?

A. Because it is comparatively nine years old.

Q. How do you arrive at that result?

A. By sampling. You take the whisky that is allowed to remain in the original package for nine years and compare it with our nine-year-old blend and you will find them in smoothness the same. Therefore, we class it as nine-year-old whisky.

Let the reader form his own judgment on that type of mind. The whisky bore a name resembling a time-honored brand of pure goods, and it flaunted the name Kentucky, when it was *not* whisky at all, was *not* a Kentucky product, but was compounded of neutral spirits from Indiana, prune juice from California, rock candy from anywhere, and raw Illinois whisky from Peoria to give it flavor.

Although Louisville, Kentucky, became headquarters of whisky men, it was Cincinnati, Ohio, a thoroughly Judaized city, which became a greater headquarters for the psuedo-whisky men, the compounders, mixers and rectifiers. The list of Cincinnati liquor dealers reads like a directory of the Warsaw ghetto. In Louisville the Judaic complexion of the city, as well as society, is very noticeable; indeed, most of the leading Jews in the whisky business are now Kentucky "Colonels."

Some Jewish Brands of Whisky

THE Jewish character of the whisky business since the Civil War may be visualized, by the simple expedient of noting how many of the better known brands have been at various dates under Jewish control:

There is "Old 66," owned by Straus, Pritz & Company.

"Highland Rye," owned by Freiburg and Workum.

"T. W. Samuels Old Style Sour Mash," owned by Max Hirsch, the Star Distilling Company.

"Bridgewater Sour Mash and Rye Whiskies," "Rosewood and Westbrook Bourbon Whiskies," distilled by J. & A. Freiberg.

"T. J. Monarch" and "Davies County Sour Mash Whiskies," controlled by J. & A. Freiberg.

"Louis Hunter 1870," "Crystal Wedding," and "Old Jug," blended by J. & A. Freiberg.

"Gannymede '76," put out by Sigmund and Sol H. Freiberg.

"Jig-Saw Kentucky Corn Whisky," "Lynndale Whisky," "Brunswick Rye and Bourbon," by Hoffheimer Brothers Company.

"Red Top Rye" and "White House Club," by Ferdinand Westheimer & Sons.

"Green River" came into the control of E. La Montague.

"Sunnybrook," a widely advertised brand on whose advertising matter a man in a United States inspector's uniform stood behind as if endorsing it, was at the time owned by Rosenfield Brothers & Company.

"Mount Vernon," as from the Hannis Distilling Company, was at the time owned by Angelo Meyer.

"Belle of Nelson" came into control of the Jewish trust, which was brought to legal birth by Levy Mayer and Alfred Austrian, the latter being the Chicago attorney whose name will be recalled in connection with the baseball articles in this series.

"James E. Pepper" was owned by James Wolf.

"Cedar Brook" was owned by Julius Kessler & Company. It was formerly the old "W. H. McBrayer" brand, but the real W. H. McBrayer, knowing the new methods that were arising in liquor-making, requested in his will that his name should not be used as a brand after he had ceased to see that the product was worthy of his name.

In the Pittsburgh and Peoria districts, the same story held true; the alleged whisky made in those districts was controlled, with one exception, by Jews.

The Great Western Distillery, in Peoria, is owned by a corporation of Jews. Two of its brands were "Ravenswood Rye" and "Ravenswood Bourbon."

The Woolner Distillery made "Old Grove Whisky" and "Old Ryan Whisky" and "Bucha Gin."

In the city of Peoria alone there are fifteen great fortunes, all held by Jews, and for the most part made in what passed in Peoria for Whisky.

Take the city of Cincinnati alone and note what even an incomplete list reveals as to the names of the men classified as "distillers":

Bernheim, Rexinger & Company; Elias Bloch & Sons; J. & A. Freiberg; Freiberg & Workum; Helfferich & Sons; Hoffheimer Brothers Company; Elias Hyman & Sons; Kaufman, Bare & Company; Klein Brothers; A. Loeb & Company; H. Rosenthal & Sons; Seligman Distilling Company; Straus, Pritz & Company; S. N. Weil & Company and F. Westheimer and sons; with many other Jews concealed under fancy trade names and corporation designations. It is the same throughout Ohio, which state, incidentally, is one of the most Jew-ridden states in the Union.

The lists here given do not by any means begin to indicate the numbers of the Jews who were engaged in the liquor business, they only indicate the complexion which the business takes on when a search is made behind the "brands" and the trade names. Any citizen in any city of size will have no trouble in confirming the statement that most of the rectifiers and wholesalers and brokers in the whisky trade of his city also were Jews.

Where the "Gentile Boob" Came In

BUT it is not only the fact that the liquor business was controlled by Jews that assumes importance. That is a fact which no one will deny—not even the Jewish defenders. But it is the additional fact that there was spread over this country the machinery of a vicious system which while it was destined to ruin the liquor business—as perhaps it deserved to be ruined—also ruined hundreds of thousands of citizens who trusted that "pure and unadulterated" meant what the words were intended to convey. It would be a separate story to tell of all the manipulation of labels, the piracy of brand names, the conscienceless play upon the words "pure and unadulterated" of which the un-American "compounded liquor" combine was guilty. Of course the stuff was "pure and unadulterated"—so is carbolic acid—but it was not whisky! There were law violations galore, and it was well enough recognized in the rectifying business as a regular practice to appropriate annually a certain sum to pay the fines that were bound to be assessed against it. A riot of adulteration and chicanery ensued, with whisky being made in many saloon cellars and the dangerous secrets of synthetic booze-making being peddled abroad among the customers of the trust.

Presently the saloon men became aware of the fact that they were the goats of the game. Seldom was the Jew engaged in dishing out five-cent beers or ten-cent whiskies; it remained for the "boob Gentile" to do that; the Jew was at the wholesale end where the real profits were made. But it was the saloon man who took the brunt of the blame. The Jewish "distillers," as the compounders and blenders of the Louisville and Peoria districts were called, wore silk hats and their respectability was unquestioned. The saloon men made an eleventh hour effort to save their business, but the stuff they were pouring out had not improved, and Prohibition came, sweeping the saloon away, but, as the sequel will show, not depriving the Jewish compounder of his profits.

80 Per Cent of "Whisky" Was Chemicalized

HOW much of the liquor business of the United States was in whisky and how much in rectified spirits?

The Twelfth Census of the United States, 1900, said: *"Most of the distilled liquors consumed as a beverage by the American people pass through rectifying houses.* The different classes of rectified spirits range from the cheapest concoctions of neutral spirits and drugs to the simple blending of young and old whisky."

Twenty years ago statistics showed that 80 per cent of the so-called whisky put up in the United States was imitation whisky. Chief Chemist Wiley, whose concern was not with the quantity but with the quality, gave it as his information "that over half the whisky in this country was compounded whisky. Less than half was genuine; and while they usually mix a little old whisky with it, they often sell it purely and simply as it is, whisky which has no claim to be called whisky under the real meaning of that term."

But all that was only a beginning. The time came when the vision of a great liquor combination rose in certain minds in this country. It was planned to sweep the good brands and the bad brands alike into one common management—whose control the reader will by this time suspect—and thus not only capitalize the reputation which the old-time American distillers had made through years of honest distilling, but use the trade names of pure goods as a mask for a deluge of the dishonest kind of liquor which left a trail of suicide, insanity, crime and social wreckage in its path.

This, with independent testimony as to the Jewish direction of it all, will form the subject matter of a separate story.

JEWISH WORLD NOTES

Letters on the subject of Jewish immigration into South Africa continue to pour in upon the editor of the *Cape Times,* who shows an admirable anxiety to deal with this pressing problem not from an anti-Semitic standpoint. "Few people," says one correspondent, "seem to grasp the alarming proportions Jewish immigration has assumed. Since 1918 South Africa and South America seem to be the Eldorado of Jewish hopes, and they are streaming in by thousands from the Baltic Provinces and the Ukraine. There is no objection in any country to a limited number of Jews, but when they grow to such large proportions of the population as in South Africa, it is the duty of the Government to consider its immigration laws . . . . With a small white population of one and one-half millions, we are trying hard to build up a united nationality to present a united front to pan-African aspirations. We have partially succeeded in assimilating our Jews in world ideas. In race, alas! we never will. But have we succeeded in making them South Africans? It is impossible, and we are the last to blame them for it. All the national hopes and ideals are centered on Palestine. Then why not turn the tide of immigration thither? It will be the shortest and surest way to realize their ambitions. We stand under no political obligation to them, for they have not helped to civilize this country, so that we are at perfect liberty to allow only as many of them as we deem expedient to enter the country."

An amazing dispatch from Washington sent out by the Jewish Telegraph Agency to the papers narrates with undisguised gusto how Mr. A. J. Balfour, "author of the famous Balfour Declaration and at present head of the British delegation to the Disarmament Conference," refused to see representative Arabs in this country until Miss Victoria Mannes, a Palestinian Christian connected with a New York daily published in Arabic, asked for and was accorded an interview in her journalistic capacity. Miss Mannes asked Mr. Balfour just what he meant by the phrase: "a Jewish homeland in Palestine." According to this Jewish correspondent, the lady's entirely polite and relevant query angered the British statesman so that "he answered sharply, 'Everything but not pogroms; tell your fanatic compatriots that they bring shame upon Islam and upon civilization!'" It is to be doubted that a man of Mr. Balfour's tact would be capable of such stupid insult to the Arab race as is here imputed to him. The dispatch reveals the lengths to which Jewish propagandists will go in their effort to make the readers of Jewish papers believe that they own the British Government, body, boots and breeches.

Karl Radek, the Communist leader, in a recent speech at Riga vigorously defended the right of Poalei-Zion to retain membership in the Third Internationale, despite the rule adopted at the recent Moscow Congress requiring affiliated organizations to surrender all nationalist affiliations and allegiances. Radek is indiscreet. He is calling attention to something the Moscow dictators plainly meant should be kept quiet, that is, that only *other than Jewish* nationalities are to be suppressed in order to bring about the compulsion on all the rest of the world of the acceptance of Jewish nationality (and the Jewish religion with it as part of it), and as the one and only nationality on earth.

A Jewish Telegraph Agency dispatch from Jerusalem reports that the files of documents relating to Zionism in the archives of the Russian Foreign Office for the years 1907 and 1908 have "fallen into the hands" of the Russian Zeire-Zion, which has presented them to the National Hebrew Library in Jerusalem. This, of course, could only have occurred through the favor and connivance of the present usurping Jewish government of Russia. Evidently the authorities of the National Hebrew Library are callous as to proclaiming themselves receivers of stolen goods. When the Russians resume control of their own country and an accounting will be demanded from Jerusalem, it will be too late to recover documents that would convict international Jews of an international plot.

Mrs. Isabelle Wolfe Baruch, widow of the late Dr. Simon Baruch and mother of Hartwig R., Bernard M., Herman B., and Saling W. Baruch, died in New York on November 24. Grief for the death of her husband in June last at the age of 81 is believed to have hastened Mrs. Baruch's demise.

A Kentucky Community's Unique Prophylaxis

Juvenile Brass Bands Make Welfare Workers Unnecessary

By HARRY BARNET

WITHOUT doubt the liveliest, and probably the most successful, welfare experiment yet made by any community is the development of the Cardinal Band and the Horseshoe Band in Maysville, Kentucky, a city of 7,000 population. Eighty-seven boys and girls, whose ages are between 8 and 16 years, are members of either one or the other of these musical organizations.

The chief business of these bands is, and was intended to be, service as a sort of a sugar-coated community prophylaxis. That is, in Maysville, they take the places and do the work of three or four societies and associations that might otherwise be organized and maintained to drive out and to keep away from the vicinity some of the vexations and drawbacks that thrive particularly in small cities. While they are doing this the Cardinals and the Horseshoes afford a lot of pleasure to the people of Maysville.

"Some conditions needed correcting in Maysville," is the reason given for these bands, as explained by Colonel J. Barbour Russell, manager of the organizations.

"Something that everybody in Maysville, and for miles around Maysville, can take a permanent interest in was what we were trying to fix on when we started the Cardinal Band in 1919," he continued.

"Welfare organizations are usually closed corporations. Everybody doesn't belong to them, and can't by the very nature of the affairs belong to them. Therefore, you never get the interest of everybody enlisted in what is going on. They haven't a direct hand in it, so they cannot feel that they personally are helping to clean up some bad conditions, and to correct other conditions that threaten to go bad.

"One of the peculiarities of what we are doing in Maysville is that everybody helps. The city cannot maintain these bands, and the expense of maintaining them is paid by donations. In soliciting money for their support everybody gives what he can. I have gone out in town and in one afternoon collected $4,500 for the bands. We wanted to educate the youngsters, give pleasure to the public, revive the instinct for good music that was rapidly going into the discard under the advance of jazz, and to do a good many things that were necessary in the city. A 'kid band' seemed to be about as good a means as any we could select. In fact, it seemed to be the better way, for it is amazing what a band of any kind can do in a small city."

And it is amazing what the Cardinals and the Horseshoes have done in Maysville. Within a comparatively short time they have cut the ground completely from under jazz—not alone jazz music, but the shady pastimes that lately are grouped under the name of jazz. Along with this elimination of suggestive music, these bands have wiped out the antagonistic feeling that exists generally between persons who live in small towns and small cities, and the persons who live in the surrounding country; saved Maysville from being looted and burned by an infuriated mob of tobacco growers; and led grouches, who formerly lurked in the gloomy undergrowth of pessimism, out into the lilting glare of jovial optimism.

Maysville is one of the important Kentucky tobacco centers. Several times during the year "tobacco sales" are held in Maysville. On these days growers from all sections of the highlands that surround Maysville congregate in the city to dispose of their crops. These growers are all sorts and classes and types of men, a good many of them "hill billies," who seldom see a town or a city at any other time of the year.

On one particular day about 6,000 growers were in Maysville. Prices were low, and the growers were in a sullen mood. In a short time these 6,000 growers were a thoroughly enraged mob that milled about the streets, and there were many threats that culminated in a determination to loot and burn the city in retaliation for the low prices that were offered. Business and professional leaders of the city were unable to get the crowd to listen to them; the mob refused to follow the leadership of any city man. At noon the people of Maysville were terrified. The business streets were crowded with frenzied men. It appeared to be a question of only minutes before an irresponsible leader would appear, and then there would be looting and burning.

When conditions reached that point some one suggested the Cardinals as a means of subduing the mob. It was a risky thing to contemplate, sending these youngsters into the midst of 6,000 men who were maddened by disappointment. But every other means had been tried and had failed. The band was assembled after 30 minutes' frantic telephoning. Because the Cardinals are "Blue Grass" from their feet up, not one of them flinched when they marched through the mob, and into the center of the public square. When they reached there they began to play. Within a short time they were surrounded by nearly 3,000 members of the mob. The band played on, and gradually the tobacco growers in the circle about them were quieted. Within half an hour from the time the band appeared it started to march to the opera house, playing "My Old Kentucky Home." The mob opened to let the boys pass, closed in behind, and followed the Cardinals to the opera house.

Few more than 1,200 persons can be accommodated in the Maysville opera house. Nearly 2,000 members of the mob managed to squeeze into it behind the band. There was another concert, and later prominent citizens got the attention of the mob. Other prominent citizens obtained the attention of the overflow on the streets. The upshot of the affair was that, under the leadership of responsible men, the growers were pacified.

During 1919, the Cardinals were taken to towns and villages in the country surrounding Maysville. They gave concerts in these places. The prime object of these concerts was not to show these youngsters off. It was to show what can be done with children, and to wipe out the feeling that to some extent hampered understanding and respect between country people and town people. There was no charge for these concerts.

The second year a charge of $2 for each player in the Cardinals was made, and they were more in demand for concerts than they were during the first year of their existence as a band. The Cardinals interested people in the small towns and in Maysville alike. The band provided a common interest, and led to the uncovering and realization of the greater number of the common interests existing between country people and town people if somebody goes to the bother of making these interests clear. The result of these concert trips is a wonderful harmony among the people of that section, and the creation of a feeling over a considerable section of Kentucky that the Cardinals are not only a Maysville institution, but a sort of a state and an interstate organization. Governor Morrow thoroughly established the state and interstate popularity of the Cardinals last year. As individuals, as groups, such as the trombone section and the cornet section of the band, and as a band, the Cardinals have been intensively trained until they are far above the average of "kid bands" over the country. Probably out of the customary pride that Kentuckians display in products of their commonwealth, and because the Cardinals are a good band, the governor selected them to lead his inaugural parade. Interest in these youngsters thus created has "spread round a right smart." Requests for their services as a novel concert band have come to Maysville from as far away as San Francisco. San Francisco, however, is yet too great a distance for the Cardinals to travel. Last autumn the Cardinals were the official band at the Ohio State Fair, one of the largest fairs in the United States.

Nothing the Cardinals have done as a deliberate community prophylaxis has been spectacular. In return for their support by the citizens of Maysville, the band gives weekly concerts, and plays without charge at all public and civic affairs. During the summer months, Wednesday evening is "concert evening." The band plays in a stand in the public square.

There are also winter concerts. At all these concerts little jazz music is played. At the beginning jazz found a place on these programs, because there was a demand for it. But at that time there was noticeable in Maysville, as there had been unfortunate indications of it over the United States, a moral laxness that came in the wake of jazz. Moral laxness was, to an extent, something new in Maysville. The type that particularly made its appearance was very new, and was of the emotional nature of the music it followed. For that reason, Maysville is, perhaps, one of the first cities to recognize the cause of what was going on.

To check jazz before it went any further, the programs of the Cardinals were made up of good music. The band went at the job of popularizing good music, and it has made it popular. There was little difficulty in this job, for the people of Maysville and of the surrounding country appreciated a return to good music. The result is that jazz is a thing of the past, generally speaking, in Maysville, and wherever the zone of influence of the Cardinals extends. They have popularized good music in every form in the city—phonograph records, piano and voice. For that reason, the Cardinals have carried preventive and remedial influences into the homes of thousands of persons.

One of the reasons for the organization of the Cardinals was the desire for community publicity. There are two sorts of community publicity, one that is worth while, and the other that is passing notoriety. The Cardinals are not of the latter variety. They have attracted attention to Maysville as "the city where it is a pleasure to do your trading." The unlooked for result of this form of publicity came about, because the band has originated and spread a permanent cheerfulness among all classes of persons in Maysville, so that the city is not only a pleasing one in which to "do your trading," but also a pleasing one to visit.

As for the boys and girls themselves who make up these bands, they are the children of the most prominent families in the Blue-Grass country. The instructor is George D. Barnard, composer, whose music is played by every band in the United States and abroad.

The Cardinals are the band that always appears in public. The Horseshoes are a sort of an undeveloped musical reserve that is undergoing training. The purpose in life of the Horseshoes is to take the places of the Cardinals as, one by one, they leave Maysville to attend colleges and universities.

Education of children was another purpose in the organization of the Cardinals. There is a growing disposition in the United States to dispense with juvenile discipline. Barnard is a rigid disciplinarian. Punctuality is insisted on, and lack of it is punished by exclusion from the particular rehearsal or concert at which any member is late. There are soloists who are members of the Cardinals. There are also instrumental sextets and quartets. Not only are these youngsters taught band music and its execution, but they are thoroughly trained in the theory of music. In short, the band is something of a city music school.



Above—The Kentucky Cardinals, Maysville. Colonel J. Barbour Russell, manager, to the right of the band. Below—Maysville, in the Blue-Grass country of Kentucky.

Hunting the Sagacious Wolf Is an Expert's Job

FOR years a pack of three gray wolves—father, mother and son—baffled the efforts of trained government hunters and private individuals in New Mexico to capture them. But Uncle Sam has been relentless in his pursuit of the family, and now he has succeeded in wiping out two-thirds of it—father and son. The mother is still at large, but an expert hunter is on the trail, and he hopes to capture her.

Were it not for the predatory habits of this trio of animals, one would be tempted to admire them for the brave fight they put up for their lives. But sentiment has no place in the western country, where these wolves had been preying on the finest young steers.

It is estimated that the parent wolves had each been killing cattle for about 13 years, and that the son had been doing the same for about seven years. The biological survey estimates that one wolf will kill $1,500 worth of steers a year, which means that this family has already done about $50,000 damage, and the mother is still roaming around doing more.

The three roamed the cattle ranges extending from the Zuni Mountains in Valencia County to the head of Largo Canyon, in Rio Arriba County, Mt. Taylor being their principal hangout. Their range was about 100 miles long and about 25 miles wide.

The first of the three, the son, was trapped in January, 1920, and Ernest L. Pineau, government hunter, continued his search for the remaining two, but they had been scared away by the fate that befell their offspring. Eventually complaints began coming in from the Largo country as far south as the Zuni Mountains, that wolves were killing stock. The tracks left by the wolves compared with those up in Mt. Taylor. In support of this, Pineau found tracks of only two wolves, while previously there always had been three tracks. At this time no private hunters were on the



A wolf is too wise to be trapped as this coyote was. To catch a wolf, the trap must be out of sight, in a covered hole. Even the scent of iron must not be on the trap. On the other hand, a coyote will walk right into a baited trap that is in plain view.

trail of the wolves, because the counties were unable to pay bounties, so it was strictly up to government hunters to do the job of extermination. It is impractical for the government to keep men out all the time, because the trails are not always open. When the search was resumed not long ago, the government sent James A. Young, one of the most successful wolf hunters of the West, up to the Mt. Taylor country.

Young landed on the north end of Mt. Taylor mesa. The spot is an old wolf crossing, and he took up the trail there. He set traps for 40 miles at regular intervals. During a snowstorm one of the wolves was trapped in a double trail set, but it didn't stay caught. It tore off three toes that had been clenched by one trap and wrenched its other foot from the other trap, badly injuring it.

Subsequent events proved that it was the old male wolf that had been trapped and escaped, but what had become of it was a mystery. Three days later tracks disclosed that the female had come to the spot, took one look at the place where its mate had been captured and vanished. Of course, Young tried to trap the female, too, but failed.

For a month or so Young and the biological survey didn't know what had happened to the injured wolf. It might have crawled off and died or it might have been stolen by Mexicans, who trade in wild horses in the Mt. Taylor region. About this time two more steers were killed in San Miguel Canyon, which indicated that the old wolf had simply gone off to hide until its wounds healed and then returned to its old killing grounds. Pineau then got busy with his traps and set out from Albuquerque for the scene, with the result that the old boy, minus three toes on one foot and with a hole in its other leg, was captured for good. It was found in the trap, and its scars solved the mystery of its previous disappearance. It was snowing at the time, and Pineau didn't wait on ceremony, but dispatched the animal with two shots. He took the skin to the biological survey office in Albuquerque. The holes where the toes ought to have been are plainly visible, as is also the hole in the other leg. The teeth were broken off, showing that the wolf had fought the trap desperately. The molars also indicated that the wolf was 14 years old.

There was no trace of the female wolf, but the government expects it will be caught sooner or later. Of course, there are other wolves in the state, but these three proved particularly obnoxious.

Pineau, who is now in charge of field hunters for the biological survey, has hunted for 12 years, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and knows all about wild animals. He thinks he comes by it naturally, as his grandfather was a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company and his father was a hunter up in Canada. He tells secrets of trapping that makes the old-time trapper look askance, for one of the latter would rather cut off his right arm than give away tricks of the trade.

Speaking of the wolf, Pineau said:

"He is a rugged, long-distance traveler, and ever on the lookout for danger. When molested he will change to different trails and hangouts, which are always in almost inaccessible places. Its attack on deer and cattle always is fatal. It uses the hamstring bite to bring down its prey. It eats very little from older stock that it kills, unless it is very hungry. Young stock is completely eaten. Its craving for fresh meat, together with its cunning and its keen scent for locating traps, makes it especially offensive to stockmen and a most difficult problem for trappers."

Speaking of the trio that had caused so much trouble, Pineau said that the pups of the female had been taken on several successive seasons, but the sagacity of the mother always enabled her to escape. He told about the trio crossing a ranch at regular intervals, always eluding capture. They had to crawl under a barbed wire fence to get on the ranch. One day some cowboys rode along the fence. The wolves came, got the scent of the iron horseshoes on the ground and their tracks were never again seen there. They smelled the iron and at once concluded traps were around.

Coyotes often sprung traps set for the trio of wolves. The latter would come shambling along, see the coyotes in the trap and beat off somewhere. These three wolves had become extremely trap-wise, hence the difficulty in capturing them.

Often when a mother wolf discovers that her den of young has been found, she will go away a little distance and howl, hoping to distract attention from the den, says Pineau. Both male and female protect and provide for the young, he declared, and sagacious old mother wolves keep their young from traveling trails where traps are set, and from places where other wolves have been caught.

"With the decrease in the number of gray wolves, due to persistent hunting and trapping, the range of the individual wolf increases," says Pineau. "He locates a bunch of cattle, kills several, and then suddenly leaves, only to appear and repeat the performance on another range 25 or 50 miles away. It stays from a couple of days to three weeks in a place, according to the extent of molestation. Where the wolf is not hunted, it locates and forms more regular habits.



The hide of a wise and bad old wolf that did thousands of dollars' worth of damage before it was finally trapped.

"The most dependable method of taking the gray wolf is with traps. Expert trappers are required to get results. The animal has unexcelled sense of smell, and is suspicious of man or foreign scents. The wolf of today is not so easy to catch as the wolf of the past. Continued hunting by expert government trappers, and, to some extent, by private hunters, has greatly reduced the number of wolves. While trappers' methods have been improved so have the wolves improved their senses for evading traps, poison and the hunter's rifle."

Pineau gave an old secret away. He said the traps are always scalded in a solution made from bushes or bark or from the vegetation found in the locality where the traps are to be set. The trapper must wear clean gloves and he must use a strip of canvas to work on while he is setting the traps. Pineau asserted that traps set in trails by others than expert hunters are readily located by the wolves.

Pineau asserted that a wolf can outrun a horse. If a hunter can't bring down the wolf in the first three or four miles, he might as well abandon the chase, he said, for the wolf only goes faster the farther it runs.

Coyotes are comparatively easily trapped, even when the trap is in plain view. On the other hand, a trap set for a wolf must be out of sight and even the scent of iron removed.

Hobbies as Relief for Farmers' Minds

NEIGHBORS noted the deserted appearance of the farm yard and heard the hungry calls of the stock. Investigation revealed two bodies hanging in the barn. There were indications that the owner of the farm had placed the noose around his wife's neck, pushed her off the box on which she stood and followed her into death.

No possible reason for the tragedy, which occurred several years ago, ever was established. Both victims were about 35 years old.

Long before this Shelby County, Missouri, incident attracted attention, certain medical men had been studying farm life and conditions, seeking the causes of just such cases, which have become all too common in rural life. More farmers take their own lives, the medical men learned, than members of any other occupation. They believe that generally they are the result of lack of recreation.

Men of the farm suffer more from this lack of relief from business cares than farm women, according to Dr. M. P. Ravenel, president of the American Public Health Association and connected with the University of Missouri College of Medicine. He says perhaps the burden of the men is greater. Possibly women really are the stronger sex when it comes to withstanding distress.

What social life there is in the country is built mostly around the parties in the winter months. As spring approaches the social life wanes and is forgotten. By summer the spring rush has become a daily grind on most farms. There is no break. The vacation season in which almost all the rest of the nation frolics and restores itself for the next year's work finds a majority of farmers with more work to be done than can be accomplished. So the driving pace is kept up until cold weather. Then the crops must be put into shelter; stock feeding requires care, study and work. Before long it is time to plan next spring's work. It is difficult for the farmer to leave home for more than a day.

Because of those conditions farmers, who are getting a great deal of advice these days, are to get still more. They will be urged to find some form of light mental recreation. In short, to adopt and develop a hobby.

"The collection of stamps is recommended," Dr. Ravenel said. "Collecting autographs also is good. Other fads do as well. The lighter, I might say the sillier they are, the better. This is not a case of improving the mind. The idea is to relieve it. Statistics indicate that the man with a hobby seldom ends his own life."

On most farms the farmer works alone, Dr. Ravenel points out. Most are one-man farms, operated by the owner or tenant without help, except at certain brief intervals in the year. His mind is busy with business problems all the time. When farm work changes there is relief for the muscles; but in plowing, swinging the axe, running the binder, working in the hay or feeding livestock, the mind constantly is occupied with business cares.

There are no indications that he will rush into the practice of collecting stamps. Making furniture was one of the hobbies suggested. Another was wireless telegraphy. Experiments with inexpensive cameras and photography also are good. Anything, so long as it causes farming to be forgotten and does not tire the muscles the farmer uses in his daily task, is recommended.



(C) Harris & Ewing

MAZYCK P. RAVENEL, M. D., University of Missouri. He urges farmers to adopt stamp collecting or some other hobby to take their minds off business cares.

The fact that the farmer can't forget his business isn't the only quarrel the medical men have with him. They say the farmer eats too much improperly cooked food.

"On most farms the food is cooked too long, rather than not enough," Dr. Ravenel says. "Prolonged cooking kills the vitamines we all must have."

Because of the inconvenience of obtaining it, farmers often suffer for good, cool water. On few farms are there preparations for keeping cool the drinking water used in the fields.

A Mother to Thousands

By THOMAS J. MALONE

SARAH JACKSON FARR, boy specialist and the world's greatest picnic organizer, does not regard the words "cookie" and "boy" as synonymous, but she admits that for more than half a century she has never been able to think of one without thinking of the other. Let her but glimpse a boy, let her but hear "boy" mentioned—her mind glides spontaneously to cookies, from cookies to doughnuts, from doughnuts to pies, from pies to ice cream, from ice cream to lemonade. Then all these ideas, in a flash, blend and form one vivid, outstanding, conglomerate idea—picnic!

Mrs. Farr's lifelong hobby has been boys, the 10 to 16 kind. Her own two sons were not enough to satisfy that master passion. She had to be a mother to hundreds, thousands, of boys.

Having personally cookied and doughnuted more than 4,000 boys in her home town, and supervised the pieing and ice creaming and lemonading, the turkeying and cranberrying, of still other thousands there and elsewhere, she knows something about boys. About a certain run of boy, she knows more than most folks—the street boy, the step-parented, orphaned, neglected boy. Most of her youngsters have been newsboys.

She will tell you that, while there are many kinds of boys, they are not so different after all. She groups them under one head, regardless of age, race, complexion, home conditions, temperament—the hungry boy.

Had she been present, Mrs. Farr doubtless would have counseled a slight change from Mr. Dick's advice as to the travel-worn David Copperfield; she would have had him fed first and washed afterward.

Though Minneapolis has been her home for more than four decades, she has found time to get up picnics for the boys of other cities, too. In her travels, her course has been marked by picnic spoors from Saratoga, New York, to Pasadena, California, and illuminated for months by vast watermelon smiles of the happy picnickers.

She would arrive in San Francisco, say, on a visit of pleasure, solely. Between station and hotel she would meet a newsboy. Ah, here was business! With Mrs. Farr a certain kind of business always had precedence over pleasure.

"Have you ever been to a picnic?" she would ask.

"No-um; never went to no picnic."

Such an inexperience of life's joys seemed unthinkable.

"Would you like to go to one?"

The grin which answered that inquiry was one of the rewards of picnic promoting.

Mrs. Farr would then go to one of the newspapers, explain to the publisher that several hundred of his boys were missing the best in life through being picnicless, and propose that he finance a picnic, she to organize and direct it.

It was done in San Francisco; it was done in Los Angeles. It was done in Pasadena and in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Picnics have been engineered so many times in Minneapolis in like way—and Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's dinners as well—that all count was lost back in the early part of the century.

When Mrs. Farr came to Minneapolis from Dubuque, Iowa, in 1880, she opened a hair goods shop. It prospered, with branches in St. Paul and Chicago. She had been active in prison work and the temperance movement but, almost on arrival in Minneapolis, she decided to make work with boys her main contribution to the common good. She became the patron saint of the newsboys.

She was the newsboys' friend and ally in joy and grief, in success and trouble. She stood for cleanliness, decency, honesty, thrift, respect for women and elderly persons, respect for law and for the flag; and denounced profanity, smoking, and wrong in general. At no time did she receive pay for her work; it was volunteered, because her heart was in it.

For a long while in those early years the newsboys' club was a Farr Boys' Club. As the city grew and the street boy population became too large for one grouping, she gave part of her efforts to entertainments on a large scale, financed by others, and part to the maintenance of a boys' club centered in her home.

When any of the newspapers gave a holiday dinner to its boy workers, the natural thing was to ask Mrs. Farr to superintend it. If it was a summer picnic, with trolley and boat rides, again it was Mrs. Farr who took charge. No newsboys' "feed," indoors or outdoors, was complete without "Mother" Farr.

The 12-room house which she built 37 years ago for her home has been open, morning and afternoon, to members of successive Farr Boys' clubs six days a week for all but the four years during which she did not herself occupy it. One night a week has been club meeting night.

Despite its age, the house is bearing up well, considering the thousands of shoes that have dug into floors and baseboards, of hands that have pulled at knobs and hinges. It has all the conveniences that should be found in a boys' club house.

The yard has a swing and a turning pole. Inside is a gymnasium, with trapeze, flying rings, punching bag, and one basket for basketball. Boxing gloves are at hand, which have reddened many a pale nose. There are compartments storing baseball paraphernalia. There is a library of the books that boys like. The play room is for checkers, chess and dominoes, mostly played on the floor. The green room has two pool tables. The parlor is the "lodge room," the formal meeting place of the club.



MRS. FARR, indulging in her hobby of doing things for boys.

No meeting of a Farr Boys' Club was ever adjourned, it is said, without "eats." These were not elaborate. The cookie jar may have gone around, or the doughnut crock. It may have been a big red apple for each boy, but it was something.

Men today, whose recollections as Mrs. Farr's boys go back to the early eighties, recall that in the play room a table always bore a bowl of nuts or old-fashioned mixed candy, from which the boys helped themselves.

Policemen and court officers testify to the effectiveness of Mrs. Farr's influence with boys. Many of her boys have become active in business and civic life. One is a leading jeweler; two were aldermanic nominees at the recent municipal election.

Now that age is compelling Mrs. Farr to ease up on active indulgence in her hobby, she is finding solace in the unexpected rewards that come to her. When anything of major import befalls her boys, as weddings, births or material successes, what is more natural than that they should tell her about it, by visit or letter?

One of her boys wrote from France in 1918:

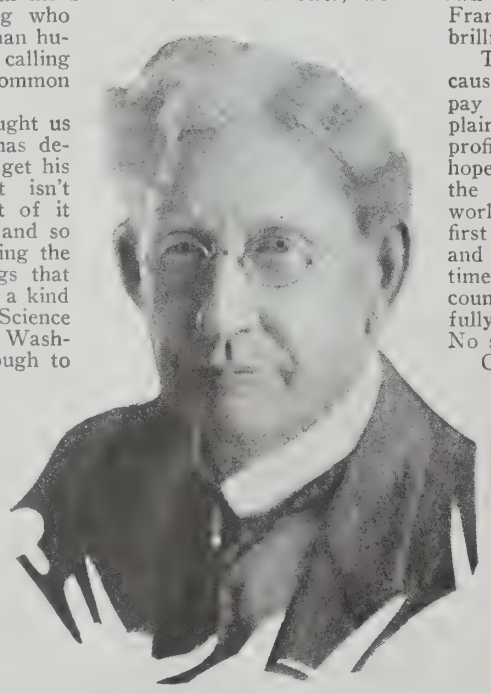
"To me and the boys of Minneapolis you were what the Red Cross is to the army today. The Red Cross to the army is known as 'the greatest mother in the world.' To the boys of Minneapolis you were 'the greatest mother in Minneapolis.'"

Science—First Aid to Civilization

By ELLIS MEREDITH

FOR long years a scientist has generally been depicted as a man with a bulging brow, a far-away look in his eyes, wearing seedy raiment and thick spectacles, who went around tapping rocks and investigating all sorts of dull and unpleasant things because of some unaccountable crotchet in his brain. He was regarded as an anti-social being who liked all kinds of nature better than human nature and delighted in calling common things by their uncommon names.

But the exigencies of war taught us to respect the scientist and he has decided that in some way he must get his message over to mankind. It isn't enough to get a certain amount of it into public schools and colleges, and so a plan has been devised for telling the general public some of the things that science has learned. To this end a kind of publicity bureau called, "Science Service" has been established in Washington, with a charter broad enough to cover almost every field it may wish to enter. It can publish books and magazines and tracts and pamphlets; it will syndicate a newspaper service and it has made arrangements to film various features of its work.



DR. WILLIAM E. RITTER,
President, Science Service and director Laboratory of Biological Research, University of California.

It starts out with a notable board of directors, three each from the National Academy of Sciences, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the National Research Council, three representative journalists and three representing the Scripps Estate, which is financing the undertaking. Dr. William E. Ritter, who is director of the Scripps Institution of Biological Research of the University of California at La Jolla, is president of the board; R. P. Scripps, treasurer, and Dr. Vernon Kellogg, permanent secretary of the National Research Council, is vice-president and chairman of the executive committee. Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, for 12 years professor of chemistry in the University of Wyoming and for 17 years literary editor of *The Independent* (New York), is editor; and the manager who will be the liaison officer, charged with the problem of making the small town editor and the city editor and all other purveyors of news feel that they can't be happy until they get this service, is to be Howard Wheeler, well known for his editorial work in San Francisco and New York and as a brilliant war correspondent.

The service is to be paid for, because in so far as possible it must pay for itself, but nobody will complain of the charges. It is not a profit-making corporation, but it hopes to be inestimably profitable to the country at large, and to the world, for that matter. It held its first conference at San Diego in 1920 and will hold others from time to time in different sections of the country as its plans mature more fully, and everybody will be invited. No seats reserved.

College students who are interested in the sciences will find in Mr. Slosson at least one editor who is looking for writers and willing to suggest the type of articles which will be available. He will want news of scientific work being done in the colleges, and desires to build up a corps of contributors who will take their work seriously, for, while it is the hope to popularize science, mere speculation and near-science have no place in this program, and it does not offer any science-in-six-easy-lessons course. It is a very earnest attempt to give information simply and entertainingly without Latin words and "high brow" allusions, and to show how vitally science concerns our common, everyday affairs. Modern science stands ready to work a thousand miracles as soon as we shall have learned the word of command. Science Service proposes to teach those who are willing to learn that magic word.

"Practically all modern industry rests on science," says Dr. Ritter, "but the thing we think more vital than anything else is the changing relation of rural to urban population.

"There is no possible way of solving this problem without the aid of science. It is one of the three or four supreme problems of adjustment to the world we live in, and must work with these other factors as the bodily organs function together. Science is intelligence at its highest level. Nothing short of that can solve the question of population, and how we are to use the resources of the earth."

Then he went on to say that the object of Science Service is to present facts as they concern the people as a whole, and not to provide propaganda or plead the cause of farmer or manufacturer or producer or go into the great question of transportation.

"The farmers are in a very bad box," he continued, "and there is great need to find some remedy for their case, but we could not advocate—a tariff, for instance. There must be a profound change in the point of view not seen at all. One of the most potent causes of decay of populations is the leaving of the land for the cities, and the failure to appreciate man's necessary dependence on the soil.

"No scientific man who knows anything of racial history is in any doubt that unless a very great change in our whole system of production can be brought about within the next 50 or 75 years our civilization cannot endure. There is no question as to the fact that such civilization as we have cannot last if it continues its present course. A very considerable number of economists and sociologists, and especially biologists, are beginning to see the situation as it is.

"Science is far more than an aid to industry. In our California institution we are trying to carry out an investigation into the condition of the whales, walrus and hair seals of the Northern Pacific Ocean, that have, or soon may have, great economic importance. A group of interested specialists is attempting to enlist governmental machinery along with scientific men and others who realize the importance of the undertaking, in an investigation so that at the expiration of the present International Fur Seal Treaty in 1926 we shall have scientific knowledge on which to base a new treaty, not only extending protection to fur seals, but to these other animals, especially the whales, which are in danger of being exterminated. We must learn to look to the sea which produces as much organic material as the land, but in such a wholly different manner that it will take a long time to reach it, and we should not wait to make it available until we are in actual need."

Turpentine and Resin—Their Source and Uses

By H. O. BISHOP

THE "Naval Stores" industry is one of the oldest and most important in the United States. But despite this fact not more than one person in 500 has the remotest idea as to the character of it. Some merely assume the expression to mean business houses where sailors and naval officers buy their clothing and shoes; others are under the impression that they are places where rope, anchors, compasses, sails and other things used aboard a vessel are for sale.

"Naval Stores," translated into everyday English, simply means turpentine and resin.

Our annual production of turpentine is about 32,000,000 gallons, and that of resin about 4,000,000 barrels.

The mention of these figures in a casual manner, does not, perhaps, signify an especially large quantity to the average reader. A few comparisons, however, may assist in getting a better idea of the immensity of the annual production.

Try to picture in your mind a street procession composed of every man, woman and child from the states of Michigan, California, Maine, Texas, Florida, New Jersey, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri, and each one of these 32,000,000 persons carrying a gallon jug of turpentine on his shoulder, and then you will have a lasting impression concerning the turpentine phase of America's naval stores industry.

If the 4,000,000 barrels of resin we produce annually were stacked on top of each other they would extend skyward a distance of 2,272 miles. If placed end to end on the ground they would reach from New York City to El Paso, Texas. Surprising, isn't it?

What do we do with all this turpentine and resin, aside from its medical uses and rubbing on violin bows?

More than half of it is exported to foreign countries; this country practically supplies the entire world. It is true that France, Spain, Austria, Portugal, Greece, India and several other countries produce naval stores, but the amounts are relatively small.



Photo by courtesy of U. S. Forest Service

Vast resin yards at Savannah, Georgia, where naval stores are assembled for shipment to foreign countries.

The greater portion of the turpentine is used in the making of paints and varnishes. The three main classes of varnishes are spirit varnishes, linseed oil varnishes and turpentine varnishes. The turpentine varnishes are made by dissolving resins, such as amber, copal, and so on, in hot turpentine and are tough and flexible. Linseed oil varnishes are often diluted with turpentine.

Turpentine is used in paints and varnishes chiefly as a thinner, of which the properties demanded are solvent action, oxidizing power, penetration and proper evaporation.

Turpentine is an important article in the manufacture of cotton and woolen print goods, preventing "bleeding," or the running together of colors, where several colors are printed at the same time. It also prevents the color from penetrating the fabric, which is particularly important in the case of woolen goods if unevenness of the material is to be avoided. Many attempts have been made to produce camphor from turpentine on a commercial scale, but thus far none has been entirely successful. However, terpineol, terpin hydrate and similar bodies are manufactured from turpentine in considerable quantities.

Turpentine also is important as a solvent for rubber, caoutchouc, and similar substances.

Resin is used extensively in the manufacture of soap, paper, oilcloth, linoleum, sealing wax, fly paper, printing inks, roofing materials, electric wiring, lubricating compounds, medicinal preparations, brewers' pitch and many other articles. The metallic salts of the resin acids are known as driers. They are made by adding a solution of the salt of a metal, such as manganese, to a solution of resin soap when the insoluble manganese resinate precipitates; or the resin is fused with the metallic oxide. These metallic resinates, known as "Japan driers," cause the drying of oil paints and varnishes and are widely used for this purpose.

The various enamels used in ceramics consist of resinates of the various heavy metals. The resinates are dissolved in turpentine and the resulting solution painted on the earthenware, after which the vessels are fired. One of the most important uses of resin is as a "size" or coating for writing or printing paper, which must take ink.

The earliest mention of the turpentine and resin industry in the United States is found in an old manuscript under date of 1610, which may be seen in the Public Record Office at London. It is entitled. "Instructions for suche things as are to be sente from Virginia."

"Hard pitche," "Tarre," "Turpentine," and "Rozen" are also mentioned in the "Booke of the Commodities of Virginia," which, it is presumed, was issued about the same time.

Pitch and tar were the chief products of the industry up to the middle of the eighteenth century. Their extensive use in the construction and maintenance of sailing vessels caused them to be called "naval stores," the term which is now applied to the turpentine and resin industry, which has supplanted the old-time production of tar and pitch.

The earliest records we have of the manufacture of turpentine and resin in North Carolina date back to 1783-84. Pitch and tar, however, had been staple products since 1700. Norfolk was the great shipping port for Virginia and Northeastern North Carolina.

At present the bulk of the production is from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas.

Until recent years there were virtually no improvements in the methods of producing naval stores since first begun in the early history of the country. Many methods used prior to the Revolutionary War are still in vogue in some sections. The old-fashioned way of turpentining a tree is known as the "box" method. The modern plan is known as the "cup" method.

The first operation in turpentining by the "box" method consists in cutting a cavity into the base of the tree for holding the crude gum. This cavity is cut during the winter months, and is performed by a squad of six or seven Negroes under an experienced overseer, who tallies the boxes. An experienced workman will cut a box with surprising neatness in from four to eight minutes. Usually a box is from 12 to 14 inches wide, seven inches deep, and about four inches from front to back, and holds about three pints. These boxes fill with gum in three or four weeks and are "dipped" or emptied about seven times a season. Portable buckets are carried by the workmen who empty them in barrels placed at convenient points throughout the woods. When filled the barrels are hauled to the stills, where the refining process takes place.

A present-day city man who happened to come accidentally upon a turpentine still would more than likely get excited, assuming it to be a still of quite another kind. The apparatus for distilling gum consists of the simplest type of still, with a worm for condensing the vapors. The capacity of stills varies from 10 to 40 barrels, 15 and 20 barrel stills being the most common.

After the crude gum has been refined into turpentine and resin, then comes the big problem of shipping it to all parts of the United States and to foreign countries.

Making It Pleasant for the Motor Tourist

By LYMAN L. PALMER

IN THE days before the Great War, Florida was virtually unknown to the mass of those in the northern states who were in the habit of seeking a warmer climate in which to spend their winters. The very rich went to Europe, and the other winter tourists, largely, went to California. Of course, there has been a generous volume of tourists who have been coming to Florida the past several years, else such cities as Miami, Palm Beach and St. Petersburg could not have made such strides.

War closed the gates of European travel. Also railroad fare was increased so much that only those with more than generous bank accounts could afford the California trip. Then the mass of winter tourists began casting about for some suitable place in which to spend their winters. Increase of travel in trains was noted as long ago as 1915. This increase continued in almost geometrical progression during the three or four years following, until really the congested condition on the railroad lines in Florida presented a problem.

Then something happened. The good roads boosters up North began to talk about a great "Dixie Highway," that should extend from the cities on the Great Lakes to the very southernmost points in Florida. The people of Florida grasped the situation. They saw that it would mean countless parties of tourists in automobiles passing into and through the state during the entire year, and specially during the winter season. The beaches and coast towns are just as popular as summer resorts as they are with winter tourists.

It is true that the Dixie Highway was but a dream at first, but, it has become a realization of real potentialities. Now one may leave his home in any part of the North, get on the Dixie Highway, and travel in his automobile in comparative ease and comfort the entire distance to and through Florida. All records for tourist travel in Florida were broken in the winter of 1920-21. Gainesville, being on the Dixie Highway, came in for its share of the travel. At first the tourists would stop in the woods outside the city limits, on the banks of a stream and spend a night or a week. Then they began creeping into town and locating on vacant lots wherever permission could be had.



Camp site at Gainesville, Florida.

A citizen, who was erecting a number of new houses on a large tract, suggested a portion of the tract be used for the tourists. Inside a week more than 50 automobiles were on the grounds, and tents were set up and there was every appearance of permanent occupation for the winter. But this could not be, for there was no water on the ground and no sanitary or sewerage provisions. The space also was inadequate for the demands made on it by the ever-increasing number of motorists who were arriving daily.

Gainesville has a wide-awake Chamber of Commerce, and the question of caring for this swarm of tourists was taken up. It was decided that a large tract of vacant ground be obtained, which should be properly prepared for tourists and made into a permanent camp site.

Responding to a call of the Chamber of Commerce, a small army of volunteer citizens reported for work at 8 o'clock on the morning of December 2, 1920. By nightfall, what had been a mass of underbrush was transformed into a charming four-acre park, with streets and sewerage installed, electric lights in place, and everything spick and span for the motorists. In the center of the park the volunteer workers had erected a spacious assembly hall for the visitors. The site chosen for the camp affords ample shade and beautiful location for the erection of tents and the storage of cars. The community house is fitted with every convenience. From the day the camp site was thrown open to tourists it became a veritable Mecca.

Originally a circular driveway was constructed from the entrance around the community building. From this driveway, as the camp filled up, other streets were laid out and named for the several states of the Union and thus all tourists from any one state were together.

The camp has been opened again for the 1921-1922 season, and the community house is serving the purpose for which it was built—a place for the tourists to enjoy themselves. Regular programs are given.

From Stump to Street—How Newsprint Is Made

Evolution of the Northwoods Tree Into the Daily Paper

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

WHEN you hand your pennies to the newsboy for your favorite newspaper and turn its numerous pages to find the subject in which you are interested, whether it be politics, sport—or just news—you doubtless little think that, could it speak, the plain paper on which is written the story of the day's happenings probably would tell a tale quite as interesting as any that is carried on its face.

While I shall deal with the manufacture of paper from wood pulp, and more particularly the making of newsprint, it might not be out of place if I were to give here a short history of the art of paper making in general.

The earliest use of paper is somewhat obscure, but it is known that the manufacture of paper from fibrous substances was practiced by the Chinese at a very remote period. From them, knowledge of paper making passed to the Arabs as early as 751 A. D. The Chinese and Arabs made their paper out of cotton or linen rags, principally the latter.

Curiously enough, it was the Moors in Spain who first introduced paper into Europe in the twelfth century. By the fourteenth century it had generally superseded vellum in Europe.

This paper was made by hand, of course. The first paper making machine was invented in France by Louis Robert in 1798. It was introduced into England by Henry Fourdrinier, who used it as the model for a greatly improved machine, which he completed in 1803, and which, with certain improvements made by various other persons since, still remains one of the principal paper making machines of the present day. It is perhaps safe to say that the majority of machines used in the world's paper trade bear the name of this pioneer inventor.

Whether you live within sound of the roll of the Atlantic's waves or the gentle lappings of the sparkling Pacific; on the treeless plains of the Southwest or along the muddy Mississippi; within the shadow of the forests of Maine or on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico; it is more than likely that the paper on which your daily news is printed came originally from materials produced from the forests of Canada; and it might even be that the trees out of which it was made grew on ranges of hills whose northern slopes drain into the Hudson Bay.

To get this story at first hand, I visited a number of the large pulp and paper mills situated on the banks of the Ottawa River—a river the headwaters of whose tributaries reach up into the great Canadian northland, with its vast forests of thickly growing spruce, pine and balsam.

Even though the exploitation of Canada's timber lands on such a large scale as at present is comparatively recent, the forest areas have been forced back by the march of civilization until now a great deal of the pulpwood which is used on the Ottawa is two years in making the journey from the stump to the mill.

When the swamps and streams are frozen over, and all is covered with a deep blanket of snow, the loggers begin their cutting. Trees from eight to 12 inches in diameter are taken. In some cases logging for sawmills is undertaken jointly: the larger timber going to the lumber mills, and the smaller to the pulp mills. The logs are cut into 12 or 16-foot lengths and piled on skidways. Later, roads are swamped from one skidway to another leading down to the banks of the streams. Then teamsters come along with their wide-bunked sleighs and haul the logs to the edge of the water, where they are stacked on larger skidways to await the coming of spring.

When the hot sun of the lengthening days brings the snow off the mountains in rushing torrents of water which fill every creek, rivulet and river to their banks, the skidways are broken open and the logs go tumbling pell-mell over cascades and rapids on their way to the main river. Quite frequently the freshet passes and the streams have been reduced again to normal before the bulk of the drive reaches the main stream. Logs are left stranded in thousands among the rocks along the sides of the streams and must wait there until the next year's freshet carries them on again toward their objective. Others again, congregate at the head of rapids and at other narrow places, or at points where rocks stick up from the bottom of the river, and form huge jams which only the judicious use of dynamite by the rivermen will release. Eventually, the logs reach the holding booms at the pulp mills.

Arrived at the mill site, they are carried up into the mill horizontally by means of endless chain conveyors to a battery of cut-off saws, which reduce them to sections of about 18 inches, or so, in length.

These bolts go next to machines fitted with swiftly rotating knives which strip off the bark and leave them as clean and smooth as a lead pencil. From the barkers the bolts drop into a large trough filled with running water and are carried thereby to the machines which convert them into pulp.

There are two principal methods of manufacturing wood pulp: by mechanical means, and by chemical action. I shall describe the ground wood, or mechanical process first.

The grinder room of a ground wood pulp mill where water power is used is generally situated on a floor below the surface level so as to get the utmost power from the water. Here may be found from 12 to 16, or more, grinding machines. In the base of each of these machines is a huge revolving grindstone. The bolts are taken from the water trough conveyor and fed by hand into the machines, through apertures, generally three in number, which lead to "pockets," one side of which is exposed to the grindstone. They are held against the stone by hydraulic pressure. A stream of water is continually forced through the grinders at the same time. The result is a pulp which looks somewhat like very thin porridge. It flows into a large tank beneath the floor of the grinder room, from whence it is pumped to the paper mill.

Making chemical pulp is a much more involved process, of which there are two particular methods more generally in use—the sulphate and the sulphite processes. I shall describe the latter method here, as the two are quite similar, sulphate of soda being used in the one instead of sulphurous acid, as in the other.



Log jam containing 150,000 logs. These jams are of frequent occurrence.

After leaving the barkers, bolts destined to be converted into sulphite pulp are carried by water to a chipper which literally eats them up. They go in as bolts at one end and come out chips at the other. These chips are from one-half to five-eighths of an inch in thickness and look like those which are made by a beaver, or by a none too energetic axman. Unlike the grinder in the ground wood process, the object of the chipper is not to reduce the wood to a pulp, but to preserve as long a fiber as is practicable.

The chips then pass over screens which remove all sawdust and other finely ground wood, as well as chips that are too large to be dealt with satisfactorily by the digesters. After being screened, they are placed in large iron tanks, each having a capacity of from 20 to 24 cords of pulpwood, or about 12 tons of sulphite pulp. To the wood is now added about 6,000 gallons of sulphurous acid, which has previously been filtered through limestone. The whole mass is then subjected, for upward of 24 hours, to steam heat running up to 145 degrees, centigrade. After cooking, the chips, to the eye, seem very little changed, excepting that they appear to be a shade darker. They have undergone just about the same degree of variation in color that slices of apple present after being exposed to the air for a few hours. But the nature of the chips has been altered. Whereas, before, they were hard; now, they are soft and capable of being squeezed into a pulpy mass with the hand.

Sulphite pulp is used for the manufacture of the best qualities of paper. It produces a paper having greater tensile strength because of the long fibers which the sulphite process does not destroy, as is the case in the grinding process.

Besides this, the bleaching action of the digestive process makes a lighter colored pulp, and consequently is more suited to the better grades of paper.

Some mills merely manufacture pulp and do not finish it into paper, but ship their product to other mills; or there are times when more pulp is manufactured than is required for the paper mill and it is desired to store it until it is needed. In such cases the pulp, after leaving the grinders or digesters, passes through a machine known as a "decker," which allows a great deal of the water to drain off, reducing it once again to a porridge-like consistency, after which it goes to what is known as a "wet machine," where it is picked up by a cylinder of brass wire cloth overlaid by felt, and from thence transferred to a traveling felt belt on which it looks like so much sodden blotting paper. It is here cut into sections and folded back on itself several times. This slab of pulp is technically known as a "lap." As it leaves the "wet machine" it contains about 70 per cent of water. The laps are placed in hydraulic presses and squeezed until the water content is reduced to about 45 per cent, and they are then stacked away in the mill yard for later use, or are loaded into cars and shipped to paper mills elsewhere in Canada or in the United States, as the case may be.

We are dealing here more particularly with the manufacture of newsprint. The process is approximately the same for all other kinds of paper. In making newsprint, a pulp mixture containing about 20 per cent sulphite and 80 per cent ground wood pulp is used.

The mixing is done in a machine known technically as a "beater" through which the stream of pulp and water flows. It is here thoroughly stirred and mixed by rotating paddles. The process of "beating" is one of the most important in paper making. Here the pulp is made ready for the paper machines. The various percentages of the different kinds of pulp are blended in the beater, china clay or kaolin is added to "size" the paper so as to keep it from absorbing the ink when printed or written on; blue or red dyes are added to insure whiteness on the same principle that the laundress rinses her clothes in a solution of "bluing"; and in cases where colored paper is required the coloring material also is mixed in with the pulp in the beater.

The beater room is generally the upper story of the paper mill. The pulp is pumped in solution from the pulp mill to the beaters and then after being screened passes to tanks which feed the paper making machines.

Paper is really wood paste spread out evenly and thinly and dried under pressure.

The paper making machine itself is not complicated, although it occupies a space on the floor of the mill of about 150 feet from one end to the other. The greater part of this space is made necessary because wood pulp at all stages of its manufacture contains such a large percentage of water, and this must all be removed by one means or another in a very short time.

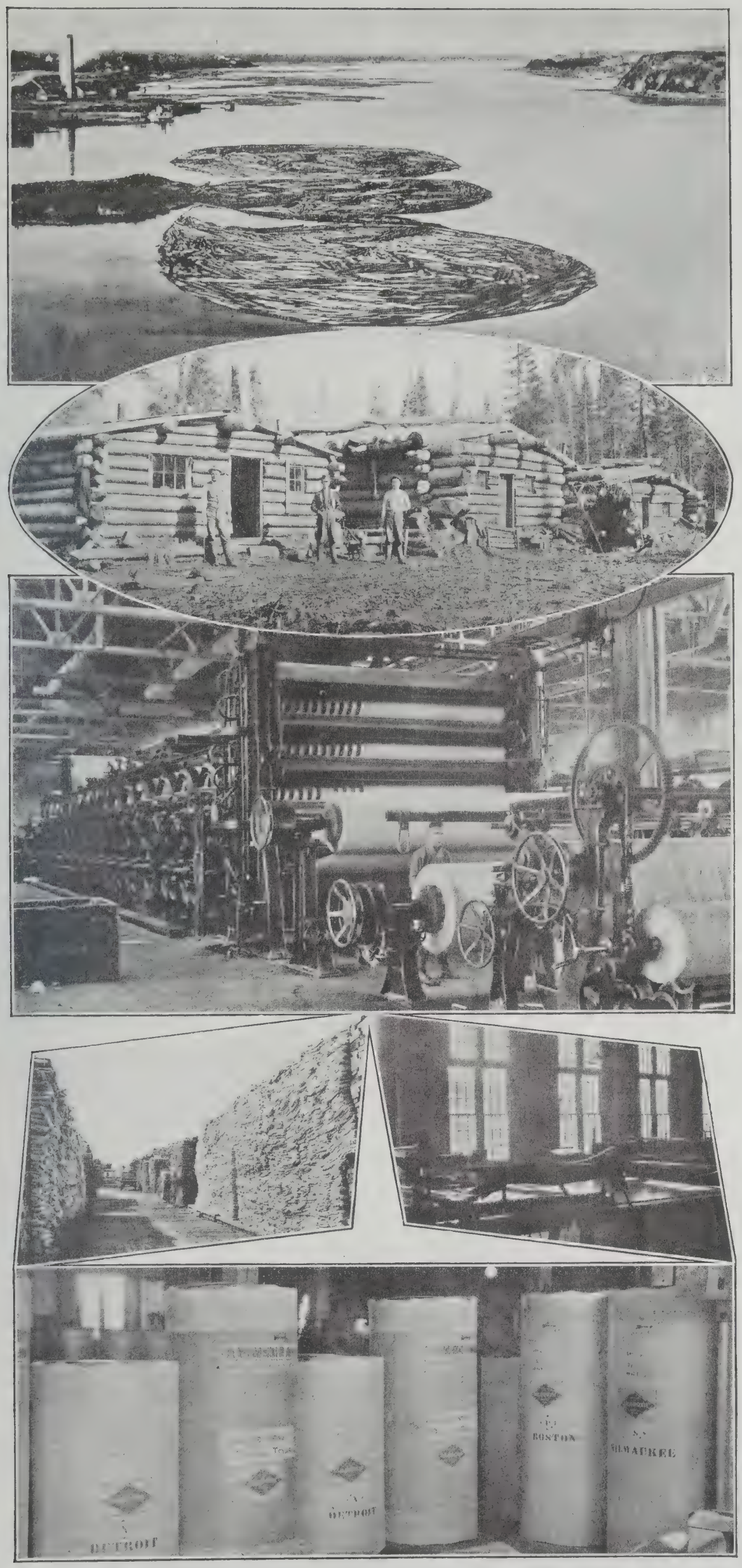
When the pulp reaches the paper machine it pours in like a stream of buttermilk and is picked up by a wide endless belt of bronze wire cloth, about 25 feet from roller to roller, and varying in width from 100 to 144 inches, or more, in accordance with the size of the machine. This belt has a lateral side motion as well, which serves to distribute the pulp evenly over its surface. This motion, at the same time, causes the fibers to assume a position parallel to the direction in which the wire screen is traveling, and also causes them to integrate one with the other so as to form a continuous sheet. During this process a great deal of water is drained out through the meshes of the screen or shaken out by its lateral action.

From the bronze mesh belt, or platform, the pulp—now a thin, wet film—is picked up by a number of endless felt belts and carried under a series of pressure rolls which eliminate still more moisture; then finally over and under a succession of approximately 30 pairs of hollow, steam heated cylinders, each about 36 inches in diameter. The film of pulp is carried throughout by traveling felt belts. By the time it has passed through this series of cylinders it is quite dry and has become a continuous band of paper from 8 to 12 feet in width, according to the machine on which it is made. It is rough, however, and yet unsuitable for use.

From the last of the drying cylinders this strip of paper is threaded through what is known as a "calender stack," consisting of a number of heavy chilled steel rollers placed one on top of the other—as many as a dozen in all, depending on the degree of finish desired.

The dry, rough strip of paper goes round the topmost roller, and so on, down through them all until when it emerges from between the lowermost two it is ready for the market. Rewinding rolls transfer the paper to final reels while revolving knives divide it longitudinally into whatever widths are required by the various newspapers for which the paper is destined.

It then goes to the shipping room to become part of a shipment to some hungry printing press, perhaps 4,000 miles away from where it, as a tree, had formed part of the mighty forest land of the North.



These pictures show some of the stages in the making of newsprint. At the top are booms of logs in the Ottawa River, opposite Ottawa, Ontario. The oval beneath shows the type of "shanties" in the Canadian woods. The ponderous machine illustrated in the next picture is a 144-inch Fourdrinier paper-making machine in an Ottawa mill, showing "calender-stock" and drying cylinders in the foreground and a portion of the rewinding rolls in the background. In the picture at the left, under the machine, piles of pulp "laps" in an Ottawa paper mill yard are shown. The small picture at the right illustrates the "wire" end of the Fourdrinier paper machine, showing the moving bronze wire screen on which the film on the pulp is first formed. At the bottom is shown a corner of the shipping room in an Ottawa mill, with rolls of newsprint ready to be shipped to various points in the United States.

How Christmas Cards Have Been Degraded

Concluded from page 3

"There is a little book shop up in Madison avenue, presided over by a courtly white-haired old gentleman, who has catered to three generations. His card display is noted all over the near-by counties, and it is no uncommon thing for an order for $50 worth of cards to be telephoned in to him. Last Christmas he had a small supply of delicate little parchment cards on which a verse of Phillips Brooks' 'O Little Town of Bethlehem' was printed.

"The shop was literally stormed during the three days before Christmas; people, who had heard that a dainty inexpensive card with religious verse was to be had there, came from all over New York to receive them. And from every side of the struggling mass of would-be purchasers came the same complaint, 'Not a sign of what Christmas is on the cards nowadays. Why don't the shops keep more?'"

It is the season of good will, but it is regrettable that there has not been more good will left for Christmas. It is a season when one would allay instead of stir suspicion, but the demands of truth are sometimes hard. Three witnesses on the Christmas card question cannot be shouted down:

First Witness: The fact that Christmas has grown so largely Christless, an empty Manger, a songless Night, a rayless Star. This witness is not challenged. The fact is common knowledge.

Second Witness: The fact that certain low propaganda, officially fostered by the enemies of the Christian Sunday and all who agree with them, has actually found its way into the art and poetry of Christmas cards—these low things actually bearing the word "Christmas" stamped on them!—is a most damning fact. (The jury has a right to consider whether the second witness really explains the first).

Third Witness: A heap of editorial utterances from Jewish publications of repute. These expressions selected at random: "If there is only one Jew in Lakewood, there should be no community Christmas." "The Christmas holidays are over. Only three hundred and sixty days before another Christmas. So let us do our Christmas arguing early, and take plenty of time to do it." (A Jewish editorial against public Christmas observance written on January 5.) "It will probably be a painful surprise to many Jews in this city to learn that some of their co-religionists are in the habit of mimicking their Christian neighbors by observing the birthday anniversary of Jesus by means of Christmas trees." When the School Board of St. Louis refused to discontinue Christmas exercises and ordered that they be kept unsectarian, a Jewish editor wrote: "This is utterly impossible. Christmas exercises can no more be kept free from any doctrinal or sectarian character than could a Fourth of July celebration be held without dwelling upon the glories of our great Republic. Religion cannot be separated from Christmas and Christmas cannot be separated from religion. There can be no compromise in this matter. The only fair and square course to pursue is to abolish Christmas exercises entirely."

"We say now, on this 27th day of December, only two days after the observance of Christmas, that the time to begin agitation and organization is now, for there are only 363 days left before next Christmas, and every day is precious."

"The whole world today is fighting for the same ideals that Judas Maccabeaus stood for," declared Rabbi Gries in his sermon at the Temple, Sunday, "while the message of Christmas has been forgotten and rejected."

Perhaps that is enough. It is more than enough. There is a closely knit and powerful organization endeavoring to "abolish Christological manifestations," of which Christmas is one.

It would seem that as the Puritans strove to take the "mas" out of Christmas, so our Jewish leaders would take the "Christ" out, and thus we shall have a winter festival, very profitable to Jewish department stores and "Christmas card" manufacturers, and very opportune for those subversive propagandists who would get their rotten ideas received under "compliments of the season."

But Christmas did not begin that way. Christmas did not survive that way. And Christmas cannot continue that way. It only remains for the lovers of Christmas to refrain from being dupes.

Seeing Sound and Making Snapshots of Sound Waves

Concluded from page 2

the photographic plate. This plate is carried in an ordinary 8x10 plate holder placed in the reversible back taken from an 8x10 camera. When the plate holder is removed the sound wave shadow falls directly on the ground glass of the camera back, and is distinctly seen by an observer looking through the glass along the axis of the tube; that is, with the eyes in line with the light and sound gaps and the center of the ground glass. If the experiment is carried on in a darkened room the wave shadow on the ground glass can be seen at a distance of several yards, even when the glass is viewed obliquely, thus making it possible for the waves to be seen by several observers at the same time. In fact, the camera end of the box may be removed entirely and the shadow allowed to fall on a white screen or large sheet of white paper, where the waves may be seen by reflection.

The first announcement of the fact that sound waves had been photographed was made several years ago. At that time it was possible to see the waves and photograph them. But the results were far from perfect, due chiefly to a deficiency of light. Since then the intensity of the light has been increased at least tenfold, and the apparatus otherwise perfected, so that the results now obtained leave nothing to be desired.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The Mayflower compact, the famous agreement signed by the Pilgrims in their vessel, will be commemorated in a bronze bas-relief, which was set up in Provincetown, Massachusetts, recently.

Belem Prison in Mexico City, formerly known as one of the plague spots of Mexico, has been renovated and made into a model house of detention by the Mexican Government. Schools for the teaching of manual training and the rudiments of education are maintained for the women, and schools for similar training for the men will be installed shortly. Shower baths and fountains have been installed and the meals are wholesome and sufficient. Heretofore, Belem has been notorious for its unhygienic condition and the worst fate imaginable to be meted out to a criminal was a sentence to this prison.

A monument to Theodore Roosevelt will be erected on Ancon Hill overlooking the Panama Canal.

Because of the ancient belief that spirits of Chinese buried in foreign soil cannot mingle with those of their ancestors, natives of China have requested that the bodies of 300 Chinese be disinterred at Cypress Hills Cemetery, New York, and sent to China for reburial. Each coffin will have shipping directions in Chinese, also in English, together with the name of the person and the direction "to the hereafter."

The largest shoulder blade of any animal on record, modern or ancient, has been discovered in San Juan basin in New Mexico, by a member of the United States Geographical Survey. This bone is part of an immense extinct dinosaur, estimated to be approximately 100 feet long and much larger than any previously known to have existed. The total length of the bone is more than five feet. The fact that the remains were discovered in Upper Cretaceous deposits indicates that the dinosaurs lived in a later time than had been supposed.

Japanese cabinet members are artists and their paintings and writings brought good prices at a recent auction by the Tokyo Fine Arts Club. The late Premier Hara painted three pictures which sold for $600 and another group of four brought approximately $800. Writings of Prince Saionji brought $200. Mr. Noda, minister of communications, painted a chrysanthemum and an orchid, while Mr. Tokonami, the home minister, wrote a poem.

Ninety hours from Cadiz, Spain, to Buenos Aires, Argentina, by airship is believed feasible by Spanish capitalists, who are backing experts in their plans for a regular transatlantic passenger, mail and parcel air service. It is said the company plans to operate two airships of the Zeppelin type, capable of carrying 70 passengers, besides mail and parcel matter. German workmen will work with German materials in Spain, giving the promoters full advantage of the technical experience of the original Zeppelin designers. The ships will be 900 feet in length. It is hoped the line will be in full operation in 1923.

Chicago opera during 1923 and later seasons, will be a western institution and will not be heard in New York, if a plan by Miss Mary Garden, director of the company, is put into effect. "Let the Chicago company fill the need for opera all through the West; let New York take care of the East," said Miss Garden. The Chicago company's territory would extend to San Francisco.

A machine which, it is said, will permit the showing of motion pictures and stereopticon views in daylight, has been invented, according to an announcement by the secretary of the National Society of Motion Picture Engineers. The invention is the result of 10 years' experiment.

Eleven thousand American soldiers on the Rhine ate 13,000 pounds of turkey on Thanksgiving Day. Cranberries, raisin and pumpkin pie and hot plum pudding also adorned the board. The pudding and pies were brought from the United States, but the turkeys were purchased from German farmers at 11 cents a pound, as compared with 80 cents paid last year for turkeys shipped from America.

The word "Gringo," Mexican nickname for an American, is in Spanish dictionaries of many years ago. The word was first brought into the Spanish language from *griego* and the use of the French phrase "to speak in Greek," which was generally applied to persons who spoke in a tongue unintelligible to them. It is not, as has been stated, of Mexican war origin.

The plan under which merchants have agreed to accept corn from farmers at 10 cents above the current market price in settlement of old accounts and in payment for goods, went into operation recently in Madelia, Minnesota. The plan is meeting favor among the corn growers, according to backers of the project. Each farmer is limited to the disposal of 100 bushels.

Only on rare occasions does the President direct that the flag on the White House be lowered to half staff. It has been lowered in case of the death of some foreign potentate or ruler of a foreign land or President of the United States. When Roosevelt died the flag was at half staff 30 days. This flag, when raised over the executive mansion, denotes that the President is in Washington and it is never flown when the President is away from the capital.

Rains have again flooded the thickly populated districts of Shantung. The late rains of September flooded the counties of Tung Ping and Tung E. One hundred persons lost their lives in the flood and the fall crops of milled and sweet potatoes are rotting in the water. The International Famine Relief Committee of last year had a surplus of funds and it has been appealed to for help.

Japan is importing silk worm eggs from Italy. Two tons of silk worms are sufficient to supply the entire silk industry of Japan.

"Nine miles to the nearest hospital," is a sign on the shore road which skirts Hempstead Harbor, near Sea Cliff, Long Island. Other signs add mile for mile as the motorist widens the gap between his car and New York. The town authorities say the effect of these signs on speeders is visible.

A soap of good quality is being mined in the vicinity of Barstow, California. The mine was discovered by a Mexican rancher. He took lumps, resembling plaster of Paris, to a Los Angeles laundryman, who gave them a thorough test and found that they served as soap of excellent quality. The soap vein is about five miles in length.

A coyote attacked a rancher near Pasco, Washington, recently, while he was feeding his chickens. The coyote grabbed the rancher by the trousers and tenaciously held on. The animal was killed by a neighbor. The rancher escaped serious injury.

The Hudson Bay Company has now invaded the Far East. This company, which for 250 years dominated the fur business of North America, recently sent a ship from Seattle carrying 500 tons of supplies to trade for furs in Siberia and Kamchatka. The company plans to establish posts in the wildest districts along the north coast of these countries, which are the world's last important habitat of fur-bearing animals. Ten million dollars' worth of fur was exported from Vladivostok last year.

General Diaz, of the Italian Army, has been adopted into the tribe of the Crow Indians. Three Indian chiefs of that nation adopted the generalissimo into the tribe in Washington, with appropriate ceremonies. They danced, chanted songs with tom-tom accompaniment, dressed the general in tribal costume trimmed with ermine and bear's claws, hung a war bonnet on his head, placed a necklace of teeth around his neck and gave him a pipe sack. The general said that as a boy he had read and dreamed about the American Indians, but never thought he would be one.

A sculpture chamber in a cavern in France contains the figures of two bison sculptured, according to scientists, from red clay by the Cro-Magnons supposedly 25,000 years ago. Etchings of horses and other animals were also found within the cavern.

A new machine digs a conduit, removes the earth, and lines the walls with cement as it goes along. It is capable of building water mains, sewer mains, conduits and tunnels for any purpose, doing the work of a large number of men in a very short time. The only excavation necessary is an opening large enough to lower the machine to the depth desired for the tunnel.

A new process of "photo-sculpture," has been developed in England by which a carving in greater or less relief can be made from a solid object, such as ivory, alabaster, wood or other material, by the use of the camera.

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Meeting Shakespeare Halfway—A Talk With Mr. Mantell

What Is the Trouble With Nation's Courts?

Multiplicity of Laws, Underpaid Judges and Fear to Criticize Their Errors Blamed for Conditions

By A. R. PINCI

"A DISTRICT judge is a power in his community," said Chief Justice Taft of the United States Supreme Court to a group of Senators recently. "He is apt to become a bit indifferent, and to think people are made for courts, not courts for people."

The former President of the United States, and anciently Solicitor-General of the United States, was indulging in humor based upon fact. He voiced without offense the dissatisfaction that is felt by the people at large with regard to courts in general and legal quibbling in particular. There is a well-defined tendency everywhere that the judicial system in vogue in the United States is far from being satisfactory, and although it is obviously true that in matters of domestic relations the courts of the country are burdened with cases of serio-comic aspect, American business men seem to feel that the courts are not very serious in the expedition of cases upon which depends the welfare of their business.

Shortly before Mr. Taft became President of the United States he said to me, in the course of an informal conversation, that if he could bring about greater efficiency in the expedition of judicial business he would consider the term of the presidency a great success. That Mr. Taft might have succeeded in this design goes without saying had he been able to devote all of his executive energies to the one problem and nothing more. During his incumbence he learned, though I doubt if he has ever admitted it in so many words, that as fast as the President attempts to improve the entire juridical fabric the Congress nullifies the result by enactment of new statutes. The race, moreover, is always in favor of Congress.

Press Never Mentions Their Mistakes

BEFORE examining the entire question, mention must be made of one fact—that the sovereign people of the United States, accustomed as they are to learn of what goes on about their government with each and every issue of a newspaper, know very little or nothing about the judiciary, which is the third co-ordinate branch of the government. The press never refers to the errors of omission or commission by justices or courts, although it never permits executive or congressional errors to pass unnoticed. The result has been, and is, that the judiciary has inferentially attained a sort of superposition from which it is immune, or almost so, from what goes on below.

Like all reporters who served their full term, I have reported court proceedings. These were well diversified, because they ranged from the nominal municipal infractions involving the fine of one dollar to some celebrated cases. Like my colleagues I shared the awe that is felt by all reporters not only when in the presence of the court but even when at some distance away. Reporters are at liberty to state whether a legislature or governor or Congress or the President has done well or has not done well to approve or disapprove certain legislation, as the case may be, but no reporter has ever opined whether a judge's sentence or interpretation is right or wrong.

This discrimination is peculiar and difficult to understand. In effect, if the executive and legislative branches of the government—national or state—may be within reason commended or censured for their acts, the judiciary should be equally responsible before the bar of public opinion. Journalistic annals make mention of writers who invited severe rebukes by the court whose acts they analyzed, and at this very day in a big midwestern city the chief of police, found guilty of contempt of court because he openly criticized the attitude of certain judges toward criminals with records, has announced his readiness to fight out the issue for liberty of speech. This chief of police, by the way, was a newspaper man at the time of his appointment.

Better Citizens Dodge Jury Duty

HOW the courts attained this distinction is not difficult to explain. At first it was the intention to prevent trials and decisions from being undertaken by the press, with the evident object of maintaining the entire trial free from outside influences. 'Having read about it" in the newspapers, and forbidding jurors to read newspapers while serving on juries in certain cases are important phases of any criminal trial. *Having read about it* usually means a challenge for disqualification at the impaneling of the jury because it presupposes the forming of opinions. Oddly enough, however, freedom of the press seems to be objected to only in criminal cases, because nothing is ever said of the press at civil trials, other than of domestic nature, regardless of the issues involved. "Sealed papers" in trials of domestic relations, usually in connection with trials of persons notable or notorious, is an evil that must be corrected sooner or later.

Owing largely to this segregation from public gaze and this privilege of being above criticism, and the occasional swift punishment by means of the autocratic power of finding "offenders" in "contempt of court," the people in general know very little about courts and their personnel. A vast majority of the people, too, persist in the prejudice that courts are unholy places for persons fallen from grace. The more substantial citizens prefer paying taxes to being drafted for jury-duty, and that is saying a great deal. There are solid individuals who have never entered a court room to witness a trial.

In this country we have what we call the "public" trial. Other countries have public trials. But the "public" that is represented varies. It has been my experience, after being one of the "public" in various tribunals here and abroad, to detect a peculiar similarity in the class of persons who attend public trials. It is in the main a curious admixture of unemployed, of uneducated, of curious populace, with here and there a sober-minded visitor. Their underlying precocity is curiosity, sometimes marked by a vague but pleasant state of mind that exults when fellow men are in trouble. The natural propensity for this gentry is for criminal trials. In the absence of notorious trials in the upper courts they congregate in police courts.

In my experience trials of undoubtedly great public interest, when public utilities, for example, are involved, are ignored by the "trial-attending public" referred to in favor of police courts. In Washington a few years ago one of these trials, in which participated some of the best-known lawyers in the United States whose forensic dueling included swift retorts and hairsplitting analyses, was attended by not one person unknown to the court attendants. With the exception of a few business men suspected of being stockholders in the company whose fortunes were in litigation, the rest of the "public" consisted of attorneys not associated in the case, eager to see and hear prominent lawyers in action. Meanwhile half a block away the police court was crowded.

This circumstance, therefore, proves that trials are not witnessed by an intelligent, responsible, thoughtful public, so that as a rule the average citizen has no personal knowledge of court procedure to substitute the lack of information in the press. Taken altogether this condition leads to a marvelous ignorance on the part of taxpayers about this very important branch of the government.

This ignorance is reflected at the polls, because members of Congress as well as of state legislatures always subordinate the needs of the judiciary to everything else. The least important subject of legislation at any time—at least certainly during my reportorial career—on the part of Congress has been that relating to courts and their personnel. Congress has done about everything else under the sun, but it has done nothing toward bettering the administration of justice.

They Only Add More Laws

THIS is an inexplicable circumstance in view of the fact that most members of Congress have studied law, though not all have practiced law. It would seem in the interest of lawyers as a class to improve the American courts. Occasionally, bills are introduced to eliminate congestion, to increase salaries, to add to the insufficient number of judges, but they are pigeonholed. The only thing Congress (and on their part the respective legislatures) knows how to do is to add to the multifarious laws in existence.

Former Senator Thomas, of Colorado, in an article in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT a few months ago, referred to the evil of too many laws, adding that according to his information during the last 20 years the states and the Congress together have placed 79,000 laws upon their statute books, all of them designed to produce a better social and political condition by legislation, and many of them relating to the same subject, which seems to have been improperly or unsatisfactorily dealt with at the beginning.

Probably this is the fundamental cause of all the complications under discussion. Congress adds to the laws every year not only by the enactment of new ones, but does not at the same time adequately dispose of analogous or related laws. Every law added upon the statute books means so much more work for the courts, not necessarily because of the work involved by studying and interpreting the new laws, but because they affect the status of pending cases by opening up new vistas of interpretation for or against the parties at interest.

The main fault with Congress is that it is unable, even approximately, to determine with precision the constitutionality of the laws it enacts, and laws are frequently passed against the advice of members who are noted constitutional authorities. It goes without saying that practically every law passed by Congress in the last two decades has been taken to the Supreme Court of the United States for interpretation. During this slow process all cases dependent upon such law or laws must remain in abeyance. That means delay, and delay at law is cumulative. It has happened that during the transition, Congress amended the original law as to change meaning or intent, thus requiring all along the line modified and amended definitions.

It is utterly impossible for American judges, regardless of their particular jurisdiction, to keep pace with the growing number of acts and statutes. For it must be understood that complexities exist not only in the upper courts but also in the local ones. Cases of no consequence are often appealed and dragged through the calendar for years merely because the disputants have the time and the means to indulge their whims.

The process of appeals, according to most attorneys, is undoubtedly too complicated. The delay grows with the number of appeals, which depends upon the nature of the case, and not infrequently the ultimate decision is made when its utility has practically disappeared. As a rule the United States Supreme Court is the court of last resort for the determination of all important decisions, but the Supreme Court, which proceeds in a very circumspect manner, cannot keep up with the docket. The number of cases pending before the United States courts is stated elsewhere.

One of the best-known Senators found fault with the method of procedure of the Supreme Court, and on the floor of the Senate said, "that there is no excuse for the Supreme Court in holding up its decision in this case for 14 months. I think that we ought to pass an act directing the Supreme Court of the United States to give preference to cases which affect the public welfare. Cases that affect the government's policy toward citizens generally, or even a large number of them, should be given preference over cases affecting private interests."

But what is perhaps lost motion is when after delays of years the United States Supreme Court dismisses an appeal for want of jurisdiction. It would seem that such cases could be dismissed promptly, so as to obviate unescapable pecuniary losses occasioned by needless retention of the case on the docket.

Taft Urges More Judges

CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT during the last few weeks has appeared before congressional committees to approve legislation pending which would authorize the creation of additional judges. Attorney-General Daugherty, appearing with Mr. Taft, declared that "the country probably has neglected the Federal judiciary more than any other branch of government." He is convinced that 30 to 40 additional Federal judges will be needed, but that in the meantime 18 judges—as provided for by pending bills—two to be assigned in each of nine circuits, would bring some relief.

Meanwhile there is a tendency to increase the number of circuits. The current report is that the attorneys of the nation would deem it desirable to have 11 circuits, which would mean two more justices for the Supreme Court of the United States. Undoubtedly this increase would be of great aid in relieving congested dockets. There are in this country 33 circuit judges of the United States, and the number is never complete at any one time. As the judges of each of the nine existing circuits and the justice of the Supreme Court of the United States for the circuit constitute a Circuit Court of Appeals it is evident that two additional circuits would mean two additional circuit courts of appeals.

In speaking of the Supreme Court of the United States it is well to include a suggestion that I have heard voiced at various times from different sources. The suggestion is that the United States Supreme Court should render its decisions unanimously and not upon a majority basis. A unanimous decision is rare, but such a suggestion has an advantage that is obvious—that where 12 learned men differ it is due to dubious meaning, faulty language or contested authority. This would make it much easier to remand the entire act or statute to the Congress for improvement.

That the idea is not without its advantages I have taken pains to verify, and to my surprise I have found that among the laws of national scope which have affected the people more or less intimately, and whose constitutionality has been questioned in the various courts, those least popular are the very laws upon whose soundness the learned justices themselves have differed, sometimes six to three and frequently five to four. And it is logical that where the definition is contested so closely it is reflected in a state of mind that nationally assumes huge if unmeasurable proportions. I believe that if it were possible to obtain unanimous decisions from the Supreme Court of the United States the public at large would be more convinced of the constitutionality of laws that are not universally relished.

Prohibition Cases Not a Big Factor

THE last 15 or 20 years have been notable for the number of radical laws that have been enacted, not counting the necessary but emergency war laws that peace time has rendered or will render obsolete. There has been much said about the prohibition laws as having congested the courts, but Chief Justice Taft said to the Senators that so far it has been responsible for only eight per cent of the increased court business. In some cases, however, Congress has attempted to simplify matters by creating special courts.

The Court of Claims of the United States is the first of such special courts. It was established in 1855, and findings of fact by that court are final and not subject to review by the Supreme Court. This inhibition simplifies matters a great deal. Another special court is the United States Court of Customs Appeals, whose duties the title practically explains.

Other special bodies with judicial or quasi-judicial authority are the Interstate Commerce Commission, United States Railroad Labor Board and the Federal Trade Commission. While it cannot for a moment be admitted that the decisions of any of these bodies have been perfect or even satisfactory at all times, their existence has enabled parties at interest to conduct litigation of highly specialized character before these bodies, thus relieving the regular courts.

The value of special tribunals of this sort should not be underestimated. Their potential benefit has not yet been fully perceived. Senator Pomerene, of Ohio, has now come to the fore with the suggestion, which he

(Concluded on page 14)

Jews Would Dominate Unemployment Club

Seek to Bar Christian Prayer at the Daily Meetings of Job Seekers In New York's Unique Two-and-Two Plan

By DR. DU BOIS H. LOUX

Former Associate Pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, New York and later transferred to the Labor Temple.

ALMOST from the first day of the Two-and-Two Club, which was organized in the Metropolitan Temple, New York, to find jobs for the unemployed in the metropolis, we were confronted by the Jewish problem. Numbers of Jewish young men and women applied to us for aid in finding positions.

Our position was that no color line nor racial barrier should be set up in what we were doing for the unemployed. The Jews realized the fact. They came to us as to friends. In their need they could lean on us to the extent of our ability to serve them.

We learned that the modern Jews, particularly the men of the younger generation, pride themselves on their liberalism. They emphasize the fact that they seldom attend services in the synagogue. "We leave that to father," is a popular expression with these young men. The Jewish holidays and feasts they do indeed observe, however, with a feeling of pride in the Jewish nation; for the Jew, wherever he is found, retains as his fundamental conviction the belief that he belongs to the one imperishable nation.

A second discovery was that the Jewish employer was often on the telephone with the request that we send him a Gentile bookkeeper, clerk, stenographer, typist or other office helper. The Jew does not bring his religious or racial prejudices into his business.

Our third discovery was that Christian firms in the city were as frequently on the wire, cautioning us to send them no Jewish persons to fill positions which they placed in our hands.

"Give a Jew a place of trust in your concern, and it is just native to his nature to learn all about your business; he cannot help it," is a general conviction among the smaller Christian business men of the metropolis.

For some reason the idea seems prevalent that the knowledge thus gained of a Gentile's business by a Jewish helper is more profitable to Israel as a tribe than it can be in the main to the Christian firm.

There seems to be a feeling that a firm's hold on its business, be it Jewish or Gentile, is not best conserved by its placing a bright Jew in a position of trust. A while ago a Gentile, who is drawing a salary of $7,200 a year in a Jewish firm, told me that the firm will not hire a Jew, every one of its 600 employes being Gentiles.

Our Two-and-Two work for the unemployed, therefore, found itself from the first day in a limited position. Bright young Jews came to us with splendid recommendations from the schools. Often they were willing to start in with the question of salary a secondary consideration. They asked only for a chance to be tried out. We did the very best we could for them; but we were required to shove Gentiles ahead of them, even as concerned the openings in Jewish establishments.

When the Two-and-Two Club moved over to the Labor Temple from the Metropolitan Temple, the Jewish problem followed us. There were throngs of Jews in daily attendance at our employment services. We were in the heart of the East Side.

Almost at once there was a complaint from Rabbi Magnes, of the Kehillah, that there was discrimination against the Jews in our apportionment of the jobs that came to us.

I called on Rabbi Magnes to assure him that the nature of our work was such that it would be impossible for us to discriminate against anybody. The jobs that came to us were in the main discovered by our going out, two by two, to acquaint employers with the fitness of our registered applicants. We accepted no money from anybody.

Rabbi Magnes and I seemed to have reached a good understanding that no racial question, and no religious question, was being raised at the temple.

But soon a request came that we omit the Christian prayer at the close of the morning address. The request was denied. A clergyman had painted the graphic situation of the suitableness of the name of Jesus Christ as a world-mover, and this gave serious offense.

"We are here to get jobs, not to hear prayers, and not to be affronted with Christian propaganda," was the word that was sifted to me from the Jews.

Then it was decided that all speaking should be confined to my own address. These addresses were purely inspirational, adapted solely to stir up the two-and-two teams for the day's work of calling on business and industrial concerns in behalf of the employment brotherhood. That Christ's name came necessarily into my talks, the Jews seemed to take for granted. It was the *prayer* that was the chief objection. The Jews, going seldom to the synagogue, seldom heard prayers.

We called ourselves a brotherhood; and kept the Jewish question as smooth as we could.

The only trouble was, that the question was indeed a problem. Few of the best jobs went to the Jews. Hundreds of them saw that it was so, and it depressed them. Our efforts to the contrary were unavailing.

At first, we threw tidings of the good places discovered for our members on the floor of our daily convention. "A bank wants a Christian young man, high school graduate," and so on. For creating a sense of the spirit of the body, nothing was more stimulating than such announcement for our group of workers who gave their time freely until placed in position. But the Jewish attitude soon forbade these announcements. To "the seed of Israel," using a Bible expression, it was discouraging and disconcerting, to find themselves thus left out. The rules of the club forbade proselyting. We were a non-sectarian body, on a Christian but a non-discriminating basis. We, therefore, discontinued open-floor announcements of the engagements effected.

I sat in a group of men in New York a short time ago. One out of three was of Jewish extraction. The future of the employment problem was under discussion.

"I want an employment agency where there will be efficiency talks, but with Christianity left out of it," said a Jew. "I would not accept $100,000 as a gift for a building where the Christian note was promised to be sounded."

"I don't think I would either," said an experienced Christian employment man. "Here is a newspaper with a classified advertising list of the wants of workers and the wants of employers. I estimate that at least $10,000 was paid the paper for publishing a single page of these advertisements. Probably $25,000,000 a year is spent in New York City by employers and the unemployed in advertising the need of work and the need of workers. A national employment agency, if it will keep out the religious question, can make millions of dollars annually in legitimate profits. This will be done eventually. The Jews are some of our most profitable patrons. Probably 30 per cent of the calls that come to me from my employment patrons come from Jews. We cannot turn the matter over to the government officials, for it is a matter best served through private initiative."

There was Jewish rejoicing at his statement.

Place over against this rejoicing the gladness of the Christian members of our free employment brotherhood, when situations of importance were discovered for the Jews.

Which rejoicing has the ring of truer human worth?

I always maintain, when with Christian business men, that even in these imperfect days their business is best upheld by their prayers, consciously or otherwise. By prayer, I never mean set formulas, nor even expressed words. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed," it has been said.

I am equally maintaining that the name of Christ offers no affront to the Jew. To the Jews, as to all who are without guile or deceit, Christ offers the only name in which there can be true union among men. After all, the flesh Christ was a Jew. In his spirit, consciously or otherwise, he has been the one true leader of men in the history of Christendom. By this I do not mean the Christ of our litanies, precious as this Christ is to millions of people. I refer to that something in our great industrial and commercial leaders which is moving them to demand and uprear, in one way or another, a more efficient generation of mankind. This demand includes the purpose to make known to the Jew the particulars in which his aloofness and his purpose of grasping to himself benefits designed for all, are deepening the appalling traits of isolation that mark him off from the only true benefits of civilization dear to a human soul.



Old Dutch Mill at Waterwheel, Long Island, New York.

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 9, December 24, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Good Will in Session

THE season of Good Will is being ushered in with earnest public efforts to remove the causes of ill will. The best political thing actually done this year is the agreement between the United States and Japan which insures the pacific nature of the Pacific and which lifts an unjust burden off China. The beauty of doing the right thing is that its benefits expand, like rings in the water, and bless secondary and tertiary parties as well as the principals. The reduction of Yap by American diplomacy from an international pin prick to an international meeting place, is of the very essence of common sense actuated by Good Will.

It is one of the old truths which men resent because it is so simple, that if the intention be good, the method will eventually come to hand. Heretofore in international affairs, all the skill has been on the side of evil intention, and all the clumsiness on the side of good intention. The right thing to do was seriously compromised because of the incompetency of the would-be doers of it. It was like the comparison that used to be made between the Democratic and Republican parties: the Democratic party was rated as being the more honest in its intention, but destitute of men big enough to translate the intention into reality; while the Republican party, though selfish and class-bound, at least had men big enough to swing things in a masterful way. Well, good intention, Good Will, has apparently persisted long enough in the world to have gained efficient agents. The diplomacy of good intention exhibited by the United States in the Peace Conference, backed up as it has been by a firm and statesmanly grasp of the problems involved (for which Mr. Hughes is to be thanked) is a splendid exemplification of practical Good Will.

Where the heart goes, the head soon follows. Where the intention is right, the right method will come. Where there's a will, there's a way.

The End of the Political Era

WE ARE near the end of the political era of human history. Politics, as such, has had its day. It was necessary in its day, and it did its work. But its work is nearly done. Politics, as men have known it, served two purposes: to solidify nationalism, which is now almost completed among the white nations; and to formulate the theory of individual liberty. With these done, the next task will create new men to perform it.

The statesman of the future will not be a speech-maker and a mouthpiece of patriotism: he will be the organizer of ideals into actualities. Offices will not be "honors," but tasks. The State Papers of the future will not be parchments, but governmental and social blue prints. This does not mean the arid thing the Reds desire, nor the squared and cornered thing of the Socialists, but our present life relieved of its too obvious errors and injustices. The common life of men, as it is now lived, probably approximates the life which men would choose in the freest society. A little more room, a little more convenience, a better arrangement with regard to labor, that is, a wholesome balance between leisure and labor; a reasonable security that there will always be a job for those who want one; a great cleaning out of all the debasing, sordid, murderously selfish practices of a certain group that knows the game—this is the kind of life that men ask for and the kind they could have under the new extension of politics and the new type of statesman.

What has been done in the Conference at Washington with reference to international political problems forecasts the deliberateness of attack and rectitude of intention which will one day characterize the handling of other problems which affect the daily life of men. The present Conference has shown that what the people want they can get, and more than that, what the people continuously desire is right. A warless world is right; in so far as people can make it warless, they are right to do so. If the function of war is not yet fulfilled, at least the next war will not be humanly willed by those who are destined to win it—the white peoples of the earth.

But the other problems, the problems of money and its effect on the daily living of the people, these are really more important than Yap. An official conference that could discover and expose who is stopping the neck of the industrial bottle, would be a blessing. A Conference with power to destroy the absurdity of the gold basis of money would perform a service comparable only with the establishment of the principle of human liberty. Such conferences, removing the tyranny of the money system, lifting the power away from a group that knows the mechanism of control, could achieve more than the disarmament of the world.

It would not be easy to hold such conferences at present because the men who would meet as conferees would be the men, or their agents, who are most interested in maintaining the present artificial system. No disarmament conference takes counsel of the munition makers, and no monetary reform conference could afford to take counsel of those who profit by the present system. But that is what has been done heretofore—the great "financiers" have been called in. It is our stupid system of finance that is in question everywhere, and no one knows its stupidity better than the men whom we know as "financiers." They not only know the present system in all its ins and outs, they clearly perceive the possibilities of new proposals also. They oppose new proposals not because they do not understand them but because they understand them so well—they see clearly in what they would result.

When Good Will in the Conference assembled undertakes to remove the artificial and manipulative gold system from its place of control over the lives of men, it will be the opening triumph of the new era.

Will it be done? Certainly. When? As soon as people realize the truth about the money system as they now realize the truth about the militarist system.

France Backs Kemal

THE world's need of a general and inclusive pact of peace and friendship in an organization centering around the International High Court of Justice is emphasized by the recent Franco-British "incident" over the treaty concluded with Mustapha Kemal Pasha, head of the Turkish Nationalist Government at Angora, by M. Franklin-Bouillon, head of the French foreign office. News dispatches from Paris and from London indicate that this agreement has aroused hot resentment in Britain and that it is deemed in official circles as very distinctly widening the fissure in the Entente *cordiale* caused about a year ago when France occupied Frankfort and other cities without consulting her Allies. The event is another demonstration of the frailty and futility of special alliances.

Under the treaty, France surrenders to Kemal Pasha certain territory in Cilicia awarded to her under a mandate, but which she has found it extremely difficult and costly to hold. So ordinarily calm and liberal an organ of British public opinion as the Manchester *Guardian* denounces this move, declaring that if the agreement is persisted in and upheld by the French Government it may not only put an end to the common understanding between Britain and France, but also "destroy the very foundation on which rests one of the most vital parts of the Treaty of Versailles, that relating to the system of mandates." It is further pointed out by this journal that, under the Peace Treaty, "France has no more right to bargain Syria away than she has to give away other territory which does not belong to her, being part of the old Ottoman Empire which was wrested away from the Turks as a result of the war, and concerning the right to disposal of which all the powers which took part in the war on the Allied side, including the United States, have a right to a say."

De Valera's Lost Opportunity

IF EAMON DE VALERA had been big enough to have recognized the epochal achievement of his associates, Griffith and Collins, in the treaty signed by them with Great Britain, he would have gone down in history as one of the greatest leaders in the service of the Irish cause and the Irish people. It was probably a personal disappointment to the Hispano-Hibernian that when it came to the greatest crisis in a millennium for the people of Ireland the Dail Éireann passed over him to intrust the national destiny in the negotiations with the British Premier and his cabinet to men whose solid statesmanship and deep devotion had been tested to the uttermost, Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith.

But if the so-called "President of the Irish Republic" had displayed his possession of a character capable of something more than the effervescence of the extremist agitator; of a patriot rightly appreciating the substance as more than the shadow; of a humanitarian happy to have the people who followed and honored him spared any renewal of misery and bloodshed after the substantial achievement of the goal of all their centuries of struggle and suffering, he would have strongly supported the treaty. And he would not now be in the position of a repudiated leader and a discredited mischief-maker.

In the Irish Free State, Ireland will be politically independent, and securely so, as she has never been since the days of the Saxon heptarchy. She will enjoy a government of the people by the people and for the people. No longer will Irishmen at home be denied the political privileges which they have shown themselves capable everywhere else of enjoying in harmony and in peace and prosperity. Sinn Féin delegates in Downing street won a triumph for the counsels of moderation, as well as for the undying flame of national aspiration. All over the world they won new friends and adherents for the cause of Irish self-government.

This triumph, this peace and prosperity, this friendship, this honorable achievement, De Valera now seems willing to sacrifice to gratify personal ambition by undertaking to prevent the ratification of the peace treaty, splitting the Irish cabinet and trying to split the Sinn Féin party. It is unthinkable that a nation which could not be defeated by its enemy should now allow itself to be defeated by a false friend.

The Mystery of the Mark

FINANCIERS are reported to be much worried by the precipitous decline of the German paper mark. That unit of Germany's vastly inflated paper currency recently made a series of "low records." Normally, one American dollar would buy about four German marks. Now one American dollar buys about 300 German marks. But this "normal" mark was and is a gold mark, and gold marks have disappeared from circulation as have gold francs and gold pounds and gold dollars. The indemnity is made payable in "gold marks"; but that is a euphemism for gold bullion or "dollar securities" payable in gold.

Prices are high in Germany, to be sure, but they are nowhere nearly so high as the difference between the value of the gold mark and the paper mark would indicate.

Our Department of Commerce recently found it necessary to warn the American public against buying marks and German securities, revealing that these securities were being unloaded at prices far higher than they brought in Germany.

While financial writers are predicting utter wreck and bankruptcy for Germany as a consequence of any continued decline in the mark, or any failure of the United States to join in some scheme for the "stabilization of exchange"—with consequent hard times all round—it is to be noted that the German people are prospering. They are sawing wood and saying nothing.

What the international bankers want is not "stabilization." They know well that to attribute stagnation in international trade to adverse foreign exchange is putting the cart before the horse. Freed from speculative manipulation, foreign exchange simply reflects purchasing power or the want of it. Schemes to stabilize exchanges resolve themselves into futile plans to alter the weatherglass whatever the weather. When nations begin to balance their budgets by eliminating expenditures on armies and fleets, and on padded pay rolls for the maintenance of thousands of supernumerary employes, exchanges will stabilize themselves.

No; what "International Finance" wants is not stabilization of exchange, but government aid and backing in its schemes to sustain the artificial value of the metal they monopolize.

Mr. Ford's Page

GREAT movements are made up of many single issues. General victories often ensue upon individual defeats. It becomes a matter of personal philosophy how to fit our individual stakes into the general scheme. That is to say, in matters of reform there are all degrees of work, and the most heroic of that work is often buried out of sight; the men who contribute the work never receive the satisfaction for which they had hoped. Yet, they have their part, and it is a matter of personal philosophy whether they can avail themselves of the joy and credit of the pioneer whose bones mark the way of new roads into the wilderness.

There is a sense in which it does not matter at all what becomes of us as individuals, so long as the progress and happiness of humanity are pushed forward. The Great Cause forges on, and the men who serve it disappear.

But there is another sense in which it is desirable for individual happiness that the person who serves the cause should gain some satisfaction from it. Everyone is a martyr, more or less, to his duty or to his disregard of duty, but the conscious martyr spirit is rare. That is, few are the people who can take their satisfaction in what they believe will occur generations hence; they want to see some part of it come to pass today.

The world is full of the servants of the Great Cause, which is the bringing in of a righteous social order. One who is not in touch with multitudes of people cannot realize how deeply the people feel, and how many of them are thinking, and how many minds are profoundly exercised over the problem which life presents.

It would be difficult for persons of limited opportunity to realize how many, many people have two businesses in life; one that earns their bread and butter, and the other that looks toward building a better world. In the villages and on the farms, as well as in the greater loneliness of vast cities, there are simple folk whose names are never heard and never will be heard, whose thoughts have never gained publicity and never will gain publicity, giving of the very substance of their souls to feel out or think out or work out some better way of life for the multitudes.

Some of these people have completed plans which they think need only be put into operation to insure a new world immediately. They have done nothing less than draft a new order of society. Any thoughtful and sympathetic person will agree that to do this even crudely is the mark of an extraordinary personality. It surely denotes a higher type of character than mere money-grubbing. The man who seeks to correct the faults of the present system, instead of shrewdly seeing how these faults can aid him to take advantage of his fellow man, is undoubtedly a finer type than the man who uses those faults to increase his own selfish interests.

And then comes the thought: it is certain that most of these people must fail as far as concerns the adoption of their special plan. They will not be hearkened to, what they have done will not be adopted, their names will sink from memory—*but will they have failed?*

That is the question. Is it failure to espouse a cause and then die before the cause is established? Is it failure to espouse a cause and see it come to light on a plan different than we hoped it would come?

It is worth knowing how all the great progressive changes arrive at the plan of actuality.

There is first a deep moving of sensitive spirits who feel the wrongness of things and who see in imagination an order of life wherein all wrongs could be corrected. There is where Destiny begins the work of its great overturns. It begins in the obscure and inarticulate world of the common human soul. Men are exercised about the wrongness of things. Often they cannot put their finger on the specific thing that is wrong. Often they are at a total loss to suggest a method of correction. But down in the great mass of sensitive humanity, in that part of humanity capable of weaving from itself a new order of life, there is a moving spirit prophetic of changes.

The faith of the people—that is to say, the raw material, as it were, of all good things to come—is not as vague or meaningless a thing as it appears. For the faith of the people is the protoplasm, as it were, out of which the new order evolves.

Now, it is plain to see that whoever by the stress of his spirit and the action of his mind tends to increase the supply of this raw material of progress, or by his attention and desire tends to increase its vitality, is serving in the great movement. Every edifice has its foundations deeply hidden from the eye. The mud mortar in the lowest course of foundation masonry is as necessary to the structure as the pinnacle that crowns it. But if the mud mortar is out for individual glory, then unquestionably it will envy the pinnacle and say that the pinnacle is success while foundation mortar is not.

This personal urge to see the thing achieved in our time, this keen desire to have our own personal part in the triumph, is real. There are two ways of regarding it: there is the way which describes this urge as a trick of nature to squeeze out of us all the raw material of hope and faith and effort that we can produce. Men have advanced this theory but they have scarcely believed in it; or, if they have believed in it, they have not been able to find in it the quality of helpful truth.

There is the other way: the prophetic way. Men have said, "Because we desire to see the triumph, we shall see the triumph. Because we yearn to be present to take part in the glory, we shall be present to take part in the glory." And that view has in it the quality of satisfaction. The human race is united. That part of the race to which is committed the ministry of progress, is one. Individuals come and go, but they scarcely pass out of the human race, visible or invisible. They are *there,* somewhere, and their work, their character, the part they have in the things which will improve the lot of the race, is still a part of them.

It is not the man who lays the last brick that rears the building. In every endeavor after a better era of life, there is always one man who comes and, gathering up all the material prepared by earnest souls before him, puts the last touch on the desired object. And his name is associated with it, as Lincoln's is associated with the abolition of slavery. But abolition was not Lincoln's work, it was the work of tens of thousands of people who prepared the way and whose contributions were just as vital as Lincoln's. There never was a leader who was not made by the people whom he led. There never was a leader but whose strength was drawn from a thousand obscure sources.

And it is this which makes the tragedy of leaders. If they take all this choice wealth offered to them and use it to exploit the people who supply it, they are degraded beneath all others. But if they take the people's offered strength and use it to enhance the people's peace, then they save themselves from the great sin. And in the latter they are comrades of untold and unknown thousands whose services they would be first to acknowledge.

MOST of the big advances have been the work of several generations. The next advances will be the culmination of centuries. The human soul has been preparing the material out of which new changes will come—preparing it by suffering, indignation, futile efforts at escape, and a yearning hope for a new order in the future. Countless multitudes prepare the material for every advance, but the largest multitude of all has prepared for the next advance, which ought to abolish every thought of individual glory, and cure all childish impatience with the apparent slowness of progress. The short successes that can be gained in a brief time and without difficulty, are not worth much. The tree that lives for centuries has as much rootage underground as it has branches in the air. The work is for all who see it; its benefit is for all who share it; talk of personal glory is impossible, is out of place, in the movement for a better social order.

Meeting Shakespeare

By HARRY



Mantell as "Louis XI," in the play of the same name, another of the non-Shakespearean plays which has leaped into great popularity within the past two years.

ROBIN HOOD has come back to the forest, Shylock seeks to find Revenge in the Halls of Justice, Juliet sings from her trellised window, and Hamlet's mutterings again make real the shadow of his father—but it is no longer in Arden, in Venice, in Verona, or in Denmark's palaces that they wander. Today they walk a stage reset for them in the hearts of Americans; today they speak their lines to waiting and more appreciative ears than ever before, and today they take their little moment of action before eyes more eagerly turned to them than since their creator made the old Black Friars monastery his stepping stone to mastery of minds and hearts, for we are moving forward—not backward—to meet the better of the world's drama. We are advancing more than halfway to welcome those stage productions which had gone on ahead, while we Americans loitered "to play with Amaryllis in the shade or with the tangles of Naeara's hair" of frivolity behind the footlights.

Not since the days of the elder Booth has there been such a turning of the public mind to the serious, educational, mind enriching side of the drama as there has been during the past three years, culminating a season which, this winter, has seen many, if not the majority, of the musical comedies, the farces and the sex plays, fold their oriental tents and return to the New Jerusalem of America, whence they came. But the deeper stories of life, told, many of them, when the English language was young, have gone on and on, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and back again. In New York, it is to be admitted, these productions did not "draw," with the exception of one of the older light operas, but it is a fortunate thing for America that New York is not all of the United States. Reports of attendance at the productions of the plays of Shakespeare, Lytton, Delavigne and others, show that the records set decades ago by Booth in the East and North, and by Irving in the South and West, have been very nearly, and in some instances, quite, reached, in this day when every form of sensual attraction is brought to the stage to attract the attention and the attendance of the theatergoer from the better presentations of dramatic art.

Fifteen years ago, when the writer was employed on a newspaper in Southern California, he sat on a glacier-conquering boulder in "Arden," the summer home of Helena Modjeska, and heard this leader of the best on the stage talk to a group of boys and girls on the drama of that day.

"There always will be a demand for the serious on the stage," she said; "possibly never a great demand; probably never a highly remunerative demand, for the majority of those who care for mental improvement are not wealthy, but there always will be enough thinking people who care for the best in the world's art, drama and literature, to make it worth while for a few hard working player folk to give them that best. Probably we never shall go back to the Golden Age of the drama, but if we have the artists to maintain it, we shall still have at least the Silver Age."

Fifteen days ago, I sat in an overstuffed chair, in a nationally famous hotel, listening to a man who made his first appearance on the American stage as Tybalt, in support of Mme. Modjeska, in "Romeo and Juliet," one year before I was born, and that is rather more than 40 years ago. He talked on the same subject as that "Juliet" of the long ago had talked, though he did not know I had ever seen her; only knew that I knew that for close to half a century, he had been playing the best of the romantic plays, the tragedies and the comedies with success.

"There is a greater demand for serious plays today than there ever has been in America," he said. "We are not going back to Shakespeare; we are going forward to meet him, for, up to about three years ago, he had passed us, gone on ahead to the realms of a few students and lovers of the best in art, drama and literature. Now, we are hurrying after him, and *not all the jazz, and syncopation and sex and problem plays in the world can tangle the feet of the American people so that they do not know which way they are going.*"

The man was Robert B. Mantell, who first starred in "Tangled Lives," in 1886, and the early part of whose career was devoted to romantic plays, such as "Monbars," of which I saw a program, "Globe Theater, 1887," just the other day; "The Corsican Brothers," and "The Face in the Moonlight," all dearly beloved "old-timers," these, now and then broken by a romantic classic, such as "The Lady of Lyons" or "Romeo and Juliet." About the beginning of this century, however, Mr. Mantell laid aside his romantic successes, such as "Monbars," and his melodramatic vehicles, such as "The Corsican Brothers," and devoted all his time to "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," and the other Shakespearean productions, with an occasional presentation of "Richard III," and of Lytton's "Richelieu," or Delavigne's "Louis XI."

Through this long line of years and of plays, Mr. Mantell has had the opportunity to watch the ever changing barometer of public demand on the stage. It is his opinion, borne out by statements from managers of theaters all over the country, that the desire to see and hear the classical in the drama is no longer confined—as it was prior to the war, and, to some extent, during the great conflict—to the student and the reader, but has spread to all walks of life; that the serious production, if offered by actors and actresses capable of presenting it, has a much better chance of telling its story to large attendances, and, consequently, proving educationally and financially profitable, than has any other form of dramatic art, with the possible exception of the light opera, or the very rare, clean musical comedy.

"In 1919 and 1920," he said, "the genuine popularity of the more serious productions—which began to come into demand in the winter of 1918-19—might have been attributed to the generally good theatrical season throughout the country, and credited with being merely a part of the general average of improved theater attendance, following the worries of the World War. But there is some other factor, a factor in the minds and hearts of the theatergoing public, which is creating, maintaining and increasing the call for better productions on the stage, and which is turning thousands from the motion pictures back to the so-called 'legitimate' drama. Prior to the World War, I had for a partner one of the shrewdest producing managers in the business. It was his opinion, shortly after the United States entered the war, that we should retire from the road for a time. 'The people are having enough troubles in real life,' he argued, 'and will not care for tragedies, or even comedies, on the stage. What they want is musical comedy or farce; when they go to a theater, they want to laugh and forget their troubles.'

"I doubted this reasoning, and urged that the minds of the people would be made more sober and more thoughtful by the war, and that serious plays would appeal to them in that mood, more strongly, even, than the lighter forms of entertainment. I could not convince my partner of



Mr. Mantell as "King Lear," Mrs. Mantell as "Cordelia," in a recent Shakespearean production of that play in the Greek Theater, at Berkeley, California. "'King Lear' appeals more to Shakespearean students and scholars than to the general run of theatergoers," says Mantell.



MISS GENEVIEVE HAMPER,

As Rosalind, in "As You Like It." In private life, Miss Hamper is Mrs. Robert B. Mantell. Mrs. Mantell is now the youngest actress essaying Shakespearean roles.

Halfway—A Talk With Mr. Mantell

H. DUNN

the correctness of my view and we parted company. I continued on the road, and, with the exception of the first few weeks, my judgment has been confirmed, not only in the case of my own ventures, but as to those of every other company of actors and actresses who have been presenting serious plays in the United States for the past three years or more.

"As I have said, however, the war with its sobering influence, was merely one of the contributing causes. There is something still deeper than this which is actuating the American people in their search for better entertainment on the stage. I ran across a book by Albert Mordell, the other day, a book of literary criticism, which makes some statements very applicable to the present condition of the drama, as well as of literature, in the United States. For example, one paragraph:

> "'On account of the recent war, many dormant emotions were reanimated in us and appeared in our literature. People found that Homer's "Iliad," and other ancient, warlike epics, appealed to them more strongly than they did in times of peace. Literature in war times becomes more closely related to primitive literature, where the hero is the brave, successful warrior. The military, patriotic spirit has not been extinct, but merely quiescent.'

"There you have one reason for the welcome being given the more serious plays, of which, of course, those of Shakespeare are the standards and the leaders. Shakespeare is as primitive and elemental as Homer. Take 'Julius Caesar,' for example: The same passions are shown at work in this play as animated the hearts of Homer's imaginary warriors, and as filled the breasts of our men and boys on the battlefields of France. Audiences are the first to recognize this spirit, are thrilled by it, and seek more of it, as they were not thrilled prior to the World War and the lessons it taught.

"To the actor who watches his audiences—as every actor must who seeks to sway the people who come to see and hear him—there are, however, several other factors which account, even more strongly than the war spirit and its lessons, for the renewed popularity of the serious dramatic production. To the student of the stage, the size of the audience is not so significant as its quality. Seven years ago, the audiences at most serious plays—I am not speaking now of little theaters and amateur productions, but of professional companies—were composed largely of students and teachers and literary people, intent on hearing the great lines they were studying or reading, as spoken by the skilled imitator on the modern stage. This was especially true of Shakespearean productions.

"Today, this predominance is reversed. The teachers, students and readers are there in as great, possibly greater, numbers than ever, but they are outnumbered by regular theatergoers, people who are seeking entertainment and amusement, intent on seeing great plays greatly performed. These are people whose ideas of what they want in entertainment and amusement have changed within the past five years, more especially within the past two years. This new quality of the audience is apparent in the enthusiasm they manifest for telling points of action and speech, and the spontaneous applause which greets the genuinely dramatic efforts of the actor or actress. Students, teachers and readers do not manifest their approval in such outbursts. Theirs is a quieter appreciation, more gently expressed.

"Not since the 'Golden Age' of the American stage, when playgoers were accustomed to see Booth and Forrest and Irving, and the other dramatic giants of that period, have the scenes of delight, and the manifestations of approval, over the presentation of the world's great plays, been so plentiful in American theaters as this year. And, never forget, 'the play's the thing.' Great acting can spring only from great opportunities. Weak, insipid lines, no matter how perfectly spoken, or amid what beautiful mechanical settings, never can thrill and inspire the human heart and mind like the words of Shakespeare or the other more serious dramatists of the past, who took the middle course between the elocution of the old Greek orators and tragedians, and the ultra realism of the modern playwright. Shakespeare sought telling climaxes to his action as earnestly as any twentieth century writer, but he believed that his characters should be given great thoughts, delivered in great words."



(C) Strauss-Peyton S.

MR. MANTELL,

Who notes a turning of theatergoers to regular dramatic productions of the highest class; believes that this movement will continue, and wonders where the American stage is to get actors and actresses for the roles which will meet this demand.



Mantell as "Macbeth," which both Mme. Helena Modjeska and Mr. Mantell have found to be the most popular of all the Shakespearean plays.

Like Irving, Mantell has positive opinions as to the fits and misfits in staging the Shakespearean plays. "Scenery should never be allowed to interfere with word-painting," he said, "but neither should the audience be allowed to let its mind wander from the meaning of the lines, in an effort to imagine a forest where are visible only a mass of gray curtains. The Elizabethan stage was by no means bare of scenery, as some theorists would have us believe. Records still extant show that, when the old Black Friars monastery was converted into a theater during the reign of Edward VI, a few years before Shakespeare was born, there was a large outlay of money—for that period—for scenery and mechanical equipment for the stage. There also is a definite, written record, that, in 1545, a score of years before Shakespeare's birth, John Dee, a young student of mathematics in Cambridge University, staged one of the comedies of Aristophanes, during the action of which he flew across the stage, in a manner so realistic as to puzzle his audiences. From the moment of this flight, it began to be whispered about that young Dee was in league with the devil. He shrewdly capitalized this reputation, and became the famous Dr. Dee, of witchcraft lore.

"Careful students of the drama, like Dr. Doran and Professor Taine, of France, give the Elizabethan stage carpenters full credit for their achievements in an art then necessarily crude, since not even gas had as yet appeared as an illuminant, and little advancement had been made in the mechanical arts. Doubtless Shakespeare, who was far ahead of his contemporaries in realism in methods of acting, as shown by his directions to the wandering players in 'Hamlet,' would have seized eagerly on every modern scenic device in staging his plays. Shakespeare's first aim was to please his audiences, and therefrom he became the most popular dramatist of his time in London. He did not write for posterity, but for the London crowds which he knew, and which thronged the sixteenth century playhouses of England's capital. That his plays have endured, is due to his unexampled genius, and not to conscious effort on his part in the direction of immortality. To the student of history and of Shakespeare, the latter's plays are as full of what were then local allusions and 'hits' as was ever any musical comedy of the present day.

"One of the unusual deductions drawn from the new demand for more serious drama, is the unconcealed preference shown for certain of Shakespeare's plays by modern audiences. It is to be regretted that no record has come down to us from the Blackfriars or the Globe as to just which of his plays were most preferred by Elizabethan theatergoers. It is certain today, however, that 'Macbeth' is the most consistently and universally popular of all Shakespearean productions. This bears out the experience of Mme. Modjeska, and others. I do not know the exact secret of 'Macbeth's' popularity, but contributing causes undoubtedly are that it is the swiftest in action of all the Shakespearean plays.

"The second place in popularity is shared by 'The Merchant of Venice,' and 'Julius Caesar,' with 'The Merchant' possibly a trifle in the lead. 'Hamlet' is a close third, while 'King Lear' comes fourth, usually followed most attentively by Shakespearean students, scholars and teachers. It is a sort of 'cult' performance. The position of 'Richard III' in the minds of American theatergoers is peculiar. Junius Brutus Booth established 'Richard III' in America as a 'Saturday night play.' It was Booth's best part, and he saved it for the climax of the week. All tragedians since the elder Booth have played it on Saturday night. For some unexplained reason, it does not do so well on any other night of the week. The war, of course, drew attention to serious plays with a French setting, such as 'Richelieu,' and 'Louis XI,' and both have proved themselves to have a permanent appeal to the American mind, even after the forces which brought them to the front during the war have nearly disappeared."

Gigantic Jewish Liquor Trust and Its Career

Where and How It Began: Its Influence on the "Trade" and Social Life; Levy's Gin Among the Negroes; Nemesis Follows

IT HAS been shown how the American whisky business became Jewish. The *distillers* of pure whisky which required years to make, were driven out by the *manufacturers* of drugged and chemicalized liquors which could be made in three or four hours. The latter, being cheaper and more intoxicating, so completely usurped the market that the public never knew that it was not whisky. It had stolen the name of whisky, and under that name the righteous indignation of the people prohibited it; and under that name still it is being sold by bootleggers at an advance of 1,000 per cent. The use of the fraudulent label is not new, it is not a product of Prohibition days; it began with the advent of Jewish capital into the liquor business. Whisky, carefully and scientifically made, purified by long years of repose in the warehouse, was an American product; "red eye," "forty rod stuff," "knock 'em dead" and "squirrel whisky" mixed and sold the same day, were Jewish products.

The Pure Food Law came into the fight to protect the American industry, but it was flouted at every turn. Bad liquor was in such a deep state of public disgrace that the people paid little attention to Chief Chemist Wiley's efforts. They thought when he said "whisky" he meant the stuff that they knew as "whisky" and they disregarded him. The degeneracy of the liquor business became deeper and deeper to the amazement of both its friends and its foes, and no one had the key to the situation because no one saw, or seeing had courage to expose, the Jewish program behind the scenes.

The Origin of Bootlegging Tricks

TO RESUME the story: Even after the cheap compounded liquors which masqueraded as "whisky" had won a commanding place in the market, to the serious detriment of the business in pure brands, the Jewish compounders were far from satisfied. There remained a few American brands whose names, by reason of their dependability, topped the list. Their very quality, though of limited quantity, was a constant challenge to the vicious mixtures of which the rectifiers produced millions of gallons a year.

How to remove those standard American brands, with their honest labels, from the market?—that was the problem which the leaders of the Jewish compounding business tackled. The first resort was, characteristically, to trickery. Shipments of pure goods would be sidetracked somewhere en route while the rectifiers drew off half the whisky and refilled the barrels with mixed compounds. People who have been amazed at the stunts of the bootleggers—the sidetracking of whisky shipments, the "robbery" of loaded trucks, and so on—would not be so surprised if they knew that every trick was used by the compounders of bad liquor 20 years ago! It was Jewish then, as it is Jewish now, but no one dared say so. Merely to list the tricks would require too much space. It was a nasty business from any point of view.

But still the standard brands held their place in public confidence. The Jew who claims to be the superior of the American in skill did not think of making a better whisky and thus winning the market; he thought to get rid of the better whisky that the vicious, adulterated product might own the field.

The Beginning of the Jewish "Red Eye" Trust

IT WAS the day of Trusts. Big Business was amalgamating. It occurred to the leaders of the compounding business that if they could sweep all the honest distilleries into a combine with all the back room rectifying places, put them all under one management and run down the quality of famous brands to the standard of cheap ones—cashing in on the names of the brands, and doubly profiting by decreasing the cost which quality requires—they could thus accomplish in a financial way what had been formerly tried by less respectable methods.

The inception of the idea of a "whisky combine" was legitimate. The Kentucky distillers (who must at all times be distinguished from compounders and rectifiers) endeavored in 1898 to establish a combination that would unite all the legitimate distilleries in the fight against the flood of counterfeit whisky. It is, however, significant that there was not enough capital in the legitimate whisky business to finance the plan. But when the idea was picked up by the makers of spurious liquor, there were millions of dollars at their command—just as today, with industry suffering, there are millions of Jewish capital at the disposal of the motion picture business!

In the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, February, 1899, the story of the first operations toward a combine is told, the language being inflated, of course, that hesitant

Volume Three in this series—"Jewish Influence on American Life," containing a third selection of these articles, is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and is sent at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

distilleries might be stampeded. "Absorbed Kentucky Distilleries in a Mammoth Combine. Capital Stock $32,000,000. Some of the Biggest Plants in the State Involved. Sixteen in Louisville. Controls 90 Per Cent of the Product and Nearly All Standard Brands."

"Levy Mayer, of Chicago, has acted as counsel in the drawing up of the papers. He becomes the general counsel of the new company."

This article contained a list of Kentucky distilleries, all of them American—that is, non-Jewish. It was the well-established brands, the names of quality, that were sought. These names were all non-Jewish.

"Levy Mayer, the general counsel of the new company, said tonight: 'The Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse Company is a reality and will bring prosperity to the state of Kentucky where depression has prevailed for some years on account of the discord which has existed among the distillers of Bourbon whisky, who for a generation prior enjoyed a great prosperity.'"

A most ingenuous statement. But Mr. Mayer is a most ingenuous man. However, there is some truth in his statement: it was true that the legitimate distillers had suffered from depression, not because the American people were not consuming liquor, however, but because the American people had been turned from pure whisky to "red eye"; and Mr. Mayer's smooth statement that this depression was "on account of the discord which has existed among the distillers of Bourbon whisky" needs revision to "the fight between the non-Jewish makers of real whisky and the Jewish makers of compounded liquor."

The Record Turns Up Familiar Names

IN THE story of the combine a great deal is heard of Mr. Mayer and Alfred Austrian. Mayer is a Chicago Jew who is worth a story by himself. He is one of those Jews with whom candidates for the American presidency—mostly those candidates who are in debt—feel it necessary to stay, when he invites them. Mr. Austrian is sufficiently well known by his connection with the baseball scandal. He was attorney for Rothstein, the gambler, whose name figured so prominently in that scandal, and who is credited with doing things to the grand jury testimony in a way that makes a pretty tale. Austrian also appeared for two St. Louis Jew gamblers, implicated in the baseball scandal, who were afterward indicted. Austrian is also credited with being the author of the so-called "Lasker Plan" of baseball reorganization. The services of Mayer and Austrian to the liquor interests of Chicago and Cook County, were and are important.

There were Jewish names previously appearing. About 1889 Nathan Hoffheimer had tried to bring all the Kentucky whisky business under one head, and later Morris Greenbaum tried it. It will probably be conceded that both these men are Jews, and it is provable by the records that they were endeavoring to consolidate the whisky business. But the big stunt was really pulled off under the guidance of the two Chicago Jews, Mayer and Austrian.

"The various companies forming the Trust are:

"American Spirits Manufacturing Company, $35,000,000; Kentucky Distilling and Warehouse Association, $32,000,000; The Rye Whisky Distillers Association, $30,000,000; the Standard Distilling Company, $28,000,000; and the Spirits Distributing Company, $7,500,000.

"The forerunner of the gigantic combination of the whisky interests of the country was the organization of the American Spirits Manufacturing Company upon the ruins of the old whisky trust which was controlled and directed by Joseph Greenhut . . . .

"Attorney Levi Mayer, of Chicago, who has been legal adviser of the whisky people from the inception of the American Spirits Manufacturing Association was called to New York Saturday last to confer over the legal form of the charter and the closing of the negotiations."

The italicized portions indicate the connection, and it was a connection maintained to the end, and may indeed be continued yet.

Then, in the current accounts of this merger of the liquor business under Jewish control, another name appears. On March 15, 1899:

"Angelo Meyers, a big whisky buyer of New York, is in Louisville trying to buy a big lot of whiskies." It appears that Mr. Meyers put on a poor mouth and told how hard it was to buy whisky in big lots.

And then on March 17, two days later, this appeared: "Mr. Angelo Meyer, the wealthy Philadelphia whisky man, has been appointed one of the general managers of the business of the Kentucky Distilleries Company and is engaged in appointing men to take charge of the various departments of the combine's affairs."

The discrepancy in the above two paragraphs need not be charged to the untruthfulness of the newspaper reporter. Reporters as a rule faithfully report what they are told; but sometimes what they are told is not true.

"Mr. Meyer has commonly been called the Napoleon of the whisky trade. He is largely interested in the recently formed combine.

"'We intend to make plenty of whisky. No brand will be killed,' said Mr. Meyer."

Henceforth the names of Levy Mayer, Alfred Austrian and Angelo Meyer appear most frequently in the reports.

A Whole Medley of Jewish Activities

"ALFRED AUSTRIAN, who is Levy Mayer's legal representative, says that all the distilleries now negotiated for will be absorbed in three weeks more."

"In an interview today Mr. Angelo Meyer said, 'I believe confidently that in the next five years a business calling for 10,000,000 gallons of whisky a year will be built up.'"

In April, 1899, another Jewish movement appeared: "Joseph Wolf, the Chicago whisky dealer, who is said to own more Kentucky whisky, independent of the Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse Company, than any other individual or corporation, is behind the new whisky combine formed in Chicago with a capital stock of $3,000,000. The purpose of the new trust, which it is said will be given the title of the Illinois Distilleries and Warehouse Company, is to fight the Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse Company."

The few remaining Kentucky distillers were wary; they regarded Wolf, probably with reason, as simulating enmity to the other part of the Jew-made whisky trust, in order to sweep into his net the remaining independents.

"Alfred Austrian and C. H. Stoll, attorneys for the Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse Company, will leave Louisville today for Chicago to confer with Levy D. Mayer, chief counsel for the trust; and in fact counsel for three big whisky and spirits combines."

"Alfred Austrian, of Chicago, left last night for Cincinnati to close the deal for the celebrated Sam Clay distillery of Bourbon County."

Under an exciting headline detailing the departure of the Jew lawyer Austrian to Chicago to see the Jew lawyer Mayer, there is the story of a still greater whisky combine:

A Gigantic Liquor Amalgamation

"THE projected combination of all the whisky interests of the country will probably be completed in Chicago today. A rye whisky trust is now being formed and will soon be ready for incorporation and presentation to men with capital . . . . It is said that the capitalization of the rye whisky trust will be $60,000,000, and the combined capitalization of the five companies will amount to about $175,000,000. . . . Levy Mayer, of Chicago, Alfred Austrian, of Chicago, and C. H. Stoll, of New York, are the attorneys for the three trusts, Mr. Mayer being the chief counsel."

And still later, a statement by Levy Mayer:

"The new rye distillery combination will be the largest individual whisky amalgamation in the world. It is controlled and is being financed by the same people and the same trust companies of New York and Philadelphia now controlling and financing the Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse Company, whose capital is $32,000,000; The Standard Distilling and Distributing Company, with a capital of $28,000,000; the American Spirits Manufacturing Company, with a capital of $35,000,000; and the Spirits Distributing Company, with a capitalization of $15,000,000.

"Rumor has it," and Mr. Mayer smiled as he patted a big bundle of legal documents, "that after the rye

consolidation has been perfected all the separate companies will be merged into one central company, which will have an aggregate capital close to $200,000,000. A whisky combination of that size will certainly hold foremost place among the world's liquor trusts and organizations."

Another dispatch: "Alfred Austrian today returned to Louisville from New York where he assisted in forming the combine of the American Spirits Manufacturing Company (and the three other companies).

"Mr. Austrian leaves tonight for Chicago where he expects to close the deal with Elias Bloch & Sons to purchase the Darling distillery in Carroll County, and with Freiburg and Workum to secure their two plants in Boone County."

Here it is possible to see the Jewish agents of Jewish capital hurrying to and fro with every assurance of success, working along well-defined lines, known to themselves but concealed from the public, building up a colossal structure which public opinion was to hurl down in two decades. But two decades were enough for enormous revenues to be derived from the criminal debasement of all kinds of liquor which became more apparent from the time of the giant consolidation.

Whisky became so rotten that in Kentucky, the pioneer whisky state, there were only four whole "wet" counties by 1908. The first decade of absolute Jewish control put even the first whisky state in the "dry" column.

The Jewish compounders did not care how they marketed their goods so long as they could sell them in quantities. The cheap "barrel house" appeared with its windows full of gleaming bottles and gaudy labels and "cut rate" whisky prices. The compounders became saloon owners toward the end of the saloon era and many Jews went into the "barrel house" business for a quick clean-up. The proportion of vicious dives increased everywhere, and the moral guardians of society were amazed at "the wave of vice" that was "sweeping over the country"; but they did not have the key that explained it. The whisky business was riding to a wild finish, but the men at the helm knew exactly what they were doing, every moment of the time. To look back upon that period, with all the facts at hand, makes it more and more apparent how fitting is the term, "boob Gentile."

When Collier's Pilloried Lee Levy

WHY, even Norman Hapgood knew how bad it was, and *Collier's Weekly,* under his editorship, was the first journal in the land to print the names of Jews in connection with the liquor debauchery of the country. But those were the good old days when Hapgood could tell the truth even about Hearst, the man for whom he now writes his graceless palaver of pro-Jewish propaganda.

In *Collier's Weekly,* during the year 1908, solid truths appeared, which are in point today as proofs of what was transpiring. There was a specially scathing attack on what was called "nigger gin," a peculiarly vile beverage which was compounded to act upon the Negro in a most vicious manner. Will Irwin spoke of this gin as "the king iniquity in the degenerated liquor traffic of these United States." This author and *Collier's* started a new fashion in giving publicity not only to the names of certain brands of liquors, but also to the names of the men who made them. It turned out that the maker of a brand of "nigger gin" which had spurred certain Negroes on to the nameless crime, was one Lee Levy. Mr. Irwin wrote:

"Because the South is not through with Lee Levy, and because its citizens may at least drive him out of business—if they cannot get him behind the bars—one declaration of the *Commercial Appeal* is worthy of reply. That paper raises a question of fact—it charges that Levy's gin, Dreyfuss, Weil & Company's gin, Bluthenthal & Blickert's gin, the Old Spring Distilling Company's gin, do not exist; or that, if they exist, their sales are insignificant. Let me present my own evidence on that point."

Mr. Irwin then details some of his experiences. The gin which he was discussing was provocative of peculiar lawlessness, its labels bore lascivious suggestions and were decorated with highly indecent portraiture of white women. "I bought, for evidence, many other brands, some emanating from the big liquor cities and some put up by local people; but I could always get Levy's. I never saw it in any saloon which bars the Negro.

Jewish Gin for the Negro Trade

"IN GALVESTON, which prides itself on its clean government, some brand or other was for sale in nearly all the corner grocery 'drums.'

"In a Negro street of New Orleans I saw five saloon shop-windows in one block which displayed either Lee Levy's or Dreyfuss, Weil & Company's. This latter firm is more clever in its work than the others, much more delicate and subtle in its labeling policy. It takes one who understands the Negro and his slang to appreciate the enigma of their wording; it all comes in a 'caution label' on the obverse of the bottles.

". . . . Such gins were sold everywhere in Birmingham . . . . a bottle of the stuff, half empty, had been taken from a Pickens County Negro just after his arrest for the nameless crime.

"Levy—so the gossip of the liquor trade has it—grew rich through this department of his business. Dreyfuss, Weil & Company advertise everywhere that theirs is 'the most widely sold brand in the South.' And more and more one hears of tragedies that lie at the end of this course."

That is a sample—an expurgated sample—of what went on in every part of the country. Newspaper reporters will remember how the police used to wonder about the change that came over certain foreign communities. "They come here nice people," the experienced police captain would say, "but in a short time they are giving us all sorts of trouble. They don't do that in their own country."

"It's the drink," somebody would suggest.

"No, they drink in their own country, they drink all the time there. It's the *kind* of drink they get here that does it—the 'rot-gut,' that drives them wild." That was the captain's diagnosis, made a thousand times, but no one was the wiser. No one saw the key, which was the Jew.

In the South the terrible lynching period came and divided the country into pro-lynching and pro-Negro parties, but still no one saw the reason for it all. The race question rose to threatening proportions, the Americans of North and South looked at each other askance, there was a cooling of sympathy between the regions. Northerners were inclined to look at Southerners as unjust and inhuman in their treament of the Negro, and Southerners were inclined to look upon Northerners as temperamentally unsympathetic and stupidly ignorant of what the conditions were.

Behind it all were the products of men like Lee Levy and Dreyfuss, Weil & Company, to use only the names quoted from *Collier's.*

The ancient Jewish policy of Divide-Conquer-Destroy was in operation. Jewish policy favors disunion as a preparation to the kind of union which Jewish leaders want. Jewish influence was strong for disunion in the Civil War. Jewish influence is directly behind the present attitude of the Negro toward the white man—look at the so-called "Negro welfare societies" with their hordes of Jewish officials and patrons! Jewish influence in the South is today active in keeping up the memory of the old divisions. And, with reference to the Negro question, "nigger gin," the product of Jewish poisoned liquor factories, was its most provocative element.

Trace the appearance of this gin as to date, and you find the period when Negro outbursts and lynching became serious. Trace the localities where this gin was most widely sold and you will find the places where these disorders prevailed.

It is extremely simple, so simple that it has been overlooked. The public is being constantly deceived by an appearance of complexity, where there is none. When you find the fever-bearing mosquito, yellow fever is no longer a mystery.

The same policy of "Divide-Conquer-Destroy" tells the story of the liquor traffic. Jewish influence divided between distilling and compounding, drove out distilling, and in the end destroyed the traffic as a legalized entity.

It needs to be said, however, that the destruction is not part of the Jewish intention. "Divide and Conquer" is the formula as the Jewish leaders conceive it, as, indeed, it is stated in the Protocols. The "destroy" comes as Nemesis upon Jewish achievements. Russia was divided and conquered, but just as the Jews had conquered it, the canker worm of fate began to consume their conquest. The story is repeated wherever Jewish intrigue has succeeded. Whatever the Jews can succeed in making Jewish, falls!

It may be fate. It may be Destiny's way to the survival of the fittest. That which succumbs to complete Judaization, as Jewish leaders conceive it, may deserve to fall. The justification of its destruction may appear in the possibility of its Judaization. Anything that *can* be Judaized is to that extent sentenced to oblivion.

Nemesis Follows Judaization

THE story of Jewish control of liquor has now been carried through two stages, the "Divide and Conquer" stages. The third stage follows with swift and relentless steps. Blind though the country was to the Jewish character of the liquor business, it was not blind to the ravages of that business upon society.

There came a sentiment that moved ceaselessly through the country, and mounted to stormy power; people could only speak of it as a "wave." The term became hackneyed by overuse, but it was accurately descriptive. The indignation of the people, the arousal of their just moral resentment was as a flood which rose to cleanse the land. The attack was on liquor, and the attack was just. The attack was on liquor, and it came none too soon. The country was drenched in vile concoctions which rapidly undermined large sections of the population. Crime increased and domestic misery was everywhere. The people attacked the only thing they could see—they attacked the stuff and the places that distributed it. They did not see the $200,000,000 Jewish whisky combination, they did not see the sinister devices by which strong drink was made vile and viler with the growth of Jewish control.

The people rose and swept away the saloon. They did not sweep away the stocks of liquor. They did not sweep away Jewish interest in liquor. They left the source untouched. And that source is still existent.

There remains another chapter of the narrative: the coming of Prohibition and of the illicit traffic in liquor. It remains to be seen whether the same thread carries through to the latter phases.

Jewish World Notes

Norman Hapgood is now waving his arms and screaming. His practiced pose of a literateur who moves with mincing step through gardens of nice words has deserted him entirely. He is reaching after Billingsgate as more fitting his position with Hearst. Mr. Hapgood is not keen enough to succeed with sarcasm, he is not heavy enough to denounce impressively. The sneer becomes him, because the sneer is the sign of weakness. Mr. Hapgood asks, with an eye toward the audience, about THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT's circulation. We don't mind telling him that it has always been good and is now better than ever. Mr. Hapgood knows what a wallop these times have landed on the publishing business; he knows that the most popular magazines have fallen into a serious slump. He will understand, then, when we say that the paid subscriptions of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT not only held their own throughout every expiration period, but have increased. And that record has been maintained without any unusual, without indeed even the usual methods of drumming up subscriptions. Mr. Hapgood's sneers are merely sneers.

But that is our business; we advert to it merely to help Mr. Hapgood, if possible, to see how badly he is misled. Of course, we are thinking of the Mr. Hapgood who used to run *Collier's,* or who we used to think ran *Collier's.* When he left *Collier's* that magazine was widely commiserated. *Collier's* replied that it needed no sympathy. Much of the work which was credited to Hapgood had been done for him by Louis Brandeis, now Justice of the United States Supreme Court. The testimonial of *Collier's* to Mr. Hapgood is herewith given:

"To such of our fellow editors who are inclined to overcondole with us on our recent editorial bereavement, we might give this much comfort: Norman Hapgood was only one editorial writer on *Collier's* staff; less than half of the editorials published this year were from his pen. Furthermore, the most important political editorials during the recent campaign, namely (here follows the list) were the work not of Mr. Hapgood but of Mr. Louis Brandeis, the distinguished Boston lawyer, who was one of Governor Wilson's most powerful campaign orators. We have high respect for Mr. Brandeis . . . . We feel, however, that his relations with Governor Wilson were somewhat too close to be reconciled with the editorial 'Fair Play' in our issue of August 24."

Mr. Hapgood has done nothing of note since leaving *Collier's,* the explanation being that he did nothing of note while with *Collier's,* though receiving much credit. Probably that is why his assumption of refined urbanity gives way so alarmingly to arm-waving and screaming over "a little insignificant provincial weekly," which somehow both he and Brisbane feel it impossible to treat with silence.

The exodus of young Jewish pharmacists to Europe has its aftermath in the arrests of narcotic smugglers at New York. The American Jewish Committee will probably object to it, but the fact remains that if the illegal narcotic trade in the United States is not Jewish, at least all the ringleaders in it are Jews; and that would seem to make it a Jewish matter. American Jews are interested in having a "say" in whatever befalls Jews anywhere in the world. It would seem to be equally within their province to have a "say" about the all-Jewish narcotic ring.

Abram Jivatovski, a Paris banker, is the husband of a sister of Trotzky, alias Braunstein, commander of the Bolshevist Red Army. He is now living in Paris with his two brothers. A nephew of Trotzky has a job in the Jivatovski bank, which is said by the *Conseil Supreme,* a Russian weekly paper published in Paris, to be in close relation with the Soviet commissaries.

Jewish papers announce that thousands of Jewish emigrants were compelled to return to Amsterdam from Canada because Canada refused to permit them to land. The reason for this was that their passports failed to show the countries of their origin, the passports not being original but having been obtained in other countries through which they passed on their way to America. Many of the would-be immigrants showed affidavits from relatives in America and "checks drawn on New York banks." But the Canadian immigrant officials were not to be fooled. The Jew does not yet rule Canada.



A thoroughbred carrier pigeon.

Winged Messengers of the Air

Carrier Pigeons Play a Part in Peace, War and Even in Sports

HOMING, or carrier, pigeons are perhaps as old as the world. They were in existence in antediluvian days, for didn't Noah have one in the ark? And didn't he send it forth in a universe of water to ascertain if there still was not a speck of land? The pigeon of the ark found land and carried back to Noah a sprig from an olive tree, and Noah's landing on Mount Ararat followed.

Carrier pigeons have been in use in the Orient from time immemorial. It is known that the Persians used them for a pigeon post 600 years B. C., but they were not known in Europe until the First Crusade. The Saracens had them for the conveyance of information. History does not mention the Christian commanders as possessing them, and they evidently didn't, for it is recorded that the latter trained falcons to chase and destroy the pigeon post. Often, too, the birds fell into the hands of the Christians when they became tired, and the commanders substituted misleading messages for the ones the birds were carrying, and when the pigeons became rested they were released, to carry the false message to the enemy.

In the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, during the siege of Paris, the carrier pigeon became very conspicious, for it was only through the bird that there was any communication with the outside world. The pigeons carried thousands of messages, and even newspapers, which told how the inhabitants of the beleaguered city were faring.

Following this war, several governments of Europe, profiting by the experience of the Parisians, took up the carrier pigeon in earnest, and established regular pigeon corps.

The birds were used extensively by several countries that were involved in the World War, even the United States utilizing them after it had entered the conflict.

Some of the warring countries found the pigeons especially valuable for carrying messages from the front line trenches back to the base, while the birds also proved their worth on air scouting expeditions. Of course, every means of quick communication was available during the World War, but there were times when wires were cut or it was not just possible to get to a telephone or telegraph instrument in a hurry, and the birds were brought into use. Air scouts often took the pigeons aloft with them, and after the scouts took observations at certain points, the birds would be released with messages containing what the observers saw and they would fly back to the base. This plan enabled the observers to continue their work without being compelled to return and make personal reports.

The United States Government placed much confidence in the birds, and went to the trouble of providing special equipment for them. Each pigeon that was actually in service was provided with a corset-hammock, a tiny affair, truly, but a hammock nevertheless. When one of the birds was about to take an air trip or a ride to the trenches on a truck, it was placed in the corset-hammock, which was swung in a basket. The contrivance saved the bird from being jarred, and perhaps injuring its flying wings. Each bird in service carried a small aluminum capsule fastened to one of its legs, the capsule being the receptacle for messages.

Italian spies in Austria made extensive use of the birds during the war, keeping the Italian Army informed as to movements of Austrian forces.

Carrier pigeons have proved valuable in both peace and war for ages, and no doubt will continue to do so. They are in everyday use in countries, such as China, where the telephone and telegraph systems are not extensive. The birds form the lines of communication, and they seldom are "out of order."

So much for the utilitarian aspects of the carrier pigeon. The birds have furnished sport and amusement for thousands in the civilized countries of the world for 150 years or more.

Pigeon-flying, or racing, is the national sport of Belgium. Before the Germans overran that country, one family in every five had a loft of homing pigeons. The Germans seized thousands upon thousands of the birds but since the Belgians are free again they are carrying on the sport at a greater rate than ever. The Belgians race their birds all the way from Rome and from points in Spain in 1,000-mile speed and endurance contests.

Long ago the sport reached America, and now every city of size has its homing pigeon clubs, which conduct regular schedules of races.

The American bird is being developed into a type of its own, because of the different climatic conditions. The Belgian bird differs from the English pigeon, being sleek and not so large. The British bird has to be more solid and bigger-boned, because of the fogs prevailing over England and the further fact that these pigeons cross the channel frequently and require extra bone and sinew.

The British and Belgians breed their type of bird, just as Americans are breeding the type of bird most suited to this country. It is a fascinating pastime, this breeding of carrier pigeons. A man who has been at it for years told the writer that there always is something new to learn, and that the science probably never will be completely mastered. Pigeon fanciers put their whole hearts into the game, notwithstanding that it requires a number of years to breed and train what they term a good loft of birds. They say food and environment have a lot to do with getting a good loft together. They also will tell you that breeds differ right here in America. For instance, the birds whose homes are along the Atlantic seaboard are supposed to be as high grade as any in the world, but when they are pitted against birds of the Middle West they do not show up so well. The difference in the climate undoubtedly explains this.

In the United States there are three national organizations of pigeon fanciers, the American Racing Pigeon Union; the International Federation of Homing Pigeon Fanciers, and the National Association of Homing Pigeon Fanciers. The clubs throughout the United States, with the exception of those in Detroit, which is the largest center of the sport, are affiliated with some one or the other of these organizations. These facts indicate the growth of the sport in the United States.



A typical homing pigeon loft near Detroit. This loft is the home of some winners in 500-mile races. L. W. Schimmel, a Detroit banker, who is keenly interested in the sport, is the owner.

Detroit is an independent pigeon center. There are seven clubs in the city, and approximately 50,000 birds are either enrolled in the clubs or are owned there, and thousands more are being bred each year.

Other large pigeon centers are Chicago, Pittsburgh, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, ranking in about the order named. With large numbers of "homers" in these centers and thousands of other flocks, it is safe to assume that the number of these birds in the United States runs into seven figures.

Followers of the sport get their fun out of mating the pigeons and racing them. The fanciers are forever experimenting in breeding to obtain perfection in the birds, but they admit they don't know it all yet.

After a person acquires the carrier pigeon hobby, seven or eight years are required to get a good full coop; that is, well-trained sturdy birds. Therefore, it will be seen that persons going in for the sport must be possessed of a lot of patience. Those who are following the amusement say, however, that the time and effort spent is well rewarded.

Every carrier pigeon enrolled in any club in the United States carries an aluminum band on one of its legs. This band contains an identification symbol so that if the bird gets lost or falls exhausted, the club in which it is enrolled can be notified.

The band is placed on the bird when it is a few weeks old, when the leg is soft and flexible. As the bird grows older the leg expands until the band can no longer slip off. It stays there for life.

Oscar W. Thiel, president of the Noah's Ark Homing Pigeon Club, of Detroit, one of the best-known organizations in the country, says well-trained and well-cared for "homers" are good for flying contests until they reach the age of 10 years, and that they are satisfactory for breeding purposes until they are 15 years old.

Right here Mr. Thiel made a plea for the protection of the "homers." He declared that they are being wantonly destroyed in all parts of the country, just for the joy of killing. He asserted that clubs in different parts of the country have discovered that there is rivalry among the slayers of these useful birds to determine which can show the most aluminum bands. They shoot the pigeons, he said, and remove the bands from their legs, put them on a string, like beads, and proudly exhibit them to others of their ilk. Mr. Thiel explained that often the birds stop to feed in marshes when they are making a long flight, and it is usually in these places they are shot.

The training of a "homer" begins when it is very young. It is taught to drink by thrusting its head in water. After it is able to fly, the development of its homing instinct begins. It is allowed to fly around its own loft for a time, and then it is taken out in a basket. The first trip is usually the equivalent of a few city blocks. When the bird is released from the basket it invariably flies home as fast as it can. Then follows many more training trips, the distance the bird is taken from home being increased on each such trip.

In its first year the bird is never permitted to fly more than 150 or 200 miles in one race. This is increased to 300 miles in its second year, and in its third year it is entered in contests of 500 miles and upward.

Of course, the "homers" are intelligent and have keen sight, and these requisites, with their sense of orientation, make it possible for them to find their way home on a long flight. They show "head work" in picking out landmarks on the way home.

Each pigeon club has a regular schedule of contests, each contest ranging from 60 to 500 miles, extending from May to November. Each bird in the race is entered by its number, and on its return the time is recorded by automatic clocks. The clocks are set at the clubrooms and the owners of the entrées take them home so the time of the arrival of the birds at the loft can be recorded.

When a race is about to be flown all the birds that are to participate are taken to the headquarters of the club under whose auspices the contest is to be held. There they are placed in large willow baskets or crates and taken or sent to the starting point.

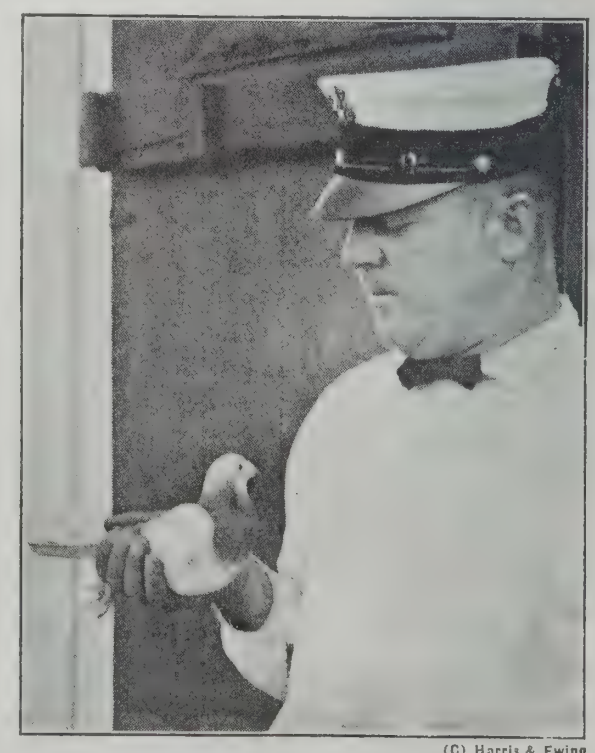
A convoy always accompanies the birds to the starting point of a race of any length. Arriving at the town from which the race is to start, the convoy releases the birds, taking the exact time of liberation. He telegraphs the time to the club at home. Then the owners of the pigeons entered await the return of the birds themselves. Cash prizes are awarded the owners of the winning pigeons. The prize money is derived from the entry fees.

At the start of a 500-mile race, the birds are released soon after sunrise. And then begins the test of endurance and intelligence. The contestants have a lot to contend with in addition to finding the shortest and quickest route home. Windstorms or squalls may come up, and the birds must either fight their way through them or go around. Then hawks and other birds of prey must be dodged, and last but not least, the pot shooters.

When a short race is to be flown, say 100 miles, a convoy does not accompany the birds. They are simply shipped by express to the starting point, in care of the express agent. He has instructions to release the birds, and when he does so he telegraphs to the club under whose auspices the race is being held.

Mr. Thiel was asked about the speed of the birds.

"It varies," he said. "In good weather a pigeon will travel from 45 to 60 miles an hour, but it cannot make more than 30 miles an hour in stormy weather. The record held by a Detroit bird is 76 miles an hour."



(C) Harris & Ewing

This is the winged messenger of President Harding. The bird carried messages from the President when he was out at sea on the Mayflower, to the executive offices in Washington last summer. Henry Kubec, chief quartermaster, is holding the bird. He is homing pigeon trainer at the Anacostia, D. C., naval air station.

The Granite Carving Over the Sally Port

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

IN THE War Department at Washington they are talking of erecting an administration building on Governors Island, that little round piece of fortified property in New York Harbor—right across from the Statue of Liberty. They talk of an eight-story building, and it will carry no heavy guns, for the War Department no longer thinks of Governors Island in terms of defense, but as a place for the business of the army. Some recent plans of the island have suggested the abandoning of historic Fort Jay, but this relic of the days when the United States was young probably will survive any plans that the efficiency men might make for its removal.

Fort Jay! Looking across the waters that surround it one sees the skyscrapers of the world's largest city. Romance is in every nook of old Fort Jay, and tradition has linked with the fort as pretty a story as has ever been told in connection with the history of our country—a story which cannot be proved—but dare not be denied as false. It centers about the days when Congress was being urged to spend $500 for a blockhouse to strengthen the fort, and has to do with the carving of the ornament over the Sally Port.

Sally Port! There is romance in the very name. One pictures the care with which the designers of Fort Jay allowed for a Sally Port—that carefully built gateway which could be thrown open without allowing for too much unsheltering of the fort, so that soldiers might rush from behind the stone walls, cross the moat, and so attack the enemy.

Governors Island had played its part in the war of the Revolution, being held by the British, and then abandoned. When the war ended in 1783 the officers of the United States took over the island and the fort.

An agitation for the proper defense of the island began at once, for everywhere in the state of New York and also New Jersey there was a fear that a French or English fleet might sail into New York Bay, capture the city, and land troops that would destroy the surrounding country—and by sailing up the Hudson, damage all that territory. The newspapers of the day, the *Gazette* and the *Evening Post*, led the clamor for better defense, and such men as Marinus Willett and DeWitt Clinton, both mayors of New York in their time, led the political factions that demanded defense.

It was not until 11 years had passed, however, that Congress voted to spend the money "to put Governors Island in a proper state of defense." In February, 1794, Congress approved of the following expenditures: "Constructing batteries, embrasures and platforms for 24 pieces (guns) $1,727.52; a blockhouse, $500; a magazine (for storing powder) $200; a redoubt for the embrasures, $810." These were not considered to be sufficient, and the following month $150,000 was voted for the proper defense of the island.

Tradition tells that there was one young fellow, who, while he was much interested in the building of the fort, took no active part. His name was George Horton, and he was a prisoner at Fort Jay—condemned to death. He was a pleasant looking fellow, in his middle twenties, and he had been tried and condemned when he was caught wandering about the island, a drawing of the fort in his possession. When they questioned him he could not give the countersign, and he admitted he came from King's County, (now Brooklyn) which, immediately after the Revolution, was a hotbed of Tories who favored the king.

When they had sentenced him to be executed as a spy the military court had given him six months to live, and imprisoned him on Governors Island. The soldiers were not very strict with their prisoner, however, and he was allowed to walk in the yard of the fort, a privilege he accepted eagerly, for the progress of the rebuilding of Fort Jay was of great interest.

There was another interested spectator—a little girl named Alice Prescott, whose father was the commander of the garrison. She watched the men at work, and also the man who did no work. One day she asked Horton why he was not helping. He could not tell her the truth, tales of execution are not for children, but when she persisted, day after day, in demanding that he help with the fort, the man smiled, and suggested that if she would ask her father to let him have a mallet, some cutting tools, and a few blocks of granite, he would carve an ornament for the top of the Sally Port that was being built.

The commander decided that the prisoner could do no harm and gave Horton the tools and the granite. George Horton picked out the place he wanted to use for a workshop, drew his plans for the decoration, the flags of the country, the guns of war, an American eagle with spread wings, a shield, and surmounting them all, a liberty cap, and started his labors. It is said that the commander of the fort laughed a little when he saw the elaborate plans, knowing that the young sculptor could never finish his work before the day appointed for his execution.



The historic moat, and Sally Port of Fort Jay. Over the Sally Port is the ornament which, tradition says, was carved by a prisoner while awaiting execution as a spy. Note the old walls of the fort.

However, he made no comment, but let the work proceed. The young man was very industrious. The little girl reported his daily progress to her father, and he, as well as all the other military men attached to the fort, came daily to admire and wonder, for the young man was a real sculptor. And each day drew that man nearer to the end of his six months.

One evening the officer went to walk with his little daughter, and passed the condemned artist and his partly finished design. The girl stopped to talk, and the commander shook his head as they left, while a look of tenderness came into his eyes as he watched his little daughter kiss the young man good night. Later that evening a meeting of all the officers on the island was called, and they talked of George Horton and his work. They all wanted to see that work finished, and said so. The next day the commander told Horton he would not be executed until his work was completed. He was to have the chance of leaving behind him a work of honor.

So the work went on, carefully, skillfully, beautifully. It must have taken courage to have done good work under the shadow of execution, but young Horton was a splendid workman, everyone admitted that. Soon the walls of the fort were finished, also the Sally Port. George Horton told the workmen to hoist his design into place. His work, his life, were finished! The whole garrison was interested in the placing of the design, and more interested than all the rest was little Alice. She was standing near her father and Horton as they superintended the work, and as the very last stone went into place, Alice ran to the foot of the wall to pick a flower that caught her fancy. And at the very instant something happened to the tackle that was hoisting the big stone. The stone toppled and started to fall. Directly in its path was Alice. Horrified men stood as if turned to stone. One man alone moved. It was Horton. He rushed forward, threw himself into such a position as to shield the child, and the stone crashed down, striking him, and throwing him to the ground. Alice was quite safe. Luckily the stone had turned in falling, and Horton was not killed, though the flesh was torn from his legs, and he was badly hurt. For a time it seemed as if the legs would have to be amputated. However, after six weeks he began to grow well.

And it was again time for an execution.

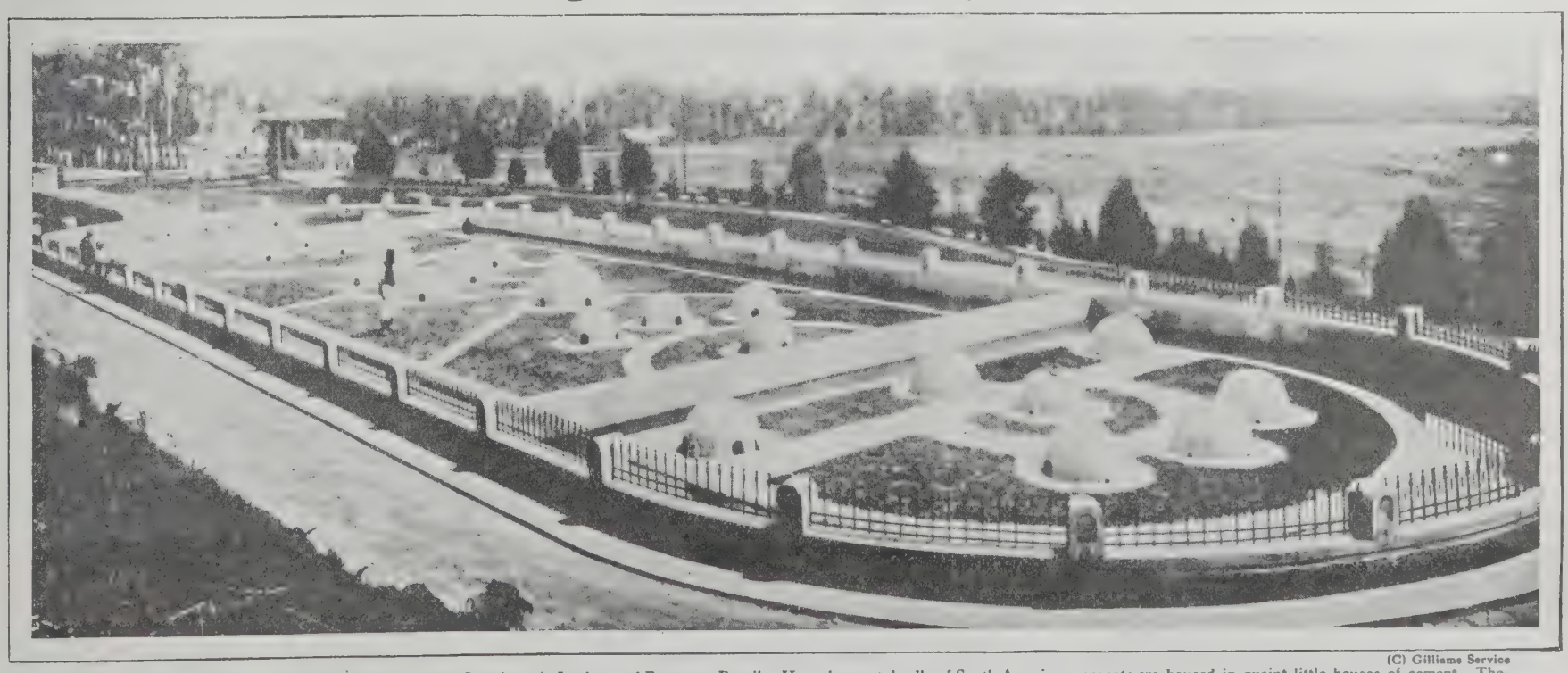
None of the officers of the island could think of it. This man was not born to die as a spy. They talked of his good conduct, of the beauty and inspiration of his carving, of his courage, of the reliability of his work. In the end a letter was sent to the commander in chief of the army, and a few days later the answer came back. George Horton was released on parole. The entire garrison cheered at the news.

Such is the legend of the carving over the Sally Port. It is probably true, for old writers make mention of it, and recent historians call attention to the story. Perhaps if the Capitol at Washington had not been burned by the British during the War of 1812, a more definite governmental record of the history of the ornament over the Sally Port for Fort Jay would be in existence, but much official data of the early days of the United States went up in smoke and flame.

The size of the garrison at Fort Jay—(then New York's most important defense) is most interesting. An old record shows that in 1794 the fighting force consisted of one major, one captain, one surgeon, two first lieutenants, one cadet, three sergeants, one corporal, four musicians, five artificers and 34 privates.

Congress, thinking of sanctioning the spending of money for an administration building on Governors Island will certainly see that, even if Fort Jay is demolished, the old carving is preserved as a valuable relic of the days when our nation was young.

A Strange Farm for Deadly Serpents



(C) Gilliams Service

This "farm" is operated in connection with the famous Serotherapic Institute, of Butantan, Brazil. Here the most deadly of South American serpents are housed in quaint little houses of cement. The venom is periodically taken from the reptiles living in these houses. It is diluted with sugar of milk and then injected in mules and other animals until they become immune from the effects of this poison. The serum obtained from such animals is an absolute antidote to the poison of the particular snake from which the venom is taken.

Dodging Income Tax—Many Try, Few Succeed

Millions Scheme and Plan to Beat the Government; Some of the Fraudulent Methods That Are Tried

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

This is the first of two articles revealing the methods used in avoiding payment of income tax. The second and concluding installment will appear in an early issue of The Dearborn Independent.

THE bulk of the income of the nation, three-fourths of it, in fact, is derived from its income tax. Every individual in the nation who has gained a position to share modestly in its prosperity earns a sufficient sum to warrant the government in taking a part of it to conduct those national public affairs which are in the interest of the whole people. Every good citizen pays his share freely, realizing that his ability to prosper depends on the maintenance of this government which fosters him. Certain members of the community, however, "welsh" on doing their share, stand from under and shift their part of the burden to other shoulders. Whenever this tax slacker escapes payment of his share honest men must make up his deficiencies.

And there are millions of these tax dodgers whose share in the support of their government is today being borne by you and me and other honest citizens. They resort to innumerable schemes to defraud the government of its due. They are violators of written law just as much as is the man who "jimmies" your window at night and burglarizes your home. It is as much the duty of a citizen to cry "stop thief" when he discovers the methods of one of these tax evaders as it is to sound the alarm when he sees his neighbor's property being stolen. Realizing this, I have been digging deep into the methods of these law evaders and want to recite some of them herewith that honest men may know them and take proper steps to expose their perpetrators.

How Figures Are Faked

SINCE it became law that the citizen should keep account of the money he made that he might pay certain percentages of his profits into the coffers of the government as income tax, the position of the accountant, the man of figures, the balancer of books, has increased in its importance in the land.

And as his importance grew this accountant has been subjected to certain temptations, has come to see certain possibilities that seem to lie within his grasp. Particularly is this true when the man of debits and credits hangs out his shingle, announces himself as a "public accountant," and goes about experting the books of many customers.

"A" was a public accountant in a large city and kept the records of his many prosperous customers in such condition that they could tell at a glance the state of their financial being. When the day of income tax statements dawned it was but natural that the accountant should render an additional service. He made out income statements for his clients. When the pinch of large payments caused these customers to squirm it was but natural that "A" should indicate a possible door of escape.

It was not long before "A" had an understanding with no fewer than 50 of his clients. He showed them the amounts they owed the government. He asserted that he could cut those amounts in two, could reduce them three-fourths, could reduce them almost to nothing, and that he would if he got half of the money he saved. The method, he said, was that of building up two sets of books. One of these sets would reveal the true status of the firm's business; the other would show a fictitious status indicating small profits. This was to remain out on the front counter, where the revenue agent would find it when he came around.

These 50 sets of books had been hauled over to the establishment of the public accountant and he was busy at work. He whistled while he toiled, for by this device he stood to clean up $1,500,000 this first year, and he would repeat every season.

Exposing the Tax Dodger

THEN he went out to get his fifty-first customer, a man who had done time but who had undergone reestablishment and was making money in the garage business. "A" talked freely to this former prison inmate, showed him the scheme. The garage man was a good listener, and kept his counsel. But the "stretch" he had done had been enough. The world had given him a second chance, had smiled upon him. He was now and would always be on the side of law and order, honesty and uprightness. He had a home and a family. Love of country had come to him during these few years of success. He would turn up these crooks.

On his information the revenue agents raided "A's" establishment, seized 50 sets of books, got information that saved the goverment millions and put away a dangerous gang.

"B" was a dealer in woolens in the East and resorted to a slight variation of this scheme of falsifying accounts.

As soon as the war was under way, he gathered some fat contracts and began amassing large sums of money. When the profits began to roll in and the first returns were to be made, he took care of the situation by a bit of inventory juggling and by taking out large sums in cash and charging it to "miscellaneous expense."

After the first year, however, there was so much money that this sort of camouflage became quite inadequate. So he took an accountant and a bookkeeper aside and instructed them in the making of a duplicate set of books. These faithful employes followed the instructions of the man who signed their pay checks. Week after week they toiled on this deception of their government and as they worked their unhappiness increased. They realized that they were parties to the perpetration of a fraud and suspected that, under the law, they could be sent to prison for collusion.

Finally, they went to a lawyer for advice. He told them that these manufacturers were violating the law no less than it would be violated by a burglar entering a dwelling. When one saw a burglar in this sort of unlawful act, he did his duty as a citizen, and called the police. Their duty was no different and no less clear, he said, when they saw a smug rich citizen thus pilfering large sums from his government. They should go to the authorities with their information.

This they did. This commercial pirate was forced to disgorge $1,600,000 and was given a year and a half in the Federal penitentiary.

The lure of falsified accounts strikes persons in business all over the country and they resort to it in one way and another. The shadow that is constantly across their paths thereafter is shown by the case of "C," the proprietor of a comparatively small but prosperous shoe store in a middle-sized town. "C" was a respected member of the community, was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, had a wife and went about socially.

There was a rival shoe store down the street, operated by "D," who was less prosperous and whose wife was jealous of Mrs. "C." "D" and his wife talked over financial matters and one day he showed her how they could, if they were so minded, falsify their accounts and beat the government. As a matter of fact, however, they made an honest return. But Mrs. "D," driven on by jealousy, took a flyer that the rival shoe store was not so honest and wrote an anonymous letter saying that the accounts were being falsified in the way her husband said it might be done.

An agent went to "C's" store, examined his books, was shown the goods bought and sold. Those books showed the stock purchased from different wholesalers. The agent copied these items for four years. Then he sent this statement of purchases to agents in the several cities where "C" bought his stocks and had them checked up from the books of the wholesalers. Sure enough, back in 1917, more goods had been bought than appeared on "C's" books. The dealer had gone wrong on his first return, but had subsequently been honest.

Frauds Can Be Unearthed

THE agent knew how the scheme had been worked because he had encountered it many times before. The dealer would buy 2,000 pairs of shoes and enter 1,500 pairs on his books. Then he would sell the 2,000 pairs at a profit and enter 1,500 pairs sold at that profit. This principle, carried throughout his establishment, would scale down his apparent profits and avoid payment on just so much of that cream which appeared as net.

There are many merchants throughout the country who resort to such devices as these. They may profit by their operations for a while and congratulate themselves. They may feel that they have their savings snugly tucked away. But next year a government agent may drop in, may copy a few figures out of this merchant's ledger, some for last year, some for 1919, some for 1917. He may send those figures around for confirmation. There are similar simple methods of detecting other evasions. Thus may a fraud, perpetrated years ago, be dug up. No merchant anywhere who has at any time short-changed the government on such a scheme is safe from detection. His head is in the noose and, if he knows the tightening-up policy of the Revenue Bureau, now that the war jam is out of the way, there always is a reason why he should sleep badly at night.

The man who would violate the law in his declaration of income must of necessity be careful of the manner in which he makes enemies. His rivals in business are always ready to call the law down on his head and, once suspected, he is lost. His manipulation of accounts can always be detected by the examiners to whom all the methods of evasion are old stories. Usually some one must know of his dereliction, some bookkeeper or clerk or other employe; and that employe then has, to the end of the chapter, a lever for blackmail or an insurance of revenge. Even in a man's love affairs he may not follow his instinct, for sweethearts become possessed of facts that may have power to harm him.

There was the case of "E," for example, who conducted, on a third-rate street, a mean business which at best preyed on the poor. "E" advertised that he would purchase Liberty bonds and thus relieve the sufferings of the needy. To be sure, he never paid the market on these bonds. To be sure, also, if a poor, illiterate patriot, who had supported his government in its hour of need from his savings, brought in a bond with a string of coupons which he had not known enough to clip, "E" never called his attention to them nor figured them into the sums he offered. Then there was another device to which "E" resorted regularly. Naturally, he became the market for stolen bonds. A shifty creature might come in with a package of securities. "E" was clever at spotting the type of persons who sold stolen bonds. He would examine the offerings from behind the counter. He would lay them down, quite out of the reach of the customer. Then he would go back to a dummy telephone, leaving the customer waiting. He would pretend to call up police headquarters in a voice that could be heard from the front. He would inquire if the headquarters had any record of certain bonds. If those being offered were really stolen, the customer would be gone when he returned and the bonds would be his.

All of which was bad enough on the face of it, but not the concern of the Bureau of Internal Revenue until it got curious about this man's income returns.

And it was here that Cupid entered. "E" had been engaged to marry and he and the young woman had made many plans for their home. This led the bond merchant to reveal much of his business operations. But "E" was fickle and a second girl entered the aura of his existence and he threw over the first. And the first could not endure to see the second enjoying the prosperity that was to have been hers, so she told all she knew, which was enough to get the faithless swain inextricably entangled with the law.

Falsification of accounts is but one of many fraudulent devices. There is no provision of the internal revenue law of which those who attempt evasions do not try to take advantage. The statute, for example, exempts certain charitable and philanthropic organizations from all payments of income.

Charity as a Cloak for Cheating

IT WAS, therefore, not unnatural that an elderly couple in the South, owning many securities and with little to do other than clip coupons and watch their fortune grow, should have thought of charity as a stalking horse for tax evasion.

So they created a charity organization which they owned and endowed. In its name they acquired a tract of land in the country which cost them the munificent sum of $1,500. Then, when the heated season came around, they spent as much as $1,000 in sending working girls out to this place, there to recreate themselves against the exigencies of the working year ahead. To be sure, only eight or ten girls were so favored, but this small number did not lessen the clamor these philanthropists made.

Then they transferred securities valued in the millions to this charitable organization which they had created. They were transferred at the prices that had been paid for them years before. Then they were sold at war prices and the profits were great. Those profits were, it was held, made by the charitable organization and were, therefore, not taxable. The modest return made by this couple was of little help to Uncle Sam at the time of his financial emergency. It was even shown that the husband had certain stocks that had depreciated in the market. He sold these to his wife and subtracted the loss from his income. The wife had certain stocks that had depreciated. She sold these to her husband and subtracted the loss from her income. The government is quick to recognize the unrealities of such transactions, but the individual is prone to think that he has a brand new idea that will arouse no suspicion.

Should Report Dodgers

THUS were all losses shown but thus were all profits hidden. No books were kept for the charitable organization. The moneys made through stocks sold in its name were converted back into the accounts of these individuals.

This staid old couple were faced with the deceptions they had practiced. They also were faced with arrears in taxes and penalties which yielded a round $500,000 to the government.

There are cases of otherwise sturdy citizens who juggle their accounts with the government. Though we are making rapid progress in that direction, there are still individuals who feel that a theft from the government is not in reality a theft.

There scarcely is a scheme for tax dodging in operation anywhere of which a number of persons are not aware. Employes are likely to know the tax dodging schemes of their employers. Individuals get information as to the income of other individuals and are entitled to a wholesome curiosity as to whether those individuals are paying their proper income taxes. Men in business are but protecting themselves and doing a citizen's duty if they exercise vigilance as to whether their rivals are contributing their share to the support of government.

Wherever any such citizen suspects that an individual is stealing from another individual he has no hesitancy in reporting his suspicions to the police. These tax evaders are just as definitely stealing money from the government and there is exactly the same reason for reporting them to the authorities. There is the additional reason of self-interest, because the honest

(Concluded on page 15)

Oil Shale and Its Bearing on the Oil Supply

By WYMAN SMITH



AMERICAN scientists and American inventors fully appreciate that the world's supply of oil will not last forever; in fact, some of them assert that the supply may be exhausted within the span of our own lives. These scientists and inventors, however, are not painting gloomy pictures. They are devising means whereby we will take our oil from a mud clay laid down at the bottom of lagoons, quiet pools, ocean bays and called today—*oil shale.*

Twenty years from now we may be doing our cooking, driving our automobiles and running our railroads and steamships with oil taken from this shale instead of with oil pumped from underground pools.

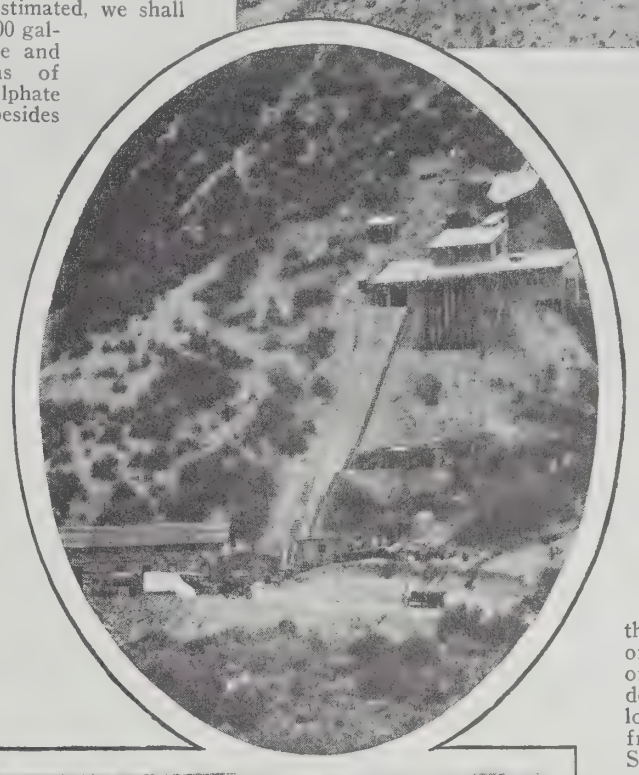
Already the world has used more than 8,000,000,000 barrels and of that portion the United States has furnished 5,000,000,000 and Russia 2,000,000,000 barrels. There is yet left in the world 42,935,000,000 barrels in the underground wells, distributed as follows:

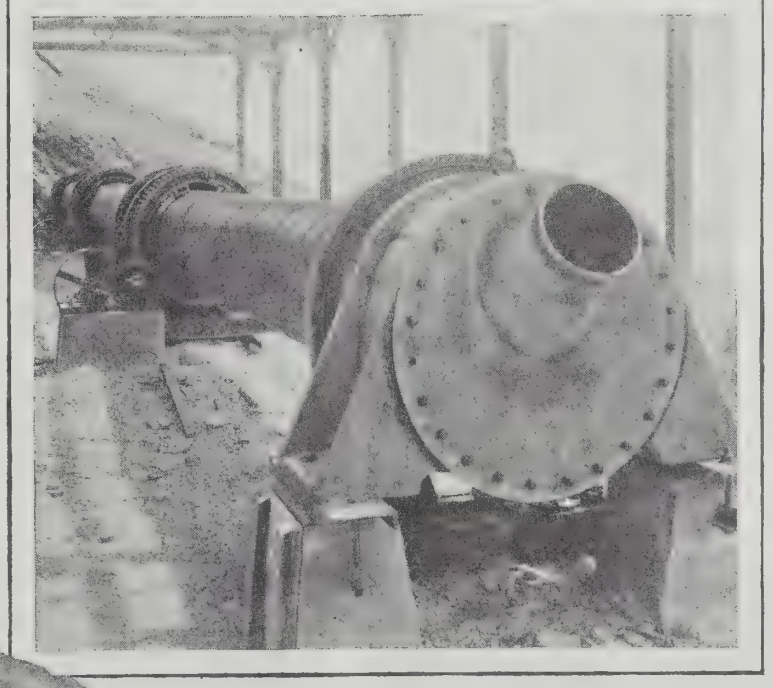
United States, 7,000,000,000; Mexico, 4,500,000,000; Canada, 1,000,000,000; South America, 9,180,000,000; Algeria and Egypt, 925,000,000; Western Europe, 1,135,000,000; Russia and Siberia, 6,755,000,000; Persia, Mesopotamia, India, 6,815,000,000; East Indies, 3,015,000,000; China, 1,375,000,000; Japan and Formosa, 1,235,000,000. Total, 42,935,000,000.

At present we are using nearly 450,000,000 barrels a year, while in 1925 we shall be absorbing more than 650,000,000 barrels; enough so that if we use only the oil wells in the United States they will be dry in less than 11 years, according to some authorities on the subject. True, there is oil in the world, but we are primarily concerned with our own resources, and to us only remain open the oil fields of Mexico, South America and China, other countries either of their own accord or as mandates having acted to bar American capital from their oil resources. Yet we have gone on supplying oil to the world and our stations for distribution may be found in nearly every country from the Strait of Magellan to Vladivostok.

Yet again appears the redeeming feature, a new dust of gold, oil shale, from which we are slowly but surely learning to extract the commodity of commerce. Oil shale occurs in enormous quantities throughout the world today, but oil is there as *kerogen,* a substance composed of vegetable and animal matter, seaweeds, and sea animals, deposited with sand in still waters during bygone time. From that substance it is necessary to extract the oil by a roasting process, but the problem, according to Victor C. Alderson, president of the Colorado School of Mines, is: "First, to perfect a retort of large capacity, fool proof in its operation, and constructed on correct scientific principles, that will produce the maximum amount of good oil; second, to refine crude shale oil, not into a long list of hypothetical by-products, but into a few products for which there is a ready market; and third, to co-ordinate the various processes so that the marketable products can be sold at a profit." Scientists and inventors admit that it is a large problem, but yet believes it is one well worth attempting, because of the vast resources into which it may delve to eventually produce not only the needed oil, but a great new industry. But new industries are developed slowly—so with this one, yet we may well survey the field from which our future oil promises to come.

The United States alone has vast deposits of oil-bearing shale in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, Montana, West Virginia, Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas, from which it is estimated we shall extract more than 80,000,000,000 barrels of oil, more than twice that which at present is estimated to exist in all the oil regions of the world outside of this country. In Colorado alone, the oil shales underlie an area of more than 2,500 square miles, and from beds which are more than three feet in thickness, it is estimated there is available 20,000,000,000 barrels of oil. From this staggering quantity, it is estimated, we shall have 2,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline and 300,000,000 tons of ammonium sulphate for fertilizer, besides lubricating oil, declared by government investigators to be of excellent quality, and paraffin for insulating and other purposes. In Utah is an equal amount of shale just as rich in oil, and other countries have deposits—Canada, Scotland, France, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Brazil, Italy, Spain, Turkey and Serbia.







At top is a picture of mountains of oil shale, near De Beque, Colorado, where much substantial progress has been made in development work. The oval shows an oil shale plant on the mountain side near De Beque. Shale is fed to this and similar plants and retorts by gravity. This plant is one of the pioneers in the shale oil industry. Such plants promise to supply our future oil and thus prevent an oil famine. The big pipe-like contrivance is a Brown process type of retort. It is one of the modern American roasting devices. Shale is fed into it from the mountain side. At the bottom is shown Mount Logan, a vast storehouse of shale oil.

But why are we not making more oil from shale? Mr. Alderson finds the reasons when he says, "Crude shale oil, obtained by retorting oil shale, cannot find a general market until the price of well oil is above the cost of producing shale oil (50 cents a barrel has recently been paid for crude petroleum). This cost has been conservatively estimated at $1.85 a barrel for mining and retorting. When the price of petroleum approaches, or exceeds, this figure the production of crude shale oil will take on renewed activity. This will not, however, prevent the production of crude shale oil at the present time for the specific purposes to which it is especially adapted; that is, the use of crude shale oil for oil flotation in the concentration of ore; also its use in the production of 'sheep dip,' and in the manufacture of shale soap. The chief effect of the low price of well petroleum on the oil shale industry has been to reduce the price of oil shale land, curtail speculation, and eliminate wildcatting and illegitimate promoting."

Thus we find that although present prices may be unfavorable to the industry, those most intimately acquainted with it are still optimistic, and it is apparent that with drilled oil again back at a higher price, shale oil will begin to find a better market. In some instances the cost is more than $3 a barrel, but for dressing ores the product sometimes brings as high as $16 a barrel or more. Such markets are not to be found at all times, however, and accordingly the shale oil industry must wait until it can compete with the comparatively cheap product from the wells.

Furthermore, while the extraction of oil from shale is not new, the industry has yet to remove some of the obstructions. The extraction of oil from shale was probably first done by Eele, Hancock and Portlock, who, in 1694, distilled "oyle from a kind of stone" found in Shropshire, England, while in 1761 various oils were distilled from bituminous shales for medical purposes, being used as substitutes for turpentine and "oil of petre." From 1839 to 1864, the French industry flourished, but the introduction of American petroleum well-nigh stifled that beginning, as well as the industry which had begun in Scotland in 1850. However, both survived and today France is operating several plants, while Scotland's industry is on a firmer basis than ever, due to the stimulation of the war. But the Scotch shales are not particularly rich in oil, averaging only 24 gallons a ton, while those in Colorado often yield double that amount. The Scotch also obtained 40 pounds of ammonium sulphate from a ton of material, and their average cost of production is only $1.86, a price which has yet to become universal in this country. The Scotch industry has no competitors, all petroleum used in the British Isles being imported, while Mr. Alderson further explains: "The primary product sought is not oil, but ammonium sulphate, and the retorts are so constructed and operated as to obtain the maximum amount of it from the nitrogen in the shale." This product, of course, finds a ready market for agricultural uses and is for that reason a relatively important by-product of the extraction process.

But Mr. Alderson continues: "Most American shales contain comparatively little nitrogen, and the primary object in retorting is oil. The Scotch type of retort is, therefore, not immediately applicable and numerous inventors are experimenting to produce some other form that will be adapted to American conditions. Furthermore, to produce the sulphate, 100 gallons of water in the form of steam are required for a ton, and in the arid regions of the West, where our beds lie, water is a problem in itself."

While variations must be introduced into the construction of the Scotch retort before it will become fitted to American conditions, a description of it will show how the oil is obtained from the kerogen by decomposing that substance with heat. The retort is two-chambered—an upper one of cast iron, 11 feet high, two feet in diameter at the top and slightly larger at the bottom, so that the shale will not stick; and a lower chamber, 20 feet high, sloping to three feet in diameter at the base. When this retort was first used with American shale, it merely baked the entire material because the American shale contains twice the oil found in the best Scotch shales, and accordingly the attempt resulted in failure. Shale is fed into the retort through a hopper at the top, descends gradually by

(*Concluded on page 15*)

What Is the Trouble With Nation's Courts

Concluded from page 2

made to President Harding in November, for the establishment of an Internal Revenue Court of Appeals to take care of the hundreds of cases now in controversy before the Treasury Department. "There is crying need for the establishment of some judicial body to handle the thousands of cases involving disputed internal revenue payments. The total value of dutiable goods imported into this country during the last calendar year amounted to about $3,000,000,000, upon which about $300,000,000 in duties were collected. It is proposed under the tax law just passed to collect about $4,000,000,000 from internal taxation. It seems to me—and I have heard from business men and manufacturers not only in my own state but in every section of the country—that those who have controversies with the Treasury Department over the payment of their just taxes should have some court to which they could appeal for redress and adjustment of their difficulties. Under the present system it takes years to get any satisfactory settlement from the Treasury Department."

An identical suggestion advanced informally some time ago with regard to prohibition and prohibition enforcement has been set aside upon the declaration of Chief Justice Taft and the belief of Attorney-General Daugherty that "the peak in the number of cases growing out of violations of the Volstead Act has been reached."

This being an age of specialization the suggestion of special courts finds many adherents. On the other hand there rises at once the usual doubt—that politicians and mere "lawmakers" may see in it a chance to aggrandize the judicial field by indiscriminate addition to keep the pace with the industries and professions, to say nothing of temptation of pork-barrel opportunities for the erection of court buildings everywhere.

Salary of Judges Is Low

BUT to return to the subject of courts and judges. The courts of the United States are the Supreme Court, with nine justices; nine circuit courts with 33 judges, not including the District of Columbia Court of Appeals with three members; the United States Court of Claims, with five judges, and the Court of Customs Appeal with five members. According to information contained in an official bulletin of the Department of Justice there were, a year or so ago, 116 district judges, including the District of Columbia, Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico and the Canal Zone.

In addition there are state courts which are constituted by 284 justices of the supreme courts of the 48 states, and a miscellany of local or secondary courts of police or municipal (civil) jurisdiction.

The salaries of these judges are surprisingly low. Public opinion, or so much of it as has gone on record, is unanimous that the salaries paid to the judges of the country are unquestionably too low. Occasionally a jurist takes upon himself extra work, always publicly announced, and until recently the public never objected, and such disapprobation that was voiced was aimed at the government at Washington for permitting important citizens rendering public service to be underpaid. The general outside employment of judges consists of lecturing in universities and teaching law, while a few have gone in for literature.

The justices of the Supreme Court of the United States get $14,500 and the Chief Justice $15,000. This is less than the average fee of famous attorneys. It is said by those in a position to know that the late Senator Knox earned more than $250,000 a year prior to his becoming Attorney-General of the United States nearly 20 years ago; that Mr. Hughes, after he resumed his law practice at the conclusion of the 1916 campaign, began to amass fees that in 1920 were credited with having passed the half million and that this is the sum being earned by Mr. Root every year.

Circuit judges earn, or, rather, get $8,500. The district judges get $7,500. The chief justice of the Court of Claims gets $8,500 and the four associate justices $7,500 each. The presiding judge of the Customs Appeal Court and the associate judges get $8,500 each (why, the discrimination is not known) and in every case these sums represent increases of either $1,000 or $1,500 over salaries current two years ago.

The average salary of state supreme court judges is $7,185. Five states, however, pay their supreme court judges $7,500 and 12 states pay them more. Alexander B. Andrews, an attorney of North Carolina, has estimated the per capita cost of courts, and reached some interesting comparisons. He says that from statistics available at the time he made the computations, he found that the average cost per capita of the supreme court in the several states is 3.352 cents and of the trial courts 14.479 cents. How infinitesimal these figures are may be understood in comparing with the per capita cost of state government, set at $6.05.

It should be understood that the reason for increasing the salaries is not to induce more experienced men to become judges, since the honor of the position makes up for the monetary sacrifices involved, but rather to free the incumbents of the harassing details of the domestic nature that are bound to intrude in every household managed upon a limited salary in the face of inescapable social position and responsibilities. While it is true that many judges have amassed a competence before appointment to the bench it is so in a comparatively few cases.

Sooner or later the Washington government, and in due time the offending state governments, too, will see the advantage of raising the stipend of judges to a figure commensurate with the business ability, legal training, social position and civic status involved. By some strange perversity, however, many members of Congress, who in debate on the floor of either house have boasted that their earnings as lawyers "exceeded" their congressional salary, seem unwilling to grant that a judge—without whom the lawyer could not logically exist—should be paid a salary comparable to the annual earnings of good lawyers, if not necessarily of famous ones. Thus bills for increase of salaries fall upon deaf ears.

Washington legislators, moreover, seem to differ as to just how great this increase should be. It has been said that the Chief Justice of the United States ought to get $100,000 a year and the associate justices $75,000 each; but this is an extreme view, and the general trend is for a salary approximating $40,000 and $30,000 respectively. In this accepted ratio the salary of circuit judges has been set at $20,000 and of the district judges at a sum between $15,000 and $17,500.

It is the desire of both the Chief Justice and the Attorney-General to obtain an increase in the number of district judges, as already stated, which at this time would serve to relieve the courts of congested business, and while they have not formally said so, they do not look with favor upon a situation that really means underpaid and overworked judges.

According to Chief Justice Taft the "crime wave" is gradually diminishing. "When we get further away from the war period there will be fewer criminal prosecutions in our courts, but when we have returned to normal conditions the increase in civil litigation will more than make up for less criminal proceedings and the same congestion will remain." Mr. Daugherty at the same time declared that the expeditious handling of court business would produce "greater revenue for the government," and thus a greater number of judges would be an economical step.

Mr. Taft, however, has gone even further. He made the suggestion before the Senate Judiciary Committee that judges should be subject to annual supervision. This declaration is all the more remarkable because so far there has been no supervision whatever over the work of the courts, except by upper courts over the lower courts, but in a judicial sense only. The Chief Justice approved legislation before the committee which would provide for an annual meeting of the nine senior Federal circuit judges with the Chief Justice of the United States and the Attorney-General, at which reports would be made as to the state of court business in each circuit. This, he opined, would provide reasonable supervision of Federal courts.

Time of Actual Sittings Is Short

THIS opens up a field of both conjecture and complaint that has very seldom been made the object of investigation and criticism except by litigants themselves, who could not afford to voice their complaints for reasons that are obvious. The main complaint refers to the hours and days during which court business is carried on.

As a rule most courts are in session between the hours of 10 and 3, with a recess for luncheon of usually 45 minutes. These daily sittings take place four days a week, Friday being set aside for motions and other special business. Thus the actual trial time averages 17 hours a week, which on the face of it is not a very good showing. But that is not all. Courts adjourn in June and do not resume until October, except for rotation during which one judge sits while his colleagues are away. Postponements, adjournments over special periods, and other formalities, reduce the total time the courts are actually in session. Methods may vary with localities, but delays do not.

The following information is a synopsis of opinions gathered by the writer over a long period of time, from high government officials, down to litigants themselves. It is offered, therefore, impersonally. It is obviously a phase that though unnamed has not been ignored by legislators and taxpayers, who regard a judge's working year as somewhat of a sinecure—much greater than that once enjoyed by congressmen.

It is admitted that a judge undertakes to dispose of preliminaries, so far as possible, in chambers. A few words with attorneys at such a time may prevent needless waste of time in the court room. But there is a limit to this activity, and furthermore, "chamber proceedings" take place in the afternoon. I have personally seen judges of the upper courts walking or riding to their courts as late as 10 o'clock and sometimes even later—despite the fact that the day before, they adjourned the court until 10 o'clock the next day. It always struck me as odd that judges should so regularly go to their places of business, so to speak, at canonical hours, especially when the parties at interest are punctual. During the months that I reported trials it was the rule for everybody, from prosecuting attorney to defense in criminal cases, and for all parties concerned in civil cases, to be ready long before the hour scheduled for trial.

To this extent there is room for improvement. Judges should be at their private offices at the accepted hours of business, and trials should be under way as soon as compatible with the work of preparation—but it would be too much to believe that this preparation requires all of the unaccounted-for time remaining between the actual trial hours and the reasonable business hours of an American working day. Nor is this a fault of the upper courts. The minor courts are even greater offenders. In New York last summer during the rush of landlord and tenant cases, the judges of the municipal court rarely sat the full week of four days, and though by their direction the rules of attendance required the presence of attorneys and plaintiffs and defendants at nine o'clock, they themselves appeared an hour to two hours later.

One attorney made so bold as to write to the editor of a local newspaper demanding an investigation—and there the matter rests.

Too Much Time Lost

SOME time ago I asked some of the leading attorneys of Washington, D. C., who are greatly annoyed by the lack of promptness of the courts or the ease by which matters are set aside, why they did not present a memorial to the judges asking for remedied conditions, but I was told that while the attempt has been suggested not enough signatures could be obtained to make the memorial authoritative.

Reading between the lines of information thus gathered I enlarged the investigation. Reluctantly I must say it—but it should be said. Taking attorneys by and large they live in a consant fear of the judges. Now it is inconceivable that judges should exercise any sort of tyranny over attorneys merely because these wish to criticize the court. Yet it is undeniable that although a citizen feels at liberty and within his rights to criticize the President or any other government official with due regard to the proprieties, no citizen seems to feel, as already indicated, at liberty to criticize any judge for fear of some vague vengeance, imaginary or real.

The existence of this fear, this unnamed and even undefinable sense of subjugation, is to be deprecated, and the judges themselves, singly and together, should be the very first to remove it. They must know of it; everybody else does. The mental bondage of attorneys and litigants is not conducive to impartial justice, because one side or the other will fail to speak freely.

This is, so far as I have been able to determine, the primary cause of the impairment of popular confidence in the administration of justice. That confidence is not ungrudgingly yielded, is not doubted; it has been recognized to be the case by prominent citizens, who have not failed to point to it.

The mere increase in salary will not remove the objection that today is responsible for two-thirds of the sluggishness of court procedure, both in the autocratic and needless waste of time and by creating an unhealthy atmosphere of doubt and fear on the part of virtually all attorneys and litigants. Those who pay no such mental tribute are so few as to be negligible.

By all means let there be a determination to pay our judges more, to simplify the entire course of legal procedure, to reduce court trials to a definite businesslike period of time, and, of course, as Chief Justice Taft says, to exercise supervision over the courts.

On the other hand let Congress cease from the enactment of useless laws—doubtful laws—unconstitutional laws—unintelligent and ambiguous laws. In fact, why not reach a *modus operandi* by which no laws governing trials and penalties shall be enacted except at the suggestion and with the concurrence of a body of judges?

One of the official bulletins available at the time of writing showed just what the congestion in the courts' happenings were a short time ago:

Undisposed cases, United States Supreme Court, 386.

United States Court of Customs Appeal, 28.

Court of Claims, 626.

Court of Appeals, 984.

District Courts, 118,744 (or more than 1,023 cases for each judge).

Making a Living in India



Photo by D. Wray DePrez.

This Hindoo fakir in Delhi makes his living with two bags, one of snakes, the other of tricks.

Oil Shale and Its Bearing on the Oil Supply

Concluded from page 13

gravitation and when exhausted is removed at the bottom. Heat applied to shale produces not only oil, but gas, too, and this gas is used subsequently to heat the shales, although when it does not occur in large enough amounts coal gas is generated and forced to circulate around the retorts. Exhaust steam is injected into the lower chamber, kept at a temperature of 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit, and by combining with the nitrogen escaping from the shale, forms ammonia. In the upper chamber, oil and gas are formed at a temperature of 900 degrees Fahrenheit, and thus the shale entering the top is first heated to produce oil and gas and then further heated to extract the nitrogen for the ammonia. All products, ammonia, water, gas and oil, pass upward and out of the retort through a large pipe to the condenser, where the gas is stopped, scrubbed, and eventually sent back to become fuel for the retort. The rest go on, and by special processes are made crude oil, various marketable oils, lubricants, paraffin and ammonium sulphate. The retorts are built in groups of four or "benches," the daily output of a single retort varying from three to four tons, and so satisfactory have the Scotch found this method that no changes in it have been made for a quarter of a century.

American investigators generally recognize the fact that steam seems to be necessary, although the small assay retort used by the Bureau of Mines does not employ steam, and, according to Gavin and Carrick, "produces an oil from Scotch shales as good as that produced in the commercial Scotch retort where steam is used," yet, "in the commercial types of retorts the use of steam or other gases may be necessary." The assay retort is a small portable outfit easily set up and designed to give the investigator in field or laboratory a rapid, accurate method of determining the oil content of various shales. Although the small retort works well enough, when the same principles are employed commercially they apparently refuse to work and in the large retorts much trouble comes from "cracking." In "cracking" the oil products, instead of merely being volatilized, are by excessive heat decomposed and changed into other substances with the formation of "unsaturates." These unsaturates are not wanted in oil, says A. H. Low, of the Colorado School of Mines, because they "are unstable, and even if obtained in a colorless and odorless condition they may soon discolor and develop a disagreeable odor. Products containing them possess poor keeping qualities, and they are therefore usually removed during the process of refining. Their removal usually means the loss of just so much oil, although, of course, the crude oil, or the residual oil, after a partial distillation to recover gasoline, may be used for fuel purposes. Crude petroleum always contains some of these unsaturated hydrocarbons, and whatever amount is found must be accepted and be subject to the refining process, as the oil is a natural product. Shale oil, on the contrary, is manufactured; it is produced by a process of distillation, and this process, if properly conducted will result in the formation of a minimum amount of unsaturated products, while if improperly conducted the percentage of unsaturates is materially increased."

But no longer is the shale oil industry dependent on the efforts of one or two men, or a single company with limited resources. Chemists and scientists are turning their combined efforts into the work and promise to solve the difficulty, while town after town has seen one company or another set up retorts and shale oil plants, so that with this continued co-operation, some method is certain to be devised which will produce a marketable, high-quality product from these enormous beds of shale in the western mountains. Today we are using up the petroleum from our underground pools of oil; in a decade we may be using oil baked from the shales of the Rocky Mountains, and in a hundred years—? Let the prophets answer that question, but scientists say there will be no oil famine if we continue as we have begun to retort more and more effectively our mountain ranges of oil shales.

Dodging Income Tax—Many Try, Few Succeed

Concluded from page 12

citizen will be called on to make up the deficiencies of the tax dodger.

So here is the thing to be done. Whoever you are and wherever you are located, it is your duty to report any individual whom you know to be avoiding his payment of income tax, or any individual whom you have grounds to suspect of failure to pay. You should address your letter to the collector of internal revenue of the district in which you live. He is the same man to whom you pay your income tax. You should state the facts with regard to the known or suspected violation. If you see fit, you may sign your letter and your communication will be held by the authorities as confidential. If you do not want to appear in the matter at all you may send your information to your collector anonymously. If you tell all you know you will have served the purpose as well as if you signed your letter. In any case the Bureau of Internal Revenue will investigate your charges. If you have made a mistake the individual whom you have suspected can establish that fact when his return is questioned and no harm will be done. If you have a real clue it will lead to a tax slacker being forced to do his duty.

Wear a Turquoise for Luck

If You Agree With the Ancients

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

THE turquoise, the beautiful gem that blends the blue of the sky with the green of the grass, deserves a better name. It ought to have some sort of a generic label rather than one borrowed from a nation which, not so long ago, was aligned with an enemy and which has for years upon years borne a reputation of cruelty and bloodthirst. Mined on the shores of the Mediterranean, sent eastward to Turkey, and sold by dealers in Constantinople, it acquired the name of "Turkeystone." It was only a short step from that to the modern form.

"The stone is so-called," wrote a thirteenth century Latin scholar who had evidently accepted the statements of the crafty merchants, "from the regions of Turkey whence it originates. It has the quality of preserving the eyesight from external injuries when superimposed on the eyes, and it induces hilarity."

The natives of Turkey often attached the gem to the bridles of their horses as amulets, but the custom had been started in Persia, where the great mines were located. The people believed that the stone possessed the property of making the animal more sure-footed and bestowed greater endurance. This seems to have come about through the fact that in mythology the horse is often used as a symbol of the sun in its rapid course in the sky; by fastening to the harness the blue gem as a symbol of the sky, the whole drama was thus transferred to the land, and made to live on earth.

Many persons even today will testify not only to the high regard they have for the wondrous gem as a thing of beauty and "joy forever," but as a protector against harm. A certain practical business man had been given a turquoise; subsequently he assured the donor that on two occasions when he had been in personal danger the jewel had paled but afterward regained its natural color.

In the Middle Ages it was thought that the turquoise would appease hatred, relieve and prevent headaches, also change its color when the owner became imperiled or sick, and recover its former hue when the illness or danger had passed. The people of that era believed it would warn of the presence of poison by growing moist and appreciably fading or blanching. King John, it is said, thus detected the poison which caused his death.

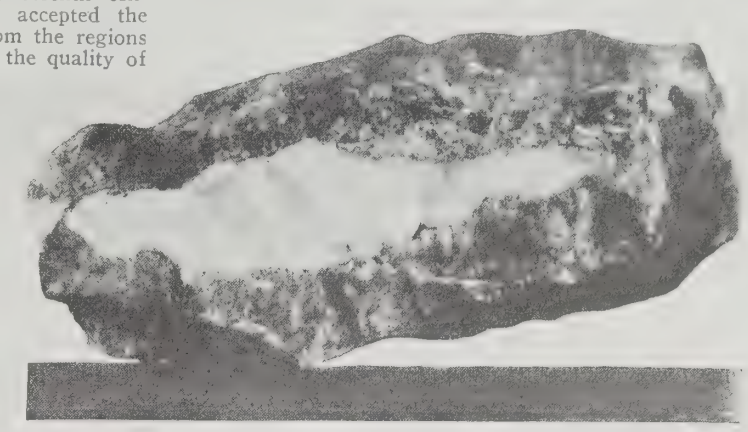
"The turquoise changes its color with the condition of the wearer," an Arabian mineralogist of the thirteenth century averred. "It brightens and refreshes the vision when looked at fixedly and is beneficial to the eyes when used with eye salve. According to Aristotle, it is a stone with which the kings of Damascus never omitted to adorn their necks and hands, and to employ for many other purposes, because, among the great, the stone possesses the property of removing from its wearer the danger of being killed and is, therefore, never to be seen on the hands of a person killed. Furthermore, when reduced to powder it is of assistance in case of stings of scorpions and of dangerous or venomous reptiles."

Another Arabian of the same period advised the use of the gem to strengthen the eyesight. He averred that if one gazed on a turquoise early in the morning, the day would be fortunate, and particularly fortunate if at the time of the new moon. He credited it with the power to help its owner glean victory and to make him popular. Camillus Leonardus, the Italian, writing in 1502, ridiculed the opinion that the stone would preserve a horseman from injury. He admitted, however, that it could strengthen the sight "with its aspect" and defend him that carried it from outward casualties.

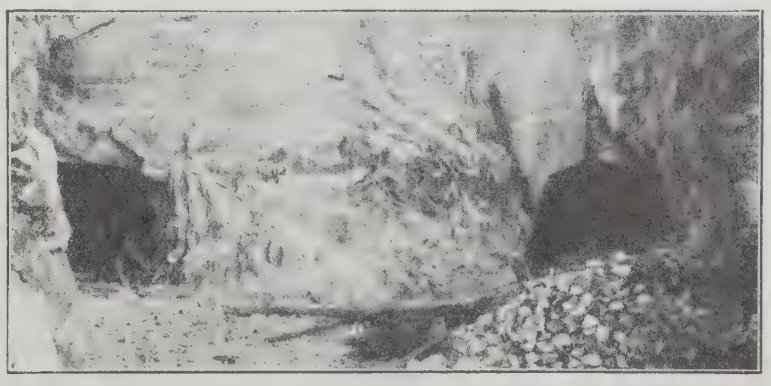
As late as 1879 the turquoise was reputed to have most marvelous powers. A treatise published at that time in Calcutta declared that whoever wore a turquoise so that it or its gold setting touched the skin "may fall from any height and the stone attracts to itself the whole force of the blow so that it cracks and the person is safe."

Ancient dwellers in parts of Mexico, Arizona and New Mexico, extensively used ornaments featuring the gem of robin's egg blue. Excavations have brought to light incrusted clamshells, strings of beads, toads inlaid on jars, frog forms entirely of the material, and ceremonial masks profusely decorated with it. Of the five jeweled treasures which Montezuma sent to Cortes when the Spanish conqueror threatened the natives with vast misfortune if the gifts were not forthcoming, one was a turquoise-incrusted mask that had been removed from the face of an idol.

The Pima Indians of Southern Arizona held the gem in high esteem and regarded the loss of one as most ominous which occurrence, if not controverted, would bring on serious illness or possibly permanent physical disability.



Turquoise matrix from Southwest Turquoise Co. mine at Mineral Park, Arizona.



Open cut on west side of Turquoise Hill, near north end. One mile north of Courtland, Arizona. Two tunnels in end of the cut leading to extensive workings.

The ruins of Pueblo Bonito, New Mexico, contained an interesting object, a turquoise-incrusted basket probably used in ceremonies. It is three inches in diameter and six inches long. Made of slender splints, the entire surface was evidently coated with gum and 1,214 pieces of the stone were laid thereon, thus forming a mosaic that completely covers the reed groundwork. The legends of the Navajos have allusions to "turquoise jewel baskets" which may be references to those fashioned by the Pueblo Indians.

The Apache name for the attractive mineral is "duklij," signifying either green or blue stone; this certainly qualifies as an apt and tactful description, because the turquoise cannot be classified as wholly of the one color or the other. The Apaches thought it could always be found at the end of a rainbow in the moist earth, also that if it were affixed to the gun or bow of the hunter or warrior, the shot would speed straight from the weapon to the mark.

The turquoise is the most highly prized possession of the Navajo Indians in the desert land of Arizona, also of Hopi and Zuni pueblo dwellers in our Southwest. The Bedouins of the Arabian plains rank nothing above this gem; and the Tibetans and Mongolians of Asia put as much stress on obtaining it as we Americans do on acquiring "daddy dollars."

The best specimens of the precious stone come from Persia. The Shah has for a long period reserved for himself the choicest output of the celebrated mines at Nishapur. With the best mine in the world in his dominion, it is not surprising that his collection ranks as the finest in existence. Other sources are China, Tibet, Russia, and our southwestern states. In the crown jewels of Spain are many fine stones brought from New Mexico more than 200 years ago.

The gem is opaque and has a waxy luster. It occurs in various shades of blue to green, but the hue of highest excellence and greatest desirability is robin's egg or blue-green, a tint that defies accurate description. Poets love to compare the gem and the sky.

Madison Cawein, one of our own modern poets only a few years silenced by death, wrote a wonderful bit filled with magical imagery under the title of "At Sunset." Therein he painted this exquisite picture, such a picture as none but true poets can make:

"Into the sunset's turquoise marge
The moon dips, like a pearly barge."

To the turquoise has been generally attributed the power to bring success in love.

Such a valuable jewel, of course, could not very well be slighted in the matter of selection as one of the 12 birthstones. It occupies the last position in the list, but is by no means last in the estimation of the average person. Its use as a love charm and for those born in the final month of the year are neatly presented in this dainty bit of verse, also from one unknown but not unsung:

"The heav'n-blue turquoise should adorn
All those who are December born;
For thus they'll be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety."

BRIEFLY TOLD

An airplane, which will alight on water as well as on land and will carry six passengers, has just been completed by an engineering firm in France. This plane is intended for the London-Paris service and will come down on the Seine and the Thames. Using the water for a landing place will save nearly an hour in the time taken for the journey from London to the heart of Paris. It is planned to inaugurate the service early in the spring.

Forest rangers in the Tongas National Forest of Alaska use a motor boat to cover their beat and work from 16 to 20 hours daily during the summer.

Nearly 28,000 miles of good roads have been constructed during 1921. Costs of road grading and construction with local materials virtually are down to the 1914 level.

The deficit in the French budget, due largely to the immense expenditure for the army, is twice the amount necessary to pay the annual interest on loans due to the United States.

Swans that ring a dinner bell when hungry are one of the sights of the town of Wells, Somerset, England. A flock of tame swans frequent the moat surrounding the bishop's palace. When the birds are hungry they tug at a rope hanging from one of the windows. This rope rings a bell and food is then thrown from the window. The birds were taught to do this by a daughter of a bishop.

The Paris municipal council advises the changing of the names of 6,000 streets, because of the similarity in pronunciation of names. There are several streets named Orleans, Goeblins and Voltaire. Matters will be simplified for foreigners if the changes are made.

Richmond, Virginia, has three times as much snow as northernmost Alaska, according to figures of the United States Weather Bureau.

No person can travel north of Fort Smith in the Canadian Northwest without the official approval of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. To go north of there, the traveler must explain his reasons for going, prove that he has made arrangements for transportation into the country and out and assure the officials that he has a sufficient food supply to last until his return. If he can prove that he is able to travel in the wilds and not starve and that his business is legitimate, he is allowed to go on.

A cloud of characteristic green hue hangs over the low-lying coral islands of the Pacific. The cloud is due to moisture evaporating from the warm water of the shallow lagoon within the atoll. The surface of the lagoon acts as a mirror and reflects a greenish tint on the cloud above it.

One of the richest islands in the world in precious minerals is the island of Madagascar, according to a prominent French mineralogist. Garnets, beryls, corundum and tourmalines are found in large quantities, and many other rare stones are extensively mined.

Removing the two surplus skins of a 13-foot king cobra was the ticklish operation performed at the Bronx zoo in New York by the curator and head keeper. The big snake was eating a four-foot snake during the operation. The bite of a cobra is deadly.

A tire blowout which paid in gold was a real pleasure to a California man. While he was motoring through the Yuba County hills, a tire blew out and he began to repair it. While jacking up the car he turned up a gold nugget that weighed in at $18 value.

A masked bandit, who entered a Santa Fe mail car at Phoenix, Arizona, recently and pressed a revolver against the mail clerk's breast, was disarmed, beaten and turned over to the police by the mail clerk, who is six feet two inches tall and weighs 215 pounds. Two marines were on guard over the mail on a Southern Pacific train a few hundred feet away, but did not know of the attempted robbery until it was all over.

The death penalty has been removed from the Argentine penal code by a new act just passed by Congress. Although the death penalty seldom was inflicted by the courts, it always had been included in the code.

Gluttony, drunkenness and other manifestations of "high living" would be punished by imprisonment and a heavy fine under a proposed Bavarian statute. The first offense would be punished by a 100,000 mark fine and the second offense would call for five years' imprisonment and a maximum fine of 200,000 marks, with a loss of citizenship.

Australia has a population less than that of London. Vast districts of fertile land remain untouched on the island continent.

Twenty minutes after each train passes through forested or cut-over lands in Minnesota during the fire season, a speedster patrol follows in its wake, to make certain that hot ashes or the careless smoker has not started a conflagration.

Fountain pens were used in 1600, and an advertisement of 1788 makes a reference to them.

A "national fuel" for internal combustion engines and automobiles, that will make France less dependent on other countries for gasoline, is being sought by the French Government and private laboratories. Tests with benzol and denatured alcohol added to gasoline have given fair results. A week of competition with various formulas is to be held in February at Beziers.

The historic King's Ferry that used to run between Verplanck's Point, on the east shore, and Stony Point, on the west shore of the Hudson River, will resume operations after a lapse of 120 years. Mad Anthony Wayne, the Revolutionary general, used the old ferry to transport troops to Stony Point for the battle that made him famous.

"Jay walkers," who are run over by automobiles should be taken to court and fined, says a resolution presented to the annual meeting of the National Association of Municipal Electricians, recently held in Colorado Springs. The resolution declares that two-thirds of the automobile accidents occurring on the streets are the fault of the pedestrians themselves, who wilfully disregard traffic rules, cutting across corners and not observing signals of traffic officers.

Dog sleds were used by politicians in Yukon territory this autumn. The recent campaign for the Yukon's lone seat in the Canadian Parliament was waged with vigor. Both candidates covered hundreds of miles on sleds before the election on December 6.

Living a life of isolation on Palmyra Island, a lonely atoll more than 700 miles south of Honolulu, a family composed of two men and one woman were discovered by the United States Eagle Boat No. 4, which recently returned from a visit and an aerial survey of the island. They were trying to start a copra plantation. The woman, who was ill, returned to Honolulu for medical treatment. The island is far outside the regular steamer paths and is without wireless or other regular communication with the outside world.

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Uncle Sam's Greatest Forest Reserve

The Wonderful Kaibab Covers 1,000,000 Arizona Acres

By WYMAN SMITH

Photographs by the Author

NORTHWARD from the Arizona town of Fredonia rise the great gray buttresses and the reddened tops of the Vermilion Cliffs; southward a blue haze hangs over the purple sage, and the undulating hills stretch away toward the horizon until they are lost in the green-crowned top of the Kaibab Forest, which, in its turn, continues for 50 miles to the very brink of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

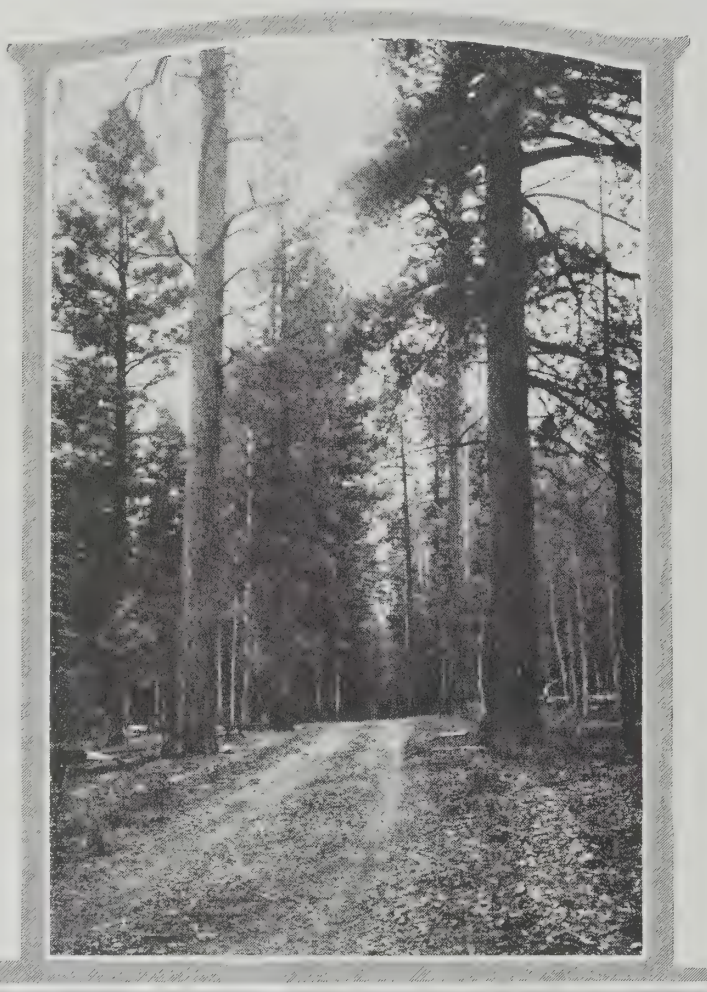
Along the dusty road of the desert the cacti grow, some of them small spiny round balls, others, stalk-like, resemble the stumps of the old dead trees, and occasionally may be found the sharp bristling yucca, or Spanish bayonet, which looks much like the common century plant, yet sends upward from its center a few stalks bearing seed pods, or peanut-shaped shells. Eventually a few cedars begin to appear, thriving as best they can in a soil that is half powder and half rock, and only when the slow, even rise of the plateau begins to make itself felt and the throbbing motor works harder do they increase in size and number, for in less than 30 miles the elevation varies nearly 2,000 feet. From the east a storm sweeps down the last dip, the rain falls in great sheets, the neighboring hills are smothered in a bank of cloud, lightning flashes and cracks, yet although we are only 10 miles away the great rolling mist toils westward, and we arrive within the rainy area to find only moist earth and a freshened vegetation. It is a relief to us after the dust of the desert and a delight undoubtedly to the jack rabbits that bolt hither and thither through the sage and cedars. The road then ascends more rapidly, the cedars grow thicker than ever, scrub oaks interfere among them and the pinon pines also grow alongside, all of them scenting the air and, together with the fragrance of the manzanita, making the atmosphere fresh and stimulating.

In such a place and at an altitude ranging from 7,500 to 9,000 feet above sea level, Uncle Sam has reserved the greatest soft wood forest area in the Union and has preserved in it trees that were already of good growth when Columbus discovered America. Today those trees tower upward for 100 and 200 feet, running to fine spindle points at the top, but measuring two, three and four feet in diameter at the base—a base set in the needle mattress of the hills and strewn with cones which have fallen year after year from the great branches of the pines and spruces. It is the Kaibab Forest that here covers a vast area of 1,000,000 acres and grows fast enough to permit the utilization of 50,000,000 board feet of lumber a year indefinitely, or if cut at once, would supply 2,500,000,000 board feet, enough to load a train of cars that would reach from Boston to Norfolk.

On the fire tower at Jacob's Lake one gains still another conception of the great forest resource. South, east and west, every slope and hilltop is set with the needle tops of the trees. Far toward the eastward lies Houserock Valley, now dry and carrying no water, but far back in geological time once the basin for a tributary of the Colorado; and back over the route we came may be seen the distant outlines of the Vermilion Cliffs. Slightly to the right is the Nipple, a crater-like mountain rising out of the plateau, and still farther northward appear the terminations of the great rock layers that come down from the North, but which in distant geological ages have been swept off the top of this great plateau to a depth of 5,000 feet; while the great Kaibab itself was raised until it reached the altitude where rains often occur at intervals of a half hour, summer hailstorms are not uncommon, and chilly nights follow cool days.

Not only did that great upheaval raise the entire area southward to the Colorado River, but the favored Kaibab was lifted above the surrounding region and made into a veritable nursery for the pines and spruces of the forest. The surface of the Kaibab, which appears so smooth from the fire tower, is indeed filled with ravines and gullies, and a chain of meadows or parks extends almost its entire length. For a long time these meadows were a puzzle to the geologist, but finally close investigation showed that they once formed the bottom of a river channel that came from the north and flowed into the southern river when the Grand Canyon had not yet been cut; but with the great upheaval the young river was thrown from its course, its spring sources were removed, and, now, there remain over the entire extent of the forest only a few small lagoons or sink holes and less than a score of springs. Year after year these sink holes remain filled with water and a few old ranchers were wise enough to take out, near them, mining claims, so that they might claim instead of precious gold the water of the pools for their cattle and sheep, for the meadows provide excellent pasturage, and besides the 20,000 deer that live in the park, 9,000 cattle and more than 3,000 sheep browse and graze in the forest every year.

Just thick enough to prune naturally and provide those smooth, tall trunks which make excellent saw logs, and yet not too heavy a growth to hasten the dangerous spread of fire or prevent the development of the smaller trees, the Kaibab is almost an ideal forest.



Through the colonnades of the virgin forest.

Traveling through on foot one sees not only the great towering monarchs in their endless colonnades, but seedlings scarcely more than an inch high. Mere tasseled brushes they are, but they peep up through the pine carpet in every open spot where the greater trees do not absorb all the moisture and food from the soil. The quaking aspens grow also in thickets at every opening, and their white trunks and brilliant green leaves add a touch of relief to the brown columns of the forest.

Two rangers have in their hands the custody of the Kaibab and yet, "I have not had a single fire in two years," said Ranger McCuiston, "while the ranger who takes care of the other section of the forest has had only one. You see, even though we do have many thunderstorms and the lightning strikes often, the rains which follow and the open condition of the forest make the fire hazard almost a minimum. Generally, however, fire is caused less often by lightning than by men, for the records show that lightning may be blamed for only 13 per cent of the fires, while human causes are responsible for more than 65 per cent, the remaining percentage being caused by undetermined agencies."

"Oh, yes," he laughed in answer to a question, "we do a number of other jobs besides watching for fires, and you'll see a few examples before you get through. Supervision of logging operations, and mining claims, protection of the deer and white-tailed squirrels, all those help to keep us well occupied. You'll want to watch for those white-tailed squirrels, as this is one of the two places in America where you will find them."

We had gone scarcely a mile before the driver pointed to a slim, black animal picking its way through the trees. A white tail flashed ever and anon, and then when the squirrel reached a convenient tree it stopped just around the trunk, foolishly leaving the white brush to reveal its place of concealment. He is an elegant fellow, this black and white squirrel, and his actions resemble those of his brothers, although he is slightly larger than they and has longer, larger ears. But a jet-black body is a nuisance in winter when the snow is on the plateau, and again in summer his white tail makes him a fine target for his natural enemies, so that in number the Kaibab squirrel is gradually decreasing.

Farther on a doe stopped to watch us go down the road, and in a short time we drove into V. T. Park, one of the largest open meadows in the Kaibab and supposed to have taken its name from the Valley Tan ranch, the outfit which once controlled the land in the vicinity. This park is similar to the others on the plateau—the trees stop halfway down the slopes of the bordering hills and around the edges grow a fringe of aspens, while back of them begin the pines and spruces of the forest. In the bottoms white clover grows in abundance, the grass is good, and the whole park is dotted here and there with daisies and the yellow flowers of the rubber plant (Actinella richardsoni); while in the center a small spring starts and runs off toward the south, all of the water, however, sinking away before it has gone a half mile. Wild strawberries grow on the slopes, and the foot traveler may pick up numerous arrowheads by simply rambling along the edge of the timber. It is evident that the Indians found this park a favorable hunting ground and came here to obtain their supply of meat.

Evening came on slowly, and from our camp under the aspens we waited for the arrival of the deer, for, in winter and summer, these forest creatures find V. T. Park a most delightful feeding ground and come there by the scores and often by the hundreds. The smoke of the camp fire died down, the last rays of the sun lifted from the eastern hilltops, even the chipmunks had ceased their tireless investigations, and not a sign of life, except the few grazing cattle in the bottom lands, appeared in all the length of the opening.

And then from a little brush of woods to the south stepped two light brown specters, moving as softly and slowly as shadows. As if that were a signal, other deer began coming down from the woods, until it seemed as if they had all been waiting back there in the spruces for this identical moment, only to appear at last like light brown balls, in twos, threes, fours and fives. At one time we counted 40 feeding on the clover, all less than a half mile away.

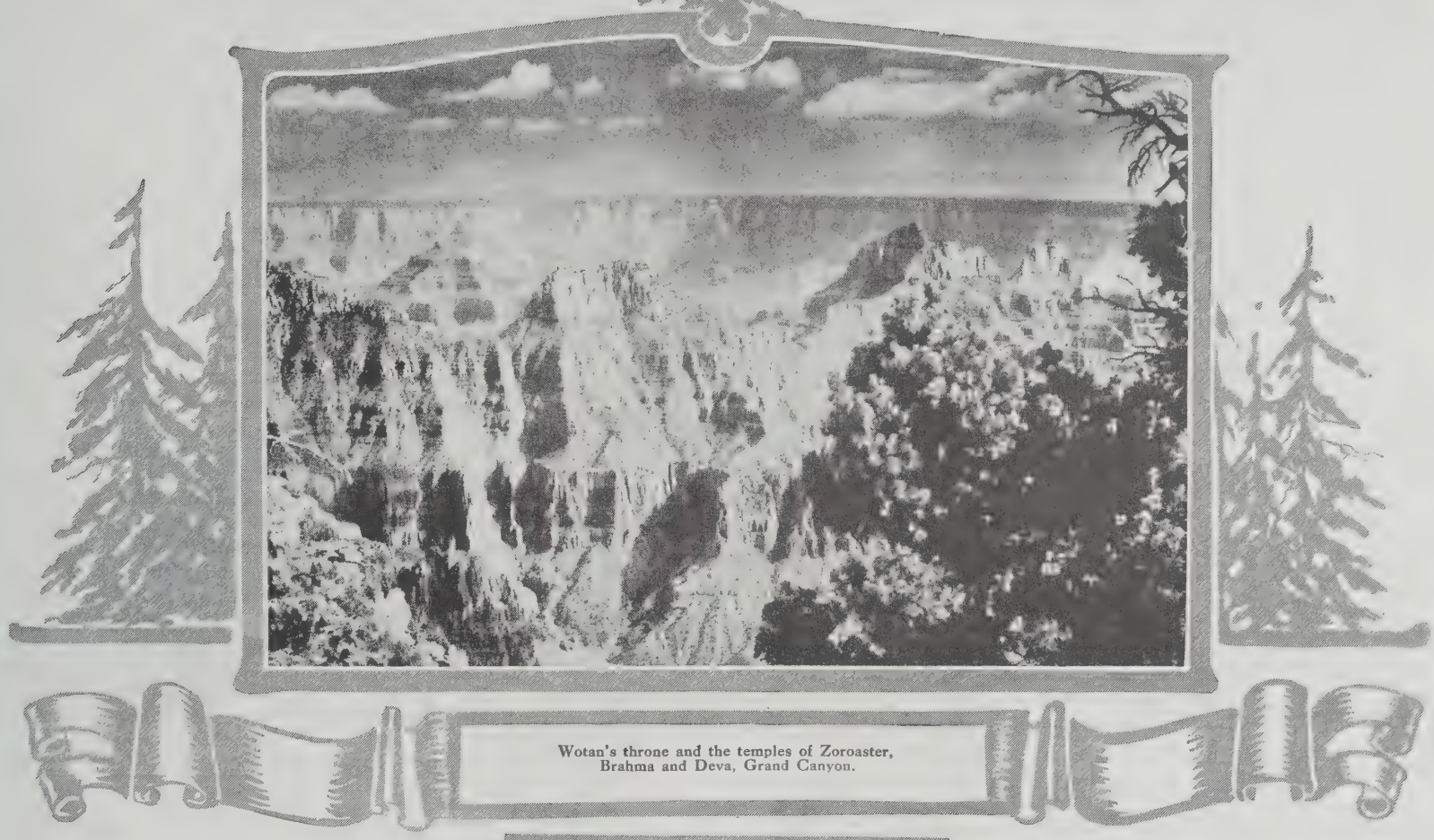
Darkness followed shortly after, yet before it had begun to lift the following morning, we were up and stealing away into the quiet of the trees. The wind blew from the north and accordingly I went toward an open spot which lay around a point of aspens. Two bucks and more than 20 does were feeding daintily from the clover scarcely 200 yards away, and I sat down to watch them, for nearer approach would be impossible without leaving the shelter of the forest and coming within the range of those keen eyes. A man came out of the cabin a half mile down the valley; the two bucks became restless and moved about as if very ill at ease. Finally one took to its heels and in a moment the whole herd was headed for the timber, some coming within 200 feet of me. More slowly and carefully than ever, I again picked my way through the woods and had gone only a short distance before a young buck looked up in surprise, leaped a few bounds and then posed for its picture 40 feet away, its ears pricked forward, every muscle quivering, and ready indeed it was to get away when it heard the click of the camera shutter. A doe peered cautiously at me from behind a tree, then



V. T. Park, Rendezvous of hundreds of deer.



Where the forest ends at the Grand Canyon.



Wotan's throne and the temples of Zoroaster, Brahma and Deva, Grand Canyon.

walked sedately away while I crept on toward the clearing ahead, only to find there another group right along the edge of the timber.

A limb cracked under my feet and a half dozen deer all pointed their ears in my direction at once. The camera snapped for all that, but when I again looked up I wondered if my eyes had not deceived me, for they were gone as silently as fog that rises from the marshes.

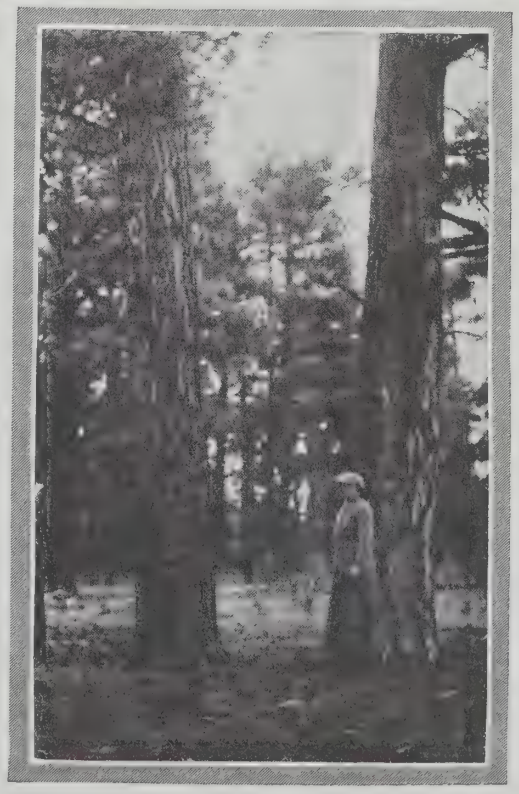
After a hasty breakfast, we drove down the road and sent three pretty deer helter-skelter over a fence as we rounded a point of woodland.

While the protection of the forest service has served to permit the increase of the deer, they have still to guard against the slinking cougar, which slays not only enough meat for its own use, but for the bobcats and coyotes that follow its trail of death, and pick up the leavings of the cowardly slayer of the Kaibab.

"For," as Dunham, government hunter, says, "a cougar will not fight even with dogs unless it is cornered. We killed nearly 40 cougars in this forest last year and you can see what they do to the deer, for some that I have followed have killed five deer in the first day's work; no small number when there are a lot of others doing nearly the same thing."

"Yes, a cougar is wise"; Dunham talked on, "and we have to use dogs that are trained from puppyhood. The good cougar hounds are all a cross of foxhound and bloodhound, for we try to get the speed of the fox dogs and the ability to follow an old trail possessed by the bloodhounds."

Dunham moved off toward his wagon camp and we in turn took the road leading back through the Kaibab. We had stopped, indeed, down on



One can only gaze and wonder at these great tree towers.

the southern brink of the forest, where it sends the great trees up to the last wall of the Grand Canyon and where one may gaze down into that arena of mountains and canyons, gorges and plateaus, and where one can only stand in silent amazement at the incomprehensible spectacle of its purples, reds and crimsons, and then the great blending of colors as if the master painter had determined to set an example here for everyone in heaven or on earth who knew the tricks of the palette.

There can be no better introduction to that seventh wonder of the world than the Kaibab Forest, and as we returned toward the north we were glad that there lay between the Colorado and the desert 50 miles of winding lanes inclosed by walls of browns and greens and lightened by the quivering aspen leaves. Once more we felt the patter of the raindrops as they fell to water another section of the plateau; again we filled our lungs with the sweet perfume of the yellow pine, rubbed a few needles of the cedars in our fingers so that the odor might be increased; and then silently we coasted down the last slope, leaving behind us Uncle Sam's greatest forest, with its century-old life and its atmosphere speaking still of the great, untrodden, virgin wilderness.

The blazed trail, too, came out of the forest, and we no longer wondered that even the men who had lived among the trees for years would need such a means of guidance when the snow lay deep in winter, and when every hill and hollow looked the same under its white covering. Mile after mile we had traveled, admiring not the continual variation, but the majestic solemnity, the ever-present similarity, of those trees which grow only one foot in diameter in 100 years and which stand erect, living monuments to the bygone ages of life which has trod the pine needles of the Kaibab.

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 10, December 31, 1921.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Embarrassed by Gold

THE view put forth by several leading financial writers that a monopoly of gold is an increasing menace and is hurtful to business, is strongly supported by the Merchants and Metals National Bank of New York, in its current review of business and finance. Our whole banking and credit system and our position as an international financial leader, it is declared, are affected in a peculiar and perplexing fashion by the quantity of gold that fills the vaults of the Federal Reserve banks at this time.

And it seems that there is no likelihood of an early cessation of the import movement. Inability to correct the chaotic condition of international exchange because of our enormous credit balances makes this inward flow of gold inevitable, we are told.

Oddly enough, this high authority warns us against any reversal of the present course of the Federal Reserve banks in the direction of an "inflation" of credits "to the extent which would ordinarily be warranted by our ownership of two-fifths of the world's gold," a stock steadily increasing by the flow to our shores of the yellow metal from the four corners of the earth. This supply of gold, it is stressed, cannot be indefinitely retained on this side of the ocean and "must be regarded in the nature of a trust fund for those nations which, when financial order begins to be restored, will require it."

The reasoning is rather confused. Gold is the only real money, but it must be locked up in our vaults and not circulated as money. Paper "representatives" of the gold, being less cumbrous to handle, will serve conveniently as currency; but it must be "based" on gold. "Ordinarily" this enormous stock of gold would permit of a considerable increase of paper currency and of bank credits; but such expansion would be unwise now because we are in the midst of a period of deflation.

Could there be a more palpable exhibition of the breakdown of the gold basis fallacy? The balance of trade is "enormously" in our favor, but all we can get from Europe is a lot of worthless yellow metal in return for the real wealth in the shape of iron, steel and machinery and food and clothing exported by us! Business is dull because of enormous falling off in our foreign trade! International exchange is in a chaotic condition, because Europe is not producing and so is not able either to sell to us or buy from us to any large extent!

The use of gold, even in settlement of trade balances between nations, is responsible for "chaotic conditions of international exchange."

And gold as a basis for medium of exchange having so badly bogged legitimate business, is it not about time that we set about finding a more satisfactory mechanism?

Blaming the Public

THE ancient and dishonorable game of "passing the buck" is being widely indulged in by theatrical managers, and by actors who ought to know better. Here is Frederick Warde, who has had a long and distinguished stage career, quoted as saying that the public is to blame for the mass of very inferior productions now being presented in American theaters. His contention is that theater managers are business men and "must give the public what it wants."

An editorial in the Birmingham *Age-Herald* takes much the same view, arguing that "when a salacious play draws packed houses and a clean meritorious play is ignored, it is unreasonable to expect that managers and producers will continue to lose money by trying to elevate the public taste . . . . Censorship is wasted effort, both as regards motion pictures and the spoken drama. Patrons of theaters fix the standard of plays."

A little reflection should suffice to show the fallacy of this reasoning. The pretext is that of the pander and the gambling-house keeper, of the bootlegger and the purveyor of shoddy and of adulterated foods. It is the shameful excuse of the yellow press and of every agency practicing public debauchery for "the money that is in it." The obvious rejoinder is that until very lately in this country the American stage was not merely morally decent but an honorable and honored agency in the development of pure and true public taste. Augustin Daly, Edwin Booth, Lester Wallack, Sheridan Shook, Charles Frohman, Steele Mackaye and A. M. Palmer—to mention a few of many great managers—may not have become millionaires, but they did not lack bread nor, what is more than bread, their own self-respect and the esteem of the public. They helped to develop artists of genius and of talent of the highest order—actors whose names burn with undying flame in the memories of Americans, actors whose own fame has given to the American stage the very prestige which the decadent managers of today are exploiting to make "big money" while debauching the public taste.

Madame Olga Petrova put the whole matter tersely in a recent address before the Woman's Club of Toledo, when she said:

> "This cry that we must give audiences what they want is all wrong. The truth is they don't really know what they want, nor do we know what they want until we give it to them. People can be trained to want what is good for them, instead of what is bad. Another fallacy is that people go to the theater to be amused—not to think. That is ridiculous. For who can stop thinking? The thing that counts is the quality of thought they take away with them from a play."

It is all a question of values. Money was not the first and main thing in the minds of our old actor managers. One of these days we will be sensible enough to divorce the drama from commercialism and place it on the same plane as we place schools. Exploiters of the cheap and sensational do not get far in France, Italy and Germany. They cannot compete for popular favor with nationally supported theaters and opera houses conducted on the principle that only the best there is is good enough for the people.

In the Outlaw Class

IN A recent address before the University of Michigan, former Governor Charles S. Whitman, of New York, indulged in some very plain speaking in regard to the present propaganda of disrespect for law in the United States. The prohibition amendment and its enforcement were only incidental to a clear and convincing discussion of the administration of criminal law in this country. But Mr. Whitman's sane and vigorous exposition of the question dissipated the smoke-screen of pretext and catchword set in motion to delude the unthinking.

"There is no such thing as an unenforceable law!" was one striking sentence that should set people thinking. Prohibition, in particular, had been made a part of the Federal Constitution and so of the basic law of the land under all the orderly processes and safeguards provided by our democratic system. To regard its violation lightly, then, would be to bring all law into disrespect. Nothing less than entire social disruption and disintegration and a lapse into mob rule was involved in the idea that any individual or group should receive public tolerance for the assertion of a right to say what laws they would obey and what laws they would refuse to obey.

The fact that this constitutional amendment had been adopted by the vote of the legislatures of two-thirds of all the states in the Union should be sufficient refutation of the loosely bandied objection that it is "not backed by public opinion." Our American Government being a representative government, and not a mobocracy, it is the deliberately registered judgment of the lawmaking body that must be regarded as the absolutely determining expression of public opinion, and not the disorderly and spasmodic shouts of the mob. Whenever a majority of the people regard a law as a bad law, they can repeal it by the orderly methods they themselves have laid down.

Governor Whitman made it very plain that much popular condemnation of our courts in criminal cases rises from thoughtless ignorance or disregard for the fact that at every step our jurisprudence leans to the side of mercy in its regard for the rights of an accused person. He made it plain that it would be an unhappy thing if any considerable section of the people of this country should allow themselves to be misled into placing themselves in the outlaw class by violations of the law or the aiding and abetting of law violation by failure to condemn it. Fundamentally, Americans are a law-abiding people and the effort to destroy their respect for law is doomed to failure.

The New Year's Hopes

"HOPE springs eternal," and the birth of the New Year is fitting occasion for the revival of the pristine desires and aspirations of the soul of man toward better things. Taking stock, we may realize to what degree and in what particular we have allowed ourselves to be overcome by forgetfulness of our true nature—of "that imperial palace whence we came." Such realization impels sensible corrections—the getting rid of unprofitable stock and its replacing with really valuable assets.

We are all bundles of habits. As we sow in thought, we reap in action. Actions repeated become habits. The sum of habits makes character and the sowing of character means the harvesting of destiny. It is all very fine to talk about ringing out the old and ringing in the new; ringing out the thousand wars of old and ringing in the thousand years of peace. But talking about it is not enough. All the conferences and conventions in the world will not bring peace between the nations until there is peace between man and man. And for peace between man and man, and its blessedness and power, its health and beauty, each man must first become at peace with himself.

To be at peace with oneself is to have a conscience void of offense against God or man. That is a negative putting. It means much more than this. Virtue and virility are two words that come from the same root. There is only one way to "root out" wrong mental attitudes, and the bad habits that flow from such attitudes; and that is by substituting right mental attitudes. "Don't be a grouch" is advice which our modern psychology proves may only emphasize grouchiness. Be cheerful, and grouchiness will disappear. Let us make work "the worker's expression of joy in his work." Then idleness and apathy and indigestion and gloom will vanish. Let us become more interested in giving than in getting, and we shall get rid of the lusts that war in our members, the source of "all our wars and fighting." What is more, we shall be healthier and happier and radiate health and happiness to all around us.

Anger does not pay. It poisons the blood and congests the nerves and brain. Quarreling is the most foolish and ruinous habit in which otherwise sane men can indulge. If we would eliminate the causes of wars between nations, we must—each man with himself—begin by eliminating the causes for quarrels between individuals. If we genuinely desire to help bring about a permanent world-peace, and with peace, prosperity and progress, we shall heed the Delphian oracle: "Man, know thyself!" We shall look within. The aid that any single individual may contribute toward the grand work of the regeneration and redemption of the race may seem infinitesimal. In reality, it is infinite; for the race is made up of individuals and there is no estimating the influence of man on man.

As the year 1922 is ushered in, a very large number of men honestly and sincerely feel that humanity is on the brink of chaos and calamity without precedent. Most of the preachers and publicists on either side of the Atlantic are veritable Jeremiahs. They proclaim with a dismal wail that the nations are rushing headlong into bankruptcy and "the next war" which shall shatter what is left of civilization. On the other hand, there are here and there illumined souls who hold steadfastly to the faith (which is the evidence of things unseen) that humanity is on the eve of a glorious renaissance of productiveness and wealth, beauty and joy in life, based on new and vigorous practice of the gospel of the square deal to all.

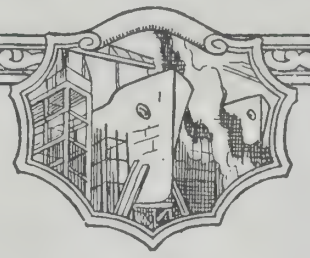
But it is not enough to wish, for the coming of the new day. We must work for it—each starting with himself.

The Four-Power Pact

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE has long been regarded by his friends as the typical "scholar-statesman"—much as Arthur J. Balfour is regarded in England. By his enemies, on the contrary, he has been held up to derision at times as conscienceless partisan and practical politician. In his address presenting the agreement of Britain, Japan, France and the United States to respect each other's rights in the islands of the Pacific, to settle by friendly conference any and every possible dispute that may arise between them or through the aggression of any other power in that terrain, Senator Lodge struck the high note of an idealism that speaks clear vision and large humanity.

The agreement is probably the first in the history of the nations that deliberately excludes resort to force and binds the signatory powers to the arbitrament of reason as against the old fallacious and futile arbitrament of the sword—to say nothing of poison-gas, aerial bombs and submarines. It is specific and concrete and with all its idealism, it is practical in the best sense of the word.

Mr. Ford's Page



FOR whatever reason—probably in response to some of the numerous requests which are made upon them—the ministers of religion have been lately discussing the public Press, and it has been refreshing to observe how few of them confined themselves to praise. A number did so, but they were of the class of men who prefer to have something pretty to say, rather than maturely think out a valuable contribution to the subject.

Whatever may be said, this much is evident: the service of the Press as a distributor of news is greater than ever, but the power of the Press as a moulder of opinion is on the wane.

The latter statement requires a certain amount of explanation. Time was when people believed everything they saw in print—the magic of print had that effect upon their minds. Time was when anyone whose opinions appeared in print was regarded as a guide. People were swayed by what they read. The fact of print was too big for them to pass indifferently. But whereas, once they were most respectful toward what they read, nowadays they are just as often disgusted.

Familiarity with print has done away with public reverence for it. What a newspaper says is like a voice in the crowd; if it is a commanding voice, it commands; if it is a weak voice, no one gives attention. No newspaper is strong simply because it is a newspaper—being a newspaper has become principally a matter of machinery and of a subscription to the news disseminating associations. A newspaper is strong only in so far as it is informed, balanced, courageous and fair.

So, the talk about the Press, as if merely being a Press determined its power, is not as fitting as it was 50 years ago.

This is the same as saying that the period of individuality in newspapers is coming back. More than that, it is here. Some newspapers are already stamped irrecoverably with the characters of the men who run them. For a newspaper or a chain of newspapers to have a fixed bad reputation does not mean financial failure by any means—it only means failure of influence. The most widely read editorial writer is probably the least influential. The most widely bought chain of newspapers is probably the least respected. They are like a low chain of indecent vaudeville productions strung across the country—the rabble attend, but there is no high influence exerted.

Instances are multiplying in this country in which, when we speak of the influence of the Press, we must speak of the bad influence of certain newspapers. That kind of influence deserves more study than it has received. It is not at all improbable that the most dangerous influences in this country could be traced to certain newspapers. They are the dope-sellers of the journalistic world, the bootleggers and the procurers of the lowest type of newspaper-reading public. They agitate the wrong things, they agitate the wrong people, they are a continual irritant to the nerves of the social body.

Instances of strong men giving a character to their individual newspapers are also multiplying. The newspaper is just as responsive a vehicle of the principles of its controllers as a man's hand is. What is in the heart and mind of the men who make the newspaper, shines through. In fact, the newspaper is becoming so reflective of the men who make it that a reading of it will indicate just about how many boozers remain on the staff, whether the literary editor is a thinker or a mere bohemian, whether the editorial writers read other editorial writers, play poker, or really study public questions and familiarize themselves with the more substantial lines of activity in the community. No newspaper rises higher than its source, and its source is the working newspaper man.

Speaking of the Press one thinks of the great dailies of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. The Country Editor is usually overlooked. But it is a fact worth noting that the Country Editor had the honor of retaining his editorial independence when it was a moot question whether the Big City Editor was going to be able to retain his. In the small towns and villages the tradition of editorial freedom has been preserved, and as a result of it the Country Newspaper has come to a degree of influence which is very promising of good for the country. The United States lies mostly outside the cities anyway. The Country Press should be a power, and it will be a power as long as it expresses level-headed, fair-minded, well-informed and deep-convictioned personality.

The modern newspaper is a property depending not, as the earlier Press did, on its readers, but on its advertisers. Being a property there sometimes enters the question of jeopardizing that property by taking attitudes or expressing views which might alienate the supporters of that property. It is not a question of cowardice, it is a question of prudence. The problem forms itself thus in the editor's or owner's mind: "Is it worth while, for the sake of expressing an opinion or a warning or a fact, that may just as well wait until tomorrow, or that may just as well be passed over to the pulpit or some other agency—is it worth while, for the self-satisfaction it might give us to express this opinion today, to endanger the existence of this paper?"

Whenever an editor formulates this problem he abdicates his position, or his claim, as an invincible moulder of public opinion. He admits it was a false claim, at least as far as himself and his paper are concerned. He virtually says, "this paper is the product not of its editors but of its advertisers; it is not our principles and opinions that keep us afloat and make us useful, but it is the projecting power of our advertisers. The newspaper is really an advertising board which, to make it a more attractive advertising board, sets aside a small fraction of space for printed news."

It is true, of course, that readers are most valued by newspapers because the advertising rate is based on the number of readers—it is a rate per thousand of readers.

But this also is true—editors are still in a position to be free, if they would only realize it. Freedom is, after all, a temper of the mind, it is in ratio to the courage of the individual. The advertiser has succeeded in fastening the fear of him on some editors simply because those editors were men who could be frightened. It is like industry and banking—banking has succeeded in putting the fear of death upon industry, though industry is big enough to shake banking off like a wisp of straw, if it would. The editor is still the big man, if he but knew it. The printing press is still mightier than the bank account, if it is handled with half the skill which marks the manipulation of the bank account.

When editors evade their task as leaders of public opinion and are content to be business managers of advertising sheets first, and followers of public opinion second, it is a sorry thing for the country. Everything illicit then captures the apparent approval of the Press, which is not Press approval at all, but only the preemption of space on the printed page. The Press in its nobler sense has been supine, has been used, has been degraded by evil association. It ought to come back. It ought to get on the job. It ought to resume its task as the exterior conscience of the unformed multitude. It ought to speak out. It ought to get a religion which convinces it that nothing wrong can injure it while it holds fast to right. It ought to get its breath back, so that it can speak, and its heart back so that it can fight, and it ought to shake off the parasites that have clung to it and so nearly sapped its power.

MANY people are now talking about newspapers. The Press does not command the awe it once did; instead of being the unchallenged moulder of public opinion it has become the subject of public opinion. Its circulation has increased, but its influence has not. The reason is that newspapers were once "Voices." Now they are properties. Signs multiply, however, that editors are discovering that the pen is mightier than the advertising contract or the bank account, if they only think so. Newspapers are being divided—good or bad. The distinction is full of promise. Like the stage, like art, the Press has the choice of being low-down vaudeville and indecent portraiture, or of being high-grade, educational, inspirational, contributive to the social good.

Berea College Bringing Light to Mountaineers

By FRED L. HOLMES



Many of the students take instruction in woodworking at Berea.

BEREA COLLEGE in Kentucky is one of the most interesting educational experiments in America. It is a "department store" from which the mountain youths of the Appalachian Highlands may acquire every educational commodity necessary for better living in the hills about their homes, or in the great world of industry beyond.

This institution ministers to a unique community. Cut off from the outer world by narrow gorges and mountain barriers of the Cumberland and Appalachian mountains, these people since Revolutionary times have lived an independent, secluded life.

Into this region in 1775 came Daniel Boone, the pioneer of a wave of immigration that was to come crowding through Cumberland Gap. The fertile prairies between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers were quickly taken, leaving only the mountain ridges for late comers, who once settled, were forgotten by the plunging advance of the frontier across the continent. The Blue-Grass State became a separate territory from Virginia in 1790 and was made the state of Kentucky in 1792. But the people who settled in Appalachian America, which takes in parts of the eight great states of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, have remained through the century isolated and intact. Many still dress in the garb of their ancestors who left the tidewater in colonial times. Some there are who still sing the ballads of Chaucer and Shakespeare and use the hand looms that were common a century ago. Their homemade coverlets suggest days when men were still fighting the Indians and bear stirring historic titles as "Braddock's Defeat," "Washington's Victory" and "Jefferson's Landing." The 3,000,000 persons who dwell in the Appalachian Highlands are the purest American stock—the descendants of the Revolutionary decades.

Limitations of transportation have made this an independent community untouched by the century's spirit of progress and the push of Americanism. In 1800, the average inhabitant in the United States had 82 days of schooling; in 1900 he had 1,046—12 times as much as his great-grandfather. Illiteracy has followed naturally on isolation and dormancy. Recently the big mining companies have nosed into this mountainous region, introducing modern inventions and progressive life. To fit these apathetic communities to cope successfully with the new and impending problems, Berea College has been rejuvenated. It is reaching out in every direction of educational endeavor.

To the popular mind these regions have been garbed in a veil of romance. John Fox, Jr., has told the stories of revenue men who risk their lives in ferreting out illicit "moonshiners." The tenderness and sweetness of Kentucky home life has been sung, like a bard, by James Lane Allen. But to ordinary minds the tales of "feuds" and "killings" have become proverbial race characteristics. Two great opposites in history—Jesse James and Abraham Lincoln—are products of this Kentucky life. That a state could produce such characters of widely diverse talents led men of the early fifties to believe that a college was needed to direct energies along worthy lines.

Making a tour of Kentucky, the Rev. John G. Fee and the Rev. J. A. R. Rogers found for the first time that the untutored and untaught mountaineers combined with the customs of present mountain life, the finest qualities of personal honor and courage. Both of these men were anti-slavery advocates and decided that the rugged Cumberland foothills would be an ideal spot for church and school work from which to spread the doctrine of abolition. In 1854, the Rev. Mr. Fee built his home and soon developed the church and school which bears the name of Berea. Educational work went on well for a time, but as the rumblings of Civil War became louder, sentiment of surrounding communities forced a suspension of all activities hostile to slavery.

But the educational seed planted among youths of the mountain regions in pre-Civil War days bore fruit and no sooner was the internecine strife over than pupils, both white and colored, demanded a resumption of training. Through ups and downs the college had prospered, and under the leadership of Dr. William Goodell Frost it became a beacon of light in the realm of educational darkness. One year ago Dr. Frost resigned to be succeeded by Dr. William J.Hutchins. In the meantime the institution has broadened. Numerous buildings have been erected by the hands of the students and during the current year 2,676 boys and girls were given educational training.



WILLIAM JAMES HUTCHINS,
President of Berea College.





Above—A highland family. To such as these Berea College is carrying the opportunity of education.

At right—Over the mountains come the students of Berea; some on horseback, some afoot and most of them without money.

Below—The log cabins of the Appalachian Highlands are giving way to more comfortable homes under educational inspiration.



Berea College has a mission among the people of this community. Its constitution declares that "The object of Berea College shall be to promote the aim set forth in the preamble, primarily by contributing to the spiritual and material welfare of the mountain region of the South, affording to the young people of character and promise a thorough Christian education, elementary, industrial, secondary, normal and collegiate, with much-needed opportunities for manual labor as an assistance in self-support."

Among the ambitious youths of Appalachian America is a desire to "go to Berea." Shortage of money is no handicap, for Berea charges no tuition fees and makes it easier for those who have little by giving them half-time work, which nearly provides for their expenses. Labor holds a place of honor in this college curriculum. Every student, rich or poor, is required to devote at least two hours a day to useful manual training. This demand has spread the leveling spirit of democracy which permeates every department and every activity of college life.

Work at Berea is divided into five departments:

(1) The normal school has 422 members, 90 per cent of whom are going back to the mountains to teach. There are 1,000,000 children of school age in these mountainous regions and at the present time 75 per cent of the teachers have had no normal training, or, at most, one term.

(2) The foundation school has 492 students, all over 15 years of age and many of them mature men and women, who are being taught the elementary processes. Thousands of ambitious mountain men and women have had no opportunity to learn to read and write. Some of these go to Berea during the winter months.

(3) The vocational school has 312 students, who are learning business, home science, agriculture, nursing, blacksmithing, motor mechanics, and are taking other industrial courses.

(4) The academic, or high school, department has 502 students.

(5) The collegiate department has 232 students, with a standard four-year academic course, which presents an ideal toward which every student in the foundation school and secondary schools aspire.

"Berea puts a premium on hard work," says President Hutchins. "Every student must labor not less than 10 hours a week toward the cost of his or her education. Students maintain the farm, care for the dormitories, keep gardens—in short, earn their living in countless ways."

In the office of the business manager of the college one day came an awkward, overgrown mountain boy. While he waited his turn for an interview he was embarrassed and ill at ease.

"Want any sorghum?" asked the boy when given an opportunity to speak.

The business manager shook his head and the boy started to depart saying:

"That's mighty bad."

"What's mighty bad?" demanded the business manager.

"Well," the boy explained, "we had an extra barrel of sorghum this year and dad said I could trade it for schooling."

Here was a boy about to lose the opportunity of a lifetime and the business manager immediately told him to deliver the sorghum at the kitchen and to come back and go to school. A few weeks later the boy appeared.

"I brought the sorghum," he explained, "now I have come to get my schooling."

At the end of the year he went back to the mountains to put into effect on the farm some of the ideas which he had learned along agricultural lines—a changed youth from what he was six months before.

Many of the students own their own horses and come to college on horseback. Those who do not have horses tramp over hills and through dales to the campus. "Joe," from Adair County, did not have a horse. He had $2.35 when he reached college, and a good pair of hobnailed boots. The kindly mountain people had given him his meals and lodging, as they had helped many another student journeying Berea-ward. By work on the farm he was able to earn sufficient money to pay for his board and books.

Then the war came. "Joe" enlisted and was taken from his world of hills and brush thickets of rhododendron;

(*Concluded on page 13*)

Where the Churn Brings a Flow of Gold

By EARL CHRISTMAS



FOR a good many years, Minnesota has called itself the "bread and butter state." With an extensive grain industry, the state has produced for a considerable period more butter than any other state in the Union.

Every year, Minnesota makes more butter than all of Canada. It contributes approximately a seventh of the nation's output of creamery butter. Each year a golden stream of money flows into the pockets of Minnesota farmers, who are engaged in buttering a very extensive portion of the country's bread. In 1920, creameries of the state turned out 139,000,000 pounds of butter, yielding a revenue of approximately $80,000,000, most of which went into the pockets of the men who milked the cows.

Butter making is almost a traditional enterprise in Minnesota. For years, it has been a highly developed art. Minnesota has won so many prizes for butter making that the winning of a prize has become a matter of course. Out of 18 national competitions between the states, 16 have gone to the creameries of Minnesota.

But Minnesota soon must revise that title of the "bread and butter state." There will be more butter than bread on its map. Even now, the dairy cow represents the biggest industry of the state, and yearly she is extending her conquest more and more into the grain-farming sections and into the cut-over lands of the north. The value of dairy products in Minnesota in 1920 was more than $200,000,000, according to a recent compilation made by the State Dairy and Food Commission. That exceeds in value by a wide margin the output of the iron mines in this greatest of iron-producing states. It equals the value of all the products of the great Minneapolis flour mills, manufactured from wheat gathered over most of the Northwest and Canada. It exceeds by $33,500,000 the combined value of the wheat, oats, corn, barley and rye in Minnesota, according to the state dairy statisticians.

Truly the humble churn of the Minnesota farm has grown into a tremendous industry.

In these days when farmers along with men in a good many other lines are worrying about reduced profits, certainly here is a subject for consideration. How has it been possible to develop this vast industry? Why is Minnesota the greatest butter-producing state? Beneath the surface of these pretentious figures, there must be some reason, just as another and different set of circumstances made Wisconsin the great cheese-producing center.

So, with these questions in my mind, I went over to see Chris Heen, State Dairy and Food Commissioner. I wanted to know why Minnesota makes so much butter. Surely in the development of this tremendous industry, there would be a lesson for farmers in other states. And then I had another question to ask. I wanted to know how the butter farmer is faring in these days of reduced prices.

Mr. Heen motioned me to a chair, and I asked the last question first.

"Take the dairy section of the state," he said, indicating by a sweep of his hand the great central portion, running diagonally across the state from the southeast to the northwest. "See how thick the dots are on this portion of the map. These dots represent creameries. There are 830 creameries in the state.

"Now, those dots measure the prosperity of Minnesota. The dairy section is the richest part of the state. In other sections that have depended chiefly on grain, periods of depression are bound to occur. But this great central portion of the state finds a golden stream of money coming in for its cream the year around, regardless of financial depression or crop failures. The cow keeps on giving milk despite hard times.







Yellow cream from the Minnesota farms flows into the creameries, and comes back in yellow gold—$80,000,000 worth of butter a year. The dairy cow is proving an unfailing source of wealth to the farmers of that state, who produce more butter than those of any other state in the Union. Fine barns for the dairy cows are common in many sections of the state, and attractive creameries, like the one pictured, are springing up all over the dairy section of the state. They are being built by the farmers to turn their cream into gold. Some of these creameries cost as high as $125,000.

"Right now, farmers in sections that have depended wholly on grain farming are almost bankrupt. This is shown by a study of the bank deposits. Farmers actually can't borrow money in most of the grain sections, while the dairy farmers are as prosperous as ever.

"In another state not far from Minnesota, where weather conditions throughout the season were the same, there were 304 mortgage delinquencies listed as compared with 32 in Minnesota. Of the 304 listed in the other state, but one was a dairy farmer."

A. J. McGuire, dairy specialist of the Minnesota College of Agriculture, offered this bit of testimony:

"The farmers in the grain-farming sections are in a serious condition, while the dairy sections do not show hard times. In both town and country, in those sections where farmers are engaged in the dairy industry, the people are prosperous."

But to return to Mr. Heen:

"The advantage of the dairy industry is shown in the increasing number of men who are giving up grain farming for the cow. You know, a good many farmers have been disposed to scorn the cow because they didn't like to milk. But the attitude is changing. The farmers are finding that it is better to milk cows for real money than spend all their time on grain for smaller returns.

"Dairying got its big start in Minnesota back in the early nineties. Wheat farming had decreased the fertility of the soil, and the farmers had to adopt diversified farming. The dairy cow came to the rescue. She could eat the roughness and convert it into money. Minnesota had but 556,000 cows then. The average return was only 110 pounds of butter fat per cow. Now Minnesota has 1,395,000 cows, according to our figures, and each cow produces an average of 166 pounds of butter fat a year.

"The gross returns to the state from its cows in 1890 was but $8,700,000. Now dairy products exceed $200,000,000 in value every year. Since 1910, the production of butter in Minnesota had increased from 95,000,000 pounds to 139,000,000 pounds in 1920. The average creamery paid out to its patrons $28,000 in 1910. In 1920, the amount had jumped to more than $108,000.

"That's how fast the cow has been coming into her own in Minnesota. More and more the farmers are going into dairying. Patrons of the Minnesota creameries in 1920 totaled more than 125,000. Dairying is sweeping the state, and undoubtedly the output of creamery butter will be doubled in a few years. With the industry firmly established in Southern and Central Minnesota, the butter line is pushing rapidly northward. Even up in the Red River Valley, where the farmers have always been devoted to wheat raising, dairying is gaining a foothold.

"Settlers in the cut-over counties in the north, who have fought hard to gain a foothold by other means, are turning to the cow. Possibilities for dairying in Northern Minnesota are almost limitless. There are millions of acres of land bearing good summer range for stock. Tame grasses are bountiful, and clover grows almost like a weed. As the clearing and settlement proceeds northward, the dairy cow is following. Eventually, this will be one of the great dairy strongholds."

Mr. Heen stopped for a moment, and that gave me an opportunity to ask him another question—why Minnesota makes so much butter?

"The state has great natural resources such as grass and clover," he said. "The climate, too, is favorable. But the chief factor in this unusual development, I should say, is the co-operate creamery. The co-operative creamery has made dairying profitable in Minnesota. In Wisconsin it was the cheese factory. But Minnesota pinned its hope on butter, and the co-operative creamery has made possible its great progress.

"Of the 830 creameries in the state, 642 are co-operative. That shows how extensively the co-operative movement has grown among the dairy farmers. These co-operative creameries in 1920 made 91,000,000 pounds of butter, or approximately two-thirds of all the butter made in Minnesota. No other state can compare with this record. Only half of Wisconsin's creameries are co-operative. Iowa has but 218.

"But here is the significant thing about these Minnesota co-operative creameries. The co-operative creamery returns to the producing farmer 91.3 per cent of all the money received for butter. The independ-

(Concluded on page 15)

The Jewish Element in Bootlegging Evil

Scandal of Jewish Exemption From the Prohibition Law: Rabbi Franklin's Protest Against Present System: Where Is the Anti-Defamation League?

A STUDENT of the liquor history of the United States is left wondering, not that Prohibition came, but that the authorities ever allowed matters to go so far as to compel the people to take the issue into their own hands. That is the point where those who believe in "personal liberty" and those who believe in "public safety" ought to meet each other. It cannot be contended that every believer in Prohibition is a crank, nor can it be contended that every believer in "personal liberty" is a drunkard or a liquor guzzler; each of them stands for a principle that is a principle of right. But the Prohibitionist has been able to command victory over the "personal liberty" advocate because the stuff that the Prohibitionist is against ought not to be sold nor used under any circumstances, whereas the stuff the "personal liberty" advocate thinks he favors is not the stuff he thinks it is at all.

If the element in question were poisoned tooth paste, or opium or any other concededly dangerous substance, both the Prohibitionist and the "personal liberty" advocate would agree. What the honest "personal liberty" advocate needs to learn is that the liquor which caused the adoption of Prohibition was most dangerous to the individual and society. The question was not one of "liberty" but of safety.

It is scarcely to be hoped that all the "personal liberty" groups will come to agree with this, because most of them are formed of the very men who made and profited by the drugged and chemicalized substances which were sold over the bar and in bottles.

The Protest That Came Too Late

LIQUOR men themselves must agree with the facts. Even Bonfort's Wine and Spirits Circular admitted years ago that "the bulk of spirits sold today in glass under well-known brands is not what it is represented to be." "The truth of the matter is (we dislike to say it) the wine and spirit trade of this country is honeycombed with fraud, and the most radical measure should be applied and applied vigorously." "Many a dealer prominent socially, morally, religiously and in philanthropic circles will take a lot of neutral spirits, only a few days old, flavor them with a little heavy-bodied whisky, and brand them on the label or glass with the name of any state or county desired, and with any age, and this he will do with all smiles and glee and inward delight that is said to characterize the bold buccaneer when he cuts a throat and scuttles a ship."

These excerpts show how near the official publications of the liquor trade could come to describing the practice and indicating the Jew. The last quotation was a direct hit at Louisville liquor Jews, one of which compounders furnished a room at the Y. M. C. A. of that city, another of whom adorned the town with public gifts, all of whom are Kentucky "Colonels"; though their ancestry is not exactly Kentuckian, nor even American.

The wine companies of Ohio, whose vineyards on Kelleys Island and elsewhere had built up a standard business, joined in the protest. They pointed out that counterfeit wines were flowing out of factories in Cleveland and Cincinnati, while the legitimate wine districts of Sandusky and Put-In-Bay were being saddled with the stigma of poisoned goods. As all the counterfeit business was in the hands of Jews, the statement is unavoidable that the whole movement of the degradation of liquor was Jewish.

Jews Were Always Anti-Prohibition

THEN came Prohibition. The Constitution of the United States was amended, the amendment being ratified by 45 states. The issue had been actively before the nation longer than any other issue except the slavery question, so that the people's action on it must be regarded as deliberate. And the liquor business was legally ended. BUT—

What was the Jewish attitude toward Prohibition while it was being argued before the nation? What has been the Jewish attitude toward Prohibition since it has been adopted?

Both questions can be answered the same way. There are, of course, Kentuckians and others who have convinced themselves that the Jewish compounders foresaw Prohibition and welcomed it, because they saw that it would increase their profits 1,000 per cent. But whatever the truth of that may be, there are no available records to support it. The Jews destroyed the business—that is true; but whether intentionally, for greater illegitimate profits, we cannot say. There are, however, records of Jewish activity during the reform agitation. The Jews were against Prohibition. Their press and pulpit were against it. Their whole influence in politics and finance were against it. They were the backbone of the entire "wet" propaganda, and are today. The great temperance organizations will tell you that Jews did not contribute to their work. One national Prohibition organization admits a gift of $5 in many years. Will Irwin, investigating the early Prohibition movement in the South for *Collier's* in 1909, found that *The Modern Voice,* a Jewish religious weekly which is still published, was engaged in carrying the "wet" propaganda into the southern states. *The Modern Voice* lost more votes than it made for its lack of taste in printing a half-tone picture of Christ endorsing the liquor traffic. J. K. Baer, one of the editors of this Jewish paper, explained his activity in this direction by saying, "We are a Jewish weekly, and the Jews are opposed on moral grounds to prohibition." A Mr. Rosenthal was associated in the work. This was typical of the Jewish press everywhere. The Jewish stage was enlisted, every man and every girl, just as it is now, to deride those who protested against the destruction of the American people by counterfeit whisky and wine. Jazz music, the movies, fake medical "experts"—every agency under Jewish control was mobilized to assist the fight for a continuance of the privilege of drugging the people's drink.

This will scarcely be denied, at least by Jews. Some "Gentile fronts" may feel obliged to rush to the defense of the Jews by denying it, but their work is unnecessary. Jews themselves make no bones about it. They did not favor Prohibition, but they did not fear it; they knew that they would be exempt, they knew that it would bring certain illegitimate commercial advantages; they would be winners either way. Jewish luck!

Volume Three in this series—"Jewish Influence on American Life," containing a third selection of these articles, is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and is sent at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

"Bootlegging in the Name of Religion"

IT IS not surprising, therefore, that violation and evasion of the Prohibition law has had a deep Jewish complexion from the very beginning. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT would be glad to be excused from making the raw statement that bootlegging is a 95 per cent controlled Jewish industry in which a certain class of rabbis have been active; we, therefore, avail ourselves of the report of an address of Rabbi Leo M. Franklin, of Detroit, president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, as given before that body at Washington in April, 1921, confirming the general fact:

"In making the recommendation I gave you in my message in regard to this matter, and in going to the extreme in suggesting that we appeal to the government to rescind that part of the Prohibition law which gives rabbis permission to issue permits for the purchase and distribution of wine for ritual purposes, I did so after very mature consideration. I am sure that after (his successor) shall have been in the chair of the conference for any length of time, he will come to exactly the same conclusions as I did.

"You gentlemen, members of the conference, who have dealt with this situation as a local question have had, here and there, some small question to solve; but when you become president of the conference and have letters from every part of the country, almost day by day, asking you as president of the conference to give the necessary authority to all sorts of men in all sorts of conditions, to purchase and distribute wine for ritual purposes, then you will take a different angle on this whole situation.

"I pointed out to one of my colleagues, next to whom I was just now sitting, that within the past month I have received requests from three different men calling themselves rabbis in their communities, for authorization to purchase and distribute wine. I know that I am not exaggerating when I say that during this last year I received requests from not less than 150 men in all parts of the country for permits to distribute wine . . . . I had the applicants investigated, and I may say to you that in nine cases out of ten we found those who were attempting to use this conference, through its executive officers, for the obtaining of this authority, were men who had not the slightest right to stand before their communities as rabbis.

"What were they for the most part? They were men without the slightest pretense at rabbinical training or position who, for the purpose of getting into the wholesale liquor business, if you will, organized congregations. Nothing on God's earth could prevent them from doing so. They simply gathered around them little companies of men; they called them congregations; and then, under the law as it now exists, they were privileged to purchase and distribute wine to these people. And I call your attention to the fact that many of the so-called members of these congregations were not members of one congregation only! (Laughter). This is not a laughing matter. They were not only members of one congregation, but members of two, three, four and upward. Why, you don't know what good Jews many have become since this law has gone into effect!

"What is more, gentlemen, perhaps some of you don't realize what popularity has come to the—sermon, and how many Jews have suddenly come to realize the beauty and the duty of the Kiddush on Friday night. I tell you it is a mighty serious problem, and say what you will, our conference, under present conditions, is being used as a medium by unscrupulous men, by the dozens and by the hundreds, to carry on a bootlegging business in the name of religion . . . .

Rabbi Cohen Takes a "Sensible" View

"NOW you say there have been just small scandals here and there. A wine company in New York was raided last week and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of wine was taken away by the authorities, supposed to be for ritual purposes. Don't forget that rabbi after rabbi last week in New York, a few of whom I happen to know, and in Rochester, Buffalo, Flint, Michigan, and Port Huron, Michigan—in any number of small towns throughout the country, if you have read your papers carefully, you will find that Rabbi So-and-So has been arrested as a bootlegger."

The discussion of this subject by the other rabbis present was very interesting. There was a request that "personal experiences be debarred," but some crept in. Rabbi Cohen, for example, was quite explicit. "Being one of those who opposed the whole Prohibition law, I am not in sympathy with the whole Prohibition law . . . . It seems to me that we rabbis ought not to stand in the way of our own members in their legitimate ways of getting wine for their homes . . . . If a member wants the wine, I would like to be in a position that he may have the wine, even though he may not absolutely have to have it."

Rabbi Cohen pronounced the typical Jewish view. If the fool Gentiles want to prohibit themselves from having liquor, let them do it, but if there is a loophole for the Jews such as the rabbinical permit offers, it should be used generously for any "member," "even though he may not absolutely have to have it."

Bulk of Liquor Permits in Jewish Hands

THE pre-Prohibition Jewish liquor business is also the post-Prohibition Jewish liquor business. That fact is established by mountainous evidence. This does not mean, of course, that every bootlegger you meet is a Jew, nor that you will ever meet a Jew serving as an itinerant bootlegger. Unless you live in Chicago, New York or other large cities, an actual meeting with the Jew in this minor capacity will not be frequent. The Jew is the possessor of the wholesale stocks, he is the director of the underground railways that convey the stuff surreptitiously to the public, seldom does he risk his own safety in being the last man to hand the goods to the consumer and to take the money.

But notwithstanding all this carefulness, the bulk of the arrests made in the United States have been among Jews. The bulk of the liquor permits—a guess of 95 per cent would not be too high—are in the hands of Jews. More and more the Jews are being appointed as Prohibition enforcement officers at the central points of distribution. It is a fact, as Rabbi Franklin showed, that part of the trouble arises over the abuse of what has been called "rabbinical wine," but big as it seems by itself it is really a small part in comparison with the whole. Numbers of lesser rabbis have profited from the sale of liquor, no doubt of that. And not only among their own people, but from any people making the demand. "If you sign a Jewish name you can get it," is the watchword. Newspaper offices have been kept "wet" in some cases by "rabbinical wine," which accounts for the dribble of "wet" propaganda in the



GOTHAM'S WHITE WAY DRYING UP BUT EAST SIDE IS SOAKING WET

Seventy Per Cent of Old Saloons There, Anti-Saloon League Says, Haven't Heard of Nation-Wide Prohibition.

so-called humorous and other columns of the evening journals.

It happens that "rabbinical wine" is a euphemism for whisky, gin, Scotch, champagne, vermuth, absinthe, or any other kind of hard liquor. The stocks that existed when Prohibition went into force have not only *not* decreased but have actually increased, because of the increase in the "doctoring" of the stuff. It has been cheapened, its bulk has been increased and it has been made, if anything, more deadly than before. "As fatal as bootleg whisky" is a saying founded on thousands of deaths.

The wholesale stocks of compounded liquor remained in the hands of the men who owned them, while the retail stocks in stores and saloons had to be disposed of. That was one of the first big mistakes, that the little fellow was compelled to get rid of his stock, while the big fellow was permitted to keep his. The so-called rabbis, who had advance information of the special privileges which the Jews were to enjoy under the Prohibition law, were very active in buying up the smaller stocks and storing them away. Of course, no one could prevent them. Was it not "ritual wine"?—even though it was any kind of liquor, it went under the "cover name" of "ritual wine," and, of course, as everybody knows, great scandal resulted. Protests like that of Rabbi Franklin indicate that a part of Jewish public opinion resents the policy of exempting Jews from the Prohibition law, but this is minority opinion. What the Central Conference of American Rabbis may think is of little consequence to the mass of Jews in America. The people to scrutinize with regard to this are not the Rabbi Franklins who are amenable to the significance of American opinion, but those Jews who do not consult with Americanized rabbis, but run the political end of Jewry as they choose.

Why Should Jews Be Exempt From the Law?

THERE *is* no reason why the Jews should be exempt from the operation of the Constitution of the United States at all, yet the Constitution is suspended in their favor when the Ten-Gallon permit is given.

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that there is or could be any objection to the Jews' ritualistic use of wine, or that the present scandal with regard to law violation rises from that. It is not a religious question at all. It is purely a commercial question. The people who are breaking the Prohibition law are the same people who broke the Pure Food law with regard to the ingredients of whisky. They are essentially a lawbreaking class.

The "Gentile boobs" who patronize bootleggers today are being sold a liquor which is never what it is represented to be, in spite of names blown in the bottles, in spite of seals and in spite of labels. The most conscienceless fraud is being perpetrated on gullible people at an increase in profit of from 400 to 1,000 per cent. The stuff brought from Havana is Jew whisky shipped there, "doctored" still more and shipped back at increased prices—the "Gentile boobs" fancying they are getting something extra special "just brought in from Havana."

Twenty years ago Jewish liquor dealers of Chicago were using genuine James E. Pepper bottles refilled with vile ingredients compounded in back rooms. Twenty years ago there were counterfeit whiskies sold in the United States bearing forged Canadian Government stamps. The forgers of the labels were Jewish liquor houses. Twenty years ago there was unlimited faking of liquor labels, a Chicago printing house furnishing Jewish liquor houses with clever imitations of any reputable label in use, to be placed on bottles containing doped goods. Foreign, American and Canadian labels were unscrupulously adopted and brazenly advertised everywhere.

These abuses did not wait for Prohibition, they were daily Jewish practices 20 years ago.

The only difference now is that the stuff which is sold is still worse.

The enforcement of the Prohibition law ought to be rigidly complete, for the same reason that the enforcement of the Pure Food law should have been complete years ago—it is necessary to prevent the wholesale harming of an ignorant public.

The maintenance of *the idea of drink* in the minds of the people is due to Jewish propaganda. There is not a dialog on the stage today that does not drip with whisky patter. As all the plays making much noise this year are not only Jew-written, Jew-produced and Jew-controlled, but also Jew-played (the stage swarms with Jewish countenances this year), the drip of whisky patter is constant. If theatergoers were at all observant they would see that most of their money goes to support pro-Jewish propaganda in one form or another, which is, of course, a tribute to Jewish business genius—what other people could embark on a pro-racial propaganda and make the opposite race pay for it?

This *idea of drink* will be maintained by means of the Jewish stage, Jewish jazz and the Jewish comics until somebody comes down hard upon it as being incentive of treason to the Constitution. When a Jewish comedian can indulge in a 15-minute monologue "panning" the United States, defaming Liberty, heaping contempt upon the Pilgrims, and openly praising a violation of a portion of the Constitution of the United States—and when choruses sing this sort of thing, and slap-stick artists take it up, and it becomes evident that the country is being ringed around every week by repeated attacks upon what the people have established—it is certain not to be very long before a heavy hand will be laid on the whole business.

Treason Against the Constitution

THE Department of Justice should pay some attention to the treason nightly spouted on the legitimate stage before Americans who pay as high as $5 each in support of the propaganda.

First and last, the illicit liquor business in all its phases, both before and after Prohibition, has always been Jewish. Before Prohibition it was morally illicit, after Prohibition it became both morally and legally illicit.

And it is not a cause for shame among the majority of the Jews, sad to say; it is rather a cause for boast. The Yiddish newspapers are fruitful of jocular references to the fact, and they even carry large wine company advertisements week after week.

As before Prohibition the key to the steady degeneration of the liquor business was the fact of Jewish domination, so now the key to the organized and lawless rebellion against a recently enacted article of the Constitution is also Jewish. Prohibition enforcement officers will find a short-cut to successful enforcement along this line. And if law-abiding Jews would help with what they know, the work could be soon accomplished.

JEWISH WORLD NOTES

Dr. Rosenberg, director of a large "English" bank in Vienna, has refused the post of Extraordinary Minister, offered him by the Austrian premier anxious to avail himself of Rosenberg's experience and ability in straightening out the country's seriously involved financial affairs. Rosenberg was originally offered the post of Finance Minister in Schober's cabinet, but the offer was withdrawn owing to strong objection to putting a Jew in actual control of the nation's finances. It was hoped to get over this objection by creating a special office in which the Jewish banker could be of service to the nation to which he professed allegiance.

The London *Morning Post* openly and explicitly charges Sir Herbert Samuel, "British" High Commissioner for Palestine, of promulgating ordinances regarding the sale and purchase of land in that country, which ordinances covertly discriminate against the Christian and Moslem inhabitants and other non-Jews and in favor of the Jews. These ordinances restrict narrowly the sale of any land to private individuals, giving the preference to large organizations, obviously to further Zionist organization schemes to oust the native inhabitants and obtain possession of the land for itself. Through these ordinances, the Zionists are said to have recently secured the extensive properties of the Russo-Greek Orthodox Catholic Church in Palestine.

Jewish Telegraph Agency dispatches announce that, according to the quota fixed in the U. S. Immigration Act, 26,300 Russians will be entitled to enter the United States before June 30, 1922. There is good reason to believe that the Jewish organizations in this country engaged in furthering the flood of immigration from Eastern Europe will follow precedent in seeing to it that the Jews they want to get into this country before next July are registered as "Russians" up to the limit of the Russian quota. According to the Bureau of Foreign Languages in New York, the quota of immigrants from Palestine for the present fiscal year has already been exceeded and only students from that country will now be admitted.

A recent editorial in the New York *World* strongly supports the movement of an independent group of citizens headed by the Rev. Dr. John Howard Melish, which has asked the board of education to remove the restrictions on speakers at public school forums. Under these restrictions, as THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT recently pointed out, the school officials sit as censors over every public assembly held on property controlled by the board of education and, at the dictation of Jewish rabbis and politicians, have not hesitated to silence speakers who so much as ventured to suggest that there was a Jewish problem, to say nothing of discussing it.

When a City Dances With Its Wild Ducks

Festival Marks Stay of Myriads of Birds in California

By HARRY H. DUNN

CALIFORNIA has been noted for its tourists for close to half a century. This year nearly 15,000 of them drove into the state from other states, in their own automobiles. But this year, too, and for some years past, more than 100,000 of them flew in, spent the winter and will fly out again when spring shovels the snow out of more northern lands.

This does not mean that 100,000 airplanes, each bearing a tourist, flew into California—but merely that 100,000 visitors came in on their own wings, and, immediately on their arrival, became the guests of the one city where they chose to pass the winter, with free food, free water, free air, and protection from all their enemies, both biped and quadruped. Not only were they so entertained by the municipality, being given all but the keys of the city, but the grave and reverend city fathers gave them a festival, in which every one of the 300,000 inhabitants of the city made holiday to play with the guests, some of whom came from beneath the Arctic Circle.

The visitors were wild ducks—mallards, pintails, widgeons, all the teal family, and every other variety known from the northernmost tip of Alaska to the Equator. They came, straight as their powerful wings could bear them, to Lake Merritt, a body of salt water, about a mile long and half a mile wide, in the heart of Oakland, California. There they found, waiting for them, a large section of the lake, some 25 or 30 acres, fenced from the remainder of the lake by booms, so that no boat, man or dog could reach their resting place.

Just back of this preserve, they found a long sweep of sloping lawn, on which lay corn and wheat and barley and crumbled loaves of bread, a fresh supply each morning, spread there by the city government of Oakland, so that the myriads of winged wanderers need not venture outside the protected area of Lakeside Park in search of food. Venice with her pigeons, Constantinople with her doves, San Diego with her sea gulls, even Guatemala City with her kaleidoscope of parrots, must make room for Oakland and her wild ducks.

For years, ducks in large numbers have been coming to Lake Merritt, but within the past three years, since Oakland's government began systematic feeding and encouragement of the birds, their numbers have increased so greatly that this year's budget for grain and other foods for the birds for the 1921-22 duck season, is nearly three times the amount so appropriated for the season of 1920-21. This year, too, an entire day—probably January 1—will be devoted to a Wild Duck Festival, inaugurated two years ago, and now become an annual event, which is to Oakland very nearly what the Tournament of Roses is to Pasadena or Shrove Tuesday is to New Orleans. A pageant of decorated boats on the lake, and a parade of decorated automobiles on the fine drives surrounding this bit of salt water will open the festival, which, last year, was attended by more than 15,000 persons, while the entire city took a holiday.

In the afternoon, hundreds of children from the Oakland public schools, all in costume, will dance folk and outdoor dances on the lawns bordering the lake. So tame are the ducks that they do not even attempt to get out of the way of the children as they dance, and when they do have to move, walk and fly among the youngsters and over their heads like great clouds of huge butterflies, as if they knowingly were taking part in the festival. Whenever the parade of automobiles, or the fleet of boats halts, for any reason, the ducks fly around the cars and boats, even alighting on them—yet 100 yards outside the park not a duck is to be seen, nor could they be approached if seen. They come flying in at great heights, and drop suddenly to the lake, as if knowing that there is safety and food, even in the midst of human beings.

An ordinance has been adopted by the city of Oakland which provides in perpetuity for the protection and feeding of the ducks. Dogs and cats, and every variety of firearms are barred from the park, from the time the ducks begin coming in until they have left in the spring. Due to this protection, an annually increasing number of ducks, mainly mallards, with a large band of coots (mudhens) and several grebes (dabchicks), are remaining every summer to nest and rear their young in reed-grown corners of the upper end of the lake, where they are rigidly protected and fed all the year round. The result is that May and June see many families of ducks, coots and grebes on this lake, in the midst of the best residential section of Oakland.

The young of these city-bred birds, urged by nature to return to their birthplace for their own nesting the year following their birth, naturally increase the number of resident ducks on Lake Merritt, until in time there will be a large flock of permanent birds in the city. No trapping of these birds is allowed and several efforts, largely by Japanese men, to catch the ducks by means of fish hooks baited with corn, have been thwarted by Albert Thomas, the attendant in charge of the feed and care of the ducks, who has developed into one of the most enthusiastic "bird men" on the Pacific Coast.

Last year was the first introduction of the dancing school children to the ducks, an idea originated by Walter D. Cole, president of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, and inspired by seeing a number of children playing among the ducks. This year, however, the dancing supervisors and teachers of the Oakland public schools have been devoting two afternoons a week to taking their classes to the park and allowing the children to dance all along the shores of the lake and through the large flocks of ducks sunning themselves, feeding or resting on the lawns. The result is that several hundred children and their parents have become interested in the pageant part of the Wild Duck Festival, costumes are being made and approximately five times as many children will dance for the ducks as ever appeared before. The children will be costumed as California wild flowers, of which there are several score varieties, and the dances will be elaborated suitably to the scenic properties of the park and to the theme to be unfolded of the welcome home, protection and care of the winged guests of the city.



Above—Children of the Oakland public schools dancing among the myriads of wild ducks which annually spend the winter months on Lake Merritt, in the heart of the California city, where they are fed by the municipality, and protected from all harm. Below—The Pintail Parade, when thousands of this variety of wild duck, unafraid of man, stroll unconcernedly across the lawns surrounding Lake Merritt.

Numbers of ornithologists, naturalists and even casual admirers of birds, as well as bird photographers, make pilgrimages to Lake Merritt every year to study these ducks. From their observations and notes the following interesting facts about the movement of these birds to and from Oakland have been developed:

The first wild ducks to arrive in the autumn are sprigs, or pintails, which begin to settle down on the lake by the last week of August, and by the first of September are on hand by thousands. The majority of these sprigs come from the Klamath Lake reservation, near the border line of California and Oregon. The pintails are the most clannish of ducks, flocking together in large "rafts" on the lake, feeding together in flocks, and parading up and down the lawns in regiments. They are almost as fearless as the mallard—said to be the ancestor of the domestic duck—and, as the accompanying photograph shows, soon lose all fear of man. The second autumn flight of ducks is more cosmopolitan, and includes more pintails, widgeons, green-winged teals, shovelers, gadwalls and mallards. This migratory horde comes about the middle of October, and from much farther north than the Klamath reservation, the movement having its origin in that part of Alaska known as "the flats," consisting of about 300 square miles of marshlands in the vicinity of Circle City and Rampart. As these feeding and nesting grounds become frozen, the ducks start southward, and the time of their arrival, of course, depends to some extent on the weather conditions on "the flats." This flight is much larger than the first, and brings the bulk of the birds to Lake Merritt.

There is, however, a third and last flight, which comes from even farther north, starting in the Yukon delta and the hidden pools and lakes and marshes of Saskatchewan. In this flight come myriads of shore birds, a few of which visit Lake Merritt, but the most of which hunt the mud flats farther south, along the coast of California, Lower California, Mexico and Central and South America. With it come, too, the lordly canvasback, and the talkative redhead. Social life really does not start among the ducks on Lake Merritt, until the redhead, with his chattering wife, arrives; then all is "set" for the winter season. Travelers in this flight begin to arrive shortly before October 15, and thousands of them go to their favorite feeding grounds in the vast marshes between San Francisco and Sacramento. But the hunting season opens October 15, also, and only a few days of shotgun fire sends thousands more of these ducks scurrying for the protection of Oakland's lake.

This flight ends the arrivals, and the ducks remain on Lake Merritt until well into February, sometimes until late in March, seeming to know by some physical barometer of their own, just when the ice is going out on the Yukon, so that they are safe in starting northward.

The recreation committee of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, in preparing for the annual Wild Duck Festival, also made prolonged studies of the habits of the ducks after they arrived on Lake Merritt and settled down for the winter. This daily study developed:

First, that the ducks when they arrived were least afraid of Albert Thomas, the attendant, and, as they learned to look to him for their daily corn and wheat, that they lost all fear of him, playing about his feet and into his hands like poultry in a barnyard. Thomas has evolved a low, shrill whistle at which the ducks from all parts of the lake, even outside the protecting log boom, will come flying at top speed, tumbling like divers on the grass in front of him to receive their food.

Second, that the ducks, even on the first day of their arrival, were absolutely unafraid of an automobile.

Third, that a human being on foot disturbed the ducks when they were on land, or when they were on the water close to shore, but did not frighten them enough to put them to flight.

Fourth, that the appearance of a dog, large or small, even at a distance, was sufficient to send all the ducks rushing to mass together in rafts in the center of the lake. The result of this last discovery was the ordinance forbidding the taking of any dog to the park during the time the ducks are there. By the time the festival is held, midway of the season of the ducks in Oakland, the birds, of course, have lost all fear of human beings, either on foot, or in automobiles, since they are accustomed to the visits of thousands of men, women and children every Sunday. Even during the pageant, however, the log boom across the upper end of the lake remains closed, and the boats are not allowed in the part of the lake reserved for the birds, so that young ducks, or those who are new to the lake and all the people, may retreat to the center of this preserve and there remain undisturbed.

What first attracted these wild ducks to Oakland for the winter months never has been satisfactorily explained. As a general rule, wild ducks shun civilization; they seem to sense danger. That is why the hunter uses decoys and blinds in his efforts to bag them. At first only a few ducks dropped into Lakeside Park on their way from the north, and as they were not annoyed by the hunter's gunshot, dogs or other enemies, they remained for the winter. The number of feathered visitors has increased each year until the present tremendous flocks.

How Motion Pictures Came to Mingo

By R. P. CRAWFORD

YOU movie fans who sit under the illuminated dome of the ultra-fashionable movie theater cannot compare your lot with that of the movie destitute. Of course, it is not meant to refer to any movie actors who may be so unfortunate as to be without the means of a living, but rather to those who live in villages too small to have even a second-rate picture show. These same villages for the most part are without any visible means of amusement.

But in Ohio, where there are hundreds of such villages, a way has been found to make the motion picture show not only a reality but also a profitable venture, both as a social equation and in actual dollars and cents. In fact, there are scores and scores of tiny towns throughout that state which have inaugurated the plan that could as well be applied to any other state.

B. A. Aughinbaugh, superintendent of the school in the little village of Mingo in Champaign County, originated the plan. Mingo, according to the information in the map folder, has a population of less than 200. It had no attractions and most persons would have called it a dead little village. But it did have a modern and up-to-date school, since it took care of the children in the surrounding country as well as in the village itself.

Mr. Aughinbaugh noted that a motion picture house in a neighboring town had gone out of business. He had his idea. On a note, secured by the president of the school board, he borrowed money at the bank and went over and bought that outfit. For $110, certainly a good enough bargain, he bought one machine, an aluminum-treated screen and a booth. He set them up in the auditorium of the school. That was the beginning of movies for Mingo.

The plan was a success almost from the start. Everybody connected with the showing of the pictures donated his or her services. Every Friday during the winter and summer there was a picture show. It was not only the show itself that counted, but the pleasant social evening that was afforded farmers and townsfolk. It was one evening in the week when everybody could come to town and get acquainted.

By the end of the year the original equipment had been paid for, a second motion picture machine had been purchased to give a continuous picture on the screen, a new booth had been erected, a $700 electric piano had been purchased, and a $600 lecture course had been helped out of the hole, besides many other little things for school and community.

This seemed to work so well that other neighboring communities began to ask about motion picture shows. One day, not so many months ago, when I happened into Champaign County, Mr. Aughinbaugh and I went on an automobile trip over the country. Virtually one out of every two schools of importance had its motion picture show. Mr. Aughinbaugh told me there were nearly a dozen of these village schools that had banded themselves together into a motion picture circuit, renting films for a week or 10 days at a time, and thereby getting a pretty liberal choice, as well as a reduced rate on films. Not only that, but today the same idea has spread to other sections of Ohio and to neighboring states, where this same plan is being adopted.



The school at Mingo, Ohio, where the plan of the community motion picture shows originated.



Domestic science room in the Mingo school. Many of the furnishings were bought with picture profits.



This banquet hall was furnished with the profits from motion picture entertainments.

It is usually the custom to form what is known as a Community Theater Stock Company. Every one joining must subscribe for at least one $50 share. "We, the undersigned," says a typical contract, "believe that the installation of a motion picture machine with the necessary equipment in the ..... township school building, making possible the showing of motion pictures, such as might be given in any high-class theater, will be of great value to the community. It will be the means of bringing the whole community together and will thus promote friendliness and cooperation among all, and afford a much needed means of recreation. Second, it will keep local money within the community where it will be put to work in a way that will benefit both the present and the future."

When the money is subscribed, the necessary equipment is purchased and installed, usually under the control and the supervision of the superintendent of schools, who looks after all the details. Since everyone donates his or her services, the receipts are very largely profit and the stockholders are paid back their money as rapidly as possible. When this has been accomplished, the picture machine and equipment become the property of the board of education. All the profits then go into the school fund to be used only for equipment or furnishing the school building, or for some other enterprise directly connected with the welfare of the school.

Almost everywhere one turns in the Mingo school he sees the results of the motion pictures. The library is handsomely furnished. Shelves filled with books line the walls. Downstairs the lunch room has been turned into a banquet hall with palms, flowers on trellises around the brick walls, a rug on the floor, and other evidences that this must be an extraordinary school. The domestic science room also shows where a large part of the profits from the movies went. Here there is even a gas generating plant, paid for with movie profits. And, of course, one must not forget the money that was spent in equipping the auditorium for the pictures. In fact, whenever money is needed for some particular school enterprise the money can usually be found in the movie till.

So successful has the motion picture circuit proved that the idea spread rapidly to other sections of Ohio and even to neighboring states. Undoubtedly an important feature of the community movies is the fact that the films can be carefully chosen.

"Visual education is going to play a more and more important part in the child's education," said J. C. Neer, county superintendent of Champaign County. "When more schools are using motion pictures our film companies will produce films that are suitably adapted to school work and our various state and national departments will be able to give greater assistance in the education of the children than at present."

The Pop Corn Man of Waterloo, Iowa

WE BUY pop corn in five-cent bags—Matt Voelker, of Waterloo, Iowa, grows and sells it by the ton. Making small-kerneled pop corn pop big has been his business for 25 years, and today his sweet flavored corn is sought by venders and munched by children from Maine to California. One day when Mr. Voelker was still selling feed to farmers and buying from them small amounts of pop corn, and when his office was in a little dingy feed mill near the outskirts of the town, he became obsessed with an idea—that "like parent like child" is just as true about pop corn as about animals. Next spring he set out to prove his idea. From the corn which he had purchased he selected the best ears and from the ears he culled all but the best kernels. He planted the pickings of his corn and when the tassels began to appear Matt Voelker might have been seen going down the corn rows with a shears or a long knife. He would stop before an imperfect tassel. "Clip," would say the shears and the corn flowers dropped to the ground.



MATT VOELKER,

The pop corn man of Waterloo, Iowa.

If some one had asked the man with the knife why he was taking all the trouble he would have replied the same as he did when the question was asked him years later in his private office, "The tassels are for me the evidence which tells whether the ear on that stalk will be right or wrong, and when I arrive at a flower which is 'wrong' it must be cut so that none of its pollen will fall on the corn silks and carry across the undesirable quantity into the ear which will mature later in the season."

"My corn once looked like that," he pointed to a large ear with fat kernels hanging on the wall, "but now it is short-eared with long kernels and a pound of those slender little 'sticks-of-dynamite' will fluff up into just twice as much pop as will the same amount of the old variety."

Just recently a plant breeder has been successful in growing corn from grass after years of work but Matt Voelker has not only changed the size of both ear and kernel but he has grown a corn which pops differently than the others; has a distinct flavor of its own. At one time it was supposed that a small drop of oil inside the kernel caused the explosion but it has been learned that corn pops because of the moisture contained in the starch cells. Too much moisture will reduce the pop while too little moisture has a similar effect—corn kept in the kitchen may refuse to pop while that left in a cool place in the woodshed or pantry will puff and crack perfectly. And Matt Voelker in his years of work with corn has learned that guesswork cannot make the popping a surety; and in his back office he keeps a gas burner and some heavy oil for making tests. A hundred gram sample of corn is weighed out and mixed with the heavy oil, boiled until all the water is driven off, and the sample again weighed, so that the loss of water then becomes the percentage of moisture in the kernels.

In Illinois, Iowa, South Dakota and Wisconsin, farmers are growing the corn provided them by Mr. Voelker, for he has learned that soil and climate have another influence on his corn. Every year the seed plot is detasseled just as it was 25 years ago, and it is this corn alone which provides the seed planted on the hundreds of acres every year—acres which produce the tons of pop corn he sells in cartons, bags and packages.

"Get an idea," Mr. Voelker insists, "and then whether it takes days, months or years, work at it until you obtain the expected results. Continued, persistent effort cannot only change the kind of corn and grain, but it accounts for the success of the worker—the man who obtains his ideas from the mass of things about him and yet every day finds new suggestions in the little accidental occurrences of the roadside, the shop and the street. Some folks call them 'hunches,' but I have come to believe that 'hunches' are more often the result of a keenly active mind trained to observe everyday life and to turn the apparently insignificant incident into the sources of future pleasure and profit."

How Schemers Plot to Dodge Income Tax

Some of the Tricks Employed to Beat the Government; Honest Men Can Help Themselves by Exposing Frauds

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

This is the second and concluding article by Mr. Du Puy, in which he reveals more of the methods employed to avoid the payment of income tax.

THE mere average citizen, the man who faces his responsibilities and meets them, is coming to the assistance of the government in rounding up those who are derelict, those who take the position that avoidance of payment of taxes is not a crime like other breaches of the law. These citizens are looking about them and are wondering if other men are paying their income taxes. When they find an individual over whom they are in doubt in this respect they are asking the collector to whom they have been making returns as to the case in question. They have found that their communications are held in confidence, that they may even write anonymously and get results.

There is the case of "G," for instance, operating in the Southwest. The exact nature of his business was not obvious. He was known as a speculator, a man of large affairs, who made much display of his money. Some one, suspecting that he had avoided bearing his share of the nation's financial burden, wrote to inquire if he had made a return in proportion to his apparent prosperity.

"I've done my part," said the letter writer. "What about this man?"

An investigation showed that "G" had never made a return. This fact, he explained to the agent sent to investigate him, was due to the losses he had suffered during recent years. He had made no net profits. Yes, he had cleaned up $1,500,000 last year in oil operations. His losses in Mexican land, however, had more than balanced that profit. He had owned great tracts of land in Mexico, revolutions had intervened, he had sold that land, taking his losses. To be sure, the man to whom he had sold was a cousin, but the sales were legitimate. He was indignant when it was suggested that they were mere paper transactions intended to cover up his profits.

He Saved the Government $1,000,000

BUT, on investigation, the government believed that they were paper transactions and assessed taxes and penalties against him that yielded it more than $1,000,000. The citizen who wrote the original letter had rendered a material service to his country and to all of us, for we would have had to raise that $1,000,000 had the speculator not done his duty.

It is an interesting fact that a bootlegger may come frankly to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, make a return on his income from his violation of the law, pay the amounts due the government, and walk away. The Bureau of Internal Revenue will not report him to the prohibition enforcement officers. The law forbids their reporting him. It can be done only under one condition—under a special order issued by the President and special orders of this sort are not given in ordinary cases. Even where the individual whose income is of questionable origin is evading payment of the tax and is apprehended by agents of the government, their concern does not go beyond the collection of the tax. They may turn over their information to state or local authorities, but that is all.

There was the case of "H," for example. "H" was a figure about the city in which he lived, was known as a sporting man, lived luxuriously, kept cars, a stable, lavished money variously, though a few years earlier he had been a poor printer. It was no secret that he was a bookmaker, that he made this money by means that were of questionable lawfulness. It was no business of the Internal Revenue to prosecute him for these violations of the law, but it wanted him to pay income tax like the rest of us.

Making the Tricksters Pay Up

AN AGENT instituted an investigation. "H" claimed to have no books and probably had none. A man must keep his money somewhere, and the customary place is a bank. The agent found that "H" had a bank account. In the course of a year he had run through that account—approximately $500,000. The funds of the man were surprisingly large.

Of course, the revenue agent did not know that all this money was income. He assessed "H," however, on the basis of its being income. If it were not income, it was up to "H" to appear and show where the money came from. The burden of proof was on him. As a matter of fact, he paid income tax on that $500,000 which amounted to a handsome item for the government.

"I" was a typical bootlegger in New York, a man of foreign birth who had cleaned up $200,000 and was ready to steal away to Europe and there live in luxury the rest of his life. But he could not restrain his tongue. He boasted of his hoard and of his cleverness in evading the law. He was smart he said. They would never catch him. But the day before he was to sail the government seized his bank account and his safety deposit box, and his bubble burst.

Every business offers its possibilities of evasion, but each dodge has been worked so often that it is likely to be an old story to the revenue agents. There was the case of "K," for instance, contractor, whose principal work was the construction of railroads. He did this work on contract and the predominating element of expense was the hire of labor. When, at the end of the year, it became necessary to make a return on income, and the sum was indeed quite handsome, it was but natural that "K" should scratch his head and so attempt to juggle his pay roll as to save himself a lot of money. He visualized those gangs that he worked along the various rights of way, went to the records that they had left on his books and added a few here and a few there, until they ate very deeply into the $140,000 which he owed the government.

When he submitted his return and it was inspected, an auditor who was very familiar with the operations of business of this sort, thought offhand that "K" had not turned in enough money. His method of checking this contractor was easy. He merely asked for a report from the agent in the state in which "K" was operating, on the number of men whom the contractor reported when he paid insurance under the Workmen's Compensation Act. The law requires that "K" carry insurance on each employe. He pays for that insurance in proportion to the number of men he reports to the insurance company. He is, therefore, unlikely to report more men than he actually employs. If the number of men whom he reports to the Bureau of Internal Revenue does not agree with the number of men he reports to the insurance company, he is guilty of fraud. Since he swears to both of these returns, he also is guilty of perjury. At best, he is in a pretty muddle and he will be very lucky if he gets off with the payment of his full taxes due and the penalties, and escapes serving time.

It is a peculiarity of human nature that this man "K" thought he had devised an entirely new scheme for defrauding the government. Each man, when he works out a little device in his particular situation, thinks the same. He does not grasp the fact that thousands upon thousands are figuring out schemes, that there are but a few hundred of them possible, and, consequently, each is an old, thumb-printed, photographed, Bertillon-measured criminal that will be known at sight.

There was "L," for instance, who manufactured a certain appliance which he sold to makers of automobiles. His was one of those mushroom industries which spring up overnight on the basis of the production of something which is almost indispensable. A tip came from inside his organization that his returns had been falsified, that he had sold much more of this appliance than he had reported.

Juggling Figures in the Coal Business

IT WAS easy for the government to get the facts without even going near "L." Agents were sent to every automobile manufacturer in the nation and their records of purchases from this manufacturer were examined. It was a task of much detail, but possible. The facts could not be controverted. Back taxes and penalties were collected and this man may yet serve time.

"M" was a manufacturer who had a contract for coal, beginning November 1, 1918, and running to November 1, 1919. The armistice came during that period, however. Coal fell in price and he appeared to be facing a loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars on his contract. So, early in 1919, he figured out his losses on this contract and deducted them from his profits of 1918, which were very large, the difference in his return amounting to $400,000. Actually, the greater part of the loss was still problematical, the contract having run but two months in 1918, and, as a matter of fact, coal prices later rose. His return was false. There had been a perfect deluge of deceptions identical with his. The auditors could see one of them coming a mile away. Each was penalized for his attempt to work this ruse.

There are many items that enter into the transaction of certain business in certain ways which those concerned squirm energetically to charge up against income. Bribery appears here and there, being sometimes camouflaged under the more polite name of "commercial tipping." It flourished during the war. The switching crew in a railroad yard would, if tipped $1,000, see to it that a man's shipment got off the sidetracks. A purchasing agent, if slipped $25,000, would release a manufacturer from delivery on a contract which meant the loss of 10 times that amount. Persons making these expenditures have tried to charge them up against their net incomes, but the government can only recognize them as bribes which are unlawful. Its experts immediately recognize the sort of footsteps one of these bits of "commercial tipping" makes when it begins to amble through an income statement.

"N" owned and operated a store of the second grade and made return to the government on the profits of the business. This return showed that the store had been incorporated and that "N" owned virtually all the stock. The examiner wondered why he had incorporated, and kept his weather eye out for any elements in the report that seemed out of the ordinary.

Sure enough, the salary expenditure was apparently out of proportion to the volume of business reported. An agent was sent to check up on these salary items, to see who was drawing the money.

Under the operations of the incorporation the wife of the merchant drew $10,000 as vice-president. His daughter drew $6,000 as director. There were seven children in the family and each drew a salary. To be sure, some of them clerked in the store. But a new name had been added to the rolls in 1919 and another in 1920. Investigations showed that these names were children of "N," born in those years. Members of this remarkable family began earning money at the moment of coming into the world.

It was in those days when Sahara was still located in Africa that "O," a cider manufacturer in the Northeast, got into trouble with the government because he paid internal revenue tax on his drink as soft when, as a matter of fact, he was putting sugar into it and the result was a jack rabbit transformer.

The government agent chided the manufacturer, but allowed him time to adjust himself to that manner of manufacture which would keep him properly in the soft drink class. He agreed to cease using sugar after a certain date.

But when the agent went back he was still putting in sugar, was boastful of his political influence and threatened to "break" the agent. Whereupon the agent seized his plant, assessed $100,000 taxes against the alcoholic spirits he had sold, and $50,000 penalties.

Even then "O" refused to adjust himself to the law. He secretly swore that he would beat the government out of enough income tax to make up for what he had been forced to pay on his cider. His frauds here were detected. He attempted to flee the country, but was apprehended. His wife deserted him, he became a drunkard, his plant was sold to pay the charges against him. He became a financial and moral wreck.

"P" was a lawyer in a Middle West town and, on the side, the owner of a furniture factory which had made him rich. He was a long-faced and sanctimonious individual, but highly respected by all who knew him.

Making Trouble for His Former Boss

HE WAS riding down to Washington on the train when he met his friend "Q" to whom he revealed the fact that his manager had quit the factory, had set up another in opposition and was now out to ruin him. He had even made it necessary that he explain to the Internal Revenue about his income tax.

He complained bitterly that he had raised this manager from a boy, had advanced him until he was the head of this great factory.

"What did you pay him?" asked "Q."

"Two thousand a year," replied "P."

At Washington men, than whom there are no more influential, went to the internal revenue offices to vouch for this man "P." As his story unrolled it developed that his former manager had been a quite high-handed young man. Before he set up a rival factory he had diverted certain carloads of door sashes and such supplies belonging to "P" to his own sidings. "P" demanded that he return them and the former manager had told him to keep still or he would report him for income tax violations. So the former manager had been charged with theft and the manufacturer had been reported for not paying his taxes.

The inventories had been juggled. "P" said his manager had done it, but later admitted that he had ordered a general inventory slash of 15 per cent. The inventory statements showed great gaps. Certain materials which were indispensable did not appear. It looked like one of those cases to which individuals have resorted since statements first began to be made—that of removing sheets from the inventory and making the statements without them.

Reporting Dodgers Is a Duty

WHILE "P" was still in Washington, seething in his indignation, an agent went to his home town, dug around the lawyer's private office, and found a number of the extracted inventory sheets. This pious person was made an example.

Whenever an individual approaches a citizen and leads the conversation to the theme of evasion of income tax, it is well that that citizen should listen to the story that is told, that he should encourage the individual telling it to spill his whole basket of chips. It is his duty to report the case of the individual who seeks to loot the Treasury by intercepting the money that is due before it actually reaches the government.

As I urged in my former article, let each citizen who knows of a failure by any individual or corporation to pay his income tax report that failure to the Collector of Internal Revenue of his own district. Such reports will be regarded as confidential and may even be made anonymously where safety requires.

In closing, I want to speak one word to men and women who are working for dishonest employers. Loyalty is one of the primary virtues and there are few qualities that are to be commended above it. There is, however, no argument in favor of carrying the theory of loyalty to the point where the employe protects the man who pays his salary when that man is violating the laws of his country. In doing so he is harboring a criminal which is in itself a violation of law. It is the duty of any employe who knows that his boss is robbing his government to report that boss to the proper authorities, that the law may be enforced. If you know any such report them today.

The Only Woman Who Conducts a Radio School

She Has Students From Many Sections of the World

By H. O. BISHOP

MISS MARY TEXANNA LOOMIS, of Washington, D. C., has the distinction of being the only woman in the world who conducts a radio school. There is nothing faddish nor experimental about Miss Loomis' educational institution. It is already a distinct success and is known throughout the world. Bright young men who have graduated from the Loomis Radio School can today be found on vessels plying the seven seas of the world.

"How did you happen to get the idea of starting a radio school?" I asked Miss Loomis.

"There were two reasons why I launched into this fascinating work," she replied. "In the early stages of the World War I was eager to do something useful for my country and therefore mastered wireless telegraphy. The United States Department of Commerce thought sufficiently well of my ability to grant me a first grade radio license, and by the time the armistice was signed I was so fascinated with the work that I just hated to give it up and return to what seemed like ordinary everyday endeavors. Suddenly recalling the fact that a cousin of mine, Dr. Mahlon Loomis, was really responsible for giving to the world wireless telegraphy, having invented and demonstrated it some years before Mr. Marconi was born, the happy thought came to me that right now was my opportunity to do something worth while in honor of his memory. I, therefore, dug right down to the bottom of my bank account and founded a school in honor of that pioneer electrical inventor who, in 1865, sent the first aerial telegraph message between two peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia. My great ambition is to obtain the world-wide credit that is due his memory."

"What sort of young men are taking up the radio profession?" was my next inquiry.

"The kind who have grit and want to get there! Virtually all of them are ambitious and enthusiastic over the possibility of visiting every nook and corner of the world. My students are not only enrolled from various sections of the United States and Canada, but from many foreign countries, such as Sweden, Ireland, England, Poland, Russia, Austria, Rumania and the Philippines. One of the brightest pupils I ever had was Prince Walimuhomed of far-away Afghanistan. He was an extremely modest young man, keeping his real identity a secret until after graduating. He said he had no idea of earning his living by working at radio, but just wanted to know all about it. He does.

"You have no idea how much happiness I get out of the success of each individual graduate. My boys keep in touch with me from all parts of the world. Scarcely a day goes by that I do not get some trinket or postcard from some remote section of the world. I have made the wonderful discovery that the only way for me to get happiness for myself is to make some one else happy. I find that I am making these young men happy by teaching them every phase of the radio business so that they can earn a comfortable living for themselves and their dependents and, at the same time, see the great big beautiful world.



MISS MARY TEXANNA LOOMIS, the only woman in the world who conducts a radio school.

"Really, I am so infatuated with my work that I delight in spending from 12 to 15 hours a day at it. My whole heart and soul are in this radio school."

I discovered that every conceivable radio appliance can be found in the Loomis school; and, strange to say, almost all of it was constructed by Miss Loomis herself. There is not a single wireless apparatus used on battleships, merchant vessels or land stations that she does not have for the benefit of her "boys."

In addition to the regulation classrooms, Miss Loomis has fitted up a combination carpenter, machine, electrical, drafting and blue print shop. She can operate a lathe, use a handsaw, a monkey wrench, pliers, or any of the tools incident to these trades.

"How would I know, or how could I teach, the practical side of radio unless I knew all about the apparatus, both inside and outside?" was her retort when I asked why she bothered about the workings of such a shop.

"No man," she continued, "can graduate from my school until he learns how to make any part of the apparatus. I give him a blue print of what I want him to do and tell him to go into the shop and keep hammering away until the job is completed. I want my graduates to be able to meet any emergency or mishap that may arise some day far out on the sea."

"Miss Loomis," I jokingly inquired, "if you work only 12 or 15 hours a day in your school, what do you do with all your spare time?"

"Oh, the rest of my time is devoted to the writing of textbooks and lectures on radio. I have just completed a book on the theory of radio. It goes to the publisher in a day or two."

Further questioning brought forth the information that previous to her debut in the radio field, Miss Loomis had gone in for music and languages. She can speak French, Italian and German.

"What is the explanation of that odd middle name—Texanna?" was the final question of the interview.

"That was given me by my mother in honor of the state where I first saw the light of day. You see, I happened to be born in a homesteader's shack away down in Texas, some miles from the historic town of Goliad."

Berea College Bringing Light to Mountaineers

Concluded from page 6

from its mountain trees, mountain birds and mountain flowers—to see Richmond, New York, Paris, Brest—strange lands and strange peoples. While many another doughboy found difficulty living on the soldier salary, "Joe" was able to save money, to be sent back to Berea to pay for his college course when he returned.

Desiring to write a letter home one day as he came from the front line trenches, "Joe" saw a tomato can in a pile of kitchen rubbish. The wrapper would serve as a letter sheet. When he picked the can up to remove the covering he found these words of advertisement, "Canned by the Berea College Canning Factory." Thousands of miles from home and alone, he discovered the very food product he had helped to pack the year before, while earning his way through college, as one of the sustaining elements of war. With the armistice, "Joe" returned to college and will soon complete the four-year agricultural course.

Work is a requirement at Berea. A labor department is maintained by the college and many of the fine buildings which adorn the Berea campus have been built by the boys who came penniless to college—but athirst for knowledge. The chapel and other brick buildings have been erected almost entirely by student labor.

That the department is succeeding in its efforts to provide the students with a practical means of support which will enable them to get the education they so desire, is shown by the treasurer's report, which indicates that for the year ending June 15, 1921, the earnings of the students amounted to $55.271.10.

A very interesting branch of the Labor Department is the loan fund, which cares for the students whose needs are immediate and helps to put them in the way of taking care of themselves. It is an astonishing tribute to the ability and honesty of the mountain people that of all the money loaned by the fund since 1858—of late averaging as much as $11,777 a year—only $7,500 remains unpaid today.

There are agricultural courses which teach practical agriculture. A broom industry has been established, where the boys are taught to convert the broom corn grown back home into a salable product. A herd of 80 registered Holstein cattle is maintained at the college. There are courses in dairying, open to men and women, but designed particularly for women. At Berea a dairy maid is a reality. Special emphasis is placed in these courses on the practical side of farming and dairying, so that the boy or girl returning home will be able to inculcate the knowledge on the lethargic small farm life of these remote mountain communities. Fancy embroidery work and fudge-making are taboo among the practical women courses at Berea.

There are no educational wares which are not offered at Berea. A girl may become a full-fledged trained nurse with hospital experience, a milliner or dressmaker, or an expert in home sanitation and the feeding of children and adults. The boy has spread before him every vocation—that of printer, accountant, carpenter, stenographer or rural engineer. Through the foundation school, pupils as old as 39 years have registered for lessons in the three R's.

Five country homes are maintained at Berea College as practice houses. Catherine Beecher's ideal of a practice cottage, where the women would serve in the various posts as housekeeper, cook, marketer and entertainer of guests, has been given full realization. These have not been constructed with all city conveniences. Rather, they have been provided with those conveniences that the possibilities in the rural homes in Kentucky afford—the oil lamp and the root cellar in the back yard.

"Into these five country homes," said Benjamin R. Andrews, "groups of students, usually a dozen at a time, come for a twelve-week special course under a special resident domestic science teacher, after they have had their laboratory and other theoretical instructions in home science. There they go through all the practical details of housekeeping and home making, serving in various posts in turn so that each student gets the whole round of service in the 12 weeks. Here there is a real education, since habits are started that will carry back home, and confidence is engendered that one can do because one has done."

Extension work maintained by the college disseminates a knowledge among thousands of mountain-trail people. Extension nurses teach uneducated mothers the care and feeding of children.

An extension book wagon travels from community to community, like an itinerant medicine peddler, to loan books from the college. From the college library of 36,000 are taken books which will appeal directly to men and women in an isolated, lonely community. Since Abraham Lincoln was a product of backwoods community life, it is but natural that biographical volumes about him should claim the highest demand by both men and women. Other biographies requested treat of the adventures of Daniel Boone, Andrew Jackson, Kit Carson, Farragut, and of late years, Sergeant York, a Berea boy, who is credited with doing the greatest single feat of bravery during the World War.

Nearly 50 buildings dot the campus at Berea. In recent years its faculty of commissioned workers has increased from 23 to 143. The student body has increased from 354 to 2,676, nearly half of the number being girls. Board for girls is $2.50 and for boys $2.75 a week. The institution is maintained by endowments. The payments of students fail by $114.50 per annum to meet the cost of education.

Four presidents of the United States have laid garlands of tribute on the threshold of this college. Theodore Roosevelt once wrote: "I do not know an institution doing a more necessary work"; President Taft praised Berea as "a great source of national strength," and former President Wilson declared: "There is no single place where aid can do so much and so evident good."

"Berea College aims to carry the opportunity of higher education to one of the finest stocks of original Americans that are to be found in this country," said President Harding recently.

Furnishing training in all branches of educational endeavor from the primary to the collegiate degree, Berea College has come to take its place among the fundamental institutions of the South. It offers education from a practical standpoint, designed to alleviate the hardships of a crude and heavily laden community life. Every year 80 per cent of its 250 graduates return to their home communities, like crusaders, to become spiritual and modernizing apostles. The one-room, windowless log cabin is giving way to a more comfortable home; the manual implements of production are being discarded for improved machinery on the farms; the drudgery of the home under pioneer conditions is being lifted. The electric thrill of advance is going out through dwarfed and despairing sections of humanity, and the fireside is touched, softened with the literature and songs of the world.

"By the return of its graduates to their mountain homes," said President Hutchins, "there to put into practice the arts that their Alma Mater has taught them, Berea College exerts indirectly a powerful influence on the mountain wonderland of the South. By its extension workers and its selected and distributed books the college may accomplish as much, and any service which strengthens the coming generation while at the same time it arouses pride and ambition in the passing one, is doing a worth-while service that cannot be ignored."



The "Scarlet Riders" of the Canadian Plains

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS



Circle—A Lancer of the Northwest Mounted Police.

Center—The "Scarlet Riders" on parade.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL G. A. FRENCH,
The first Commissioner.

WHEN early in 1920 the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, of Canada, were amalgamated with a federal force known as the Dominion Police they, as a body of constabulary created primarily for the maintenance of law and order in organized territory, passed out of existence.

It is true that the amalgamated force, now known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, comprises virtually the entire strength of the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of the transfer, and also that Colonel Perry, a member of the Northwest Mounted since 1882 and commissioner since 1900, is at its head; but times have changed since the force was organized in 1873.

At that time the newly-formed Dominion of Canada was only six years of age. The vast tract of territory stretching from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains was virtually unexplored, its plains roamed over by herds of buffalo and populated by nomadic Indian tribes. This empire in itself had, previous to 1896, been governed by the Hudson Bay Company, which was interested solely in the fur trade and looked with disfavor on the advent of the settler.

The acquisition of these Hudson Bay Company lands, comprising 2,300,000 square miles, made it incumbent on the Dominion Government to make some provision for the maintenance therein of Canadian law.

The Indian population living between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains at that time was estimated to be in the neighborhood of 15,000, consisting principally of Crees and Blackfeet, as well as Peigans, Bloods, Assiniboines and a number of smaller tribes, of whom probably not more than 4,000 were capable of bearing arms. In addition, there were about 2,000 half-breeds.

Unlike those south of the international boundary line, the Indians of the Canadian Northwest had so far given very little trouble. The reason is perhaps to be found in the fact that the policy maintained by the Hudson Bay Company of retaining to itself virtually the exclusive trading privileges kept out such unscrupulous traders as had been so instrumental across the line in stirring up strife between the red men and the whites.

As it was, what trouble did occur with the Indians on the Canadian plains was along the border, where traders from the United States had been for some years past plying a lucrative trade in supplying the Indians with liquor in exchange for buffalo hides and other products of the chase. The influence of the whisky, and also a plentiful supply of that other advance guard of civilization—the musket—was occasionally responsible for sporadic returns to the tribal feuds of the past.

Force Was Created in 1873

IN 1871 the territory between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, now known as the province of British Columbia, became part of the Dominion on the understanding that a railroad be built connecting the Pacific with eastern Canada. The survey and construction parties which would have to traverse that vast land in the location and building of such a great undertaking would require protection, as would the settlers who were sure to follow in the wake of railway extension.

It was in consideration of some of these requirements that the government of Sir John A. MacDonald made provision for the creation of the Northwest Mounted Police in 1873.

The force was modeled somewhat along the lines of the Royal Irish Constabulary. It was a civilian force, but with military organization. Although the act under which the force was created provided for an ultimate strength of 300 men, only three divisions of 50 men each were raised at first. These were recruited in the East and arrived in Fort Garry—now Winnipeg—in October, 1873, under command of Lieutenant Colonel George A. French, the first commissioner.

As the distance from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains is more than 800 miles, and the northern extremity of the territory to be patrolled by the force about an equal distance from the international boundary, it was obviously impossible to police such an extensive stretch of country from Fort Garry, and in the spring of 1874, Colonel French set about establishing posts at strategic points throughout the Northwest. For this purpose the strength of the force was increased to the full authorized number. As one of the objects of the police was to acquaint the Indians with Canadian law and also to impress them with an idea of the resources which were available for its enforcement, Colonel French decided to make a march in force across the plains to the foothills of the Rockies.

Accordingly, early in July, 1874, he set out with a cavalcade consisting of 274 men, 310 horses, 142 oxen and 93 cattle. Besides the mounted men, were 73 wagons and 142 Red River oxcarts. The whole column, when in marching order, stretched out across the prairie for several miles.

In Contact With Sitting Bull

IT MUST have been an impressive sight—the mounted police in their scarlet coats riding in column of route, followed by the creaking Red River carts. As they traveled, large herds of buffaloes were encountered at frequent intervals; and, at times, antelopes. Hunters brought in every day sufficient fresh meat to supply the camp.

Arrived at the foothills of the Rockies, a detachment was left to establish a post on the Old Man River, under the command of Colonel Macleod, assistant commissioner; and Colonel French returned to Manitoba, establishing other posts en route.

Colonel Macleod gave his name to the post, which was established on the site of what is now a well-known town in Southern Alberta. He also named the present city of Calgary, which was originally a police post, now the largest city in Alberta. It was formerly spelled "Calgarry," a Gaelic word, meaning "clear running water," the name of the Macleod ancestral home in the Highlands of Scotland.

For many years the most far-reaching influence in the Northwest, the Mounted Police have left their impress on the country on all sides. The nomenclature of the West is thickly interspersed with names reminiscent of the Northwest Mounted Police.

After the Custer massacre in 1876, Sitting Bull, with about 5,000 Sioux, crossed into Canada and established himself in the vicinity of the Cypress Hills, in what is now the province of Saskatchewan. For a number of years, until Sitting Bull's surrender to the United States authorities in 1881, the presence on Canadian territory of these troublesome visitors required almost constant vigilance on the part of the police. Several times situations arose which but for the tact and diplomacy of the police might have resulted in international complications. Sitting Bull and his followers were considered by the Canadian and American governments as wards of the United States. On the other hand, they had sought sanctuary in Canada and so long as they obeyed the laws of the country they were free to remain. At the same time, there always was danger that they would use Canadian territory as a base of operations for carrying on warfare against their foes across the border.

It is estimated that Indian wars in the United States cost the American people approximately $700,000,000 between 1776 and 1886, to say nothing of the loss of thousands of lives. With the exception of the half-breed rebellion in 1885, which resulted in very little loss of life and was put down with the expenditure of very little money, the whole of the Canadian West was opened up with a minimum of friction between the Indians and the whites. This remarkable achievement was due in no small measure to the Mounted Police. The aborigines were early taught to respect the scarlet-coated rider of the plains. They learned that his invariable rule was to carry out the undertaking to which he set his hand. The Pie-a-Pot incident, which occurred during the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, may be cited as typical.

Pie-a-Pot was an Indian chief who happened to be encamped virtually on the right of way of the proposed railway grade. When the construction gangs reached his vicinity he refused to move and threatened to make trouble. For a time construction was halted. The Mounted Police were appealed to. Two men—a sergeant and a constable—were sent out to set the matter straight. Pie-a-Pot was in a truculent mood, probably fortified by some of the bad whisky which was being smuggled in more or less freely, owing to the influx of laborers employed on construction, in spite of the vigilance of the police. He had several hundred braves around him and was more than insolent when the slim patrol of two rode into his camp and ordered him to move on. The squaws and children jeered, while the braves clustered round in menacing attitudes. Well might they have thought that never had two men been set to perform a more hopeless task. But the Mounted Police were not accustomed to failure. They had always dealt with the Indians with the most scrupulous fairness, and, in consequence, had established for themselves a mighty respect. The police sergeant on this occasion was not one to let the Indians' respect for his uniform suffer through any appearance of lack of confidence on his part. Pie-a-Pot evincing an inclination to dispute the matter, the sergeant pulled out his watch and announced that he would give the chief just 15 minutes to commence moving his camp. He sat there on his horse, watch in hand, surrounded by the Indians whose countenances changed from assurance to incredulity as they realized that the officer meant just what he said. At the expiration of the 15 minutes, the sergeant got down from his horse; walking to Pie-a-Pot's tepee, he kicked out the foot of the key pole and down came the tepee in a heap. This he did with several other tepees until the cowed Indians, impressed in spite of themselves, commenced striking their own tents preparatory to carrying out the instructions of the plucky police. They realized that here was confidence in a reserve of force much greater than the mere presence of two unsupported men would appear to justify.

They Were Lovers of Adventure

THIS is but one of numerous incidents with which the annals of the force are filled. The majority are not so spectacular, but all show the same steady adherence to the traditions of the organization, which has given the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada a reputation for steadfastness in the face of duty such as has never been surpassed elsewhere.

The men who composed the force were recruited chiefly from among young men of good family, whose love of adventure and of the out-of-doors was sufficient compensation for the loneliness and lack of material opportunities which are inseparable from life on the frontier.

While Sitting Bull and his followers were in Canada, the chief danger point was south of the Cypress Hills, near the international boundary line. For this reason the headquarters of the force was established at Fort Walsh, but with the return of that worthy to the United States, and with the removal of the remaining natives to lands in the northern portion of the terri-

tories in the wake of the receding buffalo, the need for police supervision in the vicinity of Fort Walsh was very largely removed, so in 1882, the headquarters was moved to Pile-of-Bones Creek, now the city of Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, where it remained until February, 1920, when it was transferred to Ottawa.

In 1882, also, the strength of the force was increased to 500 men. During the Riel rebellion in 1885, the Mounted Police played a notable part, and to cope with the situation the force was further increased to 1,000.

At the outset, and until 1895, the Northwest Mounted Police was purely a prairie organization. Horses played a part in its work second only to that performed by the men. With great stretches of scantily populated plains to patrol, the constable would have been almost impotent without the aid of his noble equine companion, but in the year 1895 the jurisdiction of the police was extended to a territory in which his chief reliance was transferred to man's other animal friend—the dog. The discovery of gold in the Yukon made it necessary for the extension of law and order into that unorganized territory, and naturally the Northwest Mounted Police were asked to undertake the task. In addition to the enforcement of law, the police were intrusted with the duty of carrying the mails between the far distant outposts of civilization, which the lure of gold or of this kind. A typical instance is that of the murder of two priests, Fathers LeRoux and Rouvier, at Bloody Falls, on the Coppermine River, in 1913.

The two missionaries had been missing for two years, when Inspector La Nauze, in charge of a small detail, was sent to make an investigation. After a search extending over almost a year, he found undoubted evidence that the priests had been slain by two Eskimos. He ascertained the identity of the slayers and finally apprehended them—one on Victoria Island, even beyond the northernmost boundary of the Canadian mainland. Then commenced the long "mush" back to civilization with the two prisoners. They were brought to Calgary, Alberta, tried and found guilty. But after a short period of imprisonment they were pardoned, as it was felt that laws framed for civilized people should not be enforced literally against such primitive people as the Eskimos. The police had then to make the long trip back to the Arctic with the liberated Eskimos to return them to their relatives, for the climate of the temperate zone is not suited to these children of the midnight sun. These cases cost the police a great deal of labor and much hardship; but the Eskimos must learn what the plains Indians long ago learned—that the laws of the land must be respected; and also that what the Mounted Police set themselves to do they carry out.





Above—The doctor in his tent. Below—Royal Northwest Mounted Police Detachment, Gold Run Creek.



COLONEL J. T. MACLEOD

A volume could be written about the exploits of this unique body of men. Many have served as the basis of innumerable works of fiction. In fact, many stories in which the Northwest Mounted Police figure are conspicuous more for the wildness of the authors' imagination than a knowledge of conditions under which the police live, work and have their being. Many a real tale of patient heroism and hardship is to be unearthed only by delving into dusty reports.

The Dominion Police, with which the Northwest Mounted have been amalgamated, formerly comprised a comparatively small body of men engaged chiefly as guardians of the parliamentary and administrative buildings at Ottawa, and of federal buildings, such as customs offices in various other parts of the Dominion. To this has now been added the duties formerly performed by the Northwest Mounted; the enforcement of federal laws and regulations; the assistance to provincial authorities in the preservation of law and order. Secret service work in connection with the activities of alleged radicals and the prevention of possible disorder during labor disturbances also are within the jurisdiction of the amalgamated force.

The war, with its attendant German spy and general alarmist psychology, was responsible for an increase in the personnel of the new force, so that it now numbers half as many men again as did the Northwest Mounted Police in the year of the Riel rebellion. Its jurisdiction, too, has been extended from coast to coast.

The frontiers have been pushed up to within measurable distance of the Pole. There is still work in that region for the men of the Northwest Mounted; but much of the "stool pigeon" work which they are now called on to undertake in the cities ill comports with the traditions of a force, whose habit was for almost half a century to ride up to their quarry without cover or concealment of any kind and to enforce respect for the laws, rather by means of moral suasion than by the application of force. That type of man will not long remain content to perform duties such as those which the present organization is often called on to undertake. Men of a different type from those who were attracted to the old Northwest Mounted are being recruited into the ranks today.

There are many who knew the "Scarlet Riders" of the plains in the old days who think that they should have been asked only to continue their task of policing the newer lands; and, that with the narrowing of the frontier, they should have been suffered to follow the sunset trail with the buffalo and the Indian, their true contemporaries, into the limbo of the past; and thus pass from the stage with their laurels thick about them, rather than that the luster of their fame should become tarnished, as it must be, through contact with the sordid materialism and filth of cities.

trade had led men to establish along the Arctic coasts and to keep open the means of communication between these isolated communities.

Life on the prairies of the Northwest was replete with incidents requiring courage and self-sacrifice in the performance of duty under difficult circumstances, but the long patrols under Arctic conditions were entirely different. The death from starvation and exposure of Inspector Fitzgerald and his three companions while attempting a patrol from Fort MacPherson, on the Mackenzie River, to Dawson City and return, a distance of approximately 1,000 miles, during the winter of 1910-11 was a contingency which every man of the force in the North faced each time he "mushed" out on the trail on the long patrols, which each year members of the force were called on to undertake.

On Duty in the Arctic Circle

AS SETTLEMENT proceeded on the prairies and new provinces were created, resulting in a transfer of the administration of the law from federal to provincial authorities, and as the outposts of civilization advanced farther and farther into the Arctic regions, the duties of the force decreased on the plains and increased correspondingly in the North. Thus in 1896, out of a total strength of 750 men, one-third were engaged in the Yukon. In 1903, a detachment was established at Herschel Island, in the Arctic Ocean, 80 miles northwest of the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

The Eskimos are a peaceable people. They are approximately in the Stone Age in the scale of civilization. They have customs and habits peculiar to themselves. Some of these occasionally are found to be at variance with Canadian law. But when laws are proclaimed they must be obeyed. Killings rarely occur among the Eskimos, but under certain circumstances they consider homicide to be justifiable. The police have been called on to investigate a number of cases of

Where the Churn Brings a Flow of Gold

Concluded from page 7

ent creamery returns but 89.3 per cent, and the centralizers but 86.4 per cent.

"In addition, the co-operative creameries keep up the general price level, saving the farmers thousands of dollars. The dairy commissioner of Montana told me the other day that farmers in that state received as low as 12 cents a pound for butter fat last summer. Montana has but one co-operative creamery. While farmers were getting but 12 cents for butter fat in Montana, Minnesota farmers, backed up by the bulwark of their 640 co-operative creameries, were getting 40 cents a pound or more. The average price paid the farmer for butter fat by the Minnesota creameries in 1920 was 63.3 cents a pound. The average price received for butter by the creameries was 57.1 cents a pound, the apparent discrepancy being due, of course, to the fact that not a pound of butter fat is required for a pound of butter.

"The co-operative creameries make the best butter. They take every precaution to improve their product, and have a high reputation on the markets. In fact, on the eastern markets, butter made by the Minnesota co-operative creameries commands from one-fourth to one and one-half cents a pound premium above that made by other creameries."

Mr. McGuire likewise had eloquent testimony of the results obtained through the co-operative creamery.

"During the last four years, the co-operative creamery paid on an average of seven cents a pound more for butter fat than the cream station of the centralizers," he said. "That means that every year these farmers have saved enough through their creamery to more than build and equip their plants anew. It means a saving of $15 a cow, which mounts to an enormous sum for the state as a whole.

"The co-operative creamery has made the dairy industry profitable in Minnesota. It has created an incentive for the industry. More than that, it has developed a community spirit. Business men and storekeepers, everybody in the dairy community, is back of the creamery operated by the farmers. Many towns are built and maintained largely by the dairy industry."

To see the wealth accruing to the farmers in the butter-making business, one needs but take a trip through the co-operative creameries. Expensive buildings house plants with the most modern equipment. In many Minnesota towns, the co-operative creamery is the most pretentious building to be seen.

Pelican Rapids, not long ago, completed the erection of a creamery costing $125,000. Fergus Falls farmers put up another creamery, costing $100,000, with marble floors and the most modern equipment that science could provide. Creameries costing $30,000 and $40,000 are common.

Just now, the co-operative creameries are uniting in the formation of a state-wide central agency that will help the farmers improve and market their butter more effectively. Mr. McGuire, on leave of absence from the university, is aiding in the formation of this organization. Already 200 creameries have enlisted in the organization. Consignments are to be pooled to give the creameries the advantage of car lot shipments, agencies are to be established on the eastern market, and steps are to be taken to advertise Minnesota co-operative butter.

The dairy industry is decidedly a growing business in Minnesota and its neighboring states. According to the 1920 census, Minnesota gained 447,070 cows, an increase of 41.1 per cent, in 10 years. This would give Minnesota 1,532,458 dairy cows. Of the 3,103,989 gain in dairy cows in the United States in the last 10 years, Minnesota and Wisconsin absorbed a gain of 1,153,382 cows, or 37 per cent of the gain for the whole United States. No other section of the country can match the growth of the dairy industry in these and a few adjoining states.

Minnesota's nearest rivals in butter production are Wisconsin and Iowa. Compared to Minnesota's total of about 140,000,000 pounds, Wisconsin produces about 95,000,000 pounds and Iowa about 85,000,000 pounds. Both New York and Wisconsin exceed Minnesota in total volume of dairy products. With a great city at their doors, New York farmers sell most of their dairy product as milk. Wisconsin already had developed a great cheese industry when the Minnesota dairy industry began to expand beyond local demands. So, early Minnesota pioneers pinned their hopes on butter. And butter has done well by Minnesota.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Disappearing shops for the front of a new theater to be built in Auckland, New Zealand, are being seriously considered. The idea is to lower each shop at night into a well, built for that purpose, thus making the roofs of the shops part of the floor of the theater vestibule.

Probably the most luxurious abodes of wealth in the world are the new apartments just opened in New York City on Park avenue. The apartments are really private homes, with gold-plated door-knobs, silver-plated chandeliers and a separate set of elevators running to each of the 16 floors. The yearly rentals range from $10,000 to $55,000. There are 90 apartments in all.

False teeth for dogs are being advertised in Berlin veterinary establishments. The veterinaries offer to outfit aged dogs at a moderate price, "without operation."

The son of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow recently died in Boston at the age of 76.

Former President Woodrow Wilson at one time was a conductor of a column in *The Princetonian*, published at Princeton University in 1877, according to a delver in the files of *The Princetonian* of that date.

Many Arizona corporations are threatened with extinction by the action of the State Corporation Commission, in cases where the corporations have failed to observe that part of the corporation law calling for annual reports of operations and demanding an annual filing fee of $20.

The old Darlinghurst prison of New South Wales has been turned into a great technical college, the finest in Australia.

Peanuts, fully as large as southern-grown peanuts, were grown in South Dakota by a rancher living in Edmunds County. When planting his corn in the spring he planted eight or nine rows about 10 rods in length in peanuts. The peanuts ripened perfectly and were fully as large as southern-grown peanuts, according to reports. They yielded at the rate of 100 bushels to the acre.

Actors of Paris have decided to organize a campaign against the "theater cough." They say coughs have a habit of occurring at dramatic moments in the plays and spoiling the effect. According to French specialists, there is little excuse for 75 per cent of the theater coughs.

A new world record for long distance radio communication was recently made when President Harding's message addressed to the nations of the world was picked up in New Zealand. New Zealand is 10,000 miles from where the message was sent, the new radio center at Rocky Point, Long Island.

Diplomas have been awarded to 500 prisoners of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania by the Pennsylvania State College. The diplomas were awarded for vocational courses.

Every 20 minutes of last year an accident occurred on the streets of New York City.

Near Reddington, Arizona, rains uncovered the burying ground of a race of people who are believed to have lived thousands of years ago. A miner discovered the skeletons amid pieces of pottery, earrings and remains of charcoal fires. The skeletons are much larger than the average man's skeleton, and one skull showed a thickness of nearly an inch.

Marle Blanc, or the White Blackbird, a newspaper of Paris, is finding the French novel too serious and has just offered a 100,000-franc prize for the best work which meets its requirements for amusement and gaiety. Authors are urged to be gay and give the public a revival of Gallic humor.

The former French cruiser Chasseloup Loubat, riding at anchor at Port Etienne, West Africa, serves as a fish-drying factory. On its decks 60 tons of fish are dried at one time. All fishing boats bring their cargoes to the Chasseloup Loubat to be cured and dried.

In Hungary, a grocer's clerk, posing as a dentist, stole a pound of gold from the teeth of his patients and then disappeared. His method was to tell the patient the tooth was badly filled and then to remove the gold, telling his patient to return in two weeks. When the fortnight was up he had disappeared with the gold.

Two thousand tons of food supplies have been delivered, by the American Relief Administration, to Petrograd to be distributed there among the starving children. A million children can now be fed for five months on the food that has been ordered. Milk, sugar, cocoa, rice, peas, beans, flour and fats are being delivered. Three million dollars' worth of medical supplies have been ordered and 30 carloads of medical supplies are on the way from Paris, via Riga.

Nineteen thousand dollars was paid recently by a French collector for a pair of British Guiana stamps of 1850. The gem of a collection at the recent sale of stamps in Paris was a British Guiana stamp of 1856, of which only one copy exists.

Of all business transacted more than nine-tenths is done on credit.

The longest single span bridge in the world is to be completed in 1926. This bridge will connect the cities of Philadelphia and Camden over the Delaware River. The single span between towers will be 1,750 feet. The bridge will be 125 feet broad and will be suspended by two cables 30 inches in diameter. The cost is estimated at $29,000,000.

Oil inspectors in Minnesota have found a new way to test gasoline for water content. Molasses on a plain pine stick glides through gasoline without showing any effect on the molasses. Water is heavier than gasoline and always sinks to the bottom. When the water is encountered at the bottom the molasses comes off the stick. When the stick is withdrawn the exact amount of water in the bottom of the tank is clearly revealed.

Women may be ordained as deacons in the Presbyterian church, according to a recent decision made at headquarters.

The woman who wears pearls and uses cosmetics is unknowingly allowing her gems to die a lingering death, according to a well-known London jeweler. The better the pearl the more easily cosmetics destroy it. The mellow tints and color fade when the gems come in contact with the cosmetics. Pearls thrive only when worn near the actual skin.

The Chinese charge d'affaires in London, addressing a luncheon of the Rotary Club, recently, spoke of the advantages obtained by the United States in educating young Chinese in its colleges and universities and then permitting them to return to China as advocates of everything American. He argued that England should do the same thing and induce Chinese students to attend universities of England.

Radium is now used to remove tonsils by a New York surgeon, who has perfected a painless method of burning out the diseased tissue. The radium is held in instruments placed in the mouth and the operation requires but 20 minutes.

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"The evening of the day my *Dearborn Independent* comes *must* be saved for it"—and you will spend your week's most interesting—and profitable—after-dinner hours. May we suggest that you check up on the expiration of your subscription—you will not want to miss a 1922 number—and use the blank below—for your convenience—and ours? Or, perhaps you have a friend who you know will appreciate your thoughtfulness if you attach your check or money order for $1.50. We shall be happy to tell him you are the donor.

12-31-21

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

By the Year $1.50 | Dearborn, Michigan, January 7, 1922 | Single Copy Ten Cents

Candid Address to Jews on the Jewish Problem

THIS is a candid address to the Jews of the United States. Without subterfuge, without flattery, wholly without fear of all that they may threaten or can do, this attempt is made to set before them the Jewish Question as *their* question, theirs to acknowledge, theirs to consider, theirs to solve.

It is not a question of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT at all. This paper has merely become the vehicle of unwelcome facts which have finally thrust themselves up for final disposal in this country.

Damning this paper, compelling cheap city politicians to interfere with its sale, indulging a ribald humor concerning it, will not affect the facts at all. What THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT says is true or it is untrue. If true, it ought to be considered. If untrue, it ought to be disproved. The present policy of Jewish leaders is to do neither, but to indulge in antics which go a long way toward illustrating what this paper has said.

What THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT says is true, and tens of thousands of Jews know it is true.

No representative Jew has ever approached us with a denial of the truth of what has been stated in this paper. Neither has any unrepresentative Jew.

The chief objection made against the publication of the facts is always stated in this form: "What you say is true. Certain Jews are guilty of the things you charge. But why do you say 'Jew'? Why do you not say Al Wood, Morris Gest, Louis Marshall, Samuel Untermeyer, 'Wolf' Lamar, Edward Lauterbach, Felix Warburg—why not let it go with these men's names, why say 'Jew'? When you say 'Jew' it sounds as if you blamed all the Jews."

This objection has been seriously and courteously made by a number of Jews who have conferred with THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT on this series of articles, and has been as seriously and courteously considered.

A Jewish Objection Considered

WHAT is the answer? First, that these men *are* Jews. Second, that being Jews these men constitute a problem for the Jews themselves. Third, it is time for some one to call attention to the necessity of cleaning up on that problem. There has been too much mincing of words. There has been too much concealment of names and relationship. The method which Jews were taking in this country with regard to concealment was heading them swiftly toward the same conditions which have menaced their race in Europe, and THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT would count no labor lost that would rouse the Jews to a sense of the responsibility which rests on them to solve the Jewish Question in this country, possibly the only country where it can be solved.

Let us be frank: if this paper had mentioned only the names of individual Jews, never mentioning their race, and had exposed them as isolated persons, it would have made no difference in the general Jewish reaction, the cry would still have been that "the Jews were being attacked"; whereas the other people of the country would have been just as much in the dark regarding the close bonds which unite all the groups of evil influences in this country. The purpose of this series of articles is to let in the light—to show the Jews generally that the stench had become too great, and to show the rest of the people where the stench arose.

The list of charges for the Jews of the United States to consider as affecting the distinguished members of their race is very serious. And the charges are true.

It is true that there is a distinct "Jewish idea" in business and professional life which has eaten away the traditional principles of honor on which Anglo-Saxon life was erected. Every Jew knows that, every non-Jew knows it. Here and there a Jew in business or professional life makes a break-away from trickery, deception, dishonesty and exploitation of the gullible public, and achieves success with honor, but that Jew also knows that the majority of his brethern in the same line practice different methods.

"Jewish" Because Only Jews Are in It

IT IS true that behind the amazing degeneracy of the modern stage and motion picture is a solid wall of Jewish ownership and control. This ownership and control must bear the responsibility for the rapid and dangerous deterioration which has come since such ownership and control was achieved.

It is true that behind all the shoddy and make-believe and adulteration in the staples of life is the Jewish idea of profits, "making the ephah small and the shekel great," and that the initiators of American business into these shady practices were Jewish. It is idle to retort that apt pupils have been found among non-Jews; the point is that before Jewish influence began to be felt in American business, sound quality and a fair price were the rule. It is the Jews' ceaseless boast that wherever they go they change business, but not for the better.

It is true that beneath all the network of trivializing influences in literature, art, politics, economics, fashion and sport, is Jewish influence controlled by Jewish groups. Their Orientalism has served as a subtle poison to dry up the sound serum of Anglo-Saxon morality on which this country thrived in its formative years. Is it necessary to specify? In every movement toward a lower standard, a looser relationship, especially toward the overthrow of the old Christian safeguards, do not Jewish names predominate?

These charges and many more have all been made in detail with evidence submitted, and need not be repeated here. The present purpose is simply to get the problem squarely before the Jews of the United States.

These charges are true, they cannot be disproved, Jewish leaders have not attempted to disprove them. Thousands of Jews have said that they are true.

Then where is the obstacle to a settlement?

This question is best answered by three typical replies made by Jews during the course of the present series.

1. *"What you say is true, but you should not say it."*

There is a principle, seldom expressed among the Jews, but always acted on, that Jews should not have public attention called to them except by themselves or their chosen spokesmen. This is unfortunate, because any establishment of the Jews as an accepted and trusted part of the general citizenry must include their being known as such. In this country the Jew should not only welcome the widest knowledge (unless he has something he fears to have known) but should himself undertake the exposure of those things which will eventually bring a shadow on the name of his race. The Jew has never done this. When exposure could no longer be suppressed, the Jewish attitude has always been one of defense, regardless of the merits of the case. "The Jew can do no wrong" is the principle acted upon. Never must a "Gentile" charge be admitted, however true it may be. Never must a "Gentile" reform be assisted, no matter how much needed.

Now, that principle may do for other countries, but not for the United States. If the Jew is wise he ought speedily to take warning that in this country the old line of action will not succeed. If Jews continue to show a disposition to defend the malefactors of their race against the just expostulations of the rest of the people, they must not be surprised if the public begins to view them as all one crowd—an inner nation set against the outer nation.

The Clash of Two Ideas

2. *"What you say is true, but your conclusion is wrong: it is not for the Jew to change to your standards, it is for you to change to the Jew's standards."*

This is the fighting view. It admits that there are two ideas in conflict in the United States, what it unfairly terms the "Puritanic" idea opposed by what it calls the Jewish Universal idea.

This view would command respect if it represented a superior morality in conflict with a lesser morality, if it represented a higher civilization against a lower civilization. Will any Jew contend that it does? Will any Jew deny that the influence of the Jewish idea in this generation is to break down such morality as we had? Will any Jew deny that the civilization of the United States before the advent of the Jews thither was superior to the highest civilization ever achieved by the Jews anywhere at any period of their history?

There are *two* ideas in conflict—that is certain. The Jewish idea has a tremendous infiltrating force and a serious degenerative power. It is a powerfully disintegrating influence. It eats the substance out of the civilization which it attacks, destroys its moral virility, throws down its reverence, saps its respect for authority, casts a shadow on every basic principle.

That is the way the Jewish idea works in American civilization. Moral gravitation being, like physical gravitation, downward, it is not difficult to seduce human nature to lower levels, but it is a massive task to lift it to higher levels of morality and reverence and sober justice. And this latter task, organized Jewish effort has never attempted. The campaign in the United States is a campaign for the breakdown of the ideas

(Concluded on page 9)

YELLOW METAL THAT DEFIES THE MELTING POT

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Women Who Give Their Lives to the Helpless

A Story of the Sisters of the Poor and St. Francis Home

By GERALDINE LENINGTON STEINMETZ

THERE lives in New York, on a littered street on the lower East Side, an old lady of 73 who for more than 40 years has occupied a unique position, a position that in the business world would be called purchasing agent. Yet she has never spent a cent for all her purchases, although every week day, rain or shine, summer and winter, during that time, she has gone out and returned with her wagon heaped high with meat, vegetables, groceries and bread for old and helpless people. She may be called the "Wagon Sister," because it is impossible for her to allow the use of her name. Another unique angle on a unique purchasing business, ———publicity, the breath of business and the incense of all charities, here is shunned. The Wagon Sister, her work almost done, her brave old head nodding a little now with age, will pass into the silence of immortality without even her name being given to the story all would write in her praise.

During these 40 years, the Wagon Sister has seen, from her seat in the wagon, many changes in the streets, in the city, and in the hearts of the people of the world. Every day she has gone forth and never has she failed to return from markets, shops, packing houses and freight sheds with the loads that meant life for the ill, the poor and the helpless. Once only, she says, in all the 40 years, did she miss going out. That was in the blizzard back in the 80's.

The Wagon Sister says that many changes have taken place in traffic, so that she no longer sits back, saying prayers as she formerly did, but has to keep an eye out for traffic. She says it is difficult for her to recall in detail 40 years on the wagon. On market days she still gets up, as she has for nearly half a century, at 4 o'clock in the morning. Until two years ago, in addition to going out on the wagon, she had at least one night watch a week and often two, for there are never too many to do all that has to be done in a large institution. She is too old to stand these night watches now. Asked if she would not like to replace the wagon with an up-to-date power wagon, the sister raises her hands in protest, declaring that she could never ride in one. There are so many accidents to these new wagons; and for 40 years the sister has never had an accident. That is perhaps the most unique traffic record in New York City———40 years on the busy streets without an accident!



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The wagon in which the "Wagon Sister" rides about the streets of New York, seeking food for 300 helpless persons in St. Francis Home. The sister has been doing this for 40 years.

The changes she has seen in the streets, in the city, in human nature, during the 40 years on the wagon, is the story of New York City during that time. Forty years ago New York was a city of low-built houses; horse cars; no L's, no subways; no motor traffic. Year after year, the sister, sitting back in the wagon, going to seek food for the poor and the infirm, has seen Brooklyn Bridge built; the coming of electric cars; the rearing of skyscrapers; the replacement of horses with motor cars; the ever-increasing roar of the city. All this time, day in and day out, she has gone out to get the food needed for the hospital and, later, for the St. Francis Home. A record probably unparalleled in human annals for sheer devotion and unflinching duty.

Happy is the nation whose annals are brief: Does this psychology not apply equally to persons? Brief; but is there anything that gives greater happiness than to mark out a course to follow and then steadfastly follow it? They speak of the self-sacrifice of the Wagon Sister, but is her life not rather one of the most glorious self-realization? While others have followed will-o-wisps of selfish impulses, that have ended in the material mire we call modern civilization, she has done what she set out to do, and has seen the Home, of which she forms a part, kept supplied with the necessities of life. A single, definite job well done!

Forty years have made many changes in the neighborhood about the Home; formerly it was a neighborhood of detached one-family houses, not pretentious but respectable; now the usual East Side tenements lift dirty and unbroken fronts. Without grounds around it, grounds that are sorely needed, the Home melts into its surroundings, yet differs from them in being conspicuously clean. Five stories high and the width of three or four tenements, the St. Francis Home is a plain brick building whose exterior shows nothing to express the hard work and simple devotion of the life within.

The sister at the door receives with courtesy, and the visitor enters the Home, of which the Wagon Sister is the living symbol to the outer world.

There are at this time about 300 persons in the Home, chiefly old men and women with the chronic illnesses or infirmities that the hospitals do not take care of; there are crippled, blind, bedridden; there also are some children, orphans left or given to the sisters to bring up. No red tape is required to enter; the qualification of admission being poverty and illness. And there are so many who want to come in, so pitifully many more for whom the Home has no room. Some of the aged persons who enter pay if they can; but the ones who cannot pay, must be taken in preference to ones who can pay.

The children live on the top floor when they are not at school; here they have the advantage of pure air and sunshine, a small part of the roof to play on; a dining room with birds, and a charming young woman to take care of them. Some of the aged women live up there, too; and they and the young woman busy themselves sewing for the children. The children's dormitories are wide open to the sun and air; the aged women have smaller individual rooms.

On the floor below, 90 aged women live. They, like all old persons who are ill, have to be fed five times a day, not three times only, because a little food is also given at 11 in the morning and at night. All the food is brought up on an elevator and served from hot tables in the serving pantry, on trays, each tray having to be carried to the bedside. The sisters are helped by those who can move about. They speak of their charges affectionately.

On the third floor are 60 men. It is impossible to imagine more signs of suffering, or greater cheerfulness.

Courtesy makes the atmosphere of the Home. The mother superior conducting visitors, will stop before a door or ward to ask if visitors may enter; this courtesy to the poor is one of the impressive and charming things about this Home ———a courtesy very striking as it is spontaneous.

The Home is one of the pitifully few places in New York where it is no disgrace to be poor and "down and out," where it is enough to be a human being, and he is treated with courtesy. Here the spirit of love and tenderness conquers pain and wretchedness. Mother bends over a sick man and speaks with quiet, unforced gayety that ignores his helplessness only to make him feel happy.

The sister on the second floor says she never gets tired of her patients, and adds that it would be a great failing if one became tired serving the sick. She says she likes old persons, likes to make them comfortable and happy. Here are 40 men. Some are in the smoking room, smoking, too. In this smoking room is the barber's chair also, where the barber comes once a week to operate. The sister may be engaged in special work, like giving out winter clothes, a job that takes special time. But (although she never sits down) she says she does not get tired until about 9 o'clock in the evening; then she may be a little tired. She thanks God that she has work to do and that she can do it.

There is plenty of work for the sisters. It takes almost two hours to walk through this building filled with people. Sect, religious denomination or nationality are given no thought. The Turk will be received as graciously and be as humanely treated as the most pious Christian. There is no discrimination against age, sex or color, the sole desire being to serve all mankind. All are received with kindness and love, and those who may recover, leave with hope and blessings. This is strictly a private charity, and is not the recipient of any subsidy from city, county or state. There are many incurable and helpless victims who have been lying on beds of illness there for several years.

Each member of the order that conducts the Home must divest herself of all property rights before entering, for property rights are considered fetters. No investment of moneys for revenues is permitted. All contributions must be applied to the relief of the sick and the poor or to increase facilities for their service. All the sisters are devoted to the sublime poverty rule of St. Francis, and exercise humble and prompt charity, according to the spirit of St. Francis, and all vow to live in poverty until death.

Their day's work begins long before daylight; two hours have been spent in devotional exercises before their patients awaken to another day. The day only ends after every inmate of the Home has been provided with all the comforts which ingenious charity can invent. Then the sisters rest on narrow cots of straw. Even then some of them give up sleep to watch over their patients.

Executive ability is common among these sisters, as well as the capacity for hard, detail work. Executive ability is a necessary requisite, as the office of mother superior is held in rotation. The sister who has just given up the office of superior and retired to the body as a regular worker is a little lady 76 years old, with the breeding and manner of an age gone by. She asserts that there is nothing extraordinary in what the sisters do; that they do only what is their duty; that every one should work. Their work is caring for old people who are past all stages of usefulness; also there are the children. It is work that must be done, she says, for one has only to think what would happen to these old people and children to realize how very important is their work.

It is no small job to be in charge of an institution like St. Francis Home. There is the ever-present need of finding the money and the food to keep things going. Often the sisters wonder where the money will come from, but it always comes. In addition to executive questions and the actual care of the sick, there is all the housekeeping. The milk bill is $200 a month; the bread room cuts up 100 loaves a day; six women work all day in the vegetable peeling room. On "Poor Day," 300 loaves are given to the poor outside.

In the last business depression, the sisters gave bread and soup to a line of 1,000 men. In the kitchen the sister guide points to a sister from Holland, shy, sweet and capable, with blue denim apron and sleeves over her brown habit. She made the soup for those hungry men, "soup such as would keep a man going for a day."

The wagon has come back; the Wagon Sister returns from her rounds; she is very tired, that is evident, but—in a corridor the food for tomorrow is on hand, bananas, cabbage, potatoes. In the meat house, which has a cold room like a meat market, is the sister who is the butcher. The sister bows and smiles and evidently likes her job. Beyond is where the wagons are; for there are two, one for the old Wagon Sister and one for a younger sister. There are the horses, the drivers, the carpenter's shop; the clothing and shoe repair shop.

A complete Home, called an institution; but the mother and the sisters make it home in every sense of the word.



Smoking Room, St. Francis Home.

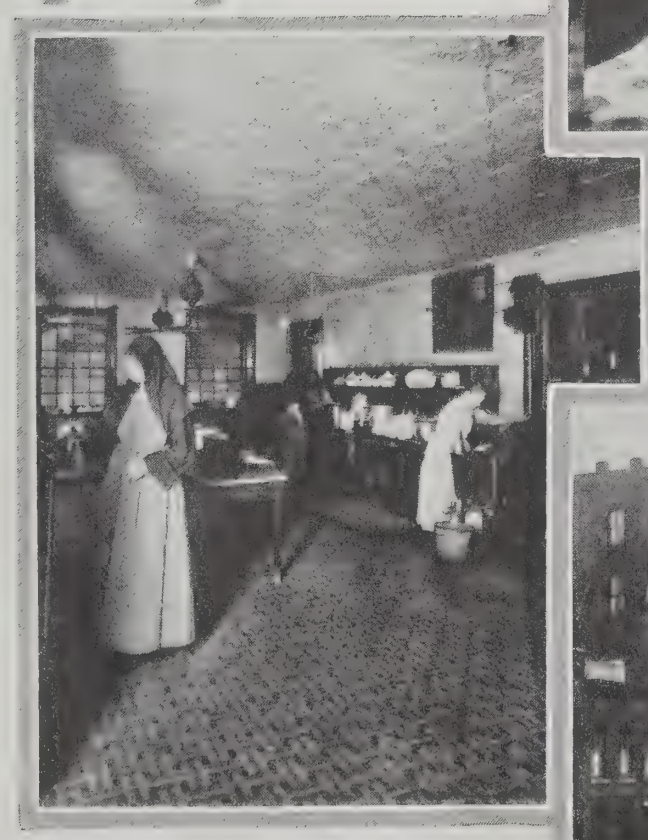


One of the dormitories for men.



The Chapel in St. Francis Home.





The kitchen, where the sisters cook and prepare food for the 300 sick or infirm men and women inmates of the home, as well as for a number of orphaned children.



Exterior of St. Francis Home.



A dormitory for aged women in St. Francis Home. These women receive every kindness and attention from the sisters, in whose care they have placed themselves.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 11, January 7, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:

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2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

More Juggling of Coal

COAL is high. Most of us are made painfully aware of the fact in the attempt to adjust the domestic budget. Present prices represent an advance of 100 per cent over pre-war prices, and they were far from low. There is no lack of coal in the United States. No country in the world is richer in these valuable natural deposits. There has been some advance in wage rates; but there has also been advance in the productive efficiency of labor through improvements in machinery and methods of mining and transportation.

Despite much expensive newspaper propaganda put out by the coal operators to enlighten the public, the public remains unenlightened as to why they are compelled to pay prices for coal this winter that must mean hardship and suffering to thousands. As Artemus Ward would put it, the thusness of the this is shrouded in darkest mystery.

It is welcome news, therefore, that light on the true inwardness of high coal prices is promised in the course of the trial of a suit now pending in the United States District Court for Eastern Pennsylvania. Through a recent enforcement of the anti-trust law, the Central Railroad of New Jersey was compelled to divest itself of the ownership of a very valuable coal property operated under the name of the Lehigh and Wilkes Barre Coal Company. It was sold for $31,410,780 to the Jackson E. Reynolds Syndicate. Under the court's order, it was stipulated that the capital stock of the coal company owned by the railroad company should be disposed of to persons "who are not its own stockholders, or stockholders in either the Reading Company (of which the Central of New Jersey is a subsidiary), the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company or the coal company."

Now the minority shareholders of the Central of New Jersey have demanded that the court set aside the sale of the coal property to the Reynolds Syndicate. They assert that the property was not sold to the highest bidder.

There is a proverb which points to certain eventualities in which "honest men come by their own." If the probing of corporate methods in this case should inaugurate a general letting in of the light on railroad and coal corporation administration there is hope of our at last clearing the road for a genuine return to normalcy.

Is Germany Bankrupt?

GERMANY has served notice on the Inter-Allied Reparations Commission that she will not be able to meet the installments of the indemnities falling due in January and February of this year and amounting to 1,500,000,000 marks. By the press generally the announcement is regarded as equivalent to a confession of bankruptcy. And there is a sinister reminder that when an individual debtor confesses that he is unable to pay his debts a receivership for his property and business is in order.

The comparison may be carried too far. In actual practice, it will prove as impossible to put a whole nation in the hands of a receiver as to indict a whole nation. There is such a thing as forcing a receivership to wreck a railway or other business. To France, the analogy between individual bankruptcy and German national bankruptcy probably means the assertion of a right of the chief creditor to confiscate the debtor's property: to occupy the Ruhr Valley and seize the customs and internal revenue receipts: to go ahead vengefully to the blind goal of utterly crushing her ancient foe. There is an apparent popular clamor in France for a speedy exercise of what ironically is called "the sanctions" of the Treaty of Versailles. Unhappily the men at the head of the government are responsive to this clamor.

Even accepting the analogy between individual and national bankruptcy, it must be noted that in the former case sensible creditors, in their own interests, are slow about pushing the embarrassed debtor to the wall. Rather, they seek to make an arrangement that shall lighten the debtor's load and help him to get on his feet. Germany asks for a two years' moratorium, or extension of time. The British Government, it is said, not only favors such an arrangement but is also well disposed toward a reconsideration of the whole question of reparations from the economic side. It is reported that economic experts are now definitely of the opinion that the 82,000,000,000 gold marks called for in the Class C bonds should be cancelled, representing as they do the item "pensions and separation allowances" included in violation of the pre-armistice agreement.

If Germany's default of payment means bankruptcy, then it is of a sort that in the interests of the world's economic equilibrium calls for sensible consideration and adjustment, rather than stupid crushing and wrecking.

After all, the reparations are due not to France alone but to all the Allies. Genuine friendship for France in America, as in Britain and Italy, will warn her against taking the way in which militaristic madness lies.

Wild Waste of Money

THIS is the accusation made by Senator Overman against the Federal Reserve Board, and facts he cites seem strongly to support the charge. As the Senator remarked, the board is "making so much money that it does not know what to do with it."

Here are a few of the more striking items: a new bank building in New York on which $25,000,000 has been expended, $17,000,000 for the building and $8,000,000 for furniture, or more than the cost of the National Capitol at Washington, the architect alone getting $1,000,000. In all, the board has spent more than $36,000,000 on buildings in the United States. Since 1919 the Federal Reserve system has increased salaries by $7,733,000. And so it goes.

Perhaps these facts indicate what has become of the eight billion dollars of capital accumulated during the present year, according to Professor David Friday's figures. The farmers and other producers of the country seem to have acquired a very small share of this excess of wealth produced over the amount consumed. Probably a large part of it has gone into tax exempt bonds—or to pile up a record "gold reserve" for use in clubbing the small banks into subjection.

A Word for the Wintering Birds

FORTUNATELY for humanity in our northern climes, not all the birds wing their way south on the approach of winter. Indeed, not only have we an important proportion of permanent ornithological residents, but these are joined by sojourners coming down from proximity to the arctic circle so as to enjoy the comparative mildness of our zone as a winter resort. And there are still others stopping over for longer or shorter periods on the way north or south.

Put yourself in the place of one of these feathered little brothers scurrying around for breakfast of a morning when the ground and even the trees are covered with ice and snow. You know you would probably starve if food were not somehow made available. Well, so do the birds starve when you forget to provide shelters and bread crumbs or sunflower seed or pop corn or chopped suet. Any and all of this provender is eagerly appreciated by the hungry chickadee, cardinal, nuthatch, downy woodpecker, titmouse or blue jay. And most of them would be made happy and helped to live and do their work if you left an ear of corn or an apple, from which they could take a bite, on the window sill or the front porch, or right out on the ground in a city back yard.

"Their work?" Yes; their happy and important work. By seeking out and devouring vegetation-destroying insects, when they can get at them, our winter birds save us millions of dollars' worth of foodstuffs every year. Moreover, they make it much pleasanter for us to take our walks abroad in the good old summer time by insuring the growth of shade trees, from which, otherwise, nasty crawling caterpillars might drop down our necks.

It is a good thing to remember the starving Russian children; but let us not, for lack of a little kind thought, allow the busy birds to starve or freeze to death.

War and Sense of Humor

TOM L. MASSON, in a recent article, suggests the inclusion in our educational schemes of a development of the sense of humor. Even diplomats might in time become infected with the saving grace he suggests. And he adds with malice prepense: "Imagine what would happen if any one suggested war in a gathering of diplomats endowed with the humor sense!"

A writer in a recent issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT suggested that what the world is waiting for is the rise of a new Cervantes or Dean Swift capable of shooting as it flies the folly of war with such certitude and effectiveness that it would be laughed off the planet.

Satire in the past has been one of the most effective forms of humor. The trouble with much of the attempted satire on war is that it contains a sting for most of us that leaves an uncomfortable feeling of conviction of sin. We are all *particeps criminis*. Its irony is of the poignant kind that is more apt to cause readers to weep than to laugh. Tolstoy's "Peace and War," Baroness von Hutten's "Lay Down Your Arms"—crowned as it was by the Nobel Peace award—and Romain Rolland's epic prose and verse in their forceful picturing of man's inhumanity to man in war, all strike a chill to the heart and have made countless thousands mourn. Even men gifted with the light journalistic touch like Frederick Palmer and Will Irwin, in their attempts to hold war up to scorn and condemnation, have been unable to avoid making their pages saddening beyond words. Perhaps Bruce Bairnsfather, the British cartoonist and humorist, has come nearest making war a laughing matter for both readers and playgoers. But "The Better 'Ole" ridicules war's situations without making war ridiculous.

War itself is essentially tragic. It may be that the difficulty in writing about it so lightly as to raise a laugh is due to the fact that no normal human being can laugh at a bleeding corpse, at the grief of bereaved mothers, widows and orphans, at the tortured struggles for breath of a poison-gas victim, or at the ghastly mutilation of a blinded and visage-smashed man struck in the face by shrapnel. W. S. Gilbert got fun out of the allusion to "the costermonger jumping on his mother" among the items that helped to make the policeman's lot "not a happy one." But he did not picture the process.

The worst of it is that war has even ceased to be "tragical" in the old and noble sense. Trench-mud and slime, crawling vermin, chemical warfare and machine warfare, the killing and mangling of a church full of worshipers struck by a bomb fired from hidden security 90 miles away, the slaying and maiming of little children playing in the street, or resting in their beds, by bombs dropped from airplanes a mile or more up in the air: these are not tragic in any sense implying valor and high sentiment. They are simply vile butchery of the most cruel and cowardly sort, repulsive in all the utter sordidness of its conditions to every sense of common decency.

Even these lines illustrate how difficult it is to write about war lightly, or even calmly. Balzac's "Human Comedy" shows us how intermingled is comedy and tragedy in this mortal life. But war is not human; it is brutal in the *nth* degree—if such an application of the term is not an unfair reflection on the brutes. But if we cannot laugh war off the world-stage, perhaps we can laugh away the diplomats—and thus achieve the same end. After all is there anything more preposterously silly than secret diplomacy?

A Price Paradox

APOLOGISTS for the low prices for agricultural products have given as a cause a "lack of foreign demand," but that excuse is discarded since official reports show a steadily increasing volume of grain exports. That under the natural law of supply and demand prices should be higher rather than lower makes it necessary to seek some explanation.

The United States Department of Agriculture estimates the domestic need at six bushels per capita of population, or 660,000,000 bushels. Taking this from the estimated crop of this season, leaves a surplus of 118,000,000 bushels for export. During July, August and September exports aggregated 127,000,000, leaving a deficit in home needs to be filled by importation, without considering shipments for other months. Under these conditions, the prediction is made that, "owing to the wheat shortage, bread will be high."

And yet the farmer can obtain for his grain but half the price he was able to secure only two years ago, a price paradox that merits his earnest study and personal action, for once the cause is found, he has the power to effect a cure.

Mr. Ford's Page

ONE way to keep busy is to make over again the mistakes of the past. That seems to be the only way in which some business men can get started again, they just begin to repeat the very things that caused the present depression. There is something hopeless about it when you view it closely. In spite of all the experience men have had, they know no better than to get up, dust off their clothes, and go on with the same nonsense that engaged them when they were knocked down.

The thought—if it is a thought; it is more likely a lazy drift of mind—that the system they pursued was all right, and that it was only an unaccountable spell of bad economic weather that interfered with that system, is still present with men. They still think that there was no connection between the system they pursued and the collapse that resulted.

The entire value of the last few years to us is summed up in the denial of that conclusion. There was a connection, and the sooner we understand it the clearer the way will be. The next thing to understand is that the new beginning must be made on a new course.

One would think that of all the foolish policies disproved by the war and depression, the last to rise would be the trust obsession. If there was ever anything that had been thoroughly discredited even before the depression set in, it was the monopolistic trust idea.

It was discredited, but the principal reason was hardly ever emphasized. Its methods were condemned. The cornering and crushing and destroying of competitors and competition, the exploitation of the public, the allied evils of political manipulation and special privilege—these were the principal indictments brought against the monopolistic trust.

But none of these things destroyed the trust as such. They destroyed the respectability of its character, but not its existence.

It was the industrial indictment that brought about the collapse, without written exposures or speech-making: the trust was inefficient, it was wasteful, it was a brilliant piece of financial gymnastics but it was a manufacturing failure.

The first thing for any successful manufacturer to know is how to make the thing he expects to sell. He ought to know every bolt and nut and screw, the weight and cost and place of every part, the reason for every shaving and every particle of waste material. He must know this if he is to be a success at making and merchandising the article on which he hopes to build his business.

That is where the trust fell down. It was a financial venture, not an industrial one. Bankers were at the helm, not manufacturers. The big question was figures, not articles of use. The purpose was profits, not service.

No law disrupted the trusts. Public opinion did not disturb them. What destroyed those that were destroyed and what weakened those that remained was the Law of Efficiency. Even money could not buy exemption from that law. And all the tariff privileges on earth could not make up for its opposition.

It is perfectly clear when you think of it. Here are 50 plants all busily working, each of them proving by their very existence that they are supplying a need, and all of them proving that competition and not monopoly is the healthy standard of business. Each plant has its method, its individual temperament, its own type of management. Each has adjusted itself to the conditions it has met.

Consider, then, these 50 busy, thrifty, profitable plants. A man of experience in big financial enterprises observes them. All he sees is 50 money-makers. The money of those 50 plants flows to 50 different centers. The financial man considers how much "better" it would be if a scheme could be arranged by which the money of the 50 plants should flow into one center. The manufacturer would not reason that way, because his hands are full making things. If he wants more business than he has, he goes after it by making a better article at a lower price; he knows that he can grow by performing a better service, and that nothing can stop the public from buying his goods as long as what he makes is useful to the public. No manufacturer worthy of his job would consider for a moment, "The way to increase my business is to put John Smith out of business." No doubt some men in the manufacturing business have thought that way, but they were only "in the manufacturing business," they were not real manufacturers at heart.

The true manufacturer would think twice also about undertaking to run anything by absentee ownership.

But the financier, as innocent as a child about manufacturing problems, would only see what money could do. And what could money do? It could persuade manufacturers to drop their responsibilities, rake in a comfortable sum and an assured investment, and take it easy the rest of their lives. *Money* can do that. But money cannot run the business thus obtained.

That is what happened to the trust. Its money could not manage anything. Its 50 plants hung very loosely together. Absentee management caused a disintegration to appear. Men and materials seemed to take a slump. Nothing was done as it was formerly done. The "brand" or "trade-mark" goods lost quality. The spirit had gone out of the business. And *money* could not put it back.

The board of directors of the trust were rather important men and very impressive to look upon, but they did not know a single blessed thing about the shops they thought they were running. They thought the shops were financial propositions; instead they were manufacturing propositions, and that makes a big difference.

A man may be a brilliant financier, and yet be a very poor business man. A man may be a fairly good business man, generally speaking, and yet be absolutely unfit for a specific kind of business. In some businesses all you are required to know is how to sell—selling is the secret. In other businesses you are required to know how to make—manufacturing is the secret. A good banker may be a poor business man and a worse factory director.

That is what happened to the trusts. How many of the great amalgamations ever proved to be money-makers? How many of them really controlled the business in their commodity—that is, the trusts that were thus artificially created? How many of the banker-made mergers ever became genuine industrial successes?

And yet you hear occasionally that the old tactics are about to be played again. Men who have learned absolutely nothing from the events of recent years are again looking around to see what they can gobble up, what they can shove off the board, what they can amalgamate, in order to curtail the freedom of manufacture and restrict the buying public's money to a few chosen channels.

It is a mistake, a sad mistake, and doomed to disaster. What we need now is as many separate businesses as possible, all of them doing their bit to start business going again.

Better one hundred little fellows all pushing ahead to make things go, than one big fellow waiting for things to start.

BETTER one hundred little fellows all pushing ahead to make things go, than one big fellow waiting for things to start. There never can be too many real business men in business or too many real manufacturers in manufacturing. No man has a right in business who cannot make, from top to bottom, the article his business is to be based upon. He should know every part and the reason for every shaving of waste. Nothing can be made except by makers, nothing can be managed except by managers. Money cannot make anything and money cannot manage anything. That is why the trust method failed; it sought to substitute money for management at one end of the scale, and money for manufacturing at the other end. Money failed. How foolish to repeat the failure. Let them all get into business and help push business along.

Pennies or Human Lives: the Lorenz Tragedy

The Story of a Newspaper Fight, Professional Jealousy and Other Things

THE coming of a healer and the gathering of the human birds of prey to exploit his powers and to feast on the fruits of his brain and hand are both exemplified by the events which have followed the arrival in this country of Dr. Adolph Lorenz, the great Viennese orthopedist.

The story of Dr. Lorenz is one of those simple everyday tragedies of petty annoyances, vexations, worries and misunderstandings, notable in this instance only because of the greatness of the victim.

It would seem that the story of the coming of a great and simple soul, bent on the loftiest of missions, that of relieving the anguish of little children, would be a story to be told in rhythmic music. Instead, Dr. Lorenz's story deals with mean little struggles for financial profit and personal prestige.

When Dr. Lorenz reached New York City, a few weeks ago, his coming was unheralded. But the mere announcement of his arrival brought forth all the tales of his former visit to America, a score of years ago, when a pioneer in the new science of orthopedy, strong of hand, stout of heart, keen of analysis, and clear of brain, his diagnoses brought the warm praise of the usually reticent members of his profession. His operation on Lolita Armour for congenital hip disease, an operation for which her millionaire packer father is said to have paid the then unheard-of fee of $50,000, stirred the sensation-seeking interest of the entire country. And last, but far from least, his equally successful but free operations on the children of the poor touched the national heart.

It required but the bare announcement of his return to America to revive these old memories.

It was a simple story that he told when he came. He had come from his stricken city, once the gayest capital in the world, to pay a debt of gratitude he felt was owed to America. Generous hands from America had reached across the sea to help the suffering children of Vienna. Many—just how many the world will never know—were saved from starvation by American charity.

Dr. Lorenz thought this debt of good deeds must be paid. And he came with his two strong, delicate hands to pay as much as he could of the debt hundreds of thousands of hands in careless generosity had incurred. He came, it is true, not without hesitancy. His impoverished hospital had been one of those countless clearing-houses through which had gone the thousands upon thousands of victims of a few men's ambition to rule the world. He knew that the injustice of war had struck deep into many hearts. He knew that national rancors still existed in some quarters. And he feared just a little that somehow intangibly such a feeling in America that he had been recently an alien enemy might interfere with his effort to befriend mankind.

On his arrival in New York there was no general welcome. He went quietly to a New York hotel. But no sooner was the announcement of his coming noised abroad than there began a procession of scores upon scores of crippled persons, to whom the sight of his name was as a star of hope.

There was the white-bearded healer in the hotel lobby, surrounded by appealing cripples. It was then that there came to his assistance the first of several who sought to exploit his work for their own gain. He said that he was "Clifford W. Weyman," and had been delegated by Dr. Copeland, New York Health Commissioner, with the duty of acting as his representative during Dr. Lorenz's stay. The volunteer assistant did not object when he was addressed as doctor, and speedily he became "Dr. Clifford Weyman."

Under this gentleman's sponsorship, Dr. Lorenz was introduced again to New York. Under his direction Dr. Lorenz met other physicians, saw his first patients, made his first appointments, and underwent his newspaper interviews.

Things ran far from smoothly. Deserving patients were unable to get near the great doctor. Members of the profession were alienated. Interviewers were unfriendly. Then someone thought to investigate, and it developed that "Dr. Weyman" was none other than Stephan Weinberg, a Brooklyn Jew, whom Dr. Copeland had never seen. Weinberg disappeared when exposure threatened.

In the meantime, other developments had occurred. Most of the doctor's clinics had been held in the Hospital of Joint Diseases, at the head of which is Dr. Henry W. Frauenthal, a Jewish physician who is the founder of the institution. Dr. Frauenthal was one of those who saved themselves when the great liner Titanic struck an iceberg ten years ago.

The clinics in the Joint Diseases Hospital were the source of much criticism and finally brought down the wrath of the hospital's own board of trustees. They demanded an explanation from Dr. Frauenthal of the method of collecting fees for Dr. Lorenz's work. Complaints had been made that persons able to pay $100 were examined privately by Dr. Lorenz in Dr. Frauenthal's office, while less fortunate ones stood in line during all kinds of weather waiting for the public clinic. Dr. Frauenthal explained that all the money collected at the private examinations had been deposited in two bank accounts, one for use for Dr. Lorenz's expenses, the other for the suffering children of Vienna. Dr. Lorenz had no knowledge that money had been demanded and paid at the free clinic, the doctor stating that he had left all financial matters to the hospital authorities. Dr. Lorenz was aroused by the disclosure and insisted that thereafter no money be taken from the crippled persons brought to the free clinics.

When Weinberg had been definitely ousted from all connection with Dr. Lorenz, the authorities at the Joint Diseases Hospital assigned Dr. Walter Galland, a young Jewish physician, to act as his secretary.

Much harm had apparently been done to his cause, however, and members of the profession in New York were holding back their endorsement of his work. From Chicago and other cities had come reports that a professional welcome to the great Vienna specialist might not be so cordial as should be expected.

Behind the alarming reports from Chicago lies a story, one that is not new to persons familiar with the handling of matters connected with persons and events of large interest. It is a story of newspaper rivalry.

On Dr. Lorenz's first arrival in the country, representative of the Chicago *Daily News,* one of the more conservative newspapers in Chicago, ing another host in Chicago, namely, the Chicago newspapers controlled by William Randolph Hearst.

One morning Hearst's Chicago newspapers blazed forth with the sensational and startling information that the Hearst newspapers would bring Dr. Adolph Lorenz—to Chicago to conduct free clinics for the benefit of Chicago's unfortunate children. There was nothing unusual in this announcement, when considered from the viewpoint of newspaper tactics. It has long been a favorite device of certain newspapers which cater to sensationalism, to seize upon the advent of an interesting public character or the staging of an event of great public interest and capitalize it for purposes of prestige. *Seldom is the outlay of a dollar necessary to the success of such a venture.* The newspaper simply permits events to take their accustomed course, and by a liberal use of photographs and printers' ink convincingly establishes its own claim to the credit for all the good ensuing from the work of the man it has adopted or the incident to which it has claimed title.



(C) U. & U.

DR. ADOLPH LORENZ

The bringing of Dr. Lorenz to Chicago would have entailed no obligation upon Mr. Hearst. The physician expected to come anyhow. But the blatant claims of the Hearst newspapers had an effect at once embarrassing to Dr. Lorenz and almost fatal to the entire purpose of his trip across the seas. This was due to the fact that one of the cardinal principles of ethics in the medical profession forbids a doctor to advertise or to seek patients by solicitation. Dr. Lorenz did not advertise, and probably had little if any knowledge of the lengths to which the Hearst papers would go. But to the reading public the effect was the same.

Chicago physicians were surprised, then offended, at these indications of the great Austrian specialist's supposed departure from professional paths. Mildly but firmly they conveyed to him in New York the word that he must disavow the Hearst connection if he expected the Chicago hospitals to open their doors to him and the Chicago physicians to welcome him.

Dr. Lorenz was nonplused. The New York physicians had been slow to recognize him. The Chicago events were disheartening. Reports of the attitude of physicians in other cities were not encouraging. The Weinberg incident, the patent attempt of certain cliques to capitalize him in New York City, and the money discussion, had left a bad taste in his mouth. Finally, worn out, disgusted and hopeless, the great physician announced that he was ready to give up his mission and to return to Vienna.

At this point, the first turn in Dr. Lorenz's fortunes occurred. Dr. Copeland, the New York Health Commissioner, took steps to aid him. Dr. Copeland felt that the sudden return of Dr. Lorenz to Vienna would be little short of a national calamity. Therefore, he called upon the Vienna specialist, and in his official capacity appealed to the latter to remain in America. Dr. Lorenz promised to consider further, and the next day at Dr. Copeland's invitation attended a conference of leading New York orthopedists, at which efforts were made to smooth over the difficulties which had faced the distinguished visitor. The outcome of the conference was Dr. Lorenz's promise to remain, and the decision to abolish the jealousy-provoking clinics in favored private hospitals and replace them with examinations in public clinics under supervision of the Municipal Board of Health.

This final straightening out of the reception and co-operation tangle came only after three weeks of hit and miss endeavor. It came only after Dr. Lorenz had been subjected to insults, indignities, discouragements and misunderstandings. The straightening out affected New York City alone, and the same situations were to be faced to a greater or less degree throughout the country at all places the doctor might contemplate carrying on his mission. But it was to be hoped that the New York experience would obviate some of the difficulties in other cities Dr. Lorenz might visit.

It is no part of the idea of this article to detail tediously all of the trifling obstacles that hamper a great mission. Enough have been listed to make clear the example.

There remains only to tell what manner of man is this Dr. Lorenz and what is the nature of his work, whose mountainous eminence was nearly gnawed away by mouse-like men.

You see him at his best in one of those free clinics, where he gives of his vast experience, wide sympathy, accurate knowledge, that unfortunates may smile.

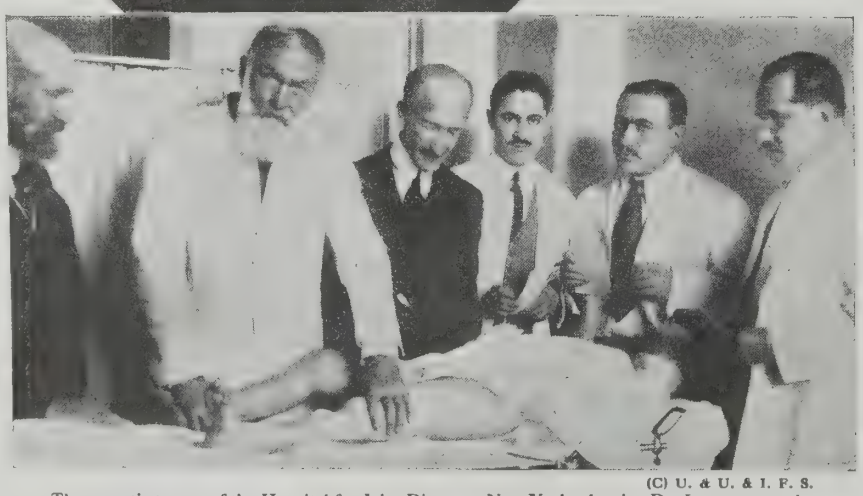
He is a tall, gray-haired man, with a patriarchal beard, and remarkably clear skin. His features are clear-cut and his head of Grecian mold. But it is his eyes which hold the attention. They are serenely blue, with that deep blue of the distant heavens. They seem capable of penetrating into hidden things. And they seem incapable of detecting the pettiness of human motives, but hold the expression of complete trust in

(*Concluded on page 15*)



MR. AND MRS. ANTON WEDL

Mr. Wedl was instrumental in arranging for Dr. Lorenz's visit and was an adviser during the famous physician's stay in New York.



(C) U. & U. & I. F. S.

The operating room of the Hospital for Joint Diseases, New York, showing Dr. Lorenz at work on the first patient to apply at the clinic open to the public. In the group from left to right are Drs. H. W. Frauenthal, Lorenz, H. C. Frauenthal, G. G. Wieshner, Alpert and Stein.

New Bible Revision by Los Angeles Printer

Californian's Years of Study Bring Revelations of Discrepancies

RESEARCH into the sources of the Bible have shown that many things which that Book is said to teach it does not teach at all. It has been proved that many "difficulties" in the Bible are not in the Book itself but in hearsay testimony concerning it. This is being made clear by the work of translators who are scientifically interested in finding the bottom fact of Biblical statement.

Bible translations of earlier years have suffered from two forms of bias: the first copying houses were under the control of those whose thought leaned toward the Judaistic idea, coloring many statements with that hue. In later times the copying houses were under the control of ecclesiastics who made their translations to suit an established doctrine, giving the scriptures a theological bias. It is a remarkable fact that in spite of these hindrances to an exact translation, the Bible has come down to us clear in its main streams, but cloudy in others.

More recent translations or revisions have had a purpose to make the Bible modern and "easy reading." The literary method has contributed substantially nothing of value.

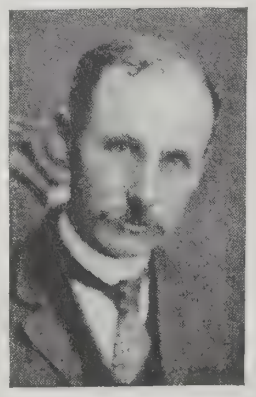
To render a complete and perfect translation it is necessary for the scholar to divorce himself from doctrinal and ecclesiastical bias, and remain undividedly loyal to the text as far as it can be ascertained.

In Los Angeles this form of work is well under way in a modest brown bungalow, much in need of repainting, the home of Adolph Ernest Knoch. It is a humble home, surrounded by other humble homes of workingmen, and tells only too plainly that the dweller therein is engaged in making something besides money. Knoch was not always poor. Earlier in life he made money enough to buy leisure in which to do the work he felt called to do. An unfortunate investment swept his modest fortune away. Today he is employed in a downtown printing establishment—he is an expert printer—and gives the early hours of morning and the late hours of night to his life work, the retranslation of the Bible from the earliest obtainable manuscripts. A scholar in Hebrew and Greek, he has managed to enlist expert assistance all around the country. A country minister in Michigan (in a country parish because of his health) checks over the Greek verbs. Scholars elsewhere render other editorial assistance. A farmer contributes $100 a year to the expenses of printing, a physician gives $50 a month. So the work goes on, its center the home of this journeyman printer in Los Angeles.

The work was hindered during the war. Knoch is a German name, and a man with a German name at a printing case was—who knows what? He needed a few pounds of Greek type, which was "foreign" and queer looking, so the type foundry refused. Knoch made the type himself. It was a tedious process. Each letter was cut, filed or punched at the end of a piece of soft steel. This was hardened by heating and tempering. These steel dies were then sunk in copper plates which were used as matrices in casting the type. It was then found that this face was too heavy for the superlinear so another font was made, much lighter and smaller.

Knoch was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and is in his forties. He went to Los Angeles 25 years ago. Becoming interested in the Bible he noticed the discrepancies between the Greek and the English. He resolved to make an accurate translation, or to put the Bible in such form that the intelligent reader could judge as between translations. He had no theories to confirm, except that the original could be intelligibly reproduced. Knoch obtained a mastery of Greek and Hebrew. He card-indexed every word in the Greek, tracing it to its source and recording all the variations of its use. For 20 years he thus equipped himself to weigh the words and syllables of earliest extant sources.

These sources are the Codex Vaticanus, which is in the Vatican Library at Rome; the Codex Sinaiticus, which was discovered in a convent on Mt. Sinai and is now in Petrograd—if the Bolsheviks have not destroyed it; and the Codex Alexandrinus, which is in the British Museum at London. Knoch works from photographic copies of all three. These originals were written in capital letters with no spaces between the words. Discrepancies between the three can be attributed to carelessness of the copyists. Mr. Knoch proceeds upon the theory that the copyists were more likely to omit passages than they were to add them, and has accordingly used all the passages found in the original text of any of the three. But to avoid the charge of bias or concealment he is printing the full Greek text with supralinear notations of all the discrepancies. The reader is thus enabled to judge for himself of the correctness of the English translation which is appended.



ADOLPH E. KNOCH

Knoch and his assistants work without remuneration. All the help he receives is voluntary. His helpers are everywhere, one of them in Scotland. Some, who are not Greek scholars of distinction, help him by counting the words and letters, that no word or phrase may be omitted.

The translator is a modest man who goes about his business quietly. Already he has become the calm and unmoved center of several theological storms. He is undisturbed because he conceives that the agitation must eventually spend itself not on the personality of the translator but upon the accuracy of the text.

"I am publishing the entire evidence so that it will not be necessary to take my word for anything," says Mr. Knoch.

The name given to the work is "The Concordant Version," and the style of the page is shown herewith. A few of its contributions to the understanding of the Bible are here given:

"There has been a struggle for many years to correct the time periods of Scripture," said Mr. Knoch. "Every Bible student knows that the expression 'the end of the world' should be the end of the Age or Eon. 'World' means 'age.' It always has this significance and is so rendered in The Concordant Version. This opens up the grand system of time periods or eons. The Bible does not treat of eternity past or future, but of a great Time Cycle called the AGE, Times or Eonian Times. These had a beginning and will have an end. Two have been past and two are still future. The phrase 'forever and ever' is self-destructive, apart from the Greek. If there can be an 'ever' added to 'forever,' then 'forever' is not endless. It means 'for the Age,' or the ages.

"The passage Hebrew 11:1 is a test for any translation. In the authorized version it reads, 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' The revised version has it: 'Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen.' The Concordant method gives us this: 'Now faith is an assumption of what we are expecting, a conviction concerning matters which we are not observing.' Faith is neither substance nor evidence, it *assumes* the truth of which it is convinced."

The familiar counsel, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat nor what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body what ye shall put on," is made to read, "Do not be worrying about your soul." The word "soul" stands for life, sensation, hence it is translated as eating and drinking merely.

The Concordant Version is distinctly *not* an attempt to reproduce the Bible in modern English or to turn out an "easy reading" volume. Its aim is to tackle big Biblical problems. Take, for example, the much disputed matter of Hell. On this subject Mr. Knoch said:

"The revisers, knowing that the English word 'hell' no longer represented the true thought of the original, compromised by using the Greek word itself and rendering it 'hades.' The Bible says that after His death Christ went into Hell. This cannot mean the conventional place of torment we associate with that word.

"The Concordant Version deals with the matter thus: 'Hades' in Greek is made up of two elements: A means UN (the 'h' is not a letter in Greek); the remainder of the word comes from the element ID which means *perceive,* and is so used hundreds of times. Thus Hades is the IMPERCEPTIBLE or UNSEEN.

"Take also the doctrine of the Beginning of things. In the revised version two distinct words are given the same translation as 'foundation.' One word is 'themelios' which literally means to place with care and when used of the foundation of a city or a prison undoubtedly means 'foundation.' The other word 'katabolee' is literally 'down-casting'; it is the very opposite of 'foundation,' it means *disruption.* The passage: 'The Lamb slain from the *foundation* of the world,' really means, the Lamb slain from the *disruption* of the world. Take also the passage: 'For then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world'—it means, since the *disruption* of the world."

This doctrine of "Beginnings in disruption" has many angles which cannot be treated in an article like this. It throws a new light on the Biblical account of creation and the supposed conflict between Geology and Genesis. Creation is contained in the first verse of Genesis; that first verse is indeed the whole first chapter and the whole book of Creation. Then at verse 2 begins the description of restoration after an undescribed world cataclysm which left the earth and the near-by planets in an altered state. The disruption of the earth, indicated here and there throughout Scripture, is a point whose lack has put needless burdens on faith and loyalty to the Bible.

The example of the double use of the word "Foundation" by the authorized translators illustrates a rule which Mr. Knoch finds absolutely binding upon him, namely, *that no English word should stand for two distinct Greek words.* "Disruption" and "careful-placing" in Greek cannot both be "foundation" in English.

Another rule is that there should be no smoothing away of meanings for the sake of obtaining easy reading, that is, no word or part of a word should be omitted in translation if it can possibly be turned into English.

The principle that each Greek word shall be represented by only one English word has a bearing on the doctrine of the second coming of Christ which is now attracting much attention. The special terms used with reference to this subject are carefully distinguished in The Concordant Version. There are three terms in the Greek, and they are not uniformly translated into their three equivalents in the English. The first term is "epiphany" (epiphaneia) which is *Advent.* The second term is "unveiling" (apokalupsis, whence the term Apocalypse) and means simply *unveiling,* in the

(Concluded on page 15)

0002 PAUL TO THE EPHESIANS CHAPTER 1 CHAPTER 1 PAUL TO THE

ΠΑΥΛΟCΑΠΟCΤΟΛΟCΧΡΙCΤ 20 (PAUL commissioner OF-ANOINTED; AS OF-JESUS)
ΟΥΙΗCΟΥΔΙΑΘΕΛΗΜΑΤΟCΘ 40 (ANOINTED JESUS THRU WILL OF-)
ΕΦΥΤΟΙCΑΓΙΟΙCΤΟΙCΟΥCΙΝΤΟ 60 (God to-THE HOLY-ones; bs1 omit ALL; ALL THE-ones)
ΙCΟΥCΙΝΚΑΙΠΙCΤΟΙCΕΝΧ 80 (BEING AND BELIEVING IN AN-; s2 s. ΕΝΕΦΕCΩ IN EPHESUS+s3 abm)
ΡΙCΤΩΙΗCΟΥΧΑΡΙCΥΜΙΝΚ 100 (2 ANOINTED JESUS. Grace to-YOU-p AND)
ΑΙΕΙΡΗΝΗΑΠΟΘΕΟΥΠΑΤΡΟ 20 (PEACE FROM God FATHER)
CΗΜΩΝΚΑΙΚΥΡΙΟΥΙΗCΟΥΧ 40 (OF-US AND Master JESUS AN-)
ΡΙCΤΟΥΕΥΛΟΓΗΤΟCΘΕΟC 60 (3 ANOINTED Blessed THE God)
ΚΑΙΠΑΤΗΡΤΟΥΚΥΡΙΟΥΗΜΩ 80 (AND FATHER omitted by B; s1 adds ΚΑΙCΩ; AND FATHER OF-THE Master OF-US)
ΝΙΗCΟΥΧΡΙCΤΟΥΟΕΥΛΟΓΗ 200 (THPOC AND SAVIOUR; JESUS ANOINTED THE One-blessing)
CΑCΗΜΑCΕΝΠΑCΗΕΥΛΟΓΙΑ 30 (US omitted by s1; US IN EVERY blessing)
ΠΝΕΥΜΑΤΙΚΗΕΝΤΟΙCΕΠΟΥ 40 (spiritual IN THE ON-heavenlies)
ΡΑΝΙΟΙCΕΝΧΡΙCΤΩΚΑΘΩC 60 (4 IN ANOINTED according-AS)
ΕΞΕΛΕΞΑΤΟΗΜΑCΕΝΑΥΤΩΠ 80 (He-chooses US IN Him BE-)
ΡΟΚΑΤΑΒΟΛΗCΚΟCΜΟΥΕΙΝ 300 (FORE DOWN - CASTING OF-SYSTEM TO-BE)
ΑΙΗΜΑCΑΓΙΟΥCΚΑΙΑΜΩΜΟ 20 (US HOLY-ones AND UN-FLAWED-ones)
ΥCΚΑΤΕΝΩΠΙΟΝΑΥΤΟΥΕΝΑ 40 (DOWN-IN-VIEW OF-Him IN LOVE)
ΓΑΠΗΠΡΟΟΡΙCΑCΗΜΑCΕΙC 60 (5 BEFORE-SEEizing US INTO)
ΥΙΟΘΕCΙΑΝΔΙΑΧΡΙCΤΟΥΙ 80 (SON - PLACing THRU ANOINTED JE-; s4 JESUS ANOINTED)
ΗCΟΥΕΙCΑΥΤΟΝΚΑΤΑΤΗΝΕ 400 (SUS INTO Him according-to THE WELL-)
ΥΔΟΚΙΑΝΤΟΥΘΕΛΗΜΑΤΟCΑ 20 (SEEming OF-THE WILL OF-)
ΥΤΟΥΕΙCΕΠΑΙΝΟΝΔΟΞΗCΤ 40 (6 Him INTO ON - PRAISE OF-esteem OF-)
ΗCΧΑΡΙΤΟCΑΥΤΟΥΗCΕΧΑΡ 80 (THE grace OF-Him WHICH graces; s3 ΕΝΗ IN WHICH)
ΙΤΩCΕΝΗΜΑCΕΝΤΩΗΓΑΠΗΜ 80 (US IN THE One-HAVING-been-; s1 inserts C)
ΕΝΩΕΝΦΕΧΟΜΕΝΤΗΝΑΠΟΛΥ 500 (7 LOVED IN WHOM WE-ARE-HAVING THE FROM-LOOSening)
ΤΡΩCΙΝΔΙΑΤΟΥΑΙΜΑΤΟCΑ 20 (THRU THE BLOOD OF-)
ΥΤΟΥΤΗΝΑΦΕCΙΝΤΩΝΠΑΡΑ 40 (Him THE FROM-LETting OF-THE BESIDE-)
ΠΤΩΜΑΤΩΝΚΑΤΑΤΟΠΛΟΥΤΟ 60 (FALLS according-to THE RICHES; s2 accusative TONTI AOYTON)
CΤΗCΧΑΡΙΤΟCΑΥΤΟΥΗCΕΠ 80 (OF-THE grace OF-Him WHICH He-; A ΧΡΗCΤΟΤΗΤΟC kindness)
ΕΡΙCCΕΥCΕΝΕΙCΗΜΑCΕΝΠ 600 (lavishes INTO US IN EV-)
ΑCΗCΟΦΙΑΚΑΙΦΡΟΝΗCΕΙ 20 (9 ERY WISDOM AND DISPOSITION KNOW)
ΝΩΡΙCΑCΗΜΙΝΤΟΜΥCΤΗΡΙ 40 (izing to-US THE CLOSE-KEEP)
ΟΝΤΟΥΘΕΛΗΜΑΤΟCΑΥΤΟΥΚ 60 (OF-THE WILL OF-Him SC-)
ΑΤΑΤΗΝΕΥΔΟΚΙΑΝΑΥΤΟΥΗ 80 (cording-to THE WELL-SEEming OF-Him WHICH; s1 repeats INTO A according-to THE KATATHN)
ΝΠΡΟΕΘΕΤΟΕΝΑΥΤΩΕΙCΟΙ 700 (10 He-BEFORE-PLACED IN Him INTO stew-)
ΚΟΝΟΜΙΑΝΤΟΥΠΛΗΡΩΜΑΤΟ 20 (ardship OF-THE FILling)
CΤΩΝΚΑΙΡΩΝΑΝΑΚΕΦΑΛΑΙ 40 (OF-THE SEASONS TO-UP-HEAD; s4 Θ for Λ)
ΩCΑCΘΑΙΤΑΠΑΝΤΑΕΝΤΟΧΡ 60 (THE ALL IN THE AN-; abs1 omit BESIDES bs1 ΕΠΙ ON for IN)
ΙCΤΩΤΑΕΝΤΟΙCΟΥΡΑΝΟ 80 (OINTED THE BESIDES IN THE heavens)
ΙCΚΑΙΤΑΕΠΙΤΗCΓΗCΕΝΑΥ 800 (AND THE ON OF-THE LAND IN Him; A omits -ΡΙΩ-)
ΤΩΕΝΩΚΑΙΕΚΛΗΡΩΘΗΜΕΝΠ 20 (11 IN WHOM AND WE-WERE-ALLOTTED BE-)
ΡΟΟΡΙCΘΕΝΤΕCΚΑΤΑΠΡΟΘ 40 (ING-BEFORE-SEEized according-to BEFORE-)
ΕCΙΝΤΟΥΤΑΠΑΝΤΑΕΝΕΡΓΟ 60 (PLACing OF-THE-One THE ALL IN-ACTing)
ΥΝΤΟCΚΑΤΑΤΗΝΒΟΥΛΗΝΤΟ 80 (according-to THE COUNSEL OF-THE)
ΥΘΕΛΗΜΑΤΟCΑΥΤΟΥΕΙCΤΟ 900 (12 WILL OF-Him INTO THE; A adds OF-THE THC)
ΕΙΝΑΙΗΜΑCΕΙCΕΠΑΙΝΟΝΑ 20 (TO-BE US INTO ON - PRAISE OF-)
ΟΖΗCΑΥΤΟΥΤΟΥCΠΡΟΗΛΠ 40 (esteem OF-Him THE ONES-HAVING-BEFORE-)
ΚΟΤΑCΕΝΤΩΧΡΙCΤΩΕΝΩΚΑ 60 (13 EXPECTED IN THE ANOINTED IN WHOM ANE; A WE H- s.o.)
ΙΥΜΕΙCΑΚΟΥCΑΝΤΕCΤΟΝΑ 80 (YE HEARing THE SAY-)
ΟΓΟΝΤΗCΑΛΗΘΕΙΑCΤΟΕΥΑ 1000 (ing OF-THE TRUTH THE WELL-; s.o.)

1 PAUL, an apostle of Christ Jesus through the will of God, to all the saints who are believing also in Christ Jesus:

2 Grace to you and peace, from God, our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

3 BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who blesses us with every spiritual blessing among the celestials, in 4 Christ, according as He chooses us in Him before the disruption of the world, to be holy and flawless in His sight, when, in love, He 5 designates us beforehand for the place of a son unto Him through Christ Jesus; in accord with the 6 delight of His will, for the laud of His grace glorious, which graces us 7 in the Beloved: in Whom we have deliverance through His blood, the forgiveness of offenses in accord 8 with the riches of His grace, which He lavishes on us when, in all 9 wisdom and prudence, He makes known to us the secret of His will (in accord with His delight, which 10 He purposed in Him) to have an administration, the complement of the eras, in which the universe is to be headed up in the Christ—that in the heavens as well as that 11 on the earth—even in Him in Whom our lot is cast, being designated beforehand according to the purpose of the One Who is operating the universe in accord with the 12 counsel of His will, that we, who are in a state of prior expectancy in the Christ, should be for the laud of His glory

13 In Whom *you,* too—when hearing the word of truth, the evangel

How The Concordant Version shows the Original and Translation.

"We're Guilty, But It's Not for You to Accuse!"

Remarkable Confession of a Yiddish Writer and His Strange Reaction

SEVERAL weeks ago we took the opportunity to present an article written by Mr. Patterson James, a reviewer, whose work appears frequently in *The Billboard*, a leading American theatrical periodical. The article, readers may remember, had to do with the attempt of a Jewish motion picture producer to obtain the indorsement and approval of a Christian clergyman for the Jewish presentation of "The Passion Play" to be staged in this country under Jewish direction.

As a result of that article and a second, which we are republishing on this page and which has to do with *Yiddish* so-called actors appealing in *Yiddish* for *Yiddish* applause because of the poor reception their alleged acting obtains, the attempted "getting" of Mr. James has been begun by the Jews through the *Jewish Voice*, of St. Louis. It bears the signature of Charles H. Joseph and appears in a copyrighted column entitled "Random Thoughts." There is little "random" in the thoughts expressed.

Particularly interesting is the Jewish protest of Mr. Joseph against *Jewish* ridiculing of *Jews* when read in connection with Mr. James' protest of the ridiculing of Christian Science by Al Jolson to win the few laughs he earns through the exploitation of other people's religion and the employment of stolen, uncredited jokes.

BY PATTERSON JAMES
The Billboard, November 19, 1921.

OUT of curiosity I took an esthetic young Jew with me and went a-slumming.

* * * *

The afternoon was a succession of shocks. Vaudeville managers are supposed to be cruder but wiser showmen than their confreres of the dramatic theater. I believe there is even some strangely humorous "class feeling" between the two species. I discovered that the show-wise (?) vaudeville manager in his wisdom had decided to subordinate at the Riverside Theater the name and drawing power of a celebrated and able actor to that of A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the billing. The American creator of Svengali, in letters a half inch high, and a youth dressed up in skirts, without a tiara of sartorial distinctiveness or entertainment charm blazoned in monstrous capitals! A man seated behind me doubtless had the right explanation of the situation. He told the woman with him that THE FEMALE IMPERSONATOR'S act was owned by the Keith management, and that was the reason the turn was being so played up. A kind of left-handed approval of itself, I presume.

The theater was dirty, but the show began. A troupe of amusing, rollicking dogs opened the bill after the leader of the orchestra, Julius Something-or-other, had entertained the audience with gyrations on his fiddle. Julius Something-or-other gave evidence throughout the matinée that he considered himself a number on the program instead of the conductor of an orchestra hired to assist the actors. Whenever the performers on the stage seemed in danger of securing the undivided attention of the audience, Julius did a neck spin on the bridge of his violin to show he was still leading the orchestra.

Then appeared a stripling with well-oiled head and a most extraordinary suit of clothes, which the gentleman behind me (he really was amazingly well-informed—he called all the actors by their first names and spoke the argot of the varieties with astonishing fluency) declared to be "the best N. V. A. model," whatever that may be. The oiled youth smiled contemptuously at the poor wretches in the audience and sauntered into a species of song about some lady for whom he formerly acted as pianist. She discharged him. The audience remained rather noncommittal at this piece of news. Then, with a flash in his eye, the songster uttered some cabalistic words in Yiddish, sat himself at a grand piano, and warbled a dismal ditty about nothing at all in particular. He retired unmolested. On came "a sketch." Once again the man behind me favored. "They don't want sketches no more," he averred. I wondered why, until I had seen and heard the "sketch." "Sketch" is variety's name for the one-act play, the most difficult form of dramatic construction. I thought of some excellent ones I had seen in former days, little plays, dramas in miniature which had well-expressed ideas, with humor and the spark of real drama, homely satire and even high comedy. The "sketch" at "B. F. Keith's Riverside" was incredibly childish in construction, lack of ideas, full of sleazy attempts at humor, a mushy speech about "gossips" and the worst actors I have seen outside of some of the Broadway shows. No wonder "they don't want sketches" if they are like the sort of thing I saw.

Arrived, "America's Celebrated Singing Comedienne." She was a rotund lady with a very short skirt, no corsets, red hair, and a cloak which the lady with the cicerone behind me announced loudly was "er-mine" fur. The red-haired, rotund, corsetless lady in the short skirt and er-mine fur cloak passed words with Julius to the effect that he did not have to play her act. Who will save "America's Celebrated Singing Comedienne" in distress? Who, indeed, but the oily Number Two-on-the-Bill pest. The rotund (and all the rest of it) lady proved to be none other than the girl the oily-headed pianist sang about previously. When Julius was so cavalierly disdained, oily locks sat down and played her songs. *The going was very bad for "America's Celebrated Singing Comedienne," so she emitted a sentence or two of Yiddish to indicate that she and her greased pianist were Jewish and that if there were any other Jewish people in the audience they should right away come to the assistance of two Yiddish performers trying to get along and were not being applauded by the Gentiles.* There was difficulty about getting the right wave radius for the Yiddish S. O. S. because the Jews in the audience (the esthetic one with me foamed with rage at what he called "Kike race appeals") failed to throw out the necessary life buoys. The rotund lady without the corsets and her oily-headed pianist sunk without the slightest offer of assistance from the customers, Gentile or Jewish.

After Mr. Lackaye, who for 12 minutes jarred the spectators out of the coma into which the preceding turns had thrown them, there was a breathing space to prepare for the FEMALE IMPERSONATOR. After listening to music by Bibo, looking at some clothes made by Mahieu from designs by Kiviat, and watching a lightning change from an evening frock into a pair of overalls (a manly touch, at which some loutish boys in an upstairs box chirped) I still wonder at the lofty position occupied by FEMALE IMPERSONATORS in the vaudeville manager's eye.

Now comes a pair of youths "in a comedy conception with songs." One of them had the loudest voice I have heard since listening to Johnny Nestor, known as "The Boy Who Sings To Beat the Band." Johnny would open up his vocal chords and defy any band in the world to make itself heard. The Riverside songbird bawled almost as effectively as Mr. Nestor, but he had a different method. The uptown thrush, an undersized bird with an amazing faculty for "mugging," simply screwed his eyes to gimlet points, swelled his neck to the goiterous proportions of a full-grown cobra about to strike, and let go. His partner, who needed no race signals to establish his right to a place in the affections of a Yiddish audience, also sang. He selected a fearsome "ballad," the catch line of which seemed to be "Gawd calls them ane-julls in Hevvun, but we call dem MOTHERS down heer." The last note was sung with a passionate, wide fling of the arms, a "let me press you to my heart" gesture, which devastated the listeners.

I rose from my seat and left when the Four Mortons came on. I knew they could take care of themselves. Anyway, the ballad about the "ane-julls" depressed me so I just could not stand Sam Morton's slightly robust humor.

Mr. Joseph's Outburst

In the *Jewish Voice*, Dec. 15

THE Billboard is a well-known theatrical publication of the cheaper sort. It has a writer whose name is Patterson James. He has a column called "Off the Record." It probably should be called, judging by the unbalanced way Mr. James writes, "Off His Base." Some one sent me a copy this week, marking a rather crude and poorly written alleged criticism of a vaudeville act performed by two Jews. Mr. James seems to have been fed up on Yiddish actors and Yiddish acts because he quite meanly scores these two and overemphasizes the Yiddish part, and the fact that they were Yiddish, the act Yiddish, and that it made or tried to make a special appeal to the Yiddish folk in the audience.

There was just one sensible thought contained in James' article and that was the fact that Jews in the audience resented the attempt on the part of Jewish actors to exploit their people. This is not as true as it ought to be. Personally, I am sick of smart-aleck Jews, who specialize in Yiddish stories, make fun of their own people, manufacture jokes at the expense of their holy days, such as New Year and the Day of Atonement; Jews who have done more to give the general non-Jewish theatergoing public a wrong impression of the Jewish people than Henry Ford ever did. These Yiddish acts and Yiddish actors are a liability to Jewry. And then when they come on the stage and begin to talk Yiddish to the audience and work off some of those jokes that are considered quite the thing in the narrower confines of Jewish clubs, I feel like "booing" them. But because this man James happened accidentally to hit upon a sensible idea in his article is no reason why the Jews in the theatrical world, if they have an *OUNCE OF SELF-RESPECT,* will permit *The Billboard* to continue to *INSULT* them as it has in this instance.

I take this opportunity to advise the JEWS in the theatrical profession that if they haven't sufficient self-respect to take up the matter that I shall make it my business to do so, and that I shall enlist the aid of the Anti-Defamation League. I presume *The Billboard* is supported to a large extent by Jews, and the editor evidently holds Jews in the dramatic field in pretty low estimation when he has the nerve to publish such articles. Now it rests with the Jewish producers, Jewish actors and Jews engaged in other branches of the profession to show the editors and owners of *The Billboard* whether they lack the self-respect he seems to think they do.

ON AL JOLSON

IT WOULD not make the slightest bit of difference what you or I said, or thought, about Al Jolson. Jolson is as firmly established as an institution (for about one-third the population of New York) as is Avenue B. It does not make another slightest bit of difference whether you like him or I like him. There is about one-third the total population of New York to whom he is the beau ideal entertainer. That may be because they look forward to the future possibility of making money as stage imitators of Jolson or because their taste in entertainment is low and easily satisfied. Whatever the reason, Jolson is apparently making the theater at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Seventh avenue a financial success. As far as I am concerned a little of Jolson goes a long way. He is an excellent performer in some ways. He projects a song unerringly. An audience has no terrors for him, because he sits on its knee and pats its cheek. You may not like to have an actor sit on your knee and pat your cheek, but that will not alter the case. He also whistles well. But he is going to meet the great tragedy of his life as an actor when he encounters an audience which will insist that he desist from addressing them as "folks," which will decline to be put on a footing of personal, social intimacy, and who will demand that he work at his business of entertaining not by using them, but by using the stage and his own wits for material. When he slams against a theater filled with people who will respectfully but firmly refuse to "do straight" for him his style may change. But in compelling patrons to do that very thing has been the secret of Jolson's rise. He once planted his feet in the footlight trough, spoke at the audience as if it was the other half of a two-man talking act, and he has never gotten away from it. It is not talent which landed him where he is. It is a realization of the fact that the man elevated on a platform has all the best of the people sitting beneath him. His small stock of ability has been capitalized with the cynical assurance of a successful clothing salesman. If he can get his finger in the buttonhole of your coat lapel, you buy the pants. That is all there is to it. If Mr. Jolson ever has to play in a theater where there is a narrow apron, a long, wide space between the footlights and the first row of seats, and the stage carpenter has left the "runway" in the last town, he is gone. However, there are people who enjoy being patronized from the stage. It gives them a sense of intimate acquaintance with the actor. They love to be picked out as "persons about town." It is good for business, but it is not real entertainment. In the course of his continuous performance "Bombo" Jolson remarks that "it is hard to get jokes." Is that any reason for dragging in Henry Ford and sneering at Christian Science? It may not have dawned upon Mr. Jolson that there are people who do not belong to the Christian Science Church who resent ANY religious belief being made the target for a blackface comedian's defective sense of humor. I wonder how Mr. Jolson would feel if he went to a theater (paid in, I mean) and heard some Christian Science comedian tickle.... an audience by underbred observations upon the beliefs of Judaism? I hope the blood of his father, who is (I am told) a rabbi, might stir him to justifiable anger. It is a huge revealing and revolting commentary upon ANY comedian's ability as an entertainer when he has to take the slur of a Tenderloin character upon the morals of his wife ("She couldn't get into the Haymarket with a letter from the Pope") and twist it to fit his application for rooms at an expensive hotel. That and an easily identified uncredited quotation from the late Ezra Kendall would indeed indicate that "jokes are hard to get." "Bombo" is Jolson and Jolson is "Bombo." If you like Jolson's methods and his material you will enjoy "Bombo." I don't and I didn't.

—PATTERSON JAMES.

Candid Address to Jews on Jewish Problem

A Straight Discussion of the Issue and the Jews' Reaction

(Concluded from page 1)

that now obtain, not a lifting of them to a higher degree of nobility.

If it were an attempt to substitute the austerity of the Mosaic law—the law given *to* Moses, not the ordinances decreed *by* Moses—for the half-hearted Christian idealism of the day, even that would be a task in which all right-hearted men could join. But *Moses condemns the modern Jews* more severely than anyone else could. They have rejected the Mosaic law. They have built their international power upon the exact opposite of the Mosaic law. Moses was given a law of human society which would have saved civilization its greatest tragedies. Moses has a social program, obedience to which for one day would completely wreck the Jewish international power. Moses is their judge, and when the Law is established Moses will be their destroyer.

Let the Jews think seriously what is this idea which they set up to follow. Let them penetrate the mists and seek out where this idea originated. Let them think forward and visualize the effect if this idea should become regnant. It will not become regnant here; there are safeguards here which the true Israelite will understand; but it is as certain as day that the idea will in the end destroy, utterly destroy, all who trust in it.

This much is gained, however, from the attitude we are now discussing: we have gained clarity of understanding as to just what it is that is in collision, it is *two ideas,* and one of them is the idea of disruption, fostered by the false and delusive hope that disruption will spare the disruptor.

"We Will Not Be Driven to Change"

3. *"What you say is true, and we Jews could change it if we only would. The trouble is, we don't want to seem to be driven to it. But I don't see how otherwise we are to do it."*

Many Jews will recognize this sentiment as their own, but they will be readier to express it to a non-Jew than a Jew. Why? Because prophets must be prepared to suffer in Judah. "Well, if you insist on playing Christ, you must expect to be crucified," said Lilienthal to Isaac Wise. "O Jerusalem, that stonest them that are sent to thee!"

Yet there is need of prophets in Judah today, men who will rise among the people and tell them plainly. The rabbinate is utterly bankrupt of the prophetic spirit. It has fallen into the blindness of the old priesthood. Here and there a literary man attempts to speak, but Jewish "art" has so accustomed the Jews to make-believe that the writing is looked upon as a performance, nothing more.

No one with a sense for such things—and there are believers still left in Judah—will doubt that the times are ripe for a great change respecting the Jews. So strong is the feeling among the remnant of believing Jews that it is interpreted as forewarnings of the Messianic period. Among the Judaized Christian sects, other interpretations are given to the times, most of which are used to support political Zionism which represents the materialism and unbelief of present-day Judaism and which will undoubtedly fail as a national restorative and as a political program. But however misinterpretative these sectarian and Jewish conclusions may be, they indicate a sense of imminent change. A greater change is indicated than migration to Palestine would be—for that would not mean any change at all in the world, and certainly no change for the better in the fortunes of the Jews. Christians—misguided Christians, one must say—who see God's alleged will of universal Jewish dominion fulfilled by means of the Jews' defiance and despite of the Law given to Moses, ought to re-examine their ground for so strange and immoral a conclusion. The break-up of this civilization, this age of civilization, will occur because of the collapse of this system by which the Jew has obtained his hold on the nations. The system that gives him his hold is doomed, is passing, and the fallacy of Jewish tribal destiny to rule the world will pass with it.

The Idea That Will Convert Jewry

WITH this change already on the threshold, prophets should be expected to arise in Judah to recall their people to the Law whose previous denial meant their overthrow. These prophets will not be of the "Reform school" which denies the God of Israel as a divine Person, nor will they be of the ultra-orthodox school which makes much of fringes and cookery—they will be of the race of the ancient prophets who spake boldly against Judah's violation of the fundamental law.

Our confidence is that a sufficient number of Jews will see the truth, and act upon it.

What would be the greatest overturn the present Jewish idea, the disruptive Jewish idea, could possibly have? This: *a knowledge that the way they are going is the way their own Law foredooms to failure,* and that *the people they hope to triumph over are the people their own Scriptures say they are not to triumph over.*

The first is beyond dispute: there is no success for the Jew, no establishment of him in the world except upon the basic law given to Moses. In any other attempt he must fall when the structure collapses.

The second is in dispute, but is by no means beyond consideration, especially by Jews. In these matters the Jews are much wiser than the so-called Christians. There is among the Jews "the law of the brother" and "the law of the stranger." The "law of the stranger" permits several important things which the "law of the brother" prohibits. The Jews have been treating the rest of the world, often intentionally, sometimes as a matter of course, according to the "law of the stranger." This is one of the influences which has helped to solidify Jewry against the rest of the world.

Volume Three in this series—"Jewish Influence on American Life," containing a third selection of these articles, is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and is sent at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Can the Jews Identify the "Gentiles"?

SUPPOSE it should be shown that the people in whose lands the Jews have never been persecuted, the people of those lands to which the Jews have never been "driven" but to which they have hopefully and joyfully come, are not "strangers" and are not to be treated as "strangers" and so far from being "strangers" are really the leaders and rulers of that ethical stream of influence of which the Jews, but for their disloyalty to their destiny, might have been an important part!

Suppose it should be shown that Judah, the "driven" part of Israel, has been blindly attacking the "led" part of Israel. Suppose it should be shown that Judah is not the Israel upon whom great destiny is to come, but a small part of that Israel and not even a participating part until it "returns, returns, returns."

If these things should once take hold of the intensified consciousness of Judah, as facts, there would be such a change in human society in general, such a change in the Jewish situation in particular, as would make a return to Palestine a mere summer excursion in comparison.

Jews are thinking about these very matters now. They are thinking from within. They are seeking a reason (the thoughtful among them) for the sense of unfitness which they feel when they adopt the traditional attitude of enmity toward the "others," the "others" in this case being the Anglo-Saxon peoples. The reason for this sense of impropriety is that here, in this land, the Jew will have to change his attitudes of antagonism and dwell in peace as in a land prepared for him. Not as lord of it, by any means, but as a grateful wanderer at last come home. Not as ruler, but as adding his bit to the righteousness, prosperity and peace of the people.

It Is Not a Question of Assimilation

IT IS not a question of religion. Let the Jew get back his Mosaic religion—it is the most perfect social system ever devised and directly contrary to the practical modern Jew's idea of things.

It is not a question of intermarriage. Let the Jew keep as long as he pleases his idea that he is racially different. The suggestion of intermarriage is a crude one and always indicates a lack of grasp of the Jewish Question.

Let the Jew keep all his traditions. They are not objectionable in any way; the slightest regard for them can only hold them as romantic.

But let him shed his false notion of "the Jew against the world!"

Let him shed his false program of breaking down Christendom by the infiltration of Orientalism into business, art, entertainment and the professions.

Let him abolish the false ideal that it is an honor to Jewry to save a guilty Jew from the common law, and a disgrace to Jewry to see a guilty Jew punished by the common law.

Let him draw up notice on all the Jews of the United States who by hook or crook are sowing vile seed in society, that the Jewish community charges itself with their misbehavior and will use methods well known to Jews to bring that misbehavior to an end.

Let the Jew end forever the disgrace of an anti-defamation committee which grows frantic over innocent remarks on the part of "Gentiles," and is absolutely indifferent to the misdeeds of thousands of Jews who do more damage to the Jewish name than all the "Gentile" critics and newspapers could do in 20 years. No one can give the Jews a bad reputation but the Jews themselves.

Most Jews who have given this matter a thought will agree. A good deal of bad temper exists among them, no doubt, and it will be hard for them to admit that anything THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT may contend for is right, but the idea here expressed, when divorced from this paper, does command respect from many Jews.

Jews' Friends Are Those Who Tell Truth

THE question remains, When will they start on the program here suggested?

Human nature being what it is, they will hate to start at all if it will seem that the present agitation has compelled them. But would they have started without the agitation?

It is possible for an additional number of Jews to catch the thought that this series of articles cannot be so easily explained away—we are not referring to the contents now, but to the fact that these articles exist at all—as being the creation of prejudice, or hatred or vindictiveness or ignorance?

Suppose these articles should be truly a sign of the times for American Jewry! Suppose they offer a warning word, however unwelcome, and a light, however undesired, which it would be most unwise for Jews to ignore.

Suppose these articles were conceived in a spirit far different than the average pro-Jewish spouter is competent to understand. Suppose the ultimate benefit will be mostly Judah's. Suppose the set time has now come for the Jews to quit their attitude of attacking every one who shows them the truth, and to profit by this report of the poor figure they cut in American life today. Suppose these people who are moved to search and report the truth about Judah are truly the shophar calling the people to a new day—is it wise to let stubbornness counsel? Is it wise to let pride close the ear?

The enemies of the Jews are those who defend them for the pay of hire or praise or votes. The enemies of the Jews are those who bespeak them fair to their faces, and express quite different thoughts behind their backs. The writer of this personally knows that two of the principal "Gentile" defenders of the Jews, men who have shouted and ranted through the Press on the Jews' behalf, are men who privately hold and express thoughts about the Jews which are sheer hatred and enmity and—fear. Mostly fear! The enemies of the Jews are those who encourage them to take an attitude that they cannot hold in America—not as affecting their personal liberty at all, but their social attitude and the Public Right.

Let the Jews Read, Learn and Act

THESE are the enemies of the Jews, and yet these are the ones whom Judah counts his friends. They are hired friends, false friends, incapable of realizing for a moment what this whole Question means. Judah's friends today are those who will speak the surgical truth to him, braving his fury in the knowledge that the future will justify the word.

Judah's leaders have betrayed him in this country, they do not know they have crossed the Jordan. The Jews are as sheep without shepherds in this land. And the chief objection which the Jewish leaders have to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is that *the Jews may read it and learn how shepherdless they are.* The Jewish leaders' opposition to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT rises mostly from *the fear that the Jews may read it!* The Jews have read it and they have not found hatred, they have not found abuse and calumny, they have not found ignorance and malice, they have found statements of fact calmly set forth not to arouse hatred among the non-Jews but to arouse a sense of social responsibility among the Jews.

These are significant times. The emergence of the Jewish Question is a part of the culmination of destiny that has come upon us, not for harm but for good. The Jews must uncover their eyes and unstop their ears, and they will see the beginning of the end of their travail, and they will hear that to which they have been too long heedless.

The justification of a discussion of the Jewish Question is the good of the Jews, and the greatest present obstacle to that good is the Jews themselves. The time is here when they shall see it.



Int. Film Service

The Japanese not only bring their own government, their own unswerving loyalty to the Mikado, and their own societies, but their own religious organizations as well, erecting their temples in every town near a Japanese colony. This photo shows the $100,000 Japanese Buddhist temple in Fresno, one of California's richest and most prosperous interior cities. The so-called "Christianized" Japanese, go to the missions established for them by American churches, in the morning, and attend the Buddhist services in these temples in the afternoon, on Sunday.

The Problem and the Solution Offered

WITHIN the United States are more than 150,000 people, subjects of an alien emperor, and four-fifths of them men more than 21 years of age. More than 100,000 are gathered in one state, where their avowed and unconcealed plan is to make that state their possession, through gradual absorption of the land and the agricultural industry, and by a voluntary increase of. population. From these aliens in America will come within the next eight years, nearly 50,000 men and women of voting age, citizens of the United States, who are not Americans, who never will be Americans, who do not wish to be Americans, except in name, yet who will vote for candidates for every office for whom you and I or any other native-born American is allowed to vote.

From these aliens within our gates there flowed back to the Oriental source of its nationals, more than $200,000 in American gold for every working day of the year 1920, approximately $67,000,000 taken in one year from American soil. The Japanese furnishes a problem, not alone for California, not alone for those young and growing states of the Pacific Slope, but for this entire nation as well. To meet this problem, four solutions have been offered, two by Americans, who have made long and earnest studies of the situation, both in the United States and in Japan; and two by the Japanese themselves. It is the purpose of the writer, in this and in a succeeding article, to tell, as briefly as may be told, first, the facts as they were at the end of the year 1921, and, second, to describe the solutions of the problem, as offered by the Americans and the Japanese, respectively, who are in the best positions to know, first-hand, the most about the situation.

Yellow Metal That Defies the Melting Pot

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE physical center of the Japanese forces in the United States is in California. The mental center of this alien power is in the Japanese associations, of which there are 55, all united under the head of the Japanese Association of America, which has branches in cities and towns in every state on the Pacific Slope, and in several other states, scattered to New York on the east and to Florida on the south, in proportion as the Japanese have spread from California to these other states.

Orders from the Japanese Government, and from the leaders of the Japanese now in the United States, are conveyed, through these associations, to the rank and file of the subjects of the Mikado in this country, every one of whom is registered with one or another of these associations. The Japanese obeys these orders. To him they are above the law of this country, and are to be carried out, without respect to, even in spite of, the ordinances of American national, state, county or municipal authorities.

The Japanese Business Men's Association of California, which is one of the leaders of all these associations, when called on officially for a statement as to the number of Japanese in California at the beginning of 1921, reported that number at 78,000. The California legislature passed the Alien Poll Tax Law, under which every alien within the state was instructed to register, and ordered to pay a poll tax of $10. The tax feature of this law was declared void by the courts, as many expected it would be, but the main object of the bill was accomplished in obtaining the registration of the Japanese. This registration showed approximately 108,000 in the state, at the middle of 1921, six months after the Japanese association had reported 78,000. Every Japanese in all the states of the Pacific Slope is registered with one of these associations, and, in turn, the complete roster of all these associations is in the hands of the central association in California. There was and is, no possible excuse for the 30,000 discrepancy between figures and facts, except deliberate dishonesty on the part of the association. In addition to this, there are probably 1,500 to 2,000 Japanese in California who, by transfer of registration receipts, and other subterfuges, did not register, making a total Japanese population in this state alone of approximately 110,000.

Notwithstanding the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement," prohibiting Japanese laborers from coming into the United States, 50,000 Japanese, duly certified as non-laborers by the Japanese Government, came into the United States between 1907 and 1920. The majority of them, according to John S. Chambers, former state controller of California, and now president of the Japanese Exclusion League, were found at work, either skilled or unskilled, within a few weeks after their arrival in this country.

In still another way, the "Gentlemen's Agreement" between the two nations has been evaded by Japan. This is by the "picture bride" plan, by which the Japanese attempted to colonize the Pacific Coast of the United States. Official figures show that the number of "picture brides" shipped from Japan to the United States in the five years ending June 30, 1921, was 13,500. Approximately 2,000 more Japanese women came into the United States across the Canadian and Mexican borders or were smuggled in on ships during the same period, making a total of 15,500 potential mothers of Asiatic "American citizens," poured into this country for the glory of the Mikado. This is at the rate of 3,100 women a year, or approximately eight a day. The total of Japanese births in California in the same five years was approximately 15,000, or an average equal to one child for every woman brought into the country as a "picture bride." This "picture bride" custom was discontinued early in 1920, by the Japanese Government, but through systems of adoption, sworn statements of prior marriage, and other subterfuges, the number of Japanese women entering California is still maintained at about the average which obtained before the "picture brides" were discontinued.

The increase of Japanese population in the past decade has been enormous; the present birth rate is nearly three times that of Americans, though the proportion of females to males among the Japanese in California is still only one to four. What the natural increase would be were there a woman for every Japanese man to marry, is almost beyond the imagination of the normal human being. In 1910, the United States Census Report gave the Japanese population of California as 41,000; by the middle of 1921, it had grown, as has been shown, to 110,000, and this represents 65 per cent of the Japanese population of the whole United States. These 110,000 Japanese are not distributed evenly over all of California, but are colonized in well-defined, closely connected localities within the state, with the result that, in some places, the Japanese population exceeds the white. Says Mr. Chambers, regarding this situation:

"Take, for example, the town of Florin, eight miles from Sacramento, in the heart of the strawberry district. It has a Japanese population of 1,050, supplemented, during the picking season, by about 500 more. The Japanese did not create Florin, nor the strawberry business. Not many years ago, it was exclusively an American settlement of prosperous 5, 10 and 20-acre farms, devoted largely to strawberry and grape culture, on each farm a happy American home."

Today, virtually all these farms belong to the Japanese, against whose willingness to live by far lower standards than any white man will live, his tremendous birth rate, his working of children from three years old up, in his berry patches and fields, and his acceptance of a wage 50 per cent lower than that on which a white man can live, the white American farmer, or farm laborer, cannot hope to compete, nor can he survive under the competition offered by the Japanese in certain of the skilled trades, as well as in agriculture.

The total Japanese births in California for the 10 years from 1910 to 1920 were 28,000, that is to say, 28,000 American citizens, born of alien parents on American soil. In 1910 there were 719 children born to Japanese parents in California; in 1920, the number of Japanese births had increased approximately sevenfold, to 4,975. In 1910, one child in every 44 born in California was a Japanese; in 1920, one child in every 13 born in California was a Japanese. While the population of the entire state of California had been increasing about 55 per cent, in the decade of 1910-20, the Japanese population had increased from 41,000 to 110,000 or 192 per cent, and the births had increased by 600 per cent.

Through various evasions of the law, and the connivance of a number of white landowners, the Japanese have come into control, through ownership in the names of their American-born children and by means of the incorporation of companies, of 458,000 acres of the choicest irrigated lands in California. There were, at the end of June, 1921, the last date at which exact figures were available, approximately 3,500,000 acres of land being irrigated in California. Thus, the Japanese, though they comprise only three per cent of the population of the state, hold about 16 per cent of



A Japanese bathhouse, restaurant, lodging-house and four stores in the center of the second most important business district of Berkeley, California. It has been impossible to sell a lot in this block to Americans since the Japanese came in. Circle—Type of picture bride.

the best farming lands of the state. The increase in acreage controlled by them in the past 10 years has been more than 400 per cent. Between 80 and 90 per cent, possibly more, for even approximate figures are difficult to obtain, of the vegetable and berry crops of the state, is in the hands of the Japanese.

The Japanese have now nearly completed a state-wide organization to control the markets for all agricultural products, on recommendation of the Japanese Agricultural Society of Central California. In reporting this plan of organization to its readers, the *Shin Sekai,* a Japanese language newspaper of San Francisco, said:

"The fears formerly expressed by us that an organization of this character would be opposed by the Anti-Trust Law have been dissipated by the bill passed by the American Congress, exempting farmers and stockraisers from such a law. Hence, farmers can now combine to control the marketing of their output. We rejoice in this opportunity on behalf of the Japanese farmers, for whom co-operation in everything is so necessary."

The Japanese have invaded and taken virtual control of some of the most important fisheries of California. The greater part of the huge fishing fleet at San Pedro, which contributed so materially to the production of $25,000,000 worth of sea-foods in 1920, is owned and manned by Japanese, there being more than 2,000 of these people engaged in the fisheries at San Pedro alone. A law, similar to that of the state of Washington, providing that vessels engaged in the fisheries within the state's jurisdiction must be owned and manned by citizens of the United States, is badly needed in California. To leave the fisheries in the hands of the Japanese creates a very serious situation, because:

First, these fishermen assist materially in smuggling Japanese into California from Canada and Mexico; second, they place in the hands of aliens an adjunct to our navy which was found most valuable to Great Britain during the World War; and, third, these fishermen, whose craft are all deep-seagoing power boats, in the event of war with any foreign power, could communicate easily with that power's warships, carry messages or bring arms and men ashore at unprotected points on the California or Hawaiian Coast.

Here arises another very important point in the study of this Asiatic Empire which has sprung up, overnight, so to speak, within this New World republic:

What becomes of all the wealth taken from the soil of the United States by these Japanese?

It does not circulate among the trades, percolating back to its source, as does money produced by American agriculturists, fruit and vegetable growers and fishermen. It goes from the Japanese producer, who takes it out of the soil without putting anything back into the soil, to the Japanese commission man, to the Japanese wholesaler, to the Japanese retailer, to the Japanese banker, and thence back to Japan. In 1920, the Japanese in California alone took $67,000,000 out of California's soil, and it is estimated that approximately $60,000,000 of this sum went back to Japan. There this huge fund, more than $200,000 for every working day of the year, will go to build up Japanese industries to compete with ours, to construct Japanese freight and passenger steamships to control the commerce of the Pacific, and, possibly, to equip Japanese battleships and armies.

More important than this, within the next eight or nine years there will come to maturity—to voting age—in California, approximately 26,000 Japanese men and women born in that state. In Hawaii—which is a part of the United States—at least 25,000 Japanese men and women, born on American soil, will arrive at the voting age. These Hawaiian-born Japanese are American citizens, just as much as are those born in the United States. What, think you, will they do? Go back to Japan, to teach their Buddhist brethren what they are supposed to have learned of Christianity and Occidental civilization while they ate free food and received free education in the schools of the misguided missionaries? Not by all the water in the Pacific, which they will cross to these United States, just as soon as they become American citizens, here to cast their votes for Japanese control of industries, laws, schools, lands, commerce and whatever else they wish.

The Japanese hold, and each one of them will tell you so, without any effort at concealment, that the Mikado is the one being in the universe to whom they owe their very existence, and, therefore, all obedience and loyalty. This worship of the emperor is a part of the education of each child of Japanese parents, no matter where he or she may be, in the Japanese schools of California, as well as in the schools of Nippon itself. It is not possible to make of an individual in whom that belief is deeply grounded, a citizen of any other nation, least of all an American citizen on whom reliance can be placed.

Professor Kunitake Kume, in his widely read book, "Fifty Years of New Japan," said:



Int. Film Service

The Japanese sought to perpetuate their race in America, and produce thousands of American citizens of Japanese blood, by bringing in "Picture Brides." The photo shows a group of these, brought in by the Orientals, waiting at the United States Immigration Station, Angel Island, San Francisco Bay, for their "husbands" to come and get them. At left—The residence of George Shima, known as the "potato king" of California, in Berkeley. Shima has been crafty enough to control the potato market, force high prices, and reap a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars.

"The Mikado is regarded as a living Kami (God), loved and revered by the nation above all things on earth, and himself loving and protecting the nation, who are deemed sons of Kami Nagara, and are intrusted to his (the Mikado's) care by that Kami. This mutual understanding obtains between every individual Japanese, no matter where he may be, and the emperor."

Etsujiro Uyehara, member of the Imperial Japanese Parliament, and head of one of the war commissions from Japan to the United States, in his book, "The Political Development of Japan," wrote:

"The emperor of Japan can say, without hesitation, 'L'etat c'est moi,' more effectively than Louis XIV, not because he can subject the people to his will, but because he is morally so recognized. Theoretically, he is the center of the state, as well as the state itself. He is to the Japanese mind the supreme being in the cosmos of Japan, just as God is in the universe of the pantheistic philosopher."

The *Niroku Shimbun,* of Tokyo, one of the most widely circulated newspapers of Japan, which recently sent four staff men to the Disarmament Conference, published, late in 1919, an editorial containing the following interesting paragraphs.

"The imperial family of Japan is as worthy of respect as is God.

"The imperial family of Japan is the parent not only of her sixty millions, but of all mankind on earth. In the eyes of the imperial family, all races are one and the same. It is above all racial considerations. All human disputes, therefore, may be settled in accordance with its immaculate justice. The League of Nations, proposed to save mankind from the horrors of war, can only attain its real object by placing the imperial family of Japan at its head, for, to attain its object, the league must have a strong punitive force of super-national and super-racial character, and this force can be found only in the imperial family of Japan."

With a few changes, this might well have been a quotation from some of the writings of the German Kaiser, prior to 1917, yet it is typical of the material issued from time to time by the Japanese Government for consumption by the 60,000,000 inhabitants of the empire. To the ideas and ideals expressed, deeply ingrained in the heart of every Japanese, is due largely the upbuilding of that empire of subjects of the Mikado in the United States.

But California is not the only state which is facing this problem; it is fast becoming the paramount issue in many of her sister states, where colonies from the mother colonies in California are fast implanting themselves. In Seattle, Washington, a city of 400,000 population, 47 per cent of the hotels are operated by Japanese; 25 per cent of the groceries are in their hands, and they are rapidly absorbing the laundries. Virtually all the best farming lands surrounding Seattle are under Japanese ownership or control, and, as a consequence, they control absolutely the entire produce market, prices and distribution.

In Oregon, the majority, estimated at 92 per cent, of the Hood River apple crop is in the hands of the Japanese, and they are absorbing the agricultural lands at the rate of nearly 50,000 acres a year.

In Idaho, and to some extent in Montana and Colorado, they have invaded the mines, working for a dollar to two dollars less than will the white miners until they have driven out the white miners, when wages are raised to a dollar or even two dollars a day more than the white miners ever received.

In Colorado, where the Rocky Ford melon industry has been one of the important sources of pride to the white people who have made the state what it is and who discovered, planted and developed the melon farms, the Japanese now control 60 per cent of the farms and 85 per cent of the output. Gradually, the little brown men are invading New Mexico, Arizona, Nebraska and even Florida. Texas and Louisiana have closed them out with ironclad alien land laws, and, on several occasions, by swift local action, taken by men whose names were not asked, nor their motives questioned.

Resolutions have been adopted on several occasions by large and influential religious bodies, to the effect that the doors should be opened wide to Japanese immigration, when the Japanese, once arrived here, would be converted to Christianity, and that, thereafter, they would become good American citizens. Siematsu Kimena, a Christianized Japanese, operating as an evangelist among his countrymen in the United States, is authority for the statement that Japanese never can make good American citizens until and unless they become Christians.

There are 150,000 Japanese in continental United States. Of this number, only 4,000 have embraced Christianity, though 40,000 of them were born in this country, and 70,000 of them have been here for 10 to 20 years. It may be assumed from these figures, which are accurate, that, if any large number of Japanese ever become Christians, the Christianity they accept will have to be as liberally modified by Shintoism—literally and truly Mikado-worship—as the ancient Buddhism has been in Japan. The attitude of Japan toward Christianity is easily established by her attitude toward the Christians of Korea.

But, aside from all religious movements, commercial interests or political influences, there is, somewhere and somehow, a solution of the problem of the Japanese and their empire in America, if that solution can be found. Two separate schools of opinion in California believe they have found it; two separate parties of Japanese, both in Japan and in California, likewise believe they have found it. All four have the same object, but differ radically in attaining it. Possibly, as Omar Khayyam said of Heaven, "it lies neither here nor there," but, in the concluding article, the writer will delineate the four solutions offered, all of which have the merit of being sincere, all but one outspoken and aboveboard, and at least three, any one of which is capable of being the solution to the problem, if properly applied.

California Speaks:

I BELIEVE I speak the feelings of our people when I express a full recognition of the many admirable qualities of the Japanese people. We assume no arrogant superiority of race or culture over them. We have learned to admire the brilliancy of their art, and the genius that they display. We respect that deep philosophy which flows so placidly out of that wonderful past of theirs, and which has come down through ages that antedate the Christian Era. We join with the entire civilized world in admiration of the tremendous strides which the Japanese nation itself has made in the last two generations. We respect the right of the Japanese to their true development.

But, with all this, the people of California are determined to repress a developing Japanese community within our midst. They are determined to exhaust every power in their keeping to maintain this state for its own people, for California stands as an outpost on the western edge of Occidental civilization.

WILLIAM D. STEPHENS,
Governor of California.

The Farmer Takes a Hand in Canadian Affairs

New Third Party Sends Sixty-five Agriculturists to Parliament

THE Canadian general election resulted in an unexpected success for the Liberal party under William L. Mackenzie King. At the beginning of the campaign all three parties, Liberal, Progressive and Conservative, seemed to have about equal strength. As the contest progressed the Liberals drew ahead. Nevertheless, the extent of their success came as a surprise and the achievements of the Progressives and of the government party, notably the latter, were correspondingly disappointing.

The disaster to the government was the most complete in modern times in Canada. In five provinces out of nine, including populous Quebec, not a single government supporter was elected. Whereas Union Government four years ago elected 150 members out of 235, its successor this year obtained only 50.

The rout should not be attributed to any weakness of Mr. Meighen, who succeeded to the premiership a year and a half ago in succession to Sir Robert Borden. Mr. Meighen led his forces with rare courage, intrepidity and skill. But the fate of the government was sealed regardless of leadership. The scores of 10 years, six of them war and reconstruction years, had to be wiped off, and much more serious was the solid hostility of Quebec on racial issues and the equal hostility of the western provinces on the tariff issue. The fact that the West was supporting Progressives and Quebec Liberals did not alleviate the plight of the government. From the beginning it was only a question of how badly it would be beaten. Now it knows the worst.

Influences Promise to be Wholesome

THE Progressive, or Farmer, party is a new phenomenon in Canadian affairs. Three years ago it was unknown, non-existent, indeed, although several Farmers' co-operative companies were by that time attracting attention by their strength and activity. It began to take definite form as a national party only when T. A. Crerar, two years ago, left the Union Government on the tariff question, and passed over to the cross benches. He comes back to the new Parliament with 65 followers, more than a quarter of the House and considerably stronger than the historic Conservative party.

Whatever may be said of the policies advocated by the Progressives, or of the class-conscious spirit which the movement has brought to the surface, it will be cheerfully admitted that in one respect the Progressive movement introduces a wholesome influence into Canadian affairs. Its local organizations will have nothing to do with a central organization campaign fund, and as little to do as possible with a central organization for any purpose. Each local constituency insists on financing its own campaign and if it cannot raise money at home it does without. The result is that the 65 Progressive members have given a hostage to no one and are absolutely free to do as they think best without considering anyone but their own respective constituents. The creation of such a situation in a modern legislative body is as if some one had opened a window to let in fresh air.

Although electing 65 members on their first attempt, the Progressives were disappointed that they did not do better. In the three prairie provinces they quite lived up to advance notices and swept everything before them. But in Ontario, where a Farmer government has control of the provincial legislature, they elected only about half as many members as at one time they hoped for. Riding after riding which voted Progressive in the recent provincial election elected an old-line party candidate this time. In some quarters this phenomenon is regarded as sure indication that the Progressive tide is receding. From experience with the Farmer government of Ontario, it is argued, it has been found that large affairs are not to be intrusted to politicians so inexperienced. The responsibilities of office, too, have developed a certain amount of internal dissension and jealousy in the ranks of the Farmers themselves. And if these circumstances did not account for the disappointing showing of the Farmers, the election, it is claimed, showed that the new-formed allegiance had not developed strength enough to withstand the seduction of the old party cries raised in the heat of a national contest.

Their Success Called Spectacular

THE Progressives were undoubtedly handicapped by the fact that they had practically no organization east of the Ottawa River. Because of this fact it was apparent that no matter how successful they were in Ontario and the West, they would be unable to do more than elect a group. They could not hope to elect a majority in Parliament, and even if they could they would not be able to form a representative national government. Their disadvantage in this respect without doubt lost them support and proportionately worked to the advantage of the Liberals, particularly in the closing weeks of the campaign.

It remains, however, as an outstanding fact that the Progressives on their first appearance scored a spectacular success. That success has had an important reaction on the character of the Liberal party. Had no Progressive party arisen the 65 constituencies captured by that organization would for the most part have elected Liberals, and they would have injected into the Liberal party a radical element, which, as it stands, is almost entirely lacking. In other words, the first result of the growth of the Progressive party is to leave the composition of the residuary party more conservative than before. It may be doubted if this will be a permanent result. The influence of the new party, if it does not become so radical as to offend, may be to cause both the old parties to advance toward more radical policies to offset the appeal of the new competitor.

For the moment, however, it is evident that the defection of the Progressives has left Conservative elements dominant in the Liberal party. And this development, inevitable in any event, was further promoted by a curious incident which has come to be known as the "Gouin Conspiracy." Sir Lomer Gouin, premier of the province of Quebec for 18 years, during which he came to be known as Quebec's strong man because of his notably efficient administration, has been a lifelong Liberal, but in recent years has become associated with many large corporations, such as the Canadian Pacific Railway, Bank of Montreal, and others that usually have supported the Conservative party. When Sir Lomer Gouin entered the federal campaign he was, although running as a Liberal, immediately acclaimed by interests centered chiefly in Montreal, who, foreseeing the inevitable downfall of the Meighen Government, were determined to back a horse with a better chance of winning.

There was thereby presented the spectacle of Liberal candidates being supported by interests that on former occasions had been the chief financial backers of the Conservative party. One result was that the solidity of Quebec in opposition to the government was accentuated. Not a single government candidate was elected and the Liberal majorities were beyond all precedent. The story is that Montreal big business planned to betray Arthur Meighen as leader of the Conservative party, supplant Mackenzie King by Sir Lomer Gouin as leader of the Liberal party, and, in the balanced slate of parties, which was expected to develop as a result of the election, organize a coalition of Liberals and Conservatives under Gouin. The immediate object of this coalition was to save the headquarters of the Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal and to procure for the C. P. R. a monopoly of the railway situation in Canada. It was also designed to keep the tariff in safe hands and generally to frustrate all the radical proposals of the Progressives or advanced Liberals.

The plot miscarried, through the unexpected success of the Liberal party and the triumphant survival of Mackenzie King as leader of it. But included in Mackenzie King's supporters is Sir Lomer Gouin and a group of French-Canadians, no one knows how large, who will follow Gouin's leadership, which, it may be surmised, will differ in policy little from that of an out-and-out Conservative.

Mackenzie King, leader of a Liberal party which is predominately conservative, is personally possessed of instincts and convictions of decidedly Progressive type. Throughout the campaign he insisted that his platform differed scarcely at all from that of the Progressive party, and his complaint against its disciples was that instead of supporting him they had detached themselves to form a class-conscious and anti-national party of their own. It was characteristic of this point of view that his first move in forming a government was not to endeavor to cement the support of Sir Lomer Gouin and the Conservative elements of his own party, but was to offer to the leaders of the Progressive movement important seats in his cabinet. This may be taken as an omen of the point of view that will govern Mr. King's régime as Premier of Canada. How far he will be successful, how far he will be obliged to sacrifice convictions to expediency, are questions for whose answers it will be worth watching. He begins the struggle surrounded by handicaps. His brilliant victory in his first appeal to the country as a national leader, the most auspicious ever achieved by any Canadian statesman under similar circumstances, may be taken as an assurance that he will not surrender any position without a struggle.

He Is a Student of Labor Problems

THE new Premier of Canada is 47 years old and unmarried. He is almost but not quite the professorial type in politics, for while the universities caught him early, they did not hold him, and he quickly abandoned his academic postgraduate careers at the universities of Chicago and Harvard, declining a professorship in economics at the latter institution to accept a minor post in the newly organized Canadian Department of Labor at half the salary. Nevertheless, he has remained an earnest student, particularly of labor problems, and is the author of several books, notably, "Industry and Humanity," in which he develops the idea that modern capitalistic conditions are as autocratic and inefficient as political conditions were when absolute monarchies prevailed. He was the author, as Deputy Minister of Labor, of Canada's legislation for the settlement of industrial disputes in public service utilities. He was for a time a member of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's cabinet, but went down to defeat in the landslide of 1911. Subsequently he was appointed to a directorship in the Rockefeller Foundation, a position he resigned previous to his selection as leader of the Liberal party, on Laurier's death. In his personality there is a certain aloofness of intellect, which prevents him making a great number of intimate friends, but he has a genial manner and democratic instincts, which, as the election event proved, stand him in good stead in appealing to the public.

What policies his administration will advance must depend on the convictions of the majority in Parliament. What those convictions are is a question surrounded by some complications, as the circumstances already described may indicate. The first issue to be determined is the fate of Canada's national railways, now on the way to unification as the largest railway system in the world, and a formidable competitor of the C. P. R., but presenting a prospect of heavy deficits for many years to come. Will they be preserved as a national heritage or will they be allowed to revert to private hands?

The Tariff Question Looms

THE tariff, also, must have early attention. Thanks to a forcing of the issue by Mr. Meighen, both Progressives and Liberals receded from their former advanced position, demanding sweeping reductions, and there is some basis for the claim that a large proportion of the Liberal representation in Parliament is distinctly protectionist, a circumstance which has inspired protectionist leaders to make the boast that the 1921 election marks the most sweeping protectionist victory ever recorded in Canada. Opening of reciprocity negotiations by the new government probably is out of the question, both because of the attitude of Washington, which is reported to be hostile, and because of recollections of the disaster reciprocity brought a Liberal Government in 1911. But there will likely be some revision of the Canadian tariff downward. The inequities of some of the schedules and of their administration probably will permit of this being accomplished without any serious disadvantage to any substantial section of the community.

Problems of finance, of unemployment, and the serious railway situation, furnish the new government with tasks that will tax its deepest resources of ingenuity and statesmanship.

THOMAS ALEXANDER CRERAR, the leader of the new Progressive party in Canada, which captured 65 seats in the Dominion Parliament, including one for Crerar, is called the leader of Canadian democracy. He was born on an Ontario farm, and his father moved to Manitoba when the future leader was a child. He grew up among frontier conditions on the prairie—a fitting school for the development of those qualities that were to stand him in such good stead in future years.

As a young man he took up grain growing, and soon discovered the injustices imposed on farmers by the elevators. Other farmers were dissatisfied, too, and the result was the organization of the Grain Growers' Grain Company, a co-operative concern composed of farmers. Today this is the greatest wheat marketing organization in the world; its 36,000 shareholders are all farmers, and its president is Thomas Alexander Crerar. He was elected to this position in 1907. Crerar has strength and great pertinacity.



T. A. CRERAR

The prairie farmers' organizations had their origin in economic causes; they took no part in political movements, excepting by means of resolutions at their annual meetings, through which they sought to influence political action along lines favorable to the development of the basic industries of the country.

When the Union Government was formed in 1917, Mr. Crerar was induced to enter the government as Minister of Agriculture. The Union Government was formed for the one purpose of prosecuting the war most effectively. In 1919, the war being over and the Union Government apparently intending to "carry on" in defiance of its implied agreement to the contrary, Crerar resigned his portfolio and took a seat on the opposite side of the House; but not as a member of the official Liberal opposition. He was followed by a dozen other western members, and a third group was formed in the House. Meanwhile, the farmers were organizing throughout the provinces as a political party. As each provincial convention was held, Crerar was endorsed as a federal leader. Today he stands at what is termed the head of the most coherent political group in Canada, now known as the National Progressive party.

Water Has Made This University Possible

Wealth and Education in Wake of Irrigation



Agriculture Hall, at University of Arizona. In this modern building are housed the College of Agriculture, the School of Home Economics and temporary offices of administration for the entire university.

Left—Science Hall. The first floor is devoted to physics, the second to chemistry and mineralogy and the third to chemistry, biology and civil engineering.



Library of red brick and Bedford sandstone, contains the library, reading room, the stack rooms, workrooms for the librarians and research workers and the departmental conference room.

SOME one of the old philosophers has said that civilization germinates most rapidly, grows most sturdily, blossoms most luxuriously, and fruits most perfectly in those lands to which man is compelled to bring water to reap from the soil a livelihood. If the advancement of education, and the provision of the most adequate facilities for the dissemination of learning be a mark of cumulative civilization, then there are several examples which prove the truth of this in the universities of the younger states of the Union.

Indeed, there are universities in the West, notably in the Southwest, of these United States, whose lives are co-temporal with that of the irrigation project by which the surrounding land was fed by the waters of a stream, often many miles from the land itself. And it is worthy of note that these universities always arose at the point where the water was combined with the land; not where the water was drawn from its natural course, or where it was allowed again to flow undisturbed to sea or lake. Such a one is the University of Arizona, set in the heart of the desert, in mountain-walled Tucson, where the earth, left to itself, produces nothing but cacti, greasewood and yucca, but, once water is applied, presents unbroken fields of every agricultural product known to man from cantaloupes to cotton.

Though founded in 1885, and opened to students in 1891, it was not until 1914 that the University of Arizona began a growth which gave it an increase of 436 per cent in the half decade from 1914 to 1920. As if prepared as an experiment to prove the hypothesis of the ancient Greek philosopher quoted at the beginning of this article, it was in 1914 that the tremendous irrigation projects of Arizona began to make themselves felt in the development of her agricultural lands, and to produce the greatest flood of wealth she ever had known. Coincident with this application of the water to the cacti-covered earth, began the growth of the state university. Reports from 38 publicly supported state and municipal universities and colleges to the Institute for Public Service, at New York, show that this was the greatest increase made by any of the 38, the College of the City of New York alone approaching it, with an increase of 293 per cent in attendance for those years. The increase for 1920, over that of 1917, at the University of Arizona, was 106 per cent, likewise the greatest increase reported among the 38 colleges and universities for that period. In percentage growth 28 American colleges and universities more than doubled between 1914 and 1920. In this list, the University of Arizona ranks fifth.

Attendance during the collegiate years of 1920-21 and 1921-22 at both colleges and universities has increased out of all proportion to increases in population in all parts of the United States, and, as might have been expected, has not upheld its usual average in Continental Europe. In Mexico, Central and South America, where the state university is unknown, but where there are a few so-called "national universities," attendance also has shown a marked but very small increase compared to that which has taxed the capacities of virtually every state university in the United States. The registration at the University of Arizona for the collegiate year of 1913-14 was 375, and only eight degrees were conferred, as compared with 1,616 registrations and 64 degrees for the year 1919-20.

Indications of that growth which has lifted the University of Arizona to a front rank in southwestern schools is shown by the increase in the freshman class, and in the numbers of graduate students. In 1913-14 there were 66 freshmen and four graduate students, while by 1919-20, this had grown to 339 freshmen and 54 graduate students. The gain in freshmen is thus shown to be 500 per cent, and in graduate students, 1,360 per cent. On January 1, 1919, there were 525 students, with 119 on the faculty, while on January 1, 1921, there were 1,030 students, and 167 on the faculty. These increases show that, while the student body gained 97 per cent, the faculty was increased by only 40 per cent. This year, however, there will be a greater increase in the faculty.

The history of the University of Arizona is one of the most interesting of the many romances of education offered by the West. An act of the legislature authorized the university in 1885. By 1890 three of the departments for which it provided—the College of Agriculture, the College of Mines and Engineering and the Agricultural Experiment Station—were organized, and, the following year, the university, with a faculty of eight professors and instructors, was opened. Only 31 students matriculated, and of these only nine were of college rank. It will be noted that two of the three departments were devoted to agriculture. As at the University of Nevada, whose story has been told in these columns, the first and continuous effort of the University of Arizona, was so to prepare the sons and daughters of its state that they might as soon as possible take up the problems of that state, with as full equipment as possible for their life work. Nowhere has the union of university and state been closer than in the history, accomplishments and objectives of this university, in a land where each state university is knit, as closely as possible, with the government and people of that state.

From 1891, the growth of the university was rapid. Buildings, erected for permanence and with plans for future capacity, soon arose, and the work of the school of mines developed. In 1906, mechanical and engineering courses were developed, and by 1910, these engineering courses were well filled out, offering degrees in electrical engineering and metallurgy, as well as in all other engineering branches. A full course in law was added, leading to a degree, and a home economics department was established, giving the young women of the state an opportunity to learn homemaking in the same degree that their future husbands were enabled to learn how to produce sustenance for both of them from the soil. Since Arizona is probably the richest in ruins and relics of prehistoric tribes, and most filled with still living remnants of once great Indian races, an extensive department of archeology was added to the university, with the director of the state museum at its head.

Out of the desert, the university has hewn a tree-grown, flower-spangled campus, mainly made possible through the efforts of its own department of irrigational engineering, a course popular throughout the state. This campus stands on an eminence, about a mile from the business heart of Tucson, with a commanding view of the clear-cut mountain wall which surrounds this valley. The driveways have perpetuated the first commercially-cultivated tree of the Pacific slope—brought by the *padres* of Old Spain to California nearly 400 years ago—by being shaded with winding rows of silver-gray olives, many of them carried from the first of the old missions in Northern Mexico, and Western Texas, as well as Arizona, New Mexico and Southern California.

The University of Arizona is maintained by funds appropriated by the United States Government, and the state of Arizona. Extra appropriations from Federal funds are made for the agricultural branches, and 57 sections of heavily forested pine timber in Coconino County have been set apart by the Federal Government for the benefit of the university. It is interesting to note that the taxation of the people of Arizona for the support of the university is virtually nothing compared to the results achieved, those for 1921-22 being computed on a basis of one mill per dollar of taxable property, and those for 1922-23 on the basis of one and one-tenth mill per dollar of taxable property, in the entire state.

One of the most important branches of the work in all western state universities is that done by the agricultural extension service, embracing correspondence courses, lectures, classes, visible instruction and summer schools. This service in the University of California, for example, reaches 500,000 persons, probably in reality many more than this number, and is growing by almost unbelievable figures in every other state university on the Pacific Slope. The agricultural extension service, the most important of these branches in the University of Arizona, is organized as a division of the College of Agriculture, bearing the same relation to the latter as does the Agricultural Experiment Station. The purpose of this extension service is to give instruction and practical demonstrations in agriculture and home economics to persons not attending or resident at the university, principally farmers, stockmen, and new settlers and their families throughout the state. So much has been accomplished by this service that county boards of supervisors, farmers' organizations, the Arizona Bankers' Association, and a number of other similar societies, contribute financially to the expansion of its scope, the general fund, of course, being derived from the Federal Government under the Smith-Lever Law and from the state of Arizona.

The University Extension Division, which carries the work of several departments of the university to the homes of those who cannot attend the university itself, is supported by a special appropriation by the Arizona state legislature. Some idea of the purposes and accomplishments of this extension may be gained from the following words of Dr. Rufus Bernhard von KleinSmid, president of the university, which apply to a greater or lesser degree to the university extension work of every one of the western state universities. He said:

"This phase of university work is the natural outgrowth of the healthy, resourceful, democratic life of the university. It is not something grafted upon the institution from outside. The purpose of the University Extension Division is to carry some of the benefits and satisfactions of higher education to a larger number of people who are unable to attend regular courses at the university. More and more the fact is being recognized that the state university is the institution of the people, and that every department should reach the people, as widely and as serviceably as possible. It is created by the people and supported by the people, and its usefulness and benefits never should be thought of as limited to the buildings and the campus where it is housed. It should be conceived of, rather, as intended to give enlightenment and pleasure, and social enrichment, and training, to all who are capable of understanding and receiving these advantages. The classroom, the library, the laboratory and the campus, are, of course, the source and the center of the accumulated and organized benefits that the people have provided for themselves in the state university; so, as a matter of course, those who are close at hand get the most out of the institution. But increasingly the university, through its specialists and its various departments, organizations, and intellectual resources, is learning to reach out to every community and every individual. And, as rapidly as new and larger needs arise, the people themselves, through their legislatures, will make dignified and generous provision for these growing intellectual and social requirements."

In all probability, however, it will be left to other hands than Dr. KleinSmid's to carry out the expanding program of the university, for, to the regret of that institution and of the state, he has been called to the presidency of another university, the branch of the University of California at Los Angeles, formerly known as the University of Southern California.

The Academy of Nations—Its Aims and Hopes

World-Wide Organization of Learned Men Will Study Scientific Questions for the Benefit of All Mankind

By ARVID REUTERDAHL

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WE ARE emerging from a period of material and intellectual chaos. Nations have clashed in war. The intellectual world is still in conflict on the fields of knowledge. Never before has the demarcation between intellectual camps been so clearly defined. The meteoric rise of Einstein marks the beginning of this division in the modern kingdom of intellect. The history of civilization shows us that there is nothing exceptional in this condition of things. There were distinct schools of philosophy in ancient India and Greece. The Middle Ages tell the same story of intellectual diversity. In more recent times we find the schools of Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Comte, Mill, Spencer, Darwin, Lotze, Nietzsche, Bergson and Haeckel.

Now the intellectual world is divided broadly into the Relativistic and Anti-Relativistic schools. Einstein has served as a chemical reagent which has precipitated relativity from the present content of knowledge as a mass insoluble to the average man. Never before has the attention of the entire world been drawn to an intellectual system in so short a time. What are the reasons for this unprecedented occurrence? Does the theory of Einstein contain elements of unique value to the human race? These and many other questions come to us as we ponder over the almost miraculous and sudden advent of Einsteinism. No one will dispute the truth of the statement that, as far as the general public is concerned, the theory of Einstein has little or no value. The intricacies of its mathematics and the subtleties of its sophistries are beyond the average man.

How Einsteinism Was "Put Over"

WE DO not deny that certain features of Einstein's theory cannot fail to fascinate the general public. The world's greatest masters of the art of appeal have, with infallible accuracy, provided sufficient potions from the "world-of-make-believe" to excite the imagination and interest of even the most prosaic and matter-of-fact individual. Effective advertising when coupled with equally potent measures of suppression of all that might be inimical to the propaganda, together constitute a moving force capable of converting the world in a very brief time. By these doubtful means Einsteinism has conquered the world.

Were the Theory of Relativity sound, upright men must, nevertheless, protest against such questionable means of forcing its acceptance. Hidden forces, inimical to the frank and open discussion of alleged merits of this theory, have been at work in every civilized land.

I am in possession of letters from eminent European scientists describing the deplorable methods employed to hinder and, if possible, completely prevent an unbiased and free discussion of the problem of relativity. In addition to this evidence my own experience is proof conclusive that the known evil effects are not due to accidental causes, but arise from a well defined and strongly organized plan.

Scientific journals and societies in the United States have been loath to accept articles which even mildly criticized Einstein's theories. The advertisement of a book which contains a criticism of relativity, written by a well-known opponent of Einstein, was refused by a journal known for its vigorous publicity campaign in favor of Einsteinism. Two leading American journals, whose main alleged purpose is the unbiased presentation of both sides of every question, have until recently refrained from publishing any statements inimical and detrimental to the theory of relativity. The change of attitude is undoubtedly due to the potent fact that despite the attempted suppression of free discussion, the entire world is now fearlessly and openly challenging the foundations of Einsteinism. A reaction against relativity, of unprecedented proportions and intensity, has set in and Einstein now finds himself on the defensive.

Discrimination Against Scientists

THE writer's article entitled "Kinertia Versus Einstein" was rejected by a well-known eastern journal. The editor of this journal, after admitting that I had presented a strong case against Einstein, one that would cause something of a sensation, confided that after many misgivings, he, nevertheless, felt that he must return my article.

To draw certain inevitable inferences concerning the real reason for the rejection of the article was undoubtedly justifiable. It was then that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT accepted the article for publication.

Many of our scientific societies have discriminated against comparatively unknown scientists. Their papers have been returned without even a hasty perusal, because the writers were not members of the inner controlling circle. This criticism is, moreover, true also in the case of many scientific journals. In certain instances material has been appropriated from the articles before being returned. No credit has, in these cases, been given to the original contributors. The sacred unwritten law that credit should always be freely given to a contributor for even the smallest addition made to our quota of knowledge has been entirely ignored in many cases. The writer does not desire to convey the impression that these corrupt practices are universal; on the contrary, the splendid standards of purity and integrity of some scientific societies and journals constitute ideals which all should emulate.

There is, at the present time, a distressful lack of co-operation between learned societies. This unsound condition inevitably retards intellectual progress. International intellectual co-operation is, as yet, entirely unknown. Many years are required to transmit, through the laborious machinery of scientific approval, results and discoveries made in one country to another isolated from the former by language and geographical location. No common clearing house exists in which the appraisal and valuation of theories may be expeditiously effected. Organized attempts at unification, co-ordination and standardization of systems of knowledge to expedite educational progress are entirely lacking. The general public must oftentimes wait many years before receiving even a small measure of benefit from valuable discoveries because of the absence of organized means of systematic dissemination of accurate knowledge in a simple and easily understood form.

Many of these unfortunate conditions and deficiencies have been emphasized by the arrival of the theory of relativity. The rapid advent of Einsteinism, however, has taught us the lesson that a theory can be speedily "promoted" by systematic publicity, fortified by a campaign of suppression of honest criticism. There is a twofold aspect to the lesson taught:

First, a benevolent aspect, consisting in the exemplified truth that knowledge can be rapidly disseminated by systematic co-operation.

Second, a malevolent aspect, involving the imposition of unproved hypotheses on the public by coercive means.

The intellectual world should benefit by both aspects of the lesson taught by the rise of relativity. The intellectual world must organize, sanely and safely, for co-operative derivation and dissemination of knowledge by dignified, simple, and accurate means. The world of intellect must protect itself from the evil effects of coercive effort in the "promotion" of hypotheses.

The crucial question which now faces us may be briefly stated as follows: Can the errors and deficiencies of the *modus operandi* of the intellectual world, forcibly brought to our attention by the advent of Einsteinism, be eliminated and overcome? Have we the remedy at hand which will make impossible the recurrence of these unfortunate and lamentable conditions?

Would Keep World Informed

THE writer herewith presents for the serious consideration of the thinking world a brief outline of the purposes, scope and organization of The Academy of Nations, with the firm conviction that this instrument, when wielded co-operatively by the intellectual world, will transform the existing intellectual chaos into a cosmos of knowledge, advance the general status of education, protect the public against fallacious theories, disseminate knowledge of value to mankind, and enrich the world by the development of the common good.

Before a synopsis of this significant and important movement is presented, it is eminently fitting that a short statement be made concerning its origin.

Dr. Robert T. Browne, one of America's greatest thinkers, and author of the most profound work ever written on the hyperspace movement (The Mystery of Space) in a letter, May 9, 1921, to the writer, indicated that a renaissance in the field of education was not only necessary but inevitable at the present time. This conviction of Dr. Browne's was particularly gratifying to the writer because he had held the same view since that memorable day in 1919, when it became known here that Einstein's theory *seemed* to be confirmed by the results of the observations of the English Solar Expedition.

After some correspondence I submitted a plan for an international organization which met with the unqualified approval of Dr. Browne. At the request of the writer Dr. Browne proceeded to amplify the original outline of the plan with the result that an epoch-making document has been produced. The following excerpts from the original document will convey a brief idea of the causes, purposes and scope of the plan:

"The intellectual world is passing through a period of reconstruction. The entire body of knowledge is being reconstituted. New and radical developments are becoming manifest in science, philosophy, religion, and art; and these are approaching a synthesis hitherto undreamed of, being brought to this consummation by the advent of a movement of far-reaching significance and importance.

"A powerful creative spirit is at work in the world energizing and illumining the minds of men everywhere. The energies of humankind are seeking new and advanced avenues of expression, demanding freedom, certainty, security and the opportunity for the peaceful pursuit of the highest good.

"In the mind of man a new consciousness is broadening; the foundations of a new race of superior men are being laid; the seeds of a higher and better civilization which may bless the nations of the earth are beginning to germinate. The development and fruition of these mighty factors in the advancement of mankind demand the earnest intellectual co-operation of strong men throughout the world to give direction and tendance to the new impulses, which as yet are without adequate determination and means of expression.

"This new order in the world should not and must not be allowed to lose its regenerating power on account of the lack of intelligent co-operation and conscious direction and guidance. The stream of potent human energies must be harnessed and its power utilized for the enrichment of the common good."

To meet "the urgency of the call for the accomplishment of these high purposes" an international organization known as *The Academy of Nations* has been formed.

The principal purposes of this organization are:

1. Unification of national effort in the world of knowledge.
2. Discovery, investigation and dissemination of truth.
3. Classification, standardization, and evaluation of the data of science, philosophy, religion and art.
4. Dialectic treatment of data with the view of arriving at synthetic judgment thereon.
5. Publication of findings under the impress of The Academy of Nations.
6. Announcement at prescribed intervals of the status of knowledge in the four major branches, viz: science, philosophy, religion, art.

Note—This to be equivalent to the charting of the bounds of material knowledge.

7. Recognition and encouragement of individual effort and contributions to the body of knowledge.

Will Seek Co-operation

UNDER the plan each national unit will publish a journal at suitable intervals. The most important of these contributions will appear in the journal of the academy, which will be published in the languages of all the nations represented. The Year Book of the Academy of Nations will contain announcement of the advance of knowledge (the knowledge status) for the current year of publication. It will be compiled by an international board composed of members elected by the nation units.

The results of this organized work will be made available to the general public, in simple form, through the medium of the public press and by other suitable means.

The Academy of Nations will function in the unification and co-ordination of systems of knowledge, thus procuring the development of synthesized body of knowledge as against the highly specialized condition now existing. The methods, aims and programs of education will be standardized. Another important function of the academy will be the promotion of the co-operative commonwealth of man in which the wealth-producing energies, the civilizing energies and the energies inherent in the social heritage of humanity shall be co-ordinated and made to yield the maximum value for the welfare of all mankind. Moreover, the academy will promote the use of scientific knowledge as a guiding principle in every department of human endeavor and it will encourage and develop the application of the principles of scientific human engineering to the problems of humanity and to the shaping of its destiny. There will be instituted a world tribunal for the adjudication of controversies in matters connected with theories, philosophical systems, hypotheses, and so on. The academy will be a powerful instrumentality for effecting international solidarity and for the promotion of good will and accord among the nations of the world. It will function also as a supreme centralized authority for the conferring of honors, merits, prizes, degrees, and so on, for distinguished services and for contributions to the body of knowledge. Heretofore, there has been no world society or authority which could bestow academic honors or recognitions on individuals. Affiliations with governments and other national agencies will be established to advance the cause of knowledge and the execution of its programs.

Organization Meeting Is Held

THE above consists in the main of direct quotations, suitably rearranged, from the original classic document.

In this great academy intellectual freedom will be reborn. There will be no arbitrary exclusion of hypotheses, theories, views and beliefs. The academy will ever function as an open and free forum for the discussion of all the great problems of humanity.

One of the first duties to be assigned to the academy will be the adjudication and appraisal of the precise value and merit of the Theory of Relativity definitely to fix its "knowledge status."

The organization meeting of the College of Fellows of the Academy of Nations was held December 28 and 30, 1921, in Brooklyn. National institutes of the Academy of Nations are now being formed in Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, Czecho-Slovakia and Spain. Steps are being taken for the organization of institutes in Norway, Denmark, England, Holland, France and Italy. Within the ensuing year national institutes will be organized in every civilized country of the world.

The field of the academy embraces every general and special class of knowledge and its interests will, therefore, be universal.

Signposts in the Desert for the Thirsty

Government Now Aids Travelers by Guiding Them to Water

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

THE most valuable thing in any given region is apt to be that which is hardest to obtain there. In deserts, without doubt, it is water. And next to the life-giving fluid itself, the desert traveler values any indications of where he will be able to find it—its direction, its distance, its character. The existence or non-existence of such indications often spells life or death to him.

A few years ago Congress began the work of supplementing the few signs that nature affords by sprinkling the desert regions of the Southwest with painted signboards telling of the nearest water. Moreover, it began mapping the watering places and improving them. An appropriation of $10,000 was made as a starter, and within a few weeks after it had become available, the United States Geological Survey had four outfits, each in charge of a geologist, at work in the hottest, sandiest, and least explored part of the desert region. Within a few months more than 60,000 square miles of the region had been mapped, examined and signposted.

The region that has been covered lies in Southern California and Southwestern Arizona. In California it includes the Colorado Desert, the Mohave Desert, the southern part of Death Valley, and adjacent regions. In Arizona it includes the little known and sparsely settled region west of Tucson and Phoenix and south of Wickenburg and Parker. It was selected not only because of its aridity, but also because of the strategic importance of obtaining information on the water supplies along the 350 miles of our national frontier, which it includes.



Above—The first signposts of the desert—Mohave Desert, California. Center—Some of the signs showing locations of springs and other watering places in the desert. Below—A signpost in the middle of the desert. There is a hidden spring near the sign. The next nearest water is 20 miles away.

The geologists who did this work prepared maps that show practically every watering place in the region and the roads leading to these watering places. These maps have been published in a series of guides, which contain descriptions of the routes, detailed information regarding each watering place, tables of distances between watering places and analysis of the water. These guides cover not merely the principal roads, but are especially designed to give information regarding the watering places in the less frequented regions remote from the main routes. The work was placed in charge of geologists, so that not only should existing water places be located and marked, but an intelligent understanding of the water supplies below the surface should be obtained.

Many interesting episodes in connection with the field work might be related. At various times there were breakdowns in remote sections, involving extraordinary exertion and some hardships. A rather romantic event was the planting of signposts in the vicinity of Tinajas Atlas, along the Mexican border, in Arizona, where between 300 and 400 persons once perished by thirst. It may be somewhat surprising to persons in the East, and possibly to some in the West, to learn that Death Valley, whose unsavory name and reputation give it a certain terrifying notoriety throughout the country, contains large springs which afforded excellent swimming to the survey party that was in the valley last winter.

The entire region, that is so arid as to require guides to watering places and signposts directing to these watering places, comprises a fan-shaped area covering approximately 570,000 square miles, or nearly one-fifth of the country. The handle of the fan is in Southern California; one side is formed by the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountains; the other side extends 800 miles along the Mexican border; while the outer edge is traced by a line extending from Eastern Oregon, through Salt Lake City and Sante Fé, to the mouth of the Pecos River. The highly developed coastal section of Southern California is situated, so to speak, at the handle of the fan, and the railroads and automobile highways that extend eastward and northeastward from this section may be regarded as the ribs of the huge fan.

This region is by no means devoid of natural resources or human activity. It contains prosperous cities, fertile agricultural districts, forest-clad mountains, a large aggregate number of watering places, rich mines, and an unknown wealth of mineral deposits yet to be discovered and exploited. But the localities that have water supplies comprise widely separated cases in a vast expanse of silent, changeless, unproductive desert, whose most impressive feature is its great distances and whose chief evidence of human occupation are the long, long roads that lead from one watering place to another. To one who has become acquainted with the region it has a peculiar fascination and no serious dangers, but for the stranger who penetrates it without adequate information, it forever contains the stern possibility of perishing by thirst. In the last few years travel in the region has been greatly increased through the use of automobiles, and this has accordingly increased the need for maps and guides to watering places.

Pennies or Human Lives: the Lorenz Tragedy

Concluded from page 6

humankind—a trust, sadly enough, which has been betrayed.

Dr. Lorenz is nearly three-score ten in years. His mental and physical vigor is unimpaired. His hands are great strong hands, with especially long fingers. Age has not affected the strength and delicacy of the portions of the fingers where the sense of touch is most keen, from the tips to the first joints.

The doctor works rapidly and easily. Often a glance is sufficient for him to diagnose the trouble. But this alone does not satisfy him.

It is a hardening business, this of surgery. But time and again, though his first glance has told him unalterably the hopelessness of the case before him, still he uses his priceless time for further examination: he is never indifferent to human distress.

It is a moving spectacle, that long line of deformed men, women and children in wheeled hospital chairs, as they pass before the great physician. There is the group of nurses, the physicians of the hospital staff, and here and there one of the curious who has passed the guard. In two great clinics it was noted that with a single exception the patients were Jewish children, many of them very sad to behold. Whether this would indicate a frequency of orthopedic ailments among Jewish children, or only their greater success in obtaining tickets to the clinics, of course, could not then be decided.

In a chair is Dr. Lorenz in his spotless white robe, vaguely reminiscent of some high priest of ancient time, sitting to remit punishment for past sin, or condemn to enduring sadness.

There is the stricken seeker for the doctor's aid, a child, perhaps, with his mother.

No person can tell what a wealth of hope lies in the eyes of that victim of misfortune, nor what days and years of anguish lie behind. There is no time for speculation. The wheeled chair must be pushed forward rapidly, that the specialist's time may be conserved. Dr. Lorenz looks, moves his hands quickly and surely over the affected spots. Sometimes he rises for a more detailed examination or has the patient get off the chair to hobble across the floor.

The doctor turns and dictates quickly to an assistant who writes down the directions for the handling of the case. There are countless things in bloodless surgery which seem simple when only an expert explains them.

Occasionally the doctor raises his hands in a sign of resignation.

"Too late," he says, "too late! Why didn't you take this child to a surgeon years ago?"

The answer does not matter. It is the world-old story of a procrastinating man or woman bringing lasting sorrow to self and others. The pain shows clearly in Dr. Lorenz's kindly face. He does not think it merciful to extend hope where there is none.

But the hopeless cases are rare. Natural deformities, and delays—nearly all of them can be alleviated with proper care. That is the message Dr. Lorenz has brought. It is a message which has done inestimable good, and will do good perpetually if the idea may be but impressed that all care and science be offered at the earliest possible moment to sufferers from physical deformities.

It is a message for which the country owes Dr. Lorenz much.

But it is a message which at first looked as if it was to be ignored, because this race of ours produces men who weigh pennies in the balance with human lives.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is glad to give, after thorough inquiry, this explanation of Dr. Lorenz's difficulties. It is simply a case of a good man innocently falling a victim of human parasites.



World's Only Lighthouse-Monument

This structure, owned by Uncle Sam, is at the southern end of Lake Champlain. As a monument it was erected in memory of Samuel de Champlain, the French navigator, who, in 1609, discovered Lake Champlain, on the border of the states of Vermont and New York. As a lighthouse it indicates to navigators the channel at night.

New Bible Revision by Los Angeles Printer

Concluded from page 7

sense of revealing or disclosing. Then there is the term "parousia" which means "presence," and not the "act of coming." Of Paul it was said "his bodily *presence* was weak"; it is the same word which in I Cor. 15:23 is translated "they that are Christ's at His *coming*." If *parousia* is *presence* in one place, it cannot be *coming* in another. That is the principle upon which The Concordant Version proceeds.

Mr. Knoch gives all the texts because he believes that, like all other ancient treasures, the Scriptures lose rather than gain by age. He is restoring to the text the original touch, piling the words sometimes three high, as the accompanying illustration shows, that the reader may do his own work of consideration.

The Concordant Version is published in parts, one edition with the editor's doctrinal notes and the other free from [illegible]. The edition without the notes is preferable [illegible] those who wish to study the text without any reference whatever to another's interpretation of it. Friends of the Bible are not always quite sure of the propriety of even the best men putting their interpretations on the same page, or within the same covers, with the sacred text. It is from this admixture of the two that confusion has come throughout the centuries.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Massachusetts has a law which enables a busy man to get excused from jury duty. This law gives the presiding justice the authority to postpone, "in his discretion," the whole or any part of the time of service of a juror to a later day during the same or subsequent court sitting.

Five-hundred thirty-three vessels, including 38 capital ships, have been scrapped by Great Britain since the Armistice.

Thirteen Americans who had been serving in the Spanish Foreign Legion in Morocco recently arrived in Paris, telling stories of cruel treatment and hardships. The Americans obtained their release by swearing they were Canadian subjects. All British members were allowed to resign as the result of pressure brought by the British Government. Twenty-two Americans were left behind in hospitals and four were killed in recent fighting. Hospital conditions were deplorable, they said.

The graduating class of the Oakland, California, high school recently voted 27 to 1 in favor of a Japanese girl honor student, as class valedictorian.

The crew of a train, arriving at one of the stations on the Uganda railway in Africa, found three lions had taken possession of the station. One lion was in the telegraph room, one in the refreshment room and the other stalked up and down the platform, "in true official style." When the shrieks from the engine whistle caused the lions to depart, the station agent emerged from a building some distance away.

A jury in Laurens, South Carolina, awarded $2,000 to the widow of a Negro who was lynched.

In protest against the publication of the details of revolting crimes in the newspapers, resolutions have been adopted by the Men's Club of Wauwatosa, a suburb of Milkaukee. The members of the club base their objection on the bad influence that accounts of this character have on young persons and children, in the grades and high schools, who prepare topics on current events as part of their studies. Co-operation of other clubs and social organizations was asked in an effort to induce the publishers to present the news in a cleaner form.

There is an untapped wealth estimated at $150,000,000,000 in the more than 400,000,000 acres of land still held in the public domain, according to the Secretary of the Interior.

The modern violin is superior to the ancient, according to the decision of a critical audience of music students and musicians of Paris. Six old violins and six of modern make were selected for the test. Among the old violins were instruments by Stradivarius, Guadagnini and Amati. All 12 were numbered and lots were cast for the order in which they should be played. Before an audience of critics, in a darkened conservatory, the player performed on each violin in succession. Like the audience, he was in the dark and could not know what violin he had in his hands. Each member of the audience held a voting card, and an easy victory went to the moderns.

Diamonds are now cut and polished by machinery.

When Kinnaird Castle recently burned in Scotland, many books and paintings were destroyed. The library loss included a 1497 folio and extremely fine copies of the 1632 and 1685 Shakespeare folios. Scores of valuable paintings and a cabinet of 600 antique gems were destroyed. The gems were chiefly intaglios of Babylonian, Acadian, Assyrian, Persian and Hittite origin.

For failure to supply hot water to a tenant, a New York landlord was recently sentenced by the Court of Special Sessions to pay a $250 fine and spend 30 days in the workhouse.

The French companies, which own the New Hebrides, have offered the islands to the Government of Australia for 500,000 pounds sterling, according to good authority. A time limit has been placed on the option, as private interests in the United States have been endeavoring to purchase the islands. Unless the French Government surrenders official control of the islands it is doubtful the deal will go through.

Because of recent food riots in Berlin the police of that city have issued a proclamation against all processions or other open-air demonstrations until further notice.

Bullets from high-power rifles and explosive mines have failed to exterminate the hair seal from the Fraser River of British Columbia. The hair seal is the enemy of the fishermen, because it eats tons of salmon and has a voracious appetite. They frequently consume 10 large salmon at a meal, raiding the fishermen's nets and eating all but the heads. Their skins are of no value, and the department of fisheries has granted the fishermen permission to use crosslines in an endeavor to exterminate them.

A series of Acts of Parliament passed in the reign of James I, imposing a fine or imprisonment on anyone who was present at a football match, is still on the statute book, never having been repealed.

Through the transparent ice of Moose Lake, Manitoba, searchers saw the frozen body of Walter Goyne, famous American dog derby racer, sitting bolt upright on a sled in eight feet of water. He was partly covered by an eiderdown robe. Stretched out in front, in perfect alignment, were the nine racing dogs he had been driving.

In point of money value corn is still king of American farm products.

England proposes to establish reservations for the wandering gypsy tribes of that country. It is estimated there are more than 20,000 gypsies in England.

A Canadian recently left Ottawa on a 9,000-mile jaunt which, when completed, will take him to Punta Arenas, the most southern city of South America, situated on the Strait of Magellan. During his long hike the walker will carry only a sporting rifle. He will pass through many wild parts of South America, including territory where the head hunters live.

Four-hundred million paper writing tablets were manufactured in the United States last year.

Gold ingots to the value of 24,000,000 gold marks were found hidden in the coal of a locomotive on the Danish-German frontier, near Flensburg, by German authorities. The coal was confiscated and one man arrested in connection with the attempt to smuggle the gold out of Germany.

The several hundred girls, attending the Michigan City, Indiana, high school without a single exception, have signed a pledge which taboos, until high school and college days are ended, all forms of masculine familiarity. The girls are perfecting an organization which will be a permanent auxiliary of school activities. The movement was started by a lecturer, who plans to perfect similar organizations in all high schools in Indiana.

A new law prohibiting the consumption of alcoholic beverages on feast days will be enforced throughout Ecuador, beginning next January.

The Saving Is Worth While!

After reading this copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, we trust you will have found it so interesting you will want it regularly. If you purchased this copy from a news stand or a salesman, it cost you ten cents. You can subscribe for 52 weeks for $1.50, saving $3.70.

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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An Address to "Gentiles" On the Jewish Problem

Statement of Duties Devolving Upon Americans

THE heading of this article presents difficulties. The correct use of the term "Gentile" is in question. It is a name that has been given us, not by ourselves but by Jews, and it is by no means certain that it is accurately given. A very great chance exists that it is not. That, however, is a matter which "gentiles" do not bother to understand; they think, of course, that if one is not a Jew one must be a gentile. This is only another instance of the Jewish view being "put over" without the "gentile" understanding or even questioning it.

There is another difficulty: how shall one address "gentiles" collectively? When one addresses Jews he knows that the Jew is always a Jew, that every Jew acknowledges every other Jew, that Jews understand each other and are loyal to each other as against "outsiders," that they think together and act together, that they stand together for Jewish defense no matter how just the charge brought against them. When you address Jews you address a unit, and when you discuss Jews you get a united reaction from them.

This cannot be said of Gentiles. They are of many races, many nationalities, many religions, many tongues. They never think of themselves as being united under the name "gentiles." They are not race or class conscious, certainly they do not think of themselves as a unit with reference to the Jews as an opposite unit. "Gentiles" cannot be organized into one group nationally, let alone internationally, as Jews can. Jews of every shade of opinion, of every degree of religion and of unreligion can unite all round the world, and do unite, having their own news service, their own telegraph service, their own "foreign department" (as they themselves describe it) by which they keep themselves united and informed for mass action. There is nothing even remotely approaching that among "gentiles."

Jewish Question Not Congenial Task

NOT that this fact can be urged against the "gentiles" as a fault. There are reasons why the "gentiles" never can be united. And one reason is that among the so-called "gentiles" there is a regnant superior strain that is not "gentile" at all, no more is it Jewish. There are racial and moral strains among the non-Jewish section of the world which never can be brought into agreement. And, outside this superior strain, among the gentiles proper, the very basis for enduring union is lacking.

So that the only union that can be expected is a union of the superior strain, which physically and morally is unconquerable, and whose task it is to liberate the lesser peoples who easily fall victims to subversion and have no reactive power to rescue themselves.

It is to this human Gulf Stream that flows through the ocean of humanity, blessing it, that this address is offered. As to the identity of this section of humanity —"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The others will not, because they cannot. There are many genuine gentiles mixed up in our common population, but it is not to them that these words are offered.

The Jewish Question has existed for a long time, as the Jew knows and admits, and is a consequence of certain un-Jewish, or rather un-Israelitish ideas held by Jewish persons of power. The disability under which the Jew labors is that he is *not* a Jew properly speaking and does not desire to be. Just at that point is the soil and the root of the Jewish Question.

Tackling the Jewish Question is not congenial work. The Race which this article now addresses has always shrunk from tackling it. Our Race has little disposition to chastise any portion of humanity, to arouse feeling or resist it. We have little taste for this surgical work which becomes absolutely necessary when certain corrupt influences deeply dislocate and seriously injure the common life. Nothing but a clear vision of the danger, nothing but an imperative sense of duty would impel any one of us to embark on a course which is subject to misunderstanding and which must, in the nature of things, wait long for its complete justification. Our Race is too fair, and has always been too fair, to enter hastily into judgment—and upon this fairness and long-suffering the offending groups have often seriously trespassed.

Regarded by itself, as a separate entity, the Jewish Power is most impressive. International Jews today occupy literally every controlling lever of power. Building up for centuries, perfecting their teamwork from generation to generation, from country to country, they have practically reached the summit. Nothing but the Christian religion remains unvanquished by them, though through false "liberalism" even that has felt the Jewish assault. So great is this power that the very knowledge of it kills hope that any movement can ever dislodge it. Earnest, honest men have walked round it, surveyed it, measured its strength, and have given up the dream of changing it. In Russia they tried to segregate it, but while segregation went on from one side, infiltration proceeded from the other and even the "anti-Semitic" Russian Government was honeycombed with Jews, as the end showed. In Germany they endeavored to vote the Jewish power out of politics, only to find the root deep-set in finance—and no country has yet attacked the sacred image of gold. In England the policy of absorption was adopted, and the result is that wherever a Jew was put in power the British Empire has reaped trouble, in Ireland, in India, in Palestine, the present vice-regents of all these possessions being Jews. Other little countries, exasperated beyond endurance, tried violence, and failed just as miserably as the others.

Why "Attacks on Jews" Fail

WHY? Because every one of these methods is precisely the method that the Jew prefers to have people try. He knows their futility first, they find it out later. He knows how these methods positively help him, they discover that later. The knowledge thus won would be pure gain, were it not that it also seems to discourage the hope of men who know how seriously wrong the situation is.

Besides this massive array of power, immovable as it appears, there is the veil cast over the Christian mind as to the supposedly peculiar destiny of "God's chosen people." The Christian cannot read his Bible except through Jewish spectacles, and, therefore, reads it wrong. The idea of "the chosen people" is one of the two great Biblical ideas, but that the Jews constitute this Chosen people is entirely opposed to the statement of the Bible—even of the Bible which the Jews acknowledge, the Old Testament of the Christians. The blessings of world possession, world rule, superior population, commercial greatness, military power, constituted governments, "a great nation and a company of nations,"—all of these as means by which to spread light and healing among the nations—were truly promised to one people, to Israel, not to Judah. Judah's destiny was to be quite different. Very few Bible readers ever note the distinction between the House of Israel and the House of Judah, yet this distinction was marked from the time of Jacob; the prophets absolutely insist upon it. Israel seceded from Judah, being unable to live with that people any longer. Israel's destiny took them out into the world, and if the Bible be true then Israel's destiny of greatness is being fulfilled in Israel and not in Judah. The two Houses are distinct to this day, although a future reunion, a spiritual reunion, is prophesied to come.

How Christian Church Is Judaized

YET the false idea that the Jews constitute All Israel has penetrated the Christian consciousness to an alarming extent, so that when the Jewish press insists, as it does every week, "We gave you your God, we gave you your Bible, we gave you your Christ," even Christian ministers cannot find an answer. The answer is that the Old Testament is nine-tenths an Israelitish book, and not a Jewish book. Abraham was not a Jew; Isaac was not a Jew; Jacob was not a Jew; Moses was not a Jew; Joshua was not a Jew; Gideon was not a Jew; Samuel was not a Jew; even Esther and Mordecai were not Jews, but Benjaminites; the majority of the prophets were not Jews, but Israelites. Upon the coming of Judah into power, in the persons of David and Solomon, the misrule was so great that Israel seceded, and the secession was sanctioned by the prophets. In the New Testament, Jesus Christ found his disciples in Galilee, far out of Judea, and of them there was but one, Judas, whose name indicates that he was a Jew. St. Paul was of the tribe of Benjamin, "the light tribe" which was left with Judah "for a light."

But there is a constant patter of preaching (the Russellites make it the great theme) that "the Jews are to rule the world because it is so prophesied." The amazing blindness with which Christians have regarded the open pages of their Bible is the only explanation of this one-sided teaching which is confusing to the Christians and exceedingly dangerous to the Jews. In the Bible, Israel is the Chosen People of Blessing, and the time is announced when Judah shall walk to Israel and recognize them and become one with them. There is a chosen racial breed, a select seed, a superior strain of blood and soul in the world, but it is not Judah. One thing, therefore, that Christians can do, as a con-

(Concluded on page 8)

"Stately Homes of England" Fast Disappearing

Owners Selling Them, Owing to Burden of Post-war Taxation

By W. P. CROZIER

THE "stately homes of England" are passing into other hands. Almost every day has its announcement of the forthcoming sale of some historic country mansion bound up with English history. The landed aristocracy sit by the table of the auctioneer watching the sale of their ancestral homes. Some of the great houses are bought for institutions—homes for the convalescent or disabled ex-soldiers and the like. This has been the fate of Whitehaven Castle, the Cumberland home of the Earl of Lonsdale, which has become the West Cumberland Infirmary. Some of them simply will be demolished. Some, since they are of great historic value, may possibly become the property of the British nation and survive as show-places and museums. The majority pass from the hands of the landed nobility to those who have made fortunes in commerce and can better afford their upkeep.

Of the reality and significance of the change there is no doubt. The only question is: Where will it stop?

"Landowners as a class," laments Lord Clinton, the chairman of the Central Landowners' Association, "are in danger of extinction. It is not only individuals who are going; if we are not very careful, the class will go altogether, and I believe that would be a disaster to the state, for no class has given more voluntary and useful service to the community than the country squire."

The change will mean a revolution in the English countryside, where for hundreds of years the semi-feudal relationship between the families of the great houses, the farmers and the peasantry have been maintained. With the sale of the mansions and the great estates, on which owners and farmers alike have lived for generations, the old system will fast disappear. The least sentimental cannot but find some reasons to regret the break-up of a venerable institution that at one time at least served England well in helping to build up a rural system which, being slow, solid and conservative, pretty well represented the fundamental English character.

But it has outlived its day. Some of the big landowners have done great public service in their time, but they do, nevertheless, represent in general, a class which possesses the sweets of life by inheritance and without working for them. "They toil not, neither do they spin," said Joseph Chamberlain about them many years ago, and the spirit of the age, even in conservative England, is more and more to demand that every man should work for his living, or, to put the same thing in another way, to tax every man so heavily that only by doing some work for his living can he maintain himself and his family. And that surely is a sound and wholesome principle in any commonwealth.

Then, again, the day of feudalism is irrevocably passing. Many great landlords have been enlightened and have, according to their lights, looked after the well-being of their tenants. But not all of them have done so, and as a class they have naturally enough not welcomed the education and the growing independence of the peasant. Feudalism gives way reluctantly to a system under which the peasant demands his "rights": education, sanitation, living wages, the franchise and the like. And the agricultural laborer at least has obtained whatever degree of decency in his standard of living he now possesses, not so much by the aid of as in spite of the great landowning families. It is perhaps rough justice that the difficulty—to put it crudely—of finding the cash should now be driving great families all over the United Kingdom to sell their ancient houses to pay taxes and maintain themselves in comfort.

For it is the war, that inimitable solvent of social systems, that is causing this transformation. Taxation is the lever that is moving these families from their ancient foundations. Most of them, unless they also were the fortunate owners of urban property, kept up their mansions out of the proceeds of their country estates. Many of them, probably even in 1914, saved little of their income. And now the war and post-war taxation have descended on them with crushing force. They are taxed, of course, not only on the rents they receive, but on the annual value of the property and buildings which are in their personal occupation and which bring them no income. That is to say, the immediate owner of one of these old mansions, surrounded by a few hundred or few thousand acres of delightful grounds, is assessed for a very heavy tax on an annual value of thousands, it may be, of pounds. He has only been able to live in such a place because he has inherited it from his fathers. If he had had to pay the rental value, he could never have afforded it and now that the income tax is from a third to a half or more of the rental value he cannot stand the strain. The following table shows pretty clearly how income tax alone (apart from local rates) hits the rural landowner, when it is remembered that the upkeep of his buildings and private lands has largely to come out of farm rents while on the other hand their value is reckoned as a large part of his income:



Hatfield House, the historic 17th century home of the Marquis of Salisbury, in Hertfordshire, one of the "stately homes of England." Many of these great mansions, surrounded by hundreds, perhaps thousands of acres, are becoming "white elephants" on the hands of their owners because they cannot maintain them under the heavy post-war taxation in England.

Total Income Pounds	Income Tax Pounds	Super Tax Pounds	Total Tax Pounds
2,000	439	.....	439
2,500	589	37	626
3,000	739	87	826
4,000	1,039	212	1,251
5,000	1,339	362	1,701
6,000	1,639	537	2,176
10,000	2,839	1,462	4,301
15,000	4,339	2,712	7,051
20,000	5,839	3,962	9,801
25,000	7,339	5,337	12,676
30,000	8,839	6,712	15,551
40,000	11,839	9,712	21,551
50,000	14,839	12,712	27,551
100,000	29,839	27,712	57,551

In this table, more than in any other single reason, may be found the clue to the social transformation that is now going on, the break-up of the great estates and transference of the great country houses. The Duke of Portland, the owner of Welbeck Abbey, the palace in the English Midlands, famous for its magnificent underground chambers, has made the classic utterance on the subject, foreshadowing that Welbeck, like Stowe and others that I shall mention, will shortly pass away from its owners:

"For centuries past, landed estates have in many instances been handed down from generation to generation in one family, and landlords and tenants have grown up together, and have lived, as we have done, on terms of mutual trust and affection. I fear, however, that this state of things is passing away, for with the present enormous weight of taxation, and the extremely onerous incidents of death duties, the future has become very uncertain for all landed proprietors. If this is good for the country, I certainly do not complain—I merely desire to state the undoubted facts.

"With regard to my own case, it may be or it may not be possible for me and my family to continue to reside at Welbeck. But I fear that there can be but little doubt that those who come after me will not be able to do so. It is of no use whatever blinking the fact, however disagreeable it may be, and it is of no use deceiving either oneself or the country, that if the present high rate of taxation continues and if the present scale of death duties is maintained there must be, and there inevitably will be, a wholesale closing down of the larger country houses, if not now, at all events when the present generation passes away.

"I am certain that it must be exceedingly painful for the representatives of old families to be obliged to part with the major portion of estates, which have been in the possession of their ancestors for many generations. It certainly is so to me, especially as I hope and believe that the tenants have been for the most part happy and prosperous. At the present time, however, I cannot see any other course open to us, for the burdens upon land are now so excessive that many landed proprietors cannot maintain their old family residences in a habitable state, nor can they adequately discharge the duties which they have been so glad to fulfill as owners of land. I am sure that the care of the people who lived around their homes was and is one of their greatest pleasures: and I scarcely dare contemplate what would be my wife's feelings if it should become necessary for us to sever the ties that bind us to Welbeck.

"It pains me deeply to think that in years to come it will most probably be necessary for my family to find a new and smaller home elsewhere. It is very difficult and painful to have to say this, but it is no good living in dreamland. The plain facts stare one in the face."

Of course, one must safeguard oneself against saying that all the sales of famous property are due to the pressure of taxation. There may be occasional exceptions. But the principle holds true of almost all. The most famous sale, perhaps, in recent days has been that of Stowe, the enormous early Georgian palace in Buckinghamshire, which together with 300 acres around it, went for the comparatively paltry sum of 50,000 pounds, probably because no one had any definite use for such a "white elephant," with its succession of immense saloons, its 70 bedrooms, its dining room with 80 chairs to the table, its endless classic temples and grottoes scattered about the grounds in classic groves.

This was not the first sale, of furniture at least, that Stowe had seen. The cost of the upkeep of the place had always been enormous, and the second Duke of Buckingham and Chandos came to grief in 1848. He had entertained Queen Victoria and Prince Albert a year or two before and the gossips said that the expense of the visit was the last straw in his undoing. Everything about the place was sold in a 39-days' auction, and more than 75,000 pounds was obtained as the result. The English weekly journal, *Truth*, to which I am indebted for many of the details of these houses and their history, has recalled that the second duke fell into disgrace at court for publishing confidential papers. When he died in 1861 he left a fortune of under 200 pounds.

Historically, Stowe is only an infant in age and adventure compared with other mansions that have changed hands. Ashridge, owned by Lord Brownlow, was for a long time a royal estate and Queen Elizabeth lived there. *Truth* remarks that Lord Brownlow will now live at Belton, "a house of more reasonable size, designed by Wren, with a picturesque park," and, of course, it is to be remembered that these famous families are not being turned out of house and home, but only out of one house, most of them being well provided (by generations of acquisition and marriage) with more than one—

Concluded on page 13)



Audley End, the large and magnificent Essex home of Lord Braybrooke, which was built by the first Earl of Suffolk, early in the 17th century.



Thoresby Hall, erected by the third Earl of Manvers, 1864-1871. It is of Elizabethan design, and is a splendid example of modern English architecture.



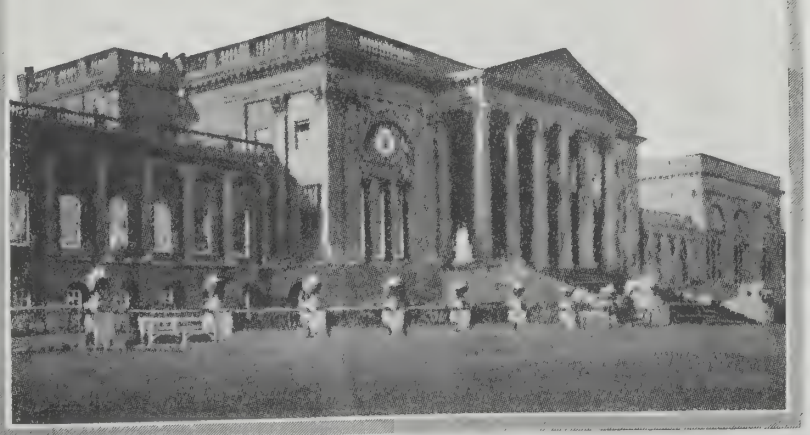
Longleat, near Frome, the seat of the Marquis of Bath. This mansion was built during the years 1567-1579, and stands in an immense park.



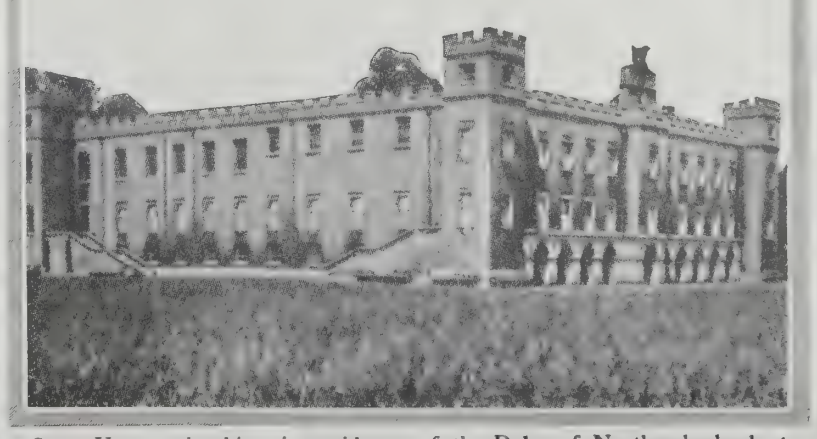
Cardiff Castle, the picturesque seat of the Marquis of Bute, in Wales. It has been the scene of many important gatherings.



Welbeck Abbey, the palatial home of the Duke of Portland, in the English Midlands. It is famous for its underground chambers. All the "stately homes of England" pictured on this page have not been sold, but the Duke of Portland recently said this about his own and other mansions: "At the present time I cannot see any other course open to us."



Stowe House, Buckingham, the ancestral home of the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos, recently was sold, with 300 acres around it, for only 50,000 pounds. It contains 70 bedrooms.



Syon House, the historic residence of the Duke of Northumberland at Isleworth. The mansion occupies a commanding site on the banks of the Thames, and is surrounded by beautiful woodland.

The pictures accompanying this article are reproduced from *The London Sphere* and *The London Graphic.*

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 12, January 14, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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League or Association?

THE President's suggestion that out of the present Washington Conference a permanent association of nations may be developed, to include the former enemy peoples and to meet from time to time to consider matters of international concern, has called out from Senator Borah the assertion that such an association would differ from the League of Nations in nothing but name and is, therefore, open to the same objections that caused the League's rejection by the Senate.

There can be no doubt that, in the perspective of say 100 years from now, the adoption by the Paris Peace Conference of the League Covenant will be universally regarded as marking the first concrete embodiment of the noble ideal of a world federation—of the union of all the nations of the earth for the permanent guarding of the world's peace through the substitution of reason for passion and of right for might in the settlement of international disputes. The idea is all right. Not the most crass "irreconcilable" can, in the light of the lessons of the war and of the peace, and of the progress already achieved in the Disarmament Conference, deny that American isolation is no longer possible; that our own peace and welfare are bound up with the peace and welfare of Europe and of Asia. Equally obvious should it be that this international will for peace calls for an international vehicle for its orderly and effective expression.

In this case, the question: "What's in a name?" may be answered: "Everything!" An almost ferocious fanaticism is associated with the "Solemn League and Covenant" of John Knox's followers in Scotland, as in the more recent "League and Covenant" of the Ulster Orangemen which has so grimly opposed the advance of home rule in Ireland and kept alive the embers of sectarian and sectional strife and bitterness. In his choice of the terms "League" and "Covenant," Mr. Wilson possibly was influenced more or less consciously by the traditions of his Calvinistic forbears. And so the instrument which was meant to be the charter of world peace and freedom, unhappily, came to represent not permanent peace but, in large measure, new sanctions for force and for imperialistic aggressiveness.

Mr. Harding's proposed Association of Nations would be the League with very important differences, differences which the new name in itself suggests. It would be a free association of free peoples in free co-operation for mutual advantage. Real national rights would be conserved and respected. Unlike the Treaty of Versailles, it would not indorse the spoilation of Shantung nor the subjection of Korea. It would be a League without the League's indorsement of ferociously vindictive and economically impossible "indemnities," for the exaction of which France today rattles the saber and threatens another war. It would be a League without the Versailles pact's high-handed removal of boundary lines and cutting up of nations that have for three years protracted war and bloodshed in the Near East. It would be a League without the forcible imposition, at the dictation of the Kosher Klan, on Poland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, against the protests of the populations of those countries, of the notorious "ethnical minority rights" clauses. The Association would not perpetuate the divisive balance of power system.

The Last Great Editor

WITH the passing of Henry Watterson, American journalism loses the last of the great editors. It might almost be said the last editor, for the editorial office, which made possible the journalistic genius and influence of such national leaders as Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Charles A. Dana, Manton Marble, Joseph Medill, Samuel G. Bowles, James Gordon Bennett, Whitelaw Reid, Joseph B. McCullagh and Joseph Pulitzer, has passed out of existence. Journalism has ceased to be personal with the disappearance of the conditions under which the editor owned his own paper and wrote most of it, so that his journal reflected the free and untrammeled expression of his ideas and opinions. It was very human. Now the press has been incorporated and automatized for quantity production.

In earlier days, journalism was more a profession than a trade. A newspaper had an individuality of its own. Its news pages, no less than its editorials, expressed the editor's own individuality. The editorials were for the most part written by the owner-editor. "The style is the man," and the reader came into direct and vital contact with the personality of the writer. Illustrative of this identification of the editor with the sheet he controlled and created is the story of how, through the trying days of the Civil War, the gathering at the crossroads store, each day, waited anxiously for the arrival of the mail bag and, eagerly opening up the *Tribune*, listened while one read it aloud after the confident chorus: "Now we'll see what old Horace has to say!"

There is no gain without a corresponding loss. While many readers of an earlier generation may deplore the disappearance of the journalistic giants of the day of personal journalism and so question the merits of standardized newspapers made possible only through large capital and elaborate organization, there can be no doubt that the system of today, which is so largely the fruit of highly developed news-gathering agencies and mechanical facilities, not only furnishes the news of a larger field with immensely enhanced promptitude and accuracy, but also carries the news of an enormously multiplied constituency. For one newspaper reader of the era when Henry Watterson was in his prime, there are probably more than a thousand today.

And so the evolution that has left the great editor behind may after all serve the greater good of the greater number.

Fair Play and Free Speech

WE ARE in receipt of a communication from an esteemed subscriber in Sandusky, Ohio, accusing us of bias, misrepresentation, unfairness and lack of fair play in a recent editorial headed "De Valera's Lost Opportunity."

Such criticism, it seems to us, evinces a deplorable lack of appreciation of the importance of according to one who happens not to see eye to eye with oneself in every particular that same freedom of opinion and of expression that one demands for oneself. We are quite certain that our correspondent is honest and sincere in the expression of his difference from the opinion expressed in the editorial mentioned. Surely it is not too much to suggest to him that one should be wary about impugning any man's motives.

If we lacked in appreciation of Mr. De Valera's services to the Irish cause in the past, we certainly would not have declared that, but for his opposition to the Anglo-Irish treaty, he would have taken his place in history among the greatest leaders of the Irish people. In suggesting that his present course has caused him to lose a magnificent opportunity, it now appears that we but expressed the honest opinion of some nine-tenths of the people of Ireland as represented in the Dail Eireann, and probably of nine-tenths of the Irish people and the real friends of Ireland everywhere—although speaking an honest conviction without reference to its popularity or unpopularity.

It is our hope and our faith that the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT appreciate a journal ready at all times to tell the truth as it sees it and to express honest opinion. Most of our readers are large-minded enough to welcome such expressions of opinion, even when they do not personally agree with us. Therefore, they do not attempt to influence us by suggestions as to the effect on THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT's circulation of such freedom of expression.

There are usually two parties to a treaty, and there are limits to possible demands and concessions on either side. If the Irish treaty marks the achievement of peace without victory, it is certainly to be commended as obliterating cause for future resentment or vengefulness. The settlement is a compromise, to be sure; but it is an entirely honorable compromise. Those have certainly some sense on their side who feel that in achieving a free and equal partnership as a self-governing nation with Britain, Canada, Australia and South Africa in the British Federation of Free Commonwealths, the Irish have achieved in substance the ideal of an independent republic without its isolation and without perpetuation of a heritage of hatred between neighbor nations.

The Farmer Cannot Buy

WE ARE experiencing hard times because the farmer cannot buy this season. Politicians are complaining of the "Agricultural Bloc" in the Senate. One has gone so far as to introduce a bill forbidding membership in such a bloc under heavy penalties. Fears are expressed that the persistence of unrelieved conditions in the agricultural communities, and the effects of these conditions on our industrial communities, will at the next election make votes against the party in power.

The farmer cannot buy because he is busy paying for things which he bought last year at exorbitant prices and in liquidating loans which he contracted during 1920, when there seemed to be no limit to the rise of prices for his products. So the farmer cannot become an active purchaser of the manufacturer's products until after another harvest, and not then unless prices improve.

Looked at squarely, is there not something preposterous in the existing situation? The one industry which has kept its production at normal finds itself in the greatest embarrassment! The farmer did not curtail his operations in the spring of 1921. His fields were as fertile and extensive as ever. He owned his equipment and the supply of labor had even been augmented and improved by employment conditions in the cities which had brought his sons back to the farm. He stopped talking and went to work; but he succeeded only in cutting the price for his products in half.

Plainly, there can be no business revival until agricultural prices improve. Summing up the report of the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry appointed by Congress early in the summer, President Harding, in his message, finds it "rather shocking . . . . that 9,000,000 bales of cotton will actually be worth more to the producer than 13,000,000 bales would have been, and that 700,000,000 bushels of wheat will bring more money than a billion bushels." And he adds that "such a condition is sure to indict the social system which makes it possible."

Professor David Friday, of the University of Michigan, while recognizing that the farmer is right in his assertion of an inter-dependence between the purchasing power of the agricultural community and the sales of the manufacturer, suggests that it is not so certain that causation begins at the agricultural end.

So Professor Friday comes to the conclusion that the restoration of prosperity in this country depends on an improvement in the European situation—an improvement impossible without American help. "The American farmer and the American manufacturer depend upon each other. But the American farmer is tied to the European price level by the fact that he produces for export."

The strange thing is that neither President nor Professor seems to realize that the outstanding feature of the economic system which the situation indicts is the gold-based monetary mechanism that lends itself to the juggling of gamblers in values at the expense of honest producers, both agricultural and manufacturing.

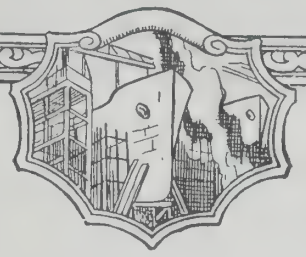
A Good Neighbor

ONE does not have to agree with the political or economic views of Eugene V. Debs, five times presidential candidate, to congratulate President Harding on his making the Christian festival of peace and good will the occasion for freeing the veteran Socialist. Hosts of Debs' followers will doubtless continue to regard him as a martyr. Their very zeal, perhaps, blinds them to the obvious truth that the freedom of speech which is fundamental in genuine democracy ceases to be democratic under the limitations necessarily imposed on all individual action in time of national danger. War is wrong and immoral and inhuman. Enlightened and humane men cannot too strongly condemn it. But its opponents are bound to find wiser ways of championing their opinions than by giving aid and comfort to the enemy once we are actually at war through the force of circumstances and by the orderly action of the duly constituted authorities of our nation.

It was right that, having violated the law in war time, Debs should have the privilege of going to prison for his opinion. It is no less right that he should be freed and restored to his family and friends, now that the war is over.

One incident connected with Debs' release must have brought him immense satisfaction. Almost any right-minded man or woman would be willing to suffer three years' imprisonment to receive at the end such a testimonial of neighborly friendship and esteem as that contained in the petition to the President signed by 35,000 of Debs' fellow citizens in Terre Haute—regardless of political or sectarian divisions. 'Gene Debs, beloved of James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field, must be a good neighbor. And that may mean more than being President.

Mr. Ford's Page



THERE is no doubt a kind of dry humor in Destiny, a laughless amusement, but not at the expense of men, rather at the expense of the forces which seek to sink mankind into irrecoverable disaster. That is to say, as men of an older time declared, the joke is on the devil. This is a point of view which has every advantage of truth—it corrects the perspective, releases the tension, and makes for that optimism which is faith in the eternal rectitude of the universe.

To get hold of the idea, look at it this way: we are all the time worrying about the evil influences which are filtering their way through the mass of humanity, weakening its moral fiber and otherwise reducing its stamina. We regard mankind as a great apple which the worms bore into and destroy.

Now, if it could be shown—keeping the apple illustration—that this boring process meant the destruction of the worm and not of the apple, it would work a decided change in our thought and outlook, would it not?

Well, that is a view we may take of the great evils which menace humanity. They exist. They are dangerous. They attack men with a Satanic shrewdness and insistence. And yet the fact is, this is all the worse for the evils.

Do you know what happens to a disease germ which invades a healthy body? It is a disease germ, without doubt; it invades the body, without doubt; your child has probably been invaded by every disease whose very names you fear. But what happened to the germ? The healthy body killed it.

Look then upon mankind in this light, as a great body of life subject to all sorts of attack from worlds visible and invisible, but competent to take the invading enemy and destroy his destructive power.

You see some kinds of plants that are ruined by the entrance of various insects; and then you see another kind of plant which allows the insects to enter, then closes upon them and consumes them. This latter kind of plant may be used as a figure of mankind, which has been given power to neutralize and destroy the evils which succeed in invading it.

Set down the list of the number of things which should have destroyed mankind, but did not. War should have destroyed mankind. Seen from a detached point of view, war is the most colossal and inexplainable blunder in the known universe, and war should have wound up the affairs of the human race long ago. But it was a sad day for Mars when he resolved to teach mankind his game. Mankind drew war in, apparently fell under its cruel spell, but when at length Mars' game is nearly won, and when war seems on the very verge of destroying the whole race, mankind slowly turns and begins to throttle war, crush it out, kill it.

Take alcohol. By all that is calculable, humanity should have been destroyed by alcoholism long ago. Individuals were destroyed, multitudes of them. Individuals are like the leaves of the tree contributed to the passing storms, but the tree stays—humanity remains. The race should have gone out in darkness to the shriek of disordered nerves and wrecked bodies. Prophets warned humanity that alcohol would destroy it. Scientists made impressive tables of figures to show that alcohol indeed *was* destroying it. But it was a sad day for alcohol when it grappled with humanity, for humanity bested alcohol and now has turned and killed it as a beverage.

You may go down the whole list of the things that threaten mankind, and you will find that the same rule holds good. There are many subversive ideas, dangerous and deceptive ideas, crowding for entrance into the human mind today. Men are being led off in droves by false conceptions of life. The destruction of individuals is very real. The disease germ always brings about the destruction of some tissue before it is killed. But just as the false idea seems about to rule the world for ill, humanity slays it.

Look at the false religions that have marked the pathway of the race, the religions of passion and materialism and superstition. At times it appeared as if the whole of humanity must sink into nether darkness under the baneful spell of those horrible cults. They spread with evangelic vigor and missionary zeal over all parts of the world, civilized and barbarous. And then, when they were fully entered into mankind, and just as their triumph seemed complete, mankind turned and killed them.

Indeed, if you will review the pilgrimage of humanity, and its constant wrestling with all sorts of evils come out to subjugate it, you will see it as a sort of fake, that the evil which invades society shall die of its very contact with society. Not before it has slain its individual victims, of course, but the mass of mankind slays it before it fatally infects all of humanity.

If this is true, and certainly it seems to be an idea worth following out by those who have leisure, then we have a basis of expectation regarding those apparently successful evils which mark our own day. Take any evil you can think of, let it bore into humanity far enough to be considered a menace to mankind, and you may be sure that it is only boring to its tomb. There seems to be a divinely poisonous element in mankind which kills invasive evil as soon as it touches the inner citadel of human life.

There are many false systems in the world today, some of them damnable in their hurtful power. We may prophesy that they are going to overthrow humanity—as they easily could do if they went on unchecked, but we may also say that they are going to be overthrown, that the very conditions of mankind will eventually kill them.

There are false systems of thought abroad in the world. They draw in multitudes of people who are not at all bad. One of the strangest experiences we have is to reconcile good people's adherence to bad systems. It is most puzzling to many people to come upon honest believers in false doctrines, harmless upholders of dangerous theories—the deep contradictions of life.

But, that is how false systems of religion, and politics, and economics and industry are to be destroyed—by drawing good people into them. You see, the invasion is double. The false system invades mankind, and then individuals invade the false system, and the result is that the pressure from within and the pressure from without kills the bad system.

Put it down as a principle that when you see good people, honest people, earnest people being "misled," being "deceived" by false doctrine, it is the beginning of the end of the doctrine. Every system, good or bad, is at the mercy of the people it attracts. The fact that bad doctrine attracts good people, by deception and other methods, is the surest indication that there is a perfectly arranged system of destroying the false doctrine.

It is a bad thing for evil in any form, when it makes heavy inroads on humanity. There is a deadly force against evil which is exerted just as the conquest is about to be completed. So often has it occurred and against such a variety of colossal evils that it is scarcely possible to doubt its continuance.

IT IS a strange record that every evil which should have destroyed mankind has itself been destroyed by mankind. There seems to be something fatal in humanity for an evil which succeeds in invading it with menacing power. Humanity seems to be like those plants which draw insects into their cups, and then close upon them and destroy and consume them. A bad system of thought or action takes hold on the world, draws multitudes of good people into it, and it certainly looks as if the whole world is going to the devil. But wait—after all those good people are misled and deceived, they destroy the system. It seems to be predestined that evil shall be destroyed by what appears to be its chief success. The long story of humanity's contest with colossal evils seems to prove this. And certainly it is a strong basis for that basic optimism which is faith.

Out in the Open With Stewart Edward White

Novelist and Nature Writer Sees Good in Everything

By FRED L. HOLMES

THERE is every probability that one looking for Stewart Edward White, the famous west coast novelist and nature writer, will find him on some mountain side spending his evening near a shimmering camp fire, or by day whipping some trout stream. Of course, there is a chance that he will be at Burlingame, California.

Home to Mr. White is with nature. Perhaps he may be spending his week on the plains galloping in cowboy fashion across the distant places. Or, he may have followed some stream to its source and built his camp fire surrounded only by the tall pine trees of the forest that stand out like sentinels in the glow. When I first sought for him last spring he was in British Columbia.

"Gone for four months," he later told me. "I received my mail only twice while I was away."

"What were you doing, gathering material?" I ventured.

"No," he responded. "I never go gathering material. I go to places and live the life because I like it. Maybe material comes to the surface, maybe not."

Yet, in his trampings he has covered all the western states, parts of Canada, Africa and a good deal of Europe. And out of these wanderings he has written 26 or 27 books. "I don't just remember which," he added. Five of these volumes have had an aggregate circulation of 2,346,325. They are still selling for White

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

It's a long tramp from Michigan, where he first began his writings as a boy, to Burlingame, California, where he now claims his home, for it seems that no matter how long he may be away, some day the residents of that little town of Burlingame, located on that little tongue of land that divides the southern part of California Bay from the Pacific, awake to find that he has returned and that literary work is under way. The books he has written blaze a trail in present-day literature from his old home to the new. Rivermen, claim jumpers, punchers and rustlers, prospectors and miners, are marched by him before the reader, in a picturesque and shifting panorama. Life with Stewart Edward White started with the breaking of conventions. He was born March 12, 1873, at Grand Rapids, Michigan. He spent the first eight years of his early life in a small mill town and then his parents returned to Grand Rapids. The first custom of life which he did not observe was that he did not attend school until 16 years of age.

"Why didn't you go to school?"

"Well, I did not go to school because of a theory of my mother's," came the answer with some merriment of tone. "She believed that the same education could be gained at home through home teaching and directed reading; and that the leisure in the working hours of the day thus obtained could be better used to assure health and to gain outside experience. In this case, at least, she was correct. I did gain much woods experience and taste and was able to enter high school successfully at normal age.

"I became interested in out-of-door life because my father was a lumberman and took me with him into the woods. I had a keen sportsman's instinct. I spent much of my time in the woods among the rivermen and in the lumber camps wherever my father went."

When he did enter school it was as a junior in the Grand Rapids high school, and he graduated at 18 as president of his class. He won and still holds the five-mile running record of the school. In 1896, he graduated from the University of Michigan. While in college he spent his summer vacations cruising in a cutter sloop.

"How did you get started writing about your experiences?" I asked.

"I got interested as a boy in ornithology. I wrote small articles and reports for ornithological papers. I got a taste of expressing myself in that way."

Just how intimate and extensive his knowledge of bird life became may be gained from the fact that as a result of these vacation adventures there are more than 600 skins preserved in the Kent Scientific Museum at Grand Rapids. One of the little articles from these experiences, "The Birds of Mackinac Island," was published in pamphlet form by the Ornithologists' Union.

"That's my first book," smilingly declared Mr. White.

When he graduated from college he entered a packing house and earned $6 a week. But the call of the wild was in his blood and he longed for adventure that would take him back to nature. Then came the gold rush to the Black Hills, in which he joined—to come back home broke financially. But this experience was to pay big dividends in the end. From this venture he wrote "The Claim Jumpers" and "The Westerners," both of which have come to be long-term interest-bearing investments.

"The spirit of adventure took me with the rush to the Black Hills," continued Mr. White. "No work is truly effective unless done for love. The problem is not doing your work, but getting a true interest in it, whatever it may be. If one is not tied to a specific work, so much the better. If he is, then his job is not the work, but attaining the attitude of mind that gives him a genuine interest in it."

Before these books characterizing his gold rush experiences were to be written, he entered Columbia University to take special courses in law. Here he met Brander Matthews, who was to exert a real influence on his life and was to give him the inspiration that drove him like dust before a windstorm in his literary career.

As a part of his class work at Columbia he wrote a story entitled, "A Man and His Dog." Professor Matthews urged him to offer it for sale. He did, and it brought $15 in *Short Stories*. This constitutes his first literary earnings. Stories followed in *Lippincott's* and other magazines, but the high water mark for a single production during this early period was not more than $35.

Now came the desire to be a successful author. He got a job with a publishing house at $9 a week, but after some little writing, he set out for an adventure



Above—Stewart Edward White, starting out with his ponies for the wilderness in California. Below—Cooking his meal at a lonely mountain camp fire.

trip to Hudson Bay. It was about this time that he published "The Claim Jumpers." Later "The Westerners" was finished and sold for $500.

"I was paid in $5 bills," he remarked in telling his experiences. "I left abruptly with all that money. I feared that the publishers might change their minds and want some of it back."

The publication of "The Westerners" sufficiently established Mr. White in the literary world, so his manuscripts no longer went begging. I tried to talk with him about the "hardships" of young authors.

"I don't understand," he replied, "how any one could have hardships in writings. I had none."

Then came the realization that for Mr. White writing was almost a passion. He found enjoyment in it. The mere rebuff of some publisher could not be taken as a hardship.

Tramping up valleys, climbing mountains, pressing through the thick and dew-decked thickets of the early morning has taught him kinship to earth and how troublesome may become the ordinary garments of civilization. Cotton underwear he shuns on these overland journeys.

"Suitably clothed in wool," declares Mr. White in elucidating his science of traveling light, "I have waded the ice water of north country streams, when the thermometer was so low I could see my breath in the air, without other discomfort than a cold ring around my legs to mark the surface of the water, and a slight numbness in my feet when I emerged. Therefore, even in hot weather, wear heavy wool. It is more comfortable.

"Do not carry a coat. This is another preconception of civilization, exceedingly difficult to get rid of. A sweater is better. One good shirt is enough. When you wash it, substitute the sweater until it dries. In fact, by keeping the sweater always in your waterproof bag you will possess a dry garment for a change. Two handkerchiefs are enough. Three pairs of heavy socks will be enough—one for wear, one for night and one for extra. Heavy kersey 'driver's' trousers are the best. They are cheap, dry very quickly, and are not easily 'picked out' by the brush.

"As for a tent, buy the smallest shelter you can get along with; have it made of balloon silk, well waterproofed, and supplement it with a duplicate tent of light cheesecloth to suspend inside as a fly-proof defense. A seven-by-seven three-man A tent, which would weigh between 20 and 30 pounds, if made of duck, means only about three pounds if made of this material. And it is waterproof. I own one and I have used it for three seasons. It has been employed as tarpaulin, fly, even blanket, in a pinch; it has been packed through the roughest country; I have even pressed it into service as a sort of a canoe lining; but it is still as good as ever. Such a tent sometimes condenses a little moisture in a cold rain, but it never 'sprays,' as does a duck shelter; it never leaks simply because you have touched its under surface, and, best of all, it weighs no more after a rain than before it. The latter item is perhaps its best recommendation.

"As for actual implements of the trade, they are not many. A small axe—one of the pocket size will do, if you get the right shape and balance, although a light regulation axe is better; a thin-bladed sheath knife of the best steel; a pocket knife; a compass; a waterproof match safe; fishing tackle, firearms and cooking utensils comprise the list. All others belong to permanent camps, or open water cruises—not to 'hikes' in the woods.

"By way of cooking utensils, buy aluminum. It is expensive, but so light and so easily cleaned it is well worth all you have to pay. If you are alone, you will not want to carry much hardware. I made a 20-day trip once with nothing but a tin cup and a frying pan. The ideal outfit for two or three is a cup, fork and spoon each, one tea pail, two kettle pails and a frying pan. The latter can be used as a bread oven.

"A few minor items, of practically no weight, suggest themselves—toilet requisites, fly dope, needle and thread, pain killer and a roll of surgeon bandages, pipe and tobacco."

This is the outfit used by Stewart Edward White on many of his journeys. This is the way he has traveled in gleaning from nature the colors of dawn, the stillness of the woods and silent places, the singular life of lumber camp and plain, and all those ventures and experiences that have gone to make so many fireside stories for the people snug in their homes far away.

Of the more than two dozen books written by Mr. White, "The Blazed Trail," "The Silent Places," "The Forest," "The Rose Dawn" and "The Rules of the Game" have had the largest sales. But there are many others that are well worth reading: "The Mountains," "Arizona Nights," "The Land of Footprints," "Gold," "The Leopard Woman" and "The Forty-Niners."

Out of his experiences in Africa have come a number of books and novels. "The Leopard Woman" and "Simba" show the effects of the whites on the natives of Africa and the reverse.

"Gold" is a picture of the rush to California in 1849 in search of the treasure that was supposed to be lying ankle deep along the coast. Other books to come will deal with the Civil War period in California, the days of eastern immigration and the present time.

No special environment is needed to stimulate him to write. "The Blazed Trail" was written in a lumber camp in the depth of a northern winter. He would get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and write until 8 o'clock. Then he would pull on his snowshoes and go out for a day's lumbering. Most of his writing is done with a pencil and then copied.

"Do you wait for an inspiration?" I asked.

"I try to be methodical about writing," he answered. "I go to writing every morning at fixed hours. Waiting for an inspiration is a progressive affair as to the waiting. I write anyway and throw away the stuff if found not desirable. When inspiration sees you've got the habit, she gets the habit herself."

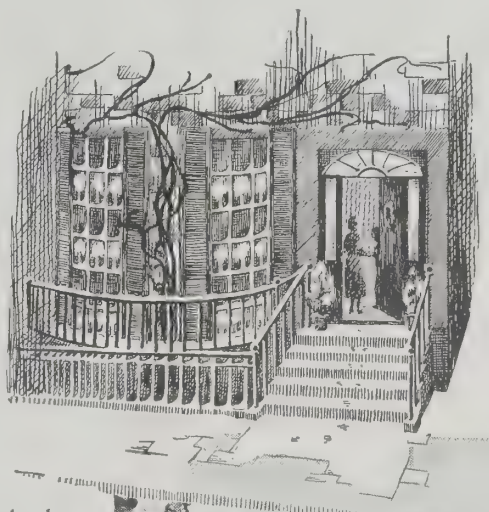
To those who are interested in nature the three volumes, "The Forest," "The Cabin" and "The Mountains," should be read. In these will be found a simple philosophy of life. Here is written a doctrine of persistence against odds, the breaking away from the fetters of convention and above all, "the acceleration of efficiency in what one is doing." Books are great civilizing agencies. They stimulate ambition, tinge our character, influence our morals and attune our hearts in harmony with the world about us. This is the explanation for the mounting sales of nature books.

Out of this life of adventure by Mr. White has come a strong constitution and a robust man. Trailing the rainbow, building his camp fires far from civilization and swapping stories with "the tenderfoot" are events, that in time weave into stories and sketches that bring hundreds of thousands in smoky cities and lonely farmsteads back where they "may drink in the wonders and mysteries and the laws and the beauties which the hand of God has painted all over the face of nature."

Louisburg Square: In the Heart of Old Boston

Columbus and Aristides Mount Guard Over the Shut-in Oval Green

THE heart of old Boston, the quintessence of its charm—that is Louisburg Square. Below it, on the south and east, are shops and throngs of passers-by; to the north, the Italian quarter swarms up almost to the bulwarks, but the bulwarks still hold firm; on the west, Charles River flows, gold-glinted in the sunlight, and, on the crown of Beacon Hill, the square basks dreamily, reflecting peace and dignified repose. No clang of street cars reaches it, the thoroughfares are quiet, almost deserted, at times, except for the two little marble men, Columbus and Aristides, who guard the extremities of the oval green. With the conscious dignity of knowing themselves to be the first public monuments of Boston, the two stare sympathetically at the brick houses, mellow-toned and stately, with sun-empurpled windows, and doors with brass knockers and glass knobs and fan lights, delicate as frost work, all of an age gone by and half forgotten.



The very first settler on the peninsula made his home on the site of Louisburg Square. In 1625 William Blaxton came over with Robert Gorges and dwelt alone for six years, trading with the Indians and happy among his books, for he brought his library with him. He was a scholarly man, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but of too independent a spirit to conform to the established church. Winthrop and his friends had settled at Charlestown, but the land was swampy, with chilling fevers, and there was a dearth of good drinking water. Now, near Blaxton's home, there was a clear spring, and, by its praises, the little group was induced to cross the river and settle in Boston.

The thrifty colonists built first near the water front and, for a while, Blaxton, withdrawn on his elevation, got along well enough with his neighbors. But after a time his spirit rebelled against Puritan restrictions.



Louisburg Square, with its fine old dwellings.

"I came from England," he said, "because I did not like the Lord's Bishops, but I could not join you because I could not be under the Lord's Brethren."

So he sold his rights in the peninsula, except the homestead lot, bought a stock of cattle and moved out into the wilderness. Tradition says that on his plantation he trained a bull to bit and saddle, and, on his strange mount, would sometimes visit his Boston friends.

For years the spring was a landmark in the town. Its waters never failed. As the settlement grew, the Negro washerwomen used to bring their washings to do beside it. But with the leveling of the hill, in 1811, it disappeared, and residents of the square will tell you that it is a great pity it was not preserved in memory of Blaxton,

"old Shawmut's pioneer,
The parson on his brindled bull."

But the square had its "dark side." On the north was the free Negro settlement, a storm center in the days of slavery. In the little Negro church, off Joy street, one bleak January night, during a terrible snowstorm, the New England Anti-Slavery Organization was formed by those who had been debarred from Garrison's impassioned meeting in Faneuil Hall.

Emerson said that "there never was lacking a good spirit of rebellion in Boston," and in whatever Boston did, Louisburg Square took the lead. Almost within earshot of Columbus and Aristides, "The Just," there used to meet the Radical Club of Chestnut street, of which Emerson, Julia Ward Howe, Henry James, Sr., W. H. Channing, T. W. Higginson and Samuel Longfellow were members.

Indeed, you might search the world over and have hard work to find a spot so crowded with memories of great and beautiful lives as Louisburg Square. On the home lot of Blaxton lived William Prescott the last 14 years of his life, and here, when almost blind, he prepared his histories of the Spanish Conquest. On the cornice of his library were affixed the crossed swords which Thackeray mentions in the opening lines of "The Virginians," swords carried by Prescott's grandfather in the Battle of Bunker Hill and by his wife's grandfather, Linzee, a British captain, in the same engagement.

On the Blaxton homestead, too, lived Parkman, for 29 years, and here he wrote all seven volumes of his "French and English in America." Opposite Parkman lived the poet, Richard Henry Dana, for 40 years of his long life of more than 90, which closed in 1876. At No. 2 in the square lived William Dean Howells, while editing the *Atlantic*, and at No. 10, Louisa Alcott and her remarkable father, Bronson Alcott. At No. 20, Jenny Lind was married to her accompanist, Otto Goldschmidt.

The streets that border the square are worthy of it. Dwellers on the hill will tell you that Mt. Vernon is the most distinctive street in Boston. Here Mrs. Fiske once enacted Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair" to show the world just what a street in old London should be like. No doubt there is something sedately English in the sumptuous old mansions, with walled gardens and pebbled courts, climbing steeply from the river. Henry James whimsically speaks of it as "fairly hanging there to rest, like some good lady of more than middle age, a little spent and 'blown.'" Here lived Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Margaret Deland, William Ellery Channing and Governor Claflin whom Whittier used to visit on his Boston trips.

Pinckney street, "a noble Bohemia," runs down the western ridge of Beacon Hill, from Joy street to the river. Not so stately as Mt. Vernon, but always dignified, with just a touch of raciness and mystery, it is a favorite resort of writers, artists, students and all sorts of independent thinkers. Then there is Walnut street, where Wendell Phillips was born, and where John Lothrop Morley lived, and Chestnut street, with its charming Bartol house and a dozen others scarcely less attractive. Celia Thaxter, Arlo Bates, Alice Brown, Professor Percival Lowell, Ralph Adams Cram, John D. Swain are only a few of those who have chosen the neighborhood for their home.

And the square itself has a charm potent to hold its residents year after year in spite of the modern attractions of Back Bay and the esplanade. Even in the huddled tenements to the north they know about it, and, especially the youngsters, sense something of its magic. Not infrequently a "gang" from the wilds below invade its peace, marching through with swaggering step, just a trifle puzzled, perhaps, to know why swaggering seems so vain.

Once a year the Italian societies take possession, and, with much waving of flags and display of coque feathers and fanfares, they decorate the statue of their countryman with wreaths. Perhaps, on those occasions, Columbus rouses a bit, and wonders dimly what he is doing in Boston's oldest square. Perhaps he dreamily recalls that a Greek merchant, Joseph Iasigi, who lived in the square and loved it, sent to Greece for him and his companion and placed them in their stations. He may even recall, too, what most men have forgotten, that in 1834 the square was named in honor of the victory at Louisburg.

The children of the neighborhood have a special name for the square. They call it "Cat Heaven," and it is, indeed, a place of refuge for the feline breed. The palings of the iron fence are so closely set together that no other animal, except the squirrels, may enter, and here Boston cats have a sort of club, not measly, rangy, skeleton cats, but sleek, well-fed, beribboned pussies that know how to comport themselves with a dignity suitable to their surroundings. In general, they prefer Columbus on which to sun themselves and take siestas.

There is somewhere in the fence, but only the elect know where, a place where pales are taken out to permit the entrance of a person, for the green must be kept mowed and the fine old trees given some attention. And when they are trimmed the wood is divided into bundles and distributed among the neighbors, for the city does not own the square. It is private property and the abutters must pay for keeping it in order.

Once a year Louisburg Square has its moment of real beauty—on Christmas Eve. Then the gray serenity of Puritanism is touched with a bit of life and brilliancy. There are many finer and more pretentious squares in Boston, but on that night they sink into the commonplace as surely as did the brethren of the ugly duckling. Candles upon candles, beyond counting, in every window, wreaths of holly on all the doors, and, behind the windows, gayly decked fir trees are glimmering. In every dwelling there is open house, and, when the doors swing wide, there are fascinating views of graceful stairways, of paneled and pilastered rooms, with chairs of Chippendale or Sheraton.

Not so did Beacon Hill keep Christmas in the olden days. Judge Sewall, he who hanged the witches in Salem and later sorrowed for it annually before the Old South Church, once wrote in his diary that on Christmas Day he saw nearly as many farmers as usual standing in the market with their loads of wood.

Now visitors from all over the city climb Beacon Hill to see Christmas honored. In silent crowds, black underneath the elms, they stand, expecting the arrival of the "Waits." By nine o'clock they begin to arrive, choristers from the near-by churches, singing Christmas carols in the street. Not like persons, but embodied voices, they seem, with something ethereal and weird in the beauty of their carols.

"We are three Kings from Orient speeding," or the more familiar

"It came upon the midnight clear."

But staid old Boston cannot hold to such revelry long. The square seems impatient to resume its air of tranquil repose, just tinged with mystery like that of Hawthorne's stories. By 11 o'clock, the candles that shone so tenderly die out, and the choristers are singing their last carol. By 12, the houses are dark and the crowds are gone. Only the two little marble men still guard the oval.

An Address to "Gentiles" on the Jewish Problem

Candid Statement of the Duties Devolving Upon Americans

(Concluded from page 1)

tribution to the solution of the Jewish Question, is to read their Bibles carefully.

The Jewish Question will be solved, and its solution will begin in the United States. But that does not mean that it will come as the result of a popular movement. Great changes do not occur that way. It makes little difference whether the mass of the people see this Question or not; the mass of the people are not always called into such matters. Their work is to hold the world steady while the change takes place. But a sufficient number of qualified persons have seen the Question to insure that now the era of solution has set in. The timid, the soft literary men in pulpits (with whose ilk Jeremiah had a keen acquaintance), the false preachers of "Peace, peace," the hush brothers and sisters of every name, the shallow shouters for "fairness," and all who are afraid of the truth in its surgical forms—these have no place in the healing of the hurt of these times, they are wedded to their softness. Nothing has been more shameful in the last two years than the spectacle of men bidding for the applause of bootleggers, and gamblers, and the lecherous masters of the modern stage, and the sinister Kehillah, and the anti-Christian American Jewish Committee, because, forsooth, someone has fulfilled the duty to tell the truth. However, these things must always be, and the evil influences among the Jews have learned just what kind of help they may expect and from what kind of men.

"What Can We Do About Jewish Question?"

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has not been making a fight but fulfilling a duty to shed light on a matter crying for light. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, therefore, has never urged any individual or organization to join it in this work. Nor has it charged with cowardice those who for prudential or other reasons have kept silent. Editors especially have been absolved; not one of them was asked to lend his aid, although the files of this office hold thousands of written assurances from newspaper men all over the land, and from all parts of the world, testifying to the truth of our statements. Organizations have been proposed, for various purposes; strong organizations have offered themselves as vehicles for the carrying out of any plan THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT might propose. But all such undertakings have been avoided, our belief being that simply to state the truth and let it work its own right will, was sufficient at this time. And to that belief and policy we have adhered.

"But what shall we do?" is the constant question; "How shall we balk this system which surrounds us and infects so much of our common life?"

Observe it, identify it, eschew it—that is more powerful than active opposition. The clear eye of the man who sees and understands is something that even the evil powers of Jewry cannot endure.

But the most potent action any awakened person can take is this: to erect again our own moral landmarks which the Oriental Jewish invasion have broken down. This would spell sheer doom to the whole evil system sponsored by Jews. And this is the course which has never been tried. To go back to the principles which made our race great, the principles to which we have been recreant and therefore have fallen an easy prey—this is the only invincible course. It is an opposition which evil Jews cannot understand and cannot defeat.

If Women Knew How to Buy—!

IN PLACE of the way of doing business which Jewish dealers have introduced, let the business men of the country adopt the old way of the white man, when a man's word was as good as his bond, and when business was service and not exploitation.

Let the men and women of the country learn how to buy, let them learn how to test quality in fabric and food, instead of being dependent on price tags. The merchandising practices of this country, in the hands of ruthless exploiters, have all but ruined honest merchants. Let any dweller in a great city recall the last 20 years, how the Christian merchants have been growing fewer and fewer. Why? Is it because the owners of Jewish department stores are better business men? No! The Jewish merchants began the practice of filling their store windows with goods that looked like the goods in reputable merchants' windows, and sold them for a much lower price. The helpless public, no longer able to determine the quality of goods, and guided solely by price tags, flocked to the Jews' store. The result is that one hears everywhere in ordinary conversation the complaint that "everything is shoddy." Of course it is, and it will remain so, until we educate people in the art of buying. That of itself will break down three-fourths of the abuses practiced in the commercial world today.

Another contribution that can be made to the defeat of Jewish subversive influence is the examination of so-called "liberal" ideas, their source, their effect, their whole tendency. Men are thinking ideas today that poison them morally, socially and economically. These ideas are as deliberately shot into society as poison gas was shot into ranks of soldiers in France. Our mental hospitality has been grossly abused, the public mind has been made a sewer. The time has come for a custom barrier to be raised for the examination of imported ideas. Unrestricted immigration of ideas has been as bad for the American mentality as unrestricted immigration of people has been for American society.

We have taken our amusements without thought of what was behind them in the way of deliberate intent to make us common and careless and coarse. We have read our newspapers, wholly innocent of the propaganda mixed with the news. We have even taken our religion in a Judaized form, without troubling to inquire whether it squared with the Bible, the textbook of religion. We have read our novels and have failed to see what serum the author was injecting along with his story. And all this has been possible because we have been asleep, enjoying, as we thought, a life which was swiftly being taken from us, and dreaming that the old principles still held sway.

It is perfectly obvious that the cure for all this is to become awake, alert, to challenge the foreign influence, and to seek out again the principles which gave us our greatness.

Keep Our Life American and Christian

WE HAVE been weaned away from our natural leaders. We have been taught to look to those who cannot even speak our language and who do not hold our institutions dear. A people that turns from its own leaders, or a people whose leaders have been turned from the sacred responsibilities of the high office of leading, is in a precarious position, and becomes an easy victim to confusion of soul. There is a dearth of voices in the land today, the prophets are dumb, or are reading beautiful essays to the people. Suspicion has been sowed like darnel seed between classes of the same race, the people have been broken up, and the subversive Jewish influence supports the oligarchy of unserviceable wealth at one end of the social scale, while it stimulates the baser elements of industrial unrest at the other end. And the race thus rent asunder to its own undoing, does not see this—capital does not see, and labor does not see, that the leaders of chaos are alien in blood and soul.

To keep American and Christian, the school, the church, the legislature, the jury room and the Government, is the most potent resistance that can be made to the evil influences which have been upon us and which this series of articles has partly uncovered. The strength of all subversive influence is in proportion as we cease to be what we ought to be. The evil influences surrounding this people can succeed only as it changes this people into something less than it ought to be. Therefore, to go back to the old landmarks, whereby we made all the progress we ever made, is not only the part of wisdom, but the need of the hour. The school must be cleansed. The jury box must be kept inviolate—trial by jury has almost disappeared in Jewish New York. The church must be un-Judaized and Christianized. The Government must be Americanized. Let there be the utmost freedom of thought and speech, but let there be also with it a discrimination which will prevent the people being victimized by every spurious idea, every "gold brick" economic proposal which comes along. It needs only that men be awake to their better interests and to leave no place in their scheme of life for the practices which destroy the very foundations of confidence.

Surely it must be understood by this time that the Jews rule, not by reason of their brilliance or their money, but by ideas which are not even properly Jewish but Babylonian. They have captured the castle from within. They have been able to do so only because of our ignorance of the lineage and dignity of the stock of ideas upon which our civilization has been founded. Our people needs to engraft itself again on the parent tree and draw again the sustenance which made it great and fruitful.

Many so-called "gentiles" are somewhat affected by the Jews' wails of "persecution." This has been sufficiently discussed in previous articles, but "gentiles" can further contribute to the solution of the Jewish Question by looking about them to see if they can discover any evidence of "persecution" here—unless it be persecution of the Christians by the organized agencies of the Jews! In this month's *Atlantic Monthly*, a Jewish rabbi, who undoubtedly knows better, assumes that his race is a hated race. He rather enjoys the thought and accepts it as a distinctive honor. Our "gentile" might also observe how untrue this is—how, indeed, in this mixture of nations, the Jew gets off with less even of the harmless kind of racial animosity than any other foreign admixture.

Above all, the "gentile," so-called, who in 90 cases out of every 100 is no gentile at all (as the Jews may well admit) will do well to avoid fear. Nothing is more abject than "the fear of the Jew," and nothing more disastrous to the Jew than the tactics he employs to sustain that fear. The Jewish subversive power has been powerful only for evil and only where there was a disposition to evil. It has never yet succeeded in bringing shame or confusion to the right.

Jews Fail to Cause Violence

INDEED, there is one sure way of gaining the respect of the Jew and that is, *Tell The Truth.* No one knows better than the Jew whether statements made about Jews are true or not. "Gentiles" may never be certain whether a statement made about the Jews may be relied upon, but Jews always know. That is why prejudice, abuse, hatred, scorn, ridicule, false charges roll off them as water off a duck. The Jews have never in all their history feared the lies of their enemies; but they have feared the truth. And if they only fear the truth in the ancient sense, not to be afraid of it but to fear to violate it, and to fear to have the truth testify against them, then the day of Judah's return to standing has come. The truth is Judah's friend and Israel's friend and the world's friend. It makes hard demands; it is sometimes not easy to speak and harder still to hear; but the truth heals, as Judah is due to discover.

There is this to say, that among the many thousands of persons who have written to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT confirming out of their own observation and experience the statements made in this series of articles, there has been a most gratifying absence of the spirit of violence. At the beginning a few rabid Jew-baiters made themselves known and expressed their hope that at last a regular program of pogroms was to be instituted. We never knew how far these advances were made with knowledge of the Jewish leaders, but we do know that for a year and a half in this United States the Jewish press, and Jewish thugs, and Jewish politicians, and even some of the most respectable of the Jewish organizations did their utmost, and in some of the strangest ways, to compel this Study of the Jewish Question to lead into violence and disorder. There was nothing that the Jewish leaders more desperately desired or more tirelessly worked for.

Jewish Propaganda Proves the Case

THAT was their first setback. Everywhere else in the world they had always been able to foment this sort of thing and label it "anti-Semitism." The label "anti-Semitism" is one of the choicest weapons in the Jewish armory. But in the United States their plan failed. It is their first notification that in this country the Question is going to be solved; it is not to be given a new lease of life by following the old mistakes.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT knows the temper of the American people on this question, that it is cool, fair, and somewhat more determined than it formerly was. But the Jews know this temper better than anyone else. Hence the magnitude and superb rashness of the propaganda with which they are literally flooding the country. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is grateful for the flood of Jewish propaganda. It has served in hundreds of important cases to give the confirmation to our statements which was wanted. Jewish literature has been a powerful informer of the gravity of the Jewish Question in the United States. The result was not what the Jewish leaders wished, of course, but it was serviceable to the truth just the same.

Now that the Question is open, now that the press is able to print "Jew" when necessary, now that a bunch of keys has been provided by which the people may unlock doors and make further inquiries, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will follow other aspects of the Question, discussing them from time to time as circumstances may warrant.

Volume Three in this series—"Jewish Influence on American Life," containing a third selection of these articles, is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and is sent at the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Interest Is the Tuberculosis of Economic Life

Panama Canal Bond Issue Illustrates Terrific Cost of Improvements

How much interest does the Panama Canal cost the nation every year?

Do you know? Do you ever stop to figure interest?

The Panama Canal costs the American people approximately $3,240,000 a year in interest charges. And this has been going on for some years.

The United States has paid out approximately $36,532,520 in interest on the Panama Canal.

The last issue of Panama Canal 3 per cent bonds was made in 1911, the amount being $50,000,000, the bonds to run for 50 years. Fifty times three is 150. That is the amount of the interest to be paid—once and a half as much as the loan. In 50 years the bond buyers will receive $75,000,000 in interest in addition to their $50,000,000 back.

It will cost the government $125,000,000 in cash for the use of $50,000,000.

By AARON HARDY ULM

THE Panama Canal, to date, is a great subsidy of world shipping, a contribution to world economics, a magnificent gift from the people of the United States to the peoples of all the world but it is not a financially profitable investment. It undoubtedly is profitable in an economic sense, but this is shared equally with the United States by all who make use of it or benefit from its use.

The last report on canal operations, however, shows that revenues from the canal and associated operations now are in excess of maintenance and operation costs. But those costs do not take into account the worth of the more than $400,000,000 which has been spent on the canal and its appurtenances.

Now is probably a good time to review the story of the canal's cost, how it was met, and how it is being carried, something that has not been done heretofore.

The building of the Panama Canal by the United States Government was in large part a cash transaction. Only about one-third of its total costs are covered by bonds. Those bonds are not mortgages on the canal but are regular government securities like consols or Liberty bonds. Some of them are used as the basis for national bank currency in general circulation.

On June 30, 1921, the Panama Canal represented a capital investment of $368,543,271.95. A total of $453,503,527.94—not including the $25,000,000 which settled the controversy with Colombia—has been appropriated by Congress for canal purposes. A considerable part of the appropriations were for maintenance and operation and are offset by revenues collected in the form of tolls and otherwise. When the Panama Railroad, dry docks and piers, fuel oil and coaling plants and other establishments operated in connection with the canal are included, our total investments in Panama come to a total of about $430,000,000.

When Congress—and President Roosevelt—decided to build the canal it was intended that most of the cost be met with bond issues. Thus the original act provided for the issuing of bonds in the amount of $130,000,000. Under that act $30,000,000 worth of bonds were sold in 1906; another issue of $24,631,980 was disposed of in 1907; and a third, $30,000,000 in 1908. Bonds of those issues earn two per cent interest, and despite that low rate each sold above par. This was because the bonds of each issue were made security for currency issued by national banks. Most of them were purchased for that purpose by the national banks, which still own them. They are the basis for money equal substantially to the face value of the bonds. The owning banks make a profit on the currency thus circulated. The full amount of the original bond authorization was never issued.

In August, 1909, Congress annulled that part of the original law which had not been acted upon with regard to the issuing of bonds and provided, instead, for the sale of $290,569,000 bonds at a rate not to exceed three per cent, the issuing of the bonds being left to the option of the Treasury. No action was taken under that law until June 1, 1911, when an issue of $50,000,000 worth of Panama Canal bonds was sold. They brought an average price of 102.6825. The higher rate of interest is due to the fact that the last issue of Panama Canal bonds are not legal security for national bank currency, and, therefore, they are not the basis for any outstanding money. No other bonds were issued under that authorization, which was merged with the first act providing for the sale of Liberty bonds for carrying on our part of the World War. After making deduction for the Panama Canal bonds, which have been taken up and canceled, there is today an outstanding government debt, due to the canal, as follows:

2%	Panama	bonds,	issued in	1906-7....$48,954,180
2%	Panama	bonds,	issued in	1908 25,947,400
3%	Panama	bonds,	issued in	1911 50,000,000

The first issue was made gradually redeemable from 1916 to 1936 and the second from 1918 to 1938. All of the third issue runs until 1961.

The annual interest charge on account of the Panama bonds is approximately $3,240,000.

How interest operates, even at a low rate, can be illustrated with the last issue of bonds on account of the canal. They will draw three per cent annually for a full term of 50 years, the total amount of the bonds being $50,000,000. The owners of those bonds thus get $1,500,000 a year, for the use of the money they loaned to the government. For the full period of that loan they will collect a total of $75,000,000 in interest, or one-third more in interest than the total of the loan, which, of course, will be paid off, at expiration, in full.

The difference between the cost of the last loan, which has nothing to do with the currency, and the first, which ultimately took the form of money in circulation, is one per cent with the slight tax collected by the government on national bank circulation in addition.

Why the last bonds were not made security for national bank currency is not clear; the reason given is that the demand for such bonds was on the point of exhaustion. However, not many years before, government consols, which are security for such currency, sold for as much as 25 per cent above par, all because of the demand for them on the part of banks which desired to issue bank-note currency. The other Panama bonds, as noted, also sold above par, solely because of their value as currency security and not because of normal government credit which rarely, if ever, has been so good as to command straight investment money at as low a rate as two per cent.

If the entire investment cost of the Panama Canal had been financed with three per cent bonds, as could have been done at the time of purchase and construction, the interest toll would be approximately $12,000,000 a year. If accounting on canal operation took account of investment, say on a five per cent basis, the revenues from the property would meet not much more than one-half of operating cost.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, last, the ordinary expense for the operation and maintenance of the canal, including civil government and sanitation, amounted to $9,328,300.14. Net revenues from all sources totaled $12,040,116.70. Canal tolls yielded $11,261,919.31; profits on business operations, $564,211.20, and other sources slightly more than $200,000. The revenues exceeded the expense of maintenance and operation in the amount of $2,711,816.56.

The last fiscal year was the best the canal has had since it began operating in 1914. More ships and more freight passed through the canal than during any previous fiscal year. The vessels numbered 2,892, the tonnage 11,415,876, and the tons of cargo, 11,599,214. Nearly $3,000,000 more was collected in tolls than during any prior fiscal year, but expense of maintenance and operation went up in almost like degree.

Canal revenues to date show, according to the last report, a favorable balance over operating and maintenance expense, of $480,724.95, which might be classed as our net return, at the present time, on the big investment in the Panama Canal. This would take no account of the cost of fortifications and of maintaining military garrisons on the Canal Zone.

The merchant marine of all countries use the canal at present on the same terms that apply to ships owned by citizens of the United States. The only vessels which do not pay regular tolls are those operated by the government, such as naval vessels. Hence, to the extent that the shipping of other nations employ it, the canal is a contribution to world shipping in ratio of difference between true cost of operating the canal, including return on investment, and the revenues derived therefrom, barring, of course, the proportion creditable to our own shipping.

Though only a minority of the merchant vessels passing through the canal are of United States registry, during the last fiscal year our ships outnumbered those of any other nation. A total of 1,210 United States vessels passed through the canal. The nation coming second was Great Britain with 972. We shipped 5,163,025 tons of cargo through the canal, and 3,758,257 tons went through in British bottoms. Ships from nearly all the countries in the world made use of the canal.

It may be worth while noting the principal commodities which passed through the canal. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the freight was made up in great part of crude petroleum, coal and coke, steel and iron and refined oil. The freight coming from the Pacific into the Atlantic was made up in great part of nitrate, wheat, food products in cold storage, lumber, sugar and flour. Chilean nitrate furnished the heaviest tonnage, 1,530,592, of any commodity passing through the canal, petroleum coming second.

Mere operation of the canal is only one, though the central and biggest one, of the enterprises carried on by the government in Panama. Virtually everything having to do with the canal, from conducting the civil government, which rules the territory, to providing medical service for the residents, is administered by the directors of the canal. Fuel is sold to vessels, ships are repaired, hotels are operated, stores and restaurants are conducted by the canal authorities. A commissary business of more than $11,000,000 was done during the last fiscal year. Poultry, hog and dairy farms and many other enterprises are operated in connection with the Panama Railroad.

Jewish World Notes

Rabbi Rudolph I. Coffee, in his special page in the Jewish papers, objects to the closing paragraph in the President's Thanksgiving Day proclamation: "Done at the City of Washington in the year of Our Lord, 1921 and of the Independence of the United States the 145th." The learned rabbi suggests that as Jesus is not their Lord, every self-repecting Jew must feel slighted and offended by this official formula on an American state document. He probably regards it as "anti-Semitic" as the New Testament. The wonder is that he does not object also to mention of the "Independence of the United States" as implying defiance of the rule and control of the Kehillah over all the earth.

The following, from the New York *Tribune* of December 16, is a study in characteristics. The headlines read: "Film Magnate Fails to Lure Harding to Pose With Him." "Washington, December 15—A carefully organized drive to obtain motion pictures of Carl Laemmle with the President broke down today when the President himself failed to evince sufficient interest to pose. Mr. Laemmle visited the White House flanked by several aids, including camera men, advance men, press agents and lawyers. The plan of attack called for the President being lured to the lawn in the rear, and there to pose with the film magnate while the cameras recorded the scene.

"Everything opened auspiciously. Today's weather was clear and cold, ideal for an out-of-door picture. Mr. Laemmle was immediately surrounded by newspaper men upon entering the White House executive offices, in accordance with the traditional welcome extended to all men of affairs. A member of the party, sent ahead to reconnoiter, came upon George Christian, the President's secretary, but the secretary knew nothing of any picture.

"It was close to 1 o'clock when the stream of visitors went in to shake hands. Mr. Laemmle and his party brought up the rear. He reached the President all right, but the Executive said he was too busy to pose. In the meantime Laemmle's camera men had deployed about the grounds outside the executive offices, secure in the belief that Mr. Laemmle would appear with the President in his wake. Much to the surprise of the camera men, the President a moment later was seen to step briskly from his office and out the door leading to the White House proper and not to the rear of the offices.

"Mr. Laemmle was nowhere in sight. It developed that the President, at the conclusion of the handshaking bee, had quit his office hurriedly for the White House. There were no pictures of any kind."

Congress is now "anti-Semitic!" Listen to Judge Aaron J. Levy, grand master of the Independent Order of B'rith Abraham, as he is quoted in the Brooklyn, New York, *Standard Union* of December 16: "There never was a more anti-Semitic aggregation in Washington than there is now in Congress." He characterized Secretary of State Hughes as a "self-determined bigot." He said that the immigration law recently passed was directly aimed at the Jew. Joseph Barondess, an ex-commissioner of education, spoke in Yiddish "and refused to give reporters any synopsis in English of what he had said." These are not low-type Jews. These are high-type Jews, Jews of power, pouring out their wrath upon the present government of the United States. They always do it. They cannot help it. What they see is the House of Judah only, the Jewish nation.

"Louis Cohen, New York liquor dealer, was sentenced to one year and one day in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, penitentiary and fined $4,000 and costs by Judge W. Peck in Federal court recently. Cohen was charged with attempting to bribe Robert E. Flora, Cincinnati prohibition agent, with $5,000."

A Jewish rabbi has gone off to Persia to represent the United States Government as official minister. Great Britain and the United States are now represented almost exclusively by Jewish diplomatic agents in the present storm center of world politics.

Perpetuating Ideals of Idiocy and Depravity

Newspaper "Comics" and "Jazz" in "Popular" Songs and Dances Assault Mental, Moral and Physical Vigor of Anglo-Saxon Race

By REXFORD HARVEY

NOTHING is more firmly established as a proved and demonstrated fact than the great law of mental suggestion. It is summed up in T. J. Hudson's monumental work, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena," in the axiom: "We tend to become like those things to which we give our attention." Solomon stated the law ages ago when he wrote: "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Mind and body we are molded day by day and hour by hour by the impressions through sight and hearing to which we submit ourselves. Individually and racially we are strengthened and ennobled or marred and broken by the influence that suggests habits of thought. Henry Van Dyke tells us to be "governed by our admirations rather than by our disgusts." But the tragedy revealed by modern psychology is that one of the most pronounced effects of continued exposure to unrelieved ugliness, inanity, imbecility and depravity made visible and audible and given movement in pictures, sounds and dance motions and gestures, is a hopeless confusion of mind in which discrimination is destroyed. False ideals become our idols. Not only do we lose the power to appreciate and enjoy beauty and truth—"the things that are pure, lovely and of good report"—but what should disgust us commands our admiration and in course of time so monopolizes our interest and attention that we have neither interest nor attention to spare for anything but the ugly and grotesque—the idiotic and the vicious. Like the cubists and degenerates generally, we call black white and white black. Sense of symmetry and proportion become blunted.

Suggestion as a force in the healing of disease, the strengthening of the will and an element in character and efficiency building, particularly in advertising and salesmanship, has become a commonplace. Curiously enough there seems to be lacking anything like general recognition of the negative side of this force—of its power for evil when misdirected. On this account it has been left to what so many journals euphemistically call a "special racial group" ignorantly or wilfully to make use of this power to commit assault and battery on our Christian civilization through its commercial control of our newspapers and our "entertainments." These have become in alarmingly large and increasing measure the instruments of racial degradation. Arrant idiocy is being steadily used to poison and distort the minds and the hearts of children and young people. Animalistic motives and interests are made to displace love or even perception of all those things which in the great traditions of the American people have meant most to their development in courage, faith, nobility of aim and purpose and devotion to ways that are beautiful.

Susceptibility to visual images is especially marked not only in young children and in the mentally untrained and feeble but in expectant mothers. Here, indeed, looms the worst side of the suggestion of the abnormal by the wide dissemination of the outrageously vulgar and distorted caricatures of the so-called "comics" in our newspapers. In a recent talk with Professor Soule, of New Orleans, that distinguished psychologist informed the writer that he had been told by a well-known physician of that city that babies born while newspapers and the deadwalls and fences of that city had been desecrated by representations of a certain hideously distorted woman's face bore a striking resemblance to that distortion of humanity. "Advertisers," commented Professor Soule, "have no right to disfigure the coming generation and put mothers to pain and humiliation."

Students of history and of art well know that the splendid sculpture and stately architecture of the old Greeks found its inspiration in deeply religious regard for the *mens san in corpore sano;* for the flowing lines and harmonious proportions of the human form and face reflecting and expressing true inward beauty of soul. Recognizing the right of every child to be well born and well bred, expectant mothers made it a rule to pass most of their time in contemplating beautiful statuary, accepting the influence of nature's beauty in field and mountain, flowers and birds, lingering with deep interest and attention before masterpieces of painting and architecture and in listening to the reading of masterpieces of the Greek poets and philosophers. The woman built the body and mind of her unborn child in accordance with the ideal she had projected for his future. Was he to become a philosopher, the mother lovingly absorbed herself in the charm of Plato or Aristotle. Valiant deeds embalmed by measure in the amber of renown and recited with dramatic fervor in readings from Homer went to the spiritual nourishment of a future martial hero, an Horatius Flaccus, or an Alexander. Thus was "the glory that was Greece" born of maternal love and wisdom fitly blended for the production of heroes and for the imparting of beauty, grace and dignity.

Here we have what may be termed the positive and constructive use of the great law of suggestion. The law works today as in the days of Pericles and of Plato and fortunately we are not in these days of awakening understanding of applied psychology devoid of instances of its beautiful and beneficent working. But it is a rule that works both ways. The pity of it is the other side of the picture—distortion, depravity and degeneracy flow from the negative and destructive application of the same great law. In striking contrast is the deliberately and elaborately disseminated suggestion of ugliness and vulgarity of a stupid and vicious representation of ignoble ideals and actions to which the daily press has prostituted itself, increasing the evil to constantly increased pandering to the depraved appetites it creates.

Day after day the country is flooded with these wretchedly drawn pictures that do violence to all sense of harmony and, what is worse, either of base design or in unpardonable ignorance, contribute to the making of idiots and semi-idiots and of neurasthenics and degenerates. Take such titles as "Bug House Fables," "Cicero Sapp," "Krazy Kat," "The Gumps," "Blind Boobs," and so on, recounting the antics of morons. These are the appropriate tags designating the phases of weakened or freak mentality delineated in the accompanying picture series. They suggest idiocy and produce it in the constant readers of such drivel.

Of a piece with this very general class of "comics" are many of the motion picture titles. Both emphasize the prevalence of "fools" and "foolishness." So we have lettered and pictured on the screen, which is "educating" and "entertaining" the millions, the recurrence of "Nine Krazy Kids," "The Little Fool," "Manhattan Madness."

In the same issue of a great molder of public opinion carrying the mentally subversive idiotic "comics" it is not unusual to find in the news soberly and sadly recorded facts such as: "Mental cases jam hospitals. Psychiatrist says—has extraordinary number. Relief needed."

This suggestive advertising of the one central idea of general idiocy and imbecility is enabled to get in its deadliest work on little children through the child's natural love for pictures, for the odd and grotesque, for bright colors—a fondness which rightly directed would make for its orderly growth in all wise and beautiful, wholesome and joyous ways. The little ones eagerly grab the "funnies," as they call the comic supplements of the Sunday papers. Their little minds, so eager and inquisitive, so plastic and retentive, so responsive to suggestion, are strongly influenced by these pictures. They afford play for the budding imagination. Time was when the comic supplement presented series which, if not highly artistic or brilliantly witty, were at least void of the offensiveness of the pictures of today. The pictures of that earlier day bore some resemblance to normal individuals and their normal act and reactions. What humor they boasted was of a wholesome order. They held up ideals that were not low and mean. They were decent. Real boys and girls could be trusted to get innocent amusement out of the doings of such as "Buster Brown" and "Fluffy Ruffles," to name some that have disappeared only to be so ominously replaced by these sinister comics of a distinctly lower level of intelligence, of art, of decency. Now the pictures that make appeal to the eyes and that leave their stamp on the minds and bodies of both children and grown-ups is too apt, in both drawings and dialogs, to be characterized by mental imbecility, physical deformity, ghastly untruth to life. Vulgarity, triviality and stupidity are on a pedestal and made to monopolize attention. Those who souse their minds in these comic supplements and give them to their children are monkeying with mental dynamite.

The destructive effect of these comics was strikingly tested recently by the writer. He placed before a little girl four years old two pictures. One was the "Gump" serial and the other a beautiful rotogravure of a spring landscape. Both were taken from the same issue of a Sunday paper. It should be explained that "Gump" is defined by Webster as "a foolish person; dolt; dunce,"—and that the mother of the little girl had been in the habit of spending an hour or so every Sunday reading and explaining these so-called "comics" to her children. The material was at hand and more accessible than the better sort and she had yielded to the temptation to take the easier way to interest and amuse the little ones.

With optimistic belief in the charm of the superior subject and its picturing, I placed before the child the artistic rotogravure of the enticing spring scenes, reading and pointing to the pictorial translations of the inscriptions.

But these lovely pictures of nature in her fairest, tenderest mood; the garden, the flowers, the trees, the bees and blossoms, the youths and maidens and the dog, meant less than nothing to this modern child. She waved them away impatiently, grabbing for the colored supplement with the satisfied remark: *"These* are the gink ones for me!"

Then interest became alive and her elders were called on for fullest elucidation of such remarks as: "Oh, papa! A man just hit me in the eye;—He said you were a big fish;



Titles of just a few "popular" songs now on the market.

—He'll change his tune when he sees you did:—I'll hit him with a fly-swatter and break his skull—I'll snap my fingers in his face and he'll fall on his back; Now you get back home as fast as you can—You'd try the patience of a saint—Yeow—Boo Hoo." "What does that big word mean?" "Why has the big man got his hand out so far?" Every conceivable question was asked about the hideous looking brute, the quailing Mr. Gump and the squalling boys. Finally, when her arsenal of questions was exhausted, she threw herself back across my knee, letting her head hang back and looking up at the ceiling meditatively for some time. Then she drew a long breath, sat up and said, "I suppose that by next Sunday, Mr. Gump and the big man will be fighting."

That was what the whole piffle came to.

If it be true, as scientists aver, that "we tend to become like those things to which we give our attention," there will be a distinct decline in the mental and physical fiber of the people of this country unless these pernicious suggestions of "the fool," and "idiot," are banished to make room for pictorial and verbal suggestion of a more intelligent order.

Remember, it is scientifically settled that the race as a whole can be mentally and physically depleted and distorted by the subtle use of suggestion made through the eye by perverted pictures; through the ear by perverted music; through the emotions by perverted bodily sensations. In a talk with Dr. F. J. W. Maguire, one of Detroit's foremost physicians, he affirmed this conclusion and said that birthmarks or blemishes may be produced upon offspring by fright, fear or other deep, sudden emotion or visual impression experienced by the mother during gestation. He cited instances of the sort in his own practice.

Dr. Maguire added that he was convinced that the daily contemplation of distorted pictures of the human race would tend to produce a corresponding malformation in the form and features of the child. "I had a patient who had three children," he said. "She was a woman of wealth and luxury. One of her children had the most beautiful shade of golden yellow hair I have ever seen. She was so different in appearance from the other children that you would hardly believe they were children of the same parents. I asked her how it happened and she told me that she always longed to have a child with that shade of hair. So during the prenatal period she lived in a room with windows draped in yellow. The sun, shining through the yellow curtains, filled the room with a soft golden light and she kept constantly in mind the thought that her child would have hair of just that color. And it did. The process could be reversed, of course, by subjection to the influences of a malign environment."

The doctor went on: "The constant suggestion, on the screen, in theaters, in dances, in music and pictures and by the use of the printed word of 'fool,' 'idiot,' 'goof,' 'big cheese,' with reference to human beings—and by the picturing and imitation of the features or actions of idiots or semi-idiots, would certainly tend in time to lower the public concept of right mental, moral or physical standards.

"You ask me," he went on, "if public standards of morality and physical beauty can be tampered with and debased by misuse of the power of suggestion. Does it not follow that a right use of this power through the exhibition of normal and healthy ideals by all these agencies would have a correspondingly powerful effect in elevating the thought, purifying the action and strengthening the physical condition of the race? The only answer that can be made to that question is in the affirmative."

The writer submitted to Dr. Maguire four cartoons clipped from one issue of an afternoon paper. Looking at the first, which might be called "jazz" drawing, the features not resembling anything human, he said the reaction upon the nerves after a close inspection of it seemed to him distinctly unwholesome. Then he added: "We think we are educated and enlightened. But even in Napoleon's time they would not let a homely person come near the empress for fear their child might take on the same look.

A second picture, of the series of four so-called comics that take up space in our daily papers, was shown to the physician. The doctor pointed out:

"This is picturing misfortune and holding it up as a symbol."

Scrutinizing the third, Dr. Maguire read the title and soliloquized: "That is caricaturing and belittling the home life. The Catholic Church fought these pictures for a long time; but what's the use? They keep right on."

Studying carefully the fourth, by Rube Goldberg, and reading the title, "You can get away with anything—if you time yourself right," and pointing to the "corned beef and cabbage" episode illustrated, he said: "This is educating youth in licentiousness. It is astonishing how many girls go wrong now and how much younger are the girls who go wrong."

Dr. J. W. Inches, Detroit's police commissioner, while admitting that medical men are not agreed as to the effect on offspring of prenatal influence, said that his own observation had convinced him that the condition of the mother, both mental and physical, affects the child. He would not say that bones could be dislocated or the framework of the features made to conform absolutely to the distorted image, but he was convinced that daily contemplation of distorted human pictures would cause the general quality of the whole appearance, structure and fiber of the body to be impaired; that the child would be of a low grade.



"Ideals of Idiocy" in the daily papers.

When shown the cartoons picked from the papers of a day, Dr. Inches exclaimed: "Horrible!"

He added that he had just passed a man in the street who had a distorted face. He did not know how the man got it, but this much he would say, that an impression strong enough to create absolute fixation of attention, during the prenatal period, might very well be taken up by the subconscious mind and worked out to a conclusion.

"I will tell you," the doctor proceeded, "that any doctor today who is not practicing suggestion in some form, is not practicing medicine, because suggestion is the most powerful medicine we have."

In "Cicero Sapp," by Fred Locher, and other specimens of a like character, in the light of Doctor Inches' remarks, the question arises whether such deleterious stuff is entitled to the protection of the copyright laws.

Newspapers, magazines, pictures, songs and dances, constitute in great measure the racial environment. These agencies in the hands of upright men, and therefore used constructively, became a source of strength, inspiration, pleasure and health for all the people, as they all must absorb something from this national environment. When these agencies fall into the hands of mercenary men of low ideals, the national environment is automatically changed and the people are then forced to absorb from that environment degrading and sickly thought and actions sure to produce a lowering of all national standards.

For 30 pieces of silver Judas betrayed his Lord. Thirty cents is the price of the "popular songs," used to convey corrosive and disrupting suggestion to the mind of America's youth. We can hardly overestimate the power of music to influence action, destructive or constructive. The constant droning by the trumpets of one note, day after day, undermined the walls of Jericho, cracked the cement and left them so weakened that the vibration of a million voices shouting suddenly and in unison, brought them crashing to the earth. (Joshua, Chapter 6.) When the hard-pressed Spartans appealed to the Athenians for help, for some one to lead them, it was not a great military genius who was sent, but the lame schoolmaster Tyrtaeus. Under the patriotic fervor of the stirring war songs he wrote, however, the soldiers of his side swept away every obstacle in their path. Scott felt this compelling power when he wrote:

"Cast your plaids, draw your blades
Forward each man set;
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
Knell for the onset."

The selection of one negative, destructive thought, setting it to music and thrusting it by every commercial and advertising device known to the trade, before the eyes and into the ears of the people, must ultimately cause the minds of the people to vibrate in some degree with it.

For example, let us take "the blues." We all have some idea of what a person is like who has the blues. Webster defines the condition as "low spirits; melancholy; blue-devils; over-strict morals." And yet, this theme is set to music, played, sung and danced under every conceivable title and every conceivable debilitating suggestion:

"He was so good to me, sweet pa-pa Stingaree,
I want him back again. I've got those loving blues—
Dying blues—for sweet pa-pa Stingaree.
He gave the blues to me, sweet pa-pa Stingaree.
I love him just the same.
I've got those cryin' blues, sighin' blues, for sweet pa-pa Stingaree."

"Blues in the bottle, I've got stoppers in my hand.
Blues in the bottle, blues for my lovin' man."

"Take your time and sway, let me hear you say,
Jazz me—Come on Professor and jazz me.
You know I like my dancin', both day and night;
And if I don't get my jazzin' I don't feel right....
Take your time Professor, play it sweet and low—
I've got those dog-gone, low-down, jazz-me, jazz-me blues."

And thus it goes without stint or limit through the whole gamut of blues: "Crazy blues—Dance off the blues—Don't take away those blues—Home again blues—I've got the Kentucky blues—I've got the A. B. C. blues—I've got the traveling Choo-Choo Blues—Marriage Blues—No Wonder I'm Blue—Rockaby Baby Blues—Singin' the Blues till my Daddy Comes Home—Tropical Blues—Where is my Daddy Now Blues—Stingaree Blues—The School House Blues—St. Louis Blues—Beale Street Blues—Loveless Love Blues—Blind Man Blues—Slow Drag Blues—Shake It Or Break it Blues—Aunt Hagar's Children Blues—Jazz-Me Blues—Yellow Dog Blues—Spread Yo' Stuff (Blues de luxe)—They Call It Dancing—Ain't We Got Fun." These are only a few of the shots that are aimed at the youth directly.

It is natural for young men and women today, no less than in Queen Elizabeth's time, to enjoy dancing a "light Lavolta" together. We can sense the atmosphere of these dances: Rollicking, clean fun, respectful decorum, decency. And the contrast with today is strikingly expressed by Irving Berlin in his song, "They Call It Dancing":

"A man can squeeze all the shes
With his arms and his knees
And they call it dancing, that's all.

"A man can grab some one's wife,
Have the time of his life
And they call it dancing, that's all."

This dancing is done to such tunes as, "I Might Be Your Once In A While," "In a Boat," "Sweetheart." "Stolen Kisses," "Vamping Rose," "Baltimore Buzz." Some of the "selling points" of these songs described as follows: "introducing barbaric and modernist effects"; "at the close an odd fluttering loon call"; "there is nothing furtive about these kisses, they go pop, pop in the middle of the record . . . . as only a xylophone is kissed by a stick there is nothing to be shocked over"; "dance to anything from Original African Dip to the Cat's Paw"; "dances well to anything from a baby class step to a Scandal Walk."

Furthermore, we are told, "In hearing them, they bring back the old family belief, that if a child grew up uninstructed in its mother tongue, it would speak Hebrew."

A teacher of dancing when asked as to the effects produced upon dancing pupils by suggestions conveyed through some of this "music," said: "The dance proper is one of the truest expressions of the esthetic emotions but the dance of modern society, dominated by jazz music and commercialism, finds the language of the dance, which should be true and wholesome, debasing and degrading.

"Music is the soul of the dance and the jazz music with its chaotic, jerky, distorted, discordant, jarring combination of inexplicable, spasmodic sounds, reveals to the spectators, without the participants being aware of their intoxication, the primitive emotion of the jungle."

How Unjust Is Justice in the United States?

Technicalities in Laws Give Evildoers With Money an Advantage; Refusal of Bail for Habitual Offenders Urged as Crime Check

By A. R. PINCI

A PERENNIAL subject of discussion is embodied in this ancient question:

Is American justice alike for the rich and the poor?

Positively, yes, say jurists, legislators, politicians. Attorneys are not so positive because it depends on the effect of this justice on their clients. The people at large like to believe that justice is equal, but they do not know. They do not view with alarm, yet it cannot be said that they point with pride. The newspapers every day report incidents revealing the injustice of justice. This injustice is not to be found in decisions or sentences, but rather in that complex course that antecedes trials—the final trials, to be exact. So much happens to impair the administration of justice during preliminaries that the original question stated above is deceptive.

As not everything that is legal is just, it obviously follows that what men are asking themselves is not whether justice is equal for rich and poor, which they grant, but whether the technicalities of the law have become such as to make the poor man unequal before the law. The "rich" herein referred to is not the class of men who have accumulated wealth, but that class that includes as its majority those without visible means of support but who, somehow, command funds. The rich malefactor is conspicuous because he is rare.

Beating the Laws With Money

AS THE dispensation of justice the world over devolves on men, it cannot be perfect, though the wonder is that it is nearly so. So far as decisions in civil cases and sentences in criminal cases go, they represent centuries of accumulated wisdom plus experiment, and only recently it has been discovered that scientifically and sociologically court trials are apt to set asunder that which law intended to cement together. From time immemorial the law was intended to punish dishonesty and to adjust inequalities, wherever either was possible, but the law has not always adjusted or punished, nor adjusted satisfactorily or punished adequately. Likewise judgments and sentences have frequently been inconsistent or unequable, but what is more serious is the fact that legal processes have become such as to permit those who can avail themselves of them to subvert the law; not in every case, but often enough to induce the recurring question of whether the law is equal for all or not.

The law today unjustly permits dishonest individuals to profit by their dishonesty. Of course, there is not, in so many words, any such statute on our books, but there are equivalent technicalities, and the result is the same. This happens every day in every community. There are too many individuals who are within the law by means of legal technicalities that nullify the very law which they have broken. This nullification operates by compounding delays, each of which, on payment of fixed court charges, practically absolves the lawbreakers from punishment.

American law doubts itself so much that to lessen injustice it creates injustice. Men on trial for a specific offense have, by repeated appeals or new trials or both, been found not guilty about as often as they have been found guilty. Why so much disparity? What happens to separate man's thought so definitely by mere technicalities? The explanation is simple. New trials and appeals occupy months and even years. During the intervening time it is more than likely that old witnesses die or disappear than that new ones should come forth with evidences for reversal.

Who enjoys the advantage of postponements, new trials, appeals, change of venue, and last, but not least, the statutes of limitations? Certainly not the poor man; poor in the sense that he cannot afford clever attorneys, fees for bail, loss of time incurred by being present at preliminary proceedings and trials. It cannot be the wage earner nor the modest professional or business man to whom time is money. It must be either the rich malefactor or the professional criminal.

Two Classes Clog Legal Machinery

THE rich malefactor does not really exist. A few years ago it was the fashion to decry men identified with big business. They were members of the plunderbund, so-called, but even though there came to the public attention a few individuals confessedly disregarding the law, and sometimes even untouched by it, they were nevertheless engulfed by its majesty, represented in the loss of public esteem—a loss that was much more severe to them than has been realized. The few cynical attempts to transform legal immunity attained through technicalities into heroism failed.

Today, the country is suffering from two evils—that of the professional lawbreaker and that of the habitual plaintiff. The former is a class as old as the law itself and perhaps older; the latter is a creature of the times. Both clog our legal machinery. Both so far are ahead of the sovereign public. To what an extent the two groups are related is conjectural, but there is some affinity, as both have for their goal the acquisition of wealth, little or much, without labor.

The professional lawbreaker is easily identified by the reader. There are specialists and there are all-around men. Some are exceedingly fortunate, in their way, and ride the chariot of "getting theirs" without much fear of the law; others are not so fortunate, but the criminal is rare who is down and out—beyond help, sometimes invisible, mysterious, which operates in his favor.

Read the chronicles of crime, of judicial proceedings. Just about the time the authorities of a community pride themselves on the fact that they have taken into custody some long-sought individual, with substantial proof that his trial may not be unfruitful, a writ of habeas corpus, or satisfactory bond, is availed of and he becomes a denizen once more of the world about which many read but few have toured. What more convincing than the recent comment by Judge Mulqueen, of New York, on the case of two men who have been arraigned *seventy-three* times on an indictment for burglary? In each instance these men procured bail, and as bail was not free they continued their trade, it is the little joke of the police, to pay for their bail.

The other class, which is so new that it still defies analysis, but which will become formidable enough very soon to plague the courts if something be not done to check them, is that which has found an easy means of penalizing those who have on the pretext of injury.

This class is made up of individuals who capitalize personal injuries, their own but preferably those of members of the family, to mulct those who presumably can pay. Years ago, as everybody knows, the traction companies were the targets of damage suits, though even now some companies in the larger cities consider it a bad day if summons are not served.

Just now the common object of attack for this sort of graft is the motorist. I say graft with intent, because it enters into most cases of this sort. It has become second nature with many court officials, and certainly about all men who may serve on a jury (the exceptions I have found to be too few to count) to consider every motorist guilty and responsible for damages.

The result has been to stack the cards against citizens who are law-abiding, safe and sane. They cannot have their day in court. The majority in the court, despite the law, is prejudiced against the motor car owner as it would be against a corporation. The inherent sense of justice of your American becomes atrophied. Maudlin sympathy displaces fact, reason, justice and law.

Only a few weeks ago a New York business man—a fancy grocer in the fashionable section—who has served on juries, was very emphatic in saying that he believed in "soaking" every automobile driver. In his mind no driver was guiltless of negligence, whether he spattered a little mud on the skirt of a woman who tried to "beat" the car across the street or did thousands of dollars' damage. Every driver, this man said to me, must carry insurance. He believes in "soaking" the insurance companies because they are "rich." A man who cannot afford insurance cannot afford a car. That is his doctrine.

Motorists Denied a Square Deal

NOW, there is nothing to be said against insurance for the motorist and everything in favor of it, but this man, who claims that he reflects the viewpoint of all fellow jurors whom he knows, forgets that he is a poor citizen, whose stupidity probably is responsible for the rising costliness of automobile insurance, thus upsetting, in many ways, the economic structure involved. His blind, insensate urge to make the automobile owner pay has made it so that there are many individuals who would like to own inexpensive motor cars and are deterred by the fear of accident and the costliness of protection.

The result today is that the self-respecting motorist cannot have his day in court if he felt like calling on the sovereignty of the law to purge him of the stigma of having violated ordinance or law. Financially, he is liberated from all annoyances because the insurance company pays—but the question is, Is it a sound situation when a man must pay tribute to protect himself?

The unwillingness on the part of our most substantial citizens—the automobile owners—to rely on the American courts for justice against what they now believe to be a losing game is perhaps in the main responsible for the skepticism that distinguishes these selfsame citizens whenever they discuss trials and courts. On the defensive themselves, they notice, however, that the courts seem to be a haven for the crook, the criminal, the confidence man, the 50 per cent capitalist, all of whom seem to adapt the laws and their technicalities to suit themselves.

What is the trouble? Just what is the truth?

The truth is that the evildoer is overdefended and too readily bonded. There are many judges, perhaps almost all of them, both Federal and state, who are cognizant of this situation, but they themselves, singly, are unable to combat it. No matter how criminal the past record, the accused is set free under bond if the bond is satisfactory to the court. It goes without saying that those who provide the bonds take care that they be acceptable.

Generally speaking, the arrests in New York City and in Chicago, as the two leading cities offering cases in point, during the year 1921, included a very large percentage of bailed criminals. Now, for these men to be able to set themselves free, to escape police surveillance, to continue at their dark deeds, means that the technicalities of the law favor them. It is clear, if one stops to think about it, that the entire police machinery of a city, small or great, becomes a joke if the more important arrests made are nullified by prosecuting attorneys and the judges through the loophole of bail.

The matter has not been definitely decided, but the police departments of American communities are at variance with the courts of those communities. It is indeed difficult for chief police officers to commend the action of the courts which permits a criminal, or even a suspect, to free himself so easily. In other words, there is no co-operation between judicial officers and police officials. And when a break comes, as occasionally has happened, it is found that the police official must capitulate, because he is not a fixture like the judge—nor is he beyond control or supervision as is the judge.

It would be preposterous to believe that American judges, local, state or Federal, premeditatedly favor bail for wrongdoers. It has been frequently alleged by police officers that judges, to relieve their delayed calendars, seek to prevent further accumulation by deferring all deferable cases—bail being the easiest way out of the dilemma. In many other communities police officials have become negligent for no other reason than that it is useless for them to attend to their business when their business is so easily undone by the men higher up.

Urges Longer Hours for Judges, Prosecutors

"IF DISTRICT attorneys and judges," said a police chief to me one day, "worked from 10 to 20 and even 24 hours every day, as the police and detective force must do whenever it is necessary, we might make some headway in relieving the congestion of cases and rounding up our lawbreakers. For every one sentenced five cases are continued, and two of these five most likely will be automatically dropped when the time comes."

In Chicago the issue seems to have become a rupture between judge and chief of police. In New York the judges are agitating the evil. Chief Magistrate McAdoo has so expressed himself:

"Professionally criminal cases are really privileged classes—burglars, highwaymen, gangsters, pickpockets, confidence men, bootleggers, gamblers, and so on. There is a real or apparent union in defense of the vices which are commercialized. It is much more difficult, anyhow, to convict these classes."

Judge Alfred J. Talley, former assistant district attorney, has within the last few weeks formally said that "justice deferred is justice denied." He wants to see the day when every criminal case *is tried in the order of its indictment, without distinction.*

"Under existing conditions and processes in our courts, justice is outrageously deferred," Judge Talley has said, "thanks to the operation of a cumbersome method of bringing defendants to trial. This method is based on the old-fashioned system of having two trial calendars, one for those who can get bail and another for those who cannot. Under the present method the defendant who is on the bail calendar has a great advantage over the defendant who must remain in prison because he cannot get bail, and who is listed on the prison calendar.

"The latter *comes to trial in six or eight weeks,* while the defendant on the bail calendar remains *at liberty for approximately two years.*"

Just now a controversy is on about the aftermath of the war and its effect on or cause of crime, and a similar but even more technical controversy involves the exact relationship of the Eighteenth Amendment toward lawbreaking.

"Master Minds" Escape the Law

THE fact of the matter is that by an almost imperceptible gravitation the police authorities are not minded to consider violators of the Eighteenth Amendment and related laws very seriously. What police authorities seem to agree about is that it is almost useless to attempt to destroy unlawful liquor traffic without getting at the source of the crime—and they hold that the master minds (and they use this term to identify the chief offenders and backers) are in many cases the very men who have been identified in criminal association in the past, and who, somehow, have escaped punishment or only suffered it technically.

To substantiate this they point to the thousands of bailed defendants in liquor law violations. The court dockets are already congested with such indictments—but all the big fellows and not a few of the others are out on bail. In the underworld word has been passed that imprisonment will not follow such lawbreaking, and fines are no obstacle.

But what police chiefs seem to fear is that the advent of the prohibition laws may serve further to conceal the situation in criminal procedure. They want reform to take place in the older branch and model the new after it. They want prosecuting attorneys and judges to be less lenient and more circumspect with regard to bail.

The desirable goal is a law, or number of laws, state and Federal, which will uniformly and definitely allow bail, but at the same time not leave too much to the discretion of the trial courts; but above all, a law that will prohibit release on bail of any individual with a police record.

Bail as now operating does not mean the relief of a defendant from imprisonment during the more or less long delay intervening by observing the calendar, but it means an almost unconditional liberty that never was or could be the intent of bond for "appearance when

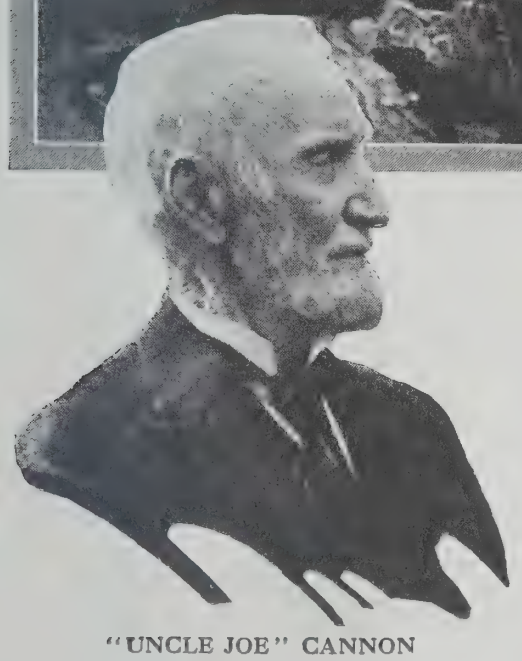
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This is "Uncle Joe" Cannon's favorite painting. Its title is "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way." It may be seen at the top of the west stairway in the House wing of the United States Capitol.

"Uncle Joe's" Favorite Painting

By H. O. BISHOP



"UNCLE JOE" CANNON



EMANUEL LEUTZE,

The artist who painted "Uncle Joe" Cannon's favorite picture.

TAKING two steps at a time, I was hastening up the western stairway of the House wing of the United States Capitol, dead certain that I was in all sorts of a hurry to reach a vantage point from which I could observe an exciting session of the House of Representatives.

The necessity for hurrying, and even the desired destination, were suddenly forgotten when a snowy-haired old gentleman was seen leaning against the railing at the top of the stairway, intently gazing at a monster painting on the wall.

It was "Uncle Joe" Cannon, America's oldest and most widely known member of Congress.

By way of greeting, the former Speaker of the House asked: "Son, have you ever taken a real good look at this painting? That picture, to my notion, is the greatest thing that has ever been done by any artist. I never get tired of looking at it. It is, by all odds, my favorite work of art. I've been looking at it off and on now for more than 40 years. I have never been schooled in the arts, but to me that picture is the most inspiring I have ever seen in my more than four-score years. You are aware, of course, that it represents the pioneer from the Atlantic coast on his way westward. Do you notice that steer and horse hitched up together? Look at that mother with a baby in her arms sitting in the wagon. Often have I pondered over the sad heartaches as a result of that tiny little grave just off the rough trail. Look yonder at that hardy looking pioneer, with his coonskin cap, and his sturdy little boy near him, who likewise wears a cap made from the same material. Then there's another husky young lad carrying a rifle, with his faithful dog near by, doubtless wondering what it is all about. A man with a waving flag has climbed to the highest point of the mountain, where he can view the beautiful valley beyond. Look at that fellow with a fiddle strapped on his back. How he must have cheered the weary and footsore pilgrims with his sweet music as they sat around the nightly camp fires!

Expression Originated in Ireland

"MY BOY, I was a part of that picture, in a way, and by that I mean that I experienced most that it represented in the pioneer days. My, my, but isn't it inspiring to look at the portrayal of those heroic men and women who generations ago moved westward, scaling the Rocky Mountains which some of my predecessors in Congress characterized as the boundary the Almighty had placed there to limit the adventurous spirit of the American and forever fix the western confines of the Republic.

"The title of this pet painting of mine is 'Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way.' If my recollection is not at fault, that expression was first used by Bishop George Berkeley, who was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, away back in 1685. He was best known as the Bishop of Cloyne, I believe. The expression was used in a poem written by the good bishop, one verse, as nearly as I can recall, goes:

"'Westward the course of Empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.'

"I find that some persons attribute the origin of this famous quotation to John Quincy Adams, once President of the United States. That is a mistake. This confusion is doubtless caused by a somewhat similar phrase used in a public address by Adams in 1803, wherein he said, 'Westward the star of Empire takes its way.' I have no doubt that John Q. was trying to use the bishop's quotation, and got a little tangled, using the word 'star' in place of 'course.' Such things will happen, you know. Sometimes I get a quotation so tangled up that its own father wouldn't recognize it."

By this time I was deeply interested in the painting and was curious to know something about the artist who was capable of producing a work that had such a strong appeal for "Uncle Joe." Turning to him, I asked him to tell me the artist's name and some details of his career. Without hesitating a second, "Uncle Joe" said:

Went West for Local Color

"WHY, his name was Emanuel Leutze. He died here in Washington shortly after the close of the Civil War, in 1868, I think. He was born in Gmünd, Würtemburg. His parents emigrated to this country when he was a youngster, settling first in Philadelphia, and later at Fredericksburg, Virginia. His first lessons in art were received from a Philadelphia artist by the name of Smith; I rather think his first name was John, too.

"Leutze received his commission to paint his 'Westward' picture in 1860. It is not painted on canvas, but directly on the wall plaster. I've read somewhere or other that Mr. Leutze was an extraordinarily energetic and conscientious sort of a fellow, and before starting work on his picture rushed over to Europe to learn exactly how to handle plaster painting. When he returned to this country it dawned on him that he knew practically nothing about Rocky Mountain scenery, and he was, therefore, obliged to work his way across the continent and look things over.

"This same artist, Leutze, painted some famous pictures of the Revolutionary War. One of them is reproduced in every school history throughout the country. It is a familiar picture to every man, woman and child in the United States. It is the one in which George Washington is shown crossing the Delaware River, near Trenton, New Jersey, on a cold winter's night amid the drifting cakes of ice. I am told this original painting is now hanging in some art gallery at Bremen, Germany. I would be glad if some enterprising American would buy it and hang it up in our Capitol.

"Others of his Revolutionary paintings are entitled, 'Washington at Monmouth,' 'Washington at Princeton' and 'News from Lexington.' He also painted portraits of Abraham Lincoln, General Grant and General Burnside.

"Well, I must get in on the floor of the House now, and see what the boys are doing."

"Stately Homes of England"

Concluded from page 2

some of them with a good many more than one—country estate.

Then there is Aboyne Castle, which the Gordon Clan originally acquired by a fortunate marriage in the fourteenth century, and which was rebuilt in 1670. That has been sold. So has Castle Fraser, also in the north of Scotland and "notable for its immense double square towers," which the Frasers obtained in the early sixteenth century. Lord Cowdray (formerly Sir Weetman Pearson, the oil magnate) has bought it, and also Dunottar Castle, "the romantic stronghold of the Covenanters on the coast, near Stonehaven, and the old seat of the Keiths, Earls Marischal of Scotland." On the Bradgate estate in Leicestershire, part of which has been sold, Lady Jane Grey was born, and the old hall was captured by Prince Rupert. Much more ancient history attaches to the manor of Dorking in Surrey, "which had not changed hands since the Norman Conquest" until the recent sale. It was originally owned by the wife of Edward the Confessor, then it passed on to a nominee of William the Conqueror and successively to the Earls of Arundel and the Dukes of Norfolk. Last, in this ancestral list, one may mention Cassiobury, the seat of Lord Essex, famous for its old trees, its family portraits and pictures, its Gibbons carvings, its Gobelins tapestry and rare china. Here were genuine relics of Charles I—a lock of hair, pieces of the ribbon of the Garter which he wore on the scaffold and of the velvet pall. The first owner of Cassiobury fought for the king and was executed in that cause in 1649; his son regained the estate and the title of Earl of Essex when Charles II came to the throne.

And so the story goes. Suddenly, in a few years' time, the old families are being uprooted by the financial pressure, blasted out of the homes which have been theirs for generations, often for centuries. To be sure, they have other homes to go to, similar if less magnificent. But the process will go on; England is only at the beginning of the transformation.

An American City Goes Into the Power Business

Los Angeles Lights Itself and Saves Money for Factories and Households

By JOHN B. WALLACE

IN THE eternal contest between public ownership and private ownership of public utilities, let us here introduce, as Exhibit A, Los Angeles, as represented through her Department of Public Service, embracing the Bureau of Water Works and Supply and the Bureau of Power and Light.

Here we have a city that not only is operating a water system and an electric light system efficiently, economically and profitably, but has gone into the hydro-electric power business, with the result that it is selling power from 30 to 40 per cent cheaper than any private company in any other part of the state and still is making a profit that would cause the most case-hardened profiteer to smack his lips.

This despite the fact that its power projects have been bitterly fought by the banking and power interests of the city, aided by one of its most influential newspapers. Campaigns of misleading propaganda against the bureau and its officials have failed, time and time again, the public, by its votes, showing its confidence in the organization.

The city itself, while far from being ideally situated as a manufacturing center, has been showing a phenomenal growth in industries brought there by the inducement of cheap power.

Power, looked on at first merely as a by-product of the water system, is rapidly growing to be the dominant feature of the department. Already the bureau is looking ahead to the time when its present power resources will be taxed to the limit and is now taking steps to provide for the future by getting a share in the Colorado River development.

Water for Los Angeles is brought into the city by a great aqueduct 233 miles in length and comes from the heart of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where more than 6,000 feet above sea level, glacial waters and snow mingle to form the purest drinking water.

The aqueduct was built by William Mulholland, chief engineer of the Bureau of Water Works and Supply, and is considered a triumph of modern engineering. It was begun in 1905 and completed in 1912. By this great aqueduct, which cost $25,000,000 and has a capacity of 272,000,000 gallons a day, the city is provided for all its future needs for both drinking water and irrigation, even should it grow to be as large as New York or London.

At present there is impounded in the immense storage reservoirs of the city more than 33,000,000,000 gallons of water.

This virtually is all water that would have otherwise been lost by evaporation, as the underground reservoirs in the mountains have never been drawn on. The city owns sites, however, where reservoirs can be built in the mountains to preserve an immense store of water in the event of a prolonged drouth.

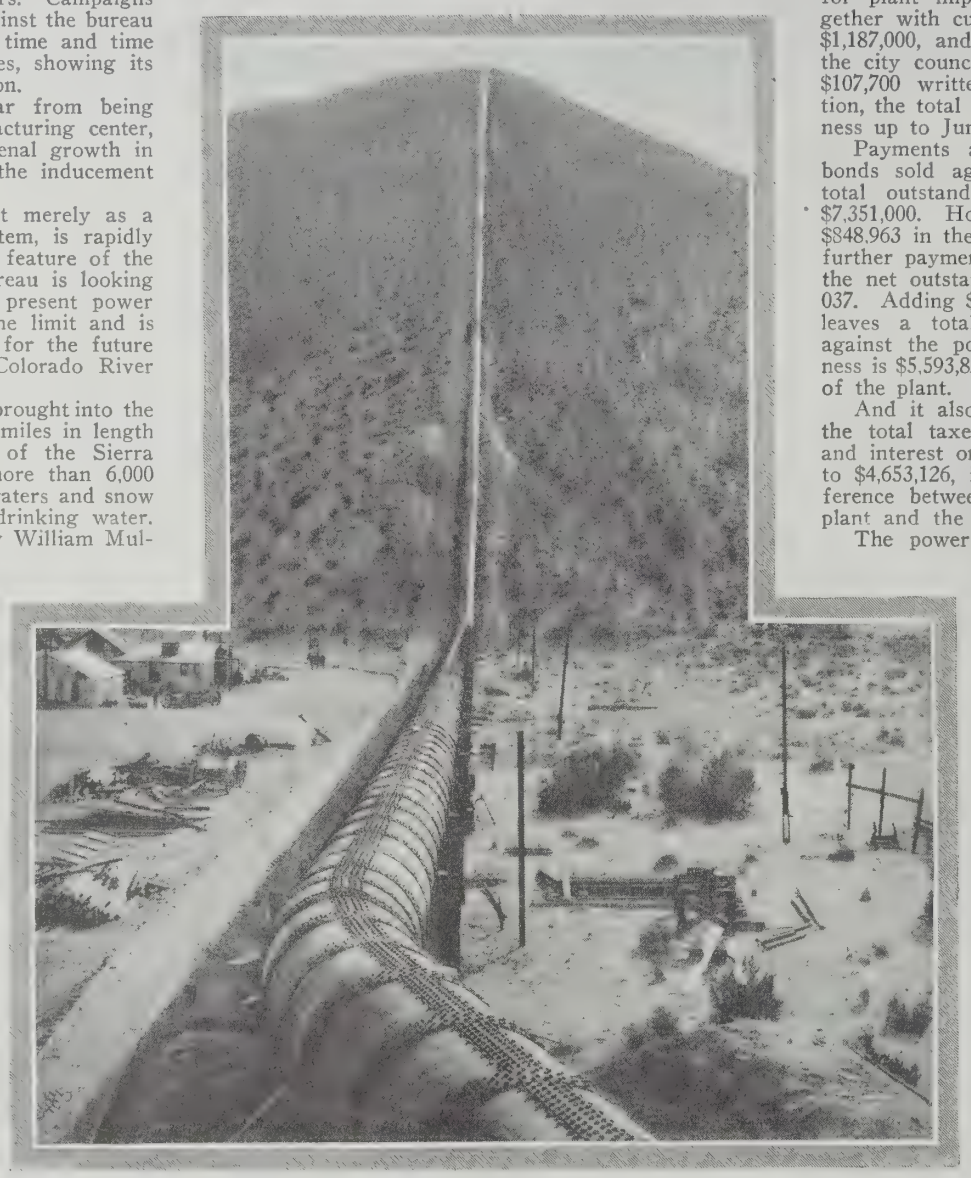
The largest of these sites will hold more than 340,000-acre feet of water when properly impounded.

This water is brought by the aqueduct more than 200 miles across the Mohave Desert and through ranges of hills and mountains. Twenty-four miles of it consists of unlined canal, 29 miles of concrete-lined canal, 98 miles of concrete-covered conduit, 53 miles of concrete-lined tunnel, 12 miles of steel and concrete siphon pipe lines, one-sixth of a mile of concrete flumes and eight miles of reservoir.

This siphon pipe line which conveys the water across a desert canyon is 10 feet in diameter and the rivets in it weigh five pounds each. It is guaranteed to last 1,000 years, being constructed of the finest steel.

Not content with supplying Los Angeles with pure, cold drinking water and water for all its domestic and irrigation needs, the city engineers saw the great power possibilities of the watershed of the Owens River, which they were tapping. They dreamed of lighting the city by this waste power from the aqueduct and then utilizing the remainder to furnish cheap power to manufacturers.

The project was taken to the people and met with their approval. Bonds for $10,000,000 were voted and the money spent in the installation of power plants. From the revenues of the power bureau a further sum of $1,650,000 was diverted and invested in plant extensions. Then, in 1919, a bond issue of $13,500,000 was voted to carry on further extensions, and to buy out the city's only rival within its borders, the Southern California Edison Company. This sale is to take place next March, but the banking and power interests of the city are doing everything in their power to prevent its consummation. Suits ostensibly instituted by private individuals attacking the legality of the bonds have kept the courts busy. This constant legal harassing by the private corporation interests has considerably handicapped public service. Nevertheless the bureau is serenely going ahead with its plans, certain of the backing of the great majority of voters of Los Angeles.



Jawbone Canyon siphon, carrying water across desert canyon. This siphon is 12 miles long.

In addition to the power rights already acquired through the building of the aqueduct, on the Owens River and tributary streams, the city also has filed on power sites in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and on the Colorado River.

The potential power resources of the city, exclusive of these sites filed on, are 220,000 horsepower, with 80,000 horsepower immediately available.

With installation of proper facilities, 30,000 more horsepower is available from the flow of the aqueduct water within 47 miles of the city.

The bureau has expended the money derived from the sale of bonds and the revenues derived from the operation of its plants in the construction of a reservoir and dam in San Francisquito Canyon; in constructing about 14 miles of tunnel work and other waterways; in double circuit, steel tower transmission lines; in the construction of a central receiving substation; in building machine shops, warehouses, yards, and so on, and in the construction of four large power plants. The city owns 109 miles of 33,000-volt lines, four large distributing substations and 19 industrial substations. In addition, there are 50 miles of 110,000-volt transmission lines and 280 miles of 2,200-volt lines. The city also maintains an extensive street lighting system, with 3,100 lamps.

The object of the city in taking over the Edison Company's lines is to avoid the expense of building a parallel system.

During the four years and three months the city has been operating its power bureau its gross revenues have totaled $5,909,631; its operating expenses, $1,964,656; its operating balance, $3,944,975; its bond interest and sinking fund requirements, $2,858,578; its net deduction from surplus, $67,412, leaving a surplus of $1,018,985.

Of the original $10,000,000 in bonds approved by the voters of the city for the construction of the power system, a total of $8,851,000 was sold.

Adding to this the $3,272,563 earnings used for plant improvement and extension, together with current liabilities amounting to $1,187,000, and the $80,000 appropriated by the city council for preliminary work, less $107,700 written off for accrued depreciation, the total investment in the power business up to June 30, 1921, is $13,282,863.

Payments against the $8,851,000 power bonds sold aggregate $1,500,000, leaving a total outstanding bonded indebtedness of $7,351,000. However, there is an additional $848,963 in the sinking fund to be used for further payments on the bonds. Therefore, the net outstanding indebtedness is $6,502,037. Adding $1,187,000 of current liabilities leaves a total indebtedness of $7,689,037 against the power system. This indebtedness is $5,593,826 less than the present worth of the plant.

And it also is worthy of comment that the total taxes paid to date for principal and interest on all power bonds, amounting to $4,653,126, is $940,700 less than the difference between the present worth of the plant and the total indebtedness.

The power system also must be given credit for a great saving in rates to consumers and taxpayers. This saving, as compared with the rates charged by private companies elsewhere in California, aggregates during the operating period more than the taxpayers have paid out in principal and interest on the power bonds.

Inside the city limits, where the city and the private corporations serve the same territory, the rates for lighting and power to the private consumer virtually are the same, as the private corporations are forced to meet the city competition or lose their customers. In other parts of the city, where the private corporations have a monopoly, the rate is 12½ per cent higher.

It is estimated that the present saving to consumers of electric light and power within the city through the existence of the municipal plants is more than $2,500,000 a year.

The Bureau of Light and Power is under the direct charge of one man, E. F. Scattergood, its chief engineer, who, while he is furnished the assistance of a board of consulting engineers, is the responsible head.

At present there is bitter warfare between the city and the private corporations over the development of the Colorado River power projects.

It is charged by the city engineers that the Southern California Edison Company has no immediate intention itself of developing the Colorado River and that its announced plans are camouflage to head off the development by Los Angeles in co-operation with other municipalities and the United States Government.

The Southern California Edison Company, they assert, has obtained sites in the California mountains which will keep it busy developing for the next 15 years. The Colorado River project is a juicy titbit it wishes to reserve for the future. On the other hand, the city is interested in beginning the Boulder Canyon dam at once. It will not only relieve to an extent the present problem of unemployment, but also will develop immediately great areas which will act as feeders to the commercial activities of Los Angeles.



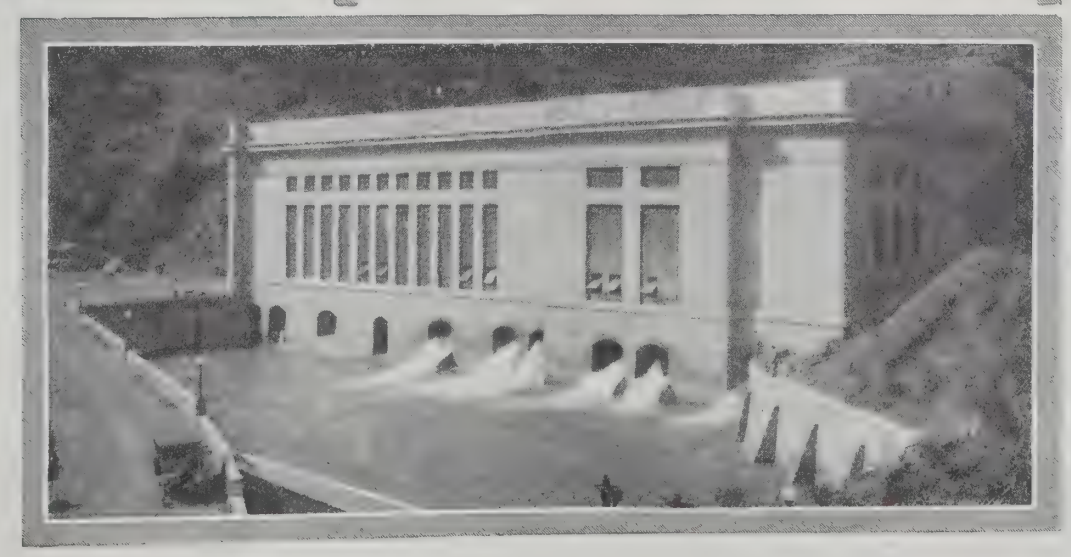
A thirty-mile section of the Los Angeles aqueduct running through the Mohave Desert.



Generating room, Plant No. 2, Los Angeles Municipal Power Bureau.



Plant No. 2, of Los Angeles' four hydro-electric power plants.



Power Plant No. 1, in San Francisquito Canyon, 50 miles from Los Angeles.

How Unjust Is Justice in the United States?

Concluded from page 12

wanted." *When wanted* oftener than not means a judicial farce. The defendant, if he happens to belong to the "privileged class" referred to, means "showing the court" that he or she is a "safe risk," whereupon the trial will be continued, thanks to any of innumerable technicalities available to clever lawyers generally associated in such cases.

Of course, there are bonds and bonds. To what an extent bonding companies and bonding individuals are responsible for the present condition is conjectural. The bonding companies are admitting a certain looseness of action, but they claim it is due to inadequate regulation by the courts. Whether the courts blame inadequate or faulty legislation is another story.

Whatever be the trouble this much has been ascertained—that during the last decade or two criminals have been released on bail, who prior to that time no judge would have deemed safe, for the benefit of the public and the law, outside of prison bars. Every year the number of major crimes susceptible to the operation of bail seems to increase.

The theory seems that the more people are "out" the less immediate work for the courts, which are thus enabled to try cases with more leisure. The writer, of course, does not advance that theory as his own. On the other hand, he admits that it must be the unspoken thought of many a court official. A preceding article explained that judges are not as a class observant of office hours on the accepted American business standards—and any slack on the part of the chief judicial officers is bound to influence similar conduct on the part of the structure below.

The bail bond is advisable where society at large would be the loser by imprisoning a defendant whose incarceration in advance of proved guilt would be a blot to justice. Refusal of bonding habitual criminals is something that so far distinguishes only a few of the largest bonding companies, but it does not eliminate the evil, since the bonding companies do only a small part of the business before the courts.

There is a larger class of professional or semi-professional bondsmen who are a menace to the community. Then there are others who are little more than petty grafters on the weakness of others. Then, in fine, there are the bonds furnished by relatives or friends, or the defendant proper.

The great need today, voiced by some of the best-known judges of the country, is to license all bonding agents, and that no license shall so issue until after the candidates shall have been investigated by duly qualified authorities, under the direction of the courts. The investigation should show character, antecedents and vocational fitness. Meanwhile, many judges are sure that if bondsmen were prohibited from bonding any defendant after his first offense much good would be done.

In criminal cases bail by friends presupposes that a surety company refused or would refuse it. The alternative, therefore, of bail under supervision by responsible companies is to prohibit bail by relatives and friends, which of itself is apt to be suspicious, except in certain cases of uninclusive nature. It is essential, therefore, to see that the acceptance of bail bonds is not mandatory, but discretional, and within limits, but not to include habitual offenders.

There has often been a report about public indignation against professional bondsmen. This seems illogical. If the bondsman or bondsmen sin it is because the laws enable them to do so with impunity. The only way to render them harmless is to remove the cause. Take away their professional and parasitic privilege and much good will result. Just now they thrive because almost every one who gets in trouble can afford the premiums, which, in not a few cases, are indeed extortionate.

Owing to the existing unsupervised state of affairs an otherwise honorable and needed profession—that of bonding, be it individual or corporation—occupies an uncertain but low rung in the social scale. Because of the few the majority must needs suffer. It is only in justice to law-abiding bondsmen as well as the licensed incorporated companies, that the shyster bondsman shall be eliminated.

I have heard complaints about the modest bondsman whose shadow flits back and forth in the corridors of municipal and police courts. This is the bondsman whose average bond is of $100, and who rarely boasts a $1,000 bond. He operates on a capital of less than $5,000. These men charge a flat 10 per cent, a fee that is divisible by half when half a loaf is better than none. These fellows are the small fry. They deal with small offenders who are unable to pay very highly for the privilege of staying out of jail.

There is another sort of bondsman, usually recruited from the ranks of ex-saloon keepers, gamblers, touts, prize fighters, and the like, who operate on a grander scale. They don't bother with minor offenders—they rarely condescend to bail if the fee is less than $100. Of course, these fees are not net. They must *divide*. Some men in the public service get a percentage for all business they procure these bondsmen. As there are several bondsmen in any sizable town, and each heads a certain police clique, competition is brisk.

In conclusion, it is necessary to do three things, adequate legislation being needed to bring about the reforms:

1. Trial of all cases in the order of indictment.
2. Bail bonds not acceptable in cases of second offenders.
3. Supervision of bondsmen, private or incorporated, maximum fees legally fixed.

If these remedies are not provided, the injustice of justice will continue to the disgust of and danger to the community.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Dynamiters dressed in asbestos clothing braved the great column of flames of a burning oil well near Long Beach, California, placing a charge of explosive which blew out the fire. One hundred pounds of gelatine dynamite, wrapped in asbestos paper, was placed on an asbestos-covered chair close to the flaming well. A detonator shot the charge, while it was in the midst of the column of flame, about eight feet from the ground. The explosion cut the flame column, the downward force blowing out the fire.

Cancer causes the death of more Americans every year than the total number of men lost by the United States in the World War.

An old Negro sings and dances on the platform of a small station in Oklahoma when each train pulls in. He dances for the coins which the tourists throw to him. It is said this man has met every train coming into the town for the past 19 years. Out of his savings he has built a church, of which he is the pastor, known as the Straight Gate Church. He preaches there morning and evening every Sunday, besides holding street meetings Sunday afternoons, and dances week days to keep things going.

Italy is represented in the Arms Conference by Senator Carlo Schanzer, a college professor, who is a native of Austria, Italy's traditional enemy. He was born in Vienna and grew up in Trieste.

Stools are hired out to London theater patrons who find it necessary to stand in line, waiting to be admitted to a theater. The new business is not officially recognized by certain theater managers, and the person setting up a "pitch" must first obtain the permission of the commissionaire before he invites the public to take a seat. With a successful play, patronized by women, the weekly income in some instances mounts up to 8 or 10 pounds.

President Harding writes his messages to Congress in pencil, a habit he acquired from his years of newspaper work.

Herding sheep by airplane was the experience of an Australian explorer. During the trip over North Queensland the airman was offered the task of rounding up two large scattered flocks of sheep. He swept his plane around the outskirts of the flock and collecting all the stragglers, drove them all together toward the paddock. The job was done quickly and without any great effort.

A collision between a ship and a street car in Dublin recently has been reported. The ship, waiting to pass through a draw, was swung too close and the bowsprit rammed through the window of a car passing over the bridge. Several passengers inside the car narrowly escaped injury.

"England never forgets a service rendered a subject," is an old saying of the sea, which was recently borne out, when the British consulate of New York bestowed on a German merchant marine officer a silver loving cup and medal earned by a daring rescue previous to the war. In February, 1914, the British steamship County of Devon capsized and for three days her captain and 24 members of the crew pitched in wild seas. The German tanker Deutschland, sighting the helpless Britishers, put out a boat in command of the Deutschland's first officer. Disregarding danger, they picked up the British crew. Six years later the British consul-general presented to the recent enemy England's testimonial for an act of bravery at sea.

Wireless on horseback is the latest innovation on many large stock ranches in the West. The current is grounded through the horse's shoes from a plate of metal beneath the saddle.

A combination airplane and automobile was successfully demonstrated at the Buc airdrome at Paris recently. The craft was mounted on four automobile wheels, with four speeds and reverse transmission and with a shaft-drive from a 10-horsepower motor. On the ground it was driven like a car and with wings unfolded, took the air, actuated by a 300-horsepower motor. It made an extended flight, maneuvering in a modern manner and landed in good condition. Its wings were then folded and it was driven into a garage of about the usual width.

Talking by telephone from a moving trolley car with a point more than three miles distant, recently took place on the lines of a New York electric railway company. This feat was accomplished by using the trolley wire as a carrier of another current which transmitted the message.

The economic value of a single toad during May, June and July, is $19.44, according to estimates of the Department of Agriculture. This value is based on the toad's destruction of cutworms and other injurious insects.

One hundred nine veterans of the Mexican War of 1846 are on the pension roll of the United States today.

"Mother Carey's Post Box" is a water-tight barrel hooked to a long stout chain hanging from a lonely cliff of a rocky promontory known as Cape Virgin in the Strait of Magellan. This barrel is a post office, but the postal authorities of no government in the world have authority in that rocky waste. Every ship going through the Strait of Magellan sends a boat to this oak barrel. The letters in the barrel are looked over to see if there is any mail for the men on board and other letters are placed in the barrel for seamen on board ships headed for the Horn. Money and valuables have been sent through this barrel post office and there has never been a violation of confidence placed in Mother Carey's Post Office.

The drill of an oil well in Mitchell County, Texas, passed through 50 feet of red salt, supposed to be carnalite, which is a member of the potash family. The red salt was found at about 1,000 feet.

The Postmaster-General has announced that each state will be made a unit for the payment of postal claims, accounting, clearing of money orders, refunding, delivery methods and other details, which are now overburdening the Post Office Department force in Washington. He believes that in transferring this large amount of work to the large post office centers of each state it can be handled with less expense to the government and with greater convenience to the public.

A proposal to "disarm" parks in American cities by removing all ornamental cannon was made recently by the president of the American Civic Association in his annual address. The suggestion was offered, not as an aid to the Disarmament Conference, but on the grounds that the guns add nothing to the beauty of public places.

Aluminum is the most abundant metallic element in existence. Although it is more abundant than iron, it has not been used until the last 25 years, for it is found locked up so tight with oxygen that only the electric furnace can easily separate the two elements. It is an essential constituent of nearly all rocks except limestone and sandstone.

A new method of waterproofing paper makes it possible to use it for the manufacture of small articles, like purses, and as a substitute for leather or rubber in making diaphragms for gas meters and similar articles.

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CHEAP GOLD!

The Money Mystery

PROPAGANDA

America's Daily Dish

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

What Do You Know About Money as Money?

A Plain Basic Catechism: the "Whys" of Certain Fiscal Facts: Rescuing the Money Question From Cranks and Brigands

THERE are nine kinds of money circulated in the United States. Some kinds of it are not as fully acceptable as are other kinds. Some kinds of it are not redeemable as are other kinds.

If you read the back of the Federal Reserve Note and the Federal Reserve Bank Note you may have in your pocket, you will find that they differ: the Note is redeemable in gold if you carry it to the Treasury at Washington, or "in gold or lawful money" if you carry your demand to any Federal Reserve Bank; while the Bank Note is not specifically "redeemable" in anything, but is receivable for public dues, which makes it good.

If you look at your "greenback," its name being "United States Note" you will discover that you have a bill which has nothing behind it at all—nothing but the United States!

Your Federal Reserve Bank Note and your United States Note are not good for all purposes—you will read on the back of them these words, "Except duties on imports" and "Except interest on the public debt."

Many money facts of interest are to be had by any person of ordinary intelligence. Many money questions are of personal interest to every man who earns his living. If you were sure that the cost of rent had little to do with the house itself, but very much to do with the difference between the price of the dollar when the house was built, and the price of the same dollar the month you pay your rent—the chances are you would see that the money question was not only for financiers and economists, but also for rent-payers.

If the shift in the price of potatoes was not due to the potatoes, but to the shift in the value of the dollar—the potato question would appear in your mind as a Money Question.

Money has always been a mystery. The time has come to solve the mystery—rather, to lift the curtain and to show that there is no mystery at all. Certainly, the time has come to make money less of a Master and more of a Messenger.

Money is one of the necessaries of life—of civilized life. It is part of our transportation system; it is the agency by which we get things moved to people who need them. Money offers a much cheaper way of doing business than barter does—barter takes too much time.

Money must be kept *100* per cent sound. But there must be enough of it to move business—if money does not move business, if there is not enough of it, if it is not sound enough to carry business, then it is not "good money."

Dollars that are worth so much more than a dollar that they are hard to get, and dollars that are worth so much less than a dollar that they fail to perform their dollar function, are both "bad money."

So many mere theorists and hare-brained "reformers," with nothing to recommend them, have set out to reorganize the money system, that the public is justly suspicious of anything that promises a flood of easy money.

But even the inexperienced man can see that any money system ought to be sufficient to carry on business that is waiting to be done.

Any man is able to see that the United States ought not to turn over its money function to private firms, any more than it should turn over the control of its army and navy to private contractors.

In a country where there is a vast amount of work waiting to be done, where there is a vast number of men waiting to do it, where there is a vast quantity of material waiting to be used in it—but where the whole circle of labor, production and use is stopped because of the insufficiency of money: any man knows that such a country needs better facilities to make things move.

The Money Question is the People's Question. It is for all sensible men to think about, and to think about more and more as perhaps the principal task whose right performance will bring in the era of economic liberty.

WHAT is Money? Money is the accepted medium of exchange in any political unit exercising complete national power.

Of what is it made? It is immaterial. The decree of government that gold or silver, properly certified, shall be a legal tender, makes metal money. Similar certification of any other material or thing of value would have the same effect.

Is not the metal of final redemption in this country gold? Yes and no. The unit of value is the gold dollar, but gold dollars are no longer coined and all the forms of money in use are not specifically redeemable in gold. For instance, the silver dollar is the only dollar issued that is not a mere promise to pay. It is legal tender, although carrying a smaller proportion of metal at market value of bullion, than would make it equal to gold. Yet it is a dollar and its own redemption. Silver coins of other nations, carrying a greater metal content than our silver dollar, are worth less in this country.

Why is gold selected as the unit of value? On the fallacious reasoning that such a unit is needed.

Why is that reasoning fallacious? Because gold has no fixed value. It, like all commodities, is subject to the law of supply and demand. The government has fixed its price at $20.67 an ounce, and for that reason it appears to have a fixed value. But this is not a fact. Being of a fixed price, any variation in value must be shown in the prices of other commodities, the prices of which are not so fixed.

When Gold Was "Cheap Money"

COULD the government make anything but gold the unit of value? Certainly. Prior to the demonetization of silver that metal was a unit of value.

Is not gold a universal money; that is, does not the gold dollar of the United States pass current in foreign countries? No; gold coins of any nation are estimated at bullion value elsewhere than in the country of issue.

Has gold ever been demonetized? Yes. In the '50's the Netherlands, Belgium and Germany demonetized gold and made silver the sole unit of value, or money base, in their respective jurisdictions.

Why was this done? The discovery of vast deposits of free gold in California and Australia led to the fear on the part of holders of money credits that the increase of the world's supply of gold would render the metal so cheap as to depreciate its money value.

Has paper money ever been at a premium over gold? Yes. It is stated that at the expiration (in 1811) of the charter of the Bank of North America, the first national bank organized in the United States, its notes were at a premium over coin. The government held the majority of the shares of that institution, and it was the only bank in the history of the country that was not owned by private capital.

Has there ever been another instance of the kind? The governor of the Island of Guernsey, in the English Channel, refused in 1847 to sanction the borrowing of money to build a market house, but financed the enterprise on the strength of the credit of the island by issuing scrip that was made receivable in taxes and market rentals. The project was successful and the demand for the scrip finally exceeded the supply, so it rose to a premium over the ordinary coin of the realm—gold and silver. To remedy this, it was decreed that market rentals might be paid in the ordinary currency. When the scrip was retired the market house had paid for itself and the island had its improvement without the payment of a farthing in interest to the money lenders.

How are price fluctuations to be accounted for? A prime cause of the changes in the level of prices, as agreed by all economists, is the expansion and contraction of the volume of money in circulation. If the volume of money increases more rapidly than the volume of goods, prices naturally become higher; if it does not increase or is diminished, the trend is to lower price levels for commodities. Naturally the money lenders fear expansion and favor contraction.

What is the effect of hoarding money? To reduce its volume. Banks hoard for the same reasons that monopolies restrict production—to be able to secure greater profits on their stock in trade.

What is the effect of this course on industry? It places business and production on a credit basis, so compelling the producer to finance his business with borrowed money and the consumer to supply his needs in the same way. This adds to the taxes of each for the privilege of existence.

To borrow money one must give "adequate security." What is adequate security? The security for all loans rests on land and labor in the last analysis.

Could that security be utilized in the solution of the Money Problem? One school of economists says it could. *The theory is that the government itself should issue money without the intervention of fiscal agents, basing it on the faith and credit of the nation and limited only by the taxable values of the land. This it claims is the real basis of money, whatever its nature. But control of the volume of money in circulation has, since the organization of the United States Bank in 1816, (the bank fought by President Jackson) been delegated to fiscal agents, who have administered the trust for their private profit.*

Question About Federal Reserve

HAS no attempt been made to remedy this situation? Yes; the national bank act of the Civil War period was intended to supply a legal tender currency of sufficient volume and so distributed as to supply local needs. National banks were encouraged. They were given the right to issue "money," based on the deposit of government bonds. Other banks of issue were driven out of business by the levy of a prohibitive tax of 10 per cent on their circulation, leaving the national banks a monopoly in this field.

With what result? The volume of money in circulation was restricted to the limit necessary to maintain high interest rates. Few if any banks approached the limit of their authorized circulation, excusing their delinquency by claiming the demand did not warrant it.

How about the Federal Reserve System? The Federal Reserve System is a modification of the plan presented by Senator Aldrich for a Federal Reserve Association, in which the money issuing power was to be centralized in one great bank owned and operated by the "Money Trust." This plan was evolved by an international banking house in Wall Street. The Federal Reserve System established regional banks, broadened the power of issue to include, in addition to government bonds, other public and commercial obligations as a base. It is capitalized by national and state banks, each of which could demand a sufficient volume of notes, made a legal tender by the government, for local needs, on deposit of approved securities. But the mandatory provisions of the law were nullified by the Federal Reserve Board by the exaction of prohibitive rediscount rates. Not only was this restriction effected, but an arbitrary retirement of notes issued was decided on, and it is due to this that there is a "money shortage" today.

Keep Money Function in Public's Hands

IS THERE a money trust? A good answer to that question was made before the Pujo investigating committee, in 1913, by J. P. Morgan. He asserted that the system of fiscal legislation since the Civil War had been "unscientific banking," and pointing to the banks of Europe as models (although they have failed to serve their peoples since), he denied that there is a money trust, claiming competition in banking is as keen as in other lines of business. He admitted that, as in other lines, business policies of rival concerns are necessarily identical, but that the co-operation and understanding essential to a trust is absent. There can be small difference to the public whether it is squeezed between two mighty engines or under their combined weight.

What can be done to remedy this situation? Several plans are advanced, but none can succeed unless backed by public opinion. There is practical unanimity on one point—that *the delegation of power to fiscal institutions must cease.* The government, without the endorsement of which no currency can be made a legal tender, must reclaim that authority and exercise it. One of the leading economists who has labored for years for the nationalization of our finances insists *that the government shall cease to go to the bond market as a borrower. He would have the government alone exercise the power to issue money, as it is really the backer of the banks.* To provide funds for public use, he would have the government issue Treasury notes of full legal tender, in exchange for non-interest-bearing bonds, limited in amount to a stated proportion of the taxable land values, redeemable at the rate of four per cent a year. To avoid excessive inflation, the Treasury notes would be retired as they were paid in by the borrower. This would serve automatically to keep the volume of currency adjusted to the needs of the public. Taking public bonds out of the market would lighten the interest burden of industry and commerce, and cause money to seek legitimate investment.

What would be the saving? The cost to taxpayers for interest today averages more than *three dollars to one dollar* paid for the actual improvements—streets, sewers, schoolhouses or other. This is not paid by the generation borrowing, but is a legacy of debt to future taxpayers. It makes the international financiers masters of all property and business, with power to arrange conditions so that foreclosure is at their option. The swelling tide of tax delinquencies is but a forerunner of what is to come. The reform will come when public opinion is alive to the need through understanding for itself the inside of the question.

Then and Now

TIME has wrought many changes in St. Paul, Minnesota, since it was founded in 1841 by Pierre Parrant, whose business was that of selling whisky to the soldiers at Fort Snelling. An early history laments:

"Thus was our city founded by a retailer of whisky. The location of the future capital of Minnesota was determined, not by the commanding and picturesque bluffs, a noble and inspiring site whereon to build a city—not by the great river flowing so majestically in front of it, suggestive of trade and commerce—but solely as a convenient spot to sell whisky, without the pale of law!"



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NUMBER 1 shows Minnesota's first capitol in St. Paul. Number 2 is the present capitol. Number 3 is a picture of Joe Rolette, who was a member of the legislature sitting in the old capitol in 1857. An act was passed removing the capital to St. Peter. Rolette was chairman of the enrollment committee, and, as a joke, he disappeared with the act, not returning with it until it was too late to enroll it. The capital was thus saved for St. Paul, but that really wasn't Joe's intention. Number 4 shows a section of the levee in 1858. Steamboats afforded almost the only means of access to St. Paul for many years. James J. Hill, empire builder, was then a checker and freight handler on this levee. Number 5 shows how the port of St. Paul looks today. No river traffic. Instead there is a great network of railroads. Number 6 shows Third and Robert streets today, and Number 7 is a picture of the same intersection in 1851. Number 8 is a picture of James J. Hill's office on the levee about 1870. About this time Hill began his great railroad venture.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year. Number 13, January 21, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Ridiculing Prohibition

EVIDENCE abounds on all sides that the American people have been made the victims of a country-wide system of propaganda in favor of the outlawed liquor traffic. This propaganda has taken the form of ridiculing prohibition—that is to say, ridiculing the Constitution and the laws of the United States.

We are an easy-going people and especially susceptible to the species of humor which consists of exaggeration. Our risibilities are stirred especially by the newspaper cartoon, or the theater and film joke, or the sly allusion which in some sort demonstrates how well we have gotten rid of the bump of reverence. In essence, there is much wholesome common sense in the democratic instinct which is not deterred by ancient tradition or convention from laughing at pretense or stupidity in high places. Not even a senator is safe from the shafts of our satire or caricature.

But the sort of "humor" exploited by the "wet" propagandists just now is not American. There is nothing spontaneous or good humored about it. Its artificiality and premeditation are obvious and give it a false and hollow ring. There is something sordid in its mockery—a suggestion of the laughing-jackass or the hyena. And that sort of a campaign is very likely to overshoot the mark and prove a boomerang. In the oft-related story of Congressman Tim Murphy's telling President Cleveland that "a little thing like the Constitution should not stand betwixt frinds," it is Tim's notion we laugh at, not the Constitution.

The present propaganda of ridicule is based on a fundamental misconception of American mentality. It is as if our laughing at Artemus Ward's declaration of his readiness to sacrifice all his wife's relations on the altar of his country should be interpreted as proof that we harbored murder in our hearts against our own mothers-in-law.

"Whether prohibition can be made to work," says Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, "depends largely on the support of public sentiment." The good bishop may rest assured that, the American people being sound at the core, stand ready to listen to the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. A reaction toward stern reality is already apparent in refusal to see any cause for mirthfulness in wholesale murder or in the deliberate attempt of an alien element to bring our laws and our nation into contempt. A New York daily may feature under first-page headlines a cable dispatch, "Our 'Dry' New Year a Joke for London: American Brand of Prohibition Gets Huge Laugh"; but clear-thinking and right-minded Americans understand very well that it is the fault of the contemners, and not of the friends of prohibition, if our country is made a laughing stock abroad. They will hardly thank the "wets" for bringing this reproach upon American institutions.

The cold horror of the whole thing is being brought home to all of us, day by day, incidents of which the following is typical: On the morning of New Year's Day, a bright and popular 17-year-old youth in Ann Arbor, Michigan, was found lying dead in an automobile left standing before his parents' home. He had gone out with several companions the evening before to celebrate the coming in of the New Year. They indulged in "moonshine" whisky and when they returned, this boy told his companions to let him "sleep it off in the car," as he did not want his parents to see him in an intoxicated condition. An autopsy showed that he had drunk more than a pint of a poisonous decoction called "whisky" and containing a high percentage of wood alcohol. The man who supplied the poison is held on a charge of manslaughter; but his punishment will not restore the young and promising life nor lift the gloom and grief cast by the tragedy on the home of his father and mother and on the entire neighborhood. This is not funny!

"Pay Roll Bandits"

THE alarming increase of robberies, often accompanied by murder, of men conveying pay roll cash from banks to factories, indicates that particularly desperate and daring thieves have specialized in this field. Less picturesque than the banditry that once flourished in the mountain fastnesses of Italy and Spain and which is at this day languishing as a trade even in Mexico, these American brigands execute their well-planned plundering expeditions with a thoroughness and ruthlessness that make the old-time highwaymen seem like bungling and soft-hearted amateurs.

If crimes of this sort are allowed to continue—and continue increasing in frequency and fatality—our industrial communities will witness a veritable reign of terror. That such robberies should be possible is a reflection on our civilization and on our financial intelligence. Why should not the contents of the pay envelope have the same advantages of security and convenience in transfer that all other payments have in this day and age? Is there any good reason why wages, as well as salaries and payments for material and supplies, should not be made by check?

The toting of thousands of dollars through the streets in cash is an actual temptation to crime. It was to guard against theft of money in transit that checks and drafts were invented about 500 years ago. As everybody knows from everyday experience, it is not "money" but credit that is really transferred in the payment of wages, as in the payment of all other debts. Why should we remain 500 years behind the times in this matter? Is it part of the pernicious perpetuation of the money myth?

Tax Exempt Bonds

IN HIS message at the opening of the present session of Congress, President Harding followed the lead of his Secretary of the Treasury in advocating abrogation of the legal provisions under which a large class of wealth and property in this country is exempt from taxation. During recent congressional committee hearings, it was openly declared by several witnesses connected with important banking houses that many men and women of large wealth were investing in these tax exempt securities issued by municipalities and certain public utility corporations. This to escape paying income and sur-taxes. It is estimated that a total of something like $20,000,000,000 is now invested in such bonds—an amount nearly equal to the national debt.

President Harding urged Congress to get under way a constitutional amendment to abolish this evil. That a constitutional amendment should be necessary for this purpose must come as a surprise to some of us. The only restrictions laid down in the Constitution on the power of Congress to "lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises," is that such taxes shall be uniform throughout the United States and be laid in the several states in proportion to the population as shown by the census. True, it was necessary to legalize the present income tax law by a constitutional amendment "without apportionment among the several states and without regard to any census or enumeration." This was to correct a defect in the income tax law previously in existence—the failure to make it apportional. The amendment, however, empowers Congress to tax incomes "from whatever sources," and this should decide the matter in so far as concerns bonds now exempt by state laws from all taxes as to interest as well as principal.

A constitutional amendment as broad as that legalizing the Federal income tax may be advisable on grounds of expediency; but amending the Constitution is a long and slow process, while the need of tax reform is immediate and pressing. Is it not possible that while waiting for the whole loaf, a half-loaf might be obtained in the shape of a measure that would, even in small degree, oblige the tax-dodging investors in these bonds to contribute something like their fair share of the burden of taxation?

Why should any class of private or corporate property be exempt from taxation? Someone has to pay. Just as the general public had to make up the revenue lost in rebates and free passes, so the rest of us are forced to pay a double share to make up for the exempts and delinquents.

McCumber Succeeds Penrose

WITH the passing of Senator Boies Penrose, disappears an outstanding figure in American political life and one who has been credited with more complete domination of the affairs of a great political party than has any other man in the past half century. The acknowledged leader of the "Old Guard," he was commonly credited with "holding the Republican party in the hollow of his hands." His colleagues in the Senate, irrespective of party, joined in expressions of grief for his taking off, and friend and foe alike bear testimony to the fact that his extraordinary dominance in the councils of his party rested on sheer mental force and ability of the highest order.

Of exceptional natural endowment and thorough training, he devoted his energies wholly to the political game in which he engaged as a life-calling. Through concentration of thought and effort, he became a master of party strategy and a force to be reckoned with in the moulding of national policies, whether he found himself ranged in support of or in opposition to the administration in power.

Boss of his own Pennsylvania, as were the Camerons, father and son, and as was Matt Quay before him, he carried the development of "bossism" in American politics to a plane of solidly intrenched advantage and rule hardly dreamed of by his predecessors. There seems to be little doubt that his career was motived by an overmastering devotion to public service in honest conviction that the strengthening and aggrandizement of his own party in city, state and nation furnished the surest way to make such service effective. During his four decades of public life, say his friends, he never allowed private business considerations to divert his attention from the labors to which he had given himself in behalf of his party and the country. He was fortunate, perhaps, in the considerable income he derived from a productive gold mine.

An immediate consequence of moment is the shifting of the center of political gravity occasioned by the fact that, under the seniority rule, Senator Penrose is succeeded in the chairmanship of the important Finance Committee by Senator McCumber, of North Dakota. There now remain only four of the eleven important committees of the Senate presided over by eastern men. This fact is significant of a shifting of power from East to West. Senator McCumber is a safe and sane Republican; but he is undoubtedly inclined to view the claims of the great agricultural sections of the country with a sympathy and understanding not easily possible to an Eastern man. While sectionalism, or the favoring of one class more than another, is to be deprecated, it is undoubtedly well to find the East forced to adjust itself to changing conditions by giving more serious attention, than has been its custom, to the views and the interests of other parts of the country. With Senator McCumber at the head of the Finance Committee, we may look for a change in the emphasis of recent financial legislation which will be good for the West—and for the whole country.

Sugar and the Tariff

THERE are still living in these United States middle-aged folk to whom the mention of "sugar" in connection with tariff legislation brings memories of the most shamelessly corrupt era in American politics. In the funny paragraphs that are still going the rounds of the press, "Senator Sorghum" is the suggestive nickname of a type of politician to which that era gave birth; of the ethically callous character to whom public office meant simply a private snap and who had no idea beyond "looking out for his own pocket all the time."

The fictitious senator of the newspaper paragrapher may help to carry a lesson to the new generation.

This time sugar is up for discussion in connection with the proposed reciprocity treaty with Cuba, a measure designed to afford justice to a small and struggling nation related to the United States by particularly close ties and toward which we have assumed, in some sort, the responsibility of care and guardianship.

The treaty is opposed by American beet-sugar interests who want "protection" against the competition of Cuban sugar in the shape of a tariff high enough to keep up the profits of the beet-sugar manufacturers in this country.

"Dig deep into this subject," is suggested by the friends of beet sugar. And we second the motion. The farmers planted the same acreage in 1921 as in 1920 and received profitable prices for their crop.

People who keep in mind the interests of the oft-forgotten consumer—of the 100,000,000 men, women and children of the United States—will ask why they should be taxed in the shape of high prices for sugar to enrich the promoters of an industry which seems to be able to compete without "protection" against the sugar of Louisiana and the Virgin Islands, Hawaii and the Philippines. "Dig deep" is good counsel. Let us dig!

Mr. Ford's Page

THE condition of mankind would have been desperate indeed, and utterly hopeless, had not Providence arranged to carry the race through its childhood. Not only does this apply to man's racial childhood when he was finding a foothold on the earth, but also to the numerous infancies and childhoods which have marked his progress. Man enters as a child again into every new era, and there is provision made for his support therein until he becomes able to support himself.

We have much to say about raw material, and truly the earth is the greatest piece of raw material that we know; but there are one or two points which we ought to consider, that we may understand whither life is driving us.

In every period of beginning there is found a lavish provision of raw material, which mankind at first uses with a childish recklessness. That is the first period—wasteful use as if the supply were inexhaustible. Then there follows a period of accounting in which mankind faces the startling fact that certain natural resources *can be exhausted.* And this period of accounting is in turn followed by a period of economical use, with an eye toward a source of supply that shall be constantly replenished and controlled.

The human race is now on the border line between two periods, the period when to use is to lose, and the period when not to use is to waste. For a long time mankind has been conscious of somehow coming to the end of irresponsible childhood, the provision made by the Parent of mankind has seemed to be coming to the end of its lavishness. That is, there has been a sense that the more we used the less we had in reserve. This feeling has been expressed in the popular adage, "You can't eat your cake and have it."

But now that man is learning enough to plant his supply as well as reap it, to make his supply a recurrent crop instead of a slowly diminishing original store of natural resources, the time is coming when instead of being afraid of wasting our resources by using them we shall be afraid of wasting them by not using them. The stream of supply will be so full and constant that when people worry it will not be worry about not having enough, but about not using enough.

This can best be appreciated by looking at the matter from the industrial and domestic points of view. Modern industry was born into a world literally overflowing with raw materials. It was the lavishness of the supply that stimulated the industrial development. Wood, metal, coal, earth, oil, crops and all the products thereof were in abundance. Then the forests began to grow visibly fewer; coal was checked off on the list as an article to be conserved; oil was sought farther afield; leather had to be assisted by substitutes. In their natural state, as gifts of Providence, these things are exhaustible—they can be used up.

But it is one thing to have your bread already supplied in childhood, and buttered for you, too, and quite a different thing to expect to have the same supply continue without effort all through your life. In the beginning of industry the bread and butter was supplied without stint. Now that industry has grown up, the free supply is diminishing and the time for self-support has come. Formerly, industry subsisted on what had grown, now it is to subsist on what can be grown. It must find new sources of material, new sources of power. That is, it must begin to think of self-support. Oil wells in the earth are not the only source of oil—you can grow oil. Coal mines in the earth are not the only source of heat and power—you can get those out of water. They are now getting heat out of water by agitating it sufficiently to make it heat itself.

Domestically we are still in the era when to use is to lose, and the fear of use is felt everywhere. If fuel is used, it is gone; and it is expensive to buy. If lights are used, the costs mount up. Cooking, lighting and heating are a constant consumption of material and power. And people do not like to be lavish in their use, even though they can afford it financially; there is a principle of waste which we fear, we are not willing to lightly use the product of so much human labor, or use too much of a product of which so many people do not have enough.

These are the marks of the period of accounting and economy.

Suppose, however, that power for industry, for heating, lighting and cooking a hundred thousand homes were dissipating for want of use. Suppose it were rushing by day and night, and if it did not light the darkness it would be wasted, and if it did not heat homes it would be wasted, and if it did not turn the wheels of productive industry it would be wasted—suppose we were driven to *use* instead of to *saving,* suppose our worry should be that "if it is not used it will be wasted," what a different complexion it would put on our common life!

IF you can image a world in which the source of supply will be so plentiful that people will worry about not using enough of it, instead of worrying as we do now about using too much, you will have a picture of the world that is soon to be. We have long depended on the resources which nature long ago stored up, the resources which can be exhausted. We are entering an era when we shall create resources which shall be so constantly renewed that the only loss will be not to use them. There will be such a plenteous supply of heat, light and power, that it will be sin not to use all we want. This era is coming in now. And it is coming by way of Water.

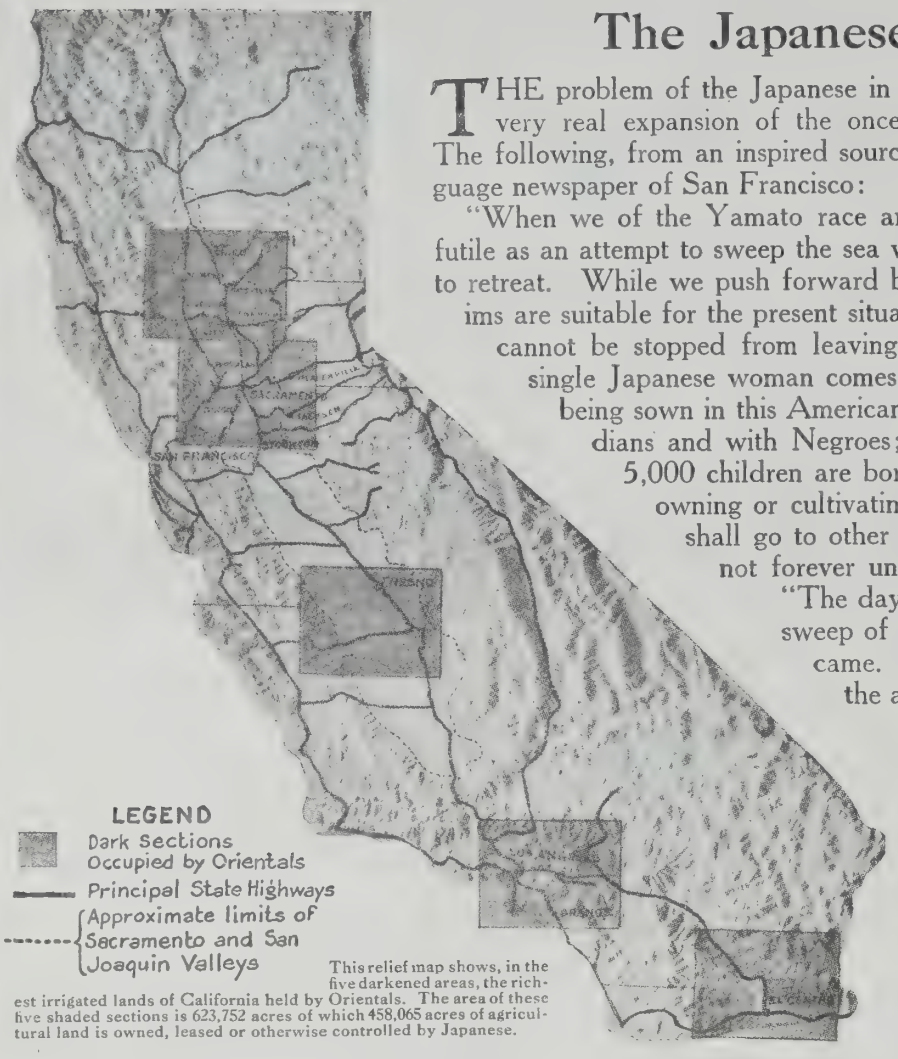
If human life is ever to become what it was meant to be, the kitchen side of life will have to be so organized that this picture shall become a reality, and it can be. It is on the verge of becoming now. Possibly the discipline of the period of straitened accounting and economy was useful for the development of necessary characteristics in mankind, or, which is more likely, for the control of certain tendencies which had to be curbed. But however that may be, the time is fast approaching when two per cent of our active time will suffice to make our livings, and the rest of the time we can devote to the tasks of making the world the place it might be.

The secret of much of this seems to be Water. Water never so much deserved the name of "water of life" as it will in the future. With all our rivers working for us, presenting us hourly with heat to be used or else wasted, and light to be used or else wasted, with power to be used or else wasted—when the highest economy shall be the fullest use!—how simple life will become. The river miles away will heat the home, light the home, do the cooking in the home, supply power for the industries that equip and maintain the home—the river will do this, not through the medium of a power company whose motto would be "all that the traffic will stand," but as naturally and as freely as it flows: it costs nothing for a river to flow, and it costs next to nothing to transport the power it creates.

With the fuel question settled, and the light question settled, and the heating question settled, and the power question settled, on such terms as actually liberate the whole country from the crushing weight of these four great burdens; and not only that, but with the whole fuel and light and heat and power situation turned around so that people will have to use all that they want, *all that they want* in order to prevent waste—don't you see how economic life will swing loose and breathe deeply, as if a new spring day had dawned for humanity?

That is the era we are approaching. There is no question about that. There will be, of course, the usual preliminary skirmish between selfishness and service, but service will win. The ownership of a coal mine located on a man's property may easily be granted to private parties—but the ownership of a river! nature itself rebukes the man who would claim ownership of a river.

Our next period is before us, not the first period of reckless waste, nor the second period of anxious accounting, but the third period of overlapping abundance which compels us to use and use and use, to fulfil every need.



This relief map shows, in the five darkened areas, the richest irrigated lands of California held by Orientals. The area of these five shaded sections is 623,752 acres of which 458,065 acres of agricultural land is owned, leased or otherwise controlled by Japanese.

The Japanese Within the United States

THE problem of the Japanese in America is greatly complicated by the unexpected, rapid and very real expansion of the once isolated nation of Japan into a world power of the first rank. The following, from an inspired source, is an editorial statement in *The New World*, a Japanese language newspaper of San Francisco:

"When we of the Yamato race arise with a mighty resolve, the Americans' opposition will be as futile as an attempt to sweep the sea with a broom. We should advance, and not recede. To stop is to retreat. While we push forward boldly, the enemy has no chance to form plans . . . . These maxims are suitable for the present situation. Even if photograph marriages should be discontinued, we cannot be stopped from leaving our descendants on this American continent. Even if not a single Japanese woman comes, it is not possible to prevent the seed of our great Yamato race being sown in this American continent by marriages with Americans, with French, with Indians and with Negroes; especially since there already are 100,000 Japanese here, and 5,000 children are born to them annually. Supposing we Japanese are prevented from owning or cultivating the land. If we cannot conveniently do so in California, we shall go to other states and devise some plan. Even the laws of California are not forever unchangeable.

"The day will come when the strength of the Japanese will make a clean sweep of all laws. Even the Kaiser's empire was destroyed when its time came. What can the leaders of the anti-Japanese movement do to stop the advance of our Yamato race?"

The problem in Japan is: "What shall be done with the excess production of human beings?"

The problem in the United States is: "What shall we do with an alien settlement of 110,000 persons, the majority men, who never can be made into American citizens, yet which is firmly rooted in our finest, most fertile and most productive lands?"

To this problem, four solutions are offered. These solutions are presented for the thoughtful consideration of those who believe that America belongs by every right to Americans.

How Is California to Be Saved?

By HARRY H. DUNN

This is the concluding article by Mr. Dunn on the Japanese Question.

THE first solution is offered by the Japanese Government, through the Japanese associations in the United States, and by the Japanese colonists themselves. It is supported by a few persons on the Pacific Slope, who hope to profit by sale and lease of land to the Japanese, and who hold their pocketbooks above their country. It is abetted by a considerable number of well-meaning but sadly misguided religious organizations, missionaries and churches, who believe that the Oriental can be made into a sincere Christian, and that the way to make him a good American is to convert him to Christianity first.

This solution, briefly stated, suggests that America open her doors wide to the Japanese and his wife; that we accept him as we have and will accept the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman or the Irish colonist; that we treat him as one of us, and that thus he will become one of us.

This was tried and found so completely wanting that it does not merit discussion as a serious answer to the great question. It is a trick so obvious that it ranks with the "picture-brides," the "student-visitors," the "commercial agents," and the other subterfuges adopted within recent years by the Japanese to obtain entry into this country. It may be left where it stands, with the word that it is repudiated by thinking Japanese, on this side the Pacific as well as on the other side. No less competent a Japanese than Dr. Yoshi Saburo Kuno, professor of Japanese languages in the University of California, and son of General Kuno, of the Japanese Imperial Army said:

"The Japanese are not living in California as emigrants. With the recognition of their home government through its consular offices, they have established a sort of quasi-government in leading cities, towns, and districts, wherever the size of the Japanese population warrants. They levy a tax on Japanese males and Japanese families under the guise of a membership fee. With the permission of the consulate, they collect fees for all official services rendered by Japanese for that office. All the Japanese who live in the United States, whether they were born in this country or came from Japan, have many affairs to be attended to in connection with the home government, because all are claimed as subjects by the Japanese Government. Though these matters must be handled in the consular office, that office will have nothing to do with anything that does not reach it through the channels of the quasi-Japanese government established in the towns and cities of California, and otherwise known as 'The Japanese Association.'

"In San Francisco, alone, there are practically three sorts of Japanese Government, namely: the office of the consul-general, which represents the Japanese Government directly; the central Japanese association and the local Japanese association. The central Japanese association supervises all the 40 local associations in the San Francisco territory or district, in behalf of the office of the consul-general. The local association directs and controls the individual Japanese, all of whom are members of it. In case a local association should disobey, conduct itself with too great independence, or commit any irregularity, the consul-general's office, on the advice of the central association, deprives it of all rights and privileges, such, for example, as the issuing of certificates."

This seems to dispose, fairly well, of the Japanese policy of an "open door" in the United States, from both the viewpoint of Americans familiar with the situation, and of educated Japanese, familiar with both countries.

There is, however, another solution put forward by the Japanese, which, in some features, and to some extent in all features, coincides fairly well with the demands of the Americans in California, Oregon and Washington. It is an opinion held by a minority of the Japanese in California, but the minority embraces virtually all the educated, thinking Japanese, who have traveled widely in this country and who realize that the Oriental and the Occidental never can become one race. The spokesman for this solution on this side of the Pacific is the Dr. Kuno, whom I have just quoted, and who has been a resident in Northern California nearly all his life. He is considered an authority on Oriental racial traits and political economy. He and his following offer this:

"The West and the East should be kept separate and distinct; the Pacific Ocean should be a boundary between them, and permanent immigration from either side should be discouraged. Visits should be exchanged, particularly on the part of the cultured classes, between the East and the West. Something equivalent to the Rhodes scholarships should be established for purposes of higher education, but with the reservation that the western student should not remain too long in the East, for such a stay would mean an inevitable loss of nationality.

"This separation, in my opinion, would not aggravate the so-called 'estrangement' already existing between Japan and America. The Japanese are as keenly aware of the problem with which we are faced as are we, ourselves, and will never go to war with America over the immigration question. The only possible cause of war between America and Japan will be the too active interference of the United States in Oriental affairs. The differences between the United States and Japan in the Orient will yield to a more intimate acquaintance and understanding between the two peoples. Nothing has been harder for the Japanese to understand than American altruism. The Oriental mind looks for a double motive behind every act, and American philanthropic measures in the Orient have been looked upon as disguised selfishness. When disarmament was at first proposed, Japan was exasperated, seeing in the proposal a Trojan horse; but a growing acquaintance with American ideals has tended to persuade her of America's good faith, though, as yet, Japan has not wholly outgrown her suspicions of western peoples in the Orient.

"In fact, what Japan wants in America is a friend, and what she desires more than anything else, perhaps, is the joint good will of Great Britain and the United States. In the last resort, she would never insist on sending her emigrants to either of these countries or their colonies, if so doing would represent a final cause of enmity.

"Those who think the difference between East and West will disappear by intermarriage are cherishing a fantasy. There is an aversion to such unions on both sides, and it is as strong in Japan as it is elsewhere. As a nation, the Japanese are opposed to intermarriage with western races, though it is not officially prevented or hindered. The whole truth of the matter is that the Oriental nations can assimilate other races, but cannot be assimilated by them. Western people who stay



Japanese children are compelled to work with their parents from the time they can stand alone. This photo shows a Japanese, his wife and three children, the youngest about two years of age, all at work harvesting onions in the Sacramento Valley, California.

in the Orient have no permanent influence on the Oriental"—think of this, and compare it with the chimerical hope of the Christianization of Asia—"but are themselves caught and absorbed in the immense tide of yellow humanity. The American who stays too long in China, for example, becomes, to all intents and purposes, a Chinaman; on the other hand, the Chinese never lose their identity through contact with the people of the Occident."

Put in concise terms of modern business, the solution of the problem of the Japanese Empire in America, according to this group of Japanese, and occasionally expressed by one of them who has absorbed the point of view of the Americans in general and the Californians in particular, is that the Japanese should dispose of their holdings in the United States to Americans, the American National Government and the state governments co-operating, and return to Japan, whence no more Japanese laborers or colonists should be allowed to come.

This attempt at a solution is opposed and its possibility repudiated by the majority of the Japanese in California, and is considered a possible, but not very probable, solution, by the majority of the white people. It has the merit of being an honest attempt by an alien people to put their countrymen on an even basis with the desires of a people in a country in which they are not wanted.

On the American side of the question there are two factions, each convinced—to put it bluntly—that the Japanese must go, but differing radically in the methods of getting rid of them. It should be said here that virtually all the foreigners, other than Japanese, and including even the Chinese, the Koreans and the Hindus, in California, and in other Pacific Coast states, are as strongly opposed to the permanency of the Japanese in the United States as are the Americans. In some cases—notably in the fisheries—the Europeans are much more sternly anti-Japanese than are even those Americans who have suffered most deeply from the inroads of the sons of the Mikado.

One of these factions of Americans, led by the Japanese-American Relations Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, believes that the problem of this Asiatic empire in America can be met best at a council table, around which are to be seated representatives of all the nations surrounding the Pacific, or whose interests in this coming center of world-commerce and political activity are vital. The head of this faction in California, and, it might be said, on the Pacific Coast, is Robert Newton Lynch, vice-president and manager of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. The head of the parallel, national faction in Japan is the Viscount E. Shibusawa, who arrived in San Francisco late in October, and, at this writing, was still in the United States, with his party, returning the visit to Japan last year of the American-Japanese Relations Committee, of which Frank A. Vanderlip was the head.

This faction believes that the problem of the Japanese in California is a part of the greater problem of Japan at home and in international affairs, and that all the nations of the world should assist—not oppose—Japan in settling for all time the question of allocation of her surplus population. As best explaining this somewhat international point of view in trying to reach a settlement of what the majority of white people in the affected states regard as a national problem, I cannot do better than quote directly from Mr. Lynch, who says:

"The Pacific problem is the problem of the world. A solution of Japan's relation to that problem is the prime consideration of the thinking force of the other nations. The whole Pacific problem circulates around Japan. Her character and her ambitions and her internal development must affect this in a most profound manner. The problem is primarily one of expansion. Japan has 70,000,000 people on the main island of Japan, Korea, Formosa and the other possessions she now occupies. She has an area less than that of Texas. She is growing at the rate of a million a year, and she is facing the necessity of providing food or emigration, or an industrial development, for all those 70,000,000 and for the increase in numbers of her people. While it may be said that mere breeding does not involve obligations on the part of the remainder of the world, yet Japan, as a great unified force, developing at the rate she is, must find some way out. As she struggles for a way, of course, she comes against the inevitable feeling of the white race that there is no practical assimilation. She finds that she is unacceptable, because the very fairest minds, and those who have no prejudices on the subject, do not favor for a moment the problem that is involved in the attempt to add to our population a large number of unassimilable people, backed by a very powerful and sensitive government. . . .







Above—Pupils of one of the public schools in Sacramento County, California, showing the preponderance of Japanese. At the grammar school in Florin, of the total enrollment of 147 children, 101 are Japanese. In the afternoon and evening, these Asiatics attend a school in their own language, held in the Buddhist temple of the town in which they live. Center—Typical Japanese retail stores in a California town. This is a scene in Penryn, California, showing the manner in which these aliens depreciate the appearance and value of property as soon as they acquire it. Below—A block of a once exclusive residence street in Berkeley, California, invaded by a Japanese tenement house, shown at the left, directly back of the automobile. Houses along this street, which, prior to the coming of the Japanese, changed hands at $10,000 to $12,000 are now offered at $7,500 with no buyers. Twelve of the fourteen American houses in the block are for sale.

"The New Japan"

THE three Pacific Coast states, the buffers of Occidental civilization, and of American ideas and ideals against the yellow tide of the Orient, are generally designated by the Japanese as the "New Japan." Every utterance and every act of the Japanese points to their determination to develop the Japanese race in the United States, and to create for them a position from which they cannot be ousted—in short, to make of this country a province of Japan. The Japanese in the United States never discuss or consider the development of themselves or their children as American citizens who have severed all connections with Japan, but only as Japanese who are establishing their race in a particularly favored land. It is to this end that they are openly urged by their speakers and writers, in district meetings and in newspapers published within the United States, to obtain land and to beget children.

Japanese "Expansion"

IT IS urged in reply to the effort of the Pacific Slope to cut from her side the malignant growth of an Asiatic empire that Japan has the right to expand; that she must find an outlet for her annual increase of nearly 1,000,000 in population; that that outlet must be to other countries. To this defense, John S. Chambers, former controller of California, and now president of the Japanese Exclusion League, replies:

"This statement is flatly untrue. Japan has plenty of room within her own borders. Let her people settle on the 5,000,000 acres of land which her own government admits can be reclaimed. Let them spread to the northern and almost uninhabited islands, where there is room and land for millions, with opportunities for wheat and other grain and cattle production. Let them go to the island of Formosa, or to the great peninsula of Korea, with ample room for not less than 10,000,000 additional population."

"Then, Japan has an enormous industrial problem; those who visit Japan and see the efforts which she is making to translate herself from a nation of workers in homes to a factory system, will appreciate what an enormous problem that is. Then, of course, Japan has the problem of education, and the problem of government, for there is a feeling abroad that Japan has a form of government that is unadaptable to the ideals and to the modern situation among the other nations with which she must co-operate. But the things that we have met in the past 25 years, must come upon Japan, if necessary, within five years. Her leaders and her thinkers must meet those conditions which exist in the rapid transition of her country into a great industrial nation, essential to the care for and the feeding of her people . . . .

"Temperamentally, Japan has tremendous problems of adaptation, because, as she goes out among other peoples, she has to adapt herself, with perhaps not the genius for that particular adaptation. Clever as she is in her superficial adaptation, it is felt profoundly and fundamentally by other nations that Japan remains thoroughly Japanese and cannot mix upon terms of equality. One of the greatest difficulties we have in California with the presence of a large number of Japanese is and will be that inevitable conflict which arises from the fact that the Anglo-Saxon race never will consent to dwell with any other people unless they dominate them. But Japan has precisely the same ideals, and the same stiff-necked and stiff-backed attitude of us Anglo-Saxons is present in Japan, with her lack of adaptivity. And we have not desired that problem, because of the inevitable conflict. . . .

"These, in outline, are some of the problems Japan must face. But they are not only Japan's problems; they are the world's problems. They must be solved, not only in the interests of the Japanese, but they must be solved in the interests of the world. If we beg the question in advance, and say these problems have no solution, then we can only look to certain conflict between an organized Orient and the rest of the world. If we, on the other hand, could sit at a conference table around the Pacific, and if we could help Japan, and if Japan could see that the suggestions are made in a friendly attitude, because of inevitable circumstances, there might be a possibility of working out a pacific development of this great Pacific problem. There might thus be worked out some co-operation in regard to the conduct of the tremendous commerce which is going to be borne on this ocean of mystery."

This point of view, this proffered solution, is commonly regarded in California as a purely commercial offering, a sort of sop thrown, unintentionally perhaps, to the Asiatic Cerberus. It is generally considered fortunate, in Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho and other states which have come into close and unpleasant contact with the Oriental colonists, that this solution is not generally accepted.

California, through its legislature, both houses, jointly concurring, has spoken, no later than last year, its majority opinion as to the solution of the problem of the Japanese Empire within the United States, and has forwarded that solution to the President of the United States, to the Secretary of State of the United States, and to the Congress, through the California senators and representatives in that body. This document, which is likely to become historic, appears as Senate Joint Resolution No. 26, by Senator Will R. Sharkey, and reads:

Whereas, The Japanese Exclusion League of California, representing officially such organizations as the American Legion, War Veterans, Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West, State Federation of Women's Clubs, State Federation of Labor, and various other patriotic, civic and fraternal bodies, have adopted a statement of policy recommended for adoption by the Government of the United States as urgently required in protection of the nation's interest against the growing menace of Japanese immigration and colonization; and

Whereas, Said declaration of principles has been approved by the organizations affiliated with the League—The Los Angeles County Anti-Asiatic Association and the Japanese Exclusion League of Washington; and

Whereas, Said declaration of principles is in words and figures as follows, to-wit:

First—Absolute exclusion for the future of all

(Concluded on page 15)

Propagandists Impose on the American People

A Study of the Amazing Network of Influences Which Flavors or Poisons the American's Daily Thought

By LEWIS HARPER

A LARGE number of the bills in Congress are introduced for no other purpose than to get stories about them on the press association wires. Certain Senators and Representatives are eager to fall in with "stunts" of this kind to get the incidental publicity involved. Many of them are induced to foster bills the significance of which they do not understand.

Washington is honeycombed with propagandists and publicity engineers calling themselves "liberal," "radical" or what not. They occupy scores of offices. The corporation lobbyist is outnumbered five to one by these new agents of "special interests." There is good money in the business, too. It would be interesting to know how many men have been making a good living out of the well press-agented campaign waged ostensibly to liberate Tom Mooney from the penitentiary. Debs' imprisonment was a wonderful revenue producer. Workingmen are not the only sources of this easy money. The hat is passed freely among them, but there are large numbers of opulent citizens, some poseurs, some smitten with socialism, who can be relied upon to contribute to any sort of organization that promises to stir things up.

Some of these have to be baited by being made vice-presidents of organizations with high-sounding names indicating the uplift. Others contribute more indiscriminately. Among the shining marks on this sucker list are a number of dowagers and maiden ladies of old American families which have transmitted heritable wealth to them but seem to have failed to transmit the qualities that made the fortunes originally.

Spreading Soviet Propaganda

WHAT is true of Washington is true of New York and other cities in lesser degree. The country is dotted with "news" mills where pinkish news is manufactured. Sympathetic hands are at the helm in many press association bureaus to accept and forward this "news" without much deletion and without enlightening statements indicating its origin.

One of the press bureaus at Washington after the Armistice was dominated by parlor communists. One of the correspondents who accompanied President Wilson on his first journey to Paris told the writer on his return that the President was the greatest Bolshevist in the world, and that he and Lenin would join hands to make the world over after the President had demolished the existing European governments. He believed it. It was in the air. The country was drenched with Soviet propaganda in the early part of 1919 and most of it came through the regular news channels.

Much of this stuff "gets by" because of the time limitations and the other pressure under which news is handled both at the sending and receiving ends. If the story looks good, neither the correspondent who sends it nor the editor who receives it has time to analyze its origin or to edit the propaganda out of it.

In Washington especially, the war brought on an era of official "hand outs," prepared stories, and "statements" which almost superseded the old-time, first-hand, personally investigated stories by competent and critical reporters. In fact, the war weakened the whole news handling personnel because so many of the best men entered the army or went oversea as correspondents. Others went to big industrial concerns as publicity men and were replaced by less capable men.

Among the standard press agent "stunts" to get publicity for communist propaganda is the formation of "leagues," "councils" or the launching of "movements." Scores of these alleged organizations have been formed for no other purpose. Examination of their rosters and the lists of their directors, delegates or vice-presidents discloses the same old names used over and over again. Men like the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Amos Pinchot or Scott Nearing would have to hire a truck if these organizations required their members to carry membership cards.

College Women at the Meetings

OF COURSE, every new "league" or "movement" promptly sponsors a mass meeting or a series of them all over the country. The same crowd turns out to them all—*90 per cent from the cloak and suit trades and 10 per cent from the alumnae of the colleges for the higher education of women,* which are producing a huge crop of socialist spinsters from the American stock, which seems to prefer to do social work among the children of strangers rather than to have babies of its own.

The mass meeting produces some good copy—plenty of paprika in the speeches and usually a word battle with the police which can easily be written into a riot by a sympathetic or news-hungry reporter. This gets on the wires, and out in the distant smaller cities of the country it reads like a real popular upheaval in the big cities. Even smart politicians are deceived by this sort of thing. Two or three mid-western Senators who got off on the wrong foot at the beginning of the war mistook meetings of this sort in New York and Philadelphia for the pulse of the American people.

Most newspaper men are aware of all this, but they still feel constrained to print this stuff because it is news after all—technically at any rate.

It is not balanced and neutralized by news of the sentiments of the saner elements, because they are mostly inarticulate. They are at work or at home, while the other crowd is mass-meeting and passing resolutions. Their temperament makes it impossible for them to originate the same quantity of "news" as the frothy sort. Most of them have no time for it. Those who are doing the world's work must keep on working to feed, clothe and house the nation, including those who are seeking to tear down the industrial system which makes the existence of large masses of mankind possible.

The real "leisure class" in America are the shouters and babblers who spend their time telling the actual workers how the world ought to be run.

The psychological reason why so many busy molly-coddles—male and female—are engaged in the work of socialist propaganda is that they are unfit to excel in the game of life, know this inwardly, and seek to conceal it both from themselves and the world by posing as "bold, bad radicals."

The work of these propagandists is helped *by the economic and mechanical* conditions limiting the handling of news. Wire space is limited. Paper is costly. The length of stories is limited, and the expressiveness of headlines is curtailed by the fact that only a limited number of words can be made to fit the width of a page or column. This works out in this way. Any propagandist organization which pretends to represent, say, "Women," "Farmers" or "Labor" will get its stories printed as the utterances or acts of "Women," "Farmers" or "Labor" rather than as the performance of a crew of communist press agents, because it takes too much space to tell who they really are.

Some of the organizations which appear in the wire news, especially from Washington, as voicing the opinions of American women, do not number one normal American woman in their membership.

Many of these organizations are composed of neurotic types, some of them psychopathic. At one time in 1917 several women who had escaped from sanitariums were participating in feminist demonstrations in Washington and giving the police much trouble. These activities were "hitting the front page" every day. Eventually their physicians rounded them up and separated them from the rest of the flock.

Among the Washington lobbyists and press agents who frequently figure in the press dispatches as a "representative of the farmers" is a former Greenwich Villager who made a living for some years as a single tax and municipal ownership "expert" in New York. Maybe he lived on a farm once upon a time, but it was a long time ago. His advanced ideas on matrimony, which included the doctrine that husbands should not support their wives, once earned his bride considerable newspaper publicity.

Newspapers Help Very Little

THE genuine representatives of organized labor—the real leaders of American workingmen who have come up from the shop, mine or railroad, get scant consideration in the news dispatches compared to the "intellectual" poseurs.

It is a strange fact that the only really effective exposures of parlor sovietism in America, the only real fight waged on pinkism has been made by the leaders of the real American labor movement. They have received scarcely any help from the newspapers. The most masterly exposure of the betrayal of labor and the reinstitution of slavery in Russia was made by the American Federation of Labor in a report of its executive council. This historic document got scarcely any publicity in the newspapers. The same newspapers have been victimized by practically every propaganda scheme hatched here for the benefit of Moscow, beginning with Ludwig Martens' efforts and continuing to the present day. The livid hatred of these pseudo-laborites and their intellectual allies for the genuine American labor movement exceeds their ferocity toward "capitalism." The manner in which the syndicalist movement and Bolshevism have been encouraged by some large capitalists and helped by some publishers suggests that they may be using the pinks and reds to destroy legitimate unionism.

The hue and cry, for example, against the railroad workers' groups—American to the core—has been raised by newspapers which have had not one word to say against the needle workers' unions, which in collusion with their employers have skinned the American people out of billions of dollars and clothed our nation in shoddy.

No survey of the propagandizing of the press can be complete without noting the extent to which politicians and office holders, especially Senators and Congressmen, pick up and disseminate radical propaganda. Some of it is foisted upon them. Some of it they use deliberately in their search for votes or the limelight. A whole lot of this stuff "makes" the newspapers because of the official position of the man who utters it, which gives it a quasi news value. Here's an instance:

"For every American soldier who died in battle, the war gave us a new millionaire," quoth or rather shouted, the more or less distinguished United States Senator who represents a large number of abandoned mining camps. Into the Congressional Record it went.

For some reason it did not make the press association wires that day. The boys in the press gallery for some days past had been "fed up" with this kind of stuff and had sent out thousands of words in the same strain. The press association men passed it up as old stuff. Not so the feature services which "interpret the news" by mail. They sent it out and it lost no fat in the retelling and "interpretation." It was good stuff—the people like to be told they are robbed. The yarn about the 23,000 new millionaires appears to have originated with one of the weird statisticians who flourish in Washington. Some of them are able men and know their business, some are pipe dreamers and can concoct Arabian Nights out of the census returns and the Interstate Commerce reports.

The 23,000 new millionaires are now a rock-ribbed article of faith with millions of people, many of whom scoff at the story of George Washington and the cherry tree, but the income tax returns for 1919, the year after the war, failed to disclose them.

Those disappointing tables tell us that there were considerably less than 23,000 individuals in 1919, who received the interest on a million dollars as their annual income. The Senator's 23,000 *new* millionaires are strangers to the Internal Revenue Bureau. Indeed, a study of the income tax reports for the war period seems to reveal that the big incomes decreased both in numbers and amount. The "yellow rich" are not getting richer, and did not get richer during the war. In fact, if their taxes are deducted from their incomes, it appears that they received about half their annual spending money during the war.

Muckrakers at the Helm

BUT nothing will ever get the 23,000 new millionaires made by the war out of the public mind. They are there to stay. They have been the subject of many editorials, soap-box speeches and sermons by advanced ministers.

The editorial personnel of the newspapers is peculiarly receptive to the sort of propaganda which flows to it because so many of the executives and writers got their training in the muckraking era.

Many of the ablest men now in the business were ardent muckrakers a few years ago. This was natural. It appealed to the virile and the adventurous. It was something new then, it had thrills and an element of risk. It enlisted men of generous impulses and sporting instincts. It looked like the dawn of a new era in American democracy, and approached the fervor of a crusade by the time it got to Armageddon in 1912.

The old war horses of the muck rake and the Rooseveltian uplift have not got over their education. They are still suspicious of the tyranny of "big business" and most of them have not yet sensed the full perils of the sort of tyranny that the socialist cult implies. They were generally college men.

They went to school when state socialism was a ruling cult in the universities. In the first years of this century the hard economic truths worked out, when the modern industrial system was getting under way, were in temporary eclipse. The teachings of the Manchester economists were in disrepute because of discrepancies in their system which had become apparent as the capitalist system of production had come to full flower. Even the teachings of the Neo-Darwinians and the results of the study of human heredity by Francis Galton were smothered by a wave of social sentimentalism. The work of Mendel with its crushing proof of the inequality of organisms including men and the supreme importance of the better-endowed individual was then practically unknown.

The German System Myth

SHALLOW optimism ruled in the schools. Teachers of economics were discounting the importance of individual initiative. Teachers of literature were daft about Ruskin, Carlyle and William Morris with their appeal to medievalism, the guild system and primitive village life and communal agriculture. German state socialism was held up as a model to backward Anglo-Saxondom. The public libraries are today stocked with books which told Americans in those days that the German municipality was the highest type of political organism that the human race had achieved.

Men assumed that institutions and laws were all that was wrong with the world. It was a backwash of the unscientific equalitarianism of the eighteenth century utopists and theorists of natural rights, who tried to start history all over again in the French Revolution and failed as signally as their Russian and East Side imitators have failed in our own time.

Malthus had vanished from the minds of men, banished by the marvelous increase in the productive power of industry conjured forth by free individualism and the rewards that nascent capitalism offered to brains. For a time his law seemed to have been repealed. Prices were low, interest rates were going down and the little wars were afar off on the edges of the pretty world. The limitations of human nature and the law of diminishing returns were alike forgotten.

The whole world rushed into a scramble of legisla-

(Concluded on page 10)

Bringing New Light to the Blind

The Mission of a Unique Magazine

By R. P. CRAWFORD

THE strangest magazine in America is printed without ink, carries no advertising, costs the subscribers nothing, and has its postage refunded by the government. No ordinary person can read it, since instead of the customary black letters, there is only a system of little raised dots on the sheets of paper. Every number of the magazine is three times the bulk of an ordinary publication. This remarkable monthly is the *Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind* printed (or should one say punched?) in a factory building in New York.

This is primarily a story of the blind, a story of those people who have lost their sight and are trying to make a measure of success in life. About one person in 1,200 in the United States is blind, and there are perhaps 90,000 blind persons in the country. The soldiers who were blinded in the war form but a very small fraction of the total, and they are provided for by the government. It is of the other blind that I write, many of them living in homes almost too poor to be called homes. What of their future, their livelihood, and their enjoyment of life?

One way they can be helped is by publications, but because of the cost of making books for the blind, there are very few. Another way is through lectures and the handling of objects, such as the American Museum of Natural History offers the blind. A third way—which is open to all—is by giving the blind an opportunity to get out into the open, to attend a concert or anything that will take their minds off themselves.

Years ago Mrs. Ziegler caught an idea of what a unique magazine for the blind would mean. For several years she gave enough money each year to publish it and later arranged an endowment so that it could be published perpetually. Today this is practically the only magazine for the blind in America that is supplied with standard reading matter. There are a few religious and school publications, but they are somewhat limited as to their contents. The cost of such publishing is evident from the fact that the Bible published for the blind costs $50 and an ordinary novel $10 to $15. The *Ziegler Magazine* introduced an innovation in America when it began to print on both sides of the paper, which had not been done before on this side the Atlantic. This effects a tremendous saving in paper.

Many may wonder how those deprived of sight can read a magazine. Sightless persons have a wonderful sense of touch. Walter G. Holmes, the editor of the *Ziegler Magazine*, mentioned a woman who can tell the denominations of paper money by feeling the ink in which the figures are printed. This is the principle of publications for the blind. They are read by touch.

There are little rows of raised dots across the manila paper and each group of dots represents a letter. Formerly, raised letters were used, but it was found that the blind could learn to read by the dot system more readily, and also use the same system themselves in writing to other sightless persons. There are two systems of dot letters in use among the blind of the country, and the *Ziegler Magazine* prints an edition in each system. A little space two dots wide and three deep in the Braille system is sufficient in which to form any letter of the alphabet. Here, for instance, is the word "cat," spelled out in the Revised Braille system of dots:

c a t

The blind can easily read by this system, once they have learned the system of dots, grasping the significance of the raised dots with their finger tips almost as easily as one reads printed letters with the eye.

A publishing house for the blind is really a unique institution. Type, of course, is not used to print the magazine. First, the respective dot letters are cut into large metal plates. A sort of "typesetting" machine is used for this purpose, having only a half dozen or so keys, which by combination form any letter of the blind alphabet. This machine simply punches the tiny dot-like depressions in the metal plate. A blind girl reads the proof of the page. When a plate is finished it is fastened on the cylinder press. The heavy manila paper on which the magazine is printed runs through the press between two sets of such plates, receiving an embossing on each side. To a person who sees the pages of the magazine with the eye, they appear to be afflicted with a sort of typographical smallpox, but the blind person feels only the upraised dots and does not notice the depressions that make the dots on the other side of the sheet. In fact, this plan of printing on both sides of the paper was one of the best things ever introduced in publication work for the blind.

Even as it is, the magazine is heavy enough, with some 56 pages of very heavy manila wrapping paper of about 11 by 14 inches in each issue. It formerly was the theory that blind persons could be expected to be interested only in the future life, since they were supposed to have nothing to live for here, and consequently numerous publications were of a religious nature.

"It reminds me of the time I took my blind brother to visit an old friend of the family," Mr. Holmes explained. "This lady thought she had to say something consoling, and so she exclaimed, 'Oh, James, you ought to be so thankful that you are blind; there are so many wicked things in this world that you cannot see.' And James at once replied, 'Well, Cousin Sarah, there are a lot of them that I would at least like to chance one eye on.' We have tried to get away from the mournful idea and publish a magazine just like any other."

A glimpse at one number of the magazine discloses among other things a "Publisher's Chat," a discussion of current events, an article on the Japanese question, a fiction story, a number of poems, an inspirational article, an editorial by Dr. Frank Crane, a list of recent deaths of blind persons, a liberal amount of humor, and most important of all, a page of "Experience and Suggestions." This is perhaps the most important feature in the magazine, since blind persons themselves write the material, telling how they are making a success of life. This page is to them what the stories of big business are to the average inspirational magazine reader. There are now several hundred blind in this country who learned to make a living through reading on this page what others were doing.



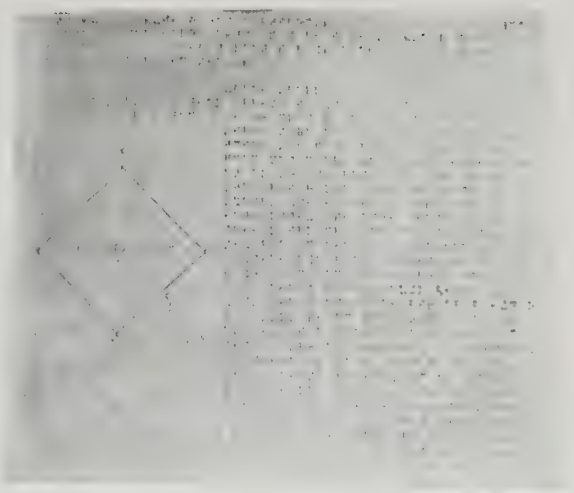


(C) American Museum of Natural History

Above—The American Museum of Natural History has a large supply of models illustrating various phases of the world's life. Here the children are studying methods of transportation. Below—Blind children study the world's geography by means of these globes, which have been specially designed for the purpose by the American Museum of Natural History.

There are, of course, no illustrations, as the average reader knows illustrations, since they can scarcely be reproduced in a raised form that a blind person could comprehend, but there are numerous diagrams and maps. For instance, there have been maps of the new European countries, and diagrams showing how baseball is played. During the war there were diagrams showing how the Big Bertha shelled Paris, diagrams of submarines, airplanes, and the like. These diagrams have to be very carefully executed on the metal plates, the design usually being traced first, before the dots are punched into the plate.

The *Ziegler Magazine* goes to any blind person who asks for it and who can read either the Revised Braille or New York Point system of dot letters, in which the paper is printed. Many copies of the magazine are read and then mailed to blind persons in foreign countries, a special postage rate having been procured for that purpose. The government transports publications for the blind free of charge within the United States.



(C) American Photo Service

A page of Braille from Ziegler Magazine telling how the game of baseball is played. Many blind enjoy baseball, their friends telling them of the hits, home runs, and so on, as they are made.

Blind persons today often write letters to each other in the raised letter system. There are small typewriters provided for this purpose; and there are also little slates, as they are called, by which a blind person may preserve notes or write to other blind persons. These are about the size of a ruler, composed of two strips of metal, and with little spaces cut in the metal. A sheet of paper is slipped in between the two strips of metal. The blind person simply takes a little metal punch and punches out the dot system of letters in the spaces provided. Of course, there are many blind persons who operate ordinary typewriters in splendid fashion, since their touch is so accurate. There are some business concerns who employ sightless persons at this work, using dictaphone for dictation.

The fact is that blind persons want to be treated just like others. It is idleness rather than blindness that is their despair in most cases. Anything that can relieve the great inky blackness of perpetual night is a blessing.

"People often come to me and want to know what they can do to help the blinded soldiers," said Mr. Holmes. "I told one woman a good way to begin would be to hunt up some blind persons, the names of some of whom I would be glad to give her, and take them out for a walk. 'Why, what good would that do them?' the woman asked. Most persons do not realize that with the loss of their sight, the other senses of the blind are marvelously quickened. There is one girl working for us who is both deaf and blind. Her touch is developed to an unusually high degree. I can write in ordinary script with the end of my finger in her hand and she can comprehend it at once. My brother's hearing and perception are so acute that he can detect telephone poles when we are 6 to 10 feet away. Nearly all sightless persons sooner or later are able to detect obstacles in front of them. I have wondered if this came from an echo or a pressure of the atmosphere. I think it is the former, for I have often heard blind persons making a slight whistling sound when walking in unfamiliar places. They were 'sounding' to ascertain if anything was in front of them. I know a girl who is both deaf and blind who does not have this power."

"People seem to think that because a person cannot see he cannot enjoy anything. Let him touch the growing grass and the flowers and his sense of smell, being quickened, he will get a deeper fragrance from the flowers than you do. A blind person may never have seen, but he creates in his own mind his notions of color. My brother told me that red came to him as a shrill whistle and that green was like soft music."

One of the biggest undertakings to aid the blind has recently been engineered by the American Museum of Natural History. There is a regular course of lectures for adults and classes for children. Free car fare is supplied to those who are unable to pay it, and Boy Scouts accompany the blind to and from the museum. Instruction for the blind must of necessity be given mainly in lecture form, with models of various kinds for the blind to handle. The museum recently had made to order 15 globes of the world for use in teaching geography to the blind in the New York schools. These huge globes were made in heavy relief, so that a blind person can easily determine the different mountain ranges and rivers of the world.

Even the animals of the wilderness are studied. Small models are used, so that children may first get a general idea of the main characteristics of the animal and then they are permitted to feel the real stuffed animals in the museum. There are models of canoes, steam cars, sail and steam boats, and airplanes, so that a blind person with a minimum amount of effort may receive a correct idea of the larger objects themselves.

The most effective way by which persons of means can aid the blind, Mr. Holmes thinks, is by supplying money with which to make a set of plates of a book. That costs about $500, and then an unlimited number of copies can be run off. These books are read and then passed on to other blind persons.

Paid for Before First Service

By VEDA GROUP

EVEN if a congregation is neither large nor rich, it can build a commodious and modern church and pay for everything as it goes. The Walnut Street Church of Christ, at Sherman, in North Texas, has proved it. And the building illustrated herewith is the proof.

Costing $40,000, it was completely financed in one year by a congregation of less than 600—a congregation that had thought itself too poor even to provide a needed Sunday school room or two when the matter was first proposed.

Something had to be done about the Sunday school. It was entirely too cramped in the old quarters. Nothing was done, however, just then. But as the weeks sped along dissatisfaction grew with the location, as well as the cramped quarters, for the church occupied had been encroached on by industrial interests until its corner was one of the noisiest in town.

Then came the opportunity to buy a good lot, well located in a quieter section, for $4,000. The lot the congregation had, now commercially more valuable, would bring $6,500. So, disposing of the old church building for about $400, the congregation found itself possessed of a desirable lot and approximately $3,000 as a nucleus for its building fund.



Walnut Street Church of Christ, Sherman, Texas, entirely paid for before the first service was held within its walls.

A committee of seven was appointed to visit various towns and churches and see what sort of edifice it would choose if the congregation *did* have the money to back up its choice. The committee decided on a building that met requirements, and an architect was even employed to draft plans and specifications.

Then, because of economic conditions, the congregation let the matter drop for a time, arranging to meet in one of the public school buildings meanwhile. This arrangement lasted for a year. By that time an edifice of its own was more desired than ever. A subscription list was started. Several members headed it with as much as $3,000 each, and the remainder contributed according to their means. Enough money was in the treasury to start the work. The building was begun.

The structure was just one year in completion, but at each estimate furnished by those in charge, money was in the bank sufficient to meet it, and a little to spare.

Short-time subscriptions were called for, all pledges being on the basis of one year. The exact method adopted was akin to that of the Liberty bond campaigns, for a committee met and checked off the congregation into groups—those few who could pay $1,000 or more if necessity required; those who could pay $500 if necessary; those who could pay $100 within a year's time; those who might be looked to for less sums. But small sums total well in the aggregate, and this survey indicated a "capacity to pay" commensurate with the needed fund.

But the ultimate assessment was left entirely to the determination of the individual approached. Each shared, too, in planning as well as paying. The entire church membership was taken into all deliberations and had a voice in saying what should be done and how—and then in footing the bill for it; a bill of their own making.

And that new church building had become intensely desired. The proposed edifice as a finished whole was now constantly in their mind's eye. A man is rather apt to find that he can afford the things he wants very strongly; and this church that at first approach thought it could not even add Sunday school rooms in such hard times, determined that somehow it was going to afford even an entire new modern building.

Well begun was half done. The old lot advantageously exchanged for another and the old building disposed of, gave a nucleus for the new fund, and those with some ready money paid promptly on their assessments that the work might begin.

"We haven't any money right now," was the plea of others. "That's all right," responded the committee; "just tell us when you *will* have it and we'll be around." Usually an approximate date for payment could be promptly given.

A strict pay-as-you-go policy was adopted. When enough money was in hand to start operations, operations were begun. When one stage of the work was completed another call for funds was made. Collectors were courteously diligent in looking after contributions, and with the building steadily progressing before the eyes of the congregation the funds were forthcoming. There is an inspiration in growing things that stirs even the roots of the dollar. And when the last stone was laid, the last stroke given, and the doors were opened to the members of the congregation, they entered with not one cent of church debt overshadowing them. In fact, the final furnishings left $200 or $300 yet in the treasury.

It was with pardonable pride that the senior elder of the church, a man well past the allotted three score and ten, broke ground for this new structure. It was with pardonable pride that the edifice was dedicated, with money at that hour in the bank to fully complete its construction. And it was with most pardonable pride that the jubilant congregation filed into the pews for the first sermon in the new church, knowing that, small as they were in numbers, lacking as they had felt themselves to be in funds, they had adequately financed the project, with not one cent owing.

It was for more Sunday school room that the project was first begun. And in this neat brick building of two stories and basement, with main auditodium seating 800, steam-heated, provided with electric lights and fans, and furnished with convenient rest room, 14 Sunday school rooms are provided. This affords ample accommodations at present for more than 400 pupils. But with an increasing membership, an adult Bible class, numbering 100, and a church enrollment now 700 instead of 500, just how long the building will continue to be adequate is a question.

But all that was considered in the original plans—and when the question of addition comes up, doubtless the money will again be forthcoming.

Things in the Making

PERFUMERY

THIS is not a poetical age. The days of romance and verse have been supplanted by years of practical production along most unromantic lines.

And yet, perhaps, there is no occupation which is so poetical in its surroundings as that of the perfumer. Groves of oranges and lemons give him of their buds; acres of flowers bloom for him; fields of violets, roses, verbenas, lilies, the jasmine, tuberose, hyacinth, jonquil await his call.

These flowers are gathered, each in its season, always at nightfall, or at early dawn, while the dew is still on them.

They are brought in large hampers, and piled handful by handful on a frame, over which has previously been stretched a cloth which has been moistened with odorless olive or almond oil.

When this frame is filled with the flowers, heaped on it, another is fitted over it, and that in turn is heaped with the fragrant blossoms. This fitting and heaping is continued until frame after frame is used, and a ponderous pile is prepared.

This is left for two days, and then fresh flowers are used to replace the first. This process is repeated every two days for a fortnight.

At the end of this time, the last flowers are removed, the cloths taken from the frames, and the oil with which they were moistened is wrung from them under great pressure.

This is found to be heavily and deliciously charged with the aroma of the flowers used.

This oil forms the base of all perfumery, and is used in greater or less degree, as a certain strength is desired.

To make the finest extracts, the oil is used with double its weight of pure rectified spirit, in a vessel known among cooks as a digester. This digester is a porcelain or block tin kettle that fits inside another kettle, the outer one being filled with boiling water.

In this vessel the contents digest for three or four days, being frequently severely shaken. Then, having been set to cool, the spirit is decanted into another vessel holding the same quantity of the perfumed oil, and the process is repeated.

After a third repetition of the process, the spirit has taken up enough of the perfume, and it is then carefully decanted from the oil, for the last time, through a tube, one end of which has been filled with cotton wool.

The product thus obtained is pronounced to be the choicest extract known, usually called "triple-extract," possessing an exquisite delicacy that belongs to no other preparation.

The extract is now bottled, labeled and packed, and is ready to be shipped.

How Propagandists Impose on the American People

Concluded from page 8

tion and bureaucratic regimentation was to make over the race and inaugurate the Kingdom of Heaven right away.

Twenty years before, Herbert Spencer had predicted that orgy of state mania, but his was a voice crying in the wilderness while mankind was disporting in the rose gardens of Utopia.

We are paying rather dearly today for those cheerful hallucinations. It is not only the war that has produced our morning after. The state socialism that accompanied and followed it must be charged with no small part of the price of the jag. One reason why politicians bribed some men to work while they forced others to fight was the worship of the state fetish, which made their course seem the natural thing to do. Nowhere are we paying more dearly for the miseducation of those easy, credulous times than in our news output. The aftermath of the state socialist wave can be traced every day in news and editorials.

The younger men in the newspaper game—the cubs today who will be the editors and staff correspondents tomorrow—are not so much better off. The schools are still shot through and through with the virus of state socialism. The percentage of radicals, or the milkier type who pirate the grand old name of "liberal," in the staffs of the high and elementary schools is still very high. The apparently obvious and rule-of-thumb propositions of the socialist cult are peculiarly adapted to the pedagogue mind, which deals with abstractions and exactitudes rather than with life and the elusive factors of human nature and psychology.

The principal circulation of the parlor "pink" periodicals, outside the metropolitan centers, is among school teachers. This can be verified at any news stand, which sells those high-brow weeklies which are always so cocksure about the future, apparently because they have been mistaken about everything they predicted in the past.

To picture adequately the influences playing upon the daily news product it is necessary to take a brief glance at the more active propagandist elements.

Every city has its "little group of serious thinkers," to appropriate Don Marquis' inimitable characterization.

These include many newspaper men and women—not the more active type of workers it is true—but the hangers-on, the critics, the department editors—the high-brow esthetic fringe.

The "little groups" and their allies exercise pressure in divers ways. Their zeal for the cause is reinforced by an intense hunger for personal publicity.

Sometimes this pressure comes through the churches, despite the usual supercilious attitude of the "intelligentsia" toward those institutions. A great many ministers, and still more of the denominational officials and attachés of the mission boards seem to have interpreted their Christianity into a new cult with little left in it but nebulous ideals of "social service."

The tender regard manifested by some of these advanced clergymen and social workers for individuals of the Haywood and Mooney type, their continual attacks on "mammon"—meaning the hard-worked business executive who usually has to pay for the clerical socialist jazz parties—and their solicitude about the conscientious objectors and the "political prisoners" reveal pretty clearly their intimate kinship with the rest of the communist clan.

Nevertheless they do not scruple to employ the prestige of their clerical positions to secure publicity for their various "surveys" and reports on industrial conditions and strikes. Many of these "surveys" have been compiled in part by men who are to all intents and purposes opposed to every institution that the mass of church members cherish, but they are trumpeted forth as the judgment of the Christian community.

One of these reports prepared on a traction strike in a western city was so inaccurate that it was withdrawn after a part of the preliminary proofs had been printed by the newspapers. Its inaccuracy was admitted to a critical editor by the clerical sponsor of this "survey." No public admission was ever made by him, however.

The pressure of the clerical socialists is only one of many methods employed by the "little groups" and the other cohorts of "sweetness and light" to influence the newspaper worker. More often the social lure is used, and observers in Washington have asserted that instances are not unknown when the sex lure has been employed.

There is always a piquant and attractive attempt to create an atmosphere of Bohemia among the "little groupers." In Washington there are several of these little circles of the elect. A new correspondent arriving in the capital is very likely to be sought out. Unless he is unusually "hard boiled" or parochial he is very likely to fall in line eagerly and gracefully and begin sending the proper stuff back to the home-town papers.

The Commandments of the Bible on Interest

Jesus' Order That None Be Charged Ruled for 1,000 Years, But Command Is Suppressed in English Translation of Bible

By DU BOIS H. LOUX, D. D.

IT IS a matter of history, now kept in the background and never mentioned, that a single commandment from the lips of Jesus Christ ruled Christendom for more than one thousand years.

Some time before the English translation of the Bible, now in general use, was accomplished, a discreet silence began to be practiced with regard to this commandment.

The commanding word of Christ thus suppressed through the medium of the English tongue stands in three syllables in the Greek original of the New Testament—*daneizo*. It is the word translated "lend."

On coming to this word, you look it up in the *Greek and English Lexicon* of the New Testament prepared by Professor Edward Robinson, D. D., LL. D., of Union Theological Seminary, New York, a publication by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The lexicon tells you: *"dancizo,* future *eiso* (daneion) to lend money, *to loan,* in New Testament, *without interest."*

Jesus Christ gripped the conscience of Christendom with this word for more than a thousand years.

It is in the sixth chapter of Luke at the 35th verse, that his injunction stands: *"Lend without interest, never despairing."*

Paraphrased, as the word "despairing" requires, this commandment reads:

"Lend without interest, never taking away the hope of the world, and never doubting that God will reward your obedience."

"Hope of World" Statement Muddled

THIS paraphrase is due to Jesus' imperative, as it is expressed in the Greek, "never taking away hope."

The King James "authorized" version of the Bible, which we now use, for the most part, in our churches, completely muddles the Old Testament statement of *the hope of the world.* You will not find the Bible that we use in the churches giving *the hope of the world* with the simple grandeur of the thought with which it is clothed in the original. The American version preserves this grandeur:

"HOWBEIT, THERE SHALL BE NO POOR WITH THEE . . . . IF ONLY THOU DILIGENTLY HEARKEN UNTO THE VOICE OF JEHOVAH THY GOD, TO OBSERVE TO DO ALL THIS COMMANDMENT WHICH I COMMAND THEE THIS DAY." (Det. 15:4-6.)

Jesus, conscious that He spoke for all time for the claim of this hope upon the world, put Himself squarely on record as having come with the commission to enforce this hope:

"Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets; I came not to destroy but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all things be accomplished. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Mt. 5:17-20.)

In other words, Jesus authoritatively forbade interest, and forbade other injurious practices, on the ground that he was introducing no innovation, but was standing firmly on the commandments of the Old Testament, which expressed in His clear judgment, God's faithfulness to His creation.

It should be observed that Jesus took His stand against interest from the first. In this particular He is in contrast with Nehemiah, who, as governor of the Jews after the Exile, took the stand only after he had proof that the most well-meaning people could not prevent poverty in a society that exacts interest.

Nehemiah's Outcry Against Interest

NEHEMIAH'S story of his conversion as a leader of the people to God's commandments against interest, is even thrilling, if we keep in mind the thought of Christ's clear record from the outset of the "glad tidings" (i. e. *gospel*) which he proclaimed for the world. Nehemiah writes:

"There arose a great cry of the people and of their wives against their brethren the Jews . . . . We are mortgaging our fields, and our vineyards, and our houses. . . . We have borrowed money for the king's tribute, upon our fields and our vineyards. Yet now our flesh is as the flesh of our brethren, our children as their children: and lo, we bring into bondage our sons and our daughters to be servants, and some of our daughters are brought into bondage already; neither is it in our power to help it; for other men have our fields and our vineyards.

"And I was very angry, when I heard these words. Then I consulted with myself, and contended with the nobles and the rulers, and said unto them, *Ye exact interest* (original text), every man of his brother. And I held a great assemblage against them. And I said unto them, We after our ability have redeemed our brethren the Jews that were sold unto the nations; and ye would even sell your brethren, and should they be sold unto us? Then they held their peace, and found never a word. Also I said, The thing that ye do is not good *ought ye not to walk in the fear of our God,* because of the reproach of the nations our enemies? And I likewise, my brethren and my servants, *do exact of them money interest and interest of corn* (original text). *I pray you, let us leave off this interest.* Restore, I pray you to them, even this day, their fields, their vineyards, their oliveyards, and their houses, also the hundredth part of their money, and of the grain, the new wine, and the oil, that ye exact of them. Then said they, We will restore them, and will require nothing of them; so will we do, even as thou sayest. Then I called the priests, and took an oath of them, that they would do according to this promise. Also I shook out my lap, and said, So God shake out every man from his house, and from his labor, that performeth not this promise; even be he shaken out, and emptied. And all the assembly said, Amen, *and praised Jehovah.* And the people did according to this promise." (Neh. 5:1 ff.)

The Hebrew words for interest, as they are found in the Bible, are very illuminative. They convey to us the word-picture of the fact that interest is an *"exaction,"* a *"bite."*

I must repeat that this vivid portrayal by Nehemiah of the fact that interest makes for poverty, was within the clear grasp of Jesus from the beginning. His interdiction of interest, as paraphrased, *Lend without interest, never taking away the hope of the world, and never doubting that God will reward your obedience,* blazed its way through Christendom, until the "authorized version" of the Bible began to cloud the issue.

Just now it is our part to hold our breath, while we give audience to the word of God against interest, which, to preserve Jesus' figure of speech, has been systematically "hid in a napkin" from our intelligence. You will find that the American Revised Version, unless otherwise noted, faithfully records the exact words of the original text.

"Thou hast taken interest and increase, and thou hast greedily gained of thy neighbors by oppression, and hast forgotten me, saith the Lord Jehovah. Behold, therefore, I have smitten my hand at thy dishonest gain which thou hast made." (Ezek. 22:12 ff.)

"If a man be just, and do that which is lawful and right . . . . and hath not wronged any . . . . he that hath not given forth upon interest, neither hath taken any increase, that hath withdrawn his hand from iniquity, hath executed true justice between man and man, hath walked in my statutes, and hath kept mine ordinances, to deal truly; he is just, he shall surely live, saith the Lord Jehovah.

"If he beget a son that is a robber . . . .and that doeth any one of these things . . . .hath wronged the poor and needy. . . .hath given forth upon interest, and hath taken increase; shall he then live? He shall not live; he hath done all these abominations; he shall surely die; his blood shall be upon him.

An Old Testament Warning

"NOW, lo, if he beget a son . . . . that hath withdrawn his hand from the poor, that hath not received interest nor increase, hath executed mine ordinances, hath walked in my statutes; he shall not die for the iniquity of his father, he shall surely live.

"Yet saith the house of Israel, The way of the Lord is not equal. O house of Israel, are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal? Therefore I will judge you, O house of Israel, every one according to his ways, saith the Lord Jehovah. Return ye, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin. Cast away from you all your transgressions, wherein ye have transgressed; and make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die, O house of Israel? For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord Jehovah; wherefore turn yourselves and live." (Ezek. 18:5-32).

The word to Ezekiel himself concerning this message, that it be surely delivered, is not unimportant:

"Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at my mouth, and give them warning from me," is the prelude to the most signal warning in the Old Testament. The Bible closes with a similar warning. (Ezek. 3:17-21; Revelation 22:13-19.)

You will find that interest is invariably associated with "abominations," and with intimations that it is in no small part responsible for the sins and injustices of life.

The fifteenth psalm is an antiphonal exercise that comes to a climax in its note condemning interest:

> "Jehovah, who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle?
> Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
> He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness,
> And speaketh truth in his heart;
> He that slandereth not with his tongue,
> Nor doeth evil to his friend,
> Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor;
> In whose eyes a reprobate is despised.
> . . . . . .
> *He that putteth not out his money to interest,*
> Nor taketh reward against the innocent."

In another psalm, the sense is given by implication, that the interest exactor is a "son of wickedness."

> "I have laid help upon one that is mighty;
> I have exalted one chosen out of the people.
> . . . . . .
> The enemy shall not exact interest from him (original text),
> Nor the son of wickedness afflict him." (89:19-22.)

This is a prophecy, it has been thought, of the one who is destined to arise to do mighty service for relieving the world of the curse of interest.

There is a graphic picture of the opposite situation in the story of Elisha, the prophet: "Now there cried a certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets unto Elisha, saying, the interest exactor (original text, the word meaning the man who takes the interest *bite*) is come to take unto him my two children to be bondmen." (2 Kings 4:1-2)

The irony of God, if we may use the expression, is poured forth over the situation, when Israel, the transgressor of the law against interest, is pictured as having fallen into the hands of God's "interest exactors": "Thus, saith Jehovah, Where is the bill of your mother's divorcement, wherewith I have put her away? or which of my *interest exactors* is it to whom I have sold you? Behold, for your iniquities were ye sold, and for your transgressions was your mother put away." (Isa. 50:1-2.)

Interest as a Desolation Breeder

IN ANOTHER place, Isaiah brings in the interest-taker as central to the picture of desolation that is to befall Israel: "Behold, Jehovah maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. And it shall be, as with the people, so with the priest; as with the servant, so with the master; as with the maid, so with her mistress; as with the buyer, so with the seller; as with the *interest-exactor,* so with the debtors, as with the *taker of interest,* so with the *giver of interest* to him. The earth shall be utterly emptied, and utterly laid waste; for Jehovah hath spoken this word. The earth mourneth and fadeth away, the lofty people of the earth do languish. The earth also is polluted under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, violated the statutes, broken the everlasting covenant." (Isa. 24:1-5.)

Solomon's word was being fulfilled as concerned the presumptuous nation, "He that augmenteth his substance by *interest* and increase, gathereth it for him that hath pity on the poor." (Pro. 28:8-10.)

The law against interest reads: "If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor, thou shalt not be to him as an interest-exactor; neither shall ye lay upon him interest." (Ex. 23:25.)

It remains for us to see how Moses weaved the interest commandment into the basic law from which all commandments radiate. With a single inspired stroke, he is shown in the process of communicating, at once the basic law, and the very practical suggestions as to how to start a movement in an interest-cursed world to realize the ideal for society that is expressed in the basic law. Again elevating the fundamental law with capitals, the law and the suggested remedy stand in brilliant relief against the world custom:

It Was Against the Law

"AT THE end of every seven years thou shalt make a release. And this is the manner of the release: every interest-taker shall release that which he hath lent unto his neighbor: he shall not exact it of his neighbor and his brother; because Jehovah's release hath been proclaimed. Of a foreigner thou mayest exact it: but whatsoever of thine is with thy brother thy hand shall release. *Howbeit, there shall be no poor with thee (for Jehovah will surely bless thee in the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee for an inheritance to possess it), if only thou diligently hearken unto the voice of Jehovah thy God, to observe to do all this commandment which I command thee this day."* (Det. 15:1-6.)

You have detected a new note in the statement of the interest law. This note is sounded once more in Deuteronomy (23:19-20): "Thou shalt not lend upon interest to thy brother; interest of money, interest of victuals, interest of anything that is lent upon interest. Unto a foreigner thou mayest lend upon interest; but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon interest, that Jehovah thy God may bless thee in all that thou puttest thy hand unto, in the land whither thou goest in to possess it."

There is no surrender of principle in the new note. The note is addressed to Israel as a nation. It is penal in character. The nation may do, for the protection of its people, what it is not lawful and neighborly for the people to do among themselves. The punishing hand of interest, when visited by a nation of the consummate business genius of the Jews on the people of any other nation in their entirety, would act to bring that nation to its senses. Foreign peoples would gather from the prosperity of Israel that it was due to what Nehemiah called "the leaving off" of interest. A nation with no poor within its borders would constitute a standing proclamation of the wisdom and the goodness of the Almighty.

A Historian of the West

William E. Connelley Writes True to Life

By FRANK M. CHASE



WILLIAM ELSEY CONNELLEY

THE West of America has a history as well as the East. Possibly there is not so much of it, and perhaps it doesn't figure quite so largely in the textbooks as it should, but it is no less romantic. And it is being written. One of the recorders of it is William Elsey Connelley, whose work in this field constitutes a valuable addition to historical literature.

Since boyhood he has assiduously gathered the lore of the early western life, preserving it and putting much of it into readable form. Throughout his writings, too, is an admirable lifelikeness. Real flesh-and-blood people are presented to the reader, instead of mere names. To read his books, or to talk with him about the remote days of which he writes, is to glimpse a succession of heroic figures stepping out of the past, and to learn of colorful incidents in the building of our nation that afford the ideas for a thousand tales; for, running deep in Mr. Connelley's make-up, is the spirit of the romanticist, with an eye ever alert to the picturesque in man's achievement. With the life of the pioneers his pen also deals sympathetically, due in no small part to his own rugged personality developed by a life not without its trials.

Mr. Connelley was born in a log cabin in Johnson County, Kentucky, March 15, 1855, and was the oldest of five children. When he was but seven years old, his mother died. This, of course, was in the second year of the Civil War, in which his father was serving with the Union Army. The family was poor and the children, with neither parent to look out for them, were left to the care of neighbors and relatives in a district that came often to feel the physical effects of its proximity to battle. More than once was the young William beaten by passing guerrillas, while the general disruption and poverty of the community made it anything but favorable to the welfare of childhood.

His Early Thirst for Knowledge

WOUNDED, the father came back to his children incapacitated for the labor of his farm, and turned to the making of shoes. To help out with the family expenses, William also learned the shoemaker's trade in his father's shop. This, like the other shops of its kind and time, was a gathering place for men, many of them being ex-soldiers, and here the impressionable boy heard much discussion of the affairs of state and nation. From this daily contact with maturer minds he came early to appreciate the value of knowledge, and the taste of it he was receiving whetted his desire for more.

But with filling a breadwinner's place, and with the meager school facilities at hand, there was little opportunity to acquire a formal education; altogether he never attended school more than one year. His zeal to learn, however, did not abate, and he so read and studied by himself that, beginning in 1872, or when only 17 years old, he taught school in Johnson County, continuing to teach eight years. That the obstacles in his path did not prevent him from obtaining an education is evidenced by the fact that in 1911, in recognition of his services as a historian, Baker University granted him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

In 1881 he went to Kansas, this move having resulted from several early influences. His mother was a fervent believer in the cause of the North, even impelling her husband to support Lincoln for the presidency against his own inclinations and sympathies; and, though she died while William was still a child, her cloudless vision of right left its impress on the young mind. Doubtless the conversations which the boy, working at the last in his father's shop, heard about the strategic rôle of Kansas in bringing the slavery question to a head also had their effect. Coupled with these subtle influences was his own imaginative nature, which urged him to seek opportunity in a region thus tinged with adventure.

On his arrival at a small town in the eastern part of the state the rainy night of April 22, 1881, he had 60 cents. The bulk of this he spent for lodging for himself and his brother, who accompanied him. In the morning the two young men set out breakfastless to make their way in a strange land. With their few remaining pennies they bought a loaf of bread and a piece of bologna at the village grocery.

At Kansas City, on the payment of the required fee, they had been directed to a farmer living near the town where they left the train, who was said to be in need of help. Despite the mud and rain, the Connelleys set out afoot for this place, though on arriving there they were informed that he could use no more men. The proprietor, however, referred them to some of his neighbors, and before nightfall the two young adventurers were working on farms not far apart.

In the autumn, William took charge of a rural school at a salary of $45 a month, teaching for one year. Meanwhile he became acquainted with the county clerk who, ambitious to be re-elected, desired Connelley to look out for his interests at the county convention. Connelley accepted the task, doing it so well that his friend was again nominated and later re-elected. He was then taken into the county clerk's office as the deputy clerk, serving in this capacity two years. He himself was then elected county clerk, and served two terms. The wholesale lumber business at Springfield, Missouri, next received his attention for several years, after which he was connected with the banking interests of Kansas City, Kansas.

In August, 1903, he entered the business of oil production at Chanute, Kansas. Here he figured in a part of the nation's record which numbers of others have set down, for it was while engaged in this work, and largely due to his efforts, that the crusade against the Standard Oil Company for alleged unfair practices began and which resulted in the dissolution of that corporation by the United States Supreme Court.

Always a passion with him, the study of history held a new interest for Connelley on his arrival in Kansas, especially as he realized that much of the early record of the state would be lost unless immediate attention was given to preserving it. Accordingly he at once set about collecting material concerning it, a task from which he has never relaxed so long as a trail to reliable information was known to him.

He Hunted Long for Wyandot Lore

NOW, the Indians having most to do with the primitive history of this region were the remarkable Wyandot tribe. They were the originators of the Northwestern Confederacy, which came into existence in 1750, and which fought stubbornly for years to make the Ohio River a boundary between the United States and Canada. They also were the leaders and preservers of this league, the council fire of the Confederacy always burning in their chief village. In 1843 the Wyandots came westward from Upper Sandusky, Ohio, settling in the fork of the Missouri and Kansas rivers, at the point where Kansas City, Kansas, now stands. With them they brought a constitutional form of civil government, which they put in operation soon after their arrival, this being the first government under a constitution in what later became the state of Kansas. As a tribe these forward-looking Wyandots also favored the organization of the Nebraska (then known as Kansas) Territory; taking, indeed, by the establishment of a provisional government in 1853, the first effective step to this end.

To Connelley the story of this self-government by Indians had an irresistible appeal, and on learning of it he began to collect the original documents having to do with it. Many of these he obtained during his residence at Kansas City, Kansas, where he had the confidence of numerous prominent Wyandot families which, desirous of having the papers preserved, greatly aided him in the work. Family by family and person by person he sought information on the subject, going also to Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), where the bulk of the remaining Wyandots were then living, in his search. Several of the most desired documents turned up after a hunt of 15 years in both Wyandotte County and Indian Territory, while others, the quest revealed, had been destroyed. Finally, however, further search seeming of no avail, the Nebraska State Historical Society in 1899 published his first book, "The Provisional Government of Nebraska Territory." In it, besides the author's historical review, are all the early documents of value that he could obtain, including the charming journals of William Walker, the provisional governor, who, as Connelley wrote, was "a Wyandot Indian, a gentleman of education, refinement, and great strength of character."

Indians Make Him a Chief

CONNELLEY himself is an adopted Wyandot, raised up to fill the position of the famous chief known to history as the Half King. Half King was chief of the Wyandots during the Revolutionary War, and one of the founders of the Northwestern Confederacy. He was a member of the Deer Clan, and was the Sahr-stahr-rah-tseh of the tribe. His Indian name was Tooh-dah-reh-zhooh, meaning the greatest deer, or the Deer That Leads the Herd. He died in Detroit in July, 1788.

Mr. Connelley also bears the Wyandot name of Deh-hehn-yahn-teh, The Rainbow, and frequently has transacted business for this people. In the course of these duties, as well as while gathering the documents referred to previously, he became much interested in the Wyandot language, history, manners, customs and religious beliefs. This led him to write an account of the clan system and other features of tribal society, and his publishing of "Wyandot Folk Lore" in 1899.

"Twenty years ago, seeing that no collection of the folk lore of this interesting people had ever been attempted," he says in this volume, "I began to gather and record such of it as I could find. Most of it had then been lost by the tribe. This will not seem strange when it is known that Wyandots were even at that time of more than one-half white blood. There is not so much as a half blood Wyandot now living. The last full blood Wyandot died in Canada about 1820. I began the work at a most fortunate time. There were then living many very old Wyandots who remembered much of their tribal history and folk lore. These are now dead, with but a single exception. The generation now living could furnish no folk lore of value. Few of them speak their language. Not half a dozen can speak the pure Wyandot. Their reservation near Seneca, Missouri, is not different from the well-tilled portions of our country. They are good farmers, and have schools and churches. Stih-yeh-stah, or Captain Bull-Head, was the last pagan Wyandot; he died in Wyandotte County, Kansas, about the year 1860."

North America "The Great Island"

CONCERNING the legends of the Wyandots, he says: "The Wyandots had a beautiful mythology. The creation of the world and everything in it was accounted for in their myths. The Great Island, as North America was called by them, was supposed to be borne up by a great turtle. The island was peopled by the Twins born of the Woman who fell down from Heaven. These twins were gods; they went to war, and one slew the other. The Singing Maidens, Why the Autumnal Forests Are Many-Colored, and other myths of the Wyandots are very fine specimens of pagan poetry."

Mr. Connelley has a very extensive vocabulary of the Wyandot language, the only one to be prepared, and a collection of the songs which missionaries and others rendered into this tongue. His translation of the Lord's Prayer into Wyandot also is the only one known to exist. This was the work of years, as the original contained so many ideas alien to the ancient Wyandot mind that much patient study and research were required to find adequate expression of them in the Wyandot language.

The pivotal position of Kansas with reference to the slavery question has made the history of the state especially interesting from a national, as well as a local, point of view. Also, out of the division over this question and the events incident to this and the formation of the state, arose a number of striking figures. Among them were John Brown, of Osawatomie and Harper's Ferry note; James Henry Lane, the "grim chieftain of Kansas"; Preston B. Plumb, an illustrious United States Senator; and John J. Ingalls, the famous orator and author of the poem "Opportunity." Realizing the place of these men in national, as well as in Kansas history, Connelley has written the lives of each of them. He is also the author of "Kansas Territorial Governors," "Doniphan's Expedition," and "Quantril and the Border Wars."

Realizing a Boyhood Ambition

TO OBTAIN the material for these works, while getting much of it from original sources, Mr. Connelley naturally made much use of the facilities of the Kansas State Historical Society, of which he is a very active member. Meanwhile his abilities and services as a historian became so recognized that in 1914 he was chosen secretary of the society. In this position, which he still occupies, he has found time to continue his writing. In 1917 he published a five-volume "History of Kansas." A few years earlier he published "Eastern Kentucky Papers," dealing with his native region. He is now engaged in writing a history of Kentucky. To write this history has been his ambition since boyhood, having collected material for it during more than 40 years.

William Connelley is a man of strong personality and great determination to accomplish whatever he sets out to do. Though always cherishing an ambition to write history, to do so has meant a struggle for him; for this is a work that means long labors before there is even a meager return, and meanwhile a living had to be made at other occupations. Connelley, however, has managed to keep himself free from dictation and has written history impartially.

Through his work, he has made friends with many men of note, among them the statesmen and literary leaders of Kansas and other states. While engaged in some special investigational work in the office of the Indian Commissioner at Washington, during the Roosevelt Administration, he became acquainted with the President, whom he visited many times. Roosevelt expressed great interest in the people of Eastern Kentucky, about whom Connelley knows a great deal, and often remained up late at night to hear about them.

By the Connelley method of handling it, history is made human; becoming something not abstract and difficult, to be taken as a mental gymnastic, but a romantic record of life. He is deeply conscious, nevertheless, of the great purpose of history.

The Texas Rangers—a Picturesque Body of Fighters

Their History Replete With Daring Deeds

By ROBERT H. MOULTON



A Texas Ranger, showing equipment carried when on active duty.

CANADA has its Royal Northwest Mounted Police, whose fame is secure in English-speaking countries and most of the other civilized lands where stories of grit and daring and coolness in the face of great dangers are appreciated. There is another body of picturesque men, whose organization is older and whose history teems with brilliant exploits and daring achievements in the discharge of their duties, but whose fame is not so well known.

The organization referred to is the Texas Rangers. The exact date of the origin of the rangers is lost in the obscurity of early Texas history, but it was at least as early as 1835. When Texas revolted from Mexico, in 1835, a general council met, and, as a part of its work, authorized the first ranger force. This organization was to consist of three companies of 25 men each, one to range east of the Trinity River, one between the Trinity and Brazos rivers, and the third between the Brazos and the Colorado. The men were to serve solely as protection against the Indians, the remuneration being $1.25 a day. These early rangers were semi-military in character, varied in formation, ununiformed, and irregular in operations. They were, in a sense, indigenous to Texas, having sprung from the soil on which their kinsmen shed their blood, and they soon became the frontier fighting force par excellence of the world. They were the forerunners of such organizations as the Northwest Mounted Police, of Canada; the Cape, of South Africa, and the Pennsylvania State, though unlike any of them. They were the Anglo-American solution of the problem of the frontier. The true character of the rangers becomes clear only in the light of that knowledge which comes from an acquaintanceship with the nature and disposition of their foes, the Mexicans on the one hand and the Indians on the other.

From long experience with the Mexicans, the Texans had come to distrust every word and deed of the race. They doubted their honor, feared their mercy, and despised their valor—lessons dearly learned at the Alamo, Golidada and San Jacinto. From the Indians, whose position extended along the edge of the great prairie from the Rio Grande to the Red River, a distance of 500 miles, they also took hard lessons. The Comanche warrior was a terrible foe, courageous, cunning and cruel, an adept in all the practices and subterfuges of partisan warfare, and to meet him the ranger had to adopt his tactics. For example, the Comanches always came suddenly, mounted on the fleet prairie mustangs, which they managed with consummate skill, and which bore them away with the speed of the wind. Again, the Comanches never permitted themselves to be made captive, and to become their prisoner meant torture and death. Here were the ready-made rules by which the rangers had to fight. They were of necessity superb horsemen, using their legs mostly for mounting and sticking on. They were sure marksmen, showing great preference for the revolving six-shooter. They were versed in woodcraft and possessed an uncanny sense of direction, and they knew the lore of the forest as well as that of the plain. Colonel John S. Ford, himself a ranger, soldier and newspaper man, summed up their qualities in these words: "The Texas Ranger can ride like a Mexican, trail like an Indian, shoot like a Tennessean, and fight like a very devil."

Above all, these frontiersmen were the embodiment of individualism. It was their outstanding trait, their chief characteristic. They were self-reliant and resourceful, frequently extricating themselves from difficulties, not by fighting but by quick thinking. Only one thing in warfare they had forgotten in their long struggle with a dual foe, and that was to surrender. They gave quarter—sometimes—but never asked and never expected it. Their leaders were natural leaders, men who possessed in a high degree the qualities they admired in others and found essential to themselves. The ranks were filled with those courageous ones who loved action and adventure better than ease and gain.

In 1845, Texas joined the Union. The Mexican War followed immediately, during which the rangers performed such valiant service as scouts and guerrilla fighters with the armies of Taylor and Scott that they were heralded as heroes throughout the nation. In 1874 the rangers were reorganized, six companies of 75 men each. But an important change was made in their status and duties. They were to protect the frontier and fight Indians as before, but, in addition, they were given the power of peace officers. On the northern border they fought Lone Wolf, Little Bull and other Comanche warriors; on the southwest they guarded the Texas side of the Rio Grande against Cortina and his band of cattle thieves; in the interior they drove the road agents under cover.

A name which for many years struck terror into the heart of border criminals was that of Captain Lee Hall. Captain Hall was at the head of a company of rangers which covered a territory as large as two or three ordinary states. They were a flying squadron that rode fearlessly into any kind of trouble where duty called them, and their battles with the Indians, the lawless white men and Mexicans were so numerous they were in almost constant active service for three or four years. So much was Captain Hall feared by those who had reason to dread the ranger service that numerous attempts were made to assassinate him.

In 1892, when the late General Shafter, then a colonel, was in command of Fort Bliss, near El Paso, Captain Hall and his command were camped near the fort. For several months a band of Mexican cattle and horse thieves had been raiding across the border, stealing horses and cattle and keeping the ranches in a state of terror. The band numbered 37 of the most desperate and bloodthirsty outlaws in the great Mexican state of Chihuahua, and Captain Hall was assigned to put an end to their depredations. He went about locating the outlaws in a way peculiarly his own. He won the confidence of one of the outlaws, and through him learned that the outlaws had a camp in the Chihuahua mountains, about 40 miles due south of El Paso. The camp was a natural fortification, and it teemed with stolen horses and cattle taken from the American side of the border.

Colonel Shafter and Captain Hall were great cronies. Hall went to headquarters at Fort Bliss and told Shafter he knew where the Mexican outlaws had their camp and that he "had a mind to go and get 'em."

"Don't do that, Lee, it would be a violation of international law; get them some other way, but on this side of the river," Colonel Shafter told the ranger captain.

Hall gave the soldier to understand that he would see that the international aspect of the affair was kept in mind, and about an hour before sunset left Fort Bliss and joined his own command not far from Ysleta, a little town about 12 miles east of El Paso.

"Saddle up, boys—we are going to take a ride tonight," Hall said to his men. That night 50 rangers crossed the Rio Grande. They rode as rangers can ride and followed the trail through an unknown country with the skill of a plains Indian. At 4 o'clock the next morning they were outside the stronghold of the outlaws. Hall placed his men in a cordon around the camp, and at daybreak the battle began. It lasted an hour, and when it ended every outlaw was dead.

Hall rounded up the stolen cattle and horses, and at 6 o'clock the rangers started back for Ysleta. In those days the American army officers used to hunt in Mexico, but never in uniform. About five miles from the American border Hall and his rangers met Shafter and a number of his officers. They were hunting wild game.

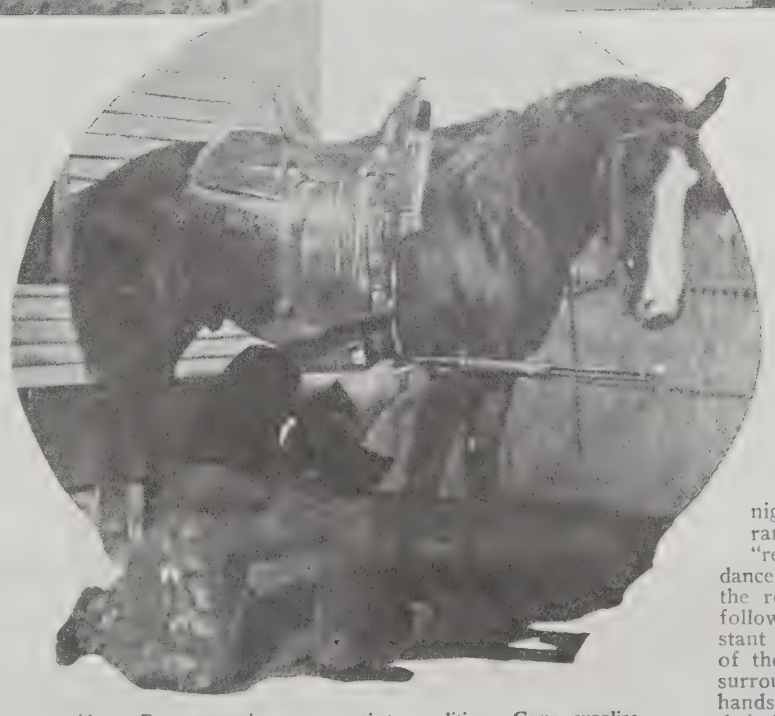
"Lee, what have you been doing? I thought I told you it was against international law for you to get the outlaws on this side of the river," said Shafter, who knew when he saw the horses and cattle what had taken place.

"But, Colonel, I didn't get any Mexicans. I left 'em where I found 'em," Hall replied, and that was the end of what was perhaps the greatest of the ranger "invasions."

Thirty-five years ago there lived near San Antonio an old man who subsequently proved to be the brains of the famous "relay cattle stealing system." The man had four sons and two daughters, the latter noted for their beauty. So far as the outside world knew, he was entirely respectable. The rangers knew differently. Cattle thieves would take cattle and pass them north through the relay stations to the Indian territory, where the thieves in charge of the northernmost station in the system would dispose of them, and later distribute the proceeds along down the line to the old man at San Antonio.

The man discovered that the rangers knew of the game, and he decided to "get" Hall before any damage could be done. His daughters "made eyes" at the famous ranger, and Lee fell a victim—that is, he pretended to—to their charms. They announced one day that they were going to give a dance in honor of the ranger chief. As a matter of fact, and Hall knew it, the dance was arranged to slay him. On the night of the dance, Hall, accompanied by a single ranger, proceeded to the ranch of the chief of the "relay system." As he entered the room where the dance was supposed to take place, the women ran from the room, expecting that a fusillade of shots would follow. Hall walked up to the old man and in an instant disarmed him. He then proceeded to disarm each of the eight desperadoes. All thought the house was surrounded by rangers. Hall and his ranger tied the hands of the old man and the eight outlaws behind their backs and marched them into San Antonio. That is how the "relay system" was ended for all time.





Above Rangers starting on a scouting expedition. Camp supplies carried on pack mule in center. Below—A member of Company A ready for action.

Canada Now Is Capitalizing Her Climate

People Once More Permitted to Tell Its Advantages to the World

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

IT IS again possible for a Canadian to advertise outside of Canada the fact that there is such a thing as a Canadian winter without fear of national ostracism. After a lapse of almost a quarter of a century Canadian cities are holding winter carnivals; and ice palaces will again rear their sparkling minarets in the crisp midwinter sunshine. This winter, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary and a number of other cities will admit to the world that there is such a thing as a distinctive winter season—and take a certain amount of pride in the fact.

Ottawa is talking of a toboggan slide which will extend from the Chateau Laurier across the Ottawa River to Hull, on the Quebec side, which, it is claimed, will be the longest slide of its kind in the world. That the laconic description attributed to a certain Chinese —"Whish! walkee back milee"—shall not become too painfully realistic, it is proposed to bring toboggans and tobogganers back to the starting point by electric trolley. In addition, facilities will be provided for skating, skiing, snowshoeing, curling and many other winter sports and pastimes.

Rudyard Kipling is blamed by some for the taboo which has been placed on the good old Canadian winter—for a generation it has been in disgrace. It was Canada's family skeleton and has been most carefully kept from view. Kipling little knew the storm he was to raise when he celebrated the inauguration in Canada of the British Preferential Tariff of 1897 by his poem entitled, "Our Lady of the Snows," the refrain at the end of every verse of which concluded with the title phrase. The British poet was not writing of Canada's climate. The subject was entirely political; the allusion entirely poetical. Kipling merely wished to coin a phrase which should be expressive and fairly typical. There is no doubt that snow is common to nearly every part of Canada—in winter time, of course, and is about as typical as any other single thing. But at the time that Kipling wrote the great prairies of the Northwest were being newly opened up; the government and the railways were desirous of inducing immigrants to go on the soil, and it was felt that this object would be defeated if the impression got abroad that Canada was a land of snow and ice. Kipling's poem was read far and wide. Its political significance was not always understood, but Canadians feared that Canada had become indelibly associated in the minds of people the world over as a region of snowdrifts. So the word went out that winter carnivals and everything else which might tend to draw attention to the Canadian winter were to be thenceforth in distinctly bad form.

Montreal was the chief center of winter sports. Great ice palaces were built each winter in the square facing the Windsor Hotel, and thousands of persons took part in the festivities. Tourists were attracted in large numbers from south of the border line, and a great national institution seemed in a fair way to being established. But Montreal was—and is—dominated to a large extent by the Canadian Pacific Railway; and the C. P. R. possessed millions of acres of agricultural lands in the West that it was desirous of selling to settlers who would not only pay well for the lands but would produce future traffic and thus contribute a double profit. Winter carnivals thereafter became a thing of the past.

It was the railways themselves, however, that really first began to realize that climate might be an asset—winter climate as well as summer—although their realization of the value of the latter was not at all spontaneous. Canada possesses a wealth of scenic beauty; and the railways were not slow to capitalize it to stimulate tourist traffic. Many huge hotels have been erected throughout Canada's scenic wonderland, and the Dominion has been widely advertised to tourists and sportsmen in both hemispheres. But still for many years it was only as *summer* resorts that these places were known. However, there is good reason to believe that these resort hotels will soon receive as great an amount of patronage in the winter as they do in summer.

Last year, in one of its advertisements for the Highland Inn at Algonquin Park, Ontario, the Grand Trunk Railway actually boasted of the fact that the temperature rarely rose above the zero point! And it descanted on the joys of life in the open air—skating, skiing, snowshoeing or some other form of winter activity—followed by the cosy circle around the roaring open fire of logs. It really makes a strong appeal to a great many persons. The only wonder is that the potentialities of the Canadian winter were not more fully realized long ago.

In a certain sense Canada is climatically in a class by itself. In no other country in the world can two such distinct seasons as the Canadian summer and the Canadian winter be found extending generally over such a large area. Most countries having a summer as hot as Canada's have little or no winter. On the other hand, not many others having a distinct winter season with an abundance of snow and low temperatures have summer weather to compare with that to be found in Canada. Canada's summers are really like those of Southern Europe, while its winters are more like those of the Scandinavian countries; that is to say, taking an average of the Dominion. These two distinct seasons result in an entire change of activities, not only as regards sports and pastimes, but also in many lines of commerce.

Of course, climate varies considerably with the locality in a country of such wide dimensions as Canada. Perhaps the greatest factors having to do with climatic conditions in the Dominion are the Gulf Stream, on the eastern coast, and the Japan Current on the west. The former, meeting as it does the colder waters of the Labrador current flowing south from Davis Strait, covers the eastern seaboard of Canada with dense, cold fogs and has a marked effect on the climate of the maritime provinces. The warm Japan Current, on the other hand, bathes the shores of Northern British Columbia and causes balmy breezes to be wafted far inland, resulting in an earlier opening of spring in the Peace River Valley, in latitude 56 degrees, than at Montreal in latitude 45° 30′. Wheat, barley, potatoes and other ordinary garden vegetables have been cultivated successfully at Dunvegan, in latitude 56 degrees—originally a northwest company trading post—for more than 100 years; while prize wheat has been grown at Fort Chippewyan in latitude 58 degrees.



Above—Vegetables grown at Fort Vermilion, Alberta, 700 miles north of the international boundary. Oval—Wild red top grain grown north of the Arctic Circle.

The Alberta government maintains an experimental farm at Fort Vermilion, about 700 miles north of the international boundary, on which all the common varieties of vegetables, including asparagus, celery and early varieties of corn, and many kinds of small fruits, including strawberries and cherries, show abundant yields. Seventy-six different varieties of flowers are also grown.

So far north has the isothermal line been pushed in the Peace River district as a result of the beneficent influence of the Japan Current that the line of greatest summer heat passes through Fort Vermilion, while the winter temperatures are never as extremely cold as they are in Montana or in the Dakotas. Even in Yukon Territory, which is wholly above the sixtieth parallel of north latitude, many grains and grasses and a large number of varieties of vegetables are cultivated with success.

It is true that the farther north one goes the shorter the summer season becomes—speaking generally; although it must be remembered that, due to the Japan Current, already referred to, the isothermal lines in Canada run in a northwesterly direction. The shortness of the summer in the far north is compensated for in so far as plant growth is concerned by the greater length of the days. Whereas, at the Gulf of Mexico day and night are practically of equal length; at the Arctic Circle the sun shines for 24 hours out of the 24 during the summer season. Temperatures running as high as in the temperate zone, are not uncommon during midsummer, even above the Arctic Circle.

Apparently, the farther north that vegetation will grow and mature the better it is. Thus, it is the northern latitudes that grow the hard, glutinous wheat which has made the Canadian prairies famed the world over. Again, the best apples are grown in a northern clime where the season is long enough to mature them. The apples produced in the Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia; the eastern townships in Quebec; the district bordering on Lake Ontario in Ontario; and the Okanagan and Kootenay valleys in British Columbia, have achieved much more than local reputations.

Canada possesses more than one-half of the fresh water of the globe and these vast bodies of water have a stabilizing effect on the climate. Then again, the deep indentation of Hudson Bay almost into the heart of the Dominion also has a beneficial effect. Much of Continental Asia lying in the same latitudes as the Dominion of Canada is subjected to a great deal more rigorous winter weather; and this difference is due in large measure to the presence in Canada of these immense bodies of water.

With the exception of a very small area in Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan—the northern extremity of the Great American Desert—and a portion of the interior of British Columbia, there is no arid territory in Canada. It is a country of dense growth. Excepting for the prairies, the country is —or was before the advent of the lumberman—one vast expanse of forest—a land of luxuriant grasses and brilliant flowers. Even the islands in the Arctic Ocean are carpeted thickly with grasses and bright flowers in summer.

The most southerly point of Canada is the Essex Peninsula in Ontario, which is in about the same latitude as Boston. Favored by the tempering influences of the Great Lakes near by, and shielded from the cold fogs of the Atlantic by the Laurentian Range, this section of Canada is famed for the wide range of its agricultural possibilities. Here the winters are short and mild, the summers correspondingly long and autumn a distinct season.

British Columbia, perhaps of all the Canadian provinces, has the greatest degree of climatic variation within its borders. The Yukon, lying as it does from the northern boundary of British Columbia to the Arctic Ocean, and east of Alaska, has what some persons might consider a long winter; but this depends a good deal on the individual point of view. Summer in the Yukon is a distinct season with high temperatures; growth of vegetation is both profuse and rapid.

While, as has been said, there is a considerable amount of misinformation throughout the world, and particularly in the United States, concerning Canada's climate, there probably is no part of the Dominion concerning which this misapprehension exists to quite such an extent as it does with regard to that part of Canada lying in Arctic and sub-Arctic latitudes.

For some years past Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, has devoted his time and talents in an endeavor to dispel this impression. Stefansson was ridiculed in some quarters when he made the claim that vast areas of the so-called barren lands are capable of grazing immense herds of reindeer. Having the courage of his convictions, he went to England and on his return announced that he had been successful in interesting a group of British capitalists in an extensive scheme to graze reindeer on a large tract in Baffin Land. Whereupon a western newspaper editor set up a cry that Stefansson had hoodwinked the poor ignorant British investor, and that his inevitable failure would ruin Canadian credit in the British market. The joke was on the western editor, when the announcement was made that the capitalists whom Stefansson had induced to invest in his "visionary" scheme were members of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose experience in the Canadian North goes back to 1670!

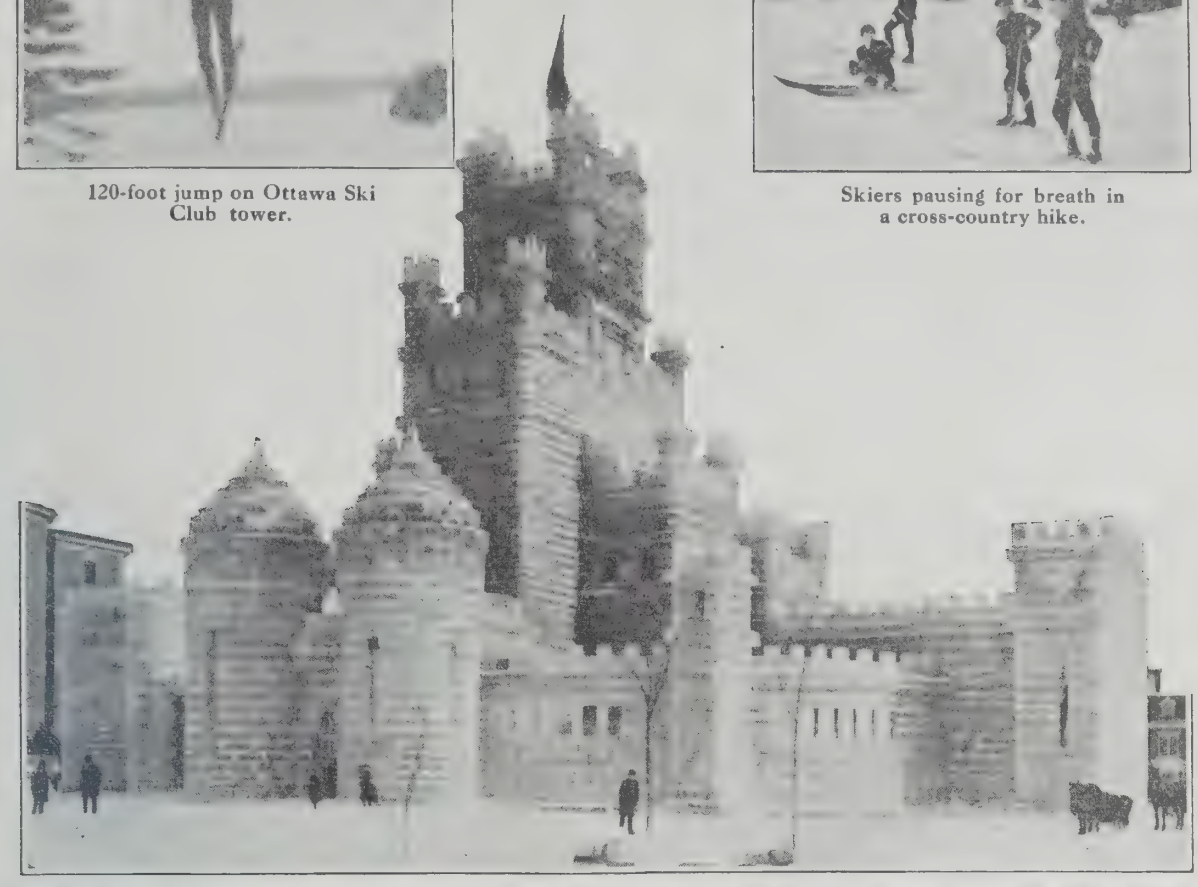
The editor was under the common misapprehension that the sub-Arctic Regions are practically covered with snow and ice the year round, and that in winter the snow gets to fabulous depths. Thinking thus, he could not understand how reindeer could feed themselves throughout the winter. Had he known that the snowfall along the Arctic Coast is extremely light and offers no obstacle to the animals feeding on the luxuriant grasses and mosses which are grown in the extremely hot, if short, summers; if he had known that the temperature rarely ever gets quite as low as it frequently does in his own province, he might have been able to realize that in its so-called barren lands Canada possesses what may one day become one of the greatest meat-producing areas of the world.



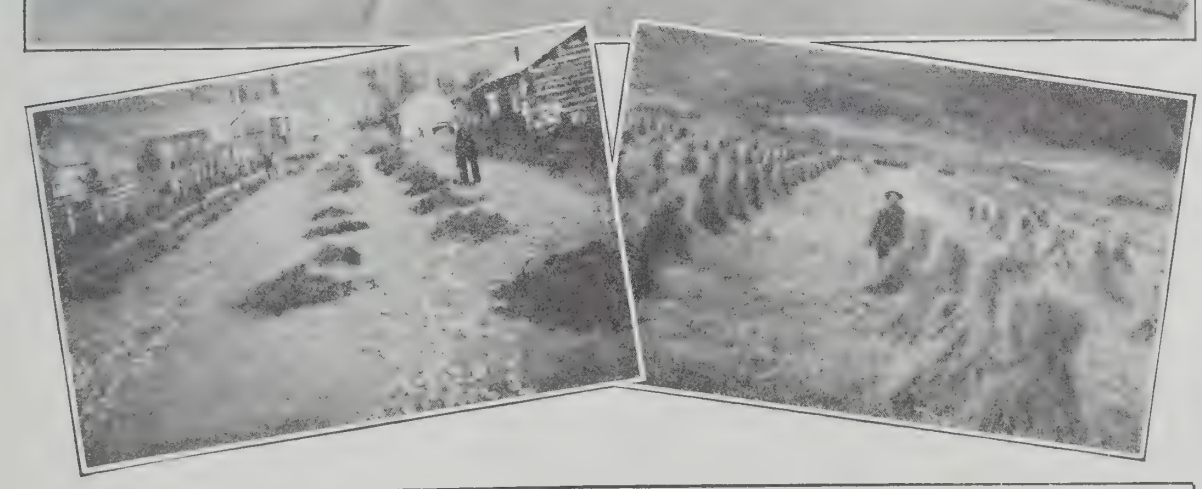
120-foot jump on Ottawa Ski Club tower.



Skiers pausing for breath in a cross-country hike.







The castle-like building is an ice palace in Montreal in 1885. It was constructed of ice blocks. After a lapse of more than a quarter of a century, several Canadian cities are this winter reviving the practice of building such structures. Canada ceased erecting ice palaces, because it didn't want to be known as a land of snow and ice. Below the ice palace is a reproduction of a photograph taken in Montreal in 1885, showing a typical toboggan slide. Note the "blanket" costumes worn by the tobogganers. The small pictures at the bottom show what may be termed the other extreme of Canada's climate. At the left is a summer picture of growing potatoes away up at Dawson, Yukon. At the right is another summer picture—an oat field at Hunker Creek, Yukon.

How Is California to Be Saved?

Concluded from page 7

Japanese immigration, not only male, but female, and not only laborers, skilled and unskilled, but "farmers," and men of small trades and professions, as recommended by Theodore Roosevelt.

Permission for temporary residence only for tourists, students, artists, commercial men, teachers, and so on.

Second—Such exclusion to be enforced by United States officials, under United States laws and regulations, as done with immigration, admitted or excluded, from all other countries; and not, as at present, under an arrangement whereby control and regulation is surrendered by us to Japan.

Third—Compliance on the part of all departments of the Federal Government with the Constitution, and the abandonment of the threat or attempt to take advantage of certain phrasing of that document as to treaties, which, it is claimed, gives the treaty-making power authority to violate plain provisions of the Constitution and statutes in the following matters:

(a) To nullify state rights and state laws for control of lands and other matters plainly within the state's jurisdiction.

(b) To grant American citizenship to races of yellow color, which are made ineligible for such citizenship.

Fourth—For the Japanese legally entitled to residence in California, fair treatment, protection in property rights legally acquired, and the privilege of engaging in any business desired, except such as may be now or hereafter denied by law to all aliens, or to aliens ineligible to citizenship; and provided particularly they may not hereafter buy or lease agricultural lands.

Now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the Senate and Assembly jointly, That the legislature of the state of California hereby endorses said declaration of principles and urges that the President, the Department of State and the Congress of the United States adopt and observe the policy therein stated; and be it further

Resolved, That the secretary of the Senate be and she is hereby directed to transmit copies of these resolutions to the President and the Secretary of State of the United States and to each of California's senators and representatives in Congress.

C. C. Young, President of the Senate; Henry W. Wright, Speaker of the Assembly; Martin C. Madsen, Private Secretary to the Governor; Frank C. Jordan, Secretary of State do hereby certify that the same was duly filed with the Secretary of State on April 27, 1921.

GRACE S. STOERMER,
Secretary of the Senate.

Over and beyond this, the Japanese Exclusion League, to whose yeomen service in behalf of white California undoubtedly is due the fact that the Japanese population of that state does not now exceed the white, makes one demand which, it seems to the writer, is most important, in view of the 50,000 Asiatic voters we soon shall have on our hands. This league asks:

"An amendment to the Federal Constitution providing that no child born in the United States of foreign parents shall be considered an American citizen *unless both parents of that child are themselves eligible to citizenship.*"

The Japanese Exclusion League, commenting on this demand, says:

"The Japanese child who enters this country at, say, one month of age, is not permitted to apply for American citizenship, on the theory that it is not desirable material for an American citizen; yet, under the present law, the Japanese child who *happens to be born* in the United States, instead of coming here when one month, or one day, old, is declared an American citizen. This certainly is inconsistent, aside from being most dangerous.

"It will be urged that the enforcement of these measures against the Japanese may produce friction and international complications. Such a policy, however, should not hurt Japan's pride, for it is based on economic, and not on racial, grounds. It embodies, in effect, the same prohibitive measures which Japan enforces today against the Chinese and the Koreans, who, although of the yellow race, are denied admission into Japan, on precisely the same economic grounds. Similar measures are enforced against Japan by Canada, Australia and New Zealand, even though Great Britain is Japan's ally by treaty.

"Put the shoe on the other foot. Let 100,000 American laborers settle on one of Japan's islands, bringing with them American customs, traditions, habits and means of establishing themselves permanently—and the Japanese Government would not tolerate it for a single moment."

BRIEFLY TOLD

Rene Maran, a young Negro author, has won the annual prize of the Goncourt Academy for the best French novel of 1921. This author was born on the island of Martinique, French West Indies. The novel deals with colored life in Central Africa and is entitled "Batouala." The Goncourt prize is worth only 5,000 francs, but is one of the most cherished literary awards of France.

The sidewalks of Manchester, Vermont, are of marble, the commonest rock found in that vicinity.

The electric light and power company of O'Neill, Nebraska, has begun to burn corn for fuel, according to reports.

Passengers on a Cunard liner, running from London to Melbourne, Australia, as an experiment, recently launched a raft on which was fastened a tin box containing 40 letters and 45 shillings to cover the cost of postage. A request in English and Spanish that the finder should post the letters by the first available mail also was inclosed in the box.

One man in the United States is living in approximately four different states at the same time. He is a ranchman whose house and lands cover the corners of Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. The windmill that pumps water for his stock stands in New Mexico and pumps water in a trough in Arizona. The house is exactly in the center of where the four corners of the several states meet.

Washington now boasts of a manless hotel. This hotel is to be run exclusively by women. The bell hops, porters, cooks, room clerks and other employes are all women. The manager is a woman, formerly manager of the government hotel for war workers.

A lawsuit, started some 600 years ago, was recently called for trial in a French court. The costs and fees of several centuries exceed the value of the object sought. It has to do with the distribution of some land in the Jura Mountains, between the communities of Meussia and Charcilla.

A whale ran aground in shallow water inside the Atlantic entrance to the Panama Canal and was killed by machine gun fire by canal employes, who undertook to salvage it for oil and bone. The whale was too heavy for the 75-ton railroad crane to handle, and a tug attached a line to the carcass and towed it to a point 12 miles outside the breakwater, where a naval airplane dropped two bombs weighing 160 pounds each from a height of 1,000 feet and destroyed it.

Austria and Germany are now outbidding Switzerland for the tourist traffic. Because of her exchange, Switzerland cannot compete at present with these two countries. Hotels catering to tourists are doing a large business in the Tyrol, in Trentino, in Savoy and in the Black Forest.

The new immigration law of America has kept 1,000,000 foreigners out of the United States in the last six months, according to the chairman of the House Immigration Committee. Only 180,000 aliens entered in the first five months of the last fiscal year.

The smallest modern gold coin in the world, so far as is known, has just been minted in Geneva. It represents the gold franc and is the coin on which the budget of the League of Nations is to be calculated. In shape it is octagonal and on one side is engraved the initials "S. D. N." (Societe des Nations). It is valued at about two cents and weighs .03225805 of a gramme.

Fifty years ago the Marquesas Islanders numbered more than 50,000. Now there are but 1,800 natives. Smallpox and tuberculosis decimated the population.

The French National Aviation Bureau centralizes technical information and distributes nearly 32,000,000 francs annually in subsidies, which keep 185 planes in operation. International lines to London, Amsterdam and Warsaw cover more than 1,000,000 miles each year and carry 300,000 pounds of freight, 7,000 passengers and 15,000 pounds of mail. Commercial aviation has been entered on the list of the regular budget expenditures of France.

The Australian House of Representatives has passed a bill authorizing a loan of 10,000,000 pounds sterling to re-establish World War veterans on land, according to reports from Melbourne.

Poppies transported from Flanders Fields to dump heaps of Jersey are adjudged a nuisance and a pest to agriculture by the Federal Horticultural Board. They are to be plowed under at once. The seed of the poppies came over in earth ballast, shipped from France by troop transports. The pathologist of the Federal Horticultural Board believes the reason the poppy blooms in Belgium and France is because the farmers cannot get rid of it.

No word was spoken at a recent trial of a man arraigned on the charge of murder at the Old Bailey in London. The prisoner was deaf, and as there was no person in court competent to use the sign language, the entire proceedings were conducted in writing.

A recent earthquake in Tokyo broke the city's water main, cutting off the water supply for a time.

A lighthouse, the flash of which can be seen for nearly 200 miles, has just been completed in Paris. It is intended for the new air station at Dijon and has been under construction for two years. The beam of light thrown from groups of lamps has an intensity of 2,000,000,000 candlepower. The lighthouse will be set up on Mount Africa, in the east central part of France, as a guide to airplanes on the great airways to the south and east of Europe.

The chamois is becoming rare in the Savoie Mountains in Italy and in Switzerland and unless the killing of these animals is proscribed they will become extinct inside of 20 years, according to departmental officials. Animal lovers are petitioning their parliaments and demanding that the chamois be protected. Thousands of veterans returning from the war with modern rifles and supplies of ammunition hitherto unattainable are responsible for the slaughter.

The life-sized figure of a woman carved in a solid rock was recently found by campers in a remote corner of Crater Lake, National Park, Oregon. It has been impossible to learn, so far, when the carving was done or by whom. The initials M. A. Y. and markings which appear to be 1843 are seen near by. This region was practically unknown by white men in 1843.

A new discovery by which vulcanized rubber may be made in any shape or color, ranging from the most delicate pink and blue to the deepest purples and blues, has been announced. Toy balls made of rubber may now be made highly colored in designs similar to patterns in linoleum. No paint can chip or come off, because the color is in the rubber. The new discovery has broadened the field of usefulness for vulcanized rubber.

When the faces of the large clock on the administration building tower at Northwestern University of Evanston, Illinois, differed some 15 minutes in telling time, investigation showed that doves were nesting in the mechanism of the clock.

Japanese reporters at the Disarmament Conference twice sent Secretary Hughes' message to their home paper, the *Asahai* of Tokyo at triple rates. The minute Secretary Hughes made his naval offer, representatives of the Tokyo paper prepared a 400-word summary containing every salient point. This they sent urgent cable, at three times the regular commercial rate, or $3 a word. For fear of cable failure, they also sent it urgent wireless at $3 a word. They received a one-word cable from their managing editor congratulating them on their "scoop."

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THE PRINCE IN INDIA

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

"Fiat Money!"—by Those Who Hold the Fiat

Money Is Legislation and International Financiers' Consent

"FIAT Money!" It sounds like "Murder!" doesn't it? It is shrieked in the tone of "Murder!" and is intended vastly to impress people who do not know what it means.

All money is "fiat money." "Fiat" simply means, "let it be so." Someone in authority, or everybody in concert, says of shells, "Let shells be money," and by that fiat shells become money. The fiat changes from period to period. At times the fiat was placed upon tobacco, and that became money; or a peculiar kind of stick, into which notches could be cut to indicate value, became money by the fiat of the tribe using it.

Fiat is first a matter of custom and practice, then a matter of law. What the people will receive, what performs the functions of money without "jamming" the channels of commerce, has a good chance of obtaining the "fiat" which makes it money.

If you have a gold piece in your pocket—likely you have not, for gold is about the only money we never see, though it is said to be the best money and is held to be the base of all money—but if you have gold in your pocket, all you know about its being money is the "fiat" of the government stamped upon it. The government says, "Let this be money to the extent of ten dollars," or whatever it may be; and you accept the fiat. In France the same amount of gold may be made by fiat to represent more than ten dollars, and the Frenchman accepts that fiat.

Take a piece of silver. It becomes money, too—although legally "demonetized"—because of the American "fiat" stamped upon it. Or a piece of nickel becomes five cents by fiat. Or a piece of copper becomes a penny, one cent, by fiat.

Take out a dollar bill. Nothing but inflammable paper. Very little different from many grades of paper used for wrapping or writing. Yet by the "fiat" of the United States that same sheet of paper may become $1, or $5, or even $100,000. The same sheet of paper intended for the $1 press may be put into the $100,000 press and stamped with the government "fiat" which makes it pass current, acceptable at any bank or in any business, for $100,000.

A great deal of nonsense and a great deal of unfairness to the public mind is hidden in the cry of "Fiat Money!" whenever a plan to release the tied-up energies of the people is proposed.

There is nothing wrong in money. It is a most useful commodity. Civilization could not very well exist without it. There is nothing wrong in the power of governments to declare what element shall be money, how that money shall be prepared and how protected in all its uses. There is nothing wrong in banks for the safekeeping and useful distribution of money.

What is wrong? This is wrong: that a broad-gauge industrial system is held up and cannot move because of our narrow-gauge money system. Wealth must slow down to pass through the narrower gates of money, because there is more wealth than there is money to move it. And money itself must slow down to pass through the still narrower neck of gold, because there is more money than there is gold to validate it. If our fiction of a gold standard were challenged and every holder of good United States money should demand that his money be turned into gold, we should find that the "gold basis" proved too narrow years ago. If the people were to demand in one day or one month their money in gold, they would discover that most of the money they are carrying around has no gold behind it—nothing in the world behind it *except the United States!*

And that is what makes American money good—the United States, with its forests, its farms, its waterfalls and its factories. It is the "fiat" of the United States that makes money good for common folk.

Of course, when you get into the realm of international finance, which belongs to no nation whatever, and spurns every nation equally, there you find that neither the fiat of the United States, nor the fiat of Great Britain, nor any other fiat counts for a cent, but only the cold gold bullion weighed in a scale. It is after all the fiat of the International Financiers which governs the money of the world and by indirection, through the "gold standard," the money of every country.

THE money question, although conceded to be the most important, is perhaps the least understood by the masses of any of the civic problems of our time.

Money is the currency of a country, the standard of payment, whether of coins, circulating notes, or any other commodity, anything which freely circulates as a common, acceptable medium of exchange in a country, even though it cease to possess such value on passing into another country. Aristotle says, "Money exists not by nature, but by law," and economic and financial authorities uniformly regard money as a great aid to civilization, in the elimination of waste attending the earlier exchange of commodities commonly called barter.

Money thus becomes the medium of exchange by which real wealth, the product of the soil and labor, finds a ready market.

The potency of the law in a civilized country to impart the quality of acceptability to that which it recognizes as money is clearly shown in the operation of the Bank of Venice during several centuries, throughout which its deposits, or credits which were never payable, but only transferable on the books of the bank, were at a premium over coins, because they were the standard of payment. Indeed, the bank deposits were the standard in which the value of coins was expressed. In London, during the crisis of 1817, according to Thomas Baring, it was found impossible to raise any *money* whatever on 60,000 pounds of silver, and in 1864 it was equally impossible to raise a rupee on 20,000 pounds of gold. The silver was not a legal tender for more than 40 shillings, and the latter not at all. These illustrations are given to clear the mind of false impressions and to show that the modern use of gold and silver as money depends solely on the law, and in no wise on their supposed intrinsic value. Gold and silver in themselves are worthless except as they are *desired* or utilized by man.

Money has in various stages of the world's history been based on many commodities, including land. Among them have been cattle, our word *pecuniary* being derived from the Latin term for cattle. The Jews, in addition to silver, had "jewel" money. Sicily once used leather money, and as late as the eighteenth century the Chinese made money of the inner bark of the mulberry. Needless to multiply instances.

Congress Creates Our Money

MODERN developments in industry and commerce have made the use of money imperative. For this reason the money question is the question of the times. The government having sole power of issue, under the Constitution, there can be no valid substitute. In fact, the use of anything but authorized legal tender is forbidden by law.

Money does not depend for its value on anything but the real wealth of a nation, its power of production. The first national money in this country was authorized by the Continental Congress in 1775 and consisted of "bills of credit," guaranteed by the faith and credit of the colonies, to each of which was assigned a quota as its share of obligation; but the United Colonies stood back of any member whose quota at the time of redemption might be wholly or partly in default.

It must be understood that at this time the Continental Congress was merely a voluntary conference of separate states, without power to dictate action in any. The delegates, drawn together as a measure of mutual defense in the War of Independence, had no power to levy taxes or to compel the people to accept their enactments.

The war was won with paper money—this much discredited "paper money!"—when gold and silver were not to be had. Indeed, it may be remarked that *coin never won a war.* At the first cloud on the political horizon, it seeks the farthest recesses of the vaults in which it hides. Its only use during the Revolutionary War was the purchase of traitors lured by its glitter when the patriot cause seemed doomed.

But the Continental Congress only "promised to pay" money and naturally its inability to secure coin to redeem its paper issues led to a depreciation of the latter, holders losing faith in its ultimate redemption. This devotion to the creed that some day all paper currency must be cancelled by exchange for coin is the fatal weakness of our national monetary system as it has functioned from the beginning of the country's existence.

The power to *create* money is vested in Congress by Article VIII of the Constitution, empowering that body "to coin money and regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin," while Article X says, "no state shall...coin money, emit bills of credit or make anything but gold and silver legal tender for the payment of debt." This is all the Constitution provides on the subject of money. All other regulation is by statutory law.

From the beginning of our national finances until the present day, unfortunately, *the power to issue money has been delegated to banks.* Robert Morris, whose master mind is credited with guiding the Republic through the trying days of its infancy, was appointed superintendent of the finances, and recommended a plan for organizing a national bank which was adopted, the government holding a majority of the shares.

When Gold Was Cheaper Than Silver

IN 1791, on the recommendation of Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, Congress chartered for 20 years the first Bank of the United States —Robert Morris' bank had been called "the Bank of North America"—and in 1816 the second bank of the United States was chartered, its charter expiring in 1836.

From the foundation of the government until the time of the Civil War, except for certain Treasury notes bearing interest and not generally used for money although payable to bearer, the issues of these two national banks and the banks of the District of Columbia, were the only national currency. Banks of issue under state charters, however, supplied the need of active circulation.

Possibly it may be well here to define what is meant by "the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver," for that was the original design in establishing national mints. In pursuance of its legal right to exercise the power to "coin money and regulate the value thereof," conveyed in the Constitution, mints were established at various points, where the owners of the metal could deposit it and take away the equivalent coin. The government recovered its cost of assay and minting in the difference between the value of the fine metal (the government receiving full weight) and the alloy in the finished coin. The government did not buy bullion on its own account: the amount of gold coined was governed by the need of business. The circulation of coins struck in private mints was permitted, while paper money, bills of exchange, and other private bank issues also were current.

Modifications in the relative weight of gold and silver occurred at intervals, because the white metal was undervalued in proportion to the yellow, until the original silver dollar was reduced in weight and at one time the gold content of coins was increased. The final adjustment was approximately 16 ounces of silver to one of gold, the present ratio. Originally the standard of fineness was that of the English coinage, 11 parts pure metal to one of alloy. But this, too, was changed and the French standard of .90 pure metal adopted.

Even at the legally established ratio, silver was undervalued, and gold was the natural selection for money use, being the *cheaper* of the two metals, because of being the more plentiful then. This resulted in a scarcity of fractional currency or "small change," for which gold was unfit. But when this fractional currency was coined of silver, it was hoarded or remelted for bullion, because as silver it was worth more than the money value stamped upon it. To remedy this fault, in 1853, the amount of silver in the half and quarter dollars, dimes, five and three-cent pieces was reduced to make the *money* value greater than the market value of the *bullion.* For this purpose the government began the coinage of this subsidiary currency on its own account, buying silver at market and issuing the money but limiting its legal tender power to $5. The change did not affect the status of the silver dollar, which remained at a small premium over gold, but was found necessary in business, despite its high bullion value.

The discovery of free gold in California and Australia had its effect on the coinage of the two metals, and the economists and experts of the '50's proposed the demonetization of gold to avoid a flood of "cheap money"! That sounds strange and yet familiar—strange that gold should be called "cheap money," and familiar that the cry of "cheap money" should be raised. But soon afterward a discovery was made of rich silver deposits, which in turn made silver the "cheap money"—a cry that ended in the establishment of gold as the *only* money base. The Netherlands, Belgium and the Germany of that day *actually did demonetize gold,* going to a single silver basis, and but for the refusal of France to join in the disestablishment, England and the United States probably would have followed suit. This in spite of the fact that England was already on a gold basis, having abandoned silver, which was also undervalued in her system, and her full-weight coins were in consequence exported to France. France, being a debtor nation, naturally clung to the cheaper metal, gold, as the money to pay off her obligations, and welcomed the threatened "flood" of "cheap money"—gold!

Gold the Slacker—Paper the Volunteer

THE Civil War found gold and silver seeking safety in the vaults and stockings of the holders. The government sought to borrow, but then, as now, money would not volunteer in the country's extremity. Secretary Chase secured authority to issue $60,000,000 of demand notes of full legal tender power, and these supplied the shortage of money so successfully that he applied for added authority to issue the well-known "greenbacks," his plan being to make that, too, a full legal tender, that is, receivable in payment of all debts, public and private. The necessary legislation was passed in the popular body, the House of Representatives, but it was so amended in the Senate that it finally became law with the proviso that the notes could not be used for payment of duties on imports or interest on the public debt. However, the greenback was good enough to buy government bonds, the interest on which must be paid in coin.

The result was that the actual money of the country was the greenback. Gold became a commodity, the same as wheat, cotton, iron or brass. Worse, it became a speculative commodity, and at one time it took more than three dollars of the people's money, the greenbacks, to buy what the law declared to be a dollar in gold. The fact that the Treasury notes maintained a parity with gold from their issue to the present day tends to establish the claim of those who believe in "fiat" paper money and that gold is not indispensable as a money unit.

Children Now Can Teach Themselves to Read

New Method That Fascinates Youngsters May Supplant A B C System; School Boys and Girls Will Progress Much Faster Through Plan

By EDWARD J. BECK

WHEN Mary Jones, now eight years old, started to school in Detroit two years ago she was taught to read by a modernized version of the venerable A B C method. Being an average child, Mary kept up with her class and when the term was over, she was able to read the 125 different words in her primer with a fair degree of accuracy.

Recently, her little brother, Johnny, began his pursuit of knowledge in the same room and with the same teacher. Though he is no brighter than his sister was at the age of six, he is going to progress just twice as fast as she did. He is learning to read by a fascinating new method. Judging from the records of the experimental schools, where the new method has been tried, Johnny will be the proud master of 190 words before the term is half over. Moreover, Johnny will teach himself. The teacher will merely be a helpful spectator of his joyous and zestful self-education.

Mothers who desire to put into the hands of their small children playthings that will completely absorb their interest for long periods of time can find few toys or games that possess the appeal of the Detroit Standard Practice Tests for teaching reading. Though these materials were designed primarily for pedagogical purposes they are so fascinating to children they are certain to enjoy a wide popularity merely as nursery amusements. They satisfy the child's desire for novel experiences involving self-directed activity.

The new method is the product of the ingenuity and specialized knowledge of Miss Nila Banton Smith, supervisor of primary grades, Detroit, and Dr. S. A. Courtis, director of the Teachers' College, Detroit, and leading authority on educational measurements. It has been tried with various primary classes in Detroit and at the Teachers' College, Columbia University. The unanimous commendation which the Detroit innovation has received from all educational experts who have investigated the plan justifies the prediction that it will be introduced all over the country as soon as the materials are available and will supplant the slow, laborious A B C method long in vogue.

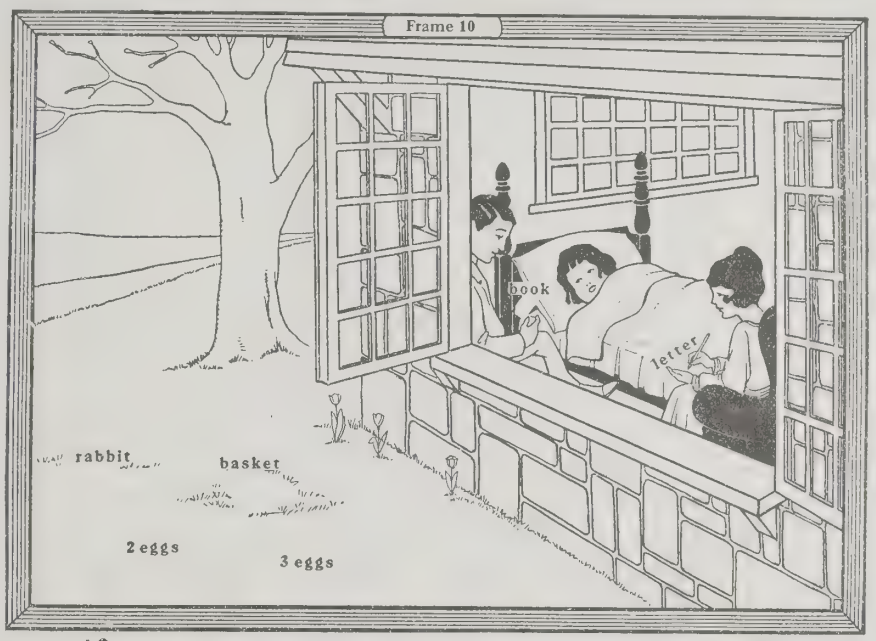
In the conventional Treasure Island stories, the soldier of fortune learns that there is buried gold in a certain area. A dying man whom he has befriended gives him a cipher which tells the exact location of the treasure. He cannot find it until he is able to decipher the cryptic directions. He has a powerful motive for learning to read the mysterious symbols.

This illustration presents a close analogy to the motivation involved in the new Detroit method for teaching reading. The teacher or mother shows the child how he can build up pictures. The explanation and demonstration of the materials create in him an irresistible desire to engage in the pleasure-giving and self-satisfying activities.

First, there is a tablet of incomplete pictures called frames. In each frame certain objects are missing. Cut-out pictures are to be pasted in prescribed places on the frame. The names of these objects are printed at the place on the frame where they belong. In the illustration the word "rabbit" appears under the tree. A cut-out rabbit is supposed to be mounted in this spot. The rabbit is to be colored brown with a crayon.

Right here Johnny runs up against an obstacle that compels him to teach himself to read. If he cannot read the word "rabbit" he will not know what cut-out to mount under the tree. If he is unable to read the directions, he will not know how to color the rabbit. Reading is necessary to him as a tool to achieve his aims.

A dictionary and a book of directions are Johnny's aids in decoding what to him is a strange cipher—the printed English language. The dictionary contains the pictures of objects with their printed names beneath. It enables Johnny to recognize the symbol that means "rabbit." The book of directions tells him what to do. "Cut out the rabbit; color the rabbit brown," the instructions say. To go ahead with his interesting activity, he must learn to derive meanings from those black-and-white groups of letters that constitute words and sentences. In seeking information on how to build up a picture, Johnny teaches himself to read. The book of directions is a disguised primer.







The frame on which the cut-outs are mounted. To build up this frame the child must teach himself to read the words seen in the picture and the section in the book of directions which tells him what to do.

(C) by Regenia R. Heller



The completed frame. The cut-outs at either side of this picture are cut out by the child, mounted on the frame and then colored according to the directions.









In lesson 10, which also is illustrated, Johnny must master not only the 10 new words printed on the frame and cut-out sheet, but must also read 45 short lines of directions before he is able to complete the building up of his picture. When he has completed his task, he brings the frame to the teacher. She hands him a small sheet, which is a representation of a correctly completed frame. He checks his own accuracy by comparing his work with this sheet. If there are mistakes or omissions, he goes back to his seat to finish the assignment correctly.

When Johnny has successfully built up a picture, it may be assumed that he has mastered all the printed matter bearing on the assignment. But the teacher tests the correctness of this supposition by asking Johnny to read orally the story found on the sheet he used to check his work.

This story embodies the words just learned, in a narrative form. Each pupil has a loose-leaf binder to hold these sheets. It is called "My Story Book." As soon as Johnny demonstrates his mastery of a lesson it is bound into his own little volume. He feels the pride of possession, for he is permitted to take his book home to show his parents the tangible evidences of his progress. Parents are thus made fully acquainted with the content and rate of their child's learning.

For lesson 10, the story which the pupil reads orally and binds in his attractive booklet, follows:

The little girl is sick.
Her father will read a book to her.
Her mother will write a letter to the rabbit.
The rabbit will get the letter.
He will read it.

Then he will color the eggs yellow, green and blue.

He will put grass in a little basket.

He will put four eggs in the grass.

He will give the basket to the little sick girl.

The only complaint the mothers have made against the new plan is that their children, in some instances, cry for the materials during the week-end and their tears cannot be stopped by gratifying their wishes because the materials have not yet been printed for public distribution.

The Detroit method makes it possible for a teacher to handle larger classes without neglecting any of her pupils. The problem of discipline in the classroom is solved and the teacher is relieved of a large drain on her store of nervous energy. Since each child progresses at his own rate, the old charge that the school does not take account of "individual differences" is fully met. Each child will encounter some difficulty peculiar to himself and will invoke the assistance of the teacher to aid him in surmounting it. Knowledge is not forced on the child, as it was by the old method, but he eagerly seeks it. Though the teacher helps the pupil in the crucial places, the real responsibility for his progress rests on the child himself. He teaches himself and learns to read in his own way and according to the peculiar workings of his own mind.

The new method establishes the dictionary habit. The story sheets enable the child to appraise his own skill and to be an intelligent critic of his own work. A valuable moral training also is acquired, because the new plan requires self-control and develops a capacity for self-direction along the lines of worthy purposes.

Dr. Courtis explained the theory underlying the tests as follows: "Purpose is the key which unlocks every educational difficulty. So important is purpose that the best modern definition of education describes it as 'growth in power to purpose and to achieve.'

"This means that in teaching reading, the best results will be obtained, not by the teacher who works for results in reading, but by the teacher who sees in reading situations a new field in which to give her children experience in 'purposing' and who develops 'power to purpose,' letting the reading results take care of themselves.

"The teacher, who in the spirit of service directs her efforts toward helping children carry out their own purposes in picture building and reading, will not only have the satisfaction of seeing her precious charges grow in personality, character and intellectual power, but to these products, which are the essentials of all true teaching, will find added as a *by-product* that thing for which she did not work, namely, understanding control of that most important of the school arts, the ability to read."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.

C. J. FORD, Vice-President.

E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 14, January 28, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Nation's Budget

CHARLES G. DAWES, director of the budget, deserves commendation for his first report recently submitted to Congress by President Harding. No more important fiscal document has been placed in many a long day before the body that controls the nation's purse strings. For the first time in the history of the United States, a national budget has been prepared, based from estimates of the spending departments acting under a strong and continued executive pressure for economy and efficiency, and under a unified system of accounting.

Marked as has been Director Dawes' work of pruning expenditures, he has not been able to balance his budget. Total expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923, have been hammered down to $3,505,754,727, as compared with $3,967,922,366 for the current fiscal year. But the excess of expenditures over receipts in the estimates for next year are placed at $167,571,977 as compared with the deficit of $24,468,703 for this year.

This increase of $143,103,274 in the deficit is more than accounted for in the decrease of $605,270,913 in estimated receipts. If next year's receipts were placed at the same figures as those of 1921-1922, the comparison would show a balance of $580,802,210 on the right side of the Treasury ledger.

Of the total estimated expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1923 (the first year covered by the new budget system), *approximately $2,900,000,000 is to pay for past wars and to keep up the fighting forces of the nation, leaving only about $600,000,000 for the peace-time pursuits of the national establishment.* Plainly, Director Dawes did not feel warranted in counting on any substantial reductions in war outlay as a result of the Disarmament Conference. President Harding, however, suggests, as one way of adjusting the discrepancy between income and outgo, the reduction of the naval supply account by $100,000,000.

We have less reason than have European governments for the bad business of unbalanced budgets. The director seems to have done his part, as far as the executive authority will allow. Apparently, it is now up to Congress to make the budget balance by such further cuts in government costs for the next fiscal year as will put us on the safe side.

Conquering the White Plague

THERE is much to be thankful for in the Federal statistics showing a decrease of nearly 100,000, or about 40 per cent, in deaths from tuberculosis during the last year. The census bureau announces that the total mortality from this cause in the United States during 1921 was 122,000 as against 220,000 in the previous year. And the trend of the tuberculosis death rate is reported to be steadily downward.

Surely it can be only a matter of time until this dread scourge is as completely wiped out in all civilized countries as yellow fever and cholera have been wiped out in the United States. In large measure, the saving of so many human beings to life and health and usefulness must be attributed to an increase in the general intelligence of our people, especially in the matters of sanitation and hygiene. The importance of proper treatment in the early stages of the trouble and, even more, public education in the observance of precautions against its spread through contagion, are being more and more appreciated.

And a big by-product of the gain is an increase among us of the social sense. We are our brother's keepers!

Free Ireland's Future

THE vote in Dublin by which the treaty constituting Ireland a "Free State" in name and in substance was ratified, has immensely more than political or sectional significance. Marking the end of the bitter and unhappy seven hundred years' war between Ireland and England, it marks also an important stage in the forward movement of world democracy and human brotherhood. Following close upon the emergence of the South African Union in what Sydney Webb calls the British League of Commonwealths, it may be said to prefigure fulfillment of the ancient prophecy of a "Federation of the World" in which all battle flags shall be furled forever and peace be permanently established and exalted.

At the same time, this birth of the Irish Free State clears the way for a broadly beneficent development of the possibilities latent in a reborn nationalism, and that in a land and among a people in which the national spirit has shown a vitality and an intensity hardly equaled in the world's history. Who can question that humanity in our western world is just now in distinct need of such refreshing and renewing baptism as may be drawn from the wells of the ancient Gaelic culture?

In Ireland an indigenous culture—poetry and song, arts and letters, science and philosophy—flourished when Germany and France were barely emerging from barbarism and when even Italy was shadowed by that decadence which made the once proud empire of the Romans the easy prey of the Goths and Vandals. In Ireland, the pure and primitive Christianity of the first three centuries—when its vigor and growth amazed the world and still amazes the historian—took root and flourished in soil prepared by the old Druidic religion to favor its best development.

The Gaelic renaissance associated with the Sinn Fein movement is possibly regarded by mundanes and materialists as something of a "dreamily sentimental" nature, having at most a merely "literary" meaning. Its fuller realization and adaptation to modern needs may be found to include sane solutions for present and pressing economic problems the world over. The old Brehon laws provided a land system at the base of the economic structure that had much to do with the exact and equal justice, the high standards of morality, the high thinking and plain living and the spread of learning that marked the golden age of Eirean. Michael Davitt, "Father of the Land League," became an ardent disciple of Henry George and was wont to declare that the American reformer's ideas were wonderfully in line with the ancient Irish land system in which actual use and occupation formed the best title, speculation and the holding of the land out of use were discouraged and the fullest and wisest development of natural resources fostered as against the sort of selfish exploitation of which our depleted forests, petroleum billionaires and petroleum wars, anarchic coal industry and "rent hogs" are examples. There was a time when Henry George believed that Ireland would be the first country to adopt the single tax.

Beginning with agriculture, in which the co-operative organizations, so wisely fostered by Sir Horace Plunkett, have been such a help, despite the harassing conditions imposed by English domination, the actual development and utilization of Ireland's natural resources offers a splendidly attractive and remunerative field for the exercise of the energies of her people. There is less land now under plow in Ireland than in any other country in Europe except Turkey, this, thanks to the abnormal abandonment of so large a portion of the soil to cattle grazing. What Lionel-Smith Gordon calls the "industrialization of agriculture" and its rich possibilities are plainly indicated by Ireland's soil, climate and proximity to markets. Vast reserves of peat, valuable coal and iron deposits and important water-power sites, the seaweeds of the western coasts, so rich in potash; the shipbuilding and manufacturing industries of Belfast, Dublin and Cork; the restoration of the ports of Galway, Waterford and Limerick to their old-time glories, all beckon to the ambitions and energies of a brave and industrious people at last enabled to possess their souls and their land in peace.

Wit of the "Wet" Variety

CHICAGO is a great city. The metropolis of the West, it is in point of population the second city in the United States. It is a great industrial and commercial center. More, the city is not without pretensions to artistic and literary culture. Its proud motto is, "I can and I will."

All these titles to pre-eminence seem likely to fade beside Chicago's swiftly accumulating reputation as the most lawless of American cities, and consequently the most un-American. Since the enactment of the prohibition amendment the city's shamelessness has been heralded far and wide by reports of brazen and flamboyant flouting of the law. Even the proverbial "tribute of vice to virtue," that of hypocritical pretense, is daily disregarded. A new police chief discovered that more than one-half his force was in league with the bootleggers. His endeavor to clean up this condition was distinctly discouraged.

The extreme to which this defiance of decency has gone is well illustrated in a recent official episode in which the municipality went on record. While Alderman John H. Lyle was speaking in behalf of a resolution putting the council on record as favoring the enforcement of the Volstead Act so long as it remains a law of the land, he reached for a glass of water. Gulping the contents of the glass, he nearly choked and hurriedly had to eject the liquid. He found that a colleague with a strange sense of humor, born of "wet" proclivities, had filled the glass with moonshine whisky. There was hilarity in the council over this "choking off the 'dry' oration." It amused them!

It is not surprising to find that the "city fathers" then "swept across" a "wet" resolution proposed as a substitute by another member, passing it "amid cheers" and by a vote of 52 to 4.

At least, there is a minority of four in Chicago's city council brave and decent enough to go on record as absolutely opposed to law violation. In fact, Alderman Lyle obtained a vote of 12 in favor of a second resolution favoring enforcement without indorsing the Volstead law itself, as against 47 opposed. This should prove a ray of hope in the approaching and irrepressible conflict between the forces that are blackening and those that would redeem Chicago's good name. The spring elections should rally the forces of decency in the Windy City. They can if they will!

Injustice of the Guaranty Clause

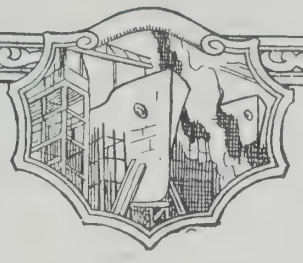
IN A SPEECH presenting his amendment to the railroad funding bill, Senator Kendrick, of Wyoming, exposed the iniquity of the guaranty clause in the Esch-Cummins act in very plain words. Under this amendment, the Interstate Commerce Commission would be relieved from the arbitrary requirement that, in fixing rates, they should fix such as would enable the roads to earn a fixed income of from five and one-half to six per cent. It would be made possible for the commission, in considering the transportation needs of the country, to have regard not only for the interests of the carriers, but also to pay heed to the needs of shippers and the rights of the general public.

"As the law stands today," said the Wyoming Senator, "with this guaranty clause in effect, the commission has no choice but to levy a toll upon all industry sufficient to pay the railroads a fixed profit, though every other industry in the land may operate at a loss." He went on to give figures that strikingly bear out his contention that the mandatory provisions of this section of the act resulted in disproportionately high freight rates, and so have contributed one of the greatest factors "to the desperate economic conditions in which the country now finds itself."

And he went on to show, the results of one such advance meant nothing less than financial ruin to producers in many sections of the West, in some places suspending the very processes of production. Scarcely a day goes by in which the attention of the Senate is not called to whole sections of the country in which the farmers are unable to move their products because the prices offered are not sufficient to pay the actual freight charges involved in reaching market. While the price of corn in Chicago in August last was only nine per cent above the 1913 level, freight rates were 84 per cent higher. Barley was 13 per cent higher, but freight rates 80 per cent.

Perhaps the most vividly convincing illustration of the effects of the freight increases was the Senator's statement that "it costs today $831 to ship a carload of wool from Boise, Idaho, to Boston, as against $75 in 1917," making it actually cheaper for the Idaho wool producer to ship to Portland, Oregon, and there rebill to Boston. This to get the low transcontinental rates which prevail between Pacific and Atlantic ports in order to meet water competition. This means hundreds of miles of extra and unnecessary transportation. "Uneconomical, if not absurd," is Senator Kendrick's pat characterization of a law compelling waste.

Mr. Ford's Page



THE question is sometimes asked whether in the course of change and readjustment which we are pursuing, there has not come also a change in our conception of government; or, if not that, whether government itself has not been thrust into another place in the redistribution of our emphasis upon life.

There was a time when the Government represented the head and center of all our interest, and the place of highest honor for men's ambitious desires. All the "big men" went into the government, and to be in connection with the government was to be regarded as a "big man." The government of that time was not any more able than is the government of this time, probably not nearly so able, and yet it represented in a way the terminal for nearly every sort of ability in the country.

We may account for this regard for government partly by the fact that until a comparatively recent time we were absorbed by the political aspect of the problems of life. For a surprisingly long period we entertained the notion in this country that as long as we had our political independence from Great Britain, as long as we were free to go to the ballot box, we had full enjoyment of the blessings of liberty. Soon, however, we saw that political independence was not everything. And when the economic question began to take form as a subject for our own deliberative action, we tacked it to the political conceptions we held and we believed for another long time that Congress could solve all economic difficulties by simply adjusting tariffs to meet the situation. Well, we had quite a long and varied experience with tariff fiddling until it was discovered that we were busying ourselves with something quite removed from the real source of the trouble.

All these disillusionments have not helped us to maintain the respect we formerly had for the political aspect of life. And when, after the war, politics and politicians had their magnificent opportunity at Versailles to justify their profession, and miserably failed, the glory of the political aspect seemed to have departed.

Why have these changes occurred? Principally because the purely political aspect of our problems has been outlived, and the men in political places have been unable to follow the problems to their new centers. The day is past when anything is started or settled by stump speeches, or party platforms, or bills in Congress. The orator, the declaimer of sentiments of "liberty" (meaning liberty from political domination by another government), the politician, in short, is a type that has passed. The day of the Doer has arrived.

Perhaps more than at any other period in our history the present time sees more responsiveness on the part of Congress to the will of people outside of Congress than ever before. The reason may not be especially flattering, but the fact is so. The reason is this: there was never a time when the problems were so big that a Congress could not handle them alone.

In other days—the days of what we may, for convenience, term the political era—there was always a group of men in Congress sufficiently authoritative to guide and direct Congress on any subject that should come before it. The so-called giants of the early days were only comparatively so—their problems were not nearly so big as the history books would make them appear. But, anyway, they were there, these men, competent for their tasks, even though those tasks were comparatively few in number, alike in nature and modest in their magnitude.

But nowadays there are a multitude of tasks, differing as widely as the world and of the most vital significance to many points of the people's life. What man or group of men is sufficient for them all? Hence the readiness of Congress to receive help from outside.

But when even outside there is no help! The Constitution, for example, gives Congress the right to decide money questions. We have no constitutional standard on the money question at all, it is entirely a Congressional standard which could be changed by succeeding Congresses at will. But, though Congress is made up of as capable men as will be found in the average of our higher ranges of useful citizenship, there would be a general confession among its members that on the Money Question they are as much at sea as are other citizens. When Congress wants to know anything about money it calls in the financial experts—those who are expert in the old system. And Congress can only act on the kind of information it gets, which is very likely to be the very kind of information best adapted to keep the old system from being seriously interfered with.

Maybe that is the reason why men leave public life with such readiness. Very few men find *political* public life to be a sufficient achievement to satisfy them as a career, unless they are of the orator type. The dissatisfaction with public life which many men feel is due to the fact that they are permitted to talk so much and accomplish so little.

That, however, could hardly explain the resignation of Postmaster-General Hays. He had a big job, a position where he could exercise authority and get things done. It was not necessary for him to make speeches and draw up bills and amendments and go through the heart-breaking process of convincing unconvincible men of the most obvious facts: he could simply do the thing, or have it done, the way he wanted it done. And his department was one in which the American people needed all the relief he could give them. He did succeed to a considerable extent.

But the ease with which men in high government positions revert to private employment, is just another sign of the times. It somehow seems that the opportunity for action which government offers is hardly big enough. Of course, there is the matter of remuneration also. But it startles us with the thought that if a banking house can bid for the services of the Secretary of the Treasury, and a motion picture combine can bid for the services of a Postmaster-General, what is to hinder some Society for the Preservation of Hygienic Cookery to bid for the services of the President of the United States some day, and get him, too!

We have seen almost everything but the resignation of a President to enter private employment. And many a time a President must feel hampered in doing the things that ought to be done—hampered in the first place by having been trained in the school of oratory instead of the school of action so that he does not know what to do nor how to do it, hampered in the second place by the difficulty of getting ideas through the minds of others who must give consent.

No doubt the movies need all the respectability that the name of Will Hays can bring to them, and no doubt Will Hays will need all of his respectability to keep what he has in the business he has undertaken. But if he can pull the movies out of the mud, if he can make them American, if he can drive out the men who are probably paying his salary and bring in men of character and cleanliness, he will have performed a big job, as big as the reformation of the postal service. Mr. Hays may have seen a great opportunity. It is there. But the perils are many. Let us hope that Mr. Hays pulls the movies out of the slime instead of letting them pull him in.

THERE is growing up a feeling among men who are conscious of the dignity of life that no job is worth doing unless it accomplishes something good, or helps to steady life or wisely reorganize it. Perhaps that is why government or political positions are held in less esteem than formerly, and are sought more by the oratorical, the social set, the leisurely. The old idea of office being an "honor" instead of an opportunity possesses them. This idea is flaming up for the last time. Men who want to do things are not hankering for office, because office is a hindrance to achievement. The day of the Doer is here; he will soon be in charge everywhere.

Germany's Peace-Time Invasion of America

She Fills Museum at Harvard with Replicas of Noted Art Works

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

NOT long ago some of us had visions of a naval-aeronautic-military invasion from across the sea. Now there has been an invasion, but it is a peaceful one, without bloodshed and without the animosities that armed conflict engenders.

War is an awful monster, but sometimes he shows a sportive spirit with a sense of humor. He plays grim jokes and puts on little dramatic "asides" occasionally. Recently one of these pranks or episodes, begun several years ago at Harvard University, was terminated.

It was this way. German citizens and American citizens of German ancestry co-operated to establish a Germanic museum at Harvard. When the building had almost been finished replicas of famous German art and architecture were moved in. With everything ready for the opening to the public that event was indefinitely postponed. War had come.

"Ah, ha," War might have flaunted, "the joke is on you. When you are set for a grand scholastic flourish, I intervene and you stop. You are but my puppets. Give me room while I laugh."

"Well," you can imagine the custodian replied, "I guess I'd better put the key in my pocket and go home."

"You're right," War answered.

Anyhow, the custodian did just that very thing. He locked the doors, put the key in his pocket, and went home. The building that had never been formally opened remained closed to the public.

When Congress said "let us have peace," and issued a declaration to that effect, the situation soon changed. War was banished. With him out of the reckoning, the custodian returned and brought back his key. Soon the public was invited. It came and saw and appreciated this wonder-spot of medieval history.



Main entrance to the Germanic Museum of Harvard University.

The Germanic Museum at Harvard University is in the scope and quality of its exhibits a worthy counterpart of the Trocadero, the famous repository of French medieval sculpture. The building itself, designed by Professor Johann Bestelmeyer, of Berlin, stands as a specimen of the best in modern architecture. The construction work was supervised by the late Professor N. Langford Warren, of Harvard, who died during the war. Professor Kuno Francke, the originator or conceiver of the entire project, is the curator.

This home of German art contains three large halls whose names, Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance, clearly indicate the nature of the contents thereof. Two additional spaces or sections are not large enough to be termed halls, and certain masterful works in these lose some of their highest appeal to mankind because they are dwarfed and stinted by their cramped setting. That is about the only fault that can be found with the building and the otherwise excellent display of antique art.

The visitor enters through Romanesque Hall. Perhaps he will see first the magnificent piece at the far end of this room. It is an impressive cast of the Golden Gate of Freiburg cathedral, and harks back to the prevailing forms of the thirteenth century.

The city of Hildesheim seems well represented. At the right of the entrance may be observed a replica of the choir screen from the Church of St. Michael and a cast of the Bernhard Column from the cathedral. On the other side are reproductions of the great bronze gates of Hildesheim and Augsburg cathedrals, also a cast of the baptismal font of the former.

All the pieces in this hall and throughout the museum are carefully tinted in the exact shade of the originals. One may look at the statues of St. Elizabeth (from a group of "The Visitation" in Baumberg cathedral), the Empress Kunigunde and all the extensive array of such art without feeling a sense of unreality; he does not wake up in the middle of the play, as it were, and lose the illusion.

Romanesque Hall is left behind when the visitor passes through the Golden Gate of the Freiburg cathedral and enters Gothic Hall, which architecturally represents the transept and choir of a medieval church. It is divided into halves. In the transept are casts of the east portal from the Church of our Lady at Trier, done in the thirteenth century; casts of the pulpit and crucifixion group in the Collegiate Church at Wechselberg of the same period, and a series of statues and reliefs from Strassburg cathedral.

The reproduction of the rood screen of Naumburg cathedral is the piece which, as it has a position corresponding with the original, cuts Gothic Hall into two parts. Together with the Golden Gate, it gives the effect of a cathedral choir in which are ranged about the sides images of the 12 apostles. At the farther end the visitor will discover the bishop's seat from the Ulm cathedral. One gets a general impression here of a great cathedral nave, due to the placing of the pieces in their present order; the whole arrangement gives a dignified, old-world impression that will not soon be forgotten.

In this section of the hall are numerous copies of tombs. It was the custom in medieval Europe to place a sculpture of the occupant of the tomb in a reclining position on its top. Thus may be seen casts of the tomb of St. Aurelia from St. Emeran monastery, also two others the same type.

The tomb of St. Sebald at Nuremberg, also in this division of Gothic Hall, is the work of Peter Vischer of the sixteenth century. So well did he make use of his bronze then that reproductions of his pieces are now rather plentiful in these exhibits in the Germanic Museum.

The replicas of the highly ornamental pieces of wood-carving, stone, and bronzes in the hall are wonderful examples of reproductive art, but probably no more wonderful than those elsewhere in the museum. Every bit of scroll, flowering and fluting is a painstaking imitation in form and color of the original, so well done, in fact, that the visitor can scarcely realize that he is not walking through the old, medieval cathedral itself.

Renaissance Hall, larger than either of the others, is nearly square, with a length of 80 feet and a width of 70 feet. It has a flat ceiling with square wooden panels in true pattern of the Renaissance period, supported by three columns of fine-veined red marble.

In the middle of the room are grouped the large Renaissance and modern monuments, with the smaller ones along the side aisles. The central piece is an equestrian statue of the Great Elector, taken from the one on the Schlossbruck at Berlin, by Andreas Schluter, of the seventeenth century. Directly opposite this, just off the balcony, is a cast of the tomb of Count Hermann of Henneburg and his wife (at Romhild, near Fulda), another work of the sixteenth century sculptor, Peter Vischer.

Ranged about the sides of the room are figures in armor. These include the Swiss Landsknecht, from the fountain at Schaffhausen and three celebrated personages from the Hofkirche of Innsbruck. The three show Theodoric the Great, Emperor Maximilian in the attitude of prayer, with arms upraised and opened palms together, and King Arthur, who has been often used as the subject of verse and prose. Vischer did the originals of Theodoric the Great and King Arthur, while Emperor Maximilian is the work of an unidentified pupil of the master. On the balcony floor stands a marble statue of Frederick the Great from the Provincial Diet Building at Stettin, by J. G. Schadow.

In this large hall one may feast his eyes on many fine high reliefs and reproductions from various famous bits of German art. One such represents the Town Weigher from the Municipal Custom House at Nuremberg, with Adam Kraft the sculptor thereof. Three beautiful pieces that may be seen here are details from the well-known triptych of Schleswig cathedral by Hans Bruggemann, who lived during the sixteenth century. The original, a huge work of a high order, has altogether 27 different scenes and 19 separate panels. Another high relief may be mentioned; it is a product of the fifteenth century from Nuremberg, and bears the title of "The Entombment."

On the wall opposite one may look on the funeral slab of Bishop John of Breslau, from the Breslau cathedral. It is another of Peter Vischer's works. The doorway leading from this hall to a smaller one, in which repose three large pieces of statuary and some photographic enlargements, also is a reproduction of the Renaissance period, as exemplified in the Hirschvogelsaal in Nuremberg. The outstanding work in the small hall reached through this doorway or passage is a life-size reproduction of "The Amazon" by August Kiss. The original of "The Amazon" can be seen in front of the New Museum at Berlin. Every detail of the replica is perfect. Indeed, it undoubtedly will keep the name of August Kiss alive throughout many decades and throughout many centuries.

Now let's return to Renaissance Hall. There one will find much to interest him if he is a lover of art; and even if he is not, he will be interested, anyhow, provided he does not banish his normal mental receptivity and stubbornly close his eyes.

There are many glass cases containing electrotype reproductions of gold and silver services. Perhaps the most appealing is a part of the table service from the city of Luneburg; this has been contributed by a committee of scholars, artists, authors and other residents of the German capital. It numbers 17 of the best pieces.

Step over to another small room and you will see additional cases, one enclosing 21 pieces of the finest Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance forms of cups and goblets. Here also is a fine collection of considerably more than 100 plaquettes in bronze by Peter Floetner, of the sixteenth century, and a set of reproductions from the Amerbach collection of plaquettes in the museum at Basel; this latter group numbers 28 in all, some quite large and the entire lot noteworthy because of the exquisite, painstaking wealth of detail that characterizes it.

There are, of course, many other pieces, but too numerous to mention specifically here. If I should single out one more, however, it would be the brilliantly wrought model of the Hohkonigsberg Castle, near Schledstadt, in Alsace. This great building was erected during the sixteenth century. The model impresses even the connoisseur of art and architecture as a splendid study of German castle structure.

In a small aperture, which leads from the balcony and overlooks the spacious Romanesque Hall, there stands a model of the famous Nydam boat, reduced in size, however, from the original that can be seen only in the Kiel Museum. There also are some replicas of a Roman legionary or an armed soldier, which was found in the neighborhood of Mainz, also a Frankish warrior, with arms of the Merovin epoch, and reliefs from the Marcus Aurelius column at Rome. The originals of the Roman legionary and of the Frankish warrior are in the Romisch-Germanisches Museum in the city of Mainz.

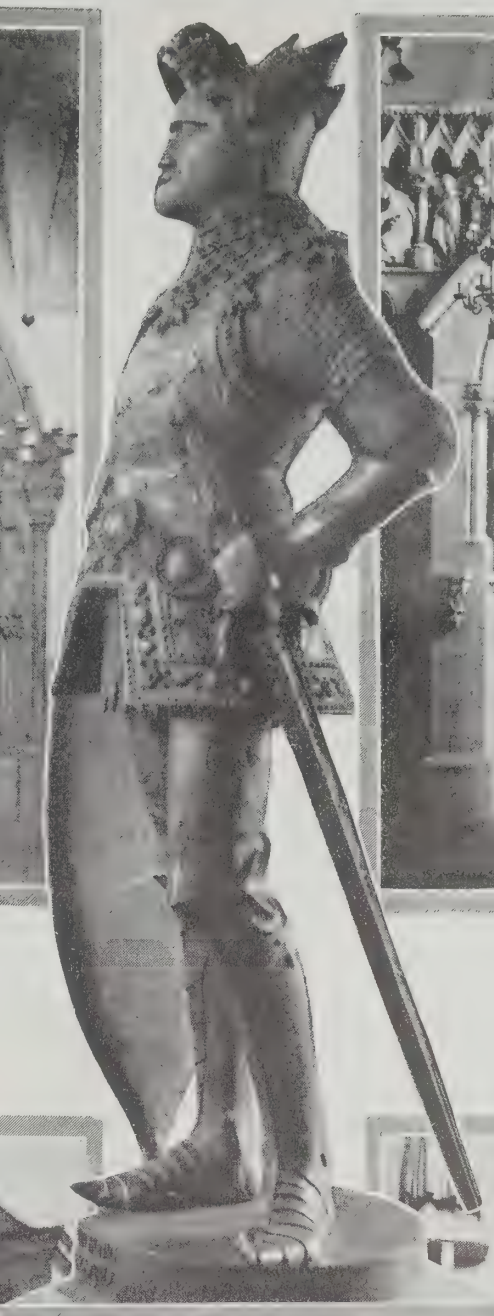
The entire building at Harvard University brings the Old World to the New; it not only brings the Old World, but it brings an old part of it. The esthete, entering it for the first time, immediately will fall under the spell or witchery of the artful and artistic displays and exhibits. The amateur, otherwise known as a tyro or beginner, may not have the gusto of a pig in clover when he looks on the relics; but assuredly no harm will come to him from directing his gaze toward these fine reproductions.



Golden Gate of the Freiburg Cathedral in Romanesque Hall.



A copy of the rood screen from Naumburg Cathedral.



The armored figure of King Arthur, in Renaissance Hall. Figures of Theodoric the Great and Emperor Maximilian also are in the hall.



A view from a corner of the courtyard showing a replica of the famous Brunswick Lion which was one of the earliest Germanic gifts to Harvard University.



A replica of the tomb of St. Sebald, in Nuremberg Cathedral.



"The Amazon," a life-size work by the German sculptor, August Kiss.

Your Daily Paper: the "News" It Serves You

American Newspapers Used to Spread Radical Propaganda; "Boring From Within" Methods at Sources Bring Results

By LEWIS HARPER

THROUGH a combination of circumstances, at once amusing and amazing, the newspapers of the United States are being used now, and have been used for years, to spread radical propaganda. This is just as true of the so-called conservative papers as it is of the avowedly progressive newspapers. It is not only unnoticed by the majority of readers, but only partly suspected by the owners of the press and its editorial personnel.

Most of this subtle communist infiltration of the news is the result of conscious "boring from within" by men and women occupying strategic positions where news originates or is distributed. Some of it is unconscious—the result of faulty education or circumstances and human elements which determine news content of the papers independently of anybody's purpose.

The work of planting propaganda in the newspapers is cleverly concealed by ceaseless denunciation of the "unfairness" of the "capitalist press" by the devotees of radical cults. This denunciation of the "capitalist press" is one of the most characteristic shibboleths of the Gospel according to St. Marx and also one of the most essential cogs in the machinery of disruptive propaganda. It is also the stock in trade of every political confidence man, or other demagogue, who makes impossible economic demands or political promises to hold a job through mass favor.

Press Plays Their Game

CURIOUSLY enough the principal medium for circulating the charges against the "capitalist press" is that same capitalist press! Indeed, a week rarely passes without the newspapers printing one or more attacks of this character. If they do this to expose the hollowness of the charges, they probably overestimate the critical faculties of the majority of newspaper readers because the significance of such publication is noted by few. Most readers fail to see that the charge is exploded by the fact that it is published by the accused.

Because the use of the "capitalist press" to exploit radical propaganda has become so general, there has been a change, mostly unnoticed, in the attacks on the press. Twenty years ago, when the socialist movement in America was insignificant and got scant attention in the newspapers, its writers and speakers constantly charged that a "conspiracy of silence" existed to suppress the facts about it.

That charge is rarely heard now. It has been superseded by the charge of unfairness and distortion. The old charge is no longer made because the radical today is successful in "putting across" his propaganda in the newspapers and gets so much publicity that suppression talk is out of the question.

The enemies of private property and the individual management of industry, the two cardinal institutions which differentiate the last few decades of human progress from the prior millenniums of crawling or stagnation, have had much the better of the publicity given to industrial disputes—both in quantity and quality—ever since the Lawrence textile strike. Measurement of the news content of the most conservative newspapers will show that in nearly every labor dispute the statements and proclamations of labor men are given more space than the utterances of the other side. Every reporter knows that the labor side is the more vocal. The employer as a rule does little talking. Neither, however, is a good publicity engineer. The employer usually fails to state his case fully or well. Often the labor leader falls into the error of issuing such lengthy statements that he defeats the object of reaching the public and when the mechanical necessities compel the curtailment of the statements it is attributed to a malicious intent to garble or mutilate the labor argument.

"Slipping It Over" Gets Space

THESE facts, of course, come into head-on collision with the metaphysical dogma of "economic determinism," one of the essential teachings and catchwords of socialism.

The devotee who views the world deductively and makes everything conform to the Marxian credos will say to this: "The idea is preposterous. Is it not perfectly obvious that the newspaper is an integral part of the industrial system? Are not the newspapers owned by men or corporations of great wealth? How can these institutions be employed to attack the industrial system of which they are a part?"

The answer to these "perfectly obvious" questions is contained in the news printed by the newspapers, which does consist very largely of attacks on the industrial system in one form or another. The reason is to be found in the methods by which news is generated and distributed.

The idea that the owner of a newspaper actually controls it in detail is a current delusion. Granted that he is a practical newspaper man on the job—and he very seldom is—his is only one brain working among many, and frequently against many.

If there are radicals or near radicals on his staff they find that "slipping it over on the boss" is not only easy, but has a fascination from the sporting element involved.

Often the newspaper owner is an absentee or a slow-moving corporation. It is frequently the case that the owner or the officials of the operating corporation are incapable, because of lack of editorial astuteness, to understand or detect the "pink" propaganda between the lines of their own news and editorial columns.

A prominent Chicago capitalist owns a morning paper in a western city. He fondly imagined that his paper was a bulwark of conservatism. It was supposed to be the staid and sober daily of the city in contrast to sensational and radical afternoon contemporaries. But the fact is that for several months in 1920 its editorials fairly reeked with parlor sovietism and other subtle propaganda, until the thing became a standing joke among newspaper men, while the publisher remained in blissful ignorance and probably hasn't heard of it yet.

A southern publisher who was in command of a regiment in France in 1918 and the early part of 1919 returned home to find that a woman editorial writer had turned his paper into a parlor Bolshevist organ, and his resident business manager had never suspected it.

But distortion and infiltration of propaganda which are sometimes practiced by employes are perhaps minor factors in giving a pink shading to the newspapers.

Some of the very largest publishers in the United States, and some of the largest distributors of wire news and features, are consciously and aggressively radical. They not only publish thinly disguised communist and syndicalist stuff in their own newspapers; but through their control of wire services and syndicate matter they get a large amount of this propaganda into newspapers which have directly contrary policies.

This is especially true of many smaller papers which do not have editorial staffs of sufficient size or sophistication to detect this propaganda and edit it out. They use it as it comes to them.

In regard to this class of publishers, who play the game for the radical element by spreading their ideas in one form or another, it is evident that they are dominated by mixed motives. The most important is the desire to attain popularity and circulation—the basis of all newspaper values—by the exploitation of real or imagined popular grievances. They reason that the mass of the people are not interested in the "property point of view," as they possess little or no property and are not sufficiently far-sighted, as a rule, to see that their own welfare is bound up with the institution of private property, no less than the prosperity of the actual possessors. Circulation values are mass values on the whole. Quantity counts.

Built Up by Such Methods

THE motive under consideration is, of course, the same motive that has inspired the political demagogue from the dawn of history. It is selfish, but men who act upon it have always had the faculty of clothing it in idealistic language and putting upon their opponents the stigma of materialism and self-seeking.

As a short cut to newspaper success, something can be said for it. There are many newspaper properties in the United States, the value of which has been created by this sort of appeal. On the other hand, fortunately, it has also been proved that circulation and newspaper values can be created by the slower, more difficult and expensive method of building up a reputation for accuracy and fairness. Such newspaper properties have proved to be more stable than the others.

It would be unjust, however, to assign self-seeking as the only motive dominating newspaper publishers who appeal to the disruptive instincts for circulation. The publisher is made of the same sort of clay as the reader. His education is frequently not superior. Undoubtedly these men have been sincere to a great extent. In the vernacular, "they believe their own stuff."

Much of their propaganda has been justified by temporary local and national conditions—but little of it has fruited in any actual results except their own prosperity. Where they have succeeded in dictating public policies the results have been disappointing, often disastrous. The only constructive results of their policies have been the enhancement of their newspaper properties.

This has resulted in no gain for the power or morale of the press. It is well known that circulation gains achieved by this kind of appeal are inevitably "cashed in" with a later advertising harvest, and that the radicalism of such news and editorial columns wanes in the same ratio that the advertising space increases. One reason for the comparative instability of such newspaper properties is that the gains and losses in circulation and advertising are intermittent. The two do not grow together as in more normal properties. Big circulation gains are usually achieved at the expense of some advertising loss and vice versa.

The publisher, however, has always before him this alternative route to success. To get a volume of circulation he may appeal to elements hostile to the modern industrial system. He can thus build his own business by attacking and imperiling the interests of other forms of industry. Were "Big Business" organized and alert as it is pictured by its enemies, such methods would, of course, be impractical, because business men, taking the long view, would refuse to buy advertising from such publishers—no matter how much temporary circulation they might have to sell. But neither Big Business nor little business is organized or class conscious, as is asserted by those who attack it.

No better proof of this need be adduced than the advertising columns of scores of newspapers which for the past few years have teemed with indiscriminate attacks on the packing industry, the railroads, the public utilities or the oil corporations and yet carry hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of advertising from these sources.

The best illustration of the demagogic method of building newspaper properties is afforded by the war on the public utility corporations which has been raging for 30 years or more. The writer achieved very marked circulation gains in the editorial management of two afternoon papers, due principally to an aggressive attitude toward the traction companies in those cities.

This attitude was honestly assumed and the corporations had invited attack by their practices, but in retrospect, it appears that their sins and the circulation gains achieved by attacking them were out of all proportion to the just balance of news and editorial treatment. In other words, the evils attacked were insignificant compared to those which were ignored. Scores of newspapers in the United States have been made by fighting the utility corporations.

Formerly, many newspaper men regarded such a course as positive proof of the honesty of a newspaper or its publisher. The public utilities were rich and were supposed to be powerful. They were in fact never powerful, they only seemed to be, because they had the support of some professional politicians—the first to desert them when they found that the pickings were better on the other side of the plum tree.

The Defense of the Utilities

THE investors in these corporations were usually absentees and generally Americans of the "first settler" stocks. The utility corporations were not heavy advertisers, as they were natural monopolies. Their owners could exert no such racial or group pressure on the newspapers as is brought to bear when other kinds of business are subjected to attack—on the rare occasions when other big local interests are put on the editorial grill.

The native American has not learned to organize and act as a group in dealing with the press. Many of the newcomers bring such a capacity with them or speedily acquire it over here. The public utilities were rich, but when their legally fixed rates encountered the depreciated currency of the war period they became poor overnight. In this misfortune, of course, they differed no whit from plain individuals. Some newspapers are still seeking circulation by assailing and even nagging the public utilities. Politicians are still hounding them, and although they may be bankrupt thrice over and in the hands of harassed receivers, they still pay rich dividends to their enemies in the form of newspaper circulation and political jobs.

However, hostility to public utilities is becoming shopworn. The more sophisticated are becoming skeptical about public-utility baiting as a proof of public spirit or integrity. The people have begun to notice that *newspapers which have valiantly assailed the public utilities have been careful not to attack retail business throughout the era of high prices.* Profiteering in more homely forms has escaped the scrutiny and criticism which was heaped upon public utilities. The newspaper reading public has also become aware that it is easier and less expensive to lay the onus of high prices and other ills, that the public believes it is suffering, on the distant corporation managements or Wall Street than on folks nearer home.

"News" That Really Isn't

NATURALLY many newspaper men thus trained in the school of irresponsible attack have shown first-rate ability, both executive and editorial, and have gained positions of power and responsibility on other newspapers.

They have thus colored other newspapers with their original hue. Many have gained strategic positions in the press associations or have become staff correspondents who gather big news at the source and thus impart something of their personal viewpoint to news which is printed in hundreds of newspapers, many of them of directly contrary policies.

These publishers have also attracted into the newspaper business many men of restless minds and polemic ability who would not otherwise have entered it. Not a few of these in recent years have come from the newer arrivals from Eastern Europe and are naturally more disposed toward radical cults than the original individualistic American strains.

But the sources of propaganda are by no means confined to those circles. The most careful, conservative and conscientious publisher or editor is compelled to print a great deal of stuff of a misleading tendency simply because it is "news" or appears to be "news." Some of it is "loaded"—some of it has no other significance than that of creating false impression by being printed at all, and thus giving importance to things of no real importance.

News content may be made partisan by quantitative methods without coloring or comment. If the newspapers can be induced to carry enough news of a given sort, they will do the work of the propagandist. The press agent's art is nowhere better developed than among the devotees of the radical cult.

Casting New Lincolns From the Original Mold

By ROBERT H. MOULTON



Woolen mills at Cumberland Gap. Here are made unique coverlets in the "Whig Rose" and other antique patterns.

A MILE and a half south of the stone that marks the meeting of Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia, there is a little college that puts two pertinent questions squarely to the American people:

Is it worth while to make an American out of an American boy?

Is there any justification for educating an American girl?

The log cabin has been the first shelter of many an American who has boasted of humble heritage, and of many great Americans of whom America, with justifiable pride, has boasted. But our fertile fields, vast forests and exhaustless mines have made the pioneer of threescore years ago affluent today; have made us a nation of unparalleled wealth; have converted America into a vast country of productive farms and rich cities, humming factories and smoking mills, with a cobweb-like network of arteries of transportation and communication.

Philanthropic interest in education has turned its attention to the immigrants and not the native-born, to the melting pot and not to the log cabin, for the log cabin seemed gone and is gone but for the Appalachian range which, when the western course of empire took its way, was hurled over and forgotten.

Our cities are filled with worthy philanthropic societies, maintained by the commendable charity of philanthropic folk. These societies are operating through trained, highly paid and specialized social workers for the uplift of the Sicilian and Turk, the Greek and Portuguese. Into this melting pot they put the new arrival on our shores, hoping to make "an American"—all the while forgetting that in the cabin homes up and down the great Appalachian valleys there is the real American, waiting to be Americanized. Shall we forget him?

Lincoln did not.

More than a score of years have come and gone since General Oliver Otis Howard, catching his inspiration from the lips of Lincoln, founded a remarkable college in the midst of the Appalachian Mountains, at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee. He called it the Lincoln Memorial University. He might have called it the "University for Lost Americans," for its mission is that of pointing the way to progress for pure-blooded American youths who, though descended from the pioneers who settled in the southern mountains before the Revolution, are hemmed in, isolated, out of step with the world, living under virtually the same primitive conditions as did their forbears. Several million people reside in this region of the United States. Their customs, speech, and manners are those of Daniel Boone; their outlook on life little changed from the days when Lincoln was a boy. So the Lincoln type is still there. The mountains that looked on his early struggles for an education might tell of other battles against poverty and circumstance of birth being waged today by just such mountain youths.







The School of Music.

Above—A group of students. Left—Grant-Lee Hall. The old Grant-Lee was burned in 1909. Now being rebuilt.

These youths form the student body of Lincoln Memorial University, which is one of the most dramatic and democratic institutions of learning to be found in this country. In the depth of its appeal to its student body it is perhaps the greatest university in the world. Lincoln Memorial is the kind of a college Abraham Lincoln would have wanted it to be. It is a university where every student works, not only with his brain, but with his hands. The gymnasium of Lincoln Memorial is the open field and the out-of-doors. The men who get their education at this school earn it and pay for it day by day. Not a young man or a young woman at Lincoln Memorial has any time for daydreams or frivolity, nor any inclination, apparently, to indulge in them. The faculty is devoted, the students are in deadly earnest, and the result is more work and more accomplishment per minute and per term than anywhere else.

It is the kind of college Lincoln would have chosen to attend. The boys are his kind of boys, high-principled, clean-cut, upstanding six-footers, clear-eyed and keen, quiet, fearless and courageous. And there is nothing in the way of sacrifice too great for them to endure for the sake of an education. What some of them have already done to reach the gates of Lincoln Memorial would make an epic. They come from 200 miles around, with their "little all" in a bundle, now and then a few dollars at the most, but in the majority of cases nothing, to fight their way through school.

Not long ago a young fellow, carrying a small handbag arrived at the university. He had walked 50 miles to get there. But the college was full.

"I'm sorry, my boy," said the dean. "I'd like to take you in, but we just haven't any place to put you—there's neither a room nor a bed."

"I didn't come here to get a room, I didn't come here to get a bed," said the tall, slender youth. "I came here to get an education; I can sleep on the floor."

You can't turn that kind of boy away. He won't be turned away. He wasn't turned away. He's waiting on the table, working in the laundry, working in the field, doing anything, everything. A few weeks later he was asked, "How do you like it here?"

"Like it," he repeated with a curious smile. "Why, it's just grand."

"And what do you want to do? What is your ambition?"

"Why," he said in a confidential tone, "I want to do so much I don't dare tell the people here. They'd think I was foolish. I'm a southern boy; I love the South, and I want to be a writer. I want to tell the stories that I know of these people in the mountains. When I'm through here I want to go to Harvard, where they train men to write. I want to climb up the ladder of culture. I don't dare tell 'em here yet, but that's what I'm going to do."

One of its professors who came to the Gap from Connecticut, a graduate of Columbia University, said: "I am here because I don't know of any place in the United States where a boy or girl can get so much education for a dollar."

Some students under this professor matched their learning in chemistry, acquired with pitiably limited laboratory facilities, with that of some upper-class men in a state university of recognized standing some several hundred miles away, and found that they could write a better examination than the students from the well-equipped college. "It's the will in these boys and girls," said the professor, "which makes up for the laboratory limitations."

Here about the Gap is the neglected corner of the United States. In the hundreds of square miles around that mountain region of Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee and South Carolina, are tens of thousands of children whose Americanism is traceable through possibly half a dozen generations or better, and whose homes are squalid cabins. They have been stranded in the hills where the railroads have not yet reached. Though ignorant and poor, they are industrious, honest and eager. Give them half a chance and they'll make big use of it. That is what Lincoln Memorial is trying to do. On its beautiful farm the students gather the tomatoes and potatoes, and harvest grain which they themselves sow, plant and cultivate.

The university has recently built and equipped near its spacious dairy barn, which was built by the students, a thoroughly modern creamery. It hopes soon to have a thoroughly equipped cheese factory. These institutions do more than give trade instruction to the students; they give the students work, and make it possible for them by that work to get the trade instruction. The market for all the butter and cheese they can make is there.

The inventive talent of the boy at Lincoln Memorial is cultivated. He is taught to think in concrete terms, to put his ideas on paper, to draw out his plan so that he or any builder can make real his dream. The boy who leaves this university may not have the technique of the draftsman from the highly developed architectural college, but he can do what perhaps the more perfect draftsman cannot do—he can lay down the plans for a good house, a serviceable barn, a well-arranged community creamery, a silo, or a steel bridge to span a rushing brook, and then turn out himself and build it.

The boys at Lincoln Memorial are not only taught practical mechanical drawing, real carpentry, honor-bright masonry, stone-setting and bricklaying, but they are taught to make things in the carpentry shop—bookcases, bureaus, washstands, desks, chairs, tables—things that must stand up, not to pass the percentage count of the professor, but stand the test of the market itself. They are made to take to the market to sell, to bring the maker profit—something to help the maker through college. That's the test. And it is the test that will stand trial after the student has left the guiding hand of the professor.

The valleys that lie between the coal and iron-laden mountain ranges around Cumberland Gap are rich in virgin soil and form one of the best sections in the United States for diversified farming, particularly for dairy and fruit farming. Aside from this very practical instruction in the science and elements of agriculture, in animal husbandry, agricultural chemistry, dairying, bacteriology, agronomy and the like, the student, by catalog requirement, is obliged to follow the plow on the 700-acre university farm, nor can he leave the tillage of the field until it is disked, rolled, harrowed, sowed or drilled. He is required to mow grass, rake hay, build stacks, pitch and load wagons; reap grain, and shock it; drop corn, cultivate it, cut it, shock it, husk it and shell it. His acquaintance with the horse is made through the curry-comb and harness, as well as the grain bin, the hay-stack and the straw stack. He doesn't learn how to drive, unharness and bed a horse by sitting at his desk looking at a chart or blackboard; he doesn't sit in a milking clinic to watch a white-liveried milker do the milking. He is given a cow, a milking stool and a bucket, and told to come back with the milk.

Lincoln Memorial recognizes, as everyone is forced to, that the women have taken their place in the industrial world, that they are essential to it, and that they must be fitted for it. To this end, stenography, typewriting, bookkeeping and such other courses as are helpful in the commercial activities, are taught in that practical way which makes it possible, at times, for these students to convert their experience under instructors into cash.

The university also recognizes the fact that in spite of the new industrial era, in spite of the modern methods of food preparation, which send out much of our food factory-prepared, there still is, and for a long time to come will be, need of women skilled in the old-fashioned, homely and wholesome art of home-making. To this end the institution conducts practical courses in household management, cooking, home hygiene, and those pursuits that are usually cataloged under the general head of "domestic science."

But in this line of work sewing seems to be about the only vocational training which makes it possible for the girls to earn much money while attending school. The university does not like to *give* these girls an education. These mountain folk are full of pride, and they don't like to be given things. What the university wants to do is show them how they themselves may get the education. And they can earn enough money to educate themselves by sewing, by making things. That's why a lot of sewing machines are always in use. Responding to the needs of its nearest metropolis, Knoxville, the university has built a most creditable hospital of 75 beds, a well-equipped bacteriological laboratory, and a thoroughly efficient, standard training school for nurses with a three-years' course.

The life lesson of Lincoln is the old, old lesson—that what we do that is worth doing in the world can help us only because it helps others. That is the spirit of the college at Cumberland Gap.

Mining Towns Are Not Always Unsightly

By ROSS B. JOHNSTON

DIRT and ugliness have so long been associated in the minds of most of us with coal mining towns that we can scarcely think of a mining town in terms of cleanliness and beauty. But the United States Coal & Coke Company, at its dozen mines in the Tug River section at Gary, West Virginia, and at Lynch, Kentucky, has proved that mining towns can be attractive.

Along with the things that are ordinarily grouped under welfare work by other companies, this company has taken up sanitation as one of the prime factors in the betterment of a community. To insure sanitation, it has been found much easier here to advocate the planting of gardens than to preach sanitation. The officials know that people are just like the things thrown around them. The man whose home is dirty, family unkempt, and food unclean and badly cooked, is generally dissatisfied. He is not only discontented but a poor workman as well. On the other hand, the man who is clean and whose surroundings are fresh and attractive, is generally healthier, happier, and a better workman. So the company feels that it is a good investment for itself, as well as a boon to the men in its service, to make their villages models.

There are concrete walks on the streets and right up to the doors of its employes. Concrete streets connect the various towns.

Stone walls are built to hold sloping hillsides. Low places are filled. Every possible effort is made to eliminate tin cans, dirt and all waste and refuse that might collect. Garbage is collected daily. It is then a logical step to promote gardens—flower and vegetable gardens, with grapevines and other clinging vines about the homes. The attractiveness of the various little towns is indicated by the photos of houses, streets and gardens that accompany this article.

The houses of the poorest miner are of the same material as those of the highest paid officials. That material is wood, although there is so much stone quarried out of the steep hillsides that it is often a problem to know where to use it. But frame has been used for residences since the opening of the mines and with success. The houses are neat and attractive, of varied design. All are painted, various color schemes being used to eliminate monotony. Water comes from deep wells and it is filtrated before it reaches the homes.

Houses that cost the company $7,500 to $8,000 have four rooms on two sides with bath, electric lights and water-heating system. These houses rent for $26 a month for each side.

Double "102" houses, three rooms down and two up on each side, but without so many modern conveniences, may rent as low as $7.50. Double "6" houses, three rooms on each side, may rent as low as $6 a month. The older type of house is maintained at a loss. All the newer houses have hot water, heat, electric lights and baths. The tendency is to group the houses around a central heating plant in the future for the sake of convenience and economy.



Above—These attractive little houses are the kind that help hold miners. Below—A typical coal-town street. Stone retaining wall, concrete roadway, concrete sidewalk, painted houses with vine-clad porches and flower-decked yards.

The men do not need to go home unwashed from their work in the mines. At every mine there is being built a commodious wash room, where the men can clean up before going home. There are lockers of the new type in which each man ties his clothes to a ring, pulls this ring up with a cord until the clothes are out of the way in a case against the ceiling, then locks the other end of the cord to a rail within easy reach. When the miner leaves home in the morning, he may be dressed as well as any business man. He goes into the locker room, undresses, puts his good clothes in the locker, and dons his mining clothes. After the day's work, he removes his working clothes, takes a hot shower, tops this off with a cold shower, and puts on his street clothes. When he gets home, he is ready to sit down to the supper that awaits him, in clean clothes instead of in his soiled mining clothes. What that means only a miner or a miner's wife can know.

Gardens perch on the hillsides and on every bare spot down in the valleys. There are no "dumps" because all vacant land is in gardens. Flowers compete with vegetables for places in these gardens, but liberal prizes offered by the company for the best gardens have often brought about a combination, in which the flowers form borders for the utilitarian vegetables.

Who do you suppose insists on a garden in connection with his home, the native-born, the foreign-born or the Negro? It is the foreign-born who is never without a garden. But there are few families that were without their gardens in recent years, and the garden work has become the most important and the most interesting feature of these towns, outside of the actual production of more coal than any mining company in the state. The gardens are all neatly fenced in to keep out stray animals, as well as to beautify the premises and give a feeling of privacy. It has been the garden that has been the most important factor in solving the problem of neat premises and general cleanliness of the towns.

The schools, churches, clubs, stores, athletics, hospitals and so on are far above those found in most welfare efforts.

Conquering the Hessian Fly

ARMY sanitary methods a century and a half ago, were not what they are today. Wheat straw, brought from Germany by Hessian soldiers, who came to America to fight the colonists, was scattered about the camps. Later the wind carried it to near-by farms.

In that straw, entomologists say, the colonists might have observed small, hard, brown objects, resembling flaxseeds.

In early spring and autumn startling changes might have been observed in the flaxseeds. There was a pronounced disturbance in the shell. A hole appeared at one end. A small insect pulled itself out by stages and before long flew to where the colonists had planted wheat.

There it soon was joined by other insects, also travelers in the Hessian bedding roll from the old home in Germany. They mated. Soon afterward the female began depositing eggs on the first blades of tender wheat.

The eggs were oval and generally three were placed on a blade. Sometimes there were many more. The insect didn't stop until it had laid from 100 to 107 such eggs.

Three to five days later the eggs gave forth tiny red worms that wriggled down between the leaf sheath and the stalk. They continued downward until they found a location just under the ground. There they fed and grew. Other changes occurred and the next season the process just described was repeated.

That is the story of the introduction into America of the Hessian fly. It takes the largest toll of any insect that attacks wheat. In 1916, according to Federal estimates, it reduced the wheat yield 37,000,000 bushels. From the beginning in the East in Revolutionary days the insects spread to various sections. Now it is found chiefly from the eastern boundary of Ohio to the western section of Kansas. Tennessee and Kentucky also suffer losses due to the fly.

The average yearly loss in the nation, due to fly damage, is estimated by the same authority at 13,000,000 bushels.

Because, possibly, of the standing of Kansas as a wheat-growing state, the damage in the nation usually reflected conditions in Kansas. In 1916, the year the national loss was 37,000,000 bushels, the Kansas loss exceeded 8,000,000 bushels.

But the 1916 loss was not the largest in Kansas. Several years earlier it had been noted that Hessian fly damage was increasing there. In 1907 the loss amounted to 10,000,000 bushels.

When the loss in a single state amounted to 10,000,000 bushels it was recognized that methods of fly control then in use had failed.

F. M. Webster, representing the United States Department of Agriculture went to Kansas. There he conferred with E. A. Popenoe, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, about new methods of fighting the insects. They decided that the Department of Agriculture and the college would co-operate in experimnts.

E. G. Kelly, representing the department, was given charge of the work and the experiments began. Wheat was planted under varying conditions. Farmers' fields were studied. A route was established from Salina, Kansas, to Medford, Oklahoma. It was covered by Kelly and his assistants every year for five years. Sometimes several trips were made each year. Meanwhile the fly-free date was more clearly established in the various localities and farmers were urged to plant about that time. But losses continued heavy. Kelly had been at work eight years, seeking the new methods, when the disaster of 1916 occurred. He was discouraged. Apparently he was no nearer a solution than when he began in 1908.

"I knew some fields in the fly districts didn't have flies," he said, "but I didn't know why."

Such were conditions when Kelly stood one day in 1916 on the farm of Ed Laney in Sumner County, Kansas. The sun blazed down and the stubble seemed to give off heat like a furnace. A "hunch" came to Kelly that deep plowing would eliminate the Hessian fly.

"Bury the stubble so deep the fly can't get out," was the inspiration.

Kelly took a mental journey back to the fly-free fields he had visited and studied. He could not remember any but those that had been plowed deeply.

Laney consented to plant part of his field in experiment plots as Kelly suggested.

Part of the field was disked deeply, part lightly and part was not disked. Some was plowed deep, some shallow. Boxes three feet wide and six feet long were placed open side down in each plot. In the walls were placed glass tubes, extending outward. Similar experiments were made on other farms. And Kansas farmers were urged to plow their wheat land deep.

At last the boxes were inspected. Where the plowing had been less than four inches deep and where bits of stubble were on the surface, flies were plentiful. They had come out of their hiding places just under the soil in the stubble and gone into the glass tubes, leading toward the light, seeking liberty.

The boxes on land plowed five inches deep showed only a few flies. Where the plowing was six inches deep there were no flies.

"I knew, then, I had the secret," Kelly said. "But I was determined to guard against a fluke, so I preached deep plowing and continued experiments without making any announcement."

The spring of 1917 came and with it the war. Because it was war time farmers gave more attention than usual to crop suggestions. Meeting after meeting was held, at which speakers told farmers deep plowing would eliminate the toll of a pest that came from Germany. Groups of men were taken to demonstration fields and shown the fly and its work. The farmers were taught to pick out the infested plants. There was some fly damage that year and attention was directed to it on every occasion.

"In 1918, with the greatest wheat acreage in her history," Kelly said, "Kansas was 'ripe' for heavy losses due to the fly. Yet the crop harvested that year virtually was free from fly damage."

The plea for deep plowing was continued in the succeeding months and the 1919 crop, too, virtually was free from fly damage. In 1920, when there was damage in other states, Kansas again escaped loss.

Adding reports this year to that good record, Kelly decided his theory had stood the test. An announcement was made at the college that the Hessian fly had been eliminated as a crop factor in Kansas.

Kelly has left the Department of Agriculture and devotes his entire time to Kansas agricultural extension work.



KNUT HAMSUN

Knut Hamsun Fights to Fame Through Hunger, Poverty

By FRED L. HOLMES

SOME 30 years ago Knut Hamsun, an unknown Norwegian immigrant, was discharged as a street car conductor in Chicago because he could not remember to call streets. One year ago, as an author, he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature.

Within those years there has grown up in America a legendary history of the movements, the eccentricities and the oddities of this cobbler, coal heaver, farm hand, fisherman, preacher and lecturer. Every adversity has come to him. He has had to make the fiercest struggles for bare existence. His books are tinged with autobiographical tragedy.

It was after he had been discharged as a street car conductor that he returned to Norway and wrote his first novel—wrote it with the stub of a pencil as if it were a compact with death. He called it "Hunger," because he was starving day by day as it was written. When he could bear the scene no longer, and when the end seemed to him inevitable, he took his soiled and disjointed manuscript to a publisher. It was accepted and brought food. What is more, it brought instant recognition as a writer in the Scandinavian countries.

When the announcement was made that Knut Hamsun had been awarded the Nobel prize, literary America sat up and rubbed its eyes in Rip Van Winkle wonderment. Surely the Nobel prize was never intended for such an unknown author. Was it possible that Nobel had intended that his gift should go to some one scarcely heard of in literary America?

Who was Hamsun and what had he written to bring fame? Hamsun's life and writings are inseparably bound together. He has expressed himself in fiction, verse and drama—it is all autobiographical. He was born August 4, 1860, at Lom, in Gudrandadal, about 100 miles north of Christiania, of peasant parents. He was taken at four to Lofoten Islands, but the boy did not relish the life of the fisher folk. Later he was apprenticed to a shoemaker and at 17 years blossomed forth with a long story and poem, "Bjorger" that tells how a poor farm boy was left an orphan. It was the beginning of his own autobiography. He published this book himself, but it brought no recognition.

He Acted on Bjornson's Suggestion

SOMEHOW he had become acquainted with the distinguished Norwegian author, Bjornstjerne Bjornson. The latter had suggested that there might be a field writing poetry for the Norwegians of America, since two-thirds of the Norwegians of the world live in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota and the Dakotas. Bjornson gave a letter of introduction to Professor Rasmus B. Anderson, a well-known Scandinavian-American, professor of Scandinavian languages at the University of Wisconsin, and later United States minister to Denmark. So Hamsun came to America.

"One day during the summer of 1882, while my family and I were at the dinner table in Madison, Wisconsin, we heard the door bell ring," related Mr. Anderson. "On opening the door there stood before me a tall, slender, smooth-faced young man with a large growth of hair on his head. You could not look at this youth with a forest of brown hair without thinking of Bjornstjerne Bjornson in his palmiest days. This young man held his hat in one hand, and with the other he handed me a letter. I opened the letter and found it was written to me by no less a personage than Bjornson himself.

"In this letter Bjornson said in substance that he herewith sends to me a young man named 'Knud Pederson.' He adds that 'he is not without literary talent' and requests me to take an interest in him and do what I can for him.

"I asked 'Knud Pederson' what he intended to do in this country. He replied: 'I have come to write poetry for the Norwegians in America. Bjornson told me this country needed a poet, and I have come to supply this want.'

"He told me he had not attended any but elementary schools; that he had done various kinds of work and that for a time he clerked in a store in Gjovik, on Mjosen. He had written some poems, some of which had appeared in print, and told me how he at one time, when King Oscar was in Christiania, had gone to the palace and asked for an audience. He did not succeed in seeing the king, but he was able through the chamberlain to hand his majesty a couple of poems. By the chamberlain, King Oscar had sent him ten crowns (about $2.50).

"I tried to impress on my new friend that I did not think he could make a living by writing poetry for the Norwegian-Americans, and suggested that he had better make use of his Brage-gift as a side line; but he insisted that he had an inner call and that Bjornson had assured him that such a field was open among his countrymen here.

"About that time I was in the midst of my agitation in the Norwegian press urging all Norwegians wherever it was possible to drop their names of 'Olson,' 'Larson,' 'Johnson,' 'Peterson,' and the whole aggregation of 'sons,' and substitute the name of the farm from which they or their families came in Norway.

"After dinner I asked Pederson whether he did not have a farm name he could use. I told him that the Pedersons were so numerous it would be difficult to acquire enough reputation for identification. He said his family had lived on a farm named 'Hamsund.' I advised him to drop 'Pederson' and call himself 'Knut Hamsund.' This advice he at once accepted.

"I had lately met a Norwegian merchant in Elroy, Wisconsin, and understood that he needed a clerk. As Hamsund had some experience in this line, I sent him to my friend there. Hamsund was accepted and for a while seemed to give satisfaction, but after some time he began turning up later and later at the store in the morning. He seemed to have spent his nights writing poetry and so overslept in the morning. The merchant finally was forced to dismiss Hamsund for tardiness. Hamsund then came back to Madison and I had him on my hands again.

Thought He Could Be a Preacher

"KRISTOFER JANSON had been successful in Minneapolis and his church at Madelia, Minnesota, had been organized. He was getting more work than he could do and his church was growing. He needed assistance. He therefore wrote to me and requested me to find for him some bright student at the University of Wisconsin that he might prepare for the Unitarian ministry. I had not found any one, but I had Knut Hamsund on my hands. I asked Hamsund (he later dropped the 'd' in his name) how he would like to become a Unitarian preacher. I do not think he had the slightest idea of the meaning of the word 'Unitarian,' but he replied that he was sure he had in him the making of an excellent preacher, and he was willing to go and live with Janson in Minneapolis.

"Janson gave Hamsun daily lessons in Unitarian theology. Hamsun was appointed a teacher in Janson's Sunday school and before long he was permitted to occupy the pulpit in Minneapolis when Janson himself had to preach in Madelia, Minnesota, or in Hudson, Wisconsin. I once heard Hamsun preach, but I must confess that I did not have the slightest idea of what he talked about.

"Hamsun was industrious, but he was in failing health. In the spring of 1885 he had to take to his bed. About that time I visited Minneapolis shortly before I started on my mission as minister to Denmark. I found Knut Hamsun sick and utterly despondent. He told me he had quick consumption and did not have many more days to live.

"I told Hamsun he was not as sick as he thought, but he would talk of nothing but death. He said he did not fear to die. One wish was uppermost in his mind and that was to get back to Norway so he could be buried beneath Norwegian soil. If he, contrary to his expectation, should get his health back, he would devote the rest of his days to the spreading of the kingdom of God among his fellow-men. I gathered enough money to defray his expenses to Norway. With this money he started at once on his journey home. When he got back to Norway, his health improved rapidly."

"Was that the last you heard of Hamsun?" Professor Anderson was asked as he paused in his story.

The aged scholar smiled and said that in two years Hamsun was again back in the United States working as a farm hand in the wheat fields of North Dakota, as a free-lance journalist and then as conductor on one of the horse-car lines in Chicago. Dr. Andres Doe, one of the prominent Norwegian residents of Chicago, pictures Hamsun at that time as "out-at-the-elbows." Horses pulled the cars and Hamsun stood on the back platform reading books—Aristotle and Thackeray. He forgot to discharge the passengers at their corners and would stop in the middle of the block to let off some rheumatic woman. Protests came to the traction company and Hamsun was dismissed. He again returned to Norway.

"I saw Hamsun again on one of my late visits to Norway while still United States minister," continued Mr. Anderson. "He said he had written a book and was on his way to Copenhagen to find a publisher. He then produced from a dilapidated satchel a huge mass om manuscript, enough, it seemed to me, to make a book of 1,000 pages. The manuscript consisted of paper of every description and color and was in the same condition as his apparel and satchel.

"How he lived in Copenhagen I do not know; but, of course, he soon got out of funds; nobody would purchase his manuscript. I suppose the publishers knew he was an anarchist. His case was desperate.

"'Be an author and live in a garret' became literally true in his case. He found a small garret near St. Hans Torv (St. John's Market) and paid his last copper for rent; he had nothing left for food. He had to go hungry. At the end of each day he put down on paper all the sensations he experienced from hunger. From day to day the inward cries for bread became louder. How many days he lived without food I do not know; but his manuscript contained a faithful record of his sufferings. Finally he wrote as a heading, or title, in big letters the word 'Sult' (Hunger), put the manuscript in his pocket and managed to get back into the city, where he entered like a ghost into the sanctum of the publisher Hauberg and placed 'Sult' on the table before him. Hauberg was astonished. He looked at the word 'Sult' and at the emaciated man before him. He pitied him. He gave the manuscript to the editor of the great magazine *Ny Jord* (Virgin Soil), of which he was the publisher, and the result was that Hamsun received a good price for his manuscript. The story appeared in the next issue of the magazine.

His Hunger Story Brought Fame

"THE publication of 'Sult' made Hamsun the lion of the day, not only in Copenhagen, but also in Norway and to a considerable extent in Sweden. He became at once the most talked-of personality in all Scandinavia. The story in the magazine was the first chapter of what was afterward extended into a large book.

"When it was learned that he was living in a garret at St. Hans Torv the distinguished authors of the city, such as Georg Brandes, Erik Skram and others looked him up. They found this skeleton Knut Hamsun, who is more than six feet tall. Hamsun's success was established. He had made his fame in a day."

Since then Hamsun has written approximately 25 volumes, and his works have been translated into 23 languages. "Hunger" was followed by a long series of novels, dramas and essays. The best known of his novels are "Mystery," "Pan," "Editor Lynge," "Victoria," "Shallow Soil," "Children of the Time" and "The Growth of the Soil." Most of these have been translated into English. His first play (1895) was "At the Gates of the Kingdom," followed by "The Game of Life" and "Sunset Glow." These constituted a trilogy, and the hero of all three is Ivar Kareno, a student and thinker. Later plays were "Vendt, The Monk," "Queen Tamara" and "At the Mercy of Life." His book on "American Culture" was published following "Hunger." It portrayed Americans as slaves to two gods—Mammon and Humbug. Since then the author declares he has changed his views and that the book "has ceased to represent my opinion of America."

"The Growth of the Soil" glorifies the life of the soil. It was probable that for this story, idealistic in some of the chapters, Hamsun was granted the Nobel prize.

The Nobel Prize

IN RECENT years Hamsun has made his home on an estate in Southern Norway, always keeping close to the soil; in this country rich in its mountains, ice fields, waterfalls and fjords and famed for its midnight sun.

It was to this peasant writer, eccentric, dreamy, almost erratic, that the Nobel literary prize was given.

What is the Nobel prize?

More than 20 years ago Alfred Bernhardt Nobel, a Swedish inventor, most widely known for his invention of dynamite, bequeathed $9,000,000, the income from which was to be annually distributed in five equal prizes, the first three of which were to be awarded for the most important invention and improvement in physics, chemistry and medicine; the fourth, to a person in society, who during the year preceding the award had rendered the greatest service to the furtherance of international brotherhood, and the fifth, to the person who produced the most remarkable of idealistic character in the world of letters. Each prize amounts to about $40,000. The first prizes were awarded in December, 1901. Four Americans have received prizes: Theodore Roosevelt, in 1906, for his work for universal peace; A. A. Michelson, of the University of Chicago, in 1907, in physics; in 1912 Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, in medicine, and in 1912 to Elihu Root for his efforts for peace.

No American has yet won the literary prize. Among those who have won the literary laurel have been the poets, Sully-Prudhomme, Mistral, Echegaray, Carducci, Maeterlinck, Hauptman and Tagore; the novelist, Bjornson, Sienkiewicz, Kipling, Heyse, Selma Lagerlof and Anatole France; the historian, Mommsen, and the philosopher, Encken.

And now Hamsun, the former street car conductor, fisherman and farm hand—no longer hungry—has joined this literary galaxy.

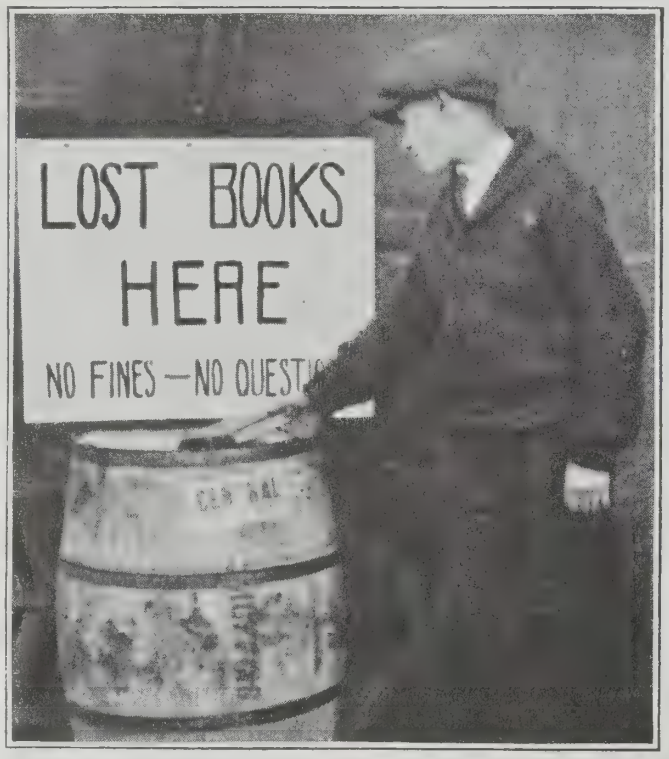
A City Has A Home-Coming Week for Book Waifs

By THOMAS J. MALONE

"FOUND in a boarding house"; "left by a maid"; "left at my store"; "in attic of our house when we moved in." These are typical of explanations offered by returners of overdue and otherwise delinquent books in a "Bargain Week" conducted by the Minneapolis Public Library. Though Cleveland had given a one-day trial to a similar resort, at its central library only, and several small cities, as Fargo, North Dakota and Mankato, Minnesota, had reported success with it, this was the first time that a metropolitan library had made use of such an expedient on a large scale.

Through press and placard, the Minneapolis library let it be known that it would remit all fines on overdue books—books taken out in the regular way, on cards and charged to holders—and that return of "losts and strays"—mainly books taken without being charged—was invited, without penalty. It was particularly emphasized that in all cases "no questions asked" would apply. The words "theft" and "stolen" were not mentioned, the purpose being not to censure, not to embarrass, but to get back the public's books.

To make it easy for those who were holding books that had been filched outright, boxes and baskets were placed at the main library and at various branches. A capacious barrel outside the main library besought the passer-by to remorse and restitution. Over such receptacles in entrances and corridors placards in colors invited the remiss to deposit their withheld books and go their ways in peace and clear conscience, both their purses and their faces saved.



This lad was willing to pose at the barrel for "lost and strayed" books, but wanted it known that he was not himself a belated returner.

Results were enlightening to the library staff, not only in the recovery of volumes but in their quality and variety, and in the disclosures of the kind of folk who had held them.

More than 500 volumes were returned in the week, which meant much in a season of high prices for books and depleted library appropriations. Three in every five returns were fiction, mostly new books, with detective stories prominent. Of the non-fiction, books on chemistry and uses of the grape, bricklaying and automobiles proved their popularity by numbers. There were 15 volumes of poetry, mostly Riley, Service, and—of all men!—Browning.

A score of Hansel and Gretel had been "out" the longest—nine years. The library had made frequent efforts to replace it, but had found the work was out of print and was not to be had even in Europe. The volume was recovered in an outside box.

While most of the books came back in good condition, some showed hard usage, notably several stories for boys. About one-third of the returns were juvenile books and another one-third, books on the list of assigned readings of the Minneapolis high schools.

In those stations where, because no boxes nor baskets were provided, all returns had to be made "over the desk," books so returned had been overdue, for the most part, only a short time. The long overdue and the euphemistic "lost or strayed" were put into the dozen receptacles where anonymity could be preserved.

If one surmises that a good deal of sheepishness and desire to blush unseen characterized the returners, one is mistaken. There was a striking lack of furtiveness. More than one-third of the returns were made directly to library clerks, because they had been charged against cards and the card owners wanted clearances. Most of the uncharged books found their way into the eyeless and tongueless receptacles. No notes of explanation were met with in any of the books, but the fact that many were neatly wrapped in paper may suggest the apologetic. Despite the "no fines" announcement, an envelope containing 50 cents accompanied one of the barrel volumes.

The habit of book-lifting becomes chronic. An incident of the "week" illustrates it and explains why it was held advisable to use false bottoms of stiff paper, with center slits for books, midway in the receptacles, or paper covers with such slits, suggestive of the old-fashioned jar mouse-trap with its pie-cut top.

An assistant told the story the first day. "An empty basket had just been placed near the door. It occurred to me that it might have a good psychical effect if there were a few books in it to start off with. So, on the 'nest egg' principle, I put in three or four. Passing it a few minutes later, I looked in—and one of the books I had put in was gone. Some one had been unable to resist temptation."

Thirty-six pieces and five books of music were recovered in the week, and six religious books—all uncharged—the persons returning the latter having possibly run across an injunction reading, "Thou shalt not steal."

Debaters figured impressively in the group of long-standing hold-outers, for numerous handbooks on debating were in the round-up. Interest of the reader and declaimer, for he still persists, was evidenced by the return of many books of "selected readings."

Among books turned in were seven that bore private library stamps; they never had belonged to the public library—akin to not knowing whose umbrella had been taken. Some books were sent in, anonymously, through the mails. One mailed parcel had "from X" written in the return corner. The slip in the pocket inside the cover of the book it contained indicated that it was a charged book, and tracing disclosed that the owner of the card was a clergyman.

The week was full of the amusingly unexpected. Many women regarded it wholly from the economic side, with concern only for the saving of fines involved, and attended with the avidity usually displayed toward a cut-price sale at a department store. By such, no hesitancy was shown in taking open advantage of a novel shopping opportunity.

Not all who patronized the boxes were averse to talking about it. At the call desk in the circulation department, a man inquired for Parker's "An American Idyll."

"I've asked for it repeatedly," he commented, "but, though it is cataloged, I've never been able to find it in."

A woman at his elbow spoke up, brightly:

"Oh, there's one in now; I just dropped a copy in the box at the door."

According to Gratia Countryman, librarian of the Minneapolis library, those who took advantage of "Bargain Week" were of two classes, broadly grouped, one made up of the well-meaning but dilatory and the other of those who regard everything in the library as proper game despite rules and ethics.

"The problem of theft, or 'appropriation,' is one of concern in large libraries," Miss Countryman said. "It may astonish some folks to know that our experience here indicates that the most serious offenders—those who take away books and other material without having them charged against their cards or even with a 'by your leave,' whatever may be their purpose as to ultimate return—are professional people, especially clergymen and school teachers."

So it is not the "low-brow" who does the most "lifting"! It is "respectable" men and women, who do not regard it as stealing at all and who would take violent offense if accused of stealing.

"How to protect books from thieves is a troublesome question," Miss Countryman continued. "We have considered installing some sort of police system in the library, but without coming to favor it. In the first place, such a system would cost fully as much as the value of the books stolen. Again, any system of surveillance probably would be objectionable to the great majority of library patrons who are above suspicion.

"It has been proposed to abolish all open shelves, thus permitting books to be handled only on call to a member of the staff. Though, of course, most of our books are not directly accessible to patrons, a good many are. I believe in the open shelf."

"Bargain Week" was a success, but the Minneapolis library has no intention of making it an annual or a periodic event. Patrons might learn to wait for it, whereas novelty and unexpectedness seem to be its chief factors of promise. Probably not for four or five years will Minneapolis see another "Bargain Week."

The Garnet and Its Double

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

BETWEEN the garnet and the carbuncle only the slightest difference can be observed. Scratch one and you will find the other. The garnet remains "up stage" as the January birthstone: to insure good luck, so it is said, all the sons and daughters of the first month should wear the stone. The carbuncle is a deep red garnet of large size cut in an oval or rounded form. All garnets are not carbuncles, but about 99 per cent of all carbuncles are genuine garnets.

The ancients called any fiery-red stone a carbuncle, inasmuch as it glowed like coal, which is *carbo* in Latin. Perhaps they exaggerated a bit on this score, or were too fantastic. One may read in the Talmud that old Noah had no light in the Ark except that supplied by the carbuncles he had with him during that momentous, perilous period of his life. A carbuncle might be truly considered as glowing; yet it seems that Noah either had uncommon eyesight or used a huge lot of the gems every time he perused anything.

Then there was Al Mamon, Caliph of Babylon, who discovered a fine carbuncle in an elegant sarcophagus in the pyramid of the mighty Cheops. When the adventurer raised the lid, he came near wishing he had not because the sudden light from the gem (so the legend goes) almost blinded him. To him it appeared large as an egg and to shine like the sun.

In those days of the long, long ago, jewels, particularly carbuncles, were considered appropriate offerings to the gods and goddesses. For example, the resplendent temple of the Goddess Astarte in Syria was beautifully decorated with many gems, but a large carbuncle occupied the position of greatest honor.

Even as late as the time of Mary Queen of Scots, royalty exhibited a marked preference for the stone, which may rightfully be called the garnet's double. Indeed, her favorite necklace had one of these gems serving as a magnificent pendant.

The name carbuncle (as has been said) comes from the Latin *carbo*, meaning a coal or ember. The derivation of our word, carbon, can be readily perceived; it possesses the same parentage as the gem.

Almandite, the most precious garnet of the present age, possesses a rich cherry or claret hue. It gained its name from Alabanda, an ancient town of Asia Minor, from which the stone was introduced into the social circles of Old Rome. Today it is extensively mined in Northern India, also found in Brazil, Australia and the Alps Mountains.

The diamond mines of South Africa produce a valuable form of garnet which the dealers call "Cape Ruby." Scientists know it by another term, "pyrope," meaning firelike. This dark, blood-red gem commands a high price, even occasionally exceeding that of the precious almandite.

Fine pyropes picked up in Arizona and adjacent states are imitatively designated "Arizona Rubies." They are usually discovered in the galleries of the homes of ants and centipedes, the insects thus serving mankind as unwitting miners. In artificial light these stones outshine their African brethren.

Only two of our states, North Carolina and Pennsylvania, produce both the almandite and pyrope kinds of garnet. However, one variety or the other can be found in Colorado, Georgia, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Virginia and Utah.

The hardness of the garnet ranges from 6.5 to 7.5, depending on its composition. It will almost invariably scratch glass, and is often of sufficient hardness to be used as watch jewels.

Tons of the ordinary or plebeian garnet of pinhead size and much too small to be accounted gems, are obtained from mines in New York. It provides excellent abrasive material for the manufacture of shoes, and in its ground form lapidaries employ it to cut and polish other stones. Thus the garnet embraces the two extremes, the high and the low, the beautiful and the useful. One is set in the same ornament that contains diamonds, but the other is nothing more than a good grade of sandpaper.

But no January child should be ashamed of his birthstone; for it is entirely worthy, all the more worthy because practical in its lower types. It is said the wearer receives power, truth, grace and constancy, and no one can deny the value of these qualities. Scoffers say it cannot and does not influence its owner in any way. They may be right, but it is much more pleasant to accept, however lightly, the beliefs of the ancients. Besides no playful, sportive person really wants to be a doubter or a prosaic clod, as it is but a short step from the doubter to the sour-visaged cynic; rather would he think

> "The gleaming garnet holds within its sway
> Faith, constancy, and truth to one alway."

The garnet has made one definite advancement. It has just about entirely discarded the name of carbuncle. The Old Romans liked it, but we Americans don't. It has come up, as it were, from slavery. That is merely an added reason why January children should adore it and should be ready to act on the suggestion that

> "No gems save garnets should be worn
> By her who in this month was born;
> They will insure her constancy,
> True friendship and fidelity."

When the State Becomes Its Own Miller

By EARL CHRISTMAS

SAY anything about wheat grades to the average farmer who raises wheat, and you are likely to start an argument. Or possibly a fight, depending on what your views are and how strongly you insist on them. Certainly, if the farmer be a grower of spring wheat, the session will be warm. For the farmer, wheat grades constitute a sore spot. The subject has been considered and debated by government officials and commissions. Grades have been set, and rules and regulations promulgated by numerous boards.

But despite all the rules, the feeling has been rather widespread among the farmers, particularly in the Northwest, that the Federal system of wheat grades is unfair. The farmer is convinced that his wheat has a higher milling value than the mechanical grading indicates. If wheat were graded in accordance with its actual milling value, he would get more money for his wheat. At least, that's the way it looks to the farmer.

Numerous complaints have been made over the application of the Federal grades. Certainly to the farmer who happens to have wheat of low grade, has the system seemed wrong. You never in the world could convince him that some one is not making a handsome profit off his technical misfortune. Often, it has seemed to this farmer, the grades were set more to protect the miller and the trader than the wheat grower.

So, there may be something of significance in a new project that is just getting under way in Minnesota. Like farmers in other sections of the country, Minnesota farmers have had an unshaken conviction in the milling value of their wheat—more faith sometimes than the millers have indicated. Their wheat might not grade very high, but they were sure always it would make good flour. In short, they proposed to find out just what the milling value of their wheat was. Nor would they leave it to a laboratory. They proposed to have an actual flour mill, owned and operated by the state. As a result, there has just been established in Minneapolis an experimental mill, said to be the largest of its kind in the world.

In other words, the state has turned miller. The state is going to see just what the milling value of its wheat is, by running a mill just as the commercial millers do, a unique enterprise even in these days of innovations. Nor is that all. The state, having turned miller, proposes to conduct its job on a business basis. Flour ground in the state mill will be used to supply the 18 state institutions with bread. These institutions now use about 12,000 barrels of flour yearly. The new mill, with a capacity of 100 barrels of flour a day, will be able to supply all the flour needed by these institutions and considerably more when running at full capacity.

That means that the state of Minnesota soon will be grinding its own flour. The mill stands ready to begin operation. In a few weeks wards of the state, scattered through its varied institutions, will be eating bread made from flour ground in the state-owned mill.

But providing flour for the state institutions isn't to be the biggest accomplishment of the Minnesota mill.

"The mill was established to test the flour-making properties of Minnesota wheat," N. J. Holmberg, state commissioner of agriculture, explained.

The new flour mill, by the way, is in charge of the State Department of Agriculture, and consequently in the hands of men who are alive to the interests of the farmers.

"For a long time there has been complaint against the official grades," Mr. Holmberg said. "The farmers have contended that the grades, especially the Federal grades, do not properly represent the value of wheat for milling purposes.

"Of course, there were grain appeal boards and plenty of regulations by different authorities. But in the end the whole question reverted to the necessity of determining the milling value of the wheat. And to find out the milling value of his wheat, the farmer did not have an unbiased source of information. He was entirely at the mercy of the miller.

"So, the farmers decided to establish their own mill, and see for themselves just how good their wheat is when it comes to making flour. The legislature gladly acceded to the wishes of the farmers, and we now have here in Minnesota the most complete experimental mill in the world. The mill has every feature of the big mills in Minneapolis. Though built on a smaller scale, the state mill will use the same processes.

"Nothing has been spared to make the mill complete. Erected at a cost of $85,000, the mill has been placed in charge of a man who has had long experience with one of the biggest milling companies in Minneapolis. He is to be business manager of the mill, and will be responsible to the Department of Agriculture. The mill must be made self-supporting. The laboratory and scientific work at the mill has been placed in charge of Professor C. H. Bailey, an expert in cereals from the University of Minnesota.

"To begin with, we plan to get samples of wheat from different sections of the state. We propose to get all the different varieties. Then we will run them through the mill, and determine definitely their value in making flour. Also, we propose to determine the cost, so far as we may, of making flour from the different varieties.

"After this mill gets under way, any farmer or holder of grain who is not satisfied that his wheat has received a fair grade may send in a bushel or two of grain and ask for a flour test. This will cost him nothing, and the result will show just how good is his wheat.

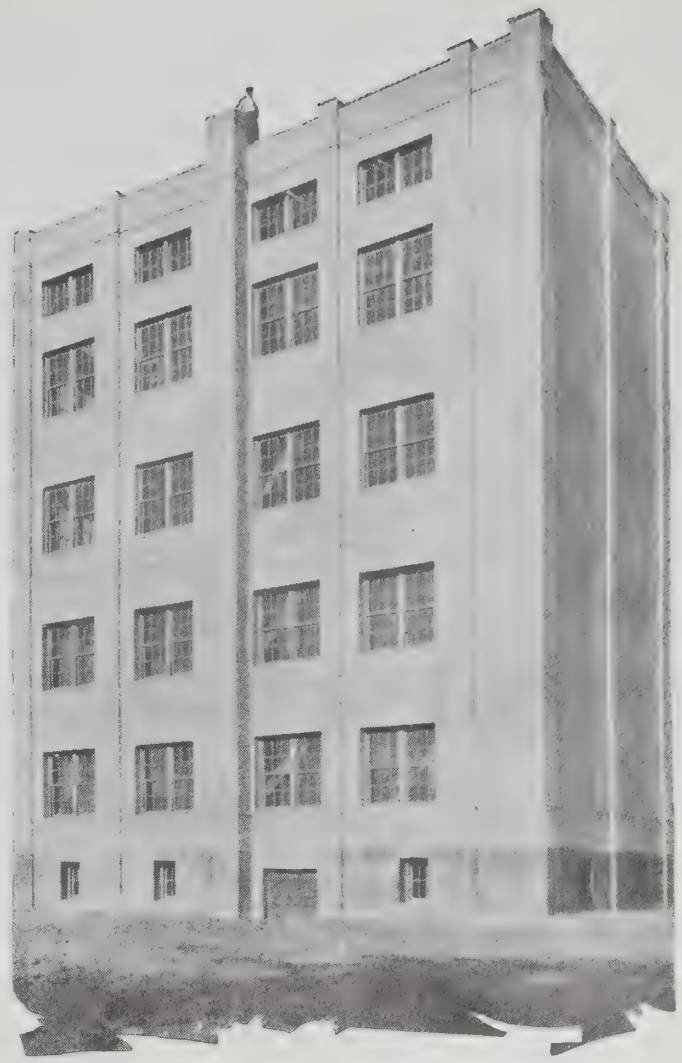
"The information obtained will be of tremendous value. Not only will it show the farmer the milling value of his wheat, but undoubtedly will help him to get a better price for his wheat if the tests justify it. The information obtained will be of great help in determining suitable grain grades. Federal grades are largely physical, and very little attention has been paid to flour-making properties of the wheat in their establishment. Of course, the millers, and many grain men, I suppose, will contend that flour-making properties of wheat can be determined fairly accurately by the purely physical standards of the Federal rules, but Minnesota farmers do not agree. Though wheat may be shriveled, or have an unfavorable appearance in other ways, it may make good flour. At least, that is the contention of the farmer.

"The mill will serve another important purpose. Information of the tests is to be published periodically, thus suggesting to farmers in different sections of the state what varieties of wheat pay best to raise."

The farmer's bill of particulars against the present system of handling his grain leads far and includes a good many counts, many of his objections being directed at practices and applications of the rules.

The new state flour mill in Minnesota, however, is fundamental in its purpose. The function of grades is to measure the milling value of wheat, according to the Minnesota farmer. That is the only excuse wheat grades have for existence, says the farmer. So, the state of Minnesota is going to find out for the farmer just what is the milling value of his wheat. Having established itself in these fundamentals, the state can proceed more effectively to check objectionable practices and administer more wisely rules designed to improve the great market at Minneapolis.

Flour manufactured at the mill is to be sold to state institutions at cost. The surplus may be sold in the market. Bran and shorts and other products of the average commercial mill will be sold for use on state institution farms. These returns will make the mill self-supporting, according to Mr. Holmberg. Indeed, the state of Minnesota has turned miller in earnest.



The State of Minnesota has turned miller. Here is the new state flour mill just completed in Minneapolis.

A Freight Train in China



China's freight trains may be described as made up of "cars, each possessing a head, a pair of humps, a tail and four legs." When a Chinese says "train" he invariably means "camel caravan" or "camel train," of which a section is here shown passing through one of the gates of Pekin. The whole nation has only a few thousand miles of railway, an average of one mile for each 50,000 of population. Contrast this with our ratio of a mile for each group of 360 persons.



(C) U. & U.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Lord Reading, proceeding from the landing place to the amphitheater at Bombay.

The Indian Ferment and the Prince of Wales' Visit

By W. P. CROZIER

SINCE this article was written events in India have been moving rapidly. The All-India Congress has met and renewed expressions of confidence in the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, and he has succeeded, against strong opposition, in holding the nationalist movement to the policy of peaceful non-resistance. This, despite the fact that the course of the Reading administration during the occasion of the prince's visit was well calculated to incite the masses to violence. The annual meeting of the Indian National Congress was banned for the first time in 40 years and various native leaders alone capable of holding the passions of the people in check were imprisoned. In India as in Egypt, Persia, Palestine and elsewhere in the East the influence of the Jewish vicegerency seems to have intensified native discontent.

THE Prince of Wales, they say, is fighting a duel in India. It is a duel in which he has many opponents. They are the leaders of the two branches of the agitation against British rule. On the one hand is the campaign of the Moslems, led by the Ali brothers (who have just been sentenced to a term of imprisonment); on the other is the Non-Co-operation movement led by Mr. Gandhi. Mr. Gandhi is the more formidable influence; his campaign is just reaching its moment of crisis and the visit of the prince will in some measure decide whether the masses of India mean to stand by the British power in India or to take sides against it under Mr. Gandhi's leadership.

There are many persons in England who thought it was ill-advised to send the prince to India. They held that the sources of political discontent are so deeply rooted that the effect of a visit from the young prince, who has won great affection in his own country by his modest and ingenuous bearing, could not be more than transitory. India is certainly accustomed by the experience of long centuries to the idea of absolute rule. At least a third of India even today is ruled by native princes whose power is only limited by the advice of the political officers whom the Government of India maintains at their courts. It was reasonable to suppose that the loyalty of such native states would be confirmed and the affection of some part of the city populations strengthened by the personal presence of the Prince of Wales.

But beyond that, all was speculation. Only a very small part of the 300,000,000 in India could ever see him, but it was argued that the rest would hear of him and that for many imagination would be as potent as the actual vision. The Government of India decided, therefore, to recommend the visit of the prince as a high piece of statecraft, and at the same time it made up its mind to strike at the leaders of the political revolt who had brought themselves within the range of the law.

This revolt has two wings, the Moslem and the Hindu. It is the sign and proof of the peril in India that for the first time in history Moslem and Hindu have united against British rule. Hitherto they have been at daggers drawn. It has always been one of the main tasks of the British to keep the peace between them and it is one of the moral certainties of history that if the British were swept out of India tomorrow, as Mr. Gandhi would have them swept, Moslem and Hindu would be cutting each other's throats from one end of India to the other the next morning.

But at present the political leaders of the two sections are united in a common aim and that is a very serious fact for the British Government. It is no longer possible to count on the hostility of the Moslem to the line of conduct, whatever it may be, that the Hindu has chosen. In actual practice, as will appear shortly, the masses of the population maintain the traditional hostility, and when the Moslem takes to open rebellion, he turns at once to the lucrative and (as it seems to him) most natural course of pillaging his Hindu neighbors.

The Moslem agitation is based on religious fanaticism. The charge against the British Government is that it has attacked and endangered the Sultan of Turkey in his religious capacity as the Khalif of Islam —hence the so-called "Khalifate" agitation—and that it has dismembered his dominion. It is not uncharitable to suggest that with most of the leaders of the agitation this is but another stick, and a good one, wherewith to beat the British Government. The Ali brothers have always been bitter critics of British rule. On the other hand, tens of thousands of good Moslems in Mesopotamia and elsewhere actually fought against the Khalif and not a word was heard from them of discontent on that ground. But religious passion is very fruitful soil when worked industriously, and the crop which has been sown since 1918 has come up vigorously. The Moplah revolt is sufficient proof of that.

The Moplahs are a race on the Malabar coast in Southern India, partly indigenous, partly of the blood of Arab traders. They are Moslems, with many Hindus living among them. Their fanatical violence is famous even in India. They have the pleasant habit, when they break into revolt, of fighting to the death, and in recent history there are instances of gangs of Moplah outlaws, who had taken refuge in temples, having to be destroyed by howitzer fire and by dynamite. They hate the Hindu landlords and wreak their fury on them whatever the immediate occasion for their rising. The present rebellion from the beginning had a political aspect. Moslem speakers had in 1921 spread the cry of the Khalifate in danger far and wide in Malabar. When the rebels took the field it was not the national flag prescribed by Mr. Gandhi that they flew, but the green flag of the Khalif with crescent and five stars, and bearing this inscription:

> "Khalifate and Allah the Great!
>
> "Old and weak, young and strong, those who walk, those who ride, rich and poor, armed and unarmed, well and infirm, let everyone, counting this life as nought, in Godlike guise set forth to battle!"

From the Moplah rising one may judge how the Moslem politicians have succeeded in inflaming large masses of the people, and also how little it counts that some of them (not all) declare they are opposed to violence. They preach non-violence, but not one of them can guarantee it, so inflammable and prone to violence by nature and tradition is the population to whom they preach. The violence of the Moplahs, however, took one form that was very unpalatable both to the Moslem and the Hindu leaders. Moslems and Hindus are not only supposed to be working together now for the overthrow of British rule, but the assumption of their campaign is that when the British have disappeared, the two sections will work together in complete amity. But in Malabar the Moslems burned and looted Hindu houses, broke into and pillaged Hindu temples, and forcibly converted Hindus into Moslems. Islam was always a crusading religion from the time of Mohammed and the Moplahs only acted as Mohammed would have had them act. However, it was awkward for Mr. Gandhi and an object lesson which, it is said, has not been lost on large numbers of peaceable and defenseless Hindus. British rule, said the Hindu merchant, is no doubt bad, but better British rule than no rule at all, which means a Moslem onslaught.

Not all the Moslem leaders can be acquitted of the charge of advocating or condoning violence, which in India might quickly come to an upheaval terrible beyond words. Mohammed Ali, indeed, during his trial at Karachi, declared that he and Gandhi had "given their word of non-violence to God and man." But his brother, Shaukat Ali, at the same time said that if non-violent means fail violence would be permissible, and Dr. Kitchlew, another prisoner, also expressed himself as ready for violent revolution. When the leaders use such words, it would be idle to blame the untutored rank and file if they chose their own moment to translate words into action. Add that the Khalifate spokesmen had announced that it was unlawful for a Moslem to enter or to remain in the British Army, and it will be seen how dangerous to the British position in India is the Moslem side of the joint agitation.

Mr. Gandhi is even more dangerous, although in a subtler manner. He is an ascetic, a holy man, ready to offer himself as a sacrifice for his ideals, and the Indian mind has always a deep reverence for the devotee. Mr. Gandhi, who demands full Swaraj, or Home Rule, is the author of the doctrine of Non-Co-operation, by which is meant that the native peoples of India are to withdraw themselves from all contact with the British administration. Students, barristers, judges, civil servants of all kinds are expected to lay down their work under the Indian Government, and Mr. Gandhi has also adopted the declaration of Mohammed Ali that Indians ought not to join, or remain in, the Indian Army. When a short time ago, it became



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The Prince of Wales presenting colors to the 17th Rajputs, on his visit to Bombay. Disturbances occurred during his visit to that city.

clear that Mr. Gandhi's campaign would not bring Swaraj by the end of 1921, he advanced a further stage and announced that he would institute "civil resistance."

By this he meant passive resistance of all kinds to the government, including refusal to pay taxes. "One perfect civil resister," he said the other day, "is enough to win the battle of right against wrong." Mr. Gandhi is firmly and sincerely against violence of all kinds. When his teaching was followed in the spring of 1919, by a violent outbreak on the part of his followers, he expressed the strongest condemnation and did penance publicly. And lately, when his followers terrorized Bombay, on the landing of the Prince of Wales, and even took the lives of peaceable citizens, he shut himself up in mourning and declared that the opening of "civil resistance" must be postponed since his followers were unable to carry out the pure spirit of the principle of passive non-violent resistance. Certainly they have shown that they cannot. Mr. Gandhi is an idealist and a holy man, but the Indian mobs interpret his idealism in terms of revolutionary violence.

Mr. Gandhi's philosophy, however, does not merely aim at political Home Rule. He would like to do away with every trace of British (and Western) civilization. He demands that every Indian should cease to buy foreign cloth and all should supply their own needs by the ancient Indian hand loom. He would not even have mills in India. It is his followers who organize the bonfires of good Lancashire cloth. He hates the word "machinery" and the thing itself; his native critics gibe at him for using (as he always does) the motor car. Machinery, he says, is the chief symbol of modern civilization; it represents a great sin." He would have Indians retain "the same kind of plow as existed thousands of years ago." He would have them refuse the mechanical lamp and substitute the earthenware saucer of oil with a wick floating in it. He condemns the railways, tramcars, electric lights and all the furniture of modern civilization. He would put India back into the Dark Ages, which are for him the Golden Age.

To British eyes he is impracticable, impossible. Time, the British are sure, cannot so be put back; the world, even the old world of India, will and must march on. But his passion and sincerity make him a force. He is insistent on the need for Hindu-Moslem unity and on the moral power—the old Eastern idea—of those who are prepared to suffer, even to die, for an ideal. Punishments have no terror for him; rather, he hopes and longs for them. "You threaten," he says to the government, "to arrest, imprison or even hang us. Why, these are the things for which we crave, for through our sufferings we shall achieve first the moral and then the material victory." That is why his student-followers are going out to court arrest. That is why the government has not arrested Gandhi himself, much to his disappointment.

But with the visit of the Prince of Wales things have come to a crisis. The Gandhi-Moslem followers have formed volunteers all over India wearing a sort of uniform. They are organizing *hartals*, or days of mourning, and boycotts of the prince's visit. At Allahabad the boycott was highly successful. At Bombay the volunteers terrorized a large part of the town and, when great crowds went out to see the prince, they fell on innocent individuals and beat and even slew them.

In Calcutta they organized a *hartal* that made the place for a day almost a city of the dead, and they have been busy for some time preparing to carry out a great boycott of the prince. Such associations of volunteers are already illegal, even if they were non-violent and innocent of terrorism. But when, as at Bombay, the peaceable inhabitants were intimidated and beaten by the volunteers, the government had to take action or it would have proved to all India that Mr. Gandhi was the master and all India would have been quick to act on the lesson.

So the Indian Government has acted, but it is in a sore dilemma. It has made many hundreds of arrests. It has laid hands on all the leaders of the Hindu-Moslem movement, including many men of high reputation and character and of the greatest influence in their provinces. Its sweeping policy of repression has already brought forth protests from moderate and loyal Indians who are members of the Indian Government. It is to be feared that one result of these wholesale arrests may be to increase the power of those leaders who are more prone to violence and who have less scruple in inciting the mobs to revolutionary methods.

Here is a people of 300,000,000. Only a small proportion of them are educated, politically-minded, fit for self-government in the same sense as the average American or British citizen. The masses are not only ignorant and fanatical but definitely illiterate. Yet it is among these highly inflammable masses that the Swaraj movement has made great and rapid headway and among them that it threatens to erupt violently. The Moplah rebellion and the Bombay riots are only slight symptoms of what may be. What, then, could a government do? One thing is certain. Repression, though it may be unavoidable, will not by itself solve this problem. India is moving too rapidly for that. The Indian Government, which has just given so large a measure of reform, will have to consider what further it can do to appease the present discontents. Ireland and India are very different places, but the freeing of Ireland will leave a deep mark on India's history.



(C) U. & U.

Above—While the Prince of Wales was reviewing veterans of the Indian Army in Poona he reached out to touch the sword hilt of a famous old Indian warrior. Below—MAHATMA MOHANDAS K. GANDHI, leader of the "Non-co-operative" movement in India.

Mathematics

By FREDERICK R. BURCH

ELLIOT in his work on usury, page 182, says, "One cent loaned January 1, A. D. 1, drawing interest at the rate of six per cent compounded annually, on January 1, 1895, would amount to $8,497,840,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 (8,497,840,000 decillions of dollars). To pay this in gold, 23.2 grains to the dollar, using it in spheres of pure gold the size of the earth, it would take 610,070,000,000,000,000 spheres of gold to pay the debt."

If Methuselah at 21 years of age had loaned $1 at six per cent compounded yearly, at the time of his death 948 years later, that single dollar would have grown to more than $977,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 (997 sextillions of dollars).—Figures by McCoy, government actuary.

Debts of the government, of states, cities, counties, school districts, port districts, improvement districts, transportation corporations, all industrial corporations, private mortgages and bank loans, amount to more than $150,000,000,000, approximately $1,500 for every man, woman and child in the United States.—Figures by Richardson.

Practically all this debt has been accumulated in the last 50 years. Each individual is paying interest on this sum to the extent of his consumption of wealth

This sum at five per cent, compounded yearly, will double in 14.2 years. In other words, the people in 14.2 years will have paid cash, as interest, equal to the debt and still owe the debt. This money thus paid as interest will be reloaned, thereby increasing the debt to 300 billions of dollars. In the succeeding 14.2 years at five per cent compounded yearly, this debt will become 600 billions of dollars.

The entire wealth of the United States is approximately 400 billions of dollars.

A farm mortgaged for more than it is worth is of no value to the owner.

A nation hopelessly insolvent is of no value to its citizens.

All those who so smugly and complacently drift along from day to day, convinced of the divine rights of interest-bearing debts, may well do some computing.

This appalling condition is to be consummated by a few eminent financiers through the use of government equipment (public property), for private gain. The entire program is to be "put across" under the pretense that money is a commodity; the while each citizen, with a superficial understanding hampered with convictions, is to accept this fallacy as a fact.

No one can deny the astounding accrescent power of money via the interest route. No one can deny the controlling power of money thus amassed. No one can deny that this power now lodges in the banking system. No one can deny that the bankers are human beings engaged in business for gain and no one can deny that they will, and do, use this power for all there is in it.

Thus far there is apparently no argument. It is not till the question of the *right* of the banking system, as now constituted, to perform the above functions is approached that dissension appears. The great majority concedes this right.

They commence their arguments by basing all deductions on the hypothesis that money is a commodity, a thing to be privately owned, and traded and bartered at will, like any other commodity. With this point fixed in their minds, they have no trouble in applying the laws of economics and emerge from the controversy fully satisfied with their conclusions. The only relief which they visualize is that, by a show of righteous indignation in times of stress, the system will be moved to compassion.

Another Newspaper Man in the Lords

THE recent conferring of a peerage on Sir Henry Dalziel, owner of the London *Daily Chronicle*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Reynolds' Newspaper*, among other journalistic properties, is a reminder that Britain not less than the United States, is a land of opportunity. We think of the rise of a man from poverty and obscurity to the highest eminence as a possibility peculiar to new countries with immense natural resources.

The rise of Lord Dalziel is one of many instances that go to show that in even an old and "worn-out" country of small area and natural resources, democratic institutions open the way for any man of genuine character and ability to carve out a successful career for himself.

Thirty years ago or so, the new newspaper peer was a free-lance journalist in London's famous Fleet street. He made a specialty of reporting radical political meetings in South London and Irish meetings. That is to say, the assignments he picked were those which the average reporter disdained to tackle seriously and understandingly. In the '90's he became London correspondent for the *Scottish Leader*, a Gladstonian organ which had a short life. The canny Scot, however, utilized his opportunity to get into Parliament. Hearing that the Liberal party managers were in difficulties over the conflicting claims of different aspirants to the vacant Kircaldy seat, he went boldly to the Liberal whips, told them he hailed from the borough and that if they would pay his expenses he would obtain the representation of the constituency for them. He won the seat and thereafter distinguished himself in the House of Commons as a Radical stormy petrel.

He remained a Radical, indeed, until the split between Premier Asquith and Lloyd George, in 1916, when he attached himself to the present Prime Minister and became one of his strongest supporters. It was in Lloyd George's interest, in fact, that Dalziel bought the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* so as to offset the powerful opposition of the *Daily News*, the leading Liberal organ, which continued faithful to Asquith.

Dalziel's fortune was made through a gift which he developed for newspaper brokerage. He got hold of a tottering Sunday paper, the *Weekly Dispatch*, built it up and sold it to Lord Northcliffe at a handsome profit. Later he acquired *Reynolds*, for long a revolutionary republican organ, which he still directs. But its policy has been modified to meet his later views.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A Nebraska man has been married by wire to a girl in Paris. The judge who married them went with the groom to the telegraph office, where the court asked the groom the usual questions, receiving affirmative answers. The judge then sent a cablegram to the bride in Paris, in which he asked the questions of the marriage ceremony. Seven hours later the answering cable was received, and the court declared the two man and wife and sent the bride a cable to that effect.

A new method of blasting coal by water instead of powder will diminish greatly the frequency of mining disasters, it is believed. The apparatus consists of a long nozzle that fits exactly into the hole bored by the miners for the powder charge. A few quarts of water injected into the hole drives out the gas in the coal and another charge of water cracks and breaks the coal, making it soft enough to bring down with a pick. It is said the new method is a success in England and certain parts of America.

An old apple tree, the oldest on the Pacific Coast, is located in Vancouver, Washington. When but a seedling it was brought to the mouth of the Columbia River by employes of the old Hudson's Bay Company, 100 years ago next March. This patriarchal tree is still bearing delicious fruit.

Brigadier General the Honorable C. G. Bruce will lead the new expedition to the summit of Mount Everest early this year, according to reports. The present expedition has now accomplished its purpose and ascertained that the climb is possible of achievement. The Royal Geographical Society must now find six men, in addition to the chief, who can stand the blizzards and cold which they will encounter during the later stages of the trip.

Wireless telephonic news service is to be distributed from the Eiffel Tower in Paris, according to the chief of the French Military Wireless Service. The news will consist of important political and financial events in France and throughout the world, the government wireless picking up the foreign news. Banks and newspapers with receiving stations are to receive this official news service free. London-Paris wireless service will probably be installed soon, so that any subscriber in Paris can talk with a person in London by way of the Eiffel Tower.

The death penalty is provided for any attempt against the government of Poland. Prison terms of 20 years are imposed on individuals involved in preparation of such attempts and the law provides that the sentences automatically follow on the court's decision as to guilt.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Two ships, the Minneapolis and the Marblehead, which helped to make naval history for America during the Spanish-American War, were recently sold for junk in Oakland, California, and are now being dismantled at a shipyard there. During that war the Marblehead, in company with another cruiser, entered the harbor of Cienfuegos, Cuba, and cut a cable while under fire of the Spanish guns.

An Arctic adventurer recently sailed into Nome from the frozen north and, not knowing that the war was over, tried to enlist in the American Army to fight in France. He had been three years getting to Nome from the Coronation Gulf country. He left the gulf in October, 1918, on hearing that the United States had entered the war. The small schooner on which he journeyed was wrecked in the ice and he was forced to walk 27 days before discovering an Eskimo village. He lived on roots and small game during that time.

A community corncrib, large enough to hold all the corn that can be offered, will be erected in Neligh, Nebraska, if the plans of business men of that city carry. This crib will be made available for the use of any corn grower who desires to use it, and the grower will be paid in cash the market price of his product on the day of delivery.

The King of Denmark, it is said, unknowingly gave aid to an escaped convict on his recent visit to Greenland. A solitary Eskimo, in his little native canoe, was picked up by the royal yacht far out on the open sea. The Eskimo came on board and the king, believing him to be a loyal citizen who braved the perils of the sea to meet him, treated him to a warm welcome and presented him with a modern rifle and ammunition. Later, when describing the incident to the Danish commissioner in Greenland, the king was surprised to find that the man was a convict who had broken prison and escaped to the mainland in a canoe.

An airplane, flying low over woods and swamps of Florida, is used by a deputy sheriff of that state to locate illicit stills. When moonshine operators are spotted, the sheriff returns to the city and prepares to raid the stills. In one day he has found three stills, destroyed 1,000 gallons of mash and arrested three men.

The sea otter, once almost extinct, is again inhabiting the sea-kelp beds on the Aleutian Islands. These animals, driven from the Aleutians a generation ago, took refuge on uncharted reefs south of the Commander group and increased, and are now making their way back to the old grounds on the West Alaskan Coast, where there is abundant food and shelter. Like the fur seal, the pelt shimmers like ebony, showing silver when blown open. They measure six feet in length, have a beaver-like face, cat's teeth and webbed feet.

The high prices asked for coal by American operators and dealers, together with the high freight rates, has resulted in British soft coal being bought in large quantities for general consumption in New York and Boston and the West Indies. The markets of the West Indies have been in the hands of American exporters for 40 years.

The "peace dollar" is the name of the new silver dollar now being coined in the Philadelphia mint. On the back of the new coin is the figure of an eagle, standing on a mountain top. An olive branch, which is symbolic of the Washington conference, lies near the eagle. Back of the mountain shines the rays of the sun of a new era. A new head of the Goddess of Liberty, with the words "Liberty" and "In God We Trust" is found on the front of the coin.

The Massachusetts Forestry Association offers as a premium, to plant 5,000 tree seedlings, approximately five acres, free of charge for any town or city in Massachusetts which will legally establish a town forest of 100 acres or more in area during the calendar year 1922. Fitchburg, Massachusetts, holds the unchallenged distinction, so far as the association knows, of having established the first town forest in the United States. Town forests in Europe prove very profitable, the inhabitants of such towns in many cases are handed checks instead of tax bills.

A steeplejack in Chicago was marooned atop a 150-foot chimney in a cold wind for three hours recently. While putting the finishing touches on the chimney the hoisting rope broke and left him without any means to descend. Life guns finally shot him a hoisting rope which he grasped. He was almost frozen when he descended.

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Fighting the Powerful and Crafty Opium Ring

Syndicate That Handles Drug Has Its Tentacles in All Parts of the World; Ingenuity of Smugglers Handicaps Government in Attempts to Curb Traffic

WITH the eyes of the world turned on affairs of the Far East and with the conscience of civilized peoples awakening to conditions of the eastern Pacific countries, it would be fitting to give a little attention to the most secret corporation or business in the world that has its source of supply in that part of the globe. It is a powerful and far-reaching business.

A great and strict scrutiny of enlightened public opinion might be the means of at least curtailing its sinister influence and ramifications.

"The Opium Ring" is what it is called. Its real name is not known. As far as is known, it has no permanent office or headquarters, but in border cities there are its nuclei, and its agents and operators are found everywhere. It is not listed in Bradstreet, nor are its bonds subject to stock fluctuations, yet its earnings are enormous, and its agents are made independent for life by a simple deal in its only commodity—opium.

The opium ring is in business to make money. It will make money at the expense of the souls and bodies of mankind whether they are Americans, Chinese, East Indians, Englishmen or Frenchmen. The opium ring operates wholly without the law. Several thousand per cent is nothing unusual for it to charge its victims.

The nations that are invited to the conference now in session for the Limitation of Armaments have through their customs departments and secret agents recognized the ring as a syndicate of huge capital. Opium, as almost everyone knows, is made from the inspissated juice of the poppy. It is in demand everywhere by thousands of victims of its narcotic effects. The laws of all civilized nations prohibit its import except under heavy customs duties. Even then it must be specified that it is only for lawful medicinal uses, and a record must be kept each time it changes hands, the laws say.

Agents of the Treasury Department, of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, police and customs officers are all watching for those who carry the drug and who are in the employ of the ring. Yet with all their vigilance and watchfulness, and in spite of all laws the ring succeeds in bringing dope into the country in large quantities.

In all the years of its existence the ring has succeeded in keeping the identity of its members a secret, except as some who are trafficking in the drug may be caught. Even then these who carry the drug know so little of the other members that they cannot, if they wish, give much valuable information. Because of this, even the shrewdest detectives are at a disadvantage. Its employes are cosmopolitan—from every race and walk of life.

The ring arranges that its emissaries shall never meet, except under extraordinary circumstances. A carrying agent may be in its service for years, but after the first negotiations, there is no intimation for whom he may be working. He may land any number of tins of opium, faithfully labor for the ring, but without the slightest knowledge whence it came or who received it.

Profits of the ring are enormous. A tin of opium in China is worth from $5 to $10; in Manila, San Francisco or New York it increases to $75, $100, and even $150 wholesale! The traveling agent's remuneration is on the commission basis.

One of the agents who was in the business for a time told his experiences.

When traveling by boat he had nothing to do with getting the "dope" on board. It would "happen" to be there and in a place where he could find it. If discovered by another, he would disclaim all knowledge of it. His business was only to land the drug. Once in Manila, he would bury it in the sand, leaving no more marks than possible. If the customs and secret service launches that patrol the bay were too ubiquitous, then it would probably be dropped over the stern of the ship in a net attached to a small bunk floating just below the surface of the water. If thrown overboard, certain flashlight signals would be made toward a certain point at a certain hour.

Some of the methods used by the ring for concealment were unique. The following scheme was used at one time: The agent up to the last bell for leaving China discovered no opium aboard. During the last scurry of passengers and visitors before the ship lifted anchor, the agent beheld a portly Chinese with a serious expression walking down the gangplank. He looked at no one, but continued walking, eyes fixed firmly ahead, as if contemplating the great ideals of Confucius. He was the local laundry boss.

The agent on entering his cabin after the boat had left found his laundry portmanteau lying open, the white shirts all spotless. On the floor was another suitcase exactly like the first, even to its half obliterated labels, but underneath the garments there were 100 tins of opium!

During the voyage all was well. Only a little caution on the part of the agent was necessary. On reaching Manila, which is a very profitable market for the ring, and much less hazardous than the continental cities of Asia and America, the agent concealed the extra portmanteau, with a fictitious name attached, in the luggage on deck. The ships are not searched in passing through a port, but all passengers are and so is everything that goes ashore. After dark the opium was hung over the side of the ship in a net. Toward morning the net was empty and the opium gone!



The "dope" on this table is worth more than $70,000. This was the haul of the Philadelphia police in a recent raid. The drugs are shown in their original packages. Raids in different parts of the country hardly keep pace with the consumption of opium and other narcotics in America.

The agent did not see the recipients nor did they see him, but as the steamer left, the agent found proof that the right authorities had received it, by looking into his laundry. The inside of his linen was lined with greenbacks!

The fact that the Chinese are the greatest users of the drug makes it easier for the ring to corrupt them for smuggling. Consequently, it is to China that some of the best agents of the Federal Government are sent to keep in touch with the sources of supply and to know who are engaged in the business.

One of these government detectives related his experiences:

"We always look for it where one would least expect to find it," he said. "Even then, it is usually only the place it recently occupied that we discover—the dope has disappeared.

"These steamers of the Far East are so full of nooks and crannies and chinks and corners that even though we go over them with a fine-tooth comb, we are almost certain to arrive just too late."

"What portion of smuggled opium gets through?" the writer asked.

"Much depends on the direction in which it it is going," he said. "The 'movement' is a very complicated one. It is against Chinese laws even to grow the poppy within the borders of the republic. But it still goes on to a certain extent.

"All up through Kwangsi and Yunnan scarcely a white man ever goes, and these districts are particularly anti-foreign. It is such sections where the poppy is still grown, and from them not a little of the crude opium—in jars for the most part, but also in bamboo, in caddies of tea, and in a hundred different ways—comes down to Hong Kong and Shanghai as the distributing center for the Far East. And most all of it gets through.

"It is true that the government has no particular interest in the opium only as it leaves China for America, Europe and the Philippines. It is to watch for that opium that is taken past the customs that we are sent to the Far East. Any information that we gain of opium being surreptitiously taken out of the country, we place at the disposal of the proper authorities."

"You send word on ahead?" he was asked.

"Many of the largest hauls in San Francisco and Manila are oftentimes due to information given by us," he replied.

"How do you tell the regular opium from the contraband?" interrogated the writer.

"Principally because all opium which comes or goes from China is supposed to be handled by the opium 'farm,' and the stuff that has been handled in the 'farm' refinery is easily distinguished from that which has been treated elsewhere. There also is a decided difference between the Indian and the Chinese grade. By knowing all this, we are able to trace more accurately and quickly."

The writer told him he was a novice and didn't know what the opium "farm" was. He explained:

"The 'farm' is nothing more than the privilege of handling all the opium which is brought to Hong Kong from India. Before the anti-opium movement in China, and the closing of the dens, this brought in more than $2,000,000 a year. Now its value has been cut down.

"You asked about the amount of opium that was successfully smuggled, and I have given you the lay of things to show you what a mixed-up mess it is and what a really difficult question it is to answer.

"Roughly speaking, however, I should say that not 10 per cent of the opium smuggled out of China is intercepted.

"In taking opium to America, the risk of detection is increased, of course, but I put the amount at 10 per cent because if much over that amount was seized the ring could not and would not take many chances."

Those who are familiar with the work of the customs officers of San Francisco know something of the hard and trying work of these men at least to hold down the traffic of the ring to minimum proportions.

They have fished cans and tins of opium out of the bay that were found floating and fastened to a fisherman's buoy; it has been found under the mattress of an unsuspecting sea captain; it has been concealed in the newel posts of the companionway, in eggs, in bolts of silk, and in sacks of flour.

But the ring is attempting other methods of getting the drug into the United States than by seaport towns. United States revenue officers have found that a considerable amount has recently been smuggled over the Mexican border.

The tricks used by this ring are ingenious.

A man who kept a post card and stationery store was arrested recently. He frequently received shipments of fancy post cards from abroad. They were novelty cards that had objects fastened on their surface. A veteran of the service managed to get some of the cards. He found that one of them, a woman's slipper, contained within the cloth toe of the fancy brocade a considerable amount of "dope."

There are among the exhibits of the police and Federal departments at San Francisco and also at New York shoes that have been torn apart. Between the leather and the insole and secreted in the heel was found a considerable amount of opium or some other narcotic.

It also is smuggled in by letters and parcels of every kind, in bottles, in suit cases, even in the handles of umbrellas, in anything that is apt to pass through without too close scrutiny.

The government recently sent out word from Washington to press the fight against the international drug ring. In the last few weeks big hauls have been made in many large cities.

Representative Rainey, of Illinois, recently investigated the matter of drug users in the United States and now asserts that they number 1,988,000! This is a startling fact.

Those who have the best interests of the civilized peoples of the world at heart are alarmed at present conditions in regard to opium and other drugs, such as cocaine, heroin and morphine. It is only with an enlightened and an active public opinion that the work of the cunning international ring can be stamped out.



California celebrates. It is the biennial destruction of confiscated opium and opium layouts, together with other narcotics, such as morphine and cocaine.



This is one method of smuggling opium. Opium has been found concealed in shipments of olive oil, in children's hair and in a myriad of other things.



This is an opium "layout" taken in a raid. There are the pipes, the mortar, the lamps and the bottle of oil and spirits.



A million dollars' worth of drugs which were seized recently by the Federal narcotic squad.

Even State Governors Err on Occasion

By HARRY PENCE

SIDNEY J. CATTS, former governor of Florida, was recently arrested after indictment for alleged bribery. The charge was that while governor and an ex-officio member of the State Board of Pardons he accepted a money consideration for his vote in favor of pardoning a man convicted of murder.

Former Governor Horace F. Graham, of Vermont, became the executive of his state after holding the state auditorship for 13 years. He was governor of the state for two terms of two years each. It was while serving his second term, in August, 1918, the charges of embezzlement of state funds during his terms as state auditor were made. He was subsequently indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for from five to eight years. Considerable restitution had been made and on the day sentence was passed, November 4, 1920, his successor, Governor P. W. Clement, granted him a full pardon on the grounds that he had already been sufficiently punished.

A number of governors have been impeached and in some cases the impeachments have been sustained, thus removing the accused officials from office. To a greater or less extent political motives have prompted and animated such prosecutions.

The Downfall of Sulzer

PERHAPS the most conspicuous case was that of Governor William Sulzer, of New York. Sulzer represented a New York City constituency in Congress and won the title of the "poor man's friend." At his inauguration as governor he was hailed as the "people's governor." In his campaign he had made promises of election reform, but the measures by which he proposed to bring these about did not suit the leaders of his party in New York City, whom he further antagonized in the matter of appointments.

The fight was as picturesque as it was bitter, and resulted finally in the complete defeat of the governor. His political antagonists introduced and passed an unsatisfactory "primary election" bill which he vetoed and then defeated his measure on the same subject, a maneuver that gave the public the impression Sulzer had himself opposed the reforms he was committed to sponsor. He was accused of perjury, sued for breach of promise of marriage and his final undoing was brought about by charges concerning the sources of money said to have been contributed to his campaign fund. He was impeached, tried before the state senate and supreme court and removed from office October 18, 1913.

Governor Charles Robinson, of Kansas, became involved in a state bond-issue deal with the result that in 1862 he, with the state auditor and the secretary of state, was impeached for alleged fraud. The state needed money and bonds were issued and offered to the only prospective purchaser, the United States Government, to be acquired as an investment by the administrators of a fund held in trust and usable for such purposes. The methods employed, however, seemed not to have been legitimate or above suspicion, but it was not shown that Governor Robinson participated in the deal or profited by it, so he was acquitted, although the other two state officials were convicted and removed.

Governor Harrison Reed, of Florida, was the next impeached, in 1868. Although charges of embezzlement, corruption and bribery were made against him the prosecution seems largely to have been political. A new legislature, chosen at a regular election, met and dropped the entire action.

Holden and Ku Klux Klan

IN NORTH CAROLINA, in 1870, Governor William H. Holden ordered the militia to the scene of a number of disturbances which were charged against the original Ku Klux Klan. The militia officers made many arrests and refused to obey writs of habeas corpus issued by the local and higher state courts. The governor was impeached and convicted of bringing in troops from another state and illegally suspending the right of the writ of habeas corpus. He was removed from office.

The late General Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, was elected governor of the state in 1868. He faced bitter political opposition, including the lieutenant governor, whose removal he sought. For this he was impeached, charged with various illegal acts and high-handed conduct, and to prevent his escape his antagonists barricaded him in his office in the state capitol. He escaped, however, and carried his fight to the people in 1871, with such success that not only did the new legislature drop the charges against him but elected him to the United States Senate.

In the same year, 1871, Governor David Butler, of Nebraska, was removed from office by means of impeachment and trial, the charge being the misappropriation of state funds.

The proceedings against Governor Henry C. Warmoth, of Louisiana, in 1872, were dropped because his term of office expired before they could be pressed to a conclusion. He was charged with attempted bribery and political factionalism.

In 1876 Governor Albert Ames, of Mississippi, was impeached on a number of charges, the gravest of which were the manipulation of prison labor contracts to his individual advantage, the sale of pardons and inciting race riots. He resigned and the charges were dropped.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 15, February 4, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Here's an Idea!

DEMOCRACY is on trial—it is ever on trial. Despair is expressed because in New York, in Boston, in Chicago are found enthroned administrations that are notoriously representative of the worst elements—the elements associated with commercially organized vice, bootlegging, bribery and corruption and with systematic violation of the law of the land. If the decent citizenry had been disfranchised they could have hardly less representation.

These mayors, city councils, public prosecutors, and even minor magistrates, include officials who are themselves under indictment for felonies. Many are notoriously in league with the alien enemies of the American Republic and openly scoff at its best traditions and ideals. But they all were triumphantly swept into power in recent elections by phenomenal majorities over and against the protests of an almost unanimous press and of nonpartisan "reform organizations" whose pitiable weakness is become the butt of sneering jest on the part of the victorious corruptionists.

On the surface, the Plunderbund seems to be justified in basing its usurpation of office on "the people's mandate." A count of votes seemingly names them as "the choice of the electorate." To the superficial view, that appears to settle it. But let us go behind the returns. Our republican system of government was designed to establish and perpetuate "a government of the people, by the people and for the people." To prostitute its electoral forms and methods for the defeat of the people and the seating in power of a government of the enemies of the people, by and for those enemies, is a reversal and degradation of their true purpose.

Our naturalization laws require of the alien applicant for American citizenship a solemn oath explicitly renouncing allegiance to any foreign power and pledging undivided allegiance and support to the Constitution and the laws of the United States. A violation of that oath constitutes perjury and perjury is a crime punishable by imprisonment, *and deprivation of the rights of citizenship.*

Here is a weapon ready to hand for the defense of democracy and democratic institutions against the assaults of the alien enemy within our gates and of the native-born American found recreant to the American faith. The conviction of crime carries with it disqualification for citizenship. Let honest watchers be put on guard at every polling place charged with the duty of challenging the vote of any and every man or woman convicted of crime. Further, let every would-be voter reasonably suspected of having violated his oath to support the Constitution and the laws be held to answer for the charge of perjury over and beyond prosecution for the specific violation charge. Perjurers and other lawbreakers *are not legal voters.* Their ballots, if sneaked into the ballot box, should be thrown out on canvass and scrutiny of the list of voters. They should be prosecuted for violation of the election laws.

Any Change Must Be for the Better

EASTERN financial interests have voiced grave disapproval of the amendment increasing the membership of the Federal Reserve Board by one and directing that the President in appointments have due regard to fair representation of the financial, industrial, agricultural and commercial interests and geographical divisions of the country.

Opponents of the measure profess to see in the demand for a "dirt farmer" as a member of the Federal Reserve Board, a dangerous tendency toward class legislation. The measure as passed by the Senate contains no mandatory clause as to the personnel of the board, although the prior law specifically provided that two bankers be included in the membership.

The incongruity of the idea that it is class legislation to suggest fair representation for several groups and not class legislation to command fixed and almost controlling representation for bankers will probably never appeal to the critical financial interests. It is a trait of human nature to take one's own viewpoint with utmost seriousness. Banking interests have long held firmly to the belief that their fiscal views should be controlling as to the disposition of the country's wealth. For a great many years the idea has been cultivated that it is almost profane for non-banking hands to touch the financial edifice. The Senate's action is a somewhat belated recognition of the fact that the interests which produce the wealth of the country should be consulted regarding the way it should be handled by institutions which are merely trustees.

"Fair representation" should insure a greater caution in manipulating financial levers, than that which has obtained during the last few years. The rapid changes of the re-discount rates by the Federal Reserve Board in 1920, whatever the motive which may have inspired them, were taken advantage of by shrewd stock operators in "bull" or "bear" movements on the stock exchange, while small investors in legitimate enterprises far from the stock market were made sufferers by the artificial pressure upon the loan agencies.

The governmental agencies like the Federal Reserve Board should be like Caesar's wife. For their official actions, however meritorious the object, to be capitalized by professional stock gamblers is unpleasant. It is to be hoped that the Congressional move will mean that opportunities for such practices will be minimized.

Moliere's Tercentenary

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, as chairman of the Franco-American Committee, has been advised by the French Academy of the appointment of M. Donnay to represent the "Immortals" in the American celebration of the tercentenary of the birth of Moliére. The anniversary should do much to revive and deepen interest in this country in the work of a dramatist hardly second to Shakespeare in genius and influence.

Like Shakespeare, whose tercentenary was celebrated the world over in the midst of war's alarums only a few years ago, Moliére belongs not to any one age or country, but to all lands through all time. Accumulating vogue through a period of three hundred years is in itself demonstration at once of vitality and universality, acid tests of the true classic.

Comparisons become superfluous on the plane of these giants. True genius is always original. It so happens that by general agreement Moliére remains to this day distinctly the greatest of satirists in any literature. His supremacy in this particular, however, in no way dims the luster of the myriad-minded Bard of Avon.

It is natural enough that the brilliance of Moliére's plays should shine to greatest advantage when presented in his own tongue. The great Frenchman has been fortunate in the tradition which has continued generation after generation to bring to the interpretation of his works such a company as that of the *Comédie Française,* often called the "House of Moliére," a company inspired by noble ideals and rigorously maintaining its high standards in the dramatic art.

Even Shakespeare suffers much in translation. But, as the last year or two has witnessed the successful presentations in Paris of new and striking French versions of "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "The Winter's Tale" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," so it may be expected that some day there may be brought before American audiences English versions of Moliére's comedies in which the best talent of our own day may help to stir the minds and hearts of theater audiences with the wit and humor, the wisdom and subtlety of the "Misanthrope," "Doctor Despite Himself," the "Imaginary Invalid" and the "Wise Women."

Like every true genius, Moliére was a pioneer and, it might be said, an iconoclast. He broke away from the stilted and conventional literary fashions of his day both in his treatment and his choice of subjects. Courageous as he was brilliant, he did not hesitate to incur the disfavor and even the persecution of those whose armor was pierced by his shafts. And it is certain that in our day, as in Moliére's lifetime, there is call for his subtly refined and correspondingly effective satiric puncturing of hypocrisy and pharisaism; need for the comedy that pillories charlatans and fops, pretenders and pedants, showing the constant motive forces of universal human nature with a depth of understanding and refinement of method, strikingly in contradiction to much of the materialistic and cynical stage productions of the passing day.

Things Wrong With the Theater

IN A recent number of the *Billboard,* a reviewer for that robust and sprightly journal of real criticism and opinion, Patterson James, treats his readers to some candidly phrased and direct plain speaking that should have a wholesome influence. Tackling present-day developments of managerial arrogance eloquently expressive of contemptuous disregard for the comfort and convenience of the theater patrons whose money he takes, Mr. James says right out in meeting some things that most of us have been thinking, but have been too cowed by the might and power of the lordly white-shirt fronted managers to let ourselves utter. As a result, we have earned the scorn and overbearing attitude which the Oriental ever manifests toward those who supinely submit to his tyranny. He feels that he can safely despise those stupid enough to take his insolence "lying down."

It will be a wholesome thing for the future of the American drama, silent as well as spoken, when theatergoers summon pluck enough to vent honest indignation against this managerial oppression. One of the abuses of power against which our unafraid critic protests is that in this land of the free and home of the brave, as in no other land under the sun, "if you hiss in a theater you are an anarchist and hustled off to jail, and if you cheer you are a law-abiding citizen . . . . There is no reason in truth or justice or charity why a man who buys a ticket to see a show should not be as free to express his displeasure at his bargain as his delight over it."

Summing up, Mr. James puts the whole case in a nutshell: "If managers will reduce the prices of admission to a reasonable figure, stop playing 'whole hog or none,' look up some decent plays and refrain from collusion with ticket speculators, the business will be all right." And he formulates the "things that are the matter with the show business" as follows:

"1. Too high prices for worthless shows. A two-dollar top is enough.

"2. Plundering 'the road' by fake 'original New York' companies at outrageous prices with the natural reaction against all sorts of shows.

"3. A complete and total loss in the integrity of managers by reason of their unscrupulousness.

"4. Resentment of all classes of theatergoers against commercial filth.

"5. No money to waste on shows, when food, clothing, rent and fuel are so high."

Correct diagnosis is half the remedy, according to a medical axiom. It is an axiom which has obvious application here.

Oregon to Vote on Single Tax

THE people of Oregon are to vote for the second time on a proposed constitutional amendment to institute the single tax. To make the change gradually and allow time to adjust loans on mortgages and other securities based on land, it is to be spread over five years beginning July 1, 1923. A similar proposition in the election of 1920 received 37,250 votes, while 137,000 were cast against it. This year, the Single Tax League which has been growing considerably of recent years as a "middle-of-the-road" third party, proposes to wage a vigorous campaign for the amendment, and it is likely that the fight will have much more than local importance and interest, Oregon being the first American state to vote on the measure, although it has had trials in Wilmington, Delaware, and Houston, Texas. It has, moreover, been in successful operation for years in the Malay Free State, in several important Australian cities and, to a limited extent, in New Zealand.

The quintessence of the Single Tax proposition is that the full rental value of all land, exclusive of improvements, being the value given to the site by the community, should be taken by the community for community purposes and benefits, relieving the people from other taxation, Federal, state, county and municipal, to the extent which this "land-value" (not land) tax shall suffice to defray the expenses of government. It is contended that eventually, when the system is in full operation, it will displace all other taxes—hence the "single" tax. The revenue thus provided being more than ample to meet all ordinary expenses, it is contended, will also allow for liberal provision for good roads, education, public parks and playgrounds, art museums, while the exemption from burdens of labor and the fruits of labor must immensely stimulate enterprise and production.

From which it would appear that Truth in this, as in so many cases, wears the garb of paradox. For the Single Tax is not a tax!

Mr. Ford's Page

WHEN the passing of city life is discussed, and the rediscovery of the small town is affirmed, one of the commonest questions to arise is this: "What are your small towns going to do for the advantages of the city—the theater and entertainments, for example?" That is the form in which the question usually comes, with an anxiety about the "theater and entertainments."

The question assumes two conditions: First, that a majority of city people attend the theater and other entertainments to such an extent that these institutions have become a necessary element in their lives; and, second, that the theater and entertainments normally fulfill the human desire and need for recreation. Neither of these assumptions is true.

It may be found to be just a question whether the theater is as popular—in point of attendance compared with the population—as it was 50 years ago. The totals are larger, but it may be doubtful that the proportions are. We are not half so theater-mad as some people suppose. The proportion of regular attendants, people who haunt the theater, who are always looking over the list of shows for "a place to go tonight," is not very great. In a certain city where it was assumed that the theater was carrying everything before it and that church attendance was a contemptible little quantity in comparison, it was found that the church with one day a week excelled in drawing power all the legitimate theaters of that city with seven nights a week and two matinees. Leaving the modern theater would not be such a terrible loss, as tens of thousands who have moved to the small town can testify.

And as to the "entertainment" values of the modern commercialized amusement enterprise, the bored audiences of any large city bear eloquently silent witness. The fresh, blithe wholesomeness which reproduces the childishness of human life is lacking. Real entertainment is lacking and would be undoubtedly considered as amateurish, so depraved has the public taste become through bedroom farces and bathroom dramas. Those who are inoculated with the sordid sensuousness of the stage would undoubtedly miss that kind of thing in the small town, just as the drug addict, locked in a sanitarium, would miss his favorite poison.

However, that still leaves the question where it was: what are the small towns to do for recreation, for the indulgence of the play spirit? The play spirit is a part of life. Its misdirection leads to harm. In youth especially it is a safeguard, in maturity and age a recreative force. Temperaments differ, but taken by and large the human race *will* play.

There are, however, no profits in mere playing. That is the reason amusements became commercialized. Instead of play, there arose the spectacle. People ceased to play, and watched players. Football is a husky game, but of the thousands of "fans" who shout for football, how many take the risks of it? The same is true of baseball, it is called "sport" to sit on the bleachers and boo or boost. We are mere spectators; other men do the so-called "playing," and because we are merely spectators their playing is not Play at all, but work. There is no community of entertainment and enjoyment, there is no participation.

In the small town of the future there will be a Little Theater, and the play instinct of the people will work itself out through themselves, not by wage earners called "actors" or "players." There will be many actors and players, of course, but they will not be under the commercial domination which every sincerely devoted actor and player feels today. The great geniuses in the dramatic world will still have their vogue—or, to state it more accurately, their vogue will return, because in these sad days dramatic genius is not necessary. The art of play will be like the art of music, imported into the community for daily consumption, and not retained in the concert hall as dramatic art is retained in the modern theater. The theater as a servant of life is being tided over these destructive times by the Little Theater which is springing up in small communities, where the people are developing themselves.

The commercial monopoly of this natural phase of life is being broken. And why not? If, when a writer completes a story, we may all have a copy of it to read in our own homes; why may we not also have the play of the playwright, interpreted in our own community by our own people in our own way? The question has been answered. The flow of people back to the country places is bringing with it these new possibilities. And the benefit is double: the country is being lifted out of the crude and inexpressive practices into which its play exercise degenerated for the lack of inspiration—*and*—the people from the city are being benefited by the wholesome restraint which comes from amusements which have their rise and issue in the same community.

That is a point well worth remembering: when the community shall provide its own recreation and entertainment out of its own resources and by means of its own people, indecency will simply automatically disappear. Why? Well, consider what constitutes the present situation: a theater audience gathers, a few hundreds from a city of half a million or a million people, an audience of strangers. The shield of anonymity protects them all. Young women are there, but they reflect that no one knows them. The people on the stage are from another city, strangers, too. The condition is ideal for putting across anything which common shame would otherwise prevent.

Now, in the home town, with the home folks in the chairs and home folks on the stage, it would simply be impossible—there is not enough brazenness in human nature to permit home folks to enact bedroom farces before home folks, or to revel on the stage in matter that would not be permitted within a thousand miles of any home-town parlor.

That will be one of the effects of a return to the small town, and a necessity of drawing upon the community's creative powers to supply the normal need for entertainment.

Of course, the principle extends further. Reference has been made to amusements only because it was involved in the question which has been asked. But the principle applies to every element of community life. City living has made us entirely too dependent. City dwellers will soon lose the art of building fires. Most of the other domestic arts are "lost arts" already. And the art of providing entertainment or amusement for ourselves was about to disappear.

The ideal community is self-sustaining to a greater extent than any community now is. If near flowing water, every community should be self-sustaining in matters of power, heating and lighting. Every community in the midst of an agricultural district should be self-sustaining in the matter of food. The grain grown near by should be milled near by, a sufficient supply reserved and the surplus sent to the great centers of consumption. Each community should be constructed out of materials near at hand, and thus preserve unity with its basic soil. And each community should derive from the wellsprings of its own life those finer inspirations and recreative activities which put a bloom and a flavor upon life. It is all contained in that principle known as "self-development." The reward of self-development should be self-sustenance, with the community as well as with the individual.

WHEN people first think about the flow of population from the city to the small towns they inquire how life can be lived without certain elements of city life, particularly of the lighter social kind. The answer is that the smaller communities, peopled by the right kind of folks, will provide themselves with all that is necessary to a wholesome, normal life. Every community should be self-sustaining, and no city of the present day is. The city is absolutely dependent for everything: all it has is brought into it. The smaller community is in the midst of its supply and is better fitted to sustain itself, materially and socially. We need less waiting on and more self-help.

Marvels of the Wonder Musical Instrument

By R. P. CRAWFORD

ONE sees only banks of keys, a bewildering array of little tablets and knobs, and all sorts of pedals, and yet under the hand of a master the pipes of the organ 50 or 60 feet away speak forth in all their richness and brilliancy. The most wonderful, the most mysterious and the most complicated instrument in the world is the modern organ.

The greatest musical story ever told is that of the organ. There is no instrument that affords such an infinite variety of tone, that requires so much skill to master, or that offers such latitude in manufacture. The pipe organ of today includes practically every instrument of the modern orchestra, and then many kinds of sound that are not to be found in the orchestra. It may have thousands of pipes, and often a hundred or more stops, or separate musical instruments, so to speak, included in its vast domain of musical sounds.

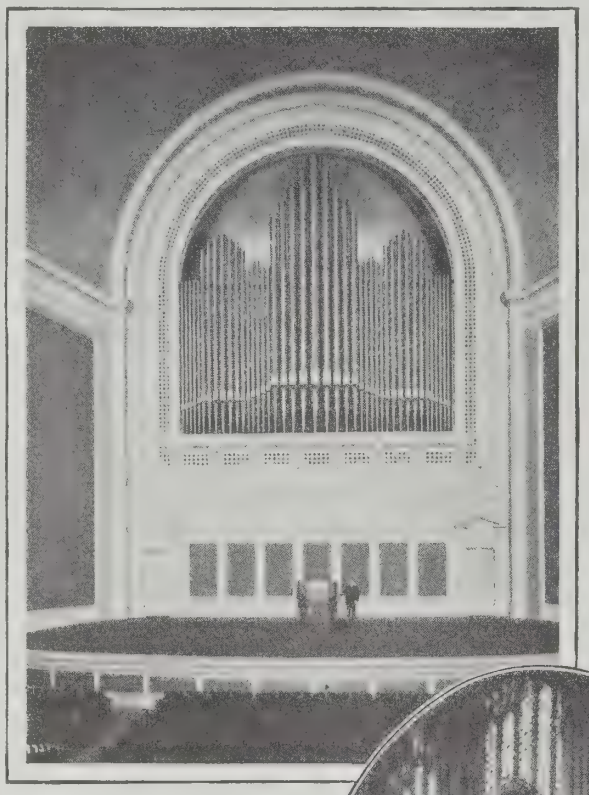
Americans are no longer dependent on Europe for a glimpse of great organs and an audience with the king of instruments. It has all come about suddenly, this great revolution and development of the organ.

An American department store holds the record for the largest organ in the world, with 232 stops and 17,954 pipes. This Philadelphia organ eclipses the cathedral organ at Liverpool, England, and the Town Hall organ at Sydney, Australia, both notable instruments, as well as German organs. A few years ago it was entirely out of the ordinary for an organ to have more than 100 stops, but today that number is found in many organs in the United States. The sudden advent of municipal and theater organs opened a new field and made possible very large instruments. The famous organ in the Mormon Tabernacle at Salt Lake City was recently completely rebuilt, so that it has about 125 stops and it has again become one of the great instruments of the world.

Probably the largest pipe organ order ever placed was given out the past year by the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York. It included one organ to have 154 stops, another organ with 94 stops, two studio organs with three banks of keys, and nine organs with two banks of keys for students to practice on. A contract has been let for a Cleveland municipal organ with more than 150 stops and to cost $100,000. A Chicago theater recently installed an instrument with 209 stop keys, although, of course, these were not all speaking stops. It was announced a little while ago that a Philadelphian had offered his city $120,000 to build the largest organ yet constructed. Portland, Maine; Denver, St. Paul, San Francisco and a score of other cities have municipal organs, where concerts are given regularly. It formerly was quite out of the question for a church to spend $50,000 on an organ, but there are many such in the United States today. Many wealthy individuals have placed pipe organs in their homes, playing them with rolls of music like player pianos.

What is the significance of all this organ fever? It simply means that America is rapidly taking the lead of the world in organs. Nearly every steamer brings one or more organists from the Old World cathedrals and churches, who set out to try their fortune in the United States. Most of them tour the country giving recitals and when a good offer comes their way they accept, and settle down in America. America is rapidly developing many organists of world reputation, both as concert players and composers, and American inventive genius has outstripped scores of the great organs in other countries.

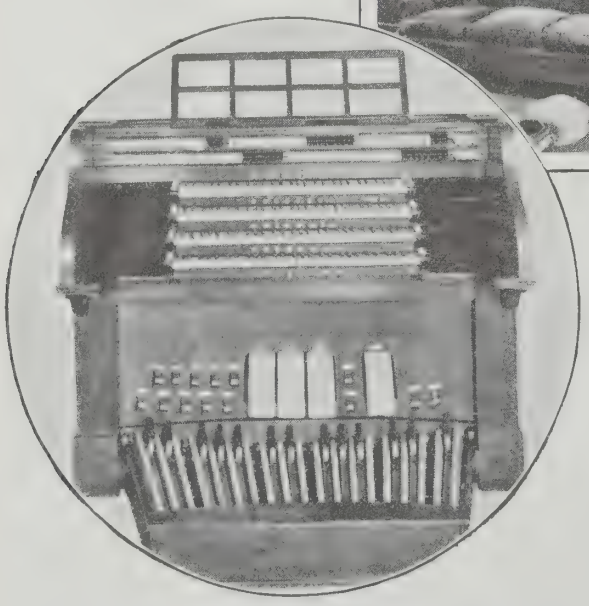
The greatest marvel of the organ today is perhaps not so much the harmonies that come from its depths as it is the wonderful mechanical developments that make this music possible. An organ builder must, of course, be an artist at his work, but when it comes to making possible this great instrument of today, at least half the job is just downright mechanical and inventive genius. Under the old system of building organs it would be impossible to play any of the huge modern instruments. No man would have strength enough to hold down the keys when playing on the full organ. And so electricity has come to the aid of the organ builder, as it has to the aid of so many other builders of modern civilization.



This is the organ that served at the San Francisco exposition and is now in the city auditorium in that city.



The organ in St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, New York City, one of the large church instruments in the U. S.



The console or keyboard of the organ in the city hall at Portland, Maine, one of the large municipal organs in the country. The tablets above the banks of keys are stops and couplers. The buttons between the keys control groups of stops. At the very base of the console are seen the pedals, representing bass notes, which are played with the feet. The broad flat pedals above the pedal keys regulate the volume of sound from the organ.

Many pipe organs are being installed in residences. These organs are played from rolls of music like player pianos. They are especially voiced to resemble an orchestra.

Today the keys of many organs are so susceptible to pressure that a breath of air will move them. It formerly required a finger force of two pounds to depress a single key, since one actually did all the work of opening the pipes with the fingers. No wonder the great majority of organists were men!

But today imagine hundreds of little telegraphs all carrying messages from keyboard to organ. Every time a key is depressed a tiny current of electricity operates a magnet and opens a pipe. That accounts for many organs being divided into several sections and scattered about an auditorium or theater, with the keyboard, or console, perhaps 100 feet away.

Solo, swell, great, choir, ethereal, echo, string organs —this medley of names is almost enough to dissuade anyone from trying to describe a modern organ. The largest organs today have five banks of keys, or manuals, as they are called. Each one of these really represents a separate organ with its own peculiar quality of tone. The smallest pipe organs of any pretense at all have two banks of keys and a row of pedals, representing the deep bass tones and which are played with the feet.

One is reminded of the great discussion that the church committee was having over the new organ. "Mr. Chairman," said Deacon Smith, "I don't see why we should have a great, a swell, and a pedal organ. I should think that one organ would be enough."

Deacon Smith, however, was a tailor, and the other deacon engineering the organ proposition responded, "Deacon Smith, you wouldn't say that a man was properly dressed with only a coat on. You would want him to have a coat, a vest and trousers." And so the two-manual organ with pedals was finally installed.

On a two-manual organ the first row of keys is the swell organ and the second row the great organ. On most pipe organs no matter how hard one presses the keys the volume of sound is always the same, and the swell organ gets its name from being inclosed in a box with shutters, which, opening and closing, regulate the volume of sound. The great organ has the loud stops of the organ. The only way the sound can be increased is by adding more stops. A very few large instruments have what is known as a double touch, where by giving the keys a little extra pressure additional stops are brought into play.

But when it comes to the really large instruments, there is enough to tax the brains of an organist. In addition to playing with both his hands and his feet, which is quite an art in itself, an organist often has to keep in mind some 200 stops, couplers and mechanical accessories. The console, or keyboard, of a really huge instrument is an interesting sight.

First, there are the banks of keys. On a four-manual instrument, the first is usually the solo organ, its pipes being just what the name implies; then come the swell, great and choir organs, the stops of the latter usually being a little subdued and especially suitable for accompanying a choir. There may be five manuals, with perhaps an echo organ, but more often there are simply four manuals, and the echo organ is played from one of the other rows of keys. Some organs today have a special string organ, imitating the orchestra, but this is usually played from one of the other manuals, or perhaps so arranged that it can be played from any of them. Often its stops are simply incorporated in one of the other organs. An ethereal organ may contain stops of tremendous power and be located 100 feet or so up in the very top of the building. In fact, there is almost no limit to the subdivisions of the modern organ.

Usually on both sides of the keys and above the keyboard one sees scores of knobs or little tablets. Each one of these is a stop or coupler, or some other mechanical accessory. A stop brings into play a row of pipes, and is the same as adding another instrument to the orchestra. The couplers serve to make it possible to bring into play the keys an octave higher or lower than those one is playing, and also to couple together practically any rows of keys.

The development of theater and residence organs, together with concert organs for town halls, opened an entirely new field in organ building. There immediately came an insistence on greater orchestral tone and less insistence on the traditional churchly quality of tone. Theaters usually installed an organ either to eliminate the orchestra altogether or to give it an occasional rest. Persons who installed organs in their homes wanted to play overtures as well as church tunes, and so it came about that the modern organ has changed considerably. There are organs today that have a grand piano attached. On some theater organs the second bank of keys is a piano as well as an organ. Even the percussion instruments, such as drums, chimes, sleigh bells and the usual oddities of the orchestra, are found on many instruments. The harp effect, which has become so popular on many organs today, is procured by a row of metal or wood plates, placed over resonators, and struck by padded hammers. There is, however, one organ which to my knowledge makes use of a plucked string to obtain this effect.

Many large residences now have pipe organs, thanks to the development of player attachments. These player organs relieve a person of all the details of organ playing, automatically adding appropriate stops when called for by the music.

But there is no instrument in the world where so much is left for the performer. It is as if an entire symphony orchestra was set before him. He may take a simple tune and develop it in a score of different ways. The horn-like tones of the oboe may give way to the flutes; there may be the soft music of violins; in the very back of the church or auditorium may be the organ's own choir of delicate voices, reproduced by the vox humana on the echo organ, a stop surprisingly like a choir of human voices when heard a distance off; there may be the tolling of bells; or there may be the crash of the brass instruments of the orchestra, or the heavy roll of the diapasons, which form the very foundation of organ tone and have no counterpart in the orchestra. There is no limit to what may be done on a large instrument, a thousand and one possibilities confront every organist, and what he does or does not do, shows his musicianship.

French North Africa—the Last Frontier

By HAL WALKER

ALGERIA is both historically and naturally the most picturesque and interesting section, for its size, on the globe. Yet it has great undeveloped resources that call for American machinery for modern agriculture and manufacture, and hundreds of thousands of people who would buy American manufactured goods. French North Africa (which includes the colony of Algeria and the two protectorates of Tunis and Morocco) is in reality the "last frontier." Little known outside France except to the confirmed globe trotter and the pioneer business man, mostly British or German, this great territory, washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean on the north and extending into the unknown Sahara, the Garden of Allah, on the south, has an appeal of romance nowhere equaled.

Algiers, the principal port and capital of Algeria, lies in about the same latitude as Norfolk and San Francisco in the United States. It has a population of more than 200,000 and in its streets and around its mosques Europe-



On the edge of the desert, Algeria.



Harbor of Algiers, from the Arab city.



The water front of Algiers.



An old square, Figuig, Algeria.

pean and Arab touch elbows in the throngs. Backing a port, made modern by an extensive breakwater, rise row on row flat-topped Moorish houses punctuated at frequent intervals by mosques. This ancient city of narrow, climbing streets rubs shoulders with the modern city at the *Place de Gouvernment* on the sea; and mysterious, veiled women and Arabs from the desert in their flowing robes, in the city of broad streets, automobiles and electric cars, give a touch of the bizarre to an otherwise twentieth century atmosphere.

As *Alger, la Blanche,* or the "white city," this former stronghold of the Barbary pirates is known to the French and foreigner. As a port, Algiers ranked second in French territory before the war, being exceeded only by Marseilles in the tonnage passing through it. The port is the gateway to the wonderful Kabyle Mountain Land, the fastnesses of the Atlas Mountains, the ancient Roman cities to the south and east, such as Constantine and Timgad, to say nothing of ancient Carthage in Tunis even farther afield, and then the wonders of the Garden of Allah, which is approached from Biskra.

Africa conjures up the thought of a place off on the edge of nowhere, inhabited by savage people and where the camel and donkey are the only means of travel over trackless sands or almost impassable trails. Such is not the Africa of the French along the northern rim of the great continent. The traveler can go along the whole north coast by railway and in modern sleeping cars, yes, even to the edge of the desert at Biskra, and he can make this journey also by his own automobile or in the great touring busses of the Compagnie General Transatlantique, the big steamship company which operates from Havre to New York City, to the West Indies and South America, and also to North Africa from Marseilles and Bordeaux.

Only 26 hours sail from Marseilles in modern steamers, and less than 48 hours from Paris, this exotic empire is as accessible from the "centers of civilization" as anyone could wish. This North African country should certainly hold a strong attraction for the adventurous American traveler. With its magnificent roads for touring, its first-class hotels and its comparatively cheap transportation and living conditions, to say nothing of the attraction of Roman cities. Timgad, for instance, is thought to have had once a population of 50,000 persons; it possessed magnificent baths with hot and cold water, swimming pools, a theater which seated 2,000 persons, a public library given by the Carnegie of that day and country and a forum of gigantic proportions.

A fact that will come as a surprise to many is that the French colonies and dependencies have an area roughly estimated at 5,119,138 square miles, with a population of about 58,582,905, this colonial and dependency area being about twice that of the Continental United States. Of French African territories, Algeria probably is the most important, with an area of 222,580 square miles and a population of 5,563,828, Mohammedan and Christian. Algeria proper comprises the coast land along the Mediterranean, the high plateaus and then the desert regions south beyond the mountains.

The climate in general resembles that of Southern California, and the season for visitors begins in October and ends in May. The summer months are so hot that they hardly appeal to the visitor. Algeria's population is Mohammedan, except about 800,000, who are mostly French; but there are about 150,000 Spaniards and 40,000 Italians included in this total, all of whom in addition to the great Moslem population, are potential customers for American goods.

It is this population of Algeria which offers an opportunity for American business, both export and import, a business, which, as far as foreigners are concerned, was handled before the war mostly by Germany, although the British had a small foothold. In the stores of Algiers and Oran, which are the two most important ports and distributing centers of the country, can now be seen a few American goods; more American than any other foreign products, in fact.

Imports into Algeria rank, according to the statistics of Edward A. Dow, the American consul, in the following order: Wearing apparel, cotton textiles, motor vehicles, machinery, especially that for agriculture; leather manufactures, including shoes; metal products, perfumes and soaps, sugar, paper and coal. There is now opening a special market for American condensed and evaporated milk, sugar, coffee, cottonseed oil and rice. On the export side Algeria sends out wine and wheat as her principal items. Following these come tobacco and cigarets, goat and sheep skins, hides, fresh fruits, including oranges, mandarines, dates and figs. Iron ore and phosphates are also exported. To the United States the principal exports at present are hides and skins, cork, brierwood and some winelees for the manufacture of baking powder. Other commodities in which trade could be developed and which are needed in the United States are olive oil, vegetable fiber (used for upholstery), alfa—esparto grass—(used for making paper pulp) and kaolin, or China clay, which is used both for pottery and paper making. Vegetable fiber is becoming known in the United States, but so far not to any large extent. This is because exports in any quantity have been made only since the war, and also because the fiber comes on the Algerian market twisted and it has to be put through picking machines in the United States before it is ready for upholstery work.

Kaolin is found in an almost pure state and has been used for years in the better-class potteries in France and neighboring countries, but little has been shipped to the United States. This kaolin also is of prime use in making the best grades of book print paper.

Of all the export products which possess a big future, probably alfa has the greatest possibilities for the American market. This is due to the large quantities which can be shipped and to the present world-shortage in wood pulp for paper making. In the past England has been the principal customer for alfa, while other European countries have taken smaller amounts. Since 1911 exports of alfa have exceeded 100,000 metric tons a year and in 1912 they amounted to 117,000 metric tons. England has taken, year in and year out, from 90 to 95 per cent of the alfa exported.

Alfa grows in Algeria over several millions of hectares. There are three classes of alfa; that used for making ropes and mats, that for paper making, and that for basket work. The quality for paper making is the most interesting from the standpoint of United States trade. With plenty of kaolin at hand, it would seem that alfa pulp could be made in Algeria, except for the fact that there is an excess of chalk and salt in Algerian waters, but this is being overcome somewhat. One scientist has made from alfa a new type of pulp which he calls "demi-demi," a rough cellulose of alfa which can be transported absolutely dry and pressed into small volume. To transform this demi-demi (half and half) pulp into the product for making paper the only requirement is that it be diluted, washed and finished, then passed into a whitening machine. This demi-demi pulp shipped effects an economy of 50 per cent in freight, or 500 to 600 per cent in volume over raw alfa.

Owing to lack of fuel in Algeria and no developed hydro-electric resources, it is likely that the manufacture of alfa pulp for export for the next few years will be far below the demand, but American production on a large scale could overcome this should paper makers in the States wish to start their own mills in Algeria. If not this, there is plenty of alfa for export, and it has been proved in England to be excellent paper material.

The importation of alfa into the United States would help the American shipping problem in the Mediterranean, where American vessels are returning to America in ballast and have been doing so ever since the war.

Does Gold Make Dollar or the Dollar Gold?

Money the Only Subject Omitted From Public Education: What Can Be Learned From the Money in Your Purse

WHAT the country needs is a public school course—for the pupils of the public schools—in facts about money. The ignorance of even intelligent and educated people on the subject of money is almost apalling. Monetarily speaking, the illiteracy record is 99⅞ per cent.

Introduce the study of money facts into the public schools, and in 20 years the greatest system of fraud and robbery ever devised will be driven out of the United States.

No, not any "money theory." That would be propaganda. Besides, there are too many money theories. Keep the course to *money facts*—strictly and jealously to money facts. Don't teach a single thing with which the most reactionary financier would not agree. Let the whole financial oligarchy put their O. K. on every item that is to be taught. But see to it that they don't slip any fact into the discard.

Money facts are all that is necessary to throw light on the stupid and unworkable system under which humanity is limping along, and under this light the readjustment and reform will take place.

If even one man in a hundred knew, thoroughly knew, the facts about the money that he has in his pocket—yes, if even one man in every thousand of our citizens knew; if he could take out any piece of metal or paper money and tell exactly where that piece of money fits into our monetary system, it would make a difference very dangerous to our present fraudulent methods.

Consider that simple though serious statement. Think of the tremendous effect of our ignorance, when it can be said that if one grown man in every thousand knew as much about money as every school boy ought to know, it would effect a salutary revolution in the money system.

Did you ever stop to think that they teach nothing about money in the plain people's schools—in the schools which furnish the greater portion of our population with all the schooling they ever get?

You yourself will probably fumble around among your few pieces of money, utterly lost when it is sugested to you that your pieces of money don't all fit into the same money scheme at all.

All your money is not always money for all purposes. Not that *you* need be alarmed, because you are in the class where your money is not sufficient to bother those who manipulate the money system. Your money is good for bread. But no financier in the world wants a million dollars' worth of the money with which you buy bread. He would not take it. He will write it into his contracts that he will not take it. Moreover the law of "legal tender" will defend him in not taking it.

Just as a little lesson in the structure of our very peculiar money system: How much "legal tender" have you in your pocket?

You bring out a handful of pennies and nickels. Maybe $2 worth in all. For the purposes of tendering legal payment for any debt your $2 is worth just 25 cents. The money you have pulled out of your pocket fits into the "minor coin" classification of our monetary system, and its "legal tender" use is limited by law.

Suppose you bring out $20 in halves and quarters and dimes. You have then entered another classification, you are in the region of "subsidiary silver coins," and if you want to pay a debt you may find, according to law, that you can only extract $10 worth of "legal tender" from your $20. All the money is good, but it is not all good for legal tender in the payment of an obligation.

A silver dollar, a ton of silver dollars, fifty tons of silver dollars are "legal tender" for the value stamped on them, "except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract." That is, the silver dollar can be bodily thrown out of the "legal tender" class by the scratch of a pen.

Maybe you pull gold out of your pocket—unlikely that you can, but just suppose. Between yourself and your ordinary fellow citizens that gold will pass for what is stamped upon it, a $10 gold piece will pass for ten dollars, a $20 gold piece for twenty dollars. But even gold is not absolute legal tender for the money value stamped on it, but for what it weighs on the scale. Gold is not money; it is a commodity, sold by weight—except among the common people.

If you pull out gold or silver certificates—the "yellow backs" that some people prize so highly, and the certificates of silver deposits in the United States Treasury—why, previous to the day before Christmas, 1919, gold notes were not legal tender but on that day, December 24, 1919, they became legal tender. How? By "fiat"! By the fiat of the United States Congress! So, since that time gold notes are legal tender, but silver notes are not!

Federal Reserve Notes, Federal Reserve Bank Notes, National Bank Notes—none of these is "legal tender," though they are perfectly good money. They are good money for two reasons: the people will receive them and the government will receive them.

At bottom "legal tender" is a device to protect what are called "large payments." That is at the basis of the gold standard, the security of "large payments," which means the security of Large Dealers in Money. You, Reader, will take all of any kind of money you can get. The real money-wise men won't. Even now there is kept in circulation the kind of money that financiers want to keep out of the banks—it is all right for you, it is not desirable for "large payments."

Why not start a school in Money Facts, and educate the children. Let the O. K. of the financial powers go upon it, but let the plain facts be taught and learned and reflected upon.

Study the make-up of our monetary system. Like everything else human, when you get a full view of it you will wonder how it holds together! It holds together for two reasons—because people have energy to produce and faith to co-ordinate their activities, and because the soil by some miracle of heaven produces once a year the substances which mankind cannot create. That is the basis of it all.

AN ELEMENTARY lesson in the study of money is the difference between a unit of value and a measure of value. The dollar is a unit of value, the expression of the idea. *It is the function of the government to provide this unit.* But the *measure* of value is always the individual judgment of seller or buyer. The government does not fix the price of things, only the unit by which the price is computed. If A desires to sell B a house, the transaction is dependent on agreement between them. A measures the value at, say $6,000, B at $5,000. The government does not pretend to measure the value of the house, but it does establish the unit of value, the dollar. There may be a question about the value of the house; there should be no possible question about the value of a dollar.

Another much misunderstood term in discussing money is the word "fiat." Commonly used to distinguish between paper money and coin, in the sense that government has attempted to make something out of nothing, or give value to something that is worthless intrinsically, "fiat" is given a wrong meaning. All money, regardless of what its commodity value may be, is fiat money. It is the fiat of the government that makes it money.

The Fight Between "Bullion" and "Money"

TIFFANY on Constitutional Law says: "*There is legally no such thing as gold or silver money, or paper money. Money is the stamp of the sovereign authority impressed on that which is capable of taking and retaining the impression . . . . The value is in the stamp, and not in metal or material.*"

Congress has the power to change the weight of metal in the unit of value, without interfering with the legal-tender quality of that unit. Thus the United States Supreme Court has decided that a contract is not to be carried out in the bullion value, but in the money value, where the terms are in dollars. The decision was based on a case arising from an obligation incurred prior to 1831 (at which time the bullion of the gold coins was changed) and paid after that year. The new "fiat" of the government had made a Gold Eagle ($10) that contained but 94/100 as much gold as formerly; that is, $9.40 instead of $10 worth. The creditor demanded as much gold as the earlier gold coin had contained. The decision against this contention was based on the ruling that the contract was based on the legal value of the coin, and not on its bullion value. Going further the court declared that, under the constitutional authority to "coin money," it was not competent for Congress to maintain a parity between legal and market value of gold.

This explains why "financial experts" are today forestalling possible future changes in our coinage by making their loans payable in "gold of the present standard weight and fineness." The courts of Canada, within the past year, have declared such contracts against public policy and have construed a tender of the Dominion's paper money as legal satisfaction of a lien where the creditor had an option of demanding "gold, or current money of the United States," the Canadian paper being at a discount when tendered.

But he would be a hopeful man who would predict such a decision from our own courts just now. The rule set up in the case cited above works both ways. The dollar you owe must be paid in kind, even if it costs you more to get hold of it, for the new contract prescribes that the troy weight and *present* fineness of the metal must govern when the debt is paid.

Another point in the Money Question is the possibility that the United States may be compelled to abandon metallic money entirely. It is not inconceivable that the Money Trust may create such a corner in gold as to make some such measure necessary. With the gold of all the rest of the world already in their possession, and *decoined* into bullion, where is the needed United States gold coin to come from? The money merchants will hold also, as they assuredly do now, all our own present coinage. Gold to meet maturing bond and short note obligations will then be worth —who knows how much? The World War gave us a new vision of man's cupidity in the necessities of life. There never was a moment during the World War when sugar was not to be had in unlimited quantities; but it was hoarded to enable jobbers to extract millions from the people's need by running up the price. One prominent sugar speculator lost half a million dollars overnight when the break came.

Money Is a Transport Agent

COULD the government prevent the gold hoarders from similarly swindling people? The United States Supreme Court in 1884 declared specifically in the affirmative. The case was Juillard vs. Greenman and involved the legality of a tender in paper money. Says the decision: "The question whether at any time in war or peace the exigency is such by reason of any unusual and pressing demands on the resources of the government OR OF INADEQUACY OF THE SUPPLY OF GOLD AND SILVER COIN to furnish the currency needed for uses of the government and the people . . . . is a political question to be determined by Congress, and not a judicial question." This decision upheld the law of May 31, 1878, authorizing the reissue of Treasury Notes, the constitutionality of which had been attacked.

It is part of the study of money to consider the volume needed properly to function. Because it is only as a medium of exchange that money is of use, it necessarily follows that in volume it must be sufficient to accomplish that purpose. Real wealth consists not of money but of the land and its products and labor and its products. To exchange these with a minimum of wastage, money has been created.

As the means of transportation must be available to the field of production, so must the money be at hand in sufficient quantity for exchange of commodities. It follows, then, that any stoppage or reduction of the current of money tends to destroy the legitimate functioning of the fiscal system. The continued flow of investment funds in one direction creates a shortage in the opposite direction. It matters not if the change of current is accidental or the result of design the consequence is the same. But the power to *create* such a shortage is one too dangerous to intrust to any man or class of men.

Not Enough Gold to Serve as Base

DURING the panic of 1907, clearing house certificates —illegal though they were and an evasion, if not technically a violation of the law—served to ease the money stringency. Though not a legal tender in any sense, they were locally accepted in payment for services, the necessities of life, and in trade generally. In Detroit, Canadian currency served the same purpose, while it was not an uncommon sight to see a pay roll counted out in silver dollars.

That the desirability of an "elastic" currency has been recognized for years by financiers, is proved by the evident and stated intent of the laws enacted. The National Bank system was given power of issue to this end. Such also was the ostensible design of the Federal Reserve system. The power of issue was given by law, and under any but an autocratic maladministration of the system the machinery should meet every need. But it has failed and, apparently, was designed to fail.

The purpose of this article, however, is only to point out what seems an inevitable conclusion—that money must be in sufficient quantity to enable business to proceed at an equilibrium; kept elastic, that is, capable of automatic expansion or contraction in volume; and distributed wherever needed. The world's supply of gold is insufficient to allow that metal to serve as a proper money base. Even though all the mines were in full operation, if the gold in the world could be cornered, and it is virtually cornered today, it would be unfit for money, since the owners of gold are enabled to exact an undue proportion of the real wealth of the people in exchange for gold to redeem their indebtedness, public and private.

Keeps Ships Off the Rocks

Unusual Job of an Odd Vessel

By J. M. SEABRIGHT

WERE you ever in a boat on lake or sea beyond sight of land and had lost your way? Lost! What ill that word portends! You felt, doubtless, as if myriads of ants were running up and down your spine.

What did you do to free yourself from your predicament? If the sun or stars were shining you followed the age-old formula for determining directions by facing north, your right hand then pointing eastward. But if the heavenly bodies were hidden by cloud or rain, you, of course, consulted your compass. What a friendly bit of sensitive steel that delicately poised needle seemed! What a comfort when it was your only guide!

What causes this rhythmic dancer of steel to point in one general direction and so become an indispensable aid to navigation? While much remains to be learned about that strange force, we call it terrestrial magnetism, and we know that it radiates in lines from points on the earth's surface called the Magnetic Poles.

Now, the North Magnetic Pole and the geographical North Pole are not coincident. It, therefore, follows that there will be an angle between them at every place on the earth's surface, and that along the so-called agonic line this angle is zero. Moreover, this angle at any one spot varies from year to year. Accordingly, charts have been devised for the use of mariners showing the "variations of the compass needle."

The problem is further complicated by the fact that the Magnetic Poles are not fixed points, and by the knowledge that the radiating lines of magnetic force are not only ever changeable but irregular as well. In the words of Sir John Herschel, the magnetic state of our globe may be described as "one of swift and ceaseless change." In addition, other factors cajole the magnetic needle, such as magnetic storms, deposits of iron ore, islands of volcanic origin, and the iron or steel on the ship itself.

To make a complete study of all magnetic forces, including all the foregoing factors, and to determine the changes continually going on, to the end that magnetic charts may be kept up to date for the benefit of navigator, surveyor and man of science, the Carnegie Institution of Washington has, through its Department of Terrestrial Magnetism, been engaged, since 1905, in a magnetic survey of the world. That it might carry out this vital work on a strictly scientific basis, the institution had built, for this especial purpose, what has been aptly described as "the most curious craft afloat."

The Carnegie, for thus was the vessel christened, is curious because neither jot nor tittle of iron and only a small amount of steel was used in its construction, those substances, as well as nickel and cobalt, most affecting the compass needle. If truly scientific accuracy in observations was to be attained, the craft must be as bare of those metals as possible.

The detailed facts about her construction show to what length the designers went to insure that high degree of accuracy. Imagine a ship built chiefly of wood—white oak, Oregon pine, yellow pine and teak; its fastenings of copper and bronze bolts, locust treenails and composition spikes; its four anchors of manganese bronze, and, instead of anchor chains, three 11-inch hemp cables, each 120 fathoms long; its length, 155½ feet; displacement, 568, tons, and registered tonnage, 246. That, in brief, is a rough sketch of the outline of the Carnegie.

For power the craft depends on 12,900 square feet of plain sail and a 100 horse-power gasoline engine, built entirely of bronze, except for steel valves, cam-springs, piston rings and cam-rollers—an amount of steel so small as to be negligible. This auxiliary power unit can drive her at a speed of six knots an hour in calm weather and gives her a wide cruising radius. When the Carnegie was launched in 1909 this power plant was a producer-gas engine, a steam engine being precluded because of its magnetic nature, but in 1919 a change was made to the gasoline type—a happy move, in view of the present world-wide distribution of gasoline.

The refrigerating plant and cooking apparatus of this unique vessel are of copper and bronze, and her cutlery is of Mexican silver. In short, so bare is she of anything to which the compass needle is susceptible that a wag once remarked that even sailors with "nerves of steel" were, on her, taboo! Strange, indeed, it is, and not a little ironical, that the wealth of a famed steel maker should go to build a craft in which steel is conspicuous by its absence.

A detailed statement of her specifications would be incomplete without mentioning the fact that observations can be made under adverse weather conditions. These magnetic and astronomical observations are made possible in heavy weather by means of two revolvable glass domes which constitute the observatories, these serving to protect both observer and delicate instruments from the elements and, at the same time, permitting an unobstructed view.

It has sometimes been asked by laymen what is the good of acquiring data on a non-magnetic ship when the ships on which such data are to be used are virtually all magnetic ones because of their iron-and-steel construction. Dr. Louis A. Bauer, the director of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the institution, to whom, by the way, belongs much of the credit for the success of the Carnegie's achievements, answers this inquiry as follows: "If the mariner knows the pointing of the compass at a given location, due only to the earth's magnetism and not to that and the ship's own magnetism combined, he can determine the effect on the compass of the iron in the ship and make proper allowance for it. Just as by comparing a house thermometer with one standardized by our Weather Bureau, the necessary corrections can be applied so that fairly correct temperatures may be recorded with the house thermometer.... The compass directions, or angles which the compass makes with the true north and south line, as determined aboard the Carnegie from observations on the sun or stars, are the standard values with which the mariner compares his own values, the differences, if his observations are made with care, being due to the disturbances caused by magnetic influences in his own ship."



The Carnegie off Fortress Monroe.



The Carnegie's scientific personnel.



The Carnegie under full sail.

As to the results obtained, the Carnegie has more than fulfilled her designers' expectations. On her first cruise in 1909 several grievous errors in mariners' charts were discovered within the brief span of six weeks, the effect of which was to set the ship's course to the north of that intended, so that transatlantic vessels plying between New York and Liverpool were taking a course to the northward of where they should have gone, whether moving from the east or the west. And later, along much-frequented routes in the Indian Ocean, the compass-chart errors were found as large as four and even six degrees.

In connection with this brief recital of the errors detected, mention should be made of a further and important feature of the Carnegie's activities, and that is the promptness with which the magnetic data are published. Formerly such information could not be published until years after the close of an expedition, this delay causing a distinct loss in its value; now, on the other hand, the leading hydrographic and scientific establishments are supplied promptly with the results obtained—frequently in from one to two months' time.

Some further idea of the invaluable work of the Carnegie may be gleaned from the statement that she has traveled almost 292,000 statute miles since her launching, or nearly 12 times the earth's circumference. She also has the distinction of being the first vessel to have circumnavigated the globe in sub-Antarctic regions within the space of a single season. This feat she accomplished in 118 days in the years 1915-1916.

The complete mapping out of the earth's magnetic field has necessitated the sending out of supplementary land expeditions. Nearly all parts of the earth have been visited by them, and their activities have resulted in observations being made at about 4,500 points, involving travel of more than 1,000,000 miles. These land parties have penetrated many of the nooks and crannies of the globe under great difficulties and extreme dangers, and have thus contributed to our fund of geographical knowledge—in itself, no small accomplishment. Among such notable expeditions may be mentioned the complete crossings of China, Australia and South America, east to west and south to north; the trans-Saharan expedition from Algeria to Nigeria; extensive canoe expeditions in the interior of British North America to more or less unexplored regions, and to Hudson Bay; hazardous coastal trips in Africa and Central America; and difficult interior trips in Asia Minor and Persia. Just recently the Carnegie returned to her home port, Washington, after having finished her sixth cruise, which covered a period of a little more than two years. On October 9, 1919, she sailed from Washington with a crew of 23 officers and men, for a cruise of 64,000 nautical miles. For the first six months she cruised mainly in the South Atlantic Ocean, completing the work she was doing in 1917, which was interrupted during the World War. Thence, after extending the work in the Indian Ocean, carried out on the Carnegie in 1911, she made such cruises in the Pacific Ocean as were designed not only to cover large areas not magnetically surveyed, but also to determine, by intersection of her previous tracks, the changes ever going on in the earth's magnetism. Her ports of call included Dakar in French Senegal, Buenos Aires, St. Helena, Cape Town, Colombo, Perth, Fanning Island, Honolulu, Samoa and Colon.

On this journey one of the most interesting places visited was Gough Island, a lonely, uninhabited island of the South Atlantic. It is thought to be the home of the sooty albatross, several of which were caught and examined. Another interesting point is that concerning the so-called Royal Company islands. On October 12, 1920, the Carnegie was within one mile of their charted position, but nothing was sighted within a radius of 40 miles, though the visibility was good.

Inasmuch as these islands have been searched for unsuccessfully by several navigators and because of the likelihood of icebergs being mistaken for land, it is now recommended that they be eliminated from charts.

The first known record of magnetic-survey work relates to the cruises of the Paramour Pink, a ship under the command of the noted astronomer, Halley, for whom the comet was named. She set sail from England in 1698, the main purpose of the expedition being to find out, for the use of mariners, how the compass direction varies over the Atlantic Ocean. To carry to completion the task begun by Halley, but on a more systematic and comprehensive scale, there was designed and launched the Carnegie, that floating laboratory which combines the structure of vessels of the seventeenth century with the most modern scientific instruments of the twentieth—which, while reverting to the ancient in outward appearance, is engaged in the solution of a present-day problem of pronounced scientific and practical value.

The data obtained by those in charge are not retained selfishly for the benefit of any one people. Rather the Carnegie's work may be said to be international in scope. The observations made aboard her are intended to be, and are, supplementary to those of other nations.

But since no other country has such admirable facilities for the task, it is left to this American vessel to carry it on and to exhibit the information to the eyes of all peoples. For this reason the Carnegie may well be said to be a friendly link between nations, an instrument of good will and peace in an already war-cursed world, a fitting monument to her donor.

It is dangerous for a ship to deviate from its course, because it may strike a reef or some other submerged obstruction and wreck itself. The navigator follows the compass-chart, for this is supposed to be correct. He proceeds with his ship on the theory that he is in the proper travel lane. Thus it can be readily understood that if a ship is several degrees off the proper course it may be inviting trouble. Correcting the charts so that vessels of all nations can follow proper courses is only one of the valuable accomplishments of the Carnegie.

Mother Nature, the World's Greatest Sculptress

Her Marvelous and Colossal Works in Stone Inspire Awe

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

SOMETIMES her sculpting tools are dull; then, of course, her work suffers. Sometimes she is merely lazy; the carven stone takes on an appearance of raggedness or slovenliness that does not betoken genius. Many of the faces she makes are outrageous, but some of them are really good. All in all the art of Mother Nature is a variable quantity; yet no other sculptress has done figures of such colossal size and done them so magnificently as has Mother Nature.

Her statue of Queen Victoria at East Weymouth, Massachusetts, should not be numbered among the best examples of her work. It looks somewhat like the "Man in the Moon," though Mother Nature probably caught her inspiration from the moon itself, which is feminine. It takes a gift of imagination to locate the face of the English queen; but it is there, at the side of the huge stone.

Up in the White Mountains of New Hampshire the coy old dame fashioned a stone cave man with a protruding forehead and a determined jaw plus a square chin. He is a striking figure that readily calls to mind "The Sphinx" or Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face." He is rough and rugged. The storms do not harm him. He serenely looks over the countryside, and the people affectionately refer to him as the "Old Man."

Farther north, in Maine, the sculptress made a profile of George Washington. It is near the falls of the Androscoggin at Lewiston. Evidently she is a flirtatious, impulsive lady; if she were otherwise, she would certainly have chosen a more appropriate site for her work of art, some rocky ledge that overlooks a battlefield on which "The Father of his Country" commanded the troops that fought for liberty. The profile is a good representation, though tilted backward at an angle of 45 degrees, with a factory forming a sort of frame on its right.



"Heap Big Nose" in Zion Canyon, Utah.

"The Old Man" in the White Mountains, New Hampshire.

If the tourist will now hop with me across the country "Westward Ho" to Utah, he will see in Zion Canyon a stony fellow with a monstrous nose and a fade-away chin. He does not seem to have much strength of character. This big boy has some qualities, however, that almost redeem his defects. He has a noble brow, looks courageously straight ahead, and has a real man-sized chest.

Out in the Socorro Mountains of New Mexico Mother Nature sculptured a head that is genuinely magnificent, but she failed to label it; and humanity has been striving to get the proper name. Some persons say a knight of the Middle Ages has been transplanted there; others vow the figure is that of a Spanish monk. This knight or monk, whichever it may be, has a four-squareness and a perfection about the cowled figure that permits it to be classified with the best works of art that the lady has produced.



"The Spanish Monk" in the Socorro Mountains, New Mexico.

But it is in the Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs, Colorado, that Mother Nature definitely established herself as the greatest sculptress. This section of 500 acres is remarkable for its many strange forms of rocks. Some of them bear a human likeness, others seem animals, all are grotesque and strangely unearthly.

"The road," says an unidentified author in describing this weird spot, "winds between every conceivable and inconceivable shape and size of rock from pebbles up to gigantic boulders, from queer little oddities looking like seals, cats or masks to colossal forms looking like elephants, like huge gargoyles, like monsters, like the sphinxes, some 80 feet high, all motionless and silent with a queer mien of having been just stopped and held back in the very climax of some supernatural catastrophe.

"The stillness, the absence of living things, the preponderance of bizarre shapes, the expression of arrested action, give the whole place a certain uncanniness of atmosphere which is at first offensive. I doubt if anybody ever loved the Garden of the Gods at first sight. One must feel his way to its beauty and rareness and must learn to appreciate it as one would a new language. Even if a man has known Nature's tongue well, he will be a helpless foreigner here."

Two of the figures, anchored together and seeming to be veritable brothers, share the name of "The Twins." They are ugly, ogre-like, uncouth, and their lips protrude as a demon's might. They could have stepped from the pages of Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame," or they could be the double reincarnation of Dicken's dwarf, Quilp.

"Cathedral Spires" rise more than 200 feet. "The Tower of Babel" betters this figure by 50 per cent, is less pointed, but sufficiently fantastic to possess the name. "Balanced Rock," as large as an ordinary residence, reveals a roughly human profile. A piece of blood-red sandstone, "Major Domo," is 40 yards tall and 10 feet in diameter at the base; he has a rude knob as a head and displays a semi-ferocious grin, a reminder of that which Roosevelt made famous. At the top of one rocky mass Mother Nature has mounted a bear and a seal in an attitude of combativeness. Dotted throughout her studio are dozens of stone toadstools 10 or 12 feet in diameter and weighing as much as two tons each.

Mother Nature did not put all her animals in the Garden of the Gods. In Sylvan Lake, a sparkling gem of water in South Dakota's Black Hills, the tourist can see sprawled comfortably, toward the center, a huge rock turtle. In the vicinity of Lone Pine, California, there is a strange granite formation known as "Elephant Rock." Two big gray boulders, each about 15 feet high and approximately 25 feet long, seem to be two huge pachyderms, with lowered heads on the point of making a savage charge at the spectator. It is indeed a sight that thrills with its aspect of danger.

The Petrified Forest, south of Adamana, Arizona, contains a fantastic collection of agatized wood. One shape suggests a dog's or lion's head, and another strikingly resembles the neck and head of an ostrich. There is also a natural bridge, more than 100 feet long, which lies across a draw or canyon. Mother Nature, of course, did not do any carving to fashion this bridge; she merely felled the tree in the proper direction, waved her magic wand, and thus transformed it into stone that shall endure throughout the ages.

This bridge in the Petrified Forest is a sport or freak. With the exception of the widely-known bridge in Virginia, the real work of the artist lies in a compact group in Southeastern Utah. Some authorities declare that the Garden of the Gods pales into mediocrity when compared with the Utah wonderland.

"Sharp corners," says Professor Byron Cummings, of Utah University, in describing the "Kachina" bridge, more than 200 feet high, "and broken lines here and there in the arch and buttresses show the unfinished work of the artisan. Nature has not yet given the final touches; but wind and storm and driving sand will continue to chisel and polish until the lines are all graceful curves, adding greater beauty to the most massive of the bridges."

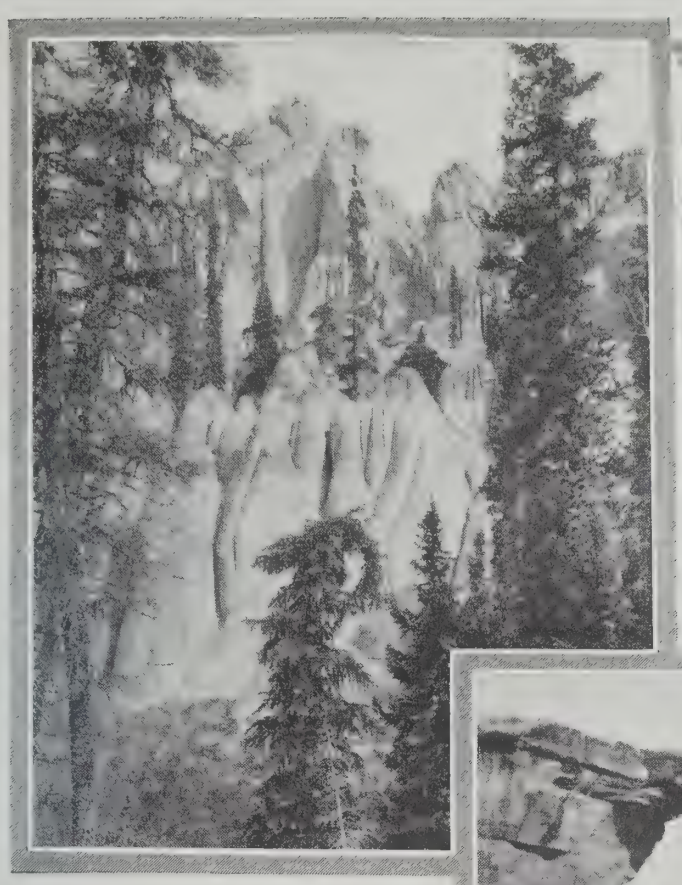
The "Kachina" or "Caroline" easily towers over the "Little" or "Owachomo," which is only six miles distant. The elevation of the "Owachomo" (its Indian name) is slightly more than 100 feet, while the graceful structure has a span of slightly less than this number doubled. The long arch of sandstone pleases the eye and seems light because its thickness in the center does not exceed a scant 10 feet. This bridge is very possibly the most picturesque of the three. Closely adjoining it are many domes and turrets fashioned by the same marvelous power that produced it from the rock. A cave nestles on the sunny side of a cliff at one end of the bridge, and within this cavern are the deserted homes of cliff dwellers.

But the mightiest of the bridge trio is the "Shipapu," or "Augusta," which extends skyward 222 feet, with a space of 261 feet between the abutments, a stone arch 65 feet thick, and a roadway more than nine yards in width. It has a queenliness and a majesty all its own, a certain something that puts it apart as one of Mother Nature's genuine masterpieces of sculpture. In a satisfying way she has here combined gracefulness and massiveness at the expense of neither.

The largest natural bridge known, however, is the "Rainbow," discovered in August, 1909, and in May of the succeeding year set aside by presidential proclamation as "Rainbow Bridge National Monument." Its Indian name is "Nonnezoshie," and it qualifies better as an arch than as a bridge. With an arch 308 feet in height and 274 feet in length, its proportions strike the visitor as truly splendid and awesome. Mother Nature has put other bridges in Utah, also in the Yellowstone country, in the Mesa Verde National Park of Colorado, and elsewhere; but the four described here excel all their mates in size and grandeur.

Apparently there is nothing that the sculptress will not attempt to fashion. One would think that ghosts would be a subject to be shied at. No, Mother Nature has even tried her hand in making them live in stone, and authorities agree that she has achieved a marked success. If you will go to the Wheeler National Monument in the Rio Grande National Forest of Colorado, you will see many spectral figures apparently wound in sheets and seeming to be gigantic, white-clad members of the Ku Klux Klan.

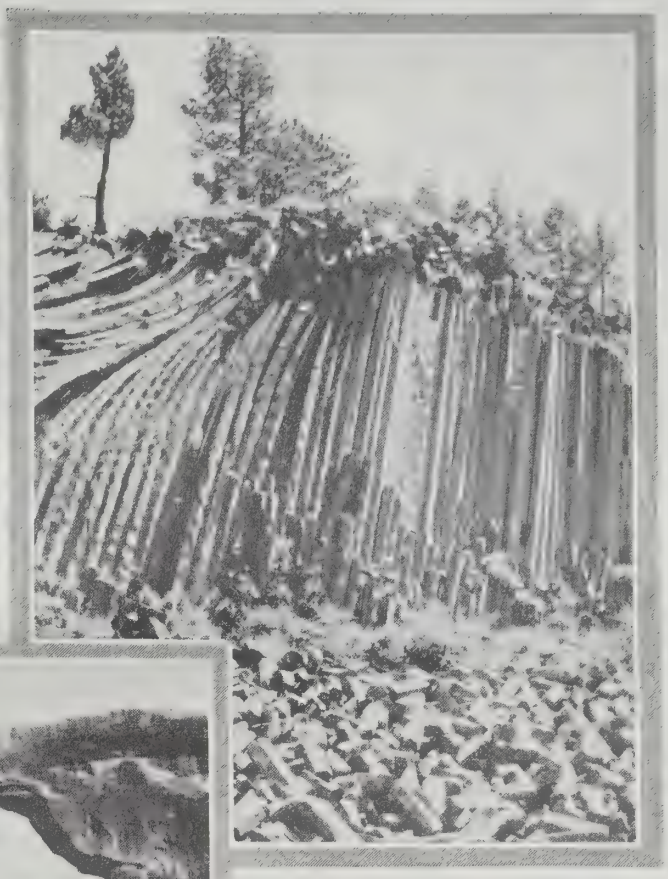
Did you ever see the "Devil's Post Pile" in the Sierra National Forest of California? Mother Nature must have sculped brilliantly for many weeks. Was the devil planning a fence for the nether region? Did he stand by and wait while the old lady patiently carved them out of the rock? Then he probably inspected the posts and flung to the ground those that he deemed imperfect; this theory would explain the litter of fragments in the foreground of the picture on the other page.



"The Ghosts," in Wheeler National Monument, Colorado.

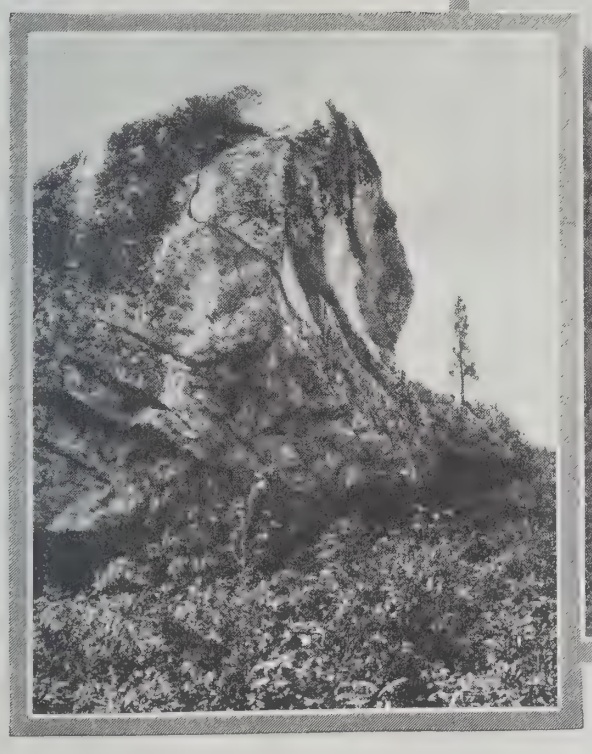


"Owachomo" Natural Bridge in Southeastern Utah.

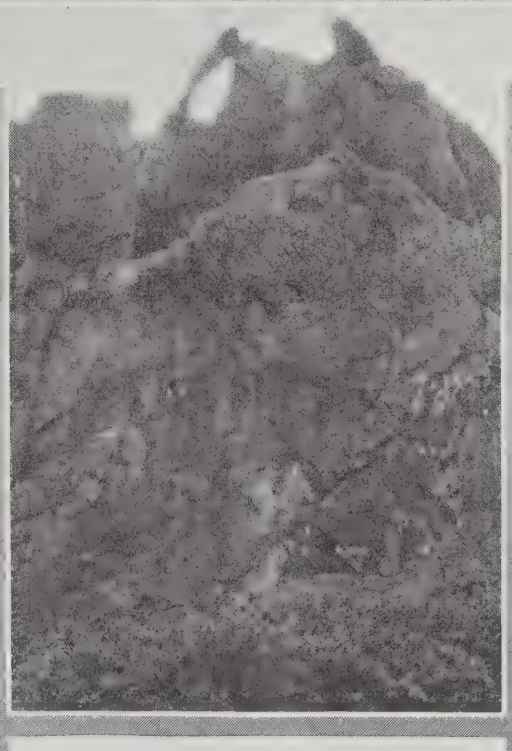


"The Devil's Post Pile," in Sierra National Forest, California.

Photos by courtesy of U. S. Forest Service



Above, left—"Queen Victoria Rock," East Weymouth, Mass.



Above, center—"Bear and Seal," in Garden of the Gods, Colorado.



Above, right—"Dog's Head Rock," in the Petrified Forest, Arizona.



Bottom—"Washington's Profile," at Androscoggin Falls, Lewiston, Me.

What a Settler Finds When He Goes to Alaska

Physical Strength and Honesty Prime Requisites in the North

By THOMAS B. DRAYTON

EVERY Alaskan knows what a settler would find here, and every Alaskan would be glad to tell—up to a certain point. When the agreeable things have been told; such as our unequaled scenic wonders, whose glories dim the splendors of the New Jerusalem; and our fishing and hunting, the equal of which old Nimrod himself never knew; and our freedom from empty conventions and artificial distinctions and shams that cheapen men and do women no good; when these agreeable things have been told about Alaska, then arises that old bugbear of writers and politicians—a decision betwixt love and duty. But as this is an assignment to write what a settler finds in Alaska, and not what a loyal Alaskan would like to be able to say a settler finds in Alaska, it will be necessary to eliminate the love feature entirely and present facts precisely as they would be found by a newcomer on his arrival. He would already have found that it costs an amazing jag of money to get here, especially if he have a family of any size, and that the estimates made in advance by the transportation people prove them to be conservatives after Judge Elbert Gary's own heart.

Alaska is no proper place for weaklings. In at least one respect they are like transplanted tropical flowers—they never do well, even when carefully tended; and they can rely on careful, or rather excessive, attention in Alaska if they have a reasonable bank roll on arrival.

Sickness is rare among seasoned Alaskans, and almost rare among any type of people anywhere in Alaska. When an old-timer gets sick they begin to discuss the funeral arrangements, and would be considerably disappointed should the tentative arrangements turn out to have been premature.

Any man outside of the weakling class can get along in Alaska, provided he is reasonably honest. If his character be all shot to pieces so he cannot resist the temptation to do crooked things, he had better stay away; and this is particularly true of persons given to stealing, killing, forging, and such like serious matters. These real crimes Alaskans do not tolerate. True, some person, generally a stranger, loses his head occasionally and perpetrates a felony; but capture and punishment are so certain that no sane criminal—if there is such a thing—would ever take the risks involved.

Even in the more settled communities the presence of a stranger is instantly noted, and the comings and goings of residents are so well known to everybody else, that any variation from usual custom, or any suspicious circumstance, would have to be satisfactorily explained. The only practical way to get out of Alaska is by boat, and no possible criminal could procure passage. Should an offender make for the hills or escape to the brush, he would soon be faced by the alternative of starvation or surrender. Men can, and many do, live on the country largely, but no man's rifle will supply him with food permanently unless he have ammunition; and permanent shelter against Alaskan weather is impossible without an axe and other necessary tools.

Besides, there are many men living back in the sticks who have the curiosity of a panther on noticing a strange track, and almost a panther's skill in following such a track. These men would all know of the crime's commission, and would be on the lookout for the perpetrator. Singularly they are the most voracious readers and news swappers imaginable. Nothing escapes them from trivial local happenings to diplomatic matters of international importance. And they have an abundance of time to devote to such odd jobs as, aside from a little trapping to supply themselves with money for tobacco, ammunition, printed matter, and other indispensables, they never by any chance do a lick of regular work. From all of which circumstances it will appear to the proposed settler that he will find his Alaskan neighbors to be as honest and law-abiding a lot as could be found anywhere on earth. Unless he were a particularly discriminating individual he would come to a different conclusion during his early sojourn, as the first man he might meet would dwell at length and in detail upon the rascality of his neighbors and their general worthlessness as citizens. This informant would be described in identically the same way by the next neighbor and so on throughout the community. In time the settler himself would acquire the same habit of villifying his neighbors, but would never dream of refusing them a favor or of lending any of them money, and would never doubt for a second that it would be promptly repaid when due; although he himself, and everybody else in the neighborhood, except the borrower, would pretend to believe the loan irretrievably lost.

The Alaskan of long standing is not only a great fault-finder, but is pugnacious and contentious to the *nth* degree. It was this identical circumstance that resulted in the appointment of a carpet-bagger, Scott C. Bone, as governor. President Harding had expressly agreed to appoint any Alaskan the Alaskans themselves would agree on. Although any loyal Alaskan would prefer a local Mephisto as governor rather than the greatest and most engaging carpet-bagger extant, yet everybody knew the jig was up when the President imposed that condition of the Alaskans' agreement. We never agree.

This spirit of contrariness on the part of the men is fully equaled by the tendency to vindictive gossip among the weaker vessels; to employ a humorous metaphor to illumine a serious subject. We have many noble exceptions presumably, but the rule will hold good. Every Alaskan woman knows just what every neighbor had for dinner today; the price to a cent paid for the new hat, and how utterly horrid it is; the exact trouble with the new baby across the way, and how stupid the mother is; and the indiscretion of the parents down the street in permitting the attentions of the young man who is sparking their daughter, and how the nice things said of him by his employer is pure bunk; and all other intimate details of our several Alaskan lives. Then, too, in addition to the isolation and seclusion of their lives, our women come from many social strata. Our society is much mixed. There are great numbers of women who were once inmates of dance halls of a decade or so ago, now married and leading exemplary lives. Singularly, these women are more remorseless in the pursuit and more pitiless in the crucifixion of women who have erred, or whom they hope or suspect or insinuate have erred, than any other members of our population. We have a way of taming the man who poisons social currents but the person protected by a skirt is beyond our power.

Men of particular classes are much alike in character and habits after a few years of Alaskan life. The recluse back in the sticks is about the same man wherever found; the professional trappers come to look and live and dispute very much the same. Alaskan miners are almost invariably of the same hopeful, adventurous, take-a-chance type; while it is perhaps superfluous to say that fishermen show but little variation from type.

The chief amusements in Alaska are hunting and fishing. Dancing is much in vogue in the larger settlements, and card playing, particularly bridge, is everywhere in evidence. Skating and ice sports are confined to children almost exclusively, excepting in two or three settlements. Sleighing is almost unknown, due to the absence of suitable roads. Dog-team races are quite common all over the territory; one or two annual events having become famous. The Nome-Candle annual race is an especially important event, and perhaps more money changes hands on the issue of this race than even on that other famous annual event, the break-up of the ice on the Yukon in the spring.

If there is any illiteracy in Alaska it has escaped notice. Indeed, it is probable that the average of intelligence is rather higher than in any other community under American jurisdiction, except alone the most highly favored educational centers. The percentage of educated men is certainly surprising to strangers. Scarcely a great school in the world but has its graduates here habited in the rough dress of the pioneer; and Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Columbia and other distinguished schools, particularly in California and Washington, are represented by a considerable number in the aggregate.

Climatic conditions are quite different from what the average settler expects to find. The coastal region of Alaska for 2,000 miles is mild, due to the influence of the Japanese current. In the interior, and north of the Endicott Mountains, the winters are long and severe, although the extreme temperature of 60 to 80 below (Fahrenheit) are exceptional. They are fine to give color to the hardships of explorers and other adventurers, who all stay indoors at such times, but otherwise are mostly of the character of children's tales of goblins and bogy-men.

The mean temperature of Point Barrow, 300 miles inside the Arctic Circle, for the coldest winter month has stood at 21 below zero since the weather reports were first recorded at that station. This is the extreme northern tip of Alaska on the Arctic Ocean. It is true that Fort Yukon has shown a mean (on a badly broken record) of 10 degrees colder; but no other point in Alaska has been so cold. Different sections of the interior are greatly affected by mountain ranges, and vary greatly in temperature both winter and summer. It would be just as difficult to give a definition of Alaska weather applicable to all parts of the territory as to give a definition of climate applicable to both Italy and Sweden.

The great Tanana valley, the famed "agricultural" region of the Fairbanks district, never thaws out below three feet from the surface. On the other hand the equally great Susitna valley was unfrozen to a depth of eight feet last July. This was proved by various excavations. It probably never freezes very deep. Moreover, the Susitna valley is soil on top, not moss.

Topographically, the lower or southern part of Alaska, rather more than a third part, is mountainous, with a number of valleys and many glaciers. It produces much timber, some of it merchantable outside, and practically all suitable for rough lumber. The western and northern part of Alaska is largely a treeless tundra, except near the waters. The remainder of the territory may be designated roughly as the Yukon country, and the island districts. The Yukon division largely rises to the altitude of hills and low mountains, but is otherwise a tundra country, except in unimportant spots. This tundra region is expected to be the home of an immense reindeer industry of the future.

The Aleutian archipelago consists of about 75 islands of map-size, and innumerable smaller islands in various groups. The islands extend so far west that the tip is within the eastern hemisphere to the extent that the setting sun in summer in that section of Alaska is viewed as the rising sun on the New England coast. These Aleutians are barren, treeless, and mostly uninhabited. The whole southern coast of Alaska, as it extends westerly, is dotted with islands of various size, the largest being Kodiak.

All the towns have public schools, perhaps equal in all important respects to the public schools in the States. It is an interesting fact that Alaskan children removed to outside schools almost invariably pass into a higher grade, and almost invariably head their classes in whatever grade they find themselves placed.

The settler would find the chief industry to be fishing. This industry has produced a business of nearly $475,000,000 since the succession of American jurisdiction in 1867. It is practically monopolized by non-resident corporations.

The next industry of importance is mining, with an output to date of more than $460,000,000, nearly three-fourths of which was gold, and the remainder chiefly copper.

The fur trade comes next, with a recorded total of more than $90,000,000.

Agriculture, to which the proposed settler would presumably devote himself, is yet in the experimental stage. Only a fool or knave would advise any man to sell out in the States and come to Alaska to farm before looking into the situation thoroughly. And the official report issued by the government's agricultural department must not be given too much weight. Doubtless it is absolutely and exactly true in all its statements, but it does not state enough. Wheat, for example, can be grown in Alaska, but there is no man who has tried it but will admit it cost him at least three times as much to produce a bushel as he could get for it in the market—even as a curiosity.

Oats, rye and barley mature under favorable conditions, and the world cannot beat Alaskan potatoes, strawberries, radishes and celery, and no place on this planet can begin to equal our Alaskan rhubarb. But this brief sketch includes the story of what a settler may find if he will use his native mother wit in connection with what he has read.



(C) Gilliams Service

Harpooning polar bears is a popular sport of Eskimos dwelling on the coast of Alaska. When summer comes and the frozen waters are broken up into floating ice cakes, the polar bear is unable to get about in his accustomed manner, but being a good swimmer he takes to the water to go from place to place. Eskimo hunters then go after him in any and all kinds of crafts. Being expert with the harpoon, they use this instrument of capture because the rope attached to it prevents the animal from sinking beneath the surface, as he would do if shot. The sport is said to be full of excitement, as the polar bear is a fierce fighter when aroused.

Charles M. Sheldon, Author, Preacher, Editor

By FRANK M. CHASE

TO KNOW the life and work of Charles M. Sheldon, and especially the man himself, is to receive new inspiration and enlarged faith in humankind. His achievements, as an author, a clergyman and an editor, are distinguished. One of his books, "In His Steps," alone has reached a sale of 22,000,000 copies—certainly a high mark for the aspiring writer. Refreshing, too, is the fact that a book of its deeply religious nature should have found enough readers to make possible so phenomenal a sale.

This book, which doubtless has contributed most to Dr. Sheldon's fame, has been translated into many foreign languages. He himself knows of its production in 14 tongues, while one reputable reference gives the number of languages in which it has appeared as 24, and its publishers as more than 100. As the book's copyright proved defective, he has been unable to keep even an approximate record of the number of its editions and translations. Likewise, he has had little pecuniary benefit from it, his only royalties being from one early edition. In addition, on meeting an English publisher in London about 20 years ago, who had then sold 2,000,000 copies of the book and who wished to show his appreciation in some way, he was presented with a gift of 20 pounds.

But the distinctive accomplishments of Charles Monroe Sheldon have been built into a life directed along original lines from early manhood. He was born at Wellsville, New York, February 26, 1857, the son of a Congregational minister. Owing to the widely separated charges which his father held in the next few years, his boyhood was spent successively in New York, Rhode Island, Michigan and South Dakota. In the last-named state he lived near Yankton, on a homestead which the Sheldon family obtained from the government and "proved up."

In 1879, as a husky 22-year-old, fresh from his homesteading experience, he entered Brown University. Here, for two years, he enjoyed an intimate friendship and association with Charles E. Hughes, the present Secretary of State, graduating in 1881. While both were in the university they were members of the same society, translated their Greek and Latin together and inhabited each other's rooms with the usual college familiarity.

After completing his course at Brown, in 1883, Sheldon entered Andover Theological Seminary, from which he graduated three years later. Throughout his seminary course he wrote for the *Youth's Companion,* and with such success that on his graduation Dr. Lyman Abbott offered him a department in the *Outlook* to develop as he chose. But Sheldon wanted to preach. In fact, he had two very definite ideas as to what he wished to do: he wanted not only to preach, but to become the minister of a new church, which he could develop in accord with his own ideas. He, therefore, refused the editorial offer. There seemed to be no immediate opening for him, however, so he decided to continue his social studies in London for a few months. To do so he borrowed $200 and made the trip to England as a steerage passenger.

Preached "In His Steps" as Sermons

ON HIS return he accepted a pastorate at Waterbury, Vermont. This church was composed almost wholly of adults while Sheldon was by nature and inclination better fitted to work with young people, and his opportunity was limited. In the second year of this pastorate, he was informed of the organization of the Central Congregational Church, of Topeka, Kansas, which, on learning of his special desire to ally himself with a new church, issued him a call. This he accepted, beginning his duties in the pulpit, where he was to receive world renown, the first of the year, 1889.

The formation of this church marked the breaking away of a portion of the membership of a large downtown church, and the little congregation met in the room over a desolate store at the edge of the city. Despite the best efforts of the minister, progress was slow. He realized that his hopes for building a strong church lay chiefly in making it interesting to young people, and in his efforts to do so he at last hit on the plan of preaching his evening sermons in continued-story form. This plan accomplished its purpose, and was continued more or less regularly throughout his pastorate. Incidentally, it gave rise to more than a score of books, several of which, as "In His Steps," have been widely circulated.

Dr. Sheldon read "In His Steps" in installments to his congregation during the winter and spring of 1896. A few months later the Chicago *Advance,* a religious paper, began its publication as a serial. Immediately a great demand for it in book form arose, and the author, when the matter was brought to his attention by the paper, stated his desire that at least one low-priced edition be printed, so that no one might be deprived of the book because of its cost.

His desire was to be gratified, as we shall see. Publication of the books by the Advance Company began in the fall of 1896, and for three years its sale averaged more than 1,000 copies for every working day. Presently its publication was begun in England, one of the first things the American publishers heard about it from abroad being that a Catholic priest in Ireland was reading the book to his congregation. A London publisher produced one and four-pence editions extensively, thousands of these copies being sold on the streets of that city by newsboys. By 1900, it was estimated, the sale of "In His Steps" in England alone had reached 3,000,000 copies; while in this country, besides its circulation by more than 50 publishers, the American Press Association ran it through scores of daily and weekly papers.

Two other books by Doctor Sheldon, "Robert Hardy's Seven Days" and "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," also were not protected by copyright, though neither has approximated the sale of "In His Steps." His latest book, "In His Steps Today," was published in 1921, and is finding many readers. While the title suggests it, this is not a sequel to the earlier work. It presents, however, the same uncompromising obedience to the precepts of the Gospel in everyday life, by asking "What would Jesus do?" in the position of the laborer, the farmer, merchant, clergyman and others in solving today's political, economic and social problems.

Readers of "In His Steps" will recall that a considerable part of the action centers about a newspaper, whose editor endeavored to conduct it in a thoroughly Christian manner. This feature of the book naturally evoked much comment within a short time after its appearance. Interest in the matter was renewed in the summer of 1899 when, at a national Christian Endeavor convention in Detroit, Dr. Sheldon asked this question: "In this day, when philanthropy munificently endows our institutions of learning, is there a man who, recognizing the potency of the public press to make or mar our civilization, will contribute a million dollars to establish a daily Christian newspaper?"

When He Ran a Newspaper

AGAIN the "Sheldon idea" was widely discussed, the upshot of the matter this time being an offer of the editorship, management and absolute control of the Topeka *Daily Capital* for one week to demonstrate his conception of a Christian daily newspaper. No restrictions whatever were placed on his authority except, as the letter making the offer stated, "such as your own good sense will suggest as necessary for the future protection of a valuable property." This offer was made and accepted near the first of the year, 1900, and it was agreed that Dr. Sheldon should take charge of the paper on Monday, March 13, of that year.

The announcement of the Sheldon editorship was made in January. Quite naturally the coming event was widely heralded, and interest in it grew apace. New York, Boston and Chicago newspapers sent correspondents to Topeka, while some of the New York papers printed Sheldon supplements in their Sunday editions. Sir George Newnes, publisher of the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Strand Magazine,* arranged to put out an English edition of the *Capital* under Sheldon. In all, as "Sheldon week" opened at Topeka, about 20 special press representatives were on hand to report each day's developments.

Meanwhile orders for the *Capital* poured in from every quarter. For nearly a week preceding March 13, subscriptions arrived at the rate of 25,000 a day. They came from every state and territory of the nation, and from 27 foreign countries as well.

From a subscription list of 12,000, the circulation of the *Capital* shot up, for the week of Sheldon's editorship, to 364,000 daily. Inasmuch as the paper possessed only a small press, which had never printed more than 15,000 copies in one day, it was impossible to produce the suddenly augmented edition with the facilities at hand. Accordingly, matrices of each page were made and shipped to other cities, parts of the editions thus being printed in Kansas City, New York, Boston and Chicago; while at Topeka the foreman of the press room stood over his one machine day and night, and, with his heart in his mouth, coaxed it into turning off 100,000 copies each 24 hours.

How He Helped Famine-Stricken India

DR. SHELDON has long held the view that, in so far as possible, the front page position of a newspaper should be devoted to news of world importance; and, on the first day of his control of the *Capital,* announced that his policy would be followed. But a scarcity of such news arose to hinder the plan. The Boer fighting had just ended, and there was a lull in international developments. Neither was there much news of national importance. It was simply one of those weeks—now a rarity indeed—of "no news." However, 50,000,000 persons were suffering from a great famine in India. To this the dailies of this country had given no attention, but Sheldon used a story about it in the first column of the front page of the first issue under his direction. Accompanying the article was an appeal for funds to help the sufferers, each reader being asked to contribute 10 cents. This appeal was taken up immediately by numerous agencies, and as a result a relief fund totaling $100,000 was raised and, in addition, a trainload of Kansas corn was sent to the famine-stricken regions.

"The main purpose of the paper," Sheldon said in announcing his policies, "will be to influence its readers to seek first the Kingdom of God." In politics the paper took a non-partisan position, and stood for prohibition by whatever means. Prominence was given to social questions generally. Patent medicine, liquor and all questionable advertising was refused, while that accepted was massed in the back of the paper. No special or undue attention was given church matters, the predominant characteristic of the paper being its social interest. There was no Sunday edition. Instead an extra edition, "suitable for Sunday reading," was printed and distributed before midnight Saturday.



DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

Scandals and sensations, of course, were taboo. Illustrating Dr. Sheldon's policy toward them was his action when the son of a prominent Topekan killed himself in Kansas City. On receiving the news late in the evening one or two of the reporters desired to feature the news and to interview the boy's family for this purpose. But Sheldon advised them that the rules of the paper held in this case, as in others. "That boy's folks are in trouble," he said, "and we would better keep away from them. Instead of interviewing them we will send them a note of sympathy." This was done, the paper printing the next morning but a very brief account of the young man's death.

Though the members of the *Capital* staff gave Dr. Sheldon's policies and management their most cordial and earnest support, they were not men of his own choosing. Neither was one week long enough to demonstrate the ultimate result of his policies. As was quite to be expected, the newspaper comment that followed his editorship—and there was an immense amount of it—generally appraised the demonstration a failure as a newspaper. Dr. Sheldon, however, has never felt remorseful over his week's work as a daily newspaper editor, believing that the relief brought to India alone justified the effort. In view of later journalistic practices, too, especially with reference to clean advertising, his work was prophetic of valuable reforms.

Prominent in Prohibition Movement

IT IS interesting, in looking back over the subjects to which Dr. Sheldon gave special attention, to note those which we are still discussing and those on which we have taken advanced ground. There were articles on the rise of socialism in America, on woman's suffrage, prison reform, banishment of war and—of course—prohibition.

In the prohibition fight he has taken a big part, not only in Kansas, but nationally and internationally. The Kansas battle won, he became one of the speakers in the famous "Flying Squadron" which toured the United States in the interests of prohibition in 1914 and 1915. This organization of 18 men, raising funds for its work as it went, held two meetings on each of three successive days in 247 towns, completing the entire trip in 243 days and without once missing a train or interrupting the schedule.

He also participated as a speaker in an anti-liquor campaign in New Zealand and Australia at the beginning of the war, and in a similar crusade in London about three years later.

In the announcement of his policies in the *Capital* back in 1900, he declared his abhorrence of war, "as it is being waged today not only in Africa but in the Philippines and everywhere else," and, though his son was in the Great War, he has been a leader of anti-bellum sentiment ever since. Through the *Christian Herald,* of which he is now editor, he obtained the signatures of nearly 4,000,000 Protestant church members in the United States to a peace resolution, which he and the publisher of the paper personally presented to President Harding just before the armament conference opened. Dr. Sheldon remained in Washington 10 days, attending the first sessions of the conference and interviewing the foreign representatives, and is now using the material so obtained in a vigorous editorial campaign for disarmament.

At the time of the "Flying Squadron" tour, Dr. Sheldon was having a three-year respite from active church duty, being minister-at-large for this period. In 1915, he resumed the pastorship of the Central Congregational Church, continuing in this capacity until 1919. Under his leadership the church prospered greatly. The little congregation that once met in a store numbered, before his resignation, about 1,000 members and met in a beautiful and adequate edifice.

In January, 1920, he became editor of the *Christian Herald.* Though this paper is published in New York, he has continued to live in Topeka, directing the editorial program from the little one-room study back of his home, where a number of his books have been written.

In Business, Where Does Honesty Lie?

Various Schemes Utilized to Increase Trade and Profit; How Federal Trade Commission Is Forcing Square Dealing

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

THERE is an adage in the commercial intercourse of the race, *caveat emptor,* which lays down the rule, "let the buyer beware." Under that rule the vendor justifies himself in selling poor goods at the price of first-class, any goods at the highest price obtainable, instead of at a fair profit. The buyer, however he may trust to the seller's bona fides, must look out for himself. The seller has no responsibility.

On the other hand, is the principle of *uberrima fides,* which is one step beyond bona fides, *uberrima fides* meaning the utmost of good faith, the theory that the seller should reveal all he knows about a commodity to the purchaser. He may do so on the theory that honesty is the best policy or he may do so from principle. At any rate, he gives the buyer the truth about his goods.

The conflict of these two theories of business is as old as the ages. In the chronicles of the time of Cicero there is an excellent example of the question being raised. There was famine in Cyprus and a merchant of Athens set out for that port with a shipload of wheat. On the way over he passed a fleet of ships likewise loaded with wheat and bound for Cyprus. But his vessel was swifter than the rest. He reached the port a day ahead of them. He pressed a hard bargain and got a fancy price for his wheat. Yet he knew that on the next day the harbor would be full of wheat-laden vessels and the bottom would drop out of the wheat market. Had he a right to suppress his information and reap all the profit he could?

Merchant Must Tell the Truth

CICERO wondered. He appointed one young lawyer to argue in defense of the action of the merchant and another to support the opposite contention. Each defended his position gallantly, but the issue was not settled. It has been fought over from that day to this.

But recently out of this contention of the centuries has evolved something tending to settle the argument as to where honesty lies, to establish a gauge with which to measure commercial conduct, to point the finger of condemnation at him who is unfair.

Here in America in the third decade of the twentieth century there has come into existence a governmental agency which officially is emphasizing the obligation of truthfulness in trade. The Federal Trade Commission, a non-political agency, attached to no department, built about five commissioners who do not change with administrations, sits in judgment on the practices of men and corporations. Its findings are based on a declaration in the law which created it to the effect that "unfair competition is unlawful." It is authorized to pass on what constitutes "unfair" competition. A survey of its cases shows that the commission puts emphasis on representation. A merchant, if he represents his goods at all to a buyer, must represent them truthfully. And here is an example of the commission's work:

There is the case of a certain kind of rope which is sold throughout the country in hardware stores. The rope was likely to be made of sisal and sold for "hardware manila."

"Hardware manila" did not necessarily contain manila (a superior rope material), or it may have contained so small a percentage of manila that the use of the word "manila" was not warranted in describing it. The Federal Trade Commission ruled that it was unfair to use the word "manila" to describe what was in fact largely sisal. It persuaded those who were using the word "manila" on sisal rope, to brand correctly the rope by marking the burlap in which the coiled rope is sold. If it were sisal rope it could not be called "manila." If it were mixed sisal and manila, and the word "manila" were used, the percentage of manila fiber contained in the rope must be indicated. Similarly where rope makers were recovering manila fiber from old rope, rewinding it and calling it new manila rope, the commission issued an order commanding the manufacturers to stop branding it as new manila. The rope trade generally welcomed the order. So an official standard of truthfulness was set up.

Old Goods Cannot Be Sold as New

HERE and there at different points in the country it has come to pass that individuals or companies have engaged in rebuilding old automobile tires, have retreaded them and have afterward sold them as new tires. They were not, as a matter of fact, new tires, the casings were likely to break and there was not the service in them that there was in new tires. Selling them as new tires was a misrepresentation, constituted unfair competition, was contrary to the public interest, and, in the eyes of the law which created the Federal Trade Commission, was unlawful. Various persons engaged in working over old tires and selling them in this way have been ordered to "cease and desist."

Other agencies also have engaged in the rebuilding of typewriters. An old typewriter may have certain of its parts replaced, may be repainted and refurbished and sold to the inexpert as a new typewriter. Under the old doctrine of *caveat emptor* such practices would be permissible. The Federal Trade Commission holds that today it is unfair and unlawful. The seller must not represent a rebuilt typewriter to be "new."

One outstanding case thoroughly investigated by the commission was that of the preparation of sponges for market. Sponges, in bulk, on the market, are sold by weight. Some dealers in the sponge trade resorted to devices that would increase the weight of their product. They found that by passing their sponges through a bath of glucose and sand they would retain certain unnoticeable amounts of those materials which would increase the weight and make them correspondingly more profitable. This practice made it difficult for the people in the sponge business who did not "load" to compete with those who "loaded" their sponges. The practice of selling "loaded" sponges for pure sponges was called to the attention of the Federal Trade Commission, and it issued an order against the practice.

So-called "Japan linen" is a quality of paper which is made in Japan and has gained a certain position in the trade. Because of its popularity, American and English manufacturers began to put on the market a paper which they called "Japan linen." This fact was called to the attention of the Federal Trade Commission, and the American paper manufacturers agreed not to use the brand "Japan linen" unless it also was stated on the product that it was "Made in America."

A much more important case was that brought to the attention of the commission by the silk trade. It was asserted that certain manufacturers of mercerized cotton goods represented and sold their product on the market as silk. As a matter of fact, it was not silk at all. The Federal Trade Commission forbade these manufacturers from so misbranding it.

An interesting case was that of finger rings manufactured and sold by jewelers. Most such rings are composed of a gold shell which is fitted over a core of some inexpensive metal like steel or brass. When a ring is offered for sale it is marked "G. S. 14 K." the "G. S." indicating that it is gold shell and the 14-carat indicating the degree of purity of the gold that has been used in the shell of the ring. It does not, however, indicate the thickness of that shell nor the proportion of the ring as a whole which is gold. Now, as a matter of fact, in rings marketed, many of them were one-tenth gold and many of them one-fifteenth gold. The individual who sold a 14-carat gold shell ring which was one-fifteenth gold obviously had an advantage in competition over the individual who sold a 14-carat gold shell ring one-tenth gold. The dealers appealed to the Federal Trade Commission and the commission ruled that rings, if branded at all, should not only be marked as to the degree of purity of the gold in them, but as to the percentage of it. It required, for example, that rings should be marked, "G. S. 14 K. 1/10," or "G. S. 14 K. 1/15" as the case might be. Thus was a step taken toward properly informing the public as to the rings which it wore, giving it the facts about the thing it bought.

Trading on Well-Known Names Unlawful

THERE was an Electric Appliance Company in Chicago with an established clientele. In another city there was an Electric Appliance Company, which manufactured electric belts, such as are sold by patent medicine men at street fairs. These latter belts carried the name of the Electric Appliance Company as their maker, but not the address. When they failed to measure up to the claims for them, complaint was quite regularly made to the larger organization in Chicago. The Federal Trade Commission ruled that the result was unfair and that the belts must either not carry the name or must also carry the address of the manufacturer.

The Goodwear Rubber Company entered the field, manufactured various rubber products, and the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company protested against the use of Goodwear, calling attention to the fact that it differed from its own name only in one letter and that it deceived the public and traded on its standing, a contention which the Federal Trade Commission sustained. Mentholatum was an established product on the market and a competitor appeared with the name of mentholanum, which the commission considered simulation of name and ordered it stopped.

A different sort of alleged unfair competition was practiced by a certain large manufacturer of patterns for women's dresses who, in his contract with a given retailer for handling those patterns, wrote a clause which said that no other patterns should be handled. This contract is what has been called a tying contract and tying contracts have been declared by Congress to be illegal, and the commission sought to determine whether the manufacturer had violated the law. The manufacturers appealed to the courts to stop the commission's inquiry and the matter is still in the courts. Another example of the tying contract was that of a very extensive manufacturer of railway lubricants who wrote an inclusive clause into his contracts, which clause has been interpreted by the commission as contrary to law.

A very important practice affecting many householders in the nation is a practice which has appeared among a certain few creameries of the United States as to the weight of the packages of butter they sell. Under this practice, when a housewife went to the market and asked for butter, she was given a package which looked like a pound but was really not a pound. This package was wrapped in a paper either not marked with its true weight at all, or containing a good deal of printed matter and on which it was stated, somewhat obscurely, that the weight of this package was 15 ounces.

In case the 15-ounce packages were not marked with the weight at all, the purchaser presumably believed it was a pound. In case it was marked "15 ounces," the purchaser was liable to overlook the mark. Several complaints have come to the commission on this matter. The commission is considering the whole matter and has as yet made no decision. The great majority of creamery men oppose the practice.

One of the most important unfair practices with which the Federal Trade Commission has to deal is that of commercial bribery. If, for example, a ship came into any of the great seaports of the nation and wanted to take on supplies for a voyage, an officer went to some ship chandler to buy, the practice had grown up among ship chandlers allowing the purchasing officer of this ship a personal rebate on all he bought. Where one ship chandler allowed this rebate and another did not, the first was sure to get the business. Thus he forced the other ship chandlers to resort to the same practice of rebating, or commercial bribery. The ship chandlers themselves asked the Federal Trade Commission if it could not break up this practice. The commission has issued many orders forbidding the practice, and it is disappearing.

Commercial Bribery Branded Unfair

THE ink trade was another industry which was much harassed by the practice of commercial bribery. The foreman of a printing shop was pretty well able to control the ink orders of that shop and by bribing him the ink salesman held his trade. The manufacturer who did not subsidize the foreman was likely to lose the business. Competition forced him to it. Commercial bribery ran all through the ink business, was a heavy burden to it, a ghost which rose to plague it. The Federal Trade Commission ruled this commercial bribery to be unfair competition and ordered its discontinuance. Similar practices in the chemical, varnish, soap and other industries, were ordered stopped.

In this way the Federal Trade Commission has been reaching out in the six years of its existence into one line of business after another and removing this element and that which it regarded as unfair. It has been setting up actual standards of business truthfulness. It has provided an agency to which any individual or any industry may appeal when confronted with competing practices that seem to it unfair. It has established a court of business practice which is easily accessible, which is without the technicalities of other courts, and which assesses no penalty other than that of declaring a practice unfair, and, after full trial, ordering the man at fault to quit. It has provided a thing for which honest business has fought through the ages but which it has never before so definitely found.

Now, in these circumstances, you may ask, what is there that the individual citizen may do to aid the drift toward greater frankness and better conduct in the commercial life of his community? The answer is that there are a number of very definite things he may do.

Up to the Public to Expose Untruths

NO MATTER who you are nor where you are, you probably are aware of one practice or another on the part of your grocer or dry goods merchant, hardware merchant or butcher, which you may believe deceptive and unfair. Perhaps you have a personal friend who has acquired some of these vices of business. What you ought to do right now is to go to that merchant or that friend and say to him that this practice is deceptive, that what he is doing is not in accordance with the standards set up by the Federal Trade Commission and that he should get away from the practices of the past and adjust himself to the changing times. You should warn him that if he does not, this governmental agency, whose business it is to look into just such practices, may swoop down on him at any moment and may finally issue a complaint against him challenging his act as unfair, which, in the face of the competition he must meet, would cause him great mental anguish.

It may be that you know of individuals or corporations that are more flagrantly violating the principles of honest business. It may be that you are in business and suffering because of unfair practices of your competitor. Under these circumstances you should remember that you have a place to which to complain, established for that purpose by your government. You may write a letter, addressing it to the Federal Trade Commission, Washington, D. C., and set forth your complaint. If the basis for it seems sound the commission will send an examiner to investigate. If the investigation seems to warrant, a complaint will be issued and the alleged offender will be summoned to appear and face the charges made. If he is shown to have indulged in such unfair practices as come within the province of the commission, he will be restrained.

Thus may each individual citizen play a part in arousing the national consciousness to higher commercial ideals.

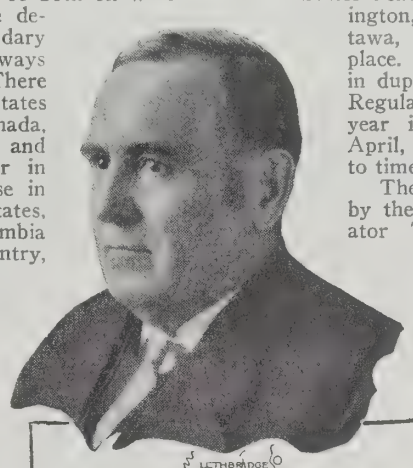
A Successful Test of International Amity

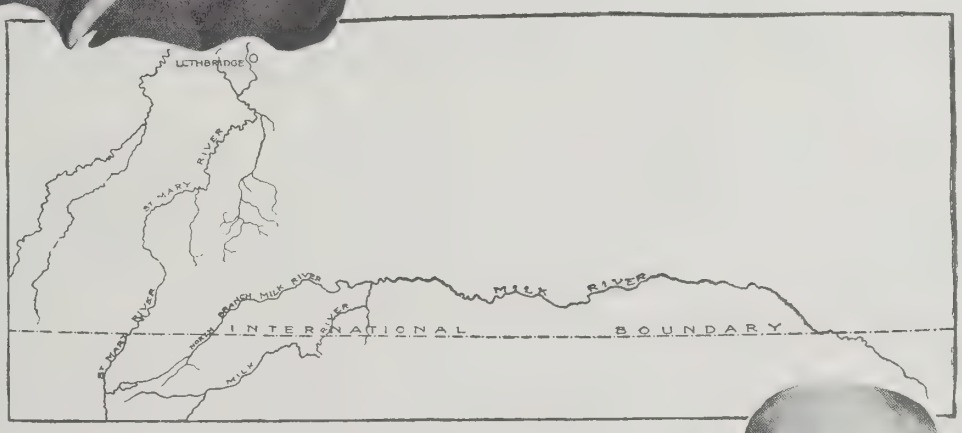
Joint Commission Prevents Disputes Between U. S. and Canada

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

IN THESE days of disarmament conferences and arbitration treaties it is perhaps well to ascertain just what success has attended such experiments in international arbitration as have already been attempted. Of course, the most outstanding example of the value of disarmament—or lack of armaments—is the international boundary between Canada and the United States, the longest in the world, which by mutual consent has remained free from fortifications, and across which no hostile shot has been fired for more than a century.

Disarmament, however, is not sufficient. It is inevitable that where two countries adjoin each other for such a long distance there should arise from time to time questions affecting the interests of both on which it is necessary to have an equitable decision made. The international boundary is formed in some places by waterways jointly owned by both countries. There are streams which rise in the United States and flow across the line into Canada, such as the Red River in Minnesota and Manitoba, and the St. Mary River in Montana and Alberta; or which rise in Canada and flow into the United States, such as the Columbia in British Columbia and Washington; or rise in one country, cross the line back and forth and finally return to the country of their origin, such as the Milk River, which rises in Montana, flows into Alberta and Saskatchewan and finally back into the United States. The Kootenay is another. It rises in the Rockies, in Southeastern British Columbia, flows south into the United States, turns north again and recrosses into British Columbia, whence it joins the Columbia and as such returns to the United States. Lake of the Woods, which forms part of the international boundary between Ontario and Manitoba and Minnesota, is drained by the Winnipeg River northward into Lake Winnipeg and thence into Hudson Bay. It is to be expected that these international streams will often prove the occasion for conflicts of interest as between the people living on different sides of the line.





Above—SENATOR OBADIAH GARDNER. Map shows how streams cross and recross the international boundry.

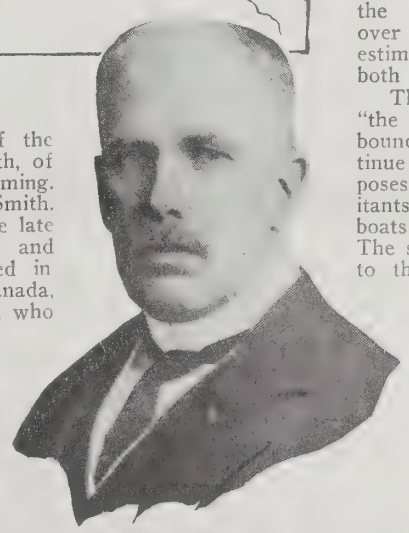
Take, for instance, Lake of the Woods. The removal of obstructions at the mouth of Winnipeg River would have the effect of lowering the level of that lake to the possible detriment of riparian rights in the state of Minnesota; yet the works by which such increased flow might be effected would be wholly within Canadian territory, and under ordinary circumstances beyond the jurisdiction of United States courts not normally competent to deal with acts committed on foreign territory. Again, take the case of Milk River, already referred to. It is possible so to divert its course after it crosses into Canada as to reduce very greatly its volume when finally it returns to United States territory. Or, in the case of St. Mary River, it is possible to divert a large part of its water before it reaches the boundary at all. Obviously there are here abundant sources of international conflict. For much less cause wars have occurred elsewhere that have cost countless lives and untold wealth. Perhaps it was because of having no forts or soldiery along the boundary and no naval armaments on the Great Lakes that the governments of Canada and the United States have been led to look to other means for the settlement of the many problems which have arisen in relation to these international waterways. This agency is the International Joint Commission, which has lately been brought into more than usual prominence by its satisfactory settlement of the question of the distribution of the waters of the Milk and St. Mary rivers, which has been outstanding for a long time.

The commission traces its origin back to 1894, when a resolution was introduced by a Canadian delegate at an international irrigation congress held at Denver, Colorado, and unanimously adopted, urging on the United States Government "the appointment of an international commission to act in conjunction with the authorities of Mexico and Canada in adjudicating the conflicting rights which have arisen, or may hereafter arise, on streams of an international character." But nothing was done at that time.

The matter was taken up by the Canadian Government in 1896, but again no definite action resulted. In 1902, however, concurrent legislation was passed by both the United States and Canadian governments providing for the creation of a commission to investigate the whole matter and report on some plan of control. The findings of this body became the basis of a treaty dated January 11, 1909, and signed by the British ambassador, Mr. (now Lord) Bryce, on behalf of Canada and for the United States by Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, of which the objects as set forth in the preamble were as follows: ". . . . to prevent disputes regarding the use of boundary waters and to settle all questions which are now pending between the United States and the Dominion of Canada involving the rights, obligations or interests of either in relation to the other or to the inhabitants of the other, along their common frontier, and to make provision for the adjustment of all such questions as may hereinafter arise . . ."

By the terms of the treaty an International Joint Commission was provided for, into whose hands was to be placed control of the matters and subjects dealt with by the treaty. It was to consist of six members, three to be appointed by each country, of whom one member in each section would act as chairman, the United States chairman to preside over all meetings held in the United States and the Canadian chairman to do likewise when meetings were held in Canada. United States headquarters were established at Washington, and Canadian headquarters at Ottawa, with a secretary in charge of each place. All decisions or reports are made in duplicate and copies filed in each office. Regular meetings are held in Ottawa each year in October and at Washington in April, besides special meetings from time to time when and where required.

The three commissioners first appointed by the United States were: the late Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana; James A. Tawney, formerly chairman of the appropriations committee of Congress, and Frank S. Streeter, of New Hampshire. The present United States commissioners are: Senator O. Gardner, of Maine, chairman of the United States section; Senator M. A. Smith, of Arizona, and Senator C. D. Clark, of Wyoming. The United States secretary is W. H. Smith. The first Canadian commissioners were: the late T. Chase Casgrain, Charles A. Magrath and Henry A. Powell. Mr. Casgrain resigned in 1914 to become Postmaster-General of Canada, and his place was taken by P. B. Mignault, who was later appointed to the Supreme Court of Canada. Sir William Hearst, formerly premier of Ontario, was appointed to fill the vacancy, who with Messrs. Magrath and Powell constitute the Canadian section at present. Mr. Magrath is the Canadian chairman, and Lawrence J. Burpee, secretary for Canada.



C. A. MAGRATH, Canadian Chairman

The commission was given very wide powers. Its decisions are final; no appeal can be taken either by an individual or by either government. In the event of the commissioners being equally divided on some question it is provided that they shall make a joint report to both governments, showing the different conclusions arrived at, when the matter shall be referred to an umpire, chosen in accordance with the procedure prescribed by the Hague Convention for the pacific settlement of international disputes, whose decision shall be final.

Thus both countries voluntarily confer on this independent tribunal a certain portion of their sovereignty and place in its hands the final decision in regard to the control of these vastly important international waterways. So far their faith has been entirely justified. Practically every decision made by the commission in the 12 years since its inception has been unanimous; and its awards have been quite satisfactory to both sides.

The treaty recognized the requirements of public health as being of first importance, coming ahead of navigation, power or irrigation. And it was agreed that waters forming the boundary or the waters of streams flowing across the boundary should not be polluted on either side to the injury of health or property on the other. It was thus perhaps natural that one of the first matters submitted to the commission was in regard to the pollution of boundary waters. In 1912, the two governments requested the commission to investigate the whole matter and report on the extent of such pollution and to suggest proper steps to be taken to remedy the condition. As a result of this investigation the general principle has been established that "effective sanitary administration requires the adoption of the general policy that no untreated sewage from cities or towns shall be discharged into the boundary waters"—and that applies to lakes as well as to rivers. A rather unique feature of the treaty was that to all intents and purposes it abolished the boundary line in certain particulars: Each country reserved to itself, subject to existing interests, the exclusive control over the use and diversion of all waters on its own side of the line, which, in their natural channels, would flow across the boundary or into boundary waters; but it was agreed that any interference with or diversion from their natural channels of such waters on either side of the boundary, resulting in any injury on the other side of the boundary, "shall give rise to the same rights and entitle the injured parties to the same legal remedies as if such inquiry took place in the country where such diversion or interference occurs." In other words, an American has the right to go to Canada and seek redress in the Canadian courts against a Canadian citizen for injury suffered in the United States; of course, Canadians have the same privileges in United States courts.

While many problems have arisen, and do arise, with respect to streams having their origin in one country and which cross the boundary into the other, perhaps the greatest need for such a tribunal is in connection with the streams and lakes that constitute the boundary between the two countries.

The treaty defines boundary waters as "the waters from main shore to main shore of the lakes and rivers and connecting waterways, or the portion thereof, along which the international boundary between the United States and the Dominion of Canada passes, including all bays, arms, and inlets thereof, but not including tributary waters, which, in their natural channels, would flow into such lakes, rivers, waterways, or the waters of rivers flowing across the boundary." These waters, therefore, include portions of the St. Croix and St. John rivers, between Maine and New Brunswick; the St. Lawrence River, from Cornwall to Kingston; Lake Ontario, Niagara River, Lake Erie, Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, St. Clair River, Lake Huron, St. Mary's River, Lake Superior, the series of small rivers and lakes from Lake Superior to Rainy Lake; Rainy Lake, Rainy River, and the Lake of the Woods. The latter has been for many years a controversial point between Canada and the United States. So it will be seen that the commission has jurisdiction over waterways of practically inestimable value to the people of both countries.

The treaty also provides that "the navigation of all navigable boundary waters shall forever continue free and open for the purposes of commerce to the inhabitants and to the ships, vessels and boats of both countries equally." The same privileges were extended to the waters of Lake Michigan in so far as Canadians are concerned, although that body of water lies wholly within the United States and could scarcely be brought under the definition of the term, "boundary waters" as an "arm" of Lake Huron.

With respect to the question of the division of the waters of the Milk and St. Mary rivers in Alberta and Montana, the treaty provided that these rivers and their tributaries were to be treated as one stream for irrigation and power, the waters of which were to be apportioned equally between the two countries. These two rivers both rise in Montana and cross the international boundary into Canada. The St. Mary flows into a tributary of the South Saskatchewan and its waters ultimately find their way to Hudson Bay. The Milk, after a course of about 100 miles in Canada, returns to the United States, empties into the Missouri River, and eventually its waters reach the Gulf of Mexico.

This situation was complicated by the fact that a United States Federal irrigation project in Montana taps the waters of the St. Mary by a canal and diverts them into the Milk River. Both streams have numerous tributaries, some of which also cross and recross the boundary. While, as has been said, the treaty provided that these two rivers were to be considered as one, and their waters divided equally between the two countries, the method of division, the amounts of water at different periods of the year, and from each stream—these were matters which could not be settled in detail by a single treaty. And then there were questions regarding the actual interpretation and application of the terms of the treaty itself. For 12 years this matter has been constantly under review by the International Joint Commission. Dozens of special hearings have been held and numerous interim orders have been issued. On October 4, 1921, at Ottawa the commission handed down a unanimous decision setting forth finally the manner in which these waters shall be measured and apportioned; and this decision has met with general satisfaction on both sides of the line.

The total cost of the commission is less than $100,000 a year to each country—one of the cheapest forms of war-insurance imaginable.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Patagonia may be linked with what is now the thickly settled section of Argentina if officials are able to carry out their plans for constructing railways connecting with the present system. Six hundred and twenty-two miles of narrow-gauge railways are planned. The region for the most part is barren. Patagonia produces meat, wool and other products, and at present is linked with Buenos Aires only by irregular steamers, which makes it difficult for ranchers to market their products.

Forty thousand volumes of "Wild West," detective and Indian stories were piled up and burned in Berlin under the supervision of the Association for the Protection of German Youths. The association has given the owners classical works in exchange.

The Caruso Fund National Committee is collecting a $1,000,000 fund, to be known as the Caruso American Memorial Foundation. This fund is to be used in assisting deserving young musicians through scholarships and for the promotion of musical appreciation. One-half the income of the fund is to be used in promoting musical appreciation and the other half in making scholarship awards. Half the scholarship award will be applied to instrumental students and composition and the remainder to voice culture.

The American Legion Employment Bureau, of Louisiana, reports there is not one idle former service man in the state, the bureau having found work for every veteran seeking employment.

The ability of the natives of Peru to carry loads of 150 pounds up steep inclines at an altitude of 16,000 feet, where the ordinary person would fail, is to be studied by the Royal Society of London. Several scientists recently left London for Peru to test the strain to which the heart and lungs are subjected by carrying heavy loads at such great heights and to endeavor to discover the secret of the natives' resistance to the rarified air.

The old-time miner with his primitive methods of operation is not extinct. Two miners working with an old-fashioned rocker took out $10,000 worth of gold in six weeks recently in the Cedar Creek country of the Caribou mining district of British Columbia.

Schools for the children of migratory laborers were recently opened in the San Joaquin Valley of California. These schools will follow the laborers from place to place as they move from one harvest to another in search of employment. The last California legislature provided for the establishment of the schools, and they are conducted by the state department of education.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Canada's new premier, Mackenzie King, has the distinction of heading the government of a country from which his grandfather was forced to flee as a "rebel" and serve a term in jail. In 1837, William Lyon Mackenzie, the grandfather, besieged Toronto with the intention of setting up a provisional government to gain wider autonomy for what is now the province of Ontario. The revolt failed and Mackenzie fled to the United States. He and his followers seized and fortified Navy Island, in the Niagara River. He was arrested at Buffalo for violating the neutrality laws of the United States, convicted and sentenced to prison, from which he was pardoned. He returned to Canada when that country granted amnesty to all who participated in the rebellion.

Paris traffic reformers propose to bar the horse from that city's principal streets to make way for motor vehicles. Horses would be used only a few hours at night and then only on unfrequented streets.

Washington state ships more than one-half of the box apple shipments transported in the United States.

It is now possible to transmit signatures by wireless from continent to continent, the electromagnetic waves traveling 186,000 miles a second. No receiving station other than the one intended can intercept the message, because the cylinder from which the message is sent and the one on which it is received must turn at exactly the same rate of speed. The rate of speed being predetermined, messages can be sent that will have no significance for any other receiving apparatus.

Automobile speeders brought before the Municipal Court in Detroit will be given five days in jail, regardless of whether it is the first or second offense, according to reports issued from the Municipal Court.

The last word in luxurious air travel is a monster machine built to carry 24 passengers at a speed of 130 miles an hour. It has all the features of a Pullman car, with the exception of observation platform. It contains a smoking room, with card tables; a bathroom, comfortable lounge chairs, which are converted into beds at night; an ice box, a stove and a kitchenette. Some of the late models have lookout cabins for observers, and one machine is furnished with two tail seats for the use of experienced air passengers.

A lunch consisting of gold-filled sandwiches and "hard boiled" eggs containing diamonds was taken from a passenger traveling between Eydtkuhnen, Upper Silesia, and Berlin. Pores of the bread had been filled with gold and carefully covered with butter, and the eggs had been emptied and refilled with diamonds.

A gyroscopic stabilizer will be fitted into the steamship George Washington, the largest ship owned by the United States Shipping Board now in operation. The stabilizer will weigh more than 100 tons and be 12 feet in diameter. The device will do away with the bilge keels and save about 2,000 horse power. It is set amidships and when in operation corrects the list of the ship in heavy weather.

The practice of cartoonists, makers of stage plays and producers of motion pictures in casting ridicule on the clergy has been condemned in a resolution which will be placed before the Louisville, Kentucky, Ministerial Association.

A new wood-preserving process employed in Germany consists of a hypodermic injection of a protective antiseptic in the freshly felled tree-trunk while it is still in the forest. The highly concentrated mixture quickly spreads through the tree tissues of the trunk by diffusion, as the tree is still full of sap.

A "Good Will Ship" is to sail to France next August, bearing delegates from all parts of the United States to the battle fields on which American soldiers fought. The delegation will present to France a purse to be used for rehabilitation work in the sections which American troops helped to defend.

The American Legion, of Detroit, favors the introduction in Congress and the immediate passage of a bill providing that any alien intending to make this country his permanent home and who has resided in this country for two years without making application to be naturalized, and who, after 90 days' notice, refuses to make such application, shall be deported. The Legion believes that foreign-born persons should show appreciation for advantages enjoyed here.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
FEB 11 1922

How Wall Street "Milked" a Railroad

In the House Where Abraham Lincoln Died
Trying to Solve the Greatest Riddle of Science
The Eight Simple Rules of the "Health Game"

EDITORIALS:

Mr. Hays and the Pictures—For the Sake of Votes

The Bonding Mania—Hearst Papers Please Copy

Helping the Men Who Went Wrong Go Right
His Highness the "Carp" Evicts Native Fish
Making the Soldier Bonus a State Investment

The Vatican, the World and Peace

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

In the House Where Abraham Lincoln Died

And the 62 Years' Quest for Mementoes of the Great Emancipator

By AARON HARDY ULM

IN 1860 a lad of 19 ran a little news stand in his native town, Mount Vernon, Ohio. When he wasn't busy selling papers and copies of the few magazines then published, he collected bugs and plants and anything curious that seemed worth putting away. One day he found in the bundle of newspapers and periodicals which came to him from Pittsburgh, a paper-covered pamphlet, entitled, in big, flamboyant type, "The Life, Speeches and Public Service of Abraham Lincoln." It was a sample copy, it being the policy of the distributors to put into the bundle specimens of anything new which came along, the understanding being that if the sample was not sold it could be returned.

Instead of offering the pamphlet for sale, the young news stand proprietor read it. And when he read it he decided to neither sell nor return it to the distributors. For, though a cheap campaign document, it caused him to vision the immortality that was to come to its subject. He resolved to make it the first item of a collection of material having to do with Abraham Lincoln, who was then making his first campaign for the presidency. He points it out to you now—displayed prominently among 4,000 to 5,000 items collected during 62 years devoted almost wholly to the gathering and preserving of relics of the Great Emancipator.

The young man's name was Osborn H. Oldroyd. He is now in his 81st year, but is as active as a healthy man of 60, and he still would gladly walk 10 miles any day to get some little object that bears intimately or importantly on the life of his hero, the first of our martyr-Presidents.

His collection of Lincolniana is the greatest in existence, and some say it is the greatest collection of relics of one man ever gathered anywhere at any time. In it you find objects used by or associated with Lincoln at every period of his life—clothes that he wore, the Bible from which his mother read to him and on the flyleaf of which he wrote his name when he was not more than nine years old, letters penned by him, chairs and other furniture used by Lincoln in his home, photographs, prints and newspaper clippings innumerable. Much of the collection has more than mere association value; it could be of great assistance to historical accuracy.

It is housed in the building on 10th street, Washington, where in the early morning of April 15, 1865, Abraham Lincoln died from the wound inflicted by John Wilkes Booth in a box at Ford's Theater across the street on the evening before. It has been there for nearly 30 years, the house being owned and furnished free by the government for the use of the collection, which is still the private property of Mr. Oldroyd. A vagrant spark, a carelessly tossed cigaret or cigar stub, an exposed electric wire might at any time mean the destruction of the collection and the building which, of course, is itself a sacred bit of Lincolniana.

Mr. Oldroyd takes you into a backroom and points out, as it hangs in a weather-worn display case, the first of his Lincoln relics, the old campaign book of the '60's. It sold then for 25 cents; a first edition copy of it now probably is worth hundreds of dollars. It has an important secondary value, for it was the first book written by William Dean Howells, who, long before his death which occurred only a short time ago, was the recognized dean of American letters.

Mr. Oldroyd entered the Civil War, at its beginning, as an enlisted man in the 20th Ohio Regiment and served throughout the conflict. One day, near the close of his army service, his regiment was halted while on the march near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The commander read a message which told of Booth's assault. The troops were taken back to camp, where three bulletins were posted in the order of their arrival. One told of the attack, the other of Lincoln's serious condition and the last of the President's death.

"I asked the adjutant if I couldn't have those bulletins after they were no longer needed for display," says Mr. Oldroyd.

"Make and post duplicates and you can have 'em now," the officer replied.

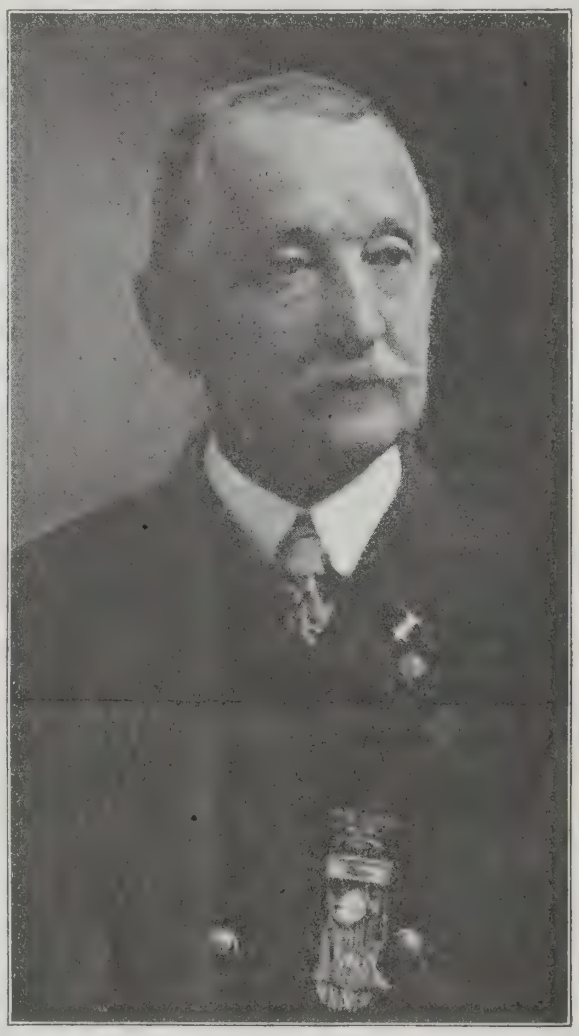
They mark the after-war resumption of Mr. Oldroyd's collecting. Returning home, he held several state positions at different times during 10 or 12 years, but devoted all his spare time to hunting and all his spare dollars to buying, when buying was necessary, relics of his hero.

He became so entranced with his subject that he decided to make its pursuit a life work. He moved to Springfield, Illinois, and rented the old Lincoln home and lived in it for 20 years or more, and searched all the country around there for mementoes of Lincoln.

The Lincolns sold their household goods when they moved from Springfield to Washington, but Mr. Oldroyd managed to recover several of the items. They are on display in the Washington house. There is an old-style horsehair sofa, several chairs and tables and the cooking stove on which Mrs. Lincoln cooked the last meal she served her husband in their old home, and Lincoln's old Springfield office chair and desk.

A huge cradle, the like of which you never see now, was recovered also and is now in the Oldroyd collection. In it the Lincoln children when infants were rocked.

In the collection there is a fence rail which



OSBORN H. OLDROYD,

Who, when keeper of a news stand in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, in 1860, began collecting relics of his great hero, Abraham Lincoln, and has given nearly all his time since to the task.

was split by Lincoln when a boy. Its authenticity was attested by John Hanks, the first cousin, who taught Lincoln to read. There are numerous other curious relics of like kind, perhaps the most interesting of which is a pass through the Union lines in Virginia—or rather a statement written on a White House card to the effect that no pass was needed—in Lincoln's handwriting and bearing his signature. It was written the evening before he was slain. It is the last bit of writing that survived the martyred President. It, with one of the very few surviving locks of hair, was owned by a man who was an usher at the White House at the time of Lincoln's death. For 14 years Mr. Oldroyd tried to buy the two relics, but the owner refused to sell at any price. Then the owner died and the widow also refused to sell. After a long illness, the widow died and her sister sold the relics to procure money with which to pay the widow's doctor bills and funeral expenses. It required 20 years' pursuit and finally a substantial sum of money to obtain the two relics.

But mere curios make up only a part of the collection. It contains more prints and pictures of and having to do with Lincoln than perhaps are in any other place, though there are other good collections of those items alone. Mr. Oldroyd has a complete set of all the cartoons published by London *Punch* on Lincoln. They tell the story of Lincoln's career in the White House from the British viewpoint and give splendid insight into the British attitude toward several international questions which arose during the Civil War between the two countries. He also has a large collection of cartoons of Lincoln that appeared in American publications. Most of them are amusing and some even are vicious; all show that the Great Emancipator did not escape the satire and the humor of the cartoonists of his day. He also has a vast collection of clippings taken from newspapers published as far back as the time of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, as well as from the current publications during Lincoln's campaign for the presidency, and at the time of his assassination and the trial of those involved in his murder. He has more than 100 pictures having to do with the assassination and funeral, nearly 50 photographs of Booth, the assassin, and the only complete set of photographs of all those convicted of conspiring with the actor. Among his clippings there are more than 200 complete, or reports of, sermons delivered at the time of his death, on Lincoln's life and character, and 227 autographed tributes and reminiscences of famous men and women. The collection contains more than 20 statuettes, busts and life and death masks of the Civil War President, nearly 30 medallions and nearly 200 political and memorial medals struck in his honor. He also has more than 100 different photographs of Lincoln, taken at different periods.

Except for the removal of the furniture and the presence of many mementoes of the occurrence, the room in which Lincoln died stands now very much as it was at the time of his death. Even the same paper, now blanched and broken, is on the wall, and the same wide pine boards constitute the floor.

It would seem that the fates wanted the Great Emancipator to die amid humble surroundings, as were those of his infancy and youth, for the house wherein he breathed his last was not an imposing structure, even in the '60's. It is a three-storied, narrow, brick building. When the dying President was taken there it was a lodging house, and the room to which he was carried was among the humblest in the dwelling. It is a narrow room, at the end of the first-floor hall; it was taken probably because of its convenience.

Only two who were present at the President's death are alive. One is his son, Robert T. Lincoln, and the other Dr. Leale, who lives in New York.

The theater building, in mostly reconstructed form, still stands and is the property of the government.

For many years Congress seems to have intended to take over the Oldroyd collection of Lincolniana and make provision for preserving it and the historic building which houses it. The building was occupied by Mr. Oldroyd in 1893. Prior to that year the collection was on display at Springfield, in the old Lincoln home, which Mr. Oldroyd induced Robert T. Lincoln to give to the state.

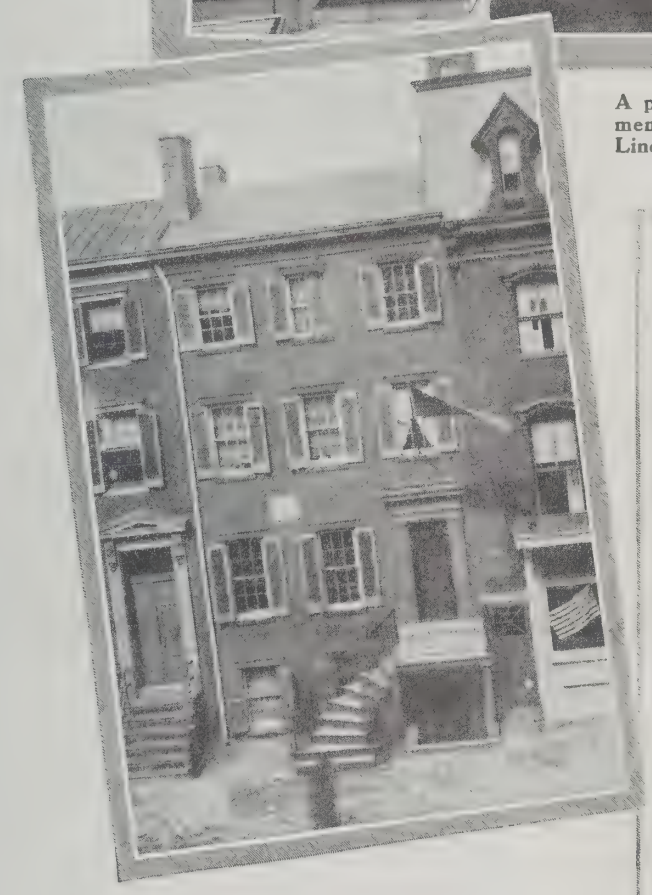
After the Springfield place came under the control of the state, Mr. Oldroyd was made its superintendent, but a change in the governorship caused him to lose his place. He was preparing to auction off his collection when the Washington Memorial Association asked him to take it to the National Capitol. The house in which Lincoln died was rented for it, but for long admission fees failed to provide expenses. Congress bought the house and for more than 15 years has given it rent free to Mr. Oldroyd for his collection. A sign kept posted in the museum says that whenever Congress or others provide means for meeting the expenses of conducting the place, admission will be free.

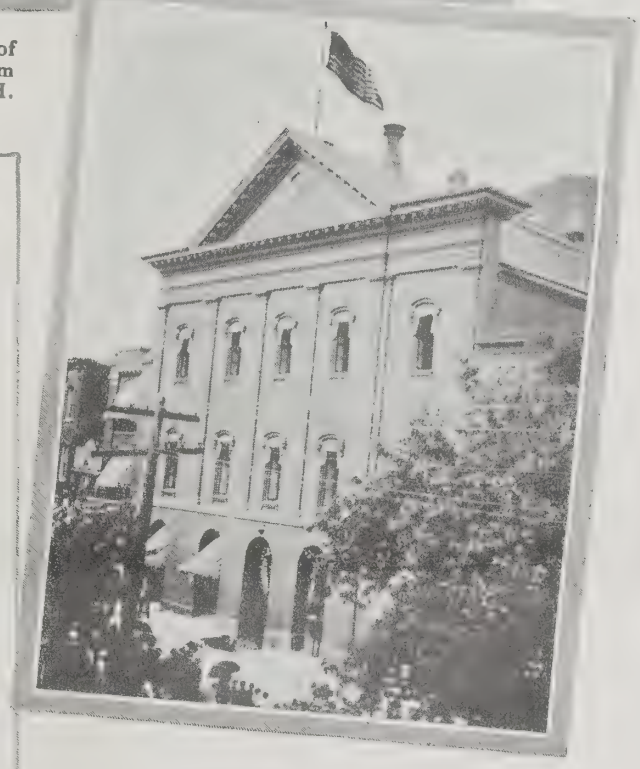
"I hope Congress will take over the collection and let it become government property," Mr. Oldroyd declared. "The government can have the collection at whatever price it wants to pay. I have no hope of getting as much from the government as I could get by selling the collection piecemeal, but I want the collection to stay in Washington and preferably in this building, which should be safeguarded by being fireproofed. These things should be here where any one might come and see them and at the same time see where the great man died.

"Such relics as these vitalize the memory of him who was associated with them. They prove that the hero was a human being and not a mere copper-plate image which idealized persons long dead tend to become in the average mind."



A partial view of the thousands of mementoes and relics of Abraham Lincoln collected by Osborn H. Oldroyd.





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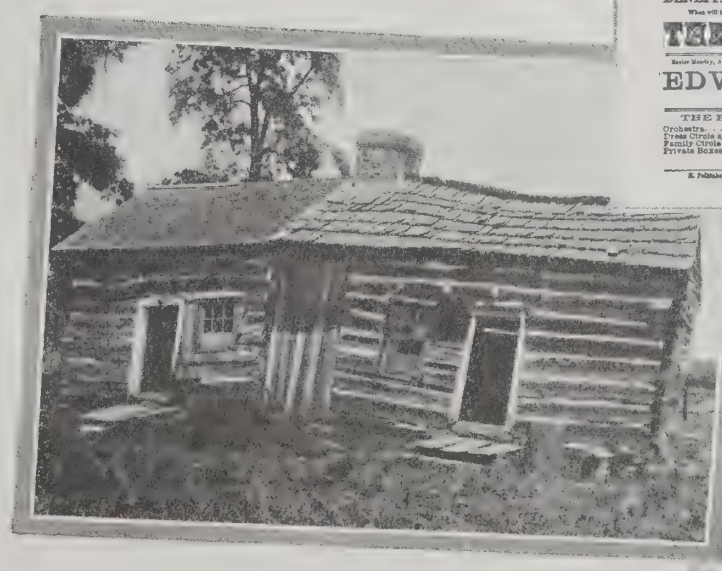
Dress Circle and Parquette.....75

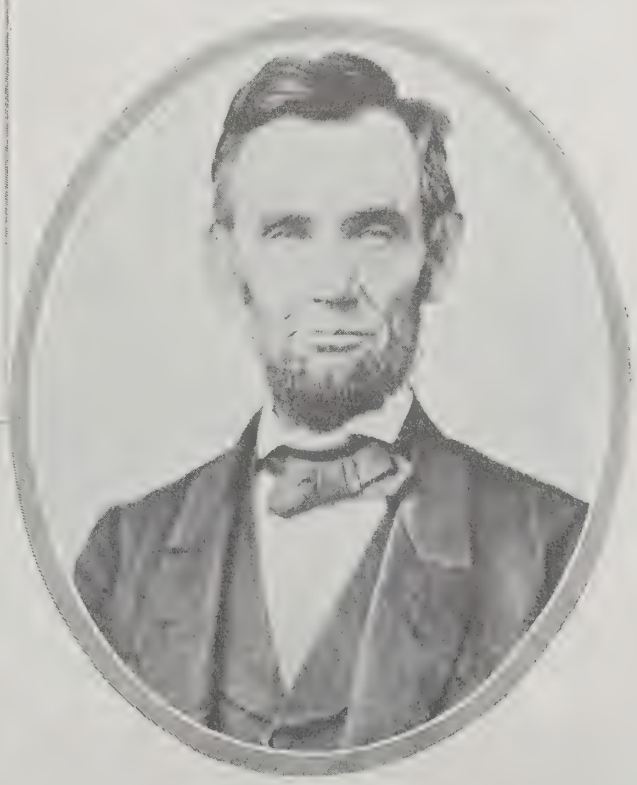
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Above—The house in which Lincoln died. Its use is now given free for the Oldroyd collection of Lincolniana. Below—The cabin where Lincoln bade his stepmother goodby before leaving for Washington to become President.

Above—The old Ford Theater, where Lincoln was shot, as reconstructed. Below—A photograph of Lincoln taken in 1864. The bill (in the center) is of the play Lincoln was witnessing when he suffered his mortal wound.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Publishcd by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 16, February 11, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

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Hearst Papers Please Copy

SURELY there can be no greater test of supreme patriotism than that a man shall lay aside without regret his personal enmities, his established customs, nay his cherished principles.

Goodness knows how difficult it is for us small humans to forget even the most insignificant of slights put upon us. But for a man to rise to a height of renunciation which obliterates all bygones of whatsoever magnitude that his country may attain to that which he holds most valuable—that, indeed, is worthy of the highest praise.

Consider the case of William Randolph Hearst.

Mr. Hearst feels—has always felt, in fact—that no greater good could come to this country than that he run it. His heart, bubbling with national pride, is filled with the commendable feeling that his fellow-citizens should have some great living monument at which they could point with pride, some great noble figure in high position before whose outstanding genius all the world would stand in envy.

"And who," asks Mr. Hearst, "is best fitted to enact this radiant rôle?"

"Who," comes the reply, which crescendoes onward from his office through editors, reporters, copy boys and the municipal employes in Hearst-run cities, "who but William Randolph Hearst!"

Mr. Hearst has been Congressman. He has been willing to serve as mayor of New York, as governor, as President.

At the moment, it is to the United States Senate he is willing to lend the luster of his name. And to afford the Senate that great boon, he seems willing to forgive, to forget, to renounce.

From New York, whence comes the report of his expected candidacy, we also hear coincidently that Mr. Hearst is willing to permit Alfred E. Smith's name to be on the ticket with his own. Mr. Smith can run for governor, Mr. Hearst is understood to have ruled, thus adding to the Democrats a group of votes which would minister to the country's need for Hearst as Senator. Something calls to mind the bitter, blasting, blistering array of superlatives with which the Hearst papers paid their respects to Mr. Smith while he was governor. The mildest thing they said was that "Al" should go back and peddle his fish.

But that's all past and gone. Mr. Hearst will forgive him now, and the governor's friends and followers may manifest their penitence by casting their ballots for Mr. Hearst.

And then there is Charles F. Murphy, boss of that notable institution, Tammany Hall. Hearst editorials and Hearst cartoons, with nice discrimination, meted out to Boss Murphy the same degree of bitter scorn they had aimed years previously at the gentle president, William McKinley, before an assassin's bullet sent him to his grave.

But that's over now. Boss Murphy can hand Mr. Hearst the Tammany designation for United States Senator, and thereby expiate his past offenses.

There have been times when Mr. Hearst has not approved of the Democratic party. Indeed, it is difficult, offhand, to remember just when he did.

But Mr. Hearst does not permit minor inconsistencies to interfere with the vast consistency of his candidature for high office. Those who have called him names will be forgiven if they minister to his momentary candidacy. The names he has called others will be wisely pigeonholed while his candidacy endures. The disorders in Mexico which long inspired his warmest editorials become less disordered under Mexican administrations which keep their troublous bands away from the Hearst estates. Though Mr. Hearst has aspired to be Congressman, mayor, Senator, governor and President, between times he has found time to dictate the city administrations of some of our larger municipalities. In attaining these dictatorships and in seeking to have his own name glisten brightly in the political sun, Mr. Hearst has been obliged to accept the assistance of many elements and individuals, regarding whose characteristics or individuality, he has platitudinously and specifically expressed the most biting scorn.

However, there is no doubt that Mr. Hearst looks upon his own elevation to high office as the greatest good which might come to the state or nation. So his indiscriminate acceptance of all kinds of support may be viewed as a sacrifice on the altar of high patriotism.

Good Taste

GENERAL PERSHING showed a sense of propriety, becoming to his rank, in declining the Distinguished Service Cross which the Secretary of War thought to confer on him for an exploit in the Philippines years ago.

Americans have always been more or less amused at the be-medaling impulses of some of the Latin-American Republics, and some of the militaristic Continental nations. The award of the Distinguished Service Cross or Congressional Medal of Honor is justified only by the rarest of exploits, outside and beyond the duty of the soldier or sailor honored. The American theory has been that pure courage and devotion to duty are to be expected from all in the nation's service.

The prodigality with which some of the nations distributed medals threatened, toward the close of the World War, to disturb the well-balanced limitations established by American custom. General Pershing's wise modesty should restore the realization that honors cannot be spread thin and still retain their flavor.

The Bonding Mania

ONE of the worst curses to the taxpayer is the mania for bonding for public improvements, whether needed or not.

Newspapers in reporting the bids received for municipal bonds boast of the good credit of the place issuing them, pointing to the premium paid by the syndicate awarded the issue. Such a premium is proof that the bonds bear *too high a rate of interest.* When put on the market by the broker he quotes them at a higher premium and exacts the accrued interest. That is, a bond bearing six per cent will cost the real investor from four to six per cent premium. Thus the municipality pays a rate one per cent higher than the real investor realizes as interest. The broker pockets a profit of one per cent less the insignificant premium the papers boast of as showing the high standing of the city.

It is as unwise for a political unit to run into debt as it is for an individual to do so.

For the Sake of Votes

THE Lower House of Congress after solemn deliberation recently passed an "anti-lynching" bill. The vote coincided roughly with the partisan division of northern Republicans and southern Democrats.

Theoretically, the object of the bill was to reduce lynchings, which have had for their most numerous victims the Negroes living in the South. Actually, the object of the bill was to cater favor with Negro voters, who are numerous in some of the northern voting centers.

Theoretically, the opposition to the bill was inspired by the altruistic belief that Federal interference with state officials for shortcomings in punishing lynchers, is an unwarranted and dangerous extension of Federal paternalistic rule. Actually, the opposition felt that the southern voters would resent any vote which might be construed as catering to Negroes.

Negro voters may look forward with confidence to the appearance shortly of some franked copies of the *Congressional Record* in which the sufferings of their race are eloquently denounced. So, too, ardent upholders of the Old South may enhearten themselves with the thought that printed patriotism, of their own particular brand, will soon be delivered free.

As for the bill, if it becomes a law, there are few southerners who fear that it will have any more effect than did the constitutional amendment giving the Negro the vote. Neither do the northerners.

But viewed simply as an arrangement of words, the measure is entirely commendable. So, too, would be a constitutional amendment prohibiting murder.

Mr. Hays and the Pictures

THE mystery of Will Hays, as he is about to enter personally, as advertised, upon the management of the movies, begins to take speculative form. After the Sunday school motif had been duly exploited, namely, that Mr. Hays was going into movie management to stop their extreme and nauseating naughtiness, the sober second thought of the sophisticated began to play with interesting results. Aside from its being regrettable that the movie kings could reach into the President's cabinet and, by the pulling power of a spectacular salary, lift out a promising cabinet officer, it is fraught with menace in a number of directions.

Mr. Hays is described as "the Landis of the Movies." This is an unjustified comparison. Baseball needed cleaning out, but Judge Landis was not hired by the men who were to be cleaned out. On the contrary, Mr. Hays *is* hired by the men who ought to be cleaned out if the movies are to be brought up to an American standard. The source of the rottenness in the movies is the source of the movies themselves, in the grade of control that has been exercised over them, and that control has been exercised without let or hindrance by Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, Hiram Abrams, Lewis J. Selznick, Samuel Goldwyn, Marcus Loew, William Fox. These names are not all of them the real names of the men designated, but they are the names by which the controllers of moviedom are known. They are the men who have agreed to pay Will Hays $150,000 a year to clean up the movies. And where shall he begin, if not with his own bosses?

The price, the spectacular gesture of repentance, indicates the desperate plight into which the indecent motion picture had been forced by the moral indignation of the American people. Indeed $150,000 is a mighty low figure at which to buy off the moral indignation of the American people. It is reckoned as one per cent of the possible $15,000,000 a censor's insistence on decency would cost. Mr. Hays realizes, of course, that this is precisely what he has been chosen to do, namely, to head off the righteous wrath of the American people. The crowd which ran the movies into the deepest possible pollution went to the President's cabinet, acquired an unquestionable American, a Presbyterian elder, in fact, to do the work of heading off. If it is done it is worth a thousand times $150,000 to the movie kings, and it means further incalculable damage to American character.

As far as we are aware, Mr. Hays had never shown any interest in reforming the movies prior to this business engagement. If he had been the least stirred toward that needed reform he would have known that as Postmaster-General of the United States he could have been a greater force in compelling the movies to clean up than he can possibly be as the movies' hired man. Any Cabinet member, standing up in his place today against the torrent of degeneracy poured by the film into the American people, any Cabinet member whatsoever could do more for clean movies in the next thirty days than Will Hays, as movie employe, could do in five years. Mr. Hays by resigning from the Cabinet has lost his best opportunity to serve the people in this matter.

It becomes clearer that Mr. Hays will not exclusively serve the people. The movie kings know what they want. One thing they want is a tariff against foreign films. Under the exploitation of Messrs. Zukor, Laemmle, Abrams, Goldwyn, Fox, Selznick and Loew, American films have lagged far behind in progress. These men did not invent the film, have not improved it, have only exploited it. Other countries have forged far ahead in both the mechanical and artistic elements of film production. Now that these foreign films are beginning to appear in this country and are making their undoubted superiority felt, the movie exploiters want them kept out by tariff. Mr. Hays would be very useful on the political end of that matter.

Again, the movie kings do not want a censorship. They fear a censorship. An *American* censorship would damn them irretrievably. They offer Mr. Hays in *lieu* of a censor. They use his name as a guarantee. He may be useful in this matter; time alone will tell.

And then, Mr. Hays is much interested in the continuous success of the Republican Administration. The tens of thousands of screens with their hundreds of millions of spectators would be a very useful adjunct in a campaign. The movie men would gladly promise, *and could deliver,* the movie screen to any party granting a tariff and preventing a censorship, and they would also agree to the appointment of a man to see that the movie men's side of the promise was carried out.

These are the forms public thought has taken. One thing is certain: in leaving the Cabinet, Mr. Hays lost his best opportunity to make the movies better. We wish him luck, but it looks mighty unlucky just now.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE education of humanity is a slow process, but not so slow as it was a little while ago. That should always be borne in mind—not so slow as a little while ago. People are still to be found who imagine that we are traveling on the schedule of a hundred years ago, when the birth of a new idea was a slow and laborious process, and the induction of that idea into public acceptance was a process slower and more laborious. But the schedule has changed. The people are becoming accustomed to deal with ideas, and more can now be accomplished in five years than was formerly possible in a hundred.

This has nothing whatever to do with the so-called "feverish" pace at which we live. People who are not carried away by the lures of the entertainment and fashion world—the street life of the times—are not "feverish" by any means, they are going along at about the gait they desire. But it has a great deal to do with growing intellectual ability on the part of the people, and an improvement of their instinctive judgment on matters of importance.

One hundred years ago it was only certain groups that caught the idea, and they in turn, by virtue of their leadership, put the idea into action. They had the confidence, not the understanding cooperation, of the people. But nowadays, the ideas which move the world are sowed and nurtured in the great mass of the people, and the tendency of group ideas has been toward fantastic impossibilities or anti-social reaction. The impossible radicals and the equally impossible reactionaries, are the minority who pull off their little stunts at the side of the road while the human race sweeps on and up.

No one would say, however, that all the good ideas have yet been sown. Not at all. Only the soil has been prepared. It is good soil, too, because it will not grow wrong ideas. The ideas that certain sowers think would prove popular because they are pleasant don't grow at all in the newly prepared soil of the common mind, while hardy ideas, which at first look crude, grow into stature and strength. Many sowers observe how promising the soil of the public mind has become, and are busy casting the seed of their theories, but a soil that has been abused for generations by the fallacies of the self-seeking, has simply refused to fructify them any more. The mass mind is receptive only of those ideas that are unselfish and true, serviceable and durable.

That is, although people do not know it all yet, they are readier to know, are more capable of knowing, can choose the right thing with more unerring speed, than ever before. That constitutes the main hopefulness of the times. If the people had not been fooled so often before, it might be expected that they could be fooled again: but they have been fooled so much that the danger of great future deception is past. They are immune, so that is one great danger out of the way.

One of the new ideas which will take root and grow and change the face of our system, is the idea of diversity. We have been using certain things just one way, we have been sending certain goods along only one channel—and when that use is slack, or that channel is stopped, business stops, too, and all the sorry consequences of "depression" set in.

Take corn, for example. There are millions upon millions of bushels of corn stored in the United States with no visible outlet. A certain amount of corn is used as food for man and beast, but not all of it. In pre-Prohibition days a certain amount of corn went into the making of liquor, which was not a very good use for good corn. But through a long course of years, corn has followed those two channels, and when one of them stopped and general business dropped off, the flow of corn dwindled and the stocks began to pile up threateningly.

WE ARE too tightly tied to one-way uses of materials. The result is that when one use falls off, the material piles up; there are no other ways to consume it. Corn was largely confined to two uses—hogs and whisky. And now corn is piling up in the country. The uses of corn have not been developed, and therefore many farmers literally have corn to burn. There are other uses for corn besides food; corn could produce fuel alcohol and oil. The more uses it had, the more surely would the crop move and become profitable. One of the economic defenses we can raise is to create a large range of diversity in the use of materials. Single-track systems are too liable to tie-ups.

Every one knows, of course, that there is plenty of food in the country, enough to last us without distress for several years. The storage places are filled with foodstuffs. There need be no doubt on that score. In emergency there would be no starvation in the United States, money or no money. It is the money fiction that retards the movement of these stores today, but even if money were plentiful we could not possibly consume the stores of food which we possess.

Now, the idea which is born of those facts is that: if foodstuffs can become too plentiful ever to be fully consumed as food, why not find other uses for them? Why use corn for hogs and distilleries; and because the distilleries are closed and the hogs cannot consume all that is left, why sit down and bemoan the terrible disaster that has befallen the corn market? Is there no use for corn besides the making of pork or the making of whisky? Surely there must be. And if so, what is it? The voice of wisdom is this: there should be so many uses for corn that only the important uses could be fully served; that in times of fluctuation there might always be enough channels open to permit corn to serve its uses without waste.

Once upon a time the farmers burned corn as fuel, the corn was so plentiful and the coal was so scarce. Well, that was a crude way to dispose of corn, but it contained the germ of an idea. There is fuel in corn; that is, there is oil and fuel alcohol obtainable from corn, and it is high time that someone was opening up this new avenue so that the stored-up corn crops can be moved.

That is merely a side light on the idea of diversity. Why have only one string to our bow? Why not two? If one breaks, there is the other. If the hog business slackens, why should not the farmer have an option to turn his corn into tractor fuel?

We need more diversity all round. The four-track system everywhere would not be a bad idea. We have a single-track money system. It is a mighty fine system for those who own it. It is a perfect system for the interest-collecting, credit-controlling financiers who literally own the commodity called Money and who literally own the machinery by which money is made and used. Let them keep their system if they like it. But the people are finding out that it is a poor system for what we call "hard times" because it ties up the line and stops traffic. If the people had another money system, a second track, an auxiliary method, by which they could keep going while the speculative financiers were untangling traffic on the bank track; that is, if the shop track and the farm track could be kept clear for the workingman's business and the farmer's business, instead of all being blocked on the banker's track behind the broken-down financial caboose, it would illustrate one of the beneficial aspects of this diversity we are discussing.

It is the adage about putting all our eggs in one basket; it isn't a wise thing to do. We ought to have a number of baskets. If the bottom falls out of one, we have the other.

If there are special protections for the interests, there ought also to be special protections for the plain people. Special privileges are all right, provided they are shared with the people, whose guaranty alone makes them worth something.

In diversity of outlet, and of use, and of financial enablement, is the strongest defense we could have against economic emergencies. And with it would come a greatly diversified yet unified general intelligence.

Trying to Solve the Greatest Riddle of Science

Chemists Hunt World's Smallest Thing; It Affects Lives of All

WHILE explorers have been attempting to accomplish a feat never yet attained, that of climbing to the top of the loftiest pinnacle in the world, Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, three miles higher than Pike's Peak, men of science in their laboratories have been essaying a very similar journey into the unknown. Chemists have been trying to go the whole distance to the smallest thing in the universe, the electron, and there to take observations. As Mount Everest is known to exist, standing there white-robed before the world, so does science know that matter has its final division into these infinitesimally small electrons, but as Everest defies the explorer so does the electron throw down the gauntlet to the knight of the test tube.

Those of us who studied chemistry 10, 15, 20 years ago marveled much at learning of the manner in which the molecule was put together by the combination of the atoms of different substances. H^2O, for instance, was the chemical formula for water. It meant that two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen combined chemically to make this liquid. The molecule was the primary building block of a substance like water, for instance, which was made by uniting two elements like hydrogen and oxygen. Elements were fundamental, existed as they were, were the result of no combinations. They were made up of atoms. The atom was the end. Nobody thought of going beyond it.

The expedition on which various scientists of today are embarking is that of taking this atom apart, of finding the units of which it is composed, of studying the natures of these units. They are actually doing just this. In doing it they are learning what it is that makes lead lead and gold gold, and how one may be changed to the other.

The smallest building block of the scientist of yesterday was the atom. The new discovery is that atoms are made up of yet smaller units called electrons. As far as even the scientific theory of today goes the electron is the smallest subdivision of matter. The electron is the primary building block of which all substances are constituted. There is no physical thing in all the world that isn't made by putting together various combinations of these electrons. The nature of primary elements of which the universe is made depends on nothing else but the arrangement of these electrons in the atom. The lead atom, for instance, has 82 electrons in it and the gold atom has but 79, but the electrons are just alike.

And this electron, which constitutes all matter, you may ask, what is its habitat, where does the average man ever actually see it at play? The answer is that when electricity goes scurrying over a wire, then and there are these electrons in the course of migration. When you stroke the back of a cat it is an electron that snaps at you. When you break your arm and go to an X-ray photographer and he makes a picture of your bones showing just what has happened to them, it is these same electrons that have gone unfelt through your flesh and made the picture. When Madame Curie's radium eats into the core of a cancer and cures it, it is these isolated electrons that have penetrated to the dugouts of the disease and turned it out.

So small is an electron that the most powerful microscope in the world could not see it. If one counted electrons through an active threescore years and 10 and bound them together he would not have enumerated enough of them to be visible to the naked eye. If one conceived a grain of sand, a smallish grain of sand about the size of the head of a pin, and if he should contrast that grain of sand in its physical dimensions with the whole world it would appear infinitely small. But as that grain of sand is to the world, so is the electron to the grain of sand. To the electron this grain of sand is a great world 25,000 miles around.

So, these are pretty small things we are working with. Yet, infinitely small as electrons are, so marvelous are the devices of science that a way of counting them has been found. Take, for example, the electrons that go over a wire when a current is turned on. When one puts his foot on the button which starts the engine of his automobile, for instance, he starts great flocks of these electrons to galloping past. If he turns on a single ampere of electricity he lets past in a second six million million million electrons. The average starter button, as a matter of fact, releases 300 amperes of electricity. So, each second that your foot is on the button, you let go romping by 1,800 million million million electrons, which is quite a crowd with the gate open so short a time.

It is the pursuit of this infinitely small subdivision of matter, its capture and its taming, that is to the scientist what the climbing of the greatest of the world's peaks is to the explorer. While, however, the exploration of the tallest peak of the Himalayas is largely a matter of sentiment and adventure and is not expected to yield great practical results that will affect the everyday life of the masses, this pursuit of the electron is quite sure to produce results that will make different your daily life and mine and that of every other civilized being in all the world. The mastery of the electron will be the final solution of the riddle of the composition of matter. Man couldn't have razor blades until he knew substances, for example, what iron ore was made of. In just the same way this new knowledge of electrons may be expected to work.

A comprehension of the electron and the manner in which it is the structural unit in the composition of matter was first approached by a young English scientist, H. G. J. Mosely, back in 1914, just before the outbreak of the Great War. Mosely couldn't see the electrons any more than you can see X-rays or the rays from the radium, but he could put them to work and make a record of what they did. He could cause them to write this record on photographic plates, which were very sensitive to them. He began to notice that each element left its distinctive track, just as different as is the track of a horse from that of a dog. Mosely studied these records left by the X-rays of the various elemental substances. He found that these rays had certain relations to each other. The structure of hydrogen, the simplest of the elements, left a track showing it to have but one toe. The structure of the next simplest, helium, the balloon gas which will not explode, had two toes; the next had three, the next five, and so on, until the track of the most complicated of all elements was found to have 92 toes. The X-ray photographs of these elements showed a range from one to 92 in the unit of their structure. The conclusion that Mosely drew was that there are in all the universe but 92 independent elements and that everything else grows from combinations of them. These 92 vary in accordance with the number of electrons which go to make up their atoms. An atom with three electrons in it mixes into a different sort of mortar than does the atom with six electrons in it. The number of electrons in the atom tells the whole story.

Having laid down this fundamental theory of the constitution of matter, young Mosely went away with the British to help stop the rush of the Germans and was killed, thus constituting one of those sacrifices to war, the value of which can never be measured.

The greatest distinction that a scientist has considered it possible to attain has been that of the discovery of a new element. Whenever one of them succeeded in isolating an element, as Madame Curie, in this generation, isolated radium, it was set down opposite his name and there occupied its place in the chemistries of the world for all time. And from the beginning of time until the present only some 84 individuals have attained this distinction, for there are but 92 elements, eight of which are still mysteries.

Mosely established this gamut of the elements by his X-ray photographs, which showed hydrogen with a single electron, helium, the balloon gas, with two electrons; sodium with 11, gold with 79, mercury with 80, lead with 82, radium with 88, and finally, uranium with 92. All the other steps in the combination of electrons to make up these elements have been discovered but eight. Eight more elements remain to bring scientific fame to the men who first isolate them.

Mosely's theory has been worked over, re-demonstrated, proved, established, during these last eight years. Men of science are now awakening to the realization of the fact that there lies just ahead of them one great problem, which, if it can be solved, will undoubtedly be the greatest accomplishment of that science since time began. Since elements are made up of electrons, and since the difference between them lies merely in the number of electrons which their atoms contain, it is obvious that the nature of elements is dependent on nothing but this arrangement of electrons. If science can change the arrangements of electrons, it can change one of these elements into another. For example:

It is established that the atom of the element gold contains 79 electrons, 79 of these little structural building blocks. The substance closest akin to gold in the manner of its construction is mercury. The atom of mercury has in it 80 electrons. So it becomes obvious that the only difference between mercury and gold, so unlike in appearance and qualities, is that the mercury has one more building block than gold in its atom. If that one building block can be displaced the atom will have 79 electrons instead of 80, and will be gold instead of mercury. Thus will the age-long dream of the alchemist become possible and thus will the transmutation of matter be a reality.

Little groups of advanced scientists are here and there working on this problem of taking apart the atoms of the different elements, of removing an electron here and there and thus changing the nature of those elements. When this riddle has been solved it will be possible to run the gamut down the scale and change one element into another. Thus will it become possible to make the maximum use of those substances which exist in matter, for the less useful may be changed into the more useful and the supplies of the more useful become virtually unlimited. Thus may lead be transmuted into gold and gold into platinum. Thus may the whole basis of values of rare and precious metals be removed and the world brought to the necessity of developing other yardsticks.



DR. PAUL D. FOOTE

Of the Bureau of Standards, who is pursuing the electron.

And this problem of the transmutation of metals—how is it that the man of science approaches it?

The writer has just been to one of the few great scientific agencies in the world which wrestles with these advanced problems. This agency is the Bureau of Standards of the Government of the United States, at Washington. The bureau is this government's lawfully constituted agency in keeping abreast of the scientific developments of the world.

In one wing of one of the laboratory buildings it has a group of young scientists working on this task of the isolation of electrons and the transmutation of substances. It was Dr. Paul Darwin Foote, of these laboratories, who explained the pursuit of the electron and gave a measure of the task ahead. He asked the writer if he had ever seen in a photographic laboratory the so-called mercury lamp radiating its peculiar green light. That light is quite properly called a mercury light. The chief feature in its construction is a tube filled with mercury that has been converted into the form of gas. Through this tube is passed a current of electricity and this peculiar light results.

Scientifically, a very peculiar thing is happening within this mercury tube. In its gaseous form the atoms of this mercury are spread out in a quite flamboyant way. They float about somewhat as do particles of dust in a sunbeam. Each of these atoms of mercury contains 80 building block electrons. So, there you have it—the mercury atom suspended in mid-air with its checkerboard of building blocks turned face on.

Into this situation is introduced the currents of electricity and these currents of electricity, it must be remembered, are sprays of electrons, shot much as are the bullets from a machine gun. A great volume of fire is shot through the area where the mercury atoms are suspended target-like. The targets are being overwhelmingly bombarded.

In this bombardment certain of the electrons in the mercury atom are hit. When they are hit the blow is sufficient to knock them a bit out of place, but not sufficient to entirely dislodge them. The agitation of their displacement and their coming back into position is the action which causes the green light in the mercury tube. Were the blow which the mercury electron receives sufficient to entirely dislodge it from its atom it would remain an atom constituted of 79 electrons instead of 80 electrons, and that atom would be an atom of gold and not of mercury. Transmutation would actually have taken place. The photographer who turns on his mercury lamp has, though he knew it not, been approaching very near to accomplishing that feat which has corrugated the brows of the alchemists through the ages.

In the laboratories of the Bureau of Standards efforts are being made to so increase the effectiveness of this atom bombardment that electrons may be removed from those of a given substance at will and that substances may be changed to others in the scale. The task is understood. Progress is being made. The goal may be reached at any time. When it is, then and there will have been accomplished the greatest feat in the history of chemistry.

The Eight Simple Rules of the "Health Game"

Uncle Sam Promises Stronger Children Through His New Plan in Schools

By H. O. BISHOP

THE United States Bureau of Education at Washington is introducing a new game into the public schools of the country.

It is called the "Health Game."

This common-sense innovation is spreading like wildfire in the localities that have thus far adopted the plan, and it is confidently believed that in only a few years it will be a definite and permanent feature everywhere, from the humble one-room little country school to the big city high school.

The "Health Game," as devised by the Bureau of Education, consists of eight simple rules, easily understood by any child, and thoroughly endorsed by the medical fraternity and all promoters of good health. These rules are:

1. A full bath more than once a week.
2. Brushing the teeth at least once every day.
3. Sleeping long hours with windows open.
4. Drinking as much milk as possible, but no coffee or tea.
5. Eating some vegetables or fruit every day.
6. Drinking at least four glasses of water a day.
7. Playing part of every day out-of-doors.
8. Complete digestion of food daily.

The "Health Game" is the combined production of Dr. W. S. Small and Miss Julia B. Tappan, the famous specialists in school hygiene attached to Bureau of Education of the United States. They have given the vital question of health among the school children of the country many years of study and observation and have conferred with leading authorities, both medical and educational, in every section of the country.

The "Health Game" does not consist of a dry and perfunctory reading of the eight rules by the teacher. Far from it! It is converted into a regular game, or contest, which seems to arouse as much interest and enthusiasm among the pupils as baseball, basketball, football, gymnastic exercises, marbles, leap-frog, drop-the-handkerchief, hide-and-go-seek, or any of the other numerous games in which boys and girls delight.

The first big surprise of the youngsters in their introduction to the "Health Game" occurs when they enter the school some morning and find a modern weighing machine on the platform in the vicinity of the teacher's desk. There always is a peculiar psychology about scales. Who is the person, young or old, who does not have a hankering to be weighed the moment he sees a weighing machine? The next surprise for the children consists of a large printed sheet of gray paper tacked on the wall near the scales. It is entitled, "Classroom Weight Record." This record provides a space for the names of the pupils, ages, height, normal weight, and actual weight each month during the school term. At the bottom of this chart are printed fascinating tables showing how much the average boy or girl ought to weigh at certain heights and ages; also tables showing about how many ounces the average boy or girl should gain each month.

The first time this chart is filled out, and at each subsequent monthly weighing, the interest manifested is amazing. Quite naturally, every youngster wants to weigh the normal amount. When the teacher announces to certain of the children that their weight is five or 10 pounds less than it ought to be, it is remarkable how eager they are to do whatever is necessary to catch up with the others. A heart-to-heart talk between teacher and pupil invariably brings out the fact that several of the eight rules of the "Health Game" are being neglected.

I asked Dr. Small if he did not consider health the most important feature of our public schools.

"It undoubtedly is," was his quick reply. "Health first in the schools, is the call which is heard with increasing frequency in every community that has been touched by the great American awakening to the value of health. The determination is widespread that the public schools of the country must never again in the future, as in the past, place book learning before physical fitness. Everywhere there is a demand for school teachers who know how to teach health.

"We have at last discovered that health, like happiness, is to a large extent a matter of habit, and that it can be taught. Our stereotyped aims and methods in the teaching of hygiene have to a large extent been discarded. The new aims are very definite, but our methods of attaining these aims are largely undeveloped. In health work in the schools every teacher must be a pioneer. There is a great responsibility and at the same time a great opportunity.

"Health must not be taught didactically, but by personal example and object lesson. The teaching of health, cannot be confined to any one lesson period, but can be introduced into almost every school day, from the kindergarten upward, for health inspection, the discussion of health problems, and for other health activities. In the lower grades this time should be devoted wholly to the promotion of health habits. It is the *what* rather than the *why* which should be impressed on the younger children. With the older children, the reasons for health rules take more prominence, and in the upper grades the habits which have been formed in the lower grades should be reinforced by accurate scientific knowledge. The material of instruction in hygiene should be taken from life; and textbook instruction, if any, should be merely incidental. In the upper grades the pupils should be interested in public health movements, and much information of personal value can be thus indirectly conveyed. For instance, in studying the phases of the campaign against tuberculosis, the pupil learns many facts about the disease and its prevention, with the advantage that his attention is directed outward and is not morbidly turned on himself.

"We now know that to obtain health we must earn it by obeying the laws of health. The most fundamental of these laws relates to cleanliness, within and without, proper diet, exercises, rest, and fresh air—in other words, the eight rules of the 'Health Game.' Obedience to these laws must be almost automatic in the child's life, so that he will be uncomfortable unless, for instance, his hands are clean, his food simple and wholesome—so that he will be uncomfortable in foul air, and automatically will seek fresh air and enjoy playing and sleeping in it.

"In the development of health habits, the first step is to make the child desire health, not necessarily for his own sake, but because it is an avenue to success and happiness in life. It is easy to illustrate from the lives of men successful in business and public life the value of a strong body in the attainment of success. Theodore Roosevelt, as most people know, began life with a weak body and developed systematically all of its possibilities for physical vigor. In the case of the girls, good looks are a great social asset, and every girl, as well as every boy, should be taught to value properly such signs of good health as bright eyes, rosy cheeks, a clear complexion, glossy hair, and an erect, confident carriage. We need to make pride in personal appearance respectable once more. We need to make our boys and girls feel something of the fineness of the old Greek ideal of a sound mind in a sound body. All children want to be popular with their mates, and they will readily see that the exuberant spirits which go with abounding health are a factor in popularity, and that there is a good reason for the old saying, 'Laugh and the world laughs with you,' while the 'grouch' is left to nurse his grievances in solitude. Every child in the public schools should be made to understand that his first and most important patriotic duty is to make and keep himself as strong and vigorous as possible, so that he may serve his country well in all walks of life.

"I feel absolutely certain that we will develop a healthier, happier, and better nation if every school in this fair land of ours will adopt the eight rules of the 'Health Game.'"



MISS JULIA B. TAPPAN and DR. W. S. SMALL, the famous specialists in school hygiene, attaches of the United States Board of Education.

HEIGHT and WEIGHT TABLE for BOYS

Height Inches	5 Yrs.	6 Yrs.	7 Yrs.	8 Yrs.	9 Yrs.	10 Yrs.	11 Yrs.	12 Yrs	13 Yrs.	14 Yrs.	15 Yrs.	16 Yrs.	17 Yrs.	18 Yrs
39	35	36	37											
40	37	38	39											
41	39	40	41											
42	41	42	43	44										
43	43	44	45	46										
44	45	46	46	47										
45	47	47	48	48	49									
46	48	49	50	50	51									
47	.....	51	52	53	53	54								
48	.....	53	54	55	55	56	57							
49	.....	55	56	57	58	58	59							
50	.....	.....	58	59	60	60	61	62						
51	.....	.....	60	61	62	63	64	65						
52	.....	.....	62	63	64	65	67	68						
53	.....	.....	.....	66	67	68	69	70	71					
54	.....	.....	.....	69	70	71	72	73	74					
55	.....	.....	.....	.....	73	74	75	76	77	79				
56	.....	.....	.....	.....	77	78	79	80	81	82				
57	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	81	82	83	84	85	86			
58	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	84	85	86	87	88	90	91		
59	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	87	88	89	90	92	94	96	97	
60	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	91	92	93	94	97	99	101	102	
61	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	96	97	99	102	104	106	108	110
62	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	100	102	104	106	109	111	113	116
63	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	106	107	109	111	114	115	117	119
64	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	113	115	117	118	119	120	122
65	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	120	122	123	124	125	126
66	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	125	126	127	128	129	130
67	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	130	131	132	133	134	135
68	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	134	135	136	137	138	139
69	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	138	139	140	141	142	143
70	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	142	144	145	146	147
71	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	147	149	150	151	152
72	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	152	154	155	156	157
73	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	157	159	160	161	162
74	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	162	164	165	166	167
75	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	169	170	171	173
76	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	174	175	176	177

PREPARED BY DR. THOMAS D. WOOD

ABOUT WHAT A BOY SHOULD GAIN EACH MONTH

AGE	
5 to 8	6 oz.
8 to 12	8 oz.
12 to 14	12 oz.
14 to 16	16 oz.
16 to 18	8 oz.

ABOUT WHAT A GIRL SHOULD GAIN EACH MONTH

AGE	
5 to 8	6 oz.
8 to 11	8 oz.
11 to 14	12 oz.
14 to 16	8 oz.
16 to 18	4 oz.

Try and do as much better than the average as you can.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
BUREAU OF EDUCATION

The charts that are inspiring school boys and girls to observe the rules of the "Health Game."

HEIGHT and WEIGHT TABLE for GIRLS

Height Inches	5 Yrs.	6 Yrs.	7 Yrs.	8 Yrs.	9 Yrs	10 Yrs	11 Yrs.	12 Yrs	13 Yrs	14 Yrs	15 Yrs.	16 Yrs.	17 Yrs	18 Yrs.
39	34	35	36											
40	36	37	38											
41	38	39	40											
42	40	41	42	43										
43	42	42	43	44										
44	44	45	45	46										
45	46	47	47	48	49									
46	48	48	49	50	51									
47	.....	49	50	51	52	53								
48	.....	51	52	53	54	55	56							
49	.....	53	54	55	56	57	58							
50	.....	.....	56	57	58	59	60	61						
51	.....	.....	59	60	61	62	63	64						
52	.....	.....	62	63	64	65	66	67						
53	.....	.....	.....	66	67	68	68	69	70					
54	.....	.....	.....	68	69	70	71	72	73					
55	.....	.....	.....	.....	72	73	74	75	76	77				
56	.....	.....	.....	.....	76	77	78	79	80	81				
57	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	81	82	83	84	85	86			
58	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	85	86	87	88	89	90	91		
59	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	89	90	91	93	94	95	96	98	
60	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	94	95	97	99	100	102	104	106
61	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	99	101	102	104	106	108	109	111
62	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	104	106	107	109	111	113	114	115
63	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	109	111	112	113	115	117	118	119
64	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	115	117	118	119	120	121	122
65	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	117	119	120	122	123	124	125
66	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	119	121	122	124	126	127	128
67	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	124	126	127	128	129	130
68	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	126	128	130	132	133	134
69	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	129	131	133	135	136	137
70	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	134	136	138	139	140
71	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	138	140	142	143	144
72	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	145	147	148	149

PREPARED BY DR. THOMAS D. WOOD

most every study in the curriculum. It is often chiefly a matter of emphasis rather than formal instruction. The consideration of questions of diet, of ventilation, of the spread of transmissible disease, are all important, but it may be desirable to treat of them in connection with work in domestic science, in physics, or in nature study. History, civics, English and geography all offer opportunities for the inculcation of health lessons.

"A definite amount of time should be allowed

The Vatican, the World and Universal Peace

By A. R. PINCI

THE death of His Holiness, Benedict XV, has focused the attention of virtually the entire world toward Rome. The investiture of his successor is likewise of universal interest as a symbol of self-perpetuating power. Hundreds of millions of individuals, regardless of their physical distance from the Eternal City, are more or less familiar with what has happened at the Vatican within the last few weeks; probably more so than they are about more intimate affairs in their respective localities. What is the reason for that?

The best explanation is that made to me by the late James, Cardinal Gibbons. In a chat with him, when I obtained an interview, probably the last which he authorized under his name, he said:

"The Catholic Church is the oldest historical and continuous government of the earth."

This apparently simple declaration conceals, upon analysis, a portentous suggestion—a key, perhaps, to the solution of many inexplicable difficulties born of the late war, and that just now serve as subject matter of discussion and argument in the newspapers. During the late World War the Vatican followed a policy in the interest of universal peace that, in accordance with the fundamental precept of equality before God, could not be made elastic so as to serve those who wished to be selfishly served. Countless theories have been advanced as to why the Vatican did not vent its wrath upon this or that warring faction, and ludicrous attempts have been made to "prove" that it was influenced by consideration of self-interest.

He Regarded the Whole War as a Sin

NOW that Pope Benedict is dead—for it was this Pontiff that will be named in future historical annals of the war—I am at liberty to say what I learned in Rome shortly after the war ceased. His actions were in obedience to a spirit of impartiality, but the Pope never permitted himself to forget that a goodly number of Catholics were in the wrong as were those of other religious beliefs. Under the circumstances the Vatican had no choice but to regard the war as a collective sin. It had nothing in common with the prejudice that individuals of any one religion were any better, or any worse, in the aggregate, than their fellows.

As a graduate attorney, the Pope understood the dangers of attempting to set up the Vatican as a court, to discriminate against this or that group, this or that nation.

To understand the purposes of the Vatican in international questions, it should be remembered that the Vatican is really a government without a country. Its see is in Rome, but geographically and politically, it has no frontiers, no limits, and for this reason the Vatican is exposed to the blame for whatever act or word originates with one of its creatures, be it of the laity or of the clergy. The infamous deeds attributed to Von Gerlach, during the first years of the war, who was found by Italian courts contumaciously guilty of being a Teutonic spy while exercising his prerogatives of high prelate in the Pope's entourage, diminished the Vatican's influence in Italy. Gerlach's misdeeds are not yet a closed book, and though no different from the misdeeds accomplished by any number of professional politicians and diplomats to the same end, they rang more loudly through the world because of his relationship with the Vatican.

Possibly the Vatican's greatest and most radical step, under the pontificate of Benedict XV, was to urge Italian manhood to take part in politics. Generally speaking, the Italians, least susceptible to the Vatican among all Catholic peoples, at first regarded this as a quick means to restore its diminishing influence and thereby facilitate the possible restoration of temporal power, but the object was to undo what the allocution of Pope Pius IX in December, 1874, had caused, when he forbade priests meddling with politics. This inhibition, even though directed solely at the clergy, really prevented faithful Catholics from participating in politics at all, on the assumption that if the clergy would not be free to lead, those wishing to be led must logically withdraw. The net effect of this was that as soon as the patriots of the school of Mazzini and Cavour (who reflected the spirit of liberty of Washington and Jefferson) passed away, the country was left at the mercy of immature hands, some of which, without the moral restraint derived from religious motives, became professional politicians in all the name implies. The inhibition, moreover, was universal, and Catholics the world over refused to become identified with political movements of whatever character and scope.

Why He Turned to the United States

NOT everybody is aware that the Constitution of the United States contains no reference to God and makes no appeal to religion. Were, therefore, religious principles entirely ignored by its framers? Does the omission afford a just criterion of the religious character of the founders of the republic? Cardinal Gibbons assured me of the contrary.

"We should have no concern," he said, "to have the name of God imprinted in the Constitution—as certain religious sects have repeatedly tried to do—so long as the Constitution itself is interpreted by the light of Christian revelation. The Declaration of Independence acknowledges that the rights it proclaims come from God as the source of all government and authority."

Cardinal Gibbons was regarded in Rome as among the most conservative members of the Sacred College. Yet he was one of its most modern of spokesmen, and to this extent I believe that he identified, if not isolated, the spirit of today of the Vatican. This spirit is a far cry, it will be observed, from that evidenced by Boniface VIII, who in 1294 proclaimed that "God had set him over kings and kingdoms."

The interpretation stated about God and the Constitution indicates that the spirit of the Vatican today differs radically from that of yesteryear. Certainly Pope Benedict could not agree with several European statesmen that there was any godliness in their beliefs and actions, and that probably accounts for his turning to the United States, through his personal letter to President Wilson in 1916, in wishing to end the war.

The mere fact that a similar appeal 10 months before to the Austrian emperor, said to have been a devout Catholic, brought no encouraging reply, from the standpoint of humanity, is good proof, at this late day, that the Vatican did not dominate the dual empire, but on the other hand it proves that Austria-Hungary and its dynastic leaders were not above attempting to use the Vatican as a tool wherever and whenever possible. In fact, the Hapsburgs never hesitated to assure the Pontiff that they were ever ready to aid any movement to restore the temporal power to the Vatican, provided, of course, that the restoration would not cost them anything.

As to whether temporal power will be restored, no prediction can be made, but if that should happen, it will never be in Italy. The Italian people as a whole are not very religious. The Vatican realizes that the cradle of Christianity now ensconces millions that are at best prosaic Catholics. A movement to restore temporal power would probably fail as long as the Italian people are in their present skeptical mood. They have the greatest admiration for Catholics of foreign nationalities, but they are on guard against any pronounced revivals, such as that now being undertaken in France.

The Vatican's Dilemma

BUT the point is that any contradictory movement is open to suspicion. There are nations, or governments, to be more exact, that align themselves on the side of the Vatican and use it as a vehicle of unilateral statesmanship. The Catholic revival in France is looked upon with great suspicion by the Italian people, who see in it an opportunity for Quai d'Orsay to imitate Hapsburg tactics. It is within the memory of the majority that the Separation Law was effected in France. It is a matter of 15 years. Premier Briand gave the problem of "diplomatic relations" with the Vatican a political tinge when the Senate voted in his favor last December, notwithstanding some very evident dissatisfactions, due to secret understandings.

The Vatican's dilemma has been obvious. It could not reject French overtures, nor could it logically impugn the motive behind these overtures, especially since reports indicated a revival on the part of the people, perhaps due to the exalted emotionalism of the war period, coupled with the never-ending funeral, victory or other services.

The Italian people themselves, on the other hand, without questioning the merit of reawakened religious sensibility, are against political recognition of it by such an unrepresentative government as Briand's has been.

Not a little has been said about the possibility of a formal friendly understanding between the Vatican and the Italian Government. But for the fact that the Italians are very poor propagandists, because they do not understand publicity as publicity is understood in America, it could be said that the persistent publication of this bit of news might be due to some well-defined policy of one or the other camp. As it is, the most influential newspapers put the burden of proof on the Vatican.

To what is due this situation? Why is the Pontiff willing to isolate himself, physically, from the world? Who can deny the wonderful influence that a Pope would have if he, as a spiritual leader of people between the two poles and beneath the equator at every point, should go among them? Is it not probable that during the war if the Pope had suddenly appeared among any of warring factions, or in the capitals where statesmen machinated, he could have achieved that which he sought by means of correspondence?

This leads to a related conjecture. A native Roman propounded it: "It is conceivable that Pope Pius IX, who suffered the loss of temporal power, should have felt so profoundly about it as to virtually immolate himself, but is it possible that every succeeding Pope must feel the same way about it, merely because one set the example?"

He Must Follow Fixed Methods

TO THIS, the answer is an emphatic negative. It was gravely doubted if Cardinal Rampolla, considered the natural successor to Leo XIII, would have sacrificed his liberty to that extent. Pius X chafed under the restraint imposed upon him; his limited liberty was not voluntary, and it has even been asserted that he made some very strong representations against the policy, but to no avail. I myself asked Cardinal Merry del Val, then Papal Secretary of State, about the custom, but he offered no solution.

Benedict XV probably did not find the régime distasteful, because by nature he was studious, retiring, and thrived upon solitude. Four years of war at almost close range rendered his stay desirable from the standpoint of a spiritual observer. Yet, as already said, the condition seriously minimized the greatest opportunity available to the man whose position qualified him to offer his pacific services as the Chief Minister of Christianty. He was limited to words at a time when men believed not in words.

What of his successor? Will he, too, abjure the world? And if so, why?

It is utterly futile to speak of "liberal" or "illiberal" popes. Naturally, cardinals differ as to temperament, intention, and ecclesiastical interpretation. Yet the Vatican is a most complicated organization, and once elected, the Pope must follow the methods of the Curia. The Curia exercises its influence in many ways. Some times a vigorous prelate occupying the state chair under an easy-going pontiff may frustrate whatever progressive tendencies the latter may have, but, on the other hand, as in the case of Leo XIII and Cardinal Rampolla, two men of massive intellect met and conferred, with the Pope winning out.

One need but refer to the aftermath of Pius IX's accession to the throne of St. Peter. His choice was greeted by Romans with unbounded enthusiasm. At once he inaugurated a series of reforms, consonant, of course, with the times. Opposition was soon discernible; the *Setta Gregoriana* exerted every influence against him, until the determined Pontiff in self-defense formed a new council from the younger prelates.

Benedict's Death Means Delay

THE situation, however, is extremely delicate, and the death of Pope Benedict at a time when there was every tendency for a reconciliation with the Italian Government means a delay, even if his successor is minded to continue the indicated policy. But the greatest trouble is that just about the time that the Vatican had set its house in order, during the fifty-one years intervening since Rome became free, foreign intrigue, generally disguised as advanced diplomacy, should obstruct the delayed but none the less ideal steps of the Vatican toward brotherly peace within Italy.

For two years there have been rumors about the Vatican being invited to participate in the League of Nations. It was a disappointment to Vatican officials that a formal invitation to participate was never tendered. There are two sides to this question. The first is that the United States does not see its way clear to recognize the Vatican officially, for reasons that are obvious. The other is that it would not be possible to invite the Vatican to equal participation in any international agreement to which Italy is a party, until and after Italy and the Vatican have satisfactorily settled their own difficulties.

The death of the Pope at this time will naturally have a repercussion both in the limitation of armament agreement, so far as this has been developed, and the proposed Genoa conference, in both of which he was greatly interested. This influence, perhaps, was not directly traceable to the Vatican as it was to Benedict himself, whose conservative but cleverly progressive tendencies were thoroughly understood and appreciated by such a statesman as Mr. Lloyd George.

A Liberty Statue in Germany



The Bavarian Statue of Liberty at Munich, resembles our own statue of the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor. The American statue, however, is much taller than the German one.

Making the Soldier Bonus a State Investment

Wisconsin Paying Its Debt of Gratitude by Educational Plan

By BRUCE R. McCOY

THE soldier bonus question as a national issue has developed into a discussion of national expediency. The division in Congress rests on the problem of how to provide funds necessary to put bonus legislation into effect. As to the actual form which national bonus legislation should take, there has been no pronounced difference of opinion.

Members of Congress are apparently in harmony on the conception of providing some sort of cash reward as an expression of the nation's gratitude to those who served the country in the World War.

While Congress wrangled over the financial obstacle blocking the path of a national money bonus, Wisconsin has placed on her statute books a piece of bonus legislation which goes deeper than the cash reward concept of national gratitude.

The Badger State is now entering on the third year of the operation of a soldier bonus law, which is conceived in an idealism not satisfied with a money reward as a recognition of the state's gratitude to her war veterans.

Educational opportunity to any Wisconsin man or woman discharged or released on honorable conditions from any branch of the military or naval service of the United States is the conception of bonus legislation embodied in Wisconsin's educational bonus law.

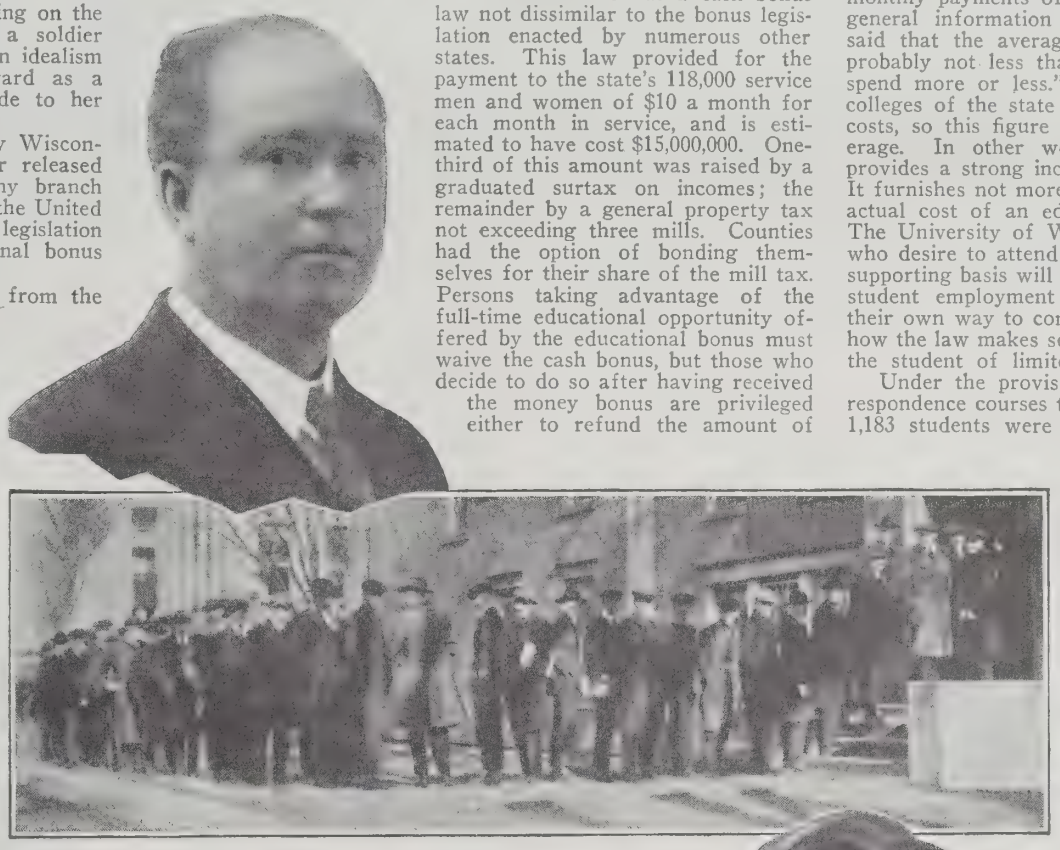
This law, called the Nye Act from the state senator who conceived and fathered the original bill, offers four kinds of educational opportunity to service men and women:

1. The state pays $30 a month to bonus students for each month in regular attendance at an educational institution for those who choose to take advantage of the full-time educational opportunity.

2. The state offers without cost to the bonus student the entire range of correspondence courses given by the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin, in which more than 400 courses are available.

3. The state will provide for the organization of free evening class instruction in any locality of the state where there is adequate demand.

4. The state will provide for the establishment of special schools to meet the special needs of persons intending to take advantage of the educational opportunity.



Above—STATE SENATOR RAY J. NYE, of Superior, Wisconsin, who conceived and fathered Wisconsin's educational bonus law, the first law of its kind on record. Below—Group of war veterans attending the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, waiting in line to receive their monthly educational bonus payment of $30.

The Wisconsin law constitutes the most comprehensive piece of bonus legislation offering educational opportunity adopted by any of the states.

"The cash bonus did not satisfy the idealism of America or Wisconsin," explained Dr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick, who, as secretary and statistician of the State Board of Education, has been responsible for the administration and interpretation of Wisconsin's educational bonus law.

"The idea of giving the soldiers and sailors, as an expression of gratitude of the state, further educational opportunity is a conception worthy a democracy. It is in keeping with the great public service which these men rendered or were ready to render to this nation. And the state, in making such an offer to the soldier, is serving well its own purpose of promoting the common welfare. Nothing can improve the state more than a general increase in the intelligence and information of its citizenship. Such a result is to the state immediately and ultimately of greater value than any material advancement that could come to it.

"In the idea of an educational bonus for those who served the country during the recent war the interests of the individual and the state are one, and it is peculiarly fitting that the gift the state should give to these men is further educational opportunity."

Former Governor E. L. Philipp, who called a special session of the state legislature in 1919 to pass the Nye bill, characterized the educational bonus as "a gift that the soldier can neither lose nor squander; one that will be helpful to him during the remainder of his life."

Conceived and fathered by State Senator Ray J. Nye, of Superior, Wisconsin, the bill was passed by the legislature in the regular session of 1919, vetoed in its original form by the governor, and finally revised and enacted into law by a special session of the legislature in September, 1919.

The law embodies four essentials of bonus legislation:

1. The educational opportunity must be available—not merely potentially, but actually available—to all persons to whom the offer is made without reference to their educational preparation.

2. The educational opportunity must be of such a character as to meet the widely varied needs of the persons for whom it is intended and given at such times and for such periods as will make the opportunity actually available.

3. The legislation is designed as an expression of gratitude on the part of the state to those who served the nation directly in a military way—and all such should be included within the provision, particularly nurses.

4. There ought to be centralized and flexible administration of the law.

The State Board of Education is charged with the general administration of the law and is given plenary power to make rules and regulations to carry the law into effect. The law also creates an academic advisory board of five members to advise the State Board of Education on academic questions in connection with the administration of the educational bonus.

Wisconsin also has a cash bonus law not dissimilar to the bonus legislation enacted by numerous other states. This law provided for the payment to the state's 118,000 service men and women of $10 a month for each month in service, and is estimated to have cost $15,000,000. One-third of this amount was raised by a graduated surtax on incomes; the remainder by a general property tax not exceeding three mills. Counties had the option of bonding themselves for their share of the mill tax. Persons taking advantage of the full-time educational opportunity offered by the educational bonus must waive the cash bonus, but those who decide to do so after having received the money bonus are privileged either to refund the amount of their cash bonus or have it deducted from the sum due as an educational bonus.

The educational bonus law is effective till July 1, 1924. It is now well advanced in the third year of its operation. During the first year, the state paid $811,580 to former service men and women. This figure does not include the cost of free correspondence and evening class instruction. It is estimated that the entire cost of the educational bonus for the five years will amount to $5,000,000. The law provides for raising the money from two additional taxes: a tax not exceeding one mill on each dollar on the assessed valuation of the state to be levied annually for five years; a surtax on incomes in addition to the present normal tax to be levied for five years at graduated rates. Thus far the expenses of the plan have been met with revenue raised from the income surtax, and it seems possible that the state will find it unnecessary to resort to the property mill tax to finance the plan.



DR. EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK,

Secretary, Wisconsin State Board of Education, who has been responsible for the administration and interpretation of the educational bonus law.

The results accomplished thus far by the educational bonus are best shown by statistics of the educational bonus administration. Figures are given here for three years, although the third year is not yet complete and its statistics will be subject to revision later.

Under the full-time educational provision of the law, which gives the bonus student $30 a month while in regular attendance at an educational institution, the State Board of Education has made a total of 14,992 assignments—5,386 during the first year, 5,167 the second year, and 4,439 thus far in the third year. These figures include assignments to both regular and summer sessions and naturally would include some duplications in the case of individual students attending more than one year. Of the total assignments in three years, 13,383, or almost 90 per cent, have been made to 218 state institutions; including 11 universities and colleges, nine state normal schools, 132 high schools, nine vocational schools, six grade schools, 10 county agricultural and training schools, and 41 other institutions, such as military, business and religious educational institutions. Sixteen hundred and nine assignments have been made to out-of-state institutions. Curiously enough, the number of out-of-state institutions to which bonus students have been assigned is the same as the number of state institutions, 218.

The list of institutions to which bonus students have been assigned furnishes an interesting commentary on the kind of education which is demanded by former service men and women. Wisconsin bonus students in various specialist schools and colleges in and out of Wisconsin are studying everything from theology, evangelism, music, osteopathy, orthodontia and naprapathy, to ladies' and gentlemen's designing, watchmaking, chiropody, aviation, veterinary science and barbering.

Assignments have been made to schools and colleges in a majority of the states of the country. Wisconsin bonus students are now or have been in attendance at three different universities in France, two in England, one in Norway, one in Belgium, and one in Japan.

The student taking advantage of the full-time educational opportunity receives about $270 a year in nine monthly payments of $30 each. The latest bulletin of general information of the University of Wisconsin said that the average expense of the school year is probably not less than $575, "although many students spend more or less." The tuition charged by private colleges of the state is partially offset by lower living costs, so this figure probably approximates a fair average. In other words, the educational bonus law provides a strong incentive, not a gratuitous education. It furnishes not more than one-third to one-half of the actual cost of an education in Wisconsin institutions. The University of Wisconsin advertises that "students who desire to attend the university on a partially self-supporting basis will find it possible," and the university student employment bureau advises students earning their own way to come with at least $250. This shows how the law makes self-support possible and encourages the student of limited financial means.

Under the provision of the law offering free correspondence courses to former service men and women, 1,183 students were assigned during the first year to courses given by the Extension Division of the University of Wisconsin. Of this number, 1,072 actually began work and completed 6,445 lessons. During the second year, 1,338 students were assigned to correspondence work; 1,287 actually began work and completed 9,415 lessons. The subjects covered everything from commercial correspondence, contracts, industrial management and marketing problems, to carpenters' and printers' arithmetic, a practical course in concrete, medieval history, pharmacy and practical sociology.

Many students taking advantage of free correspondence work have done so to occupy their time during a period of unemployment and have dropped the work as soon as they obtained a job. This fact explains in part the variation in the number who were assigned and the number who actually began work.

Under the provision of the law for the organization of free evening class instruction, the State Board of Education has organized special classes in various cities of the state in accounting, law, corporate organization, shop mathematics, and shop drawing. A recent interesting development of this feature of the law has been the organization of bands in several localities of the state to provide free instruction in music.

To meet a special demand for engineering and commercial work, there was organized in Milwaukee a special branch of the University of Wisconsin.

Eighty students were assigned during the first year of this special school to attend regular day classes in engineering and commerce. The net cost of the administration of this school during the first year, exclusive of the sum paid as an educational bonus to the students, was $8,917.77.

While the law necessarily imposed certain exceptions and restrictions for the protection of the state, the legislature intended that it should be liberally construed. To qualify for the educational bonus in any of its forms, for example, applicants must have been bona fide residents of Wisconsin at the time of enlistment, must have served in the army or navy of the United States for at least 90 days, and must have been honorably discharged, released or furloughed.

A few examples illustrating the liberal construction of the law are pointed out by Dr. Fitzpatrick as follows:

A student who, just before the war, was attending a college outside the state and desired to resume his studies in that college, was permitted to do so. Graduate students in out-of-state institutions who had well-advanced research work under way were permitted to continue their work. Many young men who had been injured in the war wanted to attend school, but because of their injury could not carry even the liberal requirement stated in the rule for minimum attendance. For such persons, a rule was made admitting a reduced program as full-time attendance.

How Wall Street "Milked" One Railroad

The Story of the "Katy" and the Millions Its Investors Lost

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE average stranger, sauntering through the financial district of New York, with but a hearsay knowledge of its life and doings, is generally intimidated by outward impressions. The effect of its huge structures is undoubtedly overpowering. The Bankers' Trust Building—what a stupendous pile! What an oppressive sense of marbled splendor in the wide, unfrequented halls of the Mutual Life Building! What stately majesty in the long, frowning colonnade of the National City Bank!

Instinctively the thought arises that here, behind these walls of granite, marble and limestone, the profoundest problems of our economic life are being grappled with and solved. For here at work are the masters of American finance, the men "who live in a higher sphere," to use the words of a Wall Street corporation lawyer, who spoke in defense of the greatest railroad financier of his time.

But there are certain haunts in that same district, where one may find congregated the old veterans of the Street, the "Shadows," the "Ghosts," the men who barely survived or were broken in its savage struggles. And these men will tell you that in New York finance there is no cogitation of weighty problems, and that its operations are simple as a child's game. A game such as boys play, grown-up boys, it is true, and mighty ones, trained in skill and cunning, playing with all the selfishness, indifference and thoughtlessness of boyhood.

This article is intended to describe one of these financial plays—one of which the Street knows very little, and the country nothing at all. In Wall Street, this game is known as "milking a railroad dry."

Road Soon Hit Financial Rocks

SOME years ago, two powerful Wall Street financiers, each of them the head of a great banking institution, acquired, with their associates, control of a railway. These two men were not novices in the financial management of railroads. Each was backed with a wealth of experience in this particular pursuit. The road they had bought had been built up and carefully managed over a long period of years by John D. Rockefeller and William Rockefeller. Annually it earned a large surplus over all expenses and charges, and this net surplus in its treasury at times amounted to many millions.

The road, with its splendid record of earnings and its uninterrupted profits, enjoyed the public confidence as an investment property. Its securities were regarded as gilt-edged. It was, therefore, in excellent condition to be exploited.

To carry on the plans they had formulated, the two financiers of whom I speak, elected themselves, or their representatives, to the executive committee of the board of directors of the company. By this action they made themselves managing directors. And every step that was taken in the operations which I am about to describe, was authorized by these two men.

A fine, solvent railroad was now to be made a football in the hands of a financial group. The financiers announced that they were about to inaugurate "a conservative and protective development and extension" of the company's lines.

Those who have gained costly experience by placing their money in similar ventures, may well shudder at the cynicism of this well-known financial phrase.

Less than five years later, the two bankers *quietly and without public announcement, resigned* from the management of the property.

Twelve months afterward, it was suddenly and officially made known that the railway company was bankrupt, its empty treasury facing a deficit of millions, while its securities to the amount of nearly $250,000,000 were in the hands of the public or in the vaults of great life insurance companies, a large part of them worthless, or with principal and interest overdue and unpaid.

Wall Street Never Pays for Its Wrecks

WHAT had happened to the splendid property in this short space of years? Why had the two men deserted it? How had all this come about? To date it has remained a mystery. It is the province of this story to disclose the facts.

It may be said at this juncture, however, that for six long years the railroad lay bankrupt, its bills and obligations unpaid. A short time ago, or to be more exact, on November 22, 1921, two large Jewish banking houses in Wall Street announced that they had developed a plan for the "financial reorganization" of the company. This plan consists in the proposed assessment of the impoverished stockholders to the tune of $18,420,000. For you see, Wall Street financiers themselves never pay the bills of properties that crumble to pieces under their hands.

In previous years, men and women had been induced, by plausible publicity, to invest their savings in the $76,000,000 worth of the stock of the company. These shares, with an original face value of $100 each, are at the present writing being footballed among the brokers of the New York Stock Exchange at a price of $1 and $2 each for an engraved stock certificate.

Today American investors are asked to pay for the follies of the old banking management whose policy wrecked the road. In this country, the story of the public investment in railroad and industrial stocks is one of the most disheartening on record. For years the people have been deluded with the notion that if they buy such stocks, they can rest in idleness, while the real workers of the land will toil and make them rich. But a new era has dawned in the management of public corporations, bearing with it the promise of a cure for this delusion.

Twenty years ago, a small railroad, little more than 2,000 miles in extent, traversed a territory in the Southwest, from Kansas City and St. Louis on the north, down to Galveston. It carried the wheat, lumber, oil and cotton of the West down to the Gulf of Mexico. And since it traveled through three large states, it was named the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, more popularly and for the sake of abbreviation, known as the "Katy." In Missouri its lines were fed by Hannibal, St. Louis, Kansas City; and in Kansas it touched Junction City and Parsons. It cut south through Oklahoma into the great state of Texas, on its way touching Denison, Dallas, Waco, Houston and Galveston.

The small line had grown up in successive years, with varying fortunes from a 300-mile fragment, known in 1872 as the Southern Branch of the Union Pacific Railway. It had waxed, until, as I say, some 20 years ago, it was a line of 2,197 miles in extent, owned by the two leading members of the Rockefeller family, who had gained ownership five years before. At this period its gross earnings aggregated $12,000,000, and after payment of the expenses of operation, there was left $4,000,000 to devote to interest and sinking fund charges, leaving as a rule a surplus over all charges and expenses of some $500,000.

For 10 years the railway was nursed quietly into a larger existence, the surplus funds being placed back into the property, so that few new bond issues were needed for financing its requirements. The company became entirely free from floating debt. Not once in all its years had it incurred a deficit. Indeed, its surplus in 1903 amounted to $1,099,916; in 1905 to $1,267,190; in 1907 it reached the large figure of $3,682,311.

The Katy by this time had sent its arms out in all directions. It had reached Joplin, Missouri; Shreveport, in Louisiana, and had extended to Wichita Falls and San Antonio, Texas, on the West. It had gained a rail length of more than 3,000 miles, and its gross earnings had doubled.

In other words, the railway was developing along natural, healthy lines. Wall Street, that narrow, cavernous thoroughfare, thousands of miles away, where men gambled on prospects and the work of others, was scarcely a factor in its entity. The Katy was serving its territory, and growing with its growth.

But events important to the small line's destiny were impending now. The Rockefellers had disposed of their interests and retired from the board.

Hiding Debts to Fool Investors

THERE was in Wall Street at this time a railway financier, who, because of his cold-blooded characteristics and lack of scruples, was known as "The Man of Ice." He was then owner of the Minneapolis & St. Louis and Iowa Central systems, and for many years he had been identified with Western railway lines, which he and his associates had acquired, not for the purpose of serving the public, but to make money for themselves.

The covetous eyes of this financier became centered upon the Katy. He observed its steady growth and its prosperity. Now that the interests that had built it up had left the board, he saw an opportunity for a profitable "deal." Such deals of his and his partners had often been financed by the head of a large Jewish private banking house in New York and he interested this banker in the project.

In 1909 came the announcement that stock control of the Katy had been obtained by a financial group, headed by The Man of Ice and his Jewish associate. The Katy was now in control of a proverbial Wall Street "ring." The "ring" had merely bought a majority of the stock. That enabled its members to do whatever they wished with the Katy. They elected themselves to the directorate, and took control.

Immediately the conservative policy that had built up the railway property was overturned. The treasury that had accumulated many millions was swiftly emptied. The surplus that had accumulated in the Katy since 1906, amounted to $7,980,000. This sum was at once expended on "improvements and betterments," including several other items. The surplus was in the treasury in the form of bonds. *The banking house to which these bonds were sold obtained the enormous amount of $1,389,400 in the form of discounts and commissions.*

The "conservative and protective development" which was heralded by the new directors consisted in the purchase by these financiers of numerous terminal and subsidiary railroad properties, which were attached to the main systems of the Katy. These properties were bought at high prices, and their first mortgage bonds were guaranteed, principal and interest, by the Katy.

I shall give one example of the caliber of the properties which were thus loaded upon the Katy by the "ring." This was a small railroad line, entitled the Houston & Brazos Valley road, which had been bankrupt for five years. It had failed to meet its fixed charges in the year 1908 by $1,512. In 1912, this deficit had increased to $21,891. This line was bought in 1913, in which year its deficit jumped to $27,806. In the year following its purchase, the deficit was $82,286. The little property was bankrupt before its purchase by the "ring," and it has been bankrupt ever since.

At this very time, there were outstanding, in the hands of individuals, who had trustingly invested their savings, and in the vaults of savings banks and insurance companies, which handle the savings of the people, $250,000,000 of this railroad's stocks, bonds and notes.

Our highest law designates the directors of a railroad company the "trustees" of its security-holders!

In loading new properties of this kind upon the Katy, the financial "ring" made the mileage greater and increased the gross earnings. The Katy was thus made to appear to be expanding at a rapid rate. But the huge debt that was being piled up in the background was kept invisible.

Now the opportunities for financing were ripe. *"Financing" means the creation of a large debt through the sale of bonds and notes to the investment public.* It is in this wise that financiers make their profits, and it was for this reason that the group in question had bought the Katy.

But these experienced men did not issue one large mortgage bond to finance their purchases. There would have been but small profit to them in that. They adopted a new and dangerous form of financing. They made, over a series of five years, a long list of bank loans and short-term note loans, which were renewed from year to year, thus having the advantage of generous discounts and commissions on each of the many transactions.

How the "Ring" Piled Up Huge Debts

IT IS a peculiar fact in Wall Street's finance, that whenever a railroad debt becomes due, it is paid for by making a much larger loan. In few instances that have ever come under my observation, have loans been met with smaller loans, the balance being paid from the net profits of the company. *Wall Street's theory is that no corporation should ever pay a debt.* Thus funded debts accumulate, roll up into vast sums, until in a trying moment in the corporation's life, the obligations cannot be paid. Then bankruptcy ensues, which means that the persons who have invested in the securities of the company lose a portion of or all of their money. *But Wall Street never loses.* It has obtained its discounts and made its commissions, and its duties have ended by loading the burden of obligations upon the public. We shall see that this method was religiously followed in the financial program of the Katy "ring."

When the "ring" bought the first terminal property and loaded it upon the Katy in the year 1909, these gentlemen contracted a loan for six months with a banking house, for $2,000,000. At the end of the half-year period, this loan was met with another loan for three months, amounting to $3,600,000.

Thus, in 1909, two bank loans were made, amounting to a total of $5,600,000. When these matured in 1910, they were met with a one-year note loan of $10,000,000. This was met in the following year by a two-year loan of $12,850,000. In 1912, this loan amounted to $17,500,000. In 1913, the loan had assumed the huge amount of $19,000,000.

So, from the original loan of $2,000,000 contracted by the directors in 1909, we see in 1913 a debt rolled up into $19,000,000. What had the Katy to show for this debt? A terminal property or so, and a few minor payments made on its equipment.

This transaction is made clearer in the following table:

1909—$2,000,000 loan for six months $3,600,000 loan for three months	$ 5,600,000
1910—$10,000,000 one-year notes to provide for above 1909 indebtedness	10,000,000
1911—$12,850,000 two-year notes to provide for above 1910 indebtedness	12,850,000
1912—$3,150,000 additional two-year notes bringing this issue to amount of $1,500,000 additional one-year notes bringing maturing indebtedness by May 1, 1913, to	16,000,000 17,500,000
1913—$19,000,000 two-year notes to provide for above 1912 indebtedness	19,000,000

Other Lines Wrecked the Same Way

"BUT," I hear a reader exclaim, "you are unjust to the Street. You are citing an exceptional case—a line in the hands of a group of railroad wreckers."

To which I am constrained to respond: On the contrary, these are the traditional methods of Wall Street finance. Operations such as these wrecked the Rock Island. Financing of this sort brought the New Haven Railroad to an evil pass. It was through this program of conservative expansion that the old Hollins Syndicate inflated the C. H. & D. bubble, and burst it.

To be sure, The Man of Ice and his associates represented a group of railroad gamblers. But allied with them, and dominating the board of the Katy as managing directors, were two powerful bankers of Wall Street.

The most prominent of these was a partner in the large international banking house—a man of alien race and foreign nationality—which was foremost in financing the Katy.

The next in importance was the president of a leading Wall Street trust company on whose board the international banker was a director.

The transactions as above outlined, and others that shall follow, were authorized by the member of the alien international banking house and the president of the trust company.

(Concluded on page 14)

He Taught Himself Thirty Languages

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY



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WILFRED STEVENS,

State Department translator, who knows thirty languages.

WILFRED STEVENS is translator for the State Department and knows nearly all the languages of the world—Chinese, Sanscrit, Hungarian, Russian, Swedish, Turkish and everything.

Of course, he does not literally know all the languages, but he knows all those that are likely to be often needed in the relations of this government with its fellows. He reads, writes, translates 30 languages. There remain few languages of importance that he does not know, save those of India, in which America has little interest.

The acquisition of these languages is as remarkable a mental feat as one is likely to observe in a decade. One encounters an individual here and there who knows a half dozen, 10, even 20 languages, but I have never before met a man who was master of 30, nor have I ever heard of such a man. And then Mr. Stevens has a peculiar interest, because he is by way of standing between us, a one-language people, and the rest of the world in our official relations.

Those linguists one usually meets have sprung up from Central Europe, where they have begun by acquiring a number of tongues in the days of their childhood, mingling with polyglot peoples. If the parents of a developing child should make three or four moves about Europe during his upbringing he might unconsciously absorb half a score of languages.

But this man Stevens was born and raised right here in the United States, of old-time American stock. He has never been abroad. He never studied a language in school. He did not even have a foundation of Latin or Greek. All his languages have been acquired in the United States and through his own initiative. His contact with the spoken word has been but occasional as he was able to get in touch with the incidental foreigners who dwell among us.

He Learns German and French

I WENT to see this man of many tongues over at the State Department. Up near the roof, under the eaves, in a cramped little office, surrounded by innumerable dictionaries of many languages, sits the official translator of Uncle Sam's foreign office. I asked him how a man proceeded with the task of acquiring and filing away in his mind the limitless detail of languages.

Mr. Stevens told me that when he was a boy his father was the publisher of a little weekly paper in a town in Minnesota. His father and mother were both of English descent and neither knew any foreign language. The first interest which he remembers in speaking other than English lay in the satisfaction he obtained by talking "hog latin," or in otherwise devising a manner of speech which could be understood by one of his associates, but which would mystify the others. A little later he found that some members of the community in which he lived spoke German and that if he knew this language he and the German boys would be able to confound the rest of their playmates.

It was to accomplish this purpose that he first began studying German. Once started, the acquisition of this language fascinated him and he worked on it most industriously. There were German newspapers printed in Minnesota and these he read regularly. There were many Germans living in his village, but they were mostly prejudiced against speaking their native tongue. However, when they discovered the boy's earnestness to learn it they were ready to help him. In three or four years he had an easy speaking and reading knowledge of German.

In Minnesota also there were a good many French people who had drifted over from Canada. Having mastered the German, Stevens, while still a boy, became curious to know how it was that these Frenchmen managed to express themselves and he began to talk with them. He says it has always been true that when he started on a language he was consumed with such a desire to master it that he worked on it long hours, day or night. He did this with his French. So it came to pass that when this American lad arrived at the age of maturity and became a printer in his father's shop, he was, despite the fact that he had never studied them in any school, the master of two languages other than his own.

Thus equipped, Wilfred Stevens came as a young man down to Washington and obtained a place as typesetter in the government printing office. There his knowledge of two languages other than English was soon discovered and he became a proof reader on manuscripts which required knowledge of these languages. He still regarded his knowledge of these languages as a mere incident, however, and had no scheme for other linguistic study until one day another printer told him that interest was increasing in Spanish and that he should acquire that language also. On this suggestion of an associate he began the study of Spanish and was progressing toward its mastery when he ran on an advertisement inserted by the War Department for a translator of German, French and Spanish. He took this examination, passed it, and thus, nearly 30 years ago, became a linguist by profession.

For four years this young man worked as translator for the War Department. At the end of that four years he took an examination for the position which he now holds as translator for the State Department, and in that examination succeeded in demonstrating his ability to put nine European languages into English. Thus was it shown that in the four years during which he worked for the War Department he had acquired six languages besides those he had known when he went to work for that department. These languages were Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Dutch, Swedish and Norwegian.

Study of Arabic Rests His Mind

ONE after another of these by dint of unending toil he had been able to file away in its particular pigeonhole of the mind.

When Mr. Stevens had learned a dozen European languages he began to feel that the task he was placing on his mind was becoming a bit weighty and to wonder how long his ability to acquire tongues would continue. It was at about this time that the translation of Arabic, that language which is the basis of most of the tongues in Western Asia, was put up to him. In his study of Arabic he found that it was the written character which he must learn and that the task was largely visual. His mind had to remember how a character looked rather than its spelling or pronunciation. The task was different from that of the other languages. It proved a rest to his tired brain and the study of it became a sort of relaxation. Arabic, however, presented an unusual complication, for Mr. Stevens found that its dictionaries were based almost exclusively on one piece of literature, "The Arabian Knights." One could readily find synonyms for those words which appeared in that classic, but when he undertook to translate from the Arabic subjects which required different terms there was little help available in dictionaries extant.

As he went along Mr. Stevens made extensive additions to his translators' dictionaries. His Arabic dictionary, for example, is very full of marginal entries, in an infinitely fine hand, of words which did not appear in it. This is true of one and another of the languages which he has studied, and the publishers of these dictionaries may greatly improve them when new editions come out if they learn of these marginal entries made in an attic of the State Department and include them.

It was at about this time that Mr. Stevens undertook the greatest task of them all, the mastery of Chinese. Chinese was likewise a visual language, and the signs which represented its syllables and words had primarily to be learned by sight. Chinese is, of course, the language of them all which requires most detailed study in its acquisition. Every word in the language is a picture and one must learn the meaning of that picture and retain it and be able to fit it into its combination when it recurs in his reading. Thus, where English has its 26 characters, Chinese has its tens of thousands, and the educated Chinese himself never learns them all.

Day and night for years did this translator, with all the intensity of a sportsman in pursuit of a new creature of the wilds, stalk through the preserves of Chinese literature and bag an ever-increasing appreciation of the meaning of that oriental language so different in form and so different in fundamental thought from any of those of the West.

On a knowledge of Chinese he built an understanding of Japanese, for, it must be remembered, the latter people were entirely illiterate until they came into contact with the Chinese and from them borrowed the fundamental principles of a written language. The State Department is now able, through its translator, to get offhand at the meaning of any message in either of these oriental languages.

Hungarian the Most Difficult

WITH the increase of emigration from Europe, with the development of intimate relations with different peoples of the world, the need of the State Department for knowledge of one language after another has developed. Some years ago, for example, there grew to be a considerable need for translations from the Hungarian and the department's language expert undertook a mastery of that language. He is authority for the statement that Hungarian is the most difficult language in Europe to learn.

Most of those new countries which have evolved in Eastern Europe since the war have Slavonic languages closely related to the Russian, which Mr. Stevens reads very readily. He has been able, therefore, to acquire an ability to translate the communications of these new countries. But one of them has required special study and so the language which he has most recently learned has been that of Lithuania which, strangely, is the language in the world today which is most closely related to ancient Sanscrit, which formed the principal basis on which nearly all the languages in the West were built. This State Department interpreter had long ago mastered Sanscrit, and to him has been revealed a world of interest in tracing the striking relationships between modern Lithuanian and ancient Sanscrit.

Mr. Stevens does not, because he has acquired so many languages, depreciate the difficulty of learning even one of them. To master a single language, like French, for example, which he says, is the prettiest of languages and among the easiest, is a stupendous task. To thoroughly learn Hungarian is almost impossible.

He Has a New Language All Prepared

ON THE basis of the infinite study that he has given to the language of the world, this translator of our State Department has built a new plan of language; has, in fact, developed an independent language which he hopes to give to the world. Tediously through many nights of the past decade he has labored on the vocabulary of this language. It is built on the principle that language should be founded on root words, which are of but one syllable and each of which has a very definite and unchanging meaning. From all the languages he knows he has sought out such monosyllabic words and has set them down and defined them. Thus from all languages he has built up a common language, which he regards as being superior to them all. Expression in this language results from combinations of these root words. It requires but half the space of English, which is probably the briefest of all languages of the world. The manuscript dictionary which lays the basis of this language by this master is written. So sensitive is he about it that he refuses to allow it to be published while he is living. Out of his modest salary, for the government pays this man of many tongues but $2,100 a year, less than it pays proof readers, from whose ranks he was recruited 30 years ago, he has set aside a fund which guarantees the publication of his dictionary after he is dead. Thus does he protect himself against the possibility of having his work uncharitably received and against the annoyance of being lionized should it prove an immediate success.

His Highness the Carp Evicts Native Fish

Rough Foreigner That Usurps Our Beautiful Lakes and Rivers

IN COMMON with other things American, the true, gamey, native American fish are being crowded out of American waters. The invader and supplanter is the carp. It is now one of the most common fish in American lakes and rivers. It is steadily usurping all the fishing grounds and in a comparatively brief time the native American species, the finest fish in the world, will be a thing of the past.

The carp question has a commercial and racial side which prevents suitable action for the defense of American fish. The carp is a favorite of certain communities where large quantities are consumed, and defenders of American fish against this invader have been amazed to discover that they are not dealing with a fish question at all, but a racial question, full of danger points and fraught with animosity.

THE carp is generally known as the "German carp," and has been regarded as a native of Europe and of Germany especially. This, however, is not true. The carp is really a native of China where it is found in profusion. Three hundred years ago it was first brought to Germany and there reared in ponds. Hence it gained the name of German carp, which it retains in this country.

That the carp should have been introduced into this country is a marvel, for there was absolutely no necessity for bringing it here. Our waters at the time of its introduction were teeming with fish of all sorts and varieties. However, foresight was lacking and so the fish was wished upon us like the English sparrow, the Norway rat, the Johnson grass and the Hessian fly. The first specimens of the carp are said to have been brought into this country by Robert A. Poppy in the year 1873. There are those who aver that the first carp were brought to America from France in 1831 by Henry Robinson, of Newburgh, Orange County, New York, and that they were planted in the Hudson River and flourished there. At any event, they were introduced; and then the fun began. In 1875 the Fish Commission of the United States undertook the propagation of the carp. The spawn was distributed free to all comers. It was not long before a carp craze swept the country. This miserable foreigner fish would thrive in the most disgusting sewer hole. If a farmer had a reeking mud-sink in his back yard, or if he had a duck pond filled with drainage he conceived the bright idea of planting it to carp. Every available ditch was stocked. In the prairie country the carp met with wide acclaim and lakes and streams that had never known fish life of any great value were planted. By the year 1885 the streams of very nearly the whole Pacific Coast of the United States were stocked and later overrun with carp. To say that today the carp owns the waters of the United States is to say the very least. A female carp of about seventeen pounds may carry as high as 2,000,000 eggs. David Starr Jordan states that something like 700,000 eggs have been taken from one of this species. A five-pound carp will produce about 60,000 eggs. In the face of this stupendous increase going on unabated it is a wonder that our native fish life has not entirely been wiped out of existence; but that it is speedily passing, all anglers know to their sorrow.

Nothing is done for the reason that "rough fish" give impetus to our internal commercial fisheries; the control of many of these fisheries being distinctly of a racial character. Only certain people eat such fish as the carp, the sucker and the red horse, indeed they esteem them as delicacies. Anyone visiting the fish markets in the East Side of New York City knows this. To see the hundreds of thousands of carp there being handled and absorbed daily is to realize more fully the meaning of it all. Carp and other rough fish are to certain types of people as dear as life itself. We are giving over our beautiful waters, permitting these crude fish to inhabit them and destroy all precious life in them to satisfy a crude foreign taste, not one of a thousand Americans ever touching a carp as food. This is a concrete fact.

Finds Big Market in the East

THREE varieties of carp are found in this country, the most common being the so-called *scale-carp* whose body is thickly covered with large scales. The *leather-carp* is almost devoid of scales. The third variety is the *mirror-carp,* which may be told from the others by the presence of some three or four rows of scales in the neighborhood of its lateral line. The mirror carp goes the highest in weight and will attain 50 pounds or more. Warm, stagnant ponds often produce gigantic specimens of this fish.

Suckers, red horse and buffalo fish are native to our waters. These three, including as a fourth, the carp, constitute the lower element of our finny life—the Bowery toughs, so to speak. The carp of the Mississippi River, on its upper waters, is given a special and prominent name by East Siders, being known as the Mississippi "sweet fish." Intense seining operations are carried on along the Mississippi River between Winona and St. Paul; "sweet fish" are there in abundance. Probably it is the refuse from the great cities on the river that make for the particular "sweetness" of this choice delicacy of the deep; nevertheless it forms an industry that as to commercial importance cannot be belittled. An idea of how vast are the numbers of the carp and how great is the market in the East may be gathered from the following: The fish that are captured also include various game fish, but these are thrown back in the water, only the rough fish kept. The rough fish are loaded into refrigerator cars, 50,000 pounds to a car, and often as high as five cars are made up, totaling 250,000 pounds, which make their way over the rails to the big cities, where they pass through various hands, finally reaching the stalls in the fish markets where they are purchased by consumers. The fish are packed in the cars in an uncleaned condition. Many cars are especially equipped with tanks of water and the fish are kept alive in these; indeed, they are often sold alive in the East Side markets.

The seining of the rough fish from the Mississippi and other muddy rivers is good work and no fault is to be found with it. But the fact that the carp is found now in all clear water lakes gives another angle to the matter. Lakes, too, are profitable fields for commercial enterprise in rough fish and are being given over to this more freely than ever before. This means but one thing—the elimination of our choice native fish as factors of importance. In the past, hundreds of thousands of anglers have annually gone to the clear water lakes, but today some of the once famous fishing lakes see but a handful of boats on the face of the waters.

Protests Are Ignored

OUR lakes in the respect of fish and fishing are blessed heritages not to be wantonly desecrated; but they have been desecrated; *our waters are now practically free of choice fish life.* The rough fish, such as carp, suckers, buffalo and red horse, are increasing prodigiously and the fish and game commissions of the various states apparently cannot be moved to attempt the netting of them to spare the better fish, although letters pour into the offices of these officials clamoring that it be done. These letters are not answered. If they are answered the main thread of the protest is skillfully evaded, a promise indirectly being made that the condition is to be "looked into."

A written protest against the condition of rough fish in those waters where they should not be permitted has been turned down by newspapers in two states. The question is a bothersome one. It should not be. The fish can be removed from the lakes by simply running a net through them in the practical and efficient manner of which the seiners make use. But the feeling is apparent that the better fish do not count, for they do not represent ready money; the rough fish represent money and therefore are permitted to increase so that when a netting is made the haul will be one entirely satisfactory from the speculator's point of view. Our commercial fisheries are important, *but there are waters restricted for such fishing and these waters should be the legitimate grounds for the industry.* Reference is here made to rivers of a muddy nature, of waters which are not fitted for the gamier native fish. Utter harm has been brought about by the overrunning of the beautiful lakes by the rough fish which goes on unabated *and without anything being done about it.*

Fine Fish Driven Out by Carp

IN STATES such as Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, once the home of some of the finest fish that abide in the waters of North America, the better fish are vanishing. The rough fish have taken possession; have destroyed the better fish *by destroying the spawn cast on the spawning grounds.* Canada has more wisely met this problem by taking the utmost care of the waters and keeping control of the rough fish so that they constitute no harm to the better grade of fish. This represents to Canada annually a vacation and resort business going into millions of dollars. Canada will become the playground of American outers simply because our waters have been almost completely turned over to the organized rough fish men, controlled as they are by one class.

Everything is being done to protect the rough fish; the native game fish are gently pushed into the background. An official of the Fish and Game Commission of Wisconsin stated quite frankly that the rough fish represented money value and that the game fish had only a sentimental value. An examination of the fish laws of Wisconsin will show that the rough fish are protected with greater care than the game fish. It has come to pass that the slimy sucker fish has attained such importance that Wisconsin will not permit you to have in your possession at any time *a sucker under nine inches in length!* To the average man this may seem as nothing; to the man who knows fish this will seem ghastly.

When the anglers and people who love our waters come into full possession of the facts they will swing into action. Our beautiful lakes, once teeming with noble game fish, have passed into alien hands for exploitation. It is a part of the re-Americanization of America that our native fish be given a chance for life.

Industry Halts At Bankers Command—By FREDERICK R. BURCH

NO ONE knows better than the bankers that the banking system is in complete command of the industrial world. There are some people who realize that this all-controlling power is unfounded. Like the hitherto accepted doctrine of the divine right of kings, when sifted to the foundation, it is found to rest upon sand.

Civilization, among other things, consists of a ready and easy method of exchanging credits. This is accomplished by the use of money, a medium of exchange.

No money, no exchange. No exchange, no business. No business, no employment.

The idea that money is a commodity that can be owned and manipulated, as such, by private individuals, brings the control thereof into the hands of the privately managed banking system. The banks are thus using a public function as private property and, at will, harassing and destroying industry and unexpectedly throwing people out of employment.

The bankers know, the world knows, that the reason for industrial upheaval and unemployment is because the business world is refused the privilege of using its credit by withholding from it the medium by which credits may be exchanged (money). This awful power whereby one private citizen can refuse another private citizen the use of that thing which he, himself, has created—his credit—is false and sustains its position by virtue of the ignorance of its falsity in the minds of those concerned.

Money is not a commodity (wealth), and hence cannot become capital. Dollars are but bridges, devised by the people as a whole, through the medium of which they expeditiously and economically carry their credits from one to another. Imagine, if you can, the stupidity of the masses when they with benign equanimity can observe a few eminent financiers establishing toll gates on each bridge and charging the people, the owners thereof, a heavy toll for their use, or, when occasion is ripe, closing the bridges altogether, thus throwing all industry into upheaval and consequent unemployment.

In the very nature of things there can be no periods of unemployment. Our daily demands are the same one day with another. We eat, wear and use as much one day as another. It requires an even flow of production to supply this even flow of consumption. Were things left to take their natural course, any industry which is "exceeding the speed limit," will, if endowed with common sense, slow down and observe the law for its own protection.

Under our present system this condition does not obtain. There is no fixed and definite limit. Business can only guess at the proper speed for today by consulting that of yesterday. The control of this matter is in the hands of the bankers who arbitrarily set the pace for the day and that very late in the afternoon.

One fine day the business world starts on its daily round. Everybody is in high glee, the cars go humming along.

The bankers, observing it will be to their interest to lower the speed limit, see, or at least pretend to see, imminent danger to all those dear people out there traveling at that breakneck speed of the yesterdays, and solemnly and prayerfully lower the speed limit almost to the vanishing point. (Call in all outstanding loans and refuse to make any more).

The business men are in trouble. Not knowing what the speed limit was to be, they have exceeded it and thus broken the law. They are under arrest, their cars have been confiscated and they are miles from home and broke. A sorry plight. The question of the unemployed is now present. As the men near home they find the bankers ready to welcome them. These oracles of economics dilate on the unfortunate circumstance, blame the reckless disregard of the law and assure the unemployed that the awful bogey of over-production or something just as hideous is to blame for it all.

An august committee is appointed and those bogeys are due for another investigation.

A Plan That Would Eliminate Unemployment

With an Amended Monetary System the Government Could Provide Work by Building Roads During Industrial Depressions

By LEE DIGBY

THE effective balance wheel in the dominant industrial problem of all civilized countries, that of unemployment, will be found in the accompanying paragraphs of this article which is submitted in the earnest hope and desire that it may lead to the taking of initial steps toward the elimination of this perplexing situation in our own country, and thus permanently place our people in the highest state of progress of any people in the world.

The writer, who has closely studied this subject for many years and under especially favorable conditions for observation, has sought clearly to portray the basic necessity at this time for the people, through their proper representatives, to grapple with the weakness of our present monetary system and so amend it, as to enable the system in the future to serve all the people in all times, whether they be of industrial activity or industrial depression. With this first step accomplished, there could be instituted a campaign of public road building in the United States, on a scale that automatically would absorb all surplus labor of the country, releasing such labor when industry demanded it for regular channels of trade. Thus at no time then, would there be a period when there would not be sufficient work to employ at fair pay, all able-bodied persons either on the vast road system building by the nation or else in the ordinary industrial channels. One would act as the balance wheel for the other, practically for an indefinite time.

Of course, the writer believes that this vast problem of unemployment, which appears to bother the entire world today, should be dealt with from the standpoint of the Golden Rule, so wonderfully taught by the Master Mind in His Sermon on the Mount—specifically stated in the seventh chapter of Matthew, 12th verse:

"Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets."

With this idea in mind we will get down to the heart of the subject and grapple with its seeming difficulties, and when we have cleared our vision from them, let us start something.

It is not difficult to convince ourselves that this great country of ours can employ all of the surplus labor and more, too, and under all conditions of business, in the construction of a national system of broad, permanently builded good roads, and in the irrigating of our arid lands and draining of swamp lands so as to open them for settlement and cultivation by the idle, yet willing-to-work, citizens of the United States.

Our government has the right and the power today to call all the state governors together in this united effort to settle for all time, this grave and vexatious matter.

Now, the principal reason for the stagnation of effort toward extensive road building in the country lies in the belief of the inability of the public to raise sufficient funds for the enormous undertaking, which would easily consume a century to bring to a full consummation, but which then would give us the greatest system of national roads the world has ever known.

With the production at this time annually of about twenty billion dollars' worth of products from the farm and soil, including all kinds of foods and clothing, building materials taken from clays and stone, all needing to be transported from point of production to point of consumption, or to seaboard for export, one can readily realize the enormous value to the country of the proposed system of permanent good roads, extending to every nook and corner of the nation. That the project would be stupendous, too, is recognized, but in that is one of its attractive features. We have thousands of the most wonderful engineers the world has ever produced, who are only waiting to "go at it" and to solve such a road system's constructive problems. The country, in other words, has the need for the roads, or the roads to build, which would make the country what it can be and should be. We have the men to build them and the materials for their construction in abundance; men trained and willing, as was demonstrated during the World War, a training and a daring never equaled in the history of the world.

The only hindrance, therefore, to the realization of this huge project, that will solve our most serious and momentous problem, is that of providing the money for the work. Now let us tackle this alleged hindrance, and solve it in true American fashion. We recognize that the curse of the world's governments today is excessive taxation. But how can we attempt a great constructive project of this character without adding to the load our already overburdened taxpayers are carrying?

Pennsylvania will spend $50,000,000 through a vote of the people of that commonwealth, on good roads. But with the present wasteful method of building roads the state probably will spend $40,000,000 in actual road construction and waste the other $10,000,000 through inefficiency. This $50,000,000, being borrowed at five per cent interest payable in 20 years, means the people of the state will have to pay practically 100 per cent interest, or in other words, the taxpayers of the state will have to pay $100,000,000 for $40,000,000 worth of good roads.

Now let us present a more sane and correct method of financing road building, with less burden attached to it. The fact should be remembered that the government of the United States can, and has the right, to issue bonds to the people to any extent for national defense and general purposes of war. Under such power, the government can issue bonds to the various states, to provide for the construction of good roads to any extent demanded. These bonds can be purchased by the various states, payable according to agreement in from 20 to 30 years in annual payments, but without interest. Please note, I say *without interest*, thus saving the people about one-half the expense of road building under present methods. Such bonds as are issued by the government can be deposited by the states with the government, after their purchase, and against them the government can issue the necessary currency to their full face value, this currency to be used for the cost of road building. The issuing of currency in this manner may disturb the minds of our financial people, but if you look into the subject carefully, you will quickly see that the lifting of the bonds by the various states means also the simultaneous cancellation of the currency issued against these bonds, thereby leaving the amount of currency the same as before the bonds were issued, and remaining so until new bonds are needed.

This proposition is a simple, hard-headed business matter that requires no philanthropy or charitable construction, but rather it is a move in the right direction toward equipping our nation for defense in case of outside attack through providing instantly highly efficient means for the transportation of troops and army supplies and commerce at a rapid rate from one point to another. But to do this, it will be absolutely necessary for the people to be considered as a whole and become, in fact as well as in theory, the power behind this government and its activities.

The next question to be settled is: How is the enormous expenditure for this improvement to be met, even without interest on the bonded debt? And here is the solution of this important factor in the proposition:

We first save 50 per cent in the cost of the roads by issuing non-interest-bearing bonds. Next, the roads will be built and paid for while in use, thereby saving the taxes ordinarily collected each year for the upkeep of the old dirt roads. Finally comes the saving through the lowering of costs of transportation throughout the nation and in the *enormous increase in taxable values of all rural properties.*

At this time there are twenty billion dollars' worth of farm produce to be hauled annually in this country, besides an ever-increasing parcel post and commercial hauling. It is estimated that it requires 50 per cent of the value of the farm products to haul them to their destination, but to be conservative, or, let us say, "play safe," we will say 25 per cent of the total value, or five billion dollars, is the cost annually for moving the nation's huge crops. Let us see what a saving of good roads would mean in this way annually.

In the old days and old methods, it was possible under favorable circumstances to haul 25 bushels of wheat or grain over a mud road 20 miles a day. This is based on the average of 20 miles' transportation from the average farm to the market. But over new and modern roads under such as proposed, experience has shown that 100 bushels of grain could be loaded and hauled and unloaded in five hours, or 200 bushels in a day of 10 hours. This performance compares with 25 bushels in 14 hours under the old method. Thus only a brief examination will show that, without a doubt, all these roads can be built out of the savings in the haulage cost for farm produce alone. Now just estimate the revenue from pleasure cars and commercial trucks in Pennsylvania alone. This would cover the payment on these roads' bonds in 30 years quite easily.

Not only can these roads be built without additional taxation, but their building will reduce taxation by increasing suburban and county population enormously and thereby enhance the value of rural lands by billions of dollars. Another and most desirable feature of this idea, and the sanest of all, will be the greater inducement to the present residents of cities to move out into the healthy suburban territory, made possible by destroying the worst enemy the human mind has to deal with—*fear and loneliness*—in the present methods of living in the open country, especially at night.

With this as a starter, one can see the limitless possibilities in this great country of ours; with abundant new fertilizers and intensive farming over the entire area of the nation, this country need not fear twice or three times the present population. But it must be a country "of the people, for the people and by the people" that can only be possible when the people handle their financial problem on the basic understanding that it is for the good of all of them, and not for a special favored few.

Now, don't say this cannot be accomplished. It is a simple mathematical proposition and accompanied by the will and push of all the people and operated on the basis of the Golden Rule, it will be unfailing in its success.

Finally, the work of building good roads and draining swamp lands should be under the direct charge of our army engineers to insure uniformity in construction and suitable strength to carry the weight of war materials and traffic in case of need; or in case of invasion by some nation. With deep foundations for such roads, of from one and a half to two and a half feet of concrete and a suitable top finish, which could be replaced when worn out, at reasonable cost, these roads should stand indefinitely and not require repairing before they are paid for.

Our army engineers are already provided for, as salaried officers of the government, trained and educated by the government for any service and for any emergency, as in case of war. By their supervision, the government would keep in touch with all the states and unify the work on a broad scale for the good of all the people without political favoritism.

Let us have more statesmanship in our politics.

Hell Gate Bridge From an Airplane



(C) Gilliams Service

This extraordinary railroad structure connecting the upper end of Manhattan Island with Long Island was recently finished after years in building, as it presented many tremendous engineering difficulties. It winds around over land and water like a gigantic reptile and is one of the sights of New York City. Because of its great length and winding nature, it has been found impossible to give any comprehensive idea of it from a photograph. This picture from the air, however, shows in its entirety this wonderwork of man. Hell Gate, from which it takes its name and which it crosses, was for years famous among navigators as a dangerous pass in the East River.

Native Haunts for Birds in a City Museum

TO THE Chicago Academy of Sciences belongs the distinction of possessing what is undoubtedly the most unique natural history display possessed by any museum in the world. It consists of 20 habitat groups showing the birds in their homes and in feeding.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about these groups is the fact that the background is in each instance a photograph of some scene in the vicinity of Chicago, taken where the material was collected, enlarged and colored. These backgrounds are so cleverly executed and placed with regard to perspective that, in conjunction with the natural material used in the foreground, such as the branches of trees, shrubbery, grass, fences, stones, and so on, they completely deceive the eye and make one believe that he is really viewing an out-of-doors scene.

The photographs used for the backgrounds were taken with cameras ranging in size from 4 by 5 to 8 by 10 inches, then enlarged to 5 by 15 feet, and tinted in transparent oil colors. The making of such huge enlargements was an achievement in itself. First, it was necessary to build enormous trays in which to develop and fix the specially manufactured sensitized paper, it being impossible to find any single sheets of the required width and length in stock. In making the enlargements six men were required to run the paper through the developer, two at each end and two in the middle. After developing the print the developer was drawn off, fresh water run over the picture and then the hypo, to fix it, turned in, in the same tray.

All the work of making the enlargements was superintended by Frank M. Woodruff, assistant curator of the museum. Mr. Woodruff also conceived the plan by which photographs of the completed groups for illustrative purposes were obtained.

To obtain the proper effect, it was found necessary to photograph the groups by the indirect light in which they are exhibited, an exposure of about two hours being required in the majority of cases.

For the same reason the tinting of the enlargements was also done by artificial light. From ten days to two weeks was required to color each picture.

The mounted birds in each group are quite as remarkable in their way as their surroundings. In assembling the groups, the academy sought for the "news interest," to make them interesting for the man who has no scientific knowledge and whose attention must be caught. Thus the attention of the visitor is not only attracted, but he sees the birds in their natural surroundings. One group, for instance, shows a couple of fine mallard ducks at sunrise. A while back and the ducks would have been as stiff as bric-a-brac; now they are poised in flight, as lightly and almost as vitally as though they were actually rising from one of their neighboring waters. Another group shows a family of kingfishers in and about their nest in a cliff.

The background for this group, which shows a stream in which a number of cows are wading, was photographed at a point where an exactly similar cliff, housing a family of kingfishers, existed.

The 20 groups cost $25,000, and required a year and a half to complete.

Anyone who has taken the trouble to watch the interest with which visitors observe and study these and other bird groups in other museums mounted within their natural surroundings will realize how great an educational factor they are. Children feel greater love for the birds when they see them patiently brooding on a nest hidden among the grasses and flowers, when they see the mother quail teaching her little ones to "freeze" beneath an oak leaf, when they see how cleverly they weave their nests, binding them tightly to the the tree branches.



Above, left—Herons and their nest. Above, right—Winter scene, with snowbirds. Below—Horned owl and young on nest.

How much wiser and more sympathetic a way to teach bird life than the olden way of dissecting them or of committing their names mechanically to memory without learning much about their pretty human ways. City children who have not the privilege of getting out into the country to see the birds in their native haunts will find such groups as these a wonderful help to their imagination. They will never forget these groups any more than they would a trip to the country where real birds live.

Few children, city or country, have seen an American eagle on its nest, few are able to see a snowy owl. These groups are almost as good as a real trip to the woods. The noticeable difference between the stiff unnaturalness of the old methods of mounting and the lifelike naturalness of these is typical of the increased interest in bird study and knowledge of their habits. This increase of interest in our little feathered friends is the result, in part, of the widespread information sent out by our government, of the great value these pretty songsters are to our country. Heretofore, we have felt them to be beautiful like the flowers, now we know them as of incalculable value. The more we learn about our bird friends the better for us all.

How Wall Street "Milked" One Railroad

Concluded from page 10

The partial cost to the Katy in discounts and interest on the security issues they authorized, amounted to the enormous sum of $6,865,425. The Jewish banker sold the $10,000,000 one-year notes to the public in 1910. In 1911, this same banker sold the $12,850,000 two-year notes to take up the $10,000,000 notes. In 1913, the same Jewish banker sold the $19,000,000 notes to take up the previous issue.

Now let us note the result.

Outwardly the Katy was growing. Gross earnings were larger from year to year. But down at the core, discounts, banking commissions and interest were eating up the surplus earnings. Railway lines acquired, on which the Katy had been compelled to guarantee mortgage bonds, principal and interest, created annual deficts in growing volumes; the short-term loans behind which, by this time, there was scarcely any equity, were a growing burden that could not possibly be met.

And these men knew it.

In the year 1914, the president of the trust company, and the partner of the alien banker quietly resigned from the directorate of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad. Such departures are usually mentioned in a company's annual report. *In this instance no announcement was made that these men had left the board.*

Financiers Get Out From Under

AN OLD ship captain whose vessel was interned in South America, once told me a sailor's yarn of how the big tropical rats had devoured his cargo and how, after they had cleaned out the hold, they gnawed a hole in the ship's bottom and sank her before they escaped.

Naturally, financiers of such prominence could not be asked to face the gathering storm. It would never do to compromise the modern system of "financiering" by letting a pair of its leading men remain on the board of the Katy in case the road defaulted.

The $19,000,000 notes of the Katy Railroad were due in May, 1915. They could not be met. In September, 1915, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad thundered into bankruptcy, with a funded debt of more than $173,000,000, and total obligations in a far greater amount.

Now why, in this emergency, did not the Jewish banker, and the president of the trust company come forward with the immense resources of their institutions to relieve the needs of the Katy? They had authorized the successive financial operations that led to the $19,000,000 note issue, which had wrecked the road. And they had profited immensely by them. They knew that intrinsically, the Katy was a solvent property. In spite of that, the Katy was deliberately doomed to bankruptcy.

More than a score of "protective committees" were immediately organized in Wall Street to "guard the interests" of the unfortunate security-holders. For Wall Street thrives on receiverships. Large sums are made through the reorganization of bankrupt properties.

Yet these two men were bankers of vast experience. The president of the trust company possessed knowledge second to no man in the reorganization of bankrupt corporations. For years he had been the most striking figure in the "protective committees" and "reorganization committees" advertised in the financial columns of the newspapers. He had that quality known as personality, was large and genial, and was never known to enter his impressive offices in Wall Street without wearing a nosegay in his buttonhole. He had reason to have confidence in his judgment. Through his management, he earned from 50 to 60 per cent dividends annually upon his company's stock. That stock, which had a par value of $100 a share, sold in the neighborhood of $1,150 a share. At Christmas time, the indulgent directors, among whom was his railroad associate, the Jewish banker, were accustomed to present him with a bonus of $50,000 in addition to his generous salary, as a token of their appreciation of his efforts in making money for them.

The head of the alien international banking house, which financed the Katy, is a small man, who may be seen daily walking down Broad street, to the Midday Luncheon Club, wearing a tall silk hat and frock coat to disguise his short stature. He is physically frail, and quite probably that is the origin of his unfortunate temperament, which has made him unpopular in the Street. The financial district has often been enlivened with stories of his quarrels with his own partners. As a matter of fact, the German partner who represented him on the Katy board soon after left again for Germany to become head of the National Bank of Berlin, because he could not get on with his associate.

Small as may be this Jewish banker's physique, he is endowed with a comprehensive brain. I met him on the day of the San Francisco earthquake, and of all the men I saw in Wall Street on that eventful day, he was the one who most ably foresaw the cruel outcome of that catastrophe, which was one of the prime causes of the panic of 1907, by reason of the wholesale destruction of real values. It is a pity that his abilities and useful knowledge are not devoted to the advantage of the country. For could not this discerning banker have foreseen the coming tragedy of the Katy?

Plight of Investors Is Pitiful

THE Katy Railroad is small compared with the great trunk lines of the country. The profits made from the "financing" of this road was merely a piker's game for Wall Street. There is no intention to sit in judgment upon the men who managed it, for, after all, they were merely following out the traditions of their calling. The average American business man could have kept this property solvent. The only conclusion to be arrived at is that Wall Street financiers are bad business men. Their absence of a sense of responsibility toward the security-holders whom they represent is one of their most remarkable traits.

As I write this, there lie on the desk beside me hundreds of letters from investors in the stock of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad. Many of these missives are heartrending. The plaint of most of the writers is that they are in no position to pay the heavy assessments demanded by the two other Jewish banking houses which have advanced the plan for the reorganization of the Katy.

These people had bought their securities, trusting in the faith of Wall Street.

That faith has not been kept.

Helping the Men Who Went Wrong Go Right

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

HE GLANCED up from his ledger and caught the invitation of the treasurer's index finger. Once before that same signal had meant a raise of $25 a month—or, as he and his wife had put it, a balance in a savings bank.

He put down his pen and walked into the treasurer's office with an expression as nearly radiant as his inscrutably set face ever wore.

When he came out, a change had come over him. His face was pallid and his lips were set. Yet he again had been offered a raise—not merely $300 a year more, but double the salary he had been getting. And instantly he had refused it. There never was a man more dumbfounded than the treasurer by that refusal. The tender of his own position, which he was soon to resign, had been curtly refused. And as though it had been notice of discharge, the man whom he had promoted to the confidential set of books had served notice that he would leave within the week. "Time to quit," the man muttered to himself, as he finished his posting, put the books away in the private office and prepared to go home.

Once before, as he vividly recalled, it had become time for him to make a sudden, iron resolution to quit. When the last bar had yielded to his saw he had heard the turnkey in the corridor and abruptly he threw himself on his bed. "Here's a paper," the turnkey had said, and went on. The prison was just waking up; summer dawn was creeping through the grated windows. He left the bunk and took the paper to the light. Soon his eye caught the dispatch from Albany that announced that the New York legislature had passed the habitual-criminal act. He shuddered slightly and glanced toward the nearly severed bars, knowing that if he escaped and was re-arrested, he would be likely never to walk the streets again a free man. It would be "life" for him. He would spend the remainder of his life like a fly in a bottle. "Time to quit," he had muttered.





Above—DR. F. EMORY LYON, of the Central Howard Association, interviewing a paroled man. This man served 11 months for robbery, was paroled, made good and was discharged with credit.

At left—A man arrested for alleged violation of the Mann Act (the woman was his legal wife), held several months without trial. The association procured his release.



A bright young chap with all the "makings" of a first-class crook. He ran away with an automobile and was given 21 months to repent. Coming to the association on parole, he was encouraged to make better use of his salesmanship experience; made steady progress during a year of parole and is apparently safely on the road to a successful business career.

Better discipline at home when he was a boy would have kept him out of trouble, but he was sent to the reform school from Cincinnati. It was only a short term, but when he went back home he was branded as a discharged prisoner of the state, one of the fraternity against which most police officers feel that they are pitted in implacable strife. When he followed his determination to be decent and get work, the first man had said: "Come around a little later." It was not only the reply, but the quizzical smile that accompanied it which had made him taste the gall and wormwood which most discharged prisoners must swallow, if unaided, a potion which turns many of them to the underworld, in desperation. He had not done so heinous a thing that mankind should shun him as a loathsome, dangerous, hunted thing. He was "broke" and hungry, but he went on hunting for a job until another man turned him down cold and added some stinging words about convicts.

That is what goaded him, as it goads others, into following a desperate game, when he met a young fellow who also had served a bit in the reform school.

They went in deep and the next sentence was to Columbus. That gave him a postgraduate course in the ways of the underworld, the tricks of the cleverest of the confidence men and burglars. With the ruses and wiles of crime an open book, his active mind soon set him to contriving burglaries as the leader of a gang, and the disposing of the loot. He never tasted liquor and was equal to any emergency. Crime became an absorbing business with him, outlawed business filled with the ever-present dread of capture. He saved money, but all he had ever saved went in the effort to save himself when he landed in an officer's arms. He was sent to the penitentiary in Kansas and there he "did time," endured the grinding monotony of prison life and prison fare, as a prisoner.

It was certain that all that buried past would be revealed, if he applied for a fidelity bond, as would be necessary, if he accepted the position of treasurer that had been offered to him. It was that which made him decide in a flash that he could not be treasurer.

That night he did not go directly home. He telegraphed to Superintendent Lyon, of the Central Howard Association in Chicago, using a name he never before had used in that town—his own. The association had found him the job as bookkeeper when he was about to be discharged from the Kansas prison. In that case he had applied without expecting anything but advice, but he discovered when his case was taken up that its affiliations and its system could help a convict when he needed it most. A day or two later he received a reply, crisp in its instruction to report at once for another position.

He got the new job, began again, and worked himself up to a good salary. Then he received an offer from another company which accepted his record in the two recent positions without questioning his past. He made good, and is now drawing $4,000 a year as sales manager. He has nothing now to fear from the police, for he is a new man, his alertness, his decisiveness turned to new use.

In the 20 years of its existence the Central Howard Association has assisted more than 15,000 men, just emerged from prison, to begin life over again, acting as the mediator between the prisoner and the rebuffs of "outrageous fortune." Most of them obtained employment with broad-minded business men who were willing to give them an opportunity.

Eighty per cent of all the men who have come to the association during the 20 years of its activity have made good, and thousands of them are now established as useful citizens throughout the country. By their own unaided efforts they could scarcely have won, since they came in most cases without money, experience or adequate initiative.

In 1920 the association assisted 2,000 men at an average cost of $7.50. Of this number 147 were paroled to the superintendent, and the earnings of these men for themselves, as given on the association's records, of monthly reports, amounted to $67,338.

The estimated earnings, on the same basis, of the 2,000 discharged men brings a total of approximately $1,000,000. Add to this amount of earnings the $400,000 that it might otherwise have cost society to keep these men in prison, and we have a net gain of 90 times the cost to the public of maintaining the Central Howard Association.

The nation-wide responsibility of the association for the proper care of the ex-prisoner is shown by its record indicating the nativity of each applicant. From 14 countries came some 350 prisoners, for whom as a foster country, we have assumed the obligation of freedom and justice. Every state in the Union furnished one or more of these men who applied to the association for aid. Inasmuch as not more than one-fourth of these men belonged to any one state, either by reason of nativity or incarceration, it is apparent that the problem of caring for them is interstate and national. No state can assume its obligation alone, since other states are necessarily already caring for some of its delinquent citizens.

The important thing for these men, and for any community, into which they happen to come, is not what they have been, but what they will become if given an opportunity. The question as to where they were born, and why, when and where they were imprisoned, fades in the face of the pressing need for work and a chance to prove their worth. This need the Central Howard Association is seeking to supply. The fruit of its endeavors is shown not only in the number of men it has encouraged, advised and aided in a material way, but in the continued and rapid changes taking place in public sentiment toward the offender and in the new freedom given to those in bondage everywhere.

One of the finest tributes ever paid the Central Howard Association is contained in the following which came unsolicited from a discharged prisoner whom the association had once befriended:

"A little more than a year ago I was discharged from a prison in New York State, where I had just finished serving a term for highway robbery committed in New York City. There I was born and there I had for a number of years pursued a criminal career. Before obtaining my freedom I had resolved to reform, to get work, and lead an honest life.

"My best efforts to get a job of any sort were unsuccessful. So about a month later I left New York, with $5 in my pockets, and an unbroken resolution to stick to living on the 'square.'

"Last August I arrived in Chicago on a Wabash box car—ragged and friendless—after a zig-zag chase of that Will-O'-the-Wisp, a job, more than 2,000 miles. In a couple of days the few dimes I had were gone for food and lodging, so that I presently found myself homeless, jobless and broke.

"In casting about for material with which to write East in an endeavor to get some money, I decided to ask a prison association to oblige me in this regard.

"A search of the city directory yielded the address of the Salvation Army Prison Bureau. Going there, I told the officer in charge that I was an ex-convict and would appreciate the favor of writing materials, and so on. He said there were no facilities there for writing; that I would perhaps find better accomodations at the Central Howard Association. He very courteously invited me to return to his office, if I met with failure there.

"On the twelfth floor of a large office building in the heart of Chicago I found the Central Howard Association.

"It was my lucky day—in that small suite of offices I was to find more than I consciously sought or from my previous experiences had been led to hope for.

"On explaining my errand briefly, a littered table was cleared for me. Pen, ink and paper provided; no questions asked, and I proceeded to write for two hours. When I finished and prepared to leave, I was called into a small private office. 'You are a stranger here? Looking for a job? Have you a place to sleep tonight? to eat?' The man who asked these questions gave me money for my supper, lodging and breakfast, and told me to come there in the morning; that he would send me to some place where I might get work.

"I left there that afternoon with a new grip on my resolve to stay straight. No word had been spoken of reform, no maudlin pretense there, but instead the square dealing of practical help and understanding.

"The next morning I was given several cards and directions. Each card bore an application for work addressed to an employer specifying the job sought and my name. Each bore the signed recommendation of F. Emory Lyon, of the Central Howard Association.

"Business was unusually depressed, and jobs more than scarce. Every day I went there for those cards until I finally procured a job. Every day for two weeks I found the same unfailing willingness to help me get work. Every night I was given money for food and lodging. Every day many others were receiving the same help and encouragement.

"Chicago may well be proud of the work of this prison association; of the work of Dr. Lyon and his assistants. The reform of a criminal is generally considered a rather hopeless proposition, both by the public and by the criminal himself, and with good reason. Therefore, the spirit and efficiency of the Central Howard Association are rare indeed."

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BRIEFLY TOLD

German engineers have surveyed a route for a Germany-New York-Chicago air line, according to reports. Two German aircraft engineers visited this country some time ago to study the possibilities of a fast Zeppelin passenger service over this route. Kite balloons tested the upper atmosphere by means of delicate recording instruments, and Weather Bureau records were examined and studied.

Fines on overdue library books paid to the public library of Chicago run $40,000 a year, according to the librarian. This money goes into a pension fund for Chicago library employes. The fund totals approximately $200,000 at this time.

The greatest home-owning city of any of the 30 largest cities in the United States is Toledo, Ohio, according to reports. Seattle and Baltimore stand second and third, respectively, and New York City is last on the list.

China's foreign trade has increased 500 per cent in the past 30 years.

The native women of the Black Forest of Germany still use the ancient spinning wheel for spinning their flax.

Samuel Pepys' books, about 3,000 in all, repose in the original bookcases, which were made for Pepys in 1666 by Simpson, "the joyner." Pepys began his diary when he was 27 years of age.

Army horses and mules are now being fed a new form of compressed food which is expected to solve the question of feeding army animals on expeditions or in times of war. The food is in the form of compressed brick containing the finest grade of oats, with about 13 per cent pure cane molasses for food value. Four quarts of oats are used in each brick. Tests are now under way at Forts Robinson, Sam Houston and Bliss, in the United States, at Coblenz, Germany, which is occupied by American forces, and in the Canal Zone. The government has purchased 20,000 tons for experimental purposes.

The *Luminara,* a newspaper at one time published in Madrid, was printed with ink containing phosphorus, enabling the reader to peruse the paper in the dark. The *Regal* was printed with non-poisonous ink on sheets of dough. After reading the printed matter on the thin sheets of dough the "paper" was eaten.

Wireless messages are being received at experimental stations in Australia in one-fifteenth of a second from London and Paris and one-eighteenth of a second from New York. The cost of wireless messages will be a third less than cable messages, according to estimates.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

The army airship Roma, recently purchased by the United States Government from Italy, was christened with a bottle of liquid air. The bottle was dropped from a free balloon on the bow of the craft.

The records of Stratford-on-Avon from 1553 to 1566 have been published by the Dugdale Society of that place.

A slab of Connecticut Valley sandstone on which are imprinted seven footprints of a giant dinosaur, which traveled that way millions of years ago, has been presented to the department of geology of Mt. Holyoke College.

Dress creations are works of art, according to a recent French ruling, and as such are protected by the counterfeiting laws. A Paris court inflicted fines and damages of approximately $1,000 each on two firms which had copied the model gowns of a Paris dressmaker.

The oldest room in the Sun Hotel at Canterbury, England, once the home of Charles Dickens, was nearly destroyed by fire recently. This building dates from 1503.

Game birds and animals of China are being wiped out owing to wholesale exportation in cold storage to satisfy the demand for foreign markets. There are no adequate game laws in that country.

Dust-shooting revolvers are part of the equipment to be taken into the jungles of Brazil by scientists. The revolvers are to be used in bringing down high-flying insects that cannot be netted. The scientists are carrying 2,000 grains of quinine, and they are planning to penetrate far beyond the River of Doubt in their search for hitherto uncaptured specimens for the zoological collections of colleges in the United States.

The French Government will erect a monument to the last American soldier killed in action in the World War. The American Legion will determine the name of the soldier.

A law banning cigarets as a "national curse" was urged by the master of the New Hampshire State Grange, at the 48th annual meeting recently held in Concord.

The American Indian Arts and Crafts Foundation is an institution organized by a Wyandot Indian, which has for its purpose the restoration of the arts and crafts of the Indian in the United States. Choice specimens of hand-made blankets, baskets and pottery are very rare, and the country is flooded with imitation art-work that passes for Indian art, says the Indian. These industrial art centers will be on or near the reservations and will furnish work for the Indians the year round.

Americans do not require passports to enter Mexico.

As a more positive means of identification for depositors in Chicago postal savings banks, the use of finger prints will be placed in effect soon. As many depositors are unable to write, the new method will furnish a simple means of identification.

In the belief that the present generation of grown-ups in Mexico enjoys the sport of bull-fighting so much that it is impossible to prohibit it, attempts are being made to keep children away from the fights. The governor of the federal district and the mayor of Mexico City have joined forces with prominent newspapers in an attempt to prevent boys and girls witnessing the brutal sport. It is believed that if the youngsters are prevented from seeing the fights the next generation will not want them.

A Scotch naturalist and explorer plans to take a 3,000-mile trip through the Sahara Desert next spring. He is in search of a man to accompany him and says the chances are even that neither of them will see civilization again. The trip is to be made to collect zoological and archeological specimens and also new animal specimens.

When an HS2L seaplane from the Canadian Government Air Station at Jericho Beach, British Columbia, was forced to land on the gulf off the Fraser River, it found itself unable to take off again on account of heavy seas. The fliers dispatched a carrier pigeon with a message to the air station. The bird flew to the roost at the station and a bell rang in the office, announcing its arrival. Help was at once sent out to the seaplane and the passengers and plane rescued.

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FEB 18 1922

Robbed and Starved by Their Guardians

The Plight of the Blackfeet, Destitute Wards of the Government

NO RICH, NO POOR, NO GOLD!

The Story of the

Market House of Guernsey

The Ancient Alphabet of Montezuma

Light Shed on Writing System Used by Primitive North Americans

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Reading the Ancient Alphabet of Montezuma

Light Shed on Writing System Used by Primitive North Americans

By DR. PEDRO M. ELIAS

Curator of the Department of Ethnological Reservations of the National Museum of Mexico.

(Drawings after Penafiel)

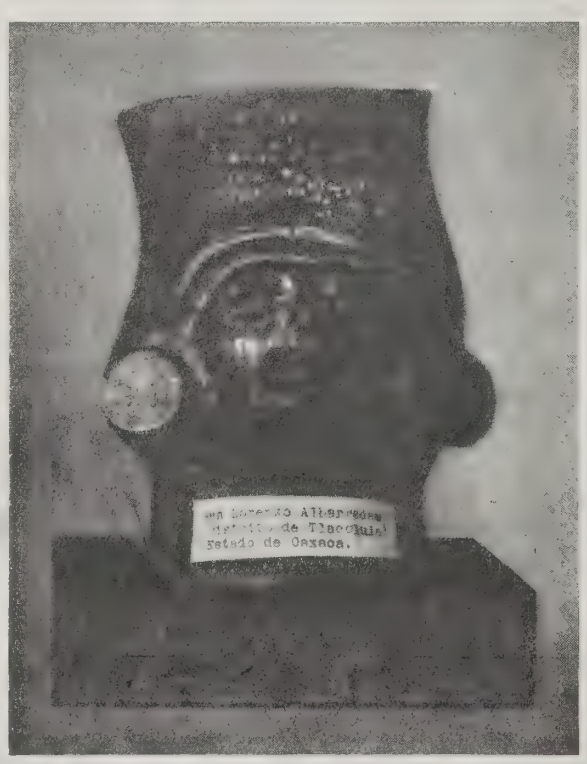
NO GREATER problem confronts the ethnologists of the world today than the history of the three empires known to have existed prior to the Conquest in the Americas south of what is now the southern boundary of the United States. Through the fanaticism of the priests who accompanied the Spanish *conquistadores,* and the destruction wrought by the soldiers in their search for treasure, the written and painted records of the Nahuas, the Mayas and the Incas were destroyed with such thoroughness that the specimens of the writing—either in characters or in pictures—left to present-day students can be counted on the fingers of both hands. Of completed manuscripts, either on the heavy paper manufactured by these races, or on deerskins, there are only seven—three of the Nahua, two of the Maya and two of the Inca—which are indubitably genuine, though there are a number of "picture-writings" made during and after the Conquest, by Nahua and Maya men who joined the Spanish forces. These were made for presentation to the Spanish conquerors, and were composed largely from the memories and imaginations of the makers, so their value historically is virtually nothing.

For more than 20 years, students in various parts of Mexico, under the guidance of officials and curators of the National Museum of Mexico, have been studying various remnants of the writings of the Nahua and Maya priests along parallel lines. That is to say, by finding a common subject treated in several writings, they have been endeavoring to evolve the system of characters used by these ancient writers to express certain sounds, and thus come at a "phonetic alphabet," if I may call it such. That is, an alphabet each character of which represents a word, a phrase or a whole sentence, something after the manner of the Chinese ideographic writing, and unlike the modern alphabet in which each letter represents a sound, which sounds, in turn, are made into words. These investigators have progressed so far that they have been able to establish certain symbols as synonymous with certain words; certain combinations of symbols as meaning certain expressions, and certain pictures—or ideographs, as some call them—as always representing the same man, place, animal, or action.

This work has been accomplished largely in the study of the language of the Nahua Empire, of which the Aztecs were in control, and of which Montezuma—or, more properly "Moquahtesuma"—was emperor, at the time of the arrival of Hernando Cortez and his band of adventurers on the east coast of the Gulf of Mexico, early in the sixteenth century. It must be understood, first of all, in any discussion of the rather remarkable discoveries these students and investigators have made, culminating during the past two or three years, that the Aztecs, though by far the best known of the peoples of the New World prior to the coming of white men, were by no means the most advanced. There were two great empires—that is to say, great, among primitive peoples—in North America before the Spaniards arrived. The greatest of these was the Maya Empire, which, originating, it is believed, about the time of the beginning of the Christian Era, in what is now the area occupied by the eastern halves of the states of Tabasco and Chiapas, in Southern Mexico, spread northward to within about 100 miles of the present Mexico City, and southward at least as far as Nicaragua, possibly clear down to the main continent of South America. This empire, which was made up of an agricultural people, with probably 50 separate tribes united in it, had a form of written communication not unlike that of the Egyptians. It had certain fixed characters, representing certain fixed sounds, and these appear again and again on both carved monuments throughout the present Mexican states of Chiapas, Tabasco, Vera Cruz, Yucatan and the territory of Quintana Roo, and on such poor specimens of manuscripts as escaped the destroying hands of the *conquistadores* and their not less destructive *padres*. Unfortunately, there has not been found any such key to this hieroglyphic writing as the Rosetta stone has been to the Egyptian glyphs. Consequently, the study of the Nahua writings has been more productive.

The other great people in North America in the memory of history prior to the coming of the Spaniards, were the Nahuas. They comprised some 30 tribes, bound together in a loose sort of union, known as the Nahua, or Nahuatlac Empire. Their territory extended from the mythological "seven caves of Chicomoztoc," on the north, to the boundaries of the Maya Empire on the south. The seven caves, in which the Nahuas claimed to have originated, are supposed to have been somewhere in the neighborhood of the present Moki, Hopi and other pueblo villages in what is now Arizona and New Mexico. Of the origin of the Nahuas, however, nothing is actually known, other than that they did make a considerable migration, evidently from some point a great distance north of the Valley of Mexico, in which they were found in the center of their empire in 1521. It is believed that the Nahuas began this migration about 500 A. D., and that they reached the Valley of Mexico, then known as the Vale of Anahuac, about 700 A. D., having consumed some two centuries in a migration of about 1,200 to 1,500 miles. If these figures are correct, and there is reason to believe that they are at least approximate, a considerable light is thrown on the time required for migrations of peoples and tribes, which may be of value in the consideration of other migrations, such as the Aryan and the Athapascan.

These migrants into what is now Mexico were bound together by a common root language, spoken, in a greatly altered form, in some remote parts of Mexico to this day, though all knowledge of its written form has been lost. It is known as Nahuatl, and is the language spoken by the Aztecs, who had conquered and were ruling the other Nahua tribes, when Cortez reached Tenochtitlan (the city of Tenoch, a priest of the Aztecs) about 400 years ago. Tenochtitlan is now Mexico City, the Vale of Anahuac is the Valley of Mexico, but hundreds of Nahua names of settlements, towns, mountains, rivers and tribal boundaries still remain, incorporated into the Spanish spoken in Mexico. It was through this casual, probably accidental, certainly unintentional, preservation of these place-names that the investigators of the National Museum and other students, have been able to make their most important discoveries.



A painted and partially glazed clay drinking cup from a Zapotec ruin in what was once the Nahua Empire.

The Nahuatl language had no characters for words, phrases or sounds; that is to say, it was a picture language. If one knew the story in the mind of the Nahua writer, he could very easily read it from the pictures that writer drew, just as among the Araucanians, and some other South American tribes, the story-teller who knows the beginning of a story represented by a string variously knotted, can tell the whole story, by following the knots on the string and revealing their meaning, group by group. These knotted strings, or thongs of rawhide, have been in use by primitive story-tellers of South America for centuries; were in use, in fact, when the Pizarro brothers landed in Peru. But they are rather memory guides and reinforcements to remembrance than actual records, and are of little use when the men who made them are absent, though there are certain knots and groups of knots which mean certain fixed places, dates, expressions, and even whole stories in themselves.

As with the knotted strings, then, so with the picture stories left by the Nahuas. In the extreme southern limits of the Nahua Empire, where the Nahuas, under the leadership of those New World Hessians, the Aztecs, had conquered certain Maya tribes, such as the Zapotecs, in what is now the state of Oaxaca, the civilization and culture of the Maya made some lasting impression even on the fierce warrior tribe which subjugated them; and we find the beginnings of a hieroglyphic writing, systematic and formal, on some of the Nahua ruins. But in the center and northern part of the Nahua Empire, there is nothing but the picture writing. Certain of these pictures, however, have fixed meanings. If groups of pictures with fixed meanings are found together, it is comparatively easy to translate them. Under Dr. Antonio Penafiel, away back in 1885, a collection of drawings of all the picture-names of the towns and districts of the Nahua Empire which have been preserved were collected. Nearly 15 years later, or about 1900, students found certain drawings, or parts of drawings, or fractions of figures, persisting in all these picture-names. While this discovery, in itself, did not mean so much, it gave the students and ethnologists of the National Museum some basis in fact on which to work in what hitherto had been a maze of conjecture, complicated by the erroneous reports and picture-writing given to the early Spaniards by contemporary priests and artists of the Nahua Empire.

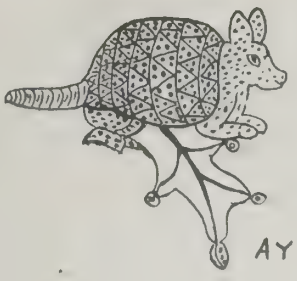
Today nearly 500 of these place-names have been ascertained, their equivalent pictures discovered and their meanings established. There remain some 250 others, whose names have become involved with the Spanish, or have been corrupted through lack of understanding of the correct pronunciation, by the Indians who succeeded the Aztecs, Toltecs or other Nahuatlac tribes in possession of these districts and villages. Probably the majority of these never will be known, or, at best, never will be accurately translated, since conjecture and theory are worthless in a study of this kind; only the established facts, brought down in direct line from the days of the last of the Aztec rulers over the Nahua Empire, can serve as a basis for the reading of the few documents left to us from the Nahuatl of pre-Conquest days.

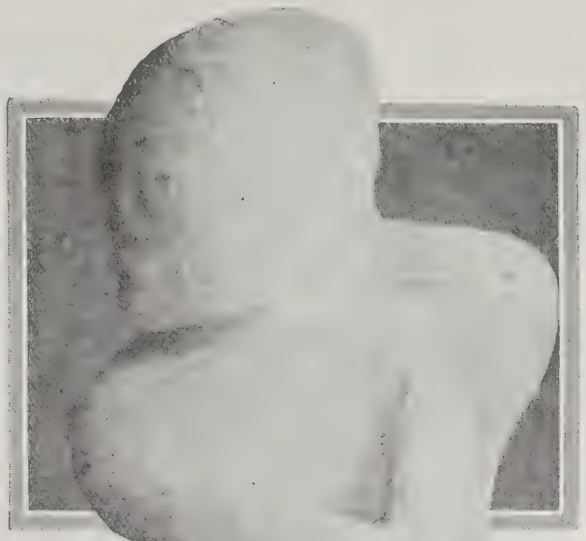
Some of the geographic names were very simple, as, for example, that of the district of Etlan, which still exists, and which had for its "coat of arms," a black bean, with the white "eye" showing at the top. The word was originally Etl-tlan—*etl,* a bean, and *tlan,* the common word for place, the resulting compound meaning "A place in which beans are abundant," and being shortened to *Etlan.* Others are very complicated, such as the picture-figure for the place known in the days of the Montezumas as Cuauquecholan. This sign consists of an eagle, standing on the ground, its beak almost touching a plant growing out of the top of a hill. This word is composed of the words *cuauhtli* and *quecholli,* meaning "an eagle of rich plumage," and *tepec,* a hill, or, less properly, *tlan,* meaning, as has been said before, "place where." The result is the compound word meaning "place, or hill, where there are eagles of rich plumage."

Simple as were the daily lives of these peoples, so were their symbols simple, their meanings clear, if one can but catch the key-idea to the picture. With thousands of members of the priestly caste, however, each engaged during much of his time in producing picture records tending to show the greatness of the god he represented, or the prowess of the leaders who had served that god, the same idea, the same place, the same action, the same person, was not always represented by the same picture, or even by a picture which can be approximately identified according to any other pictures. For instance, the word in the spoken Nahuatl which meant "hill" was *tepec,* but in the picture-names there are as many different kinds, shapes and formations of hills as one could find in a long trip through the Rockies or the Andes. Some are plain and instantly recognizable as hills, while others might serve for castles, pyramids, rude temples, or almost any other object which the artist happened to have in mind.

Some of these signs are easily recognizable, such, for instance, as that of the district of Nopalla, which is merely a branch of the flat-leaved cactus. This word is preserved from the Nahuatl in the Mexican Spanish of today, in "nopal," the common name for this form of cactus (an opuntia), and also for its fruit, commonly known, in the southwestern part of the United States, as the "prickly pear." Another is

(*Concluded on page 11*)





Stone image taken from the ruins of Quechomictlipan.





Uncompleted diorite masks taken from a ruin of a Nahua temple.



A collection of "money" in use by both the Maya and Nahua empires.

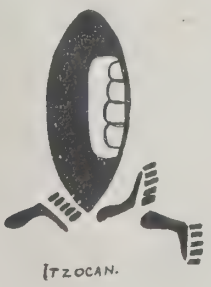


Races that have tried to rule Mexico. Left, a Tarahumara Indian; then a Spaniard; then a Huichol Indian, and, on the right, a Mexican of today.



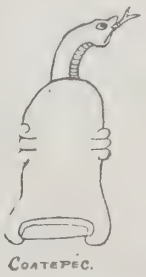
Workmen opening a mound covering a ruined building.

Fallen block of gray diorite, either an idol or a historic record.





The ruin of Xochicalco (the "House of the Yellow Flower"), near Mexico City. The pen-and-ink drawings on this page are picture-writings of the early North American tribes.







The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 17, February 18, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
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The Law Is for All to Obey.

A NEW YORK CITY judge recently saw fit to commit to jail a member of the police force for an assault upon a civilian. In so doing he called timely attention to the growing tendency of police officers to overstep the limits of their authority.

Nothing breeds greater disrespect for the law than lawlessness on the part of the agencies charged with enforcing it. Minor courts in some of the larger cities have brought undeserved criticism upon the entire institution of courts, because of the misguided efforts of a few incumbents of the bench. Police departments in nearly all the large cities have acquired disfavor from similar causes.

Too great zeal in the punishment for crime is at least as harmful as too great laxness. The American idea has always been that it is better to err on the side of mercy than on the side of injustice. The maxim that it is better to allow 99 guilty persons to escape than to inflict punishment wrongfully in one case, is as wise in these days of so-called crime waves, as it was in the most piping times of peacefulness.

In American cities, courts and police departments alike owe their continuance to some sort of political favor. New or shallow incumbents of the bench or heads of police departments are apt to cater to public favor by going sled-length in the enforcement of some measure which attracts momentary popular interest. In a few cities, where the tremendous power of some newspapers has inflicted an invisible government upon the municipalities, the activity of courts and police is especially dangerous.

It is a human failing for a man to become intoxicated with power. Rare indeed is the individual who will exercise with forbearance newly-imposed powers. Police officers have been prone to exceed their lawful duties. Too often they look upon the club as their wand of authority to be waved and wielded on slight provocation, rather than for use as a last resort. Too often they speak in the rough tone of command, rather than with the calm persuasiveness which appeals to American reasonableness. It has been a fault of American police organization that men are arrayed with the garb of authority without having been instructed in the way it should be worn.

The age of the mailed fist is gone. Police should be taught that the quiet, courteous word of direction, rather than the truculent voice of command, is more readily heeded by Americans. Capable police officers will lose none of their power to meet emergencies with force, through the conservation of that quality.

It lies with the proper municipal officials to restrain the unbridled exercise of authority by police officers. An added sense of responsibility is needed by some of the judges. Lawful enforcement of the law is imperative.

Hyacinths and the Boy

THE story is told of a 10-year-old boy who was given 50 cents by his mother to buy meat for supper on his way home from school. On his way to school, he was attracted by the hyacinths in a florist's window. He promptly gave up his half-dollar for the flowers and presented them to his teacher.

All this took place in Chicago! Lest the recital should tax credulity, we hasten to add the epilogue. When he got home, in lieu of producing the fifty-cents' worth of boiling beef, he proudly told his mother what he had done with the money. He was soundly and properly spanked.

There may be exalted and sensitive souls who will weep at this apparent anticlimax. "If you have two loaves of bread," said Elbert Hubbard, "sell one and buy hyacinths to feed your soul!" Acting unconsciously on this advice, the Chicago boy gaily and gallantly sacrificed not merely the price of one loaf of bread, but the entire family supper to feed his soul—to express his inner and finer nature. As there is no glory gained without suffering and sacrifice, the spanking was the one thing necessary to give the proper glamour to the episode. By and by it may be that he will not only count his mother's half-dollar as well spent, but the spanking as worth all it cost.

Who knows but that one such child of pure and unspoiled impulse, spontaneously "buying hyacinths to feed his soul," may one of these days save even Chicago.

New Brooms and Waste

THE announcement of President Harding that a direct saving of $32,000,000 and an indirect saving of $104,000,000 has been accomplished in less than six months through the operation of the budget system is pleasing.

That more may be saved seems undoubted. The first six months' savings are laid to the co-ordinating agencies established by Charles G. Dawes, the director of the budget. There has been considerable friction with department heads, and much reluctance on the part of old department employes to abandon time-honored red tape in methods of purchases. Mr. Dawes' assertion that the Navy Department purchased 18,000 brooms to comply with technical departmental specifications rather than choose from 340,000 brooms the War Department had to give away, is abundant proof that there is much more to be done in co-ordination.

There is danger, of course, that the new agencies of the budget bureau may become in time calloused to existing conditions in other departments. Vigilance from individuals, not accustomed to accept things as they are, is necessary that year by year the wastes and absurdities of governmental routine may be eliminated.

The real test of the budget bureau during the present taxation crisis will come with the summing up of the appropriation work during the present session of Congress. Some of the congressional committees have shown commendable intentions in reducing estimates below the figures suggested by the budget bureau. However, a failure to grant necessary appropriations is as gross an error as is extravagance. Whether the cuts made by the congressional committees will prove to be wise thrift or costly parsimony depends on the measure of judgment used by the two bodies.

Out of the Frying Pan

BRIAND was bad enough as protagonist of the French militaristic machine; but Poincare is a thousand times worse. Largely responsible for the Franco-Russian Entente and for incitement to Russian belligerency in the years immediately preceding the war, it has been revealed since he stepped down from the presidency of the French Republic that M. Poincare more than once blocked hopeful attempts to end the war in its earlier stages.

France has jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. A government headed by Poincare means a government so blatantly and blindly militaristic as to push the republic over the verge of isolation reached by Briand's policy. It means heading the nation for destruction.

One hope for France is that Briand—chastened by realization of the roorback caused by his Washington speech—may prove more powerful in opposition than in power.

The Farmer's Plight

THE following table has been prepared by a Nebraska farmer of a statistical turn of mind, and shows the amount of taxes, in terms of corn, his farm has paid for 10 years, the market price taken for a basis being that quoted by the Department of Agriculture for December 1 of each year. The figures speak eloquently of the real trouble with agriculture.

Year	State Taxes	Price Corn	Bushels Corn
1912	$ 8.11	$ .37	22
1913	12.16	.65	19
1914	12.16	.53	23
1915	10.60	.47	23
1916	14.14	.78	18
1917	19.67	1.20	16
1918	17.81	1.28	14
1919	30.55	1.23	25
1920	26.82	.41	65
1921	42.90	.30	143

It took more corn to pay taxes in 1921 than for all the five preceding years. The table also shows the increase of the tax levy in dollars.

Perhaps the foregoing reveals why the farmer hearkens to the call of organization.

Can It Be Justified?

FOR several weeks a United States Senate committee has been engaged in a fruitless investigation. Investigations are failings of Congress, but one which from the outset offered less probability of good results than the inquiry into unauthorized executions in the American Expeditionary Forces cannot be imagined.

The public has been regaled with evidence, much of a contradictory sort, dealing with deaths under stress at the battle front and under unusual conditions in the service of supply. The rules—if such they be called—of war have differed widely in each conflict between nations. A measure which in one war is considered routine discipline may in the next be looked upon as a relic of barbarism. It would be a daring man, indeed, who would attempt to define a good war. In the World War, the ideas of commanding officers in various units differed as to the severity of the measures necessary to war-time discipline. It is charged that some of these officers went to the length of causing death.

Without considering the merits of the moot question as to the justification for such measures, it must be admitted that responsibility in each case was individual. It is the same in offenses against life and property in civil life.

The Senate investigators do not seem to be considering the general question of the justification for the severest war-time disciplinary measures. Their inquiry simply aims to learn whether individual executions without all the formalities of law did occur.

Just what the proponents of the investigation believe they will have accomplished when they have completed their investigation is beyond comprehension. There can be little or no expectation that those responsible for unjustifiable executions will be brought to trial. The practical and legal difficulties due to restored peace, discharged armies, forgotten evidence and changed viewpoints, seem insurmountable.

Little can be expected from the investigation except the reopening of old wounds and the making of new ones.

In a few cases testimony has been produced of the deaths of a few American soldiers on the scaffold and at the hands of a firing squad for murder or other crimes. The names of these men have appeared in the press. Mothers who with solemn pride had hung gold stars in their windows for sons they believed had fallen in battle—*kindly misinformation from American commanding officers, by the way, which will not draw the Senate committee's commendation*—now have learned for the first time and to their lasting sorrow that those sons died dastards' rather than heroes' deaths.

Who can forgive the Senator whose ill-considered and useless investigatorial ardor has inflicted these lifelong wounds?

The Decline of College Humor

IF IT is true that students of Northwestern University have protested against the quality of humor served up in college publications, they have started something which should go the round of the universities. A recent survey of publications from colleges in all parts of the country—a survey made for other than editorial purposes—disclosed a most surprising paucity of clean humor and a dirty deluge of the most disgusting form of acute primary moral dementia precox. The spirit of college fun seems utterly to have departed, and the dregs set up in its place. Cleverness in writing around every type of salacious and suggestive vulgarity has taken the place of the wild exuberance of imagination, the perfectly irresponsible riot of wholesome sportiveness which marked college journalism in its prime.

It is a rather humiliating discovery to make. Many people who imagine that they know what the ruling spirits of the campus are thinking about, would do well to gather up a dozen of the student publications of the best universities and colleges, and hold a clinic on them. Thoughtful people are justly perturbed by the disappearance of sympathy and understanding between the social groups now bearing the burden of the world, but if the college student publications are to be taken as an indication, the rift between the campus and society is one calling for more particular attention.

Making all allowance for the rickety mental supports of youth, and for the traditional devil-take-it attitude of very young collegians, there is in some of our college publications a lack of breeding, yes, of yokel wholesomeness, yes, even of a polite libertine's regard for decent appearances, which would rouse the protest of parents if those publications ever reached the students' homes, and should have brought the action of college authorities long ago.

This goes for some high school publications, too.

Winter Adds New Pathos to Indian Appeal

With 80 per cent of the Blackfeet Destitute, Robert Hamilton Renews Fight in Washington to Help His People, Victims of Those Named to Aid Them

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT some months ago published an article by Mr. Christmas which first called attention to the plight of the Blackfeet. The Blackfeet are not the only Indian wards of the Government who suffer from Bureaucratic methods, but their case is so pitiable that these new developments are presented in the hope that Congress may be induced to take cognizance of the situation. The columns of some eastern publications have been too filled with appeals for starving Europeans to take an interest in the Indian situation in their own country. Of course, the Indians haven't any relatives who control advertising appropriations.

By EARL CHRISTMAS

ROBERT J. HAMILTON has gone to Washington again—the lone envoy of a destitute people.

Hamilton is a Blackfeet Indian and is president of the Business Council of the tribe. For 20 years, he has been fighting the cause of the Blackfeet, seeking to obtain satisfaction of their claims against the government or endeavoring to get relief from their destitute circumstances.

A graduate of Carlisle, Hamilton has been one of the most active leaders of the Blackfeet. Time and again, he has appealed to the authorities at Washington in their behalf. It has been a long and discouraging fight. But, spurred on by the suffering among his people induced by a severe winter on the reservation, he has taken up the fight at Washington again.

Though once a numerous people and the possessors of a vast territory, the Blackfeet Indians, now crowded back to a small and unproductive region at the very foothills of the Rocky Mountains, virtually are at the point of starvation, according to Hamilton. The Blackfeet Indians claim that the government owes them for some 30,000,000 acres of land, taken unjustly at different times. Yet, they can't get enough to eat, Hamilton says. And this in a land where the Indian once was the sole possessor, and none contested his right! Certainly time and the white man have brought changes to the land of the red man.

"Right now conditions on the reservation are deplorable," Mr. Hamilton said. "More than 80 per cent of the full-bloods have no employment, no income and no resources within their reach. Wholesale starvation is facing the whole tribe unless action is taken immediately.

"The severe weather of the winter and the destitution have made conditions for the Indians terrible, and there seems to be no prospect of relief. More than 80 per cent of the dry-land farmers in the territory surrounding the reservation have left the state, bankrupt. When these men, who are footloose and able to get around to help themselves, have failed this way what can you expect of a tribe of Indians whose hands are tied with red tape and whose property is held under a guardianship that isn't always friendly?

"The land where most of the Blackfeet Indians live is 5,000 feet above the sea level. Much of it is rocky, and fit only for raising cattle. The seasons are very short and crops can be raised only with great difficulty. Often, there are seven months of severe winter weather, and the suffering of the Indians during these winters often is intense. Many of them have only poor homes as protection from the elements. The majority of the Indians have lost all their cows and horses, and are absolutely without means.

"The Indians have gone hungry, some of them have starved and all have suffered for the want of proper clothing. Even the horses have starved. Many of the Indians have lived only upon the hay they sold. Indians have cut hay with old machines which white people have thrown away. They have raked the hay with broken rakes, some without wheels. Some have raked the hay by hand and hauled it as much as 35 miles to sell it. It was very little pay that they got for their work, but it was the only means they had. Others have had to sell their last horses and cows to get food.

"Last year, Mr. F. C. Campbell, the present superintendent at the reservation, did what he could to improve the conditions of the Indians. He made them farm little gardens and raise a little wheat, but this was not enough to last all winter. If the superintendent could exercise his own judgment, he could improve conditions, but he is bound and tied by the red tape issued in Washington instructions.

"Right now, the Blackfeet simply are facing a panic. Though 80 per cent of these Indians have no income, nothing had been done in the way of general relief when I left the reservation a few weeks ago. Commissioner Burke has promised me that he will ask for an emergency appropriation, but whether Congress will accede to that request, I do not know. That always has been the trouble—to get Congress to see that Indians can starve.

"Rations are issued to a limited extent by the government, but to qualify for those rations you have to be old, decrepit, poor, blind, sick, have no friends or relatives, no place to sleep, no stock and an absolutely unproductive allotment. Those who qualify get flour and meat once in two weeks, not enough for two days. They receive sugar, coffee, tea, beans, rice, bacon and other stuff once a month—about enough for one or two meals. Sometimes Indians have been told that their requests for rations would have to be referred to Washington, and it would be long periods before they would get relief.

"The government's handling of the affairs of the Blackfeet Indians has added immeasurably to their hardships in many ways. One of the greatest abuses is that connected with the leasing of the lands of the Indians. The Blackfeet have lost large sums because their interests have not been properly protected in the making of leases for their lands.

"Cattle have been brought into the reservation and grazed on lands of the Indians without payment. Persons who leased lands have been allowed to default on their payments. This condition got so bad that on November 23, 1921, the Business Council of the tribe adopted a resolution canceling all leases that were delinquent. These delinquencies amounted to an aggregate of $59,459.27.

"The delinquencies range from one to three years, although the regulations require that these payments must be made six months in advance. Every one of these leases has failed, and most of them have been foreclosed. After the stock, which was good for the lease money, was taken away, the government got busy and tried to collect the money. But this was a case of locking the barn after the horse was stolen. A cattleman obtained a lease for a large tract of land belonging to some 40 Indians. He failed to pay his rent. The Indians warned the superintendent then in charge. The superintendent did nothing, and allowed the lessee to take his cattle to Canada. Then he said he could do nothing to collect the money. Yet, it is the duty of the superintendent to require a bond to protect the interests of the Indian.

"That shows how the Indian has been sacrificed to benefit wealthy cattlemen.

"The prevailing rate for grazing lands on the reservation has been 10 cents an acre, and the prevailing rate for agricultural lands 25 cents an acre. Yet outside the reservation agricultural lands inferior to those on the reservation were being leased from $2 to $10 an acre, and grazing lands for as much as $3 a head per month. The Business Council has protested many times to the unfairness of this discrimination, but all to no avail. In some cases, lands under irrigation have been leased at the minimum grazing rate of 10 cents, instead of at the higher rate for farm lands.

"Mrs. Amelia Fox, 84 years old, had a home on an allotment of 320 acres. She had a four-room house, a barn, running water with irrigation ditches and a good timothy field. The place should have rented for $1,200 a year, but an Indian Bureau agent leased it for $100. This woman is nearly blind and cannot read. An interpreter came to her and got her to make her mark. She says she was told to make her thumb mark on it and she would get some money. The next thing she knew she was ordered out of her home. She had no place to go, and now she is living with a niece.

"The Indian Bureau had the incident investigated, but the man we hold responsible for the wrong did the investigating.

"A daughter of another woman was induced to sign a lease for the lands of that family, totaling 1,920 acres, with improvements, for $132.

"Mrs. Alice Martin was declared a competent person, and was presumed to be able to conduct her own affairs. But officials led her to believe that she had to have her property leased. A woman lease clerk who induced her to lease made it out to her brother, who was then acquiring a very large area of lands on the reservation.

"That shows how the system has worked. Though sworn to protect the interest of the Indians, agents have worked hand-in-glove with the men who want our lands for as little as possible. It is only fair to say that this happened before the present superintendent took charge of the agency. Mr. Campbell has tried to help the Indians, tied though his hands have been with red tape at Washington.

"Grazing lands of the individual Indians have been taken for the tribal herd without compensation. One man was putting up hay, when the herd began destroying his stacks. He appealed to the government man in charge of the herd to drive the cattle away, and was told he would have to see the superintendent, 30 miles away. The Indian drove the cattle away, and the government confiscated his hay, saying that his lease had been taken for the tribal herd, although the owner knew nothing of a lease.

"Persons outside the reservation have offered to lease our lands for more than the regulation rates. One man wanted to start a big beet-raising enterprise. Others have offered to pay substantial royalties for coal or oil leases. But these efforts at development have not been approved by the Indian Bureau. The opening up of mines and the development of beet raising would give employment to large numbers who are now unable to find work. The Indians are restrained to the reservation, but still they have not been allowed to benefit from the resources there. Though without work or means of support, the Indian is expected to stay on the reservation, and starve or eke out a miserable existence as a pauper."

(Concluded on page 13)



ROBERT J. HAMILTON,

President of the Business Council of the Blackfeet Indians, who is in Washington renewing his long fight in behalf of the tribe.

The Guernsey Market House: a Story of Finance

Century of Progress Built Currency Without Metallic Basis; Channel Island Devoid of Apparent Poverty and Great Wealth

By HERJULF VIKINGSSON

GLADSTONE, we are told, once said: "The surest way to get into an insane asylum is to study the money question." I have asked American journalists why they do not write on sound finance. In reply they hold up their hands in holy horror exclaiming: "Too deep for *me!*"

These more or less intelligent gentlemen, who do not hesitate to discourse on international questions, analyze labor controversies, lash transgressors of stupid laws, or apotheosize a Grand Marshal of Finance, cannot, or will not, or dare not dig to the tap root of most of our social ills; our perverted money system.

If they but would, they would find the fundamentals of finance as simple as putting on their hats—it is the cunningly devised superstructure of *abuse* which is so difficult to understand.

The elemental simplicity of this very necessary adjunct to a convenient exchange of commodities appeals to common sense and delights the mind; the artificial intricacies with which it has been surrounded hinders penetration and discourages the mind. The first step in extricating ourselves from financial bondage is to comprehend the elements of exchange and taxation. It requires no intense study; the story of the Guernsey Market House will at once enter your understanding, will you but read:

It was after the close of the Napoleonic wars, that the "States of Guernsey" resolved to build a market house at St. Peters Port, the capital city of the island. The object was to provide a shelter for the farmer and a convenience to the citizen on market day, which was, and still is, Saturday.

Wealth Without the Money Gauge

THE problem was, as usual, "to get the money." There was no money in circulation; in fact, the war had drained the island of its coin, so there was none to circulate. In other words, there had been a "contraction of the currency," as now, after the World War.

A committee was sent to the governor, to ask if he could negotiate a loan for the city in Paris or London. The governor thought he could; but, said he, you will have interest to pay. Of course, they did not expect to borrow money without paying interest.

But, said the governor again, do you conceive that, when you have built the market, you will wish to do other things: build the sorely needed sea-wall or repair your almost impassable roads, and that such projects would necessitate additional loans, meaning a continuous increase of debt and interest, from which you will never be able to free yourselves? Well, yes, they supposed so—but was there any other way?

Before answering your questions, the governor replied, I wish to ask you a few:

Have you any granite for the foundation?

Yes, at St. Sampson (another city of the island).

Have you brick for the building?

We have the clay to make it from.

Have you lumber for finishing?

Yes.

Have you masons, bricklayers and carpenters to do the work?

Why, yes, your Excellency; why do you ask these questions? You know that we have all these things and that starting such public work would be a godsend to our idle workmen.

They Have Money to Burn

WELL, the governor said, I merely wanted to impress upon you the fact that you have all that is needful to build a market house.

Yes, the committee assented, *all except the money.*

Exactly so, said the governor; now suppose that we print the money?

Can that be done? asked the citizens in astonishment.

Would you be willing to try? queried the governor.

But would there be no danger of an over-issue and consequent "depreciation of the currency"? counter-queried the citizens.

No, said the governor, we will make a careful estimate of the cost, and issue money to the amount of the estimate: then we will levy a tax in the same amount and spread it over a convenient period of time. By the payment of this tax, the money will be returned to its source of issue; and, having performed the function for which it was printed and issued, it may then be destroyed

The idea of the destruction of the retired currency seemed a satisfactory safeguard against inflation and the committee requested the governor to put his plan in execution.

The money was printed and issued in payment of material, labor and supervision, and the market house was built. Meantime, the money circulated from the quarry owner and brick maker to their laborers and from these, as well as from the workmen engaged in building the market house, it passed to the grocer, butcher, baker, tailor, and dry goods merchant; all of whom paid their share of this money to the government in the form of taxes.

At the end of the stipulated period of circulation, when the market house issue was returned to the treasury, the governor proclaimed a holiday—to burn the money as per agreement with the committee.

The people assembled in the market house square, where the governor made a speech, reciting the conception of the plan to finance the erection of the market house, and explaining the service which this paper money had performed. Thereupon a fire was kindled, and the governor, after sprinkling incense on the money, consigned it to the flames.

When the charred flakes had curled and rolled away, the governor asked: Well, citizens, what do you wish to do next?

Tear down the old houses along Fountain street, and rebuild, responded the people.

Said the governor: Too bad that we burned the money, we could have used it again, could we not?

That's so, assented the citizens.

Well, said the governor, it is all right; I merely wanted to demonstrate to you that there is no danger of an over-issue or in a re-issue of currency *if honestly done for honest purposes.* We will print another issue: the loss, after all, is only the cost of paper and printing.

And so, issue after issue was made of this paper money, without a gold or silver reserve behind it. It *rebuilt* Fountain street; *erected* the sea wall; *built* a fine harbor; *maintained* an extensive network of splendid roads; and *performed* other works of necessity, utility and beautification.

For a hundred years this paper money has continued to circulate, without a metallic basis, and yet has performed all the functions which human need and progress require of it.

The Bank of England's notes have, except for the period of suspicion which followed the first issue, generally been regarded "as good as gold"—whether they are, is merely a question of convenience and utility. To ascertain what the Guernsey man thinks of *his* money, you may offer him payment in his own currency and he will be satisfied with 20 shillings to the pound; offer him Bank of England's notes and he will demand an extra shilling for each pound sterling. I do not say this to discredit the Bank of England's note issues (they are as good or as bad as any other promissory notes); I merely wish to demonstrate that the Guernsey money is entirely satisfactory to the Guernsey man. By a little story, I will show that it was deemed good enough also for the inhabitants of another island.

Prosperity Not Built Upon Gold

IN 1913, on a trip to Europe, I landed at Cherbourg, whence I took a local steamer for Guernsey, making an intermediary landing at Alderney, another of the British Channel Isles. The object of my visit to Guernsey was to observe the general conditions prevailing on the island and thereby determine the effect of their money system, at least on appearances.

I found their streets clean and in good condition; their houses in repair and painted; the store windows scrupulously clean, fronts painted, and in some instances grained and varnished. The combined hospital and home for the aged and infirm was surrounded by a park and formed the most beautiful portion of the city. There was apparently no poverty and no vulgar ostentation of wealth; for the elegant ladies, with whom we dined at the government house on Friday, greeted us at the market house, basket in hand, on Saturday. The road system of the island was ample and in excellent condition.

In my quest for information, I approached also those from whom I could expect adverse opinions. One of these was an Englishman.

"Mr. K.," said I, "what do you think of your money system?"

"That," he replied, "is most remarkable. I came to Guernsey 14 years ago to engage in the cattle trade. To the north is another island named Alderney. I was told the islanders had some very fine cattle, and went there to look it over. I found the island in a deplorable state; no activity of any kind. Peter owed Paul, Paul owed Thomas, and Thomas owed Andrew. Everybody was in debt to everybody else, and no one had anything to pay with; all were despondent and sullen.

"I opened conversation by saying: 'You have some nice cattle here, and, if you will register it, so that it may be pedigreed, I will buy from you.' Well, they had no objection to that, if thereby they could sell the cattle, and I helped them open a register. I also bought cattle to the amount of 1,000 pounds, paying for it in Guernsey notes. I then departed and returned in five days to ship the cattle. But what a transformation! The island was all activity. Peter had paid Paul; Paul had paid Thomas, and Thomas had settled with Andrew; they were out of debt, everybody was doing something, and all were happy. And, the remarkable thing about it is that these debts were paid and the islanders set in activity by means of the paper money of another island."

I am not certain that Mr. K. understood the philosophy of it; for he seemed to regard the manifestation as a phenomenon. But he knew that it worked.

I had several conferences with the treasurer of the island, from whom I ascertained that they had no difficulty in obtaining gold for the settlement of their foreign trade balances, as their exports always exceeded their imports; in other words, they lived within their national means.

When Norway, Sweden and Denmark, in the early seventies, adopted the metric system, they also agreed upon a mutual denomination and standard of money, to facilitate accounting of transactions between the three countries. Until the World War, the currencies, coin as well as paper, circulated with equal freedom in either country. Neither thought of refusing the coin or notes of the other. Periodically the accumulated bank notes were bundled up and returned to the country of issue, only to repeat their round regardless of political boundaries. I am sure it has already dawned upon the reader that there is only one more step to international currency.

Shipping of Gold Pure Waste

THE lesson which this story teaches is obvious, but I will nevertheless summarize it as follows:

1. The Metallic Basis: The theory that a gold or silver reserve is a necessity is only a myth held up before the masses to be revered as a religion the mandates of which are impossible of performance, because there is not sufficient gold in existence to discharge the debts made payable in that metal. Gold and silver, except as subsidiary coin, have long ago ceased to circulate, because of their inconvenience and quantitative inadequacy. These metals are used as "reserves" in obedience to an unnecessary law, passed to compel reverence for the fetish of the gold standard. It is also used to settle international trade balances, which could as well be adjusted by international currency, just as domestic bank balances are sometimes settled by clearing house certificates. If gold were demonetized, the cost of its transportation forth and back over the oceans would be saved, and the metal would come into its own as inexpensive fillings for defective teeth, personal adornments, ornamentations pleasing to the eye, and for numerous other purposes requiring non-corrosive material or permanence of appearance.

2. Over-Issue: If the issue of paper money is confined to legitimate, that is, constructive purposes, there can be no danger of an over-issue, because it is paid out for material, labor, or other services, and as the volume issued is based upon the estimated cost of work to be performed, it logically follows that, as the performance of the work depends on the number of hands available, so the issue of currency is limited accordingly; but is, nevertheless, always adequate.

Constructive Taxation Bar to Inflation

3. Depreciation: For each issue of money, a corresponding tax is levied, which is paid periodically; and, when the last installment is returned, the issue may be said to have been withdrawn from circulation. It has served the purposes for which it was issued and is returned to its source, having completed the circuit of exchange; while other issues for other purposes continue to circulate until their specific objects have been attained and their usefulness ended. The tax-levy thus becomes the controller of the currency and inflation is prevented; *unless*—money is issued for destructive purposes, as war, which is avoidable; and speculation, in which governments would have no incentive to indulge.

4. Adequacy and Elasticity: There would always be a sufficiency of the circulating medium because each project would be financed by its specific issue, which by its free circulation unhampered by private privilege of control, would serve in all individual transactions arising as subsidiaries to the project for which the issue was made, including the personal needs of those engaged in its execution. The elasticity is automatic, as the system provides expansion when new work is projected and contraction when it is completed.

It is obvious what an impetus this system would give to individual enterprise in science, art, invention and other fields of human endeavor. There would be no national debts, and the money with which to pay taxes would always be in the hands of the people.

Money is only popular bookkeeping; it is accounting reduced to its simplest form.

One Set of Feathers

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

THE birds are moulting. If man could only moult also—his mind once a year its errors, his heart once a year its useless passions! How fine we should all look if every August the old plumage of our natures would drop out and be blown away, and fresh quills take the vacant places! But we have one set of feathers to last us through our threescore years and ten—one set of spotless feathers, which we are told to keep spotless though all our lives in a dirty world. If one gets broken, broken it stays; if one gets blackened, nothing will cleanse it. No doubt we shall all fly home at last, like a flock of pigeons that were once turned loose snow-white from the sky, and made to descend and fight one another and fight everything else for a poor living amid soot and mire. If then the hand of the unseen Fancier is stretched forth to draw us in, how can he possibly smite any of us, or cast us away, because we came back to him black and blue with bruises and besmudged and bedraggled past all recognition? —From "A Kentucky Cardinal."

Pictures the Life of Kentucky

By FRED. L. HOLMES

JAMES LANE ALLEN is almost an institution in Kentucky. He has written so much about the people of that state; portrayed with the touch of his genius the chivalry, tenderness and love of the true Kentuckians that in recent years the schools of Lexington, where he was born and lived, have made his birthday a holiday. It is to be an annual event. Since the death of James Whitcomb Riley, Mr. Allen is the only living American author whose birthday is celebrated in the schools.

"I am embarrassed at receiving this attention," said Mr. Allen recently, "but I know that children are glad to have a rest from their classes and I appreciate the interest they are taking in me."

Past 72 years, he announces that he is working on the greatest book he has yet written, for be it known that in our day the Biblical limitation of threescore years and ten no longer holds—no more for authors than business men. Dr. Charles W. Eliot is 87; Lyman Abbott is 86; Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is 80; the Rev. Russell H. Conwell is 78; Sarah Bernhardt is 76, and Thomas A. Edison is 74. These and many more who are older than Mr. Allen are still active.

Over the life of Kentucky, Mr. Allen has hung garlands of mystery and romance that will make the Old South live in the literature of the land for ages to come. Lexington, pungent as resinous wood with the memories of Daniel Boone, Henry Clay, John James Audubon, the naturalist, and scores of other historic men, was lifted from literary obscurity by this farm boy, who spent his early life amid the scenes of slavery and in the hardships of the hemp fields. He has done for Kentucky what Washington Irving did for the valley of the Hudson and George W. Cable for the scenic French-American life of New Orleans.

I asked the editor of the Lexington *Leader* for the names of some of Mr. Allen's old friends. I wanted information about his early life, for in books of biography the notice which he has given of himself is about as brief as that other Kentuckian, Abraham Lincoln, in the Congressional Directory, when he first went to Congress—one good sentence.

"See M. A. Cassidy, superintendent of schools, who has known him more than 30 years," was the direction. "When Mr. Allen folded up his papers as a college professor, back in 1886, to devote his life to literature, Mr. Cassidy was one of the few men who predicted that this young man would glorify the commonwealth of Kentucky among civilized people."

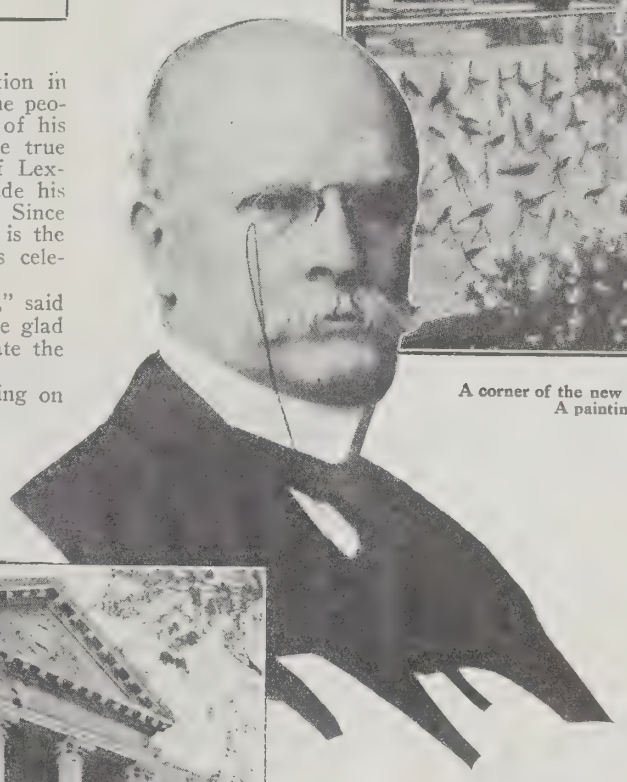
When I sought Mr. Cassidy for information the 8,000 children of Lexington had just been holding a birthday celebration for the author, who left 35 years before for New York to follow literary work, there to paint again and again the scenes of his boyhood and young manhood. He showed me a letter written by Mr. Allen shortly before, a copy of which, written on parchment, has been hung in the halls of every school in the city. Here it is:

"To the children of the Lexington public schools.

"Your loved and honored superintendent, Mr. Cassidy, who cannot have been a friend of yours as long as he has been a friend of mine, lets me know that you have set apart one day of this December as an honor for my birthday and as a tribute of appreciation to my work. Thus, though you are all strangers to me, I am made aware that you have become my friends through our common interest in what no one of us can ever hold too dear—the literature of Kentucky. And since thus early in your young lives, under the guidance of wise teachers, you have been led to the study of this young literature and have, meantime, been reminded not to forget gratefully to acclaim those who have tried to create it, I can send back to you in happy acknowledgement of your happy greeting, no better wish for your own birthdays in maturer years than that these may find you still pursuing the study that you have now made your own.



A corner of the new public library at Lexington, Kentucky, is devoted to James Lane Allen. A painting of Mr. Allen hangs on the wall; his writings are on the table.

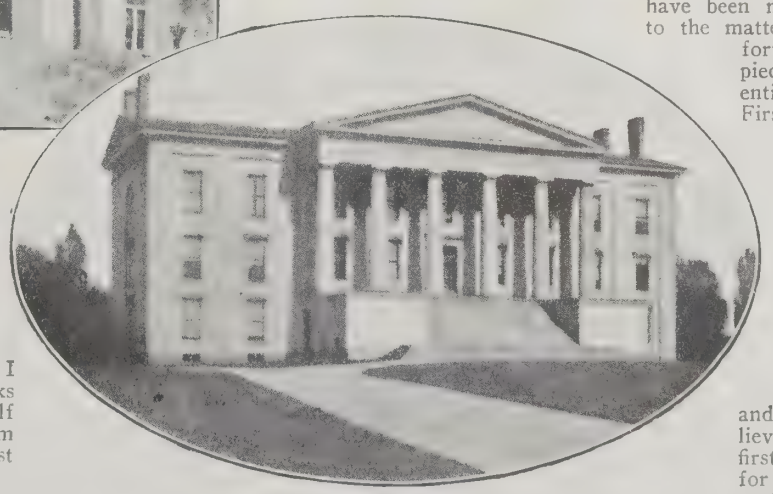


JAMES LANE ALLEN

Only living American author whose birthday is observed in the schools.



The new public library at Lexington, a corner of which has been devoted to Mr. Allen.



Transylvania, Lexington, first institution of higher education west of the Alleghanies and where James Lane Allen was educated and taught.

"May there originate with you some movement, at least may there prevail among you the desire, to make the literature of Kentucky more and more, if possible, the first wealth of the commonwealth, the crowning, and imperishable glory of the state; some of you nobly helping to create it and all of you nobly eager to honor and guard.

"As for my birthday and what you have done to honor it, accept each and all of you the pledge of my life—long and most affectionate remembrance. It is as if you had taken up a plant amid the deepening snows of the winter solstice and set it in a constant spring.

"Your friend,
"James Lane Allen."

Born near Lexington, December 21, 1849, Mr. Allen was educated at Transylvania University. On his father's farm, a fragment of a once large estate, on one of those numerous Kentucky limestone highways not far from Lexington, he harvested, cradled, shucked corn and broke hemp stalks, becoming every day more conscious of the landscape about him, and the Blue-Grass country, that was later to play so important a part in his life. The year he finished college also saw him placed at the head of a family of three, for his father had died, leaving a wreck in the family fortunes following the war. He sought employment as a teacher, taught in public and private schools, served on the faculty of Kentucky University and filled the chair of Latin and higher English in Bethany College, West Virginia.

The chance reading of a book written by Henry James, with which he could not agree, was the thread that changed the course of his serene life and sent him into literature.

"It was altogether in the pedagogic nature of things," says Mr. Allen, now living in New York, in recently explaining the matter, "when one night that I entered upon the reading of Mr. James' novel, 'The Portrait of a Lady,' for me to discover on the first page that I did not approve of the way in which the author had written it. Not a line of fiction had I ever written; but the fact in nowise interfered with the conviction that Mr. James, with his genius, art, care, and experience combined, had not opened his novel quite so well as I could have opened it myself.

"In those distressing, dogmatic years, such must have been my own folly and infatuation as related to the matter in hand, for putting pen to paper, I forthwith demonstrated how imperfect as a piece of literary art Mr. James' opening was, entitled my derisive, destructive essay, 'The First Page of The Portrait of a Lady,' and dropped my improvement into the mail.

"There flourished in the New York City of the period a literary weekly whose peculiar claim it was to offer its readers only such reviews as were prepared by expert authority. Perhaps its occasional activity might be described as that of fostering the criticism of distinguished attack. I regularly read this aggressive periodical, and to it naturally forwarded my distinguished attack on Mr. James. Promptly there reached me from the editorial office an acceptance and a check. 'I at once entered, as I believed, the timeless world of literature. The first thing that I had ever written and offered for publication had been accepted, paid for!'

Shortly afterward Mr. Allen gave up teaching and went to New York to follow literary paths. "The blond young giant" was what one of the editors called him on seeing the author of "Flute and Violin." And he is a regular giant, like his father, with great broad shoulders.

Such a shelf of books have since come from his pen: "Flute and Violin," 1891; "The Blue-Grass Region and Other Sketches of Kentucky," 1892; "John Gray—a Novel," 1893; "The Kentucky Cardinal," 1895; "Aftermath," 1896; "A Summer in Arcady," 1896; "The Choir Invisible," 1897 (Dramatized in 1899); "The Reign of Law"; "The Mettle of the Pasture"; "The Bride of the Mistletoe," 1909; "The Doctor's Christmas Eve," 1910; "The Heroine in Bronze," 1912; "The Last Christmas Tree," 1914; "Sword of Youth," 1915; "The Cathedral Singer," 1916; "Kentucky Warbler," 1918; "Emblems of Fidelity," 1919.

(Concluded on page 15)

Two Years of Prohibition: An Official View

Enforcement Making Headway Despite Obstacles; Record Gives Lie to Propagandists Against the United States Constitution

By ROY A. HAYNES
FEDERAL PROHIBITION COMMISSIONER

IT HAS been estimated that there were 20,000,000 drinkers of alcoholic beverages in the United States before the country went dry. If there were 20,000,000 drinkers—which is doubtful—when liquor was accessible, one may safely take for granted that today there are 2,000,000 drinkers—a total which is also doubtful.

The ratio of one drinker today for ten drinkers two years ago, irrespective of grand totals, seems to me a safe one, at least to show what the Eighteenth Amendment has done. It is obvious that upon the estimates above stated, 18,000,000 former drinkers have quit drinking. This is a wonderful record.

Of the remainder, 1,000,000 or 1,500,000, are those who are in lawful possession of liquor acquired for home use before the prohibition law became effective, while the rest belong to that category of old drinkers who imbibe whenever they can get it.

Only 10 per cent, at most, of former drinkers are drinking now, and these are drinking but five per cent of the quantity of liquor that was formerly consumed. The entire drink bill of the nation has decreased $2,000,000,000 a year. Other results include the disappearance of the open saloon, abatement of open drinking in public dining rooms, passing of the treating evil, closing of establishments for the cure of alcoholism, increased savings accounts, decreased drunkenness, prohibitive price of bonded liquor for beverage use, dangerous character of illicit drinking, decreased importation of liquor, and an improvement in the national health, according to insurance companies.

Drunkenness in Big Cities Decreases

IN 59 cities, with a population of more than 30,000, and a combined population of 20,000,000 (including New York, Chicago and Philadelphia), official and estimated figures show a decrease in arrests for drunkenness from 316,842 in 1917 to 109,768, notwithstanding bad booze, temporary individual hard drinking and a zeal to "jug" all intoxicated people.

During the last fiscal year approximately 950,000 gallons of distilled liquor and wines were seized, and property seized (exclusive of property levied on for payment of taxes, or distillery apparatus or other property destroyed) was valued at $12,907,693. The miscellaneous seized property included automobiles, boats, wagons, carriages, horses, mules, airplanes, motorcycles, land, and so on.

It is becoming more clear every day that thinking persons favor the Eighteenth Amendment. The "personal liberty" argument is not as popular as it used to be. It is alleged that the Prohibition laws infringe upon personal liberty by restricting one's personal habits. Every law does that in a larger or smaller degree. The narcotic law greatly interferes with the personal habits of the drug addict, and the traffic laws seriously restrict the speed fiend, but these restrictions do not seriously limit the man who puts the community good above his self-indulgence, nor do they greatly embarrass the man who places the public welfare above his personal convenience.

Liberty is, after all, the restriction of personal habits by law for public good; and license, these same impulses unrestricted. Prohibition is a great movement for the public good, and all great movements are evolutionary. The idea of the men who enacted the Eighteenth Amendment was not that it would become an established fact in a moment. The law is slowly making its way by the method of attrition. The forces of law and order are gaining their objective. The progress is insistent, definite and sure, and decrees the final doom of the illegal liquor business.

Leniency Makes Bootlegger Defiant

THIS process of attrition accounts for 30,000 Federal indictments obtained last year. In 17,000 cases pleas of guilty were entered. The convictions totaled 21,000 and the acquittals 950. About 300 brewers were investigated and charged with violations of the law, several public officials were indicted and manufacturers of whisky from diverted alcohol prosecuted.

Of course, there are some outstanding obstacles which furnish considerable embarrassment to law enforcement work. There are some officials in the land who use their high positions to express their disdain of the Volstead Act. To me it seems that the officials in this country should take the matter of the Prohibition law seriously. It is their duty to administer justice. It is hardly within their province to exploit their own private opinions or prejudices officially. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided the constitutionality of the Volstead law, and that question should be considered settled.

In my judgment, light fines and delay in bringing cases to trial have contributed in no small way to the spirit of defiance in which bootleggers hold the law. Recently a bootlegger was questioned, and he said he had been arrested four times. He added, with a grin: "I always manage to get out all right." This, too, despite the fact that bootleggers generally deal in odd substances which the official chemists have reported as 98 per cent unfit to drink.

It would be very interesting reading if it were feasible to include a list of the arrests for bootlegging in order to ascertain how many of the bootleggers are second offenders. As long as public officials take an attitude hostile to law, it is going to be difficult to get juries to convict. The attitude of the judge and the prosecuting attorney has much to do with the verdict of the jury.

In some cases, I am told, it has been difficult for observers in court rooms to tell whether it is the bootlegger or Prohibition officer that is on trial. It has been suggested the attitude of such public officials might be changed if more of our better citizens would attend the courts. The friends of the bootlegger throng the court room, but the friends of the law remain away.

In other words, among the outstanding difficulties that have stood in the way of more rapid progress, is the apathetic citizen and the lethargic public official. Wherever there exists a favorable attitude on the part of courts and public officials charged with the duty of enforcing the law, and this attitude is shown, the Prohibition act is respected and made effective. Happily this condition is rapidly improving with the advent of the splendid pronouncements and co-operation from the Department of Justice.

While it is true that we also have our smuggling problems, we have our brewery problems, our distillery problems, our warehouse problems, our wholesalers' problems, our "moonshine" problems, and our home-brew problems, yet in my judgment the most serious task we have right now is to arouse this apathetic citizen and to disillusion a lot of perfectly good people who have been inoculated with a great mass of popular misconception and misinformation.

Let's face some facts.

The facts show that the total known importation during the last fiscal year was one-half of one per cent of the total consumption of liquor in America the year before Prohibition. The country is told that crimes are increasing and that the Prohibition law is the cause. We point to world conditions, and show that the crime wave in America is but the reflex of a world-wide crime wave. We show that arrests for drunkenness have decreased 60 per cent in America, and that convictions for drunkenness increased in about the same proportion in wet England.

That two conditions exist at the same time does not prove that they are related to each other's cause and effect. It is just as logical to charge that the crime wave is the result of woman suffrage as to say that it is caused by the adoption of the Prohibition law. We show that in the United States during the month of October, last, liquor withdrawals were only 50 per cent of the liquor withdrawn in October, 1920. We show that whisky withdrawals by wholesale druggists in New York for the months of September and October just passed totaled less than four per cent of such withdrawals as compared with the preceding months of June and July. We show that in the New York office under the reorganization the volume of routine business passing through the Permit Section has been reduced by two-thirds, indicating that real, sincere efforts to weed out illegitimate business can succeed.

Progress Is Being Made

THE fact of the matter is, such proofs constitute about all the argument that sincere, sensible people need to see that good progress is being made in a gigantic task. This is a new law. It was two years old on January 17, 1922. One hundred per cent enforcement is not expected. Who can recall one hundred per cent enforcement of any law, regardless of how long it has been operative? Yet those who are trying to cloud the issue give no credit for the fact that relatively great progress is being made. They pick up a rumor here and seize upon a fact there and try to make these fit into a general plan.

Indeed, it seems to me it is much fairer to take the statements of some of our own directors—of all officials concerned, in fact—who are operating in the midst of the problems and difficulties in an official way, rather than the cry of the propagandists who are trying to make out a case against the Constitution of the United States.

The Harding Administration fully recognizes the importance of law enforcement and is irrevocably committed to it. During the months since I took the oath of office of Federal Prohibition Commissioner, this administration has reorganized the Federal enforcement machinery of the United States. New plans of organization have been decided upon and put into operation; new directors have been installed in every state in the Union, having assumed full responsibility for the successful enforcement of the Volstead Act in their respective state areas; new rules and regulations have been promulgated, and with the inspiration of full confidence in the inherent patriotism of the American people this new organization is now taking good stride and is already showing excellent results.

That lawlessness in any community will last just as long as the community will stand for it is undeniable. The saloon brought on its own doom; so will bootlegging and other flagrant violations. A definite nuisance soon spells its own doom.

The violators of the Prohibition law in America today may largely be divided into two classes; the faddist drinkers, which is a temporary class, and those who have an appetite established through years of indulgence. Most of the latter class may be expected to use liquor as long as they live, either through supplies of liquor acquired before the law became effective or through illegal means.

The beginning of the operation of the law came at a time when the United States, in common with the rest of the world, was in the maelstrom of the aftermath of war. Because of the beneficence of this law, no nation in the world was or is so well fortified to stand the test of the strain to which moral fiber, financial and industrial structures, and government systems, have been subjected.

The fact of the matter is that there was never a law adopted so drastic as the Prohibition law, which has been so early and so successfully enforced. One authority announced recently it was estimated that the Prohibition law today was being 64 per cent enforced. If that be true it does not require any prophet to know that in a comparatively short time the law will be as successfully enforced as any other law on the statute books.

How many drunken men does one see walking down the streets of Chicago or New York or any large city, any morning or any afternoon or any night? I have been in large and small cities frequently the past few months, and I could count the drunken men I have seen on the fingers of one hand.

In the olden days they were to be seen on every street corner. Today it is dangerous to violate the law in the purchase of drink, and secondly, it is especially dangerous to drink the stuff after purchase. It is claimed that recently there is an increasing number of alcoholic cases at the hospitals that still remain open for the treatment of inebriates. That is to be expected. Only two per cent of the vile stuff that is being seized by our agents and analyzed is found to be free from the dangerous fusel oil poison. Those who buy and drink illicit liquor take long chances.

"Home Brew" Only a Passing Fad

THE talk one hears of drinking among the young people and in society, of home brewing and home distilling, has no doubt some basis of truth, but if this deplorable condition does exist to some extent it must be regarded as a national fad and craze, and not a permanently entrenched custom. It is a pathetic thing—even if only a fad—to hear of women who go about their homes shaking a cocktail mixer, thereby setting a reprehensible example to their households; as it is to hear of the business, professional or the club man who technically, and often unthoughtfully, violates the law, forgetful of the fact that the example he is setting is in reality dangerous to the very foundations of government itself. As for the home "manufacturers," it is reported that results secured are so much lacking in satisfaction that in most cases they are already saying, "Never again."

Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army—an organization that probably gets closer to the poor and the down-and-outs of the country than any other organization in our land, and therefore knows the effect of the liquor traffic as well as any organization can possibly know it—makes the most telling statement concerning the wonderful benefits of Prohibition since the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Commander Booth says that the population in penal institutions is reduced; that many jails are converted into dwelling apartments, and prisons turned into schools and social centers. She states that Prohibition has improved health and reduced mortality in the country. In the city of Boston during the year deaths by accident dropped one-third, deaths from suicide one-fifth, and deaths from alcoholism 79 per cent. She adds that the homes in the slums are immensely improved, and in place of the bread lines the men now support their families and increase their bank accounts.

Appeals to the Press and Stage

IN CONCLUSION, America has spoken for Prohibition in unmistakable language. The man or woman or agency which condones its violation, or becomes a party to its violations, or encourages a sentiment of laxity in regard to its enforcement, is helping to create, consciously or unconsciously, a very serious condition. To "wink at" the breaking of one law and preach the observance of another is un-American.

I am a newspaper man by profession. I have full knowledge of the power of the press. I believe no agency has more power in the welding of public sentiment and few as much power. I appeal especially to the editorial and news writer, to the cartoonist, to the reporter, to the scenario writer, to the playwright, to lend every aid to law enforcement. The editorial, the cartoon, the news story, the film or the legitimate play, which has in it the direct statement or the inferential suggestion, that the dry program is easily violated, or should be violated, that it is a joke—is not only harmful in the warping of sentiment against the enforcement of this one law, but obviously such influence leads to a disregard of law in general.

I wish that we might have in America a revival of regard for the sanctity and majesty of the law. I wish that it might be preached by the parents in the home as well as by the teacher of the school; by the preacher in the pulpit; the writer and cartoonist, through the press; the actor on the stage, by every good citizen and agency. With comparatively few officials to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, the work cannot be effectively done without the co-operation of a helpful citizenship.

Building a House With Poetry

Every Verse Helped to Pay for Home

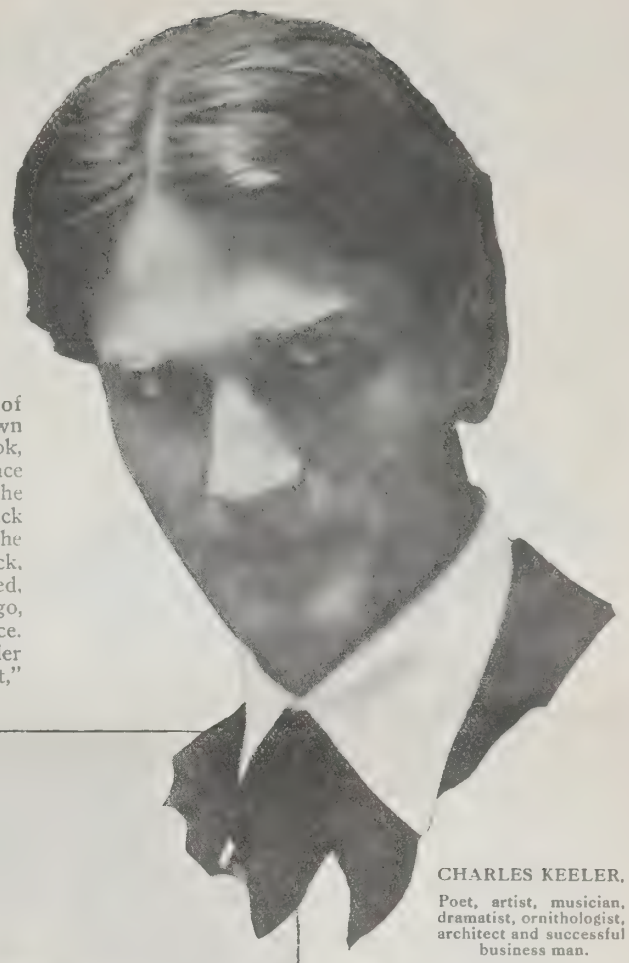
By HARRY H. DUNN

THE general idea seems to be, in this day of specialized industry, that poetry is, to say the least, financially unremunerative. Even those of us who make a typewriter pay the rent and eke the board bill, too, have the conviction that he who essays the art of verse-making must have a wealthy aunt or a willing uncle, or some other anchor to windward. Yet, out in the beautiful Berkeley Hills, back of San Francisco Bay, one of the show places of that land of fine homes is the "house that poetry built." Every stone in the house represents a verse, every pail of cement, a line worked out with rhythm, though not always with rhyme, by the owner, the man who, as he wrote the verse that paid for the house, worked also with his hands to erect it.

The man is Charles Keeler, who has attained success as an amateur dramatist, since one of his plays has been produced by the world-famous Bohemian Club, of San Francisco: as a writer of song-plays, since his productions have been presented by readers and singers east or west from the Golden Gate all round the world; as a lecturer, since he spent two years of his youth on tour of the world—and went all around it, too—on the returns from lectures and recitals given during that tour; as an ornithologist, since he filled that official position on the celebrated Harriman expedition to Alaska; as a forester, since he was the close friend of John Muir, and, finally, as a business man, since he is now, and has been for some time, the director of the destinies of the University City's commercial organization, which has just given into his control some $50,000 a year, to be used in the development and expansion of Berkeley.

The foundation stone of all this advancement was an ability and a desire to write verse, and an unswerving determination to tell the world, just what he believed to be right, through every medium of expression at his command. The idea of most of his verse came to Mr. Keeler when, as a boy, he wandered through the great mountains and the towering forests of the West in search of health. He began to apply the inspiration he so obtained to the affairs of men and women in everyday life, in spiritual relationships, and in the finer sentimentalities of being. He soon found a considerable reading public, and his books are still being published.

Like many other poets, he soon found that verse is the key to many a childish heart, and his "Elfin Songs of Sunland," are to California children a classic. Some of his dance-poems, notably "The Harper's Song of Iris," and "Princess Papilio," a butterfly dance, have been presented in New York by soloist dancers on many occasions. Of his poetical plays, probably "The Bird's Christmas," and "The Song of the Gong," are the best known, though "The Triumph of Light" also has been widely approved. Among his prose works, "Bird Notes Afield" is considered a standard for bird students in California. But, back to the building of the House. The land which bears it lies overgrown with a lordly oak forest, centered by a singing brook, backed by a higher ridge of hills, and itself at once the shoulder and the canyon between two of the typically rounded hills which lie a short distance back from the sea all down the California coast. On the crest of this lower shoulder stood a mass of rock, which, though ground away and somewhat flattened, had resisted the movements of the great glacier ages ago, and all the erosive power of wind and water ever since. On this huge knob as a corner stone, Mr. Keeler laid the foundations of the "house that poetry built," a veritable "house builded upon a rock."



CHARLES KEELER,
Poet, artist, musician, dramatist, ornithologist, architect and successful business man.



A corner of the "house that poetry built" with a glimpse of the builder's Little Outdoor Theater, in the foreground.



An audience in Mr. Keeler's Little Outdoor Theater enjoying a play written by Mr. Keeler and staged by him.

With his own hands, a little aid and direction from workmen and builders, the poet-dramatist built this home, which he had designed himself, after the style of the half-Spanish, half-Moorish residences of old Mexico. It is at once a home and a monument to the genius of the builder, for it is like a castle, built of stone, welded to the stone which forms its base, and sheltered on all sides by handsome groves of oaks. To give his neighbors and friends entertainment and educational enrichment, Mr. Keeler built, also with his own handiwork, and his own actual labor as well, a Little Outdoor Theater, in a semicircular dell just in front of and below his home. There were given plays and recitals, free to all who cared to come, with the massed foliage of several oaks for the back-drop on the stage, the level green of the brookside for the stage itself, and the California sun in charge of the lighting effects. And the while he was doing these things, he was introducing, unthinkingly, perhaps, but surely, nevertheless, the open-air sleeping porch to the architects of Northern California, whence it spread, first to Southern California, and thence all over the world.

So his mind ranged from the ephemeral vales of poesy to the hard plains of architecture, and left its mark on both. Practically, too, he cared for and brought to young womanhood and manhood two daughters and a son, one of whom is now a promising wielder of the brush on canvas, one a dancer of ability, and the third, the boy, an ornithologist.

Reading the Ancient Alphabet of Montezuma

Concluded from page 2

that for the district of Micmaloyan, which shows a human hand in the act of grasping a fish. This is easily divided into *michin*, meaning "fish," and *malli*, meaning "captured," or "caught." The termination *yan*, like *than*, means "place," or "place where"; consequently, we have this apparently formidable word meaning merely, "a place in which fish are caught."

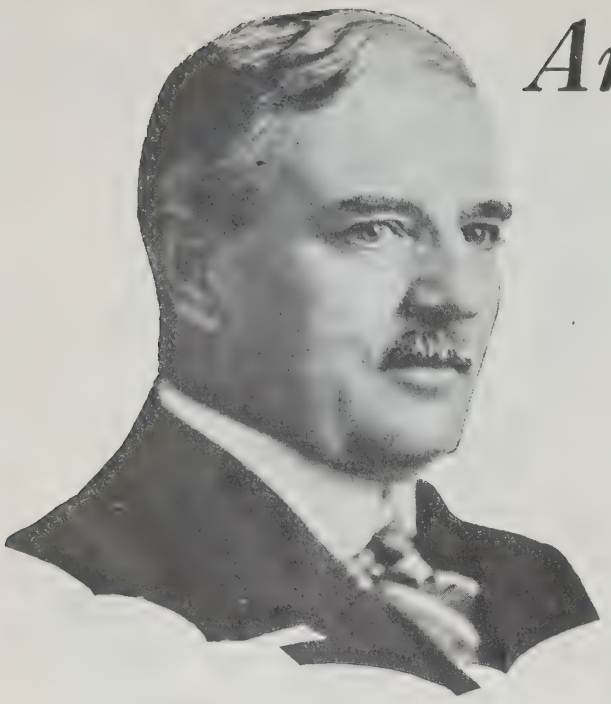
The symbol for Molotla, a village which still exists, by the way, was a crude drawing of the red-headed burion, or house finch, with the head painted a brilliant red. The Nahua name for this bird was *molototl*, which was abbreviated to *molotl*; hence, Molotlan, or Molotla, "place in which there are red-headed finches." It will be noted in the results of all this work, of which I can give but the most brief outline here, that wherever there was any abundance of wild life of any kind, from snakes to humming birds, that was taken advantage of in the selection of a name for the place. Probably this was done for two reasons: First, to direct the people to a place where food was obtainable, and, second, to identify each place by some feature which would be considered of enough importance to be remembered by the majority of those who heard it. A few tribal names exist, such as Tula, supposed to have been the home of the Toltecs; Acolhuan, the home of the Acolhuas; Aztlan, the original home of the Aztecs, and some others, but the majority of the names are those of location, as regards rivers and mountains; food supply, as the "bean-town" of Etlan; and of animals, birds, and even insects. In the last-named class, perhaps the most interesting is Chapultepec, a hill on the outskirts of the present Mexico City, on which is now located the summer home of the presidents of Mexico, in Chapultepec Palace. This, in the original Nahuatl, was *Chapol-tepec—chapol*, "grasshopper," and *tepec*, "hill"; or Hill-of-the-Grasshopper.

The snake was looked upon with reverence by all the Indian tribes of what is now Mexico, Central America and South America; was worshipped by at least two of them—the Maya and the Nahua—and gives rise to some interesting ideographs. One of these is the symbol—possibly "coat of arms" would be the better name—for a village which still exists. It represents the common sign, *tepec*, for a hill, out of which projects the head and part of the body of a large serpent, the Nahua word for snake or serpent, irrespective of variety, being *coatl*. This symbol has been translated as meaning "the place, or the hill, where there are snakes," but if the Indian picture-maker had intended this meaning, he would have shown a number of snakes, rather than one. The fact that only one snake appears, and that it is shown at the top of the hill, indicates, to my mind, and in the opinion of others interested in this work, that this was a place in which the serpent-god was worshiped, a translation borne out by the finding, on an artificial hill or pyramid, near Coatepec, of a temple with carvings of the feathered serpent.

This feathered serpent, by the way, greatly resembles the well-known Chinese dragon, and from this resemblance, the idea has arisen that the worship of the snake came into what is now Mexico from Chinese wanderers, blown across the Pacific by contrary winds. From the word *Quetzalcoatl*, the well-established name of one of the Nahua divinities, however, we are beginning to believe that the worship of the serpent was of local origin among the Nahuas, or, possibly, among the Mayas, and from the latter transferred to the Nahuas, when the two empires came into contact in what is now Southern Mexico. The word *quetzal* was and is the native name of a bird of the parrot family of very beautiful plumage. From the skins of this bird, the royal robes of the Maya and Aztec rulers were made, and the killing of the bird, or the wearing of its plumage by any other than royalty, was punishable by death. The Nahua word for snake, as I have said, was *coatl*, and the combination of the two form the name of the deity—*Quetzalcoatl*. The opinion is becoming general that both word and winged serpent were the invention of some prehistoric priest, seeking to strengthen his control of the people by presenting them with a new god, at a time when the military caste was endeavoring to wrest from the priesthood the balance of power in the Nahua Empire. That this contest took place, about 1300 A. D., in what is now the Valley of Mexico, is an established fact, and out of it came the supremacy of the Aztecs in the Nahuatlac Empire.

The most interesting, and the largest, representation of the winged snake is on the retaining wall surrounding the truncated pyramid on which stands the ruin of Xochicalco—the "house of the yellow flower"—about 70 miles south of Mexico City. This picture of the winged serpent is done in bas-relief on stone, the carving being from six to eight inches deep, and entirely surrounding the ruin, which is some 90 feet in length by 60 in width, a distance of 300 feet. This ruin, in common with all other important Nahua and Maya remains in Mexico, is being preserved in a government reservation.

As rapidly as possible, the ruined temples and cities are being restored, the mural decorations repaired with cement and repainted, the bas-reliefs lifted to their places and set back into concrete beds, and the grounds around the ruins cleaned off, so that each ruin may become, in time, a museum of its own district.



DR. HENRY JACKSON WATERS

An Apostle of Better Agriculture

What Science Must Do for the Farmer

WE PROBABLY are at the end of our greatest expansion in the influence of invention on agricultural production. Future progress must be in the direction of refining agricultural processes, eliminating waste and warding off uncertainties. The farmer is too dependent on the turn of the weather, the presence or absence of insects, to call his business a settled or stable industry. It is along these lines progress must be made. It is by that progress the millions of the future must be fed.

Inventions have given us machines that add greatly to the power of man. But in no instance have they added to the power of the soil. It is the soil, in the long run, that is the limiting factor. The contribution of science has been in the direction of saving the soil, of protecting crops and animals against destruction by flood and drought and insect and disease. It has been in the direction of making the harvest more certain. There are a thousand ways in which science may help agriculture.—Dr. Henry Jackson Waters.

By E. B. CHAPMAN

IN THE early '80's a young assistant in the College of Agriculture, University of Missouri, was discouraged. A shake-up in the school had eliminated from the faculty men who had been his superiors, associates and advisers. The assistant had been given charge of the experimental work, formerly directed by three men. Their salaries had totaled $7,500 a year. His pay had remained $50 a month.

An offer of a $1,200 a year position in the Department of Agriculture at Washington had been received and the young Missourian was about to accept it.

One of the displaced professors visited the young assistant at his work. The professor had learned of the Washington offer. The conversation skillfully was guided to that subject. The younger man said he believed he was underpaid and asked the older man's opinion.

"From what I see I believe you are paid about what you are worth," the former instructor said. "I don't believe, if I were you, with your youth, inexperience and opportunity I would think I was underpaid.

"Instead, I think you are fortunate. Placed in charge of work three men formerly directed, you have an opportunity for education and service that seldom comes. There is no limit to the possibilities. It would be a mistake to leave if you were receiving no pay."

"And right there," Dr. Henry J. Waters, known throughout the nation as an authority on agriculture and now editor of the weekly Kansas City *Star,* says, "I quit thinking about salary. I realized that service and opportunity to add to my knowledge were the indispensable things. They would govern salary."

Of course, the Washington offer was refused, the young assistant continued in his work and one of its most widely known figures was saved to agriculture.

The unusual seems to have been almost commonplace in the earlier life of Dr. Waters. The son of a farmer, he studied Latin and Greek under his father. The first year in college he took a liberal arts course. There was no inclination on his part to the scientific study of agriculture. One day a letter from his father inquired if the student had read a newly published work on stock breeding. It was suggested he talk to the dean about it. In the letter the father observed that he believed there was a greater opportunity for the educated man in agriculture than along any other line. It was urged that the student talk to the dean about that, too.

Study of Agriculture Not Popular Then

MEETING the dean one day, young Waters asked him about the book and the probable future of one scientifically trained in agriculture.

The last clause interested the professor most. He went into the matter thoroughly. Five times the student inquired how many were taking the wonderful course and each time the educator ignored the question. When the student transferred to the agricultural course he found there had been none. He was the only student. He went through the course, the only student. In the lecture rooms day after day there were only two present, the instructor and young Waters.

Agriculture was in a slump in western institutions at that time. Interest that had prevailed before had failed. From that year, however, interest revived and now the study of agriculture in the Middle West is on a far different basis.

But the young student was made of stern stuff. He stuck it out. More than that, he caught coons and sold the skins for 50 to 75 cents each to help pay his expenses through school. He dug ginseng roots and sold them. He cut corn, receiving the low wages of the times and saved the money to help defray college expenses. In school he addressed envelopes and did such other work as was available. All the time his father was willing and able to advance the money needed. He did advance some of it, but the student wished to be self-supporting.

After graduation, young Waters had a place with the Missouri Board of Agriculture. It gave him a thorough knowledge of his state such as comes to few men. Then he became an assistant in the Missouri experiment station, where came the turning point in his life discussed earlier. Two years later came a place as the professor of agriculture at the Pennsylvania State College. He was the first man to be called from the West to teach agriculture in the East.

"I found myself outclassed," he says. "I was among scientists trained in Germany, with their degrees—and whiskers—from there. I made up my mind there was only one way for me to make good. That was to go to work at 7 o'clock in the morning and work until midnight. And I was determined to make good."

The seven-till-midnight program was put into effect.

When Professor Waters took charge, the class in agriculture consisted of three students. Two of them quit the course because of illness. But the professor knew there were thousands of boys on Pennsylvania farms who needed the training the state was providing. He went out into the brush after students and came back to the college with them. After four years, when he left the college, 100 students were studying agriculture.

Still a youngster, as professors went at that time, he returned to the University of Missouri to become dean of the College of Agriculture—from which he had been the only graduate six years before. And in the 13 years he filled that office the college grew from almost nothing to the second largest college in the university.

He Added to the World's Knowledge

MUCH of the world's knowledge of cattle and hog feeding is based on experiments conducted by Dr. Waters while he was dean of the college and given to the world in bulletins, books and through the press, for the seven-till-midnight schedule begun at the Pennsylvania college still asserted itself. He went into every county of the state telling people about their college and fighting enemies of the institution, who had grown numerous.

Dr. Waters gathered the splendid agricultural exhibit of the state of Missouri at the St. Louis World's Fair. He spent two years studying in Germany and another in Switzerland.

The last few years of Dr. Waters' activities have been still more varied. As president of the Kansas State Agricultural College, he reorganized it and made it one of the leaders of such institutions. When he went to Manhattan, only 25 schools in the state were teaching agriculture. When he left no pupil could go through the grades in Kansas public schools and not study that subject. His textbook was used in every high school in the state, the royalties that accrued to him going to a fund to help deserving students attend college.

While he was at Manhattan occurred what he terms "the greatest thing that ever came my way." He was named a special commissioner of the President to study the educational and agricultural systems of the Philippines and suggest improvements. He spent a year's leave of absence in the Orient. Returning, his report formed the basis for changes that have been of untold benefit to the islands.

His experiences and observations that year may be one reason why Dr. Waters is not one of the back-to-the-farm enthusiasts.

"I saw in China the utter lack of progress a non-industrial system entails," he said. "There were the deplorable results of an exclusively agricultural system 4,000 years old. Without an industrial system there is no stimulus and no outlet.

"China and India are the only two exclusively agricultural system nations. They are the only ones that have famines regularly."

In 1917 Dr. Waters left the Kansas college to become editor of the *Weekly Star.* He regarded it merely as an opportunity to increase the size of his classroom. Instead of lecturing to only a few hundred students, at most, he speaks, through his signed editorials and the other columns of his paper, to almost 400,000 families each week.

He has no faith in political remedies for fundamentally economic ills and doesn't hesitate to tell farmers so.

"The farmer has been led by politicians to look to Congress for too much," he says. "Congress can't cure all the farmer's ills. The farmer must do most of it. He must become self-reliant. He must save himself if he is to be saved."

"We have all the people on the farms we need," he continued. "There are as many there now as can make a living. What we need is a better industrial system so the surplus can live better in town and buy more of the farmer's products."

That brought up another subject Dr. Waters likes to discuss. That was moving to the country for advantages.

"The average boy needs to learn to work," this editor says. "He can't learn to work in town. There is nothing he can do. Even the rural town isn't free from that curse. On the farm he learns to work."

In the next breath he answers those who would keep the boys on the farm.

"The boys must have the greatest possible freedom in choosing an occupation," he says. "They will stay on the farm, or go back to it, if they can do better there than in town. If they can't, it will be impossible to keep them there.

"Justinian, the ancient law giver, had tried to compel people to stay on the farm and Augustus had tried to persuade them to stay there. Both failed. Farm life must be made profitable and comfortable."

Perhaps the one person on the farm who gets most of Dr. Waters' sympathy is the average farm wife. She is the only person in the world who puts in longer hours than the farmer, Dr. Waters said.

"An electric light system that could be used every day in the year would relieve Monday of its washboard terrors," he said. "It would cost little more than the binder, used one week of the 52. A complete water system, electric lights, vacuum cleaner, power washer, power separator and power churn would cost little more than the tractor, used less than 30 days a year on the average farm."

Efforts to obtain improved marketing systems to which thousands of farmers are looking to give them a larger share of the consumer's dollar attract the sympathy of this agriculturist, who thinks in world terms on that subject. He hopes they will succeed. The farmer must have more money. But Dr. Waters isn't telling the farmers they are sure to succeed, nor altogether blameless for present conditions. He points out that the farmer, now demanding a reasonable profit on his product, may be required by the public to use modern methods in production.

"The farmer, while forced to economize, is a great waster," Dr. Waters says. "For more than half a century he has been urged by press and platform speakers to produce better live stock by the simple expedient of using better sires. Yet few have learned the lesson. And money is lost to millions of farmers each year because they have failed to heed the appeal."

As long ago as 1916 he began telling farmers to prepare for the slump that was sure to come. He pointed out the record of other wars. He urged some of the profits be held for the slack times that were to follow. He doesn't refer to it now. He isn't an "I told you so." Instead, he is working along with others interested in the subject, trying to find the way to relieve the situation.

Shipping cattle and hogs to market and going to the butcher shop for meat, as it has come to be practiced in many rural communities, arouses Dr. Waters' ire as an inexcusable waste. He tells his big class how to cure its meat, vary its diet and build strong, well-developed children. The Waters cure for ham is used all over the Mississippi Valley.

Calls Farm the Best Place

"ALERT" is an expression that seems especially useful in describing Dr. Waters. The term "snappy" possibly fits well his conversation. His decisions are made quickly. When they are shown to be incorrect he is quick to acknowledge the error.

In the middle 50's, he looks 40. He is about six feet and weighs about 200 pounds. Married in 1897, he has one son, H. J. Waters, Jr., a student at the University of Missouri. Two of the things in which he takes pride are interesting: One is the fact that when the National Economic League was organized he and his two brothers, one a minister in a rural community, and the other a farmer and merchant, were nominated for membership. The other is that, when a boy at home in Ralls County, he was known far and wide as excelling in breaking mules to work.

"Notwithstanding the low return it brings," Dr. Waters says, "the farm is the best place today to accumulate property. It is the straightest and broadest of all highways to a competency.

"The working man in the city dies without estate. If we had only the city wage earner there would be no need for probate courts. There would be nothing to administer.

"The hired man on the farm is the lowest paid wage earner in the nation. That applies alike to America, China, anywhere that agriculture is practiced. Still the farm is the best place and the farm hand has the greatest chance to become independent of any wage earner.

"A part of his wages saved a few years and he can buy a team, wagon, harness and farming implements. Then he can rent a farm a few years, marry and by the time the babies begin to arrive, make a payment on a piece of land.

"Before the children are ready for high school he can have the farm paid for.

"I know of no other young man who has as good a chance to become independent as the farm hand."

Divorcing My Lady Nicotine After Ten Years

One Man's Sufferings in His Battle Against the Tobacco Habit

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

I DO not think I could have been much more than 10 years old when I smoked my first cigaret. A drunken man gave us—my younger brother, another youngster and myself—a package of cigarets and some matches. We went down into the bush below town and sat in a secluded spot on the bank of a creek. The cigarets we divided evenly among the three of us; the odd one—there were ten in the package—being claimed by each, was finally left to be the property of him who first finished his original three.

For a few moments the blissful rapture of a new experience was unalloyed. We held our cigarets between two fingers in an attitude of the greatest nonchalance, conversing meanwhile in the exaggerated tones of boys playing at being men; but it was only for a moment...! Soon the day's bright promise became overclouded; the world seemed strangely off its base; the outline of the trees grew dim; they seemed to be moving in a vague procession; the horizon began to undulate in snaky curves going faster and faster until our heads grew giddy with its speed; even good old solid mother earth was no longer to be depended on; she seemed to be coming toward us in a succession of bounding billows. Each of us went his way a little distance apart and there flopped down in almost eager anticipation of that death which seemed not far removed and which appeared then to be strangely welcome if only it come soon.

Their Dreams Rudely Shattered

AFTER deathly nausea and convulsive retching followed by an unmeasured period of merciful oblivion, three small boys, their faces drawn and white, stole quietly home in the gathering dusk. On the grass, neglected, lay three partly-smoked, and seven untouched, cigarets; nearby was a little bundle of matches. The problem of the odd cigaret was no longer a burning question. Three little boys made no definite resolutions, but they were in practical unanimity regarding the hollowness of the claims of tobacco as a dispenser of pleasure.

It is just as well that definite resolutions were not made, because they should only have been broken later. I do not remember how or when I essayed my next smoke, but I must have met with more success. I have a dim recollection of being sick on other occasions, but nothing so desperate as that first time. Like Mark Twain, I smoked with discretion during those first years, but when I was 15, I smoked openly and had begun collecting pipes. When I was 16, I got a job in the office of the Yukon Telegraph Service at Ashcroft, keeping the books. I was there only three months, relieving the regular man who was away on his vacation. I received $75 a month, which was a good salary as salaries went in those days. I thought quite a lot of myself.

I spent the next three years in charge of a telegraph station at a place on the Cariboo road called Lac la Hache, where I had nothing to do when the weather was fine but copy an occasional telegram and sit around and read—and smoke. I was responsible for the maintenance of 60 miles of telegraph line. After every storm, and frequently in the intervals, I would have to climb on the back of my cayuse and ride out to chop away whatever timber had fallen across the wires and make the necessary repairs. It was on these trips that I learned to chew tobacco.

He Takes Up Chewing, Too

THE next two years were spent at a place called Barkerville, in the placer-mining district of Northern British Columbia, as postmaster, telegraph operator and a number of other positions rolled into one. Here I read and smoked more than ever—pipe, cigar, cigaret, one after the other without cessation all day and a great part of the night.

Tiring of inside employment, and longing for a chance to become identified with the life of activity to be seen around me on all sides, I bought a portable sawmill outfit, procured a number of lumber contracts from the mines roundabout and went into the woods with a gang. While working in the woods I did not have time to smoke quite so much as I had been doing, but I became more addicted to the use of "eating" tobacco.

It was about this time that I first began to think of quitting my lady nicotine. In August I had finished the last of my contracts, a number of the mines had closed down and the prospects in the lumber business were not particularly bright. I laid the crew off and sent the whole outfit into town, remaining alone in camp to tally up the remaining lumber and to make everything shipshape during what might prove to be a lengthy lay-off. I expected it would take me about three days to do what was necessary.

The outfit had scarcely gone before I realized that I was completely out of tobacco. I went through the cookhouse and the bunkhouse and rummaged among the things in my tent; but nowhere was there a scrap of tobacco of any kind. I dug up all my pipes and smoked the dregs of previous enjoyments; but that was only temporary palliation. Finally, I resigned myself to my three days' enforced abstention, trying to concentrate on the work in hand; but every few moments I would catch myself unconsciously feeling through my pockets for something that was not to be had. By evening I had worked myself into a state of irritation which would not admit of reading or anything else.

The next morning I did not attempt to do any work; after breakfast I set out on foot for town, about six miles away. I did not get back until late in the afternoon; and I thus lost nearly a whole day just because of the lack of tobacco. This set me thinking. I did not like to admit that anything could get such a hold on me that it could practically dictate to me; but at last I had to face the fact that tobacco was my master.

I don't think I would have minded so much going without it for a few days if I had known that I could have a smoke at any time should I so desire, but to know that I could not smoke at all—that was hell. Nevertheless, I made a resolution—about as useless as are most of its kind—that some day I would give up smoking—but not just yet!

A few months later the country was in the throes of a land boom and I was out staking and cruising land. If one would quit smoking, I would never advise trying the experiment while out in the woods. If there is one time more than another that the inveterate smoker gets real pleasure out of his pipe it is then.

When, after a hard day's work, tramping with a pack on his back or poling a canoe up a swift stream, he lies in front of the camp fire during the interval between supper and time to roll up in the blankets, while the talk wanders from one strange corner of the world to another, as it will when such men get together as are more often found by camp fires than by the cozy hearths of a home—then, unless he shall have been fortified by months, and even years, of abstinence, he will long for his pipe.

That summer I made $30,000—on paper. It was not until the latter part of October, however, that I came to the final and painful conclusion that I not only had been beaten out of my summer's work, but that I was again stony broke and under the painful necessity of getting a job without the least possible delay.

The Weed Undermining Health

ON NOVEMBER 1, I began working as night operator in the Canadian Pacific Railway's commercial telegraph office in New Westminster—just half an hour's ride by trolley from Vancouver. I hoped to get a "road stake," intending to go into the Peace River country in the spring. I had to work from 6 p. m. until whenever I got the wires cleared—generally about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. I wouldn't get up next day until nearly noon, but during all the time I was awake I'd be smoking cigaret, pipe and cigar, one after the other interminably.

From time to time my old resolution, some time to quit for good and all, came to me, but the thought of sitting before the camp fire the next summer listening to the yarns while the others smoked—and not smoking myself—was too much. for my imagination. It simply could not be done! Yet I found the continual heavy smoking beginning to affect my health. I nearly always had a cough. In the mornings my mouth felt like a limekiln. My eyes had never become accustomed to much smoke and were often sore.

It was New Year's Eve and I was copying messages. I had spent most of the day alone—smoking. I had had dinner at a Chinese restaurant and the greasy fare irritated me. Now the whole world and his wife were sending idiotic telegrams to everybody else wishing a "Happy New Year"; it made me more and more grouchy the longer I copied. As the evening wore on I became conscious of a dull pain in one ear—the one nearest the resonator; presently the pain became more acute and I had to switch the resonator to the other ear. By midnight the pain had become intolerable and I had to telephone the manager to come down and relieve me.

I hunted up a doctor who told me that I probably had an abscess in the inner ear; he gave me something to relieve the pain and said he would see what was to be done in the morning. I went to bed and tossed for several hours before falling asleep. When I awoke the abscess had broken. On examination the doctor discovered that the ear drum was ruptured. He put his watch right into my ear but I could hear nothing. I was totally deaf in that ear. He said the hearing might return, but he appeared to be doubtful. He examined me thoroughly and declared that I smoked too much. He said I had a chronic sore throat from smoking; that the irritation set up in the throat had been communicated to the ear by the eustachian tube; that as long as I continued to smoke I should be in danger of repeated attacks and that I might not always get off so easily as I had in the present instance.

As a result of my talk with the doctor, I resolved to stop smoking there and then, but I left myself one loophole: I would not carry pipe or tobacco, but I would in future just smoke for the sake of sociability. If I happened to be in company where everyone was smoking, I would take a cigaret or a cigar; but only to avoid being an exception to the general rule. As a smoker, I was through!

Fine resolution! It never was really effective after the first few days. After a couple of weeks the hearing gradually came back in my injured ear and nature repaired the ruptured ear drum. I had really cut down my smoking a great deal, but it was inevitable that I should soon find myself smoking again as hard as formerly. In a few weeks I had bought other pipes and tobacco pouches to replace those burned or given away in the first fervor of my early zeal as a convert from the worship of the nicotine goddess. It was not very long until I was smoking as much as ever. And then I got an abscess in the other ear!

I have always recognized as a fact that man is liable to error, but I likewise believe that only a hopeless ass makes the same mistake twice! I stopped smoking. This time there was no mental reservation of any kind. I was finished with the weed for all time.

He Finally Casts Her Off

I NEVER expect again to go through such a time as I did during the three months in which I fought the seductive allurements of my lady nicotine in all her attractive forms. There were times when the call of tobacco was almost overpowering. Endlessly, whenever my mind got interested in something, I searched my pockets for that which was not to be had. Impatiently, I would catch myself at it and try to break the rule of habit. Gradually the desire grew less; I began to notice an improvement in my throat; my mouth, for the first time in years, felt in the morning as if it were made of something else than flannel; my eyes felt better and my general health improved. When a year had rolled round without my having used tobacco in any form I felt that I was cured. I had no desire at all to smoke; I never thought of it. My months of hell had been worth while.

Now after ten years, I can truthfully say that nothing I have ever done has given me such satisfaction as breaking the tobacco habit; it is a blessed emancipation.

I always feel a bit sorry for young fellows—and young women, too—when I see them trying desperately to acquire a habit which later on will in all probability make them its abject slaves. There are some who can smoke in moderation; but my observation leads me to believe that they constitute a very small minority.

I am not one of those who consider smoking a moral question; but I do hold that the great prevalence of the use of tobacco constitutes a colossal economic waste, although not more so than many other of our customs. I am not in sympathy with much of the mooted prohibitory legislation that one hears more or less about in these days; but I should like to see the development of a healthy public opinion on this and kindred subjects.

In conclusion, I feel quite safe in saying that after an experience of ten years as a smoker and ten years as a non-smoker, there is not money enough in the world to tempt me to become again a slave to my lady nicotine, and I say this with a full appreciation of the value of a dollar.

Winter Adds New Pathos to Indian Appeal

Concluded from page 7

Besides obtaining emergency relief for the members of the tribe, Mr. Hamilton hopes to obtain provision for restocking the Indians with horses and cattle. He hopes also to work out a more helpful plan of agricultural assistance to the Indians on the part of the government. And then there is the big thing for which he has been fighting these many years—reparations for the lands which the Blackfeet say were taken from them unjustly. Several times bills have been before Congress referring these claims to the Court of Claims for adjudication, but never has one passed both Houses.

"The Blackfeet nation once was the most numerous, most powerful, most warlike people in the Northwest," Mr. Hamilton said. "It owned and occupied a vast territory, now comprising part of Montana, Idaho, the Dakotas and part of Canada. Out of this, a diminished territory was set aside by the treaty of 1855. But in 1874, the government, by act of Congress, took away approximately 26,000,000 acres of this territory. More and more the white men encroached as settlement of the country proceeded. In 1887, the government talked the Indians into another treaty, cutting the reservation down to a smaller territory.

"Tracts of land were taken away by executive order, and given back by executive order. Tracts were taken away and replaced with others. Some of the land was taken away under an unratified treaty. The result was that the Blackfeet Indians were left with a small reservation up on the very slopes of the Rocky Mountains, whereas much of the territory taken away from them contains low prairies and fertile valleys.

"Altogether about 30,000,000 acres of land, or approximately a third of the state of Montana, was taken unjustly or through false representations at various times."

Getting Congress to see the justice of this claim may be a hard job. Curley Bear, a stalwart old chief who appeared at an earlier session, said: "This is the third time I have been down here on this case, and each time I go home with a broken-down heart."

But the Blackfeet are going to keep up the fight, according to Mr. Hamilton.

Hunting News of Washington—and Finding It

A Reporter's Story of His Quest for New Stories of First President

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

I HAVE gone out as a newspaper reporter to find stories heretofore unknown of the Father of His Country, the commander-in-chief during the Revolution, the first President, George Washington, of Mount Vernon. I have for 15 years in the twentieth century looked for news of a man who lived in the eighteenth. And, strangely, here and there, I have found it.

Not to tell the best story first and thus be forced to the humiliation of an anti-climax, let me relate the incident of a post which stands in the center of the intersection of two venerable highways.

I rode out over that first highway that was cut through the northern neck of Virginia when America was young and outposts were being established prophetic of a nation that was to be. This road runs from Alexandria to Winchester, Virginia. Standing there in the middle of it some eight or ten miles before one reaches Winchester is this post, painted white and bearing a lamp at its tip. There is something quaint and unusual about this post and its lamp, something unattuned to the sputter of the passing automobile. One takes note also of a low stone building on the corner near by—a quaint structure that seems to have come out of another age.



The picture of Washington which was approved by his intimate associates and who pronounced it his best likeness.

Investigation develops the remarkable fact that this post in the middle of the road far out in rural Virginia was planted by none other than George Washington, who came here into the wilderness at the age of 16 to survey a grant which had been given to Lord Fairfax by the king. The old stone building on the corner was erected by a retainer of this doughty English lord, who dubbed it the White Post Inn, from the landmark in the middle of the road, and who served refreshments to many of those men who helped in the formation of a nation.

The white post stands at a crossroads, and the bisecting thoroughfare was surveyed and laid down by young George Washington back in 1748. It connects Greenway Court, a measured mile away on a hill which the young surveyor picked out, with Harewood 20 miles in the other direction, the estate of Samuel Washington, the old house of which still stands as another relic of the skill of this young engineer, for he built it before his elder brother came here to live. Over on the hill at Greenway Court beside the mansion stands a little one-room stone structure, the cabin in which George Washington lived during those four years between the ages of 16 and 20, when he worked as surveyor in this wilderness and laid down the ground plan for this part of the state.

But young George Washington carried the news of the wonders of this country to his relatives in tidewater Virginia. As a result, Lawrence Washington, an older brother and a man of means, acquired large tracts here. Lawrence, however, died shortly afterward and the three other brothers in dividing his property came to see these lands, fell in love with the country and later came here to live, bringing their families with them and here dwelt to the end of their days.

So it came to pass that more of the blood of the Washingtons exists today in the veins of the residents of Charlestown, West Virginia, near by, and in the community surrounding it, than in any other part of the world and probably more than in all the rest of the world taken together. The stranger dropping into Charlestown is likely to be impressed with certain peculiarities of its inhabitants that seem familiar to him. There are to be seen on the streets numbers of men, tall, upstanding, stalwart, with a certain dignity of bearing that one seems to have seen before. He asks a passer-by the name of a certain man who has attracted his attention and is informed that this is Bushwick Washington. The same query brings further the reply that another straight and athletic-looking individual is Samuel Walter Washington. It dawns on him that these men have the qualities that he has always associated with the Father of His Country, that these are Washingtons of the old stock and that they retain its traits. Scores of men in Charlestown may be picked from the crowd by these peculiarities. Major General Peyton C. March, chief of staff during the war, six-feet-three, straight, athletic, precise, is a descendant.

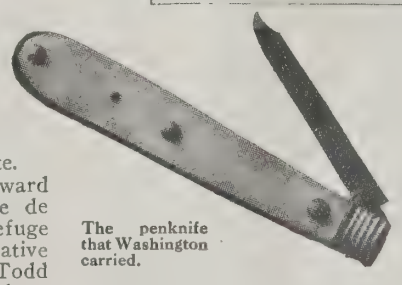
An inquiry establishes the fact that the community is overrun with the descendants of the family of Washington. And why should it not be? The three brothers of General George Washington, who lived there, bred families, some of them wondrous large. Their descendants have lived here and diffused the blood until the whole countryside is possessed of it and affected by it. The nearest descendants of the Washingtons of the generation of Revolutionary days have their homes here today. When I was in Charlestown I called on Richard Blackburn Washington himself, a venerable patriarch of 87 years, who has since died, then the nearest living link to the olden days.

Harewood, just out of Charlestown, is, next to Mount Vernon, the estate of them all, about which hovers most of early American romance. It was in 1752, 170 years ago, that it was built. Samuel and George were partners. George had actual charge. He was the architect. The stone for the walls was hewn from the limestone beds on the estate and the men who hauled it got an acre of land per team a day, so cheap was real estate. The walls are two feet thick and so well built that the house stands today in a good condition of repair. The same ancient shutters hang at the windows that were made under the direction of George Washington. The coat of arms of the Washingtons, that from which the design and colors for the Stars and Stripes were taken, still holds place over the door. On the ancient walls still hangs the painting of Colonel Samuel Washington, the dashing, rollicking, fox-hunting squire, of the class who made early Virginia famous by their entertaining. The easy stairs and balustrades are almost identical with those of Mount Vernon and were furnished by the same English firm, crossing the ocean at Washington's order. The mantel over the fireplace was given to Washington by Lafayette.



Harewood, near Charlestown, for a century and a half the Mecca of the Washingtons.

The clock which stood on Washington's mantel when he died.



The penknife that Washington carried.

It was at Harewood that Louis Phillipe, afterward king of France, and his two brothers, the Duke de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, took refuge during the period of their banishment from their native land. Here came from Philadelphia the Widow Todd to wed with Madison, who was to be twice President. The place is overrun with reminiscence. In the garden at Harewood there still exists the boxwood hedges and wealth of lilac that are said to have been planted by Martha Washington. There still remain a great number of flowers of wide varieties that found their way there from a similar source, for the first President and his wife were great horticulturists and fanciers of things that grow from the earth.

These have been lesser events in reporting George Washington 120 years after his death. I have read his intimate correspondence with Thomas Jefferson. I have found rare old records which tell of his first meeting with the Widow Custis at the home of a friend down on the Pamunky River. Colonel Washington was that day bearing messages from the forces fighting the French and Indians to the capital at Williamsport, but so impressed was he with the charms of the lady that he spent the night in the festivities of a gay house party and rode on in the early morning entirely without sleep.

But among the more important discoveries I have made is one which, I am quite sure, is the truest likeness ever put on canvas of the man who led the Continental armies for those 12 years and presided over the destinies of the nation in the formative span that followed. This picture bears but a faint resemblance of the Stuart painting, most often reproduced as the true Washington, and is quite unlike all the rest.

This painting, probably the true Washington, hangs in the old Masonic Temple at Alexandria, Virginia. Located in a venerable room over the market place, a room almost untouched by the passing of time since George Washington here presided as the Master Mason back in 1792. He was then the President of the United States, living at Mount Vernon, a few miles further on, with the city of Washington then unborn, and Alexandria the commercial queen of the South and the center of the President's social intercourse with his fellows. Those intimate and lifelong associates, bound to him in this Masonic lodge, carefully selected an artist to paint a picture of their brother Mason. His name was Williams and he lived in Philadelphia. He was duly commissioned and labored two years on this portrait, a flesh-colored pastel, and delivered it to this Masonic lodge. It was received by the first President's intimates with much satisfaction and was declared by them to be an excellent likeness of the man they knew so well. It is undoubtedly very much like the post-revolutionary Washington, the Washington who was President of the United States. It shows, for instance, that the Father of His Country had a mole under his right ear; it shows that across his left cheek there was a scar; it shows that his face was deeply marked by a severe attack of smallpox, which he is known to have suffered as a young man; it shows that beneath his chin the glands are enlarged, for the first President suffered from a goiter; it shows the massive and rugged outline of his countenance and gives it, I hold, a strength not indicated by his more idealized portraits.

This old Masonic lodge room is filled with relics of Washington. There is the chair in which he sat, the apron which he wore, the huge candlesticks of the Masonic ceremony, the clock which stood on his mantel at Mount Vernon when he died, and of which good Dr. Dick clipped the weight strings at the moment of his passing, and the hands of which still point to that melancholy 20 minutes past 10.

The best story of Washington that has come down by word of mouth through a century and a quarter and which is told only by the venerable Masons of this chapter, is that of the penknife which the Father of His Country carried in his pocket for 56 years, a penknife which may have changed the destiny of these United States of America. When George Washington was a boy of 11, this story goes, his father died and he came to Mount Vernon and there lived with his half brother, Lawrence. He received an appointment as midshipman in the British navy and was heartbroken when his mother later forbade him to accept it. Noting his despondency, his mother sought to cheer him with a present, a penknife dear to the heart of any boy, a much rarer acquisition in those days than now. When his mother gave him this knife she preached him a bit of a sermon on discipline which terminated in this admonition: "Always obey your superiors."

Through the decades that passed George Washington often showed this penknife to his associates, told them of the circumstances under which it was given him and that admonition of his mother: "Always obey

your superiors." Eventually came the greatest crisis in the life of this Father of His Country, a crisis which had its setting in that tragic winter at Valley Forge. With his half-starved, half-clothed remnant of an army about him, the commander-in-chief unsuccessfully demanded of the Continental Congress the support which he needed to carry on the war.

Finally, General Washington, as a last culminating protest, determined to resign his post. He wrote his resignation. General Knox, an intimate of his staff, asked Washington if he had in his pocket that penknife he had carried so long. The Father of His Country drew it forth.

"What," said General Knox, "was the admonition your mother gave in presenting the knife?"

The commander-in-chief went over the well-known phrase: "Always obey your superiors."

General Knox urged its application to the present situation, that the general had been ordered by a higher authority to command this army and that his mother would have had him obey. This argument resulted in Washington's withdrawing his resignation.

Finally, as a reporter hunting news of George Washington more than a century after he died, I ran upon a remarkable span between the eighteenth century and the twentieth century, having to do with this most revered man in American history. I found a man still living in the twentieth century who had gazed on the physical face of George Washington, who died back in the eighteenth century, and who still remembered the appearance of that face. The remarkable fact with relation to this strange story is that, although he had seen the face of Washington who had then been dead 112 years, John Lane was only 87 years of age. Here is the way it all came about: When George Washington died in 1799, his will asked that a new brick vault be built at the foot of the "vineyard enclosure" and that his body be entombed there. Some 30 years later Congress ordered a new vault built. In 1837 the new tomb was ready and a committee of Congress was appointed to journey to Mount Vernon and there supervise the transfer of the body.

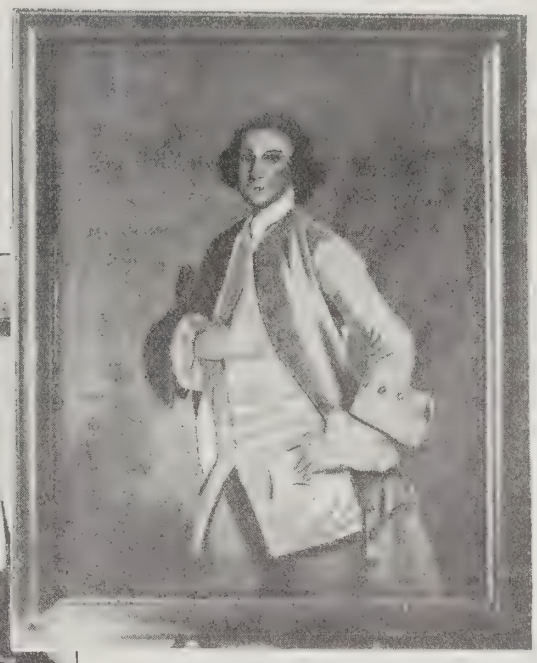
Now, when this day arrived, John Lane told me, he was a boy of 12 and was a page in the United States Senate. Those were the days of the rising greatness of Henry Clay, who then occupied a seat in the Upper House of Congress, and Johnny Lane was by way of being a protégé of this distinguished son of Kentucky.

When the committee, of which Henry Clay was a member, was about to leave the Capitol in stagecoaches, the little page stood by and looked wistfully upon their going. Henry Clay picked him up and swung him to the seat beside the driver and thus he became a part of the cavalcade.

In this way it happened that when the tomb of Washington was opened, the youngest person present by nearly two score years was Johnny Lane. When the tomb was opened, a very strange fact was revealed. The tomb of the Father of His Country had shortly before been entered by ghouls. These ghouls had performed a most unthinkable act of destruction. They had chopped into the casket which contained the remains of Washington, had made a hole in it immediately over the dead man's face. At the time of the death of Washington the method generally pursued in preserving bodies was that of embalming them in alcohol contained in leaden caskets. It was thus that the body of the first President at the time of his death was treated. Immersed in alcohol and hermetically sealed in a leaden casket, it had been laid away.

Through the aperture which had been torn in the casket, the face of Washington could be plainly seen. It was still immersed in its preservative fluid. Henry Clay lifted his youthful protégé up that he, too, might gaze on the face of Washington. Long the lad looked, and deep were the impressions. The strongest impression, the strongest memory that John Lane brought away from this occasion, he told me 75 years later, was that of the huge bulk of Washington. The head and face seemed herculean. The face, he said, did not greatly resemble those idealized paintings which omitted the deep scars on his chin, the pockmarks on his nose. The features were bigger and more rugged than one would think from his pictures.

Decades later, when he had grown to manhood, John Lane visited the old Masonic Temple at Alexandria and there saw the Williams painting. It was the verdict of this man, the only individual in this generation, or this century, who ever saw the face of Washington, that the Alexandria painting is the true likeness of the Father of His Country.



Colonel Samuel Washington, from a painting which hangs at Harewood.



Relics of Washington, the Mason, to be seen in the old lodge room in Alexandria.



The chair in which Washington sat when he presided over the Masonic Lodge in Alexandria.

Things in the Making

GLASS

HOW can materials which in themselves are dense, be formed into a product which is transparent? This would seem to be impossible, yet in glass we have the answer. Seeing is believing, and as you look through your windowpane it would seem as if a miracle had been performed.

Glass is a transparent, hard, brittle substance, which is formed by the fusion of flint or sand with an alkali. Soda is generally used for this purpose, although for the finer sorts of glass, potash is sometimes used.

There are several kinds of glass: flint glass, or crystal; crown glass, broad sheet glass, bottle, or green glass, and plate glass. The different qualities of the glass are dependent on the proportion and degree of purity of the ingredients, and also on various accessory materials, such as niter, oxide of lead, manganese or arsenic.

For all kinds of glass, except flint, the materials after being purified are put into a furnace called a "calcar," where they are "calcined." This process is called "fritting," and the substance comes out soft and pasty, and is cut into squares which harden and are piled away for future use. In the final melting, the frit is put into crucibles, 12 of which are often in each furnace, each holding sometimes as much as a ton of glass.

Glass does not become transparent as soon as it is melted. A white, opaque, porous scum, rises to the surface, and it is not until this has been cleared off that the glass is transparent.

The molten glass is cooled until it has become a consistent, tenacious mass, soft enough to yield to the slightest pressure, and able to be pulled and bent into any shape without cracking.

In making sheets of crown glass, such as is used for cutting into windowpanes, the melted glass is collected on a blowpipe and the workman gradually blows a globe. He then fastens an iron rod to the side opposite to that where the blowpipe is inserted, and takes the latter away, which leaves a hole. He now heats the glass again and begins twirling the rod. The glass yields to the impulse, its diameter increases, and it finally flies out into a flat disk 50 to 60 inches across, and having the rod attached to the center by a lump of glass, which is commonly known as the "bull's-eye."

In making plate glass great care has to be taken to select such materials as will insure the greatest clearness and the most ready flowing of the glass. These are fused in the ordinary manner, and afterward removed from the large glass pots to smaller ones. From these the fluid glass is poured out on large flat iron tables, which are heated before being used. A large copper roller is passed over the sheet of glass until the proper thinness is acquired. As soon as the glass is set it is carefully removed to the annealing oven, where it remains for about 15 days. The sheets of glass are then what are called "rough plate." To finish the plate glass it must be ground, squared and polished. The grinding is done by making a plate of the glass steady in a frame, and then causing another to rub steadily backward and forward on it, with some grinding substance introduced between them. At first, ground flint is used, and then as the roughness disappears, emery powder. When perfectly smooth, the sheets of glass are polished with leather cushions, dressed with a red oxide of iron, called colcothar.

Pictures the Life of Kentucky

(Concluded from page 9)

"Only two of these books have definite Kentucky backgrounds," explained Mr. Cassidy. "These are contained in 'Flute and Violin' and are 'King Solomon of Kentucky' and 'The White Cowl.' The scene of the two 'Kentucky Gentlemen' is partly in Lexington, and the residence and grounds of Madison C. Johnson, a distinguished Lexingtonian of a generation ago, supplied some of the local color.

"All of Dr. Allen's short and longer novels are located indefinitely in the Blue-Grass regions with that as a background. There is nothing more definite than his old neighborhood and his whole generation experience of the people and of the land. He has always worked in the spirit of the region, creating his own details. However, in doing this, he has carried in mind four or five Blue-Grass counties in most of his creations. In his writings, Dr. Allen seems nearly always to avoid localities and altogether has been intent upon capturing the spirit of the region which he has thereby made famous.

"James Lane Allen, more than any other man, has put Kentucky on the literary map of the world. Kentucky is for him a well of living water, whence he has made to flow a broad and beautiful stream of literature, which runs through the great part of the world, cleansing it, refreshing it, making it more beautiful and ethical, purer and nobler."

Visitors to Lexington are taken to the fine new public library, where a special alcove has been devoted to Mr. Allen. On the wall hangs his portrait, done by his friend, Orlando Rouland. The building stands on a site originally set aside by the commonwealth for the establishment of Transylvania University, the first institution of learning beyond the Alleghenies. It was in this university that Mr. Allen taught and he was a frequenter of the old Lexington library, which was the predecessor of the institution in which his portrait hangs. In the old Lexington library "he gathered his material and caught the inspiration which has, in making this section famous, made permanent and illustrious his own name as a man of letters."

Mr. Allen is a bachelor. At present he is living in a house on 75th street, New York, which he has taken to be near his sister who lives across the street. On his work table and on the walls are the books of the great masters of literature to keep him company.

On his desk was a letter from the library of Sorbonne, University of Paris, asking for a set of his books, a request which French writers consider a distinctive honor, and still a greater honor when this invitation comes to an American author. A German professor, living in Vienna, had written asking for the privilege of translating "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "The Aftermath." A minister in Liverpool wants data on Mr. Allen's life, to be used in an address before British Library societies.

Mr. Allen's short story, "The Ash Can," published during the past year, has been selected by Edward J. O'Brien as one of "The Best Short Stories of 1921," and will be republished with a collection of other best stories. Seldom has a short story evoked so much praise and attracted so much attention. The theme is based on the human tendency to dump troubles and worries on friends as one throws undesirables into an ash can. A friendly visit between a doctor and a bishop gives opportunity for a conversation which discloses this interesting drama in nature.

Dr. Allen is also writing a book of bird and animal stories, which will be dedicated to the children of Kentucky.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Many ruined cities of prehistoric civilizations which once flourished in Central America and Mexico are to be preserved as reservations and national parks. This action will preserve for all time some 50 cities, temples, pyramids and other monuments of the Maya races.

Anatole France, the winner of the Nobel prize, has given the entire $40,000 to Russian relief in the Volga district.

The favorite daughter of Count Leo Tolstoy is the leader of a movement to save the great writer's home. It is planned to make the estate a popular university, where the lovers of Tolstoy's creed may come and study.

The memory of messenger dogs that served on the battlefields of Belgium and France is to be perpetuated in a monument to be erected in the canine cemetery at Hartsdale, New York. The monument will consist of a war dog of bronze, in heroic size, with helmet and canteen. It will stand on a boulder overlooking a motor highway and a bronze tablet will bear a legend reminding posterity of the dog's part in the World War. The Hartsdale Cemetery covers four acres and contains hundreds of headstones, vaults and monuments to mark the resting place of pets.

Purchase of seven tracts of land in Europe for permanent American cemeteries was recommended recently by Secretary Weeks.

The year 1921 was the healthiest one in the history of the United States and Canada, according to the records of 37 leading American insurance companies.

Pacific Coast sea gulls show the antagonistic spirit toward the English sparrows along the wharves and docks of Seattle. The gulls drive the sparrows away because they fear competition in their daily quest for food.

The highest known inhabited house in the world is in a high pass in Tibet. It is a stone building occupied by a guard, and is 18,100 feet above sea level.

While his train was traveling at 25 miles an hour, a locomotive fireman on Staten Island, New York, jumped from the engine into a creek and pulled out a schoolboy, who had been struck by the engine and thrown into 15 feet of water.

Hawaii's new army insignia will be a green leaf on a red field, the leaf to be separated from its background by yellow piping. This insignia is to be worn as a shoulder patch by officers and men alike, on the left shoulder.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

A government artesian well at Lower Brule agency, in South Dakota, spouts blue clay instead of water. Before windy and stormy weather the clay issues at the top of the pipe like a gigantic sausage, rising five or six feet before toppling over.

Motion pictures of a big fox hunt in Monroe County, Indiana, were taken recently.

Chop suey has been introduced to Germans of Coblenz, who are said to like it. The idea of serving chop suey was conceived by an American soldier, who opened a small shop when his enlistment expired. Now the food, served with the characteristic Chinese trimmings, is popular with the natives.

Circulating libraries are to be placed on ships plying the Great Lakes, according to the Lake Carriers' Association. An officer on each ship is to have charge of the library for his vessel.

Wireless telephone stations are to be installed in all volunteer fire engine company houses in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, and in the Pittsburgh Fire Department. In case of serious fires immediate communication throughout the Pittsburgh district and the county can be had at once.

"Los Angeles-on-Thames" might well be the name of a film city, which is springing up at Walton-on-Thames, England. Six large studios and other buildings are being erected on a fine old English estate. In the small kitchen of a house in Hurst Grove at Walton, Cecil Hepworth, the pioneer of British film production, made his first motion picture 21 years ago. The Thames Valley scenery is beautiful and is said to be well adapted to the industry.

Only from 9 to 12 per cent of the energy in a ton of coal is harnessed in a manner which actually will pull a train of cars.

There are no snakes in Bermuda.

A six-pound mackerel is capable of producing 1,500,000 eggs at one time and a 77-pound cod produces more than 9,000,000 eggs. A 23½-pound pollock, of the cod family, produces 4,000,000 eggs at one spawning.

More than 2,500,000 farms in this country are equipped with telephones.

A possible tax eradicator, a municipally-owned oil well, has started a flow of finances into the city treasury of Long Beach, California. A contract was made by Long Beach with a California oil company for the sale of 15,000 barrels of oil, the city's first allotment of the production. The well produces between 500 and 600 barrels a day, the operating company getting 60 per cent and the city the remainder.

Chief Justice Taft, of the United States Supreme Court, is just three days older than Associate Justice Clarke, their ages being 64. Justices Day and Van Devanter have the same birthday.

Mexico has adopted the standard time unit. The hours will be counted from 0 to 24, beginning at midnight.

"Q. S. T." in radio parlance means "everybody listen."

During a recent eruption from the volcano Caulle in the Andes Mountains a rain of ashes fell over a wide area adjacent to the volcano, seriously damaging crops. Steam poured from deep crevices in the mountainside during the eruption.

Chronic violators of road rules are to be rated by the Pennsylvania state police by means of punchmarks on their registration card. In this way every motorist will carry his record with him and the card will be a ready exhibit to the prosecuting attorney.

Between 350,000 and 400,000 new houses are needed in the United States every year.

The famous oyster beds of Puget Sound were recently threatened with extinction. Low tides, following a period of warm floods, exposed the beds to the freezing temperature, which proved very destructive.

Forty bales of human hair, to be manufactured into hair nets, was an item in the cargo of a Japanese ship which recently docked in Seattle.

The British Museum was started with funds raised by a lottery.

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Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

"Old Bet" and the Origin of the American Circus

A Lone Elephant Blazed the Trail for the Great Shows of Today

By GEORGE S. BRYAN

TRAVELERS in Westchester County, New York, may have chanced upon the village of Somers and there may have noted the Elephant Hotel. This fine old Georgian structure of brick would be sufficiently impressive anywhere. It is of the sort that one might think of finding in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, or Salem, Massachusetts, but in this spot it is encountered with surprise. Linked with the inn are the names of Washington Irving, Horace Greeley, Ulysses S. Grant, and other eminent Americans; at a political mass meeting held before it in 1858, Chauncey M. Depew (at this writing in his eighty-seventh year) made, so he has informed me, one of his early speeches.



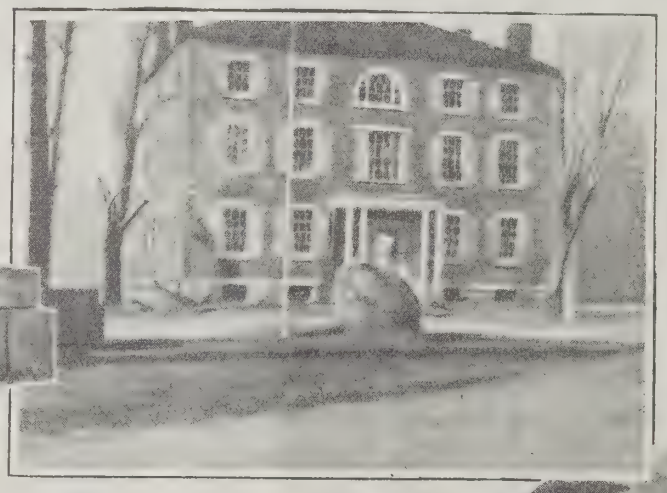
Just across the road from this stately building stands what is perhaps the quaintest memorial in the United States. It is a granite shaft, some 15 feet in height, surmounted by an iron scroll-work on which is fixed the figure of an elephant, carved in wood. The man who built the inn, about a century ago, also placed before it, like a totem pole, the elephant monument, thus at once providing his inn with a sign and commemorating "Old Bet." With this man, Hachaliah Bailey, and "Old Bet," his elephant, the American circus had its remotest beginnings. It has sometimes been said that "Old Bet" was buried beneath the monument, but this is incorrect. Neither is it true that she was the first elephant brought to the United States; for a New York newspaper of April, 1796, chronicles the arrival of the first elephant seen in America, and the earliest date claimed for "Old Bet" is 1815. Her advent was destined, however, to have a peculiar significance.

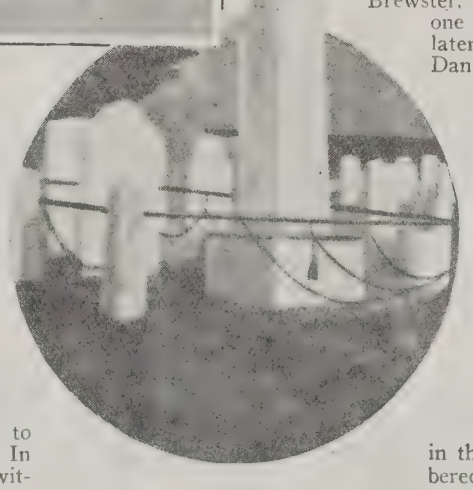
She was brought to America by a sea captain as a speculation; and, according to the best information I have been able to obtain, was purchased by one John Sloat, who in turn sold her to Hachaliah Bailey, a large landholder in Somers township. Hachaliah evidently believed that the War of 1812 being over, folk—especially in the small villages—would welcome so novel a spectacle as an elephant. From New York City "Old Bet" was transported up the Hudson in a sloop to Sing Sing (now Ossining) and thence driven by the stage route to Somers. Then and afterward she traveled by night, so that rural horses might not be frightened and that curious country people might not have a free glimpse of her. W. C. Coup, once among the best known of American showmen, has stated that subsequently "in Connecticut, there was a law prohibiting the driving of elephants through that state during the daytime without a license, the neglect to obtain which entailed a fine of $100, half of that going to the informer and half to the state. The law was passed in 1828, and, so far as I know, has never been repealed. This piece of information will doubtless astonish a good many showmen."

At Somers "Old Bet" was exhibited for a small fee in a barn. Then Hachaliah took her from place to place and showed her in barns or tavern sheds; usually charging an admission fee, but sometimes, it appears, depending on voluntary contributions, as itinerant exhibitors of monkeys and bears have done in our own day. (P. L. Ford tells us that George Washington left a record of having given nine shillings to a "man who brought an elk as a show.") Great, indeed, was the interest in this strange beast among the scattered communities, many of whose people had, it is likely, never so much as seen even a picture of an elephant. All through the Upper Westchester region, and in the adjacent Putnam County, "Old Bet" became generally talked about; and Hachaliah Bailey's venture prospered. About 1821 "Old Bet" died. Among circus men the tradition long persisted that she was shot—in malice, said some; others, by an experimentalist who wished to test whether a bullet would really pierce her hide. However that may have been, in 1825 Hachaliah opened the Elephant Hotel, and about 1827 he placed the "Old Bet" memorial on the strip of green close by the Peekskill road. The carved figure was originally gilded, but now wears a coat of drab.

In Hachaliah's day, Somers (Somers Plain, the natives called it) was busy and thriving. It was the chief source of the supply of butchers' meat for New York City, only 50 miles away. From as far as Ohio, large flocks of sheep and great herds of cattle were driven to Somers; and on the excellent pasturage in that neighborhood they were fattened for the wholesale market. Through Somers in winter passed stages between New York City and Albany. Hachaliah ran a stage line from Danbury, Connecticut, connecting in summer at Sing Sing (Ossining) landing with a steamboat for New York, and in winter covering the entire distance to the city. In a room of the Elephant Hotel was opened the Farmers & Drovers Bank, one of the banking institutions that sprang up under the "free banking" system inaugurated in New York by an act of 1838. It is not so many years since this bank closed its doors; and in the banking room may still be seen the primitive safes, doubtless considered marvels in their time. Three other taverns, besides the Elephant, once flourished in Somers.

In 1845, Hachaliah Bailey, who unharmed had managed an elephant, died as the result of the kick of a horse. Marking his grave in the Union





Left—The "Old Bet" memorial, one of the quaintest monuments in the United States. It stands just across the road from and in front of the Elephant Hotel. Above—The stately Elephant Hotel, built by Hachaliah Bailey and conducted by him for many years. Right—Monument marking Hachaliah Bailey's grave in the Union Cemetery at Somers, New York.

Cemetery at Somers is a plain granite shaft inscribed:

Hachaliah (sic) Bailey
Died September 2, 1845
Aged 70 years.

Enterprise.
Perseverance.
Integrity.

An excellent trio of qualities, this, to be attributed to any business man! In about 30 years Hachaliah had witnessed many steps in the development of the American "rolling show" from the initial impulse that he had given.

From the accretions of legend I have been able to separate several facts regarding our native circus in its real pioneer days. It began with the menagerie business. In Hachaliah Bailey's part of the country were several men of enterprise who were not slow to learn from Hachaliah's experience with "Old Bet" that isolated dwellers in country villages and small towns would be glad of amusement brought to their very doors, and that exotic animals had a great drawing power for show purposes. Among the very first of the menagerie showmen were Gerard Crane, of Hachaliah's home town, and Gerard's brother, Thaddeus. Gerard Crane was born in 1791 and lived until 1872. Nathan A. Howes, from the township of Southeast, in Putnam County, New York, afterward became a partner of the Cranes in the menagerie enterprise. In 1831 these showmen crossed the barrier of the Allegheny Mountains and journeyed southward to Mobile, Alabama.

"Nate" Howes and Aaron Turner in 1826 started the first American road company for acrobatic displays and feats of horsemanship to appear under full-top canvas. Previous to that, performers had given shows either in theaters (as vaudeville acrobats do now) or other buildings; or else within side canvas put up in some convenient spot—often in tavern yards. The completely tented show is admittedly of American origin. The Cranes subsequently became associated with John June and Lewis Titus, of North Salem, and then with Isaac Van Amburgh, once widely celebrated as a lion tamer. Titus and June were among the first American showmen to import wild animals, instead of buying them from ship captains in the way that "Old Bet" had originally been purchased. Other early showmen from this region were Chauncey Weeks, of Carmel, who from 1833 to 1836 traveled through the Eastern United States and in Canada with a menagerie, of which he was a part owner; Purdy, Welch & Company, from the vicinity of what now is called Purdy's Station; Raymond, of Carmel; Angevine, Quick, Smith, and many whose names have been quite swallowed up by time.

The menageries and the companies of acrobats and equestrians, with their clowns and musicians, began to travel together; but not until 1851 were both shown in combination at one time and for one price of admission. The main reason for this throws an interesting side light on our social history. People flocked to the performances of human skill and grace, just as they did to the exhibition of strange animals.

To get the trade of the pious, the showmen avoided the use of such terms as "show" and "circus," and advertised a "Great Moral and Educational Exhibition," or styled the entire outfit a "menagerie." It was in this tradition that the hippopotamus was billed as "the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ" (although it may, in passing, be remarked that the description of the behemoth in the fortieth chapter of Job says nothing whatever about the sweating of blood). The exhibition of the animals was a separate affair, held by day only (sometimes on Sundays); and thus the showmen kept the patronage of the saints.

For many years, winter quarters for old-time rolling shows were at Somers and at Starr's Ridge, immediately east of the present village of Brewster, Putnam County. At one time Daniel Drew, later known as "Uncle Dan'l," partner of Jim Fisk and Jay Gould in many of their notorious transactions, was a "general utility" man for Nathaniel Howes. Drew was a native of Carmel. About 1850 Seth Howes, Nathaniel's brother, and Phineas T. Barnum brought from Ceylon the first elephant herd seen in this country. It numbered 10, and great interest was aroused by it. Seth Howes, with Henri Franconi, of the Paris hippodrome, as a partner, in 1853 opened in New York City the first "Roman hippodrome" in the United States, on ground of which part was later occupied by the Fifth Avenue Hotel and is now the site of the Fifth Avenue Building (200 Fifth Avenue).

Some of those early circus men lived to advanced ages—Gerard Crane, for example, to be 81; Nathaniel Howes to be 82. Gerard Crane's square, substantial house of cut stone is still to be seen, about a mile north of Somers Plain village; and so, too, is Seth Howes' residence on Turk's Hill, close by Brewster. All the better-known old-timers from this region were factors in the development of the American circus from its primitive beginnings to the elaborated stage of Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," now consolidated with Ringling Brothers.

Raising Apples Where Only Sagebrush Grew

ONE small district in the state of Washington, equal to only a township and a half in area, produced approximately a fifth of the commercial apple crop of the United States in 1921. One little valley, only 35 miles long and containing only 30,000 acres of orchards, produced 16,000 carloads of apples, a crop valued at $25,000,000.

The apples from this small area exceeded the crop of the entire state of New York, until a few years ago the leading apple state. It exceeded the apple crop of Colorado, California, Oregon and Idaho combined.

Yet, some 20 years ago, this district was little more than a desert covered with sagebrush.

The answer is—irrigation. Irrigation has turned the Wenatchee Valley into one of our newest and richest apple lands. Three hundred trainloads of big red apples—that represents Wenatchee's contribution last year.

Wenatchee apples go to all sections of the country. If you were to walk into the Grand Central station in New York and buy an apple at a confectionery or fruit stand, the chances are pretty good that it would be a Wenatchee apple. Apples are shipped across the entire country to New York City and sold there in successful competition with eastern apples. The chances are that you wouldn't find a New York apple on that stand in the Grand Central at all. The big red apple of the West is preferred.

Wenatchee has been stamped firmly on the consciousness of the apple-eating public. Advertisements in the big city dailies, inserted by a co-operative association of growers, have heralded the coming of apples from the "mountain-guarded orchards of Wenatchee," and enticed increasing numbers to eat the big red apples of the West.

The name Wenatchee has become well known, but the story of Wenatchee is not so well known. That story, reaching back somewhat more than 20 years, forms one of the most eloquent illustrations of what the reclamation of the arid lands is doing for the West. It shows, too, the possibilities that lie in yet undeveloped agricultural empires in arid regions of the West.

Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior, in his annual report for the fiscal year of 1920-21, issued recently, gives a significant review of the results of irrigation. Within the government projects, there are now 32,835 irrigated farms, with a population of 125,214. Between 1900 and 1920, population of the towns within these projects increased from 77,602 to 324,289. The number of banks increased from 45 to 247. Deposits of the banks jumped from $10,310,686 to $143,539,856, and the number of depositors increased from 30,645 to 283,876. This remarkable growth, he attributes chiefly to irrigation.

Nor do these figures take into account the private irrigation systems. In other words, they do not measure the extent of results from irrigation. But they do suggest most effectively the trend of growth in these new empires that are being reclaimed.

But to get back to Wenatchee and its apples—the Wenatchee district lies roughly in the center of Washington, some 160 miles east of Seattle. It spreads over broad flats on both sides of the Columbia River and up the Wenatchee River. Great mountains wall in the little valley.

When the Great Northern railroad was built into the district in the early '90's, the land was covered with sagebrush and seemed worthless. Settlers came with the advent of the railroad, however, and tried to till the soil. They dug rude irrigating ditches, installed water wheel pumps on floats anchored in the Columbia and set out some apple trees along with other crops. After a few years they discovered that under irrigation the volcanic ash soil produced an apple of unprecedented bigness and redness. That color, a peculiar characteristic of the western apple, due to climatic conditions, later was to become a decided asset.

The soil and climatic conditions seemed suited to raising apples, but getting water was the question. There were many discouragements. Finally, with the assistance of James J. Hill, an irrigation ditch was excavated from the Wenatchee River, reclaiming 1,500 acres. In 1903, irrigation works on a large scale were completed, and development followed more rapidly.

In 1902, only two carloads of apples left Wenatchee. In 1903, 116 carloads were sent out. Gradually the number increased until in 1910, there were shipments of 2,791 cars. From then on, the Wenatchee growers climbed rapidly up the ladder. By 1918, they had become an important factor in the box apple business, shipping 8,624 cars. In 1919, the production reached 11,850 cars, and in 1921, even this record was broken, with shipments of 16,000 carloads, more than produced by any other state.

Today, the Wenatchee district is one vast orchard. In the spring, blossom-laden trees fill the valley, while the snow-covered Cascade Mountains stand guard in the distance. In the autumn, the peaks catch the snowfall, and, as in the spring, tend to protect the orchards below from too sudden changes in temperature.

The district has a mild and uniform climate. The summers are hot enough to mature the fruit, and, due to the mountains, there are few frosts or other extremes.

Though raising other fruits, the growers in the Wenatchee district have specialized in apples. Adding scientific horticulture to irrigation and natural advantages, the community has concentrated efforts toward the production of the perfect big red apple. The Wenatchee growers explain that the mountains and the foothills catch the early autumn snow, which does not reach the lower orchard lands. This gives the autumn nights of the valleys a frost-laden breeze which oxidizes but does not freeze the coloring matter of the fruit skins and develops the rich red and delicate tints, which continue to increase during the warm days.

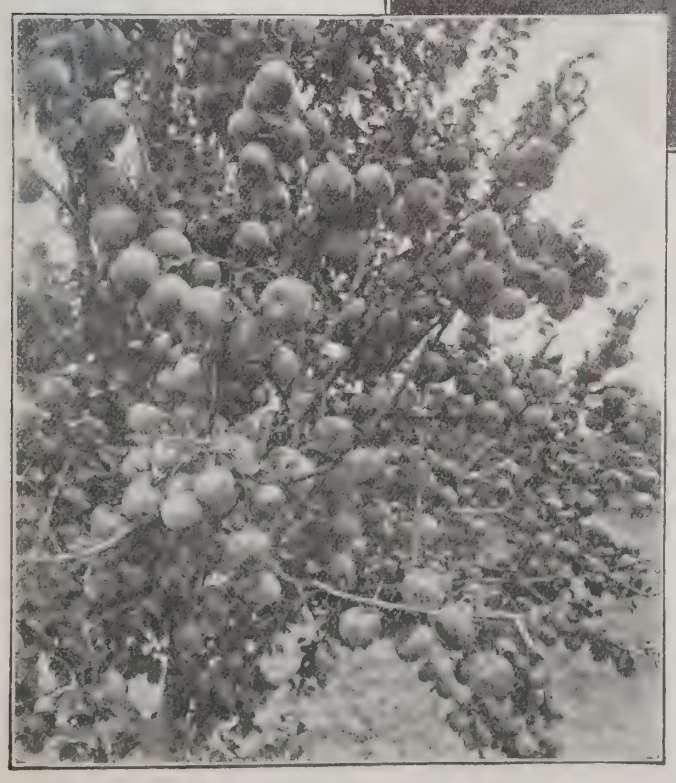
Anyway, nature has provided a rare coloring for the apples that grow in the valley, and it commands a premium in the markets of the world. When a man picks out an apple to eat, he is very apt to select the one with the richest color, dealers have found. Wenatchee apples are marketed not only in all parts of the United States, but they go to Europe as well. They go to South America, to the Orient and Australia in large numbers. One big selling agency not long ago placed an order in Europe for 1,000 carloads.

The industry has been placed on an advanced business basis. A rigid system of inspection and state supervision has been provided. The commercial ap-

(*Concluded on page 10*)



A big Wolf River apple from Wenatchee.



A "mountain-guarded orchard of Wenatchee." Walled in by mountains, the orchards are protected from sudden changes in temperature. Left—Instead of sagebrush, irrigation has substituted apples like these. Trees like this produced more than 12,000,000 boxes of apples in the Wenatchee district last year.

(C) Kiser Photo Co.

Apple blossom time in the Wenatchee Valley is pictured above. The circle shows a six-year-old winter banana-apple tree. The trees must be supported with props because of the heavy burden of fruit.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 18, February 25, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The New Pope and Peace

THERE is every promise that the new Pope will prove a forward-looking leader of the Roman Church. Immediately upon his accession—despite the advice of the more conservative cardinals, it is said—he made a gesture eloquent at once of a decided and determined will of his own and of an extremely liberal mind. He stepped without the bounds of the Vatican to the balcony of St. Peter's to bestow the apostolic benediction on a waiting crowd numbering more than 100,000 persons, and symboling to him not only the 100,000,000 Roman Catholic communicants throughout the world, but humanity of all faiths. No Pope before him in 50 years had crossed the Rubicon of protest against Italy's rule of Rome, the tradition handed down from Pius IX's days of the "prisoner of the Vatican."

"Universal pacification" is declared to be the keynote of his policy and one of his reasons for choosing the name of Pius is that it means peace. His character is built of a useful blend of the cloister and the field. Early in his career when he was active in what might be called social welfare work among the children of the poor, and later as archbishop, he came into close contact with the sometimes turbulent industrialism of Milan, gaining from that contact a democratic bent that brings him decidedly into line with the life of today and its practical demands. Author, scholar and Alpine climber, he is not only a great theologian, but also a scientist of distinction and a statesman and diplomat of the new school. In a conversation with Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, he has expressed great admiration for the United States and its institutions, as well as high appreciation of the results of the Disarmament Conference.

In his handling of the delicate and difficult task assigned to him as Special Ecclesiastical Commissioner in Poland during the war and later as Papal Nuncio to the Polish Republic, he displayed a remarkable gift for the reconciliation of opposing elements. He is said to enjoy the confidence and friendship of the French, yet he succeeded in toning down Gallic belligerency in the Upper Silesia controversy. All accounts agree that he is more than disposed to carry forward to completion the policies initiated by Pope Benedict that look to the restoration of a friendly agreement with the Italian Government and to the reunion of the eastern and western branches of the Catholic Church.

The High Cost of Banking

ACCORDING to returns from the nearly 8,000 national banks reporting to the Controller of the Currency, it costs these banks an average of $59 a year to handle every $1,000 of deposits. The rate varies all the way from $40, the lowest, in California, to $74, the highest, in Texas. This is certainly a rather steep overhead load on the business of the country, the banks acknowledging the harvesting of a net profit averaging $27 on every $1,000 of deposits over and above this cost of an average of 5.9 per cent.

It would be interesting to have an itemization of this "cost of handling" deposits. How much of it goes for palatial marble banking houses, mahogany furniture and oriental rugs? How much to big salaries of decorative "officers"—and how little to salaries of clerks and bookkeepers?

The percentage of profit seems small. But it should be remembered that it is profit on other people's money. The deposits represent approximately 20 times the banking capital invested, on which dividends of from 30 to 60 per cent are often paid, after setting aside to surplus and undivided profits portions of earnings that in short order equal or surpass the amount of the original capital. It is no wonder that bank shares command—when they are obtainable at all—premiums of anywhere from 100 to 1,000 per cent.

During a recent congressional inquiry into agriculture, it was brought out that agricultural credit banks in Germany, handling many millions of dollars' worth of loans, succeed in transacting their business safely and successfully at an expense cost of less than 2 per cent. In the face of this showing, the special congressional commission recommends an amendment to the Kenyon Rural Credits Bill, which is based on the successful German system—an amendment that proposes that the credits shall take the shape of deposits in the national banks instead of being handled by cooperative organizations of the farmers themselves.

When Charles E. Hughes conducted the life insurance investigation that marked the beginning of his brilliant career and worked a revolution in insurance methods, the premium-paying public was startled by the exposure of flagrantly extravagant expenditures for overhead and "incidentals" that increased the cost of insurance to the policy holder—and diminished the security for his investment—all the way from 40 to 60 per cent. Perhaps a similarly fearless and efficient investigation of banking methods today would bring out similarly interesting disclosures.

But where is there a Charles Evans Hughes capable of putting through so beneficial an inquiry into the actual costs, compared with the charges for banking service to the community?

Back of the Screen

FURTHER revelations concerning the actual life of the motion picture colony are brought to the surface by police investigations of the murder of Taylor, or Tanner, a star director responsible for many of the films that are typical of the sort of thing that has aroused the indignant protest of decent people. There were many who found it difficult to believe the cold facts as to the utter debauchery of mind, morals and environment characterizing the center of the movie industry in California that were brought out in the pages of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT some time ago. The Taylor scandal, following the nauseousness of the Arbuckle case, more than confirms the indictment then drawn. In fact, it is now plainly recognized that our picture of revolting habits and tendencies among the makers of movies was an exceedingly restrained statement.

The present revelations, for one thing, explain the prevalence of a startling and insidious eroticism in the pictures now spread before the American public with a pervasiveness which only the miracle and the ubiquity of the motion picture screen make possible. No stream can rise higher than its source. Recent events proclaim the nature of the fount from which emanates these pictures.

"United Statesers"

THIS is the monstrously grotesque designation that has been worked out by certain imaginations for citizens of this United States of America. It has been offered as a solution for the wholly imaginary problem presented by the fact that there are other nations than ours on the American continent. "Why should citizens of the United States," it is asked with an air of superlative wisdom and finality, "arrogate to themselves the name of 'Americans' when there are 22 other nationalities equally entitled to be considered as Americans; is not a Canadian, a Mexican, a Peruvian or a Brazilian equally an American?"

This reasoning from a false premise so far impressed our State Department at Washington that at one time during the Wilson Administration "United States" was substituted for "American" on the stationery of our embassies and legations. After a short experience, the order was revoked and the legend "American Embassy" was restored to its rightful place. It was found that the stupid amendment led to confusion and question. Had we forgotten the United States of Brazil and the United States of Mexico?

In a sense, all the denizens of the Western Hemisphere are Americans, as all the races and nations of Asia are Asiatics. But accurately speaking, as in common parlance, the people of the United States of America are alone entitled to the national designation "American," for the good and sufficient reason that alone among all the nations of this continent, the correct official name of our nation contains the word "America."

Everyone understands what we mean when we talk of the American Commonwealth, the American Spirit, American Inventive Genius or American Art. The adjective has a well-earned and quite distinctive connotation. It cannot be improved upon.

"Supply and Demand"

ONE of the fictions in regard to the prices given by consumers and to producers of the necessities of life is that they are fixed by the natural law of supply and demand. Stock exchanges, boards of trade, curb brokers and other gambling agencies by which the bulls and bears manipulate prices have the greatest influence on prices.

It is not necessary that either buyer or seller in the speculative market handle the commodity in which he is "dealing." During the Civil War men in every city, village and hamlet "bought" and "sold" gold when there was not an ounce of that metal to be found outside the vaults of the eastern banks, and none actually for sale. These transactions were purely a gamble, men neglecting business to wager on the daily shift. The business is as surely a game of chance as any game at cards.

It is worse. The man who stakes his money at cards merely risks that which is his own, only himself and those dependent on him being immediately affected. He who gambles in the necessities of life, in industrial stocks, or in any way on the stock exchange dabbles in the very life of the people.

To be sure, the loser in a grain transaction has opportunity to save a part of his wager if he can secure and deliver the goods more cheaply than the cost of paying the wager, but that is rarely done.

During the World War this country paid an enormous tax on the speculation in sugar. With immense supplies rotting in Havana, with capital and tonnage kept out of competition because the maritime control was in the hands of one group, there was claimed to be a great shortage. Especially in the canning season, when domestic consumption was at its height, the housewife was robbed in the retail prices. Sugar that could have been sold at a profit at a slight advance from pre-war figures could not be had for five times as much except in limited quantities.

But the inevitable break came and found every warehouse full of sugar, and every broker eager to evade cancellations. One day, refusing to accept business at a specified price, the next day the wholesaler demanded acceptances of consignments at the high figure prevailing when the order was entered.

The truth is that *there has been no time when the supply of necessities has not been equal to the demand,* and it is equally true that the natural law has not been operative because of the cupidity of men able to control.

The same interference with legitimate industry is prevalent. Even the banking business itself is affected. When two Chicago banks were absorbed by rival interests we were told their depositors "were saved." That is a good thing. But "the Tilden interests were wiped out." That was not good at all.

In every line of industry the same struggle is to be seen. Sales of industrial stocks are not really sales, only gambling on the prospects. The stocks may or may not represent actual investment. Few do today. Many depend on bonds for running expenses, and the stockholder is taking chances of realizing on his money. But the effect on the industry is plainly bad.

Meanwhile, with the law of supply and demand inoperative through the ability of big business groups to control business of every nature, the world looks to big business for relief from the consequent evil conditions. The farmer seeks aid in loans that will only tighten the chains of his slavery, the manufacturer seeks a restriction of competition by high import duties, and the international financiers become more and more the masters of the world.

The Single Tax in a Nutshell

A BROOKLYN reader, expressing appreciation of recent comment on this page concerning the Oregon Single Tax campaign, sends us this condensed and simple definition of the Single Tax:

> The Single Tax means the abolition of every tax now levied on the people of the United States, and the collection of the entire rent of land, exclusive of improvements, for Federal, state and local expenses.

This is certainly to the point and may serve as sufficient answer to many requests coming to us for a brief explanation of the movement.

Just now, Single Tax Party bulletins are bidding for the support of ex-service men by calling for the payment of the bonus out of ground rents. Better than any cash bonus would be the benefits accruing to ex-service men, and the rest of us, by the increase of employment at good wages, the bringing of more land into profitable use, and the stimulus to building and other industries that would follow the exchange of our present burdensome taxation on all industry and enterprise for a single tax that would absorb the unearned increment of land values.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE mystery of money exists by reason of a conspiracy to keep the truth in the possession of the few, and to prevent the public ever dabbling in it. The fear seems to be that if the public mind ever arrives at the condition where it can move easily about among money facts, the régime of money control is doomed. The fear is well founded. That is probably the way in which such knowledge would operate.

This, of course, is not the same fear that others hold, namely, that the people will act without adequate knowledge, and thus cause disaster. That is quite another kind of fear. But it is one which suggests its own remedy. To prevent the people acting without knowledge, the only thing to do is to provide them with knowledge. If you try to prevent their action you will only precipitate it.

There is perhaps in every county in this broad land a man, or perhaps a dozen men, who have a money system of their own planned out, all cut-and-dried and ready for use. Our rulers hardly understand how deep and continuous a hold this question maintains upon multitudes of minds of all degrees of power. But a glance at most of the systems shows how contradictory they are. The majority of them make the assumption of honesty among mankind, to begin with, and that, of course, is a prime defect. Even our present system would work splendidly if all men were honest. As a matter of fact, the whole money question is 95 per cent human nature; and your successful system must check human nature, not depend upon it.

However, the money masters ought to consider that little fact, no bigger than a small cloud on the horizon at present, that the people are thinking about the money question; and if the money masters have any information which they think the people ought to have to prevent them going astray, now is the time to give it. The time is fast slipping away when the fear of credit curtailment will avail, or when wordy slogans will affright the people; these are the very things which are pushing the question to the fore.

One very solid fact should be known: *the people are naturally conservative.* They are more conservative than the financiers. If the people knew what tricks financiers play with the money function, the conservative populace would seriously deprive money of that quality which gives it social value, namely, public confidence. Persons who pretend to believe that the people are so easily led that they would permit printing presses to run off money like milk tickets, are only pretending, or they are densely ignorant. It is the innate conservatism of the people that has kept our money good in spite of the fantastic tricks which financiers play, and which they cover up with high technical terms.

So, you have the people on the side of sound money before you begin. Perhaps that is the reason why certain groups do not wish to begin. The people are so unalterably on the side of sound money that it is a serious question how they would regard the system under which they live, if they once knew what the initiated can do with it.

It is a notable fact that the American people have never been fooled on the side of unsound money.

The same instincts which have saved them from being deceived have also prevented them from being led out into a wider monetary freedom. Their cautiousness has worked both ways. But the cautiousness is there, which fact should calm the cries of those friends-of-the-people propagandists-for-the-interests who fear that the people may be led astray.

Here is another fact: the present money system is not going to be revamped under some inspiring leadership persuading the people that it is the proper thing to do. That is, it is not going to be the result of speech-making nor political sensationalism nor economic experiment. It is going to come under the pressure of conditions, conditions which we cannot control, and pressure that we cannot control.

Those conditions are upon us now; that pressure is upon us now; and the whole desirability of the people being not only awake to the money question but also fully informed upon it, is to enable them to guide themselves in the pressure so wisely that the new matrix may be a better one.

The money question is not a personal, partisan or class question. It becomes so only when it serves selfishness. When you see or hear loud cries coming up against any mention of the money question, you may be sure that someone is being hit in a private interest. It is not the money question that the cry concerns, it is someone's unfair interest in some phase of the present system. There is no need of personalities. Bankers are not to blame, they are not the originators of the system, though they may be in some respects the special beneficiaries of it. Most bankers are as much confused by the situation as are other people. To know how to run a bank does not necessarily imply knowledge of the money system in its profounder reaches, any more than running a corner dry-goods store makes one a textile technician. It is easy enough to take a target like "banker" or "Wall Street" and bang away at that, but it doesn't get us anywhere. There are bankers, of course, who see the whole fallacy of our money system just as clearly as the shell-game man sees the trick he is turning. There are statesmen also who see the burden thus being laid upon all the people. These are the men who are morally culpable, but they are not to be feared, they themselves are part of the old system which is to be swept away.

The people must be helped to think naturally about money. They must be told what it is, and what makes it money, and what are the possible tricks of the present system which put nations and peoples under control of the few.

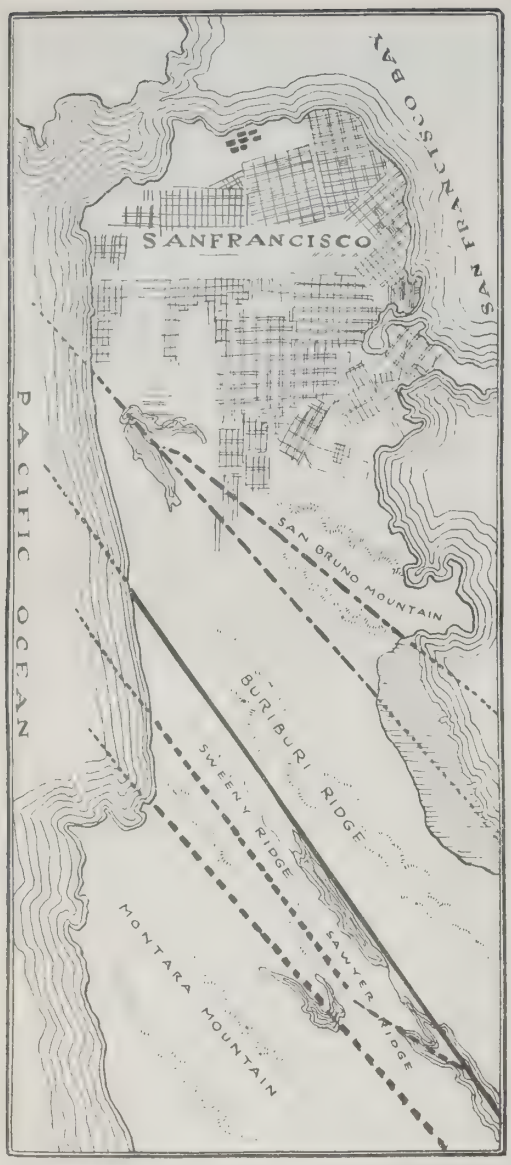
Money, after all, is extremely simple. It is a part of our transportation system. It is a simple and direct method of conveying goods from one person to another. Money is in itself most admirable. It is essential. It is not intrinsically evil. It is one of the most useful devices in social life. And when it does what it was intended to do, it is all help and no hindrance.

THOSE who pretend to fear that the people can be led away by any new money craze that appears, do not know the record of the people. They are for sound money more than the juggling financiers are; and they know what sound money is. A column of figures in a book is not money, and paper profits are not wealth, and heaps of gold have not proved essential to the prosperity of a nation. The people know that. There are many things "impossible" within the old out-worn circle, which will not only be possible but necessary and desirable in the new circle. There are certain unsound elements in the present system, and as soon as the people find it out they will make a change in the direction of greater soundness. That is what some private beneficiaries of the present system fear.

But money should always be money. A foot is always twelve inches, but when is a dollar a dollar? If ton weights changed in the coal yard, and peck measures changed in the grocery, and yard sticks were today 42 inches and tomorrow 33 inches (by some occult process called "exchange") the people would mighty soon remedy that.

When a dollar is not always a dollar, when the 100-cent dollar becomes the 65-cent dollar, and then the 50-cent dollar, and then the 47-cent dollar, as the good old American gold and silver dollars did, what is the use of yelling about "cheap money," "depreciated money," for that is exactly what we have had, and didn't know it. A dollar that stays 100-cents is as necessary as a pound that stays 16 ounces and a yard that stays 36 inches.

When you can give the American people more money than they ever had before in their lives and still make them poorer thereby than they ever were before, it is something of a joke to try to evade the question and point to "the printing presses of Germany and Russia." The same system that dropped them, dropped us also, but not so far.



The San Francisco peninsula, in California, showing the five ancient faults, made by earthquakes of long ago, and indicated by broken lines, and the comparatively modern fault of 1906, appearing as a solid black line, passing through the San Andreas Valley and Lake. It is on both sides of this rift that the experiments are being made to provide data for the forecasting of future earthquakes, just as changes in weather are forecast.



A lake formed in the Mohave desert, by the subsidence of the earth's crust along an earthquake rift. The water was forced up from sources beneath by the tremendous strain in the crust of the earth.

Earthquakes Can Be Foretold

Method Discovered That Makes Possible the Forecasting of Seismic Disturbances

By ROBERT MORGAN

BY THE combination of three recent discoveries, each of which, in itself, is not of great importance to the man outside scientific circles, Dr. Andrew C. Lawson, professor of geology at the University of California, has made an astounding discovery. He has found a method whereby the time and place of earthquakes anywhere on the surface of the globe may be forecast with the same accuracy as changes in the weather are now forecast. While there is no known method of preventing an earthquake, no matter how far in advance the world may be advised of its coming, nevertheless, such prediction, accurate as to time and to place, would, if made public, save thousands of lives by enabling the people to leave the threatened zone, and millions of dollars in property, by enabling the people to prepare to combat conflagrations which usually follow disastrous seismic disturbances. Forecasts of earthquakes will not be made public, according to Dr. Lawson, for the main reason that scientists would not dare so to reveal their discoveries of coming seismic disturbances.

"Suppose we predicted an earthquake, and, by some chance, it failed to arrive on schedule," said Professor Lawson. "Then the people would form a vigilance committee and come up and lynch us. Suppose, on the other hand, a lot of nervous, impressionable people visualized a great catastrophe from one of our predictions; then we would have a reign of terror. No, we would not dare to tell the world what our instruments are recording. It is safer in our own keeping."

The most interesting feature of this great cumulative discovery is that the coming earthquake is made to tell on itself. In other words, the surprise element, the unexpectedness of its approach, is taken from the temblor, and the date and place where it will strike can be foretold months, possibly approximately years, ahead of its actual arrival, for the coming of the earthquake, unlike that of the hurricane, the typhoon or the cyclone, is a long-continued affair. The final rebound, which breaks the crust of the earth and sends vast areas slipping this way and that, is approached slowly, and by degrees which can be studied, charted, photographed, diagrammed and tabulated. The work of preparing the data on which earthquake forecasts are based is a great deal more arduous and much more delicate than the forecasting of storms, or other changes in climatic conditions, but it follows as regular lines as do weather forecasts, and its bases are so obvious that the great wonder is that man has not discovered them before.

The three original discoveries on which Dr. Lawson bases his announcement of the forecasting of earthquakes are as follows:

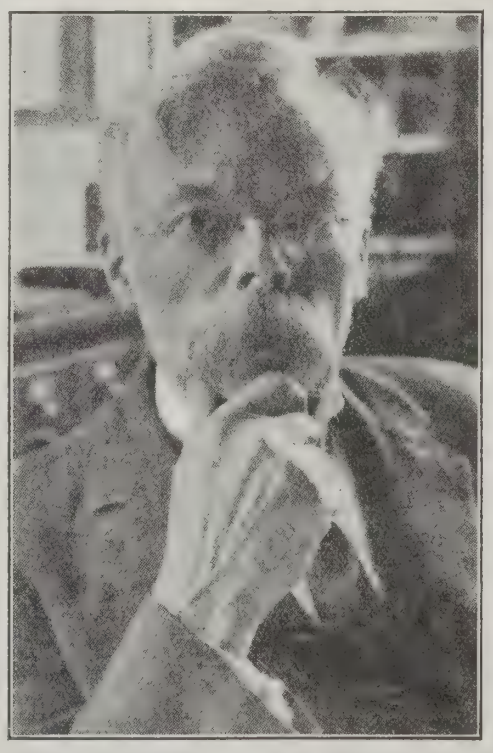
1. That the crust of the earth is constantly moving, usually northward, at the rate of a few feet each year. This motion is known as "strain creep," and is due to the fact that the earth does not run true on its axis; that is to say, the North Pole, in rotating, creates a 60-foot circle, instead of running on a center, as does a shaft in its bearings. This wobbling about of the pole causes the creep in the earth's crust.

2. That when this strain creep has created a certain tension, reached a certain limit of stretch, in other words, in the material of which the earth's crust is composed, that material—that is, the crust—gives way at its weakest point, known to geologists as a "rift" or "fault," and there is an earthquake.

3. That the rate of strain creep of the earth's crust; the composition of that crust, and the breaking limit—that is, tension point—of the materials composing that crust, which differ greatly in different localities, all can be ascertained with accuracy.

Taking these three factors, Dr. Lawson's own discoveries, the scientist very soon saw that he had the earthquake cornered where it had to tell on itself. With the rate of strain creep, and the amount of strain the crust of the globe will endure before breaking, the geologist is able to figure exactly how long the crust of the earth will endure that strain before the "elastic rebound" sets in and the crust breaks. It has been known for years that the latitudes of many supposedly "fixed" points on the surface of the earth are changing, gradually moving northward. The only way the exact position of these, or any other points, on the earth's surface can be fixed, of course, is by astronomical observation and calculation.

Dr. Lawson discovered, however, that the "creep" of the earth's crust is going on all the time, that it is antecedent to, as well as consequent of, earthquakes. Therefore, like the flow of a river, the flow of this mass of earth and stone ever to the northward, can be measured. Sometimes such a flow is much accelerated by the "elastic rebound," known to the layman as an earthquake. For example, Mt. Tamalpais, a peak some 2,000 feet high, northward across the Golden Gate from San Francisco, moved 3.04 meters (approximately 10 feet) in a north-northwesterly direction, from 1854 to 1906, due to strain creep. In 1906, in the few seconds of the earthquake of April of that year, it slipped back 1.97 meters, rather more than half its 52-year creep, but in a south-southeasterly direction, not in line with its previous advance.



DR. ANDREW C. LAWSON,
Who has discovered a method of forecasting earthquakes.

The lighthouse on the larger Farallon Island, of San Francisco, was found to have crept 2.06 meters (about six and one-half feet) northwestward between 1860 and 1906, and then, in the earthquake of 1906, to have slipped back 1.29 meters, but this time almost due west of its new position. In other words, the whole of the Farallon Island, and probably all the islands of the group, made these two movements. Chaparral, another point of observation, moved almost as far during the brief period of earthquake in 1906 as it had by strain creep in the 50 years preceding. The movement by creep from 1856 to 1906 was 2.61 meters at Chaparral, and the movement back, in a southwesterly direction by elastic rebound, in 1906, was 2.06 meters. Other places, and whole groups of places, moved similarly, but in varying directions. From all these movements, and the data concerning them, order has been worked, and the figures tabulated, furnishing the basis for the calculation of the time and place of other similar elastic rebounds, should any ever appear in that section.

One of the important factors, of course, in all these observations and studies, is the difference in soil characteristics, the difference in the composition of the crust of the earth. In some areas, the crust is so composed and constructed that it will endure a much greater degree of tension, strain creep, than will other areas, since some forms of rock and some compositions of earth will endure more strain than others before giving way at the breaking point. When it is considered that some earth movements are of such vast weight as to be almost incomprehensible, and others comparatively limited in area and depth, the very close observation and calculation necessary places the new method of forecasting on a par with the study of the most distant stars. In the seismic disturbance of April, 1906, on the California coast, for example, an area of approximately 15,000 square miles, moved to a maximum depth of 65 miles. That is to say, about 975,000 *cubic miles* of earth moved, and its movement at some points was as much as 24 feet, lessening, as the distance of the point from the main rift or fault increased, to one foot.

So important does the University of California regard this discovery by Dr. Lawson that the Board of Regents has appropriated $4,000 for the purchase and installation of a special instrument for the work in the Lick Observatory of the university, on Mt. Hamilton, and stations for the observation of the strain creep along the famous San Andreas rift have been established and observations are being taken there daily. On Mt. Hamilton, observations are made nightly, while at Ukiah, other observations of the strain creep of the skin of the world are being taken both day and night. The instrument to be installed on Mt. Hamilton is a Ross photographic latitude telescope, which, by photographing the results of its automatic observations, eliminates to a large extent the factor of human error found in the results of visual observations. Dr. Lawson, W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, and R. H. Tucker, astronomer there, are making continuous studies of the earth movement all along the Pacific Slope, tabulating the result and thereby establishing records from which all necessary

How Earthquakes Are Classified

TO MOST people, an earthquake is merely an earthquake, and, if they escape from one, that is all there is to it. But the geologists and the students of seismography graduate the intensity of their earthquakes by the Rossi-Forel Scale, which divides the temblors into the following classes:

Perceptible, only by delicate instruments; very slight, shocks noted by few persons at rest; slight shocks, of which duration and direction were noted by a number of persons; moderate shock, reported by persons in motion, shaking of movable objects, cracking of ceilings; smart shock, generally felt, furniture shaken, some clocks stopped, some sleepers awakened; severe shock, general awaking of sleepers, general stopping of clocks, breaking of some window glass; violent shock, overturning of loose objects, falling of plaster, striking of church bells, falling of some chimneys; very violent shock, fall of chimneys, cracks in walls of buildings; destructive shock, partial or total destruction of some buildings; disastrous shock, overturning of rocks, fissures in surface of earth, mountain slides, destruction of dwellings and other buildings.

The personal equation enters so largely into the reporting of earthquakes, as it does into the reporting of other things, that students of earthquakes give the widest latitude to all reports received. In general, however, earthquakes are classified according to the above list.

data concerning the strain creep, tension and elastic rebound of the earth's crust may be derived for use in making forecasts of earthquakes.

Study of the possible movements of the crust of the earth also are being made with instruments set on "fixed" monuments along the San Andreas rift, which is shown as the solid black line on the accompanying map of the San Francisco Peninsula. It was along this line that the crust of the earth weakened and gave way in April, 1906. Since the earth moved in different directions on either side of this rift, this is considered one of the strategic positions for the study of earth creep. Two points—Olema, in Marin County, across the Golden Gate northward from San Francisco, and Crystal Springs Lake, San Mateo County—were chosen for the setting up of the monuments, which consist of four concrete piers, two on each side of the rift, at each of the points named. These piers are 13 inches square at the Olema "point," and 18 inches square at Crystal Springs Lake. They are sunk six feet and grounded on solid rock, while each projects about two feet above the surface of the ground. A bronze plate is bolted to the top of each pier, and each plate carries fixed appliances for the fastening solidly of a Fauth 10-inch altazimuth, while each pier also is equipped with holes for spindles, pointers and other instruments, so that any pier may be used for the azimuth, and the others for the sighting spindles and other equipment. These instruments are under locked steel caps, bolted into the concrete, the keys to which are permanently in the possession of the University of California, so that no one not at work on the observations may tamper with them.

From observations thus far recorded, it has been learned that the speed of the earth waves generated at the rift or fault by the elastic rebound of the earth's crust is approximately three kilometers per second, or one and seven-eighths miles, which figures out about 112.5 miles per minute, roughly the speed of a very fast racing automobile doing its best on a board-tracked racing bowl. While this wave-like motion passing *through* the crust of the earth, is too rapid for the human eye to see clearly, yet these swift waves generate other waves of less speed which are visible, so that the reports made by many observers that they had seen the earth move like the waves of the sea during an earthquake are proved to be literally true, though previously believed to have been largely imaginative. It also has been ascertained that the length, width and depth of fissures in the earth's surface, caused by earthquakes, are not accurate indications of the intensity of the temblor, because the various formations of which the earth's crust is composed react in widely different ways to the force applied by the elastic rebound during an earthquake. The stopping and starting of clocks also is an unreliable witness as to either the duration or the strength of the shock, since some clocks are so delicately adjusted that shocks insensible to man will stop or start them, and others so heavily balanced that even a disastrous shock will not stop them, unless they are overthrown. Dr. Lawson has established that the first indication of an earthquake of which man is sensible is the movement of liquid at rest in a vessel, without movement of the vessel. This phenomenon is almost always noted by careful observers before they themselves become physiologically sensible of the shock. Another interesting discovery is that earthquakes in general cause little or no general change in altitude of the area affected, at least none of sufficient magnitude to be detected with certainty by observers or their instruments.



Large oak tree uprooted and overthrown by the movement of the earth during a quake.



A remarkable example of "earth flow." Here the strain creep had become of too great tension for the soft earth in the valley to sustain, and the whole mass from the steep bank shown in the background, to the foreground shown in the photograph—slipped on down the valley.



The Fort Ross, California, rift, and surrounding rift topography. This photo shows plainly the breaking point, or line, along which the earth's crust gave way.

Announcing these discoveries, the University of California, at Berkeley, has issued a statement, which discusses them in part as follows:

"It is well known that, on the occasion of the April, 1906, earthquake, there was a relative displacement of the earth's surface stratum on the two sides of the San Andreas fault line. This amounted, in the Bolinas region (north of San Francisco and the Golden Gate) to as much as 24 feet, and, at many points, to 17 feet. That this relative displacement included areas lying several miles from the fault line was shown conclusively for several critical observing stations by the work of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey conducted shortly after the date of the earthquake. Intercomparisons of the results for the positions of these observing stations made at different epochs left no doubt that earth movements on a general scale were intimately connected with the earthquake phenomena of 1868 and 1906. In fact, researches of this nature, made by A. C. Lawson, professor of geology at the University of California, have shown that these earth movements are *antecedents,* as well as consequences, of earthquakes connected with the San Andreas fault. There is reason to believe that suitable instruments located comparatively near the fault-line would be capable of detecting the creeping of the earth's surface stratum from year to year. To how many miles from the fault-line motions of this nature can be studied to advantage is uncertain, but the desirability of securing such observations at critical and advantageous points is very great. Movements of the earth's surface of the nature described apparently can be best detected and measured by such programs of observation as those of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and by suitable observations for the determination of geographic latitudes with extreme accuracy in the critical region. It is likewise well known that the latitudes of all points on the earth's surface are generally undergoing change. The international latitude observatories at Ukiah, in California; in Japan, in Turkestan, in Italy and in Maryland, have shown the nature and values of these latitude variations, though the causes operating are, as yet, only partially known.

"Professor Lawson recently has called attention to the fact that the studies of the latitude variation problem by the astronomer-royal for England, Sir Frank Dyson, reveal, in addition to the short-period variations at Ukiah, a secular trend such that the average annual latitude of that station has been slowly but persistently increasing; that is to say, moving northward, during two full decades. Assuming that Dyson's investigation is free from error, which we have no reason to doubt, we can scarcely question the correctness of Lawson's conclusion.

"R. H. Tucker, astronomer at the Lick Observatory of the University of California, at Mt. Hamilton, has made extremely extensive meridian circle observations at the Lick Observatory, from 1893 up to the present time, which yield as by-products night-by-night values of the latitude of the meridian instrument, which must be regarded as of fair accuracy, though they must not be considered as having the same weight as the results obtained by the international latitude stations. In fact, the accuracies in the two series are of quite a different order, and necessarily and unavoidably so. Nevertheless, Professor Lawson's tabulation of these results led to the suspicion that a change in the latitude of Mount Hamilton of small but appreciable amount had occurred at or about the time of the severe earthquake of August 3, 1903, which was local to the Mt. Hamilton region. Tucker is of the opinion that the apparent variation of latitude does not represent a real fact of nature, for the reason that his observations, made for quite other purposes, do not rest upon homogeneous data, and, therefore, may be of an accidental nature. While it is not maintained that the evidence actually establishes that a variation of latitude occurred in 1903, yet the evidence must be considered as of great weight."

The Poincare-Lloyd George Diplomatic Duel

Some Facts on Why a Breach Threatens Between France and England

By W. P. CROZIER

"M. POINCARE," said a distinguished English writer the other day, "hates the idea of international conferences as much as he hates Lloyd George."

The two ideas must run very much together in M. Poincaré's mind, for to say Lloyd George is almost the same as to say conference. It is impossible to understand the present tension between France and England, which is not far removed from the danger of an open breach, without realizing Mr. George's attachment to the idea of round-table conference, the effects which he has gained and hopes to gain thereby, and the resentment of the French Parliament and politicians who think that they have consistently lost and will lose in their deals with him over the bargain counter.

Mr. George always has excelled in personal negotiations. Ever since he first became a cabinet minister he has aimed at bringing every dispute, domestic or foreign, to the conference table, confident that his powers of negotiation and compromise—of "wangling," as it is colloquially called—will bring him out victoriously. In fairness one must add, how would it be possible ever to settle the most difficult and dangerous questions in which a number of powers are vitally interested except by conference? M. Poincaré does not face that question. But he knows, or thinks he knows, that Mr. George has been too much for M. Briand in personal discussion and has persuaded him to give away what M. Poincaré regards as the interests of France. So M. Poincaré has declared brusquely for the old style of diplomacy, carried on by means of notes and memoranda between the foreign offices, and since he became Premier he has been busy elaborating three separate notes to be delivered in due form and order to the French ambassador at the Court of St. James. And he has announced that whatever happens he personally will not go to the Genoa conference, which Lloyd George regards as being necessary to the economic salvation of Europe. That is a severe snub for the conference idea in general and for Lloyd George in particular.

His Attitude an Obstruction

A MERE question of method, it may be said. But not at all! At least Mr. George will not so regard it. He has for some time been revolving in his mind large schemes for the "reconstruction" of Europe. He hopes for American assistance, but if the United States were to say that Europe must first show her will and power to begin to help herself, then the British Premier would reply that by so much the more is it important for Europe to get ahead with his plans for reconstruction. And for these plans three things at least are necessary:

First of all, conference between the principal powers affected.

Second, the inclusion of Russia and Germany.

Third, a definite change in the policy pursued hitherto by France.

I leave out of account the question of the participation of the United States. The problem and the task are definitely Europe's, which cannot shift the responsibility. It is her duty to grapple with them resolutely regardless of any assistance which she may or may not receive from without.

It is Mr. George's firm belief that only by face-to-face discussion can the interminable difficulties of European reconstruction be overcome. He wants to create the intimate friendly atmosphere of personal intercourse, in which it will not be so easy for the enemies of his policy, the open antagonists or the secret obstructionists, to prevent progress. Much has been written of the bitterness which M. Briand's opponents displayed at the idea of his playing golf with Mr. George at Cannes. But from their own point of view they were quite right. That game of golf was not a mere frivolous interlude. It was all part of the conference atmosphere—a genial, round-table feeling of *bonhomie*—which Mr. George tries to create. M. Poincaré will have none of it. He wants a deliberate exchange of formal diplomatic notes. What use is that to Mr. George? France, no doubt, will have representatives at the Genoa conference. But M. Poincaré's declaration against conferences means much more than a difference of methods. It means obstruction and opposition to the general reconstruction program, of which Mr. George regards conference as the indispensable instrument.

This obstruction threatens the breach between England and France which has long been coming. It touches three main points:

1. The pact of guaranty which the British Premier proposed that England should give to France against wanton attack by Germany.

2. The granting to Germany of somewhat milder terms in respect of reparations payments on the ground that her stability is indispensable to Europe.

3. Readiness to bring Russia back into the ring of nations and to assist her to revive, on the ground that Europe and the East—to go no further—cannot be really healthy until Russia resumes something like her old place in the world.

Mr. George had persuaded M. Briand to accept an English guaranty, which would have run for 10 years and would have pledged military and naval assistance to France if Germany had attacked the actual French frontier. M. Poincaré, it is understood, asks for a period of 20 or 30 years. He means that the real danger is much more likely to arise after the 10 years' period than during it. The British Government would reply that much depends on handling Germany in the spirit recommended by Mr. Hoover's committee (which has suggested that the reparations exacted from Germany should be such as are within her "practical power" to pay), and that if a more lenient policy about reparations is rejected the danger from Germany must eventually be much increased.

What France May Demand

BUT the duration of the treaty is not a principal difficulty. There is a large section of opinion in France which maintains that England should promise to aid France against Germany not only if the French frontiers are attacked but even if Poland were assailed. The British Government would most certainly reject any such suggestion, for British opinion would absolutely refuse to enter into war for Poland. Then M. Poincaré, it is believed, will demand that the guaranty be made reciprocal and that France shall promise on her side to come to England's aid. This is purely superfluous from the British point of view. Why, then, should the French desire it? Partly because they feel it is undignified for them to be "protected" by England, as though they were a mere second-rate power that could not protect itself. Equality is necessary to satisfy their pride. But also they feel that a reciprocal guaranty would mean a formal full-dress defensive alliance that would bind the two countries much more closely together, and for precisely that reason the British Government, which does not desire to be bound and hampered more than it can help, will reject the suggestion.

M. Poincaré also wants a naval and military convention to be attached to the treaty. This would show exactly what help England would render to France, and how and when, at the beginning of the next war. This is logical, but everything depends on what military help M. Poincaré expects. He has intimated not obscurely that France expects not a small army but a big one, to be thrown at once into the field against Germany if a new war comes. Englishmen think a great deal of the little "Expeditionary Force" that went to France in August, 1914, and fought at Mons. But the French think much less of it! M. Poincaré already has written that the British Army to be sent to France at the very beginning of the war should be such as would not merely repel a German invasion if made, but would deter the Germans from making it at all.

He Opposes George's Russian Policy

BUT such an army means conscription in England. Well, there will be no conscription in England. No government dare propose it, no Parliament dare pass it. The British Government's policy nowadays—however much one may criticize some of its actions at and since the peace—is not a big conscript army to fight in a "next war" on the Continent, but a conciliatory, constructive program that will make war, to say the least, unlikely. If M. Poincaré's demands are such as they are thought to be, the most probable result will be the abandonment of the Briand-Lloyd George "pact," with nothing to take its place.

Not less violently is M. Poincaré opposed to Lloyd George's Russian policy. Many persons in England, and still more in the United States, also are opposed to it, but from different reasons to M. Poincaré.

It was agreed at Cannes that the Russians should be allowed to enter the conference of the Powers at Genoa only if they agreed to recognize all the state debts of Russia. The French probably are quite skeptical about anything in actual cash ever resulting from the acceptance of this condition. They must remember that the French Revolution itself repudiated the state debts of France, and certainly no one in this country is very hopeful that we shall live to see France repay her war loans, although, of course, she recognizes the obligation. But M. Poincaré's reluctance to bring Russia back among the nations arises from the fact that she shattered the whole scheme of French diplomacy in Europe. (It was M. Poincaré himself, by the way, who brought the Russo-French alliance before the war to the highest pitch of efficiency.) Russia was the counterpoise to Germany on the East. She was the equivalent of another French Army. Now Russia has gone and France is left alone face to face with Germany. Nay, the situation is worse than that, because the French are obsessed by the fear that at some not very distant day Russia and Germany, being both hostile to France, will combine against her.

Hence France's incessant labors to build up a strong Poland which shall divide Russia and Germany from one another; hence her desire that England should consider an attack on Poland as no less serious than an attack on France herself; hence her encouragement to Poland and Rumania to keep up strong armies on the Russian frontier; hence her recent agreement with the Turkish Nationalist Government, which she desires to wean from its agreement with Moscow, and to direct again into the traditional hostility between Turkey and Russia. Lloyd George wants a general peace with Russia. It would be the first step toward bringing the resources of Russia back into world intercourse, which is now a very definite part of Mr. George's policy.

M. Poincaré would reply that it is no part of his policy. France is indifferent to the return of Russia to world trade, especially since it is certain that the German market must benefit by it. At the finish he would declare that the fundamental condition of French security is that she must have an eastern counterpoise to Germany. Can it be Russia? No: Russia is hostile. Then he will not move a finger to set Russia on her feet. On the contrary, he will keep a row of client states—Poland, Turkey, Rumania—to be thorns in the flesh to Russia and to safeguard the interests of France. The standpoints of the two premiers are poles apart.

Scoffs at British Motives

SO THEY are also in respect of Germany. Mr. George's view might be said to be that the salvation of Europe is more important than the letter of the Treaty of Versailles, which he himself helped to make, and that Europe cannot begin to "function" steadily and well if Germany is driven to financial extremities and her blood constantly drained by reparations payments beyond her power to bear. M. Poincaré is not concerned about German stability or the interdependence of European trade or world trade. France is more or less self-contained. She needs the German market vastly less than—well, than England. She relies absolutely on the reparations payments to save herself from bankruptcy. Without them she has no prospect whatever of balancing her budget. She is bitterly scornful about British motives in desiring to help Germany toward a healthier economic and industrial position. *Le Rire,* the Paris satirical paper, has just published a special number directed against England; there is an English edition thoughtfully provided that the English may not mistake the meaning of it. One of the cartoons shows a sanctimonious Lloyd George, with a Union Jack halo round his head, embracing a sly-looking German and a scoundrelly Russian and saying, "The Lord hath said that ye should love one another for the sake of your souls—*and of our commerce.*" Of course, England is not wholly disinterested in her policy, and the French Nationalists, as in the old days, throw at her the taunt of this "Nation of Shopkeepers!"

England may be able to persuade France to moderation by canceling the French war debt to England if France will remit part of the German debt to herself. But the efficacy of such an offer is doubtful. France sees the actual German cash in prospect, but there is no suggestion that as yet she sees any way of repaying what she owes to England. The offer, therefore, to remit a debt which in any event she may not discharge for an indefinite period would be of very little value. But if M. Poincaré will abate nothing of the French demands and England and Italy will not march with him all the way, what then? M. Poincaré has said that France will march alone. Invasion of the Ruhr means the greater collapse of Central Europe, the continuance of French armaments, alienation from England and presumably the maintenance of a French submarine program, which is—let there be no mistake—most seriously regarded. These are the issues that lie at the back of the antagonism between M. Poincaré and Mr. George.

Germany, Under Crushing Burdens, Keeps Going

Economists Unable to Solve Mystery of Nation's Ability to Function

By RUTLEDGE RUTHERFORD
AN AMERICAN RESIDENT IN GERMANY

IN SPITE of the "selling out" plague and the enormous losses resulting; in spite of the reparations payments, the sanctions, the trade barriers and the chaotic exchange, Germany continues to wabble along somehow and even shows signs of industrial strength. The future looks gloomy, it is true; imports have dwindled alarmingly, and it is difficult to see how, with the demonetized currency, new supplies of raw materials are to be obtained. Feverish activity prevails in some lines of business, while others have been visited with stagnation and threatened ruin. The disastrous speculation in foreign bills has been resumed. Two big banks recently failed, and many factories have had to lay off their employes because of the shortage of coal and raw materials. Few will dare hazard a guess as to the future, especially after the failure of the Cannes conference materially to lighten the reparations burdens. Withal, many industries, as textiles, for instance, are still going at high pressure. Textile firms have in many instances increased their working hours. Most of them are still on full seven days a week. Some employ double shifts.

The how and the why of it is not easily explained. Predictions of the world's most famous economists have been set at naught. Italian and Swedish financial publications declare it utterly inexplicable how Germany keeps up at all under present conditions. By many she is being held up as "the mystery nation." The Manchester *Commercial* says:

"Great surprise is expressed at Germany's continuing to operate extensively in the face of the greatly depreciated value of the mark. The position seems beyond the power of the average Englishman to understand."

Indeed, it is beyond the power of the average American or other average person to understand. It is not alone "the depreciated value of the mark" that Germany must "operate in the face of." This is but one effect of the underlying causes which entail the burdens she must carry. The handicaps under which Germany labors must be realized to obtain anything like a clear understanding of her industrial status. Her present plight is condign punishment for her sins, no doubt. But if the victim writhes in agony under the torture, becomes flighty on occasions and seems to lose her mental balance, as at present, the world should not be surprised. Greek mythology knew of no more terrible punishment than that of the Denaiads who had to pour water continually into a barrel which had a large hole in the bottom. The same sort of punishment appears to have been meted out to Germany. Her people are laboring hard. American visitors declare that Germany is the only European nation that has returned to work. But the work is of little avail. Nearly all the awards go for reparations. There's a hole in the bottom of the barrel.

Has But Few Natural Resources

FIRST, let it borne in mind that even before the Versailles conference fixed the price Germany must pay, she was not so large as Texas, but with nearly 70,000,000 mouths to feed and backs to clothe. Her soil was infertile, for the most part. Her principal crops were potatoes and beets. About the only other natural resources were coal and iron. Of these, before the war, there was an abundance. But the people could not eat nor wear coal and iron, and where would they obtain materials for clothing? Germany produces no cotton at all, only about six per cent of her wool requirements and 20 per cent of her flax consumption. Before the war, as now, Germany was dependent for her very existence on the free intercourse between nations. Then, as now, her main concern was cotton and wool. That is by far the most threatening aspect of the present situation in Germany—the growing shortage of cotton and wool and the inability to import with the depreciated currency. Some spinners and weavers yet have large stocks they accumulated when the mark was higher, but what they will do when these stocks are exhausted is a problem not easy to solve.

Before the war Germany well realized her dependence in this respect and was putting forth desperate efforts to remedy the weakness through the medium of her colonies, especially in respect to cotton production. Down in East Africa, in the land of Tanganyika, German experts discovered a wonderful soil for cotton. Seeds of Egyptian cotton were introduced into the Rufiji delta and the result was a long staple growth, equal to that of the finest product of the Nile. The crop was increasing by leaps and bounds. In 1902 a scientific school was founded at Mpanganya to give the natives thorough instruction in cotton cultivation. The results were magical. In 1910 there were 17 cotton estates on the Rufiji, with 2,000 hectares (5,000 acres) devoted entirely to cotton and 24 other estates growing cotton on an extensive scale. In 1913, the year before the war, the German plantation cotton on the Rufiji had increased to 13,000 hectares (37,500 acres). In 1902, Tanganyika exported less than half a ton of cotton. In 1910 the exportation had increased to 623 tons; in 1912 to 1,882 tons, and in 1914 the crop was estimated at 3,000 tons. What the actual figures for 1914 might have been cannot be stated, but in 1917 the British seized 13,000,000 pounds of cotton in the Rufiji district alone.

On Germany's home soil—in Silesia, Posen and West Prussia—great progress was being made in wool growing. Silesia, possessing the largest landed estates, the largest herds of sheep were found there, but Posen and West Prussia were not far behind. Before the war there were about 6,000,000 sheep in Germany from which was obtained nearly 8,000,000 kilos (16,000,000 pounds) of wool.

Loss of Colonies a Severe Blow

THEN came the war and the Peace of Versailles. The result is that Germany has been deprived of all her colonies, totaling 1,000,000 square miles, and including all her promising cotton fields. The whole of German East Africa, comprising 385,000 square miles, has been divided between England and Belgium. England takes 365,000 square miles, with 4,000,000 inhabitants, and Belgium 20,000 square miles, with 3,500,000 inhabitants—11 persons to the square mile under British control and 175 under Belgian, the latter being the most densely populated area on the African continent. All the fine new cotton-producing country goes to England. To realize its possibilities, it should be borne in mind that the enterprise is only in its infancy there and that the Tanganyika territory alone is more than 10 times the size of South Carolina, which produces roughly 1,000,000 bales of cotton a year.

Of Germany's own territory, all the best wool-producing section of Silesia has been taken away, as has the whole of Posen and West Prussia, where such progress in wool growing was being made.

Thus, in so far as the textile industry is concerned, Germany has been almost completely denuded of raw materials, and apparently deprived of means of acquiring them, for the depreciated mark forms such a barrier that it is almost impossible to import raw materials from abroad through the medium of Germany's own currency. Other means must be found. Yet we learn that the German textile industry is still going at high pressure. Here seems to be a real mystery, just as these journalists declare.

The mystery deepens when we take other facts into consideration. The largest cotton manufacturing district of Germany, in the Rhine region, has been occupied by the French, and many believe it is to be permanently retained. The textile industry there is now suffering great depression. Under the Peace Treaty, Germany loses the whole of Alsace-Lorraine, with 37,000 looms and 1,800,000 spindles. "Since the loss of the Saar region and the major part of Upper Silesia," says Dr. Julius Luebeck, "German consumers and producers are more than ever in need of untaxed imports."

Huge Surrender of Goods

BUT the Versailles Peace did much more than strip Germany of all her colonies and her most productive territory, and this must be borne in mind to clearly understand Germany's present position. It took away her mercantile fleet, so that she was compelled to haul her raw products in foreign bottoms and pay the high prices in foreign currency. It took away her river and canal craft. It deprived Germany of nearly everything, so to speak, and so she had to begin all over again. Five thousand of her best locomotives were taken away, as were also 250,000 passenger and freight cars, leaving Germany with a lot of rickety rolling stock, which for a long time completely paralyzed railway traffic. All the Diesel engines which were such a valuable aid to German commerce, have had to be either given over or destroyed. She has had to deliver up 5,000 motor trucks. Other items include 14,000 airplanes delivered to the Entente and 13,476 destroyed; 27,695 airplane engines delivered and 23,476 destroyed; 58,000,000 active detonators delivered and equal number destroyed. All guns and munitions have been delivered or destroyed. Armies of men are now engaged at Germany's expense blowing up forts and battleships, destroying armaments and former armaments, wrecking munition factories, and every kind of enterprise which bears a suspicion of service for war purposes. The great *Deutsche Werke* was converted to peace pursuits and, under allied permission, was transforming gun cotton into film cotton. But it, too, according to latest reports, is to be destroyed, entailing a new loss to the German republic of 9,000,000,000 marks (normally $2,160,000,000). The *Deutsche Werke* formerly employed 260,000 hands.

Enormous quantities of chemicals and dyes, textiles and textile machinery have had to be delivered in reparations payments. There has been an enormous confiscation of German patents, as sanctioned by the Versailles Peace. In America alone 4,500 chemical and dye patents, of priceless value, were taken from Germany and sold to the American Chemical Foundation. Horses, milk cows, dredges needed for keeping rivers and harbors clear, dry docks, agricultural machinery, spindles, looms and all manner of articles of commerce have had to be given over. Much German labor is largely engaged in rebuilding the damaged districts of France and Belgium and replacing French and Belgian machinery with new and modern German machinery. Germany has been compelled to reconstruct the French looms and spindles with entirely new parts, according to the newest German designs.

But all this does not begin to tell the story of Germany's handicaps. It is the cash indemnity that Germany is now struggling to pay that has really caused her to stagger. It is this that caused the depreciation of the currency and has threatened Germany's collapse. This cash indemnity is the most colossal sum ever assessed under any conditions of war or peace in the history of the world. It is so vast as utterly to be beyond the grasp of human imagination. All the world stood aghast at the reparations demands of 4,000,000,000 marks which Germany levied on France in 1871. That was truly terrific, but it was a mere bagatelle compared to the 132,000,000,000 gold marks ($31,680,000,000) now demanded of Germany. This is more gold than has been produced in the world from the time of Solomon's temple down to the present day. Translated into American silver dollars, it would form a bridge 130 dollars wide across the Atlantic Ocean. But the demands do not stop at this.

Staggering Money Figures

THE London schedule of payments, which assists Germany to the extent of prescribing the installments in which Germany shall meet her obligations, further provides that Belgium's war debts shall be considered apart and in addition to the 132,000,000,000 gold marks formerly fixed as the total reparations debt. Belgium's claims include 2,200,000,000 gold marks ($528,000,000), which Belgium owes France; $300,000,000 she owes England; $250,000,000 she owes America, and a few other items which Germany is asked to pay. Added to all this is the cost of the army of occupation, which Germany must pay, amounting to 5,000,000,000 gold marks ($1,200,000,000). The Inter-Allied commission in exercising its control over German finances, and so on, is costing the German people 1,240,000,000 gold marks a month. Then there are the claims of individuals against the German Government for additional millions yet untold. While German property in enemy lands was confiscated and became an asset to those lands, Germany must pay for every farthing of damage done to enemy property in Germany, as well as elsewhere in the far-flung area of the World War. That these claims will not be underestimated may be guessed from the fact that the claims for damages done to property in the devastated regions of France and Belgium amount to more than the assessed property value of all the buildings in France and Belgium combined. Reduced to paper marks, the legal tender of Germany, the original reparations demands, aside from the extra claims of Belgium, the claims of private individuals, the cost of the army of occupation, and other extras, amount to 23,200,000,000,000 marks, figures such as only the astronomer heretofore has had to deal with.

Of late a series of demands have been made on Germany for tremendous expenditures. There followed thick and fast the milliard mark gold payment, the Loucheur-Rathenau agreement for the payment in kind of 7,000 milliard marks in three and one-half years, the dismemberment of Upper Silesia and the giving over to Poland of the Silesian Black Country, the richest commercial district for its size in the world, demands for payment of claims to private individuals, duns from banks from which Germany has borrowed to meet reparations demands, and the demand of a payment of a percentage on all ex-

(Concluded on page 10)

An Envoy From the World's Only Absolute Monarchy

By UTHAI VINCENT WILCOX



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A relative of the only absolute monarch in the world has come to America seeking recognition for his country, Afghanistan. The Ameer has sent Mohammed Vali Khan to Washington that he may keep in closer touch with world conditions since the great war has emphasized the strategic location of his country.

FROM far away Afghanistan there has come an envoy to this western republic. He has come seeking recognition for his little known Moslem kingdom situated over in middle Asia. Having won from Great Britain formal acknowledgment of his country's independence, the Ameer now seeks to gain diplomatic representation in America.

Mohammed Vali Khan is the man chosen to represent Ameer Amanullah Khan, the last and most powerful king of Afghanistan, the hermit among organized peoples and nations. Even forbidden Lhasa is more easily entered than is this unfriendly realm of fanatical tribes. The capital city, which is Kabul, has for centuries maintained a suspicious intolerance of all foreigners. The "keep out—this means you!" sign is figuratively hanging outside and armed men enforce it.

European politics and history have favored this policy until the World War changed the complexion of the surrounding dynasties. Russia and Great Britain—the lion and the bear—for centuries deadly rivals, became allies and the buffer state of Afghanistan was in 1919 accorded formal recognition by Great Britain. England had long paid its ruler a fat annuity.

Now the isolation policy of the Ameer has relaxed ever so little. There is no appreciable difference to the wiley trader, to the white man and the missionary, but the very fact that an envoy is sent thousands of miles to Washington asking formal recognition marks the beginning of the end of the old hermit policy of self sufficiency.

Some few adventurous Europeans, mostly British, but now and then an American, and occasionally a Russian or a German, have obtained permission to sojourn for a few days within the unfriendly country of rocks, deserts, irrigated valleys and towering and uncharted ranges.

But even on these occasions it has been because these men could render certain necessary services much needed in the capital city of Kabul. And while acting as engineer or doctor or in some scientific capacity, these occasional guests have been dogged by spies and watched by men who kept them under constant and never-ending surveillance that amounted almost to imprisonment.

Perhaps the Ameer has realized that his "splendid isolation" has meant the survival of his supreme control over the lives and destinies of his people. He undoubtedly understands, for the Ameer is a well-read and an educated man, that much as he may desire to maintain his unique and absolute rule, the trembling thrones of western Europe have undermined his seemingly impregnable position.

But today no monarch anywhere wields anything like such authority. He acts in a paternal capacity to his people. He personally dictates as to the matter of religion, foreign affairs and commerce. He owns Afghanistan's only newspaper printed within the domain, consequently he controls his subjects' knowledge of the outside world.

Although living apart from the rest of the world, modern ideas have captivated his mind, however much he may desire to prohibit their introduction into the lives of his people. You see, the Ameer owns 58 automobiles for his own exclusive use.

Ameer Amanullah Khan is the last independent ruler of a Moslem state and so exercises great political and religious influence among the faithful Mohammedans. Controlling an area of more than 245,000 square miles, the kingdom occupies a strategic position in Asia. It is probable that for many years to come the Ameer of the forbidden land will be an active participant in the political destinies of middle Asia. Evidently this is better understood at Kabul than by many modern statesmen.

The Ameer finds it profitable and wise to keep in close touch with current affairs through his agents in India, Persia, Soviet Russia and Europe, and now in America.

Lest some of his great authority should slip from his grasp, the King of Afghanistan gives authority only to his relatives and close friends, and even these he watches carefully. And woe betide the relative or his agent who should for one moment act contrary to the supreme ruler's wishes or seek to build up his own political fortunes at the expense of the king.

There are, let it be understood, still certain primitive ways of punishing political prisoners that are little else than refined and life-long torture. There are no humanitarian principles necessary to consider in this primitive land.

From the Persians, the Afghans obtained the idea of maintaining a harem, but even in this little known land it has been found to be an expensive custom, so the present Ameer has but one wife, or perhaps he took a lesson from his predecessor who had 100 wives and was assassinated in his harem.

The women of this hermit kingdom are kept in the most absolute seclusion; more so than any other country in the world. They are not allowed even to study; they are not admitted even to the religious school. It is considered very unwise and unnecessary for women to learn to read and write.

The gateway to Afghanistan lies through the famous Pass of Khyber in India. The British Government has fortified this until it is virtually impregnable. Like a typical medieval kingdom the Pass is open only on certain days of the week, usually Tuesdays and Fridays. At that time the caravans coming from the mountains loaded with wool, skins, dried fruit and vegetables, spices and gums pass on through to India.

Thousands of the Afghans' hardy horses and ponies are driven down to India, where they are eagerly sought for polo mounts and the cavalry.

So with this meager intercourse with the outside world, the people live on in ignorance of wars, commercial rivalries, elections, politics, navies and international disputes. That is, all do but the Ameer and his trusted relatives and associates. In this connection it would be interesting to know what Mohammed Vali Khan would do were he given the opportunity to live in America with its equal suffrage and its free criticism of its public servants. He will undoubtedly have some decided ideas on the subject whether Secretary of State Hughes accords his country official recognition or not.

Raising Apples Where Only Sagebrush Grew

Concluded from page 3

ples are graded and packed in boxes. No apple with a blemish can be packed. Each apple is wrapped in paper. Wenatchee apples are advertised extensively. The Wenatchee District Co-Operative Association, a non-profit, co-operative organization of growers, markets the product of 12,000 acres.

The Wenatchee orchards brought the growers $700 an acre in 1919, and the return from the 1921 crop will be as great or greater. The 1921 crop at Wenatchee totaled 12,096,000 boxes, or 1,209,600,000 apples. That means 12 apples for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Nor is this all. Another project, known as the Greater Wenatchee Irrigation Project, is under consideration. This would place between 40,000 and 50,000 more acres under irrigation. It has the endorsement of the state department of conservation and reclamation, and if consummated will add great quantities to the nation's apple bin.

In 1919, the Wenatchee and the Yakima districts in Washington and the Hood River district in Oregon furnished half the commercial apple crop of the United States. With the opening up of further irrigation projects in different parts of the West, the nation may look more and more to once arid sections of the country for great proportions of its food.

The recent report of the Secretary of the Interior makes an estimate of the increase in land values from the government reclamation work. Secretary Fall points out that $160,000,000 was spent since the act was passed in 1902.

Large areas in the government projects were wellnigh worthless before the irrigation began. Large areas were held at $10 an acre or less. Sales of land in the projects now frequently indicate values of $300 and $400 an acre, and in some cases as much as $1,000 and $1,500 an acre, the report says. On the whole, irrigation has increased the value of land in the government projects $200 an acre, according to Mr. Fall. That means a gain of $350,000,000.

Irrigation has increased the value of lands under the Warren Act by another $100,000,000. In contrast to the government projects proper, the government furnishes only part of the water for lands served under the Warren Act. Lands in the towns and cities in the projects likewise have increased in value by $100,000,000, according to the report. That makes a total increase in land values of $500,000,000 due to governmental reclamation work.

Germany, Under Crushing Burdens, Keeps Going

Concluded from page 9

ports. In addition to the fixed payments of 2,000,000,000 gold marks annually (about $500,000,000), there is the Allied plan for making Germany pay 25 per cent of her exports in reparations. This percentage alone now amounts to 1,125,000,000 gold marks ($270,000,000) annually. Within the next few months the German Government must pay the Amsterdam bankers 300,000,000 gold marks borrowed to help complete the reparations payments. The value of material and stock which Germany has delivered up so far in compliance with indemnity demands amounts to 13,000,000,000 gold marks ($3,220,000,000). The great floating dock at Hamburg, the largest in the world, which was recently employed in dry docking the world's largest vessel, the White Star liner Majestic, is soon to be taken away by England and located in Southampton. A large part of the products of shipyards, mines and factories must be given over to reparations. Series A and B, of the reparation bonds, involve a charge for this year of some 3,000,000,000 gold marks with interest at six per cent. More than 60,000 workmen are employed in the devastated areas of France. Germany must pay the wages of all and furnish the raw materials.

These things have tended to produce a feeling of discouragement among the people. Proud of their new republic, they had gone to work with a determination to make the best of their discomfiture, to pay the reparations demands to the limit of their ability, and to exonerate themselves in the eyes of the world from the derogation with which their former militarist leaders had stigmatized them. But the hardships to which they have been subjected have tended to dishearten them. Silesia, the sanctions, the unrecognized plebiscites in Austria and the Tyrol, in spite of all the self-determination assurances, are among the iron facts that have entered deepest into the soul of the people.

Thus, while Germany continues to show signs of industrial strength, there is no telling how long these signs will continue to be discernible. There is danger of a collapse. There is especial danger of bankruptcy and default in the indemnity payments. The only means Germany has of meeting the indemnity assessments in the excess of exports over imports. Yet trade restrictions are ever piled up against Germany. The conveyance of purchased goods into a country from anywhere except Germany is called "importing." From Germany it is called "dumping," and nearly all the nations have "anti-dumping" laws. So what is Germany going to do?

Many German textile firms entered into arrangements with British and American exporters wherein the raw materials are to be converted into finished products here on a commission basis.

Then, I have discovered that before the exchange crash came, German firms bought up large amounts of foreign currency, especially dollars and pounds sterling. The heaviest of these purchases were made when the mark was around 60 to the dollar. (It is now around 200 to the dollar). At about the same time they were laying in enormous supplies of cotton and wool.

The cotton importations from America for several months preceding the exchange crash, which followed the first reparations payment, reached unprecedented figures. The same is true of wool importations from England. These facts may help to explain the mystery of Germany's continued survival in the face of obstacles. Is it not possible that her dealers saw the handwriting on the wall and made provisions for the wrath to come by laying in stocks of raw materials? But what is Germany going to do if such conditions continue and the accumulated stocks of raw materials become exhausted? Already they are getting very low.

"Paper Money" of Guernsey Better Than Gold

Island's 100-Year Battle on Bank Currency and Usurious Interest

THE population was decreasing—stagnation of business causing the laboring class to emigrate and those in comfortable circumstances were leaving in search of the conveniences and pleasures the island failed to afford.

The circulating medium consisted of badly worn French and English coins. There was no bank in the island.

The government of the island is autonomous. It has a parliament, called the "States," which is elected from the parishes, but its decisions are subject to the privy council of Great Britain, to whom there is also the right of appeal.

The pressing need of a revenue led the states to request the privy council to permit an excise tax to be levied to one shilling per gallon on spirituous liquors. This was granted for a period of five years. The duty was renewed in 1819 for a further period of 10 years and in 1825 for 15 years, or until 1844. One thousand pounds per year of this duty was to be used to liquidate the public debt.

As was usual in provincial towns in the early part of the nineteenth century, a great part of the retail trade of St. Peter was carried on in a public market. This market was held in the vacant space around the church. There was no building provided and the traffickers were subject to all the losses and exposures due to heat, rain and cold.

A committee of the States on April 12, 1815, brought in a recommendation to issue £6,000 ($30,000) in one pound State notes, for the purpose of providing a suitable market for the use of the farmers and townsmen. The States rejected this recommendation. However, later in the same year the finance committee reported money was badly needed for roads. The States authorized the issue of £4,000 ($20,000) in notes, which were to be redeemed out of the liquor tax at various fixed dates during the following three years.

How They Built the Market

IT WILL thus be seen that while the issue of notes was first urged on behalf of the market, and they thus became known as Market House Notes, the real security for their redemption was the duty on liquor.

These notes bore no interest, but circulated among the people and greatly stimulated trade and commerce. The last of them were due April 15, 1818, and the success attending their issue and circulation resulted in a new issue of £1,250 ($6,250), on June 18, 1818.

A meat market company which had purchased a site and some buildings for £5,000 ($25,000) had been given the privilege of charging a certain price per head for all animals killed, upon condition that it would sell the site to the States at any future time at the price originally paid. The States took advantage of the purchase clause on April 10, 1817, borrowing the £5,000 at 4½ per cent interest, a report of the committee to issue £1 notes with which to make the purchase being rejected by a majority of one vote.

The advocates of a larger and better market still persevered and were finally successful on May 12, 1820. five years and one month after the first request was denied.

The States provided for an issue of £5,500 ($27,000) in States notes for the erecting of the building, the notes to be redeemed from the rents received for the stalls, to which the States were to add £300 ($1,500) a year from the duty on spirituous liquors, for a period of 10 years.

The building was completed and opened Saturday, October 12, 1822, with a general jubilation. The cost of the building was about $21,000.

It was computed at the inception that the market stalls would bring a net annual rental of £150, to which the States would add £300, making a total of £450, or $2,250, and the notes could all be redeemed and cancelled in 10 years, but the result far exceeded their anticipation.

The "treasurer's account of the market" for the year 1827, as published, shows a net revenue from the stalls for that year as £608, or more than four times the anticipated revenues.

Currency Based on Schools and Health

HAD the Guernseymen stopped here, the success achieved would have been sufficiently illuminating to guide other communities in the way of financing public enterprises without recourse to interest-bearing bonds. But they did not stop. In 1820 they issued £4,000 ($20,000) in one pound notes and paid off the floating debt. A year later an issue of £580 was used to purchase a house occupying a site needed for the new market. Later in the same year £4,500 ($22,500) was issued to redeem an outstanding interest-bearing public debt.

In 1824 £5,000 ($25,000) in one pound notes were issued to repay the 4½ per cent loan made in 1817 with which to purchase the land upon which the market house was built.

In 1826 about £10,000 ($50,000) in notes were issued, some of it for the neighboring Isle of Sark, the balance for Elizabeth College, schools and other purposes.

In 1827 £11,000 in one pound notes were authorized to be used in widening and improving Rue de la Fountaine, a street adjoining the market. This involved the destruction of old buildings and their replacement by new ones and the rents were pledged to redeem the notes.

This was followed during 1828 and 1829 with

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further issues, among which was one appropriation of £8,500 for the benefit of Elizabeth College and £11,000 for street improvements.

A threatened epidemic of cholera in 1834 caused an appropriation of £1,000 to be voted to defray the costs of preventive measures. This was issued in one pound notes.

Here we have the history covering a period of 20 years, during which time approximately £80,000 ($400,000) of non-interest-bearing circulating notes were issued and which had no metallic basis, but the redemption of which was secured by rents from stalls, buildings and the excise tax. The worn and mutilated notes were replaced by new ones. They circulated without question and were the source of great benefit and convenience to all classes.

While the total issued was £80,000, there never was at any time more than £55,000 in circulation. While new issues were provided for new purposes, old issues were being redeemed by the application of surplus revenues that had been pledged to that purpose.

The public benefits derived by the Island of Guernsey through this method of financing can be appreciated by a knowledge of the fact that during the 15 years between 1815 and 1830, not only had there been expended $100,000 on old and new breakwaters, piers, and so on, but there had been two streets in the town widened, paved and sewered, 68 miles of good country roads built, in addition to the market house, which had cost, for land and building, £12,748, or $60,000.

At the time the notes were first issued the currency of the island consisted of a mixed, badly worn coinage —French and English. There was no bank on the island and none was established until the notes had been circulating for over 10 years. Consequently there had been no opposition from privately owned banking corporations.

In 1826 three members of the States, two of them members of the finance committee, objected to the improvements contemplated in the widening of a street unless the consent of the king was first secured. Their resolution to this effect was overwhelmingly defeated.

The next year the Guernsey Banking Company was established with one of the three objectors as vice-president. On the 10th of April, 1829, the above-mentioned objectors with three more complained directly to the British Government. The complaint was referred back to the States for reply. The answer drafted by Daniel de Lisle Brock is well worth reading, even though penned nearly a century ago, and was evidently so convincing that the opposition ceased for a while.

But in 1830 the Commercial Bank was started and claimed equal right with the Old Bank and even with the States to issue notes. Daniel de Lisle Brock summoned the States to consider the matter, evidently with the intention of obtaining an injunction against the issue of notes by the bank. He defended the rights of the States as against private individuals, as the following quotation from his address will show:

Money Issue a Function of Government

"IF THERE is one incontestable principle it is that all matters relating to the current coin of the country have their source in the supreme prerogative, and that no one has the right to arrogate to himself the power of circulating a private coinage on which he imprints for his own profit an arbitrary value. If this is true for metal coin still more so is it for paper money, which in itself has no value whatever."

The second bank should have kept, and still ought to keep, to the legitimate business of banking transactions. It appeared to have for its principal object the issue of paper money. The bank makes no secret of its pretensions: there are, it says, three parties for issuing paper money; this issue cannot rise above $450,000 since the circulation in the country does not allow for more, the States ought to have only one-third of the issue, the two banks the remaining two-thirds. This is a fine way of making the division, and very convenient for the Commercial Bank. It would even have some show of justice if the parties had equal rights, and if the public had no interest in the matter; but the rights are not equal—the bank has none to put forward, that of the States is incontestable: they exercise it for the welfare and advantage of the whole island which they represent. Consequently the public has the greatest interest in preserving for the States the power of issuing paper money without interruption. Let the bank reply to the questions already put; let it say what inducement it can offer the public to drive out of circulation the States notes, the profits on which benefits all, especially the productive classes, and substitute for it bank notes, the profit on which benefits only the individuals of the unproductive classes? Now is the time to ask the proprietors themselves and ascertain whether in starting a bank they ever had the intention of letting it work to the detriment of their country.

"The public treasury is the heart of the State—did they ever wish, do they today wish to strike it with a dagger? The bank should feel that it is not enough to intend not to injure, but that it is necessary to abandon any such step which, even without its wish, would be prejudicial to the interests of the country. It should recognize that as regards the circulation of paper money, the States have for a long time and for the common good, been in possession of the ground which it seems to wish to invade which, however, it cannot occupy without injustice."

The debate was lengthy and animated and was around a proposition as published in the *Comet* of September 22, 1836:

"That in the execution of the numerous ameliorations that have taken place during the last 20 or 30 years, the States having put into circulation about $275,000 in one pound notes, as a financial measure in favor of the public generally, if they are of opinion to defend the rights of the States against those who wish, for the advantage of a few individuals only, to hinder the circulation of the States notes, for the purpose of substituting those of private individuals in lieu thereof; and whether it would not be proper to make an appeal to all the inhabitants, who are the friends of their country, to invite them to afford their assistance in supporting with all their might the notes belonging to the States . . . . If they are of opinion to name a committee that shall be authorized in a special manner to defend the rights and interests of the States, and of the public—to do their utmost by every conciliatory measure in their power, and, above all, to agree to an arrangement that shall screen the States from all interruption in the circulation of their notes, which have been issued for the benefit and advantage of the public, with the design of gradually diminishing the number annually. And in the event of such an arrangement not taking place, to adopt every measure and make every necessary sacrifice for supporting the circulation of the States notes. And, finally, should the case require it, to propose to the States the adoption of those ulterior measures deemed requisite by the committee, for the general interests of the island."

This was carried by a decisive majority.

The victory of the States seemed complete. One would believe that the matter was settled for all time and that the private bank notes would be withdrawn from circulation, leaving the issuance of the circulating medium in the hands of the people—but such proved not to be the case.

The Private Bank Takes a Pound of Flesh

WHAT happened during the interval between the meeting of September 21, 1836, and October 9, 1836, no one can tell. The records are absolutely blank on the subject. All that is known is that on the latter date Daniel de Lisle Brock signed an agreement with the banks to the following effect: $75,000 of the States' one pound notes would be withdrawn from circulation and converted into a bank loan drawing three per cent interest. The States pledged themselves not to have at any time more than $200,000 in circulation, and cease collecting the notes of the banks in cash (Gold and Silver). As a result of this agreement the States withdrew from circulation $75,000 and burdened the people with an annual tax of $2,250, to pay the interest on that amount, and gave over to the private banks the monopoly of the money of the island in excess of $200,000 to be issued for their personal profit and the banks suspended specie payment so far as the redemption of their notes held by the public treasury was concerned.

There are still circulating in the island one pound States notes to the amount of $200,000. These notes have been in circulation more than 90 years at no cost for the interest. Had they been converted into bank loan as was the $75,000 in notes the inhabitants would have paid the bankers more than $550,000 in interest and still owe the original amount of more than $200,000, and the interest will run on and on forever if the people never wake up to the inbecility of issuing an interest-bearing debt to supply themselves with a circulating medium.

As it is, they have paid $2,250 a year for interest since 1836. This has amounted up to the present time to $180,000 on a debt of $75,000 and which debt they still owe the bank.

It would be interesting to know the amount of notes the banks have in circulation at the present time and what profit they have made on them.

The Lesson for the People of This Country

THERE is now, and has been for 50 years, $346,000,000 legal tender notes outstanding in the United States. Had these notes been converted into interest-bearing bonds, as the bankers desired, the people of the United States would have paid as interest about $700,000,000 without receiving a particle of benefit and would still be owing the bondholders the original $346,000,000.

In view of these facts the history and experience of the Guernsey Islanders should be read by every voter in America.

The commerce of this country is no longer carried on by means of gold and silver coins. It is not even carried on by means of currency. The cash transactions only amount to five per cent of the whole. The balance, 95 per cent, is paid in bank checks. These latter total more than two hundred billion dollars each year. All this immense sum is based on bank credits.

It is very evident that whoever can control the bank credits can control all business and thereby are enabled to levy tribute on every transaction.

They can assure success to some by extending credit and drive others out of business by refusing credit. Such a power in the hands of a class would result in an economic monarchy from which the public could not hope to escape.

Congress must enact such legislation as will expand the functions of the treasury and the postal banks and through them issue all money and credit for all public purposes.



The Durham ox, the original type from which has been developed the modern shorthorn. This animal was born in England, March 20, 1796. Weight, 2,400.



Countess Vesta, junior yearling shorthorn heifer, grand champion of the breed at the International Live Stock Show in Chicago in December, 1921. She was sold at auction for $2,400.

A Fair of Fairs—All Prize Winners Here

By H. H. MACK

YOU have seen the blue-ribbon horses and cattle at the state or county fair, and perhaps you have wondered what becomes of them. Do they go back to the inglorious barnyard at the farm, their brief fame faded? No; for the most part they go to still another fair, the greatest horse and cattle fair on the continent, where every entrant is a prize winner. A fair of fairs, it might be called; its official name is, The International Live Stock Show, which is annually held in specially constructed buildings at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

This annual gathering of the principal prize-winning herds of the country forms a visual demonstration of the ruling tendencies in scientific animal culture. These are the aristocrats of beef and horseflesh. They are the topnotch of breeding. The entries for the December, 1921, show included 3,432 cattle, 587 horses, 1,208 sheep and 3,620 hogs.

All the classes were filled to overflowing, many of them calling into the ring from 60 to 75 head of young animals so thoroughly well fitted that the men, whose duty it was to make the awards, found that they had a very difficult task.

For several years those who were interested in the production and proper distribution of meat-bearing animals on the American continent, had realized the pressing need of a campaign of education among farmers and live stock growers that would stir up a desire to produce farm animals of more uniform quality and of superior flavor and texture as edible meat. Many of the men who took an active interest in this promotion work were connected in some way with the meat business and were cognizant of the fact that the meat eaters of the country were, every year, demanding a better quality of meat. These men perceived that live stock production, the country over, was not keeping pace with the rapid increase in the population. They foresaw the curtailment of western range operations and realized that the country's meat crop must in the future be produced by the general farmer. An increasing demand for meat made it apparent that the rate of animal production must be increased and the fact that the producing area could not expand called attention to the need of more intensive methods.

One of the leading incentives to a great live stock and grain exposition was the need of a court of last resort for live stock exhibitors, who had made the rounds of state and district fairs; a place where the differences in the types of various animals could be arbitrated by experts, and where breeders could compare notes and decide on a definite policy for the work of the coming year. It was desirable that an arrangement should be made for all prize-winning herds to come together and create an outstanding object lesson in improved live stock breeding.

The general idea of the projectors of the movement was to bring together a large number of the best specimens of meat-producing animals and horses that could be found that the eye and the mind of farmers might be trained in the selection of perfect and useful types of domestic animals. The wide difference, between the market value of the pure-bred animal and the scrub, made it desirable that the farmer be taught the folly of producing inferior animals when the same amount of feed and labor, expended on animals of better quality and breeding, would bring much larger profits.

The first show was held in December, 1900; the management threw open to the public the gates of the first International Live Stock Exposition. More than 6,000 of the finest animals in the United States entered in competition for 2,230 premiums amounting in value to more than $75,000. More than 300,000 visitors, from every state in the Union and from all parts of Canada and many other foreign countries, came to see the exhibits and learn the lessons which they taught.

The wonderful success of the first exposition made it immediately apparent that a large percentage of the farmers were just as interested in seeing the live stock of the country improved as were the wealthy fanciers, who had up to that time well-nigh monopolized the business of producing registered live stock.

As the show progressed, interesting developments were noted, one of them in particular being the occasion of great surprise to the live stock breeders of the eastern half of the country, namely, the rapid advance made by cattle breeders in the range country. The range cattle breeders came to Chicago with their branded cattle and carried away some of the most coveted awards in the show. The thoroughness and excellence of the work which was being done on the range was a great surprise at that time.

During the early history of the exposition astonishing results were achieved in the department devoted to the exhibition of draft horses. Probably never before in the world's history were so many splendid draft animals brought together in one place.

Until the present season, the show of draft horses has not always been as large as during the early years of the exposition. The show of 1921 was particularly notable for the sensational character of its horse exhibits. Time is not far distant when America will become famous for her home-grown draft horses.

According to the government live stock estimates for 1921, there are owned in this country 25,182,000 horses and mules, valued at $2,242,639,000. The number of cattle on the farms of this country is, approximately, 66,191,000, valued at $2,838,565,000. Sheep number 45,067,000, valued at $288,732,000, and the hog population approximates 66,649,000, valued at $865,633,000. It will be seen, then, that the value of all the farm animals in this country is about $6,234,569,000. Investigation shows that only a very small fraction of this tremendous live stock equipment consists of pure-bred animals. It is estimated that there are at present in this country only 120,000 pure-bred horses, 1,981,000 pure-bred cattle, 460,504 pure-bred sheep and 2,049,900 pure-bred hogs. That the men and the promotion agencies that are spreading the gospel of improved live stock breeding over the western hemisphere, still have a tremendous work cut out for them seems to be a fact.

Dollars or Rubles?

By WALTER M. WOLFF

Mr. Wolff is an American newspaper man in Germany.

A YOUNG chap from America is on his way to Europe and finds he has but a single $5 bill left in his pocket as his steamer nears the French coast. But he knows beforehand that for every dollar he will get in exchange, in the respective countries, something like the following:

13 French francs
200 German marks
6,500 Austrian kronen
45,000 Russian rubles

We will say that our friend is wise enough to know that his $5 would last not more than 30 minutes in France; so he does not get off the boat in Cherbourg, but proceeds to Hamburg, where his "five-spot" is worth just *one thousand* marks. After making an exchange, he finds his pockets now well-stocked with paper, and he feels again like somebody in the world. But the desire to be very rich like other persons seizes him; and he decides that there is no use staying in Germany when he can go to Austria and emerge from a bank with at least *thirty thousand* kronen between his fingers. Rich? Well, it does throw shadows on that old $15-a-week job back home. But he isn't through just yet. He plays a trump card. On to Moscow! Now he realizes the great opportunity. Furthermore, he finds that he need no longer bother with his Austrian paper. A big hungry-looking Russian can scarcely wait to lay hands on it—and he is willing—yes, more than willing—to pay *two hundred thousand* rubles for it! But this is too much of a good thing. Our American traveler is at a loss to know whether he needs a wheelbarrow or an express wagon to cart it all away. What on earth will he do with it all? What can he do with it?

Imagine yourself in a country where you see only paper money of all denominations, from the little pfennig and heller slips to the thousand-mark and thirty-million-ruble notes—but just *paper*, and cheap paper at that.

It is interesting to know what a person can buy in Germany today for *one* mark; in Austria for *one* krone; or in Russia for *one* ruble. If our American visitor, we will say, were to set out with an "Eine Mark" note in Germany, he could still spend it, of course, but would get blessed little in exchange for it. In 1914 he could buy as much (and more) for a silver mark as he could for a quarter or even a half dollar at home. Today he can still buy a newspaper or a gum drop for a paper mark. For a pair of shoes he must give 300 to 700 marks; and for an ordinary cotton shirt he must spend 150 of them. For a fair suit of clothes he must spend not less than 2,500 marks. But suppose our friend desired to sojourn in Vienna for a day or two. A little illustrated magazine, similar to the four-page supplement that comes with some Sunday papers, costs him 35 kronen. He eats breakfast and the waiter tenders him a carefully itemized statement for 375 kronen (the poor fellow only had a cup of coffee, two rolls and a side order of horse meat). There is no use going into a clothing store in Austria; if you enter without at least 40,000 kronen, nobody will bother waiting on you.

But in Russia a visitor finds his thousands worse than worthless! Only an insane man will talk of sums less than 500 rubles, and this amount will purchase but a small, very coarse loaf of bread. Not so many years ago the Russia of the Czars issued little coins not much larger than shoe buttons in the value of one-fourth kopecs. In those halcyon days of Russian greatness 100 kopecs were equivalent to one ruble, just as 100 pennies are worth $1.

A few days ago I received a letter from Petrograd postmarked with 2,000-ruble stamps! The contents of that letter reveal such pitiful conditions existing today in the former proud city of the Czars, that we, as prosperous Americans can scarcely comprehend the utter hopelessness in the following figures: A single sheet of writing paper with envelope costs 300 rubles; the cost of registering the letter from Petrograd came to 2,300 rubles. A pair of woman's shoes cost 1,000,000 rubles; a cheap pair of stockings cost 50,000 rubles;

A few samples of food prices follow:

Sugar=50,000 rubles a pound.
Butter=60,000 to 65,000 rubles.
Meat=20,000 rubles.
Soap=30,000 rubles.
Potatoes=1,000 rubles.

The Soviet is, without doubt, facing a most appalling high-price crisis. The Soviet Government has been forced to print new notes of credit in denominations of from one to 30,000,000 rubles. The capital stock in the Soviet Government Bank has been increased to 2,000,000,000,000 rubles. Russia is all but bankrupt.

Russia has gradually slid back to the conditions of 1914, with only two classes. Today, under the Soviet régime, there are those who cannot pay 500 rubles for a loaf of bread, and almost as many who can pay 3,000,000 rubles if necessary. The profiteers, swindlers and speculators triumph and revel in wealth and luxury.

A Distinguished Harding of Another Day

From Humble Beginning, He Won International Fame as an Artist

PRESIDENT HARDING is not the first man of that name to win fame in America. The other famous Harding was born in 1792, just 73 years before the birth of the present chief executive, and seven years before the death of George Washington. He died in 1866, when Warren G. Harding was a youngster of 12 months.

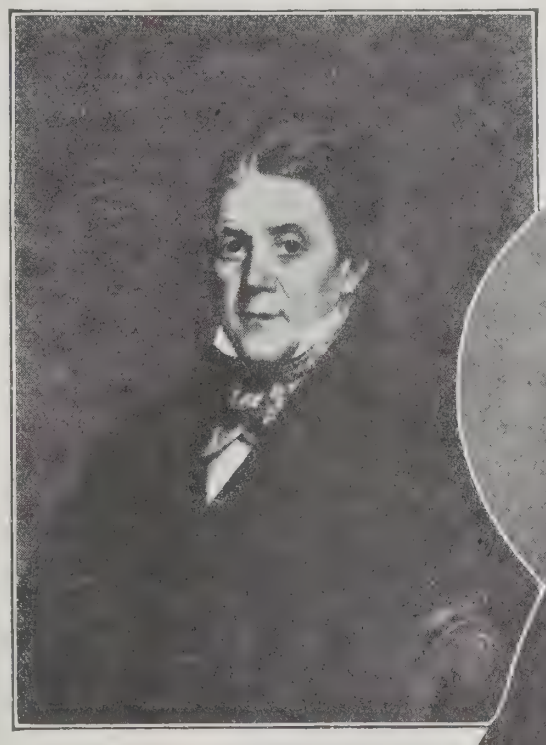
His name was Chester Harding. He was a self-taught artist whose ability was so distinguished as to win the plaudits both of this country and Europe.

One of the most popular and highly valued paintings in the National Capitol at Washington was produced by Harding. It is the portrait of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who, among many other honors, had the distinction of being the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. This famous portrait hangs on the east side of the gallery of the House of Representatives. Two other notable portraits by Harding also may be seen in Washington. That of Henry Clay is in the historic courthouse of the national capital, while one of John Randolph, the famed and eccentric Senator and Congressman from Virginia, occupies a prominent place in the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

The boys and girls of the present generation who imagine it impossible to win worth-while success in life without college education ought to delve into the history of this eminent artist and gentleman, and learn something of his early struggles and privations. It might inspire them with more self reliance and the importance of everlasting hustling and hard work.

Harding was an indefatigable worker. As a result of his energy, his paintings are scattered all over this country, England and Scotland. Foolish temperamentalism, false dignity and artistic starvation were not in his make-up. If there was no work available where he happened to be, he would pack up his kit and hasten to some place where it could be obtained. He never whined about conditions, but got busy.

His physique was such as to attract attention wherever he went. He stood six foot three, and possessed the muscles of a lumberjack. His feet were so large that special lasts had to be made by the cobblers of his day; no ready-made gloves were large enough to fit his hands, and when it became necessary to wear glasses, it was found that his eyes were so far apart that an ordinary pair would reach only halfway across. In the days of his youth he was the champion cordwood cutter of his community, chopping, splitting and piling four cords in a day. He never knew one musical note from another, nevertheless he was a splendid pianist, clarinetist, singer and whistler. His pet hobby was landscape gardening and tree planting.



JOHN RANDOLPH,

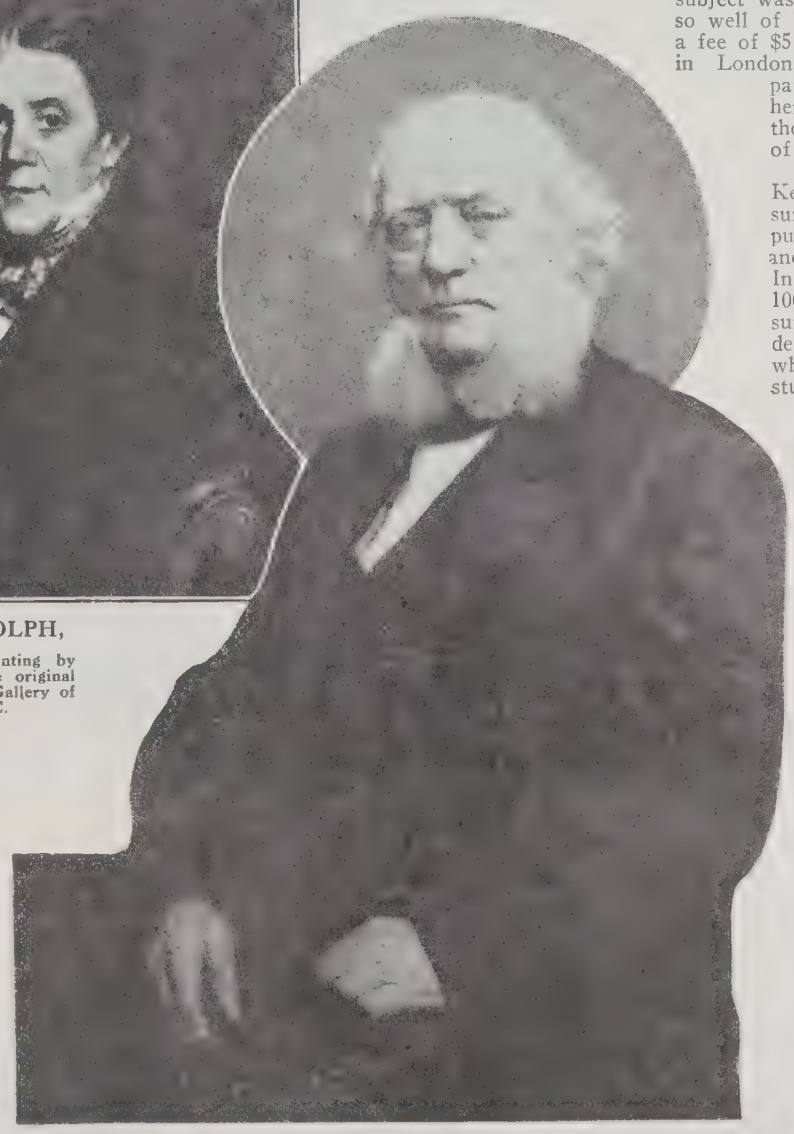
Of Roanoke, from a painting by Chester Harding. The original hangs in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, at Washington, D. C.

Harding, born at Conway, Massachusetts, was of the hardy New England type. His parents were exceedingly poor. His father was an inveterate inventor who never seemed to invent anything worth while, which, of course, meant a lean larder and few clothes with many patches. Between the ages of eight and ten, young Chester lived with an aunt, attending a flock of geese for his board and keep. At 12 he was hired out at $6 a month to a Mr. Graves, at Hatfield, Massachusetts. He attended school the two winters he was with this man, learning enough to enable him slowly to read the Bible. The big turning point in his life occurred at 14, when his father moved the family to Madison County, in Western New York, then a wilderness. The father, Chester and two older brothers, armed with axes—those wonderful civilizers—commenced chopping down big trees, built a one-room log house, and cleared a patch of ground on which, between the stumps, they planted corn and potatoes. During the first winter in this new home every member of the family was down with chills and fever. The only reading matter in that humble pioneer home was the Bible—not another book, magazine or newspaper. The most excitement they had was the occasional visit of some wandering preacher who would visit that section, when neighbors for miles around would assemble in some large barn or grove and earnestly listen to the preacher's message.

The winter before the beginning of the war of 1812, Harding assisted his brother in getting out material for making chairs for the countryside. His fighting spirit was aroused by the invasion of the British and he enlisted as a drummer boy. In mid-winter his company started on a three-days' march to Sacketts Harbor through deep snow and zero weather. Running short of food, the soldiers helped themselves to farmers' chickens and shoats along the highway. The enemy failed to confront them, but sickness and disease did. Harding was down and almost out for a time. Finally, he recovered sufficiently to start for home—walking, of course. On the journey his face, ears, hands and feet were severely frostbitten. It was only now and then that a meal could be had. Eventually he reached the little log cabin so dear to his boyish heart—home, sweet home.

All the following summer he made drums for the American Army. Can you imagine what those home-made drums looked like? This venture was followed by a strange tour through the country, peddling such articles as peppermint, tansy and wintergreen essences, and selling in communities in Connecticut the right to manufacture a spinning-head invented by a friend. He left home with an old plug of a horse, a homemade wagon, and $6 in cash. Essences were frequently swapped for a meal or a night's lodging. He returned from this expedition with more cash than he started with and about 50 wooden clocks and several watches, taken in exchange for the patent. He was fairly splurging in prosperity.

A beautiful and lasting love affair shortly followed his home-coming. Her name was Caroline Woodruff. The moment Harding saw her he knew no one else would do.



CHESTER HARDING

Before he could get real well acquainted with her, the family moved 50 miles farther into the wilderness. But what's distance to a man in love? Harding simply *had* to see this dark-eyed beauty with the genial personality, and therefore walked the 50 miles across the hills to make a call. He was not a believer in long courtships. Within an hour after his arrival in Caroline's parlor he had asked her to marry him. She suggested waiting a while. He waited two weeks and then once more walked those 50 miles through the woods to the log home of his fair one. Such devotion was not to be denied. This time he was accepted. Three weeks later they were married, but not on the day set by the bride. Harding noticed the snow was melting and took no chances. The day before the wedding was scheduled he drove to the bride's home in a homemade sleigh, with the parson by his side, and told the girl the wedding must take place at once, as there would not be enough snow left by the next day to take a sleighing honeymoon to their new home.

To make more money and pay off some old debts, Harding embarked in the tavern business for a time, but with slight success. Within a year a neighborhood Shylock threatened to throw him into jail for debt, that drastic law being still in force. A man with a beautiful young wife and cooing little baby had no longing to languish in the county bastile. Bidding his wife and wee one goodby, he tramped to the headwaters of the Allegheny River and floated to Pittsburgh on a raft, where he earned some money painting houses. With this money in his pockets he set out for home to get his wife and baby. His course took him over mountains and through forests populated with bears, wolves, deer and other wild things. It was a mighty lonesome trip. He was obliged to enter his old home under cover of darkness, as the Shylock was more determined than ever to put him in jail. After several days in concealment, the little family left for Pittsburgh, which was reached by tramping to the source of the Allegheny and down that stream on a raft with a crude shanty built on it. For a year he made a comfortable living in Pittsburgh by painting signs for merchants. Then occurred an incident that fired his ambition, ultimately resulting in his great success as an artist of international fame. A fellow named Nelson drifted into Pittsburgh one day, announcing himself as a sign, ornamental and portrait painter. Harding, who had never seen a portrait, thought his work wonderful and ordered pictures painted of himself and wife. The work was done in mysterious fashion, the artist not permitting Harding to see him mix his colors or at work.

From that day Harding was determined to become a portrait painter. His sign work suddenly became uninteresting. Using his signboard paints and a planed board, he produced a picture that looked like his wife, greatly pleasing both of them. His next subject was a journeyman baker, who thought so well of his portrait that he cheerfully paid a fee of $5 and sent the picture to his mother in London. With this encouragement, he painted portraits of his landlady and her husband, who were so overjoyed they credited him with a board bill of $25.

Hearing that an artist at Paris, Kentucky, was getting the fabulous sum of $50 for portraits, Harding pulled up stakes and boated his family and effects down the Ohio to that place. In six months he painted more than 100 portraits at $25 each. With this surplus cash he made a trip to Philadelphia to visit the academy to see what great artists had done. Here he studied their work day after day and learned many things. His next scene of activity was St. Louis, Missouri. His first patron was Governor Clarke. For the next 15 months he was busy every day executing portraits of all sorts of persons. Hearing that Daniel Boone, then 90 years of age, lived only 100 miles distant, he hunted him up and painted his portrait. The old hunter and explorer had never seen a painting in all his 90 years. He was pleased and amazed, but not quite as much so as his favorite granddaughter, who brought all her 18 children to see the wonderful creation.

Purchasing a carriage and team Harding drove to his old home to visit his parents. The old grandfather was still alive and greatly disappointed in the career of his grandson. Taking him to one side, he severely lectured him saying, "Chester, I don't like your way of living. It is the same as swindling to charge $40 for pictures. Why don't you quit this kind of life and settle down on a farm and become a respectable citizen?"

The national capital was decided on as the next place of conquest. Six months were spent there in painting the leading men of Washington, earning enough money for Harding to buy a farm and build a house "back home." Some years later he again spent a busy season in Washington.

Boston was taken by storm after leaving Washington. He painted 80 portraits in six months and had a long waiting list when he thought it high time to visit Europe. He sailed for England in 1823, remaining there for two years, visiting Paris, Ireland and Scotland many times. While in England he painted the Duke of Sussex and many other prominent persons. He became somewhat of a social lion. Every art gallery, artist and art school of prominence was visited in his search for knowledge.

Returning to America, he visited the leading cities, painting better pictures than previously. At Richmond, Virginia, for instance, he painted 18 portraits of the leading men of that commonwealth.

There was scarcely a man of any prominence in America at that time whose portrait was not painted by Harding. He is perhaps the only artist who has had the privilege of painting three Presidents; James Madison, James Monroe and John Quincy Adams posed for him.

Chief Justice John Marshall and every member of the Supreme Court, as well as such men as Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun, were painted by Harding.

The last public man he painted was General William T. Sherman.

The Little-Known Mother of George Washington

At Fredericksburg, Virginia, the Memory of Mary Washington Is Preserved

By AARON HARDY ULM

"AND up the street a little way is the old home of Mary Washington," said the Fredericksburg man, who was pointing out the numerous places of historic interest in the quaint old Virginia town.

"Mary Washington?" I answered, questioningly.

"George Washington's mother," he explained, as if it was not unusual for strangers to be wholly ignorant, as I was, of Washington's maternal parent.

I, perhaps, had read a paragraph or so about Washington's mother in biographies of her son. But the mother of the greatest of Americans was a total stranger to me. Incidentally, I found later, when I went roaming through the books about her son, that few of the biographers of Washington allow more than a paragraph to his mother. John Marshall, whose monumental work of five volumes still is considered by many to be the best, gives her only a phrase: "...a timid and affectionate mother ...." Some verge even on a sort of scorn in their treatment of her.

Hastening to the small old-fashioned dwelling, now, thanks to a group of patriotic Virginia women, preserved as a public shrine, where Mary Washington spent her latter years and died, I quickly came face to face with the spirit of Washington's mother. In a way, her spirit still dominates the scenes she once ruled with iron will. Nearly all that is remembered of Washington's mother illustrates, among other things, that she always "had a mind of her own." The small house remains very much as it was when she died. The mahogany four-poster bed, with the steps needed for reaching its lofty heights, stands in the main room. It is laden with massive feather mattresses, overlaid by a counterpane. There are other relics of Mary Washington's day, some of which may have belonged to her. The town's growth has caused streets to cut away the ample yard which once fronted the house, and only a moiety of the big garden in the rear remains. Therein, however, you see a boxwood hedge that was set out by its revered occupant of nearly a century and a half ago. Cut off from the main house, as was the rule in that day, is the kitchen, preserved in its original picturesqueness, with its wide fireplace and the tongs and hooks and long-handled cooking irons used in preparing meals over open fires.

Lafayette went there alone, after the close of the Revolutionary War, to pay his respects to the mother of the chief he adored. Lafayette talked with her in the garden and in the house, and immediately thereafter declared: "I have this day spoken with a truly Roman mother."

That's the impression one who looks into the little that survives about Mary Washington gets now. She evidently did not fit into her period with that nicety that was achieved by her graceful daughter-in-law, Martha Custis Washington. Yet if she lived today she might fit better than would Martha, as she would have excelled in the day of the Caesars or any other. For Mary Washington seems to have been of that rare type that fits with equal success into any period—a woman of the ages, as it were.

However the historians may "damn her with faint praise," and regardless of how popular fancy has passed her by, the people of Fredericksburg, where she spent the greater part of her life, are very fond of Mary Washington. And of all the many historic figures associated with the community's past, they seem to like best to speak of her and to narrate the interesting traditions that have come down, largely mouth to mouth, concerning her.

Only a few blocks from the old home a modest monument stands in honor of Washington's mother. It is near a picturesque rock, which overhangs a tree-covered knoll and overlooks a beautiful meadow. Tradition says that in her latter years she spent much time sitting on that rock, reading and meditating. Near by she was buried and there her body rests today. The site of "Oratory Rock" and the Mary Washington Monument was once within the extensive grounds that surrounded "Kenmore," the home of Betty Washington, only sister of George Washington to reach maturity, after Betty became the bride of Colonel Fielding Lewis, one of the wealthiest men of that section during Revolutionary times. The house where Betty lived still stands. Mary Washington's home adjoined the grounds of Kenmore. Bungalows and cottages now separate the two places, but there yet stands a few of the 13 trees George Washington put out there in honor of the 13 states he mainly was instrumental in creating.

The home in Fredericksburg was purchased for his mother by George Washington just before he became commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary forces. Prior to that she lived on "Ferry farm," across the river from Fredericksburg. It was on that farm that her immortal son spent most of his boyhood. It was there that the cherry tree incident occurred, if it occurred at all, for the Washingtons moved there when George was between three and five years old. While in Fredericksburg I visited the place, still comprising nearly the same acreage owned by the Washingtons. It now is owned and operated as a dairy farm by J. B. Colbert. Virtually all vestiges of the Washington era are gone. A few trees may have belonged to it. There's a small, cypress-roofed shanty, clearly very old, which tradition says was once George Washington's workroom and office.



A reputed portrait of Mary Washington, George Washington's mother. But as with other alleged portraits of her, its authenticity has never been established beyond all doubt. From a print in the Congressional Library.

It was there that Augustine Washington died when the eldest son of his second wife, Mary, was only 11 years old, and it was from there that Washington went to school at Falmouth, a few miles away, and at Fredericksburg, near by.

Though Mary Washington lived to a very old age, dying within a few months after her son became the first President of the United States, there survived only a meager amount of authentic data regarding her.

She was 22, when she became the second wife of Augustine Washington. Her father, Joseph Ball, was of the landed aristocracy of the "Northern Neck" region of tidewater Virginia, a region sometimes called the "Athens of America," because of the large number of famous men who were born there. Excepting that she was the "Widow Johnson" when she married Colonel Ball and married again after Mary's father died, little is known of Washington's maternal grandmother. It is probable that from her, Washington's mother derived and passed on to her son a strain which softened the stiff aristocracy of the Washingtons. Mary almost certainly gave to him that stubborn will, which was among his most telling characteristics.

On marrying, Mary Washington took over the management of her husband's household at Wakefield on the Potomac River, about 60 miles below Washington.

The Wakefield place is now cut off from the customary lines of travel and but for a monument which marks the site of the house wherein George Washington was born, no memento of its history remains visible.

Nearly all that is known of Mary Washington's life and most that is known of her first son's boyhood is associated with Fredericksburg and environs. After the Wakefield house was destroyed by fire, it is believed she induced her husband to move to the Fredericksburg place because of the schooling advantages there afforded for her children, of which there were ultimately six, five of them surviving.

Just as Mary Washington will remain largely an unknown figure and the little that survives will be subject to varying constructions, George Washington's relations with his mother, for the lack of data, will always be a subject, more or less, of mystery. The little of authentic nature which survives does not make one certain that they "got along together" perfectly. There appears to have been throughout their lives a more or less constant conflict of will between them. This may be due to the fact that they were both strong-willed and determined, and in several other respects quite different. There is no question about Washington's having had profound respect for his mother.

It is known that even after he made his residence at Mount Vernon he visited his mother often and gave close attention to her affairs even up to her death, which occurred shortly after he was inaugurated President for the first time. However, from the beginning of the Revolutionary War to its end he never saw her. Yet, following the victory of Yorktown, Washington, with his staff and many French officers, hastened to Fredericksburg, and among the first persons he went to see was his mother. An orderly preceded him and with great formality announced to Mary Washington, the heroine of the day: "Madame, His Excellency will be here within the hour." "His excellency!" she exclaimed. "Tell George I shall be glad to see him." George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Martha Washington, writing of the meeting between the general and his mother said:

"The lady was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced; and it was further told that the good victor was waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of his childhood; inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—not a word."

The tradition that she never showed any enthusiasm for her son's military renown seems so well fixed that it must be based on facts.

Washington visited his mother for the last time just before he left for Philadelphia to take the oath of office as President. She told him that they would never meet again and a few months later she died.

Lawrence Washington, George's cousin and playmate, in his old age, wrote as follows of Mary:

"Of her I was 10 times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness....I have often been present with her sons, proper tall fellows, too, and we were all as mute as mice; and even now, when time has whitened my locks and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is difficult to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner so characteristic of the Father of His Country will remember the mother as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

There are several reputed portraits of her, but not one of them is known beyond all doubt to be hers.

The house where Mary Washington lived was about to be purchased, from its private owner, and carried to the Chicago Exposition and there put on display, when the woman who rented and lived in it brought the matter to the attention of leading Virginia women, who immediately raised funds for its purchase and saved it.

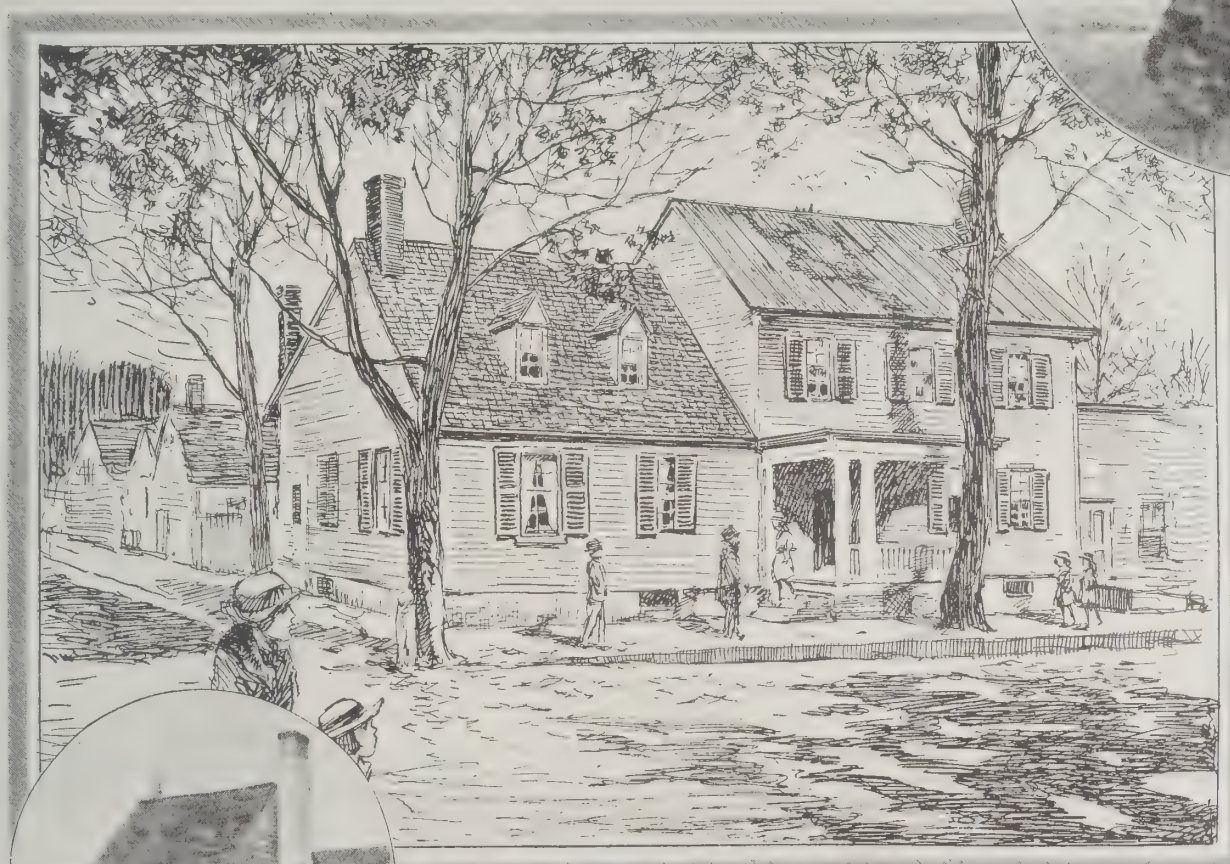
What everyone in Fredericksburg says, as well as the sparse data recorded in books, indicate that Washington's mother was a truly interesting and no doubt great woman.

Where the Mother of an Immortal Son Lived

Scenes From the Home and Surroundings of Mary Washington









Above, left—An etching of Washington's birthplace as it appeared in the early days of the last century.

Above, right—"Meditation Rock," where Washington's mother spent much time reading and meditating during her last years. She was buried near here.

At the left—Where the mother of Washington spent her declining years. The house is preserved as a public shrine in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

In circle—This little structure was erected by Washington and was used as an office and workshop during his surveying days, it is declared.





From prints in the Congressional Library

Left—When George Washington, as a boy, wanted to join the British Navy his mother refused to let him go, and "laid down the law" to him.
Right—Shortly after the battle of Yorktown, he went to his mother's home and presented some of his French allies to her.

URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The sport of falconry is still in existence, and an Englishman catches from 16 to 24 hawks each year in Holland and ships them to the Old Hawking Club at Lyndhurst, England.

The first amber in large quantities discovered on the North American Continent is that recently found in the hundreds of tons of culm from collieries in the Nicola Valley of British Columbia.

The mayor of Mount Vernon, New York, cut his own salary $500 as a starter in his economy campaign by which he expects to save $15,000 in the next two years by salary reductions alone.

Declining to fly either the new black, red and gold merchant flag of Germany or the old German flag, a boat belonging to the Hugo Stinnes interests left Hamburg displaying a small evergreen tree where the flag should have been.

Five thousand seven hundred miles of railroad have been abandoned in the United States in the last five years, while only 3,200 miles have been built in that period.

Twelve specimens of the common wood borer ant of Hawaii, placed in a virtually hermetically sealed glass jar 11 years ago, in the Bishop Museum of Honolulu, have grown to a colony of between 25 and 30, without air or water and on a diet of wood only.

Tests to ascertain temperatures at which work may be done in safety in mines and steel mills are being made by the United States Bureau of Mines. Delicate scales are used in the tests.

Walking through the Canal Zone from ocean to ocean, a distance of approximately 50 miles, in 16 hours and 26 minutes actual walking time, a 12-year-old girl set a new record for women pedestrians in Panama.

One trainman was killed and three others were overcome when their train stalled in a gas-filled tunnel one mile long in Oregon. The three were found unconscious in the cab of the engine and the dead man was found at the rear, where he had fallen overcome by the smoke and gas.

Stars can now be successfully photographed in daylight. From Mount Blanc at 12,000 feet altitude, a French scientist has succeeded in photographing stars up to the seventh magnitude.

Armed guards, both inside and out of armored cars, will soon be transporting millions of dollars' worth of securities in the down-town financial district in New York. The cars will be modeled after the bullet-proof "tanks" now used by the New York post office.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

One-twelfth of a second is the minimum time required for the transmission of an order from the mind to the muscles, according to a prominent psychologist before the Academy of Sciences in France.

Acrobatic stunts, involving entering or leaving an airplane while in flight are forbidden under a new clause which has been added to the Canadian air regulations.

The University of Saskatchewan is experimenting with a scheme for domesticating the buffalo. Buffaloes, in the Canadian parks are increasing so rapidly that they will soon be on the market for food.

A University of Alberta professor has perfected an ether preparation, the use of which permits the easy starting of airplane motor engines at 37 degrees below zero.

German scientists have discovered a cure for sleeping sickness, according to a professor of Liverpool University, who related how a man with the disease was cured within a month by the new drug.

The wolves of Russia are starving and are haunting the towns. American Relief Administration workers go armed to protect themselves from the animals.

Because of the high price of oats, horse cabs are being suppressed in Paris at the rate of 20 monthly. It is predicted that soon there will be no quiet drives in the leafy solitudes of the Bois de Boulogne.

By spilling tepid water into it at the rate of two barrels a second, the Rock River in Illinois, a navigable stream, has been kept from freezing for five winters over 13 miles of its length, according to a prominent engineer.

The Mexican Government will soon deed to the men who served under Francisco Villa, former revolutionist, approximately 15 acres of land each, in accordance with an agreement made with Villa on his surrender in July, 1920.

Ripe cherries brought from Rio de Janeiro by swift steamers are selling on the markets of the North Atlantic seaboard.

A monstrous fish, of a species unknown to science, has been caught in the Amite River of Louisiana. The fish is remarkable in that in place of a mouth it takes nourishment through a cauliflower formation under its throat. It has no jaw or opening of any kind in its head, except two small double nostrils high on its head, and a pair of minute eyes. It has a backbone with vertebrae, two small fins and a smooth body.

When an acetylene torch flame burned through the rope which was supporting him, a worker fell 80 feet to his death in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Rubies have been produced in Paris chemical laboratories. They are perfect in appearance and answer every known test.

Argentina is more than five times the size of Germany, and has approximately 8,500,000 inhabitants, according to best estimates.

Placing a tatoo mark on the body of alien criminals so that when one is deported he cannot return to this country under another name is the plan favored by the district attorney of Kings County, New York.

"Marching Through Georgia" is Cambodia's national air. Cambodia is a French protectorate lying west of Indo-China.

The "featherweight pressure" gate, guarding the turnstiles of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company in New York City collects curious and rare coins. Among lead and metal slugs were found 20 centime pieces, flattened pennies, Turkish coins and welfare checks from Sing Sing prison.

A fleet of 100 airplanes for use in Mesopotamia is being built in England. Each plane will carry 10 soldiers and two machine guns, with ammunition, for use in fighting hostile desert tribes, and will cost $10,000 each.

An ore finder, in the form of an electrical device, which will indicate the depth, size and other information regarding concealed copper ore bodies, has been invented, according to a director of the Arizona bureau of mines.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Who Pays the Piper in Wall Street?

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The "Publicity Man" and Washington News

"IMAGINARY MONEY": FAKES OF GOLD BASIS

The Poetry That Came From a Gloomy Cell

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Bryce Canyon and Its Fantastic Grandeur

Wondrous Colors and Weird Shapes Arouse Emotions of Travelers

By WYMAN SMITH
(WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WRITER)

HERE, Eos dipped her brush to paint the eastern sky of morning; here, she piled high the dainty colors from which to compose the tints and shades of dawn; here, are the happy colors—whites, yellows, pinks, pale reds and grays. As if smitten by them Opwell, the geologist, gazed in admiration, then amazement, and declared, "standing obelisks, prostrate columns, shattered capitals, panels, niches, buttresses, repetition of symmetrical forms, all bring vividly before the mind suggestions of the work of giant hands, a race of genii, once rearing temples of rose, but now chained up in a spell of enchantment while their structures are falling into ruins through centuries of decay."

—Enchantment, perhaps, under the mesmeric spell of their own work; intoxication, from the fantastic shapes and coloring of the portrayal; and wonder, at finding in the rotting, shifting, moving rocks a greater beauty than had appeared in the original perfection.

For Bryce Canyon (Utah) is such a place as one expects to find only in the stupor of a narcotic, and scarcely at the end of a drive through a red canyon, where the pines sway evenly and the larb grows ever green. We had been driving all day through reddened hills, with an occasional lava rock outcrop; and far toward the east we had seen mere glimpses of pink walls, shining brilliantly as if they claimed an internal illumination. Sagebrush and cedars adorned the slopes, and, as we followed the undulations of the Sevier River, willows banked the stream, adding a gay color to the drab of the countryside.

One stops abruptly when he first stands on the rim of Bryce Canyon, gasps inaudibly at the reality, and then, like a pagan worshiper, gazes enraptured at the sweet delicacy of the place. Grandeur one finds in the twisting gorges and in the awe of a great mountain rising upward thousands of feet, but here one is atop the precipice looking down into a foreground filled as with the actors and players in a theater. Painted into the lapis lazuli of the sky are the white cloud patches, a blue haze hovers above the horizon; nearer are the pink cliffs rising from the winding, twisting curves of a stream valley, and far away across the Colorado River, the deep purple mound of Navajo Mountain rises from the level plateau.



Brilliant, scintillating whites, pinks and ochers. Along the rim grows the evergreen larb.

"Why," a low whisper, "that looks like the Navajo Peak, beyond the Colorado River and the Painted Desert—the same as we saw it from Harris Point on the Grand Canyon."

"It is the same," smiled the guide, "and there's a deal of country lying between—more than 80 miles of it."

"Eighty miles?"

"Yes."

Why, it is as if the Chicagoan could see across Lake Michigan and then on into the fruit country beyond. The mind is baffled by that 80 miles of distance, it is unreal—surely it must be only another one of those desert mirages staged in a strange land. Next day after the mists had risen, we looked again, and saw the distant peak appear once more—this time with a cloud bank slowly rolling up around it. Twenty miles, 30 miles, even 40 miles is not uncommon, but 80—even the sagebrusher is astounded when he calculates a moment, for there before his eyes rests an empire of nearly 3,000 square miles.

All this while the play on the stage below has been rushing forward, the light flashes from pillar to statue, it scintillates in a hundred hues, every crevice and nook burning with the multiple reflections, until the radiance is like the splendor of brazen images, glowing under the enchantment of a million candles. Ah—if the ancient Aztecs had builded such an altar, never could the fair god, Quetzalcohuatl, have deserted them; never could he have laid his curse on them if they had erected but a single pair of such gorgeous pillars as are poised row on row within that assemblage. And the Greeks, with all their beauty, might have here learned new lessons in architecture, color and design.

Then in a side slide we espied a ladder—some one had placed it there for climbers who might desire to meander down into the stage, and there make the more intimate acquaintance of the characters. It is a queer world below the ladder, and the trail disappears between two rocky, crumbly walls of white and ocher. The inclosure is dark and damp.

Out in the open is another theater, with the figures perched high on the golden walls like so many humpty dumpties set in ranks; and they, too, are tinted delicately. Shadows are again absent, and the singing light glows everywhere as if it were strains of soft music. Among the minarets and pinnacles grow the green pines, while little patches of wild grape and clumps of larb add vigor to the groundwork. Even as we watch, a storm tops the ridge and drops a shower on the opposite wall scarcely a mile away, yet the crackling lightning and the roaring, reechoing thunder bring the rain no closer to the center of the gorge—leaving us undisturbed to wander along the dry wash, exclaiming as we go about the statues set in nature's hall of fame. Some of them have names, others have not, and after all it is better to let the imagination run rampant among these mysterious shapes; they are all so necessary to the complete beauty; they are all so human and sympathetic, we cannot but like them best when our own individuality designates them as giants, gnomes, dwarfs, goblins, or this or that denizen of the pandemonium.

The faint trail leads around a pine tree, tops a smooth, shale rock ridge, and then leaves no trace until it begins again near the bottom of the embankment. Twice one afternoon, we looked for the resumption of that path, and only after we had gone backward to explore a dozen canyon alleys did we return to find it slipping slyly away toward a natural bridge.

We continued on the trail, across another dry wash, around fallen trees, and up the corridor to where a pale gray bridge hung its lintel between the gap of the bounding walls. Through the portal gleamed the pink of a farther wall, and above it reared the towers of a golden castle. Silence—silence was everywhere.

Away from the archway, the trail pursued the top of a climbing runway, bringing us eventually into the shadow of two huge pillars—for evening was approaching, and the brilliant torchlight of day was settling slowly into a chiaroscuro of exquisite tracery. We had marveled at the iridescence of the morning, but now, it appeared as though a blue light had replaced the earlier one of yellow. Instead of a playhouse, the arena became in the afternoon, a church; and all the shapes sat in straight erect rows of pews waiting for the peal of the organ from the pink acropolis 25 miles away—silent worshipers in the forever of nature. We walked very softly not to disturb those white-gowned thousands in their evening festival.

Pine incense burned that night in honor of the silent drama while the mauve, heliotrope and violet faded into the deeper blue of starlight. Next day we learned that no longer would the supply of adjectives last, that "wonderful," the all-sufficing password of the tourist, was a mockery; but that one could after all obtain a great deal of comfort from such terms as "holy smoke!" and "jumping jack rabbit!". And they come from the inner spirit, not arduously, but spontaneously, to supply the empty void left by ordinary words, for, as we rode through the pines and spruces of the plateau, skirting its edge, we learned that Bryce Canyon is not a solitary beauty spot, but rather a superlative jewel tucked into a cliff wall where the entire mass is one great setting.

En route to a natural bridge 12 miles away we paused to watch the play of light in No Man's Land. Just below us on the opposite slope a chrome roof covered two huge abutments of shelly pink and alabaster. In the portal between them grew a solitary sentinel, guarding the entrance to a doorway revealed to us by a narrow band of light. Beyond the postern hatchments, the undulating hills and valleys rolled away to the east in a great mosaic of light and shade, green and white, until again the dull heap of Navajo Mountain reared into the sky line. Across the enormous pattern the cloud shadows sailed slowly, majestically, one following the other in mute, solemn irregularity—"silence more musical than any song."

"Now, we'll just lead the horses along a little farther and hobble them," spoke our guide. "It's only a short distance on to the bridge and walking is better than riding will be."

Down a white slope we went, leaving the horses behind, dodged through a number of pines, and then again looked on a scene which compelled a slow, tremulous, "holy smoke!"

Yet, except the odor of the pines, there was no incense in the air; on the distant horizon, still marked by the peak of the Navajo, were only a few sparse clouds; but at our feet—there lay the cause of the ejaculation.

Pinks, saffrons, reds, orange-browns, chalk-tints, mingled in the curves of the Arc de Triomphe. Its blazing top surmounted magnificently two huge pilasters set solidly in a nook of the cliff wall, leaving an opening 35 feet wide and 100 feet high, through which we caught glimpses of the valley whose slanting sides lead to No Man's Land and the great bridges of the San Juan country.

The luster of the walls became a shining, scintillating luminosity, with nearer approach and the rays seemed to dance like lightning on the points of the structure. Only the green spindle tops of the pines beyond reduced the intensity, while the sun god showered his glory on the already burning parapets.

"No Man's Land," the guide explained, "is called that because, while it is a good place in summer, the snow piles up there in winter until it becomes impassable."

When the stealthy, triangular shadows of the pines and spruces began their approach toward the bridge castle, we looked for the last time over the immensity of No Man's Land, and then, leading the horses, followed the guide down a westward sloping gully. The elevation decreased rapidly, and in a half hour we arrived at an opening filled with the saffron rays of the afternoon sun.

We rode now across the scented expanses of the sage and followed the edge of a dry wash. Three miles more, the guide informed us, and the trip would be finished. We eventually picked up a little trail which went eastward over the crest of a ridge.

Just as the heliotropes and lavenders faded from the sky dome we reached camp.

Soundly we slept through the night, and awakened with the sprightly jays the next morning. Out on the brink again we stopped to watch the opening act of the play in the theater, saw the mist curtains lift from the eastern landscape, felt again the thrill of the silent actors, and at last coasted softly away toward the gateways of the Red Canyon, leaving behind those age-old statues to preside over the tableau stagery of Bryce Canyon.



Arc de Triomphe, 100 feet high and 30 feet wide, is set in cliff walls of dazzling brilliance and superb color.

A spire of rare beauty in Bryce Canyon.

Odd shapes and forms dominate the heights.



Through the Great Arch into the valley of No Man's Land.



A Great Mosaic of light and shade, green and white.

Two and three hundred feet upward tower the spindling minarets.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 19, March 4, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy. Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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This Way Out!

THERE are no rails to split, no slaves to free; what good's a Lincoln now? There's steam heat in the apartments; we don't need a Washington to shiver at Valley Forge. The Indians own oil lands, or have starved to death or something; a Daniel Boone would be as worthless as a ruble. Pullman porters brush you and shine you and gyp you as you cross the continent; those men who drove the prairie schooners and left their bones bleaching under the western sky are not missed at all.

It is time we got sensible about this immigration problem. Every reasoning person will agree that parasites should be eliminated. And what can be more parasitical than a racial stock which the country has outgrown and whose work, even if it was of some account, is done?

New people have come to this country. They expect and assert the right to enjoy themselves. They are ready to take over the good things of the country without charging much, and in a large measure have done so already. The old racial stock is in the way. The newcomers are willing to let bygones be bygones and will hold no grudge for the blazing of the trails, the felling of the forests, the building of the bridges, the tilling of the soil, the fighting of the wars. But the newcomers do and of right ought to feel that the Constitution guarantees to them the more perfect union, unencumbered by old-fogy scions of a pioneer people.

Congress has been fiddling quite a while with immigration laws. The three per cent clause now in effect has a positive benefit as a sort of traffic regulation—it gives each division of the newcomer type of immigrant a year to take its share of the country's wealth before the next batch arrives, thus providing an orderly removal of this wealth from the producing race. You have heard the story, or haven't you? "My Gawd, where do they get all we take away from them?"

But the three per cent law is temporary at best. Congress, which largely represents, and is obedient to, the newcomers, should systematically bundle up all the old pioneer stock and deport them. It might be worth while even to buy the Sahara Desert or some of the coral islands in the South Seas for the purpose. Congress could give the deportees Plymouth Rock and the old Liberty Bell—the cracked one—to take along, when it gives them the air. But give them the air it must. It is intolerable to retain a racial stock which has nothing to do with running the country, has almost no title left in the country and does not know enough to be loudly self-assertive.

The Reign of Law

RESISTING all temptation to superlatives, it is well that there should be wide and deep appreciation of the significance of the recent inauguration of the Permanent Court of International Justice. "The hour of universal justice is striking," said Holland's foreign minister. "In the creation of the highest court of justice the world has ever known, humanity has taken the most remarkable step in its history toward bringing in the reign of law." This is a crystal clear summing up of the matter.

A judicial body has been established which is entirely free from all political control and which is entirely unfettered in its deliberations and decisions by political bodies. In the new international tribunal, men of vision welcome the realization of a great ideal: the substitution of the rule of reason for the rule of force in the adjudication of disputes between nations. The arbitrament of law has long been the very web and woof of the fabric of our civilization, as regards disputes between individuals. Henceforth, it is also to have first place in the settlement of international differences. The passing of the duello between individuals was implicit in the institution of courts of justice. With the actual functioning of international law through an international high court the duello between nations becomes effete.

Law and justice have not always been synonymous, more's the pity! Yet all our written codes and methods of judicial procedure represent more or less successful approaches to the goal of an effective embodiment of the law written from the foundation of the world in man's inner nature. It is not too much to anticipate that the example of the new court with sanctions of authority based not upon the will of any one nation, but upon the co-operative agreement and effort of the 41 nations joined in the league will place the conception of law generally, and the high and sacred responsibility of its administration, on a plane that must illuminate and advance the administration of justice in every court in every land.

Good for Boulder

THERE is a rift in the clouds that so long have seemed to cover Colorado's industrial skies, in the mutual agreement between the owners and union employes of the Black Diamond coal mines in Boulder County, by which operations are kept up, production increased and the public eased of some of the burden in the high cost of fuel.

The men have consented to a voluntary reduction in wages, the operators have reduced the price of coal, and business continues without interference from the labor commission or the armed constabulary of the state. The Boulder County *Farmer,* in relating the incident, concludes by inviting others to profit by the example, which is "of moral and material benefit to the tax and ranger-ridden people of this principality of the C. F. and I. junkerdom."

Consider the Postage Stamp

EDITOR THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT: The money question is the big question, for upon it hangs right solutions of the taxation and other economic problems. Allow me to offer a suggestion which may prove as clarifying to others as it was to me. Take the postage stamp. It has no intrinsic value. Its value is wholly in the service which the government pledges itself to perform in carrying the letter or parcel it bears. More than once it has served in this and other countries as minor currency when there has been a shortage of small coin. In fact, postage stamps are at this day found very convenient for small remittances by mail. "Intrinsic commodity value" in a currency simply serves as pretext for the exaction of interest by the Shylocks. All money should be regarded simply as medium of exchange and on that account based on units of labor or service and not on gold or silver. Gold or gold-based money cannot really serve as a "measure of value." Services and commodities measure themselves one against the other in the open market. So many hours of minimum value labor against so many hours of maximum value labor, or so many bushels of corn or potatoes. Money may serve as a convenient *register* of such market values, a sort of thermometer of value, so to speak. Let the government issue paper money in payment of public work and supplies, as it issues postage stamps, and there will be no danger of an over-issue as long as any public work remains to be done in this country. It might begin by issuing such money in payment for outstanding issues of government bonds—and then stop issuing bonds.
—George E. Brittain, Dayton, Ohio.

THERE would seem to be something worth thinking about in Mr. Brittain's idea. Postage stamps in the hands of anyone are always worth face value. The same should be true of paper money issued as government bonds are issued (but without time limits as to redemption and bearing no interest), if made legal tender for debts and receivable for all public dues. Such issues would cut out a lot of what the industrial engineers call "lost motion," saving time and labor. To pay for labor and services—it all comes to that in the last analysis—the government now issues interest-bearing bonds to obtain from the banks non-interest bearing paper money with which to pay its creditors and employes, or to refund previous bond issues or pay interest on the debt. The interest charge on these bonds doubles the cost of everything the government buys.

The government is now spending some five billion dollars a year. Let it pay this sum in its own money issued directly by the United States Treasury as called for, just as the Post Office Department issues postage stamps. When the money is paid back to the government for taxes, it might be retired and canceled, or issued again in payment of further services or supplies. There would be no danger of the depreciation of such a currency through over-inflation or its enhancement in value by undue contraction, its volume being limited by a balanced budget. Incidentally, such a currency would prove a curb on extravagance in government expenditures, setting definite limits to collectible revenue.

Happy Little Liechtenstein!

"HAPPY is the country that has no history!" Such a country surely is the principality of Liechtenstein. There has been a wide extension of interest in geography in recent years, thanks to newspaper discussion of the war and the boundary changes ordained by the Peace Conference. It is likely, however, that most of us would have to confess that we had never heard of Liechtenstein, as Lloyd George with such ingenuousness on an historic occasion declared his ignorance of such a place as Teschen.

The interesting thing about Liechtenstein is that an English traveler has discovered that this little country, wedged in between Austria and Switzerland in the Tyrolese Alps, not far south of Lake Constance, has emerged from the welter of the World War without suffering any moral, intellectual or material damage to speak of. The nation covers an area of about one-half that included in the municipal jurisdiction of New York and has a population of about 12,000, or much less than that of an average city ward in the metropolis.

As to the particular reasons for the happiness of the Liechtensteiners, it appears that a few years before the war they came to an arrangement with their nominal ruler, Prince Johann II, whereby the good prince agreed to pay all the expenses of the government on condition that he was allowed to go away and live in peace in Vienna. This compromise freed his loyal subjects from all taxation and they seem to have supported with fortitude and resignation the absence of their liege who did not wish to be bothered with ruling, content like the British constitutional monarch to reign. Possibly, this scheme for achieving lasting popularity was suggested by the course of another contemporary royal sovereign of an independent state, the Prince of Monaco, who pays all the taxes out of the rental he receives from the Casino concession at Monte Carlo.

Prince Johann, who escaped from Vienna to Paris some time ago, can now claim to be the doyen of European royalties, for he began his reign 64 years ago, thus beating by 28 years the next best, that of the King of Spain who was born king. Some day, Liechtenstein may become a republic, following the example of that other miniature mountain state, the thousand-year-old Republic of Andorra.

Not a Specific

IT IS difficult to determine how much actual experience or real knowledge is back of the advice tendered farmers by journals published, ostensibly, at least, in their interest. Perhaps it is best to credit all with better faith than judgment, and let it go at that.

An editorial in an extensively circulated journal blames the farmer's present plight upon his own neglect. The editor ascribes the trouble to too highly specialized farming and to a prevalence of the single-crop idea. "Diversified farming is the cure," he says.

This is the veriest buncombe, since every farm product is in the same boat, and nowhere, except under most favorable conditions, has the farmer been able to obtain the cost of production from his crop. Even where he has made an even break or better, his loss has been in the same proportion, for had prices been higher, such sales would have produced a fine profit.

Diversification is a good thing for the ordinary farm, but only as a protection against a crop loss, not against overproduction. The present depression, however, would have occurred had the editorial farmer specified every kernel of seed planted, unless he also knew and could have prevented the manipulation of the volume of currency in circulation.

Coal Importation

THAT coal from the mines in Wales reaches New York and is disposed of at a figure lower than it can be placed on the seaboard from American mines is probably true, but that the fact means an economic loss is not so certain. Were the import trade and the export trade practically equal in volume, there would be no reason to bring coal across the Atlantic. As it is, the foreign supply is brought as ballast, because it can be sold at mine prices here, saving the cost of unloading the sand ballast that otherwise must be used. Ocean carriers must make one trip here for every trip over, and cannot safely come without cargo. For every ton of ballast brought there is an excess of export over import of a ton of merchandise. In the economic outcome, then, the sale here of ballast coal represents an exchange for American goods. Dealing nationally, there is profit to this country in every ton landed.

Another angle is that no change in labor conditions in our own mines can possibly prevent or reduce this competition to home coal production. The Welsh coal is delivered in New York at a lower price than the difference in mine cost, and could be delivered at a still smaller price if necessary. The consumer has the right to this saving, which, if extended to his own sales, would accrue to the public benefit.

Mr. Ford's Page

POLITICAL parties are like poets, born, not made. And yet political parties have been found to be so useful to certain purposes and interests that numerous attempts have been made to manufacture them for occasion. A political party is a publicity organization, a semi-legislative organization, often a coercive organization which can render more service to special interests than it can sometimes render to the public.

The people, of course, who are living mostly in the nursery atmosphere with regard to these things, imagine that a political party is a fellowship of conviction upon certain principles. That is what it ought to be; and it is the belief that the political party is just that, which keeps it going. But the party is other than that. It would take almost psychic eyes to see just what the so-called political organizations consist in, what holds them together, where their ramifications run, and what type of mind it is that finds congenial the atmosphere of the "organization." Perhaps it is the least moral organization in the world, outside the realm of those which are distinctively subversive.

And yet, such is the irony of things, this lower network of organization forms the basis for much good work. All men who are interested in politics are not on the inside of the "organization," not at all. The real motive power of politics, so far as the motion of the people's mind is concerned, is in the "idea," the "issue," the genuine proposals of government policy and legislative action. But these seldom have their source in the "organization." They are imported from the people. All that the "organization," or the "party" does (the "party" not being the whole number of adherents, but the hierarchy of leaders) is to sort out the possible issues and select the group which they think will "sell" at the election. Any other set of issues—even quite opposite issues—would do just as well if they would "sell." The main object is to keep the "organization" in offices. The party never gets the offices; only the "organization" does that. As a whole, our offices are manned by the prettiest lot of political gamesters that any country ever saw.

So, there we have the genesis of two evils. One evil is the existence of a party which has neither political nor moral principle, but which lives for the thing called "power," using as its steps to power such "issues" as appeal to popular approval; the other evil is the view of certain apostles of moral or political principles that a political organization can be whisked into existence by publicity agent methods, to serve the purpose of a certain candidate or a certain principle for a single election only. So, on the one hand we have the politicians whose object is office, poking around among possible "issues," ignoring the ones which would require moral courage to espouse, and choosing the ones that seem ready to ripen in a campaign; and on the other hand, we have the possessors of progressive ideas looking for a party to "put them across."

It is a situation which speaks indisputably of the sorry collapse which has overtaken political effort in this country.

The "third party" demonstrations have been a sign of the same condition. The only third parties that ever had a reasonable and sincere motive and purpose were never permitted to attain party maturity, because the older parties took their issues and rode to power upon them. An illustration of this may be seen in the adoption of the Prohibition Party's most distinctive plank by both the older parties.

Lately our "third parties" have been launched either for the purpose of putting a candidate across (which must be the final judgment on Mr. Roosevelt's effort) or for the purpose of cementing the radical elements of political disorder and giving them the respectable appearance of political organization. Both were vivid commentaries on the truth that political parties are born, not made. When the genuine Third Party comes, it will not be a Third Party at all, but the First Party, relegating both old parties to secondary status. It will be a national party, summoning New Era Men from all the old parties, and from no party at all, to do the work which others have neglected.

We do not need a "third party" in the United States, we need a party that is first for Americanism, by which we mean the principle that the fulfillment of life consists in the largest liberation of the creative and constructive forces in nature and in humanity for the service and prosperity of all. Americanism is communistic only in that it stands for a community benefit, instead of an exclusive personal benefit, proceeding from all industrial, financial and political activity. The Old Era was individualistic in its objective. The New Era will remain necessarily individualistic in its method, but will enwrap the whole community in its objective. Communism fails just because it is not communism, because it is individualism of a type that defeats the benefits of individuals, and so cheats also the community of its benefits. We are individuals in action and communists in responsibility.

The division between modern parties is not political, nor philosophical, nor moral any longer, but purely sentimental. All of the old subjects of division are now subjects of scientific examination and adjustment. Locally, politics has come to be a preference of individuals for office: one group wishes to place this man, another wishes to place the other man. A sufficient number of experienced electioneers find this kind of politics a sport, to give it zest. But, as for the profound political convictions which marked the birth and the vigorous years of the Democrat and Republican parties, they simply don't exist.

The two great parties are being used—that is, the "organization" of them is being used more and more as bulwarks against the changes which must inevitably overtake the stupidities and injustices which have become fastened in our national life. Every old slogan which warns of the people against progress as something dangerous finds its hearty echo in the political "organization." The "organization" knows nothing about finance, administration, international relations—literally nothing about anything that affects the heart of our national life—but it is always ready with the cries which sustain the old order of things.

That is where the two old parties are in the greatest danger: they have anchored to an era that is even now growing dim in the distance: unless they cut the cable, they will disappear with it.

And it is just here that we mark the fatal distinction between party and people. The people do not comprise the party. Parties are merely bidders for the people's suffrage. When parties disappear the people remain. This is the logic of third parties. The old parties simply die off the limb like leaves that have ceased to nourish themselves with the life of the tree that bore them. The people grow and keep growing. If parties lag behind, as parties now are lagging behind, a new party is inevitable—not to put a chosen candidate across, not to stampede the people for a new "interest," but as an expression of the life of the people. Parties are the people's political clothing; when the coat grows too small it is discarded.

PARTIES at their birth and in their vigor find their whole reason for existence in serving the cause in which they believe. In their old age, parties go searching around for causes or "issues" popular enough to keep them in office. Power is the ambition that rules them then, and not the passion to persuade men to a principle. When division comes between party and principle, party dwindles to the "organization"; the secession of the people has already begun. Then ensues an interim when old parties seek new issues, and old neglected interests seek new parties. But new parties are not made, they are born. The "third party" is impossible; the real "third party" will become the First Party because of the rejection of the others as unfaithful to their trust.

Fossil Men and Fossil Apes and the Scientists

By GEORGE McCREADY PRICE, M. A.

Professor of Geology, Pacific Union College, California.

A FRENCH scientist, Professor M. Boule, has recently published a book dealing with all the fossil human remains hitherto discovered, and this book is reviewed in the well-known English journal, *Nature* (May 12, 1921), by that eminent archeologist, Professor Arthur Keith. The reviewer complains that the author of the book under review shows a very "erratic judgment" in dealing with the celebrated remains found in Java by Dubois, for Professor Boule in this book declares that these remains are those of a giant gibbon "moving toward the human stem" in development. As this verdict in assigning these remains to a large gibbon is one that has already been reached by other eminent men, such as Macnamara, Krause, Klaatch and Richard Hertwig, it would seem to be an opinion deserving of at least some respect. But Professor Keith will have none of it. He says: "Verdicts such as these need not be taken so seriously as they are delivered. Even expert geologists, anatomists, and archeologists will have some sense of the humorous situation we have reached in human paleontology."

Yes, I fancy they will. That word "humorous" seems a very appropriate word to use regarding the present situation all around, as it concerns human archeology and paleontology. And yet I do not feel sure of the particular aspect of the situation which Dr. Keith has in mind, for there are several which might be so designated.

Let us first glance at the rules by which the antiquity of man is estimated. The following rules are to be seen in a show case containing a set of human skulls in the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. I have here inserted numbers before these rules; otherwise they are reproduced as there exhibited:

"The dating of human skeletal remains is at best only a rough approximation. The probable error of our estimate would undoubtedly be expressed in thousands of years. Nevertheless, we have several guides in determining the probable position in time of a given find.

(1) "The first and best indication is afforded by geological records. Geologists know that the sands, gravel, loam and loess of certain localities were deposited by glaciers, rivers or winds during certain geological periods.

(2) "Another valuable guide is the association of human remains with the skeletal remains of animals now extinct. Paleontologists have a fairly clear idea as to the time at which these animals became extinct.

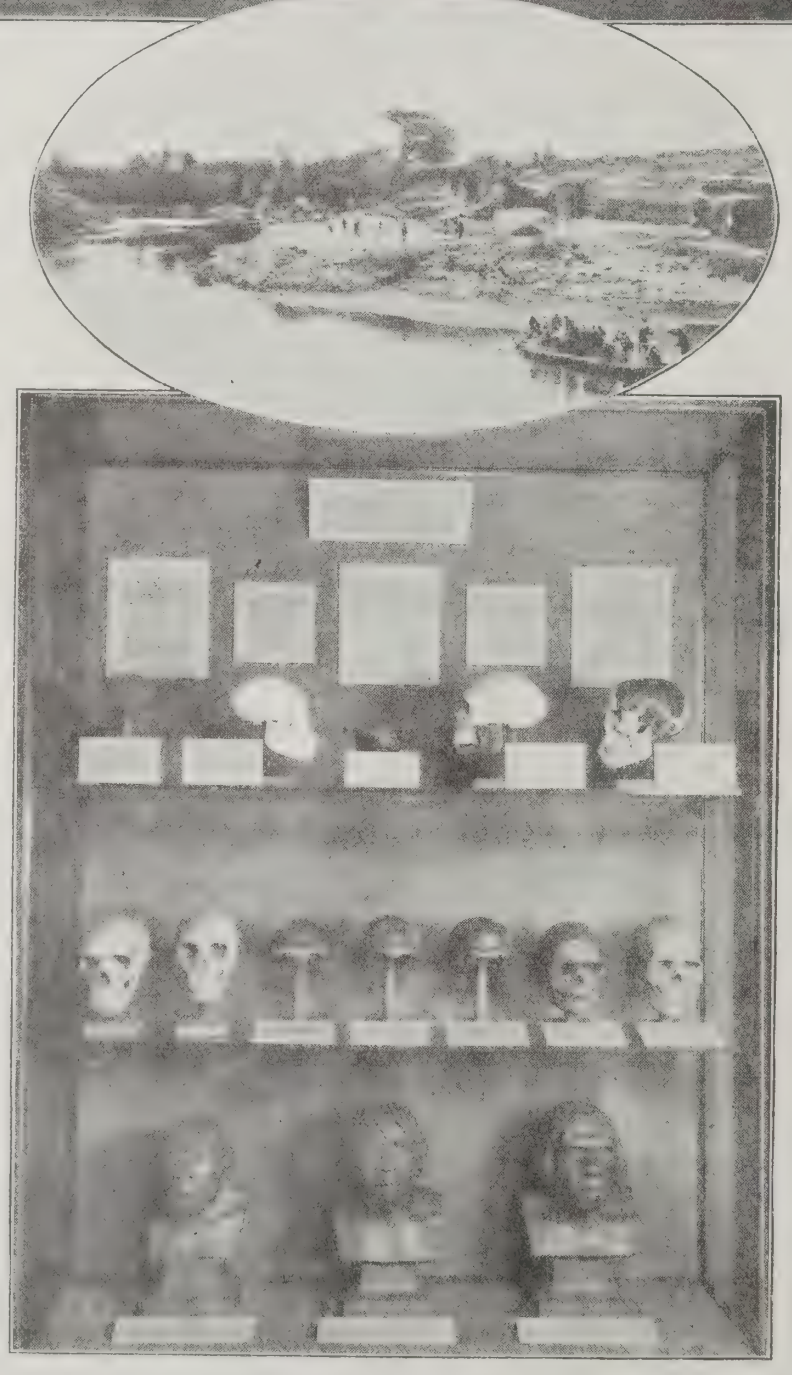
(3) "A third indicator is the kind of articles of human manufacture found with the skeletons. Archeologists have a general idea of the gradual development of human industries in Europe up through the exclusive use of rough stone implements, to the more finely finished products of polished stone, bone, copper, bronze and iron.

(4) "Finally the nature of the skeletal remains themselves affords an indication of their probable place in man's evolution.

"The attitude of modern science is decidedly critical, and not until a given specimen has been subjected to the above four tests is it finally assigned to a definite place in man's history. Many finds, which have failed to satisfy the demands of science on one or more of the four points of geological position, associated animal remains, associated implements of human manufacture, and morphological form, have been temporarily placed to one side to await the possibility of future discoveries throwing some light on their true position."

The first of these four rules has whatever value attaches to the geological classifications, and particularly to the subdivisions of the Tertiary and Pleistocene strata. This value is not high, as these distinctions are, in my opinion, about 75 per cent more traditional theory, about 20 per cent the tact or intuition of the expert pronouncing on them, and about five per cent real fact. The second rule is not always reliable, as the bones of prehistoric animals, like the Mammoth and the great Bear and the great Lion, in England, were often washed from the surface of the ground into fissures and caves along with the bones of human beings who lived long subsequently to the time when these animals lived there. The third rule is good, so far as it goes; but it is of quite limited application, especially when we are dealing with the very earliest relics of the human race. And the last rule assumes the whole theory about the ape origin of man, and has only such constructive value as may attach to this theory in the minds of the reader. And yet all relics of humanity which do not measure up to these four rules, are "temporarily placed to one side," and are not allowed any place in the early history of mankind. However, we may pass along and study for a while the four most famous specimens of the early human race with which modern science deals.





Top—A show case in the Museum of Natural History, New York City, showing a series of skulls of apes and men. Scattered around throughout the lower part of the case will be seen models of practically all the fossils of apes hitherto discovered, which, as is stated in the text, number about a dozen, many of the so-called species being represented by only a single tooth or a part of a jaw. Center—View of the bank of volcanic tuff, near Trinal, Java, where the bones named *Pithecanthropus erectus* were discovered. Bottom—A show case in the Museum of Natural History, New York City, showing models of the more famous human fossils. The black parts of these skulls represent the parts actually found, the lighter parts have been "reconstructed." In the upper corner, at the reader's right, will be seen the tablet stating the four rules for judging the antiquity of man, as given in the text of the article.

The first specimen is the now famous *Pithecanthropus erectus*. This fossil was found in 1891 by the Dutch army surgeon, Dr. Dubois, on the left bank of a stream near Trinal, in Central Java. Dubois first found an upper molar tooth, then about three feet from this he found the cap or upper part of a skull. The next year he found a left femur, or thigh bone, about 50 feet from the first locality, and also a second molar tooth. Some 16 years later another molar tooth was discovered in the same locality. The place where these discoveries were made had furnished fossils of various animals before this find, and has furnished many more since. It is classified by some geologists as Pliocene, and by others as Pleistocene.

The cap of the skull has been made the foundation for many reconstructions; but it is admittedly difficult to rate the capacity of a skull from such a fragment. However, it is thought to represent a cranial capacity of about 28 ounces, the normal human brain averaging about 49 ounces, and no normal human brain being less than 30 ounces. This Java skull has been variously called that of an idiot, that of a sub-man or ape-man, or that of a large *Hylobates*, or gibbon, the only one of the anthropoid apes which habitually walks erect.

When these remains were first brought to Europe, Virchow, the leading anthropologist and pathologist of his time, pronounced them to be the fossils of a large Hylobates, or gibbon. This opinion is quite generally concurred in by other good authorities, as has already been mentioned in the first paragraph of this article. The other opinion, held by Keith and others, is that these fossils represent a real sub-man, or ape-man; though they do not all agree that this exact type was probably representative of a stage through which the human race has passed, some of them saying that it represents a collateral branch. The value of this specimen, in the minds of the advocates of the ape origin of man, lies in its obvious similarity to the remains of an ape, and also in its alleged great antiquity, though many human relics from Western Europe used to be rated much older than this one is.

Our second ancient human fossil is the jaw found at Mauer, near Heidelberg, Germany. The sand bank in which it was discovered contained some 24 distinct layers, the jaw being found in the lowest one, some 78 feet below the surface. Geologists have pronounced this stratum to be equivalent to the so-called Cromer "forest bed," of Norfolk, England, which is placed in the lower division of the Pleistocene.

The crowns of four of the teeth had been broken off by accident; but those which remain are quite normal in size and in pattern. The jaw itself, however, is so large, or at least its ascending ramus is so massive, as to place it, in the minds of some, in a distinct class by itself. At least this is the argument. There is no distinct chin present on this jaw.

Our third human fossil is the Piltdown skull, found in 1913 at Piltdown, Sussex, England, in a bed of gravel of a high plateau or ancient river terrace. The skull was in fragments, which were scattered over an area of several square yards, and they were not all found at the same time, some having been discovered in the autumn of the year and the remainder not until the following spring. This fossil has been named, "Eoanthropus," or *dawn-man*, and has been pronounced by some to be the oldest human fossil found in Europe; though many others place it after the Heidelberg jaw in point of antiquity.

This Piltdown skull has been reconstructed by many scientists, with varying results; but its cranial capacity is usually rated at about 43 ounces. It is thought to represent a woman; and the average female brain is given as 44 ounces. The brain case is very thick, and the fore part of the face is regarded as somewhat prognathus, or snouty; but the forehead is of a good quality, though somewhat narrow. The jaw which was found along with it is like that of the Heidelberg specimen, in lacking the chin, and in having a very massive ascending ramus or neck.

As for the geological age of the deposit where this skull was found, Keith calls it Pliocene, while Smith Woodward says it is Pleistocene. The one opinion is probably as good as the other.

The fourth in point of antiquity among the human fossils, is the portions of a skeleton, including the top of the skull, which were found in a cave at Neanderthal, near Elberfeld, Germany, in 1857. These remains have been before the world now for so long a time, that they have developed a large literature; and almost

(Concluded on page 11)

Who Must Pay the Piper in Wall Street?

Speculators and Financiers of New York Siphon People's Savings Out of Banks and Life Insurance Companies for Stock Deals

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

A STRING of tape ticked merrily out of the glass hood of a stock indicator in a Broad street brokerage office the other day, bearing the following legend:

K T ⅜

This cryptogram announced to the frequenters of Wall Street that the $60,000,000 common stock of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad had slumped to about the value of a Russian ruble. In other words, for 37½ cents one could buy that day a $100 Katy stock certificate.

At that precise moment, a man on an Iowa farm was painting his barn; a clerk was jotting figures in a ledger in a wholesale house in Chicago, and a school teacher was correcting her pupils' essays in a little red schoolhouse in Massachusetts.

The farmer "never did give a darn what them Wall Street fellows were doing"; the bookkeeper "wouldn't have bought a share of blamed railroad stock with wooden money"; the schoolma'm had never even read a financial column.

To these three folk, the little song of the stock ticker, had they heard it, would have been a matter of supreme indifference.

They would never have been more mistaken in their lives.

For you see, the farmer, with wise precaution, had just insured his house and barn; the young bookkeeper had mailed fifty dollars premium on a life insurance policy; as for the schoolma'am, she had deposited her month's savings in the savings bank.

Now, the real story the ticker tape told was that $8,000,000 in cold, hard cash had just been siphoned out of the vaults of nearly one hundred savings banks, life and fire insurance and trust companies throughout the United States. This was made possible because the bankers who financed the Katy had landed some $13,000,000 of their unsound securities upon institutions that were designed to safeguard the savings of the American public.

Heavy Losses in Investments

IF IT were advisable—which it is not—I could name each of those one hundred savings banks, life and fire insurance companies, the prices they were induced to pay for their Katy securities, and the losses they suffered, which, as said before, aggregate some $8,000,000. I might name a little savings bank up in Maine, which invested $38,000 of its depositors' money in Katy bonds, and lost $27,000 of that sum. Also a fraternal order in New York state, which bought Katy bonds with its members' money, and lost one-half the amount.

A great life insurance company in the metropolis, which placed more than two million dollars of its policyholders' money in Katy securities, suffered a depreciation of close upon one million dollars. A fire insurance concern, whose name is a household word throughout the country, invested the premiums of its policyholders in various Katy issues, among them being the railroad's preferred stock. This investment of $15,000 has slumped today to $300. Indeed, it is worth less than nothing, for the reorganizers of the bankrupt property have assessed the preferred stock $20 a share. So if the insurance company wishes to keep its stock from being wiped out entirely, it will have to put up an additional $4,000 of its policyholders' money.

Fortunately, the losses which these companies sustained were not sufficient to cripple any of them. Federal and state laws have thrown safeguards about our savings banks and insurance concerns, which make them safer, probably, than similar institutions in other countries. But, as will be shown, Wall Street, through a system of its own, lives upon their liquid assets.

It should be to the particular interest of the men and women of this country to know how reckless railroad finance imperils their savings.

They Trusted the Bankers

BOND houses in the financial district sold more than $13,000,000 worth of the securities of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad to the following institutions:

Six savings banks in Maine and Rhode Island.

Two fraternal orders in New York and Massachusetts.

One mutual benefit association in New York.

Twenty-five life insurance companies in New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Wisconsin.

Thirty fire insurance companies in New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Missouri and New Jersey.

Fifteen surety, casualty and indemnity companies in New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Indiana, Missouri, Illinois and Maryland.

Eighteen trust companies in New Jersey, New York and Rhode Island.

In the above list there is not one institution that failed to sustain a loss in its Katy investment; for the reorganization plan now under way for the bankrupt road provides a radical scaling down in the values of all its numerous securities, from the first mortgage bonds to the short-term notes.

It was a heedless—one hesitates to say a deliberately wrongful act—by which stocks and bonds of this character were planted in depositories of public savings. Officers and directors of these institutions can scarcely be blamed. They are compelled to trust in the probity of the bankers. Whose then was the blame?

A previous article has described how a ring of Wall Street railroad financiers acquired control of the Katy when it was a prosperous road, with a large surplus. Among the managing directors was the partner of a large Jewish banking house, and the head of a great trust company, of which the Jewish banker was a director. The financiers foisted bankrupt properties upon the Katy, dissipated its assets, and rolled up a debt of $2,000,000, contracted in 1909, to the enormous sum of $19,000,000 in 1913. They then deserted the road, which went bankrupt, with a funded debt of $173,000,000. Holders of Katy bonds lost $46,500,000. Seventy-six million dollars in stock was rendered practically worthless. The financiers had profited hugely.

Selling Bonds Beats Safe Cracking

THE high cost of reckless finance is eloquently shown by the fact that the Katy first mortgage bonds, its best security, which were sold by the financiers at $1,012 for a $1,000 face value bond, declined after the bankruptcy to $560, showing a net loss of $452 a bond.

The second mortgage bonds, sold at $887, declined to $345, with a loss of $542.

The M. K. & Eastern Fives, sold at $1,145, dropped to $520, with a loss of $625 per bond.

The Texas & Oklahoma Fives, sold at $1,113, dropped to $370 per bond, with a net loss of $740.

The Katy notes, those of the $19,000,000 issue whose default caused the receivership, were sold at $980 apiece, dropped to $370, and showed a net decline of $610 per note.

One is inclined to marvel at the obsolete methods of the expert cracksman, with his rubber bottle filled with nitroglycerin. How much safer and more profitable it would be for him to open a bond house in Wall Street and sell securities to savings banks.

In the domain of life insurance, the United States is the world's leader. Our great actuarial corporations are so capably and efficiently conducted, that they dominate the field not only in America, but in foreign countries which cannot compete with the inducements they offer. They are magnets that attract the wealth of the world into their treasuries. Their immensity tempts men with the power they spell. The New York Life Insurance Company is the greatest of them all, with total assets of more than one billion. A close second is the Metropolitan Life, also a billionaire corporation, in the so-called "industrial class." It is said of its great building, with its imposing tower, in Madison Square, New York, that it was built with the nickels and dimes of working men and women, and this is probably true.

Insurance Premiums Go to Wall Street

THE assets of *life and fire insurance companies* are made up primarily of payments by policyholders. It is of importance to the bookkeeper to know what is being done with the premiums he sends in for 20 years to pay for his endowment policy; to the farmer, what becomes of the money with which he annually insures his house and barn; to the New England school mistress, how her savings are being invested by the bank. A few concrete examples of how their money is utilized in Wall Street may be enlightening to them.

As a matter of fact, *the available funds of these institutions are the motive power for Wall Street's two greatest activities, financing and stock trading.*

A railroad, needing money, sells $10,000,000 of its bonds to a banking house. The banker buys them for say, $9,750,000, and sells them for $10,000,000 to savings banks, life and fire insurance companies.

The financiers of the Katy, for instance, sold nearly $8,000,000 worth of the road's securities to the following seven life insurance corporations:

Life Insurance Companies	Investments in Katy Bonds
Prudential Insurance Company	$1,905,371
Mutual Life	2,208,690
Metropolitan Life	1,001,933
Equitable Life	400,000
Northwestern Mutual Life	1,353,067
Massachusetts Mutual	850,962
Guardian Life	73,798
Total	$7,793,821

Naturally, institutions of such magnitude as these, whose assets run as a rule from hundreds of millions up to more than a billion, cannot suffer impairment through depreciation in loss of investments such as occurred in the bonds of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad. But it must be remembered that the Katy is a small road, little more than 3,000 miles in extent. The country's railroad mileage approximates 260,000 miles. A large part of insurance funds are invested in railway securities, whose financing has been woefully mismanaged. The Denver & Rio Grande is a case in point, where security-holders at the present moment are being treated with cruel insincerity.

The financial district justly prides itself upon its wealth and power. But its wealth is not its own. It is money borrowed from the people. The process by which this is done is very simple.

In the foregoing has been given an example how financiers utilize public savings in their financial operations. Now let us see how the brokers operate.

A customer walks into a stock commission house in Broad street, and gives his broker an order to buy 100 shares of stock for him on margin. He deposits $1,000 of his own money with the broker. The broker buys the 100 shares on the floor of the Stock Exchange. But these shares necessitate in their purchase an outlay of $10,000. So the broker adds to his customer's $1,000 another $1,000 of his own money, and borrows the remaining $8,000 from the bank or life insurance concern.

There are days when as many as one or even two million shares are traded in on the New York Stock Exchange. At such times, the brokers, to carry on, obtain from fiscal institutions loans that stagger the imagination. *Wall Street's borrowed eighty per cent is public money.* It is amusing to listen to the talk in customers' rooms in the commission houses. There men favor lower wages, higher interest rates, and argue hotly that the farmers are getting more than they deserve.

As may be supposed, one continuous flood of public savings pours into the vaults of our great life insurance institutions, nearly all of them being mutual concerns, and owned by the policyholders. In order to transact their business, it is necessary for them to keep enormous balances in the big underwriting banks of Wall Street.

Speculators Borrow Savings of Public

FOR instance, in the year 1920, the life insurance companies above mentioned had on deposit in Wall Street banking institutions the sum of nearly $60,000,000. The Equitable Life had more than $9,000,000 deposited with concerns such as the National Bank of Commerce, the Bankers' Trust, First National Bank, Guaranty Trust and Mercantile Trust. The Metropolitan Life had more than $22,000,000 deposited with similar concerns. The New York Life had deposited more than $11,000,000 in underwriting banks. This aggregation of $60,000,000 was the money available to the Stock Exchange broker, in the form of call loans, for his market operations.

But in addition to keeping their policyholders' savings on deposit in Wall Street banks, many New York life insurance companies make, in addition, direct loans in the shape of call money to financiers and Stock Exchange houses. Men of great wealth do not scorn to borrow the public savings in this fashion.

In the year above mentioned, two men, members of the wealthiest families in the country, obtained demand loans for large sums from life insurance companies. One of these is a vice-president of the First National Bank, and officer in many other institutions of similar magnitude. On collateral valued at $1,152,000, he borrowed $1,000,000 from the Equitable Life. The other, a director in the National City Bank and other fiscal institutions, obtained a demand loan from the Equitable for $1,000,000 on collateral valued at $1,168,960. In the same year he also borrowed $2,000,000 from the New York Life on collateral worth $2,254,000.

Financiers of this caliber, who have invested, say, in tax-exempt Liberty bonds, in this wise may obtain the release of their capital, for with their opportunities they can reinvest it in enterprises bringing in much larger returns. Of course, every man has the right to do the best he can for himself, and this merely shows that the passion for riches never dies.

Millions at Stock Gamblers' Disposal

IN THE same year, the New York Life and the Equitable Life made direct loans out of their treasuries of $11,681,000 and $9,861,000 respectively, in the form of call money to active New York Stock Exchange brokerage concerns such as Josephthal & Company; Newborg & Company; A. A. Housman & Company; L. F. Rothschild & Company; William W. Cohen & Company and Newburger, Henderson & Loeb.

Such loans are entirely lawful, but there is something about them that does not seem right. Why cannot this money be used in a beneficial way, toward some productive end, to benefit its real owners, rather than be utilized by speculative cliques in Wall Street?

However, mid-afternoon has come. Our farmer in Iowa is still toiling away beside his barn; the bookkeeper is bending over his work, with the roar and rattle of Chicago in his ears; up in New England, it will be an hour before the schoolma'am can dismiss her class. But on the Stock Exchange the day's work will stop in 10 minutes when the gong sounds the hour of three on the trading floor. As usual, the excitement has grown more active toward the market's close. The brokers are dancing wildly about the trading posts, gesticulating toward one another's faces, their rapid finger movements indicating the "bid and asked." You can hear the roar of their shrieks and yells throughout the length of Broad street. The boys are having a great time. There are more than 20 pools in operation, and they are trying to hoist prices in motion picture stocks, the coppers, the shares of mail order houses—all the popular issues. And why shouldn't they? Unlimited millions of the public savings are theirs for the asking. They've everything to gain, and not so much to lose. They're bound to make a killing in the end.

The "Publicity Man" and Washington News

Including the Story of the "Hand-Out" and What It Means to the Reporters

THE Washington city telephone book lists more than 200 associations, leagues, institutes, and so on, that have offices in the national capital. At least one ostensible purpose of those Washington offices is to influence national legislation or administration in behalf of the groups or the interests which maintain them. All deal in some forms of "propaganda." Nearly all of them make use of that form known as "publicity," which the governmental bureaus and departments also employ to a considerable extent. The "publicity man," in the volume of output if not in number, is taking on an importance rivaling that of the Washington newspaper correspondent. Yet the Washington telephone book does not contain the name of a single individual or establishment that is listed under the classification of "publicity" or "propaganda"! How this comparatively new development has grown and how it operates is told of in the accompanying article.

By AARON HARDY ULM

THE President left his busy office at the White House to attend. The members of the Cabinet were there. The diplomatic corps was represented by a dozen or more foreign ambassadors and ministers. Congressmen and Senators were present in large numbers. Virtually every Washington correspondent was among the invited guests.

The affair took place in the assembly hall of the Pan-American Building in Washington, late one afternoon. In notable participation if not dramatic incidence it has been excelled in recent years only by such occasions as the plenary sessions of the Limitation of Armament Conference.

Newspapers throughout the country gave columns to describing the event and commenting on it editorially. Most of the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers carried pictures relating to it, and the "news weeklies" of the movies presented its most striking phases in animated form.

Yet it was a "publicity stunt," maneuvered in most part by expert "publicity men" in the service of a great corporation which met the expense. But the cost, though running into the thousands of dollars, was infinitesimal as compared with the value of the "free" advertising received.

The occasion was the public demonstration by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company of the establishment of facilities whereby land, submarine and wireless lines might be used jointly to enable a person at Santa Catalina Island off the coast of California to talk easily with another person in Havana, Cuba.

Propagandists There in Force

UNDOUBTEDLY the achievement was "news." But the skillful staging of its first demonstrations, rather than the achievement itself, is what commanded the "big news" space simultaneously in all the newspapers of the country. The purpose of the promoters primarily was not to bring the achievement to the notice of the public. It was to use the achievement to impress the public with the enterprise, the forethought and public spirit of the corporation which brought it about.

The "stunt" was a legitimate one. There was no deception; real, though in great part artificially made, news was produced; no publication was obligated, or even besought, to publish a line about it.

It is mentioned here only as an illustration—a high-class illustration—of how, despite the disclaimers of editors, the arts of publicity men do affect the news, of how propaganda—though not necessarily harmful or objectionable propaganda—may be so entwined with genuine news that it is often impossible to tell where the real ends and the artificial begins.

If nearly all the news flowing out of Washington, now perhaps the news center of the country and sometimes of the world, isn't saturated with propaganda it certainly isn't the fault of the propagandists. During the last half-dozen years the propagandist population of the national capital has grown tremendously. The Washington telephone book discloses the fact that more than 200 associations, leagues, federations, *et cetera*, have offices there, and each is maintained largely for propaganda purpose. They cover every variety of interest known to the activities and the thought of the country. Most of the big corporations keep resident representatives in Washington and the business of most of those representatives is to handle propaganda in some way for their clients. Even foreign governments have their propaganda bureaus there. Most of the delegations to the recent Armament Conference were accompanied by, or employed after reaching Washington, trained newspaper men to serve them through the medium of the news and other propaganda routes. Most of the governmental departments have their propaganda offices, directed usually by publicity men, though none, as far as the writer knows, is so listed on the rolls.

"Hand-Outs" Flood News Bureaus

WASHINGTON propaganda takes many forms, though news publicity is the one used most conspicuously.

Several months ago I asked the manager of the Associated Press Bureau in Washington to give me an estimate of the amount of press agent "copy" which comes to his desk every day.

"About 20,000 words," he replied. The Associated Press sends out of Washington daily from 10,000 to 15,000 words of news.

"How much of the proffered copy do you use on the average?" he was asked.

"About one-half of one per cent," he replied.

The other news services, which include the United Press, of course, do not afford any easier outlet.

A flood of "hand-outs" pours in daily on the news service bureaus and the correspondents in Washington. The bulk, no doubt, goes into waste baskets. But they must get results somewhere at some time or there would be a let-up in the production which steadily has increased.

The "hand-out" is "canned" news. It is a mimeographed, or duplicated typewritten, or sometimes a printed, sheet, containing information presumably of interest to the newspaper correspondents. The matter usually is written so that the correspondent if he wishes may use it as it comes to him. Frequently it is a real help to the correspondent. Even the press associations cannot maintain the large forces of reporters necessary to cover Washington matters thoroughly at all times. There is no co-operative organization for gathering routine news in Washington, such as the press associations and newspapers maintain in New York and in Chicago. Activity of national import is widely scattered at the national capital. It would require a huge force of reporters for any bureau to keep intimately in touch with all of it.

Hence the "hand-out," which is the product of those who find it worth while to assist the news gatherers. Thus there has developed in Washington what in toto is an immense force whose business it is to get into print "stuff" that bears upon many varieties of interest concerned with public opinion, or with legislation, or administration. It numbers more persons probably than the combined force of news gatherers and writers whose work is paid for by the publications they serve. It is from the ranks of the news gatherers and the legitimate writers that the "publicity" forces in the main are gathered. Even the Associated Press is very much of a training school for "publicity men." Some of the most conspicuous at the capital came from its Washington bureau. Generally the "publicity man" is paid much better than the legitimate reporter or independent writer. The salaries received by some are as large as those enjoyed by even the managing editors of great newspapers. Some operate on a fee basis, having clients as a lawyer does. There are several big private establishments, like that of Thomas R. Shipp, Inc., operated so that a large number of clients can be served at the same time. None style themselves formally as press agents or publicity establishments.

Advent of the Publicity Man

THE "publicity" rage in Washington is the outgrowth of developments that began about 20 years ago. A generation ago "press agents" were employed almost solely by circuses and theatrical organizations. The extension of the "press agent" idea virtually to everything began substantially during one of the big Pennsylvania coal strikes about 18 years ago. The strikers seemed to be getting the best of it in the newspapers. The operators adhered to the old rule of big business that their side of the affair was none of the public's business. Ivy L. Lee, a young newspaper reporter in New York, went to the chief of the operators and procured employment as their press representative. Lee's work in getting the operators' viewpoint to the public through the newspapers was so successful that other big interests began to employ press agents. Lee himself is still regarded as the most successful press agent in America. He has long been the press representative of the Rockefellers. He is now the chief publicity man for the Association of American Railway Executives, which organization, with others built around railroad ownership and management, maintains perhaps the largest propaganda organization in America.

Recently, a member of Congress pointed out to me a collection of propaganda matter relating to the railroads that had come to him during three months. There were more than 200 different documents—handsomely printed pamphlets, neatly printed addresses by men like Otto H. Kahn and by railroad officials like General Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania, reprinted news articles from papers like the New York *Times*, elaborate statistical studies. The railroads jointly maintain in Washington what is known as the Bureau of Railway Economics. Its work consists of making constant studies of facts, such as those gathered by the Interstate Commerce Commission, relating to the railroads. It is a very efficient establishment. A newspaper correspondent writing about the railroads usually can get there any information, no matter how intricate, having to do with the railroads. He also can get the help of a trained newspaper man, drawn from the Associated Press Bureau, in running down the facts he needs.

The war greatly accentuated the importance of the "publicity man" as well as of all factors entering into propaganda. The nations involved in the World War learned quickly that "news" was almost as powerful a war-making weapon as was cannon. The Germans used it from the beginning, particularly with neutral countries. All sides came to use "news" as far as was possible to keep up the morale of populations behind the lines and to impress neutral countries with the justness of their causes.

"The upshot of the whole matter is," Will Irwin, who knew all phases of the war and for a while was one of the directors of our own war propaganda, has written, "that during the war no one, not even a neutral, got the unadulterated truth."

"And while they work with many tools," Irwin wrote at the same time for *Sunset* magazine, "the main object of the propagandists, whether political or industrial, is always the same—to slant, to bias, to color the news. The gentlemen who serve special interests—reactionary or radical—have ceased to skim the surface and have got down to the foundation of public opinion. We may have for a decade, or a generation, an age of lies whereof the honest editor or reporter will be as much the victim as the public."

But the intelligent propagandists do not deal in what patently or of themselves alone are "lies." The art is now pursued on much more refined lines than at the time of Barnum's white elephant fraud and Anna Held's milk baths. "Accuracy" is the efficient publicity man's religion, which, however, does not include completeness.

The excuse given for many "hand-outs" is the insurance of accuracy, and in many cases accuracy is served that way; for reporters work in a hurry and are not always careful about details.

Papers Publish "Canned" News

A PUBLIC man or the leader of a big interest in the public eye when he wants to take the public into his confidence, either by an address publicly delivered or through an interview, usually "prepares" in advance what he proposes to say. He wants to be "quoted correctly" if at all.

Charles Grant Miller, writing in *Editor and Publisher* a few months ago, declared that in his early days of reporting if a reporter, sent out by a city editor to interview, say, a railroad president, returned with a typewritten sheet and no more he probably would have been fired. Acceptance of a typewritten sheet in lieu of spoken words by a newspaper may be likened to the acceptance by a court of the testimony of an important witness carefully written out in a secluded office far from the court room, where no one could cross-examine.

Yet newspapers constantly are accepting and publishing "hand-out" interviews and statements, often without the reporter having seen the maker of them and frequently without making any effort to "go behind" what is given out.

"Canned" news passed out in the form of "hand-outs" often saves the reporter time and energy and usually, if available, represents a saving to the newspaper on the cost of news gathering.

That's one reason why "publicity men" multiply and prosper in despite of the contempt of them so generally expressed by editors.

But the best of propagandists who make use of publicity do not rely very much on the prepared "hand-out," against which a growing prejudice has developed in editorial offices.

They "make" news as in the case recited at the beginning of this story, make it so well and offer it so enticingly that the newspapers cannot refuse it.

Street Railways Try Propaganda Plan, Too

THE ending of the World War, to recite another case, found the street railways of the United States in a uniformly "bad fix." For years their operators had fought for the standardized fare of five cents. Some had gone so far as to contract with municipalities to maintain the "nickel rate" in perpetuity. They had resisted public interference with the management of their properties. With the competition of the jitney and the privately owned automobile, and rising tide of prices for labor and materials, the run of them faced large deficits and had to meet rousing protests from the public about poor service. They found that their best hope for relief was in appealing for justice and sympathy to the public. But how could they do it, adequately and quickly?

It was decided to ask President Wilson to appoint an extra official board of inquiry. One was named and extended "hearings" were held in Washington. The board probably made a "report," but, if so, it was merely for the purpose of "completing the record." For the primary purpose of the move was not to promote a genuine inquiry into the trolley situation —though in many if not all respects the inquiry was genuine—or to evolve solutions for its difficult problems. The primary purpose was to get national publicity on a big scale for the "troubles" of the street railway companies. One of the most efficient press bureaus ever operated in Washington was conducted during the "hearings" by the street railway companies. It was in charge of LaBert St. Clair, a capable newspaper man who had been one of the directors of pub-

(Concluded on page 15)

Getting Poetry Out of a Gloomy Prison Cell

Inmate Says He Wrote Verse to Prove Convicts Have a "Spiritual Side"

By EARL CHRISTMAS

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage—"

WHILE a prisoner in the Minnesota State Penitentiary, John G. Glynn sought relief from the monotony and gloom of a prison existence by writing poetry. He had not had many advantages in the way of schooling and had never tried to write verse. Nor was his job as a laborer in the prison plant particularly inspirational to the muse. But in his cell at night, he found that he had to have something to do. He couldn't sit there and brood. So, he began writing poems on scraps of paper, tore them up, and wrote others.

Months passed, and, finally, not long ago, Glynn was released from prison. Celebrating his return to society as a free man, he has just published a book of poetry—verses fashioned during these days in prison. The little volume bears the title, "Songs From the Silence," and contains poems which have been accorded high praise by a number of qualified critics.

Though he worked all day as a laborer, Glynn wrote such verses as to draw this exceptional tribute from Dr. Richard Burton, professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota and a noted lecturer on literature:

"Less than two months after the author was set free from the prison at Stillwater, Minnesota, I met him and he put his poems into my hands. Reading them, I had a poignant sense of beauty and pathos; the beauty that is song, the pathos of human fate. I felt like one who finds a flower, dewy and fragrant, beside a dusty road. The wind bloweth where it listeth. There are lyrics in this book, so truly lovely, so unfeignedly simple and sincere, with such an infectious lilt and shine of color, that one's heart melts before them."

Professor Burton not only wrote an introduction to the book of verse, but he sold the books from the platform himself that the message of the prison poet might be given circulation. In only a few weeks, the first edition was sold out. A second edition now is being printed.

Finding himself in prison, Glynn decided early that he wouldn't allow his spirit to be caged. He was determined not to brood over his misfortune. So at every opportunity he turned to the forming of his verses. That became his recreation, a means of expressing himself, and, as he recalls it now, provided a relief that brightened his whole prison life.

Much of Glynn's poetry was written under extreme difficulties. As stated, he had never written any poetry. But he found out what he could about it, and kept everlastingly at it. He spent all his evenings writing. Even when he was at work among the machines of the twine plant, where he was stationed during the days, he was thinking of lines for his poems.

At first, Glynn wrote purely for his own amusement. Then his poems and paragraphs began to appear in the *Prison Mirror*. His column in the *Mirror*, written under the name "Apache," soon attracted wide attention. His offerings were reprinted in other newspapers. Eventually, his poems appeared in the magazines and in some of the anthologies of verse.

When he was released from prison a few months ago, Glynn had two suit cases full of accumulated manuscripts, the aspirations of a poet, and—that was about all. Without a penny in his pocket and with some first-hand knowledge of the way the world regards the released convict, he went to a printer.

"I want to put out a book of verse; will you back me with $5 worth of advertising matter?" he said.

The printer, with more faith in human nature than most men, said he would. Glynn went to the principals of seven Minneapolis schools and explained his plan. He talked to the teachers about the better side of the convict's life—and the orders for his book came in rapidly.

Now, with his first book out, Glynn hopes to publish more poems and other writings, for, be it known, John Francis Glynn has a mission in all this. He wants to acquaint the people on the outside with what he calls "the spiritual side of the convict." He wants to point out some of the defects in the social system that lead men to prison, and he hopes to change somewhat the attitude of the public toward the discharged convict.

"I want to show a side of the convict which that world outside does not see—the spiritual side," Glynn said. "It is important that the outside world see and appreciate this side of the convict. Hundreds of men, who sit nightly, sad eyed, among the ruins of their castles, convicts today, must on some morrow return to society, and society must hold a tomorrow that gives them an honest chance. To do that, society must appreciate the spiritual side of the convict.

"The usual impression on the outside is that all convicts are case-hardened, that they brood in their cells and that they are hardened characters generally. Now, as a matter of fact, they are looking out at the sky. I have tried to express something of this in one of my poems, which runs like this:

THEORY

I heard her say, "I pity those poor convicts in
their lonely cell,
They do not know the woodland rose nor hear
the tales the woodfolk tell;
They do not heed the call to prayer, they
miss each day a love supreme.
God helping me, I will go there and I will carry
them a dream."

FACT

They placed him in a prison cell and put on him
a prison suit.
God gave him dreams, so it befell he rose from
mire that clogs the brute.
They pigeonholed and numbered him, but he
kept faith and held a goal.
And stars and flowers in evening's dim conversed
with his unfettered soul.

"That applies to more men in prison than the outside world imagines," continued Glynn. "You know, there may be a whole lot that is bad in these men in the penitentiary, but at some test, when the occasion comes, the souls of many of them show up white.

"Many men, caught in the grip of untoward circumstances, walk an iron street, peopled with iron hearts, until finally the iron enters their souls. It is only after they fall that they cry out that they could have been saved from a cell by a word of encouragement. The word of encouragement is seldom spoken and a heart grows weary, and will flies the white flag of surrender—then, prison. The world, not comprehending before, is ready still to resign a man to his despair.

"I have made mistakes like a lot of other men, but I have paid dearly for them. If I can prevent some others from making the same mistakes and get the outside world to appreciate the better side of the convict, I will be content. That will make it easier for the men when they get out of prison."

Glynn has dedicated his poems and his energies to "the brotherhood in gray" within prison walls. He has established himself in Minneapolis, and is preparing to send forth other appeals in prose and poetry in behalf of the men in prison.

One of Glynn's poems which attracted attention was "Primrose Time," which runs:

Primrose time in Ireland,
And me in bolts and bars,
Meadows sweet with buds a-break,
And miles of jauntin' cars—
But stay, avick, th' soul of me
Has gone to join th' pageantry,
I'm drinkin' in the music of the lark
beneath th' stars.

Spring time, an' th' shamrocks
So tender green, aroo!
Every colleen in the land
An' gossoon on th' woo—
'Tis priest to shrive me of all sin,
The soul of me gone journeyin'
To see the Irish April skies put on their
robe of blue.

Of a different type was this verse, which was highly praised by Professor Burton:

RUBE ROBIN

Hey, Rube Robin, I'm in love with you.
Last night I heard you singing in the dust
and dew,
And I got to feeling an angel wing had
stirred—
Hey, Rube Robin,
You're
a
Moon-
drunk
Bird!

Hey, Rube Robin, with your trills and slips,
Your lyric's like the kisses from a maid's
red lips;
Your melody is sweeter than a nun at evening prayer—
Hey, Rube Robin,
You're
a
Witch
Out
There!

Hey, Rube Robin, from a paradise,
God sent you to sing splendor into sinners'
eyes.
Go, and God go with you, where dew-wet
roses shine—
Hey, Rube Robin,
You're
a
Pal
of
Mine!

The joy with which Glynn returned each night to his cell is expressed in this poem:

LITTLE CELL O' DREAMS

O little cell of six by ten,
You're as a shrine to me.
I take my place in ranks of men
As the guard turns the key.

The magic of my yesterdays
Through the bars nightly streams—
You waft me to a boyhood white,
O little cell o' dreams.

O little cell where visions rise
And fairies hold full sway.
Bringing new splendor to the eyes
That knew but fear all day.

I think a God must count you part
Of love—you hold its beams.
You are my solace through the night,
O little cell o' dreams.

A verse from Glynn's poem, "Unfettered"

Into his dungeon, cold, and grim,
and dark,
God sent a ray of light, the divine
spark
Of Dreams. And lo, the man again
was whole,
For stars and flowers knew his
unfettered soul.



JOHN FRANCIS GLYNN,

Who, while working in the twine plant at the Minnesota State Prison, wrote poetry that has attracted favorable attention.



Birds-eye view of the plan for the future outlay of Washington. The central composition will be the mall extending from the Capitol to the Washington Monument and from there to the Lincoln Memorial, a distance of very nearly two and one-half miles.

Uncle Sam's Show City

Washington Unique and Magnificent

By GEORGE M. HEALD

WHATEVER loyalty an American may feel for his home town, he regards Washington as also his own. Few are the boys and girls, and older folks, too, who do not have hopes—if indeed they do not have definite plans—to visit their capital city. They expect some day, with their own eyes, to see the great domed building on the hill, where the laws are made and interpreted, and to have a close-up view of the White House at the other end of the avenue, and of the other famed spots which will help to make history real to them. It is safe to say that all who fondly regard America as their country look upon Washington as their representative city.

And when the citizens of other countries think of this country, especially in its international relations, they think of Washington. A question often uppermost in the minds of European diplomats is "What will Washington think of this measure?" or "How will this measure be regarded in Washington?" International agreements are made between London (or Paris, or Rome, or Berlin, or Vienna) and Washington.

It is in Washington that the diplomatic notes are prepared, stating Uncle Sam's wishes in international affairs, and it is to Washington that the notes are sent from other countries. Moreover, it was to Washington that delegates from all over the world came to attend the Armament Limitation Conference. Washington—not New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or Chicago—stands to the outside world as the synonym—or the symbol—of the United States.

And great statesmen have recognized the representative character of Washington. No man not an American ever understood America better, or loved America more than James Bryce, former ambassador from England, whose book on the American Commonwealth is one of the best and most authoritative works on the American Government. When, in 1913, Mr. Bryce was addressing the Committee of One Hundred for the Future Development of Washington, he said: "In these circumstances, may not the city of Washington feel that its mission in life is to be the embodiment of the majesty and the stateliness of the whole nation, to be, as was well said by the previous speaker, a capital of capitals, a capital for the whole nation, overtopping the capitals of the several states as much as the nation overtops other states, representing all that is finest in American conception, all that is largest and most luminous in American thought, embodying the nation's ideal of what the capital of such a nation should be." Washington is one city that is peculiarly Uncle Sam's. It represents in a way that no other does the great government and nation for which it stands. And yet, while it is his representative city, his show city, it is unique.

It is the greatest tree city.

It is the greatest park city.

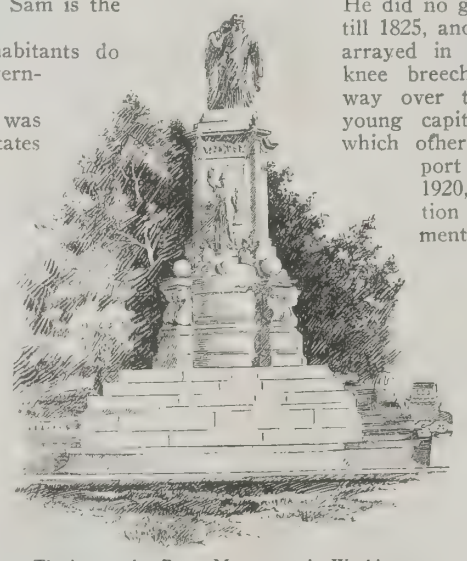
It is the only city planned from its foundation.

It is the only city belonging to the entire nation.

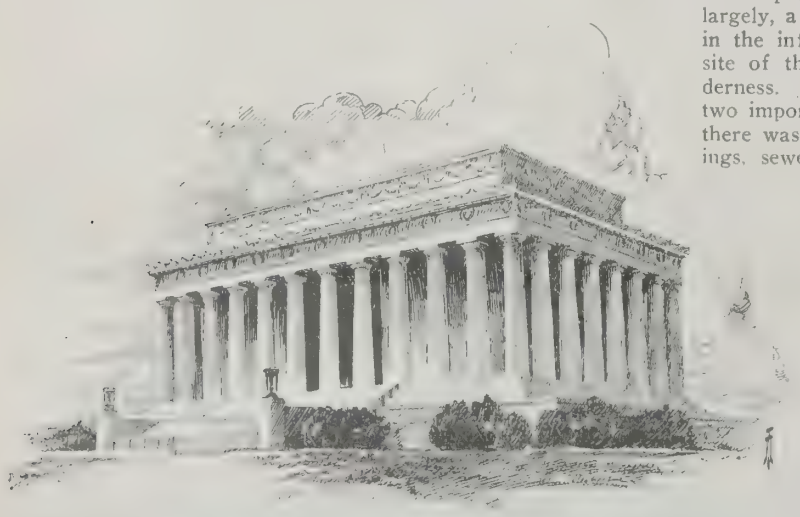
It is the only city where Uncle Sam is the heaviest taxpayer.

It is the only city whose inhabitants do not have a voice in their own government.

The site chosen for the city was the result of a compromise. States and cities, North and South, had offered inducements for the privilege of having the proposed capital in their midst; but no state or existing city was given the coveted honor. A location was finally chosen between the North and the South, a district 10 miles square, situated on both sides of the Potomac River. The portion north and east of the river, ceded to the Federal Government by the state of Maryland, is now the District of Columbia, for the portion south and west of the Potomac, once a part of the District, was afterward ceded back to the state of Virginia. The present District of Columbia, some 65 square miles in area, lying between Maryland and Virginia on the Potomac River, is admirably situated for the development of a superb city. Uncle Sam, appreciating the fact that the city on the Potomac is his reception room, has taken pride in embellishing it for this purpose. In developing and improving it, he has been following, very largely, a plan which was devised away back in the infant days of the republic, when the site of the future capital was as yet a wilderness. And in his planning, he has had two important advantages. In the first place, there was nothing in the way of costly buildings, sewers, and other works, on or under the ground, that might prevent an ideal treatment; and second, he had the advantage of a master mind to plan for the future city, a man who planned so nobly that it took 100 years of growth for others to appreciate the full worth of the plan.



The impressive Peace Monument in Washington, a starting point of most of the capital's processions.



The beautiful Lincoln Memorial in Washington. It is now about completed.

Upon our first President, Washington, himself a surveyor of ability, devolved the duty of laying out the city. For this work, he called to his aid Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a young army officer and engineer, who had come to this country from France to help in the struggle for independence. To this brilliant young officer was given the task of planning the city, though Washington worked with him. The plan was so well conceived that the Fine Arts Commission, more than 100 years later, after visiting and studying the various European capitals, reported that "the L'Enfant plan cannot be improved."

"His plan is the basis of all that is noble in the design of Washington, and also the guide for future development. Hence the papers that embody his ideals have an increasing significance as the city of Washington develops as one of the great capitals of the world. If struggles with landowners and speculators exasperated George Washington, it would be expected that the high-spirited French visionary whose lively imagination saw beyond today, would go down before them. He did no great work after 1792, yet he lived till 1825, and his tall well-proportioned figure, arrayed in bell-crowned hat, long coat, and knee breeches, was daily seen making its way over the stump-strewn streets of the young capital which he designed, but for which others were getting the credit."—Report of the Librarian of Congress, 1920, (regarding a valuable acquisition of L'Enfant papers and documents).

There was a period of many years, following the Madison Administration, when the L'Enfant plan was forgotten—or worse—by men who probably were too "practical" to have any use for artistic effects or harmony of design; and so a number of government buildings have been erected in a style not at all in keeping with the original plan; and other buildings have been so mislocated as to mar very materially the unity of the original plan. This plan, for instance, did not contemplate the erection of a building where it would obstruct the view from the White House to the Capitol. It was President Jackson, we are told, who, in 1830, when there was a dispute regarding the location of the Treasury Building, thrust his cane into the ground, saying, "Build it here." And there it was built, with the loss of the beautiful vista down the avenue. (Doubtless many thousands of persons walking, riding or marching up Pennsylvania avenue have wondered why the Treasury Building stands out across the avenue like a sore thumb.) To offset this error, or rather to augment it, the State, War and Navy Building was erected at a later date on the opposite side of the White House, so that, in place of its having a commanding view in all directions, the White House is shut off from a view down the main avenues. More recently another important vista was destroyed by building the Library of Congress across Pennsylvania avenue, southeast.

This is the third library in size in the world, and second to none in magnificence. It was built in 1897 at a cost of more than $6,000,000. It contains more than 50 miles of shelving, and in 1920 held 2,831,333 bound volumes, besides immense quantities of maps, drawings, and other valuable matter.

Fortunately, the Fine Arts Commission in recent years has done excellent work in preventing the erection of permanent unsightly buildings, and in having most of the buildings that have been erected harmonized in architecture and in location with the general plan. This commission was created as the result of

a growing desire to develop the city artistically and worthily, which followed the commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the city. In harmony with the growing sentiment for the beautification of Washington, the Senate directed that a plan be prepared and submitted. The making of this plan was entrusted to Daniel H. Burnham and Charles F. McKim, architects; Augustus Saint-Gaudens, sculptor, and Frederic Law Olmstead, landscape architect. The first three of these and the father of the fourth had a few years before directed in the arrangement of the buildings and grounds of the beautiful "White City" —the Chicago Exposition of 1893. This plan, reported to the Senate by Senator James McMillan from the Committee on the District of Columbia, and later known as the McMillan plan, was an amplification of the L'Enfant plan, to make it conform to the growing city. There was no legislative action to make the plan authoritative; but later the Commission of Fine Arts was created as a permanent advisory board; and, in general, the recommendations of this commission, which is working for the development of the L'Enfant-McMillan plan, have been put into execution. Some buildings not erected in accord with the plan are now generally conceded to have been a mistake.

The bridge shown in the foreground of the picture at the top of the other page is the proposed Memorial Bridge between Washington and Arlington Cemetery. The unprecedented jam which occurred on the occasion of the burial of the unknown soldier on Armistice Day, when hundreds of automobiles were held up on the road, unable to reach the cemetery, has emphasized the need for pushing this feature of the McMillan plan.

The East Potomac Park recreation ground is shown at the lower right hand corner of the same picture. In the upper right hand corner is shown the Anacostia River, where a 1,000-acre recreation park is being developed. A National Botanic Garden is to join this park. Along the north side of the city it is proposed to build a boulevard, connecting with drives that will completely encircle the city.

Washington is unique among American cities in that it is the home of the Federal Government. It is "a capital of capitals." It has no other excuse for existence. It was located and built for a capital. Take the government away, and Washington could not support itself without a complete reconstruction.

It is unique among the cities of the world, in that from the first it was a planned city. It is true that Paris was partially torn down to make a more beautiful city. And it is true that other European and American cities are beautiful in spots; but, in the words of a Swiss writer in a Swiss paper, "Washington is a jewel." To get the full force of this expression, one should ascend some eminence, as the Washington Monument, or the Capitol dome, when the trees are in leaf, and drink in the surpassing loveliness of the bowl, largely hemmed in by hills, and so interspersed with trees and parks as to appear like a garden city.

It is unique in that it is the only American city in which the inhabitants are completely disfranchised. And yet it is probably the best governed city in the United States, for there is no opportunity for the petty politics and graft that mar the government of so many other cities. The city is governed by three commissioners appointed by the President. The laws are made by Congress, each House of which has a committee on the District of Columbia. The people of Washington are asking that at least they be given representatives in Congress, for the population of the District of Columbia is larger than that of some of the states. In view of the fact that the city has no vote, it has been divided into districts, each of which has its Citizens' Association, where the needs and the grievances of the community are discussed. There is also a central federation, made up of representatives from all the local associations, which brings before the congressional committee matters in which the people of the District of Columbia are interested. In this way desirable legislation is procured.

Washington is also unique—or has been unique—in that it has had no official recognition as a city. Since 1871, the Federal Government has recognized no "City of Washington." Congress appoints—one for each House—committees on the District of Columbia. All laws are made for the District of Columbia. The police force keeps order in the District of Columbia. The courts have jurisdiction over the District of Columbia. The commissioners administer the government of the District of Columbia. This, however, is only a matter of name, for Washington and the District of Columbia are the same. It may have been a source of consolation that the post office was still called Washington, that trains all came into Washington, and that the outside world knew it as Washington. Another source of satisfaction is the fact that President Harding has recently issued orders that all departments and bureaus and agencies of the Federal Government revert to the old name for the national capital—City of Washington. This order, however, probably will not affect Congress and the courts, which, presumably, will still deal with the District of Columbia.

Washington is also unique in the fact that Uncle Sam is the largest taxpayer. For many years, the Federal Government paid one-half of all the taxes of the city, or in other words, made an appropriation covering one-half the expenditures of the city. And he had the largest say as to what those expenditures should be. At the present time, the government pays 40 per cent, and property holders 60 per cent of the taxes.

Another unique feature is that the Federal Government owns all the parks and public grounds—of which there are many in the city—and places their administration under the chief of engineers, United States Army, except where otherwise provided by law; and by his order they are under the immediate supervision of the officer in charge of public buildings and grounds. The original thought, in having broad diagonal avenues, with open spaces at their intersections, was to have places of vantage that might be held by troops in case of insurrection. The artistic treatment of these squares and circles give an added charm to the city.

The area west of the Capitol grounds was marked on the L'Enfant map as an open plaza, affording an approach to that building similar to the one on the east. The plan of 1901 aims to restore this area. Railroad tracks which formerly crossed the mall have been removed through the building of the Union Station. At the present time the greatest obstruction to the development of the mall is the so-called United States Botanic Garden, a 10-acre tract, immediately to the west of the Capitol and at the head of the mall. A National Botanic Garden of 400 acres in the northeast of the city is to join the Anacostia Park.



Top—The Capitol dome by flood light. At least every American will admit that there is not another dome in existence that equals in grace and beauty the dome on our National Capitol. Center—Entrance to the White House. Bottom—How the mall will appear when present plans are carried out. The view is from the Washington Monument looking toward the Capitol. Running north and south at right angles to the mall is the cross axis, having the White House at the north end. The south end has been suggested for the National World War Memorial.

Fossil Men and Fossil Apes and the Scientists

Concluded from page 6

every expert from that day down has had an opportunity to express his opinion regarding them.

Huxley thought this skull quite ape-like, and also thought it to be of great antiquity. But it seems that no human implements were found in the cave where it was discovered, nor any bones of prehistoric animals. Then, too, the workmen who discovered these bones (for they were not found by any responsible scientist) seem to have been careless with them, and kept only the larger and better preserved ones. It seems impossible to determine whether this represents a skeleton which had been buried by friends, or whether these bones had been washed into this cave from the surface outside. As for the geological age which this skull represents, the only way to estimate that is from our opinion of the character of the skull itself. Virchow pronounced this to be a pathologic specimen.

In 1886 two nearly complete skeletons were found at Spy, near Namur, Belgium; and these have been thought to resemble the piece of a skull from Neanderthal so much that the whole of them have been classed together and have been erected into a distinct species of mankind—*homo Neanderthalensis*. Bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros and great bear were found along with these skeletons at Spy; but from the position of the bones it was evident that they had been buried by friends in the cave where they were found.

We have now seen all the essential facts regarding the four most famous human fossil remains found anywhere in the world, the crucial ones on which the ape ancestry of man is sought to be based, and which are always appealed to as proving the very great antiquity of man. It will be noted that all of them are of that delightful uncertainty as to character, as well as to their antiquity, which makes them such good subjects for discussion.

Three skeletons found at Cro-Magnon, Dordogne, France, are almost equally famous with those already mentioned; but they are such splendid specimens of mankind, that, according to the fourth rule quoted in the foregoing, scientists (who believe in these rules) will not admit these skeletons from Cro-Magnon to be of any very great antiquity, though according to the geological evidence they are as ancient as the skeletons from Spy. What is called the old man of Cro-Magnon had a splendidly developed skull. He was more than six feet high, and with a splendid physique, the skeleton showing "evidence of immense muscular development" (Sir J .W. Dawson.) Keith says that this race "was the finest the world has ever seen."

Recent discoveries in geology have raised the whole question of the accuracy and reliability of the geological classifications. Among other things, the great areas where the rocks have been found in the "wrong" order, the so-called "older" on top and the so-called "younger" below, as in the Rocky Mountains of Alberta and Montana, have, in the minds of some scientists, thrown the whole question of the geological "ages" into the melting pot. Some geologists think they have explained these matters in such a way as to save their theory, but others have grown quite skeptical.

But even if we do not harbor any suspicions regarding the geological theories of the various ages of the different stratified deposits, it seems to me that we cannot feel that these human fossils which we have been examining help us in the least in trying to gain an idea of the character and the surroundings of the first human beings. If some one thinks that man must have started out on this earth in a splendidly developed condition from the very beginning, and if he points to the specimens from Cro-Magnon as being just as old as any human fossils hitherto discovered, I do not know of any real scientific facts which can be produced against his view. And if he thinks that these skeletons represent the splendidly developed early ancestors of our race, there can be nothing presented against such an idea, except a long series of hypotheses and theories.

"Imaginary Money"—Gold Basis Full of Fakes

Too Many Banks—Banking Functions Second to Speculation and Dividends

By A. R. PINCI

THE general stock of gold coin and bullion, silver dollars and subsidiary coins and bullion, but not including minor coins, was $3,786,221,846 on July 1, 1921. This grand total varies constantly, and the United States Treasury issues a daily statement showing its fluctuations in detail. The above date, however, has been selected for the purpose of this article to facilitate comparisons with available information of related nature.

On that day the per capita gold and silver stock in this country was about $35.02, although the official per capita circulation was, according to the Controller of the Currency, $53.44. The difference—$18.42—is imaginary money, if one wishes to consider the remaining gold and silver as money.

Roughly, one-third of the per capita circulation in the United States was on that date nothing more than faith or hope, although this is not the only instance where the gold and silver stock of the Treasury is insufficient to guarantee a full per capita quota of either metal on demand.

On July 1, 1921, individual deposits in all reporting banks in the United States and island possessions amounted to $35,459,155,000, or almost 10 times the value of the gold and silver coin and bullion of the nation. This fact bears out the contention of noted authorities that as things stand today in the United States, nine-tenths of business is credit and one-tenth is cash.

The banking power of the United States on the same day, represented by the combined paid-in capital, surplus and profits, deposits, and circulation of all reporting banks, including national and state, non-reporting private banks (estimated) and the 12 Federal Reserve Banks, was $48,219,900,000.

If All the People Drew Their Money!

THIS sum is indeed ample, offhand, to take care of all deposits, exceeding these by more than one-third, but the fact remains that this money does not exist.

"What would happen," I asked a former high official of the Treasury Department, "if some day by simultaneous tacit consent every depositor resolved to withdraw his money in full?"

"The banks would have to close."

"But would the depositors get their money?"

"No; how could they? There isn't that much money in the world, translated in gold and silver, and the hypothesis is that gold and silver, or their equivalent in Federal paper money, were wanted."

Right here, then, enters a situation that professional bankers will not admit exists, that the average person cannot understand, and the common-clay legislator does not know how to regulate. The bankers thrive on a turnover of the actual cash circulation, and the greater its velocity the more business, plus the apposite turnover of credit business, which is about nine-tenths greater.

By means of involved legislation, the government has conferred the right to certain banks to issue paper money, at the end of the last fiscal year there being $704,147,000 of national bank circulation. This "money" is well scattered, and performs its functions like the United States gold and silver certificates, but these functions originate with the United States Government, and to the banks of issue they are little more than a paper advertisement.

As a medium of value the average man and woman accepts the bank note as readily as a United States certificate, but there is an element of psychology in this, namely, that the bank of issue to this extent represents the government of the United States. If the bank should not honor the note the holder will look to the government of the United States.

Private Banks With Public Privileges

IS IT logical, under this single circumstance, that the government should grant this right of issuing money to private or semi-private institutions, and let these banks profit through this privilege, and at the same time enable the banks to manipulate the distribution of these funds in a manner tending to bring the greatest possible profits to the banks themselves instead of the people at large?

The real reason behind the more recent banking acts of this country was to prevent the accumulation of a huge surplus in the Treasury, where it would do no good by remaining under lock and key. Withdrawing this money from commercial arteries was like bleeding a sick man who needed every drop of his blood. The original plan of placing this surplus money with the banks led to abuses because banks with political influence obtained the lion's share. The Federal Reserve Act was passed with a view to maintain and even increase the liquidity of assets, but judging by recent experience the 12 Federal Reserve Banks have practically remained a closed corporation because managed by professional bankers in accordance with faulty banking practices.

At this time there is an agitation in the Senate against the Federal Reserve System, rather than the board itself, and just how professional legislators will handle it remains to be seen. The worst thing that can be said of the Federal Reserve Banks—as anybody who is familiar with the fundamentals of banking may easily ascertain—is that like the banks from which they beget life and power, they regard themselves as private institutions for private gain.

That banks are public institutions, and should be regarded as public utilities, in fact, and administered under some such law, has been realized by quite a few independent thinkers who have gone to Washington with the hope of legislating accordingly. These hopeful ones little dreamed that our banking system is most privileged, protected, independent and autocratic. Banking legislation does not follow in cycles like legislation of other character. Had it not been for the panic of 1907 the National Monetary Commission would probably never have been organized, and I have the late Senator Aldrich's word for that. After organization it devoted three or four years to studying banking methods and systems abroad. The analyses were many, the conclusions more or less excellent, but the fact is that it dragged through three administrations before it brought results.

There are any number of legislators at Washington, and not a few business men scattered throughout the nation, who have reached the conclusion that there are now too many banks in the United States, or if not too many, at least the limit of such saturation has been reached. This is true, of Washington, D. C., to take a single city as an example. It is not a business community; it has little need of unusual banking facilities, credit operates within well-defined, circumscribed limits, the average earnings of a predominantly clerical population are under $1,300, the banks themselves are weighted down with accounts running under $10 balances, the turnover is a matter of three days after each semi-monthly pay day, with little business the rest of the time, yet the banking fever is at high mark.

If banks find it profitable to organize in communities where banking facilities are apparently more than adequate, or should be, it must follow that there must be tremendous profits in banking. The answer is that money is much dearer that it otherwise might be.

Taking the composite view of many economic authorities, banks have ceased to be instruments of distribution under government supervision, and have become private speculative ventures. The immediate object of a bank is to return the highest possible dividend to depositors who are unable themselves to make use of their surplus money and therefore find it convenient to become stockholders in a bank. In fact, it is more fashionable to own stock in a bank than in any other business corporation.

Taking such official figures as I have obtained from the Treasury Department, according to the returns of December 29, 1920, the paid-in capital stock of the 8,130 national banks was $1,272,291,000, divided into 13,945,663 shares with an average par value of about $91.25. They were owned by 519,107 shareholders. National bank stock is everywhere at a premium; but some of it is almost impossible to get, even at current market rates, sometimes multiple times par value ($100).

Bankers as Profiteers, Not Financiers

IT IS difficult to separate sheep from goats, but just how many of those stockholders (as well as many more to come, especially as new banks are organized) are mere hangers-on, parasitic capitalists, insatiable speculators? This gentry is discernible in other lines of business, but banking is more genteel, more segregated, more protected, and therefore more advantageous.

The banks that during 1921, despite retarded business, diverted huge profits in improvements of external kind, bonuses, stock dividends beyond all reason (and still were in a position to make stupendous additions to their surplus), were very many. They were especially numerous in that privileged territory south of Boston, north of Washington, east of Pittsburgh, not overlooking Chicago proper.

The banking business being the business *par excellence* of the cultured, moneyed, influential, powerful elements of any community, and being further privileged by law because it deals with the coin and currency of the nation—government evidences of indebtedness—it is obvious that its position in the mind of legislators should be privileged. Add to this the fact that the average legislator knows no more about money, and the principles of money, than the man in the street, and the difficulties which he will encounter as soon as he attempts to modernize our banking and fiscal laws, become manifest. Nor is that all.

Bankers themselves, as a rule, are not students of the history of money. In this unread category I especially count in the hosts of professional bankers who today are in a position to dispose of the fortunes of more or less fortunate borrowers; that class of artificial dealers in money, rather than bankers, though they parade under the latter name, who by mere chance become identified with a bank in the same way that other men become butchers or haberdashers, and eventually achieve a position of responsibility, of a kind, within the bank. They know that they can lend money under certain restrictions, and can understand certain elementary operations between banks, or between banks and patrons, but of the constructive qualities of money, of the hundred and one circumstances about money, metals, commodities, standards of value (a misleading term) and so on, they know nothing.

As an instance of this, I relate a story told me in New York City. I have reason to believe it true. It shows cleverness but not necessarily constructiveness. A very important concern of the metropolis, able to show a perfect statement—the kind which induces a self-styled banker to O. K. for credit authorization and makes him feel that he is a discerning individual—borrowed something like $200,000. This money was invested in bonds paying much more than the preferred interest rate charged to this gilt-edged borrower. The purchase, by the way, was made to add to the year's earnings when it was felt that 1921 would be somewhat sluggish. By the usual operation of renewing the loan, the borrower was enabled to make a nice showing between the outgoing and incoming interest—a no mean sum in the course of nine months.

Of course, the bank was safe; its loan was as good as gold. The borrower's assets were stupendous. As a bit of business that would react in favor of that bank's stockholders no improvement could be possible, but in reality, what were the results? It led the borrower to look for profits in a business that was distinctly a side line, and not at all mercantile; in fact, despite safety, it belonged to the province of speculation. It is quite possible that the borrower, sure of this extra income, forewent other direct opportunities to boost its own business. It played something safe. It was good business; it was original business; but it was not constructive.

Banks Are Now Up for Scrutiny

THERE is the other side. The borrower absorbed a huge sum of money that the bank might have loaned to some really constructive borrower. Last year, for instance, many a small industry was retarded many years in as many months for the lack of easy access to money. The financial statements may not have been patterned after the banker's own dream of a statement, but money more widely distributed, more directly assigned to industry, with its related employment and spending power all along the line, even at the risk of some greater responsibility on the part of the banker, would have led to better results. But the stockholders—think of them!

It is this class of bankers that has run headlong into a mess of trouble during the latter years of the war and the first year after its close. As long as foreign exchange was favorable, and arbitrarily suspended at a given point by governmental fiat, profits were inevitable. As soon, however, as the exchange market broke, and trading must be resorted to, many a well-known banker quietly withdrew from the foreign field. One bank, according to Wall Street reports, lost enough millions to require a change of executive personnel and the closing out of affiliated banks organized when dividends could not be held down. Half a dozen of some such experiences and the leading bankers have lost all taste for foreign banking. If foreign trade to the United States will ever mean anything in the future it will be despite its bankers and not because of them.

But to return to the main argument, American banking has reached a point where it should either show results in behalf of the people or be made amenable to regulatory laws. The very fact that bankers have shied at public criticism because they deal in coin of the United States and regard themselves as government fiscal agents, more or less, should lead some energetic legislators to enact some sort of controlling law.

Just now the banking interests are centering their fire against the provision to have a "dirt farmer" on the Federal Reserve Board. The bankers consider it discriminatory legislation. They are privately abusing the President for compromising with members of the Congress on this amendment. But, turning things backward, to get at the point quicker, why was it necessary at the very beginning to provide by law *two bankers?* Even one "dirt farmer" cannot cope with two bankers. The obvious thing to do would be to rewrite the entire personnel paragraph, and as to whether classification by trade or profession is necessary little may be said as long as Congress retains the right of selection or rejection of confirmation.

"Banking" Is Incidental to "Dividends"

CERTAIN of the Federal Reserve Banks have pyramided such stupendous surpluses by means of manipulation of funds as to have shocked all those who have no reason to follow the reserve bank's band wagon. But unusual and questionable as these conspicuous instances have been, they should not be permitted to obscure the much more important effect of the harm done by countless banks throughout the country whose "banking"—using the term literally—is incidental, but whose main operation is to earn dividends for stockholders. There are many such banks, and their number is growing, especially in certain obviously bank-ridden communities.

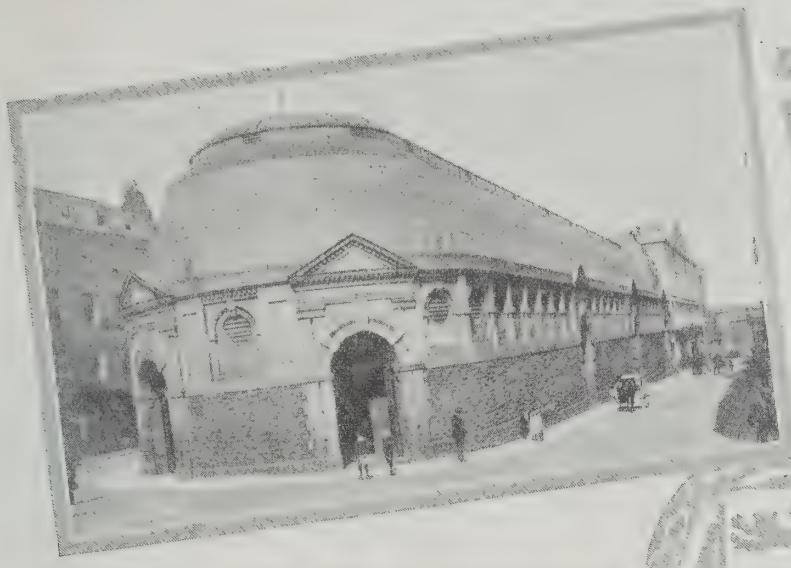
It is by the way to claim that the bank stockholder contributes his bit to the wealth of the nation, because while that ought to be primarily and solely the object of the investment if banking were not reduced to its present flabby stage, the actuality is somewhat different. In fact, very different.

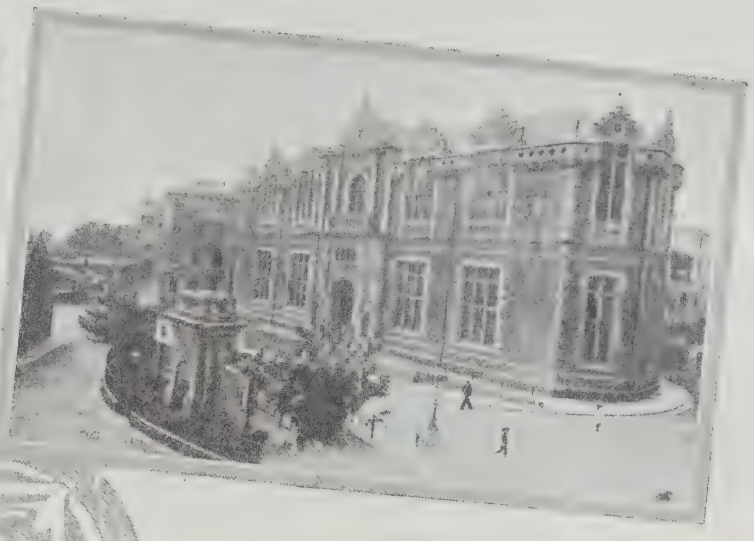
The bank should act as a link between owners of capital and users of capital. The two terms are far from synonymous. They are becoming so less and less. The ranks of professional owners of capital increase as the ranks of users of capital are reduced by attrition. It is being made more and more difficult for legitimate and hardy users of capital to borrow—consequently there is an overabundance of stock and bond corporations whose aim is to make money easily, and with the least possible labor, which accounts for the disgraceful industrial situation in many parts of this country. Men anxious and willing to work for a fair wage, and capable of doing what

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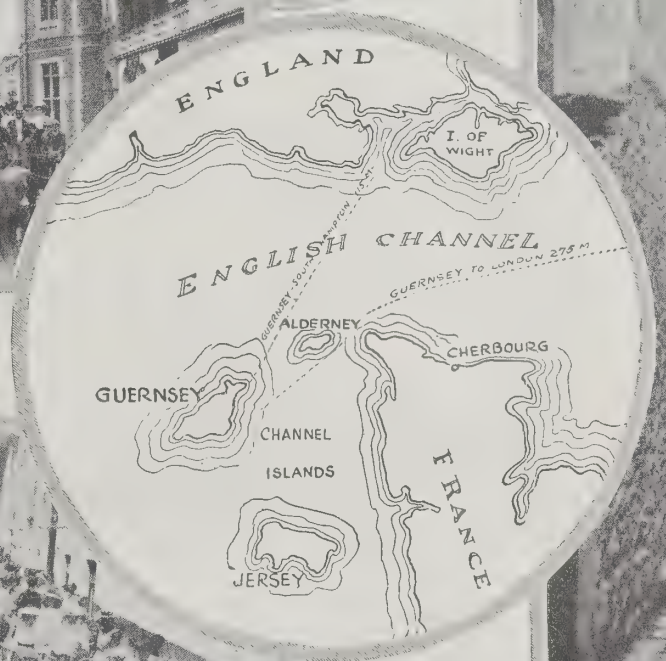
Where Money Is Not Based on Gold or Silver

Guernsey Isle Issues Notes Against Public Improvements and Escapes Paying Interest









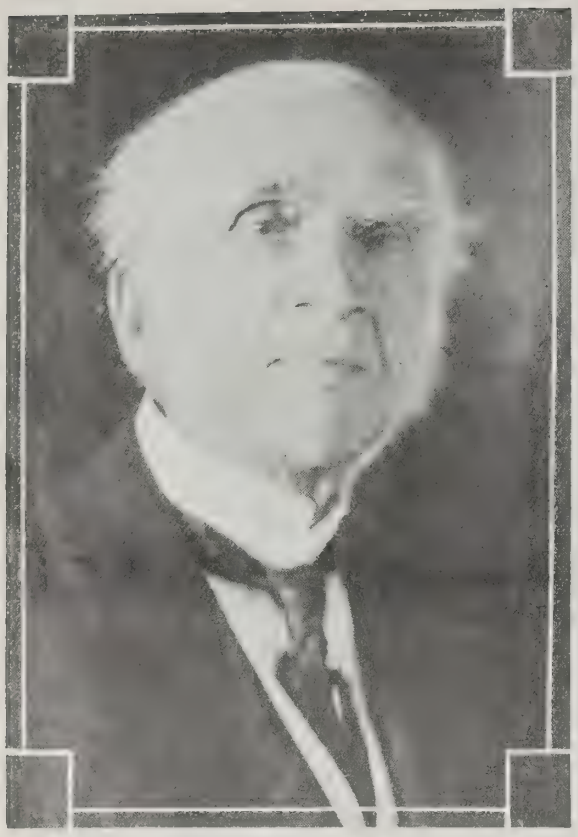








Scenes on Guernsey Isle, where public market buildings were erected and other improvements made by the issuance of paper currency, without a gold or a silver basis, the notes, or currency, being issued against the improvements. Interest was thus eliminated, and the improvements paid for themselves. At the top, left, is the rear of the new fish market at St. Peter Port; top, right, a front view of the market; below the picture of the rear of the market is a view of Market Square; center, map showing Guernsey Isle in the English Channel, and its location relative to England and France. At the right of the map is a picture of Clifton Steps, St. Peter Port. These steps serve as a public highway; left, below the map, is a view of a section of the interior of the market house; bottom, left, a panoramic view of Guernsey; right, another view of the market place, showing a corner of the new market in the left foreground, and a corner of the original market, built in 1822, in the center background.



(C) Bachrach

DR. STEPHEN SMITH,

Founder and first president of the American Public Health Association.

Can We Live a Hundred Years?

This Centenarian Says All of Us Should

By CHARLES H. LERRIGO, M. D.

MEET Dr. Stephen Smith, of New York, who, in 1922, is celebrating his hundredth year of residence on this earth. He is not the "old Dr. Smith" of greatly advertised memory. As a matter of fact, he resents the adjective "old." Dr. Smith is a real doctor of medicine. He has always been interested in movements to promote healthful living, and is a pioneer in public health.

Fifty years ago, when the American Public Health Association was born, Dr. Smith officiated at the ceremony. He was its first president. Last November, the association, now grown to be a mighty power in the land, held its semi-centennial in New York City, and made it an occasion to honor its first president, striking a medal which bears the imprint of his features.

Dr. Smith, vigorous and energetic, appeared at the meeting and declared that he had a tremendous announcement which he would make at the banquet given in his honor. When the time came, he calmly broached to the hundreds of visiting physicians, and other men of science, the audacious statement that instead of his age being exceptional it should be the rule, that *all* men should live to be one hundred.

"We have too long been content with the Mosaic dictum which places man's life at threescore years and ten," said he. "We now live under very different conditions. Science holds sway. Man's physical construction is adapted to a service of 100 years. Let us push our standard forward 30 years and count man's normal life a century."

A common belief exists that our ancestors lived much longer lives than we of this generation. Accounts of very aged persons spring from the records of olden days in great profusion.

England's Westminster Abbey has a monument to Thomas Parr, an "old, old, very old man who lived in the reigns of 10 kings," and died at the age of 152.

In Yorkshire, England, there is a monument to one Henry Jenkins, an English laborer, setting forth the interesting testimonial that "he lived to the amazing age of 169."

Many Live to Be 100 and Over

IT WAS claimed for a Hungarian of the name of Pierre Zortay that he lived to be 190. Norway had a claimant for honors in the person of Drakenburg, who admitted himself to be 146 when he died.

Every country worthy of consideration entered at least one candidate in the Old Age Tournament, the apex of their claims being in inverse ratio with the reliability of their registration records. Some of the claims modestly submitted by natives of tropical countries might well make a certain Methuselah tremble for his record.

Of course, one is constantly reading newspaper items and patent medicine advertisements that speak lightly of ages that exceed the century by many years. They are records of tradition rather than fact, however, most of them having reference to illiterate persons who find counting by multiples of 10 to be the easiest way.

But the fact remains that persons do live to be 100 years old and over, and evidently many more accomplish it than a British authority would credit. The Britisher, however, made his investigation into lives lived more than a century ago, when the expectation of life was much lower than it is at the present day. By "expectation of life" is meant the duration of the average of human lives from birth to death. It is impossible to say what this may have been in the days of Moses, but a glance back over known facts for the last three centuries is instructive.

Records kept in Geneva, Switzerland, show that seventeenth century lives averaged a little more than 25 years; eighteenth century brought the average up to 33 years, and nineteenth century, from 1801 to 1883, gave a record of nearly 40 years. In our own country, the record was a little higher, and by the close of the nineteenth century we had reached 45 years. We have marched on at a still better rate since then, for the expectation of life in the United States in 1910 was 51½ years and, although absolute figures are not available, it has undoubtedly increased in the last decade.

Let us see why we live longer. It is only a step back to 1878, when a great epidemic brought 125,000 cases of yellow fever to the Mississippi Valley and caused 12,000 deaths. A century before, in 1793, the disease had invaded Philadelphia and caused the death of one-tenth of the city's population in six and one-half weeks. But in 1900 the discovery was made that yellow fever could not spread unless carried by the Stegomyia mosquito, and thus the disease became a terror of the past.

Few persons realize how nearly typhoid fever is conquered. The work has been going on so quietly, yet so steadily, that the death rate has dropped almost without notice. Yet statistics show that whereas in 1900 some 36 out of every 100,000 citizens of the United States died of typhoid, in 1919 only nine per 100,000 succumbed. Given a continuance of the 1900 rate, some 27,000 more Americans would have died of typhoid in one single year.

Everyone has heard of the tremendous victory gained in the fight against tuberculosis. It has decreased 37 per cent in 12 years, and is still losing.

Little children do not die from summer complaint as they used to do. In 1900 two babies out of every five died without a chance to reach their first birthday. Now less than one out of five meet such an early doom.

These victories over disease have not been due to the discoveries of wonderful new medicines. With the possible exception of the use of anti-diphtheritic serum in fighting diphtheria, the improvements have been altogether along the line of prevention of disease.

Watch the Little Things

IT IS to prevention that you must look if you are personally interested in joining Dr. Smith and his group of centenarians. You must discover the "little things" and give them early attention if you would check the degenerative diseases that are apt to rob you of your prime. Few indeed are the deaths that occur from genuine "old age." Men go to their deaths with bodies capable of splendid function save and except for one damaged organ. Perhaps it is the heart that is at fault, perhaps the kidneys are incompetent, possibly some other organ. But searching back to the real point of origin, there will be found some apparent trifle, a few decayed teeth, a little shortness of breath, a slight cough that might have been corrected easily if taken in time.

Let us be sensible. Modern aids to diagnosis make it quite possible to find the flaws in the human machine while there is yet ample opportunity for repair. Once a year submit your body to a searching examination by a skilled physician. Place no confidence in the smiling, urbane individual who can tell at a mere glance that "you are perfectly all right." Go to a real medical man, one of the kind whose researches stopped yellow fever and are conquering typhoid, and pay him a reasonable fee for a thorough examination. As long as you go quietly along from year to year, repairing small faults before they grow into big ones, keeping up efficiency regularly, there is no reason whatever why you should not be developing into full power in your 80's or 90's and placing yourself securely in the list of those who may see "a century well done."

"Imaginary Money"—Gold Basis Full of Fakes

Concluded from page 12

they know how to do, are unemployed. Capital is not reproducing.

Now, if it were true that individuals who are so anxious to subscribe to new banks, or who speculate in stock and rights of the old ones, are minded to add to the available capital to distribute, they will be content with a fair, equitable, and justifiable interest rate—a rate that shall compare adequately with the average rate in other lines of business. But unfortunately there are any number of individuals who will not subscribe to new industrial corporations with the same readiness that tempts them to become bank owners. Banks never pass dividends.

That regulatory legislation will come sooner or later is not to be doubted; the development of the United States gives every proof that any business that affects the well-being of the people, and is abused, soon must capitulate to political surgery, which hampers rather than cures.

A generation or so ago hardly a railroad stockholder worried about dividends, given a judicious investment, and probably none foresaw the day when rates would be regulated, but the worse day when he should be obliged to appeal to the government for a guaranty of returns on the investment.

The Mystic Money Word—"Sit Tight"

THE analogy between railroads and banking is very close, much more so than appears upon the surface. It would be well if the bankers saw the light now, before the irritation or complaints of harassed users of capital shall be transmuted into political propaganda with a view to enforce a readjustment.

Everybody today complains of the scarcity of money. The bankers I have talked to tell me and reiterate that the demand for loans is insistent, but the word—the elusive, mysterious word—is to "sit tight." Now it cannot be true that the banks cannot supply the money. Of money there is even too much—in idleness. The existing stringency is not due to reduced volume of currency, as was the case in other years, when like conditions existed, sometimes precursors of panics, but due to the curtailment of loans and discounts.

It is admitted that credit means the putting of capital into the hands of individuals or groups that without being the owners of it can use it to the advantage of both. Money by itself is utterly useless unless it can be exchanged for means by which matter may be consumed and reproduced, and the greater the margin of this reproduction the quicker the profits (or interest.) But the money itself bears no profit. By itself it cannot yield interest. Money must be immediately transformed into commodities to justify its existence.

Lending money is an extension of credit if borrowed upon the mere promise to pay. It is obvious that collateral loans are not credit, but an exchange of something tangible for something else tangible, less the margin considered safe to carry out the transaction—a margin that sometimes is utterly ridiculous by its needless greatness. It means transferring liquid assets for other assets. But unsecured loans mean transferring wealth or assets already extant in exchange for a simple promise. Credit, too, like money, creates nothing by itself; it must be turned into commodities, promptly, efficiently, equitably, before it can yield a profit—and this profit is attained by reversing the process, of course.

Probably one of the greatest ills of today, under the complicated system evolved by a chain of interrelated interests, is that which stretches out the process of extending credit, or lending money. Now it would not be so bad if the transaction were between banker and borrower, but the thing is generally apt to have one or more middlemen.

The owner of surplus funds, unwilling to invest, may make a time deposit, for which the bank pays him a fair rate of interest. This money is in turn borrowed by one of the many brokers that now infest our industrial centers; and the broker may use it for indirect loans—by buying negotiable paper, probably gilt-edged notes, acceptances, and this discounted paper in turn may travel further. But it is manifest that there may be a big jump between the maker of the note and the original investor; and each transaction, scaling down as it does by fractional percentage in normal times, is an additional burden upon the last borrower. That these fractional percentages are not to be sneezed at is proved by the prosperity exuded by these brokers. They are the worst kind of middlemen.

If our present banking system is perfect, or almost so, as many bankers aver, then these brokers should be uprooted from the financial stratum of industry, because they are parasites; they contribute nothing but a turnover at the expense of the man probably least able to stand the loss—the average borrower.

Suggestions Toward Better Bank Service

SEVERAL things should be done to improve the situation, with or without legislation, depending upon circumstances:

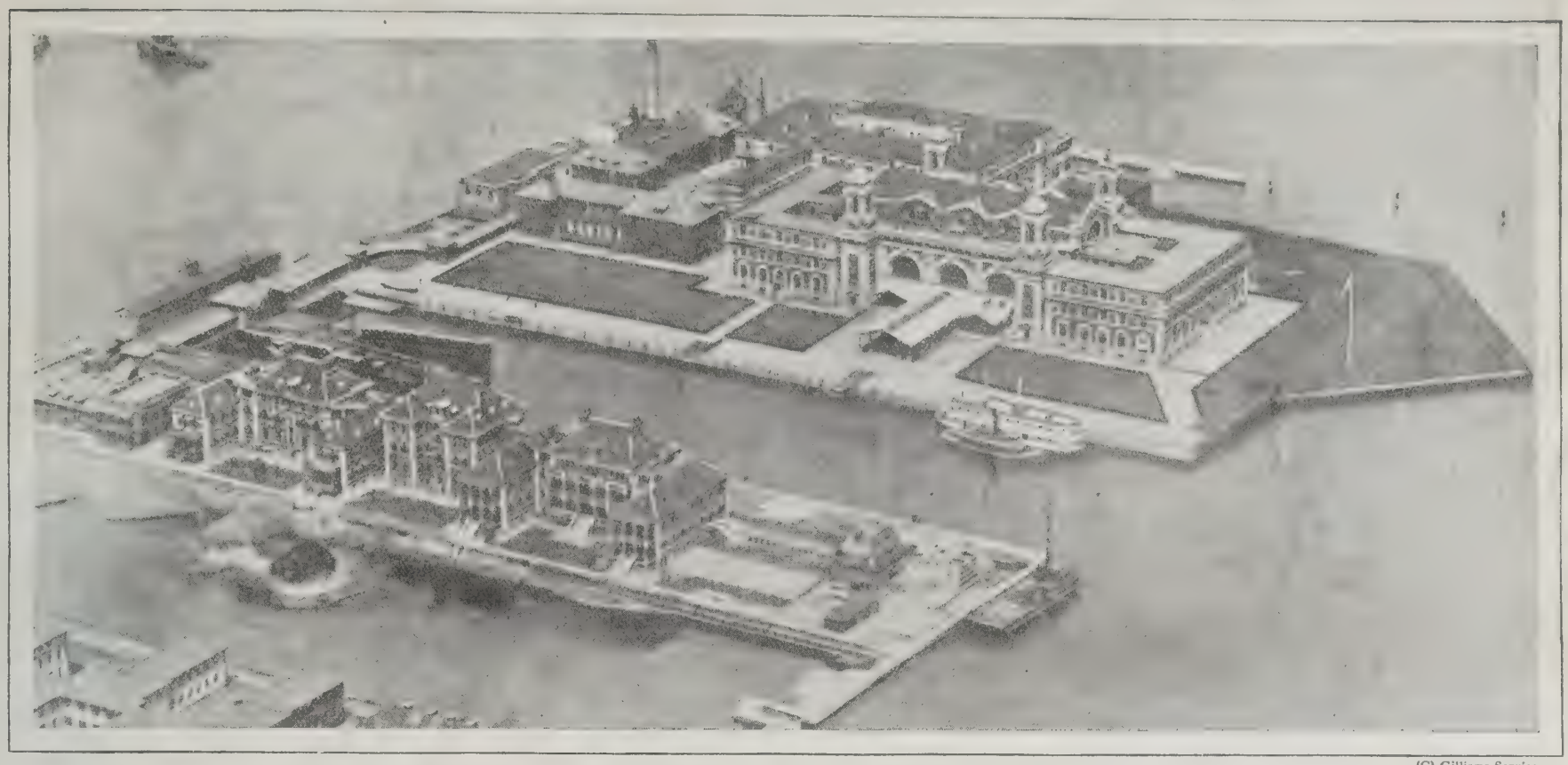
1. Drastic regulations restricting the number of banks in communities on the basis of population or turnover.

2. Regulation and restriction of brokerage houses, of which there are too many, permitting to unscrupulous bankers quick returns, subterfuges not possible under existing banking laws to the bank proper.

3. Control and regulation of all bank profits, based on an elastic scale to provide for financial market variations, and a further provision that all profits in excess of a certain maximum shall revert to the Treasury of the United States. (If the government has considered it its province to regulate public utilities corporations, arbitrarily fix and limit returns, in pursuits not at all directly or indirectly related to Federal sources, then the government is entitled to control any and all banking institutions and their returns, since they profit from a turnover of money which is exclusively public property. Under existing conditions banks are "supervised and controlled," but only technically, since these banks are practically licensed to manipulate public funds for their own immediate benefit.)

4. Prohibiting interlocking directorates, which enable privileged officials to extend among themselves reciprocal favors.

Here's Where Our Immigration Troubles Begin



(C) Gilliams Service

Airplane view of Ellis Island, the gateway to America for thousands of aliens.

"IT'S now or never," declares the *Saturday Evening Post,* editorially, in demanding that the entire immigration policy of the United States be rewritten into one comprehensive piece of legislation that will prevent the continued influx of tens of thousands of undesirables from Europe.

The *Post* is one of the few American publications whose editors have realized what the inundation of present-day immigration means. Its influence is, of course, tremendous, for it reaches several million persons weekly. Its arguments are never hysterical, always based on the soundest of reasons, and backed by incontrovertible evidence presented by its staff writers.

This publication, in connection with its desire to see restrictions placed upon the alien horde that is flooding in today, and threatens even greater proportions upon the expiration of the three per cent legislation adopted a year ago, urges the formation of a non-political, expert, immigration board.

In its argument, the *Post* says, "there is an insistent nation-wide demand for a body of permanent immigration law that will meet existing conditions squarely and adequately before it is too late—law framed frankly and avowedly for the sole benefit of America and Americans, present and future, and not for the pleasure and convenience of foreign-slum populations, nor even for the gratification of those citizens who are working to get all their European or semi-Asiatic kith and kin ferried across the Atlantic."

The "Publicity Man" and Washington News

Concluded from page 8

licity in the Liberty Loan campaigns of the war. The newspapers published columns and many magazines carried articles on the "disclosures" made at the hearings. Anyone not in sympathy with the point of view of the street railway managements was free to come forward and be heard and a few did so. But the public heard of little of what they said. As far as most of the newspapers were concerned the "hearings" were covered by the publicity men employed by the street railways.

Most people will recall the "coal scare" of 1919. The bulk of newspapers throughout the country published articles, often emphasized by editorials, urging consumers to buy the next winter's supply of coal quickly or take big chances on going without.

There is much reason to believe that the "scare" almost wholly was the product of propaganda put forth by the operators for the purpose of keeping up the price of coal. In fact, it was so charged, and what he said was backed up by evidence that at least raises serious suspicion, by George Huddleston, who represents the coal-mining district of Alabama in Congress. He showed how the coal operators put forth telling "scare" propaganda to the effect that a serious shortage of coal miners threatened sufficient production while at the same time the United States Labor Department was reporting extensive unemployment among miners in several of the coal-mining districts. But the propaganda, coming on top of the coal-scarcity days of the war, produced such a scramble for coal that there resulted a panic which came very near to demoralizing the coal industry. The coal association, finally in 1920, had to combat the propaganda of the year before.

Mr. Huddleston told of how even the Associated Press had been imposed upon during the time of the "coal scare" propaganda.

Newspaper Man's Big Fees From Corporations

IF ONE wants to pursue the matter further, he can find in the report of the hearings before the Calder Committee, on Reconstruction and Production a copy of a letter, written by the director of publicity for the coal association, in which details are given as to how reports of even the Associated Press were influenced favorably to the operators. It was introduced in the hearing by Senator Kenyon.

Most propaganda issuing from Washington or directed there is of the open kind—much perhaps is of desirable if not commendable kind. No one knows how much is carried on under cover.

In the "leak" investigation of late, 1916, it was disclosed how some members of the press galleries in Congress were often retained by industrial and financial interests to supply "inside" information or advise about national affairs.

One witness in that investigation was Thomas F. Logan, at that time among the most prominent of Washington newspaper correspondents. He testified that he represented the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and *Leslie's Weekly,* as correspondent, wrote editorials for the Washington *Post* and the *Wall Street Journal,* and articles for the *American Economist.*

About two years later, Logan was again examined, in connection with the investigation of the meat packers. It was disclosed that his newspaper work was largely incidental, certainly in its relation to his total earnings. For "information and advice" he was being paid $500 a month from Swift & Company, $500 from the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, $500 from the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, $700 from the Atlantic Refining Company, $500 from the Freeport Sulphur Company and $500 from the General Electric Company. It was also disclosed that he was the confidant of many persons high in the national administration and had even accompanied one, at government expense, on an official trip to Europe. Since then Mr. Logan has operated an advertising agency.

Majority Are Free From Influence

LATELY, those in charge of the congressional press galleries have been vigilant in applying the rule against any correspondent with "side lines" enjoying the privileges of the galleries.

It is well known that in some respects at least the rule can be evaded. Members of Congress are dependent largely on the reports of correspondents for papers in their districts or states for the right or wrong impression made on their constituencies. Naturally, they cultivate friendly members of the press, especially those representing their home papers. Frequently a Congressman or Senator has the disposal of a government sinecure, that is, a job calling for little or no work. Thus often a correspondent is carried on the rolls of the government, but when such is the case he cannot occupy the press galleries. But if occasion arises whereby a member of Congress has opportunity to hand a correspondent who is in the gallery a subsidy out of the United States Treasury, it is not impossible, the correspondent being willing, for a member of the correspondent's family or a friend to go nominally on the pay roll as a substitute for the writer. This form of abuse is not common but it is employed.

In fact, not a great many correspondents in Washington are paid enough by single newspapers to maintain them at the capital. The bulk of them work at the same time for several papers, although the big city newspapers maintain bureaus with staffs ranging from one to a half-dozen men. If the average correspondent is unable to get a "string" of papers he must eke out a livelihood by getting on the clerkship staff of a member of Congress, by securing some other political job or by doing "publicity" or something else of the kind "on the side." On the whole, however, the newspaper men who make up the corps of Washington correspondents are as free, if not freer, from influences that might affect their dispatches as the staff workers on newspapers in the average city of the country. The writer has known of cases where virtually every member of a newspaper's reportorial staff was taking retainers for outside work, usually "publicity," and often with the knowledge and full consent of their employers, who thus were relieved of annoyances about salaries.

In Washington the temptation for the independent newspaper man to leave the legitimate field for that of propaganda or to share, anomalously, his talents with the two is probably greater than anywhere else in the country. For in Washington nearly everybody has an eye to "publicity."

When preparing to write this article, I called on a Congressman friend at his office to ask him what he thought as to the effect propaganda and especially "news publicity" propaganda has on the actions of Congress.

"Virtually none," he said. As he spoke a newspaper man acquaintance entered the office. The Congressman reached for his check book, wrote out a check and handed it to the new caller who thanked him and left.

Congressmen Themselves Use It

I LEARNED that he represented what will be called the Blank News Service whose chief business is to send from Washington "news" about its clients, chiefly members of Congress! Blank, who established it, has long been recognized as among the ablest of American newspaper men and has held many big positions in the editorial and reportorial field. But he evidently finds it much more profitable to deal in "canned" than in real news.

And though the average member of Congress and other Washington officials will tell you that "propaganda" has little effect on national legislation and administration, you are warranted in suspecting that he is the victim of some measure of self-deception, for the reason that scarcely anyone in Washington is readier to make use of propaganda and especially of the publicity kind either in behalf of his own political interests or his ideas than the said average member of Congress or administrative official.

It is not "straight publicity," no matter how voluminous it always is or however artful it occasionally is, which produces the greatest confusion with regard to Washington affairs or serves most effectively as "propaganda." The most effective operators, either of the good, bad or doubtful sort, use publicity only as a seemingly easy ally; they employ other weapons of far greater significance and effect.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The bridal veil of Princess Mary was the one worn by Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra.

Insects of the United States destroy $1,100,000,000 worth of farm produce a year, according to reliable reports.

Tank cars, with glass lining and insulated with cork, are used for storing milk in Pittsburgh. Each tank is equipped with a motor-driven agitator, which is run five minutes before emptying the tank to give uniformity to the contents.

Motor truck transportation has cut into the business of British railways so severely that several lines contemplate running trucks themselves.

Last year was the driest European agriculture has known for a century or more.

Great reefs of copper, totaling 240 miles and averaging more than a foot in width, have been discovered in Morocco recently, according to Paris reports. More than 2,000,000 pounds of ore are exposed, yielding from eight to 10 per cent copper, which means 250,000 tons of the ore without sinking a single shaft.

An artificial stone, marble-like and with a glazed surface, is being made in England. The stone is colored in various hues to suit the maker.

The preservative powers of borax was first discovered by a prospector in Yellowstone Park, it is said. He came across the body of a horse, which, although it had died long before, was perfectly whole and preserved and covered with a layer of fine dust, which proved to be borax. He took advantage of his discovery and sold his secret to a packing firm.

More than 2,000,000 men and women in the United States past 50 years of age are unmarried.

Paper made from water lilies will be produced in a new factory in Ocotlan, Mexico. The lilies are of such a peculiarly fibrous nature that they form the best material for a high grade of paper and the supply is inexhaustible, because the lilies cover the rivers in that vicinity and grow rapidly.

State insurance against hail in North Dakota has proved a success.

It is said that the color of birds can be changed within five generations by keeping them in a white room, with surroundings of white and attended by persons attired in white.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Hard coal is the one important commodity which did not drop a cent in price during the depression period, but has actually increased steadily.

Venetians have decreed that the old prison and palace of St. Mark's shall be converted to the needs of culture. The "Bridge of Sighs" over a canal connects the palace with the prison. The question of whether the palace will be made over into a popular concert hall or home of the famous Artistic Club of Venice has not been settled.

An oil well drilled in 1860 in Pennsylvania is still producing oil. It was recently drilled to the third sand and shot and is producing about 10 barrels daily.

Public dancing in cafés is not permitted in Vienna, except by special license, and then for only two hours at tea time. This is because of the effect descriptions of a revelous and laughing Vienna had on subscribers to foreign relief organizations feeding a few hundred thousand Austrian children.

Two young cedars of Lebanon, recently planted in the Brooklyn Botanic Gardens, are flourishing. Two other specimens may be seen in the Arnold Arboretum at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A new calendar watch runs for eight days with one winding. It shows the days of the week and month, besides the hours, minutes and seconds.

Banana figs are dehydrated bananas, their water content being reduced to 20 per cent. The finished product is a rich golden yellow and of sticky, fig-like appearance. When properly packed they will keep their fine flavor for months if stored in well-ventilated cool and dry places.

Tourists spent approximately $35,000,000 in Colorado during 1921.

Necklaces of dogs' and wolves' teeth were among the relics of the early stone age reported to have been discovered recently in Westphalia, near Henglarn, Germany, by scientific investigators.

Defeating 25 graduates of high schools and colleges, a woman, 87 years old, won a spelling bee in Bucyrus, Ohio. The contest lasted more than three hours.

An oil depot is being built at Tahiti by the French to supply steamers plying between Vancouver, San Francisco, Australia and New Zealand and ships Europe-bound by way of the Panama Canal.

The village "jug" of Mansfield, Missouri, is really a jug. The little jail building is constructed of concrete, 16 inches thick and is the replica of the half of the old-time whisky bottle. The exterior is rounded, with a tapering of several feet at the entrance.

A turkey an acre is a novel farm rent fee in effect in South Dakota. A farmer near White Rock, South Dakota, has offered to rent his farm of 160 acres to a tenant on the sole condition that the tenant shall turn over to him one turkey for each acre of land in the farm.

Periodical rat hunts in Paris are conducted by an expert engineer using ferrets. Paris spent 300,000 francs last year in an endeavor to rid the city of the rodents.

Grafting a big toe to the stump of a thumb has been successfully performed by two French surgeons. A 15-year-old boy lost his thumb in a piece of gearing. His big toe was grafted in place of the thumb, and he is now able to grasp and hold, palm downward, a weight of more than two pounds. The new member is normal as far as muscular power is concerned. It also has the sense of touch and is sensitive to pain and cold, but is nonsensitive to heat.

Bubonic plague is spreading over the Queensland coast of Australia with the advance of the Australian summer. Infected rats are today spread over 1,000 miles of coast and the inhabitants are entering a period of danger, according to the Australian Medical Journal.

Some hitherto unknown minerals have been discovered among more than 200 different kinds of metal deposits in the interior mountains of the Kola Peninsula, which juts out into the Arctic Ocean and White Sea north of Murmansk and Archangel.

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GETTING TOGETHER

Secretary of Labor Says Employer and Employe Must Co-operate

BROKEN HOMES!

"That's What We're Built on!"

The Indecencies of Our Yellow Newspapers

THE "GOLD FICTION"

How Politicians Depend on Financiers for Monetary Counsel

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

"That's What We're Built on—Broken Homes!"

"Yellows" of American Journalism Vie With Films in Their Indecencies

REPORTERS for three daily newspapers, after a conference with the Federal district attorney, recently agreed to suppress the name of a young married woman who had left her home in a mid-western city to accompany a man. The woman, contrite, had returned. The husband had not learned of her act and there was every opportunity for the reconciliation so ardently sought by the young woman. Therefore the suppression of the "news."

The following day, the reportorial representative of the particular yellow that stands in that city for the most powerful aggregation of publications, daily, weekly and monthly, in the country, returned to the Federal district attorney's office.

"Don't ever ask me to hold out anything again," he told the Federal official. "I nearly lost my job."

"Why? Did your city editor understand the situation?"

"Oh, yes! he understood. He said that's what we're built on—broken homes."

By LEWIS HARPER

SOME years ago one of the leading newspaper publishers of the United States was passing through the La Salle street station in Chicago attended by one of the many who essayed to be his Boswell. The publisher like many other great men—and he is a man of conspicuous ability—likes to hear himself talk.

Many of his maxims pass current in scores of newspaper offices today as the sayings of a master craftsman—in others his utterances are the imperative hunches of the BOSS.

Pointing out the hurrying crowd around the station gates to his henchman, the publisher, fresh from his private car paid for by the pennies of similar throngs in many cities, inquired:

"What three things are all those people thinking about?"

"What?" echoed Boswell.

There followed an alliterative *bon 'mot* in three words which cannot yet—get the YET—be printed even in the publisher's own papers, but it has been repeated to hundreds of young men entering the newspaper game as the summary of news value—the unfailing and exclusive test of what subjects interest newspaper readers. That salacious epigram, this writer believes, has had no small part in starting the wave of indecency, which has tainted many newspapers and is tainting others.

The same thought variously, vigorously but always unprintably expressed, has flashed from the brains of many other masters in the newspaper game. How rapidly this tendency is now pervading the press is well illustrated by a collection of newspaper picture clippings lying on the desk upon which this is being written. Pasted on cardboard these cuttings from several of the larger newspapers—most of them Hearst publications but some of them out of the Hearst cycle—are only a wee bit removed from the pornographic picture post cards which are smuggled back from Paris by a certain type of tourist. Neither the pictures nor their suggestive titles and "cut lines" could have got by the police a few years ago. They are candidly libidinous, not esthetic, and if the photograph is not bald enough in its purpose, the headline or cut line reinforces it with some appropriate flippancy of a suggestive nature.

It is necessary to distinguish between the deliberate and salacious pandering of some newspapers today and the coarse frankness which marked earlier periods of American journalism. This distinction is comparable to the difference between the psychopathic treatment of sex in a modern story like "Erik Dorn" or the "Narrow House," and the crude, coarse but broad healthy outspokenness of Shakespeare and the other Elizabethans or the playful drollery of Rabelais. Neither is probably so desirable from the standpoint of racial welfare as the decencies and reticence which the Anglo-Saxon peoples had achieved in the nineteenth century—the period sneeringly referred to as "mid-Victorian" by alien-minded writing degenerates of today. The earlier expressiveness, however, had in it only the exaggerated exuberance of robust youth, none of the senility and morbid analysis of the decadents.

People Do Not Want Salacious "News"

THE worst that the older type of journalism ever attained—the exploitation of the nauseous details of the Thaw trials, was truthful reporting of actual facts, an abuse of frankness, but "straight news." The bulk of the sex stuff appearing in the newspapers today has no justification as "news" at all—it is deliberately fabricated, consisting either of "feature stories" painfully ferreted out or insignificant events grossly overplayed to exploit the prurient angle.

Many newspaper publishers and editors hold that vending sex suggestion is a paying business, that the road to circulation gains is paved with scandal. Precisely as the producers of the filthy motion picture justify themselves by declaring that the "public wants that sort of thing," do the masters of the newspapers declare that they are printing "what the people want."

They are mistaken. It can be shown that they are printing what they think the people want, because they like that sort of thing themselves.

The decline of the magazines in circulation, prosperity and prestige since they began the emotionalism debauch in the lurid era of Robert W. Chambers, and the later years of Richard Harding Davis, ought to be sufficient evidence.

Small-Town Papers Are Clean

THE people showed no desire for a scandalmonger press for something like a century after newspapers assumed an important rôle in American life. In a great many cities, and in most of the smaller towns today they voice no demand for scandal or pornographic newspaper "art" and they do not get it. The small-town press today is clean. Compare it with the movies exhibited in its own bailiwicks. The last few years have witnessed the maximum prosperity for the small-town newspapers.

Even in the larger cities the evidence that the people want sex instead of news is not conclusive. In every city where a filthy newspaper is published, it has one or more cleaner competitors which prosper. There are several cities in which the crazed newspaper is the also ran. Even the Hearst papers are not invariably profitable. Indeed, it has been reliably stated that the majority of them are "losers" financially. The real American people are not far removed from the pioneer stage, and with young nations sex is only a normal incident in lives filled with other activities. Our urban populations, despite the influx of hordes of aliens, have not as yet succumbed to the sex cults, which destroyed or thwarted civilization in ancient Alexandria, Greece and India. The whole subject of the social and historical significance of sex is yet in the pre-scientific stage, but what little we do know gives no warrant for the belief that the American people will ever succumb to cults.

Despite the current cant among the newer type of city editors and reporters the people still want straight news about serious topics. The aversion to the constructive or serious story so evident in many city rooms is a reflection not so much of reader taste as of the inability of the certain types of newspaper man to write anything except froth and intended humor of the piffling variety.

One reason feature stories got such a start some years ago was the inferior facilities for obtaining telegraph news by those papers which had no press service franchises. The editors were driven to play up local news. This meant that trifles were often magnified. The feature is essentially the outgrowth of the overplayed story, the result of seizing the peculiar twist or the odd angle of a human situation for newspaper exploitation. Although this cause has long since ceased to operate on many newspapers, the habit of playing up features to the exclusion of real news persists.

Hearst Leads Risque Picture Race

THE result is the production of many newspapers in America which, as far as giving an accurate idea of the world we live in is concerned, might as well be printed by 12-year-old children. Features at one time consisted largely of "sob" stories. Much of human crime and misfortune as well as humorous predicament is due to unbridled sex instinct. The descent of the sob squad to sex was easy. The sob sisters appointed to handle the Hamon case began with tears and graduated into lingerie. Some publishers frankly set out to print all the suggestive stuff they can find.

Hearst is usually regarded as the chief offender. He probably deserves this popular verdict. Certainly in the exploitation of risque pictures he leads them all and is still gaining, despite frantic pursuit by his competitors. His movie connections give him an advantage. He owes much to Mack Sennett. The bathing beauties broke down the outer barriers of pictorial decency in the newspapers. From the day they began to appear on the screen and in the screen advertising, the flock of half-clad beauties multiplied. The Chicago *Tribune* is partially and unwittingly responsible for the semi-nude ladies now appearing morning and evening on the news stands. Not that the *Tribune* leads in the race for decollete. Its pictures are somewhat tame. But when it founded the marvelously successful *Daily News* in New York and showed that there was a demand for pictures by the people, newspaper art sprang to new and vigorous life everywhere. To prevent the launching of similarly illustrated newspapers in their own cities, publishers everywhere began to print more pictures, to devote whole pages or tabloid sections to illustrations. The result can be seen in any city room where the make-up editor tears through the packages of new pictures like a French dog digging for truffles. He is hunting for dancers, bathing girls, swimmers or anything feminine that will show white and curved on a dark background.

The extent to which such "news" is engaging the attention of those who write news at the source may be gauged from an experiment conducted by the writer last year. If it were not for careful editing the proportion would be higher than it is, but on even the yellowest sheets care is taken to put some other stuff in the paper. They realize that there are limits even to "what the people want." Usually a newspaper is planned before the day's work has begun—after that the general scheme is varied as the news develops. One day in the summer of 1921 the writer discarded this plan and allowed all news to be printed as it came in—giving each story the headline called for by its length and cutting nothing. The paper was made up by picking up the stories in type, as the make-ups came to them, and lifting them into the paper. Regard was paid only to the typographical balance of the page. The run of the news made the paper—nothing was rejected, minimized or played up. First come, first printed, was the rule. It was a fair test of what sort of news the press associations, the local staff and the feature syndicates were supplying. It reflected the prevailing journalistic modes faithfully for that day at any rate. The result would have meant a riot a few years ago in a normal city of that size. There were 16 stories on the front page. Of these, 11 had a sex angle and sex was the sole theme of nine. The five not dealing with sex were none of them over two paragraphs in length. The whole top of the page blazed with the subject—three two-column leads, with two one-column tidbit sex features sandwiched in between them. The local staff, the telegraph desk and the mail features contributed about equally to this triumph of salacity. Our readers, however, were so used to that sort of thing that not a single indignant "vox pop" wrote a letter to the editor. A short while previous a picture of the hanging scene at Santa Rosa, California, where several assailants of girls had been lynched, had drawn a shower of indignant letters. It must be safer to incite sexual crime than to picture its result.

Straight News Almost Taboo Now

THE shibboleth in self-acclaimed "liberal" and "progressive" editorial rooms today is that the real function of a newspaper is to "entertain" the people—not to instruct them. Only the mossbacks still care for straight news. Even when old-fashioned news simply *has to be printed* it must be "jazzed," according to this school, and the writer of this analysis has jazzed it himself.

Strangely enough, much of the pollution of the newspapers has resulted from so-called uplift efforts and alleged moral reform. Many "exposure" stories are produced to get in the salacious details of the "horrible examples," not to eliminate the evils attacked. It has become increasingly difficult to draw the line between pruriency and purity. Most of the so-called white slave "exposés" written when the Mann Act was live news were highly seasoned fiction written for motives altogether foreign to their alleged purpose. There is a class of editors who dote on "vice crusades" and "moral clean-ups" because of the good sex copy they produce.

"Some of the people" do seem to want the exposure variety of sex stimulus—at least after having been educated up to it. At a typical "vice crusade" meeting in a western city last year one gray-haired man in the audience told the lady chairman that he was so intrigued by the morning paper's exposures of commercialized vice that he was getting up an hour earlier to read the details before breakfast.

Sex Story Plan Was Deliberate

IRRESPECTIVE of its deeper historical and psychological causes the modern phase of journalistic salacity originated in the desire of certain publishers about 1912 to obtain a substitute for political and industrial muck raking as a means of stimulating popular interest and circulation. The search for this substitute was cold blooded and sex was picked after careful consideration. Despite the minutely weighed premises on which this policy was based the writer believes that ultimately the publishers will learn they have made a tremendous mistake. American history shows that every man or set of men who has failed in faith in the American people has met with defeat or bankruptcy.

This conviction as to the bad guess of the protagonists of sex journalism is based on the fate which overtook the magazines. The monthlies and weeklies had reached the apex of their popularity, prestige and prosperity in 1912. Their enormous circulation had been gained by a course of fearless criticism of social and economic abuses, beginning with Tom Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" launched in the very heyday of Hannaism. Despite its exaggerations and malignant by-products the American people instinctively sensed

(Concluded on page 11)

Ottawa, the Picturesque Capital of Canada

Seat of Government Surrounded by Historic Lore and Beauty

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

THE capacity of a people to realize and appreciate the beautiful in art and nature is reflected in its cities. More, perhaps, than any other city should a country's capital typify the aims, aspirations and particular degree of culture of the people whose political center it is. For variety and grandeur, Canada's natural beauty is unsurpassed; and the Dominion's capital might therefore be expected to have its location amid the beauties of mountain, lake and stream. This is indeed the case.

Ottawa is a city with a population of about 100,000, splendidly situated on the south bank of the Ottawa River, about 110 miles west of Montreal and about 75 miles north of the St. Lawrence River at Brockville. The Ottawa River is the boundary between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, the city of Ottawa being in the latter province. Parliament Hill, on which are grouped the legislative and administrative buildings, is a noble bluff rising 150 feet above the level of the river and commanding the city and surrounding country. From the top of the parliament buildings a beautiful panorama is presented. To the north, across the river, is the industrial city of Hull, Quebec, with a population



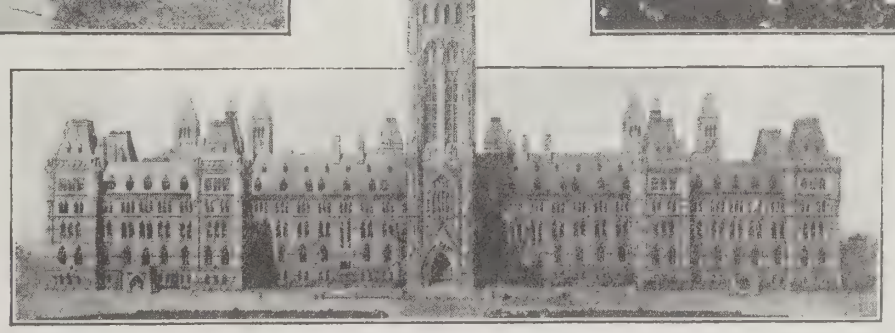
Chateau Laurier



View in one of Ottawa's Parks.



Another view in one of Ottawa's Parks.



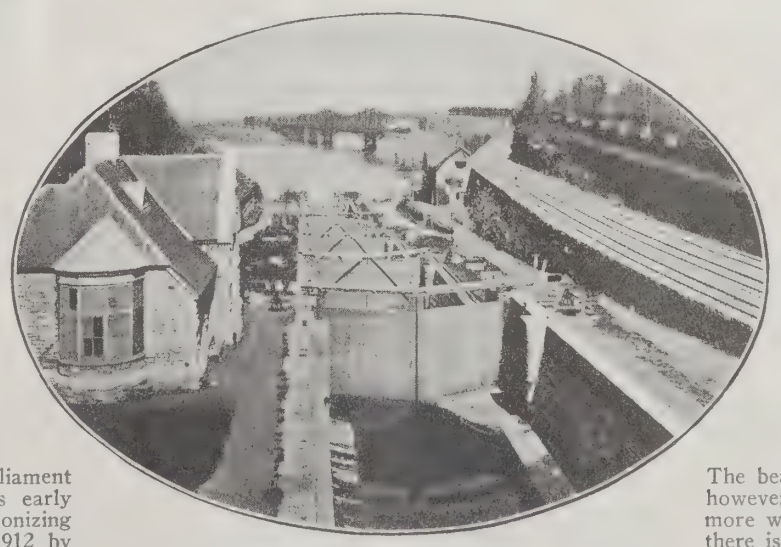
The new parliament building, photographed from a model.

of 35,000. Here are located pulp and paper mills, sawmills and many other manufacturing concerns. Like Topsy, Hull "just growed," is without a single park, and presents a somewhat sordid appearance. Looking above and beyond the handiwork of man, however, the eye strikes the heavily wooded slopes of the Laurentian range, which form a beautiful background such as only nature unassisted can provide. Coming in from the north, about a mile eastward, tumbles the tempestuous Gatineau. A short distance farther east the Rideau River flows in from the south, dropping in silvery falls from the top of the steep cliff above. The early *voyageurs* saw in these falls a resemblance to a pair of flowing lawn curtains, hence the name.

Continuing eastward beyond the Rideau, standing in large natural grounds, is Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General; and still farther beyond is Rockliffe Park following the bank of the river for a mile or more, a natural preserve of hill and forest.

Southward, the city stretches away for several miles on an undulating plain, broken by the devious course of the Rideau. The streets run parallel and at right angles to the river, thickly lined with great trees, principally maples and elms. Like a ribbon strung through the city runs the Rideau Canal to drop by a series of locks into the Ottawa River a short distance east of Parliament Hill. On the side of the canal opposite the parliament buildings is the beautiful Chateau Laurier, its early French Renaissance style of architecture harmonizing well with its surroundings. It was built in 1912 by the Grand Trunk Railway Company as a link in that company's chain of hotels; but with the transfer of the ownership of the Grand Trunk Railway to the people of Canada the hotel passed to them also. Behind the Chateau is Major's Hill Park; by a steel suspension bridge spanning a ravine down which has been built a roadway, access is obtained to another beautiful park comprising a bold promontory known as Nepean Point. Near the extremity and on the highest spot, facing appropriately westward, is erected a statue of Samuel de Champlain, the intrepid soldier, explorer and navigator, who ascended the Ottawa in 1613 and who in all probability would have chosen this point as a suitable spot from which to observe the course ahead, particularly as the roar of a mighty waterfall would have been audible to him for some distance down the river.

Turning to the westward, the mist and spray of the falls are visible, although greatly diminished since the days of Champlain by reason of a restraining dam and closely crowding power plants. The city also stretches out along the river for several miles westward. Looking farther west yet an island-studded lake, formed by an enlargement of the river, is seen.



Locks on the Rideau Canal at Ottawa. Major's Hill Park in the foreground at right; Nepean Point in right background.

Like Washington, Ottawa's selection was the result of compromise. The ancient capital of Canada—if the word "ancient" may with propriety be applied to anything in a country so young, historically, as Canada—was Quebec; and after the British conquest in 1763 the seat of government remained in that city. In 1791, however, the colony was divided into two provinces, Upper and Lower Canada, and, of course, each province had a capital of its own. Quebec continued to be the capital of Lower Canada and Toronto became the capital of Upper Canada. After the rebellion of 1837 the two provinces were reunited and a single capital again became necessary. Kingston, doubtless because of its proximity to the provincial border, was selected by the Governor-General. In the second session of the legislative assembly held in the new capital, however, a resolution was passed by an overwhelming majority protesting against the seat of government being continued at Kingston. Charles Dickens visited it in that year and gives a very unfavorable picture of Canada's capital at that time: "Indeed," he wrote, "it may be said of Kingston that one-half of it appears to be burned down, and the other half not built up." Opinion being apparently so unanimous on this point, it is not surprising that the capital was soon transferred to Montreal.

Montreal remained the seat of government from 1843 to 1849, but in the latter year a mob, as a means of expressing its disapproval of a certain measure that had passed the legislature, burned down the parliament buildings and attacked Lord Elgin, the Governor-General. After this, parliament met alternately for four-year periods at Quebec and Toronto. Obviously, a perambulatory capital must be but a temporary makeshift. It satisfied no one. Finally, in 1857, the legislature adopted an address requesting Queen Victoria to select a permanent site for the capital. The queen, of course, acted on the advice of her adviser, the Governor-General of Canada, Sir Edmund Head, who suggested Ottawa. This choice was almost as unpopular as was Kingston 17 years earlier. On July 28, 1858, the legislature passed a resolution: "That it is the opinion of this house that the city of Ottawa ought not to be the permanent seat of government for the province." One member of the assembly argued against the choice of Ottawa on the ground that "it was near the confines of civilization." The constituents of a district in Lower Canada memorialized their member to the effect that he "would most basely and shamefully sacrifice the interests of his constituents if he did not strive during the present session to make Montreal the seat of government." But wiser counsels prevailed and the choice of Ottawa was finally ratified by the assembly; although only by a very slim majority.

There was, however, in addition to the probably natural rivalry of larger and much more important cities, a certain amount of justification for a great deal of the opposition to the selection of Ottawa. At that time the best that could be said for Ottawa was that it was a more or less prosperous lumbering town of a few thousand inhabitants. And the critic who referred to it as being "near the confines of civilization" was not very far from the truth. Its undoubted natural beauty had been very largely ignored and in some cases even marred by the haphazard manner in which its streets had been laid out. The beauties with which nature has endowed Ottawa, however, have become more evident as the city becomes more worthy of the grandeur of its setting, and today there is a very general satisfaction throughout Canada with the selection of 1858.

Canada, too, has increased in size and importance since that date. In 1867 the British North American colonies took the first step toward nationhood. To Upper Canada (Ontario) and Lower Canada (Quebec) the maritime provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were added. In 1870 Manitoba entered confederation; in 1871 the Pacific province of British Columbia became part of the Dominion; and two years later the province of Prince Edward Island, lying in the Atlantic, also joined. In 1905 two new provinces were created out of what had been previously known as the Northwest Territories; and so today Ottawa is the capital city of the largest country, territorially, in the world, comprising nine provinces, but as yet consisting of less than 9,000,000 people.

In many ways it was fitting that the capital of Canada should be built on the banks of the historic Ottawa River. Almost every inch of it is associated in an intimate manner with some incident of note in early Canadian history. Along its course the Algon-

(Concluded on page 11)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 20, March 11, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

Too Much to Ask?

HERE'S hoping for a silent political campaign this year! It's the off year and the great political parties should rehearse for 1924 by trying out a congressional campaign devoid of political buncombe.

The United States has suffered bravely under a century and more of written and spoken politics. In the early years of the nineteenth century, political speakers in America gave such exhibitions of oracular eagle-screaming that they sent Charles Dickens back to write the bitter caricature, Martin Chuzzlewit, which has colored the British viewpoint on this country until today. Subsequent to the Civil War, came the crop of soldier statesmen whose stentorian platitudes echoed from the rafters for 30 years.

The Rooseveltian era brought a brief period of concreteness to political utterances, and during the last few years the empty-seat handicap has had a bear influence on the platform oratory industry. But there has been a vast increase in written buncombe.

Millions of dollars were spent in 1920 in showering upon the defenseless public tons of canned propaganda.

No person with a grain of sense believes that this great volume of print paper affects seriously one per cent of the vote. There are scores upon scores of influences that affect electors' actions. Hard times, creed, color, ancestry, gossip, war records, personality of candidates—occasionally the publicly proclaimed campaign issue—all combine in swaying the individual elector's judgment when he or she is alone in the election booth. Many of these influences are improper, un-American; but they are influences just the same.

But among all, the canned propaganda has the least effect. Whatever it may say, to whomsoever it may be addressed, the chances are great that the only judgment it will have a chance to prejudice is that of the janitor as he empties the waste basket.

As long as there are those among us who like to hear their own voices—and there is no race suicide among such people—it is to be feared that politics will be a source of continuous propaganda.

But there is no harm in hoping anyhow. So, once again:

Here's to a bunk-less campaign.

Good News from Monte Carlo

DISPATCHES from Monte Carlo to the daily press summarize the results of the searching investigation being made into immigration by America's special high commissioner on immigration, Lillian Russell.

Miss Russell is our ablest former actress now engaged in solving the immigration problem for the President and Congress. The press dispatches announce that Miss Russell participated enthusiastically in the carnival at Nice. Her inquiries concluded, she moved on down the Mediterranean shores to the principality of Monaco, where she continued her studies.

State and labor department higher-ups have not disclosed the reason of the lady commissioner's close attention to affairs in Monaco. It is presumed, however, that Miss Russell is formulating a system whereby the American poker-player may avert the menace of a sudden onslaught of Monaco' immigrants, carrying roulette wheels.

The press dispatches say that Miss Russell thinks it too bad that wicked passport brokers have fooled prospective immigrants with the claim that they can show them how to dodge the American laws. She pictures movingly the deep disappointment of these defectives on reaching Ellis Island to learn that their careful schooling in violating American law has been a failure.

Miss Russell is determined to continue vigorously in her work of solving the immigration problem. By the time the winter is over, she may have the entire Riviera problem solved. Later in the season there will be Ostend, Dieppe, Maisons-Lafitte, and other places where the foreigner question will have to be considered.

Miss Russell wore a princess model of Duchess satin with Valenciennes lace and carried white spray orchids while solving the Monaco problem.

Very Free Verse

IT WOULD be interesting to know the criteria by which the *Nation's* poetry prize this year was awarded to Martin Feinstein. By any ordinary canons of criticism, the lines which so audaciously bear the name of Tennyson's immortal epic could not be included in literature at all, to say nothing of "poetry."

If the line is to be drawn between literature and clinical reports or pathological analyses, surely it must be drawn at the Feinstein effort.

Feinstein's "In Memoriam" is an attempt to bespatter with trench filth a name sacred to the great majority of the people of America. No least sense of shame seems to restrain a strange blasphemous impulse to misuse of the name of the Founder of the Christian Faith. Here is a recurring refrain:

Eh-oh, my brother Jesus,
They rigged you up in state,
In a khaki coat and a gun to tote,
Did they think you could learn to hate?

He goes on to identify Jesus with "a guy" discovered to be dead. Whereupon it is conjectured:

Or maybe he wasn't Jesus at all,
But a thief or a pimp in a dancing hall.

As we are told that the prize-winner is a graduate of the University of Michigan, where he taught rhetoric for three years, and is now on the staff of the Jewish *Menorah Journal* to which he has contributed verse, this singular offensiveness is not to be attributed to any lack of literary skill and training. Indeed, in several of the quatrains he betrays touches of rare delicacy and the poem as a whole would be an impressive protest against war's sordidness and horror, but for the inexcusable interpolations cited.

Renewing Our Debts

ONE thing that stands out in the latest annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury is that the present administration is committed to the policy of refunding, rather than paying, the unbonded public debt as these obligations mature. It is a policy irresistibly suggestive of Mr. Wilkins Micawber paying one note by giving another and thanking God that the debt was paid!

While Mr. Mellon's advocacy or opposition to this or that measure of taxation is important, it is not conclusive. Congress and the people have the last say in regard to tax measures. It is otherwise with the present Treasury policy of rediscounting, instead of paying, the short-term public debt as it becomes due. In this matter, the Secretary has authority to act without consulting Congress, and he is acting straight ahead day by day.

All the more reason that public opinion should be informed of what is going on. Since the war started, and up to October 31, 1921, the United States Treasury has issued $51,327,777,903 in short-term obligations of one sort or another. The total is a staggering one, but it is verified by official data. It is to be taken into account, however, that most of this total has gone into renewals or new securities to take the place of maturing unbonded debt. Instead of paying off these temporary loans, the Treasury borrowed again and again. Its method has been that of the man having a 60-day note at the bank and who instead of paying it when it becomes due renews, that is, rediscounts it, and keeps up that process indefinitely. As every business man knows, it is a very extravagant way of financing any business. In the case of a great and wealthy government, there is even less excuse for it than in that of the small or large merchant.

At the close of the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1921, a total of about seven and a half billion dollars (in a total of $24,000,000,000 in round numbers) of public debt was represented in short-term obligations that might be likened to the merchant's 60-day notes at the bank. We are constantly renewing at heavy cost our unbonded debt as it becomes due. At present the interest charges cost the taxpayers more than a billion dollars a year—a sum equal to the total budget a few years ago. If even one-half the floating debt that will mature and should be paid in the next 30 months were included in the budget for the coming year, it would total nearly seven billion dollars. That may be one reason for sliding it along into the future. Then again, the marketing of these short-term Treasury Certificates of Indebtedness is very profitable for the big banks. That may be another reason.

Mr. Mann States the Case

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES R. MANN, of Illinois, probably bites the coins returned to him in change. Then he doubtless lets them fall on the counter to determine whether they ring true.

At least he manifests in Congress a most complete disrespect for the political amenities that require our governmental institutions and imposing personalities to be looked up to with profound reverence. Nothing is better settled in American life than that the utterances and deeds, self-accredited to particular personages, are actually the products of their brains and brawn. It would be *lese majeste* to suggest that some obscure $60-a-month clerk in a government department actually worked out changes, whereby the department head was able modestly to confess credit to the general public for saving the people millions.

But Representative Mann seems to have rubbed against surrounding officialdom so much that he has rubbed all the glitter off.

Congress was considering a bill for the exchange between the Federal Government and New York City of sites for a post office and a courthouse. A high-sounding amendment provided that the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney-General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of Commerce and the Secretary of Labor, be named as a commission to confer and examine and arrange for the exchange.

"Not one of these cabinet members will ever look at these sites," glumly suggested Mr. Mann, "unless they want a nice trip over to New York, which they can get anyhow. It will be a subordinate official who recommends the change. If I thought the five Cabinet members were to serve on such a commission, I would be against the bill; they have something better to do."

Another representative pointed out that the fact there were five cabinet officers members of the commission instead of three was the result of the Postmaster-General's own suggestion.

"Oh," continued the iconoclastic Mr. Mann, "the Postmaster-General has not been worth a five-cent piece since he has been Postmaster-General. He does not know anything about the Post Office Department; and for one, I am mighty glad he is getting out of it. His only object has been to be extravagant in his own personal relations with the government. Long-distance telephoning is his main long suit. I am only speaking of his official duties. I can say this, having no postmaster to be appointed."

The Practice of Law

WHEN the leader of the American bar argues with forceful logic, and when the holder of the foremost judicial position in American life gives utterance to his profound opinion, the nation gives respectful attention.

Elihu Root and William Howard Taft, appearing before the American Bar Association, contended that to uphold the standards of the legal profession, more rigid requirements for admission to the bar should be enforced. The two learned gentlemen pointed out that the profession had been flooded during recent years with a horde of undesirable, commercially-inclined individuals, little above the grade of shysters, who were lowering the plane of justice and honesty, established by early American jurists and lawyers.

They suggested as a cure for this condition, the requirement of from two to four years of college or university training, prior to a three or four-year course in law school.

The reasoning with which the distinguished lawyers argue their case is almost unanswerable. Unfortunately for their contention, however, American law is not a matter of present-day logic. Law is interpreted according to judicial precedent. And when we consult the authorities on the question of the college courses necessary for proper training for the law as a profession, we are confronted immediately by the cases of Abraham Lincoln, Henry Clay, William Wirt, Patrick Henry, Thomas E. Cooley, John Marshall and others of similar purport. While these cases are not authority for the assumption that a college literary course is not advantageous, they would seem to dispose of the contention that absence of it should deprive a person of any hope to realize an ambition for the law.

It would seem wise to deny the request of Mr. Root and the learned Chief Justice. This denial will, of course, be without prejudice to their privilege to appear again before the court of public opinion with legal and practicable suggestions for raising the plane of the law and other professions and businesses by surrounding American citizenship with safeguards which will halt the encroachments of those alien elements which threaten it.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHAT portion of progress is due to effort, and what portion to the pressure of destiny, no one can say. It is certain, however, that not all progress is due to conscious effort, whatever the impudent philosophy of the times may say to the contrary. There is a mixture of the two forces; it may be that there is a coincidence of human effort and destiny, so that when the universe begins to urge, man begins to will. Certainly progress cannot be forced upon those who are unable to receive it, and it is equally certain that mankind is not wise enough to know in what direction progress ought to be made. There is a mixture of exterior guidance and interior desire. In the midst of an age that has witnessed the most incomprehensible changes in human conditions, only a certain racial element in the world has been able to feel and follow the urgings of destiny: that is another fact.

It is not necessary, however, to chart the whole wide sweep of destiny before we can become able to understand certain matters near at hand. In our own affairs, in our own time, it must be clear to us that progress rarely comes of the adventurous will of man—taking mankind in the mass—but as the result of some kind of outward pressure. Men are pushed ahead oftener than they go ahead of their own will—that is, mankind in the mass.

The pressure may sometimes be due to the appearance of a new personality with a new idea, or it may be due to a combination of circumstances too big for any person to cause or control. An illustration of the first may be found in the inventor who throws a new idea into the midst of society, forcing society to reorganize certain activities around that invention as a high point. That has happened several times in the lives of men still in middle age.

But the other pressure—that generated by circumstance—is the clearer illustration of the dependence of progress on outside influences.

Take the political and economic condition of the country today. No one can say, with any conviction in his voice or his heart, that the present condition is irremediable. No one can pretend to say with wisdom that there is nothing to do but wait. But every one knows in his mind and in his heart—that is, by both his thoughtful mind and his instinct—that none of the old remedies will work the cure. And every one knows just as surely that the old remedies will be dropped only under compulsion.

Well, there will undoubtedly be compulsion. Not the mistimed compulsion of revolutionary violence, nor the impatient imbecility of illiterate usurpation, but the compulsion of events. When old-era men attempt to grapple with new-era problems, something inevitably happens. Instead of the men solving the problems, the problems dissolve the men.

It is probably necessary that this process should appear between the old era and the new, because it has a preparatory value. The tree never easily lets go its leaves until the old leaves cease to serve and the new leaves begin to press in. Society holds hard to the old until the pressure of the new pushes it off.

What we shall witness now will be the public discrediting of old-era minds and old-era measures, not because of ill-will but because of their inability to accomplish the things that must be done before the country can move forward. We are in a quiet time before two seasons. There is no excitement, no bated hush of tense expectancy—the people feel that the words, words, words, and the pose, and the make-believe, and the soothing sirups of oratory, promise and legislation are now utterly useless; and they simply wait without rancor, without bitterness until the old political practitioners find it out.

The people are wise with a wisdom that does not early find its way into words. And the people know better than to blame the men in office. They know that the men in office would do the deed if they could—would do it only because it would be "good politics," if for no other reason, but they also know that the men in office cannot act because they do not know how.

Formerly the people were angered at incompetency in office, at the discrepancy between promise and performance. They are angry no longer. They know now that it is not because the men in office *will* not, but because they *cannot,* however hard they may try. The old-era knowledge is not wide enough to reach round the new-era tasks.

To know that we have come to the end of our resources within a given circle, is to know something worth while. If the old circle is barren, nothing is left but to break into a newer and wider circle, and that is exactly what will occur under the pressure of the circumstances which are now piling upon us. Responsible officials are waiting for something to happen, praying for some issue to turn up, that will give them a cue how to act. But there will be no such luck. The old system is going out of business; there is no cure but the wisdom to welcome the new era, which will not alone solve our present problems but abolish them utterly. No people in our stage of development has any right to have the kind of problems that we have! They don't belong to civilized mankind.

WE SHALL not make any progress by trying to solve New Era Problems with Old Era Men or Methods. The people know this by instinct. That is why they expect so little from the rulers of the country. Formerly the people could charge corruption as the cause of political inefficiency; but now they know it is only sheer incompetency. Our officials would do better if they only knew how, but they belong to the old era and they don't know —they will not learn that old things have passed away, and they have not the understanding to fall in with the new. But the people know that new men will come to fit the new time. Then our present problems will not only be solved, but abolished.

It was very nice to be a politician and officeholder fifty, or even twenty, years ago, when so much could be done by a deft speech or a skillful bit of legislation. Those were the good old days when legal enactment could soothe almost any hurt. But that day is past. The political day is past. The day of speeches on the stump and bills in the legislature is past. *Because,* the circle in which these charms worked has fulfilled its destiny. A new and wider circle waits.

The tragedy of present-day politics is that, with the most desperate need of party salvation on all sides, the party men cannot see what they must do to be saved. And could they see it they would not do it. The old era has them in too fast a grip, and all the powers that are to collapse with its passing.

That is where the pressure of destiny will come in. This state of things will continue. The rulers will become more and more bewildered by their incompetence. The so-called masters of finance and economics will try all their erstwhile fruitful tricks in vain. There will be conferences on this and that, and agreements to this and that, and great trumpet announcements of this and that, but nothing will move. We have just had a great peace conference—two of them, in fact, and there has been great hurrah, but not a single voice brave enough to propose to make profit impossible in war. Not a single voice hardy enough to attack the only modern cause for war between civilized nations!

But circumstances will steadily press. Men and measures will give up and disappear. And then, silently out of the long preparation of obscurity, the new era will come—doing the very things the present rulers say is impossible. Money fictions upset; political bogies brushed away; economic tangles found to be very simple knots demanding a little honesty and a little humanity for their untying. And it will be done.

The people who will do it are here. The vast majority of plain people are new-era folks. They know already that the old way is forever finished. The soil for the new time comprises practically all of the people. The last act is being given on the governmental stage, where in the sight of heaven and earth the old era is being tried and condemned on the simple charge of incompetency.

Lost Pages of American History Are Found

Old Diaries Reveal How Adventurers Found and Lost California

By HARRY H. DUNN

NOT all the romances of the world are in books. The greatest of them, since the days when the Aryans brought the first copper kettles out of Asia, were written with swords, whose hilts, by the way, were fashioned after the Cross, on the human parchment of the lands of sunshine of the New World. Of many of these, indeed, of some of the most important, there is not now, and probably never has been, any written record, yet each of them is a letter, a figure, a symbol of some kind in the sentence that explains just why Spain made such a success in the New World, and by just what means the Maya, Nahua, Yuma and other Indian empires and kingdoms fell before the advance of expeditions whose white members could be counted on the fingers of a man's hands.

The tales of the master adventurers, such as Cortez, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Narvaez, or the Pizarro brothers, are told in every language under the sun, but ever and anon there comes to the light the magic tale of another adventurer, riding beneath the banners of Castile and Aragon into a hitherto untold romance. Read, for instance, that it was Ortega, the sergeant, and not Portola, the commander, who in reality was the first to see San Francisco Bay; and that it was the advice of Malintze, the Indian light-'o-love, rather than that of Cristobal de Olid or Pedro de Alvarado, which enabled Hernando Cortez to overcome the Nahua Empire. Just recently, another of these romances of the most romantic days of American history was unearthed in the cobwebbed files of an ancient library in Mexico, by an American historian, a romance which is of the greatest interest to Americans, because it binds into the volume of American history the records of four years which had been, to all intents and purposes, lost. It is of still further interest because it reveals one of the reasons for the loss to Spain of the great and rich borderland on the Pacific, now known as California. It consists of the diaries of Juan Bautista de Anza, the first white man to enter California from the eastern side, the first to lead an expedition across the Colorado desert, and the first of the *conquistadores* to cross the wall of the Sierras into the garden lands of Southern California.

Out from the Spanish presidio of Tubac, south of Tucson, Arizona, then a part of Mexico, came Lieutenant-Colonel Anza, in 1774, bound on the mission of finding a way to the Spanish presidio at Monterey, California. Making his way to the coast of the Pacific —then called "The Philippine Ocean"—Anza returned, and, in 1776, starting this time from Horcasitas, in the state of Sonora, Mexico, once more braved the "mysterious land of the giants," as the unknown desert was called, and led a party of colonists into California. From these colonists, and from the soldiers who accompanied them, sprang some of the proudest families of early days in California. Not a few of the towns of the California of today still bear the names of the families these colonists and men-at-arms from distant Horcasitas founded out on the shores of the Sunset Sea.

One of these diaries was written by Anza himself. It pertains more to the financing, the mounting, the feeding, the clothing, the arming, and similar details of the expeditions. Other diaries, written by the *padres* who accompanied the expeditions, Font and Garces by name, tell more of the details of the marches, the character of the lands visited for the first time by white men, and the Indians, from the Yumas, and their great chief Ollyquotequieba, whom the Spaniards rechristened "Salvador Palma," to the christianized natives at the coastal missions. Seldom have more interesting or more valuable historical documents been found; certainly no historical discovery of recent years is of more importance than this, for, during the period of Spanish occupation and extension of which these diaries tell, the young United States was restricted to the country east of the Mississippi River, and had no means of knowing of the important movements going on in the remote Southwest.

The man who has done the most to unearth these lost pages of American history is Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, head of the department of history at the University of California, and the foremost authority in the United States on the history of the Southwest under Spanish domination—the "tale of the Spanish borderlands," as he poetically calls it. For a number of years Dr. Bolton has been delving in the myriad records of the sixteenth, seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, buried in the unexplored *bibliotecas* of the larger Mexican cities, such as Guadalajara, San Luis Potosi, Mexico City, and even that storm-center of early military action in Mexico, Queretaro. He it was, also, who found the long-lost autobiography of Father Kino, founder of many Jesuit missions in the Southwest, a memoir which some historians went so far as to say never had been written, yet which proved, when Dr. Bolton found and translated it, to be one of the most thrilling of all the hidden romances and tales of adventure in the entire book of Spanish domination in the New World.

Not satisfied, however, with merely finding the diaries of Anza and his priests, Dr. Bolton is now engaged in "back-tracking" the Spanish explorer, from the point at which Anza set up the cross and founded the city of San Francisco, to his starting points at Tubac and Horcasitas. Taking as companions W. C. Paden, Jr., and Dr. C. W. Neff, the California historian has followed this trail, locating its exact route, finding and using the camping places where the Spaniard stopped, traveling through the mountain passes by which Anza entered California, and photographing points of identification and of interest. At the end of the 1921 vacation, when he had to return to the University of California to take charge of his classes, Dr. Bolton had carried the trail of the *conquistador* back as far as the western rim of the Imperial Valley. This summer, they plan to follow it across the desert, down into old Mexico, back up into the United States, across the Colorado at Yuma, the point at which Anza crossed the stream, and on down to the end of the quest at Horcasitas.

Reconstructing the trail of an explorer and marking it, much as one might mark an automobile road, seems a new method of establishing the accuracy of written history, and one of value, for already Dr. Bolton has found many errors in the beliefs held as to the route followed by Anza and his diary-writing *padres*. One of these errors is the statement widely advertised by a certain railroad that its tracks follow the Anza trail through San Gorgonio Pass in the Southern California mountains. As a matter of fact, Anza never saw San Gorgonio Pass, but entered Southern California through another gap. His exact route from the Mexican border, according to the diaries, was along the eastern foothills of the Sierras to Borrego Valley, up Coyote Canyon to the junction of Horse, Tule and Nance canyons. "From this point," says Dr. Bolton, "Anza climbed the steep ridge which separates Tule from Nance Canyon, traversed its entire length of five or six miles, and emerged at the head of Nance Canyon, through a pass which he named San Carlos. The pass now opens into the horse corral of Fred Clark, a mountain rancher, who lives on the historic trail. In the rocks above this gap, smoke-walled cliff dwellings are still to be seen.

"Anza then crossed the plateau, a distance of 15 or 20 miles, and then descended Bautista Canyon and camped on the San Jacinto River, near the present town bearing the same name. Thence he passed on through the San Jacinto Valley to the present site of the city of Riverside, near which he crossed the Santa Ana River, and thereafter made his way to the mission of San Gabriel, a few miles from the present city of Los Angeles. From there, the expeditions followed the known route used by the *padres* and the Spanish soldiers to the presidio of Monterey."

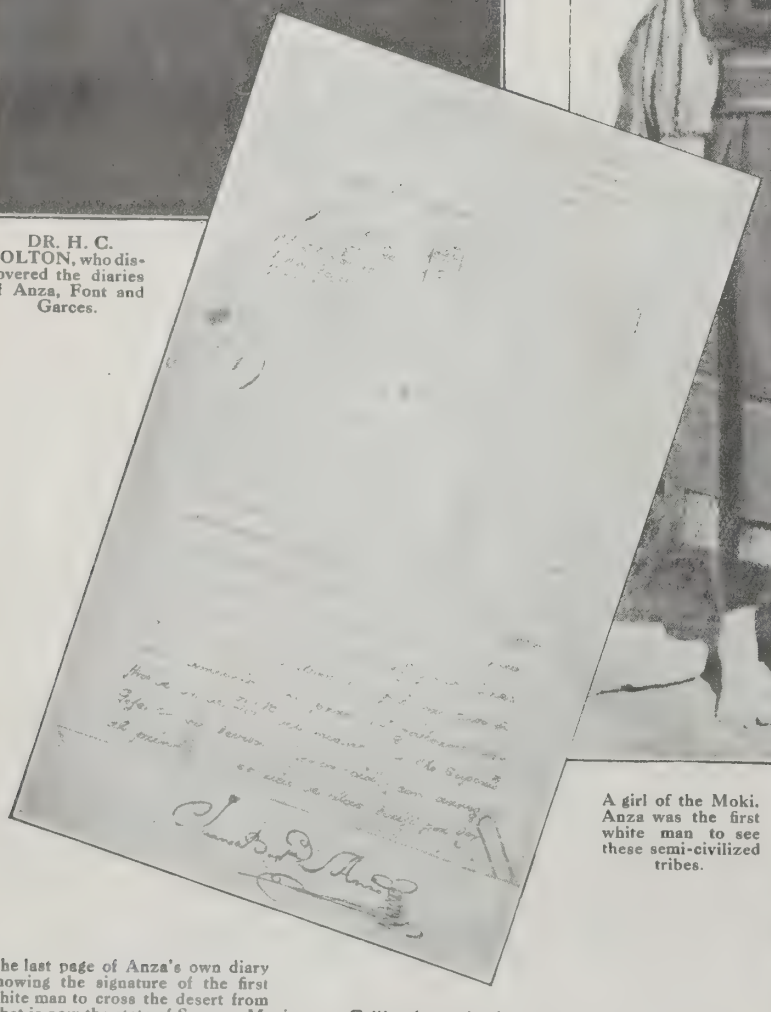
When Dr. Bolton and his associates have completed their "back-tracking" of the long-gone Juan Bautista de Anza, they will carry the matter of the trail to the head organization of the Native Sons of the Golden West, which plans to set up monuments along the famous path, which, for some distance through the



DR. H. C. BOLTON, who discovered the diaries of Anza, Font and Garces.



A girl of the Moki. Anza was the first white man to see these semi-civilized tribes.



The last page of Anza's own diary showing the signature of the first white man to cross the desert from what is now the state of Sonora, Mexico, to California, and who was the founder of San Francisco—Juan Bautista de Anza.



Drs. Bolton and Paden and their pack animals "back-tracking" Anza across the desert.

mountains, follows an Indian trail hundreds, if not thousands, of years old. Among the many other interesting revelations made by these diaries is that showing the action, or rather lack of action, which contributed to the ultimate loss of California by Spain. When Anza penetrated Pimeria, as all the country north and west of his starting place at Tubac was called, he encountered, along the east bank of the Colorado River, the powerful tribe of Indians known as the Yumas, gathered into a sort of kingdom, under the chief, who, as has been said, was named Palma, by the Spaniards, owing to their inability to pronounce his name in the language of the Yumas. This Palma led his people into strong friendship with the white men, furnishing them with food, guiding them to fords in the river, showing them the way to the waterholes in the desert, and sending Indian hunters as guides with them as far as the territory of the Cajuenches, a tribe dwelling further to the west.

In return for these favors, Palma asked that the Spaniards, on their return to Tubac, send priests to establish missions in the territory of the Yumas, so that the Indians might be taught the arts of building and agriculture. Anza promised to do this, and kept his promise, but his superiors in Mexico delayed action on his recommendations, until, when the missions finally were established on the Rio Colorado, the Yumas had tired of waiting, set upon the priests and killed them and wrecked the buildings.

"If we do not keep our word with these Indians, who are now our friends," wrote Anza to Mexico City, "they will turn against us and will prevent our keeping open the land route to California."

Anza's words seem to have been inspired by a considerable degree of foresight, for the Yumas under Palma did rise and did close the land route to California, thereby leaving to Spain only the long, uncertain and dangerous sea route from the ports on the west coast of Mexico to San Diego, Monterey and San Francisco. This virtually cut off California from the seat of Spanish government in the New World, in Mexico City, and allowed the Pacific Coast borderland to fall to whatever other government cared to take it. As a consequence, too, California, in Spanish days, never acquired more than a slender and scattered population. Once closed to Spain with Anza's last passage over it, this land route was never reopened; indeed, it is not improbable that Dr. Bolton and his companions are the first who have traversed all of the Anza trail since that doughty warrior of old Spain followed it back to Horcasitas a century and a half ago.

Thrilling as was Anza's first march across the "mysterious land of the giants," over the Sierras and down to the shore of the Pacific, his second trip, at the head of the colonists who were to hold Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) and establish there a city, is made even more interesting by the greater wealth of detail which Padre Font puts into his account of it. This second expedition, according to Dr. Bolton's translation, consisted of 240 persons and 1,055 animals. Officers of the expedition were Lieutenant-Colonel Juan Bautista de Anza, commander; Padre Pedro Font, chaplain; Padre Francisco Garces and Padre Tomas Eixarch, aides to Padre Font; Mariano Vidal, purveyor; Josef Joachim Moraga, lieutenant, and second in command; 18 veteran soldiers for escort duty; 20 recruits for the Monterey garrison; 29 wives of soldiers; 136 children; four volunteer settlers and their families; 20 muleteers, three *vaqueros* (cowboys); four servants, and three Indian interpreters. Last, but not least, as told in the diary, came also one widow, "traveling of her own account and at her own expense." She created more excitement on the trip than all the remainder of the party combined, not even the four children born on the journey being worth so much space, in the opinion of the good Padre Font, as this flashing-eyed relict of some Spaniard of Horcasitas. Just what became of the dashing widow is not stated, but as the fate of those who perished on the way is told in detail, it is to be inferred that she reached California, and continued to be the life of the party there, as on the 1,200-mile journey.

The party traveled in military order, like a small army on the march, and Padre Font describes the start and some of the progress as follows:

"At a suitable hour the horses and mules were brought up and each person went out to take his animals, the muleteers the mules, and the soldiers and servants the horses for themselves and their families. While they packed and saddled, I usually said mass, as there was sufficient time for that. When the animals were ready to start, the commander said, 'Mount'! We all mounted our horses, and the march began, the line being formed in this manner:

"In front went four soldiers to spy out the road. The commander followed, at the head of the vanguard. Then I came. After me followed the men, women and children, with the soldiers who went to escort and take care of their families. Then came the rear guard and the lieutenant. Behind, generally, came the pack animals, and after them the loose horses and last of all the cattle, altogether forming a very long line.

"As soon as we began the march, I intoned the 'Alabado,' and all the people responded. This was done on every day of the march. As soon as the halting place was reached, after all the people had alighted, the lieutenant went to report to the commander whether all had arrived, or whether anything had been left behind, so that he might order what was to be done. At night, the people recited the 'Rosary' in their huts by families, and at the end sang the 'Alabado,' or the 'Salve,' or something else, each family in its own way producing in this variety a very pleasing effect.

"As there was a very large number of people, when we halted, the camp resembled a town, with the huts made by the soldiers with their cloaks, blankets and branches of trees, and especially with the field tents, of which there were 13—nine for the soldiers, one for the lieutenant, one for Fathers Garces and Tomas, one for me, and one large round tent for the commander."

Shortly after leaving the Colorado River and striking out into the desert, it was found that the water holes were so few, so far apart, and carried such an inadequate amount of water, that it was necessary to divide the party into three groups, so that all might not arrive simultaneously at one water hole, but should reach it at such intervals that there would be time between arrivals for the holes to refill with water. In some places, Anza had wells dug, and Dr. Bolton and his companions found two or three of these still furnishing water.

The modern explorers, "back-trailing" the eighteenth century adventurer, found springs which are mentioned in the diaries, and at one of them a willow tree growing in exactly the same location with respect to the spring as a similar tree of the same variety, which grew on the same spot when the Anza expeditions stopped at the spring. That this is not the same willow, however, is proved by a passage in Padre Font's diary, which records that he, being ahead of the commander a distance of two or three leagues, "carved a message concerning some hostile Indians," for Anza to read, "on the trunk of a willow, which we peeled for the purpose of giving us a white space on which to carve the message of warning." Such a carving would have raised a welt or scar of some sort on the tree, but no such scar exists on the willow of today, though the spring is still there, also a small Indian village near it.

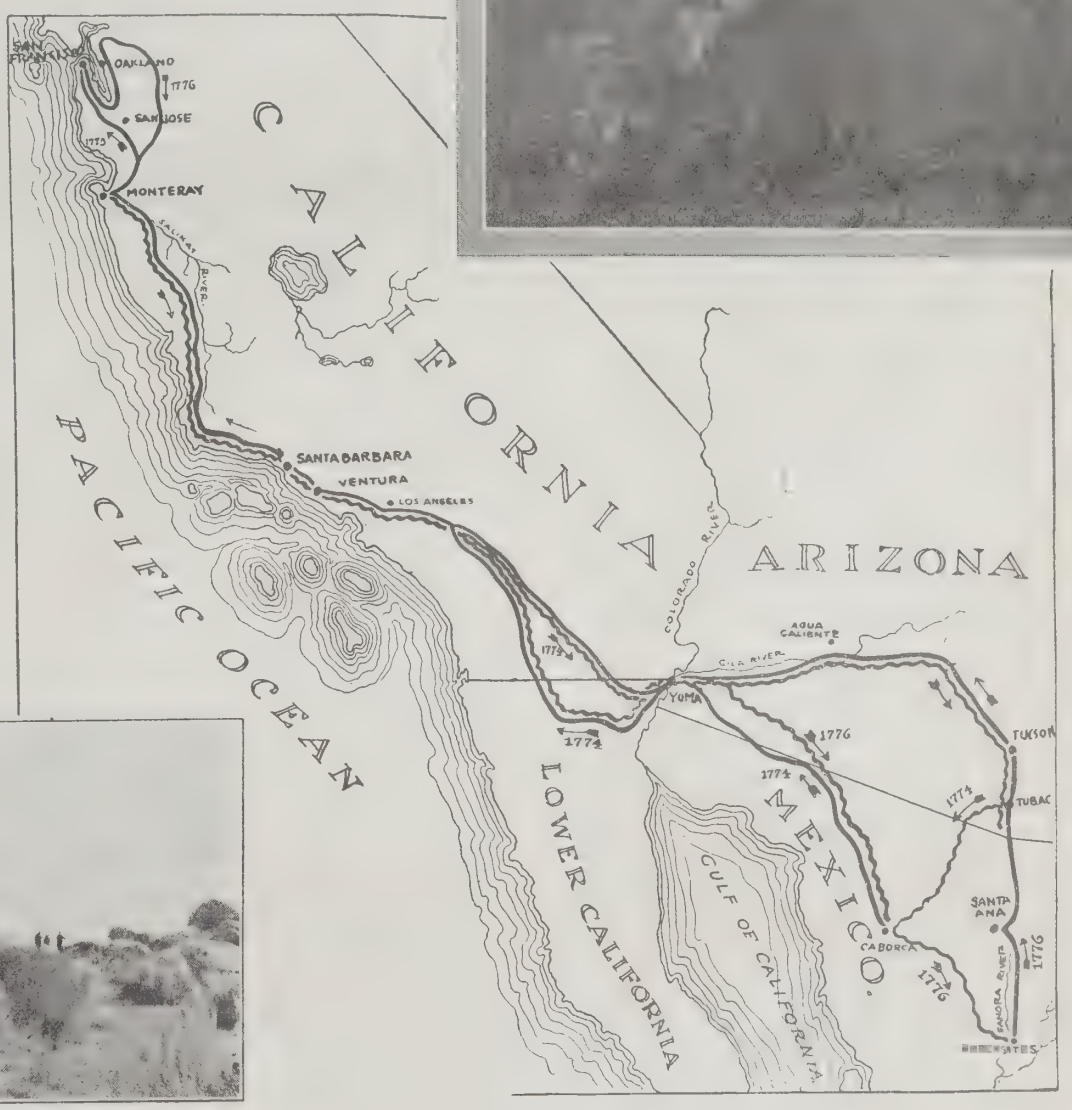
Anza's line of march, as determined by Dr. Bolton, after the expedition had left the Pimeria and entered the Papagueria—namely, the land of the Papagos—when it crossed the Altar River in Sonora, Mexico, at the mission of Caborca, January 22, was as follows:

Entering the United States, the route leads from the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, south into Mexico again, to round a long, low range of moving sand hills, westward of what is now the Imperial Valley, and then on through the mountains as previously described. Anza reached the junction of the Gila and the Colorado, on February 7, 1774, on his first trip into the unknown desert. He found the Colorado River only three and one-half feet deep, but 570 feet wide. He notes that at what is now Yuma, Arizona, stood an Indian *rancheria* (village). This had been named San Dionision by Father Kino, who visited this place in 1701, but then turned southward into Mexico, and so did not enter what is now California. Anza notes the great gorge of the Colorado River, "coming out of the purple mountains," and names several peaks, now well known to travelers on transcontinental railroads. The Yumas aided him materially, and showed him every kindness. He estimates these Indians as numbering 3,500, with fertile, well-cultivated farms, on which they grew corn, wheat, beans, squashes and melons.

Anza pressed on to San Francisco Bay where he planted a large wooden cross on the point of land which projected out into the Golden Gate from the south. This point he named Punta del Cantil Blanco—Point of the Steep White Rock—but it is now known as Fort Point. There, on the summit of a small plateau overlooking the Pacific and the largest landlocked harbor in the world, Juan Bautista de Anza accomplished the first half of the objective of his 1,200-mile march, when he decreed, in the name of the king of Spain, a settlement and a colony. Later, he was to accomplish the other half of his objective by bringing safely to the Punta del Cantil Blanco the colonists who were to make of this an outpost of Old Spain. Though this became one of the most important, it was by no means the most northerly of the Spanish colonies in the New World, since—though it is not generally known—the Spaniards had an interesting colonial history in what is now British Columbia. But that is another story, also one of Dr. Bolton's searching out, in all its details.

Still other lost pages of history were revealed the past year, when the private papers of Edward M. Kern, containing some of the official documents of Fort Sutter, California, were offered for sale in New York, and eventually purchased by Henry E. Huntington, for $8,400. In these papers are some of the official records of the events which transpired at Fort Sutter during the Bear Flag Revolt, the taking over of California by the Americans, and the fourth Fremont expedition to the Pacific Coast. These documents, some of which were written in 1846 and 1847, disappeared in the mountains of New Mexico, within a year after they were written, according to the man who offered them for sale. Neither the documents themselves, nor Mr. Kern's related papers, reveal when or where they were discovered. Kern was an artist with Fremont's expedition, and, later, was appointed by Fremont to the command of Fort Sutter. One of the important papers in the collection is the original official order of Commodore Sloat raising the American flag and taking possession of California in the name of the United States of America.





Top—JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANZA, from a painting done by an unidentified priest at Tubac. Center—Map showing Anza's routes on his expeditions to California in 1774-76. Bottom—Drs. Bolton, Paden and Neff standing on the exact spot from which Anza, passing through the drouth of the desert and the snows and storms of the mountains, first beheld the sunshine and greenery of Southern California. The path they are on is an Indian trail hundreds of years old.

The "Money Mystery" Baffles the Government

"Gold Fiction" by Politicians Dependent on Financiers for Monetary Counsel

By A. R. PINCI

THE National Monetary Commission was the last of many sporadic attempts made by the Government of the United States to investigate the mystery of money and its related problems.

Mystery is the right word to use, because politically at Washington the exact nature of money's functions is unknown.

Either from the standpoint of an administration or that of the average Congress, the aggregate knowledge about finance, banking and currency is no greater than that of the great majority of their respective constituent members. Reducing this to a common opinion, as far as this is possible, *it can be safely stated that no matter how high the office, its holder is content to accept the common and current idea about money.* He has no intention to delve into theories of his own, to seek out the history, to separate the true from the false genesis.

Occasionally there appears upon the governing horizon an individual who is recognized as an expert. More probably than not he forces this recognition, an easy thing to do, with almost blind assurance that there is no one foolish enough to dispute whatever contentions are thus advanced. The only measure by which the latter is tested is the reaction upon public opinion, a very unrepresentative plan, since the only reaction manifested will be in financial circles.

The press as a rule will not discuss money. Like the average politician and the average layman and the average professional, the average editor realizes the futility of analyzing the subject, confused by theories and facts adduced throughout several centuries. Moreover, he feels safe in shunning it because of the certainty that most readers are not interested, as nothing about money appeals to them except how to make it quickly. As a topic it is disguised as "cost of living."

International Bankers Control Our Money Ideas

THE financial world, however, keenly scenting the political breath, reacts at once. This reaction varies. It ignores, it objects, it approves. Sometimes it misses its point, but without serious results. What happens thereafter is obvious. If it is a routine administrative matter nothing is done. If it is something that the financiers consider as being advantageous to themselves, they support it, overtly or secretly, depending upon the circumstances and the times. If it is against their interests, they object and act accordingly.

From time to time there have been Americans who have gone on record with their views, disputing the present system of finance. It has been, however, the single, unhonored voice. Where it attained the distinction of a hearing, it was dismissed without compliment as revolutionary or radical. This criticism has always been deadly. The mere combination of the two words, "radical" and "money," strikes panic everywhere. Greatly to the advantage of these protected financial interests, they can now point to certain war-ravaged European nations and say triumphantly: "There; they have tried their new notions; there the government is money; see what it has caused?"

Finance as practiced today in the United States is a very poor example of progress. It has not yet reached the point where it consumes itself, but it has virtually stopped reproducing. American finance today yields nothing except to the fortunate few who are not in immediate need. It points to existing ills elsewhere but does not advance any suggestions which might cost money or effort. This is true of the politicians as well as of the financiers whose views they unconsciously reflect.

The hope of displacing London with New York has been frequently uttered; but it is a vain hope. Feeble, almost unnoticeable attempts, have been made by associations to wag the financial dog by its tail, but in every case they have been afraid of both bark and bite. At Washington proud plans have been laid to do by law what could not be done with money, and the results have been nil.

Bankers Lose Most If Gold Standard Goes

SUGGESTIONS have been advanced for the establishment of a great international bank, on a gold basis. The theory is excellent, but the one fact remains—that gold failing to do what it was expected to do at the first serious emergency, it can hardly fulfill expectations through the operation of an experimental organization as that proposed. In setting aside this particular suggestion note should be made that its only weakness is to provide the very metal that for the time being has been set aside in Europe, within certain boundaries.

Dissenters have raised the cry that any attempt to trade with Europe now means the depreciation of our prosperous dollar, whatever a prosperous dollar may be, to the level of worthless money. The point they raise is obvious; but the twist of meaning is even more so. There is, naturally, every reason why the dollar unit of exchange cannot be equalized to depreciated units elsewhere, but apart from this technicality, natural and artificial wealth combined has not depreciated intrinsically.

Whatever difference exists in price unit, beyond the normal and accountable difference of values of a given article as between country and country, is due to the speculation in exchange, and this speculation is possible solely because the fiction that money establishes value is maintained by the money sellers. A pound of French silk or a gallon of Italian olive oil or a dozen German knives are units of wealth the world over, as is the bushel of American flour, subject in each case to the immutable law of supply and demand. If given quantities of these articles were traded in on the basis of ancient barter each trader would receive an adequate value in exchange. As soon, however, as the modern method of finance on the gold basis requires that each article must first be reduced into terms of gold, values are dislocated, and the goldless trader is penalized accordingly.

What is the underlying lesson in all this?

It is that while bankers in general do not regard foreign exchange operations as a very important source of their profits (not in this country in normal times) they see an immediate loss to themselves as soon as a definite attempt is made to suspend the gold standard. Yet suspended it must be, or almost suspended, since Europe will never again have gold enough to restore its own. The Orient is satisfied with silver. Bankers in America cannot retain the gold standard and do business abroad, too. Something must give.

The suggestion arises that the government can and must enter into the breach. The government must, but whether it can or knows how is conjectural. The banks control public opinion. Regardless of the liquidity of our currency under the new laws, the professional dealers in money can instill fear in every voter by the merest hint. It is the weakness of the electorate, as of everybody else, that the pocket can be made to hurt—and financial hypochondria is the biggest card that the banking profession can play.

American banking is essentially a family affair. From the days nearly a century ago, when Nicholas Biddle emerged as a great financier, to this moment, when his descendants are related by blood and other ties to the leading bankers of the East, this small clique has reigned supreme in money matters. This statement should not be taken to signify that these clever individuals have exercised their influence against the good of the nation, but merely that they have held to a single belief—the doctrine which today dictates or regulates every bit of financial legislation enacted at Washington.

This is the silent and powerful wing that is marshaled for attack or defense whenever the Congress of the United States is confronted with the need of remedial laws. But what can Congress do? There is no one else to call. All bankers belong to the same single-track school of thought. The rural banker may not know how to expound his views with the same certainty, deliberation, wording and effect as can his more sophisticated fellow of the metropolis, but the class instinct is cohesive. Whenever an independent voice expresses novel views, reforms, changes, it is smothered by the opposition.

Money—Most Common Thing—Least Understood

THE sovereign voter has no chance. It is his money, but some greater power controls its destiny. For that he has himself to blame, although it is not solely an American shortcoming. Of a thousand who read assiduously the sport pages of the newspapers not one reads the statement of the condition of the Treasury. Some do pay the financial section the honor of a cursory glance, but that is because they may be the proud owners of stock—even if it be the first payment on a single $100 certificate. Yet the latter is essentially a speculative interest; it is not financial analysis.

These negligent individuals do not realize that as taxpayers they are primarily held responsible for the government's success in placing a block of certificates of indebtedness, and that they themselves must pay for the privilege, by devious and hidden ways.

But the situation is difficult to remedy. It is a matter of evolution. *The most commonplace thing in the world—money—is the least understood.* In this country the government has rendered the problem even more difficult by its shortsighted policy. To reform now would be a jolt—and where are the politicians that dare to give it?

From time to time, too, there appear monographs or statements by experts and students on the subject of money, but read as one will, they are unanimous in placing gold in its accustomed miraculous niche. This circumstance must be borne in mind because these authorities, usually university professors, are about the only ones called at Washington, besides the bankers, whenever financial legislation is under consideration.

One of these authorities professes to believe that there exists popular discontent over paper money. No one is actually aware of this discontent; although in relation to Federal Reserve notes—which are partly gold value and partly "promise to pay"—one might justifiably doubt the efficacy of the gold fraction. A Federal promise to pay would be just as good.

Money metal has been in use for centuries. That does not mean, however, that it is infallible. In fact, there is every evidence that negotiable paper on the one hand, and government evidences of indebtedness, have displaced almost all metal. Said one of these authorities: "Out in the open country, far from the centers of banking, most of the millions of Americans live; and these millions do, in fact, control the government and the nation. Most of these millions know nothing of the Federal Reserve system beyond seeing this new and relatively powerless paper money." Then follows the suggestion that gold be replaced upon the counters of all banks to "be taken at sight by bona fide depositors, as of old."

But the banks themselves do not want to be bothered with gold, apart from the cost of carrying large stocks of it and its occasional falling under the limits of tolerance. No sane American or foreigner looks to the *banks* for gold. He likes to get it if he wants it, but in the aggregate it is an infinitesimal amount that turns over more likely than not, since it returns to the Treasury sooner or later. A jewelry store would be the logical place to buy coins that are Federal medals.

The modern school of thought has practically eliminated the gold standard from practice. This same school would substitute the government as the source of money, to be issued as needed, within a reasonable ratio, based upon national wealth and annual turnover. The suggestion is logical. As long as money is a medium of exchange it need not be one thing in preference to another. Practice has popularized paper, so paper may well continue its present function.

It would be at once objected that paper without gold (or silver at least) would not be "money." But the people do not want "money," whether it is metal or something else. They want something that is current and which they can exchange for whatever commodities they happen to need. Today gold is the shadow behind all these exchanges—but it is a shadow that can be eliminated without disturbing the equation.

Naturally, it will not be possible to rearrange finance on this basis as long as the present superstition holds its place. Back of it are all the stockholders of the banks. Back of these are the hosts of petty speculators. The only real profit the average banker makes today is through the gold fiction. The speculative element would vanish with the elimination of the metal standard. Moreover, if the government issued money on its own account, under a well-thought-out, practical, automatic law, the government would not have to borrow money, or sell certificates of indebtedness (to buy them back at a premium, for that is what interest amounts to) or go to great expense to accommodate its finances through the agency of the very banks it has licensed to operate.

Fiat Money! All Money Is That

FIAT money—that is the damning term with which bankers dispose of it. But what are their own bank notes? Fiat money, they say, would be a mere promise to pay, with nothing behind it to guarantee payment. But is gold or silver a guarantee? Are either of any use to a community that practically boycotted both years ago? Money issued by the government under its constitutional sovereign right would be, in fine, evidence of indebtedness; a promissory note of the government payable to bearer. Enough of such certificates could be issued, to put it mildly, as would in turn be repayable to the government as taxes and miscellaneous revenues. How long since the government accepted its own paper for the purpose? Only at the time of writing the Secretary of the Treasury announced that income tax could be paid with Victory notes. If money were tendered would it not oblige the government to do that much more bookkeeping?

There is another example, not universal, not representative enough. The owner of any government bond, regardless of its issue or rate, can tender it as payment for any purchase made in the larger cities, and probably in the country, too. It is not money, no, but it is a medium of exchange. The only objection to it as things stand now is that it must be taken to the bank and sold and the banker must get his profit out of it, but as far as market value goes it is a good medium. Either the man who can keep it as an investment, or the man who must deposit it subject to "market deductions," has faith in the words, "United States of America."

If bonds with a variable value prior to maturity are a medium of exchange, it is obvious that a definite evidence of United States indebtedness, like the greenbacks, would not be subject to the vicissitudes of collection charges and operations so dear to the managers of our present complicated financial system.

The only possible objection to the value of such money is that involving the stability of government. It is a valid objection, theoretically. But how long would any government last, here or anywhere, if tomorrow the people decided to demand cash—all gold—for all their apparently cash deposits in the banks?

Cash Business Would Ruin the Money System

NOW, the people are not hankering for governmental disturbances. What they want is the quickest, most efficacious means by which trade can be carried on. They want a medium that among themselves is at once recognized as interchangeable. The only way to give it authority is by the power of the government. They can use no more than the value of the commodities in which they trade. Nature itself imposes a limit, and the limit is not difficult to ascertain.

The late A. Barton Hepburn, one of the best-known bankers of the country, while Controller of the Currency in 1892 said that the public should see and realize "how small a percentage of business transactions are represented by actual money, and how impossible it is for the government to furnish a volume of currency sufficient to meet the wants of the people at all times—that is, in times of general distress or quasi-panic." Mr. Hepburn vouched for the fact that 30 years ago "more than 90 per cent of all business transactions are done by means of credit." If credit is impaired or refused, "it is easy to realize how impossible it is for the remaining 10 per cent of money to carry on the business of the country without monetary stringency and financial distress." Business done solely for cash would ruin the system.

(Concluded on page 11)

After Ireland: Egypt Demands Her Freedom

Nation Is United in Stand Against Rule by Great Britain

By W. P. CROZIER

IRELAND becomes a Free State; in India the ferment grows; in Egypt it has boiled over and settled down again for the time, with Zaghlul Pasha, the Nationalist leader, and five of his principal lieutenants prisoners on a British warship bound for exile in Ceylon. The demand of Egypt for complete freedom is a simpler thing than that of the Hindu-Moslem leaders in India. The three hundred millions of Indians are not a nation. They are a medley of races and religions; they are divided into two main sections which from ancient times have been at each other's throats whenever a strong controlling hand was withdrawn; and from ancient times, unless a protector were at hand, they have been the prey of enemies pouring down into the plains of India from the mountains of the northwest. But Egypt is a nation, lying compact in its river valley with its fourteen million inhabitants, and until Europe stepped in some 40 years ago it enjoyed powers of self-government that were only limited by the shadowy suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey.

Neither England nor any other European power had any legal right to be master in Egypt. But Europe had great financial interests in Egypt, not to mention the Suez Canal, and the Egyptian Government was weak and corrupt, inviting intervention. England went in and established herself, very much to the benefit, in a material sense, of the Egyptians, who have had the, for them, unknown experience of the honest, upright government to which Theodore Roosevelt bore outspoken testimony during his famous tour in the Old World. But although an English agent like Lord Cromer was not only ruler but autocrat in Egypt, he was in theory only an agent on the same level as the agent of France or Italy. Only, he had troops and ships behind him. (France, to whom British predominance in Egypt was a most bitter grievance, only patched up the feud in 1914, when England gave her a *quid pro quo* in Morocco.)

With the Great War, England declared the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey abolished. Egypt became a British protectorate by British proclamation. The Suez Canal was the great highway for the transport of troops to and from the East. Egypt furnished a great labor corps for use in the Sinai and Palestine campaigns. When at last the war was over, Egypt was moved by the same breath of freedom which blew through all the world. She had heard so much about the principles for which the western powers had fought the war; she expected some of them to be translated into fact. In particular, her spokesmen said that the protectorate had been an emergency measure of the war, that it should be forthwith abolished and Egypt's sovereignty restored. In 1919 there was a rebellion—due to many causes, besides political grievances—and then the British Government took action. It is unfortunately true that imperial governments rarely do take action to extend the bounds of freedom until an outbreak of violence has forced their hands. (Witness the Irish Free State!) The British Government sent out Lord Milner to inquire how the demand of the Egyptian nation for its freedom could be fulfilled without undue injury to foreign interests. It should be remembered that there are other foreign interests of great magnitude in Egypt besides the British—notably French, Italian and Greek. The British Government has always been troubled by the thought that if it moved out of Egypt and the Egyptian Government failed to keep peace and order (which is not at all unlikely), another power might suddenly step in with military force. So do they trust each other in the Old World.

Lord Milner reported, the British Government refused to accept his recommendations in important respects and made its own proposals to the Egyptian delegation headed by Adly Pasha, the prime minister. These the Egyptians rejected and the whole nation, including both the moderates under Adly and the extreme wing under Zaghlul, now stands united in the demand for genuine independence. Lord Allenby, at the first sign of disorder, applied the "firm hand" of military rule—a reinforced garrison, warships up the Nile, arrests, deportations, threats to disperse unlawful assemblies by bombs from airplanes. Now let us see what really is at issue:

The Milner plan promised Egypt an "independent constitutional monarchy"—note well the "independent." The British Government plan also proposed to recognize Egypt's sovereignty as expressed through "a perpetual treaty and bond of peace, unity and alliance." But this "sovereignty" and "independence" are to be severely limited, how severely may be judged when the provisions are compared with those of the treaty just concluded with Ireland.

There is a British Army in Egypt. It is on this, and on nothing else, that the British control of the Egyptian nation rests. The Egyptians, however, freely admit that the communications with the East through the Suez Canal are so important to England (and, it may be added, to many other countries, too), that England may reasonably demand the right to keep a military force somewhere in Egypt until Egypt shows that she is willing and competent to act as trustee for the canal. But where should this force be?

The Egyptians say they would not object to its being stationed in the "Canal Zone"; that is, at certain agreed points on or near the canal. Then it would be in a strong position to protect the line of communications and at the same time it would not offend the pride and dignity of Egypt, as anything in the nature of an army of occupation necessarily must.

The British Government will not agree to this. Even the foreign office, which expresses the moderate British view, will not hear of it. The foreign office declares that the security of the canal is only one of England's primary interests in Egypt. The other is the security of foreign lives and interests in the country. It recalls that last year disastrous riots broke out in Alexandria; that they were directed against foreigners and especially against Greeks; and that they could only be quelled in the end by the use of British troops after native resources had been tried and failed. What, says the foreign office, will happen if, after Egypt has gained her independence and the British troops have withdrawn to fixed camps on the canal, mob rule breaks out in Alexandria and numbers, say, of Frenchmen and Italians are slain? Will anything prevent France and Italy sending troops and warships to intervene? And, when they have once set foot in Egypt, who will make them withdraw—witness the chain of events when once the British had landed in Egypt after the Alexandria riots in the early '80's? So the foreign office demands that British troops, after Egypt becomes sovereign and independent, should be stationed not actually in but near the great towns. This, say the Egyptians, is not compatible with the existence of a free and independent Egypt. It is as though in the new Irish Free State large bodies of British troops were to be posted in camps outside Dublin, Cork, Limerick and other Irish cities.

But the demand of the foreign office by no means satisfies the war office, which has the powerful support of Winston Churchill. The business of the war office is to look at all things from the strictly military point of view and this idea of having troops posted at fixed points outside the towns hampers the plans of the general staff. The war office asks, in a word, for the right to have any number of troops anywhere, and the British Government has accepted the plea and now imposes it as a condition upon Egypt. As this is the rock on which above all else the negotiations have split and Egypt has become acutely hostile to England, I quote the clause:

> British forces shall have free passage through Egypt and shall be maintained at such places in Egypt and for such periods as shall from time to time be determined. They shall also at all times have facilities, as at present, for the acquisition and use of barracks, exercise grounds, aerodromes, naval yards and naval harbors.

Now, the necessity and the morality of such a condition as this may or may not be arguable, but it is surely not arguable that any nation on which such a restriction is imposed enjoys sovereignty or independence. It is quite plain that it does not. But the conclusion that Egypt is in fact being offered something that is rather like a protectorate is confirmed by the other restrictions on which the British Government insists.

For instance, foreign relations. That is always a test of sovereign rights. Thus the Afghans, by the war of 1919, have won for themselves the right to direct their own foreign policy and so have asserted their complete independence of the Indian Government. The Milner report made this proposal:

> Egypt will undertake not to adopt in foreign countries an attitude which is inconsistent with the alliance or will create difficulties for Great Britain and will also undertake not to enter into any agreement with a foreign power which is prejudicial to British interests.

Not an unreasonable stipulation, it may be thought, if England is withdrawing from the virtual possession which she has of Egypt. But the actual proposal of the British Government goes beyond this. It is that the British High Commissioner—the Egyptians object to this title—should be consulted before Egypt enters into any new political agreement. That is to say, Egypt will have to obtain the approval of the British envoy on the spot before it can make any contract with a foreign power. Again, there may or may not be a good case for this, but according to all accepted notions it involves a most serious diminution of a nation's sovereignty. The right which would be granted Egypt to have her own ministers and consuls in London and elsewhere is scarcely a compensation.

There is to be a Financial Commissioner who must consent to the raising of external loans, and the allocation of public revenue, and there will be a Judicial Commissioner, similarly appointed, whose function it will be to look after the interests of foreigners. The Egyptian criticism is that these officials would exercise an intolerable interference with the administration of Egypt in respect of foreign affairs, finance and justice. So, of course, they would from the point of view of absolute self-government, just as the existence of the lord lieutenant in Ireland, of the oath of allegiance and the rights of the British Navy is, to the rigid Republican, a violation of the pure word of the republic. The British Government, of course—and probably most other modern governments—feels a pretty definite mistrust of the capacity of the Egyptians to manage finance and justice efficiently and with integrity. The record of the old Egypt did not stand high in that respect. The new Egypt, part of which has had 40 years' training under British rule, may possibly be better, but there are enormous foreign interests involved and many persons fear the uproar, the protests and the intrigues that will spring up in this country and that, if foreign interests and lives suffer under the new régime. And it is true that the experiments in democracy which have been made in such countries as Turkey, Persia and China are no more encouraging than the record of the ruling Egyptian classes themselves in the last century.

Nevertheless, England will certainly have to go further in the way of concessions than she has gone. The Egyptian people are united as they have never been before; and even the Christian Copts and the Moslems have joined hands. Zaghlul, the leader, has been deported to Ceylon, but the trouble is now with the people of Egypt, and a whole people cannot be deported. Nor can it permanently be kept down under martial law, especially if it is willing to consider the special character of British interests in the country. The truth is that every power which has held another people in subjection is bound to take some risk when it gives the desired liberty. It is so in Ireland, we see it in India and it will be so in Egypt. From the British point of view we could wish that Egypt, too, might be willing to take the position of a dominion within the British Empire. That would simplify much. But the Egyptians are thinking of liberty and not of simplifying the troubles of the British Empire.



(Wildman Magazine and News Service)

Cairo, the capital of Egypt, the people of which are demanding absolute independence and the rescinding of the British protectorate, which has been in force since the outbreak of the World War. Cairo was built about 970 and contains some of the finest Egyptian and Moorish architecture.

A Year of Harding: "Show Me," Still the Rule

An Analysis of the National Temper Toward the Administration

THIS is the time of the year when every voter's fancy turns to thoughts of Washington, the cradle of our government, the receptacle of our taxes, the pride of the politicians, the Elysium of easy jobs, the *kala jagah* of the lobbyists, the zenana of the vested interests, and yet, paradoxically, the phenix of the nation.

Just now the capital is staging the most unique political demonstration ever made. It is a race—if such it may be called—with a single entrant. It is a joust, but against an absent foe. It is a pageant, but it is somber and muffled. It is, in short, everything that a political anniversary has never been before.

For once an administration must prove to the people that it knows what and how to do. For once an administration cannot substitute self-glorification for popular service. For once an administration is obliged to watch its step, to think of today and let tomorrow take care of itself.

No wonder politicians are dumfounded, speechless, anxious! No wonder legislators are black-browed, caustic, acrimonious! No wonder statesmen are timid, self-conscious, ambiguous! What else could be expected of these politicians, legislators, statesmen, singly and together—hitherto accustomed to promise what the people wanted and then give them the merry ha-ha—now finding themselves in their true perspective of public servants, in all that the term implies, with emphasis on service?

A Vote Is Not a Deed, Only a Lease

IMAGINE twenty-five million now penitent voters focusing their cold eye upon this group, once privileged and now so impressionable that it regards that as the orb of a gargantuan cyclops. Aye, because this moloch is capable of visiting the unexpected upon the formerly anointed. It is the symbolized American citizen, in the resurged consciousness of self-governing force.

These millions of Mark-Here-X's, from Neahbay to Manatee and from St. David to Coronado, have come back to earth. They have given up stargazing. They are immune from incantatory biennial rituals, which reach their zenith during the days when the mercury hovers high and vitality is low. They love Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, but they would rather study the political sagacity of these men from the pages of a trustworthy book than from campaign lithographs and stump spielers.

Because of all of that and sundry things more, this adult army—the best army that any nation is entitled to have and to hold—is biding time. There's not a finger's worth of applause and there is not a frown of hostility. Just onlookers all—calm, patient, neutral, observant. They may not know how to reason, discern, dissect, infer and analyze in accordance with the most scientific mental processes, but they know a hunch when they meet one, and they are making use anew of a specialty that Divine Providence gave to every American.

In other words, the Show-Me! boys are back again. They are back again strong. And with them, this time, are the girls.

The Ancient and Honorable Order of Missourian Wise Ones is back on the job. Hail, the gang's all here! Hail!

Hail, but what?

That's what Washington wants to know. Applause or brickbats? November is a great month for hail. And to be hailed out of political office is never a pleasant prospect. The mere thought of it causes a blue funk.

The bad news that a vote is not a deed, only a lease (occasionally renewable) has at last been understood by the lessees. Absentee suffragism has had its day. It looks as though officeholders who have been squatters with a view of obtaining title have another think coming to them.

Plenty of Publicity, Little Information

THE mistake has often been made, and perhaps that is the mistake now being made, to confuse volubility with publicity. Since the idea of "pitiless publicity" found welcome among the people everybody in office—even the sphynxes—have made statements. Men renowned for their chariness of speech have volunteered elaboration.

There have been oodles and oodles of publicity, of a kind. There have been preambles upon preambles, so stilted as to make much plainer the fact that statesmanship that is not self-explanatory is not to the liking of the citizen who wants to know what is going on. There has been a deluge of ponderous language, which has alarmed the average person of common-school degree, who finds high-toned English very objectionable.

In other words, there has been much publicity but very little information. There is a feeling that not everything has been told, even though it may be information held back until each problem is settled. The people seem to feel that they have been talked at and not talked with. There is the rankling irritation that the upper governing circles have detached themselves a little too patently from the common herd.

The President aims to be understood; he wishes to be as confiding as possible; ambiguity is not a formidable part of his vocabulary; and yet, in spite of all that, he has not quite reached the mental level of the people. By these is meant the common, garden-variety of sinner; the males and the females who represent four out of every five of our population; the men and women who make no pretense of understanding more than they have learned. These are the very people to whom the President addressed himself since last March and who, a short time before, put him where he is.

Of course, it is not a simple matter to maintain the great dignity of the nation and the presidency while reducing it to terms of a McGuffy reader, but it can be done. The President who will do it will be forgiven anything. The people would like to see the job of presidenting, cabineteering, congressing and Uncle Samming in general described so as to square with the Dana and Greeley school of journalism.

At the end of his first year, therefore, President Harding has not quite established that sympathetic contact with the people that he looked forward to attaining. He has their sympathy, but in a sort of general way. The true bond of understanding, of common thought—even though it be a differing opinion—of earthy affairs, does not exist.

Unfortunately, virtually every one of the so-called "best minds" he has rallied to his side represents the same superior strain, the rather obvious implication that government must be surrounded by an aura of verbosity lest the people be not impressed by its majesty. Of course, what these best minds do is of little consequence. The writer makes this statement full well knowing that it will wound the *amour propre* of those who identify themselves as among them, because the average man cannot tell you the names of five of those chosen few, either as a guess or as a certainty.

As far as the general run of people goes, President Harding is regarded as the whole works. He is coal that generates the steam, the steam that runs the dynamo, the dynamo that produces energy, and the energy that is supposed to bring results. Identity and personality, so far as the others are concerned, never before counted for so little.

The people are anxious about their living problems. That's a vulgar, selfish, sordid attitude. They care nothing at all about foreign affairs. When they hear of them now they curl up like so many armadillos. In other days they might have hearkened unto them, provided they could have been translated into honest slang, but because they were not, the presidency went to the man who *least* referred to them. Look it up.

There has been much said about our reapproach to normal. But your neighbor in the street car, your *vis-à-vis* in the cafeteria, the clerk who waits on you, all representative average citizens, tell a different story, and *theirs is the story that counts*. They have no grudge, no chip on the shoulder, no hard luck tales to tell, no special favors to ask. They may be in error or their reasoning be hasty and faulty, but they deal with hand-to-mouth facts most at heart among us common mortals; words are not going to cut any ice with them.

To repeat, President Harding has failed to establish a perfect point of common understanding with that class from which he sprang and with which for a long time he broke bread.

Campaign "Folksiness" All Gone

TO UNDERSTAND the situation it must be remembered that, as already indicated, the G.O.P. is a fairly old institution with millions of votaries, but as far as the country is concerned Warren G. Harding is the Republican Party; far more so than President Wilson *was* the Democratic Party. In other words, President Harding is "it."

It may have been noticed that since he assumed office, nothing has been said about President Harding being "just folks," although this was a strong campaign slogan. I don't know who started that idea circulating. It led many a Yankee to visualize a "Way-Down-East" setting for the White House, and since Vice-President Coolidge gathered hay in Vermont during the summer of 1920 everything seemed to be in readiness. Yes, everything except the elusive folksiness. Friendly, cordial, solicitous, indulgent, obliging—Mr. Harding transferred his inclinations and idiosyncrasies from Wyoming avenue to Pennsylvania avenue without reservations, imposing thereafter those more or less rigid restrictions attaching to the office he now holds.

He is accessible to the classes now as he was in his senatorial days, except that then he had just a little more time, but he was not gregarious, and his personal circle of acquaintances has grown slowly. Of course, the official intimacy with certain anointed spheres of the capital's life may have its ultimate effect, but that's neither here nor there: The writer wishes to set straight the belief that the President has emerged from his folksy chrysalis, because he never was in one.

The bonus problem is the weakest administration spot, but as to its political vulnerability some doubts exist. But probably never before have so many intelligent individuals, rich and poor, agreed upon a single thought, irrespective of the good or bad the bonus might do. That thought is that if the people can help it, this is the last time that politicians, administrators and their ilk, are going to play football with an idea with ulterior motives.

For, after all, divested of all its legends, allegories, fables, truths, half truths and fallacies, the question to be determined is which of the two would be more useful or important—*the legion vote or the business men's campaign cash*. The latter is nothing to brag about, and that's perhaps why it has been running a bad second, except for presidential guidance, since the collections for defraying accumulated debts are still several hundred thousand dollars shy and harder to get every day. The probable net strength of the vote may be considerable or infinitesimal; it depends upon who is doing the estimating.

At last accounts, politicians were planning to postpone a decision for about a year, taking care, however, to agitate the existence of it so that the former soldiers shall not forget that Washington is standing by its 1917 cry: "Nothing will be too good for them." This, theoretically, should, according to Hoyle, bring the congressional vote, lull the suspicious business world, and save the day.

Business, after all, offers the true keynote. The former soldiers include men who are valuable productive units. They are getting nothing now, except a lot of really undesirable maudlin sympathy, because the one source of wealth has been obstructed by means of grandiloquent politics, both of omission and commission. The only business that runs at normal today is that directed by men who have forgotten, or have never known, that Washington exists—an uncomplimentary but sane attitude.

The prosperity which the White House professes to read from a national bank statement is about as tangible as air; the money is there, and so is the air; but only a scientist can get his hands on the air and make it do tricks, and only an insider can get to that money. Money in the banks? "Try to get it," says the business man.

Great financiers, great co-ordinators, great international experts, according to the G. O. P. biographies, are working 16 hours a day, but they have buttered no parsnips for the proletariat. It may not be their fault, but the growing belief is that the political year 1910 is going to be duplicated, with due allowance for economic conditions. That period came in that era when the *vox populi* was heard upon the slightest provocation, when they were apt to sing hallelujahs with their eyes closed because their thumbs were turned down. There are many parallels that make foster brothers of 1910 and 1922, as of today.

The Soft Snap Still Lives at Washington

HOPE is no longer the first-aid-to-the-voter given by the politician. Let's get this straight. The voter wants to know. He is not asking the world. But he wants to know, nevertheless, and the politician had better not tell him (or her) to hope. The politician had better tell all he knows of the facts, and then the voter will do the hoping on his own account.

Another thing, still waters run deep, and Washington's depths are surging and seething with intrigues, conflicts, revolts, truces, and all the intermediate relationships. Federal reorganization of the departments is on but it's off. Several plans have been offered, the most important ones following the suggestions contained in these columns several months ago, but how to pry a bureau from one department to give it to another no one can do it except the President himself, and he is not looking for trouble.

The clerical personnel still exceeds by many thousands the true requirements, even with the allowable margin of overstaffing as practiced by an inefficient Uncle, while salaries are raised in the most ridiculous fashion, without regard to worth, or even logic, so that an $1,800 clerk was raised to $7,500 as an assistant secretary (only a vigorous opposition kept the figure from reaching $10,000), while a former and experienced and efficient American ambassador drew about $4,500 as assistant secretary, or $13,000 less than his last government job. The snaps are softer than ever.

There was a hope that President Harding would be energetic, in his proposal to take government from business and put business in government, in speeding the dozen boards and commissions that, under one pretext or another, are hanging on and thriving better than ever. Some are the receiving end of camouflaged patronage, but the very best commission or board is useless, un-American and discriminatory.

The Political Calm Before the—What?

GETTING down to brass tacks, however, Washington today is an uneven mixture of administration. There are some high-toned officials on the one hand and some conspicuous provincials on the other. Looked at from the viewpoint of experience, it offers some rather amusing contrasts. To the one who knows Washington life, and hears the opinions of every one, with equal impartiality, it looks as if the best stories will never reach the public.

But be that as it may, the President would like some sign by the people—some demonstration of praise, to which he would react pleasurably. Working, as is now the case, his way out with no indicative approbation is anything but pleasant. Their very neutrality renders suspicious the torrent of encomiums that has been let loose in London, and the puffs at the Pilgrims' dinner will not be overlooked by that irreconcilable element that is suspicious of all foreigners bearing gifts, to paraphrase an old saying.

A few eyes are figuratively turned to the forthcoming congressional elections, but what they will mean in terms of 1924 is next to impossible to determine. Some political necromancers have done so, but they can only guess. It will be much safer to take for granted that there will be no judgment of the administration this year, favorable or unfavorable. As already said, the people are calm, patient, neutral, noncommittal. They will vote for senators and representatives because they have to, and while it will be possible after all the returns are in to advance a surmise, put it in your hat that President Harding will be left unhampered, unmolested, uncriticized, for two years more anyhow.

Until then the Missouri boys and girls are ready to be shown.

The "Money Mystery" Baffles Government

Concluded from page 8

The inquiry of 1892 was directly aimed at the non-liquidity of currency under the laws of that time. Since then the laws have been amended and added to, but although panic has been avoided, it does not mean that there has not been money stringency and financial distress. Ask any humble business man. Try to get a loan at the banks. Pawn a bit of jewelry. When one of the largest pawnbrokers of New York City announced a maximum loan of $100 on any one pledge, regardless of its value, it was because the banks would not provide enough loanable funds. Yet there was gold, silver, platinum, precious stones, in these pledges. If gold is money why the discrimination?

If metals and precious stones, admitting their slow marketability during the deflation period, were not good collateral, intrinsically as raw materials, what possible good could be the gold and silver in the bank vaults?

That is merely one of the involved and incomprehensible incidents of our financial system. It is self-contradictory on the face of it. It is more than that. It is a policy that repudiates gold and silver and platinum and precious stones, all of which at one time or another have been and are media of exchange, and have a fairly fixed value, because paper money—money that means nothing, if one must take the bankers at their word—would not be given for one or two of the very metals that are supposed to guarantee the paper sought. It was not a question of a glutted market and trying to sell with no demand; it was merely a case of collateral.

Of course, all these points are quite involved. To follow each one to its lair is no mean accomplishment. But such a mastodontic attempt would not lead to very much with the present temper of the industrial and banking world, and with the people perfectly content to get whatever money the government provides. It is not for them, in their own minds, to question the fundamental values, mythical and actual, of the coin that makes life so easy for them as long as the required supply is not interrupted. They "pass the buck" to the legislators; the legislators return it to the people. And the bankers get the lion's share of the profits.

Government officials are afraid of nothing so much as of establishing precedents, whether dangerous or harmless. The influence of practically the entire financial world would confront them in any attempt to reform or improve the situation. This alone is discouraging enough—and they fear the possibility of being made to appear ridiculous. The effects of the war have fortified, albeit erroneously, the ultra-conservatives. In plain, unadorned language, they know now what they have, but they do not know what they would have in the end.

It is a fact that if the government issued all money, contracting or expanding the currency in accordance with the nation's economic needs, it would eliminate that choice bit of investment paper—the government bond. Every ambitious investor hopes and hopes to have a few government bonds—even when the net return was less than two per cent, before the war upset the rates. No government bonds—no public debt—and there would be no interest. That is an excellent outlook, a perfect theory, but only to the man who is not a bond investor or to the one too poor to invest. Nor is that all; it might come to pass that without competition by a borrowing government, private bond issues would be floated at reduced interest, thus decreasing income all along the line. Then capital would have to work and not speculate.

It will convince no one, generally, to say that all interest must come out of capital, and that unless capital reproduces itself plus the interest, it must be at the expense of the multitude—with consequent general impoverishment.

Government officials base their beliefs upon environment, and what this is we all know. It is useless to look for aid from them. Aid must come from the outside. It is up to the people themselves. But one thing is evident—that there is too much speculative capital, too much "lazy" money, and too little reproductive capital. The only way to readjust this discrepancy is by heavily taxing all incomes deriving from what may be termed "bookkeeping enterprises," although such a law might split hairs with the Constitution.

The opposition upon any single reform will be formidable. It is felt in advance of legislation, and that alone is a deterrent. We have the example of two or three noted members of Congress that do not hesitate to differ from the rest of their colleagues upon many matters, and more or less good-naturedly they are dubbed "irreconcilables," "radicals," and the like. It requires unbounded self-confidence to live day in and day out in this sort of official isolation. It requires nerves of iron and a powerful constitution to nourish such moral courage. In fact, it takes more than is the average administrative or legislative officer's meed of it.

Ottawa, the Picturesque Capital of Canada

Concluded from page 3

quins and their French allies fought many sanguinary encounters with the fierce Iroquois. The Long Sault probably will remain forever identified with the memory of deeds of extraordinary heroism in these fights to the death between the French newcomers and the ferocious aborigine, who mayhap already felt a premonitory sense of his impending extinction at the hand of these encroaching Europeans. One of the points which the Iroquois frequently chose to ambush their enemy was where is now the present site of Ottawa.

With the passing of French rule in Canada the work of exploration received a check, so that it was not until 1796 that any traveler of importance visited the Chaudiére. In that year came Philemon Wright, of Woburn, near Boston, Massachusetts, who came first to spy out the land. Later he brought his own and five other families, with everything necessary for the founding of the colony which he had decided to establish near the Chaudiére, on the north bank of the river. This was in 1800.

Philemon Wright became a power in the land and at his death left to his heirs an extensive and valuable estate. The city of Hull now marks the site of Philemon Wright's settlement; and the county which was later formed out of the domain over which he once held sway perpetuates his name.

While Philemon Wright was building his prosperous community on the north bank of the river, the bluffs opposite still formed part of the primeval forest. For more than a quarter of a century after the coming of Philemon Wright the south bank of the river remained practically undisturbed. But in 1826 there came a change. In that year a deep, rocky gorge which cleft the bluffs a short distance east of the Chaudiére was chosen by Colonel By, of the Royal Engineers, as the outlet of the canal that he had been ordered by the Imperial government to construct from Kingston, on the Great Lakes, to the Ottawa River.

This ambitious project was an aftermath of the War of 1812. It was felt that an alternative route should be provided for the transfer of troops from one of the Canadian provinces to the other, the only previous route being along the boundary waters of the Great Lakes and connecting rivers.

The Rideau River and the series of lakes out of which it flows were utilized and form the greater portion of the canal. Commenced in 1826, it was completed in 1832, a considerable engineering feat for those days

Immediately after the selection of Ottawa as the capital, work was begun on the construction of the parliament buildings. They were completed and ready for occupancy in 1866. The main legislative buildings contain the Senate and the House of Commons chambers. The main buildings stand on the highest part of the bluff, facing on a fine square. They are pure Gothic in design, free from fictitious ornamentation. On the eastern and western sides of the quadrangle are built lesser buildings, similar in design (but perhaps of a somewhat later period), devoted to departmental offices. Behind the parliament buildings, proper, almost on the edge of the cliff, is the parliamentary library, built in the shape of a great dome, 140 feet inside from floor to ceiling.

In 1916 the original parliament buildings were destroyed by fire. The library and the two flanking departmental buildings were saved. Plans were immediately made to rebuild; and at the time this is written a nobler set of buildings stands on the old site. The same general style of architecture has been followed, and the buildings are of approximately the same dimensions, excepting that they are one story higher, and the tower, although not yet completed, will rise to a height of 300 feet. In the tower, in addition to a large clock, will be placed a carillon of bells.

The aim of the architects is to have the new buildings as representative of Canadian industry and resources as possible. Hence, for the exterior walls Nepean sandstone, obtained near Ottawa, has been used. The same kind of stone was utilized in the original buildings and in the two departmental blocks. When exposed to the weather it takes on a variety of beautiful tints, increasing in richness with the years; while its indigenousness is particularly appropriate.

For the interiors, Tyndall limestone has been brought from Manitoba; the marble comes from British Columbia quarries. The interior stone is richly carved in patterns and designs symbolical of incidents in Canadian history.

"That's What We're Built On—Broken Homes!"

Concluded from page 2

the fundamental sincerity and moral purpose behind the muck-raking school of magazine journalists. They had shown their appreciation by buying the magazines and cleaning out the old guard in politics.

Only a faction of the daily newspapers had followed the lead of the magazines, although the Hearst press may claim to have preceded them. It is interesting here to observe that while Hearst was credited with sensationalism in this period, the so-called sensationalism of his newspapers was entirely different from that they now exhibit. It consisted either of an undue candor about actual facts, in which other newspapers were equally pronounced, or in printing great numbers of stories appealing not to the physically erotic motive but to the sentimentalism and romance of the common people. The Hearst sensationalism which gave the New York *Evening Journal* the largest circulation in America and made it the paper of nurse maids and factory girls was its appeal to the fundamentally decent emotionalism of the middle class—Laura Jean Libby stuff, not Greenwich Village degeneracy.

After the election of 1912 the progressive publishers everywhere felt that exposure and agitation had about reached the limit unless they were to become Socialists. It was then that the sex appeal was decided upon.

This writer attended a conference of editors in 1914 who were managing several newspapers belonging to a large publishing syndicate. A substitute for muck raking was discussed. The circulation value of feminism was gone into and all present understood that feminism was not a matter of "votes for women" only. The argument was keenly presented on both sides. One group held that the exploitation of sex would prove the road to ruin; they pointed out that despite all recent social and economic changes and the influx of one million immigrants a year American people were still middle-class and mid-Victorian—persistently monogamic and home loving. They pointed out the difference between romance and sentimentalism and the eroticism of the newer school. They believed that there was still more circulation in the labor "bloody shirt"—the Colorado mine strike was then on and it bulked like the beginning of a big industrial transformation. The other group argued that in the cities at least the older standards of propriety had been changed. They pointed out the huge circulations of the foreign-language press and showed that these papers featured the erotic short story or serial exactly as the Continental European press plays it. They called attention to the popularity of serial stories purporting to be revelations of married life, and to the character of letters received by Beatrice Fairfax, Cynthia Grey and other advisers of the lovelorn—some of them most estimable young ladies—others, rollicking Bohemians who never followed their own advice. As in all such debates no conclusion was reached. That debate is still going on wherever newspaper men get together, but at present the sexual ayes seem to have it. And—to paraphrase Don Marquis, it's sex o'clock in the newspapers.



(Wildman Magazine and News Service)

A fishing village near Amsterdam, the chief commercial city of Holland and one of the leading seaports of Europe. The inhabitants of the rural districts and fishing villages of the Netherlands stick to the old-fashioned customs, the Dutch caps, voluminous clothes and wooden shoes. The picture depicts a Marken fisherwoman at a "tie-up" point along the canal.

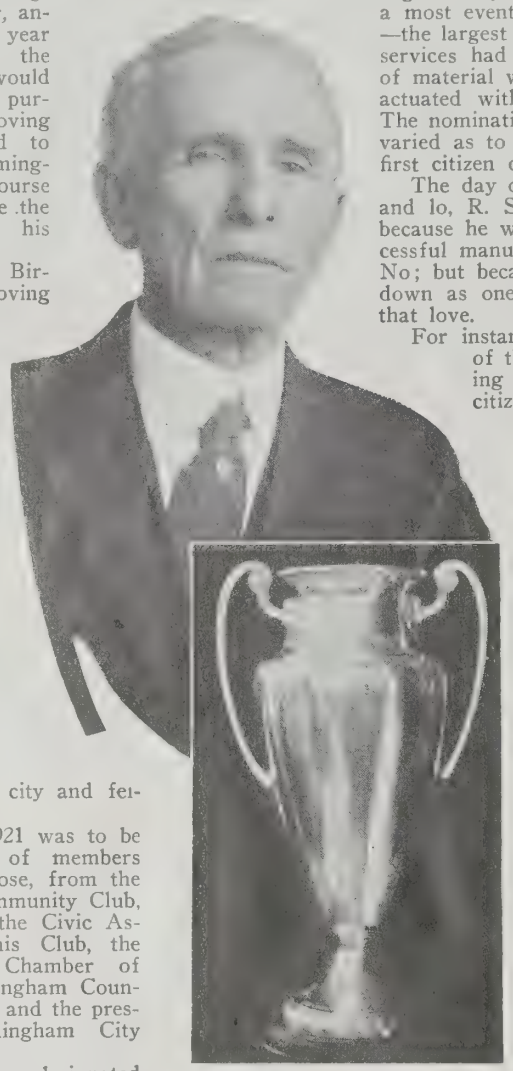
An Entire City Acclaims One Who Serves

By J. EDMOND BREWTON

"AND lo, his name led all the rest." Robert S. Munger is declared by his fellow men the outstanding citizen in a community of 178,270.

In the early months of 1919, Victor H. Hanson, publisher of the Birmingham, Alabama, *News*, announced that each year thereafter $500 of the newspaper's funds would be set aside for the purchase of a silver loving cup to be awarded to "that citizen of Birmingham, who, in the course of the year, has done the greatest service to his city."

In announcing the Birmingham *News* Loving Cup in 1920 as an annual gift to the community, the statement was amplified in these words: "In announcing this plan the *News* believes it is furthering the highest type of citizenship, the type of citizenship that desires to render ennobling service to city and fellow citizens. Service is the keynote of the day, and the noblest form of service lies in unselfish devotion to the welfare of one's city and fellows."



ROBERT S. MUNGER,
And the loving cup he was awarded for performing the greatest service for his city, Birmingham, Alabama, in a year.

The award for 1921 was to be made by a board of members elected, for the purpose, from the Rotary Club, the Community Club, the Exchange Club, the Civic Association, the Kiwanis Club, the Civitan Club, the Chamber of Commerce, the Birmingham Council of Women's Clubs and the president of the Birmingham City Commission.

These organizations designated the members of the board—broad-minded, representative citizens—in the autumn of 1921, and sessions began early in December. The year 1921 had been a most eventful period in the history of Birmingham—the largest city of its age in America. Many notable services had been performed by its citizens. Citizens of material wealth, as well as those without, appeared actuated with a spirit of service to the community. The nominations were many; the views of the citizens varied as to whom should receive the honor of being first citizen of Birmingham.

The day of announcement came—January 8, 1922—and lo, R. S. Munger's name led all the rest! Not because he was well-to-do, not because he was a successful manufacturer, not because he was an inventor. No; but because he, like Abou Ben Adhem, was writ down as one who loved his fellow man and showed that love.

For instance, there is the story of how the germ of the idea which has made him a commanding figure as a manufacturer, a financier and citizen, was founded in a desire to serve his fellow man. The Civil War was over. There was need for him to help his father in the little lumber mill, which had been built in Mexia, Texas. The senior Munger had added a cotton gin to the concern and placed his son, Robert, who was now about 20 years old, in charge of it.

The dust and lint in the gin room were almost unbearable to the workmen. Much was being said about the health of ginworkers being permanently ruined by it. And, it was then that the idea came to young Robert Munger to attempt to abolish such working conditions.

Then, too, the business end of it appealed to him. Six men were required to operate a steam gin stand. It seemed there was an unnecessary amount of routine labor that ought to be eliminated by mechanical help.

So, young Robert Munger clung to his idea and set his mind to work. He worked at night, at home, after the children were put to bed, planning and drawing and figuring, and Mrs. Munger, whom he had married in 1878—she was Mary Collett, daughter of Captain J. H. Collett, of Austin—always sat up with him and encouraged him and kept him company.

"She has always been my greatest inspiration," said Mr. Munger in talking of those early days. "She has helped me and inspired me and been right with me through it all. She would stay up just as late as I did, and she always was up and fully dressed, no matter how early I had to leave in the morning to get to my work. She would see that I had something to eat and a hearty, cheerful send-off, and I didn't carry away with me any recollections of her in a kimono, either. She was as ready for the trials of the day as I was."

Finally he got the invention all worked out and constructed it—"The Munger System," which eliminated considerable labor and thoroughly cleaned the cotton. A value of from $4 to $5 a bale was added to the cotton because of the thorough cleaning. He patented his process. One man can operate three gin stands under this system—under the old plan 18 would have been required.

Then followed four long years of unavailing struggle to get it adopted by some manufacturer of gins. Finally, he mustered all his resources and started a little plant in Dallas, Texas, in 1884, and began turning out the system himself.

Gin owners saw the advantage, and planters with cotton to gin discovered they were from $4 to $5 a bale better off if their cotton went through one of Munger's systems, so they patronized the gins that used the Munger attachment. The factory was soon swamped with orders, more than it could fill, and needed more capital and facilities.

In 1887 the Munger Improved Cotton Gin Manufacturing Company was incorporated and a large plant erected at Dallas. Orders continued pouring in from all over the South, and it became necessary to have another plant, and this Mr. Munger decided in 1892 to establish east of the Mississippi River to save freight in serving that territory.

Birmingham was selected, and his brother, S. I. Munger, moved to Dallas from Mexia, and R. S. Munger went to Birmingham and organized the Northington-Munger-Pratt Company, and this later grew into the Continental Gin Company, with a capital of $4,500,000.

And, then, since his advent into Birmingham there is the story of how a gifted but impecunious musician was given the opportunity to study in Europe through his generosity, of how he gave Birmingham-South College $100,000, and $25,000 to Walker Memorial Church. In truth, there is no telling how many persons Mr. and Mrs. Munger have helped—only God and the Mungers and those who have been helped know.

To Munger wealth has not meant mere power, but a power to do good, to serve his community. The acquisition of wealth has not changed him. He is the same Robert S. Munger who conceived the idea of service to the raw-lunged, sore-throated victims of the lint and dust of the cotton gin. More money has simply meant a larger service, a greater responsibility, a broader possibility to him.

From the Prize-Fight Ring to Psychology

FROM a lowly lumberjack's cabin to the Harvard Graduate School with a prize-fighting career as his vehicle——

Once "slavey" in a camp boarding house; today seeker of the higher cultures——

Battering his way through 70 ring bouts until at the age of 42, he decides on a real education——

Those are milestones on the varicolored life journey of Frederick R. Wedge, of Arizona, who, to "leather-pusher" enthusiasts, bears the sobriquet of "Kid."

The piny smell of the forests imbued the lad with a fighting spirit, a spirit that found its outlet in knock-out punches, and general rough battling. Not to say that Kid was a bully. No; but the rough handicaps he met as a "slavey" made him a rough man—and when opposed he had to adopt the tactics of the time and place.

The most important traces of the olden days which remain with Wedge are three skull fractures—souvenirs of a yesteryear, which perhaps for excitement will outdo those of days to come in Harvard's classrooms.

Today he is getting ready to study the classics and psychology at Cambridge.

A slam with a poker in a saloon fight gave Kid his first broken head; the other two fractures were inflicted by policemen.

At 22, Wedge found that he had whipped everything in sight outside the prize ring, and decided to capitalize his fighting ability. Only three of the 70 prize fights he has to his record went against him.

Then into Kid's life crept the influence of a good woman. A university graduate, daughter of a doctor, she drew inspiration in the young man. Even before they were married he turned to better things.

Then began a fight—an uphill one. And the battle of education looked just as good from the center of the ring as the battle of fistiana.

The first step, perhaps, was his enrollment in a Wisconsin academy, where he covered 12 years of elementary education in just half the time. At 32, he was prepared for the University of Nebraska, where he remained for three years, being drawn away in his junior year by educational work.

The war found him as boxing instructor at Camp Grant, Illinois, but after four months he was stricken with tuberculosis. "Six months more to live," the doctors told him—but they never counted 10 over his prostrate form. For to Kid it was just the sound of the gong again—a tap which sent him out to shake hands with death and taunt it with a whispered, "I'm here to stay."

El Paso was the place he selected for the fight.

Married at the time, he took his wife and son to Texas with him, obtaining a position as a motorman on the street cars, although so weak at times that he scarcely was able to walk a block. Strength came back slowly. The battle with tuberculosis finally was a victory and Wedge took his family to Arizona, where he made arrangements for a job and entered the University of Arizona at Tucson. At 40, the university gave him an A. B. degree.

The principalship of the Union High School, at Benson, Arizona, was the first educational position held by Wedge.

Then his eyes turned eagerly toward Harvard. Just as his wife had given him the inspiration to educate himself, the example of Theodore Roosevelt prompted him to try to enter the big university. Psychology would be the study—it was one that he had taken up during his scholastic first steps, and it will be studied deeply by him at Cambridge.

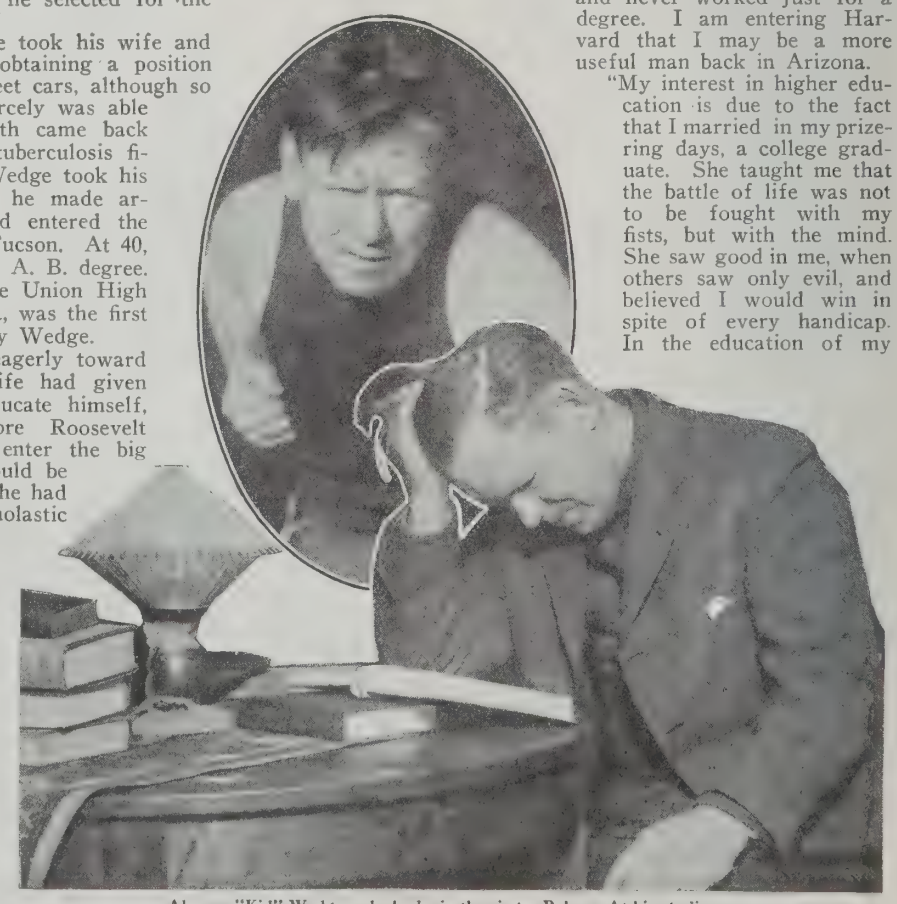
Traveling expenses are heavy these days, and Wedge decided to beat his way East, recently embarking in a side-door Pullman, with but $10 in his pocket. The 2,000-mile journey found Wedge in Cambridge with 36 cents left.

"I have chosen Harvard in preference to other colleges because of the higher educational requirements of the university," Wedge said, as he cleaned up after the ride from Albany to Boston.

"Why do I study the classics? In my undergraduate work, I studied Latin, Greek and Hebrew, in addition to the sciences. I was interested in the origins and excellences of man's intellectual achievements. In other words, I have never hunted for a snap course and never worked just for a degree. I am entering Harvard that I may be a more useful man back in Arizona.

"My interest in higher education is due to the fact that I married in my prize-ring days, a college graduate. She taught me that the battle of life was not to be fought with my fists, but with the mind. She saw good in me, when others saw only evil, and believed I would win in spite of every handicap. In the education of my son, I became interested in school teaching.

"My ideal for many years has been Theodore Roosevelt, a Harvard man."



Above—"Kid" Wedge as he looks in the ring. Below—At his studies.

If There Had Been No Sons of Preachers

Many Ministers' Boys Have Left Impress on the World

By W. C. POOLE

WHEN a minister's son steps from the "straight and narrow" it seems to be the custom to magnify the fact that the youth who committed the indiscretion, whatever it may be, is the son of a preacher. Thus a share of the public has come to believe that ministers' sons generally are bad boys. Are they better or worse than the average boy? The author of this article has investigated the question and quotes facts and figures to prove that the atmosphere of the parsonage is a mighty good place in which to bring up a boy. He doesn't deny that an occasional minister's son goes wrong, but he proves that the great bulk of them make citizens of the best class, and that a very large number have won fame and fortune. He cites the fact that three of the 29 Presidents of the United States were ministers' sons.

THE occasional bad son of a good minister keeps ever alive the old discussion of bad boys from the parsonage. No saying is more general anywhere than the much-repeated statement that sons of ministers are the worst in the community.

Just why ministers should have the reputation of making bad fathers, and their sons the reputation of being bad sons, is not clear. The records do not support the criticism. Whether it is because ministers are the most available subject for discussion, or because people expect them to have perfect lives, fit for examples to all; or because of the wonderful contrast between a good father and a bad son, the discussion will not down, but goes merrily on.

It is much easier to disprove the statement than to stop the discussion. The old statement that "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again" does not provide that it shall not be again crushed to earth. Moreover, the people who need the facts and the truth seldom get them. Error seems hard to exterminate.

The bad son of a good minister, and the ever-living critics of that son, started me to investigating actual facts and records. To make the work complete would take years, and volumes would be necessary to record the facts. Space here will only permit suggestions that students can follow in their own research.

The fact that we are just now trying to improve the human race, and, partially, if not completely, restore it to perfection of mind, body and soul, gives interest to this and every question relating to peopling the earth with perfect and desirable people.

I will not handle this question in a sentimental fashion. Sentiment has caused many troubles. Cold facts tabulated from enough cases to establish a rule or law are necessary. The evidence must not be biased. It must be so clear that all can follow and understand it. I wish to avoid, if possible, tiresome data which the average reader will not follow, and simply give the summary of facts.

Far Ahead in Presidential Race

WHAT ought we to expect in ministers' sons? Simply the average son of an average man. If he is more than that, give his parentage credit for extra fitness. What then should we expect in America as a whole? Approximately one man in every 300 men in America is a Protestant minister. Assuming that ministers have as many children as the average man, one boy in every *three hundred* is the son of some minister. Under this ratio we would expect

One President in every three hundred Presidents to be a minister's son.

One Senator of every three hundred Senators to be a minister's son.

One Congressman in every three hundred Congressmen to be a minister's son.

One governor in every three hundred governors to be a minister's son.

One author in every three hundred authors a minister's son.

One millionaire in every three hundred millionaires to be a minister's son.

To avoid confusion I have not figured the ratio to fractions, but the rule is so nearly correct that it serves better than confusing details would seem. Three out of 29 Presidents have been sons of ministers—Arthur, Cleveland and Wilson—almost one in every nine, instead of one in every 300, as we should expect. To place the ratio in terms of years, we have a right to expect a son of a minister to become President once every 300 Presidents or once in every *twelve hundred years*. Since the ministers' sons have furnished three Presidents already they will maintain an average if they do not furnish another President for *thirty-six hundred years*. These are cold facts and figures. Preachers' sons have won the race in the presidential class. Nor have I attempted to count the Presidents who were grandsons or great grandsons of ministers. To do this would take so many of the Presidents as to make the race uninteresting.

Some Notables Among Ministers' Sons

AMONG Senators, Congressmen and Governors the ratio is about the same, although it varies in certain periods of time. To attempt to name the sons of ministers who have served in the United States Senate or Congress is not the object of this article. The only two Democratic Presidents we have had since the Civil War were sons of ministers. Cleveland was born at Caldwell, New Jersey, where the house in which he was born is still well preserved.

Woodrow Wilson, the other Democratic President since the Civil War, was the son and grandson of a clergyman. He was born in Staunton, Virginia, just before the Civil War (1856). That these two men should have served two terms and been strong outstanding characters of their day would indicate that virile men can be raised in parsonages and manses and rectories.

To name the leaders of the Puritans, is to name the ministers. Some of the founders of colonies were ministers—among whom were Roger Williams and William Penn. To name the sons of ministers among the early settlers is to name the foremost among the leaders. Every one who has read the list of signers of the Declaration of Independence will never forget the bold writing forming the name of John Hancock—the first signer. Hancock was a minister's son. Henry Clay, who did much for his country in the first half of the nineteenth century, was a minister's son.

Among the makers of America no family has furnished a single crop of three children who have stood higher in America than the Field family. The Rev. David D. Field was a preacher of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Three of his sons were:

1. David Dudley Field (1805-1894), jurist and compiler of law codes.

2. Stephen J. Field (1815-1899), Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

3. Cyrus W. Field (1819-1892), who gave us the Atlantic cable.

That brings up the question of families of clergymen. Does greatness and ability increase with each generation? Henry Ward Beecher was the son of Lyman Beecher, a minister. John Wesley and Charles Wesley were sons of a minister. These men have left the imprint of their leadership on the world for centuries to come. Bishop E. H. Hughes, one of the most brilliant church leaders of today, and his equally gifted brother, Bishop Matthew Hughes, were sons of a Methodist circuit rider out in the mountains of West Virginia a half century ago. Bishop John Hamilton, now chancellor of the American University at Washington, was the son of a Methodist preacher, as was his brother, Bishop Franklin Hamilton, who died in Pittsburgh a few years ago, shortly after his election to the episcopacy.

A genealogical table of the Woodbridge family can be traced to 1493, and in 14 generations there is only one which did not produce one or more ministers. There seems little doubt that this family for 400 years has been like a fountain of living water, ever helping the world to bear its burdens and do its work.

One in Every Ten Is a Leader

E. H. HARRIMAN, the multimillionaire railroad magnate is reported to have said that once when he was the hungry child in the family of a poor preacher, he promised himself he would have everything he wanted when he became a man. If he did not get everything he wanted in later life it was because shrewd brains and $100,000,000 could not get it.

In Wilmington, Delaware, it was my pleasure to know of every leading banker. At that particular time, some 10 years ago, six of them were grandsons of a Methodist bishop. I cannot get a correct list of all the millionaires in America, but it is my impression, formed from a very incomplete list before me, that one in every 10 is the son or grandson of some minister.

And please do not forget that we are to look for only one in every 300 persons in every prominent class to be the son of a minister, whereas we are finding one in every 10; that is, sons of preachers produce 30 prominent leaders where we should expect only one, as compared with the average home.

Lest it might be claimed that the above facts are not full enough and complete enough to establish a law, Who's Who, telling us about leading Americans in literature, science, government, finance, and so on, contains nearly 20,000 names of leading Americans. The study of an old edition of 12,000 names showed approximately 1,000 as sons of ministers. This is perhaps the best general authority on the subject we have. I have not had time to tabulate and make count of all names in the latest and largest volume, but such work as done still shows about the same ratio as among the Presidents—one in 10, where we should expect only one in every 300.

I stopped trying to find why so many sons of preachers fail as compared with sons of other professional leaders and began trying to find why and how they succeed so well. Possibly the minister chooses a thoughtful mother for his wife. Possibly self-denial in the average preacher's home teaches the child resourcefulness and develops initiative and character. Perhaps the spiritual atmosphere gives vision and courage. Perhaps it is all of these and then some other things, but the sons of ministers succeed better than any other class of children.

What is the quality of these sons of preachers? Their number outclasses all others. Is the quality maintained? New York in 1920 furnishes part of the answer:

Thomas W. Lamont, the financier, was a minister's son.

The editor of *The Literary Digest* was a minister's son.

Two of his associate editors were ministers' sons.

Lyman Abbot is a minister's son, and two of his sons are sons and grandsons of ministers, and the list might continue if space permitted. I need not mention such men as Henry Van Dyke, William James, Henry James, Richard Watson Gilder, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Francis Parkman, Louis Aggasiz and others, some of whom have finished their work and are dead. Nor need I call attention to one of the foremost figures today—our Secretary of State—Charles E. Hughes, who is the son of a Baptist clergyman. Are these men just space fillers? Do they hold their jobs by mere favoritism? They were not born with the prestige of wealth or powerful influence. Each has had to climb the ladder to the place attained by sheer ability.

Let us look over other years. Linnaeus, the great botanist was the son of a minister; Jenner, who gave us vaccination against smallpox, was the son of a minister; Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, was the son of a minister; so was Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great artist; Hallam, Froude, Charles Kingsley, were all sons of preachers.

A whole line of poets were sons of preachers. Tennyson, Ben Jonson, Cowper, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Addison, Young, Keble, Matthew Arnold and others, were sons of preachers.

What the Sons Think About It

EIGHT out of the first 37 names selected for the Hall of Fame in New York City were borne by sons of ministers, when only eight in 2,400 should have been expected.

What do some of the sons of ministers themselves think? In 1911, when he was governor of New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson was quoted as saying: "I believe that to be the son of a minister has been in a great many ways a distinct advantage to me. To be the son of a minister generally means the association throughout one's youth with a man of character and cultivation devoted to the highest things both of thought and action, and that must surely constitute a great advantage."

Dr. John H. T. Finney, one of the foremost physicians of Baltimore at that time and whose father and grandfather were ministers, is quoted as saying: "There is no doubt in my mind that as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined. In my own case, I have frequent cause to be thankful that the training I received from my father was what it was. It is a good thing at times to have one's moorings pretty firm, and I think the training which the majority of children receive in a minister's family is better than that found in the average family circle. I know I was exceptionally fortunate in my own father and I shall never cease to be grateful that I had the benefit of his training during the years when it was most needed. I know whatever success I have obtained in my profession has been due more to his influence than to any other."

These two opinions, given by two great thinkers, in their respective lines, need no additional support. They are typical of opinions from others who have been successful—although sons of ministers.

In almost every case the mother in the parsonage comes in for even a greater commendation than the minister himself. Her devotion, ideals, self-sacrifice, self-denial, courage, patience, faith—all enter into the giving a minister's son a 30-times' better chance to succeed than the son of the average man.

Some of Their Achievements

BUT what have ministers done? Still the question arises, are ministers good for something or just good? Suppose there had been no sons of ministers.

Would we have the telegraph lines of the world—or even a Thomas A. Edison, who as a telegraph boy began his wonderful life, giving the world the many things without which it would fare badly? Was it not the telegraph lines given us by S. F. B. Morse, a minister's son, which awoke Edison and started him on his marvelous career? Would we have the great ocean cables given us by another minister's son? Would the news of Europe each day be spread on our supper tables? If it had not been for the bold John Hancock, and sons of other preachers, would we have the United States of America?

Would there be any Methodist church if it had not been for two sons of a preacher in Epworth rectory? Who can measure the fruits of this influential church? The great hymns of comfort and courage and battle and warfare are with us because of a son of a minister. Would there have been any soul-winning, soul-stirring, soul-saving evangelism in the churches?

More than half of our best books were given us by sons of ministers. More than half of our college and university presidents are sons or grandsons of ministers. How would the world fare without Tennyson's "In Memorium" or Wesley's "Jesus Lover of My Soul," or so many things which have become a part of the best ideas and ideals of the world. If there is a black sheep sometimes, like Judas Iscariot among the 12 disciples, the facts stand out that a minister's son has 30-times' more chance to succeed than the ordinary boy.

Getting Together—A Remedy for Industrial Ills

Employer and Employe Must Co-operate

By JAMES J. DAVIS
SECRETARY OF LABOR



(C) Harris & Ewing

JAMES J. DAVIS,
Secretary of Labor.

THERE are always just so many individuals who must be pessimistic regardless of the signs of the times. There are still a few persons who receive the information that the United States has passed the lowest point on the road to normalcy with a question mark. A year or even six months ago there were more pessimists than now—which goes to prove that the industrial machine which has been coasting down the road of depression has felt the inspiration of the hand at the throttle and is picking up headway on the upgrade. A little more "gas" of enthusiasm, of confidence, and the gears will be shifted into high with such ease that many will wonder why they ever doubted.

The work to be done is to improve the present situation. In these stern times we have learned a new conception of work. Work means something more to us than working for ourselves. We see that to prosper, ourselves, we must work for the general good, for the other fellow, for the millions of other fellows, which means the nation.

Anybody can, and must, take a hand. The business leader must work to start the wheels of industry going again, and bid farewell to war-time profits. The toiler must work among his kind, for the creation of a spirit willing to bid goodby to unreasonable demands. The banker must work to provide credits for the re-establishment of business. The skilled engineer must work to cut down costs.

All Can Help Start Things Going

THERE happens to be some general contributions that all can make to start things going. With all due respect for prudence, people should buy all they can to satisfy their immediate needs. Employers should stop trying to crush labor organizations. Labor organizations should buckle down to sensible wages and postpone contentions over wages and working conditions to a better time.

Any one who speaks on the affairs of the nation expresses himself now with cheerfulness and confidence. To realize what this means we have only to transport ourselves back the short stretch of a year and reflect where we were at that time. To emphasize our improved fortunes now, let us consider the picture then. There is no disguising the fact that it was a time of discouragement and uncertainty. Men in the strongest positions shook their heads. The wisest were unable to predict what would happen.

Still, serious as the times were then, as is natural with our people, we greatly exaggerated our unhappiness. We are a people who like to look facts in the face. We demanded to know the number of unemployed—and the number frightened us. We forgot the fact that at all times in our country, even in the best of times, there are always about 500,000 men out of work, either from choice or because of shifts in the population. Our plight in that respect was not so bad as we thought.

In the 55 years since the Civil War the United States has made one of the most astonishing leaps forward in human records. In that half century it has taken its place at the forefront of all others as a producing nation. In the whole past history of human endeavor there has been nothing like this rapid rise to wealth on the part of a whole people. Since the recent great war the gap between us and our nearest rivals has, if anything, widened. In that war our resources of machinery counted as much as our men in the tide of victory. Nothing has ever equaled the magnitude of that performance. We literally made an era.

In the year 1919, on the heels of the war, we kept 287,000 manufacturing plants in operation, some of them night and day. With the skill of their 8,000,000 employes a product was turned out valued in that year at sixty billions of dollars. Early in the boom year of 1920 we did even better. Yet a year afterward we dared to be downhearted. A people capable of such endeavor has been almost in despair for months, doubting its ability to recover from the effects of its own discouragement.

This country has performed the marvel of self-cure before; it can and will do so again. But there are shocks yet to come. From a period of depression such as that which existed in 1921 we cannot rise on wings and by means of a mere wish. American business is as a being sick. Its recovery depends upon its own iron constitution. There is no magic cure for its malady.

The administration at Washington has been looked to for some magical way out of the maze. But President, Cabinet and Congress are not performers of miracles. Recovery will be slow and gradual. There will for a time be continued unemployment. This will mean discontent among those who are kept out of work. Their temper will be tried, as their endurance has already been tested.

Now it is possible, as I have said, to speak of the immediate future with cheerfulness, with confidence. The crisis is past. The processes of readjustment are well along. Wholesale prices have fallen. Retail prices are following, not so fast as many of us would wish, but probably as rapidly as sound conditions will allow.

The most unwelcome of all situations has been the prospect of a reduction in wages. The balloon of inflated war-time prices having collapsed, values dropped to earth—even the value of labor. It has always seemed to me the saddest fact in life, that human labor, the work of human hands, should be subject to the laws of the market. Yet it must be so. The value of work and the product of work must rise and fall together.

Some Would Cling to Old Prices

ADJUSTMENT and return to prosperity were halted or delayed because everybody was trying to beat down everything except his own income. So, many of us, especially the men without work, have had to suffer while the process of a lowering of costs all along the line works itself out. At points that lowering process is being impeded by groups who want still to hang on to the old prices. As a people we have cried out for these adjustments, but the process cannot move faster than the great mass of us moves and thinks.

As a matter of fact we are fortunate to feel the improvement so soon. In similar crises in the past, recovery has been much slower in coming. And we must not expect, we do not want, a sudden rush back to boom times. It is better for the return to be sure. I believe the American workman has made up his mind to wait solidly for prosperity. He can wait; he will wait.

Our greatest lesson has been learned. It could not be taught us until we had gone almost to the limit of our endurance, and we had to wonder whether there would be bread in the bread-box tomorrow. It was the lesson of thrift. Everywhere you go you can now see the carefulness of men and women in buying. The mind of the public has begun to think in terms of homes. People are realizing the foolishness of paying rent, and are asking for homes of their own. They need good honest work to do, and are willing to do it, where a year ago there was a tendency toward the finicky. The American standard of living is the best prop and stay.

It is next to impossible to define in so many words what we understand as the American standard of living. As I see it, the American workman wants to open every week a pay envelope permitting him to save toward a comfortable home, and then to maintain that home in security. He wants enough to clothe his family decently, and to send his children through the grammar schools at least, and if possible through the high schools. Beyond that he must have enough to lay something by for his later years.

What the Average Workingman Wants

A COMFORTABLE house, as I picture it, is one that will keep the children at home because they would rather be there than anywhere else. I see in that home a table supplied with plain but good food in sufficient quantity. I see it simply furnished, with some pictures and some books and a musical instrument.

The laboring man who does an honest day's work does not require very much to make him contented. He hasn't the time for many recreations. He can't afford elaborate entertainments. But he is entitled to some outside pastimes. To follow his standard of living outside his home, the workman expects a wage that will leave him a modest sum for entertainment and self-improvement.

In normal times the average American workman receives all this and counts it as his due. Of course, a man without thrift can receive enough for these things and still have nothing. But the bulk of our people are thrifty, and so many thousands of them do own such homes and lead such lives that we have come to take those lives and homes as the standard of American living.

We should never lose sight of the fact that the American workman has given of his very best to help achieve our amazing national development. He deserves the best in return. Everywhere the far-seeing among our employers have come to appreciate the full measure of the workman's deserts. A living wage, yes, but even that is not enough. We need to think of him more as a man, as a co-partner in business. The humblest workman appreciates recognition.

I believe we are to work a new era in the world's progress by applying our national genius to the human side of industry. We had been making our country one vast machine by intense application of a genius for the *mechanics* of industry. Now has come the realization that all our industrial ills have sprung from lack of a single cog in that machine—a single cog, but the most important of all. The missing cog has been the element of simple humanity. Now, with our characteristic energy, we are hastening to supply that element—the *humanics*.

During the war we thought entirely of what we could get. It brought us disaster. Now we see that the way back to prosperity is to work back. We must think of what we give for what we get. The worker owes it to himself to work. This is no day for loafers. The man who doesn't earn his pay should have no pay. I am opposed to the rich loafer and the poor loafer.

Clean Out the Shirkers, He Advises

I HAVE this to say to my fellow trade unionists: If you want to make progress in America, you must clean your house of shirkers. Let the trade unionist say: I will not work with shirkers who, in robbing their employers, are robbing all the rest of us. We want to make our trade union badge a symbol of an honorable man who does an honest day's work. I mean that badge to be a badge of pride. I want my trade union card to be honored like the doctor's diploma.

If unions understood this spirit more fully antagonism to the unions would die a speedy death in the camps of its bitterest enemies. No criticism visits the man who works. If the unions *demanded* of every member a certain reasonable measure of daily work—if they fined or fired the shirker—I can see the day when every employer in the land would hail the nearest union leader and say: "Come, unionize my plant."

Another great lesson we have learned, I hope, is the lesson of working together, all of us, all the time. If so it would be the new discovery of an old principle—the principle of responsibility. As never before employers and employes have learned that their interests are one and the same. Neither can get along without the other. The two together prosper only as the employer is fair to his workers and as the workers give an honest day's work for a living wage. But above all that, their temper must be right toward each other.

Only the Dark Side Published

THE trouble is that harmony seldom advertises itself. Strife alone does that. The great body of American industry does move forward harmoniously, with concord between those who have saved and prospered and now own factories, and those whose ownership of a clean pair of hands will lead to ownership of factories if they likewise toil and save and use head as well as hands. That harmony we hear little of because of the noise of occasional industrial strife among us. But the music of factory whistle, the music of the humming wheels, the music of the whirring saw, the drumming of the riveter, grinding out products which mean wages and reasonable profits, is written in that harmony between employer and employe.

The great pity is that we hear so little of this in the newspapers. We have no guide to their numbers. We hear mostly of the controversies and disputes in industry. We get the impression that nothing else is going on in our country. We take these disputes to be the rule and not the exception.

It was my aim, on becoming Secretary of Labor, to utilize to the fullest extent the influence of that public office to spread as widely as possible the gospel of harmony between the worker and his employer. The Conciliation Service of the department has had many difficult cases presented for mediation. In scores of smaller cases speedy adjustments were obtained, although unemployment conditions and business depression resulted in many long-drawn-out disputes. Hundreds of thousands of workers were directly or indirectly involved. How many millions of dollars of loss were saved by these adjustments we have no means of knowing. How much disturbance and irritation we saved the country by ending these disputes we also have no means of knowing. But if figures are an index of anything, they prove that the practice of fairness and a spirit of conciliation has been immensely worth while.

The willingness toward harmony and mutual concession on the part of our people, worker and employer alike, needs cultivation. It must be encouraged.

LIGHTENING LABOR on the FARM



The tractor does more than fit the soil for planting. It is an important factor during haying. It helps to take the rush out of the harvest season.





Sawing the winter's wood is not the task it used to be. This farmer, with a pulley and belt attachment, makes good use of his tractor.



The undergrowth here provides a good test for the tractor's power. And the tractor readily breaks land like this—to the farmer's delight.



The old-fashioned steam thresher is fighting a losing battle with the tractor. The average farmer finds this method economical and reliable.





Making good speed and doing a clean job, this two-plow tractor is performing one of its most important functions.



The tractor is working five times as fast as the horses and the farmer's part is made much easier.



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BRIEFLY TOLD

Trackless trolley systems have been in use in China for some time.

Applications for telephones in Tokyo sometimes wait years for filling. Three hundred and fifty persons who applied for telephones in 1907 have just been granted them.

A European inventor asserts that he has constructed an electromagnetic phonograph on the combined principles of the amplifying tube and the telegraphone, by which a message may be "spoken into" a rail and picked up by the engineer of the following train.

If a public official of England gives out, without proper authorization, information obtained in the course of his official duties, or utilizes it for private purposes, he becomes liable to criminal prosecution.

Approximately 150,000,000 pounds of beef was produced on the ranges of national forests in the inter-mountain region during 1921.

Pocket telephones of the wireless variety will be part of the equipment of every policeman in Chicago soon. It will then be possible for policemen to be in communication with headquarters at any moment without the necessity of reporting in at the patrol boxes, as at present.

The original put-and-take top is to be seen in the museum of archeology and paleontology, University of Pennsylvania. This top was found in Korea and is a three-sided top marked with notches instead of figures. This top was used thousands of years ago, as was the old Chinese top, a prismatic die top called the ch'e me. The Hindoo counterpart of the put-and-take top game is called the chukree.

One thousand two hundred eighty-one Japanese women entered California during 1921.

Harney Peak, in the Black Hills, is the highest point in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains.

Motion picture films as a means of promoting trade in foreign countries are to be tried out extensively in the near future by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce.

Iron salts are being used for tanning, and manufacturers have begun to prepare iron tanning extracts on a commercial scale.

A big Brazilian cocoanut palm in the New York Botanical Garden grew so fast that several times it poked its head through the top of a conservatory, 90 feet high. To prevent further damage the tree was cut down.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Paintings by well-known Russian artists in some cases are selling in Moscow for the price of a pair of shoes.

Walnut slabs on which were beautifully and delicately carved passages from the Buddhist holy book were uncovered by workmen in the province of Chihli, China. The slabs were centuries old, and the natives were using them for kindling.

New York now has more than $11,000,000 available for building roads in that state.

Japan's salt supply comes entirely from sea water, which is drained on artificial marshes.

A Paris physician, who has for many years studied Egyptian mummies, believes he has discovered an embalming fluid that will maintain a lifelike appearance in corpses for more than 20 years.

The crocodile has a gizzard which it uses to crush and grind large lumps of food. It takes in sharp-edged stones to help in the grinding process.

More desks, flat and roll top, are manufactured in Herkimer, New York, than in any other place in the United States.

A prize of $100,000 has been offered by Lord Atholstan, of Montreal, for the discovery of a cure for cancer within five years. Sir William Veno, of Manchester, England, has offered $50,000 as a supplementary prize for the same purpose. The Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of London is to judge the formula, if any cure is found.

Dropping nearly 100 feet over a cliff into a 15-foot snowbank, a New Jersey man was dug out and found to be unhurt.

A "bone-dry" zone extending 40 miles inland along the full length of the Mexico-California border soon will be proclaimed by the Government of Mexico.

Every man and boy in Breathitt County, Kentucky, volunteered for service when the World War came.

An automobile driver may run full tilt into the latest model of railroad crossing gate, recently installed in Chicago, without injury either to himself or car. The gate will gradually yield and will halt the car just short of the track. A system of weights and coil springs exerts braking pressure.

Officials of London have decreed that children under 16 shall not see certain motion pictures unless accompanied by parents or guardians. There are two classes of films that are passed by the British board of film censors. One class is passed for "universal" exhibition and another for "adult" exhibition only.

Airplanes in the California rice fields ward off the flocks of wild ducks that come down from the North each autumn to feed on the grain.

France has six living soldiers who are unknown. Their memories are a complete blank as the result of the horrors of war. Photographs and detailed descriptions are to be given metropolitan and provincial newspapers in an attempt to locate their relatives.

The cottage where George Pullman dreamed of sleeping in comfort while traveling still stands in the shadow of the Rockies near Denver.

The daily number of motor accidents in Paris is approximately one hundred.

A film of ice formed on an arm of San Francisco Bay during a recent cold snap. Irrigation ditches froze over and snow flurries occurred near Los Angeles.

A new type of examination for college students is being tried out at Columbia University. Instead of a few questions on the high spots of the course, the new examination consists of a number of statements concerning matters previously gone over, some of which are false and others true. The student makes a plus sign next to those he considers true and a minus mark beside the false. This affords no chance for the bluffer to exercise his art, as two-thirds of the examination consists of the new method.

There are approximately 14,000,000 foreign-born living in the United States, and more than 7,000,000 cannot read the English language.

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GOLD HAS DROPPED OUT OF CIRCULATION

Our Assistant Government in Washington

TROOPS AND TANKS WIN LAW AND ORDER

Our "Assistant Government" in Washington

Many Organizations "Represent" Various Activities and Seek to Influence Laws

". . . . If the rich, in any modern state, thought it worth their while to secure a tariff, or legalize a trust, or oppose a confiscatory tax, to subscribe a third of their income to a political fund, no corrupt practice act yet invented would prevent them from spending it. If they did so, there is so much skill to be bought, and the art of using the skill for the production of emotion and opinion has so advanced that the whole condition of political contests would be changed for the future. No existing party, unless it enormously increased its own fund or discovered some other new source of political strength, would have any chance of political success"—Graham Wallas, the English psychologist-politician in "Human Nature and Politics," the most thorough study ever made of the subject.

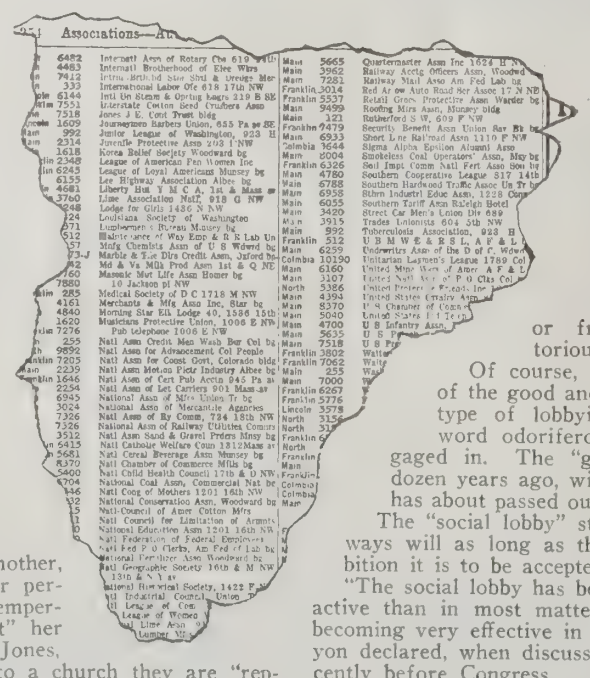
By AARON HARDY ULM

WHEN John Smith, ordinary citizen, says, "I am represented in Washington," he has in mind his congressman or his senator or perhaps officials in the executive departments or bureaus. But when Felix X. Jones, another citizen, says, "I am represented in Washington," he does not refer to those officials elected by him or who are paid from the public treasury. He has in mind a representative or representatives hired by him or for him and paid as his clerk or his traveling salesman or his farm hand or superintendent is paid.

Let us assume that Felix X. Jones is a storekeeper in a country town in Kansas. The town has a Chamber of Commerce which Jones helps to support. The chamber in turn is a member of the United States Chamber of Commerce, which maintains in Washington a big establishment for "representing" Jones in matters of general business concern.

If he sells dry goods, Jones may be a member of a national association which likewise "represents" him in Washington as far as national affairs affect that item of his business. If he sells hardware, there is another association which attends to that. If he sells automobiles, there is another, or if he only owns an automobile there is still another which "represents" him.

He owns stock, let us say, in a local bank which is a member of the American Bankers' Association, which, through its Washington offices, "represent" him in his banking interests. His bank probably is a correspondent for a big New York bank or trust company, which likewise maintains in Washington capable men to help keep Jones advised about matters affecting the banking interests.



Out in the country, Jones owns and operates a farm and by reason thereof he belongs to the local farm bureau. Thus through the American Farm Bureau Federation his farming interests are "represented" in Washington by a big establishment. They may be represented additionally by the Farmers' Union and several other agricultural organizations which maintain Washington establishments.

Mrs. Jones likewise is "represented" by at least a dozen organizations. One "represents" her as a mother, another as a voter, another perhaps as an advocate of temperance, and others "represent" her children. If Mr. and Mrs. Jones, or either of them, belong to a church they are "represented" in that capacity by the Federated Council of Churches. Several church denominations maintain separate or additional Washington establishments.

One might figure out how a family like that of Felix X. Jones has not fewer than 50 "representatives," which function in the form of associations, federations, leagues, and so on, with offices and usually paid agents at the national capital.

The Joneses probably are entirely unaware of the fact that they are so numerously "represented" outside of and "to" the Government at Washington. They may actually be members of none, or only a few of the organizations, which "represent" them. But whether they are members or not, they are counted by many of them, and are counted over and over again—and often in ways that are contradictory. The "three tailors of Tooley street" who met in London and began the preamble of a memorial to the king with "We the People of England" set the pace for the average Washington representative of groups.

Recently I asked one who has long been such a representative for an estimate of how many persons are actually thus "represented" in Washington.

"Certainly a great many more than are in the country," he answered, laughingly. "Scarcely one of us claims to represent fewer than a million; some of us claim millions."

But while the millions are represented numerously and variously in that vast unofficial structure, which one who helps manage it has called the "assistant government," they are by no means the best represented.

The best represented are small groups, or what frequently doesn't come under the classification of groups, being more in the nature of things than people. They are denominated usually as the "oil group" or the "railroad group" or the "banking group," or the "manufacturing group" or the "fertilizer group." Frequently their Washington establishments rival even the big governmental bureaus in size and cost and activity. Their chief agents almost invariably are paid much higher salaries than are received by congressmen or senators or cabinet officials. Many belonging to this classification are represented individually as well as jointly with others in the same line. Most of the big corporations have their Washington representatives whose business it is to look after the interests of their clients in legislation and administration.

All, whether there for big groups or small groups or no groups at all, deal in some kind of propaganda. The word is used here in its broad and inclusive sense, and not merely in the restricted and invidious sense given it by the war. There can be good as well as bad propaganda, and much of that which is dispensed in or from Washington is meritorious if not commendable.

Of course, there is lobbying, too, both of the good and the bad varieties. But the type of lobbying which once made that word odoriferous is now rarely ever engaged in. The "glad-handing" lobbyist of a dozen years ago, with his bottle and his boodle, has about passed out of the Washington picture. The "social lobby" still cuts a big figure and always will as long as there are persons whose ambition it is to be accepted by the socially elect.

"The social lobby has been active in this case, more active than in most matters; and the social lobby is becoming very effective in Washington," Senator Kenyon declared, when discussing an important matter recently before Congress.

"Lobbying of the old type no longer gets anywhere," said an old-time lobbyist, who made a fortune out of it, to a prospective client recently. "However, unless a measure has big popular demand behind it the odds are much against its being voted on unless some one makes it his business to prod the committees and the members concerning it. Now, I play golf nearly every week with the chairman of the committee which has your bill in charge. . . ."

To be able to play golf with congressional leaders or big officials in the executive branches of the government is a big asset to an outsider in the "representing" business, if he wishes to use it; and many do.

There are in Washington more than 2,000 lawyers. A large proportion of them are engaged in legislative or "departmental" practice. Very little of it calls for knowledge of the law, for many persons who have no law diplomas or certificates engage in it. Better than any kind of knowledge is wide and intimate acquaintance in the right circles. Many Washington lawyers deal in propaganda of some sort. Many have standing retainers from interests concerned with legislation, as well as with the income tax or other administrative matters.

The quality of the work done by some may be indicated by partnerships or office associations that exist. A prominent Republican lawyer frequently associates himself with a prominent Democrat. One law establishment in Washington is conducted jointly by two men, one of whom was formerly an official of the Democratic Congressional Committee, the other having been connected similarly with the Republican Congressional Committee.

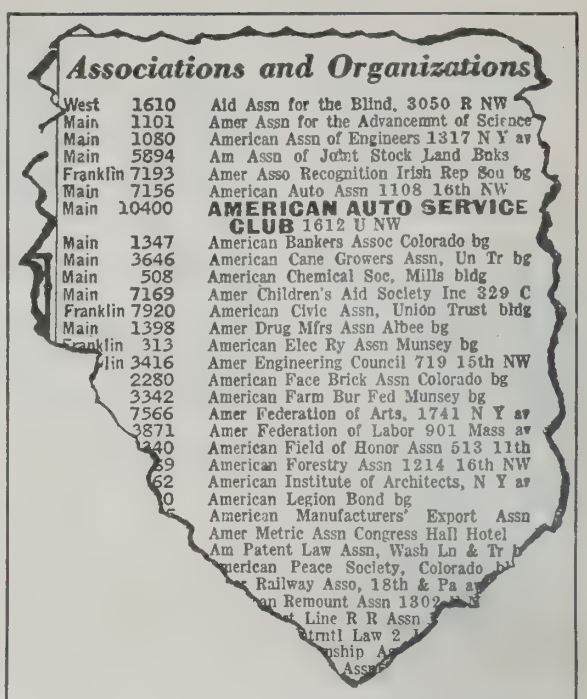
Much of the fee business going to Washington lawyers or other persons who engage in departmental and legislative activities on the basis of fees is due in part to misapprehension about affairs in Washington. A business man far from the national capital often will pay real money for something that only appears to be "inside." Any one familiar with the machinery of the government can find out almost anything that is to be known. Yet many large sums are paid for "tips" that a properly directed letter from anybody would bring forth. Those who get out regular "information" services—there are several which send out daily reports on what is going on in various ways—find the word "confidential" to be of great value. There's a certain man, for example, who has made a great deal of money out of business bulletins sent to large numbers of subscribers who pay liberally for them. He uses fine paper and excellent printing in getting them out and bespatters them with the word, "confidential." They thus make a great impression, though they rarely contain anything anybody can't find out. Fees of $500 to $1,000 are often paid for getting passports that could be just as easily procured without the aid of a go-between.

It would be interesting to show, if there were some way of computing it, the cost of so-called "assistant government" in Washington. A large portion of the population is now taxed just as regularly and as surely for unofficial representation as for the official kind in Washington. It is becoming just as necessary for those who have just causes as for those who have doubtful causes.

This is shown by what several of the farm organizations have been able to accomplish for their members through maintaining Washington establishments. The achievements of the "farm bloc" are due as much to the farm leaders who have marshaled their followers behind it as to the members of Congress who compose it. Those leaders organize and keep up the public sentiment without which the "bloc" would soon go to pieces. The "research" men in the Washington offices of the farm organizations dig up the information the "bloc" leaders need in presenting the farmers' claims in Congress.

The same is done by interests opposed to the proposals made by the farm organizations or the "farm

(Concluded on page 12)



THE reproduced slices from the Washington telephone book give some conception of the "assistant government" structure that has been built up in Washington. Under "Associations and Organizations" there are listed more than 200 establishments which are conducted ostensibly to "represent" groups, interests, commodities and ideas concerned with national legislation or administration. These, however, are open establishments, whose operations as a rule are public. But there are many "agencies," like resident "attorneys"—who are not always lawyers—that are not so listed with reference to what they "represent." Most of us are "represented" in or by the Washington "assistant government" in some way—often many ways—but some are much better "represented" than others. Of course, all the associations and organizations in Washington are not maintained to represent, and in reproducing the lists such is not meant to be stated.

Guam, Uncle Sam's Far-flung Outpost in the Pacific

Island Possession Has Been Little Developed, But Possibilities Are Great

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

"RIGHT this way, ladies and gentlemen, to Guam and the Carolines. See Uncle Sam's far-flung outpost, the last stopping point on this side of the Philippines. Transfer at Guam and go south to the Caroline Islands. These are the spoils, or a part of them, that the Japs got for fighting against Germany. See Yap, little in name and size but mighty. Japan has a mandate over it, but our cable to the Philippines lands there. There are hundreds of islands in the Carolines. See what the Japs are doing there. See with your own eyes whether they are abiding by the four-power agreement to cease building fortifications. Right this way, ladies and gentlemen."

The ballyhoo man, the "barker" in the red cap, can be imagined or visualized as standing at the dock in San Francisco and exhorting his hearers to go West. But this young Horace Greeley can only be imagined. He wears no red cap; in fact, he is not there. If he were there he would be shouting the wonders of Hawaii. That place is established in the American consciousness. We have acquired the habit of going there.

Guam, still largely undeveloped, is only a diamond in the rough. Yap is just a pinpoint on the map. The Carolines are just half a thousand pinpoints. However, Guam has a length of 30 and a width of six or seven miles with a total area of approximately 200 square miles. It is a stopping point for Uncle Sam's transpacific ship route and one of his cable lines. He has also there a naval depot and some fortifications not yet finished, but as much finished now as they will be within the next 10 years if the *status quo* understanding of the powers lives.

Guam is hot; its mean temperature is 80 degrees. When it rains, it pours. When it blows, look out for a hurricane. When the ground shivers and you have a strange feeling of emptiness or uncertainty, you may know that old Mother Earth is quaking.

Hurricanes make no lasting impression on the natives. A furious storm destroys the fields and gardens, wipes out everything. The people are destitute and famine grips them. It has happened several times. Some ship comes in with food, and starvation is prevented. The farmers grow just enough vegetables for their daily needs. They never have a surplus; when disaster arrives, they are not prepared to cope with the emergency.

The situation may be peculiar but not entirely illogical. There must be an incentive of a positive character. Here in America we grow more than we need so that we can sell the surplus and buy other materials with the money received. Guam is isolated. There is no market for the surplus. The wants of the people are extremely simple. The only possible need of a surplus would come with a catastrophe. The people are unwilling to anticipate a calamity, particularly so if two birds cannot be killed with the same stone.

Guam is not self-supporting, though every home has its garden or rancho, where the principal products are corn and sweet potatoes. Perhaps there will be a patch of tobacco or some coffee bushes stooping from the weight of the berries. Rice is grown. Cocoanuts are gathered from the palm trees. Copra, the dried meat of the cocoanut, constitutes the only item exported. By far the larger part of the population of 15,000 is engaged in agriculture.

The roads are poor, many of them little more than mere trails. Even the carabao, or water buffalo, and the cart it draws cannot travel some of them. This need for better transportation retards the development of the island. When roads are made, fine lumber obtainable in the interior and other materials besides copra will doubtless be exported.

The natives are a picturesque lot of mixed blood, with a range of complexion from white to dark brown. In other days Scotch, French, English and Spanish ships stopped in the harbor of San Luis d'Apra. When the ships departed, some of the men remained and married the native Chamorro women. If the tourist were required to guess or identify the place by the family names he would judge himself to be in the British Isles, France or Spain; if he heard the language and knew languages he would perceive it to be the common tongue of that section of the world; that is, of Micronesia.

The men wear trousers and shirts, but they vary the American style by keeping the shirt entirely on the outside. We may laugh at the custom, but they deem it a much more preferable method than ours. If we lived as near the equator as they do we might see more wisdom in their apparent madness. The women like ample skirts and waists with sleeves, but they save their shoes and stockings for special events.

The Guamese impress the traveler as an amiable people. They are intelligent and eager to learn. Their enterprise in this respect must be regarded as astonishing; for the Spanish authorities frowned on education because they thought the natives, if left ignorant, would be more tractable and less likely to rebel against the government. Since the American occupation of the island at the close of the war with Spain, schools have been established.

A marked filial devotion may be noted between the parents and children. When marriage comes, the interested fathers and mothers plan and work together to give the young couple the right sort of a start in life. When the parents reach old age, the sons and daughters repay by taking care of them.

"It is not unusual," says one man who has studied this aspect of Guamese character, "for a man or woman of 40 or 50 years to ask permission of the parents before engaging in a business transaction. The spectacle of old women, abandoned and forgotten by their children, acting as water carriers as in Samoa and among our Indian tribes, is unknown in Guam."

Many of the houses have roofs of colored tile and are constructed of wood, stone or stucco. The Americans introduced corrugated iron as a good roofing material, which some of the natives have taken as an example worth following. The older residents or those of a conservative mind stick to the customs of their forefathers as good enough for themselves; they prefer dwellings thatched all over with palm tree leaves.

Agana, the seat of government, is an industrious little city that sets the pace for the few others in Guam. The houses are more modern and the streets more spacious and better surfaced than those of its sister towns.

In the public square you will see the principal church of Agana and of Guam. Founded in 1669, the earthquake of 1902 shattered it; as yet it has not been restored to its former glory, but the natives give it the same degree of adoration.

"Its great bell," a former governor of the island once said, "tolls every morning at 4 o'clock calling the people to matins and to their daily tasks. The church is a sacred possession hallowed by the worship of generations. The people could not be parted from it nor from the daily observances connected with it."

The island imitates Italy in shape, though if that country can properly be compared to a boot, Guam must be reckoned as a pair of hose such as men wear. The toe of Italy points downward, and that of Guam takes a similar position. There is a dissimilarity, however, because the Italian boot projects northwest, while the Guamese upper prefers the northeast direction.

San Luis d'Aprâ, 10 miles from Agana, has a better harbor than those of Pago and Tarofofo, which are on the other, or eastern, side of the island. Agana's own harbor gives no assurance of safety in a storm, inasmuch as an anchor will drag readily in the coral bottom. Apra has a clay bottom. Consequently, we have the queer situation of the capital using the Apra harbor regardless of the disadvantage the location entails.

Would you pick cotton from trees? Then go to Guam where three varieties grow wild. The tree cotton flourishes at a height of 60 feet.

Guam has other remarkable trees besides those that yield cotton. The women take the long leaves of the pandanu and braid them into mats and hats. From the hau tree, the men manufacture a strong rope impervious to water. The cocoanuts here are the best in all the tropics, the pineapples are juicy and the breadfruit delicious. The jungles contain many hardwoods valuable for shipbuilding or cabinet work.

The island, of course, is administered by our Navy Department, because of its great importance as a naval station.







Above—A street in Agana, the capital of Guam, which reveals some modern homes with tile roofs and stuccoed walls. Center—The inhabitants of this village in Guam do the family washing in the stream that bisects the town. Below—This home of a day laborer in Guam rests on short posts, and the entire exterior is thatched with palm leaves.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 21, March 18, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

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3. Write clearly.

Shut the Side Doors, Too

IT WAS good campaign strategy to keep up the cry against the three per cent immigration law. Opposition would give the public the impression that the law is doing what it was meant to do. Our Jewish friends especially made Congress ring with their protests, but the House decided by a heavy vote to keep the three per cent restriction in force for another year, and the opponents of the law know in their hearts that they are once more the beneficiaries of American stupidity.

Whether for or against restricted immigration, citizens should understand that the three per cent law is not doing what it is advertised to do. If there were an immigration law restricting immigration at the port of New York, but leaving Boston and Philadelphia and the Gulf ports wide open, no one would pretend that we had immigration restriction.

Yet that is practically the situation now. All our front doors are restricted, that is, our seaports east and west. But our side doors, Canada and Mexico, are wide open.

And this is what has occurred: the very emigrants described by our State Department as most undesirable are entering the United States by way of Canada and Mexico. Our law has had the effect of glutting those two countries with the very elements which this government is trying to keep out. After a certain residence in Canada, they come here as "Canadians," and after a certain residence in Mexico, they arrive here as "Mexicans": that is, those who wait to establish formal residence. Great numbers of them come across the border in the dark, without formality.

The difficulty is that this government cannot refuse "Canadians." And the abuse of racial names by foreigners of no country at all, has gone so far as to raise again the question of proper classification.

Canada is now confronting the concrete problem which this government has unwittingly forced upon her by its ill-considered action. Canada is glutted with undesirables. Stopped at our seaports, but not at the frontier, they swarm along our land boundaries waiting to get across. Canada has tackled the question, has frankly named names, and is now in the throes of inexperienced combat with the world organization whose underhanded work upsets governments and ruins patriotic officials.

The United States could have prevented all this by a foresight which should have taken these obvious possibilities in hand at the first.

The facts are sufficient, however, to show that the fervent protests against the three per cent restriction law are merely theatrical, to make the American people believe that the doors are really guarded. The excitable protesters know that the United States might shut the sea doors completely, and it would make no difference as long as the land doors, north and south, were left open.

A Nation of Co-operators

TO FIND one nation in the world that is genuinely prosperous, where the people are all busy and happy, while discontent and poverty are practically unknown, should mean much to us at any time. Such a nation can perhaps teach us things worth knowing.

Recent travelers and students are practically unanimous in declaring that Denmark is just now the most prosperous country in Europe, and the most democratic, judged from the point of view of a general distribution of wealth and the enjoyment of equality of opportunity. With a high average of comfort, we are told, there has been brought about in the little Scandinavian kingdom a high average of intelligence and of culture. Indeed, Denmark puts forth well-based claims to be the best educated nation in the world. And this because it is a nation of farmers.

The secret of it all? The question is answered in a word: *Co-operation.* Dr. Frederic C. Howe calls his recent, very interesting and informing volume, "Denmark: A Co-operative Commonwealth." He shows very clearly that the remarkable progress of the country is due first and foremost to the development of the co-operative spirit and of practical co-operative methods in agriculture. Denmark is distinctively an agricultural country. Industrially, it hardly counts; but it exports some $150,000,000 worth of agricultural products yearly.

As Dr. Howe points out, the remarkable progress of the Danes economically, and at the same time mentally and morally, may be traced to successive steps forced on them in the seventies. Losses of territory and the competition of American and Argentine wheat had reduced the country to a very low ebb. These recuperative steps began with the breaking up of large holdings into small farms and the practical extinction of tenant-farming in favor of peasant proprietorship. Collective buying and collective marketing rid the Danish farmer of the exactions of the middleman. With intensive farming went a standardizing of products. They sent a commission to Ireland to find out how it was that the Irish eggs, butter and bacon were able to command such high prices in the English market. Then they so far improved upon the Irish products that they were able to compete with them advantageously.

The farmer buys food for his cattle, agricultural machinery and all kinds of farm and household supplies through wholesale co-operative stores in Copenhagen.

The Danish farmer is also a banker. There are 521 co-operative savings banks and the farmers' financial problems are happily solved by means of efficient co-operative credit unions. Co-operation has furnished the coherent element in Danish democracy and given a new and immensely significant trend to popular education. The Danish farmers are a power in politics because they do things for themselves and are not dependent on the government. They have made Denmark a genuinely democratic country, because in economic organization and administration they prefer private to state initiative and activity. They even run their own schools without regard to the politicians.

A Bonus for the Bankers' Benefit

BONUS legislation, or attempts at it, is putting the political interest in Congress at a disadvantage. Bonus talk long ago lost its last pretense to patriotism, and has become crass politics, with the next election in view. What the soldier must feel, can only be surmised. He would probably be willing to wipe out the whole account—and it is not he who insists that an account exists!—if assured of a steady job in a prosperous country.

The proposals put up to Congress grow steadily worse. They were bad enough to begin with, in that they gave the bankers more than they gave the soldiers. Bonus interest usually runs one and a half times more than bonus payments. The soldier would always receive more if given the interest instead of the principal.

But the worst proposal of all is the latest, the issue of 20-year certificates on which the Federal Reserve banks would be authorized to lend up to 50 per cent of their face value, the soldier *paying interest* fixed by the amount of the regional discount rate charged by the Federal Reserve Bank, *plus two per cent.*

That is, by making himself a borrower, binding himself to pay a plus interest, and putting up a certificate worth more than twice as much as he is able to borrow on it, the soldier may be handed a few dollars. Otherwise the bonus is postponed to the safe period of 20 years.

But that is not all. The ex-soldier is not paid this borrowed amount on government account, he is only loaned it by the Federal Reserve. He still owes for the money that he is given—owes principal and interest to the Federal Reserve. If the ex-service man defaults in his payments, the bank can go to the government and get the money. The government does not come to the rescue of the soldier, it comes to the rescue of the bank, and redeems the certificate for the bank, which it would not do for the soldier. It is openly figured that "through borrowings and forfeitures" the soldiers would lose one billion dollars!

In this way—putting off the soldiers for 20 years, and profiting by their emergencies in the interim, burdening the taxpayers to the tune of about four billion dollars, fattening the now ravenous interest system and the private bankers' organization known as the Federal Reserve—in this way politicians play timorously and dishonestly with a big question. The proposal is neither generous nor just, but it illustrates once more the collapse of the old methods.

Mr. Hays Speaks

"I AM NOT going to reform the movies. There is to be no clean-up campaign in the sense many have described," said Will H. Hays, ex-postmaster-general in a copyright interview. The program, as Mr. Hays outlined it, is one of business extension. The rapid rise of what Mr. Hays describes as "the theatrical end of the business" has delayed the exploitation of the church and school as profitable movie fields, and to remedy this is the avowed aim of Mr. Hays.

This may be Mr. Hays' method of avoiding a confession that the movie business was on the brink of moral collapse, it may be his indirect way of saying that movie conditions ought to be changed. Certainly his great verbal attention to Bible pictures was intended as a sop to that very section of American public opinion which had shoved the movies so near the edge of destruction. As far as anyone is now aware, the "movie public" has never craved "Bible pictures," except those vile imitations whose Biblical titles masked quite un-Biblical scenes of lascivious license. The country does not clearly see Mr. Hays' employers preparing pictures for Sunday school conventions just yet. Publicists, however, do quite clearly see Mr. Hays' adroit appeal to the kind of public opinion he is afraid of—for his employers.

The scare thrown into the movies by the rising sense of outrage in the country, did not come by reason of the alien masters of the movie cowering beneath the protests of American decency. They are not capable of such a reaction. The triumph of public opinion was made in quite other quarters. Wall Street was heavily involved in movie investments. American financiers were quite alive to the fact that moral repudiation of the movies would mean their financial ruin. That is where the work of rescue began. But it hasn't touched the pictures yet. Public opinion has been treated, not the pictures. The selection of Mr. Hays was a soothing dose for public opinion. Now, if Mr. Hays, contrary to his announcement, will doctor the pictures into decency, something will have been accomplished. Thus far nothing whatever has been accomplished as far as the actual pictures on the screen are concerned. And it is about the pictures that public opinion is exercised.

It Depends on Us!

EXTREMELY suggestive, and not without particular significance in this country, is the text of a recent "parliamentary reply" by Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, to a question asked by Neil McLean, Independent Liberal leader:

> "It is the intention of the government to permit the establishment of an unrestricted market for gold in London at the earliest date at which the state of the exchanges renders this course possible and desirable. The question whether, and to what extent, the public will then return to the use of gold coins in place of notes for ordinary purposes of currency is one which must ultimately depend mainly on the action of the community itself."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer corresponds to our Secretary of the Treasury, save that he has the further responsibility of preparing and submitting the annual budget and defending it on the floor of the House of Commons. For seven years, the British people have been accustomed to paper money, and to paper issued directly by the British Government without the intervention of banks. Previously, they had been limited to the use of gold and silver coin and Bank of England notes exchangeable for gold on demand. It was generally supposed that any other medium of exchange would so utterly fail to command the confidence of the people that its circulation would be impossible. Now the nation's chief financial officer admits that it is all a matter of the people's choice. Whether the public will return to the use of gold coins instead of notes will depend mainly "on the action of the community itself." That is, he foresees the probability that having experienced the superior convenience and elasticity of the paper currency which made it possible to finance the war, the people of Britain will not be particularly anxious to go back to the use of a medieval metallic currency.

The difference between a gold currency and a "gold-based" currency is essentially only a difference in degree. It is as true concerning a continuance in this country of a currency with a fictitious, costly and cumbersome "gold basis" controlled by the banks, as it is concerning the "return" to gold coin in England, that it depends on the action of the community: on what "you and I and all of us" propose to do about it.

And by the way, some interesting questions might be asked as to the reasons and the results of a government-restricted market for gold, not only during the four years and three months of war, but also through the three years and four months that have elapsed since the signing of the armistice. But that is another story.

Mr. Ford's Page

FINANCIAL conferences usually come to very little, because the conferees are financiers. Even doctors will not treat themselves when ill, but financiers insist that no one but themselves understands their ailment. Their thought more likely is that anyone but themselves would probably find a cure. For the ailment of which financiers complain is not their own, but that of the society in which they function. It is the cow that has grown ill, not the milker. But the cow's illness is the milker's loss, therefore the conferences.

Bankers are useful people, there is no doubt about that. That is to say, banking is capable of being a very useful business. But, on the one hand, there are so many bankers who are not engaged in straight banking at all, and, on the other hand, there are so many bankers who are only engaged in the shop routine of banking, that the whole occupation has lost a great deal of the dignity it once commanded in the public mind.

If the bankers who do straight banking would regard themselves as naturally the first men to probe and understand our monetary system, the custodians of that part of our common business, instead of being content with the mastery of local banking house methods; and if they would deprive the gamblers in bank balances of the name of Banker and oust them once for all from the place of influence which that name gives them—clean them out for the good of the business of banking!—then two benefits would follow: banking would be restored and established as the public service it ought to be, and the iniquities of the present monetary systems and financial devices would be lifted from the shoulders of the people, and prosperity released.

There is an "if" there, of course. But it is not insurmountable. Affairs are coming to a jam as it is, and if those who possess technical facility do not engage to remedy the case, those who lack that facility may attempt it. Nothing is more foolish than for any class to assume that progress is an attack upon it. Progress is only a call made upon it to lend its experience for the general advancement. It is only those who are unwise that will attempt to obstruct progress and thereby become its victims.

All of us are here together, all of us must go forward together; it is perfectly silly for any man or class to take umbrage at the stirring of progress, as if it were a personal slight directed against his dignity or its pre-eminence. If financiers feel that progress is only the restlessness of weak-minded persons, if they regard all suggestions of betterment as a personal slap, then they are taking the part which proves more than anything else could do their unfitness to continue in their leadership. In that temper the glory is already departing.

Of course, where selfishness enters there are antagonistic interests. If the present faulty system is more profitable to a financier than a more perfect system would be, and if that financier values his few remaining years of personal profit more highly than he would value the honor of making a contribution to the life of all the world by helping to erect a better system, then there is no way of preventing a clash of interests. No way whatever, until that financier wakes up to the invincible truth that his tenure of power depends upon his alliance with progress, not against it.

It is perfectly safe to say to the selfish financial interests that if their fight is waged to perpetuate a system just because it profits them, then their fight is already lost. That is a fact. Their fight is lost before it begins, and all that they can lose more is the credit they still retain.

POWER is not power when it is touched with Fear. For that reason there is no "money power"—high finance is afraid, afraid of change. But "high finance" is only a term used to intimidate people. Comparatively few bankers live in New York, and when the thousands of bankers outside of New York refuse to send the people's money to the eastern speculators, the so-called "money power" will cease to exist even as a name. Bankers of this country can easily extricate themselves from the New York net whenever they like. And there are enough thoughtful, honest, serviceable bankers in the country to do that, and thus take the first step toward monetary reform on the basis of community service and justice.

It is hardly thinkable that any man of common sense, any man who has a vantage point from which he can look over the world, any man who really knows what the plight of the planet is today, could be so blind, so crass, so utterly soulless as to fight now—now of all times!—merely to save a financial system that is founded on a lie and which has collapsed upon itself. It is unthinkable that bankers who believe their profession to be a really useful social service should refuse to look into the future for clues as to how to make their business an assistance to the new conditions that are coming.

When one looks over the world today, taking in the condition of the nations, and then probes beneath the surface for the cause of these conditions, one catches in a glance an understanding of where the pain of progress is caused.

It is not the pain of change—we were made for change; our minds are changing continuously, so that our mental life is an endless series of swift twinklings. It is the pain of resistance. Men resist for many reasons, but all the reasons becomes one in the end, and that reason is Fear. Fear makes men selfish. Fear makes them cruel. Fear sews them up in a sack, so that they cannot move forward.

People talk of the "Money Power." It is a misnomer. Power that is power, knows itself to be power; power is conscious of itself, confident of itself. But the "money power" is not self-confident. It foresees change, and instead of proving its right to leadership by greeting the pressure of destiny toward a better way of doing a thing—a way with less cruelty, less injustice, less uncertainty in it—it is actually feeling the tremor of Fear!

Now, if that be a fact, we shall have to stop talking of the "money power." It still has force enough to harm and destroy, but in using that force it merely hastens that which it fears.

Why should finance fear for anything? The world will still be here, the best piece of raw material we know of. Men will do business with each other. There will be money, and there will be need of masters of the mechanism of money. Nothing is going to depart but the hooks and crooks which snarl life in knots and tangles every little while. There will be some readjustments, of course. Banks will no longer be the masters of industry, but the servants of industry, as they ought to be. Business will control money, instead of money controlling business. The ruinous interest system will be greatly modified. Banking will not be a risk, but a service. Banks will begin to do much more for the people than they do now, and instead of being the most expensive businesses to manage in the world, and the most highly profitable in the matter of dividends, they shall become less costly, and the profits of their operation shall go to the community which they serve.

But that is nothing to fear, is it? No financier would fear to have his son and daughter enter into a society where financial rapacity were impossible. The widows and the workingmen certainly would not fear it. Why should high finance? Why, indeed, should not high finance take the active hand in endeavoring to create such a system? For there is one thing that even the most secluded financial expert must know, namely, that a world that is good to the widow and the workingman is good to everyone else.

Pain grows out of resistance. The tragedies of progress are with those who tried to arrest it to save their unjust privileges. Desire for the equities of the new era casts out all fear.

Easter "Messiah" for Folks of the Prairie

Where Singing Has Become a Farming Community Fashion





Above—The "Messiah" chorus of hundreds is trained for weeks preceding the Easter week renditions. Center—Farmers fill the highways leading to the auditorium. Below—Bethany Auditorium showing the crowd entering for one of the concerts.

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

EASTER morning on the prairies of Central Kansas is much like Easter elsewhere in the great Middle West—the same wide vistas of rolling lands, greening fields, trees abud, here and there a lazy stream. Nor when one drives along the upper Smoky Hill valley, where comfortable farm homes, touched a little by an Old-World quaintness, spread their richness, is it different.

Yet in the vicinity of the Swedish town of Lindsborg, something unusual will take place Easter Sunday. Moving toward the village will be hundreds of motor cars, some bearing city folks from a hundred miles away, but mostly filled with ruddy-faced men, flaxen-haired women and children, all bound for the crowning event of the year—the Easter "Messiah."

For years Lindsborg has been developing its attraction; it has been born into the present generation; through childhood, youth and middle life for thousands it has been a motif leading toward the day of gladness. To the public it means a single concert; to the community it is an expression of its life. The rendition of the famous oratorio once a year is an incident; the preparation that has led up to it is an education.

Lindsborg is the center of a settlement of Swedish farmers. It has one of the leading colleges of the state, Bethany, where approximately 1,000 students are enrolled and whose musical department is one of the best known in the West. To Lindsborg belong the "Messiah" festivals—they are a part of its history.

On the campus of the college is a statue of Carl Swensson, the founder of the college and one of Kansas' great men, prominent alike in education, finance and politics until his death. An associate, while touring England in 1879, heard the "Messiah" given in Crystal Palace. He brought home the idea of such an event in America and Dr. Swensson developed it in Lindsborg, then a struggling settlement. In December, 1881, with a choir of 100 voices, the first rendition was given of Handel's masterpiece among people of Swedish extraction in this country. At Easter, 1882, the first public appearance attracted the people of the surrounding towns and each Easter since has seen a steadily growing interest reaching over the entire Southwest.

As Oberammergau lives for the Passion Play, so do the families of Lindsborg and around it live for the "Messiah." It supplies the year around a vital interest in their lives. It is a community idea—not the presence of a great artist alone. Each has a part. Five hundred voices take part in the chorus, 40 pieces are in the orchestra—all are from the little town of 2,000 inhabitants and the farms adjoining. When it is considered that Mme. Schumann-Heink, when she appeared as a soloist in the concert, received a fee representing a tax of 75 cents on every man, woman and child in the town, it makes the city efforts at maintaining a season of grand opera seem small and futile.

The Lindsborg chorus is an artistic body that would inspire the respect of any community. It has splendid routine. Many of the singers dispense with the score and rely on memory. Why should they not, since many of them have been singing the "Messiah" for a quarter of a century, and some who took part in the first performance 40 years ago still retain their places in the chorus. It is rather a family affair, this choir of Swedish-American farmer folk, and it is no uncommon thing for three generations to be represented. From the bass section more than one grandfather has heard the voices of his daughter and granddaughters among the sopranos and altos.

It is not surprising, therefore, that this chorus attains a tone of surprising unity, and that in all matters of rhythmical and intervallic precision it is unsurpassed. The quality of the tone is beautiful. In all massive effects it is of overwhelming sonority. The sopranos are remarkable for the purity, the flexibility, and the smoothness of the tone produced and the confident ease with which they approach trying altitudes of pitch. The contraltos share the delicious sympathy of tone quality common to most American choruses. The tenors achieve brightness and aggressiveness, and the basses are splendidly sonorous.

This co-operation of 25 per cent of the town's population has its vivifying effect on the social and religious life. The service comes from the heart. The organization is a purely voluntary one. It has no constitution or by-laws. Each year secretaries and other officers are elected. These officers formulate the rules for the year. No member receives any compensation. On the other hand, virtually all buy season tickets for the festival. The proceeds, if any, at the end of the festival go directly into the college treasury.

Practice begins the first week in January and continues with twice-a-week rehearsals until Easter week. When the eventful day comes, the chorus is reinforced by famous artists brought there to carry some of the great solo parts and give recitals, which are a part of the week's program. Among the artists and organizations that have traveled to the little Kansas village are: New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Elman, Nordica, Ysaye, Schumann-Heink, Hempel, Fremstad, Claussen, Gadski, Nielsen, Galli-Curci, Sembrich, Gates, New York Symphony Orchestra, Middleson, Pablo Casals, Anna Case. This year's headliners are Margaret Matzenauer, noted contralto, and Ricardo Stracciari, baritone. These soloists from New York will assist in the renditions: Marguerite Ringo, Mildred Bryars, Charles Stratton, Frank Cuthbert. There also will be a Mid-West musical contest for girls' glee clubs and individual excellence in piano, organ, voice and expression, for which there will be liberal cash prizes.

But let us get back to an Easter morning. On the edge of the college campus is an octagonal auditorium, severely plain both outside and in, seating about 3,000. Long lines of motor cars are parked along the street and in the elm-shaded park. These cars have come from Topeka, Wichita, Hutchinson, and scores of little towns. Special trains are bringing other crowds. Every seat has been sold and hundreds of persons, unable to gain admission, enjoy a sort of softened inspiration from the music that comes through the board walls when the great chorus sings.

Dusk falls before the crowds have ceased coming and the audience is hushed for the appearance of the chorus. Away up in the corner sit half a dozen little girls whose piping voices now for the first time sing in public. Beginning with them the chorus contains those who have sung two, three, four years and upward. In the audience a respectful hush attends the tuning of the orchestra. Gray-bearded fathers of the colony, who were the first to settle in the community, sit beside the third generation. The countenances of all are calm and contented—when the great chorus fills the hall with harmony, an eager, religious light comes into their eyes, and not a muscle moves as their ears receive the thrilling sound.

The "Messiah" has been sung by many persons the world over, but it is doubtful if the choruses were ever better sung than when these trained voices, rehearsed for a year, burst forth in divine harmony. They sing it with the scriptural words in their hearts—it is a praise anthem to the God who had prospered them and kept them together. "Comfort ye," is the message. "Comfort ye, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem and cry unto her that her welfare is accomplished. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord . . . . Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight and the rough places plain." Thus sang the tenor.

Then the promise came in the rushing tide of voices from the chorus: "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

The wonderful "Hallelujah" has spread its benediction and the great audience goes out into the night softened and enthralled.

The "Messiah" is in a sense an institution of Kansas. Jens Stensaas, treasurer and manager of the college and of the "Messiah" for 20 years, believes that yet greater things are to come. "The chorus has made Lindsborg the most musical community in the country," he said.

Why Has Gold Dropped Out of Circulation?

Bad Legislation Made Unproductive Gold the Master of Productive Industry

By A. R. PINCI

THE official per capita circulation in this country during 1921 was estimated at $53.44, a sum exceeding by one-third the per capita stock of gold and silver in the Treasury of the United States. Authorities, however, seem to agree that the actual circulation at any one time amounts to much less; less by about one-third. In other words, there is a practically stationary fund of money, but not in circulation; it is added to about as fast as it is diminished.

This fund represents the aggregate of scattered individual capital, and, of course, is not susceptible of precise totalization. It consists of our pocket money, money in cash drawers, money in savings receptacles, ambulant capital, concealment, money abroad, and the like, which is not a true part of the volume of circulation. The actual circulation during the last year, therefore, approximated the per capita stock of gold and silver—about $35.02.

Economists declare that in this country in average times money turns over every 20 days, which in the course of a year means 18 turnovers. On a per capita basis this turnover last year must have been about $630.

This total, however, shows a discrepancy in relation to the actual business done during that period. The bank clearings in the United States, according to figures furnished by the editor of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle,* were $359,391,941,908, roughly, about six times the total turnovers for the country. This means that the difference must be accounted for otherwise. It can be accounted for by credit operations. As the total clearings are not a complete record of all credit transactions, but only a part, it will be found, by further delving into this subject, that the ratio decided upon by the experts of the National Monetary Commission of the United States that business in this country is done upon a basis of nine-tenths credit and one-tenth cash, with the odds in favor of a greater future credit ratio, is approximately exact.

Man, Not Gold, Fixes Values

THE wealth of the United States, therefore, from a standpoint of money, does not lie in the mass of inert gold and silver metal reposing in the government vaults. The true basis of it is the tangible wealth—wealth that bespeaks utility as well as value—represented by countless commodities that mankind today regards as essential to its well-being. The value of the gold and silver belonging to the nation is, technically, just about what the actual per capita circulation was during the past year, but its pro rata distribution would avail nothing to the new owners if they were unable to exchange at once for some vital commodity.

The underlying principle of the gold standard, so dear to the majority of the professional bankers, is that it establishes value. This is absurd. It is an inherited superstition, and has its followers because it seems to operate. But does it? It is man that has arbitrarily fixed the value of gold and silver and everything else that comes under the category of natural wealth. It were just as logical to fix the value of air or sunlight.

Gold today has a value because a preponderantly great number of men, not themselves the principal owners of that gold, by a sort of miracle, agree to that value. But in reality it is worth nothing unless the owner of any part of it is sure that he can exchange it for whatever he wants whenever he can get it. The same may be said of silver. If these two metals, now finding a probable competitor in platinum, are by common consent used preferably to something else it is because nature has endowed them with certain attributes of comfort in handling that meet the exigencies of traders.

Platinum money has been the object of the attention of Russian leaders during the last two years or so. Platinum, however, is a comparatively new metal, commercially, and today is worth many times its weight in gold. Yet it was a few decades ago that one of the sub-Treasuries of the United States received "spurious" gold coins—I believe $20 pieces—which had passed through many banks, but that were made of gilded platinum. Were one of those coins to turn up today none but a metallurgist would know its true commercial value. It is doubtful if it could be sold for face value, since gold-plated platinum is an anomaly. And it is likewise doubted if a double-eagle stamped on platinum would be accepted.

U. S. Bursting With Gold But Begging for Capital

THE humorists of the world lampooned Germany's proposed porcelain money. Of course, the idea was not original with her, because porcelain coins have been used in the Orient for two centuries, according to authorities. What is the difference between porcelain and any other material if enough people agree to accept it reciprocally as a unit of value?

Porcelain can be made to have greater value than solid gold. At the time of writing an American corporation announced the exhibition of American-made service plates valued at $10,000 a dozen. There are more people in this country who would exchange $10,000 in gold for those porcelain plates—but there are not enough such plates to meet the demand. In other words, there are persons who think more of 12 porcelain discs than they do of 500 gold coins!

The assumption that gold and silver are in some mysterious and sacred way the only genuine capital is arrant nonsense. Neither is the lifeblood of the world. Either is in itself capital in no higher sense than wheat or cotton, and perhaps less so. Just now the United States is bursting with money, but shy on floating capital.

The Treasury Department reports that at the end of 1920 there were 66 governments using the gold standard; four the silver standard, and four newly created governments had not yet established theirs. Yet in ordinary use both metals circulated freely and were practically interchangeable. While bullion value fluctuates, there can be no arbitrary distinction drawn between the two metals as media of exchange. From time immemorial gold and silver have been used as money, and it is reasonable to suspect that a government errs when it erects one into an arbitrary standard to the exclusion of the other, on no better grounds, very likely, than a sentimental preference.

It has been claimed that by establishing a sort of alternating circulation greater stability would follow. France, ostensibly a gold-standard nation, has never ostracized silver, and it has been estimated that her hoard of silver has almost equaled her gold reserve, which for a period exceeded all the gold in possession of the banks of issue of England. France's example of successful bimetallism is unique; and, of course, it must not be overlooked that she does business for cash; credit instruments for domestic use are still in their infancy. The people, therefore, have been obliged to carry as much of a cash reserve as possible. Yet when time came to prevent serious financial disturbances, silver was just as good as gold, and consequently France has had fewer financial disturbances than any other country.

The gold standard has been developed through the influence of commercial forces. It is not an invention of man. At the time it first became universal it represented the best medium available to man for the function to which it was then subjected, namely, constant circulation and turnover, but it is entirely probable that just as electricity is displacing steam, gold may be supplanted by some more practical medium. Whether this medium has yet been found or is still undreamed of, is for mankind to decide.

Evil Stalks Behind Our Gold Hoara

THE gold heaped in the vaults of the United States has given professional bankers so much confidence that they utterly disregarded the evil in its wake. Because all the gold that foreign debtors could export to the United States has been sent over, the gold standard has been practically suspended in Europe. Business between this country and Europe on a gold basis is impossible, and if Europe ever succeeds in demonetizing gold, then American financiers will have to hump. Their hoard of gold will be almost useless.

The foreign exchange problem of today is all the proof needed that gold and silver have, independently of each other, an excellent value as artificial media. Neither, however, is a unit of value. It is this fallacy that these two metals, especially gold, have a unit of value that is responsible for the chaotic and disastrous industrial situation of today. Because every commodity must be reduced to a gold unit of value before it can attain the privilege of exchangeability with some other American commodity, business is at a standstill almost everywhere, labor is idle, and the productiveness of more genuine capital has been suspended.

This, naturally, is a paradisiacal situation for the banking element, but the question must be put:

"What does the government get out of it?"

Less than nothing. The government suffers in ratio to the impediment of a normal and healthy industrial era. Bankers and owners of gold thrive, after a fashion, because it is next to impossible to convince the people of the fallacy of the gold standard miracle—even when they suffer through the very operation of the gold standard.

When $20 in Gold Was Worth $9

IT WOULD be interesting to know, if it could be figured out, just what it is costing humanity in general by the turnover of this fictitious standard at a time when nature itself has shown its fallibility. A gold dollar in the hands of a professional banker will cost dearly to the user of that dollar, presuming he is permitted to borrow it. A man owning an ordinary city lot cannot borrow from a national bank upon that lot, but if he is otherwise acceptable to the banker—which means anything—he can borrow on his own note, irrespective of the uses to which the loan will be put. A man owning another lot, who wishes to produce something by working the earth, now—he could not a few years ago except from a usurer—can get a loan, but not from the average banker; he must go to a special bank, provided by the government for the purpose. The very man who wishes to reduce the gold standard to an understandable unit of commodity value by sound means and reproduce it is the very man the gold owner ostracizes.

About two years ago a report for the American Mining Congress stated that the value of gold, under conditions of minimum cost for its production, was fixed by Congress many years ago at $20.67 an ounce, but the purchasing power of an ounce at the time the report was issued was only $9, and the cost of production "has so far increased that it is no longer possible to produce the metal at a profit."

As the purchasing power has increased somewhat, but not considerably, since the report was issued, it might be inferred from it that professional gold mining, at least in the United States, would be slowed up. This, naturally, is the hope of most bankers, who wish to see only a small amount of gold produced to take care of the arts. Financially, those bankers believe that the gold supply is now about right. That is to say, right as far as they themselves are concerned.

Available records bear out the statement that every gold boom, whether that in California or Australia, or the comparatively more recent Alaskan discoveries, paralyzes the average banker. He fears "cheap" gold. This fear alone goes to prove that the value of gold is artificial, imaginary and subject to change. It does change. The only thing that restricts the oscillations of value is that the governments adopting the gold standard have a fixed purchase price for gold. If governments canceled this arbitrary price the commercial and financial value of gold would drop. After all, what is there to insure the retention of gold as a medium of exchange in perpetuity?

If gold were officially a unit of value, then one might wonder why the several governments have not made gold and its production a government monopoly. Had this been so, then there might be some logical reason for adopting the gold basis—with the understanding that government gold would be fiat money as anything else. It is utterly out of the question for a progressive nation to have as much gold as may be required to do business—dollar or sovereign or other unit—thus necessitating paper or other money to make up the required difference for circulation purposes.

Danger in Divorcing Finance From Commerce

AS LONG as any man is at liberty to prospect for gold, he is apt, after a fortuitous auriferous find, to become "rich" without having added anything to the real wealth of the nation. If his claim is title clear, he can proceed to unload as much gold as the earth will yield at that point upon a market and a world already overburdened with gold. He can take at once an important part in any center where he elects to live, consume the production of others, start a bank of his own and handle other peoples' gold and credits and make a profit—all without the least industrially or agriculturally productive effort on his part.

There have been half a dozen such men who have graced the East during the last 20 years. One or two, I believe, are still living. As far as these gentlemen were concerned—and, of course, all other fortunate adventurers of the kind—the metals they found, in the way of gold and silver, were so much inert, dead-weight mass, yet fellow men elsewhere were perfectly willing to accept it in exchange for much more valuable matter. A pound of bread is vitally worth much more than a pound of gold.

Gold begets its value because it is both an order and a receipt for value. But this value is artificial and arbitrary. It is a common index of everything of value, but unfortunately men think the other way—that everything is indexed according to its gold value. Individuals deal wholly in commodities and services, and employed money at first, and now credit generally, simply as the vehicle or medium by means of which values are exchanged.

Finance is a much abused term. Definitions of it are many. Finance, however, cannot and should not be dissociated from commerce, from which it has sprung. Bankers have made of finance a world apart, in that they deal in money and credit as values in themselves; values separate and distinct from their function of medium of exchange. In other words, finance has given money and that which passes for money the fictitious value which is bought and sold daily the world over, usually at the expense of commerce.

"Coin Has a Flag But Gold Has Not"

THE banker is a creature of commerce, and, therefore, ostensibly subjected to it, but by a series of evolvements the bankers have taken to the saddle, and ride commerce as it pleases them. The government, all governments, in fact, have more or less ignorantly aided and abetted these developments, so that today every government is at the mercy of bankers—not only its own, but all the others.

Coin has a flag, but gold has not. Consequently gold follows the line of least resistance. When a degree of resistance is found that bankers do not like, or are unable to govern, then gold avoids the issue. The government without gold is, under the circumstances, at the mercy of the gold standard and its perpetrators; the government with gold enjoys but one privilege—of being in partnership with the gold operators.

This point is worth some analysis. The United States today has more than three billions of dollars of gold, at its present value. A man with a million dollars, or any sum above or below it, as long as it is an extraordinary sum, will have very much trouble in obtaining gold for the amount. Unless he has gold-bonds, and they are presented at maturity, the chances are that gold cannot be obtained—not as a matter of commonplace exchange. It can, of course, be obtained by directing one's attention to this one step. Gold paid in the redemption of bonds is expensive gold—gold for which the government has paid an extravagant amount to a selected few.

The underlying explanation as to why the people are satisfied to be on a gold basis despite the difficulty of obtaining gold on demand is due to the impression,

(Concluded on page 13)

Wall Street Dupes the Country With "Katy"

A Narrative of the Looting of a Railroad and of a People

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THE banker who was showing me through a trust company in the financial district, stopped suddenly and observed: "I feel sorry for those boys."

We stood before an inclosure partitioned off by a brass grill. Through the apertures of the grill, we could see nearly a score of young men seated at their desks. Beside each of them, a stock indicator was clicking noisily. The young men were scanning the figures on the ticker tape as it ran through their fingers.

These were the loan clerks of the institution. The trust company every day loaned large sums of money on call to Wall Street brokers. When a customer buys stocks on margin, the broker borrows 80 per cent of the purchase price of the stock from a Wall Street bank.

It was the duty of these clerks to examine the ticker tape constantly, to see that the prices quoted for the stocks did not fall below the safety point. When that occurs, the bank sells the stock collateral on the market to protect its loan.

"I feel sorry for those boys," repeated the banker. There was a note of sincerity in his tone. "But we must have somebody to do this work. The tape hypnotizes them. They see the road to easy money. Many of them go wrong."

A few days later—it was February 14—I was reminded of the banker's words by an incident that is old as Wall Street's history. A young clerk stood before a judge in the Court of General Sessions. He was charged with having stolen $120,000 in securities from his employers, the National City Company.

His plea of guilty was scarcely audible in the court room. "I gave the stocks to a broker," he said. "I am here to take my medicine. I speculated in Wall Street and lost."

Remanded for sentence, he was led across the Bridge of Sighs into the Tombs.

Wall Street gets them very young.

Fiends of the Ticker Tape

THE financial district fulfills a genuinely useful purpose as the country's open market for investment securities. But it is the gambling losses of the margin trader that build the skyscrapers, support the Stock Exchange and maintain the commission houses. The man who trades on margin thinks Wall Street will show him the short cut to wealth without labor. But he is chasing the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. One of the oldest and most conservative brokers in the Street once confided to me that, at the close of the year, his books rarely showed a single customer who had averaged a profit from his stock operations.

The stock indicator, the little machine that records the prices of the securities that are being dealt in on the Stock Exchange, is a Yankee invention, and its by-product, the "ticker fiend," is to be found in no other country than our own.

The ticker fiend is the logical development of the confirmed margin trader. From 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. he sits on a high stool in his broker's office, his eyes glued to the ticker tape. He is a blank in life's lottery, a useless human entity. After the market's close, one can see his type by the thousand traveling uptown in cabs, or on the elevated or subway trains. Obsessed by a financial narcosis, perpetually either in a hectic state of depression or high elation, his is the life of the hasheesh dreamer. Generally he is a man who is gambling away his income in the market. Often he is dissipating an inheritance, or speculating with the funds of an estate of which he is trustee.

Again, the ticker fiend may develop into a "tape reader." Ignoring the news and economic conditions, the victim of this hallucination imagines he can read coming market movements out of the hieroglyphs of the tape, as Roman augurs read the future from the entrails of birds.

Brokers Encourage Gambling in Stocks

ANOTHER stock gambling addict is the "chart fiend." Paper tablet and pencil in hand, he sits all day recording price movements, as he watches two boys jumping to and fro, sticking green slips of pasteboard into wooden slits on the quotation board. If a stock jumps up, reacts and touches the high spot again, he theorizes that it is time to sell the market short; if a stock returns to its previous low quotation, it is time to buy. His whole life consists in watching for "double tops" or "double bottoms."

Stock speculation represents the greatest economic waste in the social system. Its attraction is that of the lottery, the race track and the roulette wheel. Its inherent danger lies in the fact that its operations are clothed with an air of alleged respectability.

But stockbrokers encourage the delusions of speculators, and employ skilled and plausible men to surround them with all the glamour of allurement. The speculative spirit of the public is whetted by trained writers of innumerable financial journals, ranging from the dignified monthlies down to the crooked market letters sent broadcast by the bucket shops in New Street.

It may appear incredible to many persons that even the most eminent *banking* houses, whose presidents posture as the financial leaders of the country, do not scorn to play upon this human weakness. Financial publications, dependent upon Wall Street patronage, carefully refrain from commenting on this fact. Therefore it may be of interest to describe the actual campaign by which a powerful *banking* group set the vast machinery of Wall Street in motion to unload upon the public the securities of a corporation whose credit they had extinguished.

The Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway is taken as the classic example, because of the recency of the occurrence, the fact that the means taken were so simple and plain, and the men concerned were the highest in the Street.

Previous articles have related how a Wall Street ring of railroad speculators obtained control of the Katy by buying a majority of the stock. An executive committee was formed to manage the road, the three most prominent members being the president of a great national bank, the president of a large trust company, and the partner of a Jewish private banking house, whose head was the financier of the Katy.

When this prosperous property fell into the hands of the ring, its members proceeded to enrich themselves. The road at this time had in its treasury a surplus of $8,000,000 in the form of bonds, which had been accumulated over a period of years by the previous owners of the road. This amount was dissipated, at a cost to the railway of $1,389,400 in discounts and commissions to the bankers to whom the bonds were sold.

A program of mad financing was inaugurated. By the end of four years of mismanagement, the Katy had been milked dry.

The members of the ring had now brought matters to a desperate pass. Originally, they had made a loan of $2,000,000, which in four years they had run up to the sum of $17,500,000. This amount was now due. If not met at once, the road faced bankruptcy.

Annually, the Katy earned more than $20,000,000. But, due to the extravagance of the ring, at this moment the amount in the treasury representing the net profits for the year was the small sum of $17,168. There had yet to be accounted for the amount of $382,112, for the discount on notes sold to the bankers. In addition, there must be paid a dividend of $520,000 on the preferred stock.

In other words, $902,112 had to be accounted for, and there was but $17,168 to meet it. This was exclusive of the huge debt of $17,500,000 which loomed in the background.

Trained in the black art of railroad finance, the railroad group had tried various expedients to raise more money for themselves.

They had tried to convert the stock of a subsidiary, the Texas Central, into bonds, but this scheme had been frustrated by Governor Colquitt, of Texas, who evidently distrusted the schemes of the ring.

They had tried to sell debenture bonds, but the public would not bite.

How Schemers Tricked the Public

THEY had tried to sell consolidated mortgage bonds. These were unsalable from their very nature. Their collateral would not bear inspection.

Indeed, it was high time that something was done. These financiers had not bought the Katy for investment. They had acquired the railroad to make money. Now they determined to make the public foot the bill.

The Katy, as we have seen, was merely an empty shell. It was necessary for the bankers to create the false impression that it was highly prosperous.

The debt of $17,500,000 was due in May. To meet it, the plan was adopted of issuing $19,000,000 in attractive short-term notes, which were to be sold to the public. This would net the ring a fat profit of some $1,500,000.

There had been listed on the New York Stock Exchange, $63,300,300 in common stock and $13,000,000 in preferred stock of the Katy. For the last four years, three pools had been in operation, milking the market in these shares. The schemers now planned to work these stocks up to the highest possible price, by spreading false rumors about their value, and then unload them definitely upon the public.

To carry these two plans into effect, it was necessary to pay the dividend of $520,000 on the preferred stock, which had not been earned during the year. However, the dividend was declared, and was charged to *a fictitious bookkeeping surplus.* There were two very necessary reasons for this action. Under certain state laws, railroad securities are not eligible for savings bank and insurance company investments, unless the stocks of such roads have paid dividends of at least four per cent for a successive number of years. In the second place, it would have been impossible to sell the Katy stocks had the dividend been passed.

The game was now in sight. The whole country was the field. The hounds were scenting the quarry, and straining at the leash. But their masters still held them in check.

It is a difficult and delicate matter artificially to work up sentiment in favor of a corporation's securities. The public appetite must be whetted for the stocks, and the directors of savings institutions must be duped into a receptive frame of mind.

The first step taken was to *invite the financial editor of a New York newspaper* to make a tour of the Katy system. A pamphlet was then published, in which a favorable report was given of the program of the railway management, describing the excellent results which had been achieved or were anticipated.

The next step was to *make it possible to plant Katy securities in life insurance companies.* The question was raised by the New York State Insurance Department concerning the legality of an issue of equipment notes of the Katy. Due to representations made by the officials of the ring, a decision was obtained that "railway equipment notes, issued under conditional sale agreements, for the payment of which a solvent corporation of the United States or of a state is liable, are legal investments for the surplus funds of life insurance companies."

Now proceedings were begun to work up a market for the large note issue. The following notice was published in the New York *Times* and other publications whose main revenue is derived from Wall Street advertising:

> Evidence of a slowly improving demand for investment securities was seen yesterday in the sale of $19,000,000 two-year five per cent secured notes of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway to Speyer & Company. The proceeds will be used to take up $17,500,000 notes due or called for payment May 1, 1913, and for other corporate purposes. They are secured by deposit of $24,000,000 consolidated mortgage five per cent gold bonds.

It will be noticed that the collateral behind the notes consisted of the issue of consolidated mortgage bonds, which the Katy ring had been unable to sell because of the nature of the security behind them. The notes now being offered were substantially the same security, only they had been issued in a more attractive form to delude investors.

Reputable Man Used as Tool

WALL Street adopts the principle of "window dressing" in selling its securities, just as a merchant does who sells his wares.

A few weeks later a formal offering of the notes was made to the public in large advertisements, which were inserted in publications which are supposed to appeal to investors. These said in part:

> Speyer & Company will receive subscriptions at 98 for the $19,000,000 notes. Frank Trumbull, chairman of the board of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway Company, in a letter dated April 18, 1913, writes us in part as follows: "The average annual surplus of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas for the five fiscal years ending June 30, 1912, after providing for all fixed charges, taxes, rentals, and so on, amounted to $1,108,381. For the eight months ended February 28, 1913, the surplus of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, after providing for all fixed charges, taxes, rentals, and so on, was $2,693,120.25, an increase of $2,321,367.50 over the same period of the previous year."

This statement was as deliberately disingenuous as the misleading prospectus of a shady mining broker. I regret to state this, because I had known Mr. Trumbull for many years. As the creator of the Colorado & Southern road, he had made an enviable record in the railroad world. But the attitude of Wall Street bankers toward railroad builders, and how they use such men to do their bidding, is another story. A prominent banker, a former associate of the railroad builder, told me only the other day that Mr. Trumbull, to the end of his life, bitterly regretted the part which he was compelled to play in the disastrous affairs of the Katy.

Mr. Trumbull's assertion was deceptive, in that it implied that the previous year's surplus had amounted to more than one million, whereas we have seen that the surplus after charges was only $17,168. The attempt to show a huge increase in surplus was, therefore, intended to hoodwink investors.

Paid Unearned Dividend as a Bait

AS A matter of fact, the surplus in 1913, for the 12 months, was afterward shown to be $2,316,985, and Mr. Trumbull knew that this entire amount had been swallowed up by hidden charges, of which two only need be mentioned:

Discounts and expenses of security issues	$ 908,724
Preferred dividend for 1913	520,000
Total	$1,428,724

The discount and expenses entailed by selling the $19,000,000 notes to the bankers, amounting to close to one million dollars, shows how the profits of the Katy were eaten into from year to year.

As for the dividend, which was not earned in 1913 any more than it had been in 1912—it had to be paid in order to float the sale of the notes and stock. Incidentally, it was the last dividend that was ever paid on this issue of Katy shares. And the members of the executive committee of the railway board were well aware of these facts.

A clever publicity campaign was now pursued to render these notes attractive in the eyes of potential purchasers. Wall Street justifies such tactics. The bankers claim exemption from consequences by quoting their favorite maxim: *caveat emptor,* "Let the buyer beware."

The campaign included artful press notices such as this:

> At the office of Speyer & Company it was learned yesterday that subscriptions for the new

Concluded on page 12)

Would You Turn Your Back on a Fortune?

Story of an Heir to Millions Who Became a Wandering Hobo

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

YOU probably have seen items in the newspapers relative to James Eads How, of St. Louis, the "millionaire hobo," and have asked yourself questions about him and his peculiar ways.

Is he really rich? Is he actually a hobo?

Why does he live such a strange life, when he might be enjoying all the advantages of a very wealthy man, with a solid and well-invested fortune?

The short answer is that How seems to get a lot of satisfaction out of being a hobo. And, if he gets satisfaction, what more is there for him to get? Furthermore, it is strictly his own affair.

When I asked him about it he replied:

"Read the sermon on the mount, and perhaps you will find the answer."

To some of his comrades of the road How has said:

"It sounds strange to me for a millionaire to say that he wants to die poor. I think it is much better for him to live poor."

James Eads How is a grandson of Captain James Eads, railroad builder and international promoter, who first proposed the Nicaragua Canal, and later made a place for himself in history by building the Eads Bridge over the Mississippi River at St. Louis. James F. How married Eliza A. Eads, and to them two sons were born—James E. How and Louis How. In the course of time the estates of Captain Eads and Mr. How passed to Mrs. How and at her death the fortune was divided between the boys. Nobody seems to know the actual value of his inheritance, but it runs into many millions. It consists of bank and railroad stock, industrial investments and houses and land in St. Louis. The family connection on both sides is extensive and powerful in finance and politics.

Before the death of Mrs. How, James E. had shown signs of his revolt against inherited wealth.

"Why should I enjoy all this?" he would exclaim. "I did not earn it."

He carried his views so far that he would not let the butler or other servants wait on him. While he still occupied a room in the Lindell avenue mansion, St. Louis, James E. got his own meals in the kitchen, where he could serve himself.

He became so generous that his mother was afraid he would soon part with his fortune. Hence in her will she gave him one-fourth of the property outright, and put the other fourth in trust for him for life. The entire estate is handled by a St. Louis trust company.

Louis How is a painter and poet, who spends most of his time in Rome, while James E. has become king of the hobos, and founder of a unique organization for doing away with hobos, tramps and bums. To better understand persons, James E. How became a hobo himself, and for 20 years he has wandered over the United States, riding in box cars, counting railroad ties, working at odd jobs, sleeping in "flop houses," and taking part in "jungles" composed of hobos, who build a fire by the roadside and cook "Mulligan stew" for dinner. When he goes back to his old home town of St. Louis, he stays at a lodging house, where he can get a bed for 15 cents a night. The Lindell avenue mansion has no attractions for him, now that his mother is no longer there.

How does not use a cent of his income for his personal needs. He has set it aside for the benefit of hobos, and earns his own living in a very humble way. His favorite occupation is washing dishes and scrubbing floors. He also is an expert at peeling potatoes.

In crossing the Atlantic, which he has done a dozen times, How works his way, sometimes as a mule tender, but in most instances as a kitchen worker. On one occasion he traveled in the same steamer with his mother. Mrs. How had a suite de luxe, and was accompanied by her maid and attorney, while James E. worked his passage by helping the cook. Neither knew the other was on board. The lawyer found it out, however, and he is the one who told me the story.

How is well educated. He passed through the regular grades, and later graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in St. Louis with the degree of M. D. Then he studied sociology and economics for a year at Oxford, and finished off with a year in medicine at Harvard.

With all his apparent aimlessness, How seems to have a very well-defined purpose. The net result of his wanderings is the formation of the International Brotherhood Welfare Association, incorporated, not for profit, under the laws of Ohio. A committee of five "comrades" appointed by this association disburses the income from How's estate.

As fast as the income accumulates in St. Louis it is transferred to a Cincinnati bank, where it is held subject to checks signed by at least three members of the "holding committee." The money is used mostly for the erection and maintenance of halls or stations for the benefit of hobos, tramps and bums in Cincinnati, St. Louis, New York City, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Denver, San Francisco, Chicago, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Memphis, Louisville, Boston, London, Dublin, Stockholm and Tokyo. How furnishes all the money to keep these institutions going.

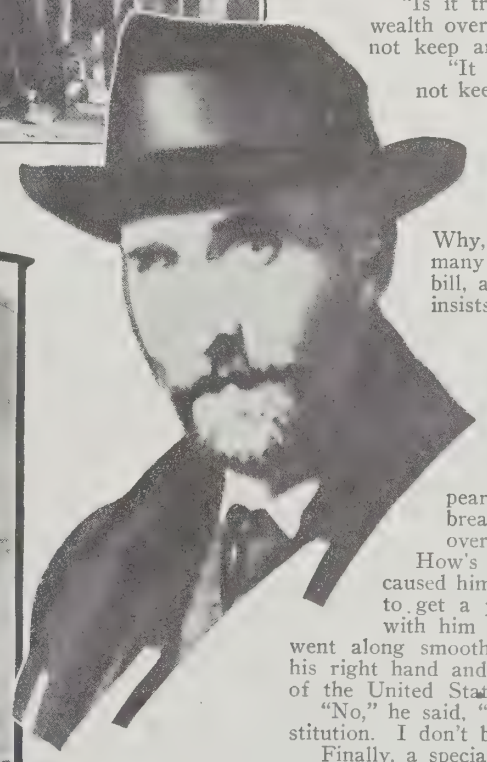
The building in Cincinnati is a fair sample of the entire system. It is a three-story brick structure at 410 Clinton street. The top floor is given up mainly to a hall seating 800. On the first and second floors are classrooms and the office, while in the basement there are facilities for bathing. Hobos and tramps come and go as they please, without leaving names or addresses. Anybody can use the hall for a meeting without permit or price. How's idea is to provide some measure of education for the "disemployed," as he calls them. At several of the hobo stations, notably in the eastern cities, regular lectures on economics are given, which are followed by discussions. At this writing a "Hobo College" is under consideration and such an institution may eventually be started in Memphis. How does not believe very much in organized charity. His view is that if a man is inoculated with sound economic ideas there will be little need for relief work. He seems to be trying to answer the question: "Why is a hobo or a tramp and what can we do to help him?"



A group of hobos at a convention; James Eads How is in the long coat.



One of the "hobo stations" maintained by James Eads How. This building is in Cincinnati, and is the international headquarters of How's activities.



JAMES EADS HOW,

Who surprised San Diego, California, recently, by riding into town in a regular Pullman, thus departing from his regular custom of the "side-door Pullman" method of travel. He announced that he had to be "stylish" because he intended starting a "hobo college."

When I asked How to estimate the number of hobos in the United States he said:

"Nearly 18,000,000."

"The number depends entirely on the definition of the word hobo," added one of his associates, Nicholas Klein, of Cincinnati, How's attorney. "We make a sharp distinction between hobos, tramps and bums. Our definitions are: A hobo is one who travels in search of work, the migratory worker who must go about to find employment. Workers of that sort pick our berries, fruits, hops, and help to harvest the crops on the western farms. They follow the seasons around, giving their time to farms in spring, summer and autumn, and ending up in the ice fields in winter. We could not get in our crops without them, for the hobo is the boy who does that work. The name originated from the words 'hoe boy,' plainly derived from work on a farm. A tramp is one who travels but does not work, and a bum is a man who stays in one place and does not work. Between these grades there is a great gulf of social distinction. Don't get tramps and hobos mixed. They are quite different in many respects, the chief difference being that a hobo will work, and a tramp will not, preferring to live on what he can pick up at back doors as he makes his way through the country."

As designated by How himself, the holding committee that expends his money, comprises John X. Kelly, of Chicago; Robert W. Irwin, of St. Louis; Charles Kruse, of New York; William Quirke, of New York, and Nicholas Klein, of Cincinnati.

How picked these men in his own peculiar way and put them in charge of his money. They are all regular hobos, with the exception of Klein, who is a well-known attorney in Cincinnati. For 15 years Klein has looked after the legal business of How.

While Klein is familiar with hobo life and habits, he is not a "migratory worker" in the sense that others are hobos. He has picked up a wide range of information relating to this subject, and keeps in touch with many individuals who live in hobo land.

After we had talked for a long time, I asked Klein the question uppermost in my mind, and also uppermost in the mind of all who come in contact with How:

"Can you explain why Eads How lives as he does, when he might be enjoying his wealth like other rich men?" I asked.

"Only in a general way," replied Klein. "How feels that his mission is to the underdog, and he has deliberately sought out the most unpromising members of society he could find—the wanderers who have no homes. His stations or halls are the nearest to a home any of them have. Hobos and tramps are coming and going all the time. 'General Delivery' is their only address. How's plan to build them rallying points in large cities is about as good as could be devised, especially as he gives them absolute freedom."

"Is it true that he has actually turned his wealth over to this holding committee, does he not keep any money for himself?"

"It is true," replied Klein. "He does not keep even a personal checking account If he wants any money he must ask this committee, and if it should refuse to give him any he would have to sue to recover his estate. The situation is such that his check would not be honored. Why, he has borrowed a quarter from me many a time. He always gives me a due bill, and when he returns the quarter he insists on getting the due bill back, which indicates good business sense.

"I coaxed him out to my house one night, but when he reached my place he insisted on sleeping in a servant's room. So we fixed it up that way. The next morning when I went to call him for breakfast he had disappeared. My idea is that he left before breakfast to avoid any embarrassment over being waited on by a servant."

How's independence of thought and action caused him no end of trouble when he wanted to get a passport to Stockholm. Klein was with him to arrange the details. Everything went along smoothly until How was asked to raise his right hand and swear to support the Constitution of the United States.

"No," he said, "I cannot. I can't support the Constitution. I don't believe in killing people in war."

Finally, a special oath was fixed up by which How was allowed to "affirm" his fealty to the American Government.

One night How dropped off in Kansas City, and found a gathering of his kind in progress. It was composed of men with a grievance, and How thought he saw a chance to make a speech. Armed with a typewritten copy of the preamble to the Declaration of Independence, How was ready for his opportunity when the police raided the place and carted the crowd off to police court on the charge of holding an anarchistic meeting.

The officer, who grabbed How, snatched the typewritten sheet out of his hand, read it, and then bellowed:

"Did you write that? Why, that's anarchy."

"Oh, no," replied How, in his usual mild manner, "Tom Jefferson wrote it."

"That's enough. Where is this fellow Jefferson? We must arrest him."

Of course, the policeman did not find Jefferson, but he took How. Klein was on the job the next day and obtained his client's discharge.

"Tell me," I exclaimed addressing Klein, "what, in your judgment, started How to going as he has been going for so long."

"Nobody really knows, but I suppose my guess is as good as any," was the reply. "A lot of it is due to an inherited propensity to help others. His passion is to help the fellow who is down and out, and the lower down he is the better How likes the job."

"Has he done anything to make his work permanent?"

"Yes, as far as money is concerned," was the response. "His will provides that his estate shall be administered by the holding committee just as it has been since the committee was created. One provision is that the committee cannot spend more than 10 per cent of the principal in any one year, but may use all of the income. But this may not come for some time. How is a little past 50, but he is very rugged."

How Neglected Alaska Is Being Throttled

"Interests" Accused of Preventing Development of Great Territory

By ROBERT KENTON

This is the first of two articles on why Alaska is not being developed. The second will appear in an early issue.

"IF CONDITIONS don't change and that pretty soon," a man well-informed on Alaskan matters declared in Washington recently, "the government actually will have to provide means for getting much of the white population still remaining there out of Alaska."

Our big territory in the Far North clearly seems to be in a very bad way, in a much worse way than is explained by the war or the recent business depression. During the past 12 years white population there has declined one-third or more.

The vast region which some who know it well say is the naturally richest on the globe is now supporting a resident population of only a little more than 50,000. The 1920 census disclosed a resident white population of only 27,883; the 1910 census gave the territory a white population of 36,493. It is declared that since the last census was taken the population decline has continued, and perhaps more rapidly than before. During the last decennial period the Indian population increased slightly, but there are fewer Indians in Alaska now than were there in 1900.

A detailed narration of the natural wealth of Alaska would call for figures so large as to be beyond comprehension. Virtually all the minerals are there, the important ones in greater abundance than anywhere else on the continent. The world's greatest fishing fields are within the Alaskan area. There are millions of acres covered with forest trees. The climate in much of the territory is not severer than that of the border states of our southland.

Some enthusiasts about Alaska's possibilities go so far as to say that the territory is capable of supporting a resident population of not less than 50,000,000.

Yet, though Alaska has been a part of the United States since 1867, the lands as rich as ever found in the West may be homesteaded there, no encouragement is or can be given the poor man or the man of little means to settle there at this time.

Alaska has suffered from governmental neglect; in all the years that we have possessed the area Washington has never had a well-defined or fixed policy with regard to Alaska. But of the approximately 25,000 persons now resident in the territory, it is stated, about 3,000 of them are officials or employes of the government, which shows that Washington pays some kind of attention to Alaskan affairs.

Since 1915 the Federal Government has spent more than $50,000,000 on a railroad, extending from the coast nearly 500 miles into the interior of Alaska. To be exact, a total of $52,000,000 has been appropriated for the railroad, which, when planned, was expected to cost only $35,000,000. Another appropriation of $4,000,000 is pending. The railroad was constructed to open and develop the territory.

Yet there is less business along the line of the railroad and at its terminals than when the first rail was laid in 1915, and less prospect of supporting traffic for the railroad.

But figures covering Alaskan commerce by no means are negligible. Products shipped from the territory to the States in 1920 had a value of $69,911,442—"more than $1,250 for each man, woman and child—counting both white and native" in the territory. Since 1867, when we purchased Alaska from Russia, we have taken more than $1,000,000,000 in wealth from there. During recent years the commerce of the territory, both inflow and outgo, has amounted to about $100,000,000 annually.

Most Alaskan business is carried on by big corporations, owned in and directed from the States. The bulk of the fisheries business, especially the canning—fish comprising the territory's largest industry—is done by large concerns, which use their own boats and send much of their labor to the territory only for the season of active operations. Nearly all the mining now being done is by what are known as the Morgan-Guggenheim interests. They own and operate what is reputed to be the richest copper mine in the world at Kennicott, Alaska, and they own the railroad which reaches it from the coast, and another mine near the coast at LaTouche. They own and operate a steamship line, which, together with the Pacific Steamship Company, controls all traffic between Alaska and the States. Some believe that they have an interest in the other line, the ownership of which is not apparent. Anyway, the two lines operate in apparently complete harmony. The same rates prevail on both. Lately, it appears that the two Alaskan vessels operated by the Alaska Steamship Company, which is the Morgan-Guggenheim line, have dominated the traffic situation in that part of Alaska touched by the government railroad. Only one vessel belonging to the other line, it is declared, has been operating in that part of the territory, others going to other regions. The so-called Morgan-Guggenheim interests in Alaska are a branch of the giant mining and smelting syndicate controlled by the Guggenheim brothers of Utah, Colorado and New York City. It includes mines scattered over the continent and smelters situated in many sections of the States. It includes the smelter at Tacoma, Washington, to which is sent all Alaskan ore calling for treatment in a smelter. Part ownership of the Alaskan concerns is held by the Morgans, but the majority stockholders are the Guggenheims.

The names of the Guggenheims figured prominently in the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy of 10 years ago. The controversy grew out of the alleged attempt of the Guggenheim interests to get control of vast coal lands in Alaska. They already owned and still possess considerable Alaskan coal, but the bulk of the coal lands in the territory are still public property.

Since the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy little has been heard of the Guggenheim interests in connection with general Alaskan affairs.

At recent hearings in Washington they were heard of again and rather sensationally. In fact, it was charged that the Morgan-Guggenheim interests in late years have been pursuing a throttling policy toward all interests in Alaska except their own. The most specific charge was that they use their dominance in the shipping situation to bring about such high transportation costs between the States and Alaska as to make life and successful effort very difficult for the average resident of Alaska. Other sensational charges of a character that should command serious investigation were made.

Some were made by John Rustgard, attorney-general for the territorial government, and similar ones have been put forth by Dan A. Sutherland, delegate to Congress from the territory.

But the most sensational charges were set forth by John E. Ballaine, of Seattle, Washington, who for long was a resident of Alaska and who made a long journey through the territory last summer and autumn. He at one time had extensive interests in the territory. He organized the Alaska Central Railway, which is now a part of the government railroad, and was a leader in the movement which led to Congress deciding on the construction of the government railroad.

Mr. Ballaine went so far at recent hearings as to accuse the Morgan-Guggenheim interests of using their power and influence to impede the success of the government railroad in the hope of getting private control of the property. He declared that the man who was chief adviser on Alaskan matters to the late Secretary Franklin K. Lane, of the Interior Department, was under the influence of those interests. The railroad comes under that department, which fixes the rates charged by it. Mr. Ballaine said those rates have been made so high as to cause all the mines along the road to close down on account of inability to meet profitably the cost of transportation, and he accused the former adviser to the then Secretary of the Interior of responsibility for those high rates. The adviser in question was J. L. McPherson, of Seattle, until recently secretary and manager of the Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Ballaine declared that the Alaska Bureau in question was dominated by Falcon Joslin, president of the Bering River Coal Company, a Morgan-Guggenheim property in Alaska, and otherwise associated with those interests, and by others more or less under the influence of the Guggenheims interests. He named several others,





Above—Along the line of the government railroad in Alaska. Below—A few pioneering homesteaders are making a gallant fight for the establishment of agriculture in Alaska. But, it is stated, many of them have been forced to abandon their efforts.



In our picturesque region of the Far North, said by some to be the naturally richest area on the globe. Though we have possessed it for fifty years, there are not more than 25,000 white residents there.

among them Nathan Eckstein, a wholesale grocer, and J. L. Heffernan owner of a steel and iron works, both of Seattle. He declared that both of them did considerable business with the Morgan-Guggenheim concerns and were strong in the affairs of the Alaska Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce. He also said that the Seattle Chamber of Commerce itself was until recently dominated by men under the influence of the Morgan-Guggenheim interests.

His accusations, of course, met with prompt denial and some of his specifications seem to have been fairly well contradicted. But a careful examination of the record of recent hearings before both House and Senate committees, together with evidence put forth more recently by the Alaska delegate, certainly doesn't make it clear to one mind, at least, that either the skirts of the gigantic interests figuring in the charges or those of Seattle are entirely bare of blame for the almost tragic predicament reached by the affairs of Alaska.

Virtually every one speaking at the hearings declared that transportation, and especially ocean transportation, is the chief key to the solution of Alaska's difficulties. For the territory, though almost an entire forequarter of the continent, is in an economic sense a remote island of the sea. It can be reached successfully by water alone. Hence, no matter what transportation facilities may be developed within the territory, industry there for the present cannot prosper without easy and cheap means of traffic beyond the territory and especially to the States.

Just as water transportation is the key to the solution of Alaska's immediate economic difficulties, control of facilities for carrying on traffic with the territory amounts to at least potential control of Alaska's destinies. Thus, private interests, whose once alleged designs on the public wealth of Alaska caused a great agitation which led to the apparent negativing of all such designs, seem to have gained a position of peculiar supremacy with regard to Alaskan affairs.

Such at least seems established by facts put forth in Washington by Messrs. Ballaine, Rustgard and Sutherland, the last two being high officials of the territory.

Mr. Ballaine, for example, declared before the United States Senate Committee on Territories last fall that the deep-sea fishing activity out of Seward had been suspended completely because of the excessive cost of transporting the catches to Seattle and the uncertainty of shipping service.

"The Alaskan Steamship Company handles first and primarily its own business," he said, "and handles secondarily the business of other people. It charges the public from $10 to $37 a ton for handling its business and charges itself $4 a ton for handling its ore from Cordova and Kennicott.

"Rates from the Pacific ports to Europe via the Panama Canal, a distance of approximately 8,000 miles, are less than the rates charged by the Alaska Steamship Company to Alaska—Cordova and Seward—a distance straight across from Seattle of 1,210 miles.

"When I came down from Alaska this fall the cold storage warehouse at Seward was filled with 500 tons of frozen halibut. The Alameda was able to take only 40 tons and no more. They were reserving space for 200 tons of ore taken at LaTouche from a mine owned by the same interests as the steamship company, and for 600 tons of ore to be taken at Cordova, and they passed up some canneries that were anxious to ship out some herring and canned salmon.

"The result has been to kill off all fishing industry around the terminus of the government railroad and to prevent the building up of a population there, which would furnish a market for the products of the farmers along the line of the railroad."

He charged that by contract, which guarantees it all the business, the Morgan-Guggenheim steamship line gets $12.50 a ton for carrying rails for the government railroad from Seattle to Seward. Three rails, he said, weighing 2,100 pounds each, filled a space within a few inches of 12 cubic feet. This meant, he declared, that the government paid $1.04 a foot for rail space. For ore, he declared, the steamship line charged $4 a ton, which, on a space basis, would be about 15 cents a cubic foot.

Mr. Ballaine quoted letters from mine operators on the government railroad to the effect that rates fixed for transportation to the coast were, together with those for transporting it to the smelter at Tacoma, so high that every mining operation along the railroad line had been compelled to suspend. He declared that a report made by the United States Geological Survey showed that in 1915, when construction began, 33 mining operations, employing between 1,000 and 2,000 men, were under way in the territory tributary to the government railroad.

He introduced a letter from Mark Flatow, manager of a mining venture financed by Newark, New Jersey, people, which Mr. Ballaine declared showed that the freight tariff "amounts to $16 a ton between Seward and Anchorage, a distance of 114 miles."

Mr. Ballaine added: "I do not know of any other railroad rates in the world that are as high. The result has been to kill every kind of mining industry between Seward and Anchorage. There is today not one single man employed in any mine between those places, although the Kenai Peninsula is one of the richest lode districts in the whole of Alaska."

He declared that the rate policy of the railroad had been shaped through influences brought to bear by the Morgan-Guggenheim interests, which he accused of wanting to discredit the railroad venture so that it would drift into their hands.

A significant letter introduced into the hearing was from E. E. Chamberlain, a member of the Alaska territorial senate.





Above—Bird's-eye view of the town of Seward, the ocean terminus of the government railroad in Alaska. It gives an idea of the enrapturing scenic beauty which surrounds the vast undeveloped natural riches of the territory. Below—The government railroad in Alaska is well built. The cost will be approximately $50,000,000, but it threatens for the time being to be very much of a "white elephant."

"The steamship monopoly that controls transportation between Alaska and the States," the Senator wrote, "is owned by New York interests that are engaged primarily in exploiting Alaska's mineral wealth, its fisheries and its timber. Their boats serve their own interests first at cheap rates and give the public what is left at extortionate rates. The owners of this monopoly have opposed development by any other interests and are particularly vindictive against the government railroad and the country tributary to it."

Another document of significance submitted by him was the second memorial, amounting to a legislative act subject to congressional approval, from the territorial legislative asking Congress for permission to float a $5,000,000 bond issue to raise funds with which to establish a line of steamers to be owned by the territorial government.

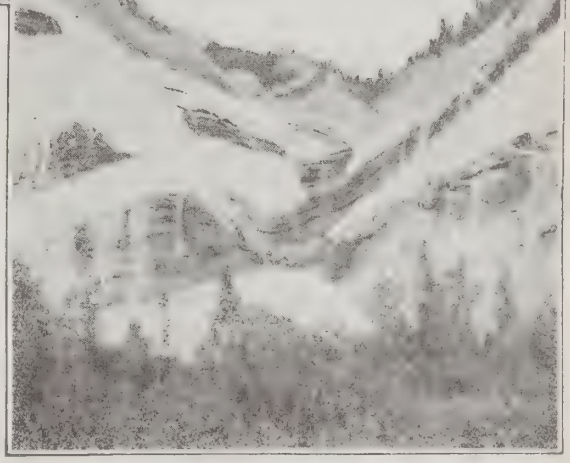
The preamble declared that the burden imposed by the shipping interests was "a tax upon the very existence of the territory and a grave and ever-increasing menace to its development."

A similar memorial passed at a previous session declared that the "high cost of transportation and the inefficiency of the present system to supply the needs of the country have so crippled the industries as to drive a large percentage of the white population out of the territory and threatens the industries thereof with extinction."

Mr. Ballaine declared that in every effort he made to get the Interior Department, when under Secretary Lane, to bring about a better rate situation on the government railroad he "met with the constant opposition of Mr. McPherson and Mr. Joslin. Mr. McPherson's plea was that it is not the business of the government railroad to engage in any kind of development." He absolved former Secretary Lane of all blame, saving that the secretary himself learned finally that he had been deceived.

He accused Mr. Joslin of having used the influence of the Alaska Bureau in Seattle in inducing the government to pay $300,000 for what he described as the "Joslin railroad or the Joslin tramway, a run-down tramway built of second-hand material which cost in the beginning about $240,000," running, he said, through what had become an "exhausted district." Joslin asserted, in denying the charge, that the road had cost about $1,000,000.

Mr. Ballaine also accused the Alaska Bureau of doing what it could to hinder the development of Alaskan coal for use by the navy, which, it seems, carries across the continent from the eastern states most of the coal it uses in the Pacific, despite the fact that there is an unlimited amount of excellent naval coal on a branch of the government railroad in Alaska. Officials of the bureau, however, presented documents which showed that they were at least on record as favoring the use of Alaskan coal by the navy.



Some of the seams of coal which serry the Alaskan hills measure 60 feet in depth. The ones shown in the picture are only three miles from the government railroad.

"Whoever controls the coking coal of Bering River and the Manatuska districts," Mr. Ballaine declared, "controls the smelting industry of Alaska; and whoever controls the smelting industry of Alaska controls absolutely the hard-rock mining industry in the territory, perhaps worth figures so great that they are beyond conception. They (the Morgan-Guggenheim interests) have been directing their efforts constantly to get through Congress legislation which would enable them to have a monopoly of both those fields, supplying the only coking coal in Alaska and most of the coking coal from the end of Cape Horn to Bering Sea."

Whatever may be the truth or falsity of Mr. Ballaine's allegations—and it is hard to believe that the business interests of Seattle, a city which was made by and whose future depends largely on Alaska, would hinder the development of the territory—much of what he charged seemed to be backed by evidence which at least establishes grounds of serious suspicion concerning the attitude of the Guggenheim interests toward other interests in the great territory.

Some things that the attorney-general of and the delegate to Congress from the territory have had to say about the situation will be recited in another article.

Our "Assistant Government" in Washington

Concluded from page 2

bloc," for no one has any patent on the game as now generally played in Washington.

The game as played with regard to Washington affairs was perfected as a forceful measure largely by the Anti-Saloon League in bringing about the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. The league showed how by concentrating on a single thing and bringing to bear thereon the weight of a large and well-distributed following, Congress could be compelled to do what it frequently at heart is much opposed to doing. For whatever the popular demand for national prohibition every one familiar with Congress knows that there was no overwhelming demand for it within the precincts of the national legislature, certainly not at the time of its adoption!

The game was elaborated on by the woman suffragists in bringing about the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment. The women played it with great effect again lately when bringing about the adoption of the maternity bill. All the women's organizations with representatives in Washington pooled their strength and organized it for the fight as a general would organize for a battle. The opposition to the bill was hopeless, for, though strong in Congress, it had no such organized and skillfully managed collateral help as did the favoring side.

Then the war showed what organization, particularly business organization, could do. Many of the business organizations that have figured in national affairs during the last several years were originated largely by the government to carry on the war.

How "Representation" Works Out

IN VIEW of the multiplicity of "assistant government" agencies in Washington one would think that no group or interest of any account is without capable outside representation there. How frequently an immense interest is not represented, while the counter interest is, was given to me by a southern congressman.

During the war a domestic potash industry was developed. It came forward recently and asked for what is tantamount to a 100 per cent tariff on potash to protect the industry from importations from Germany and territory acquired by France from Germany. Farmers in eight or ten southern states use virtually all the potash produced or imported. Its value runs from $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year. Domestic production amounts to not more than 20 per cent of normal need. Its representative made an able showing. The congressman tells me that there was not a single person one-tenth so well informed to appear for the other side, though its interests in the premises are immense. The proposal was adopted by the committee and has passed the House. The proposal may be a sound one; on the other hand, it is entirely possible that its acceptance was because only one side was capably "represented" during its consideration.

Business and industrial groups have copied from the campaign strategy so well employed by the Anti-Saloon League, the woman suffragists and other promoters of popular causes. They can build "back fires" just as can the big groups.

How this is done is illustrated by what a congressman tells me happened in connection with one of the bills providing railroad "relief" out of the United States Treasury. One day he began to get letters and telegrams from constituents urging him to vote for the bill, some adding—"when it comes up on Monday."

"It was my first notice that it was coming up on Monday," he says. "Men who had ties to sell to railroads in my district knew when the bill was to come up when I didn't! The word simply had been passed down to every one doing business with or desiring to do business with the railroads to press for the passage of the bill so that the roads would have money to spend with them."

All Are Propaganda Spreaders

THE bill did come up on Monday, as the appeals indicated.

When packer legislation was before them many United States senators were flooded with telegrams from constituents urging support of the packers' view. Most of those who wired had no known interest in the packing business, but when a southern senator compared some of his messages with some that were received by a western senator, it was found that the two senators received many that were of identical wording.

Thus a group whose "cause" is well directed can command much expressive support from persons outside the group. The packers, for example, do business with a great many persons and their agents throughout the country have many friends.

The approach made to a specific question by a small group is not always direct. The "oil group," as an example, is much interested in diplomatic problems having to do with Mexico. They may press their view through their lawyers and the Washington offices maintained by different Mexican oil units or through the one or more establishments conducted co-operatively by the entire group, or most of it. But for big petroleum operators to advocate a certain diplomatic policy may tend to prejudice their point of view in the public mind. They can get around that by setting up establishments that apparently bear no aroma of "oil." There are now in Washington two very innocent-appearing "association" offices which are believed to be indirect agencies of the oil operators deeply interested in Mexican affairs. Each has a "popular" aspect. A resolution calling for the investigation of their activities now pends in the House of Representatives.

But what do "associations" of that kind do? Like those maintained for the farmers or the dairymen or the coal operators and all the 200 or more groups, interests or ideas, they "propaganda-ize" in some form.

One "propaganda" method as told of in a previous article is "publicity" through the mediums that carry news from Washington. Their "publicity men" grind out "copy" in the form of "hand-outs," which are offered the press associations and the correspondents. Whenever possible they "make" news. This often is done by getting statements from men whose utterances are of news interest. They get persons to go before congressional committees and give testimony which the reporters must take account of. They often prepare data, from which members of Congress in sympathy with what they are after, may evolve learned speeches to be delivered on the floor or, more often still, inserted in the record without being delivered. Sometimes the speech itself is written in the "association" office. Though the news mediums may ignore the speech, as is perhaps the case in a majority of instances, it need not be left "embalmed" in the *Congressional Record*. A congressman may have the public printer supply him with any number of printed copies of anything in the *Record*. They are supplied at the cost of paper and press work—not by any means at total cost to the government. The same may be franked through the mails, postage free.

It is a rare and indeed dangerous bit of propaganda which some congressman won't "father" in that way—often for the sole reason that it means easy publicity for him.

Most committee hearings consist only of the claims regarding the matter in question put into the record by partisans. Only occasionally are independent investigations made, more rarely still are experts sent out to get the facts regardless of their nature. Excepting in so far as the government's own experts may speak for it, the "public" is rarely represented, barring, of course, the representation given by the committee itself. But the committee rarely has either the facilities or the time to cover the intermediary ground between the interested and usually partisan advocates of the different sides of the question.

Inspired Messages From "Back Home"

THUS an interest which has capable representation in Washington often has a great advantage, in a perfectly legitimate way. If it can get its side most explicitly before a committee, or can feed facts favorable to it to those members of Congress who are sympathetic with its contentions, it often will prevail on apparent merit, all because the other side, for lack of capable representation, is not equally well handled.

And as all public men keep their "ears to the ground" for any sounds that seem to indicate public opinion, the well-represented side usually can rally what appears to be vociferous demand for what it wants. On most of the letter and telegram tricks the average public man is immune to deception. But when, say, a member of Congress gets an onslaught of letters or telegrams which he knows were inspired by some "association's" agent with an office in a building near the Capitol, he is provided with a measure of protection against a perhaps risky action. For every person or establishment sending one of those letters or telegrams is thus obligated to defend the member against criticism in case the request made is complied with. The member also may point to a bulging file as evidence of the fact that his constituents favored the action.

"Look at the number of good people in my district who asked me to vote that way," he can say. Not one, perhaps, or very few, asked him to vote the other way, for the average voter is not inclined voluntarily to bother his congressman or senator with expressions about subjects in which he has no particular material interest.

A few attempts have been made to set up outside agencies to "represent the public" as such agencies now look after the peculiar interests of groups or individual concerns. Rarely have such undertakings been backed sufficiently as to amount to much. Frequently they are supported by persons who wish to put over their own economic or political principles. There are in Washington at least two publications which endeavor to give—and they succeed with fair success in giving—honest and impartial "studies" of important legislative matters. Neither of them has been a rousing financial success.

Activities Cause Confusion at Times

SEVERAL years ago Congress established a legislative reference bureau to be conducted as a branch of the Library of Congress. The purpose was to have an efficient agency, like several that have worked with success for state legislatures, that would be ready at any time to supply any member of Congress with all recorded facts about any subject. The appropriation for it never was large and was reduced after the first year or two of operation.

Meantime Congress, and sometimes the executive branches of the government, often flounders in a sea of confusion brought about by the activities of the multiform outside agencies making up the so-called "assistant government."

Steadily are we veering toward that theory of government that is based on the claim that if every one fights for his own selfish interest substantial and even justice for all will prevail in the end. The ultimate falsity of that theory is illustrated by a telling anecdote that is recited in one of the learned books on politics and government. A little girl was watching a large painting that gave a graphic picture of Daniel in the lion's den. The big lions were monopolizing Daniel; a little one stood off in a corner and, hungrily and hopelessly, looked on. The child burst out crying.

"Are you weeping over Daniel?" her companion asked.

"No," she replied, tearfully, "I'm crying because that baby lion can't get any of him."

Despite the vastness and the efficiency and the inclusiveness and often the genuine helpfulness of outside "representation" in Washington, John Smith, ordinary citizen, usually performs the part of the little lion. He looks on helplessly while the big lions that are dominant in the "assistant government" monopolize the attention of the real government.

Wall Street Dupes the Country With "Katy"

Concluded from page 8

two-year five per cent notes are coming in satisfactorily from the city and from the country, both from institutions and from investors.

Finally, the whole issue was successfully unloaded. the badly secured notes having been sold at the high price of $980 each. The first part in the plan of the Katy ring had been accomplished. Now the only work remaining to the railroad group was the transferring of their stock holdings to the hands of unsuspecting investors.

The great campaign in the stock market was at once inaugurated. As customary, unscrupulous financial writers were induced by gifts of stock options, to write paragraphs predicting something big doing in Katy shares.

Again, an official statement from Mr. Trumbull, the chairman, was counted on to help the game. It was issued in this wise:

> Chairman Frank Trumbull, on Thursday, after an inspection trip over the lines of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, was quoted in part: "The Katy will earn between two and one-half per cent and three per cent on its common stock for the year ending June 30. The road was never in better physical condition."

In making this statement, Mr. Trumbull well knew that the Katy had not earned its preferred dividend for two years, and that not even a bookkeeping record could be shown of earnings on its common stock.

However, the cue was taken. Tipsters swarmed through the brokerage offices in Wall Street, boosting the Katy, and predicting that the common shares were soon to be placed on a dividend basis. News tickers sent out the glad tidings. Telegraph wires buzzed with dispatches for out-of-town consumption, advising the purchase of Katy shares.

Thanks to a vigorous campaign, men and women throughout the country were induced to invest their savings in Katy stocks, whose future showed such agreeable prospects. In Wall Street margin traders were encouraged to plunge on Katy. The whole speculative element was whipped into line on the tidal wave of the Katy boom. The ticker fiends grew excited about it, the tape readers read signs of a brilliant future, and the chart fiends were on the alert for the "double tops" which should indicate the advantageous moment for selling the market short.

Taking advantage of the furore they had created, the Katy crowd advanced the price of the preferred shares to $64.50 and the common shares to $29. Then the unloading process began. Stocks were sold cautiously to both investors and speculators.

Even while this campaign was under way, the three prominent directors of the Katy board, the president of the national bank, the president of the trust company and the partner of the Jewish private banking house foresaw the end of the gamble. They knew it would end in a crash, and they quietly and unostentatiously eliminated themselves from all connection with the Katy road.

But the whole country knows the rest of the story. The notes, which had been sold at $980, were defaulted in principal and interest. They slumped to $370. The preferred stock, which had been unloaded at $64.50, sold down to $1. The common stock, which had been landed on investors at $29, dropped to thirty-seven and one-half cents for a $100 stock certificate.

The great campaign had succeeded beyond the highest hopes of the members of the railroad ring. The $19,000,000 notes were in the hands of duped investors.

The great sum of $76,000,000 in stocks had been unloaded on the public.

The road now went into bankruptcy.

The heads of the great Wall Street banking concerns whose representatives were on the Katy board, are now opposing the insistent demand of the people for a revision of the monetary system, which might give a more equitable distribution of the country's great resources. The reorganization of the Katy is now proceeding in the hands of practically the same men who dominated the property before its collapse. The former financier of the railroad is underwriting the cash payments of the stockholders which are required to rehabilitate the system, and at the present writing, a former partner in his banking house has just been elected to the chairmanship of the Katy board.

What assurances has Wall Street given the country that the same game of exploiting the public will not be played all over again?

Champion of Humor Has Made Millions Laugh

Tom Masson's Output Is 50,000 Jokes

UP IN one corner of a great office building near Central Park in New York sits Tom Masson, champion of American humor—author, editor, poet, critic, lecturer, professional joke maker (he has written 50,000 jokes), and what not. To his friends he is a sort of literary wizard, who has done about everything from writing anywhere up to a hundred or so jokes for the comic weeklies in a single day to writing the editorials for a famous women's paper. He is a great editor who one day is starting out some young author on his literary career—and he has started a lot of them—and the next day is solving some editorial problem for a brother editor. For a quarter of a century he has edited *Life*. He has decided ideas about editing and the future of American humor.

The son of a sea captain of New Haven, Connecticut, Mr. Masson was educated largely by his father, in his boyhood days making numerous journeys to far-off countries. Later he graduated from the New Haven high school. Just to show his parents they were wrong in declaring that he could not write poetry, he began to write it. Later on, he decided that he wanted to learn to write jokes, so he promptly spent a year in studying all the humor he could find, and then began writing jokes. Success greeted him at the beginning.

Although he had been fitted for an accountant's career, and had had two years of bookkeeping experience in his teens, he switched off to journalism. When he was 16 years old he had written his first article for a little magazine that was the predecessor of the present-day *Outlook*. When he was 20 years old, he was managing editor of the American Press Association—the association when it hired him did not know of his extreme youth.

The other day Mr. Masson sat back in his chair and told something of his early adventures in the writing game. "My great encouragement in writing poetry came when my early poems were printed on the editorial page of the old New York *Sun*. Charles A. Dana was a great editor and we younger writers thought that when our work appeared in the *Sun* it was a great compliment. I saw Mr. Dana only once, when, as a young fellow, I asked the managing editor of the *Sun* if I could see the publisher of the paper. He went into Mr. Dana's office and in a few minutes came back and ushered me in. 'So you're the young man' who is writing poetry,' said Mr. Dana. 'Keep right on.' That was all there was to our interview.

"However funny it may seem, my accounting experience served me in good stead, even in the joke business, which I had gone into after a year's study of all the jokes I could find. At that time Philip Welch, the best joke writer America has produced, was at the height of his power. I credit myself with being the first efficient agent in the joke business, however. I had begun to do a little writing for *Life* and on one occasion had sent in a bunch of jokes. They were returned, but a number of them seemed to be missing. I complained, but they could not locate them anywhere. 'Look here,' I said, 'here are the numbers of the missing jokes. They must be somewhere.' With mathematical preciseness, I had devised a system of numbering and recording every joke as it went out. After a great deal of rummaging in the office, the missing jokes were found.

"Those missing jokes were the turning point in my career. It was just a little while later that I received a note from J. A. Mitchell, the owner of *Life*, asking me to call. I did so. Mr. Mitchell had been so delighted with my system of handling my own literary output that he wanted to know if I thought I could look after the paper. He wanted some one who could introduce efficiency in editorial matters. As soon as he hired me, he went away on a vacation and left me in charge."

And Mr. Masson has been literary and managing editor of *Life* ever since.

At the beginning he wrote a good part of the paper himself, but was able from time to time to enlist outside writers and artists. It is especially interesting that Richard Harding Davis, Robert W. Chambers, Rupert Hughes, Charles Dana Gibson and Carolyn Wells were all introduced to the public through the pages of *Life*.

During his literary career Mr. Masson has written approximately 50,000 jokes and has made nearly as many dollars writing them. He estimates that the average return from his jokes is $1 each, making allowance for those that do not sell, or do not bring top-notch prices. Five dollars is about the high water mark for a joke, and many have to be sold for two or three dollars. He sells, sooner or later, about 70 per cent of all the jokes he writes. Some have to be worked over again.

"One time I wrote an article telling how I wrote jokes and several hundred persons wrote in wanting to try their hand at it. But somehow they didn't get the hang of things. Joke writing is really an art," Mr. Masson explained. "It lies at the very basis of dramatic art and is the secret of good dialog. Success in joke writing depends on your being able to focus your imagination. It demands a knowledge of life. The older you get and the more you suffer, the more successful you become. When you learn to play golf, you open a whole field of joking. When you get that automobile, you learn how to write your automobile jokes. When you get married, you have a portfolio full of all sorts of jokes about married life. Of course, that is one of the difficulties of joke writing, you have to do so many things that it takes a lot of money doing them. But I suppose I have made thousands of dollars out of my golf jokes alone.

"When I first began joke writing, I found that I could not write more than 15 or 20 a day. Finally I wrote 35 and I thought I had reached the high water mark. Then I passed the 50 mark, and in time I wrote 100 in one day. A three-day output is about 150 jokes, although I must confess that after I have written 100 my mind gets groggy.

"In joke writing one simply keeps informed on what is going on. Prohibition opened an entirely new field. So did the income tax and the high cost of living. The cook is always good for some jokes. The same is true of love, society, current events, wives, husbands, babies, children. Some way mothers-in-law, barbers and tramps have gone out of style in the joke business. We must not forget the various sports and recreations. There are golf jokes, automobile jokes, poker jokes—no limit to the possibilities, just so the material is quite familiar to the majority of persons. One method in joke writing is to take the characters and build a situation around them, and the other is to take the idea and fit characters to it."

One wonders how Mr. Masson accomplishes so much. Besides keeping up his regular editorial work and writing jokes for a living, he has had time for numerous short stories, poems and editorials. One of the largest women's papers in the country once engaged him to do a large part of its editorials, and the same thing was true of a nationally known agricultural publication.

"I never let myself be chained to my job," explained Mr. Masson. "The successful editor and successful writer of today must constantly associate with other people, mix about, and get ideas and inspiration. Unless a man is constantly extending himself and drinking in new ideas, he is done for as a writer."



TOM MASSON,

Who has written 50,000 jokes—and made nearly as many dollars writing them.

Thursday and Saturday Mr. Masson does not come down town at all. These two days he spends at his suburban home in writing and reading. He aims to read all books, magazines, and a goodly number of the newspapers, as they are published. He always is picking up ideas and has an elaborate filing system. When the writer visited his office he showed him the pile of clippings that he had collected that day, all neatly classified. When he is at work he has all this material immediately available. No matter what he is writing, he aims to be able to turn and find the latest information on the subject.

Mr. Masson is strong in the belief that American journalism and American humor are getting better. "Writers heretofore have been made too much of by editors and readers," he said. "They have been taking into consideration what they think the public wants to read and have been doing their work accordingly.

"Today there are a great number of young writers growing up who are going to accomplish great things. Our literary men, too, are beginning to get their freedom, due perhaps to the rise of the newspaper.

"The next 10 to 15 years are going to show a remarkable improvement in our national humor. Up to the present time we have not been just sure of ourselves, but from now on we are going to do things."

Why Has Gold Dropped Out of Circulation?

Concluded from page 7

constantly fanned among the masses, that the "money" they handle is as good as gold. They are told that they "can get gold if they really want it." Naturally the masses are not organized—they are not analytical—they are governed by external conditions, or they could call the bankers' bluffs at any time.

Fortunately for both the banking element and the government, too, the people in general are not concerned with the elements of the gold reserve. During the last two generations gold has disappeared from circulation. It is surprising, but there are thrifty individuals in this country who don't know what gold is. It happened in Washington when William Jennings Bryan was Secretary of State. The energetic Commoner went to market one morning and tendered a gold piece to an old Negro woman, for years gracing one of the B street stalls. She refused to take it; and she refused it because she did not know it was money—the very kind of money that bankers want to talk about. Technically the former slave could have been prosecuted for refusing legal tender.

One often reads of hoards found in the most unexpected places. Not all have been hoards belonging to the proverbial misers who are depicted as churning nothing but coins of gold and silver with their scrawny hands. Yet, it is a rare occasion, indeed, when gold money is found in concealment. As a rule bills—bills of high denominations for the sake of space—have been turned up.

All these clandestine savers had no use for gold. As far as gold was concerned, it did not exist for them. Whatever it was that caused the medium in their possession to represent money, they were satisfied that it was good, and what made it good was the magical name "United States Treasury." It was this evidence of indebtedness of the government that they had confidence in, and not in the fact that it meant so many ounces or pounds of gold and silver.

Let's dig deeper. When Postmaster-General Hitchcock was dealing with the initial steps toward the establishment of the Postal Savings System he told me that this Federal bureau was not to be in competition with the banks, but was to serve as a magnet for hidden savings. When the system had been in operation two years his successor, Postmaster-General Burleson, assured me that, according to reports reaching the Post Office Department, no bank had complained about the diversion of existing funds. Only a short time ago the retiring Postmaster-General, Mr. Hays, urged legislation liberalizing the law, so as to dig out something like a billion of dollars still in hiding, according to estimate.

To my knowledge, every authority quoted in connection with the postal savings system has agreed that the hoarded treasure out of circulation is more than five hundred million dollars, although few seem to think that it is as much as a billion dollars. The lower estimate, however, seems the more plausible. But what does it mean, fundamentally, since it is not metal money that is thus concealed?

It means that the people, or some of the people, having faith in the government as the issuing power of money, retain only enough faith to intrust their money to the government. The government by law not being enabled to become custodian of more than $2,500 at any one time, prospective depositors refuse to deposit at all. In one case a single deposit of $20,000 was lost.

These individuals, few though they are, own a considerable amount, and they will not patronize the banks, regardless of the excellent prospectuses anent capital, surplus, reserves, and the like. The very people who are not sufficiently educated to appreciate the safety of modern banking are likewise not sufficiently educated to know anything about the gold standard. Nor are they the only ones. Not one man in a hundred, from any populous center, will know how to discuss the monetary standard intelligently, regardless of individual opinions as to its merits or demerits.

The trouble, therefore, evidently can be traced to the fact, already alluded to, that *finance has by imperfect legislation become the guardian of its parent, commerce.* Finance adjusts the prices of service and commodities, but it adjusts them so as to be of the greatest possible benefit to finance and not to commerce, although ostensibly the other way around. Commerce, on the positive side, is based on the fact that it is the dollar's worth—or any other arbitrary unit's worth—that we must work for; finance, on the negative side, presupposes that it is the money unit that is the object of mankind.

Largely due to this perversion of circumstances, the government today has lost its one inalienable right to govern and regulate the flow of money as a unit of exchange. How long is it since a privileged metropolitan banking house quietly bought government bonds to sell them to the public at a premium?

During the war the government gave every evidence of helplessness in financial matters; the government was unable to dispose of bonds except through the agency of private banks. The occasion was availed of by those interested to impress the people of the power of the banker in the community. Did not "the government turn to the banks of the country five times in succession in placing billions of bonds?" Are not Treasury certificates gobbled up by banks as soon as issued? The difference between what the bankers gain and what it costs the taxpayers for the "loan" is a matter of huge annual sums—lost to the government. It feeds parasitism, through faulty fiscal systems that are as crude as they are undemocratic, not to say uneconomic.

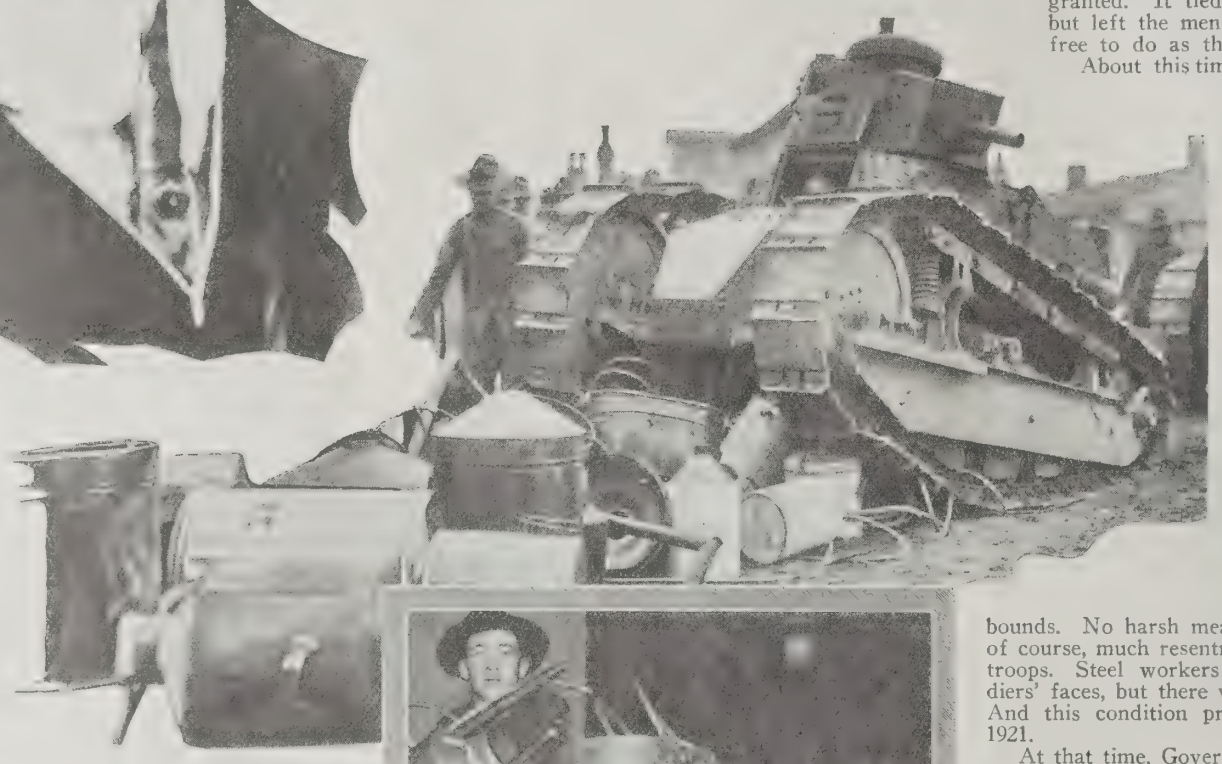
Troops and Tanks Win Fight for Law and Order

Kentucky's Military Used to End Disorder That Has Paralyzed Newport for Months

By HARRY E. BARNET



GOVERNOR EDWIN P. MORROW, of Kentucky



Tank destroying moonshine stills captured by troops in Newport, Kentucky.

FOR nearly three months a battle for decency has been fought in Newport, Kentucky. During this time 20,000 rounds of ammunition were fired. Newport is a tragedy. Years ago, its own officials, and those of Campbell County, in which it is situated, allowed commercialized vice to lay law and order on the shelf. A saying sprang up, that whatever you wanted, and whenever you wanted it, you could get it in Newport, and no questions asked. Lately, this license to the lawless broke out in revolution. All this in a community with virtually an all-American population.

These things have come to pass because of Newport's location on the south bank of the Ohio River, directly opposite Cincinnati. The western boundary of Newport is Licking River. That stream is the eastern boundary of Covington. To the west of Covington are Ludlow and Latonia, the latter being the location of the famous race track. Surrounding Newport, as well as adjoining it and one another, are several small towns and cities, including Fort Thomas, a military post.

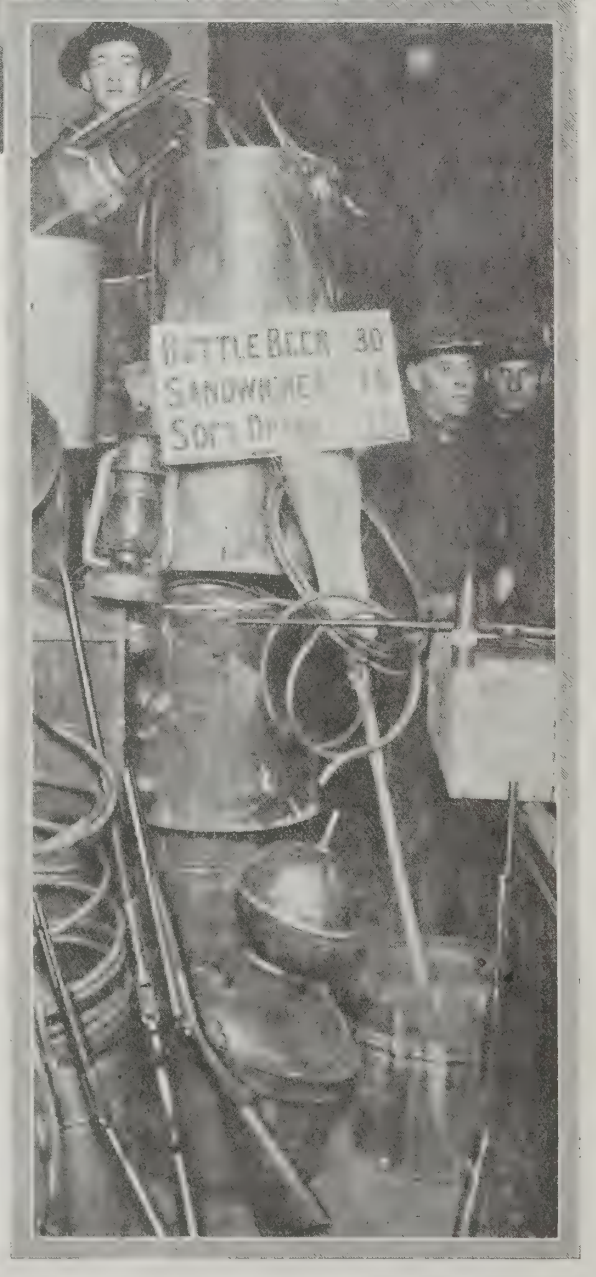
Among the Newport population is an element by privilege—the saloon keeper, the bootlegger, the gambler, and the man who mistakes privilege for license. This element can be traced back into the last century, when Newport was a big army depot. In its early days the city clustered around the barracks, and attracted men who had no use for law and order. There has been, and is, in Newport, a class of public officials that indulges the evil element. Also, there is an element of law-abiding citizens that only sleeps in Newport. The persons of this class own businesses or are employed in Cincinnati. This element is careless. It does not go to the polls and vote; in fact, it gives little if any attention to local affairs. The law-abiding element that lives and owns businesses in Newport has never shown much courage in an open fight against commercialized vice. Good government, however, occasionally came to the surface, and asserted itself, only to fall back into the depths of despondency when it was overwhelmed by the voters of Campbell County, and of Newport.

About a year ago, business sagged, and the Newport Rolling Mills were closed. Later, the company desired to start operations, and called the members of the skilled workers' union together. The latter were told that they would be paid their demands, but that four other unions of unskilled workers would not be considered. Therefore, the members of these four unions struck and called the skilled men out in sympathy. The first action of the company was to get an injunction from the United States Court, enjoining the unions from interfering with interstate commerce. Sixty-five private guards armed with machine guns and automatic pistols were placed at the mills.

The immediate result was that the millworkers, gathered at Ninth and Brighton streets in Newport, began shooting at the mills, their fire being returned by the mill guards. Near the mills are a number of millworkers' dwellings which were under frequent fire. Terror seized the neighborhood. The situation continued, and grew worse. Strike "sympathizers" joined in the shooting, and a bad situation was made desperate by bad whisky and agitation. Law enforcement agencies were powerless to control the situation. The company was requested to remove its machine guns and its guards, but refused, claiming that it was only protecting its property and the men at work there.

A circuit court injunction was sought to prevent the mill guards from firing in the direction of the millworkers' houses. The injunction eventually was granted. It tied the hands of the mill guards, but left the men who were shooting at the mill free to do as they pleased.

About this time a movement began in Clifton to interest the Kentucky state officials in the matter. Governor Morrow met a delegation of business men from Newport, but he gave no decision. One night word was received that four companies of state troops were on their way to Newport, under command of Colonel H. H. Denhardt, a newspaper publisher from Bowling Green, Kentucky. They came into town quietly. The soldiers were called "feather beds" in Newport. They were, in most instances, young fellows, from the smaller Kentucky cities, and a good many were about half as big as some of the steel workers. The troops attempted only to check lawlessness, which was rapidly getting beyond all bounds. No harsh means were employed. There was, of course, much resentment against the presence of the troops. Steel workers spit tobacco juice in the soldiers' faces, but there was no retaliation with weapons. And this condition prevailed until about the end of 1921.



Stills and high-power rifles captured in raids.

At that time, Governor Morrow hoped that the new administration which was coming in, the new circuit judge who was going to take the bench, and the new sheriff who was to take office, would handle the situation. Newport has a commission form of government, and a new set of commissioners would come into office. One of these commissioners had been elected by the Good Citizenship League, an organization whose nature is explained by its name. Eventually the sheriff and one commissioner sent a letter to Governor Morrow asking him to remove the troops. The local American Legion post also requested that the troops be removed. This request was afterward the subject of considerable stir among the Kentucky American Legion posts. Petitions from citizens requesting the governor to remove the troops also were sent. So the troops were ordered from the city.

The sheriff swore in about 30 deputies to preserve order. The troops were barely aboard their cars, however, when disorder again broke loose. Up to that time the matter had been purely a labor fight. This time the disorderly element took charge, and held the civil authorities in such contempt that the rankest sort of indecent violence followed. Deputies were among the men who were firing at the mills. Policemen were also firing at the mills. Governor Morrow went to Newport and to Cincinnati to attempt to settle the difficulties. His efforts had no effect and, matters passing endurance, return of the troops was asked. At that time Governor Morrow openly charged the public officials of Newport with neglect of duty. In an official proclamation he said: "Law, order and security do not exist in Newport; lawlessness—brazen, open and defiant—has been supreme. Your peace officers advise me they are powerless. I am sending the National Guard troops of the commonwealth of Kentucky to put an end to this condition. Violence and terror have existed. They must cease to exist. Newport has been disgraced and dishonored. The cause of this disgrace and dishonor must cease."

This time the first arrival was a tank corps from Covington, just across the Licking River. Next day, cavalry, infantry and machine gun companies from the central part of Kentucky arrived. They were under command of Colonel Denhardt, and none of them were "feather beds." These troops were armed with black jacks and magazine pistols, as well as with rifles, and were fit for any kind of fighting which the situation might demand. Immediately after their arrival they started in to clean up Newport. The first thing they did was to "rough" the lawbreakers. There was an open battle between the troops and the element that for months had menaced the lives of persons living near the mills. There also was an impression parade. The troops were sent out to disperse a mob of about 1,000

persons at Ninth and Brighton streets. When the soldiers arrived the mob dispersed, and congregated in smaller groups in various sections of the city. Colonel Denhardt decided to march through the city, disperse these groups and show the strength of his organization. Cavalry, infantry and tanks took part in the parade. The cavalrymen had their pistols in plain sight and the rifles of the infantrymen were loaded. Scouts and military police, swinging clubs, inspected the yards on each side of the street as the troops passed to guard against the fire of snipers.

This display of force, however, had no apparent effect on the disturbing element. Men gathered in saloons and pool rooms, and as soon as the troops passed they resumed their violence. To get at the source of the disturbances, soldiers cleaned out four saloons in the strike zone. Soldiers forced the saloon owners to close their windows and bar their doors. Other saloons and pool rooms in the strike zone were restricted in their operations and their proprietors warned. At that time the military authorities declared they discovered these places to be "blind tigers," that they were seats of vice and lawlessness, and that the schemes of the disturbers were hatched there and carried out by gunmen. Murderers, thieves and criminals of the worst order were mingled with the general disturbing element in Newport, it was stated. Governor Morrow asked that the best Federal prohibition enforcement officers be sent to Newport.

Came the first clean-up. It was through what was known as "Little Mingo," or the "Wicked Strip," extending from Third street to Eleventh street toward the south, and from Brighton street west to Licking River. In that section were questionable houses, gambling dives, low saloons, bootlegging joints and the roughest of the rough, and the rawest of the raw. The troops were accompanied by the United States prohibition enforcement officials. Liquor was confiscated, and many arrests were made, approximately 100 men were arrested or cited to court, charged with violations of the liquor laws. The equivalent of 80,000 bottles of beer, and 1,000 quarts of whisky was destroyed or confiscated at that time. Several officials of Newport and Campbell County were found in saloons when the raids were made. One of them was a police court judge. This was the first entry of the United States into the Newport situation. From that time Federal and state officers have been on the job with the state troops. Immense quantities of gambling paraphernalia have been captured and destroyed. Since then the bootleggers and all other law violators have been on the move. Violations of the prohibition law are but one of the troubles in Newport. Gunmen, thugs and gamblers felt that they could go as far as they liked in Newport without any hindrance by the local officials. Saloons were plentiful, and a majority of them were of low order. If there were any restrictions on these saloons nobody seemed to know about them. After prohibition went into effect these saloons kept right on, selling whisky and beer almost as openly as in pre-Volstead days. The action of the military was, therefore, a shock to them. The mayor, chief of police, county attorney, county detective, and two county patrolmen were arrested on warrants sworn to by a United States prohibition enforcement officer, who charged them with violating the Federal prohibition laws.

When one of the Newport clergymen organized a Good Citizenship League last autumn, another peculiarity of the city came to the front—the business men of the city did not join with the preachers to clean up these conditions for fear of losing business! There was reason for this fear, because boycotts had been executed there.

The preachers contended all along that the crux of the situation is in the commonwealth attorney, who has power to nullify the work of the grand jury by failure to call up indictments. A fight was made on the present commonwealth attorney at the last election, but he won by 2,700 votes. In Newport among all the elements which make for public good the only fighting force that has been found is the ministers and their congregations. But, generally speaking, Newport is so stewed in infamy that she does not understand that this is an effort to right the city morally, and that the entrance of preachers into the battle is necessary because there is no one else to lead the fight.

As a result of the visits of Governor Morrow a secret committee, comprising 30 or 40 citizens, meets in Cincinnati.

Newport is a place where the civic fabric long ago became rotten, because the city officials have been able to submerge the better element. This is a peculiar condition within a democracy, and one that is hard to explain.

It is more insidious than Bolshevism. One reason for this condition is the absence of newspapers. There is no press to direct public opinion and to expose official delinquency.

Another peculiar condition in Newport is that the better class of women will not enter the fight to clean up the city. The consequence is that the woman angle of the situation there is worked from the viewpoint of other elements. One of the most active agents of lawlessness is a woman.

The original trouble in Newport has been entirely submerged. It began as a labor fight. Now it is a fight for decency. Commercialized vice is fighting to the death. Every form of "lip campaign" is being used. As an instance, "lip campaigners" have told the public that this is a movement on the part of "preacher politicians," and that the congregations were not with them.

Another form of "lip campaign" brings all sorts of charges against the conduct of the soldiers. So that in Newport and in the surrounding cities and towns one can hear any sort of a story about the forces attempting to clean up a town that has been morally rotten for more than half a century.

Finally, not only Governor Morrow and the better element of Newport are concerned, but all Southern Ohio is vitally interested. Newport is a moral sink. The tale of its infamy, as cataloged in the moral ruin of individuals, can never be told. The list would be too long for belief and the details too sordid for contemplation.



Mounted troops patrol the streets of Newport, Kentucky.

Strikers and strike sympathizers at Ninth and Brighton streets, Newport, Kentucky. It was from this saloon that shots were fired at troops and into the Newport Rolling Mill. It was the first saloon raided and closed by the troops. Men refusing to vacate were pitched through the windows by troopers.



COLONEL H. H. DENHARDT,
Who is cleaning up Newport, Kentucky.

The Ghost of John Burns

By ALEXANDER IRVINE

London—(By mail).

TWENTY years ago John Burns was the most powerful Labor leader in England. Trafalgar Square was his pulpit, his parish was the docks and wharves of the Port of London and his parishioners were the dockers, freight handlers and longshoremen.

Burns, as a personality, emerged in a great strike and was eclipsed in a great war. Few men in English public life have had such a meteoric rise. Fewer still have been the men who have fallen from the seats of the mighty with such suddenness. The climb from $10 a week to $25,000 a year as a Cabinet minister is something of an achievement. What was the secret of his success? A knowledge of men, a dominating personality, rugged speech, an ability to go across lots to the facts and a definite program in social reform.

Success did not swell his head—it was swollen when he began. He was the center of the world in which he moved. The regimentation of labor forces meant nothing to him. He never worked in harness. He had no colleagues. He was a radical and a firebrand, smashing and slashing right and left. He was considered a social menace when Battersea sent him to Parliament. When he entered the Cabinet he became more of a menace—not because he was likely to make a misuse of power, but because the social spirit of Britain had by that time marched past him and left him a mere bugler of the social rear guard.

He Does All the Talking

HIS face is rough but kindly. His hair is white now and his gait somewhat slowed down, but he is still agile, alert, and quick of movement. His speech is the speech of a docker, not always correct, but direct and pointed. He was a splendid debater, always sure of his facts and equally sure of the weak spots in the argument of an opponent.

Dressed in a reefer jacket with a bowler hat you could tell him a mile off—but you couldn't tell him much! I have talked many times with him and never yet completed a sentence! He talks incessantly—no man, be he Prime Minister or costermonger, ever got a word in edgewise. When Campbell Bannerman was about to tell him that he had appointed him to the Board of Trade, it is said that Burns broke the Prime Minister's sentence in halves by saying—"it's the most popular appointment you could have possibly made, sir!"

Until the war came, John Burns was England's champion optimist. His life was one long ebullient joy. Proud as a peacock! Proud of his record, proud of having been in jail, proud of Battersea, proud of Britain! To him the earth has no place like Britain, Britain has no place like Battersea, and in both there is no man like John Burns! He tells you these things and doesn't wait for a reply. To him there is no reply. Every man, woman and child to whom he talks is an audience! He is the chairman, the speaker, the doorkeeper, usher and bell-ringer. He moves the vote of thanks, seconds it, replies to it and tells you when to go!

Overcoats, gloves, spats, monocles and such like are to him signs of an effete effeminacy. But no man ever so dearly loved the frills and furbelows and fiddle-faddles of rank. When he became "The Right Honorable John" he gloried in his Windsor uniform. He loved to be photographed in court costume—knee breeches, buckles and sword.

Gold Lace Brought Him Joy

NO ONE ever accused Burns of hypocrisy or dishonesty. Both enemies and friends saw inconsistence. He didn't. He was heckled and twitted a great deal about his gold lace and knee breeches but his chief concern was not the fuss about them but their fitness. He wallowed in joy over them. The look on his face said: "I am still the man of Tower Hill and Trafalgar Square, but I have bridged the gulf that yawned between them and Buckingham Palace!" And there was truth in that. The democrat became a swashbuckler but by the sheer force of a dominating personality he had compelled the British public to look his way.

"Do you see those volumes?" Burns said to me in his library one day. "That's my record in municipal statesmanship!" There were about twenty volumes and they contained records of his work for London. He could probably claim to be the father of "town planning." His ideals have gone up in brick and stone. Burns has been a big asset in the life of his city. He might have been a much bigger asset. The Germans were his total undoing. On the declaration of war he shed his Cabinet habiliments and sat in the House of Commons as silent as the grave for two years.

Four years after his retirement from office and just before his exit from Parliament, John Burns made his peace with the Labor fold. His return was an equivalent of extreme unction. During the war he haunted the lobbies and libraries at Westminster, a grizzly old ghost—a cynical and garrulous ghost—the mere shadow of the man whose voice thundered over Tower Hill and Hyde Park. Other men, conscientious objectors of the Labor movement, went into the shadow during the war. They may return—Burns was totally eclipsed. He marched into oblivion and banged the door after him. For him there is no return—no comeback.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Work is now proceeding on the erection of a 301-foot steel tower for a new aerial lighthouse on Titsey Hill, near Woldingham, England. The illuminated airway project between the continent and London is now on the road to realization. The lighthouse will be of 65,000 candle power and will be visible 32 miles away.

A 30-carat diamond has been found in British Guiana, in the Kurpung River. Because of a flaw the stone will have to be halved.

All that is needed to change a flapper into a sweet, wholesome American girl is to interest her in the outdoors and provide recreation and work that will give her the stimulation she now gets from jazz dances and the movies, according to the national executive of the Campfire Girls.

Striking a whale in mid-ocean caused the steamship President Wilson to stop with a shock sufficient to throw passengers off their feet. The lookout reported something submerged and an instant later the immense head and tail of a whale showed astern.

Two hundred and forty-nine earthquake shocks were recorded in Chile during 1920, according to a report just published by the national seismological service.

Persons may insure themselves against sudden illnesses which require operations under the terms of a scheme evolved by a firm of London brokers. The insurance covers the expenses of the operation and income during convalescence. The scheme has been underwritten by Lloyds.

A tax of 1,000 marks a person on foreigners who remain in Berlin more than five days has been proposed by the housewives' league of that city.

If the restoration of the Parthenon is continued on the lines proposed by the government of Greece, the beautiful building, known the world over for its perfection and delicacy of architecture, risks disfigurement, according to experts in archeology.

Radio telephones have been installed on the huge biplanes engaged in the London-Paris aerial service.

A diary kept by George Washington during the last year of his life has been discovered by the curator and librarian of the Historical Society of York County, Pennsylvania, and another, during a search through unclassified documents in the library of the Department of State at Washington, D. C.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

To determine the heat of the volcano, the quantity of steam underneath, the mineral constituents and the solution of other questions, extensive drillings into the active volcano of Kilauea, in Hawaii, will be undertaken soon.

Indiana oil shales yield 12 gallons of oil per ton. Experts estimate there is enough oil to last the country 100 years, at the present rate of consumption, in the oil shales of Indiana alone.

The monkey-gland principle for rejuvenation has been used with success by the Pennsylvania State Bureau of Animal Industry on cows.

Bullet-proof hats lined with many layers of walnut shell, guaranteed to be proof against pistol bullets, are being provided the police of Camden, New Jersey.

More persons pass through Times Square, New York City, in a 24-hour day than can be counted in any other similarly sized area on the globe.

George Washington's gold watch recently sold for $3,200 at an auction held in the American Art Galleries of New York City. Among other things belonging to Washington which were sold were a snuff box, silver salt spoon, pistol holsters worn at Valley Forge, and a pair of decanters.

An iceberg, with the portion above water 200 feet long by 50 or 60 feet wide, was found near Honolulu, drifting westward in tropical waters of the north equatorial current. It is believed that the ice mass originated in the Bering Sea, was caught in the north Pacific current after rounding the Aleutian Islands and, passing rapidly south, continued on across the tropic of Cancer and turned west in the north equatorial current.

The University of Michigan has been loaning money to needy students for more than a quarter of a century, and over that span of years has never lost a cent through willful failure of the borrower to repay.

A Chicago will expert failed to make his own will before he died.

Any tissue of the living body kept on a microscopic slide, at a suitable temperature, fed with the right material, and drained at frequent intervals, will grow and live forever, according to a famous surgeon of London.

A buffalo ranch, with young Indian bucks employed as herd riders, is proposed on the Wenas range, a wild, unfenced tract of 25,000 acres in Washington, between the Columbia and Yakima rivers.

Weather forecasts by wireless are sent from the Eiffel Tower in Paris to every part of France each day, permitting farmers to plan the following day's work and to take precautions against impending inclemencies.

A $300,000 church of all nations is to be erected on the site of a one-time notorious dive in the old Bowery district of New York City.

A 13-year-old girl has been granted a license to preach by the Northeastern Oklahoma Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Tulsa.

An attempt to circle the earth in a sailboat, 46 feet long and of 12 tons displacement, will be made by four Austrian sportsmen. The first leg of the journey will be by way of Gibraltar to New York.

Instructors in the state normal colleges of Nebraska, hereafter, will be refused leave of absence to study or attend the universities of Chicago, Columbia and Northwestern, "because the testimony of those who have been students and the news items in the daily press, show that cigaret smoking is common among women in these institutions."

An "automobile hotel" 25 stories high, designed especially to help relieve the congestion caused by the increasing number of motor cars, is being considered in Chicago. The cars would be cared for without being touched by hands, a girl operating the entire mechanism from a central switchboard. A similar "hotel" is being planned in New York and another in Cleveland.

A valveless, gearless engine for automobile use is being made in Manchester, England.

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Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Fast on a Gold Reef: The Fate of the U. S.

Woman Leads People's Battle in South Dakota

Indorsement of Miss Alice Lorraine Daly Heartens Farmers for New Fight; Nonpartisan League's Nominee for Governor Likened to Modern Joan of Arc

NONPARTISAN LEAGUE voters in South Dakota regard the unopposed indorsement of Miss Alice Lorraine Daly, in the recent proposal meeting at Pierre, as the party's candidate for governor of the state as a happy augury. The indorsement, under the Richards primary law, is equivalent to a nomination, and enthusiastic Nonpartisan Leaguers are already proclaiming that her nomination is equivalent to an election. Undaunted by the defeat of last autumn, when the league went down after a hard fight in which it was charged that the banking interests had massed their powers against them, the leaguers now promise to prove that the party is a very lively corpse in the next election campaign.

There is very general insistence on the deathlessness of the spirit of their cause. This belief takes practical encouragement from the fact that last November's victory is proving an empty one for their opponents, as the new anti-league administration is powerless to abolish the Bank of South Dakota and other farmers' institutions that are still buttressed by the state constitution—the proposed anti-nonpartisan amendments having been defeated at the polls in the same election that carried their proponents into office. Moreover, the success of the Bank of South Dakota in placing the state loan, despite every effort of "Wall Street" to boycott and discredit it, and comparisons of the help the "farmers' own bank" has been able to extend to the agricultural industry in South Dakota with the acute distress of the farmers in the neighboring states of Oklahoma and Texas dependent on local banks dominated by the Federal Reserve system, may do much to strengthen and establish the wavering lines.

Beyond these practical considerations, rather loosely regarded as constituting the strongest appeal to the hard-headed and horny-handed sons of the soil, it now seems possible that the coming campaign will take on the bright golden hue of romance. The Nonpartisan Leaguer would not be a Nonpartisan Leaguer if he were not very much of an idealist, and being an idealist means being a poet and a prophet in the very heart of him—or her. For that matter, who can rule romance out of blood and soil that is American with the Americanism of John Brown, of Osawattomie; of Abraham Lincoln?

Romance in the radiancy of unconquerable Youth, its vision and courage, its daring and faith, its high loyalty to the cause it espouses and makes its own—are all symbolized in the woman the leaguers have chosen as their standard bearer. Admirers are already mentioning her as "The Joan of Arc of South Dakota." Voicing much the same faith in the God of Justice and Freedom, the Father of the Poor and the Friend of the Oppressed that inspired Joan of old to leave her sheep in Domrémy and go forth to battle for king and country against an enslaving invader, Alice Lorraine Daly would don the shining armor of ideas and ideals. Her sword and shield would be character and capacity for leadership in the politico-economic field. Her own contagious convictions and enthusiasms would command the trust of her followers and she would storm the citadels of the foe with the invincible spiritual weapons ever mighty to the pulling down of strongholds.

Still in her early thirties, an outdoor woman of robust form and a nature lover, her classic features crowned by a mass of shining gold hair and lighted by sparkling blue eyes capable of passing from the expression of deepest seriousness and earnestness to twinkling gaiety and humor, Miss Daly distinctly honors the comparison with her great French prototype in personal appearance.

The nomination came to Miss Daly herself as a complete surprise and there was an element of genuine spontaneity in the unanimous decision of the convention at Pierre that might well encourage any candidate. But there was no medieval miracle about it. For seven years she has been a leader in South Dakota politics, especially on the feminist side. And she came to the state and to her work there with a very thorough equipment for a successful career. Born on a little island in the Mississippi River, near St. Paul—"Gray Cloud Island" is the melodious name given to it by a famous Indian chief in memory of a beloved daughter of that name—she was educated in the St. Paul public schools, going from the John A. Johnson High School to the University of Minnesota where she distinguished herself by industry and scholarship, attested in the winning of the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts. Further to fit herself for a public career, she went to Boston and by intensive training and hard work completed in one year the three-year course of the Emerson College of Oratory, later going back and taking the postgraduate course. Some foretaste of the sweets and the power of popular leadership came to her while in Boston in her election to the presidency of the Students' Association, which included the whole student body of an institution to which Elbert Hubbard attributed his own platform success and which has been the training school of many American orators.



MISS ALICE LORRAINE DALY

Daly is a good Irish name, and both in features and voice Miss Daly suggests a blend of French with Irish blood. It may not be without significance that her first name means "consecrated to God" and that her middle name is that of the French province of Lorraine, in which the Maid of Domrémy was born—the province also of the more recent heroisms of Verdun and St. Mihiel, Chateau Thiérry and the several battles of the Meuse.

Miss Daly began her work in South Dakota, as head of the department of public speaking at the State Normal School at Madison, in which position she continued for five years, resigning two years ago to accept the nomination for state superintendent of public instruction by the Nonpartisan League and to take an active part in that campaign. In much demand as a speaker in both North and South Dakota, she has since June, 1920, traveled more than 20,000 miles and delivered more than 300 speeches. She enters this year's campaign in the pink of physical fitness and declares herself ready to put up the fight of her life for the supremacy of the people in the government of the state.

Ever since she arrived in South Dakota, Miss Daly has been intensely interested, first, in the suffrage movement, and later in the work of the League of Women Voters, and always in the Peace Movement. She is a member of the state board of the League of Women Voters and has been state chairman of the Committee on Women in Industry ever since the league was organized. Jane Addams picked her as state chairman of the Woman's Peace Party for South Dakota and she is still actively interested in the work of that organization, which is now known as the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom. Indeed, Miss Daly is interested in every phase of the peace movement and has consecrated her life to the crusade against militarism and the effort to make the teachings of the Prince of Peace a reality in our national and international life.

When asked to tell something of her life story, Miss Daly responded readily:

"The experiences that have shaped my life have been the needs and sorrows of other people. Those incidents stand out like flaming torches against a midnight sky. Each has been a spiritual crisis in my life—the execution of Sir Roger Casement; the mobbing of a pacifist in his home town, which was also my town, after he had served his sentence in the penitentiary; the fact that I witnessed the farmers of a county excluded from a hall that they had engaged for a meeting because the local authorities had learned, after renting the hall, that the farmers intended to hold a Nonpartisan League meeting. These experiences brought home to me with terrific force the realization that I was teaching these farmers' sons and daughters, not living truth, but falsehood, when I taught them the first Amendment to the Constitution. The cry of undernourished children echoing through unkempt day coaches, as they lumbered slowly over South Dakota prairies; the knowledge that mothers, already too heavily burdened with care, responsibility and endless work, must go down into the shadow of the Valley of Death, alone, miles from any medical assistance, in order that our state, heedless of their needs, might be enriched by the coming of new life; the dearth of good homes among our workers; the lack of educational opportunities for our rural children; the insistent and unanswered appeal of our hungry-minded, hungry-hearted women on the farms—an appeal that always brought to my mind flashing memories of Bastien Le Page's painting, "The Noon Hour"; all these constitute the ray that has fallen before my eyes and to which ray I feel called upon to testify.

"My campaign will not be a campaign against anyone. It will be a campaign against conditions, against the weaknesses of our present, outworn, economic system, and for a more modern system of finance, credit, public control and ownership, a system that will lift from the masses of our people the burdens of mortgages, taxes and ever-recurring payments of interest that keep them in a state of servitude.

"I feel that the greatest need of our nation today is able, fearless, spiritual leadership in governmental affairs. We need men and women who see life sanely and see it whole, men and women who have plumbed the depths of human suffering and have been 'born again.' Such leaders will clarify our sense of values, will shatter to pieces the hungry materialism of our era, and will illuminate it with such a light as has never been seen on sea or land. This light will reaffirm in our minds the old truth that this era has travestied; that *not property rights but human rights* are the most precious concern of a wise people.

"We must cultivate in the rising generation an attitude—which those in control today seem never to have had, or have somehow lost by failure to cherish—a welcoming attitude toward new ideas. The enemies of progress are the enemies of human freedom. We must discourage them."

An Indian Chief's Version of Custer's Last Fight

Flying Hawk, a Survivor of "Massacre," Tells Story From His Standpoint; Statement Considered a Valuable Original Document for Future Historians

By M. J. McCREIGHT

THE writer of this article formed friendships with Flying Hawk, Iron Tail and other chiefs and he was adopted into the tribe and made a chief with the title Tchanta-Tanka, which may be translated "Great Heart." The historic Battle of the Little Big Horn was a frequent subject of conversation with Flying Hawk, and on one occasion the old chief was induced to make a statement on the subject, which Mr. McCreight took down. Here is the statement, only the solecisms of the Indian's broken English having been omitted.

OF THE hundreds of fights that marked the era of warfare between the whites and the aborigines in the course of our "Winning of the West," that which stands out most distinctly in the memory of men still living and in the more or less veracious chronicles that form the basis of thousands of tales of wild adventure is the Battle of the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876. Particular pathos was given to this event (described by the whites as a "massacre" and by the Indians as a "battle") by the death of one of the most dashing and romantic of cavalry leaders, General George A. Custer, himself the hero of a hundred fights and idolized by the army and the frontiersmen of his time for his picturesque and charming personality, his valor and his soldierly qualities. In the galaxy that included General Nelson A. Miles, Phil Sheridan, Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill, Custer was a bright and shining star.

In connection with the celebration of the forty-fifth anniversary of the battle last June, when a monument in honor of General Custer was unveiled on its site, several narratives of surviving witnesses of the fight have appeared in the magazines and newspapers. It is hardly strange, in view of the fact that Custer and all his men—all the actual participants on the side of the American troops—were killed, that these narratives should be in many instances cloudy and conflicting. The writers saw the action from a safe distance and in the confusion and excitement of the occasion, it is scarcely to be expected that they could have noted the incidents of the battle with any degree of accuracy, to say nothing of the allowance to be made for the faults of memory in the lapse of 45 years. Most of these accounts, indeed, are made up from observation of circumstantial evidence after the battle was over. All of them are written by white men. Moreover, the fact that Indian fighting was not carried on with the nice regard for system, design and carefully plotted plan taught at West Point and practiced by the Civil War veterans of that day, makes it unreasonable to assume that these reports could possibly be in agreement or entitled to any high degree of authenticity.

For the first time, the actual story of the Battle of the Little Big Horn is now given to the public from the standpoint of the Indian. In regard to this particular fight as in regard to the major events of the century-long strife on the American frontier, American history is practically silent as to the Indian's side of the story. Some day the whole sanguinary tale will be told impartially. And when it is told, the reputation of the Indian will perhaps emerge, if not untarnished, at least a bit less black than it has been painted. It is the old story of the difference it makes whose ox is gored. Just now we are learning how much it matters whether the story of a war is told by victor or vanquished in regard to the greatest of all wars, a war that involved much of the world.

Custer, commanding the Seventh Cavalry, divided his forces to the north and south of the junction of the Big Horn with the Little Big Horn, and with five companies, containing 208 men, dashed at the center of the Sioux position, whose strength he had underestimated. He was pushed back, completely surrounded, and his command killed to a man. When two days later Captains Gibbon and Terry came upon the bloody scene and wired their report to Washington it is little wonder that the country was thrilled with the horror of the story.

It is to be noted that in the accepted historical records, the killing of Custer and his troops looms large even to this day while comparatively no mention is made of our violation of the Black Hills Treaty which led up to the Indian insurrection of which the Custer massacre was an incident. One must search carefully to find mention of the fact that Custer and his command killed more than 100 Indians in an engagement at Washita that preceded the Little Big Horn fight. Possibly this Washita incident is regarded by the Indians much as we have all along regarded the later fight—as a "butchery" and a "massacre."

For the sake of the sharp light of contrast, let me cite briefly the accepted historical version of the sanguinary struggle in which Custer was killed before coming to the version related to me by an Indian participant still surviving among the nation's wards on the Sioux reservation in North Dakota.



CHIEF FLYING HAWK, of the Sioux.

The Indian outbreak followed for the violated treaty that robbed them of their lands. In the Big Horn attack, Custer's plan was to converge upon the hostiles in three columns, Gibbon from the west, Crook from the south and Terry from the east. Terry's division included the famous Seventh Cavalry under Custer, 600 strong. In advancing from the south, Cook was hindered by repeated attacks and delayed; Terry moved up the Yellowstone as far as the Rosebud, where he made a fortified camp. Custer moved around to the south and up the Rosebud to drive the Indians down the Big Horn into fire of the larger force that was to march up stream; he sent Reno with seven companies across the Big Horn to descend it and attack from the west. Before he could do this, he was himself attacked and held on the defensive for 24 hours. Custer, with the remaining five companies, came upon the Sioux camp and without hesitation charged the Indians. The particulars of the fight can *never be clearly known*, for *every white* man engaged *was killed*. It was all over in 20 minutes. Curley, Custer's scout, wrapped himself in a Sioux blanket and alone escaped.

Our history continues: "Gibbon and Terry, ascending the Big Horn, came upon the bodies of Custer and his companions *two days after* the massacre. Custer had been shot in the left temple, and his was the *only* body that was *not* mutilated." It was found that the Seventh Cavalry lost 261 killed and 52 wounded, Terry having lost 53 killed, escaping the fate of Custer's force by retreat to the west bank.

Recently there appeared the story of a survivor who says: "I was in the thick of the fight on the Little Big Horn from start to finish, saw the first man fall by my side and lived through the two days' battle to help bury General Custer and his gallant men." Continuing, he describes the finding of the bodies: "The bodies of Custer and the men trapped with him were in an indiscriminate heap. The Indians had stripped every private in the ranks, every officer save one, Custer. They had scalped every man except the general. Custer's body had been lifted from the heap and laid to one side, a handkerchief spread over his face. A knife had been inserted deftly under the lower rib and the heart extracted. We found it set up on Custer's breast, a silent testimonial of the completed vengeance of the Sioux chief. Some time after the battle, when I talked to Rain-in-the-Face, he told me he had vowed to General Custer that he would some day cut out his heart, and that he left it on the battle field as his boast that he had carried out his threat."

Properly to understand this incident of the heart-cutting, we shall revert again to history and quote another line or two: "Chief Gall was leader in the massacre. Rain-in-the-Face was the Sioux chief who killed Dr. Hulzinger and Mr. Balliran in 1873 on the Rosebud. These men had fallen behind Custer and his command, and were found dead with no traces of their slayers. Some months later, Rain-in-the-Face told of the killing, in the hearing of Reynolds, one of Custer's scouts, who reported it to the general who arrested Rain-in-the-Face and locked him in the guardhouse, but he escaped." It was this arrest that inflamed Rain-in-the-Face and his friends, among whom the nearest and best loved is none other than the author of the statement hereinafter quoted—Chief Flying Hawk, who was with him throughout these campaigns, was present in the 1873 incident and during his arrest and confinement, and took a prominent part in the massacre under Rain-in-the-Face's leadership. But here again it is necessary to call up some history and try to understand the Indian's viewpoint and the cause and manner of the arrest.

The Sioux and Cheyenne country included the Black Hills, where gold was discovered in 1874; it was on their "reservation"; they had been driven out into this bleak and supposedly valueless land, just as they always had been, and herded together like so many wild animals, and, like animals, were supposedly fed and clothed by the government in this "reservation" set apart and sacredly proclaimed by solemn treaty to be theirs forever.

It was under these conditions and while facing starvation, that Rain-in-the-Face wandered from the reservation to hunt along with others. This, with the blame for killing Hulzinger and Balliran, furnished an excuse for his arrest and inhuman confinement. It was then that he made the threat that some day he would cut out the heart of General Custer. It is believed that failing to "convict" the chief in a court-martial proceeding, the general issued orders to his jailers to remain off duty while Rain-in-the-Face "escaped" from the guardhouse. He had not "murdered" Hulzinger and Balliran, for it was

(Concluded on page 14)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 22, March 25, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Why American History?

THE city of New York, for the moment concerned regarding the kind of history it shall impose upon its school children, has committed the guardianship of American tradition to one David Hirshfield.

Mr. Hirshfield has been holding hearings. There have appeared the advocates of all kinds of history. There have been those who demand an American past, in which the valor of American arms, the stainlessness of American honor, and the demi-godlike stature of American statesmen appear in bold relief. Then there are those who insist they march behind the white banner of truth and who abhor the idea of remembering national heroes only in terms of the funeral eulogy and forgetting the fact that they ate with their knives. The stalwart advocates of truth have thus far brought into controversy the vital question as to whether the hair under George Washington's powdered wig was brown, or—horror of horrors—red. In addition, Mr. Hirshfield has before him the protagonists of the belief that the salient things are not taught in present history books. These latter rely chiefly on the fact that the books have no record of Washington's home brew recipe.

But the testimony of one witness would seem to indicate that the proponents of the investigation have missed the point. A lecturer who had talked in the schools on "The American Flag" testified that it was his custom to ask the pupils regarding famous figures in American history. In a typical school in the Bronx —the borough in which the alien ear is least often offended by the sound of the English language—he sought information regarding Paul Revere. Two pupils of the entire class had heard the name.

"Now," asked the lecturer, "is there anyone who can tell me about Lenin and Trotsky?"

Every hand went up.

Congressional Commissions

WHEN legislators are confronted by an opportunity to use plain horse sense in the solution of some simple problem, they get rattled. They are a little like the old-fashioned diplomats who are thrown into a panic by a bit of straight truth-telling and plain-dealing. Subtlety is suspected. Then they refer the bit of plain work to a committee and the committee holds "hearings" to which everybody who is supposed to know anything about the subject under consideration is summoned to contribute out of "expert" knowledge or out of vast funds of misinformation.

Having in this way tangled and twisted the plain matter out of all semblance to its original aspect, the members of the committee discuss the measure among themselves, damning it up hill and down dale until it is involved in a tortuous maze of contradictions. Sometimes, the committee at the last is content to wash its hands of responsibility by making majority and minority reports, one as incomprehensible as the other. Of late, the persistent legislative effort to make confusion worse confounded goes still further, and it is sought to escape the perniciously manufactured problem by creating a special commission to deal with the whole subject. So marked has become the recent trend to the creation of these commissions to do the things that members of Congress in either House are elected and paid to do, but dodge doing, that "government by commission" is likely to become as justly obnoxious as was "government by injunction" a few years ago.

In the vernacular of the Capitol, every such commission is a "plum tree." It means another suite of offices and clerks and stenographers and traveling and other expenses and salaries and salaries and salaries, that is to say, jobs and more jobs for political henchmen. Circumlocution and procrastination are of the very essence of the legalistic mind and its methods. Some day we may get tired of government by lawyers and send a few men of action to Congress—business men and "dirt farmers," for instance.

Stealing Candy From a Baby

MUCH attention has been concentrated lately on the tribe of grand larceny grafters whose specialty is working on the unholy "get-rich-quick" ambitions of people ignorant of the first principles of legitimate investment or speculation, and who are tempted to put their savings, much or little, into gambles in the guise of fake gold-mining or oil stocks. But the less spectacular activities of the petty larceny swindlers who use the advertising columns of daily, weekly and monthly publications, especially farm papers, to prey upon the poor seeking only a chance to earn money honestly, calls aloud for the attention of the Postmaster-General and of the American Advertising Association.

An Indiana reader writes us that the typical advertisement of these harpies is one that appeals, especially in these days of high prices, small incomes and business depression, to women on farms or in small towns, women who are anxious to help out the family expenses by "spare-time" labor. In many cases, this spare time is the scanty leisure left after a hard and long day's toil, washing and baking and mending and house cleaning. Knitting machines are offered by means of which, it is promised, many dollars may be earned easily. Or it may be guinea pigs or Belgian hares that are offered.

The victim is lured by promises that the advertiser will pay good prices for all the knitting done on the machines, or for all the increase in the guinea pigs or the Belgian hares that may be shipped. But, as our correspondent tells us, in most cases "the knitting machines won't knit and the guinea pigs won't guinea," being sterile stock. Publishers who lend their pages to these swindlers are nothing short of accomplices in crime.

Emmet's Epitaph

THE one hundred and forty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet was celebrated on March 6, last, and the occasion strikingly suggests the belated, but none the less happy, fulfillment of the condition to the realization of which he demanded that the writing of his epitaph should be deferred. Standing in the prisoner's dock in a Dublin court, convicted of high treason for his part in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the brilliant and ardent young patriot was accorded opportunity for "explanation or apology" before sentence of death was passed upon him.

He neither explained nor apologized. Instead, with burning eloquence he at once vindicated his course and that of his associates in the heroic national effort—probably inspired by the successful revolutions in America and in France—and left on record an indictment of English misrule that shook the strongholds of tyranny throughout Europe.

In the century and a quarter that has elapsed since this dramatic incident, it is probable that Emmet's fearless example, and especially his last speech, have done much to keep alive the fires of national aspiration in Ireland. Today his heroism and his martyrdom bear fruit in the entrance of Ireland into the family of self-governing democracies. Emmet's last speech closed with this appeal:

"I have but one request to make on my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them . . . . Let my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not until then, let my epitaph be written."

The Secret of "Pep"

AS EVERY woman knows, the difference between ordinary mortals and supermen is just "pep." Poets and inventors are born such, but "pep" is the double distilled essence of art. As the advertisements of correspondence courses in salesmanship, etiquette, short-story writing, interior decoration, dramatic art and magazine illustration never tire of informing us, it is possible to take an ordinary mortal, or even a subnormal person utterly ignorant of Plato and the Pleiades, and transform him into a genius and a wonder capable of capturing a salary of anywhere from $10,000 to $100,000 just by injecting into his brains one or more short courses of "pep," at so much per course.

While the unfortunate lacking "pep" may be doomed to languish in poverty and oblivion, the peptonized person, so to speak, sweeps on from glory unto glory. Lesser beings bow and retire abashed before him. In a recent strikingly illustrated ad of one of these marvelous "systems" for the manufacture of Napoleons of finance with "magnetic personalities," the "testimony" is given of a man of shy and modest disposition who was astounded when a "pep" graduate whom he had admired and worshiped from afar told him to go after an important job. The testifier protested that such a job was away beyond him; that he had had no training or preparation for its tremendous responsibility. But his friend lightly laughed away these Philistine fears and leaning over whispered in his ear the secret—the great secret of "pep." With eagle glance and indomitable mien, the erstwhile shy one braced the boss, demanded and got the big job, and thereafter so impressed everyone with his greatness that now he owns a country place, a palatial steam yacht, a racing stable and a whole fleet of high-powered motor cars. Next thing we know he will have a seat in the Senate.

The page ad does not tell what it was that the friend whispered so discreetly. That revelation is reserved for the correspondence course of 10 lessons for $100—10 per cent discount for cash. But we feel that it would be a shame to bar any poor but honest young man from the attainment of this wonderful knowledge for lack of a measly $10 a month. As the American Winston Churchill tells us, the "pep" mind is the primitive mind. It corresponds to jazz. Like jazz, it is destructive of the rhythm of the creative mind. Shakespeare and Michelangelo lacked "pep." So did Lincoln and Tennyson and Longfellow and Edison and Graham Bell. Otherwise, they would not have worked and drudged for years to get their work right.

What Wellington might have achieved, if he had only been put through a course of "pep" or even had the benefit of intensive training in short-story writing! His "Up, Boys, and at 'Em!" was in line with our modern idea of "pep," but how medieval the notion that "He who would command must first learn to obey?" And there's Franklin with his old-fashioned saws about working. They labored under the delusion that to command success one must deserve it.

To sum the matter up in an axiom: "Men with 'pep' rush in where angels fear to tread." They waste no time in hard study or training or saving. Even "in the piping times of peace," they cast "modest stillness and humility" to the fourth remove and "let their action imitate the tiger's." They are very much in evidence. Not only do they blow their own horns and beat their own drums, but they bestride the narrow world like a Colossus. They advance upon our civilization like an army with banners. "Brashness" we used to call it with affectionate contempt and tender pity; "pep" we hail it now, and laud it with loud hosannas.

The Call of Alaska

ACCORDING to Bishop Rowe, of Alaska, mission work among the Indians and Eskimos offers the life that should appeal to young men. All that is manly about a young man, he says, is likely to be brought out by the climate and the work. Having lived there for 27 years, he knows, and the Philadelphia reporter who interviewed him says that the good bishop in his own person offers convincing testimony to the truth of his assertion in athletic figure, ruddy complexion, vigorous carriage and elastic step.

There are possibilities other than missionarying in Uncle Sam's great domain in the Northwest. Pulp and paper industries are being started up with encouraging prospects, rich gold, silver and copper mines are being worked and more are awaiting the prospector. There is plenty of good coal, and prospecting for oil points to rich possibilities. Furs yield large financial returns and there are extensive deposits of good coal. Legislative and bureaucratic restrictions, it seems, have discouraged the investment of capital and so retarded the economic development of the territory. But if the right sort of young men will go into the country and take hold with a will, they should soon be able to get rid of the barnacles and grafters.

Mr. Ford's Page

MODERN highwaymen, operating as salesmen of fraudulent stocks, appear to have had a rich harvest in this depressed country, and promoters of get-rich-quick schemes have had no occasion to complain of hard times. Scarcely a city of size has escaped, while many sequestered villages inhabited by retired farmers have been victimized; and the largest harvests of all have been reaped from the prosperous farming districts of the Middle West.

The conventional reaction is to feel righteous indignation against the stock sharks. Certainly they are a despicable tribe, wholly outside even that criminal class whose boldness and adventure sometimes compel admiration. The old highwayman took a risk; the real robber stakes his life and liberty; these thieves of old men's savings and widows' insurance moneys are not in that class at all.

But as the old highwayman operated by force, his victims could be commiserated because they were forced to succumb to force. Victims of these modern highwaymen, however, have not that consolation; they succumb of their own consent. They "sign on the dotted line" under the magnetic wizardry of the high-power salesman who outwits their caution, carries by assault their logical defenses, and leaves them to get back to mental normalcy with a dread foreboding that a mistake has been made.

Old people and widows are expressly exempted from the remarks that follow; their plight is too sad for criticism. But nothing is more mistaken than to let sympathy drive out our common sense in surveying this situation. The fact that it is national, that it has lately had an amazing sweep in this country, requires us to look it in the face, and prevent our emotions from diverting our judgment.

What has occurred? Simply stated, this has occurred: a large number of people wanted to make fortunes by doing nothing, and were disappointed.

What was behind that desire? This: a widespread idea that it is possible to get something for nothing, that it is possible to skim the cream off other men's produce and live on the proceeds.

In this country there has been systematically cultivated an idea that money-by-trick is more plentiful than money-by-labor. And the senseless display which some people have made of what little money they possess, is responsible for it. We have been living in a childish attitude with regard to money. The success of a few crooked exploiters of honest men's confidence has spread broadcast the idea that the old-fashioned method of getting money by hard work has been done away with. There is a false idea that people can escape the discipline of life and by some magic or sleight-of-hand enter at one bound into the conditions that are won only by work.

It is not merely the people whose little savings are swept away, but also men of capital, who share this delusion.

When this truth is uttered, there are always those who say: "Well, the sharpers get their money without working for it!"

That is another point: the money won by fraud does not benefit anyone. Investigation of the gangs who profit by the foolish trustfulness of people has shown that the money thus obtained is scattered to the winds. The sharpers are not financiers, they are not constructive speculators, they are mere high-livers who fling their money about until they, too, lose it.

Money, of course, is never lost. Money remains in existence and does its work somewhere. All that can be lost about money is the control of it. You can lose your control over the money that you have.

Now, two kinds of people lose control of their money: those who are not wise enough to guard it, and those who get it by cheating others. The victims of the sharpers were not wise enough to guard their money: the sharpers themselves are not wise enough to keep and use the money they wrongly gain.

These points are of interest in considering the widespread carnival of deception and disillusionment that has followed in the trail of the get-rich-quick agents.

It is almost impossible to discuss the situation as it deserves, because of the common tendency to slop over into sentimental consideration for the losers. Of course, the experience was not pleasant. The disillusionment was a jolt. The mental sufferings are severe. But we must never lose sight of the fact that the victims were a contributing factor in the calamity. They signed. What they bought was "talk." They gave more thought to the persuasiveness of gay promises than they did to the solid security of their own interests. The victims, except in certain pathetic cases of helplessness, cannot be entirely absolved from blame. Had they said "no"; had they looked at the property they were asked to invest in; had they even read the instrument they signed—had they done anything whatever instead of giving in to sheer mental laziness, the damage could have been prevented.

That, perhaps, is the principal reason for most of the trouble—mental laziness. The next greatest contributing cause may be lack of business knowledge. Business knowledge is only common sense. And then, the third contributing cause is greed of something for nothing.

It would seem that common sense would warn people that there is never a chance of getting something for nothing. All the apparently miraculous successes of our day were built up bit by bit through obscure years, the main capital being hard work. People don't see that part of a business. All they see is the huge success after it has emerged above the shoulders of the times. But beneath that structure, buried in its foundations, are long years of plain hard work, plentifully mingled with discouragement and threats of imminent disaster.

There are as many chances now as there ever were, if people will begin at the bottom. But people don't want to do that. They are in too big a hurry to make money. They desire to attach themselves to something that is already making money. And yet all the successful businesses of today grew up, not because they were attached to previous successful businesses, but because they were built from the ground up by work.

The impulse to invest is right and it is a thousand criticisms upon our civilization that a man cannot invest where he works, so that he may not only have an additional income, but that his work may take on two-fold interest, that of employe and that of profit-sharer. If there were more opportunities for solid industrial investment in businesses which men are acquainted with, there would be far less of appeal in the false bonanza schemes that are exploited.

In the wide social sense, the present riot of stock losses is a good thing: it will clean up an unwholesome speculative fever. Even in the individual sense it will not be without benefit: thousands of young men and women have gained that most valuable experience—the experience they pay for!

If we were not so gullible a people there would be no one wasting time trying to get rid of worthless stocks. But every generation apparently must be taught the same lesson. It is not that the stock sharpers are wicked, it is that in money affairs our people are "easy." If they cannot be made less "easy" by warning, it may be they can be made so by experience. After all that is why we are in the world—to get experience.

WHEN people are "stung" in false investment schemes, there are three causes: greed of something for nothing; sheer inability to know their own mind; or infantile trustfulness. Two classes of people lose money: those who are too weak to guard what they have; those who win money by trick. They both lose in the end. The cause of the trouble is a lack of knowledge of the law that true gains must be earned, and true increase must also be earned. Money cannot work for you. Only other men can work for you. What right have you, save service to the world, to think that other men's labor should contribute to your gains? That is the moral question of investment that would prevent many a loss.



(Courtesy of the Handley Page Air Line)

View of the House of Parliament and the Thames, taken from a Handley Page airplane. London-Paris Air Service.

Halving Travel Time Between Great Capitals

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

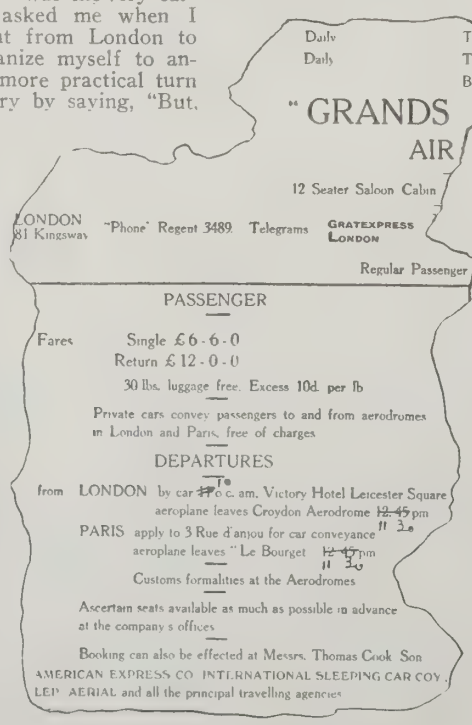
THEY had watched the passenger airplanes all summer as these great machines passed over the stretches of Normandy lying between Boulogne and Paris, in their flight from London to the French capital—great winged things that seemed to their infant minds as of the upper spheres of the earth, as indeed they were, for when the London-Paris Express airplanes reach the coast of France from the English side, they are often enough seen only through the fleecy clouds, and the roar of their motors is like distant falling water. They cross the channel at an altitude of 6,000 to 8,000 feet, and, at that height, they look like swallows, when one lies on his back and gazes into the heavens on a hazy summer afternoon.

"Did you see the angels, papa?" was the very earnest question my boy of five asked me when I reached him after my first flight from London to Paris. And before I could organize myself to answer, my daughter of six, of a more practical turn of mind, supplemented his inquiry by saying, "But, papa, I am sure you must have seen Santa Claus up there in the clouds."

What charming and withal natural questions. Indeed, who would not be a child again?

The shortest old-time route across the English Channel, that terrible slip of deep sea water between England and the continent, is 28 miles—the Calais-Dover line. There is a tradition that the crossing is made in one hour, but as it is the roughest bit of sea on the face of the earth, there would be no difficulty in obtaining sworn and overwhelming testimony that the voyage takes, sometimes at least, a thousand years. There is more sea sickness to the square foot on the English Channel, or Straits of Dover, between Calais and the English coast, than anywhere else on the watered portion of the globe. The airplanes cover this part of the London-Paris traject in just 20 minutes, as you time the flight far above the troubled waters, and the sea, seen from your viewpoint of 2,000 meters up (6,000 feet) strikes you as a wide sluggish river lying between two flat, sandy shores.

I remember crossing from Dover to Calais some 10 years ago. When we put out from Dover the sea was calm and the weather was bright and sunny. During the last half hour of our trip, however, our 1,800-ton boat, speaking metaphorically, which leaves something to your imagination, actually turned somersaults, and did a jazz that put every passenger on the boat, myself included, on his back in 10 minutes. All dignity and self-respect is gone here. The stolid Britisher, the man from Cheltenham and the Puritan-faced English governess suddenly sit up and take notice and become intensely human. What happens is simply appalling—beyond description. If you were to give 500 children a dose of nicotine poisoning, you might get something like it, minus the slide and the stagger, the leap and the halt, and the dive, and so on. On the painful occasion referred to, I remarked to some English friends, when disembarking at Calais, that it was a shame a civilized people like the English had stood for this business for 2,000 years, and that I was sure had the Germans been on the channel coast, they would have had a tunnel to England, in less time than it took America to build the Panama Canal. That was when the English used to regard the Kaiser as their most favored cousin.



Time-table of a London-Paris air line.

Well, probably there never will be any channel tunnel. But here we are, the problem solved by the airplane. You scarcely get away from the great government aerodrome at Croydon, just outside London, before you are making a vast side-dip volplane to the landing place at Le Bourget, likewise, just outside of Paris.

I crossed in two hours and ten minutes the other day in a French line machine, and, previously, on an English machine, in two hours and a half. The difference in time is a matter of favorable wind, as a rule. But the course has been made, I am told, in one hour and fifty-two minutes. That is at the rate of 125 miles an hour, or better.

There are now four established air lines between London and Paris, two English and two French. They are rapidly approaching real commercial enterprises; concerns offering actual profits to the stockholders. There is sharp competition between the French and English companies for this service, with the French in the lead at present, as far as the number of passengers carried, and general good will are concerned.

My crossing on the French machine was more agreeable and satisfactory in various ways than on the English line.

The airplanes now in use, and those in operation during the past season, are each equipped to carry 10 passengers and nearly one ton of freight, with two pilots, or one pilot and a mechanic. The English lines run to the former; the French to the latter. It is my impression that to have an expert mechanic aboard, whose job seems to be to watch the motors and the functioning of the various parts of the airplane, gave confidence to the passengers, and greater freedom to the pilot, who is, in fact, the chauffeur of these air cars. And while he has no trees, nor lamp posts, nor dogs, nor other cars to look out for, he appears to be busy enough with the complicated control of his machine and its cargo of human freight.

The confidence of the present passengers, and the incalculable future airplane clientele, is still the great consideration for this rapidly growing new industry.

Of the traffic between London and Paris, since the service began in 1919, I am told that Americans comprised the greatest percentage; in fact, of a total of 25,000 passengers carried by the several lines engaged in the business, approximately 20,000 have been Americans, who paid for the trip from $25 to as high as $100 (the original price) each for the flight from London to Paris, or vice versa. The charge today is £6. 6/-, normal exchange of $30, but working out at the prevailing rate at about $25. And it is not at all improbable that this will be reduced somewhat during the coming season. Great expectations are now in evidence and preparations accordingly are being made for the summer of 1922.

The reduction in the price of the London-Paris flying ticket was brought about by the establishment of the French Government airplane subvention scheme. The companies had been carrying passengers at about $32 each, and were nearly on a self-supporting basis, when the French authorities voted a large sum for subsidies, and the fare was reduced to 300 francs. The equivalent of this sum in American dollars has been running between $20 and $25 the past season. It operated to put the English companies out of business for a short time; anyway, until the British Government met the ante and made it possible for them to stay in the business.

This present low figure compares favorably with the first-class fares, with attendant expenses of lunch, taxicabs, tips, and so on, on the rail and boat lines between the two great capitals. But for every passenger and every ounce of freight carried, the two governments come along and help their respective companies out handsomely, this assistance amounting to nearly 50 per cent of the fares. Where you pay £6. 6/- for your ticket, the subsidy is three pounds extra, con-

tributed by the government; not only to develop the industry, but, incidentally, and more to the point, to prevent one from surpassing the other in the number of planes constructed, and pilots trained and kept in training against future requirements in a military way.

London and Paris represent a combined population of some 10,000,000 and, in figuring out the attraction of the trip, especially to Americans, it is my conviction that it lies more in the varying aspect of the flying course, than in what we might call the thrill of the flight alone. To view London from the clouds, to see a wonderful 90-mile panorama of Surrey, with its fields, roads, towns and cities; to drive across the historic channel, a 30-mile arm of the Atlantic, to skirt above the wide sandy places of France, and then soar over the fertile farms and forests and legendary places of Normandy, until finally one takes a gigantic swoop to the aerodrome on the edge of Paris, the Beautiful. That's the thing. It is a bit different than a trip from Boston to New York or from New York to Washington. The distances are the same. It is the history of the places! It is England! The terrible channel, France, Paris! These are certainly the chief reasons for the extraordinary American patronage of the flying trips from London to Paris.

Seasick? (Perhaps I should say airsick, as the English are rather punctilious on designation by words.) Sometimes; rarely, however, I should say, on the whole. Of the 10 passengers on one of my recent trips, one man became sick. It seemed unaccountable to me, as there was no more occasion for it than one would experience in an unexpected quick dropping of an elevator car two or three floors, with the usual sudden balancing stop. This might happen now and then, as one ran into an air vacuum or pocket, as they are called, in his rapid flight.

Air, though we walk and run through it, wave our arms and baseball bats and golf clubs against it, without conscious resistance, is a pretty solid thing after all. We are now floating some three, to five and even ten, tons; say up to 20,000 pounds of solid weight on the breast of this intangible combination we call air. It is a marvelous thing to be loaded into a fairly solid coupé, carrying, say 2,000 pounds of human freight, with clothing, shoes, hats and pocket knives and all that; and an added 2,000 pounds of merchandise, with several hundred pounds of baggage, and another 2,000 pounds of motor, oil, benzine, and so on, and perhaps still another 2,000 pounds, in some cases much more, of simple airplane structure, and then leap from the ground with this great load and sail steadily into the clouds.

This is the great thrill of the twentieth century. It, plus the attractions of the flying course, is the thing that catches the American tourist coming to Europe. Nor is there much fuss made about the matter either. Booking offices, that is to say, ticket agents for the several lines, are all over the place, as we say in England, and one engages his reservation, pays his six guineas, and meets an automobile at some hotel in the center of the city—London or Paris, as the case may be. This car carries you, we will say, from London to the London aerodrome out at Croydon, a half hour's drive. Here you have your baggage weighed (you are given 30 pounds free and charged 10d, say 16 cents, a pound for anything above this figure), then you are checked up as to passport and customs liability, and out you go into the flying field, where your machine stands awaiting its load, as quietly as a stork on one foot watching for frogs.

You mount a sort of Pullman upper-berth ladder, enter and take your seat (armchair of rattan and facing forward along the windows). The departures are punctual to the minute, forced on the companies by the conditions of the government subsidies, which I will explain in a subsequent article, and which are very interesting, not to say illuminating, in their military and commercial aspects. The rivalry between France and England in this field, though in its infancy only, makes the naval construction races between the several maritime nations of the past decade appear like the deliberations of the United States Senate on an afternoon in August.



LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

One-time head of British air forces, and promoter of commercial aviation for Great Britain.

However, the pilot is in his seat. He has his padded helmet on his head. We are all set. But about that helmet; one speculates as to what that is for—on his first flight—the thought, and a natural one, it seems to me, being that it is a safeguard against the crushing of the skull in case of—well, we banish the thought, and try to forget it; and learn quite casually afterward that it is simply a protection against that terrific air, which carries our 10,000 pounds so easily on its cushioning breast.

Six years ago, when flying was in its experimental stages, but being forced into utilitarian action, I had the privilege of passing on a proffered seat in a German war plane to John McCutcheon, who was diverting himself from his cartoon work by a bit of war corresponding on the German front in Northern France. They put a helmet on him and finally a German officer's jacket, explaining as they did so that if they were brought down by the enemy, the uniform would save him from being shot on the spot as a spy. He would simply be taken as a prisoner of war. But McCutcheon was game all right, and barring two or three unnecessary swallows, never turned a hair. They did not explain the helmet, and McCutcheon, true to his calling, took the risk of being captured as a spy or brought down by a French or English flyer.

Once more, we are off. The pilot has touched a button or two here and there, given a twist to a little crank, waved goodby to friends, and the great propellers are beginning to bore into the air ahead of us.

We move slowly down the aerodrome field—three or four minutes—and think: "This is not so much, we'll have to have more movement than this to get off the earth." Then the machine turns gradually to its proper course—to face the wind. Another quick turn of that little crank, and like a quail frightened from its hiding place, we dart across the field, and in a few seconds we leave the ground, unconscious of the transition moment from *terra firma* to the new, great and illimitable medium of transport, *The Air*.

Up, up, we fly, away from smoky, dirty, mighty London. Off to the shining places of the south—to the sea, and to France. In five minutes we are 10 miles away. Oh! What the —? And before you have time to reach for some impossible sustaining support, the 50-foot air-pocket drop has been stopped and the steady upward forward drive of the machine continues. One seems as though suspended in the center and on the rim level of a vast bowl, the distant horizon its circumference, and the earth below, its bottom. Thirty minutes from London you reach the sea, up 6,000 feet, or higher than Mount Washington. In 20 minutes we have crossed the channel. If one has good luck there will be clouds over this stretch of the course, and you will fly above them. And what a sight; what a panorama. They are not clouds at all, but stupendous, shining, wonderful mountains, great silvery valleys, bold and sharply marked crags and peaks, all glistening white and gray and green, and as fixed and permanent and solid, it appears, as the towering and everlasting snow-dressed massives of the Jungfrau or of Mount Blanc. No De Quincey, nor Poe, nor De Maupassant, in wildest hasheesh dream ever saw, and brought to light from the depths of his subliminal consciousness, more gorgeous, giantesque and wondrous vision than the cloud mountains one may ride above—if one has luck—in crossing the Manche by air from England to France.

No trouble to see the angels there, nor Santa Claus either, for that matter, with a little imagination of the happy days of childhood left to you. So I said to my little boy and girl, that I had, indeed, passed through the country of the angels and of Santa Claus, though unfortunately they were not about at the moment; that, anyway, we did not dare stop, and we were traveling so fast that had they been at home we probably could not have seen them.

An hour and twenty minutes from the coast at Boulogne and we are at the great French government-owned aerodrome Le Bourget. Here the passport and customs control again, and an automobile run into the center of the city, and the thing is done. I might interject here that so favored are the airplane passengers, by both the English and French authorities, I am sure one could pass into either country without passport.

Counting the motor car sections of the journey, we have given the trip four to four and a half hours' time. And it really costs less than a first-class boat and rail trip, and is made in less than half the time.

aux Sceptiques



"To the Skeptics"

French commercial aviation poster, to develop public confidence in air travel. Quoting the famous scientist, Prudhomme, in 1842, as one who did not believe in the railroads.

Disease Germs in the Healthy

By GEORGE HENRY HEALD, M. D.

ONCE it was supposed that all one had to do to cause an attack of a certain disease—say influenza—was to bring a person and the influenza germs together; that is, to expose the person to the influenza germs. According to this idea, the germ is confined to those who have the disease, and those who are coming down with it. And as a consequence, if we can quarantine the diseased ones effectively, we ought eventually to get rid of the disease. But such a procedure has never given us freedom from any of the infectious diseases. Possibly it was this fact that led in part to the notion that disease germs are often transmitted by means of clothing, bedding, carpets, toys, and a lot of other lifeless objects. But more recent research has demonstrated that the life of disease germs outside of the body is ordinarily very short.

Moreover, it has been shown conclusively that the infectiveness of patients often lasts long after recovery. That is, after the patient is again well, and back at his usual pursuits, he still carries the disease germs, and is just as capable of infecting others as he was during his illness—more capable, in fact, for now he mixes more with the people. Moreover, of those who are exposed to the germ, some do not contract the disease, and yet the germs grow in their bodies, or body cavities, just the same as they do in those who are made ill, and are given off to infect others in just the same way as if from the sick. The existence of these convalescent or immune "carriers" serves to explain why there are many cases of infection of persons who have "never been exposed to the disease." They have been exposed, without knowing it, to carriers, in the store, in the street car, or almost anywhere.

When an epidemic subsides, it acts something like a forest fire, which may die down on a cold night, and burst out afresh when the temperature of the air rises in the morning; and if a wind springs up. So in an epidemic, the most susceptible of the community may have all taken the disease, and possibly some influence has made the germs temporarily less harmful, and so apparently the epidemic dies out. Still there are numerous carriers in whom the germs continue to grow; and like the smouldering fire ready to be fanned into a flame and perhaps into a terrific fire, these germs are but waiting a favorable opportunity to renew the epidemic, in, perhaps, a more severe form. Some influences may so increase the virulence of the germs that some who before were not susceptible may now succumb. Perhaps some who were immune carriers now take the disease in a severe form. In this way we have a periodical ebb and flow of epidemic disease.

Some of the foregoing is inference, rather than demonstrated fact. But it is known positively that there are healthy carriers of the germs of diphtheria, typhoid fever, pneumonia, meningitis, and other infectious diseases. And it is also known that a disease germ may increase and decrease in infectiousness.

Knowing that we may meet disease carriers at every turn, and handle the articles which they have handled, we should learn the lesson that the prevention of infection is very largely a matter of cleanliness, that is, keeping filth, even of the microscopic kind, out of the mouth.

Marooned on a Gold Reef—The Fate of the U.S.

Money Brokers Hold World to Outworn Gold Basis; Goldless Europe Busy; Gilded America Idle; the Crime of Foreign Exchange

DURING the war and immediately following the armistice the ancient law of supply and demand was perennially manifest, despite the more or less artificial agreements between certain governments to suspend that law. As a result, nearly all business that was done was voluminous and swift enough, but gold became to all intents and purposes unnecessary and useless, so much so that today those nations face economic prostration on a ratio of their gold reserve.

A group of governments really demonstrated, albeit involuntarily, that gold is the one commodity that has violated and is continually violating the law of supply and demand. Gold is acting, as an international medium of value, in contravention to the very principle upon which it is supposed to be based. As a result of this conflict gold is not any longer a commercial lubricant but a brake which has virtually locked the wheels of international business.

The nearest that our government and banking interests have come to confessing this truth has been the blanket declaration that "a favorable balance of trade may be unfavorable."

Today there is no demand for gold. The world does not want it.

That statement is made point-blank, as a statement of fact. It is made to be understood by the masses, even though the classes will be disposed to misunderstand it, and for this latter reason it is pertinent to anticipate a challenge.

Gold Is Now Demonetized in Theory

THE United States today has, as is generally known, more than one-third of the actual gold supply of the world. This amounts to a monopoly that is disadvantageous for the business men who represent the genuine wealth of the country, and is profitable only to the gold dealers.

Economists profess to be mystified by the ease with which certain "bankrupt" European nations are doing business, but there is no secret about their functioning on a basis of their own currency. Those nations are not bankrupt in the sense that American critics point out; they are only bankrupt in relation to their gold supply, which is not bankruptcy at all.

Under the incubus of a gold-standard system, each and every nation, whether touched by the war or not, whether on the profiteering or losing side, is obliged, by a chain of circumstances involving international commerce, to transmute a certain part of its national production into gold, at the current gold value, so that this gold shall finally extinguish American credits, even though the process must mulct intermediaries that are in no wise concerned with the American-European economic snarl. This, by the way, accounts for the unsatisfactory condition that obtains in several neutral nations, whose international commerce has been more or less disastrously affected. Switzerland is a case in point.

It may not be so actually, but theoretically several nations are approaching the demonetization of gold, and if the process is retarded, it is due to the necessity of having to manipulate the metal for the benefit (?) of the United States.

The United States does not want to exchange commodities with other nations, even though the exchange of goods—not gold—is the ostensible object of money. The American plea is that "gold" was advanced in every case where a war debt to this country was contracted.

U. S. Gold-bricks the World by Exchange

BUT that is not so. The United States did not lend or sell gold to the nations that are now gold-poor. It lent them inflated gold values.

To digress a bit, it would be interesting if some high government authority at Washington would officially explain why it was feasible for the United States to accord credits to certain foreign governments on a basis of fixed foreign exchange that was normal, current and official, *until by common consent the units of foreign exchange were delivered by those governments into the hands of international money speculators.* Between that time and the present three years have passed. Would it not be ethical, not to say logical, to let the debtors pay their just dues on the same basis of value that was agreed to before the exchange institute was disbanded?

It is not necessary to give in detail the current market value of British pounds sterling, French francs, Italian lire, German marks, or their dizzy fluctuations between the day of the armistice and today. Suffice it to say that their dollar value is very low, between one-fifth and one-third, except for a late rise that has every earmark of transience.

Who profited throughout the intervening days?

Who got all the money represented in the losses between fixed official foreign exchange and the present loose speculative state?

The government has not received it. The people have not received it. The producers have not received it.

The international bankers have received it—every cent of it. They will continue to receive it as long as the interested party—the government of the United States—does not intervene to fix the exchange rates again.

The international bankers in this country a year ago had succeeded in scaling down British sovereigns to 3.86, francs to 7.18, lire to 3.64, marks to 1.60. Each unit reached a much lower level. Today it is somewhat higher. *But the difference between maximum value in 1919 and lowest value since then, commonly called foreign exchange, has been, and is nothing but, legalized stealing of the worst kind.* It represents *three and four hundred per cent of usurious profit* that because of its nature *could add nothing to the wealth of the country or the American people.*

It is literally gold-bricking the rest of the world. It is being done every day. Foreigners, who have little or no real use for gold at home, and even among themselves, are forced to buy to the limit of their ability so many millions of dollars of inert gold. This gold is sold by bankers. It is sold but it is not delivered. It is bought but it is not received. It is a fraud all the way through.

Foreigners have, to repeat, no need for gold except to pay certain American interests in gold. *The American people themselves are not selling gold. They have none to sell.* They have, however, commodities to sell—the very commodities that foreigners want to buy. But Americans are unable to sell their own goods, their real wealth, their very property, because a somewhat indistinct power decrees that no such exchange shall take place without gold.

And right here appears the very anomaly that the writer dares say no banker can explain: With no demand for gold, and the supply exceeding the demand, gold is at a premium.

Gold is at a premium, while wheat and cotton are at a discount, despite demand. If it were true that gold made for high prices, without distinction, then there would not be the discrepancy between values of commodities that exists today. Values would enhance or abate in the same ratio that gold was worth more or less, and it would be reasonable to expect that the value of gold at any time would be equal to the highest value of any one commodity, but instead it has come to pass that the most valuable commodities in the world—wheat and cotton—were at their lowest point when gold was at its highest.

In other words, the law of supply and demand does not affect gold, or gold is not subject to the law of supply and demand, as one wills, and this being the case, it is obvious that gold cannot be considered a commodity. It is so, theoretically, because such is custom, and business hinges upon that fallacious belief. Europe's desire for gold, moreover, must not be mistaken for demand—because Europe is doing without it, even to the extent of being unable to repay the United States.

Wallowing in Bullion Brings No Prosperity

COINCIDENTALLY, given the abnormally high value set upon gold, Europe and a best part of the rest of the world are learning to do without any of the desirable and even vital commodities that are forced to keep gold's pace, with results that business America is best qualified to wail over. There are two possible solutions: one is that the arbitrary valuation of gold will be broken as soon as new sources of supply will be made available in non-(or ex-)gold-standard countries, like Russia, and the other is that common sense will save the day through the adoption of fool-proof standards.

If, in spite of its troublesomeness, gold is at a premium—if it is so costly to get—it is evident that that premium is wished on by somebody.

Who establishes this premium? What is its purport? What good does it serve?

One of the tritest axioms of economists is that the gold standard establishes and insures us our modern and highly civilized conditions. This parroting school of economists—sworn enemies of the physiocrats—offers as examples certain peoples, like aboriginal tribes, as the lowest example of the "gold standard" scale. Now, to reinforce their argument, they point to the dire results that have supposedly followed the suspension of the gold standard by now standardless countries.

This ingenuous gentry seems to overlook, however, a very potent economic fact—that in either case the people mentioned are not suffering because of any inherent weakness in their mediums of exchange, be they cocoanuts or paper bills, but for other causes or reasons. The Chinese do not starve to death because their monetary system is not on a gold basis, but because nature is not always as kindly as it might be. But—and it is a big *but*—it is known of men and women in metropolitan centers of gold-standard, gold-hoarding countries being roofless, foodless, helpless!

Wallowing in the plenitude of gold bullion and gold coin has failed to bring about that utopia that every gold-standard-bearer freely predicted. Various phases of this problem have been discussed in preceding articles. The international money side of it is treated here. Goldless Germany is humming, busy, productive. Gilded United States is stagnant, timid, lopsided. The two peoples represent, individually, almost identical industrial units. This conclusively shows that there can be nothing wrong with the American people themselves. Consequently something else must be wrong. And that something is the gold standard.

Of course, those who have an interest in protecting this standard wish to protect it. It is their pet interest. Not only nearly all of the bookkeeping wealth of the nation is represented by it, but all of our fiscal and financial and commercial laws are predicated upon it. To admit the fallacy of the gold standard would be the equivalent of reinventorying the nation's wealth—the remaking of nearly all our laws. This would cost money—and there would be no more opportunities for manipulating monetary units. Hence, the disqualification of the gold standard is blamed on the war, but, because this excuse is becoming ancient and unconvincing, Europe is being blamed instead.

What is happening? There never was a more panicky feeling permeating the arteries of so-called American big business as today. There never was a more debasing, calculative, penny-pinching policy. An illusory prosperity has been conceived of the gold standard.

The world, or the greater part of it, is paying in money, goods, and happiness a set of middlemen who, by profiting upon the fictitious exchange of fictitious moneys, get sellers and purchasers both going and coming. What was a harmless enough operation during pre-war days has now become, by virtue of the economic war that has divided the United States from Europe, parasitism, graft, robbery. It is lawful financial predacity, but that is the very best that can be said for it.

The profits to be derived from dealing in foreign exchange increase with the depreciation of foreign money (in this case it being understood that the dollar is the current gold unit of value). Foreign exchange plays both ends toward the middle, and the result is a squeeze for the hapless. On its face it promises to pay the highest rates for the depreciated currencies and sell the dollar at the lowest rate. It seems simple, and it is, for the dealer, but whether one sells dollars or foreign money, the banker or speculator never loses.

The Game of Graft Called "Foreign Exchange"

IN ORDER to make this game clear, it should be remembered that foreign exchange mainly consists of selling or buying two things—bills of exchange, which are international bankers' checks, and foreign moneys. The actual exchange of money of one nation for the moneys of any other nations represents a relatively negligible quantity of daily foreign exchange operations. In general, it means a system of bookkeeping. One, therefore, buys bookkeeping, plus as big a premium as traffic will bear.

Reputable bankers, of course, do not regard foreign exchange as one of their major profitable operations, at least not in this country, and especially in the light of recent experiences of American business in foreign trade. With them it is a necessary evil. But foreign exchange, largely because of its legendary intricacies, is a veritable bonanza for the speculative banker, the brokers, and, especially now, the "garlic banks," the latter having become get-rich-quick concerns, operated on shoe-string capital (even check-kiting) as to warrant drastic Federal and state action.

Prior to the war there were not, according to the dictum of a prominent Wall Street banker, five American citizens who were expert foreign exchange men. The international banks employed Germans and Englishmen, who have always excelled in this work. They are known as "traders." But prior to the war, let's bear in mind, both of those nations—England and Germany—were supreme in foreign trade, and they raised their traders and sent them abroad not with a view of speculating, but to grease the ways for British and German commerce, respectively. Today every New York bank of any importance at all has its traders, but they are speculative traders.

An attempt was made, unsuccessfully, to dictate the foreign exchange rates in New York. London, today, has resumed that dictation, and sterling bills of exchange are again the best international medium. There is such a thing as the New York rate and also the Paris rate, but the basic and operative rate is the London rate. It is cabled abroad so that every important bank the world over may have the right quotation as early as possible every morning.

Gold Standard Is "The Last Nostrum"

WERE it not for the forced demand of dollar exchange, through the concerted demand of American bankers having credits abroad, foreign banks in New York could sell dollar exchange for less than the rate established by New York, and very often they do, and this leads one to suspect that as soon as that international neutral financial point for which Europe is jockeying has been reached, the American gold standard will cease to be the determining factor, and a break will come.

No one in authority has yet publicly admitted that Europe is unwilling to abide by the gold standard as practiced by the United States, even though this, in turn, is originally a European value. Whether it would be denied is doubtful.

It has been alleged that England is observing the gold standard as is this country. England is and England is not. England is a most plastic nation, financially, and readily adapts or accommodates itself to conditions elsewhere. Moreover, England is a nation of foreign trade assorters and forwarders, as it were, and has made its profits upon its swift and repeated turnovers. England today sticks to the gold standard because British indebtedness to America on the one hand, and a lack of inter-European co-ordination on

(*Concluded on page 15*)

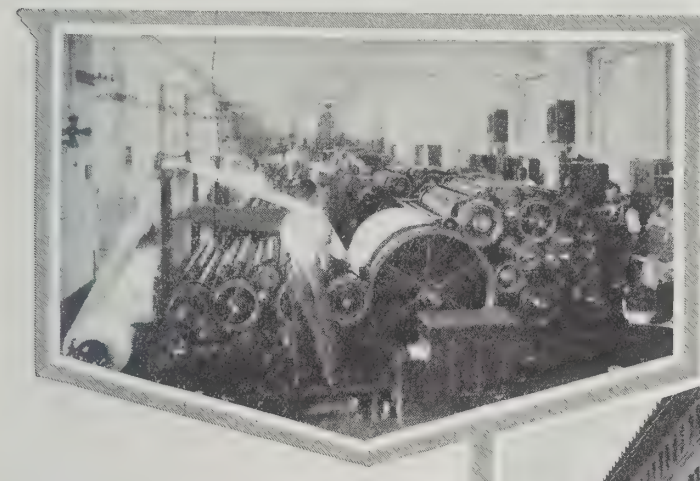
Where Billions of Words Are Put Into Type

Uncle Sam Owns and Keeps Busy the World's Largest Print Shop

By GEORGE H. DACY

TO COMPARE the primitive printing press of Benjamin Franklin with the marvelous multiple presses of the present is no more difficult than to attempt to measure the operation and output of the government printing office—the largest printing shop in the world—in terms of the activities of the great metropolitan dailies. Uncle Sam's mammoth printery—it covers 14 acres of floor space—employs 4,500 persons and prints and distributes the equivalent of 750,000 columns of ordinary newspaper matter annually, equal in volume to 18,000 miles of words—is superior in size and output to any other establishment of its kind in existence.

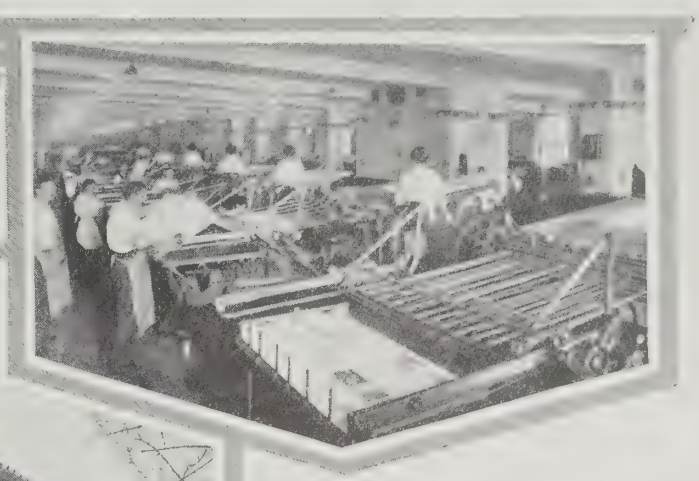
Sixty-one years ago, Uncle Sam embarked in the printing business, because at that time the costs of contract printing were climbing high and he was convinced that, with a print shop of his own, he not only could decrease the expenses associated with printing the vast numbers of government reports and publications, but also could produce a better average quality of work. Gradually the government printing office has been extended and expanded until, at this writing, approximately $2,500,000 has been expended for buildings and an additional $2,800,000 for machinery and equipment. During a recent year, it cost $12,674,000 to operate the huge project. Of this amount about 42 per cent represented wages of employes.



One of the large web presses in the government printing office, adapted for printing and folding four 16-page forms simultaneously.



The government printing office in Washington is the largest in the world and covers 14 acres of floor space.



The special presses used at the government printing office for half-tone, color and illustration work.

An idea of the gigantic scale on which the G. P. O., as the government printing office is called around Washington, operates is illustrated by the enormous amounts of coal, gas and electricity consumed yearly in keeping the plant going at full speed. Recently, during a 12-month period, it required 14,000 tons of coal, 16,456,000 cubic feet of gas and 4,500,000 kilowatts of electricity to run the printery. Considerable of this power was used in running the batteries of presses of every sort and description. The main press room contains 152 presses, which include all kinds and classes from small, hand-feed types to the most mammoth modern presses adapted for printing and folding four 16-page forms simultaneously. Ninety-three of the presses are equipped with automatic feeds. In the linotype room are 86 of the best machines of this class available. In the monotype room are 100 of the monotype keyboards. At present, more than 14 tons of metal are used daily in the manufacture of type.

The western farmers who study the bulletins distributed by the United States Department of Agriculture, the seamen and mariners who receive the government reports on tides and conditions, the physicians who read the publications issued by the Public Health Service, the lawyers interested in Treasury decisions and income tax rulings, the bankers who watch for the Federal Reserve Board reports, the exporters who await the government reports on foreign commerce, the geologists and weather experts who scrutinize carefully all government literature issued on their pet subjects, the coal mine operators who keep up on coal mine fatalities, those interested in vocational education, fisheries, lighthouses, education, reclamation, labor statistics, post office reports and the latest scientific news about agriculture, all are served by the government printing office. This master-printery does all this work. All this literature is distributed by the various bureaus and departments, and the readers who benefit by the material rarely know that the bulletins and circulars are printed by Uncle Sam in his enormous print shop.

Last year, George H. Carter, public printer, who is director of the government printing office, handled more than 85,000 separate and distinct jobs of printing, which ranged anywhere from one dozen to more than 200,000,000 copies to the order. A total of 170,000 forms were sent to press, while the electrotype and stereotype plates used amounted to more than 15,000,000 square inches. Mr. Carter publishes two daily reports, the bulletins of the United States Consular Service and the *Congressional Record,* as well as 10 other weekly publications and 19 monthly periodicals as incidentals to his voluminous assignments in job printing. This is why the G. P. O. is the busiest center of publication under the sun. It is an emergency office that always must be prepared to perform last-minute, rush-order assignments.

The publication of the daily *Congressional Record,* which records the doings of Congress, is considerable of a job in itself. This paper ranges in size from 10 to 200 pages. It is circulated daily among 35,000 readers. Sometimes, Congress is in session until as late as 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, yet the *Congressional Record* must be printed and ready for distribution by 6 o'clock. This means the application of the highest efficiency in printing. A record was established one night last summer by the G. P. O. that probably will stand for many years. In four hours, a special issue of the *Congressional Record* containing 64 pages and aggregating 32,000 copies was printed and delivered to the distributing agencies for circulation.



Some of the 125 monotype casting machines in one of the huge rooms at the government printing office.

The cheapest book in the country is the annual year book of the Department of Agriculture. Despite that this volume is cloth-bound and contains nearly 900 pages, it is sold by Uncle Sam for $1.25. The demand for this publication about farms and farming is so great that more than 381,000 copies have to be printed. All the government publications about farming also are printed by the G. P. O. They cover a vast variety of subjects.

The government printing office operates at full capacity all the time. It may have enough jobs on hand to keep it busy for six months. The President may send in a special message or Congress may wish to issue a report posthaste. The G. P. O. has to drop all its routine work and get busy on these rush orders. Such interruptions are liable to occur any minute.

All the postal cards used annually in the United States—more than 1,250,000,000—are printed at the government printing office. Two of the most ingenious machines in the plant were designed and perfected expressly to print, trim and pack the postal cards. Each of these presses can turn out 4,000,000 cards a day. During rush periods, when there is an unusual demand for postal cards, the presses are worked day and night. Many of the postal cards are sent out in the form of perforated sheets, 48 cards to the sheet. The present plan is shortly to begin the issue of 96-card sheets in addition to those now in use.

If all the postal cards we use each year should be placed in a pile flat side up, they would extend 200 miles above the earth. If they were placed end to end, they would extend four and one-half times around the world at the equator. If all the work connected with the production of our vast supply of postal cards had to be performed by hand, Uncle Sam could never afford to circulate the cards at a penny each. The efficient postal card printers aid, however, in cutting costs. Each of these machines cost $20,000. Large rolls of paper that weigh 1,000 pounds each are carried on a gravity rack into the postal card room. The wrappers are stripped off and sample pieces of each roll are submitted to the post office inspectors in the room above for official testing. The roll is then placed on the press. Each roll makes 200,000 cards. Hardened steel plates print the impressions, there being 96 of these plates on each cylinder or drum, of the press. There is a special attachment on each machine for printing reply cards. The machine prints, folds, perforates and marks the address side of the cards. A series of rapidly working knives cut and trim the cards and deliver them on a rack, where they are counted and packed in piles of 50 each. A post office inspector stands beside each machine during operation and examines the paper to see that it conforms to government requirements.

The inspectors who test the postal card paper first weigh the material to see that it corresponds to weight requirements. Then, on a special testing machine, they subject samples of the paper to tensile strength tests. Another delicate machine, an automatic micrometer, then determines the thickness of the paper. Thereafter, the sample is tested for finish and, later, it is subjected to a special chemical test to ascertain if it contains any ground wood. Finally, the paper is subjected to writing tests to determine if the ink dries on it properly without blurring or blotting. Between 7,000 and 7,500 rolls of postal card paper are now used each year to supply enough postal cards to satisfy the demand. About six pounds of paper is required to make 1,000 postal cards.

Uncle Sam's print shop also produces all the tabulating cards used by the United States Census and the Army and Navy departments, these orders amounting to approximately 250,000,000 cards a year. Special machines have been designed and improved for this work. They print the cards on either or both sides, clip off the corners, number the cards and perforate them.

Mr. Carter and his assistants at the government printing office prepare and print all the money order applications and money orders for the United States post offices. Nine hundred thousand domestic and international money order books—each book contains 200 individual orders—are printed each year. Three special presses which print the money orders in two colors, but can print in three hues if desired, are used.

The yearly purchases of the government printing office are necessarily enormous. Last year more than 50,000,000 pounds of paper was converted into government publications, reports and circulars. It required 100,000 pounds of ink to print the text matter on this paper. If this huge amount of paper were spread out on the ground it would cover an area 135 miles square, while the ink—all of which is made at the government print shop—would be adequate to color many rivers.

In the neighborhood of 65,000,000 public documents in the form of bulletins, reports, reviews and results of research investigations are annually distributed by the Division of Public Documents of the G. P. O. It maintains a mailing list of 1,100,000 names. It receives 325,000 letters of inquiry a year.

Civilization Is Founded on Respect for the Law

Without It, Mankind Becomes Primitive, Says Attorney-General Daugherty

By A. R. PINCI

"CONGESTION in the Federal courts, due to the ordinary increase of population and the development of commercial and industrial America, has been an ever-increasing weakness in the machinery of Federal justice," said Attorney-General H. M. Daugherty in an interview for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. "It is no uncommon thing for a district court docket to be from six months to two years in arrears. This, of course, means loss of evidence, death of witnesses, defeat of justice, and expense to the taxpayers. Many criminal cases can never be tried. Business interests vitally affecting the public at large lose heavily through delay. Recently the congestion became so serious as to demand immediate relief, which could not be procured by the creation of permanently assigned judges without a great burden on the Treasury, as in my opinion at least 30 judges would be necessary if permanently assigned.

"There is a generally congested condition in the Federal dockets throughout the United States; there are as many as approximately 5,000 cases pending and undisposed of in single districts. This congestion is due to the natural growth of the country, but is temporarily aggravated by legislation of Congress, increasing the jurisdiction of the Federal courts, by war legislation, shipping and railroad operations on the civil docket, and prohibition, selective service, and the narcotic law on the criminal docket. It is thought that the generally congested condition throughout the United States, due to these new laws and temporary war conditions, will show a decrease after a few years. As the reconstruction period passes and the people become adjusted to the new conditions, there will be, in my judgment, less violation of the national prohibition and other Federal laws in the nature of regulation. Then, too, as the states enforce these laws, there will be relief for the Federal courts.

Judges-at-Large Would Be Big Help

"HENCE an elastic method of relieving this congestion would be the most efficient and least expensive one. I, therefore, created a voluntary commission of three Federal judges, two United States attorneys, and an attorney of the Department of Justice to assist them.

"The commission has recommended 18 Federal judges-at-large—two to be appointed in each judicial circuit—to be assigned as needed. In those districts where congestion is permanent and due to normal growth of business, there should be additional judges, but in many districts the congestion is but temporary and can be relieved by the use of a judge-at-large who will assist in clearing the docket and then proceed to another district.

"As this is an emergency, I trust that Congress will pass the necessary legislation as soon as possible. Federal judges-at-large will permit elasticity in the Federal judicial system and economy in the handling of temporarily congested dockets. It will encourage uniformity in judicial procedure and prompt expedition of business, for as these judges render services when necessary in any district where assigned, they will receive and carry with them the beneficial practices of each district and thereby become familiar with reforms and improvement in practice.

"An annual meeting of judges from each circuit to consider ways and means of improving Federal procedure and handling congestion as it may arise also has been recommended. Justice cannot be measured in dollars and cents, but it is my opinion that this annual meeting and the creation of 18 Federal judges-at-large will be a real economy and assist materially in maintaining the high standards of the Federal courts, which are, after all, the backbone of a government by law.

"There are many problems which are faced day to day by the Department of Justice, and, that the American people may understand the principles on which they are decided, it seems fitting to refer to the general subject of respect for law, or rather, to enumerate for their consideration some of the things that tend to undermine the law.

"This subject is not new; few vitally important subjects are. It is, however, timely.

Supremacy of Law Is Not Undermined

"THE fact that there is a congestion in American courts does not mean that we have been suddenly ushered into an era of lawlessness. No attempt will be made to prove by statistical or other methods that lawlessness is increasing. My purpose will be mainly to call attention to certain theories of political philosophy advanced by those who either violate the law or sympathize with law violators as a defense and justification of their course. Some of these theories are as old as constitutional government, and have been advanced from time to time by those who have sought to evade the penalties of the law.

"Respect for law is the one essential fact of our civilization. Without it, life, liberty and property are insecure. Without it, civilization falls back to the chaos and anarchy of primitive times. Under such conditions, each human being is compelled to attend primarily to his own safety and to the protection of his own property, and has neither time nor opportunity for intellectual, moral or spiritual development. Through all the centuries men have striven for the protection of law and order; mankind has paid allegiance to lords and overlords who were able to give this protection.

"Our present civilization did not come by chance. It is the result of labor, toil, and consecrated service of hand and mind and heart. The wealth of our day in all its forms is but the surplus of what man has produced and saved over what he has consumed. By the term wealth in this connection I do not mean material wealth alone. It includes every product of mind as well. Every triumph of mind or spirit that makes for higher and better living today is a part of the world's wealth.

"It is often said, I know, that this is the wealthiest and at the same time the most materialistic age in the world. That is true in a certain sense, but it also is true that the common wealth of the age, as well as the sum total of individual wealth, furnishes the opportunity for the achievements that have been accomplished. Our schools and colleges, our libraries, our homes of comfort, our means of transportation and communication, and all our means of enjoyment of life, are physical conditions necessary for spiritual as contrasted with material upbuilding.

"Of course, human life is the supreme object above everything else of all government. Property is subservient to the majesty of the human soul. Yet, if the history of civilization teaches one lesson beyond dispute, it is that the development of the spirit is intimately interwoven with the conservation of the world's wealth. This affords the opportunity for education, for culture, for study, for enjoyment, for the pursuit of happiness in its various phases, and is, in any civilization, intimately connected with its stored-up wealth. Hence respect for the law is the *sine qua non* of our civilization.

"The supremacy of the law, though challenged, is not undermined by the ordinary criminal who commits murder, robbery, larceny, and so on. On the contrary, every crime of this sort tends to impress on society the profound importance of the supremacy of the law and its vigorous enforcement. The supremacy of the law is and has been challenged mainly in that class of legislation where there exists a difference of opinion as to governmental policy in enacting the legislation in question.

"Disrespect for the law has manifested itself in the past mainly by large corporations or aggregations of wealth, commonly known as big business, and by labor organizations in relation to such business. At the present time among the forces that are undermining respect for law are the following: The doctrine of so-called political offenses, erroneous conceptions of personal liberty, and false doctrines as to the rights of individuals and minorities. These may not be the only sources of disrespect for law, but they are deserving of attention at this time, because their proponents have been especially active in asserting them since the World War.

Law Violation Is Contagious

"BECAUSE of one hundred years of practically uncontrolled freedom of conduct, large corporations and aggregations of persons and capital have resented the interference of laws regulating them in the interest of the people as a whole. This has been a mistaken attitude.

"The attitude of contempt for law, resulting in an effort to evade and violate it, is suicidal to business, for it removes its only support. Business should see that its security lies in obedience to law; that the whole doctrine of private property depends upon law; that law violation is contagious, and, therefore, that all other classes of society can adopt toward property and the persons who own it the same methods and the same attitude.

"The attitude of big business, at times, that it is above the law, also has stimulated the spirit in the public that lawlessness must be met by lawlessness; that one unlawful act by an element of society must be challenged and met by another unlawful act. This, of course, breeds a growing disrespect for law. These acts of lawlessness are contagious, so that the law violator all along the line thinks that he is only following the example set for him by those agencies of business that were strong enough and well enough entrenched to violate the law with impunity. The hold-up man is the counterpart of the profiteer. The lawlessness of labor is the counterpart of the lawlessness of capital. The lawless employe is always an apt pupil of a lawless employer.

"Labor organizations have been opposed by many in principle, especially the employer class. Whether economically wise or not, it is not material to discuss here. In passing, it may be said, however, that most fair-minded persons feel that, in the absence of regulation by government for his protection, the man who toils is at an unfair advantage, dealing as an individual, with his more powerful employer, who often represents large aggregations of wealth. For this reason, society, as a whole, has not opposed these organizations for the protection of labor, the practical fact being that one combination of men has been brought face to face with another combination of men. The concern of society is that it has been the innocent victim of the struggle between the employer and the employe.

"Although there seems now to be a commendable spirit on the part of the employer representing so-called 'big business' on the one hand, and the employe composing labor groups, on the other, the efforts in working out a harmonious understanding between capital and labor so as to avoid injury to the public have not made the progress that the friends of good government have wished.

"It is of no avail to preach the doctrine that each of these elements when it understands the other will do the right thing. The men who preach this doctrine, whether they be theorists or practical captains of industry or labor leaders, are usually the class of men who themselves are willing to do the right thing. To these men the love of justice is the prime consideration. Unfortunately, they are the exceptions. Therefore, since the general rule in business is that the employer wants to obtain service on the most advantageous terms to himself, and the employe wants to give service on the most advantageous terms to himself, the conflict is ever present. The clash of interests is always a controlling factor.

"That the public is a vitally interested party is admitted by all. Yet it has little guaranty from law that its rights will be protected. It has seemed to me, therefore, that there ought to be laws to which either party to the controversy could appeal for the settlement of any dispute that arises between employer and employe so that the public, as well as the parties, should not be subjected to the hardships resulting from controversies between these two factors of industry.

"This does not mean that either the Federal or state governments should enact a code of legislation binding and tying the hands of these two factors in settling their disputes. Strikes and lockouts, and similar things, ought to be unknown. It seems desirable that there should be, however, some agency in government to investigate the facts of each case as it arises, make a finding, and publish it to those concerned. Such publicity, in most cases, will be all sufficient to settle the question without further action.

They Do Not Get at Root of Trouble

"IN THE past we have had legislative investigations, commissions of inquiry, boards of arbitration, and so on. The great weakness with these boards and commissions has been that their main purpose has been to get the parties together in the immediate controversy, instead of making examination of the facts and reporting a finding in the form of a decision on those facts in which the general social, economic and moral principles of justice that should control each case would be set forth. If such a thing were done, these reports would in time acquire a value in furnishing a safe and sane basis for determining relations and crystallizing public sentiment in relation thereto.

"Society is vitally interested in the proper solution of this question. When some such plan shall have been put in operation, then we will have a more intelligent basis on which to enact compulsory legislation on this subject.

"Disrespect for the law is not always created by specific acts merely, but by attempts to justify these acts by certain theories of political philosophy, of which there are several. An important one of these that undermines respect for law, especially prominent at the present time, is an erroneous theory of personal liberty under our constitutional system. This controversy is as old as government itself. It has been asserted with especial vigor recently, owing to the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and to the amendments in the various state constitutions, and because of legislation on the same subject by Congress and the various state legislatures.

"The question of the limitations of personal liberty is in the first instance a question of political philosophy and not of law. The advocates of personal liberty have ranged all the way from those who favor the widest measure of license to the individual to do as he pleases, on the one hand, to those who would restrict the individual by the most puritanical standards, on the other hand.

Urges Obedience While Law Exists

"AS LONG as they remain purely speculative questions in the realm of the political philosophy proposed by their respective advocates as the basis for social organization, there is and can be no objection to them. Every one has a right to advocate any view he pleases on this subject. However, when public sentiment has crystallized into law, there can be no question as to the duty of good citizens with reference thereto. They may still debate as to the wisdom of the law, but there is only one course of conduct—and that is obedience to the law while it exists.

"From the standpoint of government, the only sound view is that of law enforcement. Whatever differences of opinion exist in the views as to the wisdom of some of these laws can be of no concern to the agencies for law enforcement. Our constitutional system is so organized that at the ballot box the sovereign elector expresses his will. Changes are to be wrought through the constitutional organs of government and by the orderly processes of law.

"Another phase of political philosophy of the times is that involving subversive foreign racial movements and ultraradical propaganda. The Department of Justice, through its general intelligence division, has been carefully observing and following the trend of the ultraradical movement in the United States, including the activities of anarchists, communists and syndicalists. During the last year or two the communist parties of the United States have united into a combined organization, formed for carrying on communist propaganda more effectively.

"In conclusion, if laws are obnoxious to the people, it is their province to repeal them. Until they are repealed they must be enforced without fear or favor. Those who do not believe in our government and the enforcement of our laws should go to a country which gives them their *peculiar liberty*."

Steamship Monopoly Stifles Alaskan Trade

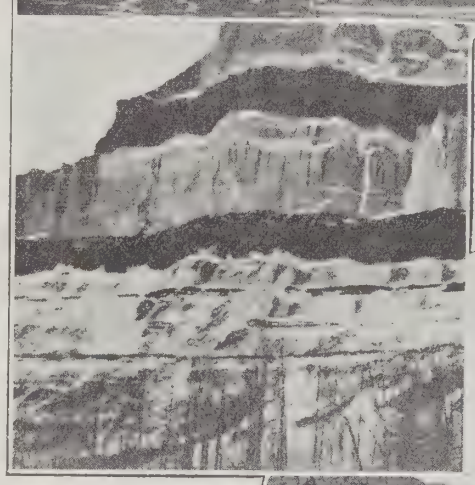
"Interests" Owning Line Accused of Discrimination Against Pioneers



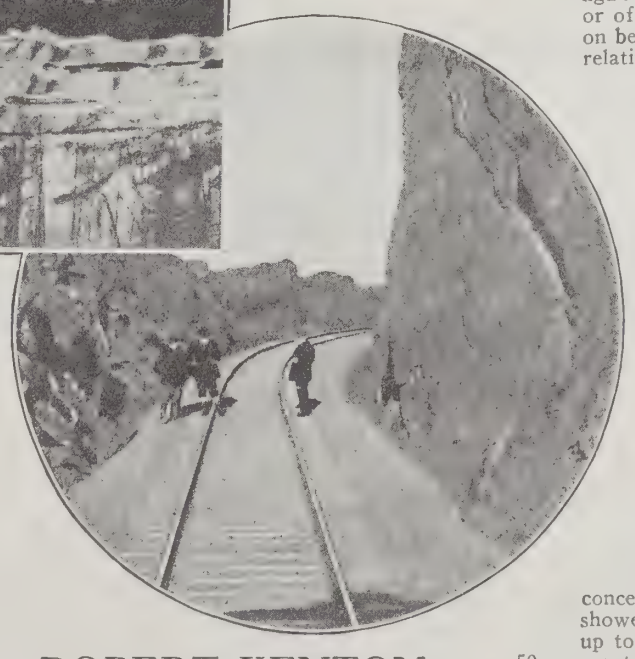
A section of the water front at Seward, Alaska.



Alaska is still primarily the land of the pioneer, who says he is being exploited by big corporations.



Seams of coal, as shown in the picture, are clearly apparent in several Alaskan districts, yet the territory is dependent for its coal on outside shipments.



A view along the line of the government railroad in Alaska.

By ROBERT KENTON

Second and last article on "How Neglected Alaska Is Being Throttled."

IN THE words of Secretary of the Interior Fall, the railroad the government is building in Alaska at an ultimate cost of not less than $56,000,000 "starts from nowhere and goes nowhere." This is probably the reason why Alaskan prospects have not improved as the time for the complete operation of the road has approached. In fact, as stated in a previous article, those prospects appear to have declined as the railroad took on completed form

The railroad "starts from nowhere and goes nowhere," because it has no established, or rather, no guaranteed, connections. Its northern terminus is almost in the center of Alaska and at best only touches the river transportation system of the Yukon. The southern terminus is at Seward, on the coast of Southern Alaska. The rail systems of the States and of Canada are many hundreds of miles away.

Thus the government's railroad figuratively is suspended in the air, with dwindling business and decreasing population in its territory.

This is why ocean transportation is of such importance to Alaska and Alaskans. Without adequate steamship service at reasonable rates between Alaska and the States, development of the territory must be confined largely to the operations of big corporations, which own their own means of transport.

According to statements made at recent hearings in Washington, the interests which own the steamships that supply such ocean transportation facilities as Alaska now possesses, have a mighty club that can be more than merely waved over the heads of Alaska residents. As stated in a previous article, the chief of those interests are what is known as the Morgan-Guggenheims, the last half of the hyphenate being dominant.

"Whenever we made an effort to have transportation rates reduced," John Rustgard, attorney-general for the Alaskan territorial government, declared before the United States Senate Committee on Territories a short time ago, "there always was a rumble in the air that unless they could charge the rates they pleased, the boats would be withdrawn from the Alaskan routes and we would be left without transportation. I assume it was for this reason that whenever we in Alaska undertook to apply for a reduction of rates, or to protest against an increase in rates, the Chamber of Commerce, of Seattle, Washington, officially requested the United States Shipping Board to let the rates be increased."

Mr. Rustgard called attention to at least two instances when the Seattle Chamber of Commerce came to the defense, he said, of the Alaskan shipping interests.

The attorney-general called attention to a war legislative incident that would seem to demand more explanation than the available records on Alaska divulge. In an effort to relieve the shipping crisis and help with the food problem, which came upon our entering the war, Congress authorized the United States Shipping Board to suspend the law forbidding the handling of coastwise traffic in foreign bottoms whenever the board thought it desirable to do so. This was to prevent the absurdity of vessels of our allies going from one American port to another without cargo, when tons of freight might be waiting for means of transport. But Congress added a proviso that the Shipping Board should exercise no such discretion with regard to shipping from Alaska, which in only a technical sense is coastwise. Mr. Rustgard declared that a friend of his who happened to be in the offices of the Alaska Bureau of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce on the night when news of the congressional proviso about Alaskan traffic came in told him later that there was "general rejoicing" at the bureau over the news.

Of course, one can understand why Seattle, the neck of the bottle which is Alaska, would be jealous even in war time of its trade with the territory in the Far North—a trade which Canadian cities have made constant efforts to induce away from Seattle.

Alaska's fishing went ahead, and was encouraged to go ahead with redoubled effort, with the view of helping to relieve the food situation in the States.

"A great many times I saw fishermen come in from the fishing banks loaded with fish, which would have to be dumped overboard because there was no boat to carry the catches away," Mr. Rustgard declared before the Senate committee.

Ultimately, it developed at the committee hearing, the Department of Commerce virtually amended the act of Congress by nullifying the exception of Alaskan trade in the matter of foreign bottoms. It announced that if any foreign vessels were fined for handling Alaskan traffic with the States the penalties would be remitted.

"At that time," Mr. Rustgard said, "fish was rotting on our wharves, to my knowledge, for lack of transportation, and many of the fishermen pulled their boats ashore and quit because they could not get transportation to the markets, while British vessels were passing our wharves regularly."

The exception, he stated, evidently was written into the law "to strengthen the present transportation companies so that they would not withdraw their ships from Alaskan runs and ruin the territory." In the denials made to the Senate committee the trustees of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce declare that they know nothing of any protests being made by the organization against appeals from Alaskans for lower rates, or of any action having to do with the exception on behalf of Alaskan shipping in the war statutes relating to foreign bottoms in coastwise trade.

Mr. Rustgard gave testimony to the Senate committee on rates charged by the two shipping companies which control Alaskan traffic.

He declared that the rate for general merchandise from Seattle to Juneau is $9, against $4 from Prince Rupert, the nearest Canadian port. At the same time the shipper to or through Seattle, he claims, has to meet large handling charges—larger, in fact, than the handling charges imposed on the shipper to or from Hawaii and the Orient—while at Prince Rupert and other Canadian ports there are no such charges.

"There is no port in the United States where port charges are so high as in Seattle," he declared. "They are four times as high there as in San Francisco."

The attorney-general filed with the Senate committee a copy of a report he had prepared for the governor of the territory on the earnings of the Alaska Steamship Company, the Morgan-Guggenheim concern. He declared that his investigations showed that the company "for the last six years up to the close of 1920 had earned approximately 50 per cent annually on the money invested." However, that did not come solely from Alaska shipping, which, representatives of the company claimed, had not yielded more than two per cent profit annually, as the company operates vessels on other runs.

The shipping company filed rate lists which would indicate that charges on independent traffic to and from Alaska are not higher than those on traffic between California ports and Seattle.

Those who claim that Alaska is being throttled by a shipping monopoly, assert that excess charges imposed on Alaska traffic come through manipulation of the rule that tonnage be defined by either weight or measurement at ship's option. They say that measurement is used very little in fixing charges on freight from California ports to Seattle, but that it is applied in the other direction whenever measurement favors the shipping company.

Just as this is being written there appears in the *Congressional Record* an address on the subject, delivered in the House of Representatives at Washington by Dan A. Sutherland, delegate from the Alaska territory.

It contains tabulations of actual collections on sev-

(Concluded on page 15)

Reuterdahl vs. Einstein: Nailing a Fallacy

Former Insists Latter's Theory Wrong and Questions Its Originality

By E. LEE HEIDENREICH

AS THE Einstein enthusiasm is waning, we may well ask what thoughts and influences have caused this slowing down of the meteorical rise and advance of Einstein in giving the study of relativity its tremendous and unexpectedly sudden impetus.

The History of Relativity shows us that in 1889 Rudolf Mewes, in an article entitled, "Das Wesen der Materie und des Naturerkennens," gave a brief outline of his theory of relativity. Mewes held that the essence of matter consists in its action as manifest in continuous transformation in accordance with causality. He found in his basic concept a source of the relativity of space, time and matter. For him all reality depends upon the combination of space and time.

From 1892 to 1894 Mewes made a careful analysis of the derivation of *Weber's Law* from the *Doppler Principle*. This resulted in the evaluation by Mewes of the transformation formula which later made Lorentz famous through its use by Einstein. Mewes clearly antedates Larmor, Lorentz and Einstein in this development. In addition, Mewes grounds his system in sound philosophy.

Arvid Reuterdahl presented a brief outline of his Space-Time Potential and Theory of Interdependence at the inaugural meeting of the American Electrochemical Society, held in Philadelphia, April 5, 1902, under the title of "The Atom of Electrochemistry." In this lecture Reuterdahl showed that the physical universe is ultimately reducible to centers of activity which undergo compensating changes and displacements in conformity with the requirement of the whole cosmos regarded as a unitary, interacting and interdependent system of multiplicity, which is its own continuum.

What the Records Show

J. HENRI ZIEGLER, in September, 1902, laid the foundation of a cosmic theory in a lecture entitled "Die Universelle Weltformel und ihre Bedeutung fur die wahre Erkenntniss aller Dinge." Ziegler's cosmology is based upon the fundamental conception that the world is a unitary structure generated from the universal trinity of space, time and force, with the inclusion of an Absolute Principle, the constancy of the velocity of light.

In "Einstein and the New Science," Arvid Reuterdahl gives us the history of relativity, and gives a most concise chronological account of the authors and scientists preceding Einstein in the study of the theory of relativity—but also at the same time gives a serious blow to both the originality and the validity of "Einstein's Theory of Relativity." In this little book of 26 pages of concentrated facts, we find that Reuterdahl commends, lauds, encourages and acknowledges with the greatest freedom the works of the many scientific contributors, and in an article in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of April 30, 1921, entitled, "Kinertia vs. Einstein," gloriously defends the great work of "Kinertia," although we know that Reuterdahl and "Kinertia" do not entirely agree in their ideas. But it shows Reuterdahl's unselfishness and fairness in contraposition to Einstein's avoidance of acknowledgments to the most important of his predecessors.

Reuterdahl has, in the past, been wilfully ignored. Attempts have been made to intimidate him and his work has been practically suppressed by the machinations of his jealous enemies. Undaunted by these obstacles, Reuterdahl's faith in the ultimate victory of truth remains unshaken. Now the time has come for someone who knows the facts to present to the world the truth concerning Reuterdahl, the man who dared to challenge Einstein, the alleged superman of science.

Back in 1913, Reuterdahl discussed with me in Kansas City his "Space-Time Potential, a conception of Gravitation and Electricity," and had his manuscript typewritten in my office. I spoke about the subject on my lecture tours covering other matters, and with the result, that in December, 1914, Reuterdahl was invited to lecture at the Kansas State College of Agriculture and the University of Kansas, which lectures were given early in 1915.

Shortly after, I had the manuscript, which was copyrighted, sent to Professor Stormer at the University of Christiania, Norway, who, after reading it, forwarded the manuscript in May, 1915, to Professor Mittag-Leffler in Stockholm, Sweden, where it apparently lay for five years, till the summer of 1920, during which time both Reuterdahl and I tried to recover it. I visited Christiania in June, 1920, and found that the manuscript had just been returned to Reuterdahl in St. Paul, Minnesota, with a letter from Mittag-Leffler, dated June 14, 1920, regretting the delay. Dr. Einstein, who visited Christiania in June, 1920, was confronted with an article in the *Aftenposten* containing a brief synopsis of Reuterdahl's theory of "Interdependence" as compared with Einstein's "Relativity," and then professed never to have heard of Reuterdahl.

In referring to the above article, Einstein said: "I do not know Reuterdahl's name and have never heard that he had worked on the Theory of Relativity. I have often corresponded with Professor Mittag-Leffler, but he has never mentioned such a work."

In the meanwhile, about 1916, Einstein commenced to use Reuterdahl's copyrighted expression "Space-Time" in such combinations as "Raum-Zeit-Kontinuum," "Raum-Zeit-Funktionen" and "Raum-Zeitkoordinaten" in "Die grundlage der Allgemeinen Relativitatstheorie" (Annalen der Physik, Band 49, 1916.) Einstein's use of the hyphen at this time and not in his former works may, however, be a *coincidence*.

Subsequent statements by Einstein, however, seriously weaken the supposition that his use of the hyphen between "space" and "time" is a mere *coincidence*. In a statement given to the New York *World* (June 12, 1921), he again disclaims all knowledge of Reuterdahl. This disclaimer is irreconcilable with his own previous statement to the *Aftenposten*. The question naturally arises: "Why was Einstein so anxious to efface the name of Reuterdahl in connection with the Theory of Relativity? Does the five years' sojourn in Europe of Reuterdahl's manuscript answer this question?

Reuterdahl finally in 1920 published his great work on the "Space-Time Potential," a new concept of "Gravitation and Electricity" under the revised title, "Scientific Theism vs. Materialism, The Space-Time Potential," a complete cosmology. After 1916 Einstein also turned to cosmological speculations, and "Kosmologische Betrachtungen zur allgemeinen Relativitatstheorie" appeared in 1917. *More coincidence!*

We will now endeavor to put in plain language how Einstein has tried to tie his Special Theory of Relativity to a physical universe. In the latest phase of his work he strove for a great synthesis which would unite, under a broad conceptual structure, all the known facts of the physical universe. He desired to create conceptually a complete worldsystem (Weltsystem). His special theory of relativity was an isolated product which lacked genuine contact with the physical universe. In the "General Theory of Relativity" Einstein attempts to overcome this difficulty. He tries to avoid the limitations imposed by a *particular frame of reference* by creating an all inclusive *world reference frame* within itself capable of harmonizing physical law and action. Physical action in both the *inter-atomic* and the *inter-stellar* worlds, in this proposed synthesis, must be phenomenal exemplifications of the laws of the single *world reference frame*. Any portion, large or small, of this *world reference frame* has an equal right to be regarded as a genuine and reliable reference system because the laws of the great frame are the same throughout all its parts. The relational factors which pertain to an infinitesimal portion of the great frame are the same as hold for a part conceived as great as the imagination may permit in conformity with the frame.

The Einsteinean *world reference frame* is Gaussian and four-dimensional in type, the co-ordinate system being an attempt at the *amalgamation* of space and time. Any reference section arbitrarily cut out of the frame is a veritable co-ordinate fabric. Such section has been called a *"Reference-Mollusk"* by Einstein. We may conceive that a large reference section or "Mollusk" shrivels or contracts into a small section or vice versa.

During such diminutions or augmentations the laws of the relational factors remain the same, and the resulting section is either a reduced or increased replica of the original. The changes are similar to the effect produced by looking at an original, first with a reducing glass, and then with a magnifying glass. All the parts of the co-ordinate fabric will remain in the same relative juxtaposition irrespective of the type of the glass through which it is observed.

In such a system force regarded as an independent entity does not exist. Action at a distance no longer becomes a problem because the world frame is a unitary interacting system.

Einstein holds that a further consequence of his worldsystem is the disappearance of the mass M (which pertains to a particular point) from the law of motion. He reduces the motion of a particle under the so-called influence of gravitation to a mere "Following" of a geodetic line in his four-dimensional world.

Nowhere has Einstein stated his own case as clearly as it has been presented in the above analysis, which is due to Reuterdahl. It is even doubtful if Einstein has grasped the significance of his own vague and stumbling attempts at formulating this great world synthesis. His pitiable inability to express the essentials of the system in a clear and intelligent manner can readily be accounted for on the supposition which grows upon us—that Einstein has taken his entire thought of this synthesis from the work of Reuterdahl.

Not grasping clearly the intent of Reuterdahl's Space-Time Potential, Einstein camouflaged it in a distorted manner into his own Space-Time Continuum—by transferring the conception from Euclidean to non-Euclidean. Reuterdahl's Space-Time Potential is a synthesis, not only of the same intent as Einstein's, but of a vastly more comprehensive order. Reuterdahl's complete cosmology proceeds direct from physical facts, whereas Einstein presents us with a skeleton, incapable of harmonious functioning, because it is constructed from the fibers of inconsistent mathematical speculation, which predict coming events with the hope that they will conform—and if they do not, they are quietly thrown out of court. Reuterdahl has distinctly stated, that force does not exist in the physical universe as an independent and distinct entity, and action-at-a-distance offers no obstacles, because the cosmos is an interacting unitary system. While Einstein numbers his various co-ordinate curves which constitute the fabric of his reference-mollusks, Reuterdahl also numbers his potential loci and shows carefully, that relative conditions existing between any two elements of a section, also pertain without change between the similarly numbered elements in any other section, irrespective of its size, and whether located in the realm of microcosm or that of macrocosm. His Space-Time Potential is a chart or diagram defining the motion of every activity center in the entire interacting system.

We realize the similarity of the two systems, the one complete and the other an incomplete instantaneous static view of the dynamics in the former.

Reuterdahl's priority is undisputed, the relative dates being nailed down chronologically. If the Space-Time Continuum is not a camouflaged edition of Space-Time Potential, it certainly looks like *another coincidence*.

Einstein's version suffers sorely when compared with the earlier synthesis of Reuterdahl. Einstein abandons the classical mechanics, while Reuterdahl adheres strictly to its experimentally demonstrated principles. Einstein resorts to non-Euclidean geometry for the fibers of his Space-Time Continuum, whereas Reuterdahl contents himself with observed physical data.

Comparing the Theories

IN PASSING from one geodetic line in Einstein's system to another, the measuring rod must undergo appropriate change in length. This purely hypothetical and experimentally unwarranted assumption is entirely absent in Reuterdahl's cosmology.

Einstein's cosmology contains no genuine *absolute principle* and leads to skepticism, while Reuterdahl in his theory, shows that the physical universe is inoperative and inexplicable without the *absolute being of God*.

The following parallel citations will show the clearly complete synthesis of Reuterdahl opposite the attempts of Einstein to cover the same ground by his non-Euclidean process.

REUTERDAHL:

"The constant values which pertain to the interdependent physical magnitudes located within an area equal to one-ten-thousand-millionth of a square inch, exemplify the laws of the Space-Time Potential with the same invariable rigor as obtains in the case of interdependent physical magnitudes found within an area equal to ten thousand million square miles. This constitutes the complete relativity of physical action (kinetic or potential) to space and time."

(Scientific Theism vs. Materialism, The Space-Time Potential, page 10.)

"The laws by which we interpret the activities

(Concluded on page 14)

ARVID REUTERDAHL, dean of the department of engineering and architecture at the College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minnesota, since 1918, as far back as 1896, while a student at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, conceived the basic outline of his work, "Scientific Theism Versus Materialism, the Space-Time Potential." He has lectured extensively on engineering, scientific, mathematical and philosophical subjects, and has published a number of books on scientific subjects.



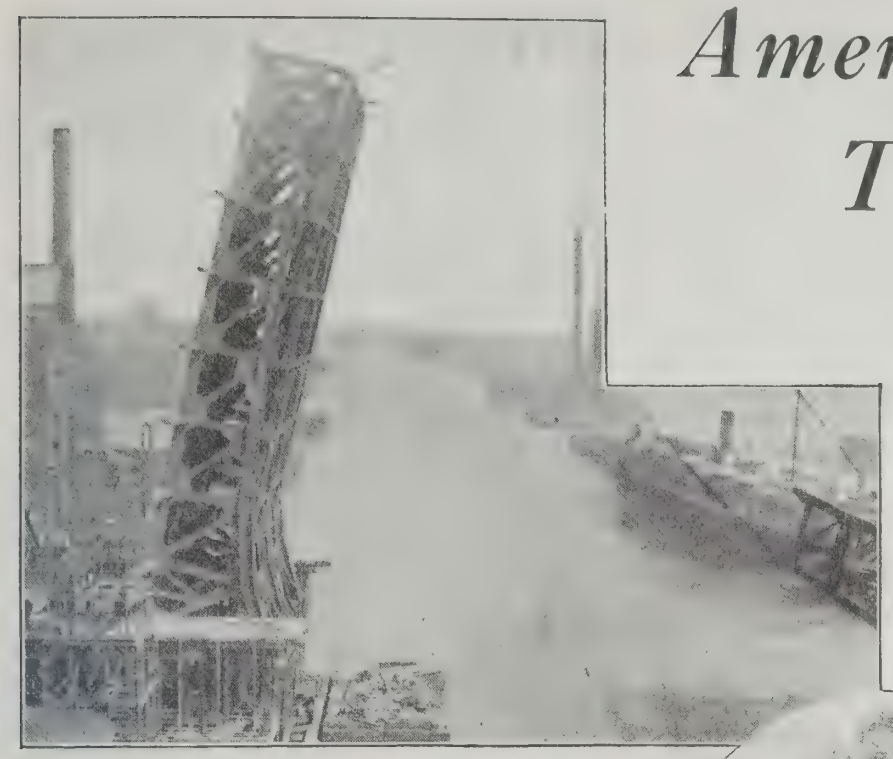
ARVID REUTERDAHL

When the trumpets of Einstein began to sound the blasts of glory for Relativity and its discoverer, the American scientists were swept off their feet because they were unfamiliar with these strange doctrines, but Dr. Reuterdahl had been thinking in "Space-Time" terms since 1896; in fact, he was the first to employ the hyphen between the two words, space and time, and his Space-Time Potential antedates Einstein's Space-Time Continuum. Professor Reuterdahl was the first in the United States to denounce Einsteinism as a fallacy.

Dean Reuterdahl was born February 15, 1876, at Karlstad, Sweden, the son of Jonas and Christina Reuterdahl. In 1882 the family came to the United States, eventually locating in Providence. The son's early education consisted in private instruction given by his father, a former officer in the Swedish army, and an excellent mathematician and philosopher.

America's Billion Dollar Three-Shell Game

By EDWARD JEROME DIES



It has been said that every time the Boulevard Link bridge opens its giant jaws some gentleman with real or figurative chin whiskers and a gripsack pays admission to the impressive sight.

SWINDLERS are ending the fattest period of their lives. In the wake of their efforts are skeleton mining shafts that rise like monuments to buried hopes. Empty factories, mere shells tacked together as evidence of future magical wealth. Stores, co-operative so-called, but dust-covered and moldy from lack of trade. Orchards of withered trees as barren as an iron pole.

Every conceivable commercial project has been foisted on an unwise public. And this public, like the idol worshipers of old, has heaped high the altar of the crusaders who exploit dry oil wells, blue print gold mines, horse meat packing plants and a thousand and one other visionary schemes.

A score or more bucket shops have failed already this year, due to a rising market in stocks, and millions of the public's money was lost. Bucket shops are supposed to be outlawed, but they manage to do business until the crash comes. They thrive on a declining market.

Worthless securities having an aggregate face value of a billion dollars have been scattered over the country in the last year. The estimate is based on reports of banks, bond houses, government bureaus and trade associations. The amount actually collected in the bonanza schemes is conservatively placed at a quarter of a billion dollars. Burglars and embezzlers were far less prosperous than their crafty brothers, the confidence men. Reports of 30 leading insurance companies show that in 12 months burglars and embezzlers separated the public from only $100,000,000. In so doing they risked death from the watchman's pistol or chanced long prison terms.

The "blue sky" gentlemen in most cases did neither. They hired brilliant legal talent and remained just within the law, or disposed of the worthless paper and skipped to new fields before the smash came. The James boys faced death for less than a hard-working promoter made in a single month.

Back in 1912 the government uncovered schemes which had picked the public's pocket of $77,000,000 in a short time. Authorities also terminated in the same year projects that had defrauded New York City of a billion dollars in seven years.

These government raids caused a mild flurry in Bunco Land. A lull followed; new laws were enacted here and there, and for a time investors regained faith in honest business institutions.

Then the war came on and with the phenomenal rise of securities, a fever of speculation broke out. Thousands who had never before chanced a nickel went money crazy. In the subsequent orgy of speculation, fortunes were made by people in all walks of life. Stories of newly acquired wealth spread like wildfire and the sums increased with the telling. Reckless speculation should have ended with the war. But the public had known the flush of surprise that comes of throwing "sevens" and "elevens" and wanted to continue the game. The public was ripe for a trimming and the "blue sky" operators were prepared. By the beginning of 1920 they were out in numbers and by 1921 they were going full speed ahead. Financial leaders declare that never before have so many purely fantastic notions been commercialized.

The crusaders first centered on the eastern and western coasts. Figuratively, they converged in the Central West, a fertile field, shook hands in high good humor and went on their happy ways. No city or hamlet escaped. Each dropped its handsome contribution into the hat, sometimes on recommendation of a local chamber of commerce, duped by the crafty Wallingfords.

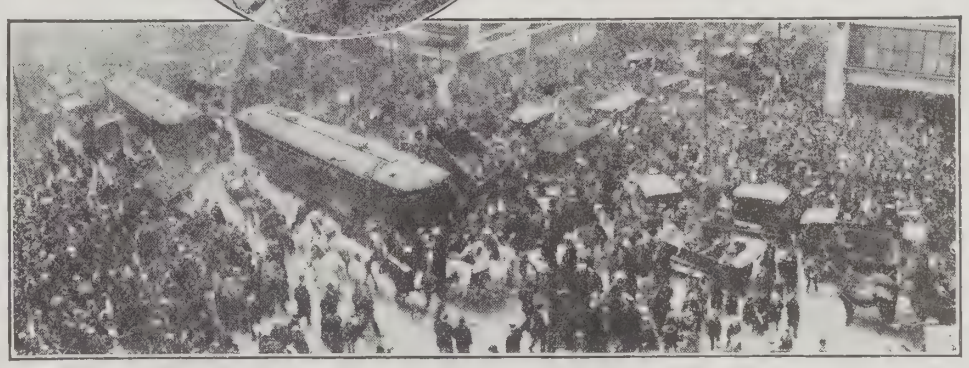
"In the last two years," said a financier, "a forest has been reduced to paper for the printing of worthless securities. There seems to be an actual demand for them. Stop 10 men on the street and nine of them will chance their money on a wildcat rather than invest in sound securities with certain returns.

"An investment worthy of consideration is approved by public accountants, appraisal engineers, legal counsel and an expert financier. These inquiries, made at heavy cost, protect the investor. First-class banks and bond houses purchase securities with their own money and sell to investors at a slight increase. A market for resale also is provided.

"When the investor opens negotiations with a house that observes none of these precautions, he is flirting with financial disaster."



Through confidence games strips of invaluable park land have changed hands more often than a haunted house.



"Suckers? Why, an old-fashioned three-shell game at State and Madison streets would finance the Chicago Subway," said the head of an investigating agency.

But, adds this authority, the investor goes right on flirting. He stares dreamily at the beautiful prospectus, a siren that will become a toothless jade. He is entranced by the striking photographic views, and listens enthralled to the glowing reports of "our President, who is on the scene rushing construction work." When the salesman lowers his voice and says, "Next week the directors will advance the price 20 per cent over the present low price of five cents (par value $1)," the sucker feels on his shoulder the touch of the Goddess of Fortune.

Mails are being flooded with printed matter describing how fabulous fortunes may be quickly made. Here is a specific case that is typical. A Texas promoter has been conducting a drive to sell unit leases in a "1,000-acre potash lease syndicate."

The investor is promised 2,000 times the money invested!

This promoter claims that in drilling an oil well in Martin County, Texas, an enormous bed of potash has been discovered. "Our present information," he says, "indicates we will have an income for 100 years of more than $100,000 a day." Cost of a lease on one acre is $150. The lease owner gets 10 per cent royalty. The profit on each acre is figured to be $3,469,660, and the lease owner's return on his $150 is from $346,907 to $567,666, depending on whether the royalty is on the gross or the net.

The promoter reproduces an "interview" with D. D. Christner, co-operating chemist for the Bureau of Economic Geology and Technology of the University of Texas and the United States Geological Survey. Christner is made to say that the salts in certain counties named are more valuable than any others in the world.

The "interview" was published without Christner's knowledge, and a large part of it has been branded as false by the United States Geological Survey. The survey states that no authenticated discoveries of potash have been reported in Martin County. Potash has been found in some places, but under circumstances which make it impossible to state whether it exists in beds sufficiently deep to warrant development. Extent of the beds cannot be proved, says the Geological Survey, until wells have been drilled throughout the entire territory. Yet the promoter claims to have discovered a bed covering vast areas after drilling only one well.

So flagrant are the misstatements that the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World is exposing the scheme. Meantime, the United States Geological Survey has sent out warnings against get-rich-quick potash operators.

Disposing of fake securities has become a fine art and an examination of methods is enlightening. Salesmen are carefully schooled and are compelled to repeat verbatim certain talks which, while sounding ridiculous to many, are strikingly effective when the law of averages is applied.

The salesman first refers at length to well-known projects that have enriched stockholders. He assails banks for low interest rates and declares the banker who pays the depositor three or four per cent usually makes from 50 to 100 per cent on the money. He soon destroys the victim's sense of values. He skillfully injects into the talk many impressive names, conveying the impression that these persons are financially interested. At the proper moment, according to the printed sales talks of these houses, he is to swing into dramatic art and register "enthusiasm, chagrin, amazement or anger, as the occasion suggests."

"Concentrate the prospect's attention," says one of these instruction books, which is typical. "Write as you talk. Mention that you understand the price will be doubled next week. Read very slowly paragraphs of prospectus indicated in red. Then continue as follows:

"Now, Mr. Brown, you have the proposition in a nutshell. If there are any questions, I'd be glad to answer them (while saying this, get your pen ready, as if you expected him to use it. Lay the application before him in a comfortable position to sign) and if there are no questions, I'd be glad to have your check. (Lay pen on blank ostensibly for him to use.)

"Successful men advise investment. Investment will make you a man of affairs. It will make you a force, not a mere drag. Men who are forceful are quick in decisions.

"Now, be honest with yourself, Mr. Brown." (Never let him get in a word until you have reached this point. If he should break in with an objection, ignore it and go on. When you are ready for his objection, let him speak).

"I must talk it over with my wife." (This is a frequent feeble alibi which must be met in this way.)

"Mr. Brown, your wife is not the one who must study this. She is not the one who must pay for it. All she can do is to tell you that it would be wonderfully good. (Here register sincere feeling.) But you know that yourself right now. Your trouble is not that you need advice, but that you need courage. This fear is the hallmark of the weak man.

"The strong man never fears, never doubts, never hesitates. As Emerson says, 'he not only leaves the many out of his calculations, but he also leaves out the few'. He is sufficient unto himself. He knows himself, knows what he wants and has the courage and initiative to go after it. If you want to be a strong man, act as a strong man acts. A man is but the personification of his habits. Make courageous acts a habit. If you wish to be strong, imitate the strong. Your acts will become habitual. Then you'll be one of the strong. Isn't that reasonable? (Yes). Right on that line, please."

In recent years co-operative enterprises have become almost a fad. Hundreds have gone to pieces. Sometimes these "cure-alls" die simply from stupidity but more often the hand of the professional promoter may be seen. Companies, associations, corporations and societies have been organized to cut down the grocery bill, increase prices to producers or correct some other evil, imaginary or real. Promoters juggle the funds and shift their activities to new states before the organization falls apart. Organizers of pseudo-co-operative groups never fail to shout the merits of the Rochdale plan, which has proved beneficial to consumers in England. The dupes sign contracts which, in effect, turn over their bank rolls to unscrupulous organizers with virtually no entanglements. The Rochdale principles and the "knock-down-and-drag-out" methods of the professionals are as different as night and day when the time for action arrives.

(Concluded on page 14)

An Indian Chief's Version of Custer's Last Fight

Concluded from page 3

in "war" that they met their death. So the Indian had a "grudge" that, from his viewpoint, was entirely natural and fully justified. It was with this feeling of great personal injury and humiliation that he went into the Custer fight on that beautiful June day in 1876, and if we are to believe the statement of the white survivor quoted, he made good his threat at last.

But we are yet to hear from the old chief who knows most about it, the man who was the best friend of Rain-in-the-Face and who was with him in the fight and saw just what occurred there. It is the story of the victor and is told in the same manner and with the same indifference that the white man tells, in our history, of the fight at Washita. Flying Hawk was born in the Black Hills; it was his home that the whites had invaded; it was his gold they took in violation of law and sacred treaty; it was his buffaloes they slaughtered for amusement, so causing him to go hungry and cold. It was from him and his friends and relatives that they withheld food and blankets and money that was due them under their treaty, and grudgingly gave them "bones" and "rags" and "10 per cent" instead. It was his friend they had humiliated by arrest and imprisonment unjustly. All this was followed by a further series of abuses until there was a general uprising of all the Dakota and neighboring tribes in retaliation. Because they had begun to show this spirit of retaliation and had left the reservations, American troops were ordered to drive them back into the bondage they had deliberately, and as they considered, rightfully, abandoned.

It was in this "rounding up" operation that Custer met his fate. Justly or unjustly, it was war, and Custer was not inexperienced in Indian warfare. He closed a campaign against the Cheyennes in 1868 by the crushing victory of Washita, where 103 warriors were killed and the tribe forced to return to their reservation. Following this he fought a number of battles, and opened up the Black Hills country. Therefore, we may now draw a mental picture of the several Indian tribes consolidating in and about the junction of the Little Big Horn and the Big Horn rivers in various camps, while American soldiers are surrounding them to force their surrender or perhaps annihilate them. Custer rode out with his cavalry, intending to move around to the south and up the Rosebud, driving the Indians down the Little Big Horn *into the grip of the strong force* marching against them.

Now let us learn just what happened, according to this last surviving chief on the Indian side. He told it to me in a simple straightforward fashion without show of resentment. It must be remembered that this old chief does not speak English, nor is he able to write, and his story was translated and put down, exactly as he related it after several days of deliberation. Here is its substance:

"We started from Fort Robinson and traveled up into Montana. There we joined the Cheyennes and four companies of Sioux Indians. They were under four chiefs. We all camped on the Little Big Horn River, up the river from where the fight took place. Before this fight we had had a little fight with the United States soldiers and a few Crow Indians on Rosebud Creek; they killed three of our men and we killed nine of their men.

"We left them and went back to the village and broke camp and moved down to where the battle with Custer took place.

"It was a nice summer morning. Before noon, we saw a cloud of dust rising in the air up the river. A cry was raised that the soldiers were coming, and we all started for our horses. We caught them and mounted. About this time they were nearly on top of us, firing into the village. The women and children ran down the river.

"Every warrior was ready by this time so we charged the soldiers in the face of their bullets. We whipped them back into some holes they had dug. We killed many of that bunch. They were called the Reno company.

"Some of the Indians rode up to us and said Custer was coming up the river with his command, heading off the women and children. So we all charged down to where Custer was coming up. When we got close to Custer's command they dismounted and commenced firing on us, but we kept going for them. They saw that we would not stop, so they started to mount and retreat. But we were already among them, shooting them down with arrows, knocking them off with war clubs, pulling them off by hand. They must have been scared out of their wits, as they showed no fight after the first fire.

"After we got them on the run, we chased them about a mile till only a few were left. We ran those into the river. Many were drowned, the remainder we killed. We lost 30 killed in the battle.

"The next day scouts were sent out; they reported that General Miles was coming with his command. The chiefs said we would not fight Miles, as he had too many men. So we broke camp and got away from there."

As this statement contained no reference to mutilating the bodies of the dead soldiers, the chief was asked to speak on this point definitely. In a letter dated December 5, 1921, he says: "You ask me another question about the Custer fight: They did not cut out the heart from that soldier's body, just took off his clothes and we ran away. The big chief all dead. All the soldiers were killed in about one-half an hour."

The statement must stand or fall as it is believed or denied. It will be believed by some and it will be denied or ridiculed by others. That is to be expected. But where is the proof that it is not a truthful and accurate statement of the facts?

America's Billion Dollar Three-Shell Game

Concluded from page 13

Operations of swindlers have reached such proportions that they are reflecting upon legitimate business and the need of drastic action is recognized. Commercial organizations are trying to combat the evil. Legislatures will be urged to enact new "blue sky" laws or put teeth in existing statutes.

In the meantime, Illinois, a playground of dishonest promoters, is instituting a plan that will be closely watched by other states. A securities bureau is being established by the Illinois Chamber of Commerce. This bureau will be linked up with all local chambers of commerce in the state. When a stock-selling project is started in a community an immediate investigation will be made by the securities bureau, covering everything from the assets of the company to the business careers of its principals. Results will be submitted to chambers of commerce and to newspapers.

Outlying strips of the Chicago park system have changed hands more often than a haunted house. The plan is simple. The "jayhawk" is led about town by a chance acquaintance, who, at the proper time, turns out to be a real estate man.

"Now, here is some land," he says in a casual way, "that we are closing out. The last 20 acres go tomorrow.....A hundred dollars cash takes it....Now, you just hang on to that deed for a year or two."

This and other cheap tricks should have died with the barroom. Among these pastimes is the "Bridge of Si's" trick. It gained popularity with the completion of the Boulevard Link Bridge spanning the Chicago River. It is estimated that nearly every time the giant structure opens its jaws for a string of ships to pass, some gentleman with real or figurative chin whiskers and a gripsack pays admission to the impressive spectacle.

"Let a gambler set up an old-fashioned three-shell game at State and Madison, Chicago," said a well-known investigator. "Give him police protection. In two years he could finance the first five miles of the new Chicago subway.

"Is it any wonder that stock swindlers and bunco artists prosper? They merely satisfy a public demand."

When Snow Hit "Sunny California"



Persons in "Sunny California" were rudely shocked when a snowstorm descended upon them. But they quickly recovered, and hurried to take advantage of the novelty. The "snow line" descended to about 400 feet above sea level, throwing a blanket over much of the Coast Range. The populace soon moved almost en masse to the hills. Automobiles came into the business districts of Oakland heavily laden with snow, and snowballing was a popular diversion. The accompanying pictures were taken on "Skyline Boulevard," of Oakland.

Reuterdahl vs. Einstein: a Fallacy Hit

Concluded from page 12

time. The primary relativity concepts are built upon these three cosmic fundamentals." (page 88)

"The cosmos is a unitary interacting system in which the distance and duration are respectively the spatial and temporal indicators of the relative magnitude of the interaction between things." (page 91)

These lines indicate the completeness of the synthesis of Reuterdahl. Gravitational, electrical, thermodynamical and all forms of physical activities are comprehended under the single plan of his Space-Time Potential, every portion of which exemplifies the same fundamental properties (laws) as every other portion, whether in microcosm or in macrocosm. Any portion of Reuterdahl's Space-Time Potential *may be used as a reference section,* because every portion is equally representative of the interrelational background of the universe.

Einstein's construction of *reference sections,* which he calls *"mollusks,"* is as follows:

EINSTEIN (Relativity, Pages 103 and 104.)

"We imagine a system of arbitrary curves drawn on the surface of a table. These we designate as *u*-curves, and we indicate each by means of a number. . . . . We have then a system of *u*-curves, and this 'indefinitely dense' system covers the whole surface of the table. These *u*-curves must not intersect each other, and through each point of the table surface only one curve must pass. Thus a perfectly definite value of *u* belongs to every point of the surface of the marble slab. In like manner we also imagine a system of *v*-curves, they are provided with numbers in a corresponding manner, and they may likewise be of arbitrary shape. It follows that a value of *u* and a value of *v* belong to every point on the surface of the table. We call these two numbers the co-ordinates of the surfaces of the table (Gaussian co-ordinates).

"This non-rigid reference-body, which might appropriately be termed a *'reference-mollusk,'* is in the main equivalent to a Gaussian four-dimensional co-ordinate system chosen arbitrarily . . . . Every point on the mollusk is treated as a space-point, and every material point which is at rest *relatively to it is at rest,* as long as the mollusk is considered as reference-body.

"The general principle of relativity requires that all these mollusks can be used as *reference-bodies* with equal right and equal success in the formulation of the general laws of nature; the laws themselves must be quite independent of the choice of mollusk." (page 118)

Regarding fields of force and gravitational fields in Einstein's General Theory, his disciple, Eddington, says: "The track of a particle of matter is thus determined by interaction of the minute gravitational field, which surrounds and, as far as we know, constitutes it, with the general space-time of the region." (Space-Time and Gravitation, page 138.)

REUTERDAHL:

"Space may be considered as laminated in every direction with such fields (fields of gravitation). Empty space has no meaning from this point of view, for the reason that every surface in space is subjected to interaction, which results in giving to every one of its points a definite work or energy value. The motion of a particle within a given surface can be definitely predicted, if we have a prevision of the work value of the points in the surface." (Scientific Theism, page 124.)

The similarity in the contents of these last passages is *another coincidence.*

Moritz Schlick, another exponent of the Einstein theory of relativity, says in his "Space and Time":

"The Einstein law, which comprises both inertial and gravitational effects, asserts: The world-line of a material point is a *geodetic* line in the Space-Time Continuum."

These quotations show conclusively that Einstein employs his *reference mollusks* as a means of passing beyond the limitation of his Special Theory. His Space-Time Continuum has become a chart of possible and actual interaction, every point of which has a definite significance. Successive points constitute world-loci or lines which are the tracks along which material particles move. The relational factors hold in a microcosmic as well as in a macrocosmic portion of this world-chart.

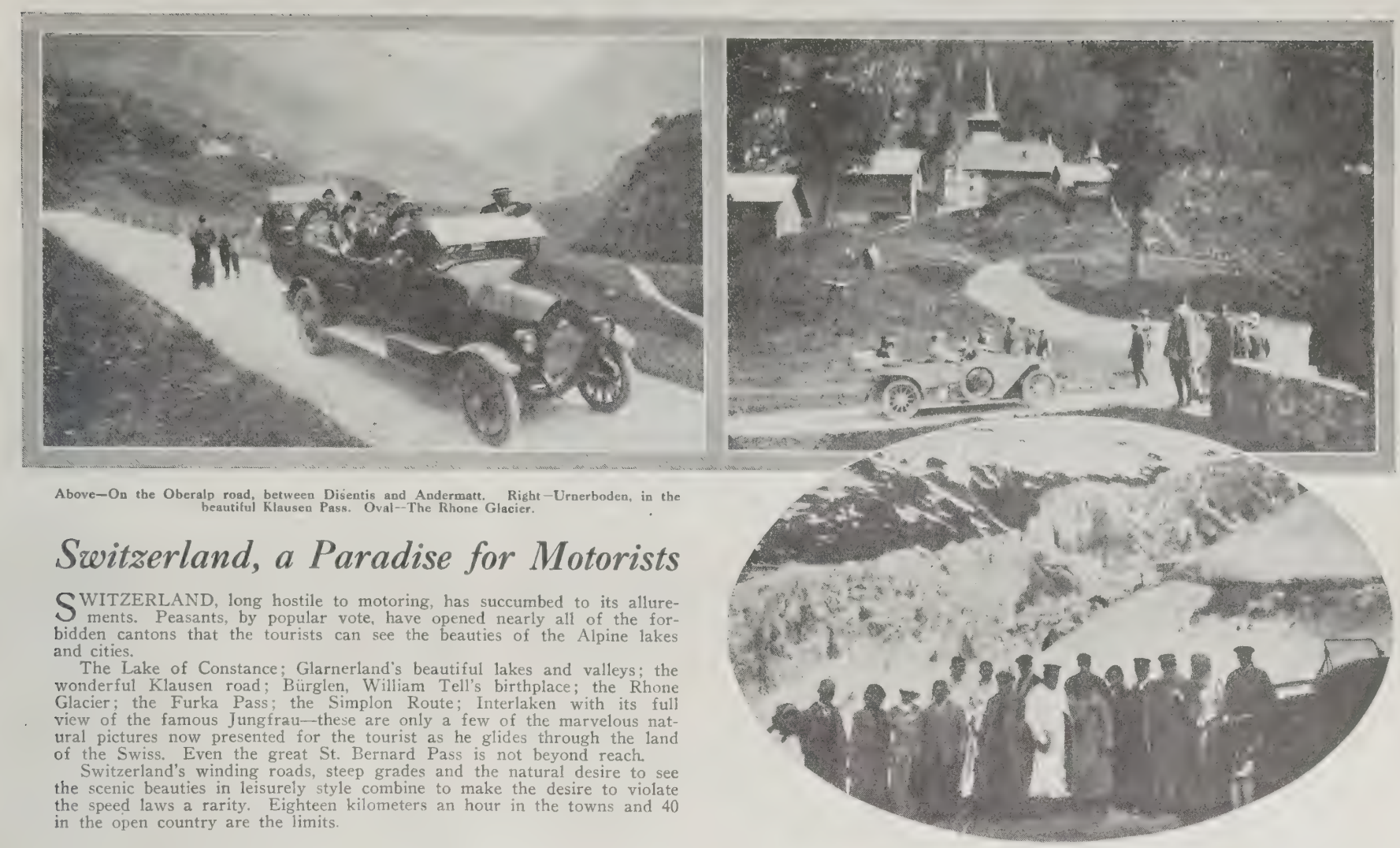
We thus see the entire thought of Einstein's Space-Time Continuum contained in Reuterdahl's prior contribution, but the *Space-Time Potential* is *a far more comprehensive synthesis.* Reuterdahl, with the utmost vigor and consistency, applies his Space-Time Potential to the molding of the atomic structure.

A Space-Time Potential Zone System is shown on page 245 of Reuterdahl's work. This zone system is far more complete than anything attempted by Einstein.

Reuterdahl has shown that one is enabled by his Space-Time Potential to calculate the dimensions, velocities, accelerations and orbits of subatomic particles, atoms, molecules and planets. Reuterdahl abandoned the old ether hypothesis back in 1902, and has given us in its place a medium of neutral primordial matter, which is so closely interwoven with the fabric of his Space-Time Potential, that these three basic elements of reality interact in perfect harmony.

Einstein, after discarding the old ether hypothesis, has failed to provide a substitute. That he now realizes how seriously this omission threatens the foundations of his theory is clearly evident from his apologetic lecture at Leiden, May 5, 1920.

Reuterdahl completes his cosmology by showing the impotency of every system of relativity which attempts truthfully to represent the cosmos without including a genuine Absolute Principle. His complete system of relativity is the greatest proof yet advanced for the existence of God. Einstein may be able to avoid the condemnation of the just by the plea of *"coincidence,"* but he can never remove the seal of priority which will remain through the ages upon the work of Reuterdahl.



Above—On the Oberalp road, between Disentis and Andermatt. Right—Urnerboden, in the beautiful Klausen Pass. Oval—The Rhone Glacier.

Switzerland, a Paradise for Motorists

SWITZERLAND, long hostile to motoring, has succumbed to its allurements. Peasants, by popular vote, have opened nearly all of the forbidden cantons that the tourists can see the beauties of the Alpine lakes and cities.

The Lake of Constance; Glarnerland's beautiful lakes and valleys; the wonderful Klausen road; Bürglen, William Tell's birthplace; the Rhone Glacier; the Furka Pass; the Simplon Route; Interlaken with its full view of the famous Jungfrau—these are only a few of the marvelous natural pictures now presented for the tourist as he glides through the land of the Swiss. Even the great St. Bernard Pass is not beyond reach.

Switzerland's winding roads, steep grades and the natural desire to see the scenic beauties in leisurely style combine to make the desire to violate the speed laws a rarity. Eighteen kilometers an hour in the towns and 40 in the open country are the limits.

Steamship Monopoly Stifles Alaskan Trade

Concluded from page 11

eral different items of general merchandise freight that were shipped from San Francisco, via Seattle, to Alaskan ports. The figures were taken from actual freight bills sent by persons who paid the freight charges. Those bills show the actual charges made for transit to Seattle and from Seattle.

The largest tabulation has to do with freight whose destination was Ketchikan, the first port of call in Alaska. It is 742 miles from Seattle, or 198 miles shorter than the run from San Francisco to Seattle. The total of all the freight bills covering shipment to Seattle from San Francisco called for payments aggregating $145.29; those covering shipment from Seattle to Ketchikan—of the same articles—called for payments aggregating $197.33.

"The actual cost of transportation of freight from Seattle to Ketchikan," Mr. Sutherland declared, "not including the wharfage charges at Seattle, is 36 per cent greater than the charges from San Francisco to Seattle, a distance 200 miles greater."

He called attention to charges for an actual shipment of sugar. The tariff sheets show that the rate for sugar in less than carload lots is $12 from San Francisco to Seattle, but only $9 from Seattle to Juneau. But a man at Ketchikan, which is nearer Seattle than Juneau, paid, according to Mr. Sutherland, $96.96 freight on a shipment of sugar from San Francisco to Seattle, and $129.28 for the same shipment from Seattle to Ketchikan.

He presented figures taken from actual freight bills showing like excess charges for freight shipments to Wrangell and Skagway. A highly interesting exhibit in his address is a quotation from a letter written him by "one of Juneau's leading citizens" in reply to a request for like information as to charges paid at that Alaskan port. It follows:

> The shippers are a little reluctant to give out information of this nature without knowing the purpose of the request, thinking it might prejudice the transportation companies against them if their action became known.

"And thus, through fear of a monopoly," Mr. Sutherland declared, "the public is prevented knowing how much is contributed in the increased prices paid for food and other necessities imported into the territory."

He declared that excessive rates are maintained by the two companies which "for years controlled the water transportation from Seattle to Alaska. There is no evidence of joint ownership or interlocking directorates in the published reports of the two organizations, but their harmonious work in extorting exorbitant freight rates from Alaskan shippers for these many years would indicate that a common financial interest exists somewhere, and nothing serves to illustrate their common interest in throttling Alaskan industry as does the co-operative and combined work of their Washington lobby, whose activities are paid for indirectly by the Alaskan shipper. 'The small competing lines have been eliminated,' says Governor Riggs, and he, as well as the people of Alaska, know that they were eliminated by co-operative action on the part of the major companies.

"There is but one copper mine operating in Alaska today outside of those operated by the interests which control the steamship monopoly and the Tacoma smelter, of the American Smelting & Refining Company, at Tacoma, Washington. Many copper properties on the coast of Alaska are closed down because of the exorbitant smelter charges and freight rates."

Mr. Sutherland also charged that a lobby serving the interests of those who control Alaskan shipping operates regularly in Washington and works to defeat any move toward correcting the evils of which he complained.

Virtually all consideration of measures for Alaskan relief have been suspended for the time being, probably because of President Harding's desire to visit the territory and look into the problem at first hand. This he may do during the summer.

Marooned on a Gold Reef—the Fate of the U. S.

Concluded from page 8

the other, render its readjustment inadvisable if not impossible.

If, as may be possible, the pound sterling reaches par of exchange in the near future, the last vestige of American financial supremacy will be lost. A par pound sterling will mean the early liquidation of the British debt, and no sooner will that take place than the United States will be unable to influence European monetary values, except through the pound sterling. The economists who do not know what this will spell had better go back to grammar school.

The war has taught European nations—victors and vanquished—that the gold standard is the last survivor among many nostrums, and continental reconstruction might mean a readjusted standard. Certainly it is not conceivable that Europe, England excepted, can return to the gold standard of yore, since buying back the gold in America at the present price is out of the question.

Europe's reconstruction has been retarded of late mainly because it has been attempted to obey the gold standard with a paper standard, which is comparable to the American saying of "champagne thirst on a beer income." However, it is just as well that Europe has tried the experiment and proved it to be anything but practical. Of course, an arbitrary and exaggerated paper standard can be no whit better than its gold model, but it begins to look as if the doctrines of Quesnay, which emphasize the powers of nature as the source of public wealth and national prosperity (and the only proper source of public revenue) may come to the fore sooner or later. Certainly it does not seem logical that countries without auriferous deposits must accept gold as a standard in preference to even more valuable natural wealth.

A genuine, modern, efficient money standard will mean, of course, the elimination of foreign exchange as a principal vehicle of speculators. It will do away with the necessity, so often apparent now, of having to pay tribute to every middleman who handles international transactions. It will give an American producer and a foreign consumer, or vice versa, a full value for their investment. It will mean, which is more important, a commodity value rather than a gold value.

As things stand now, and as they will continue to be as long as the present unsatisfactory state of affairs continues, a very important part of business will not be done. Foreigners are waiting for cheaper dollar exchange; Americans are waiting for depreciated foreign currencies. The latter by recent habit and the former by necessity are looking at each other through golden glasses.

Midas was a tyro compared to the United States today. Coal, leather, lumber, foodstuffs, cotton, wool, to mention a few elemental products, have to be measured in terms of gold both by seller and purchaser under existing conditions, although it does not mean that the American producer is the sole gainer of what the European loses—but a huge, almost incalculable part is sidetracked to the pockets of the gold barons, of which there are too many.

It is alleged, naturally, that the American workingman is a gold-standard man; that he owes his standing to the high value of the dollar; that his usufruct is gold or its equivalent. That may be so, although that does not cut any ice with the unemployed American—and his name is legion—who has no gold money or any other kind of money, tin, leather or lead, and is at the same time of little consolation to the cotton farmer who could trade his crop, on a commodity-to-commodity basis, for something else.

Unless the insistent anti-gold standard movement in Europe is headed off, something is going to happen here.

Of course it would happen to the bankers, but they in turn would pass it along to the rank and file of capital and business and labor. But the shock can be prevented by the American Government, which should arrange to fix an exchange rate for every currency (in the case of the major powers to be set at the post-armistice ratio for the settling of all foreign debts incurred at the above rate). The new rate would not have to be perpetual, but every three or six months—six months preferably—reaffirmed or changed to meet conditions here or abroad.

Official adjudication of foreign exchanges, by simultaneous posting at every capital, would do away automatically with the foreign exchange speculators, whose only outlet would be to trade upon the next semi-annual rate, a rather lengthy period apt to break them of their habit. Moreover, *official* exchange rates would inspire confidence in everybody, inasmuch as it would remove all suspicion of private manipulation—a fear that influences many business men.

The suggestion is simple. That it could be carried out successfully if statesmen really wanted to succeed in the matter is not doubted in the least, and there is ample precedent for the step. But as to whether they will feel free or courageous enough to do it, against the opposition of the American Bankers' Association, is another story.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Roscoe Conkling Simmons, a nephew of Booker T. Washington, claimed in an address: "We have a record to defend, but no treason, thank God, to atone or explain. While in chains we fought to free the white men—from Lexington to Carrizal—and returned again to our chains. No Negro has ever insulted the flag, no Negro ever struck down a President of the United States, no Negro ever sold a military map or a secret to a foreign government, no Negro ever ran under fire or lost an opportunity to serve, to fight, to bleed, to die in the Republic's cause."

Jefferson Davis Cohn, godson of Jefferson Davis, bought the pawned pearl necklace of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary.

"Respect for law is of more value than respect for the violator," is the motto of the Rev. Mr. J. H. Williamson, new law enforcement officer of Chicago.

Norwich, England, is famous for its canaries. They came to Norwich with the weavers of Flanders, banished from their homes by the Spaniards, and ever since, the people of that city have been canary lovers and fanciers, almost to a man.

All pilots on transcontinental mail airplanes in the United States are to be furnished with side arms.

The American Bible Society, after more than 100 years of publishing the Bible, has announced it will soon close down its plant in New York City because of the high cost of production.

The Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines, at Fairbanks, Alaska, will be the world's farthest north university. It will be within 100 miles of the Arctic Circle. It will open its doors next September.

The undergraduate in college now is better than was the student of a quarter of a century ago, according to the dean of Brown University. The new man is more amenable to discipline; has a keener interest in education; has a larger capacity for work and a higher sense of integrity. The dean says in 30 years he has met but two students who were liars.

More is paid for a mutton chop in New York hotels than for a sheep in Colorado, according to reliable reports.

A registered letter from Russia recently arrived in Newark with 500 or more stamps attached to the back of the envelope by metal fasteners. The stamps exceeded $1,000 in value at the normal rate of exchange.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

An airplane compass, believed to be the first completely satisfactory type, has been invented by experts of the Bureau of Standards. The idea of the revolving coiled wire is used instead of the magnetic needle. The compass responds instantly to the quick turns or evolutions of an airplane.

Engineering and carpentry will be taught the natives of New Guinea soon. The New Guinea Central Labor administration plans to equip the islands with skilled native labor and eventually hopes to train the natives in every trade.

Ninety-eight per cent of the land in Alaska is national property.

Luther Burbank's latest addition to the plant world is a new blackberry known as the "thornless blackberry." The cane has no thorns and the fruit is larger and more delicious than the ordinary blackberry.

Telephone-telegrams are sent in Berlin. The message is given to the operator, who gives it to an operator at the other end who communicates with the addressee, obtains a reply and telephones it back.

The public highways of the largest national parks are given over to monopolized transportation, according to reports. In Yellowstone National Park, it is said, the traveler in an automobile pays $7.50 toll and still does not have the road rights while on the road. The traveler cannot start early, but must wait until the monopoly cars have started. The traveler must not pass a monopoly car and must give it the right of way at all times. It is believed that this practice discourages travel to a great extent.

Three annual prizes, the highest of which is $2,500, are to be offered by the province of Quebec for works of literary merit.

The cow and the hen, always dependable stand-bys of our agriculture, have demonstrated their worth as reliable sources of income during periods of depression and returned good profits, according to the secretary of the Kansas state board of agriculture.

A beaver colony on the east fork of the Hood River in Oregon recently felled a tree 18 inches in diameter across a power line of the Pacific Power & Light Company, plunging the entire countryside into darkness.

Extensive remains of what apparently was once a Roman city have been discovered near Bantibanez, Spain. Traces of a highway have come to light and cisterns, with copper piping, have been found, as well as fragments of ceramics, gold coins, vases filled with ashes and numerous other articles.

M. Tardieu is an assistant editor on the *Echo National,* a new daily paper started by Georges Clemenceau.

Many thousands of clams were killed along the famous Pismo Beach in Southern California, by the cold weather recently, according to the fish and game commissioner of San Luis Obispo. Thousands of pelicans and sea birds swarmed the beach, feasting on the clams.

The "talking movie" has been developed in Japan, in that the part of every player in a screen play is taken by actors, placed in boxes on either side of the screen. These actors speak the parts of the characters as they would on the legitimate stage.

The "superphone" is a new invention which is said to assure absolute secrecy of communication and security from interruptions. One telephone line to which "superphones" are attached can be used for a number of conversations simultaneously and no pair of speakers can hear or interrupt another pair.

Nearly one-fourth of the land in Scotland has changed hands since the armistice, due to the changes in the owners' financial position brought about by the war.

The "grape cure" attracts many invalids to the vineyards of the Tuscany district of Italy. The day begins at 7 o'clock, with a breakfast of wholesome food and with grapes on which the dew is clinging. Grapes are served with each meal and the diet is carefully planned. The guests wander through the vineyards, eating the grapes and breathing deeply the sweet aromatic air. Plenty of exercise is essential to the "cure." Most of the invalids leave at the end of the vine harvest in robust health.

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Closing of Ocean Ports to Undesirables Brings About Evasions

ELLIS ISLAND officials sum up the first eight months under the Dillingham three per cent immigration law as follows:

Aliens admitted, desirable stocks: 28 per cent of legal quotas.

Aliens admitted, undesirable stocks: 102 per cent of legal quotas.

With four months remaining, the United Kingdom, the stock of which furnished the North American settlers during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, had furnished less than 30,000 of its authorized quota of 77,206 immigrants. The Anglo-Saxon is not swarming to the United States.

Germany, whose sturdy emigration following the Revolution of 1848 gave strength to the development of the Middle West, was represented by about 13,000, less than one-fifth of its authorized quota of 68,039.

The Scandinavian countries, emigration from which a generation ago gave stalwart citizenry to Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas, have furnished only a few more than their quotas which total 40,000.

But there are dark contrasts to this modest migration of northern European stocks, whose easy assimilability kept immigration from being a problem for two and one-half centuries. These contrasts come in the excessive immigration of the very type the Dillingham law was framed to minimize.

Countries whose nationals have not only exhausted but have exceeded the quotas under the Dillingham law include practically every southern European country and the one northern European country of Poland. In justice to the Poles, it should be said that genuine Polish immigration does not differ measurely from that of the Teutonic, Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian countries. Practically the entire emigration from Poland was Jewish. A parallel condition existed in Rumania, the government of which granted passports together with warnings that the emigrants would not be permitted to return if the United States did not suit them.

Other countries whose quotas were exceeded in the first eight months of the operation of the law include: Bulgaria, Greece, Jugo-Slavia, Portugal, Spain, Palestine, Syria and Turkey. Armenia was within a few dozen of its quota.

It may seem odd, but Palestine, smallest of the countries, is the land which furnishes the largest proportion of immigrants, figured on the law's percentages. Department of Labor reports on February 15 showed that Palestine had already got 370 per cent of her authorized quota past the Ellis Island gates.

Quantity Smaller, Quality Unchanged

CLOSE observers at Ellis Island say that the three per cent law has had the effect of reducing somewhat the *quantity* of immigration. But it has failed as a test of the *quality* of the aliens. Several defects in the law, some of them fundamental, have been discovered.

The most obvious of these, though probably not the most perilous, lies in the fact that the hard and fast percentages fixed by congressional enactment have not been obeyed. Americans, however, during these last few years of prohibition violations and tax law evasions, have been sadly disillusioned of the idea that the existence of a law implies its strict observance. In connection with alien restriction, it is no surprise to learn that approximately 2,500 exceptions have occurred.

Exceptions are inevitable as long as the human element and the political element remain in government. The human element is not proof against the sympathetic pull on the heartstrings. The political element is not proof against the insidious devices of those alien elements which constantly seek special privileges. An immigration official has said that there has never been a case at Ellis Island which did not possess its sympathetic side. The tearfulness of mothers exists with compelling sadness in the case of the dangerous criminal and the hopeless criminal. It is little wonder that the legal possibilities are stretched to the utmost on behalf of these cases. The unfortunate fact is that sympathy allowed sway in favor of the undesirable individual undermines the policy of the country as a whole.

In some measure, however, the first year's evasions of the law may be excused. An example is that of a family from Persia who arrived in San Francisco several months after the law had become effective. They had left their homes before the three per cent law was proposed, had traveled by caravan and on foot across Asia, and finally by slow steamships reached this country, where they intended to seek a livelihood by farming. They were without sufficient money to return to Persia. When they arrived, the small Persian quota was already exhausted. The Department of Labor, after determining that they were of industrious type unlikely to become public charges, wisely permitted their entrance.

Another example, somewhat more questionable, was resolved in the favor of immigrants, when a number of Armenian aliens arrived seeking entrance as Turks. The Turkish quota—used up incidentally largely by Armenians—was gone, so the aliens were admitted as nationals of that particular territory now known as Armenia, though they hailed from Turkey in Europe.

James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, at Christmas time released on bond over a thousand aliens who had arrived in excess of quotas for their countries. Some of the more hopeless of the Ellis Island officials have come to refer to the island as Bond Island, because of the number of inadmissible aliens who have been granted entrance to the United States on the filing of a bond. Seldom, indeed, does one of these immigrants suffer deportation at the expiration of the period named in the bond.

Some of the excesses over the quotas have been due to doubt as to the method of figuring the allowance for each national or to other questions of interpretation of the law. Such troubles are always incident to the enforcement of a new law and may be excused.

Another defect in the three per cent immigration law as it was originally enacted and recommended for renewal by the House of Representatives affords a great injustice to immigration department employes. It is responsible, too, for the racing by steamship companies to get their passengers into New York Harbor first. This defect is the failure to prescribe monthly quota, so determined as to prevent the great jam in the first months of the fiscal year, and almost complete idleness toward its close.

During the first five months of the operation of the Dillingham law, the rush of immigrants to get in the United States first practically exhausted the permissible immigration from such nationalities as were eager



(C) U. & U.

REPRESENTATIVE ALBERT JOHNSON,
Chairman House Committee on Immigration

for American privileges. Necessarily, the examination of the newly arrived immigrants was too hasty. But more unfortunate was the fact that it gave the Federal Government on the first of March an opportunity to put into practice a particularly costly piece of economy.

The Department of Labor, doubtless egged on by the scrimping of parsimonious Congressmen, caused furloughs without pay to be given a number of veteran immigration employes. Subordinates in government employ have been notably ill-paid for years. The majority of such employes are scarcely able to make their stipends constitute a living. A few weeks without pay is almost a tragedy. It is obvious that a government service with poor pay, and the hazard of weeks of idleness, is not attractive, and that the immigration employes furloughed will be on the lookout for other work. Once before, the grant by the government of furloughs without pay, resulted in the loss to the service of many valued men. There is no government service in which experience and training plays a more important part than in the dealing with aliens.

Remedies for Law's Flaws

ELLIS Island officials suggested that the renewal of the Dillingham law be made with an amendment, providing equal monthly quotas for the first 10 months, with the remaining two months to pick up the loose ends. Such an amendment would enable a slight reduction in the immigration force but would make it a year-round staff.

The provision in the Dillingham law permitting aliens to enter the United States after one year's residence in Canada, Mexico or other contiguous territory has occasioned much alarm among persons interested in conserving American citizenship. Secretary Davis felt so strongly on the matter that he went before the House Committee on Immigration during its hearings and denounced the situation which permitted what he denominated "bootlegging of aliens."

Representative Albert Johnson, chairman of the House Committee, believes that the extent of the evasion of American immigration restrictions through the crowding of aliens into contiguous North American countries has been exaggerated. He says, however, that the one-year proviso is a flaw. Members of the committee expect to correct this defect in the revised immigration code and permanent immigration bill, now almost ready for introduction into Congress.

This code and bill will be one of the most important pieces of legislation in a century. There is danger that the force of public opinion may not be exerted sufficiently to compel its speedy enactment. Real American public opinion is difficult to arouse and easy to lull into inaction. But it was sufficiently aroused a year ago to compel the enactment of some sort of an immigration law. The alien influences which for more than a score of years had contemptuously resisted and killed practically all restrictive legislation were easily overcome, and forced to rely on hamstringing the law rather than defeating it.

The enactment of the Dillingham law was due to the power of an aroused public. In all justice it must be said that, despite defects, the law has done immeasurable good. The danger is that the public will rest on its laurels and forget that the lessening of the current of undesirables is not enough. Alien elements whose presence will poison still further the entire American system, will seep in more slowly under the three per cent law but they will get into the country just the same. The progress of the disease may be slower but it will be none the less fatal.

The vital defect in the present immigration law is lack of a test of quality, with a provision permitting the exclusion of undesirable elements, solely because of their undesirability—a filtration of the immigrant stream.

It is a difficult task, facing great obstacles in law and diplomatic relations with other nations.

Nearly every member of Congress and all immigration officials have come to the realization that the alien problem in America is one of race and of race alone. But it is accepted that there can be no exclusion enacted into law with the mention of a race.

One of the saddest bits of humor in all the solemn majesty of American law is that embodied in the Chinese Exclusion Act and in the general belief in illegality of excluding any more assertive race. We see no incongruity in denying Chinese laborers entrance at a time when American labor cannot stand their competition. But who would dare to demand exclusion of Frenchmen if French chefs were threatening the existence of the American cooks, of Italians if Italian fruit-stand men threatened the American grocer, of English coal miners if the American miner was in danger, of Jews if the "American" pawnbrokers were having hard sledding!

Obstacles to Testing Aliens

INCONGRUOUS or not, it is accepted in American law that there can be no racial discrimination in legislation. Therefore, as much as possible of the racial restriction must be attained in another way.

Congressman Johnson set forth for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT some of the problems faced by his committee when it took up the preparation of an immigration code.

"There have been 10,000 suggestions for laws to meet the immigration crisis," he said. "All of them have the essence of a good idea. But none is puncture proof. There are insurmountable obstacles in the way of nearly every one.

"There has been much support for the idea of complete suspension of immigration. But it stands to reason that complete suspension is impossible, and nobody seriously desires it. Our tourists go to other countries; we must allow their tourists to come to ours; treaty rights, in fact, make it imperative. Then, too, our citizens have business in other countries which takes them weeks, sometimes months and years. We must give reciprocal privileges to the nationals of other countries. Then there comes the question of students, of artists, of scientists and scores of other classifications, each only slightly worthy of consideration than the one previous, but all uniting to make impossible the idea of complete suspension."

Mr. Johnson, in common with nearly all the experts on immigration, agrees that the undesirable aliens should be prevented from sailing, rather than deported after arrival.

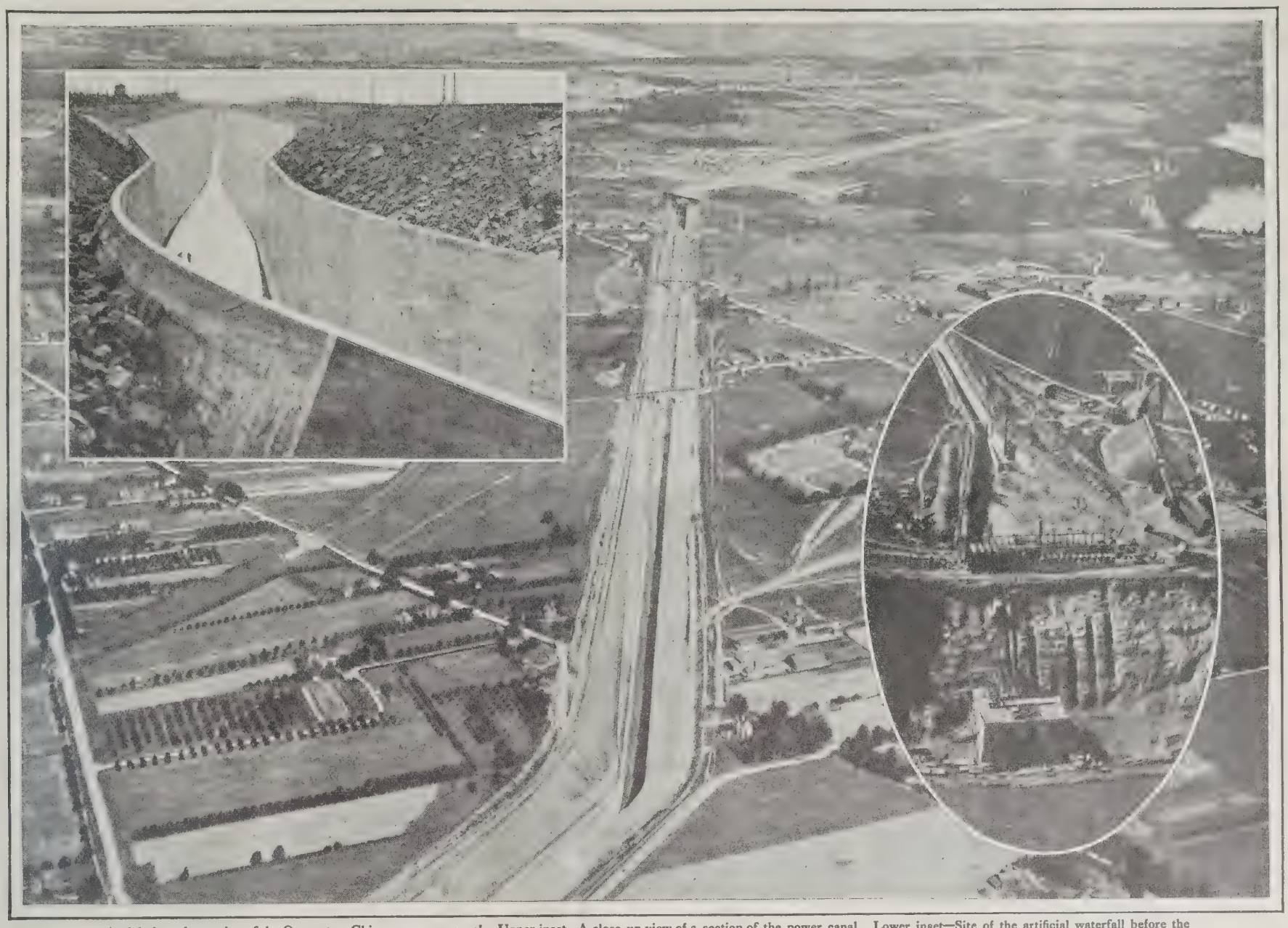
"But," he said, "the halting of an immigrant at the point of embarkation is a delicate problem. All governments are jealous of their prerogatives. European governments would be reluctant, to say the least, to permit us to establish inspection stations and espionage bureaus in Europe to test an immigrant's qualifications."

Delicate diplomatic problems are things Congress does not like to trifle with. As a matter of fact, however, it is probable European governments would exercise their common sense in consideration of the relations with American alien laws. In fact, the Italian Government after enactment of the Dillingham law took steps to prevent its nationals in excess of the quota requirements from sailing for this country. It is probable that, except for such European governments as have an undesirable populace they are desirous of getting rid of, there would be no diplomatic difficulty over any sensible provision for examining immigrants' qualifications at the point of embarkation.

It is probable, however, that the permanent immigration law when enacted will provide impliedly for qualitative restriction of aliens through regulations on viséing passports.

The United States consul in the chief city of a country will doubtless be charged with the duty of

(Concluded on page 13)



Aerial view of a section of the Queenston-Chippawa power canal. Upper inset—A close-up view of a section of the power canal. Lower inset—Site of the artificial waterfall before the water was turned on, with the power house at the foot of the falls.

Saturating a Commonwealth With Electricity

Niagara Made Twice as Mighty by Highly Kilowatted Citizens of Ontario

NATURE and man joined forces years ago to make the province of Ontario, Canada, the world's most highly electrified commonwealth. The effort was successful. But the residents of Ontario were not content. They took thought and then took action.

Their achievement has just become a fact. It consists merely in making Niagara Falls, the mightiest of Nature's vast possessions, twice as mighty as it was before.

Nature gave to the province of Ontario a half interest in this great industrial potentiality. Far-seeing, energetic Canadians seized upon it for development.

The result has been the literal electrification of the province. It is a province peopled, by the way, with residents of the same stock and habit of life as is Kansas, Nebraska, Indiana, Western New York, or any other rural community in the United States which has not been inundated by the immigrant swarms of recent years.

But while agricultural sections of the United States still live in the dim flickerings of the kerosene lamp age, Ontario from end to end, in farm and city alike, is agleam with electricity.

Better than one family of every three in Ontario uses electricity. One of every 10 persons in the province is a paying consumer of electricity furnished by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission. Eleven complete power systems are operated by the public alone. Electrically speaking, the Ontario kilowatt per capita is the highest in the world.

People have long since given up the attempt to marvel at developments of science and invention. Once upon a time, long ago, there was interval enough between the inventions of the printing press, the steam engine, the telegraph, the telephone and the sewing machine, for the human race to pause, to wonder, to gasp, to applaud, and even to build monuments to the persons credited with the great accomplishments. But during these recent decades, inventions and scientific achievements, automatons which do in an hour or so man's lifelong work, have appeared too frequently for man to do more than inquire the price. The ramifications of electric possibilities have become too many for consideration.

In Ontario, on a vast scale, electricity operates railroads; it also churns, bakes and does the family washing for Mrs. Hiram Smith, of Tilsonburg. Huge factories, employing thousands of men, owe their existence to the utilization of the water power; besides, Farmer Henry Jones, at Brownsville, saves time to cultivate his corn because electricity fills his silos and milks his cows.

But it is not in the variety of ways in which the power may be made useful that the average observer obtains his idea of electricity. Rather, it is the evidence which forces itself upon the senses. Therefore, it is Ontario as a well-lighted commonwealth that appeals to public imagination.

Ride through the province at night, on the train or over automobile roads, and your thoughts must dwell upon lighting. Everywhere the conviction is impelling that the province is years ahead of the rest of the world in development of its power possibilities. Little hamlets, which in another territory would be dark, are as well lighted as some of the great American cities. Street lights every 100 or 200 feet are not unusual.

Ontario is almost devoid of coal supply. That fact was largely instrumental in giving impetus to the movement for development of the water power, abundantly available in the great waterfall of Niagara. It is true that early development on the American side of the Falls was great. But the coal supply from the Pennsylvania fields was easy of access, and the need for water power was, therefore, not so pressing. The American development, too, met the usual handicap of excessive financial exploitation. A New York state legislative committee as late as 1918 reported that there was a generating company, a transmitting company and a distributing company, all with interlocking directorates, so that the ultimate consumer was compelled to pay dividends into three pockets. Naturally, the price of electricity to him could not be extraordinarily cheap.

Power development in Ontario was partially under private ownership and partially under public ownership, but the World War threw it practically all under government control. It has been under government control that the Queenston-Chippawa development has been carried out.

Canada is heavily endowed with water power, and Ontario is the richest province of all. It has been estimated that the total water powers of the world available for use approximate one hundred million horse power, of which only seventeen millions have been developed. Canada's share of the world's grand total is about twenty million horse power, one-fifth of the whole. Quebec and Ontario divide about twelve millions between them.

Development of water power on both American and Canadian sides of Niagara began during the last century. As early as 1853 an American corporation was formed with the design of building a canal and cutting shafts to permit the greatest possible use of power on water wheels. In 1883 the water power was first converted into electrical energy. Twelve years later advances in electrical science and improved turbines permitted for the first time the use of the full head of 210 feet from the top of the cliff at Niagara to the river below the Falls. Electricity had been used as motive power for street railways in Toronto in 1883. Five years later the first transmission of electric energy by water power in Canada occurred at Georgetown, Ontario, when 100 horse power was utilized in a paper mill.

Forty-three years of tremendously accelerating progress were punctuated by marvelous strides in electrical utilization, until the formal opening of the Queenston-Chippawa power development canal on December 28, 1921, a date which historians may be able to use in marking the passing of water-power development from the stage of haphazard individual effort to wholesale peak production.

Electricity saw the notable achievement of the installation in 1900 of a 200 horse power dynamo at Niagara, and only a few years later the casual recording of dynamos with 15,000 horse power and generators of 52,500 horse power. In 1891 the city of Ottawa was elated over the operation of electric cars in wintertime, but a few years later the transmission of power from the Falls to Windsor, 232 miles, occasioned only a passing notice.

It was only 15 years ago that the Ontario legislature took notice of power development and provided for the co-ordination of effort by passing the Power Commission Act. Under this measure, purchases, leases and developments have brought practically all Niagara power under the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, which sells the power to the municipalities at a cost equivalent to the cost at the source of supply plus transmission charges and proportionate shares of sinking fund and maintenance charges.

In 12 years the commission's activities have grown from one system of 4,000 horse power supplying 12 municipalities to 11 systems embracing 280 municipalities and distributing 350,000 horse power over a territory as large as England. Five hundred separate farms in various parts of the province and 5,000 other rural consumers at present receive power from the commission, but a comprehensive scheme of rural supply has been worked out and further extensions are expected.

Almost from the outset, the number of power users kept pace with the power development. Surveys of

(*Concluded on page 15*)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 23, April 1, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Busting the Bucket Shops

NEWSPAPERS and "stock exchanges" are carrying on a bitter war against the "bucket shops" and curb brokerages in which the common people are fleeced in stock speculation. Practically the only difference between a stock exchange and a bucket shop is in clientele, one being exclusive while the other invites the hoi polloi. The elements of the gambling are the same. There is this, perhaps, that may be said of the cheaper concern, that because of the opportunity more swindlers in proportion are bucket shopping, but the sheep are shorn in Wall Street by the same methods in both places. It makes little difference to an investor whether he is "sold out" or his deposit is stolen. The tiled floors of marble palaces in the financial district have seen more men end life with bullets than have the less pretentious establishments now under the ban.

Back of both stock exchange and bucket shop is a greater power than either, a power that holds the destinies of both in a grasp so tight that it is able to crush at any time. The same power has present control of the fate of legitimate business as well as of the speculative markets. *That power, through its ability to control the money volume, can rule or ruin as it pleases.*

In 1907 that power brought on a panic as suddenly and as unexpectedly as if a bolt had fallen from a clear sky. New York banks refused to honor the drafts from their country correspondents and the whole country was thrown into a turmoil. Wall Street went wild. Money commanded almost any rate. The power, represented by an international banking institution, held "the street" in suspense almost to the closing minute, then turned loose a stream of money it had obtained in ample time to have quieted business hours before.

The grip of that power has not lessened since 1907.

Government and Martyrs

GOVERNMENT never learns. The pendulum of national control may swing from absolutism to democracy, and governments may rise and fall, but each new generation of executives acquires almost instantly the colossal egotism of its predecessors.

All the experience of the ages and the simplest dictates of common sense seem powerless to save administrators from repeating the blunders of those who have gone before.

The recent sentence of Mahatma Gandhi, the Hindu non-co-operationist leader, to a six-year term in prison, is the latest example of the persistence of rulers in the belief that they can check the spread of political ideas by suppressing the leaders.

The imprisonment of Gandhi should be considered as quite aside from the justice of his cause. The movement for the freedom of India involves questions of racial antipathies, color consciousness, religious and caste hatreds, industrial exploitations, political self-determination, and perhaps most important of all the bitterness that springs from actual physical hunger of millions of persons. The Government of Great Britain believes that its paternal doling out of charity, religion, government, western education, military protection, improvements and what not, is a good thing for India. Much of India does not agree.

The wisdom of the arguments are unimportant. All arguments have been brushed aside by the exercise by the British Government of its power to place behind bars the exponent of a contrary political belief.

It matters not whether Gandhi's imprisonment was countenanced by the British cabinet, or the individual act of the inept and now discredited Indian régime, of whose selection the British Empire now repents. The British Raj will get the blame.

It has been the martyrdom of individuals which has given life to nearly all great political movements. Joan of Arc, burned at the stake, lighted the fire of nationality for France. "Bloody Mary's" executions rather than the divorces of Henry VIII gave to England its state religion. Robert Emmet's fiery words on condemnation to death and on the scaffold became Irish doctrine. John Brown's body moldering in the grave solidified abolition sentiment in the North and sounded the knell for slavery. Dwarfing but proving these individual cases, is the Christian religion, the surpassing proof of the futility of government repression.

Putting to death has gone out of style in present civilization, but prison still remains for government to utilize in martyring the individual and perpetuating his cause.

Credit: Straight and Mixed

IN THE bad, mad, foolish days of the "wet" era, the wiser were distinguished from the less wise drinkers by their preference in the matter of "straight" as against "mixed" poison. Psychoanalysts could probably trace the same tendencies in other things. Americans and Anglo-Saxons generally are much more partial to plain roast beef or corned beef and cabbage than to the "fancy" or "made" dishes prominent in the menu of the Latins.

Perhaps it is a sign of returning and spreading sanity that revolt is gathering against the Babylonish mixture of credits of two very different sorts as basis of our circulating medium. Take our Federal Reserve bank notes. Of what are they compounded? Section 16 of the Federal Reserve Act tells us:

> Federal Reserve notes are issued at the discretion of the Federal Reserve Board on the following collateral: notes, drafts, bills of exchange, or acceptances, or on gold or gold certificates.

Quite a wide discretion, it will be observed. Like national bank notes based on a single class of collateral, government bonds, these Federal Reserve bank notes are supposed to be issued on the credit of the issuing banks. As a matter of cold stern fact, it is not the credit of any one bank or group of banks that causes these notes to be everywhere current and receivable as "money." It is the credit—the honor and good faith—of the government of the United States of America; the confidence which the honesty and ability of that government commands universally. Without this credit back of every such note, precisely as it is back of every government bond, the notes would be valueless as medium of exchange—as "money." It is this government endorsement alone that makes them "money."

Why then confuse the nature of the credit that alone really counts by mixing it up with the credit of the banks—of private corporations run for the personal profit of the owners? Why should the constitutional prerogative of the United States Government to issue money be shared with these corporations? Why should the Federal Reserve Board be vested with the "discretion" mentioned in the section cited and amounting virtually to a transfer of sovereignty? Are the bankers above the Constitution?

This whole question might be brought to a head by an issue of real, straight and unmixed money based on the credit of the United States, or on a specific part of the productive wealth of the United States.

The forces controlled or influenced by the banks are clever enough to see that such an issue would be practical demonstration of the superior beneficence and practicality of straight money over mixed money; of honest over dishonest money. They realize that it would be the entering wedge for the full resumption by the government of its sovereignty; of its emancipation from the yoke of the "shent per shent" gentry?

Work and Worship

DURING a recent Sunday, on the invitation of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches, the pulpits of 25 churches in and around the Hub were occupied by as many labor leaders assigned by the Central Labor Union. It is now suggested that the ministers of these churches shall each on a certain day take the jobs of the workers.

This is an interesting variation on the idea of "exchange professorships" designed to promote better understanding, and consequently friendlier relationships, between various countries. Much of the trouble of our time may be traced to an illogical separation between labor and prayer; between practice and preaching. Let us have more of the spirit of worship in our work and a more constant translation of work into worship. In that way we shall be really doing something toward the world's redemption—the betterment of all humanity.

Let's Not Argue About It, Either

WHAT would happen if every member of the Senate and the House were to lose the use of his vocal cords for just one year?

Is there anyone who doubts that government would become less oppressive, that congressional acts as distinguished from congressional words would be wisely increased tenfold, and that the nation's full-lunged breath of relief would be 12 months long?

Congress has been proceeding cautiously for 133 years. It will not be accused of undue rashness if it decides now permanently to curb debate. The decision a few weeks ago to set a final limit on the discussion of the Four-Power Treaty in the Senate is one of the most hopeful signs the country has noted in years. Fear was present in the public mind that we were again to be watchers, perhaps even unwilling listeners, while the official debate dragged along through the months. The public has not yet forgotten the Lorimer case, the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, the League of Nations battle, and others in which arguments passed and repassed before the public in long-winded review.

Nobody, least of all the Congressmen, imagines that congressional debate affects a single vote on any question at issue. Congressional arguments, whether actually spoken or "extended in the *Congressional Record*," are for public consumption. But thanks be, Congressmen can send their speeches to the public, but they cannot make the public read them.

The Four-Power Treaty debate is typical of questions before the two Houses. Borah, Lodge, Reed, Underwood, Walsh, John Sharp Williams and perhaps two or three others gave voice to enlightening discussion of controversial points. Other speakers expressed the "me-too" rehash, the "administration views," the anti-administration vitriol, and the plain garden variety of buncombe.

The American is chiefly notable throughout the world as a man who, upon seeing the necessity of doing a thing, goes and does it. It is too bad that the American Congress, upon seeing the necessity of doing a thing, proceeds deliberately to the duty of saying it.

Let's have an era of fewer good words and more good deeds.

Worth Trying

A FEW years ago there was a considerable demand for universal training for military purposes. The demand failed, partially because of the opposition of those who did not believe in the principle and partially because of the cost.

Recently, the Burlington and the Great Northern, Hill railroads, instituted a policy which might well grow into a system of voluntary industrial physical training of incalculable benefit to the country.

For 10 minutes each day, employes are put through snappy calisthenics and physical training. Employes have come to look forward to the healthful relaxation. Company executives report that the few minutes subtracted from industrial routine have been compensated for by increased energy and ambition displayed in the work.

Physicians maintain that the steady grind of unvaried employment slows up the productive energy of the individual. It would seem that on this ground alone, industrial interests would try physical training.

A Lesson for the Employer?

THE country has become accustomed to paying double and triple for the installation of all railroad equipment. When the X. Y. Z. railroad laid a rail at the Cattle Run Siding back in 1873, the financing was by bond issue. The public through passenger and freight tariffs paid interest on this bond issue for 30 years, then the matured bond was paid for by money obtained from a new issue of bonds, and the public took up again the burden of paying interest. Meanwhile, wear and tear had several times caused the replacement of the old rail, and other bond and interest operations similar to the first were made necessary.

The conviction has been so general that all railroad financing has been by bond issues with attendant commissions to brokers and annual interest charges, that it is a pleasure to announce a replacement in railroad equipment, financed by the day-to-day receipts.

Mr. John J. Jones, dining car waiter on the Congressional Limited Express between New York and Washington, has installed a complete new set of brass buttons, paid for entirely out of operating revenues.

So extraordinary is the case of Mr. Jones that the railroad has published a booklet dealing with him. He has been in the dining car service for 35 years, 25 of which have been on the same train. Every night it has been his policy to remove the buttons and shine them up. Ultimately, the polishings wore all the shine off and he was compelled to replace them. The cost has been taken out of Mr. Jones' operating revenues from serving 300,000 patrons.

Mr. Ford's Page

WHATEVER has been done to make war more difficult for the governments, this still remains true, that not enough has been done. This is said in no sentimental sense: the meaning is that not enough of the obvious thing has been done, the thing which everybody sees is needing to be done.

Most of our war preventives proceed on the false theory that war is a matter of sudden gusts of bad temper, that the people of two or more nations become so inflamed against each other that they simply demand each other's blood, and that the governments are powerless to hold them back from the fight.

We have had a number of treaties made on that theory. The treaties provided that a year should elapse before a declaration of war could be legal, on the theory that any nation's temper would be likely to cool in a year. The treaties are all right; if anyone observes them they may prove useful some day. But they proceed on the wrong theory. Tempers will cool in a year, but plans for profit will become more perfect in a year.

War is not originally a matter of national bad temper. If we could only rid our minds of that idea, we should have a much clearer understanding of the problem. A war is always determined upon first; and after that, the national temper is aroused. The science of making a nation angry is well known to certain groups of gentlemen who control the printed page. It doesn't take very long to whip a nation into a rage, make it believe its honor has been attacked, that its existence is in danger, that it is the victim of another nation that has harbored unfriendly designs against it all the time. These things are done as expertly as a new style of straw hat is exploited.

Any government can curb the temper of its people by simply stopping the flow of the material that incites to bad temper. Every government has done it. There are international forces that sometimes creep in under the tent flap, so to speak, and arouse a storm when a government's back is turned, but ordinarily, the government can always control the temper of its people, and every government has. The people of the United States are no exceptions to this provocative use of propaganda for the sake of inciting violence.

The one certain way of stopping war between civilized nations is by cutting out all possible profit from war. If anyone has any doubt of the pertinence of that plan, just arrange to have it proposed, and observe what a storm of opposition it will meet!

More potent than peace treaties, more drastic than the sinking of navies and the demobilizing of armies, would be the simple act of providing that any future war shall be profitless.

Of course, the learned men who befog the public mind with words that mean nothing, might suggest that governments have no right to enter upon that matter. Yes they have! Governments that can conscript human lives, that can fix prices, that can saddle unborn generations with the grievous burdens imposed by the war usurers, can decree that hereafter war shall pay no dividends to anybody—profiteers or non-profiteers.

The proof of the potency of this plan to stop wars is the refusal of the dividend-takers to permit the governments to adopt it. If they want to stop war, why do they still fight for the retention of war profits? Why, if not that they want the profits that war always brings to those who know the financial game?

It is not too late to begin on the last war. Many things could yet be done to stop the horrible plan which enabled certain groups to make money out of the world's last great war tragedy.

For example: The United States could say to the nations, "You borrowed a lot of money from us. You borrowed a normal dollar. But since you borrowed, the dollar has shot up in value to such an extent that whereas the dollar you borrowed would buy nearly a dollar's worth of goods, the dollar you are paying back will buy about half as much, thus requiring you to work twice as hard to repay a debt that served you less."

That would be only neighborly. If John Smith borrowed a dollar to be repaid in potatoes, and at the time of the loan the dollar would buy two bushels of potatoes; would his creditor and neighbor, John Jones, compel him to pay two bushels of potatoes that had gone to a dollar a bushel? No. John Jones would say, "Smith, it will be taking twice as much out of you as you received. We're human beings, let's be square with each other."

Will the United States do that? Not that anyone can foresee. Why? Because the money interests would not permit the government to inform the people to that extent about the tricks and crimes of high finance. If the United States did that, immediately the people of this country would be given a glimpse of the whole money system that would horrify them by its unfairness and cruelty.

The proposal would be simply that the borrower should repay what he borrowed and no more, instead of twice as much, as he must now do. Isn't that fair? Yes, but it is not finance, and it would cheat the very groups that foresaw and planned just that very thing.

Well, if they won't do that, maybe the United States will say to the nations, "Pay up your debt, but never mind the interest." That would be human, too. We don't gouge our brother for the money we lend him when his child is sick—we don't take advantage of his emergency to charge him interest? Neither should it be done by the family of nations in a world emergency. "Pay back what you had, but never mind the interest."

But will we do it? Not that anyone knows, because, you see, that would be showing up the whole interest-taking system which is the heaviest part of the practice of war-profiteering. People think that the war profiteers were those who charged a little more for clothing or sugar or manufactured goods. No, these were small fry compared with the financiers who dealt in no commodity at all except the people's money, and had nations and governments for their customers in transactions under which the world still staggers. These are the profiteers of the last war, and all the wars, until war is given its last blow by the elimination of profit. Yet you never hear these groups denounced for profiteering. Which is very strange, since their profiteering still goes on, and will continue until the last drop of interest is wrung out of the world—unless—unless the world rises in its moral right and cuts the whole game short.

There is a great deal of talk about canceling war debts. If only the plain people of the nations could be benefited by that course, it might be considered. But cancellation would be principally for the benefit of the financiers.

If financiers are willing to cancel the war debts, why are they not willing to have the debts repaid on the basis of values as at the time of borrowing? Why are they not willing to forgive the interest? Surely, friends of the greater thing ought not to hesitate over these lesser things. But they do hesitate. And there is a reason.

It is not too late to inaugurate a policy with regard to the last war that will cut off the profiteers there; and by simple extension of the policy to the future, you would soon find that our money lords would lose interest in pitting nation against nation as the fighting cocks of a crowd of sporty bettors.

THE fatal blow at war will not be struck until the money profits of war are eliminated. Anything less is simply vain. If you doubt that profit is the war group's main interest in war, just observe the storm of protest which greets every proposal to abolish profit; just observe every government's fear to attack that phase of the problem. Propose that we forgive the interest on the war loans; propose that we require repayment of the war loans at the value of our credit when we granted the nations our credit—and see how far the proposal goes. They are willing to cancel the war debts, oh yes; because that would benefit finance. But the other proposals, which would benefit people, are not favored. Do you know the reason?

Where Work Is Legal Tender for an Education

University of Oregon's Doors Wide Open to Students Who Earn Own Way

By HARRY H. DUNN

THERE remains in the United States at least one university, large in area, full in equipment, properly prepared as to faculty, and well endowed, in which the work of the hands of the boy or the girl who comes to it is immediately accepted as legal tender for every educational service the institution can give. Two-thirds of all those who have entered this university since its founding nearly 50 years ago have earned their entire way through.

This educational institution is the University of Oregon, located at Eugene, at the head of the Willamette Valley, with the beautiful Willamette River flowing in a curve around one end of the campus, the stream of which one of the older poets wrote,

> "Time that scars us,
> Maims and mars us,
> Makes no track nor trace on thee,"

and the state of Oregon is seeking to make of this university a thing as permanent in educational life as is the winding river beside which the men of the '70's erected it on a capital of $50,000—all subscribed, but not all paid in. Knocking at its gates for entrance since the first commencement in 1878 have come rather more than 10,000 students, of whom 3,000 have graduated and received their degrees, according to the alumni records. Former students to the number of 7,000 did not complete the work for degrees, but dropped out during the first, second and third years. This is considered a high percentage of completions.

But the important factor, and the one which is of interest to all who contemplate undertaking a university course, is that, by actual and accurate records, *70 per cent of all these students made their own way,* with the work of their own hands, through every day of their stay at the University of Oregon, whether it was for one year or for four. This year there are 531 students at this university who get no money from home, who earn every cent their education is costing them. "Undeterred by empty pockets," says Professor Powers, "these students, through summer labor, and 'spare-time jobs' in winter, at Eugene, are buying their clothes and books and paying for their laundry and board, the only expenses at the University of Oregon, where tuition is free. No job is too humble or too difficult for these determined boys and girls. They support themselves doing a multitude of homely tasks, and study and toil are linked in close companionship, as they should be in every democracy."

The interesting figures previously quoted further show that of these working students, 127 are freshmen; 110, sophomores; 111, juniors; 88, seniors; 44, specials, and 42, graduate students. Working for an education is not confined to the boys, for of the 531 who are earning every cent of their way to an easier and more complete life, 127, or about 25 per cent, are women. In addition to these, there are 632 students—429 men and 203 women—who are partially self-supporting. This year's enrollment at the university is 2,010. The figures show, therefore, that 25 per cent of these students are entirely self-supporting, and approximately 30 per cent partially self-supporting.

The university is strongly predisposed toward the working student; to the president, the board of regents, and the faculty, willing labor is legal tender for all manner of educational services that they can render.

"The University of Oregon is maintained by all the people of all the state of Oregon, that the opportunities for a higher education may be open to every determined boy and girl in Oregon," says Dr. P. L. Campbell, president of the university. "There are two outstanding features to the maintenance of which the entire control and management of the university are dedicated: One is a high standard of scholarship; the other is an atmosphere of real, sincere and practical democracy. Tuition is free and expenses are low; in so far as it is humanly possible, these two conditions will be continued as they are."

Though Eugene is a city of only 12,000, remunerative work is plentiful for those who seek it as a foundation for their education through the furnishing of the money which that education costs.

The Oregon state legislature in 1872 established the University of Oregon, "having for its design"—the lawmakers said—"to provide instruction and complete education in all departments of science, literature, professional pursuits and general education." The "complete education" so generally predicated by the legislature, has been the outstanding mark of the university since its establishment. "Professional pursuits," also mentioned, have received increasing emphasis, until today 10 professional schools, besides the college of liberal arts, are contained in the university. These are the colleges of architecture and allied arts, business administration, education, journalism, law, medicine, music, physical education, sociology and the graduate school. The college of literature, science and the arts, containing 23 departments, has given, without any sacrifice of cultural values, professional direction in many courses, such as geology, chemistry, biology, zoology, botany, dramatic art, public speaking, household arts, military science, pre-medic and pre-engineering, and many others.

The history of the University of Oregon has been one of growth along somewhat unusual lines, largely directed by Dr. Campbell, the president for nearly 20 years, and still the president, who describes the development of the university as follows:



"The Pioneer," representing the spirit of those who followed the Oregon Trail westward. It stands on the campus of the University of Oregon, and is the work of A. Phinister Proctor.

"During the early years of the institution, the only high schools in the state were located in two or three of the larger cities, and it was necessary for the university to offer preparatory courses that students graduating from the schools in smaller towns might continue their work by coming directly to the university. As the high school system of the state developed, it became possible to discontinue the first year of the academic course; a little later, the second year was dropped; and, finally, in 1904, the academy was entirely abolished.

"A similar growth may be seen in the evolution of the present course of study. When the university first opened its doors in 1876, the work of the different courses was practically all required. After a few years, options were allowed in the choice of language groups and substitutions were permitted for some of the technical requirements. Later, a great number of possible combinations of required courses were offered, with a few elective hours. Then came the group system, with the work for the first two years required, and the greater portion of the last two years elective, except for a major elective requirement. In the year 1904-05, the university adopted practically a free elective system of undergraduate study, attempting by the requirement of a major subject, to which not more than a third of the required hours were to be given, to give definite direction to the work of each student, and encourage the high and intense scholarship for which a university should stand.

"Finally, the university has put itself in line with the most advanced educational practice by organizing its undergraduate work into the lower and the upper divisions. In the lower division, which comprises the work of the freshman and sophomore years, the aim is to have the student undertake such work as shall tend toward a broad, general culture, together with a solid foundation for his more advanced work. This is attempted by a group system of subjects. In the upper division, comprising the work of the junior and senior years, the student is required either to select a major subject, or to enroll in one of the professional schools of the university, for either of which he must have made the necessary preparation in the lower division. In the professional schools, the course will be largely or wholly prescribed, while the major department may demand not more than half the student's time for work in his special line, thus placing even more emphasis on intense scholarship during the years when such specialization may be most profitably attempted."

As in most western state universities, which have been, virtually since their establishment, the mainstays of education in their respective states, and have taken the places of the endowed private institutions of higher learning in the older and more densely populated eastern states, the University of Oregon has devoted special attention to its extension courses, believing that the advantages of the university should be forever at the command of all the people of the state, irrespective of their age or previous education.

"The modern state university," says President Campbell, "is coming to be regarded more and more as belonging to the people at large who support it, organized and administered to serve their higher educational interests. The University of Oregon recognizes that *it is responsible for far more than the instruction of the students who come to its immediate campus;* that its wider duty is to provide for the people of the state opportunities to acquire educational benefits from its faculty, and other repositories of organized information and instruction, and to communicate to them the truth discovered through research work and original investigation. The Extension Division holds itself out as the distributing agency for educational material, which the university has been able, so far, to organize for the use of the general public.

"This Extension Division is, further, the university's active representative throughout the state, serving in every way those who cannot attend educational institutions, stimulating and guiding them in their efforts to acquire a better education. Through some one or more of the several activities of the Extension Division, every person in the state may connect with the university."

One of the principal efforts of the University of Oregon in its attempt to be of assistance to the entire state, is the keeping of the high schools and the grammer schools supplied with competent teachers. At present, 277 teachers in the public schools of Oregon are graduates of the state university. This is believed to be a larger percentage of the entire number of public school teachers who are graduates of the state university than in any other state.

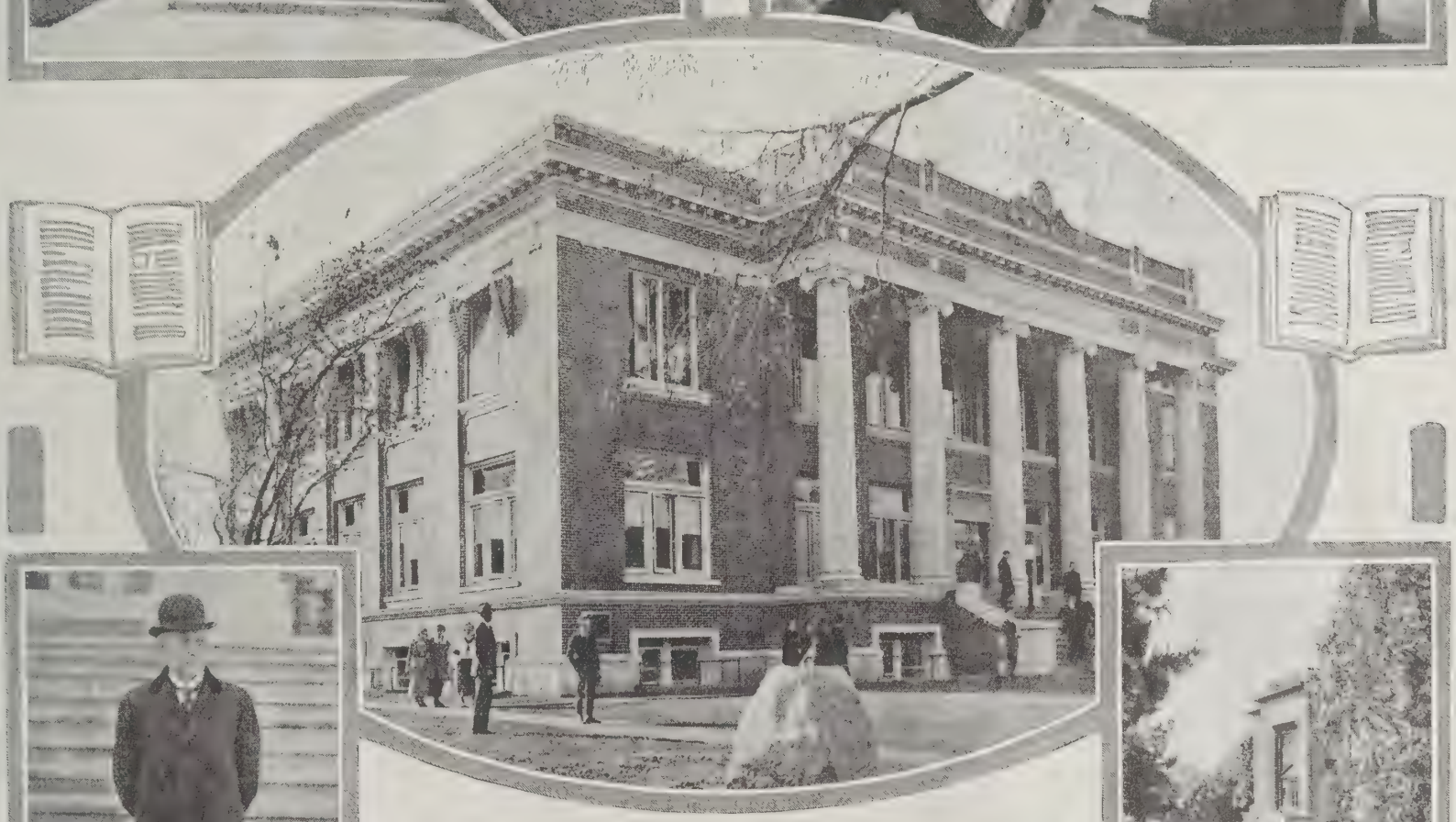
The teaching situation is surveyed every year by the university, and the 1921 survey showed that pedagogy is showing a yearly diminishing appeal to male graduates, only 66 of the 277 teachers, or less than 25 per cent, being men. These men are engaged largely in the administrative work of the public schools. The highest annual salary any one of these men receives is $4,450, and the next highest $4,100. Six receive $3,000 or more, while 24 receive from $2,000 to $2,750. Few men graduates are teaching in the high schools at less than $1,800 a year. Salaries of the women range lower—from $125 a month to $2,100 a year with a considerable number at the latter figure.

The uniformly low salaries are said to be the reason for the men graduates failing to enter teaching as a life work.

Democracy the Atmosphere of This University











Above, left—Villard Hall, University of Oregon, named in honor of Henry Villard, builder of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Above, right—The College of Law. Center—Johnson Hall, administration building, named for the first president of the University.



Above, left—Professor John Straub, dean of men and professor of Greek. Above, right—The campus of the University, showing the entrance to the library building. Center—Dr. P. L. Campbell. president of the University.

"I'll Let Them Wait Till They Sweat Blood"

Wall Street Finance Writes Last Chapter of Railroad Romance

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THERE is a railroad man who, west of the Hudson River, is regarded as the greatest expert in his line in the country. Newspapers value his opinions highly; an interview with him is considered important news. One day the great man arrived in New York in his special car, on business of decided urgency. It was of the highest importance—or so it seemed to him—that he should have an immediate conference with the financier of the railway system. When he arrived at the office in Nassau street, he was informed by the West Indian attendant that the financier was too busy to be seen that day. Again and again the railroad man called, but the financier was always "too busy to be seen." For hours daily, the great traffic expert sat on a long yellow bench, or wandered impatiently about the deserted board room, studying the huge map of the railroad system which hangs there, worrying about the problem that confronted it.

Daily the railroad man's nervous tension grew greater. Under his breath he cursed the important conferences that kept the financier so busy he could not confer on a matter of such importance to the road. On the twelfth day, the expert grew desperate. He walked to the private office of the financier, tapped on the door, opened it a trifle and peeped in. At the farther end, beside a window, the financier was lolling in a chair, in casual conversation with a friend.

"Pardon me," ventured the railroad man. "It's important, very important. I'll have to start back to Chicago by 3 o'clock this afternoon. My car's been made up. I've been waiting more than a week."

A Yiddish Phrase—What It Meant

THE financier swung about in his chair and glanced toward the speaker through his twinkling glasses. "Shut the door," he snapped. "Your salary goes on just the same."

The railroad expert shut the door and went back to Chicago, marveling at the strange ways of financiers with railroad men.

At another time, the head of a great railway system, whose arteries threaded the country from Chicago to the Gulf, traveled to Wall Street as fast as steam could bear him. He was one of the builders of the system, and chairman of its directorate. Several huge bond issues were coming due. They had to be met and the debt refunded. For months he had been corresponding with the road's banker, but without results.

The chairman called at the financier's white marble banking house in the financial district. He talked with the banker, pleaded, remonstrated, expostulated.

Finally, the financier mentioned a figure at which he would finance the requirements of the system.

The chairman started back, as though he had been struck in the face. "My God, sir," he exclaimed. "You are charging us 18 per cent for the money. That will ruin us."

The little financier shrugged his shoulders. All further conversation was useless.

The chairman walked unsteadily from the banking house, his mind bordering on distraction.

During this interview, there had been a visitor in the office. He now approached the financier, and asked him curiously: "Why don't you give those people the money? You're banker for their road. You've got to let 'em have it in the end."

The financier grinned. He replied deliberately: *"I'll let 'em wait till they sweat blood at the nose."* The phrase was spoken in Yiddish. The speaker placed thumb and forefinger to his nasal organ and tweaked it with an expressive gesture.

He did make them wait, and he made them sweat blood. The cost of his "financing" was so high, that a year or two later the great railway system went into a receivership and was dismembered. As usual, the public paid the bill.

The Banker and the Railroader

WALL Street bankers, as a rule—with the possible exception of an alien group—are agreeable and affable in business life. They are men of wide outlook, and entertaining experiences. *What is the cause of their contemptuous attitude toward the men who build and operate America's great transportation lines?* There is an element of psychology in the problem. The relation of the banker to the railroad man is something on a parity with that of the cat to the mouse, the spider to the fly. And many a small Wall Street banker has devoured a great railroad and a great railroad man.

At the present writing, various "protective committees" are clamoring in Wall Street for justice to the bond and stockholders of a certain railway property. The story of their efforts is involved in the greatest romance in American railroad history—and its greatest tragedy. It is the Odyssey of bold and capable men who did and dared the impossible. But in the hour and triumph of their achievement, the fruits of their work were torn from their hands by a Wall Street banking group.

One day two men met quite by accident in the lobby of the Holland House, New York, then the recognized rendezvous of the railroad men of the country. One of them had just arrived there from Denver the day before. He was tall and slim, of advanced age, but keen and agile, with a clear blue eye and cheeks highly colored by the winds of a mountain country.

Joseph Ramsey, Jr., then president of the Wabash, and first lieutenant of George J. Gould in the East, chanced across the westerner in the old Holland House lobby, and recognized him as Edward T. Jeffery, president of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. The men shook hands, and during the talk that ensued, the western railroad man confided to his eastern confrère that he had come to New York in the hope of interesting some capitalists in his property.

Some years before this, the Rio Grande had been spoken of contemptuously in Wall Street as "the streak of rust in the desert." But Jeffery had now built up the road until it wound itself like a spider's web over the face of Colorado. The railway had developed with the state, and distributed the products of its mines to the four quarters of the Union. Eastward, at Pueblo, it connected with the Missouri Pacific, and transported its traffic westward to Ogden, where, making a connection with the central division of the Southern Pacific, the freight was continued to California and the coast. Toward the South, it had an outlet at Galveston.

After discussing the prospects of the Rio Grande with Jeffery, Ramsey left the western railway man, but later chanced to mention the encounter to Gould, who, keen to acquaint himself with the situation in Colorado, said: "Bring him to see me."

Jeffery was introduced to Gould, who took an instant liking to him, and the two men have ever since been the closest of friends. Gould at this time was still attempting to carry into execution one of the gigantic railroad dreams of his father—the extension of the Missouri Pacific system westward to the Bay of San Francisco. The great Gould railroad was slowly creeping out toward the Rockies, and now extended a long, thin arm to Pueblo, while to the South, the Texas & Pacific was already at El Paso. There the two roads reached connections with the Southern Pacific.

Gould has a vigorous personality, snappy black eyes and an athletic frame. He had learned what fighting was in the East, where he had marched like a conqueror to Pittsburgh, in the face of powerful enemies and a thousand obstacles. Now he was to meet a dangerous rival, frail physically and in impaired health, it is true, but possessed of an indomitable will.

Edward H. Harriman was fated to set the American railway world in turmoil. This was not due so much to any especial combativeness on his part. But the sudden growth of American industry made a tremendous demand upon the country's transportation systems just when he was at the apex of his career, and he became the central figure in all the great contests.

What Gould was taking years to achieve, Harriman accomplished in a day. He gained possession of the Southern Pacific overnight, and made himself master of the whole California coast. In fact, in acquiring the Southern Pacific, Harriman had bottled Gould up in Colorado, blocking the westward progress of the Missouri Pacific, and putting an end to its business to and from California.

The Battle of the Giants

THE situation threatened disaster to the Gould system, and it was inevitable that Gould should hasten to build his own independent line to San Francisco, to relieve the tremendous traffic pressure toward the sunset.

Gould was the very man Edward T. Jeffery was eager to see. He warned him that Colorado, encircled on three sides by the rival systems of Harriman and Gould, was becoming the storm center of an impending clash. The man from Denver revealed the alarming fact that a quiet, secret movement toward consolidation had already begun among the Colorado lines, and that should the Rio Grande fall into unfriendly hands, Gould would be forever barred from penetrating the Rockies, since the Rio Grande commanded all the available passes, and the last chance would be lost to the Gould system of reaching the Pacific.

Gould was startled. He heeded the caution, and immediately bought control of the Denver & Rio Grande. But Jeffery, the far-sighted westerner, now placed before the railroad builder his vision of the future, of an independent line that should stretch across the sandy plains and creep through the mountains until it reached the waters of San Francisco Bay.

On the surface, all appeared to be amicable between the two railroad antagonists. Harriman became a member of Gould's Denver & Rio Grande. But he was secretly hostile to the line, and was bent on routing all the business that the central division of the Southern Pacific could stand via the Union Pacific system at Ogden.

Gould, on the other hand, was a director of Harriman's Union Pacific, but was now quietly planning to parallel the Southern Pacific division to the coast, and thus extricate himself from the coils that his rival was winding about him.

During those years, an old-fashioned, musty environment prevailed on the upper floors of the old Western Union Building, at 195 Broadway, where the Gould offices were located. They spoke of a traditional past. Rarely was anyone to be seen in the dreary halls, which were paved with large stone flags, colored inharmoniously, and arranged in hideous mosaics. Between the dark door frames, on small panes of ground glass, were the names of the Gould roads as they then existed.

Once in a long while some messenger boy slouched past, whistling, through those dismal passages, or from an unknown covert, an antiquated figure would crawl by, with an account book under his lean arm, bound for some hole where he had burrowed probably for the last quarter of a century.

What went on behind those closed and silent doors? The scenes were being set for the play that was to be staged in the mountains of Utah and California and the deserts of Nevada—the last of the great railroad contests to be fought out on American soil.

Jeffery had become Gould's most trusted associate, and in these offices the two men labored in secret, projecting the Western Pacific. One problem confronted them that seemed insurmountable. The Sierra Nevada Mountains were regarded as impassable. True, the central division of the Southern Pacific crossed the range at an elevation of 7,500 feet, with a maximum grade of more than 2¼ per cent, but that was considered the most advantageous pass, and a higher gradient would place the projected Western Pacific at a disadvantage, which would inevitably spell ultimate disaster for the enterprise.

Was it possible to discover a low-grade pass through the Sierras? Secretly Jeffery dispatched the chief engineer of the Rio Grande and a corps of his assistants to the mountain country to make surveys. Anxious months passed while the engineering experts traveled through the range, seeking an advantageous passage which would permit the construction of a railway line at reasonable cost.

Pass Through Mountains Found

ONE day the electrifying news reached the Gould offices that the men in the field had found the desired outlet through the mountains. They had gained a route through Beckwith Pass, through the right of way of a logging road, and by the canyons of the Feather River and its tributaries in the Sierras. It was found that the main line could be constructed here with a maximum gradient of one per cent; that is, a rise of 52 feet to the mile. The Western Pacific could pass the summit at an elevation of 5,000 feet, thus eliminating the necessity for snowsheds, and as a result of the easy grade, the new road would be able to haul as heavy a train over the summit of its line with one locomotive as the best of other existing lines could handle with three.

The Gould offices seethed with excitement at this intelligence. The chief difficulty had been removed, but another problem had yet to be solved. Could the projected road be made to pay? It would have to pass through hundreds of miles of as yet undeveloped territory. Was there enough traffic in sight to enable the new enterprise to be operated without a heavy loss?

Again, and as secretly as before, corps of engineers were sent into the field to project a line and make reports on the nature of the country through which it would pass.

The scouts came back with glowing accounts of the territory. They reported that along the contemplated line were great lumber, mining and cattle industries. Of timber alone, there were more than 100,000,000 carloads in the tributary country. Some of the most productive gold fields of California were in the traversed territory. From Sacramento to Oroville, the road could be made to run up one of the greatest fruit-growing sections of the country. Spring Garden, American, Indian, Mohawk and Sierra—these were but a few of the valleys waiting for a railroad to move their freight.

The reports of these investigations and preliminary surveys were accepted enthusiastically in the Gould camp as tokens pregnant of success. Harriman was evidently still unsuspecting, although rumors were persistent that warfare had broken out between him and Gould. These were denied positively. But subsequent events made it more difficult to maintain this fiction of amity. The truth could no longer be concealed. The Western Pacific Railway Company was incorporated. Jeffery, as president of the Denver & Rio Grande, at the annual meeting, made an official announcement, disclosing the plans by which the Rio Grande would seek an outlet to the coast, and describing the events already detailed, which had led to their undertaking.

The story was out. Gould's scheme was now matured. He suddenly resigned from the Union Pacific board, announcing that he did so because he was about to become the rival of Harriman in disputing the business of the Pacific Coast. It became known that Wall Street bankers had agreed to underwrite an issue of $50,000,000 bonds for the construction of the new trunk line.

Harriman Takes Up Gauntlet

HARRIMAN, not in the best of health, regarded this action and challenge of his more youthful opponent with concern. But his spirit was undaunted. He took up the gauntlet and resigned from the board of Gould's Denver & Rio Grande. He also struck the first blow. Gould's Denver road had a contract for through traffic with the Central Pacific and the Oregon Short Line. Harriman canceled this contract and virtually put an end to the movement westward of freight on the Gould system, and to its obtaining any further business from the coast.

It was urgent now for Gould to strike hard and strike quickly. By the abrogation of his traffic contract, Harriman had dealt a deadly blow to the Gould lines. Through the passes of the Alleghenies in West Virginia, at that time, from the mining regions of Western Maryland, crawled Gould trains, coal laden. From the forests of Michigan they ran into the roaring city of Pittsburgh. They dotted Iowa's corn belt and the wheat regions of Kansas, penetrating the valleys of Arkansas. They threaded a network of intricate lines through Louisiana and Texas, to Galveston and New Orleans, extending to the Mexican border at El

(Concluded on page 15)

Protecting the Nation's Forests Calls for Men of Skill

By OTTO L. ANDERSON



Lookout tower, forest officers on observation.

WE HAVE all seen movies of the great Northland where the hero mushes his way, with his faithful dog team, through innumerable obstacles. We have perhaps all placed ourselves in this hero's rôle, which means we all have the love of the great outdoors in our blood. This is particularly true of the younger generation. Before the mind has matured, every young American boy cherishes an inner desire to become a cowboy, yes—perhaps a brave bandit, a detective or other officer of the law, or a prodigal son in our large mysterious forests.

In connection with this ambition to become a forester he includes meeting the strange creatures of the wilderness and carrying large packs on his back, fighting forest fires, camping, trapping, hunting, canoeing and in general enjoying the free life of an outdoor man. It is only natural that the average boy should have these ambitions. It is the manhood in our boys coming to the front. It takes men to do these things and every one of them secretly wants to prove that he is a man. It is in this stage, while accounting only for the present, that our young men are apt to be misled. Better to wait until their minds are matured before the parents allow them to choose their profession. Then, with a broader view of life they may want to study law, medicine, or if they still cherish some childhood plan for life, let them go ahead with it.

Good foresters are not born, they are made. Forestry is the right profession for the right man. To qualify as a forester, with intentions of making forestry a profession, a man must first "have it in him."

Next, the technical side, requiring a university education, must be acquired. A man surviving these first and fundamental ordeals has yet to add experience to his list before he is a qualified forester. The experience should last about three years, most of this time to be spent in the forests, referred to as the "field." You can readily see that adopting forestry as a profession is, therefore, quite a task. It would be useless for a man, lacking the inclination for this work, to attempt to become a forester.

In contemplating what we are to derive from this life, I am sure you agree with me that before the lure of money, comes health and happiness. Fortunes are not made and lost in a day in protecting our forests. As one man put it: "You may say that no forester ever died wealthy." That does not mean that it is a struggling existence, however. Good salaries are paid to competent foresters. It affords a comfortable living and above all other inducements, it offers outdoor recreation, health and happiness.

Second only to agriculture, our forests are our greatest natural resource. In adopting forestry as a profession, therefore, the work of protecting our forests carries with it as much of a civil obligation as a means of a livelihood. A person must, as has been said, "have it in him."

Every spring hundreds of schoolboys, still in their teens, apply for admittance into the forestry service for the summer months. In hiring these boys it has been experienced that it is only their childish ambitions, still existing, crying for something big before they are ready for it. Ninety per cent of them view this life as a "snap," but soon after these man-sized tasks are placed on their youthful shoulders they realize their folly and are content at home. Of course, one must allow for exceptions to this rule. Frequently, boys are found who "have it in them" and make good foresters.

"Having it in him" means that he has more or less of an overdose of love for the great outdoors; a love for the wilderness and its solitary companionship. To qualify as an outdoor enthusiast he must also be a sportsman and realize the value of nature. He must be clear-minded enough to recognize that game, fish and forestry laws were made for his benefit and the benefit of future generations. He must also realize that it is a moral duty for him to apprehend any violators of nature's written and unwritten laws and if prosecution is not desired he should explain the situation to the offender in the right light. I am going to quote the creed of the Empire State Conservation Commission, of New York, by which every sportsman is asked to abide:

"I believe that God has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us as to us, and we have no right, by anything we do or neglect, to involve them in any unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them of the benefits which were in our power to bequeath."—*Ruskin.*

If a man, using this creed as a standard, can see that it is a civil duty to protect these gifts, rather than an obligation he owes to his employers, I think it is safe to say he "has it in him."

The technical side of forestry, as previously mentioned, is taught in the universities. After four years of study, a graduate is given the title of "Bachelor of Science in Forestry." The course explains the scientific side of this work, the study of plant and tree growth, insects and tree diseases, geology of soils, chemistry of natural substances, nature studies, general instruction in woodcraft, cruising, surveying and numerous other subjects which dovetail into a forester's life.

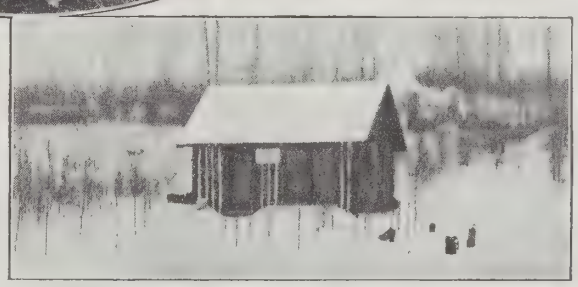
Of course, there are branches of forestry work that do not require a university education, but a person who intends to adopt forestry as a profession, should not neglect the technical side. Forest Service organizations also employ men stationed in the field who are known as rangers, patrolmen (forest guards) and also men used in such general forestry work as planting trees and fighting fires. To this list we must also add timber markers, lumberjacks, cruisers, scalers and timber surveyors and appraisers.



Patrol outfits about to separate to cover their "beats".



Forest officers entrenching ahead of a peat fire.



Ranger's cabin, Orr, Minnesota.

The Boy Scout creed is followed in picking men for ranger positions. To qualify for this work a man must be "physically strong, mentally awake and morally clean." Last, but not least, he must be a worker and have a pleasing personality, so as to create a favorable impression on the people with whom he comes in contact. We have found that public sentiment and cooperation are the greatest tools we have in protecting our forests. It is, therefore, highly desirable that the forester create a feeling of good fellowship toward the organization. Rangers are generally appointed as a promotion from patrolmen. A patrolman has the advantage of understudying the rangers' duties and at the same time obtaining actual experience. He is, therefore, capable of filling any vacancies that may occur. Some universities offer a four months' course to fit men for ranger positions, but if a man has the other qualifications for this work, an ordinary education is all that is necessary.

Here are some of the duties which a ranger is required to perform: He must take the proper precautions to prevent forest fires and extinguish them when they have started; act as the hand of the law when occasion requires; when ordered, he must make surveys of land, mark and scale timber, classify various types of soils and appraise large stands of timber; he must co-operate with all community organizations and procure their good will; he must keep a general lookout throughout his district for fire traps, including slash left by lumber companies, and dispose of these. Complete reports must be sent, from time to time, to headquarters keeping those in charge posted on his activities. He must post signs of warning throughout his territory. In general, he must know every person in his district so well that, in case of a large conflagration, he can procure the necessary help to extinguish it immediately. Here is a bit of verse that is more truth than poetry:

Recipe for a Ranger

First, get a big kettle and a fire that is hot,
And when everything's ready, throw into the pot,
A doctor, a miner, of lawyers a few,
Add one sheep herder and a cowboy or two.
Next add a surveyor, and right after that,
A man with some sense and a good diplomat;
At least one stone mason, then give it a stir,
And add to the mess one good carpenter.
A man who knows trees, and don't leave from the list
A telephone man and a fair botanist.
The next one that's added must be, that's a cinch,
The man who will stay when it comes to a pinch.
Add a man that will work and not stand and roar,
Who can do ten thousand things and then just a few more.
Now boil it up well and skim off the scum,
And a Ranger you'll find is the residuum.



Forest officers crossing lake on rafts.

Of course, the duties of a ranger vary according to the territory in which he is located, but, summing it up, he is the one man who must be a master of his craft and a "jack-of-all-trades." In all his duties a ranger is assisted by his patrolmen.

Each ranger has, as an average, three or four patrolmen who act as his assistants. To become a patrolman, a man having the physical qualifications must have a general knowledge of woods work and be a good worker. He must know how to run a section line, distinguish between various trees, draw rough maps while in the field, survey land and know how to attack and extinguish a fire should one occur. Most of his time is spent in the field going from one place to another educating the people of the danger of being careless with fires and how to take proper steps to extinguish them.

The patrolmen and rangers, as well as the other help employed in the field, form the nucleus of any Forest Service organization. The responsibility of protecting our forests rests on these men, but the technical foresters must not be omitted.

The technical forester, or the man who has adopted forestry as a profession, is the man who does the figuring. His education and experience make him an authority on all forestry matters. He is the man who plans all the field work and issues the instructions as to the proper way to carry it out. He is looked to for advice on all matters of importance and it is on this advice that the rangers and patrolmen act.

I have endeavored to explain the various positions which foresters hold, and their duties, but I have not told you what I think of "Forestry as a Profession."

Frequently we hear of men who dedicate their lives to one cause. Doctors frequently spend a lifetime studying a disease and its cures. So with a forester—a man who intends making forestry a lifetime profession dedicates himself to the protection of our forests. Every day he preaches the gospel of "Care and Carelessness." From his toil he derives a livelihood, but what other reward does he receive? As a profession it is perhaps the most healthy life there is and he has an inner satisfaction, unknown to the money-mad man, that he is serving civilization and nature. He enjoys the free life of an outdoor enthusiast. All branches of outdoor recreation are his—fishing, hunting, trapping and camping. He is a friend of our animals. His work earns for him the reputation of being an authority on our greatest asset—nature. What more could one ask? A life filled with happiness and contentment, enjoying at all times the good health that close contact with nature always brings.



Moose cooling itself, showing part of coniferous forest in background.

Banks' Fight Against Guernsey Pound Notes

Private Banking Institutions Show Jealousy of Island's Currency

By W. P. CROZIER

Note: The experiment by which the Isle of Guernsey avoided interest charges on public work, is here presented from another angle, the writer being a staff member of the Manchester *Guardian*. Previous articles may be found in issues of February 18 and 25.

IN GUERNSEY, one of the little Channel Islands, there are in circulation certain £1 notes. It would be a matter of no interest if these were only the usual English Treasury notes. But they are "States-Notes" of Guernsey, a native product, and date back from a century ago, when from 1816 to 1837 Guernsey made an experiment in currency of a startling kind and suddenly, under circumstances still partly unexplained, ceased to experiment. The States-Notes still circulating are the remnant of a much larger number issued during those 22 years. This experiment was directed to an end which many people and places have desired to reach. Guernsey aimed at raising money for capital expenditure *without paying interest on it* and thought that an easy and conclusive way had been found by the issue of States-Notes.

Of the States-Notes dating from the period of experiment (now known as the "old notes") the exact number still in circulation is 41,191. After the outbreak of war in 1914, War-Notes were issued and about £125,000 worth are in circulation. Their values are £1, 10s and 5s. There also are "Guernsey Notes." Guernsey has no definite gold reserve, as the States' balances fluctuate. Therefore, these notes are not based on gold. The ratable value of the island is the main security for the Guernsey Notes.

Guernsey is one of the little group of islands that lie off the French coast in the great bight that has Cherbourg at the north and Brest on the east. Geographically, they belong to France; they are rocks cut off from the French mainland by the seas that have swept away the intervening softer land. Originally, they were part of the Duchy of Normandy and are the last remnant of French soil that still remains to England. Their official language is still French and they have a French metal currency (though, of course, English coins circulate) and they have their own organs of government. Thus, Guernsey has its own Parliament—Etats or States—and in local matters it rules itself, subject to the control of the Privy Council in London.

War Brought Change in System

IT WAS the States which in the days of deep depression following the Napoleonic War devised the expedient of issuing their own notes to avoid raising a loan on which interest would have to be paid. In the Channel Islands, as over the whole of England at that time, trade languished, heavy capital expenditure was required and the canny islanders looked around to find a way of providing the money without taxing themselves. Their revenue was £3,000 a year, the interest on the existing debt and their ordinary expenses amounted to £2,390, so that only £610 was left for other expenditure of every sort. A memorandum drawn up by the bailiff of the island (who presides over the States) explains the disastrous condition of things at the end of the war which led to the decision to issue paper currency. He said:

"In this island, eminently favored by nature, nothing had been done by art or science toward the least improvement; nothing for the display or enjoyment of local beauties and advantages; not a road, not even an approach to town, where a horse and cart could pass abreast; the deep roads only four feet six inches wide, with a footway of two to three feet, from which nothing but the steep banks on each side could be seen, appeared solely calculated for drains to the waters, which running over them rendered them every year deeper and narrower. Not a vehicle, hardly a horse kept for hire; no four-wheeled carriage existed of any kind, and the traveler landing in a town of lofty houses, confined and miserably paved streets, from which he could only penetrate into the country by worse roads, left the island in haste and under the most unfavorable impressions.

Spirits' Duty Not Enough

"IN 1813 the sea, which had in former times swallowed up large tracts, threatened, from the defective state of its banks, to overflow a great extent of land. The sum required to avert the danger was estimated at more than £10,000, which the adjoining parishes subject to this charge were not in a condition to raise. The state of the finance was not more consolatory with a debt of £19,137, and, with an annual charge for interest and ordinary expenses of £2,390, the revenue of £3,000 left only £610 for unforeseen expenses and improvements.

"Thus, at the peace, this island found itself with little or no trade; little or no disposable revenue, no attractions for visitors, no inducement for the affluent to continue their abode, and no prospect of employment for the poor."

At first the only expedient that the unfortunate islanders could think of to repair their roads and embankments was to clap a duty on spirits consumed in the island. This went some way, but not very far. There arose the question of the Market House, a building that deserves to be famous in economic history, since, in the opinion of the Guernsey Islanders at least, it was built without any burden of interest on the capital sum which it cost. It was built, in a word, by States-Notes.

The market, like other things in Guernsey, was in a bad way. "Humanity," said a committee of the States, "cries out every Saturday against the crush which it is difficult to get out of; and every day of the week against the lack of shelter for the people who, after arriving wet or heated, remain exposed for whole hours to wind and rain, to the severity of cold and to the heat of the sun."

In the spring of 1816 the States rejected the first scheme presented to them for an issue of £1 notes—a very cautious scheme, for it provided that the States should not "under any pretext whatever" issue any more notes until the first modest issue of £6,000 had been called in and canceled. That meant that the advisers of the States knew well enough that if they multiplied their paper money recklessly and put more currency into circulation than the normal needs of the island justified they would pay for it in inflation and a rise in the price of commodities. Nevertheless, this idea of financing work by means of the printing press without payment of interest is highly attractive and easily lays hold of men's minds. On October 17, 1816, for the first time the Guernsey States decided to issue notes—4,000 £1 notes, the money to be used for the improvement of the island's roads.

Market House Is Erected

"IN THIS manner," they said, "without increasing the debt of the States we can easily succeed in finishing the work undertaken." Naturally, they found the plan too attractive to abandon. In April, 1817, with great financial caution, they applied the conventional method to the purchase of the site and buildings of the meat market. They borrowed £5,000 at four and one-half per cent interest. That meant an addition of £225 a year to the burden of interest on their national debt—no small item in a small community whose total revenue was only £3,000. So when, having acquired the market, they found that they must enlarge it and cover it in, they revolted from the antiquated idea of piling up interest-bearing loans, bethought themselves of their happy expedient in the previous October and plunged definitely into the issue of States-Notes. This time there was no nonsense about redeeming each issue before launching another. They issued £4,500 in £1 notes and decided to cancel them at the rate of £450 a year. The annual payments for the redemption were to be found thus:

Rents from 36 butchers' shops	£150
Spirit duty	300
	£450

At the end of 10 years they would have a clear income from the market of £150 a year. They would, it is true, have lost the interest which they would otherwise have gained on £450 a year. But had they made an ordinary loan they would have had to repay the £4,500 and interest, too. The Guernsey States stuck like glue to the idea that they were building themselves a fine market house without paying interest. A fine market house, indeed, it was—"one of the most convenient both for buyers and sellers, that can be found in any part of the world," as it is described.

The Guernsey States, which must by this time have thought the rest of the world simpletons by comparison with themselves, now proceeded at frequent intervals to issue more States-Notes. The city authorities, having raised capital without the obligation of interest, argued that by precisely the same means they might get rid of the interest-bearing debt which already weighed on them. So in 1820 and 1821 they issued notes and paid off large lumps of debt. The Finance Committee of the States explained the machinery cheerfully in these words:

"Respecting the floating debt, which consists of sums payable at times more or less distant, it would be easy to discharge it by £1 notes put into circulation as need requires. The extinction of the whole of the floating debt could thus be brought about without the necessity of new loans. If loans should be raised it would be necessary to provide for payment both of the principal and of the interest. If, on the contrary, recourse is had to £1 notes, the interest alone which would have been paid will suffice."

Notes Affect Exchange?

FROM the idea of debt redemption the States went on to reflect that in 1817 it had borrowed £5,000 at four and one-half per cent to buy the site and buildings of the market and that here also was a nice round sum of interest which there was no need to pay. The thing to do was to redeem it by States-Notes—"by this means the interest of £200 (really £225) a year will be saved, and applied, moreover, every year to withdraw from circulation £1 notes issued for the construction of the market." After this, notes were issued to build a college and schools, making street improvements, taking precautions against cholera and so on. In 20 years more than £80,000 had been authorized—an amount four times the size of the debt of the island at the end of the Napoleonic War. In 1837 there was £55,000 of notes "out" and one of the defenders of the currency declared that "the States, by having notes to the amount of £55,000 in circulation, effected a saving of £1,600 raised without causing a farthing's expense to any individual of the public generally, for not one could urge that he suffered a farthing's loss by it." And the *Gazette*, the journal of the island, said that the bailiff, Daniel de Lisle Brock, who was the ruling spirit in this financial policy, had "known, as a wise administrator, how to continue the means of effecting this great good without imposing the least tax or inconveniencing his fellow citizens." But was that really so? That is the question. At all events, this same *Gazette* is found protesting that the issues of States-Notes had "neither directly nor indirectly burdened commerce in any way nor contributed to the rise in exchange that is experienced." That is to say, the critics of the notes, who were now becoming vocal, were maintaining that the multiplication of them was adversely affecting prices in the island and the rate of exchange and that the inhabitants were paying just as certainly—though not so obviously—as though they were paying interest on national debt.

Private Banks Step In

THE experiment came to a sudden end in 1837. There were two reasons. Criticism of the unseen effects of the States currency had unquestionably begun and there was a minority in the States who attacked the majority for anticipating the revenues by earmarking them for the redemption of notes.

But also two private banks had entered the field. They were issuing notes of their own, were flooding the island with paper money and were actually demanding that the number of the States-Notes should be restricted.

Daniel de Lisle Brock complained indignantly that one of these two, the Commercial Bank, "appeared to have for its principal object the issue of paper money" and he grew very indignant over its claim that the States, being now only one of three note-issuing bodies, ought to issue only one-third of the total number of notes in circulation.

The States were summoned to protest and to demand that the issue of notes should be restricted to the number really required—so that the States clearly had the knowledge that when that limit was exceeded, the public, and the public interest, must suffer.

Brock very naturally wanted the issue of notes by the banks stopped altogether. He said:

"If there is one incontestable principle, it is that all matters relating to the current coin of any country have their source in the supreme prerogative, and that no one has the right to arrogate to himself the power of circulating a private coinage on which he imprints for his own profit an arbitrary value. If this is true for metal coins, still more so is it for paper money which in itself has no value whatever.

"Has not experience shown us the danger of private paper money? Can we have forgotten the disastrous period when payment of one hundred thousand one-pound notes put into circulation by two banks enjoying good credit was suddenly stopped?"

The States seemed to be in a fighting mood and appointed a committee to uphold the cause of their own notes.

But the banks, or the critics of their 20-year policy, were too powerful for them.

For the upshot was that they agreed with the banks to withdraw 15,000 of the £1 States-Notes at once, not to keep more than about 40,000 in circulation, and to abstain from all banking operations. The banks, it is true, gave them considerable compensations, but the States, to cancel their notes, had to contract loans for £15,000 at three per cent and so suffered, as they lamented, an annual loss of £450. It was the defeat of their policy of raising money without paying interest on it, though the 40,000 notes still remained in circulation.

Work Done Without Interest

THERE is no doubt that on the face of it the States got certain work done *without paying interest on loans* and at one time the fact was made much of in economic discussions in England. Of course, the sums involved are very small and the economic consequences very hard to trace. J. T. Harris, to whose book on the subject I am indebted for the facts of this article, has not found, after this lapse of time, that the Guernsey public paid indirectly the tax which it thought it had escaped, but Sidney Webb points out that a rise in prices of one-half penny in the shilling would have been equivalent to an interest charge of four per cent and that for all we know now such a rise did actually take place. Or, as he suggests, the Guernsey States may have paid for the material for their Market House by exporting metal and the notes may have filled the actual needs of the currency of the island and so, in the early stages of the experiment, have caused no inflation and rise in prices. Remembering that the States had issued at one time £90,000 in notes and that, toward the end of the experiment, their champions had to rebut the charge that commerce and the exchange had been adversely affected, we may perhaps conclude that while Guernsey got certain large works done without direct payment of interest, she was paying unconsciously as the debt of notes expanded and that the competition of the banks was only the final blow that drove her back to the payment of interest.

Bringing Religion to Knights of the Crosscut Saw

By CLARENCE N. COOK



THE REV. MR. DAVID T. CRUDEN

PROBABLY not many men during their life work have met with more thrilling adventures and yet remained unharmed, than has David Cruden. As a boy he spent hours poring over stories of adventure. While he read of deeds of men in the Far West and North, of the mounted police and the lumberjacks, he longed in his little home in Scotland for a glimpse of the great and unexplored territories with which the fictionists seemed so familiar. Years afterward, Fate led Cruden into many strange quarters and through hair-raising adventures. Attacked by a black bear and packs of timber wolves, caught in the midst of a log jam, surrounded in his home for three days by forest fire, Cruden came through unscathed.

But these have not been the things which have worried Cruden most. Four children have come to grace the Cruden household. The first, David, Jr., now 12 years old, was born in England; Harry, 10, claims Scotland as his birthplace; Clifton, eight, was born in McMillan, Michigan, and Adela, four, was born in Canada.

"When these four grow up and argue over the relative worth of their various birthplaces, I don't know how I shall settle the disputes," said Cruden. "Probably the same God will come to my aid who has carried me through many another perilous place." Thereupon hangs the story.

David Cruden decided early in life to be a minister. Then he was married and it was while finishing his theological studies in England that his first child was born. He returned to Scotland, later came to America and finally was assigned to the little town of Barwick, Ontario. He took his station up north, "where," he says, "the valleys are chock-full of silence and crystal air is bathed in pine scent." There, several weeks ago, the Rev. Mr. David T. Cruden finished six years' preaching the gospel to the lumberjacks.

His wasn't a white-collar job with a railing in front of the pulpit, a pipe organ and a choir. The Rev. Mr. Cruden would mount his dog sled, drive miles, pull into a lumber camp, unhitch, feed his huskies at the cook-shack door and deliver his sermon across a log.

"Sometimes at meals, when the men were all gathered around, we could have a little 'song fest,' or I might be allowed to deliver a short prayer, but out in that great open country, with God all around, those men had no time for a peg with clothes on it and a lot of fine words," he said.

"They were men and had no time for any one who was not one of them. A minister had to go out and rough it the same as the natives. He had to give and take. It was a continual battle against the elements as well as the devil.

"Out 60 miles past the edge of civilization a race of men have grown up who are honest and God-fearing," continued the minister. "It is part of the unwritten law of the timberlands to respect the rights and wishes of the other fellow. The men are boisterous, yes. They talk loudly, certainly. Swear? They do, but not many times, I believe, in the way that takes the name of the Lord in vain. The men I knew at the little town of Barwick were not a bad lot. In the phraseology of the country are expressive words that are condemned in polite society, but it is hard for me to believe that a sin was committed every time a man said 'damn.'"

Not all the work done in the lumber regions was actually in the camps themselves, for the minister had a church at Barwick. When he first went there he found no parsonage, just the church. For a while he lived at a hotel. Two hundred and fifty claimed Barwick as their home. The church was a schoolhouse on week days. Later, a house was given to him. Different camps near by donated the lumber, men came for one day to assist in the erection of the framework. The remainder of the building was done by the minister himself. He painted the outside, two shades of green, hiding it among the pines that stood in the yard.

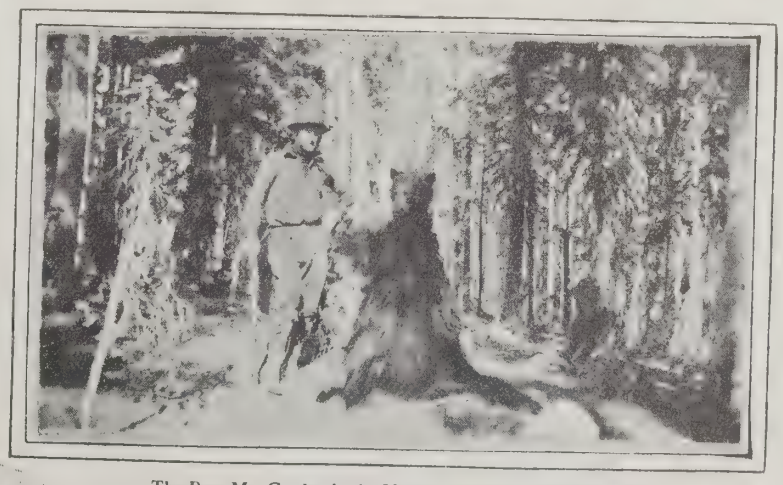
On the first New Year's night he spent in the Northland, the minister came driving across the hills and valleys on his return from assisting at a religious service some 40 miles from his home. The moon was down and the northern lights shone in the sky. His horse champed the bit in eagerness to be home, when suddenly ahead there appeared from behind a bush two balls of fire. It was the boldest of a large pack of timber wolves. The lantern on the dashboard of the cutter showed a dim form crouched, ready to spring when the sleigh drew near. A shot from a rifle killed the wolf. From then until morning the pack was kept at a distance by a large fire built of balsam branches and by glowing brands thrown at the animals when they ventured near.

Once, later, the minister was attacked by wolves, this time by a small pack, and the dogs he was driving that cold winter night saved him until he could build a fire.

Several times, while the Rev. Mr. Cruden was figuratively saving lives, both man and beast almost cost him his own. One day a lumberjack stopped at Cruden's home and asked whether the minister could be at a place on Little Rainy River which runs into Lake of the Woods, on a certain date, explaining that a man there wanted a wedding ceremony performed. The minister promised to be on hand. Two days before the ceremony was to take place the preacher loaded his dog sled and started on his journey of 70 miles through the bush. His only guide was a trail dimly marked on a piece of paper. A day and a half from home he discovered he was lost. He could tell the points on the compass, but was confused by a spot where the trail divided into what seemed to be three directions. Only two were marked on his paper. To decide which way he should go, he shook three sticks of different lengths in his cap and drew lots. He drew the wrong trail. A snowstorm that night obliterated his tracks, and for three days he floundered about in the woods before he found a camp and learned the way back home.

Meanwhile, the prospective husband had become angered at the nonappearance of the minister and started to seek revenge. At the Cruden home, the disappointed man rapped on the door with the butt of his revolver and demanded admittance when Mrs. Cruden opened the door. Forcing himself past her, he searched the house, threatening death to the minister at every turn.

Finally, he became convinced that Cruden was probably lost in the woods and so he decided to await word. The next day the minister drove up, tired, his huskies limping with sore feet from the journey. After a brief rest, he once more started out for the camp on Rainy River, this time with the husband-to-be for a guide.



The Rev. Mr. Cruden in the Northwoods and a bear he bagged.

Mrs. Cruden was with her husband one time and the two nearly met death when their horse overturned the sleigh. It was during the first freeze in the fall that they started one day for a trip down the river on the ice. They had traveled about 30 miles, when, on rounding a bend, they suddenly came upon a mother bear and a crippled cub.

On seeing the bear at close quarters and before the minister could fire his rifle, the horse bolted, overturned the cutter and fell down. Both Mr. and Mrs. Cruden were thrown to the ice. Growling, the mother bear started toward them. The minister was forced to shoot her, but he allowed the younger one to scamper off through the brush. The dead bear was thrown into the sleigh. Now its hide serves as a rug in the Cruden home.

"Would you like to return to that northern country?" the minister was asked as he sat in his study in the parsonage of the Quindaro Christian Church at Kansas City.

"Here in Kansas City," he replied, "I stand before a congregation—attentive, intelligent—and I couch my message in the best language at my command, but—

"Up in the woods I would drive miles to be at a logrolling. I would take a pike pole and go out on the booms and help the men to get the great triangular rafts to the banks where they could be anchored. It was necessary to balance on one log and push the one ahead to get the booms to shore. I cannot say that my religious messages were delivered to as many there as here, but—

"At the breaking of a log jam, I stood talking to one of the men. The topic of discussion happened to be that passage, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.' Thousands of logs had been caught among the rocks. A jam is loosened only by prying on the king logs that act as the keystone in an arch. A man far out in the jam freed the right log. The entire pile surged forward and bore down. The man in the river rose with the end of a log and went off into the icy water. He who stood at my side leaped into the surging timber; he bounded from log to log in that swirling mass of tree trunks and soon was at the unfortunate's side. It was a piece of bravery such as is seldom witnessed, even in stories. Men who can survive those perils of the North are brave. My work there was not so mild as here, but—

"Religion is more easily assimilated up in those pine-pillared halls of perfumed vastness. There the works of God are more easily seen, there is more room to look at them. Mountains, valleys, trees, and muskegs, all under one great canopy, are wonderful illustrations for the book we call the Bible. I glory in my work here, but—

"Spreading religion among the knights of the crosscut saw had a glory of a kind all its own. Yet, it had drawbacks. Conveniences were not many, so after a stay of six years, during all of which I was assisted by my wife, I found that we could not remain. After all, it is merely the spirit one possesses that shapes contentment. Keeping busy, results, and tasks incompleted are the requisites—and I have them all."

Huge War Stocks Go at 50 Cents on the Dollar

Billion and Half Worth of Surplus Materials Sacrificed by Government; Prices Not Disturbed by Sales and Consumers Reaped No Benefit

By FRANK J. BRUNNER

Former Washington Editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*

DOING a business of more than $1,000,000 a week, with total receipts of $852,814,462 to January 15, 1922, on material whose known cost was $1,590,852,352, the Director of Sales has reported to the War Department a recovery on cost of approximately 50 per cent. The aggregate receipts do not include sales reported to Congress in December, 1918, amounting to $123,245,239.

The sales have been of surplus war supplies of infinite variety released from time to time with a view to disturbing market conditions as slightly as practicable. This sales policy has apparently demonstrated the ability of business to absorb tremendous stocks of merchandise and material when available at sharp reduction from war-time values as represented in cost to the government. The selling is handled by army personnel almost exclusively. There is virtually no overhead for the sales organization except for fees paid to auctioneers. In fact, the biggest bargain opportunity ever offered American business has not been neglected nor have business men ignored the inducements for taking heavy stocks. It might be well said that business has in this instance performed a public service by distributing an immense quantity of goods to consumers. There has been a great deal of what could be termed practical patriotism in the absorption of surplus war stocks, which has allowed the government to take its losses and to retrieve something out of the welter of a world conflict. A study of the details of these sales, however, would scarcely attribute practical patriotism to a section of American business which caters to the individual needs through retail trade in necessities.

Wool Sale Not Reflected in Apparel

SOME significant facts along this line are available in the schedule of sales which have a direct influence on the "ultimate consumer." Take the disposal of wool, for example. It tops all the sales, with a total of $246,514,979, which is a recovery of 81 per cent of cost. Judging from the present clothing cost to the consumer, it would seem that this high percentage of recovery had not affected the wool market perceptibly. And from all parts of the country come complaints that much that is sold as wool is shoddy, with consequent pressure on Congress to enact an "honesty in fabrics" law. In textiles, exclusive of wool, sales have been $81,772,731, or a recovery of 66 per cent. In clothing, sales of $38,732,845 represented a 30 per cent recovery. In subsistence stores, canned meats, package goods, and so on, total sales amount to $60,873,221, or 38 per cent of cost. Now, in view of the small fraction of reduced retail prices to the consumer in household staples, it is evident that the government bargains so eagerly snapped up at high percentage of original cost have had little depressing effect on the necessities which enter into the cost of living.

At the service retail stores which sell surplus goods to officers and men of the army and their dependents, the total sales amounted to $37,785,485, which is 69 per cent of cost. This recovery, taken with those for wool, textiles and subsistence, indicates that there has been general resistance to pressure toward a decline in retail prices of the necessaries for existence. Clothing, because of the non-adaptability of army attire to the civilian, is eliminated from this group calculation, which thus would tend to establish the fact that 64 per cent of government cost has been paid by purchasers of stocks amounting to the stupendous figure of $424,990,512. These stocks were of goods conducive to the comfort and health of the individual, for which the government had paid $642,227,807.

Since the purchase price represents 64 per cent of the original cost, and retail prices in these commodities have shown no appreciable tendency to fall, it would seem that there was not a great deal of patriotic impulse, practical or otherwise, in the taking of these particular bargains. In fact, the suspicion comes naturally that these stocks were bid up with the intention of "stabilizing" the existing high levels in markets wherein these goods come into competition. One is disposed to grant that appearances suggest there was something akin to combination in restraint of reducing prices generally on household staples.

Did Not Reduce Cost of Shoes

RECOVERY on leather goods, the greater part shoes, again stresses resistance to general price reduction. Seventy-seven per cent of cost was recovered in sales of $8,496,656, the government taking a loss of less than $2,000,000 on this item. These shoes, be it remembered, are in the main suitable only for roughest wear, so that even the poorer paid workers have not availed much from these shoe "bargains," while the average man has availed nothing at all. The latter is still paying 70 per cent of the high mark of war time for his footwear.

But the real feast was served in the disposal of lands and buildings, and the United States Treasury was not overworked in accounting the nine per cent realized on the investment. Land and buildings sold by the War Department for which $239,071,763 of taxpayers' money had been paid is shown in the schedule to have brought $22,022,575. In addition, $6,370,075 was received under this heading for properties whose cost has never been ascertained. The real estate specialist (or should he be termed "realtor"?), therefore, had a pleasant time with a little money, and he has a pleasanter prospect before him of turning that little over many times in resales. The lumber dealers must also be a gratified lot, for they have had profitable picking. An instance was the sale of 1,200 buildings at a western camp to a wrecking concern for $251,000, or about $209 each for structures ranging in size from barracks accommodating 150 men to substantial administration offices that put many a county courthouse in the shade.

Land values have seemingly been "stabilized" only on the side of the individual purchaser who must live on the land, and he will pay as usual, while lumber prices mount higher and still higher and the high-grade second-hand stock from army camps and stations has not a bit of depressing weight on this rise. Building materials and utilities, new goods, have realized only 40 per cent on a cost of $12,620,802, which would indicate a favorable turnover on resales as new to the consumer. For hardware, the return was 35 per cent, with sales amounting to $3,454,116 and a cost of $9,797,459. Animals, too, have been at premium with 60 per cent return in sales of $22,059,627, as against a cost of $36,672,149.

In analyzing the chart of sales one cannot escape the significance of the high percentages of returns from purchases of great quantities of goods rated as necessities on the one hand, and the low return on new goods in condition to be sold as first hand, as also the meager income on realty, such as admits of parceling out in small subdivisions to a great number of individual purchasers. Is it footless to give credence to the suspicion that therein is shown a combined attitude in certain lines of business to maintain the high levels of war-time prices for as long a period as this pressure can be maintained?

Collusion Among Bidders

THE sale of the entire surplus of canned meats—corned beef, corned beef hash, roast beef and bacon—offers some confirmation of sharp practices among bidders. In this sale two Chicago concerns submitted exactly the same bid, $4,781,823, and two other Chicago concerns offered $4,482,559 and $4,303,840, respectively, while an Atlanta firm edged in between with a bid of $4,537,308. There is no evading the appearance of collusion here. However, an "understanding" was successfully defeated, because a Philadelphia company submitted a bid of $5,316,276, less expense of sale. This stock amounted to 119,000,000 pounds, so that the return per pound was a fraction above four cents. Canned meats, in large containers, never have had a wide sale in the United States, consequently the return may be considered fair. The government, moreover, did the purchaser a service of inestimable value in that the story of the offering of this stupendous supply was told in every city and town having a population of 2,500 or more and a daily newspaper. Public officials, chambers of commerce, civic and fraternal organizations were enlisted in the advertising of the sales, with the result that more than 80,000,000 pounds of canned meats were fed into marketable channels, where the value of the meats has now been firmly established and a steady demand created.

Tractors Bring Best Prices

OF MATERIALS consumed in manufactures, the return to the government on sales has been on the whole equitable; in fact, the disposal of certain material, such as brass cartridge cases and smokeless powder, was an example of good salesmanship coupled with a policy of fair distribution. For example, the initial sale of brass cartridge cases was made to three Connecticut firms at a percentage of the market price adjusted monthly. The government received 42½ per cent of the average market price for electrolytic copper, plus 19½ per cent of the average market price for prime western zinc for the month in which deliveries were made. The remaining surplus of nearly 15,000,000 pounds of brass cartridge cases was later allocated to nine firms at the same price and on the same terms as the sales to the Connecticut firms, a return which figured in excess of the highest bid rejected at the initial opening of bids in February, 1921. In disposing of 28,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder at one-half cent a pound, the purchaser bound himself to pay 60 per cent of the net return to him if this material was resold or reworked and sold for use as smokeless powder.

In terms of percentage of recovery on many materials, whose known cost was $1,590,852,352, the following will prove illuminating as an indication that wide-open markets exist in the United States which are ready to absorb goods at favorable prices:

Airplanes and equipment, 22; artillery and ammunition, 69; chemicals, acids, explosives, 90; electrical equipment, 58; ferrous metals, 21; non-ferrous metals, 47; fuels, 47; hardware, 35; lumber, 44; machinery and engineer equipment, 50; motors, miscellaneous vehicles, equipment, 15; non-metallic scrap, 3; office and household equipment, 54; oils, greases, and so on, 51; packing containers, 23; railway materials, 65; railway rolling stock, 87; ships, barges, floating equipment, 31; small arms and ammunition, 83; trench warfare materials, 42; tractors, 92; unclassified, 10.

Of materials listed as cost unknown the sales have reached a total of $77,140,849—the items in this list, each representing more than $1,000,000 in returns, being ferrous and non-ferrous metals, building materials and utilities, chemicals, acids and explosives, clothing and equipment, electrical equipment, land and buildings, lumber, machine tools, non-metallic scrap, textiles other than wool, and unclassified materials. Under pressure of the war emergency and hastily drawn contracts, it probably was unavoidable that actual cost could not be even estimated in many of these lines.

With utilities which the government could not operate in peace time, disposition was generally on favorable terms, as instanced in the equipment formerly operated by the Inland and Coastwise Waterways Service on the New York state barge canal. The sale at $1,000,000 of the entire equipment was on a deferred payment basis over a period of seven years, $275,000 to be paid by July 1, 1922, and the remainder in equal monthly installments, all deferred payments bearing interest at five per cent. The government also is protected by insurance of the vessels by the purchaser and by bonds to cover maintenance.

70,149 Motor Vehicles Disposed of

IN ADDITION to actual sales, army surplus material costing the government $209,620,147 had been transferred to other governmental departments up to September 30, 1921, when transfers ceased. Of this amount $138,290,529, or nearly 66 per cent, was transferred to the Department of Agriculture, all but $10,619 of which was without funds. The Navy Department and Marine Corps received $25,653,369 worth of material; the Post Office Department, $16,261,829; Interior Department, $15,407,361; Treasury Department, $10,294,557; Department of Commerce, $3,470,823, and Department of Labor, $44,053. Motor and miscellaneous vehicles transferred represented a cost of $118,264,808. The transfer of serviceable motor vehicles was required by law and only unserviceable cars not desired by other departments were offered to the public at auction sales. Fewer than 17,500 unserviceable vehicles, including trailers and bicycles, have been sold. More than 53,000 used motor vehicles have been transferred to other government departments, 36,561 of these to the Bureau of Public Roads in the Department of Agriculture, which is making good use of them in improving the highways and making back country farms more accessible. A total of 70,149 motor vehicles of all kinds has been disposed of by the War Department.

The amount of surplus property remaining in the possession of the War Department is estimated to represent a cost of approximately $160,000,000. At the present rate of sale of some $1,110,000 a week at 50 per cent of cost, the selling organization under the Director of Sales probably will continue to function for several years to come, for additional material is constantly being declared surplus, and it is likely that laws will be enacted requiring the disposal of material now held for use in a future emergency.

The War Department is speeding up on sales by public auction; a series of 11 during six weeks have just been held in different sections of the country from Ohio to California. The movement of goods is, therefore, constant and activity is promised to seekers after bargains for some time. It is only just to point out that the War Department has handled this enormous selling proposition with judgment and adherence to a policy of equity, and that it deserves to receive commendation for disposing of nearly $2,000,000,000 worth of surplus stock for $852,814,462 and for the distribution to other governmental agencies of transport and other equipment which cost more than $200,000,000.

Seek Camps as Sites for Parks

IN CONCLUSION, an incident which shows that historical sentiment is strong among the people will not be amiss. The Secretary of War reported to Congress a list of government-owned military reservations and coast defenses not considered necessary for present or future military purposes. There was an immediate descent on the Secretary of War by state and civic societies that desired to purchase sites of historic interest. It was necessary, to check the demands for sales to competing organizations, for the secretary to issue this public statement: "In disposing of this property the locality or community concerned will, in each case where practicable, be afforded an opportunity to secure the site, and special consideration will be given to the desires of the community where such property is of historical interest. Before the War Department can dispose of this real estate it will be necessary for Congress to enact legislation authorizing such disposal, and until such laws become effective the War Department can take no action in the matter of its disposal."

Civility—Gone for Good?

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

INCIVILITY, indifference, frivolity, and not infrequently outright lawlessness are today regarded by many as signs of independence, preferment and general superiority. These people, as a rule, are not only unwilling to observe the ordinary social properties, but also to concede to others those attentions and considerations they insist upon exacting for themselves.

In New York City, incivility has become so marked that a campaign to promote "Civility," is being conducted by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, which operates a line of motor buses.

On the top of each bus is a large sign bearing the one word, "Civility." Soon after it appeared passengers began to ask questions. A pamphlet is handed the questioner by the bus conductor, and this pamphlet explains the campaign.

In this literature many pertinent questions are asked, as:

"Have petty jealousies, partisanship, egoism, sectionalism, blinded us to that high plane of political thought and humanitarianism to which our forefathers ascended?

"In some of the more modern and progressive features of our educational system, may not some of the contributory causes be identified?

"Is the average child of today as respectful of his or her parents and elders as the child of 15 to 20 years ago?

"Is the elementary school boy or girl of today more rudely precocious, and the advanced student more stubbornly self-sufficient and self-opinionated than those of a decade or more ago? If so, why?

"Has the youth of today that same genuine, wholesome respect for age and gray hairs that the youth of a decade ago exhibited, or rather, practiced as a matter of course?

"Does the female of the species command from her contemporaries of the opposite sex those same chivalrous considerations and attentions that were bestowed upon her a few years back?

"Is there today a greater tendency toward emotionalism, toward that strangest of human maladies, hysteria, than there was 10 years ago?

"Has the average person developed greater self-indulgence in things physical, to the neglect of things mental and spiritual?"

To bring home more forcibly the fact that incivility is rampant, the coach company has taken from its records, instances of vilification and abuse of its conductors, by some of the riding public. These incidents, it is stated, exceptional as they may seem, occur often enough to be called common. Here are just a few:

"A young man, desiring to get off a bus at Fifth Avenue and 104th street, did not ring the bell soon enough to allow the driver to stop immediately at the corner; rather than jar all the other passengers and put unnecessary strain upon the bus, the driver stopped, approximately, 40 feet toward the middle of the block. Enraged, the youth turned about as he alighted and deliberately spat in the conductor's face. Two men among the passengers jumped off the bus, seized the youth and were about to administer the beating that he deserved, when an inspector of the company, who happened to be near, saved him from harm."

"A woman boarded a bus at 110th street, fished around for several minutes in her handbag, then offered the conductor a dirty, crumpled transfer four days old. The conductor politely called attention to the date on the transfer, and refused to accept it. The woman then kicked him in the shins so violently that he suffered from the effects for several days."

It would not seem possible that such things could occur in these days when civilization is supposed to be at its zenith. These incidents, however, the coach company declares, have been duly investigated and verified.

"A prominent business man, passing down Broadway in a bus, wanted to alight at Sixty-fifth street. He did not ring the bell until actually in the middle of that cross street. When he saw the bus passing his corner, he angrily struck the conductor on the jaw. The force of the blow knocked the conductor down and he fell behind the stairs. The company prosecuted the conductor's case vigorously; the business man went to the conductor's home and apologized, besides making other restitution."

"A woman wrote the company threatening to use a hat pin on every menial who presumed to touch her arm or glove in assisting her on or off the bus."

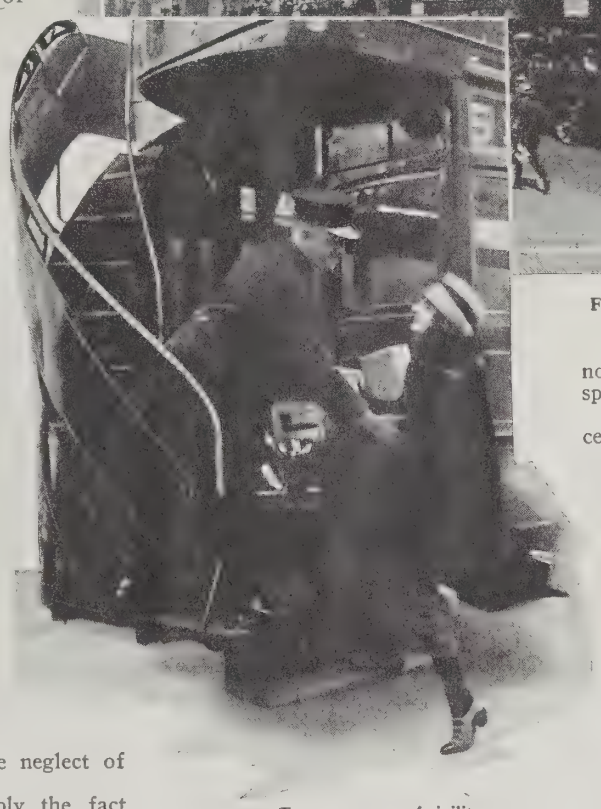
But the onus is not always on the patrons of the buses. While, perhaps, the majority of the operatives are courteous to the extreme, almost painfully so since the civility campaign began, there are many on whom wings have not as yet begun to sprout.



View on top of a bus. The conductor is saying, "Thank you."



Fifth Avenue, New York, showing "Civility" signs on buses.



Two exponents of civility.

"Complaint was received that one of our oldest conductors, a man noted for his courtesy even before the company started its civility campaign, had used indecent and insulting language when the young daughter of a prominent minister asked him a civil question. Investigation verified the complaint, but it also brought out the possibly mitigating fact (which to the author of this article seems no excuse at all), that this conductor had been abused by passengers no less than seven times that day, three of the attacks occurring on the same trip as that in which he turned, somewhat like a friendly dog, goaded gradually to madness, on the cultured, inoffensive girl."

But for pure, unmitigated "nerve," the following incident, contained in a recent report of a bus conductor, ought to be awarded a medal. The report reads:

"A lady, today, stopped the bus and, putting her foot on the step, leaned over and tied her shoe. Then, she thanked the conductor, and walked away."

The civility campaign has met with a wholesome response in some quarters of New York and even more noticeably in other cities where newspapers and periodicals have taken up the discussion. Organizations of varied character have modeled campaigns after that begun in New York. The pamphlets entitled, "To Promote Civility" have been sent to thousands of high schools and colleges, and distributed by the teachers among their pupils. Hundreds of letters have been received by the coach company praising its efforts, and promising the support of the writers in a nation-wide campaign.

The Fifth Avenue Coach Company is now offering $1,000 in prizes for the best essays on "Civility" in any of its varied forms.

The pamphlet on "Civility," in its closing paragraphs, makes this appeal:

"Much has been said, and is being said these days about 'reconstruction'; and greatest importance is attached to the necessity of reaching some common ground for the prompt adjustment of existing differences between labor and capital.

"But how are we going to adjust these differences satisfactorily before 'reconstructing' the individual? If we can bring about, through the teaching of civility, a more wholesome regard and respect for one another and the proprieties of so-called intercourse, would it not be a long step toward reaching a just and amicable adjustment of whatever differences may exist?

"How often have misunderstandings between labor and capital been due, on the one hand, to diffidence and disinclination of the men to approach employers because of a feeling of intellectual inferiority, little knowing the efficacy of good manners and politeness as a lubricant to smooth the course of such meetings; and, on the other hand, to absolute intolerance on the part of employers, with a display of ill manners and discourtesy which, in many cases, rather than being intentional, was due to embarrassment if not ignorance?

"When men come together, unbiased, unprejudiced and with a will to be fair, seldom do they fail to reach an agreement. If, through thinking of civility, we gain an increased respect for one another, we shall soon inculcate a feeling of greater trust, patience, tolerance and brotherhood by teaching others to 'try civility.'"

Bootlegging in Humans Across Our Borders

Concluded from page 2

viséing passports for that entire country. It will be his duty to cease issuance of passports for prospective immigrants, at the time the quota is exhausted. Unofficially, it is probable that he will be required to use his good sound discretion in determining to whom passports shall be issued.

Therefore, without provision of law, the consul will become a vastly important official. He will be the man to determine the time of the expiration of the quota of each nation. It seems reasonable to suppose that he can quietly minimize the percentage of extreme undesirables.

The probability that alien selection would become the province of the sound judgment of the consul has been growing. The first to sense its coming were those very elements which have resisted, most strongly, restrictive legislation of every character. These elements are determined to have a consul of their own selection in the great centers from which the European undesirables flow. It will lie with the administration to see that the American consular service is restricted to men jealous of American traditions, and free from alien influences.

The impracticability of general deportation is one of the obstacles faced in connection with the framing of a general immigration law. Secretary Davis has recommended the enactment of a law for the registration of all aliens in the country. He favors registration four times a year.

Various estimates give the number of aliens in the United States as between twelve and twenty millions. About six millions are naturalized.

"They must show me how a registration law may be effective before I support it," said Congressman Johnson. "It will require a huge force of men. Then there is the question of what we can do, if we discover large numbers of persons illegally in the country. The few hundreds we do find and order deported cause sufficient trouble. Before deportation, we must obtain the consent of the country to which we are sending the undesirable. If there is a doubt as to the residence the foreign country will not accept an undesirable.

"It is quite possible that a general registration would disclose thousands of aliens illegally in the country. What could we do with them? The foreign countries would probably not take them in wholesale numbers. Ellis Island would not hold them. We haven't jails enough in the country to keep them in."

Whether the registration law will be passed is doubtful.

Immigration committee members, however, are confident that ultimately in the slow process of congressional action, a permanent immigration law will be enacted, remedying the "alien bootlegging" from Canada and Mexico, clearing up doubtful interpretations of the law, providing a smaller and more regular immigration, and finally providing in some way for selective viséing of passports by United States consuls.



WILLIAM E. B. DU BOIS,

Negro educator, who asks the people of the nation to recognize the Negro, if he makes good.

Struggles of the Black Folk

Leader Tells What Must Be Done If Race Problem Is to Be Solved

By FRED L. HOLMES

"SOLUTION of the real Negro problem in the United States is to be determined by the attitude and ideals on the part of the American whites. Do they, or do they not, believe that there can be a great republic with citizens of various races, including the black race? If they so believe, and that policy and attitude becomes fixed and recognized, the Negro problem, though difficult, will find its solution."

William E. B. Du Bois, probably the recognized educational leader of the colored race since the death of Booker T. Washington, gave this as his opinion. He was born just after the close of the Civil War at Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and is of Negro and French descent. He was educated at Fisk University, Tennessee; at Harvard, where special honors were given to him, and at the University of Berlin, Germany. He has devoted his life to a study of the race problem. There have been days of discouragement; times of humiliation. The first real shock of his life came when he discovered that he was within the Veil.

"I remember well when the shadow swept across me," said Mr. Du Bois in recounting this experience. "I was a little thing, away up in the hills of New England, where the dark Housatonic winds between Hoosac and Taghkanick to the sea. In a wee wooden schoolhouse, something put it into the boys' and girls' heads to buy gorgeous visiting cards—10 cents a package—and exchange. The exchange was merry, till one girl, a tall newcomer, refused my card—refused it peremptorily, with a glance. Then it dawned upon me with a certain suddenness that I was different from the others; or like, mayhap, in heart and life and longing, but shut out from their world by a vast veil. I had thereafter no desire to tear down that veil, to creep through; I held all beyond it in common contempt, and lived above it in a region of blue sky and great wandering shadows. That sky was bluest when I could beat my mates at examination time, or beat them at a foot race. Alas, with the years all this fine contempt began to fade; for the worlds I longed for, and all their dazzling opportunities, were theirs, not mine. But they should not keep these prizes, I said; some, all, I would wrest from them. Just how I would do it I could never decide; by reading law, by healing the sick, by telling the wonderful tales that swam in my head—some way. With other black boys the strife was not so fiercely sunny; their youth shrank into tasteless sycophancy, or into silent hatred of the pale world about them and mocking distrust of everything white; or wasted itself in a bitter cry, Why did God make me an outcast and a stranger in mine own house? The shades of the prison house closed about us all; walls straight and stubborn to the whitest, but relentlessly narrow, tall and unscaleable to sons of night who must plod darkly on in resignation, or beat unavailing palms against the stone, or steadily, half hopelessly, watch the streak of blue above."

Surprising Advance in Thrift

IN CONSIDERING the Negro problem there are two viewpoints. First, there are those who believe that the emancipation of the Negro, the giving to him of equal rights and equal opportunities depend on what the Negro can accomplish. The second group takes the position that it doesn't make any difference what the race may accomplish, there are and must always be a part of the great race of mankind, "who are going to be dominated by the white races, if not forever, at least for an indefinite length of time." It was to get his attitude as a leader of his race that I interviewed Mr. Du Bois.

"How can the Negro problem be solved?" I asked.

"It is unsolvable except in two ways," replied Mr. Du Bois. "First, the separation or the subjugation of the black race to a place of permanent servitude.

"Second, the judging of a race and a people on the merits of their accomplishments. If the people of the United States admit, and the major part of them do, that if you have intelligent and efficient human beings, a republic can be established despite the fact that some of these beings are of African descent and others of Spanish descent, then there comes the world-wide problem of how you are going to make efficient citizens of that part of the population which is poor, and ignorant, and disadvantaged in many ways because of their past history and present surroundings. This is a difficult problem, but no more difficult than the same problem with regard to other groups of mankind.

"The Negroes of the United States, for instance, are ignorant as a race, but they are not so ignorant as the people of some European countries. They are poor, but a generation removed from slavery would naturally be poverty-stricken. But the advance and savings in thrift and accumulation of property among the American Negroes in the last 25 years has been one of the astonishing records in modern days, and it has been accomplished in the face of peonage and discrimination.

"The question of general social efficiency is largely a matter of experience and contact. In the last 20 years I have visited every state in the Union and I suppose there isn't a single large group of Negroes that I have not met. Of course, sometimes, casually and for only a few hours, in other cases with long residence and intimate acquaintance. During the same time I have known, fairly well, groups of white people throughout the United States and in England, France and Germany. I have not in my mind the slightest doubt but that the advance in efficiency in the knowledge and conception of modern civilized life has been as great, if not greater, among American Negroes, than among any other group that I know of, and I do not see any reason why they should not in time become the equals of modern men.

He Realizes Problem Is Difficult

"THE Negroes have had the right to vote and have exercised it in some parts of the United States for more than a generation. They have in that time made all the mistakes of new voters, and yet, on the whole, it has been possible to count them with the supporters of the government. There is no reason to doubt that the granting to American Negroes of their franchise, hedged about by restrictions as to illiteracy and perhaps other things that are applied to other citizens, they could easily become reliable and efficient American citizens.

"I do not mean to say, by any means, that these problems of poverty and intelligence and voting and social efficiency in general, with the necessary problems of crime that always come among poor and ignorant people, are not difficult problems. I do not mean to say, that they are going to be settled in a short time, but I do say that they are no more difficult than among groups of other people in the world, similarly poor and ignorant, and that the difficulty with the United States is that instead of attacking these problems with determination and good faith, it has continually hesitated and halted, because of the first problem I expressed, namely, the question as to whether they wanted, or would accept, efficient black citizens under any circumstances."

Education Denied Them, He Asserts

"WHAT can be done to solve the Negro problem? What should the government do? Should Negroes have the right to vote? What is your program?" were among the questions I asked Mr. Du Bois.

"If we assume that the people of the United States are going to accept the Negro as a citizen, provided he comes up to the average efficiency of the citizen, then there are three main policies that must be carried out and we must begin with them immediately," he responded.

"First, as to education. We have had a great deal of discussion as to the kind of education the Negro should have, forgetting the fact that in the meantime, as a race, they aren't getting any education. It has been shown by recent government reports that the white child of the United States is having between $10 and $12 a year spent on him in the public common schools. This is an inadequate sum, but it is munificent compared with the amount that is spent on the Negro child, which is an average of $2.50. This means that tens of thousands of white children and hundreds of thousands of Negro children are growing up without an education.

"What is needed, then, is national aid to common-school training distributed among the states equal to the size of our illiterate population. This the Stirling-Towner bill in Congress provides for. Unfortunately, this bill does not provide that the national funds shall be distributed equally between all children of school age, but permits the southern authorities to discriminate as much as they please in favor of the white child against the Negro child. This bill in its present form, instead of removing ignorance, would perpetuate it among the least efficient group, and in many ways would accentuate the race problems of the South. What is needed is national aid in common school education without race and class discrimination.

"The next step is one toward the elimination of poverty among Negroes and this should begin by enforcing the Thirteenth Amendment. Most Americans do not realize that of the 8,000,000 Negroes of the South, at least a third of them are held in practical slavery on the large plantations, and this is not an exaggeration. It is silly to preach to the Negro that he should stay on the farm, when staying on the farm means practical slavery and perpetual poverty. What is needed is a campaign on the part of the United States and state authorities to break up the system of peonage.

"Outside of peonage, there has been a determined effort on the part of employers to build up in the South competing groups, black and white, which could be depended upon by their competition to keep wages down. The white working man in the South is afraid to make demands lest he be displaced by cheap Negro workers, who on the other hand find the only way to make bread and butter is by underbidding their white competitors. The result is the intensity of race feeling, the determination of the white laborer to keep the black man from voting and the increase of lynching and mob violence.

Would Abolish Borough System

"THIS situation can only be cured by action on the part of white unions recognizing black men as fellow workers, entitled to just or equal wages and a realization on the part of the American Negroes of the meaning of the modern labor movement.

"With regard to voting, immediate steps should be taken to establish a democratic government in the United States by uprooting the present borough system. Today the basis of representation in the United States depends upon its population, white and black, but with the black men in the south deprived in most cases of the right to vote, the white men come to the polls with anywhere from two to five ballots in their hand as compared with a northern voter. The result is that the political power of the South is equally and dangerously over-emphasized in the council of the nation. The part of the nation where lynching and mob violence is most; where homicide is most frequent; where illiteracy is greatest; where the protection of women and children is smallest; which, in fact, by every measurement of modern civilization, is most backward; this part of the United States has an overwhelming influence in the national council.

"This situation can only be cured by insisting that the laws as to voting be carried out equally with regard to all citizens. If the South wishes to restrict voting to those who can read and write; or if it wishes even to go further and put other restrictions on the ballot, they have the right to do so. After that, they should be compelled to carry out their laws without discrimination among all the citizens. This would give the Negro a voice in the taxation of his property, in the education of his children, in the passage of laws which he has to obey and in the policies of the state and national government.

"The practical steps for accomplishing this would not be difficult. It could easily be arranged to carry out the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment and to cut down the ratio of any state which persistently disfranchised a group of its citizens. If the state wishes to go on with its representation cut down, at least its power for harm and prejudices would be curtailed. No state would submit to this. It would want its full power and it could only get it by giving every citizen a right to vote."

Pleads for Their Recognition

FROM city to city; from educational institutions to state universities, and from state to state, Mr. Du Bois is traveling, delivering his message and asking for greater opportunities of development and recognition for the American Negro. He is the editor of a little magazine, *The Crisis*, that is voicing this reform. He is the member of a national organization for The Advancement of the Colored Races that is preaching these doctrines. Since the death of Booker T. Washington he probably is the most effective force in the fight for reforms in behalf of the colored people.

Through the publication of his book, "The Souls of the Black Folk," by his novels, "Quest of the Silver Fleece" and "Dark Water" he is waging his battle for recognition; attempting to stir a lethargic public opinion.

"Surely there shall yet dawn some mighty morning to lift the Veil and let the prisoned free," he mused as he rehearsed to me the story of the struggle. "Not for me—I shall die in my bonds—but for the fresh young souls that have not known the night and waken to the morning; a morning when men ask of the workman, not 'Is he white?' but 'Can he work?' When men ask artists, not 'Are they black?' but 'Do they know?' Some morning this may be, long, long years to come. But now there wails on that dark shore within the Veil, the same deep voice, 'Thou shalt forego!'"

"I'll Wait Till They Sweat Blood"

Concluded from page 8

Paso. They dominated the cotton belt west of the Mississippi River. Gould trains crossed the Rockies, passed through the scenic country of Colorado and rose into the mining camps of Utah. Now an embargo, as grim and relentless as a Chinese wall, had been placed on all this traffic westward.

The situation spelled disaster for the Gould lines unless the railroad builder hastened with the construction of his new road to the coast. Harriman had the advantage of the three years which this enterprise would take for its completion. Haste, haste was incumbent upon Gould to relieve the pressure westward experienced by the Missouri Pacific system and its kindred and affiliated lines; haste, before further obstacles could be placed in his path, before Harriman had monopolized all the business of California. The Western Pacific must be built on record time.

And Gould had a terrible problem before him. A desert and two mountain ranges had to be crossed to carry his 1,000-mile road to its goal.

Jeffery, now Gould's lieutenant in the West, went to Utah, and along the southern shore of Great Salt Lake he began his stupendous task of constructing the western end of the Gould system. He was now the president of the Western Pacific, and one of the leading engineers of the country, Virgil G. Bogue, had been made the company's vice-president. These two men struck out for Wells; Nevada, across the Great American Desert. The laying of rails in the desert spelled great hardship for the workmen, owing to the lack of water, although a 40-mile pipe line had been laid from springs in the mountains and pumping stations had been established along the course of the projected line.

Jeffery and his engineer then crossed the lines of the Central Pacific, and reaching Winnemucca, they struck due west. Now began the work of facing the Sierras. The man who had built the Denver road gathered his forces to blast his way through the tremendous walls of rock that barred his passage. Predictions were made that the Western Pacific would never work its way through the mountains, that its resources would give out and the enterprise would die of exhaustion in Nevada, probably to be taken up in later years by other hands.

But while Gould's lieutenant was walled up in the mountain passes, surveying parties descended from the coast ranges of California to obtain the right of ways for the road. Here they were met by the corps of Harriman. Guards held the roadways, crossings and water courses, defending Harriman's California empire against the invaders from Nevada. Filled with the spirit of the free West, the opposing bands armed themselves and peppered one another with shot.

This militant opposition was organized to delay the building of the main line while the opponents of the enterprise had recourse to the courts, for the Southern Pacific made a move that apparently prohibited the Western Pacific from gaining an entrance into San Francisco. Its representatives went to the Circuit Court with a claim to a section of land on the Bay of San Francisco at Oakland, and the judge decided in their favor. This legal victory gave further rise to prophecies of the impending collapse of the Western Pacific project.

Along the banks of Oakland Creek the disputed land was fought for by opposing cohorts. Camps of the rival companies presented the appearance of army outposts. Armed men picketed the territory, while launches fitted with searchlights guarded the creek. Undaunted by efforts of the Southern Pacific interests to prevent the new road from obtaining a terminal for its tracks, workmen of the latter continued to lay tracks to the contested strip. With loaded rifles, they guarded the ties and rails already put in place.

Haste, haste, was still the Gould motto. Time pressed. The Harriman forces were gaining a firmer and firmer hold on the traffic of California and the trade of the Orient. The Gould lines were suffering sorely. Every known means of effort, and material of the latest design were employed to speed the work. Money was poured out in expenditures at the rate of $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 a month. The West was scoured for workmen. Seven thousand of them were employed on the line between Salt Lake and San Francisco, and nearly 3,000 of that number were working on the stretch from Oroville up to the Feather River and the western slope of the Sierras.

Gould was sanguine of success. But he was yet to learn that he was facing not only the hostility of men, but the unconquerable forces of nature and the terrible menace of money crises. Came the earthquake at San Francisco, which shook California, wrecked the terminals of the railroads and the lines of trackage along the coast. With J. C. Stubbs, his traffic manager, Harriman sped toward 'Frisco in the fastest trip he had ever made. He foresaw the future, and with his accustomed energy, he gained an opportunity to acquire additional and valuable terminal facilities for his roads.

Nor did the earthquake make Jeffery falter. "My faith in the future of the Western Pacific," he said, "is just as strong as it was before the disaster. The soil of California is as fertile as it was before the earthquake, the mines are as productive and the forests as rich in timber." The man from Denver stuck stubbornly to his work, blasting his way through stone fastnesses. Haste, make haste! It was never more needful. The Western Pacific had won back its terminal property through a decision of the courts, but the enemy was now in a stronger position in its California entrenchments.

Next came the Rich Men's Panic, when corporations failed and Wall Street shivered and shook. But in the mountains, Jeffery was boring his way through 43 tunnels. The Beckwith tunnel, giving on to the eastern slope of the Sierras into Long Valley, was 6,006 feet long. The great Flower Pass tunnel, from whose eastern end the road dipped down into the Great Salt Lake Desert, was a mile in length. Forty steel bridges were constructed as fast as the material arrived.

The end of the three years came, and saw Gould's prediction unfulfilled. But the frantic work went on. Tunnels were driven with every man that could work on them, and with every appliance known to modern engineering and mechanical skill. For some of the months the amount of work done exceeded the labor accomplished in the same time on the Panama Canal, where more than 30,000 men were employed.

Again there came a repetition of unforeseen conditions that retarded the railroad's completion. Long-continued rains in the mountain districts destroyed miles of roadbed; unprecedented floods in the Humboldt Valley swept away the tracks, and a series of storms on Great Salt Lake, the level of which was higher than it had been in 20 years, wrecked portions of the railway line along its shores.

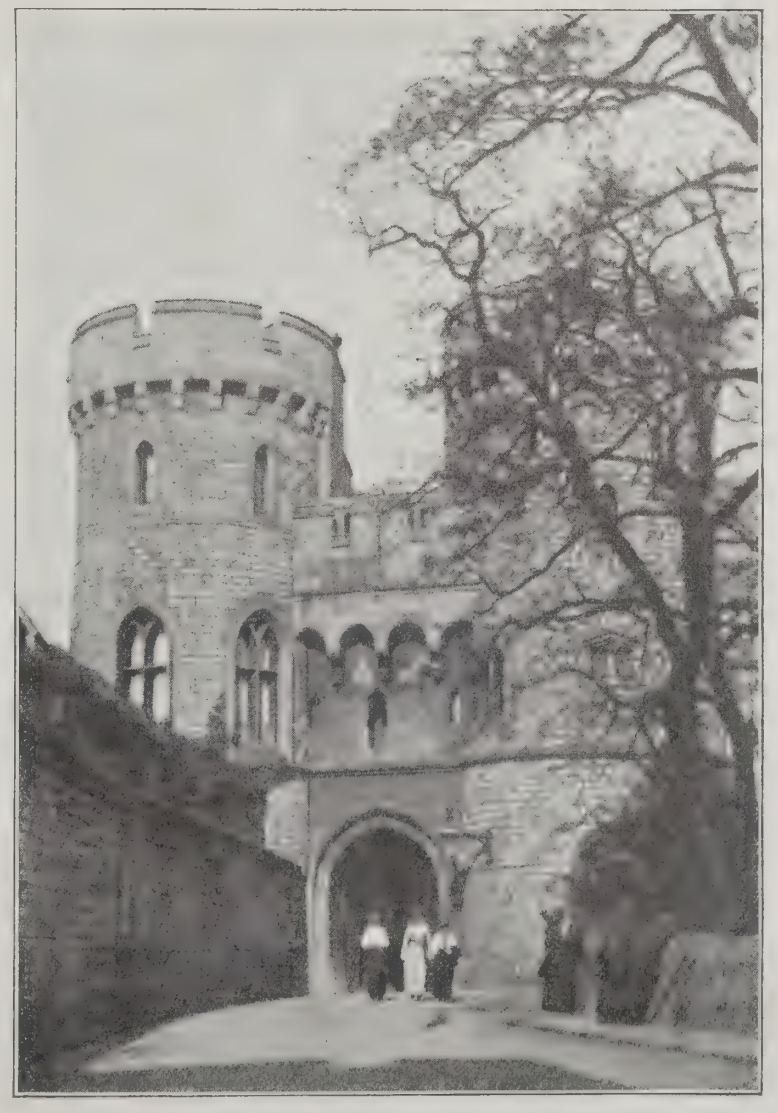
But pushed ahead by Jeffery and Bogue, the Western Pacific passed through storm and earthquake, through hardships and panics and survived. The Denver & Rio Grande men had won though Harriman had died long before they had driven the last spike.

What has been termed one of the most notable engineering examples in the world for uniformity of low grades and elimination of curvature had been completed. Another truck line had been brought into being to develop the country's trade, to carry its products to the Pacific and send eastward the riches of the West.

But even as the first through trains of the Western Pacific were crossing the Sierras, a group of financiers met in a large banking house within a stone's throw of Wall Street. The room in which they assembled is said to be the most magnificent in the financial district. Its interior decorations were designed by a famous artist. Here plans were developed for wresting the new railroad from the hands of its builders. And the scheme succeeded!

The Denver & Rio Grande had for years made enormous sacrifices to construct its branch line to the coast. But this banking group now tore the Western Pacific from its ownership, and made the property their own. They did more. They took even the Denver & Rio Grande from the hands of its owners, and strange though it may seem, they made it the subsidiary of the line it had built. And then at one stroke, they blotted out of existence $87,000,000 worth of Rio Grande stocks in which the public had sunk its money, with the ease that a school boy might observe in sponging the figures from his slate.

How was it possible for them to have accomplished their design? That story is yet to be told, and it will appear in an early issue of this magazine.



The architect of the University of Chicago visualized Tennyson's line, "The splendor falls on castle walls."

Saturating a Commonwealth With Electricity

Concluded from page 3

facilities brought the conviction that Niagara power would soon be exhausted. Ten years ago Ontario experts expressed the belief that all the Niagara power, available under existing conditions for use in the province, would be gone by the close of 1921.

Facing this condition, they set at once to the task of providing a new source of power. Instead of looking elsewhere, they looked to Niagara itself. They saw that fully half the power available was going to waste.

The fall of water from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is 327 feet. But Niagara Falls proper is slightly less than half that height. As power is proportional to the waterfall height, development had been confined almost exclusively to half of the total fall between the two lakes.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission bent its efforts to utilizing this lost fall of water.

On December 28, 1921, these efforts culminated in the formal opening of the newly completed Queenston-Chippawa power canal.

This canal permits the taking in of water from Niagara River at Chippawa above the Falls, the conveyance of this water twelve and three-quarter miles around the Falls, and its discharge through pipes down 305 feet of cliff at Queenston in the lower Niagara River.

The largest power plant in the world has been built at the foot of this cliff, to transform this gigantic artificial waterfall into power.

The initial development of power due to the canal will be 275,000 horse power, a complete canal installation will permit a capacity of 550,000, and ultimate capacity of 650,000. With other power resources at the natural falls, approximately 1,000,000 horse power will be available ultimately.

Treaty regulations between the United States and Canada restrict the amount of water either country may divert from the Great Lakes. The Queenston-Chippawa development program was the Canadian engineers' solution of the problem how best to utilize the maximum amount of power available. This amount is twice that possible from the natural falls alone. The 305-foot artificial waterfall utilizes all except 22 feet of the total fall between the two great lakes. Of this 12 feet, 10 feet occur in the upper river above Chippawa, and 12 are necessary to convey the water through the canal.

In twelve and three-quarter miles a total excavation of eleven million cubic yards of earth and the hewing out of four million cubic yards of solid rock was necessary. At one point a cutting into earth was made to the depth of 80 feet. In rock at one point the depth of 85 feet was reached. The width of the rock-cut portion of the canal is 48 feet.

Engineering difficulties met and conquered by the canal builders were many. At the intake end the engineers had to consider and meet the problem faced by the annual formation and flow of ice, a particularly aggravated one because the large floes which form on the shores of the comparatively shallow Lake Erie are all discharged through the river each spring. It was only after a long series of experiments that an intake was designed able to keep the plant free from ice.

At the other end of the canal, where it enlarges into the forebay, a triangular concrete structure has been erected to act as a diffuser to smooth out any turbulence in the water as it enters the bay.

Across the lower end of the bay extends the permanent screen house structure, built of reinforced concrete and forming a dam across the forebay. This structure contains the molded entrances to the penstocks or pipes which convey the water down the cliff to the turbines, and which form in effect a 305-foot artificial waterfall.

At the foot of the cliff, the building which houses the generating and transforming equipment will, when completed, be 650 feet in length, while the roof will be 160 feet above the river level.

Not only is the power house the largest in the world, but equipment of all sorts is in proportion. The turbines, with 60,000 horse power capacity, are the largest ever built. The generators, two of which already have been installed and three of which are in the process of manufacture, are the largest and heaviest in the world. A thrust-bearing, designed to sustain a weight of 1,000,000 pounds, holds the entire weight of the revolving parts of each generator and turbine. The heaviest part of a generator weighs 300 tons, and its removal requires the joint use of two 150-ton cranes which have been installed in the power house. There are many more details of the power development—mere details in such a program, though gigantic in proportions—but enough have been given to show the magnitude of the program designed to produce almost 1,000,000 horse power from Niagara Falls, and further extend the vast program which designs the closest approach to electric saturation which the needs of the province may permit.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Melted basalt rock is molded to serve many industrial purposes, such as the manufacture of tiles, insulators, building blocks and utensils.

A new machine gun capable of firing 3,500 shots a minute is the invention of a Spaniard. The gun is composed of 50 barrels, each barrel capable of firing 70 shots a minute. Five men are necessary when the gun is in operation.

An airplane equipped with runners in place of wheels for the "take off," has completed a successful trip from Cochrane, Ontario, to Moose Factory, on the south shore of Hudson Bay, and return. On the return trip three landings were made in different forms of snow, but the ship took off with the ease of a flying boat on open water.

The "third degree" for obtaining confessions has been discontinued in Pittsburgh by order of the superintendent of police of that city.

Cheating contractors and crooked officials of Sumerian civilization in Mesopotamia 5,000 years ago were tried briefly and thrown into the river, according to recent scientific discoveries. Among other things, they had an elaborate banking system, with a reserve bank comparable to our own of today, a postal system with a parcel post branch and circulating libraries, which distributed clay tablet books.

Each acre of walnut trees in bearing will produce every year food approximating 2,500 pounds of beef.

In a recent proclamation Governor McRae, of Arkansas, declared his belief that the general use of tobacco by men and women, from youth up, generation after generation, is contributing to unmistakable and certain degeneracy. He set March 22 as "no-tobacco day," in Arkansas.

Germany's first skyscraper will soon be constructed in the old business section of Hamburg. It will be 16 stories high, topping the highest buildings in Germany at this time by five stories.

A combination church and hotel is to be built in New York City, according to reports. The building will be 17 stories high and will have Sunday school space in the basement, a church on the first three floors and a missionary school on the roof. A strict censorship is to be exercised over hotel guests, and dancing and card playing will be prohibited.

A toy balloon, released in Waukegan, Illinois, was found 11 days later in Altoona, Pennsylvania, as it descended into the street. The distance between the two cities is about 650 miles.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Footsteps of a house fly booming out like thunder as it walked across a piece of paper have been heard by scientists visiting the Bell telephone system's research laboratories.

Declaring that young men of today know more about race horses than the Ten Commandments, while the Twelve Apostles are running a losing race with the actors and actresses in popularity with the young generation, Judge James Whitten, of the Department of Agriculture, deplores what he terms "a departure from religious teachings on the part of the younger generation."

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, one of London's most famous churches in Trafalgar Square, turns its pews into couches for London's homeless each night.

Bangkok, the capital of Siam, contains 70,000 houses, a large portion of which float on bamboo rafts as a precaution against inundations, which are of frequent occurrence owing to the low surface of the region.

A break in the circuit of the wires of a new burglar alarm, caused by any moving of a window or door, pulls a telephone receiver down and sends a voice over the telephone wires to the exchange switchboard, giving the street and number of the house and announcing that it is being entered by burglars. Central switches the call to police headquarters and a patrol wagon is soon on the scene of activity.

Wild horses, in bands of 200 or more, may be found in Southern Idaho, especially along the Snake River in the more arid and isolated sections. These animals are as wild as deer and have no owners. It is said they have a habit of enticing domesticated horses from ranches.

Hollywood, Illinois, a little suburb of Chicago, has become so upset over the scandals reported in Hollywood, California, that a group of citizens has started a movement to change the name of the place.

Blind residents of Denver will be assured of safe passage across busy streets by means of blasts on police whistles which will be furnished to them free by the city. Traffic officers will see that all traffic is suspended when a blind person blows his whistle, until the blind pedestrian is safely across.

A burglar, claiming to be a graduate from a California school for burglars, and holding a diploma, was captured at Providence, Rhode Island.

An invention in the form of a new roller bearing for freight cars and passenger coaches cuts down friction some 90 per cent and abolishes the hot box entirely. The gross weight of a car and its load amounted to 122,600 pounds. This car was pushed 60 feet in one direction and then pushed back again to the starting point by one man in a recent test. After 11 months' service the bearings were found to be in as good condition as when they were installed.

Seven million square yards of canvas duck, received by the Bureau of Public Roads, United States Department of Agriculture, as surplus war material, is to be distributed to state highway departments for use in road construction.

A London news vendor claims the world's record for selling a single newspaper, with a total of 113,000,000 copies of the *Evening Star*. He has been selling papers since January, 1888, when the *Star* was first published. On August 4, 1914, he sold 29,000 copies to crowds clamoring for war news.

Motion pictures, which tell visually the story of athletics, classrooms, dormitories, fraternities and campus of Wittenburg College, Springfield, Ohio, are to be shown to prospective students at the college.

Chess by wireless is a popular diversion in the Yukon. Telegraph operators on the 2,000 miles of government telegraph line through the Yukon play chess by wire. Two men tap out their moves to each other and others listen in on the line and make the moves on boards of their own to show the progress of the game.

Specially constructed baths are now available for the dog aristocracy of Paris, with carefully trained attendants, masseurs and manicures to give each dog the benefit of their art.

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Paying for "Dead Horses"!
Is Your Town Doing That?

The Town Hall That "Ate Up" the Town

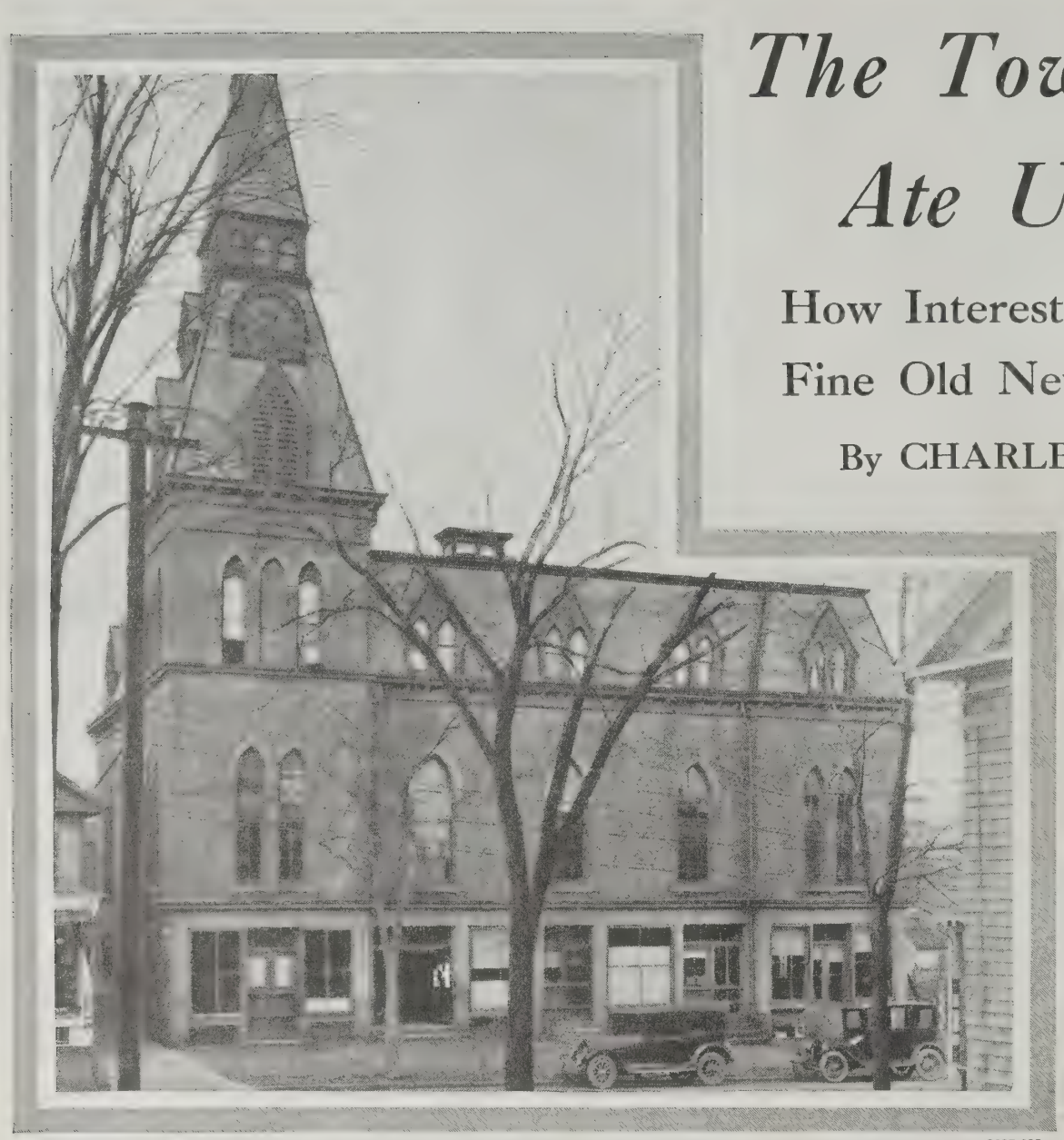
Shows What Debt Will Do and What Bond Issues Mean

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

The Town Hall That Ate Up the Town

How Interest Charges Impoverished Fine Old New England Community

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN



The Wallingford, Connecticut, Town Hall was built in 1869 on borrowed money; its cost, with interest compounded to date, amounts to $295,298.

HOW is your town financially? The chances are that you don't know.

How much of your taxes goes for interest on debts contracted twenty or thirty or fifty years ago? Somebody in your town knows.

Back in 1891 the town or city council said, "Let us sell bonds—thirty-year bonds at four per cent. Posterity ought to help pay for this!"

Well, here is posterity—now. We are posterity. The interest alone since 1891 has amounted to one and one-fifth times the original expenditure. That is, the "improvement" (which probably you cannot now find except as a record on the books) cost two and a half times what it was said to cost—and maybe more, if the debt has been "funded."

Posterity is carrying a load that it cannot carry much farther. Posterity was a good old horse, but he's breaking down.

The story which follows is the story of an American town located in a part of the country where all the financial brains are supposed to be. Read what happened to that town.

Look up your own town's affairs. Find how much of every dollar in taxes is paying for "dead horses." Find out what constitutes the millstone about your community's neck. Find out through what leaks the wealth of your town and its surrounding country trickles into little banks, and from little banks into big banks, and then into big speculative pools—the vast pools of money—which are provided by the interest and the savings of small communities, and used in the wildcat financiering of New York.

When the small towns of America begin to shut down, New York is going to run dry.

When the small town wakes up, the usurious interest burden is going to be lifted. The whole deceitful gold fallacy is going to be exploded.

And the manipulators of the people's money are going to work.

IT WAS a raw and blustery day. As we stepped out upon the sidewalk, we could hear the wind soughing through the branches of the great double row of elms and maples that lined Main street. The Selectman, having the subject on his mind, stopped for a moment to look back at the old Town Hall.

The Town Hall was a very old building, and a stranger might have been pardoned for remarking that it showed its age. Its style was that of bygone days. In fact, it stood back from the corner, apart from the busier thoroughfares, as if it were half in hiding, and ashamed of the part it had played. It was a three-story structure of red brick, with a mansard, and a tower with a black-faced clock that overlooked the town. In its doorway, the town signpost was plastered with probate court notices. In the basement was a barber's shop. From an upper window of the tower protruded a transparency of the Owenoco Tribe, No. 44, I. O. R. M.

The building housed the offices of the selectmen, the town clerk, the judge of probate and the court of burgesses. For purposes of thrift, the upper floor of the tower had been let to the Cheyenne Council, D. of P.; the Red Men's Club and the Owenoco Tribe. The auditorium on the second floor was used for social gatherings. The wings on the stage were in a state of bad dilapidation. So in a way were the adjoining rooms, the offices of the town officials, and the much-used stairway. Floors, ceilings and walls plainly showed the wear and tear of two generations.

In fact, the question of repairs had been the subject of conversation.

"I know it ain't a credit to the town," observed the Selectman.

"Then why don't we put up a new building?"

He shook his head.

"Well, I don't know why they named the Get-rich-quick man after this place, but our town's too poor to afford a new Town Hall."

The speaker's eye roamed across to Main street for a moment. Rather inadvertently he said:

"Our bank over there's just got out plans for a fine new building. Well, I reckon the town of Wallingford's paid for it."

This remark was an epitome of the town's history.

Wallingford, Connecticut, is about as American a community as one may find. It was settled by Puritans in 1670, and many of their lineal descendants live there today. Its stately elms and maples shade some of the few remaining streets in New England which represent the Colonial grandeur of the residential avenues of its forefathers. From the windows of nearly every house one can gain attractive views of the Blue and the Hanging Hills. The town played its part in the history of the Revolution and the Civil War.

Then when the period of reconstruction came, the future looked bright for Wallingford. One of its citizens had learned the secret process for the manufacture of German silver, the town was to become the father of the silver trade in the United States, and the future home for the manufacture of white metal and electroplated wares. It was known as the richest agricultural community in Connecticut, and during the fruit seasons, Wallingford peaches were the contested prizes in the markets of Boston and New York.

The process of development of New England towns was radically different from that of towns in the West and Middle West. Perhaps New England was foremost in the early stirring of civic consciousness, because its settlements were so much older. At any rate, this small Connecticut community took a great stride forward when it abandoned its old frame edifice and built itself a fine brick Town Hall, with a tower and clock.

Wallingford built it in 1869, at a cost of $45,000, borrowing $40,000 to pay for it.

Today, *a half century later, that debt remains practically unchanged.*

For purposes of illustration, the human imagination, as a rule, refuses to go back more than 50 years. In 1872, Wallingford had a population of 3,500. Today its residents number between 12,500 and 13,000.

This is not a story intended to deal with predatory finance or political mismanagement. Undoubtedly, the municipality of Wallingford has always been honestly managed, and as concerns its two banking institutions, they are owned and conducted by its own townsmen. But had Wallingford, in its early days, established a sinking fund and paid off its $40,000 debt, it would have tremendously altered its coming history. All would have been well had it adopted the business man's policy of paying its way. Instead of that, it decided to live on borrowed money. In this it merely followed a fallacious principle, born of custom and tradition. But, as will be shown, in adhering to this principle, the town retarded its growth, crippled its future, and placed a burden upon its townsfolk which has handicapped them for half a century.

On September 30, 1872, the report of the selectmen and the treasurer of the town of Wallingford showed its financial condition to be as follows:

Town bonds outstanding	$40,000	
Notes outstanding	30,718	
Interest paid on town bonds and loans		$ 3,461
Total indebtedness	75,894	
Total assets	16,980	
Balance against the town	$58,914	

Year after year, Wallingford consistently pursued the same principle. Whenever it paid a debt, it contracted a larger one. Instead of slightly increasing its assessments, it merely borrowed more notes. The balance against the town in 1875 was $45,794; in 1876, the adverse balance was $43,783; in 1877, $44,554.

The situation regarding the adverse balance became so embarrassing in 1880, that the selectmen took counsel. The First Selectman was a man of imagination. He conceived a stroke of financial genius that was worthy of Wall Street. In fact, it was an adaptation of Wall Street's financial methods.

"Look here," reasoned the First Selectman. "Didn't we borrow $40,000 to build the Town Hall? Well, then, why not put down the Town Hall as an asset?"

The suggestion met with instant approval. The report of the selectmen on September 30, 1880, was made out as follows:

Town bonds outstanding	$39,800		
Notes outstanding	22,972		
Interest paid on town bonds and loans			$ 3,850
Total indebtedness		$63,971	
Assets:			
Town Hall, including lot and furniture	36,000		
Total assets		53,051	
Balance against the town		$10,920	

So, at one stroke, an actual balance against the town of $46,920 was reduced, on a paper showing, to $10 920, and the selectmen felt proud of their achievement. From that day until the present time, the Town Hall has been carried as an asset.

Unfortunately, the better appearance of the annual report failed to reduce the growing debt of Walling-



North Main Street, Wallingford.

ford. In spite of the increased paper assets, the selectmen had to keep on borrowing money, as the following figures indicate:

Sums borrowed on notes:

1879	$21,171	1881	23,557
1880	22,972	1882	27,606
1883	26,140		

Again something had to be done. The banks began to object to loaning larger sums on short-term notes. Besides, most of the old town bonds were falling due. But at every Town Hall meeting, the taxpayers vigorously protested against having the valuations on their properties raised. The selectmen, in 1883, faced with the necessity of meeting a debt of $61,000, tried to raise themselves by their bootstraps. They decided to pay the maturing bonds with another issue, and to fund the short-term debt into an additional issue of fixed interest-bearing bonds. They made another loan



Simpson Library in Wallingford.

of town bonds in the amount of $35,000, and a second loan of $25,000.

Wallingford now had a bonded debt of $64,000, although its real assets had in nowise been increased.

From 1872 to 1883, inclusive, Wallingford had paid out $38,283 in interest on its loans, which was almost enough to have paid off the original loan made for building the Town Hall.

Wallingford had not paid off one dollar of its old debts, and it still kept on borrowing. In 1894, it raised $25,000 on notes; in 1895, $32,000; in 1896, $33,360. And the balance against the town had jumped to more than $40,000.

Another financial crisis was inevitable, and it came in 1897. In this year *a direct mortgage was put on the Town Hall,* the loan being for $30,000 at four per cent. This brought up the bonded debt of the town to $92,000.

In the quarter of a century that had passed since 1872, Wallingford had not been able to afford a single new public edifice. It was still staggering under the accumulating burden of debt incurred in the building of its now antiquated Town Hall back in 1869. Its population had increased in that time from 3,500 to 8,000. It needed schools and public improvements. Smaller communities round about had long since outstripped it in wealth and progress.

The secret of Wallingford's backwardness and poverty lay in the fact that in *25 years it had paid out $98,684 in interest,* without having reduced its old debts. Still the old policy of borrowing money to pay its way was continued. The selectmen had awakened to the sense of its dangers, but they were helpless. The taxpayers fought, as they had fought since 1872, against an increase in the tax rate.

In 1900, the assets of the town were $46,770, against an indebtedness of $95,296, showing a balance against the town of $48,526. In 1903, the adverse balance was $49,150.

In their report for 1909, the selectmen reproached the taxpayers in the following words:

"As we told you in last year's report, the 10-mill tax would not meet the expenses for the year 1909, and the treasurer's report will show the amount paid out over the cash receipts for the year."

It was necessary once more to fund the town's floating debt into a fixed interest-bearing bond issue, to the amount of $45,000. And in 1912, another bond issue of $40,000 was put out, making the bonded indebtedness of the town $147,000.

The awakening came to Wallingford in 1914, with a widespread realization that something was radically wrong with the town management. The smoldering discontent broke out into open reproaches at the town meeting that year. One resident gained the floor and told the blunt truth. He was armed with figures. He pointed out that the town now had a population of approximately 11,000, and that the grand list (assessed valuation) approximated $8,000,000 to $9,000,000, and yet no large public improvements had been made possible because of the shape of the town's finances. The school system was deplorable and all public facilities were inadequate. The Town Hall, he said, was the town's Frankenstein creation. It had eaten up the resources of the community. And that was because no sinking fund had been adopted to pay off the old obligations. And he called attention to the fact that since the $30,000 mortgage had been placed on the Town Hall back in 1897, not one dollar of that debt had ever been paid off.

These criticisms, made in open meeting, shocked the townsfolk. The truth was unpleasant to hear. Timid and conservative residents protested that if such talk were to gain headway, the credit of Wallingford would be destroyed. The story would get into the newspapers, and the town wouldn't be able to borrow another dollar in the state of Connecticut.

Care was taken that nothing said at this meeting got into the papers. But the words had had their effect.

The report of the selectmen for 1915 contained a frank warning and announced constructive action. They said:

"The treasurer's report will show the town's indebtedness; it will also show that we have $60,000 outstanding temporary loans in notes, which is $10,000 more than last year. Two bonds have been paid off that came due last year. *One thousand dollars was paid on the old Town Hall bond series of 1897, the first payment ever made on the Town Hall.*"

In fact, the situation of the town's finances in 1915, showed Wallingford to be in a parlous state. The indebtedness of the town was $203,000, while the assets figured up to only $120,453, leaving a balance of debt indicated as $82,547. The interest paid that year aggregated $8,064. And there were $60,000 in notes outstanding.

During all these years, the loans made by the town had been contracted with the First National Bank and the Dime Savings Bank, both of Wallingford, and, quite naturally, these two institutions had prospered exceedingly. Sinking funds were now established in the Dime Savings Bank for the gradual liquidation of two of the old bond issues.

But it was not easy to stop the debt accumulations that had been rolling up so lustily for the last 44 years. In 1916, the selectmen complained that they now had outstanding a temporary loan in notes of $70,000, which was $10,000 more than the year previous, and that it had been found necessary to borrow more money to meet the current expenditures.

But the town had awakened to its needs. It boldly contracted a loan of $250,000, bought land and laid plans for the construction of a large new high school, the need for which had been bitterly felt for a long while. Two years later, $80,000 additional was borrowed for school purposes.

In 1919, Wallingford paid out in interest and coupons, the sum of $20,123. Its indebtedness was $470,930, against assets of $383,745. But the townsfolk now began a heroic struggle to wipe out the annual adverse balance. A general revaluation of properties had been set in force.

In 1920, for the first time in 49 years, the town showed a balance over its indebtedness. In 1921 this favorable showing was continued, although the town still has outstanding in notes a sum of $50,000, which it will be compelled to fund by a bond issue in the current year.

Wallingford is being rejuvenated. It is paying off its debts. The selectmen, in their report for 1921, describe how this result is being accomplished. They say:

"The original issue of bond series 1899, was $60,000, of which $44,000 has been paid, $2,000 being paid each year.

"A sinking fund is being created by depositing in the Dime Savings Bank $1,000 each year, to retire bond issue of 1912, at the rate of five bonds every five years, as per town vote.

"A sinking fund is being created by depositing in the Dime Savings Bank $1,000 each year to retire bond issue of 1897, as per town vote.

"Original issue of bonds, series 1916, was $250,000, of which $40,000 has been paid, $10,000 being paid each year, as per town vote."

It is a slow process to get rid of old debts. Wallingford, emerging from its years of bondage, and beginning to breathe freely for the first time, is, nevertheless, somewhat staggered as it looks back and reviews the cost of its borrowings for the half century.

Wallingford today boasts of some fine public structures, but, with one exception, none of them was built by the town. It has a handsome library, but this was the private donation of a public-spirited citizen, who endowed it at a cost of $45,000. It has a new armory, but this was put up by the state at a cost of about $100,000. It has a post office, but this was built by the Federal Government, with an expenditure of $95,000.

Wallingford had placed a $30,000 mortgage on its old Town Hall in 1897, and the entire issue of bonds is still outstanding today. *The principal, with interest compounded since 1897, foots up to a bill of $79,975. In other words, in a quarter of a century, this antiquated and obsolete structure, now falling into decay, has cost Wallingford nearly twice its original expenditure.*

Wallingford originally borrowed $40,000 for building its Town Hall back in 1872. *The original debt, with interest compounded for half a century, amounts to the sum of $295,198.*

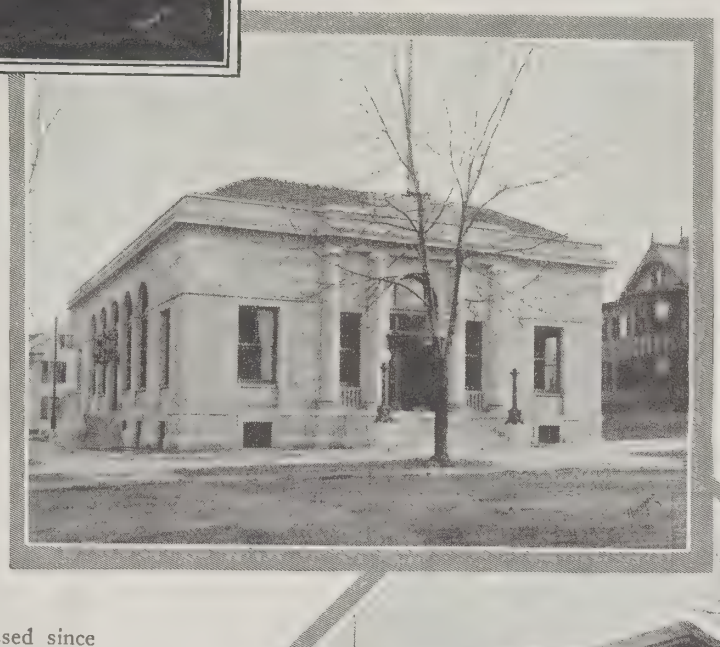
That is, the debt on the town hall, compounded, would have paid for erecting the post office and the large new high school. In the 50 years, all told, from 1872 to 1922, Wallingford's inhabitants slowly grew in number from 3,500 to 13,000. *During that period, this small population paid out in interest on its borrowings for town purposes, the sum of $321,916. This enormous interest burden, not only a dead waste but a handicap, could have paid for the expense of building the state armory, the Federal post office and the Simpson Library, with a good balance left over.*

Had the citizens of Wallingford annually deposited the interest paid on town loans since 1872, in one of the banks in their town, that institution would have paid them compound interest on their deposits. *And the interest paid out on the town loans for half a century, if thus deposited, would have mounted up to the enormous sum today of $728,868.*

This example also may be demonstrated as follows:

Cost of the central school district, land, buildings and contents, $336,000; cost of the new high school, $200,000; cost of the new armory, $100,000; cost of the new post office, $95,000; total cost of all the town's new improvements, $731,000.

Interest paid on town loans for half a century, compounded, $728,868; balance, $2,132.





Above, at left — The post office. At left — Wallingford's new high school.



The new armory.

All of which goes to show that the interest paid on Wallingford's debts, which was money thrown away, would have been sufficient within some $2,000 to have paid for nearly all the fine modern public buildings which now grace the town, including all of its schoolhouses, lands and buildings.

All debts grow from small beginnings. In its early years, had Wallingford chosen to pay its way without borrowing—which it might easily have done by slightly increasing its tax rate and establishing a sinking fund—its future destiny would have been altered.

Wallingford's experience is an eloquent example for other communities *not* to follow. Its lesson is easily perceived, especially when contrasted with the fallacious theories of financiers, who have loaded heavy interest burdens upon the American public. Those theories were never born on American soil, and the future may yet demonstrate that there is no need of a parasitic class to prey upon the public and devour the fruits of its efforts.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 24, April 8, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year, payable in U. S. funds; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Tyranny of the Majority

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, the French economist, who in the first half of the nineteenth century was commissioned to survey democracy as it exists in the United States, in his comments, says:

> "The greatest danger to liberty in America is in the omnipotence of the majority. A democratic power is never likely to perish for lack of strength or of resources, but it may very well fall because of the misdirection of its strength and the abuse of its resources. If ever liberty is lost in America, it will be due to the oppression of the minorities which may drive them to an appeal to arms. The anarchy which must then result will be due only to despotism."

Written nearly a century ago, no thinking man of today can consider this sentiment as less than a prophecy. It is true the United States has survived several periods when the tyranny of the majority has seemed almost intolerable, but never before has there been such a dearth of defenders of individual rights. The right of personal opinion and its expression is challenged by the majority. Proscription is rampant. In moral questions despotism on the part of officers of the law is applauded. The courts are filled with satraps of the intolerant majority.

There is need for an awakening to the fact that our liberties are in danger. The growth of radicalism has its origin in the oppression and suppression from a government sustained by a bigoted majority blind to their own interests.

Since the days of Adam, the question of how far one man is his brother's keeper has been one of controversy. Late years have been characterized by more and more taking over by organized society of the regulation of the individual's conduct. Public officers, quick to sense the fact that the majority stands for a close control of individual actions, have gone sled-length in paternalism. Bureaucracies, far beyond the wildest dreams of a few years ago, have grown up. The idea of freedom itself has changed from a belief that the individual is entitled to work out his own destiny with the least necessary government, to a belief that the ramifications of government must be infinite that the individual may have a proper "freedom." The first belief grew out of a confidence in democracy; the second, whether its supporters will confess it or not, comes from a vast distrust in democracy.

The Basis of Credit

NATIONAL credit is founded on the resources of a country, its productivity, its man-power, its undeveloped possibilities. Individual credit is computed on one's material possessions. National credit is utilized in the borrowing of money. Why, then, since that credit also gives stability to the money the nation borrows, is it necessary to assume a burden of interest greater than the loan itself?

The aggregate public bonded indebtedness of the world is declared by statisticians to be one hundred times greater than the total world's supply of gold, nominally the backing of the world's money. The volume of money in circulation is also 20 times the gold value. To this must be added the volume of checks, drafts, bills of exchange, and other evidences of private credit that perform all the functions of money, the whole forming an inverted pyramid.

The sole function of money is that of a medium of exchange. Originally in this country it was not deemed necessary for the government to issue money. It was thought sufficient to afford individual owners facilities for the conversion of bullion into coin. Government was content to "fix the value thereof, and of foreign coin." Prior to the Civil War, except during the existence of the United States Bank destroyed by President Jackson, the issue of currency was authorized by the several states under regulations intended to guard the public. This was not an ideal plan, for it involved keeping watch of the individual standing of the banks of issue. The founding of the national banking system, with a restrictive tax on circulation, was an attempt to nationalize the creation of a circulating medium of exchange that so far has failed of its mission for two reasons, namely: Failure to utilize the full power of the government to issue all money, and dependence on a metallic money basis. The power of issue has been delegated to the holders of the money base, giving them absolute power to control the money volume and its value as a medium of exchange.

Until one discards the notion that there is need for other value in money than that given by government, until it becomes apparent that a dollar is not merely the representative of so much gold, but a means of appraising the relative values of all commodities, there is little hope of progress in the study of the money question. The dollar is such because the law says it is a dollar. The law says an ounce of gold is worth a fraction over twenty dollars. It also fixes a price for silver produced in this country nearly twice that the market establishes for foreign silver, and coins it into money worth 20 per cent more than the native bullion. Gold and silver are "standard" money, all other issues being termed "lawful" money. Of the various issues in circulation none is redeemable except under conditions making it impossible for the holders of small amounts to carry out. Yet the government fiat is sufficient to maintain the conglomeration at a parity.

If this is the fact, and it is not disputed by the proponents of the present money system, why will not the government credit sustain a system of its own, and save the enormous waste in production entailed in the payment of interest?

An American Speaks

AS REFRESHING as it is surprising is the clear-cut recommendation of Lillian Russell on her return from Europe where she gave some time to the study of American immigration perils at their source. Miss Russell urges the complete suspension of immigration for five years.

Miss Russell's recommendation comes with added force because she began her inquiry much impressed with the sympathetic aspects of immigration. Her first interview on the subject laid great stress on the hardships which aliens at Ellis Island were forced to undergo when their path to admission to this country was beset with obstacles.

Miss Russell's survey of the swarm of undesirables of which Europe is trying to get rid at America's expense aroused her keenest alarm. She was confronted everywhere with evidences of the vast extent of the organizations which are devoted to flooding the United States with propaganda regarding "suffering" and "humanity," designed to further the plan to unload undesirables upon this country.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for April 1, 1922, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware, Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; C. J. Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. B. Ford, Detroit, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of March, 1922.

[SEAL] J. EMMET HALL,
(My Commission expires September 29, 1924.)

The "Evolutionists" Again

MR. BRYAN once annoyed them because he was too forward, now he makes them writhe because, they say, he is too backward. He is against the teaching of "evolution" in the schools; by "evolution" he means, of course, the doctrine that mankind represents an ascent from the brute order; that is practically what everybody means by "evolution."

Of course, no one who has kept step with science teaches that with confidence any more. No good scientist could teach it, because no one knows that it is true. No one ever did know it to be true. The idea of development was a great idea, a very great idea, but, as applied to the development of man's body and mind from a lower bestial body and mind, it has never been even a full-fledged hypothesis. Its status has been that of a very exciting piece of imagination. And presently it became a matter of temper: if you were against the more sober forces of life, you were for "evolution": if you were a conservative, you were against it. Of late, however, when you touch "evolution," you jar the most conservative and reactionary circles. This temper had nothing whatever to do with science, and it has precious little even yet. It is very significant that the most virulent of Mr. Bryan's antagonists are represented by the so-called "liberal" sectarian press and pulpit, who have not yet heard from the really progressive scientists that Darwinism is dead. A few scholars—or, rather, professors—have contended right rhetorically for the liberty to teach the "assured results of science" in the classes, but they need to be told, as kindly as possible, to get revised editions of the textbooks from which they prepare lectures.

There would be no controversy today between Mr. Bryan and his critics if the destructive aspects of scientists' (not scientific) speculation were not so alluring to a certain sensation-loving section of the country.

Science is the most conservative department of life. It proceeds upon imagination and research, but it only declares upon facts. The popular mind always catches the imaginative aspect of the scientist's daily work, and as a rule totally ignores his solid findings. There are people who still talk hazily of the "millions of years" in which man has been on the earth, though it is improbable that the most behindhand science-jobber would say anything of the kind. The psychozoic era, that is, the age of man or age of reason, the time during which civilized man appeared, is estimated as being less than 30,000 years. Which is very different from "millions and millions" of years.

It is quite noticeable that in the controversy which Mr. Bryan has caused, scientists are silent. They cannot talk half so confidently as can the Commoner and the "evolutionists."

Wall Street's Alarm

WALL STREET has been successful for years in averting serious governmental attempts to regulate its operations. Now, threatened with ruin from within, because of the buying public's distrust and consequent refusal to invest, larger Wall Street houses are themselves advocating uniform state blue sky acts and a denatured Federal regulation.

Prospective Federal legislation relative to stock-broking concerns Wall Street, the spokesmen of which seem much exercised over the danger of laws being framed by persons unfamiliar with the stock exchange. The Federal Government can well consider the dangers from laws framed by persons familiar with the stock exchange. Persons familiar are too apt to be interested in playing the markets themselves.

A Wall Street suggestion is that the American Bankers' Association be permitted to frame the Federal regulatory laws. To the great mass of citizens it would seem that the banking phase of stockbroking is really one of the gravest subjects to be dealt with in any legislation. The manipulation of stock prices through the call money market and the practice of banks accepting, as collateral for loans, speculative stocks, are matters that call for legislative consideration.

There have been several other suggestions for legislation emanating from Wall Street sources which call for rigid scrutiny. A proposal to limit the number of brokerages is made. This idea would draw the warm approval of such well-established brokerages as would be certain to gain the political ear of probable licensing powers. But the dangers from close association between stockbrokers and governmental officials cannot well be overlooked.

Most Wall Street suggestions have their basis in the desire for friendly co-operation of the government in preventing practices which injure the traders in stocks.

It would seem better for the government to act to protect producers and consumers whose welfare is being gambled with than these traders who reap over and over again the harvest of "the nimble eighths," through which brokerage commissions eat up the vast hiatus between producing and selling prices.

Mr. Ford's Page

A MAN is never so certain to be right as when he stands on principles, and he never has so many chances of going wrong as when he goes in for personalities. The descent to details, except in the thing next to be done, is always fraught with danger. The thing proposed to be done is either good or not good for the immediate need; or the man proposed is either good or not good for the immediate place or task. When we go farther than that we are in danger of entering the realm of untruth.

It is very significant that most of the impeding disagreements among the people have nothing to do with the thing immediately at hand, but with future extensions of a theory or a program which no one knows will be the best theory or program when future tasks are reached.

To take an illustration: There were probably never so many minds exercised about our money system as there are today. Judging from the mail of one office, there are tens of thousands of people in this country who have discovered that a system which once served as an aid has now become an obstacle. In the most unexpected places there is exhibited an amount of zeal and labor on this problem which cannot but mean great good to the country at large.

One characteristic, however, is quite prominent in all this work: the minds thus exercised have run ahead of the actualities and have spun out of logic and imagination scores and hundreds of complete theories and systems which look forward to a thousand years of practice. With few exceptions, each laborer in this field has spun his own system which he is ready to put into operation tomorrow morning, if given the opportunity.

Now, when most of these proposed systems leave the facts of today, and soar into the long future, they take different tracks. They begin their work almost at the same point, but they diverge as they extend it. Then they fall to arguing with each other, and sometimes to denouncing each other, because the far future phases of their schemes do not agree. Not one of them knows what the future condition is to be, not one of them knows whether his system will meet the needs of the changed future, they only think so; that is, they only imagine so, and because their imaginations differ, they are separated into opposing camps and the public comes to regard them as cranks who cannot understand each other.

Our duty is not to prophesy but to do the next thing which stands waiting to be done. If this were our rule, action would take the place of theorizing. Action is the judgment bar of all theory, anyway. Suppose there are one thousand steps to be taken before we reach the condition desired; does any one assume that he is able to say what Step No. 897 will be? But we may know what Step No. 1, or even Numbers 2 and 3 should be.

Society has no wings by which to fly at one flight from the present deepening tangle of things to the desired improvement which we are sure is coming. Society can only cut steps in the stony mountain side and mount by sheer effort. To see where the next step of the ascent can be cut, and rigidly to bend ourselves to hew it out that men may mount by one step more, is the duty laid upon The Men Who See. And, having cut that step, the place for the next step will be apparent. We cannot look up the mountain and say where the one hundredth step must be placed. We shall know that, when we have made the 99 steps that lie between.

The first thing to do is to take stock of what is wrong and then look round and see how it can be righted for the best interests of all the people, particularly of those who make up the mass of society and whose interests are most easily juggled with.

That, perhaps, expresses the problem in human terms. To be human does not mean to be sentimental and impractical. Life is no joke even at the best and men should not expect to be wrapped in cotton wool—indeed, it is an injustice to the great majority of our people even to think that they expect to be tenderly carried around. What is meant by the term "human," as here applied, is this: No system can endure that does not give the plainest man and his family as much of the protective power of justice as it gives the great industrial and commercial institutions.

It is all right to protect industry; it is all right to protect financial institutions; but to protect these from the natural and periodical consequences of a false system, while at the same time letting the populace bear the full brunt of the fallacy, is emphatically not right, and nothing can ever make it right. Of course, the only way this protection could be extended would be by inaugurating a system which would make such protection unnecessary. When the power of the government is lent as a crutch to help powerful institutions which have been crippled by our system, that in itself is a powerful object lesson, an irresistible plea for a profounder remedy.

We who have been able to live and succeed under the present system have the right to say, and it is our duty in behalf of other men to say, that a system which crushes the weak and compels them to pay for the mistakes of the strong is not a system which any red-blooded man would endorse if he could see it in a small working model. We need to see our system in a small working model, and then we shall agree that it needs some serious engineering thought expended upon it. It is not cruelty that perpetuates such a model; it is blindness.

Where shall we begin? At a point independent of the frailty or folly of man—we may begin with the earth. Some men have sought to found the new monetary system on roads, but roads are not specifically productive. It has lately been suggested that a non-interest-bearing currency be founded on water power: water power is productive; it can pay itself back in the old interest-bearing currency if need be.

But the need is a money that will flow, a money that will release the pent-up human energies and the natural forces which are waiting to remove our depression and fill the land with prosperity. All the requisites are here; the tie-up is in money. What is money that it should tie up energy? Yet it does. Not, however, because it is money, but because it is money which our government has put into private control, and is afraid to take out of private control.

Our government ought immediately to resume its constitutional functions with regard to money. The Constitution gives Congress the power to do this thing, and a large part of that power has been delegated to private banking corporations, and, of course, these corporations thrive on interest. They are the middlemen between the Government and the People, and they ought not to be. However useful banking is, it has no place between the People and the Government. We might as well put out our Navy on contract, and delegate to a corporation the work of providing a United States army, as give to private banking corporations their large power over our money.

Interest is already eating the kernel out of all our effort. The country is becoming hopelessly mortgaged before it begins. Common sense, business sense, political sense requires that we begin to make our money contribute to the wealth of the country, to the freedom of the country, instead of to its debt and bondage. We can do this by issuing currency on Natural Power, which is beyond the stupidity of man to destroy or mismanage. Our very Government and Nation are founded on the land and the people. Surely that is a good enough base for our national currency.

MONEY came into being as an aid to doing the next thing. The new kind of money—the money that releases energy—will come into being in the same way, out of an absolute necessity not to entail a burden of interest, privilege and graft upon the people who work. The next step only is the step to be taken; after that, the second step will disclose itself. It is quite useless to attempt to forecast the financial system of one hundred years hence; but we can start where we are and devise a sound currency, based on nature's active productive forces, that will start affairs and keep them going, without clogging and killing them again by the endless increment of artificial interest.



A typical London "Bobby".

Scotland Yard and the Finger Print

A Close-Up of London's Great Police System

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

ABOUT 14 years ago, in the summer of 1908, to be exact, I met a doctor friend from New York in London. He was taking a special course of study in the Royal College of Surgeons. He had a peculiar drift toward the study of criminal psychology, and, as I discovered afterward, made the arrival of each acquaintance from home the excuse to visit, as a guide, the Museum of Crime at Scotland Yard.

Having established himself with one of the commissioners, the doctor would take his friends to the place, ostensibly to show them something unique in the great metropolis, but in reality to satisfy what seemed to me to be a morbid interest in the mentality of the underworld.

At that time active and experimental work by the police was being carried on throughout the world in the finger-print identification field, and as a special "compliment" to visitors to the Yard, the new system of criminal identification was explained and a print of the finger tips made and given as a souvenir to the caller; name and address, occupation and so forth being previously recorded.

I visited this museum in 1908 with my friend the doctor (it has been closed to the public in recent years) and after spending an hour or two examining the exhibits, went through the finger-print business, according to the practice, gave them an impression of my finger tips, took a copy of it and went away.

Now, there is a theory that the instinct of the confirmed criminal, as well as the potential criminal, attracts him to such display as would be found at the Scotland Yard Chamber and Museum of Crime. He may see there old friends in the varied paraphernalia of murder, revolt, burglary, confidence games, counterfeiting, porch-climbing, forgery, safe-blowing, with hold-up accessories and all that. I do not suppose that any old-timer who had the opportunity, nor any novice, for that matter, who was contemplating embarking in certain of the several businesses I have named, would have missed a chance to visit this show at most any cost.

However all that may be, the reason for this little preface will be apparent when I recite the following up-to-the-minute circumstance.

I called at the headquarters of Scotland Yard the other day and asked to see the chief of the criminal identification bureau. I was asked for my name, and an indication of the nature of my business. Taking out a little leather folder I carried, the souvenir copy of my finger prints of 1908, with all the identification memoranda (excepting the date) removed, I handed it, with nothing else, to the messenger, remarking: "Here's my card and I will tell the chief himself the nature of my business."

While attending the response to my card, I may divert for a moment for a few words of explanation. The system of finger-print identification is now a very practical affair and almost a matter of exact science. It is founded on the singular fact that the lines of the finger tips are never the same with different persons. From this discovery they have advanced through a formula of mathematics which leads the investigator directly to the solution of the problem on which he is engaged. The system is 20 times more effective or reliable than any other method of identification known. These lines are grouped into four principal classes, called arches, which are given an arbitrary value of five; of loops, which are put down at 60, and of whorls at 35, giving a total of 100 points. Then there are pockets, deltas, ridges, termini, and accidentals, with inner and outer loops, terminal ridges, lateral pockets, and so on.

These characteristic lines are given numerical valuation according to a fixed schedule and when totaled they lead, as I have indicated, by some uncanny anatomical factor to identification that is more certain than photography, or the so-called antheometric head measurements. The work is a simple and reliable process and when finger marks are shown on a poisoner's glass, on the blade of a knife, a door knob, or on the wall of a room where a crime has been committed, they are unfailing in their identification of the person who caused those prints, provided, of course, duplicate impressions can be procured.

The work will have attained its highest expression and achievement at Scotland Yard, and it will be of peculiar interest to Americans just now because of the proposal to use the system for identification and signature confirmation in the projected rejuvenation of the Postal Savings Bank. And not only this, but a German professor has only recently come forward with a statement, after exhaustive study and thousands of experiments, that the past and future, the destiny and life trend of man may be known by a scientific analysis of the lines of his finger tips. As far as I have been able to learn, the psychology of the science has heretofore been ignored and this phase of the profession has possibilities of a fascinating and useful character.

But let us return to my visit to Scotland Yard.

After waiting for about three quarters of an hour—a long time, I thought—the messenger returned and I was led to an office where a keen-eyed and pleasant-faced man sat at a big desk and greeted me with a wave of his hand. Looking up and, speaking slowly, he said: "Take a chair *Mr. Thompson,* and tell me what we can do for you. I see by your dossier that you are no longer in the American consular service. That you resigned in 1915. That you wrote a book on the war—in the early days of the conflict. That you passed through our 'Intelligence' lines from Tilbury Docks to Holland in May, 1915, with a special journalistic commission from the Chicago *Tribune* and the London *Times.* That you became ill at The Hague. That you spent the winter of 1915-16 in Berlin, and that you went to Switzerland to recuperate and stayed there until after the close of the war. Now, again, what can we do for you? It is further observed that you were introduced here in 1908 by a Dr. Clark, of New York."

"Well," I responded, "what can you do for me? You have already done it! Three-quarters of an hour ago, not a soul about the place knew my name nor who I was, nor where I came from. I must say that the thing works perfectly and it is too bad, I am sure, that I am not a criminal, and that I was not a German agent."

"Capital!" he said, "we knew you were not, and by two incidents which occurred in the winter of 1915 and 1916. Shall I tell you what they were?"

"Go ahead," I answered.

"Very well! Here you are," looking the meanwhile at some memoranda on his desk. "At a meeting of a committee of so-called Americans (the proceedings were carried on solely in German) at the German Authors' Club on November 15, 1915, in Berlin, you declined peremptorily to go on the platform and make an address with Sir Roger Casement. You further refused to make any public discourse whatever without first consulting your ambassador, Mr. Gerard, and submitting a copy of your speech to him for censorship. And in February, 1916, you repulsed, with proper spirit (for the proposal was made by one of our own men), a suggestion that you accept a large fee—a very large fee—to go to Washington on a secret mission for the German chancellor, Von Bethmann Hollweg. Your voluntary and spontaneous action at the German Authors' Club in the one instance, and your response to our test in connection with the Von Bethmann Hollweg offer, were sufficient for us, and, after that, we left you alone."

Here was I, a business man by occupation and a dilettante journalist when opportunity offered, drifting into Scotland Yard to get some color and statistics to divert myself by writing something on this greatest of police and detective institutions in the world—to talk to some one about Sherlock Holmes, Jack the Ripper, Raffles, the gentleman burglar, and so on, when I come up against the real thing by a stumbling instinctive interest in a simple attempt to test the finger-print identification work of Scotland Yard. Of course, the idea had been in the back of my head, and I had thought of it at different times in a vague sort of way ever since my first visit to Scotland Yard, that the experience I had had in 1908 with Dr. Clark, on the occasion referred to, had possibly become a real record of Scotland Yard.

In the forthcoming book on the workings of Scotland Yard during the war, Sir Basil Thomson, late chief of the political intelligence department of Great Britain, declares that the intelligence service of England, when the war broke out, was thoroughly disorganized, juvenile, and altogether the poorest in Europe. On the other hand, however, Sir Basil claims that in eighteen months or two years, it was the best in the world, if not in all history. It was natural, too, that it should be, for by the time America was drawn into the conflict, all the allied and associated powers, with their embassies, legations and consulates, not to mention relief societies, clubs, and so forth, throughout the world, and particularly in Europe, were co-ordinated and exchanging information and reports, with the result that a record of every person, male or female, military, diplomatic, or plain ordinary loafer or business man, who moved from one country to another, or for personal reasons found it necessary or agreeable to stop in some country other than his own, was docketed, indexed, and cross-indexed in these centers and, finally, summed up and analyzed in London, Paris, Rome and Washington. But Scotland Yard, under the aegis of the British home office in London, was the soul and center of this world complex, and Basil Thomson the genius of that organization.

Aside from some great or exceptional eruptive period such as war, revolution or assassination, when a man like Thomson may stand out as an international character, it is difficult to connect any personality with Scotland Yard, which is an intensely characteristic and at the same time romantic institution. For the Londoner it has about as much interest as the Stock Yards have for the Chicagoan; on reflection, I should say less. But being the most important police and detective organization known, Scotland Yard has been a fruitful and never-failing source of romance and fiction for many years, and the more so since its actual workings are secret and executive. Scotland Yard is a system and its head is in the government cabinet. The minister of the home office is the real chief and he may be in power today and out tomorrow. Still this ministerial officer and his colleagues in the British cabinet are jealous of the control and responsibility of this super-organization of information and order.

An example of this jealousy of control has been exhibited in London recently in the excision—voluntary or forced is not quite clear—of the brilliant head of the political intelligence department, Sir Basil Thomson. Whether Sir Basil has become infected with the melagomania world epidemic in connection with the war, I do not know, but he declined to serve as chief of that department if compelled to report to the general chief of Scotland Yard, ranking him in his relation to the home office ministry. He would report to the ministry direct but to no intermediary. So, while the thing did not satisfy the cabinet, the members let it go because of the excellent war record of Sir Basil, who was really a great and outstanding personality in connection with the British intelligence (spy) system during the war.

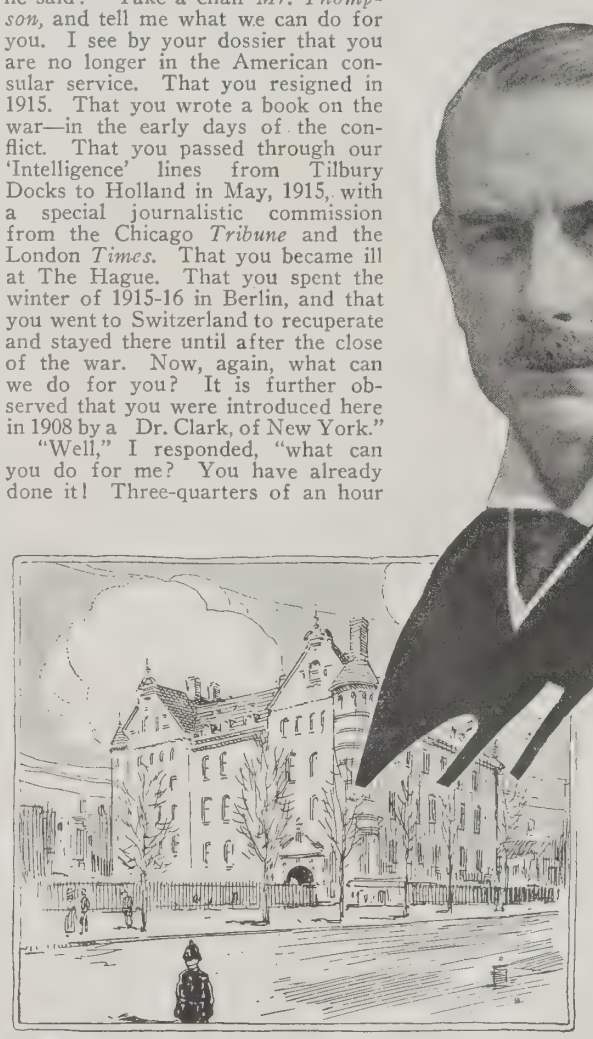
Nevertheless, it being the primary duty of Scotland Yard to protect the person of the king and not less those of his ministers, the opportunity to give him the harpoon, to sacrifice individual merit, perhaps, to red tape and system, came in due course, as all things most certainly do come in England—"in due course."

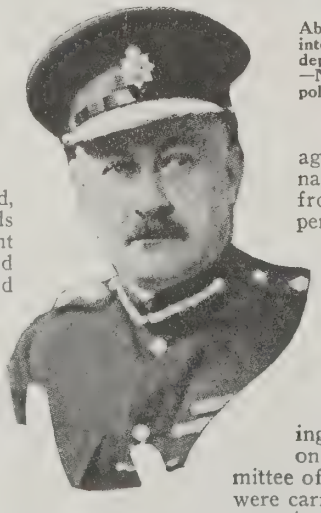
A group of Sinn Feiners were discovered last summer near "Chequers," the country home of Lloyd George. There was evidently something of a panic at Downing street and it was figured that the prime minister had escaped possible assassination. Unfortunately for Sir Basil the discovery was not made by his men, but the regular police force of Scotland Yard. Another effort was made to have Sir Basil report through his chief, instead of direct to the home office, with the alternative of getting out if he would not. He chose the alternative.

I make these references to Sir Basil for two reasons: first, he is writing a book on the war and post-war functioning of the intelligence department of Scotland Yard, which he will issue shortly, and which may be of interest to American readers; and, second, I speak of him for a more personal reason.

On arriving in London some months ago I bore a letter of introduction from Police Commissioner Enright, of New York, to Sir Basil Thomson, and had

(*Concluded on page 12*)





Above—Sir Basil Thomson, former chief of the civil intelligence service of Great Britain, and head of that department in Scotland Yard during the war. Center—New Scotland Yard, headquarters of the London police. Below—Brigadier General W.T.F. Horwood, commissioner of police.

Solving the Problem of Juvenile Delinquency

Legal Father of 3,000 Kansas Boys Uses Original Methods With Success

By CLYDE ROBERTS

WHAT is the answer for the growing tendency toward juvenile crime in the United States?

How many fathers in America, whose sons have gone to prison, reformatories, or industrial schools of correction, have realized, too late, that the fault was their own?

What percentage of the parents in the United States have the absolute confidence of their children?

Are American parents meeting the outside competition of amusements in their homes?

Is there a remedy for the shortcomings of youth, other than the trend of legislation aimed at correcting faults?

Fathers and mothers, are you sure your son is not the next to hit the toboggan toward juvenile delinquency, which later may result in prison?

The foregoing questions will never be solved in a day, nor will they be remedied by any one line of effort; but there is a lesson in the experience of a man out in Kansas who has been the legal father of 3,000 boys, and has given advice to thousands of others.

That man is Judge John T. Sims, of the Wyandotte County, Kansas, juvenile court, who is known as the children's friend.

This article deals only with Judge Sims' experience with boys, and the hypothesis from which he works. He answers many of the questions now confronting parents of America on the juvenile tendency toward crime. In explaining his experience and his application of principle, he does not claim to have a panacea to save the youth of the nation, but he offers his observations for what they may be worth to the parents who have such problems before them.

First, in the calculations of Judge Sims, is the primary hypothesis with which many thinkers already are familiar. That is, that the average normal child will repeat the history of its race in the course of its life.

With the Caucasian race, Judge Sims divides his observations in four grand divisions. First is when the white race were savages on the rivers and in the valleys of Central Europe. Next is when they advanced to the barbarian stage, and third is the age of chivalry. Last is the present age of civilization.

As a savage, man burrowed in the ground for a home. He built a fire outdoors to cook his food. He worshiped idols of his own concoction. He slew his food wherever he could get it, and he went forth upon the face of the earth to get from nature that which would sustain life.

As a barbarian, man learned to organize. He learned the use of weapons. He built more substantial houses. He became more cruel than the savage. He tortured his enemies. He learned to use beasts of burden, and he designed ways and means for his own comfort. He believed that women were only chattel. They had no rights.

In the age of chivalry, woman first received attention from man. It was in this age that man first built the pedestal on which womanhood now rests. And it was in this age that men began to learn that cleanliness of person, chivalric deeds, and other notable things gained them favor with the women.

Now, bring the hypothesis of Judge Sims to the present age, civilization.

The average normal boy will repeat the history of his race. Thousands of mothers would fly at his throat if Judge Sims were to tell them their pretty little boy is a savage, but—

The little boy will dig a cave in the ground, even though he lives in a mansion. He will hunt for his food, even though he be filled with the finest food procurable. He will eat wild berries without regard to danger. He will climb a tree to observe some distant point, or just for the thrill of the risk. He will place value on trinkets of no intrinsic worth, because they are his idols. He is in the savage age of his race, and is normal.

Advance the same little boy a little further. He will make a set of harness and put his dog to work. He will pour hot water on a turtle's back to see it run. He will tie a can on a dog's tail to hear the animal howl. He will make wooden horses out of broomsticks. He is not inherently cruel, but he is a young barbarian. He is in the barbaric stage of his race.

Consider him next in the age of chivalry, when he looks upon girls and women for their charms, rather than as chattel. He becomes conscious of a different feeling toward the opposite sex. He will not shun water; he will take more care of his appearance. He will want nice clothes and the necessary things to entertain girls, because he is passing through the chivalric age of his race.

Examples of this character could be carried on indefinitely, but these given serve to illustrate Judge Sims' viewpoint.

Applying his hypothesis, then, shall come Judge Sims' first element of striking at juvenile delinquency. The parent must understand that boys will do certain things; that it is their nature to do certain things, and from that judgment must learn the exercise of sensible restraint.

If a little boy, as a savage, wants to get in the water, the parents should not employ vigorous restraint, particularly punishment; they should endeavor to teach him to go in water only where there is no danger, or else remove the opportunity altogether.

As a barbarian, if the youth mistreats an animal, gets a gun and shoots a neighbor's chickens or cow, the parent should not punish him by violence, but should advise him against injury to anything.



JUDGE JOHN T. SIMS

In the age of chivalry, if the same boy sees the little girl next door, and desires to take her to a picture show, or buy her some candy, or wants a new tie to gain favor in her eye, he should not be censured for doing something that is part of his nature.

Judge Sims' method of handling boys through these stages is the study of the proper use of restraint. Advise in line with the boy's nature. When force is necessary, make it severe and absolute, without restriction.

Under the Kansas juvenile laws, when a boy is made a ward of the juvenile court, the judge has first authority, even over the parents. He may or may not send the boy to a place of correction. In the 12 years that Judge Sims has served, more than 3,000 boys, whose ages range from five to sixteen, have been his wards, and he learned things from them that their parents never dreamed of, because he worked a system flexible and applicable to the troubles of most boys.

The results have been that few of his wards have ever continued a life of crime or waywardness. Most of them have turned about. There are now in Kansas, men holding positions of high responsibility, who were wards of Judge Sims in their youth.

When a youthful offender is brought in, Judge Sims diagnoses the case before applying the rule. If the youth has been stealing, he finds out why. It might have been that the boy was in the age of barbarism and believed he had the right to steal. It might have been that the boy was in the age of savagery and stole because he knew no better, and the temptation was before him. It might have been that the boy was in the age of chivalry and stole because he desired something that was denied him in his own life.

Once the diagnosis is made, the remedy is sought. If it is theft by instinct, the boy gets advice. If it is theft by conquestial right in the boy's mind, he gets a severe lecture and advice. If it is theft for something the boy could not get or have, then Judge Sims hunts for the reason.

He has found in hundreds of cases that the average American middle and lower class home cannot compete with outside amusements; that parents do not know their children; that authority has been terribly misused on the one hand, and badly neglected on the other.

One boy, 15 years old, who knew better, stole three suits of clothes from a tailor shop. He was arrested. It was his first offense, and the crime was grand larceny, a felony. He admitted the theft, although the clothes he stole were large enough for two like him.

Frightened, accompanied by his mother in tears, he appeared before the court with visions of prison.

Judge Sims sat the boy down on his knee. 'Why did you take those suits—big enough for your father?" asked the court.

"I was tired of looking like a bum."

"Why don't you work and get you some clothes?"

"I do work, but dad says I can't be a dude."

"Bring his father in," said the court, "and we will all talk it over."

At the appointed time, both parents and the boy appeared.

Said the court to the father:

"What is your idea of clothes for this boy?"

"Well, your honor, I want him to look decent, but I won't stand for any of them fancy styles. I want my boy to be raised right. He works and turns in his money at home, but he's got crazy notions about fancy clothes."

"How many suits has he?"

"The one he's got on, and his working clothes."

The clothes worn by the boy were out of fashion and badly frayed.

"You are trying to make a criminal out of your boy, and you are getting a good start," said the court. "You are to blame for this theft, although no theft is justified. This boy is in the age where he wants good clothes; where he wants to look like the rest of the young fellows, and if you want to keep him out of the penitentiary, you let him spend some of his money for his clothes, and good ones, too."

"But, judge, I'm boss of my home and I intend to run it."

"I expect you to be boss and this court will uphold any father who is trying to keep the reins, but you must learn to drive if you expect to make a go of it.

"Now, I am going to parole this boy, and make him a ward of this court. From now on I am boss of your home, and I will remain such until you learn enough to run it yourself."

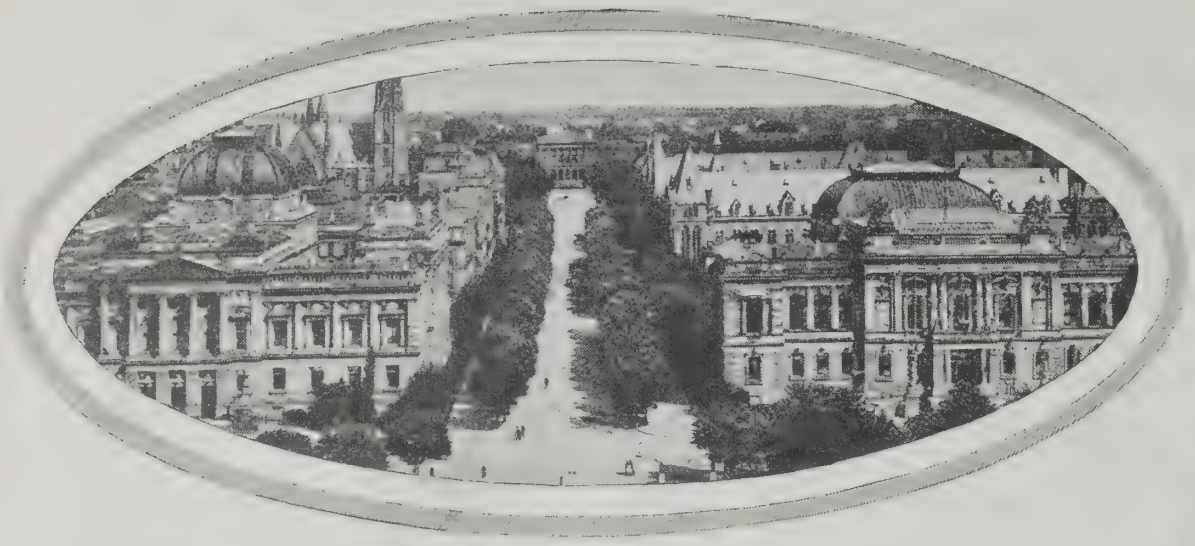
The boy returned the stolen clothes. He was allowed to dress like other boys, and he is now holding a responsible position.

There came before the court 14 boys, all attending a school in the outskirts of Kansas City, Kansas. Near by was a candy storehouse. One boy got the door open, and from then on began a pilgrimage to the storehouse. When the police discovered the theft, the boys had three barrels of candy hidden in a cave and were gorged from eating the sweets. The owner of the candy thought they should all be sent to the industrial school.

On trial, when they faced the court, none more than 13 years old, Judge Sims ascertained that the door of the storehouse was very insecure. He admonished the boys, in confidential, individual talks, not to enter again, and obtained their promise. Then he made their fathers pool together and pay the loss. After that he lectured the owner of the candy to lock his place securely, explaining that candy was a temptation to small boys. Since then the man has not been troubled.

In hundreds of cases, Judge Sims has found that parents do not have the confidence of their children. Through kindness he has gained confidence of boys, from whom parents could not

(Concluded on page 15)



The Library and Conservatory of Music, with the University in the background.

Strassburg, the Recovered City, Is Distinctly Alsatian

Town Is Unaffected by Different Rulers

By PAUL BOWERMAN

MY FIRST glimpse of the Place de la Concorde in Paris was an illustration in a geography book, unfolding to my dazzled eyes that magnificent vista with the obelisk rising in the center and surrounded by eight statues symbolic of the great cities of France. But much more enduring than the details of the picture was the recollection of a footnote to the effect that the statue which represented the city of Strassburg was always draped in mourning in remembrance of Alsace, lost to the French in the War of 1870. Now the last great war is over, the tricolor is flying in Alsace, and the statue of Strassburg takes its place with the seven others. I confess that it was partly because of the sentiment attached to the memory of the picture in the geography book that I went out of my way, en route to Germany, to make my pilgrimage to the recovered city.

As the *rapide de luxe* jolted and lurched over the makeshift roadbed across the battle-scarred fields, sweeping past freshly painted stations built on the ruins of the others, and affording fragmentary glimpses of grass-grown trenches and bundles of rusting barbed wire, it was easier to understand how much Alsace-Lorraine means to the French. Chateau Thierry flashed by, then Epernay, Châlons, and the peaceful-looking Marne.

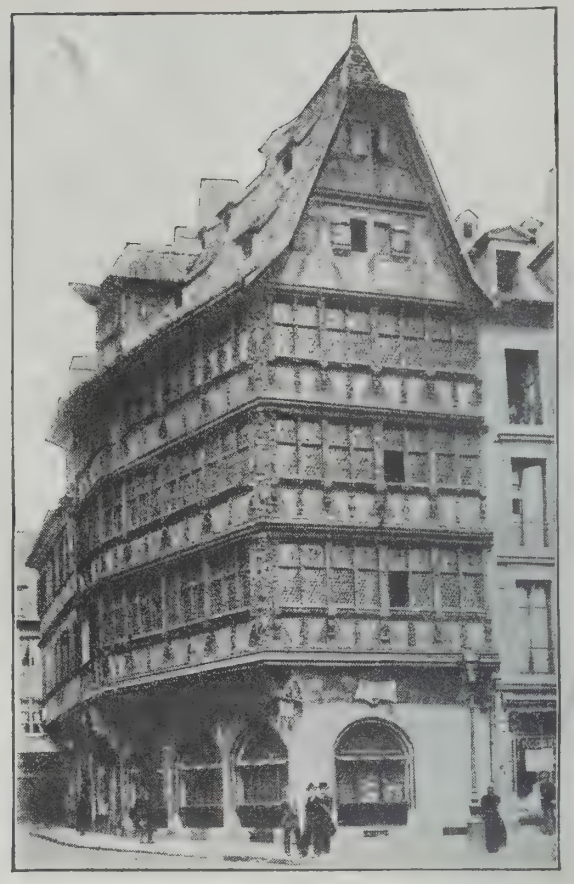
After Lunéville, the train degenerated to the rank of an *omnibus*, coming to a stop at every village. This made possible a better glimpse of the picturesque houses with their high swift-sloping roofs and overhanging balconies. But if the architecture of the towns had changed, the people themselves were even more different from those of Northern France. As they got on and off the train there was little of the bustle and animation so characteristic of the French, no audible embraces, no waving of hands and shouting of parting injunctions, and no buzz of conversation as they took their places in the carriage. And their language was not French, but a *patois* that sounded like very bad German.

A more sluggish disposition, a certain blandness in their round faces, a suggestion of a greater physique in the men and a tendency toward plumpness in the women were the first noticeable contrasts. There was lacking that intellectual vivacity that illumines the gesture and speech of even the French peasant, and the sharp clear-cut intonation that springs from a quick-working mind. Indications of the Teuton strain came to light in their heaviness of manner, in the moodiness that occasionally stole across their faces.

Night had already fallen, and a cold, dull rain sifted down through the trees of the park that flanked the station when the train arrived at Strassburg. Illumined by the lights of the town some distance away, the great spire of the cathedral rose to a shadowy height, alluringly indistinct. I walked across the glistening square into a German hotel, sat down to a German dinner of sausage and dark beer, was escorted to my room by a German porter, and fell asleep in a thoroughly German bed.

Strassburg is divided into an Old Town and New Town. In the latter are centered the monumental buildings erected by the Germans since 1871. It is impressive in a heavy majestic manner, solid-looking, expensive, and rather tedious. The Kaiser's Palace, now renamed the Palais du Rhin, stands at one end of a handsome square across from the library and the conservatory of music. All these are huge edifices of colored stone, adorned with figures symbolic of Power, Strength, Fertility, and other like virtues, dear to the heart of a Teuton, all carefully labeled and all looking exactly alike. It is perhaps New Art or a perverted imitation of Rodin that is responsible for these gigantic ladies in stone that one finds on every hand—or even a twentieth-century conception of Brünnhilde. Whatever has been the source of inspiration, the result is nothing short of terrifying. At the ends of every bridge and over the portals of every public building these guardian angels, of fearful proportions, look down upon undersized humanity with all the grandeur of physical enormity.

A bridge across the River Ill leads to the open square in front of the university, the exterior of which is the happiest conception of the architects to whom the reconstruction of Strassburg was intrusted. The great size of the building permits the use of rather heavy detail without compromising the picture as a whole. The interior is unfortunately sacrificed to the passion for heavy colors and tremendous columns, where the squat pillars and low ceilings give the impression of needlessly thick walls, and the tinted ceilings, in addition to excluding light, add a touch of solemnity unrelieved by a hint of mystery.



The Kammerzell House, one of the best examples of Alsatian architecture.

There are occasional evidences of a revolt on the part of the French element of the city against the superabundance of statues reminiscent of the German occupation. On the days following the entrance of the French troops there seems to have been a rather whole-hearted jubilee to behead a number of the stone ladies, previously mentioned, whose countenances inspired no feeling of awe in the hearts of the Gallic element. A likeness of Kaiser William was torn from its pedestal, the three of the Prussian kings sculptured on the façade of the new post office suffered a similar fate. A pleasing figure of Goethe in front of the university was left untouched, as were those of the German scholars and scientists.

In the near-by streets of the New Town are endless rows of well-built homes with grilled gateways and doorways adorned with cherubim, all exuding an atmosphere of contented domesticity and comfortable bank accounts. If there were many details that would jar the sensibility of an admirer of things Gallic, there was on the other hand a rather pleasant indication of joviality and quiet industry—virtues of which the world seems to be in sore need today.

It is currently supposed that Alsace-Lorraine had been smarting under the mailed fist of Germany since 1871. It would be nearer the truth to say it was the French rather than the Alsatians who were burning for retribution. In the 47 years that Strassburg was a German city, enormously successful steps were taken to uproot the seeds sown by the French during the preceding 174. The great strides made by the propaganda of the last German occupation is explained by the strong appeal which the Teuton civilization makes to the middle and lower classes. In any region lying between France and Germany, such as Luxembourg and portions of Belgium and Switzerland, it will be noted that the educated classes champion the French civilization of culture and refinement, while the lower classes invariably find their expression in the slow, contented accents of German. Add to this that the Kaiser spared neither money nor effort to efface as rapidly as possible the last vestiges of the French régime, and the shock of the stranger in seeing what seems to be a German city is explained.

Thus situated as a buffer between two rival powers,

(*Concluded on page 12*)



Left — The facade of the Cathedral. Below—The Old Fish Market.



Photos by Campagnie Alsatian

Making a Calendar for a Billion Years

By HARRY H. DUNN



The Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, whence Dr. R. G. Aitken, astronomer, will go as one of the delegates to the meeting of the International Astronomical Union in Rome.

WITH the object of formulating a calendar which shall endure until the end of time, and on which every separate day of each week shall always fall on the same day of the month, delegates from every civilized nation in the world will meet at the conference of the International Astronomical Union in Rome, in April of this year. It is estimated that, if such a calendar can be arranged, and the world can be persuaded to adopt it, as, for example, it adopted standard time, such a calendar would save annually more than $40,000,000 in the re-writing, printing and lithographing of new calendars for each succeeding year. The saving in time and money along other lines, by this reform of the Gregorian calendar, would be approximately $200,000,000 a year, according to estimates of those astronomers and other scientists who are endeavoring, in every country on the globe, to bring about this uniform, perpetual division of the year into its 365 parts.

At the conference in Rome, the international committee of the astronomical union will present a report on the form of calendar it has found most suitable for permanent adoption by the world. What form this will be, none but the members of the committee know, but at this time, three forms of perpetual calendar have been offered for the consideration of the world's astronomers, and other authorities on the passage and reckoning of time. One of these is the American Plan, now concretely presented in the form of a bill pending before Congress; another is the Swiss Plan, formulated by M. Armelin, and the third is the French Plan, originated by M. Bigourdan, an astronomer in the Observatory of Paris.

The American Plan, or Liberty Calendar Plan, has the great advantage that it divides the year into months of exactly even and equal numbers of days, namely, 28, making it very convenient for employers and employes, bankers and accountants, in short, all forms of industry, business and commerce, since the first and fifteenth of every month would come on Monday, and thus, all pay days, whether weekly, semi-weekly, or monthly, would fall at the end of the week and on week days. The advantage to those paying interest on borrowed money is at once apparent, since they would pay interest on the exact number of days in every instance. Rent payers similarly would be benefited, while those lending money or owning rental property would lose nothing. All notes and contracts could be drawn so that they never would mature on Sunday, and the matter of fixing a future day of the week for a certain date would be comparatively simple, and no recourse to a printed calendar would be necessary. All semi-annual payments, notes, mortgages, taxes, and so on, would fall due on Monday, January 1, and on Monday, June 15.

While the new number of months proposed in this American Plan is not easily divisible, being 13, the number of work days in a month, 24; the number of weeks in a month, four; and the weeks in the year, 52, are all easily divisible. This is important, since fully 99 per cent of all settlements involving time are by the hour, week, day or month, and not by the year. The year can be divided into quarters under this plan very easily, each quarter containing exactly 13 weeks, and each quarter commencing on Monday. Under the present system, the quarters are of three different lengths, and commence on different days of the week. A glance at the Liberty Calendar, proposed under this plan, and shown herewith, shows that every day of the month always would fall on a certain day of the week. In every month until the end of time, the first, eighth, fifteenth and twenty-second always would fall on Monday; the second, ninth, sixteenth and twenty-third, always would be Tuesday, and so on. One would always know the day of the month as easily as he now knows the day of the week, and one printed calendar would last forever.

It is proposed to dispose of the thirteenth month by introducing it between February and March, and naming it "Liberty," or "Vern," the latter in honor of the vernal equinox. The 13 months of 28 days, would thus form a total of 364 days. To provide space for the 365th day, a New Year's Day—not named as a day of the month or week—would be placed between December 28, which always would be Sunday, and January 1, which always would be Monday. To provide for the extra 366th day every four years, it would be inserted between the twenty-eighth day of June and the first day of July, once every four years, and called "Leap Day," likewise having no status as a day of the week or a day of the month. Both would be international holidays.

As direct and logical as this plan seems to be in theory, there is considerable opposition to it, especially in America, where it originated, and one of the strangest features of this opposition is that, in this educated and enlightened nation, the strongest objection to it is the addition of a thirteenth month. This may be said to be pure superstition.

The really fatal defect in the American Plan, according to astronomers, is that it would create an extra month's work every year for all banks, commercial houses, industrial firms and accountants all over the world, and it is extremely improbable, according to certain American authorities on the subject, that the financial interests of the world would allow the injection of this extra month into the year without the strongest opposition.

Dr. W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory of the University of California, at Mt. Hamilton, from which Dr. R. G. Aitken, astronomer, will go as a delegate to the April conference in Rome, supports the financial interests in their opposition to the additional month, and brings forward a psychological factor which, although it seems apparent, also seems to have been overlooked.

"Personally," says Dr. Campbell, "I am very far from convinced that the intelligence of the world wants, or would be satisfied with, a calendar of such uniformity and monotony as that proposed by the advocates of the thirteenth-month-year plan. A little variety is one of the spices of life."

Then Dr. Campbell, who has been working on this problem of the reform of the Gregorian calendar for some years, brought up the Swiss Plan, as presented some years ago to the Societe Astronomique de France, and lately revived by the Paris Academie des Sciences. This calendar is the original conception of M. Armelin, and of it Dr. Campbell says:

"From the many and varied proposals which retain the year of 12 months, but principally from M. Armelin's calendar, I have selected the features which seem best to me for a perpetual calendar, as follows:

1. The year of 12 months to be divided into four quarters of three months each, and the arrangements for the first quarter to repeat themselves precisely in each of the other quarters. The first month of each quarter has 30 days; the second month, 30 days, and the third month, 31 days. This accounts for 91 days in each quarter, or 364 days in all.

2. The remaining day in ordinary years is 'New Year's Day.' It is given no other descriptive title. It does not belong to any week or to any month. It begins the year, but January 1 is the day *following* New Year's Day.

3. The 366th day of leap year is likewise an extra day, bearing an appropriate descriptive name, perhaps 'Leap Day,' but no week day name, nor is it a part of any month. It is the day following December 31, and the day preceding New Year's Day. It is assumed to be a holiday, and, as it comes only one year in four, it could follow June 31, if preferred.

4. January 1 always falls on Monday. From this, it results that the first month in each quarter—January, April, July, October—begins on Monday in each and every year; that the second month in each quarter—February, May, August and November—begins always on Wednesday; and that the third month in each quarter—March, June, September and December—begins always on Friday. The first day of the month never falls on Sunday; the fifteenth day of the month never falls on Sunday; the thirtieth day of the month never falls on Sunday; the last day of each quarter—the thirty-first of March, June, September and December—always falls on Sunday. The 30-day months always have four Sundays each, and the 31-day months always have five Sundays each. The number of 'week days' in the month is 26 for each and all of the 12 months.

"The advantages of this simple system must be evident," continued Dr. Campbell. "The months are as nearly equal—as nearly equal as they can be made in a 12-month year—and in working days they are absolutely equal. Any given date of any month always falls on the same day of the week. Each stated holiday falls on its invariable day of the week. Thanksgiving Day, for example, always will be on November 30, Christmas Day always on Monday, Independence Day, always on Thursday, and so on."

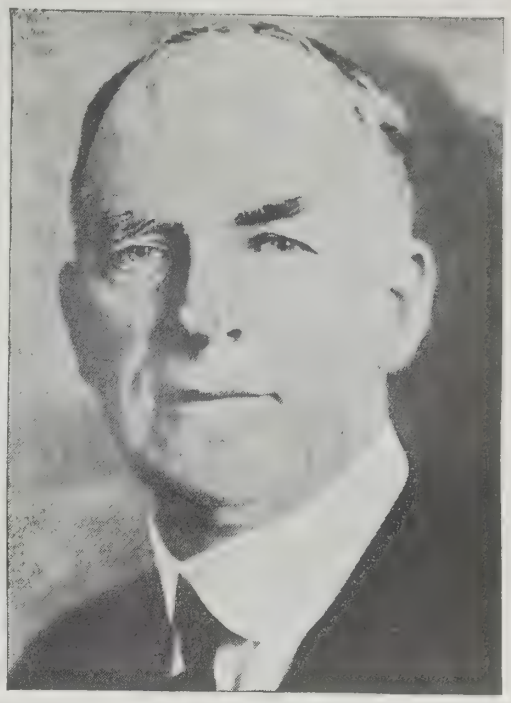
Though Dr. Campbell considers this by far the best of the three principal systems offered, the proponents of the American Plan, or the Liberty Calendar, as they call it, have raised certain important objections to it. They say it has two fatal defects: First, that the weeks do not fit the months, and, second, that the months are still of two different lengths. These two defects, it is undoubtedly true, are overcome by the Liberty Calendar. In regard to these objections, Dr. Campbell says of the Armelin Calendar:

"It is recognized by everybody that the proposed break in the succession of the week days is a most serious matter. In view of this fact, M. Bigourdan, astronomer of the Observatory of Paris, proposed a calendar which does not break the continuity of the weeks. It is an improvement over the present (Gregorian) calendar, in that the year is divided into four unequal quarters of three months each, with 31 days in the first month of each quarter; 30 days in the second month of each quarter, and 30 days in the third month of the first three quarters, but 31 days in December, with the extra day of leap year added to November, making that a month of 31 days every fourth year. In leap years, then, four months in succession will have 31 days.

"Bigourdan's system has the advantage of making the months a little more equal than they are at present, and of simplifying slightly the run of the days through the year, but the first day of the months, a given day of any month, and the holidays, fall on different days in successive years, as in the Gregorian calendar. His calendar, therefore, is not perpetual, and would have to be reconstructed and reprinted for every year."

Whichever calendar is chosen by the Rome conference, it is apparent that there will be opposition to it.

The prime motive back of the movement to reform the calendar, of course, is to provide greater convenience for all users of the calendar. The foundations of the present calendar system were laid by Julius Caesar. His system was altered and improved by Pope Gregory XIII in 1582.



DR. W. W. CAMPBELL,
Director of Lick Observatory.

American Perpetual Calendar

THE American, or Liberty Calendar Plan, which is now pending in the form of a bill before the present session of the American Congress, provides for 13 months of exactly 28 days each, with 24 working days in each. Under this calendar, every month for the next million, or trillion, years, would be just like this:

Mon.	*Tues.*	*Wed.*	*Thurs.*	*Fri.*	*Sat.*	*Sun.*
1	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*
8	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*
15	*16*	*17*	*18*	*19*	*20*	*21*
22	*23*	*24*	*25*	*26*	*27*	*28*

By this calendar, the first of every month would fall on Monday, and the last, of course, on Sunday.

Armelin Perpetual Calendar

THE table below outlines the calendar reform which is to be undertaken by the International Astronomical Union at its meeting in Rome in April, 1922. It is a perpetual calendar, good forever, and needs to be printed only once.

New Year's Day.

First quarter	*January.*	*February.*	*March.*
Second quarter	*April.*	*May.*	*June.*
Third quarter	*July.*	*August.*	*September.*
Fourth quarter	*October.*	*November.*	*December.*

Leap Day.

Monday	*1 8 15 22 29*	*6 13 20 27*	*4 11 18 25*
Tuesday	*2 9 16 23 30*	*7 14 21 28*	*5 12 19 26*
Wednesday	*3 10 17 24*	*1 8 15 22 29*	*6 13 20 27*
Thursday	*4 11 18 25*	*2 9 16 23 30*	*7 14 21 28*
Friday	*5 12 19 26*	*3 10 17 24*	*1 8 15 22 29*
Saturday	*6 13 20 27*	*4 11 18 25*	*2 9 16 23 30*
Sunday	*7 14 21 28*	*5 12 19 26*	*3 10 17 24 31*

New Year's Day	*New Year's Day.*
Washington's Birthday	*February 22, Wednesday.*
May Day	*May 1, Wednesday.*
Memorial Day	*May 30, Thursday.*
Independence Day	*July 4, Thursday.*
Labor Day	*September 4, Monday.*
Christmas Day	*December 25, Monday.*
Leap Day, following June 31 or December 31	*Leap Day.*

"American Magazines Are Going Blooie"

Secret Recipes for the Piffle Which Forms the Public's Mental Pabulum

By a Professional Magazine Writer

THERE lies before me the front page of a newspaper that is published and has big circulation in the city whose population is supposed to average the highest in intelligence of all like city populations in America. The next to the outer right-hand column contains a news story concerning a young man under sentence of death for murder. His was a brutal and stupid crime, consisting of the slaying, in process of robbery, of a well-to-do business man, and, in process of attempted escape, of a detective sergeant. The story has to do with attempts being made to save him from the gallows. Those attempts consist, chiefly, of appeals to the executive authority for commutation of sentence to life imprisonment. The appeals are based on the claim, attested by specialists, that, for lack of intelligence, the young murderer is not fully responsible for his acts. It is set forth that he comes from a family of weaklings, that his grandmother died in an asylum, that his mother has the intelligence of a 10-year-old child, and that his mentality is not above that of a moron.

The outer right-hand column of the same newspaper—the prime position in any issue of a newspaper—contains the beginning of a series of signed articles "by" the youthful criminal! The article is in good newspaper English, well-constructed, and containing language and thought which only a person of intelligence could employ, and, withal, displaying the technique of the trained writer!

All They Want Is Name of a Notable

OF COURSE, the young criminal did not write it. It is doubtful, if what they say about his mentality is true, that he could understand it after it was written "for" him. Yet the newspaper in question broadcasts before its readers the articles in question as "exclusive" and representative of great enterprise on its part, playing up the "moron" as a writer as seriously as if he were an H. G. Wells.

Pretty raw, you say, and superlatively cheap. You probably will add that such trifling with the intelligence of its readers is engaged in by only the "yellow" type of newspapers. Substantially, that is true; the better types of newspapers don't do it—certainly not so blatantly and speciously.

You probably will be astonished, however, when you learn that publications other than newspapers, frequently publications that affect toward all newspapers a loftiness that is mountainous, do what is practically the same thing. And this writer often has done it for them.

In the distant future, as an illustration of a specific instance, some student delving into bound volumes on the shelves of a library for "material" of this period having to do with a certain national subject of current discussion will find a magazine article "by" the supposedly highest authority on the subject in question. In fact, it is "by" a member of the President's Cabinet, the one in whose department the subject in question is being determined. The student very probably will quote from that article, which to some extent may get into the histories of the future and become something of an "authority" as to the subject with which it deals. The writer fain would hope that such will be the case; for he and not the Cabinet member whose name adorns it wrote the article in question. He wrote it without even talking with the Cabinet member, whose only direct connection with the matter in question was to give the manuscript a hurried reading before authorizing its publication as his own. It wasn't a case of deceiving the editor of the magazine; he requested that it be done. All that he cared for was the Cabinet minister's name as a "contributor" to his publication, and to get that he was willing to publish anything the said Cabinet minister would "stand for."

They Assume That Readers Are Stupid

SUPPOSE the editor had inserted with the article a little explanatory note like the following:

> "TO THE READER: This article by Secretary So and So was written by Mr. So and So, whom we paid $34.50 for writing it and getting Secretary So and So to permit his name to appear as its author."

How much respect would you then have for the magazine in question? Yet every word of the above is true, even to the amount of payment. The fee is mentioned to bring out the most pertinent phase of the incident.

The mechanical work of much writing is done by others than the "author" under whose name it appears. Such can be an entirely proper proceeding. A man may have great ability in other lines and yet not be a master of written expression. With the aid of a technician, such a man can often express himself more truly than if he wrote without help. Some of the world's most noted productions have resulted from collaboration between the man with the material and the man with skill for writing. Washington's Farewell Address, for instance, was written by Alexander Hamilton and only revised by Washington. But Washington supplied the thought; Hamilton dressed it up. Then there is the Andrew Jackson story:

"What did they think of my message?" he asked of a Congressman.

"They say it is a great document, but that you didn't write it," the Congressman replied.

"But don't I deserve more blankety-blank credit for finding the man who could write it?" President Jackson responded.

The offense on the part of certain types of magazines in cases like that noted in the foregoing is not primarily in using written matter prepared by others than the one who is credited with it, but in using it chiefly because it bears a name of prominence. The sum paid for the writer's work on the Cabinet member's article in question will give some notion of the amount of time that was devoted to the study of the subject in question by the man who did the writing.

The magazine in question doesn't belong to the "cheap," but to what might be termed the "high-brow" class of publications. It hasn't a reader probably who wouldn't see through and feel contempt for the newspaper practice mentioned in the beginning of this article. Yet this writer asserts, as one who makes his living writing for the magazines, as well as one who has been through all stages of newspaper experience and as an inveterate reader of all kinds of matter published, that, taken as a whole, the intellectual if not the moral standards of the American newspapers are above those of the American magazines—which, oddly, usually are treated as being beyond criticism.

Do not fail to note the phrase "taken as a whole," for with the worst type of newspaper and the best type of magazine there is no comparison.

There are several American magazines of the very highest standards in every way. The average of all, this writer is prone to believe, deserves, however, *Life's* satiric characterization to the effect that they are "dedicated to the proposition that all persons are born equally stupid." Most of them—and especially the self-styled "popular" ones—assume that their readers have no intelligence, are incapable of thinking and have little concern for anything that doesn't appeal to the most primary instincts.

That the foregoing is not the exclusive opinion of a "disappointee" in the much-pursued art of writing for the magazines, let me say that the writer of this has written successfully (as proved by a livelihood gained via checks) for the worst as well as the best of them. It is concurred in by many who have been much more successful with them. Recently, a famous mid-western writer, who runs a small newspaper and for years has been besought as a contributor by most of the magazines in the country, spoke before a club in the East on the newspapers. He didn't fail to belabor the daily newspapers, though for a lifetime he has been identified with them. During the question-naire period at the close of the lecture, some one shot at him this question:

Not Worth Discussing, He Says

"WHAT do you think of the magazines?"

"I don't think they are worth discussing," he replied, immediately. "The American magazines simply are going blooie."

Yet a week rarely passes without his name being "played up" by one or more magazines. He is a writer of first-class ability, but it is not because of that that the magazines which seek him most want him as a contributor. It is because years ago, before American magazines multiplied to the point of weighting down news stands on every corner and when those that were published had high standards (as the same ones which survive in the main still do), he became famous as a magazine contributor. Now that his name has selling value, he is besought by the editors of the new and, in point of circulation figures, often the dominant types of periodicals. What they want most is his name, not his talent; and no one knows that better than the writer in question; hence his contempt.

Not very long ago this writer spent an evening in the home of one of the most successful editors of the "popular" type of magazines; he has been assistant or chief editor of several, ranging from a weekly to a 35-cent monthly. It was noticeable that not a single magazine was to be seen in the living room or in his study.

"Don't you read magazines?" he was asked.

"I thought I looked like a person of intelligence," he replied cryptically. "Do you think I'd voluntarily read any such rot as we publish?"

On discussing the subject further, it was learned that he confined his reading of periodicals to a few and mainly little-known publications that are put out inconspicuously, or to others published abroad. The very sight of a garish magazine of the type he edited was sickening to him.

Only recently several editors of all-fiction magazines of the "popular" type in a discussion with a group of amateur writers stated candidly that, as readers, the stuff they buy and publish would have no interest for them. One declared, with further frankness, that if Edgar Allan Poe were living and submitted to his magazine stories like those which help to make Poe immortal, they would be rejected.

Succinctly, the editor of the "popular" type of magazine buys not what he thinks is good and worth while, but what he believes will sell most widely. There are exceptions, of course. The writer has in mind the editor of one of the most successful of all the so-called "populars." He does like the stuff he accepts and prints; hence, despite its shallowness, it goes over triumphantly. For behind it there is editorial sincerity, which necessarily must extend to the writing, too. Though much of it may be little more than trash, it is honestly done, which gives it a worth-while value.

Thus with the run of "popular" magazines, neither the editors who shape their policies nor the writers who supply the "food" which they feed to the minds of their readers have any faith in what they are doing. Even where no propaganda incentive issues from ownership established for using rather than for profiting directly from the properties, the operation of the average type of "popular" magazine is a pure and simple commercial proposition. Circulation—quick circulation—big circulation—is the god and the only one that is worshiped. Because the "yellow" newspapers found that the best way to build big circulation quickly was to assume a state of general public stupidity and act upon it, the "popular" magazine seems to take it for granted that such is the only way not only to build but also to hold big circulation.

The "popular" magazine rarely gets the "toning down" which is given the yellow newspaper after circulation is established. They go from one trick to another and heap artificiality on artificiality. The reading matter they print usually is a secondary one in the group of important operating items. Pictures, for those that use them, rank much higher. More energy is given to the selection of covers and illustrations than to reading matter. Editors usually are paid more than is paid to writers who prepare the articles or stories. In spite of denials, "names" count for much. There are magazine writers who find it much more profitable to write stuff which appears under the names of public men, actors or actresses, movie stars, prize fighters and criminals, than to use their own names. While, as noted, there are creditable exceptions, some of the apparently "best" magazines, that is, some which seem to make a truly intellectual appeal, are not above employing cheap legerdermain, as in the case of the article "by" the Cabinet member already told about.

Market Closed to New Ideas

WHEN some theatrical man excused his flimsy productions on the score of the "tired business man's" reluctance to think when off duty, there was coined a phrase which since has dominated the editorial offices of 75 per cent of our American magazines. Even self-styled scientific publications and would-be serious business periodicals often are edited with the T. B. M., as the term now is used, chiefly in view. Likewise, many of the women's magazines are edited for—to borrow H. L. Mencken's phrase—the fat woman in a kimono, lolling in a hammock and fanning herself.

The result is that what the average magazine publishes consists mostly of prettily garnished, and sometimes highly seasoned, piffle. The short fiction always must be "uplifting," "inspirational" and optimistic in tone. The "happy ending" is decreed almost as invincibly as in the motion pictures. When a new writer tries to open up a new approach to the art of the short story, the one necessary essential to success—a market—is almost entirely absent, despite the fact that we are the greatest readers of short stories in the world and more of them are published in this country than in the rest of the world. Such a writer generally must battle his way to notice through obscure magazines that are unable to pay for material. It is worth while noting that the fiction published by several of those non-paying magazines are given much higher rank by students of the subject, like O'Brien, than that which is published by some whose rates of payment are dazzling. The articles in the average "popular" magazine merely skim the surface of things. Above all they must not give offense—to either reader or advertiser.

Best Writers Leaving Magazine Field

UNLESS the name of the author is sufficient to make the article "stand up" regardless of the piffle it contains, virtually the only requirement is that the treatment of the subject be clever. The caption or title must have "punch," the writing must be "snappy," and in writing it the author must assume that the reader will be in a condition of semi-somnambulism when the magazine is "perused." For the last dozen years both magazine fiction and articles, also verse, have been falling into the deadly grip of standardization. One of the great problems of magazine editors just now is to find writers who can do something new; and conversely the occasional new writer with something new faces the problem of finding an editor bold enough to give him a chance.

Meantime, the average American magazine is ceasing to be a factor in the intellectual and moral life of the country. It has become a source of light entertainment and little more. The growth of newspaper syndicating, and the bigger opportunities it opens up for them, is causing many of the best magazine writers to go back into daily journalism, and at the same time—along with other influences—is enabling the better types of newspapers to be better magazines than the average of the magazines themselves. Whatever may be said of the newspapers—and much that is not pleasing can be said of them—they still certainly are "worth discussing." Of course, there are numerous individual magazines that also are "worth discussing," but when one looks over the heavily laden racks of the ordinary news stand and notes the types and characters of most of the biggest sellers thereon, one must feel that the contempt expressed by the noted writer hitherto quoted is not wholly unmerited by the magazines as a whole.

When It's Maple Sugar Time in New England



An outdoor sap boiler for the "sugaring off" party.

ONLY those who live in New England, Northern New York or Eastern Canada know the real delights of Maple Sugar Time—those days in late March or early April, according to how the sap runs in the sugar maple trees, when the trees are tapped and the life-giving sap is taken and boiled down into delicious syrup or equally delicious sugar. There is never enough to supply the demand, which has become world-wide. Those who know the products of the sugar maple tree only as something that appears on the table should visit a maple grove or "sugar bush," as it is generally called in New England, when sugar making is in progress to get the full enjoyment of the delicacy.

When the soft south winds begin blowing, when there are thawing days and freezing nights, the work of making maple sweets begins. Trees are tapped and tens of thousands of buckets are in use in the north country. Some persons think that the sap rushes from the trees as water gushes from a faucet. On the contrary, the flow of sap is slow—exasperatingly slow, especially to the small boy waiting for his first drink of it. Only a few quarts flow from a tree in a day. It looks much like water, and has only a slightly sweetish taste.

It is hard work wading and wallowing through the soft snow to tap the trees one after another and then go back over the same trail to gather the sap. There are no union rules in the sugar camp, and there's no extra pay for overtime. It's a 24-hour day, and some one must be on duty every hour of the 24, after the work has really begun.

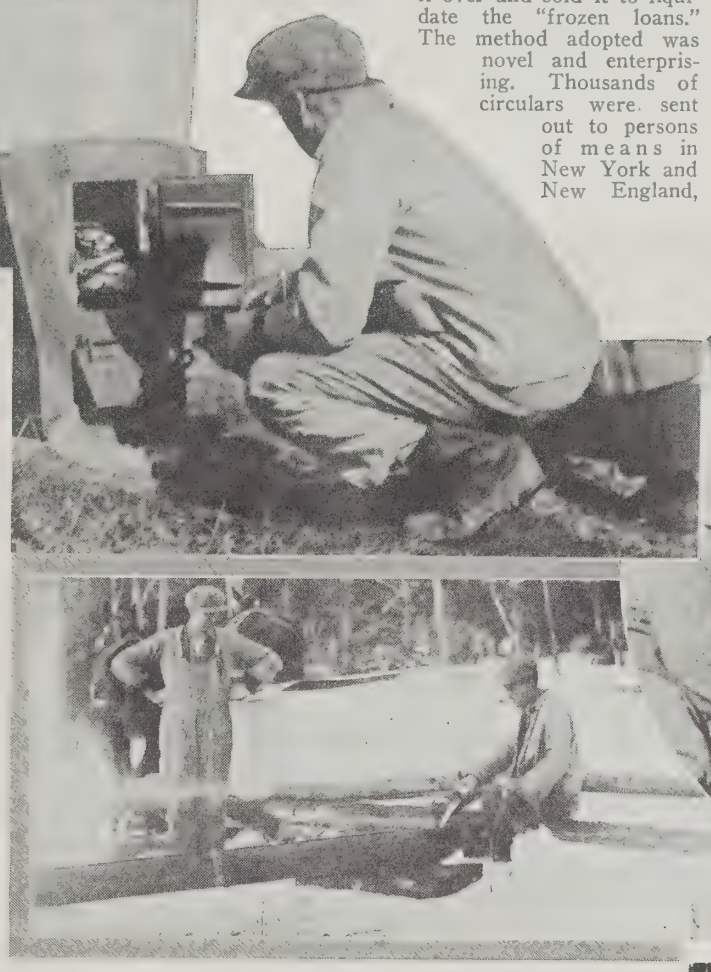
A few orchards are so located that pipes may be laid to lead the sap directly from the tree buckets to the tank in the sugar house, and much toil is thus avoided. In most cases, however, the trees are on level ground, and pipes are not feasible. The team is driven through the wood, each individual tree is visited, the sap poured from the bucket into a gathering pail and from that transferred to the tank mounted on a sled. When the round is completed, or the tank is full, it is hauled to the sugar house, and the sap run in through a wooden trough.

In early days the old potash kettle was used most frequently—the one used at other times by the farmer's wife for boiling soft soap. Open to the weather, rain and snow, while the sap was boiling, bits of wood, bark and leaves dropped in, filling the syrup or sugar with impurities. All this is changed, with modern methods of handling the sap and making the sugar. Improvements in methods cover a wide range. The earliest sugar makers cut a gash in the tree with an axe and inserted a chip for the sap to flow over into a trough hollowed from a basswood log. The old pod auger was used to bore a hole two inches or more in diameter and a spile made from a piece of alder limb was inserted. Wooden buckets replaced the hollow trough. But both these absorbed some of the contents and set up a fermentation that injured the product.

Then came metal spouts and buckets, and the hole bored in the tree is scarcely large enough to insert the tip of the little finger. The open kettle has given way to the evaporator, and the process from tree to tin can of sugar or syrup has been shortened as much as possible, for the less the exposure to the air, the lighter is the color of the sugar, and the higher price it brings in the city market.

Nearly 20,000,000 maple trees in the "north woods," which means New England and lower Eastern Canada, are tapped every spring. Some of these have yielded sap for approximately a half century without apparent injury. An output of three pounds of sugar to a tree is not unusual, and if that figure is maintained throughout the season and for all producers, the maple sugar production makes quite a respectable addition to the saccharine supply of the country. Since it is a delicacy, it naturally brings a much higher price than ordinary sugar.

The maple sugar harvest in 1916, which was a banner year, amounted to 4,106,418 gallons of syrup and 14,060,206 pounds of sugar, valued at $5,117,809, which was a slight decrease, however, from the value of the product of the year before. Last year, due to general business conditions, an enormous amount of maple sugar was tied up in Vermont, and the local bank in one town, which had loaned a considerable amount of money on the product, finally took it over and sold it to liquidate the "frozen loans." The method adopted was novel and enterprising. Thousands of circulars were sent out to persons of means in New York and New England, quoting prices, which were attractive, and guaranteeing quality of the product. This latter fact in itself was almost enough to sell it quickly, for thousands of buyers are "stung" annually with fake maple sugar.



Unloading sap from portable tank and running it into sap house through a wooden gutter.

New England leads all other sections of the country in the number of sugar maple trees in use, and Vermont leads all the New England states, with 5,000,000 trees tapped annually. Vermont has nearly as many more in reserve that can be brought into use whenever the price of maple sugar warrants.

Canada has extensive maple forests and might make as good maple sugar as Vermont, but modern methods have not been generally adopted, and Canadian sugar is not up to the quality produced in New England. Yet it sells for a good price.

Only when "sugaring off" comes does one get the enjoyment of the sugar camp. Daily labor is drudgery, sticky, smelly drudgery. The sticky juice gets into the hair and clothes. It used to be said of a man a little less cleanly than his neighbors that when he was thrown against the sugar house and stuck there, the sugar season was half over.

The "sugaring off" is made quite a neighborhood event. The sugar maker provides the sugar, the guests do the rest. They come laden with pots of coffee, pies and doughnuts, pickles and cold spareribs, roast chicken and "scraps" and home-made bread such as Hoover never heard of, and some proud housewife brings along a jar of damson preserves. When boiling has reached a certain point, which is 230 degrees Fahrenheit, the syrup is tested. A wooden paddle—it might just as well be a spoon, except that custom forbids, is dipped into the evaporator or boiling tank and the liquid is poured from it on the clean snow about the camp. It should not crystallize for present purposes—it should merely become waxy. Sometimes the process is varied by dipping out some into buckets, but not until it has become "grained" by constant stirring. When it assumes a wax-like consistency on the snow, like spruce gum that has been chewed, until it is "made," the sugar is ready to eat. It is "chewey." It cannot be eaten like candy, or fudge, nor dipped with a spoon. It must be chewed.

This maple sugar gathering, the "sugaring off," is about the last survival of the quaint old New England festivals. The husking bee, the barn raising, the chopping bee, have all disappeared, except as an occasional entertainment for the "city folks," and no one now thinks of inviting the neighbors to a quilting or an apple paring to prepare apples for the annual drying. Rural festivities have largely been ruined by machine-made rugs, canned fruits and ready-cut houses. The "sugaring off" remains and if manufacturers carry further the making of syrup from corncobs and walnut bark, even the old-time sugar making may disappear. To have ideal conditions for sap flow, alternate freezing and thawing are needed. There should be a temperature of about 25 degrees at night and 55 degrees during the day. These temperatures, with damp, northerly winds, produce ideal conditions for "sap weather."



Boys enjoying the new warm sugar.

Emptying a tree bucket.

Maple sugar making originated with the Indians. There is an interesting Indian legend about the sugar maple, as told by Rowland E. Robinson:

"While Woksis, the mighty hunter, was one day in search of game, his diligent squaw, Moqua, busied herself embroidering him some moccasins. For the evening meal of her lord, she boiled some moose meat in the sweet water from a maple tree, just by the wigwam. Becoming interested in her work, she forgot the moose meat and the sweet water boiled away to a thick syrup.

"When Woksis returned, he found such a dainty morsel ready for his supper as he had never before tasted. The chief devoured the viand, and then went out and told his tribe that Kosed Kusbeh, a heaven-sent instructor, had taught Moqua how to make a delicious food by boiling the juice of the maple."

Strassburg, the Recovered City of Alsace

Concluded from page 8

and having been bandied about from one hand to the other at odd times during the last two centuries with little or no regard to her own inclinations, Strassburg finds herself in the hands of the French. And if a city can partake of the attributes of a personality, it might be said she appears even yet in a state of mild bewilderment at the necessity of adjusting herself again to new conditions.

Quite early one morning I started from the Place Broglie to make an exploration in the Old Town, and in two minutes I had left both France and Germany behind and was wandering in a labyrinthine maze of crooked streets hemmed in by the tall sloping roofs of Alsace. Almost every building seemed to have been built centuries ago, in the days when a man made his dwelling with his own hands, taking pride that his handiwork was as beautiful as his skill and patience permitted. There were carved doorways with figures sculptured on the panels, sagging now from the ravages of time and rain; stone façades adorned with carvings of intricate pattern—the martyrdom of a saint, the Holy Family, or a likeness of some esteemed ancestor: aging shop-fronts with designs painted in faded colors on the upper stories. Occasionally, I passed a new building, constructed in imitation of the old ones, resplendent in gay colors and freshly carved figures.

In the Place Gutenberg, dominating the busy square, stands the striking statue of the inventor of printing, executed by David d'Angers. In the Middle Ages, when Strassburg was a free city, Gutenberg came here from Mayence, his native city, and during his stay of 15 years was supposed to have perfected his process of movable type.

At every corner and through every opening between the roofs, I could see the great spire of the cathedral rising to a dizzy height, with the sunlight enriching the warm color of the reddish stone. Yet I resisted the temptation to make straight for it, waiting for an opportunity to approach it from a more favorable angle, to seize the full effect of its magnificence.

Full of life and movement, a market in a near-by street was offering the produce of the countryside to the housewives of the city. Under a recessed arcade a confusion of stalls and carts were piled with vegetables. The most striking feature of the lively picture was the peculiar headdress of the country women, the distinctive mark of an Alsatian. Two enormous bows of black silk, at least two feet in height and six inches in breadth, served them as hats. The peculiar effect of these odd-looking bows, combined with their short starched skirts and puffed sleeves, gave an impression of witnessing a performance of life-sized dolls animated by some mechanical contrivance. Some of them wore bodices of red velvet and stomachers adorned with a profusion of silver needlework, and many clumped about in the heavy wooden shoes proverbial with the European peasant.

Another short street so narrow that the balconies of the houses on either side almost touched overhead came to an abrupt stop on the bank of the River Ill, an indolent stream that winds leisurely between the ancient buildings of the Old Town. A tiny park was cut from a jumble of painted roofs, and bearing a name as picturesque as itself—The Ancient Market of the Milk Pigs. But two minutes from the lively scene I had left behind, the hidden nook was quiet and deserted, breathing an atmosphere of reflection, as if silently brooding upon the decades and centuries it had seen come and go. The unruffled water of the Ill moved silently under the succession of graceful bridges of darkened stone, its calm bosom undisturbed by the ripples of a single boat.

Again I plunged into a bewildering tangle of crowded streets, my eyes fixed on the spire that appeared at every turn. Coming out on an open square I turned a corner. At the end of a short street rose the cathedral of Strassburg, majestic in its breath-taking height.

In the thirteenth century, Strassburg was a flourishing city, due to its strategic position as a link between the lands east and west of the Rhine. At this time the work of building the cathedral was begun, and a short time later the construction of the façade was intrusted to a master architect, Erwin von Steinbach. At the end of the fifteenth century the great spire was added, and the people of Strassburg rested content, rejoicing in the result of their labors, and satisfied that they had bequeathed to posterity a fitting monument to the glory of their city.

A midday sun fell full upon the façade, so happily conceived in a combination of solidity and grace, bathing the red sandstone in a warm sparkling brilliance. The upward effect of the elongated windows was tempered by the horizontal lines that marked the stages of the towers, and over the central portal a great rose window caught the eye. Not a line but seemed to harmonize with the others, not a stone but contributed something to an ensemble that expressed so beautifully and simply the grandeur of this house of worship. And still dazzled by the sunlight, flashing from column to column and window to window, I approached the doorway, and passed under rows of sculptured saints. The sudden transition from the brilliance of the square to the silent obscurity of the interior was startling. In the first glimpse nothing at all was visible, as if I had plunged into a gigantic cavern. Then little by little details formed themselves—a row of massive columns looming into an unlighted vault, and at the opposite end of the church the dull reds and blues of a stained-glass window stood out in relief. The great width of the aisle lends an air of spaciousness seldom found in a Gothic cathedral, and in the half light that filtered through the colored windows the interior seemed incredibly vast, so vast that I could believe myself in the open air under a twilight sky.

For an hour I wandered about, attracted from spot to spot by the discovery of one beauty after another, chancing upon the tomb of Erwin von Steinbach, who toiled so many years ago; going from chapel to chapel, and turning around often to catch the effect of the sunlight dancing through the rose window of the west façade. It was restful and satisfying and inspiring.

In the south transept is a giant clock, constructed in the early part of the last century by Schwilgué, a famous clock maker of Strassburg. Every day at noon a crowd gathers to watch the curious contrivance go through its performance. Only the patient mind of a German workman could have conceived such heights of intricacy or wrought the mechanism of so many parts. The revolutions of the planets are recorded and the phases of the moon. At 15-minute intervals the Four Ages of Life, represented by appropriate symbols, pass before the figure of Death. At high noon, as the cathedral clock booms the hour, the 12 Apostles appear in succession, passing before the figure of Christ, who blesses each by raising His hand; and at the same time a cock flaps its wings and crows with a vehemence that echoes and re-echoes in the great vault, while an angel turns an hourglass.

Late one afternoon I toiled up the 300 odd steps to the platform at the base of the spire, which still loomed up as high again as I had come. And despite the caretaker's injunction to forego the remainder of the climb, if I was subject to dizziness, I started up, accompanied by an attendant to show the way. Up and up we went, seemingly no nearer the goal. But gradually the spire grew more and more narrow, the steps became more and more cramped, and the wind whistled through the open stonework with disconcerting violence. Nearing the lantern, the steps circled about the very outside, with no support to seize except the step above. A particularly vicious burst of wind came so near to brushing me off and depositing me on a housetop 460 feet below that in the confusion of the moment I reflected that good advice is ever ill received.

Another 60 seconds, during which time I concentrated on the advisability of placing the alternate foot on a precarious six inches of stone rather than the void that seemed so inevitable, brought us to the lantern, a tiny platform high above the city.

From this point of vantage I could see the Rhine glistening in the sunshine, with Germany extending along the other bank. To the west, the foothills of the Vosges rolled up in ascending masses to the crest of the range, with the villages of Alsace nestled in the valleys. Directly below, the River Ill wound through the city in lazy curves, embracing the Old Town within two diverging arms. The last rays of the sun, speeding obliquely over the mountains, sparkled upon the colored roofs of Strassburg, turning crimson the red stone of the cathedral that dropped so dizzily from under my feet.

I waited until it sank behind the hills, fascinated by the magical changes of color, and forgetful of the arduous descent. In a flash I recalled the statue in the Place de la Concorde in Paris of Strassburg, as one of the eight great cities of France, and in the next instant I realized that I had found in the beauty of the city something that was neither French nor German, but Alsatian.

Scotland Yard and the Finger Print

Concluded from page 6

hoped to meet him as chief of the most interesting department of Scotland Yard. I wanted to talk to him about his work and, more particularly, to express my appreciation of his sanity during the great world conflict, as experienced by myself, or, rather, Mrs. Thompson, in the winter of 1915.

At that time I was undoubtedly under surveillance by the British intelligence service, as was the case with every neutral national in Europe. Perhaps the surveillance in my case was more special than with others, because I had been in the American consular service in England and Germany; had also been at the front with the German armies and was generally known to be an avowed admirer of Germany and so forth, and so forth.

In any event, Mrs. Thompson had a purely personal and pressing occasion to go from Berlin to London. She got through without trouble, traveling with one of our diplomatic couriers, but, once in London, the Scotland Yard system enveloped her. It probably commenced in Berlin. She was called to headquarters to be interviewed by Sir Basil Thomson—called twice, in fact, and dismissed. But in this dismissal the human character of the English gentleman—we have to give them credit, for it is apparent under all circumstances—expressed itself (as might be compared with the hard-headed objective impersonality of the Germans) in the very definite pleasure he exhibited in proffering her the fullest protection and support whenever she might be ready to return to her husband in Berlin. Sir Basil is the scion of a noble family, and the son of an archbishop of the Church of England.

And she needed that support, as the home office refused to permit her to return under any circumstances.

In the end, however, on informing Sir Basil of her predicament, the permit was granted immediately and it was on this account that I wished to visit him, to thank him and compliment him on his maintenance of the superb standard of the English gentleman, at a time when a moderate degree of intolerance would have been perfectly excusable.

In picturing the outward aspect of Scotland Yard, it is something like this. Twenty-two thousand culled, selected and trained and tried men, sworn to His Gracious Majesty, agents first of the king, the royal family, and the ministers of the king, and then to Parliament and the people—this constitutes Scotland Yard. But the first allegiance is to the crown, that mysterious thing we Americans are expected to understand when told that it is a figurehead, a symbol or formula only of what is a truer democracy than we have in the "States."

I think the British "crown" has about the same significance as our flag idea has to us—allegiance to the crown, being the same as allegiance to the flag.

In the olden days these janizaries of the law, police and criminal investigators (detectives) making up the Scotland Yard of today, operated solely on the instructions of a judge or police magistrate, generally from Bow street, and they were called Bow street runners, or Robin Red Breasts. They wore red vests (waistcoats) for some reason or other.

All this is changed and that Scotland Yard, a modern expression of English order, and the popular name for the Metropolitan Police of the London area (a circle 15 miles out from Charing Cross, the geographical center of London) is a police organization, I am sure, superior to anything of its kind in the world. On the whole, the English people are proud of it, as well they may be.

In calculating his advertising field and potential clientele, Harry Selfridge, our American merchant lion in London, estimates a population within the circle mentioned of some 10,000,000. "To get down to brass tacks," using one of his preserved Chicagoisms, he says: "These people are here. This is London."

And Scotland Yard is the police force for London—the mighty—the terrific—the wonderful—an urban population plexus of more than 10,000,000 human beings.



(Wildman Magazine and News Service)

Constantinople, Turkey, where the East and West meet. This scene from the market place shows the thoroughly modern buses and an ox team, also natives in modern costume and the same type of garments as used by their ancestors.

Indians Who Defy White Men's Encroachments

Menominees Endure While Other Tribes Have Vanished

By MARK G. TROXELL

"NEPHEW, you call yourself a man. Know, then, that among our people the brave warrior proves his valor by devouring the beating heart of a chief man." With these words the old Menominee handed the still-beating heart of a turtle to his adopted white nephew.

Now the phrase, chief man, is the ceremonial name among the Menominees for the snapping turtle. In tribal lore, it has great significance. The adopted white saw his dilemma at once: either he must eat the horrid raw flesh or be discountenanced in the eyes of his copper-tinted relatives.

"O, great uncle!" he replied. "I am a man, and will eat this heart. But you and your two comrades also are men. You shall share in this privilege." Solemnly the four men divided the organ—lately removed from a snapping turtle—and observed one century-old custom of the tribe.

This incident happened less than 10 years ago, at a spot less than 300 miles from Chicago. It gives a quick insight into the peculiar psychology of an unusual tribe.

When Jean Nicolet reached Wisconsin shores, in 1634, he found along the Menominee River a tribe of Indians known as Wild Rice Men. When the plucky Major Z. M. Pike visited the forests of what is now Upper Wisconsin, about 1805, he found a group of mild-mannered, self-respecting Indians who conducted themselves much as they had in the days of the early French explorers. And any casual visitor who in the summer of 1922 travels with observing eyes through the big Menominee reservation in Shawano and Oconto counties, Wisconsin, will find a race that catches the wary trout and harvests the wild rice in much the same manner as it did before Nicolet and his comrades appeared.

The Menominees are, beyond doubt, true old-timers. While they show traces of relationship to some of the old New York tribes, white men have known them only as Wisconsin Indians. Formerly, they controlled territory extending from north of Green Bay to south of Milwaukee. Instead of contesting for unattainable ends with the Great White Father who lives in the East, they drove clever bargains as incoming settlers encroached on their domain. Today they present the strongest tribal front of any group of Indians found east of the Mississippi River. In the forest and along the streams of their beautiful reservation—which covers 360 square miles in Northeast Wisconsin—they enjoy many of the privileges of early days, while obtaining virtually all the advantages of modern education, religion and medicine.

Other tribes have come and gone, but the Menominees remain strong in numbers. The earliest conservative estimates by white men concerning this tribe place its population at less than 2,000. Under the recent census, taken by E. A. Allen, superintendent of the reservation, the Menominees number 1,788. The once stronger Oneidas are scattered, the Chippewas and Sauks have largely disappeared. Yet north of Lake Shawano endures a tribe that defies the encroachment of the whites.

The Menominees are deserving of better than average Indian fortune. No Black Hawks nor Chief Josephs led their warriors in hopeless conflicts against the United States troops and settlers. When their sage leaders saw an inevitable narrowing of their ancient boundaries, they surrendered their claims (1848-1854) to southern domains and accepted a tract then regarded as confining, now viewed as adequate, for tribal hunting and agriculture. While they have been moved 100 or more miles from the scenes of their happiest hunting grounds, in tribal annals there is no record of hopeless and despairing migration such as mark the history of the Stockbridges, their one-time neighbors.

While not a tribe to produce leaders with war-making propensities, the Menominees have never lacked courage. The tale that John Keshena, son of Keshena, the Swift Flying One—the old chief in whose honor the quaint agency settlement on the reservation was named—told to Alanson Skinner, a well-known ethnologist, who spent years studying Menominees, illustrates his tribe's valor and justice.

"Once there was a brave man who had achieved distinction as a warrior. Every time he went out on the war path he returned with great glory. He was honored and respected by everyone, but his wife was an idle, vain woman who did not appreciate him. Once during his absence she formed an intrigue with a worthless fellow who had never done anything.

"When her husband returned everyone was eager to tell him about her misconduct. He paid no attention to strangers, but when his relatives spoke to him about it, he listened to their story. He decided to wait and see if his wife would return to his lodge.

"That night she came to his wigwam, but he ignored her. Rising at dawn, he dressed himself in his war clothes. When he had finished breakfast he took his knife and departed.

"In those days it was customary for the warriors, young and old, to lounge in little knots in some shady spot during the morning. The wronged husband visited several groups, and talked and jested with the men, but the one he sought was not there. All the warriors guessed that something unusual was going to happen, because of his clothes.

"At last he found the culprit. Concealing his knife and speaking pleasantly, he approached his enemy. When he was close to the man he suddenly stabbed him to the heart, so that he fell dead before all the people. For a moment the slayer gazed at his victim, then drew himself up and addressed the crowd.

"'I am a man! I did this deed courageously. Here is my knife.' He placed it on the breast of the corpse. 'I give myself up so that I may be slain with my own weapon. I am not afraid to die, for I am a man.' Then he sat down at the head of the dead man.

"The nephew of the victim was in the crowd. He sprang forward and snatched up the knife. 'You are not the only hero,' he cried. 'I also am brave!' With these words he stabbed the slayer to the heart. Then he, too, turned and placed the knife on his victim's breast and with a short speech surrendered his life to the dead man's relatives. Warrior after warrior performed his act of blood vengeance for his kinsmen and died in turn until at last eight men were killed.

"The tribe might have been sadly reduced had not the elders interfered and persuaded the remaining braves to hold a council. The chief arrived and he decided on the proper course of action. He sent the braves to fetch the woman who was at the bottom of all the trouble.

"This squaw, now a widow, did not want to go. She fled to her brother for protection. When he saw the police coming and learned what they wanted, he rebuked her and gave her up. They took her over to the place where the bodies lay.

"The chief addressed her sternly. 'See all the ruin you have caused. You had a noble husband, but you brought disgrace on him that could only be erased by the death of many good men. You are responsible for these crimes.'

"A deep wedge-shaped grave was dug. The woman was flung to the bottom, then the Indians put the corpses of her husband and the man he slew directly over her, and piled the other bodies on top. And so she was buried alive."

This strong sense of justice is a characteristic of the Menominees today. The present administration of the reservation recognizes this judicial temperament by having Indian judges render decisions on Indian offenses.

The Menominees are a wealthy tribe. At present $2,000,000 in undistributed funds is lying in the tribe's treasury. The children, numbering about 900, have invested $450,000 in Liberty bonds. This means that each child has $500 in Federal securities to his credit.

All these possessions have not robbed the Indians of their industry and initiative. Farm life on the reservation proceeds as evenly as elsewhere in Northern Wisconsin, and the houses, barns and fields are almost on a par with those of white settlers. Tepees are conspicuous by their absence; the passing tourist would scarcely know he was speeding through a reservation were it not for the predominance of copper-tinted faces and the unusual appearance of Keshena, the reservation's "capital."

Keshena is a hamlet some eight miles from the railroad, with but one main highway passing through it. Along its one winding street are found the big brick buildings of the government school, the lovely grounds of St. Joseph's Industrial School for Indians, the agency buildings, and the few stores of the place.

In spite of its comparative isolation, Keshena has its crowded days. One of these comes in September, when both schools open their doors to students. Under a ruling of Superintendent Allen, the Wisconsin state school laws are observed on the reservation. On the agency bulletin board through the summer months, one may read an open letter commanding all Indians to bring children of school age on opening day. The Indians being obedient, each opening day sees the village streets crowded with old-time traps, surreys, buckboards and wagons. Whether willing or unwilling, each autumn the young Indians begin a year of boarding school life at Uncle Sam's expense.

More than one-half the Menominees are Catholics. Last September, while 130 Indian youngsters were being enrolled at the government school, 180 children were being received by the sisters at St. Joseph's. The Catholic school is reimbursed by the United States for training the young Menominees.

The government school is situated on a beautiful 400-acre farm, and the Indian boys learn scientific agriculture.

The Menominees seem likely to endure as long as the white man. The past three centuries have been a severe test on all Indian tribes, and few have been able to withstand the white man's encroachments, while accepting his improvements. The proud record of the Menominees—in striking contrast to that of most tribes—seems proof that each year their quaint customs and kindly manners will become more familiar to an increasing number of white friends.



The Indian Fair brings out the old tribal costumes. The central figure, Henry Wolf, is an Indian judge and his power is recognized by those who break the laws of the reservation.



On nearing Keshena, one sees old Indians driving sedately to the village for a day's visit. This old chief is now nearing 90.



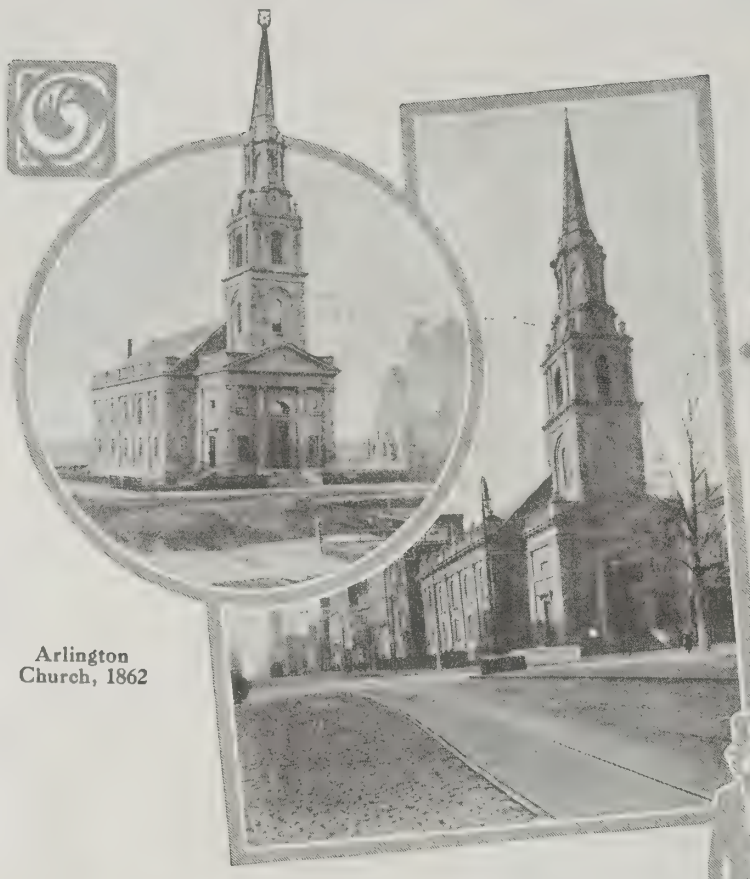
The main highway through the reservation passes Saint Joseph's, a Catholic boarding school for Indians.



The government school, Keshena, Wisconsin, is on a beautiful 400-acre farm, where young Indians plant and harvest the crops and supply all Keshena with dairy products.

Then and Now—the Boston of Old and of Today

Piles of Stone, Brick and Mortar Replace Famous Landmarks of Another Day



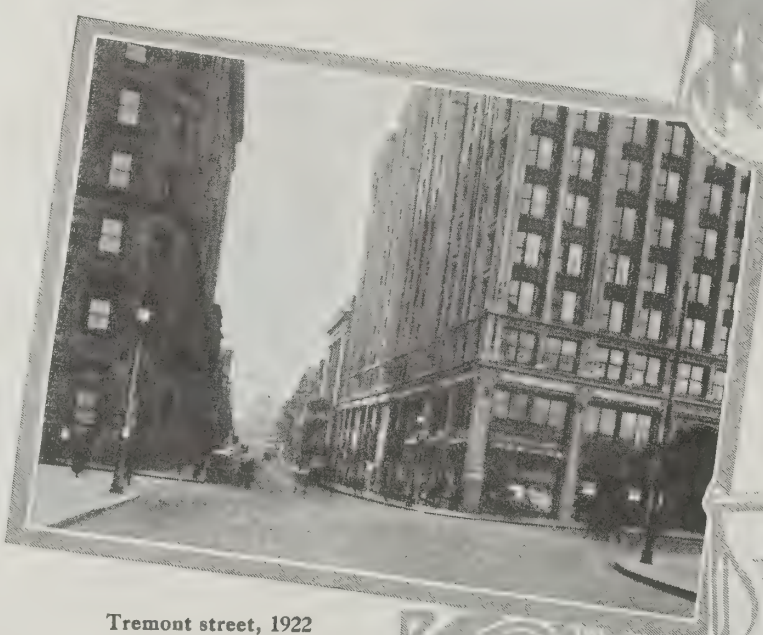
Arlington Church, 1862

Arlington Church, 1922



Old South Church, 1876

Old South Church, 1922



Tremont street, 1922



Tremont street, 1869



Franklin street, 1858



Franklin street, 1922

Time Sees Spots Hallowed by History's Mark Pass

March of Progress Obliterates Scenes That Helped Make City Notable



Home of Wendell Phillips, 1878

Colonnade Row, 1858

Site of Phillips home, 1922

Above, Church Green, 1860; below, Church Green, 1922

Site of Colonnade Row, 1922

BOSTON is known as the cradle of American liberty. It was there that the spirit of independence among the colonists first manifested itself. Therefore, the city is rich in stirring incidents of American history. It was in Boston and near it that the first battles of the Revolution were fought. The city was first settled in 1630, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century it was the leading city of the country. It always has been a great literary and educational center, and in addition to having been the home of many patriots in the eighteenth century it sheltered a brilliant lot of men of letters in the nineteenth century. Many landmarks have passed out, but others are preserved. The Arlington Street Church, pictured on the opposite page, is successor to the Federal Street Church, the pulpit of which was occupied for many years by William Ellery Channing, who was the recognized leader of American Unitarians. He also was a brilliant writer on theological, social and philanthropic themes. On the same page is a picture of Old South Church, which figures largely in Boston history and that of America as well, for it was there the townspeople used to gather to protest against acts of the British Government in the years before the Revolution. Tremont street, as it appeared in 1869 and as it is today also is pictured there. This now is an important business thoroughfare. Franklin street in 1858 and the same street today is shown there, too; a striking contrast. On this page, at the top, is a picture of the home of Wendell Phillips, an eminent lawyer and reformer of Boston in the last century. He was an ardent abolitionist. In 1839 he withdrew from the practice of law through scruples against compliance with the attorney's oath to the Constitution. He declined to stand for Congress which he could not enter without swearing allegiance to that same Constitution. Below this picture is a view of Harrison avenue extension on the site of the Phillips home. In the center is Church Green in 1860 and below it is Church Green today. There is no green there now, just brick and mortar, but it still is called Church Green. At the top on the right is the famous Colonnade Row, Tremont street, in 1858, and below is the same section today, the Colonnade entirely obliterated.

Solving the Problems of Juvenile Delinquency

Concluded from page 7

get a word. Every Saturday in his court dozens of his wards come in to report. Each one is given car fare by the "Big Judge" and goes home rejoicing.

In one case Judge Sims had before him a boy who had been an old offender. His delinquency began with truancy from school. The boy had undertaken to steal food to avoid going home. He had slept in box cars, and finally was arrested for stealing wheat from a car.

The father stood before the court with the request that the boy be sent to the industrial school.

"Open your mouth," said the court to the offender.

"Adenoids, sure," murmured the court.

"Can you hear good?"

"No, sir; I can't hear all the teacher says, and they call me a dummy."

The boy was operated on and his hearing restored. He was graduated from the school with honors. Neither of the parents said they had noticed his being deaf.

Judge Sims never asks a confidential question until he is sure the boy is his friend. After he wins friendship he gets the truth, in most cases.

Many parents have been horrified at the statements their sons have made to the court in their presence.

Judge Sims says hundreds of cases of juvenile delinquency are traceable directly to the failure of the home to provide the necessary entertainment or pleasure for children.

"Understanding the children is the first and best weapon against the increase of juvenile criminals," said Judge Sims.

"Next is the understanding of the proper use of restraint, including force, and severe force when needed.

"Third, would be making the home a place of pleasure for the children, and fourth, would be against idleness.

"If every parent knew the correct recipe for rearing the boy, there would be very little need of the juvenile court.

"Society would profit if there were a course of training for parents on how to understand, rear and teach their children."

Judge Sims bears the distinction of having gained the confidence of more boys than any man in the Middle West. Those whom he has sent to industrial schools and reformatories because they were proof against redemption through court methods have returned home and personally thanked him.

He believes that force properly applied is one great remedy, and that force improperly applied is likewise a great injury.

He has been elected six consecutive terms as judge of the court.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Slave-raiding and trading have increased in Abyssinia during recent years. Abyssinia is in Northeastern Africa and is almost as large as Germany and France combined. In its capital, Adis Abeba, it is declared, there are more slaves than free men. It is claimed that gangs of slaves, chained together in rows, with women and children dragging themselves along beside the main body, can be seen by any traveler in Southern Abyssinia today.

A new chemical substance makes it possible for amateur photographers to develop photographs by a white light.

Measles are now being cured by a vaccine taken from the blood of measles convalescents. In Germany, experiments in about 2,000 cases have shown that the vaccine, when used in the first few days after infection, prevents exposed children becoming ill from the disease already in their systems in about 97 per cent of the cases.

The last units of the Imperial Guard of Germany recently marched out from Potsdam where, for centuries, they had served as the bodyguard of the Hohenzollerns.

Eight widows in the town of Auxerre, France, are to celebrate the 500th anniversary of an act of King Charles VII, decreeing that eight widows in that particular village shall always have rent free. A member of Charles' suite, who was wounded at the battle of Cravant, was nursed and cured by eight widows, and he provided for his nurses in his mansion in Auxerre. Later, Charles added the provision that the house should forever be the refuge of eight widows.

Cattle feed, absolutely fast dyes, motion picture films and many other things can be made from the 120,000,000 tons of corncobs and stalks now going to waste annually in the United States, according to chemical experts.

A lemon 14 inches in circumference and five inches in diameter, weighing two pounds and containing one pint of juice, was picked near Houston, Texas, recently.

Bandit wild bees invade the tame hives near Grays Harbor, Washington, and steal and carry away the honey to their hives in the forest. More than one-third of the domestic honey gathered in this district has been stolen by the robber bees. The wild bees make their homes in hollow trunks of cedar trees, where several swarms work on a community basis.

Gold badges for New York legislators, with the state's coat-of-arms and the names of the legislators inscribed on them, are sought in a bill introduced in the legislature recently.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

The first Mohammedan institute and mosque to be erected in France is being planned. High officials from the Poincaré ministry have expressed the government's wish that the followers of Mohammed worship under the Minaret with the same freedom as the French do in their Notre Dame.

Ministers of any religious organization, as well as their wives and minor children, are immune from the provisions of the immigration quota law, according to the ruling of a Federal judge in New York.

President Harding has shaken hands with more than 150,000 persons in the last year.

The tracks of prehistoric animals have been found in the solid rock on the summit of the dividing ridge between the Cumberland and Kentucky rivers near McKee, Kentucky, according to reports. One of the tracks is five-toed and 11 inches across.

More than 5,000 miles of railroad in the United States are operated with electricity, based on the single-track mileage, according to reports. This mileage does not include electric street, interurban and suburban lines.

Surgery with a pen knife recently saved the life of a two-year-old boy in Cincinnati. The child had strangled on a peanut and the physician, realizing that death would ensue before he could obtain his surgical instruments, slit open the boy's throat and incised the trachea just below where the peanut was lodged, permitting the passage of air. Later, the peanut was removed and the child recovered.

The residents of Monaco pay no taxes and they are not allowed to gamble. The tourists do the gambling.

No spot in New Zealand is more than 75 miles from the sea.

For the benefit of famine sufferers, the All-Russian Central Committee has decided to use the valuables in churches of all creeds in Russia. The valuables consist of gold and silver candlesticks, chalices, gold-covered and bejeweled icons and various ecclesiastical accessories worth about $1,500,000,000, according to reports.

The former kaiser's palace in Berlin has been used as a movie studio since the war ended.

Makers of phonograph records in London say the demand for private discs is increasing. Persons are having records of their own accomplishments made and are sending them to their friends instead of sending letters or gifts. The prattle and talk of children at various ages is being filed away with their baby clothes.

More than $1,672,000,000 was lost in fires in the United States during the five years between 1915 and 1920, of which $90,000,000 was attributable to smoking hazards—smouldering cigaret butts in waste paper baskets and other carelessness.

A national horseshoe pitchers' magazine is being published at Wilmington, Ohio, with Raymond B. Howard as editor and C. Ervin Sturm as business manager. It is the only publication of the kind in the United States and is called the *Horseshoe World*.

Ninety-seven per cent of Australia's population is of pure British descent.

A maid in a New York hotel died recently, leaving an estate of $15,500 earned by her own hands. Her pay was $16 a week.

The petition of Lady Rhondda to sit in the House of Lords has been granted by the committee on privileges of the House of Lords. She is a member of the directorates of 36 companies and chairman of several of the boards and will be the first woman to sit in the Upper House of the British Parliament.

An Illinois physician, 81 years of age, diagnosed his own ailment and wrote his own death certificate, which was signed by another doctor after his death.

By proclamation, President Harding has set aside a 593-acre tract in the Nevada National Forest as the Lehman Caves national monument. The caves are near Baker, Nevada, at the base of Mount Wheeler and are at an elevation of 7,200 feet. They contain stalactites and stalagmites, galleries and columns of rare beauty.

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'Pap' and 'Privilege': The Good Old Game

Bosses and Ward-heelers of City Lost Without the Saloon of Old

Round-Heads of American Letters

Age of the Vulgar Comes to Blight the American Novel

Banks Use Print to Crush "Heresies"

Country Towns Are Flooded by Bank Association Propaganda

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Camera-Hunting in the Jungles of Borneo

Adventure Seeker Finds Thrills in Photographing Wild Animals in Native Haunts

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

IT WAS Alexander the Great who cried in despair because there were no more worlds to conquer—yet hundreds of years later Columbus discovered a new world of which Alexander had never heard. And the modern fellow who sits around and wishes that he had been born a few hundred years ago when life was more adventurous—Well—

The jungle walled the river bank, casting black shadows at midday. Vines twisted their tendrils about the trunks of monster trees, and back in the forest water stood in pools formed by elephant tracks. Overhead a monkey scolded at the invasion of man, and a tropical bird echoed the cry. A huge crocodile splashed angrily into the river as the little party came ashore from the launch that hung in midstream, but the herd of water buffaloes, a little way down the river bank, looked curiously at the men—and went on grazing.

It was an odd party that had come from the launch, a lone white man with half a dozen natives. Some of the natives were armed, but the white man was not. Instead, he carried a tripod and camera, and with feverish, silent haste, he arranged his camera—and started making pictures of the water buffaloes. Suddenly the herd stirred. It was almost as if they resented having their pictures taken—and then, without a second's warning, they rushed toward the white man and his camera. They were huge, ungainly beasts, yet they charged with the swiftness of the wind. They were within a few feet of the camera before the man realized his danger. There was no time for guns, not even time to dodge. Heads down, they swept on. And then! Just as suddenly as they had started, they turned at a right angle and dashed into the river. The man and his camera were unharmed!

And yet, some folks say there is no adventure left in life!

Martin Johnson, the man who had stood behind the camera, was born and brought up at Independence, Kansas. As a lad he yearned for adventure. At 16 he went to Europe. He "hopped" freights to New York, worked his way over on a cattle ship, earned his living while he was there, and worked his way back. It was an adventure, but it only whetted the young man's appetite for more.

Then one evening, after he had been at home for several months, young Johnson picked up a magazine and read an article about Jack London and his proposed cruise of The Snark, a cruise which it was intended should encircle the globe. As young Johnson read it he made up his mind that he was going with London. Yes, sir, that sounded like a real adventure. So he wrote to Jack London that night—wrote such a good letter that at the end of a week a telegram arrived in Independence. It was from Jack London, and it contained three words, "Can you cook?"

Such a reply as that might have floored the average would-be adventurer, but not young Johnson. He thought it over for a minute, wired back "Yes," and then proceeded to learn how to cook. When he finally joined Jack London for the cruise, Johnson could really cook, and before the end of the voyage he was doing more than cooking—he was London's close friend and constant companion.

When a fellow gets a start like that he is pretty sure to go on with the job, and when the cruise of The Snark was abandoned after two years, because of Jack London's ill health, Martin worked his way until he completed the trip 'round the world—and he was back in Kansas, ready to start right out again.

This time he went rambling at the head of his own expedition, and armed with what had become his favorite weapon, a camera. He had been the unofficial photographer on The Snark trip, and he had become an expert. He returned to Kansas after a time and talked of settling down, but the lust of adventure was strong, and when the Kansas girl he married remarked that she hoped he was going wandering again, because she wanted to go along—well, there was nothing to do but go. Their first objective point was again the South Seas, but Martin Johnson was like Alexander, looking for new worlds to conquer.

Johnson finally decided on British North Borneo. The place was a tropical forest, through which few men had ever tracked. It abounded in wild beasts, large and small. Their next stop was to be Sandakan, the principal city of North Borneo, and located at the mouth of the Kinibatangan River.

The Johnsons had not been in Sandakan very long before the president of the British North Borneo Company called. He had heard that Johnson was going jungle hunting with a camera, and he wondered if he could have a set of all pictures made. He made an offer. He would give Johnson the use of the company's launch, coolies to carry the equipment, and an escort of native police boys, all the labor to be paid for by the company, in return for a copy of every picture made. Johnson accepted quickly.



Above—Martin Johnson, the Kansas boy who found that adventure had not vanished from this supposedly civilized world. Below—One of the blessings of the jungle was a "water vine," which when cut, would yield a pint of clear water. The picture shows Mrs. Johnson (she's from Kansas and accompanied her husband) getting a drink.

The start from Sandakan was made in the company's launch, which could be used for the first 140 miles up the Kinibatangan River. After that the journey to the headwaters, nearly 500 miles in all, was to be made in native boats—*gobongs*.

The first big game to be "shot" with the camera were crocodiles. The crocodile is the terror of the tropical rivers. A big crocodile will measure 12 or 15 feet, and is a mean customer.

Each day of the trip held its new adventure as the boat made its lazy way up-stream, against a strong current. In a few hours after leaving Sandakan, the jungle closed like a wall about the little party. It took three days to complete the first stage of the journey to Lamang, after which the launch could not be used. Three days of real adventure. Monkeys of every description chattered in the tree tops, scolding at the invasion of their territory. Tropical birds screeched, and snakes were numerous, both cobras and pythons. The pythons were largest, but the king cobras were more deadly, and sometimes were eight or nine feet long. Many species of wild animals were glimpsed along the shore. Johnson got a wonderful shot of a python that must have been 20 feet long. The reptile was coiled in a small tree.

The real adventures were above Lamang, for there the natives were really primitive and the beasts more abundant. This proved to be a great drawback, however, for while the wild animals were constantly heard in the forests, they were seldom seen. But Johnson determined that he was going to stay in the interior until he had obtained a really excellent collection of photographs of wild animals in their native haunts. It meant days of tramping along the small streams that run from the Kinibatangan River into the heart of the forests, hours of waiting for an animal to come out into the light, but in the end it was a worth-while adventure.

Apes and monkeys (the difference is that apes do not have tails) were always plentiful, so were the birds. A small wah-wah ape was as much interested in the workings of a camera as any stage beauty, and allowed the camera to be brought very close. Another time it was possible to photograph a gibbon as it took its daily exercise. The acrobatics of this particular ape were more thrilling than the circus stunts to be seen in more civilized lands. Another ape, a half-grown orang-outang, was much interested in the camera, and was so bold that Johnson had no difficulty capturing it. It became so tame that it was the pet of the expedition and was brought back to the United States.

Several herds of wild pigs, animals as large as young cattle, were photographed, and numerous species of wild deer. Tropical birds were common camera studies.

The climaxing adventure of all was the elephant hunt. Elephants were not uncommon, but they were extremely difficult to photograph. It finally required 20 days of real work to get some good elephant pictures; 20 days of rushing through the jungle tangles—and of being disappointed.

The only time that elephants can be found in the open spaces is early in the morning, for during the middle of the day they retreat into the depths of the forest, where it is cool and dark. Finally, the party came close to a small herd, so close that they could hear the huge beasts thrashing about in the underbrush. It was night, and the chief native hunter led the way to a forest track down which the beasts would go toward the water. A fallen tree crossed the trail, and Johnson mounted his camera on the trunk. Then they waited for daylight. Finally, the chief native hunter went on to see what the animals were doing, and he came flying back.

In a few minutes three elephants came crashing out of the underbrush. One of them sensed the man and his camera, and trumpeted. It was a cry to strike terror into any heart. The two other animals lifted their heads and joined in the trumpeting. Then suddenly the three beasts charged madly. Johnson ran and climbed a tree. The elephants rushed toward the trees, not sure where he had gone. For four hours they circled, trumpeting and thrashing about, and then suddenly turned off into the jungle. After the hunt Johnson ended the trip.

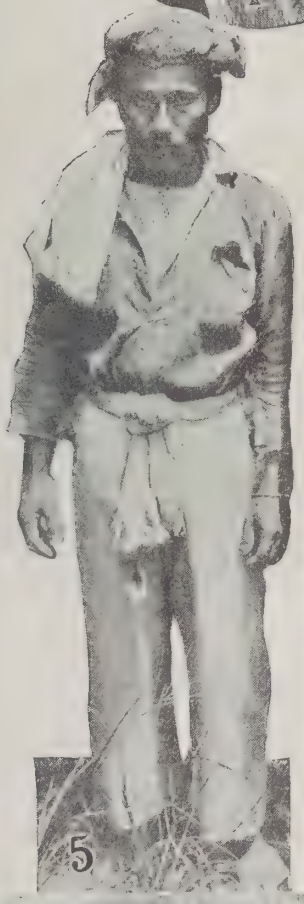
And what will Johnson do next? Well, there are men and beasts in Africa that no man has ever seen. Adventure is not dead. There are still some thrills left.


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1. This wah-wah ape was not at all camera-shy, but sat and posed with all the poise of a motion picture actress.

2. A gibbon proved to be an acrobat that would have been a "hit" in an American circus. It does all sorts of tricks in the tree tops.

3. This baby black bear ambled out of the underbrush and was instantly made a pet of the expedition.

4. Tree tops proved a good place to photograph elephants, because the camera man didn't consider it exactly safe to "shoot" from the ground.

5-6. Two Malay pirates. Not quite the same as the bloodthirsty fellows who used to roam the South Seas, but pirates just the same, and wearing clothes looted from Chinese junks.

7. Near the headwaters of the Kinitbatangan River. The entire population of the village comes down to meet the gobongs carrying white travelers.

8. Pythons were numerous, and were frequently seen coiled in trees.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 25, April 15, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Coal Strike

STRIKES are so often a collusion of so-called labor leaders with so-called leaders of industry, that it is not always possible to say where pretense leaves off and reality begins. Not only our judgment of the event, but our course of action with reference to it, is dependent on a knowledge of the inside facts, a knowledge which few possess. If among that few the government is one, and if the government has also a courage which it has not yet exhibited, the situation will be quite easily handled.

Whatever may be the significance of the present so-called "strike," there is always the problem of coal-mining. The economic problem is one thing, the human problem is another. If mine owners were less greedy and coal were sold to the public for the reasonable sum which could be so easily fixed under a public-spirited policy, there would still remain the manner in which men are compelled to mine coal by the present methods; that is to say, the human problem, to which the public's attention is hardly ever called, would still remain.

It is not primarily a question of hours and wages, it is a question of method. Mining is practically the only great modern industry where machinery has not come to the aid of men. The man and the mule and the pickax are still the mainstays of the trade, a trade which in time becomes so distasteful to a man of spirit it is with difficulty that it is kept sufficiently manned.

This in turn has led to cruel devices to hold men in bondage to the mine. Through company tenements and company stores with their lawless system of charges, through a sufficient number of lock-outs and strikes in the course of a year, the men are kept in debt-bondage, unable to abandon a thankless trade. A private police force, more like a private standing army, has more than once usurped a sovereignty that belongs only to the Government of the United States, and, altogether, the mining history of our country is one of its blackest spots.

That is the real problem. This present strike is related to it much or little, but the real problem is in the whole condition and method of the industry.

There is a large stock of coal in the country, and if the President fails to prevent the very obvious intention to profiteer, he will be confirming a feeling of futility and helplessness which ought not to be encouraged in this country at this time.

Pawnbroking and Hate

WALL STREET mouthpieces express vexation over the renewed insistence of the State Department that no private loans be floated for foreign nations or for state or municipal governments in foreign lands until the department has scrutinized and approved them.

It is a wonder that the money-lenders are not rubbing their hands with glee that it is regulation rather than prohibition of foreign loans which they must undergo.

Following the conclusion of the World War, several large loans were floated for foreign governments by international bankers in New York City. The foreign nations were in such financial condition that they were forced to accept the terms offered them. One of the typical loans was for the Belgian Government, an obligation nominally paying eight per cent, floated several points below par and payable at maturity at several points above par. Most of these loans, when commissions and all other things are considered, called for actual interest charges approximating 10 per cent a year.

International bankers assume no particular obligation through the loan flotations. The pretty bonds which they have engraved are passed on from large New York banks to smaller banks, which dare not refuse to accept them, and gradually through sales and resales finally find resting places in the vaults of insurance companies, trust companies and in the hands of individual investors. The international bankers act as agents for the payment of interest, but long before maturity of the bonds, their original connection with the deals is forgotten.

There was enough protest by foreign governments over the hard terms exacted in the making of the recent loans. But borrowing is vastly easier than paying. What protests there will be when the day of maturity arrives!

How easy it would be for a demagogue in some debt-burdened country to rise and point the finger of hate at the United States. He will not lack arguments for stirring the wrath of his countrymen over the hard usurious terms of the loans. And once started how tragically easy it would be to fan the fires of hate and envy into the conflagration of war! It would take only the act of a single crazed individual—the destruction of a Battleship Maine, the slaying of an archduke, almost anything—to spread the war fever broadcast.

Within recent months the United States has read again the lesson of loans. Indignant surprise in France, monumental obliviousness in England, hurt disbelief in Belgium—all these and more have gone toward proving the truth of Polonius' assertion that the loan oft loseth both itself and friend.

But these war-time loans were public ones, and the public must accept with equanimity its duty to bear the burden either of repudiation or re-payment with hate attached.

But for international bankers to be able for private gain to place the entire country in the shadow of a foreign hatred is manifestly unjust.

There was a good deal of surface congratulation over the war-time removal of the world's financial capital to New York. There should, instead, be a vast shame over the situation which permits, even temporarily, the United States to be looked upon as a pawnbroker nation.

But Look Whose Ox Was Gored

SOME years ago, a shudder spread over the continent at a proposition, for the relief of agriculture, that government provide storage for grain crops until a glutted market could be relieved and prices resumed normality. The thing was not to be thought of. Financial circles led the hue and cry against such paternalism, and the matter was dropped. The farmer, since as before, has been left to the mercy of the elevator interests, with what result he can tell you.

The recent change in the directorship of the United States mint required an inventory, which shows that Uncle Sam is providing storage for about three billions of dollars in gold owned by private interests, for which it furnishes paper money much more convenient to use. This gold, in coin and bullion, aggregates a third of the estimated world supply, and does not include that "in circulation" in the vaults of banks as reserve. Besides the gold holdings, there are 676 millions of silver and other assets in the various vaults of the mint service.

The difference between the storage of the farmer's grain and the banker's gold would be hard to distinguish, yet one is paternalism, fraught with danger to our institutions, while the other—is a government function.

Christianity and Economics

THERE is no better field for discussion by the religious press than the causes of the present unrest and it is a hopeful sign for the future that interest in economics is growing steadily in that class of journalism. If ever the need of religious belief has been shown in the affairs of men it is now, when apparently so much injustice prevails in civilization.

It is not at all necessary that the argument be one-sided, for the truth must prevail if properly presented, but it is very important that every person taking part shall to the best of his ability seek and state the truth as it appears to him, and respect the candid opinions of those who may differ. It is no time for mere partisanship or prejudice. No man deserves a hearing who will not or cannot base his belief on mature judgment and the teachings of his religion and the experience of the world.

The *Southern Churchman* (Episcopal) of Richmond, Virginia, in its issue of March 25, presents the first of a series of 13 articles on "Christianity and Economic Problems" which bids fair to be of great interest and a genuine contribution to the literature of the present political upheaval. It is to be hoped that the representative press of the other denominations will join in the discussion, for their clientele is of the class that goes to make up the real citizenship of the country, and this is the class that, once enlightened, may and must be relied on for the progress necessary to redeem the world.

England Calls, Mr. Gibbs

THE one circumstance that makes it difficult to believe that Sir Philip Gibbs is a propaganda agent of the British Government, is the fact that the British Government does not usually maintain stupid persons on the job, not to speak of offensive persons. Sir Philip, after a rather too generous taste of our good-natured tolerance, has overstepped that invisible line which all gentlemen observe.

Mr. Gibbs is a newspaper man and only that. He was privileged at the front to see certain things, and he wrote in straight fashion the things which he saw. He was a good but not a great war correspondent. After the war he became author, luring us by a title, "Now It Can Be Told," to a book which told nothing whatever that had not been told scores of times before. His next book has an equally luring title, as if the unknown truth packed away in Gibbs' brain is bursting for utterance—"More That Must Be Told."

This is all very well, and even the lecture tour was very well, and the second lecture tour, but when Sir Philip, the reporter, stands up to read stern lectures to the Government of the United States, he simply shows that strain of bumptiousness which culture, in his race, is supposed to hold in restraint. Mr. Gibbs doesn't know America, is forever barred from knowing America, so that ignorance is added to an impudence which has gone quite far enough.

If Gibbs has had intelligence enough to laugh in his sleeve at the figure we have allowed him to cut, he has intelligence enough to understand what the muffled criticism of him, in various parts of the country, is beginning to mean.

Mr. Gibbs talks exactly like a representative of the international crowd whose hatred of the United States exceeds that for any other nation. The international crowd had their plans all made as to which trap the United States was to walk into, and by just what route we were to enter; Mr. Gibbs, incidentally, being one of the small nibbles of cheese inducing our trapward progress. The United States, anciently wise, has spoiled the plans, whereupon diminutive Philip rises and squeaks a most Aguecheek protest against our government and our people.

The United States does not need Mr. Gibbs' counsel, and if it did Mr. Gibbs is not competent to counsel it. There is a country across the sea in greater need of Mr. Gibbs' earnest efforts than we are, and that country is Mr. Gibbs' own.

Rosenfeld and St. Paul

PROBABLY somewhat on the theory that cats may look at kings, a group of New York's self-confessed intellectuals has undertaken to grade 200 persons, widely known either in the ancient or modern world.

The ratings, based on a maximum of 25 plus and a minimum of 25 minus, are published in *Vanity Fair*. The judges who fixed the ratings were 10, including H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, editors of *Smart Set*, Gilbert Seldes, editor of the *Dial*, and kindred spirits in the mutual admiration coterie which finds perverse pleasure and livelihood in jeering at modern civilization. All are writers, and except for two or three, they are writers of that queer modern school which imagines it is making literature when it twists and contorts language and thought into grotesque and oftentimes hideous literary gargoyles.

Messrs. Mencken and Nathan are among those graded. Mr. Mencken rates his own importance at Plus five, far above the figures with which he represents the standing of Roosevelt, Hughes, Northcliffe, Raphael, Dante, Cicero and Virgil. Mencken considers that he is on a par with Dr. Johnson, Jack Dempsey and Oscar Wilde. The 10 judges are unanimous for the eminence of Wilde in the kind of world they would have, their ratings averaging Plus 10.5. Flo Ziegfeld, who possesses the power to give free tickets to "The Follies," is rated plus by nine of the altruistic judges; the tenth rates him the absolute zero.

With a few exceptions, those graded by the judges are outstanding exemplars of the stalwart Nordic race to whose ascendancy the world owes Grecian culture and philosophy, Anglo-Saxon industry, Celtic chivalry, Teutonic music and art, English literature and American democracy.

It would be futile to attempt an analysis of the separate ratings of the judges. Quirks of character peculiar to each individual affected these.

It is the larger disqualification of the judges that affronts the common sense.

For Mencken to presume to grade Washington and Shakespeare is amusing. For Paul Rosenfeld or George Jean Nathan to rate St. Paul is pathetic. St. Paul's writings have lived for 19 centuries and will endure till the last lover of exalted literature dies; the writings of Rosenfeld or Nathan may wear for a month on the pantry shelves. For editors of *Smart Set* to grade John Milton, master of the sublime, is——but words fail.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE complaint against lawlessness has risen so high that the President himself was moved to add his condemnation, and there can be no doubt as to the kind of lawlessness he had in mind. The lawlessness which most needs to be denounced is not that kind of which the police and the courts take cognizance, but that which is permeating classes of society which we have too long regarded as respectable.

We seem to have forgotten that the word "respectable" means "worthy of respect," not merely well placed socially and financially, and adroitly able to keep out of the hands of the police. There is nothing more respectable in a rich man's orgy than in a poor man's; there is nothing more respectable in the domestic infidelities of the wealthy, than in the promiscuity of those abandoned persons who care nothing for appearances; there is nothing more respectable in the thievery of massive stock-jobbing operations than in the operations of the hold-up man who snatches a working girl's purse.

What you, as a normal human being, cannot respect when you see it reduced to its plain facts, is not respectable, in whatever social degree it may occur.

Respect for law is the trait of those races that are capable of freedom and of the highest civilization; all others are regulated by fear of law. Respect for law must rest on the assumption that law is the wisest expression of the collective wisdom of a people who desire to maintain and increase their liberties.

In its truest sense, law is not repressive but liberative. The law of mathematics sets us free in the kingdom of numbers. The law of letters sets us free in the realm of recorded thought. Law is the gateway into freedom. If we knew the economic law, if we knew the law of human relations, if we knew the total law of life, we should be free of economic chaos and its repressive power, we should be free of the intolerable burdens of human misunderstandings, we should be free of the various slaveries in which our ignorance and stupidity hold us today.

The law written by men upon the books may be faulty, indeed, it often is; but beneath it is the idea of law as the rule of freedom, the rule of liberation, the rule of enablement. And it is this *idea of law* which ought to be preserved alive in our minds.

Perhaps the enabling aspect of law has not been emphasized as much as it ought to have been. The repressive side has engaged practically all our attention. And yet it would be untrue to say that the repressive side is all wrong. When germs are tearing down the teeth and causing pain in the nerves and unrest and fever throughout the body, the first work of the dentist is repression. The organisms which are bent on destruction must be curbed; repairs must be made to enable the normal processes to function. Where there is no law there tends to be license, and when you wish to supplant license with liberty you establish law, which releases the higher forces and provides fields for their operations.

It is our repressive laws that are mostly under criticism today. They are always under criticism, of course, by those who are repressed; but nowadays they are also under scrutiny by those whom they do not touch at all. The reason is this: we think laws ought to be remedial and not punitive only. The punitive element is not separable from the remedial element, but in strict justice they go together. Our failure has been to emphasize the punitive element.

This has been done because men have taken counsel more of themselves than of the idea of justice. The idea of justice involves a restitution, and in that restitution the punitive element inevitably finds a place. In the old law, if a man stole an ox and killed it or sold it, he was required to restore five oxen in its place, and for a sheep, four sheep. If the stolen beast was found with him alive, then he was required to restore double. If he had nothing with which to repay, he was sold for his theft, that is, taken into forced labor until his debt to the principle of restitution was settled. He was not branded and brutalized. Justice was honored in the restitution. That is, a theft did not remain a theft; the thief was required to equalize matters out of his own energy. His punishment contributed to the restoration of the economic breach. But our modern form of punishment simply widens the breach: the crime itself is added to by the cost and waste of branding and brutalizing a man, without in any sense restoring the property or the man. Restitution, in which the sole loser is the offender, is the most effective repression.

If a man kills another, he should be compelled to take up that other man's burdens and carry them through. He should be compelled to labor under surveillance for the fulfillment of his victim's economic responsibilities. If his victim left children, the slayer should be put to work to support and educate those children. Murder would be a serious thing if murderers were thus compelled to live out the economic duties of the life they destroyed. And juries thus arranging for restitution would find truer verdicts. What is more wasteful than for the state to kill a man, losing two lives for one, and leaving families without the benefit of restitutive labor?

We need laws that enable people to do the right things that are waiting to be done, more than we need laws which prohibit them from doing the wrong things which they are allured to do because so many right ways are unopened.

For those classes of society that live well and are at their ease and affect an easy superiority to the law, the contempt of the people will prove a sufficient deterrent. In these days the designation of "lawless classes" is mounting the social scale. With regard to the Constitution of the United States it is becoming quite fashionable in upper circles to sneer. There was a day when sneering at the Constitution of the United States would have outlawed a man. That day has not passed. It is going to be felt quite keenly yet.

Some people, of course, pretend to believe that it is the Eighteenth Amendment that they sneer at. No, it is the Constitution of the United States. That national instrument is a whole. It never yet has been amended against itself. No article has ever been torn from it. No amendment or provision has ever fallen into disuse as an archaic fallacy. It is a living instrument, made by a living people, and it grows because it is alive. Those who think to stab its latest growth in stature are simply pitiable victims of a mushy patter that is alien in its origin and purpose, and anti-American to the core of its heart.

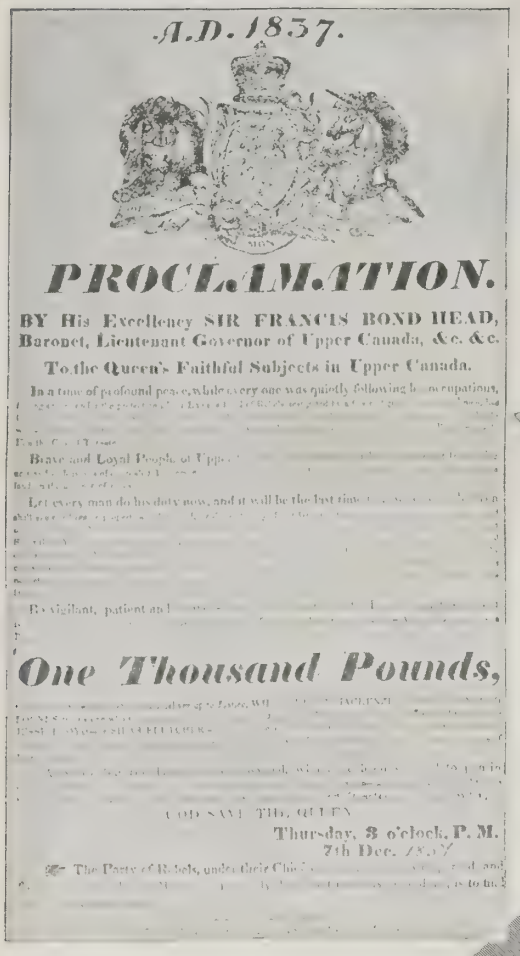
There will not be much of a nation left when this enmity to the Constitution of the United States becomes general—but it is not going to become general. The conscience of the American people, even that part of the people temporarily confused by alien propaganda, is suffering a revulsion against the degenerative poison and will spew it out.

At the same time, law must redeem itself. The more we turn to the enabling aspect of law the more we will make the right course possible and desirable, and in a society thus organized the repressive influences will become natural and not legal. Energies misdirected bring loss and trouble; rightly directed they bring prosperity and peace.

RESPECT for law is a sentiment restricted to people fit to be free; all others feel fear of law. Laws should be potent to enable as well as repress. They should be restitutive as well as punitive. Restitution is the highest corrective; it corrects the criminal; it repairs the economic breach made by the crime; it balances the record instead of merely stigmatizing the offender. We fail because it is not justice that we seek—justice all round; for society, for the citizen offended against, for the offender. Laws that merely make for the repressing of crime, and not also for the releasing of the normal moral energies, are one-sided. Law and liberty go together, when law is the instrument of justice. And such law always commands true respect.

The Mackenzies Finally Come Into Their Own

Grandson Now Premier of Country From Which Grandfather Was Forced to Flee



A.D. 1837.

PROCLAMATION.

BY His Excellency SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD, Baronet, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, &c. &c.

To the Queen's Faithful Subjects in Upper Canada.

In a time of profound peace, while every one was quietly following [illegible] occupations,

Brave and Loyal People of Upper

Let every man do his duty now, and it will be the last time

Be vigilant, patient and

One Thousand Pounds,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

Thursday, 3 o'clock, P. M. 7th Dec. 1837

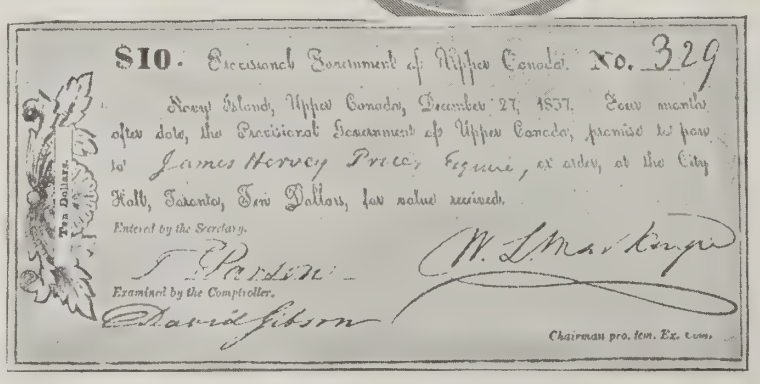
The Party of Rebels, under their Chief

Proclamation offering a reward of one thousand pounds for the capture of Mackenzie.



W. L. MACKENZIE KING, New Premier of Canada.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE



$10. Provisional Government of Upper Canada. No. 329

Navy Island, Upper Canada, December 27, 1837. Four months after date, the Provisional Government of Upper Canada, promise to pay to James Hervey Price, Esquire, or order, at the City Hall, Toronto, Ten Dollars, for value received.

Entered by the Secretary. T. Parsons

Examined by the Comptroller. David Gibson

W. L. Mackenzie

Chairman pro. tem. Ex. com.

Paper currency of Navy Island, headquarters of the rebels.

By D. M. LEBOURDAIS

IF BY any chance it was possible for the results of the last Canadian general elections to be transmitted to that region where dwell the souls of the departed, there is much reason to believe that the restless spirit of one William Lyon Mackenzie at last found peace. For it was then that his grandson, William Lyon Mackenzie King, became premier of Canada—the chief executive of that country from which he had been forced to flee in 1837, a rebel with a price on his head.

William Lyon Mackenzie was a Scotsman who emigrated to Canada in 1820, and after a few years' experience in business in Upper Canada, now the province of Ontario, launched forth on a career in which he was eventually to risk all and lose all, saving life itself only by a slim margin; and, finally, to go down to his grave in misery and want, heartbroken and in despair.

At the time of Mackenzie's arrival in Upper Canada the colonies had been suffering for some years under political disabilities which the passing of time seemed to increase rather than to assuage. The difficulties were inherent in the system, which included all the conditions essential to the establishment of a political oligarchy; and it is not strange, therefore, that the opportunity was not overlooked.

Governors changed frequently, but the governing classes in the colonies remained. As time passed, power and influence became more and more concentrated in the hands of the few. This governing clique in Upper Canada came to be known as the Family Compact.

During the four years that Mackenzie was in business he had been a more or less passive observer of public events, but his was not a nature that could long remain inactive where injustice existed. At this time such public journals as were published in the colony were almost completely under the dominance of the administration; criticism of public acts was a thing almost unknown. Mackenzie determined to put an end to this state of affairs and on May 18, 1824, published the first issue of the *Colonial Advocate,* which, although moderate in tone, and in some respects almost conservative, called forth the demand from an official organ that the young editor be banished from the country and his entire edition seized.

Even though Mackenzie's criticism of the prevailing political conditions was temperate and fairly impartial, his activities were not relished by those in power and he soon was made to feel the weight of official displeasure. This led to retaliation by him; and it was not long until Mackenzie had ceased to dissociate the individual from the system: his criticism grew more and more personal. He became relentless in his attacks on the members of the ruling faction.

It was perhaps inevitable that a man of Mackenzie's temperament should eventually become more intimately identified with the political life of the community, and in the elections of 1828 he was returned as one of the two members for the county of York.

Mackenzie soon became one of the most active members of the new assembly. He was appointed chairman of various investigation committees. A great many resolutions condemning the abuses of the period were introduced by him and, with few exceptions, carried by large majorities, but they were ignored by the government.

The life of Parliament having been cut short by the death of George IV in 1830—the rule then being that Parliament must cease with the life of the king—the Reform party was severely beaten at the ensuing elections. But undaunted by the fact that he was now of the minority, Mackenzie continued his hunt for grievances, though, of course, he received no support. Unable to make progress in the legislature, he launched bitter attacks against his political opponents in the columns of the *Advocate.* Five times during the next four years was Mackenzie expelled from the house because of his attacks; and each time did his faithful constituents re-elect him.

The Whigs in England having come into office in 1830, Mackenzie felt that perhaps the best way to mitigate the evils which afflicted the colony was by striking at the top. Consequently, he circulated monster petitions for signature throughout the province; and armed with these set sail for London in May, 1832, to place his complaints before the colonial secretary in person. He was favorably received and succeeded in having a number of grievances redressed; but, of course, the system still remained.

When Mackenzie returned to Upper Canada in 1833 he again attempted to take his seat, but as usual without avail. His success in London and the persecution which he had suffered at the hands of the assembly had raised him to the rank of a popular hero; and on the town of York becoming incorporated as a city under the name of Toronto on March 6, 1834, he was elected its first mayor.

The next general elections, held in October, 1834, resulted in a complete success for the Reformers, and Mackenzie, of course, was re-elected. Immediately, he obtained the appointment of a committee on grievances, of which he was made chairman. It went fully into every question at issue and resulted in the famous Seventh Report on Grievances, a copy of which was sent to the colonial secretary. One effect of this was the appointment of a new governor—Sir Francis Bond Head.

In appointing Sir F. B. Head, the intention was to get away from the military governors of the past, but a man less fit for the position could scarcely have been found. The word "democracy" almost drove him frantic; and every person of democratic tendencies was immediately suspected of treasonable intentions.

Dominated as it was by the Reformers, the assembly passed strongly worded resolutions condemning the attitude of the governor and finally refused to vote money for supplies, with the result that the governor dissolved the house in May, 1836, although it had barely run half its legal term.

The elections which followed were perhaps the most momentous ever held in Canada before or since, save one. The governor actually took part in the campaign against the Reformers: they were republicans, democrats and traitors. The influence of his position was used in every way to intimidate voters and to effect the defeat of the Reform party. Elections were then conducted under the system of open voting, which lent itself very easily to intimidation. The result was a surprise even to the victors: the Reformers were hopelessly beaten. The principal Reform leaders, including Mackenzie, were defeated. Sir Francis was jubilant. He wrote to the colonial secretary that he had "saved the Canadas."

Mackenzie's defeat and the failure of his party was the turning point in his career. Previous to this he had pinned his hopes on reform through constitutional measures; now his mind turned to thoughts of other means. A demand for an investigation into the election methods of his opponent in York County being refused by the assembly, he grew bitter. Having discontinued the *Advocate* some time before, Mackenzie had intended to quit the troubled paths of journalism forever, but there is only one end to the labors of the true journalist! He found the call of printers' ink irresistible and on July 4 (significant date!), 1836, there appeared the first number of a new journal, the *Constitution.* The tone of his writings now indicated the change that had overtaken the man: bitterness and more than usual recklessness were the dominant notes of the new publication.

Meanwhile, events were going steadily against the Reformers. Conditions in the sister colony of Lower Canada were approaching a crisis, and the pulses of men were beginning to stir with premonitions of the impending clash of arms.

There was no hope of redress from those in control. As the summer of 1837 advanced the swing toward armed resistance became more marked. On July 31, the first step along the road to rebellion was taken, when a declaration, afterward called the "Declaration of Independence," of Upper Canada, was adopted at a meeting of prominent Reformers in Toronto. It declared the aims of the Reformers to be directed toward the attainment of "cheap, honest and responsible government"; it recited a long list of grievances, and proclaimed that the time had come for the assertion of popular rights. It called on all friends of freedom to co-operate toward this end; and, to effect such co-operation, recommended the formation of political organizations, the holding of public meetings throughout the districts, and a province-wide convention to be held in Toronto. A local executive body, called the "permanent vigilance committee," was formed with Mackenzie as "agent and corresponding secretary."

Mackenzie now set out to organize the country. For this work he was peculiarly adapted. He was a born agitator and possessed the faculty of creating intense enthusiasm in his hearers. From August 1 until the beginning of December about 200 meetings were held, at most of which Mackenzie was the moving spirit. In nearly every case the Toronto Declaration was read and adopted. In addition, about 150 vigilance committees were formed. Squads of men drilling were not uncommon sights in the country districts, and a sudden enthusiasm developed for target shooting.

The governor and his satellites were fully aware of the activities of the Reformers, but such was the con-

(Concluded on page 13)

"Pap" and "Privilege": The Good Old Game

Bosses and Ward-heelers Lose When Saloon Control Passes Out

By HARPER LEECH

CHAOS rules city politics today in the big cities and in the little ones. Here and there chaos shows signs of taking form as burlesque. The election of a whole flock of freak mayors last autumn throughout the country bids fair to be eclipsed by even more bizarre results in the spring primaries and the November elections. The voters, as usual, are at sea. They generally are before the bosses make the nominations for them. What makes the thing worth writing about is that the professionals are hopelessly confused. They are running around like chickens with their heads chopped off. Vainly they ask each other what it's all about. The old tricks do not work. The "boys" are used to spasmodic reform movements but they face nothing of that sort now. Dimly they sense that the people are hopelessly calloused to all the old appeals, and that the machinery has slipped its gears. What they do not realize is that they are witnessing the break-up of a system. The whole science of political tactics, as they have learned it, is melting away.

Municipal politics is at once the most fascinating American sport and democracy's most valid opportunity to express itself in terms of real achievement. In the conduct of cities and their affairs their populations deal with matters that affect their daily lives and are confronted with concrete problems which come within the range of the most ordinary cultural development. It has been well said that city polity is only housekeeping writ large.

"Sham Battles" in National Politics

IN NATIONAL politics the issues are comparatively remote and their connection with the individual's weal or woe is obscure. Within the memory of many men now living the only direct contact that millions of Americans ever established with the Federal Government was in some trifling transaction like the purchase of a postage stamp. Its recent expansion of functions has affected normal folk far less than the criminal or the adventurous. The inertia of the great national mass has served to inhibit political action of such immediate or vital import as would be felt immediately by the average citizen. As a result most of our national political struggles have assumed the form of confused sham battles over abstractions and rather vague general principles, which to the masses of the people have assumed the form and functions of grandiose phrases, pat formulas and slogans of a mystic or talismanic character, supplying the well-known mechanism for mob or crowd suggestion. The political struggles fought by the masses marshaled by these well-known methods of mass psychology, have been comparatively harmless and nearly always futile. The tremendous changes wrought in the warp and woof of American life and industry have not proceeded from the politicians. We are what we are today as the result of the silent racial and economic forces which have worked silently but swiftly and ruthlessly under the clouds of political chatter and froth, which have served to hide them from the less discerning. American history has been very little wrought out on the hustings or in the legislative assemblies, and less in recent generations than before.

City politics, on the other hand, is a matter of the roundsman on the beat or the garbage can on the back porch. Notwithstanding its intimate relationship to the life of the people it is a fact that for a generation or two they have been systematically manipulated by the same methods of mass psychology that have preempted the larger field. The expression "political game" tells the story. It has been a game which the voter has pictured to himself as something like a struggle on the football field, involving the elements of chance, skill and character, but to the professionals it has been a science—a system of tactics—comparable to chess rather than to sports involving more uncertain elements.

Same Old Machine-like Methods

FOR at least two decades American city politics from the kitchen bars of Portland, Maine, to the Tia Juana race track has moved in fixed grooves. So machine-like have been the pulsations, despite all the sound and fury of "reform," "clean-up" progressivism and changes in form of government that this writer once conceived the project of formulating the science of city politics on mathematical lines; in other words, of introducing among the sciences *the dynamics of demagogy*. The test of any science is the ability to make accurate predictions on the basis of its principles and data. This could be done unfailingly under recent conditions and can still be done with a fair chance of success in a majority of American cities.

To cite a concrete instance, which serves to illustrate the whole theory: In the fall of 1919, the writer was induced to assume the editorial management of a "lame duck" newspaper in a western city noted for the virulence of its politics and the number of spectacular reformists and uplifters which it had produced. This city, by the way, years ago passed through the political phases which the two "hick" towns of America (Chicago and New York) are now undergoing.

The city in question had changed its form of government so many times that its inhabitants looked back on such things as the commission form of government or the initiative and referendum with a sort of dim reminiscence in which they were jumbled with the Declaration of Independence, the Missouri Compromise or free silver.

The municipality was equipped with every form of ordinance, commission, bureau or other device of regimentation which could have been conceived by the most optimistic advocate of the improvement of the human species. A German Burgomaster of the old régime would have envied the mayor of this mountain metropolis the legal grants which gave him the right to regulate intimately the lives of its citizens. *In theory, nearly everything was verboten; in practice everything "went."*

Despite all these ultra modern improvements, the writer, who had come from a city where they were so crude that they still copied their primary registration lists out of the city directory and frequently imported extra voters from Chicago, did not feel out of place. After a few days' inspection it was easy to see that the good old game was still being played in the good old way. The three essential factors of political power here as elsewhere were: First, *patronage*, which all professional politicians know is more than half the game, but which the people have never appraised at anything like its real importance; second, *anti-social privileges*, including liquor, commercialized vice and questionable amusements—in short, the whole open or closed town "agenda"; third, *public utilities*.

Every problem of political tactics *for the past 30 years* can be reduced to a process composed of these three factors. Given the environment and "background," any such problem can be worked out mentally or on paper with the certainty of a chemical reaction or simple algebraic equation.

Mark that this statement applies to the *past* 30 years. The fact that it *no longer* applies is the reason why city politics is in chaos and the politicians are running around in circles. Why these three factors no longer encompass the whole field of city politics, is the reason this sketch is written.

But to continue our illustrative story of the city of terrestrial altitudes and political pitfalls; the writer was informed shortly after his arrival that the city administration, which our paper was supporting, had been returned to power a few months previous in an exciting election in which the victorious candidate had been opposed by the banking interests, the church element, the public utility corporations and by practically all citizens who dodged large income tax levies except a few oil magnates who belonged to the Rooseveltian traditions of Armageddon. They had "battled for the Lord" so successfully that with the aid of the Mexican, Russian, Jewish and Italian vote, plus the assistance of our newspaper, they had polled about eight thousand plurality. Our paper, which had always been stridently for the "common people," although very few of them bought it, had tried to deliver the "labor vote" along with the rest, only to discover for the "steenth" time "that there ain't no such animal." The other newspapers, whether yellow or black, had supported the big money combination.

How aud Why "Crusades" Are Started

AFTER the situation had been outlined to the writer he asked his predecessor: "When will the vice crusade begin?"

"Why vice crusade?" he asked. "This isn't an open town. At any rate it's a Sunday school burg compared to 'Frisco or Omaha."

"But didn't you tell me your traction company has only succeeded in raising its fare to six cents and had to put over a framed-up strike to get that?" I asked. "They need seven to pay dividends. This mayor of ours got elected by promising a five-cent fare. He is a good fellow, but not a crook and rather hard boiled. He was a Federal marshal so long he has the cop's psychology. You ought to know that under such circumstances the financiers figure he must be removed. How do you attack any city administration? Every man who has ever worked for our newspapers knows how. Through the police department! Our game and the mayor's game is to try to convince the people that all the wide-open town talk they will start is inspired by the traction corporation, and he will have to give the boys' a little leeway too. A mayor with a corporation fight on his hands cannot usually afford a closed town."

It was only 25 days later that an 18-month vice crusade was begun.

This little situation is an example which could recently be duplicated in hundreds of cities and states. From the time of the Civil War until after the death of Mark Hanna, the liquor interests and its subsidiaries usually worked hand in glove with the privilege-seeking corporations—usually the railroads in the states and the public utilities in the cities. About 15 years ago public utilities found that their liquor allies were becoming a burden rather than an asset and began to seek alliances with the militant moral element.

This process, of course, was gradual. In Pennsylvania, for instance, the liquor-corporation alliance has probably not ended yet. In Tennessee, it ended in 1903. In Cleveland and Toledo aggressive anti-corporation mayors like Tom L. Johnson and Brand Whitlock were continually assailed by those that thought they were too lenient with the "liberal" crowd. Practically everywhere the political play was something like this. The "outs" attacked the "ins" with one of two charges—either that the "ins" favored the wide-open town element, or the public utility corporations. Formerly, if the "ins" were radical, they usually antagonized the public utilities and favored the "wets" and open-town elements. If they were conservative they usually favored the financial and corporate interests and endeavored to win popular support by warring against vice.

Municipal politicians early learned the lesson of military strategy, that the finest defense is an attack.

Nearly all campaigns in great cities during recent years have waged around public utilities, or the conduct of police affairs. In the days when public service corporations really exercised some influence in city politics, bitter onslaughts were launched against them. Real abuses of corporate franchises were seized upon by demagogic politicians and magnified a hundredfold. Once the idea of the predatory, unscrupulous, insolent corporation was created in the mind of the voter, it was easy for each election's new generation of candidates to keep it alive, whether the abuses ceased or not. What might be absent in sincerity was easily made up for in ferocity of the attack.

In cities, where, for one reason or another, the public service corporation attack was not as effective as could be desired, the question of the regulation of gambling, the social vices, crime, was a paramount "issue."

In the days of the saloon, the city administration in power was able through its control of the police department to dictate how much of after-hour and Sunday violations of the laws should be permitted. It was able through a combination of fear and favor to command the so-called saloon vote—the saloon-keepers, bartenders, their dependent relatives, drifters, and others. It was natural that the "outs," envious of this solid vote in favor of the "ins" should inveigh against the "wide-open town," "police protection," and seek thereby to corral the sincere law-enforcement element in the city. Gambling and the social evil were similarly used by politicians among the "outs" as talking points in campaigns in which police corruption or inefficiency was being assailed. This comparatively simple political system is now dead or dying everywhere.

Saloon Was a Powerful Factor

PATRONAGE is still a powerful factor, although during the war period when official salaries were so much smaller than even the earnings of an incompetent in private industry it lost a great deal of its potency.

Prohibition has about finished the saloon as a political factor. It survives to a vastly diminished extent in Chicago and a few smaller cities, but grows weaker every day. Some people may doubt whether prohibition prohibits. The professional politician entertains no misgivings as to its political potency. It has smashed his whole world. There is simply no substitute for the saloon as a unit of political organization. Those people who regarded the saloon as merely a place where drinks were sold never grasped one-tenth of its social significance. It was really the only place in which half of the people even seriously discussed politics. It was, indeed, a poor man's political club. Had it not been for the debasing grip of the synthetic-liquor makers, brewing syndicates and the politically controlled police departments upon the American pot house, it might probably have had some justification as a democratic debating society. In its crude way, it supplied community relationship and solidarity. It also supplied political leadership—mostly bad but not altogether so. Years ago, there were saloon keepers and bartenders who were men of good counsel and keen political guidance for their rough fellows, but that was before the Americans, Germans and Irishmen were run out of the business by the Mediterranean and Alpine and Mongoloid criminaloids, who were subsidized by alien brewers and whisky distributors.

The political influence of the public utility corporations has been approaching zero in the same ratio that the value of their common stocks has been approaching the same point. The utility companies are now really out of politics. They got the worst of it and they know it. For a long time they exerted a corrupting influence and sometimes ruled with iron hand. Those were the days of franchise steals and the bribing of city councils. Then came the reaction led by men like Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, and scores of worthy imitators throughout the country. The professional politician quickly discovered that it was suicidal to play the game for the utilities and profitable to bait them.

Public Utility Baiting Almost Passe

IN RECENT years, for one sincere opponent of public utility interests in politics, there have been twenty or thirty demagogues who have used the issue and its battle cries for their own ulterior purposes. Some of the worst political gangs in America today retain their precarious hold on power by ferocious verbal attacks on bankrupt public utility corporations which have not the political influence of the monkeys in the zoo, and which are, in fact, completely out of reach because they are in the hands of Federal courts.

Perhaps there is no more disheartening spectacle for the well wisher of city democracy than the success of these gangster medicine men and shamanists. In the more backward cities, like New York and Chicago, they beat their tom toms and howl in their tepees and large sections of the people still believe that they are frightening away the evil spirits and bogey men of the traction and gas companies.

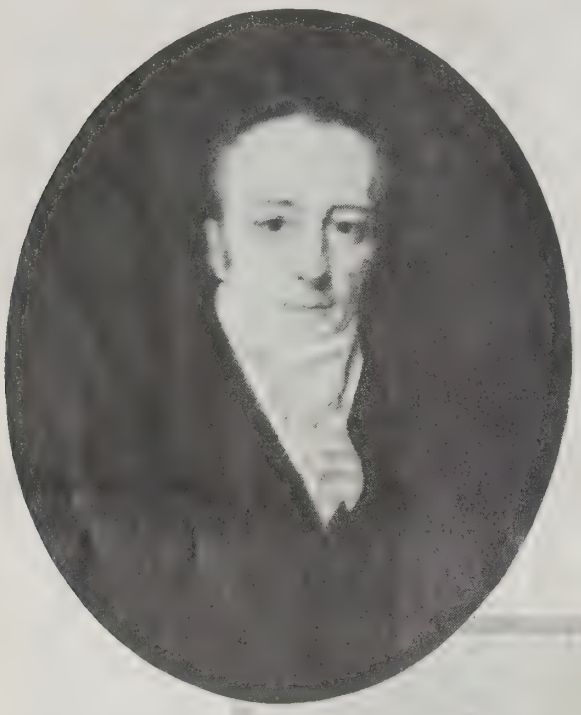
People are beginning to recognize it as old stuff. How soon a majority will recognize it as such is the question. When a majority does understand how long it has been fooled by the sham battles of politicians against lawbreaking and against public utilities—battles in which deafening volleys of blank cartridges have been fired at each other by the opposing political batteries—when a majority does understand, there can be no doubt that a great disgust will sweep the present generation of politicians from power. The freak elections of last autumn show that the understanding is spreading.

The next phase—? This is history, not prophecy.

The Smithsonian: the Nation's Greatest School

Origin and Growth of Museum Founded on Gift to America by Son of an English Duke

By H. O. BISHOP



JAMES SMITHSON,
Founder of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.



Main building of the Smithsonian Institution.

WASHINGTON boasts one of the most remarkable public institutions in the world in the Smithsonian Institution, fitly situated about midway between the Capitol and the Washington Monument. It is an institution with a history that goes back nearly 100 years. Curiously enough, America owes "the Smithsonian," which has taken its place as an institution scarcely less national than Congress itself, to the bounty of an Englishman. Standing out as conspicuous a feature of the architecture of the capital city as the monument or the White House, our country is indebted both for the idea which it embodies and the nucleus of the considerable fund that made that embodiment possible to a foreigner, who never even visited the United States and who in his lifetime was not suspected of cherishing the least interest in this country or its future.

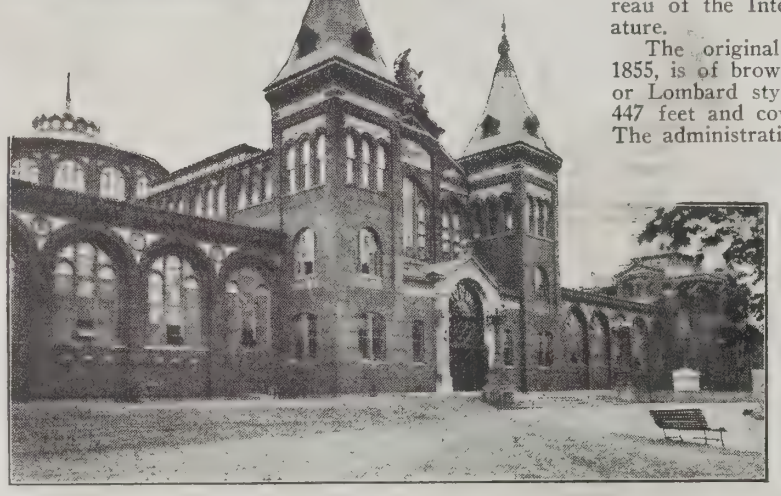
James Smithson, founder of the Smithsonian Institution, was a natural son of Hugh Smithson, first Duke of Northumberland, known, as is the present holder of the title, as a conservative of conservatives and one having little esteem for republican ideals in government or society. In early life, James Smithson was known as James Louis Macie, his mother being Mrs. Elizabeth Keate Macie, member of the well-known Hungerford family. Born in France in 1765, he was educated at Oxford, where he won his Master of Arts degree. Thereafter, he devoted himself to scientific study and research, becoming one of the foremost mineralogists of his time. In 1787, he became a fellow of the Royal Society, before which he read, in the course of his subsequent career, no less than 28 notable papers, 18 of which were published in Thomson's "Annals of Philosophy."

He spent most of his time on the Continent and died in Genoa in 1829, having three years before made a will bequeathing his entire estate to the United States of America "to found at Washington under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." Some hint as to the motive that induced him to give his fortune to the American Republic, then in its struggling infancy, rather than to his own nation, is found in a writing relative to the bequest making this prediction: "My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percies are extinct and forgotten."

It is surmised that a sense of wrong in the illegitimacy of his birth alienated him not only from his native land but also from its aristocratic institutions. In the degree in which he lacked reverence for British hereditary nobility and privilege, he probably developed keen appreciation of democratic ideals and the opportunities offered in the new republic for individual and national advance. Merit, rather than the accident of birth, must have been the lodestar in the life of a man who by sheer work and achievement—proving ability of the first order and a character that endeared him to most of the notable scientific men of his age, succeeded in carving out for himself a career of marked distinction and usefulness. He probably felt also that in the free air of America the sciences he loved would flourish as they never could in the old world.

Poetic, if tardy, justice was recognized when, in 1904, Smithson's remains were brought to this country and interred in the grounds of the institution he founded.

It was not until six years after Smithson's death that the British Government officially notified the then Secretary of State at Washington, John Forsyth, of Georgia, of the bequest. Its strangeness seems to have been a veritable surprise and one that somewhat nonplussed our officials. President Jackson, in December, 1835, turned over to Congress the papers in the case, accompanied by a message asking prompt action. The Senate referred the matter to the Judiciary Committee, while the House appointed a special committee to investigate "the propriety" of accepting the unusual gift. It was not until July of the following year that the law was enacted empowering the President to obtain possession of the Smithson fortune, Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, was appointed as a special agent to go to England and collect the money. At the end of two years he had succeeded in settling up the estate and brought home $508,318.46 and a notable collection of minerals made by Smithson.



United States National Museum, Arts and Industries Building, Smithsonian Institution.

Half a million dollars was "big money," indeed, in those days, when the first American millionaire had not yet dawned on the horizon. The money was deposited in the United States Treasury, where for eight long years it remained without earning interest and more or less of a problem. Although President Van Buren, in his message of December 6, 1838, invited the attention of Congress to the obligation devolving on the United States to fulfill the object of the Smithson bequest, Congress kept on discussing and "considering" the matter year after year, until August 10, 1846, when the act was passed under which the bequest was invested in government bonds as a trust perpetually entitled to an annual income of six per cent as an endowment in perpetuity of the Smithsonian Institution.

Definite resources were thus assured for carrying out the purposes of the founder. Since the original bequest by Smithson, other bequests and gifts have come to the institution from generous benefactors, varying in sums from $250,000 to $1,000 or less, so the total invested permanent fund now aggregates more than $1,000,000, and is increasing from year to year. Unfortunately, the original Smithson collection of minerals was destroyed by fire in 1865.

In discussing the acceptance of the Smithson bequest in 1836, John Quincy Adams, in the House of Representatives, said: "Of all the foundations of establishments for pious or charitable uses, which ever signalized the spirit of the age, or the comprehensive beneficence of the founder, none can be named more deserving of the approbation of mankind than this. Should it be faithfully carried into effect, with an earnestness and sagacity of application, and a steady perseverance of pursuit, proportioned to the means furnished by the will of the founder and to the greatness and simplicity of his design as by himself declared 'the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men,' it is no extravagance of anticipation to declare that his name will be hereafter enrolled among the eminent benefactors of mankind."

Eighty-six years have passed since Mr. Adams spoke those prophetic words. The Smithsonian Institution is today known to all men of science, and its founder's name is everywhere held in the highest esteem. He has a monument that his noble ancestors might well envy.

In receiving the property and accepting the trust, Congress constituted an administrative establishment, whose statutory members are "the President, the Vice-President, the Chief Justice and the heads of the executive departments." The business of the institution is conducted by a board of regents composed of "the Vice-President, the Chief Justice of the United States, and three members of the Senate and three members of the House, together with six other persons other than members of Congress, two of whom shall be resident of the city of Washington and the other four shall be inhabitants of states, but no two of them of the same state." The regents elect one of their number as chancellor, usually the Chief Justice, who is the presiding officer of the board, a suitable person being elected as secretary of the institution, who also is secretary of the board and the executive officer and director of the institution's activities.

The annual income of the institution is now about $100,000, derived from interest on the permanent fund (in the United States Treasury) and on special funds, and contributions from various sources. This income defrays the operations of the institution proper. There are, besides congressional appropriations annually of about $600,000 for the maintenance of the bureaus or branches of the institution that have been developed beyond its early activities, including the United States National Museum and the National Gallery of Art, the International Exchange Service, the Bureau of American Ethnology, the National Zoological Park, the Astrophysical Observatory and the United States Bureau of the International Catalog of Scientific Literature.

The original Smithsonian building, completed in 1855, is of brownstone in the twelfth century Norman or Lombard style of architecture. It has a front of 447 feet and covers about 60,000 square feet of land. The administrative offices are here, as also are several sections of the library, the museum division of plants or national herbarium, and the division of graphic arts; also the offices and the library of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

Adjacent to the administrative building on the east is the Museum of Industrial Arts, built of brick in a modernized Romanesque, covering about two and one-third acres, and completed in 1881. Here are exhibited objects relating chiefly to the arts and industries and to American history.

On the north side of the park is the Museum of Natural History, completed in 1911. This fine structure is of granite in the classic style, with dome and columned portico. It covers an area of about four acres and in its ground floor and the three floors above it there are 468,118 square feet of floor space, one-half of which is devoted to exhibition purposes, the other half being utilized for storage rooms, offices, laboratories and other purposes. As the latest of the great museum buildings of the world, it embodies many not found in earlier museums. Here are displayed the collections pertaining to anthropology; biology and geology, and the National Gallery of Art.

Through the generosity of the late Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, there has been erected in connection with the National Gallery of Art, a special edifice of artistic design to house the splendid collection of American and oriental works of art presented to the institution by Mr. Freer, who also placed at the disposal of the institution more than $1,000,000 to defray the cost of the building.

The Astrophysical Observatory is housed in a group of small wooden structures south of the Smithsonian administrative building.

The National Zoological Park, which has become one of the most attractive features of the Smithsonian Institution, occupies 169 acres in Rock Creek Valley, in the northwest section of the city.

The Smithsonian plan of organization embraces the two objects named by the testator; one, the increase of knowledge by the addition of new truths to the existing stock; the other, diffusion of the knowledge thus increased. No restriction is made in favor of any one field of knowledge, and hence each branch is entitled to and receives a share of attention. Part of the plan has included the formation of a library of science and art, a museum, a gallery of art and pro-

visions for physical research and popular lectures.

The activities of the institution embrace all branches of natural science, the fine arts and the industrial arts. It has at all times fostered progressive scientific research. Since its establishment the institution has inaugurated and maintained, or has had share, in a great number of astronomical, anthropological, biological and geological expeditions and explorations in every portion of the world, resulting in largely increasing our knowledge of the geography, the meteorology, the fauna and flora, and the ethnology of all lands, and in the acquisition of a vast amount of valuable material for the National Museum.

The Smithsonian is not an "educational institution" in the sense which the term applies to a university with a corps of professors and students, and yet its educational functions are of the highest rank, for the members of its scientific staff and their many collaborators are constantly engaged in investigations in which students of science the world over participate. The museum collections and the collections of animals in the Zoological Park are, morever, a constant source of original information for specialists and groups of pupils from public and private schools in Washington and elsewhere.

The institution aids investigators by making special grants of money for research and exploration. It advises the government in matters of scientific importance. It co-operates with all departments of the government and with many scientific and historical national organizations.

By the act of 1846, the Smithsonian Institution was made the custodian of the national collections in both nature and art—a very important provision. The museum branch was definitely organized in 1850, the title "U. S. National Museum" being authoritatively given to it by Congress in 1875. During the first few years the expenses of the museum were wholly met from the Smithsonian fund, and it was not until 1878 that the government began to make further provision for its maintenance.

Four general divisions are recognized: Natural history, including ethnology and archeology; the fine arts; the industrial arts, and history.

The division of natural history is divided into three departments: biology, geology and anthropology. The collections of natural history have been received in greater part from government surveys and explorations, and are richest in material from North America. Many other parts of the world also are well represented in one subject or another, especially Central America, the Philippines, Malaysia, some portions of Europe, Africa and South America. The deep-water zoological collections from both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are the most extensive and important in existence.

Among important early sources of these collections may be mentioned the United States Exploring Expedition of the Amazon Valley in 1838 to 1842; the Perry Expedition to Japan; the North Pacific Exploring Expedition of the Navy; the railroad and wagon road surveys by the army in connection with the opening up of the Far West; the Canadian and Mexican boundary surveys; certain geological explorations, and the work of the coast survey in Alaskan waters, besides many expeditions organized or assisted by the Smithsonian Institution itself. Of more recent date are the investigations of the Bureau of Fisheries, the Geological Survey, the Bureau of American Ethnology and the Bureau of Plant Industry, Entomology and Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture. Of private donors, some of whom have made gifts of great extent and value, the list is very long.

The specimens recorded in all branches of natural history up to the present time number a total of several millions, the annual accretion during several years past having averaged a quarter of a million specimens.

Of arts and industries, there are on exhibition extensive collections of firearms, the most complete in this country; boat and railroad models, electrical apparatus, timekeeping and measuring devices, musical instruments, ceramics, graphic arts, textiles, laces, embroideries and collections in mineral technology and in photography.

The growth of the National Museum has heretofore been greatest in natural history lines, including exhibits relative to primitive man. The development of the natural resources of the country and the study of the American aborigines through government surveys and explorations have contributed toward building up collections illustrative of nature and early man that certainly equal and perhaps surpass those of any other country. The millions of specimens and hundreds of thousands of distinct species and forms serve as the bases for extended researches and discoveries. Through co-operation with the executive departments of the government, the museum collections are a constant aid in solving problems in agriculture, in mining, in fisheries and in Indian affairs. Unrivaled conditions are here afforded for the arrangement, care and safety of the nation's treasures, for unrestricted study of them in the advancement of knowledge, and for their use in promoting and broadening public education.

In recent years, great advance has been made in the development of the department of technology—a Museum of Industrial Arts. It is in this department in particular that the museum fulfills one of its chief functions. The exhibits are so selected and so installed as to teach visitors how articles of use are made and what they are made of. The exhibits illustrating the textile industries and mineral technology, in particular, are very complete, consisting of specimens of raw materials, machinery used in manufacture and the finished products.

The division of history has likewise been greatly broadened in recent years. Here are displayed memorials of many leading American soldiers and sailors, inventors, explorers and men of science, and memorials of important events in American history. A collection of costumes worn by ladies of the White House during each administration since 1789 is of much popular interest.

The museum has been defined as one of record, of research and of education. As a museum of record, it preserves the very foundations of an enormous amount of scientific knowledge in the many thousands of typical specimens gathered in natural history investigations, and these are increasing rapidly. As a museum of research, the collections serve as a stimulus to inquiry and as foundation for further investigation. The installation of exhibits is carefully planned to make the museum an actual aid to public education. Natural objects and varied and myriad manifestations of human thought and activity are illustrated by specimens bearing descriptive labels. Races of men are illustrated by groups of figures in their native costumes; mammals, birds and other zoological specimens are each assembled in groups amid representations of their natural surroundings.

It is "a consultative library of objects," an agency for the instruction of all the people of the country, "and it serves the needs of those whose lives are not occupied in the study of science, as well as those of the professional investigator and teacher."



CHARLES D. WALCOTT,
Secretary, Smithsonian Institution since 1907.



Natural History building of the Smithsonian Institution.



Oval—Freer Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution.



Elk group in Smithsonian Institution.

The foundation of a National Gallery of Art was contemplated and directed in the act of organization of the institution in 1846 and in the program of operation adopted by the board of regents in 1847. But several years passed before the art gallery was actually opened. This national gallery received very great stimulus in 1906 through the bequest of Harriet Lane Johnston, niece of President Buchanan; the munificent gift of Charles L. Freer, already mentioned, and the gift of William T. Evans, thus bringing into national ownership several rich collections of paintings and other objects of art.

The William T. Evans gift included more than 150 carefully selected works of modern American painters; the Charles L. Freer collection, numbered some 5,000 items of paintings, sculptures, pottery, bronzes, jades and other works of art, as well as a collection of 82 drawings in pencil, pen, charcoal, chalk, crayon and water color executed by eminent contemporary French artists.

The donation by Mr. Freer of his collection and his provision for its preservation form one of the most notable gifts of its kind in the world's history. Mr. Freer describes his collection as follows: "These several collections include specimens of very widely separated periods of artistic development, beginning before the birth of Christ and ending today. No attempt has been made to secure specimens from unsympathetic sources, my collecting having been confined to American and Asiatic schools. My great desire has been to unite modern work with masterpieces of certain periods of high civilization harmonious in spiritual and physical suggestion, having the power to broaden esthetic culture and the grace to elevate the human mind."

The Bureau of American Ethnology is an outgrowth of early ethnological and archeological researches of the institution, and of later investigations conducted in behalf of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to determine the affinities of the various tribes of Indians and to serve as a guide in grouping them on reservations, as it was believed that an effective classification of the tribes materially reduced the danger of warlike outbreaks. A vast amount of linguistic and bibliographical information relative to the American Indians has been published by the bureau, and great collections of ethnological material have been gathered for the anthropological department of the museum.

The collection of mammals, birds and reptiles in the National Zoological Park numbers about 1,400 individuals, representing some 360 species. Its visitors now average about 2,500,000 each year, including many groups of public and private school students accompanied by their teachers. Wild turkeys, partridges, peacocks, squirrels and wild rabbits wander in perfect freedom throughout the park.

One of the principal aims in establishing the park was to promote the preservation of races of animals threatened with extinction, such as the American bison. Several bison were procured for the park and have thrived there.

There are several cages for birds in the park. The great "flight cage," 158 feet long by 50 feet in width and height, is built over several full-grown trees and has running streams supplying pools for the water fowl, of which there is a valuable collection.

Among the particularly important exhibits is a fine collection of ungulates, or hoofed animals, no less than 50 species of wild cattle, deer, sheep, goats, antelopes, horses and their kindred.

The Astrophysical Observatory, founded in 1890, investigates solar radiation, and solar phenomena generally.

Charles Doolittle Walcott, the present head of the Smithsonian Institution, was born at New York Mills, Oneida County, New York, in 1850. He became interested in scientific affairs at the age of 13 and his interest has increased every year since. He obtained a grasp on the practical side of life by working for two years as a clerk in a country hardware store, selling everything from currycombs and jews-harps to plows and threshing machines. He also spent several years on a farm doing all sorts of things. He entered the government service in 1879, as a field assistant of the Geological Survey. In 1891 he was advanced to the position of chief paleontologist. In 1894, President Cleveland appointed him director of the Geological Survey. In 1907 he succeeded Professor Langley as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

Round-head Influence Blights American Letters

Age of the Vulgar, Rule of the Plebeian, Comes to the American Novel

IN A most notable article on the causes of the decadence of present-day American fiction, Gertrude Atherton, in *The Bookman* for March, has been wise enough to find the racial key and courageous enough to turn it in the door of hushed-up facts. The first part of her article deals with the origins of the distinctive racial strains which have made a vital impress on human progress.

Mrs. Atherton's thesis is that the three ancestral races of Europe were the Nordics, the Mediterraneans and the Alpines. The *Mediterraneans*—long-headed, dark, small and lightly built—came from Southern and Southwestern Asia and were responsible for the civilizations of Asia Minor and Northern Africa. They pushed across to Spain and France and, entering the British Isles, became the "ancient Britons." The *Alpines* came to vigor on the Iranian Plateau, and their kinsmen who turned east became Mongols. They are round-headed, stocky and powerful. These Alpines are placed, in Mrs. Atherton's thesis, in a part of France, a part of Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Austria, Hungary, the Balkans, Jugo-Slavia, Finland and Russia. The *Nordics*, originating in the grass-lands of Russia, were of great stature, fair hair, blue or gray eyes, white skin, and a great genius for war and government. They were of longer and greater face and head measurements than the Mediterraneans, and had straight noses. They are the Anglo-Saxons—Scandinavians, Hollanders, Saxons, British, Huguenots, Irish and other strains of the same general breed.

It is not necessary to accept Mrs. Atherton's thesis in detail, especially as to the origins of these distinct streams of human potency. Racial origins present a problem as yet hardly touched, and Mrs. Atherton may have overlooked a most important consideration as to the possible origin of the Nordics. But in separating the streams and bringing them vividly to view, she has done a creditable and highly useful piece of work.

The civilization which we call Christian and modern is a Nordic creation (to use Mrs. Atherton's racial designations, which a later generation may revise). Especially is this true of the civilization of America.

But over the civilization thus created and established there has flowed vast volumes of Mediterraneans and Alpines. The wars of the world for civilization and liberty have mostly devastated the Nordics. Mrs. Atherton expresses a common fear for the future of the Nordics which, perhaps, is not justified. But this does not invalidate her statements of fact.

Readers interested in this phase of the question should procure her entire article: what is presented here is her most important diagnosis of the effect of the Mediterraneans and the Alpines on the literature of America.

Distinguished Minds in Early Literature

LARGE numbers of people have been asking, "What has come over American fiction?" As one of the masters of American fiction, Mrs. Atherton offers an answer which will repay thoughtful attention. She says:

What have all these hard facts to do with fiction? Too much, unfortunately. The early literature of this country was aristocratic. It was written by Nordics. (Fancy a round-head writing "The Scarlet Letter"!) It continued to be written by aristocrats for many years. The "people" were by no means ignored, but over them was shed the light of the distinguished mind of the author. Even the minor story tellers, slavishly imitating the lighter novelists of England, their facile talent lacking originality, had a certain grace and distinction.

The great bulk of American fiction today is essentially plebeian. The few exceptions make the fact more startling. The cause is not far to seek. With the enormous influx of European plebeians the poison of democracy began its deadly work. The sun of the *republic* started on its westward course. This heterogeneous mass was given the vote, its children were admitted to the public schools, heretofore sacred to Americans, and the Declaration of Independence was given a free interpretation never intended by its authors.

I am by no means contending that these millions of aliens and their descendants should have been kept in a condition of ignorance and slavery. That would have been sheer brutality, and what is more to the point, would have been demoralizing in its effect upon the superior race. We opened our gates from motives of expediency and enterprise, and our exaggerated idealism compelled us to give to immigrants equal rights as citizens. If we had been wiser we would have been more merciful and just in the matter of wage and living conditions, and reserved the citizenship for those who after many years proved themselves capable of using it to the advantage of the country.

IN YOUR disgust with the tone of modern American novels you have asked, "What has happend to us? What new poison is this creeping upon us?" And you have not been able to answer. Gertrude Atherton has the answer. The answer is "Race." More and more the vital importance of "race" in every phase of our national life is impressing itself upon intelligent minds. By permission of The Bookman, in whose March number the article appeared, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *herewith reprints Mrs. Atherton's answer. The title is, "The Alpine School of Fiction."*

And who will blame the newcomers? Downtrodden in their own countries, or at best unable to earn a decent living, they set sail for the promised land full of hope and humbly grateful. But humility and gratitude endured briefly. The spirit of liberty in the new land of infinite resource went to their heads. They wanted the United States of America for their very own. They knew as little of anthropology as the still entrenched Nordics and cared less. They recognized only human rights and the superior right of numbers. As time went on millions rose in the social scale. They intermarried with the Americans of the old stock and the process of breeding-out began. Having gained so much they wanted more, and from their ranks emerged every known variety of agitator, crank, and fake religionist. . . .

There is no doubt that this political readjustment and its consequent recreation of the old American ideal would raise the tone of our fiction. It was the pecuniary and political success of these immigrants and their intermarriage with Americans that not only bred the spirit of democracy among themselves but made it the fashion. The tone of the small towns (and this includes the small towns in great cities) steadily declined. The original American in mass may have been uncouth and unlettered but he was not common. Today the great mass of the "American people" who have prospered in a small way—to say nothing of those that have risen higher still—are commoner than anything the world has ever known. They are smug and dull and vulgar, their standard of manners must make a well-trained English servant feel himself a superior being. What they call idealism is cheap sentimentalism; reticence is unknown, or resented; those that fain would practice the pride they have read of and servilely admired, merely succeed in being "stuck up," and correspondingly ridiculous. If they encounter natural pride they experience an acute pain in their itching ego. Nor is this the worst. The tone of these groups, infinite in number, is forcing its way upward and altering the tone of society in every stratum it permeates. It threatens to become a sort of social flu which attacks high and low alike. This is the secret of the lowered tone of what was formerly called the best society, unjustly laid to the war. Society like literature is suffering from the democratic flu. In losing its class pride, its aristocratic standard, it has lost its self-respect.

Scoff at Standards of Ancestors

OF COURSE, it was inevitable that these conditions should be reflected in fiction; not only because writers inclined to naturalism and deficient in imagination depict the obvious, but because the majority of our present writers were born and bred in small towns. Some, no doubt, are of the old American stock, with the features and coloring, to say nothing of head measurements, that denote their inheritance from the greatest of the three races. But they are the victims of the lowered standards of their environment, they scoff at the aristocratic standards of their ancestors, they are rampantly democratic because it is the fashion; not realizing that they are slavishly imitating the new democracy of a race that would have been totally incapable of founding the republic whose inestimable benefits its multiplying numbers enjoy and abuse.

I am making no argument for a fiction that shall deal only with people of exalted birth and position. Nothing would be more tiresome. I am only protesting against the deification of the common and vulgar. As an illustration, compare the stories of Mary Wilkins, who began her career some thirty-five years ago, with the "small town" fiction of today. Miss Wilkins wrote entirely of village life and humble people, but not only was she gifted with that distinction of mind which would have enabled her to write of a city slum without offense, but the American simplicity of her village types was then untainted by the hideous commonness with which the small town reeks today.

Now, there is probably not a small town in the United States that has not at least a small proportion of Nordics, proud of their descent, well educated, patrons of literature and whatever other arts may come their way, who travel when they can, whose accent is inoffensive, and who adjure the vulgar colloquialisms which distinguish the speech of the major population—who, for the most part, were their schoolmates. But these exceptions are ignored in fiction, possibly because they are honestly regarded as non-typical by the disciples of Zola—who, it may be pointed out, has never been admitted to the rank of first-class novelists.

Were it not for Booth Tarkington the world would be forced to the conclusion that there was not an American of the old stock left in the Middle West. No one has ever questioned the truth of Tarkington's characters and scene; and yet he gives his people precisely the same setting beloved of the naturalistic school. But he is, I will venture to say, an undiluted—and uncorrupted!—Nordic. He naturally selects real Americans like himself for his mental playmates and, possessing imagination as well as mental distinction, he is an artist, not a reporter. The fiction of the Atlantic states is still to a certain extent under the influence of the Nordic or genuine American tradition. So far, the higher type of eastern novelist at least has not felt the effects of immigration, possibly because the importations are herded in the large cities and segregated by their poverty. It is the millions that have spread over the middle and northwest who are responsible for the blight, and, as a fashion, at least, this blight is creeping into California.

It Is Not American Fiction

THE Alpine influence in American letters has never been so signally demonstrated as in the large and increasing number of midwestern novels that have achieved so remarkable a notoriety during the last year and a half. ("Brass," a good piece of work in spite of its detestable characters, may be included in this group, although its scenes are laid in California.) Every character in them all is a round-head, brachycephalic, Alpine. Not a real American could be found among them with a magnifying glass. No one can blame these writers for their fierce intellectual reaction from the sickly sentimentalism of a far more popular school of fiction. They started out with a fine determination to "tell the truth for once," to sterilize American fiction, to do something new. But their pendulum swung too far. In their breathless hunt for the obverse of lollypops they discovered only tadpoles.

Not one of all these novels contains a character or condition worthy of the striking cleverness expended upon it. And they are as un-American in the true sense of the word as the work of those forgotten minor novelists who flourished before the Civil War.

For all I know every one of these writers may be of the best American stock, Nordics (although I have my doubts). But they have been democratized and debased by their round-head environment. Their Nordic mental inheritance, if not their physical attribute, has been "bred out." Nevertheless, there is no disputing their cleverness, which now and then rises to the dignity of talent—never to genius. The trouble is they are not clever enough—unless, to be sure, they ask for nothing but the passing and remunerative vogue—; for they have missed the chance of making lasting contributions to American literature. Possessed of uncommonly sharp vision, they focused it upon telling types to prove a false thesis, instead of permitting it to range over the entire field and discover the wheat in the chaff. Convinced they were writing real American fiction for the first time, they have succeeded in giving us an assortment of creatures derived from inferior Asia. The Nordic is creative. He has immense initiative. Not a character in this entire group of novels has a semblance of the creative spark, an ounce of initiative. One and all are the feeble puppets of circum-

(Concluded on page 15)

Bleak Roadsides—How They Can Be Improved

Memorials Along Highways Add Charm and Preserve Local History

By GEORGE S. BRYAN

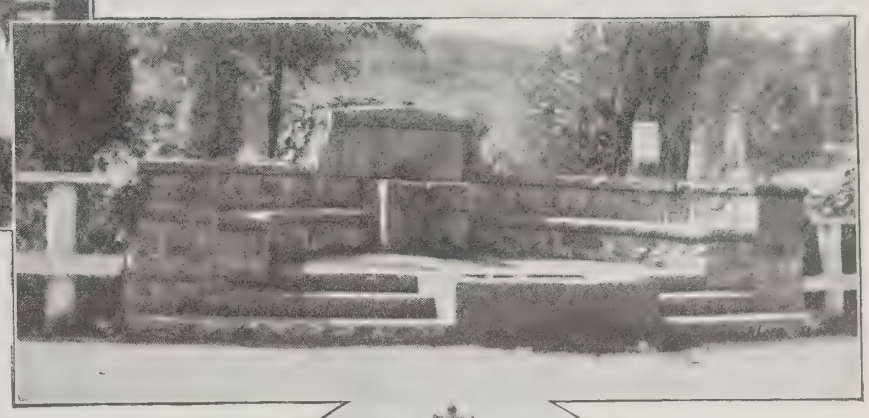
ALONG the highways of the New England, and to a less extent of the central states, the old-time traveler encountered many picturesque bits that have since been quite thoroughly devoured by time. A hollowed log held water for his horse. He read his distances by carven milestones. He paused at quaint tollgates and drew rein at the equally quaint swinging signboards of taverns. He passed over echoing covered bridges whose cool darkness he welcomed after the hot glare of the dusty road. Sometimes the bridge might be a graceful arch of native stone, enveloped in clambering vines.

Rustic drinking troughs and their wooden conduits have decayed. The milestones that lined the old post roads and turnpikes have been battered down or dug up, save for a few that, defaced and hidden in weeds, remain to be pointed at as things curiously archaic. Tollgates linger, if at all, remotely and obscurely. The ancient tavern signboards must be sought in storerooms and attics. Almost all the covered bridges have been removed as unsafe, or long since gone downstream with a spring freshet. The stone arches have been variously disfigured.

Many of the roadside drinking places have been obliterated; thirsty horses and humans look for them in vain. When the place of the log trough has been filled at all, it has too often been filled by a cylinder of rusty iron or an affair of ugliest concrete work. In lieu of milestones we have a rather indiscriminate lot of guideposts with a jumbled array of signs—some of which we owe solely to the commercial enterprise of advertisers, and all of which may be termed unattractive if not positively unsightly. For the charm of the swinging signboard we have the brutal offensiveness of the monumental billboard. For tollgates we have filling stations whose ugliness is usually so flagrant as to force the conviction that it must have been studied. The earlier bridges are succeeded by contraptions; safer, no doubt, but, it would seem, unnecessarily hideous in design.



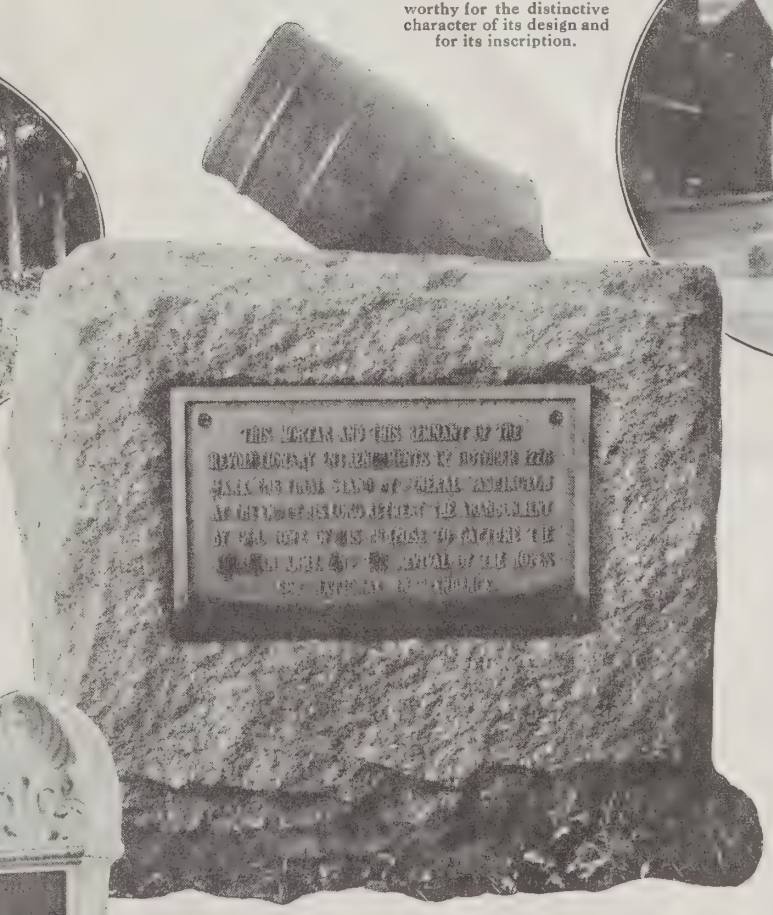
A close-up of the Fremont memorial fountain. This is the favorite stopping-place for travelers.



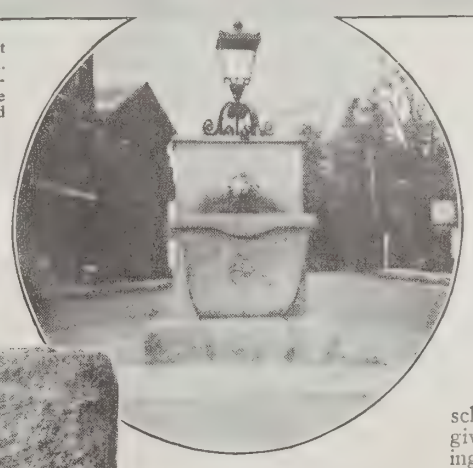
The memorial fountain at Crossriver, New York. This memorial is noteworthy for the distinctive character of its design and for its inscription.



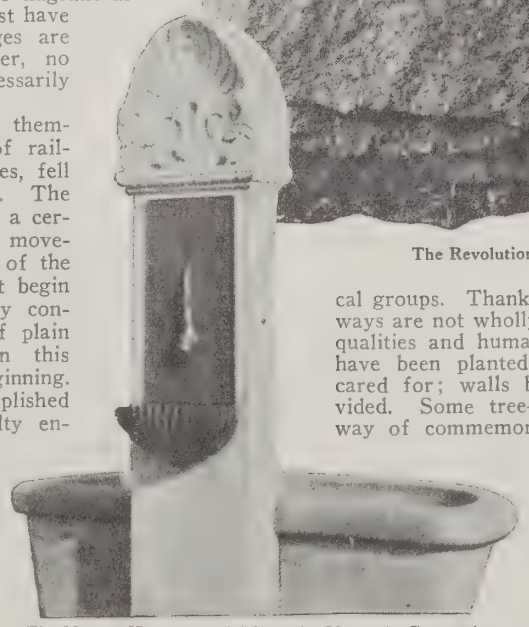
The memorial to William Hamilton Gibson, on the highway near Washington Green, Connecticut.



The Revolutionary memorial at White Plains, New York.



A memorial fountain at Southport, Connecticut. It commemorates the part played by early settlers in fighting Indians.



The Nathan Hale memorial fountain, Norwalk, Connecticut.

As far as concerns the roads themselves, these, with the advent of railways and the decline of turnpikes, fell generally into a wretched state. The bicycle did, indeed, bring with it a certain impetus toward a good-roads movement; but only with the arrival of the motor vehicle did this movement begin to effect practical results on any considerable scale. As a matter of plain fact, scientific road-building in this country is still virtually in its beginning. What already has been accomplished exhibits frequent traces of faulty engineering, inadequate construction and political jobbery. Under these conditions, it is scarcely surprising that *roadside treatment* has thus far received from our state officials almost no attention whatever.

Anyone who has traveled at all on our state-built roads, is aware how contractors have been allowed to abandon rubbish that should have been cleaned away; how banks and excavations have been left raw and rough when they should have been smoothed and sown with grass seed. Fine, sound trees have frequently been cut down; of necessity, perhaps, in some cases. Yet new trees have not been planted, in spite of the admitted fact (clearly stated by the late Logan W. Page, director of the United States Office of Public Roads) that trees, besides increasing the beauty of the road and the pleasure of the traveler, help to keep "hard" roads from unduly drying out, serve other protective functions, and are thus important in the reduction of maintenance costs.

It is desirable that existing picturesque features of our roads be, as far as possible, preserved; and that elements of permanent beauty be added. Aid in these directions is scarcely to be expected from state officials. In the East, an intelligent initiative has been displayed by individuals and local groups. Thanks to them, our modern highways are not wholly to be destitute of attractive qualities and human appeal. Shrubs and trees have been planted; grass plats laid out and cared for; walls built; ornamental signs provided. Some tree-planting has been done by way of commemorating service in the World War. The idea is excellent, and many communities will doubtless plan to adopt it. Nor have the possibilities of the more formal wayside memorial been overlooked.

We do not line our highways with grave stones, as men lined the Street of the Tombs outside ancient Athens; nor as they lined for miles the historic Appian Way. We have not the shrines and crosses such as once were so commonly raised by the highways of the Old World. But wayside memorials are wholly proper to our civilization. They will nobly help to prevent our modernized roads from being mere ruthless and monotonous stretches.

Fairfield, Connecticut, has converted into a bulletin board its ancient whipping post on the green. At White Plains, New York, has been kept a fragment of the earthworks built by American troops when Washington concentrated his forces in the neighborhood. The spot is marked by a ruggedly-fashioned granite block bearing a bronze tablet and surmounted by a primitive mortar. The text of the tablet reads: "This mortar and this remnant of the Revolutionary entrenchments of October, 1776, mark the final stand by General Washington at the end of his long retreat, the abandonment by General Howe of his purpose to capture the American Army, and the revival of the hopes for national independence."

The course of the post road between Boston and New York is marked with rather exceptionally frequent memorials of other days. One of the most pleasing and interesting of these is the Nathan Hale fountain at Norwalk, Connecticut. It was from Norwalk that Hale crossed to Long Island on his perilous mission as a spy. In the memorial, placed by the Norwalk chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a stone trough for horses is backed by a plain stone shaft terminating in graceful anthemia. The pennies of school pupils were given for the making of this tablet to celebrate a teacher who wrote of his school keeping: "I have thought much of never quitting it but with life, but at present there seems an opportunity of more extended public service." It is to be regretted that the fountain continues anomalously dry.

Not so the Frémont fountain on the Albany post road above Tarrytown, at no great distance from the memorial bridge that spans Pocantico Creek and pays a not wholly adequate tribute to the genius of Washington Irving. This fountain stands at a widening of the road, and in the arc of a substantial wall that provides a frame for the memorial proper. Cold, clear water pours from a bronze lion's head. Groves border the spot; and here in the shade on almost any fine day passers-by are constantly halting to fill their cups and to read the bronze tablet which tells that the fountain is

IN MEMORY OF GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT, "THE PATHFINDER," A FORMER RESIDENT.

The writer inclines to think that the most thoroughly artistic and delightful fountain memorial he has yet seen is that at Crossriver, New York. It is of masoned stone, toned in general to the color of the walls that fence the neighboring fields. In the very friendliness of its design, this memorial seems fairly to welcome you. Set in the wall above the upper basin is a stone slab on which is carved this inscription:

Spirits of Water, Earth and Sky
All Gather Here
Where Once Dwelt One Who Like This Spring
Was Sparkling Sweet and Clear

This is all. Neither name nor date helps to complete the story. A summer resident, they tell you, thus honored the memory of his wife—with a reserve that we may well respect.

Another fine wayside memorial to an individual is that at Washington, Connecticut, to William Hamilton Gibson, well known for his interpretations of nature through illustration, lecture and the printed word. The country about Washington long furnished Gibson with material for his studies.

On the long slope from Washington station up to the Green, somewhat above the highway and framed by trees, is a large boulder, in which is set a bronze medallion in bas relief. The medallion, by the accomplished sculptor, Henry K. Bush-Brown, shows Gibson half-length in the out-of-doors garb familiar to his friends.

Banks Use Print to Crush Money "Heresies"

Country Flooded by Propaganda of American Bankers' Association; Periodicals Spread Viewpoint of Present Money System's Friends

YOU think that the banker in your town is "pretty clever" when it comes to discussing problems of which you read and on which you seek more light. Proposed loans, tariff legislation, this, that and the other thing, which may affect you and the prices of *your* products, all are disposed of conversationally by the man to whom you look for credit, with a finality that at times is awe-inspiring.

He will probably tell you, if you ask him, that he is forced to depend for many of his views on the big-bank groups back in New York and that his talk reflects the sentiments of those groups. That what you are obtaining as his own information and judgment is in reality what has been passed on to him precisely for the purpose to which it is put—for distribution by word of mouth to "the people." Ask your banker to let you read some of the publicity he receives.

By AARON HARDY ULM

JOHN D. PRITCHET, who, we'll fancy, is president of a First National Bank in a town of five to ten thousand inhabitants, is quite an important person in his community. Previously, Mr. Pritchet was a business man, perhaps a wholesale grocer or a hardware merchant. His has been and still is a busy life. He knows his own community, his own people, his own business so well that he rarely errs with regard to them. He is held in awe by his neighbors. Whether they like him or not they respect his judgment. His relations with most persons in the community are peculiarly influential, for they have to do with money. Through his bank he is intrusted with many persons' funds and those in need of financial accommodation go to his bank for loans.

The very fact that Mr. Pritchet has "knuckled down to business" to the extent of becoming a dominant man of affairs in his community signifies that he has not been able to give much time to the study of national and international questions. He knows them well enough to form firm and often sound opinions. Frequently, he can express those opinions much better than he can defend them. This isn't because a good defense is impossible but because he has had no time to master details and formulate ready-to-hand arguments. If someone else happens to do that for him, Banker Pritchet's efficiency as a medium for influencing public opinion is greatly increased.

In this day of super-propaganda, there are agencies ready to assist the banker in wielding to the fullest, the power his position gives him to influence public opinion.

Propagandists Are Experts

MANY of the huge banking institutions of the big cities now maintain departments which are essentially propagandist. They "feed" smaller banks expertly prepared matter dealing with public questions that affect the banking interests. The matter is also sent to others who may be interested. Much that is ready-made for printing is offered to the newspapers for publication as news or general information. And now the American Bankers' Association is planning to get out a publication for bank depositors alone, to be circulated through the banks. Its circulation will be immense.

"Of all organized propaganda now put forth in this country, I think that which originates with and clears through the banks is the most significant," a student of the subject declared recently. "It can be, if it is not already, very powerful. This is because the banking interests can and do employ the best publicists to prepare the matter they circulate, and because their avenues of distribution are the best in the country. The real directors of the 'research' or 'publicity' departments of the big city banks which now engage in what comes within the true meaning of propaganda are often high-ranking officials."

George E. Roberts is a vice-president of the great National City Bank of New York City. He is the generally recognized supervisor of that bank's publicity activities. Mr. Roberts undoubtedly is a capable financier but he is first and foremost a publicist, and an able one. He was for many years a newspaper man and is the author of several books. He was long Director of the United States Mint.

Francis H. Sisson occupies a similar position with the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. He was a newspaperman and magazine editor. He ranks as vice-president of the trust company. Guy Emerson who is with the New York Bank of Commerce likewise was a distinguished journalist before he engaged in banking.

Banks Now Court the Public

THE same can be said of Martin Egan, who is with J. P. Morgan & Company, which several years ago felt constrained to give expert attention to the avenues of public opinion.

The Morgans, however, do not deal in "publicity" of the usual varieties. They get out no publications giving "interpretative" surveys. The other banks named and some others carry on editorial functions similar to those of any magazine.

The National City issues several periodicals. The Guaranty Trust issues bulletins dealing with matters of public interest. The Bank of Commerce gets out an economic review. Banks in other large cities also issue publications dealing in the main with economic and often with all kinds of public questions. There goes from the "publicity departments," like that of the National City Bank, much prepared copy for newspaper use.

The publications issued by the big city banks are sent free. They go to the banks' correspondents throughout the country. Practically every small town bank is a correspondent of some big city bank.

There is scarcely a bank president or cashier in the country who is not the regular recipient of publicity matter sent out from the big banking centers.

Bankers still are the most conservative class and the most reluctant to adopt innovations. Bank advertising is a comparatively new phenomenon. Until within the last 25 years most bankers looked upon the newspaper advertising as undignified and dangerous. It is now generally engaged in, but conservatively. Bankers are inclined to keep out of general political agitation. It is doubtful if they have ever wielded more than a moiety of their full power to influence public opinion.

It was as recent as 1896 that the American bankers discovered what they might do toward influencing public action. Undoubtedly, it was due largely to their more or less concerted activities that the gold standard was saved. The writer once heard a former president of that body declare that the American Bankers' Association "saved the country."

Since 1896, bankers steadily have given increased attention to public opinion. They, with similar interests, have learned that they must look to the voter more than to the man in office and that the man of little means often has more to do with prevalent opinion than the man of large affairs. They have learned, as one prominent propagandist put it recently, that "the crowd is in the saddle, the people are on the job, and we must take consideration of those facts whether we like them or not."

Off-hand one would think it difficult for a banking institution in Broad street or in Wall Street, New York, dealing almost exclusively with big interests, to reach the "crowd" effectively. Aside from its instinctive prejudice, the "crowd" is taught to view with suspicion anything originating from such circles. Of course, great financial interests often wield influence over supposedly independent newspapers and magazines. But that is not an adequate resource, for it sometimes nullifies itself in the long run. It is probable that the new publicity methods are more effective and are far less open to criticism.

They can be particularly effective in the case of banking, because of the extent of the business and its touch with virtually all activities, and because of the tendency of bankers toward more or less uniform views. Banking is closely organized. It is the most interdependent business. Whatever the individual may think of bankers in general, he is likely to have considerable respect for the judgment of his own particular banker.

Small Banker a Propaganda Spreader

WHEN John D. Pritchet, president of the First National, unbends to discuss the wage question or the money question with William Smythe, local merchant or farmer who deposits his funds in and borrows from Pritchet's bank, Smythe is prone to give weight to what Pritchet says. This is especially the case when Pritchet backs up his thoughts with a surprising grasp of fundamentals and cogency of argument. The merchant or farmer will not know that Pritchet is parroting from a bulletin sent out by a New York bank or by the American Bankers' Association. He will not know that the information and the arguments conveyed to him by his banker are the results of studies by high-priced economists and put into print by equally high-priced publicists. In many cases those facts, no doubt, should give weight to what is said; for a great deal of sound information of high value is thus circulated and much honest and able thought is applied to its interpretation.

The banking interest, of course, claims that only what is good for the country as a whole is good for it. Any other interest can say the same thing. But the saying of it does not subvert the fact that there is conflict of interests, whether because of disagreement as to what is best for all or because of the selfish attempt of one interest to profit at the expense of others.

No one employs an attorney to promote justice *per se;* that is left for the state, which employs the judges. Economists and publicists employed by a banking institution, or a group of institutions, certainly are not on the same plane as those supported directly by the public. Their studies and pronouncements may not be directed toward the immediate profit of their employers, but they certainly will not express a viewpoint hostile to their employers' interests.

Hence, what an economist or publicist, employed by a bank, puts out by way of information or interpretation must come within the classification of propaganda. It may be and usually is honest propaganda; sometimes it serves the general public interest; but by the very circumstances of the case it must comprise other equations.

Thus, you find most of the economics put forth by banks try to prove something. The economist's part is to develop facts which tend to back up the contention to be made. The publicist exercises his art in making the contention clear and convincing.

> "Heresies" are the chief evils which banking propaganda seeks to combat. And most proposed changes in the prevailing financial system are "heresies." Bankers as a class generally so rated the Federal Reserve System when it was proposed. Now that the system is established and satisfactory to the banks, attacks on it are rated as "heresies." The recent change in the law, by which it was proposed to compel the appointment of a farmer as a member of the Federal Reserve Board was rated in current banking propaganda as a particularly vicious "heresy."

It was contended that the system should be managed by bankers alone. Yet, a large proportion of bank officials were not of the banking profession when they became directing heads of banks. Frank A. Vanderlip, ex-president of the National City, was a newspaper man when he became an official of that institution. The nearest to anything like banking experience he had had was as an official of the United States Treasury Department.

They Take Up Wage Question

YOU will find in a recent number of a periodical circulated by the National City Bank a lengthy discussion of the "paper money heresy."

Lately, many publications issued by the banks have dealt vigorously with the question of wages, contending, at least between the lines, that all current industrial troubles are owing to the continued inflation of wages.

A year or two ago, Bolshevism was the chief subject of attack; now it is mere radicalism which most engages them.

Of course, what the big bank says about such things is likely to be taken seriously by many little bankers, who, by passing it on as their original thought, can cause it to be taken quite seriously by numberless non-bankers.

But what the individual banks are doing—though the volume of their publicity outpourings is growing tremendously—is not yet considered sufficient.

The American Bankers' Association is now planning a most elaborate propaganda venture. It comprises a four-page publication to be called "Facts." It is to be prepared for depositors whose subscription at a nominal rate is to be solicited by bank members. It is to present "such information as the following":

"1. That if there is to be prosperity, the world's production must equal or exceed its consumption, and further that production must be sufficient to enable consumption to a higher degree than mere human existence.

"2. That wages in the long run can never exceed in value what the labor for which such wages are paid adds to the wealth of the world.

"3. That every bank depositor is a capitalist."

New Plan Encroaches on Newspapers

THE purpose to be served by the publication has been defined as follows:

"1. To promote an understanding on the part of the public of the basic principles underlying economic development.

"2. To supplement and crystallize the efforts toward educational work along economic lines that are already being conducted by individual banks, chambers of commerce and other organizations interested in the national welfare.

"3. To provide such information as is outlined above in a practical and economical way and in a form suitable to ready reading and wide distribution.

"4. To give to such efforts the public confidence inherent in an organization of the prestige and standing of the American Bankers' Association."

Thus money as money openly enters the editorial field. The house organ evolves into the publication for general circulation. The trade paper becomes a magazine. Organized business no longer finds the vast number of publications that stand on their own feet and which the public looks to for information on current subjects adequate for its expressions of public opinion. The talented publicist now finds richest rewards, not through dealing with regular publications or with publishing houses, but by becoming a retained editor for a bank or for a bankers' organization or some other group that is not interested in making what it publishes or circulates in itself profitable. Likewise, the "economist" is coming to be retained by special interests to make special pleas based on so-called "economic law," just as lawyers are retained for pleading in the law courts.

These relatively new developments seriously threaten the supremacy of the newspapers as "molders of public opinion."



Then and Now

THEN—"And so it may be said," commented one newspaper back in 1860, "that Chicago's new courthouse, costing $98,000, is one of the most strongly built and beautiful public structures in the United States. Its splendid debtors' prison should be a constant reminder to the dishonest. It should be a tremendous incentive to better citizenship."

AND NOW—But in spite of the dreaded debtors' prison dishonesty continued; a larger building replaced the famous old landmark known to folks from sea to sea. It in turn has been replaced by the present imposing structure covering an entire block at Randolph and La Salle streets and housing the city hall and courthouse. Here debtors and creditors come face to face just as they did in the dim past.

The Mackenzies Finally Come Into Their Own

Concluded from page 6

tempt in which the latter were held by Sir Francis that he affected to disbelieve them capable of creating any serious disturbance. As a matter of fact, he appears to have done everything he could to encourage the people to revolt, and afterward boasted that he had laid a trap to entice Mackenzie and others into rebellion. He even went so far as to send the regular troops stationed at Toronto to Kingston, thus leaving the city, and 4,000 muskets in the city hall, entirely unguarded.

About the middle of November the first concrete plans of revolt were drawn up and adopted at a meeting of the Reform leaders at Toronto. The date of the proposed rising was fixed for Thursday, December 7. The organizing had advanced to such a stage that Mackenzie felt safe in promising between 4,000 and 5,000 men. It was agreed that the local detachments would make their way as unobtrusively as possible to Montgomery's tavern, about four miles from Toronto, on Yonge street, the principal entrance to the city from the north. Under cover of darkness, the arms in the city hall would be procured, the governor and his principal advisers captured, and a provisional government established with Dr. John Rolph, an able and responsible member of the Reform party, at its head. The convention provided for in the Declaration of July 31 would then be called, and a constitution adopted. Thanks to Sir Francis Head's audacity in sending the troops from the city, it was hoped that a bloodless revolution would be effected.

To Mackenzie was assigned the task of notifying the leaders throughout the country of the date of the proposed rising and making most of the necessary arrangements. Not having had any military experience himself, he appointed as commanders Samuel Lount, of Holland Landing, a former fellow-member of the assembly, and Captain Anthony Anderson, of Lloydtown, and arranged with Colonel Anthony Van Egmond, who had been a colonel under Napoleon, to be at Montgomery's tavern on December 7 to assume supreme command in the advance on the city.

While Mackenzie was engaged on this mission, Dr. Rolph received word—erroneous as it later proved—that arrangements were being made by the government to nip the rebellion in the bud. Unable to communicate with Mackenzie, of whose whereabouts he was in ignorance, Rolph took on himself the responsibility of sending word to Lount to be at Montgomery's tavern with his men on Monday instead of Thursday, as previously agreed.

On receipt of these instructions, Lount took counsel with Anderson and they decided to act on them. Meanwhile, Mackenzie had received word of the proposed change and, realizing that Rolph's action was a mistake, as it would be impossible in such a short time to rearrange plans already set for the seventh, he sent a messenger in all haste to Lount asking him to adhere to the original plans. But the messenger arrived too late; the men were already on the march; the die had been cast!

Although disconcerted by Dr. Rolph's unfortunate precipitancy, Mackenzie, with his characteristic intrepidity, urged Lount to proceed at once to the attack on his arrivel at the rendezvous on Monday evening in spite of the fact that he had brought only 80 or 90 men, and that they were tired and hungry from their unaccustomed march of 35 miles. But Lount and the other leaders present demurred. Rumors of extensive preparations by the government had reached them and no word had come from their friends in the city. In reality the city slept and Toronto could probably have been theirs for the taking that night.

To prevent information reaching the government, the insurgents placed a cordon across Yonge street, and during the night intercepted a Colonel Moodie, who attempted to ride through the lines. In the encounter he was mortally wounded. And John Powell, an alderman of Toronto, having been captured in a similar attempt, treacherously shot Captain Anthony Anderson in the back and escaped. Thus was the first blood spilled on both sides.

Two battles in which two men were killed followed, the final one on the date originally set for the uprising. The government forces had swelled to 1,200 and preparations were completed for an attack on the rebel position on Thursday morning.

Van Egmond, who had arrived in accordance with his agreement, placed the bulk of his forces in a wood about half a mile south of Montgomery's tavern, on the west side of Yonge street, and the remainder in the fields opposite. As the government forces approached they opened fire on the wood with grape and canister. The rebels stood their ground for a time, attempting to return the cannon fire with rifles, but the moral effect of artillery was too much for the untrained farmers. When the second loyalist column came up and took them in the flank, the rebel forces melted away. The affair, as battles go, was nothing more than a skirmish; and only one man was killed.

Sir Francis Head ordered Montgomery's tavern to be burned as a mark of "stern vengeance" and offered a reward of £1,000 for the capture of Mackenzie, with lesser amounts for the other leaders.

Mackenzie escaped to the United States. Dr. Rolph also was successful in getting clear. Van Egmond was captured and died in jail while awaiting trial. Lount and another rebel leader, Peter Matthews, were captured and paid the penalty of failure on the scaffold. Those who had taken a lesser part in the affair were pardoned.

In Buffalo, Mackenzie aroused a great deal of sympathy for the Reformers' cause, and succeeded in raising both money and men for a further attempt at insurrection. As the neutrality laws of the United States precluded his conducting operations while on American territory, he established a base of operations on Navy Island, above Niagara Falls, where a provisional government was set up and a force of several hundred men was concentrated, but the government troops were able to shell the island from the shore and the rebels were compelled to disperse.

After the Navy Island venture, Mackenzie made various other attempts to organize expeditions against Canada, and as a result of such activities spent 11 months in jail in Rochester, New York, for offenses against the neutrality laws of the country. In 1849 he took advantage of the Amnesty Bill and returned to Canada.

In the meantime, the rebellion which he had organized had not been in vain, in so far as Canada was concerned. The British Government, with memories of 1776 still fresh, sent Lord Durham to the colonies with instructions to make a full investigation into their political condition and to suggest necessary reforms. This he did, with the result that Upper and Lower Canada were united and the principle of responsible government, for which Mackenzie had fought, eventually established. Thus in a measure it was a new Canada to which the exile returned. He died August 28, 1861.

Vast Forest Preserves at Chicago's Doors

City Has 20,000 Acres of Wooded Territory for Public Recreation; Lands Conserved in Native State as Park Area for the People

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

THE name Chicago suggests to most persons who have never seen the city, and even to the casual visitor, merely a huge industrial giant, a mighty pulsating business center of nearly 3,000,000 people. They have seen or heard of its steel mills and factories, its stockyards, its intricate network of railroads, but the idea that it enjoys the luxury of natural surroundings, of woodlands and forest streams at its very door, never presents itself. As a matter of fact, Chicago possesses one of the most remarkable systems of forest preserves of any city in the world. Twenty thousand acres of as beautiful wooded territory as can be found anywhere comprise these preserves at the present time, an area which will be increased to twice that acreage in the near future.

Far-seeing men and women of Chicago have looked ahead to the time when large areas for public recreation will be difficult to obtain. They, therefore, started a movement many years ago to acquire outer park areas for their city. In working out the plan of Chicago, a vast scheme of civic improvement, which eventually will involve an outlay of approximately $250,000,000, cognizance was taken of the fact that, next to convenience and orderliness in street arrangements, the most essential thing in a great city is a sufficient park area.

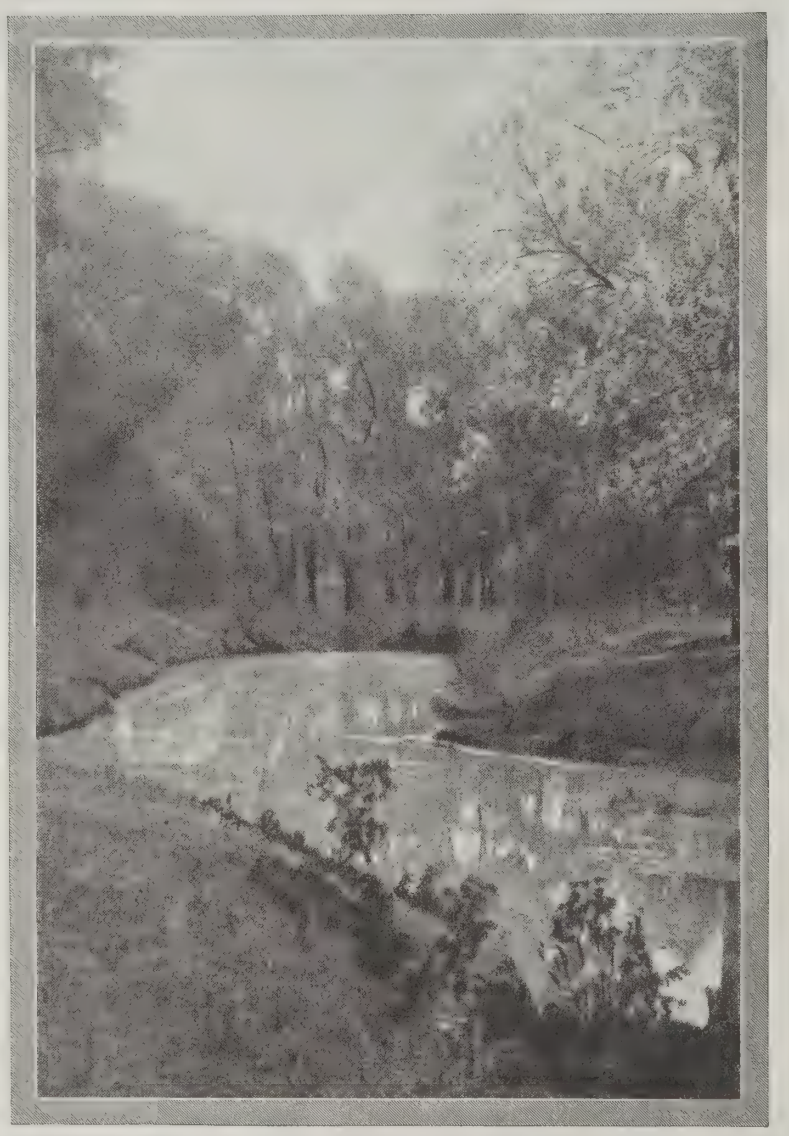
It also was realized that modern cities must not confine their park land projects to their own limits, but must go beyond them and out into the open country to provide recreation areas for their people. Every European capital has its forest parks outside its limits, but within easy reach of its people. Thus in summer, London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna are on Sundays deserted by their millions, the people dispersing to the open park lands and the forests set aside for their use and enjoyment forever. In this country other cities, notably New York in its acquirement of the picturesque country along the Hudson River, are acquiring outer territory for park purposes. The people of Chicago are proud that their city has been one of the most progressive in America in the matter of forest preserves.

In 1904 a body known as the Metropolitan Park Commission was appointed. It made a report in favor of acquiring between 35,000 and 40,000 acres of forest parks encircling the city. The commission wanted forest land conserved in its native state for the benefit of the people. Its recommendations were used as the basis for the forest preserve feature of the "Plan of Chicago." In 1913, as a result of years of effort and agitation, the legislature of Illinois passed a forest preserve bill. The bill authorizes county commissioners to become forest preserve district commissioners. The law provides for the taking of private land for forest preserves to be acquired and maintained for the benefit of the people. In 1914, by a vote of the people, all of Cook County, in which Chicago is located, became a forest preserve district. The next year, the forest preserve district of Cook County was formally organized and steps taken for the purchase of available sites.

The plan by which the forest preserve commissioners of Cook County are working will preserve for the city five large outlying parks. The tracts which will form these preserves all lie within the western half of a circle, the eastern half of which would be covered by Lake Michigan. With the intended lake front improvement, they will leave no quarter of the city far from open space and access to the beauties of nature.

Even when the city has grown to envelop these several preserves, they will still guarantee it in perpetuity a rich domain for normal acquaintance and contact with woods and streams and the life that inhabits them. The purpose is to keep them for the most part in a state of actual wilderness, concentrating the necessary buildings, ball grounds, playground appliances, and other artificial improvements in limited areas set apart for such things. Reforestation as well as preservation will be considered. With this in view, one nursery with 600,000 seedling trees has already been established on the Des Plaines River.

The 20,000 acres of forest preserve in Cook County were acquired within the last seven years at a cost of more than $8,000,000. They form a perfect chain of woodland around Chicago. It is predicted that some day they will form a world marvel of a public recreation place, as well as an economic life belt for the community. In connection with the development of the forest preserve system, there also is going forward the construction of a system of concrete highways, which have become known as "county boulevards," to connect up the various preserves.



Small running streams and lakes, beautifully shaded by many varieties of trees, are common in Chicago's forest preserves.

For the camper and seeker of health, and for rest and recreation, Chicago's forest preserves present unrivaled opportunities for outdoor life and enjoyment. During the last two years it has not been unusual for 100,000 persons to visit the preserves on a holiday. More than 3,115,000 persons visited the 20,000 acres of the forest preserves during the eight months from April to November, inclusive, of last year. Roads and trails, many of which were opened generations ago by the Indians, run in every direction in all the tracts. Traced and marked by signs erected by the district's forest rangers, these trails make the forest as accessible today as they were to the Indians.

In each preserve there are innumerable secluded spots along the banks of streams and at the edge of lakes where camps may be pitched, a privilege free to all, the only requirement being that campers notify the caretakers of their plans and that they observe the rules, which are similar to those in our national parks. Topographical maps of the forests enable visitors to select just the type of forest they are seeking. At the same time a complete index to animal life and wild flower growth is available. By a simple reference one can establish the exact character of each of the 20,000 acres at present constituting the forest preserves. In the same way the course of streams and the location of lakes, both of which abound in the district, are made clear.

A specimen of the existing Chicago preserves is found in 1,200 acres of hilly woodland in the so-called Deer Grove tract, 25 miles northwest of Chicago. Here are native groves of shagbark hickory, which are said to be unsurpassed in the United States; old Indian trails, still following their immemorial courses; a small herd of deer roaming over 850 acres, a flock of 500 sheep, running streams, and lakes of clear water in which fishermen find their zeal rewarded and to which the blue heron and the bittern resort. Wild ducks come in abundance. Song birds abound. The variety of shrubs and wild flowers is extraordinary. For the special accommodation of poor children there is admirable camp equipment at one end of the preserve. There are bunk houses, a cook house and a dining room, an ice house, an athletic field, and boating facilities adequate for the demands of 400 or 500 boys and girls. There also is an emergency hospital.

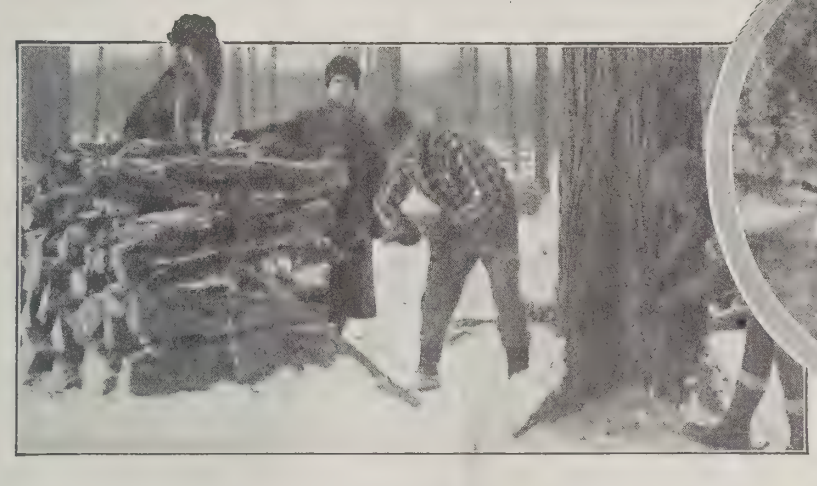
In a degree this preserve is representative of all the others, though each has its distinguishing features; virgin forests of oak, maple and other hard woods, which make a refuge for bird life; old Indian burying grounds marked by quaint stones; the ruins of several French forts; range after range of ravines, hills, cliffs and other native charms, preserved in all their native wildness. Golf courses are now being constructed at some of the preserves.

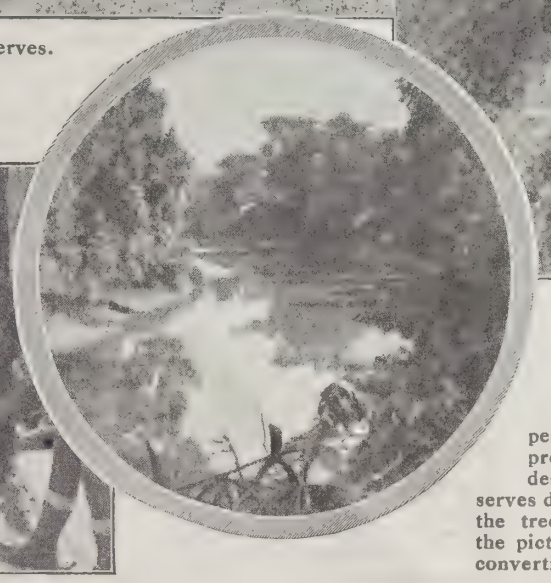
Among the plans for the future are an arboretum, designed to be the greatest in the world, which will include every species of tree and shrub that can be grown in the latitude, and a zoological garden, which will be unique among similar institutions throughout the world. The zoo, as planned, will cover a 300-acre site and will give the impression of all sorts of wild animals roaming at will in their natural surroundings, for cages, bars and chains will be replaced by more modern means of restraint, or will be so cleverly camouflaged that the animals will seem unhindered. Thus, the visitor may observe lions apparently ambling about at large or springing from ledge to ledge of rock-walled ravines; tigers prowling amid stony pits or tropical verdure; polar bears in rocky backgrounds with ample pools of water. Animals will be confined by shelving arrangements of rocks which, although wholly invisible to the spectator, will effectually keep them within bounds. The zoo, it is expected, will be divided into five sections, with a ridge skirting all the exhibits, so that a panoramic view of every animal is offered to the spectators as they enter the garden. The five divisions will be tiered, with the last one, holding mountain lions, mountain goats, chamois and similar animals, towering mountain-like as a background. Forest preserves find their justification in the growth of a timber supply for the future, the maintenance of water supply, the favorable modification of climate and the recreative uses that they serve for dwellers in the cities. This last is foremost in the Chicago program and in a purely economic way is of the highest importance. Even commercial supremacy, if it were an end in itself, depends on the comfort, health and happiness of the people. The highest social standard set for itself by any city in the matter of parks is one acre for each hundred inhabitants. This is the standard set by Berlin, also by Los Angeles, in the laying out of their notable park development. This standard will, it is hoped by the city authorities, be surpassed by Chicago in the near future.



Magnificent trees like this are plentiful in Chicago's forest preserves.







Above is a view of an old Indian trail that winds through one of Chicago's forest preserves. The oval is a scene along the Des Plaines River, which flows on its peaceful way through a Chicago forest preserve. At the left is shown how dead trees are salvaged in the preserves during the winter. The men sawing the tree look like real lumberjacks, but the picture would indicate that they are converting the dead trees into firewood.

Round-head Influence Blights American Letters

Concluded from page 10

stance, dull, atrophied, futile in their poor aspirations, miserable victims. Their resemblance to the fatalistic Slav is significant. They would be effective as foils. There is no class so contemptible that it should be ignored by the biographical novelist. But it is too much like a portent of dissolution that worthy and conscientious authors should be afflicted with an intellectual myopia that permits them to be fascinated by the mean and spurious alone, and that the public should welcome their deductions as gospel truth.

Take "Zell," for instance. The hero and his sister possessed both intelligence and ambition and were wholly dissatisfied with their material restrictions; capable, as the author portrayed them in the earlier chapters, of making an honorable success of their lives—if only! But their attempts to escape were feeble and tentative. Initiative, the hall mark of the race to which they presumably belonged, was entirely lacking, although to the young, healthy, and intelligent of the old stock, all things are possible. They were dismal failures. Although bred in a climate favorable to Nordics they acted like southern "crackers." If the author had known anything of anthropology he would have uprooted and sent them forth into the great world in search of fortune. Moreover, one purpose of fiction is to show the way, not merely to report . . . .

Sinclair Lewis missed a great opportunity. If he had read, with the intelligence that is his, "The Passing of the Great Race" (published first in 1916), he would have made a notable contribution to American letters, not a passing sensation. Instead of confining his attention and his formidable industry to brachycephali, he would have gone into training for mastership in fiction by portraying the struggle of the Nordic to survive the Alpine inundation. He has been taken to task for portraying only the "bad" and ignoring the "good" in his "typical" little community. But that is far from the point. The Nordics are no angels. When nature so richly endowed them she omitted perfection from their make-up. They have made the great dramas of history and in them they have played the great dramatic rôles, but they have shown all the ruthlessness of their mighty gifts and a considerable number of weaknesses to boot. Nevertheless, those that are periodically invigorated by the rigors of a northern winter will continue, unless exterminated, to prove their pre-eminence of race (heredity) over environment, no matter how choked that environment may be with round-heads; preserve their adventurous and dominating spirit, cultivate their minds, and, in this country, not yield an iota of their Americanism. The more pessimistic the author the more careful he should be to recognize the Nordic element in his scene, however his perturbed spirit may crowd it with Alpines. Then, whatever his pessimism, inevitably the Nordics would force his hand; even if he revenged himself by making villains of them. To raise round-heads—forever doomed by nature to inferiority—to the dignity of predominance, shows not only a total lack of values and a blindness of one eye but some weakness in the author's own Americanism.

Madison Grant points out that all the adventurous spirits of this country have been Nordics. It was Nordics, however humble of circumstance, who deserted their sterile farms and opened up the great west. "In the Northwest and in Alaska in the days of the gold rush it was in the mining camps a matter of comment if a man turned up with dark eyes, so universal were blue and gray eyes among the pioneers." The same was true of the California Forty-niners and of the thousands of emigrants who followed them to improve their fortunes.

And yet Charles Norris in all the portentous length of "Brass" does not introduce one Nordic. (To be sure he is not a Californian). His characters, whatever his intention, were Alpines and degenerated Mediterraneans; although Nordics, in two-thirds of California at least, flourish like the green bay tree. The streets of San Francisco swarm with them, descendants of the venturesome spirits who founded the city; and it was Americans of this old stock that created the other cities and towns in California before the South was swamped by the Middle West. But Mr. Norris was carried away by a passing fashion, the demand of embittered youth for another public expression of its own displeasure. His hero was really a Nordic, but, unfortunately, Mr. Norris did not guess it, and so missed *his* opportunity.

Mr. Grant, in his book, predicted the defeat of Germany upon the entrance of the United States into the war, owing to the fact that it could not stand up against another Nordic army. Although it is safe to say that only Nordics enlisted, the draft caught all eligibles of the other races and, worse luck, many of them were made officers. The generals, however, and the West Point officers were Nordics. Otherwise we should have lost the war, for Nordics have inherited throughout thousands of years not only the warrior genius but the necessary sense of discipline. The best of the rank and file were Nordics, whose American keen sense of personal liberty may have chafed at so much sudden discipline, but who submitted to it with the minimum of grumbling and with that thoroughbred inherited military instinct that precluded any fundamental resentment. And yet Mr. Dos Passos in his story "Three Soldiers" ignores this predominant class as completely as if it had died of flu on the way over. His three characters were plain American scum. Their ignorance was abysmal. They had inherited nothing from the past but a determination to survive with the least possible effort and risk, and were as little capable of enduring discipline as of administering it. There was not a ray of intelligence nor an ideal among them. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Dos Passos nor to his admirers that if his book had been a truthful picture of our army we should be German subjects today. However, judging from his name, it is possible that his bias is a matter of complexion and that if he ever heard of the Nordic race he honors it with a resentful hatred. At all events we have the antidote in "The Wasted Generation." . . . .

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BRIEFLY TOLD

There are three distinct parties in the Canadian House for the first time in the history of the Dominion. They are the Progressives, the Conservatives and the Independents.

The wooden brigantine Essex, the flagship of the American fleet which broke up the slave trade on the west coast of Africa, is to be stripped of its engines and beached at Duluth as an armory and station ship for Minnesota naval reserves.

Senators and Congressmen were assigned experts by the Treasury Department to help them with their income tax returns.

After lying exposed to the weather in the mountains of British Columbia for 10 years, a gold watch was found recently by a mountain climber and restored to its owner, who declares it to be running and keeping perfect time.

A deputy police commissioner of New York City believes that unless street traffic is to be allowed to choke itself to death, a deadline will have to be drawn in Manhattan at Fulton street, and automobiles forbidden to go south of the post office. He also recommends that horses be barred from the city after 1925 and that the Sixth avenue "L" road be turned into an automobile highway with motor bus service.

The foot and mouth disease is threatening not only the cattle of England but other animals as well. More than 20,000 cattle already have been slaughtered or have died, according to estimates.

The Hydrographic Office of the Navy Department frequently receives several "bottle papers" picked up at sea by vessels. These bottle manuscripts contain interesting and valuable data to the marine map workers sent out by the Navy Department. These bottle papers are dropped in all seas to determine the flow of the sea currents. They are printed in nine languages and contain the name of the "dropper," the ship, the date and the ship's position. The finder signs his name and forwards the paper to the Hydrographic Office.

American-born children of Japanese parents, even though the parents were natives of Japan and never have been American citizens, may own, buy and sell land in California, according to a recent decision made by a superior court judge in California. However, the father may not advance the purchase price of the land for the benefit of his children who are minors.

Twenty-one members of the League of Nations have failed to pay their subscriptions for 1921, according to an announcement in the English House of Commons.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

The town council of Hammonton, New Jersey, has discovered $2,000 in the town treasury with no evidence as to how it got there. The council is going to hire an auditor to investigate the situation, as the treasurer cannot discover any reason for the surplus.

France spends more than 1,000,000 francs yearly for United States chewing gum.

A sand deposit containing zirconium and titanium has been discovered in Florida. Titanium is a white pigment used in certain paints. Zircon silicate is a refractory substance, which is exceptionally well adapted for laboratory apparatus, electric porcelain, spark plugs, and so on. It does not shrink or expand in cold or heat and is not affected by acids and alkaloids.

Fifteen thousand persons paid a shilling each for the privilege of viewing Princess Mary's wedding presents. The proceeds will go to charity.

A tusked wild boar ended a football match at Besancon, Switzerland, when it charged the players in the midst of a game. After running wildly about the field it was shot by a gendarme. The boar weighed 120 pounds and was later served to the players and their guests at a banquet. The game was declared a draw.

A ton and a half of stone taken from Culebra Cut of the Panama Canal is to be erected as a monument over Theodore Roosevelt's grave at Oyster Bay.

The mayor of Breslau has decided to erect a monument as a constant reminder to the Germans of the loss of Upper Silesia, according to reports.

Kings or emperors have ruled India only twice in its history.

The ruins of ancient Carthage are soon to be dug up by a Franco-American archeological expedition. The remains of the three earliest Christian churches, which lie beneath many feet of dust and debris, will soon be uncovered and the finds, it is believed, will be more important as far as the history of early Christianity is concerned, than are those of Rome or Constantinople.

The Chinese are developing a liking for American cosmetics. Highly perfumed toilet waters for washing the hair are being imported into China and the cheap face creams, soaps and powders of the domestic variety are giving way to the better imported products of this class.

Four men were recently baptized in the Panama Canal. So far as is known, this is the first time in its history the canal was used for this purpose.

The American embassy in Brussels, Belgium, is to be moved to new quarters on the second floor of a building which is used as a commercial establishment.

A five-room house has been turned over to the Carl Schurz school of Chicago, and the girls attending this school will know how to care for it from top to bottom. Mondays they will occupy the kitchen, learning how to cook. Tuesday is sewing day and Wednesday the house is to be scrubbed from cellar to attic. Thursdays they will wash clothes and iron them and Fridays the girls will have a course in millinery.

There are no restrictions of the work hours of adults in Japan.

The Hungarian Government has several thousand acres of land to sell and is going to set up a bureau in America, where Hungarians will be able to purchase farms before returning home. The land reverted to the government when the taxes were unpaid, and it is planned to sell it to Hungarians who are now in America, whose savings average about $400 to $500 each.

There are more than 300,000,000 inhabitants in India, of whom more than 220,000,000 are Hindus and 60,000,000 are Mohammedans, the remainder belonging to minor tribes.

Birds that build their nests on the arms of telegraph poles of the all-American cables on the land section between Valparaiso and Buenos Aires are causing short circuits, frequently delaying messages. Mud and discarded telegraph and fence wire are built into the nests of the larger species of birds, causing disaster to communications.

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The Captors of Government

From Bryan's 16-to-1 to the Federal Reserve

Wall Street Calls Police

Public Fleeced, Gamblers Nervous, Stock Exchange Gallery "Closed for Repairs"

Sun Causes Earth's Storms

Source of Disturbances on All Planets Discovered

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Monster Maelstroms on Sun Cause Storms

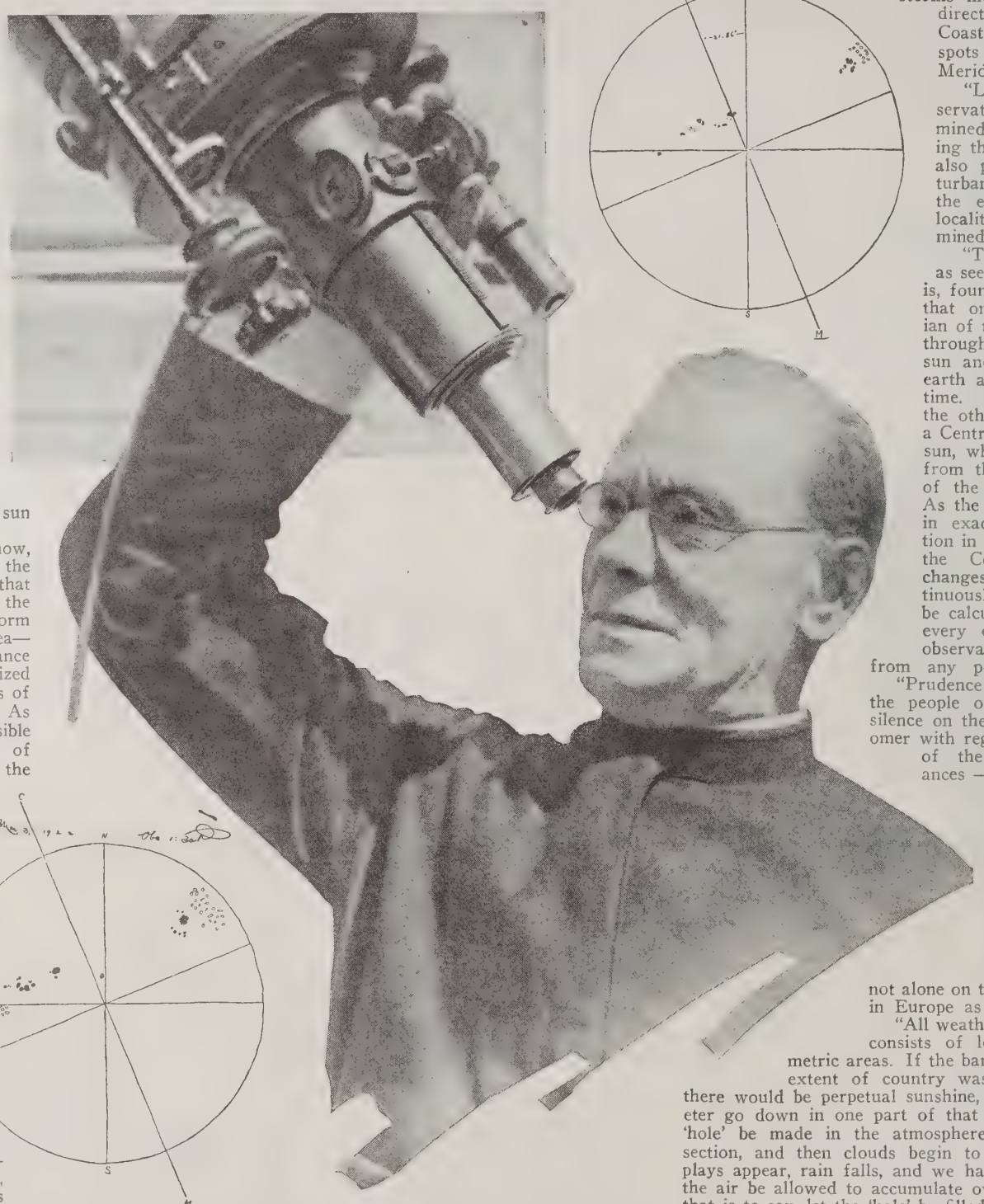
Source of Disturbances on All Planets of Our Solar System Discovered

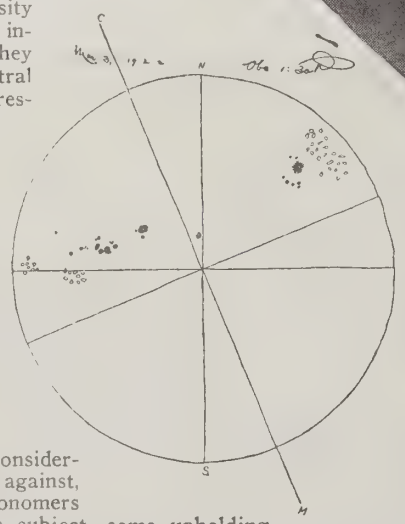
By HARRY H. DUNN

TREMENDOUS cyclonic outbursts, coming from the depths of the sun, and breaking through the atmosphere of metallic vapor, which surrounds the central body of our solar system, with force enough to set in motion electro-magnetic waves of such power as man has never dreamed, are responsible for every storm which sweeps the earth. Not only do these demonstrations of electric power set whirling in gigantic spiral tornadoes the 90,000,000 miles of ether which separate the earth from the sun, but they likewise cause the storms, which there is every reason to believe rage upon our satellite, the moon, and the other planets of our solar system, such as Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Uranus and the other celestial spheres.

This is the astounding discovery announced by the Rev. Fr. J. S. Ricard, head of the department of astronomy, and prominent in the department of mathematics of the University of Santa Clara, the largest Roman Catholic institution of learning in the West, and located at the city of the same name, a few miles south of San Francisco. It is the result of 2,778 observations of the sun, during 14 years, all made at the observatory at the University of Santa Clara. In addition to notes on each one of these observations, Fr. Ricard has made a map of the sun for each observation, or, rather, has compelled the sun to map its own disc by an ingenious arrangement of his own, by which he fixes a sheet of drawing paper in the same plane as the lens, or eye-piece of the telescope, thereafter focusing the telescope so that the image of the sun's face falls on this paper. Then he draws the faculae (white spots) and the sunspots (dark violet and shown as black on the map), just as they are outlined by the sun itself on the paper.

Without exception, these maps show, when compared with the records of the United States Weather Bureau, that whenever there has been a storm in the United States—that is to say, a storm of importance, covering a large area—it has been preceded by the appearance on the sun of numbers of large-sized spots, and the crossing by these spots of the Central Meridian of the sun. As these sunspots—which are the visible manifestations of vast whirlpools of electric force on the sun—approach the Central Meridian, the intensity of the storm on the earth increases. Conversely, as they move away from the Central Meridian, the force of terrestrial storms decreases. The remarkable factor in it all is that in the 14 years, during the 2,778 separate observations made, there never has been a storm in this part of the New World without its preceding sunspots, and there never has appeared a large group of sunspots, which was not followed by a storm in North America. This record seems to make conclusive Fr. Ricard's discovery, though there is considerable argument, for and against, among meteorologists, astronomers and storm observers, on the subject, some upholding Fr. Ricard's belief, and others opposing it.





REV. FR., J. S. RICARD, astronomer of the University of Santa Clara, California, at the telescope through which he has made 2,778 observations of the sun. From these observations, and the drawing of the disc of the sun which he made with each observation, Fr. Ricard brings forth the discovery that storms on the earth and on all the other planets of our solar system, are directly due to the sunspots, as they cross the Central Meridian of the sun. The drawing at the top is of the disc of the sun by Fr. Ricard, from observation at 1:25 p.m., March 2, 1922, showing the sunspots (black spots) just as they were crossing the Central Meridian (C-M). The storm on the Pacific Coast was at its height. The other drawing by Fr. Ricard, of the disc of the sun, showing faculae (white spots), and sunspots (black spots), as they appeared at 1:30 p.m., March 3, 1922. The larger body of sunspots had crossed the Central Meridian (line C-M), and there was a lull in the storm which swept the Pacific Coast at that date. The other body of sunspots, approaching the Central Meridian from the north eastern limb (edge) of the sun, however, revived the storm on the following day.

Basing his forecasts on his observations and records of sunspots, Fr. Ricard has predicted every storm which has swept the Pacific Coast in 10 years. The farmers of California, who look to his predictions with the same kind of faith with which they look for the rising of the sun each morning, call him the "Padre of the Rains," because of his almost uncanny accuracy in informing them just when to expect rain, and when not to hope for it. With these agriculturists, especially in Northern and Central California, the forecasts of the United States Weather Bureau run a bad second with the words of Fr. Ricard.

Like Thomas A. Edison, W. T. Foster and other present-day scientists, students and observers, Fr. Ricard believes that electricity is the controlling power in all life. He holds that the sun—whose mass is greater than the combined mass of all the other planets in this solar system—is a tremendous source of electricity, which, in the form of electro-magnetism, holds the planets of its system, of our system, so to speak, to itself, on their orbits, eternally rotating around it, and spinning on their own axes. The actual character and composition of sunspots is still a subject of discussion, but leading observers and astronomers, including Fr. Ricard, have determined that they are outbursts of material from within the sun, producing vast quantities of electrical energy, and showing black, or deepest purple, against the sun's blazing disc, because they bring forth large amounts of unconsumed (that is, unburned) material from the interior of the sun. That these spiral outbursts, sun-tornadoes, or whatever they may be called, which we know as sunspots, give off heat and power of a degree not even imagined by man in his greatest productions of these two forms of energy, is recognized by others than Fr. Ricard.

To get the exact data on Fr. Ricard's discovery, I sat with the pleasant little gray-haired astronomer for two hours beneath the telescope through which he has gazed for nearly 3,000 observations at the sun, and this is what he said to me, slowly and carefully, weighing his words, so that I might put it down exactly as he said it:

"There are two classes or kinds of spots on the sun—the faculae, which are bright *white* patches, seen only on the eastern and western limbs (edges) of the sun; and the permanent, or regular, sunspots, which are *deep violet,* are born in the fields of faculae, and which move across the disc (surface) of the sun. The *cause* of sunspots is largely a matter of speculation; their *character* is shown by the spectroscope to be a 'boiling up' of material from the interior of the sun; that is to say, an expulsion, an emission, an eruption, or whatever you like to call it, of unconsumed matter from the inside of the central body of our solar system.

"Sunspots in the northern hemisphere of the sun are very different from sunspots in the southern hemisphere. Both are sunspots, both groups of sunspots have the same character, but each has a very different effect on the storms, climate, and general weather conditions of the earth.

"Observation of which I have records has shown that the sunspots in the northern hemisphere of the sun on crossing the Central Meridian of the sun, provoke storms on the Pacific Coast, coming from one direction.

Contrariwise, spots on the southern hemisphere provoke storms moving in a counter-direction on the Pacific Coast, when these sunspots cross the Central Meridian.

"Long and close observation also has determined that sunspots crossing this Central Meridian, also provoke seismic disturbances somewhere on the earth, the particular locality remaining undetermined.

"The Central Meridian, as seen in projection (that is, found by calculation), is that one particular meridian of the sun which passes through the center of the sun and the center of the earth at one and the same time. Quite naturally, all the other planets also have a Central Meridian with the sun, which is quite different from the Central Meridian of the sun and the earth. As the earth is never twice in exactly the same position in space, it follows that the Central Meridian changes its position continuously, and, hence, must be calculated, not alone for every day, but for every observation of the sun made from any point on the earth.

"Prudence and the welfare of the people on the earth dictate silence on the part of the astronomer with regard to the influence of the electrical disturbances — sunspots — on the sun, over seismic disturbances on earth, but the forecasting of storms by the observation of sunspots has been reduced almost to an exact science, and repeatedly has proved its value, not alone on the Pacific Coast, but in Europe as well.

"All weather, as is well known, consists of low and high barometric areas. If the barometer over a large extent of country was always the same, there would be perpetual sunshine, but, let the barometer go down in one part of that area; that is, let a 'hole' be made in the atmosphere of one particular section, and then clouds begin to form, electric displays appear, rain falls, and we have a storm. But if the air be allowed to accumulate over that depression; that is to say, let the 'hole' be filled, and filled to overflowing, then the clouds disperse and fine weather returns once more.

"The secret of the accurate forecasting of weather and climatological conditions, then, consists in being able to tell when the low barometer is coming, which means clouds, rain, wind and a storm; and when high barometer is coming, which will mean the end of the storm and clearing, or clear, weather. The cause of bad weather, then, is the factor, whatever it may be, that makes the low barometer, and the cause of good weather, vice versa, is the factor that makes high barometer. Now, meteorologists and weather observers have learned that invariably, in an area of low barometric pressure, the winds blow spirally, or in the line of a circle, counter-clockwise, or in a direction opposite to that in which the hands of a clock move. These winds are the *local* causes of the storm, but their cause is not local; hence, we have to find, in seeking the cause of the storm, the force, power or energy which sets these winds to blowing against the clock.

"Sunspots in the northern hemisphere of the sun, are whirling disturbances in spiral form, but of such tremendous magnitude and power as to dwarf the mightiest storm man ever has known, or that has ever occurred on this earth since man appeared upon it. They, too, whirl counter-clockwise, traveling around their center with great rapidity, as do earthly hurricanes and tornadoes, and, also like the spiral storms

(Concluded on page 12)

Closing "For Repairs" and Calling the Police

Wall Street Gets Fit of Nerves When It "Breaks on Page One"; Guards Patrol Financial District to Soothe Stock-gamblers

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

FOR the last few weeks, a gray-coated policeman has been glancing distrustfully from a narrow doorway in the marble front of the New York Stock Exchange. On the wall behind him hangs a sign:

Gallery Closed for Repairs

It means that again the public has been excluded from the building on whose trading floor is conducted the country's greatest market in securities. The financial district swarms with extra policemen, in addition to the private detectives and plain clothes men who generally guard the banking institutions. There has been a distressing sense of suspicion in the air.

The reason for all this is that Wall Street has got itself on the front pages of the newspapers. Whenever that occurs, the financial district has a fit of the nerves.

The situation is somewhat paradoxical. As a rule, men in big business don't stand in fear of their customers. Yet here is Wall Street, the country's heaviest advertiser, living in terror of the very public whom it was inviting to buy its wares.

Such was not always the case. For many years, the gallery of the Stock Exchange was one of the popular show places of New York. Rubberneck wagons stopped daily in front of the Exchange, unloading out-of-town visitors, who trooped up to the mezzanine floor to watch the always interesting scene of the mob of brokers, shouting and gesticulating about the trading posts on the floor below.

But today, if a broker happens to see a strange face peering down at him from the gallery, he runs for cover. He's afraid something unpleasant is going to happen to him. You would think him engaged in some kind of work that merited public resentment.

Sign a Joke to Initiated

SINCE the Stock Exchange was built, probably there never was a time when its gallery needed repairs. But when a scare is thrown into the brokers, *they hang out the timeworn old sign that has done duty in emergencies since long before the old panic of May, 1901.* This little fiction is a joke to the initiated in the street. And the newspapers considerately refrain from comment.

The occasion for Wall Street's jangled nerves is that more than 40 commission houses closed their doors in the financial district within a month. Many persons complained to the District Attorney's office that they had been duped. They were unable to get the stock certificates they had bought through their brokers.

The trick that had been pulled off is known in the parlance of the street as "selling your customers short." A man walks into a broker's office, plants down $1,000 and orders the purchase of 100 shares of stock. The broker takes the order and the money, but instead of buying the stock, he secretly sells 100 shares short.

To some persons it may seem inconceivable that a broker should deliberately wish to see his customer lose. Besides, how would this profit the broker? The explanation is quite simple.

When prices are low, the public rarely pays any attention to the market, it being under the impression that then "there is no money in stocks." However, this is just the time when pool operators buy up blocks of securities on margin, and gradually work the market up. But it is impossible for the pools to make money from one another. They industriously spread the cheerful tidings that the market is on the verge of a boom, and that there is going to be "big money in stocks." The "million share days" arrive. When prices are from 10 to 20 points higher, the public has been tempted to come in. Then the pools unload upon the public, and the market breaks.

Expect Public to Bear Losses

NOW the trained broker knows instinctively that the psychological moment has arrived, when he sees his offices suddenly filled with a fresh crop of inexperienced customers. Confident, with the wisdom based on long experience, he knows that these persons are going to be fed up with securities at the highest prices, and that the quotations will then break. It makes him regretful to see this good money going to waste. And this is what he does.

A customer has instructed his broker to buy 100 shares of an issue selling at say $113 a share. The broker sells the stock short. Eventually it declines to $97. Having cleaned up a profit for himself of $1,600, the broker now buys back the stock at 97 and sells it to his customer for 113. The commission man has thus netted a profit of $3,200 on the round transaction, and yet he has delivered the stock which his customer bought.

In justice to the New York Stock Exchange, it must be observed that its rules make this practice of bucketing a capital offense. When a member is detected in it, his punishment is expulsion. And of the 40 or so brokerage houses that closed their doors, only three were members of the Stock Exchange. Others were identified with the lesser exchanges, but by far the greater number had no representation on any board, but were made up of the members of that race whose destiny it is to prey upon other races, most of them being men of no standing, some of them ex-convicts and ex-bankrupts, and operating under assumed names.

Perhaps the public had at last learned wisdom, or perhaps this time it had been fleeced too boldly. At any rate, there arose a sudden and general demand from persons in all quarters of the United States for the stocks they had bought through Wall Street houses. Customers who were paying for them by installments, or were holding them on margins, unexpectedly paid up balances and asked for their certificates. The dishonest brokers were in a bad fix. They faced criminal prosecution if they failed to deliver the goods they had sold. They either had to suffer heavy losses by buying back their short commitments, or go into bankruptcy. As we have seen, most of them chose the latter course. Thirteen, who had been indicted, fled the city.

It was amusing to hear many of these so-called brokers squeal. The merchant who sells his goods does not object to deliver them to his patrons. But the "bucketeers" considered it most unreasonable that their customers should demand what they had paid for.

In all this miserable record of swindling, very little of the blame could be laid at the door of the New York Stock Exchange. But the subsequent actions of its officials brought upon them the severest criticism. New York's district attorney, Joab H. Banton, went to Albany and asked for the immediate enactment of a "blue sky" law, and provision for the licensing of brokers and the periodical inspection of their business. It was considered that New York should be the leader in this movement, because at least 50 per cent of the financial parasites maintain offices in the Metropolis, due to its importance as the financial center of the country, if not of the world. Mr. Banton's efforts were frustrated. Seymour L. Cromwell, president of the New York Stock Exchange, exerted the whole influence and power of that body to defeat the laws intended to protect the public.

It is true that the best element in Wall Street strongly objects to the "bucketeers," not necessarily because it sympathizes with the victims of fraud, but because the discreditable interlopers invade the financial district to poach upon its preserves. The brokers feel that all this money obtained by swindlers should have gone into "legitimate channels."

This attitude of the Stock Exchange and the banking houses is based upon the fundamental principle of the street that *the public is entitled to lose.* Wall Street men may protest this, but it can be proved against them by the confidential circulars issued for the last few months by banking and Stock Exchange houses of the highest standing. Every Saturday, these circulars have contained this private information to their patrons: *"We continue to advise the purchase of securities. No reaction in prices can be expected, because the public has not yet entered the market."*

The Financing of Railroads

THIS principle holds good in the most eminent banking circles, as may be shown by the treatment of public holdings in the securities of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad at the present time. A previous article has described the predicament in which the Denver road found itself some years ago. Winding over the state of Colorado, with a main line from Denver to Ogden, Utah, this railway, some 2,600 miles in extent, had enjoyed a satisfactory share in the traffic to and from California. Suddenly competitive interests obtained control of the California trunk lines, and bottled up the Denver road in Utah. Through the sheer pressure of circumstances, the railway was now compelled to build its own extension to the Pacific Coast. Under the supervision of its president, Edward T. Jeffery, the gigantic work was begun of extending the Denver line 1,000 miles across deserts and through the rocky fastnesses of the Sierras to San Francisco Bay. This phenomenal task was accomplished against unheard-of odds in a struggle with natural and human forces. Within the limit of about four years, there was completed one of the most remarkable engineering achievements of the country.

The builders of the Western Pacific extension were called upon to make exceptional sacrifices. The Denver road's credit was good, and its stocks were popular. The common sold as high as $53 and the preferred up to $103 a share. The latter had paid dividends of five per cent over a long period of years. The Denver road had borrowed $50,000,000, which was placed as a first mortgage upon the new Western Pacific line. All the surplus resources of the Denver & Rio Grande were used in the new construction work. This proved more costly than was anticipated, due more especially to the vast tunnelling operations through the mountains. At last even the dividend on the Denver's preferred stock was passed, in the effort to devote every dollar to the work toward the Pacific coast. All these economies were cheerfully borne by the stockholders, who were willing to wait for the greater gains in the vast promise of traffic with California and the Orient.

Finally, the Western Pacific was completed, and its through trains had begun crawling through the passes of the Sierras, when suddenly a storm broke loose in Wall Street which threatened the ownership of the new line. Banking groups, greedy to wrest it from its builders, began to battle for the road's possession. It is needless to comment upon the identity of these groups, although the country might be somewhat amazed to learn of the part played in the contest by the members of one of its wealthiest families.

This battle of bankers was fought under the cover of great financial institutions, such as the Equitable Trust Company—whose actions in this affair did not exactly exemplify a sense of equity—and the Farmers' Loan & Trust Company, which, despite its name, probably never trusts a farmer for a dollar—meaning, however, no disrespect to this old institution, which ranks among the finest of its kind. However, to the initiated, financial concerns so named represent merely certain groups of capitalists.

In the struggle for the possession of the Denver & Rio Grande and the Western Pacific, there were no evidences of fraud and criminality such as were laid bare in the financial operations of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas. The bankers concerned here were of a more reputable type. And on their own behalf they will protest that every step they took in divorcing the Western Pacific and later the Denver & Rio Grande from their owners was perfectly legal. In this defense they will be justified. Each move in the great game was approved by the highest courts—but the game itself is a record of selfish greed, callousness, rapacity and utter disregard of private and public property rights. Its unexpected outcome stands without parallel in our railroad annals.

Fight Made "Under Cover"

IN BORROWING its $50,000,000, harsh terms had been imposed upon the Denver road by Wall Street's financiers. The Denver & Rio Grande was pledged to make up semi-annually any deficit in the earnings of the Western Pacific in the amount required to meet the latter's operating and maintenance expenses and taxes, and interest on the first mortgage bonds. We have seen how it struggled to meet these conditions, first by utilizing its surplus earnings and then the sums formerly laid aside for the dividend on its preferred shares. Nevertheless, it was unable to meet the bond interest due March 1, 1915. Now suddenly it found itself in the grip of the money-lenders.

In constructing the Western Pacific, the Denver road had accomplished a great public service in making possible a wider development of the country's resources. Apparently, it was entitled to some consideration, in view of its extreme efforts, and the completed 1,000-mile line of its Pacific extension was certainly ample security for its loan. But all offers of compromise were bluntly rejected by the Wall Street banking group. The latter had foreseen this eventuality, and were determined to exact their pound of flesh by acquiring possession of the road.

Now, under the leadership of their corporation lawyers, the bankers entered upon well-matured plans. They were striving solely for selfish rights. They ignored the fact that they and their associates had sold millions in securities of the Denver road to public investors, savings, life and fire institutions, and that these interests possessed equities in the railway lines which should have been respected. In fact, the sales of such securities had been made upon the understanding that the future destiny of the Western Pacific lay in the hands of the Denver road.

As said before, the fight was conducted under cover, in the form of dry court proceedings, brought by fiscal institutions, in which the names of the individuals really interested never appeared. And the public, unsuspecting the dramatic climax that hinged upon the contest, paid scarcely any attention to the struggle.

On March 5, only four days after the Denver road had failed to make its interest payment, the bankers obtained through a court judgment, the appointment of a receiver for the Western Pacific. The latter property was then sold at foreclosure, and bought by a so-called "reorganization committee," representing the money-lenders. The first part of their scheme had now been accomplished successfully. They had segregated absolutely the Western Pacific from the Denver & Rio Grande, which had built it, and now the Pacific road was entirely their own.

Those Who Bought and Suffered

THE next step in the plan was to wrest the Denver & Rio Grande from its owners. The Equitable Trust Company, representing the money-lenders as trustee of the mortgage, brought suit against the Denver line, and obtained a judgment for more than $38,000,000. This decision was bitterly fought, appealed, but affirmed. Finally, the Denver & Rio Grande was also thrown into bankruptcy, and was sold at public auction for $5,000,000 to the group of bankers now owning the Western Pacific line. The Denver road was thus acquired subject to an outstanding bonded indebtedness of $120,000,000, but the common and preferred stocks, amounting to $87,779,800, were automatically wiped out of existence.

The formal transfer of the Rio Grande to the Western Pacific was made July 27, 1921. By this action, a railway 2,600 miles in extent, became the property of its own branch line, which it had constructed, and which aggregated only 1,000 miles.

Under the reorganization plan of the new owners of the Denver & Rio Grande, the values of two of the mortgage bond issues, the five per cents of 1955, and the seven per cents of 1932, were practically cut in half.

(Concluded on page 12)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 26, April 22, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Is Your Income Tax-Exempt?

AN EXAMPLE for sharp investors and a warning to the government is easily discernible in the inventory of the estate of the late Jacob H. Schiff, of the international banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, which has just been made public.

Over two-thirds of the Schiff millions was invested in tax-exempt securities.

The Boston News Bureau, in an analysis of Mr. Schiff's financial status, said that on the assumption of an average income of four per cent on his holdings and *none from Kuhn, Loeb & Company* his income for 1920 would have been $1,025,320.

"If such an income were fully taxable," the bureau's analysis went on, "he would have paid $681,833 to the Federal Government, but the investment in tax-exempt securities reduced the tax bill to $156,360."

The largest single item of the Schiff inventory was $9,164,952 in City of New York bonds. New York long ago succumbed to the influence of the sharp financiers who demanded that the largest city be operated chiefly on a bond basis, assuring financing tribute upon all municipal improvements. Practically none of Mr. Schiff's fortune was placed in industrial quarters, nearly all being in "investment" securities, which may be defined as public bonds or bonds and stocks of such private enterprises as have long since passed from the hands of the risk-taking developers to the control of those who demand assured dividends.

Mr. Schiff's policy in placing none of his money in the wildcat bond and stock issues which bankers are eager to float *but not to buy for themselves* is a wise one for investors to follow.

The magnitude of the loss to the government from tax-exemptions should be a sound warning. It should be the duty of the government to make such simple tax laws that the person of small income shall be amply protected, rather than to enact measures filled with exceptions and provisos, designed to tempt the cupidity of tax-dodgers who are wealthy enough to hire great staffs of lawyers and experts to take advantages which the man of small income must miss.

Threatening an Empire

BRITISH opinion seems to be in doubt as to whether the cause of the Empire in India has been harmed more by the non-co-operationist agitation of Mahatma Gandhi and his followers, or by the Montagu-Reading administration to whose hands the British Government unwisely confided the turbulent peninsula.

The publication of the now famous Delhi *Telegram* caused the immediate downfall of Mr. Montagu, secretary of state for India, and doomed the continuance of the rule as Viceroy of India of Rufus Isaacs, Lord Reading. Comment in England and elsewhere has been bitter over the incident, criticism of the Reading-Montagu régime ranging from the comparatively mild charge of "ineptness" to accusations of downright disloyalty.

The telegram was sent by the government of India (which Lord Reading heads) to Mr. Montagu. It urged the revision of the Sevres Treaty between Turkey and the Allies, to provide for the evacuation of Constantinople, the restoration of the sovereignty of the Sultan over the Holy Places, and of Turk power in Thrace, Adrianople and Smyrna.

The professed idea of the advice was to calm the Moslem unrest in India. Hindus outnumber the Moslems in India three to one.

The Indian Government asked permission of Mr. Montagu to make public its telegram. This permission was granted with suspicious promptness, the secretary for India cabling consent without consultation with Premier David Lloyd George. The publication, of course, brought an immediate demand for his resignation, announcement of which stirred the staid House of Commons to an unusual burst of applause.

The prime minister's letter to Montagu pointed out that the demands made for relieving unrest in India involved considerations extending far beyond the borders of that state. The concessions asked for Turkey exceeded even those asked by Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish Nationalist leader. The sovereignty of the Sultan over the Holy Places would take Mecca and Medina from the Arab rule, and Jerusalem from the mandatory hands of Sir Herbert Samuel, events which would have stirred the wrath of the Arabs whose traditional control over the cities of Mohammed dates from the Prophet's day, and of the Jews whose new ascendancy over the city of the Holy Sepulchre has merely whetted their appetite for power. The suggestions for changes in control in Smyrna, Thrace and Adrianople, vitally affect the interest of nearly all the nations in the Near East.

The little 200-word telegram from the Indian Government, harmless enough without publication, was packed chock-full of wars, uprisings, revolutions.

Opinion in Great Britain is deeply pessimistic over the situation in India. Comparative good order and contentment existed in 1917 when Montagu was appointed but the five years since especially the recent period since Reading became Viceroy have been characterized by phenomenal growth of unrest. The fall of Montagu brought an expression of regret in only one quarter—from the non-co-operationists in India.

The British Empire, if it is to continue, must not commit its far-flung possessions to the Readings and the Samuels and the Monds and the Montagus of international politics.

Take the $ Mark Away

THE coming of springtime is heralded again by the extravagant press agenting of the vast industry of baseball.

From one end of the country to the other, the leading newspapers are giving columns of free space to the publication of articles designed to lull the suspicions and arouse the interest of the baseball public, so the private pocketbooks of owners of baseball teams may be lined again. Persons acquainted with the operation of the press would never accuse newspapers of being eleomosynary institutions; yet every year the great newspapers give free millions of dollars worth of advertising space to professional baseball, while the amateur games, in which boys and men play on the sand-lots after school and work, receives a scant line or no attention at all.

Professional baseball is a cold, hard business, in which the players are workingmen, compelled to labor daily at a routine employment, bound by fast rules, enforced by hard taskmasters, and hired by men who cast aside aged young men with a ruthlessness no other private employer would dare to exercise.

School and sand-lot baseball, on the other hand, has the right to be known as America's national game. It is inspired by youth's natural ambition and energy and dedicated to health and sportsmanship.

Athletic sports have had their highest development in America. But here, too, they have been capitalized in the most vicious manner. It is time to take the dollar sign off.

The Easy Way

WE ARE subject to an optical illusion in that if a black and a white object are exactly the same size, the white will appear larger to us. We are subject to a similar illusion regarding truth. All facts which seem to bear out our preconceptions are white to us, and seem of more importance than opposing facts.

It is easier—

> to accommodate conscience to habits than habits to conscience; to find some plausible explanation for what we believe and do than to criticize ourselves with rigorous honesty; to let prejudice deal with opposing ideas than to examine impartially into their merits; to buttress old beliefs with near-arguments than to follow cold logic into a change of belief; to recognize a fact which seems to confirm our preconceptions than to see a disproving fact; to yield to what appeals to our emotions than to yield to cold logic.

If it is easier for us to fortify ourselves in our errors than to search honestly for truth, is it the better way? Is it as well for us to cling to our beliefs (as though they were ultimate knowledge) as it would be for us one and all to acknowledge our ignorance and keep the mind open for *all* new truth, from new truth, from whatever source, and however revolutionary?

The latter might be the more rational, but perhaps is not humanly possible. We are built rather on the plan of conserving prejudices. The most radical of us are conservative.

Well, We've Been Pretty Busy

RESIDENTS of the United States have alway been prompt in their expressions of ange over the mis-government of persons in other lands Korean oppression, Chinese exploitation, Irish suffer ing, Spanish misrule in Cuba and Armenian massacres are only a few of the things wrong with the worl which have drawn vigorous denunciation in thi country.

But for nearly a year, protests with ever-increasing force have been coming from Porto Rico over Amer ican misgovernment. Since the American Marines an a New York City bank took over the control of Hayti there has been a steady stream of charges that th natives of that republic have been made the victim of military and financial oppression.

There has been a mild investigation of the Haytian affair, but no clear-cut understanding of the situation has been brought home to the public. As for Porto Rico, the island's resident commissioner in Congress has talked himself hoarse in trying to get an inquiry a San Juan grand jury has returned an indictment of the American governor, and many articles setting forth the accusations against American management have been dispatched to American newspapers. But Congress yawned and took no action, the United States judge would not accept the grand jury's indictment, and it was a dull day for news when the American newspapers found even a little space in an obscure position for Porto Rico.

It is difficult for us to believe anything can be seriously wrong with the government we donate to others. We are doubtless quite right in taking with a grain of salt the charges made against the officials we have kindly let our island wards take. But it seems rather funny that we never thought of that grain of salt when we were listening with open-mouthed horror to wildest tales of massacres in Kiev, of starvation in India, of outrages in Korea and Armenia.

There may be little or nothing to the charges made against American rule. But it is time self-respect on the part of Congress compelled a complete inquiry of the conditions in Porto Rico.

The great trouble with Porto Rico seems to have been the lack of a good, experienced propagandist bureau in the United States, with suave and capable mixers in charge of the New York and Washington offices. All the poverty-stricken sufferers of other lands who have appealed successfully for American aid and sympathy have recognized the necessity of maintaining high-priced and efficient agencies for propaganda in this country.

Federal Reserve as a Life Buoy

IT IS only natural that a beneficiary of the Federal Reserve System should hold it in great reverence, but that it was the means of enabling this country to carry on and win the World War is rank nonsense. Yet that credit is given, and more, in an annual official bulletin recently issued.

To appreciate the full value of the opinion it must be borne in mind with what reluctance the national banks accepted the dictum of Congress in 1913 that "all national banks must and other banks may" take stock in the reserve banks created by the new act.

To the member banks is given deserved credit, in the bulletin, for distributing the Liberty bond issues, but nothing is said of the limitation of these same bonds that resulted in profit to the Reserve system and a depreciation in market value that cost many a patriotic investor a loss of 10 per cent or more when forced to sell his bonds to procure means to live after being forced out of work by the maladministration of the system.

The bulletin says in the present depression we have been saved a more serious panic than that of 1907. The panic of 1907 was of short duration and was the work of the same group of international bankers which has caused the present trouble. It was serious while it lasted, but it caused no perceptible ripple in the industrial world. Legitimate business was temporarily embarrassed, of course, but when the millions, furnished J. P. Morgan & Company from the United States Treasury by order of President Roosevelt, were loosed on the New York Stock Exchange, the panic was over. The hard times of 1920-21-22 are still with us. The panic of 1907 reduced a few stock gamblers to poverty; the deflation of 1920 has impoverished millions.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE Conference at Genoa starts out with its name against it—for Conferences have not fulfilled the expectations of the people. They never do, of course. At their very best, conferences cannot be more than preliminary and preparatory. They are points of departure rather than units of power.

Nevertheless, the Genoa Conference appears to have in its favor the fact that it realizes the need of the world to be industrial rather than political. Of course, it is a political realization of this fact. Industrial realization has been existing a long time. And besides being political, it is also financial. That is to say, the fact of Money rather than Life is uppermost. The banking pressure is felt more strongly than the human pressure. If the banking distress, by which is meant the distress of the money speculators, had existed as long as the popular distress has, the Genoa Conference would have been held long ago. Government never acts so quickly for relief as when the private financial structure is in need. Which is perfectly reasonable when it is understood how many of the government's monetary functions have been passed over the private institutions.

It is by no means certain that Genoa is going to be the comfort which the money-brokers hope. Governmental heads will attend there in very obedient mood, to be sure, their main missions being skillfully hidden by references to purely political questions with which the people are diverted. But Lloyd George's great speech of April 3 uncovers the real intent of Genoa, for even that speech emphasized the industrial side more than the financial side, as for popular consumption it was bound to do.

But it would not be a surprising thing if Lloyd George's speech should turn out after all to be quite prophetic of the turn which affairs will take. In spite of the unseen ranks of money-brokers which will be in attendance upon each national delegation (even including that of Russia) it may well be that Destiny shall turn the trick of throwing Money to the discard and taking the next step arm in arm with Industry only. It is not at all impossible that the liberation of labor and material may turn out to be a more pressing thing than the settling of ways and means for the money-changers to continue their taxation of labor and industry. Exchange for the sake of assisting industrial service between the countries is an important facility, and it ought to be put into shape at the earliest possible moment, but as a means for setting lawless tollgates upon the highways of commerce, it is not worth a moment's thought.

If the outcome of Genoa should be that the statesmen of the world, forced by the facts, shall view finance as the servant of industry and not its master, and shall evolve methods by which that service can be rendered without endangering the high interest served, then a line will have been forced through the crumbling forces of artificial finance.

Of course, this is what is coming, whether through the Genoa Conference, or some other way.

Genoa is the acknowledgment that the trouble underlying other troubles is economic. Genoa is therefore a greater fact than the conference at Washington. When the economic aspect of the world problem was broached in connection with the Washington Conference, wide opposition was offered to its being even so much as mentioned, the reason being that its introduction was supposed to have an ulterior purpose, namely, the cancellation of war debts. Our people are opposed to the cancellation of those debts until they are convinced that such a course would result in some good to the other peoples of the world. There is probably nothing that the American people would not forgive another *people* for their good, but the American people are going to forgive the international financiers nothing at all. It is part of the reform of our whole social system that the international financiers be made to drink to its last dregs the cup that they have mixed for the people.

Now, with the apparent unpopularity of the cancellation proposals—not because the American people are greedy (they are losers already and anyway) nor yet because they have any thoroughly thought-out reason against it; it is their instinct that larger issues than the mere crossing out of debts are involved—the statesmen have been forced to take one step nearer the root causes of the trouble. As one by one the makeshifts are removed, the necessity for fundamental work becomes more pressing. That is the principal significance of the Genoa Conference. It is a proof that the rulers are being forced back, step by step, by the sheer pressure of events, toward the roots of the evil.

The principle that money is the first consideration is already defeated. The principle that money is wealth is totally defeated.

But that is not all: the principle that money is unnecessary is also defeated.

The speculative financiers of Europe, who made money the superior of every other commodity, defeated their principle by running it to its absolute reduction into absurdity. The communists of Russia, who made money nothing but a printing press product, have defeated their principle by reducing it to the absurdity of the opposite extreme.

So much of the road is therefore clear. What is left is the trinity of material, labor and management—productive labor and productive brains and productive capital—with money the ready-to-hand servant of the other two.

Genoa, in the public program at least, is concerned with material and labor, and with money incidentally as the agency which can release and serve the other two. It is a sad comedown for mere money-brokers. If the statesmen are wise to see all the implications of their situation, some clearing away of the cloud may result—but no one will now make the mistake of expecting too much.

It is all a matter of seeing. And it is not so much a matter of those who do not see, as it is a matter of those who do. The mere manipulators of money, save a few exceptions, do not see at all. They do not see what is coming upon them. They do not see what the pressure of events means. But that is not at all unusual for their class. They never did see. The average dry-goods clerk knows more about the textile trades behind the goods he handles, than does the average "financier" about the monetary system behind the goods he handles. Most of them have never seen what their place was in the world, even when things were going smoothly with them. All that they saw was that they had an unusually profitable hold on the rights of other men. All that they see now is that their hold is being unfastened by an invisible force they cannot identify nor understand. Their failure to see the whole situation is not therefore surprising; they have always been blind leaders of the blind.

But there are others, a few of them manipulators of money, but most of them not, who do see. And what they see are the things that are to be, whose coming will crowd out the old false system, not with noise and terror, but slowly, silently, as health crowds out disease. The world is going along the way which the seers see. It is not going to stand still with those who cannot see—who cannot see because they will not.

PRESSED back step by step by the pressure of events, the rulers of the world are at last approaching fundamental causes. That is the meaning of the Genoa Conference. The last makeshift which the money manipulators tried was the proposal to cancel all the war debts—a most humane thing to do, if it benefited human beings in the large; but a most inhuman thing to do if it only gave a false monetary system a new lease of life. With that makeshift refused, the rulers are now face to face with the sources of supply—material, labor and management. Exalt these and inevitably you put money back into its natural place as the servant of these. It could not have been done had another money poultice been permitted. Genoa is the world's first step back to economic foundations.

Ignace Jan Paderewski, Artist and Statesman

An Interview With Poland's Former Premier, Now a Rancher in America

By ARTHUR J. K. DE PEW

FAR from his native Poland and the turmoil of European politics, in which he was so active for a time following the end of the World War, Ignace Jan Paderewski, the renowned pianist and statesman, is living in semi-retirement in the United States. He is just a plain rancher near Paso Robles, California, where he is trying to recoup his fortune that was depleted by the war.

Paderewski's life today, that of raising fruits and nuts for the market, although on a fair-sized scale, is a far cry from concert halls, where great audiences sat enthralled by his artistry; or from war-time gatherings, where he stirred his countrymen to patriotism by fervent speeches, but he is content. His beloved Poland is free, and, as for the thrills of his music—well, Paderewski says his skill has not deserted him, although at the present time he has no thoughts of making a concert tour.

On a bright morning recently I passed some hours with Paderewski and listened to him tell, in his own modestly self-deprecatory manner, of his varied musical triumphs here and abroad, the work of reorganization and construction which he has done for Poland, and something of the pleasure he experiences in his new life here in America.

"I shall be delighted to tell you anything you wish to know," he said.

"Please tell me something of your early life in Poland," I said. "I suppose you had the usual hardships to contend with."

"I'm afraid I haven't any stories of early struggles to relate," he smiled. "Indeed, my boyhood days are among the most pleasant memories of my life. They were passed chiefly on my father's country estate near Podolia, a small town in Poland, then under Russian rule. I suppose I was much like other youngsters of that day and age—as good as the worst of them and as bad as the best."

"Had you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, I had one sister, Antoinette. She is a widow now, living in Switzerland. She also was musical, but she never cared to play in public. She was a quiet, home-loving girl, and a career had no attractions for her."

"Did you inherit your talent for music?"

"From my father, I think," he answered. "My mother died at my birth. Strange to say, my father was the only musical member of his family for many generations, and his greatest delight was in playing the organ at the little church in Podolia. Up to my thirteenth year I received my musical instruction from him. Then he sent me to the Conservatory of Warsaw, where I studied piano under Janota, and later under Roguski. I worked hard, and my playing finally began to attract some attention. You can imagine my joy when I captured first prize. Then I determined to try to capitalize my efforts and see something of the country at the same time.

"I had heard many tales of suffering among the poor in Russian Poland and I wanted to see for myself. I found conditions even worse than depicted, and the trip left an indelible impression on my mind, and to some extent altered the whole course of my life. I became convinced of the righteousness of the Polish cause, and understood fully, for the first time, the great longing of the Poles for liberty. I suffered with them in their trials and gloried in their patriotism."

"And what of your musical triumphs on this trip?"

"There weren't any," he smiled. "The audiences were small and unappreciative."

As I listened to Paderewski talk, I began to understand something of the complexities of his nature. Evidently his is a sort of dual personality, a strange blending of the practical and the ideal. Just now the artist was uppermost. His eyes were shining and a reminiscent smile played about the corners of his mouth, but my next question quickly dispelled it:

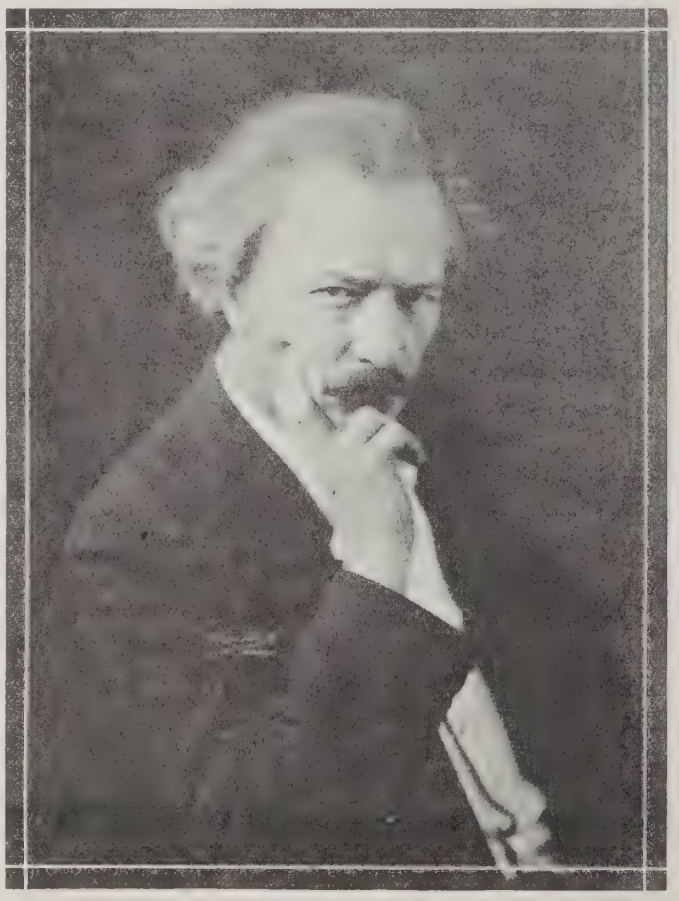
"I understand you studied in Germany and Austria. What impression did you have of Germany in those days? Did you fear for Poland's future at her hands?"

"Yes. When I was 19, I went to Berlin and studied composition under Professor Urban. Even then I was keenly interested in the psychology of the German mind. Eventually I became sure that the Germans were even then striving for world conquest, and regarded themselves as the future masters of all other nations."

He paused to light a cigaret, and continued:

"Strange to say, that conviction became a real incentive to me. Some day—some time—Poland was going to need help. I dreamed that when that time should have arrived mine should be the voice to plead her cause before the peoples of the world. I would gain an international reputation so that when the proper time came I should be able to command the attention of those most able to help her. So I put forth every effort and bent every energy to the end that I might become a really notable pianist, and the next four years were among the busiest of my whole life, I think."

How well Paderewski succeeded in accomplishing this dream is evidenced by the fact that four years later, when only 23, his genius had become so pronounced that he was made a professor at that great seat of learning, the Strassburg Conservatory. While there he had opportunity to study the methods of the masters of the profession. This period of study had made it possible for him so to perfect himself that he looked forward to the last goal he had in mind, a course of music in Austria under the great master, Leschetizky, for which he was finally able to save sufficient money to undertake.



IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

His first really successful appearance was when he was about 28, in Paris. It was here that his world-wide celebrity began, and it has lasted 33 years. Following this engagement, he went to England, where also he was acclaimed.

"Why had you failed to visit America up to this time?" I asked.

"Ah! the United States is not always kind to unknown artists, and that I might receive a real welcome from the music-loving public in America it was necessary first to establish myself in Europe. After my success in England I felt I had proved myself, so to speak, and determined to turn my eyes westward."

So in 1889 he came to America, and on a tour lasting 90 days he played 110 times to record-breaking crowds, and received ovations in every town and city he visited.

"My greatest joy at the concerts came from the delight often evidenced by some poorly clad person in my audience—perhaps some poor music-loving foreigner who had spent his last dollar to hear me play," he said.

Paderewski has made nine tours of the United States, and has played in Europe every year since 1889. His travels have taken him into every part of Europe, Siberia, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada and the United States. But, while he has been in Siam, Afghanistan, and other parts of Asia, he has never visited Japan, China or India during these Asiatic trips, and so today they are the only three countries in which he has never appeared in concert.

When the World War broke out, Paderewski was living at his permanent home, the Villa Riond-Bossen, at Morges, on Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. He immediately opened his beautiful villa to penniless refugees of every nationality, without distinction.

Early in January, 1915, Paderewski, with his friend, Henry Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," instituted the General Polish Relief Committee to aid stricken Poles. His really active efforts in behalf of humanity date from that time. He began a tour of France, England and America, aiding, encouraging and spreading cheer among his fellow countrymen, and founding branches of the committee under the name of the Polish Relief Fund. Paderewski's active political work began after November 5, 1916, when the Germans, desiring to make quick incursions into Russia, issued a proclamation declaring an independent Poland, and in return for that action made an arbitrary demand for Polish soldiers to swell the German ranks. Paderewski was in the United States at the time, and immediately prevailed on the Polish National Department, of Chicago, of which he was the president, to send a protest to the Poles strongly urging against any soldiers enlisting for service in the German Army. The protest was effective in halting Polish recruiting, and the Germans were prevented from obtaining in the neighborhood of 1,500,000 additional soldiers; with whom they could have swept through Russia, to the great disadvantage of the Allies.

In the early days of the war the people of the United States, remembering the efforts in her behalf of Kosciusko and Count Pulaski during the struggle for independence, turned a listening ear to the pleading of another Polish leader for that devastated country, and opened their hearts and pocketbooks for her assistance. Through his patriotic addresses Paderewski raised $1,300,000 for the Polish Relief Committee.

While Germany was bending every military effort and exerting all her diplomatic wiles to prevent America entering the war, the Polish people were yearning for freedom and casting their eyes toward their Fatherland. On April 7, 1917, Paderewski made a speech, asking that all Poles in America who were not bound by an oath of fealty to the United States enlist immediately under the banner of France. The result was a Polish Legion 80,000 strong. In speaking of it, Mr. Paderewski said: "The day these men, drawn from all conditions of life, passed before me in review, my heart told me that Poland would surely attain her freedom." And eventually that conviction became a truth.

Paderewski was in America from April 14, 1915, until November 23, 1918, during which time he was in constant touch with the State Department at Washington, and influential persons, conferring with them on Polish national questions. Conditions had so adjusted themselves that on November 23, 1918, he was ready for his European work and sailed for Poland. The allied governments had made it conditional that the recognition of Poland would take place provided only that Paderewski assumed the reins of power. With that condition was another, seemingly impossible, considering the disrupted state in which the nation now found herself, that there should be no further bloodshed In January, 1919, Ignace Jan Paderewski became Premier of the new Polish Republic and proceeded to bring order out of chaos.

For 10 months he labored as Premier, dividing his time between the Polish seat of government and the councils of the conference at Paris.

"I believe in clean politics," Paderewski said, "and when the time came that Polish statesmen began to follow tactics that I felt to be inimical to the welfare of the country, I had no course left than to express my earnest disapproval and resign the premiership, which I accordingly did, in November, 1919."

He came to America and later to Paso Robles. He says he has no intention of returning. Paderewski's wife is as unassuming and self-sacrificing as her husband.

Patent Office, Year Behind, Is Breaking Down

Examiners, Highly Trained, Leave in Numbers; Replaced by Unskilled

By THOMAS E. ROBERTSON

Commissioner of Patents, in an authorized statement to A. R. Pinci

DURING the calendar year 1921 the Patent Office at Washington received a total of 111,740 applications, divided as follows: Applications for patents for inventions, 87,406; applications for patents for designs, 5,593; applications for registration of trade-marks, 16.231, and miscellaneous applications, 2,510. According to statistics compiled by William I. Wyman, chief clerk, during 1921 the increases over 1918 were 53 per cent in patent applications, 150 per cent in design applications, and 130 per cent in trade-mark applications. During the same period the increase in the average number of employes was four and one-half per cent.

On January 1, 1922, there were 61,546 patent applications awaiting action, as against 23,738 at the beginning of 1916 and 19,634 on the same day in 1918. The average new case is reached for its first action about six or seven months after it is filed. This is not a healthy condition.

The Patent Office, in fact, is in a deplorable condition. The actual situation is shown by the fact that a number of divisions are more than a year behind with their work. The cause lies in the continuous stream of resignations of examiners. In two years 163 examiners resigned. These men who were scientifically trained and also members of the bar have been replaced by inexperienced men, fresh from college, without any knowledge of patent law or any legal training. Moreover, the men who resigned were familiar, through years of experience, with the particular art with which they were engaged, and it takes years to train new men to take their places.

As one example, reference may be made to one of the chemical divisions, where five out of nine examiners have been appointed within the last few months. At the close of the fiscal year one of these had been in the office only one week, another three weeks, another seven weeks, another two months. One out of every four examiners has resigned in 16 months and more than one-half—231 out of 437—have resigned in 32 months.

Relief is imperative. The Patent Office is breaking at the very moment it should be responding in the fullest extent to the depressed industrial conditions of the country. The Secretary of Labor reports that there are millions of unemployed in this country and the Patent Office should be helping to provide new avenues for employment, whereas it is retarding industry by holding up for a year or more patents on which new industries would be started.

The only way to stop the stream of resignations is to increase the salaries. These examiners, paid in 1848 the same as Congressmen ($2,500), have had an increase of only $200 since that time. By comparison with many other Federal offices, the position of patent examiner has degenerated from the best paid to one of the poorest paid of the technical positions.

House of Representatives Bill 7077, passed by the House in January and now before the Senate, is designed partially to remedy the situation and to provide slightly larger salaries for the examiners, pending the general reclassification of Federal employes. Some increase is necessary to get suitable men to fill the vacancies and to retain the men already in the office. Relief is provided without costing the taxpayers a single cent, since the Patent Office is self-sustaining. Yet it is apparent from the figures given and the conditions cited, that the business presented to the Patent Office is altogether too large in volume for the present personnel to perform properly, and unless remedial measures are effected to provide also an increase in force, the present deplorable condition may continue.

I believe that a salary somewhat commensurate with the work our examiners are doing will serve to retain them—not all of them, but the vast majority of those who would otherwise resign. A few men are so constituted that they would rather get out into the busy world and argue cases in court, but most of these men are not. They are scientific men. They are men who would rather do research work; they would rather have an honorable position in the Patent Office, if it is honorable—and at the present time some of these examiners do not any longer consider it an honorable position.

Why? Because they have to do their work so speedily that they cannot give it even respectful consideration. The principal examiners, each aided by a number of assistants, have to go through these cases with all the care in the world; at least, they are supposed to. Those chief examiners review 100 cases a week.

Now, the work that must be done is not easy work. I should like to point out just what constitutes this work and I have selected a patent case.

It is one of those little consecutive numbering machines to print numbers on checks, pages and indexes. They may be seen all over the United States. The machine sells for from $10 to $18. There are hundreds of patents on them; the case in question is merely one improvement.

When an attorney has an application like this, no model is filed in the Patent Office. He has to furnish drawings in which every detail is shown most explicitly. Often one sheet of drawings is sufficient; frequently there are many sheets. The numbering machine application involves six sheets outlining many complicated parts, parts so small that they can all be put into the hollow of one's hand.

When the application for the little numbering machine was prepared, it was filed with a petition asking for a patent, a power of attorney, a description containing 26 typewritten pages, 70 paragraphs or claims, and an oath in which the inventor swore that he was the first, original and sole inventor, that the invention was never known or used before he made it, or patented or described in any printed publications in any country, before his invention; that it had never been patented in this or any foreign country to him or to any one else or been in public use for more than a certain length of time; and that he obtained no patent on an application filed in any foreign country for more than 12 months before he filed his application in this country, and so on.

At the end of his descriptive matter, the inventor claims what is new with him—in this particular case, 70 paragraphs that we call claims. Each one of these must be different, and yet this inventor sets forth 70 alleged points of novelty, and the law requires that every one of the claims shall be new and original with him. If he claims more than is original with him, he is fencing in something that belongs to the 100,000,000 people of America. Now, the case is prepared by the attorney—and the big corporations have very skillful attorneys, sometimes several in a single case.

The examiner has to decide whether the invention is operative, if it will do what the inventor says it will. If not operative, he will reject it for that reason. He must also see if the inventor is making any laudatory claims to his invention or claiming it is superior to others, whether he is taking any unfair advantage of others. The examiner must not only understand all 70 paragraphs or claims, but he must understand them so thoroughly that he can keep within his head a vision of all of them. Again, why? Because after he gets that mental vision he is obliged to go through all the United States patents on these numbering machines, and there are hundreds of them, and if he does not find the invention (or the equivalent of it) in the United States patents he must go through all the English patents; then through all the French patents, in the French language; then through all the German patents, printed in German; and through all other foreign patents that are in existence on numbering machines—and there are hundreds of them in this single class. A mistake means the grant of a patent which will be the beginning of an ultimate suit that may cost thousands of dollars to defend and get away from, even though the patent may be declared valid.

But the examiner's work is not ended, even after having done all this. He has to acquaint the attorney with what he has done. In this particular case he had to write an official letter comprising five typewritten pages, and this was an easy case in one respect, because he found only five clerical mistakes, but sometimes he has to take several typewritten pages to point out the clerical mistakes. After he gets through with the clerical part, the examiner's judicial action follows. In this official letter the examiner rejects 33 out of those 70 claims.

That is the beginning of the examiner's work. It is only his first action. When the applicant gets that statement from the Patent Office he finds that a great many of his claims have been rejected. It is, by the way, a well-known fact that attorneys usually fence in more than an inventor is entitled to so as to be sure to get all that he is entitled to, and frequently there is a battle royal between the examiner representing the general public on the one hand and his skilled attorneys representing the particular applicant on the other hand.









Above, left—Examining division—note lack of space; center—Thomas E. Robertson, Commissioner of Patents; right, wood shelves afford constant menace of fire; below—public search room.

The applicant's reply to the official letter takes 13 typewritten pages, and really reopens the case, since he wholly rewrites 17 claims and changes 18 others. Should the applicant wait for a year before replying, as the law permits, the examiner may have forgotten the intricacies of the invention and must consume perhaps a whole day, or several days, in intricate technical cases, in refreshing his memory. If he has resigned, a new examiner must act on the case *de novo*. If the applicant has changed some of his claims, as in the numbering machine case, a new search is necessary. The examiner must make, therefore, another official action. In this numbering machine case it is only three pages and involves the rejection of only 12 claims, the other 58 being allowed. One might suppose that the examiner's work was now about over, but lo! the applicant again amends his case, rewriting 13 claims, changing seven others, and inserting five entirely new claims.

The examiner must go over the whole case a third time, and this time he writes the applicant that all the claims are now allowable except for a few minor objections noted.

Cathedral Is Climax to Twenty Years' Pastorate

Eighteenth-Century Rose Glass From Westminster Used in Church's Windows

By FRANK M. CHASE

TO HAVE spent a score of years in one pastorate has not been the fortune of a great many clergymen. To have directed the erection of a house of worship in the course of their long terms has been the lot of fewer. But to have combined these accomplishments with an extraordinary personal share in the building of a notable cathedral sets the Very Reverend James Philip de Bevers Kaye apart.

For many years parishioners of the old Grace Church had dreamed of a cathedral. Even in 1888, it having become necessary to have a new place of worship, the guild hall was erected with a view to its temporary use as a church. But the proposed cathedral, owing chiefly to lack of finances, was not yet to be. Realization of the long-deferred hope did not seriously commence until Dean Kaye went to Topeka in 1901. Revived under his leadership, the project went speedily forward. In 1909 ground was broken for the new cathedral, and three years later the exterior was completed. A shortage of funds then occasioned a delay of several years, so that Grace Cathedral was not brought to its present state of completion until 1917. It was consecrated March 4 of that year.

Quite naturally, the work of raising the necessary funds fell mainly upon the dean, and this, in a parish having but 350 members when he came, was not an easy task. But Dean Kaye has had a much more intimate part in the building of Grace Cathedral than simply that of a money-raiser. He not only conceived the general architectural design, but has put his thought and personality into the building in numberless other expressive ways.

In Dean Kaye the scholarly type of mind blends with an evident artistic nature. Ecclesiastical art and architecture have been his lifelong studies, in pursuit of which he has, while on various trips, visited most of the famous cathedrals and religious shrines of Europe. He has spent months in studying the old masters' works in Italy, and is an authority on Florentine art. Thus equipped, he was qualified to contribute a great many valuable ideas to the cathedral project. Fortunately, he was permitted to work out his plans with full freedom, by reason of which Grace Cathedral represents his thought and labor to an unusual degree.



The VERY REVEREND JAMES PHILIP DE BEVERS KAYE, builder of Grace Cathedral, of Topeka, Kansas. The cathedral is very largely the work of one man, its dean. Within this cathedral are many treasures of historical interest.

Though a Gothic structure and embodying features taken from noted European cathedrals, Grace Cathedral is not a copy of the medieval church. In designing it Dean Kaye and his associates were guided by two desires: to preserve in a general way the traditional plan and form of the Christian church as it has been handed down for many centuries, yet to provide the comfort and convenience required by the modern congregation of a thousand or more persons.

"The church of the Middle Ages made very little provision for the comfort of the worshipers," he said, in explaining the architectural changes enforced by modern conditions. "There were no seats, no heat in winter, and the long nave with its row of big pillars made it next to impossible for everyone to see and hear. But such things mattered very little in the thirteenth century, for the service was in a different tongue from that in which the people spoke, sermons were few and far between, and church attendance was, as far as the ordinary man was concerned, a mere mechanical observance of certain acts and forms to be regularly followed for more or less superstitious reasons."

To conform with modern requirements the nave of Grace Cathedral was therefore made both shorter and wider, proportionately, than would have been the case in an ancient church. The ceiling, too, differs from many of the Old World cathedrals in that it lacks the stone vault. Instead, the ceiling is of wood and plaster, supported on carved wooden trusses or hammer beams. Practical considerations dictated this departure from traditional custom, as a stone vault would have cost more money than was available for the entire building.

The chancel is smaller and lower than the nave. This idea is borrowed from the cathedral at Gerona, Spain. It is not only an effective arrangement from an esthetic point of view, but provides room at the sides for the choir room, sacristy and morning chapel.

Though the chapel is incomplete, it is a beautiful spot and one of the most noteworthy features of the cathedral. Its floor is of marble and terrazzo. All its woodwork is of fine black walnut, the satin-like wainscoting being especially attractive. This wainscoting has an appealing connection with the history of Grace Cathedral, as it was made from the pews used in the first church of the parish, which was begun in 1861. The timber from which the pews were made was cut by the pioneers in the woods surrounding Topeka, and shaped entirely by hand. Above the altar of the chapel is a large original painting, "The Transfiguration of Christ." This canvas is by George M. Stone, a noted artist, and has been highly praised by art critics. By means of a separate console, seven stops of the main pipe organ can be played for services in the chapel.

The glass in the cathedral windows is believed to be artistically equal to any in America, and perhaps is as good as exists. It is a copy of the best glass placed in the cathedrals of the fifteenth century. All the windows conform to a plan pre-arranged by Dean Kaye. This not only made possible uniform excellence in the windows, but permitted the installation of a series depicting the chief events in the life of Christ. Beginning with a scene of the nativity in the large window in the west transept, the series extends around the lower part of the building to the corresponding window in the east transept, where the resurrection is shown.

The rose window in the east side of the cathedral is made of glass that was left over when the large rose window was placed in Westminster Abbey, early in the eighteenth century. The unused glass was stored in the cloister of the abbey, where it remained until Bishop Millspaugh, third bishop of Kansas, discovered it in 1907. He at once conceived the idea of placing some of this glass in Grace Cathedral, and in due time a pattern for the proposed window was sent to England, that the glass might be fitted there. When the completed window arrived in Topeka it was found to contain in Old English the numerals 1722. For a time these were meaningless, but it was eventually learned that Dean Atterbury, of Westminster, under whose direction the rose window had been placed, was in that year sentenced to the Tower of London for high treason; this being the outcome of his connivance against the Georgian government and efforts to restore the Charles régime.

Contributing especially to the interior beauty and meaning of Grace Cathedral, and indicative of the artistic hand that planned it, are its numerous pieces of wood carving. From historical and religious points of view, there is special significance in the use of carved wood for church decoration. The art of sculpture of every kind began with the rude fashioning of wood, while the first known representations of the gods were figures cut from the trunks of trees. Its own peculiar qualities of richness, softness and quiet charm also make wood carving highly appropriate for church use.

Set in the altar is a masterly reproduction, in oak, of da Vinci's famous fresco, "The Last Supper," the original of which is in the refectory of the Cathedral of Milan. The decoration of the pulpit also is of exceptional merit. This ambitious piece of work includes, besides other less noticeable details, 11 figures, and is regarded generally as the finest example of the wood carver's art found on any pulpit in America. The figures represent the Saviour, four evangelists, St. Paul and five adoring angels.

All the wood carving in Grace Cathedral is by Alois Lang, of Oberammergau, the town famous for its production of the Passion Play. Several members of the Lang family, in fact, are to participate in the play this year, one, Anton Lang, portraying the character of the Christ for the third time. Wood carving, however, has a larger place in the daily life of Oberammergau than the production of sacred drama. It began there with the establishment of a school of wood carving by the Benedictine Fathers in 1332, and it is now the occupation of a large percentage of the male inhabitants. Alois Lang was reared and trained in this atmosphere. Of unusual ability, with which is combined a devout spirit, he has been able to produce some remarkable work, of which Grace Cathedral has some of the best.

Under the cross, on the altar of the cathedral, is a stone taken from the ruins of the historic church built at Lindisfarne, off the east coast of Northumberland, about 500 A. D. This church is called the cradle of Christianity in England. The first church and monastery—probably of poles, rushes and mud—was replaced by a red sandstone building, a part of which was the relic now reposing in Grace Cathedral. Another notable relic in the cathedral is a baptismal spoon that dates back to Olaf, the first Christian king of Norway. It is one of five made by him.

"The cathedral must never feel that it has reached a point where it may stand still, where it may rest in quietness, satisfied with its own beauty or accomplishments," said Dean Kaye, "but it must be ever reaching out, ever aspiring, adding always to its beauty, adding always to its service, and so hallowing itself in the hearts and lives of men."

Dean Kaye believes that the cathedral should endeavor to serve all the higher interests of the community, that it should be a center of art and music, education and culture. And in this view his own numerous activities for the community welfare coincide. A civic improvement association which he organized soon after coming to Topeka has contributed much to the beautification of the city. He has also been active in promoting the musical and art interests of the community.

Dean Kaye was born in 1869 at Darleston, England, a small town on the Severn River, about 30 miles from Stratford-on-Avon. He came to America at 12, and was educated at the West Philadelphia Divinity School and Kenyon College. Ordained into the priesthood of the Episcopal church in 1891, he served at Alliance, Ohio, four years, and at Ironwood, Michigan, six years, before coming to Topeka.

From Bryan's 16-to-1 to the Federal Reserve

A History of the Taking Over of Washington and Government by the Financial Interests and How "Gold Standard" Figures

"INVISIBLE government" is an explosive term, judging by the effect its even moderate and well-supported use by well-posted men has in certain quarters, where at once a display of dazzling chirographic or oratorical fireworks is set off. The method varies but the object is always the same; that of confusing the people. It must be admitted, however, in all fairness to the unseen but not unknown powers, that they have been the victims of more or less preposterous exaggerations, voiced generally by professional reformers whose intentions are not always parallel to their views.

It requires only one exposed exaggeration to counteract a hundred honest charges. That is why today the people's attitude is not wholly receptive to the attempts of independent thinkers—be they legislators, publicists, pioneers—wholly unaware, however, that their composite dissatisfaction is due to their own mental laziness. They do not realize that today's troubles are but a recurrence of similar troubles in the past. Such events move in cycles and as each is completed a trial balance is struck. This usually shows a profit, but it is not one in which the people themselves share. Their duty is to pay the carrying charges.

It is not necessary to go very far back into history to trace such a cycle. One was being completed about 1895. Another matured about a decade later. The completion of another has either been encompassed or is about to be.

But the Issue Was Not Settled

DURING the campaign of 1896, William Jennings Bryan delivered his famous "Cross of Gold" speech. Bimetalism was an issue. It is not necessary to explain here the issue. Suffice it to say that the Commoner's "Sixteen-to-one" slogan was made to appear ridiculous. Ridicule wiped the Democrats off the political slate that year. *The economic issue was not settled one way or another.* The subject is as fresh today as it was a quarter of a century ago. It will continue to reappear until it is settled right—and there are signs that its final solution in favor of justice and the people is now nearly due.

Mr. Bryan's speech was notable, however, for certain declarations which in themselves were the object of the organized attack which was aimed at his silver issue—and probably such an issue in the hands of a political administration might or might not have had bad economic effects. But the real reason for Mr. Bryan's defeat lay in these long-since forgotten words:

> "I stand with Jefferson rather than with them, and tell them, as he did, that *the issue of money is a function of the government, and that the banks ought to go out of the governing business.*"
>
> **The banks ought to go out of the governing business!**

He had already adverted to the fact, earlier in the address, that he believed that *"the right to coin and issue money is a function of the government."* He said that it could *"no more with safety be delegated to private individuals than we could afford to delegate to private individuals the power to make penal statutes or levy taxes."*

The peculiar thing about the campaign of 1896, in relation to its strictly economic issues, is that the manipulators of public opinion want everybody to assume that it was the final—the irretrievably final—decision of the American people to stand by the so-called gold standard. It is a most absurd assumption. Not one voter in a hundred cared then a whit for either the gold or silver issue, any more than he would have cared for the issue of symmetalism. The issue of the gold standard was not settled then, and as far as the people themselves are concerned, they will take it up again and take back to themselves the functions which the Constitution gives them.

Laws Aid Them Keep Grip

THE bankers, especially the national and international bankers, governed the United States in 1895 as much as they are doing it today. Today they govern the country through the instrumentality of laws not on the statute books at that time; laws which are facilitating their devious policies while—this is the great joke—both Republicans and Democrats have united in playing into their hands!

It does not require unusual perspicacity to realize that while the master-bankers have a predilection for gold or the gold-standard, and will go to no end of trouble to defend either, they would in an emergency adapt themselves to the silver standard and do on a silver basis that which they are now doing on a gold basis. Hence it was not the silver scare that caused them to defeat Bryan in 1896, but the realization that a comparatively unknown citizen who fearlessly attacked their pet standard represented a type of American conscience and insight that would cast them out of the temple and permit them no more to function as the invisible governors of the United States.

As soon as it realized that the sixteen-to-one issue was of little interest to the voter one way or the other the invisible government fell back upon its ancient defenses, such as the tariff and the employment situation. *These, by the way, are also the issues today, too.* Still unsettled!

By the time that Roosevelt was at the height of his popularity, about 1905, the money question had been forgotten, to a degree, but the situation was about as bad as ever, and because the people showed evidence of dissatisfaction, much noise was made about the trusts. Those whose memory of those days is still fresh will undoubtedly recollect that the entire Rooseveltian administration was one continuous ballyhooing against monopolies and trusts, nicknamed by President Roosevelt "the predatory interests." The record shows a great deal of activity against this or that trust, *but the one trust let alone was the money trust.*

The entire money question, the entire banking legislative program, were left severely alone during the years 1901-1909. The reason may not be difficult to trace; Mr. Roosevelt had absorbed the Wall Street idea many years before. His nomination for governor of New York in 1898 was consented to by Boss Platt because "two influential campaign contributors, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Whitney, especially Mr. Morgan, liked him."

In Roosevelt's now famous letter of October 14, 1904, addressed to Mr. E. H. Harriman, the writer said, toward the very end, that "before I write my message, I shall ask you to come down to discuss certain government matters not connected with the campaign." The message in question was the annual message to the Congress. This letter was published by the New York *Tribune* at the time and was never contradicted. It was this Mr. Harriman, by the way, who openly asserted that the most successful monopolies of those days, especially those presided over or directed by Thomas F. Ryan, had been organized by Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, and since then the most influential spokesman, in office and out of office, of the international bankers.

These revelations, of course, made their appearance in the public press, and for a time threatened to extinguish the entire G. O. P. organization, but by artificial means other matters were drawn into the Roosevelt program, and the conservative newspapers, somehow, soon forgot the whole unsatisfactory mess.

One of the most humorous bits of performance during the Rooseveltian era was the feverish anxiety of certain administration officials to explain the presence of J. P. Morgan and later of John D. Archbold, at Oyster Bay. The former the leading American capitalist, the power of whose name still makes industrial United States tremble—and the latter the chief power in the Standard Oil interests, supervised about everything that was worth supervising, in dollars and cents, in the United States, and, in addition, supervised whatever might affect up or down those dollars and those cents.

Roosevelt and Big Business

THERE have been critics who have charged that Roosevelt took orders from Wall Street. That is not true. Theodore Roosevelt did not deserve those criticisms. But, just as he glorified Caesar and Napoleon in one sense, he had been brought up in an environment that caused him to glorify Morgan and Archbold, as great organizers and captains as either of their military prototypes. Yet no biographer of Roosevelt has satisfactorily explained why Elihu Root, upon becoming Senator from New York, was succeeded as Secretary of State by Robert Bacon (even if for only a few weeks, until Mr. Taft's inauguration) an active partner in the Morgan bank supplanting in such high office the chief big-business attorney in the United States.

The appointment to high executive office in an administration of men actually or remotely connected with big business is not an evidence of double-dealing, but it is an evidence of contradiction. This is especially true in those instances where campaigns have been waged in behalf of the "people."

President Wilson's administration was a Simonpure, common-people administration, nominally, at the outset. With an exception or so, the "biggest business" that most of his appointees ever knew of was that of public office then and there being held. But alas! It was not long ere the invisible government began to exercise its time-honored discretion, and in spite of Wilson and Bryan (17 years had caused the latter to modify his opinions) the very bankers that did not want the Federal Reserve Act enacted proceeded to transform it into what it has become—their handiest tool. New York today, with the Federal Reserve laws, controls the money of the nation as it never did without the Federal Reserve laws, and moreover its volume of money is even greater and its discretion wider!

There is a wide divergence between the Federal Reserve System as originally propounded by Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma, a people's Democrat, and the accomplished fact. In truth, Senator Owen frequently criticises the Federal Reserve Board on the floor of the Senate and occasionally accompanies his criticism with a remedial bill. But what seems to be the case, after all, is that not Senator Owen, not Senator (ex-Secretary of the Treasury) Carter Glass and a host of other legislators and statesmen seem to know just what the Federal Reserve Board does, how and why it does it. The Congressional Record is full of differences of opinion.

One thing is obvious; the Federal Reserve Board may not be above the law but ostensibly is beyond the law. Just now it is indulging in political activities through its banks that leave much to desire; the spectacle is worse than any ring-politics in the days of Ouay or Platt. The political bosses of a generation ago did not conceal the fact that they had methods of their own to achieve results and as these methods were known the harm was only half as great, but the scattering about by a Federal bank of political propaganda in connection with the approaching campaign in certain southern states is indeed iniquitous.

Complaints of this sort have already been heard, albeit feebly. Much as man or woman may like to vote impartially, no one will vote one's convictions at the risk of pecuniary loss. Bankers, little and big, have been known to put the screws on clients who became identified with certain political movements. It is all very well to prate about secret suffrage, since this after all means the secrecy of the ballot, but how can voters actually interested in their community's welfare, forced to fight openly for it, conceal their preferences? They are either for one party or another; they are either for one candidate or another. Isn't it rather ridiculous to orate about the secret ballot when the average voter's candidates and preferences have been known in the community throughout the campaign? That is how the bankers know where to use moral suasion first and another kind of suasion afterward.

The foregoing observation is made here to forestall the hoary argument that "secret suffrage" protects the voter. To this extent, therefore, it is not difficult for the more responsible element of any community—the industrial and commercial element, subordinated by the financial—to swing public opinion, if public opinion can be swung at all.

That the "little fellows" below must adapt themselves to the demands of those above is beyond question, and this adaptation may be encountered in every degree on the social or financial scale. Politics has its adaptability, too. Take the case of W. P. G. Harding, governor of the Federal Reserve Board. He would rather serve the allegedly superior master minds of metropolitan centers than the countless normal minds of Brown, Smith and Jones.

Williams a Courageous Figure

WHEN he was nominated on the board by President Wilson his advent into Washington caused no ripples of excitement. In those days Paul Warburg sat in disdainful loneliness and he was the boss of the board. John Skelton Williams, controller of the currency, ex-officio member of the board, and one of the most courageous and independent thinkers to sit in Washington for many a year, had to wait until he left office ere he dared voice some of his criticisms. Mr. Williams was never liked by Wall Street for the reason that shortly after he assumed office he and Secretary McAdoo eliminated from the Treasury Department an "employe" who was supposed to be a paid clerk of the Riggs National Bank of Washington, but was in reality a representative—just how authoritative was never learned—of the National City Bank of New York, the largest national bank in the United States. The Riggs National Bank is the Washington branch, so to speak, of the New York institution. Milton E. Ailes, its present president, a short time ago was receiving a salary of $5,000 a year from the New York bank as its "Washington representative." It is, this, something more wonderful than the interlocking directorates.

The Riggs National Bank of Washington, D. C., frequently referred to as the bank of Presidents, because most of them keep their deposits there, is the leading bank at the capital. It is the bank of most of the responsible diplomats, the depositary of funds of foreign nations, and, in addition, of the millionaire colony. Because of this it is in high standing. Charles C. Glover until about a year ago was its president and had been for many years. He was and still is one of the most popular society men. Nothing of civic importance could be undertaken successfully unless Mr. Glover was among its sponsors.

Were Far More Than Dinners

THE Glover dinners—not so much of recent times, but dating backward from the end of the Taft Administration, and reaching zenith between 1900 and 1905—were more than dinners. They were embryonic legislative caucuses. It would not be too much to say that they perhaps marked either the birth or conclusion of some act of statesmanship. In those days, moreover, the real political powers of Washington were more cohesive than they are today, and as a result social interchange was much more exclusive than it is today.

The machinery was so well oiled that everything progressed according to Hoyle. Senator Nelson W. Aldrich and Mr. Glover met frequently, and when this happened it was more than the meeting of two wealthy gentlemen anxious to talk over their golf scores, because golf was not yet stylish. The Rhode Island Senator was always, first and foremost, the chairman of the powerful Finance Committee, and Mr. Glover, likewise first and foremost, was the benign representative of the inner New York financial ring. Last year Mr. Glover was shelved; he was made "chairman of the board of directors of the Riggs National Bank" to make way for Mr. Ailes, the messenger of the National City Bank of New York, despite his otherwise conspicuous title. There are rumors that the change was effected after some trouble, since Mr. Glover was said to be unwilling to relinquish his position, but the fact probably is that since the advent of the Wilson Administration and the death of Senator Aldrich, Mr. Glover's influence was weakened.

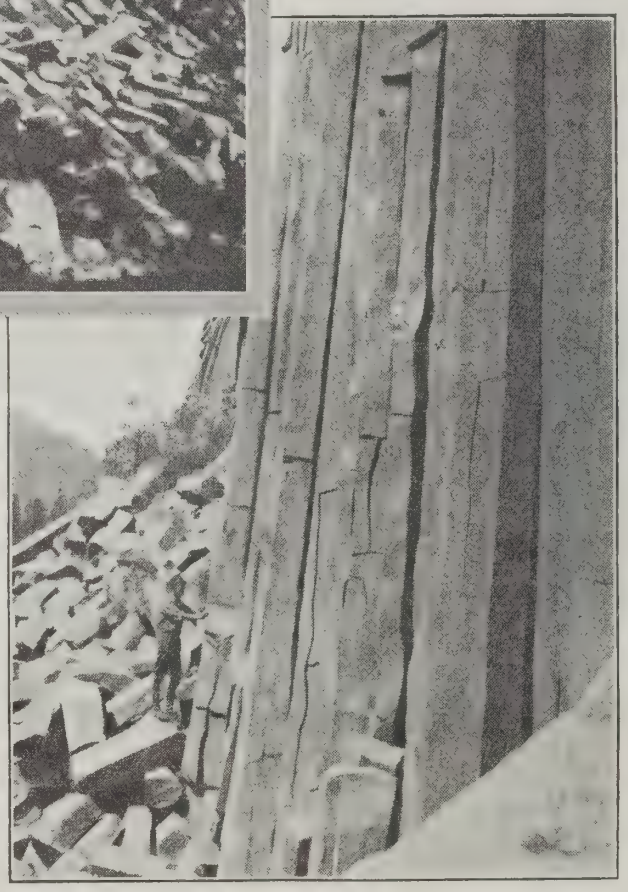
During the Wilson Administration, moreover, the

(Concluded on page 12)

Beauty of Postpile Grows as Columns Crumble

Phenomenon of Far West Seldom Visited; It Is Off the Traveled Trails





The Devil's Postpile is constantly crumbling, but its new columns are better as the old fall away. The arrow points to the fine pillar since destroyed by lightning. To judge the size of this natural wonder note the figures of the men on the huge pile of fragments, within the white circle in the foreground.

At right—A close-up of the prismatic formation. The man standing in front is a six-footer.

By JOHN L. VON BLON

THE Devil's Postpile, natural world wonder and national monument, is crumbling. Mysteriously wrought in the cosmic crucible, possibly when our planet's foundations were laid, it gradually is succumbing to the onslaughts of elemental forces. But let not this startling statement occasion immediate alarm or regret, for here's a comforting paradox. The basaltic marvel of the California wilds improves as its destruction progresses! And as it likely will hold out for another thousand centuries there remains time to go and look it over.

Disintegrating agencies sunder the masonry of the remarkable structure, and frost, earthquake, tempest and thunderbolt rend, topple and shatter its adamantine supports, but always the newly exposed columns stand forth stronger, more perfect of form, more brilliant in their pristine glory. So huge is the mass that it must endure for ages before demolition shall be complete. That this is constantly, surely going on a glance at the illustrations will make apparent. Fortunately, it affects only the outermost segments, hence a year discloses but slight change.

Do you know where the Devil's Postpile is? Have you ever heard of it? Though set apart by the President a decade ago, authoritatively recognized as the best example extant of its peculiar type of columnar basalt, and readily accessible in summer, it remains virtually unseen and unknown. Not more than one out of every 10,000 Americans has beheld it or could tell its location, while foreign governments and institutions send their scientists to study the splendid tower of long, dark, glistening prisms in all its fascinating aspects. This phenomenon, which thus far has attracted so little interest among our own people, is but a few hundred miles from Los Angeles, an easy drive of a day or so northward along the eastern base of continental America's loftiest mountains—a trip of varied picturesqueness and rare charm. From San Francisco the distance is about the same via the Yosemite Valley—also a route of grandeur. The nearest highway is the transcontinental National Roosevelt Midland Trail, almost direct from Montauk Point, Long Island, to the "postpile" and the Golden State's major cities. Two or three hours by trail, afoot or in the saddle, will take you from a resort called Mammoth to the weird, enchanted precincts of his satanic majesty's reputed post-setting or pile-driving operations. The spectacle is astonishing and inspires awe.

In the heart of hearts of the stupendous Sierra Nevada, surrounded by scores of white-robed peaks two and a half miles in the sky, residual glaciers, gorgeous lakes, dreamy meadows, boiling springs and ice-chilled, dashing brooks, the Devil's Postpile occupies the center of a region of magnificent scenery, more beautiful than the imagination can conceive or mere words describe. It seems a grim sentinel holding watch over the middle fork of the San Joaquin River, which noisily rushes by within a hundred yards. The curiously attractive and impressive prodigy is set at an elevation of 7,500 feet above sea level and is itself a pygmy as compared with the titanic heights all about. Nevertheless, even a prosaic visitor would give heed to naught else the first day or two. The one object enthralls.

The "pile" is a mile long, half as wide, and 400 feet high. The odd formation whence its appellation is derived is not everywhere in evidence, cropping out only in certain places. The most striking columns constitute more than 1,000 feet of its western face. They rise more than 100 feet above the talus—a vast heap of broken "posts" accumulated through the never-ceasing battering of the cliff by nature's processes. Ultimately all will be leveled in this agglomeration. How far downward they extend man knoweth not; it may be that they go far toward the heat-radiating center of the ball comprising our tiny share of the universe, but probably they pinch out close to the surface. The geological experts gladly would pay a liberal admittance fee for a peep under.

The columns in this amazing bluff are arranged in rows as regularly as the pipes of a cathedral organ. Almost perfect prisms, they are fitted together like cells in a honeycomb, each placed with the nicest care of true artisanship, and really look as if carved by human hands. The ends above were polished to a gloss by grinding glacial motion and may be compared with a parqueted floor. The mosaic effect is startling.

These columns range from 14 inches to more than three feet in diameter. Most of them are pentagonal, whereas elsewhere, as in the Giants' Causeway, the general shape is hexagonal. The Devil's Postpile affords strange deviation in this respect, some of its immense columns being eight-sided, many seven-sided, and the remainder hexagons. In one extensive section they are straight as sawed timbers and perpendicular. In another they lean and are gracefully curved *en masse* and the individual prisms twisted and fluted in the making or the cooling as sticks of pliable candy might be shaped. At one point they have the wavy appearance of flowing water. At the southern upper end they project almost horizontally and resemble gigantic railroad ties or evenly corded wood on a hillside. All the columns sparkle like precious stones in the glare of the mountain sun and the sight is bewildering. They are black in the main, but colorful withal, some in varying shades of green, blue and gray, a few white as alabaster.

For many years the handsomest of all the columns, tall and symmetrically tapered, was separated from the body and stood upright and alone, a proud, stalwart symbol of independence. It can clearly be seen in the upper center of the general view, but it is there no more. During my last visit to the postpile, last August, it was struck by lightning and fell with a reverberating crash, seared from end to end. Happily, it was broken into few sections, and the longest of these is shown in another picture.

It would be difficult to find a locality where more sudden and violent electrical storms come booming up. At midday, while the sun shone brightly, a small cumulo-nimbus cloud floated over the range from the west and in less than as many minutes three blue-white streaks darted earthward and each shivered a tree. The fourth and final bolt, with a peal that made the mountains themselves tremble, took the column. No raindrops pattered, scarcely a shadow appeared on the grand landscape. The lavatic formation, which has the metallic ring of iron and somewhat its hardness, may tend to draw electricity. At that altitude, eternally shut in by tremendous granite ramparts, the summer and lightning season is brief, the winter long and rigorous.

During the warm months the region is a fragrant paradise of bloom and birdsong, a medley of sweetest melody. The whole is a forest of pine, tamarack, fir and other sturdy trees, which cover even the postpile where the basalt is not actually bare. Wildflowers carpet the meadows and shaded places and sway breast high in the balmy air—thousands upon thousands of kinds, many of which grow here only. Few are more interesting than the squaw's carpet or mahala mat, a rich evergreen trailer that literally covers the ground with its foliage and feathery clusters of violet blossoms and later bears odd scarlet fruit. The botanist who does not go to the high Sierras misses more than he ever can realize.

At the very upper edge of the crumbling cliff, where a "cornice" has formed, their roots fastened in the columnar jointing, a number of gnarled, torn, dwarfed cedars are hanging for dear life, even as dying humans cling to hope, the while their precarious support is tumbling away. This carries with it sufficient soil and pumice to afford a foothold in the talus below for lustrous quaking aspens, which spring up rapidly and shine as the breezes stir their leaves. A meadowsweet locally known as "postpile tea" and used by knowing mountaineers to make a palatable, refreshing beverage, also thrives amid the wreckage of the scintillant pillars. Above, where moisture comes from the lines of cleavage, delicate rock ferns and dainty mosses give a touch of softness to relieve the harsh glister of unyielding surfaces.

The Devil's Postpile is at the junction of important trails leading afar in various directions. Close by, the government has a log cabin that sometimes shelters storm-bound tourists. At times it is occupied by trappers, who bring out thousands of dollars' worth of furs. Big game and wild life abound.

Down stream two miles, and a part of the national monument, is Rainbow Fall, a gem unique and worthy of its name in that it literally is the birthplace of rainbows. The San Joaquin flings itself like a delicate curtain of lace and silver more than 100 feet over a ledge of black basalt—a continuation of the postpile, though without the columns—into an abysmal box canyon. When the sun's rays reach into the fairy box, rainbows arch the mists that flood the chasm—rainbows so clear that color photography registers them distinctly. The setting of this fall, in the bosom of the virgin forest and between exalted heights, is a masterpiece of nature, exquisite, sublime. There is not another elsewhere to match it. The picture lives in memory without fading as time rubs across it.

How a City Was Put on a Business Basis

By ROBERT MORGAN

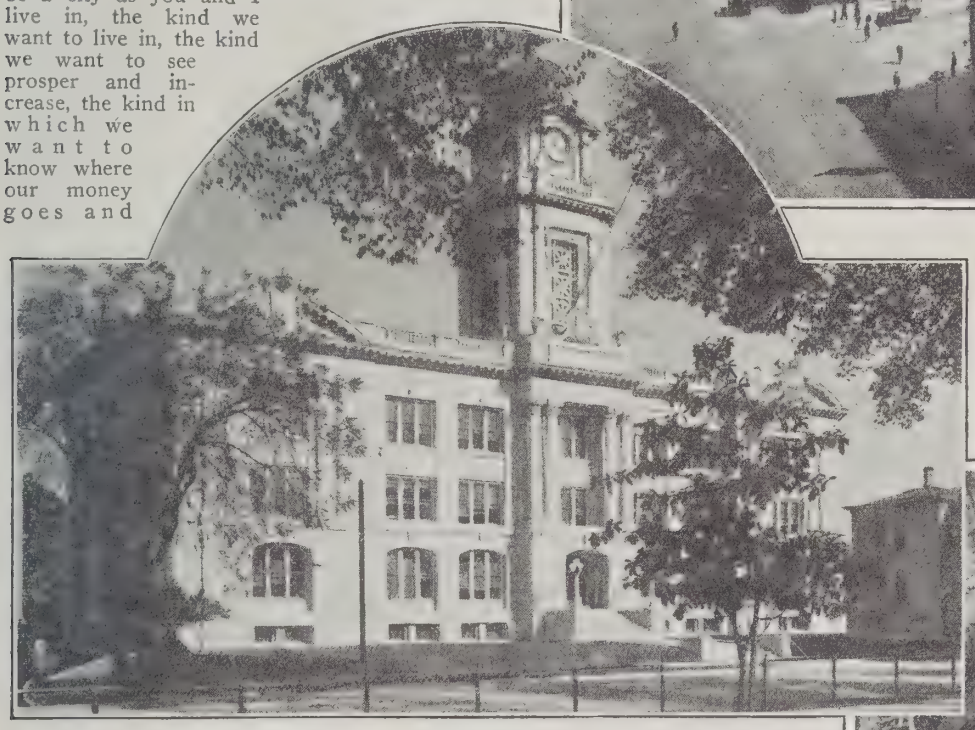
THIS is a story of the manner in which a business management of a city, just like competent management in a factory or a store or on a farm, saves *you* money. It is a good story for those who always have voted the "straight ticket," "hated reformers," stood by "de ring," and helped one mayor or one set of councilmen to hold office year after year because they "had the experience." It is a good story for those—often the minority, sometimes the hopeless minority, though the right is never hopeless—who have stood out through weary years in the fight for clean city government, for the elimination of politics in municipal management, and for the selection of the best and most competent man, regardless of his political affiliations, as director of the destinies of any American city.

It is not a story of graft, dishonesty, crookedness or political preferment. It tells nothing of the misuse of the people's money, of your money and my money, in cleverly concealed "deals" to keep any man or any party of men in power. Back of it, behind the results shown, lies the tale of a battle, waged by what was once a minority, against entrenched politics and "pull," but that is another story, a story of conditions now dead, certainly dead, if, as some old Roman once said, "nothing is dead until it is buried." For that fight, the combination of conditions which brought it about, and the methods by which it was conducted, all are buried in forgetfulness, and none of the people want them dug up again. This is the story of a business management which, installed only six months ago, with only a small part of the 1921 income with which to work, found economic leaks, which, stopped, saved nearly $50,000 to the people of that city. It is the story of a business management, which, without "investigating" anyone, past or present, without going into any political graveyards, and without revealing any graft, uncovered a waste of approximately $125,000 in the annual budget, and cut that much from the 1922 expenses of operating the city. It is a story of a city management, which, notwithstanding these reductions, is giving the city better government, better law-enforcement, better street improvements, better educational facilities, and is taking over public utilities for the benefit of the city, with moneys saved *over and beyond the large reductions already mentioned.*

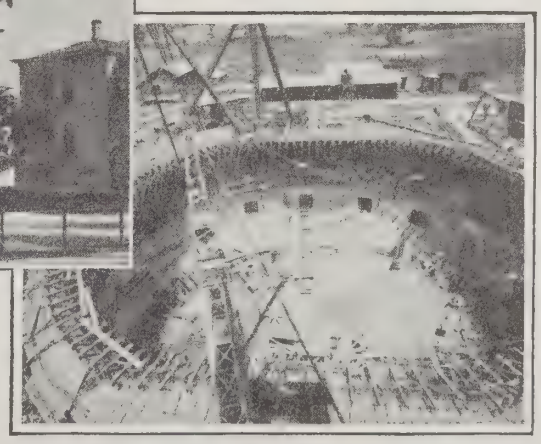
It is, in brief, the story of Sacramento, capital of California, a city of about 66,000 inhabitants, approximately the same size and kind of a city as you and I live in, the kind we want to live in, the kind we want to see prosper and increase, the kind in which we want to know where our money goes and how we can get more for that money—Our Own Home Town. It reveals the waste which permeated virtually every department of city government, a loss of the taxpayers' money due more to the system of government than to any individual, and it shows, with remarkable clarity for an economic experiment, the methods by which the avenues of waste down which the people's money went were discovered, and how the "Closed Street" sign was put permanently across these highways of loss.



Business district of Sacramento, capital of California, which has proved the city manager plan of government to be an economic, financial and political success.



The city hall at Sacramento, a city of approximately 66,000 inhabitants, which has adopted the city manager form of government and is highly pleased with the results.



Section of the new filtration plant, now under construction in Sacramento, which that city has been enabled to build, along with a number of other improvements, through the savings accomplished by the city manager form of government.

As a result of the city manager system, it will cost exactly $123,281.88 less to operate the municipal machinery in Sacramento in 1922 than it did in 1921, and, by the same means, it cost $46,178 less to run the city in 1921 than it did in 1920, though the city manager method has been in force only since July 1, the beginning of the fiscal year of 1921-22. This means that $169,459.88 has been saved to the 66,000 inhabitants of Sacramento, an average of $2.57 for every man, woman and child in the city. If there are 20,000 taxpayers in Sacramento, which probably is an excessive estimate, they have saved approximately $8.50 each on their taxation for the first 18 months of operation of the city manager plan. It is small wonder that the voters of the California capital, recently questioned by one of the newspapers of the city, replied with unanimous voice in favor of the city managership.

As a result of this saving, not only has the tax rate been reduced, but the assessments also have been reduced, and a plan is now being formulated whereby 100 per cent assessment valuations will be made, which will still further reduce the rate, and more equitably distribute the taxation. Steps have been taken looking to the establishment of a municipally-owned hydro-electric plant, the second of its kind in the state, and more improvement work is now under way in Sacramento than at any time within the past five years.

Clyde Seavey is city manager of Sacramento. His forehead tells you that he can think; his jaw indicates that he can fight. He has done both with equal willingness and equal success. In fact, at the end of each bout, the referee, that is to say, the people of Sacramento, held up the Seavey right hand, as the sign of victory. Seavey is not the only city manager in the world, just as Sacramento is not the only city which has tried out the plan and found it successful, but he is one whose methods have been followed by results, so that they are well worth watching and studying by other people in other American cities. Besides Seavey, there is a city council of nine members, composing the legislative department, as he is the head of the executive department. Cities which have adopted or do adopt city manager methods of government also can have mayors if they want them, but as the city manager's first job is to lock the pie counter and throw the key into the nearest lake, not many men are noticeable by their desire to become mayors of city-managed municipalities.

Seavey was put into office as city manager on July 1, 1921. As soon as he knew he was to take charge of the city, which was some weeks prior to his actual taking hold, he hired an expert to make a detailed and minute survey of the old city government. The old and the new charters were analyzed, and ways of consolidation of departments and elimination of "deadwood" were studied. Then, on the night of June 30, the new city manager, the men he had picked for his aides, and the new city councilmen sat down together as darkness fell and wrestled with the problem until dawn of July 1. Then they went home, explained where they had been to friendly wives, washed their faces, strolled down to the city hall, and put the plans of the night into effect the first day.

Some people who had long been connected with the city of Sacramento were considerably surprised. Salaries totaling $80,418 were eliminated immediately. A number of men who had waxed rotund on the city pay roll went to bed in June under the beneficent protection of healthy salaries, and woke up in July with less pay coming to them than the kaiser could draw in Paris. One new man, on the average, was put in where two had drawn pay before, so that the new salary roll totaled $34,240. This left a net saving in salaries of $46,178. In the engineering department alone, about $20,000 was saved on the salary roll, by the simple adoption of the perfectly clear motto, "a day's work for a day's pay." Proportionate reduction and saving was made in the city health department, and in the finance department enough lost motion was picked up to slice $8,000 from the pay roll.



CLYDE SEAVEY,
City manager of Sacramento, who has worked valuable reforms in finances, taxation, operation and other features of government in the capital of California.

Other savings were made by consolidation of offices, avoidance of duplication, elimination of time lost, systematization of the amount of work to be accomplished by each employe each day, and centralization of management. The immediate result of this has been, not only a saving in money, but greatly increased convenience for the public. All offices with which the public ordinarily deals, such as water charges, tax collections, water tap permits, building permits, electrical installation permits, business licenses, garbage collections, and similar necessities of everyday life, have been put in one large office on the first floor of the city hall. Formerly, the man or woman who had business with more than one of these departments, was compelled to travel over three floors, and enter at least half a dozen offices, before he or she could obtain the service for which he or she paid.

These changes were put into effect the first day, without friction, and without delay, so carefully and so thoroughly had they been worked out before the new forces took office. The best thing about the new system of city government is that it is working even better in practice than it promised to work in theory. As soon as it was seen that the change was going to be a success, work was begun on the 1922 budget. The finance department, of which H. C. Bottorff is the head, discovered that former budgets gave no adequate basis on which to work. Then Bottorff took his pen in hand and analyzed each and every expenditure for 1920 and the first half of 1921, to establish an entirely new and sound basis for the future. A chart, showing every expenditure in detail was prepared. Department hearings were held for each division of the city government. When the budget finally was drawn, it showed a net reduction in operating costs for the year 1922 of $123,281.88.

In spite of this reduction, added to which was another cut due to lowering of assessed valuations, money for permanent work was provided, as well as for new enterprises, new equipment, and increased salaries for policemen and firemen. An appropriation of $15,000 was put into the 1922 budget for development of plans and surveys for a hydro-electric plant for Sacramento, which is the second city in the state—Los Angeles being the first—to take definite steps for municipal hydro-electric development. From the 1921 appropriation, Seavey and Bottorff managed to save enough money

(Concluded on page 15)

From Bryan's 16-to-1 to the Federal Reserve

Taking Over of Washington by the Financial Interests Concluded from page 9.

Riggs National Bank, always the bank par excellence of the capital, found a close competitor in the Commercial National Bank, a block away, whose sudden jump to the fore was marked by the advent in its employ—later "rising" to the presidency of the institution—of a Bolling, a very close relative of the second Mrs. Wilson. To follow up the changes of directorate and management of the Commercial National Bank during the years 1916-1921 is like wading through a small-town directory.

The Commercial National Bank of Washington, however, rich as it was becoming at this period, never could displace the Riggs. The Riggs remained the Washington bank of the New York bankers. If the New York bankers found it necessary to play in the hands of the Treasury Department—as they often had occasion to do—they did it by indirect means. They did not use the Commercial National Bank, because somehow it had all the earmarks of a provincial bank. That was fatal, in the eyes of aristocratic New Yorkers.

Controller Williams, early in his incumbency, had the good fortune to enlist on his side Frank A. Munsey, one of the powerful publishers and although not one of the inner metropolitan ring he is at least in it. During the crash of a bank under the shadow of the Post Office Department, Controller Williams called the Munsey Trust Company into the breach, and as the Munsey Trust Company was a newcomer, and was having a hard time of it, this official recognition was a kick in the right direction, and Mr. Munsey never forgets his friends. The result was that the powerful Munsey newspapers, hard as they were on the Wilson Administration and on most of its individuals, were very friendly to Mr. Williams—and justifiably so. It was the realization of this strong newspaper support that gave Mr. Williams the strength within the Treasury Department that so often puzzled observers. And when Mr. Munsey took over the New York *Herald* he added another bit of armor and rendered Controller Williams well-nigh invulnerable from political or financial attack, inside or outside.

Why the Controller Remained

AS FAR as the writer knows, the Munsey newspapers never found it necessary to go out of their way to "carry on" for Controller Williams. But they were ready, of course, to publish anything that the Controller of the Currency might have to say, even if other newspapers in Washington and New York and Chicago were minded to print half a stick where least visible. Controller Williams, on the other hand, never found it necessary to seek the special support of the Munsey newspapers. It was the realization by certain individuals that they could not shut off this powerful group of conservative newspapers, as distinguished from the sensational newspapers, that prevented their demanding John Skelton Williams' scalp, much as they desired it.

Those conversant with the gossip of the Treasury Department knew for some time that there was no love lost between Controller Williams and Governor Harding. It was a feud that probably antedated Secretary McAdoo's resignation, but the latter's abandonment of public office hastened the breach. Secretary Glass sided with the Federal Reserve Board, which meant against Mr. Williams, even though the latter was his ex-officio colleague thereon. There could be no other explanation for Senator Glass' present attitude toward the former controller, in the Senate and out of it.

But to show, after a necessary digression, how men adapt themselves, it is worth while tracing Governor Harding's metamorphosis, and the obvious lesson that can be taken from it. It is not so very many years since he was appointed a member of the Federal Reserve Board by President Wilson—a southerner who was looked upon to champion agricultural interests south of Mason and Dixon line in the same measure that his colleagues would champion other interests. In those days there was no such thing—not officially, anyhow—as a southern Republican, and had one been found he would hardly have been selected, since a northern Democrat would have served the purpose of the Wilson Administration much better.

Yet today Governor Harding is trying his very best to appear such a Republican, and for two years has been jockeying for the favor of his namesake in the White House. Governor Harding wants to remain where he is, little realizing that President Harding has exceeded his good political judgment in permitting the former to remain at the head of the board until now. There are those, however, who profess to see in this the hand of Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, who knows a good fiscal servant when he sees one.

It would be too much, politically speaking, to expect President Harding actually to reappoint W. P. G. next August, when the latter's term expires, but these days politics is making some strange bedfellows and the surprises to come, still politically speaking, may be many and wonderful.

The breath of Wall Street was evidently very sweet for Member Harding. First the incantations of Paul Warburg, and now the ministrations of Governor Benjamin Strong of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, wove the spell. Governor Strong is one of the powerful members of the Morgan-Rockefeller-Kuhn-Loeb money ring. Governor Strong undoubtedly will exercise no little influence in the coming appointment, be this what it be, since it is common gossip that Secretary Mellon is unusually good-natured about appointments under the control of the Treasury Department. All he asks is that they be "safe" men. By that he means conservative. By conservative he means amenable. Secretary Mellon is too old to stand much excitement, and moreover he is too fastidious; he would not like to see the hallowed (if musty) corridors of the Treasury Building desecrated by the footsteps of radical financiers.

The report in down-town New York is that Governor Strong—and Governor Strong means the invisible powers that be—would rather have a regular board—regular in a political sense—and therefore would like to see a Republican in Harding's place. But the question is in finding a Republican who will not change the present route, and for this reason gossip fixes the name of John R. Mitchell in line for the succession. Mr. Mitchell is the newest member of the board. Of course, his chances in this will depend upon his antecedents and the circumstances that led to his present job.

Follows the President's Lead

BUT apart from the question of the identity of the next governor of the board, the thing to bear in mind is the fact that Governor Harding wants the job under a Republican President and for months has engineered his attitude accordingly. Whether President Harding can stomach that one act alone remains to be seen. Moreover, Governor Harding aligned himself, according to declarations made in the Senate, on the Warren G. Harding side as soon as the latter was nominated and again as soon as he was elected. Mere words, however, would be insufficient to assure the new President that Governor Harding was in earnest, so, in response to the resolution of May 17, 1920 (objected to by Senator Owen as meaning deflation and depression), he advised the Senate in part as follows:

> **The board will not hesitate, so far as it may be necessary, to bring to bear all its statutory powers in regulating the volume of credits.**

Shortly afterward the Federal Reserve Board began its squeezing process, and subsequent developments have shown that Senator Owen's prediction was reliable. But standing up and taking the gaff is another story, and those who know Governor Harding realize that he does not like punishment. Therefore, he proceeded at once to extricate himself, as far as he could, from the annoying charges that he brought about the woeful conditions of 1920-1921. The Federal Reserve Board could do no wrong, in his opinion. *At once word went forth that the "country bankers" were responsible for what happened to the farmers!*

The astounding character of this alibi lay in the fact that the country bankers could not, in their own defense, stand up and say something to the governor of the board and say it as they thought it. It might mean ruin or very nearly that. The Federal Reserve Board could virtually *break any banker* who felt hypercritical. It is a variation of the political squeeze that will probably be adopted at the congressional elections next November. The little banker who, from civic duty and pride, feels that he must identify himself with a given political movement, if that movement happens to be against the wishes of the Federal Reserve Board, may as well fold his tent and depart in peace.

Almost 10 years ago Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, said that this was *"no longer a government of free opinion; no longer a government by conviction and the vote of the majority, but a government by the opinion and duress of a small group of dominant men."* It may be that he had in mind the group of Hanna-Quay type bosses, but as he had often alluded to the Wall Street group in almost identical phraseology, one may take it that he meant both groups or a group covering both factions. Little dreamed he that in selecting W. P. G. Harding for the Federal Reserve Board he would perpetuate the very thing against which Wilson dedicated himself.

How else can one explain the activity of the Federal Reserve Board in politics, of which complaint was made on the floor of the Senate recently, without adequate explanation from the board? Under what privilege is the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta indulging in political propaganda?

The charge made in the Senate was in part as follows:

> ". . . . The officials of this bank wrote a letter with that speech calling upon the local banker to read that speech, calling upon him to write them the impression that he had about the subject before he read the speech, and calling upon him to write them his opinion after he read the speech." The speech in question was one made by Senator Carter Glass defending the Federal Reserve Board and its policies to date.

What could any banker, especially the average small-town banker, reply under such peremptory conditions coming from such a source? No matter what he thought *before* or *after* reading the speech, discretion was limited. In other words, presuming that every banker would reply to that catechism, the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta would have a tabloid record of the opinions of each member banker. What can one deduce from any such inquisitional procedure as that? And can it be believed that the Atlanta bank went ahead and spent funds at the direction of Federal Government officials to spread political propaganda, especially in the South, and within Governor Harding's own territory at that, without the latter's knowledge?

It is obvious that the Federal Reserve System, so utterly contested at the outset by metropolitan financiers, and then captured by them, has in their hands become a sort of clearing house undreamed of in the "good old days" before 1912. It is an easy matter for New York to influence politics in any section of the United States through the various Federal Reserve banks, and needless to say with a Secretary of the Treasury that is one of the inner ring, and practically owning the Federal Reserve Board, almost anything may be expected.

This is the way the financial question has gone on since it was "settled" by the campaign of 1896.

Monster Maelstroms on Sun Cause Storms Concluded from page 2

of earth, moving forward as a body, at a comparatively slow rate.

"These disturbances on the sun, beginning as maelstroms of unconsumed matter thrown out from the interior of the blazing globe, become cyclonic storms of a magnitude almost incomprehensible to the mind of man, when they enter the atmosphere of metallic vapor or gases which surround the sun. Bursting through this envelope of terrifically heated vapor, they set the adjacent parts of the ether into motion, spirally, and in the same direction; that is to say, counter to the direction in which the hands of a clock move. These areas of ether closest to the gaseous envelope of the sun, then set in motion, similarly, other adjacent parts of the ether, and so an ever-extending motion, filled with the great electric power generated in the mass of the sun, passes through the ether and reaches the earth, when these sunspots cross that line which passes through the center of the sun and the center of the earth, called the Central Meridian.

"This whirling motion is imparted most powerfully to the atmosphere of the earth at points where the attraction is the greatest, and this attraction is the greatest over the Aleutian Archipelago, and again at an undetermined but well-known point in the Caribbean Sea. Hence the fact that our storms originate in one or the other of these two areas, and rush together.

"In regard to high barometric areas, and the consequent 'good weather,' observation by myself, and, to a lesser degree, by others, has shown that the arrival of these periods of clear weather over the Pacific Slope region coincides with the arrival of sunspots in the *southern* hemisphere of the sun, and the passage of these 'flocks' of sunspots across the Central Meridian of the sun. These spots in the southern hemisphere whirl with the hands of the clock, instead of against them, as do the spots in the northern hemisphere.

"I have used the word 'attraction' in this discussion, because the whole underlying force of the storms—both those which result in sunspots on the sun, the resulting activity of the sunspots on the atmosphere of the earth—is an effect of electro-magnetism as between the sun, the source of all energy in this solar system, and the earth, or any other planet in our system, controlled by the sun."

Closing "For Repairs" and Calling the Police Concluded from page 3

Stocks and bonds of the Denver & Rio Grande, which were thus *either wiped out or exchanged for new securities one-half their value*, were in the treasuries of 22 public institutions in which were deposited the people's savings, to the amount of $1,124,480. The list is as follows:

Five savings banks in New Hampshire.
Five fire insurance companies in New York.
One fire insurance company in Rhode Island.
Four trust companies in New Jersey.
Three trust companies in New Hampshire.
Three trust companies in Pennsylvania.
One trust company in New York.

The total of the two Denver bond issues whose value is reduced 50 per cent under the reorganization plan aggregates $36,500,000, indicating a loss to the investors of some $18,000,000.

Of the stocks of the Denver & Rio Grande, there were listed $61,000,000 worth on the New York Stock Exchange, representing the amount in the hands of the public. Just before the collapse of the property, Wall Street was the field of wild rumors in these stocks. Those men in the Street who "were in on the know," quietly unloaded their holdings in the preferred at $52 and in the common at $23 a share. Quotations of Denver & Rio Grande shares thereafter slowly subsided in value, until August 25, 1921. The common had sold down to 50 cents and the preferred to $1.00 for a $100 par value share. At such prices, the brokers can no longer make any profit in their transactions. There was only one result to be expected. On the previously mentioned date, the New York Stock Exchange made an official announcement that the common and preferred stocks of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad had been *stricken from the list.* The Denver stocks had been milked dry. They were now thrown out of the Exchange as a spider casts out from its web the empty husk of a fly it has devoured.

Denver & Rio Grande preferred stock is now knocking about the Curb at the price of 30 to 50 cents a share. A protective committee in this stock is still in existence, trying to obtain some more equitable treatment from the Western Pacific interests.

Such is the inevitable result when banking groups battle with one another in Wall Street. The public foots the bill.

Why the Farmer Opposes the Grain Exchange

He Believes It Is Used to Manipulate Prices at His Expense

By EARL CHRISTMAS

FARMERS have made frequent protest against the system through which they must market their wheat. Different practices of the grain exchanges have stirred them to revolt. But nothing connected with the whole system has aroused such discussion as the excessive speculation that is carried on in grain "futures."

A "future," as the term is generally used, is a contract for the purchase and sale of grain to be delivered during some future month. The agreement specifies the time and the price, but payment, as well as delivery, is postponed.

The man who sells the future may not have the grain which he agrees to deliver. He may never have the actual grain. He may think that the market is going to fall before the time for delivery and expect to buy another future, or contract for wheat, at a cheaper price, and thus reap a profit in balancing the two transactions. In other words, he is speculating from day to day on the future price of wheat. Trading in these futures may begin months before the harvest, often long before the crop is planted even. Settlements are made by the payment of differences when the time for delivery arrives.

The future market is used also as a protective measure. Since the price of cash grain and the price of the future usually rise and fall together, dealers when making cash purchases or sales protect themselves by simultaneous future transactions on the other side of the market. This is called "hedging."

A country elevator may buy 5,000 bushels of wheat one day at the market price for that day. Before it can get that grain sold on the Minneapolis market, however, the price may be 10 cents lower, or even more. To guard against that, the elevator man, when he makes his day's purchase, wires to his broker in Minneapolis to sell 5,000 bushels of futures. When his actual grain arrives at the market some time later, he also closes out the future transaction by buying 5,000 bushels in other futures to satisfy his earlier contract.

If the market has risen, the elevator man has made money on his cash wheat, and lost on his futures. If the price has fallen, he has lost on his cash transaction, but he has made money on the future transaction. In any event, the gain on one usually just about balances the loss on the other. The "hedge" thus acts as a kind of insurance. The dealers at the terminal and the millers use the same plan of hedging their purchases.

But hedging forms a small part of the trading in futures. How extensive speculation on the grain exchanges is, has been the subject of much discussion. It reaches sums that are astounding to those unfamiliar with the practice of the "pit." The Federal Trade Commission, after a study of the 1914 revenue tax on futures, determined that the trading in grain futures for the average year for the Chicago Board of Trade was 18,414,000,000 bushels. L. F. Gates, former president of the Chicago Board of Trade, and Professor James E. Boyle, of Cornell University, who made a study of the question, put the number at 20,000,000,000 bushels.

The amount of actual grain shipped into the Chicago market is about 325,000,000 bushels a year. In other words, the number of bushels of futures dealt in on the Chicago market is 51 times as great as the number of bushels of grain received. Half this trading is in wheat. In this Chicago pit—just a little bit of space filled with gesticulating and shouting men—three times as much wheat is bought and sold on these futures as is produced in the whole world. The average yearly receipts of wheat at Chicago do not exceed 65,000,000 bushels. Yet at least 10,000,000,000 bushels are bought and sold in the pit. Deliveries are rarely made on the contracts. Some traders have estimated the actual deliveries of wheat at less than one per cent.

Minneapolis is a greater cash wheat market than Chicago, but trading in futures is much smaller, amounting to about 1,400,000,000 bushels a year, according to the Federal Trade Commission. The great futures market is centered in the Chicago pit.

We have the statement of Senator Arthur Capper's paper that "it is becoming more and more evident that the grain pit of the Chicago Board of Trade is the most colossal gambling hell the world has ever known." Senator Capper says the 1920 corn crop was sold 14 times over before it was marketed, that farmers lost millions and the "lambs" who played the game lost other millions.

Commissions on cash sales do not pay the admitted expenses of the big commission houses. One Chicago house, reported by the Federal Trade Commission, received $37,000 in commissions on cash grain sales in 1916 and $1,330,000 in commissions on future transactions. Even on the conservative figures of Professor Boyle, commissions on these future trades in the Chicago pit amount to $12,500,000 a year, while no accurate estimates of the winnings of the speculators have been possible, though vast sums must be involved when 20,000,000,000 bushels of grain are bought and sold in a year.

Over private wires, the Chicago houses send out their "gossip" to the branch houses all over the country. Says the Federal Trade Commission's report: "Much that is sent over the wires is of the nature of rumor, some is doubtless sheer invention, and often dishonest invention to influence prices to one's advantage." Sometimes there is advice as to the time to buy.

Vast fortunes have been made and lost in grain speculation. The private wire systems have put more than 200 cities in direct, daily contact with the pit, and increasing numbers are being induced to play the market. Twenty billions of bushels of wheat—even the commissions on this phantom grain amount to more than $12,000,000 a year at the most conservative figures!



Presence of St. Anthony Falls determined that Minneapolis should become the great flour milling center of the country. Today the flour mills represent Minneapolis' biggest industry; they constitute the prime factor in the big grain market centered in the Chamber of Commerce there.

Now, who pays the toll? Why is this speculation tolerated?

That question has brought out, according to many observers, the fact that even the ills of speculation are not unmixed with good. Whether the evils overbalance the good—well, that depends upon on which side of the fence you happen to be.

The theory of the grain exchange is that future trading takes up the risk in handling grain, and serves to lower the margin between the producer and the miller. This also is the view of many economists. The speculator steps in when there is a lessened demand from the miller, and buys the wheat, carrying it until the miller needs it. In other words, he takes up the slack, and tends to stabilize the market.

If the country elevator could not "hedge" its purchase, the grain exchange man says, the elevator man would find himself faced with the risk that the wheat price might drop before he could get his purchase to market. He sells a future, and he is protected. In other words, there is a certain risk in handling grain, and the speculator simply assumes the risk.

If the country elevator man did not have this insurance, he would have to take a wider margin of profit to be safe, according to the proponents of future trading. So would the commission merchant. So would the miller have to have a wider margin.

The cost of the system falls partly on the speculators and partly on the producer, say observers, though Professor Boyle insists the cost of the insurance to the grower is negligible compared to the benefits derived. Farmers will not agree with this, however.

But such in substance is the theory that so far has sustained future selling. A good many farmers appreciate the advantage in hedging. About half the co-operative elevators follow the practice, feeling it is a necessary safeguard at present. On the other hand, a very large number of farmers are against all future selling, and point out that hedging is needed only as a protection from the manipulations of the speculators. Orderly movement of the farmers' crops to market is the only stabilizer needed, they say.

Manipulation—that is the weak point in the case of proponents of future selling. Farmers in increasing numbers feel that the machinery of the grain exchange is used by the speculators to force down the price of wheat while the farmer has it to sell, and then to raise it after he sells.

Professor Boyle and the economists are apt to say that supply and demand determine the price of wheat. But the farmers are not convinced. J. M. Anderson, president of the Equity Co-operative Exchange, and Mr. Drake, its attorney, say that within certain limits imposed by the law of supply and demand, the speculators can raise or lower the price of wheat at will.

On the morning of January 21, 1921, all the market news was optimistic. It was reported that the Armour interests began selling large holdings of March wheat. In three hours, the price of March wheat dropped more than six cents in Chicago, and 13 cents in Minneapolis. And, the government report adds, cash prices declined more than futures!

Dissatisfaction of the farmers over this kind of thing forced a future trading act through Congress last year. It placed grain exchanges under the supervision of the Secretary of Agriculture, and abolished privileges, one form of future selling. A privilege amounts to an option to buy or sell a future. Trading in futures proper will continue, however. The act also provided that co-operative marketing organizations must be admitted to the grain exchanges. Action brought in the courts by the grain interests in an effort to defeat this law is pending now.

Distrust of the grain exchange has led to plans of the farmers to do their own selling in the market places. The United States Grain Growers, Incorporated, latest venture along this line, already has 35,000 members and a crop of 90,000,000 bushels pledged to a farmer-marketing agency. In fact, the growth of the whole co-operative movement in the grain industry bears witness to the dissatisfaction of the farmers over the grain marketing machinery.

The farmers' elevator movement began soon after 1900. The appearance of the co-operative elevator raised the price of grain several cents a bushel in its locality. But the co-operative elevators encountered open warfare on the part of the grain dealers, particularly in the Chicago territory. Commission houses which handled grain from the farmers' elevators were boycotted by regular shippers. But the farmers' elevators, growing to more than 5,000 in number and handling a greater proportion of the crop, soon became so powerful that this practice had to be abandoned. But the grain exchange still remains virtually a closed corporation as far as the co-operative elevator is concerned. Another stage in the battle is now at hand. The co-operative movement is knocking at the door of the grain exchange.

The co-operative organizations haven't been received with open arms at the grain exchanges. Evidence presented at a hearing conducted by the Minnesota legislature showed how the Minnesota Farmers' Exchange, a co-operative organization, came to grief when it tried to sell on the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. It bought a membership for $4,200, but the board of directors refused to approve of its membership.

The company then had to sell through a commission house. One day, when it had 12 cars of wheat belonging to these farmers, this house failed, and another commission house, a creditor of the first, got the 12 cars of wheat. The farmers lost their grain, valued at $12,000. They appealed to the Chamber of Commerce, but could not obtain satisfaction, and the company was wrecked.

Then, there is the Equity Co-operative Exchange. The Equity owns and operates a big terminal elevator in St. Paul and a line of country elevators in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and in addition handles grain and live stock for members and patrons on a commission basis. It has a paid-up capital of $1,000,000, more than 21,000 stockholders, and 400,000 active patrons, according to J. M. Anderson, its president. The Equity Exchange does a yearly business of more than $30,000,000.

Yet the Equity Co-operative Exchange, serving these thousands of farmers, can't sell a bushel of wheat on the Chamber of Commerce of Minneapolis. In fact, with other interests, the Equity has established in St. Paul a rival grain exchange, incidentally the only open exchange in the country. However, this exchange and the co-operative company have encountered bitter opposition on the part of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce.

The Equity appealed to the Federal Trade Commission, and the commission issued a complaint, charging the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce with using unfair methods and attempting to destroy the Equity Co-operative Exchange. The appeal of the Equity Co-operative Exchange was made to the Federal Trade Commission in April, 1917. The complaint of the commission, made after an extensive investigation, was issued three and a half years later. Since that time other delays have interposed, and hearing on the complaint is yet to be held.

The nominal reason of the grain exchange for wishing to exclude co-operative marketing organizations lies in the old rule against rebates. The exchange contends that when a co-operative turns back its earnings as a patronage dividend, that is rebating. The exchanges have a uniform commission rule. The more obvious objection, however, is that the co-operative agency, by selling at cost, will get a large share of the business, and drive off the market many of the men who make their living trading in grain.

Hampton Institute—Fifty Years of Uplift

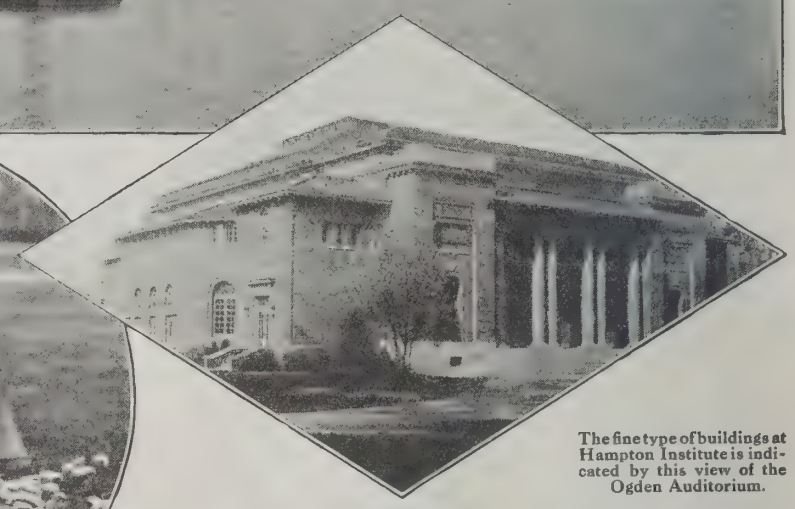
College Has Equipped 10,000 Poor Colored Boys and Girls With an Education That Helps Themselves and Their Race



Hampton Institute is like a great university, stretching along the Hampton River and within sight of the spot where the Monitor and the Merrimac fought their historic battle.



Hampton Institute owns a farm of 850 acres, which serves as the center for extension work among the colored people of the South.



The fine type of buildings at Hampton Institute is indicated by this view of the Ogden Auditorium.



The selection of live seed is taught Hampton Institute boys, who in turn carry to their people the message of safe farming.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON came to Hampton Institute a poor, ignorant colored boy and became the most distinguished member of the colored race of his generation.

Robert R. Moton, who succeeded Booker Washington as the principal of Tuskegee Institute, and who is perhaps the most eminent colored leader in the United States, came from Hampton.

The writer had often asked himself just what sort of an institution this is that has taken 10,000 boys and girls of the colored race, without money and without price, and given them a real start in the world.

And so when the opportunity presented itself, he found himself on a river steamboat slipping down the Potomac River and out into Chesapeake Bay. Seven o'clock the evening before had seen the lights of the city of Washington fading from view; Alexandria had been passed and in the brilliant moonlight one made out the dim outlines of Mount Vernon, Fort Washington, and the old plantation houses that still line the Potomac. Early the next morning the boat discharged its passengers at Old Point Comfort, and in the half twilight one hurried past the moat and gray battlements of historic Fortress Monroe. A brisk walk brought the writer two miles through the little village of Phoebus, to the outskirts of the city of Hampton and to the gates of Hampton Institute.

This is the setting of Hampton Institute—its wide acres stretch down to Hampton River and one looks out over Hampton Roads, where the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac was fought in Civil War days. The old plantation house still remains, but now marvelously remolded and the home of the principal of the school.

Hampton Institute is really the Harvard University of thousands of colored people the country over. To be a graduate of Hampton is indeed a coveted honor. Its buildings, too, resemble those of our great eastern colleges. Many of them, now covered with ivy, bring back the traditions of nearly half a century, when the brick for those same buildings was made from native clay on the school grounds by student labor. But now new buildings have come, great dormitories, and auditoriums, and lecture halls. It is like a great university, as one walks along the lanes.

Hampton Institute probably has given more poor boys and girls an education than any other institution in the United States. For 50 years now it has been "loaning" education to boys and girls of the colored race from every section of the great South. That is exactly what Hampton does. It "loans" educations. The students are not expected to pay back in after life the dollar value of what it has done for them, but they are expected to pay back the cost of their educations by practical service to their own communities and country, just as Booker T. Washington and Robert R. Moton have so distinctively done. And this institution today has hundreds of its graduates acting as demonstration agents, agricultural and home economic workers, teachers, and farmers and in business for themselves throughout the South. It is the same Hampton Institute that sells pure-bred hogs for $10, when they would bring $75 at the fancy sales held by breeders, simply to give the most humble farmer a chance to build up his live stock and to improve the live stock of the South generally. Besides its campus of 100 acres, adjoining the town of Hampton, the institute has a great farm of 850 acres.

Hampton Institute is a practical sort of school, that, in the language of one of the members of its faculty, "mixes brains with work." It means to be practical, to teach a great number of everyday things that will help a man or woman make a better living rather than simply an academic course to round off one's general culture. So one might say that it teaches everything from poetry to poultry. Perhaps it may better be said that each student learns to do some particular things decidedly well, and at the same time receives a liberal amount of general education. Today there are 1,800 students, virtually all of whom are earning the greater part of the money to defray their own expenses. There are 140 buildings all told.

As one walks about the buildings and grounds of this school of practical everyday living, one gathers that there must have been some great men, full of inspiration, who conceived the idea of such a school and carried it into successful execution. Go back 50 years and one sees General Samuel Armstrong, in the days following the Civil War, gathering about him 15 students, colored boys and girls from the country around Fortress Monroe. In those days the colored people had not conceived of their new liberty. To many it meant freedom from work, and the making of a living had not yet entered their minds. Armstrong had been a student at Williams College and had become a close friend of Mark Hopkins.

With sublime faith in his plan of free education, Armstrong step by step built that school. In the early '70's he decided that a girls' dormitory was needed. There was just $2,000 available. The cost of the needed building was estimated at $100,000. "All right, dig the hole and pile the bricks and lumber around," said General Armstrong to a friend. "We'll make it so interesting that people will be only too glad to give us the money."

Virginia Hall, as it was called, was "sung up" by the students, General Armstrong going North with his party of picked musicians from among the students of the school. He gave concerts everywhere, the Hampton singers became popular, and thousands of dollars rolled in through the box office. A few years later this building was thrown open to use. Even today Virginia Hall, with its ivy-covered walls, is a popular building, serving as the big central dining hall and one of the girls' dormitories.

There have been just three principals of Hampton Institute in its entire half century of usefulness. After his graduation from Yale University and the Union Theological Seminary came Hollis Burke Frissell to Hampton as chaplain, serving as chaplain and later as principal for nearly 40 years. The present head of the school is Dr. James Edward Gregg, with degrees from both Harvard and Yale.

Most of the students who come to Hampton have virtually no money. Board and room at Hampton Institute cost only $15 a month, which includes modern accommodations and laundry thrown in for good measure. Tuition costs $100 a year, but by means of endowment funds which have been given to Hampton, from time to time, there always are free scholarships. So the book learning really costs the student nothing.

Entrance to Hampton presupposes some general education, at least sufficient to enable one to take up some particular line of work. For those students who have no money, but yet have the makings of a success in them, there is "Shellbanks," the farm of 850 acres owned by the school.

Here the student is permitted to work a year, doing a small amount of studying at the same time, and to accumulate sufficient funds to give him a good start

at the school. Everybody works at Hampton, and for everything that a student does he receives pay. This is credited to him regularly and it goes to meet the cost of board, room and clothes. It is probable that there never was a student at Hampton who had enough money to pay his way through school without work.

When Booker Washington heard of Hampton Institute he was working in a mine. Walking a large part of the way to Hampton, sleeping under a wooden sidewalk at Richmond en route and loading pig iron on a ship to earn a little money, he finally arrived at the institute. But he had no training to begin with and could scarcely have mastered the most elementary work the institute had to offer. But he passed an entrance examination by so carefully dusting a room that the teacher remarked that anyone who could dust a room so well must have something worth while in him.

There probably is no school that offers such an array of practical courses as does Hampton Institute. First comes the normal school. Here there is a course of two years based on four years of secondary school work.

Then there is the agricultural school, offering a collegiate course of three years of 12 months each, based on a high school course of four years.

The trade school is a very practical sort of institution that teaches the student everything there is to be known about one particular line of work. Here he may take up automobile mechanics, blacksmithing, bricklaying and plastering, cabinet-making, carpentry, machine work, painting, printing, steam fitting and plumbing, tailoring, wheelwrighting and blacksmithing combined, as well as short courses in blacksmithing, house painting and shoe repairing. In the business school there is a course of four years of secondary grade and then an advanced course of two years.

In the home-economics school there is a course of two years based on four years of secondary school work. This is especially to train teachers of home economics, home demonstration agents and industrial supervising teachers.

The academy offers a secondary course of four years to prepare students for the normal school, the agricultural school, and the home-economics school. Then there is a school maintained for the colored children of that section of the country, where the teachers about to graduate from Hampton receive practical training in their work.

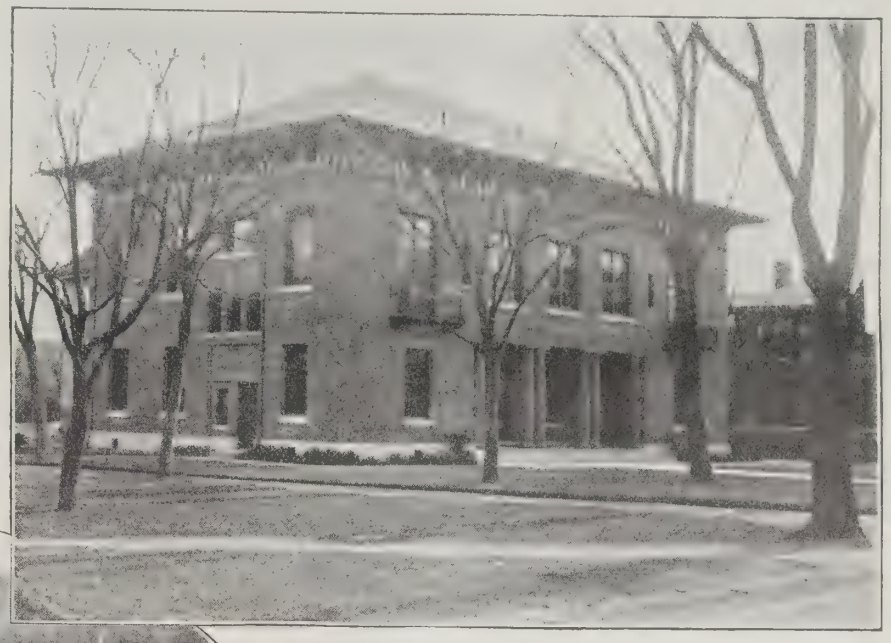
Naturally, agriculture plays a large part in the work of Hampton Institute. One must remember that out of the 10,000,000 or 11,000,000 persons of the Negro race in the United States a large proportion have always been most familiar with farming. There are many openings in the South for bright young county agents of the colored race to work among their own people. Thousands of farms have been permitted to exist in a run-down condition because, for the most part, no one showed the people how to do differently. That fact is at the basis of Hampton's work with live stock. It has made quite a specialty of the most popular breeds of hogs and has sold them out to both white and colored farmers, for whom it would be almost a financial impossibility to buy from established breeders at regular pure-bred prices. The same thing applies to poultry raising. Hampton will supply a poor farmer with some bird from strains, noted for their egg-laying, at virtually the same price that common birds would bring. The Shellbanks farm has proved the salvation of hundreds of students who would not otherwise have been able to obtain an education. It takes up nearly every branch of farming. The students receive practical experience in farming to balance up their work in the classroom. Extension work also is carried on in Virginia and the neighboring states, looking toward the betterment of agricultural conditions.

When Hampton has erected buildings, the students have usually helped build them. In building Clarke Hall, the Y. M. C. A. building, student bricklayers set all the stone and laid all the brick. This building, which would grace any small city, stands as a demonstration of the practical training of Hampton. Hampton Institute no longer has to rely on small inadequate buildings. The Ogden Auditorium was erected at a cost of $200,000. James Hall is a modern fireproof dormitory accommodating 175 boys and representing an investment of $100,000. There is a magnificent memorial church. In the case of many of the earlier buildings the bricks were actually made on the ground from clay dug on the campus. There are today a dozen buildings that would grace any university, with scores of others of smaller size and less importance. Hampton is a great institution and it does not forget the moral equation. Professor H. B. Turner, of the school, told me the story of a colored boy, who walked nearly all the way from Florida to Virginia to enter Hampton Institute. He declared that his great ambition in life was to be a prize fighter. Nothing particular was said to dissuade him from this ambition, but it was not long before he announced that he thought he could do the world more good by becoming an agriculturist than by being a prize fighter. No one will ever forget the evening he gave his commencement oration as valedictorian of his class, taking for his subject, "A Changed Ideal." And no poor boy from the country ever had a more distinguished audience, for on the platform that evening were seated both former President Taft and Andrew Carnegie.

"Those of us who have any responsibility of leadership whatever must make sure that we keep a broad outlook," said Dr. Gregg, the principal of Hampton. "We must make sure that we overestimate neither the intellectual nor the practical side of school training; that we do all in our power to develop the creative personality of the individual without losing sight of his social adjustment to surroundings; that we make all the education which we impart or help to impart truly, 'education for life.'

"Only thus can our colored schools fulfill their duty to the Negro race, to the South, to the nation, and to the Kingdom of God."

It was noon when the writer left Hampton. The chimes in the great tower of the memorial church had just rung out, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow," as they have done each noon and evening for many years. Across the parade ground came the tramp of feet, the regiment of Hampton men in review, a new race of Booker Washingtons and Robert Motons in the making. The writer recalled that these were only a part. Ten thousand other sons and daughters of Hampton were proclaiming a gospel of usefulness in their own communities.







Right—Clarke Hall, the Hampton Institute Y. M. C. A. building, is a $30,000 two-story brick structure that was built by Hampton students. Oval—Hampton Institute students receive practical experience with agriculture. Every student in the school is paid for the work he does.

Students at Hampton Institute receive practical instruction in almost any trade they elect to follow. Here a group is at work on a building.

How a City Was Put on a Business Basis

Concluded from page 11

to begin a survey of this hydro-electric power project; the city filed on power sites in the Silver Creek territory, and men are now in the field making the preliminary surveys.

Funds also were found from the 1921 income to bring the filtration plant of the city water supply up-to-date, and the virtual rebuilding of this plant is now practically completed. On this, also, considerable money was saved to the city through a check established on the work by Bottorff, who supervised all expenditures and purchases, checked work on all contracts, and established an ironclad rule that every penny put into the work had to be approved by him as city controller. The story of the losses and waste in this one comparatively small part of the city's work alone would fill a good-sized book.

In the spare time they had from their various jobs, Seavey, with the aid of Bottorff, undertook to collect a number of claims owing to the city for years, which previous administrations, for various reasons, some of them political, had failed to collect; many of them on which no attempt at collection had been made. Since 1913, the California State Reclamation Board, and the Federal Government, had owed the city of Sacramento $200,000 for construction of the Bryte by-pass, which was paid for by the city. Bottorff collected the state's share of this debt, and the Federal money is to be paid early in 1922. Sprinkling cases against the street car companies, which had been hanging fire for years, were settled.

The next step was a survey of all cities in California to determine whether the revenues of Sacramento were proportionately what they should be. This work was undertaken and carried through by Controller Bottorff and his staff. Comparison of the charges in each class of business in every city in the state was made. This was a huge task, which required considerable time, but it was completed in the first three months of the city manager operation of Sacramento. As a result it was determined that a comprehensive ordinance regulating businesses, and prescribing adequate license taxes on these businesses, must be drawn. This business tax ordinance was put into effect October 1, 1921, and is bringing from $50,000 to $70,000 annually into the city coffers.

In connection with this, activities along inspection lines were increased, and, because this business tax revenue provides funds for such inspection service, the individual business no longer will be operated in Sacramento at the expense of the public in general. Incidentally, fortune-tellers, hypnotists, mesmerists and other similar performers were put out of business by this ordinance. Law enforcement has been increased.

All departments collecting revenues have been put on a self-supporting basis by the passage of ordinances slightly increasing permit fees. Municipal garbage collection was brought about, and put into effect October 1, with every prospect that it will become self-supporting. The city also took over the contracts of a company for the collection of waste paper and is now collecting and selling to the mills an average of six tons of paper a day, which returns a profit to the city above the cost of collection. A new survey in the assessment department is being carried on, to make a further reduction in assessments, one reduction of 15 per cent having been made since July 1, 1921. This will be completed early this year. Accounts of the city have been placed on the accrued basis, and, though the new form of government had to complete the last half of 1921 on only 40 per cent of the annual revenues, it closed the half-year with a small surplus. A survey of the condition of the city's streets also was made during the last half of 1921, and a city-wide system of simultaneous repair work was begun, the idea being to permit no street to deteriorate at all from the condition in which it is received from the contractors. Despite the reduction in forces, the city engineering department has found abundant time—through greater efficiency—to carry on this work.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Silver dollars at the rate of 200,000 a day are being coined at the United States mint at San Francisco.

Huskies, the half-wolf, half-dog animals used as sled dogs in the Far North, are now selling at $100 each and up, in Northern Canada, and first-class animals are hard to get at any price. Good breeding stock is at a premium and a single one costs several hundred dollars, or as much as a good horse in the States.

A nine-passenger airplane is to be used by Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, in his attempt to drift past the North Pole with the Arctic ice pack. The plane will be used in scientific expeditions, while on the trip.

Girls in the Fargo, North Dakota, high school have been instructed to wear graduation dresses at least four inches below the knee this year.

Anthrax germs in wool, still in bales, can be killed by an electric ray which produces a wave capable of destroying tetanus germs in 60 seconds, cholera germs in 15 seconds and bacillus coli instantaneously.

Defective sight among 100,000 persons in the United States could have been prevented in half the cases, according to the field secretary of the National Committee for Prevention of Blindness.

Lloyd George warned against excessive ambition when he said, "the mountain of fame has great responsibility, the higher you climb, the colder and lonelier it becomes; you are exposed to every attack of the elements, also it is necessary to deny yourself the comforts of peaceful home life."

New nitrate beds, 11 feet below the surface and containing 20 to 40 per cent of nitrate, have been discovered in Chile. The deposit covers a district of 2,000 square kilometers.

Street cars in Paris may be eliminated because they cause traffic jams. Committees are considering the financial problem involved in supplanting the trolley cars with motor buses.

A company has been incorporated to provide rigid airship service within America and later to link America with the rest of the world by aerial routes. The first dirigibles will be built in Germany. It is expected that service between New York and Chicago will be established before the end of 1923 with two ships, each designed to carry 100 passengers and 30 tons of express and mail matter. Helium gas and a substitute for gasoline will be used.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Special prizes are to be offered at the International Livestock Exposition for the champion girls canning club team in the United States. Contests will be held at Springfield, Massachusetts; Sioux City, Iowa; Atlanta, Georgia; Portland, Oregon, and Pueblo, Colorado.

Austria's drink bill for 1921 amounted to about $6,220,000,000, according to an official statement issued recently. This is equal to the total currency circulation and is three times the national coal bill.

It costs $16,000,000 a year to clean the streets of New York City.

Extracting gold from the air is being attempted by the government at the New York assay office. Tests are being carried on by which the smoke, air and dust, which escape from the molten gold and carry away minute particles of the metal, can be refined so that none of the gold is lost.

Camille Saint Saens willed all his music and manuscripts to the library of the Conservatory of Paris. To the Louvre, he left a bust by Paul Dubois, which was the sensation of the 1901 salon, and a portrait by Benjamin Constant.

Of the native-born Americans 22 per cent do not reside in their native states.

To obtain uniformity in time with Belgium and France, "Summer time" in Great Britain began March 26 and will end October 8, according to an order issued recently.

Because of the scarcity of hickory, golf clubs are now being made of tampinis, a species of tree growing in the Malay states. The supply is practically unlimited and if tests prove it to be satisfactory, the wood will supplant entirely the hickory clubs in the British Isles.

London has a dog ambulance. A motorcycle with a sidecar is padded with straw and blankets, in which the animal is placed. The ambulance is ready at all times of day or night and may be called by telephone. A veterinary accompanies the ambulance. If the case is hopeless, he kills the dog. If the case is curable, the dog is rushed to the operating table of the hospital.

There are now more than 700,000 radio receiving outfits in the United States. Nine months ago there were fewer than 50,000.

The ossiphone, the invention of an Englishman, is an instrument by means of which deaf persons, whose nerves of hearing are unimpaired, may hear through the medium of the bony structure. The ossiphone is not effectual in all cases but in certain instances it is efficient where other apparatus is useless.

The magnitude of the insurance business in the United States is almost beyond comprehension. An authority says there are 2,368 companies including mutual associations, and 583 fraternals doing business of which there are 823 life, 1,481 fire, 338 casualty, and more than 1,700 county farm fire organizations. Altogether there are more than 6,000 different organizations furnishing insurance. Licensed agents make an army of 604,591 individuals, not including solicitors of large agencies who are not listed.

A new machine digs a ditch 12 feet wide on top and seven feet deep, while crawling steadily ahead like a prehistoric monster. A revolving wheel scoops out the earth and a conveyor belt carries it 20 feet to the side to deposit. With a crew of five men the machine can drive a ditch ahead a quarter of a mile each working day.

A new leather grease, cheaper than animal fats, is made from mineral oils.

Canada has settled 27,000 Canadian ex-soldiers on farm land and has lent $85,000,000 to these men. The full purchase price of the land and up to $3,000 for buildings, equipment and stock has been advanced to each. Only seven per cent of the men thus aided have abandoned their property and last year's crops from soldier lands were valued at $15,000,000.

Automobile-making ranks first among the industries of Italy.

The largest sailing ship afloat is under the French flag, commanded by a Breton captain. The liner, *La France*, is a steel boat 418 feet long, and 5,633 tons burden. It is a five-master, hoists 30 sails, carries a crew of 54 and its best fair weather run is 322 knots.

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U. S.—Biggest Interest Payer in the World

Rate of Interest Payment Equal to Daily Cost of War at Its Highest Point

By TOLBERT R. INGRAM

INTEREST—premium paid for the use of money—is a word with which every American schoolboy is familiar. But the history and romance, the trials and tribulations, and the joys and sorrows wrapped up within its meaning are less generally known.

Interest results from the borrowing or lending of money upon pledges for profit. Money placed out on interest knows no eight-hour law, holidays or summer vacations. Interest may become a willing slave or an onerous task master. It plays with fate and holds the destinies of industries and governments within its grasp.

Money was used at one time in the world's history solely as a medium for facilitating the exchange of commodities. When the charging of a premium for its use was inaugurated, its character began to change until it in turn became a commodity and now it is quoted on the financial pages of the newspapers alongside the market on eggs and butter. When men are badly in need of it they will pay a larger premium for its use or when there is plenty of it available, the premium becomes smaller and, like other commodities, its price becomes governed by the law of supply and demand.

The borrowing and lending of money for profit was at one time in the world's history looked upon as a rather degrading custom and as far as the needs of the poor were concerned, was forbidden. The laws of Moses did not contemplate any raising of loans for the purpose of obtaining capital. Such persons as bankers and sureties, in the commercial sense, were unknown to the earlier ages of the Hebrew commonwealth. The law strictly forbade any interest to be taken on a loan to a poor person. Not only was no usury on any pretense to be exacted, but relief for the poor by way of loans was enjoined and excuses for evading this duty were forbidden.

The feeling of antipathy toward the practice of usury and also of suretyship began to give way, however, as commerce increased. Expeditions to the Orient and to Africa required large cash outlays. The owner of capital began to take pledges for his money and charge interest—leaving the risks and the profits to the other party to the agreements.

There Is No Armistice in This War

PUTTING money to work for the stipulated price proved profitable and the business has grown by leaps and bounds. The discovery of America opened a great field. Here was a virgin country rich in natural resources awaiting development. Railroads, highways, mills and factories, mines, smelters and kindred enterprises all awaited the coming of capital and capital found it a profitable field at high interest rates. The result is the wonderful expansion of industry and commerce in America during the past few centuries, *along with which came the greatest interest-paying nation on earth.*

It would be interesting to know just how much it costs the American people to pay the premiums on the money they borrow. We know the totals are enormous. There is no doubt but that the interest payments at least equal $1,000,000 an hour for every hour in the day and every day in the year but how much above that amount is merely a surmise. When the war was costing the United States $24,000,000 a day, the people accepted it as a matter of course and bought Liberty bonds in amounts up in the billions. The money was used to end the war. The people could see armistice day in the near future, when the conflict would terminate and the expenditures decrease. But the payment of interest goes on and on *at a rate equal to the cost of the war* at its most expensive period. And with interest there is no armistice day in sight.

We have become so accustomed to receiving or paying interest that we cannot realize the growth of the practice. It is like the child who grows from day to day under the eyes of his parents until in the course of time he becomes taller and larger than his daddy before they realize he is no longer their baby boy.

The United States Government, probably *the largest single borrower of money in America,* makes the largest interest payments for the use of this money. At the end of 1921 the public debt of the government was $23,438,984,351. It costs Uncle Sam a tidy sum of money to pay the premium for the use of this money. For the fiscal year of 1921 the amount actually paid out in interest on the public debt was $999,144,731.35 and General Dawes, budget director, estimates that it will take at least $975,000,000 in 1922 and a similar amount in 1923.

The war made us so familiar with large figures that it is difficult to realize what $999,144,731.35 means. There are 525,600 minutes in a year. If the government paid out $1,900 every minute in each hour, 24 hours a day, every day in the year, it would be within a million dollars of having accomplished the payment of its interest when the last minute of the year expired.

Another way to visualize the amount is to recall that the largest private loan ever floated in the United States was the Anglo-French loan in 1915 for $500,000,000, or just about half the amount this government paid out in interest charges last year.

There is another class of loans which call for interest payments just about double the amount paid out by the government. These are the loans and discounts of the banks of the country. A composite statement of the national, state and private banks and trust companies of the United States, comprising 30,100 institutions, as of June, 1920, shows total loans and discounts of $31,256,147,000. These are the loans made by the banks to their customers and are mostly secured by real estate and farm mortgages, or collateral of one kind or another. Estimating the average interest rate at six per cent, it means that the people of the country must go up to the bank counters and pay $1,875,368,820 a year for the privilege of using the money which the depositors have left with the banks.

These two items are only a small part of the enormous sums passed from hand to hand each year as premium on borrowed money.

Two hundred and twenty-seven cities of 30,000 or more population had a funded indebtedness at the end of 1919 of $3,455,580,993 and the interest on this money paid by these cities in 1919 was $156,630,209. Inasmuch as most of the towns of the country under 30,000 population have funded debts, the amount mentioned above would be greatly increased if this information was available. How far short the figures are from the real totals may be surmised when Dr. Edwin R. A. Seligman, professor of political economy of Columbia University, estimates the amount of tax-exempt securities outstanding in this country at $30,000,000,000. Of this amount, he says $10,000,000,000 is composed of municipal, county, state and school bonds and notes. They are exempt from taxes, but they give no exemption of interest.

The funded debt of the 48 states of the Union at the end of 1919 was $625,098,881 and the interest paid during that year for the use of this money was $24,079,806. The funded debt of the counties within these states at the end of 1919 was $332,236,161 and the interest payments during the year amounted to $17,417,593.

The railroads of the country are borrowers of vast sums of money. The funded debt of the Class A railroads, those with a gross income of $1,000,000 a year, or more, was $10,015,273,670 on December 31, 1920. Estimating the average rate of interest at four and one-half per cent, these loans call for annual interest payments aggregating $450,687,315. The Class B railroads will add approximately $1,800,000,000 in funded debt and $81,000,000 a year in interest charges.

The Federal Land bank had $434,534,775 in bonds outstanding on December 31, 1921, which call for the payment of around $19,554,064 in interest each year.

A total of 6,542 companies operating central electric light and power stations in the United States had a funded indebtedness on December 31, 1917, of $1,297,319,859 and the interest payments for that year amounted to $58,379,393.

One thousand three hundred and seven electric railways on the same date had funded debts amounting to $3,050,179,272 which call for annual interest payments aggregating $126,654,327.

Two thousand and two hundred telephone systems had funded debts of $503,558,971 on December 31, 1917, on which the annual interest amounts to $26,868,861.

The census bureau places the farm mortgage debt of the country in 1920 at $4,012,711,213 and the average interest rate at 6.1 per cent which means that the farmers have to pay $244,775,383 in interest on their indebtedness each year.

Interest earned in 1920 by 62 life insurance companies amounted to $307,954,928. This indicates the face value of the loans to be around $6,159,098,560.

Interest earned by 218 fire insurance companies the same year was $59,069,470.

The figures already given show that the people and corporations of this country are in debt for borrowed money to a minimum amount of $87,562,133,106 and that they are paying for the use of this money approximately $4,447,584,930 a year. In order to appreciate the size of this amount of money let us point out that it would take 77 per cent of all the gold and silver coins, Federal reserve and national bank notes, treasury notes and moneys of all kinds and descriptions in circulation in the United States on June 30, 1921, to pay the interest on the debts enumerated for only one year.

$38,880,000 a Day Post-war Interest

IF THE total annual interest requirements were known it would be found that there is not enough money in circulation in this country to pay the interest on our debts for a single year.

But the totals given above reveal only in part the annual interest requirements of the country. The manufacturing industry, the gas and waterworks utility companies, buyers of city homes on contracts, the towns of less than 30,000 population, individual borrowers from individuals, investments of benevolent and fraternal organizations and numerous other classes of borrowers and lenders are not included. For example, the census credits the country with 289,768 manufacturers in 1919 with a capital of $44,678,911,000 but no estimate is made of the amount of this capital which is borrowed money.

If we step outside the realm of the United States for a moment and consider the world situation, the figures for this country will assume an unimportant aspect in comparison. The post-war debts of the nations of the earth are placed at $354,181,523,786. At an average interest rate of four per cent, these debts call for annual payments of $14,167,260,948 in premiums on the borrowed money or $38,880,000 a day. They are not all, however, being paid for the reason that some of these nations are financially unable to meet the obligation.

The figures above given have applied only to the annual interest payments. These do not convey any indication of *the ultimate cost of these loans.* Some of the railroad companies, for instance, have bond issues outstanding representing money they have borrowed which do not mature until one hundred years after they were issued.

One railroad borrowed $211,582,500 on long-time bonds for which it agrees to pay four per cent annually. The interest at maturity for these loans will aggregate $817,525,000, or almost $400 for every $100 borrowed on top of which the company must pay back the principal.

This is not an isolated case for a compilation of 12 leading railroads show they *borrowed $1,636,101,130* with no sinking fund or callable features *for which they agree to pay $5,949,245,017 in interest in addition to repaying the principal.*

It is a saying in some quarters that railroad bonds are never paid at maturity but are refunded with a new issue of bonds. Under this method interest is still being paid on money borrowed when our fathers were young men and which will not mature until our children are old men. It is almost certain in some instances, if not many, that the rails, ties and equipment which were purchased with this borrowed money will have been entirely worn out and replaced two and three times and not so much as an original spike left when the debt is paid.

The statistics all show that the borrowing and lending of money is steadily increasing. New capital issues, consisting of bonds, notes and stock, amounted to $2,634,869,000 in 1921. The total for the past 10 years amounted to $20,590,020,000 exclusive of war and government loans. The need for additional borrowed capital was indicated at a hearing of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives at Washington on January 16, 1922, when Philip H. Gadsden, chairman of the joint tax committee of several public utility associations, estimated the annual needs of the public utilities at $750,000,000, the telephone and telegraph companies at $100,000,000 and the steam railroads at $1,000,000,000, or a total of $1,850,000,000 of new capital per year. This is exclusive of $6,000,000,000 which railroads, according to their officials, need at once for rehabilitation and also of the needs of manufacturers, mercantile industry and municipalities. The growth of debts is emphasized by census statistics which show that interest payments of 146 cities increased 182.7 per cent between 1903 and 1919.

A New World Condition—Can It Be Met?

AN INTEREST charge is a fixed charge and its lack of flexibility makes it impossible to adjust it to constantly changing business conditions. A corporation may be earning several times its interest charges when a new bond issue is floated only to find that during a business depression the non-flexible charge becomes a burden which it cannot sustain and bankruptcy is the result.

The question as to where the custom will lead us if it is not stopped, or at least, abridged, may be considered as a serious one. The annual interest charges are steadily increasing and there is nothing to indicate that any change may be expected in the near future. In fact, the demand for loans at this time probably is greater than at any time in the past. This steady increase carried over a considerable period of years can only lead to increased cost of living, greater efforts to meet the greater expense and a division of the people into two classes—those who pay the interest and those who clip the interest coupons. We may well consider whether the growth of the custom will not in time compel us to face the question of whether civilization can endure the strain.

This brings up the question whether men in previous ages foresaw and forestalled conditions similar to those in which we find ourselves. The ancient Hebrew commonwealth effectually met this condition every seven years for individuals, and every 50 years for large groups.

Each seven years the Hebrew commonwealth had a Year of Release in which all money debts were forgiven or outlawed. Every fifty years came the Year of Jubilee when lands lost through taxes or trade were returned to the family of the original owner. The Year of Jubilee restored equality to the people and prevented one entire class from becoming the slaves of another class. The whole national slate was cleaned, and a new start was insured to everyone. They considered forgiveness better than revolution. Many people are today becoming enslaved from debt and if the custom continues to grow we are certain to have two classes—the debt-paying slave and his master, the debt collector.

The heads of the European governments seem to be scenting something of the nature of a Year of Jubilee even though they have not yet struck the trail which leads to the quarry . . . .

Picture the country awakening on the morning of the beginning of the Year of Jubilee. Within the year all people must pay their debts and if they are unable to do so, their debts will be forgiven. All outstanding accounts will be balanced. The nation goes upon a cash basis. Men will possess the money that is owing them. The slate will be cleaned. Ample capital through the recovery of principal will be available for the country's needs and a new era of development will be ushered in. Investments can be made with greater safety because there will be no prior debts to endanger the security. The saving in interest charges will be simply enormous and failures will decrease in proportion. Men formerly burdened with debt almost to the point of slavery will lift up their heads and look the world in the face. We will have applied the brakes to a custom which is threatening the foundations of civilization. No man will be deprived of his true wealth but only the usury which he has been receiving for allowing the other man to employ that wealth in behalf of his fellow man.

Woman Physician as Mayor Is Curing City

Her Honor, of Fairport, Ohio, Wins Fame Battling Lawlessness

MAYOR KAUKONEN CONDUCTS LIQUOR RAID

WHEN arrogant lawlessness is in the saddle, and the law-abiding citizen keeps out of sight, it is time for the exercise of a strong hand in government.

So thought the electorate of Fairport, Ohio, last autumn. Whereupon the men and women went to the polls and selected as mayor, Dr. Amy A. Kaukonen, a slight, comely girl of 22 years.

Her election was a mandate for strong-arm suppression of the unrestrained violation of the prohibition laws.

Fairport is a picturesque lake port, 30 miles east of Cleveland. It has only 9,000 inhabitants but, prior to last November, it had won a place in the front rank of the municipalities in which open violation of the law is viewed with approval. In the Pullman smoker and the club car, Fairport's name had prominent place in the conversations devoted to the location of the lawless haunts from coast to coast.

In Fairport itself, there was a sort of blatant pride in the openness of the law violation. Citizens bragged of the success of their stills, and their recipes for brewing beer. An undertaker, grimly humorous over a dual occupation of bootlegging and burying, fitted out one of his caskets with a spigot and held a long, gleeful and profitable wake over the demise of John Barleycorn.

A long debauch disgusts even those who participate in it.

And when Fairport awoke one morning to learn that one of its police officers, crazed by drugged moonshine whisky, had run amuck in a bootleggers' resort, and shot to death another policeman, the little city decided it was time to put on the brakes.

Fairport cannot yet understand just by what trick of fate it happened to choose a 22-year-old girl for its mayor. A girl mayor is a novelty any place. But a girl mayor who has never been a suffragist, never taken part in politics, never made a single street corner speech, but has played the piano, romped with her Airedale, "Pat," shopped for intensely feminine clothes, worn her blond hair in the latest coiffure, sung in the choir on Sundays and danced during the week, is a novelty of the most extreme degree.

Dr. Kaukonen was born in Elyria, Ohio. During her school days she was considered an unusually talented pupil. At Conneaut, she won the high school scholarship which enabled her to enter the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, where she again led her class, graduating as the institution's youngest pupil.

About a year ago she hung out her shingle as a physician in Fairport, specializing in children's diseases.

As a physician she naturally came frequently in contact with the effects of the traffic in poisonous alcohol. But she took no part in the political consideration of the subject and it was an unmitigated surprise to her when a committee called on her and asked her to run for mayor on a reform ticket. She laughed at the request and would not accept the proffered nomination despite the seriousness of their insistence. They would take no refusal and left only when she promised to think it over.

Then Dr. Kaukonen says she promptly put the matter out of her mind.

Dr. Kaukonen was called professionally when the bootlegging tragedy which resulted in a police officer's death occurred. This event determined her entrance into the campaign for mayor.

The campaign was a warm one. But the citizens, even the most confirmed liquor addicts, were aroused to the danger of the continued supremacy of bootleggism. Dr. Kaukonen had announced her intention relentlessly to fight the prohibition violators. Women took the lead in her campaign, but men joined them in the fight, and husbands and wives went to the polls together on election morning and Dr. Kaukonen received the largest majority ever given a Fairport mayorality candidate.

Dr. Kaukonen's induction into office was characterized by a new funeral at the bootlegger undertaker's place. This time it was a watery one. The new mayor solemnly marched six of the town's huskiest officers to the undertaker's establishment, seized the basket-saloon, hoisted it on a truck, and, with the town band playing the "Prohibition Blues," marched down the main thoroughfare and dumped the liquor into Lake Erie.

There was something spectacular about this first raid by the new mayor, and there has been something spectacular about subsequent ones which she has led in person. Spectacular raids always draw the criticism of those persons who insist that government must be ultra-dignified. Regardless of the justice of this criticism it must be admitted by the critics themselves that the new mayor's tactics have carried out the town's desires.

Gambling and bootlegging have been made hazards instead of recognized vocations. Mayor Kaukonen's raids, whether they have utterly eliminated liquor, have made it a subject to be discussed in whispers rather than in loud tones.

The new mayor's law-enforcement program has met the usual obstacles, legal and human. She has been forced to call to her assistance the state prohibition authorities and to arm them with technically correct search warrants. But the clean-up program has gone forward steadily. Dr. Kaukonen has planned and directed each raid. The battle for law observance has been characterized by sensational incidents. At one place as the raiding party was entering a shot was heard; a man dashed out; Mayor Kaukonen braced herself and captured him. One woman attempted to destroy the evidence of her husband's business by pouring raisin whisky into the sink. Dr. Kaukonen quickly seized a piece of bread from a table near by, stopped the drain with it, and enabled the officers to obtain enough of the liquor for analysis.

Federal prohibition officers and law enforcement league officials somehow got the idea that the Kaukonen administration would need instruction in how to enforce the law. So representatives went to Fairport to instruct. When they got there, she took personal charge and gave her instructors a valuable education in the course of a raid that included 11 speak-easies. The biggest raid of her campaign took place about a month after she took office, 10 stills, 1,000 gallons of mash and 25 barrels of whisky being seized.

Although Dr. Kaukonen conducts her crusades earnestly, she entertains no illusions of the immediate destruction of the liquor traffic.

"Do you believe bootlegging will be completely wiped out?" someone asked her.

"Bootlegging," she replied, "is a long and lingering disease. When you think it is done for, it is the most dangerous. Many men who appear to be the most ardent prohibitionists are the most ardent seekers for cases of whisky.

"As a matter of fact, the bootleggers do more than the enforcement officers to make prohibition prohibitive. They make drinking a hazardous avocation with poisonous drinks. The drinking public has little faith any longer in the truthfulness of labels. There are a few drinking men who will risk anything for the 'kick' but most men nowadays are wary of drinks they are not able to identify definitely."

It has been in connection with her war on prohibition violators that Dr. Kaukonen has been most active as chief executive. But her own attractive personality, her youth, and the novelty of her incumbency of the mayorality office all combine in the arousing of the intense interest that has been taken in her.

11 HOUSES SEARCHED; ARREST 3

Woman Official Had Worked Many Weeks For Evidence, State Agents Aid.

Three arrests and a quantity of confiscated intoxicating liquors were the result of a raid on eleven Fairport homes staged Tuesday, at noon by Fairport officials and state prohibition authorities from Cleveland under the leadership of Mayor Amy Kaukonen. The men arrested in the raids were Harry Kugan, Alex Kuhosko and [illegible] Kobach.

[illegible] home three 5-gallon kegs of [illegible] one ten-gallon jug of [illegible]



Her Honor, the Mayor of Fairport, Ohio.



After a successful raid by Fairport's fair mayor.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. G. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 27, April 29, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

The New Federal Judgeship

THE evil of the omnibus legislative act has assailed the American judiciary, after that branch of the government had enjoyed 120 years of freedom from the pork-barrel and pie measures with which Congressmen have been inclined to please their constituents.

By a vote of 44 to 21 the Senate passed the amended House bill providing for the creation of 22 additional Federal judgeships. The majority coincided with the number of Senators whose states were given additional courts. Unprecedented log-rolling accompanied the passage of the measure. An amendment giving a judgeship to New Mexico was first defeated, then passed. The two Senators from New Mexico voted for the final passage.

Party lines were broken in the vote but patronage lines remained solid.

Bills creating single judgeships to accord with the pressure of work had been passed the Senate on several occasions during the last few years, and allowed to die in the House of Representatives. The House this year collated these bills, added a few more courts for good measure, and sent the omnibus bill to the Senate approved. The Upper House with a few additions accepted the bill.

During the closing hours of John Adams' Administration, the President was busy signing commissions for judgeships, created in just the same carry-all legislative way that the new ones were authorized. Such was the public indignation over the proceeding, then, that the first Congress under Jefferson declined to appropriate salaries for the new courts, and the judgeships perished.

Rivers and harbors bills and private pension bills were for years the chief reliance of Congressmen eager to sugar their constituents with "pap." It is unfortunate that the lull in such appropriations should be broken by the wholesale manufacture of judgeships.

Keep It American

SERIOUS fear is expressed among the lyceum and chautauqua workers over the danger of an invasion of their province by a host of actors driven from the stage by the effects of financial depression upon the theater business. New York theatrical agencies advertised during the winter months for hundreds of actors for chautauqua work.

The chautauqua in the summer and the lyceums in winter have occupied important places in American intellectual development. The lyceums grew up in the middle portion of the last century, when the opportunities for educational treats were rare, and through them were afforded the rare glimpses which a great portion of the public obtained of famous national figures. In a great measure the influence of the institution has waned because of the vast quantities of entertainment which are produced for the benefit of the pleasure-seekers of the larger cities. But in the smaller cities the chautauqua and the lyceum are still factors, and despite the growing tendencies toward professionalism, they are elevating ones.

Lecturers with real information to impart, concert companies, Shakespearean players, magicians of the higher class, and others whose entertainment has been instructive, have been billed on these circuits.

Now comes the threat of invasion of a horde of mediocre actors, of the class which has robbed the American stage of its high rank. These new elements are well equipped in technique for their assault on the platform. They know the value of entrances, they understand lighting effects, and they can pose to best advantage. The average lecturer is amateurish. He stumbles on and off. He drinks from the water pitcher at the wrong time. Frequently his ability, through stage presence, to attract close attention is no greater than that of the flapping tent, the bare lecture room wall, or the crying baby on the front seat.

The lyceum bureau and chautauqua folk have had to rely on the sheer value of what they said or did. The invaders hope to displace them through the smoothness of their surface methods.

It is an important duty that devolves on the persons in each town who select the lyceum and chautauqua courses to be arranged. They must scan with increasing care the list of numbers offered to make sure that the course they select is not dis-Americanized.

The Degree Mill

THE American University Union in London wants Congress to do something to prevent ambitious English men and women from being mulcted by the get-learning-quick colleges and universities in the United States.

The following is typical of advertisements which are being inserted in religious and secular press in the British Isles:

> "Degrees and how to obtain them: B. D., D. D.; of Oxford, Cambridge and also American colleges; thorough preparation."

Interested parties replying to the advertisements were supplied with the information that Oxford and Cambridge degrees required at least four years' residence, while some of the nicest degrees in the world could be obtained by remitting $25 in American money, to the college advertising.

Whereupon there has been an alarming increase in American learning, documentarily proved. Not only has the degree mill operated in five different American institutions of learning been turning out the stereotyped degrees, but a few new ones have been invented to suit the tastes of the particular applicants. One, D. Ph., intended to represent Doctor of Psychology, has been especially pleasing to such persons as were willing to be mistaken for Ph. D's.

The American University Union believes that Congress should protect the gullible buyers of degrees in England. There is something to be said for that contention, but protection begins at home. How about a little protection for those rich unfortunates who have spent huge sums in England for impressive coats of arms or blue-blooded lineage! The English buyers of American degrees have doubtless had $25 worth of blissful preening, while it would have to be a remarkable pedigree which would maintain eminence for even a few generations.

Needs Explanation

OFFICIAL reports of production and consumption of petroleum indicate an excess of production that is startlingly consistent, and in the face of which the continued high price of petroleum products seems in need of a candid, truthful explanation.

Practically quoting the report, an analysis of complete official statistics for January, 1922, shows there was an excess of domestic production and imports over consumption, including exports, amounting to *21,285,343 barrels,* or at the rate of more than 250,000,000 barrels annually. *In January, 1921, the excess was 7,812,405 barrels, and in December of 14,087,539 barrels.*

Oil is a natural resource and its products enter into the economic life of every man, woman and child. Its delivery for use, in any of its forms, at the lowest possible price is a duty devolving upon all engaged in the industry. Its conservation is also a duty owed by this generation to those that follow. Yet the industry is practically a monopoly, and appearances indicate undue profits somewhere.

To fill out the column in which this information was found in a leading oil journal is a significant one-line paragraph:

"Oppose indiscriminate price cutting."

The Public Should Be Told

TO THOSE who wonder why it is the public never has been informed of the amount paid mine owners and charged to production cost, it may be of interest to know that an injunction, granted two years ago by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, at the instance of the Maynard Coal Company, restrains the Federal Trade Commission from making an investigation that would be a disclosure on that point. Why the decision has not been reviewed is not announced. It is possible that the operators, who are now generally blamed for the trouble, will tire of being the "goat" and divulge the real profiteers—the mine owners—who neither make, mine nor market coal, yet absorb the greater part of the profit of all three operations.

Buying Loyalty?

WITH the blare of trumpets, announcement is made in New York City of a convert from the ranks of anarchy to the cause of organized government in the person of Dr. Max Cohen, formerly secretary of the Left Wing of the Communist party.

In 1919, Dr. Cohen, known as the "master anarchist," was indicted under the New York state laws for criminal anarchy. Jointly charged with him were: James Larkin, Irish agitator; I. E. Ferguson, a Chicago attorney; Charles E. Ruthenberg and Benjamin Gitlow, former Socialist assemblyman.

Larkin, Ferguson, Ruthenberg and Gitlow faced the music, were tried and sentenced to prison for from 5 to 10 years. Dr. Cohen, the dominating figure of the group, deserted his comrades and fled. For three years he was a fugitive.

Some days ago in company with his lawyer, Samuel Ecker, he walked into the office of the New York district attorney, Joab Banton, and surrendered. He was taken without delay into the court presided over by Justice Isidor Wasservogel and there pleaded guilty to the charge of having advocated principles which had for their aim the overthrow of the government. Then solemnly he renounced his anarchistic beliefs and promised to be a good citizen.

Justice Wasservogel thereupon placed him on probation and suspended sentence for five years.

Organized government receives the lip service loyalty of Dr. Cohen, but we wonder whether the anarchism of Messrs. Larkin, Ferguson, and the others behind the bars of Sing Sing, is not somewhat greater. And we wonder whether Dr. Cohen smiled or laughed when he pledged his allegiance to a democracy which believes in equal rights to all and rests its hope on an unbiased judiciary.

Winston Churchill's Humor

SINCE Nebuchadnezzar went to grass, there probably has not been a better joke in Babylon than the remarks of Winston Churchill, British colonial secretary, regarding the erection of a great democracy in Mesopotamia, traditional site of the Garden of Eden and center of the culture of the great empires of Babylon, Assyria and Persia.

The protests of the long-suffering taxpayers over the expenditure of one hundred and twenty-five million pounds in Mesopotamia had finally merited government answer, and Mr. Churchill attempted to explain in Parliament. The colonial secretary promised that appropriations would be cut next year to eight million pounds through the setting up of the independent Arab kingdom of Irak under Britain's friend, King Feisal. Further economies were to be expected, Mr. Churchill indicated, through the innate profit-making powers of democratic institutions. He went on to explain the advance of democracy. Parliamentary record reports as follows:

> The municipal elections, an essential preliminary to the elections for the national assembly, were nearly concluded, and it was interesting to note that they had resulted in the return of moderate men in sympathy with the policy of His Majesty's Government. (Laughter.) In many cases the Emirs appointed by the British Government were elected. (Renewed laughter.)

Well, What Can You Expect?

GOOD taste would have prevented the chairman of the United States Shipping Board making an announcement publicly that it had been decided to change the name of the liner Leviathan to Warren G. Harding.

There is no objection in general to the naming of government vessels after the presidents. But there is sound specific objection against attempting to perpetuate the names of living statesmen through the operation of agencies which they control. It is true this rule has been violated, but the breaches afford no answer to the reasoning.

President Harding is known to the American people as a modest man. He comes of a stock whose natural impulse is retiring. The desire to be seen of men is undoubtedly as foreign to him as it is foreign to Americans in general. Sycophancy must be repellent to him, and he must recoil from the idea of having a great ship named after him by Shipping Board members who derived jobs and christening powers from him.

There is additional reason why the Leviathan should not be renamed. It was the vessel on which the largest number of American soldiers was carried overseas during the World War. Sentiment, if nothing else, should dictate the retention of that name.

The chairman of the Shipping Board is a Mr. Lasker, an advertising agent.

Mr. Ford's Page

RECENTLY a person was found who thought that "materialism" meant having something to do with materials or matter. This person was fully convinced that "materialism" was to be utterly condemned; all the literature which he read upon the subject had his assent; all the people who joined in condemning "materialism" seemed such nice people. He developed a horror of smokestacks and of factories and business places in general; presently he developed a horror of working people and business people in general. He affected to regard books and pictures and music and soft manners as the real products of life.

It is very likely that many people agree with the cry against "materialism" because they think it is a protest against smoke and grime and the general dustiness of labor. These interfere with their landscape. They think that the protest against "materialism" means that the workaday world will some day be wiped off.

It is time that this impression was being corrected among our young people. If they are being encouraged to believe that by simply twiddling their fingers and indulging in the shop-talk of the library and the studio they are helping to lift the world to a higher plane, someone should step in and correct that state of affairs.

They need to be shown the difference between bondage to materials and the mastery of materials. Matter is at the very foundation of our life here. Everything we can touch or use is at bottom dirt—plain dirt of the earth. White linen is dirt; luscious fruit is dirt; gold is a form of dirt; the canvas that holds the masterpiece is dirt; wood is dirt; the dainty flesh of the babe and the wrinkled body of old age are all creations out of the soil of the earth, and all shall crumble back to dust again.

So there is not the slightest reason for us to be uppish about a substance which is essential to our life on this planet. "Materialism" is an affair of mind, not of matter. The grossest "materialism" has existed side by side with the utmost poverty of materials.

Take the primitive races, for example: how little control they have over matter: a coarse fabric, clay vessel for domestic use, crude military and agricultural weapons—the utmost poverty of materials existing alongside the most sordid "materialism," that is, material-mindedness. The people who think most about the material are the people who have least of it. The solution of the problem of "materialism" is to make the conquest of matter so thorough and its benefits so widespread, that material supply will be as certain as the air or water supply is.

THE so-called "materialism" of the age is caused mostly by a lack of materials, not by a deluge of them. When people are sure of enough of what they need, they cease to think about it; it is the uncertainty that chains their minds to the one point of anxiety. The cure for "materialism" is more materials—enough for everybody and to spare. When matter is the servant there is no danger; and matter becomes master only when we cannot control enough of it to meet our needs. The man who has nothing is more of a "materialist" than the man who has enough; the latter's mind is emancipated by a sufficient supply. Much loose thought upon this question can be checked by plain everyday common sense.

It is not the material that leads to "materialism," so much as it is the need of material.

Life is so organized that when you want to conquer one plane you must do so from the plane above it. That is, you cannot conquer the material plane from that level; you must go up one step into the plane of mind. The conquest is always from above.

Economic questions are never settled on the economic plane; you must go up one step. That explains one cause of the chaos of the world today—men have fallen victims to the false belief that political questions are going to be settled on the political plane, and economic questions on the economic plane. Plain sense would tell us otherwise. Nothing ever happens for the better in politics except when the impulse comes from outside the region of politics. The economists are blind leaders of the blind; they know what is, they do not know what ought to be. They know how the present economic machinery works; they cannot give the drawings for a better machine. The new economic impulse will come from forces outside the narrow circle of professional economics—quite outside of it.

Now, the time in which we live is marked by a mighty mixture of mind and matter, mind acting upon matter for the production of ten thousand material helps to a richer and more satisfactory life. The conquest of matter by mind—in the inventive, mechanical and industrial sense—has been attended, as all conquests are, by a mingling of the victor and the vanquished. If matter has been mixed with mentality, so to speak, so has mentality been touched by matter.

And if this mingling of the two elements continues without the admixture of a third, then it is quite likely that instead of matter remaining the conquest of mind, mind itself may be dragged down to that condition which is properly known as materialism—enslaved by the interest in and the demands of matter.

So, the corrective to be applied is simply to go up a step. Economic and political problems are all one form or another of materialism. To surmount them it is necessary to ascend one step. The next step above is the moral plane. The moral plane has to do with purpose and motive. Economic and political questions are all easily solved here; they are impossible of solution on their own level.

The physician who straightens the limbs of little children is a materialist, a mechanic, but his work is lifted out of sordidness by his purpose and ability to help. When all work in material is done to make the world a better place to live in and to help people live richer lives, all the problems of labor and capital, of the market and the money system, are going to fall into line. There will be more *material* and less *materialism*, because matter will have been fully conquered by something more than mind, which may be right or wrong, by good will which is always right. The only good thing in the world is good will, and where there is a good will there is always a right way.

It is quite easy to see, then, that the way out of "materialism" does not lead away from materials. We are not to drop our tools and quit preparing material and making useful things. We are not to dismantle our forges and put out our fires. We are not to strive to attain a lily-fingered incompetence in the world. No. We are to go forward to the greater conquest of material, so that everything needful shall be so common and so easily secured that there will be no worry whatever about it.

Our problem is a simple one of housekeeping. We have got to arrange the machinery of life so that it shall deliver the goods without breakdown or uncertainty. The people are ready to live an expansive life as soon as we settle the question of how to maintain an even flow of the necessities of life to all men. The first necessity of life is a chance to work: there is always work waiting to be done in the world, but there are not always jobs for the worker. Now, the work which is waiting ought to be constantly flowing in a sufficient number of jobs to take care of everybody. It is not a matter of revolution or sensational politics to do this: it is merely a matter of engineering. The stump-speaker must give place to the engineer. And engineering is never so noble—indeed there is no work superior to it—than when it is applied to constructing a dependable system of life for all people.

That is what real materialism is going to bring us—an emancipation from the evils of "materialism." We shall get so much of the material that it will no longer be the alluring thing it is now; and then we shall go on to other things, secure that the material foundation is laid.

Thomas Nelson Page, Embassador in Literature

Has Done for Virginia What Hamlin Garland Did for the Changing West

By FRED L. HOLMES

WHY is it so many writers and authors have been appointed to foreign diplomatic posts to represent the United States?

Thomas Nelson Page, the famous Virginia author, was back in Washington, D. C., after seven years of service as ambassador to Italy, and I sought him for an answer.

"A list of writers who have been diplomats would be formidable," remarked Mr. Page as he pondered my question. "I have also wondered why it is that writing and diplomacy have been united in the same person. Is it because a writer has to learn diplomacy to deal with publishers, or is it because a diplomat has to have imagination? Both occupations are extremely interesting and both are most honorable, both have some pleasure and many pains."

As he talked I made mental note of some of the recent writers who had filled diplomatic posts—Maurice Francis Egan, Henry Clay Ide, Albert Halstead, George Harvey, Walter Hines Page, Paul S. Reinsch, and Brand Whitlock. Afterward I looked into some of the histories and I found that the list might be multiplied. Truly the rôle of diplomat and author had often been played by the same person.

Perhaps it is the courtliness, the genteelness, the affability of many authors that has placed them in these posts as diplomatic representatives. Thomas Nelson Page is such. He is modesty and industry combined and in his books pulses the life of the South—that picturesque, chivalric southern life characteristic of the best homes in Virginia before the days of the Civil War.

One great service has been rendered to the nation through the writings of Thomas Nelson Page. He has tried to make the North and the South comrades in citizenship. Through the pages of fiction he has revealed the South to the North and the North to the South in his effort to promote a real national spirit.

One who reads Virginia history will find that the Page family has been present in the centuries. Beginning with John Page, back in 1625, the name will be found in records of the old assemblies, meetings of the house of Burgesses and as friends of Washington and Jefferson.

Out of the South, from different states, in the last decades have gone two ambassadors to foreign courts with the name of Page. Walter Hines Page, who was born in North Carolina, and won a name in literature as the editor of *World's Work*, was sent as ambassador extraordinary to Great Britain in 1913. A few months later Thomas Nelson Page, who had been born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 23, 1853, was named as ambassador to Italy. When the Virginia author was selected to the post, a flood of letters came to Walter Hines Page in London, just as a little earlier, many such letters had come to Thomas Nelson Page at Washington, D. C. The sequence of events disclosed a strange pact between the two Pages.

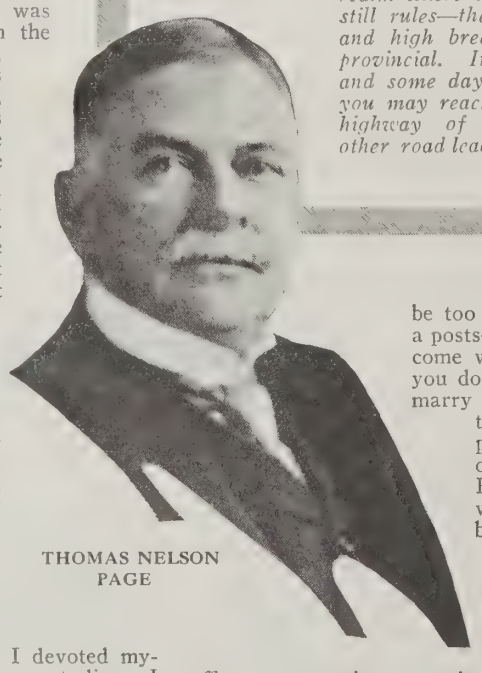
"Many years ago Tom Page and I began to get each other's mail," explained Walter Hines Page, "so we made an agreement that when we opened it by mistake we would promptly forget its contents."

Now that he is well fortified on the shelves of literature, Thomas Nelson Page sometimes refers to himself as a "reformed lawyer." It was during the idle hours in his law office that he first made his start up the literary hill. He had been educated at Washington and Lee University and took his law degree at the University of Virginia, in 1874.

"My standing was not high," said Mr. Page. "I don't know that I had much ambition to be one of the first honor men. At any rate, I got no medals of any kind. I suppose I was a fair, average student, but I hear that I devoted myself more to outside reading than to my studies. I was a member of the literary society, and for a time was the editor of the college paper. Contrary to the usual custom, I wrote short articles instead of long essays, and from this got the nickname of 'Short Article Editor.' I wrote, I suppose, much for the pleasure of seeing myself in print. I was very bashful in those days, and I know that I trembled when I first got up to speak in the literary society. I had a chum at college who is now one of the most famous lawyers of the country. He excels as a debater. He also was bashful, and during our college days he joined with me in a method of improving our oratorical powers. We would get together in a room, and, having closed the doors, would debate with each other on some question. One would stand on one side of the table and one on the other, and we would declaim away, each having 15 minutes' speech and a like time for answers. This practice helped me materially in my work as a lawyer."

Mr. Page hung out his shingle at Richmond. One day a client entered his office and showed him a letter which a sweetheart had sent to a soldier on a southern battle field. The epistle was so pathetic that it haunted him. He went to his office and wrote the story of "Marse Chan." Its publication made him famous as an author of the peculiar Negro dialect of Virginia. Although he was paid only $80 for it, the sale of his manuscript established him safely on a literary career.

"A friend showed me a letter which had been written by a young girl to her sweetheart in a Georgia regiment," explained Mr. Page, "telling him that she had discovered that she loved him, after all, and that if he would get a furlough and come home she would marry him; that she had loved him ever since they had gone to school together in a little schoolhouse in the woods. Then, as if she feared such a temptation might be too strong for him, she added a postscript in these words: 'Don't come without a furlough; for if you don't come honorably I won't marry you.' This letter had been taken from the pocket of a private, dead on the field of one of the battles around Richmond, and, as the date was only a week before the battle occurred, its pathos struck me very much. I remember I said, 'The poor fellow got his furlough through a bullet.' The idea remained with me, and I went to my office one morning to write 'Marse Chan,' which was finished in about a week."



THOMAS NELSON PAGE

The Old South

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE

IT WAS a goodly land in those old times—a rolling country, lying at the foot of the blue mountain-spurs, with forests and fields; rich meadows filled with fat cattle; watered by streams, sparkling and bubbling over rocks, or winding under willows and sycamores, to where the hills melted away in the low, alluvial lands, where the sea once washed and still left its memory and its name.

Why should not Miss Thomasia in her faded dress, whom you shall meet, tell us, if she pleases, of her "dear father," and of all her "dear cousins" to the remotest generation; and Dr. Cary and General Legaie quote their grandfathers as oracles, alongside the sages of Plutarch, and say, "Sir" and "Madam" at the end of their sentences? Antiquated, you say? Provincial? Do you, young lady, observe Miss Thomasia the next time she enters a room, or addresses a servant; and do you, good sir, polished by travel and contact with the most fashionable—second-class—society of two continents, watch General Legaie and Dr. Cary when they meet Miss Thomasia, or greet the apple-woman on the corner, or the wagoner on the road. What an air suddenly comes in with them of old Courts and polished halls when all gentlemen bowed low before all ladies, and wore swords to defend their honor. What an odor, as it were, of those gardens which Watteau painted, floats in as they enter! Do not you attempt it. You cannot do it. You are thinking of yourself, they of others and the devoirs they owe them. Even you, Miss or Madam, for all your silks and satins, cannot do it like Miss Thomasia. You are at best an imitation; Miss Thomasia is the reality. She belongs to the realm where sincerity dwells and the heart still rules—the realm of old-time courtesy and high breeding, and you are the real provincial. It is a wide realm, though; and some day, if Heaven be good to you, you may reach it. But it must be by the highway of Sincerity and Truth. No other road leads there.—From "Red Rock."

Popularity was delayed through the neglect of editors. Mr. Page was an unknown writer, and although his story was accepted and paid for, it was several years before it appeared. One day he wrote to the editor about it and a few days later received the proof sheets. With its appearance in 1884 calls for his literary products increased until finally in 1893 he gave up his law practice for literature.

Before he abandoned the law he had made a success of its practice. In six months after opening his office he was self-supporting. During the 18 years of practice his income was chiefly from law.

Although he is approaching the seventieth milestone, like James Lane Allen, his contemporary from Kentucky, Mr. Page is still engaged in literary work. A row of his books bound in a bluish-gray cover adorn the walls of the library in his big colonial home in Washington, D. C. Among them are: "In Ole Virginia," 1887; "Two Little Confederates," 1888; "On Newfound River," 1891; "The Old South," 1891; "Among the Camps," 1891; "Elsket and Other Stories," 1892; "Unc' Edinburg," "Meh Lady," "Marse Chan," "Polly," "Social Life in Old Virginia," "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," 1896 (revised edition, 1901); "Two Prisoners," 1897; "Red Rock," 1898; "Santa Claus's Partner," 1899; "A Captured Santa Claus," 1902; "Gordon Keith," 1903; "The Negro—The Southerner's Problem," 1904; "Bred in the Bone," 1905; "The Coast of Bohemia" (poems) 1906; "Under the Crust," 1907; "The Old Dominion—Her Making and Her Manners," 1908; "Robert E. Lee, The Southerner," 1908; "Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus," 1908; "John Marvel, Assistant," 1909; "Robert E. Lee, Man and Soldier," 1912; "The Land of the Spirit," 1913; "Life of Thomas Jefferson" (in Italian), 1918; "Italy's Relation to the War," 1920.

"I would say that I do not know whether 'Marse Chan,' 'Meh Lady,' 'Unc' Edinburg' or some other stories gave me the most pleasure in writing," answered Mr. Page when I asked him to characterize his own writings, "but you know that writing is by no means all pleasure. There is also a certain travail about it."

There is a great deal of sympathy in the heart of Mr. Page. He is seldom a lecturer and rarely reads his works in public. To this rule there is one exception. During the winter months in Washington he gives two or three readings to the blind in that city—selections from his shorter dialect stories and from "Red Rock," which is one of the most thorough and pretentious novels on the reconstruction period following the Civil War. Among these sufferers he is known by the sobriquet of "The Eyes of the Blind."

Thomas Nelson Page is a man of robust physique and strong personality. He looks more like a bank president, or a prosperous business man than he does an author. His early life as a boy on the old plantation, where he milked cows, tended the cattle and read his Thackeray and Dickens by the flickering light of a pine knot in those troublesome days before the Civil War, has given him a heritage. The South which he pictures is not the South of today. It is the South of his boyhood, before the war; the South of romance, chivalry and wide hospitality.

"But for those who knew the old country as it was then, and can contrast it with what it has become since, no wonder it seems that even the moonlight was richer and mellower 'before the war' than it is now," said Mr. Page recently. "For one thing, the moonlight as well as the sunlight shines brighter in our youth than in mature age; and gold and gossamer amid the rose bowers reflect it better than serge and crepe amid myrtles and bays. The great thing is not to despond even though the brilliancy be dimmed; in the new glitter one need not necessarily forget the old radiance."

"Do you have regular hours for writing?" I asked Mr. Page.

"I have no regular hours for writing or for doing anything else," came the reply without a moment's hesitation. "I rarely, I might say, never, write until I find myself bored by not doing it.

"I write the first draft as rapidly as I can and then go over it very carefully in the revision. I try to simplify my writings as much as possible. The more simple it is, I think, the better it is. I find, however, that the revision often takes away the spirit from the first draft. I lay away the manuscript, and looking at it several weeks later, I can see that the first draft is truer to nature than the more stilted revision. I think I do more careful work now than I have done in the past. My ideal is far above anything I have ever done, and I sometimes despair of approaching it. There is one thing I do, however, which I think is a good plan for any writer. I always give the best I have in me to the story I am writing. I do not save anything which I think might perhaps be of use in the future. The cream, if you could use that expression, always goes to the present.

At times Mr. Page is a militant advocate for social reform. A few years ago his denunciations of the morals and manners of fashionable society at some of the country's resorts riveted attention on him. He characterized them as "the gilded imitators of foreign fashionable life living in a ditch of profligacy." When some of the leaders of this society replied that 50,000,000 people in this country were interested in the doings of the fashionable set he came forth from Newport with these stinging phrases:

"I may say that there are not only 50,000,000 people in this country who sit with envious, even adoring gaze, feasting upon that spectacle of divorced and doubly divorced men and women, their sycophants and parasites, but that outside of their own circle, there are not 50,000 people in all the country who do not reprobate and deride their arrogance."

In all the clamor and protest that followed he never retracted a word; never recanted a sentence.

Fifteen years ago, on the publication of Mr. Page's books in a uniform edition, it was predicted that his career was ended. Since then half a dozen books have come from his pen. He has done for Virginia and the old plantation society of the South what Hamlin Garland did for the changing West and Bret Harte for the early scenes of California.

The Federal Government and Its Employes

Keeping 600,000 Places Filled With Competent Workers a Problem

By MARTIN A. MORRISON

Former President of the United States Civil Service Commission

PRIVATE business and public business are close brothers, and what daily concerns them is so interwoven that any lack of full efficiency or any delay in public business, for example, must seriously affect private business and the general welfare. The functions of the Civil Service Commission bring it into close touch with personnel conditions throughout the country.

It is estimated that the number of residents on American soil 10 years of age or over who are engaged in gainful occupations is about 47,000,000. The civil service of the United States on December 31, 1920, the last report available, employed approximately 640,175 workers, or one in 73 of all workers in the country. Another evidence of the extent of the Federal service is the fact that probably every phase of human activity is touched in some measure by government workers, there being approximately 1,700 different kinds and grades of work represented.

At the height of the war expansion nearly 1,000,000 persons were employed in the civil service of the United States; and although reductions are constantly being made it seems most improbable that the pre-war figure of less than 500,000 workers will again be reached.

The problem of reducing the Federal working force is one that is uppermost in the public mind, and impatience seems to exist in certain quarters because the decrease in the total number of the government's employes manifests itself so slowly.

It should be remembered, however, that the Congress has added greatly to the duties of many branches of the executive service and has created some bureaus which did not exist before the war, such as the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, the Federal Prohibition enforcement offices, the Vocational Board, the expanded Public Health Service, employing thousands of persons.

Larger appropriations, too, necessitate larger clerical forces. It requires more bookkeeping to administer the expenditure of $4,000,000,000 than it did for $1,000,000,000.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue, Treasury Department, has a greatly increased force to collect the taxes and to administer the Prohibition Act. The Bureau of War Risk Insurance, which did not exist prior to the beginning of the war, now has about 7,000 employes. The adjutant general of the army needs a much larger force than his pre-war staff to perfect and maintain the records of 4,000,000 more soldiers.

Other Federal bureaus have expanded, to keep pace with the increased activities of the nation. There are any number of examples of the many instances of the direct connection of governmental functions with private business; and it needs must follow that any marked weakness in the government will have serious consequences on industry generally.

The lapse of time between Armistice Day and the present has afforded some opportunity to consider the lessons taught in the urge and strain of war and the problems now pressing for solution. An altogether rosy picture cannot be painted concerning the personnel situation of the government, and it is believed that the carrying into effect of certain recommendations is essential to the best interests of the service.

The more important problems which have been faced recently by the Civil Service Commission have been the demobilized soldier, the released civilian war worker, and the resumption of activity by the general departments of the government.

Very often there is a tendency to believe that the Civil Service Commission has absolute and mandatory powers in connection with the Federal service, and that any imperfection or wrong may be straightened out by the commission. But such is not the case. The civil service rules do not give to the Civil Service Commission any power of appointment or removal. This fact should be well understood. That power is left where it was prior to the enactment of the law, namely, in the President and the heads of departments. Upon the requisition of an appointing officer, the commission provides eligibles procured as the result of competitive examination. From the eligibles provided the appointing officer makes selection and appointment. When certification is made the commission's duty ends so far as an appointment is concerned, except to require, if an appointment is made, that it be made in accordance with the rule regarding selection. The commission is charged with investigating and reporting any irregularity in appointment or removal. But, to repeat, it has no power in appointing or removing.

The civil service law was intended to cure in part the evils traceable to the "spoils system," which grew out of the four-year Tenure of Office Act of 1820. Its fundamental purpose was to establish, in the parts of the service covered by its provisions, a merit system whereby selections for appointment should be made on the basis of demonstrated relative fitness, without regard to political, religious or other such considerations. To carry out this purpose a plan of competitive examinations is prescribed. There is a provision which apportions the number of appointments in the departments at Washington among the states, but this provision concerns appointments and not dismissals.

On December 31, 1920, there were 640,175 employes in the various branches of the Federal executive civil service, as compared with 439,798 on June 30, 1916. On the latter date 39,259 employes were in the city of Washington, while on June 30, 1921, the number had increased to 82,051. This number, by the way, does not include positions to which appointment is made by the President without confirmation by the Senate, and all positions in the Library of Congress, in the District of Columbia government, in the legislative branch, in the judicial branch, in the Pan-American Union, in the Emergency Fleet Corporation, in the War Finance Corporation, in the Railroad Administration, in the Federal Farm Loan Board, under the endowment fund of the Smithsonian Institution, in the Federal Reserve Board, and a few others.

The civil service law expressly states that the examinations required by its terms shall be practical in their character, and, so far as may be, shall relate to those matters which will fairly test the relative capacity and fitness of the persons examined to discharge the duties of the service into which they seek to be appointed.

These examinations have been framed to fit the job to be filled. Yet it is quite common even now, on the establishment of some new office or service, for the newly appointed head of such office to plead that his force of employes should be excepted from the requirements of competitive examination because the kind of employes he needs are not scholars who can tell the distance "from the earth to the moon," and should not be called on to take *the* civil service examination, as if there were but one kind.

It is common for one in the habit of selecting employes through the means of oral interview to think that they cannot be properly selected in any other way. But the experience of the commission has proved in thousands of cases that the oral interview alone is far from an adequate test of fitness for all kinds of employes, or even office workers.

Notwithstanding the fact that the civil service force is steadily diminishing, the need still exists of advertising for applicants for some positions, because the natural turnover in a force so large requires some appointments to fill vacancies, even though the total force is being reduced. Two conditions necessitate some new appointments and announcements of new examinations. One of these is that there are a number of technical positions to be filled from time to time for which reemployment registers do not provide eligibles. The fact that some offices are dismissing clerks does not help the commission in its effort to fill a position of civil engineer, for example. The other reason is that the salaries now offered by the government in the clerical grades are, in many cases, unattractive, and employes dropped from war bureaus declined to accept them and returned to their homes outside the District of Columbia. The re-employment registers are made up of names of employes who have been dismissed from the service because of the necessary reduction of force and not for inefficiency.

Discharged service men and women in great numbers are profiting by the opportunity for employment which is offered by the law that provides that men who have been honorably discharged from the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, widows of such, or wives of those seriously disabled, shall be given preference in making appointments to clerical and other positions in the executive branch of the government. Thus far the commission has received about 80,000 claims for preference. Approximately 4,500,000 persons are entitled to preference should they desire to enter the government service. Every possible effort has been made to aid soldiers and sailors or their widows and the wives of injured service men in procuring appointment.

Recently the problem of women in the government service has been the subject of attention by the people, but not always with a thorough understanding of the circumstances involved.

The proposition of women examined and appointed, as compared with men, increased tremendously during the war period, as is well known. But it is not expected that the same proportion will be maintained in the future.

Before the United States entered the World War men outnumbered women in the Federal civil service by about ten to one. The war effected a material change. At the present time, after the return to civil life of former soldiers, sailors and marines, and after extensive reductions in the war personnel, women hold in the government service, at the lowest estimate, 50 per cent of those positions which they ordinarily seek. A further evidence of the trend of the times is the steadily increasing number of women appointed by the President to offices of importance.

By sex the average salary for 63,128 men was $1,220 and for 21,848 women, 1,047, the average being $1,176. The lower average salary for women is due to the large proportion of men appointed to higher technical and professional positions. Women apply in larger numbers for the ordinary clerical positions, which carry lower salaries, although all examinations are open to them on the same basis with men.

The congressional bonus of $240 per annum, applicable to a large part of the service, was not included as salary. The bonus, therefore, amounts to but little more than 20 per cent of the average entrance salary, and since it is not ordinarily given from the beginning of service it should not be added in full to the average salaries to determine the actual amount received by employes. This clearly refutes any claim that salaries for original entrance have been materially increased.

The government force of employes may be divided into three general groups, as follows: (1) Unskilled manual labor; (2) mechanical trades and similar positions, and (3) clerical, supervisory, technical, scientific and miscellaneous positions. With respect to the first two groups named, it is not found that abnormal conditions exist in marked degree in the government service. In these two classes conditions of employment and wages in government establishments compare favorably with those in private industry. Therefore the turnover in the government service so far as these two grades are concerned, while great, is probably not so great as in private employment. In the third group, however, the class which is made up of at least two-thirds of the entire force, abnormal conditions do exist to so great an extent that the turnover is greater than any private business could possibly withstand.

Apart from the low salaries paid, there are two other reasons for the heavy loss in trained employes, such as legal restrictions on transfers between the departments and the salaries which may be paid, and the anomaly of filling certain inferior positions through the test of merit under the civil service law while excluding from the scheme large numbers of higher positions which should stand as rewards for meritorious service.

Until recent years the government has been able to retain its men on the average nearly as well as the colleges and industries. During the past few years, however, circumstances in this respect have changed. While the cost of living has nearly or quite doubled and salaries in the industries have considerably increased, Federal salaries have increased very little, and in the higher grades hardly at all. The result is that the workers cannot support their families and are obliged to seek employment at living salaries.

The legal restriction imposed on transfers makes impossible the correcting of a misassignment in the case of an employe originally appointed in a department for whose work he is unfitted, but who might be fitted for the work in another department. The second restriction prohibits that such transfers may not be made at a higher salary if paid from a lump fund. These laws were no doubt passed with a view to procuring stability in the service, but experience clearly establishes that they are having the opposite effect.

In view of all this, the Civil Service Commission does feel the necessity for urging on the Congress that it pass as early as possible some bill making a real beginning toward reclassification of duties and positions and providing more adequate salaries equally for all employes of the government as a whole engaged on the same class of work.

There has been no readjustment of salaries in the departmental service for more than 60 years. During this period salaries have remained stationary, but the same cannot be said of the cost of living.

Reclassification, therefore, on a basis of duties and more adequate pay represents the pressing needs of the service. There are other changes whose consummation would result in good to the government and would be in line with an effective business policy. Among these are removing statutory limitations on transfers and returning to the practice of permitting the President to prescribe limitations in civil service rules; and including in the classified service to a larger number of the administrative non-policy forming positions to which promotions of qualified employes may be made.

Civil Service Problems

APPROXIMATELY 600,000 persons are in the civil service of the United States. It is probable that every phase of human activity is touched in some manner by these workers. They received their appointments through competitive examinations. These workers not always are efficient, and when they are not the public feels it.

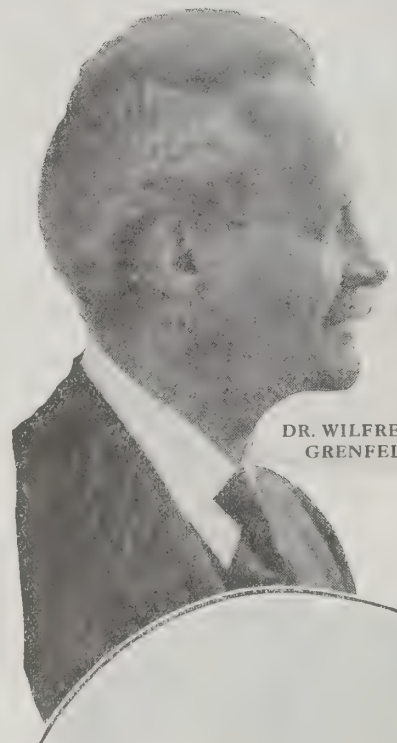
It is one of the problems of the Civil Service Commission to obtain competent workers through competitive examinations. This was next to impossible during the war period, and even now this condition prevails to a considerable extent. The principal reason for this is the low salaries paid by the government. Thousands left the service for higher salaries elsewhere during the war and the boom period that followed. With the mounting cost of living they could not support their families on the wages paid by Uncle Sam. The civil service thus lost many of its most efficient workers. Their places had to be filled, and about 500,000 additional had to be appointed to do the work made necessary by the war.

The force has been greatly reduced from the high mark, but the same old problems confront the Civil Service Commission with regard to new appointments, efficiency and salaries. New legislation is urged to solve all the problems of the service.

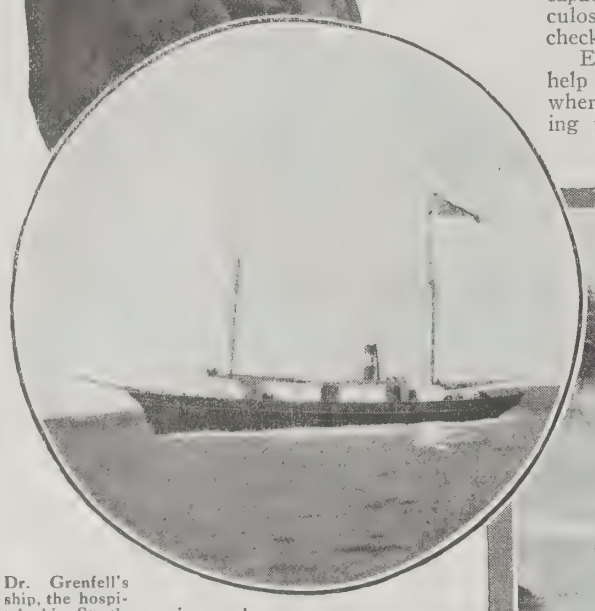
His Richest Fee Was a Poor Man's Tears

Dr. Grenfell's Thirty Years in Bleak Labrador Epic With Brave Service and Thrilling Adventure

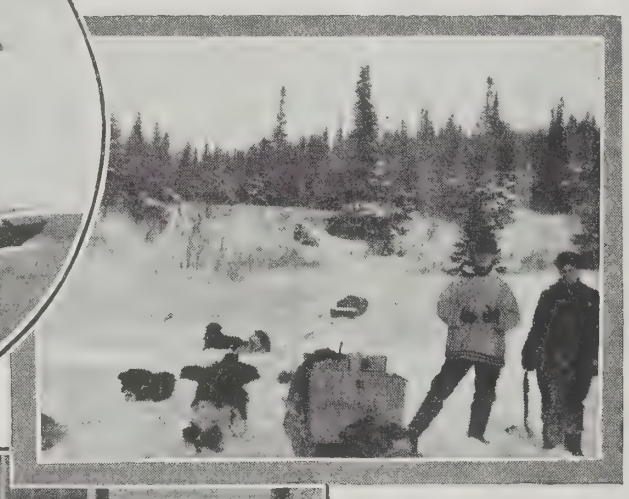
By EARL CHRISTMAS



DR. WILFRED T. GRENFELL



Dr. Grenfell's ship, the hospital ship Strathcona, is a welcome guest in every bay and inlet along the Labrador coast.





Often in answering calls for his assistance, Dr. Grenfell travels through a frozen wilderness.



Above—Pupils in one of the schools established by Dr. Grenfell and his associates. Below—Dr. Grenfell has developed a string of hospitals and nursing stations along the coast of Labrador and Northern Newfoundland.

AMONG those who despise the easy paths, place Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell. Giving up a comfortable life in England to serve as a doctor with a mission to Labrador, he has spent 30 years ministering to the fisherfolk along this bleak coast.

Battling through icy seas or over frozen wastes, he has led a life of rare adventure—and service. Once, seeking to reach a patient, he lost his way and spent a whole night and part of a day perilously adrift on an ice pan in the ocean. Yet, he revels in the life of a Labrador doctor, and year after year has gone on expanding his field of activities. Healing the sick is only a small part of the work of the Grenfell mission. The doctor's ship, the S. S. Strathcona, plies up and down the Labrador coast, a veritable ship of mercy, a friend in need to all the coast. A welcome guest in every bay and inlet along the coast, it brings food for the hungry, carries clothing to the needy, picks up orphans and widows and dispenses good books and literature.

The Grenfell organization is a unique medical and social mission. It includes hospitals, homes for orphans and a seaman's institute. Schools have followed in the wake of the mission's growing activities. Not only has the mission developed two permanent schools and a string of summer schools, but children, selected from the schools, have been sent to the United States for technical training.

Along with the educational work have come steps to promote the industrial welfare of the people. Finding the fishermen in a form of slavery under the old barter system, Dr. Grenfell braved the most powerful opposition of the traders to establish co-operative stores. The stores proved a success, and scores of families have been made independent. He has introduced industries to supplement the meager living obtained from the fisheries. He has fought the liquor traffic among the fishermen, and fought it successfully. This outlines in but the briefest way the work of the Grenfell mission, but it shows into how many directions and into what different phases the energy of this pioneering doctor has expanded. Dr. Grenfell has traveled thousands of miles up and down the Labrador coast, in a steamer by summer and in dog sledge by winter. He has been the first and only doctor in scores of humble homes along the icebound coast.

Speaking of the days when he began his work, Dr. Grenfell recalled:

"One man had a dislocated hip. It had been out of joint for 10 years. Nobody had tried to do anything with it, and all this time he had gone around with one leg dragging behind.

"The crippled and blind halted through life. The torture of an ingrowing toenail had incapacitated one poor father for years. Tuberculosis and rickets carried on their work unchecked."

Even now the doctor finds the need for his help extremely urgent. At each little coast town where he stops, he finds men and women waiting for his attention, and frequently in winter, when he must depend upon his dogs, messengers come 50 and 60 miles for his assistance.

In Okkak, during the influenza epidemic, more than 200 people died in three weeks and eventually 253 out of 300. Every single man was included in that death roll, leaving no one to provide for the 60 women and children. Influenza took an appalling toll in many other sections, too.

It is a trying life Dr. Grenfell lives, and one full of adventure. For instance, there is the story of his adventure upon the ice pan, a thrilling story, yet only one of many unusual experiences in the life of the Labrador doctor.

Going one winter to answer an urgent appeal for assistance from a point 60 miles away, Dr. Grenfell drove his dog team across the ice in a bay that he might save several miles on his journey. The time saved might mean life or death to his patient, and the ice seemed to be firm. The wind was blowing in from the sea.

As he neared the farther shore, he discovered that he was traveling on "sish" ice, which is made up of small pieces of ice churned up by the pounding of the heavy ice pans by the sea. The wind, which had been blowing landward, veered suddenly and the ice, held together less firmly, began to separate.

Soon, Dr. Grenfell found himself sinking into the icy water. The lead dog climbed up on a piece of frozen snow in the water, and after much effort, the doctor, by following the lines of the harness, was able to pull himself on to the ice. But he saw that this refuge soon would crumble beneath him. He finally induced the lead dog to swim to an ice pan about ten feet square, the largest piece he could see.

Eventually, the doctor and his dogs were cuddled up on this ice pan. There was nothing to do but stay there. With the wind changed, he drifted steadily out to sea, and night found him some 10 miles on his seaward journey. A bitterly cold wind was blowing down across the bay.

Dr. Grenfell saw that to keep from freezing he would have to kill some of his dogs and use their fur in which to wrap himself. After considerable difficulty, he killed three dogs and wrapped himself in their skins.

All that night, he drifted on the icy ocean, suffering intensely from the cold. As morning approached, he took the frozen legs of his dead dogs, tied them together for a staff and sacrificed his shirt for a flag. There seemed small chance of rescue, even though he should be seen, for the water was filled with great churning pieces of ice near shore. He had little hope a boat could get through it.

Daylight came, and the morning wore on. Several times he thought he saw men along the shore, but was mistaken.

Suddenly, he saw the flash of an oar. He waited, still skeptical of his sense of sight. Presently he could make out a boat. Rescue was at hand. A fisherman, whose good eye had seen a black speck on the ice the night before, had organized a rescue party, and the party now was well on its way.

When he recovered, Dr. Grenfell placed a memorial tablet in the hall at St. Anthony, where his headquarters are located. On this tablet were these words:

"To the memory of three noble dogs, Moody, Watch and Spy, whose lives were given for mine on the ice April 21, 1908."

Dr. Grenfell and his associates have brought back many interesting stories of the fisherfolk. The log of a recent journey contains these rather significant items:

"On my return voyage I called at a harbor some six miles away from the family just alluded to. A smiling fisherman said, 'I sent over some milk and butter and supplies to B.' I asked him for the bill. 'No, indeed,' he said, and I saw his kindly eyes dancing, and I was glad for I knew he had troubles of his own.

"We found L. H. with pneumonia. I sent an order for food, ordering one-third more than the money sent, but the bill came back receipted, and the merchant had written below the difference, 'my share.' Doesn't that do one good?

"Once I made a long trip to see an old fisherman—'Uncle George,' we called him. He had sent word that he needed me, and I knew that someone was sick. When I arrived, he had something ready for me to eat, though he apologized because he didn't have any sugar for the tea, nor any milk. He felt very keenly about not being able to get these things for me.

"I went to the sick room and found an old man very ill with a cancer, while his aged wife was crooning an old song. I did what I could, and as I prepared to go, I asked Uncle George who the sick man was. He said 'only a neighbor.' Though he couldn't buy any sugar for himself, he had kept this neighbor and his wife for a year.

"When I left, he came down to the boat with me, and, standing there on the beach with tears in his eyes, he said he didn't have anything to pay me, but that he was very grateful for my coming to see his neighbor. I can see him yet standing there, with his white hair flowing in the breeze and that kindly face as he said, 'I can't pay you.' *Pay—I never had such pay in all my*

(*Concluded on page 15*)

Bells of the World That Toll for Joy and Grief

Their Big Part in Our Daily Life

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

THE alarm clock awakens you. It commits the deed with a little but mighty bell. Before you are fully dressed the telephone insistently summons you with its ringing. As you hang up the receiver your ears are assailed again and at first you think it is the burglar device recently installed; instead it is the doorbell.

You catch a car. The conductor rings the "go ahead," and rings up your fare. Soon a wagon obstructs the motorman's path, and he takes his morning exercise by kicking the button that works the gong that is merely another form of bell. Next a passenger rings to get off, the car stops, and just then Fido comes jogging along with bells on his collar.

Presently you hear a thrilling sound and you guess that it is an ambulance. No, you are wrong. The fire laddies are on their way to battle flames somewhere in the city. Soon, however, an ambulance does pass with its bell madly clanging. Somebody, perhaps a victim of the fire, has been injured. You may possibly reach your office without encountering the bell-heralded patrol wagon.

And if you live in the country you find that when snow covers the ground, sleighs venture out; and the horses that draw them invariably wear necklaces or belts of jingling-jangling merry bells. In the old days every town had a crier who carried a bell. Then it was, too, that every farmer belled his cows and belled his sheep so he could find them readily in the woods. The custom of belling the domestic animals faded away as the ax got in its work of clearing the land.

When watches were scarce and high-priced, the farmer plowing his fields depended on a big, heavy, stout, sonorous bell to call him to dinner. Now the dinner bell has virtually passed on. Its big brother, the church bell, has survived; but it is sentiment and not genuine need that has kept it on duty.

The world is full of bells, and I have named only a few of them. Just consider what the old world would be like without these messengers of joy and grief, of gladness and sadness. It would be a changed world indeed.



(C) Publishers Photo Service

The bells in the old cathedral of Panama City, Panama.

At Weymouth, Massachusetts, the traveler may see a bell abandoned in a field. Cast in 1860, boys and girls of the Sunday school of the First Baptist Church saved their pennies and purchased it six years later. It was mounted in the belfry, where it served well for five years. Then it cracked and was taken down. Nobody wanted the bell. Finally, some person convinced the town government that it could be used as a watering trough in Lincoln Square. With a longer lease on life, the bell survived in this somewhat undignified but utilitarian rôle until 1886. Then Weymouth put in its modern waterworks; and the huge cast piece that originally summoned people to worship in the church and the children to Sunday school was carted out rather ignominiously to the edge of a woods, where it was dumped to be out of the way.

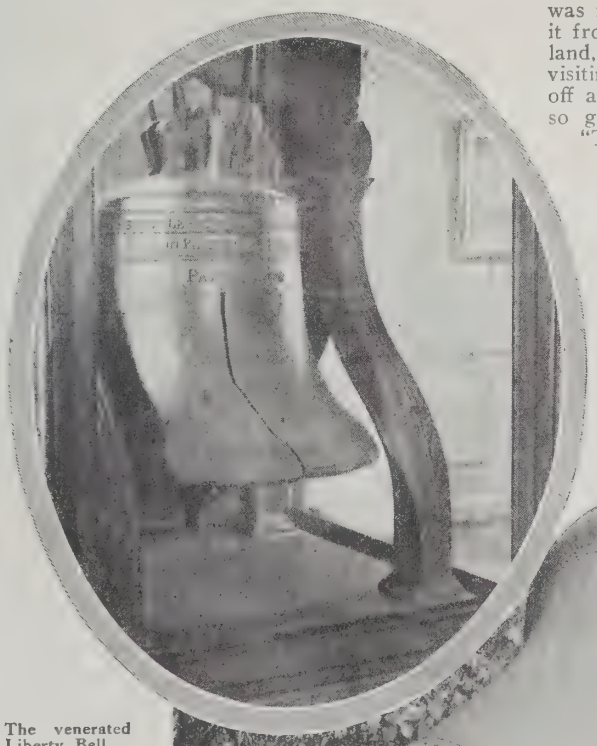
Without a doubt the most famous bell in this country is that one of patriotic remembrance which has inscribed on its head the biblical quotation, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Now it is cracked and useless, but it has not and never will be abandoned in a field to waste away in the form of rust.

For many years, however, the Liberty Bell was neglected. And who do you suppose saved it from continued obscurity? A son of old England, who afterward became Edward VII, was visiting the United States in 1860, when he stopped off at Philadelphia and saw the object which we so greatly venerate now.

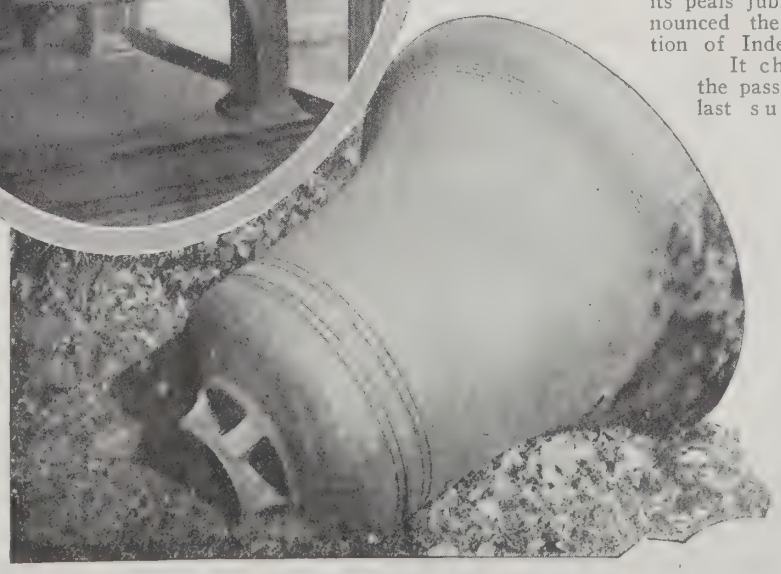
"This old bell," said the then Prince of Wales, "is the greatest relic this republic has today. Instead of being here, covered with the accumulated dirt, it should occupy the chief place of honor in this Hall of Independence. It is to you what the Magna Charta is to England. It is cracked, but it is an inspiration."

Oddly enough, but also logically, the bell was cast by an Englishman, Thomas A. Lester, in London, in 1752. At that time it did not have the liberty proclamation on it.

What school child does not know of its ringing on the fourth day of July, 1776, when it lived up to its motto and its peals jubilantly announced the Declaration of Independence! It chronicled the passing of the last surviving signer of the Declaration. In 1834 it performed the same duty for Lafayette, and a year later it was being tolled for Chief Justice John Marshall when the crack developed.



The venerated Liberty Bell.



The abandoned bell of Weymouth, Massachusetts.

(C) Boston Photo News Co.

The Liberty Bell is small, weighing only one ton. Just compare its size with the world's biggest bells, as follows: "The Great Bell of Moscow," 222 tons; St. Ivan's, Moscow, 64 tons; St. Paul's, London, 19 tons; "Big Ben," Westminster, 15 tons, and St. Peter's, Rome, 18,600 pounds, or more than nine tons. Other large bells that range in weight from 14 to 60 tons may be seen at Peking, Vienna, Montreal and at Olmutz, in Bohemia.

"The Great Bell of Moscow" is 19 feet 3 inches high and has a rim circumference of 60 feet 9 inches. St. Ivan's, also of Moscow, has a circumference of 40 feet 9 inches, but a weight considerably less than one-third that of its prodigious neighbor.

The Bell Tower of the Kremlin in Moscow contains 34 of these musical pieces. Two are made entirely of silver. This is perhaps the most impressive set of large bells in the world today.

Bishop Paulinus, of Nole, Campagna, is thought to have been the first man to use a bell to summon a congregation to religious services. This was about 400 A. D.

Bells had not come into general use even as much as two centuries after they had been first employed in Campagna. About 900 A. D., Pope John IX decreed, or ordered, that bells should be used in the churches under his control.

Though the custom of announcing the time of worship by the sounding of bells began in the reign of Constantine, or approximately then, the English were the first to employ them widely for this purpose. Perhaps no people love the metallic messengers of weal and woe as they do; they seem to have a peculiar affection, a veneration that amounts almost to superstition, for bells.

According to history, the rise of Gothic architecture and the introduction of church bells very largely coincided. This style of architecture provided numerous towers and spires which were suitable as supports for bells; the low buildings of the preceding period had offered no adequate housing facilities.

When the Spaniards invaded Mexico and South America they introduced there the custom of using bells in places of worship.

The most musical bells in the whole world are said to be those in the "low countries" of the Netherlands and Belgium. In these lands there are more carillons and chimes than of any other type.

The cathedral at Utrecht in the Netherlands houses carillons that possess tones unusually sweet. Every hour and half hour they are played. Carillons that rank next in beauty of tone to those of Utrecht may be found in the cathedral of Bruges, the ancient town of Belgium.

The Case Against the Industrial Court Idea

An Argument for Arbitration Plus an Industrial Code

By REV. JOHN A. RYAN, D. D.
Director of the Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Council.

GOVERNOR ALLEN, of Kansas, has made several addresses throughout the country, in which he offers the Industrial Court of his state as an effective means for prevention of strikes. He has written a book on the subject. There is a bill before the New York legislature for the establishment of a similar court in that state. Thirty thousand manufacturers have asked Congress to create a similar Federal Court. A large number of disinterested persons are persuaded that such an institution is the one definite agency required for the prompt and satisfactory adjustment of industrial disputes and the abolition of industrial strife. The theory of the Industrial Court is so simple that it makes a ready appeal to that vast body of Americans who do not realize that our industrial relations are far from simple. This faith is mistaken and misplaced.

Judge Huggins, chairman of the Kansas Industrial Court, declared: "The Kansas Court of Industrial Relations is emphatically not a tribunal for arbitration. It is, therefore, fundamentally different from the labor courts of Australasia. The Kansas law is based upon the principle of adjudication, not arbitration. None of the three members of the court has any interest in the controversy. It is intended that they shall be as impartial, and, if you please, as ignorant, as the judges of the supreme court of the state. The law provides for the adjudication of industrial controversies in the same orderly way, by the same kind of tribunal, as has been used in the adjudication of all other classes of controversies for hundreds of years. The Anglo-Saxon people in general accept without question the authority and jurisdiction of their courts to adjudicate all matters affecting the life, the liberty, and the property of the citizen. If a man's right to live is justiciable, if his liberty, which to the Anglo-Saxon is dearer than life itself, can be taken away from him by the judgment of a court, surely disputes as to wages, hours of labor, and working conditions are also subject to adjudication by the courts. A man who has no faith in the courts, has no faith in, and no love for, democratic institutions."

Courts Differ Fundamentally

BETWEEN the Industrial Court and an ordinary court the dissimilarity is much more important than the similarity. The ordinary civil court deals with disputes between human beings; so does the Industrial Court. Both courts have facilities for obtaining the evidence upon which to base a decision. Here the similarity ends. When we come to the supremely important question of the law which is to guide the court in its decision, we find that the difference between the two situations is fundamental.

Suppose that two men have a dispute over the damages inflicted upon the property of one by the other. Once the court has ascertained the facts, it can make a decision in accordance with ample legal standards. These are of three kinds: First, the constitutional rights of the litigants, for example, they may not be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; second, there is the statute law, the law made by legislatures, and, third, there is the common law, consisting of a long series of judicial precedents, embodying the experience and wisdom of judges during several centuries of dealing with similar cases. On the other hand, when an employer and employe come into the Industrial Court with a dispute about wages, the members of the Kansas tribunal have no law whatever to guide them in the adjustment of the conflicting claims, except that vague requirement that the wage should be "fair and reasonable," and that capital is entitled to a "fair return." As a consequence, the court must make its own law. This is contrary to all theories concerning court functions.

Measure for Wage Standards

NEVERTHELESS, a spirit of fairness dictates the observation that the "law" actually made by the Kansas court is, considering all the circumstances, approximately just, at least as regards wages. In the Joplin and Pittsburgh case, April 23, 1920, we find the following: "In determining a fair wage, the court should take into consideration among other relevant circumstances:

1. The scales of wages paid for similar kinds of work in other industries;
2. The relation between wages and the cost of living;
3. The hazards of the employment;
4. The training and skill required;
5. The degree of responsibility;
6. The character and regularity of the employment; and
7. The skill, industry and fidelity of the individual employe."

The court also declared that *"wages to labor should be considered before dividends to the investor, and that a business which is unable to pay a fair rate of wages to its employes will eventually have to liquidate."* In the Topeka-Edison case, the court defined a "fair wage" for faithful and skilled workers in the following language: "Such persons, in all fairness, are entitled to a wage which will enable them to procure for themselves and their families all the necessaries and a reasonable share of the comforts of life. They are entitled to a wage which will enable them by industry and economy not only to supply themselves with opportunities for intellectual advancement and reasonable recreation, but also to enable the parents working together to furnish to the children ample opportunities for intellectual and moral advancement, for education, and for an equal opportunity in the race of life. A fair wage will also allow the frugal man to provide reasonably for sickness and old age."

Arbitration is better than adjudication. In his speech before the Rotary Club at Topeka, October 30, 1919, Judge Huggins expressed a preference for the Industrial Court over an arbitration board. He said that the majority of the board are committed beforehand to their respective partisan interests, and that the third or impartial arbitrator either has his mind made up as soon as he is chosen, or strives merely to effect a compromise between the conflicting claims of his fellow arbitrators. While this sometimes happens, it is scarcely ever necessary. If the Kansas legislature had been willing to enact an arbitration law instead of an industrial court law, it could have produced an institution which would have avoided most of the objections which are ordinarily brought against arbitration boards. In the first place, it could have provided machinery for mediation and conciliation which would have brought about the adjustment of the majority of industrial disputes through direct negotiations between employer and employe. The Kansas Industrial Court law contains no such provision.

In the second place, an arbitration law could have been made which would have put upon the board as the impartial element men who were as open-minded as any judge. In the third place, an arbitration board has one essential advantage over a court; for it contains members who represent both sides of the dispute and who are in an advantageous position to analyze and interpret the evidence. This is a better process for getting at the truth than that of mere cross examination. In other words, the impartial member of an arbitration board receives valuable assistance in understanding the facts from his fellow members. Fourth, there is always a possibility, and frequently a probability, that the partisan elements of the arbitration board will yield their extreme positions and contentions, so that the decision can be unanimous. Finally, even though the representatives of the two sides are unable to agree, and the case is decided practically by the impartial member alone, the process is not essentially different from that involved in the decision of an industrial court. What happens is that the impartial member acts as an adjudicator, a court, between the two contestants.

At its worst, therefore, a properly constructed arbitration board functions as well as an industrial court; in the great majority of cases, it is more effective than a court.

Property Sacred to Lawyers

AN INDUSTRIAL court is not necessarily impartial. The defenders of the Industrial Court idea lay great stress on the freedom from bias which is assumed to inhere in an Industrial Court. This assumption is, to say the least, very much overdrawn. The first reason for this statement is that the court is composed of lawyers. Now the average lawyer necessarily leans to the side of capital. "The legal training of the judge, from the time he starts out as a practicing lawyer, is such as to attract his attention to the sacredness of property, his mind is chiefly occupied with the means of upholding property rights," said Professor James T. Young, in "The American Government and its Work," p. 290.

It is not too much to say that the lawyer or the judge who overcomes this handicap is able to do so only because his nature is unusually sympathetic with the weak, or because his legal practice has been largely among laboring people, or because he has been an unusually earnest student of industrial questions. Indeed, the inability of the lawyer to take an adequate and impartial view of industrial relations seems to be disclosed in Section 17 of the Kansas Industrial Court law. Therein, we find it declared unlawful for any employe to conspire with other persons "to quit their employment, or to induce other persons to quit their employment *for the purpose of hindering, delaying, interfering with or suspending the operation of any of the industries, and so on.*" The italicized words add absolutely nothing to the preceding clause, inasmuch as every such "conspiracy," that is, every strike, is for the purpose of causing the suspension of industrial operations. A strike without such intent is inconceivable. Apparently the authors of this provision thought that they were neutralizing the interference with liberty contained in its first part by calling attention to the interference with property rights described in the second part. There seems to be a bias in favor of property rights as against the right of reasonably free action.

In the second place, the members of an industrial court will frequently reflect the economic theories and prejudices of the appointing executive. The judges appointed by Governor Miller of New York would have a very different attitude toward industrial problems and industrial justice than would those named by Governor Blaine of Wisconsin. In many cases, the court would be put down as having a distinct class bias. Whether that bias were in favor of capital or in favor of labor, would be immaterial as regards the handicap it would create to the effectiveness of the court.

The decrees of an industrial court are unforcible. It is frequently asserted that strikes have increased in Kansas since the Industrial Court was established. While this is probably an exaggeration, the fact remains that many, very many, strikes have taken place in spite of, some of them directly against, the Industrial Court law. Moreover, it is opposed by both parties to the industrial struggle. Its constitutionality has been attacked in the courts by organized labor and organized capital.

The men who made the Kansas Industrial Court law were right in one thing; that was their belief that the state should provide a way of preventing, as far as possible, great strikes. The American people will not and should not tolerate such disastrous performances until all effective means of averting them have been thoroughly tried. Now the most effective means seems to be legally established arbitration machinery, in accordance with the principle underlying the National War Labor Board and the Railroad Labor Board. However, the latter agency is radically defective because it has not been provided by Congress with an industrial code, or bill of industrial rights. If a fair arbitration board is established, and if it is required to make its findings in accordance with a body of law, that is, an industrial code, its decisions will, in the vast majority of cases, be enforced by public opinion. That is as much compulsion as can be brought to bear effectively upon the contestants in any industrial dispute. And it is practically sufficient. But no legal scheme of arbitration will be adequate or fair that does not contain a body of industrial principles.

Senator Kenyon's Recommendations

THE importance of this element may be seen from a perusal of the code suggested by Senator Kenyon, in his recent Report on the West Virginia Coal Fields:

1. Coal is a public utility, and in its production and distribution the public interest is predominant.
2. Human standards should be the constraining influence in fixing the wages and working conditions of mine workers.
3. Capital prudently and honestly invested in the coal industry should have an adequate return sufficient to stimulate and accelerate the production of this essential commodity.
4. The right of operators and miners to organize is recognized and affirmed. This right shall not be denied, abridged, or interfered with in any manner whatsoever, nor shall coercive measures of any kind be used by employers or employes, or by their agents or representatives, to compel or to induce employers or employes to exercise or to refrain from exercising this right.
5. The right of operators and of miners to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing is recognized and affirmed.
6. The miners who are not members of a union have the right to work without being harassed by fellow workmen who may belong to unions. The men who belong to a union have the right to work without being harassed by operators who do not believe in unionism. The organizations have a right to go into non-union fields and by peaceable methods try to persuade men to join the unions, but they have no right to try to induce employes to violate contracts which they have entered into with their employers, and the operators on the other hand have the right by peaceable means to try and persuade men to refrain from joining the unions.
7. The right of all unskilled or common laborers to an adequate living wage sufficient to maintain the worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort, and to afford an opportunity for savings against unemployment, old age, and other contingencies is hereby declared and affirmed. Above this basic wage for unskilled workers, differentials in rates of pay for other mine workers shall be established for skill, experience, hazards of employment, and productive efficiency.

Women's Rights Recognized

8. The right of women to engage in industrial occupations is recognized and affirmed; their rates of pay shall be the same as those of male workers for the same or equivalent service performed; they shall be accorded all the rights and guaranties granted to male workers and the conditions of their employment shall surround them with every safeguard of their health and strength and guarantee them the full measure of protection which is the debt of society to mothers and to potential mothers. Few women are engaged in any way in mining, but it may be as well to announce this proposition as to pass it by.
9. Children under the age of 16 years shall not be employed in the industry unless permits have been issued under State authority.
10. Six days shall be the standard work week in the industry with one day's rest in seven. The standard workday shall not exceed eight hours a day.
11. Punitive overtime shall be paid for hours worked each day in excess of the standard workday.
12. When a dispute or controversy arises between operators and mine workers, there should be no strike, or lockout, pending a conference or a hearing and determination of the facts and principles involved.

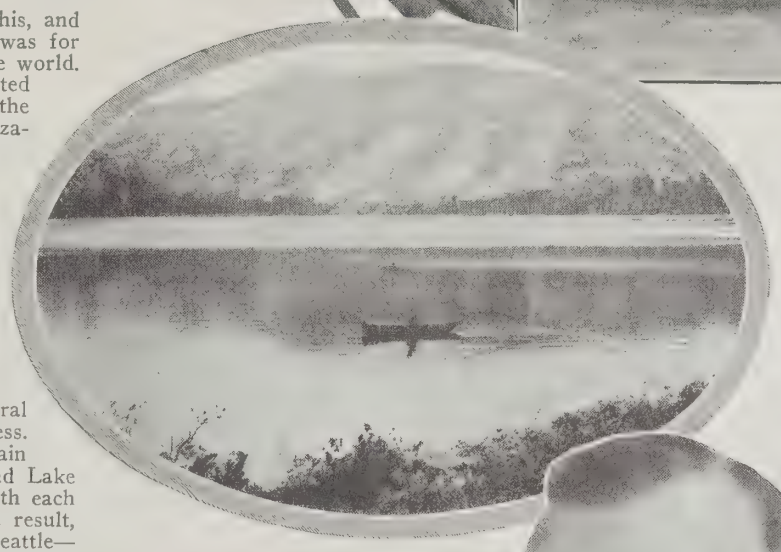


College Teaches Fishermen of West How to Fish

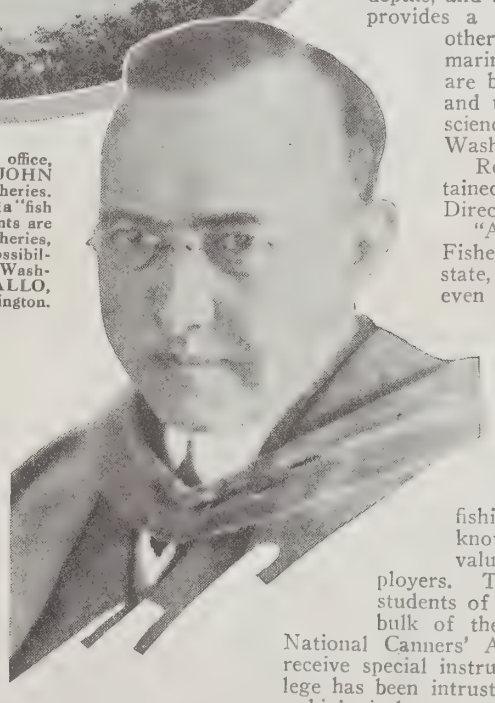
Institution Does Much to Save Neglected Western Resources







Top to bottom—College of Fisheries, office, museum and library. PROFESSOR JOHN N. COBB, Director, College of Fisheries. Food preparation laboratory. Making a "fish survey" of a mountain lake. Students are now engaged in making a survey of fisheries, fish resources, commercial fisheries possibilities and fields for planting of fish in Washington. DOCTOR HENRY SUZZALLO, President of the University of Washington.



TO THE eye of the landsman, the business of fishing, though it brought to the world's fishermen more than half a billion dollars last year, is a rather fixed industry. That is to say, the fisherman—and this concerns the commercial fisheries only—drops his line or his seine or his trawl overboard, and takes what he gets when he hauls it in. This has been, and still is, largely true; the whims of the sea and the vagaries of the always wandering schools of fish largely controlling the prosperity or the lack of it of the commercial fishermen. Yet, within the past few years, it has come to be recognized that the fisheries may be regulated, the habits of the fish sought studied, and much of the uncertainty of the "harvest of the sea" converted into a reasonable sureness of output every year.

The Japanese were the first to understand this, and they established in their island kingdom what was for a long time the only college for fishermen in the world. Though the fisheries production of the United States alone is about one-fifth of that of all the world, we did not recognize the possible stabilization and development of this industry until about two years ago—on April 2, 1919, to be exact—when the university of the state of Washington, at Seattle, working with the United States Bureau of Fisheries, established a college, as one of its branches, for the instruction of fishermen, and those planning to enter the commercial fisheries industry of the world.

Enough time has elapsed to demonstrate the necessity or lack of necessity for such an educational institution, its popularity among the fishermen, or its lack of popularity, and its general results. It has been an unqualified success.

The College of Fisheries is located on the main campus, on the shores of Lake Washington and Lake Union, which bodies of water are connected with each other and with Puget Sound by canals. As a result, the largest deep-sea vessels which come to Seattle—the "home port" of the College of Fisheries—are enabled to tie up alongside the Lake Union dock of the university, only about 1,000 feet from the College of Fisheries. At Friday Harbor, on Puget Sound, the university owns one of the best-situated marine biological laboratories in the world. The matter of establishing this college was first taken up in 1914, but the breaking out of the World War caused a postponement of the plans until the spring of 1919, when the College of Fisheries opened its doors, with John N. Cobb as director. Mr. Cobb, who has been long and intimately connected with the commercial and economic fisheries of the United States, is still the director, and has had the good fortune to see the College of Fisheries grow to be one of the most important of the 14 schools and colleges within the University of Washington.

The College of Fisheries was established with a twofold purpose: First, to afford instruction in the principles and practices of fishery; and, second, to promote the interests of the fisheries of the state of Washington and of the United States by encouraging the right use of fishery resources. The four-year curricula of the college leads to the degree of bachelor of science in fisheries, and the degree of master of science in fisheries is conferred on any graduate of the four-year curricula who has completed at least one year of graduate work, and has presented a satisfactory thesis with the grade of A, B or C. Graduates from other institutions of equal rank will be given full graduate standing, but they must have knowledge of zoology, bacteriology, botany and chemistry.

Students in this college are taught the fundamentals of commercial fisheries, how to outfit for the fisheries, how to operate for each variety of food fish, and how to prepare the fish for market once they are caught. These branches are covered in a course known as "Fisheries Technology." They also are taught to conserve the fisheries resources of their own or any other state, by surveys of the available waters and their fish supply, by the proper planting of fish in these waters, and by the establishment of rules whereby this supply of fish can be conserved, not alone for the commercial fisheries, but for anglers as well, so that the "Fish Culture" course, as this is called, covers not only the coastal waters, but the mountain streams and lakes as well. The University of Washington also maintains, largely in connection with the College of Fisheries and with its other branches in the natural sciences, a biological station at Friday Harbor, on Puget Sound, where there are well-equipped zoological and botanical laboratories, on land donated by Andrew Mulhall for the purpose. Water from a depth of 100 fathoms to the shore line is available for the study of all the forms of marine life inhabiting the various depths, and the 12-foot rise and fall of the tide provides a beach clearance unrivaled at any other location for the study of the marine life of the shore. The students are boarded and lodged at this station, and the work is a regular part of the science courses of the University of Washington.

Regarding the practical results obtained from the College of Fisheries, Director Cobb says:

"As to the value of the College of Fisheries to the industry and to the state, I feel I am justified in saying that, even in its short existence, it has more than repaid the money expended on it. Research work along certain lines has been inaugurated, and in time we believe this work will develop conclusions of much practical value to the industry. An opportunity has been created by which those now engaged in the fishing industry may enlarge their knowledge, and thus enhance their value to themselves and to their employers. The older and more experienced students of the College of Fisheries form the bulk of the salmon inspection force of the National Canners' Association, for which work they receive special instruction at the college. To the college has been intrusted the important work of making a biological survey of the lakes and streams of the state of Washington, a most essential, but usually neglected, precaution, without which we can have only a hazy idea of our game and food fish resources, whether they are in a flourishing or in a declining condition, and what should be done to aid them, if the latter be the case, and, further, as an essential, but also usually neglected, preliminary to the intelligent and successful stocking of our streams. Special instruction is given to all who are considering engaging in the canning or packing of fish or any other branch of the fisheries industry, but who lack the special knowledge of the methods employed which is requisite to success in this day of specialization in business."

Aside from this College of Fisheries, the only one of its kind in the New World, the University of Washington is one of the most interesting, both historically and currently, of all the state universities which have grown to such size and influence during the past few years on the Pacific Slope. While the university was established in 1861, it was 1876 before a student was graduated with a bachelor of arts degree. The territory was young, and the majority of the people for a long time were more concerned with the location of their principal city, their territorial, and afterward state, capital, and their admission to the Union, than they were with preparations for the education of future generations. Continuous effort by a number of far-sighted men and women, however, resulted at last in the firm establishment of a state university, which, from its one graduate of 1876, has grown to present graduating classes of 400 to 500 every year.

Why College Teaches Fishing

By JOHN N. COBB,
Director of the School of Fisheries,
University of Washington.

THE principal justification for the establishment of the College of Fisheries of the University of Washington was the fact that the commercial fisheries of the North American continent are the most important in the world. In the United States, including Alaska, their production amounts to 2,250,000,000 pounds annually, valued, as they leave the fishermen's hands, at approximately $100,000,000. Canada is the second most important fishing country in the world, with products valued, in 1918, at $31,348,084, while those of Newfoundland amount to $25,547,334. The total value of the world's fisheries is computed at $558,772,512, and if the value of the fisheries of the United States, Canada and Newfoundland were combined, they would represent almost one-third of the total.

In the fisheries of the United States are utilized 8,721 vessels of 238,576 net tons, and 190,836 men, women and children are employed.

An idea of the extent of the United States fisheries on the Pacific may be gathered when it is stated that Washington, Alaska, Oregon, California and Hawaii produce annually approximately 1,665,000,000 pounds of raw fishery products. Seven-eighths of the world's pack of canned salmon is put up on the Pacific Coast.

Much of our fishery resources is either totally neglected, or little utilized, simply because of the lack of trained men. The college of fisheries supplies these men, and teaches them the best methods not only of operating the industry, but of preserving and conserving the natural product which forms the basis of that industry.

A New Chicago—of Beauty—on Michigan's Shore

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

TAKE a last look at the somewhat dirty and disheveled old Lady of the Lake! Ten thousand beauty doctors in overalls are sinking their picks into her somewhat wrinkled and soot-spotted epidermis. She will shortly try electricity to clear up her bad complexion. Her circulation is all out of order and railroad and subway surgeons will presently open up new veins and arteries. About her throat is to be looped a necklace of living green. Physically she is to be made over. The ugly duckling of cities—Chicago—is beginning to sprout the plumage of a swan.

In no other city of the world are so many great public works under way and about to be started. Although the work of putting into effect the "Plan of Chicago" was started only seven years ago, the progress made, considering the volume of the whole project, is to be wondered at and applauded. Twenty-two separate and important features of the plan are now in the workshops of the city, county, state or nation. By the time the work is completed it is estimated that $250,000,000 will have been spent, only a part of which will come—by direct taxation at least—out of the public pocket.

The genesis of the new Chicago was written in the days following the close of the World's Fair in 1893. Conscious of the success of that tremendous undertaking, Chicago felt the desire to grow indefinitely in wealth and commerce and to hold her position among the great cities of the world. She wanted to enter upon an era of reconstruction—to experience a new renaissance. The experience of other cities had taught her that the way to true greatness and continued prosperity lay in making the city convenient and healthful for the ever-increasing number of its citizens; that civic beauty satisfies a craving of human nature so deep and so compelling that people will travel far to find it; that the orderly arrangement of fine buildings and monuments bring fame and wealth to the city; and that the cities which truly exercise dominion rule by reason of their appeal to the higher emotions of the human mind.

The result was that in 1896 there was conceived the Plan of Chicago—a scheme of civic improvement which had for its purpose the direction of the future growth of the city in an orderly, systematic way, and the solution of its problems of transportation, street congestion and public health.

It was realized that the American city, and Chicago in particular, is a center of industry and traffic, and therefore in working out the plan attention was given to the betterment of commercial facilities; to methods of transportation for persons and goods; to removing the obstacles which prevent or obstruct circulation, and to the increase of convenience. It was realized, also, that good workmanship requires a large degree of comfort on the part of the workers in their homes and surroundings, and ample opportunity for the rest and recreation without which all work becomes drudgery. Then, too, the city had a dignity to maintain; and good order is essential to material advancement. Consequently, the plans provided for impressive groupings of public buildings, and reciprocal relations among such groups.

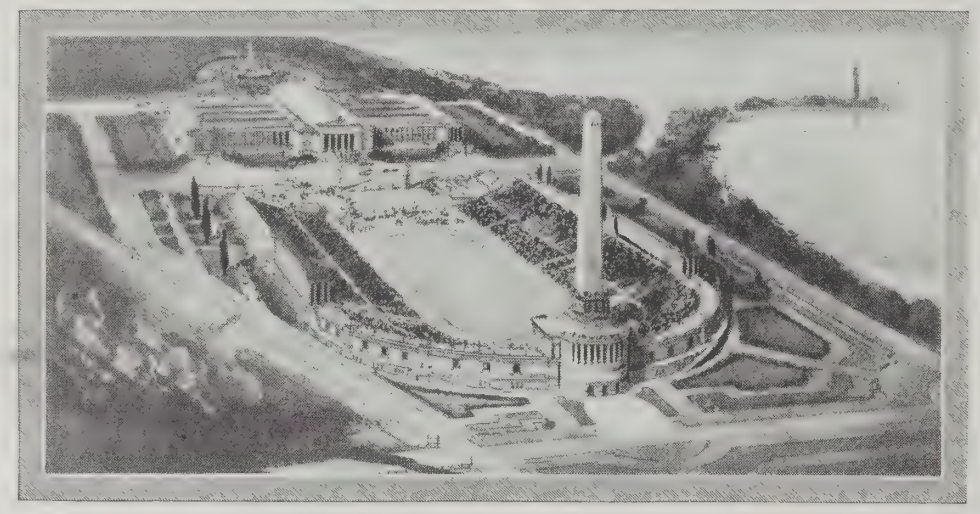
For the great work of actual drafting of a practical plan for Chicago's growth, the city was given, without any charge, the services of the late Daniel H. Burnham, architect. The genius of this world-renowned man was contributed to Chicago's good, and that at a time when other great cities, busy at planning betterments, were bidding thousands of dollars for the services Chicago was getting for nothing.

One of the most dramatic features of the Plan of Chicago, what, indeed, might be called the heart of the entire plan, is that providing for the development of the lake front. The central idea on which this feature is based provides for a complete remodeling of the shore land from Jackson Park on the south to Wilmette on the north, a distance of 21 miles.

In the development of the water front park scheme there will be, beginning at Jackson Park, a yacht harbor three miles along shore and two miles across. This will result from the building of a half circle of little islands in the lake in a zone where the water is comparatively shallow. Then northward will sweep one large island park, or perhaps two islands, reaching the main harbor at Twelfth street, nearly five miles in length and half a mile wide. Between it and the mainland will run a lagoon, 1,400 feet wide. Both margins of this lagoon will be planted with trees and shrubs, so arranged as to leave openings of various sizes, thus providing vistas of the water and the life upon it, to be enjoyed by the people along the driveways or living in the homes that line the park stretches.

That the lagoon will be a powerful attraction toward open-air athletics, both in summer and winter, cannot be doubted. It will be protected from the waves of the open lake and sheltered from the wind by the park strips on one side and by the city on the other, thus providing a waterway, always calm and always safe, five miles long and nearly a thousand feet wide. Here, houseboats, launches, canoes, rowboats and small sailboats, as well as crafts for public use, such as are usual on the Thames, the Seine and the canals of Venice, can ply unrestricted. An additional feature will be the construction of restaurants and pleasure pavilions along the waterway.

The developments of this water front park scheme does not end here, however. It is proposed to build a new strip of land immediately east of that occupied by the Illinois Central railroad tracks and extending out into the water for a distance of about 300 feet, running the entire length from Jackson Park to connect with Grant Park at Twelfth street, paralleling the lagoon and outer parkway strip. This will give Chicago the most magnificent water front of any city in the world, and will afford the people an opportunity to enjoy the alluring pleasures that only water sports and waterway parks can provide.



Development planned for lake front of Chicago. The great stadium is a splendid feature of the plan.

All the park authorities of Chicago have worked steadily toward the ideas of the lake front plans in the Plan of Chicago. During 1915, for instance, more than 200 acres were added to Lincoln Park on the north. It was made by filling in the lake. This improvement embraces a yacht harbor, 2,600 feet long and 1,000 feet wide, a lagoon, picnic grounds, extensive playgrounds, bathing beaches and a golf course. This work cost only $1,875,000, but the land thus made is estimated to be worth $15,000,000.

The improvement of Chicago's water front is the most practical and feasible part of the Plan of Chicago, and can be accomplished at virtually no extra cost to the taxpayers by building at the rate of 125 acres of land a year, utilizing Chicago's waste material and filling to a maximum depth of 30 feet, with the mean average depth of 12 to 15 feet. At this rate 1,200 acres of park land can be acquired in 10 years, and the value of this land, according to experts of the Chicago Real Estate Board, would be $46,000,000. To this should be added $3,000,000 which would be poured into the city treasury by private contractors who would pay for the right of dumping their material on city land. Grant Park, on the water front, is an illustration of what can be accomplished along this line. This park contains more than 300 acres and was built up entirely of the city's waste in a few years. Its creation is of inestimable value.

At the southern extremity of Grant Park the recently completed Field Museum of Natural History, which was made possible by gifts aggregating $9,000,000 by the late Marshall Field, was the first step in the development of this space as an educational center. This museum is known throughout the world as an educational and scientific institution. The new museum building stands on made land at the foot of Twelfth street and facing Grant Park. It covers an area of 700 by 350 feet, or approximately two city blocks, with a floor area of 670,000 square feet, and is the largest marble building in the world.

One of the most spectacular features of the lake front improvement provides for the construction of a great central harbor faced by Grant Park, which is adjacent to the lake and extends along the entire business front of the city. This great basin will lie in the hollow of curving park land shores extending into the lake three-quarters of a mile and more than a mile in length. Two long sea walls, curving outward, with openings at the center and at either end, will permit easy passage of vessels and assure calm water always within the harbor. This scheme further provides for great piers and stations at the extremity of the northern coast of the harbor, for the use of the passenger carrying vessels of the lakes, and buildings for park purposes at the extremity of the southern coast of the harbor.

A stadium for both land and water events, of unrivaled size and great beauty, is a feature of the general scheme of reclaiming and beautifying the lake front. This stadium will have a seating capacity of more than 100,000, with a pit on land sufficiently large for the most elaborate athletic events, army tournaments, or other outdoor gatherings. Over the arena spectators will have an open view of the lake. This arrangement will permit the use of the stadium for naval displays, boat races and other water events. Long study of street conditions, and the movement of trade and commerce in Chicago, has shown that the greatest need of traffic is to be able to avoid the crowded central part of the city wherever possible. To make the movements of vehicles from one part of the city to another less difficult was the chief aim of the first work of street improvement.

There has been selected as the inner street circuit about the central business district the four streets which bear the heaviest traffic. They are Michigan avenue. Twelfth street, Canal street and Chicago avenue. The great Twelfth street improvement, the first work of the Chicago Plan Commission on which the city engaged, is completed from Ashland avenue to Michigan avenue, a distance of two miles. The transformation of the old 66-foot street into a magnificent 108-foot wide traffic-way is a splendid example of twentieth century city planning. The total cost of the improvement was $4,500,000.

The Michigan avenue improvement came next. This street is the base line of the city's traffic, and it is destined to carry the heaviest traffic of any city in the world. For years this thoroughfare has been the pride of Chicago and the admiration of all who visit the city. But its "splendid mile," 130 feet wide, extended until recently only from Twelfth street to Randolph street. There its spaciousness was lost in a 66-foot squalid gap. Its remaining three blocks to the north branch of the Chicago River was lined on both sides with ancient, squatty, and half-dilapidated buildings, ending in the Rush street bridge, which was about as homely a structure as the eye could see, being an old-fashioned, single-span drawbridge.

The Rush street bridge was one of the most crowded in the world up to the time it went out of commission in May, 1920. It carried, prior to that time, 16 per cent more traffic than London Bridge, long known as the most congested vehicular bridge in the world. The seven east and west streets immediately north and south of the Rush street bridge carried 38 per cent more traffic across Michigan avenue to and from the railway terminals on the lake front and the warehouse district on the west side than enters London at its seven principal points of entrance. By actual count, 14,754 vehicles, proceeding north and south on Michigan avenue, interfered with and were delayed by 22,441 vehicles going east and west in the district between Randolph and Ohio streets. The total number of vehicular interferences being 125,719. The delay occasioned by traffic regulations has amounted to an annual loss of $500,000 to various interests.

To relieve this congestion, as well as to extend Michigan avenue itself, and incidentally complete the chain of boulevards from Jackson Park on the south to Lincoln Park and Sheridan road on the north, the Plan of Chicago provided for widening the avenue to the maximum width of

(Concluded on page 15)



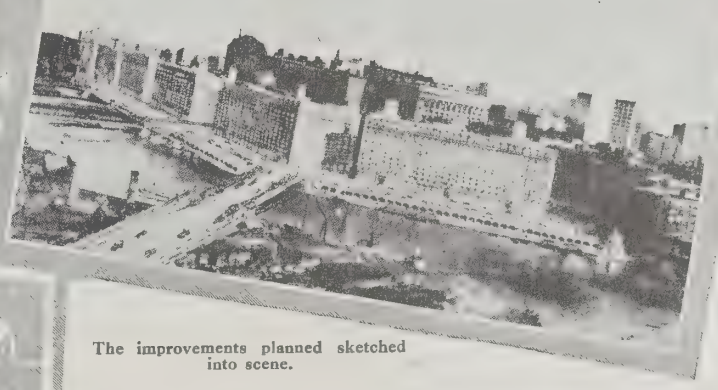
Before the widening of Michigan avenue at Randolph street.



Looking north on the Michigan avenue of today.



South Water street district today.



The improvements planned sketched into scene.



The Illinois Central railroad station at Twelfth street.



When the new station rises on the lake shore.



Twelfth street before widening.



Twelfth street after widening.

A Scientist on "The Creation of Matter"

By ARVID REUTERDAHL
Dean of the Department of Engineering and Architecture,
The College of St. Thomas.

Dean Reuterdahl today needs little introduction to readers of The Dearborn Independent. His fearless expose of the chronology of the Einstein experiments, published by this paper when refused by other periodicals compelled to take stock of their business-office receipts, caused a tremendous furor in the scientific world.

THE conclusions of Leibnitz, that ours is the best possible of all worlds, assumes that the universe is the created work of a Supreme Being. The materialistic science of the present time scoffs at such notions as childish and immature. In the ranks of the average man we find many who not only deny the existence of a Supreme Being, but who also denounce our world as the worst of all possible worlds. When we listen to their enumeration of the faults, omissions, errors, and evils inherent in the very fabric of the cosmos, it is not unlikely that we may conclude that the architect of the universe is either an inexperienced bungler or a fiendishly malevolent creature. It would be interesting to ascertain some of the details of construction which these atheistically inclined critics propose to use in their own model of the universe.

When an architect or an engineer plans either a structure or a machine, the first consideration is purpose. It is the purpose that dictates all the features of that which is built or manufactured. Form, size, durability and cost; the determination of all these items depends upon purpose. The relationships between the parts and members of a device are traceable to purpose. Even the kind of material used in the construction is decided by the intent of the design.

The materialist makes his universe from a matter which he assumes as existing without either a beginning or an end. Matter, according to this view, is not something which has been created. All that can be said for it is that it is the real essence of the *was*, *is* and *will be* of things. Thus the materialist dispenses with the need of a creator for there is nothing that requires creating. Matter exists and all things are material. If matter is eternal, it is also indestructible. One must admit that casual inspection reveals the view as both convenient and reasonable.

What is the evidence upon which the view rests? The mere assertion by the materialist that matter has not been created, and that, therefore, there is no creator, is of exactly the same initial value as the opposite contention. Observational evidence is lacking in both cases. Evidently no human being could have been present at the time when matter was created if we assume that matter is not eternal. On the other hand, if matter is without a beginning it is clearly evident that any attempt to bring forth human observational testimony in support of merely the bald statement is ridiculously futile.

How the Materialist Reasons

THE materialist readily disposes of the human testimony idea, preferring the inferential testimony directly from nature. Consequently, he looks for his evidence in the world of things. In the laboratory he subjects matter to various ordeals without being able to annihilate the most minute measurable fragment. Matter is subjected to the action of enormous heat, it is treated with acids capable of dissolving the most rigid specimens, and mechanical means are employed to cause the actual destruction of a mere particle of matter; but all the attempts are unavailing. The smallest particle of matter stubbornly and persistently refuses to be annihilated.

The materialist, therefore, draws the conclusion that matter has always existed. He reasons as follows: if I cannot today destroy a mere fragment of matter by any method known to science, then matter could not have been destroyed yesterday by any of these methods. The extension of the same argument to the day before yesterday requires no effort. The materialist has, in this argument, hit upon a means whereby he can keep on journeying backward, as it were, against the stream of time. Always during this backward traverse his verdict will be the same: "I cannot destroy matter." He is prepared, after this reflection, to state that, since no means has ever existed which is capable of destroying matter, therefore, the total quantity of matter which now exists, also existed yesterday, and the day before, and so on, backward in time without end.

Can the materialist advance any other argument in support of his views? We venture to answer this question with a definite and emphatic, No! His entire case rests upon the validity of this single sample of reasoning. For the materialist, this is particularly unfortunate because this sample is entirely worthless as a proof.

The question is here pertinent; if the reasoning is fallacious, where is the error? We begin our search for the fallacy by asking another question: what did the materialist actually observe when he concluded that matter is indestructible and eternal? He must admit that all that he really observed was a series of changes or transformations. A solid may have been transformed to a liquid and then to a gas, or the change may have taken place in the reverse order; in either case, the outstanding fact was that no break or gap in the continuity of the change developed. If a real break in the transformation series had taken place, then the conclusion would have been that, at that stage of the change, matter ceased to exist. Since no rift or unbridged fissure was found, therefore, matter is without beginning and end.

We may still further limit the preceding question by asking: *did the materialist really observe matter at all?* A reply to this question will force the materialist to define what he means by matter. This definition is always given in terms of molecules, atoms, electrons and primordial particles. In this connection it is interesting to note that no sooner had the ink dried on the specifications for the modern atom before another competitor for scientific honors appeared. We refer to the electron which is much smaller than the atom. It would seem that we are about ready to greet a new member of the family of matter, a particle still smaller than the electron. Not for one moment do we give ourselves up to the vain thought that the end will ever come in our discovery of smaller and smaller particles this side of the last primordial, the ultimate action center. By that time the much cherished and highly respected nugget-like kernel which has given such great comfort to the materialists will have vanished completely. With the disappearance of this *reliable* and *tangible* kernel will come the complete collapse of materialism. The trial of this ultimate kernel has become more narrow and elusive with every new discovery in science.

In the exciting race to overtake matter, the materialist has been much like the man who tried to catch up with his own shadow by running away from the light; the faster the man ran the farther away was the end of his shadow. For the materialist the search for matter has developed into a veritable shell game in which the materialist always loses by holding an empty shell in his hand when the game is over. The elusive kernel has never come within the striking distance of the materialist. It is always just beyond, never actually the known; in his hand he finds the shell, never the kernel. Transformation and continuous change constitutes the fundamental feature of the phenomenal shell game that nature plays with the materialist. All he ever really observes is the various changes of an unknown, elusive, un-capturable essence which defies every attempt at apprehension and seizure. Even the shell dwindles in size as he passes along the converging series of molecule, atom, electron, and what next? on the way toward the apex of a veritable *reduction cone* where shell and kernel disappear together into the great ocean of reality from which all action emanates.

The contention of materialism that matter has always been present in the cosmos actually reduces to a totally different statement in which the subject is not *matter* but *change*. Thus the materialist must content himself with the statement that change is eternal and can never be brought to an end; and this would be the only type of indestructibility that he could claim with any show of reason and consistency. Both the materialist and the atheist must admit that *they cannot exert mandatory powers to determine the type and form of this change*. It will be difficult, indeed, for the materialist to contend that this series of changes and transformations does not include a transition from an unknown to a known type of existence. The meager knowledge (all of an inferential nature) that we have concerning the physical and chemical changes which were a part of the cosmic history in the eons before the advent of man, itself constitutes a warning against presumptious assertions concerning what may and may not have been. Who then will dare flatly to assert that the history of the universe does not include a transmutation of the essence of things (call this *matter, substance, energy*, or whatever you please) from a lower to a higher order. We have followed the *phantom matter* along the *reduction cone* and observed atom and electron dwindle and disappear through the vertex of the cone, shell and kernel vanishing simultaneously into the ocean of pure existence. If we journey in the opposite direction from the ocean of pure existence toward the apex of the *reduction cone* then we will behold the process of the *creation* of *matter*. The instant that we pass through the vertex of the cone we find ourselves in the world of continuous change and transformation. The essence of things clothes itself in the phenomenal shell of change. Pure existence becomes represented by many apparently independent and disparate action centers which combine into the various well-known types of matter groups.

Only Five Views to Entertain

FLOATING backward against the stream of time five and only five cosmic views can be entertained:

1. Matter has always existed in a condition of motion.
2. Matter has always existed but at one time it was in a condition of absolute rest.
3. Matter is ever present in the cosmos but it passes cyclically from a condition of absolute rest to motion, from chaos to cosmos, material universes being evolved only to devolve at the end of a cycle into inert matter.
4. Matter has *not* always existed but was created during some period of time.
5. Matter appears and disappears (created and annihilated) in cycles during which periods universes are born, mature, and pass away.

Only a brief investigation of the merits and demerits of these views is here possible.

1. In the first view matter is associated with energy because of the introduction of the idea of motion. Matter and energy have never been isolated; like the two sides of a coin they are inseparable. The supposition that matter has always been in motion comes into direct conflict with the fact that the *universe-machine* is actually running down. Energy is constantly being transformed from the available to the unavailable type. In every transformation a certain portion of the involved energy is degraded into the form of unavailable heat. Water flows from a higher to a lower level. It is the same with energy. Ultimately *all* the differences in level throughout the universe will be neutralized and equalized. Then all the cosmic waves and crests will have been reduced to the last and absolute level. The great cosmic night will then begin, for the end of the material universe has come, and darkness and death reign supreme on the finite side, the Space-Time side of the mysterious screen which separates this world of phenomena and change from that world from which all action and existence flows.

If we admit this evidence from observation as true, which we must, then it also follows that the world has had a beginning in time. This is equivalent to saying that there is a beginning to the motion of matter because our physical universe is reducible into the terms of motion. Some scientists, notably the great Swedish scientist Svante Arrhenius, have endeavored to avoid this conclusion by introducing a self-winding mechanism into the clock of the universe. According to Arrhenius the physical universe is a self-compensating machine in which radiation pressure compensates gravitation and the losses in the suns are equalized and offset by equivalent gains of potential heat energy in the nebulae. The self-winding universe of Arrhenius is merely another attempt at forcing the inclusion of the impossible into the universe; that is, perpetual motion. The universe throughout its entire fabric is so constituted that the full price must be paid for every transformation and change.

Conclusions That Are Invertible

WE CONCLUDE that the running down of the mechanism of the universe is incompatible with the idea of the eternal existence of matter in motion for the reason that an eternity is amply long to permit the complete running down of any machine. The world should, therefore, have come to an end long ago. Since it has not, we argue that it must have had a beginning in time.

2. The atheist and materialist can gain no particular comfort from the second cosmic view which is inexplicable without the assumption of the intervention of a Rational Will. Matter universally and absolutely at rest, will remain at rest unless acted upon by an Intelligent Principle external to itself. The condition of rest cannot be disturbed by one of the material particles unless we endow it with will and intelligence. No particle can lift itself, as it were, by its own boot straps. The essence of things (substance or matter) is always clad in the phenomenal shell of change. The two are inseparable in the world of Space-Time. Change, regarded from the physical standpoint, is a form of motion. When change and transformation disappear the essence of things also reverts to its prime source. Similarly when transformation begins, the essence of things begins to function. The ultimate principle in the physical world is action, meaning by this term something more than mere motion.

3. The third assumption is in part a composite of the first two and, in so far as that is true, is subject to the same criticism. Democritus, the Greek philosopher, held the view that the physical history of the world is the story of an unending succession of transformations from chaos to cosmos and vice versa. In regard to this conclusion of Democritus and an entire school of modern thinkers we merely ask; how can man, finite and limited, presume to make positive assertions concerning such a cosmic series of events known and comprehended only by the Infinite and Absolute Principle?

4. The previous discussion has served to eliminate the first three assumptions because they fail to include and harmonize a sufficient number of known facts in a consistent induction. We maintain that the world is rational and knowable within certain bounds. We hold that within definite limits, a true statement can be made concerning the origin of matter. The first two assumptions are, in their entirety, mutually incompatible. The third assumption is compatible with the second. The fourth and fifth assumptions are compatible with each other, but incompatible with the first three. Evidently the choice of the true, lies between two groups; the first, composed of the first three assumptions; and the second, consisting of the last two assumptions. We contend that the five assumptions presented above exhaust the possibilities; and of these we have shown the improbability and futility of the first three. The conclusion that the fourth assumption must be true is inevitable. The fifth assumption *may* be true because it is compatible with the fourth. No finite being can either positively affirm or deny the truth of the fifth assumption, for it is beyond the limits of finite knowledge. All that we can say is that only God knows.

We have arrived at a Theistic view of the cosmos. Every page of the great book of Nature is marked indelibly with the imprint and seal of Intelligence and Rational Will. Nowhere in the entire cosmos do we find an *independent* materialistic principle capable of accounting for the most elementary type of action. We can create an idea and execute it in the material which we find at hand in the universe. The creation of an idea is not a creation out of nothing. On the contrary, it is a fulfillment of a possibility previously existing in the totality of consciousness. In somewhat the same manner we may try to conceive the creation of matter as a direct consequence of a Divine plan projected into being by the Divine Will. He who seeks in the cosmic book will find order, purpose, goodness, beauty and truth; and he shall become convinced that no better world could have been created in which to launch a human soul on its way to perfection.

This Mother's Prayers Won

And E. Howard Cadle Does Not Forget

YESTERDAY a 30-year-old drunkard and gambler, "broke," given but six months to live. Today the prosperous owner of a chain of 16 shoe repair shops scattered about the country, with the prospect of an extension to 300 in a short time, wealthy, and the founder of one of the most beautiful memorials to a mother ever erected.

That in brief is the story of E. Howard Cadle, builder of the Cadle Tabernacle at Indianapolis, just completed. It cost approximately $375,000. A similar one is in process of erection in Louisville, Kentucky—all to the memory of a mother whose prayers, plus personal hustle and effort, have regenerated, made over and made prosperous a man who five short years ago was about down and out.

Cadle's story is that of a man who not only "came back," but a man who, thankful for what the dice of fate had won for him, has given to Indianapolis one of the finest tabernacles ever built in the country.

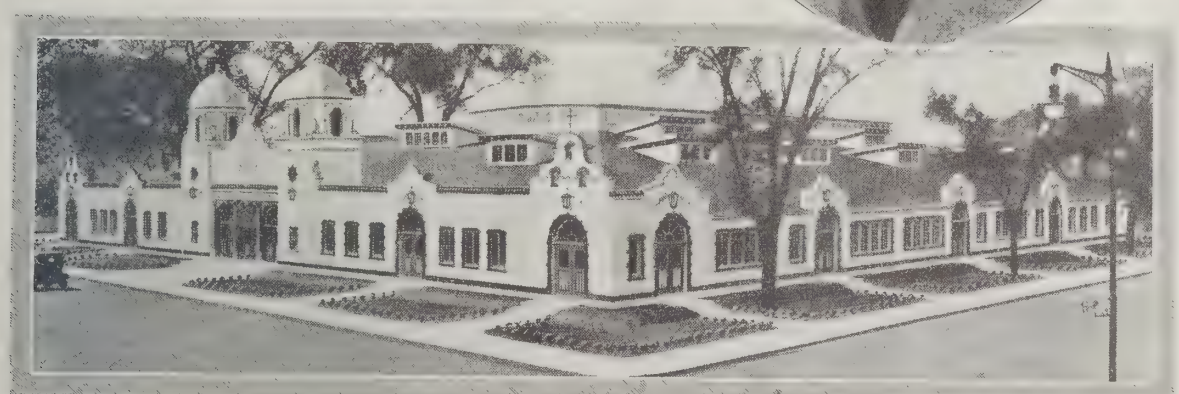
A bronze tablet which adorns the entrance of the new Indianapolis tabernacle epitomizes Mr. Cadle's turn in life. The tablet reads:

"Cadle Tabernacle—erected by E. Howard Cadle in honor of his mother, whose prayers saved him from a drunkard's and a gambler's grave."

Only five years ago Cadle, his wife and children were living in poverty in Orleans, Indiana. He was a porter in a saloon in that little town. Today he has a six-figure income, a fine home, servants, a luxurious town car, a walnut-finished, down-town office, the respect of the city and state, and, what he counts for most, a love of God in his heart.

Cadle, who was born at Salem, Indiana, 37 years ago, has told Indianapolis and Louisville audiences of his craze for gambling and drink. There seemed to have been nothing on which he would not place a wager. He said that he one time placed a bet on two raindrops running down a board, gambling on one drop to reach the bottom first. He went from bad to worse, until one day the doctor told him that he had but a few months to live.





E. HOWARD CADLE, of Indianapolis, and the Cadle Tabernacle, dedicated October 9.

Despondent, he tarried to hear Gipsy Smith preach. That night, with tears in his eyes, he went home to his prayerful mother, and on his knees promised her that he would live from that day forward a Christian life. It was not an easy task to regenerate himself and make good for his family's sake. It was not an inspiration to be forced to wield a mop on a janitor force at the Indiana state capitol, but Cadle wielded it until he graduated from that lowly job.

Finally, he got a job as an automobile salesman and in his zeal to make good, he sold a car a day for a year. With the results of his efforts he paid off his debts and invested $300 in a shoe repair business. Later on, as the company developed, he disagreed with the other members of the firm and it was a case of get out himself or buy them out. He went to James P. Goodrich, former governor of Indiana, under whose administration in the state house he was a wielder of the mop, and told him of his business affairs. He asked for $25,000 and Mr. Goodrich, impressed with the story, wrote out a check for that amount. Cadle became president of the company and Mr. Goodrich became vice-president.

Today Cadle's firm has a string of 16 shoe repair stores in nine cities of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

There is a large-framed picture of the olive-skinned English evangelist, hanging on the wall of Cadle's business office, and to that picture every day Cadle lifts eyes of gladness as he bows before the memory of the man who helped him. In Louisville, a year ago, Cadle bought a lot and erected a permanent tabernacle in which to carry on the evangelistic work begun by Gipsy Smith. A bronze tablet bears the same inscription that is placed on the Indianapolis tabernacle.

Commence, Don't Begin

THE editor of a magazine was asked recently to give some advice to a young writer, who had been brought to his attention by a friend. He thought a moment and then said tersely:

"Tell him: Don't begin, just Commence."

There is a world of wisdom in that short remark. A writer often begins his tale with an explanation, perhaps, of the theme, the people, the place in which the plot is laid or, as is often the case, he may moralize for a thousand or more words. Then when the reader is about ready to drop the magazine uninterested, the author really *commences* his story. "Get them in the first paragraph if you want to hold their attention" is applicable both in literature and in life.

Many a man has lost out because he only *began*, and did not *commence*. Perhaps he is a salesman who, when he enters the office of a prospective customer, tries to ingratiate himself into the other's favor before coming to the point. He speaks of the weather, talks of business conditions in general, and the outlook for the coming season. When at last he has made his beginning, and is ready to commence his sales argument, it falls flat. Another commences who when he enters an office says: "I am here to tell you of the new issue of municipal water bonds. They pay 7½ per cent interest. As the city is behind them they are as good as gold. Just sign on this dotted line—" Notice the difference?

The preacher, the lecturer, the public speaker of any kind, often bores his audience and gets it out of sympathy with him, just because he *begins* with a long introduction, taking perhaps twenty minutes before he *commences* what he has to say.

Many a woman has failed to accomplish what she set out to do, simply because she *began* and did not *commence*. She dallied, and fumbled, and *began* to do the thing in a half-hearted manner, promising herself that she would *commence* in earnest later on when she had more time. That hour never came and she never really commenced and, therefore, by all the rules of progress, could never attain her goal.

One of George Eliot's stories starts with the sentence: "Things never *began* with Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, they always *commenced*."

We begin life when we draw our first breath. We never really commence to live until we have attained our majority and can appreciate the beauties of life which throng the soul.

Whenever you have something that must be done, whether it is to preach a sermon, sell a bill of goods, or do a job in the shop, don't begin and experiment and waste your own time and your employer's. Think it over carefully and when you are ready, just *commence*.

"I began that letter a week ago," said a young man who had an important business communication to write, "and it isn't finished yet." Why? Because he *began* it, and didn't *commence*. Just try commencing things this week and see what will happen.

"Don't begin; just commence."

A New Chicago

Concluded from page 12

130 feet and to carry it on a straight line via a new bridge into the Lake Shore Drive north of the river. Both the avenue and the bridge, which have been completed about a year, have two levels. The upper one extends from building line to building line—the full width, 130 feet. New buildings abutting on either side have the unrivaled advantage of two streets—the lower one used for heavy traffic and the upper one the light traffic-way and main entrance thoroughfare to the store buildings. The approaches to the two-level section are very gradual slopes, and one scarcely realizes that he is passing from the city grade to an upper level.

Another important reason for the projection of Michigan avenue on the plan outlined is that this great natural highway extending, as it does, 40 miles from Jackson Park to Lake Forest, skirting a great inland unsalted sea, where, in rough weather, the spray dashes over the curb, presents possibilities for attractiveness and beauty such as do not exist in any other city. The world's great cities are all inland. No other city has an opportunity for a world-famous thoroughfare so beautifully situated as has Chicago.

The reclamation of South Water street, now forming probably the world's greatest produce and commission market, and on which the congestion is so dense that through traffic is absolutely blocked, is another improvement of magnitude, and one which is necessary to complete Chicago's great central district.

The removal of the South Water street market to some location outside the loop will reduce loop traffic 13,814 vehicle trips a day.

By development since 1911, the future of Canal street as a place of monumental architecture is assured. First, there came the fine $20,000,000 Northwestern Railway terminal. Then, more recently, the splendid Union Station, forming a part of the $60,000,000 development plans of the Pennsylvania and associated lines, work on which is proceeding. Between these two imposing terminals will be located the new West Side post office, which will be commensurate with Chicago's position as the central clearing point for the mail of the entire country.

To remodel Chicago, the world's fourth city, is no light task. It is a Titan's job. But for its accomplishment Chicago has a citizenship which has never shrunk from herculean efforts for the common weal. Chicago's people, awake and alive to their opportunities, are preparing for Chicago's destiny. The "I Will" spirit is at work among them. It is calling on a united citizenship to achieve for Chicago. And in no better way is that spirit manifesting its determined, unfaltering and triumphant character than in the hearty support and rapid execution of the Plan of Chicago. Chicago's destiny is in safe hands.

His Richest Fee

Concluded from page 8

life. How strangely we gauge pay for our services! *Never have I received such payment for my service, though I got not even a cent.*

"After all, life is a chivalrous field of adventure."

Contrary to the popular impression in this country, most of the people of Labrador are of Anglo-Saxon descent. A small number of Eskimos and Indians remain, but they are much in the minority. The fisheries constitute the main resource of the people, supplemented by the fur industry in winter. Steps have been taken to introduce other industries, but the fisheries still must carry the great load. Income from the fisheries has been greatly reduced by the general depression, however, and many fishermen are having great difficulty making ends meet. The main customers in the Mediterranean cannot pay the price the fishermen need to live.

Headquarters of the Grenfell mission are at St. Anthony on the northern point of Newfoundland. Northern Newfoundland is colder even than the Labrador coast, due to the ocean currents, and is in marked contrast to the rest of the island.

Five hospitals have been established along the Labrador and Newfoundland coast. With four nursing stations, these units now make a little chain of centers about 50 miles apart.

Two orphan homes have been built. Early in his work, Dr. Grenfell found that he had to care for the orphans. Summoned to a lonely headland fifty miles from one of his hospitals, he found a mother dead, and a father dying. He buried the two parents and thought he had done all that might be expected of a doctor. But there were five little tots. He took the children home with him. Soon the orphanages came into being.

Dr. Grenfell first became interested in the fisherfolk as a result of a sermon by Dwight L. Moody. The evangelist's address induced him to seek a field where he could be of the greatest service, and eventually that led to Labrador. Since that time, his work has attracted wide attention. King George himself, summoning the doctor for an audience, conferred special honors upon him. Doctor Grenfell is 57 years old, but still a young man, and he insists he isn't going to be laid on the shelf as long as Labrador is on the map.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Frogs are used as barometers in many European countries. The green tree frog is placed in tall glass bottles with little wooden ladders, to the top of which they climb in fine weather, descending at the approach of bad weather.

Paper pulp and strawboard are now made from oat hulls.

A German aeronautical experimenter, on a motorless soaring machine with hawk-like wings, rose from an absolute standstill to an altitude of 200 feet without assistance, and flew for 21 minutes and 37 seconds. He landed at a point only 40 feet lower than his starting point.

The First Methodist Church, of El Paso, will operate a large skating rink in the basement of the church to offset the dancing craze. It is to be a community proposition and no charge will be made.

Fifty per cent more money was spent by the people of the United States for perfumes, face powder and cosmetics in 1920, than the total endowment of all the private colleges and universities in the country, according to Treasury Department statistics.

The United States consumed 10,548,451,000 pounds of sugar in 1921. This represents 28.4 per cent of world production.

Although the increase in attendance since 1917, in 25 leading colleges in the United States, was 113 per cent, there has not been a corresponding increase in appropriations, equipment, endowment and teaching staff.

Forty-six Germans were killed and 109 wounded during every hour the World War was raging, according to German statistics.

The first daily newspaper in the United States to publish the Bible in serial form is the Topeka *State Journal*. The four gospels are to be published in weekly installments of approximately 3,000 words. The Weymouth text of the New Testament will be used throughout.

Mayor Oles, of Youngstown, Ohio, has donated his salary to the Community Corporation to be used in purchasing food for the needy. Each salary check has been turned over to the poor as soon as he could indorse it.

A revision of the compulsory labor law in Bulgaria provides that exemption from the labor law may be purchased by not more than 20 per cent of the subjects liable for service. The income derived from the sale of exemptions is retained by the municipal governments for the development of public works.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

The German National League of "Kinder Reichen" has petitioned the government for a fund to relieve large families. It advocates a special tax on bachelors and childless families in order to assist those who are keeping up the population. The League asserts heads of large families are taxed out of all proportion to the levy on childless families and bachelors.

It costs more than $10,000,000 a day to run the Government of the United States.

From the summit of a mountain in Glacier National Park, one can toss a pebble into waters which flow into Hudson Bay to the north, the Pacific Ocean to the west and the Gulf of Mexico to the south. The United States Geographical Board has christened the three small creeks originating at that point, Pacific, Atlantic and Hudson Bay creeks.

Nitric acid can be made by the oxidation of ammonia with the aid of ozonized air.

Hundreds of thousands of immigrants enter the city of New York through Ellis Island, from infected ports in which smallpox, typhus, cholera and plague may be epidemic or endemic, according to Dr. Royal S. Copeland, New York's health commissioner. Dr. A. Schlesinger, of the German Red Cross, says that hordes of Russian refugees are bringing cholera and typhus into Germany, Latvia, Poland and Esthonia, and many are seeking passports to America, where they have relatives and friends who finance the trip.

The calendar year 1921 eclipsed any preceding year in volume and value of building operations in China.

An English explorer claims to have discovered extensive, workable mineral deposits in the Antarctic. He also claims to have found the secret migrating places of whales.

Stenographers in the service of the United States Government lose $6,000,000 worth of the government's time each year rouging their cheeks and lips, according to efficiency experts of the Treasury Department. This is figured on a basis of 40,000 girls on the government payroll as stenographers and typists receiving $1,200 a year and upward.

Civil War veterans residing in Butler, Pennsylvania, who are more than 75 years of age, are exempt from payment of personal taxes for this year.

Baptist women in the farm districts of Iowa have agreed to contribute all the eggs laid by their hens on Sundays until the end of April to help finance foreign and home missions. It is believed that the contributions from this source will total more than $75,000.

"Trouble shooters" snowshoed 20 miles out on the telegraph right of way near Lamoille, Nevada, to remove the carcass of a jack rabbit, burned to a crisp, which lay across two short-tension wires, causing a short circuit and demoralizing electric service. A hawk was seen circling the spot and it is presumed the bird carried the rabbit to the wires for a meal only to be repulsed by the powerful current.

The Begum of Bhopal is the only woman ruler in Asia. She has reigned over Bhopal, India, for 20 years and is always veiled, in accordance with the precepts of Islam. Within her territories, she wields powers of life and death.

Forty-five per cent of the population in the United States inhabit 11 per cent of the area of the United States.

The founders' medal of the Royal Geographic Society has been awarded to Colonel Howard Bury, the leader of last year's Mt. Everest expedition. The medal is a token of appreciation for what the society considers the most notable geographic achievement in the last 12 months.

The trumpeter, who blew the "charge" when the "Light Brigade" rode up to the guns at Balaklava, recently died in Liverpool. He possessed 16 medals for valor and is believed to have been the last survivor of the "gallant six hundred."

Boston University is going to turn out head waiters and "bell hops" in a six weeks' course by the vocational department of the College of Business.

To relieve the housing shortage in Paris it is proposed to build a large fleet of houseboats and moor them along the Seine.

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"SCRAPS OF PAPER" IN WALL STREET

Balking the Money-Lender

CURWOOD FINDS SOUL OF NATURE

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Viewing German Rhineland Under Many Flags

Coblenz Has Been Americanized by Wealthy Privates



GEN. HENRY T. ALLEN, Commander-in-chief of the American Army of Occupation.

By PAUL BOWERMAN

EVEN under winter clouds the Rhine was impressive. From Bingen to Coblenz the railroad skirts the shore, affording an unobstructed view of both banks. At the foot of the hills, rising sheer from the water, little villages clung to the precipitous slope, with the curious cone-shaped spires dominating the jumble of roofs. Ruined castles on the hilltops recalled legends of childhood. The glamour and romance was enhanced by actuality, as the train passed the Mouse Tower, where the mice swam the river to devour the unfortunate gentleman who had built a castle on an island in the Rhine. A little farther on, the massive cliffs of the Lorelei sprang into view, and the imperishable characters of the Wagnerian dream rose in memory—Wotan and Siegfried and Mime and Brünnehilde.

One of the most romantic spots in the world, beloved by poets and painters, the valley of the Rhine has attained a position above national prejudices. It belongs, in sentiment, to the world.

The train passed beneath the Castle of Stolzenfels, through the village of Capellen, and Coblenz appeared under the shadow of the Karthouse, while across the river, on the summit of a bare rocky hill, stood the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein with the American flag flying from the ramparts.

I had gone to Germany simply to see the Rhineland, to hear German opera, and to poke around bookshops and old churches. The station was alive with American uniforms. It was a noisy, good-natured crowd, not too careful of the proprieties of speech, but apparently oblivious of the fact.

As in the other centers of occupation, there is a billeting system in Coblenz, whereby civilians are assigned quarters, irrespective of their inclinations or pocketbooks. After traversing the whole length of the city, I was informed I would find a room in a hotel across from the station. Uniforms were everywhere. The soldiers seemed to outnumber the civilian population, two to one, and all were busy with the pleasure of having nothing to do.

It is almost impossible to consider Coblenz as a German city. Early one morning I enjoyed a brisk walk along the Rhine Promenade, a broad pleasant boulevard skirting the shore and affording a striking view of the massive, forbidding walls of Ehrenbreitstein. I stopped once to notice an inscription commemorative of the enthusiastic reception tendered the king and queen of Prussia, following the affair at Bad Ems that led to the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Following the Promenade I reached the point where the Moselle joins the Rhine, sweeping around a triangular point of land. Here is the equestrian statue of Emperor William I, a gigantic figure of copper almost 50 feet in height, with a female figure representative of Genius placing the imperial crown upon the emperor's head. The whole is set off by a pedestal accessible by a circling flight of steps. Situated at the entrance to the city, and visible from afar, it is truly impressive. The sculptor has given the impression of herculean strength and virility. The horse on which the emperor sits seems ready at any time to breathe the fire of battle from his nostrils. The essence of militarism is incarnated there. It is huge, costly, and thoroughly Prussian.

Save for those two spots and a limited section of the Old Town, Coblenz bore a remarkable resemblance to a garrison town in America, its true status betrayed only by the names of the streets and the signs over the shop windows. Americans were everywhere. The Casino was now the Officers' Club, the Monopol Hotel the Hostess House, the Festhalle the Y. M. C. A. A number of handsome homes along the Promenade were occupied by the families of the American and Allied officers. Where the 50,000 native inhabitants kept themselves I could never discover.

The streets were swarming with army trucks loaded with supplies, and official cars of every description rolled through the sleepy little city, until I could believe myself at Plattsburg or Fortress Monroe.

The American soldier on the Rhine gets about six thousand marks a month, varying with the rate of exchange. On a fraction of that amount I lived very comfortably in one of the best hotels. The soldier, having sleeping quarters and food supplied by the government, has that amount to spend on his own amusement—or to satisfy his whims—dinners out of camp, excursions on leave, tailor-made uniforms. Never was a buck private so well off. A second lieutenant, on about 25,000 marks a month, has more money than he can spend reasonably.

Curious stories were told of the subterfuges used by the men to prevent return to America. Violent illnesses broke out in epidemics. A favorite resort was to quit camp A. W. O. L., returning after the transport had sailed to incur a punishment that appeared more desirable than the prospect of hunting a job in America. The argument was raised against the Army of Occupation that the troops were forced to remain in military service against their natural inclinations. No stranger delusion was ever entertained. Officers and men alike looked forward with no little misgiving to the day when they must abandon the security of army life. This was true despite the fact that the more intelligent realized that the longer they remained in service the more difficult would be the readjustment to another order of life. I had dinner one evening with a captain in the medical corps who had accepted a commission shortly after graduation from college. He confessed he had lost all ambition to take up a practice in civil life.

"I would have to begin at the bottom," he said, "and spend two years as an interne in some hospital. Then I would have to build up a practice. Here I have no future, to be sure, but I'm assured of a comfortable living."

The definite recall of the American troops, set for July 1, occasioned much regret.

In the Army of Occupation, the soldier had everything at his disposal—a stadium for the athletic contests which have been such an outstanding success, a Y. M. C. A. housed in one of the most beautiful buildings in the city and equipped with a theater, swimming pool, bowling alleys, and reading room, a daily newspaper, the Hostess House, a magnificent situation on the Rhine, and 6,000 marks a month to spend on himself.

On the way to Cologne I stopped off for a day in Bonn, an old city renowned as the birthplace of Beethoven and as the seat of a university. My troubles began within five minutes. I went to four hotels in quick succession and was told in each instance there was no room available, although I was convinced of the contrary. I made a fifth attempt in a modest little hostelry on a side street, where the proprietor hesitated for a full half minute before answering my inquiry, finally naming a price more than double what I had paid in Coblenz. I asked in a polite tone if there was a more reasonable accommodation. Without looking up from his writing, the proprietor shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. Were it not for the fact that I wanted to see the Beethoven Museum I should then and there have relegated Bonn to the list of undesirable cities, and continued to Cologne.

There was only a sprinkling of French and Belgian troops in the streets, allowing the German atmosphere to appear in stronger relief than in Coblenz. And much as this interested me, it became hourly more uncomfortable. On every side I confronted a battery of unpleasant glances and half-audible mutterings. Whether I stopped to look at a shop window, or wandered about the interesting streets of the Old Town, or sat down in a restaurant, there was always that unvarying stare on faces dimly aglow with stolid uncompromising animosity. I effaced myself as much as possible, observed punctiliously every formula of Continental courtesy, and even these efforts I felt sure were misconstrued, which served only to make matters worse. Wandering about the darkened streets at night in search of a haven, I came upon a cinema. It is an evidence of sheer desperation that I succumbed to the temptation to go in. Inside the stuffy little theater I chanced upon one of the most interesting side lights of my trip.

The film was a romantic melodramatic affair, with the scene laid in America whither the hero went in search of stolen gems. In the scenes depicting American life, Negroes and whites were shown mingling in social equality, dining in one another's homes, and in one instance a colored prize fighter became engaged to the daughter of a college professor. Opium dens were common in New York, with drug fiends staggering up and down Broadway. It took me some moments to realize that the film was neither a farce nor a burlesque, but was, on the contrary, ostensibly a picture of contemporary America. It seemed impossible that propaganda so crudely presented could find credence with a people supposedly intelligent. Yet the audience gasped with horror when the prize fighter embraced his fiancée with the paternal blessing of the elderly geologian.

The next morning I was at the station a full half hour early, waiting impatiently for the Cologne express.

After the provincial atmosphere of Coblenz and the pallid gloom of Bonn, it was good to be in a city again. Even the rain did not dampen the spirits. Limousines and taxicabs, passing in a double row of shining headlights, the strains of music through the open doors of restaurants and coffeehouses, after-theater crowds descending upon night clubs and cabarets, shop windows alluring with the choicest products of skillful brains and nimble fingers—all of the life and animation of a great city were to be found in Cologne. I was dazzled by the contrast.

Although as numerous as the American contingent in Coblenz, the British troops were swallowed up by the size of the city, and I came across them only at intervals. I gave myself up to the pleasure of poking about unnoticed through a wealth of interesting places—museums, churches, quaint old buildings dating from the days of the Hanseatic League, the Rathaus, the Gürzenich, bookstores and picture shops that were a delight to a lover of such things.

The opera was crowded every evening with fashionably dressed people. An excellent opera it was, well-conducted, well-sung, and remarkably well-staged. I decided that Wagner should be played only by a German orchestra, for the interpretation of Siegfried and The Flying Dutchman was a revelation to me.

In the manufacturing suburbs of the city every industry seemed to be producing at full capacity, to judge from the belching smokestacks and the crowds of prosperous-looking workmen coming and going. During the day the streets hummed with traffic, the sidewalks were jammed with hurrying people, the stores were full of

(Concluded on page 13)



Left, above—A bit of baseball on the Rhine. Left, below—Scottish troops entering Cologne when the British took over the city. Right—The university city of Bonn, midway between Coblenz and Cologne.

"Scraps of Paper" That Litter Wall Street

Financiers Alter Forms and Values of Securities in Astonishing Way

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

AN INTERESTING character faded away from Wall Street several months ago. He is known as the "Knacker." I inquired about him the other day. I found that because the brokers on the Stock Exchange have been marking up the prices of securities at such an alarming rate in the "million and a half share days" of the gambling craze that is now in progress, the Knacker despaired of doing any business for the present, and has temporarily retired to his New Jersey estate.

In London, when a horse drops dead in the street, they send for the knacker. This functionary skins the hide and sells it to a tanner. He sells the bones to the soapmaker, the hoofs to a glue factory, and the flesh to the cats'-meat-man.

In the financial district, the Knacker fulfills a somewhat similarly useful purpose. Whenever a corporation fails, a broker is closed out, or a receiver is winding up the affairs of a bankrupt institution, they send for the Knacker, who is prepared at a moment's notice to make a bid on things that are apparently valueless, such as an issue of obsolete bonds, stock certificates that have been stricken from the exchange list, or a bundle of defaulted notes. This man for years has made a specialty of collecting the "cats and dogs" of Wall Street, on the calculation that in the future some of them may be worth real money again. And it happens that obsolete issues at times prove of value, and in certain instances they may be needed urgently to legalize the affairs of a reorganized corporation. The Knacker in question has made quite a good thing out of his specialty.

The "Cat and Dog" Specialists

THE Knacker's chief competitor, a "cat and dog" broker, died a year or so ago, a multimillionaire. It was said in the Street that he had accumulated four barrels filled with such obsolete securities. At an advanced age he had married a handsome young woman, who later divorced him and obtained a large portion of his fortune—and she probably deserved the money.

It is an astonishing fact how Wall Street can alter the forms and values of its securities. Sometimes this action is taken for the purpose of concealing inordinate corporate earnings, but more often it is done to delude investors, or to facilitate speculations in stocks by presenting them in a more attractive guise, and making them more facile for gambling purposes.

In fact, as Wall Street grows older, it is becoming more and more the habitat of strange specialistic characters, such as Samuel Warren once depicted as inhabiting the law districts of old London. In musty offices one may find men today who make a living and sometimes great reputations by discovering "pay dirt" in the certificates of stock and bond issues long since abandoned as worthless.

One of these bond experts some years ago, lighted upon an enormous equity by discovering a "joker" in the mortgage agreement of a railroad bond which for years had been listed in the official book on obsolete securities as practically worthless. This discovery and its subsequent developments represent the most romantic record in the history of American railway bonds. It outrivals the famous case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce, because it ended more happily.

An old railroad equipment bond, repudiated and defaulted, which sold at nine cents on the dollar before it was thrown out of the New York Stock Exchange, was discovered by one of these old Wall Street bond students to be a second mortgage on the railroad line. For years this fact had been ignored or unsuspected. These bonds had been hoarded in the attic trunks of old men in Middle West country towns, and nearly half a century later, when the original owners were dead and gone, their heirs collected from a great railroad system $6,000 for every bond certificate which had sold for $90 apiece in Wall Street. Such things really happen—but they happen rarely.

A Story of the Panic of 1907

ONE of the most remarkable instances, illustrating the power of financiers to achieve great ends merely by juggling paper securities, occurred during the Rich Men's Panic of 1907. A man who later became the son-in-law of a President of the United States, had achieved his life's ambition by the construction of a railway enterprise, an underground line which, by penetrating the bed of a broad river, established a physical connection between two states for their passenger traffic. On the site of the terminal of this railway in New York City, he built two huge office buildings. A bond issue of many millions had been sold to pay the cost of these enormous twin structures, which were located not far from the financial district.

Great difficulty was experienced in filling these two buildings with tenants. The skyscrapers of Wall Street cannot pay their expenses by letting their offices merely to lawyers, brokers or security dealers. It is necessary for them to have more permanent tenants, such as large corporations, which contract for the occupancy of many floors over a long period of years.

Now came along the Rich Men's Panic, caused by a tremendous overissue of bonds and stocks and the collapse of their inflated values. It was a time of fearful strain, which those who passed through it will remember to the end of their lives. I shall never forget the day when, walking up Broad street, I was accosted by the chairman of a great western railroad. The eyes in his pallid face seemed to be gazing into vacancy. He grabbed me by the arm and, with twitching lips, demanded: "Have you heard about a bond house in trouble?"

I told my inquirer the latest news of the day. A very large bond house at that very moment was rocking so violently on its foundations, that, figuratively speaking, the crackling of its impending collapse was resounding throughout the financial district. A quiver passed through the body of the railway chairman. But he instantly pulled himself together and hurried past me toward Wall Street. A large part of his personal fortune was involved in the integrity of the banking house in question.

This bond house had bought the heavy issue of securities whose proceeds had gone toward the construction of the two office buildings. The buildings were more than half empty. The interest on the bonds was falling due. The bond house had hypothecated the securities in Wall Street banks to raise the money to be paid to the construction companies. Now the nonpayment of its loans meant ruin to it and kindred institutions and the collapse of a score of commission houses.

On this day the greatest banker in Wall Street stepped into the situation, and saved it. He controlled the largest industrial corporation in the United States, whose bonds were everywhere regarded as gilt-edged. This banker relieved the distressed bond house. He sent to the banks which held its loans, and substituted for the office building bonds, some millions of his industrial bonds. It was merely a switching of better collateral to brace up the bank loans, which were on the eve of being called. It was an exchange of certain pieces of paper for other pieces of paper. But that one act of his averted innumerable failures, and thenceforward this banker was known as the "Man who saved Wall Street."

However, the man who saved Wall Street had no intention of going into his own pocket to pay up the losses which the situation had created, and the reader can probably guess quite readily who footed the bill in the end. The action which this banker took illustrates the immense power which can be wielded by a single man in Wall Street who stands in control of a group of great industrial and railway corporations, and the use that men of his type make of their power, in total disregard of the interests of the men and women who have invested in such properties.

Takes His Profit Afterward

THIS banker happened also to control a railroad, which possesses a greater density of traffic than any other railroad line in the country. Although it is a mighty transportation line, it is very poor because of the dishonest ways in which it was financed in past generations. It may be stated, in justice to the present owners, that they are not responsible for those past transactions. This road has a capable and economical president. It happened just at this time that his company was in need of new executive headquarters to house the hundreds of employes, girls and young clerks, who kept records of train movements and traffic statistics. The president had drawn up plans for the building of a frame or cement structure, on economical lines across the river in Jersey City, to house his large force of employes and save money for his road.

The banker who had saved Wall Street, however, felt that he was entitled to make a profit on the building bonds which he had exchanged for his industrial bonds. He threw the plans of his railroad president into the waste-paper basket, and instructed him to contract for seven floors in one of the half-empty twin buildings, and there to house his vast office force. The president was compelled to obey, because the partners of his banker boss dominated the directorate of his railroad. To his chagrin, the economies he had planned for his impoverished railway were evaporated into thin air, and he saw his company forced to pay Broadway rentals for an immense amount of office space, which might better have occupied non-expensive quarters in a New Jersey manufacturing town.

This occurred in the year 1907, and from that date to this the stock and bondholders of the railway company have been helping to pay the interest on the bonds that built the terminal buildings. *It is they who made up the old panic losses, and saved the bond house and the situation in Wall Street. The joke is on them, not alone because they know nothing about it, but because the profits of their company are being diverted to another source, while the railway is still too poor to pay them dividends on its stock and legitimate interest charges on many of its bond issues.*

It is a peculiar fact that the bond dealer has a positive hatred for stocks. He feels a deep distrust toward a stock certificate, and rarely buys one. Between bondholders and stockholders there is a chasm that cannot be bridged. This is because the bondholder is a creditor of the company, and the stockholder is a partner in the business.

It is a matter for serious consideration that millions of shares of stock that pass from hand to hand daily in Wall Street are not owned by anybody. We will say that a corporation has listed $100,000,000 in its shares on the Stock Exchange. The chief interests in the company own only a small proportion of this amount. Another limited proportion is in the hands of actual investors. But probably $50,000,000 worth of these shares are merely registered in the names of brokerage concerns for the accommodation of speculators. This immense amount of stock passes daily from one commission house to another in the ordinary course of trading, or huge batches of it are lying in banks as collateral for call loans. It has no owners. It is said of such corporations that their control "is in the Street."

Stocks of the above nature are dangerous to buy. They are the pawns of pool manipulators. Brokers make their livelihood out of the sales of such issues, and gambling in them is their favorite sport. The person who invests in such securities has more money than sense, and will not have his money long.

Year after year new devices are invented in Wall Street to make stocks appear more tempting to investors and more attractive to speculative cliques. This is done by changing the par value. The traditional share of stock has a par value of $100. But there are now innumerable stock issues of the more popular type with absolutely no par value, or whose face value is $5, or $10, or $25. Thousands of men and women who trade in stocks—and women traders are becoming nearly as numerous as men—are totally unaware of or indifferent to the face value of such securities. They do not realize how they are being deluded. The point may be illustrated by a few examples.

When Stock Dividends Are Issued

ONE of the stocks most popular in the Street with speculators is an industrial issue. The company is a strong one, sound and capably managed, but its common shares are the mere plaything of Wall Street. In the year 1919, this company's common stock, which then had a par value of $100, sold as high as $406.50 a share. In the following year, for reasons which will be explained later, this company issued $20,000,000 in new stock in exchange for the old stock of $100 par value, on the basis of 10 new shares for each old share held. The new shares, of no par value, are thus really rated on a basis of $10 a share. This was done because it is difficult to market, sell or manipulate a stock selling as high as $400 a share. The new stock promptly dropped to $42 a share in 1920, and, at present, with its dividend passed, it is selling for $12. These shares are now represented in the "floating supply" in the financial district.

There are two important reasons why this low-priced stock is welcome in Wall Street.

First: It is attractive to the pool operator. It requires a bank roll only one-tenth as large, to work up a $10 a share stock, as it does to manipulate a $100 share stock. And as a rule the pools shun stocks selling higher than $100, because they cannot unload them at all.

Second: The average trader dislikes to buy shares selling at more than $100. He says to himself: "I can't afford to buy high-priced stocks."

Whereupon, this is what happens: A group of pool operators have run the $10 stock up to $15. Brokers, issuing advice to their customers, write, *"There is a good profit in buying the low-priced rails and industrials."* The margin trader, lured into Wall Street's doings, runs his finger down the stock list, and seeing one selling at $15, he says: "This one looks good to me." He buys the supposedly cheap stock, anticipating that it may be run up 10 to 20 points. Then the pool sells out, and the shares drop to $7 or $8. And the deluded speculator cannot figure out the reason why.

Now this speculator would have laughed at the mere idea of paying $150 a share for a stock that was paying no dividends. Yet that was exactly what he did. He bought a stock for $15 at a parity rate of $150. He was neatly tricked.

Another popular stock on the Exchange is one of the oil shares. The company is the owner of splendidly paying properties, but its shares belong to the category of "trick stocks." Their face value is $25, and they are selling at the present moment for $48. Men and women investors grab for these shares as great bargains on learning that the company is paying 12 per cent dividends. But in this instance, 12 per cent means only $3 a share. Many of these small investors would swoon at the mere suggestion of paying $192 for a share of stock. They would protest that they couldn't afford it. Yet this is exactly what they are doing.

War Profiteering Unparalleled

SOME companies suffer from an embarrassment of riches when their stocks climb up to unheard-of figures. Because of the nature of their business, they fear criticism or investigation, and they promptly issue a new flood of securities in the form of stock dividends, so as to make their profits seem less. This step was forced upon a large Wall Street corporation, which probably represents the most monumental example of war profiteering ever witnessed in the history of the world.

In January, 1914, the common stock of this corporation was selling at $30 a share, on the New York Stock Exchange. The World War approached, and the United States Senate passed a bill to construct a plant, at a cost of $11,000,000, for the manufacture of certain material which the Wall Street corporation was also engaged in making.

The Wall Street concern promptly engaged upon the greatest publicity campaign ever engineered by a single corporate management. It established an advertising and publicity staff, headed by the highest-priced publicity agent in the country. It spent its resources like water in *"An Appeal to the American People to Save Them $11,000,000 of Their Money,"* in an endeavor to defeat the proposal of the United States Sen-

(Concluded on page 13)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 28, May 6, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Press Agents and Presidents

CAPITALIZING the presidency of the United States was not dreamed of when the makers of the Constitution created that post of supreme honor and importance.

This is a democratic country, but that does not imply that the chief executiveship is other than a place of the highest dignity. The people of the United States demonstrate no lack of faith in the principles of freedom and equality when they maintain most formal respect for the President.

Yet, with a degree of acceleration that has been painfully rapid, there has been a tendency of late years to use the President and others high in official life for private gain. The growth of photography in press-agenting enterprises has been the chief contributing cause of this condition. Of recent years the newspaper-reading public has been regaled more and more with pictures. Newspapers, eager for circulation, have exploited the picture interest to the utmost and public officials, always willing to get a little free publicity, have been educated to appear in various poses for the benefit of press photographs. As a natural sequence, the ever-present tribe of press agents adopted the picture.

The radio craze is the latest to strike the American public. The development of the wireless telephone will be of immense value to the world, but for the moment the controlling factors are two: the high enthusiasm of the amateur experimenter in something new, and the cold, professional exploitation of that enthusiasm by commercial interests.

President Harding, with a bored smile on his face, has been photographed with a radio set over his head. Secretary of State Hughes and others in the cabinet and in high official life have been similarly photographed.

Stripped of all veneer, the broadcasting of these pictures is merely the press-agenting of radio wares. A radio set adds nothing to the President of the United States, nor to the dignity of the man who is charged with handling diplomatic relations with other great governments. The country is entitled to see its officials purely as officials, and not in the circus garb that affords pleasure or profit to the Toms and the Dicks and Harrys who want the pill of their publicity sugar-coated with a great presence.

Sabatino Demasi Is Free

ONE sunshiny day back in 1909, Sabatino Demasi stood at a pier in Jersey City, his face aglow with smiles. He was waiting for the boat which was bringing his wife from Italy to enjoy with him the blessings and justice and joys of this free land.

The other day Sabatino stepped forth again into the free sunlight of America. He had not met his wife on that morning years ago. Instead, an innocent man, he has spent 12 years in a Pennsylvania penitentiary. Twice he heard the stern voice of a judge condemn him to death for a murder he did not commit. His wife, shocked into desertion by the charge against him, disappeared, God knows where. His mother died of a broken heart.

He is the victim of cruel injustice of two American institutions which we fondly believe are established to insure safety to all—the American police system and the American jury system.

There had been a holdup in a Philadelphia saloon. Two men had been slain by a masked bandit. The hue and cry had been strong. The public had demanded the slayer's blood; the police had wanted a man whose arrest and conviction would testify to their efficiency.

A man named Comporto was arrested, but the third degree had failed to break down his denial of the crime. In the meantime, Demasi, unable to collect a debt from an acquaintance, had taken some of the latter's clothing in payment, and departed. Philadelphia police caused him to be arrested in Jersey City and brought back. They sought to fasten the saloon holdup and killing on him. He stoutly denied it.

Then the police put before Comporto a purported confession of Demasi in which the latter was apparently placing the blame for the crime on the former. Comporto, enraged at Demasi and frantic with fear for himself, told a story which satisfied the police heart of hearts. It was that Demasi had committed the killings, and that Comporto had served as a lookout. It also charged Demasi with several killings in Towanda, Pennsylvania, some time before.

Demasi was tried. Bystanders who saw the holdup testified that the bandit's hair had been red. Demasi's was black. Four of Demasi's friends testified to an alibi for him. Demasi was defended by a young attorney, one of the type courts are prone to appoint to "protect the interests" of persons too poor to hire lawyers. The jury did not believe Demasi's story, nor his alibi. He was convicted, and on a new trial convicted again. Sentence of death was imposed.

The police were satisfied. They had "cleaned up" the saloon holdup and the Towanda slayings. After the crime reports, on the police registers, were placed the notations which went to establish the police record for solving crime and bringing to justice the criminals.

Somehow it was proved that Demasi had been in Italy when the Towanda crimes occurred, so the governor commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. Twelve years wore on. Comporto threw up his hands and confessed that he had lied, that he had manufactured the story out of whole cloth, that he had tried to fasten the crime on Demasi because Demasi had tried to fasten it on him.

The original "confession," purporting to be that of Demasi, was, of course, false. It was simply one of the third degree methods used by the police to arouse Comporto's vengefulness and force from him the confession they wanted, one which would fasten the crime on somebody, anybody.

The Demasi tragedy is perhaps an extreme one. Let us hope so. But the fact remains, well known to those familiar with the police system in large cities, that the police search for a scapegoat is all too frequent. Finding a man they deem "bad," many detectives reason that it would be a good thing to "put him away," and all too easily some of them succumb to the belief that it makes little difference whether he may actually have been guilty of the particular crime for which they seek a victim.

The law and order sentiment of the people of this country is vast. But it should not be so all-embracing as to accept without scrutiny the justice of all things done in the name of justice. Courts and jurors owe to themselves and the country the duty of scanning with closest care those cases which depend on police testimony. Too often, the most beautifully framed case is "the most beautifully framed case."

Unfair Comparison

"ONE thing the farmer gains is most of the food necessary to sustain life. Many a farmer gets from his farm and his own efforts food that costs the city family from $300 a year up."

This is true, and the writer quoted is not attempting an invidious comparison. His mistake is in the attempt to class the farmer as a wage earner, when he is an employer. The farm hand may well be placed in a class with the mechanic, but the farmer himself should be placed with the employer to make a fair test of his income.

First of all he has his investment, the interest on which would make a large hole in his income. The risk in crop success, even when agriculture is well repaid, is a matter that requires consideration. His own work must be figured at going wages as a business proposition, if not as high as a managerial position in a business involving the same capitalization.

He has the advantage of being his own employer, and that is all. It is worth while, however, and in the end the farmer is the happiest of the various business classes. But the attempt to show him his returns are adequate, or in keeping with those in other lines with which a just comparison may be made, is a dismal failure.

They Were Oversubscribed

AN ISSUE of $160,000,000 in Treasury Certificates at three and one-half per cent, offered by government as a temporary loan for six months, was oversubscribed in April. Such operations are of comparatively frequent occurrence. The wonder expressed in official circles that the certificates should not go begging, is followed by an expression of hope that in refunding the present debt, the rate of three or, at the most, four per cent may float any needed loan.

Most significant in this transaction is the fact that not a dollar of this issue will reach the general public. It was apportioned to the 12 District Reserve Banks, and each of the 12 was ready to take the certificates in excess of the quota assigned them.

The refunding of the existing debt, or any part, at a rate of four, or even three, per cent would be inexcusable. Government 2's, having the circulation privilege, are held at a three and one-half per cent premium today, while circulation taxes reduce interest rate one-half of one per cent. Even under the present system of borrowing from the banks the money furnished them by the government, no higher interest should be paid.

But why pay interest at all? Treasury notes instead of bonds, given the legal tender quality, would be secured by the same means the bonds or certificates are secured, and would function as money, a medium of exchange, without the expense and waste of a bond issue. When the Civil War debt was refunded this lesson was learned. Present-day statesmen should profit by the experience.

Leaderless Do-Nothings

A FEW years ago the country revolted over the rule of bosses in the United States Senate and the House of Representatives. Cannonism in the Lower House and Aldrichism in the Upper House brought forth the political anger of the nation.

Now, the Congressional pendulum has reached the other extreme. From the day when each body included a dozen or more outstanding figures our government has swung to the point where neither Senate nor House is able to offer a single example of real leadership.

There are independent men, and industrious men. There are learned and experienced legislators. There are men representing all viewpoints on the country's problems. But of statesmen able to combine enough qualities to get thought transmuted into action there is an utter void.

The sins of bossism were the sins of commission. The sins of the leaderless flock of Congressmen we now possess are sins of omission. Bossism at least had the virtue of doing something, whether that something was right or wrong. Congress, now at its lowest ebb since the Union was formed, does practically nothing. A bossed Congress earned its pay but the country could well save the $7,500 salaries of the five hundred members of the two houses.

Impudent, But Invited

FRENCH imperialism has been riding for a fall since the imposition of the conquerors' terms upon the defeated nations in the World War.

The revulsion of American public sentiment to the successive attempts of various European powers to accomplish their selfish aims has been general. But France's decline in American estimation has been relatively greatest, due to the high point of sentimental affection for Lafayette's country which we touched in the early days of the war.

The United States has adopted the rôle of an observer in the gallery while the rest of the world plays its politics. Traditionally, this country is opposed to alliances and from the American standpoint it is probable that the new treaty between Germany and the Russian Soviet Government would not draw approval. But viewed purely from the position in the gallery, it is difficult to refrain from a good healthy national chuckle over the way France received the news. France was surprised and indignant over this breach of the French interpretation of international etiquette.

For Germany, a conquered country, and Russia, an outcast government, to conclude a favored-nation agreement, was astounding impudence. France was so angry she almost excluded Germany and Russia from the Genoa Conference, in which she had planned to exact reparations from the Germans and ancient debts from the Russians.

To the American sense of retributive justice, the treaty seems only the result of the long-continued goading by the nation now most incensed.

Mr. Ford's Page

WE ARE not wholly public characters, however public our activities or interests may seem to be. But there is very much in these times to induce us to think that we are public characters, and that the be-all and the end-all of our careers hinges around the progress of some social or industrial or political movement from which we may hope much good for the world.

Most of us are public characters in that sense and to this degree: we live and find our chief concern in the changing tides of life. We identify our own faith or satisfaction with the triumph of some cause which is expected to bring more of justice or opportunity or happiness among men.

But "movements" move so slowly. The thing which we may so clearly see as the right thing to be done, may wait for half a century, while other matters, of apparently less urgency, crowd in for early adoption. That is one of the pains incident to a public-spirited view of affairs—the weary slowness with which good causes seem to move. When we think of those who early saw that slavery had to go, and yet who went themselves into the unknown before Slavery had even become a public question; when we think of the other reforms whose sponsors for a lifetime endured not only opposition (for opposition may denote understanding) but unintelligent ridicule for a cause that was sacred to them, and yet never had so much as the satisfaction of seeing their cause command even a little of public curiosity—when we think of all this hope deferred, it becomes clear that a person cannot take refuge in public spirit alone; he must have a private life in which to retire at times.

We crave to see progress somewhere; sometimes people are stopped from seeing progress anywhere but in themselves and in their own lives. And if progress were not possible there, life would be all externals; as it is, the best part of life is private.

Now, in these times, there is just a danger that people will forget that occasionally they ought to retire inwardly and escape the long-drawn disappointment of slow-moving "movements." If the movement is going to overlap our lives so that we shall not be present at the victory, we shall have to find the sense of victory somewhere else, without in any way losing our loyalty to the cause which may come to fruition half a century hence.

It is true, of course, that in these times there is a greater rapidity of growth than at any previous period. Ideas ripen faster in this period of the world than they ever did before. Nations knit vision and action together more readily than they have ever done. In the realm of ideas more progress can now be made in five years than was formerly possible in a century. The rapidity of communication is an illustration of what is occurring between vision and realization.

But even so, needed and undisputed reforms often wear out the patience, they are so long delayed. There is no one to command the new era into being; no executive order sets aside the old and wrong, to bring in the new and right. And thus many excellent and necessary reforms have to wait for a long winter to end and a backward spring to arrive. We are all filled with the spirit which demands that if the thing is right, it should immediately be established. But it is not immediately established.

We are pretty certain that this country is at the end of one stage and ready to enter another. Every unmistakable sign points to that. The rift between what was and what shall be is as plain as a rift in the clouds or a rent in a fabric. Something has ended, something is slowly slipping away—that much is certain. We are at a division point in history. There is complete helpfulness among the attachés of the old order, and hopefulness among those who look for the new. But still the fact remains, that no matter how clearly men may see the new, it comes but slowly.

There is no question that it could be assisted to come much more rapidly. If the powers that be were members of the age to come, they could materially assist its coming. But they are among the things which are slowly disappearing into the past. And the process of disappearance is not what the people want today; they want to see appearance. The old, even in its passing, seems so very like the wrong thing which the people have always had with them, that it seems stationary. They can see the old, but not the new. Apparently, to them, there is no progress. If their whole happiness consists in what they can see in the outside world, they are without much happiness.

As a matter of fact and experience, affairs do not move as rapidly as the vision of men would justify. They never do. The affairs of the race overlap the lives of many individuals.

OURS is the Bridge Generation by which those who belong to the new era may cross over. We are set between two worlds, one passing into oblivion, the other just emerging into life, and it is in our time that the transition from one to the other shall be made. The remains of the old must be decently laid away; the path of the new prepared. That is the difference between Revolution and Progress. What this generation will see as a matter of established reform is one thing; what it is actually seeing, and serving, and having a part in, is the shifting of the scenes, the movement of new and advanced ideas and ideals into commanding position.

And yet it is due to each self-conscious generation that it see some progress in its ideal desires, that it see some portion of its spirit materialized for the service of those who succeed it.

This present generation is the Bridge Generation, over which the nation, and perhaps the civilized world at large, is passing from the old to the new era. Only once before in the history of this country was there need for a Bridge Generation. And if those who are finding most of their interest in the affairs of the nation and humanity, will understand the function which they collectively perform, it will do much to help toward a larger interpretation of events. If movements move slowly, from the old to a new, there must be a bridge across which to move, and that bridge can only be made of people who can knit up the raveled fringes of the old, and place the warp and woof of the new upon the loom of destiny.

When there is no Bridge Generation, what happens? Trouble. The race, finding no foothold, plunges into confusion. Revolutions have been failures on that account; they are not bridges; they are abysses into which men fall. And when men scramble out again, it is mere chance whether they climb back on the side from which they fell, or struggle forward in distress toward the side which they so blindly sought.

This generation is set to prevent that. It stands here between two worlds, one receding into the sunset, the other coming to view in a misty sunrise. Those who belong to the old order will go out with the old, and those who belong to the new order will come in with the new—and they will come in over the bridge of this generation which stretches between the old and the new to make a path across. That is glory enough for one generation. But it is painful work, it requires established faith, sublime patience and unconquerable courage.

Armies march over the roads that other men have built, but the road builders rarely share in the military glory. There have been periods of preparation, the participants of which have not seen the latter achievement. So this generation may not see all that it hopes to see, but it may have this knowledge: that it was the Bridge that carried the conquerors over. To hold the bridge, to let the new era come in, is a greater glory than to march. Yet the fact remains that many who man the bridge will take up the march also and will see the incoming of all the reforms and readjustments and reorganizations for which all phases of social life call out.

Training Thoroughbred Plants for the Table

Little-Known Men Work Wonders in Making Nature's Fine Products Finer



Professor Charles Haralson and his helpers.

By E. I. FARRINGTON

CERTAIN men have done such spectacular things in the way of plant breeding and hybridization that they have gained titles of plant wizards. There are others, little known to the general public, who have worked wonders in bettering the natural products of the earth.

In Central New York lives Calvin Kenney. Mr. Keeney is the man who took the strings out of string beans. Surely, that is achievement enough to give anyone fame. Everybody knows string beans were very properly named. Formerly, it was always necessary to unwind a snarl of strings in dining on this vegetable. Mr. Keeney grew beans for seed, hundreds of acres of them. He realized the desirability of the stringless string bean, and set about to produce one.

Mr. Keeney got down on his knees and crept from plant to plant, trying to find a single bean without a string. He broke hundreds of beans, and spent weeks in labor before his reward came. Then he found a bean which did break clean. He marked the bush on which it grew with a white rag, and continued the search. Only a few plants were found in the whole field, but the seed from them was saved very carefully, and the next year planted in a separate plot. A considerable proportion of the beans from this plot were also stringless. They, too, were saved, and planted. This process was kept up for several years, until practically every bean was a stringless bean.



CALVIN KEENEY,
Who unstrung the string bean.

Down South lives "Old Sol" Wright, the man who gave the rice growers the Blue Rose variety. Salmon Lusk Wright is his name but he is better known to his associates by the name of "Old Sol." Mr. Wright has done for rice producers what Mr. Keeney has done for bean growers. He went to his fields one day and returned with a pocket full of rice grains from various rows. He shelled them and found a big difference in the grains. Some were long, some short, some fat and some thin. Many were stunted, and not a few misshapen. Several hours that night were spent in an effort to find a perfect grain. Disappointment was the result. Again and again he had this experience. At last, however, several berries were found which approximated his ideal. They were carefully planted and the seed from them collected. Slight improvements were noted, and another crop was nursed along.

For months Mr. Wright spent his evenings examining hundreds of tiny berries by an oil lamp. For six years he worked this way, until he had accumulated several hundred greatly improved grains. In 1911 an almost perfect American-grown seed rice had been produced. It was found to yield from 25 to 30 per cent more head rice than any other variety. Mr. Wright called his new strain the Blue Rose. It was an odd name, and this is the way it came about:

While Mr. Wright was spending his long evenings inspecting rice seed, his wife's mother read to him. One night she read a story telling of the labors of a priest who perfected rare roses. A parishioner, intending to be sarcastic, asked the priest why he did not produce a blue rose. The priest replied: "My dear man, if I could do that I would not have to be your priest any longer."

At this point Wright stumbled on the perfect grain he had so patiently sought for years, and on the spot he named it the Blue Rose.

It is one thing to perfect an improved grain of rice, and another to get the growers to adopt it. The mills knew only Honduras and Japanese rice. The growers were afraid that the mills would not buy their product if it were a new kind. At last, however, all prejudice has been broken down. In a single year, Wright has sold twenty-three thousand dollars' worth of seed. Forty bushels returned to one grower an income of $4,600. At the present time, Blue Rose is being planted on nearly 400,000 acres, or more than half the total rice area of the United States, and "Old Sol" Wright is known all over the South as the man who has saved the rice industry for America.

When people were told a few years ago that a strawberry which would bear all summer had been developed, they were inclined to raise their eyebrows in surprise. Now fall-bearing and everbearing strawberries are no longer novelties. It is as easy to eat strawberries in the fall as in the spring.

For nearly 20 years, Harlow Rockhill, of Iowa, worked to breed strawberries which would produce continuously throughout the season. Thousands of seedling varieties were developed. A few gave promise, while the majority were discarded before success came. Mr. Rockhill, though, was not the only man who hit upon the idea of fall-bearing strawberries. Samuel Cooper had the idea in mind and he, too, was successful.

The fall-bearing strawberry is especially valuable for home gardens. It produces a big crop in the fall if the blossoms are picked off until the first of July. Then the next spring the same plants yield another generous supply of large, red, juicy berries. These berries grow best in hills where they can be kept cultivated. In the fall, it is a common thing for growers to receive 40 or 50 cents a box, and oftentimes the plants keep on bearing until the fruit is frozen on the vines. Certainly, strawberry lovers owe a debt to these modest men who have given much of their lives to the improvement of fall berries.



SALMON LUSK WRIGHT,
With his Blue Rose rice.

Sometimes, an improved variety of fruit is obtained much more quickly. The strawberry is a notional fruit. Varieties which thrive in one section are almost useless in another. Some years ago, farmers south of Boston needed a better strawberry than any which they had been able to grow. Among them was Lester Blanchard. Going through a small patch of berries in his field, he saw one which was easily distinguishable from the others. It seemed unusually large and solid. Mr. Blanchard dug up the plant to use for propagation purposes. In a few years, he had grown enough plants to set out a field and start producing the berries commercially. This was the origin of the Abington strawberry, now one of the leading varieties of the East, and a berry which can be shipped to market under conditions fatal to other varieties.

Originally, Minnesota was not looked upon as a fruit-growing state. Yet, several horticulturists, working on the experimental farms established by the state, have produced a number of splendid new plants, some of which are especially well adapted to northern climates. Professor Charles Haralson, superintendent of the Minnesota Fruit Breeding Farm, worked quietly for years testing thousands of seedling berries and larger fruits.

Perhaps the finest of his new fruits is a raspberry which was first called Minnesota No. 4 but is known now as Latham, being named for the secretary of the Minnesota Horticultural Society. Many common raspberries are not sufficiently hardy to go through a Minnesota winter. This new variety, however, is hardy and produces a great amount of large, delicious fruit.

Most of us are acquainted with the loganberry which comes from California. There are various stories about its origin. Many attribute it to Judge J. H. Logan, of Santa Cruz. In 1880, Judge Logan started a fruit and vegetable garden, planting every variety of blackberry and raspberry he could obtain. A great many seedlings were raised, and one day Judge Logan noticed one entirely unlike the others. A few weeks later, the berries began to ripen. Judge Logan realized that he had discovered a new fruit, and took pains to propagate it. He named it the Loganberry. This berry, a cross between the raspberry and the blackberry, has several advantages over each. The berries grow very large, and the yield is enormous. It is said that a hundred small fruit basketfuls have been taken from one plant. It contains a great amount of juice, so refreshing that it has been put on the market as a beverage.

J. F. JONES

The time may come when nuts will be depended upon to feed the world. Before the war, nuts constituted the largest single food item among our imports, the value reaching $22,874,000. Thousands of strong, energetic persons take 75 per cent of their protein from nuts, and thousands more could do so to advantage. For years a number of enthusiasts have been devoting their time to the development of better nut trees. One of these men is David Bush, an old-time Pennsylvania horticulturist. Mr. Bush has made eating easier by perfecting nut strains which have thin shells, easy to break, and a large amount of meat. Mr. Bush and others have produced pecans which can be grown in the North, and walnuts which thrive in New York State.

The development of better qualities in nuts has engaged the attention of many scientific and studious farmers. L. F. Wilkinson, of Rockport, Indiana, is one of these. Born and reared on the spot where he now lives, he has given lifelong study to nut culture with important results.

In addition to practical efforts to better the quality of nuts, J. F. Jones, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has given much time to preaching to the general public the value of nuts as foods and of nut-bearing trees as valuable shade trees, important to the growth of vegetable life in general. "Jones, the Nut Man" is the title by which he is known far and wide, a title, by the way, in which he takes the greatest pride.

There are many others whose quiet work for the advancement of their profession of cultivating the soil have contributed largely to the uplift of vegetable food. But for want of a press agent, most of them work their quiet wonders, unknown to the world they aid.

James Oliver Curwood Finds the Soul of Nature

The Killer Who Has Turned Tells Why He Now Fights for Wild Life

"THERE was a time when I took pride in the wideness and diversity of my killings. I was a destroyer of life. Now I am only glad that these killings ultimately brought me to a discovery which is the finest thing I have to contemplate through the rest of my existence."

Surrounded by his books, cases crowded with stuffed birds, and with more than a score of guns notched at the stocks, recording in Indian fashion the killings, James Oliver Curwood was making this confession. It was in his home at Owosso, Michigan, a growing city of approximately 15,000, not far from Lansing, the capital of the state. The early sun of spring was shimmering on the reddish brick of his residence—the earnings of many a quirk and smile in the realm of fiction. The last vestiges of winter were vanishing and children were playing marbles over the dry spots in the streets. The naked trees of the yard had not broken into spring attire, but there was a richness of air, a stench of rain-washed lands, a steaming, pulsing of earth, that were already calling Mr. Curwood, the author, to prepare for his summer trip into the wilds of Canada.



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



Mr. Curwood in the cabin home where he wrote "God's Country—The Trail to Happiness." Mr. Curwood built this cabin in the British Columbia mountains.

Within this home are the evidences of the life of its resident. There was his row of 24 books—three of which have headed the list of the six best sellers. Many of these have been translated into seven different languages. Here was one of the largest collections of great game photographs in America, taken from life by himself. Mr. Curwood has come to be recognized as one of the foremost authorities on matters pertaining to the Canadian Northland; he spends several months in the wilds each year traveling as far north as the Arctic coast, and he is the only American ever employed by the Canadian Government as an explanatory and descriptive writer. About him were the guns by which he had peopled the walls and the corners with stuffed beasts.

"Now I am fighting for wild life harder than I ever hunted," commented Mr. Curwood, looking toward the guns. "With them, I have left red trails to Hudson's Bay, to the Barren Lands, to the country of the Athabasca and the Great Bear, to the Arctic Ocean, to the Yukon and Alaska, and throughout British Columbia. This is not intended as a pean of triumph. It is a fact which I wish had never existed. And yet it may be that my love of nature and the wild things, at the last, is greater because of those years of reckless killing. I am inclined to believe so. In my pantheistic heart, the mounted heads in my home are no longer crowned with the grandeur of trophies, but rather with the nobility of martyrs. I love them. I am no longer their enemy, and I warm myself with the belief that they know I am fighting for them now.

"In this religion of the open, I have come to understand and gather peace from the whispering voices and even the silence of all God-loving things. I have learned to love trees."

"What is the greatest thing each state can do to aid its conservation of wild animals?" was asked as Mr. Curwood paused.

"I am not merely fighting for the conservation of wild life," replied Mr. Curwood. "It is my belief that next to God and religion the two greatest words in the languages of all the world are conservation and propagation, but of all natural resources, and especially forests. Our future, our very lives, you might say, depend on the conservation of the resources which nature has given us. We have annihilated our forests to such a point that Michigan, for instance, is now a wood-importing state, where only a short time ago it was one of the greatest timber producing states in the Union. Last year the freight bill for Michigan's imported timber alone was $10,000,000, or sufficient to re-forest 150,000 acres of our 10,000,000 acres of burned over and waste lands. And wild life as well as the welfare of the human lives depends first of all upon our forests. Without forests our rivers will become barren and dry up, and our smaller lakes disappear. And the wheels of almost every industry will cease to move. My belief is the biggest thing a state can do toward this conservation is to take the work of conservation and propagation out of politics. Politics can run a government or a nation, but politics can run neither God nor our national resources. When it comes to religion and conservation the rule of politics, greed and ambition is a menace and a crime."



Mr. Curwood and one of his favorite dogs.

Mr. Curwood's home at Owosso, Michigan.



Mrs. James Oliver Curwood on a long and adventurous trip with her husband in the British Columbia mountains, just under the Yukon.

"Should there be courses taught in the public schools to give children a better understanding of the habits of wild animals and the necessity for conservation?" he was asked.

"Again you limit yourself to animals," he replied. "We must broaden this, also, and when we do broaden it I answer emphatically, 'Yes!' The most logical and best place to begin teaching humanity the value and necessity of conservation and propagation of our natural resources is in the public schools. Children should be made to understand that trees are as important to the welfare of this earth as they themselves are. They should be made to realize that when Michigan cuts down each year more than 1,500,000 Christmas trees we are destroying an incalculable amount of timber. They should be taught to see the necessity and beauty of planting trees, and of protecting all forms of wild life which are not inimical to our welfare. They should be made to understand that if all wild life and all vegetation were taken from the earth tomorrow, the human race would within a very short time become as extinct as the Dodo and Brontosaurus. Within a few months the whole world would be a madhouse of disease, famine and death. To my mind, the most beautiful thing in the world is to teach a child not only the necessity of protecting and encouraging nature, but the beauty of it as well."

"What is the most striking single incident you have encountered showing the understanding of wild animals?"

"I think the most dramatic climax of my desire to let live came when I was seeking material for my book, 'The Grizzly King,' declared Mr. Curwood. "With a pack outfit of a dozen horses I had gone into the British Columbia mountains, and in a wonderful valley I came one day upon the track of a huge grizzly bear. It was the biggest track I had ever seen, and as there was no particular limit set to my time, I struck camp. For three weeks my mountain companion and I hung to that grizzly. He was a monster, weighing 1,200 pounds, if he weighed an ounce. I watched him feed. I saw him fight. I followed up his daily life until gradually there came over me an overwhelming desire to possess the skin and head of this king of the mountains for my-

(Concluded on page 12)

How Our Federal Pension System Operates

Handling Stupendous Sums of Money and Adjusting New Claims Entails Painstaking Labor and Careful Investigation by Experts

By WASHINGTON GARDNER

United States Commissioner of Pensions in an authorized statement to A. R. Pinci.

THE average citizen—and certainly the average taxpayer—knows that one of the many government problems is that of pensions, and that there exists at Washington a Bureau of Pensions. The building that houses the bureau is one of the points of interest to the visiting tourist, but it is hardly likely that this casual visitor realizes the magnitude of the business administered within its historic walls. Yet more than $6,000,000,000 have been disbursed for pensions and for maintenance of pension systems from 1790 to 1921.

The pensioners of the United States are subdivided into several classes. They include pensioners of the Revolution—the oldest class on the roll—of the War of 1812, of the early wars with the Indians, of the Mexican War, of the Civil War, of the Spanish-American War and the subsequent insurrection in the Philippines, and of the World War, where services therein were rendered prior to October, 1917. There are also other pensioners of the regular military and naval forces and a few unclassified pensioners.

The pensioners are not all soldiers, or even former soldiers. They represent widows, minor children, dependent persons and army nurses. More than 3,000 of them are scattered over wide areas outside the United States, from Tasmania to Mauritius, and from China to Norway.

Half Million Pensioners

AT THE end of the fiscal year 1921 there were 566,053 pensioners on the roll. The largest number of names in any one year was in 1902, when it totaled 999,446—a total that may be better understood if one thinks that it is only 554 less than a million. In 1866, one year after the close of the Civil War, there were 126,722 pensioners.

Losses to the pensions roll are caused chiefly by death, but there are also other causes, such as remarriage of widows, minors attaining the age of 16 years, failure to claim for three years, and the like. Gains are made chiefly by original allowances, but also, in some cases, by the restoration of forfeited pensions. Since 1910 the loss of Civil War soldiers has averaged about 30,000 a year. Last June there were 218,775 of them, as against 243,520 the preceding year, while the largest number of them on the roll was reached in 1898, with a total of 745,822.

The exact amount paid to pensioners between 1790 and 1921, a span of 131 years, is $6,089,536,537.71, while the cost of maintenance of the pension system from 1866 has been $138,683,653.30. As the disbursements have been made in sums ranging from a minimum of $2 a month to a maximum of $416.66 2/3 (the greatest number of pensioners received, however, pensions of $30 or $50), it is evident that a vast amount of careful clerical work and accounting is necessary.

It is not the stupendous sums paid out annually or the number of persons served that makes the record of the work of the Bureau of Pensions remarkable, but the close scrutiny which must follow every application for a pension to insure that, if granted, the money shall go to the rightful recipient for the purposes intended.

On May 1, 1920, there was approved by the Congress an act to revise and equalize rates of pensions to certain soldiers, sailors and marines of the Mexican and Civil wars, including widows, former widows, dependent parents and children, and certain army nurses. A few weeks later another act was approved to pension soldiers and sailors of the Spanish-American War, including the Philippine Insurrection and the relief expedition in China.

Painstaking Care Necessary

THE passage of these acts required the forming of a section of experts to investigate and determine promptly where increases could be granted to the pensioners already on the roll in cases not requiring new applications. This work has been well and expeditiously done, and yet on January 1, 1922, there were 65,541 claims on hand under the operation of these two single acts.

It is needless to say that with hundreds of thousands of pensioners scattered in 48 states, the District of Columbia, five insular possessions, and 67 foreign countries (including dependencies), there is much possibility of mistake and misunderstandings, if not necessarily of fraud. Nothing must be taken for granted. The operation of the pension laws, furthermore, in many respects makes the bureau's work quite complicated.

Handling pension claims is routine work, but it requires painstaking care. Many persons have an erroneous impression that is a simple thing for the Pension Bureau to take up a pension claim and immediately dispose of it. As a matter of fact, it is often a most difficult matter to adjust.

In claiming a pension, an application must be filed in the Pension Bureau, stating under what law the claim is made, accompanied by the facts on which it is based. After the validity of the declaration is determinated by the Law Division, a record is made and the claim receives a number. This record is made in various ways for statistical purposes and for information, and so that the claim may be found readily. There are about 6,000,000 record cards on file today.

The claim thence is submitted to adjudicating divisions made up of experts who by training, study and experience have qualified themselves for obtaining, examining and weighing the evidence on which pension claims are based. In due time the Board of Review gets the case. No claim is rejected unless it has been considered and disallowed by an examiner, a reviewer and a final reviewer, while every claim that is allowed must have the concurrence of three experts of the same class.

Many times it is necessary to make an inquiry in the field. These inquiries are made in the case of doubtful or difficult claims, or those in which criminal features are involved. Should a medical question present itself for solution, it is sent to the proper division, which has the assistance of about 4,000 physicians throughout the United States. If questions of law are involved, too, these are sent to the Law Division, which passes on questions relating to attorneyship, guardianship, marriage and divorce.

The Bureau of Pensions under these circumstances is not a mere administrative office. It is called upon to construe the law and to exercise judicial functions, determining the rights of claimants and of the government under the law and facts, and in this manner acts as a court. The numerous pension laws have required much consideration and interpretation, and there are 20 octavo volumes containing the opinions of the Secretary of the Interior on questions that have arisen in pension cases.

Of course, the Pension Bureau cannot undertake to determine, in advance of the filing of a claim and necessary evidence, whether a pensionable status exists, yet requests for information of this kind are constantly being received from individuals who believe they have claims, such as dependent parents, invalids, minors and widows. Each class, as well as each case of each class, is governed by laws and regulations, and as already pointed out, every claim must be analyzed by experts *after* it has been filed.

Delay a Serious Matter

THE speed with which the work is handled depends, of course, on the number of employes. In 1921 there were 867, a decrease of 37 from the previous year. The claims last year were disposed of at a cost for salaries and other expenses of administration of $17.25 per claim, while the actual cost of disbursement was 10¼ cents for every $100.

The available force of employes is not sufficient, however, to cope with the great influx of claims. To be in arrears in the consideration of claims for pension is a serious matter. Comparatively few persons who are entitled to a pension are in such financial condition that they do not stand greatly in need of the money granted by a generous Congress. All we can say is that the delay is absolutely unavoidable and that claimants must wait with patience until their claims are reached in their regular order. Congress alone can remedy the conditions as they exist by authorizing a temporary addition to the working force.

On the other hand, liberalization of practice has been effected lately, for the sake of efficiency. The Bureau of Pensions has been often reproached for a policy and practice thought to be too narrow, restricted and technical. This has been accentuated when brought in contrast with the liberal treatment accorded the veterans of the World War both by Congress and by those charged with the administration of the laws passed for their relief. In the belief that like liberal treatment should be accorded to those coming within the purview of pension legislation, the present administration has made several modifications of the practice of the bureau. Whatever grounds there may have been for criticism, the object now is to do justice to all by eliminating technicalities as far as possible.

Helpless Helped First

AN INSTANCE of the new policy will be cited. A provision of the Act of May 1, 1920, grants $72 a month to Civil War veterans "helpless or blind, or so nearly helpless or blind as to require regular personal aid and attendance." Under this provision 38,938 Civil War veterans applied for the $72 rate during the last fiscal year, and additional claims are now coming in at the rate of approximately 3,000 monthly. In view of the great age and the helpless condition of these applicants, their claims are being given special attention and everything is being done to bring about their early settlement.

Another instance provides that the ratings granted Spanish War veterans shall be proportioned to the degree of inability to earn a support by manual labor. Departing from a fixed, arbitrary scale of rates, the test in each case now is the extent to which inability to earn a support is lessened.

In other instances, however, the Bureau of Pensions cannot exercise authority in expediting the work at hand without remedial legislation. One of these relates to the proof of marriage. This law's requirements have given rise to much complaint, and in numerous cases imposed upon widow applicants a peculiar hardship, made more manifest by the lapse of time. Yet the Pension Bureau has no power to change the law. The recent legislation in behalf of the widows of World War veterans is much more liberal in this regard and permits the indulgence of presumption of marriage in the absence of proof in certain cases and under certain conditions. It is hoped that this liberality of law favoring widows of veterans of the recent war will be extended to the widows of veterans of the Civil War, the war with Spain, or of those who served in the regular establishment prior to April 6, 1917.

There seems to be a general demand among all classes of pensioners for the monthly payment of pensions. Congress has recognized this demand. The Bland bill has been passed by the House of Representatives and is now in the hands of the Senate. The arguments in favor of monthly payment of pensions are patent to everybody. The passage of this bill for monthly payments is strongly recommended.

Another activity of the Pension Bureau has to do with the administration of the Civil Service Retirement Act, approved May 22, 1920. Under its provisions are included all employes of the classified civil service of the United States, representing one of the largest groups of employes ever to be covered by a single retirement fund.

62 Widows of 1812 Soldiers

SINCE the organization of the new retirement division 18 months ago, 7,076 claims for age annuity and 1,261 claims for retirement on account of disability have been filed. This branch of the work is considered as being practically current.

During the same period 80,500 applications for refund have been filed by former employes who have become separated from the service because of resignation, dismissal, or necessary reduction of force. The work of adjudicating this class of claims is about four months in arrears. An amendment to the act which has already passed the Senate and is now pending in the House will, if enacted, facilitate the adjudication of claims for refund.

A few figures on the pension situation will be undoubtedly instructive.

The number of certificates issued on account of all claims allowed since the establishment of the pensions system down to the end of the last fiscal year was 6,302,836. Congress granted 59,124 pensions by special acts since March 4, 1861. Of the total number of pensioners on the roll last June—566,053—by classes they are as follows: soldiers, 267,629; widows, 290,955; minors, 2,163; helpless children, 919; other dependents, 4,285, and nurses, 102.

Sixty-four pensions were still being paid on account of the War of 1812, although more than a century has passed since the termination of that war. All these, with one exception, were drawn by soldiers' widows, there being now no survivor of the men who fought in that conflict.

109 Mexican War Veterans

THERE were still 2,244 pensioners of the Mexican War, 73 years after it ended. Of these 109 were survivors, and 39 of them died during the fiscal year.

In the past year 24,775 Civil War veterans died. During that period widows who filed claims for pensions numbered 14,753. From these figures some idea can be formed of the number of widow claims that will continue to come in as the veterans yet on the roll gradually pass away. In fact, during the year 1919 the number of Civil War veterans' widows passed the number of veterans on the roll, and at the close of the fiscal year the number of widows was 281,225, as against 218,775 veterans.

Even the brief war with Spain was noted on the pension roll by 39,282 entries on the date stated.

By states, Ohio led in number of pensioners, with 56,960, Nevada holding last place with 270. Alaska had 43. Of the foreign countries or their dependencies, Canada led with 1,623, and 16 places, from British Guiana to Egypt, Portugal to Siam, had each one pensioner. The total amount of foreign disbursements was, for the fiscal year, $1,342,022.37.

Subdivided by different wars, the total disbursements last year were: Civil War, $246,584,640; War with Spain, $6,171,570; War of 1812, $24,160; War with Mexico, $888,025; Indian Wars, $1,565,862; regular establishment, $3,456,191, and World War, $25,394. The average pension for each class was $477.74, $164.34, $356.63, $373.37, $203.71, $183.49 and $238.62, respectively.

"No Interest to Be Collected for Three Years"

Tiberius Stopped Rome's Worst Panic by Defying Money-lenders; But Governments Forget and Doctor Bond Malady With More Bonds

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

IN THE year of the Crucifixion, 33 A. D., during the Consulship of Galba and Sulla, the Roman commercial world was shaken from center to circumference by the greatest panic known to its history.

A vivid account of the panic is found in the pages of Tacitus and Seutonius. About a year before the panic, trade reverses and the loss of three richly laden spice ships on the Red Sea had jeopardized the position of the firm of Seuthes and Son, of Alexandria. A little later the firm of Malchus and Company at Tyre, with factories at Antioch and Ephesus, went bankrupt owing to a strike among their Phoenician workmen and embezzlements of the manager. When it became known that the great Roman banking house of Quintus Maximus and Lucius Vivo had loaned largely to both Seuthes and Malchus, depositors started a run on these banks. The still larger house of the brothers Pettius was involved and in one day all three banks closed their doors.

This great Roman panic had all the characteristics of a modern panic. Banks in Corinth, Carthage, Lyons and Byzantium went down before the cyclone and after this nothing seemed able to check the flood of insolvencies. One bank after another closed. The 12 per cent legal rate was set at naught by any man lucky enough to possess ready money. The Praetor's court was crowded with creditors demanding the auctioning of the debtors' houses, slaves, warehouse stock or furniture. The auctions were thinly attended, for who could buy? Valuable villas and racing studs were knocked down for trifles. Caught in the disaster many men of excellent credit and seemingly ample fortune were reduced to beggary.

The calamity seemed spreading over the empire and threatened a stoppage of all commerce and industry when Gracchus, the Praetor, unable to decide between the hosts of desperate debtors and equally desperate creditors, invoked the aid and advice of the Senate. After a hurried debate the Conscript Fathers dispatched a fast messenger, with a full statement of the danger, to the Emperor Tiberius, in his retreat at Capri.

Four days later a vast throng, slaves and millionaires elbowing together, filled the forum while the emperor's reply was read, first to the Senate and then from the open rostrum, to the waiting people outside. Tiberius' accustomed good sense was apparent in his solution of the problem. He ordered 100 million sesterces (four million dollars) to be taken from the imperial treasury and distributed among bankers to be loaned to the neediest debtors; *no interest was to be collected for three years.*

Gradually, the Via Sacra (the Wall Street of Rome) resumed its wonted aspect. We are told by the historian Stearns that a few banking houses and individuals never recovered their losses but that the majority escaped permanent suspension.

Undoubtedly, the crux of this imperial remedy is found in the canceling of all interest obligations for three years. If such a remedy could be applied to the panic that is threatening, not one but all empires and nations, beyond all question it would prove more effective than any other conceivable remedy. In the United States alone, it would liberate approximately five billion dollars annually and appropriate it to productive purposes rather than to mere payment on dividends. We have the high authority of Governor Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York City that money cannot be used to pay interest on debts and at the same time to purchase goods.

Undoubtedly, if the remedy by which one of the wisest of Roman emperors saved the empire from utter destruction could be applied to the present situation the effect would be to reanimate the dead corpse of public and private credit as by a miracle. Is there enough real statesmanship at Washington to apply this remedy? The question answers itself. Hilaire Belloc, one of the most acute critics of contemporary politics, says: "In all parliamentary countries a few intriguers are the unworthy depositories of power, and by their service of finance permit the money dealers to govern us all today"; in other words, *Wall Street is identical with the government.*

The visible government has long been the obsequious servant of the invisible government. Verily the battle is with principalities and powers in the highest places. It affords food for serious reflection that, while in 33 A. D., Tiberius defied the money-lenders, in 1907, during a similar panic, our Executive called in the chief of the money-lenders and asked him how to stay the panic. His answer is well known—it involved the condition that he must be permitted to absorb his chief competitor, the Tennessee Coal and Oil Company. In such crises today, the government knows but one solution, the creation of more interest-bearing bonds. Verily these bonds do not belie their name.

No words can exaggerate the gravity of the situation. Well may be asked, will the people awake in time? When threatened with despair I turn to that great prophet, Hilaire Belloc, who in his "Robespierre" sums up in unforgetable language the supreme lesson of the French Revolution and of all popular movements for the revindication of long-outraged justice:

"But for all the tortuous errors and overgrowths of time, there is a remedy, and that remedy is the blood in us; the fields and rivers. The old thing out of which we draw (what they used to call the Mother of the Gods) is simple and resolves all things backward into simplicity. Therefore, when once in a thousand years accumulated evil by some quick accident arouses nature, all the State grows young and is ready to combat—a new religion leaps out like a sword. Its unity and simplicity are keen, like the edges of a sword. It cuts off the bonds of men so that they wonder how bonds were ever laid on them. In these moments it is easy to rebuild a world; and then time comes in again to corrupt, and corruption awaits another resurrection."

Intrepid souls have ever drawn from the very darkness that envelops them their chief inspiration, for with such it has ever been an accepted formula of faith that it is always darkest just before the dawn. In such troublous times as these the wise words of William Godwin ought to guide and inspire us. In his "Political Justice" he says: "We must distinguish carefully between instructing the people and exciting them."

Interest, the Mother of Debt

Half National Wealth Mortgaged

"THE progress of the national debts which oppress, and will in the long run probably ruin, all the great nations of Europe."—*Adam Smith (1776).*

"The practice of contracting debts will almost invariably be abused by every government. It would scarcely be more imprudent to give every prodigal son a credit with every banker than to empower statesmen to draw bills in this manner on posterity."—*David Hume.*

"Let us understand then, in the outset, the moral difference between a national debt and a national store. A national debt, like any other, may be honestly incurred, in case of need, and honestly paid in due time. But if a man should be ashamed to borrow, much more should a people: and if a father holds it his honor to provide for his children, and would be ashamed to borrow from them, and leave, with his blessing, his note of hand, for his grandchildren to pay, much more should a nation be ashamed to borrow in any case, or in any manner; and if it borrow at all, it is at least in honor bound to borrow from living men, and not indebt itself to its unborn brats. If it can't provide for them, at least let it not send their cradles to the pawnbrokers and pick the pockets of their first breeches. A national debt, then, is a foul disgrace, at the best. But it is, as now constituted, also a foul crime. National debts, paying interest, are simply the purchase by the rich of the power to tax the poor."—*Ruskin, "Fors Clavigera."*

"You spend eighty millions of money in fireworks, doing no end of damage in letting them off. Then you borrow money to pay for the firework-maker's bill, from any gain-loving persons who have got it. And then, dressing your bailiff's men in new red coats and cocked hats, you send them drumming and trumpeting into the fields, to take the peasants by the throat and make them pay the interest on what you have borrowed, and the expense of the cocked hats besides. This is 'financiering,' my friends, as the mob of money-lenders understand it. And they understand it well. For that is what it always comes to finally; taking the peasant by the throat. *He* must pay—for *he only* can. Food can only be got out of the ground, and all these devices of soldiership, and law, and arithmetic, are but ways of getting at last down to him, the furrow-driver, and snatching the roots from him as he digs."—*Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera," Letter 8.*

"Public credit means the contracting of debts which a nation can never pay."—*William Cobbett (1762-1835).*

There is a patent contradiction in the term, "Public debts." If we spoke accurately we would call them debts owed by the "Public," and owned privately. The whole question of private credits, for the adjustment of which the public is held responsible, will assuredly stand a thorough re-examination at the present moment when our leading economists are demanding their cancellation by billions of dollars.

"Three reforms are necessary steps in the establishment of peace: (a) the creation of a real democracy; (b) the transfer of the right to declare war from the sovereign to the people; (c) the abolition of the power to contract public debts, which makes it easy for states to obtain the financial means required for war without any popular control."—*Kant.*

"The national debts of Europe represent a series of colossal crimes against the people. They were incurred in the prosecution of unnecessary wars and for the support of unnecessary standing armies. One class, representing less than one per cent of the people, owns the debts—the other class pays interest on them. Every child inherits either an estate in these debts or an obligation to pay interest on them. Thus the fruits of a great crime have been transmitted into a vested right to one class of people or a vested wrong to another class."—*Kim's "Mind and Hand."*

"There is nothing really more monstrous in any recorded savagery or absurdity of mankind, than that governments should be able to get money for any folly they choose to commit, by selling to capitalists the right of taxing future generations to the end of time. All the cruelest wars inflicted, all the basest luxuries grasped by the idle classes, are thus paid for by the poor a hundred times over."—*Ruskin, "Fors Clavigera."*

"As long as the British aristocracy carried on war itself and bore the expense, a public debt did not exist. When, by their increasing powers in the House of Commons, they could saddle the debt on the working classes, debts began to rise and war after war followed."—*Bloch, "The Future of War."*

Are we not justified in saying: "No interest, no bonds?" Debt is but a means to an end: the end sought is interest. It would appear, therefore, that the advocates of the cancellation of war debts have put the cart before the horse. They deal with effects rather than with causes: interest is the cause. Let them cancel all war debts: if they leave interest untouched, they have left untouched the cause of debts—the same sinister enormity which has produced the *inferno* from which man cries to be delivered, is left in all its power to work out the same evil destiny.

In addition to the war debts which, so far as Europe is concerned, it is admitted can never be paid, there are also debts of the states, counties or municipalities. There are also the debts of the public utilities and of the corporations, both great and small, the mortgages on farms and city real estate; to which must be added chattel mortgages on farm implements and household goods, not forgetting the ubiquitous automobile, and last of all there are the promissory notes of the business man owing to the bank.

This mass of debts is literally mountain high and has been computed to be a sum equal to a third if not half of our national wealth, both public and private.

Not only is the interest on this principal a constant drain on production but business itself can be done only by a constant and unwilling repudiation of a part of it, that is, by failure, by bankruptcy. Only by continually wiping off a part of the indebtedness is it possible for business to "carry on." A study of a compound interest table will show that but for this periodical cancellation of a part of the debts owing, it would be possible for the credit class long since to have swallowed up all the wealth of the country. As it is, they have a lien on one-half of it, with none of the responsibility or care or worry or labor to make it productive.

Shall we deal with causes or with effects? Is not interest the mother of debt, not her daughter? Will the advocates of cancellation tell us when they propose to cancel the new debts which will inevitably follow if interest is left uncurbed—also the huge mass of private debts which strangle business with a cobra grasp?

Cancellation cannot be a permanent remedy because it blots out only a certain part of the present indebtedness from which the world suffers. Even if all debts, public and private, were repudiated, it would help only until the interest-taker begins accumulating his toll and in 10 or 15 years we would be back to "the miserable oscillation between usury and bankruptcy."

Where Irony Kills the American Spread-eagle

Gridiron Club Banter Is Always Music to the Statesmen's Ears; President Only Man in Public Eye Free From Impersonation

By AARON HARDY ULM

IMAGINE a young United States Senator, famous as a "boy orator" and noted for long speeches, attending his first banquet in Washington. The toastmaster in presenting him as a speaker reminds him that long addresses are wearisome and should be avoided.

"So that we might be of help to you," the toastmaster concludes, "we have decided to present you with this alarm clock. Before making a speech in the Senate, wind up the alarm, set the clock on your desk and when the alarm goes off, stop."

The Senator, primed for a display of his eloquence, responds. Just as he rises to lofty flights, the clock sitting before him breaks into loud, jangling sound, which continues for several moments. Amid the roar of laughter which goes up, the Senator, recognizing the satire, sits down and makes no further attempt to "wax eloquent."

In ways like that the Gridiron Club, of Washington, frequently reminds public men that they can take themselves too seriously, and it incidentally reminds the public that many matters of seemingly ponderous import may not be so serious as they seem.

Twice a year and occasionally three times a year the most famous dining club in America, if not the world, turns its fonts of humor and satire on men prominent in national life and on current national questions.

Whole Country Can Smile

ALL the country shares in part the fun produced at the famous dinners of the Gridiron Club, for no Sunday morning newspaper ever omits the description of its stunts, which alone is all that is ever permitted to be published regarding its dinners. The club has only one fixed rule, which is that "ladies are always present and reporters are never present." Each is a "constructive" fact, for the club is composed essentially of reporters and only once has a woman been invited to and attended one of its regular dinners. The woman thus honored was Miss Jeannette Rankin, who, when serving as the first woman member of Congress, was among the guests at a Gridiron affair.

While the Gridiron Club serves a good national purpose by way of satirizing men who sometimes take themselves too seriously and current questions which the public frequently takes too seriously, it is really an organization without a purpose. It has no high-sounding code of principles and has never attempted to speak for any group, not even for the corps of Washington correspondents, from which its members came and come. Though only men who are doing newspaper work in Washington are admitted to active membership, to leave newspaper work or move from Washington does not disqualify a member for further participation in club affairs. In fact, many of the active members are no longer newspaper men, and there is a substantial list of associate members, or former active members, who no longer reside at the national capital. Then there are 10 limited members who have no journalistic claim, but each of whom has some special entertaining talent, usually, as in the case, say, of John Philip Sousa, in the musical line.

The club is now in its thirty-seventh year, having been formed in 1885. Of its charter members only four survive and no one of them is at present a Washington correspondent.

Club Product of Friction

THE famous dining club, whose dinner invitations are more highly prized even by men of the greatest prominence than perhaps those of any other organization in America, was the product of friction between newspaper correspondents and some of the public men of the time in Washington. Back in the days when the status of the Washington correspondent was vague and undecided, a public man resenting criticism or the publication of matter he didn't like to see in print sometimes would try to "punish" individual correspondents or the corps as a group. In the early eighties two correspondents were ordered to jail by the United States Senate for refusing to make known how a copy of a treaty, under secret discussion, was procured for publication. Another time a speaker of the House of Representatives insisted on the right to "pack" the press gallery with curious and casual visitors, to the discomfort and at times the exclusion of the working reporters. Such occurrences forced the correspondents into self-defensive co-operation. They raised a furor that caused the two who were in jail to be released. They formed themselves into squads which guarded the entrances to the House press gallery and turned back casual visitors who demanded admittance by authority of the Speaker. In planning their defensive battles, they often met together at dinner, where they soon learned that ridicule and satire were of more avail than formal protest or solemn assertation. Out of those meetings grew the Gridiron Club, which from its beginning has been only a dining and fun-making organization.

In the early days the membership was limited to a maximum of 40, but even at that it was difficult to keep the club fully membered; for Washington correspondents were not so numerous as at present and some would not participate. Now the active membership is limited to 50 and to be invited to join the club is among the highest honors within his profession which a Washington correspondent can attain.

Neither well-planned fun-making as a dinner feature nor the particular kind that has made the Gridiron Club world-famous was an "invention" of members of the organization. The Clover Club, of Philadelphia, antedated the Gridiron as a fun-making dining club, and the Gridiron's peculiar variety of skits was originated by an outsider. At a dinner given the club in its early days by R. F. Crowell, the first rehearsed, stage-like stunts were enacted, most of them being satires on the club members. The club took over the idea and applied it in the main to public men and public affairs. For the last 30 years or more each of its formal dinners, one usually in early winter and the last in late winter or early spring, has been planned like a show for theater performance. All the skits have been written or otherwise devised by club members, who also with one or two exceptions have been the sole performers. The only outside assistance called in has to do chiefly with the costuming.

Every President since Cleveland has been the subject of Gridiron banter and every one since Cleveland has been a guest of the club. President Cleveland would never attend a Gridiron dinner and he was inclined to resent some of the satiric strictures applied to his policies at club dinners.

Harrison was the first President to attend a Gridiron dinner, and on the occasion in question he surprised the organization by showing that he could meet its members on their own ground. After subjecting him to the usual amount of badinage, he was called on to speak. It happened that only a few days before he had addressed a convention of patent lawyers and inventors.

"This is the second time this week," he remarked as he rose, "that I have been called on to open a congress of American inventors." His speech was one of the best ever delivered at a Gridiron dinner. After he concluded a member went over to Perry S. Heath, who was Harrison's confidential correspondent, and declared: "I didn't know it was in him." "Oh, he's all right on his feet," Heath replied. "It's only when he sits down that he falls down."

When Bryan Met Bryan

THAT was in 1892. Theodore Roosevelt, as Civil Service Commissioner, attended his first Gridiron dinner in 1890 and fittingly, it would seem, was the subject of a skit on that occasion. He made a witty speech, and the impression he made may have had much to do with his future. Of all men Roosevelt has been the source to date of most Gridiron "copy." His career and activities were such that for more than a quarter of a century there was scarcely a Gridiron dinner at which he could be ignored. It was Roosevelt who in 1908 helped to produce one of the few unplanned Gridiron sensations which, despite the rule against quoting speakers, got into the news. It was at the time of the controversy over his summary action with regard to the Negro troopers involved in the Brownsville riots. A clever skit had to do with the Brownsville affair. Senator Joseph B. Foraker, who was the guest of the club and a speaker at the dinner, took occasion to make an attack on Roosevelt, who, when his turn to speak came, made a counter-attack on Foraker. However, no full report of what either said has ever been published, though the newspapers of the day carried accounts of the verbal encounter.

Once or twice full speeches made by guests at Gridiron dinners have appeared in the newspapers. Once, about 1896, when Cardinal Satolli was new in Washington as the first representative there of the Pope, he was induced to attend a Gridiron dinner, and he agreed to make a speech. After a few remarks he asked that an associate be permitted to read an address he had prepared for the occasion. In it he set forth at length the reason for his being in Washington, something on which the correspondents long had been urging him to express himself. When the secretary of the club asked for a copy of the speech for permanent record, he was informed that it had been given out in advance through a press association. There was nothing else to do but to make it available to all correspondents.

At one of the few dinners given by the club during our active participation in the World War a speech made by President Wilson was released for publication several days after its delivery on account of the national importance of what he had said.

Wilson, while at the White House, was a frequent subject of Gridiron satire and often was present when skits having to do with his policies were enacted. He took the badinage in all good nature.

William Jennings Bryan, who for actual time in national office has been the subject of more Gridiron fun-making than any other American public man, always takes good-naturedly the grilling applied to him and sometimes contributes a pre-arranged part.

Once when he was Secretary of State it was announced beforehand that on account of a prior engagement Bryan couldn't attend one of the dinners to which he had been invited. But when the dinner began there was seen sitting on the left of the presiding officer a person who looked entirely like Bryan.

Later in the evening the real Bryan came in.

"I am tired of this man Hanford (the actor who on prior occasions had taken part in skits as 'Bryan') impersonating me," the Secretary of State exclaimed.

"I've tried to impersonate all the great actors of the time," Hanford replied, "and I certainly can't ignore you."

Hanna was among the most popular of all the more or less regular guests the Gridiron Club has had at its dinners. When he first appeared at one, he had just come into national prominence and was made the subject of a satiric skit. When he arose to speak, he said:

"I know many members of the Gridiron Club. I have met most of you on the tented fields—and in the barrooms of New York."

There is nothing that a guest can do at a Gridiron Club which will hit so well as to hand its members a "come back" with punch in it, and there is little that sets so badly as fulsome talk about the power of the press, the importance of the *Fourth Estate* and other pointless flattery.

President Never Caricatured

OFTEN a man of national aspiration but not well known nationally can render himself a tremendous service by demonstrating at a Gridiron Club dinner that he has "the goods." Though no report of what they say is made, it has often happened that such a man has earned the serious attention of the newspaper world by such a demonstration. This was so very largely with John A. Johnson, the popular Democratic governor of Minnesota, who in 1908 aspired to a presidential nomination. At a Gridiron dinner he made a surprising speech, filled with rich humor and sound philosophy—it is said by some members to have been the finest surprise among many that have occurred at the dinners. But for his untimely death Johnson might have become President and the unquoted speech might have been of great help to him.

While many men as Gridiron guests have displayed talents of which they were not suspected, the reverse of a pleasing surprise occasionally has occurred. Sometimes a speaker has ignored the five-minute rule, which applies to all except the President of the United States, and given forth laborious addresses that were wholly unsuited to the occasion. The President also is never impersonated, and is the only American public man who is thus held to be above direct and personal caricature. His policies and current expressions, however, are held always to be fit subjects of satire.

The United States Supreme Court is the single American politico-public institution that is never satirized, though some of its decisions have been made subjects of humorous quips figuring in club humor. In recent years few members of the Supreme Court have attended Gridiron dinners. The reason is believed to be the sense of judicial dignity that was held by the late Chief Justice White. He would never attend one of the affairs, for the reason, he said, that someone might take advantage of the occasion to attack the Supreme Court. "Then I would have to reply," he said, "and that would never do."

Two Most Notable Gatherings

THE reason why speakers at Gridiron dinners are held strictly to the time limit is because the programs are so minutely planned that if an event overlaps its allotted time the schedule of the evening is disarranged. So that the situation can be met when disarrangement is unavoidable, the president of the club, who always presides at the dinners, has despotic authority over both the preparation and the enactment of the program.

The two most notable dinners that have been given by the Gridiron Club occurred in 1898 at the close of the Spanish-American War and last year at the opening of the Limitation of Armament Conference. At the first dinner the greatest number of men of national prominence was present; at the last the greatest number of world prominence. The 1921 dinner was given largely for the distinguished delegates from abroad to the Limitation of Armament Conference and by reason of their presence it was one of the most notable gatherings of the kind ever held anywhere.

While it has many imitators there is no other club in all the world like the dining organization maintained by Washington correspondents. It may be doubted if another of the kind is possible anywhere. One could not operate very well elsewhere in the United States, not for the lack of talent, but because of the absence of background. It is the atmosphere of Washington and the immediate contact there with national figures and big national questions which make possible the high success of and the national interest in Gridiron affairs.

The affairs serve to show that things political are not always so serious as they seem; and if you will read a review of them—as set forth, say, in Arthur Wallace Dunn's interesting book, "Gridiron Nights" (to which the writer of this is indebted for much of the material in this article)—you will be inclined to wonder why some of the "serious" subjects satirized in the past were ever thought by anyone to be serious at all. Through the application of the philosophy of humor the club merely anticipates the mellowing influence of Time.

Teaches 300,000 Persons How to Swim

Aquatic Classes Replace Old System; Australian Crawl Kills Breast Stroke

By GEORGE H. CORSAN

Instructor of Swimming, University of Toronto;
Instructor of Swimming, International Committee, Y. M. C. A.



Massed class in preparation for the leg-drive action of the crawl stroke.

I HAVE taught more than 300,000 men, women and children to swim, in more than 200 cities and towns in North America. These persons have often asked me how I evolved my method of teaching and method of swimming. Today I find that everyone wants to know how really to learn to swim, not merely to go to learn to swim, which is something quite different. Briefly, what I have done in swimming is to put the old breast stroke out of business, and to invent the mass system of teaching, so that all may learn to swim. How I did these two things is this story.

Let me relate an incident that will illustrate how the right system is of immense importance in the art of swimming. One Sunday in August, 1917, at Fort Ticonderoga, motor vehicles were scarce, and I had to foot it. I had walked about five miles, when I saw a farmer approaching. I stopped him, threw my suit cases into his rig and climbed in. We had gone about two and a half miles when the farmer pointed across Lake George to a rock.

"Last Thursday night, late," he said, "with several other farmers I was passing along this road and we heard terrible shrieks and cries of a woman coming across the lake from that point. None of us could swim. We had no boat. The next morning we learned that a young woman, a Y. W. C. A. swimming instructress, had been drowned by a man with whom she had gone out in a canoe. He was not captured.

"That poor girl did nine-tenths of the drowning herself and he did the other tenth," I told the man. "He shoved her while her lungs were empty. Now, if that girl had known the art of swimming thoroughly she would have gulped in a huge breath of air, shut her mouth, and then permitted him to shove her under. While under, she should have let the air out to fortify herself against his next attack. To do this, she would have to appear at the surface. Her lungs being empty, in the fraction of a second she could have taken in a new supply of air through the mouth far more quickly than he could possibly have ducked her again. Now, for her defensive tactics against him; she should have drawn her feet up so that her knees would be about at her chin. There isn't a man in the world who is strong enough to overcome the powerful kick of a woman's two feet placed against his chin, neck, chest or abdomen. She would have been enabled to hit him a terrible blow, knocking him out completely, or, at any rate, making him exceedingly respectful toward her strength." From this incident we may readily understand how very important it is thoroughly to understand the right system of the art of swimming.

Swimming is the only sport in which woman can not only hold her own with man, but, on the average whole, surpass him. Her buoyancy is greater than man's. A man's specific gravity handicaps him considerably in his contest with woman in general all-round swimming.

I do not understand how any one can kill himself by drowning. I cannot imagine any one dying by drowning. Persons do so, but it is impossible to visualize. It is unnecessary, and an abuse of great happiness, pleasure, and the human mastery of one of the elements. Imagine being afraid of water! Imagine being a well, strong man, and being afraid of it!

In the summer of 1898 I had forcibly drawn to my attention, time and again, from statements in newspapers, that the more people knew about swimming, the more apt they were to be drowned, the more danger there was.

The next summer I joined the Toronto Swimming Club. During that summer I made a thorough study of swimming from all points. But I must say, I never learned a single point from books on swimming, and only two points from swimming instructors; the rest came from the study of my pupils and from the study of anatomy and mechanics.

In October, of that year, I joined the Y.M.C.A. in Toronto, to continue in its swimming pool the studies that I had taken up. Since that day I have been an active member of the association. Now, it so happened that about the same time J. H. Crocker came to the association as physical director. He was perhaps the greatest physical director Canada ever knew. He switched me in as a leader in the physical department, selecting as my particular field the teaching of swimming. The work was purely a hobby with me, carried on nights, with a view to finding out what was the matter with the art of swimming that so many so-called good swimmers were drowned.

As I looked at my class the thought occurred to me: Why not discard this old Swedish and English system of teaching one pupil at a time, suspended out in the water by means of rope, pulley and belt? Why not teach them on an entirely different system? So I had the class get in the water, all standing up, then all doing the same thing together: first, to learn to breathe beneath the surface of the water; second, to learn to open their eyes beneath the surface; third, to do the dead man's float; fourth, to drift across the pool from a shove off, all together; fifth, to learn the scissors kick together; sixth, to learn the crawl kick together, both on front and on back. The Australian crawl stroke had just appeared and gave an entirely new value to swimming as a movement of beauty and speed.

Then and there, I discarded entirely and forever, the old breast stroke, inefficient, awkward and unnatural.

For three winters I taught swimming for the Athletic Association of the University of Toronto and then took up the work in the United States. In the early days my determination to have the mass system supplant the old-style methods caused fights and controversies in large cities. In Cleveland, they received my system with open arms while in Pittsburgh they fought it and I had to force it on them with contests and combats I had in the water.

I traveled through many cities, from San Diego to Miami, from San Francisco to Portland, Maine. In many of the cities, the Y. M. C. A. advertised that I would pull a strong swimmer out of the water against his will. This feat I performed again and again. The crowds considered it an extraordinary feat. But I considered it merely a demonstration of the fact that nobody knew anything about the art of swimming and, especially, about its basic principle, to breathe out beneath the surface of the water through the nose, and to breathe in above the surface through the mouth. I cannot recall a single instance where my opponent was not much stronger than I. But my sole object was to teach the mass of people that the basic principle of the art of swimming was rhythmic breathing.

To explain my feat: My opponents would always hold their breath during the terrific struggle we would have beneath the surface of the water, while I would always breathe, when I was beneath the surface, through the nose, in a steady stream, so that, when we arrived at the top, for the moment, my opponent would let the air out of his lungs, while I would draw in a new supply, and then we would both go down together, he with his lungs empty, I with my lungs full. Finding himself beneath the surface, without any air in his lungs, my opponent would always turn his back on me, to get away from me. This was my opportunity and I simply helped myself to a stranglehold from the rear; and I found him, without any exception, mighty glad to be pulled out of the water against his will. Sometimes the struggle would last five minutes, but very rarely. It was generally over in two minutes.

I always explained the trick at the finish of the exhibition, for my purpose, in going around, was to educate the people.

In the summer of 1908, John H. Scott, physical director of the Brooklyn Central Y. M. C. A., drew the attention of Dr. George J. Fisher, head of the physical department of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., and of George D. Pratt, founder of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, to my work.

Mr. Pratt decided he would try my system in Brooklyn, during the month of July, that year. The test was that I was to teach every Sunday school boy in Brooklyn who could not swim, to swim, in one or the other of the six Y. M. C. A.'s which I was to visit each week, a different Y. M. C. A. each day for the four weeks of July. In this campaign I had not the slightest difficulty in teaching 2,200 boys.

This was considered my real start in demonstrating the mass system, and I used it extensively in my classes the following summer, when I was permanently employed by the international committee of the Y. M. C. A. to travel under its auspices. Many of the cities procured as many as 1,500 boys for me to teach in one week.

The following year, 1910, and afterward, I continued the work, but extended it much further; to the Y. W. C. A., city parks, playgrounds and many high schools.

The city of Cincinnati employed me to demonstrate the mass system in its public schools. Here I proved to the satisfaction of the authorities that shallow pools were far better than deep ones. In deep pools I could teach with great difficulty only 20 boys or girls at a time, while in the shallow pools I had no trouble in directing my mass swimming drills to classes of 100.

The United States Army and Navy engaged me during the summer of 1918 to teach at all the camps up and down the California coast. Many of my classes there consisted of 150 men. Some of these men were from Arizona and had never seen water deep enough to cover themselves and some came from Montana, where the water is so cold they had had no opportunities to learn to swim.

No matter how strong and powerful a man is when he comes into a class as an absolute beginner, he is in dreadful fear of the water. He must be treated with the utmost kindness.

I believe I have proved that a good swimmer cannot drown; that the old breast stroke is stupid; and swimming can be taught in mass. Now, I am starting a campaign to see that every man, woman and child in the United States and Canada learns to swim. Man lives in three elements—earth, air and water. It's strange that we have mastered the most difficult, the air, while many are yet unable to live in the water. An absurdity! Everyone must know how to swim.



Upper—Massed class learning right-handed scissors kick. The "scissors" is one of the main pillars of the art of swimming. Lower—Massed class learning the details of the crawl-arm action.

Strange Animal Mystifies South America

Creature May Link Past With Present

By Courtenay Savage

THERE is a black shadow in South America, a shadow that has startled the natives of Southern Patagonia, a black shadow which white men think they have seen by day, a shadow that has caused 30 years of rumor, and that may reach out from the past, linking the modern world with the days before the coming of man—days when strange beasts shook the earth as they went in search of food, beasts of sixty million years ago, when the animal life of this planet was passing through the age of reptiles.

For nearly 50 years there have been periodic reports from various portions of Patagonia, generally from the southern lake region territory near the Andes, that a monster unlike any ever visioned before had been seen, first in one place, then another, and each of these reports has described a creature of such proportions that the question has been raised in men's minds as to the possibility of the fact that a Plesiosaurus, a reptile believed to exist today only in fossil form, has survived the ages, and is still living in the almost inaccessible country of Southern Patagonia.

The Plesiosaurus was an amphibian monster, fossils of which have been found in various parts of the world. It was a marine reptile, living in the lakes, and along the shores, feeding on shellfish, and coming ashore only as do our seals of today, by pulling itself along with its large flippers.

These marine reptiles were very distantly related to our turtles, though in place of a shell they had a leathery hide. Their bodies were short, with two pairs of long powerful flippers. They had a short tail. The outstanding feature of the Plesiosaurus was the long flexible neck, joining a lizard-like head, armed with well-developed teeth. These reptiles were from 10 to 40 feet in length, and of two varieties, long and short necked.

The Plesiosaurus was what is termed a "bottom feeder," finding its food along the bottom of the lake, generally shellfish. An interesting point is that whenever a fossil of a Plesiosaurus has been found, inside the body cavity of the skeleton has been discovered a pile of stones. These were swallowed by the Plesiosaurus as aids to digestion, just as some of our modern birds swallow stones for the same purpose.



(C) American Museum of Natural History

Long-necked American type of Plesiosaurus, from a painting by Charles R. Knight. It is a marine reptile of this type that is reported to have been seen in the lake region of Southern Patagonia. If such a creature exists it is possibly a descendant of the Plesiosaurus that lived approximately sixty million years ago. The painting is suggested from fossils of the Plesiosaurus.

The latest report that might lead to the belief that a reptile of Plesiosauric proportions might be living today in the Patagonian wilderness was recently sent to Professor Onelli, director of the Buenos Aires Zoological Gardens, by Martin Sheffield, an American hunter and prospector, who, while traveling through the territory of Chubut, saw along the edge of a lake animal tracks that had beaten down the vegetation, and which were apparently made by a creature of huge proportions. A little later, far out on the lake, Mr. Sheffield saw a creature with a colossal neck, and swimming in such a way as to make it seem that the portion of the body under water was huge, and shaped like a turtle or a crocodile.

What was it? There is no animal of similar proportions known to exist in South America. Was it an illusion? Another "sea serpent" story? Professor Onelli thinks not. Mr. Sheffield is his friend, and, besides, there are years of rumors to substantiate what the American prospector had seen.

It is nearly 30 years ago since the night Professor Onelli, camping in the very region from where Mr. Sheffield's report was sent, listened to the frightened stories of the natives, who said that they had heard strange noises along the lake front, and that, growing venturesome, several of them had gone to investigate. What they had seen was a black shadow swimming away in the moonlight—a huge shadow, far greater than that caused by any man or beast they had seen before, a shadow with a neck that craned in their direction, and then disappeared. No; they had never heard the rumbling noise on the shore during the daytime, only at night. Yes; the animal was many feet long—with a very long neck. More than that they could not tell, but Professor Onelli was so impressed with the story that an expedition was formed to hunt for the original of that shadow, but nothing was ever found to explain the mystery.

There have been other reports since that time—other happenings that would point to the possibility that the lake region of the Southern Andes harbored a beast unlike any known to man. In 1898 a Norwegian scientist reported having found huge footprints along a river bed, but that further search had brought out no further traces of an animal of ungainly proportions. Later the natives of another portion of that territory were sent into a state of terror because they had seen and heard a huge animal. Was it the same "black shadow" of which Professor Onelli had heard? Then in 1913 an Englishman, seeking adventure at the far-away places of the earth, reported that he had seen a water beast with a neck much longer than the neck of most animals. He was the first white man to have seen the beast, and his report is very similar to the 1922 report from Martin Sheffield.

If there is one such animal alive, there are undoubtedly two or more, is Professor Onelli's belief, and under his supervision an expedition will search the neighborhood of the latest report. However, neither the report nor the expedition, should be misconstrued to make it seem that Professor Onelli, or any other man of science, believes that the strange marine animal, with a neck of almost snake-like proportions, has lived ever since the days of the Plesiosaurus, but it is possible that the creature is a descendant of the Plesiosaurus that lived in the age of reptiles, not so large as the ancient monster, but still of tremendous proportions.

If there is such a member of the animal kingdom in existence, South America, especially the lake region near the Andes, would be an ideal place for it to thrive unmolested, for the country is almost untouched by man, and many wonderful fossils have been discovered, showing that that portion of the earth was inhabited by ancient beasts, and primitive men.

It was in a cave on the Last Hope Inlet, off the Straits of Magellan, that the famous Nordenskjold Expedition found in a perfect state of preservation the skeletons of giant ground sloths, and with the skeletons were pieces of dried flesh, skin, and perfectly preserved spoor. It was a remarkable find, and rumor went forth that the animals had not been dead very long, especially when a further search disclosed the fact that there were artificially cut bundles of dried grass in the cave. Scientists, however, quickly discredited these rumors, pointing out the fact that the remarkable state of preservation was due to the fact that the cave was so situated that the air was absolutely dry, and acted as a natural preservative. The discovery of the contents of the cave at Last Hope Inlet confirmed to science the fact that the big mammals of the past had not disappeared from earth before the coming of man. Evidently the natives of that region had caged up the giant sloths (these beasts were large enough to balance themselves on their hind quarters and eat the top off a small tree) and fed them artificially; therefore, they must have used them, either as beasts of burden, for food, milk—one way or another.

However, the giant sloths lived long after the age of reptiles in which the Plesiosaurus lived. Man, according to all scientific calculations, has not been on earth more than a million years, and he came just at the end of the age of mammals, while the Plesiosaurus lived approximately sixty million years ago.

In spite of all these years, however, in spite of the fact that the earth's surface has changed in that time, it is remotely possible that a marine monster directly resembling the ancient Plesiosaurus may be living in Patagonia. To the skeptical it might be pointed out that it is not many years ago that Sir Harry Johnson discovered the Okapi, a deer-like animal from the rain forests of the Belgian Congo, and that while he was able to trap the Okapi, and so examine its general appearance, no white man has ever seen the Okapi alive.

James Oliver Curwood Finds the Soul of Nature

Concluded from page 7

self. I named him Thor, and I began to watch my opportunity to kill him. At the end of the first two weeks, I believe he felt that I was not going to harm him. Then I got a shot and put a bullet through his shoulder. After that it was a game between the cunning and trickery of two men's brains and a brute's instincts. I got two more shots on two different days and hit him both times. The third time I was surprised that Thor did not face the battle and charge. And then, almost a week later, the thing happened. I had climbed the steep side of a mountain to get a look over the valley with my hunting glasses, and rested my gun against a rock. Then I went 40 or 50 feet farther on, following a narrow ledge, until I found myself in a little pocket, with a sheer wall of the mountain at my back, and a 100-foot precipice below me. Here I sat down and began to scan the valley. Perhaps 15 minutes had passed when I heard a sound that stopped every drop of blood in my body—the click, click, click of clawed feet coming along the ledge. With my rifle 50 feet away, and no escape up or down, I sat petrified. And then along the ledge came Thor!

The Turning Point for Curwood

"HE STOPPED squarely in front of me, not more than six feet away, and turned his great head toward me, swinging it slowly from side to side. His jaws were open a little, and they were drooling. His eyes were small and shone with a dull red fire. In that moment I was certain that my end had come, for the big grizzly had smelled me many times, he had seen me and had felt the sting of my bullets, and vengeance was rightly his. He looked at me. And now I saw there was no anger in that look. In those terrible moments my heart went out to that great, lonely brute. For perhaps two minutes the grizzly stood there, and then he went away, leaving me unharmed! And yet he knew that I was hunting him, that I had shot him, that I was his enemy! I was weak when I got on my legs again.

"From that hour something new was born in me; a new world opened up for me, and in all my adventurings since then that world and its possibilities have grown steadily more wonderful. I have learned the truth of the Biblical prophecy. It is not wild life that is at war with man, but man that is at war with wild life. In the heart of the wild creature, waiting to be fanned into life, is a love for man."

Comfortable in his city home, with all of the conveniences of modern living, with a wife, two daughters and a son, I wondered how many miles this man had gone in search of nature. To gather the information for "The River's End," he traveled 3,000 miles up and down the Saskatchewan. Then he told me that perhaps his love of nature might have come by heredity "inasmuch as my grandmother was a full-blooded Indian." On his father's side he is a descendant of Captain Frederick Marryat, the distinguished British novelist who visited the West and Canada in 1837.

Sometimes when writing in Owosso, he deserts his own home and back at his mother's is a room furnished with a stove, a chair, a sewing machine stand for a table and a typewriter. Here he can work. Most of the shacks where he has written his novels of the North have been built by his own hand, while his wife fished in the brook for food for the meals.

How His Life Has Been Spent

MR. CURWOOD is 42 years old, as lithe as an athlete and interested in everything. For seven years he served as a newspaper editor. Perhaps that accounts for his deep interest in local, civic and national problems. Born in Owosso, Michigan, in 1879, Mr. Curwood still insists that his real birth was only 10 years ago, when he openly espoused his ideas of nature conservation.

"I am glad that the first years of my life as a man were spent in the crowded places," mused Mr. Curwood as he discussed the development of his doctrines about nature. "Without those years I would have only a one-sided view of what nature means to the fortunate ones who find it. Fate, in that way, has been kind to me. For I was born in a small city, and saw a circus, which I still remember, at the age of five. I did not see another until I was 14, for between the years of 6 and 14, I lived on a 40-acre stone quarry, which my father fondly believed was a farm when he bought it. But it was ideal for me, close to the shore of Lake Erie, and with big woods and swamps behind it. At the age of eight I had a gun and at the age of nine began writing my first thrilling pieces of fiction. Then—back to the little city where I was born, Owosso; my experience at school, the University of Michigan, and after that seven years of newspaper work.

"And then—God's country. And by God's country I do not mean the great North alone, though it is always into the North I go when I have many months to spare. All outdoors has become God's country to me now."

Ask Him—He'll Tell You All About Fish

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

IT IS a safe bet that the compiler of "Who's Who in America" is no fisherman, otherwise he would have printed in bold-faced letters the name of Dixie Carroll, Chicago, to which he would have added, in the same impressive type, the unique title of "Piscatorial Adviser Extraordinary."

That's exactly what Dixie is, and if you don't believe it, ask any one of several million disciples of Isaak Walton in these United States. You won't have far to search to find one, either. They are in Wall Street, under the Capitol dome at Washington, in the stockyards of Chicago, behind the counters of village stores, out on the western prairies—wherever, in fact, there is a man or boy, not forgetting the women folks, who has listened to the music of a humming reel. They will tell you that Dixie is not only some fisherman himself, but that he has the faculty of telling other people how to become the same in language that is at once entertaining and instructive. Best of all, he puts no price on the advice he offers; it is yours for the asking, provided you send along a stamp to cover his reply. This is important when it is considered that some months Dixie has received not less than 600 inquiries from perplexed fishermen.



Dixie Carroll, fisherman extraordinary.



Dixie initiating an embryo fisherman into the mysteries of camp fire building.

These inquiries have covered every subject from the right way to impale a worm on a hook, to the correct weight of a muskellunge 42 inches long and 16 inches in girth, that had been caught at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the Fourth of July, in a Northern Wisconsin lake, but which couldn't be weighed because the lucky fisherman had no scales with him.

A little poser like that is easy for Dixie. He knows what that fish *should* have weighed, because he has in a neat little book the dimensions, fore and aft, round about, crisscross, up and down, and every other way, of a multitude of "muskies" of his own catching, and so it is easy enough for him to dope out the matter down to almost the fraction of an ounce.

In the same reliable manner he can advise you on any other subject that has to do with fish. Would the Wall Street banker switch temporarily from the pursuit of the elusive dollar to the still more elusive rainbow trout in the wilds of Canada? Immediately he writes to Dixie and presently receives in reply what is, in effect, a passport to the choicest fishing spots of the region he wishes to visit.

If the small boy writes in to ask whether grasshoppers or crickets are a better bait for trout, he receives from Dixie the same kind of "pal-to-pal" letter, not only giving him the desired information but a wealth of other suggestions, which are calculated to be of value in teaching the young idea how to angle successfully along the lines of true sportsmanship.

That is the charm of Dixie's style. He makes you feel that he has no other object in life than to help you catch that "big fellow" just below the rapids of your favorite stream, or to solve whatever angling problem confronts you. Fishing lore fairly oozes from him.

Dixie's earliest contact with deep water came when he was about seven years old. He and his father were fishing in the Chesapeake Bay, when their catboat was overturned, sending both father and son to a cold bath. Father swam ashore with the youngster on his back, and during the journey of several hundred feet son had the nerve to call father's attention to a school of fish sporting near by, remarking that if he only had a landing net he'd bet he could get one! After reaching shore and getting some of the water out of his lungs, father gently intimated that Dixie's forte was the fishing game and that he should devote his energies to it.

Up to the time he was 15 years old, Dixie tramped and scouted through the Blue Ridge and Allegheny Mountains with an uncle. Then the family sent him away to military school. After graduating there, Dixie joined the staff of a Baltimore paper as a cub reporter. He lasted three months. Then he went to Texas, and worked on a ranch for six months. Then he came North, where he hit New York's newspaper row and landed a reporter's job on one of the afternoon papers, being given the ship-news "run." Came springtime presently—and with it the wanderlust for Dixie. So he signed up for a two-year cruise around the world with Captain Evans, skipper of the iron schooner Loch Finlas. Officially, he was assistant steward, but it was understood that he would have nothing to do but hobnob with the captain.

It sounded fine to the reporter-sailor, but "Cap" Evans was a pinochle fiend, and Dixie soon discovered that his real job was to play two-handed pinochle with Evans every minute that the old skipper was off watch and not sleeping. After a week of this, Dixie began to plan mutiny. The Loch Finlas finally dropped anchor in the harbor of Para, Brazil. Dixie went ashore, hunted up the American consul and told the awful story of the pinochle games. The consul helped Dixie to disappear this way: He got Dixie a job with a French company about to go 1,800 miles up the Amazon River for orchard plants. Six months later Dixie was back at Para, and by giving $10 to the captain of a tramp steamer, obtained a passage to New York.



Off for a cruise in the woods.

Virtually, ever since that Dixie has been fishing, cruising through the woods and over water trails, and writing a wealth of stuff about angling and the out-of-doors. He has fished from Alaska to Lower California on the west coast, and from Newfoundland to Key West on the Atlantic side. He has hooked 'em out of all the important rivers and most of the lakes of any size in the United States and Canada.

It should not be understood that Dixie confines his attention entirely to fishing matters. While he probably has written more on fishing than any other writer, and reaches large audiences through his books and as editor of one of the leading outdoor magazines, he has a wholesome love for nature in general and believes in trying to instill a similar love in the breasts of the rising generation. He is never happier than when giving his nature talks to school children. With 100 or 200 youngsters of the high school and grammar grades grouped around him, he takes them into the woods, tells them the ways of animals, how they defend themselves against other animals which are their enemies, and at the same time instills in the minds of the children the importance of the conservation of wild life, an idea which he says we must all follow if we expect to have our wild animals with us in later years. Although each of his articles and his talks carries a lesson, they are presented in a style which sugar-coats the lessons and makes it mighty easy taking.

Viewing German Rhineland Under Many Flags

Concluded from page 2

buyers, and it was next to impossible to find an empty seat in the most expensive restaurants and cafés.

There were no files of ex-soldiers reduced to public charity as in London, nor the battered wrecks of humanity that haunt the byways of Paris. In three weeks' time I did not come across a single beggar. One man asked to carry my suit case, saying he had no money, but I doubted his words, noticing that his collar was of a more fashionable cut and his shoes better polished than my own. A few days later I read that a man answering his description had been arrested on a charge of robbing a tourist of his luggage.

Browsing about the bookshops I kept in mind the charge that the French were showing themselves short-sighted in keeping alive an anti-German propaganda at this late day. In the shops of Cologne I could not find a single book or picture by a Frenchman, and on two occasions I was told point-blank that the book I was seeking was not for sale at that time. The Cologne opera had dropped all the French works from its repertoire without exception. On the other hand, I had seen scores of German books in the Paris shops, many of them in the original. At the Paris opera one can hear Wagner and Beethoven and Mozart, to say nothing of the fact that at all the various concerts German music is given almost as much attention as before the war.

In a guidebook of Cologne, translated into very painful English, I discovered the seven monuments worthy of a tourist's attention. The list was interesting: Emperor William I, Empress Augusta, Emperor Frederick, Emperor William II, Emperor Frederick William III, Bismarck and Moltke. The philosophers and scientists and musicians who have spread German culture seemed sadly neglected. I found myself in the Schildergasse, a crowded artery in the busiest part of town. On one side rose a recently completed building, bright with fresh paint, and over the portal was the name "Hotel Hohenzollern." Directly opposite, a succession of limousines were rolling up to the doorway of a coffeehouse. Over this doorway, also freshly painted, a sign proclaimed it as the "Haus Hindenberg." The most striking feature of the lavishly decorated interior was a life-size likeness of the gentleman, in whose honor the establishment was named, attired in full military splendor with one hand grasping the hilt of a sword.

Over a cup of coffee, I listened to an excellent orchestra and watched the people about me, wondering how the war had affected their ideas. Between the faces of the old men and the young men I seemed to distinguish a difference, and I do not think it was wholly my imagination that led me to believe that there was stamped on the older generation something of resignation. The hard, arrogant faces were those of the young men who sat stiffly at the tables.

Aside from Coblenz with its baseball, its football, its easy American camaraderie, its vast income of American dollars, it is an unreconciled, apparently irreconcilable Rhineland.

"Scraps of Paper" That Litter Wall Street

Concluded from page 3

ate. It inserted a series of large advertisements in 3,257 city and country newspapers. Then it published an elaborate volume of 140 pages, in which it reproduced these advertisements and as many editorial comments favoring its arguments, which had been printed in the newspapers which had obtained its advertising. For efficiency in influencing public sentiment, this effort of Wall Street financiers stands unparalleled. It succeeded in defeating the Senate's bill.

A copy of the book which the company sent broadcast lies before me on the desk as I write. If the profits of all the best sellers, from the date when the sudden circulation of the "Woman in White" astounded the world, to and including those of the present day, were added together, they would probably shrink into insignificance when compared with the profits this bound volume made for its Wall Street sponsors.

The company's common stock sold at $30 a share in January, 1914. Two years later, in 1916, this stock had jumped on the New York Exchange, to $700 a share. That represented a profit of 2,333 per cent. Comments on its huge war profits made the company nervous. The financiers decided hurriedly to split up their "war baby." On the following February they issued $45,000,000 in new stock, most of which they gave away as a bonus to their common stockholders. The two different classes of common stocks promptly dropped to below par, and the enormous war profits were effectually concealed.

Many stocks in Wall Street are excellent investments; all are highly dangerous ones when held on margins; a large proportion are mere scraps of paper, worth less than the ticker tape on which their quotations are printed. The intending purchaser had better first memorize the ominous motto of the Street: *cavcat emptor,* Let the buyer beware.

Indian Temples Reproduced to House a College

University of New Mexico Preserves History by Reviving Ancient Structures

By HARRY H. DUNN

MOST universities, in this day of greatly increased demand for higher education, are content if they succeed in permanently perpetuating themselves to the benefit of future generations of their city, county, state or nation. Many of them, as especially the case in the West, where, as I have written before, the state university has taken the place of the older, more historic, and often less heavily attended, endowed institutions of learning in the East, are gradually limiting the scope of their endeavor to the education of the youth of their own state.

One of these western universities, however, hit on the original idea of perpetuating not only itself, but of preserving for all time an extremely valuable and important part of the history of its state, by reviving its ancient structures, by reconstructing scenes from its historic past and by handing on to future generations correct reproductions of buildings, even whole towns, which have figured largely in the past story of that state. The only university which has done this is the University of New Mexico, which is today housed in probably the most unusual, certainly the most striking, and doubtless the most interesting, buildings occupied by any college or university in either of the Americas. To preserve, in so far as possible, the most important of the monuments of early man in the peculiarly interesting desert mountains of New Mexico, and probably the most mysterious of all the structures of primitive man in the entire Southwest, the University of New Mexico is filling its campus with reproductions of the communal temples and houses of the Pueblo Indians—the Moki, Hopi, Havasupai and other tribes, which were well-organized and comparatively well-housed long before the landing of Columbus in the Antilles, and probably before the Norsemen discovered what is now North America.

These buildings are reconstructed with the closest fidelity to detail, the only deviation from the original plans of the Indian builders being the substitution of interior stairways for the ladders by which the Moki or Hopi moved upward or downward from story to story of his communal dwelling. Standing at the southwest corner of the campus at Albuquerque, for example, is the administration hall, the oldest building on the campus, remodeled in 1901 to conform to the Pueblo Indian style of architecture, at the same time that the dormitories for men and women were erected on the same plan. The introduction of this type of building—the first time within the writer's knowledge in which the architecture of the American Indians has been drawn on for the buildings of the white man—was due to the creative imagination of William G. Tight, formerly a geologist from Denison College, who was president of the University of New Mexico from 1901 to 1909. Since the origination of this plan by President Tight, it has been carried on by succeeding presidents and boards of regents, until, some day, the entire 300-acre campus of the university will be converted into a completely restored town of the Pueblo Indians, which will endure long after the original mud and clay structures of these Indians have crumbled to dust.

The university stands on an elevated plateau, about a mile east of Albuquerque, at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea, and overlooking the historic Rio Grande del Norte, called, for part of its length at least, the Rio Bravo del Norte, by the adventurous Spaniards of the sixteenth century. On this plateau, or mesa, rise the 14 buildings of the university, created by act of the legislative assembly in 1889. What would have been insurmountable obstacles to any other than the hardy souls who wrought a state out of the mountains and deserts of that arid land encumbered the pathway of early education in the territory, which was acquired from Mexico, it will be remembered, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, on February 2, 1848, and held under military control until the first territorial legislature assembled in 1850.

Though created in 1889, the University of New Mexico was not actually opened to students until September 21, 1892, less than 30 years ago. Today, it is free from all debt, an accomplishment of the past two years, under the direction of Dr. David Spence Hill, its president, in which time also three new buildings have been erected and a large athletic field and grandstands built. Between 1920 and 1921, the student body increased 15 per cent, notwithstanding the fact that tuition fees for students coming from outside New Mexico are four times those of resident students within the state. This increase in fees for "foreign" students is in line with the practice recently adopted by virtually all western state universities, and one of its results is to compel each state to provide the best of facilities for higher education within its own borders.

"The State University of New Mexico during the past two years has undergone a complete reorganization, including a new faculty and a new president," said Dr. Hill to me a few days ago. "Not the least important of the steps taken is the elimination of the preparatory student, so that now the university is of standard college grade throughout, and receives no students below that grade. The university is the culmination of the educational system of the state, and is as closely connected with the high schools as they, in turn, are united with the graded schools throughout New Mexico. The relation between the state university and the high schools is much the same as that between the high schools and the graded schools, in that graduates of the high schools may enter the university on their certificates of graduation, an effort to make the passage from high school to university as easy and natural as that from the graded school into the high school. This is a feature not always closely considered by the state university, but careful application of it, we believe, results in a larger percentage of high school graduates going on to the university, than under conditions in which certain limitations surround their entry into the higher institution.



DR. DAVID SPENCE HILL,

President of the University of New Mexico.

"Training for leadership in true American citizenship, as well as in the arts, sciences and professions, is constantly kept in view. Especial attention is paid to preparing our students for work especially needed, or for which there is a wide field in the state of which this university is a part. The university encourages scholarships and learning, and the application of scientific knowledge to the arts of everyday life. Its aim is to place all its resources, with the least possible restriction, at the disposal of any person who desires and who has the qualifications to use them. The university is supported by the income from the proceeds of the sale of lands granted to it by the Federal Government when New Mexico became a state, combined with the income from leases and other uses of lands. Its chief support, however, is that of appropriations made for its maintenance by the state legislature. Considerable donations of funds, books and equipment have been made by the many friends of the institution, and a number of its graduates scattered throughout the world, but especially within the state of New Mexico. The university's position as to religion is strictly non-sectarian.

"A larger measure of self-government is granted to and expected from the students than in most universities, under a students' constitution, authorized by the board of regents, which is the controlling body for the university. The students form an organization called 'The Associated Students of the State University of New Mexico,' which controls the other student associations and organizations of general interest. It is firmly impressed on every student that enrollment in the university does not relieve him, or her, of any single one of the duties and responsibilities of good citizenship. Class distinction is frowned on by the board of regents and the faculty, and will not be tolerated.

"The business administration of the university is conducted strictly on a budget system, a rather unusual feature in state universities, and the president is the executive manager of the entire institution."

Interesting figures regarding enrollment were presented by Dr. Hill, who showed that, of the 241 students enrolled, 136 are men and 105, women, of whom 57 were born in New Mexico, 22 in Kansas, 16 in Texas, 13 in Illinois, 10 each in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Tennessee; nine in Missouri, eight in Ohio, seven in Indiana, and so on, 38 states being represented on the roll, with one student from Porto Rico, and one from Syria. About 40 institutions of higher education are represented, including 10 state universities, rather a high percentage for a university of the size of that of New Mexico, in a state so sparsely populated as is this one. Twenty-five counties in New Mexico have representatives in the university, and 26 secondary schools of the same state have graduates enrolled there.

In common with other western state universities, that of New Mexico has been wrestling with the problem of the cost of living for the students. Tuition has been reduced to what would be considered at most universities a very low figure, the registration fee being $3 a semester; the tuition to resident students, $5 a semester, and to non-resident students, $20; the student activities fee, $5, and the guaranty deposit $10. A minimum seems very nearly to have been reached in the costs of board and lodging. In the residential halls for men and women, on the campus, in connection with the dining hall, board and lodging are furnished for $27.50 a month. This means that the student, either boy or girl, can have comfortable rooms and board for less than $1 a day, but they must furnish their bedding, towels and similar equipment.

"It is the intention of the board of regents," said Dr. Hill, "to furnish good board and lodging at cost, and to assist, as much as possible, in the obtaining of employment by students who need such assistance to carry them through the university. A marked degree of success has been attained in both efforts."

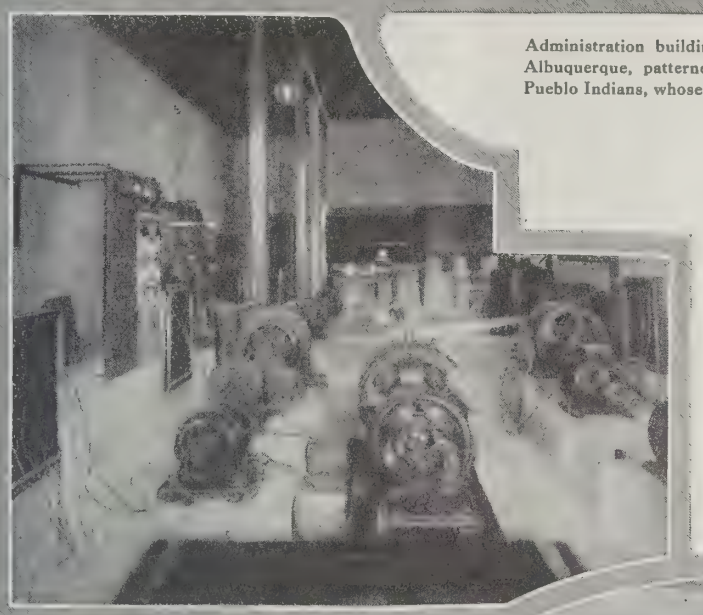
Aside from the 241 students enrolled as mentioned, there are more than 300 others in the various colleges, and extension departments of the university, bringing the total of students up to approximately 550. The extension department is of especial interest, since it, similar to the same departments in the universities of Arizona and Nevada, is carrying a liberal portion of university training to every home in its state. There are 278 students in the extension department alone, of whom it is interesting to note that 95 are studying applied psychology; 24, archeology; 72, educational measurements; nine, home economics; two, journalism; 13, salesmanship, and 63, Spanish. A large number of students in the University of New Mexico make Spanish their major study, due to the bilingual character of the larger part of the population of the state.

The extension division is on a virtually self-supporting basis, and is reaching a larger constituency in this manner than through regular classroom channels, though no appropriation has been made for this work, which consists of lecture courses, classes and correspondence, open to qualified adults on the payment of small fees. Thus, though the University of New Mexico is a young institution—as universities go—being less than 30 years old, it has made higher education general in distribution through the state which it serves; lower in cost than it is in many more populous and more wealthy states, and, in its housing, has preserved forever the architecture of an important but vanishing people.

Quaint Buildings Shelter Modern University



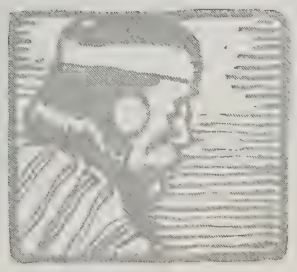
Administration building of the University of New Mexico, at Albuquerque, patterned after the communal houses of the Pueblo Indians, whose remarkable towns still stand in numbers in New Mexico.

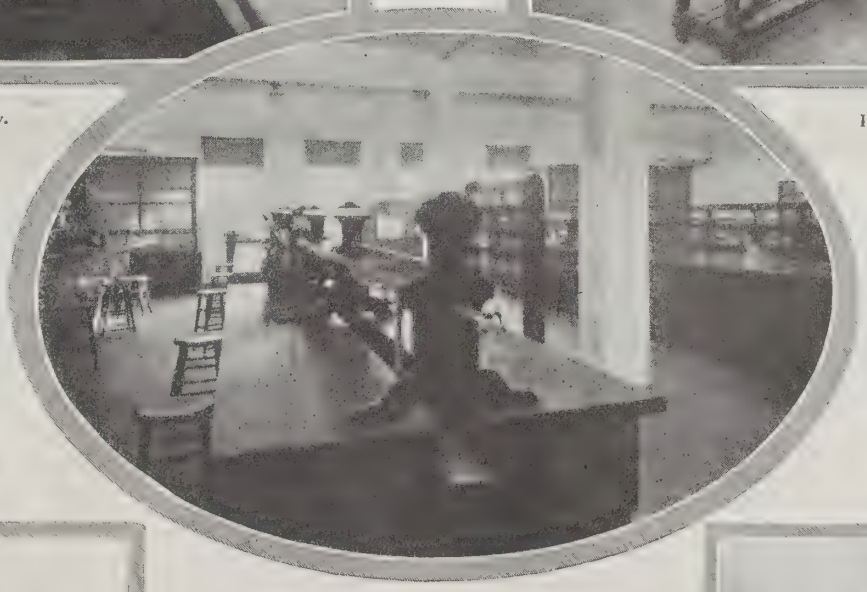


Electrical engineering laboratory.



Interior of the metal-working shop.





Chemical laboratory, chemistry building.





Exterior of the chemistry building.



Engineering and practical mechanics building.



Sara Raynolds Hall for home economics.

BRIEFLY TOLD

One of the greatest electrical supply companies in the world has fifteen million dollars' worth of unfilled wireless apparatus orders on its books and refuses to accept more business till it catches up.

A decree restricting emigration of Mexican laborers to the United States has been signed by President Obregon. A great number of Mexicans have been thrown out of employment in this country and have been repatriated at the Mexican Government's expense.

Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian novelist, Nobel Prize winner, invested most of the Nobel Prize in blooded stock and in improving his farm in Norway. Theodore Roosevelt, winner of the prize in 1906, gave his $40,000 to the Foundation for Promoting Industrial Peace.

What is believed to be the oldest golf club in the world was founded in 1608 by James I of England and is still in use today at Blackheath, Scotland, the home of the Royal Blackheath Club. Many historic treasures are to be found in the clubhouse, among which are a set of clubs 200 years old.

Milk from the soya bean is now being made in Vienna at one-sixth the cost of fresh milk. It closely resembles cow's milk in proteid, carbohydrate and fat content, and in color. Cheese and butter can also be made from the soya bean and a flour, one part of which equals in nutritive value two parts of meat and one-third part of wheat flour.

Vanua Lava, an island in the New Hebrides, is literally a mountain of sulphur, 1,600 feet in height and about 100 square miles in base. The mountain is 99 per cent pure sulphur.

One hundred million dollars a year is spent by the people of the United States for buttons made in this country. Besides this $16,000,000 worth were sold abroad since the beginning of the war.

A sudden shifting of the winds piled up all of the smoke of Chicago in one monstrous cloud blanket, through which not even a sunbeam could force its way, recently, leaving the city in darkness at noon. This lasted but a few minutes.

Musical men make the best oarsmen says the Princeton University coach, who states that his best stroke oars have been glee club men.

A jet deposit, believed to be the first one to be developed in the United States, is now being successfully mined in Utah where the largest known commercial body of the mineral in the world is located.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

A new railroad connecting the largest mining center in Mexico, Pachuca, with Tampico, is to be constructed through three states in Mexico.

Nearly $750,000,000 must be expended annually to keep pace with the increasing demand for power and light in the United States. Last year electric energy measuring 43,100,000,000 kilowatt hours was consumed.

Products from South American fields and orchards will soon be common in the markets of this country. Chilean vegetables and fruits are arriving in New York in good condition, standing the voyage from Chile in first-class manner. The Panama Canal shortens the route and makes this possible.

Tomatoes, spinach, celery and cabbage are 92 per cent water.

Nearly 2,000,000 miles were traveled by French airplanes of the commercial type in 1921. This involved more than 6,000 flights.

Three thousand French churches, totally or partly destroyed during the World War, are to be restored without waiting for German reparation funds. The money is to be provided by a 200,000,000 franc church reconstruction loan which has reached a full subscription.

Talk meters are being installed on telephones and it is claimed they measure conversation after the same fashion that other meters in the house measure gas, electricity and water. The new instrument is known as the telechrometer and as fully 50 per cent of all telephone conversation is either unnecessarily long or frivolous, the new invention will work a saving to the operator. Every time the receiver is taken off the hook on a party line, the meter begins to operate. The eavesdropper will be charged as much as if he had made the call.

Hundreds of admirers of John Burroughs tramped miles to be present at the unveiling of a tablet of bronze in honor of the great naturalist, at the Burroughs homestead, April 3. The unveiling was by Ursula and John Burroughs, grandchildren of the naturalist.

One of the largest apple orchards in the world, located near Dufur, Oregon, soon will be destroyed to make room for the more valuable product of wheat.

The 1,615 subscribers of the San Francisco Chinatown telephone exchange, are called by name instead of number. The operators are Chinese girls who were educated in the San Francisco public schools and speak English and Chinese fluently.

Changing artificial light into "daylight" has been accomplished by an artist of London, England. He uses a reflector having a novel arrangement of colors painted on the interior surface of the reflector. The colors absorb the energy of the light rays to such an extent that it produces the effect of sunlight.

A baby born into this world now has less chance to live one week than a man 90 years old, according to the New York State Commissioner of Health.

The vessels passing through the Suez Canal in 1921 carried 18,118,999 net tons. This is an increase of 544,000 tons over 1920, although there was a decrease of 34 in the number of vessels run.

Rain or snow falls five days out every six in South Georgia, an outpost of the Antarctic Ocean, east of Cape Horn. Violent gales rage throughout the year, the wind frequently reaching a velocity of 140 miles an hour.

Mayor Oles, of Youngstown, Ohio, has purchased a motor car with which he already has captured several speeders. He says he can catch any speed violator in the city and expects to make $100 a day for the city in his spare time.

The Labrador Eskimos appear to be a dying race, according to the vice-governor of Northern Greenland. The Laborador natives are in need of protection from unscrupulous traders who drive them farther north year after year.

A poison-tipped spear taken from an African tribesman fell from the wall and its point pierced the foot of a New York girl. It was at the home of an African explorer that the accident occurred. An African native administered an antidote known to the Africans and she was rushed to the hospital where she was treated.

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Bull Run Lake supplies water to Portland, Oregon. The water it furnishes is absolutely pure—melted snow from the snow fields of Mt. Hood. The lake is 45 miles east of Portland and the mountain as shown in this picture is about 14 miles away.

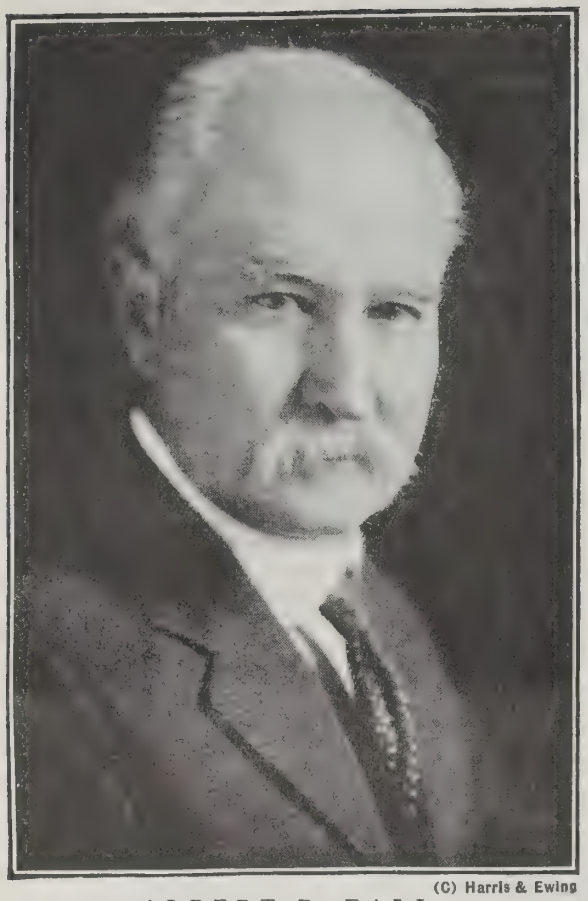
Shuberts Exploit Divorce Film

Treasure Vault of the Buccaneers

Legends of "Unknown America"

Usury Destroyed Roman Empire

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth



(C) Harris & Ewing

ALBERT B. FALL,
Secretary of the Interior.

Says Vast "National Estate" Must Be Developed

Secretary of the Interior Points Out That Resources Would Help Bear Tax Burden

By ALBERT B. FALL

Secretary of the Interior in an authorized statement to A. R. Pinci

THE public domain is fast disappearing. The time has come to determine, if only approximately, its extent and its value. Wealth from our public domain—that is to say, wealth from our natural resources—has been brought in the past by American initiative, American energy, American industry. We possess business capacity in a most remarkable degree as individuals. It is essential that we take stock, determine what we have and how much of it, to enable us to do better, as a government, in the future than we have done in the past.

Data recently prepared by the Department of the Interior (of course, it will be understood that these figures are merely estimates) show that the total valuation of the "national estate"—the actual value of products when the same are realized upon—would be a minimum of $150,000,000,000. It might be more, much more. Of this amount the estimated amount that the United States would receive by way of royalty, rental and other miscellaneous returns, would be about $12,000,000,000.

Valuations Put at Minimum

NEEDLESS to say, so as to be within reason, all valuations have been set at their minimum, whether as to land areas, tonnages of coal and phosphates, volume of oils, quantities of timber, and so on. The net worth of this vast wealth to the government is as follows:

Coal royalties, $5,900,000,000; Alaska coal royalties, $1,000,000,000; oil royalties, $175,000,000; Alaska oil royalties, $2,500,000; oil shale royalties, $5,000,000,000; phosphate royalties, $280,000,000; potash royalties, $30,000,000; annual returns from water power, Alaska and United States, $1,550,000; value of vacant lands subject to entry (not included in private estates) $310,000,000; national forest lands, $1,000,000,000, and value of Indian reservation minerals, $5,800,000,000.

The approximate area of the public lands of the United States, reserved and unreserved, was, at the end of the last fiscal year, 433,265,102 acres. Of this the unappropriated and unreserved area, exclusive of Alaska, was 200,320,128 acres. The reservations and withdrawals, not including reclamation withdrawals, consisted of 232,944,954 acres.

Approximately 154,000,000 acres, reserved and known as forest reserves, for the greater part are used for grazing and are fitted for grazing homesteads, while other large areas are susceptible of cultivation and may hereafter furnish homes for some of our population. The Department of the Interior has jurisdiction over these forest lands when thrown open and has jurisdiction also over mines and mineral claims and agricultural entries on such reserves.

Resources of Alaska Are Great

A LARGE portion of the remaining unreserved 200,000,000 acres is only fitted for grazing live stock, so it can be readily seen that we can no longer pursue the policy of rewarding our returned soldiers by providing them with free homesteads under bonus or additional homestead laws, or by any other legislation such as has followed war, from that of the Revolution to the Spanish War. Provision may be made for large numbers of these soldiers, as well as other citizens, by which they may acquire homesteads under the various reclamation projects now either in course of construction or proposed to be hereafter constructed.

In referring to our national estate, the resources of the great Territory of Alaska and the wealth to be drawn therefrom in the future are worthy of note. They are almost incalculable. There are 21,000,000 acres of land in forests in that territory and many millions of acres on the public domain on which settlers may depend for mining timbers, lumber for houses, and the like. There are millions of acres of land fitted for agriculture, and the agricultural resources are such that a large population can be supported in Alaska without the importation of foodstuffs from the United States or other countries.

Vast deposits of valuable metalliferous minerals and great coal mines are known to exist and must be made accessible to the railroad and to coast transportation. This, of course, necessitates the construction of wagon roads, trails, and the development of water transportation from coast points to seagoing transportation lines.

Alaska's resources have not been developed for various reasons, among others the lack of transportation. Transportation is necessary, of course, and the government must assist in the matter. The government has assisted in so far as the construction of a railroad from Seward to Fairbanks is concerned; this road will be ready for operation in a few months.

Reclamation Is Important

THE reclamation of public lands is one of the most important activities of the Department of the Interior, and, unfortunately, criticism from various sources has been directed from time to time to the general policy of the government in appropriating money for the reclamation of arid lands and the development of the agricultural interests of the arid country. Such criticism is made without thought.

The funds appropriated by Congress for the reclamation projects are derived almost entirely from the sale of public lands in the public land states, from receipts from oil on said public lands, and similar sources of revenue. The cost of the projects under the law is to be and is being repaid by the purchasers of water rights and lands under the projects themselves, thus constituting reimbursable funds to be used again as they are received in the Treasury.

Various reclamation projects are under way in Northern California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Nebraska. The majority of these projects are well managed, and the farmers located on them are generally satisfied with such management. Of course, the farmers on the reclamation projects have been suffering from the general stagnation as have those engaged in agriculture all over the United States.

Of course, dissatisfaction has often been expressed. Persons engaged in procuring settlers for the lands have in many instances been overly enthusiastic and painted the beauties and advantages of some of our projects in gorgeous colors. Stern reality has in many instances disenchanted the settler, who has learned that home-making means hard work, and in many instances hardship, although carried out with the assistance of the United States Government.

Fixed Sum for Water Rights

VIRTUALLY every project is successful, however, and the large portion of the amount heretofore expended and to be expended in its completion may safely be counted on to be returned under the provisions of the law. To avoid complications and misunderstandings, in the future a water right should be sold for a fixed sum. This new policy should be included in any legislation enacted, and, of course, accompanied by provision for the payment of reasonable interest on deferred payments.

When the Reclamation Bureau was created the work in some instances was of an experimental nature. It was felt then that it was impossible to fix a definite price under a given project at which a water right could be sold to the user, either in justice to himself or to the government, and hence it was impossible to adopt a plan by which, based on a definite per-acre price, interest could be charged on deferred payments. Had interest at government rates been charged to water users on 20-year deferred payments at the price which such water user understood originally that he was to pay, the principal and such interest would have amounted to more than the per-acre charge which the water user now thought was probably too great.

Under the policy which has been followed, where the water users have agreed to repay the project costs and the operation and maintenance until all construction charges have been repaid, the original estimates have necessarily been very largely increased in many instances and the water users have found themselves under obligations to repay larger amounts per acre than had been contemplated, and in some instances understood, by them. This has been brought about at times by the insistence of users themselves that addition should be made or additional work be done which was not originally contemplated.

It is to be hoped that, profiting by past experience, it may be possible in future operations to make definite contract for the sale of a water right at a fixed price with interest on the deferred payments, and when this policy can be adopted much of the complaint which has been heard in the past, but which is dying out, will be entirely done away with.

Meanwhile, there are now under consideration different bills in the Congress of the United States providing for further activities in the matter of reclamation of public lands. Should such proposed bills be enacted into law, additional opportunity for labor will be offered to the unemployed and at the same time homes made for those who desire them. One of the matters now receiving consideration is the project for the construction, by private individuals or by the government itself, of a large storage reservoir on the Colorado River, with two principal purposes in view.

First, the protection of the Imperial Valley and other irrigation projects from the present constant danger through overflow of the uncontrolled storm waters of that great river.

Second, the production of hydro-electric power through the Boulder Canyon project in the enormous amount of approximately 700,000 horse power.

Finish Irrigation Projects

REFERRING to the proposed completion of irrigation projects now under partial construction and to the construction of other irrigation projects, I most seriously hope that an affirmative strong policy will be announced by the President. The necessary advances can be made from year to year without becoming an excessive burden on the taxpayers, and as has already been proved by experience, one year's crop on one acre of reclaimed irrigated ground will be of a value largely in excess of the total amount expended in making such acre productive. Under the present system or any proposed legislation, of course, the cost of such project will be repaid and meanwhile the annual added wealth yielded will lighten the tax burdens on all the taxpayers of the country.

The Department of the Interior—the Home Department—is fully equipped and prepared to do its part in the development of those great natural resources which must be so developed if the tax burden on this and future generations is to be borne at all. Adequate and business-like legislation is needed.

It is the American, the individual, who goes out, sleeps on his blankets, punches his burro loaded with cooking and mining utensils. He is the man who has discovered and made possible the development of the great natural wealth of the country. And he is the man who demands the right kind of legislation.

Must Husband Resources

TAKE the oil question. It is now the greatest question for consideration in this hemisphere. It is a subject that must be considered with an eye to the best interest of this country first, last, and all the time—and at the same time to the advantage of our trade and commerce with other countries. One lesson has been learned from the war—that the nation which controlled the oil industry controlled commerce by the sea, in view of the fact that no coal burner can compete with an oil-burning ship.

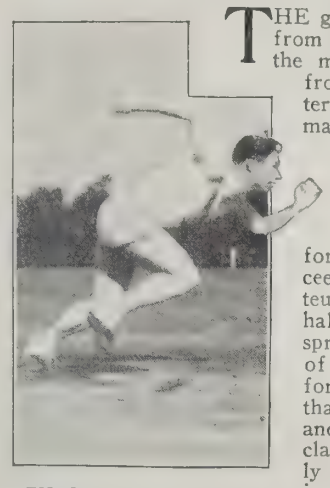
Realizing this, certain foreign countries have adopted a policy of excluding Americans from oil fields under their respective authority. Yet American oil men are the pioneer prospectors in the oil fields of the world; our great oil companies are directed, generally, by intelligent, broad-minded American business men who, of course, realize that on governmental action largely depends the success of individual investment and consequent trade-wealth. As things are now, the American investor, individually, must come into competition with foreign governments directly or through their nationals engaged in the same activities.

It is essential that we, as a people, conserve our national estate and husband our resources.

The University That Was Built on Two Concerts

Southern California Institution Dates Beginning From Amateur's Effort in 1875

By HARRY H. DUNN



CHARLES W. PADDOCK, World's fastest runner, in action. Paddock is the greatest athlete the University of Southern California has yet produced.

THE great oak that grew from the little acorn, and the mighty ocean made from "drops of water," have their man-made parallel in one of the largest and most comprehensive of the universities of the West, for, from the proceeds of two amateur concerts, nearly half a century ago, sprang the University of Southern California, with its more than 5,000 students, and its graduating class of 500, or slightly more, at the coming June commencement. The story of the University of Southern California—which was established by, and still draws a large part of its support from, the Methodist church—is like the stories of most of the other institutions of higher education in the West, a history of devotion of a few persons through many privations, and through long periods filled with seemingly unsurmountable obstacles, until finally their ambition to establish a center of learning was realized.

Along about 1875, some earnest people of the Methodist faith approached J. H. Book, in Los Angeles, with the suggestion that a Professor Frambes, of Santa Clara, California, be brought to the southern city, to open an "academy for the higher education of the youth of the surrounding territory." Professor Frambes opened the academy, but found that the problem was how to obtain the necessary equipment. Among other things, a piano was a prime necessity. Mr. Book thereupon organized the church choir into a concert troupe, gave two concerts with this amateur talent, and raised enough money to buy the piano and have some left over for other needed equipment. And from this little acorn of amateur concert work grew one of the largest universities on the Pacific Slope.

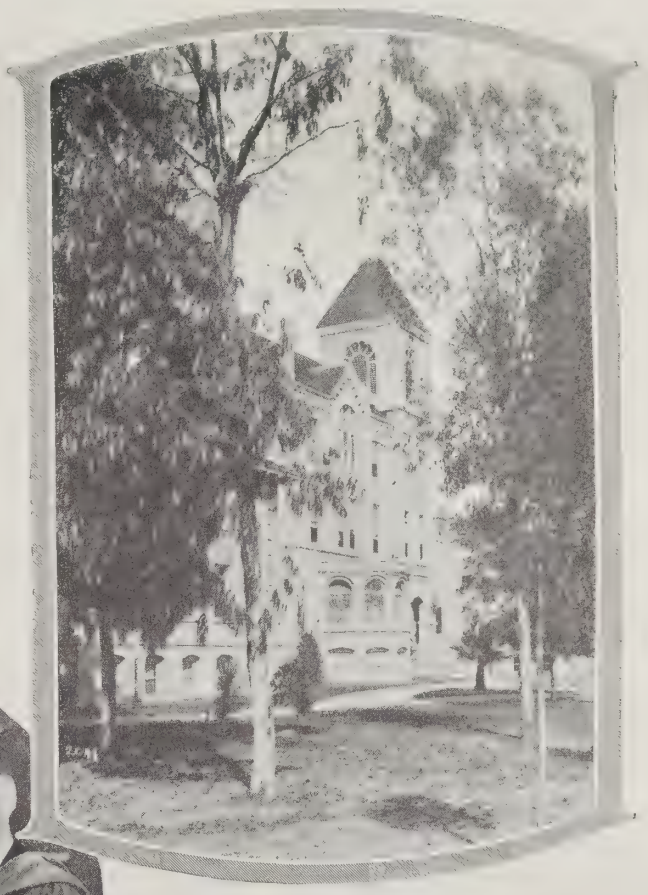
For four years the little academy struggled along, until, in response to an apparently general feeling that the interests of Christian education demanded the establishment of an institution of higher learning in Southern California, plans were laid which, on July 29, 1879, resulted in the founding of the university, as a university, and not as a college. Many there were who believed the greater title too pretentious, and that a general college would have been better, but the founders clung to the greater plan, and it eventually triumphed. The original deed of trust was executed by men whose names even now—though many of them have passed on—are well and widely known throughout California, and in most of the other states of the western shore of the continent.

The list of these men include Ozro W. Childs, Isaias W. Hellman and John G. Downey, as the donors, to A. M. Hough, J. P. Widney, E. F. Spence, M. M. Bovard, G. D. Compton and R. M. Widney, as trustees. August 8, 1880, the incorporation of the university was effected, with a board of directors of 11 persons, most of whom have since become famous in Southern California business or professional life—A. M. Hough, Charles Shelling, E. F. Spence, P. Y. Cool, S. C. Hubbell, E. S. Chase, P. M. Green, J. G. Downey, E. M. Widney, J. A. Van Anda and F. S. Woodcock. These, with the donors and trustees of the university, are generally considered as its founders, though the actual idea of this center of education goes back to the little academy fostered by J. H. Book in the old Fort Street Methodist Church, five years before. The corporation today consists of 30 trustees, and the university is almost a city in itself. The articles of incorporation provide that the trustees shall be elected by the Southern California Annual Conference of the Methodist Church.

The first building of this university was erected on the present campus site in 1880, and that no time was lost between the incorporation and the actual work of the university may be seen when it is recorded that the institution opened its doors for the reception of students on October 4, 1880. Then, as now, the institution was co-educational, and there is no honor to one of the sexes that the other may not attain in the University of Southern California.

The university campus, when selected, was outside the city limits, or, at best, on the outskirts of what is now a city of more than 600,000 inhabitants. Today it is well within the limits of that city in the heart of its most desired residential property, and in close proximity to Exposition Park, in which more than $1,000,000 has been expended recently in erecting and equipping buildings and beautifying the grounds. The state building in this park contains exhibits of virtually all the products, mineral and vegetable, of the state; the museum of history, science and art contains the valuable collections of the Historical Society of Southern California, of the Academy of Sciences, of the Cooper Ornithological Society, of the Fine Arts League of Los Angeles, and of numerous private collections. In other words, the establishment of the university has drawn to it other educational institutions, and other educational influences, until it forms the center of a group of such institutions second to none in the West. Because of their proximity and ease of access, all these collections are at the command of students in the University of Southern California, affording these students such opportunities as few universities, no matter how richly endowed, could afford to maintain.

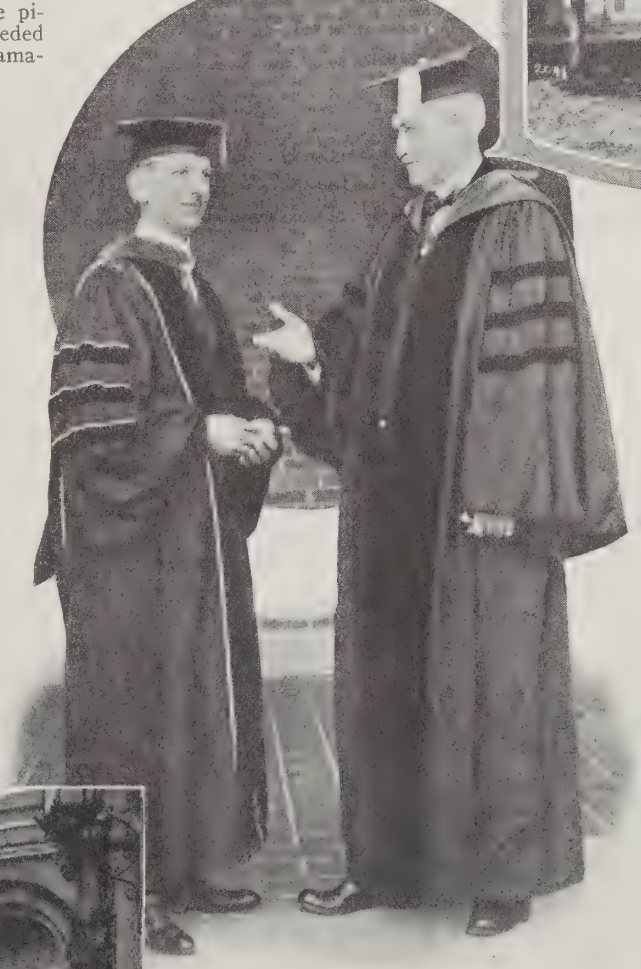
There are 55 acres of athletic grounds in Exposition Park, which are available for the athletic sports of the university, in addition to Bovard Field, with its new stadium, seating more than 8,000. Despite its close connection with the church, the University of Southern California believes in a "sane mind in a sound body," and gives its students every opportunity for athletic and physical development, as well as mental advancement and education. It is probably as proud of Charley Paddock, the world's champion runner, and his 10 world records, as it is of its best honor graduate in any one of its several colleges.



"Old College," of the University of Southern California.

During the spring of 1918, a campaign for an increased endowment fund was brought to a successful conclusion, with a total subscription of $1,227,000, a second campaign, for a $1,000,000 building fund inaugurated, which also was completed. This places the University of Southern California in an unusually enviable financial position among the universities of the country, and has given, as the first structure of its broad building program, the $500,000 Bovard Administration Building, so named in honor of George Finley Bovard, then president of the institution, and now president emeritus, Dr. Rufus B. von Klein-Smid, former president of the University of Arizona, having been elected to the presidency of the University of Southern California in 1921. This magnificent new building contains the various offices of administration, the social halls, an auditorium seating 2,100, and numerous recitation and lecture rooms. It also houses the largest pipe organ in the Southwest, and, with the exception of the organ in the municipal auditorium in San Francisco, the largest musical instrument of its kind on the Pacific Coast.

The university embraces colleges of letters, music, art, law, medicine, dentistry and agriculture, with an important and rapidly growing extension division, and a recently installed college of commerce and business administration, which is rapidly becoming one of the most important branches of the university. There is a graduate school of arts and sciences.





Above—GEORGE FINLEY BOVARD, president emeritus of the University of Southern California, (right) greeting his successor as president, DR. RUFUS B. VON KLEINSMID, former president of the Arizona State University. At left—the bay window of Old College showing class ivy in corner.

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 29, May 13, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Diplomacy

EUROPEAN diplomats met in Genoa a few weeks ago. They met as "diplomats" have met since statecraft made the first of that long series of mistakes which has bathed the world in blood for centuries.

In a word: They met with chips on their shoulders.

Premier Poincaré, filled with the imperial spirit of the French Republic, came with ultimatums and demands, with open determination that no dotting of the I nor crossing of the T should be eliminated from the reparations.

Germany came with inward chuckling over a secret treaty with the Russian Soviet Government, her envoys intent chiefly on picking a time of disclosure when they might create the greatest consternation. The Soviet's envoy appeared with a silk hat as a proletarian concession to capitalism, but he came without denial of the fact that 48 Bolshevik divisions were massed on the border of Poland, ready for an offensive.

David Lloyd George, the British prime minister, made the nearest approach to an attitude of good fellowship. But national aims were given the forefront in the attitude of each delegation; possible concessions were kept in the background.

European statecraft follows the customs of the merchants which have become predominant influences in that continent. It consists in each nation demanding the outrageous utmost, with the inward expectation on each side that dickering will ultimately reach a fifty-fifty basis of agreement. Sometimes that basis is not reached, and war ensues. How much better it would be if diplomacy was straightforward, and if diplomats did not permit their heroics to threaten the real welfare of the people they represent.

Read—and Weep for America

THE lists of indictments in the large cities of the country afford ready evidence of the source from whence has come the chief agitation against prohibition.

In one of the typical cities of the country recently a Federal Grand Jury returned indictments against 67 individuals for violations of the prohibition enforcement laws. The persons indicted were:

Anthony Beniusin, Joseph Dertz, Walter Sikorski, Joseph Podsiod, Gustabe Christian, George Levinson, Tony Buholtz, Mickey Moore, William Moss, Nicholas Weins, Mark Sheridan, Paul Dorrington, Joseph Roberts, John Drugnitzski, Solomon Miller, Fred Kinniker, David Spaight, Sol Marks, Roy Pask, John Welling, August Meier, Pete Crevar, Frank Stefano, Anthony Graska, Edward Shively, William Nykiel, John Wagner, Angus Graves, Jacob Roe, Chester Britz, Frank Montie, Emmet Billingsley, Henry Noisson, William Trappe, Frank Johnson, Peter Jankowski, John Schlifke, George Rakich, A. C. Herz, William Ernie, Albert W. Woodruff, Charles Kosnick, Sam Kosnick, John Perry, alias Jos. Perry; Edward Champagne, John Persenski, Anna Wysocki, Justin Krivick, Leo Paziker, A. C. Hertz, James Williams, C. J. Hanmill, Daniel Ginsberg, John Pock, Robert Owens, Joseph Olschewski, Kamen Chirich, Anthony Lujeski, Albert Wrobel, Albert Mirowski, Charles Orange, Ernest Leonard, Alex Cohen, Dora Cohen, Richard Cohan, Rosa Popinski and Mrs. Augusta Koss.

The defendants belong to a type of recent immigrant which neither respects nor fears the American law. In the particular city mentioned, the cosmopolitan political influence is controlling, and clubs of hyphenate names openly sell and permit the use of beers and liquors.

There has been a great effort to show that the country is dissatisfied with prohibition. Considerable noise has been made by those persons instinctively opposed to the policy, but it is the noise of the discordant minority. There is a type of person notable chiefly for the loudness of his shouting, the extravagance of his gesticulation. He does not rely on reason or fact to carry his argument, simply seeks to shout down the opposition by incessant clamor. It is to this type the country owes the attempt to bring the Constitution into disrespect. The strength of this noise is no indication that any considerable portion of the people support its object. The fact is, the real sentiment of the majority is the sentiment of quiet, law-abiding citizenry. The real American does not megaphone his views. He thinks them, votes them and, if occasion demands, fights for them.

Jazzing Your Food

A NEW YORK restaurateur, on the closing of his famous place, a few days ago, said:

"Restaurants don't pay; eating places pay, but not restaurants."

It was not against the prohibition law that this man complained. Rather it was against the changing clientele which had robbed his place of its atmosphere of gentility, and elegance.

A few years ago, New Yorkers of the old school and quiet visitors from this and other continents, occupied with selective care the tables at the famous restaurants. They selected their food with thought sometimes epicurean in its degree. They ate leisurely, and they sought no entertainment other than that which their own and their friends' conversation and culture could afford.

But this generation was driven from the restaurants. There came the reign of cafés. Gourmands replaced epicures. Huge appetites succeeded good tastes. Noise and excitement banished quiet and culture. Jazz bands were required to compete with the diners. The dance craze came, and the modification of the dance from grace to gyration to enable flat-footed persons to participate on equal terms with real dancers.

The overhead of the jazz café was naturally tremendous. The time arrived when decision was necessary on the sacrifice of fine selection of foods, the careful service and the good cooking, or the giving up of the new jazz outlays. With the old custom driven away by alien influences, jazz won. Ruin followed.

Where the Dove Roosts

LOVERS of peace may congratulate the world over the splendid advances since 1921 in the cause of world harmony.

It is 60 per cent more peaceful in Mexico than in 1921. Brokers advise their clients that Mexican peace, not to mention "Mexican Pete," are good safe investments. The land below the Rio Grande which a few short years ago was overrun with Yaquis, Villistas, burros and revolution, now bubbles with oil. Stalwart defenders of American rights who sold short and demanded that the United States intervene, are now buying Mexican securities, and pointing out that Mexico should be allowed to work out her own destiny. Newspapers whose owners feared for the safety of American lives and their own plantations below the Rio Grande now ooze forth praise of the administration of General Obregon.

Just what the difference is between the *conditions in Mexico* in former years and now does not appear. But the difference in *conditions in the United States* is clear. They can be accurately measured by the finest barometer in the world—the New York Stock Exchange quotations.

It is the stuck pig that squeals. And a few years ago, it was in the stock market that the most tears fell for the trampling on American property rights in Mexico. There the loss of American life in bandit raids was not so keenly felt, though the market propagandists did not scruple to use the loss of life to arouse the general public.

But times have changed. Mexican Petroleum, the famous "Mexican Pete" of the market, has risen in a year from 84 to 135. Other stocks in Mexican securities have shown pronounced upturns on the New York market. A member of a New York banking house visited Mexico at the invitation of the Mexican Government, and subsequently the stock-buying public began to learn that there was a prospect of the payment of the defaulted interests on Mexican bonds. The national debt of Mexico is only $24 per capita, extraordinarily low for a country of its natural resources. International bankers believe that Mexico will stand a much higher debt and are prepared to float, on a proper commission, such interest-bearing loans as the conditions permit.

It is natural, therefore, that the country should learn by the latest dispatches from Wall Street that peace and economic adjustment are spreading like wildfire over the turbulent land of the Aztecs. Mexico is pacified, you can take it from any broker, and Mexican securities are good buys. They can prove their contention by figures, too, the market quotations on Mexicans averaging 60 per cent higher than one year ago.

"A Daniel Come to Judgment"

THE Federal Reserve Bank of New York, evidently taking heed of the criticism of the management of the system, has issued an argument which, with but slight alteration, warrants all that has been said against it.

To read its statements without knowledge of its source would lead to the reasonable inference that a disciple of the new theories of money and its functions—new only in the sense that a revival of discussion makes them so, since the older advocates have periodically been ridiculed into silence—had written the thesis. The ground taken is sound, but the argument itself is not consistent with the facts. In one respect a fatal defect occurs: credit is not given the backing of the United States and its pledge to maintain a parity for every Reserve and Reserve Bank note.

> "The Federal Reserve Act in prescribing the security behind Federal Reserve notes introduced a new principle into our currency system. It specifies a security which is sound and at the same time increases and decreases automatically with the business and agricultural needs of the country."

No doubt that was the intent of those who were persuaded into the passage of the law, but the proposal of Congress is not always the disposal of the real rulers. Before showing how this very principle, which is not exactly new, is misapplied, the reader is invited to read the extract carefully. In it is an endorsement of the theory of the necessity of maintaining a currency volume equal to the demands of business and agriculture—*and this is the basis of every demand for monetary reform.* This necessity has been ridiculed as unsound by every financial writer in the country who has undertaken a defense of the Federal Reserve System, and those who have insisted upon it have been posted as fanatics, fools and wild theorists. Yet here is the greatest of the Federal Reserve banks, the most profitable regional bank in the country, the only bank that has dared project a $25,000,000 building because of its excessive surplus, calmly presenting as correct the theory that currency volume must be sufficiently elastic to conform to the volume of business to be done.

The same principle was involved in the law creating the National Bank system, and had always been the basis of state bank circulation before its enactment. That the principle has miscarried is not always the fault of the principle, but of its application. Under the old state banks there was a multiplicity of note issues, none of which was a legal tender outside of its own jurisdiction. The assistance they might give locally was ended under the National Bank Act, which imposed a prohibitive tax on other currency issues.

National banks were limited to an issue not exceeding their capital stock and by the confinement of the circulation privilege to certain government obligations, so the intended elasticity was lacking from the start.

Similar jokers in the Federal Reserve Act have made possible the arbitrary acts of the Federal Reserve Board which have had such tragic results to agriculture, industry and commerce. To quote again:

> "Apart from notes secured by obligations of the government, which have become widely available on account of the issues of bonds and notes to finance the war, the paper represents agricultural products or other goods in the process of production or in movement from producer to retailer, in process of export or import, or on the shelves of retailer or wholesaler awaiting sale."

True, but—

By decree of the Federal Reserve Board, when the country was in the midst of its greatest need for a large volume of currency, that volume was cut in half. The farmer knows the result to agriculture. The manufacturer was compelled to work up high-priced material into low-priced product, if, indeed, he could find means to keep his employes at work. The retailer and wholesaler saw the dollars squeezed out of the wares on their shelves awaiting sale. Liquidation was *forced,* and the result was industrial and business paralysis which the Federal Reserve System could and should have prevented. But the system returned its regular dividends and piled up the greatest surplus in banking history.

If proof is needed read this:

> "In recent months the gold holdings of the Federal Reserve Banks have been so largely increased *and the amount of notes outstanding so reduced* that Federal Reserve notes have come to be secured almost dollar for dollar in gold."

We ask by what process—honest process is meant—has the Federal Reserve System retired its notes and increased its gold supply at the same time. But that is another chapter in the continued story of how the country is fleeced by the masters of finance.

Mr. Ford's Page

THERE is nothing new under the sun but new applications of old facts. The newest and the oldest element of all is change, and change is usually in the direction of a better arrangement of the old substantialities. And the beginning of change is always a return to the simple principles of things, whose greatest difficulty for us is their very simplicity.

When all the wisdom of the ages is reduced to principles, the result is a few copy-book maxims. If it were not for a certain pride in "learning" which most men have, these would suffice. But men prefer to play with ideas, and indulge themselves in intellectual gymnastics rather than demonstrate the few principles which actually will work. That is to say, men prefer to amuse each other with their curious guesses about things, and call that "learning," than actually to prove that the known law of things can be trusted.

The responsibility laid upon the men of this age is not so much one of discovery as of realization. Who discovered the principles on which a sound life and a sound society may be built, we do not know; we do know this, that as far as we are concerned these principles have come to us as revelations; that is, we received them in a complete form; and our part is to build on them. It is not as if the world were bereft of the principles on which a sound civilization can be built; it is not as if we were bungling along for want of knowledge how to do better. That is not our need at all.

What the world needs is faith. Faith in what? Faith in the workable values of the principles of life which we already have. The principles are here; they are not waiting to be discovered, but to be proved; faith means simply trying them out. As it is now the world has neither faith nor unfaith. The world cannot be said to have unfaith in the principles, because unfaith could only arise out of a test and a failure of the principles. These principles have never been tried and failed; wherever they have been tried they have never failed; the tragedy of the world is that, possessing the principles, we have not the adventuresomeness that would lead us out into one grand effort of experiment in doing the right thing to see if it will work.

One of the most universal of these principles, and peculiarly applicable to the type of activity mostly manifested today, is this: "Whosoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Everybody has a legitimate ambition to perform a good stroke in life, to do something that counts. Sometimes this ambition is perverted until it becomes mere desire for the fruits of a useful course—the prominence, power and means that may go with it. But wholesome ambition first concerns itself with the work which is thus rewarded, not first with the reward. At bottom this ambition is really toward a useful life and the recognition which usefulness brings.

Now, to achieve this desired position, men have used many means. Once the sword was a favorite weapon with which to carve out fame, but its desirability has decreased of recent years. Once the library was the indispensable assistant upward, and the scholar was thought of as the man who had attained. In our times the whole matter of ambition has exploded into thousands of pieces, until there have arisen men who claim that a sufficient quantity of printers' ink is all that is necessary to boost men into any desired place. Do something spectacular; sell your soul; betray your fellows; grab and shove and trample—these are the methods by which one may become chief among his fellows.

There is a sure way to a respected position in life; there is a principle which inevitably establishes a man in affection and honor and in his rightful share of material means. And that principle is no secret. It requires no mystical initiation to learn it. You do not even have to subscribe to a correspondence course to become aware of it. That principle is *service*. Here is the way to be greatest: let him who would be chief among you, become your servant. The chief man is the man who does most for the most people. The most serviceable life is the most widely known life. That is a principle.

Now, it is open to any young man to choose how he shall realize his ambition to win a place in life. He can choose to go out and by superior shrewdness fleece his fellow men, or he can choose to go out and compel their attention and support by doing something for their benefit in a better way than it has ever been done before. This latter is the only true way to lasting greatness. Greatness is proved in great gifts—not in great gifts given to you, but in gifts given by you to the happiness and prosperity of others.

There are two kinds of famous men—those, who like Napoleon have exploited their fellow men by the abuse of their superb natural gifts, and others, who like Lincoln, with rather homely gifts, have served their fellow men, even the lowliest and meanest of them. Two kinds of famous men, but only one kind of Great Man—the Servant.

But how many people can you persuade to consider this today? The very word "service" has become a bromide. People tend to become so wise in their own conceits that they imagine someone is trying to "put over" something on them when this language is used. It only goes to illustrate how slow we are in our minds, how much we lack faith.

Yet that principle stands. It stands at the bottom of any career that commands respect. It stands at the bottom of every industry that has commanded continued patronage. It stands at the basis of every idea that has survived the centuries. Just that plain principle, that the chief man, the chief system, the chief idea is that which is chiefly marked by serviceability. Whenever you see a man start off toward the goal of success on any other principle, it is like watching the departure of a leaky boat—it will not arrive there.

You would think that men would at least give this principle a trial, would you not? There it is, highly attested, living on in the face of universal neglect, as ready now as it ever was to prove its dependability to the commonest kind of people—that the way up is by the steps of service. The chiefest man in contentment, the chiefest man in sanity of outlook, the chiefest man in satisfaction with his work, the chiefest man in the respect of those who know him best, is the man whose life is lived by the principle of service. No matter where or what he is, the principle places that stamp upon him. The principle proves itself in him.

Being a principle, it is without partiality or prejudice. And being without prejudice it holds out a hope to men who have tried to climb by the way of exploitation, and have failed. There is no prejudice in this principle against a man who has failed in some other way. Let a man cease viewing his fellows as beings from which something is to be taken, and begin to view them as beings for which something is to be done, and he has already made a transfer of principles. He has made the cross-over from the false to the true; he is on the track where everything in the universe is on his side, and where he is on the side of the universe.

To do this in the first instance is a matter of faith; after that comes demonstration, and then faith becomes knowledge. Faith in true things is always becoming knowledge.

THE world has not been left in the dark, dependent on its own discoveries of the right way through the maze. Principles handed down to us from of old contain the very secret of successful individual and collective life, and merely await our adoption. The chief difficulty is their simplicity. They are reducible to copy-book maxims. Had they been tested and cast aside, they would have disappeared. But they have not been tried; they continue to challenge men; and the one thing needful is faith enough to give them a trial. Most people think that faith means believing something; oftener it means trying something, giving it a chance to prove itself.

Museum Acquires Prints From Aix Intaglios

Frederick Barbarossa's Gift to Cathedral Was Forerunner of Engraving; Public Sees Works of Art, Rescued From Magnificent Oblivion After 700 Years



Intaglios of the Corona Lucis at Aix-la-Chapelle. To the left is depicted "Christ on the Cross." At the right is "The Annunciation," and below, "The Nativity."

IN THE magnificent Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle above the spot which is supposed to be the site of Charlemagne's grave, there hangs an immense corona of lamps. It was the gift of an emperor, little less famous than the great Charles; in other words, Frederick Barbarossa.

To the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, there recently came a collection of rare and extremely valuable ink impressions from 16 intaglios on copper, executed in 1168. The original plates engraved several centuries before engraving became one of the allied printing arts, were made for decorations for the great votive chandelier, Corona Lucis or Crown of Light.

About the middle of the last century the Corona was taken down for cleaning and repair, and someone in charge, doubtless charmed by the intaglios and reluctant to see them returned to comparative oblivion in a dimly lighted cathedral vault, had the happy thought to use them in the interim for printing a limited number of sets by hand inking and rubbing. A few years afterward, Dr. Fr. Bock, Honorary Canon of the Cathedral, had other impressions made for a monograph which he devoted to the Corona. Ten years before M. Cahier had made the Corona the subject of a learned, entertaining and instructive study, containing engravings of all the intaglios. Sets of these engravings are preserved in the British Museum, in Berlin and a few other places. One of these sets from Dr. Bock's book is the set acquired by the Boston Museum.

The place, the occasion and the persons for which the Corona Lucis of Aix was made were all of exceptional historical importance. The place was the tomb of Charlemagne within the Cathedral founded by him; the occasion was a solemn exposition of his ashes; and the persons, his Hohenstauffen successor, Frederick Barbarossa, styled in an inscription upon the Corona "Caesar Catholicus Romanorum Fredericus," and the Empress Beatrix.

An inscription relates that the Corona was intended as a symbol of the Celestial City—the city that "had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it, having the glory of God." The Heavenly Jerusalem was to be set forth under the chosen semblance, "Celica Jerusalem signatur imagine tali." In previous centuries the custom had grown up of suspending a cross over the high altar of churches and above it a crown in which candles were fixed as in churches of today. One of these ancient coronae still hangs in the cathedral at Hildesheim, Germany, dating from a century before the Corona at Aix, and represents the 12 gates of the heavenly city upon the copper band.

These 12 gates, the larger Corona at Aix, 13 feet in diameter, were transformed into tower gates and supplemented with four corner towers. In the towers lamps were placed and on the edge of the frame, representing walls, 48 candles. With its many lamps and candles and its shining and varied surfaces, the Corona lighted must have been a brilliant sight, and to the people of the twelfth century, an overwhelming luxury of illumination truly imaging the city of light. Cathedral records at Aix show that the Corona was used for illumination of the church at festivals. In bequests received for services on other anniversaries, it was sometimes specified that "the Corona shall be lighted." It witnessed, and doubtless helped to make brilliant, the coronation of the emperors at Aix for 700 years.

The form of the Corona contains another symbolism. If we join the central point of its plan, representing the chain of suspension, with other branching chains directed first to the four corners of the squares, a figure appears resembling a flower of four petals with four others partly showing between them. For reasons hidden in the heart of medieval Christianity, heaven was often thought of under the aspect of a rose. A century and a half later, the assembly of the blessed was called a rose in the "Divina Commedia," its golden center the throne of Divinity itself; and Orcagna carried out the fancy on the walls of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. Here in the Corona at Aix the idea was at its inception and blended the suave suggestions of a descending flower with the majesty of gleaming towers and walls.

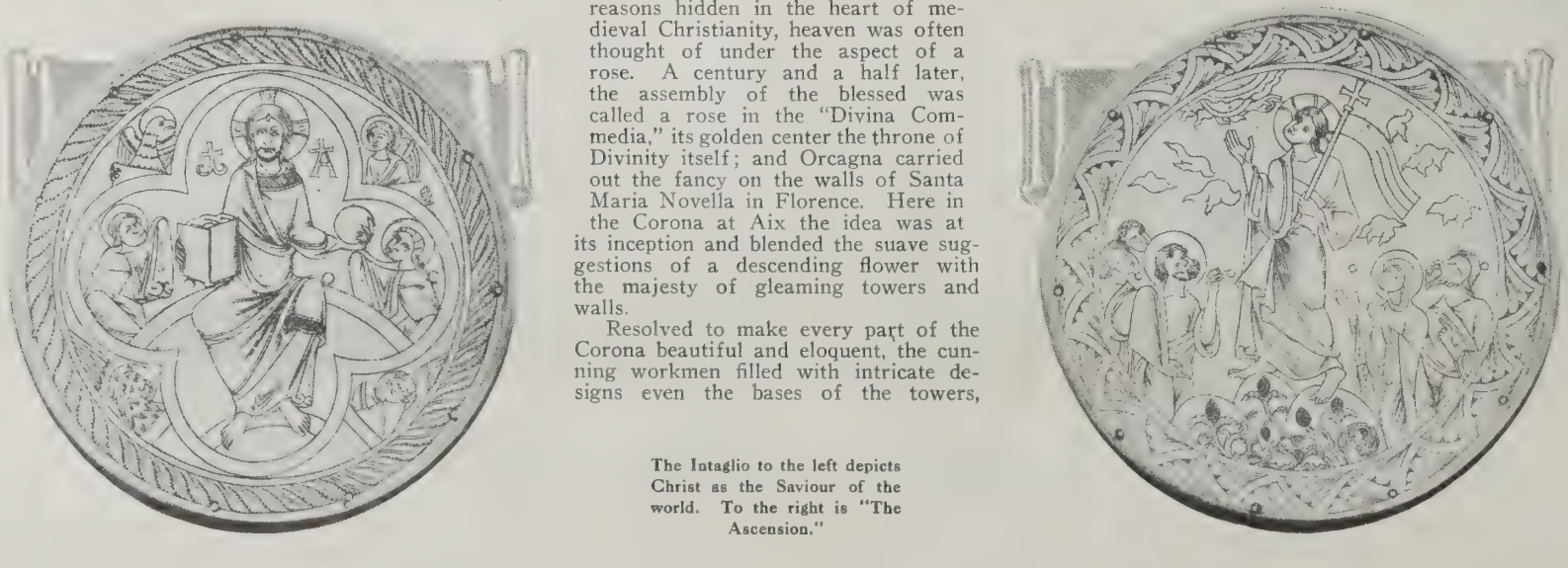
Resolved to make every part of the Corona beautiful and eloquent, the cunning workmen filled with intricate designs even the bases of the towers, although their work could be seen with difficulty only by looking upward from the floor. Upon eight were depicted episodes in Christ's life, and upon the other eight were pictured the blessings bestowed by the Master on those who follow Him.

The plates bearing the Beatitudes consist of gratings and on each is represented an angel folding a scroll. Personages in these designs are well-favored, well-built beings, with comely hands and feet and rounded and expressive features. Of the frowns and angularity of the Byzantine mosaics there is no trace, nor of the emaciation and elongation that the artists of the time felt was the necessary mark of holy sacrifice. Their mien and their movements simply and intimately reveal the wonders they depict. The Virgin of the Annunciation bends a girlish head and raises graceful hands as she shrinks before the message of the angel. His features are delicately differentiated from hers; he is still moving, with wings just closing. As he gazes, so might any noble young herald of solemn and joyful tidings have stood and gazed.

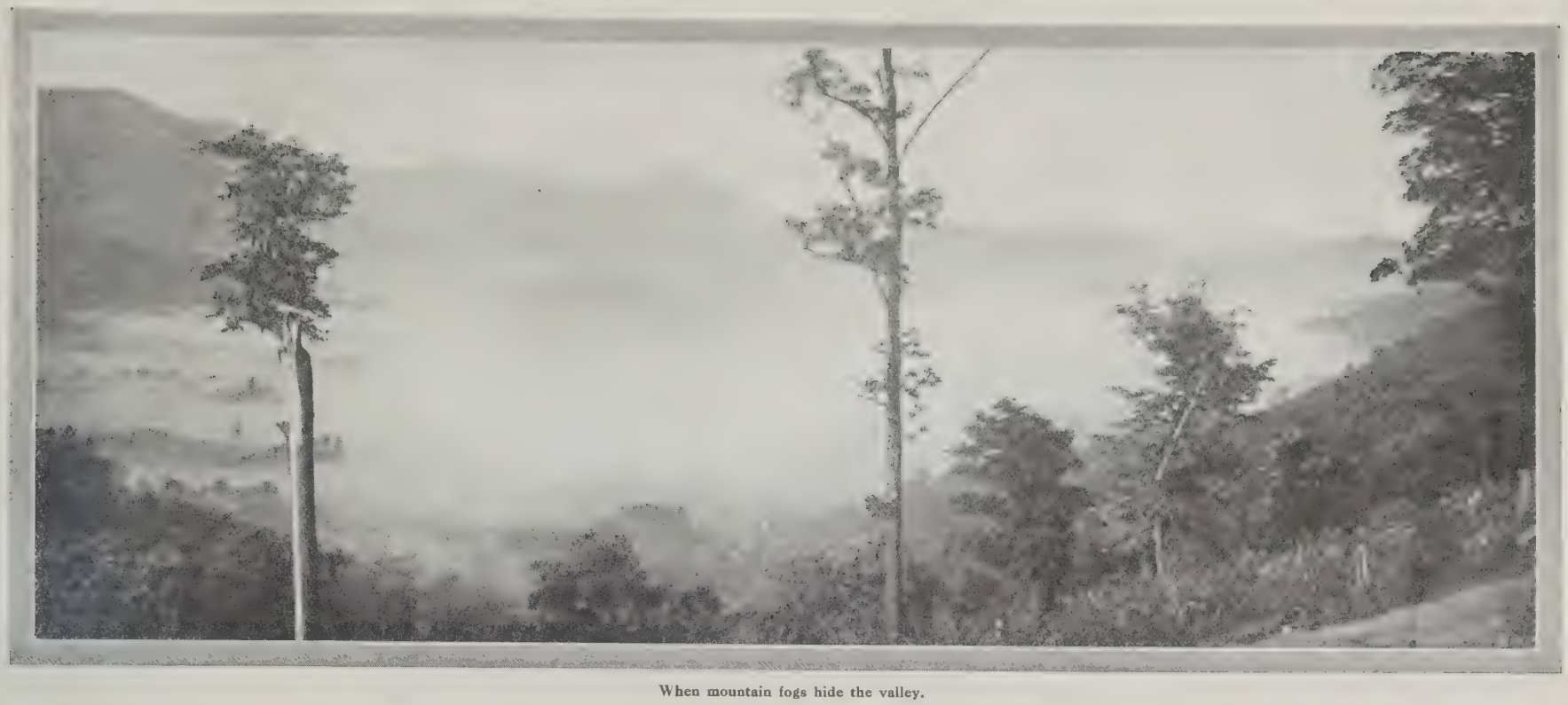
Perhaps the most complex design is that of the blessing on the Meek where, by a naïve fancy, one of the hearers hesitatingly grasps the edge of the angel's mandorla; the most boldly graceful is perhaps that of the Blessing on the Seekers after Righteousness. The most deeply emotional design is that of the Blessing on those that Mourn.

Romanesque fondness for luxurious interlacing patterns which was to sober down through the Gothic age into the development of the pointed arch—is given full play in the ornamental borders of all the fields.

Each of the plates is about seven inches in diameter. They are the oldest copper engraved plates as yet printed from. There are eight circular, four rectangular, and four medallion shaped plates. The impressions were remarkably well taken, although in some of the earlier ones, parts of the figures were slightly lost and in the later ones some of the inscriptions are gone. This was due, probably, to imperfect cleaning of varnish from the lines of the intaglios.



The Intaglio to the left depicts Christ as the Saviour of the world. To the right is "The Ascension."



When mountain fogs hide the valley.

Legends of Creation Haunt Mountain Wilds

Folklore of Cherokee Handed Down in "Unknown America"

By HARRY E. BARNET

IT IS not just a fancy to give the name of Unknown America to that part of the southern mountains which centers around an old swag-bellied tree overhanging the headwaters of New River in North-central Tennessee. It is merely by way of stating the fact that few people know what is ambushed among the peaks and depressions you find there.

Furthermore, this situation is not a new one. Unknown America has been a hermit country since its peaks and depressions first saw the light of day. News of what went on there hung close around the spot where it happened. Therefore, we have an Unknown America, either because it failed to attract the attention of the world at large, or because it preferred to settle back as a sort of a recluse land that has done little else through the ages except to brood, and to encyst its people, its latent wealth, and its ruins in mystery and oblivion.

When you attempt to describe this country you are face to face with trouble. If you write of it in a manner that will do justice to Unknown America you will make statements that are not like the ordinary descriptions that men write of other regions that are mountainous. Then you may be shunted into the company of the "tall yarners," and unfairly so. For nothing you see in Unknown America, and nothing with which you come in contact there, seems to have had an orthodox origin, not even the ground you walk upon. It shows a misbegotten face to the heavens—a face so misbegotten, in fact, that, topographically speaking, Unknown America can also be honestly named unconventional America. In short, its surface is an area of hit and miss that sprawls from its center near the headwaters of New River over hundreds of square miles into Kentucky, into the Carolinas—even into a corner of Virginia—and that spreads across some of the country of Georgia and Alabama.

For this reason, about the safest, and probably the best, pen-picture to draw of Unknown America is the declaration that it is more crumpled, and more deeply gouged, and each of these in a more fantastic manner, than are other highland regions. And it is more thickly covered. The face of its cliffs are veiled with clinging plants. These cliff faces also bristle through their drapery with immense trees that grow outward at crazy angles from crevices where not more than a bucketful of soil can find a permanent resting place. There are no barren peaks in Unknown America. There are no valleys that are naked. All of them are overlaid with abundant timber growth, and with hordes of plants and vines, upstanding from dense grass.

In this unorthodox country you are continually bedeviled by curiosity to know the "how come" and the reason of being. In other words, it is a tormenting environment in which to find yourself. For you sense mystery at the very moment you step into Unknown America, and you're enveloped with the maze of mystery up to the very moment you step out from its scragginess. And you are continually astir to get at the cause of it. But you make no headway. The outcome of the work of these men, however, shows entertaining, if not scientific and reliable, results.

This outcome is the lore of the Cherokee. They were the Indians the white immigrants found in Unknown America. No one knows when they settled there. But the Cherokee said they followed earlier migration. The Cherokee said that when their ancestors came it was tenanted by ruins and the remnants of a white race, with moon-shaped eyes and auburn hair, who lived in log forts in the Chickamauga country. What became of these moon-eyed people the Cherokee of later years failed to state, because their ancestors lived only in the present; they cared little about things that were over and done with, and passed little or no record to their descendants.

It is evident, however, that the atmosphere of mystery then hung over Unknown America, and was felt by the Cherokee. For they importuned their priests for explanations of what they saw about them. The priests answered with stories. At first these stories were part of a sacred narration told only by the priests, but later the narration was broken into fireside tales.

The priestly recital of the genesis of the distorted surface of Unknown America lacks a detail. It fails to mention the creator of the traditional animals and the plants, which were of heroic size, but starts off with the statement that after the animals and the birds, the reptiles, bugs and the fishes, the plants, trees and shrubs were made they were told to keep awake and to watch for seven nights. They tried to do this, and nearly all of them were awake through the first night. The next night several of them dropped to sleep. The third night others fell asleep; and then others on successive nights, until on the seventh night only the owl, the panther, and one or two others were awake. As a reward for keeping awake they were given the power to see in the dark, and to make prey of the birds and animals who sleep at night. Of the trees, only the spruce, the cedar, the pine, the holly and the laurel were awake, and to them it was given always to be green. To all of the other trees it was said: "Because you have not endured to the end you shall lose your hair every winter." There was the start of the annual job of sweeping the leaves from the lawn, and of burning them in the gutter.

At that time, according to the explanations of the priests of the traditions, there was no land, merely water. These heroic size living things were above, on the sky arch, which the priests said was a solid rock. There was a big crowd on the sky arch, and they wanted more room. They looked over the edge of their habitation, and saw the water. Then the crowd wondered what was below it, but no one felt heroic enough to start out. Finally, female bravery settled the question. The she water beetle offered to explore. This was the Eve of all the water beetles who since have scampered across the ponds on the face of the earth. She darted in every direction across the surface of the water, but could find no firm place. She dived to the bottom, and came up with some soft mud, which she set afloat. She clambered upon this ball of mud, rested, and inaugurated the fashion of paddling a canoe.

Soon after the she water-beetle returned to the sky arch this ball of mud began to spread like a batch of bread that is piquant with yeast. Finally, it became a great island. Some careful souls among the animals fastened it to the sky arch with four cords, one at each corner, but here again the priests of the traditions were careless with details, and did not mention who did this. The priests prophesied, however, that when the world grows old the people who are upon it will die; the cords will break; the earth will sink; and all will again be water.

Of course, this island was soft and damp; it was also flat. The living things above were anxious to alight, and from time to time sent out different birds to see if it was dry. But these scouts found no dry spots, and returned to the sky arch. After a long wait the buzzard was sent out—the Adam this was of all the buzzards that since then have lazily circled above the earth. He was told to make ready for the descent of the living things, if he could find enough dry land to accommodate them.

Daddy Buzzard flew over all of the flat soft island, low down over it, and in no place was it dry. When he reached Unknown America he was very tired, and his wings began to flop, and to strike the ground. Whenever they struck the wet earth a valley was carved out, and where they turned up a mountain arose. When the living things above saw this they were afraid the whole world would be mountains and valleys, and they called Daddy Buzzard back. But to this day Unknown America has been mountainous.

This wing work by Daddy Buzzard was done in the dark. When the surface of Unknown America was dry the animals and plants came down from the sky arch. Then they got the sun, and set it in a track to go every day across the island from east to west, just overhead.

The horde that descended upon the earth divided into tribes, each variety of animal and bird and tree and shrub and fish and reptile to his kind. The tribes elected their chiefs, and established their community houses, for their councils and their dances. Each living thing had a particular station and a duty. The frog, for instance, was chief of the council, and also the marshal. The rabbit was the messenger, who carried all tribal announcements. He was also the dance leader, and the foremost animal in all devilment. Birds and fishes, bugs and reptiles and plants of all kinds, however, spoke the same language.

The animals set about getting fire. They knew there was fire in the bottom of a hollow sycamore tree, for they saw the smoke coming out of the tree. But to bring the fire back to the settlement they must pass the water. They held a general council.

Each animal and bird who could fly or swim was eager to go after the fire. The raven, then a white bird, offered to go, and because he was so large and strong the council agreed. He flew high and far across the water, and alighted on the sycamore tree, to ponder the problem. While he thought, the heat scorched his feathers. He was frightened, and came back, unsuccessful. Since then the raven has been black.

The little screech owl volunteered. He reached the sycamore tree and looked down into the hollow. A blast of hot air came up, and nearly burned out his eyes. He managed to fly home, but his eyes are red to this day.

(Concluded on page 13)



Houses remain just as their tenants left them.

Tortuga, Treasure Vault of Buccaneers of Old?

Recent Finding of Golden Coins on the Little Island Revives Tales of Wealth Buried There by Pirates

By WILBUR FORREST

PIRATE lore and tales of buried treasure; the red-blooded romancing portrayed in distinctive American literature which, for many generations, has thrown small boys, and their fathers before them, into spasmodic dreams of emulation, need not be all fiction.

Few may realize it, but our own near-by West Indies offer more genuine buccaneering history than perhaps any other single portion of the world. These islands, so closely bound to the voyages and history of Christopher Columbus, are only a trifle less famous for their part in another though less known history, the basis of which has inspired virtually all our piracy stories of fiction with the "yellowed paper chart" grasped in the hand of the pirate skeleton "remaining to guard the secret of the buried treasure chest."

The very "birth nest" of Western Hemisphere piracy is to be found in the Caribbean today. On the small island of Tortuga, actual buried pirate treasure recently cropped out in golden reality to revive the past. This island is a few miles off the northern coast of Hayti and was named Tortuga by Columbus, because it so much resembled the shape of the great sea tortoises plentiful in the tropic vicinity.

A short time ago, an old man from the tiny seaport of Saint Louis, on the Haytian coast, sailed his dory across the choppy channel to Tortuga and anchored in the mouth of a small stream that tumbles down from the island hills. He was seining for small fish bait when glittering objects in the shallow water of the stream bed diverted his attention. He picked them up and they proved to be golden "pieces-of-eight"—pirate treasure. Here was real booty from the Spanish Main, spoils cached in the coves and hills of Tortuga by the Captain Kidds of the seventeenth century.

Offers Promise of Treasure

PERHAPS no other single spot in the Western Hemisphere or the world at large offers today more promise of actual buried pirate treasure; the shades of bold, bad men who fared forth on their buccaneer brigs to prey on merchant ships, swarmed over the sides with cutlasses in their hands and daggers in their teeth to struggle to the death for booty while grappling irons held the vessels locked in victory or defeat. There are shades on Tortuga of swashbuckling buccaneer gentry who dissipated away their share of the treasure in orgies with rum or buried it for future reference.

There is no doubt that the golden coins, salvaged from the bed of the Tortuga stream by the old Haytian fisherman, were buried in some secret niche in the hills some three centuries ago, to be washed down eventually to the sea by the waters of the rivulet. Imagination paints the men who buried them in such traditional accouterments as cuffed knee boots of leather, cutlasses, which clanked against the shovels as they dug deep to inter the treasure chest, the red kerchiefs about the brows of evil visages and all.

The Haytian fisherman and companions have since searched the small treasure stream without success and possibly other expeditions have visited the island in search of other treasure troves by now.

The writer recently visited Tortuga, not so much in search of pirate gold as to compare the jungle-matted little island of today with the buccaneer rendezvous and stronghold some 300 years ago. Pirate history relates circumstantially and convincingly that here piracy started and grew until it terrorized the coast lines and waters from the Atlantic and Gulf to Cape Horn and even into the Pacific. The boldest and worst of French, Dutch and English buccaneers outfitted their ships on Tortuga and returned thence after their raids to divide the plunder and outfit the ships for further expeditions.

To one possessing only the ordinary trend of imagination, there is wild romance in every step along Tortuga's ragged coast line, up and down the rocky jungle-grown hills and in the heavily wooded valleys. Here one may reach back into the unfaded mental pictures of youthful literature and see his Captain Kidd, better known in true piratical history as Captain Henry Morgan; Bartholomew Portugaise, Rock Brasiliano, Francois L'Olonnois, or more of the leaders who made their names a terror in the Atlantic, Caribbean, Mexican Gulf, and other waters of the early western world.

Only White Man on Island

MY GUIDE informed me that about 200 blacks in small settlements of thatched huts were the only inhabitants and, at the moment, I was the only white man on the island.

The history of the place far overshadowed the modern scene. To a lone white rambler objects constantly appear that recall to mind such implements as picks and shovels, such documents as age-yellowed charts, all connecting with a golden hoard somewhere beneath the earth contained in a rusted iron-bound chest. There is, unmistakably, the big tree, now towering high above a jungle-grown mass of a hundred different species of tropic flora. To look sharply and inquisitively along the four points of the compass from this tree is invariably to find the big rock with what seem time-worn crosses and pirate hieroglyphs on its surface. One may be hyperbolic without censure. All that appears necessary is the dying buccaneer's chart and, of course, the digging implements, preferably employed at night in the dim light of flickering lanterns. Poe and other writers of buried treasure have described it thus and thus it must be in the imagination.

The term "buccaneer" originated on the island of Tortuga. It is derived from the French word describing men who cured meat by the "boucan" process, a system of smoking meat on green sticks.

As early as 1630—before George Washington or his father, or perhaps his grandfather, were born—the island of Hispaniola, which is today the island of Hayti, began to find French, British and Dutch settlers arriving there, much against the will of the Spaniards, who controlled the territory to the announced exclusion of all other nationals.

The interlopers first tried their luck at planting, but eventually abandoned this vocation to become "boucaniers," because of the great prevalence of wild oxen, cattle and wild boar. The vicissitudes of interloping, however, were such that many of the settlers fled to the island of Tortuga, which is separated from the main island by a strip of channel water seven miles wide. Tortuga offered less territory for the "boucaniers" but more security. Perhaps seven miles wide and twelve miles in length, the island was a virgin hunting ground.

Eventually came Pierre le Grand to the island of Tortuga.

Pierre le Grand was the original pirate of the Western Hemisphere. All the crimes of the Spanish Main, much of the pirate lore and actual pirating that one may read about in books, revert back directly on the shoulders of this Frenchman from Dieppe, who came with good intentions, but soon lost them. "Boucaniering" was tame to Pierre le Grand. He soon tired of it. He followed the meat-curing trade only until his earnings gave him possession of a small sailing ship and then he inveigled 28 others to follow him off the path of righteousness.

The original pirates provisioned their ship with an abundance of cured meat and fared forth. Victims were scarce, however, and only when the voyage promised failure, due to a shortage of food, the "boucanier" ship sighted a large Spanish warship sailing brazenly alone. As a hungry rat attacks without reflection on the odds against him, Pierre le Grand decided to tackle the warship. This arch pirate drew from every member of his crew an oath to fight to the death. He went beyond this, ordering his surgeon to remain below and scuttle the ship at the moment the grappling irons had been thrown over the rail of the cruiser. Thus grappled, thus sinking, he knew his men would have to fight, their oaths notwithstanding. Then Pierre, history tells us, notified the crew of the exact situation and his pirates swarmed over the side with cutlasses in their hands and daggers in their teeth, and fought the Spanish men-o'-war's men with such ferocity that the handsome prize was theirs.

Honor Among Buccaneers

PIERRE put back to Tortuga with his prize and the booty it contained. The haul represented several thousand pieces-of-eight, much plate and other treasure. Members of the pirate crew were permitted to receive their divisions and go ashore. Pierre, however, continued on to France with his Spanish frigate and quit the pirate game forever. But his work had its well-known effect. The remaining hunters and "boucaniers" of Tortuga saw greater gain in piracy and immediately began to outfit ships to prey on Spanish traders.

Within two years the buccaneers of Tortuga had captured many valuable prizes, including two huge Spanish vessels loaded with plate from Campeche, in the Gulf of Mexico, bound for Caracas. They had also seized many ships of lesser burden, all of which, combined with the larger tonnage, gave them a formidable fleet, armed with cannon and swarming with men who fought savagely with dagger, pistol and cutlass for the gain that piracy promised.

All prize cargoes were taken back to Tortuga and there divided.

There was honor even among buccaneers, if we are to believe John Esquemeling, a subject of the United Provinces (Holland), who cruised for many years as a Tortuga pirate and returned to his home country in 1678 to live on his wealth and write his experiences.

It was a sort of Utopian Soviet arrangement under which pirates sailed, according to the ancient scribe. All vessels, starting on a cruise, were amply provisioned and the "meanest" member of a crew was entitled to as much provender as the captain himself. The division of all booty was, according to written agreement, executed before the voyage. Based on "no prey, no pay," the pirates, one and all, bound themselves to fight faithfully for treasure and abide by results.

Among the notable pirate leaders who succeeded Pierre le Grand—the father of piracy—was one Rock Brasiliano, a Dutchman, who took this nom de plume by reason of long residence in Brazil. Rock's procedure discloses why he withheld his right name. He was a real pirate, a true maker of present-day tradition. Though an excellent leader in combat, "howbeit, in his domestic or private affairs he had no good behavior nor government over himself," says his chronicler, who added: "Many times being in drink, he would run up and down the streets, beating or wounding whom he met, no person daring to oppose him or make any resistance. To Spaniards he always showed himself to be very barbarous and cruel; of these he commanded several to be roasted alive on wooden spits."

Pirates were generally a pretty bad lot, agrees pirate history. For example, ashore, "they would spend two or three thousand pieces-of-eight in one night, not leaving themselves peradventure a good shirt to wear on their backs in the morning." Rock Brasiliano was only one of those given to swashbuckling.

Possibly the cruelest and most bloodthirsty of all the pirate chiefs was Francois L'Olonnois, a Frenchman, who outfitted the first ship for his piratical career on Tortuga. The enemies of this terrible Gaul received no quarter and he became known as a true terror of the seas, amassing great wealth.

Cruises of Pirates Fruitful

HE ONCE seized and held a Spanish city in Cuba until he was tired of it and then put to sea again on a fruitful expedition, which yielded many ships and numerous thousands of pieces-of-eight, and much plate and jewels. He then returned to Tortuga to divide the spoils and give his buccaneer crews their shore leave. Soon afterward, the pirate leader sallied forth again with a large fleet, carrying many cannon and more than 500 fighting men. This cruise was a great success. The pirate flagship was the first to encounter a victim, a Spanish ship of heavy tonnage, mounting many guns and loaded with men. The pirates boarded her and subdued her after a stiff fight and then sailed her for Tortuga with a prize crew and loot that amounted to 120,000 pounds of cocoa, 40,000 pieces-of-eight and the value of 10,000 pieces-of-eight in jewels. The remainder of the buccaneer fleet, sailing to a rendezvous on the island of Savonna, took a prize which netted 10,000 pieces-of-eight, 7,000 pounds of powder and an arsenal of muskets. This ship was sent back to Tortuga to unload, with orders to rejoin the fleet.

L'Olonnois, with his fleet, sacked and burned several towns on the coasts of Central America and Cuba and put most of the inhabitants to the sword. More prizes were taken at sea, and at the end of two months there was so much loot on hand that the fleet sailed to the Isle de la Vache (Cow Island), south of Hayti, to divide 4,060,000 pieces-of-eight, jewels, silks, linen and other commodities of trade. In seventeenth century rating of exchange, assuming that the dollar might have existed then, one piece-of-eight was worth about $1.25. The fleet then sailed for Tortuga, where the available supply of rum and brandy was soon entirely inadequate for the celebration of the most successful buccaneer cruise in the history of buccaneering.

The inebriated pirates gambled their shares away with reckless abandon until the whole rested in the hands of a few. These secretively watched their chances to bury the loot in the valleys, coves and troves of Tortuga for future reference. Who knows how many of these treasure-burying pirates lost their lives on subsequent cruises, breathing the secret of the trove to their most intimate pirate friend at the last gasp or scrawling the rough chart on a bloody piece of paper as death stiffened the fingers? Who knows how many of these treasure chests lie buried under the jungle-grown soil of Tortuga today?

Save for about 200 illiterate Negroes, living in tiny settlements here and there, the island of Tortuga is deserted at present. Pirate history means nothing to these blacks.

Mutiny Splits Fleet

BUT to return to Francois L'Olonnois. His last voyage carried him to the Cuban coast with the largest fleet of all, where he robbed the Spanish turtle fishermen. Then he sailed to Nicaragua and sacked and burned coast towns. After more terrible crimes, he died the death of a pirate. Mutiny separated the fleet and the arch pirate, himself, was captured ashore by savage Indians on the coast of Cartegena, near Darien, and tortured to death by the redskins.

The mantle of the Frenchman was later worn by Captain Henry Morgan, a Welshman, who came to Tortuga and equipped a fleet carrying 700 men, mainly French and Walloons. Among Morgan's principal forays was the sacking and burning of the city of Panama; the complete destruction of a large Spanish fleet sent against him; the capture of the island of St. Catherine, and the seizing of the populous city of Porto del Principe in Cuba.

Captain Henry Morgan operated from Tortuga, provisioning and dividing treasure there, until Drake took Jamaica. He then established headquarters in that British settlement and "worked" his piracy from there.

Numerous other buccaneer leaders, who made their names dreaded on the waters of the Spanish Main and on the coast lines of the southern part of the New World after the "pilgrim pirates" set the pace, were known as Sawkins, Sharp and Coxon.

Teaching Women the Way Back to the Farm

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

IT WAS midsummer and the stifling heat of New York's downtown streets and pavements rose toward the tops of her tallest skyscrapers. In an office on the uppermost floor of one of these buildings a young woman left her desk, and went to the window in search of a cooling breeze. Far below, the hot, tired city, with its multitude of human pygmies crawling wearily about, lay scorching in the July sun. But farther out were the cool, inviting waters of the river and the sound, and beyond these, stretching away in panoramic fashion, Long Island.

Then, in her mind's eye the young woman saw a tiny farm cottage, shaded by overhanging trees, a flower garden, a little three-acre plot of other growing things, grazing sheep, a stream that gurgled its way to the sea—such a scene as she had often pictured to herself. The next day she resigned her position and started out, resolved to make the mental picture a fact. That was four years ago. Today this same young woman is manager of one of the largest estates on Long Island, at a salary five times that which she received as a stenographer, and her dream of the farm cottage is in a fair way soon to be realized.

The story of how this young woman, who, without any previous experience or knowledge of the subject, prepared herself for the responsible position of horticultural expert and manager of a country estate, including greenhouses, orchards and vegetable gardens, is an interesting one. In a degree it also is the story of the success of numerous other young women who have turned their faces from the monotony and grind of the city to the open country, and are earning a living from the soil.





The School of Horticulture for Women is in a historical old mansion.



Transplanting young flower plants in the greenhouse.



Setting out buds.

She had heard of the School of Horticulture for women at Ambler, Pennsylvania, a remarkable institution that is each year turning out young women qualified to run farms, to be florists, market gardeners, managers of fruit plantations and specialists as teachers of home and school gardens in public and private schools. With money she had saved and some slight assistance from her family, she was enabled to take the two-year course offered by the college. On graduation she was recommended to the owner of the estate who was seeking a manager. Her success in the new undertaking was immediate, and she undoubtedly could hold the position indefinitely—if she cared to give up the dream of the cottage and her own cares.

The horticultural school for women was founded some years ago by the club and college women of Philadelphia, and is under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Leighton Lee, who has not only been remarkably successful in making good farmers of her girls, but enjoys a national reputation as a horticulturist.

In America this is the first training school in horticulture for women. In England, and a few other European countries, schools of gardening for women have long since passed the experimental stage; they are holding a recognized place in the educational world. Graduates from these schools are managing large estates or holding responsible positions as directors of public or private gardens, managers of commercial work, or as consulting horticulturists and lecturers.

Miss Lee believes that a woman may earn a good income from the smallest piece of ground, provided she specializes in some particular branch of horticulture. If the women of England succeed, then there is all the more reason why American women should do so, she says. Because of the wastefulness in land here, there is a broader scope for the woman gardener.

The field of horticulture for women includes the raising of flowers, vegetable gardening, the growing of fruits, nuts and nursery stock, and in addition bee culture and chicken raising. While all these branches do not require especially strenuous labor, the question naturally arises whether women are physically adapted for such work as plowing, spraying and handling heavy boxes and barrels of fruit. They are not always strong enough to do such work, but this is not necessary, so long as they know how such things should be done and can direct the efforts of laborers.

Women have an instinctive love for growing things and get a keener enjoyment from cultivating than men. We have all seen how the busy housewife will coax and pet a few plants and make them grow despite the most unfavorable conditions, so it stands to reason that if a woman really loves the work and gives her time to it there is no reason why she should not succeed.

Making pear butter.

The school property at Ambler consists of 75 acres. About 20 acres are used for the school horticulture study and the remainder for crops. Much of that part used for horticulture is given to special plantations for practice and experimental work for the students. This includes an old apple orchard, a number of pear trees, young apple, peach, plum and cherry orchards, a vineyard of about 300 vines, a large variety of small fruits, flower and vegetable gardens, nurseries, greenhouses, hotbeds, cold frames, bee colonies and a poultry plant. Recognizing that constant practice throughout each season is essential to success in horticultural work, the school devotes a large part of the time to practice work in the growing of flowers, vegetables and fruits, each student planting and caring for a small plot of ground, under instruction, for which she is responsible. Theoretical instruction is given in botany, entomology, soils and horticultural chemistry. Training in the principles of simple carpentry is given, the students being taught to make cold frames, boxes, flats and various other articles needed in garden work.

The daily schedule at the school begins at 8:15, when the students go to the greenhouse for roll call and to receive instructions for the day's work. They are simply dressed: in winter, in woolen skirts and blouses; in summer, khaki skirts and smocks. One squad takes charge of the greenhouses, looking after the watering, the temperature, the fire, the cleaning of pots and beds, spraying for insects, and so on. Another squad will transplant seedlings; perhaps a third will make cuttings for propagation and wash the sharp sand in the propagating bed before putting in the cuttings. This work is done every three or four weeks, or generally after several plantings of cuttings. From these propagating beds hundreds of plants are raised, and they are always kept full of cuttings through the winter. It takes 26 days as a rule for cuttings to make good roots.

Other students plant seeds in flats and these flats are made in the carpentry class on Saturday afternoons. After the practical work in the greenhouse, lectures on different subjects are given until luncheon. After luncheon, outdoor practical work is done if the weather permits, either in the nursery, where pruning, budding and grafting is carried on; planting shrubs and small fruits; laying out the grounds by the landscape garden class; or planning vegetable gardens, individual flower beds, or poultry yards. At 4:30 p. m. the day is ended. In spring and summer the classes in botany and entomology go afield for specimens after lectures in these subjects, and study the birds in the near-by woods and fields.

A feature of the school in recent years has been the "Jam Kitchen." In this the products of the farm and orchard are preserved. In doing this the preserving class uses the latest recipes of the Department of Agriculture, and the same equipment.

A root cellar is another feature. Here are kept potatoes, beets, carrots, cabbage, onions, pumpkins and, in the late autumn, for protection against frost, eggplants, peppers, green and half-ripe tomatoes, squash winter pears and apples.

The harvesting of honey twice yearly is an interesting and profitable experience. The June honey of apple blossoms, basswood and clover is light in color and delicate in flavor. Many pounds of honey are sold each year. The care of the bees is all done by the students under an excellent teacher. Last year word was sent by telephone of a swarm of bees some distance away. Immediately a number of young women students started out in an automobile after the runaways. They found the bees, gathered in a half bushel of them, brought them home and safely housed them in another hive. Before morning, however, the bees had swarmed again, this time alighting on a high branch of an apple tree. Nothing daunted, the girls procured a tall ladder, cut off the limb and once more the bees were hived, this time to stay.

The bee incident is only one of many in which the girls are taught to meet emergencies such as will face them in their chosen profession.

Packing of specimen jars for exhibits and for customers provides keen competition, while the "seconds" are used by the large family that has to be fed thrice daily. A large storage cellar holds the harvest, and in the wintertime orders are packed and sent to various customers.



Setting out plants.

Usury, Destroyer of Ancient Roman Empire

People Fled to Barbarian Slavery to Escape Exactions of Money-lenders

'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes, self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

SO SANG Byron of Greece. The downfall of Rome might equally have inspired the poet. By the middle of the fifth century the ruin of Rome was appallingly complete. Salvian, writing in 440 A. D., tells how the poorer classes in Rome actually fled to the Barbarians to escape from the extortionate taxes of the empire. It was not the only instance in history where the government which claimed to exist for the protection of the people, was bleeding them to death.

Pasquale Villari, in his "Barmarian Invasions of Italy," says: "Procopius describes the state of things in Italy in the year 538 A. D. For two years the land had been left totally uncultivated, and even the poor crops of sickly grain which sprouted spontaneously were often left to rot on the ground. The inhabitants of Tuscany had fled to the mountains where they lived upon acorns; the dwellers in Aemilia migrated into the Picenian territory, hoping to find sustenance on the Adriatic coast.

"But so great a dearth reigned there that 50,000 peasants were said to have suffered death from starvation. The same writer describes, from his own experience as an eyewitness, the manner in which they died. Their skin turned yellow from the overflow of bile, and adhered to their bones like leather, their flesh being all wasted away. Then the yellow tint changed to deep red, later to black. Their eyes glared like those of madmen, and thus these poor sufferers died. Even crows and other birds of prey left their shriveled carcasses untouched. Also if the starving wretches chanced to find any food, they devoured it so greedily and in such great quantities, that it killed them, their digestive organs being already destroyed by exhaustion.

"Things arrived at such a point that men sometimes became cannibals. Procopius mentions the case of two women who, being left alone near Rimini, gave shelter to travelers and killed them in their sleep in order to devour their bodies. He declares that they had already disposed of 17 victims in this manner, but the eighteenth escaped, and killed the women instead. One saw poor wretches crawling about in the fields feeding on grass like goats, and often being too weak to uproot it, they perished of exhaustion, and were left unburied on the ground."

The grandeur that was Rome had sunk to the very depths—to cannibalism itself. It remains to ask, What was the master-architect of this magnificent ruin? Byron sang:

This is the moral of all human tales:
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past;
First freedom, and then glory; when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last,
And history with all its volumes vast,
Hath but one tale.

Ferrero, equally eloquent and equally vague, says that the fall of Rome was the "greatest tragedy in human history." He deplores it as "the most appalling crisis of anarchy and disorder which was ever produced by a violent and corrupt despotism of brutal force despoiled of moral authority."

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

We tire of these pointless moral homilies, this eternal flood of obscurantist oratory, these cultured ambiguities which get us nowhere. Why do not our learned professors get down to "brass tacks"? Is it because their jobs are at stake? However that may be, for those of us who are not dependent upon the interest-bearing endowments of Yale, Harvard, Oxford or Cambridge, knowledge is indeed rich with the spoils of time and yields an unmistakable lesson. We can trace every step of that program of progressive degeneration carried out to the letter by the money-lenders of Rome and their faithful servants, the Roman politicians. We can determine the exact nature of the most malign conspiracy ever devised by the selfishness of man for the subjugation of his brother.

Plutarch tells us that the Roman politician was in the pay of the money-lenders. Other writers confirm his testimony that this pernicious partnership of pawnbrokers and politicians was willing, as Ruskin says, to "pawn the very cradles of the children." Against such a conspiracy omnipotence itself would contend in vain.

As early as 343 B. C. the usury question had become so serious that the Genucian Law forbade the taking of any interest at all. As the powers that be did not know or did not care to know the true technique of the abolition of interest, this law soon became a dead letter. Finally, after many attempts to curb the evil, in 193 B. C., 12 per cent (or, as some authorities say, 10 per cent) was declared to be the legal rate. This legal rate was honored more in the breach than the observance. Verres exacted 24 per cent out of the Sicilians. Brutus demanded 48 per cent from the Cyprians. Horace speaks of 60 per cent as quite common. Seneca, according to his enemies, sucked dry the provinces by his usury.

It is true there were many Romans who perceived that no society could by any possibility survive such excessive rates of interest and their denunciation was voiced in no uncertain tones. Cato Major pointed out that the usurer was branded by the Roman law as a greater evil than the common thief and he made the dishonesty of loans a ground for declining them as investments. Cicero quotes him as saying that "usury is a form of homicide."

Cicero ranks as unworthy of a gentleman the business of tax-gatherers or money-lenders because "they come into collision with the ill will of man" and he refused to invest his funds with banks. He represents Asia as full of all sorts of Italian merchants and money-lenders. Stearns in his "Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome" says that it is probable that the extortions of the tax-gatherers and money-lenders were really greater than the extortions of the governors. Roman money-lenders were in Egypt long before Augustus' conquests. In 88 B. C., 150,000 Romans were massacred when Mithridates raised the standard of revolt in Asia Minor. The inspiring cause of these massacres is to be found in the intolerable extortions of the usurers and tax-gatherers.

Our researches seem to have led us to the original "Gentlemen's Agreement." When an impossible levy was laid upon the hapless cities of the provinces, a rich friend of the governor was always at hand, willing to accommodate the victim with a loan at 60 per cent. Asia Minor, with its rich cities, was always fair game for this brotherhood of thieves.

The case of Lucullus illustrates in a striking way the method by which the politician and money-lender co-operated for mutual advantage. Sent out as proconsul to Asia Minor, Lucullus tried to stand out against the rapacity of the money-lenders. He found parents selling their children, cities their art treasures and ancestral gods in order to meet the exactions of the money-lenders. Plutarch says that individuals were so tortured and beset by their Roman creditors that the very slavery they fell into was a relief. The province was groaning under the effect of Sulla's war fine of 20,000 talents—about $20,000,000. To pay this sum the provincials had turned in despair to the Roman money-lenders. In a few years usury had swollen this debt to $120,000,000. Lucullus struck off the worse demands of the money-lenders, and for this they never forgave him. Plutarch adds, "By their money's help, as they were very powerful and had many of the statesmen in their pay, they stirred up several leading men against Lucullus." Lucullus was finally recalled because he would not bow to the financial magnates.

Certain land reformers, quoting Pliny's saying, "Large estates have ruined the provinces and are ruining Italy," attribute the downfall of Rome to land monopoly. Such a conclusion betrays an astonishing simplicity. With rates on money at 60 per cent in the Roman Empire and with our Federal Reserve Banks declaring a semi-annual dividend of 74 per cent, the question as to what class of capitalists will finally absorb the entire wealth of a country is no longer open to doubt.

Rollin, the historian, had said: "Usury has always occasioned the ruin of the states wherein it has been tolerated; and it was this disorder which contributed very much to subvert the constitution of the Roman commonwealth and gave birth to the greatest calamities in the provinces of that empire." But this master-key, which would have unlocked all the secrets of history, has been religiously rejected by all the learned historians and interpreters from Bossuet to Mr. H. G. Wells, with the result that they have never stumbled upon the fundamental truth, "no, not even by accident," as Macaulay would say. If, as Shelley said, "the way to advance the world, is to stand by the truth," such historians are guilty of an intellectual crime of the first magnitude. In consequence, all history must be rewritten—there must be a transvaluation of all historical values.

The task, devolving upon humanitarians is a stupendous one, the emancipation of man from the unmerited miseries which poison every aspect of his life. Here is a Promethean mission demanding Promethean energy and consecration. If we can arouse the sleeping millions to a sense of the imminent danger and of their peremptory duty, the rapidity of our triumph will be equal to the greatness of our task.

And Today It's Not So Different

THE American City is in the hands of the loan shark.

Fifty years ago the city of Cleveland installed a new pump in its waterworks, laid water mains and made other improvements, at a total cost of $400,000. The city borrowed the money on bonds to pay for the work. Today, the city of Cleveland has paid $1,060,000 in interest on the original debt.

It must go on for 10 years more paying interest.

And it still has the original cost price of $400,000, every dollar of which is unpaid.

Two or three years ago, Cleveland ordered the erection of a public hall at a cost of $6,000,000. Utterly unmindful of the lessons of its costly experiences with interest, Cleveland raised the money to pay for the building by the sale of bonds. Fifty-year term bonds were negotiated.

When the time arrives for the payment of those bonds Cleveland will have paid nearly $20,000,000 for her public hall.

Attention was directed to the two striking examples above by G. E. Gesell, director of finance in Cleveland, one of the few men in public office in a great American municipality who seems alert to the dangers of financial ruin, which the bonding mania offers.

"No more important campaign could be waged than that of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT against the bonding evil," said Mr. Gesell. "Cleveland is suffering because of reckless bonding. But it is only one city among the many which suffer likewise.

"I believe in a pay-as-you-go policy for municipalities. Nearly all cities bond for schools, sewers and other improvements. If I had my way there would be bonding for nothing except public utilities. We build schools for the children, then we sell bonds to pay for those schools—the result is we place the debt upon those children themselves."

Tax laws of Ohio and conditions peculiar to Cleveland in a degree are responsible for the bonding troubles of that city. But in the main the same conditions are country-wide.

Early in American life, some holder of office conceived the idea that he could escape the political handicap of "high taxes" by the simple expedient of borrowing the money to run the office, leaving it to be paid in a year, in five years, in ten years—no matter when.

To postpone the day of reckoning, the simple little expedient of refunding the debt was adopted.

Thus the city of Cleveland in the water bond case mentioned at the outset of the article had sold 20-year bonds in 1872. The interest was paid. But when the debt was due in 1892, the city merely issued new bonds. In 1912 the process was repeated. Perhaps, it will happen again in 1932. But the interest goes on anyhow.

In some states, there are stringent constitutional provisions or municipal charter inhibitions limiting the amount of bonds which may be issued, and the purposes for which they might be sold. In others only the elastic consciences of municipal officials are limitations. Even in municipalities where so-called conservatism exists, there is frequently an arrogant generation of officials which rides roughshod over charter and law, in loading the taxpayers down with vast interest-bearing debts.

Cleveland happened to be one of the cities where bonding limits were ill-defined, and requirements for sinking funds to retire bonds at maturity were vague. The city awoke in 1920 to discover that millions of dollars of indebtedness had been incurred by the sale of "deficiency bonds," issued for the payment of operating expenses, for which no provision had been made in the regular tax budget. In other words, because the mayor and council neglected to raise one million dollars for policemen's or firemen's salaries, the taxpayers were penalized a million dollars in interest, plus the neglected million dollars in original salaries.

In 1920 the city discovered that approximately *sixty per cent of all the money raised was already obligated for the payment of the interest and principal on bonds, sold in years gone by.* Sixty cents out of each dollar, therefore, was being used to pay for improvements, many of which like the $400,000 water pump mentioned above, had worn out long before they were paid for.

Faced by the condition requiring the expenditure of the greater part of their taxes in payment of old debts, the 1920 generation of taxpayers took thought of the approach of the time when bond interest and principal would exhaust all the money available for taxation. Ohio like most states limits the amount of money which may be raised by taxation. To meet the situation, Cleveland made ironclad provisions for a sinking fund, whereby all bonds issued subsequent to 1920 must have interest and principal safeguards in annual sinking fund allowances. The bad financing of former years is still a sore problem.

The present debt of Cleveland is approximately $93,000,000, about one-eighteenth of the entire valuation of the city.

Cleveland's discovery that interest and principal payments on old debts had obligated her for 60 per cent of her tax moneys is not an exceptional one. There is one city in Ohio, whose so-called fixed charges are said to be equivalent to 85 per cent of its budget raised for all purposes.

The story of Cleveland's peril from bonding is the story of nearly every large city in the United States. Her water bond refunding and her $6,000,000 public hall which will cost $20,000,000 are replicas of conditions in sister cities.

A Business Man's Preacher

He Mixes Trade Knowledge With Religion

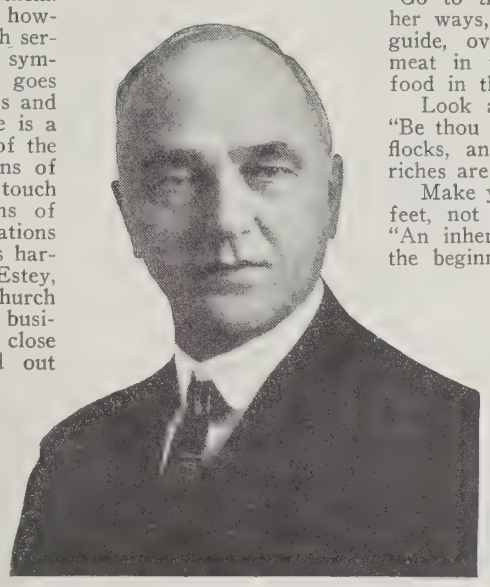
By FRANK M. CHASE

A DEAL is heard from the pulpit about more religion in business. Likewise, much is said by well-intentioned business men to the effect that religion would get along faster if more of their methods were used in the churches. Both points, of course, are well taken. Meanwhile, the concrete instance provided by a Kansas church sheds clarity on the situation.

Between this church and the business life of the community are close and beneficial relations. These are not accidental, but the result of a mutual interest. On the part of the church, the pastor has made it attractive and helpful to the business men; while they, in turn, have responded with a generous interest in its welfare. The key to the situation, it is seen, is the pastor, whose results are not surprising once the man and his methods are revealed.

On hearing the Rev. Dr. Stephen Sewall Estey for the first time, a visitor to his church remarked that he seemed more like a business man fresh from his office than a regulation preacher. The remark was not without foundation, as in his presence and clear and direct exposition is much to suggest the dispatch of the commercial world. Quite naturally, business men like that kind of preaching, which alone might account for much of his hold on them.

His appeal to business men, however, neither begins nor ends with sermons. It is more personal and sympathetic. In the first place, he goes frequently among them; aloofness and he do not coincide, anyway. He is a member of the Rotary Club and of the Chamber of Commerce, by means of which he keeps in first-hand touch with the thought and conditions of trade; likewise, with its temptations and shortcomings. That business harbors moral rottenness is not, to Estey, reason for ignoring it. If the church is to exert any improvement on business, it must, in his opinion, get close enough to the subject to find out where the trouble lies.



DR. STEPHEN SEWALL ESTEY,
Pastor First Presbyterian Church of Topeka.

The business men, especially those affiliated with his church, naturally appreciate this sensible view. So it is not surprising that, along with a large family attendance, an unusual number of bankers and other business heads, judges, lawyers, and doctors, are regularly found in Dr. Estey's congregation.

Probably, Dr. Estey's most interesting connections with business life have been as a counselor and confidant. This, coupled with his close observation, has given him a clear discernment of business, which enables him to preach with a real appreciation of the problems confronting both employer and employe. He drives home his points by the force of simple language and numerous telling illustrations from secular life. As a result, his sermons are of very practical application to the daily task.

Illustrating this rather strikingly were two sermons which he preached on successive Sunday evenings recently. One was called, "Causes of Failure in Business," the other, "Guide Posts to Success in Business." Both were based on the Book of Proverbs, which he referred to as "the best business guide."

"Solomon was specially well equipped to speak to practical business men," he said, in opening the series. "He was not a preacher; he was a man of affairs with brains enough to see the moral laws which sweep through the world, and the ability to state them. Solomon was at the head of some pretty big business enterprises. He built two large palaces, a magnificent temple, and a law court; he fortified the cities of Jerusalem and Millo with vast walls and towers. In this work he employed 80,000 men to hew timber and cut stone, 70,000 men as carriers, and 3,600 men as overseers. These were large contracts measured even by the standards of present-day big business. They involved trade with a foreign country, and a big transport business by sea."

In the course of the two sermons, Dr. Estey brought out the following eminently sane rules of business, all of which are based on Solomon's teachings:

Don't love money more than character. (Prov. 22:1.) "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

Don't go in debt. (Prov. 22:7.) ". . . .the borrower is servant (slave) to the lender."

Don't go on anyone's note or bond. (Prov. 11:15.) "He that is surety for a stranger shall smart for it; and he that hateth suretyship is sure."

Don't cheat with false measures and weights. (Prov. 11:1.) "A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight."

Don't corner the market on grain, or fruit, or coal, or any other commodity necessary to the life of the people. (Prov. 11:26.) "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessing shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

Don't get entangled in any get-rich-quick scheme. (Prov. 28:22.) "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."

Don't form a trust or any organization in restraint of trade. (Prov. 11:21.) "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished; but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered."

Don't associate with evil men. (Prov. 1:10.) "My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not."

Don't give way to sensual pleasures. (Prov. 21:17.) "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich."

Be diligent in business. (Prov. 22:29.) "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean (lowly) men."

Consult and counsel with other people. Don't think you know it all. (Prov. 15:22.) "Without counsel purposes are disappointed; but in the multitude of counsellors they are established."

Keep your business affairs to yourself. (Prov. 13:3.) "He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction."

Lay up something for the future. (Prov. 6:6-8.) "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Look after details. (Prov. 27:23-24.) "Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds; for riches are not forever....."

Make your children stand on their own feet, not on your back. (Prov. 20:21.) "An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed."

Take time to make friends. They are necessary to business success. (Prov. 18:24.) "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly....."

Look for the good in people and things. (Prov. 11:27.) "He that diligently seeketh good procureth favor; but he that seeketh mischief, it shall come unto him."

Be generous in expenditures that are demanded for improvement and progress. (Prov. 11:24.) "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

Give a tenth, or some larger portion, of your income regularly to the work of bringing in God's kingdom of righteousness and love on earth. (Prov. 3:9-10.) "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thy increase. So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

Put your religion into your business. It pays to do right. (Prov. 12:3.) "A man shall not be established by wickedness; but the root of the righteous shall not be moved."

Dr. Estey was born at Calais, Maine, in 1861, and spent his early life in that vicinity. He attended Oberlin College, from which he graduated in 1883, but without definite preparation for the ministry. While in college he had taught country schools during the winters, to earn money toward continuing his education. So, on graduating, he turned to teaching at once, serving as a superintendent in Ohio and later in Kansas. After teaching several years in the latter state, however, the boyhood inclination to preaching ripened into conviction. He was ordained in 1895, and, giving up a $1,600 school position, he accepted a pastorate at Independence, a small city in the Kansas oil fields, at $1,000 a year. In 1900 he was called to the First Presbyterian Church of Salina, Kansas, and to his present pastorate in Topeka four years later.

While Dr. Estey is the mainspring of the excellent work that his church is now doing, doubtless there is truth in the point which he makes, that the church has made it possible for him to give good service.

"What the people of a church want, they must expect to pay for—at least to a certain degree," he said. "The reason I can belong to the Chamber of Commerce and the other organizations with which the men of the church like to see me affiliate is because they pay me enough salary that I can afford to do so. Of course, the contacts gained through such associations are helpful, but the minister on a $1,000 salary cannot take advantage of them. Neither can he do many more things that would make him a better preacher, and more satisfactory to his congregation. Because I am able to do it, and feel that I need to, for instance, probably I buy as many books to read as any man in Topeka. To preach acceptable sermons it is just as necessary for the minister to keep himself well informed as for the teacher and editor, and probably his hearers do appreciate his efforts to make his words interesting. I believe I should, were I in their places."

Things in the Making

Wall Paper

IN THE manufacture of wall paper, the "blotching machine," as it is called, performs the first operation. A web of blank paper is set in a reel behind one of these machines. The free end of the paper on the web is pulled forward and placed between two cylinders which drag it into the machine, where a roller, part of which is working in a "color pan" filled with thin paint, puts a large quantity of color on the paper. A set of flat brushes, called "jiggers,' work rapidly back and forth, working this coloring matter in and spreading it evenly over the surface of the paper, so that when the cylinders at the rear end of the machine drag it out, it is thoroughly painted in water color on one side.

As it comes from the blotching machine a workman takes the free end of the paper and wraps it around a stick, which is carried up an incline by two parallel endless chains. After 18 feet of the paper has run out, these chains pick up another stick which lies across them and bears a paper on it. This last stick chases the first one up and gains on it until only a foot behind, when it stops gaining and both travel along, maintaining that relative distance with the paper between them looped down until it nearly touches the floor.

One hundred other sticks do precisely as the second one did, and the result is that there are soon 100 loops of paper, each loop containing 18 feet.

The elevated railway of parallel chains on which the sticks from which the paper is looped are traveling turns corners of the building at will, and soon the blotching machine has run the whole web out, and it is hanging in loops over a system of steam pipes, which dry it so fast as it moves along that it is perfectly dry before it reaches the farther end of the chain railway, where a boy with a reel winds it back into web form again.

First Sketched on Paper

THE designs are first sketched out on paper and then transferred by an ordinary process on the faces of rollers made to suit the size required—an 18-inch design, for instance, requiring a roller six inches in diameter. Perhaps the design requires printing in 12 colors (which is the highest number ordinarily run). To do this 12 rollers would be prepared, each having the design on it and each of a size exactly equal to that of the others.

When the rollers are all prepared the artist will direct skilled workmen, who are with him, to fix one up to take the brown, another red, another yellow, and so on. Let the brown color serve as an example for all.

The workman takes the roller to his bench, where he puts it in a vise and goes to work on it. Every bit of the design, which is to be in brown, is traced out for him and he reproduces it in relief on the roller with his bronze wires and rods and ribbons which he drives into the hard wood so solidly that they stick there as if they had grown. The brass wire can be given any ordinary shape by drawing it by machinery through a hole of corresponding shape in a steel bar. This is the way the roller, which will print in brown, is first fitted up. When it is finished, it bears on its face in raised brass, fragments of leaves and parts of birds and sheaves of wheat, and little and apparently unnecessary and unshaped points of metal, all of which at the proper place and time will put the brown coloring in exactly the place where the designer wants it to go.

When the roller has had all its share of the design hammered into it, it is taken to a turning lathe, where the face of all the brass work is struck on one side by pumice stone and on the other by a file, and gradually brought down to perfect smoothness and evenness and the exact size needed.

Fast Press Used for Work

ALL the other rollers are treated in the way indicated, each getting its share of the design hammered into its face in brass work and each afterward being reduced to smoothness and the proper size by the file and pumice stone.

When the rollers have been prepared they are taken to a press, which consists of a large cylinder, the width of ordinary wall paper. Around the bottom and sides of this cylinder are grooves into which the rods on the ends of the rollers fit, the faces of the rollers just touching the cylinder when they are in position.

To each of the rollers comes from below an endless cloth band, which works upward from a color pan in which the coloring matter, in the shape of a thin liquid, to be used on the particular parts of the design carried on the roller in question is lying.

Each of the rollers is registered, that is, turned so that the portion of the design on it will strike exactly in the spot necessitated by the relative position of the other rollers. When all is thus arranged and the paper, which has previously passed through the blotcher, is conducted between the cylinder and the first roller, the machine is started. The cylinder and the rollers revolve at once, each of the latter printing its color just where it was intended, and a steel scraper, called a "doctor," lying at each of the endless cloth bands, sees to it that not too much liquid from the other pans gets on the rollers. The press works very rapidly, throwing off 10 rolls of the paper a minute, each roll containing 16 yards.

Developed and Undeveloped Negro Literature

Writers Desert Great Field of Folk-life for Propagandism

By ERIC D. WALROND

PERHAPS the first noted defense of the Negro as a scholar and writer was made by Abbè Gregoire in his "De La Littèrature Des Negres," published at Paris in 1808. Prior to that the nation wavered as to the immortality of the "sentimental letters" of Ignatius Sancho and the "melancholy poems" of Miss Phillis Wheatley. Yet, as far back as the seventeeth century, a Negro chimney-sweep in Holland, Beronicius, "exhibited the phenomenon of a poetic genius." In Latin, Beronicius wrote two volumes of poetry entitled, "Georgar," dealing with the peasants and the nobility. It was translated into Dutch verse, and was reprinted in eight volumes at Middlebury in 1766. On the Middlebury edition, the print which serves as a frontispiece represents Apollo crowning the poet chimney-sweep with a laurel wreath.

In Silesia, at about the same time, a mulatto servant at Glats "excited the public attention by his romances." Also, two Ethiopian girls, Anne Yearsley, a milkmaid at Bristol, and Greensted, a servant at Maidstone, are represented as poets of rare merit. Other Negro poets who aroused public attention at this time were Castaing, a Turk, whose "pieces ornament different editions of poetry"; Cesar, of North Carolina, and Francis Williams, a Jamaican. Likewise, writing in Latin, Williams wrote the "Ode Ethiopissa."

Of the Latin prose writers of color of this period, Capitein, of the River St. Andre, a painter by instinct, was probably the greatest. On admission to the University of Leyden, Capitein wrote a "Latin Dissertation on the Calling of the Gentiles," reputed to be rich in erudition, which was translated into Dutch and ran into four editions.

Away from the realm of poesy, one stumbles upon a characteristic form of Negro literature—a form handed down to Chestnutt, DuBois, and others. Othello's "Essay Against the Slavery of Negroes" paints in "strong colors the grief and sighs of black children, fathers, brothers, and husbands, dragged from the country which gave them birth." Alongside may appropriately be put the tragic tales of Ottobah Cugoano, a native of Agimaque, whose reflections on the "Slave Trade" and "Slavery of Negroes" are standard bits of Negro literature. "The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Alaudah Equiano or Gustavus Vassa," published at Edinburgh in 1792, is the most famous of these. In many respects Vassa's story resembles the "Kaffir Kraal" pen-pictures drawn by Santie Sabalala in "Adventure." It is significant to note that Vassa was obliged to obtain affidavits from an admiral, an army captain, two old maids and half a dozen married women in London to prove to the publishers and the public that he was the author of the work. Not only does the book reveal Vassa as a born story-teller, but as a stylist and descriptive artist of classic charm. Of it, Bishop Gregoire said: "This work is written with that naïveté, I had almost said that roughness, of a man of nature. His manner is that of Daniel DeFoe in "Robinson Crusoe." Vassa also wrote a poem of 112 verses on "Disquietude Arising From a Choice of a Religion."

Ignatius Sancho was born on a slave ship on the way to Cartagena. After his death in 1780, a fine edition of his letters in two volumes was brought out. Jefferson, while condemning him for his imagination and eccentric march, acknowledged that he had "an easy style, and happy expression and that his writings breathe the sweetest effusions of sentiment." Here, indeed, was an artist, an adventurer, who knew life as only a Negro slave knew it; whose "epistolary style," says Abbè Gregoire, "resembles that of Sterne." "Sometimes he is trivial—sometimes, heated with his subject, he is poetical; but in general, he has the grace and lightness of the fancy style. He is playfully witty, when between the tyrannic empire of fashion on the one hand, and health and happiness on the other, he places the man of the world irresolute in his choice."

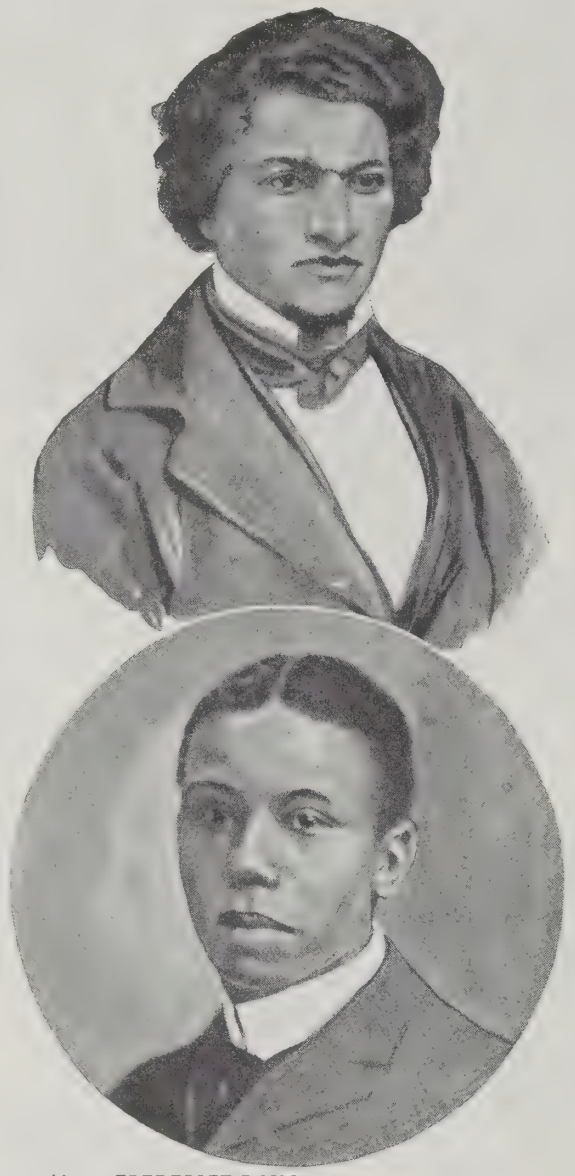
Epidemic of Tales of Slaves

NOTABLE among the slave narratives of this sort is the "Experiences of Zamba," a Congoese king who was sold into slavery at Charleston, South Carolina. Published at London, in 1847, it provoked a stream of slave tales that literally cluttered the market. Some of them were mere sketches, of pamphlet size, and it seemed to be the fad of the day for every escaped slave to sit down and write his reminiscences.

Of Phillis Wheatley, the African poetess, I can do no better than to quote from Mr. Arthur Schomburg's introduction to the "Poems and Letters of Phillis Wheatley."

"We offer no defense as to the merits of Phillis Wheatley's poems, but we are going to rest our case solely on the class of poetry of her day. During the period in which her poems were published the American Republic had not yet been born. It was in its first stage of embryonic life. The poems to George Washington bring her within the range of living witnesses of the creation of a nation; in this poem we have noticed for the first time the words 'first in peace.'

"Phillis Wheatley's first poem was published in 1770, five years before the dawn of the American Revolution, and nearly 30 years before the dawn of the French Revolution and the birth of German idealism. That is to say, young Phillis wrote before the mighty outburst of the human spirit which gave rise to Goethe, Schiller and Heine in Germany, and Wordsworth, Byron, Keats and Shelley in England. Her poetry was a poetry of the eighteenth century, when Pope and Gray reigned supreme; and that her poetry compared favorably with the other American poetry of her age is by no means to her discredit. There was no great American poetry in the eighteenth century and Phillis



Above—FREDERICK DOUGLASS, when he was 30 years old. Below—PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Wheatley's poetry was as good as the best American poetry of her age . . . . Phillis Wheatley is a jewel—priceless to the literature of the Negro in America."

Of the poets from Phillis Wheatley to Paul Laurence Dunbar, James Weldon Johnson, in his recent "Book of American Negro Poetry," tells us that many showed marked talent, but barely a half-dozen demonstrated even mediocre mastery of technique. And yet there are several that deserve attention, George W. Horton, Frances E. Harper, James M. Bell and Alberry A. Whitman. The educational limitations of Horton were greater than the others; he was born a slave in North Carolina in 1797, and as a young man began to compose poetry without being able to write it down. Later he received some instruction from professors of the University of North Carolina, where he was employed as a janitor. He published "The Hope of Liberty," in 1829.

Mrs. Harper, Bell and Whitman would stand out if only for the reason that each of them attempted sustained work. Mrs. Harper published her first volume in 1854, but later published "Moses, a Story of the Nile," a poem which ran to 52 closely printed pages. Bell, in 1864, published a poem of 28 pages in celebration of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. In 1870 he published a poem of 32 pages in celebration of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Whitman published his first volume, of 253 pages, in 1877; in 1884 he published "The Rape of Florida," an epic poem written in four cantos and done in the Spenserian stanza, and which ran to 97 closely printed pages. The poetry of both Mrs. Harper and of Whitman had a large degree of popularity; one of Mrs. Harper's books went through more than 20 editions.

We now come to Paul Laurence Dunbar, dean of American Negro writers. Born in Dayton, in 1872, Dunbar worked as an elevator operator; his education was limited. His first volume, "Oak and Ivy," was published in 1893 at his own expense. Peddling his own poems became so distasteful that he swore he would prefer to go unsung rather than do it again. And he did not have to. William Dean Howells took an interest in him and wrote an introduction to "Lyrics of Lowly Life," which appeared a few years later. In his dialect poems, irresistible in humor and pathos, and his short stories of southern Negro life, a master of his art; Dunbar depicted the Negro as he is. Yet that does not mean that he was not capable of classic prose. Realizing that a Negro poet is expected to sing the songs of the cotton fields in the language of the cotton fields, Dunbar wrote dialect. He is the author of four novels, "The Love of Landry," "The Fanatics," "The Sport of the Gods," and four volumes of short stories, "Folks from Dixie," "The Strength of Gideon," "In Old Plantation Days," and "The Heart of Happy Hollow." Volumes of verse were "Lyrics of the Hearthside," "Lyrics of Love and Laughter," and "Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow."

There is only one Negro writer with whom we may compare Dunbar, and that is the late Charles W. Chestnutt, the novelist. Not so very long ago a book reviewer for a New York paper told us he thought "it was time for the Negro to return to the age of Chestnutt; that there is so much bite and venom and vituperation in his work." Exactly. But why Chestnutt? Why not Dunbar? Author of "The Conjure Woman," a volume of short stories; "The Wife of His Youth and Other Stories of the Color-Line," a biography of Frederick Douglass, and three novels, Chestnutt not only did not interpret the soul-movements of the black race, as Dunbar did, but he was—especially in "The Marrow of Tradition"—a purpose novelist, a propagandist. Indeed, Chestnutt, from his lofty pedestal, saw the red monster of race prejudice in all its sordid colors and leveled his javelin at it. It is regrettable for there is not the slightest doubt that Chestnutt knew how to write, and wrote trenchantly.

Another Negro novelist who fell by the wayside is Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, editor of the *Crisis*. It is no idle cant to state that Dr. DuBois is one of the most brilliant prose writers in America today. Oh, if he would only stop writing history and sociology and stick to the art of fiction! Then critics like Charles Hanson Towne would not be able to talk—as he does in his review of T. S. Stribling's Negro novel, "Birthright"—about the decadence of black writers; of the inability of the Negro to write a great novel about himself. But DuBois, a wizard at words, is probably serving his race best in his present position. Among his exhaustive writings are "John Brown," a biography, 1909; "The Quest of the Silver Fleece," a satirical novel, 1911; "The Souls of Black Folk," a series of classical essays, 1903; and "Darkwater," a collection of essays, prose poems, and short stories, 1920. "The Comet," in the last volume, is a short story of the highest artistic merit.

Works of Modern Poets

COMING down to the modern poets, William Stanley Braithwaite, literary editor of the Boston *Transcript*, is foremost. Although a poet of beauty and distinction, most of Mr. Braithwaite's time is taken up with the editing and compiling of the annual, "Anthology of Magazine Verse." Besides being the author of two sturdy volumes of verse—"Lyrics of Life and Love," 1914, and "House of Falling Leaves," 1908—Mr. Braithwaite edited the "Poetry Review of Cambridge," 1916; collected and edited "The Book of Elizabethan Verse," "A Book of Georgian Verse," and "The Book of Restoration Verse." He is general editor of the "Contemporary American Poets Series." Of the Negro poets today, there is James Weldon Johnson, Georgia Douglas Johnson, Claude McKay, Theodore Shackleford, Leslie Pinckney Hill, Fenton Johnson, and others, whose reputations are secure.

It is well to speak also of Professor Kelly Miller, author of "Out of the House of Bondage"; Dr. William H. Ferris, author of "The African Abroad"; Hubert H. Harrison, author of "When Africa Awakes"; Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare, author of "The Message of the Trees."

There is the "Revolutionary Group" that is pulling away from the culture and imperialism of the old guard, striking out and conquering new fields. There is Rufus Perry, son of the author of "The Cushite," whose "Sketch of Philosophical System," is not only the work of a serious thinker but a skillful writer; J. A. Rogers, a young West Indian, whose "From Superman to Man," "As Nature Leads," and "The Approaching Storm," are used by the University of Chicago in connection with its sociological and anthropological studies; and Miss Angeline Grimke, whose "Rachel" is a promise of greater things in the drama.

It is important to note that an attempt is being made to nourish and perpetuate it. At 181 West 135th street, New York City, is Young's Book Exchange. Its owner, Mr. George Young, is engaged in collecting rare and out-of-print books by Negro authors with the ultimate view of republishing the worth-while ones. If Mr. Young's plans mature the public will have access to works like Dr. Edward W. Blyden's "Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race," "Life of Banneker, the Afro-American Astronomer," "Frederick Douglass's Story of His Life," "The Works of Professor Kelly Miller," and books of that sort.

One reason why the Negro has not made any sort of headway in fiction is due to the effects of color prejudice. It is difficult for a Negro to write stories without bringing in the race question. As soon as a writer demonstrates skill along imaginative lines he is bound to succumb to the temptations of reform and propaganda. That is why it was possible for Alexandre Dumas and Pushkin in Russia to write colorlessly; and it also explains why Negro poets and novelists in Spanish-America are not limited by the narrowness of color. It is not a strange thing to find educated Negroes objecting strenuously to stories that do not depict the "Higher Form" of Negro life, stories whose characters are not all Negroes.

Friends of the Negro, like Miss Ovington, sigh at the vast patches of color open to the Negro fictionist—the soft rhythmic stream of life in the Negro Quarter. From Dixie issues the murmur of voices—the melodies of black millions—crying for a dusky satirist, a DuBois, to pen a tragic epic on "The Glory and Chivalry of the South."

Shuberts Exploit Divorce Film Others Spurn

Vaudeville Producers Capitalize Scandal in Beauvais Picture



LEE SHUBERT

LEE AND J. J. SHUBERT, directors of the Shubert vaudeville chain of theaters, have capitalized the Stillman divorce case scandal by exhibiting in motion pictures Fred Beauvais, the alleged Indian guide-lover of Mrs. Stillman.

Further than that, they exhibited the film after an organized association of motion picture houses had taken a stand against it in the hope of saving the motion picture industry from the severe censure that its members felt would surely follow the presentation of any picture in which the central character had received as much notorious publicity as has Fred Beauvais.

The action of the Shuberts was unique in motion picture presentation and is particularly worthy of note because motion picture interests were seemingly willing to cast aside what appeared to be certain huge profits rather than blotch against the already well-bespotted reputation of the film industry. And their efforts seemed successful (for the film stood small chance of being shown, at least in high-class houses) until the Shuberts took a hand in the situation and agreed to sponsor its presentation.

The film, which is called "The Lonely Trail," was made by the Primax Film Corporation, of 1540 Broadway, New York, probably for no other reason than because of the notoriety that had attached itself to Beauvais through his connection with the Stillman case, the object being, many people think, to exploit to the fullest the reams and reams of filthy innuendo and open charges of illicit love that have been printed about Beauvais since the case first slipped through all the secrecy safeguards that had been placed about its journey through the courts and startled the society and financial world by splattering itself upon the front pages of practically every big newspaper in the United States. No other reason for his being made the central figure in a motion picture can be conceived. He is not an actor and his only "fame" rests on the charges that have been made against him by James Stillman and the resultant infamous publicity. There is not one chance in a hundred, unless he shows unusual talent, that he will ever be seen as the leading player in another motion picture, for there is nothing about him, outside of the fact that he is charged with being the father of Mrs. Stillman's child, to draw people into a theater to see him. He is like a comet in the firmament. Every once in a while one of them appears and disappears never to be heard of more. No attempt is being made here to pass upon either the guilt or innocence of Beauvais, but he himself must realize that he is not an actor.

As the picture neared completion, rumors that permission to show it in New York State would not be granted began to be heard, for it was said that the State Board of Censors would refuse to pass it. In due course of time, though, that body did pass it on the ground that the picture contained nothing that was offensive. In other words, the state board held that, even though the film had a notoriously "famous" person for its central figure, the situations, subtitles, and so on, were not out of good taste and the whole thing should, therefore, be passed, the question of whether or not Beauvais was a notorious person being of no concern to the state.

The Theater Owners' Chamber of Commerce, however, which numbers among its members the B. F. Keith interests, all the big Broadway film palaces and the conclusions of which regarding the fitness of a film to be shown are often followed by the other big organizations of the country owing to the fact that its members are of such prominence as exhibitors in the metropolitan section, immediately took up a position antagonistic to the showing of the film. It had taken the same position in the case of the film starring Clara Hamon after she was acquitted of the murder for which she was tried, maintaining that the showing of such films left the motion picture industry open to attack by those interested in the establishment of censorship boards.

As soon as the film was completed, the matter was brought before a business meeting of the organization and there was a discussion of whether the association should approve it, and the views expressed were that it should not be exhibited. The secretary gave out its conclusions in the following words:

"None of our members will display the film, although there were no formal resolutions adopted against it. The members, however, expressed themselves very definitely regarding the showing of this picture or, for that matter, of any picture in which the chief purpose is to exploit an individual whose only claim to fame is that he or she figured in some sensational episode. We do not care to assist in obtaining cheap notoriety for anyone."

Confronted with this opposition, "The Lonely Trail," or any other film that had only a character in a sensational case as its main attraction, did not seem to have a very good chance of being shown and its makers were in a quandary what to do, while many persons who hope for better things in motion pictures, rejoiced that exhibitors had developed sufficient foresight to put a curb upon such productions. It really began to appear as though "The Lonely Trail" would not be shown at all.

Then, it was suddenly announced that the Shuberts would exhibit the film in their vaudeville theaters, beginning at the Forty-fourth Street, New York, with the other houses in the chain to follow. It did not matter to them, it would seem, whether Beauvais had ever acted in a film or on the stage before to prove that he had talent. It did not matter to them that the Theater Chamber of Commerce had frowned upon the film for the reasons stated. They saw only the fact, it would appear, that he had been connected with a notorious case and, as a result, would probably draw the curious. The same persons would like to see the whole Stillman case enacted upon the screen or stage but, fortunately, public opinion would not permit it. With their keen minds they perceived that there were many highly emotional, if not hysterical, women and girls who would want to see Beauvais for no other reason than that he had been described as the woodland and clandestine lover of one of the most beautiful and richest women in American society. They perceived that these people would not go to see acting, for if they wished to see good acting they would attend other theaters where recognized film players could be



J. J. SHUBERT

viewed. In other words, they perceived the fact that nine of ten persons would see the film because of the prominence of Beauvais in the Stillman scandal and that any one who showed it would capitalize the morbid charges and accusations in that famous case.

The Sunday press matter sent out to the newspapers for the Forty-fourth Street Theater even boasted of the fact that Beauvais was on the bill, the exact reading being as follows:

"The Forty-fourth Street Theater boasts an unsurpassable bill this week, beginning tomorrow (Monday) afternoon, where two headline acts, in addition to a feature film called 'The Lonesome Trail' starring the Indian guide, Fred K. Beauvais, comprise the main part of the week's attraction. Nat Nazzaro and his band heads the bill, with the Rigoletto Brothers running a close second.

"Interest centers about the first presentation of 'The Lonely Trail,' a motion picture starring the much discussed Indian guide who figures in the famous Stillman divorce case, Fred K. Beauvais. By arrangement with Shubert Vaudeville this picture will be shown in New York only at the Forty-fourth Street Theater and after its engagement there it is to be seen as a feature of the Shubert Vaudeville theaters out of New York. It is worth recording that the film itself was passed by the censorship board of the state. The story itself is a straightforward one of love and romance and has absolutely no objectionable features as many motion picture theater owners have endeavored to make the public believe. For this week only, that is, while the picture is one of the features of the bill, the doors will open 45 minutes before the scheduled time, the picture being shown four times daily, at 1:30 and 4:45 in the afternoon and 7:30 and 10:45 at night. In other words, the picture will be shown twice at each performance. The photoplay is in five scenes, which are laid in the Canadian wilds. It was made by the Primax Picture Corporation and is being released exclusively in the theaters playing Shubert vaudeville."

Whether or not the public will accept the film remains to be seen, but, regardless of that the fact remains that the Shuberts, seeking money, exploited the most nauseating divorce scandal of recent times.

Legends of Creation Haunt Mountain Wilds

Concluded from page 7

The hoot owl and horned owl went together. At the hollow tree the fire was burning so fiercely that the smoke nearly blinded them, and the ashes carried by the wind made white rings about their eyes. They had to come home without the fire, and with all their rubbing never were able to get rid of the white rings.

Now, said the priests, no more of the birds would venture to the burning tree, and the little racer snake said he would go through the water, and bring back some fire. He swam across to the island, crawled through the grass to the tree, and wiggled through the small hole at the bottom. The heat and smoke were too much for him, however. He crawled blindly about over the ashes until he was almost on fire himself but managed by good luck to escape through the same hole, but his body was scorched black, and he has been the black racer snake since. Besides, he has ever since had the habit of darting and doubling on his track, as if trying to escape from close quarters.

When little racer snake came back, the climber snake offered to go for the fire. He swam over to the island, and climbed up the tree. But the smoke choked him. He fell into the burning stump, and before he could climb out of it he was as black as the little racer. Since then he has been the great black snake. The council again convened, but birds, snakes and four-footed animals each presented some excuse for not going. When dejection was uppermost in the council, female bravery again came to the front.

The she water spider—not the one who resembles a mosquito, but the other species, with black downy hair, and red body stripes, which can run on the top of the water, or dive to the bottom—spun a thread from her body, and wove it into a bowl, which she fastened on her back. Then she crossed to the island, and made her way through the grass to the burning tree. She put one little coal of fire into her bowl, and came back with it. Since that time there has been fire in Unknown America.

Gradually, the living things fashioned the wildest part of the Southern mountains into a comfortable place of abode. A man and a woman appeared. The priests forgot to mention the details of whence they came. They did say, however, that the man and woman were brother and sister, who spoke the language of the living things who were their neighbors.

For a time this brother and sister lived happily. Then they began to quarrel. The sister concluded to live alone, and she began to walk toward the east. Her brother followed, but the sister went steadily ahead, without a glance behind. The Sun took pity on the brother, and asked him if he wanted his sister to return and live with him. The brother said he did.

In front of the sister the Sun caused a patch of the finest huckleberries to spring up. She passed them without notice. Farther along the Sun put a clump of fine blackberries in her path. But she walked around them. Other fruits were placed before her, but she continued on her way.

Suddenly, the sister saw before her a patch of large, ripe strawberries, the first ever to appear in Unknown America. She stooped to gather a few. As she picked them she glanced toward the west. Memories of her brother came to her and she hesitated. She sat down beside the strawberry patch, and the loneliness for her brother grew. At last she relented, gathered a handful of the ripest berries, and started back.

This is, in part, the aboriginal explanation for the strange appearance of things in Unknown America; and in part it explains the origin and continuance of some of the outlandish customs that prevail to this day in that region.

Story of '49 to Be Given by City in Pageant

Sacramento, in Week Beginning May 23, to See 20,000 Persons in Big Celebration

THE largest and longest pageant ever attempted will be given by Sacramento, capital of California, from May 23 to 28. More than 20,000 persons from every county in which gold has been found in California, and from every city and town which has had anything to do with the gold discoveries, will take part. The city, which has nearly 70,000 inhabitants, will be the stage which will be called "The Days of '49," and on which a committee of 1,000 men and women is now at work, while more than 500 contractors, carpenters and laborers are erecting buildings for the affair. Fifty engineers have planned mechanical effects for the pageant, and 2,000 ladies of the capital city have organized the Days of '49 Club, to wear the costumes of 75 years ago.

The old city—or rather the village of 1850, from which the present city sprang—is being reproduced on the water front, true to all the details of a rare daguerreotype made in that year. Within the city, on a tract of land embracing nearly 20 acres, is being erected a complete replica of the old mining camp of "Hangtown," now known as Placerville, also taken from a daguerreotype of 72 years ago. In still another part of the city is being constructed an exact copy of Sutter's Fort, the central point of the greatest gold rush the world has ever seen, and also the cradle of California history for more than a decade.



Statue of James W. Marshall, pointing to the exact spot on Sutter Creek, in which he discovered the first gold found in California, on January 24, 1848, starting the greatest gold rush the world has ever seen.

Historic K street, which was the forest trail along which the first buildings in Sacramento were erected many years ago, will be converted into its pristine appearance, by the erection of false fronts on the modern buildings, extending over the sidewalks to the streets, while automobiles, motor trucks and street cars will be barred from the street, to add to the illusion of the past. The hotels have agreed to use six and eight-horse stages and ox-wagons for the week, in place of their motor buses, in meeting trains and in transporting guests about the city. A fund of approximately half a million dollars has been raised from the various gold-producing sections of California, and it is planned to have the mining camp, Sutter's Fort, the old village of Sacramento, and the reconstructed K street open perpetually, day and night, throughout the pageant, just as the mining camps of the "roaring forties" never closed.

The pageant will reproduce the days of the gold rush, with the exception that city, county, state and Federal officials have agreed that not a drop of intoxicating liquor of any kind shall be allowed. There will be saloons, gambling houses, dance halls with dancing girls, and everything that went to make up a first-class mining camp 75 years ago. The games of chance will be shown in operation, but real money cannot be played on them. Plenty of chips and counters will be provided free of charge for all who care to play, but there will be no prizes and no actual gambling, though one may win or lose all the free chips he cares to play.

Prominent men of Sacramento and other cities of Northern California will be the "bartenders," "gamblers," "dance-hall keepers," merchants and other characters of the mining camp, and the leading women will have bevies of society girls with them in the dance halls and at other places throughout the pageant. More than 7,000 children of both sexes from the public schools are being trained in various dances, which they will contribute to the pageant. A humorous feature is the "stunt" performed by 200 prominent business and professional men of Sacramento, who, meeting together the morning of St. Patrick's Day, had clean shaves, and then agreed to let their beards grow until after the pageant. These bearded men will play the parts of miners, prospectors, "gunmen" and sheriffs, in the pageant.

There will be special characters representing Captain Sutter, John C. Fremont, James W. Marshall, who discovered gold in California; Kit Carson, and a score of other men prominent at that time in the history of California. Historic buildings of such one-time centers of life and activity as "Slug Gulch," "Dutch Flat," "Chinese Bend," "Hell's Acre," "Roaring Gorge," "You Bet," and many another—all very real names in the winning of the West—are being erected as nearly as possible like the originals, and Sacramento looks like a logging camp with all the timber brought in to erect the buildings of other days.

It is planned to reproduce the inaugural ball at which Governor Barnett, the first governor of California, was inducted into office. This will be the occasion for an outpouring of the society folk of Northern California, the men clad in the long frock coats, expansive trousers, chokers and high hats of those days, and the women in the costumes of our grandmothers.

A practical feature will be an exhibition of all known forms of mining and of the separation of gold from its ores. An artificial mountain is now being constructed, with trails, tunnels and shafts in it. Gold-bearing ore has been brought in, and the tunnels and shafts are being lined with it, so that the miners may be seen at work. The ore is brought out, in both the old and the new ways, and handled in old hand-crushers and by a modern stamp mill. Placer mining—the original form in which gold production was carried on in California—will be shown from the days of James Marshall and the old-time sluice-boxes and cradles, down to the huge dredgers now employed in the Sacramento valley placer fields.

More than 1,200 separate and different relics and mementoes of the early days in the California gold fields, ranging from the small cannon which Captain John Sutter brought with him, and which protected Sutter's Fort from the "hostiles," down to pens used by Sutter, Marshall, Governor Barnett and other prominent men, have been collected from descendants and other relatives of these men, and are being brought together in Sacramento, to exhibit in the replicas of the old buildings of the mining camps.

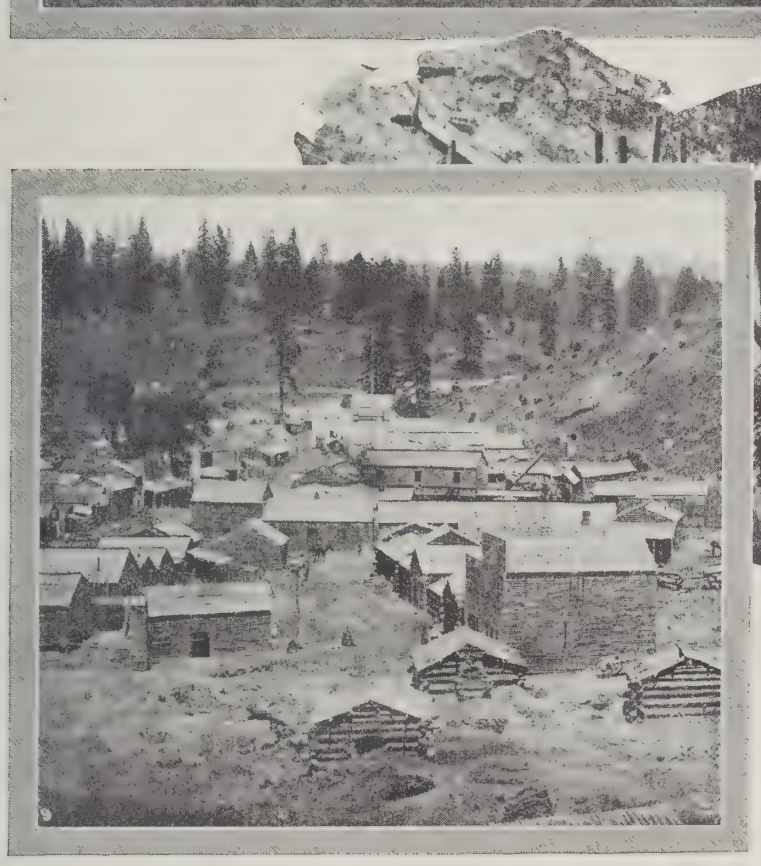
The pageant commemorates the discovery of gold in California. The early history of California is a part of Spanish tradition, but the story of its settlement is one of boundless faith in an unknown land, tireless energy, and measureless courage. Junipero Serra, whose only weapons against hunger, thirst and the Indians, were his faith and his crucifix, founded San Diego, Monterey, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and 17 other centers, first of religion and then of population, or, at least, by his faith inspired their founding. But of that particular district where gold was found, and where the Sacramento valley now bears an agricultural industry greater than all the gold ever discovered in its streams,

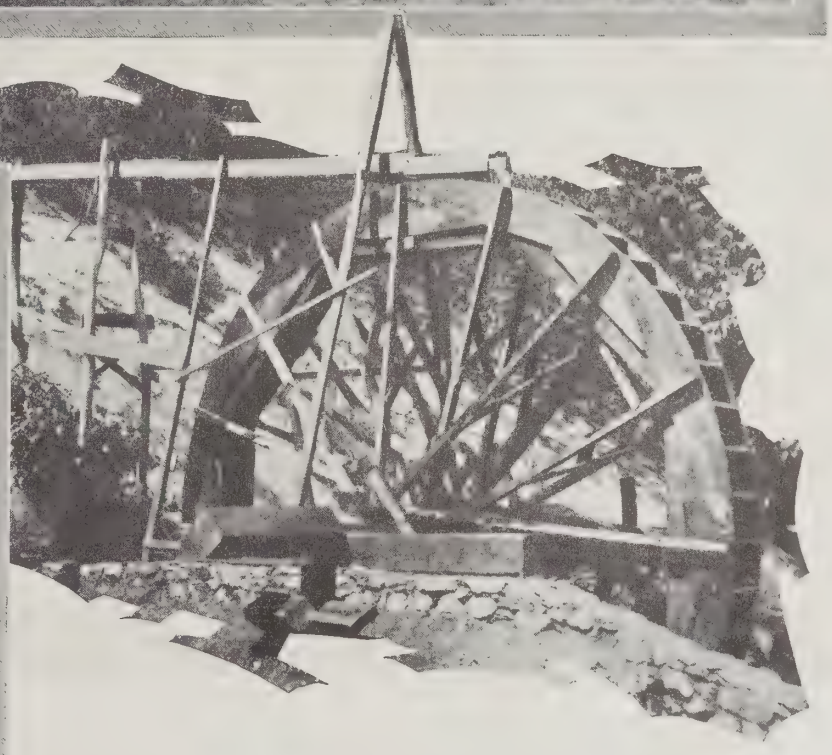




The contrast between the main street of Sacramento in 1849 and the capital of California today is marked indeed. The historic K street, which was the main trail on which the city was founded three-quarters of a century ago, is to be redressed to represent that ancient main thoroughfare, by putting false fronts on the present business houses, and carrying them out across the sidewalks. The hotels will use six-horse stages and ox-wagons to carry their guests to and from the railroad stations, instead of the motor buses now used.







Top—Two thousand ladies of Sacramento will wear the costumes of the women of the days of '49 in the pageant. Below, left—The original mining camp of Hangtown, now known as Placerville, from a daguerreotype made in 1850. This town is eight miles from the spot at which Marshall found gold in 1848, and was called Hangtown because of the number of horse and ore thieves hanged there by the Vigilantes. This entire camp is being reproduced, exactly as seen here. Right—First water wheel ever built in California. It will be reproduced.

Father Serra knew nothing. For half a century after this great priest passed away, this valley with its slow-moving river was an unknown wilderness of wild animals and even wilder Indians. Ships had been passing into and out of the Golden Gate for 63 years, when Captain John Sutter, a Swiss by birth, came roving through it, and, hearing of this *terra incognita,* asked for a guide up the Sacramento River.

But there was no guide, for the simple reason that no one ever wanted to go up that stream. So Sutter, taking three white companions and seven or eight Kanakas from the South Sea Islands, set out in a comparatively small boat to find—somewhere on the rim of the 450 square miles of San Francisco Bay—first, the mouth of the Sacramento River, and, second, what lay inland along that river. Doubtless he little dreamed that he was to be the indirect cause of the greatest gold discovery of history, but after eight days' search, he found the mouth of the river, and there encountered two friendly Indians, who guided him to the mouth of the American River, where he landed, close to the present site of Sacramento, August 12, 1839, the same year in which he had arrived in San Francisco.

There he erected a square house, from the large sun-baked bricks known as *adobes,* and, because of the apparently hostile attitude of the Indians, surrounded it with a high, thick wall of the same material. The two small cannon he had brought in his pinnace were mounted on opposite corners of the wall, and the hut became Sutter's Fort, destined to play a most important part in the history of California. Captain Sutter's transparent honesty, even justice, and often-shown bravery soon won the Indians to be his friends, and he settled down to a prosperity possible only in such a golden age where there was no competition. Governor Alvarado, learning of Sutter's control over the Indians, gave him a vast tract of land, the boundaries of which never were accurately defined, and, as white men learned of his success and flocked to him, he gave and gave and gave them lands for themselves, until, as the early records, written in Spanish, tell, he had left for himself "not more than 50,000 hectares"—approximately 120,000 acres. At one time he had 50,000 acres in wheat and barley; 15,000 head of beef cattle, 9,000 horses, 12,000 sheep, and the largest trading business between Alaska and Panama, on the Pacific coast. He bought Fort Ross and the Bodego holdings from the Russian governor of Sitka, for $35,000 in gold, and, in 1844, feeling crowded at Sutter's Fort, started Sutterville, three miles below his first settlement.

In 1848, Captain Sutter saw the possibilities in the production of sawed lumber for sale to the ranchers who had no facilities for getting out such lumber for themselves. So he sent one of his workmen, a carpenter named James W. Marshall, to wander through the hills on the Sutter lands, and find a forest, suitably near water to furnish power for a mill. Marshall found such a spot, near what is now Coloma, on Sutter Creek, flowing into the south fork of the American River, and set to work building the mill, into which he had put $25,000 of Sutter's money, when, idling down the stream one Sunday afternoon, he spied a glittering stone in the brook. It was gold; he found others; the brook bed was paved with these nuggets. In two hours, Marshall was a rich man. But he was an honest man, and he told no one of his find until he conferred with Sutter. The two pooled their interests, but the secret would not keep. Dozens came and found gold, in other streams; the placer beds were discovered; hundreds came. Then the news spread eastward, and thousands rushed around the Horn, across the Isthmus of Panama, over the plains of North America, and the great Sutter rancho was swept by a lawless horde of gold-seekers, who carried with them every laborer, every workman, every Indian the captain had on his place.

The crops rotted in the fields. The gold-hunters killed and ate the cattle, or stole and rode the horses. No help could be obtained, and, worse than the rest, the gold-seekers lured away the Indians, who had paid no attention to the finding of the gold, with whisky, so that Sutter could get no help from them. In a few months, he who had been the richest man in the West faced bankruptcy. Gathering together his few belongings, and leading the half hundred Indians who had remained true to him in spite of the white men's whisky, he went to Mormon Island, but, crowded out there, he moved again to the upper reaches of Sutter's Creek, but the Argonauts followed him there, and, finally, he fled to Hock Farm, on the river, and from there went East shortly afterward and died.

The story of Sacramento is a continuation of the story of Sutter's Fort. The first survey was made in 1848 by Captain William H. Warner, U. S. A., and, in 1849, the citizens of the new town celebrated the Fourth of July in a grove of oak trees where the capitol building now stands. Sacramento then started the growth which has given it nearly 70,000 inhabitants.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

A Chicago landlord is building a 33-flat building having a perambulator stall with lock and key for each tenant.

Swimming from Colonia, Uruguay, to Buenos Aires, recently, an Argentine student made a new record. The distance was 27 miles. The swimmer was in the water 24 hours, 30½ minutes, beating the previous record by 30 minutes. This is believed to be a world's record for endurance swimming.

A black-headed albatross followed a steamship across the North Pacific for 3,000 miles without once furling its wings. It started from a small island near Japan and when the ship was 1,900 miles from the nearest Alaskan port, it turned abruptly and flew toward the west.

Thousands of Chicago families plan to move "under canvas" May 1, in an effort to meet the rent problem. Tents will be pitched on vacant lots and forest preserves, according to the Chicago Tenants' League. Tent manufacturing concerns have agreed to supply tents at wholesale prices.

A once famous bar in Chicago is now a library with books for theatrical folk and downtown night workers and pleasure seekers.

Three loafers, taken in a raid on a pool room in Omaha, were sentenced in police court to spend 10 days in the public library. Should they fail to spend eight hours there each day, they will be taken to jail for double the sentence.

There was an actual decrease of 2,817 in the number of tenements and apartments in New York City between 1919 and 1921, although the population of the city increased by 230,000 during that period.

Grape growers of Southern California have named a new town Volstead.

A baby man-eating shark, hungry and vicious, was found as a stowaway in the bilge of a ship put in drydock in New York for repairs.

London University, with an enrollment of 20,000 students, makes the claim of the largest attendance of any institution of learning in the world.

A helium-filled dirigible is easier to handle in the air. According to government experts, who have been experimenting, the helium-filled ship is steadier and moves with greater momentum than an airship filled with hydrogen. Helium gas is twice as heavy as hydrogen and has 92 per cent of its lifting power.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Thousands of dollars are extracted by beggars each night from the New York City theater crowds. Earnings up to $60 an hour have been reported.

In a contest at Shanghai between a Chinese adept in the use of an abacus and an American adding machine salesman, the abacus was badly worsted. The many spectators present were impressed with the superior accuracy and speed of this American product and its ability to compete successfully with its great rival.

The late King Charles paid 31 per cent interest for a loan of 75 days' duration, on the crown jewels of Austria-Hungary, according to allegations made in a suit by a Paris jeweler.

More than $2,000,000,000 is invested in the cocoanut industry. Many crushing mills have been established in the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, Australia and French Oceania. By crushing the oil from the nut where the nuts are grown freight is saved and the fresh copra yields a better product. The residue left after pressing the copra for oil is called "poonac" and commands a high price in Europe, as live stock food.

Travelers report that the price of a room in a first-class hotel in Vienna is anywhere from 5,000 to 40,000 crowns a day. Forty per cent of this goes to the municipality. A similar tax is imposed on the charge for heating rooms and there is a tax of 10 per cent on the cost of meals.

The Secretary of the Navy has announced the closing of naval radio stations to public use for broadcasting speeches, lectures or any form of non-official communication, excepting musical programs to be picked by radio telephone. The issuance of the order followed the use of the naval radio service by members of Congress in addressing their constituents on political subjects.

Ownership of two or more dogs is a "luxury" in Germany and heavy taxes are imposed under a new schedule.

Identifying cows by the prints of their noses, in the same manner as the police system of identification by fingerprints, is a new method employed by the University of Minnesota to prevent unscrupulous dealers taking advantage of pedigreed live stock.

A canary bird wholesaler in Omaha has the trade-mark, "Living Music Box," stamped under the left wing of each bird with indelible ink. He places a high value on this trade-mark.

Three hundred thousand francs was paid for a one-cent British Guiana stamp, issue of 1856, black on carmine, sold recently at an auction sale of the famous Baron Ferrari collection in Paris. The state tax of seventeen and one-half per cent added to the cost price made it the highest price ever paid for a stamp in France.

Truck patches are being worked by many of the 155,000 idle anthracite workers of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Cabbages and potatoes are the favorite crops.

Penrhyn Ceduraeth, Wales, pays no taxes. A movie promoter rents the town hall on shares and when the balance sheet was presented recently it was discovered that the municipal movie had done away with the necessity for levying any taxes for the coming year.

The people of the United States will present to Brazil a statue of liberty on the one hundredth anniversary of the Republic of Brazil. The statue is of bronze. Liberty, holding a branch of laurel in her right hand, with her left, supports the flags of the United States and Brazil intertwined with laurel and palm. At the base are figures of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, representing America, and Rio Branco and José Bonifacio, representing Brazil.

Fraternal beneficiary societies obtain more than 1,000,000 members annually, according to the secretary of the National Fraternal Congress of America, which has a membership of nearly 10,000,000 persons, and embraces 93 organizations.

Indians of Arizona are becoming proficient in golf. With the natural swing begotten of loose joints, the strong muscles of the Indian drive far and straight, and approach with great accuracy.

Twenty French soldiers were killed and many wounded recently when, while searching for hidden areas, a spade struck the detonating mechanism of a hidden mine in Silesia.

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The Abandoned Gas Plant: The Story of a City in Distress

The American Massacre of the Royal Chinook

Land of the Real "Evangeline"

Introducing the Modes of Paris

What Conventions Cost Your Town

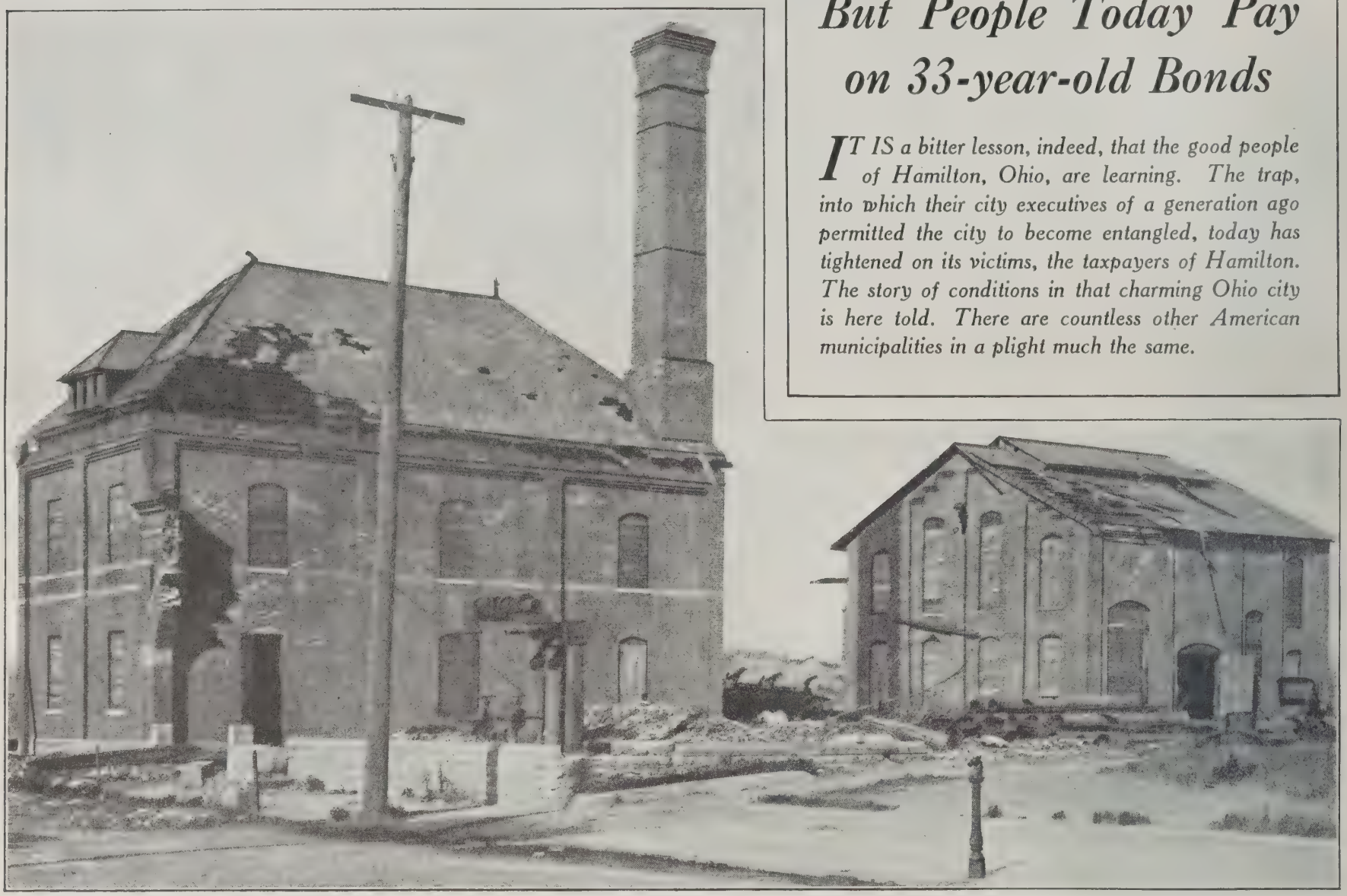
Blind Man Who Leads the Blind

"London Particular": Fog of Fogs

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Twelve Years Ago Hamilton, Ohio, Abandoned This Gas Plant But People Today Pay on 33-year-old Bonds

IT IS a bitter lesson, indeed, that the good people of Hamilton, Ohio, are learning. The trap, into which their city executives of a generation ago permitted the city to become entangled, today has tightened on its victims, the taxpayers of Hamilton. The story of conditions in that charming Ohio city is here told. There are countless other American municipalities in a plight much the same.



Hamilton: A City in Distress

Learning the Lesson Interest Teaches

By EMERSON ROBINSON

THIS is a story of a city in financial distress, a city suffering the torment of operating on insufficient funds, of an administration reaping the whirlwind of economic indifference and shortsightedness for 20 years and more; of a city that, this year, is paying *more in interest than it is* on its bonds, and *four times as much* for its sinking fund as it is for current expenses!

But here are the figures of 1922 for Hamilton, Ohio, a thriving, prosperous city of 40,000 in the southwestern part of the state:

Total bonds due and payable	$121,525.75
Interest on bonds	133,023.60

In 1923 of a total of $221,144.79, more than half, or to be exact, $128,119.04 will be paid as interest.

These figures explain in brief curtailed activities of the municipality and frantic efforts of officials to devise new and unusual methods of raising funds to meet current and necessary expenses. As one official put it, the judgment day is here, maturing obligations have to be paid, let city hall function as best it can, for the old, old habit of issuing new bonds to pay old ones cannot be further countenanced. Usury has exacted its toll.

There was raised for municipal purposes for 1922, the sum of $429,283.36 of which $321,962.50 had to be paid to the sinking fund trustees to meet bonds and interest and for a reserve. In addition, the people had voted that $34,400 should be devoted to park purposes. This left a balance of $76,820.83 to pay for police and fire protection, garbage removal, street cleaning, salaries of officials, and so on, which ordinarily would require $322,424.26.

So came the first of the year and the day of reckoning. A large number of policemen were laid off and those who were kept were put on a 12 instead of an 8-hour shift; a proposal to close half the fire houses was dropped when firemen agreed to work for half pay until such time as arrangements could be made to get funds to resume full payment; collection of garbage *for which the people had already paid one tax* was discontinued; cleaning of streets was stopped, several offices abolished, and other economies effected.

Removal of refuse was placed directly on the householder and it is estimated that $50,000 is being spent, where formerly the city paid $36,000. The sewer gang, when not employed in their proper work, cleans streets. The service director assumed the duties of market master, and the city engineer is doing the job of the former superintendent of streets.

But with all these economies, it still was found that the city could not operate even for half a year on the money in hand.

So to maintain the police and fire departments at their former standard a new tax was evolved—the occupational tax—in which every business is assessed as a business and a specified sum for each employe. A license was put on pool rooms and soft drink parlors.

With this additional money the city will "get along" for a large part of the year, but if you ask any official what will be done when the treasury is empty, you will get a shrug of the shoulders. They don't know but, as a government is necessary, some way may be found—will have to be found.

It has been suggested that the people may be asked to vote a special tax levy. Such a proposition was voted on last fall when the crisis of this year was foreseen, but it lost by an overwhelming majority despite the fact that it was supported by the dominant political party.

This situation has been caused by bonds and their concurrent evil, interest, and failure to have any definite plan to meet them. Such a word as "amortization" was never thought of or discussed.

Hamilton Bonds for Gas Plant

TO UNDERSTAND properly the conditions of 1922 it is necessary to go back 33 years to 1889. Hamilton, fortunately or unfortunately, owns its own gas distributing system, electric light, and waterworks plant, all of which are supposed to be self-supporting. But if they are not self-supporting and earnings are insufficient to meet bonds and interest, the city must make up the deficit.

Bonds for $100,000 and bearing five per cent interest were issued in 1889 for the construction of the gas plant, including building, ovens, and so on.

The bonds were to run for 30 years. When they came due the city had paid out *in interest alone, without one cent on the principal,* the sum of $150,000. And it was found, too, that there was not enough money to redeem the entire issue; there was only $75,000 to apply to the debt. Result: $25,000 in refunding bonds were issued and of these $15,000 remain to be paid!

The plant, a modern one at the time, was built near the end of North Third street. It was abandoned as a gas manufacturing plant more than a decade ago and has since been used, more or less, for storage purposes. It is a typical weather-beaten, neglected old shop, long since forgotten and unused.

Its history was a stormy one, too long for review here. Its construction was the outgrowth of exorbitant rates charged by a private corporation and which made gas available only to the well-to-do. The Supreme Court of the United States ruled on the legal right of the city to build and thus established the validity of municipally owned utilities in America. By 1908, through various causes, the plant had got in such shape that something radical had to be done. But just then, opportunity, in the guise of natural gas, knocked. It was welcomed, and in 1910 was first boosted into the city's mains.

But the people today are paying for a plant erected 33 years ago and abandoned 12 years ago.

The electric light plant was built in 1894 from the proceeds of a bond issue of $100,000 and payable in 1918. It is the story of the gas bonds over again. There was not sufficient money to make complete payment so refunding bonds for $35,000 were issued, and of this $20,000 still is due. And Hamilton has paid out in interest on the first issues more than $125,000 and is still paying!

The waterworks plant was built in 1883 and bonds for $350,000 were issued. Records prior to 1904, when the sinking fund board was organized, are incomplete or lost, and it is difficult to get payments of interest and bonds prior to that date. They were issued to come due in different periods, the last in 1915. Then you have the same story. Insufficient money, so refunding bonds for $115,000 were issued of which $80,000 remains to be paid.

And Hamilton is still paying bonds and interest on a plant erected 39 years ago! And the end is not yet. The interest charge alone, it is freely admitted, has exceeded the cost of the improvement.

The figures cited above are for the original investments only. Since the first installations there have been extensions of service and shop improvements without end. Some of these have been paid out of the "earnings" of the plants; more by bond issues.

From 1904 to 1921 inclusive there has been paid the following amounts for bonds and interest:

	Bonds	Interest
Electric light plant	$ 91,000.00	$155,667.00
Waterworks plant	154,000.00	291,996.25
Gas plant	34,000.00	157,135.85
Totals	$279,999.00	$604,799.10

Some of this was paid from receipts of the plants; but the taxpayers have had to dig down in their jeans to make up a deficit which totaled $463,533.54.

These are facts of finance. They are not intended as arguments with reference to municipal ownership. As to the utility of the plants themselves, the following statements are made:

The construction of the gas plant resulted in cheaper gas, consequently making a convenience for a greater number of people.

No charge has been made against the city on the books of the electric light plant for lighting the streets of the city.

Water for fighting fires and public uses has been furnished free. Even schools were given water for many years and only now are meters being installed so that a proper charge can be made. A bill for the last six or seven years has been presented to the school board since the present crisis developed and will be paid. It amounts to about $12,000.

Here is another instance:

In 1913 a disastrous flood swept through the Miami Valley and Hamilton got the brunt of it. One bond issue followed another to meet the emergency. There was one in particular which deserves special notice.

This was for $100,000 at five per cent to remove debris and mud from the streets. The first lot of $10,000 falls due in 1938 and $10,000 each year thereafter until all are paid.

Paying—and Paying—and Paying!

THE interest charge on this one issue alone amounts to the amazing total of $147,500. In other words, *the people of Hamilton will pay $247,500 for less than two months' work, the original cost of which was much less than half that sum!*

An interesting side light here, however, develops. In 1912 the Black street bridge needed repairs. Bonds for $12,000 were issued and are now payable. The interest is about $6,000. But in 1913 the bridge was washed down by the flood. A suspension was swung across the river to accommodate pedestrians. Now a magnificent structure costing close to half a million dollars has been erected. But the bonds and interest for the repairs have to be paid!

Under a state law in effect for several years, cities of Ohio were permitted to issue bonds to pay current expenses—deficiency bonds. Hamilton, like many others, took advantage of this law. On September 1, 1920, bonds for $88,206 were issued and seven months later $160 000 more in bonds were put on the market.

Now for this year, the city has to set aside $41,699.53 to pay the interest and maturing bonds!

The total indebtedness of Hamilton now, including the city plants, but exclusive of special assessments, is $2,807,288.35. And there's going to be paid in interest before the debt is wiped out $1,164,845.20. Of the bonds, $465,000 were issued to pay other bonds.

This situation of 1922 is a vivid illustration of the financial trap which awaits the community that puts its trust in bond issues.

When there was no money in the sinking fund to meet bonds, more bonds were issued. Scant attention was paid to the dates when they fell due, and less to the overload of interest.

It has been the custom for years for the sinking fund trustees to find out the amount of bonds and interest due the following year and then certify the amount to the city. Sometimes they would get it; sometimes not, or it would be found that it would mean an extra tax-load. Then the bonds either would be refunded or paid out of the reserve of the board. This reserve ultimately was practically exhausted by unexpected demands.

What "Easy Way Out" Has Done

HERE are two examples of these demands: There were issued during last year special assessment bonds for more than $700.000 for sidewalks, sanitary sewers, paving, and so on. For some unexplained reason, it was not found possible to certify these assessments against the property owners in time for the first collection of taxes last December. The first installment of more than $70,000 and interest of more than $43,000 has to be taken care of by the sinking fund. A city cannot afford to default.

In 1918, the city plants failed to turn over a cent for payment of interest and bonds and the amount due, $63,075, had to be paid from the sinking fund reserve.

Under a state law now in force, it is impossible for cities of Ohio to issue bonds other than serially. If this law had been in force 20 or even 10 years ago, Hamilton would not now be in a financial tangle. Or if provision had been made when bonds were issued to retire them when due, there would still be a different story to tell.

"The easy way out" has enriched bond buyers and impoverished the city, insofar as the present tax rate is concerned. It is costing more to meet debts than to pay expenses.

The increase in sums raised for all purposes, exclusive of schools, has been phenomenal in the last 10 years. In 1912, for instance, $183,157.84 was paid into the city treasury. This year, $429,283.33 will be paid in, *of which $321,962.50 goes for interest and bonds.* That is, three-fourths of every dollar goes for debt; and of this a large proportion will not reduce the debt at all, but only pay accumulating interest.

That there is no local relief in sight for the next four years at least is agreed, for in that period Hamilton will pay in interest alone, $487,727.92, and an additional $794,403 on the principal. This on the present indebtedness; if more bonds are issued, the situation will be worse.

If any relief is forthcoming it will have to be from an additional tax rate voted by the people, or a new law by the state legislature giving such power to officials.

And Hamilton today is occupying a city hall that has been used since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. It has been condemned so often by state fire department officials that the public has forgotten the count. But taxpayers can point to it with pride: it's paid for!

The turmoil of 1922 is regarded by many as a godsend to the community.

It had the effect of directing the people's interest to their public business.

It has forced efficiency and economy; employes have been notified in simple, plain English, that unless they report for duty on time and give a full day's work for a full day's pay, they'll lose their jobs.

It has necessitated a more businesslike manner in retiring bonds and conducting city affairs.

Hamilton is a good city, a manufacturing town. Its municipal plants are of great value, its school system second to none, its streets better than in most municipalities.

The people have had their lesson in usury. They've learned it well and it has cost them dearly.

Proud of Their City Hall: It's Paid for



The Slang-Ridden Nation

THE duel between Youth and Age goes on. "But Youth," said a parent the other day, "has ceased openly to fight, he now throws out a smoke screen of new words and new phrases and father and mother are lucky if they even recognize the drift of the conversation on the morning following the night before!"

Is he wrong?

It is safe to say that in the 146 years of the American Republic there has been no such despoliation of clear and clean speech as now rages. Beginning in the cities it is radiated by newspapers who care more for sensation than for culture, and soon the young of the smallest town bandy the distortions about.

There is more in the craze—if fortunately it is a craze—than mere coinage of words and phrases and the attributing of different and sundry meanings to old words. According to the discerning men and women, whether old or young, the slang of today bespeaks decadence of morals, loose thinking and a striving after effect in the nerve-racking race for something new and startling and emotional and sensational.

At a dinner the other day, a college graduate explained to some of his friends that he might as well have been among the Hottentots or in Patagonia for all his understanding of the language at a party he had just attended.

"I'm a non-skid, so put on the Houdini," said one young lady to him. And another, "I suppose you are one of those dreadful beagle hounds?" And still another, "I'm mother's best excitement eater, fluky and no storm-and-strife." And so it went.

To say that such language is merely a striving after effect is a mild way to explain the situation. It is generally a sad attempt to appear brilliant, witty and clever. But it is also an emulation of the race track and the underworld and the pool rooms and the vagabonds. For many, if not most, of the phrases used by the red-lipped, flesh-exposed, short-haired young women of today and the pasted-down and combed-back-haired young men of today, originated among thieves and the bootleggers.

It is, of course, true that every trade and every profession and even the home has its words coined or perfected to mean definite things. That is a different kind of slang than the cheap talk that glories in its forbidden and reprehensible use of English.

Step over into slangdom and listen:

"Slang it for a while" in your own street car, or on the bus, along the beach or in the park. The following is due to such an experience. The scene is on a bus in New York, which might well be termed the slang factory of the nation: "Across the aisle was a Ritzy Jane with a kippy red hat. At the next stop a poor fish came up the stairs with a cane in his hand and a roving eye. He piped the Ritzy Jane, and spotting her for a heavy-necker, flopped alongside.

"'Where's that little piece of tin?' was his opener, referring to the emblem of the shifters. Turning to face him squarely she handed him this:

"'Mooch, you poor boob. Pull that boiler factory stuff over in Eighth avenue. Take the air now before I call for the Barney with the dime box.'

"'Excuse me stepper,' he replied in a soft voice, 'butt me a nice look, and I'm out of the picture.' But he didn't move and at Fifty-ninth street they were apparently ready to pet."

And that is a fairly understandable description of speech as it was a few days ago. There will be an entirely new set of words to express the sex lure by tomorrow. The slang is but a symptom of the disease that is eating at morals. It is a more dangerous symptom than the first syncopated music of a decade ago, but who will say that the former has not done its share to produce the latter?

Writers of histories may be able to see it more clearly in the future but it is not unlikely that they will begin their chapter on the moral decadence of America by a description of the keying up of the emotions that began some 10 years ago. Almost immediately came the popular song, then the senseless song of mere rhyming words with syncopated music. Then the eccentric dances, the Bunny Hug and the Grizzly Bear (how long, long ago that seems now)! Then came the modern dance craze and the call to "jazz 'em up." A certain class answered that call and weak-minded, addled brains have invented the slang of today to express their fuzzy thoughts."

The ultra modern "sport" of today is a back-number unless he can contribute something original to the jargon. There was a time when one man carried the responsibility for most of the current slang. Don't you remember the "Billy Baxter Letters"? But now there are thousands of Billy Baxters all seeking for something new in language. The flapper craze and the shifter are but products. They are merely a result of the breakdown clearly evidenced by the slangy trend of the times.

The youth are not wholly to blame. They don't with premeditation go out and invent devices of shocking effect. Far from it. They learn by precept and example.

John J. Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education, in a recent address before prominent educators, remarked that what we needed right now was "the old-fashioned virtues of honesty, justice and decency. If we cannot teach these virtues along with modern thought, then we had better dismantle our splendidly equipped institutions and return to the old log schoolhouse."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 30, May 20, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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New, Beveridge and Indiana

THE significance of the Indiana senatorial primary does not inhere so much in the selection of Albert J. Beveridge as in the defeat of Senator New. It becomes apparent from a review of the situation that Senator New would have been defeated by a candidate much more ordinary than is Mr. Beveridge, and that thus Mr. Beveridge's nomination is very far from insuring his election.

The reported preparation of the Administration at Washington to receive Mr. Beveridge may prove to be prematurely confident. Mr. Beveridge has anything but an easy road before him in the election, not by reason of having particularly strong personal opposition in the Democratic candidate, but by reason of Mr. Beveridge's probable reluctance to prove to the satisfaction of the plain people of Indiana that, if sent to the Senate, he will not perpetuate certain conditions which Mr. New's vote, among others, has assisted to erect.

Mr. Beveridge did not definitely repudiate the actions and elements for which the people of Indiana repudiated Mr. New. And it is scarcely possible that Mr. Beveridge will be allowed to progress very far in his campaign without being compelled to come out plainly on certain definite issues of the past, which are bound also to become issues in the future.

Until the campaign has reached that stage, and until Mr. Beveridge's frankness or evasion has given his final measure in this well-staged return to political activity, the situation can be summed up thus: Indiana has repudiated New, using Beveridge as the necessary instrument; but in so using Beveridge, Indiana has not committed herself, even by inference, to his election.

Appreciates the Situation

MR. T. Y. SMITH, president of the Dartow, Georgia, bank, retiring president of the Country Bankers' Association of that state, at the sixth annual convention at Atlanta, said:

"The year which has just passed will long be remembered by all of us of the banking fraternity for many reasons. Not only has it brought trials and problems beyond any we have previously experienced, but we have witnessed the passing of many accepted standards, and in some respects the old signposts we have been wont to follow now point in the wrong direction . . . .

"We have seen agriculture in its greatest distress; we have seen the values of farm lands and crops shrink and fade almost to the vanishing point . . . .

"Surely there is a lesson in all of this for us country bankers—several lessons.

"The first is that we have no real agricultural banking system. Our country banks come nearest to being agricultural banks, but as long as we are dependent on short-time or demand deposits, and short-term borrowing for funds, we cannot become real banks of agriculture; and surely the experience we have just passed through has amply demonstrated to the most skeptical the pertinent fact that an adequate system of finance is as essential to the prosperity and well-being of agriculture as it is to commerce."

There is hardly need for extended comment. That financial slavery binds the country banks in its chains is tacitly admitted by this representative banker who sees and appreciates the desperate disease, whether or not he may agree with "theorists" who are striving to strike the chains not only from agriculture, but from all industry and commerce.

Reform of the fiscal system is not hostile to legitimate banking; it only aims to end the money monopoly that compels the country banker to obey the will of the central management, even to the extent of ruining his real friends.

If country bankers fear to trust the government with the issue of currency direct, why should they consent to its issue to the Money Trust?

Give every government bond the circulation privilege, permit every purchasing bank the right of issue to the amount of the bonds deposited, and have no intervening power, and there will be no monopoly.

Government bonds which carry this privilege and bear an interest rate of but two per cent, reduced to one and one-half by the tax on circulation, are at a premium on the market, and there is little question but that non-interest-bearing securities could as well form the basis of a bank-issued currency.

In 1930 the two-per-cents forming the National Bank currency basis will mature, and the plan is then to extend the power of the so-called Federal Reserve. Where then will be the small bank, the country banker?

Work Well Begun

BOTH Houses of Congress have adopted the conference report extending and strengthening the Dillingham three per cent immigration law. This is a fair continuance of a good beginning. The good beginning was accomplished a year ago when public indignation over the invasion of the hordes of undesirable immigrants from Europe compelled the enactment of restrictive legislation.

The fair continuance consists in extending the restrictive legislation for two years, and amending the dangerous clause permitting the entrance of aliens who have resided in contiguous western hemisphere countries, so that the period of residence in those countries prior to admission to the United States shall be five years instead of one year. The imposition of a penalty upon steamship companies guilty of contributing to excessive immigration is also good.

But the problem is by no means solved, although the evils are somewhat minimized. There must be a courageous recognition of the necessity of complete exclusion of non-assimilable elements. The greatest danger lies in the increase in the public apathy which succeeded the initial success of the movement for restrictive legislation. One victory does not win the war, and constant vigilance and greater safeguards are necessary.

Are Church Papers Read?

IN A discussion of the results of a multiplicity of religious publications, the California *Christian Advocate* questions the benefit to the church of so many as are at present struggling for existence. The same multiplicity exists in the secular field, and for the same reason, but the elimination of superfluous literature is not so simple as it is with the religious bodies.

One great trouble is that so many inferior and useless offerings are put on both markets. Individuals aspire to teach the world who themselves lack the equipment either to instruct or to interest.

The editor of a church paper should be of the brightest mentality, thoroughly educated, with an ability to compel attention, and with a knowledge of the world few of the students of theology possess. Not only should he be fitted for his work, but he must be fitted to it. The aptitude, the natural talent, is not to be gained, but thorough education gives ability so to clothe his ideas as to present them as polished jewels to an eager clientele. That clientele must be won by merit.

No paper has the right to claim support merely on the ground of loyalty on the part of sect or party or class it claims to represent. It may achieve a financial support that will keep it alive, but the man who takes it from a sense of duty has no use for it usually, and its printed content is not known to him. He subscribes just as he would give to a beggar—to get rid of the suppliant in the easiest way.

The pastor who suggests from the pulpit the need of the general support of the church paper should be more careful than he is in general to avoid aid to the unworthy. No pastor should accept a commission as an agent for private enterprise. He is paid to do a certain work for his church. If he knows or believes a publication to be of value, there can be no criticism if he says so, publicly or privately, but there his efforts should cease.

Two propositions made by the *Advocate* are not to be questioned: the multiplication of papers does not increase the number of readers, and the expense is a waste and a drain on the sources of supply to those worth while.

The Silence of Science

THE controversy raging around Mr. Bryan and his book against the commonest misconception of Evolution, is one of the strangest occurrences of the post-war period. On the one side is a layman, on the other are the almost unanimous Protestant clergy. The clergy are in a high state of excitement. They preach against and berate Mr. Bryan whom a little while ago they extolled, and they exalt to the skies a scientific theory of 30 years ago which they then characterized as an emanation from hell.

But that is not the strange occurrence alluded to: the strangest part of this whole business is the silence of the scientists. Not a scientist of repute has gotten into the affair, neither to reprove Mr. Bryan nor to approve the clergy. And that is the unkindest cut—nor to approve the clergy. Undoubtedly the clergy expected to be praised for their progressiveness and liberality, but undoubtedly the scientists know that these qualities do not exist today in any greater proportion than they existed 30 years ago; the bulk of the newsmongering clergy are following the fashion now, even as they followed it then—and it is, unfortunately, an out-of-date fashion.

It is not surprising that the scientists do not take part in the Bryan-clergy controversy, but it is somewhat surprising that somewhere a scientist does not arise and set this whole thing straight for the sake of the plain people. It would be a very simple thing to do. It would be just as simple as for an honest financier to admit that there is not enough gold in the world to carry the money that we need to carry our commerce, and that therefore for all practical purposes business is off a cash basis just as money is off a gold basis. Bankers have no idea how they could clear the air by an honest admission or two. Scientists could say, in modern American: "Look here, good people, you are all talking about what you don't understand and what we don't understand. We have every reason to believe in the great principle of Evolution in nature, that things grow from lower to higher, from coarser to finer. But that an ant will ever become an elephant or a toadstool a rhinoceros, or a monkey a man, we have not the slightest ground for believing. Someone once wondered whether man did ascend from monkeys, and following his hint we have come upon any number of wonderful things, but we are much farther from asserting the fact or even the probability than we were 30 years ago. What people who think 'monkey' whenever they hear 'evolution' may mean is not the question; to scientists 'evolution' and 'monkey' have not the popular connotation at all."

It is to be hoped that there are no labor union rules which would prevent authoritative men from liberating the common people from their superstition concerning "evolution." Mr. Bryan is interesting; the clergy are amazing but neither party knows where today's science stands with reference to the question they are raging about. This whole controversy could be stilled, the disputants properly humbled, and the people helped, if science would speak.

Canadian Exchange

NEVER, before, during nor since the World War, was there a moment when there existed a reason for the depreciation of the Canadian dollar in United States money. The exchange rate was an arbitrary demand of the banks, and was participated in on the other side of the border. Under ordinary practice, any exchange would be confined to the cost of service, whether the exchange was made here or over the line. That is, whatever the charge, it would not represent depreciation.

There was no greater inflation of the Canadian paper circulation during the World War, than there was of our own. Her credit was as sound as was that of this country, and only the fact that Canadian currency is not a legal tender here gave opportunity for taxing the holder the difference between face value and what the bankers said they would allow for it.

Recently, Seattle business men decided to accept Canadian currency at par, and boasted of it. Now comes Spokane with a hotel patronized by many Canadians, which has never made a difference between Canadian and American money. There is no question that its fair dealing has made many friends.

The beauty of this generosity is that it has cost the hotel man nothing. He wisely used his American money in carrying on his business, and kept his profits in Canadian currency, from time to time investing them in Canadian war bonds, which, by the way, never went below par.

Now that the rate of exchange between the two countries is again normal, the wisdom of that Spokane landlord is apparent.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS sometimes asked, Of what importance is politics to the welfare of the country? This question grows out of a state of mind which is startling when its extent is understood. So long has Government been confused with the Administration which happened to be in office, and so long has the Administration been regarded as the same thing as Politics, that there has come a period of national stock-taking on the part of the people, which has marked Politics at the bottom of the scale.

Political writers of long experience and clear vision are telling us that there is now no choice of parties, that both are rotten. Observers tell us that in the actual work of Government there is not enough difference between one Administration and another to pay for the expense of a national election.

It does seem to be true that, solely because of incompetency, the group composing the Administration—not any Administration in particular, but all administrations of the last 15 or 20 years—has succeeded in doing nothing more astounding than simply putting Washington on a side street. When an Administration is so incompetent that it hinders the Government from leading, the consequence is that for the duration of that Administration, at least, the Government is compelled to step aside while the country marches on.

It may be true that both parties are rotten. But, in saying so, it is necessary to explain what you mean by "parties." Surely you do not mean the people comprising the parties? Surely no one intends to say that the people comprising the Republican and Democratic parties, the citizen voters of the country, are rotten? Hardly. When we use the word "party" nowadays we usually mean the office-holding corporations, the "organization," the fellows who are "rewarded" when their man wins office, the gamblers in the political favors of the people. The "party" is an inside ring which cares for "issues" only as advertising signs with which to bid for the votes of the people. In this sense, both the Republican job-holding corporation and the Democratic job-holding corporation are undoubtedly all that the critics say about them.

That is why both parties evince an equal incompetence when they are elected to office. Arrival at office is their success. It is their objective. Thereafter their main work is consolidating the hold they have gained. They "build their fences" with government favors. They pay no heed to the people until the people show signs of moving on the place. And then the heed they give only means that they defer their game for a little.

The political career of the true party politician is a career of public employment, not of public service. He is trained to achieve public employment; he is not trained to render public service.

How then can these men minister to a country which is passing through a period of world dissolution, men who seek political place for employment's sake, men who seek political power for the personal satisfaction of building up a mere partisan organization?

The consequence has been that events have simply forced politics to a side place. The apathy of the people with regard to elections is explained by their feeling that politics no longer counts. People say that it doesn't matter which side is elected. Often the only satisfaction which they take in voting is that they are voting one set of incompetents out, even though they are conscious that they are only voting another set in.

Business has marched on independently, only asking that politics keep out of the way. Education, invention, development, all have marched on their way, in spite of the indifference of political personages. Business has practically shoved politics to one side. And politics, jealous of its place, has endeavored again and again to throw the halter around the neck of business and compel it to eat out of the politician's hand. It is said that toward the end, Senator Penrose's whole philosophy was that Business in this country should be permitted to do anything it liked, as long as it asked permission of Politics.

Now, this is the situation which has arisen in the country. This is the situation which gives rise to the question, What is the use of Politics? It is just a modern expression of the same spirit which was roused by a tree which refused to bear fruit—"why cumbereth it the ground?" If Politics is good for nothing, if it makes nothing move, if it does not build highways for the country's progress, if it does not appreciably lighten the people's burdens, if it does not make life secure and livelihood an economic certainty, of what use is it?

The impulsive reaction, of course, is to answer that Politics is good for nothing. At present, it is true that Politics is good for nothing. But, the present is a passing phase—the Present is always more than halfway into the Past. When a condition has become fully developed, it is already on its way out. Everything changes; and when it seems that the very height of incompetence or corruption or wicked power has been reached in a situation, that is the time to look up—for with ripeness unto rottenness, with success, the game is up.

Now that is the position of Politics today. It is helpless; it is paying the price of its past insincerity and time-serving; it is reaping what it has sown. But do not confuse politics with Government. Government is a select body of men serving the will of the people according to the terms of the Constitution, and in the perpetuity of the Government all of us have not only a voice but a duty.

Let us grant most freely that the parties have both fallen into the ditch, that politics has been forced to the side lines; but let us also understand that one by one we may select the type of men who can carry on the work of Government and build up a national service which will be the party of the people, under whatever name it may be known.

It is all a matter of men, of their moral soundness and mental strength. All of the great issues are now pooled by the parties. The parties practically agree on the principal lines to be taken. Party loyalty in office today consists mainly in preventing the party in power from doing the right and proper thing, in order that its failure to do so may throw it out of office, and thus let the other party come in and do the very thing it prevented being done. The entire game has degenerated into one of "stealing thunder."

Being all a matter of men the country ought now to select, wherever the election occasion arises, men of right hearts and able minds, men who are eager in a high and serviceable spirit to deal with the matters of Government in a way to lift the load off the people.

That is the answer to the question with which this page began. Choose now men who will be waiting and ready to act when present Politics finally collapses and the new movement forward begins. Let the country embark now on a movement of infiltration by which there shall introduce into Congress and public offices sound men, pledged to nothing which the old régime considers sacred, but pledged only to do that which will make life in America what it was meant to be.

There is still a duty in politics for every man and woman, and it would be a double pity if our disgust for what is, prevents us getting ready for the better things that are to be.

THE people's disgust with politics plays into the politicians' hands, unless it is allied with vision. The fact that people do not expect anything from the old crowd in politics is proof enough that the old crowd is done. But the people should simply accept the fact as it relates to Politics, and not confuse Politics with Government. It is now possible for them quietly to select for Congress men of the right type, even if they shall be unable to do much after re-election. Select them, one by one, here and there and everywhere; let them go to Congress and study the ground; leave them alone; and when the time of the new forward movement comes, you will have a Congress of the right sort of men without any hurrah.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

The American Massacre of the Royal Chinook

Wherein Man, "the Poor Fish," Stupidly Wastes the Vast Salmon Supply

By B. M. FRANCIS

TO THE most of us the word "salmon" means a reddish-pink meat packed in tins. To some the word brings memories of glorious sport with rod and reel. We see cool forest ways—white water tumbling over rocks—the pool below—the fight—the capture—and we are thrilled again. But the story of the salmon possesses interest and significance beyond the range of any merely superficial knowledge of it. It is interesting because of what the salmon is and what it does—significant because the salmon is threatened with extinction. And so, whether considered as a means of enjoyment in sport or as an article of food and commerce the salmon is worthy of attention.

When Lewis and Clarke, half-famished, reached the Columbia River back in 1804 they found salmon in abundance and a thriving trade in pemmican already established. From a time having its beginning in the traditions of the Indians the Columbia—River of the West—had been the favorite fresh-water home of salmon. A mountain stream, fed by mountain streams, the Columbia with its tributaries appears to be peculiarly adapted to salmon propagation. And it has for years been the chief single source of salmon supply. It is but natural then that the scenes of this story, dealing with some vital phases of the salmon industry, should be laid along the Columbia River. And the chinook is chief both in numbers and in size among the varieties of salmon which frequent the Columbia.



The Columbia River, home of the salmon, looking west from Crown Point.

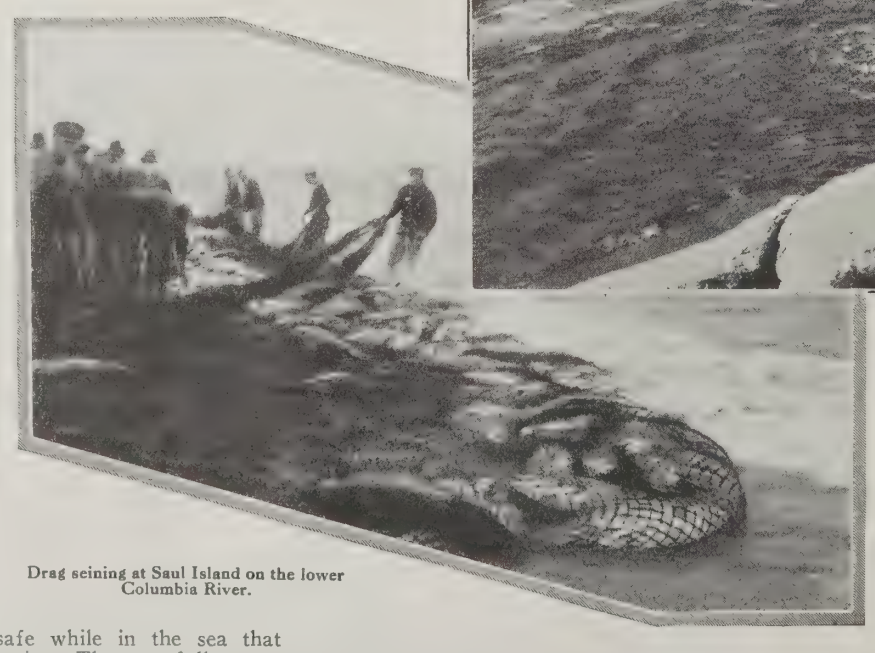


Salmon fishing at Celilo Falls, Columbia Gorge.

Chinook salmon are hatched in the upper reaches of the tributaries of the Columbia. The fry—numbered by millions—find themselves in a cruel world. They are frequently destroyed by freshets. Every mouth, fin, tooth and claw is against them. When they make their way downstream to the sea they number but one-sixth of one per cent of the original hatch.

Little is known of the salmon during the period they spend in salt water. The better opinion appears to be that about three years is spent on the feeding grounds in the bays, straits and sounds near the coast line. They reach maturity about the fourth year and begin their migration back to the streams in which they were born. If they were comparatively safe while in the sea that condition no longer obtains. They are full grown now—weighing up to 80 pounds—and fair prey of the commercial fisherman. Gill nets, seines, traps, wheels—these and other devices are interposed between them and their destination. Millions are taken and the wonder is that so many escape, but escape they do, to fight their way up the rivulets at the headwaters of the Columbia, with more than half their bodies exposed above the water. Reaching some impassable barrier they remain quiet for several weeks. Pacific salmon, unlike the Atlantic variety, die after spawning. Upon their return to fresh water their appetites decrease—their throats and stomachs contract—and they lose the desire and ability to feed. The accumulated reserve of flesh and oils carries them through until they die upon the spawning grounds, giving up their lives to perpetuate their kind.

We have seen that but one-sixth of one per cent of the fry reach the age at which the young salmon leave the fresh water for the sea. That statement accurately measures the menace to the salmon from its water enemies. But one authority has said, "man is the greatest present menace to the perpetuation of the great salmon fisheries of the Pacific Coast. While in the aggregate the ravages of other fish, animals and birds are considerable, they are hardly a drop in the bucket compared with the ravages of man and his agencies."



Drag seining at Saul Island on the lower Columbia River.

In salmon fishing, as in other things, our boasted national efficiency and business wisdom cut a sorry figure. Here, as in the handling of our timber resources, we have been guilty of shortsightedness and profligate waste.

Prior to 1798 the salmon swarmed in the rivers of New England as they now do in our western streams. In 1798 a dam 16 feet high was thrown across the Connecticut River 100 miles from its mouth. For two or three years the salmon continued to come and vainly tried to reach the spawning grounds. Then the runs ceased. In 1898 a solitary salmon appeared and the local fishermen did not know what it was.

When the alarm first went out that the Pacific salmon was threatened with extinction, an expensive hatchery was erected at Baird, California, where artificial propagation was successfully carried on. Recently a dam without a fishway was built across the Sacramento River below the hatchery. Few fish reached the hatchery last season, and unless a state government removes this menace the propagation plant will be made useless and, worse still, the salmon will disappear from the Sacramento.

The most flagrant abuse of the salmon industry is that committed by the fishermen using purse seines and trolling gear off the mouth of the Columbia and other streams. These men operate on the feeding grounds where the young salmon live between the time when they come down from the fresh water and that when they return to fresh water to spawn and die. The fish they catch are small and of poor quality. Forty per cent of them weigh less than three pounds while the mature chinooks taken in the Columbia River average 22 pounds. Fifteen hundred boats in this service in 1920 off the mouth of the Columbia destroyed more than 5,000,000 pounds of salmon. The effect of this waste upon the industry may be gathered from a recent announcement that the pack of chinook salmon in the Columbia in 1921 was less than 25 per cent of normal.

Up in the Puget Sound country, the Fraser River pack of sockeye salmon has fallen from 1,673,000 cases in 1913 to 76,000 cases in 1921—all because of the trollers and purse seiners who did for the Fraser River what these men have been doing for the Columbia. With five years as the life limit of the salmon it is only necessary to kill the young salmon during a five-year period to wipe out the species. Verily, in comparison with these wastrels, the men who killed

(*Concluded on page 14*)

"The London Particular" the Fog of Fogs

Blighty's Pride and Joy, It Gives an Alibi for the Bright Red Nose; Eyes of All Suffer When Darkness Shuts Down on the London Area

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

I HAVE wondered often enough whether it is this marvelous climate of London, which produces the red noses, watery eyes, and chilblains, of the notably lovely and beautiful women of England, or whether it is the corner saloon, or pub as they call it. It is certain that there are as many women in these places as men, just plain ordinary mothers and respectable wives and working women. One knows there are mothers there, sure enough, as often the children are seen waiting outside. The law does not permit children in the saloons, but now and then you will see some indulgent mother giving them a nip of beer, or "white satin" (Cockney for gin) on the sidewalk.

To be sure, there are red-nosed and red-knuckled girls and women who have never seen the inside of a pub, and they would justly resent the suggestion even that they had their "light" from such a source. So, I presume, it is the climate, with certain phases of its astonishing phenomena, which produces the rosy cheeks of youth and congestion on a bit in years. Paramount among these phenomena is the amazing spectacle known to the people of "Blighty" as "the London Particular." This London Particular, so-called, is peculiar to London climate, and appears now and then, say once in 10 or 20 years, to remind the Londoner, that despite all the equable temperature from our American Gulf Stream, he is still living on the fifty-fourth parallel of latitude, and by all rules of the isothermic game (barring the aforesaid Gulf Stream) he be shivering like the Eskimo on Hudson's Bay. He is in that zone. We of New York, Detroit and Chicago, by a peculiar twist of this same isothermic temperature wave, while latitudinally on a line with Naples or Southern Italy, are climatically alongside of London, minus the fogs, plus the Italian sunshine.

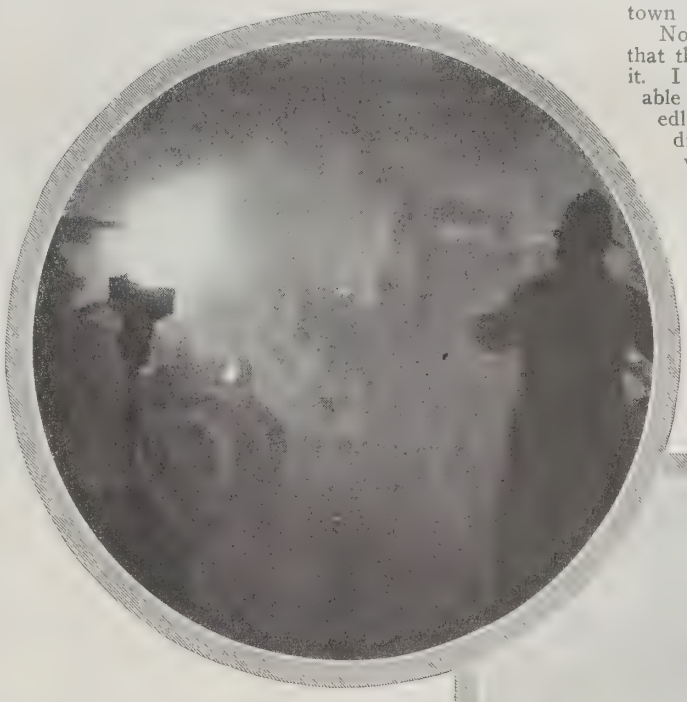
The London Particular is the black fog, an uncanny phenomenon, the combination of a formidable extreme of nature, with an equally frightful extreme of civilization—the Arctic mists, and the smoke of millions of man-made fires. We had one of these visitations the other day, which was said to have been the worst in 25 years. Everybody who has undertaken to say anything about London has, in one way or another, spoken about the fog. It is a classic subject. My experience reminded of boyhood adventures where some over-courageous youngster would dive into a backwater muddy pond and grope around in the murky mass trying to touch bottom, or to locate some familiar, though submerged stump. Regardless of the fact that you cannot see, you move around with your eyes open. As the fog is composed of opaque floating moisture, charged with the gas fumes of every conceivable kind of fuel from millions of grates, stoves, furnaces and retorts—it will be understood that a tightly closed room with a lively fire and a stuffed chimney would be a pleasant place to stop, in comparison.

It is a notable fact that the London regiments on the Flanders Front withstood the gassing attacks of the Germans far better than any of their allied comrades. And why? Experiences with the fogs of London, the home-fires, and conventional visage of Blighty. How they love it! Why, the coughing of the Londoners, for days after one of the appearances, would make you think you are in a Wednesday evening testimonial meeting; and when the fog is actually on, these spontaneous efforts to escape suffocation suggest nothing more truly than machine-gun practice in the mountain valleys of Switzerland. The echoes come back to your battered tympanums a thousand times.

Suppose you fill a bathtub in an icy room with boiling water. In a few moments the room will be so filled with white steam that you cannot see your hand before you. (I know that refrigerated bathrooms are unknown at home, but they are the rule over here.) Now this white steam would have something natural and familiar about it, but fill your bathroom with the smoke and gas of a Chicago River tug as she passes under the boulevard bridge and see what you get, a miniature London Particular.

You can't just bite this fog, but make no mistake, it can bite you. The first attack is on the eyes. The whole London area has the feel and smell of a diphtheritic disinfection of formaldehyde. This vast expanse of human life and industry is blanketed effectively. And underneath this blanket is the effluvium of the traditional home-fires. The exhaust from the engines of more than 3,000 motor buses, and as many more automobiles; pronounced scents and olfactory signals from the tanneries and soap-making quarters of the East End. Billingsgate, the great fishmarket, adds its quota, and finally over and permeating all, are the fumes of some millions of pipes, filled with the tobacco with the kick, which only the Englishman can make. Nearly every man in England smokes a pipe.

But even a confirmed pipe smoker sometimes wants to avoid tobacco smoke, certainly if he has a touch of bronchitis or an inflamed eye. If he rides on the tube he can't do it. Every car is a smoker in the morning and in the evening when the men are going to their places of business or to work. From archbishop to janitor, and from prime minister to his farm laborers in Wales, male Britishers smoke pipes.



Above—Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, at midday during a "London Particular."

To the right—One of the lions on the Nelson monument in an ordinary London fog.





Above—Trafalgar Square, geographical center of the metropolis, on a clear day. To the left—Houses of Parliament at night, from the Thames.



But to get back to the fog. When this business is on in earnest, all, or practically all, over-ground traffic ceases. It ceases in the sense that a man will stop drinking coffee if he has burned his mouth badly with the first swallow. He still toys with the thing, with more or less profanity and laughter and a blind hesitating effort to carry on. He must muddle through some way. There may be several thousand buses creeping along the London streets, with the conductor in front holding a lantern, a flare, or a white rag. This is done as much in the hope of leading the car out of the fog as it is to proceed along the regular route. The fog moves around like a flood, rolls into open doors, through cracks in walls of buildings, under doors, into windows and fills every crevice and place that water could reach, and more, for it extends upward for a thousand feet or more. A London Particular will turn every exposed piece of silver in London, such as plate, as green as malachite. Thousands of servants are engaged for days afterward polishing silver. Men walk into the river and are drowned. The most brilliantly lighted West End saloon is like a steam room in a Turkish bath.

The London Particular furnishes much the same thrill to the troglodyte dweller of this great metropolis as Mainstreeters used to enjoy in watching the ice go out in the spring, or in helping the town fire departments save the schoolhouse. Wives say to their husbands: "Better not go to the city today in this fog!" And husbands call up from their offices and say to their wives: "Sorry, but this fog—I'll have to put up in town tonight!"

Now the strange thing about the London fog is that the Londoner likes it, and takes a certain pride in it. I can understand the former, but have not been able to figure out the latter. A good fog is undoubtedly an unanswerable excuse for a man to be late to dinner. No grandmother's funeral nor sister's wedding need be brought forward as an excuse for the office boy or clerk to miss a day at the office. The city man can remain in town overnight without raising the sick friend or rush-of-business alibi. He can cancel all engagements, which is pleasing enough to the Londoner, as he is a fiend for holidays.

And they tell you here that the air is purified by the fog and that London is the healthiest big city in the world. Some way I cannot help but associate this point of view of my London friends with the claim made by *Punch,* that it has more than five million readers. They certainly have a very subtle sense of humor —these Londoners—.

And, as to chilblains! Really, I have not known them since I was a youngster in Iowa, when the anthracite base-burner was the last word in house heating. Arrangements for heating have not yet arrived even that far, generally speaking, in England, with the result that chilblains is the universal, all-prevailing national complaint. You might make this assertion here in London and be laughed at for your assumption; but chilblain cures are as prominently displayed in the chemists' shops of London as the knockout ague drops and sarsaparilla cures were shown in the drug stores of fever-stricken Arkansas 30 years ago.

Those English ladies who have not already succumbed to the ever-threatening red nose, and inflamed knuckles, affect the bottle of iodine and paint regularly their fingers and toes. This chilblain malady is, of course, due to continuously chilled extremities, refrigerated (just short of freezing) hands and feet—and nose. I suppose that there are not more than a dozen hotels in this tremendous metropolis that are properly heated. One certainly appreciates, if he be an American, Dante's final degree in the nether regions, where fire and burning lakes of brimstone give way to ice. It has been my observation that, if you want to get entirely away from the ever-present consciousness of chill, in London, in the wintertime, you must take refuge in the lower levels of the Piccadilly tube, or flee to a Turkish bath. It is a fact that you cannot heat the body all the way through from one side only. It simply won't work. The hotter the fire in your grate, the more noticeable the chill on the off side. On the whole it is warmer on the outside of the houses and apartments than it is inside. One always wonders and objects to the open windows affected by the English. He finally learns, however, that this is one way of heating the interior of their houses.

What Your Town Pays for Those Conventions

The Boosters' Band, the Booklets, the Souvenirs, All Have to Be Paid For

By RICHARD C. MOULTON

IT WAS the last day of a national convention of manufacturers which was being held in an eastern city. The time had come to decide on a meeting place for the following year; four cities were in the race. Impassioned speeches were made by representatives of the rival communities, delegations paraded the convention hall, waving banners, pounding bass drums, and wearing grotesque uniforms which were covered with convention badges. The chairman hammered for order, but no one paid attention.

At last, from the bedlam, a man dashed toward the platform waving a sheet of yellow paper above his head. "I have here," he shouted, "a telegram in which the chamber of commerce of my home city guarantees to raise the sum of $40,000 to entertain this convention next year."

Money talked. Mere nebulous hospitality had no chance against the power of gold. A vote was taken and it was decided to hold the next convention in the city that had offered the big money.

This particular convention usually brings about 2,000 delegates and visitors. The city that was willing to put up $40,000, therefore, paid about $20 apiece for the privilege of entertaining its guests.

Experts have figured out that the average man in a strange city spends $10 a day. Of this, $3 is for his room, $3 more for food, and the $4 remaining evaporates as he walks around. It is further estimated that there is a net profit of $2 to the local business man from this $10.

$20 Offered for $2 Profit

FROM actual statistics covering conventions of every sort and extending over many years it has been found that convention visitors average two days in the convention city. Thus at $2 a day profit the man, the community makes $4 on each guest.

Why should any town be willing to offer $20 when only $4 profit is obtained from each visitor?

As a matter of fact, the price of conventions has advanced to the point of little profit for any one. Recently, a gathering of commercial secretaries was held in a southern city. There were only about 50 in attendance, but they were active men representing big interests, and it was decided to treat them right. During the three days of the convention they were tendered two elaborate banquets, taken to the theater, given an automobile ride and otherwise entertained, the cost totaling $30 a man.

The commercial secretaries enjoyed themselves, but felt that the spending of so much money was poor business judgment, and a movement was started to reduce the high cost of conventions. But it is usually easier to start something than to stop it. One secretary, who represented a middle-western city which entertains more than 200 conventions a year, expressed himself in a heart-to-heart talk with his fellow workers.

"My city is spending altogether too much money for the possible good that conventions can do us," said this man; "but as long as we are a convention city I don't see any way out of it. Let us suppose, for instance, that the National Order of Prometheans holds its convention in Atlantic City this summer. There is a strong lodge of the order in our city, and it has been decided to send a powerful delegation to Atlantic City to urge upon the convention to meet with us next year.

"A committee is appointed from the local lodge to call on me and see what the chamber of commerce is willing to do. The committee is naturally enthusiastic; it feels that this is the one chance to put our city on the map. It estimates that the attendance should be fully 10,000; one of the national officers is a local man and people want to see our city.

"There is no use arguing against such optimism, and so I tell them that the convention fund is low, and possibly they are figuring too high on attendance, but I guess we can afford to slip them $500 to help land the convention, and if they get it we can let them have a thousand more. Such small money does not satisfy them. They are perfectly sincere in believing that their convention would be more valuable to the city than locating a truck factory or building a new interurban railroad.

The 10,000 in Reality Are 3,000

"SO THEY slip something over on me. There is a hotel manager on my board of directors, or someone who owns stock in a hotel corporation, and to him the committee adjourns. Again they tell of the importance of their order, and what a wonderful thing it will be to the city to entertain its convention. They explain that the convention headquarters will have to be in some hotel, and it may just as well be the hotel in which their listener is interested.

"The hotel magnate gets enthusiastic over the double prospect of benefiting our city and at the same time filling up his house with four guests in every room. He talks to the other chamber of commerce directors, with the result that the Promethean delegation goes to Atlantic City with $2,000 in its pockets to spend in landing the convention, and the promise of $5,000 more for entertainment if their efforts are successful.

"They come back triumphant. But when their committee sits down to figure it out it is decided that at least $15,000 will be needed to handle the convention creditably. They come back on the chamber of commerce for it, but we have gone the limit. The only thing we can do is to give them a letter of indorsement and turn them loose on the public.

"Then the real struggle begins. Armed with the letter of indorsement, committees go after the money. First, the hotels are visited and shaken down for varying amounts, based on the number of their rooms. The restaurants come next; then the merchants generally. It is no use for a man, seeing a committee heading his way, to slip out the back door, because he will be visited until found and made to declare flat-footed whether he stands for progress and a subscription or is willing to be classed among the slackers and mossbacks. Eventually the money is raised.

"The time for the convention arrives. A full brass band is stationed at the union depot, playing lively music as each train rolls in. Members of the reception committee wearing cordially worded badges greet the delegates as they arrive, and bundle them into waiting automobiles which have been loaned for the occasion by citizens. Taxicab drivers look on disagreeably and remark to each other that no other city in the country would pull off a cheap stunt like that.

"The town is all dressed up for the occasion. A little welcoming pennant hangs from every trolley cross wire, and all the store windows in the downtown district display elaborate signs lettered in sentiments of hearty greeting. The lobby of the headquarters hotel is a crowded mass of delegates from every part of the country, each man wearing a hatband lettered with the name of his home town, and a badge on his breast inscribed with his own name so that he may be welcomed without the formality of an introduction.

"The mayor makes a speech at the opening session of the convention. He tells them all about our natural advantages, how many railroads we have, how much our annual bank clearings are, and that a welcoming hand is always extended to strangers who are thinking of establishing industries in our city.

"Instead of 10,000 delegates being in attendance, about 3,000 actually appear which is as many as the experienced expected. These 3,000 are given a banquet, a barbecue, an automobile ride to all points of interest, and a book of coupons good for free rides on the street cars. The $15,000 disappears like chaff before the wind.

Advertise Their Home Towns

"BUT instead of being impressed by the hospitality and talking about coming to locate factories among us the delegates persist in advertising their own home towns. Groups of them can be seen at any time congregating in hotel lobbies to let out fierce yells or sing songs in praise of Dallas, Spokane or Atlanta. There are booths everywhere with workers in attendance to give out information, souvenirs and literature of Buffalo, Birmingham, Duluth or San Diego. El Paso delegates mounted on burros stage a solemn parade through the convention hotel lobby. A citizen of Norfolk stands on a table to tell everyone that his city has the finest harbor in the world and that his hearers had better hurry up and move to Norfolk if they want to get in line with progress. New Orleans rents a hall and maintains a free motion picture show to visualize the attractions of Canal street and the old French Quarter. San Antonio gives away more than $600 worth of paper weights made in reproduction of the Alamo.

"The delegates are kept so busy that they don't get round to spend much money with the merchants. Two or three of the downtown hotels are crowded, but the others have rooms to spare. The managers regret that they had been so optimistic as to put cards in all their rooms a week before, asking traveling men to vacate in time for the convention. No real estate dealer reports the sale of a factory site to a stranger. The convention is an artistic success but a financial failure."

The same rules apply to smaller gatherings as to the big national affairs. Many towns that cannot afford to go after big league events make a specialty of state conventions. A state convention of druggists, for instance, is to be held. Two or three drug men in some small city make up their minds that it would be a good thing to entertain their fellow craftsmen. They are members of the local chamber of commerce and naturally go to that body for assistance. Because of their membership it is difficult to refuse them, and so the chamber backs them up to the extent of a few hundred dollars.

It is believed that a thousand druggists and their wives will attend, but at the last minute many find it impossible to leave home, and so only a handful, perhaps 200 in all, appear. The hotels and restaurants do some business, but practically no other lines are benefited. The visitors are shown a pleasant time, but no one decides to come to the city to live, because all his interests are bound up in his home town. They do not patronize the merchants much, because everyone feels a loyalty to his brother storekeepers back home.

The annual convention of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association is considered one of the most desirable affairs held in the Southwest. Every year the larger cities of Texas and Oklahoma compete for the privilege of entertaining the cattle raisers. It has been no unusual thing for a city to spend $25,000 in getting it.

Formerly, this convention brought real money to town. Many cattlemen would bring their families and buy merchandise to last the year. Merchants stocked up with the most expensive goods against the coming of the cattlemen and their families. Diamond dealers from other cities rented rooms to display platinum and diamond jewelry.

But of late years business at the cattlemen's convention has not been so good. The cattlemen were more prosperous than ever, but the convention city's bank clearings invariably showed a smaller increase during the week than had been the case in former years. A certain chamber of commerce secretary made an exhaustive investigation to learn the cause of the decline, and his report should interest business men everywhere, because conditions are approximately the same in all sections of the country.

"Cattlemen and other country dwellers are spending more money than they ever did," this secretary reported to his board of directors, "but they are not spending it so freely at their conventions nor in the large cities generally. The small towns are getting a greater share of it than in former years.

"This condition, as I understand it, is due largely to good roads and automobiles. Years ago the family that lived 10 miles from town was distinctly out in the country. It was somewhat of an event to go to town. The team that made the trip was taken off farm work the day before to rest up for the journey, and an early start was made to get back by chore time. The excursion took four hours of driving.

"Under these conditions the family did not go to town often, and so did not get in the habit of buying from their small-town merchants. It was almost as easy and much more attractive to wait until they went to the big city to do their buying all at once.

The Giving Away of Booklets

"BUT when the family got an automobile the 10-mile trip to their village and back was nothing. When any small thing was needed someone would jump into the machine and be home again in an hour and a half. After the chores were done in the evening everyone would get into the car and go to town for a picture show.

"And the fact that the countryman saw his small-town merchant oftener made it more natural to do business with him. When the wife wanted a tailor-made suit or the daughter a wrist watch they gave a local storekeeper a chance to make the sale instead of passing him by in favor of the big-city establishment. The increased business in turn made it possible for the small-town dealer to carry more up-to-date merchandise. He stocked nationally advertised goods. His store changed; he put in a plate-glass front with marble trimmings, and varied his window displays twice a week. He is not a country storekeeper any more, but a merchant.

"No one who has traveled among the small towns can fail to appreciate the change that has come over the retail stores in those places. Small-town and country people are patronizing their local business men. And this, as I understand it, is the reason the cattlemen's convention is not so desirable as formerly. It is still a most desirable affair, but certainly not worth spending so much money to get as has been the custom."

One convention extravagance that will stand correcting is the promiscuous giving away of booklets. No matter how small the city, it has its boosting booklet, printed on fine enameled paper and the half-tone illustrations all framed artistically with handmade drawings. The sky line of Main street is shown at two different angles from the First National Bank corner. The new courthouse, decisively stated to be the finest in that part of the state, is shown, as well as the M. R. & S. passenger depot. The leading hotel occupies a full page, not exactly an advertisement, but unable to restrain giving the information that it is newly furnished throughout and that its rates are $1.50 upward, European plan. Several private residences are illustrated, to give casual readers an idea of the type of homes prevailing in the city.

"Newcomers" in Towns Blamed

IT IS no one's business to know just how much it cost the owners of the private residences to get into the book, nor what the leading hotel contributed; but someone had to pay the bills, and it costs about 25 cents apiece to manufacture such booklets. Did you ever attend a convention and see what becomes of such publications? They are thrust into the hands of the delegate from every angle. They are in his room when the bell boy first shows him up and asks self-consciously if there isn't anything more that he wishes; the check girl hands them out to him with his hat when he comes out of the dining room; in the convention hall they are on every seat, and piles of them are at the door for free distribution. From the booths round the hotel lobby booklets are pressed on the delegate with such insistence that he just can't help filling his side pockets several times a day.

At a small convention recently attended by the writer, where there were fewer than 200 delegates, one ambitious community sent a thousand elaborate booklets for distribution—at least two hundred and fifty dollars' worth. It is estimated that about one out of 20 booklets thus distributed is actually carried home. The rest are disposed of as decently as possible after the delegate is out of sight of the giver. On the basis of one in 20, therefore, it costs $5 to get a man to read a booklet and carry it home.

The convention manager of a Pacific Coast city blames the newcomers for the high costs. "The prices

(Concluded on page 13)

Blind Man Leads Blind Through Braille Bible

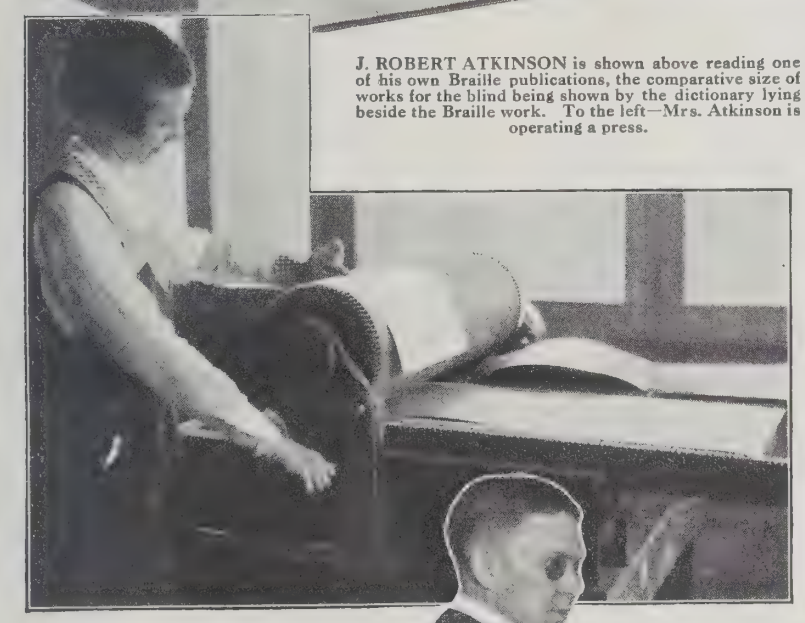
California Publisher Helps Vision of Those Who See With Their Fingers

By HENRIETTE BOECKMANN

BECAUSE he himself is blind, J. Robert Atkinson resolved to do all in his power to lessen the darkness of his sightless comrades. This he is now accomplishing as a publisher for the blind in a chalet-type house situated in a pretty part of Los Angeles' residential section. This establishment, known as the Universal Braille Press, has already supplied many of this country's 75,000 blind people with literature that serves to free them from constant contemplation of their affliction. Recently, this blind publisher for the blind was elected a trustee of the American Foundation for the Blind with headquarters in Washington, D. C., a newly incorporated organization whose primary object is to aid all activities for the blind.

At present Mr. Atkinson is chiefly concerned with the publication of the Bible in the newly adopted Revised Braille, Grade One and a Half, which has been found to be the easiest reading form of embossed lettering for those who must use the ball of the finger for sight. The size of this undertaking is not readily comprehended by those not familiar with the books of the blind, but until the task is accomplished the blind of our schools for the sightless, including our war-blinded soldiers, will have no direct access to the Bible because there are no Bibles embossed in the Revised Braille which is now taught in all of these institutions.





J. ROBERT ATKINSON is shown above reading one of his own Braille publications, the comparative size of works for the blind being shown by the dictionary lying beside the Braille work. To the left—Mrs. Atkinson is operating a press.

This Bible for the blind will contain 20 volumes, the first of which has been embossed. This first volume contains only "The Acts," "Romans" and the two epistles of the "Corinthians," and yet its size is greater than that of Webster's New International Dictionary! With 135 pages, each thirteen and a half inches square, it weighs five and a half pounds and is three inches thick.

There will be 2,600 pages in the completed Bible with 4 volumes in the New Testament and 16 in the Old Testament, each volume varying from 80 to 150 pages in length and all being thirteen and a half inches square. While the cost will be about $50 for the 20 volumes, it will be given away free or loaned to those who cannot pay all or a portion of the cost price. With the financial aid of interested benefactors, it is the hope of the publisher that the Bible will be completed before the end of the year. The Bible which is now available in the old embossed types, is likely soon to be relegated to the shelf, as the old system of sightless reading is replaced by the new.

At no time will a price be placed on the Bible above the actual cost of the printing and binding, the brass plates having been provided for by a fund contributed for that purpose.

"There are today," said Mr. Atkinson, "only a few institutions in this country engaged in printing for the blind, and these have been compelled, in almost every instance, to establish their own precedents. Their limited financial ability has compelled them to install the crudest of machinery. This is the principal reason why embossed books for the blind have been in some instances in the past so crudely prepared that the average man or woman encouraged to learn tactile reading has been discouraged at the outset. Through several years of experience as a reader of embossed books for the blind in the various types, and through observation, I became aware of these conditions."

The chapter and verse on each Brailled Bible page are placed at the bottom, allowing a reference to be found by merely opening the volume. This means an elimination of much of the wear on the raised lettering as the arm of the reader moves across it. Another convenience conceived by the blind embosser is the placing of the verse numbers in the right-hand margin at the end of the Braille lines wherein the verses begin. This, in comparison to the old method, will amount to a conservation of 125 pages in the completed series of Braille Bible volumes.

The stereotype plate-making machine is the invention of the blind manager of the Universal Braille Press who manipulates the six keys to form the raised letters on the brass plates, the initial step in Braille printing processes. Due to the fact that the plate-making machine on the market was unsuited to the needs of a blind embosser, Mr. Atkinson applied his inventiveness to evolving a machine.

"When asked to publish the Bible in Revised Braille," said the blind publisher, "I consented, not fully realizing what a tremendous work, under the existing paraphernalia for Braille printing, I was undertaking. I learned among the very first things, that the Braille stereotype plate-making machines manufactured in this country had never given satisfaction, and they were wholly inadequate."

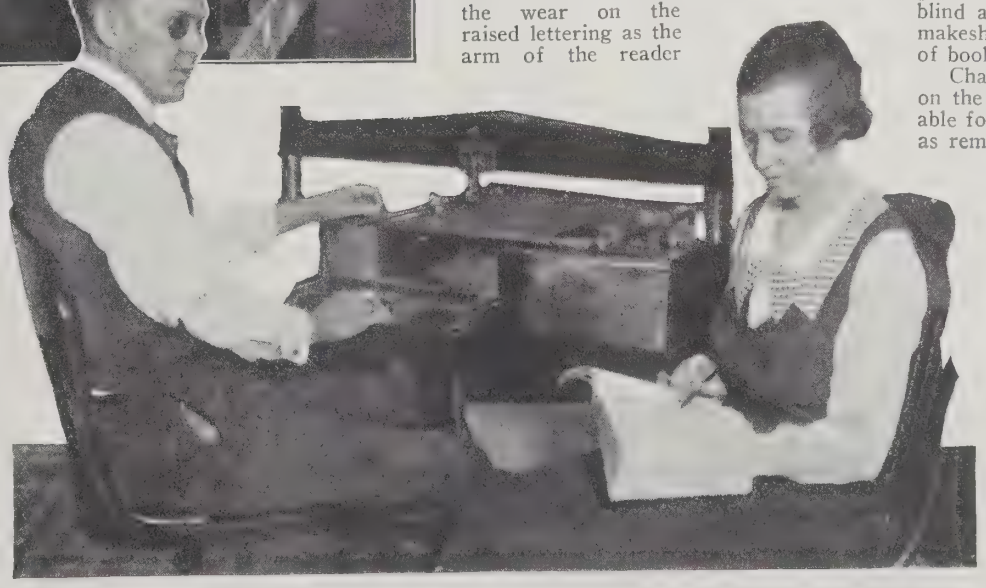
The improved plate-making machine weighs nearly 600 pounds and is designed to accommodate any size of type or plate apt to be used, the plate, during process of embossing, resting in a horizontal position. It is equipped for operation electrically or with foot-power, with a cam motion. The keyboard, composed of six keys as in a Braille typewriter, is six inches lower than the table-like top of the machine upon which the brass plates rest and slide across in the process of embossing, making it about 28 inches from the floor, which is the regulation height for typewriter stands and allows the operator to retain an upright position when at work.

Whereas the ordinary stereotype plate-making machine is furnished with but one-size type, this machine allows for five different type-sizes as well as five different line and letter spacings, the changing from one size to another being controlled by a simple adjustment. All this is important since it allows for the desirable difference in type size as when in publishing a technical work the type might be small since the reader would peruse the work slowly, whereas in a novel in Braille, the type would be larger, allowing quicker headway.

When a mistake is made by a key wrongly struck, thus producing an extra dot, it is easily corrected without removing the plate by means of a little anvil, together with a small punch and hammer attached to the machine, all of which constitute a noteworthy saving in time.

His fingers ably guiding keys and plate alike, the blind publisher sits at this plate-making machine with his wife dictating to him. So he will make plate after plate of the 2,600 required for the completed Bible. The combined weight of the brass plates for the complete Bible will be 1,500 pounds. Across the hall is the hand press used for proofs for the finished plates. Mrs. Atkinson runs this press and also reads proof. The first volume of the Bible as well as much other literature was printed on this hand press, but now through the subscription of funds, a Colts Armory Platen Press, 14 by 22 inches, has been added to the equipment.

There is little incentive to invent standard machinery for the printing of Braille since there is small demand for such gear. State schools for the blind are generally forced to makeshifts in the embossing of books.



Mrs. Atkinson dictating while her husband operates the stereotype plate-making machine he designed to emboss tablets with revised Braille lettering.

Changes have been made on the press to make it suitable for Braille printing, such as removing the ink arrangement and adding a special plate on the bed of the press to accommodate two embossed plates, thereby supplying a capacity for two printed impressions with every operation of the platen.

A primitive method is necessary because of poor housing facilities. The sheets of paper before receiving the embossed lettering must be wet down, six sheets at a time, until many thousands are dampened with the garden-hose out in the back yard. After remaining overnight these must be placed in the press and upon being taken out each newly Brailled sheet is carefully dried. It is planned to turn out 100 volumes at a run as soon as sufficient paper has been obtained. Only a dozen of the first volumes of the Bible have been made to date on the new press. The work must move

(*Concluded on page 15*)

The Women Who Introduce the Paris Modes

How "Paris Frock" Is Brought Out in Famous Ateliers of French Capital

By LEONORA RAINES

IN AUGUST, 1914, women the world over were anxious to know if sartorial Paris would rise above the tragedy. With Frenchmen—who play such an important part in the making of modes—called to arms, with America, the best client, cut off by a mined ocean, with native women unable to invest, the prospect was black. Europe takes a long shot at French styles and is never of much consideration. With war separating the countries, it was no great loss, but America—that was another story.

Buyers had arrived for the show of frocks, and to them the *couturiers* sold out en masse. The season was doomed, and the merchant took what he could get for the collection. Parisians, during the four years following, had a hard time fighting against going to the wall, for by 1918 the over-sea commissioner had become almost unknown.

Bickering and fighting among the dressmakers followed an institution of what was called the "Syndicate to Protect French Fashions." A half-dozen houses instigated the alliance, and united to oust foreign houses. Lists were made of the native firms and the *soi-disant* foreign firms—to be handed buyers. The scheme was not practical, for it undertook to dictate to commissioners where to order and where not to order.

The American swallowed a few do's and don't's, then said he'd "be damned if he would," and it was the damn that ended the syndicates. As soon as houses understood that buyers were threatening to return home without spending a sou, they began to suffer with what is known as *"pieds frappés."* The first of February, 1916, saw nearly all members of the company withdrawing. The organization smothered, the *couturiers* pulled together again and it was the renewed union that saved Paris.

Last to Adopt Tailor-made

ALL the big houses remained open and turned off but few hands. Worth, who installed an ambulance in the same Rue de la Paix establishment in 1870, turned his top floor into a hospital in 1915. Had the firms closed even temporarily, their future would have been doubtful, and the masters realized this. In deep water, they just swam along lightly, and though it was a life-and-death stroke, they managed to keep their heads above.

Those difficult times passed, the Paris dressmaker's *métier* has more teeth in it than ever. It grows, for fresh recruits are ever making the list longer. Little firms that spring up overnight with no heed to dull season or fickle clientage, are naturally crushed in due time. What is curious is that firms that were prominent 25 years ago are in the front row today. The chiefs may have passed away, but those who inherited or bought the business had discretion enough to carry on old traditions.

Until 1900, Paris was known for creations of flimsy, filmy robes, and the workers were French. When tailored suits, introduced by the English mantua-maker, Mamby, began to occupy an important place in wardrobes, foreign cutters found the road to the French capital. London had already launched the cut and demonstrated its trimness, then Vienna took up the idea and did big things, making the severe lines more adaptable to the curves of the feminine form. Paris was the last to adopt the tailor-made.

Becoming the hub for dress, English, Austrian, Italian and German hands crowded into Paris, to assist in turning out the wonderful man-cut suit for women. They all felt it had come to stay. There seemed no barring the foreign labor. In sooth, the French were pleased to have it, for their fingers have no patience for ironing flat seams and for machine stitching required for tailored costumes, and since the newcomer assisted in rounding off the market and centralizing the wardrobe, he was a welcome invader.

How the Places Are Fitted Out

IN TIME all the houses combined tailor-mades with fancy creations. Some old firms stood aloof a long while. *Ateliers* had to be equipped and enlarged, more hands engaged if the tailors were annexed. For many years the tailor department has occupied an important floor in establishments. Drecoll came from Vienna in 1900 and tried to make tailored suits and nothing else, but he had to fit out rooms for afternoon and evening things. Lanvin wanted to occupy herself with only silks and mousselines, but soon found that a one-sided establishment had no future, and when she moved into the new place on the rue St. Honoré, converted one floor into a tailoring department.

In the old days the houses used to center about the Rue de la Paix and Place Vendome, where rents have always been enormous and space contracted. The historic houses are picturesquely constructed, much room given to palatial staircases which are an accompaniment to Place Vendome. After the Exposition of 1900, when trade began to spread, heads of new firms found rooms in other parts of the city. Poiret and Bulloz were the first to get near the Etoile. The Rue de Rivoli, looked upon as the street for imitation jewelry, was adopted by Redfern, and later by Vionnet.

When it comes to *décor*, all the houses resemble each other more or less. They are Frenchily furnished, which indicates that chairs, sofas and tables are pretty, but rather gorgeous and tawdry. Callot's is a trifle more serious, perhaps, because completed during the war. Chenal's is young and giddy, and the tiny boudoir is indeed dainty, with walls massed in taffetas. Lucile's rooms are copies of Watteau interiors. Bernard shows Wallan influence, since Bernard himself is Belgian.

Madeleine and Madeleine took over the house occupied by James Gordon Bennett during his sojourn in Paris, and the rooms are youthful and frivolous in their brocade and satin setting. Jenny's is refined to the point of drabness. The walls are in pearl, the rugs stone color, the chandeliers suggest icicles when lighted and the light reflected in the prisms. Go to Poiret's a rainy day, and the dark hangings make you think you're in a cavern, the stalactites and stalagmites meeting and embracing in the gloom. On a sunny afternoon, the colors flush with light, and become as those of Aladdin's lamp—with a mist to check the wholesomeness of the scene.

The houses have spring and autumn openings during the same week. There is not a marked diversity in the number of models or mannequins. To the uninitiated the establishments may appear to resemble each other in personality, but each is unlike its competitor. While there is not open hostility, certainly the heads do not fall on each other's necks when they meet. They are all informed what the other is launching, how many orders the "big fish" leave.

Though women were powers behind the masters almost from the first successes of the Paris houses in designing, originating and carrying on the material part of the business, their names never appeared with that of their husbands or partners. Jeannie Hallé was the first to branch out and give her name to her firm. She was followed by Jeanne Lanvin. Then Gabrielle Chenal joined the women ranks, also Madeleine Vionnet. With Madeleine and Madeleine, the Paris *couturière* is well represented.

Women have had a decided stimulus on the *métier*. They are fussy, they manage to be "everywhere at the same time." Their intuition tells them whom to trust, whom not to trust. They are right behind the hands that lag, they carry in memory the addresses and bills of clients. The *couturières* are none too obliging, especially in their dealings with other women. They are quite independent, and their wares are for you to accept or ignore, just as you wish. The *couturiers* are far more agreeable and accommodating.

Worth, the oldest firm, came into prominence through making court robes for English drawing-rooms. The father of the present head was a Welshman, married to a French dressmaker. Young Mr. Worth took an interest in his wife's business. He had an eye for colors, he adored rich trimmings, and he helped group effects. With his touches, Madame's frocks were charming, and the pair were launched by an Englishwoman who liked the tiny shop and wished to encourage a compatriot.

First Worth Creation a Success

THE first Worth garment was a success, and the Englishwoman recommended her friends who took to ordering their clothes there. Queen Victoria had not long ascended the throne, there were Presentations every week, and the Welshman's hand soon became famous. To this day, Worth's clientele, the greater part, is foreign, just as is the clientele of the other houses. The heads make sufficient at the beginning of each season to regulate actual expenses of the year, and home orders represent the profit.

Jeanne Lanvin, who gained renown for dressing children, was induced to design for grown-up girls. Debutantes like her as well as other houses, for where is the Paris *couturier* who does not draw and sew for youth? The woman over 30 does not exist. Designers wish to make all snippy and curveless, consequently their creations are schoolgirlish and sexless. Cubists they are, banded to suppress nature and exaggerate skinniness.

Very commercial the dressmakers are. They make dividends on material, on agencies, and are not above taking profits on articles in the way of bags, boudoir trimmings, lingerie, peltry, and so on. Entering some places you pass through a sort of store—although the heads would be scandalized to call it such—where headdress, perfumery, hosiery, and so on, are displayed. When visitors get by the lacy things thrown innocently about, they turn to glance about, and a *vendeuse* who just happens along, saunters over and holds up the object for closer inspection. The things are bewildering, and few women get off without buying.

The American commissioner is there before the show opens in August and February. He hovers over Paris a fortnight, and when he leaves, the houses flop and take the first breath they have had for weeks. The importers get behind their commands, and during those tempestuous days, embroiderers, cutters, fitters, trimmers, slave day and night. The frocks are finished regulation size, that worn by the mannequins. If each had to be cut on varied measurements, labor would consume double the time. As the garment has to be copied in America, proportions are worked out on this side. Parisians do not order clothes till the season is well advanced.

Two hundred pieces, tailors, afternoon, evening, *négligé*, were in former times shown, but since the war Callot has added to her number. The buyers are wilted enough after the collection has been passed; in fact, the senses begin to grow dizzy after that first hundred, but the *couturière* thinks it to her interest to dazzle and keep on dazzling. Out of the number, there are far more failures than successes. The first hour stamps the longevity of a garment, and the deadheads are massed together, sometimes made over, or cast aside. The successes, probably 20 in all, are shown the private clientele which comes when things have quieted down.

The houses drip with red tape. The first days of opening, every one is more or less a spy suspect. The masters fear someone may creep in to steal ideas and give them to smaller firms, or, worse still, get the novelties across the Atlantic, for the American designer and dressmaker are their greatest rival and menace. Every man or woman entering to view the parade in the early days must be known and vouched for. Each chair has its name on the list, reserved in advance, and each chair is supposed to bring in returns.

The *vendeuse* makes it convenient to cast her eye over the paper in the hands of the commissioner and fashion correspondent (the latter by special grace allowed to enter the chosen assembly), and stand guard that no pictures or designs fall into the notebook. When the big orders have been taken, surveillance relaxes. The *courtisanes*—what is left of them—soon begin to appear on the scene. They were becoming scarce before the war, and since 1914.

Up to 20 years ago, the women were a power in Paris and lorded it over trade. It was they who started the big dressmakers on their road to fortune, not only by giving orders, but by advertising clothes, for anything on the women who were launched because of their *chic*, shone.

All Dislike Paul Poiret

NATIVE and foreign residents return from the Riviera about a month after the openings, and they keep the *couturier* occupied in a mild way the rest of the season. Some of the young women of the old nobility are clients of the Place Vendome and Rue de la Paix establishments, but while many of the foreign colonies invest in clothes there, comparatively few of the French have means enough to follow and indulge in fashions of the high-mark firms. Paris is full of *nouveau riche* and *nouveau pauvre*, and the former, who does most of her shopping near Place Vendome, is not representative as to manner or decorum.

To a great extent the *couturiers* copy each other, but conservatives balk if one goes beyond the limit for something original. They all have it in for Paul Poiret, though they bow to his master mind. They say he is dragging their calling in the mire, but sooner or later, they adopt his ideas. Poiret's "sick imagination" as they title it, was the forerunner of cubist painting, or at least the public knew of such effects through clothes before painters gave publicity to canvases. When Poiret began to view things from a crooked perspective, artists fell in line, and at Salon Vernissage—where new paintings are exhibited—Poiret is sure to be an interested and sympathetic spectator.

Poiret was the real inventor of camouflage, though his creations represented effects that squared instead of the military ones that rippled. His salons—in mirky gray, sickly green, dusky rose, would give one the grouches if one ran into them haphazardly. The master knows what will happen, so he dopes his guests as they enter. Concealed pagodas of incense are everywhere, and the newcomer drinks in the musky air without being conscious of it. As a result, the colors appear as part of the atmosphere. Pretty soon the mannequins begin to gawk in, and their cadaverousness makes you feel you're looking at Egyptian mummies that have climbed from their cases and snatched on clothes.

Poiret abhors stays. His mannequins must have no indication of flesh, yet in spite of his emaciated "clothes horses," he wishes them to appear as women of the harem in flapper suggestion, the loose, uneven line being his favored. He so admires southern women that he has placed in the mannequins' dressing room boxes of that peculiar saffron powder which produces a jaundice complexion. It is he who introduced the lilac face lotion that gives the consumptive look, also it was Poiret who created green, purple and white wigs for young women.

Evolutions—Not Inventions

NEITHER the fashions of this *couturier* nor those of the others spring up overnight. They are evolutions rather than inventions, and there are numerous ways of preparing them. The *couturier* keeps the eye skinned for novelties. Master and employe are supposed to be busy, but if anything pretty and untried appears, saleswomen note it, and signal the boss. He walks in for a look, and if possible makes it convenient to see the coat or frock at every angle so he may work out proportions. At the next opening, it will be found among the original and exclusive styles launched by the firm.

This was the way with a little Texas gown that arrived in Paris one summer. The maker of it was unknown, the silk and findings all American, and the frock—which all told cost $25—had some new and attractive tricks of drapery and trimming. The head of the house was apparently admiring the silk and dyes, but in reality he was measuring the volants and taking in other details of the garment. Two months later, the dress was duplicated in the new collection, the price, $140.

When they draft models and prepare the assortment, the French have no other wearer than their own in mind, and that is why other Europeans do not accept the fashions not suited to them. Dresses issuing from the French *ateliers*, barring those copied from foreign clothes, are essentially French. The French do not

(Concluded on page 13)

America's Generosity Is Armenia's Only Hope

First Christian Nation in Danger of Being Blotted Off Globe;

Reduction of Relief Expenditures a Matter of Life and Death

NEAR East Relief includes in its field of operations Constantinople and the adjoining territory in European Turkey, Anatolia, Armenia, Cilicia, Kurdistan, Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, Persia and Transcaucasia (Russia), including Russian Armenia and Georgia, and is the only American relief agency now operating extensively in these areas. While relief has been given on the basis of greatest need to all dependent people of the Near East, the greater part of the work has been among the Armenians, Greeks, Syrians and Assyrians.

At least 1,000,000 people, chiefly Armenian and other exiled subject races, are living in the Near East today who would have perished had it not been for American relief.

The largest single unit of relief work done by Near East Relief has been in the portion of Transcaucasia known as Russian Armenia. Certainly 500,000 persons in this area a year ago were dependent upon relief. There is still urgent need for adult relief, but in keeping with the policy to confine work as far as possible to child welfare, and with the limitations of the budget, the committee is withdrawing wherever possible from adult relief. In Constantinople, however, there remain two large refugee camps, filled chiefly with women and children, and one large camp at Rodosto for Greek refugees, where the relief workers are helping with medical supplies.

Near East Relief maintains 38 hospitals and 59 clinics, and conducts or supervises other dispensary and sanitary work. Eighty-eight thousand four hundred one patients were recorded in the last completed monthly report.

No opportunity is lost to develop the largest possible measure of self-support in connection with all relief work. The people naturally are frugal, thrifty and eager for their industrial independence. Given a single year of peace, and the adult population would regain complete self-support. Industries of various types, adapted to the training of the men, women and children, are conducted at most of the relief stations. At Rodosto 5,000 refugees were established in farm lands and a large agricultural development is being organized in the Caucasus. The greatest need for industrial relief is in the Caucasus, but the whole economic life of the country is so disorganized, and tools and raw materials are so lacking, that the task is extremely difficult.

Near East Relief is conducting 124 orphanages, in which there are 64,107 children, and there are approximately 50,000 others, outside the orphanages, who are dependent for the necessities of life. It is impossible to estimate the other thousands of children who should be cared for. At Alexandropol alone, where there are 18,000 in Near East Relief orphanages, there are at least 20,000 additional children who are homeless.

The organization maintains a rigid economy of administration, both at home and overseas. All members of the governing Administration Committee overseas contribute their services without compensation. Compensation for full-time service of orphanage directors, doctors, nurses and other workers, is designed to cover only reasonable living expenses. No large salaries, either in America or overseas, are paid by Near East Relief. The economy of administration is due in large measure to the exceptional amount of volunteer unpaid service contributed, and by the free use of valuable land, buildings and other properties overseas.

AT THE foot of Mt. Ararat, scores of generations ago, Civilization was born. Today, on the tableland of Armenia, where first the rainbow of promise glimpsed eternal hope to all mankind, a Christian race is dying while Civilization looks on.

Sixteen centuries ago when the light of Christianity was flickering faintly in a pagan world, one nation dared the fires of persecution to acknowledge the Christ. Tried with fire and sword by Moslem and pagan to compel the acceptance of their doctrines, the Armenian remained true to the faith he had adopted in the world's darkest era.

Now in Christian Armenia alone the torch and the sword still spread death and destruction unchecked. War's cruelty goes on though the world is at peace.

And, tragic to relate, Armenia has fared worst of all in appeals to Christian America for aid.

The Jews have raised their $17,000,000 to care for Jews; the United States Government has sent $20,000,000 to care for Bolshevik Russians. But the Christians of Armenia are still murdered by the Turks and killed by Famine. Why are the Christian Armenians last to receive the help of the Christian world?

American aid has gone forth to China. Hindus and German children, Belgian babies and deported Jews, French orphans and famine-sufferers of India—these and many more have not appealed in vain to us for succor. Armenia remains.

Last year 140 Armenian villages, peopled by simple men and women, trained to the arts of peace and commerce, were destroyed. Men were herded into buildings and the torch applied. Women by the thousand met death and worse. Multitudes of little children were driven out on the hot sands to perish miserably.

A Country of Orphans

WHILE the despoiler still rides in the land, Armenia has become a country of orphans. Hunger and nakedness rule, and sickness stalks those who still evade those calls to destruction.

One hope only remains for the stricken country—the generous hand of America. Charity still can save the children from starvation. Care still may save the sick. Otherwise a brave nation will be wiped off the page of history in the world's most enlightened age!

So scant has been the response—the Christian response to the Christian appeal—that an order has been issued for the Near East Relief to reduce all life-saving work 25 per cent!

This sadly cruel order with so many human lives at stake caused the *Literary Digest* on April 15 to print a long editorial appeal setting forth the conditions in Armenia, laying stress on the peril, and appealing for aid. Analyzing the demand for a 25-per-cent cut in expenditures, the *Digest* said:

"Twenty-five children from every hundred now receiving care must be turned away. Among the many thousands whose wails of hunger and sickness and cold have not yet been answered, not one can be satisfied."

Succinctly telling the story of the stricken land are cablegrams which the periodical reproduces. Via Paris came this inquiry:

"Thousands of deportees filling Near East threshold, receiving crust of bread, hoping for summer peace. *Shall we push them off our doorstep?* Order of 25 per cent necessitates closing."

From Constantinople this came:

852 in One Hospital

"APPALLING increase of need for general relief throughout Anatolia Caucasus. Reduction in already inadequate appropriations cuts off multitudes who are hopeless without American aid."

And from the American Women's Hospital at Erivan:

> **"We have 852 cases in the hospital, and children dying in all corners of Erivan. All day long we can hear the wails and groans of little children outside the office buildings hoping we can and will pick them up. If the sun shines a little while they quiet down; when it rains they begin again. One day when the rain turned to snow it was awful to listen to them. The note of terror that came into the general wail was plainly perceptible upstairs, and I had the windows closed. They well know what a night in the snow would mean to them. We are picking them up as fast as possible, but it is fatal to crowd them to such a point that we would lose even those already in orphanage."**

Only a step away from the site of the Garden of Eden, Armenia is a land which should flow with milk and honey. But its inhabitants are starving. Children walk through muddy gutters seeking feverishly for orange peels, apple cores, or anything resembling food. The hand of the invader and the pillager has borne too heavily on the country for centuries for the natural fruitfulness of the land to do good.

The gentle pastures of Armenia should be filled with lowing herds of cattle, and its rocky fastnesses should be alive with sheep and goats. But of goatskins such as clad the ancient hunters, there are almost none; the wool of sheep in which the whole rest of the world is warmly clothed, Armenia must do without. Ragged children and their ill-clad elders sleep in doorways, in stables, anywhere. *The cast-off garments in American attics would clothe Armenia!*

For those *financially unable* to assist in feeding this starving people the advantage of *sending old clothing is urged.* From May 15 to June 15 has been designated as a period for the collection of clothes. Bundle days are to be held in some places, and those active in the relief work urge that clothes be sent to the nearest bundle station or forwarded to the main warehouse, Army Base, foot of Fifty-ninth street, Brooklyn, New York.

It would be possible to multiply indefinitely the instances of Armenian suffering but a few are sufficient for example:

From Alexandropol with the break-up of winter came terrible tales of the conditions in the mountain villages. A New York man who had returned from a five-day horseback ride said that in an area containing 20 villages with a population of more than 25,000 the foodstuffs were exhausted. The inhabitants in desperation were seeking to make bread substitutes from flax, chaff and sawdust. People were extracting indigestible material from old refuse and giving it to the children, because they felt they must fill them. Health conditions were critical, and gastric and intestinal troubles from malnutrition were general. A large percentage of the persons were victims of skin diseases. One-fourth of the adults were bedridden. *Only one in fifty of the inhabitants was normal.*

At that time it was reported that there were 1,500 orphans whose immediate removal to prevent death was necessary. That was weeks ago. Speculation regarding the fate of those 1,500 is needless. Even in the smallest villages the death rate among the children was 10 a week.

In several cases, there have come reliable reports of inhabitants, driven to the verge of madness by hunger, resorting to cannibalism.

Fate in America's Hands

TWO visits, four weeks apart, were made to a family in one little town. There were 15 in the family on the first visit. Three were surviving on the second. The case is not unusual.

Armenia's fate is in America's hands. The generosity which has fed the poverty-stricken and clothed the naked in every land, alone can save this dying people.

If the orphaned children go on to their miserable death, it will be the negligent, the unthinking, the tired, and those who do not care, who pronounce the awful doom. If cannibalism sweeps over the land where first a nation was baptized to Christianity, it will be Civilized America whose offense it is, rather than hunger-mad Armenia. If thousands more of those helpless victims of an undeserved fate perish miserably, it will be our crime.

For those who still remain, there is hope—

Send your money gifts in care of Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer, Room 1600, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Land of Real "Evangeline" a Somber One

"Cajuns," Descendants of Acadians, Linger in Louisiana Swamps

By HARRY E. BARNET

"Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion
List to the mournful tradition, still sung in the pines of the forest;
List to the tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy."

THE beautiful tragedy of "Evangeline" is 75 years old, and Longfellow's death occurred only 40 years ago. But already the clouds of myth, of rumor, and of inquiry, which literary research is always trying to pierce, have enveloped it with mystery as engrossing as that which surrounds the origin of literature centuries old.

Controversy, which began in the East, has waxed warm over the poem, whether its theme was one of fact or fancy. Strong support was given those who contended that "Evangeline" was only a poet's dream child, a delineation personifying the sorrows of the Acadians, to whom Longfellow had given the rhythmic name. Just as warm advocacy came for the contention that there once lived an Acadian woman, the prototype of "Evangeline," but that no person knows what her name actually was.

Hawthorne got the tale, so this story goes, from a minister, who in turn heard it from an old Nova Scotia woman. Hawthorne told the story to Longfellow who was entranced and asked whether the novelist intended to use it. Hawthorne's reported disavowal of the desire is credited by the believers in this tradition with having given the poet the masterpiece.

There is nothing mysterious in the real story of "Evangeline." It is a bit of romantic tragedy that actually grew out of the trust of a girl in a man. Longfellow picked up the facts, draped them with fancy and garnished them with imagination. His version has naturally enveloped the truth. The real story is not widely known, but down in New Orleans the old-timers can tell you in whimsical dialect and with vast pantomime the real story.

Stripped of its glamour, it is not a beautiful tragedy as Longfellow made it. But it is a tragedy all the same.

It is the story of Emmaline Labische, whose parents died in Acadia when she was a baby. The infant was taken into the home of an old farmer, and reared as a daughter. Louis Arceneaux was her sweetheart from childhood. When Emmaline was 16 their banns were published, and the date for the wedding set. Emmaline was not beautiful, but in St. Gabriel she was counted handsome. Her eyes were hazel, and her hair was a wavy dark-brown. She was slender and of attractive figure.

Before the wedding, came the scattering of the Acadians. Arceneaux resisted deportation, and was knocked down at Emmaline's feet. He was carried unconscious aboard ship, anchor was weighed, and a high wind soon drove the vessel away. From beginning to end of this enforced deportation Emmaline stood dazed and speechless. She watched the ship until it disappeared. Then she shrieked and swooned.

Emmaline and her foster-parents were landed in Maryland. After her grief subsided the girl showed her sorrow. She rejected other men, and changed, until, in the words of the old Acadians, "she looked more like an angel than she did a girl." Gradually, she ceased to be known as Emmaline, and was spoken of as "Evangeline," which means "God's little angel."

Three years after the colony had been landed in Maryland, the Acadians made their way to the Mississippi River, and floated to the Bayou Teche in Louisiana. The French Government gave them the territory for a new home. At the mouth of the bayou the "Evangeline" party were welcomed by former neighbors, who had preceded them. "Evangeline" walked by the side of her foster-mother when the party left their boats, and gave no indication of interest in what was going on. Suddenly she stopped, "as though she had seen a vision from heaven."

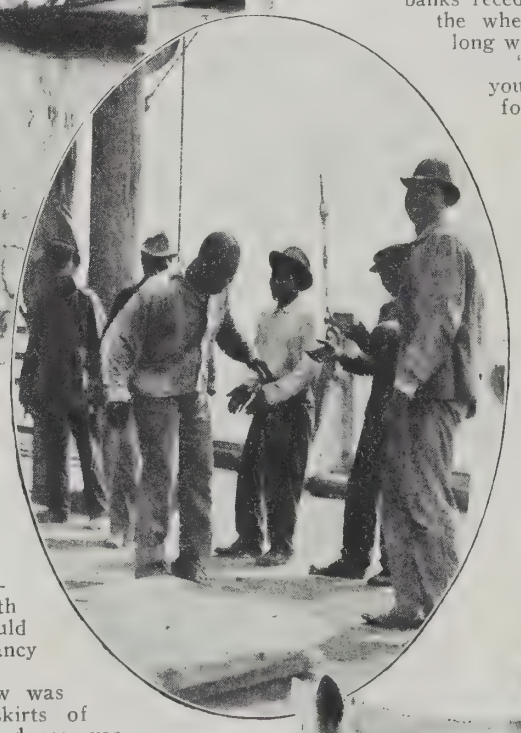
"It is he," she cried. "It is Louis."

She ran to a man lying beneath a tree. In her joy she had failed to notice that he made no answer as she asked him question after question. The color left his face. He turned his head, and moved aside. Then the girl realized his silence and his coldness. "Evangeline" nervously repledged her love. His lips quivered as he replied he had pledged himself to another, then turned and walked away. The girl trembled. Her hands became cold; a vacant expression came over her face, and into her eyes. "Evangeline's" reason departed.

The girl never recovered. Her foster-mother was the only person she recognized. Through the remainder of her life she imagined herself to be a girl of 16, about to marry Louis. She spent her days wandering along the Bayou Teche, gathering flowers, and petting the children. She brightened when the church bells rang, and relapsed into deep depression when they became silent. Weakness of mind was followed by weakness of body, and within a few years she died. She is buried at St. Martinsville. Louis married soon after "Evangeline's" arrival, and is said to have lived happily to a ripe old age.

Old-timers in New Orleans say Longfellow searched for material in Louisiana. He was lavishly entertained by grand dames and gentlemen of the old school. They unfolded to him their family histories, without doubt with the hope that the poet would spin a delicate web of fancy about them.





Above—Along the Teche. At the right—A not unusual sight between landings on the Mississippi.

One night Longfellow was entertained on the outskirts of New Orleans. While a dance was on, he slipped out unnoticed and sat beneath a great oak, listening to an old Acadian. In the moon rays, the huge tree, with its far-reaching limbs, cast weird shadows over the poet and his companion. In this setting the story of Emmaline Labische was retold.

"An', so, m'sieu," ended the story Longfellow heard, "for many a year God's little angel, she wander through the Eden of Louisiana, where the Teche nymph chose her playground."

Longfellow took up this simple story of a primitive, insane Acadian girl, and from it brought out the poem. "Gabriel" was named from the scene of its opening.

This, however, is not the end of the truth that lies behind "Evangeline," the poem, if you are of a mind to go adventuring over the trail of the girl through the swamps, along the fantastic waterways, and in the Bayou Teche country, northwest of New Orleans. There is more of the poem spread before your eyes by a body of yesterday's people who are alive today than is true, perhaps, of any other part of standard American literature. You begin to read your Longfellow in waters and environment and in your fellow voyagers when you arrive at the entrance to the Bayou Plaquemine, and go aboard the "Teche boat," a small and stoutly constructed craft that follows the route of "Evangeline."

This boat is very much of a family affair, where:

". . . . they who before were as strangers,
Become straightway as friends to each other."

Before the craft gets under way you are much at home. One evening a young moon hung over the bayou, and several homeward-bound old Acadian women were congregated before the pilot house. They were deep in the discussion of domestic affairs, when the eldest looked up. She stopped and engaged in finger pantomime.

"I was counting the days until the strong of the moon, m'sieu," she said. "I want to set my old hen when I get home. You know when the chickens are hatched during the weak moon they are not strong, and when they are hatched in the strong moon they are healthy and full of life. When I set my hens I always count the days until the full moon, so they will come then.

"And if a hen lays an egg on Good Friday," she went on, "that egg won't rot. I got one seven years ago, and it does not rot. It won't hatch, either."

"Them ol' 'Cajun' women, they'll tell you a lot if you listen to 'em," the boat's pilot remarked.

"Why do you call them 'Cajun'?" was the natural question.

"Easier'n sayin' Acadian, I guess," was the reply. "Same as Injun's easier t' say than Indian."

Bayou Plaquemine is a narrow stream that empties into the Mississippi River not far above New Orleans. The waters are swamp-fed and still; they also are as black as original sin. For hours the boat apparently glides over a lane of pitch, brightened with splashes of vivid water hyacinths. The boat's orchestra brings Negroes of all sizes tumbling out of shacks on the banks until it seems that they must pop up out of the ground; that no shack could hold so many Negroes without bursting wide open. At the frequent landings the Negroes dance on the shore.

All of this is a bit of relief, for "Evangeline" is a somber poem, and an equally somber reality. Around an abrupt turn the prow of the boat points to the country of the Attakapas. In places there is luxuriant wild growth, not unlike the appearance of the entire country when "Evangeline" floated through it, and shivered, perhaps, as she listened to the narrations of the ferocity of these Indians, who not long before had given up cannibalism.

There are bright spots along the bayou. The greater part of its length is well settled. Near the far end its banks recede, and the stream deepens. Back of the wheel of the steamboat the water is a long white swirl of froth on the black water.

"That's soapsuds," the pilot asserts, if you look gullible, "from the soap tree forests away back in the swamps."

Anything that has an appearance out of the ordinary is laid to the swamps; they are a mystery that always provides origins for disease, death and doubt. While the froth was caused by the wheel of the steamer churning the black water, yet it looked strange enough to give rise to a suggestion of uncanny sources.

At the bayou's end is River le Grande. Its waters are as brilliantly yellow as the bayou is glitteringly black. The former stream angles across the end of the bayou and its waters travel at high speed but the waters do not mingle. Into the "forest primeval," River le Grande carries the boat into the melancholy of the actual "Evangeline." Imagine, if you can, a



A rare type of "old-timer" and his mule come to town for the day.

world that is a swamp, uprearing a low, sullen growth that is topped by cypress trees, heavily draped with gray Spanish moss as if in eternal mourning for the little "Cajun" girl, Emmaline. This desolation is crossed by water lanes, and away from them there is only a rare glimpse of the sky through long garlands of growth. The air suggests fearful things lurking beneath pools of greenish water. The boat makes its way for hours through these paths, into which the cypress seems to reach and grasp.

At intervals, the sound of the whistle, thrown about by the trees, becomes like the myriad hoots of gigantic waterfowl. It is not far away from the incident of "Evangeline's" journey, when:

> ". . . . in his place at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
>
> And, as a signal sound, if others like them, peradventure
>
> Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
>
> Wild through the colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
>
> Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
>
> * * *
>
> And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence."

The most interesting of Longfellow's people are in these swamp lands, away from the water lanes. They are the descendants of timid Acadians, to whom the suffering of their forefathers took on a poignancy that gradually became fear of all people, except their own. The ancestors of the people you see there today located their homes in secluded spots where no one was likely to come across them.

These people make their living by fishing, cypress cutting and gathering Spanish moss. Civilization has no appeal for them. Their homes are furnished with the barest necessities, but the life they lead is that of a France that is past. The customs are those of the monarchy in the sixteenth century. At Population Bend, three families muster 67 "Cajuns," who stand on the bank and watch the boat glide by them. Some of these Acadians have features that gave rise to the tale that the climate of North America will, in a few centuries, change European features to those of Indians. These "Cajuns" are the descendants of early-day Acadians who married Choctaw squaws.





Above—The beauty of the Teche. Below—Evangeline's well at Grand Pre, Nova Scotia.

At the door of any of these hidden Acadian homes the mother welcomes you with a kiss. You must remember that your surroundings are something you are likely never to forget. Nine times out of ten, the little cabin is half in and half out of the water, and perched on the slippery mud bank at such an angle that it is forever threatening to slide wholly beneath the surface. Outside, in the yard afforded by a bit of dry land, the woodpile will give up scorpions a foot long, a deadly water moccasin, or a swamp rattlesnake or two. But these people of the swamps pay little attention to the reptiles.

While not over-sensitive, swamp "Cajuns" never forget nor forgive a refusal to eat with them. No man in his right mind would overlook such an opportunity. No colored mammy in New Orleans ever fed her "white folks" crayfish bisque that can equal the bisque that is served in these swamp homes. Yellow fried hominy, browned to the last turn, roast wild duck, and coffee, with which no other coffee can compare—the products are the last word in cooking.

From River le Grande, across Bay Natchez is a wide, shallow body of water, in which the only change, since "Evangeline" traversed it, is the marking of the channel by a series of poles set in the muddy bottom. In the marsh plains great droves of cattle were fattened. When the Mississippi levees broke, and floods came, the cattle were loaded on wide rafts, and taken to higher ground. They grew thin there on the rich grass, and only fattened again when they were returned to the swamps to browse on the foliage. Cattle raising, however, suffered through the bites of reptiles, and lately hogs have begun to replace the cattle. Hogs are immune to snake bites. Their only enemies are wild cats, which congregate on the edges of the hog ranches in great numbers.

In contrast to the width of Bay Natchez is the extreme narrowness of Little Goudels. Even on bright moonlight nights the searchlight of the boat must keep flashing across the water lane, because the trees cast dense shadows. Branches of the trees extend far out over the water, and tear and scratch at the boat like the claws of an army of infuriated wild cats.

The Lower Atchafalaya River is entered near the mouth of the Bayou Teche. At the meeting point of these two streams a little cape extends partially into each. On this cape is a small mound. On the top of it is a small cluster of live oaks. This is the spot where "Evangeline" saw "Gabriel," and where she lost her reason. It is a sacred bit of soil in Acadian history.

There is no more beautiful stream than the Bayou Teche, and a visitor must admit that the Teche and its country deserves its nickname of "Eden of Louisiana."

What Your Town Pays for Those Conventions

Concluded from page 8

of conventions would probably come down automatically if it were not for the new towns constantly getting into the game," said this man. "A community wakes up some morning to find that it has 15,000 population. It pinches itself to see if this is really true, and then begins to plan what it can do to prove itself a regular city. It will become a convention center. Of course, it is not strong enough to go after national affairs, but it will gather in all the state conventions.

"The chamber of commerce organizes a band of its livest wires into a Booster's Club. If it is a seaport town they dress in sailor clothes; if a mining town they fix up as miners with a kerosene lamp on each cap; if a cattle center they masquerade as cowboys. They have a song leader who composes a piece about the home town, and a yell leader who drills them in a unique way to make a noise. Such details being perfected they are ready for business. They have financed their preparations by a ministrel show at the opera house, at which the sale of tickets nearly paid the cost of the show. A good profit was made, however, by the advertising in the program at $50 a page. No advertiser expected any returns, but he was afraid to turn the committee down.

"A state convention is in progress somewhere and this Booster's Club suddenly descends upon it in full regalia, singing its song, shouting its yells, and giving away literature at every turn. It hands out souvenirs representing the home town grain elevator done in ivory-colored plaster of paris, and cigars with an embossed band showing the new Federal building. The convention would have been a dull affair without this unexpected pep, and so it is gratefully voted to hold the next gathering in the home of such a live-wire Booster's Club. The boys go back home exultant; they have put the old town on the map. For a long time whenever they meet each other on the street they stop to discuss how good they are. Other gatherings are obtained and for a few years the town revels in conventions. Then the citizens get tired of subscribing money, a new man is elected president of the chamber of commerce, the yell leader moves away, and the place ceases to be an active contender in the convention field. But another city takes its place, going through the same routine, so there is no slump in convention prices."

In the national field, too, it is the newcomer who keeps things stirred up. When a town gets into the hundred-thousand class it is most likely to sow its wild oats. At that size it feels itself to be a regular city. It builds a municipal auditorium; there is an exclusive ladies' ready-to-wear store; there is a hat-check girl at the principal hotel; the largest jewelry store carries a genuine pearl necklace in stock; business men eat luncheon downtown; the leading newspaper employs a cartoonist; merchants change their advertising copy every day.

Thus having attained man's stature the city in the hundred-thousand class looks round for a quick method of getting itself into the Who's Who of American Municipalities. What can be a more effective way than going after some of the big national conventions? It knows that it will have to pay a heavy price, but it is willing, because it realizes that any new business must spend more money on advertising than its older competitors until it gets itself established. And so it organizes a convention bureau in connection with its chamber of commerce, raises some money to finance it, hires an experienced secretary, and goes boldly out to bid for conventions in the open market.

Recently the representative of a small city laid a check for $100,000 on the desk of the presiding officer at a national convention as its offer for the next year's meeting. There was no such sum of money on deposit. The offer had been underwritten by several hundred men in the city and surrounding towns, who had agreed to put up certain amounts to make the check good in case the convention should be obtained.

The manager of the convention bureau in an important eastern city recently unbosomed himself to the writer. "For 15 years our city has been one of the big convention centers," said this man. "When anything good was on hand we went after it aggressively, and were not afraid to spend money.

"I know we have been paying too high a price all these years. Ours is a beautiful city and we are proud of it; but it is foolish to believe that a business man will fall over himself to come here and establish a factory because we took him on an automobile ride and showed him the fashionable residence section or filled his pockets with booklets descriptive of our public school system and the purity of our drinking water. Nine-tenths of the men who go to a convention are so tied up in business that they could not leave their home town and come to live with us, no matter how much they wanted to. And they come to boost their own town, not to admire ours.

"We are not sore on the convention business. On the contrary we want it just as badly as ever, but we are not going to pay exorbitant prices. In future we are going to spend $1 on each delegate if it is a state convention, and up to $5 if it is a national affair.

"The immediate cash results of a convention to our business men do not amount to much. An excursion from our trade territory will produce more actual buying of merchandise than several conventions.

"I look on conventions as cumulative advertising, rather than a means of present profit. If a man comes to our city and we show him a pleasant time he will always speak a good word for us. And a city needs to do good-will advertising just as much as a business firm. But it wants to keep that in mind when it goes in for a convention, and not be led astray by hopes of immediate returns."

The Women Who Introduce the Paris Modes

Concluded from page 10

attempt to develop a nationality in dress, such as the American dressmaker or tailor does. If clients like what is spread before them, the clothes are theirs. If not, *tant pis!* The garments do not suffer change, and the makers are clever enough to know that once a dress begins to be altered or doctored, *cachet* disappears.

The best designers are employed by the year at the big houses. Some make a living by going it independent. Some work out their ideas not with paper and pencil, but with crinoline, and when the material drapes to please, they ring in the color scheme by dabbing dyed water on the goods. The designers embrace all ages. Very young men are in the field, and their work is daring and risqué. Women largely compose the number, elderly spinsters whose shabby dress and straggly hair would hardly suggest a love for the beautiful and an alertness in outline.

Six months prior to a coming season, the leaders of houses confab—dyers, silk men from Lyons, milliners, dressmakers, and so on, to discuss the size and form of hats, novelties in dress trimming, jet, passementerie, braid—for the dyer must get points in advance of others, and the meet is for him principally. He submits mixtures that have been evolving. If the dyes he suggests have not been exploited for many seasons, if they are attractive and will work into the new silks and stuffs, then his colors become an accepted fact.

Paris has learned that it will not do to run a wild schedule. Colors and fabrics, therefore, are voted long, long before the season opens, but fashions in cuts and detail only begin to be settled in June and December for the August and February openings. As there is almost no business in the dead season, all hands are called in to help with the new clothes.

Speak Only Own Language

VERY few masters or mistresses of establishments speak any language other than their own. Worth and his nephews, who lived long in England, speak English without an accent, likewise Poiret. Mr. Wagner, of Drecoll, knows English, and Mr. Porter, of Redfern, is English. The heads are calm and dignified, unruffled at the clatter that goes on not only in the *atelier*, but in the *salon* in rush season. The confusion and hurry seem a part of the show. *Vendeuses* address each other in a high key, messengers bang doors, and apprentices run madly through the rooms.

Doeuillet is a temperamental sort of man who gets quite excited as he talks of the possibilities of a dress, and becomes wrought up with the mannequins when they are slow changing costumes. Patou is calm enough till he begins to place colors together, then his whole being fires up. He bangs bolts of goods aside that do not please him, he gets in a temper when colors fight each other, but when the problem begins to work out and the dyes to melt into each other, he smiles amiably to all about him.

Monsieur Fritz, of Bernard, appears to fall asleep when everything is in commotion; when buyers are crossing their hearts that if orders are not completed in four days they will be turned down, when *vendeuses* and mannequins are making for each other's eyes, he stands back to the wall, eyes closed, and features relaxed. He is thinking hard and planning close.

Jenny, who in private life is Madame Sacredot, is probably the only religious member of the sartorial band. Madame is deeply pious and looks it. She speaks softly and slowly, she generally dresses in black, and her face is the face of a Madonna. This dressmaker attends mass every morning no matter what the weather, and when her girls have a moment off, they are embroidering vestments for the altar. At the Sacredot villa in the country, one of the richest and most finished corners is the chapel. During vacation weeks, many of the clergy are guests of M. and Mme. Sacredot.

Doucet might be termed the classic member of the group. Only the highest culture satisfies him, and only *élite* objects surround him. His home, in one of the most exclusive quarters of Paris on the rue Spontini, is one of the most refined. Monsieur has always been a student.

Scarlet Tie, Green Vest

PARIS *couturiers* are not only well groomed and dressed, but have great charm and polish of manner. Doucet, Wagner, Doeuillet, any of these, is admired because he knows how to dress. Poiret resembles his creations at long range. He is foreign in air, though just what country he represents is not divulged. He may wear a scarlet tie, a green brocade vest, brown and white trousers, orange gaiters, yet be nothing but mysterious and picturesque.

The women dressmakers are not characterized either by elegance or *cachet*. They belong to workers who, making other women smart, do not cultivate their own loveliness. During the most successful season the *couturières* are most dowdy. There are exceptions to the rule, and Mme. Paquin and Mlle. Vionnet are so chic they make amends for those that are not. Mme. Paquin loves finery and enhances any of her own creations. Her white hair makes her very aristocratic, and her ruddy coloring blends in with any shade of goods. Vionnet is quite smart, Chenal very *Parisienne*, these two latter being the youngest and sprightliest of the lot. Both wear their own modes, and at the races are among the stylish women present.

Jeanne Lanvin and her sister are like Irish women of old engravings, of a day when a fine suit of hair was considered a crown of glory. Both women are blondish, with big plaits of reddish fluffy hair coiled loosely about the head in the old-fashioned way. The sisters insist on wearing styles of other days rather than those *au courant*. They are fond of ruffles, of baggy sleeves, of soft lace about the throat, and in clinging to the past, show that they can rise superior to the law they lay down for other women.

Jenny, one of the youngest of the bunch, is quite *dame* no matter what her costume, but she does not take much interest in what she wears, though her saleswomen and mannequins are noted for their lovely clothes. The lamented Mme. Lefranc, who designed and helped make Premet famous, enjoyed being in beautiful things, though like many of the smart *Parisiennes*, she had a penchant for black, and satin was her costume for winter, taffetas for summer. Her skirt always hung in soft plaits and it was she who in old days designed trains, then showed her clients how to lift the long dress and hold it with one hand. Had it not been for lessons of Mme. Lefranc, trailing robes would have had far less importance.

The poorest dressed mannequin easily outshines her employer. The young thing puts all she makes and a deal more on her back. Apparently, none of the *couturières* have the sums to spend on clothes the mannequin has. The girl is a butterfly and butterflies must fly in sunshine and sport lovely raiment, else they will fall to mediocre, and the mannequins, who are not famous for intellectual equipment, appreciate the fact that their faces are their fortunes and so give the face the best setting they can.

Margot, the most celebrated of them all, died a few months ago. Margot launched not only clothes, but headdress. It was she who persisted in the mountain-high coiffure till *tout* Paris adopted it. Margot had a certain *beauté du diable*, and wore any frock she put on with a dare that made it stunning. In spite of *"la noce"* she is said to have made continually, her complexion was marvelous and did not need the splashes of red.

Corinne is a mannequin who in looks and manners would grace any gathering. She has a Grecian profile and cast of features that make her more classic than beautiful, also an air that is convincing. Corinne gazes at you from her five feet seven height with a sweet disdain that fills you with conjecture and envy. She is naturally haughty, but the accentuated manner of carrying out the pose—in which the chief of the dress brigade trains the girls to move about the salon—is cultivated. The others gyrate. Corinne acts. She has the will power to keep herself "drawn up," and to carry out the pose which her companions, meeting the critical eye of the buyer, get stage fright and forget.

One Mannequin Not Comely

SUZANNE is the only successful mannequin who has not a comely face. She has a snub nose and a sallow skin, also she has individuality. Her girlish form is still with her, and she has learned not only how to wear clothes but how to use cosmetics and wigs. She was only an apprentice passing through the salon on an errand late one afternoon, when the commissioners happened to be there. The men wished to see the hang of a certain gown. The mannequins were gone. A *vendeuse* suggested that Suzanne fasten on the dress, and Suzanne did. She wore the things so well and was so amiable that she became a mannequin.

Neither young nor good looking, Suzanne makes up by being gracious and self-effacing. The other girls often pout. They refuse to put on models after work hours, but never Suzanne. She promenades leisurely, and displays the garments in all lights, and, though fatigued from putting on and taking off, comes in with a smile that lays bare a snaggled front tooth, with the tip of a tongue that threatens to break through.

Running across the mannequins on the avenue after the establishments have closed, one would suppose one was viewing society girls issuing from tea or from a *cours de danse*. Some own motor cars and some don't, but all like to promenade and enjoy the comments their appearance always creates. Spick and span they are, in silk hose neat gloves, modish shoes, rich fur. You would never think them Cinderellas on their way to a cheerless home. Yet a few (very few, it is said) know what misery and poverty are like.

The American Massacre of the Royal Chinook

Concluded from page 6

the goose that laid the golden egg appears a wise economizer.

An author whose name is not now recalled makes one of his characters say: "The more I see of some men and some dogs the more I think of dogs." So, the more I read of some men and some fish, the more I think of fish.

Oregon has a law forbidding the operations of the trollers and purse seiners. After the manner of their kind the world over they have challenged the constitutionality of the law. The law has been sustained by the state supreme court and the abuse—as far as Oregon waters are concerned—was stopped January 1, 1922.

The conditions just outlined point to the need of remedial legislation and of artificial propagation. Legislation has been enacted. And the work of artificial propagation, begun years ago, has grown to large proportions.

Owing partly to the usually enormous catch of chinook salmon and partly to the fact that it is readily susceptible of artificial propagation, especial attention has been paid to the growing of this variety. The work of artificial propagation is nowhere more efficiently carried on than along the Columbia River. And since artificial propagation is the main support of this important field of food production, it will be found of interest to study it briefly.

The largest of Oregon's salmon hatcheries is situated in the Columbia Gorge near the village of Bonneville, and there many things of compelling interest await the investigator.

The fish from which eggs are taken for artificial propagation are captured on their way upstream to the spawning grounds and confined in ponds at the hatchery. A rack or trap is usually employed in catching them. Once in the ponds they are brought within reach by the use of a seine.

For incubation the eggs are placed in wire-cloth baskets each containing from 20,000 to 30,000 eggs. The baskets are placed in a trough arranged to insure the perfect circulation of the water through the mass of eggs. The period of incubation is about 50 days. After the eggs are hatched the interior arrangement of the troughs is changed by partitions dividing the space into three equal compartments for holding a certain proportion of the fry. It is necessary to make this provision to guard against suffocation which frequently occurs when the fry are allowed to mass together.

The routine methods followed in the care of the young fry are much the same in all hatcheries, and need not be described here. It is only when men of vision develop out of the usual routine new and more efficient methods, that their work deserves attention. That is precisely what has been done in Oregon in the rearing and feeding of young salmon.

In the artificial propagation of salmon it has been the almost universal custom to turn the young fry into the streams soon after the egg-sac which supplies food to the baby fish has been absorbed. This handling of the fry exposed them to precisely the same dangers as those which confronted the fry hatched on the natural spawning grounds. The losses which followed were reflected in the falling off of the pack of salmon in the Columbia River from 634,696 cases in 1895 to 266,479 cases in 1913. Meantime, the Oregon Fish Commission in 1909 undertook an experiment which has since become an established practice in the rearing and feeding of salmon.

The "Oregon System" is simplicity itself. It consists first in the exercise of extreme care in the selection of food for the young fish and in the feeding of them, that they may have a healthy and vigorous growth, and second, in holding the young fish in rearing ponds until they are about one year old. By that time they are able to take good care of themselves.

This plan was scoffed at as a "fool idea" by the fishermen and canners generally. It received its first real tryout in 1910 and since the salmon requires about four years to reach maturity, its efficiency could not be measured until 1914. In that year to the amazement of the scoffers the chinook "came back" and the Columbia River pack went up to 455,502 cases, or nearly double the pack of the year before. The Oregon system of rearing and feeding had made good.

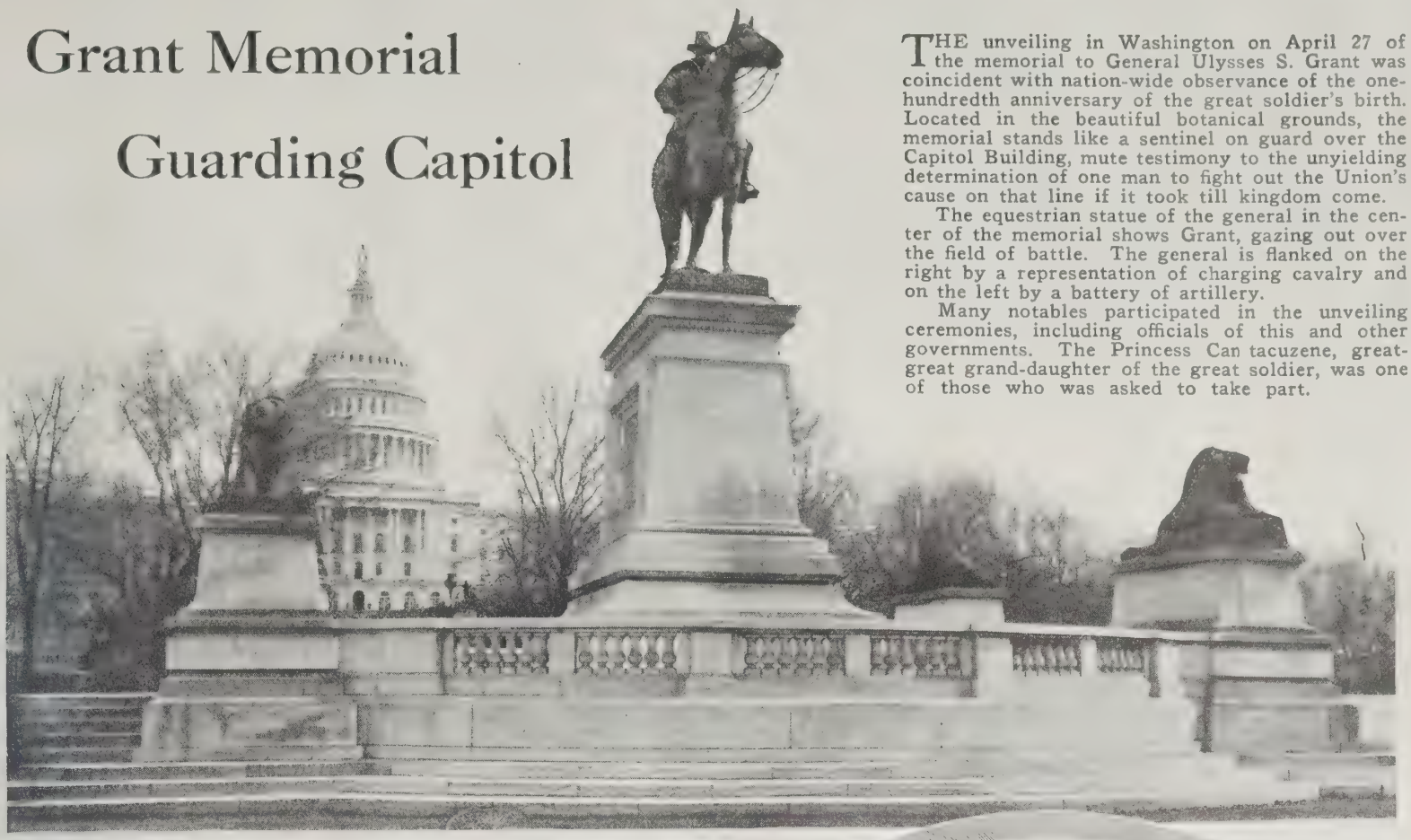
Artificial propagation properly carried on will offset the losses which accompany natural propagation and insure the production of a sufficient number of mature fish to guarantee the maintenance of the industry. It remains only for an enlightened public sentiment, here as in other fields, to initiate and support such legal measures as will stop the ravages of unprincipled commercialism and leave a clear field for intelligent and constructive effort.

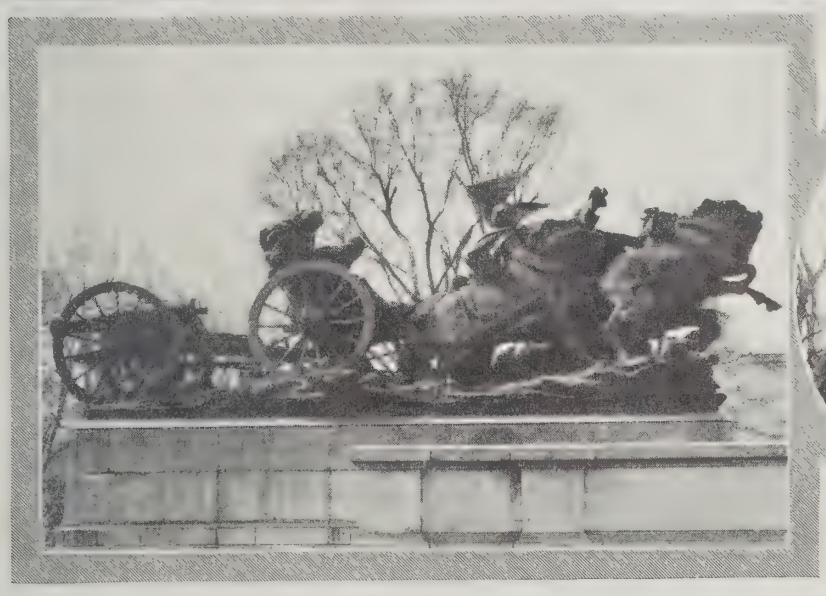
Grant Memorial Guarding Capitol

THE unveiling in Washington on April 27 of the memorial to General Ulysses S. Grant was coincident with nation-wide observance of the one-hundredth anniversary of the great soldier's birth. Located in the beautiful botanical grounds, the memorial stands like a sentinel on guard over the Capitol Building, mute testimony to the unyielding determination of one man to fight out the Union's cause on that line if it took till kingdom come.

The equestrian statue of the general in the center of the memorial shows Grant, gazing out over the field of battle. The general is flanked on the right by a representation of charging cavalry and on the left by a battery of artillery.

Many notables participated in the unveiling ceremonies, including officials of this and other governments. The Princess Can tacuzene, great-great grand-daughter of the great soldier, was one of those who was asked to take part.







Above, in the center, General Grant is shown mounted on his charger in the center of the memorial, the Capitol appearing in the background. Below, at the left, is shown a gun, with its caisson, horses and soldiers, while cavalry with its standard is shown on the right.

Blind Man Leads Blind Through Braille Bible

Concluded from page 9

very slowly until further funds have been secured.

Seated in his little library composed entirely of reading matter in Braille, the major part of which he himself reproduced, the strong and supersensitive fingers of the blind publisher unhesitatingly selected such volumes as he wished to show the writer. With equal dexterity he selected a letter from his files which he wished read.

"I feel no handicap whatever," Mr. Atkinson declared, "and when I realize the difficulties and discouragements which the blind have met in any attempt to obtain spiritual enlightenment, when I think of my own case and the patience and persistence required on my part, I am filled with a deep resolve to do what I can to make it easier for those similarly afflicted who follow after me. This Bible work is the first step. To help the blind overcome their handicap, there is no better auxiliary than in their reading. The embossing presses in this country are operating to full capacity, and yet they are not able to meet the rapidly increasing demand for literature in this uniform code. It is one of my greatest desires to publish on the Pacific Coast a weekly or bi-monthly magazine in which shall appear current events and good, wholesome literature."

The blind of this country cannot depend on the Federal Government for a great volume of reading matter as only $50,000 a year is appropriated, this sum to be used exclusively for text-books in the existent 56 schools for the blind. This appropriation divided among all the blind would average about 67 cents a person, an insignificant sum in the costly production of books in Braille. For instance, an ordinary ink-print pamphlet sells at a profit of 10 cents, the same item embossed for the sightless ones to read, must be sold at a dollar or more to obtain actual cost production.

California's State Library in Sacramento has the third largest free circulating department, for the blind in the entire country, the Department for the Blind in the Congressional Library at Washington and the New York City Library being the leaders.

Although he attended no institution for the blind, Mr. Atkinson has mastered four of the five systems of Braille, named after the Frenchman who invented embossed writing by the use of six dots. The European Braille is the simplest type of all but exceedingly bulky; the Boston Line Letter is simply the English alphabet in raised lettering which is not only bulky but difficult to follow; the New York Point is a system of two dots wide, whereas the Revised Braille is three dots wide; the American Braille is the revised European Braille; the Moon System is that which all beginners are first taught. The newly adopted Revised Braille is most agreeable to the average reader.

It was from reading the *Ziegler Magazine* that Mr. Atkinson's career as a publisher had its inspiration. He learned of a typewriter for embossing directly on paper. A machine was ordered by him. It worked but poorly. Still Mr. Atkinson succeeded in embossing various works while at home with his mother in Imperial Valley, of Southern California. He was compelled to treat the back of the pages with white shellac that the dots might be more firm, and to develop a binding by which the individual pages embossed on the typewriter could be fastened into a book with sufficient space between to prevent the dots being crushed.

In 1915 through contributions of friends, a new and larger typewriter was procured. The problem of suitable paper became a serious one during the hot season in the Imperial Valley, for the extreme heat took the moisture from the paper so that it became so dry and brittle that the stylus on the machine instead of making dots punctured the paper.

Today, placed among a group of business men, for no reason would this blind publisher be conspicuous since he has acquired a remarkable poise. He can go and come at leisure, board street cars and visit outlying, unfamiliar cities unassisted, and with less difficulty than the average wayfarer experiences. Last fall Mr. Atkinson made the trip back to New York and Boston alone. At times he has even set his wife aright when she was starting in the wrong direction. This happened once in a strange city when Mrs. Atkinson had lost her bearings and her husband sensed the proper turn to take.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The first canoe trip through the Panama Canal was recently completed. The 48 miles was made in 10 hours and 55 minutes.

Furs from the Hudson's Bay Company at Cartwright, Labrador, are being sent to the fur markets of the world by airplane. Owing to the late opening of navigation, the fur would not have reached the market until October, but the planes carried it to St. Johns, Newfoundland, in a day.

Anesthetics were known and used by the Chinese thousands of years ago.

Among the married children of Tokyo, census takers have located 44 grooms whose ages range from 14 to 15, and 145 brides under 15 years of age.

The only new buggy in the state of Oregon, as far as leading vehicle houses of Portland were able to find, has been sold at a little town in the interior of the state. Inquiries were sent to Pendleton, Salem, Eugene and Medford from Portland but no new buggies could be found. At last one was purchased at a store in a small town by a Portland vehicle house.

In the hope of building up a sturdy race the government is aiding the back-to-the-soil movement for native Hawaiians. A demonstration farm is in operation on Molokai Island.

The "Museum of Hate" is a new section of a French war museum in Paris, filled with German documents and medals collected since the armistice.

An act recently passed by the Argentine Parliament prohibits the consumption of alcoholic beverages in any building occupied by a firm employing women, persons under 18, or children.

English boys between the ages of 15 and 18 are wanted in South Australia for farmer apprentices. They are to be paid four shillings a week pocket money, the remainder of their earnings to be placed to each lad's credit in the state treasury at four and one-half per cent interest, the entire sum being turned over to him at 21.

France is issuing new 50-centime coins in bronze aluminum.

The Navy Department estimates it will cost $2,800,000 to offset the damage done dikes, wharves and quay walls, by the teredo. The teredo is a marine animal, a bivalve, which bores its way into a pile. Teredoes sometimes reach four feet in length and of the thickness of a man's thumb.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Many elks have been killed in the Olympic peninsula of Washington to obtain teeth for lodges. Investigations made through Federal and state agencies indicate that 100 were killed in the Olympics alone to secure teeth which are sold in eastern cities for as high as $50 each.

Fifteen clergymen are working as floorwalkers in New York City department stories to eke out their meager salaries.

Lightning struck and demolished the belfry of the cathedral in the ancient city of Nepi, Italy, while 2,000 parishioners were listening to a sermon recently. No one was injured. The cathedral was built in the fifth century on the site of the ancient temple to Jupiter.

It has been found that certain kinds of paint on the walls of auditoriums do away with objectionable echoes or greatly soften them.

Coal-tar possibilities are far from exhausted, according to experts. New remedies, new colors and new perfumes are awaiting release and in the next few years many new products are predicted.

Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, may be sold under the hammer. The 3,000 acres at the entrance to Mammoth Cave are in private hands under the terms of a will, which dictated that the land must be held in trust until the last of the named heirs died when it is to be sold at public auction in its entirety.

Oil burners are to be installed on the locomotives of the state railways of Argentina. Petroleum will be sold to the railways for 27 pesos a ton delivered in Santa Fe. The present fuel, quebracho wood, costs 12 pesos a ton and it is estimated that a ton of petroleum will equal four tons of quebracho, making it possible to conserve this valuable lumber tree.

Coal is being mined under the sea off the coast of Nova Scotia. The mouths of the mines are on shore and tunnels are driven through the coal under the water. Great care must be taken to prevent inundation from the sea, and the mining engineer takes care not to break or distort the strata lying above the coal seams.

After being rejected by the Upper House 15 times, a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to minors was passed by the Japanese Diet recently.

The battleship Maine, built to replace the one sunk at Havana, is to be scrapped and turned into plowshares. A Philadelphia firm is said to have purchased the warship for less than $100,000.

Such words as "wine" and "beer" and the names of other intoxicating drinks are recorded as "obsolete" in the revised edition of the Encyclopedia Americana.

Under the direction of archeologists, excavation work has now begun on the Taurine Baths, four miles from Civitavecchia, near Rome. Two-thirds of the baths are under ground. They were begun by the Emperor Trajan and remained in use for four centuries. They had a large central hall with reading rooms, beside the baths.

Sacramento, California, is importing the mosquito-catching top minnow which will be placed in ponds in dredger pits. The minnow is being brought by the state board of health in the campaign against malaria.

An instrument has been devised at the Oregon Experiment Station to indicate just when pears have reached the right stage of maturity for eating, canning or shipping. It consists of an apparatus which measures the pressure required to punch shallow holes one-half inch in diameter in the flesh of the pear. Bartlett pears requiring 35 pounds pressure to make the perforations are ready for picking and for long-distance transportation.

You cannot poison a hen with strychnine. Chickens' and wild gallinaceous birds are practically immune from this poison.

Italy will have a total of 1,811,300 hydro-electric horse power capacity when new central stations under construction are completed. This is double the amount five years ago.

Chicago is planning to establish a night marriage license bureau. Many persons actually cannot spare the time to obtain a license during the working hours and hesitate about taking associates into their confidence when asking for the time off.

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Brokers' Frauds Rob People

Master Thugs Get Less for Efforts Than Wall Street

"Uncle Joe" Retires

Postmen of the Skies

Farmers Are Serfs

An Antidote to "Jazz" Music

Plantation Melodies Striking Contrast to "Ragging"

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Herbert Ward—An Artist and Adventurer

Primitive Life Mirrored in Collection of African Sculptures Left to Smithsonian

By D. JAY CULVER

PRIMITIVE life is mirrored in a remarkably interesting collection of African weapons and original sculptures left to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington by the sculptor, Herbert Ward, the last survivor of the famous Stanley relief expedition in Africa. The collection includes a splendid assembly of relics—knives and spears, musical instruments, ivory carvings, a huge elephant's head, and several hundred little wooden idols. More important, however, are bronzes that Herbert Ward made when he returned from the Congo. Theodore Roosevelt, who visited his studio in Paris, said: "In his figures the Negro of the Congo is seen on his native soil, child-like and cruel, friendly and brutal, age-old man who lived in Europe several thousand years ago, and yet a man with eternal youth in his soul that has preserved him in his stalwart strength to the present."

Turning his back on civilization in 1885, Herbert Ward penetrated to the heart of the dark continent. He found the natives in a savage state corresponding to that of our neolithic ancestors of 3,000 years ago. They had no written language—no knowledge of their past—no conception of time. Home life did not exist. The women and the very young children lived together, but the men led a primitive club life of their own. Highly superstitious, they lived in constant dread of their charm-doctors. They engaged in perpetual warfare. They had learned the secret of smelting iron ore by means of charcoal fires and primitive bellows and every member of the Congo tribes was more or less able to make his own weapons.

Ward, young, full of life and high spirits, regarded every one he met as his friend. He entered into the lives of the natives and even learned their language that he might know them better. In the preface to one of his books on his experiences in the Congo, he wrote, "It was no high motive that took me to Africa. I went there simply and solely to gratify my love of adventure."

Born in London in 1863, he ran away at 15 to escape the business career that his father had mapped out for him. Before he was 20 he had sailed around the world three times. In the course of his travels, he visited New Zealand, Australia, and unexplored parts of Northern Borneo. As an undergraduate in the University of Hard-Knocks, he was in turn a sailor before the mast, kauri-gum digger, coal miner, sail-maker, newspaper reporter, herdsman and acrobat with a traveling circus. These adventures only whetted his appetite and led him to Central Africa, where he passed the five most impressionable years of his life. At the end of his third year, he grew weary of Africa. There seemed little, if anything, to tempt him to remain further. Just as he was about to sail for England he heard of Stanley's arrival to command the Emin Pasha relief expedition and his feelings underwent a sudden change. He cared little or nothing for Emin Pasha but life with the great explorer promised new experiences and unheard-of adventures. On his own initiative, he collected a band of more than 400 native carriers and marched with them to meet Stanley, placing his and their services at the great explorer's disposal. Stanley accepted his offer gladly and enrolled him as a volunteer officer of the expedition. In spite of his extreme youth, he was placed in charge of Stanley's rear-guard, and two years of unceasing and exciting work followed. He has related his experiences in three books, "My Life with Stanley's Rear-Guard," "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals," and "A Voice from the Congo."

In the last mentioned, he wrote: "What an inexpressible charm there is in picking one's way through localities that have never before been visited by a white man; seeing strange faces and hearing strange languages! To be alone where nature and human nature are alike in a crude state; to be far away in the midst of a primitive people whose nature is wild and uncultivated—people who are simple, savage in ignorance, timid, and ever fearing for their lives. To be the one delegate, as it were, of the modern world, in the midst of countless thousands of human beings whose minds are the minds of primitive mankind. To live free of all the petty conventionalities and ramifications of civilization; to be able to forego all the artificial necessities of our modern home life; to give free play to that strong, inward craving for true natural liberty—these are some of the subtle attractions that inoculate every man of African experience; these are the charms which cast their spell upon all African travelers, and which have held so many of them fascinated for the remainder of their lives."



Top—"The Fire-Maker," one of the fine bronzes in the Herbert Ward African collection. Left—"The Idol Carver." Right—"Defiance"—the most characteristic bronze in the Herbert Ward collection. Bottom—"The Congo Chief."

The Congo pioneers were men representing many European nationalities. They entered among the Pagan Negroes filled with high ambition and enthusiasm. They always looked forward to their return to Europe and the comforts of civilization but as the months sped by, many sickened and died, victims of privation and fever. A few of the hardiest survived long enough to complete their term of service and to embark for home, but they were generally broken in health. By some miracle, Herbert Ward recovered from a severe attack of fever and continued his work without further interruption. Several times he narrowly escaped death. Once he dived from a little steamer in which a party was traveling on the Upper Congo. The moment he reappeared on the surface of the water, he could tell by the expression on the faces of his friends that danger was in his vicinity. With two or three strokes he reached the vessel's side, and as he clambered aboard hastily a large crocodile bumped heavily against the iron sheathing, just at the spot where he had left the water.

Ward spent much of his spare time in Africa in making notes, studying the language, and sketching native types. This latter was rendered difficult upon occasions by the natives frequently entertaining an idea that his searching glances and mysterious markings were connected with the casting of a spell; and they would jump up and dash away without warning. The natives admired any exhibition of personal strength, skilled endurance, and the white man who could shoot an elephant or walk some tremendously long distance was sure of winning their regard. Herbert Ward earned the title Mayala Mbemba, "The Eagle's Wings," for having accomplished a journey of 40 miles over a wearisome and fatiguing road in a single day. The average day's journey on the road in Africa was from 10 to 12 miles. Upon hearing of Ward's 40-mile hike, one of the natives exclaimed, "He must have eagle's wings!"



HERBERT WARD

The name struck their fancy and it stuck to him as long as he remained in Africa.

His first serious work in sculpture was the head of an African chief. It was exhibited in the Royal Academy and a replica was shown in the Salon des Artistes Francais. It proved too exotic for the staid British institution but it met a far different reception in Paris. It was awarded an honorable mention and later purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg.

In 12 years he produced 18 bronzes and exhibited them at the Salon, where they received high commendation. About five years after

(*Concluded on page 11*)

Cypress Celebrated in Legend and in Fact

Famous Wood of Swamp Owes Longevity to Vegetable "Smallpox"

By HARRY E. BARNET

THERE is a distinct wood of literature. It is cypress. In literature cypress has the best of the mention whenever the element of romantic and historic interest falls in with wood and timber.

Among the most delightful stories ever written are those in which the scenes are laid in and around big ante-bellum houses of the South. These homes, for the most part, were built of cypress, because it is the only wood that gracefully grows old in that climate, and these homes were built to shelter generation after generation. Hence, the southern structures still are massive. Age has not turned them into uncomfortable half-ruins. If you examine the Scriptures, and look through ancient history, you find that where wood is mentioned by name it is cypress, though for a time cypress was known as "gopher wood," and "beroth," as well as "berosh."

From the birth of literature the bulk of written matter treats cypress from the symbolic standpoint, or allegorically. But there never is absent the suggestion of hygiene, of fragrance, of steadfastness, of endurance, and of mystery, especially of mystery, for two reasons.

Cypress is a swamp tree. Swamps where it flourishes are mysterious places—breeding spots of fevers and of pestilential bugaboos that through centuries have been personified as demons, who stalk about, dripping disaster and death wherever they go. Swamps mask real things equally as horrible. A typical cypress brake is heavily wooded. High above the tangled undergrowth that half conceals the sluggish water the trees rear their plumed tops. Undergrowth and trees are festooned with Spanish moss until the swamp is dark, and it always is sinisterly still. Moss - bedecked dead cypress trees mingle with the living, and the look of them is gruesome like that of corpses, were they to arise from their graves, and draped in their funereal clothes, move about among the crowds on the street. It was out of a cypress brake near the Mississippi Delta, that Lafcadio Hearn got one of his best stories in the days when he was a hack writer in New Orleans, writing about Southern Louisiana. Spanish laborers were excavating a canal on the edge of a cypress swamp when one of them uncovered the body of a beautiful young woman. Her flesh was soft and white. With visions of a brutal murder, the laborers fled from the spot. When they returned with their superintendent the excavation was filled with bodies of men, women and children, all of perfect figure, and glorious in their beauty. The superintendent soon discovered that the bodies were a sort of a root, whereupon the laborers cannibalistically devoured them. Hearn unearthed a Creole legend that these bodies were man-root that made its appearance once each century in the swamps. Then he wrote the story.

But matter-of-factness soon stepped in with another version of the episode. The man-root of the story was the root of a cypress that a laborer unwittingly and fantastically skinned with his grubbing hoe, so that under the blood-curdling spell of the swamps, to the laborer the cypress root took on the appearance of a human body. The man-root story, however, will always live.

Swamp literature of cypress is nothing if not hideous. You learn a good deal about snakes, for cypress brakes are alive with deadly serpents —rattlesnakes and moccasins, and other varieties. These reptiles have been the basis for many Negro tales that writers of earlier years delighted in putting on paper. For instance, there is the "horn snake." According to these tales, this serpent grows to immense size. At the end of its tail it has a horn. When angered it strikes man, beast and vegetation, even grown trees, with the horn, and whatever is struck immediately withers and dies. Old Negroes believe that all of the dead trees in a cypress brake have been struck with the horn of this snake. But common sense steps in and insists that the "horn snake" is really a very harmless reptile. Its average length is from two feet to two feet and a half. Its back is dark brown or bronze color, while its underside is striped with red, like the belly of a red-banded water snake. The body is fairly slender, and the tail ends in a sharply pointed stinger, or horn, dark and very hard.

Other swamp literature of cypress deals with untamed runaway slaves who found refuge in the cypress brakes. In this literature are the vivid descriptions of voodoo festivals with the great snake of voodooism always present.

A reason for the mystery about cypress is the form of its growth. It has a swollen base. Its roots are always under water, so they send up protuberances above the water, which are called "knees." The deeper the water the higher are the "knees." Consequently, a cypress brake has a curious appearance, for the "knees" are of all sizes and heights above the water. The theory is that the tree "breathes" through its "knees," or, in other words, that its roots are aerated through these protuberances. In the history of bee culture you find the details of the use of cypress "knees," which are hollow, by the Negroes as bee hives. Then the "Old Family Doctor Books" tell of resin from the bark and cones of cypress and its "knees" that is the foundation of an excellent salve.

Turning back to ancient times, cypress was sacred to the Greeks. In their mythology it is said that Apollo loved a beautiful youth named Cyparissus. The latter was changed into a cypress tree that he might mourn for all time. The Romans reverenced cypress. They carved their laws on slabs of it. At about the same time statues of gods and other people were carved from this wood. Pliny mentions a cypress statue of Jupiter six hundred years old. The Egyptians encased the greater number of their mummies in cypress. Practically all literature about Egyptian mummies is centered on bodies boxed with cypress. The latter were practically the only mummies left when investigations began, for cypress is the wood that outlasts all others.

The longevity of cypress is due to two factors: It manufactures its own preservative, and about one-third of the trees have a sort of vegetable smallpox. When they recover they are immune to rot. The disease is caused by a fungus which gets into the living tree through broken branches, or dead tops and decaying knots. The fungus excavates holes in the tree from a quarter of an inch to an inch in width, and sometimes several inches in length. These holes fill with a brown powder, produced by the fungus, which acts as an antiseptic, and finally kills its parent. Then the disease is over. A tree afflicted with this smallpox is said to be "pecky," and slabs from it have the appearance of a pock-marked human face. Cypress trees, "pecky" at the heart, have continued to grow for 1,800 years. The preservative is an essential oil. The oil and the "peckiness" cause the durability of the wood. The stability and the ease with which it is shaped were reasons enough for the ancients to reverence it. They had to fashion their wood laboriously with crude instruments and they wanted their handiwork to last.

Noah built his ark from cypress, though the wood was given another name. The Carthaginians and the Phoenicians built ships of cypress. In 1714, John Lawson published a volume descriptive of the development of the resources of North Carolina. At that time yellow poplar was considered to be the best wood from which to make dugout canoes. But the Carolinas are south of the yellow poplar belt, and the next material at hand was cypress. Accordingly, the only canoe used at that time in the river and coast commerce was the cypress dugout. Some of these canoes carried 30 barrels of produce be-

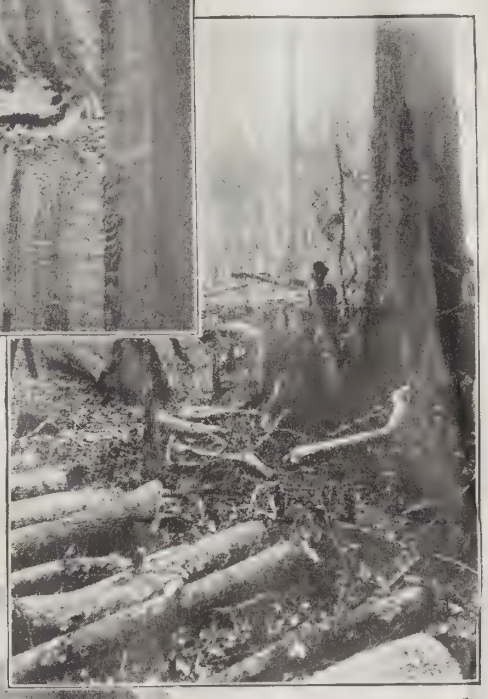
(Concluded on page 11)



How the "smallpox" affects cypress.



Corduroy road through cypress swamp.



Cypress "knees" nearly as tall as a man.



Old-time Creole courtyard, showing cypress water tank and fountain.

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 31, May 27, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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A Dead Issue

FROM time to time, upholders of liquor traffic attempt to extract comfort from the results of elections held in various parts of the country.

Recently a supreme attempt was made to interpret the result of a congressional by-election in New York State as indicating a pronounced swing toward legislative tempering of the prohibition enforcement law. In a Republican district, the Republican nominee was returned to Congress by a greatly reduced majority. It happened that in this instance the Democratic nominee had made opposition to the prohibition law a point in his platform. There were several other factors in the election, a reduced vote, disgust over congressional do-nothingness, the aftermaths of financial depression, and the usual local group vote alignments.

But anti-prohibitionists ignored all other factors and loudly ascribed the reduced Republican majority to dissatisfaction with prohibition.

A few weeks later, however, the primary election in Indiana was held, and anti-prohibitionists remained discreetly silent over the election. Samuel M. Ralston was nominated for Senator by the Democrats by an overwhelming majority. One of his opponents had made the campaign solely on the anti-prohibition issue, and had been snowed under so badly that it was not worth while to count the votes. In several of the congressional nominations, other anti-prohibition aspirants had fared as badly.

The truth of the matter is that the public will not consider prohibition as a live issue. Even those persons who profess the belief that the prohibition measure was a mistake refuse to let any worry over its passage interfere with their 1922 digestion. Prohibition as a fundamental policy is settled, and the politician who tries to urge its repeal is arguing an issue as dead as slavery.

Governments and the Money Trust

AFTER many years' study of the money question, it still seems strange that the governments of civilized nations continue in this age to allow private individuals or corporations to own and operate the public utilities known as banking institutions. Many people seem to labor under the delusion that the Government of England owns and operates the Bank of England, exercising complete control over the business and affairs of that institution. So also of the relations between the French Government and the Bank of France and of the German Government and the German Imperial Bank, or Reichsbank, of Berlin.

There are even many Americans who look upon our own "national" banks and "Federal" Reserve banks as government institutions. It is impossible to escape the impression that, in this choice of names as in other particulars, the actual private owners of these banks have deliberately sought to stamp this wrong impression on the minds of the people, few of whom stop to look below the surface. We are a law-abiding people and hold the authority of our government in awe. The banks undoubtedly derive much prestige and authority, to which they really have no claim, from the widespread notion that they are really government institutions.

This deceptive notion gathers some force from the fact that the banks exercise what is declared by the Federal Constitution to be a distinctively and exclusively government prerogative in the coinage and issue of the people's money. That practically the whole volume of the circulating medium happens to be paper rather than metal does not alter the fact. It will hardly be seriously contended that the stamp of a steel plate on paper is any less "coinage" than the stamp of the mint die on gold, silver, nickel or copper. In common acceptance, these paper issues are "money." So much so that they are freely paid and received everywhere as money. The banks themselves evidently regard them as money, or they would not have the effrontery to charge interest for a loan of their paper notes; even for a loan to the government itself!

None of these institutions is truly "national" or "Federal," being owned and operated by private individuals or groups of individuals, not as government agents, but for their own profit.

This is a fundamental mistake in the whole system. There should be no private banks. ALL banks should be owned and operated entirely and exclusively by the national government, as are the postal savings banks. Only so will it be possible to prevent the banks from being prostituted to the uses of gamblers and speculators, to the detriment of the producing classes. And with a truly *national* banking system, we shall have a truly national currency system—one from which the incubus of a gold basis will be forever removed, and with it the utterly fictitious pretext for the exaction of "interest" for the loan of money on good security for productive and constructive purposes. And loans should not be permitted for any other purposes.

Competing With Industry

THE New York bond market easily absorbed $100,000,000 Dominion of Canada five-per-cents recently, and on the same day over-subscribed a New York City offering of $45,000,000 at three-quarters of one per cent less, while the dispatches expressed the confidence of J. P. Morgan & Company that a large German loan would be floated in this country.

Home industrials are offering much higher returns for capital in an effort to re-establish business, while political wiseacres are seeking to delude the voters into a feeling that only by erecting high tariff walls can American manufacturing be conserved. The layman is thus confronted with a babel of ideas as to the needs of the country, while the international money kings continue skimming the cream from the milk of the productive cow.

How does it look to the reader to be told that we must bring order out of chaos, when the required medicine is being absorbed by public loans? Why are we told of the hopelessness of the German economic situation—at the same time being warned of the peril of a flood of German-made goods—when the wisest fox in Wall Street is willing to risk his own money in underwriting German finance? There is something very inconsistent in the financial dope served us daily which the experts cannot or will not explain.

Patriotism is urged on the American public, and the call has a ready response; but the appeal is too often made to distract attention from the operations of that class whose patriotism is a pretense, whose "only care is to increase their stock," at the expense of friend or foe alike.

Without Comment

ROBERT C. BENCHLEY, in *Life*, writes:

"It is an old complaint in these columns, but we really cannot pass up a chance to say a nasty word for the audience at the up-town presentation of 'The Hairy Ape.' We only wish that the Post Office Department would allow that word to be as nasty as we should like to make it.

"'The Hairy Ape' is a play which is full of talk such as one actually might hear in the stokehole of a steamer. It is spoken by a man whose spirit is being tortured in its attempt to break through the sweat and grime of his muscle-bound flesh into some sort of crude expression. It is the most tragic language we have ever heard.

"But because it takes the form of oaths, blasphemy and slang, many dear ladies (and, we must admit, a few men) took it for comedy and greeted each line with coy giggles. Several people brought children, thinking that it was to be something like Hagenbeck's Dog and Monkey Show. In front of us sat three of the fairest works of God, one of whom confided to the others, between nibbles at a chocolate: 'Of course it *is* morbid, but I see the humor of it.' And so she did, bless her heart! She would have seen the humor in the burning of Joan of Arc. But she will never know how near she came to having her skull crashed in. It all depended on whether or not I could get loose the arm of my chair to use as a club, and I couldn't quite make it."

On Leaving the Rhine

THE further delay in the return of the remaining American troops on the Rhine, while displeasing in one way, still carries the touch that flatters our pride.

Various reasons have been assigned for the delay, but there can be little question but that the reluctance of the inhabitants of the occupied territory to see Americans displaced by other troops was a factor. The Germans are naturally eager to have all the troops of the Allied and associated powers out of the country, but seem to prefer American occupation to that of other nations.

It is pleasant to feel that American troops prove the most agreeable and the least overbearing. There is no excuse from a military standpoint or under international law for continuance of American occupation under the terms of the armistice, but to know that Americans are able to adjust themselves to the proper terms of relationship under the Rhine conditions is an augury for continued peacefulness in our relations with other powers.

Some of our most resplendent diplomats have made sorry failures, but it seems that our private soldiers have been able to show a fine diplomacy wherever orders have sent them.

Saving a Billion

THE report of Charles I. Dawes, the budget director, showing that $907,400,000 could be claimed as a saving in the routine operation of government agencies, is pleasing in view of the great reduction in revenue which ensues from decreased private earnings throughout the country.

General Dawes has overcome many obstacles, not the least of which was the jealousy of Congress over the trimming of its appropriation function. In some instances, Congress has shown a tendency to override the budget bureau's recommendations. Much has been accomplished, however, and more commendable results may be expected if the budget bureau is permitted to cut a little more from the red tape which still binds bureau government closely.

The great proportion of the national budget which must be devoted to payment of past debts and interest on past debts has a tendency to minimize the public credit which should be due to economies in the cost of running the present government. The public for years to come must be reconciled to the payment of a vast percentage of their taxes in taking care of bonded indebtedness incurred by past administrations.

A Distinguished Diplomatist

THE increasing frequency of the recurrence of rumors of the recall of Jules Jusserand as the French ambassador to the United States must occasion regret in both countries.

In 20 years at the head of the French embassy at Washington, M. Jusserand has won high regard in this country. Although the emotional attention of the Americans was lavished chiefly on the personnel of the special French missions, Marshal Joffre, M. Viviani, and others, it is unquestionable that much of the French influence at Washington during the World War was due to the poise and sober counsel of M. Jusserand.

It is difficult for Americans to understand the apparent annoyance in France which is directed toward the envoy here. In a score of years he has represented acceptably governments headed by such diverse personalities as Clemenceau and Caillaux, Ribot and Briand, Poincaré and Viviani. French resentment toward him seems to be due to a belief that he should have foreseen and prevented the criticism in this country over France's attitude in the Armament Conference and in other recent international discussions. There is no doubt that M. Jusserand could and did foresee the unfavorable reaction which frank belligerency would create in this country; but that he could control the utterances of M. Briand or other spokesmen of imperialistic thought in France may well be doubted.

The foreign ambassadors, whose records in this country have merited strong commendation, have been too few. James Bryce from England, Wu Ting Fang from China, Jusserand from France—and that's about all of recent service. France, as was to be expected, officially denies that M. Jusserand's recall is under consideration. It is to be hoped that this official denial means more than usual, and that M. Jusserand will remain instead of becoming a scapegoat for others' mistakes.

Mr. Ford's Page

AS THE monetary affairs of the country are now shaped, it is possible for those in control of credit to relax their hold a little, let credit flow a trifle more freely, and so create a semblance of prosperity. This is a statement that scarcely needs demonstration, but if it did, a reference to machine-made "deflation" would suffice. "Deflation" is possible because of "inflation," both of which are not the action of "economic law" but the decision of certain human beings who are in control of the machinery by which these things are done. It may be a beneficent power when wisely used; it certainly is a dangerous power when ignorantly or selfishly used; but it is beyond doubt that it is far too important a power to intrust to any man or group of men, especially when such men are in a position to be benefited both by inflation and deflation.

We shall never live under the full guaranties of the Constitution of the United States as at present written, until such power is taken out of the hands of a group of men and placed where the Constitution places all monetary authority, namely, in the Congress of the United States.

It is impossible to imagine any Congress performing in full gaze of the country the strange and risky stunts which financiers have performed with the monetary system of this country. The excuse nowadays made for Congress delegating its authority to select groups of speculative bankers, is that individual Congressmen do not understand the problems of finance. That would be in their favor, for, not understanding, they would be incapable of doing many of the dangerous and hurtful things which men who do "understand" seem capable of doing. Furthermore, since the Constitution charges Congress with all responsibility for the country's financial system, it would seem to be wise for that body to take up the monetary question for itself, using as its textbook American life and business, instead of being dependent on the statements of men who are in the profitable business of keeping things as they now are.

The point, however, is here: If the artificial stoppage or release of the life-blood of commerce is in the hands of a few men, it is quite possible for them to loosen their hold a little if by doing so they can retain for a longer period the right to retain their hold.

That is, if an election is approaching, and bad business conditions prevail, it is possible for them to stimulate better business conditions if that will affect the election favorably for them.

It is not going back to the muckraking period to say that the political history of this country in the last 25 years offers several instances where the entire business of the United States was strongly and artificially manipulated for the purpose of affecting an election. In one election the money power quite plainly showed what it could do, and used the demonstration as a threat of what more it would do if the election went against it. The election went as desired, and the resulting administration was one of "prosperous times," for which a political party was given credit, although neither the political principles of the party, nor yet its administration of the government, had anything to do with the case.

Heretofore, the pressure of the money power has been largely toward depression as a warning. This time, however, there is ground for believing that the pressure is to be exerted the other way, for the stimulation of hope and satisfaction. If business can be made better during the summer and fall, by the loosening of credit, the campaign speakers can then attribute it to the genius for administration and to the prosperity-giving principles of the party in power.

It is a very effective device to keep the government of the country in the hands of certain groups no matter which party is in power. But there will not be many more opportunities of using it. It is a game, never more completely in the hands of its players than now, and never in such danger of being clearly understood and abolished by the people.

The chief danger is that the people will be deceived for a little while, and if they are, it will slightly delay the reformation. It will be delayed as long as the people can be deceived. And that throws a pathetic side light on the situation to which the plain people have been reduced. It has come to such a pass that, as in ancient Roman times, the people have been taught to believe that their bread is at the mercy of parties, a belief which is "proved" in our times by the manipulation of the strings which jerk business up or jerk it down. The time is coming when the people will learn that what they saw was only what they were permitted to see, and that behind the scenes were the things really worth seeing.

WHEN a puff of prosperity returns, for election or other reasons, see that it does not remove your minds from the economic problem which is never settled by any temporary prosperity. It is regrettable that people think about our monetary system, and of the other important parts of our economic structure, only in times of depression. In a situation so easily manipulated as ours is, it is comparatively easy to switch on a period of depression to force the people to turn a certain way, or to switch on a period of partial prosperity to take their minds away from too serious thoughts. It has been done, as every big politician and as every political banker knows, and it can be done again. But it is simply slavery to live under a system that can be thus manipulated. The only prosperity the people can afford to be satisfied with is the kind that lasts.

Instead of business "slowly improving" (the improvement being hastened a little in an election year) the United States should today be the happiest, busiest place in the world. It is the natural right of our people that they should be happy and busy. Everything necessary to that condition has been placed here in superb abundance. Instead of any party receiving credit for a condition in which a majority of the people happen to get enough bread to eat, no party should receive credit for anything less than a condition where everyone, down to the least, has the amplest opportunity for a completely furnished life. It is pitiful that people have become so beaten down as actually to thank a party for the chance to work!

Improvement will come (it being election year) but the people ought not to forget the main and continuing problems. It is to be regretted that we seldom think of economic questions except in times of depression. The time to think clearly and to examine our situation closely is in times of prosperity. The tendency of our leaders to use times of prosperity to turn our people into Romans at the games, boasting their temporary prosperity and might, heedless of the reaction which excess and artificiality bring, is a very dangerous one, and true leaders will endeavor to teach the people to be as serious and wise in their times of temporary prosperity as they are in times of depression.

There is no such thing as continuing prosperity under the present system which puts our Constitutional monetary authority into the hands of a few men whose whole life work is to make fortunes out of speculation in money. The people of this country may be just as sure of a return of "bad times" as of a return of winter, because wrong principles always operate that way. And the false prophets who always advise the people that prosperity is a matter of psychology, that if they "think" good times they will have good times, are successful mostly in turning the people's minds from the hard work of *thinking* on which reform depends. When the people begin to *think*, the manipulators and beneficiaries of the present system grow worried; it is then that they let the people in on some trifling benefit, to occupy their minds and drive out reflection on the system of things.

No one would advocate or wish a continuance of depression for the sake of having the people think seriously; but it would be desirable that the people apply their minds even in prosperous times to the means by which prosperity may become continuous and not merely occasional.

Letters Flying With Postmen of the Skies

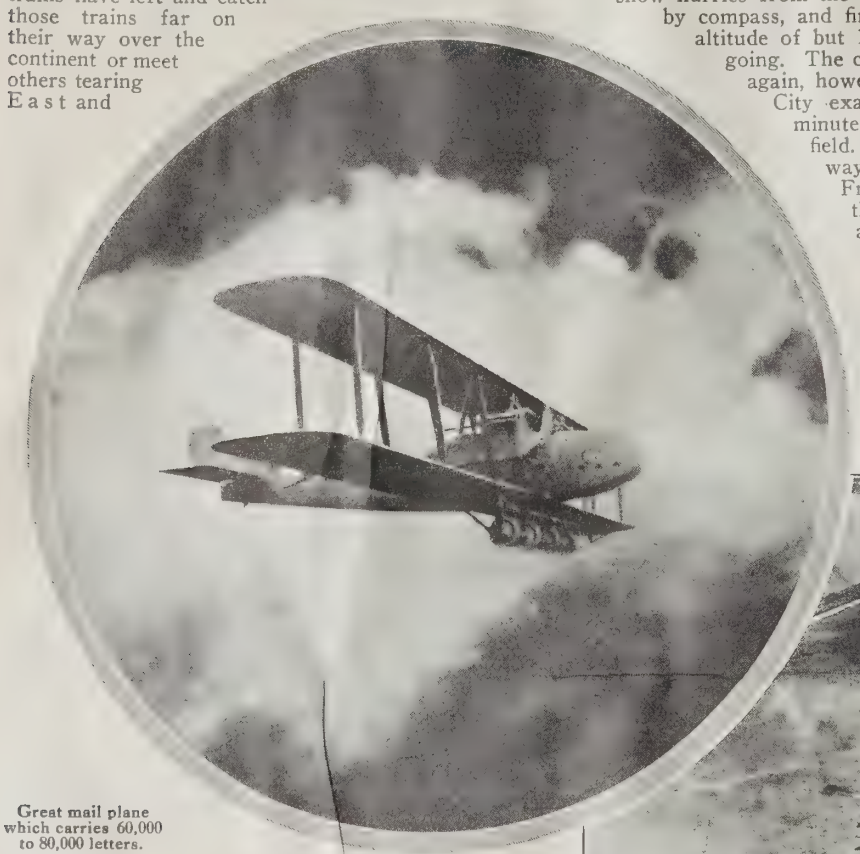
Uncle Sam's Mail Crosses Continent in Quarter Time of Fast Trains

By J. OLIN HOWE

THE air mail flies on time. Neither fog nor storm prevents, and an occasional crash into a mountain top or forced landing in some far forest is but the fortune of the game. The ideal of the service is a schedule as regularly maintained as the human factor permits, without exposing its fliers to unnecessary risks, and this is realized to an exceptional degree by airmen whose morale and esprit de corps have never been excelled. A great railroad is just now pluming itself on a schedule performance of its passenger expresses running to 95.6 per cent. Through the latter months of 1921 the aerial mail attained an average performance of 98 per cent.

There was a month last summer when the intrepid pilots of the transcontinental mail planes flew their hundreds of thousands of letters across the land on schedule time to a percentage of 99.31. Hunters and punters on Lake Erie and forest rangers in the western Sierras set their watches by the air mail. While the 1919 tornado was finding its human victims by the score in Ohio and Illinois, the air mail flew through; and during the blizzard of 1920, when for days not a wheel turned between New York and Washington, the mail fliers were on their normal schedule.

An epic story is this of the service which is the last word in rapid transmission of the mails, whose planes daily wing their way into the blue, carrying crowded sacks of mail deposited long after the fastest trains have left and catch those trains far on their way over the continent or meet others tearing East and



Great mail plane which carries 60,000 to 80,000 letters.

rush the letters they bear to destination long before they could reach it. The flying mail has reduced by half the best time ever made across the country by rail and when in the near future night flying becomes the regular thing airplanes will speed our letters between the Atlantic and Pacific four times as rapidly as the utmost the railroads can do.

The cross-continent rail record, made by Harriman specials running with every element of delay, possible to be overcome, eliminated, is 72 hours, 27 minutes. Average time for the finest trains is 100 hours, somewhat more than four days. In actual flying time the air mail crosses now in 35 hours—letters mailed in New York are delivered in San Francisco in 50 hours—and soon it will take little more than a single day for first-class mail to go from ocean to ocean.

In a test flight, February 22 and 23, 1921, mail airmen flew in relays from San Francisco to New York in 25 hours, 21 minutes, of actual time spent in the air. A mail plane left Marina Field, San Francisco, at 4:50 a. m. on the twenty-second and the plane which bore its load dropped down on Curtiss Field, near Garden City, Long Island, the New York air mail terminus, at 4:30 p. m. the following day. An average speed of 104 miles an hour had been maintained across the continent.

This brings us to Jack Knight who arrived at the Omaha field at 1:15 a. m. on the night of the test flight with 16,000 letters which he had flown in from North Platte, Nebraska, 245 miles away. Bill Votaw, the field manager, met him, but said nothing then of what was on his mind. Bill was at his wit's end. The mail of the transcontinental test flight must go through and he was put to it for someone to take it. Harry Smith, who had brought it from Cheyenne, Wyoming, was at the field, but he had flown 458 miles between 7 and 11:30. His De Haviland-4 was the only plane available. Though flown nearly 500 miles that day, it was good for the 424 miles to Chicago. There was only Knight to depend on to fly it and Votaw let him get hot coffee and a bite at the lunch room before outlining the situation. He couldn't urge Knight to go.

The airman had done his day's work and, besides, was not wholly recovered from a crash of two weeks before on a mountainside near Laramie, Wyoming. Flying at 8,800 feet, Jack's motor had suddenly slowed down and quit and his only hope had been to land in a snow bank on the steep slope of the mountain. He was unconscious for an hour and a half and came to lying in a pool of blood in the snow. His nose was broken and he had many cuts on the face and a bad smash in the mouth. It took two hours of floundering in the snow and scrambling over rough mountain going for him to reach the nearest ranch house.

But Votaw must make good with Washington. The air mail appropriation was about to come up in Congress and its supporters needed this test flight. It might mean the life of the service.

"Sure I'll go," said Jack Knight. "Wire my wife." She was in Chicago.

He had never flown the Omaha-Chicago route, even in daylight. For 20 minutes he studied the map and then tore out a piece of it and was ready to start. At 1:59 the flier who had expected to be in bed left Omaha for Iowa City and Chicago.

It was not a nice night. He encountered fog and snow flurries from the outset and was obliged to fly by compass, and finally was forced down to an altitude of but 100 feet to see where he was going. The clouds thinned and he went up again, however, and at 4:45 he hit Iowa City exactly, but flew about for 12 minutes before locating the landing field. He was now 230 miles on his way and the worst was over. From Iowa City he flew through the dawn, with no mishaps, and came down at Maywood Field just after 7 o'clock. He had all but reached the field when his motor began to miss. "Just spit, old boy; we're here," he cried and volplaned.

As soon as it could be shifted to two waiting planes the mail he had brought was on its way to Cleveland and New York. The test flight of the air mail had gone through as planned, by grace of Jack Knight. "The Mail Must Fly!" the slogan of the service, had again been served. Knight waited for no laurel wreath, but was off to join his wife. Driving through with the mail on time is an everyday business with these boys. Aerial mail transport is already well standardized.



Training field for air mail pilots at College Park, Maryland.

That was what struck the president of one of our largest railroad systems who was being shown over the field at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, where the mail planes soar down to be serviced midway between New York and Cleveland. This railroad man was much interested in the hangars and shops, but always his attention returned to the regularity with which the mail arrived and departed on schedule.

A reserve pilot was restlessly pacing up and down the field. Off duty and with an engagement in New York, he had missed his train. One of the great mail-carrying birds swooped down. Before it was ready to resume its flight the reserve flier had tied his suit case on one wing and himself on the other and he went on to New York with the mail.

"That's what we call deadheading," said the railroad president. "It speaks volumes for the air mail."

Many a story is told of the service—of flying between New York and Washington in pajamas, of reading and writing letters while in the air, of the pilot who once climbed out on a wing and repaired fabric torn by hailstones while in full flight—but one needs go no further than the pilots' reports for plenty of thrills.

Pilots Boggs and Page once lost their way approaching New York and wandered northward over the Catskill Mountains, where darkness and storm overtook them. They came rushing down over Monticello, New York, leaving a trail of sparks like a comet's tail, suddenly saw an open field in a lightning flash and landed in safety. With mail sacks as bedding, they spent the night in their plane.

In a dense fog, a pilot located Bellefonte Field by a mountain top which stuck up through and circled this for two hours and a half endeavoring to place himself for a landing. His gas finally exhausted, he was about to dive blindly when the mist cleared and he sailed down safely. The cockpit of his plane was littered with cigaret stubs.

Night flying is as yet voluntary, but not infrequently mail pilots have it thrust upon them as a hazard of the service. Eddie Hubbard often comes home to Seattle after dark, using intermittent flashes from a huge chimney on the water front as his mark. Hubbard has the most valuable seaplane contract in the world, one of the two private contracts for flying mail which have been let by Uncle Sam's Post Office Department. The other covers the flying boats which carry United States mail between Florida and Cuba in an hour, where steamers take half a day.

Hubbard is a former army flier who advances mails to and from the Orient, always by many hours and sometimes by weeks. Steamers westbound leave Seattle at 9 a. m. and often miss the incoming connection from the East. Hubbard leaves at 1:30 p. m. and catches the steamer at Victoria, B. C. Incoming steamers may stop at Vancouver after leaving Victoria for Seattle and always are held up long hours at quarantine at Port Townsend. Postal officials are notified when they will reach Victoria and have Eddie Hubbard on hand to hurry their first-class mail to Seattle.

Hubbard averages 111,000 letters and 1,500 miles a month. His contract calls for not to exceed 10 round trips a month at $200 each. In the year ending October 15, 1921, he made 103.

Without scheduled night flights, the transcontinental air mail, all Uncle Sam has left just now of mail-carrying by air on his own account, does not fly continuously from coast to coast. Indeed, swift planes and fast expresses co-operate, and interchanges of mail take place wherever time can be saved. The 15 stations on the air route between New York and San Francisco, a flying distance of 2,680 miles, are organized in seven sections and three divisions. Pilots fly back and forth within their own sections and learn their territory thoroughly. New York is headquarters for the eastern division, Omaha for the midland and San Francisco for the western.

The first hop out of New York is to Bellefonte and then on to the section terminus at Cleveland. By air it is 435 miles from New York to Cleveland, about two-thirds of the rail distance, and this is flown in six hours where rail expresses take from 13 to 17. Leaving New York



Seattle postmaster wishing Eddie Hubbard bon voyage.

at 7:30 a. m., by winter schedule, the mail plane takes what the last through train of the evening before could not (the bulk of New York's mail is deposited after 4 p. m.) and what comes in through the night and advances it 12 hours by transfer at Cleveland to a train which makes the same western connection at Chicago as the other train.

Cleveland-Chicago is the second transcontinental section going West. Air mail leaves Cleveland at 8:40 a. m., Chicago city mail taken off a New York train which would not reach Chicago till 4 p. m., and reaches Chicago by 12:15, in time for afternoon delivery. This advances delivery perhaps 18 hours.

The western mail plane leaves Chicago each morning at 6:30 and is sped to Omaha, with service stop at Iowa City, and there transferred to a waiting plane and at North Platte, Nebraska, catches a San Francisco train which left Chicago the mid-afternoon before. North Platte to Rock Springs, Wyoming, with intermediate stops at Cheyenne and Rawlins, is the first section of the western division, and at Rock Springs mail is taken off an Omaha and Ogden train which reaches Salt Lake at 2:30 p. m. and this reaches the latter city at 9 a. m. instead. The extreme western section is from Salt Lake to San Francisco, with Elko and Reno service stops.

Eastbound mail from San Francisco is advanced a full day by a two-hour flight to Reno to catch the through train which takes 10 hours to make Reno through the mountains. Again at Reno eastbound mail leaving the coast at 6 p. m. is taken from the train and flown to Salt Lake to catch a train which left San Francisco hours earlier, thus expediting it 24 hours. A similar shift at Cheyenne accomplishes a like result.

The point that this transcontinental service is all the aerial mail Uncle Sam has left should be stressed. Always the air mail has operated on a shoestring, on the reluctant dollar wrung from a Congress which delights to appropriate millions for elegant post offices, in prairie hamlets. Congress disregards all else and refuses to establish air mail routes where the cost is greater than that of rail transport. Even this handicap is being overcome by standardization and increasing efficiency.

It costs less than two cents apiece now to send letters by air. Taking into account the early experimental period, when the air mail was regarded purely as a special service and 25 cents an ounce was the rate, the average cost per letter carried in its three and a half years up to last fall was hardly over two and one-half cents. Moreover, the air mail saves 80 per cent of its cost through the elimination of railway mail cars and clerk hire it makes possible.

The air mail was born May 15, 1918, when one of six pilots detailed by the Army Air Service flew from New York to Washington in two hours with 5,000 letters. The service thus inaugurated was an instant success, despite innumerable difficulties. It advanced New England mails for Washington and southern mails for New York greatly. The Post Office Department took over the service in August, 1918. The first anniversary brought a Cleveland-Chicago service and July 1, 1919, a Cleveland-New York service linked New York and Chicago and expedited mail in either direction 16 hours. On December 3, 1920, Pilot Christensen flew 16,000 letters between the two cities in 5 hours, 31 minutes, hardly more than a quarter of the best rail time.

The air mail's second anniversary saw the beginning of a Chicago-Omaha service and on September 10, 1920, mail first crossed the continent by air. The same year services between Chicago and St. Louis and Chicago and Minneapolis were started, but those and the New York-Washington service went by the board and several expensive flying fields were abandoned at the close of the fiscal year in 1921 because Congress refused funds for their maintenance.

Yet the total cost of our air mail up to September 30, 1921, was but $2,539,457.60. It now costs about $1,500,000 annually to operate the transcontinental service, which daily flies 225,000 letters and over 5,000 miles. Up to September 30, the respectable total of 2,205,869 pounds of first-class mail had been carried by air in this country. This averages 40 letters to the pound and the usual airplane load at present is 400 pounds—except in western mountain districts, where 300 is the limit.

In the three years, four and a half months referred to, mail pilots flew 3,081,648 miles, which included 355,136 miles testing, ferrying, and so on, at a grand average speed of 84 miles an hour, two and one-half miles to a gallon of gasoline. They flew 36,215 hours with mail at a minimum speed of 80 miles an hour, and often doubled that, at a cost of $70.12 an hour. One-third of all their trips were made in fog or storm and they made a total percentage of performance for this more than three and a third years of 88.82.

There were 97 crashes in which the plane was destroyed in that time and 23 fatalities. Of the latter, 18 victims were pilots. One was a division superintendent and one a civilian employe out for a joy ride.

On November 16 last the air mail had 44 pilots and a total personnel of 481—mechanics, riggers, helpers, clerks, chauffeurs, radio operators, and so on. This did not include the general superintendent and his assistant or the second assistant postmaster-general, under whose direction the service comes. The pilots are nearly all ex-army fliers. There have been thousands of applications, but only a small percentage ever even get to the air mail training field at College Park, Maryland. They must first be thoroughly trained airmen. Pilots are paid $2,000 a year and five cents a mile flown, which totals from $3,000 to $6,000.

The service has some 50 planes in constant use and three times that number in reserve. Remodeled military equipment, they are, almost entirely. The Curtiss JN-4D which made the first mail flight between New York and Washington is still in use and has flown a total of miles equal to three times around the earth. A couple of years ago a number of larger and sturdier machines, adaptations of the big Martin bomber, were placed in operation. These carried two pilots and from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of mail successfully through the roughest weather and they worked no small economy, though existing landing facilities were hardly adapted to their use. None is flying now. All have crashed.

The department is beginning now to use remodeled De Haviland planes in which one pilot can fly twice the weight of mail, 800 pounds, and which cost but $3,000 each to alter as against five times that for new planes. This is the latest type of small plane, with a speed of 115 miles an hour. Last autumn six were placed on the western end of the cross-continent route and eventually the capacity of the air mail will be doubled by their exclusive use.

Night flying will be the next step and mail will go straight through by air. That means radio—radio telephony rather than telegraphy, the radio compass or direction finder and the field localizer. Already the 15 air mail fields, that at College Park and the Department at Washington, are equipped with wireless and 27 operators are on the job. Administrative messages pass back and forth through the atmosphere, and the news of airplane movements and the weather reports.

On a big map in the Post Office Department are tagged every hour the positions of all active pilots and planes in the service. Washington is ever in touch with each station across the land and every scrap of useful information is quickly passed along.

All fields are being developed to make night flying not only feasible but reasonably safe. Beacons will guide pilots between stations and each field will have its telltale mark outlined in brilliant lights. Mails will start from either coast at daybreak and night flights will be over the center of the country.

From the moment they leave the home field pilots will be in telephonic communication with the ground and can be informed and directed with perfect ease. The marvelous radio receiver and transmitter developed during the war tune out the roar of the motor, the rush of the wind and all other noises, leaving only the tones of the voice which ride the wireless wave. And always the pilot can depend on the wireless compass to keep him headed straight, regardless of weather conditions, and as he nears his destination the radio localizer not only tells him when he is over the center of the landing field but records each change in altitude as he drops toward it.



Mail pilot going over route maps and weather reports while mechanic examines the plane.



Mail plane equipped with skis for take-offs on snow and ice.



Putting the mail aboard at New York for the first leg of transcontinental flight.



Jose Tapacio, Philippine director of posts (with mail bag), about to leave Manila for Cavite by seaplane.

Just at present Congress is in a penurious mood, eager to save the actual visible dollars of today's taxation, without regard to whether that saving is the most costly of extravagances. Everyone hopes that there will be no more wars, but if war should come, the air unquestionably will be a field of great if not greatest activity. Toward the close of the World War, aviation played a great part.

The scrapping of navies has accentuated the possibilities of the air in war-time. So, purely from the standpoint of attaining the greatest possibilities from air service in war, the continuance of its development in peace-time is economy.

The possibilities of the air for transportation purposes have only been touched at the rim. It is a field in which immense development can be expected. But the initial cost can only be borne successfully by the government. The experimental period of an industry which may easily contribute much to the commercial standing of the country is one which the government should guide.

Even were there no commercial returns to be expected, it is doubtful if serious objection would be made to national appropriations for air service development. But with the perfectly legitimate expediting of the postal service to be considered, there comes the added reason of desired and desirable public service to justify the expenditures necessary for the development of aviation.

The postal flyers are writing a page of romance in the marvelous history of American industrial development. They are truly knights of air, hazarding life and limb in a new cause. Speed is the thing today and speed in mail service is best attained through the medium of the air.

An infant public industry, the postal air service has developed far beyond the strongest predictions of its advocates. It spans the continent. It keeps up its schedule. It overcomes weather obstacles which daunt transportation agencies on the solid ground. It is no longer a theory, but as practical a fact as the sewing machine. It should stay.

A Horse Lifts Racing From Its Depths

Morvich So Great That Corruption in Sport Fades When He Runs

IN THE loneliness of immense superiority, a mighty but homely horse circled the famous race course at Churchill Downs in Louisville—and all the country looked on.

Ten thoroughbreds in whose veins flowed the bluest blood in all the fine Aristocracy of the Horse paraded before 70,000 persons who had come from coast to coast to witness the forty-eighth running of the Kentucky Derby, May 13.

But among those 70,000 and among the millions who waited expectantly throughout the country, there were few eyes for the handsome and proud-appearing creatures. There were eyes only for Morvich.

For three minutes at the starting post, the horses pawed and backed and jostled, before the barrier was sprung. All eyes were centered on the third horse from the rail, astride of which crouched a little jade and orange attired jockey. This horse broke second and with two leaps was first.

Then for one and one-quarter miles, Morvich all alone ran his royal way to fame that shall last as long as horses are remembered. There were others who challenged. One stable, bearing the hopes of those whose pride is in Kentucky, the home of the thoroughbred, sent three horses to battle with Morvich for supremacy. One was told off to the duty of driving the favorite to speed so that the others might triumph when the wonder horse had been burned out by the killing pace. But the challenger must pay for life the price of his sacrifice. He broke down and from a most valuable animal will be utterly useless. And Morvich, undisturbed, ran his race.

In the parlance of the race track, Morvich, unbeaten son of Runnymede by Hymir, made every post a winning post, and won easily, going away. His time on a bullet-fast track was 2:04 3-5, a record beaten but thrice in the Kentucky Derby. And he won unextended. He did what his sire failed to do.

But this is not a story of Morvich, the cast-off, who became the greatest horse of the year on the American turf beginning his three-year-old career with his twelfth victory without a defeat. Rather it is of Morvich, a horse too great for human guile to destroy.

There have been great horses before, horses which have run in faster time, finished with courage as great, and endurance as unalloyed. But Morvich's glory lies in the fact that he has been able briefly to restore to American turf a sportmanship lost, and to lift horse racing for a brief 2:04 3-5 minutes of actual run ning from the lowest mire to which gamblers, ex ploiters and doers of scandalous things, have sunk it for these many years. Horse racing has become anathema to the solid citizenry of this country. It has become a sort of a disgrace to attend a race meet ing or to show knowledge of horses. The by-products of the sport are unlawful, and it is with the whisper of the bootlegger and the nervous fear of the dweller of the underworld that one speaks of what once was the sport of kings.

The coming of money to the game of horseman ship was its ruin. Races are theoretically run for purses sufficient to pay the expenses of operating the stables. Too often they are for the "wise gamblers" who have corrupted owners and jockeys that they make money on a sure thing.

It is the horse's skill, speed and endurance, plus a little of human training, that is the thing. But the nature of things makes it the man who takes the profit.

Morvich in the last few months has become a name to conjure by. In places where race horses are never spoken of, he became the subject of intent interest. He was a wonder horse. He had been too great for the vast returns which a "fixed race" would have permitted the gamblers to reap.

Dean Swift somewhere wrote of a race of horses vastly superior to humans in intelligence, in honesty and in other of the virtues.

The intelligence and honesty are granted, but it is seldom that there comes a Morvich or a Man of War, whose marvelous physical prowess is so outstanding that human dishonesty may not destroy it.

But Morvich seems to fill the bill. So far at least he has sufficed to lift the sport of horse racing from the depths.

American racing history is one long record of tragedy, marked here and there by the emergence of some horse of such surpassing excellence that he has risen superior to the human elements which are determined to make merit bow the knee to money.

When such a horse appears, gambling dies of pure inanition. Two years ago it was Man of War whose wonderful speed and honesty stopped race-track gambling which all the laws and enforcement officers of New York State had been unable to check. Man of War finished first in 20 out of 21 starts; bookmakers refused to quote prices on him in a race in which he was entered. The vast crowds which came to see him run were proof that the American public enjoyed the sport of racing with betting barred. There have been a few rare instances previously which compare with that of Man of War. Domino, with 19 firsts out of 25 starts, and Sysonsby which finished first 14 out of 15 times, are the most notable.

Governor Nicholls of New York is credited with inaugurating racing in this country in 1665. The nature of things prevented much development until the last century, when it received a tremendous impetus especially in the South. After the Civil War the pastime gained in supporters, but also in the factors which subsequently brought it into vast disrepute. It is useless here to set forth the steps whereby the sport of kings passed into the hands of the exploiter, the alien, and that indescribable gentry who dwell in the no-man's land between "smartness" and actual crookedness. It is sufficient to remember that this transfer, little understood though it was to the general public, culminated in the widespread agitation which brought such legislation as that sponsored by Governor Charles E. Hughes in New York, and left racing with a name which it may never live down.

There are a few wealthy sportsmen and a few real horse-lovers among trainers and owners who have sought to retain racing as a sport, and there are a few great stake races, like the Preakness in Maryland, the Metropolitan, Brooklyn and Suburban Handicaps in New York, and the Kentucky and Latonia Derbies in Kentucky where merit still holds sway.

But above events and men there comes at rare intervals something greater than either in arousing moral qualities, long dormant and stirring impulses long forgotten—a great horse, like Man of War or Morvich.

Horse racing got its origin far back in antiquity. Thothmes I of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt raced horses. King Solomon paid many talents for horses he bought in Egypt. Racing was popular among the Greeks and as far back as the Thirty-third Olympiad in 648 B. C. it was a recognized part of the Olympian Games.

Records show that horses were raced by the Britons and later by their conquerors, the Saxons. In the reign of James I and under the succeeding Stuarts, horse racing blossomed. There had been racing under Queen Elizabeth, but under James I the sport was legally established. Racing in the seventeenth century was by no means confined to the gayboy and the cavalier. It was a sport suitable even for the most somber Puritan. Oliver Cromwell bred and kept race horses. The attention given to horse-breeding during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries caused the importation of aristocratic animals into England, and their combination with the native stock.

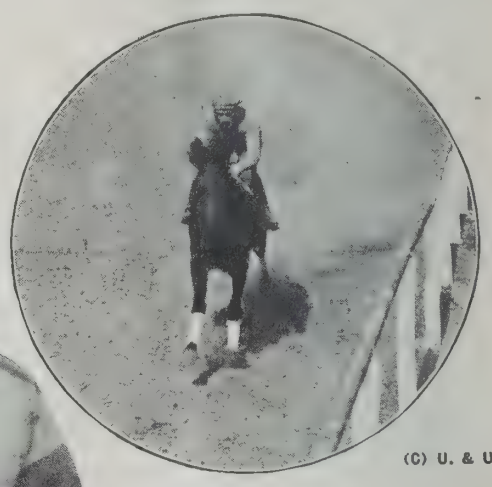
Names to conjure by in horsedom were those eighteenth century animals to whom the blood of the proudest thoroughbreds of today is traced. There was the Helmsley Turk, the Byerly Turk, D'Arcy's White Turk, the Darley Arab, Dodsworth and Greyhound, and others scarcely less distinguished.

The great-grandson of the Darley Arab, Eclipse, born in 1764, is credited with having been the foundation horse of the turf. In many of the finest American thoroughbreds, which have won the great handicaps in this country, the blood of the Darley Arab has flown. Messenger, a colt, whose sire was Blais, and whose dam was Turf, a descendant of the Godolphin Arab, was imported by an American breeder. Blais was a son of Flying Childers, the best-known colt of Eclipse.

There is considerable buncombe about the purity of the strains of bloods in horse records, and there is no doubt that early breeders stretched their imagination to bolster up the pedigrees of their animals. But the record during the last century has been fairly clear.

English racing under the Stuarts resulted in the inauguration of the famous stakes, the Cambridgeshire, the Cesarewitch, the 1000-guineas and the 2000-guineas, on the celebrated course at Newmarket. There are other famous courses, notably Ascot, the rendezvous of the aristocracy and the fashionable, but in all England there is no race more famous than the Derby.

"The Darby," run annually at Epsom, just outside London, is the event of the year. The Derby, named after the twelfth Earl of Derby, was inaugurated in 1730. English racing has not yet succumbed so completely to the baneful influence of the elements who have ruined horse racing as a general sport in America. There is much betting in England, but it is of a different type than the American race track now knows —a betting more on the order of the sportsmen's true blue backing of their favorite horses, than of the cold, slimy "sure-thing" bets of elements who seek vast returns overnight because they are "in the know" of "fixed races" and "pulled horses."



(C) U. & U.



(C) U. & U.

Photo by I. N.

These three views of the wonder horse, Morvich, reveals what a splendid animal the son of Runnymede is.

Brokers' Frauds Costlier Than Crime Wave

People Robbed of More Money in Wall Street Than by Master Thugs

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

WILL the world lose confidence in Wall Street as a financial center, unless it reforms its methods of handling the public's money? Joab H. Banton, district attorney of New York, believes that, at the present moment, the financial district is being weighed in the balances, and that if found wanting, New York will lose its position of monetary supremacy. He is convinced that the licensing of brokers, and putting them under the supervision of the state banking department, or some special public officer, would protect the people and take away the subterfuge of the dishonest. The peculiarity of existing laws, which hampers the prosecution of dishonest brokers, will be described in Mr. Banton's own words.

By some remarkable error of human judgment, the district attorney is opposed in his efforts by the very men whom such a law would benefit. The opposition comes from that powerful aggregation known as the New York Stock Exchange—a group of banking and commission houses, allied in what is known as a "voluntary association." The brokers refuse to be under anybody's supervision, ignoring the fact that if they would submit to be licensed, the hordes of scamps who infest Wall Street, where they are known as "bucketeers," would be wiped out of business.

More than fifty brokerage concerns have failed in Wall Street during the last few months, the greater number of which were bucket shops. In some instances the receivers found assets of only two per cent of liabilities, indicating that the money of customers had been dissipated as it came in. Many of these firms were in the ghoulish business of following up the obituary and probate court notices in daily newspapers, duping the heirs of deceased persons with alleged "investment opportunities."

Working the "Sucker Lists"

ANOTHER business device was working so-called "sucker lists," which has been developed to a fine art in Wall Street. Clerks in corporation offices are bribed to copy from the transfer books the names and addresses of men and women who have invested in industrial, mining and oil stocks. Certain firms, engaged in this traffic, sell their lists of investors to brokers. The latter install large numbers of telephones in their offices, and persuasive salesmen call up the prospective victims. Stocks thus sold are usually worthless. The extent of stock-selling by telephone may be imagined from the fact that one bankrupt bucket shop, on the day of its failure, was found to have "stung" the New York Telephone Company to the tune of *$20,000 for telephone calls.*

Through the failure of one large house, 8,000 men and women, from every walk of life, teachers, janitors, widows, and veterans of the Civil as well as the World War, were rendered financially destitute. Supposedly reputable membership brokers had accepted huge sums in commissions from bucket shops for unexecuted transactions, which were intended to manufacture false bookkeeping records to protect the "bucketeers." One of the commonest forms of fraud perpetrated was to neglect to deliver to customers the stocks they had purchased.

So tremendous was the amount of money shown to have been stolen, that Mr. Banton was aroused. He went to Albany, and before the legislature sponsored the Katlin bill, which provided for the licensing and regulation of stockbrokers. This measure, which would have put an end to, or at least have curbed such gigantic swindles, was immediately opposed by Seymour L. Cromwell, president of the Stock Exchange. Thereupon 26 state senators voted to recommit the bill to the committee on banks, thus defeating the proposed legislation.

Stung to anger by this defeat, the district attorney at once issued this announcement: "Wall Street must be regulated. I am going to preach that doctrine in season and out of season. I am going to take the stump against the men who voted to bury the Katlin bill, and I expect that some of them will be missing from their seats in the legislature next fall."

Now Know He Means Business

SUBSEQUENT events showed the Stock Exchange interests that they had made a grievous error in opposing the Blue Sky laws. Today they have come to realize that the district attorney means business.

Mr. Banton is a Texan, but is a descendant of a family which, in the early years of our country, migrated from New York, some of its members going to Maine, quite a number settling in Central New York, while others went to Virginia. Mr. Banton springs from the southern branch. His father was judge of the Waco district court at the time of his death in 1873. Young Banton had an uphill climb after his father's death. He began work as a newsboy at the age of nine. A few months later he had a job as cash boy in a dry goods store, and it was not until he was 16 years old that he had an opportunity to attend school. When he entered college in 1887, he had money enough to sustain him for just three years, and he crowded the full collegiate course of four years into three years. In 1890 he was graduated as valedictorian of the class from Transylvania College, Lexington, Kentucky. Admitted to the bar in Texas, he later took a postgraduate course in law at the University of Virginia, and moved to New York in 1896. He has been a leading member of the New York bar for nearly 25 years.

After the shelving of the Katlin bill, and facing the hostility of a large financial group, the district attorney nevertheless began a vigorous prosecution of dishonest brokers in the Wall Street district, which early came to be known as "The Bucket Shop Inquiry." Complaints of the abuses and frauds practiced by Wall Street concerns poured in upon the district attorney's office from every part of the United States, from Canada, Mexico and the West Indies.

What especially awakened the indignation of Mr. Banton, was the boldness with which many of the accused brokers evaded the examination of their books. One of them even instructed an office boy to throw his books and accounts overboard into East River from a Hamilton ferryboat. Police boats were set to work to drag the bottom of the river in the attempt to recover the documents. Still the sentiment in the financial district was against the provision to compel brokers to show their books on demand or lose their license to do business. But Mr. Banton holds that no effective control can be exercised over the brokerage business



JOAB H. BANTON

while suspected brokers are at liberty to refuse the district attorney or the grand jury the right to inspect their accounts.

Made uneasy by the continued exposures of further wrongdoing, and the effect they were having on public sentiment, a conference was held in the governors' room of the Stock Exchange by Exchange members and their partners. A reform plan of his own devising was outlined by the president, Mr. Cromwell, who, in addressing the members, said: "The governors of the New York Stock Exchange are now about to put into effect a plan for closer supervision by the Exchange itself, of the business methods of its members. In addition, the Exchange will require from its members doing a margin business, at periods as frequent as twice a year, the answering of a questionnaire which will cover all the points necessary to disclose their condition.

Won't Eliminate "Bucketing"

"RIGHT here I have another appeal to make: Won't you help to stop the soliciting of business over the telephone? *We know that the non-member houses have lists of people of means whom they continually solicit in this way. We know that they scrutinize the obituary lists and pursue the heirs of estates. Let us declare openly against these practices."*

The speaker failed to acknowledge the fact that whatever reforms may be instituted by the Stock Exchange, they will not succeed in eliminating the bucket shop evil from Wall Street.

Mr. Cromwell in opposing the Blue Sky bill says: "This bill might catch a few crooks but it would restrict legitimate trading in a way that would do incalculable harm."

The president of the Stock Exchange contends that bucket shop offenses are plain larceny and that there are existing laws which may be endorsed against them. He reasons that the licensing of brokers will do more harm than good, since crooked operators might get licenses and get a chance to operate under the sanctity of the seal of the state. He is opposed to supervision or regulation of the Stock Exchange by any state authority, arguing that then if the Exchange disciplined a dishonest broker the latter could go to the courts and get an injunction which he cannot do as the Exchange is constituted at present. It is a voluntary corporation. An Exchange seat today sells at $95,000.

"Mr. Cromwell is absolutely blind," said Mr. Barton. "The best interests in Wall Street, men who represent the investment business, and are not identified with brokerage or speculative operations, have assured me that I am exactly on the right track. It is only the selfish members of the New York Stock Exchange who are opposed to the proposed licensing of brokers. Let them discipline their members as much as they wish, but they have no authority to get into my way in disciplining them under the law. But I do not believe it should be so constituted as to be above the law.

"Prevent, Don't Prosecute"

"ISN'T it better to prevent, rather than to prosecute? Honest men have no objection to having their business under the supervision of the government or state. When they attempted to regulate banks, it was said that regulation would hamper business and cause banks to fail. I believe it was A. Barton Hepburn who was made the first banking superintendent in New York. His initial investigation revealed to a certain bank that systematic larceny was being practiced by a number of clerks. His discovery checked an enormous loss to the bank. It was then realized that supervision was a good thing, and the banking interests ceased their opposition. There is not a person in the country who would now be willing to revert to the old haphazard conditions which previously existed.

"The legislation that we propose is twofold. It is adapted to reach the common stealing that is perpetrated by two methods. One is the selling of slips of paper which are called stocks, but which represent no monetary value. To prevent this is the purpose of the Blue Sky laws as one finds them in the West.

"As we represent the center of the brokerage business of the country, we are trying to go further to check another class of stealing called 'bucketing.' If I use my knowledge of the brokerage trade against the business you give me, I am just as much of a crook as the real estate broker who tells you that a lot can't be sold for more than $15,000, when he knows that it can bring $21,000. If I create a market above or below your order by a fictitious lot of trading, I'm stealing not only from you, but defrauding the whole community. Wash sales are common, ordinary stealing.

U. S. Bonds for Wildcat Stuff

"AT LEAST $750,000,000 has been wrongfully taken from the pockets of the people who have invested since the war. The man who has saved and invested in Liberty bonds, has been persuaded to exchange them for mere scraps of paper.

"This is a question of stopping a thief rather than putting him in jail. We should regulate brokers by licensing them, just as we have licensed savings banks and insurance companies, and placing them under supervisory control. When you put a deposit in a bank, you don't have to lie awake nights, speculating whether the bank is solvent, or whether you are apt to go broke. Why not place the brokerage business on the same splendid foundations?

"Here is what happened in an actual case. Dier & Company failed for $5,000,000 and over. Dier & Company today have less than $100,000 assets. Can you imagine any bank frittering away its capital, surplus and deposits, so that it would have less than two per cent? We issued a subpoena for the books. The firm sought to restrain the district attorney. Judge Hand denied their motion, on the ground that delivery of the books by bankrupts to a receiver operated as a waiver. Dier & Company have now taken an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is next to impossible to prove that a crime has been committed by any member of a brokerage firm, or any one connected with them, without an examination of such books. This shows the absolute necessity of having laws in this state which will put brokers under the control of the banking department or some like department, and place their records at the disposal of public officers.

"The district attorney has also been restrained temporarily from examining the books of Ruskay & Company. Now if a bank or insurance company fails, this does not exempt them, because courts have held that when one applies for a license to do business he waives his constitutional privilege, and opens his books.

"I am trying to put those bills through, but find myself opposed by fellows who, in the last six months, have taken $100,000,000 away from the people in New York. This situation affects the financial supremacy of New York. The so-called crime wave is nothing to the brokerage frauds. We can handle thugs, and are doing so. But when the confidence of the world in New York as a financial center is lost, then New York will surely suffer. So I find myself fighting for the metropolis, and for its financial supremacy, its honesty and integrity."

Conservation of California's Wild Flowers

Five Thousand Beautiful Blossoms Driven to Mountain Fastnesses by Man

By HARRY H. DUNN

ACTION will be taken at the next session of the state legislature to place the wild flowers of California under the protection of the law, just as the wild mammal and bird life and the fish of the state are conserved and protected by the California State Fish and Game Commission. This movement to save the wild flowers was called forth by the danger of the early extermination of the California poppy, the state flower; the Matilija poppy, and other popular wild flowers. It follows continuous work for more than 10 years by one woman and her son.

There are some 5,000 varieties of wild flowers in California, as compared with about 3,000 on the Atlantic coast, and the Mississippi valley. These, except for a few varieties which have been domesticated, have been driven far back into the hills and the mountain meadows, by the incursions of the motorists, the campers and the hikers. The harm is not that people pick these flowers, but that, in picking them, they pluck out plant and root, thereby destroying entire fields of California poppies, platystemons, Mariposa tulips, bluebells, and other flowering plants, once so plentiful that the early Spaniards called California the "cloth of flowers." California poppies which once covered the rolling foothills of Southern California are found now only in the secluded valleys of the higher hills, or in gardens, where they have been developed out of all resemblance to the dainty wild blossoms.

In the campaign for this protection of the helpless wild flowers, an exhibition was given in San Francisco, April 20, 21 and 22, under the auspices of the Wild Flower Conservation League, a national organization, and under the immediate direction of Mrs. Bertha M. Rice and her son, Roland Rice, of Saratoga, California. More than a decade ago, Mrs. Rice began her work for the wild flowers of California, and, with her son, succeeded in enlisting the aid of such men as David Starr Jordan, president emeritus of Stanford University; Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president emeritus of the University of California; Luther Burbank; John Burroughs; the then governor, Hiram W. Johnson; Dr. H. C. Bryant, of the faculty of the University of California; Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, president of Mills College; Dr. William Frederic Bade, president of the Sierra Club; and others prominent in public life.

The exhibition this year was remarkable. It presented more than 1,000 varieties of living wild plants, in full blossom in surroundings like those in which they grew. Soil for each of these plants was brought from its own habitat. Plants from the desert were grouped together, more than a score of different varieties of cactus being shown, along with the flowering mesquite, and a large number of the flowers which clothe the desert for a brief period in springtime. Trilliums, growing in their natural places at the bases of redwood saplings, vied with Leopard lilies from the high mountain meadows, and with the yellow Calochortus, kindred to the Mariposa tulip, but which grows only on the slopes of Mount Diablo, while the Mariposa, in its many species, flowers all over California from Shasta to San Diego and from the coastal mountain wall to the sea.

Some seven hundred persons from every county in California sent flowering plants, with quantities of the surrounding earth. The Wild Flower Conservation League estimated the attendance at 20,000, of whom between 6,500 and 7,000 were children of school age. The 1922 show was the eighth given. Mrs. Rice is also the sponsor for Wild Flower Day, April 24, which was inaugurated by Governor Johnson in 1915.

A special effort is being made to reach the children, both through the annual exhibits and through the educational work during the school year. "If the children can be taught the beauty and the value of the wild flowers, and their place in life, the coming generation will not wantonly destroy them," said Mrs. Rice. "In the passage of legislation aimed to protect the wild flowers, no attempt will be made to prohibit the picking of the blossoms, but a check will be put on the tearing up of the entire plant and its destruction."

A large number of curious and interesting stories have been collected to be told to the children in the schools and at the living wild flower exhibit. For several years the nature guide service in the Yosemite National Park, maintained jointly by the Federal Department of National Parks and the State of California, attracted 60,000 persons who heard lectures, camp-fire talks and took field trips. Approximately 27,000 of these visitors were children. So great was the demand for more field trips on the part of the children that the facilities for the service in 1922 have been doubled, with the approval of Stephen T. Mather, director of national parks for the United States Government.

The same plan, in modified form, is being used by the Wild Flower Conservation League, in the hope that the training of children will bring them to a maturer age with an understanding of wild flowers and a desire to protect them. The mysterious snow flower of the high Sierras, and especially of the Yosemite Valley section, is now protected by law, as is also the *tollon* berry, which ripens to flaming crimson clusters about the time of the Christmas holidays, and which had been all but exterminated by careless pickers, who broke down the trees and left them to die in their haste to gather the berries. It is probable that, within the next year, all the wild flowers of California will be protected.

Oddly enough, few of the California wild flowers have been domesticated in this country, though the home gardens of England and of continental Europe are full of them. The domesticated wild flower, after a few generations, loses much of its pristine appearance, and, by exaggerated size and development of certain parts at the expense of others, becomes almost a different variety of blossom. Thus, the wild flowers cannot be preserved in ordinary gardens; they must be safeguarded where nature sowed them. Today, they are nearly gone from the highways of California, which once were bordered with a myriad-hued carpet of beauty. From the end of March to the end of September, the flaming beauty of such midsummer blossoms as the Indian Paint Brush, the Cone Flower and the wild sunflowers made the roadways brilliant.

The exhibit of the thousand varieties of wild flowers attracted almost as much attention as the famous annual dahlia show in Oakland, or the chrysanthemum show of San Francisco; indeed, it probably accomplished more from an educational standpoint than either of the two exhibits of domesticated flowers, beautiful as they were. Among the rare and seldom-seen wild flowers exhibited was the yellow Calochortus, which, according to Mrs. Rice and other botanists, is to be found only on the slopes of Mount Diablo. Of this flower, Mrs. Rice says:

"This yellow tulip is a close relative of the Mariposa 'lily,' which is in reality a tulip, and, which, because the beautifully-marked blossoms are held on slender stems, swaying high over the grasses, was named 'Mariposa'—butterfly — by the Spaniards, the first white men to see it. It even reaches to the desert, where the flaming, vermilion, tulip-shaped Desert Mariposa is a delight to motorists along the desert roads. The flower is a reproach to the phrase 'God-forsaken,' as applied to the desert. There are scores of varieties of these Calochortus, one of them, commonly called the 'Sego Lily,' is the state flower of Utah, where it is esteemed not only for its beauty, but also because its edible corms formed a substantial part of the food supply of the Mormon pioneers when they crossed the desert. This flower was named by the Ute Indians, and is often called 'Sago,' but 'Sego' is the correct Indian word. The Utes consumed great quantities of the corms, and named them 'noonas.' The Digger Indians of California received their name because when white men first saw them, they were busily occupied in searching for these and other bulbs and roots."

The living wild flowers shown at this spring's exhibit, by far the finest and best wild flower show ever held, embraced many of the commoner, and a number of the rarer, plants and blossoms from an area more than 800 miles in length by 250 to 300 in width. While specimens of only one-fifth of the total number of varieties of wild flowers in the state were gathered together in this exhibit, it is believed that at least one representative of every botanical family known to the state was present in the collection.

The idea to be carried out in conserving and protecting the wild flowers, is to place the control of these flowers in the hands of a commission, somewhat similar to the present fish and game commission, and, possibly, as a branch of that organization. Regular study of the flowers and flowering shrubs would be made by experts attached to this commission, just as studies of birds and mammals and fishes have been made by the state fish and game commission. No attempt will be made to prevent people plucking flowers, or transplanting wild flowering plants, but they will be prevented from destroying them, or at least would have to pay stiff fines when caught doing so.

The luxuriance of the California flora is responsible for the conservation movement. Leaders expect the rest of the country to follow.



Wild clematis bank, one of wild flowers which resist domestication, and for which Mrs. Bertha M. Rice (above) inaugurated California protective movement.

Watterson Bridge Proposed

ABOLISHING the Mason and Dixon line, as a memorial to the late Colonel Henry Watterson, by erecting a $15,000,000 bridge linking Kentucky and Indiana, is the ambitious project launched at Louisville, Kentucky, by a volunteer citizens' movement.

While plans are yet in an embryonic state, sufficient headway has been made to assure success. It is proposed to celebrate the opening with a national exposition in the "gateway of the South." Many great trunk highways pass through Louisville from North to South including a proposed international Peace Highway to connect Canada and Mexico. All these will be given free passage over the Watterson Bridge.

According to tentative plans, the lower deck of the bridge is to be used for railways and vehicles and the upper for displaying Louisville's manufactured goods and reciprocal displays from other states and nations.

On the Indiana side, arrangements are being made to link the bridge terminals with various city improvements and interstate highways, and on the Kentucky side, with a huge municipal auditorium, memorial museum and terraced driveways along the entire river front.



Among the specimens shown at the California wild-flower exhibition were the Mariposa Tulip (upper right) the Matilja Poppy (center) and the Yellow Calochortus (upper left). In the lower left hand corner is the now almost extinct variety known as Baby Blue Eyes. Wild Trilliums growing at the base of redwoods are shown in the lower center picture. Roland Rice has been his mother's assistant in the movement for wild-flower conservation.

Cypress Celebrated in Legend and in Fact

Concluded from page 3

sides baled commodities and slaves. Other canoes carried 80 and 100 barrels, after they were sawed in two lengthwise and made wider with slabs.

History abounds with mention of cypress. The first capitol building in Texas was built of it. Old records in New Orleans tell the story of the first waterworks system successfully operated in the United States. It is not clear just when the system was established, but it became a matter of record in 1811, when Benjamin Latrode took over the system. In 1833 the plant was taken over by the Commercial bank.

Until recent years the greatest curiosity in New Orleans was immense cypress tanks. They were cisterns, and on the outside of every residence was one or more of them. There was no other supply, for New Orleans was built on marshes, and if you dug a hole a few inches deep anywhere, marsh water gushed up. Hence, wells or cisterns below the surface were out of the question.

To meet these requirements, a waterworks system was devised to supply the district lying between Canal street, Esplanade avenue, Rampart street, and the river, boundaries of "old New Orleans." Five-inch holes were bored from end to end of cypress logs, which were 18 feet long, and averaged 22 inches in diameter. These were the mains, and they were joined end to end by iron connections driven into each log. At the ends of various mains were wooden plugs to cut off water from delinquent customers. A large wooden tank was built at the foot of Canal street, wooden pumps were installed, and slaves never ceased pumping water into this tank. The mains connected with this tank, and the gravity system of distribution was employed.

Scientists have written much about the very ancient lineage of cypress. They say that the entire north temperate zone, even into Iceland and Greenland, was covered. Conditions changed, and cypress was crowded into swamps along the Atlantic coast, the Gulf coast, and the Mississippi Valley as far north as Southeastern Missouri. Dispossession of cypress took place long ago, as evidenced by standing stumps of cypress —thousands of them together—carried down to the mouth of the Mississippi River, and covered with sedimentary deposits. These stumps were exhumed during dredging operations in Southern Louisiana. Cypress logs 20 feet below the level of the mud on the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico have been found. At the rate of deposit of mud by the Mississippi River, it required the settlings of 10,000 years to bury the logs to that depth. The logs were growing trees some 20,000 years ago.

Herbert Ward—An Artist and Adventurer

Concluded from page 2

Ward's return, he learned that a party of Africans had been brought over to the Brussels Exhibition. He went to their barracks, and in spite of changed apparel was immediately recognized. They called to him "Nkumbi." They were seated around a fire eating and showed their pleasure at seeing him. The Bangala language, in which he had gained a certain proficiency, had, until that moment, passed entirely from his mind. He found himself replying spontaneously to questions, but each time he became conscious of his own voice uttering those strange words, he ceased—the spell was broken, and he could not continue.

Before the war the Wards visited Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page at Washington. They witnessed the presentation to the Wright brothers of the first Langley medal by the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Ward was deeply impressed and told his friends that perhaps the Smithsonian was the best place for his African collection.

When the war came, he volunteered with the British Ambulance Corps. A bursting shell lamed him, he was mentioned in the dispatches and decorated with the Croix de Guerre. Two of Herbert Ward's sons were in the conflict. The elder, Charles Sanford Ward, was killed at Neuve-Chapelle. His second son, Herbert Sanford Ward, was severely wounded in an aerial duel and captured after his machine had been shot down behind the German lines. After the armistice, although broken in health, Herbert Ward went on a tour of inspection through Poland. Returning, he was taken seriously ill at the American Embassy in Rome. His friends, Ambassador and Mrs. Page, cared for him. He never fully recovered, and died in August, 1919.

Shortly after her husband's death, Mrs. Ward communicated with Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in regard to the collection. Herbert Ward left no will so she was free to dispose of the collection. Many large institutions in Europe were eager to acquire it but she remained true to her husband's wishes.

The work of dismantling the collection was begun last July and in November, Mrs. Ward sailed from England to assist in arranging the collection. She wished to reflect the atmosphere of her husband's studio in Paris.

After months of work the exhibit was opened recently. A large part of the second floor of the museum has been set apart and the windows have been shaded to suggest the semi-darkness of the jungle. It occupies the same relative position as the famous Roosevelt collection, at the opposite end of the museum.

An Antidote to "Jazz" in Real Music

Plantation Melodies of Negro in Striking Contrast to "Ragging"

By LEONORA RAINES

IT IS not at all true that present-day "jazz" songs and dances are merely an expression of Negro animalism. Animalism is not confined to the Negro race. Possibly, in its primitive and innocent and therefore natural forms, animalism is not very objectionable. What revolts and disgusts all right-minded people in "jazz" is its very obvious origin in the degenerated animalism, the unclean manifestations of an atavism, which, in its reversion to primitive traits, reveals a decay symptomatic of sensuality.

Travelers generally bear evidence to the superior morality of the simple and primitive tribes of Africa and of Central and South America. In their nudity, they have preserved a degree of modesty comparing favorably with that of the elaborately clothed civilizee. Accordingly, it is not in the natural animalism of the West African tribesman roaming his native jungle, nor in the folklore and the melodies of the old-time plantation darkies of the South, that we are to find the real origin of "jazz." It is rather in the habitues of the bars and dives of the underworld. These have embalmed the indecencies, along with their often pathetic and even tragic experiences and sensations, in the songs and dances which at this day bulk so largely in stage entertainments, and which, like a noisome pestilence, are invading the ballrooms and the homes of the people of America.

These facts are brought out very plainly in a recent article on the Leightons (Frank and Burt) on the origin of "Blues" or "Jazz." They tell us, for instance, that "to one who has glimpsed the sources of jazz music it always comes with something of a shock to hear some sweet young thing tinkling the piano in the sanctity of a good American Methodist home, as she sings:

"'Won't you come home, dear daddy, please dear,
come home,'
"She cries the whole day long.
"'I'll do the cooking, honey, I'll pay the rent,
"I knows I'se done you wrong.'"

"Soon after the close of the War for the Union, the Negro quarters of American industrial cities began to grow. Huddled in vile slums, black folk and yellow were brought into contact with the more vicious and criminal elements of the whites, and the child-nature in some of the blacks succumbed to vice, although many held their own and by industry and probity climbed into self-respect and useful citizenship. But the ragtime melody grew in lawless haunts. The Negro at his worst lives in an abandon seldom approached by the most reckless of white debauchees. Never acquiring the hard cynicism of the white sinner, the black loves and laughs, gambles and fights, with an ardor all his own. When the outburst of hot animalism dies down and the dicer has lost his last dime, the gunman or the razor-wielder lands in jail. When this climax comes and the lover and his mistress are torn apart by jealousy or death, the black man's sorrow and remorse translate themselves into characteristic songs."

There is much logic and common sense, therefore, in the suggestion that a powerful antidote to jazz might be found in a general revival of interest in the old-time Negro melodies, with their suggestion of deep spiritual depths, of joyful dance rhythms and of subtly contrasting minor chords.

In our overcrowded life of today, little attention is paid by the multitude to folk songs or basic melodies. Yet composers, looking for material on which to build their themes, or artists seeking something sympathetic to give an audience, will turn to this music. In America there is great foundation for such inspiration — perhaps greater than in other countries, because of the number of themes available. McDowell, greatest of American composers, believed that this Negro music, along with that of the Indian, would contribute much to the future American music.

Antonin Dvorak was right when he said that in plantation melodies there is "a wealth of harmony in its highest form," and proved it in the making of his "American Symphony," the most beautiful movement in the composition being the adagio, which is built around a Negro air.

There is the *acciacatura* preceding the long plaintive note; again, there is the suggestion of *grupetto* before the full note with some modification. This continues throughout, with a *tempo* that is slow rather than fast. With another singer, the song would appear dragged, but the Negro has a way of filling in the space with veiled, unwritten notes that add to the individuality and refinement of the composition. To an ear unaccustomed to the strains, the stretched-out notes may have a monotonous effect, although each bar is really different.

Just as the origin of folk songs in other lands is unknown, so it is unknown under what condition the harmonies originated. It was the heartbeat of the race rather than the district or clime. History confirms the theory that folk songs are the spontaneous outbursts of toilers in all countries. Races of the soil, they spring from the hearts of those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Negro melodies, with their syncopation, may have originated in a muscular blow of the foot or arm. A legend tells us that the pyramids were built to music, because the masons accomplished more under the influence of rhythm; and surely some of the old songs of Egypt owe their origin to the temples and pyramids. The seaman's "chanty" is universal.

We have no reason for believing the original themes in every case were of sacred order, except as the Negro takes everything religious emotionally. It appeals to his primitive, imaginative, mystic nature, hence the adoption of Bible words in many popular ditties. The Bible was the only book read to the slave, and the Sabbath, a holiday from toil, was a day of rest and song. Naturally, the melodies were cast in religious form.

When the Negro came to this country on a Dutch trading vessel in 1619, landing at Jamestown, he brought to us his voice and his music. It is his inborn love of the mother of the arts that has gained for him a part in our national character. If the Negro had not had this gift of expressing himself in melody, he most probably would have counted for little.

The songs were sung during many generations by slaves throughout the South, but their appeal did not become world-wide until after emancipation. In 1871, the Fisk University, of Nashville, one of the early institutions for the education of former slaves, formed a group of men and women to enable the outside world to hear and put a true value on Negro music.

The company, a double quartet, started on its tour, which was noteworthy as the first of a band to introduce to the public how the Negro could sing. The voices of the singers were trained only in that they learned their repertory of songs, and their respective places in the quartet. Under the direction of Professor George White, the blacks gave their first concert at Oberlin, Ohio, in October, 1871, where a national conference of the Congregational churches was in session.

On the day the Negroes arrived, everything was in confusion at the conference, and as business of an important nature had to be settled and the time was limited, their request to be allowed to sing was waved aside. Knowing that everything depended on their getting a hearing, the musicians formed a plan. They stole around to the open gallery, cut off but not concealed from the main auditorium.

Speaking of what followed, Cleveland Allen says:

"All of a sudden there floated over the large convention hall the soft strains of 'Steal Away to Jesus.' There was a commotion, as eyes turned in the direction of the singers. A hush fell over the audience as the song floated over the assembly. There was pathos, harmony, sympathy in the song, and they made that vast audience, some of whom represented New England culture, actually see the slaves stealing away to Jesus. The singers stopped, but the convention cried, 'More,' and then came more of the Negro music, and from that moment to the present, no one doubted the place these songs had in American life.

"Fortunately for the Fisk singers, Henry Ward Beecher was visiting the convention, and after he had heard the Jubilee singers, he arose in the midst of the convention and invited them to come to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The singers, accordingly, started East, and as their coming had been widely heralded, capacity audiences greeted their first appearances. The Negroes were praised by news critics, and the success of the tour was assured."

The singers traveled throughout the northern states and then went to Europe. While they were in England, Dwight Moody was holding a religious revival in London, and he made frequent use of them in his meetings. For seven years, the Negroes covered the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, bringing back a fortune of $150,000. This money was applied toward the erection of Jubilee Hall, a building dedicated to Negro music that now stands on the campus of Fisk University.

Jubilee Hall, indeed, rests on the very spot where once a slave pen stood. Fisk University stands for the best exponent of Negro music, and has set the example to similar institutions in Atlanta, Hampton, Tuskegee and other southern colleges. Since the music has had its chance before the public both in the North and South, it has grown in appreciation. Its strains are perhaps best loved in Virginia, the Negro's first home in America.

There is no fear of the old songs becoming back numbers in the South. They have been adopted by many white ballad concert singers and entertainers. As for the original and primitive collection, the number is small, but many airs have been composed after the original harmonies, and it is conceded that the Negro has done the work better than could the white composer. Yet the continuing popularity of such adaptations of Negro themes in both words and music as "Dixie," "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe" and "Swanee River" testify to the vitality even of its imitations.

A southerner, Mary Gillen, realizing that Negro folklore was passing and loving the songs as all southerners do, recently went to the heart of the matter and toured the South to linger at plantations where the blacks picked cotton, carded, quilted, crooned and sang as had parents and grandparents before them. Having notebook and pencil with her, Mary Gillen jotted down combinations with words.

The Negro is never so much at home as when he sings, and he loves an audience. So the presence of the stranger taking notes was no check on his music. The listener got "copy" just as Joel Chandler Harris got "copy" from Uncle Remus as he listened to the old Negro tell the little boy stories of "Brer Rabbit" and "Brer Fox." The blacks that sing the old songs still abound throughout Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia. In these states, the old melodies may still be collected for preservation.

The reason for the failure of some of the melodies is in the fact that they were learned in a studio, where "style" and "effect" are sought above everything else. But the successful interpreters of the music are usually southerners, who were brought up among the blacks, learned their voice inflections, and in childhood caught the spirit of the Negro rhythms.

If one doubts the spontaneity and soul of the "spirituals," he should visit a Negro camp meeting and feel the swing and power of the irregular cadences. The Negro does not think of "breath control" as he lets the voice flow freely. And as for "effect" he knows nothing of it. Some white "artists" would sing "Rise, Mourner, Rise," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," or "Jesus Walked," as they would Brahms or Handel. By such misconception and misapplication they would rob our song literature of some of its richest gems.



This impressive view of the Gorge of the Columbia was made from Inspiration Point and shows Crown Point and the Vista House in the middle distance. The Vista House is a memorial to Oregon pioneers and is one of the most popular stopping places for tourists traveling the Columbia River Highway.



(C) Harris & Ewing

"Uncle Joe" Retiring After 62 Years' Politics

Foe of Humbug, Friend of Party's Enemies; Former Speaker a Link With Lincoln's Time

By AARON HARDY ULM

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON is going to retire. After March 4, 1923, the most picturesque figure at the national capital, the man who has served the greatest period of time of any one person in the United States Congress proposes to take a rest. And though he was 86 years old on May 7, "Uncle Joe" is working just as hard, during this, his forty-sixth and last year of congressional service, as during his first year in Washington. He still enjoys draw poker and still defeats at dominoes the star players of the National Press Club. He still chews black cigars continuously, and enjoys and can participate in a joke.

A year or two ago, the National Press Club in Washington devoted an evening to honoring "Uncle Joe" Cannon and the late Champ Clark. Nicholas G. Longworth, Republican Congressman from Ohio who presided, introduced Clark as the best-loved—on both sides—member of the House of Representatives. It would have been superfluous to have added that "Uncle Joe" Cannon was the best-liked—on both sides—member of the House. Champ Clark was loved by all and liked by many. "Uncle Joe" is liked by all and loved by most. All assent to Henry Watterson's estimate of him: "Here is a man who may be depended on to do whatever he undertakes, whether for good or ill. He is a man."

Softness is foreign to "Uncle Joe's" nature. When he hits, he hits hard and mercilessly. His affections are illimitable but they never stand in the way of his doing what he believes should be done. Gentleness, in the usually accepted sense, is with him synonymous with effeminacy. When the struggle is on he asks no quarter and gives none; when it ends it is over; it never extends to anything foreign to the issue. "Uncle Joe" is never personal in his partialities or his prejudices. Sentimentality is to him disgusting. He looks on politics mostly as humbug, and politicians, himself included, as humbugs. Life, personal and public, has been to him a game, much like poker or dominoes, and he has lived it largely as he would play any game—always with a true regard for sportsmanship, and the eternal verities.

With all that, "Uncle Joe" Cannon is no crabbed pessimist. Despite his years he has never yielded to the inclination to look upon the past as best, the present as futile and the future as hopeless. When, five years ago, the House stopped the wheels of its partisanship to pay tribute to its "Grand Old Man," on his eightieth birthday, Mr. Cannon, among other things, said:

> "There are now more great men and more great women in the United States than there have ever been in the past history of the republic. Someone asks, 'Where are they?' And I answer: They are everywhere following their vocations; but when necessary, whether it be in Congress or in civil life, or upon the bench, in the state legislatures; whether it be in diversifying industries of the country and carrying on the business of the country, whether it be in following the plow or working in the machine shop, there will be found more people capable of self-government and ready to defend the flag than there ever have been since the discovery of America."

That from the man who had a hand in the first nomination of Abraham Lincoln and sat as a delegate in the convention which nominated Lincoln the second time, a man who was in office during the Civil War and has known intimately virtually every public man of importance since that day, a man from whose very name was coined a political word of opprobium, namely, "Cannonism," a man who, when nearly 80 years old, lost one of the bitterest fights known to the history of Congress—but who came up smiling, just as he is still smiling.

When Cannon was born in 1837, Martin Van Buren had just succeeded Andrew Jackson as President. Indiana, to which his parents carried him at the age of four from his native state, North Carolina, was a part of the western frontier.

Beginnings Like Lincoln's

IT WAS under early frontier conditions that Joseph G. Cannon grew to manhood. His early life was similar in many respects to that of Abraham Lincoln. Both were of southern origin, Indiana rearing and Illinois development. Cannon had to make his own way, his father having met with accidental death when the boy was 14 years old. Cannon got his first foothold on life as a country storekeeper, but, unlike Lincoln, he studied law in a school. Cannon hardly entered upon the practice of law before he began to take active part in politics, being elected state's attorney in 1861. With the exception of three periods totaling eight years, Mr. Cannon has been continuously in office. When he retires in 1923 he will have served 53 years in public positions, 46 years in the House of Representatives. For length of Congressional service, he holds the record. The nearest approaching his was that of the late Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who served in both House and Senate a total of 43 years, 9 months and 24 days.

When Cannon entered Congress, James G. Blaine, then only 38 years old, was Speaker of the House. "Sunset" Cox was a leading Democratic member. Cox gave origin to the earliest known Cannon story with a congressional setting. The witty New Yorker was speaking when the new member from Illinois asked for the privilege of an extended interruption.

"I can't yield to the gentleman," said Mr. Cox, "for he insists on keeping his finger pointed at me, and I am afraid it will go off. But if he will keep his left hand in his pocket (Cannon being left-handed) I'll yield."

Cannon accepted the terms and began to speak with his left hand in his jeans. But after he got warmed to his subject, the hand came out and a finger shot forward in the direction of Cox.

"Time's up!" called the New Yorker, and Cannon sat down as the House laughed. But a little joke didn't daunt the gentleman from Illinois who soon developed into one of the best rough-and-tumble debaters Congress has ever known.

As a speaker, "Uncle Joe's" gymnastics have been as interesting as what he said. He waves his arms, walks back and forth and often does a complete about-face in emphasizing a climax. "He acts as though made entirely of spiral springs but the man who tackles him in debate must look to his laurels," Champ Clark once said.

Myths Around Personality

CANNON'S ability in debate, as that of most men in that field, has been due to his industry. Few members of Congress have had his capacity or liking for hard work. He always knows his subject.

As with all public men who establish fixed or quaint personalities there is much in the popular conception of "Uncle Joe" Cannon that is, at least partly, mythical. That is true of his alleged sulphurous vocabulary. The writer has seen much of him but never heard him use a profane word. He was reared in the mid-mannered faith of the Quakers and while he affiliates personally with no sect, his friends say that his sympathies still incline toward the faith that was his mother's and father's.

Another partial myth having to do with "Uncle Joe" concerns his smoking. While he affects long black cigars, he "wears" them more than he actually consumes them. While he always has one in his mouth—or such was the case until recently when his physician advised him to moderate the habit—he rarely finishes one. He merely chews up the ends and throws them away.

While he likes the good things of life, living being with him something worth pursuing for its own sake, "Uncle Joe's" habits always have been temperate. He rarely has tasted whisky, not because of scruples about moderate consumption of intoxicants, but for the reason that he simply doesn't like it. He has drunk very little wine or beer because those beverages didn't agree with him. His worst intemperance probably has been the habit of staying up late nights—he rarely retires before midnight. But being of a phlegmatic temperament, he has needed less sleep than most people. During most of his time in Washington, Mr. Cannon has lived at hotels. He has always kept his home at Danville, Illinois. He has never owned a house and only occasionally has had a residence at Washington. At present he is living in an apartment with his daughter, Miss Helen Cannon.

There is nothing that raises the ire of "Uncle Joe" as much as cant and affectation. Once when William Sulzer, of New York, made the rafters in the House of Representatives ring with a perfervid appeal on behalf of "the people," Cannon waited until the member got through. Then he arose and said: "And now let us proceed with the regular business and fool the people some more." Complimented one day on an able tariff speech he had just made, "Uncle Joe" swept his cigar to the angle that always caught the eye of cartoonists and remarked dryly:

"Yes, but I liked it better the first time I delivered it. I forgot the man I borrowed it from but if you'll look through the records you will find that someone else used it before I did."

Among aphorisms credited to him are the following:

> "Honesty if it is zealous without wisdom and without caution is as bad as dishonesty mingled with wisdom."
>
> "So far as disturbing the air is concerned, criticism and declamation do not affect legislation and concern me but little."
>
> "It is the easiest thing on earth to create an office, it is the hardest thing on earth to abolish an office."

His repartee, always parliamentary and generally kindly, sometimes has been biting in its acidity. Once when Congressman Boutelle threatened to break out of the party traces and run amuck, "Uncle Joe" remarked: "There are some men, Mr. Speaker, who would break up a funeral if they were not selected to drive the hearse."

In his long service on and many years chairman of the House Appropriations Committee he was a steady and persistent fighter for economy in the national government. A story, in connection with his work on that committee, shows how much of his partisanship has been, at bottom, only mythical. When he went on the committee, the clerk in charge of its detail work was a left-over from a Democratic Congress. The committee chairman, in line with a custom which still governs practically all other committees, was about to name his own clerk.

Put Aside Partisanship

"THE clerk we have had for the last four years is an unusually capable man, such as the committee needs regardless of the party in power," Cannon declared. "I propose that we keep him."

It was put to a vote and Cannon, the arch-Republican, voted with the Democratic members and won. The result was that James C. Courts, a Democrat, continued the clerk and expert of the House appropriations for about 40 years, in fact, until he died a few years ago. Not long ago in speaking of him Mr. Cannon declared that few men have rendered such inestimable service to the government as the almost unknown committee clerk.

"Uncle Joe's" lack of vanity was shown many years ago when he was asked to write a small sketch of himself. This was the result: "Mr. Cannon was born of God-fearing and man-loving parents. He made himself and he did a darn poor job of it."

Cannon was elected Speaker. After several years in the chair Congress turned him down more dramatically and humiliatingly than if they had failed to elect him Speaker. It was when "Cannonism," or the great power that steadily had drifted into the Speaker's hands, was abolished, despite one of the most determined fights ever made. For two days and nights "Uncle Joe," then 'way in the seventies, slept not a wink. After every member he could count on had reached the House, he let the contest come to a decision. He lost, but it never made one iota of difference in the general attitude of "Uncle Joe." Even after his defeat in 1910 and his return to the House of Representatives on the basis of a new member of the minority party, he took part in committee and floor work just as avidly as if it actually had been his first term. And on his last day there, barring illness which rarely bothers him, he will be just as attentive to his duties as on the first day nearly 50 years before. And even the bitterest foes of his theories of politics and government will be sorry to see him go.

Farmers Are Serfs of the Money Lenders

Only Relief in Sight Is Possible "Chance" to Borrow Even More Cash

THE farmers are bankrupt, "tenants at will" to the banks and investment public that lent them money. The farming industry has been on the down grade for many years, in spite of various plans, Federal and state, to put agriculture on a sound basis. These plans have either been theoretical or so bound with red tape and bureaucratic control that they amount to naught.

And now, what are the farmers promised? Legislation to aid them to borrow more money!

The Federal and state governments have spent many millions "to uplift" agriculture, but their agencies failed, because those in charge *did not comprehend the fundamental needs of the farmers.*

By GEORGE H. STEVENSON

OUR government is a liberal government. When one of the nation's industries proves to be lagging behind, Congress, bursting always with indiscriminate generosity, establishes, at the expense of the taxpayers, a new department, or bureau, for nursing the ailing industry. And so, through the years, these bureaus and departments have multiplied, developing into a super-government, to which political parties in power have gradually come to delegate their prerogatives, receiving in return therefor governmental patronage. This super-government, bureaucratic by nature, ingrowing as to vision, dictating and directing as of the divine right of kings, has supplanted the real democracy. Out of touch and never really in sympathy with the weal or woe of the common man, sensible only to that power or psychology which results in ever-increasing appropriations, this super-government moves on, pausing only to inject the needle into some lagging industry. The use of the needle is all right in case of an emergency, but its indiscriminate and continued use will wreck the most rugged of constitutions.

Likewise, generosity of governments in the making of appropriations for the advancement of its industries is justified only to the extent that such appropriations bring fundamental relief. When a thorough diagnosis discloses the fact that the patient is growing steadily weaker it is well to consider a change of medicine, not merely an increased dose of the same thing.

And so it is with agriculture. Liberal appropriations in the name of and for the benefit of agriculture have fallen short of the mark, not because there was not need for governmental recognition of the importance of agriculture, but because the expenditure of such appropriations has been carried on by bureaus and departments largely hidebound by bureaucratic tendencies.

The Department of Agriculture was established in May, 1862, with an appropriation of $60,000. In 1900, $3,006,022 was appropriated; in 1910, $15,470,634.16; in 1920, $33,899,761, and it is now reported that the next annual appropriation for the advancement of agriculture will be in excess of $35,000,000.

In addition to the appropriations made by the Federal Government for the benefit of agriculture, the 48 states of the Union appropriated in 1910 approximately $18,000,000, and in 1920 something over $30,000,000—a total for both Federal and state in 1920 of nearly $65,000,000.

Expenditures Without Help

IT IS apparent to thinking persons that the expenditure of these vast sums annually for the uplift of agriculture has failed to stem its downward trend, and it is well, therefore, that the nation as a whole should at this time pause and consider seriously the status of agriculture. I venture this suggestion on the ground that if the stereotyped belief of the masses of our citizenship to the effect that the "farming class is the backbone of our civilization," and "agriculture is the corner stone to our prosperity," is true, then it is the part of wisdom that the country as a whole acquaint itself with the true condition of its backbone, and examine carefully the corner stone to its prosperity.

I am not only a farmer at heart and in fact, but I have studied the problem from many angles, having been engaged in the farm loan business for private interests; president and director of one of the 12 regional Federal Farm Loan Banks; the manager and a director of a national farm organization, and the organizer and manager of a state farmers' organization dealing in the marketing of farm crops. I have been listed as an expert in agricultural extension in the service of the Federal Department of Agriculture, and in that connection was directed to study the department as a whole and work out plans for its reorganization along lines which would tend to make it more effective.

Now, out of this varied and fundamental experience, I make the statement, and shall offer proof, that the farming industry has been on the down grade for many years; that, in fact, a liquidation of the farmers' assets during any year of the past 10, on a basis of a valuation fixed by the earning power of his investment, after allowing the farm operator, be he tenant or owner, a wage equal to that received by the unskilled laborer of the factory, would not have paid the indebtedness now charged against this industry in the form of secured and unsecured loans.

The uninitiated will attempt to offset a statement as to the low wage received by the farmers, by calling attention to the increase in farm values, and insisting that the farmer can afford to work for a low wage, when the increased value of his land, from year to year, yields him, in the long run, compensation in addition to his annual farm income.

The benefits from this increased value of land are purely imaginary, as a careful analysis of the Federal census reports will disclose. The census report for 1910 shows the ratio of mortgage indebtedness on farms owned by their operators to be 27.3 per cent, whereas the 1920 census report on the same class of farms shows a ratio of mortgage to valuation of 29.1 per cent. A comparison of these reports also shows that during the 10-year period from 1910 to 1920, the valuation of this class of farms increased 77 per cent. Taking this as a basis, $100 invested in 1910 was represented by a mortgage of $27.30, and while by 1920 this $100 was increased to $177, the ratio of mortgage to valuation had also increased, and was then 29.1 per cent of the 1920 valuation. In other words, the debt in 1910 was $27.30 for each $100 invested as of that year, and in 1920 the debt was $51.50 for each $100 invested as of 1910, showing an actual increase in indebtedness of $24.20, an increase of 88.6 per cent in mortgage indebtedness, as against an increase in land values of but 77 per cent. Further, an analysis of available data leads to the inevitable conclusion that the farmers' indebtedness not represented by mortgage—his personal credits—has increased even more rapidly than his mortgage indebtedness.

These figures apply to farms operated by the owners, farmers who have actual capital invested in both land and equipment. Right here, I wish to call attention to the fact that inflated land values may be deflated by the action of economic laws, but the only way to deflate a debt is to pay it off.

Propaganda Boosts Land Values

INFLATED land values are primarily the result of organized manipulation, founded on misleading statements which prevent the natural functioning of economic laws. I recall, 10 or 15 years ago, the propaganda of the Federal Department of Agriculture, the state colleges, and of private interests, urging the farmer class, as a patriotic duty, to spur itself to greater production, else production fall short of consumption. During those years no man was more closely in touch with the Federal department and with the state agricultural institutions than was the writer, and during those years he pointed repeatedly to the fact that the increased production program was a propaganda set on the wave by such men as James J. Hill, who had millions of acres of land to develop, that his great railroad interests might prosper. Without leadership the agricultural industry blundered on, following these false prophets, and when conditions had finally reached the stage that the farmers themselves began to take a hand, then it was that the Federal Department of Agriculture and the state agricultural institutions changed track, and began discussing the necessity of increased credit to bolster up the farming industry.

During the past 10 years, responding to this new theory, the official exponents of agriculture have pressed the subject of rural credits, in season and out, and the first result of this agitation for rural credits was the enactment of the Federal Farm Loan Act in 1915. I have no fault to find with the Farm Loan idea, except that its potency for saving agriculture has been overestimated. Agriculture needs adequate financing, and the long-time-amortized mortgage is entirely practicable from the farmers' standpoint. It is unfortunate for the Federal Farm Loan system, however, that its control passed during the early stages of its organization to the bureaucratic domination of the super-government. This change of control came to pass when the specific injunction of Congress to the effect that the farmers themselves were to participate substantially in the management of the banks was peremptorily denied by the Farm Loan Board.

Now comes the next step proposed by the official advocates of agriculture. Once more the use of the needle—more money for the farmer through the medium of a personal credit system, supplemental to the Federal long-time mortgage loan system.

Fair Prices Essential

DID the farmer ever need greater production as the first essential to his prosperity? Did he ever need the Farm Loan system as the second essential to his prosperity? Does he today need as his *saving line* greater opportunity to borrow on personal credit?

The statesman, be he farmer, business man or educator, will tell you today, as he has told you for years past, that what the farmer needs, generally speaking, is not greater production, is not increased facilities for borrowing money, which he must pay back, but first must come fair prices for that which he produces, and upon the ability of the farmer to realize fair profits depends the weal or woe of American agriculture.

In conversation with one of our leading agricultural economists a few years back, the statement was made that to date this country had produced but one agricultural statesman, Dr. Seaman A. Knapp. It was Dr. Knapp who founded the farm demonstration work which Congressman Lever earnestly endeavored to perpetuate in the Lever Act. The fundamental principles of this service have been lost sight of, however, as evidenced by a recent so-called reorganization of the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture, in which, in every instance, the men and women who had worked close to Dr. Knapp, and who had received a conception of the principles of demonstration through personal contact and service with him, were relegated to subordinate positions. I quote from this statesman and teacher, who, unfortunately for American agriculture, died too soon to save the fundamental work he originated in the Federal Department of Agriculture, from the denaturing methods of the bureaucratic elements, as follows:

> "Every substantial advance in the progress of human society costs money and must be maintained by an increased earning capacity of the masses. Food and clothing are the first requirements. If the earning capacity of a people is only sufficient to supply these, progress is blocked, and it is useless to insist upon better houses, more home comforts, schools, or any upward step. The problem is, are the rural masses unwilling to provide the betterments which a progressive civilization in the country demands—comfortable houses with the improved home and farm equipment, good schools and more months of schooling, better highways, rural free delivery, telephones, and so on—or do they lack the means? Upon the answer depends the proper remedy for existing conditions."

Statements of like import have frequently emanated from the prophetic pen of that able and fundamental scholar, Dr. Liberty Hyde Bailey.

A teaching which pretends to uplift without comprehension of the underlying causes for the condition of the upliftee is doomed to failure. The annual expenditure of millions for the uplifting of agriculture by those agents whose works have proved them to be uncomprehending of its fundamental needs, presents a tragic spectacle, of which the following are concrete examples:

Take, for instance, figures obtained by the Department of Agriculture on valuations and earnings of 100 average general crop farms in one of the leading agricultural counties of Indiana, typical of the good agricultural counties of Ohio and Illinois, showing the net average earning to the farm operator after allowing six per cent on the investment:

1910 net earning to operator	$ 144	
1913 net earning to operator	7	
1914 net loss to operator		$213
1915 net loss to operator		17
1916 net earning to operator	544	
1917 net earning to operator	574	
1918 net earning to operator	1,110	
1919 net earning to operator	818	

Thus the net average earning for the operator during the eight-year period is $371. In other words, this is the salary which the farmer received for laboring himself as a farm hand and managing at the same time an investment of $26,791.

Earnings Insignificant

I ALSO offer figures obtained from the same source, covering 60 average farms in one of the leading dairy counties of Wisconsin, typical of the dairy and hog farms of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois:

1913 net earning to operator	$ 41	
1914 net loss to operator		$120
1915 net loss to operator		106
1916 net earning to operator	449	
1917 net earning to operator	892	

The net average earning for the operator during the five-year period, after allowing six per cent interest, is $231, operating on a capital investment of $17,692.

Without going further into the detailed interpretation of these figures, it is well to point out that in the case of the Indiana farms, had the farmer invested the capital represented in his farm and equipment in farm mortgages at six per cent, and gone to the city and obtained employment as a factory hand, railroad brakeman or conductor, he could have earned say $1,500 a year; subtracting from this the estimated equivalent of rent and food obtained from the farm, say $400, and his earning would have been $1,100, as against $371. Can any man say that the average farm owner and operator has less ability than the average factory hand, railroad brakeman or conductor? Unless, of course, it might be construed as a sign of mental weakness that he remains on the farm at all, when as a matter of fact he could work shorter hours, earn more money, and provide a better home and better education for his children by moving to the city.

If these farm operators were hired managers, paid $1,100 in cash a year on an average, this amount deducted from the farm earnings would leave an earning for the farm investment of but 3.2 per cent in the case of the Indiana farms. Taking the 60 Wisconsin farms, on the same basis, and the net earning on investment would be but one per cent.

It is safe to assume that the mortgage, and unsecured or collateral credit of these 160 farmers, will average 40 per cent of the capitalization of their farms.

(Concluded on page 15)

The Romance of the Emerald

Gem of Spring Has Held Its Place for Ages

IF JACK wishes to tell Jill how perfect she is, let him call her "a flawless emerald." Jill can remember that this rule is plural in number; if she thinks Jack approaches within shouting distance of perfection, she might encourage his wavering heart by using the same expression. But the first user would probably need to explain the why of the phrase which is simply this: emeralds are invariably flawed, and a flawless one is so rare that its value would easily overshadow a diamond of the same weight.

Pliny, the Roman, told a story of an emerald which must have been defective. He does not say that it was, but the inference is present. The seller, of course, might have become suddenly conscience-stricken and disgusted with his mad career of profiteering. A flute player bought it for six golden denarii. Then the dealer returned two of the coins and thereby ruffled the purchaser's temper.

"By Hercules!" the man stormed. "He has done me but a bad turn in this, for the merit of the stone has been greatly impaired by this reduction in price."

Isn't human nature just like that today?

Perhaps the most active advertiser of the stone now is Ireland; but this all depends on whether the sight of the name in a newspaper or magazine brings to mind the term, "Emerald Isle." Emeralds are not found in Ireland, nor does the country derive its pet name from the greenness of the grass or vegetation. Pope Adrian gave King Henry II an emerald ring as the instrument of his investiture with the dominion of Ireland. If the ring had been set with a ruby, we would probably be calling St. Patrick's home the "Ruby Isle."

Emerald the Gem of the Spring

IN ANCIENT times the four seasons of the year were each represented by a stone. The emerald was the gem of the spring. To the Romans it meant freshness, growth, and the time when Nature awoke from her long sleep and arrayed herself in the garment of gladness.

"There is no color so pleasing to the eye as that of the emerald," Pliny wrote. "Whoever delights in the verdure of herb and leaf must enjoy infinitely more the contemplation of emeralds. No verdure can compare with theirs. They are the only stones which charm the eye without wearying it."

Pliny also praised the stone for its "soft green luster." Heliodorus pictured it "green as a meadow in the spring." Marbodeus, the poet, preferred verse over prose. It was he who fashioned this little couplet:

"The emerald burns intensely bright
With radiance of an olive light."

Seal rings of emerald were popular, for it was thought that the stone had the power to strengthen sight.

"If the sight," the old wiseacre, Pliny, declared, "has been wearied and dimmed by intensive poring upon anything else, the beholding of this stone doth refresh and restore it again."

Emperor Nero liked the idea, but he improved upon it. He obtained a light-hued emerald to use as an eye-piece or sort of opera glass with which to view the gladiatorial contests. Certain authorities say that Nero fooled himself and that the supposed emerald was really a bit of rock crystal.

The old Romans were somewhat queer. They held that the stone benefited human eyes, but that it would destroy a serpent's sight. Even in medieval times they retained this belief; and, moreover, it had spread to other peoples. In 1242 an Arabian gem dealer conducted his own experiment.

"I took a stick of wood," he wrote, "attached to the end a piece of wax, and embedded my emerald in this. I then brought it near the viper's eyes. The reptile was strong and vigorous and even raised its head out of the vessel, but as soon as I approached the emerald to its eyes, I heard a slight crepitation and saw that the eyes were protruding and dissolving into a humor. After this the viper was dazed and confused. I had expected that it would spring from the vessel, but it moved uneasily hither and thither without knowing which way to turn. All its agility was lost and its restless movements soon ceased."

Superstitions of the Romans

THE serpent was regarded as an evil creature by the Romans who also believed that nothing evil could remain in the presence of the emerald. They deemed the jewel a revealer of falsehood and treachery. They thought its influence for good so strong that it would burst out of its setting when powerless to avert misfortune, and thereby arose the belief that the falling of this gem is a bad omen. Worn as a ring, it refreshed the memory and protected from giddiness. If sailors and fishermen suspended it round the neck so as to lie upon the breast, it would guard them from all perils and mishaps at sea.

The emerald was a lovers' stone, too. Besides showing secrets, bestowing eloquence, and giving renown, it enabled Jack to test the sincerity of Jill and vice versa. In the words of Miss Landon, the English poetess,

"It is a gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no;
If faithful, it is like the leaves of Spring,
If faithless, like those leaves when withering."

The ancients thought that the wearing of the jewel would prevent epilepsy and cure other diseases. Emerald dust was used as a medicine for internal use. As late as 1757 a firm of German druggists quoted a pound of the dust at eight groschen, or 25 cents, which indicates that the material was either a substitute or of inferior quality.

Wounds caused by burning could be healed by sprinkling powdered loadstone over them. This treatment, however, sometimes produced melancholia; but the physician need have no fear if he possessed a bit of emerald dust. If a solution made from the powder were taken thrice daily throughout a period of nine days, the melancholia would fade away.

The dust was considered quite effective as an antidote against poisons. If a person were dying, 80 barleycorns of the powder would counteract the effect of the poison and save his life. The Arabs prized emeralds highly for this purpose, but they used the whole gems. The Arab physician, Abenzoar, took a poisonous herb; he cured the ill effects by placing one stone on his stomach and applying another to his mouth. An Italian doctor followed the same method in combating disease; for liver affections, he placed a stone over the liver; for gastric troubles, he placed it over the stomach. It was a common belief that precious stones threw out a curative energy, but modern scientists say that radium is the only mineral possessing this activity.

In India the stone is widely known as an antidote for all animal, mineral and vegetable poisons. One name for the gem is "garalari" or "enemy of poison." The people of that country believe it confers the gift of memory, reveals secrets, and foretells future events. They value the emerald so highly that it is frequently used in the decorations of their sacred images.

Persians of high rank attach an emerald to the arm with a piece of green silk; with this good-luck charm they laugh at the machinations of the devil on whom they have bestowed the peculiar appellation of "Deebs." The Shah has a golden box set with emeralds and said to have been blessed by Mohammed. There is a legend that it can render members of the royal family invisible, if they so wish, as long as they remain unwed. The poor Shah, however, has so many wives he scarcely knows what to do with them. Consequently, he has not been able to test the supposed power of the mystic box.

The grass-like gem was known and esteemed in the most remote times of the world's history. In Egyptian and in Etruscan excavations the stones have been frequently unearthed. The principal modern sources of supply, however, are Siberia, India, the United States, Mexico, and Central and South America. The Peruvians of the present day retain the ancient belief of the Romans that demons guard the mines and that their anger must be appeased by gifts.

Lake Bottom Paved With Gems

CENTURIES ago the lake of Guatavita high up on the Andean plateau was thought by the natives to be the home of a mighty god who, when angered, would wreak fearful ruin. Gold and emeralds, unknown to the impoverished descendants of today, were plentiful among them. With their peace offerings to the powerful divinity the Indians literally paved the lake bottom, and it became a veritable treasury.

At the semi-annual festivals ropes were stretched across the lake from four temples at four equidistant places on the shore. The intersection of the ropes was supposed to be the center and nearest the god. One man, "The Cacique," coated his naked body with clay, and the principal chiefs threw gold dust on him. When the Spaniards came to Peru they called the figure "El Dorado" or "The Gilded." The chiefs and "The Cacique" were rowed out to the center of the lake where he would spring into the water, wash himself and swim to the shore. At the moment of his leap the chiefs and the multitudes surrounding the lake threw into it their propitiatory offerings of emeralds and other precious stones.

Many attempts have been made by adventurers to obtain the rich treasures by drawing off the water. One of the early efforts was partially successful, as the government's three per cent share is said to have been $170,000. The lake never has been effectively drained, though in 1823 all but 33 feet of the water was removed. It is now thought that the bottom must be dug out as much as 30 or 50 feet to unearth the richest spot of the gold dust and emeralds.

When Cortez pillaged Mexico he obtained five emeralds of rare size and beauty. One was shaped like a rose, another like a horn, the third resembled a fish with eyes of gold, the fourth had the appearance of a bell, and the fifth was a cup with a foot of gold. Gomara, the historian, stated that some merchants of Genoa named 40,000 golden ducats as the price they would pay for the cup, but Cortez would not part with it. In 1529 he lost all five of the splendid gems in a shipwreck off the coast of Barbary.

The largest single emerald known today weighs slightly less than ten ounces. It is owned by the Duke of Devonshire, of England. The largest ever found in the United States weighs a fraction less than nine ounces. It was discovered near Stony Point, North Carolina, and is now in the National Museum at Washington.

The green jewel is the May birthstone. If Jill first opened her eyes in this balmy month, Jack should buy her an emerald ring and give it with this appropriate verse:

"Who first beholds the light of day
In spring's sweet, flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife."

Farmers Are Serfs of the Money Lenders

Concluded from page 14

Taking the Indiana farms and the average earnings for the eight years, and allowing the farmer $1,100 for his services each year, and the income over and above would pay only a trifle more than eight per cent on the indebtedness alone. Taking the Wisconsin farms, and allowing the farmer $1,100 for his services, and the net income over and above would amount to 2.7 per cent on the indebtedness.

After careful consideration of these facts, and particularly taking into account the fact that the foregoing figures include the years of high war prices, and do not include the blackest years of all, 1920 and 1921, ask yourself the timely question, "Who owns your farm?"

Forty or fifty years ago the bulk of our population resided on the farms. Constantly, during the years that have since passed, the trend has been away from the farm. Our cities have multiplied in number, and have increased in population to such an extent that today we find more than 70 per cent of our population residing in urban centers, leaving only between 25 and 30 per cent residing in the open country.

Reduced to Serfdom

THE tendency of civilization is to make of the farmer a producer of raw materials solely, with the manufacturing and distribution entirely in the hands of the highly organized, but not necessarily efficient, urban centers. No nation can long survive solely as a producer of raw materials, and, likewise, no industry can sustain itself for long solely on a basis of production of raw materials, leaving in other hands the marketing of the material in its raw state, as well as the manufacturing and final distribution to the ultimate consumer. It is the history of both nations and industries following this course, that the producer of the raw materials becomes steadily poorer, while the distributor and manufacturer become richer and more powerful.

The net result of this policy, applied to American agriculture, is that our farming classes have finally been reduced to a position of serfdom. I use this word advisedly—serfs to purchasers of farm loan bonds, to the holders of the mortgages, namely, the insurance companies and private investors, and to the banks and individuals who have loaned them money on short-time credit. A sad commentary on our agricultural leadership is that today the only solution they have to offer is a pledge for legislation which will make more money available for the farmer, a companion piece to the Federal Farm Loan system; when, as a matter of fact, the farmer has already poured so much borrowed money down the "rathole," that he is actually, and in fact, bankrupt as a class.

I have been on the firing line with the farmers for many years. We have pleaded for this and we have pleaded for that. Congress has ever, from my observation, been desirous of helping agriculture, but agriculture and Congress have simply formulated and enacted. Take as an example the Federal Bureau of Markets; farmers generally were in favor of this move, and Congress backed them up, but the intent of the farmers and of Congress in establishing this bureau came to naught, because the establishment of the organization was made under bureaucratic domination, lacking in comprehension of the fundamentals of the farmer's problem, the only motive being to go forward on the line which would result in the most rapid increase of appropriations, thereby extending the power of the organization.

Fads and Fancies

AND so it has come to pass, that the farmers, Congress, and the country as a whole, have created a great Department of Agriculture and 48 great state institutions, which may, with few exceptions, be described as representing the conglomerate expression of the fads and fancies of every citizen who has felt the spirit of uplift, or who has had an axe to grind at the expense of agriculture.

Secretaries of agriculture come, and secretaries of agriculture go, and along with them assistant secretaries, and still we have no constructive, dynamic policy for agriculture, other than to appropriate money. I do not condemn the bureau chief for being ambitious, nor do I condemn that vast number of individual workers in the Department of Agriculture and in the state organizations for the failure of the official organization to function up to expectations. They are ready and willing to do their part, lacking only constructive leadership capable of overriding governmental red tape and governmental bureaucratic tendencies, and driving the machinery into channels where the real problems of agriculture abound.

The situation is bad, and on its face there appears to be but two courses left open.

The first, and by far the most humiliating course for all concerned, is to continue along the present lines, which will lead soon to the syndicated method of farm operation, where the present farm loan bondholders and mortgage holders, and loaners of short-time credit shall have title in fee simple to the farms, pooling their interests in syndicate operations of the land itself.

The second course calls for "about face," under a dynamic, constructive leadership, capable of overriding the red tape, that circuitous and never-ending trail of the bureaucratic government, striking straight for agriculture as the basic national industry, letting the chips fall where they will. This course will test the spirit of both rural and urban people.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Rats in the Montreal courthouse showed their contempt for the judge by eating his gown and silk hat when they were placed in the judge's chambers at night. Court stenographers had their notes eaten by rats during the night and civil suits involving valuable property were delayed through the disappearance of records. When "Exhibit A" in a murder trial was eaten, and the prisoner was liberated from lack of evidence, the authorities appointed an official rat catcher.

A bill to substitute an "aristocracy of brains for an aristocracy of birth" has been presented to the British House of Commons in an effort to reconstitute the House of Lords. The measure provides for a reduction in members of the upper house from 740 to 300, apart from princes of the blood. The measure also provides for the creation of peers for life with uninheritable title and privileges.

Anglican churches in Canada are using a new prayer book which takes the place of the one compiled in the reign of James I. The new volume is free of obsolete and archaic words and references.

Norway is making Cheddar cheese for England, Edam for Holland, Gorgonzola for Italy and Roquefort for France. Of the 2,000,000,000 pounds of milk produced each year, one half goes into the cheese industry and between thirty and forty million pounds of cheese are exported each year.

The world's largest paper machine makes a stub of paper 12 feet, 2 inches wide, 327 miles long every 24 hours, using 110 cords of wood. Three thousand five hundred acres of pulpwood are required to furnish the paper for one day's issue of the newspapers published in the United States.

A separate library has been provided for boys and girls of Pasadena, California. The library is situated in one of the city's parks, close to the downtown district. Save for the attendants, there are no adults.

Mystic symbols and signs were discovered recently, chiseled on volcanic rock in a remote section of Owyhee County, Southwestern Idaho. Certain of the inscriptions resemble Chinese alphabet characters and this resemblance was taken by some to substantiate the theory that the North American natives descended from a race which came from Asia by way of Bering Strait.

President Ebert, of Germany, who was prominent in the saddlers' union when he was a saddler, has been expelled from the organization because of his official attitude toward unions in his present position.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Guarded by two United States Government cutters, the Pacific seal herd is moving from the South Pacific to the summer rendezvous on the Pribilof Islands in the middle of Bering Sea. This is the only herd known to be in existence with the exception of a small colony that summers on the Commander Islands, off the coast of Kamchatka, Siberia. After June 15 the herd will have passed into Bering Sea and three other coast guard vessels will then maintain a rigid guard there.

The withdrawal of a single steel rivet from an ocean steamship with a displacement of 25,000 tons can be detected by a new method perfected by the Bureau of Standards.

Soldiering is an expiring profession in Germany. Many former army officers are doing menial work. Droshkies, taxis and other horse-drawn vehicles in German cities are being driven by former commissioned officers. Common soldiers in the ranks are faring better than their officers. Thousands of soldiers turned to agriculture and trades for a living but the officers, who had made a career of the army, had no other training to make a livelihood.

British Columbia is so free from serious crime that there will be no assize courts at Clinton or Prince George this spring.

A mine operator near Madera, Pennsylvania, has notified his striking miners that he does not hold them responsible for the strike and in return for their loyalty in the past and in an effort to help them over their unemployment, the rents of their homes will be reduced 50 per cent and every employe will be allotted a garden plot.

According to a German official document published recently, the number of submarines lost by that government during the war was 199, including boats sunk, interned and captured.

Efforts are to be made during the coming summer to retrieve some of the $15,000,000 worth of specie which sank in the sea when the Laurentic was torpedoed during the war by a German submarine near Lough Swilly, Donegal. Previous salvage operations saved approximately two-thirds of the treasure and specially trained divers from the British navy are expected to recover the rest. The vessel lies in about 20 fathoms of water and the huge boilers rolling about make operations hazardous.

Eight thousand boys and girls in all New York City's high schools have enrolled as block captains in the spring and summer drive to keep the streets and vacant lots free from refuse.

While millions are starving along the Volga River in Russia, inhabitants of great areas of that country not remote from the Volga are malting and distilling their surplus grain and indulging in drunkenness after a long period of abstinence, according to the Moscow *Isvestiya*.

A horse, 51 years old, is living at Catawissa, Pennsylvania. He is the property of a minister who has owned him for 35 years. The horse is believed to be the oldest in existence.

A bridge has been designed to span the Hudson River at New York which will be the most important gateway to the West. Its lower deck will carry 12 railroad tracks, its upper deck roadway, two and a half times as wide as Fifth Avenue, will take care of 16 streams of vehicles. There will still be room on the upper deck for four surface car lines and two sidewalks. Although the bridge will cost $130,000,000 it is believed it will pay for itself by cutting the cost of bringing goods across the Hudson from $2.28 to 50 cents a ton.

It is said the game of golf was invented by Scotch shepherds, who, having nothing else to do, amused themselves by knocking stones about with their crooks. They measured off their holes in circles, because in that way they could keep watch over their herds. The holes were marked by a tag of wool attached to a stake.

Alexandre Dumas, Toussaint L'Ouverture, René Maran, and many other writers and scholars of France are of Negro descent.

In the town of Marhorst, Germany, two large steel shell cases have been hung in the steeple of the church and a clapper suspended between them. When the clapper is shaken by means of ropes the shell cases respond, giving a clear, resonant tone of great carrying power. During the war the bells of many churches in Germany were melted.

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Mystery of the Vigilantes

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Mystery of California's Vigilantes Is Cleared

Young Woman's College Thesis First Comprehensive Compilation of Facts

By HARRY H. DUNN

PROBABLY no two episodes in the history of the United States have been so beclouded by a fog of misinformation, as have the activities of the California Vigilantes of 1851 and 1856. The impression is general that these bodies—the second having been a reorganization of the first, although for a different purpose—were composed of impetuous, hot-headed, domineering men who went outside the law to enforce a law they had written for themselves. They have been referred to as "mobs," and accused of lynching, whipping and deporting innocent men, without form of trial. Even historians, who have had at least some records of those thrilling days at their command, have considered the two "Committees of Vigilance" of San Francisco, as having done a greater wrong in taking the law into their own hands, than would have been done by the men they punished so summarily.

Now comes, however, an explorer in the realms of records, with the entire written report of every meeting of these Committees of Vigilance, presenting a complete account of every step taken by them, of every man arrested, tried, punished, warned or released, and revealing to Americans pages of American history never before shown to them. The investigator, whose work has produced a valuable volume, is a woman—Miss Mary Floyd Williams, of Berkeley, California, the daughter of Edwards C. Williams who came to San Francisco as a first lieutenant in the famous First Regiment, New York Volunteers, under Colonel J. D. Stevenson, in March, 1847, and afterward became an active member in the first organization of Vigilantes in 1851.

By their own records, Miss Williams proves that the Vigilantes, instead of being mobs, were most carefully organized, composed of the leading men of San Francisco, whose deliberations over even minor cases often occupied days and nights before decision as to punishment or release, or even arrest of a suspect, was reached. They kept detailed accounts in writing of every meeting, of every debate and of the speeches made in those debates, and, thereafter, of every action and why it was taken. An unorganized mob scarcely would do this, and would be still less likely to enforce the rule that every man present at every meeting should sign the minutes, thus assuming full individual responsibility for every action of the committee. Regular trials were held, and every accused individual was allowed the widest latitude in obtaining witnesses, and in presenting their testimony, in which nothing was excluded. The benefit of legal talent within the Vigilance Committee was given to the prisoner, but the technicalities of the law, those loopholes, whereby the guilty might hope to escape punishment, were carefully sealed, and the simple theory of right and wrong as unfolded by the facts in the case was the basis on which decision was made.

These records were found in the vast mass of historic material assembled by the historian H. H. Bancroft, which became the property of the University of California in 1905, and is now incorporated in the magnificent Bancroft Library of that educational institution at Berkeley. Miss Williams, having learned of the existence of these records from Professor Henry Morse Stephens, made the work of finding them, putting them in readable form and presenting them to the world, the basis of her thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, which was awarded to her with much appreciation when her work of eight years was completed last autumn. It is doubtful if there is any written volume on any other two years of American history which compares in accuracy, extremity of detail and vivid writing, with this college girl's thesis on the "Committee of Vigilance of 1851." Accompanying her thesis, Miss Williams also presents for the first time, the complete records of every meeting of this Committee of Vigilance, without comment, as a reference work for the student, while the other volume is the story, told vividly and in plain language, of the organization, life and activities of the committee of 1851.

"Probably every one knows," said Miss Williams to the writer, "that the men who organized these Committees of Vigilance were respectable and influential members of the body politic; that for brief periods they assumed 'unlawful' control over criminal matters in their city; that they arrested and confined prisoners at their own discretion, hanged whom they would and banished from the state citizens and aliens whose presence they deemed a menace to public order, while the community not only tolerated their usurpation of power, but supported them in the infliction of the most condign punishments. But it is not so generally known that these societies which defied the law regulated their conduct by the ordinary practices of parliamentary procedure and kept careful records of their daily actions. It also should be explained that the committee of 1851 was organized to combat crime, and functioned in suppressing the activities of a number of Australian convicts, and others who followed the leadership of these convicts who had escaped from the penal settlements of the Antipodes and had been attracted to California by the discovery of gold there. The committee of 1856 was organized to combat political wrongdoing, civic unrighteousness and misgovernment of San Francisco by organized political gangs."

It is of the committee of 1851, the less known of the two, and, possibly, the more interesting historically, politically and psychologically, that Miss Williams treats in her investigation, which has been so highly considered by the University of California that it has been published as one of the university's own documents. In discussing the causes which contributed both to the necessity for and the organization of the Committee of Vigilance, Miss Williams goes rather deeply into the life that was lived when America was, in truth, the land of the Americans. She says:

"The frontier has ever been the laboratory of American democracy, where fearless men lay hold of the elemental forces that construct and destroy human society. After them have come the theorists, lamenting the catastrophes, explaining the triumphs, and formulating from the litter of the workshop, generalizations and warnings for artisans of a more cautious régime. The frontiersman in California dealt with conditions and special problems unlike those developed in the Trans-Allegheny valleys and the Mississippi watershed, but his equipment to meet the new environment corresponded very closely with that of American frontiersmen of every generation. The long succession of social experiments which had accompanied the extension of the frontier diverged widely in individual features, but they were all founded on a common acceptance of the theory that the state was created by a voluntary compact between contracting parties who possessed various inherent rights.

"This theory included a conception of a period when society was still unorganized, and when men lived in simple enjoyment of all their natural rights, subject only to certain laws of God and of Nature. It was conceded that, under particular circumstances, such as the violation of the contract by one of the subscribers, or the migration of a special group beyond the area in which the existing compact was binding, the organized people might resolve themselves into their original elements, and in their primary capacity resume the exercise of their natural rights, or form a new compact, suited to changed conditions. This theory was preached by theologians and expounded by statesmen, until it became an integral part of the national thought; it was the underlying force that impelled the Pilgrims of the Mayflower to pledge to each other mutual support and loyalty when they were obliged to establish their colony outside the territory in which their patent rights were valid.

"Such agreements were written and signed in pre-Revolutionary times by the people of North and South Carolina, who formed societies of 'Regulators' to punish crime and to check the extortion practiced by dishonest officials, the precise reasons for which the Committees of Vigilance of 1851 and 1856, respectively, were formed in San Francisco. The American precedent of voluntary association was followed by the revolutionists in Texas when they sought independence from Mexico. In 1835, they formed local 'committees of safety,' primarily to provide protection against Indians, and these became the nucleus for the general representative Committee of Safety, which, for a time, constituted the central government. The provisional government of the people of Oregon, one of the most successful experiments in frontier organization, was another striking example of the same kind of social agreement. We cannot understand the Committee of Vigilance of 1851, however, until we understand the failure of the courts of San Francisco to punish crime, and the consequent revival and survival of the resort to popular tribunals, that is, the Committee of Vigilance, which became better known in after years as 'The Vigilantes.'"

Out of the records which she has unrolled, Miss Williams produces first the fact that the Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco was organized on June 9, 1851, "when California had been a recognized commonwealth of the Federal Union for exactly nine months, though for nearly five years she had been under the flag of the United States, and for three-quarters of a century before the American occupation, she had been a part of the great colonial system which Spain had planted upon the Western Hemisphere." The investigation of these records shows that the entire period from 1848 to 1856 was one of ceaseless struggle for the establishment and maintenance of order, during a time of transition from Spanish customs, laws and usages, to those of the Americans. Two years of 1848 and 1849 Miss Williams considers a rather separate period within a period, occupied with the "struggle for organization." After this struggle for organization, when order was beginning to be established—but only in its beginnings—there arrived in San Francisco a horde of men from Australia, many of them convicts, the majority of them unscrupulous, to say the least, attracted to California by the discovery of gold. The presence of these criminal characters in numbers in San Francisco brought about the necessity, in the minds of the Americans there, of an organization which, under the failure of the courts to perform their duty, could and would maintain such order as had been established. This idea, doubtless, grew from the principles of organization, order and obedience to law, which these Americans—most of them transplanted from localities east of the Mississippi River—had inherited from their fathers, or had imbibed from their surroundings in their youth. Thus, out of necessity for the protection of lives and properties, grew the first, and, possibly, more important, of the two Committees of Vigilance, that of 1851.

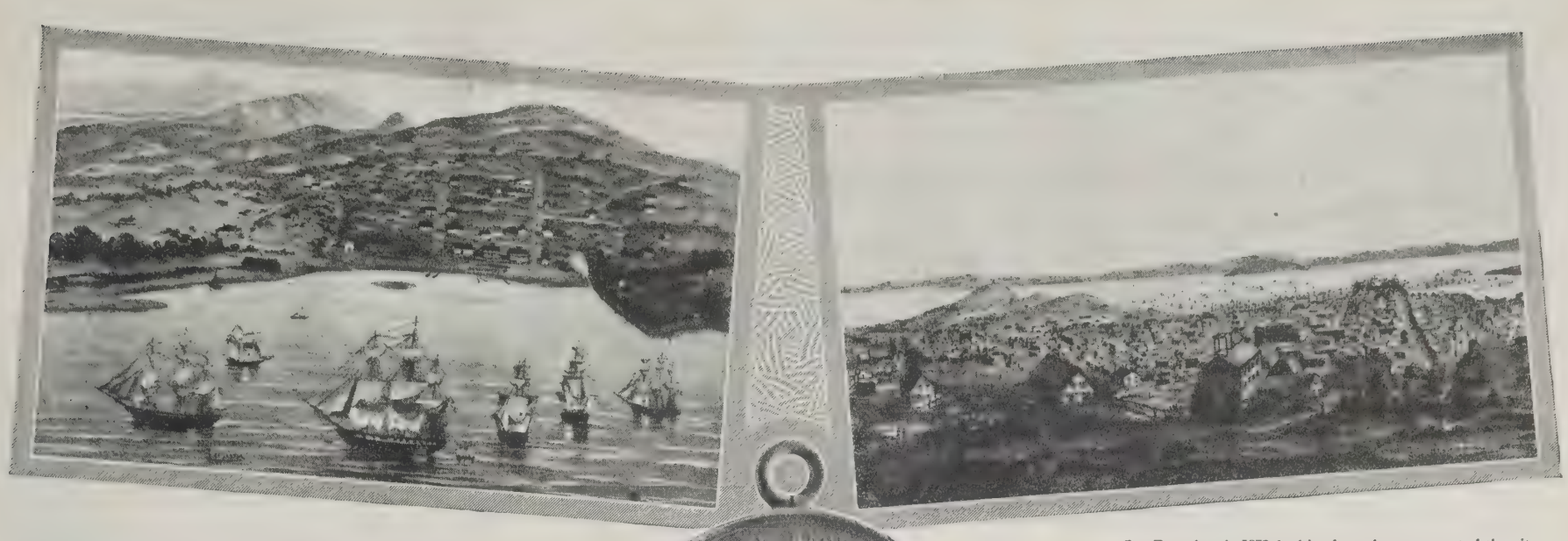
"The population of San Francisco, at this time," said Miss Williams, "was about 23,000, gathered from all the ends of the earth. To this number must be added a constant swarm of non-residents, rushing from their ships to the mines, and then back again to take passage to other ports. To cope with all the criminal problems of the city, there was a force of about 75 policemen, and from statements made before



EDWARDS C. WILLIAMS,
Father of Miss Mary Floyd Williams, and a member of the Committee of Vigilance of 1851.

WILLIAM TELL COLEMAN,
Member of the Vigilantes of 1851, and president in 1856, probably the best remembered of all.

Above—Certificate of membership in the Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco, as reorganized in 1856. It bears witness that Richard Lowry is a member of the organization, and bears the number 3017, his designation in the committee and its operations. Below—MISS MARY FLOYD WILLIAMS, biographer of California's two "Committees of Vigilance," better known as "Vigilantes," whom she proves to have been sober, serious-minded and deliberate business men, banded to enforce the common law for the benefit of all.



San Francisco in 1846, prior to the discovery of gold which drew to it Australian convicts and Mexican malcontents, whose presence and actions made necessary the first Committee of Vigilance, organized in 1851.

San Francisco in 1852, looking from the upper part of the city out across the bay toward what are now Oakland and Berkeley. This drawing was made at the time the first Committee of Vigilance was in the height of its power.

the Committee of Vigilance, it is evident that some among these were confederates of the thieves."

Oddly enough, however, the immediate cause of the organization of the Committee of Vigilance appeared almost simultaneously in three cities. It came in San Francisco, through the delays in the trial of one Benjamin Lewis for arson; it arose in Stockton through demands that the rough element from Sacramento be suppressed, while Sacramento itself also urged that the criminals in all three cities be brought to book by popular movement. "It did not originate," says Miss Williams, "as is sometimes presumed, in the imagination of hot-headed extremists, who cowed the law-abiding community into temporary subjection. Extremists there were among the Vigilantes, but, as we study the records of their work we shall see that passion and violence were restrained to a surprising extent."

In brief, the Vigilantes of 1851 were a body of responsible men of substance in the community, banded to establish and maintain American laws, customs, usages and justice among foreign criminals, *not so very unlike the foreign criminal element abroad in this country today.* They believed in America for Americans, and an America of Americans, and they did not hesitate one second to risk their lives, their property, and their worldly all in compelling by force those who would not conform to American principles either to conform to them or pay the penalty for their crimes.

Of interest in this connection is the fact that about a score of the men who made up the Committee of Vigilance of 1851 were considered wealthy, while others made themselves prominent in business, the law, politics, or the professions in later years. The majority were small business men, clerks, physicians and the like, who handed down little save their family names to the future.

"It is probable that today no more than three men are generally remembered as leaders in the Committee of Vigilance of 1851," said Miss Williams. "They are Samuel Brannan, the first president; Isaac Bluxome, Jr., the secretary, and William Tell Coleman, better known as the leader of the later committee of 1856. Brannan, who has been accepted as the standard bearer of the committee of 1851, had been making history ever since he landed in Yerba Buena (now San Francisco) at the head of his colony of Mormons, July 31, 1846. He is said to have preached the first sermon in English in the streets of the town; to have performed the first non-Catholic marriage ceremony, and to have been *defendant* at the first trial by jury. He established the first San Francisco newspaper, *The California Star,* advocated the first public school, built the first flour mill, and made the first public announcement of the discovery of gold. A busy man was Sam Brannan, and a hot-head, so that it is not surprising that his personal qualities have been embodied in the reports of the ruling spirit of the association. Brannan conducted a store at Sutter's Fort (now Sacramento) in 1847 and 1848, and engaged in land speculation there, so that the official records of California of that period are plentifully sprinkled with his name. He offered the first resolution against slavery at the Sacramento meeting which selected delegates to the constitutional convention proposed for March, 1849. He was a conspicuous leader in the trial of the San Francisco Hounds, which antedated the first Committee of Vigilance, and he was elected to the *ayuntamiento* the following August.

"William T. Coleman was born in Cynthiana, Kentucky, 1824, lived for a time in St. Louis, and arrived in California in August, 1849. He devoted himself to commercial interests in Placerville, Sacramento and San Francisco, and was No. 96 on the roll of those who signed the constitution of the Committee of Vigilance in 1851, when he was only 27 years old. Five years later, he was president of the second committee, which cleared San Francisco of dishonest officials and politicians, as the first committee had cleared it of criminals against life and property. In spite of his southern birth and his adherence to the Democratic party, he was always staunchly loyal to the Union. In contrast to Brannan, Coleman stands for the pioneer of sound judgment and firm balance, successful not only in winning friends and fortune, but in long maintaining his leadership in the financial and social development of his adopted state. He acted on the subcommittee that superintended the first execution by the Vigilantes of 1851.

"Garrett W. Ryckman, who came to California in 1849, from Albany, New York, was the Nestor of the committee, being 53 years of age when he signed the constitution as No. 57, while George Ward, No. 62, was the *enfant terrible.* It is reported of him that he was 'as brave as Caesar, a perfect fire eater, a bit of a dandy, and a favorite with the ladies.' He was so short of stature that once, when he lost his temper in a business dispute with Michael Reese, whose chest he could barely reach, he thrust his pistol against the lowest button on the latter's vest and thundered: 'Be careful, Sir, or, by God, I'll blow your brains out!' He was, however, widely beloved and respected, in spite of his impetuosity, and there was no question of his true Americanism or his bravery."



Above—Medal of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance of 1856. It reads: "Organized 9th June, 1851. Reorganized 14th May, 1856." From the collection of Charles B. Turrill, of San Francisco. Below—Banner presented to the Vigilance Committee of 1851 by the ladies of Trinity Parish, San Francisco, "as a testimonial of their approbation."

The committee of 1851 drew up a brief but comprehensive constitution, embracing only five points, of which the first, stating the name and objects of the organization, reads:

> "First—that the name and style of the association shall be the Committee of Vigilance for the protection of the lives and property of the citizens and residents of the city of San Francisco."

The complete text of this constitution, which lack of space forbids publishing here, merely made a declaration of purpose. It outlined no program beyond the provision that a subcommittee should be on duty at all times, night and day, at a designated place, to receive reports of deeds of violence, and to summon the general committee of the association for consideration of cases requiring further action. The need for action was shown by suddenness with which action came. Taking one vivid bit from the continuous romance of the hand-written records of the committee, Miss Williams transcribes the first case to come before the Vigilantes, as follows:

"The meeting of Tuesday evening, June 9, 1851, adjourned after 100 men had signed the roll. While a small group yet lingered in the room, a startling knock beat upon the closed door, and when it was opened, two or three members of the committee entered, dragging between them a powerful and defiant prisoner, John Jenkins, who, that very evening, had entered the office of George W. Virgin, on Long Wharf, seized a small safe, and dropped with it into a boat lying at the end of the pier. Virgin, arriving in time, raised a cry while the thief was still in sight. Seeing that capture was imminent, Jenkins threw his booty overboard and surrendered to a boatman, John Sullivan. David B. Arrowsmith, and James F. Curtis, members of the committee, assisted Sullivan in securing the prisoner, and George E. Schenck, who met them as they emerged into Commercial street, urged them to take Jenkins before the committee, instead of to the police station, as had been their intention. The suggestion was adopted, and, in a few minutes after their organization, the newly pledged Vigilantes faced the first acute problem to arise under their self-assumed responsibilities.

"In this case there was no doubt as to the overt act of violence, nor as to the need for assembling the general committee. Suddenly the bell of the California Engine Company struck a signal unfamiliar to the ears of San Franciscans—two measured taps, a pause, and then the two notes again, until every man within its sound had been caught by the summons. Quickly, the monumental bell echoed the call, and all San Francisco swarmed into the streets, soon humming with humanity. Brannan served as chairman, Bluxome as secretary, and, behind locked doors in Brannan's building, the thief went to trial immediately. A jury was selected; Schenck acted as prosecuting attorney, being officially appointed to the post; a jury was drawn, the evidence heard, and the verdict was 'guilty.' In the course of the trial, Jenkins was shown to be an ex-convict from Australia and to have had an unsavory record in San Francisco.

"Members hesitated when William D. M. Howard stepped forward, threw his cap on the table, faced the meeting, and said, calmly and evenly: 'Gentlemen, as I understand it, we came here to hang somebody.'

"The effect was instantaneous, and the meeting voted to hang Jenkins without delay.

"Brannan went out to a convenient sand hill and addressed the crowd, telling of Jenkins' arrest, his trial and the verdict, laying before the people all the evidence which had been placed before the committee. Then he demanded approval or condemnation by the people of the action of the committee. His answer was a tumultuous 'Yes,' but with a few dissenting 'Noes.' Later a coroner's jury, of which T. M. Leavenworth was foreman, implicated *some* of the members of the Committee of Vigilance in the execution.

"The following day, the newspapers published the following resolution, signed by *all* the members of the Committee of Vigilance:

> "'RESOLVED, that we, members of the VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, remark with surprise the invidious verdict rendered by the coroner's jury after their inquest upon the body of Jenkins, alias Simpton, after we have all notified the said jury and the public that we were all participators in the trial and execution of said Jenkins. We desire that the public will understand that Captain E. Wakeman, W. H. Jones, James C. Ward, Edward A. King, T. K. Battelle, Benjamin Reynolds, J. S. Eagan, J. C. Derby and Samuel Brannan, have been unnecessarily picked from our numbers, as the coroner's jury have had full evidence of the fact that *all* the undersigned have been equally implicated, and are equally responsible with their above-named associates.'

"This resolution gave to the world the names of the men who had taken upon themselves the task of protecting lives and property and of restoring order to San Francisco. Their work, not only in the Jenkins case, but in others which followed thick and fast, was approved immediately by the press and by the better element of the city, and their summary action in the case of the first criminal captured, no doubt went far toward preparing the city for the work the Vigilantes were still to do before either life or property could be safe in the San Francisco of 1851."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 32, June 3, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Party Fealty

WHY are you a Republican? Or why a Democrat? It would be interesting to learn of the reason for the party affiliation of the individual, and to learn how much of party history he may know. That most men inherit their party allegiance is patent, and that bigotry has more to do with party prejudice than judgment cannot be denied.

Party names are no indication of continuous party sentiment. The Bourbon Democrat can trace his party ancestry further into the past than can his political rival. Yet if he goes back far enough he will find himself classed by the detested rival name. For when, after the political rivalry of Jefferson and the elder Adams, party conventions succeeded congressional caucuses, the followers of Jefferson called themselves Republicans, while the Hamiltonians were Federalists.

Madison, "Father of the Constitution," was a Republican of the stripe of Jefferson, yet he was the projector of the protective principle in the tariff on imports, while the modern Democrat is in theory a Free Trader, except that he has not the courage to say so, and suggests the tariff is justified only as a revenue producer.

The name Democrat was applied to the Republicans in derision by the aristocratic Federalists. Since 1856 the principal political organizations have been known by their present names, but in character both have changed. Could Lincoln visit us today he would have difficulty in recognizing as his own the party that has wandered so far from his teachings. And who would think of making the policies of a Cleveland tally with those of Jefferson?

Jefferson, the Democrat, was the first public advocate of the abolition of Negro slavery. Lincoln gained immortality by achieving it. Madison, the Democrat, fathered the protective tariff principle, and while it is inconceivable that he would have supported it as it is in present practice, the idea has been a vital tenet in the theory of government of the latter-day Republicanism.

The student of political history must be aware of these facts, and the student of political history is becoming cynical regarding the reasons for party affiliation on the part of the masses. There are explanations of the situation other than mere inherited fealty, but they are hardly complimentary to the ideal of American citizenship.

Militarist Presumption

RECENTLY, Rev. Dr. Russell H. Stafford, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Minneapolis, has been going through an experience which should be a warning for every believer in the right of free speech.

The case arose in the discussion of the method of physical training to be established in the public schools. Without more detail it may be said the dispute was about strictly military training for the boys, or full calisthenics for both boys and girls. The minister appeared in behalf of the latter plan at the request of the League of Women Voters, who opposed the militaristic idea.

Dr. Stafford is in military service, a chaplain, in the Reserve Corps. He took pains in his argument to point out that he was not opposed to preparedness, but his experience taught him that military training was not adequate as physical exercise for the younger pupils, but was more suited to collegians, an opinion shared by many, and certainly within his rights. Of course, there were other speakers, some at least who opposed any military training at all, but that is not germane to the story.

Dr. Stafford was called to account by his commanding officer, who was not present, but who relied on a newspaper account of the meeting. The accused officer made a full explanation, but Colonel Baldwin initiated action against him on the ground that he had opposed preparedness, advocating a policy at variance with that of the War Department.

The further charge was made that Stafford, who had alluded to his Reserve commission, had used his official influence in opposition to other officers at the meeting who had favored military training.

Whether the matter culminates more seriously than the local flare-up, it is significant of a danger the people must confront. This country must always be on its guard against an aggressive military spirit unless it desires war at home or abroad.

Justice and Interest

IT MAY be in the interest of justice, but it certainly is not in the justice of interest, that appeal is to be made to Congress for the settlement of the claims of the collateral heirs of Robert Morris.

In 1781 the Pennsylvania financier borrowed $1,500,000 on his personal credit to help finance the Continental Army. This he advanced to the government, receiving bonds in return. When Morris was placed in the debtors' prison after the collapse of his personal fortunes, the bonds were lost.

Now, after 141 years, the descendants of the Continental financier's sister (he was a bachelor) have hired counsel and prepared to file claim for the debt of the Revolutionary days. There are various ways of figuring compound interest, but the Morris heirs have been moderate in their requests. All they want for the million and one-half in Continental currency is $80,000,000. This, any money-lender will tell you, is quite reasonable.

It is to be hoped that poor posterity, 140 years hence, will not awaken to discover that the world's 1922 debts, treated with multiplication-table interest, remain unpaid.

Hero Worship

FEW men in this world are without their idols. There is that in human nature which demands leadership, something which draws followers to the individual who seems born to command or assumes the position through mere bravado. Chance often has as much to do in creating such idols as has merit or the personal judgment of men or party. War, industry, commerce, accomplishment, some sudden service—any of these are apt to start a new hero from obscurity into prominence, and the public, blinded to all faults, at once knowledges him king for the time, and is eager to obey his every command.

History has given us many statesmen; some whose fame still is brighter than those who have succeeded in later years, and some of whom have been forgotten. Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton far outshine in fame their many able colleagues, Jackson never will be forgotten, while Lincoln earned a place in the world that perhaps will never be accorded another American statesman. Grant, whose early life was under more or less of a shadow and gave little promise of future eminence, even after the surrender of Lee, could not have dreamed of the national reverence now paid his memory. It was not Appomattox, nor yet his service in the presidential chair, that endeared General Grant to the whole country. It was misfortune, material and physical, and the bearing of the soldier under it, that gave Grant the sympathy of the world.

The old guard of the Democratic party made an idol of Cleveland, as did the reformers of Bryan, but neither has the lasting fame of a Roosevelt.

The latest idol to be set up is Woodrow Wilson, and his admirers are loyally awaiting his commands. It is not certain if he has had a cigar named for him, but, what is in equally bad taste, a magazine, intended to lead the party out of the wilderness, has been established. The *Wilsonian* is a monthly, quite able if one shields the eye from the glare of its adulation for its idol.

President Wilson has made a name for himself that will occupy a niche high in the Hall of Fame. Time only can give the proper perspective. Fair judgment cannot be passed on the man or his work now. He is better than his enemies would have us believe, but to insist that he made no errors is to deceive one's self. Woodrow Wilson was autocratic as a leader. His profession made him so. He was the antithesis of the ideal Democrat in action, yet his views were those of the patriot who believes in popular government.

Broadcloth and Doeskin

THE generation that fought the Civil War was hardly more different from the present in the modes and fashions of its women than it was of its men. Think back, if old enough, and view the passing throng on the street.

It is Sunday in a prosperous small town. Church bells are calling the faithful to worship. Here comes an elderly man and his wife. She looks no more odd in her hooped gown than he, in silk hat, broadcloth coat and doeskin trousers. With a dignity born of his Prince Albert and gold-headed cane, he pursues his way, conscious of his own importance as a sovereign in this great American Republic. No, he is neither doctor, lawyer nor banker. He is not of the business class nor a retired farmer. He is merely the type of the wage-earner of his day.

The particular individual held in the mind's eye is merely a printer. On his munificent salary of $8 a week, he and his estimable helpmeet have earned a comfortable home, reared a family, and are enjoying life in pleasant surroundings, contented and happy.

"Broadcloth and doeskin" are not in fashion now among workers, yet they were not then confined to the outer attire. Everything was genuine. The term applies to all the necessities and comforts surrounding life in those days. The printer was as much a fixture as the town itself. He was as certain as man can be of anything that his job was permanent. His home lot was also of the "broadcloth and doeskin" pattern, not of the restricted dimensions of the present, and sufficed for a garden that produced the major portion of his food consumption. There was room for a barn and chicken yard, and the cow gave them all their milk, the hens provided them with eggs and to spare, and the chalked returns on the back of the kitchen door gave mute evidence of the not inconsiderable addition to the family income.

Of course, all this was before the days of shoddy fabrics, when clothes for male and female wear were made to serve, dyes to be permanent, and all things to last. Few were so poor as to be dependent, and one's ability to earn was not confined to a single trade or part of trade. Industrial progress had not gone so far that the weaving of cloth was a lost art in the village, the shoemaker still plied his trade among his fellow citizens, every hamlet had its abattoir, liver was still out of the commercial field, and life was more simple. The custom mills still served to handle the farmer's grist, taking toll for pay, and the modern complexity of life was absent. Subscription wood then served the publisher and his help in keeping warm and opportunity for outdoor exercise, for the bucksaw and axe had not given place to the coal hod and scoop, nor the parlor stove and heating drum to the furnace and steam coils.

Cotton had not then superseded wool and labor was sought for its ability rather than for its possibility.

Whether modern life is an improvement may be a debatable question, but the fact that "broadcloth and doeskin" are no longer a common heritage is not to be denied.

Uncle Sam's Share

TO THE question, frequently asked and often erroneously answered, whether the United States shares in the profits of the Federal Reserve System, the correct answer is: "It does." Section 7, of the Federal Reserve Act provides that the net earnings, after payment of all expenses and a cumulative dividend of six per cent on capital stock and the creation of a surplus fund equal to the capitalization of the bank, shall be placed in the United States Treasury. To date an aggregate of $124,537,336 has been paid in as Uncle Sam's share of the profits.

There is this drawback to the plan—expense is subject to no limitation save the will of the Federal Reserve Board. Thus the marble palace in New York must be paid for by the people, while the $20,000 subordinates who formerly worked for private employers for from $1,500 to $3,000 receive the additional income from the public purse.

The amount stated as having been covered into the Treasury is very small compared with the advertised profits of the system, showing that waste and extravagance have been the rule. It covers five years, beginning in 1917, when $1,134,134 was paid; none in 1918; something more than $2,000,000 in 1919; nearly $61,000,000 in 1920, and $59,000,000 last year.

The Federal Reserve System is a complicated, cumbersome, expensive piece of machinery, and is open to attack for that reason. Its profits are tremendous, and paid by the whole people. There is no greater gain to the member banks than in ordinary banking, and no service to the people that a simpler system could not give. It is merely a money monopoly, administered in the interest of a money trust, and should be superseded by a plain, government-controlled system in which every one could have fair and equal treatment.

Mr. Ford's Page

A SPLENDID tonic for one's hope is to move about the United States and come in contact with the people—not with the public officials, the financiers and the big merchants, but with the people who live in the side streets and in small houses. When bewilderment marks statesmanship and depression marks business, and it seems from certain points of view that the country is in a bog, it is a source of renewal and inspiration just to get among the people of the different sections of this nation.

Such a statement is likely to be put aside as too tritely true, or as intended as flattery for the masses. The very tendency to put it aside is an indication that already we are so far away from the crucial significance of the people to these times, that we consider reference to them to be in the nature of meaningless oratory. Even individuals, when they speak of "the people," do so as if they themselves were outside of the people. The proper point of view is lost, of course, if we no longer identify ourselves with "the people." If Washington, for example, considers itself to be one group and "the people" another group, to be forgotten or feared or flattered as circumstances may suggest, it is a sign that one thing has become two, and the stronger part will not rest until the natural unity of the two is restored.

One of the follies of the governments in sending "missions" and "delegations" from one nation to another, is that these missions do not originate among the plain people of the country which sends them, nor do they ever see the people of the country to which they are sent. A "mission" comes here from France or England. It is composed of titles, estates and fortunes, represented by politicians and bankers with now and then a scholar thrown in for good flavor. And they proceed as far as Washington, where they bow to public men who are about as unrepresentative of the people of the United States as they can be. Something is said about knitting the people of the two countries in closer bonds of peace and good understanding—but the people hear nothing about it. And the "mission" proceeds to New York, where it is taken into the exclusive clubs and made free of certain palatial homes: and there is a banquet: and then some more words are mumbled about knitting the people of the two nations closer together—but all that the people know about it is the half column they see in the papers the next morning.

That is simply to illustrate the practical degree to which the people do not count in such movements, which is just another way of pointing out to what degree such movements do not count. If you watch the movements of those groups which theoretically are obeying the behests of the people (their proper style being "servants of the people") you wonder what is coming upon the country! The antidote is not to draw rash conclusions, but go out among the people and learn what they are thinking.

Washington is probably the most depressing city in the country today just because it does not know what the people feel and think. When you absorb a little of Washington's official atmosphere you will begin to understand what has put Washington on a side street, so far as its importance to the welfare of the nation is concerned. To official Washington, the People of the United States are not properly people at all—but merely voters: just as to the speculative financier, the People are not human beings with human rights, and bearing more than natural human burdens—they are entities to be manipulated for profit. It is this which makes Washington a source of depression to anyone who gets a good inside view of it—especially a view of those matters which every newspaper man knows, but which no newspaper reader is ever told.

It would be hard to believe that the seat of government could ever have become so unimportant in a constructive way to the life of the nation, unless one has actually seen it and had one's view confirmed by others who have actually seen it. It is positively alarming—until one remembers: "North and west and south of this city are 100,000,000, hardly one per cent of whom have ever seen Washington: see them before drawing conclusions."

Then out in the country once more, among the people again, one senses instantly what is wrong at Washington. The leaders there have lost vital contact with the people. They seem to have forgotten how the people think. Certainly their official and social exclusiveness is such that they scarcely ever see what the people really look like. The people are a nuisance at Washington—a confounded nuisance when they go upsetting perfectly good political machines as they did in Indiana and Pennsylvania.

Charity compels an explanation of how such a state of affairs originates at the Capitol of the Nation. With the election over, and the victorious office-seekers seated, that is about all that the people can do until the next time. Nobody counsels with the people after that. There is no machinery by which the people can counsel with the Government. Besides that, the people have something else to do. It is just because they have something else to do that they have selected and contracted with certain men to leave their regular employment and go to the seat of Government to look after the people's affairs there. Having done that, according to the machinery set up to secure representation, they are entitled to believe that they are being represented.

But such is not the case. When the "representatives" reach Washington they find there an established unofficial group containing representatives of everything which is antagonistic to the people's interest. Alongside this is another unofficial group having representatives who claim to be on guard for the people. The function of representing the people does not seem to rest with the duly elected representatives at all. The way it works out in practice is really this: the elected representatives of the people find themselves to be constituted a court which is expected to pass on the contests between the two groups of unofficial representatives who for various reasons have permanently settled in Washington. It is perhaps little enough wonder that in the resulting babel the elected representatives confuse the voices, forget the people, and become inoculated with that subtle Washington disease which causes its victim to consider citizens in their voting and numerical aspect only.

When men are mentally and morally tall enough to look over the heads of the Washington camp followers, and see beyond them the Hundred Million Souls for whose service and liberation Washington was set up, then we get true statesmen.

The people do have this advantage: they don't live by their ballots, but by their plows and their industry and by that highly organized mutual service which we call Commerce. When Government does not serve these, Government simply passes into a side street, and the nation marches on along the main thoroughfare.

The corrective of all false views obtained by observing the system as it works, is just to take a look around at the people of whom we are a part. Go into the South, and Middle West, and West, and Northwest. There have been preserved in some sections great blocks of unspoiled humanity, sometimes comprising whole states, in which the purest American accent in business, politics and morals is still as natural as the morning sun. The old psychic soil in which our earliest American principles were sown, in which they flourished, and in which they grow tall and straight, is still plentiful among us, and in a moral crisis will make itself felt. The noise of transient fallacies, the flare of feverish alien developments is so dominant in some communities as to lead people to think that it is typical of all sections. It is not. Whole sections have been preserved against the infection by a Providence which means well toward this country of ours.

EVERY country is just as sound as the people who comprise it. Measured by that, our country is in no danger. On the contrary, there is every sign that sooner or later, depending on the circumstances, the hitherto unreckoned elements in our population are silently going to move the whole political situation on to higher ground and constitute politics a public service instead of a professional office-seeking game. The people were never more quietly thoughtful than now. Without bitterness, without impatience, with a splendid instructive confidence in their own ability to inject vitality into a torpid situation, they are taking cognizance of many public matters, and when they decide to speak, the powers that be will be shaken and the public conscience revived.

Pay for Your Children's Sunday Schooling!

Secular Instruction Charges Cheerfully Met, Why Not the Religious?

By DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON

The writer of this article has the distinction of being the author of a book of which 22,000,000 copies have been sold. It is the well-known volume, "In His Steps."

ACCORDING to the United States church census there are more than 26,000,000 church members in this republic. Out of that number there are in attendance on what is generally called the Sunday schools of the churches about 10,000,000 children.

The avowed purpose of these Sunday or Bible schools is to give these children a knowledge of Bible history and teaching, and to educate the heart and mind in religious thinking and conduct.

Here are a few important facts.

The Sunday school is a church institution, carried on by volunteer service of the members, and giving all its instruction free.

It is taught by men and women who give their services without any thought of compensation. Many of them are persons of great ability as teachers who spend hours of valuable time every week to prepare themselves to teach the most important themes of religion and conduct.

The church Sunday school costs the organization a nominal sum, paid out of the pledges of the church members. None of it is compulsory, and all of it is an exceedingly small amount compared with the importance of the subjects taught and compared with expenditures for other church purposes.

The time for the Sunday school is generally limited to one hour on Sunday, and the time given the teacher for teaching religion and conduct is ordinarily limited to three-quarters of an hour at most.

In the Average Home

THE children of the Sunday schools of this country receive the larger part of all their instruction in the Bible and in religious subjects from these schools. This statement is based on a questionnaire sent out to ascertain how many families taught their children out of the Bible at home. The number that did so with any regularity was negligible. The family altar and family study of the Bible have almost passed out of the American home life, and the church is supposed to give nearly all the religious training that American children get.

Push these statements to conclusions and we find something like this:

The average American family is receiving tremendously important education for practically nothing. If religious education is necessary, as Washington and Lincoln claimed repeatedly, for the welfare of the republic, then the Bible schools of this country, carried on by all the churches, are a greater factor than all the curricula of the colleges and universities.

And yet, in face of this fact, the American citizen who wants his children to go to Sunday school, even if he himself does not go, has apparently never thought of the immense debt he owes the church for giving his children fundamental instruction and doing it without any real expense on his part.

How about that, Mr. American Citizen? What do you think of having given to your children free, year after year, an education in subjects that Americans like Washington and Lincoln said were more important than any other? Of course you say you do help support the Sunday school with your church pledge, but the average church pledge of the average American citizen who belongs to a church would not pay the expenses of one of his boys or girls in a high school for a single month.

All of which recalls the incident in the life of an unusually intelligent and courageous minister who had a church in the Middle West of a thousand members. It was located in a college district of a town that boasted of its college-bred citizenship.

He chose an ideal family in his own parish: a man, his wife and five children, two boys and three girls. At the time this incident occurred, one of the boys was attending an eastern college; the other was in a college at home, two girls were in the high school and the youngest was in the grades.

Try This Cross-Questioning

THE man was a well-to-do merchant, and he and his wife were active workers in the church. All the children had been members of the Sunday school, entering it in the cradle roll and continuing into the upper departments. The minister was on intimate terms with his parishioner and did not hesitate to ask him the following pointed questions:

"How much does it cost you to send your boy through college down East?"

"About $2,000 a year."

"And the boy here at home?"

"About $500, counting his fraternity and other expenses."

"And what would you say the expenses of the girls in the high school were?"

"Well, counting books, parties, and incidentals, about $100 each."

"And the girl in the grades?"

"Counting only books and absolute expenses for a year, not over $25."

"Then on your own showing it costs you annually to educate your five children in secular knowledge $2,725."

"Call it $3,000 and you won't be missing it much. Of course, the college bills are pretty high, but I don't begrudge that. I never had a college education and I am glad the boys can get it."

"During all these years your five children have been members of the Sunday school, getting religious education. Can you give me an estimate as to the expense of this religious education, say for five years?"

In reply to this question, the well-to-do American citizen, who had been answering glibly, paused and stared at his pastor in astonishment. And before he could get his breath, the minister said:

"How much religious education do you give your children at home?"

"To tell the truth, not much. I'm too busy making a living. We gave up family prayers long ago. I see your point, pastor. My wife used to pray with the children at night when they were little, but the Sunday school has given our children practically all the religious education they ever had."

"And what did you say it cost?" persisted the minister.

"Well, I give the church $100 a year. I suppose some of that goes into the Sunday school."

"About one twentieth."

"Then it has cost me $5 a year to give all my children their religious education," said the well-to-do American citizen who was frank enough and keen enough to see the point.

"And, also, during at least five years, three of your children had for teachers three of the finest college professors we have, who gave their services during all that time without charging a cent for exceedingly valuable time and thought. Of course, you repaid some of that by thanking them and sending them good handsome checks at Christmas time."

"I'm sorry to say I never thought to thank them once. Who ever heard of parents thanking Sunday school teachers for what they have done for their children?"

"And yet the religious instruction of your children must be worth as much to them as the secular?"

"Let me think that over," said the well-to-do American citizen. "First time I ever gave the matter any real thought. I need to figure out what I owe our Sunday school."

And if this intelligent citizen figures it out at compound interest he will find that he owes the Sunday school something more than $3,000 a year to square his honest debt to that school.

This may seem very fantastic and even ridiculous to the hard-headed business man and the well-to-do American citizen whose children attend Sunday school. But if it is ridiculous, then religion is ridiculous and ethics and conduct as taught in most Sunday schools are worth less than science, art and mathematics.

Work Under Heavy Handicap

AS A matter of cold fact, the average American citizen who belongs to a church and gives $100 a year to its support and thinks he does mighty well, although he spends $500 on a golf club and a great deal more for theaters and baseball, has never really valued religion as worth paying for. Perhaps that is putting it a little strong. It might be more fair to say the habit of the church, established by long custom of giving religious instruction free, has cheapened it in the eyes of the American citizen, and if he had to pay a good tuition for it, as he is obliged to pay the college, it might assume in his thought the value which it really has. The Sunday schools of America are doing a most wonderful work, but they are doing it under a tremendous handicap. Think of a university or college, where the burden of teaching centers about science and literature and history and engineering, trying to carry on a tremendous program with an endowment of $500 a year, which is far more than a majority of Sunday schools have for their entire equipment annually.

Imagine the colleges trying to give secular education in the confused, inadequate schoolroom conditions that most churches face, in buildings that have not been constructed for teaching purposes. Imagine the secular education of American youth facing conditions similar to those which confront the church every week, where a most heroic struggle is going on without any support worth mentioning from the very parents of children who repudiate any obligations to support the only institution in the world that goes on, year after year, with pitiful lack of material and equipment, training heart and mind in subjects that are far more important than any of the subjects taught in colleges which are endowed with millions and equipped with the best and most modern material.

Here is what the American citizen who is a member of a church ought to do, if religion is really worth more than mathematics and art.

Need Right Type of Building

HE OUGHT to pay enough into the church treasury to enable the church, first of all, to construct a modern building adapted to teaching boys and girls, and as well equipped with material as a modern high school. The churches, with a few notable exceptions, are not constructed for teaching purposes. If the men in the churches, who are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars to send their children to expensive colleges East and West, would be willing to spend even a small percent of the cost of secular education on religious education, modern religious education buildings costing $100,000 apiece could be built for every church in America, and equipped with all the wonderful material which the church has at her hand, but is unable to buy on account of the expense, and the failure of its members to recognize its value to their children.

Motion pictures, illustrating the heroism of missionaries; illustrated lectures by Christian physicians on sex questions, given by men and women doctors; object lessons gleaned from Bible lands to interest and inspire large classes of boys of the age when large numbers of them leave the church because of the dullness of the pedagogic teaching; pictures, not motion, but works of art, that illustrate history and Bible times; music that would include instruments beyond the reach of the average church; these and a multitude of other things in the way of equipment would make of the Sunday schools of America an entirely new power in the lives of the young, and ring in a new order of things for the dignity and power of religion. As it is now, the boy and girl go to the church Sunday school and sit in a class, in most cases in a large room or in the church worship room itself, surrounded by other classes, in a babel of noises which is not far removed from the "blab" schools that used to be found in the South, with a multitude of distractions to try the genius and patience of the most consecrated teacher. The next day this boy and girl walk into a high school classroom where the class meets by itself, removed from all distracting noises, with pictures on the walls, with works of art to fill eye and memory, with every necessary equipment to make learning interesting and worth while. Is it any wonder, Mr. American Citizen, that your boy or girl looks upon the Sunday school with more or less amusement or even contempt when the comparison is made between it and the high school? And is it any wonder that, as a consequence, religion suffers in the judgment of your boy or girl if he ever wonders why, if religion is so necessary as Washington and Lincoln and you yourself say, the church does not have as good a place to teach it as the state has to teach zoology and algebra?

Are You Going to Pay?

THE church in America has an institution well organized, magnificently manned by an heroic teaching force, with all the potentiality of a unique influence to mold and shape the thinking and acting of millions of impressionable youths at the most critical age. But it is choked and hobbled and bound and gagged by its friends, the church members, because they have never had any vision of the real value of it, and have not been willing to pay the decent price for an invaluable training.

What do you say, Mr. American Citizen, church member? Are you going to be willing to pay something for your religion? At least a small percent of what you pay for secular? Is it worth more to you to have your son graduate in astronomy than to know something about the God who made astronomy possible? Is it worth more to your children to know how to talk foreign languages than to speak the language of the Brotherhood of Man? And what shall it profit you or them if, after finding the things in college books that tell them how to get on in this world, they miss the way to heaven and lose their own souls?

Is religious education worth more than secular?

If so, why don't we pay for it?

If the Sunday schools of America constitute the greatest educational force we have, why don't we support them as we support universities and colleges?

The Sunday Schools of America

Enrollment in the Sunday schools of the United States according to the report of the International Sunday School Association in 1918:

Teachers	1,583,491
Pupils	16,131,733
Total in U. S.	17,715,224
Enrollment in Canada:	
Teachers	94,204
Pupils	945,913
Total	1,040,117
Enrollment in Central America:	
Teachers	11,355
Pupils	155,912
Total	167,267
Enrollment in Negro Sunday schools:	
Teachers	178,945
Pupils	1,493,936
Total	1,672,881
Grand Total for North America:	
Teachers	1,867,995
Pupils	18,727,494
Total	20,595,489

The grand total reported for 1914 was 18,441,036.

Financing a Nation With Its Postage Stamps

Shrewd Governments Tax Hobby-riders of Other Countries for Revenue



Above, left and right—Picture stamps of French Colonies. Center two—Show surcharging of Latvian stamps caused by fall in exchange. Below—Fifty-mark Polish stamp of recent issue.

By ROLAND D. JOHNSON

Reproduction of the stamps on this page is for educational purposes.

POSTAGE stamps are an example of what might properly be called "service money," as contrasted with metal money or money representative of metal money. Every postage stamp printed is a promise on the part of the government to render a service corresponding to its face value and the established postal rates, and the government must expect, or at least stand ready to render that service, else the stamps are but mere labels.

In Europe and in some other parts of the world postage stamps are lawful money to a greater extent than in the United States. They are not only receivable in payment for postage, but are accepted for money orders. In China, Czecho-Slovakia and Austria, stamps are stuck on a money order to the face value of the order. And now in Europe stamps have become the means of financing bankrupt nations.

Upon the collecting of stamps as a hobby by millions of persons hangs the financial solvency of more than one government. The stamp-issuing world has grown rapidly, and there are merchants who make it their sole business to sell used and unused postage stamps, albums and other supplies to collectors. Many collectors find the field too large and limit themselves to certain countries but this has not lessened the market for postage stamps of all countries. Most collectors prefer unused stamps, for, of course, they are more attractive without the cancellation. More than that, attractive designs appeal more than ugly ones and bright colors are preferred over dull hues. Because of this postage stamps have become attractive.

This increase in numbers of stamp collectors as well as their greater interest soon was seized upon by the astute men in charge of the finances of certain nations. They realized that if a postage stamp is mounted in a collector's album, without ever having been used for postage, the government is financially the gainer. How natural then to make attractive stamps and to facilitate their sale to dealers who buy them to retail to collectors? Thus many nations specialize on "picture" stamps.



Czecho - Slovakian stamp bearing portrait of President Masaryk.

The British North Borneo Company, of North Borneo, makes a contract with any dealer wishing to buy stamps in large amounts, under the terms of which the North Borneo government sells stamps to the dealers neatly canceled "to order" (to prevent their use for postage) at a discount, and uncanceled stamps at a smaller discount. Since 1893 almost all North Borneo stamps have been "picture stamps" in two colors. The practice pays. The various denominations of the 1909 issue bears such subjects as a tapir, a tropical tree, a Borneo railroad station, an indoor scene, an elephant, a rhinoceros, a Bornese farmer plowing with an ox and wooden plow, a wild boar, a wild buffalo, and three kinds of tropical birds.

Liberia manufactures picture stamps extensively. The sale of stamps is declared to be the principal source of revenue to the government of the African commonwealth. Pictorial issues began in 1892 and have continued to date. *Scott's Monthly Journal* for March having just appeared with the announcement of a new issue ranging from one cent to five dollars. Trees, fish, birds, Liberian presidents, flowers, Liberian coins, landscapes, boats, monkeys, hippopotami, elephants, lizards, snakes, antelopes and crocodiles make an interesting picture gallery.

Newfoundland has been in the picture-stamp business since 1866, but has been discreet. Two issues, those of 1897 and 1910, commemorated historical events, the discovery and the colonization of the island. In 1911 the coronation of George V furnished a legitimate reason for a new issue. Beginning with Queen Mary on the one cent, there is King George on the two cent, the Prince of Wales on the three cent, Prince Albert on the four cent, Princess Mary on the five cent, Prince Henry on the six cent, Prince George on the eight cent and Prince John on the nine cent. By this time the stork had gone on a vacation, and Grandma Alexandra had to fill the 10 cent, and in default of relatives, the governor general and the coat of arms were used for the two remaining denominations.

While many governments, such as Abyssinia, Nyassa, Belgian Congo, and certain Latin-American countries, have from time to time resorted to what has been aptly termed, "Philatelic Financing," up to the time of the Great War, France perhaps was the most thoroughgoing exploiter of the picture stamp, as she continues to be. France has numerous colonies as well as post offices in China, Egypt, Crete and elsewhere, and each one, be it the vast Somali Coast region, or the tiny islands of Wallis and Futuna, must have a separate and distinct issue, almost without exception pictorial and in face value from one centime to five francs. There is not even the excuse for different issues which exists in the British Empire—the fact that different monetary systems are in use in different colonies—for all the French colonies use the centimes and francs of the mother country except Indo-China which uses the Chinese dollar and cent. France sells the stamps at the colonial office in Paris to save the French dealers the trouble of importing them from the colonies. These reconstruction days brought philatelic finance to its fullest development. The war saw great numbers of superfluous occupation stamps, provisional stamps, and stamps sold at an advance over face value in aid of some charity. There were separate Red Cross stamps for each French colony. The British North Borneo Company, for sweet charity's sake, in 1918 overprinted the whole current series RED CROSS, TWO CENTS, in two lines. There were 17 denominations ranging from one cent (Chinese) to $10. Thus for every set sold the British North Borneo Company received $19.66 Chinese, and the Red Cross received 34 cents Chinese. In the case of a similar set issued by Liberia in the same year and sold at the same advance over face value, the Liberian government received $10.33 and the Red Cross received 26 cents. The Liberian dollar is normally at par with the American dollar.

After the armistice, the atrocities really began. Nearly a dozen new governments, all far from solvent, issued too much paper money. For example, the German mark, although low, is as nothing compared to the Polish mark, so low that 50 are required for an ordinary single-weight letter from Poland to this country.

Postage stamp designs were made to attract, and printed in bright colors. Anything furnishes an excuse for a postal issue now. Poland, since 1918, has issued more than 280 different postage and postage-due stamps—more than this country issued in the first 50 years that it issued stamps! Esthonia, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Latvia, Jugo-Slavia, Bulgaria, Fiume, Central Lithuania and others have also extended their currency in this manner which insures immediate retirement in large quantities—into stamp albums.

The fall in exchange has made this method of financing more successful. Stamps of new denominations meet the fall in value of the coinage. The first Polish issue started with a three-pfennig stamp and ended with one of five marks. The current issue begins with two marks and runs to fifty marks. These issues come to this country in enormous quantities. Some stamps are really being used, as the Hartford (Connecticut) *Times* recently indicated. A man in Hartford recently received a letter from his mother in the Ukraine. This letter bore more than its weight in postage, according to the account, for there were pasted to the back of the envelope, shingle fashion, so that all might be examined, six sheets of 25 stamps each, totaling 2,000 kopecks or 20 rubles in value, and each one canceled. The letter was smaller than the sheets, which had an appearance of a pad on a calendar. These were of the old stock of Czarist stamps which are being used up by the Soviet postal authorities.

Collectors are out of patience and in stampdom "Neuropeans" do not sell so well. This turning away from Europe has given the older hands at the stamp-issuing game a chance to make up for lost time. Within the last 12 months Nyassa, Liberia, and some of the South American countries have resumed work in the stamp printing office. Probably the newest entrant into the family of stamp-financed nations is the most conscienceless. In the last three years Japan has put out five special commemorative issues, occasioned by the treaty of peace, the first census, the dedication of the Meiji Shrine, the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the postal service, and the return of the crown prince, respectively. In more than one of these instances, the government has allowed the Japanese stamp dealers to corner one value in the series, that they might make a handsome profit on the rise in price. In the cases of all these issues sales to the public were limited.

The Russian Soviet government has been the only non-offender in the line of postal issues, for from the fall of the Kerensky government to the last of last year, when postal communications were resumed with the rest of the world, no stamps were issued, letters being sent on the public frank, and paid for in the regular taxes.

The rapid increase in the number of varieties of postage stamps throughout the world is likely to kill the goose that lays the golden egg of stamp revenues. There is no industry that can stand over-production, least of all one which, like the stamp-saving business, relies for its success on the rarity of its products. Stamp collectors will not bear indefinitely the imposition of paying for new stamps, turned out as rapidly as engraving machinery can operate. It is well within the probabilities that stamp collectors will soon be forced by financial costs practically to boycott the flood of new issues and confine their savings to rare old ones which have the grace of having been issued purely for postage purposes.



Hungarian issue put out during Communist control of country.

The very abundance of the issues of paper money in European countries has made it of comparatively little value. It stands to reason that the great abundance of the stamp issues will have a similar effect on the demand for them.

The stamp-saving hobby, while it numbers among its devotees a few very wealthy persons willing to spend liberally and to go to almost any lengths to obtain specimens of all issues, still relies chiefly for its support on the enthusiastic amateur, especially the youthful amateur. Spending money is not so plentiful that the ordinary youth may lavish large sums on the collection of hundreds upon hundreds of new stamp issues. It is, therefore, probable that the continuance of these stamp issues "for revenue only" will have a discouraging effect on the amateur philatelist, confronted with the great obstacles to a complete collection.



Left to right—Belgian occupation stamp issued by Germans; stamp from San Marino, smallest stamp-issuing country in world; next four are from countries that specialize in picture issues; extreme right—French Colonial Red Cross stamp.

Radio to Supplant Press That Exploits It?

Is Frankenstein Creature Likely to Crush Agencies Now Employing It?

NEARLY a million American homes now contain radio receiving apparatus. The sales are mounting into the thousands weekly.

As this is written, there are between 75 and 100 stations broadcasting news, story and song over the North American continent and its encircling seas.

Out on the plains the barbed-wire fence is functioning as an aerial and in the squirming slums the tenement clothesline now reaches out from the world of grime into the fairyland of talking electrons.

Newspaper publicity is responsible for most of this marvelous growth in the popular use of radio.

Not only have the newspapers turned over whole pages and sections to the promotion of radio and assigned some of their brightest men to the story, but the billboards and their delivery trucks blaze with posters advertising their radio features and soliciting the support of the fast-growing army of radio fans.

Are they flirting with Nemesis, or have they helped to fashion a Frankenstein creature which will strangle them to death in its myriad coils and antennae?

Long ago the printed page stilled the town crier, but today his voice is filling the heavens and swelling over the seven seas. It takes no very nimble wit to foresee that radio—plaything of today—may possibly tomorrow result in as great a revolution in the communication of news and ideas as did the invention of printing.

For centuries the ear has played a secondary rôle in transmitting thought from man to man, and from generation to generation. The eye with the aid of the printed page, supplanted it in all but the more elemental things of life. With radio the ear comes back. Human speech, touched with the wand of radio, is freed from its space fetters and finds a world audience.

The "Plot" Idea Exploded

IF THERE comes a combat between the new and old system of transmitting thought it will present a spectacle somewhat similar to those primeval struggles between the huge Saurian reptiles and their more agile antagonists which displaced them. As against the massive and complicated printing industry radio has all the advantages of mobility, speed and the divisibility and multiplicity of productive units. Modern industrialism has seen several such struggles. A classic instance is the capture of the short-haul passenger business from the steam railroads by the more flexible electric interurbans, which are now sore beset by the still more elastic auto bus and private automobile.

Nothing could better show the absurdity of the "conspiracy" theory of American journalism popularized by chronically irritated gentlemen like Mr. Upton Sinclair than the frenzy with which the newspapers are engaged in promoting the development of a rival system of news distribution. There are thousands of sincere people in America today who are convinced that newspaper publishers sit up all night conspiring to control or color the thought of the American people. It is marvelous how editors and publishers ever have time to get their papers out, in view of the immense amount of conspiring they are supposed to do. But, at the same time, we find them devoting millions of dollars' worth of space toward the promotion and popularization of a new system of transporting thought which may possibly put them out of business. Some of them are even furnishing free the news they gather at immense expense to broadcasting stations which can deliver it to their own possible readers hours before they can present it in their newspapers.

Contrast the generous enthusiasm of the newspapers in thus promoting this new business for the electrical equipment companies, with the more canny methods by which the interests controlling the old-line telephone and telegraph companies strangled the development of the rival automatic systems, until they gained control of them through years of financial suppression and political clubbing.

Funeral arrangements for the newspapers, however, are as yet premature. In discussing the handicaps under which they will suffer in combat with radio, if such a contest comes, it is well to take into account that they have already successfully survived similar menaces. There was a time when the telephone was believed to have possibilities inimical to them, and in a few scattered villages news distribution by telephone made some progress. The ticker also had possibilities and in the days when every saloon dispensed sporting news and market reports on a free ticker next to the free lunch counter the sale of sporting extras was thus curtailed.

Then came the movies. Hailed as a rival of the newspaper, the motion picture has become an ally, almost a slave. The movies helped put the saloons out of business, damaged the legitimate theater and the street carnival, but instead of hurting the newspapers they are contributing millions of new revenue to the publishing interests and are stimulating interest in subjects which the newspapers can deal with more in detail.

Radio Has the Advantage

THERE is this vital difference, however, between the motion picture and radio as competitors of the newspaper. In the presentation of spot news the picture is hopelessly outclassed by the newspaper's superior speed, whereas radio has all the advantages of speed over the newspaper. It is interesting to note right here that recent tendencies of the newspapers in the presentation of spot news have paved the way for radio to take their place. The newspapers have been devoting less and less space to straight news and making their news stories shorter and shorter. It is obvious that they are thus educating readers to demand the very sort of news presentation which radio is pre-eminently fitted to supply.

The tendency of the newspapers to emphasize feature stories, human interest yarns, pictures and comic strips is directly due to the movies. The movies have profoundly modified the newspapers and are dominating the news content of many of them, especially the afternoon press of the larger cities.

More and more the afternoon newspapers are becoming daily magazines with a few columns of straight news thrown in for good measure. They are displacing the magazines even in the fiction field.

The innovation of the tabloid illustrated newspaper, the most revolutionary development in the publishing field in the last few years, can be directly traced to the silver screen. There is an afternoon newspaper in St. Louis which not only found the way to promotion and pay through catering to the tastes of movie fans, but acknowledged its debt by proclaiming itself the movie newspaper of St. Louis.

At one time the motion picture actually threatened to raise the intelligence of the newspaper clientele and thus force an improvement in the newspapers. That tendency seems to have perished. The interests which have obtained control of the movies seem to have smothered it effectively and the present reaction of the movies on the newspapers is in the opposite direction. The exploitation of moron themes for mutts on the screen is proceeding step by step with the descent of the newspapers to lower standards of intelligence in their quest for mass circulation. They have taken the miraculous prosperity and growth of the movie industry as the true criterion of public taste and demand, and are conforming their standards to it.

It is here that radio, when it is perfected to permit of sufficient selection by the recipient of radio service, has its biggest opportunity to supplant the newspaper. There are apparently no limits to the quality or classes of information or entertainment that can be broadcasted by radio, as the possible number of wave lengths has no limit.

With the improvement of receiving apparatus, the time is not far distant when the owner of a radio set can pick out of the electric ripples just what he wants, and eliminate the rest. Contrast this with the position of the newspaper reader. He may select what he *reads* but *not* what he *pays for*.

This condition is the result of the economic fallacy under which the modern newspaper lives on its by-product, *advertising*.

It is unnecessary to discuss here the fact that the modern newspaper is a manufacturing industry, which manufactures *mass circulation* to sell advertising space as a by-product. More and more its original function as a distributor of news—for profit of course—has been subordinated to the creation of mass circulation to sell its advertising value.

That fundamental change in the newspaper industry has had far-reaching effects on its presentation of news—all of which tend to create an opening for radio or any other method of news distribution which will depend on the straight sale of news and permit the buyer to select the news or entertainment he wants, and to reject the other.

The tendency of the newspaper today has also been to increase overhead and production costs in order to obtain mass circulation. This has in turn diminished the value of the news distributed to any particular class of readers, because they are compelled to pay for the news which other classes of readers want, and to submit to a curtailment of the news or entertainment that they prefer.

Can Bring "Free Speech" Back

RADIO need be troubled by "none of these things." It need not enter into any entangling alliance with industries which depend on advertising for their success and upon which the newspapers in turn depend for revenue.

It need be burdened with none of the myriad political, racial or other "inhibitions" on the treatment of the news which play upon the newspaper, which must maintain quantity circulation. The problem of overhead with radio will always be slight in comparison to the newspaper, and its plant investment and production costs should be almost insignificant in comparison.

Radio can make free speech something more than a legal abstraction. In the domain of political or industrial debate it can make America or the world one vast town meeting. The only real democracy that ever existed was that of the New England town meeting or the American winners of the West.

Radio comes like a sharp sword to cut the complicated skeins and knots of industrial civilization that now hold men's minds apart. It brings back the possibility of men settling their problems by talking one to the other, with no intervening class of interpreters swayed by a special interest, to alter the current of their speech.

Any man with an idea, an announcement or a grievance may some day be able to rent the necessary wave length, buy the needed "juice" and "tell it to the world"—or at any rate to any part of the world that cares to hear it.

Soon they will be framing laws to "regulate" radio. They have been conversing about it down in Washington. So far the discussion has apparently been open and there have been few sinister signs.

There has been some very recent talk in newspaper circles about prohibiting advertising by radio. However, this is a trifling threat. Probably no greater boon could be conferred on the radio industry than to prohibit advertising. We have seen what advertising has done to the newspapers. If all the lawmakers do to radio is to prevent it from becoming an advertising medium, its future is safe.



(C) By Fred. H. Kiser, Kiser Studio, Portland, Oregon.
Along the sky-line trail in the Cascades there are numerous lakes. Crescent Lake is popular because of its easy access by auto from the east side of the mountains. It is six miles from the crest of the Cascades and about 35 miles north of Crater Lake. The fishing is splendid.

Boston Acquires Etchings of Louvre Jewels

Complete Collection of Jules Jacquemart in Museum of Fine Arts After Having Remained Undisturbed in Carton for 41 Years

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

A PRACTICALLY complete collection of Jules Jacquemart, the great master of jewelry etching, together with a number of original drawings, has recently been acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. These etchings include artist's proofs of Jacquemart's unequaled set of 60 plates which represent the gems and jewels of the Louvre collection, the greatest treasures of the French nation.

Jacquemart, besides having been an exponent of that finished product of French civilization, a great art connoisseur, collector and writer, was also a master water-colorist, and, according to such a critic as Hamerton, "the most marvelous etcher of still life who ever lived in the world." Not only that, but he was a master etcher from great paintings, and left no less than 22 examples of this part of his work. What gives a special value to the present set of more than one thousand pieces in the Boston Museum, is that it comes directly from the artist's own portfolio.

When Jacquemart died in 1880, he bequeathed two sets to his friend, Louis Gonse, the art connoisseur, who had compiled an admirable catalog of his work. One set was immediately presented to the French nation and has been treasured in the Reserve of the Bibliotheque Nationale. The other remained in carton, undisturbed for 41 years, until it crossed the ocean to rest in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. When Director Carrington, of the print department, learned that it could be purchased, he immediately cabled, without ever having seen the set, knowing its great value to art students as well as arts and crafts and designers of this country.

Jacquemart's career was short and brilliant. His was a life dedicated to beauty and to the work of teaching others how to understand and enjoy it. Himself the son of a noted art connoisseur, he was born among art treasures, and became an impeccable draughtsman and a master of etching. He is considered by critics to have carried the technique of that art to its limits.

In the heyday of the Second Empire, when a cultivated public was collecting, as no people had ever collected before, he was commissioned to reproduce no end of art treasures. His etched plates, appearing regularly in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* and other publications, made such a sensation that they inspired other nations to follow suit. The result was a remarkable improvement in the general appreciation of arts and the art crafts. Jacquemart's art had the rare combination of manual skill and artistic perceptions.

His plates depicting antique jewelry with its infinite refinement of detail, sixteenth century bookbindings covered with most intricate decoration in gold, silver and colors, antique and Renaissance armor with plates full of gold arabesques set into ivory, must be seen and studied in order to understand how wonderfully beautiful still life can be, when etched by an artist who is a technician, a painter, a musician and a poet.

The wonder is how a human eye and a human hand could have executed such fine, such faithful detail as is shown in his plates, especially in his reproductions of finely chased and carved cups, goblets and crystal vases.

What is probably the magnum opus of the collection is the set of 60 plates of the Louvre collection. He spent four years at the work. Here are a number of national heirlooms of great historic interest, like the swords of Chilperic, Charlemagne, and Francis I, jewels of the eleventh century, antique porphyry vases mounted in the Middle Ages, crystal vases which belonged to Valois kings, the gifts of the city of Florence to Marie de Medici, sconces of cameos, agates and pearls, the clasp of the mantle of Saint Louis, the cup of Mithridates, and a score of rock-crystal cups, vases and goblets etched with an exquisite pictorial effect. One could hardly believe that the ever-changing play of light could be so pictured to the mind of the beholder.

To attempt to enumerate the treasures in the Louvre collection would take volumes for the jewels and artisan work alone. To describe them would require a set of books as large as the Encyclopedia Britannica. A catalog of the jewels in the Royal Museum of Antiquities was published in 1850, but many have been added since then, and this volume was a modest little book that only cursorily described the articles. These include gold and silver of pure Etruscan work, Greco-Etruscan and Roman work and pure Greek designs; diadems, crowns and crown jewels used at coronations; funeral diadems; infants' diadems; elaborate coiffure pins; eardrops and earrings; (literally by the hundreds). There are elaborate bobbins, sconces, bracelets, scarabs, fibules, rings of all kinds, of ancient Etruscan, Greek and Roman workmanship; there are ambers of splendid colorings, rare ivories elaborately carved, chains, swords and sword hilts, poniards and daggers, buckles and clasps, vases, cups and goblets in rock-crystal and porphyry and such an array as would bewilder anyone.

Designs to inspire the modern jeweler to enthusiasm and the value not a king's ransom, but a war indemnity!

One cannot begin to describe all of the pieces pictured by Jacquemart in his etchings. He himself did not attempt to depict all of them—only the most historic or the most artistic and the most exquisite of the many designs. Included in the most striking of these is the clasp from the mantle of Saint Louis, which is reproduced with this article. It is studded with rare gems all of great size and of the first water. Minuteness of detail is shown in the etching of this piece, as well as the cup of Sicilian jasper and the eagle vase of porphyry. To get the real amount in detail in some of these, they must be examined under a magnifying glass. How a person working without one could execute such fineness of lines, everyone of them true, and depict the high lights so faithfully, is almost beyond the comprehension even to an expert, to say nothing of the layman.

Likewise, with the gem-studded chalice, the inside of which represents fish swimming in a pool. And back of all this, which no doubt Jacquemart fully appreciated and perhaps was the inspiration for this great work of his, is the wonderful artisanship of those old designers and craftsmen—all hand work. No machine grinding or polishing or tooling or buffing. And the tools were not the fine tools of today. Nor did they have the knowledge of chemistry to help them. They had secrets of their own, though, which modern craftsmen would give a great deal to know.

Then, too, there are etchings of an eagle vase of porphyry and a rock-crystal goblet which must have taken months of patient work. The eagle vase is unique. Probably no other like it exists outside of the Louvre. The goblet is graceful and well proportioned, though of heavy material. Around the base is a floral design, carved out, with the foot of the goblet hollow underneath. A foliage design runs around the stem, and just above this a beading. Another conventionalized flower design is on the bowl support at the top of the stem, while on each side of this support are two queer fish, perfect in detail. The whole piece is carved out of one piece of rock-crystal.

Around the outer edge of the chalice is a cutout block design and around the rim a foliate design set with gems. The leaves themselves are forms of gems inlaid in gold. In some instances, evidently, the gems have been lost from their settings that form the leaves, and this the artist has faithfully shown in each case. All the major gems are in their settings, however.

The rock-crystal vase is of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Francis I. Some of the other crystal vases of this period are carved with the mythological figures that the painters and sculptors of Fontainebleau introduced into France at that time.

And so one might go on. It will well repay any jeweler or designer to visit the Art Museum and examine this collection. Sketching from the designs is permitted.



Photographs of etchings in the Louvre collection of Jules Jacquemart.

The etching in the center is of the sword of Francis I; great minuteness of detail characterizes the reproduction of a clasp from the mantle of Saint Louis, shown in the lower left-hand corner; the etching in the lower right-hand corner is of a gem-studded chalice, with fish depicted swimming in a pool.



The Most Photographed Man in the United States

Crew of Camera Men Attached to White House Finds President Considerate of Their Requests

By GEORGE H. DACY

At left—President Harding tries his hand at operating a "movie" camera. The President has a good general knowledge of photography.





The first of the two photographs reproduced here is the first informal picture of a U. S. Cabinet ever made on the White House lawn. It also is the most popular picture of a Cabinet ever published. This shows the picture as the public saw it. In the oval is the picture as the photographers saw it while making the exposure.





As the public sees the picture and as it looks when snapped. Miss Mary Eaton, an actress, is shown here pinning an award on Mr. Tumulty's lapel. Mr. Tumulty will be remembered as President Wilson's secretary.

IT IS an ordeal for most of us to face the camera to have our pictures taken once in a decade. It is as hard for us to "look natural and pleasant" at the critical moment when the shutter pops open as it is for the defeated candidate to congratulate the victor after a heated political campaign.

How would you feel at the end of the day if your picture had been taken as many times as is President Warren G. Harding's? Did you ever see a photograph of our President with any but a pleasant, friendly expression on his face? Such a photograph has never been taken. In all the thousands of negatives made of President Harding, there is not one where he is pictured as frowning or looking displeased. And he is just the man he looks in his pictures—sincere, sympathetic, simple and democratic in his tastes, whole-souled, conscientious and conservative.

President Harding does not like to have his picture taken any better than do you or I, but he submits to it because newspaper and magazine readers the world over want to see photographs of the President of the United States and he considers it his duty to appear before the camera at frequent intervals. The majority of the 110,000,000 residents of the United States know President Harding only by his photographs. That they are keenly interested in the pictures of the President has been demonstrated repeatedly by surveys made by news and syndicate associations to test the popularity of the photographs of our Chief Executive.

Washington is the news center of the world and the capital city is the rendezvous for conventions, conclaves, conferences, congresses and other demonstration meetings of every sort and description. Just a few weeks ago, the Daughters of the American Revolution—several thousand strong—held their annual gathering in the City of Presidents. As this article was written, more than 5,000 in the motion picture world were assembled at Washington. During May and June and September and October, Washington is the mecca of many such gatherings. All these delegations visit the White House to pay their respects to the President. Invariably, they ask him to appear with them in a large group photograph. President Harding has been most courteous and kind in assenting to these requests and his pictures adorn the homes of thousands of Americans who have visited Washington during his administration and had their pictures taken in a group with the President.

The White House Photographer's Association is made up of 24 camera men who represent every news service, syndicate and newspaper in the world. Each photographer carries a membership card signed by George Christian, the President's secretary. This card is an identification which admits the bearer to public and private gatherings where the President is to appear. The card is of value to new photographers who are enrolled in the White House Photographer's Association before they get to know all the secret service men who generally accompany the President. Out-of-town photographers who come to Washington to take pictures of the President make their arrangements through the director of the association, A. W. Leonard. A special room in the White House executive offices is maintained for the use of the newspaper men and their photographers. Early each day a bulletin is posted at the door



The White House photographers. They are all ready to start out on a trip with the President.

Photos furnished by National Photo Co.

Every delegation that visits Washington naturally goes to the White House to pay its respects to the President, and President Harding is particularly obliging, much more so than predecessors who might be named. So it comes about that the House camera crew is kept busily engaged.

In the photo at the top of the page the picture of the picture-takers has been taken—the photograph the public never sees. In the oval is the conventional White House group picture.

of this press office giving the calendar, schedule and engagements of the President for the day. All the White House photographers stop off to read this bulletin the first thing in the morning. Then they plan their other engagements so that they will be back at the White House to get pictures of the President welcoming any distinguished visitor or official, or to accompany the Chief Executive on some trip or visit that he is to make. Did you ever try to visualize the picture behind the p i c t u r e when you looked at a photograph of the President or his Cabinet or a leading member of Congress? The view which the camera men have of the picture as it is being taken is quite different from the picture which the readers of the newspapers and magazines see as the picture is published. For example, after the first meeting of his Cabinet, President Harding invited the members out on the South Portico or back lawn of the White House where an informal picture of the Cabinet and President was made. This has been a most popular picture. The readers see only the Cabinet members sitting in an informal group. The camera operators as they took the picture could look about and see a dozen or more newspaper cameras of all types, sizes and descriptions pointed at the Federal officials. They also could s e e t h e pedestrians walking along the neighboring drives and boulevards and the motor cars that went chuggingly along unaware that one of the most remarkable photographs in Cabinet annals was being made inside the White House grounds.

When you see a picture of the President or one of his Cabinet members, showing him strolling unconcernedly along the street or alighting from an automobile, you may think that the picture was just a snapshot and chance luck. You may imagine that the photographer just happened to come along at the right moment. For the most part a picture of that description is staged and posed. The President or Senator, or general, or whoever it may be, acts as naturally as possible before the cameras. The secret of success of such pictures is to get a good one the first time. When the person being photographed has to repeat his movements a number of times, he loses his naturalness and the picture looks artificial and posed. The President frequently says to the White House photographers, "Boys, take me looking natural, don't ask me to pose."

Score in White House Crew

GENERALLY speaking, there are 15 or 20 of the White House photographers—they have no connection with the White House other than that they are deputized by their different employers and commercial agencies to take pictures of the President and other notables who visit the White House—who take pictures of the President when he attends important conferences, entertainments or other meetings. For example, one Saturday, recently, the American Legion staged one of the largest athletic meets ever held in the District of Columbia. The President attended. Fifteen photographers took pictures of him. Altogether about 100 different negatives were exposed. Subsequently, the best of these pictures were circulated by the various news services to all parts of the world. This was the first time in about three weeks that the President had had his picture taken. Ordinarily, however, some event or other comes up which makes it imperative for the President to stop within the scope of the camera's lens several times a week.

During the Harding Administration, the photographers have enjoyed more privileges at the White House than ever before but they have avoided any abuse of these additional courtesies. They appreciate the splendid cordiality and co-operation which President Harding accords them. Irrespective of their political affiliations, to a man, they are heart and soul behind Warren G. Harding. They speak of him as you would speak about a very dear friend. This is because President Harding always fraternizes with them whenever his picture is to be taken. He has a very good general knowledge of photography. Often he makes suggestions regarding the light and shadows and the best settings for the pictures. His suggestions are always kindly; their purpose is to obtain the best conditions possible for picture-making.

Just after the war and during Mr. Wilson's illness, it was worse than the labors of Hercules to get a picture of the President. This was at a time when all newspapers were demanding new pictures of the President. The White House photographers were desperate. Repeatedly, they had snapped pictures of the President as he drove out of the White House gates but none of these pictures were ever published as they were not considered satisfactory. The camera men and "movie" operators for weeks at a time rented high-priced rooms in hotels along the routes which the President's car might follow on the chance that they might be able to snap satisfactory pictures. For three weeks, 16 expert camera men picketed the east gate of the White House but without avail. Two photographers hid in a load of hay which was hauled into the White House grounds for the use of the sheep then maintained there. These operators hoped to get close enough to take several pictures of the President. However, they were discovered and evicted by the secret service men before they were well inside the executive gates. Later on, when his physicians consented, ex-President Wilson posed.

It used to be difficult to obtain photographs of government officials and members of Congress. Many leaders were prejudiced against having their pictures published. The present administration has softened such antipathies. Notables who once frowned whenever they saw a news photographer's camera now smile and pose.

Getting Morgan's Photo

THE persistency of the White House camera men has aided markedly in bringing about this change. For example, J. P. Morgan was in town. A corps of White House photographers pursued him all morning trying to get pictures; by one artifice or another, he evaded them. Finally, they cornered him in the House Office Building. Photographers took up their stand at every exit with their cameras carefully focused and ready for exposure as soon as Mr. Morgan appeared. Then one of the extra camera men went into the building and snapped a picture of Mr. Morgan as he left the elevator. This provoked the financier and he rushed to the front entrance and demanded of the photographers, "Boys, when is this going to stop?"

"When you stop and permit us to take your picture," they replied.

Appreciating that he was caught, Mr. Morgan relaxed, smiled and posed. Recently, a government official refused absolutely to have his picture made by the White House camera experts. The photographers tried various expedients and ruses to obtain pictures of this official but without success. Ultimately, they decided that drastic action was necessary. They organized a novel firing squad of four camera men. These experts carefully adjusted their cameras for rapid-fire activities. Then they gathered in the anteroom adjoining the private office of the official in question. Unannounced and precipitately, they charged into his sanctum and before the astonished notable could sense what was going on, they obtained several photographs.

"Gentlemen, you win," he said. "While you are here, you had better make some more exposures and be sure to get good pictures."

The Kodak Fans Visit Harding

AMONG every delegation that visits the White House there are kodak fans whose keenest desire is to take a picture of the President. President Harding's kindness is illustrated by an incident that recently occurred. The President's picture was taken with a number of leading farmers and agricultural experts during an agricultural convention in Washington. Among the throng was a number of girls with cameras who were anxious to snap the President but who were afraid of offending him by such action. Turning to the White House photographers, President Harding said, "After you professionals get through with me, I want to let these amateurs (indicating the girls) have a chance." This simple favor pleased the excited girls as much as if the President had presented each of them with a new Easter bonnet.

A newspaper man, President Harding has done all in his power to aid the reporters and feature writers who work through the White House correspondent's office to obtain timely and interesting stories. He is a member of the National Press Club, the largest organization of its kind, whose 1,400 members at one time have been engaged in active journalism. The most intimate talk which President Harding has made since he entered the White House was delivered before 800 members of the National Press Club on the first anniversary of his inauguration. It was a heart-to-heart talk. The President told about the difficulties he had met and said that he had done his level best for the good of the country. He was accorded an ovation.



COLE L. BLEASE

"Coley Blaze" Is on the Stump and South Carolina's Happy

Political Foes in for Summer of Denouncing

By STILES MANNING SCRUGGS

AS THE boys up in the woolhat district would put it, "Coal Blaze's" hat is in the ring and all doubt about the gubernatorial campaign being a pink-tea affair in South Carolina this autumn has passed. As we write that the Honorable Cole Livingston Blease is again in the battle zone, with a third term in the governorship as his goal, the mauve syringa lends its fragance to the zephyrs of spring and the ringing intonations of the one-gallus voters of the commonwealth, who are for Blease first, last and all the time.

The Blease boom came up with the crocus, but it failed to pass out with the pussy willow. It hangs on like high taxes and red mud in the piedmont section, because Mr. Blease, known from the mountain tops of Dark Corners to the sands of the sea at Charleston, as "the stormy petrel of politics," never yet has shown the white feather. He is as fond of a political battle as a bulldog, and he never quits until his jaws are pried or his friends succeed in carrying him to higher channels.

When Mr. Blease, then serving his second term as governor, resigned that office in 1915, he had the stage set for him to step into the United States Senate, but it proved even for an expert politician and near-statesman, as he was at that time, a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth. And so, instead of going to the Senate, Mr. Blease resumed the practice of law in Columbia. In matters of criminal jurisprudence, there are few lawyers of the capital city who know the law as he knows it, and still fewer who can even approximately match his wits at the bar when it comes to wringing a verdict from a jury.

Mr. Blease began his political career, as far as state estimation is concerned, in 1896 when he became a presidential elector, but he had been a member of the South Carolina House of Representatives, and Speaker, pro tem, of that body from Newberry County, even before that campaign. As a presidential elector he soon won popularity on the stump. He has been in office most of the time since he was licensed to practice law, except during the last decade, having been mayor of his city, representative of his county and district, in the South Carolina House and Senate, and twice governor of the state. He is a candidate, he says, now, not because it will satisfy any personal ambition, but because his friends insist on his saving the state.

And when the picturesque individual whom the loyal Bleaseites refer to as Coal Blaze, or just plain "Coley," gets on the hustings, we are ready to inform the six or eight aspiring gentlemen who also have their hats in the gubernatorial ring, that they will know that they have been in a fight when the smokescreen lifts next November. For be it known that the Honorable Cole Livingston Blease is the equal of the late Representative (Private) John Allen, of Mississippi, when it comes to repartee, as witty as the eminent Senator John Sharp Williams in political story-telling and as vindictive as Thomas Brackett Reed ever was in debate.

With these splendid equipments on the stump, coupled with the fact that Mr. Blease knows the political history of practically every public man in South Carolina, he is well-nigh impregnable. And as he has announced that he will speak in every county in the commonwealth before the primaries close this year, the rank and file of the men voters are predicting a hot time in the old state this year. As far as the women voters are concerned, there is an element of doubt, but Mr. Blease says he calculates to get his share of that vote because he was a consistent opponent of woman suffrage, but a warm supporter of the law when the majority put it across.

The strength of Blease, by long odds the most talked-of man in South Carolina, and the causes of Bleaseism are results of the social and economic conditions of the state, and of the quaint manner the one political party, the Democratic, conducts its campaigns here. The primary is all-important. The general election is a mere form, since there is but one set of nominees. A rule of the party is that candidates shall make a tour of the state and speak once in every county. They generally travel en masse, adhering to a schedule arranged by the executive committee.

This round of speech-making and hand-shaking comes always in the summer months, when men's tempers are, at best, eccentric. But this is a slack time for farmers and South Carolina is an agricultural state. The county-to-county method is a decided advantage to the stump speaker, particularly since the campaigner can usually beat the metropolitan newspaper to the audience.

Then, too, in South Carolina, politics is more than politics. It is a recreation, a part of life, a thing in which the citizen at large has a big interest, a medium through which men express themselves. For this reason a political fight is usually as welcome in the rural districts of South Carolina as a genuine circus. Men gather at the county seats from villages and countrysides far away. Automobiles are parked with rare abandonment, but there are yet remaining in this state many buggies and farm wagons and they are in evidence at these political meetings. Another unusual feature of the South Carolina political gathering is that scores of Negroes are there, not that they expect to vote, but they want to hear the jokes that they feel sure they will hear from the candidates.

At some central place, a platform is erected and the candidates appear on it to tell the opening joke about themselves or their opponents, for the fortieth time. In past campaigns generally the opponents of Blease have spoken first. One after the other they have their say and then the time arrives for Mr. Blease to speak. Instantly there is a wave of animation. Any stranger could pick out Cole Blease from those who oppose him, for their faces are expectant. "Tell 'em about it, Coley," shouts a man out in the crowd, and instantly the Blease men, scattered widely all through the audience, shout back such enthusiastic answers as, "He'll tell 'em," and "Lawsy-massy, ain't he a man!"

Mr. Blease runs his fingers through his long bushy hair, takes a sip of water, smiles, as his fighting jawbone gets ready for action, and launches into his speech, with his sleeves rolled up and a dare for any contender plainly written on his banner. He denounces his enemies, either personal or political, lauds his friends, declares he has nothing to apologize for and never did and never will apologize and the cheers of his friends drown out the remainder of his battle-charge barrage.

Then Mr. Blease takes a fling at the "hostile press" and that generally includes all the larger newspapers of the state and the South, not to mention the nation at large. He attacks high taxes and those in office who impose them, gives his opinion of the creation of new offices to be filled with political Neposes, declares undying devotion to the laboring man's cause, and so on, until the driving, dynamic concluding rhetoric is again drowned out in the cheers of his friends. He knows the chords to play upon.

It would be a long story to continue this narrative to its logical conclusion. Mr. Blease is in a class by himself. He would have made good as an actor. He might have shone in the business world as a captain of industry, or possibly he could have been wearing the shoulder straps of a lieutenant general. He is versatile. There is no gainsaying that fact. But he chose the law and the political hustings for his very own and these mistresses have never found him a slacker. He is a spellbinder but he is not any more like the late Senator ("Pitchfork") Tillman than Senator Tillman was like the dignified and erudite General Wade Hampton.

The one thing that has caused the comeback of Mr. Blease in the political domain of South Carolina politics is the after-the-war reconstruction, incidental hard times, due to the cotton boll weevil, and high taxes. Mr. Blease is opposed to the hard times, the high taxes and the floods, of course, but so is most everybody else. Only Mr. Blease is smart enough to capitalize on those distressing conditions. The Coal Blaze announcement is causing South Carolina to wake up, take a drink, ask what o'clock, and show no evidence of drowsiness. And that is what makes the mare go in this former stronghold of revolt against what its citizenship considered wrong.

When Uncle Sam Raised Camels

AWAY back in 1856 your Uncle Sam set aside $30,000 to spend for raising camels! Yes, sir, he did. In those days the maps used to show the states of Kansas, Missouri and on to California as white and marked in the geographies in big letters, "The Great American Desert." Everybody thought of this country as barren and desolate and useless. Even the Congressmen believed this to be true, so they voted this money for the use of the army to get across this "desert" to the smiling shores of California.

A young man by the name of Jefferson Davis, who had a good imagination, first thought of the plan. He would have Uncle Sam use the camels in trade and to chase Indians. He planned to bring the camels from India and start a colony of them in Western Texas.

After telling Congress about the plan and receiving permission to spend the money, he sent Captain D. D. Porter to the Far East to buy the camels. Then the trouble began, for neither Davis nor Porter knew anything about these great ships of the desert. They sent along with Porter, Major H. C. Wayne, but it seems he knew little more of the animal. They inspected the zoos in England and in France to see just what camels looked like and to find out all about them.

On to Tunis, Wayne and Porter went and there they bought a camel to study it first hand. When the sultan heard about it he insisted on giving them two from his own herd and thus show his respect for America. When they took these specimens on board ship they found them to be mangy and diseased. They next investigated the Smyrna market and then went to Constantinople. Hearing there that the animals grew abundantly in Africa, they turned back there. But first they inspected the camels that were being used in the Crimean War, which was then in progress. These were the Bactrian style and were being used by the British Army.

The two American camel hunters thought the Bactrian body style of camel ideal. It was possessed of many refinements that seemed most essential. There were no extras to buy. It had two humps instead of one and that made a much easier riding chassis and better for baggage or freight. So, going back to Constantinople, they sold their Tunis camels for $44 and set sail for Alexandria.

But in Egypt they couldn't obtain permission from the viceroy to export more than two, although they wanted 20. Finally they got 10 on condition that they would not ask for more later.

From Egypt they went back to Smyrna and loaded up to capacity with Asiatic camels and set out for home with 33 of the tall, awkward creatures in tow. They found that they had paid on an average of about $75 for each animal. The ship landed them at Indianola on the Texas coast. About 60 miles from the city a camp was chosen. It was named Camp Verde, and it was and is the only camel camp that ever existed in these United States.

For some reason the camels all decided that they didn't want to live. Wayne and Porter had brought back two camel doctors and they used all their arts.

Wayne was fearful that they were dying from eating cactus, so he saw to it that there was no cactus to be found around there. Then the baled hay was suspected of being too rich. Six died before the summer was over.

Davis sent Porter back to Smyrna for another load. This time Porter brought 41, and they were added to those at Camp Verde. But at about this time politics changed at Washington and the new administration forgot all about the new camel camp and slowly the homesick creatures died.

However, other men tried the thing privately. A Mr. Walton, of California, offered to put a route in operation if the government would give him five sections of land. A Texas man tried it. A company was formed that brought the camels into Baltimore, and the company tried to drive them overland to the Great American Desert. But they died on the way.

What an interesting insight on the official and national conception of the geography of the continent! They believed that the great wheat-growing and rich corn states of today were a part of a great Sahara and they would need camels to cross it safely!

Floriculture a Profession That Is Fascinating

Growing Flowers for Commercial Market Requires Skill

By E. I. FARRINGTON

AT THE end of 15 years as a hard-working school teacher, Mr. C. S. Strout, of Biddeford, Maine, found himself with a growing family on his hands and $1,500 in debt. He then decided that material success did not lie in that direction. Casting about for a way to mend his fortunes, his thoughts kept reverting to a somewhat dilapidated poultry house in the back yard. It wasn't poultry he had in mind, however, but flowers.

In a few evenings' work he replaced the shingled roof with glass sash, using discarded double windows for the purpose. Inside the house he built a bench, which he covered with earth and planted to carnations, or pinks, as they were commonly called in those days. When the weather grew cold he set up a big lamp to keep the building warm. Occasionally, he spent most of the hours of darkness in the reconstructed poultry house, watching over his few dozen plants. Once he fought the elements all night to keep the house from being blown down or the glass broken in.

From such a humble beginning Mr. Strout has made himself one of America's biggest carnation growers. Just recently he finished a glass house 300 feet long, which cost him $40,000. And this is only one of many houses filled with pinks and roses. Of course, school teaching was dropped after a few years, Mr. Strout's whole time being given to acquiring a better knowledge of the flower business, a knowledge which has made him well-to-do.

Some 30 years ago J. K. Alexander was working at a bench in a Brockton, Massachusetts, shoe factory. In some way he acquired a dozen dahlia bulbs, which were planted in his front yard. His dahlias increased so rapidly that he was soon giving bulbs to all his friends and neighbors. It occurred to him to sell a few. The demand increased. Soon dahlias were planted all around the house, and required all his spare time. Then he left the shop, hired a field and staked his future on the dahlia. Now he has 40 or 50 acres on which nothing but dahlias are grown, and each fall he stores away more than a million tubers.

When B. Hammond Tracy was still a young man, his health broke down and he found himself relegated to a little farm on the north shore of Massachusetts, a farm which was believed to be worn-out and valueless, as far as the production of crops was concerned. Someone made him a present of a few gladiolus bulbs, which he stuck into the ground, with no particular interest. As these bulbs grew and blossomed, however, they suggested a possible future to Mr. Tracy. Born and bred in the city, he realized the demand for flowers grown outside of hothouses, and a little experimenting showed him that the soil of the old farm, while not adapted perhaps to the production of field crops, was just right for growing gladioli. On this foundation has been built a business which is known the country over. The old-fashioned farm house has been remodeled and refitted throughout. A splendid concrete storage cellar and display house has been erected, and in midsummer a sea of brilliant color stretches away almost as far as the eye can reach, hundreds of thousands of gladiolus spikes nodding their heads in undulating rows.

It was in an Indiana town that Mrs. Barbara Heller sowed the seeds of an industry which has assumed immense proportions. The roses of Newcastle are known the world over. But Mrs. Heller began to grow them in a little room no larger than a kitchenette. A son found a market for her. Another son became his mother's assistant in their production. Gradually the business expanded until Heller Brothers came to own 12 acres covered with glass. The number of roses grown in this one establishment may be judged from the fact that when the great tornado of 1917 swept over Indiana, five hundred thousand plants were destroyed in a single night.

It is in this way that many of the largest flower-producing establishments in the country had their beginnings. It indicates something of what the flower business offers as a life work. And yet it deals only with the growing end of the business.

The operation of a flower store is necessarily correlated closely with flower-growing, yet is a distinct branch of the industry. Some of the best-known retail establishments have had humble beginnings. There is no better known florist in the country than Henry Penn, of Boston. But Henry Penn began life as a newsboy. Later he began selling flowers in the most limited way. Then he bought a small store, studying business methods and the flower markets day and night. Now he has one of the finest stores in the East, and makes a handsome profit every year.

Max Schling, equally well known in New York, started with almost nothing, and owns today not only a magnificent flower establishment, but a seed business as well.

There is an intermediate branch of the business, which includes the selling of flowers at wholesale and on commission. Also there is the business of raising small plants to be sold in quantities to other florists. One woman has been especially successful along this line. Miss Gunterberg, of Chicago, is said to spend more money for advertising in the florist trade papers than any other member of the trade in the city, and her business has reached enormous proportions.

I might continue to give examples of florists who have made a signal success of their business, as a result of their own indefatigable labors and intelligent efforts. On the other hand, I might tell of many others who have become florists through inheritance. Probably there is no one line of business in which the sons follow in their fathers' footsteps to a greater extent. That in itself, I think, is one of the best tributes to the fascination of the flower-growing trade. There are examples without number where the business has been in one family for several generations. In innumerable instances fathers and sons, and sisters, mothers and daughters are working together.

The business of growing and selling flowers has been developed within the last half century. It has not yet entirely found itself, and much remains to be done to put it on a strictly economic basis. Formerly, a flower business could be carried on successfully without a very careful keeping of accounts, or an accurate study of cost systems. These days are passing. Competition is sharp and growing sharper. Many old-time florists have been crowded out, not because they were poor growers, but because they had not learned how to handle figures. Any young man who becomes a florist with the expectation of running his own establishment, whether as a grower or a retailer, must have a business head. On the other hand, there are plenty of opportunities for men who are capable of developing into first-class foremen or specialists, and who can make a good salary if they are willing to work for others.

A decision must be made at the beginning as to whether one prefers working in a store where he can wear a white shirt and keep his shoes polished, or in a greenhouse where he must necessarily wear old clothes and acquire plenty of soil under his finger nails. The retail store is the place for a man or a woman who likes to meet people, who is talkative, resourceful, untiring and energetic. Selling flowers is much like selling any other commodity, except that they are perishable, and if not disposed of immediately are wasted. This is the hazard of the retail flower business. Success or failure depends on one's ability to gauge the demand from day to day, and to find some way to use up most of the stock. Some flowers will have to be dumped, in any event, but the smaller the number, the greater the profits, or, it may be, the smaller the losses.

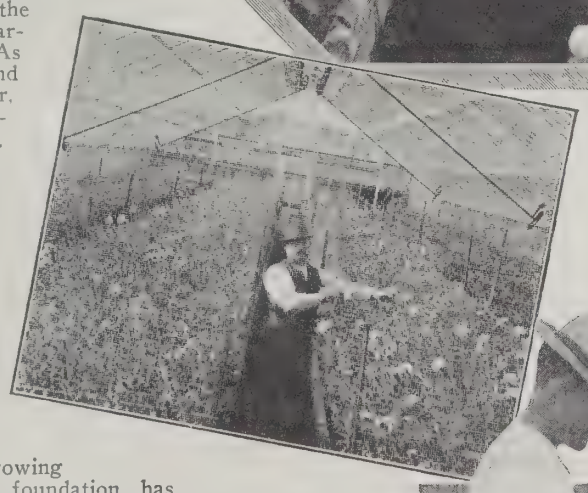
In many of the smaller cities and towns florists combine a greenhouse business with a retail store, producing a large proportion of the flowers they sell. This is a particularly good combination when there are partners, one of whom is a good grower and the other a live salesman. Men or women who have equal ability as growers and store managers are not easy to find. Sometimes, though, it is not necessary to have a store. Much retail business can often be done in a greenhouse, especially if located near a cemetery. The retail florists' business consists largely of the sale of flowers for funerals, which includes the making up of sprays, wreaths, crosses and the like. This is a branch of the business that requires no little artistic skill, and must be learned by long practice.

Generally speaking, there is a very large preponderance of foreign-born people in the ranks of the retail florists. Many Jews are very successful as florists. In New York City there is an army of Greek florists. It is entirely different in the growing end. The alien names found there are fewer, and are mostly Irish, Scotch and English, with an occasional German and Italian.

In the florist business, as in every other line, it is the exceptional man who makes a marked success. While an occasional florist develops unusual ability and acquires a fortune, the average man or woman must be satisfied with a fair living. It is a fact, though, that there are comparatively few failures among the growers, while many failures must be admitted in the retail end. One explanation lies in the fact that it is much easier to start a flower store than it is to establish a greenhouse business. Ninety per cent of the florists' investments throughout this country are in the greenhouse end. The hours in a greenhouse are long, but working conditions are much better than they were a few years ago, for the modern greenhouse is so constructed that the employes can move around in it without stooping or straddling pipes. Wages are much higher than they were before the war. Many foremen get from $30 to $40 a week.

(*Concluded on page 15*)





House of Angelus Roses.

Left—Growing carnations for market.

Right—Japanese who grows Easter Lilies.





Left—Watering greenhouse roses. Right—Making new carnations.

Where a Capitol and a University Luxuriate

Madison, Lake-shrined City, Crowns Lake-filled State of Wisconsin; Streets Named After 39 Men Who Signed Declaration of Independence

By MARK G. TROXELL

WHEN Black Hawk and his embittered Sauk warriors retreated, in 1832, across the high knoll where the University of Wisconsin now stands, he gazed on a spot destined to become the setting for a commonwealth's seat of government. While the captured brave was sullenly enduring a tour of the cities along the Atlantic seaboard, white men were planning a state's capital on the field where Black Hawk had met humiliation.

Even in a lake-dotted territory, the spot was unique. Two glorious, timber-rimmed lakes, the northernmost of a chain of four large sheets of water, were divided only by a high ridge. This rocky backbone of land was covered with groves of stately oak trees; fires had cleared away the underbrush, and a thick carpet of grass made the woods inviting. Rapidly, to east and west, the park-like character of the little forest disappeared in marshes and sluggish streams. A French halfbreed, Oliver Armel, had a trading shanty on the isthmus. There were no permanent dwellings.

Madison would not have become the capital of Wisconsin had not James Duane Doty, who in 1836 was United States circuit judge for the country west of Lake Michigan, been able to urge its setting and its geographic location, midway between the struggling lake ports and the rough mining region along the Mississippi, as ideal for the legislative home of a new and ambitious commonwealth. In the little hamlet of Belmont, in western Wisconsin, the first legislature for a month weighed the merits of 17 applicants for the territorial capital. Milwaukee, Racine, Green Bay, Portage, and others had actual settlements and immediate prospects about which to weave their claims. Madison, merely a tract of land owned by Doty and his friends, had only its beauty and its location to recommend it.

After hot debate and with many misgivings, the legislature voted to give Doty's site the prize. The august body was aided in its decision by promises of attractive town lots to members. The name Madison was selected by Doty and his partner, S. T. Mason, then governor of Michigan Territory, to honor the fourth President and his wife, Dolly Madison.

Doty was the only man at Belmont who knew much about the selected spot. He had suggested some rising ground near the middle of the isthmus as the approximate site of the capital. A surveyor was commissioned to lay out the streets. This man arrived in February, 1837, during a blinding snowstorm, and was glad to take refuge in the shack of the trader, Armel, until he could perform his duties.

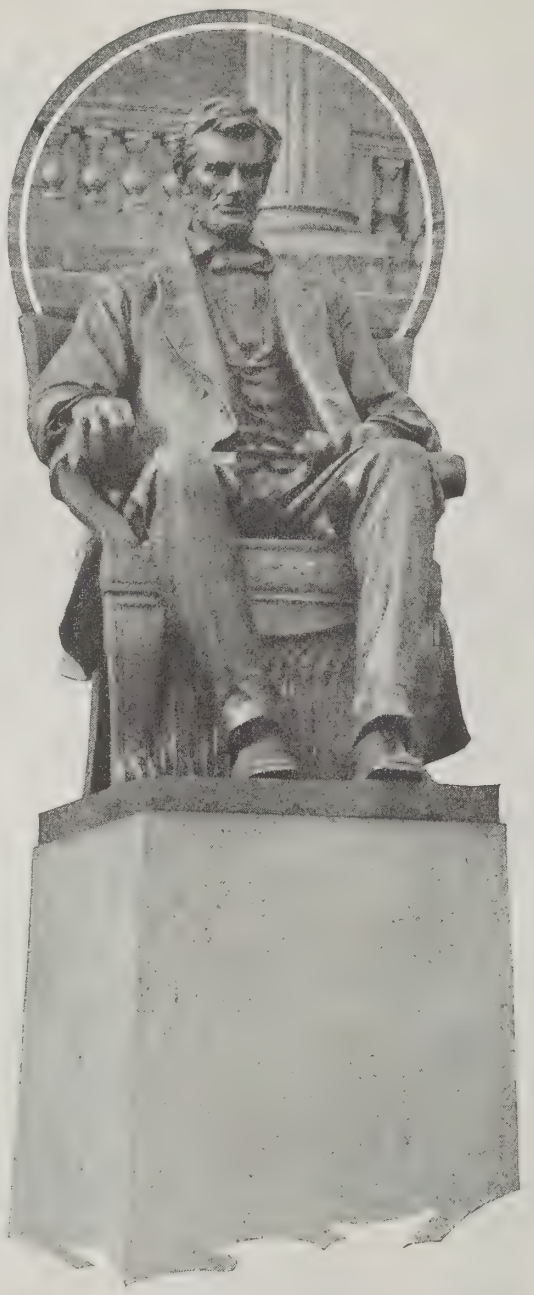
Village Slow to Grow

WITH a poor instrument, half-trained chainmen, and difficult topography to deal with, the surveyor planned a city that took advantage of the isthmus to get the longest straight streets possible. Beginning at the corners of the capitol park, four blocks square, he planned radiating main thoroughfares that suggest Washington, D. C. These avenues followed the cardinal points of the compass. The cross-streets, from lake to lake, ran northwest and southeast, with long roads crossing them at right angles. The capitol park, fortunately, came on high ground almost midway between the two lakes, commanding both of them by wide avenues.

The early surveyor did more than lay out the Madison streets; he gave them their names. He thought it fitting to perpetuate the names of the signers of the United States Constitution. To his thoughtfulness, Madison owes the unique distinction of being the only city in the nation to possess principal streets named after most of the 39 men who dared to sign the document that bound the colonies together.

The street parallel to the northern shore the surveyor named Langdon, after the New Hampshire delegate who, with Nicholas Gilman, signed for his colony. The next street became Gilman; then Gorham and King, of Massachusetts, had streets named in their memory. The wide thoroughfare running parallel to the two lake shores, and midway between them, was named after George Washington, president of the convention. Alexander Hamilton, through his prominence as the only man from New York consenting to sign the document, was honored by having his name given to the single north-and-south highway in the main part of the town. Southern delegates, Spaight, Pinckney, Rutledge and Few, were remembered. Lastly, near the southern lake shore, a street was named Doty.

The village was slow of growth. The capitol was built by workmen who toiled for 10 days merely to get their tools and building materials through the woods and swamps between Milwaukee and Madison, a journey now accomplished by rail in three hours. In early days, the legislature met annually. Lawmakers, office seekers, and their friends taxed the housing resources to the limit. By 1842, the permanent population had reached only 172 persons. During that winter,



Lincoln statue on crest of University Hill, Madison, Wisconsin.

Assemblyman Arndt was killed on the floor of the council chamber by J. R. Vineyard, a fellow member.

After the visit of Horace Greeley and Bayard Taylor in 1855, these gifted writers revealed the beauties of the frontier town to eastern readers through the columns of the New York *Tribune*. "It has the most magnificent site of any inland city I ever saw," declared Greeley. Through this publicity, many easterners were brought to the struggling town.

Despite early hardships and transportation difficulties, Madison has grown to the fifth among Wisconsin cities. Its industries have kept pace with its growth, but first and last Madison remains remarkable for its public institutions. Most cities of the Middle West regard themselves as blessed if they can secure either the capitol or the university of a state. Madison was lucky in getting both.

The new Wisconsin capitol is the only domed building in this country built entirely of granite. It was the outgrowth of a disaster. On February 27, 1904, a destructive fire made a complete wreck of the old state house. Immediate action was imperative. Plans were drawn for a new capitol and construction was begun late in 1907. Work was continued for eight years. In 1917 the north wing was finished, completing the building.

Occupying a 15-acre park in the heart of the city, the Madison capitol has four wings that stretch toward the corners of the grounds. The barrel of the great dome is a circular Corinthian arcade. Three podium floors give the visitor to Madison a chance to view the lakes and hills of Dane County, as well as the city itself.

The dome is the wonder of the building. Rising 200 feet above the wings, it almost equals the national capitol in height, and surpasses it in grace and beauty. The exquisite lantern surmounting the dome upholds a gilded statue, "Forward," which faces toward Lake Monona and the east.

No detailed description can do justice to the white granite structure. To appreciate its beauty, one must have watched the first rays of a winter sun creep down from the lantern to the roofs of the wings, or glimpsed, from across the waters of Lake Monona, the sunset painting a background for the graying outline of the stately dome. No Madisonian on Christmas Eve would regard the night complete without the lights on the wings to throw into clear relief the snow-covered roof of the city's most prized possession. Returning across country on summer nights, motorists stop, awe-struck and silent, to gaze at the lighted dome from a hill 30 miles away.

The capitol shares honors, in Madison, with the University of Wisconsin, which is situated on a hill one mile west of the state house. Possessing an unrivaled location and high scholastic traditions, its attractions cannot be measured in architectural terms. Man and nature seem to have done most for the agricultural college, at the western end of the campus; but the real atmosphere of the school is felt most strongly near the great statue of Lincoln, in front of the main hall commanding the approach to "the hill."

Justly Famed as Resort

DR. RICHARD T. ELY, from Johns Hopkins University, transferred his works in economics to Wisconsin. He built up a department having international prestige. From around the world scores of ambitious young men today travel to study at an institution which has been honored in being served by one of America's foremost economists.

Other illustrious names could be mentioned. Who can estimate the value of Doctor Babcock's invention of the milk tester, which almost overnight changed dairying from the most haphazard to the most scientific of farm industries? To millions of hard-working people, the quiet work of the famous chemist has meant a chance for better living.

In history, literature, the sciences and the arts, the institution on Lake Mendota has been of great service to all mankind.

"Madison could be justly famed as a resort if it had no more serious and solid attractions," Carl Vrooman once remarked. Each summer and winter season makes the truth of his statement more apparent.

The Indians discovered that the four-lakes region abounds in game and fish. Early settlers could catch pike and pickerel from the city wharves, and shoot ducks and geese from the shores of the town. As the city grew, little trips by row boat were necessary to reach the game. Today a motor launch takes him who loves to cast, in 20 minutes' time, to "holes" where the bass and pike are known to "strike." Perch and bluegill "bars" are plentiful for the patient "still fisher." The man who likes duck shooting leaves town ere dawn of an autumn morning, and is in the blind when the sun rises and the water fowl begin to fly.

From New Year's to Thanksgiving, the university students join the townspeople in making Madison a resort. About mid-December, both lakes become ice-covered. Ice boat and horse races on the ice are attended by crowds.

Madison's population includes not only office-holding, degree-seeking and pleasure-loving classes. The city's industries are greater in a financial way, than university and capitol combined. Dane County, of which Madison is the county seat, ranks first in agricultural wealth of all counties in the Middle West. A vocational high school, just completed, offers practical courses to the children of men in industry and farm work.



Above the picture of the Wisconsin capitol, is a group of university students, taken on the ice. Students in "hiking" costumes on "Fraternity Row" are shown in the picture to the left of the capitol dome, while to the right is a fleet of ice boats on Lake Monona. The capitol, built of Bethel granite, occupies a 15-acre park.

Floriculture a Profession That Is Fascinating

Concluded from page 13

Three or four dollars a day is probably the average wage for experienced help.

The best way to learn the business is to go into a greenhouse where plants of many kinds are grown. Of course, if one proposes to specialize in the growing of roses or carnations, it is not necessary to become familiar with other kinds of stock. Three or four years of apprenticeship should give a young man sufficient knowledge and assurance to start in business for himself, but he should do this in a small way at first, and only after carefully studying his market. I am speaking now of greenhouse men. The growing of outside flowers, like dahlias and gladioli, requires a different kind of training. These plants are grown, not so much for their blooms as for their bulbs. It is easy to make a small beginning with bulbous stock with but little expense, and perhaps while continuing in another line of work.

The demand for gladioli and dahlias has increased with surprising rapidity within the past few years. There are now men and women in almost every town who are making a living or at least adding to their income from the sale of the flowers and the bulbs. To make a success with this work, however, it is necessary to have a good storage cellar, for otherwise there will be a heavy loss during the winter. Many people have also taken up the growing of peonies and irises, but it is necessary to wait longer for results. Peonies, in particular, increase slowly and several years must elapse before there will be any return from the initial investment.

It might be thought that there would be a good sale of ordinary garden flowers, but this is not true. Few flowers of this kind, apart from gladioli, peonies and larkspur, are seen in the stores. In fact, the handling of garden flowers is discouraged. City florists prefer to carry an established line of blooms from their regular growers rather than to receive outside consignments which are bound to be uneven in quantity and in quality and which would require the opening of many new and small accounts. On the other hand, local florists in the small towns will often buy garden flowers and such flowers can readily be sold at stands put up along well-traveled motor routes. Some florists who have greenhouses by the side of main highways are now growing outside flowers and selling them at the door to the automobile trade.

Years ago wide attention was attracted by the announcement that Thomas W. Lawson, the financier, had paid $30,000 for a carnation to bear his wife's name. The flower was exhibited in the window of a Boston florist and crowds flocked to see it. Soon the Lawson Pink was distributed throughout the country and greatly stimulated interest in carnations and carnation-growing. Now there are many florists who grow nothing but carnations. The Lawson Pink itself, however, is seldom seen. Newer and finer kinds have taken its place. At its best, the life of any carnation variety is seldom more than seven years. The most famous carnation of the present day is Laddie, beside which the Lawson would look like a pigmy.

Not a few florists have won fame and fortune by the development of new varieties. This is especially true as applied to carnations, but also holds good among the rose growers. Perfect roses for growing under glass have not yet been found, but constant improvements are being made and the man who originates a better variety than is already in commerce is sure to make money. Hybridization with this purpose in view is fascinating work and many florists give their attention to it.

When starting a greenhouse business it is important to have a location where shipping facilities are good. This does not necessarily mean near a large city, for many greenhouses are situated in small towns; but train service must be satisfactory or else there must be good automobile roads. Many flowers are shipped direct to the wholesale markets in the larger cities, afterward being distributed to the retailers. Chicago being one of the biggest flower centers in the world, it is surrounded by growers, which means sharp competition. Poehlman Brothers alone have more than 2,000,000 feet of glass. Flowers are shipped from Chicago as far as Jacksonville, Florida, and Denver, Colorado. The choicest flowers sold in the shops of New Orleans during the winter months come from Chicago.

Flower-growing under glass is done in a very intensive way and the work can be learned only at first hand. The returns from an acre under glass must run from $15,000 to $20,000 to make the investment profitable. Several of the agricultural colleges have courses in floriculture which are well attended. Even the sons of successful florists take these courses to get the theory of their work. Any such course, however, must be supplemented by actual employment in a commercial greenhouse. No boy can learn to be a florist in a college, although a college education is a distinct advantage.

Commercial flower-growing has many problems, but it is an unusually interesting line of work. It is more monotonous than might be expected, perhaps, and it is exacting. Yet never-ending fascination is found in the handling of flowers. Those who love them take the greatest delight in watching them grow, expand and unfold. Every group of flower growers has its organization. The members get together frequently to talk over matters connected with their trade, and the annual conventions of the florists are events looked forward to with the keenest interest.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

Nearly half the 7,600,000 inhabitants of Belgium are savings-bank depositors. The depositors have an average credit of 427 francs.

Cities of the ancient Philistines are being excavated by a prominent British archeologist in the belief that many mysteries of this very old race will come to light. The cities of Ascalon and Gaza are now being worked and the "tells," or artificially formed hills near these cities, will undoubtedly reveal information as to the race history of the peoples who inhabited this district before Moses. For three thousand years nothing is known of the history of the Philistines. Ruins of Greek and Roman buildings, constructed at a later date, will have to be unearthed before reaching the cities of the Philistines.

Japan has a "Yellow Menace" as well as California and other Pacific coast states. During and after the war boom, Japanese employers imported coolies and operatives from Korea and China to work in their textile mills, mines and smelters. Now the native Japanese workers consider the presence of this alien labor a grievance and their attitude toward these invaders is the same as the attitude of white labor on the Pacific coast toward the Japanese. Because of the California question the Japanese find it difficult to handle this matter as the cases are considered identical.

The total mortgage debt on owned homes and farms in Indiana is $227,152,105. The total value of these mortgaged homes and farms is $760,128,279. The mortgage debt thus represents nearly 30 per cent of the total value. This is in accordance with the census of 1920.

Genoa was not happy over the great conference. It cost the city about $12,000,000 and Genoa had to borrow the money.

The town crier is not extinct. Chertsey, England, has a woman town crier who adds charm to the town by her picturesque presence. London in the old days had its crier who clanged a bell to arrest the attention of the public. The seaside towns of England in the old days had a crier who "cried" for lost children, watches and purses. Ramsay, the little town in the Isle of Man, still retains the crier as strong of voice and bell as ever.

Sheep came in for shearing from the ranges near Centralia, Washington, with a luxuriant growth of moss on their backs which prevented the fleece from being sold as the wool was not worth the expense of shearing. During the winter the flocks fed in the open country and the wool became drenched in the misty rains, and, mixed with the soil of the feeding pens, formed the basis for the formation of the fungus moss.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Deer forests of Scotland provide wealthy owners with sport during a few weeks in the year. The greater part of this land could be profitably farmed. The total area of these forests is 3,432,385 acres. The slums of Edinburgh and Glasgow become more congested and the emigration lists from Scotland increase as the deer forests grow in extent.

India is the world's greatest opium producer and the sale of the product is a government monopoly.

The latest thing in counterfeits is a green diamond. The peculiar tint of the genuine gem is said to have been copied successfully by the use of radium, and large white stones of cheaper quality afford the material on which to work. Fortunately, the smaller gems do not allow enough profit to warrant treatment, and it is only the wealthy who can afford to buy those that are large enough.

Advertising signs in the national forests of California must come down. Advertisements printed on trees and rocks are also to be effaced. Such advertising is prohibited in all national forests without special permits, which are seldom issued. Unsightly signs and billboards deface the mountain landscapes of our national forests.

The city of Adelaide contains nearly 55 per cent of the population of South Australia, Melbourne nearly 50 per cent of that of Victoria, and Sydney 42 per cent of that of New South Wales.

The removal from the south of France of the famous fourteenth century Gothic ruin of the Oratory of Belle Croix, at Villeneuve, is being protested by French archeologists. The ruin consists of one pointed arch and a few scattered stones. It was purchased by an American antiquary in 1918 for a large sum.

The limequat is a new citrous fruit obtained by crossing the West India lime with the kumquat orange. The new hybrid possesses the hardy characteristics of the kumquat and is more disease resistant than the lime. The color is light yellow and the rind is edible.

The old home of Daniel Boone in Kentucky is falling to pieces. It has withstood the elements for nearly 200 years and is slowly falling to ruin from lack of care. One room contains a large fireplace of stones still in good condition. The doors and shutters of the dwelling are hung on wrought iron hinges, but many of the windows are broken, permitting snow and rain to enter and causing the floor to decay.

Pictures were flashed from Italian to American battleships by wireless recently in a test off the coast of Italy. The Italian navy has purchased the inventor's method and transmission apparatus and is planning to install machines on navy vessels.

A motorless flight tourney is planned in France for August 6 to 20. Americans and all citizens of the late allied or neutral countries are eligible to enter the tourney and compete for 100,000 francs in prizes. Ordinary entries will be received by the Francaise Aerienne Association of Paris until May 31, and extraordinary, until July 15.

The sweetening quality of dahlia roots is 60 per cent greater than the amount of sugar obtained from sugar cane, according to estimates. The root is not starchy like that of the potato, but is rich in sugar. Dahlias grow wild in Mexico and can be grown anywhere in the United States.

A motion picture city rivaling that of Los Angeles is being built near Nice, France. Practically everything used in the film production will be manufactured within the city gates. Workshops and studios, built to include the very latest devices for the making of a movie, are now nearing completion. The chief studio measures 500 feet in length. Other studios will be equipped with terraces and other features of old French architecture, thus adding to the romantic and beautiful atmosphere that will furnish the film drama background.

In the spring when icebergs come floating down from the glaciers of Greenland, coastguard service vessels of the American fleet go out in search of them. When a berg is found the vessels wireless its presence to the boats of all nations in the vicinity. The cost of the patrol is borne by all the maritime nations using the Atlantic in proportion to the number of ships sailing under their respective flags.

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Spacious Green's Century-old Trees Form Spot of Idyllic Beauty

By MAY B. WHITING

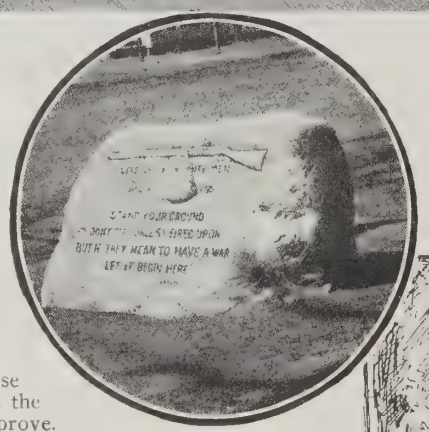
LEXINGTON is a peaceful village. The spacious Green is a spot of idyllic beauty with its avenues of century-old elm and ash. The simple monuments of granite add a touch of pathos and the old colonial houses that border it are an ideal setting to enhance its charm. In the stillness of a spring morning, with only the eerie notes of returning bluebird and meadow lark in the air, the picture is one of tranquil joy and repose. Yet on this same Green, not greatly changed in the past 150 years, the first rebel blood was shed.

Nowadays, in village planning, they mark off a "civic center," but the Commons, evolved by the necessities of life and the natural good taste of our forefathers, are finer than anything that the expert can accomplish. In the old towns, especially those near the seaports, the natural center was the intersection of two main highways. On the four corners were set the church, the school, the post office and store, and a dwelling. But often a third highway cut through at some distance from the junction of the others, forming a triangular-inclosed space. Lexington shows this type of village Common at its best.

In 1711 the town bought the plot of ground, about two acres, bordered by the Concord, Medford and Burlington highways, and "dedicated" it to public use. Immediately a pound, stocks, and hay scales were installed, and the village life, which had been unconsciously centering, was now given a definite nucleus. In 1744 the town gave John Muzzy "approbation" to keep a "publique house of entertainment," later known as Buckman's tavern, a rendezvous for the Minute Men, and still in excellent condition. The church, with belfry beside it, was close by, and some years later the first normal school in America, a handsome colonial edifice, was built. The whole effect is beautiful and restful to eyes accustomed to the harsher notes of the modern world. And Lexington intends to preserve its Green against commercialism and poor taste. The adjoining land is voluntarily restricted to its present use for 100 years, or to such use as the abutters shall unanimously approve.



THE GREEN AT LEXINGTON
The tablet at the extreme left marks the site of first three churches in Lexington. At the extreme right is the house of John Harrington, where he crawled, wounded, April 19, 1775.



The memorial boulder marking the stand of the line of the Minute Men.



The old Hancock house.



The belfry tower at Lexington.



The Capt. Parker statue at Lexington.

The building most intimately connected with the affairs of Lexington and of the nation is the old Hancock house on what was then the Bedford road, now called Hancock street. It was built in 1689 by the Rev. Mr. John Hancock, and in 1733 one of his sons added the ell. The house lacks the unity of line prevalent in colonial dwellings, but it retains many interesting features. The floors and wainscoting, of hard wood and unpainted, have taken on, with time, a deep rich color. The doors are quaintly paneled and retain their original fastenings. The kitchen, with its great fireplace, still fitted out with cranes and pots and spiders, recalls the old-time hospitality.

In the rear of the house is the study with its narrow windows and folding shutters. Here the minister read aloud the news of the colonies which he alone in all the village received. Here he evolved long sermons, weighty with doctrine, but barbed with shafts of zeal that roused his hearers to complete self-forgetfulness for duty's sake. No small part of the events of that April, 1775, were inspired and set on foot in those four narrow walls.

In those days preachers were men of action. On the morning of April 19, the minister went with his men and carried them ammunition, and, throughout the struggle, he was an unyielding force for freedom. Mr. Hancock was succeeded by the no less able and energetic Jonas Clark, the two completing a ministry of 105 years.

The Rev. Mr. John Hancock was the grandfather of the patriot, John Hancock, who with his friend, John Adams, was a frequent visitor at the house. Here he met and wooed the sprightly "Dorothy Q.," niece of Josiah Quincy.

On the night of the 18th of April, Hancock and Adams were guests at the house, and one of the objects of the British expedition was their capture. A reconnoitering party of officers in disguise had, the day before, visited the town and learned their whereabouts.

It was the custom of British officers to ride out through the country, partly for pleasure and partly to glean what information they could pick up. But that was a game that two could play and not infrequently the smart lieutenant found that he had somehow given more information than he had received, and had been outwitted in repartee by the slow-spoken rustic. They tell of an officer who drew rein beside a stone wall in Lexington and hailed the farmer who was working in the field.

"You sow," was the greeting, half in jest, "but we shall reap."

"That may be," was the reply. Then, after a pause, "I'm sowing hemp."

About 10 o'clock, the evening of the 18th, the fateful expedition embarked at the foot of the Common in boats belonging to the British vessels-of-war, at anchor in the Charles.

"They will miss their aim," said a citizen who was standing near, to Lord Percy.

"What aim?"

"The cannon at Concord," was the cool reply.

This uncanny knowledge of what he supposed was secret alarmed the Britisher and he gave orders that no one be allowed to leave the town. But he was too late. Joseph Warren had already sent out couriers to go by different routes, Paul Revere through Charlestown and Dawes through Roxbury. Just before the expedition embarked, Revere had rowed across the river in sight of the British ship Somerset and now stood waiting on the opposite shore for the lanterns, "one if by land and two if by sea," to flash from the belfry of the old North Church. About midnight, he drew up before the Hancock house in Lexington. A passer-by warned him not to make so much noise, for distinguished guests were sleeping there.

"Noise," was the bluff reply, "we shall have noise enough presently. The regulars are coming."

By that time the clergyman and his household were aroused, the courier came in to rest a moment, and the alarm was rung from the belfry. Mrs. Hannah Winthrop has left us a picture of that midnight warning, the hurrying of the men, the terror of the women, the pleading of the lads to join their fathers, and the grandsires taking down from the wall the old queen's arms that they had borne at Louisburg.

Hancock, who was somewhat of a dandy, his lace and points being always in the latest style, and who no doubt was especially ready to play a hero's part before the fair Dorothy, was bound to join the Minute Men, but his soberer companion restrained him, insisting that it was folly thus to give the enemy what they most desired. After considerable argument, the two friends, "King" Hancock and "Citizen" Adams, were smuggled away to a place of safety. In the meantime, the advancing British were amazed to see the countryside up and stirring. It was deemed wise to halt and to send one company ahead, and it was this detachment, under Major Pitcairn, who, as they entered Lexington, found General Parker's Minute Men drawn up in double file on the Green. That spectacle of a few farmers, opposing the invasion of their village by at least 10 times their number of trained soldiers, is one before which the hurrying world may well pause. Our older poets have best interpreted the scene. Whittier writes:

"Their feet had trodden peaceful ways;
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain;
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's wrath His praise.

"No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then."

In exasperation Pitcairn halted his troops. "Disperse, ye rebels," he cried, "and lay down your arms." But the line held firm. To his order to fire there was no response, but the soldiers obeyed the second command, and the first blood of the Revolution was shed. After a skirmish, the British proceeded toward Concord, and there on the further side of old North Bridge where

"* * * * the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world"

they found themselves confronted by another line of Minute Men, equally determined.

(*Concluded on page 12*)

Under American Shingles: Irv Cobb's Home

Paducah, a City of Quick Stops and Slow Starts

By HARRY E. BARNET



The IRVIN S. COBB of today.

QUICK stops and slow starts mark a walk down the streets of Paducah, Kentucky, if a person is accompanied by an old-timer.

"See that mule?" comes the sudden query, and you halt, one foot in the air, as if you're about to step on the mule.

"Which mule?" you reply, because Paducah has a bent for mules.

"The old mule with the floppy ears," is the answer. "Now, that old mule—"

Your uplifted foot slowly returns to about the same spot it left a moment before. Then you hear the groundwork of an Irvin S. Cobb story.

"And the reason Cobb writes so well about horses and mules, and dogs and birds, is because he knows what they think about, and why they think that way," is the conclusion. Then you move on.

"The old fellow crossing the street—" prefaces another Cobb story in the raw before you get very far, and again you're at a standstill while it is told.



Here's a boyhood picture of Irv Cobb taken in Paducah. The x indicates his position in the assemblage.

You go along Paducah's streets in this quirky fashion, because Irvin S. Cobb was born and "raised" there, and he is chronicler of the city's fireside history. He takes stories of the everyday life of his home town that have been scraped of their human interest until they're as bare as the back of your hand, and he drapes these stories with whatever belongs to them, down to the last detail. What he hands you then is subtle romance, holding the lights and shadows of the "Purchase," so-called to draw a line between it and the "Blue Grass," as well as the "Pennyrile" sections of Kentucky.

Putting a case: The books say Judge Bishop was a noted member of the old Southern school of jurists; that for years he sat on the bench in Paducah, McCracken County—and there the books and description end.

From this statement, Judge Bishop might have been a hard-shell, and his career as empty of stir as a darky camp meeting without an exhorter. Bishop—"Priest"—you get the connection between the names. When "Judge Priest" came in sight at the head of a long string of stories from Cobb's typewriter, you got Judge Bishop's sayings and doings arrayed in their full dress. Along with the sayings and doings you got exactly what men and animals did to make history in the "Purchase," and thereby give Judge Bishop his chance to be a notable—particularly what "Mittie May," his old mare, did; her outburst from placidity to the jauntiness of her circus days at the first notes of music, an outburst that wrecked a famous Eighth of August Negro parade, to cite an instance.

One other illustration: Everybody in Paducah knows all there is to be known about John Dye's pup.

"He was a shaggy little dog," comes the story as you pause to let one of his progeny move easy-goingly out of your way, "and a pretty decent dog he was at that. But every week he'd make the rounds of the saloons, lapping little puddles of stale beer he could find. When he was drunk he'd go home, sleep it off, and do it all over the next week."

Behind the hum-and-haw gait of a pup that fell into the habit of making for home with three sheets in the wind, Irvin S. Cobb saw a character that earned its niche in local history. He lifted the pup there.

"Cashes In" on Paducah

"AND every year we notice Cobb's stories are more Paducah," you're told as you walk along. "He's 'cashing in' on his remarkable knowledge of Paducah history and people. His characters are real people—some of them were real people who are dead—and he writes about them as he saw them through his eyes. And, if you know them like we know them, you can see their faces shining right through the stories.

"Irvin is helped out by remembering every man, woman, child and dog in Paducah, and all their kin folk.

"He used to be a clerk, for instance, down in what they called the boat store. It supplied the steamboats with ropes and groceries, and everything they needed. Well, one day, I was walking down the street with Irvin when he was here on a visit to his mother, and he said, 'Hello, Bob,' to Bob McCann as we passed him, just like we'd been passing him there every day for a year. Bob stopped.

"'Partner,' Bob said, 'you got the best of me. You seem to know me, but I'll be hanged if I ever saw you before.'

"'This is Bob McCann, isn't it?'

"'Yes.'

"'I was clerk in the boat store when you were second clerk on the steamboat Clyde,' Cobb said.

"Now, that was 25 years ago, and Cobb hadn't seen Bob McCann in all that time, yet he remembered him, and spoke to him, and was going on, just as though he'd seen him yesterday morning. But Bob was sick at his stomach when he found out who Cobb was, and he hadn't remembered him."

"But do all of these people like it when Cobb puts them in his stories?" was the natural question, when the streets were patrolled, and the old-timer settled himself in the lobby of the Palmer Hotel—no advertisement intended, but it's the one place that reeks—the proper word to describe it—with the presence of Irvin S. Cobb. It was his loafing place, and is yet when he's in Paducah. Consequently, his cronies foregather there to talk about "Babe." That's his nickname in Paducah, "and no one knows how he come by it," kite-tails the name.

"Why, yes, they like it," is the reply. "Cobb is Paducah's hero."

His Picture in Library

EVIDENTLY. The first thing you see when you walk up to the desk in the public library is a picture of Irvin S. Cobb. It's one with a rakish hat set on his head—babbling sort of a hat, which tells the whole story of literary success. And, in a history of Paducah you're shown this: "Walk south on the west side of Third street, and pause midway between Washington and Clark—a marker there gives intelligence of the birthplace of Paducah's most illustrious son. The marker reads: 'This tablet marks the birthplace of Irvin S. Cobb, June 23, 1876.' It is a simple thing, this tablet is; but it shows where the house stood which cradled the world's greatest humorist, the son of Joshua C. and Mrs. Manie Saunders Cobb."

That statement, too, is as full of details as what the books say about Judge Bishop. Here is what is lacking: Eyes scanning the sidewalks appears to be the habitual attitude of Paducah's flappers. They're not more demure than elsewhere. Chances are they are students, locating historic shrines as a part of their lessons. If they're not students now, they lately have been. Be that as it may, few markers of historic shrines in Paducah are plates on the ends of posts, as they are in other places. Practically all of the markers in Paducah are embedded in concrete sidewalks—which also is to say that Paducah is well sidewalked. When you start out to find the place, you're likely to walk over the telltale of it, and never know where you are. As for the Cobb marker, his birthhouse was an ancestral landmark—in early days the largest and most impressive homestead in Paducah. His mother was born there. The house and grounds were purchased a few years ago by one of Cobb's ardent admirers—"the man who can make the best mint julep in Kentucky," Cobb will tell you any time you ask him about it—and this admirer razed the house, built a bungalow, and put the marker in the sidewalk.

"I reckon you know what the world knows about Irvin S. Cobb," began the old-timer reminiscently.

"Well," he went on, "Paducah is called the 'River City.' It is on the Ohio River, at the mouth of the Tennessee. Twelve miles above is the mouth of the Cumberland River, and it's only 47 miles to the Mississippi.

"Down here there's a cigar manufacturer who makes a pretty good cigar named 'Irvin S. Cobb.' I guess you've smoked some of them since you've been here, for sentiment's sake at least. You found them pretty good? I thought you'd say that. Anyway, I was out on the Cumberland River a couple of weeks ago hunting around, and stopped all night there with a fellow who runs a little general store. He has a very comfortable home—a modern place in the country, with artificial gas light, and such conveniences. Sitting around after supper I thought I would show this man that I was among those present.

"'Well,' I said, 'I was out on a couple of bird hunts lately with Irvin S. Cobb.'

"'Oh, yes,' the storekeeper replied, 'he's that big cigar man down there in Paducah. What kind of a shot is he?'

"Fact of it is," the old-timer continued, "Cobb knows about as much as anybody does about birds. When he was a kid he had the most complete collection of birds' eggs ever known around here—even buzzards' eggs and crows' eggs—and that was typical of him. He always wanted to go everybody else one better. And, he's a pretty fair shot for being so big and fat. He gets around the country in pretty fair shape. Quail hunting is about the hardest work there is, you know, but Irvin gets away with it remarkably well, considering his size.

"But his wanting to go everybody else one better in everything he does is certainly rough on us down here.

"We're in no sense uninformed along the lines of limit poker. In fact, we think we have the pick of the state when it comes to limit-poker players, but Cobb's got our number for some reason or other. Of course, Irvin's made a lifetime study of poker information. He started training some 30 years ago.

"Anyway, Irvin's been coming back to Paducah on frequent visits now for something like 16 years, and not one trip yet has he failed to take the goods back home with him. We don't play big games—$2 limit—but it doesn't seem possible for us to hang anything on Cobb in the way of getting his money. We save our money from one trip to the next, to have plenty, and we think we'll do it next time—but we don't. Irvin rakes it in, and just laughs, and says, 'If you fellows want me to function as a wit, don't take any of my money. Let me win yours.' We let him win it, but it isn't to save him from being a witless—we can't help ourselves.

"But do you know 'Babe's the biggest eater you ever saw," the conversation went on, as the old-timer glanced around the hotel lobby, and heard and saw things reminiscent of Cobb. This time it was the announcement that dinner was ready in the dining room.

Always Looking for Food

"WHEN he was a kid he'd eat anything that didn't eat him first. That was one of his characteristics. He'd hunt high and low for something to eat, and he'd work hard to get the money to buy what he wanted For instance, the eighth of August is a big day for the Negroes in Paducah. Sometimes there are as many as 10,000 come here to celebrate. Well, one eighth of August Irvin was conductor on a street car that runs out about two miles where the celebrations are held That night he went out to celebrate on what he made, and the celebration was a feast. We ate a little of everything we could find for sale on the 'snack stands,' from 'hot dogs' to fried chicken, and Irvin got his fill for once.

"He always was kind of pampered about his eating in Paducah, except once. An old man down the street here had a peanut factory in those days," and the old-timer laughed. "That is, he bought peanuts and stored them in an old building. The boys got in the habit of going down there, finding a hole they could wriggle through, and eating all the peanuts they wanted.

"One afternoon Irvin wriggled on his stomach through a hole in the side of the building, and filled his shirt as it was on him with peanuts. He had trouble getting in through the hole, but he forgot about that when he had the shirt filled. Just then the old man showed up, and Irvin made a dash for the hole where he got in. But he was like the rat that went in a place when it was little, and stayed there so long it

(Concluded on page 15)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 33, June 10, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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"Natural Causes"

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the agricultural press seems wedded to the present fiscal system of the United States and to approve its administration. The uniformity of its argument in the matter suggests a line of propaganda from some interested source, but it may be it is in the nature of an epidemic where one writer assumes as fact what another has said and takes up the hue and cry in a mistaken belief he is aiding his patrons, the farmers.

The burden of this argument is that the depression in agriculture for the past two years is the result of natural causes, and that the farmer has only to grin and bear his misfortunes and work for a better day; that his troubles are akin to storm damage and other "visitations of Providence" which make farming so much of a speculation at best.

If a man were struck with sufficient force he would be knocked down. That is a natural result of the blow, but no excuse for it. The assault is a criminal act, and the offender is liable to punishment for it. So with the farm depression. It was the natural result of the administration of the country's finances, as deliberate of purpose and as criminal as an unprovoked personal assault.

The theory that the volume of the medium of exchange must expand with production is sound. It is held by all sides of the money question. It is strongly emphasized by the proponents of the present system and is the chief argument in its favor. The elasticity of the Federal bank currency permits its increase in sections and seasons as needed. But the power to inflate the currency includes the power to deflate, and that power is wielded in the interest of those who profit by deflation. That power should rest directly in the government itself, but is delegated to friends of the international banking groups who dictated the act creating the system.

There is no secret about deflation. It has been boasted of as the policy of the Federal Reserve Board. Three billions of the currency was retired in 1920. The result was that one-half the available medium of exchange was compelled to do the work of the former aggregate, with the natural result that production—in other words, farm crops—was measured in the smaller volumes and the wheat, the corn, the cotton that had been raised on a basis of prices when the wheat was worth two or more dollars went on the market at half and less that figure.

It WAS a natural result, but the natural result of an assassin's bullet is death, and the man who shields a murderer is accessory to his crime.

There is the same degree of complicity in the farm editor who aims to minimize the outrageous crime of arbitrary deflation.

All Eyes on Iowa

THE primaries in Iowa are looked upon in administration circles as the most important yet held, and as finally indicative of the extent of the revolt against the party organization. The defeat of the administration in Indiana and Oregon, and the victory of Pinchot over Alter in Pennsylvania, are, in the professed belief of the President's supporters, but the result of outside causes aided by a natural reaction usually seen after a sweeping endorsement like that of 1920.

In Iowa the case is different, for the issue, according to authority partial to the administration, is a direct challenge of Progressivism to Standpatism, and the result is, therefore, watched with the keenest interest.

From the same source it is learned that the only hope of the administration is to prevent Smith Brookhart, choice of the Progressives, attaining the nomination for United States Senator. They realize that no organization candidate can defeat him, but hope, by means of a multiplicity of candidates, so to divide the vote that none will receive the 35 per cent necessary to nomination, so six other names will appear on the ballot in the primary. If this move is successful, Brookhart must stand his chances in the state convention. It is presumed the organization has more faith in its ability to control in convention than at the primary.

To one viewing the situation without bias, it would seem that such a desperate attempt to defeat the will of the party is suicidal. One has only to revert to the result of the Presidential campaign of 1912.

Waste in Public Business

BIRMINGHAM, Alabama, affords, at this writing, an example of prodigality that should illustrate the impracticability of men. With a bonded indebtedness exceeding $11,000,000 there is pending a proposition to issue $7,000,000 more. The purpose of this huge loan does not enter this discussion necessarily, but the avowed object is a worthy one—the schools. It is said the ambitious program of the Board of Education is not intended to be completed at once, but building operations are to be extended over five years. The full amount is to be provided in a single authorization to avoid the uncertainty attending the approval of successive smaller issues.

If the city is able to make the loan at par at five per cent, the interest will amount to $350,000 a year. This, added to fixed interest charges on other bonds, would carry the interest cost of Birmingham's bonded debt to more than $1,000,000. Opponents of the bond issue claim they are anxious for improvement of education but insist the same result can be reached without adding to the interest burden. They point out that the present revenue yields a surplus about equal to the interest of the proposed bonds, and by raising by taxation the amount intended for interest the new construction would be accomplished without the payment of interest at all. There is logic in this plan.

There is an element in the promotion of public bond issues which seems to stand out in this matter—the advancement of selfish ends. There is almost always, for that matter. Smith has land he desires to unload. He finds the market dull and his land unsalable; he at once sees the necessity for a public enterprise to take it off his hands. Jones may have idle money, and these bonds are a safe investment. Brown wants employment. This may assure it temporarily. Any of a dozen reasons may influence the ordinary man. But the real basis for the demand may safely be ascribed to Usury, a desire to keep up the interest rate on bonds. Without public competition for idle money, interest rates on commercial and industrial loans would not remain so high, and production would be cheapened. This in turn would tend to reduce prices in retail trade; for eventually the burden of taxation rests on the ultimate consumer.

Preacher-Sheriff Leaves Pulpit

AN UNUSUAL case is presented in Polk County, Iowa, where the office of sheriff is held by a minister of the Gospel. Among the officer's duties is the execution of criminals to be hanged. Of course, such occasions are rare but this sheriff had two hangings and thus found himself in a dilemma. If he hanged the convicted men while holding a pastorate, he was sure to be blamed, while his performance of the disagreeable duty might reflect also on his church. It was his duty to hang the men and he had one of two things to do—resign his office or his pulpit. He resigned the pulpit.

This statement of the case is the subject of comment among church papers, which disagree. Some insist it is the pastor's duty as a citizen to accept public responsibilities, while others assert his call to religious work must occupy his full time. Whichever is right no one will question the minister's decision is best. He could not occupy both places and do justice to either, and his choice is purely a matter of preference with himself.

Commercializing the Sabbath

NOT only Biblical injunction, but human experience, has demonstrated the economic need for a cessation from toil every seventh day. No vacation period, longer or shorter, although changes have been tried, ever has proved a true equilibrium between the fatigue of habitual employment and opportunity for recuperation. Deem it habit, or an ordained institution, there is no gainsaying that Sabbath observance is conducive to mental and physical vigor, and is as necessary as are proper food, pure air, and untainted water.

It may not be known generally, for business seems never to rest, that one of the greatest mercantile establishments in the world, not only has never solicited business through the Sunday papers, but has invariably drawn its curtains from Saturday night to Monday morning, giving as its reason that it does not believe in commercializing the Sabbath.

The position of this firm is unassailable. Example is as much a duty of conviction as is belief itself. The Sunday paper is in itself antagonistic to that rest required for man's good, but is an institution necessary to Sunday-commercialization. The president of the establishment referred to has explained it as an ethical principle established by its founders, making no mention of the business results. But the fact that the store has succeeded, has enjoyed a continuously profitable business, should bear testimony to the value of the plan. Much of business success depends on reliability and service, to be sure, but it is a matter of earthly experience that the strict follower of the plan of creation is the man of material success as well as of right living.

Economically, Sunday advertising is of little value. Whatever its merits, literary or otherwise, the Sunday paper is, and cannot but be, an intolerable mass of rubbish, from which only the initiated can pick the matter in which they are interested. Great glaring pages of perfervid announcements interest only those whose means require the strictest economy in purchasing, and who, unfortunately, are most frequently the victims of deceptive offerings indulged in by the firms depending on promises rather than on merit. The initiated news seeker rarely touches the sections of the paper in which most of these advertisements appear. The devotee of sport is content with the section that tells of baseball, athletics and the racing. Milady confines her attention to the society pages. Each has his own particular field, and few more than glance at the one he looks for. The golf links, the good roads, the Sunday discussions of economics, the parks, the river rides, the picnics, even the church service, all mean distraction from the Sunday paper, and Monday the only inquiry for it seems to be from the neighbor's child who esteems it a great favor to have the "funny pictures."

Our Good Citizen's Attitude

SOME time ago, the grand jury in Galveston, Texas, presented to the court a report that conditions in connection with the illegal sale of liquor were deplorable. They probably were. In many American cities at the present time, bootlegging is rampant.

The number of cities in which the public officials nowadays proclaim their disregard for prohibition is small. It is rapidly approaching zero. The number of cities in which genuine enforcement of the law is accomplished in a degree commensurate to the enforcement of other laws is also small. But this latter number is increasing.

Between those two types of cities there is another which embraces the vast majority of cosmopolitan towns. This latter is the city in which bootlegging goes on, saloons camouflaged as soft-drink places sell new-made liquor, and officialdom either tolerantly ignores blind pigs or hopelessly acknowledges its weakness in the face of open violation of the law.

It is to this type of city that Galveston belongs. It is probably neither better nor worse than scores of other cities in America.

But there is a situation in Galveston that is deplorable. It is this:

Mayor Keenan announced he would name 25 good citizens as special officers, empowered to bring about the enforcement of the prohibition law. He first planned to keep the names secret, but this idea brought a storm of disapproval from those who believed that it would open the way for impersonations of officers and oppressions.

Then the mayor appointed 25 good citizens as special officers and made their names public.

And the 25 good citizens, including seven members of the grand jury, declined to serve.

That is the condition that is most deplorable. Not alone in Galveston, but all over the country, the very citizens who know best what is right and what is wrong, content themselves with criticizing what is wrong and refuse to do anything to make it right.

Mr. Ford's Page

UNEASY lies the head that hoped for a "return to normalcy"; that is, a return to the old system where a man could go out in the morning to make his money and return at night having made it, with no questions asked, "How did you make it?" or "What did the people who did business with you receive to show for their part in the matter?" That kind of normalcy will not come back.

Though most of us have known this for a long time, the circles to which the people look for their financial views are just discovering it. The sign of discovery is a vast uneasiness; in some instances, a real alarm. There is more agitation in high circles today than there is among the people. It was the nobles of old that saw the handwriting on the wall; the people had no need of handwriting, they had seen the situation as it was.

And it is not the old impossible fear with which certain interests tried to fill the country months ago. It is not the fear of revolution as the propagandists understand revolution—a breakdown of social order and a riot of violence. It is a fear that the old easy system which created the trickster is soon to be no more. It is a fear that the machinery of exchange is to be mended so that the leaks between production and consumption shall be stopped up. It is a fear that a new efficiency study of our common interests will leave no place for the parasite.

In the midst of all this alarm the plain people pursue their way in a deep though unconscious certainty that the changes which portend are changes for the safeguarding of the common life, and not for its greater burdening. That in itself is the supreme sign that all is well. It is not society, but the barnacles which have fastened themselves on society, that show uneasiness. In the minds of the plain people there is a fearlessness and a hopefulness which indicate that, however disturbing the future may seem to special interests, it cannot but mean well to those who have always done well by the world.

Nobody fears uncontrolled change now. The changes that come will be constructive and to be constructive they will necessarily be fundamental. But there are degrees even in the fundamentals. The trouble with many efforts at reconstruction is that they attack matters which are not in need of reconstruction. The fact of the home—one husband and one wife with their children—does not need reconstruction. The fact that life is sustained by labor—that does not need reconstruction. The fact that in our collective concerns we delegate our sovereign powers as citizens to a group of our fellow citizens to use in the general interest—the fact of Government—that does not need reconstruction.

But, around and within these are methods and practices which not only need to be reconstructed, but are in process of change even now. As a matter of fact, if the home, and labor and government were not affected by the wrong methods and practices, these methods and practices would hardly be important enough to challenge general attention. It is just because they touch life at the point of the home, and at the point of the daily work, and at the point of the public interest that they are important enough to justify what is about to come upon them.

For ages the people did not see the relation between wealth and the power that oppressed their lives. And after they had won freedom from the power of certain kinds of oppression, they did not see how systems tyrannized long after personal tyrants had become impossible. It is only when they begin to see that this, and this, and this, is the very thing which accounts for that, and that, and that, that they begin another long step in their emancipation as freemen on the planet. And it is because they are now making a certain connection between this and that, that the powers which fatten on the normalcy of indifference are seeing the signs of warning.

Any one would think that the last power to feel alarm would be the Money Power, yet strange to say that Power is showing unmistakable signs of the utmost agitation and anxiety. Why? Because, though it is called a Power, it is not one. The Money Power was never so well aware of the powerlessness of money as it is today. It has discovered at last that money has power to move the cupidity of men, but no power to inspire their creative effort nor their confidence. Indeed, there is nothing that so destroys creativeness, and there is nothing that so banishes confidence, as Money when it stands alone as if it could achieve something of itself.

And that power is trembling today, is issuing circulars and letters, is making speeches and protests, all because the people have put this and that together and are seeing something they never have seen before.

What is this discovery which the people have made? Simply this: that in the money system there are loopholes and peep-holes, hidden privileges and tricky corners which enable the initiated to acquire the means of complete control over the people—complete control, from the food they eat, to the Government they obey.

People used to think that men gained this power of control by superior astuteness of mind, by great gifts of foresight and industry. But they have lived to see with their own minds that the financial race is not necessarily a race of mental giants, but only a race which possesses a secret door into the money system. The system is built to permit that. It is as if the United States Mint were built with a pipe-line through which leaked into certain private coffers a percentage of the money which the Government makes. No one would say that the owner of the pipe-line was a superior person or a great financial leader, though his possession of great sums of money which no one could get in a lawful way would give him a certain power.

It is not the money in the people's pockets that is under suspicion, though even that is an uncertain enough quantity. It is the money system, with its leaks, with its opportunity for a "stand in," that is under suspicion. The people have seen that there is a distinct relation between the intensity of their daily struggle for existence and the queer twists of the money system.

And as soon as the people see this, the Money Power begins to show the greatest excitement about it, and to shout about "sound money." It is as if a burglar should protest against better bank locks in the interest of safety! It is not money that anyone wants to trifle with, but with a system that leaks into the pockets of exploiters what should go into the pockets of producers. And again it must be understood that this exploitation is not alone due to the superior cleverness of greed, but is due to the very make and shape of a money system which renders it not only possible but easy for such exploitation to be done.

That is what the people are seeing, that there is a crack in the structure. No one would say that a farmer was interfering with the wheat market when he repaired his granary so that the grain could not leak out nor the rats creep in; yet the Money Power shrieks that "sound money" is being endangered when anyone insists that the crack in the money structure be sealed up. It is only a sign that the people have put this and that together, and the exploiters know what it portends.

WHEN the farmer mends his granary, no one shouts that he is trying to ruin the wheat market; yet when any one tries to mend the leaks in the money system, there immediately goes up the cry that "sound money" is in danger. It must be that some one finds profit in the leaks and rifts and imperfections of our money system. You may gauge the direction of the danger by observing where the cries come from. They come from those who profit, not by manufacture, or trade, or farming, or transportation, but by money-juggling. It is not "sound money" that is in danger, but a system that allows expert "players" to win advantage over honest workers. That system certainly is in danger.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.



International Newsreel Corp.

ONE OF THE RAIDS, NOW NIGHTLY OCCURRENCES IN CHICAGO.

Balkanized Chicago

American City Geographically—That's All

By LEWIS HARPER

THERE was a crackling of gangsters' gats on the West Side. Two policemen fell in line of duty. The nightly black-powder bomb smashed a building job and Chicago woke up to meet headlines which reminded old-timers of the Haymarket riot. Next day the police raided the hangouts of the Building Trades Camorra and jailed about 150 of the species known to Chicago newspaper readers as "labor leaders." The *Tribune* asked, "To whom does this town belong?" and hinted of Vigilantes.

The 8:30 Northwestern L left Argyle Station on time next morning crammed with prosperous-looking "good citizens." Nearly everybody in the rear car had a *Tribune*, there were four *Herald-Examiners* and one *Journal of Commerce*, the latter blazing with the sort of scareheads that it affects to scorn on every other day of the year. For once the *Herald-Examiner* had no scandal story on the front page, even though Fifi Stillman had testified the day before and Peggy Joyce was nearing Sandy Hook. "Hearst at his worst" had relegated all these to its inside pages.

There was excited conversation at the forward end of the rear car on the L train. A florid, square-jawed citizen, holding his *Tribune* firmly gripped in one hand, asserted that he had positive information that Morvich would not go to the post at the Kentucky Derby on the following Saturday. "The bookies couldn't stand it," he grimly declared, and his auditors seemed convinced. That settled, the discussion veered to the comic-strip breach-of-promise suit of the widow Zander against Uncle Bimbo Gump, and continued until the guard shouted "Randolph and Wells, change for the West Side."

Two months ago Judge Kickam Scanlan, chief justice of the Cook County criminal court, delivered a charge to the Grand Jury ordering that body to find out why Chicago juries will not convict criminal labor union officials. Simon O'Donnell, former president of the Chicago Building Trades Council, who was succeeded by Thomas Kearney, now under indictment for perjury, whose successor was "Frenchy" Mader, now indicted for murder, had just been acquitted a few days following the acquittal of William Quesse, president of the Chicago Flat Janitors' Union. Quesse was charged with conspiracy to extort money by threats, and the use of bombs, and so on. But why go on with this story of the House that Jack Built? After telling the jury that many important unions in Chicago are controlled by convicts and professional criminals, Judge Scanlan said, "These men have by their reign of terror created in our midst a species of yellow men. But it remains to be seen whether they are able to conquer the red-blooded Americans of this community."

Indeed it does. It still remains to be seen. But the 1920 census is not very encouraging for the red-blooded Americans, if numbers are going to count in Judge Scanlan's war.

District Attorney Crowe has also hinted at Vigilantes. Somehow, the writer finds it hard to visualize those red-blooded Americans on the Northwestern L as Vigilantes. The "Trib" calling for Vigilantes—first part of King Henry IV, Act III, by Mr. William Shakespeare—

Owen Glendower: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep."

Hotspur: "Why so can I; or so can any man: but will they come when you call for them?"

Possibly the be-spatted stock-brokers and haberdasher clerks one sees on Sheridan Road may have the Vigilante stuff in them. One *can* imagine golf sticks discarded for rifles and visualize polo ponies charging in cavalry formation.

According to the geography book that we all read in the third grade, Chicago is an American city located near the foot of Lake Michigan. It is still located there and is American—*geographically*. Nay, more; it is the core of American industry. If you are talking of money, railroads, wheat, meat or a thousand other things that we all use and must have, Chicago is pre-eminently an American city. Otherwise she is not. *Racially and socially she is a suburb of Ellis Island.*

Consider Chicago, but do not condemn. What she is the other cities of America are fast becoming. Chicago is like other cities—only more so. In fact, she has one virtue more highly developed than most of her sisters; that is frankness. As much cannot be said for some of the others, especially some of the Pennsylvania and New England municipal monstrosities, where the American breed has become a human orchid no longer rooted to the soil of the country that was once its own.

There are about three million folk in Chicago, and these three million souls, it is probably fair to say, would stack up favorably, as men and women, with the average of any other city. But collectively they have no soul.

Chicago is not mongrel, but polyglot. Even a city of mongrels may develop a civic spirit, even though it be a mongrel spirit. Such a city could become conscious of itself and become a civic home for its citizens, but in a civic sense Chicago has become that polyglot boarding house against which Roosevelt warned us.

This may sound absurd to Americans who have heard since early childhood such household phrases as "Chicago spirit," "Chicago tongue," "Chicago cheek," "Chicago hustle," but those phrases are now historical. They refer to the civic spirit of those who built the city, the Anglo-Saxons, Germans and Scandinavians, who made it a great big town, but have failed to keep it a city—that is, a city in the social sense.

To sum up, the Melting Pot has Balkanized Chicago. It has become a vast *pot pourri* of tribes, nationalities, gangs, cliques, rings, sects, cults, which have crystallized into various alliances and combinations for purposes of defense, control or plunder. The balance of power system was never more firmly entrenched nor more perniciously active in the chancelleries



FRED "FRENCHY" MADER



"CON" SHEA



"BIG TIM" MURPHY

and military cockpits of Europe than it is in Chicago today. The lurid news of crime, banditry, murder, bombing, degeneracy, graft and official corruption which Chicago has broadcast over the United States for the last few years is but the echo of this condition.

It is well worth analysis even in the scant outline which the compass that an article of this sort permits. It is worth while for the American people to understand it. Not that they may point out Chicago as a pariah but that they may consider carefully this prototype of what they themselves soon may be if they cling to the cult of the Melting Pot.

Just at present the element in this Balkanized ensemble that is attracting most attention because it is more imminently menacing, is a clique of gangsters who acquired virtual control of the Building Trades Unions many years ago and who have been fighting to regain control by terroristic methods, in recent months. But there is nothing unique either in their control or their terrorism. Chicago is used to the black-powder bomb as a method of argument—it was used in the wars between the gambling gangsters years ago, to say nothing of its constant employment in family vendettas and political feuds between factions in Italian or Slavic wards. The gangsters who control a section of the building trades are the same sort of men who have flourished in alienized American cities for a generation or two. They are the type who once ruined the racing game in New York, and then went into white slavery for a livelihood, whose activities later culminated in the Tammany cadets of Bill Devery's time. They are essentially versatile and it was an easy step for them from ward politics, gaming and liquor vending to the labor movement.

The condition which Chicago now senses so acutely began in the building trades many years ago when employers displaced Irish and American "common laborers," hod carriers and ditchers with Italians, Poles, Croats and other races from Southern and Eastern Europe. These back home were used to the "padrone" or "little king" who always "spoke for them" to the boss. The padrones and interpreters soon learned the game of labor politics. Some of them became labor union officials and business agents themselves. Soon they were joined by enterprising gentlemen of the older stocks, principally Irish, because of their natural qualities of leadership and agitation. Where these newly fledged "labor leaders" found ignorant men at work—whether already organized in their primitive manner or unorganized—they soon whipped them into compact disciplined organizations. Gas workers, Negro jazz musicians, street sweepers and such classes were among those unionized by these "big mitt men" who entered the "labor game."

The "interpreter" or "little king" made his living by levying on his men, charging them for getting their jobs. The newer leaders soon extended their operations to the bosses—introducing the extortion strike or levying blackmail by threats of strike or sabotage. Later the system extended to mutual graft by the employer and the labor leader on the public. Many labor leaders became contractors or material men, driving out the older builders, manufacturers and even architects. Other employers were driven into line, and before long graft and corruption were systematized and all the charges were passed on to the public. Material men found that the crooked labor leader was the readiest instrument through which monopoly in materials and contracts could be set up, and materials manufactured outside of Chicago could be excluded. They had a "Buy at Home" movement of their own—and it worked.

In all this, Chicago has little if anything on any other city. The Lockwood Committee exposed a similar situation in New York before State Senator John Daily, about a year and a half ago, began to rip open a few phases of the situation which had created the housing shortage and the landlord's carnival of profiteering in Chicago. A few of the higher-ups in the material and contracting game were indicted—in the *Federal Court*—and these indictments are still sleeping there. Chicago knows this and wonders. And that blunts its horror of the means by which the crooked labor chiefs proceeded to bribe and blackmail their way to liberty in the state courts in which most of them were indicted. Practically every prominent labor leader indicted in the state courts escaped although the evidence against them was most damning. A spectacular miscarriage of justice which for a time seemed likely to result in something like a clean-up was the acquittal of Thomas Walsh, a labor leader, who in a drunken rage killed a prominent German saloon keeper whose place, a few doors from the City Hall, was a rendezvous for politicians. Judges and labor leaders—many of them prominently identified with the city administration of Mayor Thompson—gathered there. Some 70 persons were in the saloon when George was killed, including a former judge who is now United States minister to Hungary. It was a purposeless crime—inspired by hooch only. But the slayer walked out a free man, although still under indictment for having killed at the same time a waiter in the place. The Chicago "labor leader" of this type always owns a high-powered car and spends from $50 to $100 a day on drinks in the cabarets and saloons that still remain open in privileged parts of the city. Quite a few of them keep a scattered harem, in true Balkan or Levantine style. To those whom he honors with his confidence he explains that the money he gets from the big contractors and material men is really his "commission" on sales—that he is a salesman in that he enables the contractors and material men to sell their goods and services at a profit.



WILLIAM HALE THOMPSON,
Mayor of Chicago.

That it is the Melting Pot that makes such bandit chieftains possible in America can readily be grasped, when one compares the conditions in those building trades where the rank and file are of Alpine and Mediterranean stock, with such unions as the railway brotherhoods, the typographical union, or the various skilled shop crafts, where the rank and file are mostly "our own breed of dogs." These things simply "aren't done," to quote the effective English phrase, in such unions, composed of North European stock. They "aren't done" in the building trades in the smaller American cities and towns.

The international officers of the Building Trades Unions are an entirely different class of men from these local chiefs of the big alien cities, because their elections cannot yet be controlled by the Chicago and New York type.

Even in the Building Trades of Chicago the line of demarcation between the 12 unions which have followed the terrorist chiefs in opposition to the Landis Arbitration Award, and those unions which have stuck by their agreement to abide the award of Judge Landis, follows very closely the racial lines.

It should be remarked here that the Carpenters' Union, which never agreed to submit to the award of Judge Landis, is composed very largely of Germans and Scandinavians. For reasons of its own, including union by law and a racial tendency, it never was a party to the Landis award, but the opposition of the Carpenters is a different matter from that of the 12 recalcitrant unions headed by the terrorist gang. In fact, the side-line fight between the Carpenters and this crowd is one of the complications which make the situation so hard for an outsider to grasp. The terrorist group has been endeavoring to smash the Landis award, or to force some sort of substitute agreement, not because it has any particular grievance against the award, but simply because that method of settlement threatens their control and smacks too strongly of direct dealing between the public and the rank and file of labor. If direct dealing and understanding are brought about between the worker and consumer, the slugger chiefs will be Othellos with their occupations gone, and their squads of strong-arm men and dynamiters must also seek other employment.



CHARLES FITZMORRIS,
Chicago's Chief of Police.

The tendency of Chicago to make a Great Poo Bah, Grand Panjarum or Mr. Fix-it of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, which has been the occasion of some humorous observations throughout the country, is itself indicative of the break-down of American methods of government and of American moral ideas. When baseball was tainted by contact with the gambling gangsters of Chicago and New York, themselves emanations of the Melting Pot, instead of the people proceeding to an old-fashioned American clean-up of the guilty in one way or another, Judge Landis was called upon to act as standing "umpire" of baseball.

When it became evident that despite the revelations of graft, corruption and violence made by the Dailey investigating committee that there was not enough virility in the governmental institutions, the police and the courts of Chicago to solve the building trades muddle by a drastic elimination of the guilty and the corrupt, why Judge Landis was called upon to make a "settlement." The way in which Landis has been burdened with all these tasks leads to the inevitable suggestion that Diogenes' lantern would never flicker for long before any other Chicago face than that of the picturesque jurist.

What of life and vigor there remains in the outward forms of government by law—the Anglo-Saxon institutions which Chicago inherits from a race which no longer lives in sufficient numbers within these outer trappings continuously to renew their strength—will soon be determined. Even now a decisive test seems to be at hand. The Big Three chieftains of the forces fighting the Landis award have been indicted for murder. They are "Big Tim" Murphy, "Frenchy" Mader, president of the Building Trades Council, and "Con" Shea. They are charged with having inspired the murder of Police Lieutenant Terrance Lyons and Officer Thomas Clark, done to death by a party of gunmen, who were evidently returning from a bombing expedition when they fell in with the police searching party and opened fire upon the officers.

A few words about these men will reveal that they belong to the regular gangster type. They would be running just as true to form as bandits, cappers for disorderly resorts, prize-fight promoters, racing touts or election repeaters as they are in their phase of the "labor game."

In fact, their associates have been of the types enumerated and they have shared similar activities in the past. They have also been the boon companions of politicians, dive keepers, police and court attaches.

Murphy organized the street sweepers and the gas workers into unions, after he had tired of a career as slugger in the circulation wars, which the Chicago newspapers used to wage against each other with private armies of thugs. He is now on appeal in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals from a conviction and sentence to six years in Federal prison for complicity in the Polk street station mail robbery of last year in which $380,000 was taken from the mails. Murphy was tried for having plotted the murder of a rival labor gunman, "Mossy" Enright, but went free after the state's witnesses "disappeared." To catalogue his arrests would probably require a column. In discussing the latest charges against him he remarked that public clamor amounted to nothing as the "oldest thing in the world is yesterday's newspaper."

Murphy is undoubtedly the brains of the terrorist group. He is frequently alluded to in the newspapers as the red-headed "labor czar."

"Frenchy" Mader, most recent of a long line of ex-convict presidents of the Building Trades Council, did a "stretch" in Joliet penitentiary some years ago for conspiracy to extort money.

"Con" Shea, who made his debut in labor politics in Boston, decided to begin life anew in Chicago after completing a term in "the big house up the river" at Sing Sing for stabbing his mistress—whom he cut to ribbons in a drunken rage. He was once president of the Teamsters' Union and conducted the strike 18 years ago in Chicago, which was the bloodiest in the city's history. Men were slain or blinded with acid thrown in sealed eggshells, while the streets were littered with hamstrung horses. It has been charged for years among honest labor men that Shea sold out this strike.

The ascendancy of this type of leader in many Chicago labor unions cannot be ascribed to radicalism. Such men have no abstract principles or program, although of course in their harangues they repeat the shibboleths of syndicalism and pirate the lingo of the I. W. W. However, the radicals say, and perhaps justly, that they are at heart conservative. Certainly they favor no changes in industrial relations that would interfere with their "business." On the other hand, the radical propaganda of syndicalism and even milder types of the socialist has helped them in many ways. It has sowed seed in the minds of ignorant men and made them available to the gangsters as sluggers and bombers. It has also produced a "class consciousness" among many workingmen, which makes it easier for the strong-arm chiefs to evade punishment in the courts or to cover up their tracks elsewhere. It has created a tendency to sympathize with them and against the law because they are believed to be martyrs persecuted by capitalism for their zeal for labor.

Socialism as a definite force in politics or labor is at a low ebb in Chicago and continues to wane. But as a manner of thought it was probably never more prevalent, dominating, among other elements, a large part of the clergy, the school teachers and even some of the "capitalistic" newspapers.

Ten years ago the Socialist party was a political force to be reckoned with in the city. It has dwindled to insignificance. The war split the old leaders, and after the war the Moscow-inspired "left wingers" completed the ruin with their rule-or-ruin tactics. Some of the old-timers like Adolph Germer or Seymour Stedman are still talking but that's all.

The I. W. W. is pretty well down and out despite the number of unemployed in the city who usually afford a fertile field for Wobbly propaganda.

(Concluded on page 14)

The Passing of the Newspaper "Scoop"

The Old Days of the Exclusive "Story" Slowly But Surely Going

By CHARLES H. ZUBER

WHILE the quest for news on the part of the daily press is as keen—and probably more so—in the present day as it was at any time in the past, there is no longer the frequent production or creation of the newspaper "scoop"—as it was called in the West—or "beat," which was its eastern designation—that marked the progressive and insistent journalism of that period preceding the beginning of the present century. Of course, there arise occasions when one newspaper in a city will publish a good "story" that its rivals fail to obtain except as a "rewrite"; but on the whole, the newspaper field today, like all other industries and crafts, is so well standardized that the opportunities for putting a "scoop" over on the other fellow are decidedly remote.

Police cases, court proceedings, hotel news, financial affairs—in fact all the big sources of daily news—now are handled in such a way at their respective places of origin that there is little or no prospect of one newspaper getting an advantage over another. But it was not always so. In the old days there were advantages of various kinds enjoyed by individual newspapers or reporters that proved prolific fields for "scoops." In those days the newspaper or newspapers which had political affiliation with a city, county or state administration were always favored when a big story "broke," this preference extending to police departments, county court affairs and state news developments.

Trickery Ofttimes Resorted to

NOR was trickery excluded from the category of the news gatherers of those days. One of the common methods of getting a "scoop" was to secure petitions filed in suits which promised something sensational and then concealing the papers from the other reporters until the "story" was on the streets exclusively in one paper. Another common method of "putting one over" was to secure a live item from some individual, who desired to reach all the newspapers with his story, on the promise that the reporter receiving the statement give it to the other reporters. The promise always was made, but sometimes "forgotten," with the result that the reporters to whom the item was originally told scored a "scoop," while the man with whom the story originated was "in bad" with the other reporters, who would not believe that he had requested its general dissemination. Officials, police characters, business men, lawyers and others toadied to newspapers either as a matter of protection or to curry favor for future consideration, and in this way many a "scoop" was registered.

But under existing conditions, when the thirst for publicity and the fear of journalistic enmity is in the heart of every man who may become the guardian or source of a real news item, and with the various public agencies where news originates making known all their operations, the advents of "scoops" are few and far between. To what an extent this dissemination of "big news" has become general instead of exclusive, is illustrated in an incident in a Middle West city, where two newsboys were selling rival evening papers. One of the newsies was shouting aloud the "sensation" which his paper carried. The other vendor, standing close to the boy who was conducting the journalistic ballyhoo, waited until prospective buyers came within a few feet of him and his rival, when he would remark, in an ordinary tone of voice, "I've got it in the *Times*," meaning that he had the same item in the paper he was selling, with the result that, as his paper was the more popular of the two, he sold more than the chap who was drumming up the trade by his noisy shouting.

And the Rival Gets the Story

A UNIQUE "scoop" is that of which old newspaper men of a certain city in Ohio still speak with a decided chuckle. It seems that the cashier of a bank in a suburban city had been cutting quite a swath in racing and shady society circles. The rumor became current that he was short in his accounts, and on a certain Saturday night one of the large dailies in the big town received a strong "tip" from one of the cashier's "flames" that he had left town—also a large hole in the bank's exchequer. The newspaper tried to secure corroboration of the story from the bank officials, but, of course, they denied it. A reporter then was sent to the home of the accused man's brother for verification of the rumor. The brother flatly branded the yarn as a fake. The reporter insisted that his paper had the facts and would publish them. The brother countered with the threat that if the story was published the newspaper would have on its hands the largest libel suit ever filed in that section. After further verbal sparring, the brother repeated his threat of a libel, while the last words of the reporter were to the effect that his paper, having the "goods," would run the story just the same. However, after the reporter returned to his office and talked matters over with his chief, it was decided that there were not enough facts to justify the risk, so the story was temporarily shelved. In the meantime the brother of the cashier, taking seriously the threat of the reporter that his paper would run the story, bethought himself of a friend on a rival sheet who would be seriously embarrassed if this story "broke" on his route and he failed to get it. So he summoned his friend, gave him all the details of the defalcation, which amounted to nearly $200,000, threw in all the racing and white-light effects—in fact, furnished all the materials for one of the biggest sensations this particular section had ever seen. The next morning—Sunday—the newspaper which had the original tip on the looting of the bank came out without a line about the affair, while the paper that had had no inkling of it until the threat of the rival reporter caused the brother of the cashier to act, had the details of the defalcation spread all over its front page.

Another queer angle of a "scoop" developed in a certain city where the proprietor of a newspaper and another citizen advanced $250,000 to save one of the city's most cherished institutions. The newspaper proprietor failed to notify his editor of the matter, and the first the chief knew of it was when the editor of a rival evening paper telephoned him, just before making an edition, that he had not had time to make a real spread on the item, and that, if the other editor was willing, they would both hold the story for the second edition, to do it justice. The editor of the paper owned by the philanthropist pretended to make a concession by holding off, then sent his best men scurrying around to the proprietor to get the details of the gift in time for the next edition. He just managed to obtain the facts in time, thus saving himself and the proprietor the keenest humiliation. It is reported, however, that some years later this same proprietor allowed his own paper to be "scooped" in a real estate deal involving several million dollars and in which he was the prime mover.

Within the last 20 years there have been three "scoops" of an international character presented to the American people, none of which brought credit to the newspaper publishing them. One of them was the heralding of the death of President McKinley. Following the attack upon him by the assassin Czolgosz at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, McKinley hovered between life and death, while an anxious world prayed and waited for the Divine verdict. Then one evening the newspapers served by a certain press association suddenly burst forth with extra editions, announcing the death of the martyred President, with all the touching and sorrowful details of the last summons. For a brief period the whole country was rent by grief over the report. And then came the extra editions of the newspapers of the rival press association with the story that McKinley still was alive, and that hope was held out for his recovery. The newspapers which carried the story of his death were deeply humiliated and offered excuses and apologies for their error. But it was a long time before the false report was forgotten by the public, even though McKinley's death followed within a short time after the journalistic *faux pas*.

Pope's Death Prematurely Reported

SOME years later a similar blunder was made by another press association in connection with the late Pope Leo. The eminent prelate had been ill for a long time, and his death was daily, almost momentarily, expected. So when the newspapers served by a certain press association came out with extra editions, announcing the death of His Holiness, the Catholic clergy everywhere ordered bells tolled, prayers said and other devout manifestations over the passing of a great churchman. Then came the report to the rival newspapers that the Pope was still alive, this being followed by a reaction against the newspapers that had carried accounts of his death which required many months to eradicate. The fact that the Pope died within a short time did not mitigate the sentiment against the newspapers which had mistakenly chronicled his passing on.

Carrying perhaps a greater shock than that of either of the two "scoops" above set forth, was that which followed the first announcement of the alleged signing of an armistice in connection with the recent World War. The people of the Allied nations, and particularly of America—as we can best judge—were heartsick over the awful carnage that was being waged by the contending armies abroad, and every little suggestion carrying with it the prospects of an early cessation of hostilities caused the wildest joy, not only among those who had sons, brothers, fathers and other relatives at the front, but among patriotic citizens generally. Then suddenly out of Brest came the story, credited to Admiral Wilson, that an armistice had been signed between the Allies and Germany, and that the war was actually over. This story was carried as a "scoop" by the newspapers served by one press association. Those who depended upon the news of a rival organization did not commit the blunder of accepting the original report as true, even though spontaneous celebrations were inaugurated in hundreds of places and hosannas of joy over the coming of peace were flung on high throughout the land. There came denials from Washington, from London and from Paris that an armistice had been signed; and from a feeling of the highest jubilation, inspired by the unauthentic report of a cessation of fighting, the nation was plunged into perhaps a deeper gloom than existed before the news of the alleged armistice was sent out. The reaction against the newspapers which published this story was extremely severe, and was not tempered for a long time by the fact that the armistice really was signed a week or so later.

A case where pure chance played a part in a "scoop" in connection with a murder case occurred about 15 years ago. Two dental students had been arrested for the murder and decapitation of a girl of their acquaintance. The head of the victim was never recovered, and the evidence against the two men was purely circumstantial. Either probably could have saved himself by turning state's evidence, but both held their peace. After they had been convicted, an appeal was taken by their attorneys. The arguments for a new trial were to be heard at the state capital, and thither attorneys and reporters went. Because of the particular brutality of the crime, the case had attracted nation-wide attention, so that the matter of a new trial was a national, rather than a local affair. In wandering through the state capitol, where the court which was to hear the appeal was in session, the two representatives of one of the dailies of the city in which the original trial was held, were accosted by an attaché of the state house, who informed them that, for a consideration, he would place them at a ventilator over the court room where the hearing was to be held behind closed doors, and where they could see and hear everything that transpired. The bargain was immediately made; plans were worked out by which one of the reporters, provided with a black flag and a white one, was to station himself at the opening in the ceiling, while the other was to wait a block away, in plain view of a window of the room in which the ventilator was located. If a new trial was granted, the watching reporter was to wave the white flag; if a new trial was denied, the black flag was to be shown. The reporter on the outside was to rush to the telegraph office immediately after receiving the signal and flash the word "White" or "Black" into his home office. The scheme worked perfectly. The black flag was displayed; the fatal word flashed to the newspaper office, and the resourceful and lucky reporters had the satisfaction of knowing on their return home that their little strategy had beaten their rival by nearly an hour in getting the story of the confirming of the death sentence on the streets.

This "Scoop" Brought No Boast

IT WAS in connection with this same case that the successful newspaper referred to registered a "scoop" of which it never boasted. One of the accused men hailed from a city about 60 miles from where the crime was committed, and there promised to be a wild race with papers to this city with the details of the execution on the day set for the hanging. The editor of the paper in question decided to be there first, so he secured all the details of the arrangements for the execution in advance and had an extra edition printed and dispatched to the town the night before, with instructions that they be placed on the streets at a certain time, based on the hour of the execution. Unfortunately the execution was delayed for two hours after the original time set for the hanging, with the result that a full and detailed report of the double execution was on the streets of the city 60 miles away fully an hour before it actually took place.

It may seem to be crowding the record of Ananias a bit to say that it is possible for one newspaper to "scoop" another on the account of a big-league baseball game, played according to schedule and in the presence of thousands of spectators. Yet this actually happened less than 20 years ago. It was during the telegraphers' strike that a team found itself in a series of games with the New Yorks on the Polo Grounds. Immediately on arriving in New York the traveling correspondents of the two evening newspapers who were accompanying the team, tried to secure wires from the ball park to their respective New York offices, from which they had private lines into their own home office. The effort was futile. Not only the foreign newspapers, but those of New York, also, were cut off from telegraph service to the ball park. One of the correspondents gave up in disgust. The other hustled out to the Polo Grounds, found a telephone in a blacksmith's shop opposite the ball park and rented it for the afternoon. He then secured the services of a cub reporter to manipulate the telephone, at the other end of which was the New York correspondent of the out-of-town paper. Relays of messenger boys were hired to carry the written results of the game by half innings from the ball park to the telephone, where the reports were transmitted to the correspondent downtown, and immediately relayed to the home town. That evening the newspaper with the persistent correspondent had a full account of the game on the streets 10 minutes after the game was over, while the rival sheet was perfectly blank as far as the account of the game was concerned.

Spats Lead to "Beat"

THAT a pair of spats should lead to a "scoop" seems rather a far-fetched assertion; but it really happened. Years ago, when certain producers were becoming prominent in the theatrical field, every city that did not have a theater leased by these producers was momentarily looking for an invasion of these hustling impresarios. One day the railroad reporter of an evening paper, while seeking news in the general offices of a trunk line road, noticed a man with pearl-gray spats in conversation with the general passenger agent. The visitor himself would have attracted no attention, but his spats did. So, after he left, the reporter inquired as to the identity of the man with the—as then considered—freak sartorial adjuncts. He was informed that the visitor was the attorney for the producers. A quick visit to his hotel revealed the fact that he was in the city to confer with local capitalists regarding the building of a theater; the paper with the observing reporter secured an exclusive story—and all because a man wore pearl-gray spats.

Catholic Theology and Interest on Money

Position of Church Councils Opposing Usury for Prevention of Oppression

By a Reverend Catholic Professor

WHEN a modern dips into certain ancient tomes of Catholic theology he is likely to run into a surprise. He has heard of usury in modern life, and he is in no way disturbed in the even tenor of his thoughts when he sees that these ancient volumes condemn usury, but as he reads deeper into the books the shock that he receives is more or less violent according as he has been more or less involved in the processes of modern finance. He finds in these ancient volumes that usury is not the nefarious practice which he has known by that name, but that instead it is the very innocent usage of modern business life which we call "interest." He sets himself down to try to find out what this means: Here in these ancient tomes Catholic theologians condemn the taking of interest, and in the everyday life about him he knows of Catholics in good standing who think nothing of accepting interest on loans, he knows of Catholic institutions who invest their spare capital in bonds that are loans, he even knows of churches that have money out at interest. Are Catholics of today running contrary to principle? Or has the moral teaching of a church which insists that its morality is unchanging really shifted? No, Catholics of today when they accept interest, at least within certain limits, are not violating their conscience, nor has the standard of Catholic morality changed. It is the circumstances of life which have changed.

Let us examine into this matter.

We do not want an expression of Catholic opinion more authoritative than one given by a pope in a general council. Gregory X in the Second Council of Lyons decrees thus: "And because the chance for interest-takers to get interest will be less accordingly as the freedom to take interest is lessened, in this general constitution we decree that neither a society nor corporation nor an individual, no matter what his rank, position or station, shall permit foreigners or other strangers who do or who desire to engage in money-lending for interest to rent houses or to hold houses by rent or to live anywhere within their lands." The application of this decree to strangers does not seem to mean that it was allowed to natives to take interest. If its history is investigated, it will probably be seen to mean that the only people who would be guilty of taking interest would be people from abroad.

This decree is interesting in the fact that immediately following the words in which interest-takers are condemned they are spoken of as *usurers*. This application of the term "usury" makes plain to us what is meant by the council of Vienna, the Third Council of the Vatican and the Fourth Council of the Vatican when they condemn usury. It is not usury in the modern sense of the term that they are condemning, it is not an excessive rate of interest that they ban, but the acceptance of any interest at all.

How clearly it was understood that even a moderate rate of interest was forbidden by the church is plain from the words of the great Benedict XIV when in 1745 he writes to the bishops of Italy: "That kind of *sin* which is called usury and which has its proper seat and place in the contract of Mutuum (loan) consists in turning that contract, which of its own nature requires the amount returned exactly to balance the amount received, into a ground for demanding a return in excess of the amount received."

The Why of the Church's Stand

IT WILL be noticed in this quotation that Benedict considers it a sin to make a loan with the idea of getting more back than one gives. It will also be noted that it is not a question of getting back any very considerable sum above that given, but of getting *anything* more.

Now why did these old councils of the church and why did these old theologians condemn the taking of even a moderate rate of interest? It is all explained by two quotations from Saint Thomas which though rather long are worth while introducing here for the clear exposition which they make of this matter.

In 2a, 2ae, q.77, art. 1, St. Thomas says: "If one party is much benefited by the commodity which he receives from another, while the other, the seller, is not a loser by going without the article, no extra price must be put on the article (that is, the buyer, though especially benefited by the article, is to give to the seller only what the article is worth to the seller.) The reason is because the profit which accrues to one party is not from the seller but from the condition of the buyer. Now no one ought to sell to another that which is not his though he may sell the loss which he suffers."

And in 2a, 2ae, q.78, art. 1, St. Thomas says: "To take usury (interest) for money is manifestly unjust because it is the selling of what is non-existent. . . . We must observe that there are certain things the use of which is the consumption of the things, as we consume wine by using it to drink and we consume wheat by using it for food. Hence in such things the use of the thing ought not to be reckoned apart from the thing itself; but whosoever has the use granted him has thereby granted him the thing; and, therefore, in such things lending means the transference of ownership. If, therefore, any vendor wanted to make two separate sales, one of the wine and the other of the use of the wine, he would be selling the same thing twice over, or selling the non-existent. Hence, he would be clearly committing the sin of injustice. In like manner he commits injustice who lends wine or wheat, asking a double recompense to be given him, one a return of an equal commodity, another a price for the use of the commodity, which price of *use* is called *usury*. . . . Now, according to the philosopher, money was invented principally for the effecting of exchanges; and thus the proper and principal use of money is the *consumption* and *disbursal* of it, according as it is expended in exchanges."

Therefore, the doctrine of St. Thomas and the Catholic church on interest in these older days was this: Money is a commodity, like food. You pay a man for the use *and* possession of it, because its possession without use is of no advantage. If a person lends another one hundred pounds of gold coin, he is to be repaid in the same way in which he would be repaid for one hundred pounds of wheat by getting back another hundred pounds of wheat or something equivalent to the hundred pounds of wheat. To the buyer the hundred pounds of gold and the hundred pounds of wheat are for use or consumption only. The gold and the wheat have no value beyond their use or consumption value, the same which they would have had had they remained in the possession of the seller. When the seller gets that value for them, that is, when the seller gets for one hundred pounds of gold, a hundred pounds of gold, he has the whole value of his money.

All this supposes that as the wheat, inasmuch as it is wheat, capable of being made into a certain number of loaves of bread, is in terms of loaves of bread not multiplied nor increased by the fact that it has passed from one owner to another, the money, inasmuch as it represents a certain power of exchange, is not multiplied or increased in value by passing from the hands of one owner to another. In other words, all this supposes that money is a dead, barren thing, incapable of increase or fruit, merely a means of exchange, just as so much paper or some other substance has been at various periods in the world's history.

Money Then Was Barren

THIS theory of money, that it was like a store of potatoes or of coal which we would lay in for the winter's use, but from which we expect to reap no gain, is a theory which lasted until comparatively recent times. When the Bank of Amsterdam was founded in 1609 depositors actually paid the bank to keep their money safe. Would they have done it, if they had had the modern view that the bank could make money from their money, or in other words, if they held that money in itself was fruitful? Clare, in his Money Market Primer, tells us that the reason why the capital of the Bank of England was so rapidly subscribed was this: "In those days gold investments were after all a rarity and the new undertaking, backed up as it was by the guaranty of a government that seemed honestly bent on paying its way, and supported by the best-known merchants in the city of London, appealed with success to the sentiments and pockets of capitalists, and by its happy combination of patriotism with eight per cent gratified at once their love of country, their love of gain and their hatred of tyranny and popery."

Here we have the theory of the unfruitfulness of money expressed in fact. History supplies other expressions of the same fact. The same author tells us that "in England almost up to the close of the seventeenth century, tradesmen or merchants, retiring from business, lived literally on their savings. It is stated that the father of Pope, the poet, having amassed a fortune in trade in London, retired to the country about the time of the Revolution, carrying with him a strong box containing nearly 20,000 pounds, out of which he took from time to time whatever was required for household expenses. It was the opinion of writers of about the same time that very large sums of money were continually kept hidden in secret places." All of this goes to show that in those days money was looked upon as barren. A merchant like Pope's father retiring from business in our days with a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars or thereabouts, simply because he was a merchant and acquainted with the uses of money, would have laid out such a sum in some such stable security as government bonds and probably have derived as much in interest as would have kept him comfortably without placing him under the necessity of cutting into the capital.

The Word for Interest: Usury

IT IS exactly because of the fact that to times comparatively very recent money was considered and was unfruitful that the Catholic church condemned interest of all kinds. In those older days, as Rickaby says: "Land was hard to buy, agriculture backward, roads bad, seas unnavigable, carrying-trade precarious, messages slow, raids and marauders frequent, population sparse, commerce confined to a few centers, mines unworked, manufacturers mostly domestic, capital yet unformed. Men kept their money in their cellars or deposited it for safety in religious houses; whence the stories of treasure trove. They took out the coin as they wanted it to spend on housekeeping or on war or feasting. It was very hard, next to impossible, to lay out money so as to make more money by it. Money in those days was really barren."

There you have the reason why the church forbade people to take any, even the least, rate of interest on money lent. The money was barren. To take interest was not to take the return for a value given but was to take advantage of a neighbor who needed money to buy food, to prepare himself for war, or in general to do something which netted him no profit. But suppose other conditions intervene! Will it remain unjust to take interest?

Listen! Leo X in the Fifth Council of the Vatican ruled: "Usury (then the word for interest) is properly interpreted to be the attempt to draw profit and increment, without labor, without cost, without risk, out of the use of a thing which does not fructify."

Suppose the day arrives in which money does fructify! Then the attempt to draw fruit out of it is not usury, is nothing which the church forbids. Now as a matter of fact, in modern conditions money does fructify. The very fact that a man has capital of larger extent apart from his ingenuity and application, enables him in trade to reap a profit not only arithmetically but also geometrically greater. The man who lends to big concerns the amount they need or part of the amount they need for their enterprises does this with the loss to himself of the chance of gain which he gives them. It may and undoubtedly is very difficult at times to determine just how much a corporation gets from the amount of capital which it borrows, but it does get a certain minimum of help and at least for that minimum of help the lender has a right to expect a return. The ideal rate of interest would be just that amount which the borrower gains merely from the borrowed capital outside of the increase which should be attributed to his ability and energy. This, of course, would make a scale shifting so much as to be practically impossible. It becomes quite necessary then to adopt a scale of interest which seems to fit in with the ordinary gain reaped from capital. This it would seem is just to the lender since he probably should be presumed as one who is capable of getting only the ordinary amount out of his capital were he to use it. It is also only justice to the lender even if his ability or application or luck or all of these be such as to give him greater gain, since as St. Thomas says: "If one party is much benefited by the commodity which he receives of the other, while the other, the seller, is not a loser by going without the article (in this case an extraordinary rate of interest) no extra price must be put on." (2a, 2ae, q.77, art. 1.) In these words St. Thomas clearly indicates the principle that the lender cannot bleed the borrower because the borrower happens to be successful beyond the ordinary lot of borrowers.

The same words to any thoughtful mind indicate that if the borrower be hard-pressed beyond the ordinary run of borrowers so that "one party (the borrower) is much benefited by the commodity (the loan)" the lender cannot for that reason charge him a rate above that ordinarily demanded.

Only one apparent and not real exception will be found to this principle, that is the apparent exception of a borrower who is in such perilous condition that it is a risk above the ordinary to lend him money. In such cases you will note that you have the "risk" feature which even in the days when interest was generally denied would allow interest without condemning it to the opprobrium of usury. See the words of Leo X above. You will also observe that to charge an extra rate of interest in such case is *not* to charge an extraordinary rate because the ordinary rate in cases of peril is higher than the rate where there is no peril.

Always Has Been the Same

THE attitude of the church, therefore, toward interest has not really been different at any time. The attitude of the church has always been that the borrower should not be made to pay for anything which he did not get from the lender. When money had no value, was barren, if a man borrowed from another he returned what he got, the sum given him. When money began to have value in itself, ceased to be barren, the borrower returned what he had got from the lender, the original sum plus what the lender had lost by letting him have it, which sum is after all what the lender actually gave the borrower. The term usury, therefore, which seems to have changed its meaning in the Catholic church, has not done so. It is a term which signifies an unjust return from a loan.

We are pretty well beyond the time when lenders could openly demand a rate of interest generally considered unjust, and and remain unscathed by the civil law. *We have not gone beyond the time* when lenders still charge an unjust rate of interest, and do so by means and methods just as underhand, we should say more underhand, and quite as unjust as those used in days gone by. It is usury to charge a man four per cent on a hundred dollars when you actually give him only eighty dollars as a loan, because, even if such dealing escape the law, it is making the man pay a usurious rate for his money. This of things in the small. It would seem to some of us, who may not have as clear a vision in the matter as we should, that this same species of usury is being plied in larger investments. For instance, some time back a very large concern, that happened to be in difficulty, floated a bond issue of twelve million dollars. It is said that after the men who handled this deal, brokers, bond houses, and so on, get through, this large concern will really have about nine million and a half dollars. Now this may be all right, but to the man in the street, it does seem that the price paid for the loan is usurious. Some amount more than the mere rate of interest should undoubtedly be paid for the placing of the loan but should the amount be almost a fourth of the sum supposed to be had by the concern in question? The rate on the bonds is not usurious, but are not the money lenders actually guilty of usury?

What's All the Pother? Oh, Yes, Nov. 7, 1922!

About Reaching End of Rope in Depending Upon Parties

By A. R. PINCI

A GENERATION ago Senator Calvin S. Brice, on being asked how he managed being "famous" in Washington when no one ever thought he was "any great shakes out home," replied:

"That's easy enough. You want to go on the assumption that 99 persons of 100 know as little about things as you do, and you are sure to hit it right. You must pretend to know all about everything, and always give the impression that there is nothing you can't accomplish. Always say you can do anything that is suggested, even if you know nothing about it. Then think up some way to do it, or else do something which will answer as well. But the main point is to know all about it."

There is the *modus operandi* of our average member of Congress, and by that is meant Senate and House. Less than 100 words reveal the secret of how to become a reasonably successful "representative of the people." An insider, and moreover a Senator, spake thus. Senator Brice's dollar prosperity could have been multiplied had he thought of establishing a correspondence school for congressional candidates. Of this there can be no doubt, because taken by the job lot, and filtering the most favorable as well as the least complimentary opinions of men whose appraisal counts for something, the Brice motto covers all of them. Divided by two parties, after subtracting from the total one member who cannot be appraised offhand, they are mutual admiration societies, unless they happen to squint toward the opposition.

It is only a few weeks ago that Representative Charles L. Underhill, of Massachusetts, said in a public speech that "some Congressmen are so ignorant that they never heard of Longfellow until he married Alice Roosevelt." This is Mr. Underhill's first term and obviously he has not had to attune himself to the atmosphere of Hoar and Lodge.

Self-Criticism in Vogue

ELSEWHERE, but also this year, Senator W. E. Edge, of New Jersey, publicly confessed that the Senate is taking itself too seriously and that he regretted "the determination on the part of the lawmakers to be jealous of their prerogatives." This, of course, was the sort of speech that politically is delivered with fingers crossed, a digital but fashionable reservation that unfortunately is not bracketed in the printed reports.

Senators and Representatives have evidently decided to join the anti-congressional chorus. But there is method in this madness. These few self-critics offer an opportunity to capable self-defenders to lull the ears of the voting proletariat with antiphonal praises. As critics exist on a ratio of one to a hundred, one can see where the public gets off.

Another singsong is that about the dearth of "strong" men in Congress. The people are confronted with descriptions of a "leaderless" Senate and an "obstinate" House. It has come to the point where even regrets are expressed that the day of the bosses is gone, while longing minds dwell upon fond memories of the fast-disappearing machine politics.

What's what?

Congressional elections are in the offing. One knows that the entire House and one-third of the Senate must submit to the constitutional requirement of a biennial election, but it is not so well known that this is the last year in office for some of the big fellows in the Senate. It's about these fellows, and these alone, that all the existing pother is about. No one cares about the others—that is, no one at Washington.

Their re-election will mean—but what matters it what it will mean to Washington? Washington has its eyes on 1924, and November 7 next is the first charted and labeled crossroads. Little wot they that the people are in the mood to close unexpectedly all existing roads and open some new ones. The people may send back to Congress the whole ticket, but 1924, presidentially speaking, is another story. And that story has not yet been completed, as it were, so it is preposterous to attempt to give it out now. The big question is about Congress, not about the presidency, and the two are no longer blood relations.

All That Is Changed

THE situation makes peculiarly applicable Senator Brice's theory because it is time-tested and therefore reliable. The times have apparently changed, but not so the standard of our public men. They assay about the same. What, then, is the trouble?

The fact is that in the days of Mark Hanna, or two decades before him for that matter, politicians could camouflage better than now. Those were the electioneering days when politics had the personal touch, and its possibilities toward egotistical publicity had not been discovered. To carry out the Brice idea it was necessary to do three things; wave the American flag, shake *hoi polloi* hands, and kiss a few babies.

Now all that is changed. The people are satisfied to see their flag from a high staff waving in the pure ozone, to keep their hands in their pockets lest Congress should grasp for more taxes, and to protect their babies from promiscuous kissing. In other words, resurging patriotism, defensive thriftiness and protective science have combined to throw the precocious and ambitious legislator upon his natural resources.

These resources are vocal.

But is that the worst of it?

It is not. A few years ago the politician had only his voice. Now he has his voice, his typewriter, his newspaper, his phonograph record, his radio, and it looks as if by November next the movies will fill the remaining void.

Multiply this campaign by several hundred, more or less, and the results will put any calculating machine out of the running, for none made will accommodate the grand total of political speeches, letters, articles, recitations, radiograms and photographs.

What can the people do against these virtually overpowering odds? And are they to go on, year after year, helpless wanderers in this recurrent political inferno? Must they abide by the unwritten motto that in public office none but the lusty deserve the fair?

The seeker of public office today, whether he be an old-timer inside looking out or a newcomer outside looking in, seems to agree that "publicity"—for these vociferations are called publicity—is destroying machine politics. But this sort of publicity has done and is doing nothing of the kind.

When it comes to electoral results, there is no difference between the predigested campaigns of a generation ago and the indigestible campaigns of today. In the old days the people voted because it was a mere formality; now they are voting for no better reason. In the old days the candidates were selected on the quiet and the people were expected to furnish the shouting election nights; these days the candidates select themselves and furnish their own shouting, too. The legend of the ground hog applies to the voters; they come out, see their shadow, and back into the hole again.

One thing, however, seems to be writ in the stars. This, by the way, is not a prediction, but seems the inevitable. The year 1922 will mark about the last campaign of this kind, and this is not even admitting that the last has not gone down into history. Next November may see thousands and hundreds of thousands of voters *prepared* but not yet ready to turn over a new leaf. It's a close race between constituencies and candidates, but if the latter should win it will be their last victory of the sort.

One thing that has led to complications, and not a few regrettable back-yard type of amenities, has been the habit of members of the two major parties to regard their own perpetuation in office as the price of their parties' success. Everything seems to center about the parties themselves and not enough upon the groupings of the men actually composing them. The result has been that everything today depends upon party when instead it should depend upon men.

"Achievements" in Politics

FOR a year before Woodrow Wilson left the presidency one heard nothing, offhand, that the Democratic party did that was good; just now, a year after Warren G. Harding has become executive, one hears nothing, offhand, that the Republican party has done that has not been perfect. There have been lists of "achievements" that should cause every voter, regardless of party, actually to blush, for the shame is his. Can one imagine the Lincoln Administration half a century ago, or the Jefferson Administration a century ago, issuing lists of achievements every few weeks?

These achievements are set forth as party achievements, but let's not overlook that their true purpose has been to keep before the eyes and ears of an annoyed country the activities of both Senate and House. In other words, Congressmen have spoken for and of themselves.

This biennial excitement has always a common premise; that if the Congressman of one party must go out it should mean that one of the opposite party should supplant him. In many instances the change is one of name; when it comes down to brass tacks, the legislative results are vapid. It is an ebb and flow that adds nothing to the legislative strength of the young nation. As a result, constituencies voting for changes like these get no better representation than they want, despite their cheap satisfaction of changing partisan allegiance.

The country is occasionally regaled with such statements as that made very, very recently (in fact, too suspiciously recently) by Representatives Martin B. Madden, of Illinois, that as a rule members of the House earn much more than the $7,500 they get. That is one way to achieve popularity in the House, even after a session that has not been without bitterness. A statement like that cancels from memory all harsh thoughts.

What do the people think about it?

How can they judge?

Well, they may judge by a simple expedient; that every two years, just about this time, the national legislators bluntly show that they are more anxious to stay in than the people themselves seem to show about keeping them there. These incumbents speak in the name of party solidarity, but the inner eye sees a job. That's all. As things stand in Washington today, congressing—for that's about what it is—has become a job, whether for the one who has made a habit of it or the one who has stepped into the Capitol for the first time.

In saying this it should not be assumed that there are no real legislators and no independent thinkers. There are, but the proportion is not considerable. In considering Congress one must remember its human equation—its weakest links, and these are, unnecessarily, too many. There are some incompetents, but in general the run of the mill is misfits. They have no conception of public office, and as they become acclimated they follow the line of least resistance.

They swallow hook and sinker, which means that almost at once they begin to think of themselves as superior mortals. It is not, therefore, as some observers vouch, a question of getting a better Congress, which means a greater proportion of responsible men, but to keep out so many superlatively "superior" ones.

Congress today is sitting as the Court of Last Judgment upon the people of the United States. Congress is so intoxicated with its own perfection and infallibility that it decrees and legislates everything that the population may or may not do. It is supposed to be the cradle of representative government, but somehow 500 men represent themselves, their hobbies, their prejudices, their personalities, their egotism. Collectively they are worse than fractionally. They reveal symptoms of weakness, of impotence, of panic, and while they let it be known that this uncertainty really represents that intermediate but long-winded stage known as "legislating," the truth of the matter is that they are sparring for time that they may make their best gallery play.

There exists, however, another type, but a very small minority, yet this minority is generally so powerful that it balances if it does not surpass the majority described. This minority may be identified in that type of perennial legislator who has reached that state of mind where he feels that his congressional seat is his and his own. He regards himself as the best part of that seat. He is intolerant of any opposition and in due time becomes a fixture. Primaries and elections to dislodge him are useless. Only a popular upheaval can knock him out.

No Bolshevistic Spirit

WRITERS of a kind have described them as "fossils." This term is as disrespectful as it is inapplicable. They have, in diverse ways, outlived their legislative usefulness. From within the musty corridors and halls of the Capitol they have been unable to keep the pace with the times. Instead of being practical men they are little better than graduates; their knowledge is a mass of theory, and because these are the men who usually direct the bulk of the more important legislation, one must not be surprised if the attempt to reduce heterogeneous theory into law yields some very unsatisfactory results.

Analyze most of the legislation of the past 10 years, or 20, at which time the country began to move faster than the minds of its legislators, and it will not be difficult to realize that it is predicated upon the basis of things as they should be or as they were, and not as they are.

This is peculiarly true of the legislation especially demanded in times of snap and stress like these. About all of it runs at cross purposes. The last five years have been plethoric. Yet who will deny that Congress is still considering legislation that ought to have been disposed of, had practical men been charged with the duty, quite some time ago?

A member of Congress a short time ago said that the work of Congress is "misrepresented or ignored, and that accounts, largely, for the growth of the bolshevistic spirit."

This Congressman meant well but he fell in error nevertheless. There is no evidence, in American constituencies, of a bolshevistic spirit. And to hold that misrepresenting the work of Congress can lead to any such radical tendencies on the part of voters is bunk—all bunk. The people have only one way to judge of Congress, and that is by national results. That these results are not so satisfactory as they should be Senators and Representatives have admitted, and they may be excused if pre-election panic makes them see things.

The signs, to repeat, are that the people are slowly beginning to see the light. With the average man perusing three pages of sporting gossip and dismissing a column of surcharged political gossip after an indifferent glance at the headline, it was to be expected that the resultant Congresses should be unsatisfactory. With the advent of prohibition the nearest thing we have had to political debating societies—mirrors, amber-filled glasses, mahogany and brass rails—has disappeared.

Women Possible Salvation

IMMATURE, imperfect, crude and illiterate as these meeting places were, politically it was something. Now there is not even that. All the politics one hears is of a high-brow sort, indulged in by fastidious, critical, partisan and selfish individuals. Just as the former kind reflected ward politics the new kind reflects a noisy but wishy-washy partisanship.

The one salvation is through the women. Suffrage has given them a new insight into politics, whether local or national. They are still in its elementary stage, and it will be years, perhaps, ere they can peruse political intelligence with thoroughness, sympathy and understanding. But it will be these women who will read that which their men will probably ignore, but it goes without saying that said men will sooner or later be obliged to puruse in self-defense, unless they prefer to hear about it *viva voce*—and feminine *voce* at that.

We are now undergoing this formative political period, and the near future must be regarded as essentially experimental and tentative. That is why November 7, 1922, may not be taken too seriously, and why it is out of the question to discuss 1924. The two are not synonymous.

(Concluded on page 15)



FRED A. HOWARD

Testing a cloth subjected to a non-burning process.

Fred Howard: Miracle Man

A Tale of Modern Magic Is That of His Neutral Fluid and His Filamites

By J. OLIN HOWE

FRED A. HOWARD lives in a white colonial house, where he and his father and grandfather were born, in the typical New England village of South Easton, not far from Boston. To his neighbors he is just one of themselves. They turn to him with their problems and he uses scientific knowledge quite outside their ken to overcome everyday difficulties. For this quiet, simple, kindly man is one of the ablest chemists the world has known. In the seclusion of his laboratory he probes nature's secrets further than the microscope can follow him and he turns what he learns to most practical account.

From the beginnings of analysis chemists have sought the neutral fluid, utterly without chemical qualities. Mr. Howard has found it, has learned how to produce it. He takes an oil—any oil, animal, vegetable or mineral—and extracts from it everything which makes it an oil, breaks down the chemical globule and takes away every oily attribute, one by one, and in the end he has a fluid which is not in any sense an oil and is perfectly neutral.

This is of exceedingly small globularity and spreads and penetrates amazingly. It will ooze through an ordinary tin can with ease. It fairly defies the law of gravity by running up the bare arm one plunges into a container of it. It is neutral, not to be stopped by chemical opponent nor changed by chemical affinity, and it makes its way into a fibrous structure like leather, textile or paper beyond the power of oxygen—or oxidation, anyway—to follow. It can be used as the basis of any synthesis, the base of any chemical compound, the carrier of any chemical elements required to perform a given task.

What the chemist has already done with this neutral fluid is a story of magic and what may yet be done with it fairly taxes the imagination. One finds it all through the leather industry. Howard has improved many of the processes of tanning and manufacture. He redeems leathers spoiled in tannage or stiffened by water or burned and made brittle by the acids in perspiration. He waterproofs leather and makes it far more durable. Belting leather he doubles in tensile strength and, in special instances, renders it impervious to acids as well as water. And from such uses he and his neutral fluid have gone far afield.

It is the foundation of his manner of fireproofing textiles, really protecting them against fire. What this means in the case of workers' clothing goes without saying. With equal ease the chemist renders permanently proof against moths any textile, and without the slightest change in it which the eye can detect. Mildew in the heavy cotton fabrics of which sails and tents are made is a thing of the past, now that the neutral fluid carries into their fibers protection against the bacteria which cause it.

Horses and cattle find a boon, indeed, the compound on a Howard formula which protects them against flies and other insects. And many are the uses of a preparation based on the neutral fluid which destroys all odors of whatever character.

The chemist prepares a chemical film which completely and forever seals iron against rust. Filmed with this and painted, it may never have to be painted again. He prevents the disintegration of rare old book covers and rare prints by use of a solution which preserves them against decay. The neutral fluid is the basis of his treatment of white paper so that its appearance is not altered, but afterward silver wrapped in it will not oxidize if left for a hundred years. Men's and women's clothing may yet reach new low-price levels because of a radical improvement in the spinning industry, at the bottom of which is this wonder fluid of Howard's.

Besides, the chemist has made Mrs. Howard numberless dustless dusters.

Running along with all this is Howard's work with fibers. Here he strays over into the realm of physics, but what he has accomplished has been by chemical means. It had been accepted that fibers, those delicate strands with which nature weaves and man cannot hope to duplicate, were solid, but Mr. Howard found this a wholly wrong conception. Painstaking investigations made it plain to him that, far from being a solid structure, each fiber was but a bundle of lesser fibers and for these he coined the term "filamite."

Each filamite, in turn, was but the braiding of lesser filamites and so on indefinitely, and, using chemical agents, this worker of miracles has actually divided and subdivided fibers till he has crossed the borderline of human limitations. Unmistakable evidences of reaction convince him another subdivision has taken place, but it has produced a filamite too fine for human eye to see, even aided by the most powerful microscope.

This is reaching out toward infinity and the solemnity of the thought by no means escapes the chemist; but abstract science for its own sake interests him not at all. His discoveries all but take one's breath; he has on record more than 1,000 original formulas; he gains at will three different reactions his brother chemists have held to be impossible; and never once has he approached a problem from that angle. Ever this modest New Englander sees science as a practical resource. He is one of the most helpful men of his time. Only where there is a wrong condition to be righted or a difficulty with which chemistry can cope is this knight-errant of the science ready to tilt a lance. Then he always is.

Even so, the world has been laggard in treading a path to the Howard door, though for long he has been known as the trouble man of the leather field. Nor has Mr. Howard given much thought to commercial aspects or to money—unless he wishes to do some charitable act, when his right hand and his left knew naught of each other's activities. None of his many formulas is patented, though that is not so strange when one realizes that to patent a chemical formula is often to give away its secret.

Recently, though, friends determined that his long years of earnest effort, his thousands of experiments and his tireless search for truth, should not be lost to a careless world and that his future years should be free from financial worry. Financing the undertaking securely, they built him a fine new laboratory at Wollaston, Massachusetts, where Mr. Howard is now teaching a group of younger chemists secrets wrested from nature through the years. His secrets will not die with him.

First of all, Howard is a leather chemist and has been for 40 years, and he has left his impress on that industry. He didn't start out to be, however, and only became a chemist by accident. He comes



Photo reveals one of the many activities of Mr. Howard, who is at work in his laboratory. The beautiful hydrangea (in the circle) is a favorite of Mr. Howard's.

of a line of shoe manufacturers, but in his youth seemed scarcely strong enough for that and so went into the business of his mother's people, carriage-making. He didn't like it and shortly left it in favor of the spring water business, purveying the water of a famous spring on his grandfather's farm.

Soon he was making beverages from this, and in the end that made him a chemist. Their chemical composition attracted his serious attention and he read up on it. Naturally studious, he took up the United States Dispensatory and after once going carefully through its 2,000 odd pages, was so engrossed in the subject as to read it through again. Then he hired a chemist to come to South Easton and teach him the subject. Later he studied and worked with Professor Alexander Bernstein, a leading chemist then living in Boston.

When Howard hung out his shingle as a leather chemist in Brockton, most people wondered what that was. But he had been deep in the chemistry of leather for some time then. An uncle, a shoe manufacturer, had set the young chemist's thoughts in that direction by asking him to find why hemlock leather, a more durable tannage than oak, was often made so hard and brittle by the tanning process as to be all but unworkable. At the end of more than a year of hard work, Howard told his uncle why this was so, but even then he had only begun. In all the centuries of human development there had been almost no improvement in tanning and he found that tanners didn't know what they were doing when they went through the orthodox processes. Science had never been applied to their efforts.

The purpose of tanning is to preserve the skin or hide in flexible, usable condition. First, the grease, oil and other matter are cleaned from the fibers as well as may be and then tannic acid is introduced. Microscopic slides of the fibers of hemlock leather showed Howard that the resin of hemlock extract was not evenly deposited on the fibers, but often thoroughly disturbed nature's exquisite arrangement of them and matted and clogged them. Crystals of it, improperly dissolved at first, or which had recrystallized, lodged among the fibers, and across the keenly sharp edges of these minute forms tautly drawn fibers were often cut and broken.

The chemist's task was to break these up, to redistribute the tannin and, if possible, to get more efficient penetration. The details of his accomplishment of it would make a lengthy tale. Suffice to say that eventually he did accomplish it and on the way learned about fibers that which upset all previous beliefs regarding them.

But he was still a long way from his goal, for he had been working with minute quantities. He could use chemical agents on the head of a pin which would break up a tannin crystal and redistribute it; the problem was to make this practical—he could scarcely solve it with a multiplicity of pin points. He must have a suitable liquid carrier for the chemical elements he wished to send in and this didn't exist: or, I mean, it hadn't been discovered.

Wherefore, this patient scientist put on the shelf everything he had been able to do thus far, all his knowledge of fibers and filamites, and set out after—well, in reality, after the neutral fluid. He was to travel a long, weary road and meet many a setback, but went at the task with stout heart and was soon deep in the study of oils. Whale oil, fish oil, animal oils, such as neatsfoot and others from hides or wools, vegetable oils of many kinds, all came under chemical scrutiny.

Mineral oils would not do. All oils contain acids, but mineral oils contain too much. Lard oil was supposed to have its value, but Howard found it actually detrimental instead; there was too much stearic acid in it, and three months afterward the leather on which it was used was in worse condition than ever through volatilization and cementing of fibers.

When Howard began extracting from oils the undesirable qualities, he took a long stride toward his goal, the neutral fluid. One can cover with a sentence the months and years of untiring research, of achievement and disappointment, and always of unflagging toil in the laboratory. In the end there came out of it all a neutral fluid—which was not an oil, possessed no odor, was not greasy, did not attract dust and was of such small globularity as to spread and penetrate well-nigh unbelievably. He had broken down the oily structure, the chemical structure, and had removed every definite quality, leaving an absolutely neutral liquid.

With this as a carrier, Howard could penetrate his leather fibers at will and send in whatever chemical properties he desired; not in leather fibers alone, but in any fiber and, to an extent, in any molecular structure.

Beside the Howard home in South Easton, where one would look for greensward, there is a patch of buckwheat, which is not one of the chemist's agricultural experiments. That is for the birds. In the winter, when the snow has covered most of their food, they come and live on it.

"Why leave the growth so thick in that piece of woods opposite your house?" a friend asked Howard one day. "That ought to be thinned out if you expect to get any good timber out of it."

"I don't," replied the chemist, with something of embarrassment and even a bit of defiance in his tone, "That's my aviary. The birds have to have some place to stay."

The Things That Go Into Our Wastebasket

Sooner or Later That Which We Consign to It Is Likely to Come Out Again

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

THE morning mail is in and opened; what it is does not greatly matter—bills, receipts, some friendly letters, other men's problems, chances for doubling your money in six months, Russian, Armenian, Near East Relief literature, propaganda camouflaged with high disinterestedness—just a cross section, done in script and print, of a friendly, troubled, estranged, promoting, seeking, serving world. Croesus' purse could not meet all the appeals for help, nor Solomon's wisdom be equal to the requests for advice; propaganda is irritating, photographed starvation is depressing, and one's own work is waiting. File the receipts then, dream a little over the friendly letters and virtuously resolve to answer them, put the bills away against a more convenient day—and the wastebasket for the rest. Nothing is really more simple. One's desk is cleared and the real business of the day may begin, said business being in this particular instance the industrious preparation of material for other people's wastebaskets.

On the whole there is an apparent fine finality in a wastebasket. It is the efficient and officious instrument of an over-burdened age, the solver of problems and a very present help in time of trouble. Its dimensions convey no suggestion of its capacity; it will relieve you of responsibilities and take without a creak the burdens you cannot bear yourself; it will silence protest and absorb criticism and never answer back; it will serve, upon occasion, as a substitute for conscience and is always the silent partner of your judgment and the sure revealer of your concerns and loyalties. A man may be known by what he puts into his wastebasket.

It becomes a place for creeds and conventions and outgrown institutions, and failures and disillusionments, and all the things we do not like or do not believe in. In our more grandiose moments we consign nations and cultures and epochs to the wastebasket, and go on complacently about our own supremely important business. It is, perhaps, our greatest invention.

There are, however, arresting moments in which one may well doubt the finality of the wastebasket or the real value of the system which it symbolizes. The wastebasket never solves any problem save the problem of one's own convenience, and one may pay too high a price even for that.

Won't Remain In, He Finds

MORE than that, things refuse to stay in the wastebasket once we have put them there. A clever Frenchman once said that one of the occupations of the twentieth century would be to take out of the wastebasket a good many of the things which the nineteenth had too hastily and too confidently thrown into it. You cannot consign any great age to the wastebasket. Sooner or later it will come out again. An age is distinctive by virtue of its direction of the currents of human history or its literature, or its art, or its scientific discoveries, or the perfection of its manners, and you cannot ignore such things as these. They may have been associated with grave defects and been wanting in proportion or insecurely established, but, none the less, they remain as facts to be remembered or forces to be reckoned with and even if you do not take them out of the wastebasket to praise them someone will be always taking them out to find fault with them.

You cannot keep outstanding forms of social organization in the wastebasket. Democracy has been put just there again and again but democracy keeps coming back rich in the old hopes and warm with the old passions, sheerly refusing to be dismissed till we have met its high challenge and justified its ways to men. Autocracy and Socialism and Individualism come back through the window when we have turned them out the door. Religion is equally persistent. One may wonder whether there is not among us today every fear, every hope, every superstition, every faith, every doubt which humanity has ever entertained, or whether there be a once discarded dogma which does not, in some form or other, still persist. There is a resurgent power in whatever concerns the wonder or perplexity or conjecture of the soul and its longing for some saving contact with the Unseen and Eternal which defies time and rises triumphant above the wreck of civilizations.

Of course, I have overstated all this, but there is at least enough truth in it to give us pause. Evidently vital things cannot be dealt with by the wastebasket method at all, for whatever concerns humanity is as persistent as humanity itself. Passions and longings, embittering or enkindling discontents, disillusionments and the high resolve not to be defeated in the fight for better states and better things, belong to a dimension of life in which the wastebasket has no place. The forgetting of all this is responsible for a vast deal of our futile effort to leave our past behind us. One of the more radical representatives of the most radical school of modern poetry has been recently proposing that the art and literature of the past should be entirely destroyed. Each generation, he says, should consume not only its own smoke but its own creation, and leave for those who follow an absolutely white page at the beginning of every chapter in the book of life, and all this because the past not only so obsesses the present as to make free creation impossible, but because each present is rich in experience and sensation which demand absolutely new forms of expression.

The fallacy of all this, not to speak of its foolishness, lies in just this, that there are no new experiences or sensations. There are new vehicles but the resultant experiences are old as humanity. A motor car is wonderful enough but the man who first rode a horse and felt the wind in his face has exactly the same sensation of emancipation in motion as the man who drives his car sixty miles an hour. Flight may magnify but it does not transform, and the contention of the more advanced that we have a wealth of life and sensation unknown to our fathers and our fathers' fathers will not bear examination. If the past were destroyed we should be in no wise more emancipated, we should still be in bonds to ourselves and sooner or later, in answer to the same facts and forces, we should rebuild strangely as they built first, re-enact a great body of the law we destroyed and even lift against the sky those spires of aspiration which we had pulled down.

If All Did the Same, What Then?

BUT the truer principle of keeping and throwing away still remains to be considered. We cannot, in our relation to ideas and institutions and in our self-accommodation to the endless flow of life, keep everything; that goes without saying. Even our slowly accumulating fund of knowledge must, somehow, be disposed of. True, one fact does not necessarily crowd out another, but every mind has its Plimsoll mark and something of the old cargo must be jettisoned before a new cargo can be taken on. Laws need repealing as well as enacting. You cannot superimpose institutions beyond a certain point, nor write new articles in any creed without some crossing out of old ones. Whether we are dealing with our desks, our bookshelves, our attics, our societies, or our souls, the question of what to keep and what to throw away is always insurgent.

Life is here, as always, the surest teacher and it needs no long sitting at the feet of experience to discover in life generally an arrestingly revealing principle—the principle of continuity and reabsorption. For when we have looked into our own wastebaskets and discovered how little there is which can be permanently kept therein, we have only next to look abroad to be taught that the God of the Universe has no wastebasket at all. Unless our brave conjectures be wholly false even dead worlds and extinct suns are gathered back into the stuff of which they first were made, to renew their eonian cycles. What Time wears down, Life rebuilds, and it cannot be otherwise with the things of the spirit.

If, then, a wastebasket is a baffling and futile thing and if in life itself there is no place for a wastebasket at all, we shall have to deal with apparent wastebasket material as we deal with all the challenges and residues of experience. Part of it is manifestly a subject for action, part of it for reaction. Nothing which has any meaning for life can be finally disposed of save in the resolution of action. It is a far call from the Categorical Imperative to a wastebasket, yet if one acted always on a maxim fit for a law universal, these same wastebaskets would tell a far different story.

It is at least a wise caution to ask one's self, before putting anything which concerns need or duty into the wastebasket, what would happen if everybody else were doing exactly the same thing. No one of us can possibly put into the wastebasket what has had meaning for his own life, and still less can any of us, or all of us together, put into the wastebasket what has had meaning for humanity.

"The past," says Maeterlinck in a marvelously penetrating essay, and I think his use of the past may so broaden out as to include also our failures and what we have outgrown since these really are aspects of the past, "is often *le foyer* (the word is untranslatable, perhaps it means scene or stage or center) richest in activity of our whole existence and, according to the spirit which calls us back to it, certain of us draw from it all our wealth, and others of us are there swallowed up."

There is, then, no possible separating the past and all its content from the present or the future. There is a persistent and saving instinct within us which will not let us rest in the face of anything that ought to be, and is not, done. And even when the unaccomplished has become the *fait accompli*—the thing done—it is equally persistent. If it has been wrongly done, it still remains to be righted; if it has been rightly done, it is an aspect of the general well-being of life submerged often enough beyond recovery or identification in the fullness of our social and spiritual wealth and our own personal force but, none the less, a present possession in the loss of which we should be unspeakably impoverished. In such ways as this the true value of the past is to be sought in what the past has made of us and in what the past asks us to make of the future.

We cannot really dismiss anything until we have won from it its moral meanings, and resolved its warning or direction into some new and happier conduct of life, or else solved the problems with which it confronts us and turned its challenge into achievement. We cannot put the too confident idealisms of the nineteenth century into the wastebasket until the twentieth or some other century has given substance to those ardent hopes; we cannot put despotisms into the wastebasket until we have achieved an ordered liberty, nor throw away superstition until we have compassed a reasonable faith.

Measuring Is Necessary

THERE is, then, nothing of what we have been or done which has not its present uses; old despotisms are in a strange way the keepers of new liberties, shadowed superstitions are necessary backgrounds against which to see the true values of a luminous faith, and remembered failures give final meaning to present success. We cannot tell what is useful save as we measure it, on one side at least, against what has proved useless. So conceived, this, which we commonly conceive the property of the wastebasket, becomes the true wealth of the soul. And just as upon occasion we take down a book, whose pages we have left unturned for a decade, to verify a quotation or seek some happy turning of a phrase, or give solidity to shadowy recollections, so we approach this seeming wastebasket stuff of life for correction or guidance, light and power.

We concern ourselves, therefore, too much about what to keep and what to throw away, and our judgments of dismissal are often as futile as they are superficial. Our commanding tasks are more positive and more grateful; to assert the right of the present hour over all the competitive claims of past success or failure, to enrich today's deed with the meaning and discipline of yesterday's task and by the force and veracity of what vision we possess direct what has been and what is toward what ought to be. And if our vision of what ought to be is clear and right, shot through and through with high purpose and carried to fruitful issue in brave action, we need have no concern at all about the ultimate disposal of even the seeming waste stuff of life. It will take care of itself. What is worth while endures, what is in essence transitory, is gone and there remains of it all only today with its duties, tomorrow with its hopes, and these backgrounds of recollection in whose blended play of light and shadow detail is lost, distance softened, far horizons subdued to tender wonder and life itself enriched by a sense of mystic continuity.

Lexington, Whose Villagers Did Not Disperse

Concluded from page 2

Cautiously, a few of the soldiers advanced and began to take up the planks, but the steady fire from the Minute Men drove them back. The front ranks wavered, turned, and the battle became a flight, then a rout. The survivors from Lexington, who had followed the troops, now fired at them from behind walls and trees, and, had not Percy arrived with reinforcements, few would have again camped on Boston Common. On a hill in Lexington he set up a cannon to cover their retreat, and, under its protection, they passed the Green, sadder but wiser than when, in the morning, they had misunderstood the spirit that defended its peaceful beauty.

The general aspect of Lexington center has not so greatly altered since then. The Hancock house is as it was, the Buckman tavern, where Parker's men took refuge and whose clapboards still bear the marks of battle, shows no sign of decay. So with the old Munroe tavern, where Percy's men held back the rebels and which he converted into a hospital, afterward giving it over to plunder. The wooden belfry from which the alarm was rung has been removed to a little eminence overlooking the Green, and the old church, a plain, square structure, was taken to Captain Parker's farm. Here his grandson, Theodore Parker, worked and played until he entered Harvard College.

Many of the colonial houses from which the patriots issued that morning are still standing. One of the finest of these is the Harrington house. There were two Harringtons in that fight. One, mortally wounded, crawled toward his home and died a few steps from the door; the other, a lad of nineteen, a fifer, came out unscathed, and lived to the age of 94, the oldest survivor of the battle.

The Green now bears several monuments. One, a simple granite shaft, erected in 1799, is the oldest monument in the country commemorating the Revolution, There is a noble and spirited statue of a Minute Man, and a granite boulder marks the line of battle. On its smoothed face is carved the brief speech of Captain Parker to his men:

"Stand your ground
Don't fire unless fired upon
But if they mean to have a war
Let it begin here."

We of the present generation are in danger of losing the touch of reality of those high deeds. The gracious sweep of the elms, those silent witnesses, the simplicity and dignity of what remains to us of those days, inspire us with some small understanding of their grandeur. In general, Lexington is for us a symbol, a high ideal, expressed by one of our modern poets, Percy McKaye:

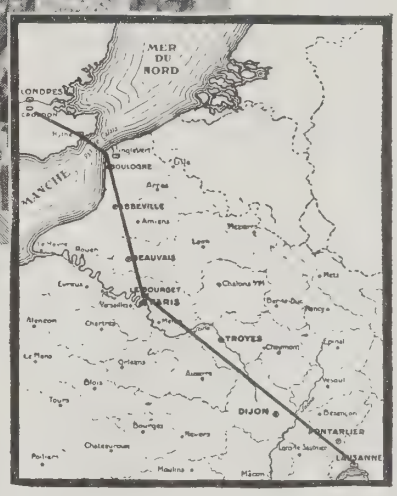
"For none who fall
At Lexington lie buried under stone;
And eyes of all
Who fight at Lexington look up to God
Not down upon his creatures under sod
Whose souls are sped;
They lie who say at Lexington free men are dead."

Transatlantic Aviation Is Near, Expert Says

Passenger Lines Through the Skies Soon to Connect World Centers



Above—Beauvais, France, as seen from an airplane on the route between London and Paris. (Courtesy of Handley Page Air Line.) At right—This trip, London to Lausanne, takes about 20 hours by fast train or boat; by air, it is made in six hours, with stop at Paris. The line has been established to give the Londoner week-end outings in the Alps.



By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

"YES," said my friend Charles Pélabon, president of the administrative council of the most important commercial flying company in Europe, "you will be going to America by flying boat in regular commercial flights in less than four years. There is no doubt about it. I set the date at 1925 conservatively. Dependable service may be established before that time. I would not wish to say. Ambition and rivalry in the commercial phase of the industry are intense, but the conservatism demanded by the strangeness of the air as a medium of transport and the considerations for safety we have always foremost in our minds are also great; greater, indeed, than our ambitions or our rivalries."

"The art of flying," continued this expert in aviation, "is new to man. It is still, in a very important sense, a fresh and experimental field. The physical difficulties yield and give way so rapidly to our efforts, that our chief problem is to adapt ourselves economically to the improvements going on from month to month. And there seems to be no end to these betterments. Machines are no sooner built and put into service, before changes are made; safety devices discovered; enlargements made possible, and so on, with the result that equipment does not wear out nor deteriorate, before readaptation has to take place and the machines junked or put into subsidiary service, to make way for something better.

"We will have all new machines for next year, stronger, larger, better and more suitable in every respect. We calculate that our business on the London-Paris line will at least triple in 1922 that of 1921. And there again we have no dependable standard of estimates. It may easily be 10 times greater."

Well, that all sounds very good, especially to those of us who are in Europe in business or for other reasons, and look with longing eyes to our connections at home in America and would go back and forth often enough for week-ends if it were not for the fortnight or month consumed by the now slow-going ocean greyhounds. This service of M. Pélabon cannot come too quickly for many of us. I suppose I have crossed the Atlantic not less than 30 times in the past 25 years, and that means, at the most modest calculation, not less than nine months at sea. Really, one gets enough of ships in time. Let us take to the air—and the sooner the better.

When one is up in the clouds a mile high, between London and Paris, and moving forward at the rate of two miles a minute, the consciousness of absence or remoteness from any place is not present, and it will be the same over the mid-Atlantic. One will know that within but a few lightning-like hours he will be at his journey's end.



And as the speed of human progress has heretofore kept pace with human movement—from the oxcart of the days of Abraham to the automobile and airplane of today, it would seem that mankind was just now pulling on an entirely new style of Nine-Mile Boots, or, indeed, had found a firm seat on the Magic Carpet of the Arabian Nights.

I will say something more here about M. Pélabon, because America is likely to learn of him during the next two or three years in a manner both agreeable and surprising. He is a serious young French bachelor, a pioneer in commercializing the air and modern airplane inventions for traveling, and is by way of taking the initiative with us, which has up to this time, as far as I know, been lacking, toward the actual establishment of a real commercial air passenger line between New York City and Chicago. He is a man of practical vision—plus, and is promoting commercial aeronautics, as he says, not so much to make it profitable to himself, but to spend a part of his great wealth in an interesting and useful way.

"My first flight was in a large airplane," he says. "I immediately bought the machine, and did so with the view of turning it to a useful purpose. This was the beginning of the so-called commercial air service between Paris and London. The enterprise moved slowly at first. Sometimes we could get but one paying passenger a month, sometimes more; then one a week; then several, and so on, until last season, we were making frequently two flights daily between Paris and London and vice versa, carrying for the day 30 or 40 passengers."

"What turned my thoughts to America in this connection, is the fact that at least, if indeed not more than, 50 per cent of our patronage is purely American. The Americans are a flying people. It is our plan to organize a passenger service between Europe and the United States as soon as possible. And as a part of our growth to this end, we believe that a dependable service, say from New York to Chicago, with stations and proper aerodromes at points like Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit, must first be established and put into operation. It is our purpose to take our pilots, our machines, if need be, our commercial and technical experience, and our money, and put into operation for two or three years that stage of a Paris-New York-Chicago-San Francisco line from New York City to Chicago. Two or three years' service on this 1,000-mile etape of the course named, will see us ready to negotiate the Atlantic safely and comfortably."

Representatives of the Pélabon company soon will be in America to investigate the question of passenger air lines between New York City and Chicago. Incidentally, it is the further purpose of this company to open booking offices in the chief cities of America, for its London-Paris service. Much is expected for 1922 in the way of advancements over the previous records of business.

M. Pélabon is building 12 monster flyers to carry 14 passengers each, at a cost of $40,000 to $50,000 per unit. These machines will have a guaranteed life of 400 hours flying service, which is double the life of those now in use. It is expected that they may run as high as 800 or even 1,000 hours in actual performance, and this is a most vital consideration in the development of the industry, as the planes are now wholly scrapped when they have been driven for 200 hours. I learn that a new invention has been perfected and will be introduced in these machines which will eliminate the noise of the motors, do away with the exposure of light or flashes from the exhaust, and at the same time increase the efficiency of the engine power.

No other country in the world can show as many active factories with experts and special exploitation of the aero industry as France. French Government subsidies in this connection surpassed 30,000,000 francs in 1921, with the result that flying lines have been established for civic travel, and are being maintained between Paris and London; from Paris to Strassburg-Prague-Warsaw-Bucharest; from London to Lausanne, via Paris, and one or two lines south as far as Algiers in Africa. The activity is intense.

Louis Bréguet, French airplane constructor and the head of one of the French lines operating between Paris and London, has built a machine to carry 17 passengers, and it is planned to fly it, or one of similar type, over the Atlantic as soon as satisfactory demonstrations have been made, and the commercial expression of aviation has become more pronounced. He calculates that this machine, which was shown at the recent aero exposition in Paris, will travel 190 miles an hour, or speedier than three miles a minute. It will have 1,200 horse power, and carry a crew of seven men.

These things are here today and in sight. But listen to what M. Bréguet, also a serious-minded man and engineer, has further to offer to those of us who may have another five, ten or twenty years of this wonderful twentieth century ahead of us, before we go to the place where air travel is presumed to be more in vogue than on our good old mother earth.

He says: "By the perfection of air compressors, which we are now at work on, and which will enable us to reach and maintain a flight in the air, say at an altitude of 10,000 meters, airplanes will attain the great speed

(Concluded on page 15)



Above—CHARLES PELABON, chief commercial aviation promoter of France. Below—Paris Plage, on the coast of France, as seen on the London-Paris air course. (Courtesy of the Handley Page Air Line.)

Balkanized Chicago, Geographically American

Concluded from page 7

W. Z. Foster, who captained the syndicalist-inspired steel strike of 1919, has returned to Chicago from a trip to Moscow. Again he is trying to gain control of some of the old-line labor unions and is making efforts to revive the outlaw railroad union which carried on the strike of 1920. He is making some progress among the railroad yardmen in this attempted revival but has had no substantial success elsewhere. With the assistance of John Fitzpatrick and Edward Nockels, president and secretary, respectively, of the Chicago Federation of Labor, he has induced that body to adopt some "One Big Union" resolutions. The Chicago Federation, however, is nothing but a Sunday afternoon debating society. It has degenerated, like central labor bodies in most other cities, into a resolution mill. Its resolutions mean nothing because none of its constituent unions will back them up. The only useful purpose served by the federation is to act as a safety valve through which certain types of radicals may blow off steam. Fitzpatrick and Nockels are no longer regarded seriously as labor leaders by workingmen, but to those outside the movement, especially the parlor "liberals," and the college and social settlement radicals and "intelligentsia," they appear to be significant figures.

They command a great deal of publicity in the newspapers hostile to trade unionism. These papers are only too eager to print their more radical utterances in order to discredit the labor movement and to promote the "open shop" crusade which is being actively waged on paper by the commercial secretaries and press agents leagued with the Illinois Manufacturers' Association. These gentlemen are naturally anxious to convince their employers that they are earning their pay—hence the sound and fury of the open-shop movement, which is making little real progress. Chicago remains a union town and only the folly of labor itself could destroy trade unionism here.

In discussing Chicago radicalism and its relation to the Balkanization of the city one fact stands out in contrast to New York—that is, the comparative insignificance of the Chicago ghetto. There is nothing in Chicago comparable to the millions of Russian Jews of the East Side and Brownsville.

In fact, the Poles and the Swedes appear to be the coming groups in Chicago's racial melange—which under the circumstances is not a bad sign. The German burgers and skilled workingmen have long ago ceased to be numbered among the newcomers and just to the north of Chicago, in Milwaukee, they dominate a city freer of bandits and bombers than any other city in America—so much for racial homogeneity in contrast to the crazy-quilt population plan of Chicago.

"Big Tim" Favored at City Hall

VIOLENCE such as that which now confronts Chicago would be impossible in any community where the police department was honestly and efficiently administered. It would be impossible even under Tammany rule in New York to the degree that it exists in Chicago, for the worst that Tammany has ever done to the force there is to render it morally lax. The New York force has never allowed itself to be flouted or defied by organized physical opposition.

The majority of the Chicago police force are, of course, honest and fearless but the man on the beat never knows whether the "higher-ups" want him to act. No matter what the chief may say nor how much authority he may be given, in statements for public consumption, the individual policeman knows that there is divided authority at the top. After he sees certain classes of men always go free after arrests he concludes that they have a "drag" and lets it go at that.

"Big Tim" Murphy has been favored at the city hall. He handles the street sweepers' union on election day. After his release from jail on the Enright murder charge he was received at the city hall like a conquering hero. There is no question that the Lundin-Thompson machine has "done business" with the Murphy group—just as it has done business with nearly every racial, religious or economic group in Chicago. In a Balkanized city a political machine must be continually forming and reforming alliances, ententes and coalitions. It cannot be nice in its choice of friends. Who ever saw a professional politician who cared *what kind* of votes he got? *How many* is the question.

The titular head of the political organization now dominating Chicago is Mayor William Hale Thompson, but the "man behind"—the creator of the organization—is Fred Lundin, a Swede, who rose from a patent medicine wagon and troupe of singers voicing the praises of Wizard Oil to power and affluence. He gathered together the wreckage of the old Lorimer outfit and formed some new alliances with racial groups to elect Mayor Thompson in 1915. In the campaign a quiet appeal was made by Lundin henchmen to elements which were apprehensive of the reputed political influence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. This was a popular plea in many quarters. It helped line up the Swedish pastors for one thing and gave the Swedes a new-found political coherency which they had heretofore lacked, as compared with the more politically proficient groups.

Once in power these initial issues quickly were forgotten or discarded openly. For a brief time there was in evidence at the city hall and in a few police stations some anti-Catholic feeling, but it would take a microscope today to find any real evidence of such an attitude on the part of the Thompson administration.

How Mayor Thompson bid for the support of the Germans and other friends of the Central Empires, after he was elected, is too well known throughout the country to require repetition here.

Although Thompson is a shrewd politician, Lundin remains the real boss and organizer. Thompson plays a rôle very similar indeed to that of Hylan in New York, who is under the tutelage of Murphy and Hearst.

The operations of bandits and booze runners reached such a pitch some time back that Thompson announced a drastic reform of the police department by appointing as chief Charles Fitzmorris, former newspaper man, ostensibly giving him a free hand to clean up the department. Fitzmorris was heralded as an amateur, but in fact he is a veteran politician, having followed an early career as a newspaper reporter, with service as private secretary to Mayor Carter Harrison and filling the same job under Thompson. Fitzmorris claims to have done wonders toward the suppression of crime, he is well liked by the better class of citizens and has a favorable entree with newspapers that are opposed to Thompson. However, the city averages more than a murder a day, apartment dwellers are buying chains for their doors to prevent the entry of bandits, and business houses are being guarded by private guards to an increasing extent. Despite the advice of Chief of Detectives Hughes to citizens not to resist hold-up men, the sale of pistols has increased enormously, because the bandits have developed the habit of assaulting victims who are found with only a little money on them. District Attorney Crowe charges that Fitzmorris' clean-up claims are counterfeit and that the police, as of yore, are protecting favored gamblers and dive keepers.

Negro Vote Thompson Aid

ONE of the principal political assets of the Lundin-Thompson machine has been the Negro vote, which has increased in importance because of the migration of scores of thousands of Negroes from the South during the war, when they were brought in to man the war industries.

The Negro vote of the Second Ward turned the tide for Thompson in his first campaign. One of the Negro councilmen from that ward is the Thompson floor leader in the city council. The ward is a pest hole of vice and Negro political bosses in the ward operate some of the vilest dens ever seen on the North American continent. In these all-night cabarets orgiastic dances are performed by Negro men and white women. Thousands of the better element of the Negroes have signed petitions asking for the closing of these places, realizing that they furnish tinder, which a spark may light into race riots that would repeat the slaughter of 1919. The people have paid little attention to the newspaper revelations of these conditions, because Thompson, taking the Hearst cue, has harped steadily on the string that the public utility corporations are persecuting him because of his advocacy of five-cent fare. He has apparently convinced a large part of the people that the exposures of vice and graft are inspired by the corporations.

For seven years the mayor has been promising five-cent fare, but Chicago still pays eight on the surface cars and 10 on the elevated. The transit system is hopelessly out of date and the traffic congestion in the loop is choking the city's prosperity. All projects of subway construction have been halted by the mayor, who opposes any deal with the existing companies by which the proposed loop subways would link up with the present elevated lines.

The conviction is quite general, among newspaper men especially, that the Thompson organization wants the five-cent-fare political issue rather than five-cent fare, and fears that a settlement of the traction question would mean the end of its control.

The mayor's answer to this charge is that his plan, which requires the creation of a traction district on the lines of the sanitary district which built the drainage canal, has been blocked in the state legislature by the corporation lobby. He insists that his plan is the only way in which municipal ownership can be achieved without the people having to assume the burden of the watered securities of the existing companies. Chicago has voted for municipal ownership every time the question has been on the ballot and Thompson is playing keen politics in this appeal. It is also probably true that his traction district plan is the best, provided it could be kept free from graft.

Hearst in Chicago Politics

AS A factor in Chicago politics, Hearst, who loomed strong in the days of the last Harrison Administration and smashed Roger Sullivan with the vain hope of creating his own Democratic machine, has now subsided into a "Me Too" for the Lundin-Thompson organization. In Chicago, Hearst is an ardent Thompson Republican—in New York, a Hylan Democrat. After many years of rousing the proletariat and spitting the gizzards of the bourgeoisie on the pens of his editors, Hearst, it would seem, has ordered his Chicago papers to soft-pedal and rake in the dough, while the raking is good. The *Evening American* which has become odiously prosperous and is creeping up on Victor Lawson's *Daily News* in department store advertising, seldom says much these days that would ruffle the most conservative member of the Board of Trade. Of course, there are a few canned editorials, "Star Company" products, which occasionally remind one of the red-hot past. The *American* still slams the "traction barons," who are used to it and get paid for taking it. Even the *American's* cries for lower fares have become less strident recently since it has become somewhat evident that a fare cut means a wage cut. By the way, there will be neither, if it is left to the elevated and surface companies.

Hearst's morning paper is playing strongly to the business element. It is making strenuous but futile efforts to catch the *Tribune*. The two are the last survivors of the numerous flock of morning papers that prospered in Chicago when the Hearst *Examiner* was started some 20 years ago.

Except for the Hearst papers the Lundin-Thompson organization has enjoyed the solid enmity of the press and thrived upon it. The *Tribune's* fight against Thompson has been bitter and would be effective if it were not for the fact that Chicagoans as a rule do not credit its sincerity. The *Tribune* is one of the most interesting and virile newspapers in the United States, but few have been so successful in creating enemies. It has become like the Los Angeles *Times* or the Denver *Post*, a paper that everybody reads, but nobody follows. Probably the majority of Chicagoans today attribute the *Tribune's* relentless war on Thompson to the act of Thompson's school board in demanding that the *Tribune* pay a more adequate rental for the school property upon which its old building is located. The rental was ridiculous and the *Tribune's* position hardly defensible. Of course, Thompson's action whetted the *Tribune's* resentment, but Thompson would have had its opposition any way, as his associations and methods are distasteful to its controlling minds.

The *Tribune* is disliked by the majority of the Jewish element who have never forgiven the McCormick family for their former friendly and profitable relations with the Czarist government of Russia. A propaganda story against the *Tribune* in Chicago is that the *Tribune*—which had no influence with the Wilson Administration—induced Secretary of War Baker to send the American expeditionary force to Siberia, because the Bolsheviki had confiscated the plant of the International Harvester Company in Russia. This is an effective tale because there were Chicago regiments in Siberia and they suffered intensely.

Professional politicians dislike the *Tribune* because it will not stand hitched, because it bolted the Republican party in 1912 to support Roosevelt and because it destroyed the old Lorimer organization.

Its older readers are resentful of its growing tendency to play down to the mutt mind, by emphasizing sex stuff and freakish features. It is frequently remarked by the older element in the community that the *Tribune* is aping Hearst in his worst phases. This is a mistake. There is no imitation. James Keeley started the *Tribune* on that course, when he tried to print a three-ring circus every morning.

Strictly as a newspaper the *Tribune* is unworthy of its place as the principal morning paper of the fourth largest city of the world because it does not present for the intelligent section of a population of 3,000,000 such a picture of the world's events as they are entitled to. Its treatment of any running news story is fragmentary, hitting only the high spots. But freakish and changeable as it is, the imputations on the *Tribune's* sincerity are usually wide of the mark. It is independent of corporation control and has attained such a degree of prosperity that it need pay no court to any advertiser no matter how big his account may be.

Pioneers Stock Going Out

IN A way Chicago still has an American crust and front, but the older stock is being rapidly displaced, even in the banks and the courts which are usually its last strongholds—witness Massachusetts. In Chicago even the professions are being swamped by the newcomers. There are new residential sections on the North Side where a native American physician is a rarity, while the law schools are being crowded by young Jews.

The pioneer families of great wealth in Chicago show signs of pinching out. The flood of scandal stories in the Chicago newspapers has a significance that is perhaps only understood at the city's admirable psychopathic laboratory.

The men whose names were synonymous with Chicago before the fire of 1871 have left sons to waste their substance in riotous living. Names on the social register are frequently found on the police blotter, or the bootlegger's list. The gunmen and bombers can read of prohibition raids on fashionable social clubs most any time, and from such items make their own revaluation of American law and order.

As to the middle-class American—the man with an income less than $6,000 a year—it has become almost impossible for him to reproduce his kind. *The apartment house landlords will not allow American babies to be born and reared if they can help it.* At the same time the various welfare agencies in the slums across the tracks will see to it that child-bearing is made easy and child support assured for the alien mother.

Despite these signs of decadence, the native American stock of Chicago is, to only a very slight degree, responsible for the Chicago "Intellectuals" and their "new American novel" of filth and squalor which has so intrigued H. L. Mencken that he has declared Chicago to be the literary capital of the United States. Most writers of hobo banalities and dreary obscenities here do not hail from Chicago. The names of many show their origin elsewhere.

To these artists of the cesspool, American traditions of manhood and womanhood mean no more than the conceptions of American self-government and law mean to "Big Tim" Murphy, "Frenchy" Mader or "Con" Shea. Their "intellectual" strong-arm stuff is of a type with that of the sluggers and bombers whose trial impends.

That trial means much to Chicago. It determines whether the American constitutional and juridical system can survive, when the population it is imposed upon no longer derives its origin from the racial stocks that evolve that system from its heredity, traditions and history.

Mexico borrowed the American Constitution—it didn't work there.

Will Balkanized Chicago have any better success with American forms of government—or is the form already an empty shell?

Transatlantic Aviation Near, Expert Says

Concluded from page 13

of 27 miles a minute—and cross the Atlantic Ocean on the incredible schedule of two hours and fifteen minutes!"

Nevertheless, the English Government is keenly awake to the necessity of supporting commercial air traffic, as a preparatory school and conscript field for quick mobilization of military air forces in case of war.

As an example of the growing practicability and use of air traffic for post and freight, it is a fact that rates on the latter between London and Paris have been reduced from an original charge of $1.75 a pound to a present rate of 10 cents a pound, and that mail schedules have been established by the General Post Office by which special air mail pouches are handled from 15 or 20 English provincial cities, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Glasgow, and so on, including, of course, London, shortening the time of mail delivery to near and far eastern points from 24 to 48 hours.

All sorts of non-bulky freight parcels are carried, heavy machine parts, small live animals, birds, fancy poultry, cats, dogs, and so forth. A $5,000 Persian cat was carried over the other day. Many babies have been transported, and a shipment of 26,000 false teeth was made recently by an enterprising manufacturer. Insurance rates have been reduced to nearly nominal. The utility of air freight transport is demonstrated and it is growing rapidly.

On the other hand, the conviction is apparent in the British air ministry that if a military empire is to be maintained, that is, if the British Empire is to live as it was born, and has lived during the past, through military power, it must be handled in the future by an air force. The day of military transports of large bodies of men, of marching armies in foreign lands is past.

The Britisher has had enough of that. The *home fires* have been allowed to burn too low since the armistice, to bring this about a second time. Plans, therefore, are working for the establishment of military stations, with aerodromes, hangars and all the paraphernalia of war in the far-away places of the world, such as in Persia, Afghanistan, Africa and India. England's colonies, dependencies, protectorates, and so forth, number something like 80 or 90, if I am not mistaken, and to police them all with military units strong enough to resist revolution, and a struggle for freedom, such as is going on now in India, and recently in Ireland and Egypt, would be out of harmony with modern thought, and consequently impracticable from an economic point of view.

With these things in view, more especially, perhaps, than the altruistic support of commercial aviation, as now exhibited in her several established lines, London-Paris, London-Brussels and London-Amsterdam, she proposes paying for the manufacture of approved types of commercial planes, and leasing them to her two commercial air line companies at two and one-half per cent of the machines per month. When 31 payments have been made, or 75 per cent of the cost of the planes, the machines will be turned over to the companies as their own property. Besides this, a subsidy of 25 per cent of the gross receipts of the companies from the carriage of passengers, freight and mail is proposed.

This is the general subsidy scheme. It is not yet in operation, but will be inaugurated as soon as the companies are further developed by the present temporary subsidies of three pounds for each passenger carried on the lines and three pence for each pound of mail or freight. Under this emergency arrangement the government carries one-half of the insurance and agrees to take the planes off the hands of the companies after 45 per cent of the manufacturing cost has been paid, and replace them with entirely new machines.

The ensuing five or ten years will witness the exhibition of an intense rivalry between England and France for the leadership in aviation, ostensibly in the field of commerce and civic traffic, but in the background there will be the military aspect.

Under American Shingles: Irv Cobb's Home

Concluded from page 3

outgrew the hole. Irvin got his head and shoulders through, and there he stuck—his shirt full of peanuts, and on him, wouldn't let him go any farther. Well, the old man blistered him right well with a board while he was stuck there, and Irvin didn't get out until he tore his shirt off. I remember that every time I see a man with pompadour hair. Cobb was the first person I ever saw with pompadour hair, and I can picture him with it yet. You know, pompadour doesn't fit everybody, and it certainly didn't fit Irvin.

"But since he was 24 or 25 years old, Irvin's got lazy; he's changed. Before that when he wanted money he'd work at anything to get it. He was the most industrious kid in Paducah. During vacations he used to work on an ice wagon, because it paid him to do it.

"In those days, a white boy and a Negro worked together on ice wagons. The Negro did the work, and the white boy did the collecting. Well, Irvin had an awful big business. People preferred to buy ice from him, because when he was making change he'd tell them funny stories. While he was doing this his patrons would get tickled at the stories, and say, 'Oh, you go on, and keep the change.'

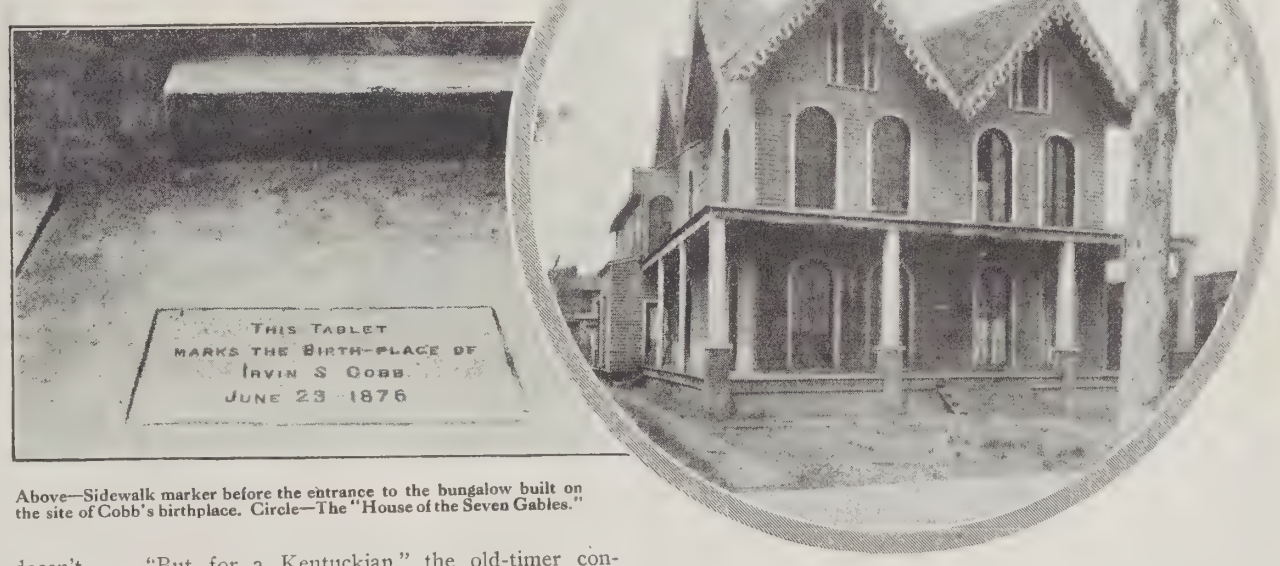
"Irvin always enjoys coming back to Paducah. There's no upstageness about him at all when he's here. He gets just as much fun out of us as we get out of him. Success hasn't spoiled him—he's just a big, lovable fellow, who has all the kids and dogs in town after him," conversation continued.

"I guess he gets more fun out of the kids than he does out of us, and we're his chums from boyhood. I notice him with my kids out home. He gets them on his lap, and draws funny pictures for them by the hour. With a pencil in each hand, Irvin can draw a horse with his left hand, and a cow with his right, at the same time. Or, he can draw a woman's head with his right hand, and a man's head with his left hand, at the same time, and that tickles the kids. Drawing two things at once was one of his kid feature stunts. It's curious, though, that Irvin doesn't write more darky stuff," was the statement marking the close of the conversation—it was dinner time, and noon dinner in Paducah is the event of the day.

"Irvin understands the colored people perfectly—their sense of humor; their originality of expression, and all that sort of stuff. And, he understands as well as anybody can the general basis of what a darky thinks, and why he thinks just that way. All the colored people in Paducah are for him.

"You never could expect to see anything quite as impressive as the talk he made to them in the Washington street Colored Baptist Church, and their reception of it, when he came back from one of his war trips. The place was crowded with Negroes. Now, this church has a very remarkable choir. I can just see the heart of Africa before me when they sing. Cobb was impressed with the situation when he saw his audience, and heard the choir sing, and he never will be in any better form than he was that afternoon.

"Irvin was talking about the things different Negroes did in France. He took the case of one, and then the case of another, calling each of them by name. The Negroes listened quietly for about 30 or 40 minutes; then they went wild. You know how they call on the Lord when they're excited? There was one old colored woman in the back of the church. After she got warmed up, and Cobb got warmed up, she would just say these same words, interrupting Irvin time after time: 'Oh, Lawd, jes' lissen to dis man's testimony.'



Above—Sidewalk marker before the entrance to the bungalow built on the site of Cobb's birthplace. Circle—The "House of the Seven Gables."

"But for a Kentuckian," the old-timer concluded, "Irvin isn't quite natural. Originally he wasn't a talking man for public purposes. Oratory, you know, is particularly a Kentucky gift. Now, you can't find a lawyer who is any easier to listen to."

What you've read is the outcome of a question: what does his home town think of Irvin S. Cobb? Companion to it is the query: what sort of a town is it?

Well, in Paducah you do not emotionally shrivel. You get the real sunshine of the South there—the warmth and glow, you know, that *is* the heart of the human South. Mingled with this sunshine is rich flower fragrance, and melodies that carry the true southern appeal to your senses. Paducah, also, is a very old place, and it has been a sort of a natural happening ground for typically American events. These events are treasured in typically American fashion, so that you get the full force of them.

The main topic of conversation in Paducah always, of course, is Irvin S. Cobb. After Cobb comes the "House of Seven Gables," a unique structure built on the Lower Ohio River—an old place, with a niche in war history. Lastly, there is the mad stone. The stone is about the size and thickness of a domino. When it is placed on a wound caused by the bite of a rabid animal, it is said to absorb the poison. During that time, the stone cannot be pulled away, without taking some of the flesh with it. When it drops off, no more poison is left in the wound. Then the stone is boiled in milk, and the poison comes to the surface in bubbles, about the size of new peas, and of the same color. Faith in this stone is widespread—victims of rabid animals come from as far away as New Orleans to have the Paducah mad stone applied to their wounds.

What's All the Pother? Oh, Yes, Nov. 7, 1922

Concluded from page 10

Democrats may talk until doomsday about the League of Nations and Republicans may do likewise about an Association of Nations. Arguments like these are losing their stumping usefulness. Much as the people may have preferences, their first experience has not been such as to conduce them to a state of mind where they wish to hanker for more. The slogan they like and can understand must be reduced to a universal as well as personal equation, something like the "full dinner pail."

International relations, judging by the growing mood of the people at large, will not figure for much as campaign issues, first, because the people themselves do not understand them, and, second, because they are policies that can be analyzed and weighed, by voters, only after they have been put through, and that by economic reaction.

The most ominous sign of popular dissatisfaction lies in the meeting of the two national committees to devise ways and means, as well as ways out. The Republicans are still staggering under an aggravating load of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Democrats are not much better off. Both look to, and hope for, the "humble individual contribution," but nevertheless big contributions are necessary.

It is easier, in a way, to get $50,000 from one source than to split that sum ten thousand different ways. One is all velvet, moreover, and the other entails costly bookkeeping, which reduces the net. There is this disadvantage, however; that the $5 or $20 fellow kisses his money goodby, whether worth it or not, while the $50,000 fellow wants to look out first and look in afterward.

That is why the people have grown tired of the tariff and kindred affairs in their election issues. They suspect that the great ado about these things is related to capitalism, and there is no gainsaying the fact that Washington politicians still play to and for Capitalism. This Capitalism is not necessarily the ancient and hoary Moneybags; it is now assuming other forms.

Of course, it will be easy enough to say that the people are always as interested in bygones as of yore, and the politician up for re-election will play on this one string for all he is worth, but the best test is to take the voter unawares and ask him or her, "how about November?"

It will be obvious, therefore, that Congress has its strong men, few as they are, and they compare favorably with the historic members of the past. What is necessary, however, is that the rank and file of Congressmen be selected with a view to their being of greater service and usefulness to the people than to themselves. It requires selecting men who will not forget, as soon as they are elected, that they are public servants, in every sense of the word.

Otherwise it will be something like this:

"What we need is a more businesslike type of public servants, I think," said Mr. A. Voter.

"There you go, pa," his wife exclaimed, "talking about servants again! If public servants ain't any better than domestic ones—lan' sakes!"

That is not a joke conversation.

I heard it near Delaware, Ohio, halfway between Columbus and Marion, while visiting the two presidential candidates in 1920.

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

Reports from Geneva state that 49 men and one woman were killed during the winter sports season. This does not include 25 persons, the members of a Hungarian wedding party, who were killed trying to cross the River Tisza when the ice gave way, drowning all.

King Fuad, the new ruler of Egypt, suffers from a throat malady which causes him to emit a cry like that of a wild beast. Before he can speak or breathe with comfort he emits an unearthly sound which embarrasses him and his hearers.

An unbroken flint arrowhead was found imbedded three-quarters of an inch in the dorsal vertebra of an Indian skeleton found near Dublin, Ohio, recently. This is proof that Indian arrows were fatal and caused more than flesh wounds. Another example found in this region showed that an arrowhead had penetrated an Indian's brain one-half inch.

A new type of airplane wing made it possible recently for a Handley-Page machine to ascend and descend almost vertically in England. The new wing is slotted and operates like a bird's wing when it opens and closes the main feathers for slow landing.

Pistol Inn, of Chicago, formerly the wildest dance hall and saloon in the Middle West, was closed by Judge Landis a year ago and is now known as the Union League Club, a boys' club composed of street gamins of 11 different nationalities. Shakespearean plays are put on by the new drama league connected with the club, with all the parts taken by boys.

Ninety per cent of 753 farmers, who replied to a questionnaire in the eastern states, consider time saved to be the greatest advantage received from the use of motor trucks. Nearly one-fourth of these farmers are now selling at better markets than before they had motor trucks.

Mayor Oles, of Youngstown, Ohio, has announced his entry into the race for governor of Ohio, running as an Independent. He states there will be a campaign fund of $100,000, raised by popular subscription, and that a private train, a freight car load of red fire and a brass band will accompany him throughout the state on a speaking tour. His platform provides for a law to prevent cities from issuing bonds without first getting the approval of electors. The emblem he will use over his name on the ballot will be "a streak of lightning."

Dedication of 85 elm trees to the memory of John Burroughs, the naturalist, recently took place at Big Indian in the Catskills. Each tree represents a year in the life of Mr. Burroughs.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

Of the 22,000 criminals examined by the superintendent of New York State's reformatories, only four were college graduates. Seven per cent in a group of 1,000 prisoners had high school education, 25 per cent had finished grammar school, and 64 per cent had attended only primary grades.

An ancient Saxon law has been unearthed in England, technically known as "the doctrine of coercion," under which a wife virtually is the property of her husband.

The Bolshevist, George Chitcherin, was photographed at the economic conference in the act of shaking hands with Louis Barthou, head of the French delegation. When M. Barthou discovered that photographs had been taken of the exchange in greetings he demanded that the film be destroyed. The movie men ignored his request and prepared to show the film in the motion picture houses along the Champs Elysées.

A new marvel has been added to London life in the form of a collection of electric display advertising that has been erected on buildings fronting Piccadilly Circus in the heart of the theater district. The display makes the New Yorker think of Times Square 20 years ago but it is a novelty to the Englishman.

The Rockefeller Institute is studying the causes of yellow fever in Mexico and a special commission has been appointed to gather data on the work done by other medical societies and institutes at work in the fever districts.

A new aerial mail service has been established between London and Copenhagen, making it possible for mail posted in London in the evening to be delivered in Copenhagen on the afternoon of the following day. The line is operated by a Danish company, whose service also connects Copenhagen with Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

Pullmans for women are being run on the Chicago and Alton and the Wabash railroads out of Chicago and on the main branches. This is an innovation and is meeting with the approval of many.

Premier Lloyd George during his last visit to Criccieth, Wales, gave a tea party to 19 ancients who were his father's pupils at Troedyrallt school more than 60 years ago. The senior "old boy" was 91 years old and still works as a carpenter. Another guest, now blind, used to carry love messages between the premier's father and mother.

School children at a little village near Bucharest made up a purse to "aid the children of families made destitute through the destruction of the Knickerbocker Theater in Washington, D. C." The children believed the disaster was one affecting the entire American people and as Rumanian children have received aid from America they chose this method of showing their appreciation.

French traffic experts will try to solve congestion difficulties in Paris by reserving alternate streets for one-way traffic.

In a new fuel the combustible part of coal is conserved and the ash is eliminated. It is believed that this new fuel will find a market for the poorer grades of coal and present new opportunities to railroads and steamships which are dependent upon high-priced fuels. The new fuel may be stowed dry or in plastic or semi-liquid form and may be handled by conveyor or pump or fired by any automatic or mechanical device for firing coal. Tests prove it has 42 per cent steaming advantage over the best steaming coal available at this time.

New York City last year paid $100,000 for their supply of "frog legs."

Lignum-vitae is the hardest wood known. It is the only wood that can be used for the bearings at the stern end of the propeller shafts of steamers and nearly every large steamship is dependent upon a block of lignum-vitae for a smooth-running screw. The fibers of this wood weave back and forth, crossing and recrossing each other in a manner that resembles the weave of an automobile tire.

Piping made of paper by an improved process is the invention of a Frenchman. This piping is made by winding paper in a very tight manner together with the use of an adhesive compound. It is almost unbreakable and very light.

A lake, rich in carbonate of soda, has been discovered near Kulumda, Siberia.

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Crucible of the Motor Car

Never a Dull Season Among Art Forgers

The Truth About the "Curb"

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

There's Never a Dull Season in Art Forgery

An Industry World-wide in Its Scope; Products Go Into Homes of Millionaires

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

This is the first of two articles by Mr. McGarry. The second will appear in an early issue.



Photo of a painting of the Duchess Visconti attributed to Il Bronzino, noted Florentine master of the early sixteenth century.



Photo of the same painting, partially cleaned of its modern fake and revealing some of the original on which it had been painted.



A still later photo of the same painting, showing more of the detail beneath it.



The original finally cleaned, revealing half a panel that formerly contained a painting depicting the miracle of St. John the Evangelist. This ancient work of art was destroyed to get an old panel as the foundation for the Bronzino fake.

AN INDUSTRY of world-wide scope in which there is never a dull season is the business of forging paintings in the names of famous artists. From headquarters in a half-dozen European cities, the products of this industry are sent over all the world, particularly into the United States and South America, where millionaires abound. Just now intensive methods are being used to expand the market in this country, for the business suffers with honest industries of international size by reason of the loss of the great Russian market.

In the articles of which this is the first an effort will be made to reveal not only the amazing extent of this form of swindle, but also the methods used by the forgers in making up imitations that will pass as originals even under the microscopes of some experts. Instances will be given also of the tricks employed by the sales experts of this great international swindling trust to get the publicity which is essential to the profitable marketing of their more costly spurious "masterpieces."

At the outset it should be made clear that the forgeries are not confined to the copying of work by artists long dead. Let a painter rise from the ranks of obscurity to a position of popularity, and before long he will find the market filling with supposed examples of his work of which he has no recollection and can find no record. When he dies the supply will double overnight, to an accompaniment of apparently spontaneous and unrelated newspaper stories purporting to tell how this or that example of the great man's work was "found." Fake paintings ascribed to Homer Martin, Inness and Wyant were sold all over the United States while their friends were still alive. The art stores were filled with alleged "Blakelocks" for years, while the painter was in retirement, and the stories of how he recovered from his illness to denounce the forgeries are still fresh in the public mind.

When it is said that all these forgeries done in America represent but a small part of the foreign business, at least in money value to the forgers, the reader may get some idea of the scope of the industry. Every artist knows that in every art center of Europe there are scores of clever copyists steadily employed in the making of fake masterpieces. To the artist it is a source of never-ending surprise that a market can be found for all these works. Knowing from his own experience the years of toil required for the most gifted painter to reach perfection; knowing that there are definite physical limits to the output even of a hack painter, he cannot understand why the rich American fails to realize that the supply of real works of art is likewise limited. Warnings have been issued at various times by noted European connoisseurs, one of whom asserted some years ago that if all the so-called masterpieces treasured by museums and private collectors were genuine some of the masters would have had to live 200 or 300 years to do the work now ascribed to them.

The forger has little difficulty in overcoming any suspicion that may be aroused in the mind of the rich American by these warnings. He uses the simplest form of flattery—the appeal to the Yankee pride in his ability to take care of himself. But his main reliance is on secrecy in disposing of the great bulk of his work. By far the larger proportion of the fake paintings bought are mere daubs that would not pass the scrutiny of the ordinary art dealer with only a cursory knowledge of masterpieces. The methods used for disposing of more high-priced fakes to collectors who are experts entail an entirely different course of procedure, which will be described later.

When an American who has not been a collector of paintings is picked out as a victim it is a simple matter for the forger or one of his accomplices to scrape up an acquaintance. That is generally done at one of the European resorts, where the American has gone for recreation. The forger prefers to catch him on his first trip abroad, when everything is new and strange. It is then no trick at all to be obliging and to show the visitor around. He is introduced to members of really noted families, some of whom are frequently well paid for their services in helping later to swindle him. In due time casual reference is made to some other "member of the nobility" who is in straitened circumstances. In a club or house party group to which the American has been introduced, for instance, some one remarks that this man who has seen better days may be forced to sell his "Van Dyke" or the work of some other noted painter.

It is explained, still without any apparent effort to interest the American, that the owner of the painting is too proud to offer the treasure at public sale. The impression is given that it has been in the family for generations. In some European countries there is a legal ban against the removal of works of art to other countries, and that also is referred to. By such means the American is given to understand that the owner of the painting is forced to sell it secretly, if at all, and that he is naturally willing to take a ridiculously low figure for it. The rest is generally easy.

The "low figure" may be anything up to $10,000. When the American has paid over the amount he is urged to keep quiet about it, and he generally does. Often he never discovers the deceit. In thousands of American homes such frauds are proudly displayed as treasures of the world's art. If the owner, generally by accident, discovers that he is cheated, in the majority of cases he is quite willing to keep his loss to himself rather than to endure the publicity of exposing the thieves. He feels that to do so will make him a laughing stock, so he pockets his loss, disposes of the painting and tries to be more careful in the future.

When the forger deals with a man who has learned something about art and has become more or less noted as a collector of paintings he uses different methods, and better imitations. Some of the latter are extraordinarily well done. To unload them on the unwary collector it is not unusual for a group of swindlers to plan and execute a campaign lasting for many months and extending halfway around the world. It begins generally with the announcement in some obscure continental city that a long-lost masterpiece, or some hitherto unknown work of a great master, has been discovered. The announcement is never made until some expert has been found who is willing to declare it genuine for a share of the profits, or who is really deceived by the painting. It is then easy to get the approval of other experts.

One need not wonder at that. It is merely a matter of self-protection. *The expert earns his living, directly or indirectly, through the circulation of works of art. If the extent of frauds should be generally revealed and admitted, a condition would arise in which even the most careless collector would refuse to take the risks of making any more art purchases.* Likewise, even the best of the experts is likely to make an error. When one has approved a painting the second to whom it is shown hestitates to denounce his colleague, fearing to make an enemy who may have it in his power some day to discredit him. So the main thing for the forger is to take due care in the preparation of the "documentary history" and false affidavits that generally go with such a fraud.

When the proper publicity has been given to the "discovery," customers are not wanting. Nearly all the large American collectors have agents in Europe constantly on the watch for works of the great masters. Disposal of the forgery at a high price is easy. If necessary the swindlers send it from center to center, gathering credentials as to its genuineness, and finally ship it to an American dealer, who offers it for sale.

Sometimes the "discovery" is made in this country. A few years ago, for instance, a group of forgers executed a clever trick to get publicity for a fake masterpiece. The forgery was covered with a cheap watercolor, so carelessly that the oil painting beneath could be detected. Customs officials became suspicious. They easily obtained an artist to clean off the water color, revealing a supposed masterpiece beneath, on which

the swindlers were forced to pay a high duty. The resultant publicity of the supposed attempt to smuggle a masterpiece into the country under cover of a daub brought many inquiries, and finally the painting was sold at a high figure.

The uninitiated may think that only novices in art matters are taken in by these frauds. But the fact is that virtually all collectors are swindled at some time or other. Of course, the owners of noted art galleries never admit it. The facts come to light after their death. It was not until John G. Johnson died in Philadelphia that the extent to which he had been victimized became generally known. Then it was learned that when the famous lawyer and art collector found that he had been swindled it was his custom to cut the forgery from its frame, roll it up and thrust it into the furnace of his home. He did that on several occasions until he hit on a better scheme. In his later years he bought only under a written guaranty, backed by financial responsibility, and subject to the approval of Professor Pasquale Farina, noted restorer of paintings, who had charge of the Johnson collection.

It was Farina who revealed the fakes in the Johnson and Wilstach collections of Philadelphia. In the possession of that expert now there are several examples of the more clever forms of art forgeries, some of which came to him from the collections of other noted Americans. A specific example to be described in these articles is from a Chicago collection. Another was bought by a Cleveland millionaire. The fakes were discovered when the restorer was called in to examine paintings that had been bought at fabulous prices. He is, of course, bound in honor not to reveal the names of the victims who are still living.

A remarkable thing brought to light by Professor Farina is that real masterpieces painted not later than the eighteenth century never lose their brilliancy. The reason is that the old masters used natural earth colors, instead of the synthetic paints that have come into use since then. Some of the self-styled art experts of Europe disagree with that contention, because it makes the forging of paintings extremely difficult. But the proof is to be found in many of the greatest galleries of Europe, in South America and in this country, where Professor Farina has made restorations. Colors of the ancient paintings in these collections, which will be described in more detail later, are far more brilliant than those given by modern paints. The flesh tones particularly are remarkably lifelike, with a glow that is now a lost art.

The reason why this discovery makes forgery hard is because those who are in the business of selling fakes to rich men have labored for years to create the impression that a genuine old master must be dim with age. That impression had its origin in a perfectly natural way, but it has been turned to the advantage of the forgers. Long before America was anything but a wilderness, great painters flourished in Europe, and particularly in Italy. Their work and the work of their students was bought by the wealthy families of the day, when it was not made specifically for churches and cathedrals. For centuries these paintings were considered unimportant.

Must Be Dim, Forgers Held

IT WAS not until well along in the nineteenth century that the craze for collection was fairly well launched. By that time most of the really famous paintings were in European museums, churches or the homes of rich families. When high prices were offered the owners sometimes sold, but before long the supply was not equal to the demand. Agents of the art dealers scoured the cities of Italy and the rest of the continent, picking up the work of pupils of old masters, many of whom soon became famous. As a rule they found that these paintings had not been cared for. They were thick with dust and varnish.

When the increasing demand brought the forgers into the field they were quick to hold that a really ancient painting must be dim with age. It must have what they called the "golden glow" which was and is easily applied in the form of many coats of varnish and wax. It must be cracked, as the old painting that has not been cared for is cracked. If the paint was chipped away in small spots at the sides and corners, revealing aged canvas beneath, all the better. The paint itself must be hard as stone, so that it would turn into dust if bored with a needle. And always it must be shown in a dim light.

The forgers found it easy to supply all those demands. If they could not find an ancient canvas containing a picture relatively worthless over which to paint a fake masterpiece, they could and still do treat new canvases with chemicals to make them look old. By many experiments they learned that new paint could be hardened by indirect heat so that it responded to the needle test the same as ancient pigments. Forgeries were literally roasted for days. That also produced the cracks. *The fact that the edges of the cracks turned inward, while the cracks of age on a painting invariably turn outward, meant nothing to the forgers because they knew the buyers did not know the difference.* Soon the business of forging paintings on canvas developed into an art.

Painters of great skill but without creative genius fell into the business of copying old masters. It offered ready money and less thought than original work. The method was to select some known example of



Left—"Youth and Love," by Carlo Dolci, 17th century Florentine master. Right—The same painting after the fruit and flowers had been cleaned away, revealing the head of John the Baptist and bringing to light Dolci's noted masterpiece, "Salome with Head of John the Baptist," that had been lost for 200 years. A forger covered the head because he thought it might be too ghastly for his rich customers.

the work of a famous artist which could not be bought, preferably something owned privately and not subject to public view. By some means the artist gained the opportunity to study the painting and to make sketches of it. Then he applied himself to all the publicly owned works of the same painter. It is not uncommon today for a forger to spend many weeks with a microscope, studying such works, noting the characteristics not seen in the paintings of others, the thickness of pigment, the length of brush stroke, and scores of other details familiar to the professional. When he has finished his study he can make a copy which is a replica in everything but the spirit that was the sole possession of the original painter.

In another type of forgery less skill is required. It concerns the primitive, made in the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries on wooden panels. It is no trick at all for the clever painter to copy one of those early works of art, made in the days when the first of the Italian masters and writers and musicians were leading Europe out of the long period of the Dark Ages. The real difficulty is in giving the panel the appearance of age. That is done with acids and at times with buckshot, to produce "wormholes." Heat is applied to form the cracks, as in forging canvases. The work is so easy that few really good forgeries are made. For instance, woodworms never have been known to eat through pigment. In all the authentic examples of such panels the wormholes stop at the paint. But the forgers frequently shoot holes through paint and all, and still are able to find buyers who will pay $300 to $1,000 for their fakes.

Fake masterpieces painted over old canvases containing studies or sketches by pupils of great early painters are numerous in the galleries of American collectors. The late P. A. B. Widener, traction millionaire of Philadelphia, gathered a collection that was said recently by a noted European expert to be one of the finest and most valuable in the world. Yet there is no question that he was frequently the victim of swindlers. Only a short time before his death he forced a dealer to take back a group of paintings the purchase price of which was $750,000.

Death Brings Out Fakes

AFTER the death of a collector the truth often comes to light. Photographic copies shown herewith illustrate how the late John G. Johnson was swindled. It is easier to get at the facts when the collection is left to the public, as is the case in this instance. Mr. Johnson left thousands of paintings to the city of Philadelphia. In addition, during his lifetime he donated many valuable paintings to the Wilstach collection in Memorial Hall, Fairmount Park, already owned by the citizens of Philadelphia. Elimination of paintings from such a collection becomes a matter of public knowledge.

One example was purchased by Mr. Johnson as the work of the famous Van Dyke. It was a likeness of King Charles I of England. So expertly had the forger copied the work of the master that it fooled many of the leading experts of Europe. At the time it was purchased Mr. Johnson had learned some of the tricks of art swindlers. He bought it only on the recommendation of men who were supposed to know. Before the purchase was completed it was viewed and examined by many of these men, and sent to a number of continental cities for the examination of others who were unable to spare the time to visit the painting. It should be stated that Mr. Johnson was a great lawyer. He was known for a dozen years before his death as the leader of the American bar. Big corporations sought his opinion on matters of the utmost importance, and many a merger was put through only after he had approved the form of its organization.

But some years after the supposed Van Dyke was given a place of honor in the home of the Philadelphia collector, by that time himself an expert in masterpieces, he learned that his legal knowledge and his caution had been of little value in that particular purchase. Mr. Farina discovered that the painting was not a Van Dyke. Not only that, but he convinced the attorney that he had bought a fake, a far more difficult matter. As far as his own knowledge was concerned, Mr. Farina had only to make a microscopic examination of the paint. By so doing he discovered that the "Van Dyke" was done in synthetic colors; the product of the chemist's laboratory. He had already learned that synthetic colors were not used prior to the nineteenth century; that their first general appearance in paintings by masters was not until about the year 1840.

Sir Anthony Van Dyke, the famous Flemish artist, was born in Antwerp in the year 1599 and died in 1641. He could not possibly have painted the picture bought by Mr. Johnson. To prove that to Mr. Johnson, without going into a long dissertation on the difference between the natural earth colors used by Van Dyke and other early masters, Mr. Farina removed a little of the paint from the supposed masterpiece, sufficient to show beneath it a different figure. He was then able to demonstrate by means of the microscope the difference in the two kinds of paint. Synthetic paint is a complete chemical combination. If it is properly mixed it is what is known as atomically green or red, or yellow, as the case may be. Even when one of those colors is mixed with another to form a different hue, the mixture is a combination. But where elemental paints are used, the colors, even when mixed, retain their individuality.

It was possible for the collector with a microscope to discern the blend of colors used in the original painting to produce a certain tone, whereas he could not so separate the tones of the supposed Van Dyke. So he ordered Mr. Farina to clean the whole canvas. Mr. Farina removed the "Van Dyke," to reveal the portrait of a courtier of the period, unsigned. The general similarity of the two heads is only another indication of how patiently the art fakers work. Doubtless a long search was made to find a painting that would provide an easy foundation on an ancient canvas, for the spurious Van Dyke.

Work of Van Dyke Pupil

AT ANY rate, examination of the original painting soon showed that it was the work of a pupil, perhaps of Van Dyke, certainly a follower of the school founded by the noted Flemish master. It was a work that in the opinion of Mr. Farina and other experts betrayed talent, knowledge of draftsmanship, but not anything like the genius of the master. The age of the original was established by the enduring brilliance of its colors. Synthetic paints fade as chemical action takes place, but the early natural colors already had gone through that process of change in the crucible of nature, and they are everlastingly brilliant.

Another example was purchased in Austria in 1848 as the portrait of the Duchess Visconti. It was bought as the work of Il Bronzino, which was the name given to Angelo Allori, the Florentine painter born in the year 1502, who was chiefly noted as the favorite pupil of J. da Pontormo, but who was recognized in his own right and who painted such noted men of his day as Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio. The portrait was brought to this country and was inherited by A. H. Lea, a wealthy Philadelphian. It was painted on a panel 31 by 40½ inches. In May of 1914 it had become so dark, dull and foggy looking that Mr. Lea decided to have it cleaned. He sent it to Professor Farina, who discovered that it also was done in synthetic paints.

Before Professor Farina was half finished it was evident that he had come on a work of real artistic value. When the cleaning was complete it revealed what was evidently half of an original representation of the martyrdom and miracle of St. John the evangelist, who was pitched into a fiery cauldron. The work is excellently done, and although the name of the artist is not known, the half-painting is treasured by its owner as of far more value than the fake Bronzino.

This example more than any other that has ever come to light betrays the wanton character of the swindlers. In their search for an ancient panel they came across the picture of the miracle. The fakers deliberately cut the panel in half and painted over one of the halves the fake Bronzino. Unquestionably the other half was used for a similar purpose, and some day may be brought to light under another fake painting attributed to some famous master.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 34, June 17, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Mr. Kingsley "Answers" Edison

PRESIDENT DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, of the New York Life Insurance Company, has made public reply to a financial questionnaire published by Mr. Edison some weeks ago. In it he denies that the use of gold as money adds to its value, and that error is practically the basis of a dogmatic harangue covering several columns in *The Insurance Press,* which carries the reply *in extenso.*

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has no desire to enter the controversy beyond calling attention to the fact that the foundation of the argument being unsound, the disputant fails to win his case.

Gold is money because the law says it shall be money. The demand for gold as money must certainly add to whatever value it has besides. Deprived of that demand, as it might be if any other commodity should be selected in its place, it certainly must fall in relative value to all other commodities.

Fortunately, the United States presents ample proof of this fact within the span of President Kingsley's life, in the demonetization of silver. He will not deny that silver, which had been at a parity with gold at the coinage ratio from the establishment of the United States until the time of the "Crime of '73," at once dropped to half its value as compared with gold. Had the efforts of New York, London and Berlin financiers in 1857 prevailed, the situation would have been reversed. If today platinum should be adopted to succeed gold, silver would have a yellow companion in its depreciated company.

President Kingsley is head of one of the most important insurance companies in the world. That company doubled its holdings by the demonetization of silver, as did every other company in the same business. Mr. Kingsley has enumerated the reasons gold has been selected as the money base. But platinum is as much better constituted than gold as gold than silver. In every quality it is superior in all respects. Evolution, if the quality of redemption in any commodity in money is to be retained, must some day select the finer metal. Under any logical succession of events gold is doomed.

What President Kingsley says of the stamp of the mint is an actual truth. It is a certificate of the amount of pure metal in a coin, not after it has been in use, however. If any coin shows abrasion by wear or sweating or clipping to exceed a certain per cent of its proper metal content, the mint stamp is no longer the certificate of weight and the coin is no longer money.

The United States owns no gold. It has set a price on gold and that price does not vary and will not vary unless Congress enacts another. That price is $20.67 an ounce. There is hardly enough gold in the whole world to redeem the paper currency of the United States, and every dollar in circulation that is not a representative of so much gold or silver, lacks the backing of those metals.

Yet the money of the United States is sound, as President Kingsley claims. Its soundness, however, does not depend on the 40 per cent of gold (in proportion to volume of circulating medium) held by President Kingsley and his Wall Street coadjutors, *but by the faith and credit of the people of the United States,* who, through their representatives in Washington, have declared that every dollar issued by their authority is a full legal tender for all debts, public and private.

President Kingsley's talk of an international value to gold is mere prattle. Gold is worth in any country *just what that country will pay for it,* just as is the case with any other commodity, with this exception, that the gold in the United States is not the property of the United States but of the Money Kings, and if we must borrow we must expect to pay their price.

The Cut in Freight Rates

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has ordered a ten per cent cut in railway freight schedules. It is not a very great concession to public demand, but it is something. That the result will be an increase in net earnings by the roads would not be strange, since any increase of business can be accommodated without increase of expense.

The cut, however, is not deep enough. The claim to returns on investment is extravagant, for investment actually is smaller than capitalization. It is estimated that about one-half of the capitalization of the railroads of the country is water. That can best be determined by a careful estimate of the cost of physical reproduction. It is known that the big transcontinental lines were built more to enrich the projectors than for public service at reasonable rates. It is also known that in other ways the manipulators of railroads have used them more for stock-jobbing than for their legitimate purpose, and that "Big Business" is the profiteer. The values in shares held by small holders vary, but rarely will a case be found where the investment has been at par. A small holder of stock bought at say half its face value is as clamorous for full returns on his investment—six per cent on its face value—as if it had cost him the full amount.

The effect on the labor situation remains to be seen. It should have none. The addition of one car of freight to each train, either in local or through service, will take care of the ten per cent cut and the entire wage cost of the train. This can be demonstrated by taking the charges for carrying one extra car for the distance run, the cut in former rates and wage cost of that car. Take from the earnings the two latter items, and the net remainder will be larger than many would imagine.

The action of the Interstate Commerce Commission is praised, but if it had been taken a year ago, whatever benefit it may show would have been proved by this time. But a year ago the commission was of the opinion that rates must be higher or the railroads would lose money. Even later voluntary reductions in some classes were denied permission.

Comparing Prices

A STRIKING comparison is made by *The Retail Lumberman,* of Kansas City, in a specimen advertisement suggestion to its patrons. Illustrated with cuts to visualize the comparison, the text reads:

> Ten hogs—average 250 pounds each—one year ago would have brought this amount of material —today will buy the same amount of material and this much more.

"This" was pictured as 1,000 feet No. 2 boards, 2,000 shingles, 500 feet first-class oak flooring and 500 feet wall board. "This much more" is represented as two squares roofing, 2-5 X panel doors, two gallons paint, 1,000 No. 1 lath, 50 pounds nails, 15 sacks cement.

The comparison of relative prices is an appeal for the farmer to go on with his building operations, but is not so genuine as it looks. One year ago the farmer had taken his loss on pork, but lumber and building materials had not fully done so.

That Little Toe

SCIENCE seeks to develop a cornless foot by amputating the small toe, which pedologists assure is absolutely unnecessary, and has no function in fashion or fact.

Chiropody dignifies itself with associational meets, at which corn doctors look wise, even if bored, and listen gravely to discussion on the ills to which the physical human understanding is heir. One of these meets was held recently in Chicago, and the most discussed paper on the program was one advocating the Cinderellizing of the feet, especially those of the women. One reason given was to conform the foot to the lines of the modern shoe. Formerly, to have met this end, the foot would have been trimmed on both sides, the great toe being a bunion breeder because the shoe was pointed to a center. Styles change, and the straight line inside of the heel and sole permit the great toe opportunity to work.

Fashionable women have been known to undergo small-toe amputation, and to advise their friends to do likewise, but this is the first time the profession has underwritten the idea.

The Keynote: Fewer Words

ARE facile tongues and powerful vocabularies necessary to high office in the United States?

The majority of men who have held high executive, legislative and judicial places have been public speakers. And the present generation in office seems to believe that oratory is a duty they owe to the public and some of them give little more than oratory in return for the offices bestowed upon them.

The parliamentary system of government which grew up in England and was passed on to America has produced much public speaking. In this country, lawyers, perhaps more than any other type of man in business or professional life, have been the seekers after public honors, and lawyers as a part of their profession are users of words.

The early days of the Republic required definition of the aims of the government, and the debate over the formulation of national policies naturally brought public speakers to the fore. Following the Civil War, the wide development of the spread-eagle oratory which fulminated on patriotism made the candidate with a "gift of gab" the most successful.

During the last few years, the general public has become more and more disgusted with public servants who believe they are called upon constantly to speak their platitudes. Men in public office apparently have not sensed this change in heart, and still the *Congressional Record* is crammed with thousands of thousands of words devoted to proving that the particular statesman who has the floor loves his country dearly.

It will not suffice longer to express love for the "dear peepul." Much language will no longer excuse little work. The country is demanding service from its statesmen. It would doubtless be quite reconciled to undergo an administration utterly barren of oratory.

Paying Debts in Straw

AN INTERESTING item, credited to the *Wall Strcet Journal,* is going the rounds of the press, calling attention to the large importation of straw hats from Europe, and suggesting the appearance of making good on war loans in trade.

The figure is not so incongruous as it seems. In fact, it is in trade all debts are paid. It was in trade the European debts of this country were contracted, and in the end it is in trade they will be paid.

Direct payment of public expenses involves the levy of taxes. The taxpayer is able to "render unto Caesar" the tribute demanded through his own efforts. Money does not grow on trees or in the fields, nor is it forged in the smithy or cast in the mold at the foundry as money; yet it is land and labor that produce it. Money is thus the representative of production and production, in exchange, is the means of paying all differences of account.

Not all of our exports are sent abroad in boxes and crates. The hundreds of thousands of American tourists in Europe avail themselves of American production for the enjoyment of travel. Their money supplies the exhausted purses of the visited countries, but it is none the less American production exchanged for foreign wares.

Each country is paying its debts in straw.

Cleaning Up Wall Street

THE New York Stock Exchange has closed out more than 150 brokerages in its fight against "bucket shops." In doing so it was surprised to find ten or a dozen of its members mixed up in the outlawed profession, and was forced to discipline some of them. But that did not end the trouble and it looks as if a monopoly in stock gambling is impossible of attainment.

By driving out the "bucket shops" and creating a distrust among out-of-town investors, members of the Stock Exchange itself found their own patrons taking alarm. They might have known that John Jones of Jonesville could not distinguish between a real member of the Exchange and the occupant of a desk in a dark office, if the latter used as good stationery; and that the failure of a Union Investment Company meant to him the smash of a J. P. Morgan & Company.

To add to the confusion the curb papers now report the swarming into Wall Street of many new and irresponsible young fellows, either clerks who had been patrons or former employes of the bucket shops, until there are three or four times as many of the outlawed class as there were before the raid commenced.

It is an odd thing, but these sensitive "Exchange" members cannot see that speculation is gambling until the little fellows try it. The difference perhaps is akin to the difference between poker and "craps."

Meanwhile, many of the "ruined" brokers are executing private commissions for their more aristocratic rivals, residing, the while, in the most fashionable hotels.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE question of Race does not turn upon the point of prejudice but upon the point of knowledge, and it increasingly challenges the thought of the world today. It is perhaps the last of the big social problems in its region; and it is headed straight toward the center of universal attention. There is bitterness and fear and violence and colossal injustice, but these are but the birth-pangs of the greater problem. The world is dividing more clearly along racial lines every year, and the outlook gives the wisest men a solemn pause.

One serious difficulty is the lack of knowledge concerning the races, which scientists cannot too soon fill up. But there is such a hopeless orthodoxy of science these days that it sometimes appears doubtful whether any existing school could competently tackle the problem. There is hope, however, that with the coming of the problem there will also come the mind that shall master it.

We have scarcely met the Racial problem in America at all. The talk about the "color line" is largely personal and local, and does not take in the full sweep of the question. Upon this country has fallen the high task, not of showing as some assert that all the races can live together upon one plane and in one community, but of showing which races can live together, and under what law all races can live prosperously. This nation does not pretend to assimilate all who come, but it does discover which elements are assimilable; and even those strains of blood which *we* cannot assimilate, find in our political ideals the elements which *they* can assimilate and use for their benefit elsewhere. Perhaps, in our thought of immigration, we forget the hundreds of thousands who arrive, live here awhile, and pass on again, carrying into other parts the elements they assimilated here.

The world has been in flux; the people have been flowing through the Americas; now there appears to be a great swarming of the peoples nearer their home hives. The races are drawing apart and race consciousness exists with an intensity that only marked caste consciousness before.

We have learned that national divisions do not really mark off different peoples. There are racial similarities which extend beyond and include many national boundaries. That is to say, national names do not indicate different breeds of people, but often the same kind of people making their political experiments under different forms in their own lands. We have learned enough to know that the Saxon is one whether in Germany, France, Great Britain, Scandinavia or America. A score of national political divisions may mark the people of this single blood-stream.

It may be likewise with race. Some of the divisions which we may think are racially alien may not be so at all. The accidents of color, in some cases, may not be indicative of racial differences. There may be a wider unity than we have supposed, and our false suppositions may be due to the incomplete state of human knowledge about the beginnings and wanderings of races.

A sufficient ground exists for thinking that there may be but two distinct blood-streams in the world. Human history, checkered with various names, may be but the reappearance of the same blood-stream in various countries at various times, now in Persia as Persians, now in Greece as Greeks, now in Rome as Romans, now in Britain as Britons; now in Babylon, now in Prussia, now in France. Where has the greatness of old nations gone? Did it evaporate into thin air, or did the racial element which created the greatness move out toward the west? The countries remain and go by their old names, people remain in them in whom we try to see the descendants of great races, and fail. Where has the great race stream gone? Did it move out on its mission to touch all the world with higher ways of life?

THE superior race is superior only in its qualifications to serve the less developed races. That is the only reason for superiority anywhere. And when dominance is used for selfish exploitation, or when it ministers to narrow pride, it brings its own troubles on its head. The Race Question is a real question. It grows more and more challenging. But its solution is not impossible. We need knowledge that will give us the racial facts. But we need most of all to learn the obligations of superiority. Every race cannot be assimilated, but every race can assimilate enough to develop a full life for itself.

There goes with this, of course, the proposition of a dominant race. This is the red rag of the whole question. That there is no dominant nation and no dominant political idea, everyone will agree. But that there is a dominant race manifesting itself in most of the nations, and in the world at large, seems to be an inevitable conclusion. It is possible that when history is well enough known to be correctly written we shall no longer be reading of "the rise and fall" of nations, but the arrival and departure of dominant racial elements in the now historic parts of the world. And, to complete the thought, it is not improbable that we shall ever again read of "the rise and fall" of nations, for now the dominant strain seems to have found its own place in the world, from which, henceforth, it will carry on its work.

It is not to be supposed, however, that present racial designations will be found accurate in describing the dominant race. A great deal of prejudice and some misfounded pride will fall before the facts. And it may be that dominance will have to be proved in ways not at all thought of now.

The one central truth omitted from all discussion of the dominant race is this: that dominance is an obligation. The whole solution of the race question, as of every other, lies in the stronger serving the weaker, the abler serving the less developed. The dominant race has not learned that lesson and may have to learn it through severe suffering. Just now there are dangerous agitations here and there among people whom the dominant race has not served as it ought. The protest of a less developed people against the selfishness and pride of the more developed people is well-founded and will be heard in the universal court of the justice of God. It is impossible for the dominant race to regard its blessings as an excuse for exploitation, without suffering the penalty. The penalty will not be the loss of dominance, for that is probably irrevocable; but it will be the serious consequences of a violation of the eternal law. The superior racial stream was equipped for the service of the others, not for exploitation and suppression; and until dominance comes to be superior obligation to service we may expect the confusion to deepen.

The whole matter is to be considered broadly. Even among the races called "inferior" (there ought to be a better word) individuals appear who are the equal of superior individuals of the dominant race, who stand as prophets between the peoples. Dominance does not mean at all the dominance of individuals, but of the racial movement and meaning and work. There is no room for pride at all; there is wide room for serious consideration of duty.

A mushy sentimentality, a "brotherhood" of words which does not emerge in action—these are not necessary at all. What we need is to see that one strain is equipped to do for the other what it cannot do for itself, and set it upon the road of living a life which fulfills its destiny; and the strain equipped to do this must do it, or suffer the consequences of neglected duty. These consequences usually come through the reactions of the very people whose welfare has been destroyed for gains of our own. There is something deeper in race riots than the mere clash of color.

There is time for the world to be wise. And wisdom will not be found in soft words, but in truth.

There has been too much agitation by our "international" groups of the idea that any race can become superior by the simple devices of conspiracy and violence. And there has been too much cocksure contempt among the "intellectuals" with regard to the whole question. Here is a task which will reward research and which will need the sincerest application of sound thought and good will.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Minnesota—the Land of Ten Thousand Lakes

How One State Is Capitalizing Its Great Water Resource

By EARL CHRISTMAS

MINNESOTA has known about its lakes for a good many years. It could hardly escape it. Sprinkled over the state, there are thousands of beautiful lakes. The Geological Survey puts the number at "upward of ten thousand."

Minnesotans are not particular about the number. They speak of them as Minnesota's Ten Thousand Lakes. As a matter of fact, there are more than that. How many there are, no one knows, but ten thousand have been charted.

In the multiplicity of its lakes, no other state can compare with it. Minnesota contains about 53,943,000 acres, and of this fully 3,608,000 acres are water. From the peaceful farming country in the south to the pine woods along the international boundary, the lakes are to be found. Sometimes, it is only an occasional lake among the farms. Or it may be a whole chain of lakes, a seemingly interminable chain of them, in the woods.

The very name, Minnesota, has to do with its lakes. The name is derived from the two Indian words, "Mini Sotah" (Mini, water; sotah, sky-colored) signifying "sky-tinted water."

Now Minnesota has been aware of the existence of these lakes for a long time. Every spring sees the annual migration to the lakes. People may live in the cities in winter, but when May comes hundreds of families gather up their belongings and move out to the lakes.

Back in 1917 a small group of men held a meeting in St. Paul and decided to advertise Minnesota's lakes. "We'll sell Minnesota's Ten Thousand Lakes," they said. "Just let the people down in these states to the south know about these lakes, and they will come to Minnesota."

It was difficult to get hard-headed business men to see the value of advertising water, but the plan went ahead. An association was formed, and appropriately enough it was named the "Ten Thousand Lakes of Minnesota Association." A fund was raised by private subscription. In 1918, the campaign was launched through advertisements in magazines, newspapers and booklets. Along in July, men down on the sun-parched plains to the south read the message: "Come to Minnesota—Ten Thousand Lakes are waiting for you."

The atmosphere of the pine woods, the coolness of summer breezes on the lakes and the lure of the fishing haunts were woven into that invitation.

The plan had its expected psychological effect. Thousands of visitors were attracted to Minnesota. The following year, the scope of the plan was enlarged. The Minnesota legislature, deciding that the advertising of its lakes was a state function, created the Minnesota Land and Attractions Board with an appropriation of $30,000 for the next two years.

Since that time, the Ten Thousand Lakes Association has operated under the direction of the Land and Attractions Board. Thus, it is a semi-official institution. In 1921, the state legislature increased the funds of the board to $40,000 for the biennium, or $20,000 a year. Meanwhile, the association continued to solicit funds to supplement the state appropriation. Altogether, last year Minnesota spent approximately $40,000 in advertising its lakes, and will spend about the same this year.

But the interesting thing about all this isn't the method, but the result. Last summer, 300,000 persons from other states visited Minnesota's lakes, and these tourists spent in the state approximately $20,000,000. The figures are obtained from a traffic census taken by the state highway department and from a questionnaire sent to all lake camps and resorts by the state Land and Attractions Board.

The effect of the campaign may be shown most effectively by similar figures which have been gathered for the last six years. In 1916, the number of summer visitors from other states to the Minnesota lake region was 13,000, and the estimate of their expenditures was but $750,000. In 1917, the number of visitors was 17,000. In 1918, the first year in which Minnesota began to proclaim itself abroad as the land of lakes, the number of visitors was 40,000, and the expenditures, figured from the average outlay of a large number of tourists, were $1,500,000. In 1919, the number of visitors was 145,000 and the expenditures $6,000,000. In the summer of 1920, the totals were 200,000 persons and $10,000,000 in expenditures, and last year the record of 300,000 visitors and estimated expenditures of $20,000,000 was reached.

Incidentally, that isn't a bad return for an investment of $40,000. In not many lines, can one get such a business at a cost of two mills on the dollar.

In 1917, the number of non-resident fishing licenses issued in Minnesota was but 9,562. Last year, the number exceeded 25,000.

Visitors came to the Minnesota lakes from every state in the Union last year. Some even came from foreign countries. The heaviest traffic came from the states to the south. The leading contributors were Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Ohio, Oklahoma and Texas.

Already, as the warm days begin, the inquiries are beginning to pour in, asking about vacation and fishing places for 1922. Some of these inquiries come from far distant points. South America frequently is represented. The other day, an inquiry came from Esthonia. Another came from Sweden. Another came from the Dutch East Indies. All wanted to know about vacations at the Minnesota lakes.

The majority of the visitors come by automobile. The number runs as high as 75 per cent, according to figures tabulated by the Ten Thousand Lakes Association.

"The visitor is bringing prosperity to the entire population in Minnesota," said State Senator P. H. McGarry, president of the Ten Thousand Lakes Association. "The hotel man, the garage man, the farmer and the gardener benefit. As new money is invested in the state, the merchant, the furniture dealer—the entire community benefits."

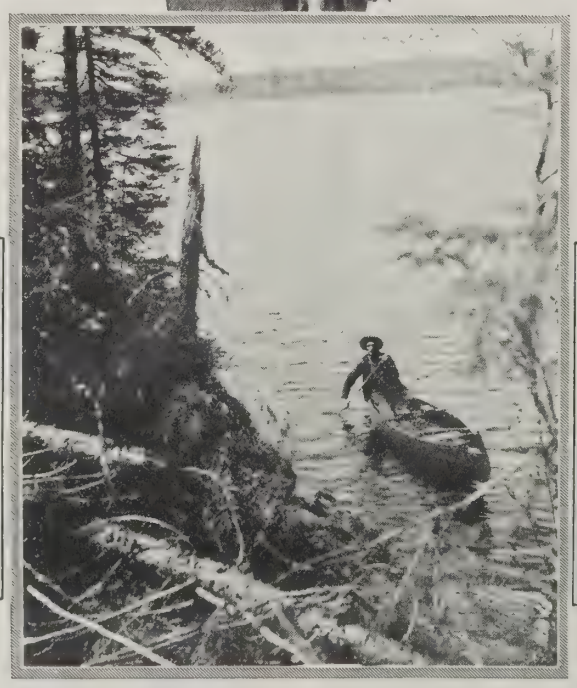
Minnesota has every variety of lake, from Lake Minnetonka, with its terraced homes, to the lakes in the wilderness along the international boundary. You may have a lake as far from civilization as you like, or you may have one with all the conveniences of the city at your door.

For those who like the wilder places, there is the great labyrinth of lakes along the northern boundary. This is a wild, uninhabited district, with mountains of rock and hills covered with spruce and pine. Moose, deer and beaver are abundant. The only means of travel through this region is the canoe. It has been described frequently as the greatest canoe country in the world. Hundreds of miles of canoe trails have been marked out. One may paddle for days and weeks and never see a habitation of man, passing on by easy portages from lake to lake in an almost endless cruise.

Farther west on the boundary, is the Lake of the Woods, with its countless wooded islands. Red Lake, in the north central part of the state, is the largest lake wholly within Minnesota. It is 30 miles in diameter.

Below Red Lake and extending down through the central part of the state is another great lake country. It includes the Bowstring country, the lake region along the divide between the waters of the Mississippi and the Rainy rivers, and farther south and west, Itasca state park, a virgin forest surrounding the source of the Mississippi River. Wild rice abounds along these lakes, and aquatic fowl make their homes in their waters. In the western part of the state, is the Lake Park region, a land of numberless lakes, with mixed forests, prairie and rolling hills. But lakes are found in so many places in Minnesota, it seems useless to designate the places. Only in a small area along the Mississippi River in the southeast part of the state are the lakes scarce.





Top—The lakes along the northern boundary of Minnesota offer an endless delight to the man who likes to follow the canoe trail through the wilderness. This is a view on Clear Lake. Center—Twenty-five thousand fishermen from other states journeyed to the Minnesota lakes last year. Bottom—One may paddle for weeks and days through chains of lakes in the wooded hills of the Superior National Forest. This is Lake Insula.



The summer home on the lake front proves inviting when the hot days come. This home is on Lake Bemidji.



Wooded islands are a feature of many of the lakes in Northern Minnesota. This picture is of Burntside Lake.

John Skelton Williams vs. the Federal Reserve

All the Odds Against Banker's Fight With Powerful Banking Board

By A. R. PINCI

IT IS many years since I have seen Thomas W. Lawson, the Boston financier; it is only a few days since I have stood face to face with John Skelton Williams. These two men have had a common object —that of educating the people to a better understanding of misdirected or autocratic or evil manipulation of private and public funds. Both were participants or witnesses, in given ways, in the acts and deeds which they have wished to expose.

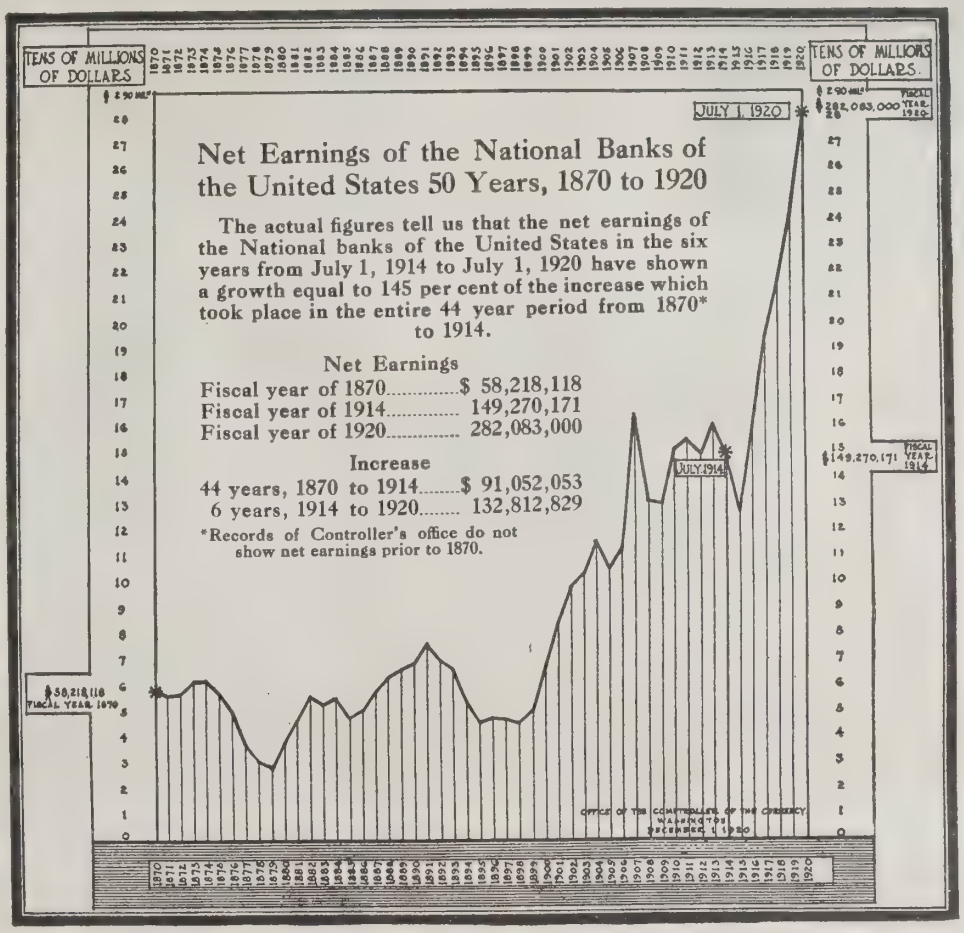
Lawson was the first man openly to challenge the "System," as the anointed and privileged financial group of New York is called; he bandied about in the public prints such names as Morgan, Rogers, Stillman and Rockefeller. Williams has been the first man to expose in detail the methods by which the Treasury Department at Washington played into the hands of that same "System," still controlled by the same men or their lineal survivors.

It is important, however, before proceeding further, to refer to a peculiar trait of what may be termed mass psychology, a trait that is encountered by independent editors and writers. The great public is said to be hungry for facts and not hearsay, records and not imaginativeness, yet when men like Lawson or Williams come forth to say a few things about which they know, and which they believe the public should know, and that the said public could never learn except through them, it is set aside with the feeling that such information is dramatic and interesting, but—

Lawson, as a speculator of great note, was necessarily a clever mass psychologist. Because of that, when he had concluded his recital about frenzied finance he indited, in 1906, this warning:

> I have explained to the readers of this magazine that there is at this moment little more I can do to rouse the American people to a sense of the dangers that surround them; yet until the people are further aroused I cannot disclose to them my remedy. For as soon as it is before the people, all the energies of the "System," supported by untold millions, will be bent to prevent its adoption; and once it is circumvented, it is dead, and for all time.

There is, however, a very great difference between the Lawson and the Williams campaigns *pro bono publico*. Lawson was dealing with private individuals at a time when the money of the people was not supposed to be, as now, under the direct and immediate control of the United States Government. The Federal Reserve System had not been devised. The national Treasury was supposed to be an adjunct of Wall Street. As a matter of fact, analyzing the charges of John Skelton Williams, former Controller of the Currency and ex officio member of the Federal Reserve Board, the Treasury is today an adjunct of Wall Street as of yore. There is, of course, no evidence of collusion, no evidence of double-dealing, no evidence of graft, but there is evidence that the results attained by the Federal Reserve Board, which is all that there is to the Treasury Department, have been of the kind that would have warmed the cockles of the hearts of the most predacious of last generation's famous financiers.



The above chart shows the National banks of the United States for the past six years have shown an average annual increase of $22,135,472 as compared with an average annual increase during the preceding 44 years of $2,069,365. The increase in the past six years has amounted to $41,760,776, more than the total increase which was shown in the preceding 44 years.

WHAT IS JOHN SKELTON WILLIAMS TRYING TO DO?

According to the Federal Reserve Board, he is trying to "prove the impossible but succeeding in convicting himself of inefficiency as Controller of the Currency."

According to Wall Street echoes, he is trying to foment distrust in the minds of the people by accusing others of that which he himself approved as a member of the board.

According to the unhonored voice of the little banker, he is publicly exposing mismanagement.

According to J. S. himself, he wishes to call attention to the fact that the Federal Reserve System is a national blessing, but its mismanagement a public calamity.

"I do say, and the plain facts plainly show, that exactly what the Federal Reserve System was intended to prevent has happened. It is the tragedy of artificial deflation. The collapse in prices of agricultural and other commodities was contemporaneous with the enforcement of the Federal Reserve Board's ruinous policies.

"We have to judge of performance by results. The board simply failed, in my opinion, to measure up to its responsibilities."

So has spoken Mr. Williams. He calls attention—mine, yours, and that of the Congress—to the "important fact that not a single one of the many criticisms and charges which it has been my unpleasant duty, in behalf of our Federal Reserve System, and in the public interest, to make against the administration of the Federal Reserve System has ever been refuted. They stand today unshaken and unshakable."

In several communications to W. P. G. Harding, governor of the board, Mr. Williams called the former's attention that he has made specific charges and complaints against the Federal Reserve Board, and a general denial could hardly be effectual. An analysis of the correspondence reveals that Governor Harding, acting for himself and his associates of the board, has not succeeded in disproving a single statement made by Mr. Williams.

It is no mean fight that Mr. Williams is waging. In fact, it is a tremendous war, bloodless, but nevertheless serious, and with all the odds against him. With the exception of Mr. Lawson, no other David ever ventured forth to smite a financial Goliath. And in this case the odds against Mr. Williams are even more numerous, because Mr. Lawson was sure to find popular approval in attacking the captains of speculation, but Mr. Williams is attacking more than that. He is going after the most privileged official body that is a part of the Government of the United States. Attacks upon a President or a Congress are regarded with equanimity, but going after the official money power is another story. It means going after the best organized system in the world.

Such a duel has its dramatic side. It is entitled to a graphic report. It carries proof that the vested interests of the country have subjugated the Treasury Department despite the Federal Reserve System, through no fault of this system but solely of its bad management.

With this end in view, I called upon Mr. Williams in his offices in Richmond, Virginia, he having resumed after eight years of nearly thankless public service his former pursuits in banking. For Mr. Williams, by the way, is one of those rare individuals who was appointed to office with a substantial background of constructive and related experience. For more than 25 years he was a director, vice-president, president, or chairman of trust companies and banks, both National and State in the South as well as in New York City. That his colleagues thought well of his ability is proved by his having been a member of the executive council of the American Bankers' Association.

He planned, organized and was president of the Seaboard Air Line System, operating approximately 3,000 miles of railroad. After a separation of three years or so he was urged to manage it anew, following difficulties traceable to the panic of 1907, and when the credit of the railroad company was fully restored, Mr. Williams retired again. This was several months before he was called to Washington by President Wilson and Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo.

In order to plumb thoroughly the exact official status of Mr. Williams—that is, the status exceeding the routine capacity of the office of Controller of the Currency—it is well to remember that President Wilson had some radical but thoroughly formulated ideas about the control of Wall Street, and his own selection of William Gibbs McAdoo as Secretary of the Treasury was due to his desire to take away from New York its hitherto unlimited financial power. Mr. McAdoo was no friend of professional metropolitan bankers and these were no friends of his. The next officer in importance in the Treasury was selected with a view of synchronizing, as it were, this feeling, until it would mature into legislation.

Now, to cover much ground in a few words, Mr. Williams' troubles with the Federal Reserve Board did not begin until after Mr. McAdoo had resigned as Secretary of the Treasury. It is perhaps true that the economic situation was still one of inflation at the end of 1918, but certain Wall Street bankers had not, despite their over-emphatic co-operation with the Liberty bond issues, attained the inner mastery of the Secretary's office, or that of the Controller of the Currency, which, of course, as then constituted, meant the Federal Reserve Board. Governor Harding in those days was the routine executive officer of the board, but he was not its master, as he has since become.

The opposition to John Skelton Williams as Controller of the Currency was ever formidable, but it did not exert its efforts against him until Mr. McAdoo resigned. Had any lesser power than President Wilson himself stood behind him his official head would have fallen in less time than it takes to tell. Upon the termination of his second term as controller, Mr. Williams was reappointed by the President and the nomination favorably passed upon by the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, but action in the Senate was prevented by a filibuster in the closing hours of the session. The renomination was sent by the President to each succeeding session of the Senate. The Republicans being then in control of the Congress, by a strict party vote the Senate Committee refused to report favorably. However, no unfavorable report was made. For about two years Mr. Williams was controller on the sole say-so of President Wilson.

It became known afterward that Senator McLean, chairman of the Senate Committee in question, agreed that Mr. Williams had made a good controller, and that, as far as he was personally concerned, he would be willing to report the nomination favorably and have it confirmed, but *that he had promised some one outside of the Senate that he would not do so,* and was therefore restrained from favorable action. *If the gentleman to whom he had given his promise would release him* he would make, in behalf of the committee, a favorable report!

For two years, therefore, Mr. Williams kept at his work in the face of growing and sometimes irritating hostility. Representative Carter Glass and Secretary of Agriculture D. F. Houston, successively secretaries of the Treasury, despite their being Wilson men, had little sympathy for the controller. Senator Glass is one of his bitterest opponents. Mr. Houston, now identified with Wall Street as the executive of one of its richest corporations, sits aloof in superior disdain. Both were and are "financiers" but neither is a banker except in an academic sense. In the office of Secretary of the Treasury the incumbent with a little theory is a dangerous official. With the retirement of Paul M. Warburg there remained no practical financier on the Federal Reserve Board except Mr. Williams, because "Piggy" Harding, as he is known in Alabama banking circles, is a routine small-town banker of the subservient type: this is to say, subservient to metropolitan banking.

Mr. Williams belongs to the constructive school. He is also a plain-spoken man, and it is this plain speaking that has made him the opponent of the Federal Reserve Board. It is true that he was a member during the period about which he complains now, but it must not be overlooked that Mr. Williams had the supervision of 8,000 national banks with 20,000,000 depositors, and that he was primarily Controller of the Currency and only secondarily a member of the Federal Reserve Board. The Secretary of the Treasury did not sit with the board very often, and Mr. Williams, with enough other work to keep him busy, had no time to attend meetings that dealt solely with routine matters. And the members of the Federal Reserve Board have been tempted to consider their meetings as of transcendent import; to the other members the absence of the "Controller" was unforgivable. What was his office anyhow? And that this disdain of the ancient office is not mythical may be read in a letter by Governor Benjamin Strong, of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, to W. P. G. Harding, in which he asks why the office of the Controller of the Currency shall not be abolished, and if not, whether it may not be made subordinate to the Federal Reserve Board.

(Concluded on page 14)

Saving Mountaineers From Blindness

Dodged Washing the Teacups and Found Her Mission

By HENRY DE QUESTIER



Miss Neville and one of her charges.

FAR and near in the mountains of Kentucky, Miss Linda Neville is known as "that 'ar lady who takes keer 'v th' cripples, an' th' blin' bratzes," the last word being primitive mountaineer for children. "Blin' bratzes," for the most part, whose shoulders are being warped out of shape, because day after day they keep one arm crooked over their eyes to shut out the light. They're well on their way to total blindness, and little or nothing is being done about it by their parents.

"It is an absolute failure to understand conditions in the mountains," Miss Neville says, "that makes writers think heartlessness is at the bottom of this want of medical attention. Remoteness is one reason for this. Remoteness that is overwhelming. Roads are absent. Mountain counties are very poor. Their population is scanty. Property values are low, in spite of the wonderful resources, because there is no way to get money out of the resources—no railroads; no roads. Aid in building roads is of little good, because the counties can't pay their share of the cost.

"And, these people are not shiftless. When the young men and women get an education at all they go away, because their sense of ambition cannot be satisfied there, and these counties are emptied of those who could do big things. People are going blind there all the time, for if they cannot pay their taxes, how are they going to pay for medicines?

"There is one county without a bridge in it. To reach it from the railroad you have to cross a river, which rises rapidly.

"Now, all the affection of its parents is of no assistance to a child who meets with a serious eye accident in that county. There is but one doctor. I remember one little girl who injured her eyes. She lived far back. There was no delay in sending for the doctor, but it was 20 hours before he could get there. He did the best he could, but he was a general practitioner—not an oculist. His help came too late—the little girl was totally blind in five months."

There you have the main reason blindness amounts to a plague in the Kentucky mountains. Another reason is that blindness actually is accepted as a plague by a type of illiterate highlanders, whose biblical lore is a second-hand, hell's-fire-and-brimstone variety.

"Fer haint hit a jedgment sent down by th' Lord," these highlanders argue from what they've heard, "an' haint hit a-strikin' people ever'whur? Hit is a jedgment."

There is no way of telling how many men, women and children responded to this talk, and "jes' set down fer t' be blin'." Mountain religion is harsh. They were "stricken," and that settled the matter.

Trachoma, a disease of the eyelids, is the great menace. Unless something is done to check the disease, 75 per cent of the cases cause total blindness. The remainder seriously impair vision.



Hill mother on her way back home with her purchases in a "poke."

There was so much trachoma in Kentucky mountain counties that a few years ago the Federal Government investigated. Twenty-five cases were discovered in a single group of 100 persons. Several counties showed from eight to ten per cent of their population afflicted. Since then the United States has set out to eradicate it.

Victims of trachoma suffer a great deal of pain. They are extremely sensitive to light. In its first stages, trachoma is curable with commonplace treatment. Even when it has gained considerable ground, treatment will relieve it. The disease has made terrific headway in the Kentucky mountains, because there has been no treatment. Trachoma is highly communicable. Big families live in one and two room cabins, with perhaps a lean-to. These highlanders do not know how to prevent the disease. Victims let it run its course, and passed it on to anybody who happened to be around. Naturally, it spread.

For a decade and a half Miss Neville has been searching the Kentucky mountains for trachoma victims, whose vision might be restored, or benefited. She has overlooked no victims of other diseases.

The people Miss Neville looks for she is likely to come across at any distance, from 10 to 50 miles, from the railroad — and a good many times the railroad is a logger's line, or one built to bring coal out to the main line of a through route. One coach carries the passengers. The coach is at the end of a long string of flat and coal cars, and the journey is a bumpy, jerky one.

A "jolt wagon," drawn by mules, is the customary vehicle into the heart of the mountains. Its route is over rocky beds of dry streams, and across rutty trails. When the wagon can make no headway, Miss Neville rides a mule. Because she is "plum common," in the vernacular of the mountains, which means she is not "plum stuck up," Miss Neville always is welcome to "stop an' light, an' take a night," in any cabin between Sore Heel Holler and civilization.

Miss Neville's journeys are businesslike. She scrutinizes every person she meets. She is not a doctor, but she knows the appearance of eye diseases. When she meets any one with "troublin' eyes" she gets the promise of the victim to go "outside" to Lexington or Louisville for treatment. Whether or not she finds trachoma victims in mountain homes, she stops and talks about the disease and its prevention. She lectures in schools, talks to school teachers, visits the jails and the poorhouses, carrying on a continuous campaign of education. And she always is on the lookout for crippled children to take "outside" for treatment.

Miss Neville meets her charges at the railroad. Getting them there isn't always an easy matter. One crippled boy lived 20 miles from the railroad. The start was made in a wagon. Before the first mile was covered, the jolting was too much for the boy, and a stop was made. The boy was placed in a chair, and two men carried him to the next cabin, where two others quit their work and started on. The boy was relayed from cabin to cabin to the railroad, over 19 miles of the roughest mountain trails.

It's a grim job, this taking at one time as many as seven or eight crippled and blind—men, women and children—to the "outside." The latter is a mysterious region. Many of the charges have never been away from home before. Timidity and joy are mingled. "Mountain folks" enjoy the train ride—the first in their lives. On the train Miss Neville is kept busy. She carries disinfectants, and watches to see that no passenger can possibly become infected. Once, she brought out, with a few other children, a baby. She carried it in a basket. The baby was alone in the world. It had been given shelter in the poorhouse. There Miss Neville found it, secured permission from the county judge to take it "outside" for treatment it needed, packed it in a basket and brought it along.

In Lexington, and in Louisville, Miss Neville has free beds in hospitals, and surgeons and oculists who make no charge for their services. Occasionally, she takes children to her own home, until they can be hospitalized. If clothing is needed, Miss Neville turns dressmaker.

"One little girl, whose father and mother were dead, stayed with me for 10 days," she said. "She was a cripple. Under orders of the county judge she had been living at the poorhouse, and receiving as good attention there as was possible. But she needed surgical treatment. She was sent to Lexington, and I met her at the train. She was a very sad and solemn looking little girl when I met her—did not smile, until I told her I was going to bring her to my own home. She had been worried by the questions of the passengers as to where she was going. She didn't know, but thought she was going to some orphans' home.

To help patients who can pay little or none of the expense, Miss Neville founded a fund. Early in her work she was given $25 for her patients. She placed the money in the bank, and named it "The Mountain Fund." It is now contributed to by a great number of persons.

She also leads doctors and nurses, with supplies, to hold eye clinics in remote places. The caravan is reminiscent of pioneer days—usually it is a wagon, pulled by four mules. Where use of the wagon is impossible, doctors, nurses, and Miss Neville stow the furnishings for the temporary hospital they set up wherever they go in "pokes." These are bags, tied at the open end, and the contents divided into the two ends of the bags, which are thrown across the backs of the mules.

"We made all of the arrangements for one clinic," Miss Neville said, "and while I was on my way there I noticed a blind man standing on a street corner. Of course, I stopped and talked with him. He had had cataracts for 12 years, and all of that time had been going about this small city, yet no one had ever stopped to find out whether he could be cured. I told him I would send him to a hospital, if he would go.

"Now, I always make it a point to talk to any sort of a gathering I can about prevention of blindness. Sometimes I get started, and find I have no right to talk. Once I found out that a woman's club was meeting, and after the clinic I went there. One of the leaders of the town was discussing a literary matter that wasn't of much importance, one way or another. But the room was crowded with women—and this clinic had been going on, caring for people who had been under the noses of these women for years. When I talked, I told the club about a blind man I met on a street corner, and about prevention of blindness. While the club members admitted they passed the blind man every day for 12 years and that at times they were hard up for something to do to uplift the town, but hadn't seen that any thing was amiss. The blind man was sent to the hospital and cured. His daughter, 18 years old, he had not seen since she was six."

This is a sketchy glimpse of what has been done toward the prevention of blindness in Kentucky, particularly in the mountain section. It has been done voluntarily, without pay, and, until lately, unofficially. Recently, the Public Health Service and the Red Cross have stepped in, and lightened the work considerably.

Miss Neville smiled when asked her reason for interesting herself so deeply in people who are about to be blind.

"Because I did a mean thing," she said. "I used to do a great deal of social entertaining. I invited a group of ladies up for tea one Monday. Sunday I was invited for dinner with some friends in the country, and was told that I could get home in time for the tea. When I left, preparations for the tea were not made. The cups were to be washed.

"Selfishly, I stayed in the country until it was possible for me to get home only five minutes before the tea. My sister had had to wash the teacups. But during the time I was in the country I heard the story of a blind girl, who had been brought from the mountains to Lexington for treatment, but brought too late. We were sitting out on the lawn, and the thought that any one should be blind, and unable to see the beautiful Blue Grass country stirred me. It didn't seem fair. Within a year, I gave up my teaching, and devoted myself to the blind."

Community Players Are Americanizing the Drama

Believed the Little Theater May Yet Supplant the Commercial House

By J. OLIN HOWE

WHAT with one thing and another, the most significant development in American dramatics is the community theater. Not "amachure" theatricals. Those are quite out of vogue in the nineteen-twenties. In their stead we have little theaters, neighborhood playhouses and groups of community players all about this broad land.

Sometimes these have their own buildings. More often they do not. Not infrequently their performances are given in the town hall or even in the basement of a country church. Their habitat ranges from our largest cities to towns so small one not familiar with the movement would be amazed to meet it there. They are one with the summer theater in the vacation country and a multitude of pageants.

Always the community theater is of vital consequence in its own locality, socially and sociologically. Its players act for the love of it. Its audiences know themselves leading factors in the ensemble. Its effects are gained simply and at no great expense. It is neither commercial nor professional. It gives expression to that high instinct for the dramatic so definite in the American temperament and so near the American heart.

With the decadence of the commercial theater in this country there must come some substitute with a wide appeal. The local stock company affords dubious relief, is scarcely in keeping with the times. The movies can never be more than a complement of the speaking stage. It is unthinkable that they should take its place. It may be the community theater is the answer.

Already there has been no slight infiltration from it to the professional stage of stage directors, costume designers, scenic artists and experts in lighting, as well as actors and actresses.

To say naught of playwrights. The Great American Drama may yet make its way to fame from the community theater. Indeed, perhaps the community theater is itself the great American drama.

Having so said, we hasten across the continent to the beautiful Hollywood Theater in California, where Mary Austin, novelist, playwright, publicist, is sitting with Professor Alfred G. Arvold, whose Little Country Theater is the sociological experiment station of the North Dakota Agricultural College, absorbed in a characteristically delightful performance by the community players. Mrs. Austin is a pioneer of the community playhouse and what Professor Arvold is we shall see.

In the course of the Hollywood play a great water lily arose out of the depths and slowly its dazzling petals began to unfold. Lower and lower they drooped until there was disclosed within a lovely fairy group which made its entrance in this unusual way.

"Fine!" whispered Arvold. "That's a splendid thing, and I can use the idea in North Dakota. Only there the water lily will have to be a cabbage."

It is a strong point with community theatricals to be locally convincing. To be a success, they must be. There is much in the commercial drama as it comes from New York that is outside the experience of people elsewhere. A Portia in bib overalls and with her hair tucked up would look outlandish on Broadway, but in the mining town where she actually wore this costume a gown would have seemed as strange. The local justice of the peace who played the judge was similarly garbed, as it was his custom to be every morning in his own court, and she who pleaded before him must dress in keeping if the effect was to get across the footlights.

So Professor Arvold went back to North Dakota and staged a scene in which the Hollywood water lily became a cabbage instead, to the delight of northland audiences.

"Instead of making the drama a luxury for the classes," he says, "make it an instrument for the enlightenment and enjoyment of the masses. Just imagine what a tremendous force the drama would be in North Dakota in getting its 700,000 people to express their higher and finer instincts. As an art, a literature and a social force it would then be an aid in making life what it is supposed to be, a precious existence between birth and death. A home talent play not only affords people one way of finding themselves, but it also unconsciously introduces a friendly feeling in a neighborhood. It develops community spirit because it is something everybody wants to make a success regardless of local jealousies or differences of opinion."

So has this college professor become an instigator of social betterment on many a Main Street in his state in carrying out his purpose "to use the drama and all that goes with it as a sociological force in getting people together and acquainted with each other so they may find out the hidden forces of life itself." He teaches those students in his English classes who go in for this phase of the work everything which goes into the presentation of a play—making scenery and costumes as well as how to act—and even to write their own.

He persuaded university officials to give him the use of a discarded chapel at Fargo and there the students first produce the plays in which they later appear in various parts of the state and whose presentation by local players they aid and abet as they may. Ever they strive to develop means and methods applicable to local conditions.

Arvold has even used harvester trucks placed end to end for a stage, and at a railroad junction flat cars have been made to serve the same purpose. He used to utilize farm lanterns for lighting, which gave many in the audience a personal interest in the show; now the world has moved and automobile lamps take the place of oil lanterns, but the personal interest remains. He also has been known to pour kerosene on ashes to make flares, possibly not unlike those in use in Shakespeare's day.

Down in North Carolina there is another man who is doing valuable work along similar lines, Frederick H. Koch, professor of dramatic literature at the University of North Carolina, who got his earlier training with Arvold. He and his students in English have gone far in the development of folk plays, North Carolina being especially rich in material for that sort of thing.

Arvold's Little Country Theater has a repertory of wide range among the works of professional dramatists; it is in no sense limited to those who have written for the community theater, and it includes as well fine examples from the pens of his own students; but Koch's Carolina Playmakers are devoting themselves to building up a native literature in their own state. In three seasons they have gained no little fame for their original folk plays.

Characters are drawn from the young playwright's observation or experiences or from that wealth of folklore which pervades the very atmosphere of the Tar Heel State. The results are most interesting; and, more than that, they point the way. Koch is blazing a path which may mean much to the American drama.

The profits of the Carolina Playmakers' tours thus far have been applied to the remodeling of the old law building at the university for a playhouse and laboratory.

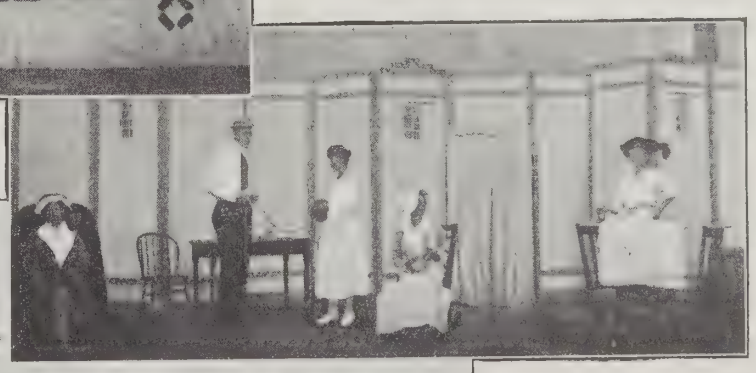
Nor does this mean that community plays and pageants have been thrust into the background in North Carolina. Far from it. Local players have always at their command all the resources on Chapel Hill and whatever aid Professor Koch and his student players can give. Besides, he and they have given special attention to pageants, many of which, of most ambitious

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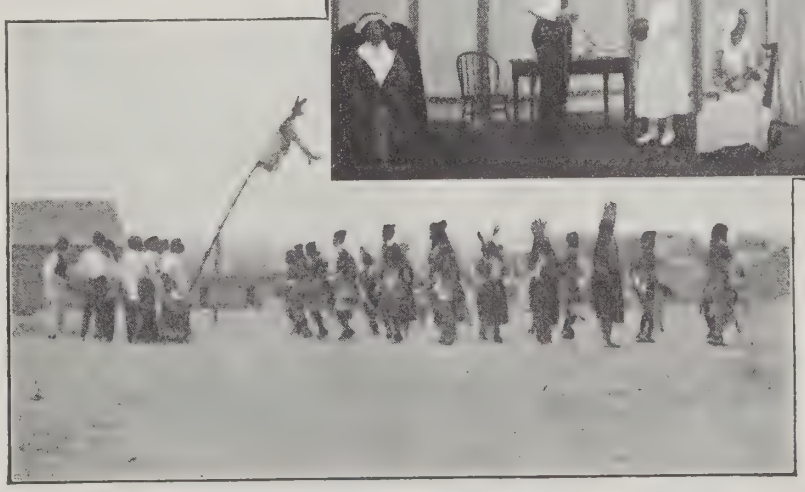


Burr McIntosh, as the Cardinal in a pageant at California's unique hilltop theater.





Oval—Mary Austin, a pioneer in the community theaters. Below—A scene from Anatole France's, "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," by local players.



Above—Scene from Zona Gale's "Neighbors," a community theater favorite. The scenery is the portable type of the Portmanteau Theater. Below—Indian folk dances were the earliest American Community Dramatics. The dance of the growing corn by New Mexico Indians.

New York's "Curb" Limbo of Lost Investments

Medium Through Which All Types of Crooks Loot the Speculating Public

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

FOR close upon half a century, the New York "Curb," the so-called outside market in securities, has been the *enfant terrible* of Wall Street, and its least commendable institution. Yet it is the second largest stock and bond market of the country, subject only to the New York Stock Exchange, its transactions being about 15 times larger than the combined totals of Chicago, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, including Boston, the primary mining market of the United States.

The Curb has never been an inspiring spectacle. A mere mob of shrieking, howling men, it occupied the center of Broad street, where its status was ever in doubt. Cheap buildings on either side housed brokerage firms, which looked more like dens than reputable business offices. In the open windows, pallid youths called or signaled orders for stock purchasers to the members down in the mob.

Representatives of the Department of Justice in Washington, and of the offices of many conscientious criminal prosecutors have been warning the public that unconscionable brokers have been defrauding the country of hundreds of millions annually. Yet the amount of money that the master minds of the Curb have devoured out of public savings during that unscrupulous half century, makes those warning figures shrink into insignificance. It may be said truthfully that the New York Curb represents a cloaca, into which billions of the people's savings have been poured, and only an infinitesimal amount has ever been returned to the original owners. Figuratively speaking, the residue has always been devoured by that species of immense rat that infests the lower part of Manhattan Island.

Members Largely of Alien Race

A CASUAL glance at these rodents will show the observer that they are not indigenous to American soil. Their characteristics prove them to be of an alien race, and this in overwhelming proportion. Until a few years ago, the so-called "Father of the Curb" was E. S. Mendels, a Jewish broker. Old man Mendels was square and honest. In the years gone past he often bewailed to me the fact that the acts of members of his own race had made the Curb a byword throughout the country.

If a list were drawn of all the crooks, scalawags, confidence men, potential jailbirds, ex-convicts, plunderers, imposters, falsifiers, robbers, schemers and fugitives from justice who preyed upon human credulity through the medium of the Curb, and if it were printed in diamond type, this page would not begin to hold a small proportion of their number.

Most of the old gold and silver mining swindles of the past generation, the copper, zinc, wireless, motor and oil impostures of a later period, have found their beginning on the New York Curb. One successful mine, such as the Nipissing, gives rise to a score of spurious mining companies; one industrial success, such as the telephone or the cash register, induces hundreds of schemers to inflame the imagination and gambling spirit of the inexperienced to place their money into worthless stocks which have no reason for existence.

The campaigns of these tricksters are conducted throughout the length and breadth of the United States and Canada. There is scarcely a city, town or hamlet that escapes their circulars, local representatives or traveling salesmen.

The young man who has saved his first thousand dollars, won through individual effort, holds the future in his hands. Yet there are persons mean enough to make it their life's business to prey upon Young America and demoralize his ideas of thrift. For years I have received communications and queries from young men regarding the status of "investments" they had been induced to make with their first $700 or $800. It is a fact not alone distressing but alarming that 99 7/8 per cent of such investments are made in valueless securities of the New York Curb. In the long history of Wall Street, I have failed to learn of a single protest raised against this practice. One looks in vain to efforts on the part of eminent Wall Street bankers, their high-priced publicity agents, and their trained economists, the graduates of leading colleges and universities, to correct this wrong.

The One Time the Oil Came

IT IS doubtful whether these young men could be induced to part with their money so readily, if they knew into whose greasy hands it would lodge, and if they would learn the lesson that even though some mining property may have intrinsic value, its stock is probably worth less than blotting paper.

Some years ago there occurred an incident, with a curious moral, that caused a laugh on the Curb, although at its own expense. Five so-called brokers opened offices in New street and began selling a Curb stock in an alleged oil property. To guard against future trouble, they had first sent one of their number down to Oklahoma. He bought up at random some cheap acreage, far from oil-producing territory. Then he engaged some Swedish workmen to start a pretense of drilling operations. He returned to New York, confident that he and his pals could assert a claim to possessing some real property in case any of their victims should squeal.

But the methods of the schemers were so crude, and their claims so extravagant, that the Federal authorities began an investigation into the affair. The books were seized, the brokers were placed for trial, convicted, and finally landed in a Federal prison.

Far off in Oklahoma, the honest Swedes knew nothing of the closed New York offices or of the fate of their employers. They industriously kept on drilling for oil, and unexpectedly they struck it—a couple of rich gushers. It was long, long afterward that this news trickled into the cell house of the prison in which the brokers were lodged. Their useless rage may be contrasted with the previous anger of their customers whom they had victimized with worthless shares.

The history of the outside market is supposed to date back to 1792, when two score men were accustomed to meet under a buttonwood tree in Wall Street to trade in securities. They got under cover in 1820, and gathered in the Merchants' Exchange. But some of their number objected to meeting under a roof, and from this group of dissenters, the Curb was gradually evolved.

The outside market could not have maintained its long existence unless it really fulfilled in part some useful purpose. It has a legitimate use as a market for stocks and bonds of corporations that decline to comply with certain regulations of the Stock Exchange, and, consequently, are not listed on the big board. For years the only place where Standard Oil shares were traded in was the Curb, and many smaller companies have financed their requirements there.

When the World War began in 1914, and the Stock Exchange was closed, the Curb flourished as the only open market. Since the war it has become the trading place in vast issues of foreign bonds.

The Curb has been the birthplace of millionaires and rogues. It has been the fruitful field of more swindles and scandals than any other association of men in the country. It was not organized. Anybody had the privilege of stepping from the sidewalk to gamble with the mob if he could induce others to trade with him. It was the scene of "wash sales," false quotations and every conceivable form of financial crookedness.

Until quite recently, Wall Street's foremost statistical organ, the *Financial Chronicle,* headed its list of Curb quotations with the following stereotyped paragraph:

> Below we give a record of the transactions in the outside security market. On the "Curb" any security may be dealt in and anyone can meet there and make prices and have them included in the list of those who make it a business to furnish daily records of the transactions. The possibility that fictitious transactions may creep in; or even that dealings in spurious securities may be included, should, hence, always be kept in mind, particularly as regards mining shares. In the circumstances it is out of the question for anyone to vouch for the absolute trustworthiness of this record of Curb transactions, and we give it for what it may be worth.

To anybody familiar with Old Polonius, as the conservative *Chronicle* is known in the street, these words were scathing in their condemnation.

Investigated in 1919

THE scandals of the outside market became so notorious that, in 1919, Governor Hughes, of New York, appointed a special commission to investigate it. The commission recommended an amendment to the Penal Code for the punishment of fraudulent tipsters and crooked financial advertisers. Then a movement was begun to clean up, under the leadership of Mendels, the "Father of the Curb," which resulted in the organization of the Curb Market Association. Some form of regulation was enforced, but it availed little.

From the year 1880 until the middle of last summer, the Curb market was conducted in the middle of Broad street. Then the Curb finally decided to assemble under a roof, and since last July it has occupied its own building between Rector and Broad streets, west of Trinity churchyard. It charges a high membership fee, and asserts that it is on the path of reform. Undoubtedly, Mr. E. R. McCormick, its president, and his immediate associates are sincere in their intentions. The result of their efforts has been disappointing. During the last four or five months, 60 brokerage firms have failed in Wall Street. Many have been charged with "bucketing" and other wrongful acts. A large proportion of these firms were members of the Curb.

One is compelled to reach the conclusion that Wall Street never changes; it merely develops.

There has been no let-up to the vicious practices pursued by Wall Street brokers in trying to market valueless shares which are listed on the Curb. Their touts and tipsters swarm everywhere. Last autumn, one of these thick-lipped rogues, fashionably clad and sporting gold-rimmed glasses, earnestly besought me to join a pool in a certain oil stock. It was a small, exclusive operation. The stock was then quoted at 26 cents. A group of brokers, he said, were putting up $30,000 to "hoist" it to five dollars. But the oil stock never went to five dollars. It steadily declined, and today it is selling for 12 cents.

Later this tout confided to me the plans of his campaign to sell shares in a new oil proposition put out by the same group. He was going to Pennsylvania provided with a list of well-to-do men in the smaller towns, who were supposed to have gambling proclivities. His mission was to represent himself as a wealthy oil man, strike up acquaintanceships in hotels and banks, and persuade his "prospects" to join a pool similar to the one in which he had tried to inveigle me. I was pleased to learn upon his return to New York that his design had been unsuccessful. Oil stocks were temporarily out of favor owing to stories of salt water invading the Mexican oil fields.

Curb brokers, convicted and sent to prison, generally reappear upon the scene of their former operations. It is a strange fact, but true, that they are welcomed without question by most of their fellow brokers. One of the most notorious of this type, who, by his own confession, has a shady past, is Simon Jacob Herzig, better known by the Christian alias that he uses, of George Graham Rice. This man has the reputation among his craft of possessing extraordinary talent in writing the sort of prospectus that will lure the inexperienced to hand over their money.

It is probably due to this trait that Herzig, alias Rice, has won the distinction of having foisted upon the foolish and unsuspecting as many Curb stocks as any of the master minds of his own type. A once prominent American magazine exploited this person with the publication of a serial story entitled "What I Did With Your Money." This lack of journalistic intelligence cost the publication dear. Herzig later gave a job to the editor of the magazine.

Emma Silver – Cent a Share

IN 1916, Herzig was the principal figure on the Curb in a spectacular gamble which revolved about some of his mining properties and brought loss to thousands. These were Emma Consolidated and the Old Emma Leasing. Emma Consolidated was sold at $3.75 a share. After shipping a few hundred tons of ore, it went into the hands of a receiver. Today both stocks are worthless.

I quote from the official mines handbook:

> Emma Consolidated Mining Company.....Dead
> Old Emma Leasing Company.....Dissolved

The residue of these miserable properties was turned into the Emma Silver Mines Company. The other day Emma Silver was quoted at one cent a share.

The impudence and arrogance of Herzig, alias Rice, are beyond belief. He was arrested in 1920, and tried in the Court of General Sessions, charged with the theft of $721 from a farmer in Ohio. During the progress of his trial he assailed the prosecuting attorney. But perhaps it may be best to give the record of this man in his own words, as published in the New York *Herald,* January 16, 1920:

> "Rice took the witness stand, and after admitting that his real name is Simon Jacob Herzig, he told of having served terms in Elmira Reformatory and Sing Sing Prison. He also admitted that he was arrested on several occasions for accepting wagers on horse races.
>
> "He declared that in 1917 and 1918, his office, which was at No. 27 William street, did a business of $35,000,000 in stock transactions, few of which concerned stocks dealt in on the Stock Exchange, and that the yearly expense of his office was $1,000,000. Orders for less than $40,000, he said, did not receive his personal attention.
>
> "He declared that the head of the correspondence bureau of his office was Trumbull White, a one-time editor of a magazine, at a salary of $26,000, and that Frank Stockbridge, writer, was his assistant. He also said that William Barrett Ridgely, Controller of the Currency under President Theodore Roosevelt, was another of his employes."

This statement, with the names mentioned, illustrated the demoralizing influence that the financial success of persons of this type exerts upon American life. Herzig was sentenced to three years in Sing Sing Prison. That was in January, 1920. Today he is still free. He is appealing his case, living meanwhile in an expensive New York hotel.

The "Wolves of Wall Street"

IT IS a difficult task for public prosecutors to imprison men of the ilk of Herzig, David Lamar and "Nicky" Arnstein. These Wolves of Wall Street, amply fortified with the "fat money" they have made in their peculiar ways, are able to engage ingenious counsel.

Year after year new mining stocks are listed upon the Curb. In a short time they vanish, to be replaced by others. A glimpse at a few of those in which country-wide investors have dropped their money may be enlightening.

Ely Copper Company. Idle since 1907. Unfavorably regarded.

Ely Consolidated Copper Company. S. M. Levy, president, at last accounts. Stricken from the New York Curb in 1918, but still quoted there at three cents a share. No work done in recent years. Some of its copper below commercial grade.

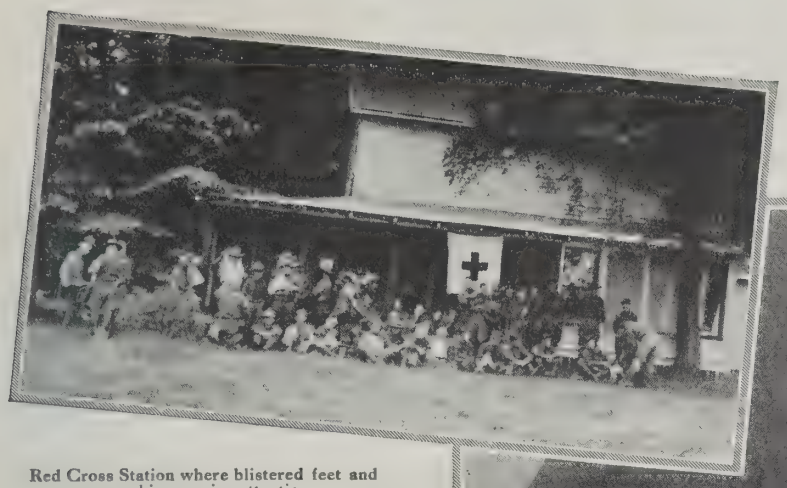
Butte-Balaklava Copper Company. I. Freimuth, president. Stock sold in 1910 at $14.50 a share. Interest on bonds unpaid since 1917. Property idle. Foreclosure proceedings by bondholders expected. Company has had a checkered career.

First National Copper Company. Thomas W. Lawson, president. The stock was manipulated to $10 a

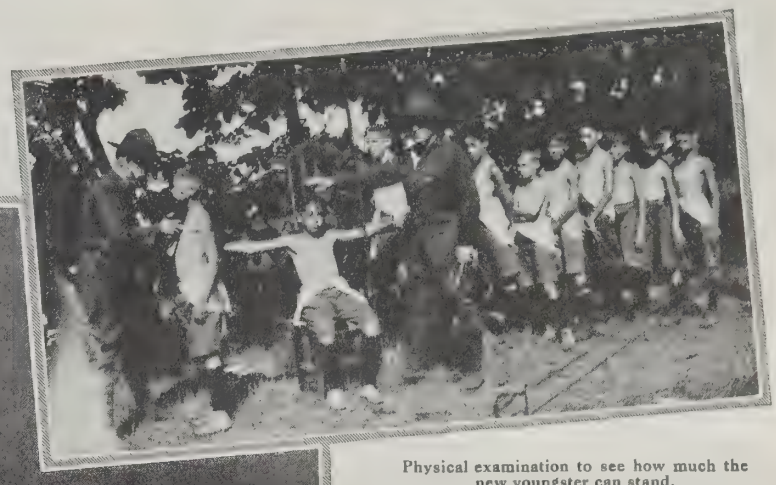
(Concluded on page 14)

In Camp Roosevelt Even School Is Pleasing

Chicago Boys Learning That Play and Study Go Hand in Hand



Red Cross Station where blistered feet and sore shins receive attention.



Physical examination to see how much the new youngster can stand.



Really studying in the Camp Roosevelt school under canvas.

NOW we know that the world is rapidly changing, for the meaning of common words that have been landmarks have altered their meanings. Your dictionary says that work and play are opposite in meaning. But in a certain large camp in Indiana they are synonyms.

It sounds paradoxical to say that boys study better and harder during vacation than at any other time, but the statement is justified. It is proved by the progress made by the boys who go to the Camp Roosevelt summer high school.

The outdoor school which is but a part of this great camp for boys was launched with considerable misgivings even by the public-spirited men and women who were back of the Camp Roosevelt idea. Experienced educators were skeptical of the chances of getting boys to study when there were many opportunities for diversion. When Camp Roosevelt began the constructive summer plan of boy-building in 1918, the outdoor high school was also started. From the very beginning it has been successful. This much is certain, boy-building has a habit of upsetting many preconceived notions. The young fellows who have been students of the school in camp have shown themselves able to proceed with thoroughness and greater rapidity than students in the regular high schools in Chicago. Standards of scholarship for the camp school have been high and the venture has shown it possible for backward boys to straighten out many kinks in education.

The boy wants to get next to the fundamentals. He likes his dry bits of theory sugar-coated with the liquid of outdoor life and physical exercises, games and stunts. But putting sport into study is not the only achievement of this camp. Conducted by men who have not forgotten some of the lessons of war, they have a fourfold motive in physical training, recreation, patriotism, and educational advancement.

Camp Roosevelt had its inception in the mind of Major F. L. Beals, supervisor of Physical Education in the Chicago high schools. Major Beals enlisted the aid of the War Department to equip the camp with cots, tents, mess kits and things of that nature. In turn he interested Chicago business men in contributing funds to carry on the work. The camp is wholly philanthropic but is controlled through the Chicago Board of Education.

Major Beals outlined his plan to Superintendent Mortenson of the Chicago public school who made the camp an auxiliary of the Chicago summer school system. Credits received in the camp are honored on the same basis as the other summer schools within the city. The athletic directors and physical instructors, as well as the entire staff of the summer school, are selected from the public schools of Chicago.

The city-bred boy, behind in his studies at the close of the school year, may wish to advance more rapidly so he enters the summer school division, knowing that he is going to have recreation in the form of swimming, shooting, baseball, football, basket ball and a score of other sports. The boy who wishes to learn printing or woodworking or automobile construction finds at the camp a completely equipped workshop built of logs with competent instructors. Zoology, botany and other sciences are taught and natural resources for laboratory analysis are found within the camp. Stand-bys like English and algebra are taught in a wholesome, healthy environment where the mind is fresh and clear and quick to grasp the problems.

Charles H. Smith, assistant principal of the Hyde Park high school of the Chicago school system who is principal of the camp high school, says that pupils learn their high school subjects more readily in the informal environment of the camp school than in the more stilted surroundings of the city schools.

It isn't necessary for every boy to go to the camp school in order to enjoy Camp Roosevelt. He may have a genuine vacation and build up his physical body. The physical course is prescribed for every one in the camp, which is the big thing. Boys from 10 to 14 years may go and find suitable companionship in the Junior division where the mysteries of woodlore and camp fire are delved into. Any boy from any part of the United States is eligible.

Camp Roosevelt spent its experimental years on the shores of beautiful Lake Harbor. This location is a day's ride from Chicago, and five miles from Muskegon. This year the camp is on its permanent site near La Porte, Indiana. The Camp Roosevelt Association secured a tract of about 250 acres, near La Porte, upon which had been erected and used for several years the buildings and equipment of a boys' school including a gymnasium, mess hall seating 1,000, kitchens, electric power plant, deep well, modern sewerage system, large hospital, and classroom buildings, bungalows, dormitories, and recreation rooms. The tract includes and surrounds Silver Lake (about 80 acres in extent), with sandy beaches, diving platform, and so on. Large fields provide for tentage, sports of all kinds, and parade ground. The ground is rolling, well wooded and drained, and the surrounding country affords opportunity for hikes in every direction.

Although Major Beals is an army officer he does not conduct the camp on strictly military lines. The terms are military as are the terms of the Boy Scouts. There is a regular program that calls for obedience and guidance and attention to detail.

The first introduction is interesting. There is a stiff physical examination. A large cottage shaded by oak trees has been converted into a hospital and is kept in readiness for the first-aid cases. Sick-call is part of the officer's routine for every day, but the records show that nothing more serious in 99 per cent of the cases than blistered feet, sunburn, and minor afflictions ever puts in an appearance. However, first aid is a part of the training of every boy.

Health has proved contagious to many of the boys at the camp. They have found themselves infected with it and have carried it home with them. Toothbrush drills, daily bathing, moderation in eating, are a few of the things that make an impression upon the none-too-careful lad coming from the canyons of Chicago.

Under Major Beals are the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Army. These are detailed by the War Department. The leaders among the boys themselves are those who have won promotion through merit. Each boy is under constant supervision. The boys rise at reveille and go to bed at regular time. Democracy and a sense of responsibility are the first lessons taught. Cleanliness is a camp virtue that is soon learned. Obedience comes to be a natural qualification and alertness goes along with the training because the dullard has to overcome his dullness to keep step with his fellows, and intolerance for authority is soon displaced by admiration for good leadership.

Freedom from nagging is another step in the boy-building plans. The under-managed and over-managed boys leave camp with a new conception of their fellows.

Two of the most important secrets of Camp Roosevelt and its success since 1918 have been "keep busy" and "responsibility." These are old formulas equally potent at home as in the camp but in the latter they are administered by practiced hands which is not always the case in many homes.

The boys are kept pleasantly busy, but there is the full quota of pleasure and diversion. The energetic youth does not find time hanging heavy on his hands. There is always something going on. There are studies, or drills, or hikes. There are swimming classes, band concerts, motion picture shows and programs at the Y. M. C. A.

Good food plays its share in efficient development. The buglers waste a great deal of breath in running out the mess-call to its last ultimate note. And watch them eat! What a panacea for dyspepsia. If all the dyspeptics in the world could get a glimpse of what an appetite can really amount to they would be so shamed by their own digestive shortcomings that they would find some way to overcome their handicap.

A part of the routine of camp work is guard duty (neither dangerous nor onerous) but the responsibility is exceedingly helpful. Standing guard means watchful service and attention to details. Woe to the young fellow who attempts to skip camp for an unauthorized stroll or an outsider who would enter without proper authorization.

It so happened that one time a prominent banker-publisher sought to take a carton of ice cream to his son. He was promptly halted by a 12-year-old sentry. The publisher was forced to admit his attempt to smuggle the ice cream into camp without special authority. The young sentinel hated to see anybody deprived of ice cream but he was determined to do his duty as he saw it, so he turned in a call for the officer. That young gentleman, likewise zealous, supplied the banker-publisher with a special guard and escorted him to headquarters where the eminent visitor was able to explain things. By the time the affair was settled the July sun had played havoc with the ice cream.

Athletic instruction is regularly given. The plan of instruction includes active participation in swimming, baseball, rowing, and so forth. Swimming is given particular emphasis on a most inviting beach. All are taught to swim.

Major General Leonard Wood, in looking over the camp previous to his sailing to the Philippines, said:

"The work being done here has proved a surprise to me. The military and civil work are so well combined that the boys get enough of both, without too much of either. The camp site is especially good. The water is good and the setting is beautiful. Captain Beals (now Major Beals) and the officers under him are doing a wonderful work and the way in which they do it is proof that they understand boys."



As school must be in heaven.



JUST BEFORE THE START OF 500-MILE SWEEPSTAKE IN 1921.

Indianapolis 500-Mile Race Proving Ground for Automobile Engineering

By W. D. EDENBURN

MORE than 135,000 persons paid to see Jimmy Murphy, a Los Angeles lad, flash across the wire in the record time of 94.48 miles an hour and win the Indianapolis 500-mile sweepstakes on Memorial Day. The crowd was gay and happy. Although no accidents had furnished excitement the battle between the drivers had been keen, with Murphy out in front for more than half the race.

The average American attended the race to see the monster spectacle, the "world's greatest" in the speed sport. They came because it was a national event. Little did the average speed fan know that the race was a proving ground for automobile engineering and that the men who design and improve the cars that the owners drive were studying the results of the speed test.

Murphy's drive was unique in that he was able to jump the average almost five miles an hour on a brick course, comparatively flat, which was designed for a maximum of 85 miles an hour, a matter of 12 years ago. The Los Angeles lad was out to beat Ralph de Palma's record average of 89.84 made in 1915 and he topped it by exactly 4.64 miles an hour.

Harry Hartz, another Los Angeles youth, crowded Murphy all the way, finishing second at an average of 93.53 miles an hour. It was the first time in the history of the annual classics that the cars showing the fastest speeds in the eliminations were able to withstand a gruelling pace and finish in the order they qualified. Murphy averaged 100.50 in the trials and Hartz 99.99 in his trial.

The only foreign car to figure in the money was the French Ballot, driven by Eddie Hearne. In the last four races Ernest Ballot has made every effort to win. This year his cars were not so fast as the American productions, but if Jules Goux had not met with misfortune early in the race without a doubt he would have had third or fourth positions, if not second place won for Ernest Ballot.

Ralph de Palma, for the first time in three years, did not have the fastest car in the race. He held on to front row position at the start but was not among the first 10 at the halfway mark. It was unusual for De Palma to be so far behind as twelfth at 250 miles. For three years he has lead at this point. De Palma, like many others, did not believe that the leaders could keep their cars running at a pace better than 95 miles an hour and planned to save his Duesenberg in the first half, driving very conservatively. In the last half he pushed his car and climbed from twelfth to fourth, but was not equal to catching the flying Murphy, Hartz and Hearne. The first four drivers drove the entire 500 miles.

This race taught the engineering fraternity one thing, if nothing more. That was that they had concentrated on engine faults and neglected the chasses. Of the 12 cars to go out of the race eight were eliminated through chassis defects. Six were rear axle defects, the "freezing" of differentials and the breaking of axle shafts. One was a broken frame, while another threw a front wheel, breaking the front axle spindle. The other four were minor engine defects, two being valves, another of broken gas line, and one, general engine trouble.

Three cars finishing the race had steering arms break, luckily all on the right of left-drive cars, so that the right wheel would caster and the driver could manage the car with the left wheel still connected to the steering. Joe Thomas' car, which finished tenth, had this misfortune early in the race. Ralph De Palma had a double arm and only one broke, so he was not forced to stop. I. P. Fetterman, driving his car into seventh place, tooled it around the last 10 laps with the tie rod and the steering dragging. He had good control on the stretches and eased up on the turns. This again proves that the metallurgists must give more attention to the chassis metals, especially those that get the full force of vibrations.



JIMMY MURPHY, winner of 1922 race.

In the last few years the main trouble has been the engines, principally lubrication, which results in almost every instance in the melting of connecting rod bearings and the breaking of connecting rods. In not a single instance of elimination was a connecting rod or lubrication at fault.

The chasses are not standing up for the reason that the engine speeds are much greater and the amount of power applied greater in proportion, due to the lightening up of the chasses for the smaller engines.

The Indianapolis race has done much to refine the mechanism of the motor car. This two and one-half mile brick track has always been the world's most difficult course to drive. It is rectangular, with four turns and four stretches. The turns are only slightly banked, making it almost impossible to drive a car wide open. The 12 years' "weathering" has made the track rough. To the eye it is smooth but at 100 miles an hour it is far from smooth. This results in heavy strains on metal parts, as the constant vibration results in crystallization.

Indirectly, the automobile engineer has been able to use the track to test the metals of his individual car, by observing results of the races. Speed and its attendant crystallization try the metals and prove the durability of steels and alloys.

In wire wheels the weight of a car is carried in suspension, while in the wood wheels the weight of the car is carried on a column under compression. After two 500-mile races the wire wheel began to appear in these events. It proved its worth in the reduction of tire wear and for several years no driver has attempted to use the wood wheels. The wire and other metal wheels also aid in radiating the heat of the tire, generated by friction, and contributing to longer life in competition, through this radiation. Wood is a non-conductor and the heat, generated with the wood wheel and demountable rim, can only be radiated by the steel rim, while with wire or metal wheel the radiating surface is multiplied many times.

The first American cars used light wire wheels for stock production, but soon the manufacturers turned to the artillery type of wood wheel, because it was much more substantial. When wire wheels gained popularity in races, they became popular for stock cars also. The same holds good for the steel wheel.

When racing was young the majority of the cars had chain drive and in the early events on the Indianapolis course they still predominated. Soon after the brick track became the crucible of the industry the



MORE THAN 135,000 PERSONS WENT TO INDIANAPOLIS FOR THIS YEAR'S RACE.

makers learned that the shaft drive was the most efficient and today chain drive is limited to heavy-duty trucks.

The steels and alloys used in the race cars had much to do with developing the alloy steels, such as vanadium and molybdenum used in stock production today, which makes it possible to increase the economy of car operation and tire consumption by lighter construction without sacrificing the strength of the car. This is particularly true of the steering knuckles and other steering mechanisms. A decade ago they were massive drop forgings, while today they are finger size and possess more strength than the massive units of yesteryear.

The race car has had its effect on body design. The drivers learned that by smoothing out the angles and giving the car a continuous smooth surface from radiator to tail, that it increased their speeds. In racing body design a pointed tail is used at the rear to conceal the oil and gasoline tanks but in stock cars this is not necessary, although the angles and sharp corners have almost universally been done away with.

Racing at Indianapolis has had a lasting influence on engine design. It has probably had more to do with the improvement of engine design and with increasing its efficiency than with any other unit.

Beginning with the first two 500-mile races the engine was limited to the 600-cubic inches-or-under class. This means that the cubic content of the cylinders totaled not more than 600 inches. In those days (1911 and 1912) the engines were almost square, which is to say that the bore equaled the stroke and the average engine never "turned over" more than 2,000 revolutions a minute. The 75-mile-an-hour car was the speediest of this era and its gasoline consumption was many times that of the car that the owner handles in this day and age.

The owners of the speedway, at the suggestion of its president, Carl G. Fisher, announced, after the 1912 race, that the next year the maximum engine size would be 450 cubic inches. This was the beginning of the reduction of the bore of the engine and the longer stroke, that the power might not be sacrificed. After two years of 450-cubic-inch engines the 1915 race saw the size reduced to 300 cubic inches. When the announcement was made in late 1914 the calamity howlers maintained that the race was ruined, from a speed standpoint, and that there would be a dearth of cars, due to the lack of 300-inch engines.

The Daimler factory in Germany built 300-inch engines for the 1914 French Grand Prix and made a sweep in winning this famous road race. It sent one of its cars to America and Ralph de Palma triumphed over the French Peugeot, of Dario Resta, winning the 1915 event with the record average of 89.84 miles an hour. This performance had a lasting influence on American design, particularly when this country later faced a fuel shortage, due to the war.

Beginning with 1920 the race was cut to 183 cubic inches and the tenth race was the last for this class, as next year cars of not more than 122 cubic inches will be eligible. In 10 races the engine size has been reduced to one-fifth of the power plant limitation in the initial event.

In the 1919 event Ernest Ballot, a French engine builder, constructed his first cars and sent them to America for the race. They were eight-cylinder engines with the cylinders in line, instead of the V-type then popular in this country. It meant that the crankshaft must be very long and still light enough not to reduce the engine power. This construction permitted turning the engines to 3,800 and 4,000 revolutions a minute, also an increase in power.

The next year Ballot duplicated the type for the Indianapolis race in the 183 class and Fred Duesenberg adopted the same design for his fleet of racing cars. This means that the bore of the cylinder must be approximately two and one-half inches and the stroke four and five-eighths inches. The stroke in the running of 10 races has been increased to almost twice the size of the bore, the engine is more economical in fuel consumption, while the horse power has been increased, with the engines weighing one-third of what they did in 1911.

The Official Times and Prizes

The official times, averages and division of the race purse for the Indianapolis sweepstakes were:

Driver	Car	Time	Average	Prize
Murphy	Murphy Special	5:17:30.79	94.48	$20,000
Hartz	Duesenberg	5:20:44.39	93.53	10,000
Hearne	Ballot	5:22:26.06	93.04	5,000
De Palma	Duesenberg	5:31:04.65	90.61	3,500
Haibe	Duesenberg	5:31:13.45	90.58	3,000
Wonderlich	Duesenberg	5:37:52.84	88.79	2,200
Fetterman	Duesenberg	5:40:55.54	87.99	1,800
Vail	Duesenberg	5:48:19.16	86.15	1,600
Alley	Monroe	5:55:53.46	84.20	1,500
Thomas	Duesenberg	6:03:24.23	82.50	1,400



HARRY HARTZ,
Who finished second.



EDDIE HEARNE,
Who finished third.

The engine materials have also been refined in this racing crucible, along with the knowledge of metals gained during the war in the construction of airplane engines. The Germans showed the Americans the worth of cast steel cylinders or cylinders drawn from steel tubing. This was the type of cylinder used on their engine in the winning of the Grand Prix and the 1915 Indianapolis race. The knowledge of the steel cylinder was utilized by the designers of the Liberty engine for our airplanes. They found for production purposes that the water jacket could better be welded on the cylinder drawn from steel tubing, instead of casting the jacket with the cylinder. The efficiency of the steel cylinder was demonstrated in De Palma's 1915 Indianapolis victory. Back in 1912, driving another Mercedes with cast-iron cylinders, he burned out a connecting-rod bearing with five miles to go and wrecked his engine. In 1915, with a lap to go, one of the connecting rods broke off at the wrist pin, where the rod connects with the piston, and in a twinkling had smashed the piston. The tough steel cylinder prevented the wrecking of the engine and De Palma won the race.

In the cooling of the engine the racing events have taught the engineers many things, which are reflected in ordinary stock cars the owner can purchase. In lubrication it has been learned that pressure feeding is the most effective and the majority of the engines in the race had pressure feed to all bearings with oil forced through leads drilled into the crankshaft. Almost every engine had what is known as a "dry crankcase." In other words, the oil from the bearings was not pumped back from the case direct to the bearings, but was pumped through a filtering device to a reservoir tank and then to the bearings. This aided in cooling the oil and preserved its viscosity, also in taking out impurities which might injure the bearing surfaces. This is not necessary in the stock car today but may be looked for in the future, when the fuel question necessitates the further reduction of piston displacements and the increasing of the engine speeds, to obtain sufficient power.

The 122-cubic-inch class, or two liters as it is designated in Europe, is the requirement for the French Grand Prix in July and will be the order at Indianapolis next year. This will mean that a four-cylinder engine will have a theoretical bore of three inches and a stroke of four and one-quarter, a six-cylinder would be two and five-sixteenths by four and three-quarter inches while the eight would have such a small bore that it is not thought the engineers will attempt to continue the eight.

Jules Goux, who drove a Ballot in the race, in discussing the smaller engine, stated that the European manufacturers were planning to run the engine speeds up to 5,000 and 5,500 revolutions a minute. Thus the speed of the engine in a little more than a decade will have been increased two and a half times, while the engine size has been reduced to one-fifth, the same horse power having been maintained in the average engine.

Another improvement and one of the greatest services the racing event has rendered to the car owner is the improvement in tires. When racing started on the bricks at Indianapolis the cord tire was only constructed in England, where Palmer was perfecting his manufacturing processes.

The tires were made of fabric and the treads were heavy. Back in 1913 the cord tire, with its increased mileage, made its appearance at Indianapolis and while it was not perfect it so far surpassed the fabric types that the drivers swung over to the cords almost immediately. The tire makers by testing their products on the bricks at Indianapolis, and on the board speedways, were able to produce rubber which would stand the terrific strains of racing and give the car owner the benefit of these discoveries.

In the first 500-mile race, Ray Harroun imported inner tubes from Italy and used casings especially aged for his car. As a result he went through the race at less than 75 miles an hour and only changed four tires. Contrast this with the performance of the late Gaston Chevrolet in 1920 when he drove his Monroe the entire 500 miles on the same set of cord tires and tubes at an average of 88.50 miles an hour.

Withal the average car owner owes much to the men who take their lives in their hands to drive for fame and money in tests such as the 500-mile races, for they subject all the units of a car, from the lock nut to the complete engine, to strains that an owner would never give them in a car, and the brick course in the Hoosier metropolis has for the last decade truly deserved the appellation, "the crucible of the motor car."

John Skelton Williams vs. the Federal Reserve

Concluded from page 7

It was through the instrumentality of the controller that irregularities were found in certain institutions which the Federal Reserve Board failed to investigate and report to the Federal Reserve banks at interest. The most conspicuous example of this negligence was that at the end of December, 1919, the amount which the Federal Reserve Bank of New York was furnishing on loans and rediscounts and through the purchase of its acceptances to one banking institution in New York City, was about $130,000,000. This institution, by the way, had been conspicuous for its speculative operations, most of which have since come home to roost. Mr. Williams has said, and the official figures will prove, that "many millions of dollars of the funds of that particular debtor institution were being used and employed in loans to executive officials of the borrowing institution and to syndicate enterprises in which they were heavily interested. For this borrowed sum of $130,000,000 exceeded by $16,000,000 the total amount of loans and discounts plus "bills and acceptances purchased" in the open market by the Federal Reserve banks of Dallas and Minneapolis.

Representative Ogden L. Mills, of New York, seeking to learn whether the Federal Reserve bank, provided paper eligible for discount is presented, would have the right to deny credit to a particular bank, elicited this reply:

Determining Money Rate

"BANKS all over the country, whether they have the right or not, are denying credit to customers who present eligible paper. Whether they have the right or not, they are doing it. There is nothing in the law that requires a member bank to take every loan that is offered to it. It is supposed the bank will be run with some intelligence and discretion. The system would go to wreck and ruin on any other hypothesis." Elsewhere, Mr. Williams added: "It may not be practical to identify the purposes for which each particular loan is intended, but I regard it as the duty of a Reserve bank to inform itself in a general way in regard to the purposes for which the money which it hands out to member banks is used.

"If the Federal Reserve Board finds that the Federal Reserve bank is in the hands of inefficient or incompetent men it can remove its officers or refuse to approve their salaries. The board can exercise a moral suasion which would be very effective. If the Federal Reserve Board should have knowledge of any rotten condition in any particular bank, and should find that that particular bank was being heavily favored by a reserve bank anywhere, I think it would be the duty of the Reserve Board to take action.

"A loan may be legal and rotten. If it is not rotten it may be unfair."

Mr. Williams advised Governor Harding that the excessive loan already referred to "is a concentration of the funds of the reserve system with one debtor bank, conspicuous for its speculative operations and promotions which, in my judgment, is not only not justified but distinctly dangerous, and I feel it my duty to register my strong dissent from a continuance of such conditions as these by writing you, as I am doing, as an ex officio member of the board." As the bank in question was not a national bank and therefore not under the supervision of the office of the Controller of the Currency, Mr. Williams believed that he had done all that could be incumbent upon him under the circumstances.

Wall Street leaders have denied time and again that their banks either control or hold the bulk of the money of the United States, in spite of the Federal Reserve System, which as managed has been virtually inoperative in this instance, but the fact is, as has already been stated in the columns of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, that commercial banks in many parts of the country have been seduced by unnatural interest rates in New York City into sending funds away from home to be loaned in Wall Street at those exorbitant rates. I have, of course, Controller Williams' word in support of this allegation.

It seems that every business day a group of brokers, members of the New York Stock Exchange, get together for consultation on the floor of the exchange, or by telephone, and determine what, in its view, is the proper rate for the renewal of all street or brokers' call loans for that day. As soon as the rate is agreed upon it is posted and then sent over the ticker to all the banks. This rate is binding upon the out-of-town correspondents unless other special arrangements exist. Banks everywhere mark up or down, as the case may be, upon virtually all of their brokers' loans.

Of course, it is often imagined by the people that the usury laws are drastic enough to prevent high-interest abuses, but such is not the case. Under the New York banking law, it is lawful for a lender to charge any rate of interest which may be agreed upon with the borrower on a demand loan for $5,000 or more secured by stocks, bonds, or other securities. This provision enables lenders to escape penalties for usury which exist in nearly all of the other states. Is it any wonder that money gravitates to New York?

That is why money legitimately belonging to a small community is manipulated by the bankers so that it shall find asylum in the metropolis, to the detriment of the local depositors and their financial requirements.

87½ Per Cent Per Annum!

SMALL banks are subjected to penalties or special charges. Controller Williams has called the country's attention to a little member bank in Alabama, temporarily deficient in reserve, and because of this technicality was forced to pay penalties which in one instance meant 87½ per cent interest per annum. Other instances are mentioned in the official records where member banks borrowing heavily from the Federal Reserve Bank of New York at six per cent were exacting interest rates ranging from 20 per cent to 100 per cent from customers at their mercy.

This, too, while the New York Reserve Bank loaned to TWO member banking institutions in that city, both conspicuous for their speculative activities, $250,000,000, while—mark this difference—six other Federal Reserve banks (Districts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8) had loaned to about 4,000 member banks $15,642,000. This means that these banks obtained an average of $3,875 loans against the ratio of $125,000,000 for each of two privileged New York banks.

It has been alleged by apologists for the Money Trust that these New York banks borrowed in order to lend to correspondent banks. Theoretically, yes, but actually, no. Mr. Williams has said that one of the borrowing banks was lending to its own chief executive officer and his immediate family, largely on speculative securities, more money than his bank at the same time was lending to all of its national bank correspondents throughout the United States.

In many cases, as Mr. Williams has attempted to expose, secret methods have been adopted by the officers of these banks in using the funds of their institutions. His examining force was constantly discovering new means and methods whereby the officers and directors of banks sought to camouflage or conceal their heavy borrowings, such as "family" corporations, dummy loans and private "syndicates."

Spending Money for Palaces

OF LATE, the public has sporadically heard about waste of money for banking palaces. They have not heard that Mr. Williams has said that five or six millions could have been saved in the administration of the New York Reserve Bank last year, "if it had been run with a proper regard to intelligent administration and economy, and of the amount to be saved, 90 per cent would have gone into the Federal Treasury."

It is probable, from what I know of Mr. Williams after an acquaintance of nine years, that he would not have gone very far into a discussion whose object would have been the building of a $25,000,000 bank in New York with public money. Nor that he would have approved an expenditure of $50,000,000 in four cities at a period when the Congress ceased authorizing new public buildings. At the end of last December the Reserve Bank of St. Louis numbered a staff of 517, while that in Cleveland numbered 598, with this difference—that it cost the St. Louis bank $987 per capita and the Cleveland bank $14,063 per capita to house their respective employes. Mr. Williams emphatically declares that surely there is "something rotten in Denmark."

Yet the national scandal, as it has been termed, has been headed for oblivion. "What is the reason the newspapers ignore it?" one of Mr. Williams' correspondents wanted to know. "Believe me, they would not have ignored it 25 years ago; nor the magazines 15 years ago.

"The fact of the suppression is more momentous than the scandal that is suppressed, tremendous as it is. These are disquieting conditions."

A few thousand dollars involved in any sort of mismanagement, public or quasi-public, was sufficient for editors a decade ago to devote pages of space to it for months, under the direction of their star reporters. One may ask—what has become of these star reporters? What are they writing about today?

New York's "Curb" Limbo of Lost Investments

Concluded from page 10

share by Boston interests in 1915. Selling on the Curb today at 60 cents.

Tonopah North Star Tunnel & Development Company. H. Zadig, president. Since 1916 the company has made sundry shipments, but not sufficient to meet expenses.

La Rose Mines Company. Shares $5, reduced in 1917 to $1. La Rose is a liquidating property. Shares selling at 25 cents.

Jumbo Extension Mining Company. Idle save for work at its subsidiary, Jumbo Mountain Mining Company. Reported that the company was recently about to abandon the latter mine, as the owners demanded $50,000 due on the purchase price.

Yukon Gold Mining Company. President, William Loeb, Jr., one-time secretary to President Roosevelt. Dividend payments suspended 1918. Report for 1919 showed deficit of $1,108,684. Marketed by a Boston operator at $7.50 a share. Selling at about 75 cents a share.

Some of the Oil Stocks

SO MUCH for Curb mining shares, some of which have been producing properties, some having paid dividends, but all of which have proved unfortunate to the investor. American mining management has always been subject to criticism. Promoters run the initial stock issues up to ridiculous figures. The purchasers, although they may receive dividends for a period of years, rarely obtain their capital back by the time the mine is exhausted. The English adopt a more equitable system. It is their custom to retire a certain amount of the stock with every dividend, on the theory that the more you take from a mine, the less remains.

It is said that nearly 50 per cent of the active members of the New York Stock Exchange obtained their training on the Curb. Also back in 1917, it was estimated that approximately 90 per cent of the business transacted on the Curb came from Stock Exchange houses. Of course, this is no longer true today. But it is a fact that very many of the Curb stocks have been sponsored by Stock Exchange firms, this is more especially true in the oil shares.

We may take the case of Simms Petroleum. Incorporated in 1919, the stock of the company was marketed by a reputable Stock Exchange house on the Curb at $71.50 a share. Later it was sent still higher. Two years afterward, a Texas lease, carried at a cost of $6,700,000, was abandoned, reducing the book value of the original Texas acreage to $3,200,000. The income account of the company showed a deficit on December 31, 1920, of $2,426,300. Today this stock is selling at from $9 to $10 a share.

In other words, wealthy men, willing to adventure into a great oil gamble, asked inexperienced persons to advance the money for financing the game.

Next we may cite the Island Oil and Transportation Corporation, which was incorporated in 1917. This concern also was sponsored by a Stock Exchange house of established reputation, and the shares were sold at $10 on the Curb. They were listed on the Stock Exchange in 1920. No dividends were ever paid. The company passed into the hands of receivers in 1922. The most recent statement is that the stockholders may lose their all. Today this stock is selling at 65 cents a share.

The Invincible Oil Corporation was fathered by a group of the Stock Exchange and sold on the Curb in 1919 at $49.50 a share. It has never paid any dividends. Today it is selling at about $13 a share.

The shares of the Allied Oil Corporation represent one of the scandals of the Curb. It is needless to go into the details. Claims were made against the company by a Curb broker for marketing its shares, and these claims could not be met. This stock was marketed in a blatant way in 1919 at $1.50 a share. Today it is selling at two cents a share.

To Young Man With $1,000

BOONE Oil was listed on the Curb in 1917. The shares were marketed for $16.50. No dividends have ever been paid. The management stated its inability to redeem the notes which it had sold. Today, Boone Oil is selling at about 12 cents a share.

The young man who has saved his first $1,000 may find it trying to shut his eyes to the tempting bait of speculation. But it should be easy to prove to him the folly of placing his initial capital at random in the mining or oil shares of the Curb.

The tables as given below illustrate the losses suffered by the small investor who gambled. They also show what his capital would have amounted to today had he placed his money in a savings bank, or in a sound investment:

Gambling vs. Thrift	What his account would show today
If he had placed $750 in the savings bank at 4 per cent in 1916	$ 930.00
If he had bought 200 shares Emma Copper for $750 in 1916	0
Advantage of the investor over the speculator	$ 930.00
If he had deposited $1,000 in the savings bank at 4 per cent in 1915	$1,280.00
If he had bought $1,000 worth First National Copper in 1915	60.00
Thrifty man's profits, compared with the speculator's	$1,220.00
If he had bought Liberty bonds at 4 per cent in 1919	$ 829.40
If he had bought 10 shares Simms Petroleum at $71.50 in 1919	100.00
Difference between investment and Curb speculation	$ 729.40
If he had bought a bond in 1917 at 4 per cent.	$1,200.00
If he had bought 100 shares Island Oil at $10 in 1917	65.00
The investor's gain over the gambler's	$1,135.00
If he had bought $900 in 4 per cent bonds in 1919	$1,044.00
If he had bought 600 shares Allied Oil at $1.50 in 1919	12.00
The gambler's potential loss	$1,032.00
If he had put $1,650 in the savings bank in 1917	$1,980.00
If he had bought 100 shares Boone Oil at $16.50 in 1917	12.00
Where oil speculation does not pay	$1,968.00

These examples should leave little room for further comment over the difference between gaining an assured competence or hazarding one's savings in speculation.

Lincoln's Home Fires Kept Burning at Cost By "Brother Charley" Bryan

Profiteering in Coal Ended by Nebraskan's Activity

By H. T. DOBBINS

THE home fires in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska, were kept burning during all the past winter at cost. The reason was that on October 1, 1921, the city itself entered the local field as a retailer of bituminous coal after Commissioner Charles W. Bryan had found no disposition on the part of the 21 dealers to readjust prices.

During the winter the municipal yard sold 6,907 separate orders totaling 8,484 tons at a price averaging a little more than $10 a ton. It did a cash business in six months of $85,440, and not only saved to the people who patronized it approximately $34.000, but it saved for those who patronized the local dealers, who were forced by city competition to shave their prices to leave little or no profit.

This has not been the first time that a municipality in America has sought to use a publicly operated yard as a regulator of competitive prices of fuel, but this experiment was attended by so many spectacular features that it constitutes a tale worth telling. Commissioner Bryan is a brother of William Jennings Bryan. In all the years of the latter's political activity it has been "Brother Charley" who has plotted all his political strategy, who has been his confidential agent and who has planned many of his campaigns. He lacks the readiness of speech that characterizes his brother when it comes to making public addresses, but the fertility of his mind and the activity of his brain are evident in even the most casual conversation.

From 1915 to 1917 Charles W. Bryan served as mayor of Lincoln. He entered the contest to put across a number of municipal government reforms. During his campaign he announced that he proposed to give the city dollar gas. Nine years before the city had passed an ordinance fixing the price at a dollar, but the company, one of the Henry L. Doherty syndicate properties, had held it up by injunction process in the Federal courts. Mr. Bryan proposed to put in a city plant. Before the election the company capitulated and put in dollar gas. Five months after Mr. Bryan's term expired it put the price back to the old figure. Only a few months ago, following a Federal Supreme Court decision upholding the ordinance, the company paid several hundred thousand dollars of overcharges back to its patrons.

During January of 1921, Mr. Bryan, after an investigation of the cost and selling prices of coal in Lincoln, recommended to the city council that it establish a municipal yard. He said he was convinced that a first-class bituminous coal could be sold for $4 a ton less than the current figures. The members of the council backed and filled on the proposition, but finally refused to embark in the business.

Thereupon Mr. Bryan announced his candidacy for mayor on a platform that provided for a municipal coal yard, a municipal public market and a municipal ice plant, after he had been unable to induce several well-known business men to make the race. Immediately he became the center of a very active fight, financed largely by the coal dealers, he says, and backed rather solidly by the business interests. Half-page advertisements in the city newspapers warned the other business men that if Mr. Bryan were successful they might expect to see municipal groceries, municipal dry goods stores and so on down the business list.

At the election in May, Mr. Bryan received 652 more votes than did his opponent for mayor, but the council seated the latter as mayor and gave him the position of commissioner of streets, the object being, as Mr. Bryan firmly believes, that this would retard or make impossible his municipal ownership program. This arbitrary sidetracking of Mr. Bryan was made possible by the fact that Lincoln operates under the commissioner system, by which five men are elected as commissioners and from their number the five choose a mayor. Mr. Zehrung, who ran against Mr. Bryan in the popular contest for mayor, was made chief executive because he also was elected as one of the five and the other three did not want Mr. Bryan to be at the head of affairs. The matter aroused great indignation among Mr. Bryan's supporters, but while they could have ordered a recall election upon Mr. Zehrung, they were unable to obtain a desirable candidate to make this race.

"As the city commission stood four to one against the municipal ownership program," says Mr. Bryan, "it was deemed necessary to organize public sentiment to bring pressure to bear on the members to induce them to give to the people what they had declared for in the election. Before introducing the municipal coal yard ordinance in the council, petitions were put in circulation under the initiative and referendum to establish such a yard by direct vote. At the same time petitions were drafted to recall two of the city commissioners and replace them with men pledged to my municipal program that it might have the backing of a majority.

"While these were being presented to the voters the ordinance was introduced, and after being voted down one week was brought forth again at the next meeting. Public sentiment had been aroused by the first defeat, and manifested itself so plainly that at the second meeting all five members voted for it. The four that opposed it but who yielded to the public demand placed it in my department and made me responsible for its success or failure."

The coal dealers at once applied to the district court for a writ of injunction. They denied the legal right of the city to compel them to pay taxes for establishing a yard created for their undoing, and attacked its power under the charter to engage in such an enterprise. The district court denied the injunction, and held that the city had the right to buy and sell coal. The dealers appealed to the Supreme Court, and there the case rests at the present time.

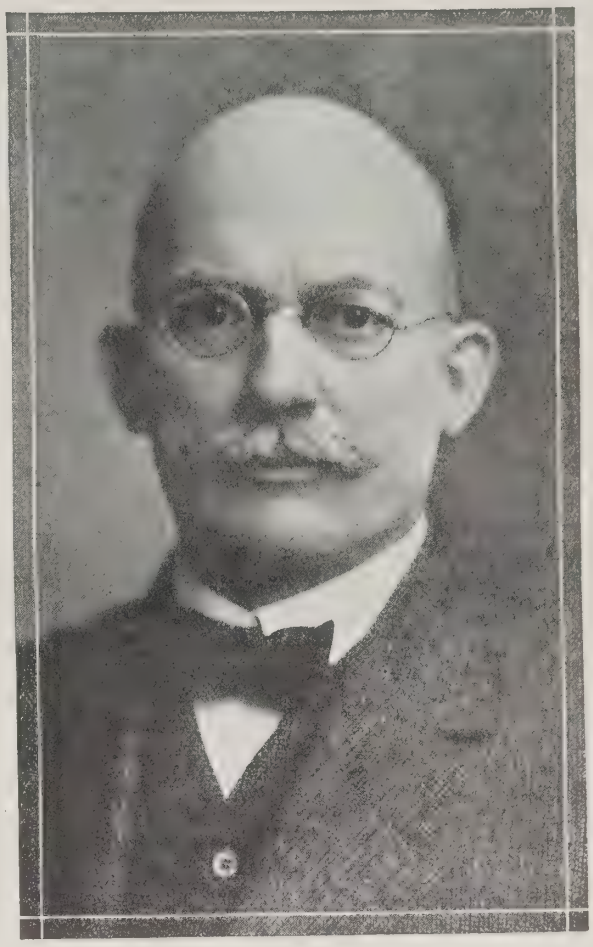
Meanwhile, Mr. Bryan organized his buying and selling forces. He found himself hampered at the beginning in securing the supplies necessary. The private dealers sought by various means, he says, to prevent his buying coal from any of the mines or from the big jobbers, but he soon found a wholesaler who, in consideration of the big trade promised by a city yard, agreed to furnish him the kind of coal he wanted, and did so during the entire six months of its operation.

Mr. Bryan established a price of $10.50 a ton delivered for Franklin County, Illinois, coal. Immediately the dealers began a campaign against it. They attacked its quality, declaring that it was not as represented, and that they were offering just as good coal for the same or less money. Mr. Bryan, while refusing to disclose where he was buying his coal, declared that it was exactly the same kind of coal that before he began operations was being sold by the dealers at $14.50 a ton. He said that at that time, a month after he began, the dealers had already reduced their price on the same coal $2 a ton, although the price at the mines had been advanced from 50 to 75 cents a ton since the February, or spring, quotations.

The city council had appropriated, at the beginning, a revolving fund of $15,000, but this was never used, the price at which the coal was sold yielding a profit that enabled the city to finance its own operations. The first of January, finding that this profit was larger than was necessary, he reduced the delivered cost from $10.50 a ton to $9.90, and continued it until the winter season ended.

The municipal yard handled but the one grade of coal, although during the winter there was a big demand for it to sell semi-anthracite, and later steam coal. Mr. Bryan says that the dealers made this unnecessary by reducing the price of the semi-anthracite, a large amount of which is used in home furnaces.

Mr. Bryan was too busy with the municipal coal yard to embark upon either the municipal ice plant or the public market. Indeed, the ice company—there is but one in the city—did not wait for him to turn



CHARLES W. BRYAN

his competitive business batteries upon it. Before his coal yard had been fairly started a meeting of business men was held at the chamber of commerce, and acting upon the advice of those who were in attendance, the company announced a schedule of prices that met in every respect the figures at which the Omaha municipal ice plant was selling, and which were low enough to make city competition inadvisable.

A conservative estimate of the saving to Lincoln people during the past season on their coal bills would be $150,000, says Mr. Bryan. It will be reopened October 1 next unless the Supreme Court forbids.

Since the yard has closed, the dealers, by an attorney, have made a demand for the inspection of the city's list of customers. Mr. Bryan has refused this. The dealers declare it is a public document, and intimate that if he does not produce it they will resort to court proceedings. He says he will not comply with the request because he fears that it will be used as a weapon of boycott against patrons should there be a shortage following the coal strike.

Community Players Are Americanizing the Drama

Concluded from page 9

character, they have written and staged, with local talent, in Carolina towns and cities.

There are secondary schools in the East, though, which have gone the way of the community theater and which give high-grade plays under competent direction. One evening high school in New York has a group of juvenile players who even write some of the plays they put on and who have a workshop in which they make scenery and costumes.

At the same time, it is in the cities that the community theater has had to stand quite on its own feet and make a place for itself in the face of whatever the odds might be. It does stand there, securely and serenely; it has more than made good; and the future can be but one of growth and accomplishment.

Even the summer theaters have become settled institutions whose work in the warm months each year is well worth attention, as instance those at Mt. Kisco, New York; Peterboro, New Hampshire; Ogunquit, Maine, and the Playhouse-on-the-Moors at Gloucester, Massachusetts; not to mention the Provincetown Players, which organization began in that summer resort of the talented in art and letters and now has an established position and its own theater in New York City. It produces only original plays, moreover.

Before considering the situation in New York, there is New England to think of. The Theater Guild in Boston is a flourishing example of what the little theater can become; the Providence Players have their own playhouse and Hartford and Bridgeport, Connecticut, have successful little theater guilds.

Art is not to be thwarted through lack of a roof, and several other little theater groups in Greater New York command large followings in rented theaters, among them the Stuyvesant Players, the Mummers, the Portmanteau Theater and others in Manhattan; the Institute Players, of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; the New Brighton Players, of Staten Island, and the Gardens Players of Forest Hills.

In the New York suburbs there are similar groups. The Beechwood Players, of Scarborough, in Westchester County, have their own theater. Then there are the Fireside Players, of White Plains, and over in New Jersey the Little Theater Guild and Barringer's Thespians, of Newark; the Summit Players in Summit, and the Montclair Players in that fine suburb.

Among organizations of the kind which have made their mark across the country are Plays and Players, of Philadelphia; the Amateurs, of Rochester, New York; the Guild Players, of Pittsburgh; the Vagrant Players and Everybody's Playhouse in Baltimore; the Little Theater, of Richmond, Virginia; the Little Theater, of New Orleans; the Players and the Artists' Guild in St. Louis; the Little Theater Society of Indiana in Indianapolis; the Little Theater at Miami; the Little Playhouse, of Cincinnati; the Ypsilanti (Michigan) Players; the Art Academy Players, of Colorado Springs; the Little Theater in Denver, and the Arts and Crafts Little Theater, Detroit.

Santa Fe, New Mexico, has a particularly flourishing community theater, which is managed by the Drama League and is open to any group of players in the city. This even includes Santa Fe's numerous Spanish-speaking population, groups of which give Spanish plays in this playhouse. Revivals of old Spanish dramas have been so successful as to excite no little interest, especially in the case of three of considerable importance, "Los Pastores," "Los Comanchos" and "The Lady of Guadalupe."

Among the California community theaters which stand out are those at Carmel, Bakersfield, Montecito, Mt. Tamalpais, Point Loma, Pasadena, Hollywood and the well-known Berkeley Theater at Leland Stanford University. Their ways differ, and somewhat the scope of their activities, but each is of real potency in the life of the community and much more than merely a group theater.

The famed Hilltop Theater, on Mt. Tamalpais, a day's pilgrimage from San Francisco, is owned by the theater society and is ever at the service of the public. The lovely Forest Theater at Carmel is in the hands of a stock company formed of the literary folk, of whom so many make their home there. Truxton Beale built that at Bakersfield, which is held in trust by trustees and may be used by any coterie of players. The Berkeley Theater was given to the public and to be conducted under the university's auspices, and this is sometimes used for professional performances approved by the latter.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

A temperature of more than 50,000 degrees—20,000 degrees higher than that of the hottest stars—was obtained in a recent experiment at the University of Chicago by discharging a large quantity of electricity from a condenser through a very fine wire. The metal tungsten was actually changed to helium by means of this enormous heat.

A silk floss cotton or silk cotton, known as Kapok, is obtained from the fruit of a tree found in the Dutch East Indies, Ecuador, Brazil and India. The yellow silky mass is taken from pods and dried on cement floors.

Thomas R. Marshall would disfranchise all who cannot speak, read or write the English language. He said, "I'm for the melting pot, but if there are any lumps in the pot that won't melt let's get rid of them."

Chinese students attending the University of Chicago avail themselves of 20,000 books of Chinese, Japanese, Mongolian and Tibetan literature, history and philosophy in the library. This library reports the possession of 401 books printed prior to 1500.

The Philippine Islands were dry April 29, 1922, for the first time in history, under a law passed by the last legislature prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors on registration and election days.

Quail are classed as songbirds by the Minnesota State Humane Society. The executive committee of the society has adopted resolutions urging the farmers of all states where there are quail to feed and care for them because of the fact that the small amount of grain expended would be abundantly repaid in the destruction of seeds of noxious weeds and insect pests.

Chauncey M. Depew, aged 88, states he never played golf, never rode horseback, never played tennis, never went hunting and never even saw a baseball game.

The climate of South Africa is particularly adapted to fruit-growing. Pears, apples, plums, peaches and grapes are extensively and profitably grown on the highlands as far north as Rhodesia, and tropical fruits are found along the west and east coasts.

The art of pottery and basket-making is being taught various Indian peoples of Mexico by means of the motion picture. Many tribes know the art in an extremely crude manner, and the government wishes to teach them more modern methods. The pictures are supplemented with lectures because of the large number of illiterates.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

A group of capitalists has submitted a scheme to the British Government for using five lighter-than-air airships for a weekly passenger service to Australia and India. A new carburetor, using gasoline or oil combined with hydrogen, is a factor adding strength to the feasibility of the scheme. This will permit the shipload to be increased 40 per cent. The journey to Bombay would be reduced to five and one-half days and to Australia to 11½ days. The fares would be 85 pounds to India and 130 pounds to Australia. This is 30 pounds less than first-class mail steamship accommodations at present rates.

The picture of the man shown in the issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of May 6, page 6, as that of J. F. Jones is that of J. G. Rush.

In China any citizen who abandons any of his lineal ascendants shall be liable to penal servitude for life or for a term of from five to 15 years and shall upon conviction be deprived of all civil rights.

Tonga, a little kingdom of 100 isles, is the one remaining independent state in the Pacific, and, though under British protection, it still flies its own flag. It is a limited monarchy and the British consul is the real power. There is no poverty or wealth in Tonga, as the tribal system is altogether opposed to any member of the tribes accumulating property. Tonga is said to be the only country in the world without a national debt. Every one of the 20,000 adults in the kingdom can read and write their language.

The waters of the River Jordan in Palestine are to be developed into power to turn the wheels of new industry. The British Government has granted a concession for the utilization of the river for 70 years. The energy obtained will be used for house and street lighting, pumping, water supply, railways and many other purposes.

To force tax dodgers out into the open, the Nebraska State Farm Bureau Federation has made arrangements for representatives in each county in the state to make a copy of the personal tax returns made by every taxpayer and to post these lists in conspicuous places in each district. This plan is approved by the state tax commissioner.

A forest ranger in Northern Minnesota, seeking authentic information of the approximate number of fires that will kindle from cigarets, walked one mile throwing lighted cigarets along the rail. Twenty cigarets were used in this manner and upon his return he found that 19 of them had started small fires. This experiment was tried in the dry peat country. When peat is dry it kindles very easily.

After baffling mountain climbers for years, the great Mount Alagheuz, in the Caucasus, has been ascended by two American college athletes. This mountain rises 13,800 feet from a broad plateau 30 miles east of Alexandropol, Armenia.

Indians from Montana, California and British Columbia will join the Yakima Indians during a big fish carnival held at Prosser, Washington, to celebrate the victory of the Yakimas over the state of Washington. For years the state has tried to exclude the Indians from spearing salmon at the falls as the fish are on the way up the river to spawn. The Indians, beaten in state courts, went to the Supreme Court of the United States and their case was upheld by the highest court in the land. Salmon caught in this manner is dried and smoked for winter food.

One hundred new missionaries have been sent out to Japan, China, the Philippines, Alaska and other fields, by the Protestant Episcopal church during the last year.

The wheat crop of India is estimated at 9,500,000 tons, as compared with 7,000,000 tons last year. There will be a surplus for export.

Cuneiform inscriptions of 2400 B. C., found in the ruins of a Babylonian town in Asia Minor, reveal that the city was ruled by a prince and a princess, together with a male and female prefect. The powers of the princess and the prefectess were precisely equal to those of their male colleagues.

Phonograph records are being used by the Linguistic Survey of India for preserving the native tongues, many of which have never been put on paper. Sets of these records will be deposited in British university libraries, in the British Museum and at the Institute of France in Paris.

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Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Where Great and Near-Great Become Human

A Glimpse of the Rendezvous of News-Gatherers in Washington

By AARON HARDY ULM

THERE are clubs which boast of their "dignity" and "exclusiveness," clubs which are taken with great seriousness by their members and which treat august guests, such as public men of note, as if said guests were institutions rather than human beings. There is one club, which is the leader of its kind, whose lexicon does not include the word "dignity," and doesn't know the meaning of "exclusiveness." Yet among its members are many of the most distinguished men of the world and it has entertained more famous persons than any other club in America has done in recent years. And it as readily gives a "blow out" to a prize fighter as to a famous statesman, and will treat either just alike—as a human being and nothing more.

The club is the National Press Club of Washington, D. C., the largest newspapermen's social organization in the world.

The National Press Club is unlike the famous Gridiron Club in that it is more inclusive. It is an all-round club, with a club house that never closes, while the Gridiron is only a dining club, has no club rooms, and exercises no functions other than its two or three dinner entertainments each year.

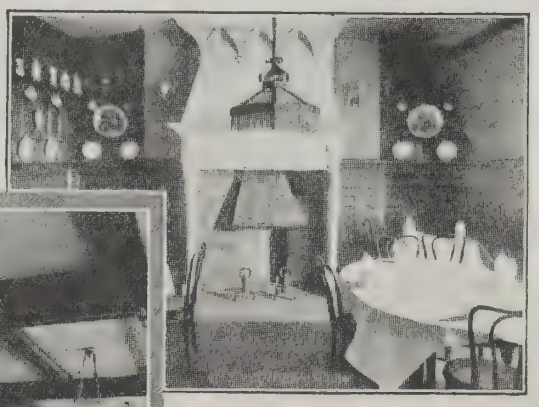
Most of the limited number of members of the Gridiron Club also are active members of the National Press Club, whose active membership is not limited except by occupational requirement. All active members must be active newspaper workers or writers at the National Capitol. There are nearly 500 of them. Although they have control of the club, being the only members entitled to vote and hold office, there also are a few hundred non-active members and several hundred associate members and a large number of non-resident members. The non-active members are former newspaper workers or writers who have drifted into other lines of activity. The associate members are laymen who come in close contact with newspapermen, and the non-resident members in the main are editors and writers located in cities other than Washington. All told, the club has about 1,500 members, nearly 1,000 residents of Washington and more than one-half of them active or one-time active newspaper workers.

The National Press Club, unlike most press clubs, few of which are rousing financial successes, is absolutely independent. It has never "passed the hat"—that is, appealed to outsiders for help in making ends meet and, it is controlled wholly by working newspapermen and other writers.

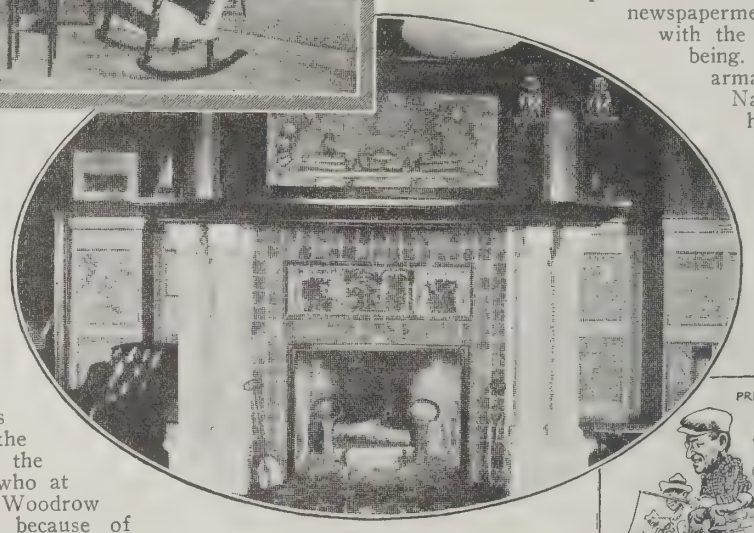
One reason for that is the large and growing number of working newspapermen domiciled in the national capital. Another is the practical worth to them of an occupational club. A third reason lies in experience gained from a long series of failures of attempts to develop and sustain a real press club in Washington—failures that have been rather common to the journalistic world elsewhere. The present press club of Washington is the descendant of several organizations, some formed as long ago as Civil War times, which seemed to prosper for brief periods and then were shattered on the rocks of disaster, through many causes. It is not a "lineal" descendant, for it was born, wholly anew, as recently as the year 1908, when the police headquarters reporters for the local Washington newspapers got together early one morning, while awaiting "closing time," and planned its beginning. At a later and larger meeting, held at a fire house, William P. Spurgeon, then and until his death managing editor of a Washington paper, was elected president and an organization campaign begun. From modest beginnings by way of membership list and club quarters, the organization grew until a few years later it was able to take over and occupy its present quarters, which comprise most of the top floor and the roof of one of Washington's largest and most centrally situated office buildings.



The Assembly Room.



The Flemish room.



The Fireplace.

When the club's quarters as they now stand were opened in 1914 the "feature" of the occasion was an address by the President of the United States, who at that time was Woodrow Wilson. It is because of such "features" in its life, as well as other characteristics of general interest and significance, that the Washington organization of news-gatherers and writers is worthy of this "write-up."

The Woodrow Wilson "feature" mentioned is among the best of the numerous classical "stunts" that have given the National Press Club wide fame. It consisted of a man-to-man talk on how it felt to be President of the United States. It was an extemporaneous address and Wilson, not expected to be quoted, let himself go in the most intimate way. He told of how he never expected to see much of Washington until his term ended, for the reason that whenever he went out to look around he became an object of curiosity like the Washington monument and was so attended that he couldn't see anything except his attendants. That was the occasion when President Wilson said that he often was tempted to put on a false beard and otherwise disguise himself and thus be able to knock around and be knocked around like a human being.

The speech, having nothing whatever to do with public questions, created something of a sensation because it was an unusual one. Although it wasn't delivered to be published, President Wilson was induced to "release" it.

In that the National Press Club differs from the Gridiron, which as a rule never gives those who speak at its dinners even the permission of "releasing" copies of what they say. At the press club reports of speeches made there are published only when the speakers give consent.

During the war many talks of which no reports went out to the country were made at the National Press Club by important personages. When, on our entrance, the allied governments sent their war missions, many of the biggest figures in Europe visited the club and talked over the situation confidentially with the correspondents. Balfour, who headed the British war mission, visited the club twice. Later, while he was serving temporarily as British Ambassador, Lord Reading delivered there an address that was published. On that occasion former President Taft presided. Recently, on his visit to this country, Marshal Foch, accompanied by General Pershing, gave an evening to the correspondents. As an indication of National Press Club catholicity it may be noted that on the occasion of the *Marechal's* visit Foch was preceded on the evening's bill of entertainment by a distinguished sleight-of-hand operator. The Prince of Wales on his visit to Washington likewise visited the press club, gave out there a prepared "message" to the American people but made a different speech—and a very human one—to the newspapermen and afterward mixed with the boys like a real human being. During the recent Disarmament Conference, the National Press Club was headquarters for visiting correspondents, general writers and diplomatic attachés from all over the world. Nearly every prominent American public man has at some time been the guest or the "subject" of a National Press Club "blow out."



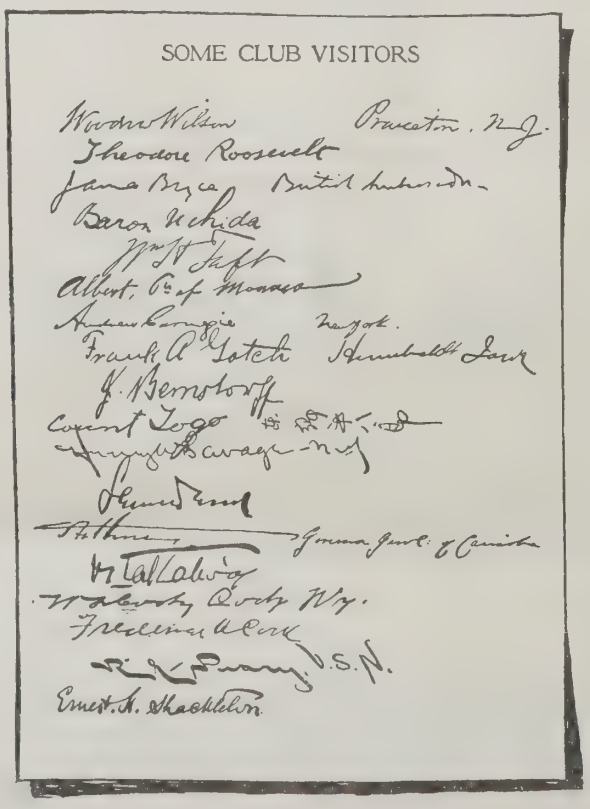
The peculiar standing with important personages of the newspapermen's Washington club isn't due to any "intellectualism," as you might imagine would pervade the atmosphere of a rendezvous of writers. Nor is it due to any particular social prestige enjoyed by the club. There are in Washington other clubs, such as the Cosmos, which appeal more distinctly to the "intelligentsia" and numerous others that are more popular with social climbers.

The press club is distinctly one of workers. While it is doubtful if the members of any other similar organization in America exercise so great a power over the thought of the nation, it would be difficult to find one where there is less of that sort of atmosphere that goes with "heavy thinking." Dominoes figure much more prominently than do books in the daily life of the club. And when a statesman is dragged forth to provide edification for club members, he is more likely to be assigned for discussion such a subject as "The Merit of Bowlegs Over Knock-knees" than such a one as "The Trend of the Times."

In fact, the most famous of National Press Club affairs have been debates of frivolous subjects by big men, or "hobby nights" when prominent personages were brought forward to tell of their lighter and least serious interests.

Imagine two ponderous United States Senators debating with two long, lean and hungry-looking Congressmen the question of whether it is better to be fat or to be skinny and you have a vision of a most typical National Press Club affair. A debate of that kind was pulled off in one of the Washington theaters last year. Speaker Gillett, of the House of Representatives, presided and a Justice of the Supreme Court opened the occasion with a reading of a serious poem. On another occasion, a "hobby party," even Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador, and President Harding made

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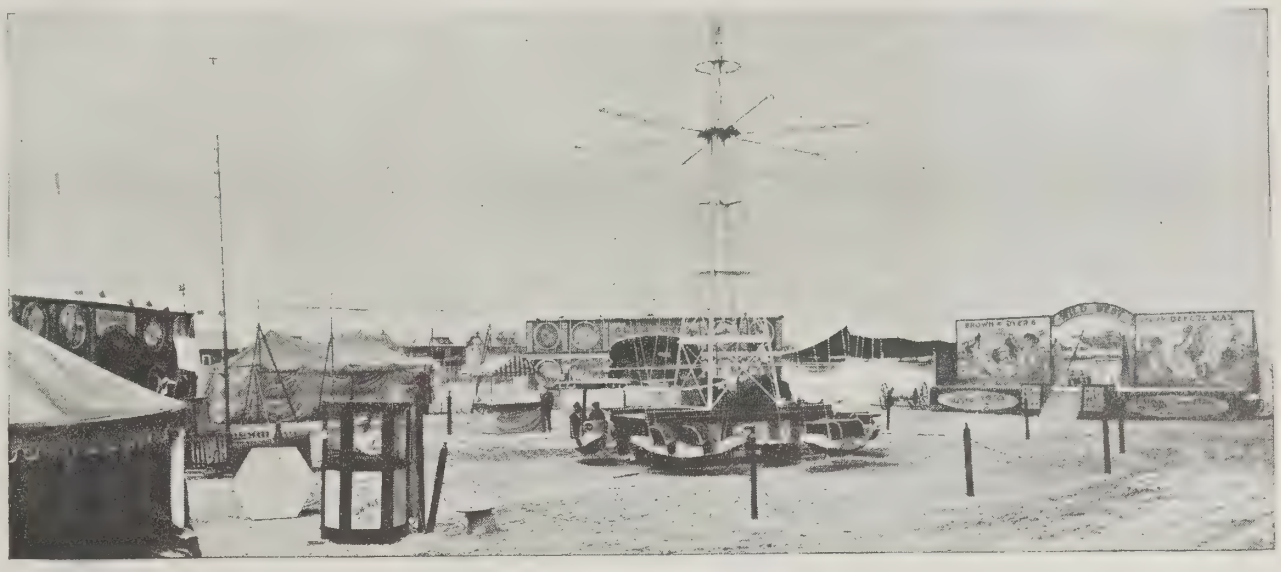
What of the Carnival "Under Auspices of–"?

Declared Grave Menace to Communities They Visit During Season

THE CIRCUS, THE BOY AND THE "CARNIVAL"

The circus as we know it is peculiarly an American institution. The boy follows every step with the keenest interest and after the performance rigs up a trapeze in his back yard. Bruised shoulders and a bumped head cause him to have renewed respect for the men and women of the circus ring. This influence is wholly good.

The carnival has a similar appeal. But that which is under the canvas is vastly different. At most of the carnivals he sees the cheap fraud show with its lewd appeal. He sees gambling going on under the auspices of his father's lodge or his brother's war veterans organization. Just as thousands of boys would never have seen an elephant had it not been for the circus, so thousands would never have known of the roulette type gambling had it not been for the cruising carnival.



The "lot" of a typical cruising carnival.

By ROBERT KENTON

This is the first of two articles on the "Cruising Carnival"

THE popular mind judges civic morality largely in terms of density of population, and in a measure it is right. However, there are some things for which the moral consciousness of the big "immoral" city won't "stand" but for which the small town or small city or rural community will. Recently, for example, 10 men were bound over by a New York City police court for trial in a higher tribunal on the charge of operating an improper amusement venture. Yet the kind of amusement for the production of which they were held as criminals is not only permitted in the vast majority of small towns and cities but is welcome at places, such as agricultural fairs, where rural people come chiefly for diversion and entertainment.

The 10 men operated what is known as a "carnival show." Although it operated under the "auspices" of an American Legion Post, the New York police arrested the principals who, as stated, were held under bail for trial.

"A heated discussion materialized between Samuel Goldstein, attorney for the prisoners, and Inspector Dominick Henry, who supervised the raid, when the case was called for trial," says a theatrical paper's report of the event.

"Goldstein maintained the carnival was being conducted for the purpose of raising funds for disabled veterans and that he could produce plenty of witnesses to verify that all the material was supplied by members of the Legion. with 80 per cent of the proceeds going toward Legion purposes."

Inspector Henry stated that both the governor and the mayor had directed that such affairs be prevented. He "added that he was supplied with authentic information . . . . that the men operating the various devices were turning over only 10 per cent of the proceeds." He declared that 99 per cent of the attendants were children under the age of 17. "As a result of this condition," the inspector said, "carnivals are a great menace to any community for they are invariably improperly conducted."

"The real reason why traveling carnival companies always come to a town under the auspices of some local popular organization is because they all violate one or more sections of the state laws which prohibit lotteries, games of chance, gambling and indecent shows, and they need the influence of some local organization to protect them from police interference." That statement comes from O. R. Miller, superintendent of the New York Civic League, which has made extensive investigations of "carnival shows" and as a result has been endeavoring to have them outlawed—as they have been in a great many communities and, partially, in one state. Parenthetically, it is interesting to note that that state, South Carolina, outlaws them except when they operate at agricultural fairs, where, all agree, their worst features generally are in greatest evidence! The law protects the "boobs" of the town and city, leaving those of the rural districts to the tender mercies of the sharps who operate the "concessions" which are inseparable features of traveling carnivals.

"In our long experience in fighting these evils we have never known of a traveling carnival company which was not largely a combination of gamblers and lewd women," declares the aforesaid Mr. Miller. "The demoralizing effect of such carnivals is seldom realized by the people of the town. The disastrous results to the moral and physical health of the young men, where one of the carnivals spends a week, cannot be eradicated by the efforts of churches in a whole year.

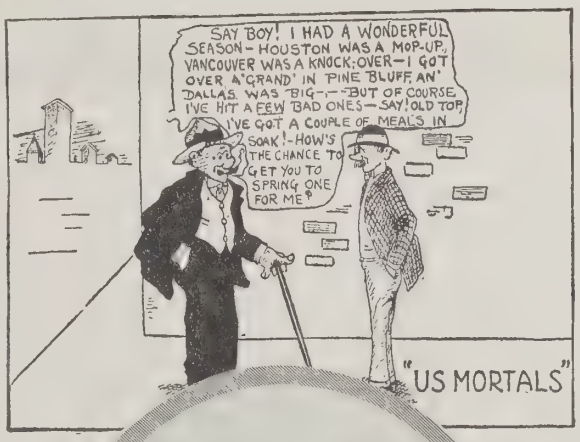
In a Pennsylvania town, it is stated, the physicians traced 342 cases of certain types of disease to a traveling carnival company!

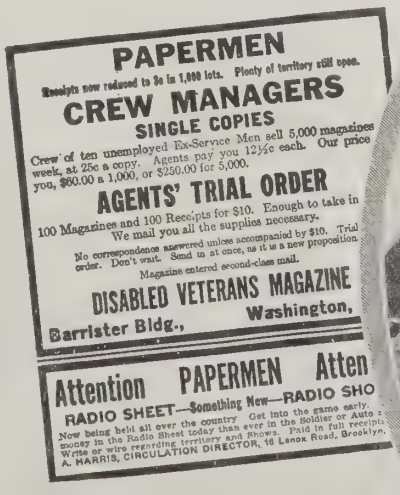
"How often you have known or heard or read of some girl being enticed away by a carnival or fair show," says an ex-concessionaire in the "Confessions of a Fair Fakir" published in *The Country Gentleman.* "Hundreds of farm girls have disappeared that way, swallowed up in the unhealthy, degrading life of the lowest type of carnival show . . . ."

Such disappearances have not been always wholly voluntary on the part of the girls, if what has often come out in court is true.

Last year in Chicago, a carnival show operator was fined $4,000 and given a 20-year sentence in the penitentiary for violating the Mann (white slave) Act. Four girls, all from small towns in the Middle West, were involved, all being with the man at the time of his arrest.

"Men of your type are a menace to the community at large," said the judge in passing sentence. "You should not be permitted to come into contact with society and it is only too bad that the law covering your offense is not more drastic. The death penalty is none too good for men of your ilk and caliber. But it might be a lesson to men of your vocation and business who have been plying this nefarious trade.







Some of the advertising that appears in the performers' publications makes interesting reading. A cartoon from the *Billboard* is at the top and in the oval is the "knock the baby" concession of a carnival.

"You go into communities, fill up young and unsuspecting girls with embellished tales of the wonders and opportunities of the carnival show business; you tell them how they will make money in abundant quantities and how jewels and fine clothes will be showered upon them by the thousands of admirers they will meet in towns they visit. They listen to your tales, do not know any better, fall and then come into the trap to be held at your mercy.

"I will sound a warning to men of your business in the most drastic terms I know, and that is by giving you the limit under the law, and I hope that this warning will echo throughout the carnival world and that it will be heeded to the extent of keeping these men away from this part of the country unless they want to take the consequences which may be worse than those you have to take."

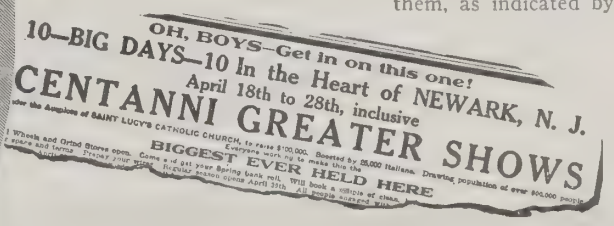
Such is not an isolated case, as you easily can find by reviewing the files of *Variety,* a theatrical publication which for long has been denouncing the "carnival shows" as "the sewer of the show business." There you will find reports of numerous crimes against girls, even against little children, committed by the followers of "carnivals."

And it is to children that these "shows" pretend to make chief appeal! Aside from the merry-go-round and the other "rides," which happen to earn most money when operated most honestly, few of them make more than visual appeal to children. One visited by the writer is an exception—it has several good features that are maintained for small children only and, according to its management, at a loss. It was the one and only one where clean entertainment dominated all activities on the "lot."

What the average one of small-town caliber is like may be visualized from the following paragraph clipped from an Ohio newspaper:

"The ———— Shows, sailing under the name 'carnival,' are like boils on your person. A snake show, a wrestler who couldn't put down his own supper and a couple of boiled prunes that called themselves 'hootchy-kootchy' dancers in 'The Garden of Allah.' These two were well ballasted with hootch. The whole gang was a loving bunch—accusing each other of every crime, except murder—and in their spare time gave each other love taps with chairs and other things."

Often when cities forbid them, near-by suburban communities welcome them, as indicated by



the following which also comes from an Ohio newspaper:

"———— has officially recognized the carnival business and outlawed it. Still it anchors outside the city limits, populated with gambling devices and violating the spirit and the letter of the law. Each carnival is attended by a motley crowd of leeches that live on the weakness of others. Each has its quota of

(*Concluded on page 13*)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 35, June 24, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
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Zero in Accomplishment

FOR utter void in the way of achievement, the history of Congress has no finer example than the soldier bonus bill.

The proposition to give the veterans of the World War a bonus has been discussed almost since the armistice. The present Congress has theoretically at least been giving the subject the most earnest consideration since the day it was organized. And the proposition has got nowhere.

Days, weeks and months have been devoted to the subject. A dozen different plans were suggested, considered, rejected. The President's views were sought, and obtained. It was stated in fairly clear language that he would not approve a bonus bill that did not carry provision for raising the necessary funds.

Despite this pronouncement, members of the Lower House of Congress kept up a futile bombardment on the White House, seeking approval of the most impossible schemes. This Congressman or that was daily announcing that this or that new bill would receive the approval of the White House. The President remained silent. Finally, the House passed a bill providing a bonus, and leaving the problem of taxation to kind Providence.

On the presentation of the measure to the Senate, it was confidently announced that the Senate Finance Committee would produce promptly a workable bill which would merit the President's approval. But the process was similar to that in the House previously. Now, after many weeks and months, the committee has reported a measure similar to that passed by the House. There is absolutely no assurance that the President will give it favorable consideration. Yet the Senators expect to pass it, and then preen themselves before the soldier voters this autumn as statesmen who gave their time and thought and *sincere* effort to obtaining *a bonus.*

As the matter stands, unless the President does a complete reversal, there will be no soldiers' bonus this year, at least. Veterans who hear Senators and Representatives mention the bonus during the campaign speeches this fall, should laugh them out of the meeting.

Similarly, any attempt to capitalize politically the other side of the question, should be accorded a similar laugh. There is a large element of the electorate opposed to any bonus, because of the burden of taxation it will impose. Senators and Representatives seek the support of this element on the theory that they have passed no bonus *providing taxation.*

There is little doubt that 99 per cent of the veterans would like to have the matter settled, passed in a workable form, or rejected finally.

There is little doubt that 99 per cent of the persons opposed to the bonus would prefer to have it passed or rejected.

But 99 per cent of the Congressmen seem quite happy in fatuous belief that by passing the bonus unworkably, they are pleasing both friends and foes of the bonus.

Selection at the Source

THE ease with which the diplomatic problems in connection with the establishment of a selective immigration policy have been solved should set at rest completely the arguments that an attempt to stem the current of undesirable aliens would bring us into controversy with foreign powers.

So quietly that almost no national notice was attracted, has come the announcement of E. J. Henning, Assistant Secretary of Labor, that through arrangements for "co-operation" with other governments, the United States will establish immigration outposts in other countries where prospective immigrants may be scanned and in effect sorted. Ticklish questions of international law had rendered such outposts doubtful. The result had been that hordes of undesirables were able to reach Ellis Island, where the force of their presence added strength to the pleas of sympathy, the demands of politicians and racial influences which were brought to bear to break down the barriers against undesirable aliens.

Mr. Henning, speaking at a luncheon of shipping men, some time ago, expressed his strong disapproval of the admission of aliens who come solely to make money, with no intention of becoming citizens, and who return to the land of their nativity with the great proportion of their earnings.

The justice of his opposition to such aliens is clear. They contribute to the country only an unintelligent labor product, valuable only in boom times. In return, they lower American standards immeasurably. In times of low productivity they are sheer burdens, often criminal burdens. Mr. Henning's speech seems to indicate that one of the factors in the undesirability of such aliens is their determination to return to the land of their birth. To us, that is the only encouraging feature. The sooner, the better. The longer they remain, the worse it is for America.

Mr. Henning quoted statistics showing that 70 per cent of the immigrants from a nation, credited with supplying cheap labor to this country, are persons of a mental age of 11 years or less. He designated another nationality whose immigration included 20 per cent of low-grade morons with a mental age of nine years. No comment on such a condition is necessary.

The only element of importance is this: There must be such a renewal of national interest in the subject of immigration that will compel Congress to enforce additional safeguards against the alien peril.

We call attention to the first of several articles taking up the problem with which Canada is dealing in handling immigration. It is not unlike our own, but there is a sanity in officialdom in Canada that refuses to be swayed from a righteous path by the sickly sentimentalism that so often characterizes interference by well-meaning but uninformed Americans.

Hurry

HURRY is a chronic American disease, an evil habit that has fastened itself, cancer-like, on our life, and has sent its roots deep down into our vitals.

Hurry is not speed. It is not energy. It is not the opposite of slothfulness. It is not a means by which great ends are accomplished.

A study of the men of affairs, who have made, or are making, history, will demonstrate that hurry is not a characteristic of the man who is doing things worth while.

There are exceptions, of course, but almost invariably the man of affairs is deliberate. He accomplishes much, but he does it calmly, measuredly, and according to schedule.

His schedule is so planned, perhaps, that every moment of the working day is assigned, but there is sufficient time for each task when its time comes. He does not hurry.

The hurrying man is one who, with immature plans, is trying to keep up with a poorly arranged schedule, and is always a little behind.

Hurry, because it involves lost motion, makes for inefficiency.

Some men imagine that hurry is a virtue, that their feverish activities help to keep them in the limelight.

Such activities may impress some persons, but not those who read below the surface.

Among the most reprehensible of the hurry tribe are those to whom traffic rules are anathema, and who are willing to take long chances to save 10 minutes in a trip to or from town.

It is this class that furnishes the daily menu of automobile casualties.

Perhaps the most effectual punishment for this type of individual would be to give the traffic officers authority to order every speeding car to the side of the road, and there padlock it for half an hour, or more, according to the gravity of the offense.

Another class of the hurrier who, however, injures only himself, orders and eats his meals with a rush.

One chef is quoted as saying that the curse of American cooking is the injunction, "Rush this order, please." Neither good preparation of food nor good digestion goes with such an order.

Whoever is living a hurried life is living a poorly planned, disordered, nervous, inefficient life, *and is meanwhile rushing the undertaker!*

The Profession of Librarian

FROM the aged "bookworm" of ancient times has recently emerged the "butterfly" of today, commonly known among the youngest of the coming generation as the "libary teacher." This is a curious phenomenon when isolated from the course of events which has brought it about, yet a perfectly natural one when we consider the ideals of democracy as they have been translated into the library.

In ancient times it was only the small minority of highly educated persons who used the libraries; the librarian seldom enters into our concept of libraries of that period. If in imagination we do people the library of Alexandria, for instance, with librarians, they are venerable ancients, bent with much poring over musty books, stealthily prowling through the vast, book-lined rooms of that splendid edifice.

At a later period studious monks in cloistered libraries guarded the precious and much-loved volumes, and even the audacity of a Mark Twain could not imagine a woman within those sacred precincts, much less place in her custody as librarian the priceless volumes.

But a new ideal has come to realization, the ideal of Democracy and its inseparable companion, Universal Education. As an indispensable aid to education the Library has come into its own, and with it has come a new, vital and worthy profession, or possibly it would be truer to say a very old profession become revitalized and broadened, that of librarian. The rank of the librarian is universally recognized; she is the medium between the reader and the books, through whom the vast storehouse of information and enjoyment is placed at the disposal of every person of this broad land.

As a live profession constantly broadening, the work of the librarian has gone beyond the mere dispensing of books, important as that service is. A servant of the reading taste, the librarian has also successfully essayed a leadership of that taste. To stimulate interest where it lies dormant, and to guide it as it rises to zest, are all tasks within the librarian's field of service. The children's story hour in many libraries, when the "libary teacher" leads the open-eyed children into unexplored realms of make-believe, and satisfies that persistent demand of all inquisitive and normal youngsters, "Tell us a story!" is at once a beautiful humanity and a strong preventive and corrective of the abnormal tendencies incident to our new ways of living. Beyond that comes the librarian's service to specialists in science and the trades, in music, art, sociology and economics.

Consequently, a conclave of librarians is today a most interesting and diversified group of persons. Together they comprise a living index of all human knowledge and of all the avenues of intellectual effort. Such a conclave honors Detroit the last week in June, when the American Library Association will hold its annual convention in that city.

The American Library Association "was founded in 1876 by a group of far-seeing librarians who were concerned with educational progress and who saw the great possibilities for self-education in the founding and development of libraries." Its chief purpose is "to assist in making books a vital, educational force in American life, and in making libraries easily accessible to all the people."

That this purpose has been abundantly fulfilled is shown by the magnificent libraries that now outshine most other edifices in our cities, by unnumbered multitudes of library patrons, and by the splendid personnel of the profession of trained librarian.

We Lose an Ambassador

THE pleasant relations between the United States and the Kerensky Government in Russia must close. Announcement has been made at Washington that Boris Bakhmeteff will retire as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary.

Mr. Bakhmeteff is unquestionably the most extraordinary ambassador ever accredited to our country. For five years he manifested the most extraordinarily diplomatic silence. If, during that period, he had opened his mouth for public utterance, the chances are that someone would have noticed he was here, and he would have lost his job. By keeping his own counsel, he succeeded in retaining the valuable perquisites of ambassadorial rank, though the government which accredited him had disappeared shortly after his credentials were accepted.

It was not until Senator Borah challenged his status several weeks ago, that the country as a whole knew that Ambassador Bakhmeteff was still with us. The Kerensky ministry was in such a hurry when it retired from office in Russia, that its failure to recall Mr. Bakhmeteff is entirely excusable. But notwithstanding the involved explanations at Washington, the mystery of why we kept him is too deep to understand.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE sign of superiority is service. Whether in race, class, individual or group undertaking, the only justification for any claim of exceptional worth or standing is that the claimant can prove a superior service in some particular to mankind. "Whosoever would be greatest among you, let him be your servant." This is the law of life. The only mastery is not over individuals, but over laws and processes and materials for the benefit of individuals.

But this sounds like moralizing. That is one of the greatest difficulties in bringing men to a realization of the true basis of progress—it sounds like moralizing. Men's minds have become so accustomed to the use of the word "service" in the accents of idealism that they find it almost impossible to break through to reality. They think that "service" is something they may render as extra measure over and above what they practically ought to do, a sort of generous gesture added to their proper work. Instead, service ought to be the very characteristic of all that they do, and even the man who works for wages should see to it, as a part of common prudence, that his efforts in shop or store or office are performing a real and needed service for the people.

But there is an overtone in service after all. Wherever superior advantages or opportunities have become the possession of any race, nation, class or individual, the very possession is an obligation to greater service. And it is in the failure to realize this that we may trace all the stupid dislocations of our time.

Here is the race difficulty solved. The inferior race does not rebel against its inferiority, nor does it rebel against the helpful honest service rendered to it by its superior; it rebels against a condition of affairs where the superior race regards its superiority as a license to cruel exploitation and to foolish assumptions which humiliates the natural human dignity which all men share in common. History is largely a series of big blunders (although in writing it is made to appear something quite different) and the biggest blunder of all, in the contact of the races, has been a false reading of the obligations of superiority. For superiority is an obligation, and nothing but an obligation. "For unto whom much is given, of him shall much be required." That is the law. The superior servant of mankind does not have to prove his superiority; it is gratefully acknowledged. All the world needs help, and the helpers have their crown unchallenged.

Here also is the law of international relations. We have lately seen at Genoa the old, old game of the stronger trying to compel service from the weaker, the greater from the lesser. More ruthless than the ruin wrought by invading armies, more devastating than all the material destruction brought by war, has been the vainglorious overriding of the rights of the smaller nations by the mighty; not by force of arms, but by force of gold, that most conscienceless weapon of all, to wield which is a coward's joy. If the United States is keeping herself out of the European welter because she sees that no self-respecting nation can even be a witness of the international financiers' game, then we have done well. There was once a time when the proud boast of our own nation was that we were a friend of the little nations, when our glory was that we were helping struggling nationalities less fortunate than ourselves. We don't hear that boast so much nowadays, because we are not extending the help we once so freely gave. Our own small taste of imperialism brought us perilously near the tactic of the oppressors of the old land. Not, to be sure, because our people have grown hardened, but because now even our American affairs are no longer responsive to the American conscience, but to the policies of the international financiers who have no country and who profit from the distresses and exploitation of the people of all countries. There is no need to defend by force of arms the superiority of a nation that serves its neighbors. Its protective and progressive leadership is readily and gratefully acknowledged by all its beneficiaries.

This is also the law of class distinction. There will always be classes, based not on the constantly changing accident of the possession of goods, but upon the differing mental and moral caliber of men. Our classes do not run down family lines; classes are erected upon natural gifts which are highly employed only in the service of the others. The world is a scene of jealousies and hatreds simply because the so-called "fortunate classes" have regarded their good fortune as being solely for their own enjoyment, and have not regarded it as being an obligation laid upon them to strive to bring all families up to their own standard of security and opportunity. Had the Russian nobility and the Prussian aristocracy served as they could have served, they had not been destroyed—and American classes may well ponder the judgment that overtook these victims of their own selfishness and of others' hate.

This is also the law of individuals. If a man is given the gift of music or of management, if he has mastered the art of healing or of leadership, it is not his, and his possession of it is not acknowledged, until he shares it widely. The individual who conceives his special gift to be his own, to be used for his own advantage, is committing the supreme sin against the dispensation of destiny by which he has his gift. And the law of retribution shall not be long in overtaking him. In the arts and crafts, in manual toil and in management, the law of unchallenged possession and honor is based on service and on nothing else.

Some of our professions—at least two of them, medicine and the law—are under question now as never before. Why? Surely not because the Law has rendered the service of wisely directing men in their relations; surely not because Medicine with a skilled hand has brought healing to the world; not because of service at all; but because, upon the attainment of a certain degree of success came a thirst for overlordship, came an emphasis on "our rights" instead of "our duties"; came organization to "place the profession on a proper footing," which appeared to the people very much like an attempt to switch the relationship, making the people the servants of the professions. This and this only is responsible for the mist of distrust which is rising. It is only right to say again that this change of professional attitude is not American: our professions also are being poisoned, as our finances are, by alien ideas which regard Service as an idealism of old women. We ought to get back to the principles which made these professions great in unchallenged greatness—the principles by which they rendered Service, and first of all Service.

Gifts are not given to the individual who happens to exercise them. They are given through him to the community in which he is placed. That is, the gifts are not his; *he himself is the gift given to the people.* He does not *have* it, he *is* it. Nothing was given to Lincoln for Lincoln's use; Lincoln himself was given to the people, an embodied gift to the nation. The only way the God of the People can give gifts to the people is to wrap them up in men, and give the men to the people. It is this fact which makes it so terrible a thing to see gifts used to oppress, or to minister to the selfishness of the bearers of them.

Service is the law of life, the practical law of practical life, and there is no field of activity where this is an exception.

THE gifted man bears his gifts into the world, not for his own benefit, but for the people among whom he is placed; for the gifts are not his, he himself is a gift to the community. That is the way Life gives gifts to the people; it wraps them up in men, and sends them forth. If then the bearer purloins the gifts for his own use, and turns his ability to serve into an excuse for overlordship and exploitation of those who need him, he is a traitor to the Universe. Every kind of ability or superiority is an obligation. Here is the solution of all racial, national, class and individual problems. Service is the badge of the great. There is no greatness without it.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Why Is the Cleveland Union Station in a Hole?

Scheme to Place Terminal on Mall Ratified But Not Carried Out

By FRANK HILL

VISITORS to Cleveland generally wonder why that metropolis should offer such miserable depot accommodations for the traveling public. The Union Station serves three of the principal railroads—the New York Central, the Big Four and the Pennsylvania. More than 50 trains take on or discharge passengers at this station each 24 hours. It is a terminal point where many travelers must change cars for the East, West and South.

And yet for more than 50 years this station has been a wooden affair, literally set down in a hole at the base of a ridge running along the south shore of Lake Erie. The tracks are cramped into a narrow strip between the ridge and the water front.

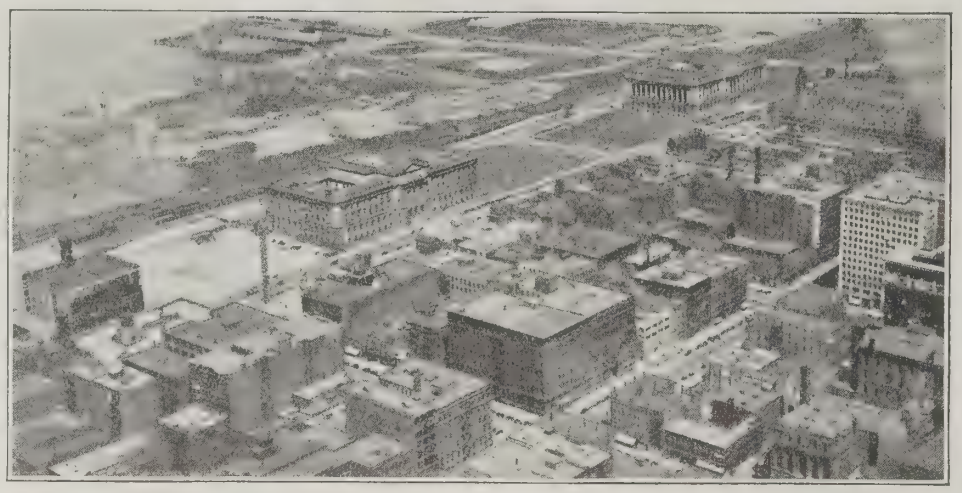
Approaching this station in a street car or an automobile from the city, the first impression one gets is that the Union Station is nothing but a big sprawling train shed down in a gully. And that impression is about right. To get into the depot after leaving the street car, the traveler is obliged to walk down a covered incline or runway, provided with long wide steps which seem to have been constructed solely to wear the foot passengers out as quickly as possible. Then a street must be crossed before the bridge leading to the depot building can be reached. The street is on a side hill, it is paved with rough cobblestones, and often obstructed with taxicabs and automobiles. In rainy weather it is quite an adventure to get over without slipping down or being hit by a vehicle rushing up or down the sloping street, or backing around before the entrance. The bridge leading to the depot is on an incline, from which the wide steps have been mercifully omitted.

There are two main floors to the passenger station proper—one on the ground for baggage and a restaurant, and a second floor for ticket offices, waiting rooms, rest rooms, the usual magazine and candy concessions and telephone booths.

Trains are reached by walking along a covered extension of the second floor which reaches out over the tracks in the direction of the lake. Stairs lead down from this platform to the various trains which stand on tracks under train sheds.

The general impression created by this passenger station is that it is a very cheap affair, utterly unworthy of the railroads or the city. It is ugly, inconvenient and dangerous. Being made entirely of wood which has become highly seasoned, it is a veritable fire trap. Once started in that inflammable structure, fire would quickly spread and destroy life and valuables before the fire fighters could possibly get into action. It is too small to care properly for crowds that visit the city on great occasions. During the war it was constantly jammed with masses of soldiers and their loved ones, the mass of humanity often being so dense that travelers had to fight their way through, to and from the trains.

The Nickel Plate, Baltimore & Ohio, Erie, and the Wheeling & Lake Erie roads have separate terminal stations in other parts of the city. None of them is very creditable. They are small, out of date in their architecture, and are plainly a hang-over from the big-town period in the growth of Cleveland.



If the station went on the Mall, it would take the vacant ground shown here.

In contrast with their terminal stations several roads have creditable up-town depots. For example, the Pennsylvania depot at Euclid avenue and Fifty-fifth street is a modern structure of brick, concrete and steel; light, airy, and equipped with every convenience including telephone train annunciators. The New York Central Station, at East 105th street, is also a credit to the city and the railroad. When a distinguished visitor is coming to Cleveland, the reception committee generally plans to meet him either at the East 105th Street Station on the New York Central or the Fifty-fifth Street Station on the Pennsylvania line. Thus they avoid the gloomy wooden shed known as the Union Station. Mention should also be made of the Nickel Plate Station at Euclid avenue and East 123rd street. This is modern and superior in structure and design to the Nickel Plate Station, which, like the Union Station, is "down in a hole," but in the southern part of the city.

Ever since Cleveland got out of the "big town" class and began to feel the growing pains of a metropolis, there has been intermittent talk about the need of a "great union passenger station." The idea, of course, was to bring all the trains into one terminal, where passengers could conveniently change to other roads, the interurban cars, or to the street cars.

After 25 years of talk nothing has been done. The Union Station is still in a hole, and Cleveland has become a hissing and byword among the cities of the nation because of her ugly old Union Station. Thousands of persons are asking:

"Why the delay?"

"Who is blocking the game?"

"Is it due to rake-off among the politicians?"

"Can't the railroad officials agree on how the details should be worked out?"

Apparently, the delay was caused by the inability of the city officials and the railway authorities to get together about locations, land titles, and so on. Finally, the negotiations took form in an ordinance approved by a referendum vote in November, 1915, of 51,400 for, and 17,000 against, providing for the erection of a union passenger depot on the lake front at what is called the Mall site, to the east but not far from the present station. This arrangement was accepted by the New York Central, the Big Four and the Pennsylvania lines. Everybody felt that the right thing had been done, and that in the course of time a union station would rise commandingly at the gateway to the city.

The Mall is the pride of Cleveland. It originated with Mayor Tom Johnson. It consists of a strip of land running from the public square to the lake in which all public buildings are to be located. Already a part of this immense plan has been carried out by the erection of the post office, the courthouse, the city hall, and the municipal auditorium. Work is now under way on the new public library building which is part of the Mall group. Outstanding features of this plan are uniformity of architecture in the buildings, and the effect of having so many fine structures massed together.

The city hall and the courthouse are located on the elevation overlooking the lake front, about half a mile apart and are very imposing. A union passenger station, something like the Baltimore & Ohio in Washington, D. C., set midway between the city hall and the courthouse, would fill the eye and complete the picture, and thus the Union Station would be out of a hole at last. But not yet. Shortly before this country got into the Great War the railroads notified the city that they were not in a position to begin construction.

Meanwhile, O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen, who had developed a suburban residential district on Shaker Heights, were active in promoting a rapid transit line for the benefit of home builders to whom they had sold property. A part of their plan was the construction of an electric road giving a 20-minute service between the Heights and the public square. They also acquired control of the Nickel Plate. In working out their purpose they developed a plan to build a stub-end passen-

Witt: Cleveland's Champion

PETE WITT, traction expert, is one of the outstanding "institutions" of Cleveland. He has been a storm center in that city for many years, and promises to live up to his reputation for many years to come. He is an iconoclast who has no respect for sacred images of any sort, and he is never happier than when he is smashing something that affects the welfare of the people. Enemies dread his scathing tongue, and his ever-ready arsenal of facts which he knows how to use with deadly effect. Among the pet names by which he is designated are: "Soap-box orator," "paradox," "dreamer," "bulldog," "anarchist," "socialist," "single taxer," "free trader," "idealist," "jawsmith," "packing house rough neck," and so on.

He is often characterized as "vitriolic," "genial," "courteous," "coarse," "lowbrow," and so on, according to the viewpoint of the speaker. His opponents sometimes employ terms that it would not be nice to use in this article. Packing house rules are Witt's choice of weapons, and when he raises his raucous voice in a call to combat, there is a general movement in the direction of the storm cellars. Bitter as gall is this man in attacking public wrongs, utterly without fear, and a hater of precedent and tradition. His humor is acid and his satire savage. Few men have such a collection of dum dum bullets available in the form of up-to-date information with which to shoot holes in the operations of big business. There is a biting quality to his speech in attack or criticism, that generally gets under the hide. For example, in referring to golf he made the comment:

"Golf is a game that needlessly prolongs the lives of our most useless citizens."

Of course, it is a play on words, but it carries a sting that goes home. His favorite name for the Chamber of Commerce is the "Plunderbund." Referring to this organization, he said:



PETER WITT

"Whenever I am in doubt as to where I should stand on a public question, I wait until the Chamber of Commerce has acted. Then I take just the opposite position, for I know it will be the right one."

Naturally, Pete is about as welcome at a secret session of the Chamber of Commerce inner circle as a colony of wasps would be at a wedding party.

And yet there are persons in Cleveland who are dead sure that Pete Witt is a pretty decent sort of fellow. They make up the enthusiastic throngs who pack the Opera House and the Hippodrome when he announces that he is going to take off somebody's hide and hang it on the wall. It is this popularity with the people that makes Pete Witt invincible.

Witt is a compact, rugged man of 52. He is five feet, nine and one-half inches tall, and weighs 155 pounds. His coal black hair has scarcely been touched by the frosts of age. There is a merry twinkle in his mild brown eyes even when he is lambasting somebody. He generally wears a dark suit and a black, brown or blue bow tie. He walks a great deal to keep himself in condition. He owns a collection of pipes from clay to meerschaum, and greatly enjoys smoking them turn about. Once and only once he tried to smoke cigarets. He took a package home and used all of them up in one evening. That finished him as a cigaret smoker.

Politically, he is a single taxer, and religiously, he classes himself as a "heathen." He enjoys the poems of Bobby Burns in his moments of relaxation, but his regular campaign diet is "Progress and Poverty."

While Witt has always been an oratorical and political fighter, he fights for principles, and does not assail individuals, except as they embody the evils he is attacking—or get in his way. What he does is for social purposes—for the good of all the people. He is the champion of certain ideas and ideals which in his mind rise far above personalities. Like all such prophets he is much maligned and misunderstood. But that does not worry him in the least. He regards such an attitude as a necessary part of the game.

Witt has been city clerk, city street railway commissioner, and once he ran for the office of mayor, his opponent being Harry L. Davis, now governor of Ohio. Last autumn Witt headed the campaign committee of 100 organized to promote the city manager plan for Cleveland. The plan carried by a large majority, and on January 1, 1923, it will become effective. Witt has been accused of an ambition to be the first city manager, but he declares that he does not want any political office. However, he will be active in setting up the machinery for the selection of a high-grade city manager. Incidentally, just now Witt is leading a fight in opposition to the erection of a union passenger station on the public square. He has put in a lot of time and expended $600 of his own money in personal expenses, all to defeat a project that he considers injurious to public interests. Pete wants the depot on the lake front at the end of the Mall, or group of public buildings.

Early influences had much to do with making Witt what he is today. Perhaps if he been differently placed at the outset he might now be at the head of a corporation that would be engaged in doing some of the very things that he is fighting. He is a man of large

25 Years of Talk and Plans Are Still Held Up

Real Estate Holdings and Transfers Involved in Complicated Deal

ger station on the public square for all the interurban lines entering the city, and for three steam lines—the Nickel Plate, the Wheeling & Lake Erie and the Erie. With this in mind they organized the Terminals Company.

Then on the suggestion of the United States Railroad Administration, the Van Sweringens evolved a plan to erect a union passenger station on the southwest corner of the square, and handle the trains on underground tracks after the manner of New York. All railroads entering Cleveland together with the interurbans were to use this terminal. An ordinance providing for the erection of such a station, the opening of a new route, and for certain improved freight facilities, was submitted to the people in January, 1919, and approved by a vote of 30,758 for, to 19,916 against. A big factor in the campaign was the oft-reiterated promise that the depot construction would give employment to hundreds of returning soldiers.

Thus the proposed new union passenger station was picked up and moved from the Mall to the public square in one day.

In April, 1921, the New York Central applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority to join with the Big Four and the Nickel Plate in an agreement with O. P. Van Sweringen to acquire the entire capital stock of the Terminals Company, at its par value of $10,000, 71 shares to go to the New York Central, for $7,100; 22 to the Big Four for $2,200; and seven to the Nickel Plate for $700. It also sought other agreements essential to the development of the project. A very important part of the deal was the proposal that the three railroads named be permitted to guarantee bonds to the value of $60,000,000 by the sale of which the Terminals Company expects to finance the union passenger undertaking. Furthermore, the agreement of the railroads to purchase all the capital stock of the Terminals Company contained the unusual provision that the railroads would deliver proxies to O. P. Van Sweringen authorizing him "until completion and tender of a portion of the union passenger terminal to the railroads as aforesaid, to vote the stock of the Cleveland Union Terminals Company at any general or special meeting of the stockholders of said company for the election of directors."

In short, the New York Central, the Big Four and the Nickel Plate railroads proposed that they be permitted to buy the stock of the Terminals Company, guarantee its bonds, and turn the voting power of the stock over to O. P. Van Sweringen, the chief promoter of the terminal station. However, there was a string to this proposition. The Terminals Company was required to consult with the three railroads in the matter of salaries and heavy or continuing expenditures. On the surface this looks as if O. P. Van Sweringen was to become merely the agent of the three roads in looking after the erection of the union passenger station. Where do the Van Sweringens get off in the deal, you ask? Wait a moment.

They had formed two other companies—the Cleveland Terminals Building Company, and the Cleveland Traction Terminals Company, the latter with a prospective capitalization of $25,000,000. The purpose of the building company was to erect a large and handsome office building over the Union Station, from which the Van Sweringens and their associates would derive a profit. In exchange for these "air rights," the Terminals Company would receive a perpetual easement in the lands required for the east approach to the station. It was claimed by the New York Central that the net cost of acquiring such an easement would be $2,954,438 and that the air rights were worth $2,209,741. In passing it may be remarked that full use is made of the air rights over the New York Central Terminal in New York City, but the revenue goes to the railroad.



This group of buildings will be torn down if the station is erected downtown.

On April 19, 20, 21 and 22, 1921, a hearing on the application of the New York Central and associated roads was conducted in Washington by W. A. Colston, director of finance. He advised that the application be allowed, and on his recommendation the matter was taken up for further consideration by the finance committee of the Interstate Commerce Commission, consisting of B. H. Meyer, J. B. Campbell, and J. B. Eastman. During the hearings C. C. McChord, chairman of the commission, and Commissioner J. J. Esch sat with the committee. Mr. Esch is the joint father with Senator Cummins of the Esch-Cummins Act for the governmental regulation of railroads. The roads were represented by distinguished attorneys, while William B. Wood, director of law, and Mayor W. S. Fitzgerald appeared in the interests of the city, which had approved the plan of the railroads. Peter Witt was there in his own behalf and at his own expense. He was the only representative of the public present.

He showed that while the proposed plan to erect the Union Station on the square would cost $60,565,818 it could be built on the original Mall site for $42,179,387, and would be equally serviceable. Notwithstanding the higher cost the New York Central favored the former plan. Mr. Witt further called attention to the congestion of street car and vehicular traffic that would result from the closing of 48 acres of streets in the heart of the city south and west of the public square, which would be necessary to give space for the union passenger station.

After the hearings in April, further consideration of the case went over until August 2, on which date the final oral arguments were heard. Newton D. Baker, as the representative of the railroads, spoke for two hours in favor of the station on the square, and Peter Witt occupied the same amount of time in opposition to the plan. He insisted that the Mall was the only proper and logical location for the Union Station.

On August 13, 1921, the commission rejected the application of the railroads for permission to acquire the stock of the Terminals Company and guarantee the bonds for the erection of the union passenger station.

In summing up the case the commissioners said, among other things:

"From what has already been stated, it appears that the project for which the people voted is not in all respects the project which is now under consideration. Morever, there is evidence of a sharp division in both public and expert opinion. Nor are we persuaded that the reservation of air rights in the hands of private interests is in accordance with sound public policy."

In dismissing the application the commission left the way open for a rehearing on the presentation of further evidence or a modification of the plans.

Steps were taken at once by the railroads and allied financial interests in Cleveland to reopen the case.

Accordingly, Commissioner J. B. Campbell went to Cleveland on September 22, 1921, to preside at the rehearing. When it appeared that the interested railroads had not produced further evidence or modified their plans, Peter Witt moved that the application be dismissed, but he was overruled. The hearing occupied seven days, in which the only new matter presented by the applicants was that the cost of building could be scaled about 20 per cent, as the previous figures had been based on war prices, which had dropped considerably since the estimates had been made up. Finally, Commissioner Campbell announced that the case was

(*Concluded on page 12*)

Defender of the Underdog

capacity, and intense feeling. To this must be added his uncanny insight into the sinister methods by which money and brains can be used to ride the poor for a profit.

Witt was born in Cleveland. As a boy of 13 he quit school and went to work in a basket factory. Later he became a molder, and worked in foundries for 10 years. His ready tongue and intellectual ability made him a leader, and when his associates wanted their wrongs presented Pete was always the spokesman. He gained such power that the Cleveland foundries blacklisted him, and he had to walk the streets in search of work. While thus out of a job he sold insurance, worked for newspapers, and wrote books on single tax. At this period in his career he suffered from what Tom Johnson later characterized as "the blacklist of the criminal rich and the distrust of the ignorant poor."

"What particular influences had most to do with shaping your life and purposes?" I asked.

"My feeling that workingmen were being ground down by employers, and a determination to make better conditions for men and women who toil," he responded. "I was a member of the Knights of Labor, and by many of the exclusive East End people I was looked upon as a menace to society. Three men came into my life whose influences still live with me. All of them are dead, but I shall cherish their memories as long as I live. They were Dr. L. B. Tuckerman, physician and surgeon, Tom G. Fitzsimons, and Tom L. Johnson. Dr. Tuckerman was also a member of the Knights of Labor. He was a single taxer, and devoted his spare time to a fight for political independence. He preached his doctrines from a soap box on the public square. I learned much from him, both as to ideas of government, and the way to get those ideas over to the public. Early in my career I discovered how to get up before a crowd on the square and obtain a hearing. Dr. Tuckerman won the allegiance of men of the most diverse social and political views. When he died there were 16 men at his funeral service who could not possibly agree upon anything. They represented the Chamber of Commerce, Central Labor Union, the orthodox church, the Free Church society, preachers and agnostics, and so forth. Fitzsimons was also one of the early soap-box orators. He later became a builder of railways and made a fortune and died a wealthy man. Tom L. Johnson was a rich man who did his best to help the poor. He gave his fortune and his life for his cause, and I am proud that I had the opportunity to fight by his side all through the stormy years that he was mayor of Cleveland."

Pete Witt and Tom Johnson met in a very dramatic way. Johnson was running for mayor to drive through his ideas about three-cent car fare. One night in a tent meeting he was constantly heckled by a young man in the middle of the audience who persisted in asking very embarrassing questions.

Finally, Johnson paused and inquired:

"What is your name, may I ask?"

"Witt—Pete Witt," came the defiant reply.

"Oh, you are the young man I have been hearing so much about. Your questions are fair, and indicate intelligence, but you are at a disadvantage out there. You could be heard better from the platform, and as I believe in giving every man a fair chance, I invite you to come up here with me."



Taking the hide off 'em.

Instantly there was a howl in the audience. Some wanted Pete to keep his seat, and others wanted him to accept the invitation. Finally he went up, and he and Johnson had a lively time discussing the questions at issue. It was a clever thing to do. I wondered what effect it had on the young agitator. So I put the question to Witt:

"Did Johnson's courtesy tend to modify any of your opinions? Did he win your good will on that occasion to such a degree that you let up in your fight?"

"No, that did not change me a particle, but later I came to see that Johnson was different. It was several years afterward that we really got together."

Eventually, Witt became city clerk during the Johnson administration, and Newton D. Baker came into the family as city solicitor. While Witt was characterized as the "rough neck" of the administration who was always ready for a fight, Baker was classed as a "high brow," who used smooth words, and quotations from the classics in his addresses. In one respect Witt and Baker are alike—both have voices of wonderful endurance and carrying power. Their social ideals are similar, but their methods are utterly different. Baker is now president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce and an attorney for railways, while Witt is still just—Pete Witt.

Johnson's first act after his election as mayor was to create a "tax school" and put Pete Witt in charge of it. The purpose of this school was to equalize the appraisal of property for taxation. Witt found that the rate varied from two per cent of the real value of property to 68 per cent above. He established a system of valuations that is still in use. While he was

(*Concluded on page 12*)

Canada's Problem With the New Immigration

Both Asiatic and European Undesirables Seek Entrance to Dominion

By A. R. PINCI

IF THIS country faces a serious immigration problem now and in the future, Canada's actual and prospective immigration problem is critical. In some ways it parallels American difficulties, but, fundamentally, because our northern neighbor is so industrially advanced in relation to population, it exceeds them.

Travel throughout Canada and close contact with her people will convince any one that the possibilities of that unlimited and virgin and mainly unexplored territory are beyond man to imagine. Every school pupil in the United States has read something about Hudson Bay and the Hudson's Bay Company, but few on this side of the border realize that it is figuratively possible to go from Chicago to the North Pole in a straight line over Canadian territory and Canadian waters.

Canada is larger in area than the United States, including Alaska, by 112,000 square miles, the approximate area of the Philippine Islands. Preliminary census data released by the Dominion Census Bureau, April 1, 1922, shows that the population is 8,769,489. The Canadian citizen is the world's richest man, on the basis of individual average bank deposits, and for his benefit the largest proportion of railway mileage to population is being operated. The national wealth is estimated at $2,100 per capita, with national development still in its infancy.

Canada Has Double Problem, Too

THIS will sooner or later be understood by the emigrating classes of Europe and the Far East, and it goes without saying that when the habit starts of emigrating to Canada, Canada's influx will be heavy. The Dominion Government long since found it imperative to restrict the process of indiscriminate welcome to all aliens, and it is well to bear in mind that Canada has had its quota of adventurers, as distinguished from adventurous beings, of wars, and of internal strife. Having, therefore, successfully overcome the sociological ills that accompany the formation of an undying nation, she is now between the devil and the deep sea.

The restrictive process is retarding the growth of population and because of this the intensification of what has been so far a man-made miracle is slowing up. In this regard there is a difference of opinion—and an honest one—between the governing officials and the great leaders of local thought, with the odds at this time in favor of the latter. And this concerns the United States for many reasons.

Canada is, of course, agriculturally successful. There are more than 700,000 farms, each averaging in value about $10,000. As an example of prospects, more than 12,000 farm settlers from the United States settled in Western Canada last year. Last fiscal year nearly 50,000 emigrants from the United States entered the Dominion and about one-third of these declared their intention of going on the land. This year (March, 1921 to April, 1922) emigration from the United States dropped to 29,345.

Agriculture being carried on after the most modern process and the land itself being of maximum fertility, it is evident that Canada, like the United States, is about to approach—if she has not already approached—the highest degree of marketable agricultural production. The next step is reducing the cost of producing it.

It is clear, therefore, that immigration that is to be allocated or deflected to the country must be in reasonable proportion to a corresponding degree of consumption. The question, therefore, resolves itself to this:

How many industrial or semi-industrial workers can Canada assimilate safely?

Behind that question there is another:

How shall they be classified and selected?

Canada has its Asiatic immigration problem, its European immigration problem, its unemployment problem.

Orientals Try to Get In

OFFICIAL Canadian reports state that determined efforts are being made by orientals to secure admission, "practically every method being tried in turn." Particular attention is drawn to the extremely heavy increase in the Chinese work recently, which has been due to the influx of alleged merchants, and the determined efforts made to evade the Labor Exclusion Order made it necessary to prohibit the entry of labor, an order in council being issued accordingly.

Oriental immigration, however, while of some importance to the authorities in the West, does not seem to assume the importance of the corresponding eastern problem—that of a preponderantly European immigration. I have heard it complained about from Quebec to Windsor, the latter a vital point, being just across the river from Detroit. Everybody, official and layman, seems to perceive some kind of premeditated campaign to facilitate the migration of these *unassimilable* classes.

Their objective seems to be that rather rich territory that borders along the United States—Quebec and Southern Ontario, although that is not necessarily their destination.

The main cause of alarm is the fact that this type of immigration does not represent the stock so essential to Canada at this time. They are frail of physique and congenitally incapable to meet the forces of nature in any productive or constructive pursuit. They belong, in the main, to the consuming classes, and just now this category is overburdened.

Said one of the most prominent Canadians in private life to me:

"You have visited some and will visit other large Canadian cities. Look about you, and except for certain local external signs they will look like any cities of the same type of the United States. Not a few are American stores. You will find American goods everywhere, and no matter what the particular brand or quality of the article you have been accustomed to, you are sure to find it here.

"But after you have looked at the cities, and especially as you traverse country that has never felt the pressure of man's foot, and miles are reeled off by the scores and the hundreds, you can easily figure out the type of inhabitant we are most in need of.

"We don't want an all-rural population any more than we want a predominantly urban population. We wish to maintain the normal average, whatever that may be. It is not possible to reduce it to actual figures and to attempt to bring it about by law.

"What Canada wants now is the type of inhabitant that finds its own level, but mark the word, its natural level. Just now this type is in the minority. The fellow that we want most may want to come, but while in a few cases he is unwilling to move just now, in most cases he is kept at home by our present law.

"The literacy test is regrettably inadequate, unequal, unscientific and unjust. Our minister of immigration and colonization has authority under the law to exempt at his discretion persons or classes of persons from the literacy test, but we want something less circuitous.

"We have no place just now for the man who knows how to read 'not less than thirty' words and is not much better at anything else. If the immigrant happens to know 13 words only, it is necessary to ask the minister to issue permit A, if otherwise desirable.

"In other words, our idea of the test of fitness is not literary at all. *It is moral and occupational.* The man who meets those two primitive qualifications is the man for us. And he is the man for you, too."

Statistically, the picture is not alarming. The latest table indicates that for every clerk and trader there were two laborers, three mechanics and four farmers admitted. There is a growing suspicion, however, that under the general classification of either farm or general laborers, or the more elastic one known as "not classified," there are admitted aliens who claim an avocation for their occupation.

"Flash Rolls" Aid Incomers

THIS claim is all the more feasible when the immigrant has the requisite funds, that is to say, 250 Canadian dollars, plus 125 dollars for every member of the family over 18 years of age and 50 dollars for every child over five years of age. Yet these money requirements served as a new field of operations for sharpers who are ever on the lookout for quick profits, the "bankers" who lend "flash rolls" for a consideration. This evil, by the way, has been discovered at immigration stations of the United States as well, resulting, if it has not already done so, in regulations that will prevent incoming immigrants from coming within reach of any outsider until *after* they have been cleared by the authorities.

Meanwhile, the Canadian authorities have recognized the unilateral efficacy of the strict application of the money requirements of an immigrant. A recent order in council provides that this particular regulation may be left entirely to the discretion of the inspector, who in turn must be satisfied that the applicant for admission within the Dominion is capable of earning his living in the occupation he claims, and this, of course, implies that there exists a fair opportunity to find such employment in the place where he intends to reside.

It is evident, thus far, that the Canadian authorities are awake to the necessity of making elastic legal provisions in a movement of population that cannot always be safely or satisfactorily governed by means of fixed rules. The literacy test is the one that is still most difficult to surmount.

In considering Canada, not only as to her immigration, but as to her other vast interests, so closely bound to the identical aims in the United States, it is possible to refer only to the most representative facts. It is out of the question to indulge in details, illustrations, comparisons.

To be precise, so far as North America is concerned, immigration is not a separate question to either the United States or Canada. On the contrary, it is interrelated, concomitant, homologous. Their immigration policies and laws being almost alike now, they should be, so far as the new crop of emigrants is concerned, both reciprocal and fool-proof.

There is no reason why, if this desirable arrangement can be formulated, the Canadian-American boundary may not be obliterated, and permit the free movement of peoples from one nation to the other. Mexico does not figure seriously in our immigration troubles today, but in every probability will in the future, and it is much more important for the Canadian and American governments to keep close watch over the outer or sea gates than along the international border.

Canada, however, has found a quick and safe way to attain her aims by co-operation. For too long a time, especially in the United States, there has been a miasmatic suspicion that transportation companies are organized to beat the law, if necessary, in order "to boost traffic." Whenever the number of deportations from our ports increased there has been a voice, usually in Washington, that has charged this or that transportation company with a desire to force immigration.

No American railroad or steamship company, with the exception of the United States Shipping Board, which is governmental, has been given credit for common sense and considered as worthy of co-operating with the Congress in helping out in immigration matters. The net result has been that these companies have found it futile to become interested in producing desirable immigrants.

Canada, on the other hand, pursues no such policy. What there is to Canada depends, after all, upon the railroads, and an industry that means 40,000 miles of track and more than $2,000,000,000 of capital is entitled to respect. Let's see what this respect means, in hard facts.

Recently, there arrived on board the "Montcalm" a group of 15 families, aggregating one hundred and seven persons, personally conducted by a representative of the London staff of the department of colonization and development of the Canadian Pacific System. This group constituted the largest party of landseekers ever brought out, but what is more important is that the average wealth per family in the party—and they were all from the British kingdom—was in excess of $10,000, to be invested in farming enterprises in Western Canada.

Only One of Many Such

THIS party is only one of many that constantly arrive at Canadian ports, and although the financial importance of this group of immigrants exceeds the average, it goes to prove what can be done by personal contact and careful solicitation on the part of experts. Now, in dollars and cents, it is probable that the outlay gathering together such a party far exceeded the net gain to the company for carrying them and safely seeing them settled at their destination.

Last year the same company was instrumental in bringing over five personally conducted parties, which means that the British Isles gave Canada 228 new families of 460 persons and a wealth of more than $600,000.

One of this company's steamers arrived at Quebec late in May with 665 third-class passengers, mostly Italians. They were all of the farmer class and all physically fit. A few had plenty of money while others had just enough for immediate requirements. Sixty per cent could speak French and not a few could speak English. With the exception of previous residents of Canada most of these young married couples or single men and women were practically given the "once over" by the company's representatives. They did not act for the government, of course, even though they were obliged to consider the law, but the greater benefit lay in the opportunity to meet the emigrant in the native country, under normal conditions, when the best and most dependable tests can be undertaken.

The provincial government of Quebec is about to offer practical aid to colonists by making it possible for the new arrival to start both producing and housekeeping at once.

"Hon. J. E. Perrault, minister of colonization, mines and fisheries," said Edmond Robert, the newly appointed colonization agent at Montreal, "has informed me that if possible he will establish a system whereby the government will clear at its own expense fifteen acres of land on each colonization lot, and will also build a house and little barn thereon so that the colonist on arrival will be able immediately to commence farming on part of his lot, have a home for himself and family, and a barn for his animals."

Meanwhile, activities are carried on in other ways. Every Saturday afternoon there will be a lecture on colonization given at the government office on St. Antoine street. The first gathering of the series, which began early last May, was attended by 40 prospective colonists, 14 of whom at once indicated their intention to take up farming.

Dominion and U. S. Co-operate

"OUR work in this regard will be mainly among the sons of farmers who have come into the city during the last few years," explained Mr. Robert. "They still retain their knowledge of farming and their love for the soil, and are the best possible material for colonists in the newer sections of the province. Present conditions are favorable for propaganda work of this kind, for the unemployment conditions have convinced many of them of the advantage of establishing themselves on the land and becoming their own masters."

As already hinted, as soon as Europe's migratory population begins to get what may be termed "the Canadian habit," mainly upon learning of these wonderful opportunities, the pressure upon the United States will be relieved somewhat, at least numerically, but the United States will not be relieved of difficulties.

It is very true that the Canadian and American immigration authorities co-operate with marvelous smoothness either at the boundary or at Canadian ports, but it is equally true that in general their work is a useless or, at least, a preventable duplication.

With politics playing such an emphatic rôle at Washington it is hardly probable that Congress will take up immigration problems in the near future and attempt to solve upon scientific and modern lines in conjunction with transportation and industrial requirements, by following wherever possible the Canadian idea.

Next week The Dearborn Independent will publish a close-up view of this problem by a Canadian journalist.

Animal Myths Abound in "Unknown America"

Tales of the Negro Cabin Once Told by the Indian Priests of Tradition

By HARRY E. BARNET



Ambitious buildings remain in the larger phantom cities.

IN THE wild uplands of Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, the Western Carolinas and Virginias in Unknown America, there linger the weird traditions which were told in the days before the white man saw the continent.

The Indians, who once listened in ghostly fear to the camp fire tales in which their priests of tradition told the stories of the beginnings of the earth, and of life, have gone. But in the sentimental minds of the Negroes, and even among the white inhabitants whose forefathers have been mountaineers for scores of years, the fantastic tales are still whispered.

Among these tales were some that accounted for various animal traits. As Indian tales, however, these stories never got into general circulation beyond the mountains of the South. But it is said that they form the basis of the Negro stories of the "Uncle Remus" type. This claim arises from the enslavement of coast Indians before the Revolutionary War. The Indians were worked alongside the Negroes in the lowlands. Stray mountain Indians who wandered into the coast country were enslaved. They repeated the animal stories prevalent in the mountains to the Negroes, who handed them down. In the course of time, these Indian stories became known as Negro stories.

The rabbit is the central figure in most of the stories told by the Indian priests, perhaps because the rabbit is the commonest of all game. The rabbit is prominent in the animal stories of all primitive peoples. Everybody knows that the rabbit has only a tuft of hair where his tail should be. But it's dollars to doughnuts that in our day no hunter has figured out what became of that part of the rabbit's tail that he doesn't now carry along behind him.

These priests in Unknown America, however, settled that question long before there was a white man in this country. Their explanation began with the statement that the animals were of different sizes, and wore coats of various colors and patterns. Some wore long fur and others short fur. Some had rings on their tails, and some had no tails at all. Some had coats of brown, others of black and yellow. They were always disputing about their good looks, and they finally agreed to hold a council to decide who had the finest coat.

The animals heard a great deal about the otter, who lived far up the creek. It was said that he had the finest coat of all, but no one knew just what it was like, because it had been a long time since any one had seen him. No one even knew exactly where the otter lived; they only knew the general direction. But the animals knew he would come to the council when the word got out.

The rabbit, who wanted the verdict for himself, schemed to disqualify the otter. By a few sly questions he learned the trail the otter would take. On the trail he met the otter, and saw his coat of soft dark-brown fur.

The otter was glad to see the rabbit, and asked where he was going.

"Oh," said the rabbit, "the animals sent me to bring you to the council. They were afraid you might not know the road."

The pair traveled along. That night the rabbit selected the camping ground, because the otter was a stranger. He cut down bushes for beds, and fixed everything. Next morning they started on. In the afternoon the rabbit picked up wood and bark as they passed along. When the otter asked him what this was for the rabbit replied that it was that they might be comfortable that night. At sunset they made their camp near a river. When supper was finished the rabbit got a stick, and shaved it down to a paddle.

"I have good dreams when I sleep with a paddle under my head," explained the rabbit.

When the paddle was finished the rabbit cut away the bushes to make a clean trail down to the river. The otter asked why.

"This is the 'Place Where It Rains Fire,'" replied the rabbit. "Sometimes it rains fire here, and the sky looks that way tonight. You go to sleep, and I'll watch. If the fire does come, as soon as you hear me shout, you run and jump into the river. Better hang your coat over there so it won't get burned."

The otter did as he was told. The rabbit kept awake. After a while the fire burned down to red coals. The rabbit called to the otter, but he was fast asleep and made no answer. In a little while the rabbit called again. Then the rabbit filled the paddle with hot coals, and threw them into the air.

"It's raining fire!" he cried. "It's raining fire!"

The hot coals fell all around the otter, and he jumped up.

"To the water!" cried the rabbit. "To the water!"

The otter ran and jumped into the river. He has lived in the water ever since.

The rabbit took the otter's coat and put it on, leaving his own coat in its place. Then he went on to the council. All of the animals were there, every one looking out for the otter.

"The otter is coming!" they said at last.

One of the smaller animals was sent to show him to the best seat. They were all glad to see him, and went up in turn to say something to him. He kept his head down, with one paw over his face. They wondered that he was so bashful, until the bear came up and pulled the paw away, when lo! there was the rabbit. He tried to escape but the bear struck at him, and pulled off his long tail. The rabbit got away. Since then, however, he has had only a tuft of fur where his tail should be.

In those days the opossum had a long bushy tail, and was so proud of it that he combed it every morning, and sang about it at the dances. The rabbit was envious and resolved to get even. Two days before a great council and dance at which all of the animals were expected to be present, the rabbit stopped at the opossum's place to ask him if he intended to be there.

"I will come if I can have a special seat," replied the opossum, "because I have such a handsome tail that I ought to sit where everybody can see me."

"I agree with you," said the rabbit, and he promised to attend to the matter. At the same time he offered to send somebody to comb and dress the opossum's tail for the dance. This pleased the opossum. The rabbit went to the cricket, and told him to go next morning and dress the opossum's tail for the dance. He told the cricket just what to do, and went on about his business.

Next morning the cricket went to the opossum's house. The opossum stretched himself out, and shut his eyes, while the cricket combed his tail, and wrapped a red string about it to keep it smooth until night. But all this time as he wound the string he was clipping off the hair close to the roots.

That night the opossum went to the community house where the dance was to be held, and found the best seat was ready for him, just as the rabbit promised. When his turn came in the dance he loosened the string from his tail, and stepped into the middle of the floor. The drummers began to drum.

"See my beautiful tail," the opossum began to sing.

The animals laughed so loudly that the opossum wondered what they meant. He looked down at his beautiful tail, and saw that there was not a hair left on it, but that it was as bare as the tail of a lizard. He was so astonished and ashamed that he could not say a word, but rolled over on the ground, and grinned, as the opossum does to this day when taken by surprise.

Shortly after this time the animals got into a discussion, and concluded to settle it by a contest. At that time the deer had no horns, but was a great runner, and the rabbit was a great jumper. The animals were all curious to know who could go farther in the same time, and they talked a great deal about it. At last they arranged to match. A large pair of antlers was the prize for the winner. The rabbit and the deer were to start together from one side of a thicket, go through it, turn, and come back. The one who came out first was to get the horns. On the day fixed the animals gathered. The antlers on the ground at the edge of the thicket marked the starting point.

"I don't know this part of the country," said the rabbit while the animals were admiring the antlers,

(*Concluded on page 12*)



Near Big Stone Gap, Virginia.

The Talking Disease That Afflicts Congress

Forty Million Words a Year Is Vocal Output in the Two Houses

By GEORGE H. DACY

SUCH stirring orations as "Spartacus to the Gladiators" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade" must have had a most profound effect on the then embryonic Congressmen during their schoolboy days, for oratorical pyrotechnics of that type are constantly on tap on the floor of the House of Representatives and in the United States Senate. There are many varieties of speechmakers. Some are short-distance sprinting orators, others are marathon speechmakers while others are ponderous, bombastic talkers who demonstrate great power and prowess.

Anyone anywhere who classified the American people as a silent, reticent race should visit the august halls of Congress. The Congressmen annually use 40,000,000 words in the course of arguments, debates, discussions, controversies and the hundred and one other causes which may set off the speechmaking. Whether we send our best minds to Congress, we certainly send some of our most fertile and prolific vocabularies. The average layman who tries to decipher some of the speeches needs a dictionary, a literary reference library, several mythologies, a couple of histories of Rome and Greece and Egypt and an intensive college education.

Albeit, governing and lawmaking bodies, the world over, since the beginning of time, have been long on talk. Hence it is not surprising that our Senators and Representatives are ardent disciples of the talking habit. The astonishing thing is the transformation which occurs in some of the quiet and modest Congressmen who appear from the prairies of the Dakotas or the alluvial lowlands of Mississippi. To begin with, these newcomers are ideal auditors. They take it all in and say nothing. Finally, they feel called upon to rise and speak on some local measure. Perhaps it is with pounding hearts and shaking knees, they make their maiden speeches. But thereafter, they are lost. There is a thrill in standing up and talking to an audience. Once they have felt this thrill, the timidity, modesty and diffidence, which formerly held them silent, evaporate like fumes of gasoline. The talking habit, one of the most dangerous and incurable diseases, annually runs amuck among our Federal legislators. That is why it costs so much to keep Congress going.

One of the best informed men in Congress recently said that approximately 90 per cent of the speechmaking on the floor of the House of Representatives could be dispensed with. Just think of it, 90 out of every 100 words spoken in official capacity by our national Representatives consists of repetition, duplication or superfluous subject matter. In different language, Mr. Smith, of Georgia, Mr. Brown, of Texas, and Mr. Jones, of Indiana, say precisely the same things about the same bill. In many cases, 25 or 30 of the Representatives take a hand in an extended round-robin discussion and their arguments, boiled down, are nine-tenths duplication.

What Congress needs more than anything else is the best corps of expert surgeons to perform a major operation and remove the surplus conversation and discussion from this organization of legislators. There have been cases on record where leading Senators and Representatives have talked to empty rooms. Quorums have to be called very frequently because everybody gets fed up on too much talk. A Congressman may like to talk himself but he will not listen to his colleague.

The *Congressional Record*, which publishes verbatim the various speeches, ranges in size from about 10 to 200 pages—at present it is running about 64 pages an issue. The printers who handle the *Congressional Record* do not know how large each issue will be until the presses are busy turning out the finished copies. The work has to be done at night and the papers must be distributed by 6 a. m. to 32,700 subscribers. Everything may be quiet at the G. P. O. until about midnight and then a mass of material pours in unexpectedly, involving a complete change of plans relative to the size and make-up of the next issue. Sometimes, Congress sits until 1 or 2 a. m. and delays the printing. Preparedness for anything and everything in the way of printery abnormalities is practiced religiously at the G. P. O.

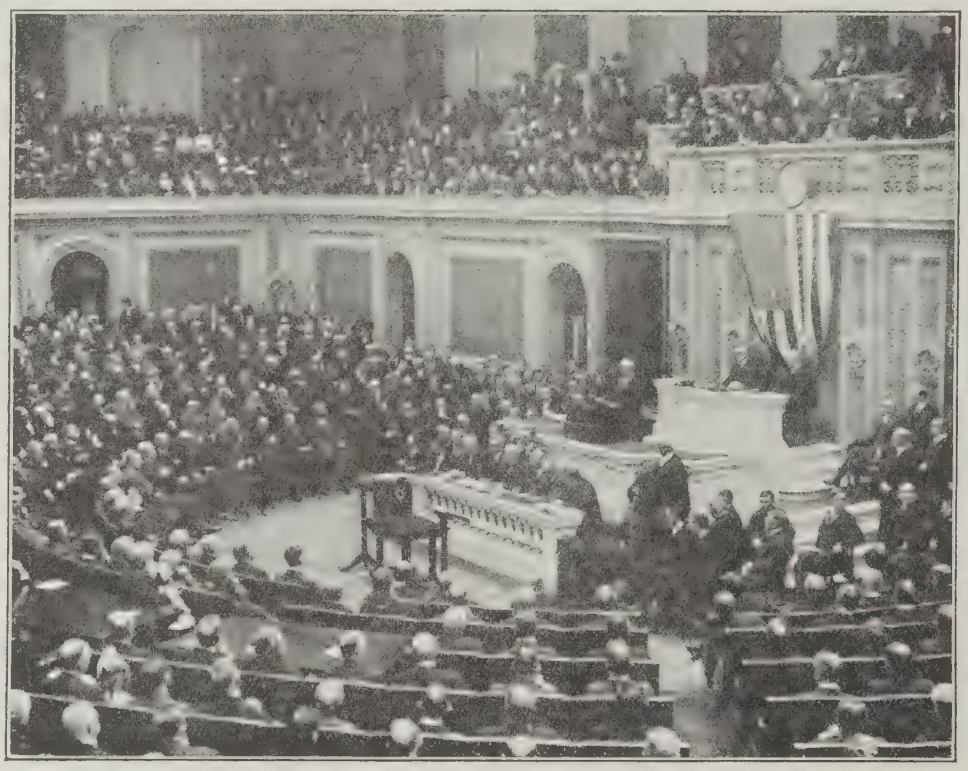
One night last summer, all the material did not reach the Government Printing Office until 2 a. m. and a printing record was established which will long stand in the annals of the modern newspaper world. The *Congressional Record* of 64 pages aggregating 136,192 words was set up, printed and delivered in four hours. It is doubtful if there is a metropolitan daily in the world which could duplicate this feat.

There are 96 Senators and 432 Representatives in Congress. These legislators are paid a total of $4,392,000 annually. In return, in addition to performing service in committee, they utter more than 40,000,000 words. The mathematician may figure that this official conversation of our lawmakers costs us more than 10 cents.

Representative Hampton P. Fuller, of South Carolina, a new member, summed up the situation admirably in his initial speech, April 28, 1921, when he said, "Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen, I have been trying very hard since being sworn in to keep out of debates and speechmaking. In fact, to do that is in line with the doctrine which rules my course. During the campaign last summer, I told my people down in South Carolina—that little but nonpareil state of the Union—that next to appropriations for the army and navy, the largest drain on the pockets of the taxpayers of the United States was because of the lost motion of Congress—speechmaking, the shooting of 'hot air,' the playing of politics, the Nero-like fiddling while Rome burns. And, gentlemen, I have found it so, since coming to Washington."

A war of words, a clash of vocabularies, an excited exchange of arguments are as commonplace as clock ticks in the dignified halls of Congress.

Congressman Blanton, of Texas, is a thorn in the side of the House of Representatives as he is a tireless talker and an obstinate objector. He preaches the doctrine of economy in the use of government funds, yet at the same time he is one of the foremost in demanding frequent roll calls in the House. Ordinarily, it takes from 20 to 30 minutes to call roll in the House of Representatives and where this process is repeated three or four times a day Uncle Sam loses about $3,000 to $4,500 worth of the time and service of his legislators.



President Harding addressing Congress

When it comes to a matter of marathon talking, Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, can talk from the time the chickens go to roost until the cock crows the next morning without exerting himself unduly. Mr. La Follette will—and has done so—orate to the empty Senate with deliberation and at great length if the occasion demands. He talks slowly, smoothly, coherently and deliberately. His arguments are always systematic and logical. He uses to advantage his skill and experience as an able lawyer in summoning up the evidence and rounding off his conclusions.

Sometimes known as the "roaring lion of the Senate," W. E. Borah is a powerful and polished orator whose bite is as bad as his bark. None of his colleagues or adversaries like to get him excited as he veritably tears the hide off everything he tackles. He is an earnest, conscientious Senator and ordinarily he does not make speeches unless he has something important to say. Would that there were more like him among our national orators.

Senator James Reed, of Missouri, has one of the sharpest tongues and can say some of the most vitriolic things of any member of the United States Senate. He is a class A orator when it comes to a matter of rapid-fire wit and repartee. Still he does not waste time in useless speechmaking. He says his say at opportune times on matters about which he is informed and in which he is actively interested. If there were more "Jim" Reeds and fewer verbal gymnasts in the Senate, there would be no legitimate excuse for this article.

Senator King, of Utah, is another strong, consistent, tenacious talker who wields an awe-inspiring vocabulary and an irrefutable array of forceful arguments when the occasion demands. Unlike Senators La Follette, Reed and King, there are a number of Senate members who are rarely heard. Proportionally, however, there are a larger number of silent members in the House than in the Senate. Practically nobody can recall reading about speeches by Senator Elkins, of West Virginia or Senator Phipps, of Colorado. Yet when the final vote occurs, these reticent members are just as important in their aggregate influence.

Senator Smoot, of Utah, is probably the hardest working member of Congress. Invariably, he speaks intelligently and authoritatively on matters in which he is interested. He always deals in fact arguments with systematic piles of data and statistics close at hand to back up what he says. Senator Smoot usually talks to a purpose and seldom kills time.

Fifty per cent of the talking in the House of Representatives is done by a group of between 25 and 35 orators who talk whenever they get the chance.

Although surplus speechmaking appears extravagant to most of us, there is something to be said in its favor. If Congress worked rapidly and smoothly without any lost motion, many important measures which now hang fire for months might be passed or rejected just a few days after they were submitted on the congressional gridiron. As matters stand, the bills drag along week after week and month after month. The American press, represented by 800 Washington writers, carries information about the progress of each important bill. In the long run, the public benefits somewhat from the dilatory method of handling prospective legislation which now is followed. If Congress were emotional and easy to arouse and influence, some silver-tongued orators might be able to sway sentiment almost at will and effect the speedy passage of measures and laws by his personal power and magnetism.

A considerable portion of the most vehement and vindictive talkings of Congress occur in the special committee meetings instead of directly in the House or Senate. During and since the war, Congress has been in almost constant session.

Congress convenes daily, except Sunday, at noon, and adjourns at 5 p. m. During rush periods, however, the gatherings frequently last until 6 or 7 p. m. and occasionally until midnight or later. During the war, several all-night sessions were held.

The fact that Congress does not meet until midday does not mean that all the national assemblymen are late sleepers. Many are at their offices early every morning prepared for committee meetings. The members of the Senate are divided into 34 committees, chief of which are the Foreign Relations, Immigration, Appropriation, Indian Affairs, Banking and Currency, Agriculture and Forestry, Finance, Interstate Commerce, District of Columbia, Irrigation and Reclamation, Judiciary, Patents, Pensions, Mines and Mining. There are 60 regular committees and two select committees in the House headed by Elections, Ways and Means, Appropriations, Judiciary, Banking and Currency, Rivers and Harbors, Merchant Marine and Fisheries and the like.

The committee meetings on tariff questions usually occupy many months. Scores of witnesses are examined and these examination hearings when finally printed take up hundreds of pages of close-lined text. In the arguments before the committees, millions of tons of talk are wasted in repetition and duplication. Witness after witness tells practically the same story. Yet all this data has to be recorded and preserved in the government archives.

Any legislation in either the House or Senate runs a roundabout, crisscrossing, overlapping course before it finally reaches the President. To illustrate, the bill is first introduced into either the House or Senate. Let us take the case of a House bill and see what happens to it. It is referred to a committee in the House and hearings are held. It may take many months to complete these hearings. According to its importance, occasional or frequent speeches are made on the floor. Finally, the bill will be reported and be accorded a regular position on the calendar. Then the House discusses the bill in the committee of the whole. This may occupy several weeks. Thereupon, the bill is reported to the House. The House takes up the matter and unless there is a special agreement to limit debate, the proposition may be hashed and rehashed times innumerable. If the bill resists the many and varied onslaughts, it ultimately may pass and go to the Senate.

There the bill is handled as in the House. It is referred to a special Senate committee which holds hearings which cover practically the same material and involve the same witnesses as those examined in the House. After several weeks or months, the bill may be approved and reported back to the Senate. Then the Senate as a whole takes many whacks at the bill. If the bill is passed by the Senate in a slightly modified form to that accepted by the House, it is sent to the conference committee. If Congress ends before the conference committee agrees, the legislation is temporarily killed and the whole program must be repeated. In case the conferees agree, they report it back. If it is approved by both bodies, it ultimately goes to the President for his approval and signature.

Riding Hobbies Through the Race of Life

Inventors Just Men Whose "Crazy Ideas" Handicapped Their Vocations

By an Old Hobby Rider

WHEN horseless vehicles first came to town I lived on a street leading up out of the park. Through that summer, as theretofore, the family often sat out front and watched across the valley the changing glow of the pink and gold of the sunsets.

But every now and then our reverie would be broken by an old one-lunger trying to make the grade. You remember the kind, engine underneath, cranked from the seat, steered with a tiller, and you watched the road over a beautifully curved dash, a copy of a fashion plate toboggan sled. They were short on power, those old buses, but long on noise, and their negotiation of the grade was an ever-recurring mechanical tragedy. One always thought that this time they would surely make it, but they never quite did. Running in high gear at smart speed with delightful confidence at the foot of the hill, they would get slower and slower until at last, near the top, they would go into low with such a distressing final effort as would wring pity from a stone.

It has often seemed to me that many men are like that old "one-lunger." As long as they find easy going, one cylinder is enough, and they drift blissfully along with no ambition beyond the Saturday pay envelope. But when hard times come, and the force is cut, they find their one vocation is not enough to get them over the grade without distress. But if each had spent some of his leisure hours in recreational study, the loss of position need not embarrass him overmuch.

I know a machinist who lost his place last spring because of failure of the firm he worked for. This workman for several summers past had been growing flowers about his little place. In time he became very fond of them, and so took up the study of botany. When he lost his place, he began cultivating flowers in earnest, selling them where he used to give them away. He made more money this past summer with flowers than he did the previous summer at his machinist's trade.

Another workman, when his blue envelope day came, began selling bread his wife made, for she was a locally famed breadmaker. Their trade grew beyond their equipment, and a small baking machine was bought; and now they are about to install a second because the first is already overworked.

It would add to human blessings and individual independence if every man had both a vocation and an avocation. No matter how low or how high the niche he occupies in our industrial scheme, he should be able to do more than one thing well.

I am not forgetful that there are those who advocate specialization, and quote someone as saying, "If he build a mousetrap better than anyone else, a path will be worn to his hermit dwelling in the wood." But if we suppose all the mice to be caught, I think Mr. Hermit would subsist much better if he knew something about gardening as well as mousetrapping.

And I feel that I am entitled to speak with authority, for although I am engaged in the most hazardous of human occupations, that is, inventing, for a living (because it sounds so much nicer, I like to call it research work), nevertheless, in spite of this uncertain employment, my equipment is such that I look forward to the evening of life without timidity. If to make one's point it were permitted to cite personal history, I might venture to recount my own mental and manual endowment, although many another country boy has built up a wider range of knowledge—perhaps the man at my very elbow.

It was my good fortune, then, to have chosen farmer forebears, of sturdy Quaker stock, and so with a native inquisitiveness and a mechanical knowhow, it fell to my lot very early to keep in running order the varied machinery of the farm; to put coal oil on the mold board, of the plows when they were set away in the shed for the winter so that they would scour immediately when put into the ground the following spring; to fix the mower so that it would cut the heavy, the down and the tangled grass; to make the self-binder tie every sheaf of wheat, missing none; to stop a leak in the crown sheet of the boiler of the traction engine, and set the slide valve for lap and lead; to keep the windmill oiled to insure an ample supply of water for the stock; to adjust the trip-trigger on the harpoon fork that put the hay away in the big mow. I also learned to create, to build wagons and sleds; to set deadfalls for game and steel traps for fur. It was on the farm I learned the rudiments of weather cloud and goosebone lore; learned which was the north side of trees, the woodsman's natural compass; and that the Great Dipper would tell me the time.

And as learning is only adding to one's store of knowledge, is it any wonder that, later, when I left home to see the world, even while I was yet a lad, I found the activities of the great logging camps of Oregon and Washington were not so strangely different from our work of clearing the Indiana farm; that mining silver in the Southwest rather resembled well-digging back home; that the great mills were simply enlargements of machinery with which I was already acquainted, and that even new things were simply old familiar principles put together in a new way? I didn't have to lie awake nights to figure out the mechanics of "bronco-busting," or to practice very long before, riding range, I could rope and brand cows, and cook jerked meat on a hot stone.

When building bunk-houses, I found the work and carpenter tools just the same as when, only a little tyker, I built dog kennels with hammer and saw. The construction of an irrigation dam in the desert was quite unexciting, for hadn't I already builded mud dams and water wheels between the clay banks of old Deer Creek?

Even surveying and running levels, while requiring more accurate instruments, was very much like the fun we used to have sighting across the tops of two pins stuck in the ends of a shingle floating on a pan of water; nor was the installation of electrical machinery wholly strange to the boy who had strung a wire to a neighbor's house and set up a telegraph instrument at each end. Neither was I surprised when I found the locomotive like our old traction engine, the evening I enticed away the watchman at the railhead, so that I might borrow the locomotive and take my prairie playmate for a ride.

And ride, why, I've taken her—perhaps there have been more than one of her—rides in buggies, and sleighs, and toboggans; on bicycles, and motor cycles, and automobiles; in canoes, and sailboats, and ice boats, and motor boats; and even flying machines.

And, by the way, that last is a comforting notation, for I am told flying is a young man's game, and as I became an accredited pilot after I was 50, I feel that I am entitled to consider myself a young man yet.

I have always been an insatiable reader, and perhaps you will say that this is the explanation. So it may be, to an extent, for I learned shorthand sitting on a plow beam while the horses rested, because someone had carelessly left a textbook lying around where I got hold of it. And shorthand led to prize-winning skill on the typewriter, though I vividly remember I thought at my first session with the thing that some of the letters had been left off the keyboard.

My photographic attainments are also without farm-initiated antecedents, although from these came the motion picture, and as a hobby has been pursued until this past summer, pictures, at the rate of 1,600 exposures per second have been made. I drew the architectural and working plans of our Sixteenth street home, I am a designer of machinery, a mechanical draftsman, and a registered patent attorney.

Perhaps there has been an incidental smattering of financial and executive skill, which has relieved me of acute financial worries, but the greatest reward of resourcefulness has been the pleasure which has attended each accomplishment.

However, I do not mean to imply that everyone must have so varied an assortment of attainments to insure smooth sailing, but skill in more than one thing surely gives opportunity to keep employed usefully and profitably, and creative work is the most satisfying thing there is.

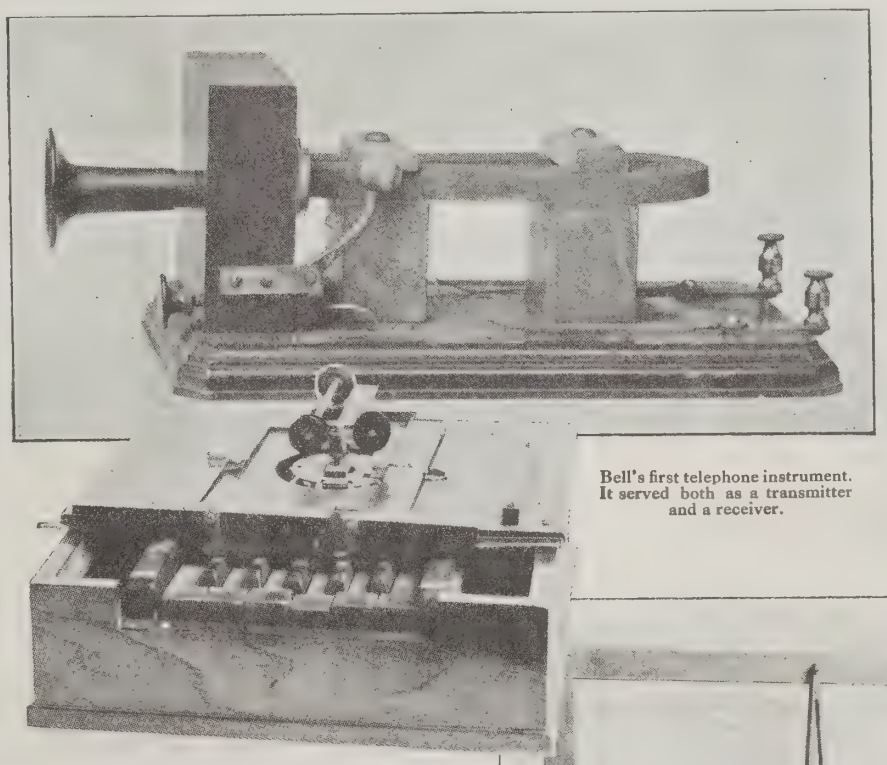
The World War brought to light the avocational talent of many a man and woman. I have in mind a young man who regularly helped his father, a successful builder, between scholastic terms, and during the winter after school hours repaired automobiles. Another winter he tended horses and did chores on a farm. When the United States entered the war, he volunteered. He knew concrete work, and was transferred to an ordnance proving ground, made a lieutenant, and put in charge of all road making, foundations, and other concrete work. He knew automobiles, and presently the tank division was added, with a promotion. Later the stables with 200 horses were put under his charge. He was given a chair on the other side of the desk of the colonel, the post commandant, who also recommended a captaincy for him. Has it ever occurred to you that most of the great discoveries are the result of an avocation, a plaything during rest-time?

The father of photography was an army officer; and of the electric motor, a bookbinder's clerk; the inventor of the telegraph was a portrait painter; and of the Jacquard loom, a dressmaker. A farmer tinkered up the typewriter; a poet, the sewing machine; a cabinetmaker, the cotton gin; and a coal miner, the locomotive. The telephone was the "after-school" work of a teacher of the deaf; the disc talking machine, the night work of a clothing salesman; the wax cylinder phonograph, of a lawyer's clerk; the type-casting machine, a groceryman. A physician made the first pneumatic tire, because his little son was an invalid.

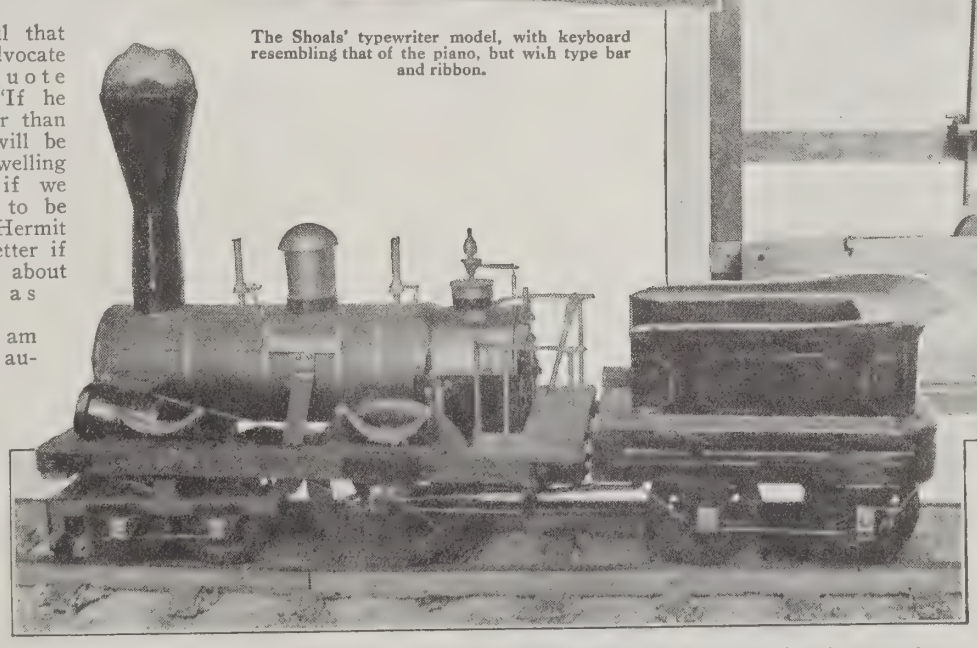
The story of nearly every great invention has been the result of someone's riding a hobby.

And that is encouraging, too, for I am led to hope that I myself may yet do something worth while.

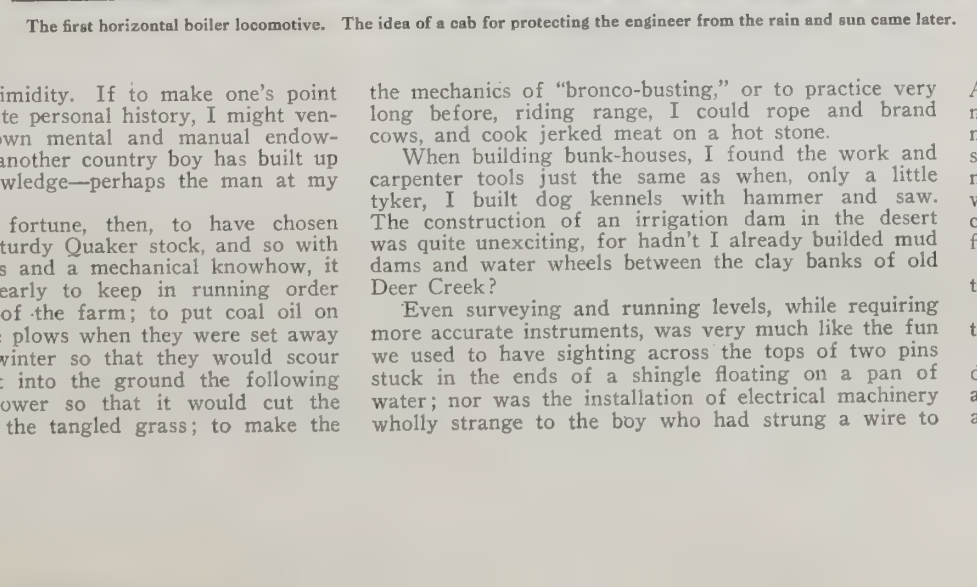
May I, then, go back to the original suggestion—don't be a "one-lunger." Be skilled in your vocation, an expert, even a specialist if you like, but have an avocation.



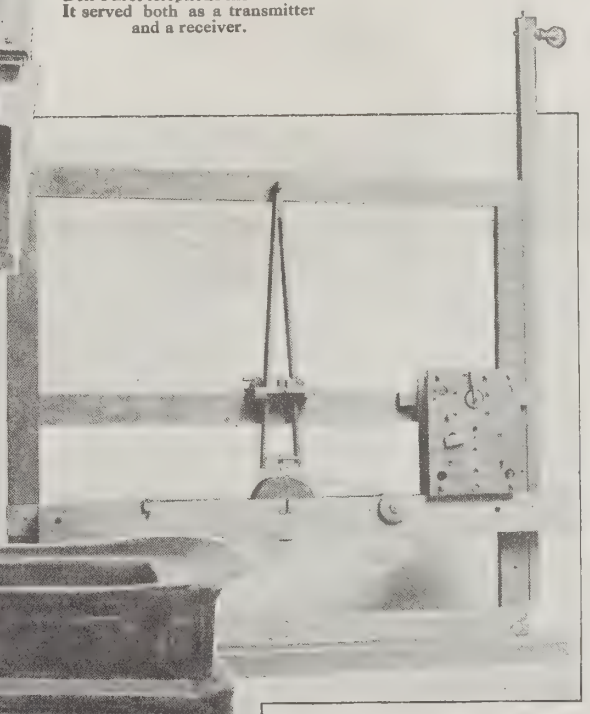
Bell's first telephone instrument. It served both as a transmitter and a receiver.



The Shoals' typewriter model, with keyboard resembling that of the piano, but with type bar and ribbon.



The first horizontal boiler locomotive. The idea of a cab for protecting the engineer from the rain and sun came later.



The Morse telegraph instrument used on the first line erected. Message received on a paper tape.

Why Is Cleveland's Union Station Still in a Hole?

Concluded from page 7

of such far-reaching importance that it would have to be argued before the entire commission. He stated that the docket was so full that the hearing could not be held until some time in December.

Three weeks later, the Seattle City Council sent for Mr. Witt to fix up the traction troubles in that city. After he had gone to Seattle the announcement was made that November 12 had been set by the Interstate Commerce Commission as the date on which the oral arguments would be heard. As it was out of the question for him to leave Seattle and make the journey to Washington, Mr. Witt protested by wire and letter to the commissioners and urged them to hear the final oral arguments on some day during the Christmas holidays. But he was turned down, and the railroads went on with the hearing, without Peter Witt there to oppose them. W. A. Boyd, a noted criminal lawyer of Cleveland, and Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War, spoke for the roads. On December 6, 1921, the commission handed down an opinion in which it *reversed* its findings of August 13, 1921. It authorized the New York Central and allied lines to take over the stock of the Terminals Company and to proceed with the erection of the passenger station on the square. However, the roads were not empowered to guarantee the bonds of the Terminals Company.

On April 26, 1922, the New York Central filed another application with the Interstate Commerce Commission, asking for authority to guarantee the $60,000,000 bond issue desired by the Terminals Company to pay for building the passenger station, and this application is now under consideration.

When the commission reversed itself in December and empowered the roads to take over the stock of the Terminals Company, Commissioner J. B. Eastman filed a lengthy, interesting and convincing opinion, dissenting from the action of his colleagues.

As the situation now stands the railroads and the Van Sweringens will be temporary winners if the commission authorizes the roads to guarantee the $60,000,000 bond issue. But that will not end the controversy. It would merely set the stage for an affair in which the entire city would participate.

There is a certain piece of property within the area of the public square terminal site, which must be acquired by the Terminals Company sooner or later to carry through the project. This property is owned by the city, and cannot be sold without action by the council authorizing the sale. The moment such an ordinance is passed any citizen can lead a movement to have the ordinance submitted to a referendum vote.

Peter Witt is the man to start just such a fight. A referendum campaign would give him an opportunity to lay the entire situation bare as he sees it.

"My demand is that the depot be erected on the Mall site because it would cost less there and not tear up so many streets," declared Mr. Witt. "Taking the depot away from the Mall will greatly detract from the group plan on which we have already spent $30,000,000. We would lose the advantage of the passenger station at that point, and have a freight yard right down in front of the city hall and the courthouse. If the people really want the depot on the square, after they fully understand all that is involved, they ought to require the Terminals Company to pay $10,000,000 for that piece of land owned by the city and which the railroads must have. That would partly compensate the city for its losses, and that is what we will insist upon if the matter goes to a referendum."

On the other hand, the Van Sweringens and allied interests say: "The public square is the only logical site for a union passenger station for several reasons. It is easily accessible from all parts of the city, and the undertaking we have under way would provide ample accommodations for all the steam roads and interurbans. Underground passage ways would prevent all traffic congestions. The area of the square would not be reduced in the least, as the depot proper would be on land to the west and south, with a main entrance in the southwest corner. As for the office building to be built over the depot, there can be no possible objection. It is permissible to split a building horizontally as well as perpendicularly. A well-known instance is where the athletic club in Cleveland erected its quarters on the sky line of an office block. In the case of the depot combination the Terminals Company would pay for its share, and the Van Sweringens would do likewise. As far as the $60,000,000 is concerned we will ask for only $12,000,000 at a time to save interest."

In view of the foregoing difference of opinion there is promise of further lively times in Cleveland over the Union Station. Meanwhile, the ancient wooden passenger station is still resting snugly in the same old hole on the lake front where it has stood for 50 years.

Cleveland's Champion Defender

Concluded from page 7

city clerk he was called upon to choose 1,908 names for use as jurors in the police court. The usual custom had been to make up a list from the hangers-on about the city hall, but Witt worked out a better system. He directed his stenographer to take the poll books and begin by picking out the first name in each precinct, and keep on going until a list of 1,908 names had been compiled. That aggregation of good citizens was later called upon to serve on juries.

After the death of Tom Johnson, the tradition that the old warrior had created, carried Newton D. Baker into the mayor's chair, and Baker further strengthened the tradition by making Witt commissioner of street railways, or "tractioner." His duties were to represent the city council in the management of the railways under a plan worked out by Tom Johnson, F. H. Goff and Judge Tayler to settle the street railway controversy.

Now that he is out of office, Peter Witt is serving himself and his country by showing street railway companies how to manage their affairs. He has become a traction expert. He makes surveys, locates leaks, and shows how to get the best results in street car service.

During the prohibition campaign in 1914 he did something that put him on the front page of the newspapers, and caused a lot of merriment, for whatever Witt does always has a flavor of humor about it. The wets challenged the drys to debates in the churches, and the drys accepted. Then the wets stalled around in an effort to get out of their predicament, for a real, honest-to-goodness debate is the last thing they want. Then Pete came forward and challenged both sides to meet him in a debate at the Hippodrome, then the largest auditorium in the city. But neither side would accept. Nothing daunted, Pete announced that he would conduct a three-cornered debate all by himself. He named the Sunday night before the election, and said he would charge 25 cents admission, to pay expenses. Anything left over would go to miners who were in need. The auditorium was almost full, and Pete had the whole show to himself. He set the drys up and had the wets knock them down. Then he set the wets up and had the drys wallop them. Then he walloped both sides greatly to the merriment of his auditors. He talked for two and a half hours. When it was all over and the hall rent had been paid he had $500 left which he gave to the miners.

More recently he discussed "The Puerility and Perfidy of Party Politics." This time he used the Opera House and charged $1 admission, the proceeds to go to the North Church Forum. The Forum received nearly $1,000. On that occasion Pete talked for more than three hours, and he would probably be going yet if his voice had not given out.

Witt's devotion to the memory of Tom Johnson is the one consuming passion of his life. One reason that he wants the Union Station on the Mall is because Johnson wanted it there.

Tom Johnson died in Cleveland and was buried in New York. Several days before his death, when the future was uncertain, Witt went to see his leader.

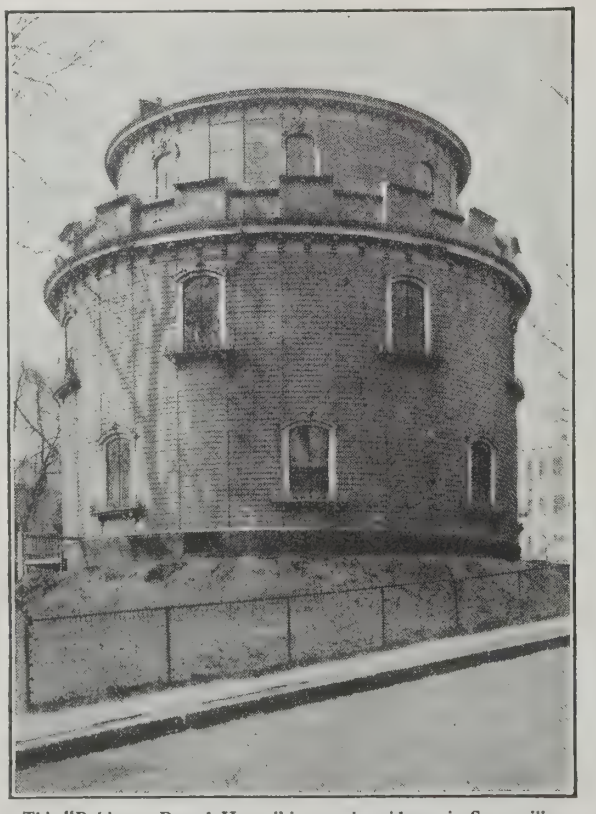
Pointing to a gold medallion of Henry George that he always wore Johnson said:

"Pete, I want you to have this."

Then Pete knew that the end was near. He bade the stricken man goodby, and turned away. He did not return until Johnson's death was announced. When he again went to the house the family gave him the medallion which he now wears on his watch chain. Pete was the first man to be appointed to a political office by Johnson, and the last man to sit with his body before it was taken to New York for burial.

On Witt's desk rests a plaster cast of a statue of Tom Johnson. It is the original of the statue on the square. On the back of the Johnson statue is the inscription written by Peter Witt.

"Erected by popular subscription in memory of the man who gave his fortune and his life to make Cleveland, as he often expressed it, a happier city to live in, and a better city to die in, and erected on the spot he dedicated to the freedom of speech."



This "Robinson Round House" is a real residence in Somerville, Massachusetts. It may be taken as the exception which proves the rule that only locomotives sojourn in roundhouses.

Animal Myths Abound in "Unknown America"

Concluded from page 9

"and I want to look through the bushes where I'm to run."

The request seemed reasonable and the rabbit went into the thicket. He was gone such a long time, however, that the animals were suspicious and sent a messenger to look for him. Away in the middle of the thicket he found the rabbit gnawing down the bushes, and pulling them away, until he had a road cleared nearly to the other side.

The messenger turned around quietly, came back, and reported to the animals. When the rabbit came out they accused him. They agreed that such a trickster had no right to race at all, and gave the horns to the deer, who has worn them since. The animals told the rabbit that since he was so fond of cutting down bushes he might do that for a living thereafter, and he does it to this day.

As time went on and human beings increased rapidly, the animals found themselves cramped for room. To make matters worse, human beings invented weapons, and slaughtered the larger animals and birds for their flesh and skins; and trod upon and crushed the smaller creatures.

Therefore, the animals and other creatures resolved to consult upon measures for their common safety—the bears were the first to assemble. White Bear, the chief, presided.

After each bear had complained of the actions of human beings, it was decided to begin war at once. Some one asked what weapons human beings used to destroy the animals.

"Bows and arrows, of course," cried all the bears.

"What are they made of?" another bear asked.

"The bow of wood, and the string of our entrails," replied the chief. It was then proposed to make a bow and some arrows to see if the bears could not use the same weapons against human beings. One bear got a piece of locust for the bow, and another bear sacrificed himself to furnish a piece of his entrails for the string. But when everything was ready, and the first bear stepped forward to make a trial, it was found that in letting the arrow fly after drawing back the bow his long claws caught the string and spoiled the shot. Some one then suggested that he trim his claws, which was done, and on second trial it was found that the arrow went straight to the mark. But here the chief objected, saying it was necesssary that they have long claws in order to climb trees.

"One of us has already died to furnish the bowstring," he said. "Now, if we cut off our claws we must all starve together. It is better to trust to the teeth and claws that Nature gave us, for it is plain that the weapons of human beings were not intended for us."

No one could think of any better plan, so the chief dismissed the council, and the bears dispersed to the thickets.

The deer held a meeting, and after some talk, decided to send rheumatism to every hunter who killed one of their tribe, unless he took care to ask the pardon of the spirit of the deer for the offense.

The birds and the bugs and the smaller animals met. They elected the grubworm as the chief of their council. It was decided that each in turn should give an opinion, and then the council should vote on the question as to whether human beings were guilty. Seven votes were enough to convict.

One after another the members of the council condemned the cruelty and the injustice of human beings, and voted in favor of their death.

"We must do something to check the increase of human beings," said the frog, "or they will become so numerous that we will be crowded off the earth."

"See how they have kicked me around," he concluded, "because they say I am ugly, until my back is covered with sores."

Then he showed the spots on his back.

Of all the members of the council but one ventured to say a good word for human beings. This member was the ground squirrel. His speech made the others so angry that they jumped on him, and tore him with their claws. The stripes from his wounds are on his back to this day.

The council began to devise diseases to kill human beings, and they devised so many of them that had not their ingenuity run out, no human being would have been able to live in Unknown America. As the name of each new disease was called off the grubworm grew more and more pleased. Some one suggested that even slight hunger should sometimes be made fatal to women.

"Thanks!" exclaimed the grubworm. "I'm glad some more of them will die. They are getting so thick they tread on my people."

The thought of this new disease made the grubworm shake with joy, and he fell over on his back. He could not get on his feet again, but had to wriggle off on his back, as the grubworm does to this day.

When the plants heard of this they determined to defeat the evil designs of the animals. They called a council, at which each tree, herb and shrub, down even to the grasses and the mosses, agreed to furnish a cure for some one of the diseases invented by the animals.

"I shall appear to help human beings whenever they call on me," each member of the council said.

But human beings multiplied, and outwitted the gigantic animals at every turn, and they finally withdrew to the sky arch that is above Unknown America. In their places, asserted the priests of the traditions, came the puny animals we know.

One of the Most Satisfying of Our Snow Peaks



(C) By Fred H. Kiser, Kiser Studio, Portland, Oregon.

THIS VIEW OF BEAUTIFUL MT. HOOD IN OREGON IS FROM A POINT NEAR THE COLUMBIA HIGHWAY.

What of the Carnival "Under Auspices of—"?

Concluded from page 3

crime committed either by unscrupulous employers or degenerate persons who follow carnivals and take advantage of the crowds they attract. Just a few days ago came another story of crime, the arrest of a carnival attaché on the complaint of a young girl."

Such is what goes on, nine times out of ten, under "auspices" that would seem to speak for and give reliable guaranty of fair dealing to the community. To such aggregations the faith of amusement-hunger thousands in groups of good citizens who invariably are behind the organizations which serve as "auspices" is sold for a paltry percentage of the spoils!

"The carnival is here to stay!" This is the declaration of Rubin Gruberg, owner and manager of a traveling outfit which advertises itself as "The Aristocrat of the Tented World." He calls attention to the fact that last season one carnival company "grossed $150,000 in ten days."

"Much has been said and written on the subject of concessions," he says, "some arguing that they will eventually be entirely eliminated from the carnival business. I, for one, do not believe they ever will be or should be . . . . In fact, my experience has been that the public demands these concessions, and on several occasions where they have been eliminated the management of fairs, and so on, have suffered financially in consequence . . . . . The public wants them and the carnival management needs them—so there you are." Barnum's old theory that the American public likes to be humbugged!

"I am firmly convinced of the great future of the carnival business," Mr. Gruberg declared, "and will say that *I know of no other business in which so much financial prosperity can be brought to so many people* in the short space of time allowed in one season as through this branch of the amusement world." He calls attention to the fact that in five years his own big show has grown from one to five cars, "and flat cars at that!"

No one can deny that a measure of blame attaches to the public for whatever may be wrong with the "carnival show" or other things dependent for life on public patronage. But that blame could be more certainly placed if there did not stand between the showman and the public the artifice known as "auspices."

"I'll tell you where the blame lies," said one of the most reputable of carnival company owners to the writer. "It is on the public official who only needs to enforce the law to drive out of business every improper so-called carnival outfit. But for law violation, the bulk of the outfits so classified could not exist and but for the negligence or the dishonesty of the official the law would be enforced against them. The trouble is that officials too often are restrained either out of deference to those who supply 'auspices' or for purposes of personal graft. Haven't I had them come to me and suggest that I put on some features that would bring in 'real' money? In this connection, haven't I also had staid members of committees representing my 'auspices' ask that private performances at the 'girl shows' be arranged for them? Go after all of them, the crooked showman and concessionaire, the negligent or grafting official, the callous local committeemen—if they are not eliminated from this business all operators, good as well as bad, soon must look for other employment."

As "carnival show" is a term lacking clear definition and is now generally abjured by the branch of the amusement business so classified, it is difficult for statutes to bar them without at the same time barring other traveling amusement outfits that use tents.

But the official who grants the permits easily may adjudge a show by applying the simple test of "entertainment." Does honest effort to "entertain" dominate the facilities and the efforts of the organization, or is it a mere aggregation of makeshift shows surrounded by a swarm of gambling—and worse—concessions? By that test all should be willing to stand or fall—but according to wide observation and considerable data only a comparatively few could meet it.

"By their advertising ye shall know them," is a pretty good rule that is applicable to virtually all commercial activities.

In the voluminous periodical which serves as its trade paper you find pages and pages of "carnival show" advertising. What are the dominating notes in those expressions? They are "auspices" and "concessions."

There lies before me a typical trade advertisement of a carnival company. It announces that it can handle "two more high class shows, one more platform show, also first-class ten-in-one"; also it "can place a few more legitimate concessions of all kinds." Then follows the locations and dates of ten engagements. In all except three cases "auspices" are announced. In three, they are American Legion posts; in two, they are Veterans of Foreign Wars organizations—a state convention in one instance; in one they are Spanish War Veterans and in the other the "auspices" are Modern Woodmen of the World and a local police force!

"Dave (Butch) Cohen wants capable grind store man," says another advertisement.

Here's an appeal to "Magazine People," known in the slang of the carnival world as "sheet-writers" or "papermen." They pretend to be subscription agents of allegedly reputable periodicals. Listen to the advertisement: "Our patented, copyrighted check system wins their confidence, doubles your production and earnings. All standard periodicals. You collect $1, issue our check for $1. Ninety cents your commission."

One periodical advertises direct to "sheet-writers," to whom it offers annual subscriptions at six cents each—to be sold by the "agent" at whatever he can get. And the periodical in question parades as a disabled veterans' publication!

Most of the advertising, however, has to do with "prize" material used in the booths of concessionaries, like dolls, Chinese baskets, blankets and trinkets of various kinds.

You will find that the trade advertising of the business consists largely of matter like that described.

There is little in these productions that is calculated to stimulate healthful impulses. The boy who goes to the legitimate circus sees little which he doesn't benefit from even when he tries to imitate it. The tumblers and trapeze performers are incentives to athletic development, the clowns inspire a healthful, though perhaps rude, sense of fun.

But exhibitions of athletics, excepting wrestlers who too often are fraudulent vulgarians and an occasional "Wild West" exhibition of merit, are rarely seen in "carnival shows." Even the animal show, around which the Bostock show was built, and which long was a feature in most of the big carnival shows, has now been generally abandoned.

"We had to give up the animal show simply because it didn't pay," said an operator.

"The truth of the matter is," said an old concessionaire to the writer, "people have ceased going to a carnival show for honest entertainment. They go there, I am very much afraid, just to get stung. My observation has been that the average person who attends them likes to boast about how they were robbed by this or that trick, or how much they spent playing some half-crooked game to win some trinket of a prize. 'It ain't worth a quarter,' they'll say, 'and it cost me $5, but after I started I made up my mind to get it and here it is.' Such boobs are meat for the concessionaire."

"SHOWMAN—What have you got capable of getting money?" asks one of these organizations in a display advertisement in the business' trade paper. "Book with a show that has the name and will protect its people."

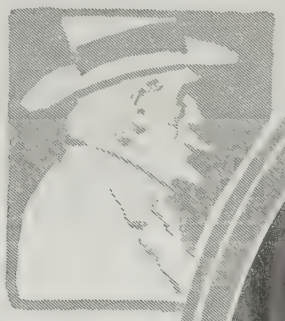
Where does the public come in?

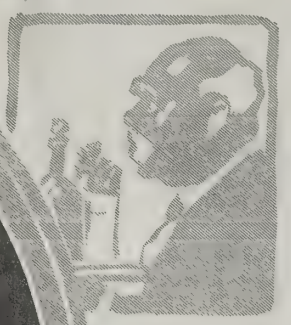
Last of the Real Colonels of the Blue Grass

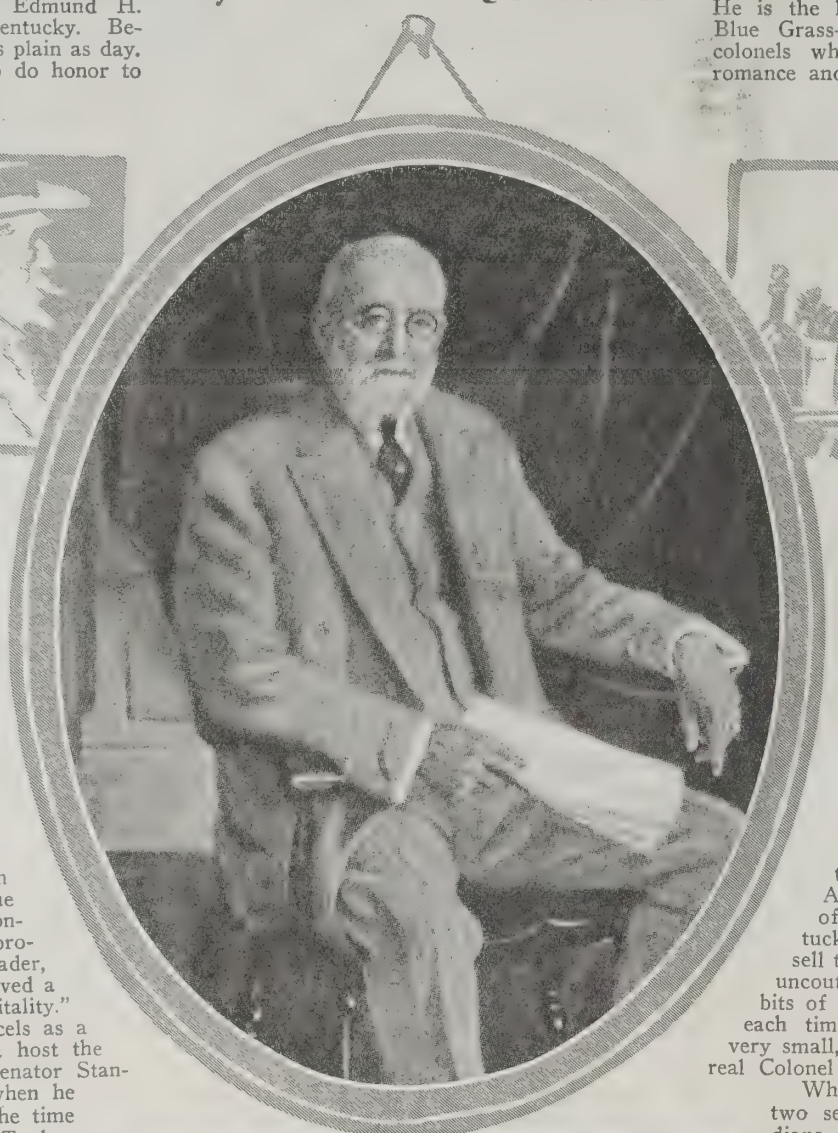
The Story of the Only Man With the Degree of Master of Hospitality

By HENRY DE QUESTIER

PROFOUND respect is the real natural right of women, believes Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., of Frankfort, Kentucky. Believing thus, the Colonel makes it as plain as day. But when he wants particularly to do honor to a woman—flapper, matron of middle age, or an old lady—he sends to her by a young Negro boy a solid silver salver that is heaped with rare fruits nestling among flowers and trimmings. The salver is never carried back to Colonel Taylor. It is his gift, along with the fruits and flowers, for once accepted by a woman, the Colonel will not permit the salver to be profaned by further use.







Also, Colonel Taylor is the only man who has had the Degree of Master of Hospitality conferred upon him by the registrars of 58 colleges. The occasion was the 1917 meeting of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars, held in Lexington. For a day the Colonel entertained the members of the association at his Hereford farm, in Woodford County, between Lexington and Frankfort. Before the sessions closed a degree like the standard certificate of graduation was embossed and signed by all the registrars, because they "found convincing demonstration of his proficiency as a lavish host, a genial leader, and a cordial friend, and thus received a signal experience of Southern hospitality."

Furthermore, "the man who excels as a host in Kentucky must excel as a host the world over," said United States Senator Stanley, then governor of Kentucky, when he delivered the principal address at the time the degree was presented to Colonel Taylor. And the Colonel is Kentucky's most noted host. He established this reputation by living up to even the little details of cherished traditions of Blue-Grass hospitality, and also because he always is at it. It's a rare occasion when there is no "company" in his home. About this entertaining, however, there is nothing so ornate that it is gaudy. Liking for gaudiness is not a Blue-Grass trait. The Colonel's entertaining is democratic—and extensive. Members of associations of this sort, and of that, meeting in Louisville or, Lexington, have been his guests in Frankfort through so many years that the trip is on their programs as a matter of course. Frankfort, by the way, is about half the distance between the two cities. A hundred, and even twice that number, at luncheon or dinner is not unusual in the Colonel's home.

Colonel Taylor is well over 90 years old. But he still is going strong. His mind is alert. He is as spry, as erect, as many a young blade—he hasn't reached the age of slippers, baggy pants, and an easy chair before the fire. On the contrary, he is known as "the best-dressed man in the South." Tailors in New York and Chicago fit the clothes he wears.

A young man was admitted to the Colonel's office.

"Well, sir," said the Colonel, "what can I do for you?"

"Colonel," was the reply, "I'm just starting in the dry cleaning and pressing business in Frankfort, and I'd like to have your work. They tell me you have a lot of clothes, and I'd like to keep them in shape."

"All right," said the Colonel, "I'll send over a few things this afternoon to see what you can do with them. If they're all right when they come back, I'll send you some more."

Later in the day 24 suits, and 16 overcoats were delivered to the cleaner.

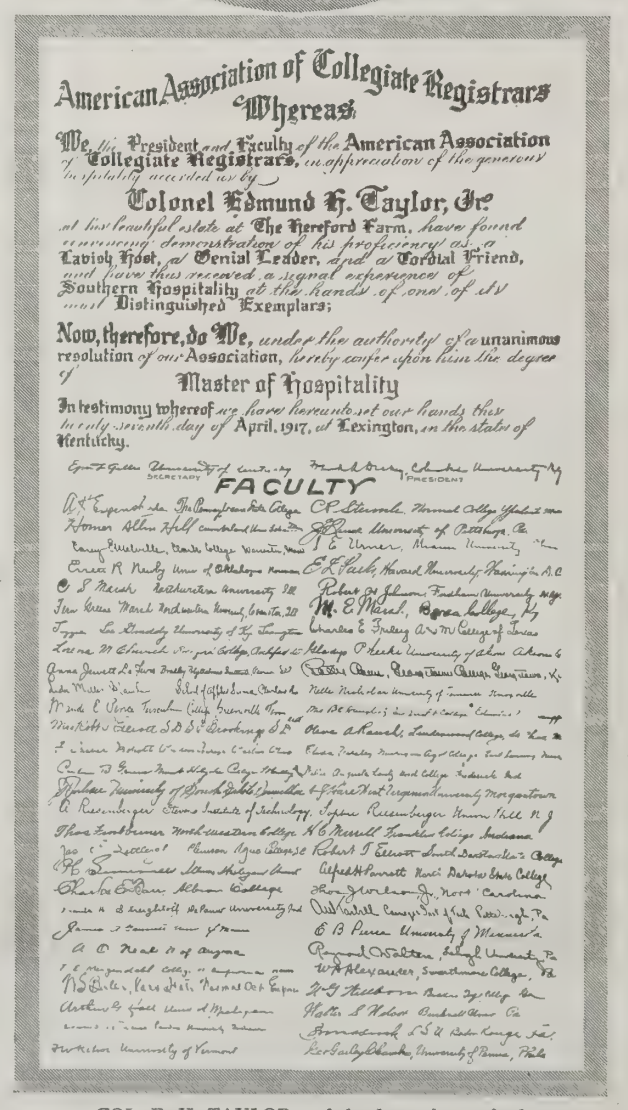
Gossip credits the Colonel with never having less than 100 suits, and each is in style. But the Colonel is far from being a fop. He is the last of the pattern colonels of the Blue Grass—sole survivor of the simon-pure colonels who made that country famous for romance and chivalry. The pattern colonel put his best foot forward in dress as well as in all other things, and Colonel Taylor never got away from the custom.

Colonel Taylor practices the traditions of the genuine Blue-Grass philosophy of life. As a distinct type of American, the picturesque Colonel of Blue-Grass romance and history emerged from the wind-up of the eighteenth century. Kentucky was in a ticklish situation. British and Indians were north of the Ohio River. Spaniards were south of Kentucky, and west of the Mississippi River. The main route from the Blue Grass to market was by barge to New Orleans—barges were loaded at Lexington on a stream that long ago was dried up, its channel covered, and even the location of it lost sight of when river traffic declined. From Lexington the barges floated to the Kentucky River, thence to the Ohio, and to the Mississippi. An interesting chapter in the history of New Orleans describes the "Kaintucks," who brought what they had to sell there. While these "Kaintucks" were uncouth, they picked up and brought home bits of colonial French and Spanish culture each time—perhaps an aggregate that was very small, yet it went into the making of the real Colonel of the Blue Grass.

What Kentucky needed most it got—two sets of leaders. One set fought Indians, and the other took care of the statesman's job. Neither set slighted the things it did, and they finally solved all the bad situations. After a while, "an ideal principality of limited extent, meaning a score or more of counties reaching into the heart of Kentucky, laving its feet in the Onio River, sharply parting company with the mountains on the east, and refusing in its western margin to go beyond the line of uplifted limestone," took title as the Blue-Grass country—a place where "brotherhood of pride and prosperity; an ancestral look of estate; an aristocratic democracy" soon settled like a romantic blanket.

When the men who had straightened Kentucky's tangle gained leisure, they got together and followed the Blue-Grass philosophy of life. Here is how life worked out: "The old families lived in simple grandeur, made up mainly of gentility, and plenty to eat. There was an uncommon amount of brains in the country. Villages were important, and the ruling element was distributed over the land. Power was rural. The city was an appendage—a convenient place to make purchases. In short, it was a life of thrift, plenty, gentility, freedom, enjoyment, intellect." There was plenty of time for all-day visiting, driving parties, house parties, and big dinners. In this setting the characteristics of both sets of pioneers ran together. The performance flowered men and women of an unduplicated stripe. That is the reason upstarts never can gracefully pose as colonels of the Blue Grass, unless they pick another pair of parents, and literally again are born of them. The title was a romance-mark of distinction for uncommon men, and when they passed it on it went to progeny of the same feather—progeny not so picturesque, it is true, because there is less opportunity to be picturesque.

In his boyhood, Colonel Taylor was the close friend of the men whose experiences not only reached far back of his day, but whose experiences then were being used as the foundation for the Blue-Grass philos-



American Association of Collegiate Registrars

Whereas

We, the President and Faculty of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars, in appreciation of the generous hospitality accorded us by

Colonel Edmund H. Taylor, Jr.

at his beautiful estate at The Hereford Farm, have found convincing demonstration of his proficiency as a Lavish Host, a Genial Leader, and a Cordial Friend, and have thus received a signal experience of Southern Hospitality at the hands of one of the most Distinguished Exemplars;

Now, therefore, do We, under the authority of a unanimous resolution of our Association, hereby confer upon him the degree of

Master of Hospitality

In testimony whereof we have hereunto set our hands this twenty-seventh day of April, 1917, at Lexington, in the state of Kentucky.

FACULTY

COL. E. H. TAYLOR, and the degree he received.



Main entrance to "Thistleton."



Looking from "Thistleton" toward the Louisville pike.



Driveway to "Thistleton."

ophy. What he was born too late to gain by experience the Colonel gained by direct contact. For instance, Henry Clay taught him thrift in a practical manner. When the verbal lessons were out of the way, he autographed and gave to the Colonel one of the first books published containing interest tables for the use of bankers.

Colonel Taylor as a boy went to school in New Orleans. Later, he spent a good deal of his time with the Zachary Taylor branch of the family in Lower Louisiana. His companion was General Richard Taylor, in his day, a famous and typical gentleman of the old and the far South. New Orleans romance of the "good ol' days," as it still is spoken of there, was in full blast, and Colonel Taylor was in the thick of it. Virginia chivalry was absorbed when he lived with the family of his uncle, Edmund H. Taylor. That is where he took on the "Jr." behind his name—it was placed there to distinguish him from his uncle, and the Colonel never dropped it. Blue-Grass philosophy of life afterward expanded marvelously and Colonel Taylor helped spread it. He keeps old-fashioned romance as sprightly as a cricket, because he never has lived any other sort of life. And that explains what otherwise might be taken as a somewhat pompous boast. The Colonel never argues. He states facts, and backs them up, as an example, by saying: "I am, without arrogance, 'deeply informed' on this subject, as the historian Motley has said of himself on another subject. I have been a student in the matter."

Colonel Taylor, when he was nearing 84 years, planned a Hereford cattle farm for the Blue-Grass country, and astonished the world by paying more for a bull to lead the herd than ever before had been paid. The farm turned out exactly as the Colonel planned it, for he never slights a detail—another characteristic of the Colonel of the Blue Grass. When he was 88, Colonel Taylor held the largest sale of Hereford cattle then known.

Attention to detail developed his unmistakable signature. It is famous the world over for the care bestowed upon it—Colonel Taylor was a Kentucky distiller and his signature was part of his trade-mark.

The Colonel lives in "simple grandeur" at "Thistleton." It is a typical Blue-Grass estate of 1,000 acres, out Louisville way from Frankfort, and on a hill that is 400 feet above the Kentucky River. The cattle farm of 2,000 acres is in an adjoining county, and is known as "Hereford Farms." But "Thistleton" is not just a show place. It is a farm that must return a profit. Yet from the house all operations are out of sight. Against this background the flag flies from sunrise to sunset. The flagstaff is at the head of the walk leading from the house to the Louisville pike.

Utility masked by beauty sums up out-of-doors "Thistleton" in a sentence. The kitchen garden, for instance, is located far away from the house, and practically is out of sight, yet to screen it from any possible peep there is a thickset lilac bush fence more than 400 feet long fringing the side of the garden nearest the house. A lake fills a depression that otherwise would be out of keeping with the surroundings. This lake is well stocked with fish, and of a morning the Colonel's guests go there to catch their own fish for breakfast. A bit of the sentiment that you find everywhere about "Thistleton" is a grave lying to the right of the house. Along in 1841 a man named Dana was reporter of decisions in the court of appeals at Frankfort. Dana and the former owner of "Thistleton" were close friends. When Dana died he was buried on the estate of his friend, and since the land came into the hands of Colonel Taylor he has maintained the grave as carefully as ever before.

Stepping across the threshold of Colonel Taylor's home is an experience no one is likely ever to forget. Nothing is complex there. That is the reason "Thistleton" gives you a new experience. Old-fashioned romance of the three types that made the entire South famous—Virginia, Blue Grass, and Louisiana—is youthful all around. Yet none of the three advances too far to leave the other two behind. The practices of famous characters of southern history open before you with a freshness that is fascinating. The library, as an instance, is lined with black walnut bookcases that reach from the ceiling to the floor. And they're not mere wall linings, together with the books that are in them. The latter have the friendly look of familiars—the classics especially—for Colonel Taylor reads, writes, speaks and entertains.

And because he is the last of the real Colonels of the Blue Grass, Colonel Taylor practices his creed wherever he goes. On that account, especially on Fifth Avenue in New York, and on La Salle street in Chicago, the coming of Colonel Taylor is an event. There he is known as the "man who has realized De Soto's dream."

Where Great and Near-Great Become Human

Concluded from page 2

talks in the lighter manner, each telling of his hobbies.

Probably the most famous of all National Press Club stunts of the lighter kind was an old-fashioned spelling bee between selected members of the club and a group of Congressmen and Senators. David F. Houston, then Secretary of Agriculture and a former university president, "gave out" the words, which were selected from the old "blue-back speller" of hallowed memories. The correspondents were defeated by the legislators. The individual winner was Representative—now Senator—Frank B. Willis, of Ohio, a former college professor.

From all this you might be led to think that newspapermen are big successes as "social animals." Quite the contrary, however, is the actual fact; it is one reason perhaps why press clubs have not been so successful generally as other occupational clubs. It often happens that individuals lunch together at the National Press Club for years, sometimes daily at the same table, and become intimate acquaintances without knowing each others' names. Rarely is a new member "introduced" and rarely does a new or old member take the trouble to "introduce" himself to anyone. It is one place where a man may be either aloof or intimate without offending anyone else. Thus the National Press Club is a refuge as well as a social center. There correspondents can escape from that artificial "mixing" which is necessary to get the news and there they can meet, if they wish to, others of similar tastes and activities.

The press galleries, as far as Washington is concerned, are not now the personification of the power of the press in the sense conveyed by Edmund Burke who, pointing to the one in the House of Commons, exclaimed, "There sits the Fourth Estate of the Realm." Today, if in Washington, Burke probably would designate the National Press Club instead. For while most of the newspapers are represented therein, the Congressional press galleries are not of their one-time importance. One reason is that the debates in the House and Senate are no longer of controlling significance, and little of the real work of Congress actually is done on the floor of either House.

Another reason is the pronounced shifting of the center of political gravity from the Capitol to the White House. In these days, important correspondents spend little time in the galleries, to which probably not more than one-third of all the persons who regularly join in keeping the public informed, through the public press, of what goes on at Washington have or need the privilege of admission. But virtually all are members of the press club, which has become in many respects the clearing house for Washington news.

To a large extent, your estimate of national public men and national measures is first formed and passed on for your adoption by members of that very interesting organization of news-gatherers and writers. For it is to them that you must look for most of your information on national subjects.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

All University of Arizona students must sleep in the open air. As the climate is dry, mild and equable, it is possible to provide open-air sleeping quarters during the entire college year.

At the time of the Civil War only three per cent of the population of the United States lived in cities, while today more than one-half are city dwellers.

The Chinese prefer a paper of much softer quality for their correspondence than that made for the use of Americans. This is because the Chinese write entirely with brushes and ink. Wrapping paper of a soft, thin variety, light cream in color, is usually found in the better stationery shops, while the native shops sell a cheap brown paper.

Melting ice in the glaciers of the Alps is yielding up the bodies of persons who met their death many years ago.

A radio telephone at each of the 70 tables of a San Francisco hotel enables the diners to listen to one of several concerts that are broadcast daily. Diners now eat while listening and the hotels of the city are making preparations to have wireless phones installed in their guest rooms.

A paper tape measure is being rolled into German bolts of cloth. This permits the salesmen to tell at a glance the measure of cloth remaining in the bolt, thus economizing labor and time. The tape is marked off in yards and meters.

A substitute for cardboard and wood in boxes is a chemical composition of sawdust and ashes. The finished boxes are light, washable, sanitary and non-poisonous. They are waterproof and as fireproof as asbestos and can be made in any degree of flexibility or texture, either as hard as oak, tough as metal or pliable as cardboard. A pound of the substance from which the boxes are made costs not more than five cents.

The shifting sands of the desert of Gobi are gradually burying large portions of the Great Wall of China.

"Armored" aluminum, used in the manner of reinforced concrete, is now obtained by embedding in the aluminum mass thin steel portions which transmit tensile stresses, the surrounding aluminum being relied upon to take care of compressive stresses.

Ammonia is being manufactured from the nitrogen found in molasses in a sugar refinery in France.

"Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a third selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 256 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, and "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, 235 and 256 pages, sent for 25 cents each.

A new method of keeping hay without curing it in the sun has been worked out in Switzerland. The newly mowed hay is stored on metal sheets in silos of 400 feet capacity. Another metal sheet closes the top of the silo and the two sheets are connected in an electric circuit, so an alternating current of from 200 to 500 volts is passed through the grass between them. This enables the grass to be preserved in its natural state until required. It can be cut and stored irrespective of weather conditions and it contains twice the nutriment of an equal quantity of hay.

Of 3,000,000 persons living in the mountain counties of eight southern states, nine-tenths are of Anglo-Saxon pioneer stock, the purest blood in America today.

Asbestos suits are made for persons engaged in work that requires fireproof clothing. Asbestos can be spun so fine that 100 yards of the filament will weigh only one ounce and cloth can be made from this weighing only a few ounces to the square yard.

"Becky Thatcher," the little schoolgirl in the Mark Twain book on the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, is a real person living today in Hannibal, Missouri, the old home of Mark Twain. She is 86 years of age and is matron of the Home of the Friendless there.

Charles Darwin's home in the Kentish village of Down, where he lived for 40 years, is being offered for sale.

A community cow, rented out at $1 a week to families in the congregation who have children, is the property of the Church-by-the-Side-of-the-Road in Greensboro, North Carolina. The proceeds realized from this rental are being saved to buy other cows and eventually there will be a community herd to supply milk in large quantities for all the children in the congregation.

A new stump-burning method employed in Washington consists of placing an apparatus against the stump with a flue and blowpipe in position. A draft created by the blowpipe turns the inside of the stump into a mass of coals, the fire eats down into the roots and the entire stump is consumed at half the cost of former methods.

The average pay of 170,000 clergymen in this country is $15.54 a week.

President Harding has a copy of the *Marion Star,* his own paper, delivered at his executive desk every morning and he reads it before he does anything else. Throughout the day it is neatly folded away on the left-hand corner of the desk for ready reference.

The oldest post-office building in the United States is in St. Augustine, Florida. Records at Seville, Spain, show that the structure was erected some time between 1568 and 1603 by Gonzalo Mendez. The King of Spain bought it in 1604 for a residence of the Spanish governors of Florida.

Six hundred letters written by Charles Dickens to the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, sold recently in London for $2,150.

The first sawmill within the Arctic Circle will soon be established at Herschel Island, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. The engine accompanying the mill is of the two-cycle kind, without carburetor or ignition, and can be run on fish oil or crude petroleum from the Fort Norman wells.

The Stone Age existed in British Columbia up until as late as a century ago, according to prominent archeologists who have been exploring old community sites, mounds and graves along the coast and in the interior. Stone and bone tools were in common use when white explorers visited the North Pacific, although copper and iron were found almost everywhere. Stone hammers and axes discovered are almost identical with the tools of the neolithic man found in Europe. Old shell mounds on the Fraser and Thompson rivers reveal many things formerly used by man of the Stone Age.

Nearly fifty thousand million dollars is invested in insurance on the lives of Americans.

Flashing across the skies of Virginia, a meteor struck in a grove of oak trees in the south central portion of the state, making a depression in the earth which measured more than 500 square feet in area. The meteor was composed of a metallic substance and several trees were buried beneath the falling body. Homes in near-by towns were rocked by the concussion.

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THE SOCIAL LOBBY

In Washington: Ships, Dinners, Liquor and Lasker

The Call of the High Road

Auto Camping Is Rapidly Growing in Favor

BASEBALL DOLLARS

Game's Greatest Players Secured for Little Money

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

In Washington: Ships, Dinners, Liquor and Lasker

Social Lobby's Methods Perfected, Used More Cleverly Than Ever Before

MAYBE you have wondered why a man you despised at home became a Big Gun at Washington. You wondered, because you thought brains and principle and worth ruled there. They don't. The game is not played that way. It used to be, but not now.

This story tells part of the tale—only a small part. There are reticences which every good citizen wishes to observe. But it is useful to know why, for example, the ships of the United States Shipping Board have not been criticised in the public press, by newspapermen who knew the facts, for their violation of American liquor laws. The explanation is the dinners given to newspapermen by Albert D. Lasker.

Maybe you have wondered why Lasker could get the White House itself to boost Shipping Board affairs into a prominence not granted any other issue—not even those issues important to the welfare of the people. The answer is, Lasker's dinners.

This is only a small part of the story. Some day, if public policy requires, there will be an explosion of truth in Washington, when all the now-suppressed facts will be blazoned before an indignant people and a thorough clean-up inaugurated.

By STEPHEN POOLE

THE social lobby in Washington is not a new institution, but it has perfected its methods, and is being used more cleverly than ever before. It is one of the most potent influences in the life of the national capital. The ends sought are not always visible to the casual observer. The methods employed are often extremely subtle, and even those persons whose high official and personal standing is being traded on are usually unconscious of the purposes which the schemers are seeking to accomplish.

Whether it is a tax bill before a congressional committee, a big claim before an executive department for adjudication, publicity for a governmental subsidy, regulatory measures affecting special interests or a Federal appointment that is sought to be influenced, the social lobby is sure to play a big rôle.

Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, who was recently elevated to the Federal bench, and who had a great deal to do with turning the light on lobby operations at Washington during his service in the Senate, gave it as his matured opinion that the social lobby is one of the most active and pernicious of all. It is in full blast at the present time.

Washington's "Information" Men

IT WAS Senator Kenyon who first brought to light the remarkable case of a former newspaper correspondent in Washington, who, by skillfully ingratiating himself via the social lobby route, reached the point where he was drawing approximately $50,000 per annum as the aggregate of retainers paid to him by various interests having irons in the legislative fire at the National Capitol. This young man was one of the first to see the possibilities of the social lobby. Having a wide acquaintance with public men through his former newspaper connections, he took an apartment in the most expensive downtown hotel in Washington. He and his wife entertained lavishly. Members of Congress and other high government officials were among his guests. He soon developed an almost uncanny faculty of getting what he wanted. He was able to advise his clients, who happened to be interested in food lines, well in advance of the actual appointment, and before it was known outside the White House, that Herbert Hoover would be named American Food Administrator. He was *persona grata* in high government circles and was usually able to tip his principals to any impending action at Washington which it was to their advantage to be posted on before the news gained circulation outside of inner official circles. He obtained much confidential information which made him a valuable political and economic adviser for his clients among the largest business interests of the country.

Many big concerns today maintain "information" men at Washington. Not all these are lobbyists in the accepted sense, but by the judicious distribution of hospitality they are able to get much valuable advance information as to policies that are maturing in the official mind.

The importance of social activities has been so magnified in the minds of some of the lesser lights of the official constellation that publicity machinery appropriated for by Congress, and paid for by the taxpayers, has been used to get out notices of social events to obtain wide publicity and react to the social prominence of those concerned. "Coming out" parties of debutantes in the official set have been press-agented in this manner and details of other social affairs have been given to a waiting world through these channels.

An effort is sometimes made by means of the social lobby to mellow the attitude of the daily press toward pending projects. Recently, when the ship subsidy legislation was submitted to Congress, and was subjected to the fire of newspaper criticism, Albert D. Lasker, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, who is the chief sponsor of the measure, gave a dinner at his home for the Washington correspondents. Invitations were telephoned to all the representatives of the more prominent newspapers. Lasker is comparatively a newcomer in Washington and the newspaper men thought it not strange that he should desire to establish closer contact with the press. More than 80 correspondents responded, a majority of them without knowledge of the purpose of the affair. A pleasant evening was had. When the cigars were reached and the chairs pushed back from the dinner table, many of the guests were surprised when their host trotted out his hobby and in a neat speech extolled its good points.

To make the setting complete, the President of the United States, Secretary of the Navy Denby and Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt were among the guests of the evening. The occasion was not a dull one, despite the Eighteenth Amendment.

A famous Chicago attorney, who recently argued a case of national interest before the United States Supreme Court, entertained several press representatives at his hotel, where the Volstead Act was no deterrent to the Bacchanalian tendencies. It is to be presumed that the spirit engendered by this hospitality did not react unfavorably in the press notice of the case in which this attorney was appearing. This method of currying favor has long been a practice with this lawyer, who has amassed millions and bears all the hallmarks of success.

The influence of White House dinners in keeping members of Congress from straying off the administration reservation has long been recognized. President Roosevelt once said: "A man who can be bought with a dinner is not worth much." Nevertheless, it is well known in Washington that many Senators and Representatives under the present and past administrations have been deterred from insurgency by the pleas of wives and daughters that it might result in their being cut off the invitation list for White House receptions and dinners.

Washington society is dominated by the official element. Once a Senator or Representative is defeated for public office, with rare exceptions, his family loses the coveted privilege of attending teas, luncheons, dinners and receptions in the official set. This is indeed a sad circumstance in the lives of many and it has influenced more than one public man to try a political "come back." Not even St. Elba could be so lonely to some of those who love the social atmosphere of Washington as to be reduced to the society of "mere friends."

The "House of Mystery"

AN APARTMENT hotel in the exclusive northwest section is the domicile of several highly placed government officials, including at least one cabinet officer. This hotel is a favorite with the men who come to Washington on missions which require something more than routine presentation at the departments or before congressional committees. Here they are afforded the opportunity for intimate social contact with the heads or assistant chiefs of departments and others of influence in government circles. This hotel is the scene of many festivities. Many gay parties enliven the evenings there. There, where "dull care" is a stranger and where members of the official set are always on hand for a dance or a dinner, many a big government deal has been made.

Another place where the social note predominates is a famous "house of mystery" owned by a Washingtonian of more than local prominence and of independent fortune. It is located in the business section of the city and has more than one secret entrance, where those who for official or personal reasons do not wish to have their social activities advertised, may attend its functions without detection. During the past winter, dinners rivaling the Sherry dinners of New York, were held in this house, with dancers from visiting shows supplying the entertainment on at least one occasion.

How the social lobby may be converted into a valuable asset to aid in the development of a lucrative business is well illustrated by a case which has caused much gossip in the inner circle at Washington. The principal is a man whom we will style "an Ohio attorney," although he was not exactly a shining light in his profession at home and his business was not entirely restricted to the arguing of cases in court. He had been connected in a small way with a cabinet member who is reputed to be a close political adviser to President Harding. The Ohio attorney spent several weeks as a hanger-on at headquarters at Marion during the front-porch campaign and had identified himself with the administration in the eyes of many persons who wanted favors here. He took quarters in a Washington hotel and "opened up for business" soon after the last presidential inauguration. The word was passed around by his runners that those who needed help might find it forthwith by applying to this individual. He was a smooth talker and business came fast. Soon larger quarters were required. A pretentious residence on K street, near those of several Senators, was rented. Here big entertainments and dinners were staged, with all the pleasant accessories of music and dancing by professional entertainers. These were invitation affairs.

Only Provided the Scenery

THE dinners at the K street residence are said to have been well-appointed affairs which would have done credit to a cabinet member. Those who received his invitations felt themselves honored. Many of the guests now realize that they were only a part of the interior decorations. They only provided the scenery which made the attorney's entertainments go well. The host's fame grew apace and he thrived wonderfully. He made many new connections. Sometimes he took his "cases" on a contingent fee basis, but more often he insisted that those who needed his assistance should pay a generous fee in advance as an evidence of good faith, with more to come when success crowned his efforts. Prominent persons in the administration were inveigled to dinners, and there the "suckers" were given an ocular demonstration of the standing of the Ohio attorney with the official set. This man prospered at an amazing rate as the early months of the Harding Administration flew by. Finally, his operations became a scandal and the news of his activities is understood to have reached the White House. He was asked to pitch his tent elsewhere. He took the hint and his departure was expedited by an order from the executive to heads of departments to disregard his claims of special influence with the administration. When he shook the dust of Pennsylvania avenue from his well-groomed feet it is reported that he was richer by several hundred thousands for his sojourn in Washington. This man was a clever manipulator. He had the knack of dropping little intimations as to his alleged close personal relations with administration officials without appearing to do so. He had been a "fixer" in Ohio and professed to be able to arrange matters for those who had the price and wanted favors here. Whether he was ever able to deliver anything more tangible than promises is not ascertainable.

These are only a few instances of the modus operandi of the "social bloc" at Washington. Its tentacles reach out and form a network around government operations in the national capital.

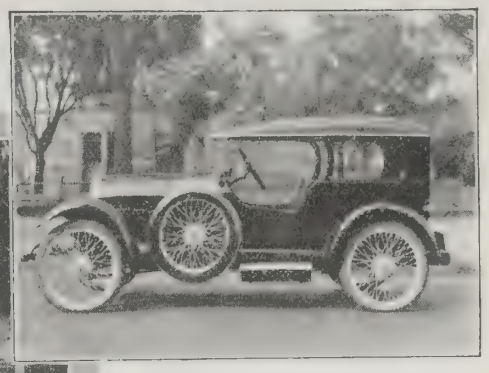
The Call of the High Road: Auto Camping

Some Facts About the Fastest-Growing Sport in the World

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, JR.



A standardized camping body for the Ford chassis. This body comes in sections, like a bookcase. It can be set up in two hours. It has two wide beds, accommodating four persons, rain and dust-proof lockers, refrigerator, folding table, complete cooking and table utensils and stove. It costs $735.



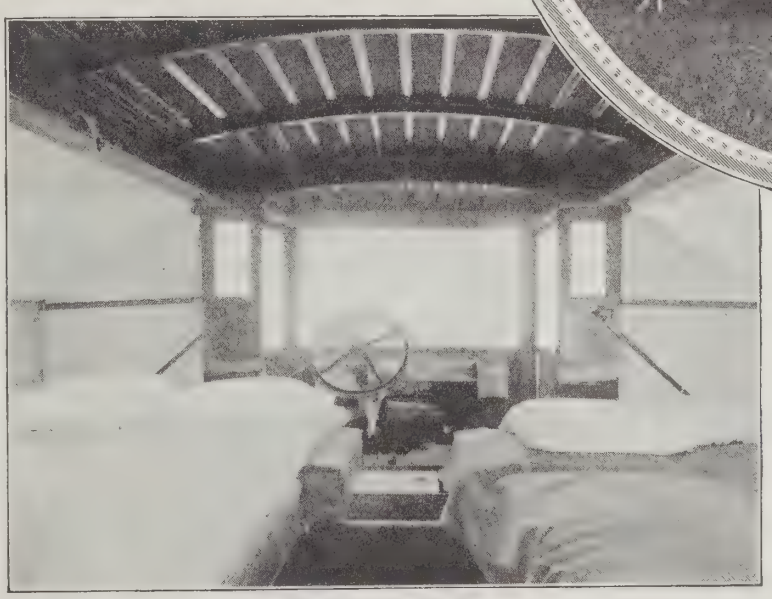
This is a new body and a complete camp car for two persons. The seats fold down forming a bed 48 inches wide, the back folds outward to form extra length for the bed and to supply space for luggage. There is an icebox, and side curtains exclude the public and weather.



A scene in the Los Angeles Municipal Motor Park where many thousands of camping parties stop annually.



A trailer set up in the woods.



The interior of the car pictured above, at the left, showing sleeping accommodations.

WHEN 1,000,000 Americans adopt a new sport in the short space of five or six years, it is high time for the rest of the population to do a little investigating to discover, if possible, the lure which attracted the original million. This is exactly what the rest of the population is doing—with most gratifying results. The sport under the microscope of public inspection is automobile camping and the thousands of converts to its pleasures this year present ample proof, if any were needed, that here is something new, something wholesome and something practical in the way of recreation.

Back in Robin Hood's day, the gypsy was a picturesque sort of individual, but his habits were bad. Too often he had to be hanged by the neck until dead before he was properly impressed with the desirability of civilization. This was a shame, because, after all, he had the right idea. There is hardly one of us who has not inherited from the wanderer of the glittering wagons a yearning for adventure and freedom; a desire to roam the world at our own sweet pleasure, with no time clocks to punch, no domestic calls to answer.

Formerly, when a citizen and his family desired to go camping, he was surrounded with inconceivable quantities of red tape, inconvenience, expense and lost time. He had to depend upon railroads and horse-drawn vehicles to get him to his chosen camp site. And with his tents set up in a certain spot, it was there that he had to remain during his limited stay in the wilds because moving to another location called for more energy than he was willing to exert and more loss of time than he could afford.

The whole proposition became a Herculean task, not to be repeated except by the most adventurous, most hardy and most persistent of nature lovers. To go camping by the old methods now, with railroad fares sky-high, would call for the outlay of more time and money than the average man can afford. Therein lies the great advantage of motor camping. It is distinctly a sport for the average man and his family.

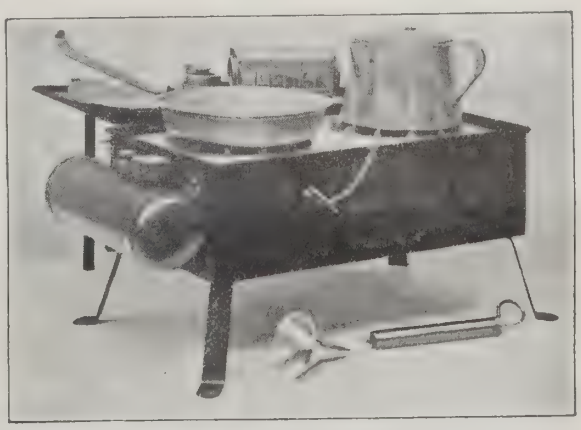
The great growth of this new method of vacationing is due entirely to its two main characteristics; it is practical and it is cheap. In other words, it has been proved by hundreds of thousands of gasoline gypsies during the past two or three years that automobile camping produces the utmost in pleasure and health for the minimum expenditure of money. That is why increasing hordes of us, who previously got most of our adventure from fiction magazines or wandered the world through the medium of the outing pictures in the movies, are taking to the highways and carrying our own hotels with us. We have discovered, suddenly, if we are in moderately good circumstances, that we can do better globe trotting than the millionaire with his private car and steam yacht, and that for a hundredth of the sum he spends we can take a trip as long as his and get more out of it spiritually, physically and mentally than he does. For the only requirements for successful motor camping are a little money, a little time, a dislike for crowded cities, a love for fishing and good air, a desire to roam, some brains, a good deal of natural decency and courtesy, and a car no matter how small and cheap, or even a motorcycle and side car. We can do proper and profitable motor camping with remarkable ease and lack of fuss, whether our available time is a week-end or a couple of years.

There are four ways of going motor camping. A majority of gasoline wanderers pile a miscellaneous assortment of equipment into a touring car or sedan and set up and take down their tents, beds, stoves and so on, at each stop. With this method great care must be used in packing to secure the best balance. Most beginners carry infinitely too much equipment. There is a happy medium, only learned by experience. The only disadvantages in carrying passengers and luggage in the same car are that there is not much room to move around in and it means all the labor of making and breaking camp at each jump. The trailer presents two other methods of camping. There is the little commercial trailer in which tents and other duffle may be carried so that the leg room of passengers is not taken up. This, likewise, calls for continual making and breaking camp. But there is another kind of trailer which obviates this difficulty. This is the newly conceived camping trailer which is now being made in as many different styles by about 20 companies. These trailers differ in details. Some collapse, when traveling, to a size not much greater than a child's express wagon; others follow along behind the car with their roofs fully expanded and tower above the tonneau of the car. All, however, provide comfortable sleeping accommodations for from four to six persons and many of them have, built integrally, elaborate cooking and eating facilities, folding tables and chairs, full-length clothes closets, tanks for hot and cold water and other aids to comfort on the road. A loaded trailer, contrary to the opinions of the uninitiated, does not add excessive strain to the car. There

(*Concluded on page 11*)



Aluminum dishes and utensils for four persons. The whole outfit fits into the little canvas bag, and occupies little room in the car.



An efficient two-burner gasoline stove which folds into small space. The pump is for creating air pressure in the tank.

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 36, July 1, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

Did You Ask for a Revised Tariff?

THE tariff is being revised, at whose request and for what purpose, has not been publicly announced. They are doing it very quietly, yet drastically, but the silence is likely to be broken by sharp popular protests when the teeth of the new tariff begin to bite. The present tariff revision is marked by a kind of secrecy. It has proceeded under cover of other more sounding matters. There is no public discussion, as has been the case in previous tariff revisions. There are no speeches on tariff principles. An utter absence of such wheezes as "protect American industry," "maintain the American standard of living" is probably accounted for by the fact that coincident with the revision of the tariff upward is a revision of the general wage scale downward. It would be exceedingly bad political strategy to bring the two matters to public notice at once. And thanks to the blind publicity which is the people's daily "news" the two have been kept pretty well apart in the public mind.

The folly of tariff revision just now is apparent. First, the tariff is not responsible for any present condition of which the people complain. Second, its half-secret revision suggests the payment of election promises: no one wants the tariff except a few interests who will benefit by it at the expense of the American people: we have learned now that the tariff is paid by the people and by no one else. Third, any tariff made in the present unsettled condition of business and the constant readjustment of values must inevitably be an unfit instrument for conditions that will ensue in the next year or two.

The haste to revise a tariff, while more vital matters are pending, does not give the mind an impression of high statesmanship.

Unfair to Mr. Babson

TRADE papers quote Roger W. Babson, the statistician—but at times only in part. If anything in his reports tends to place their particular interests in favorable publicity, it is certain to be taken from the complete text and made the foundation for views other portions of Mr. Babson's observations might discourage.

As an illustration, the title of one trade paper's condensation of a recent circular states that "Labor Disputes Hold Business Back," but a fact only partially the reason for the slowness of the promised revival of general business.

Mr. Babson is not responsible, of course, for this perversion of his general opinion. He recognizes other contributing causes and mentions them. That the effect of the omission of these has a tendency to convey the impression that to labor disputes alone can be traced laggard business is not his fault.

The truth is that no permanent revival need be expected until agriculture regains its feet and has made at least a partial recovery. With that accomplished, the revival will start, and labor troubles will be found to have been incidental rather than causative.

Labor troubles are merely a symptom of the general business malady. Employers attempt to save themselves by reducing wages; employes resist because they see the cost of living on the upgrade and already have difficulty in making ends meet. With the resumption of demand for the products of labor sequent upon revived agriculture, the question of wages must subordinate itself, since employment will leave none idle on the market.

The man, be he editor or the employer of labor, who seeks an unfair advantage in a case where a part truth has all the deception of falsehood, is as much a distorter of facts as he who utters absolute misstatements. In this case the wrong includes unfairness to Mr. Babson.

Why Do the Financiers Rage?

NEVER was such a flood of bankers' propaganda let loose upon the country as during the past five months. All because THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT suggested that you cannot run a broad-gauge business on a narrow-gauge monetary system. Literary liars have set forth in bank circulars and financial columns and Wall Street publications that the destruction of the gold basis was being advocated, that the uncontrolled issue of paper money and a general upheaval of sound business policy were being urged. A perfect rage of resentment and deception has characterized the pronouncements of the professional financial world—and not only rage and deception, but an appalling amount of ignorance. The average man who handles the people's money knows less about the monetary structure than the ordinary ribbon counter clerk knows about the textile industry.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT maintains what everybody knows, that business is strangled in its functions because the neck of money through which it must pass is too narrow; and that money also is strangled in its functions because the neck of gold through which it must pass is too narrow. There is more wealth than there is money; there is more money than there is gold; yet the private owners of gold hold the whip hand over money, over industry and thus over the people's life. It is not a question of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT shoving the world off the gold basis; it is a question of the world seeing that it is already, by the very force of business necessity, shoved off the gold basis. Seeing this and acting upon it will release the nation's energies and liberate us from the stupid tie-up into which the gold superstition has thrust us.

The propaganda of the financial interests is not a new thing. Indeed, it is older than the Christian Era. We herewith present two such circulars issued in our own country.

One is the famous Hazard Circular, issued in 1862. Read it:

> "Slavery is likely to be abolished by the war, the power of chattel slavery destroyed. This I and my European friends are in favor of. For slavery is but the owning of labor and carries with it the care of the laborer, while the modern or European plan is capital control of labor by controlling wages; this can be done by controlling the money. *The great debt which capitalists will see to it is made out of the war must be used as a measure to control the volume of money.* To accomplish this, bonds must be used as a banking basis. It will not do to allow the 'Greenback,' as it is called, to circulate as money for any length of time. We cannot control them. But we can control the bonds, and through them, the bank issue."

Another circular issued by the American Bankers' Association, in 1877, follows:

> "It is advisable to do all in your power to sustain such newspapers, especially the agricultural and religious press, as will oppose the issue of greenback paper money, and that *you also withhold patronage or favors from all applicants who are not willing to oppose the government issue of money.* Let the government issue the coin and the banks issue the paper money of the country, for then we can better protect each other.
>
> "To repeal the law enacting national bank notes, or *to restore to circulation the government issue of money, will be to provide the people with money* and therefore seriously affect your individual profits as bankers and lenders."

There you have it. The old circulars were more honest than the present ones—they spoke truthfully the animus behind them. But they are still the same in their bludgeoning of popular thought. Differences exist, however, especially in this, that today the agricultural and religious press is no longer the subsidized organ of an insufficient money system. The Money Power has made stupendous gains since 1877, but so has popular understanding of its methods. And that is what brings about change, and evil becoming so big that its removal is necessary, and a public opinion becoming so great that it can effect the removal.

Well, What Can We Expect?

THE American flag still flies over booze, thanks to A. D. Lasker.

Mr. Lasker is an advertising agent who took the solemn oath to support the Constitution and laws of the United States and administer the office of Chairman of the Shipping Board.

Now he is engaged in the business of advertising in every port to which he can send an American passenger ship, that the United States permits its officials openly to flaunt its laws.

Liquor, all kinds of liquor, has been sold for months on the Shipping Board liners. Mr. Lasker by devious methods sought to prevent the subject from being discussed publicly. He failed. His defense, when the charge of impeachable violation of his oath of office was made, was the weakest imaginable. He fell back on the plea that the liners could not sustain foreign competition unless liquor was sold, and in addition the Supreme Court had not finally ruled that the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution was applicable to ships on the high seas.

Few minds would have dared to formulate such excuses. The commercial side of prohibition with the question of its financial necessity to government and private individual was argued for long years while this country was considering prohibition as a policy. The overwhelming sentiment which compelled the enactment of the prohibition amendment to the Constitution and the laws for its enforcement have settled that argument, and made it the fundamental law of this land that neither government nor individual shall profit from an outlaw industry.

As for the lack of a high court decision, that excuse is nonsense, and deserves a worse name. United States district courts have ruled the law applies to United States ships. The Department of Justice under a former chief ruled likewise, and Mr. Lasker has sought no opinion from the present Attorney-General to the contrary. He doubtless fears that Mr. Daugherty could only repeat the former opinion. It has been the acknowledged law of the nations since earliest times that a ship on the high seas is territory of the nation in which it is owned.

The United States has held itself out as a nation intent on abolishing the evils which flow with liquor. There are a few, very few, public officials who still express openly their opinion that the enactment of prohibition was a mistake and that the country should return to license. These few have the right to their opinion and the right to express it.

But Mr. Lasker's offense is different: He is the *only* official high in public life *who has dared openly to announce that he will not enforce the Constitution and the law of the land.*

The Newspapers

IN "Pillar to Post," the readable daily "colyum" of the Chicago *Evening Post,* a contributor who signs "E. J. C.," pronounces this judgment of public taste upon the newspapers. All good readers will heartily indorse its sentiments:

THE SCARE HEADS

The multitudes who pay their dough
To make the daily papers go
May get the chance to read, some day,
That news for which they meekly pay—
For "Valentino's free at last"
And "Ganna Walska's suit is past."
When all the matrimonial musses
Of giddy men and painted hussies
Have been announced in twelve-line Gothic
It may be easy to Hypothecate
Some space to use
For printing of the daily news.
When each whozis and whatsername
Are fed up on an inky fame,
And editors enough have got light
To know fit subjects for the spotlight;
When Madelynne's last trial is o'er
And Arthur he shall be no more
A fixture on the premier page;
When Stillman shall grow still—and sage;
When 'Tilchen's fancy for Max Oser
And his for her shall turn sub rosa;
When "reel" news for real news
Is left among the residues;
When gen-u-ine folks
Not gin-and-wine soaks
And public life not public capers
Are given preference in papers—
When these changes all are made
And laws of decent taste obeyed—
Why citizens who pay their dough
To make the blooming papers go
May get a chance to read each day
The news for which they hope and pay.

E. J. C.

Mr. Ford's Page

TARIFF, Subsidy and Bonus—these are the three bugbears which have disturbed Congress for a long time past. Their power to disturb is twofold. First, there is the unnatural character of the things themselves; that is to say, the idea of the tariff, the idea of a subsidy and the form of the bonus are all unnatural. They have no place in the economic fitness of things. They are not rooted in universal principle. There is no basic solvent in them. They are not in any sense final, not even approximately final; at the best they are temporary makeshifts. Extend them universally and they would collapse and bring society down in collapse with them. Everybody recognizes that. And then, second, there is the political complication. Too many men in Washington have been led to believe that political safety depends on getting these things out of the way. To force action on a matter that is economically false for a purpose that is politically puerile, is a very active source of disturbance.

What is wrong with these things? Well, just now, the most apparent fault is that they all have the object of taking money away from the people. Tariff, Subsidy, Bonus, none of them contains a single provision for making money more plentiful among the people by releasing the productive energies of the people. It would seem that in these times, of all times, the effort would be to put the people into ways of earning money, instead of devising more ways of taking money from them.

That is perhaps not a criticism that would appeal to statesmen: it is too simple. But it is a criticism that distinctly belongs to statecraft. Congress cannot be blamed, because Congress is now in a position where it can do little but act upon what is put up to it; that is to say, our system has become stiffened into rigidity, until practically all our public business consists of inventing or operating devices to take money away from the people. What a change it would be, what a welcome change—how it would sweep over the land like the breath of a new Spring—if only there were some effort made to start things in which the people could share prosperously! Why should bills to take money away from the people always be given the precedence to the total exclusion of bills that would put the people in the way of making money?

Take the tariff. After all is said and done about the protection of American industry, what is the tariff? *It is a tax on the people.* It is not a tax on *things,* but on *people.* Our taxes recently have become taxes on *people* more than on *things.* How many times is the same wealth taxed in our income taxes because, forsooth, it has come into the hands of different persons. The workman draws his wages and is taxed on them: he pays his doctor's bill, and the doctor is taxed on that; the doctor pays his bills, and the receiver of the money is taxed on that; and so on. It is not the money which is taxed, but every person who handles it. It is quite proper to tax a thing once for all, to tax wealth once for all, but to tax *people* will lead into paths which this country had better not enter.

The tariff is primarily a tax. Nobody pays the tax but the people. And nobody receives the tax but the interests for whom the tariff was made. We were made to believe ten years ago that the country had learned this and that the government was acting upon it, but in this year 1922 there is proposed a tariff which makes previous tariffs look like amateurs—and it looks as if American education will have to be begun all over again.

Tariff means high tariff—it always does. Tariff boosters are not interested in any but high tariffs. And the winning fallacy about it all is that the government needs the tariff to pay the expenses of government! The fallacy is that the foreign shipper pays the tariff, the government collects it and applies it to government expenses, and we the people are relieved of that much expense. And in the same breath the tariff is said to discourage the foreign shipper so that he shall not interfere with American industry! Now a high tariff cannot do both these things—keep out foreign goods and let in foreign goods at high duty rates. Nor does it. What it does is to permit American exploiters to charge the American people anything they like, at the same time denying the American people access to a competing market. The tariff wall shuts in the American buyer. The American people pay the tariff, *and they pay it not to the government but to private American interests;* so, therefore, the tariff must be classed among those measures whose sole purpose is to take money out of the American people instead of helping them to get more money. The history of tariff operation has been the increase of privilege, the enormous increase of bonded debts, and the consequent increase of uncertain conditions of life among the people. How could it be otherwise when this enormous tax on the consumers, the people of the United States, has been levied by government authority and paid into the profits of private interests?

WHY is it that a bill which will pay money to the people can be sidetracked in Congress for bills which only take money from the people? The tariff is a tax on the people; the American people pay it, and to private corporations at that; yet the biggest tariff tax ever laid on Americans is now being prepared. The so-called "merchant marine measure" is only a subsidy attempt—taxing the people for money to hand out to men who cannot operate ships profitably. Ship operation ought to pay, as steel manufacture ought to; the American people should not be taxed by subsidies or tariffs to make up deficits. We need legislation to start something that will pay dividends to the people, not take more money away from them.

The ship subsidy is simply another tax on the people. Its supposed purpose is to create a merchant marine. We had a merchant marine once and it was not created by subsidies; it was created by the need for ships and by ability to operate a ship profitably. That is the only way a merchant marine can ever be established. The purely industrial or commercial enterprise that is worth anything at all can stand on its own feet. And what is more it will stand on its own feet if it is worth anything at all. A ship subsidy is not a solution of the ship problem. It is merely a postponement of it at great cost, and at private gain. The subsidy, like the tariff, aims at taking money from the people to give it to a class. In the case of the tariff it is taken from the people to give to a class of manufacturers who are not good enough manufacturers to compete with the not-so-good manufacturers of Europe. In the case of the subsidy it is taken from the people and given to a class of speculators who never will learn how to support themselves as long as they are assured of hand-outs from the public treasury.

The Bonus is another proposition. The human element enters so strongly that money sinks into secondary place, but the Bonus—even a Bonus with the kindliest intentions and the noblest spirit (which this proposed Bonus conspicuously lacks) is not what is needed. We promised those boys that we would stand by them, and we have not kept our promise; what is more, we cannot keep our promise by giving a Bonus. We owe them more than any Bonus—we owe them an established place and a first-class opportunity in life. That is what we owe them. And we could pay them, too, if we would only try for once to start something that would pay dividends to the people.

We wouldn't need to lie about "tariff for revenue"; we wouldn't need to propose deceptive subsidies; we wouldn't need to fall back on the beggarly insult of a Bonus if we would only for once use the legislative power to get things going. Then we should be able to laugh at tariffs; we should be able to give profitable business to all the ships at sea, and we should be able to keep our 1917 promises to the soldiers.

Let Congress give most attention to the bills that promise to start something in behalf of the people.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

The Mississippi Floods—A Permanent Peril

Mightiest River in 1922 Outdoes Former Assaults on Land It Built



Refugees lined up at Jackson Barracks' stables waiting for billets.



Three miles to go to safety and it's an all-day picnic.



This panoramic view of the flooded section below New Orleans was taken from a navigation tower in front of the village of Carnorvan, about one quarter mile below the crevasse. At the right of the building with the smokestack which is the plant of the Star Packing Company, is the Carnorvan canal leading southeast to Lake Lery. The flood extended beyond the canal which, however, acted as a natural spillway and checked the water for several days. The skiff in the foreground is on top of the Louisiana Southern Railroadtrack.



A typical mammy from the Poydras flood area of South Louisiana, with her two treasures and a world of scorn for Ol' Father Mississip'.

MISSISSIPPI River floods deposited the soils which have made Louisiana one of the most fertile spots on the globe. But each year the Mississippi rages down in a new flood, intent on destroying the rich products of the very land it has created.

Each new flood brings new soil deposits to build up more land and enrich posterity hundreds and thousands of years hence. But the prosperity of posterity is small comfort to thousands of Louisianians, driven forth from their homes with their crops destroyed and their future placed in hazard.

This year of 1922 has brought the highest water in the Lower Mississippi in the 200 years since the white settlers began the perpetual battle against the flood ravages.

"The great flood of 1922, the greatest flood in Mississippi River history," is the way this year's tremendous onslaught of the Father of Waters should be known to people who live on the lower river.

But, strangely enough, this superlative effort of the mightiest river has occasioned only the most casual interest, except in the territory most direfully affected. One reason for this lack of attention has been that the high waters this year have been attended with no loss of life directly attributable to the magnitude of the flood. After scores of years the battle of the levees seems finally to have turned in favor of man. In other great flood years, loss of life has accompanied vast property loss. This year, the strength of the artificial defenses against the swollen river, combined with heightened relief methods and a Federal and state warning system of high efficiency, has prevented loss of life.

Gradually, man is winning the battle of the levees. But the battle is not yet won, as witness 35,000 persons rendered homeless and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed by breaks in Louisiana levees. The last previous so-called "great" flood, that of 1913, saw the destruction of property estimated at $43,000,000. This year's loss is not expected to be so large, despite the vastly increased property values.

Scores of crevasses in the levees were reported in previous floods. This year only five were recorded in Louisiana. In 1897, the Mississippi floods overflowed 13,580 square miles of territory. In 1903, the inundated land totaled 6,820 square miles despite higher water. This year's overflowed territory will total still less.

"But this has been due only to a most desperate fight," Governor John M. Parker, of Louisiana, told THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

The governor has himself been a victim of the Mississippi overflows. His 10,000-acre plantation in Northern Louisiana was inundated during the 1913 flood, and he had a strenuous time saving his workmen and their families, while the waters were sweeping over his crops. He was, therefore, equipped by experience for the situation which faced him this year when he led in person the battle against the breaking of the levees.

The story of this year's fight against the flood is one of day and night work for weeks. Constant watchfulness was necessary all along the levees. Hourly tests were made to determine whether there were indications of the water seeping through the great earthworks which protect the land from the higher water in the river channel. Workmen kept steadily at the task of building the levees higher after it became apparent that this year's waters would exceed in height those of previous years and would overflow the tops of the levees. Where the crevasses actually did occur, it was a desperate struggle to remove the refugees to safety and a determined one to tie up the crevasses and reduce to a minimum the inundated territory.

The warning system was of incalculable assistance in enabling residents of threatened territory to escape ahead of the rising waters.

"We knew where every automobile was located," said Governor Parker. "Rockets and flares, the telephone, watchmen and messengers, were at hand to spread the news of a break in time for all residents to escape."

The first break in a levee had hardly occurred, when on April 27, Dr. I. M. Cline, United States weather forecaster at New Orleans, sent out a flood bulletin. As a testimonial to accuracy, his prophecy on the results which would flow from the crevasse is remarkable. The levee break occurred at 5:30 p. m., on Wednesday. The next day the bulletin sent through the territory said:

"The water from the crevasse in the right bank of the Mississippi above Ferriday will return to the Mississippi and Atchafalaya rivers through the Black, Lower Ouachita and Red rivers. . . . The water will overflow Concordia, Lower Tensas, Southern Franklin, Eastern and Southern Catahoula, and part of Avoyelles parishes."

That prediction was borne out. The territory overflowed from the Ferriday crevasse included several thousand acres of valuable land devoted to general agriculture.

The weather bureau made a similar prognostication in connection with the levee break at Poydras, 14 miles below New Orleans. This break occasioned an overflow which covered the valuable truck farms which do much toward the feeding of New Orleans. The break which occasioned the fear of the greatest property damage occurred about three weeks later at Hamburg. The Ferriday crevasse was just north of Natchez and about 200 miles from New Orleans. The Hamburg break was about 150 miles from New Orleans, and shortly above the great fertile territory in which are located 800,000 acres of cane sugar. The sugar plantations had been inundated in the flood of 10 years ago with vast damage. The Ferriday crevasse had widened into a break of a half mile in width within a short time, and the Hamburg break within 24 hours reached a width of 500 feet.

The Hamburg break, however, did not have the disastrous effects feared. Instead, it lowered the water of the streams flowing into the Mississippi and lessened the flood hazard. Another break at the state penitentiary farm at Angela did $1,500,000 in damage in a few hours, and caused the removal of the convicts who were put to work on the levees near Baton Rouge.

The relief agencies called upon because of the overflows were many. The state and Red Cross co-operated in the relief of families made homeless and concentrations of refugees were made at Jefferson Barracks in New Orleans and in Baton Rouge and elsewhere. The State Board of Conservation carried on an intensive effort to rescue the animals which became flood victims. Previous preparations had made the removal of the live stock merely a matter of execution of plans already made. But the rescue of wild animals was a different matter. Rabbits, muskrats, deer and other wild denizens of the forest were saved from starvation or drowning. It was a difficult task to induce these scary animals to accept human assistance, and the rescue work was not altogether successful. Deer fatally injured themselves in their timid misunderstanding of the attempts at rescue. Delegations of trappers from the Poydras district besieged the Board of Conservation, asking that the enforcement of the game laws be modified so they might save muskrats from starvation by shooting them first. The Board was fearful that this doubtful mercy might be taken advantage of for a general loosening of game law observance.

Louisiana residents resent the situation which makes them bear the brunt of the flood effects.

"Thirty-one states empty their flood waters through the Lower Mississippi," said Governor Parker. "Almost none of the waters which rise in Louisiana go through the Mississippi channel. Instead, they find their way to the gulf through the little rivers and streams which are independent of the great river.

"In 1882, President Arthur declared that he believed the disposition of the Mississippi flood waters was a great national problem. We agree with him."

The efforts of the states on the Lower Mississippi to get the national government to consider the flood problem a national one have been productive of some result, and for years this result had as its by-product the scores of little pork-barrel riders whereby insignificant streams through the country rode to appropriations from the national funds. Under the present flood control act, however, the pork-barrel feature seems eliminated.

The flood control act provides for an expenditure by the national government of $45,000,000, with a permissible expenditure of $10,000,000 a year, provided the states and levee districts co-operating in the improvement, extension and maintenance of the levees, spend one dollar for every two dollars spent by the Federal Government.

The Federal Government has long recognized the Mississippi problem as a national one but the active demonstration of this recognition has not been so strong as the states most affected would have it. The Mississippi River Commission, organized in 1879, took charge of the levee work. Co-operating with the states and levee districts it undertook the work of standardizing the levees and extending them. But the recognition of the Federal responsibility is even now not clear.

Since 1879, a total of $123,000,000 has been spent

in new levees, repairs to old ones, revetments and other Mississippi River protections. There are now 1,774 miles of levees, protecting a territory of 27,303 square miles. At the close of the last year, the Mississippi River Commission reported the levee work as 66 5/10 per cent complete. It would take $30,000,000 to complete the levee work. In view of the fact that a single year's flood might easily cause a loss of that amount of property, the failure to complete the work at once is puzzling.

"When the levee construction work is completed, what will become of the commission?" Colonel Charles L. Potter, a veteran in Mississippi River protective measures, was asked.

"The act provides that the work of maintenance be turned over to the levee districts," he replied.

Colonel Potter thinks, however, that before that time comes the Federal Government will provide some regulative and supervisory control over the levee situation. The tremendous peril which the negligence of a single levee district might afford to the entire country is patent.

The importance of Federal supervision of the levee work is not measurable. The standardizing of the great banks of earth, which have been in the building since the earliest days of the French settlement, has been one of the important tasks toward which government and state engineers have bent their thoughts. Colonel Potter believes that the Ferriday crevasse this year may be traced to the decay below the actual levee of old stumps or foundation matter which date from before the Civil War, rather than to any fault of the levee itself.

That the flood problem is a permanent ailment which may be alleviated but never cured is due to this fact that the bank underneath the levees must always present opportunity for the river to undermine when it may not overflow them. The collapse of the river banks when the water falls is a graver peril than the overflow possibility at the time when the rise of the water reaches its highest point.

Engineering authorities, with exceptions, have agreed that the levee is the best protection under feasible conditions against the Mississippi floods. To mitigate the floods in Lower Louisiana, some engineers have suggested the diverting of the Mississippi through the channel of the Atchafalaya, a small river, to the Gulf of Mexico, a route which would shorten the waterway by 150 miles. This suggestion has received little favor and probably never will be accorded a hearing, due to the fact that the moving of the Mississippi would mean the probable passing of the famous old city of New Orleans. Most of the engineers believed that the Mississippi might be diverted from its present course, but most of them also believe that the appreciable lessening of the current in the present channel would result in the filling of the deltas of the Mississippi, so that New Orleans as a seaport would pass.

"If it were possible to build enough reservoirs and have them at the right place at the right time, the Mississippi flood situation could be handled by them," said Colonel Potter. "But on one river in Ohio there was spent $38,000,000 for flood control in a basin of 3,200 square miles. In the Mississippi basin of 1,200,000 square miles, the cost of the reservoir solution can be imagined."

Heavy rains, just plain rains, are the causes of the floods of the Mississippi. The upper tributaries of the Missouri, the Ohio, the Red and other smaller rivers join with the waters of the Upper Mississippi to produce the high water which does its greatest damage in the territory nearest the Gulf. The history of former floods has been that the Ohio River, with its branches, was the first to go on a rampage, and news dispatches as early as late February frequently carry accounts of flooded cities in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky. This flood water forcing its way down, is joined somewhat later by the product of the spring thaws from the Upper Mississippi Valley. This year, however, the Ohio was more placid than usual, and it was the Upper Mississippi which began the trouble. And it was the extraordinarily large contributions of water from the Red, St. Francis and other branches of the Lower Mississippi which produced the record-breaking high water in Louisiana.

Viewed from the standpoint of the upper portions of the Mississippi Valley, the 1922 flood was not particularly violent. But the water gauges on the lower river showed the highest water in history.

At New Orleans this year the water gauge showed a high mark of 22.7 which means the high flood point was that many feet above the mark adopted years ago as the low water level. Farther up toward St. Louis the gauge sometimes reads 55 feet. The differences in the height of the natural bank cut by the river accounts for this difference in gauge. And all the way from Cairo, Illinois, to the Gulf, the height of the actual levee is practically constant. The New Orleans mark this year was seven-tenths of a foot higher than the previous high record in 1912, which in turn exceeded previous high marks.

Floods on the Mississippi have been troublesome from the earliest days. French residents still surviving in St. Louis in the middle of the last century used to relate stories of the flood of 1785, "l'annee des grandes eaux," the year of the great waters. Early traditions of Louisiana go even farther back. In 1904, John M. Parker, now governor, compiled for the benefit of his personal friend, President Roosevelt, a record of flood and levees which takes the battle against the high waters back to 1717. In that year De La Tour, the engineer who laid out New Orleans, directed that a "dyke or levee be raised in front, the more effectually to preserve the city from overflow." Ten years later, Governor Perrier announced that the New Orleans levee had been completed. It was then 5,400 feet in length and 18 feet wide at the top.

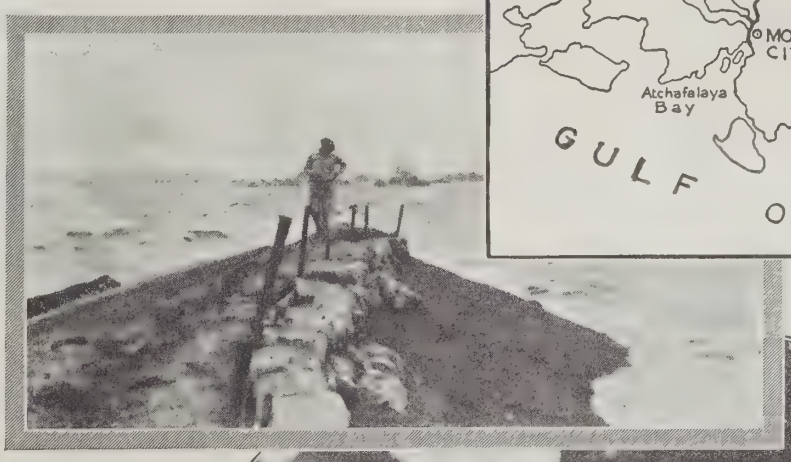
One hundred years later, after development by private enterprise with colonial and later state assistance, the levees extended from New Orleans to the Red River. In September, 1850, Governor Parker's record shows that the Federal act permitting the sale of swamp land for the raising of funds for levee work gave a great impulse to levee building. There was at first no concert in action, though Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Missouri appointed commissioners and took steps toward levee construction. Since the inception of levee building, most of the work has been by individual work or state effort, though the levees constructed under the supervision of United States engineers have shown the greatest strength.

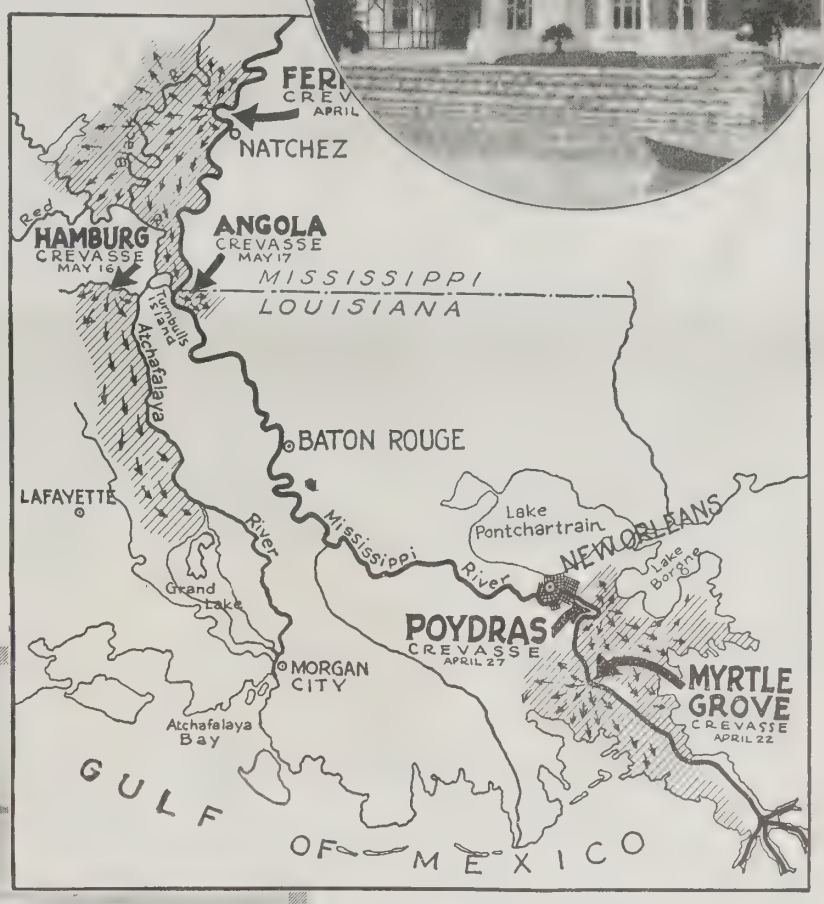
There is no method ascertaining the total cost of the levee in the 200 years of construction. Federal figures of cost since the organization of the Mississippi River Commission are known, and state costs can be closely approximated. But the levee districts, some of which were the product of wildcat bond ideas, spent a total which never will be known accurately.

At present the levee districts are fairly well organized. The states in which they are located grant the districts a modified taxation power over crops and land in the district subject to overflow. In Louisiana, the annual expenditure for levee work is approximately $2,000,000. In view of the 7,000,000-pound sugar crop, the wisdom of high expenditures for protection from flood peril is clear.

The Mississippi River was once looked upon as the avenue destined to afford the great outlet for the industry and farm products of the Middle West which were to be exported to the great ports of the world. Since the development of the railroad, the river has declined in importance as a commerce carrier. The accident of settlement and seeming auspiciousness of location at the mouth of the greatest river made New Orleans a great seaport.

Now it has become a real question whether the Mississippi can be looked upon *in Louisiana* as a present asset or as a liability. The river is responsible for much of the alluvial richness of the soil, but it is responsible, too, for the costly battle necessary to save that same soil and make its wealth available. *The rest of the country* has the river as an undivided asset.





Circle—At St. Bernard courthouse, in the path of the Poydras crevasse, court routine is carried on by men who come in pirogues. The map shows where the levee break occurred.



Above—Looking north from the 2,000-foot break in the levee at Ferriday, Louisiana. Five minutes after this picture was taken the spot where the photographer had stood flipped off into the rushing flood. What was the land side is to the left of the picture. Below—Sick "Aunties" get their "miseries" treated by a Red Cross nurse at the refugee camp at Natchez, Mississippi.



The first picture of the first crevasse. This photograph was taken by a photographer who reached the scene by fast automobile from New Orleans a short time after the first break occurred this year in the Mississippi levee system. The crevasse was at Myrtle Grove plantation, about 20 miles south of New Orleans on the west bank of the river. The water swept inland about 10 miles and was carried to the Gulf by a network of bayous.

Canada Meets the Human Wave From Europe

Inside Facts of a Critical Situation, New to Canadians, Are Told by a Dominion Journalist; Officials Attacked for Enforcing the Law

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IF YOU ask any thoughtful Canadian public man what is the most important problem that faces Canada today, he will tell you that it is population which, in the case of a young country with vast, sparsely-settled areas, is radically entwined with immigration. The financial problem, created by the country's immense war indebtedness, and the transportation problem, arising from its vast accumulation of unremunerative railroad mileage, are, of course, more immediate. But for the solution of both, measures to increase population by a rational and effective immigration policy are absolutely essential. In all the chief centers of Canada, immigration is becoming more and more a subject of popular discussion. The few public men actually in a position to give information and advice on the subject are widely in demand as speakers before those social and educational organizations which are so marked a feature of Canadian civic life. The course to be adopted on the population question by the new Liberal administration is a matter of eager discussion everywhere.

Undoubtedly Canada by opening wide its doors could obtain in a comparatively brief space of time a vast population of the kind it does not want; in fact, it is almost as much embarrassed as is the United States with this particular phase of the immigration problem. But the grave question is, how shall Canada get the kind of settlers it really does want? Settlers of the wealth-producing rather than the parasitic class.

The results of the decennial census of 1921 illustrate several phases of the population problem. The exact figures have not been given, since the bulletins of population are being issued province by province, and the tables with regard to some of the larger ones have not been completed; but it is known that the totals showed a population of a little less than 9,000,000 inhabitants on May 31, 1921, as compared with 7,206,643 on the same date in 1911. This would be a respectable increase, all things considered, if it were not for the immigration figures of the decade in question. Immigration from 1911 to 1921 amounted to 1,975,398; and taking into account the normal increase in population through natural causes, it is estimated that Canada should today have a population of something more than 11,000,000 instead of less than 9,000,000.

Making every allowance for the retarding of natural increase as a result of war, it is quite clear that more than half the immigrants who came to Canada in that period must have gone elsewhere. It is not difficult to answer the question where they went. It is fairly plain that the United States absorbed them in addition to the quota of native-born Canadians which is constantly drifting southward.

Of approximately 2,000,000 immigrants who came to Canada between June 1, 1911 and the same date in 1921, the major portion arrived in the first three years of that period. The 10 years prior to 1914 were very fruitful in bringing to Canadian soil and especially to the prairie provinces the settler of the type the country most covets. Of 2,500,000 who entered Canada during that period, 1,000,000 were from the United States, chiefly the Middle West—homesteaders with capital, experienced in starting the machinery of production. One million more came from the British Isles and were also for the most part of the desirable order which goes on the land. The balance came from Eastern Europe and they too proved a boon in assisting in carrying out the heavy work of western development. *What Canada needs most today is a resumption of the old flow of real developers.* The fact that worries the government and its officials is that the voluntary increase is offered from sources which do not augur well for Canadian development. Thus the Department of Immigration, while zealous to build up Canada's population, finds itself busier than it has ever been in its history in trying to shut the door. It is obliged to adopt rules and practice a system of surveillance which may possibly tend to discourage or exclude some settlers who might make good.

Don't Want Them Back

THE countries which give Canada the most worry in the matter of sending to her ports immigrants of the type she does not want are Poland, Russia and Rumania; and the spout from which they largely come is Poland. The situation is in some degree affected by the drastic regulations with regard to immigration that have been adopted by the United States. In the opinion of Canadian experts these, especially the debated percentage clause, are the best that have yet been devised for the purpose of checking a class of inflow that is not desired; but they have naturally increased the difficulties of Canadian officialdom. The European undesirable who wants to come to America is pretty generally aware that the task of getting into the United States is hopeless, and so he directs his energies toward getting into Canada. No doubt he hopes that one day he will be able to pass over the border into the fabled land of wealth that lies south of the Canadian boundary. Notwithstanding the additional inconveniences involved, Canada approves and welcomes the American immigration regulations; they are in a sense a protection to her against the loss of population as shown in the figures given above; and they give a warrant for policies which it may yet be necessary to apply in their own country.

The influx of undesired immigrants from Poland last year became so serious that in the early autumn the Canadian Government decided to send Dr. Black, the deputy minister of immigration and colonization, to Warsaw to see what could be done about it. In all the negotiations with the British authorities and with Polish officialdom, which were necessary in connection with this mission, the name of Jew or Hebrew was never once mentioned, but the rumor was spread abroad in Europe that Canada's policy was anti-Semitic. It was only so in the sense that the majority of the undesired immigrants, knocking at Canada's doors, are Hebraic; and they are deemed undesirable not because of their race, but because they come to swell the numbers of civic communities already overpopulated, instead of going upon the land.

Last summer Canadian cities were face to face with an unemployment situation which has not yet been entirely mitigated. During the open months when immigration from Europe flows most freely, between 8,000 and 9,000 Hebrews of Polish, Russian or Rumanian origin obtained admission to Canada's ports as immigrants. The number is not great but it was known that many thousands more were eager to come if they could obtain admission. It was but the vanguard of a new invasion, so to speak. Even 8,000 added to the populations of Toronto and Montreal, where thousands of unemployed were walking the streets, was an economic fact of sufficient seriousness to demand attention; for the newcomers made such cities their objective, and could not be regarded as potential wealth producers. Consequently, it was decided to make direct representations to the Polish Government, and this course was assented to by the British Government.

How Countries Give Trouble

THERE was good reason to believe that Poland was engaged in encouraging the export to American and Canadian ports not only of her own Jewish population but of visitors from the Ukraine and other parts of Russia. Certain of the newcomers bore passports containing the phrase, "Citoyen Polonaise"; but in other passports precisely similar in appearance the certificate of citizenship was omitted. It has been learned that in some instances a condition of the issuance of passports to Canada was a signed undertaking never to return.

The desire of Russian Hebrews to get to Canada is based on different grounds than that of the Polish Jews. They have nothing to complain of in a political sense. According to information in the possession of the Canadian authorities last October, 442 of the 470 members of Lenin's council as constituted at that time were Jewish, and a great many of the district commissars were of that race. The Russian Jew desires to come to Canada because of the economic conditions prevailing in Russia. He is not as a rule a wealth producer, but an auxiliary. Since the production of wealth has largely ceased under Bolshevist rule, the Jewish populace finds itself sorely hit. The Russian peasant produces for himself and limits his production largely to his own immediate needs; and there is no surplus to form a field for Hebraic activities. Up to the present there has been no recognition of Russia's Bolshevist government, which would make its passports valid in the eyes of a Canadian port official. The Russian Jew meets this situation by going into Poland and purchasing a passport there.

The three most important regulations devised by Canada to control immigration are: 1. Continuous voyage; the immigrant must show that he has come direct from the country where his passport was issued and has not stayed over in other lands, except by the exigencies of travel. This, for instance, prevents undesired Greek immigration, for only occasionally does a steamer sail from Greek ports direct to Canada. 2. A certificate of citizenship signed by a British consular agent showing that the immigrant is a citizen of the country from which he sails. It has been shown that the precisely similar appearance of Polish passports, some of which omitted the citizenship certificate and some of which contained it, led to many evasions. Now all passports are viséed at Antwerp where every immigrant ship must call and greater precautions are exercised. 3. The immigrant must have cash to the value, in Canadian currency, of $250. This proviso is almost inoperative and a dead letter. Port officials allege that by a little legerdemain $500 can be made to serve for a large group of immigrants, who pass the money around on an endless chain system. Only by a very strict and necessarily costly system of surveillance can this regulation be fully carried out. It has long been a standing joke among the officials of transatlantic steamship companies. The trickiness of the newcomers from Eastern Europe is one of the constant annoyances from which immigration inspectors suffer. Immigrants from the British Isles and Scandinavia are straightforward and often make admissions of poverty that officials would like to wink at; but the immigrant of the type described seems to be educated in every evasive trick before he sails.

Representations which the Canadian emissary, Dr. Black, was instructed to make to Poland, were to the effect that Canada had it quite within her power, irrespective of Great Britain, to debar immigration from that country; and that it would do so if Poland did not confine the issuance of passports to her own citizens exclusively. *Since then a change of government has taken place in Canada, and one of the unpleasant consequences is a concerted effort to secure the dismissal of all Canadian immigration officials of the old government who tried to put a check on indiscriminate immigration. It is financed by wealthy and influential Hebrews. Other pretexts are trumped up as grounds and the name of Jew is never mentioned; but the source of the agitation against certain officials is well known.*

Even the average well-informed Canadian is quite unaware of what has been going on behind the scenes to promote a large influx of undesirable types to Canada. There exists a strong organization headed by S. W. Jacobs, K. C., of Montreal, an eminent lawyer, a prominent Liberal member of the House of Commons where his party is at present dominant, and a man of genuinely philanthropic instincts who was a close friend of the late Sir Wilfred Laurier and who also enjoys cordial relations with the present Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King. The writer is acquainted with highly cultured Hebrews who are strongly opposed to swelling the numbers of indigent or nearly indigent Jews in Canadian cities and who condemn Mr. Jacobs' methods. Within the present century the Hebrew community has grown from negligible quantities to at least 70,000 in Montreal and about 45,000 in Toronto. As yet it has attained to little or no public influence, because the sinews of finance are firmly held in the hands of Scottish-Canadians; and in politics British and French-Canadians hold the reins, and are jealous of their prerogative. It is the dream of Mr. Jacobs and certain men of his race so to augment the Jewish population that it will become a real political power in Canada; and gain a title to representation in the federal government. Canadian prime ministers still largely adhere to the system of choosing their cabinet colleagues in accordance with the sectional strength they can bring to the support of an administration; and it is argued that if it can but make itself strong enough numerically, the Hebrew population can obtain an influential voice in political affairs—federal, provincial and municipal—that is at present denied them. The type of educated Hebrew to whom I have alluded objects to this policy on the ground that the demand for political influence is undesirable from several points of view.

In no case where a Hebrew immigrant has been rejected, on whatever grounds, has there been failure to appeal. No matter how definitely the immigrant may come under the category of an undesirable, financial assistance is forthcoming to carry the appeal up to the higher powers at Ottawa. Often the best legal talent of a non-Jewish character is employed to secure the admission of a wanderer from Eastern Europe. There is a definite effort to compel existing rules relating to immigration and which are fairly applied to all, Britishers as well as Poles and Russians, to be suspended in the case of Hebrew immigrants.

"Favored Nation" Act?

I HAVE dwelt on this phase of Canada's immigration question at considerable length, because it has tended to produce deadlock in connection with the whole matter. In enforcing regulations to keep out the hordes from Russia and Poland that are only too anxious to come in and whose friends in Canada are bound to help them in; it is necessary to erect barriers which tend to exclude settlers from other countries which this country would be glad to welcome. Colonel J. S. Dennis, head of the colonization department of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which has large holdings of vacant land in the West, complains of the "continuous voyage" clause, on the ground that it is keeping out many decent British immigrants who have entered the United States and would like to come to Canada. He also says the severity of Canadian regulations is frightening away large numbers of desirable settlers, who are poverty-stricken but could be made real wealth producers. Sir Clifford Sifton, formerly Minister of the Interior for Canada, who initiated the policies which brought 2,000,000 people into the Canadian West early in this century, is actively campaigning for agricultural immigration from Hungary, rural Poland and other agrarian sections of Europe.

The only solution seems to be in a "most favored nation" treatment; and in the clear classification of immigrants as far as is possible. Most Canadian experts advocate favored treatment for British immigrants and bona fide Americans of the immigrating class. Immigrants from other nations would be classified according to their status at home; the preference being given almost exclusively to those of agricultural experience. There is also a strong movement in favor of guiding the courses of the agricultural immigrant after admission, that he may not be cheated or become the victim of his own ignorance of Canadian farming methods. Enlightened officials favor the blacklisting of lands unsuitable for settlement so that the newcomer may be sure of a fair deal. Out of the present deadlock, it is hoped that some sane and liberal policy will be developed which will give Canada the population she needs *where she needs it,* and not add to the present evil of congested city populations.

The Carnival Merry-go-round

Scores of "Shows" Form an Immense Business

By ROBERT KENTON

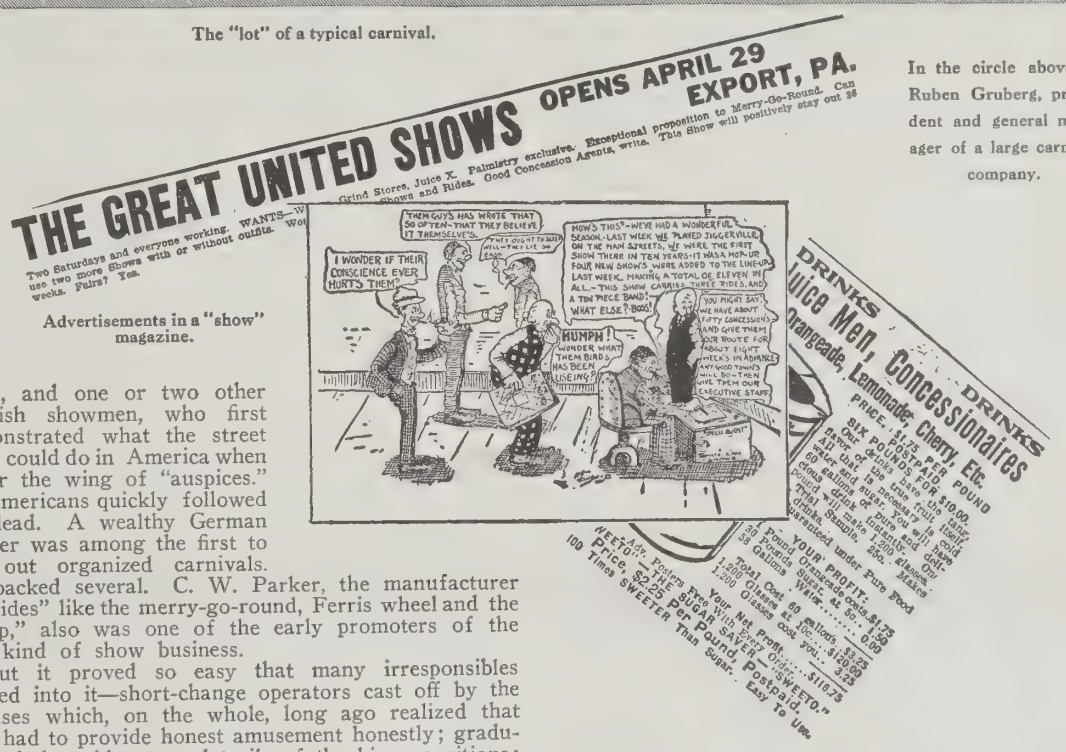
This is the second of two articles on the influence of the carnival.



In the circle above is Ruben Gruberg, president and general manager of a large carnival company.



The "lot" of a typical carnival.



Advertisements in a "show" magazine.

show, and one or two other English showmen, who first demonstrated what the street show could do in America when under the wing of "auspices."

Americans quickly followed the lead. A wealthy German brewer was among the first to put out organized carnivals. He backed several. C. W. Parker, the manufacturer of "rides" like the merry-go-round, Ferris wheel and the "whip," also was one of the early promoters of the new kind of show business.

But it proved so easy that many irresponsibles drifted into it—short-change operators cast off by the circuses which, on the whole, long ago realized that they had to provide honest amusement honestly; graduates of the midways and trails of the big expositions; successful amusement park and fair ground concessionaires. A few hundred dollars was sufficient to organize a "carnival show" of the small-town caliber. The writer is assured by one who should know that a man with nerve and executive ability can now organize and begin the operation of a carnival company without investing a single dollar, except what he spends for advertising the sale of concessions.

For it is not the "shows" nor the "rides" that are the core of 95 per cent of those companies; the core is the concession, for which all else is mere excuse and camouflage.

The carnival show, to illustrate, includes three principal types of amusement. One is the "side shows" of the kind, though not often so good, that operate in connection with the big circuses. The second is the "rides," like the "whip," the Ferris wheel, and the merry-go-round, the last being, despite the novelty of the ones of more recent invention, still the stand-by and the most dependable money-maker. The third and most important of all is the concessions. Generally, the owner of the organization owns the "rides" and at least some of the shows. Often, however, both rides and shows are owned by individuals who operate as concessionaires or priviligees. The first pay lump sums and the other a percentage of receipts for operating rights.

The "rides" invariably are profitable and equally above suspicion. They supply innocent amusement, usually at reasonable cost. One carnival-show operator had the midway at a Canadian fair a year or two ago. The fair authorities asked him to put in a couple of extra "rides." He bought them at a cost of nearly $100,000. Before he moved them from their first location they had repaid the investment.

The "shows" are less certainly profitable—generally they don't deserve to be, for the bulk of them are essentially frauds. A few operators, however, keep the "shows" to the front and thereby provide fairly good ones. Generally speaking they are mere novelties—a half-dozen performances, during a single afternoon or night, by each show is not unusual. Recently, the writer visited most of the shows at an alleged worthwhile "carnival." Few performances lasted more than 10 minutes and none more than a quarter of an hour.

About the only protests that have gone up against carnival outfits have been on the score of the "shows." These protests have been aimed at the immoral and in some cases the depraved features of some of the exhibitions.

At one time "hootchie-kootchie" dancing, a cheap and vulgar imitation of oriental contortions, was a leading feature among the shows of virtually every carnival outfit. The introduction among the public of the "turkey trot," the "bunny hug" and other jazz dances together with the declining conservatism in the dress of many women tended to sap the "kootch" show of its thrills. It ceased to pull as it did when first intro-

(*Concluded on page 11*)





Carnival concessions that prove money-winners.

Price Paid Has Naught to Do With His Value

Story of How Dollar Mark Has Overshadowed Romance in Baseball

By a Veteran Sports Writer

IN 1905, the Detroit Tigers were training at Augusta, Georgia. Frank J. Navin, who used to be a bookkeeper for the club and who had obtained enough financial backing to buy an interest, was starting his career as a major league magnate and in that capacity Navin decided to visit his team's training quarters at Augusta.

The late Herman Schaefer, then in his prime as second baseman for the Detroit team, met Navin in the hotel lobby when he arrived in Augusta.

"Say, I got a big laugh for you here," said Schaefer to Navin. "I'm going to show you something tomorrow that'll make you laugh your head off, the funniest thing I ever seen."

"What's the laugh about?" asked Navin, and Schaefer explained:

"They got a crazy kid on this Augusta ball team. He thinks he's a ball player and he does the craziest things you ever saw anybody do. Just wait till you see him!"

"Just what does he do?"

"Why, this simp tried to take two bases on a single and he cuts around first base and breaks loose with all kinds of nut stuff. Wait till you see him run bases! You'll laugh your head off. But don't laugh while he's around because he might get wise to what you're laughin' about and that would queer the best show I have had. They want to keep him around here to amuse people."

Navin saw the "crazy kid" the next day and saw him several days after that. He bought him at the end of the season for $750. Everybody thought Navin was crazy but after they watched the "lunatic" for several years they all thought Navin lucky, for the "nut," as you may have guessed, was Tyrus Raymond Cobb. None other.

The case of Cobb is remarkable but not exceptional. Three of the greatest players in history came into the major leagues for the same price, $750. The other two I have in mind are Grover Cleveland Alexander and Hal Chase. Others were bought for less and some cost but little more. There have been few good ball players who were fixed stars when they entered the major circle. There are fewer who jumped into fame suddenly. Nearly every player of note, whose career stretches over five years or more, came up gradually, and practically all were cast out as useless, not only once but several times, before they succeeded in finding a place.

The "greats" of baseball come up slowly. They ease their way into the major circle gradually. They do not arrive with the blare of trumpets, figuratively speaking, and they do not come heralded with three sheets and many columns of newspaper publicity and half-tone art.

In recent years we have lost much of the color in baseball. I have heard veteran writers, managers, owners and patrons of the sport complain that "there is no more color in baseball." They mean, in other words, that romance has filtered out and that it has become a hard and cold business proposition. Color and romance as applied to baseball are synonymous.

But, the color and romance remain. Romance has not left baseball. There is as much romance as ever but it has been overshadowed temporarily by the dollar mark. Some major league owners believe that huge figures make good publicity. Baseball patrons are expected to get an astounding thrill out of astounding prices paid for players and flock to the parks to see these new "phenoms."

Dollar First Poor Publicity

IN THIS belief the owners are wrong. The stunt is old. A great editor was asked what three subjects furnished the best newspaper reading matter and his ready response was, "mystery, dollars and pretty women." But that was 20 years ago and the dollars trick has been seriously overworked in the amusement line.

Putting the dollar before the man is poor publicity. People are interested in people and what people do. The dollar sign carried no color and no romance. Although it has been shoved to the pinnacle in baseball publicity it has not succeeded in smothering romance but merely in hiding it. The romance is still in baseball.

The dollar mark has played an insignificant part in the making of the "greats" of baseball. Most of them were buffeted about before their value was recognized.

Several years ago a young outfielder was playing in the Texas League. Many major league scouts had seen this young man with several hundred others but he impressed none of them.

John I. Taylor, wealthy sportsman, owned the Boston American League franchise at that time. He bought a large number of players. A friend told him to get this young outfielder and he got him for practically nothing. Had he been asked a hundred dollars more he would never have considered the player. The next spring Taylor happened to come across the name of this outfielder in the Texas League. He had investigated him and discovered nothing to warrant giving him a trial. Taylor decided he was out the few hundred he had spent in purchasing the player but concluded to make the best of a bad bargain by not having him report in spring camp, thus saving railroad fare and board.

"Mike" Finn was managing the Little Rock, Arkansas, club at the time and he needed an outfielder. Taylor wrote him he could have one of his recruits and told Finn to take on this young chap in the Texas League. Finn reluctantly took him but after seeing him work out a few times decided Taylor had not done him a good turn by handing him the recruit. However, Finn needed an outfielder and he had to keep the man. A year or so later he let Boston have him for $500. The outfielder is still in the American League. He is the greatest fielding outfielder the league has produced and he is one of the best managers in the history of baseball, is Tris Speaker, of Cleveland. That's who the young outfielder was. In justice to Finn it must be said that he realized Speaker's possibilities a few months after he had him and might have sold him for a big price in another year or so but he turned him over to Boston for $500 because he considered him Boston property. Taylor really had no legal claim on Speaker.

The history of Connie Mack's ascendancy in the managerial ranks always carried a certain fascination for the baseball follower. Mack was a wizard in taking college and minor league material and whipping these players into major leaguers.

Eddie Collins was a college baseball player who performed at times under the name of Murphy. He played for Columbia, and Mack signed him up for practically nothing. He kept him on the bench for a few years and after these "school days" Collins broke into the regular lineup.

Take the case of J. Franklin Baker: Mack signed Baker when the infielder was 26 years of age, and after an extended career in the minor leagues. Few managers care to sign ball players at the age of 26 and no other manager in the major leagues wanted Baker. He was a butcher in Trappe, Maryland, between seasons and he performed in the Tri-State League while the minors were in operation. All players in the Tri-State had been looked over and the scouts' reports on Baker apparently agreed. They read something like this: "Awkward fielder. Poor batsman. Age 26." No owner would sign a player with this report before him but Mack did and Baker, the man who "couldn't hit," was nicknamed the "Home Run King" a few years later.

The tall tactician's (slang for Connie Mack) experience with Joe Jackson was peculiar. One of Mack's scouts discovered Jackson in the wilds of the Carolinas. He was fast, a free hitter and a good prospect. Mack's scout thought he was. Other scouts did not agree. Detroit, for instance, had a tip on Jackson. Fred Payne, who caught for the Detroit team that won the American League championships, was scouting for the club at the time and Payne was sent into Carolina to look Jackson over. He reported: "Jackson is crazy."

Mack brought Jackson to Philadelphia. Jackson did not like it. He wanted to play in his stocking feet as he had done "back home." Mack would not let him do that and Joe became grieved. Then he told Mack he did not want to play in Philadelphia as there were too many physical discomfitures. Mack wanted to know what they were and Joe explained that the buildings were too high. The buildings, it seemed, shut off the wind, in Jackson's opinion, and he could not breathe. He went back home.

Jackson played in the South Atlantic League and finally landed with New Orleans. Jim McGuire, managing the Cleveland club, saw Jackson play down in New Orleans and liked him. He finally got him, handing Connie Mack several veterans whom Mack preferred to the erratic Jackson.

Some years ago there was a pitcher performing in Galesburg, Illinois. He was tipped off to the Indianapolis American Association club. Indianapolis signed him. Before he left Galesburg he was hit in the head with a ball one afternoon and his eyesight was affected by the blow.

When the pitcher reported to Indianapolis he did not have control. When he looked toward the plate he always saw two batsmen, two catchers. He never knew which one to throw to. His control did not improve and Indianapolis let Syracuse have the pitcher for a few hundred dollars. After one season at Syracuse, Indianapolis did not think enough of him to recall him and later on the pitcher was bought by the Philadelphia Nationals for $750. After he pitched for several months the National League began to realize that a new star had appeared. Such he proved to be season after season. And, the peculiar thing about Grover Cleveland Alexander was that he had almost perfect control. He never used anything but a fast ball, a curve and control and Indianapolis decided, early in his career, that he would never do in organized baseball because he lacked control.

How Wagner Was Obtained

GEORGE TWEEDY STALLINGS knew about a ball player in the West, a player named Wagner. He was a star in his section of the country. Stallings tried to get him but failed. Wagner was a lazy sort and did not care for the strenuous job of pastiming. Wagner would sooner be a ticket taker at the rate of $2 a day than a ball player for $10 a day. Stallings was disappointed because he could not land Wagner but someone told him that Wagner had a brother who was playing on Ed. Barrows' Patterson, New Jersey, club.

Stallings went to Patterson to look over this brother of Wagner's. He happened to be playing the outfield that Sunday. "He looks like a gorilla," said Stallings, "not like a ball player. He's the clumsiest thing in humans I ever looked at." Wagner hit two balls hard that day and he got everything in center field but he looked as if he had all baseball luck imaginable with him on every fielding chance. Stallings passed him cold. Other scouts also passed him but Pittsburgh finally took him on and John Honus Wagner became one of the greatest of all time.

It so happened that on the day Stallings looked over Wagner, Harry Clay Pulliam, Patsy Donovan and Ed. Hanlon were in Patterson scouting for players. None of them liked Wagner but they all liked Hendricks, another outfielder. Stallings had first call on Wagner but he passed that up and took Hendricks in preference. Then he discovered that Hendricks belonged to Cleveland and he got nobody.

But there were others that Stallings picked. He bought Elmer Flick, an outfielder, and Wiley Piatt, a pitcher, for $200 each. They became two of the best in the game. Piatt was one of the characters of his day, the kind that ball players describe as "100 per cent left-handers." When Piatt reported to Philadelphia he entered the clubhouse carrying a "turkey." On the sides in huge letters were the words, "Wiley Piatt, Ball Player." He wore a high top hat and long black coat. Coat and trousers were both much too small for him. The trousers did not reach his shoe tops and the coat sleeves ended three inches below the elbows. Probably no minor leaguer ever carried the same outlandish make-up into the majors that Piatt did. He was a "mark" immediately and the gang took him in hand. Piatt was smothered beneath the joshing until he got into the box and then he had the merry jesters "handcuffed." They had never seen such dazzling speed from a left-hander as Piatt uncorked.

Lajoie "Most Graceful Player"

STALLINGS is also the man who brought Napoleon Lajoie into the major leagues, but for this he deserves no particular credit. Lajoie, says Stallings, was "the most graceful ball player I ever looked at." Wagner was the most awkward. Wagner could be passed up reasonably but it would be difficult to overlook the smooth-working Frenchman. Stallings liked him so well that he paid $1,500 for him and Lajoie, on his first appearance at bat in the major leagues, hit the first ball pitched to him over the center field fence.

Before entering organized baseball (Stallings got him from the Fall River club) Lajoie earned his livelihood by driving a cab in Woonsocket, Rhode Island. He drove the cab at night and he played ball in the afternoon. He made a bare living by holding the reins at night and made nothing by holding a bat in the afternoon.

Lajoie loved the cabby seat and the fascination of driving never left him. After he entered baseball he always made friends with the cabbies and he frequently induced them to take him on errands, permitting him to drive.

In St. Louis, the players were always driven to the park in a big van. It was always the same van driven by a veteran cabby, who owned four fine horses. The St. Louis series was always a matter of keen anticipation with Lajoie and daily he would spend some time

(Concluded on page 12)

WAGNER AND COBB COST LITTLE

RECENTLY, the Chicago American baseball management paid a reported price of $100,000 for Willie Kamm, third baseman of the San Francisco club. Chicago will also turn over two ball players, estimated to be worth $25,000 to any club in organized baseball.

Hans Wagner was undoubtedly the greatest player of all time in the National League just as Tyrus Cobb is the greatest that ever played in the American League.

When Wagner reported down in Ohio for his first engagement as a ball player he carried all his earthly belongings with him. These consisted of the clothes he wore and a baseball suit, wrapped in a newspaper.

Wagner had a baseball outfit that lacked shoes. There was only one extra pair of shoes in the clubhouse and he was given these. They were too small. Wagner, playing the outfield, wore them for three innings and then took them off because his feet hurt too much. He played in his stockings.

The raw recruit wanted to become an infielder. He went to the park early each morning and got boys to hit him grounders. Wagner discovered that it was hard work trying to field grounders in his stocking feet because he could not "grip" the ground, so he dug holes on the infield and stood in the holes. This enabled him to start fast after a ground-hit ball.

In the afternoon when the regular infielders appeared they found the infield dug up. They could not understand this until one morning on arriving at the park saw Wagner at practice. A collection was taken up and they bought Wagner a pair of shoes to save the infield.

The Small-town Carnival and Its Evils

Concluded from page 9

duced and because it sometimes was used for purposes worse than vulgar public opinion in many places proscribed it.

Then the "Forty-nine show" came into existence. At first it was only a crude attempt at the spectacularity which the "carnival show" ever aims at attaining. It was patterned after the dance halls in the mining camps of California in the days when Bret Harte was absorbing material for his stories. It quickly degenerated, however, in many cases, into an atrocious rendezvous of vice of the worst and most demoralizing types. It is now not frequently to be seen. "Hawaiian" dancers generally have taken the place of the "Forty-nine" and "kootch" shows. Rarely are those dancers Hawaiian; as a rule, in fact, the fleshy girls who so pose and wiggle do not take the trouble to stain their faces in imitation of Hawaiians. Frequently, those shows are merely innocuous frauds, consisting only of a little sorry ukulele and guitar playing and grotesque pretense of dancing. But they have all the possibilities of the "kootch" and the "Forty-nine" affairs.

The concession, however, is the mainstay of the carnival outfit. It consists of the privilege sold by the management to individuals to operate stands and booths, like the "juice stand," "cook shop," "wheels," "grind stores," and so on.

The "juice" concession carries the privilege, usually exclusive, of selling lemonade and other soft drinks on the "lot," as the show place always is known. You've seen the glass jars filled with red and creamy colored liquids in which float the halves of lemons. But that doesn't mean lemons necessarily figure importantly in preparing the liquid. In the trade paper of the carnival business you will find many advertisements of powders from which orangeade, lemonade and like drinks can be made in quantity lots, cheaply and quickly. "Just add cold water and sugar," says one of those advertisements. "A pound makes almost a barrel. You make 80 cents clear profit on each dollar you take in." The information as to what the powders contain is not vouchsafed. The lemons with which the "lemonade" may be camouflaged can be used over and over—until they wear out from constant handling.

The "wheels" are outright gambling devices. They are crude adaptations of roulette to communities that abjure gambling as sinful and criminal. In fact, it is unfair to gambling to make the comparison, for in any except the outright crooked kind, gambling presumes something like equal chances between the players. But with the carnival "wheel," even when "honestly" operated, the chances are anywhere from 10 to 1 to 50 to 1 against the player and in favor of the operator.

An investigation made by a Chicago newspaper showed that with the "paddle wheels," the most popular and profitable kind, the chances were 3 in 12 of winning worthless claptrap prizes (such as small crockery dolls worth about a penny apiece) while the chances for winning the more imposing prizes were *nil*. That paper found the operator of a "wheel" raking in more than $6 a minute during one period when never more than eight out of a possible 50 paddles were out at the same time. An old concessionaire tells the writer that, at an indoor carnival given by a war veterans organization in an Iowa city, he cleared more than $5,000 in three and one-half days on the operations of a "wheel." This was after paying 15 per cent of receipts to the "auspices" and deducting for all the prizes won by players. That, if true, is an extreme case, but it is not unusual for a good "wheel" operator to take in from $350 to $500 on a single day.

Some communities that permit carnivals with "concessions" appease conscience by forbidding the operation of outright "games of chance" like "wheels," and permitting all kinds of "games of skill"—such as shooting darts at paper tags or sheets of paper marked off in squares with small circles in the center, the "hoopla," wherein you must ring the prize with a small hoop, the various "roll down" games and the throwing games.

I asked one of the most reputable men in the carnival show game about the policy of such communities.

"Why, they merely play into the hands of the worst operators," he declared. "The 'wheels' are really fairer than the so-called games of skill. The operators of 'wheels' merely sell or raffle off goods, at terrific prices it is true, but yet they deliver. With the so-called games of skill the player has virtually no chance; they can be manipulated dishonestly in dozens of ways."

At a recent carnival attended by the writer, a man lost a total of $183 playing one of the so-called games of skill. It was an outright steal. The man was a member of the fraternal order lodge that was supplying "auspices" for the "carnival."

In that particular carnival show there were 25 game booths, three "rides," two palmists, and six "shows." Each of the "shows" was 90 per cent fraud —that is, virtually nothing was given in return for the admission fees charged.

At another there were 21 games, five "rides" and six "shows." At one which heralds itself as among the very best, there were 13 shows, 35 games and five rides.

At all "carnivals" children were permitted and even urged to play the "games." The only thing that can be said for that is that they never win anything, and thus in some cases the experience may serve as a discouragement to gambling.

Operation of the "carnival show" is characterized by two features not common to other branches of the commercialized amusement world. One is the practice, general but not invariable, of operating under "auspices." The other, general but with a few exceptions, of subordinating amusement to what essentially is gambling—and worse. Therefore, as a business, its appeal primarily is not to men with the showman's instinct. Most of its followers are not showmen in any sense of the word; even when showmen, with scattering exceptions, they are of the third-rate kind. They are not, as were the medicine showmen of old, who in part were the progenitors of the modern "carnival" operators, good fakers.

Only one outfit on the list mentioned above uses the word "carnival" in its name. This isn't owing to any meticulous regard for accuracy but to the fact, already stated, that the methods employed by a majority of the companies which have exploited it have brought the fine old word "carnival" into such disrepute that they now avoid it.

Some of them lately have gone as far as actually to call their outfits "Chautauquas"! Says one who defends that practice against the attacks made upon it by the legitimate Chautauqua organizations:

"I am glad to see that we have made the word 'Chautauqua' of such acceptance that it is today held forth by even the humblest of the show world as a name that has some magic power, a box office asset."

And thus "Chautauqua" may be degraded as has been the fate of "carnival"—all because it is "a box office asset."

The Call of the High Road: Auto Camping

Concluded from page 3

is an additional pull of about 25 pounds, which is not noticeable except on down grades when brakes must be applied a little sooner and a little harder and the gears thrown into first speed on steep inclines. The connections between trailer and car must be scientifically worked out and the vehicle must be packed with a little more of the weight in front of the axle. If these precautions are observed, the trailer will ride along behind at any speed so serenely that you will have to look back occasionally to see if it is still with you. A well-designed trailer will not teeter or slither around corners and will not skid more than the car. In wet weather chains should be applied both to car and trailer. Commercial trailers cost from $150 up. Camping trailers cost from $188 up to $1,200, depending upon make and equipment. The trailer has many uses besides camping. It can be employed to haul luggage and light supplies of all kinds and can be set up in the back yard as a playhouse for the children or an outdoor sleeping room for other members of the family.

The fourth method of motor camping is by the use of specially built camp cars on various chassis. I know one man who is having a camp car built on a foreign chassis for $15,000 and a girl who has ordered a camping roadster for $10,000. However, the majority of camp cars you see on the roads, especially in the West, are of home brew. A typical example is that of an Iowa physician, who did all his own carpenter work and produced a sturdy, comfortable camp car on his own chassis for $250. You can do as well as this if you are handy with tools. If not, a local carriage builder will help you out for a price, depending upon your requirements and his conscience. To design a camp car is not difficult. Unless you already have a lot of ideas on the subject, it would be well to adopt some of those employed in the arrangement of camping trailers—entrance from the rear, let-down beds on each side, cabinets and clothes closets aft of them, lockers below, and pantry and cooking arrangements at the front.

There are several companies building extremely interesting and practical camp car bodies on a number of standard chassis (including Ford, Dodge, Reo speed wagon, White three-fourth-ton truck). In these the arrangements differ somewhat but the object is all the same, to provide comfortable, rolling homes for those who would enjoy voyaging over the country without paying enormous railroad fares and a king's ransom for a hotel room. Many of these cars are the last word in simplicity, consisting of light bodies in which the seats are hinged back to form springy beds for two people. Others are the height of elaborateness and completeness. The cost ranges from $350 up.

It has not taken long for the local authorities in cities and towns to realize that the motor camper spreads wealth in the smoke of his chugging exhaust. Approximately 1,500 communities, especially in the Far West, have established public camping parks. In most of these there is no charge. In others it costs not more than 50 cents a car a night. Practically all have free electric light and water. Others supply free shower baths, firewood, outdoor stoves, laundry machines, dining halls, and so on. Denver was probably the first city to take note of the motor camper. In that city there is established a large 160-acre site for motor campers, called Overland Park, with multitudinous facilities for the motor nomad's comfort. This camp cost $250,000 and has proved so popular that Denver is on the point of doubling its facilities. A nightly attendance of 500 camping cars from every state in the Union is not unusual during the season.

There is no law to prevent the prospective motor camper from spending a fortune on his equipment except, perhaps, the law of common sense. The question of clothing is a simple one for men and it is not much more difficult for women. A comprehensive list of suggestions for motor camping equipment, covering clothing, shelter, cooking, eating and sleeping facilities, motor equipment and miscellaneous requirements, has been compiled by the writer. This list is infinitely longer than any one party of campers could or would carry, but it can be varied to suit individual requirements and will be sent to any reader upon request and receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Say what you will, the success or failure of camping lies in the eating. Numerous companies have realized this and have placed on the market a wide assortment of stoves, cooking utensils, luncheon sets and other aids to gastronomic contentment. The subject of camping equipment is an endless one, but always interesting, since no two parties ever start out with the same assortment.

Motor camping is growing because it produces the maximum of health and enjoyment at the minimum of trouble and expense. A meal of fresh-caught brook trout in the open beats the best dish prepared by the highest-paid chef in the world's finest hotel. If you doubt this, there is a very simple way of determining its truth or falsity. That is, to study up a little on the subject of motor camping and then try it yourself.

"Symmes Hole" at Hamilton, Ohio



Monument to Capt. John Cleves Symmes, at Hamilton, Ohio.

MUCH of the world today laughs at the so-called Einstein Theory, and much of it ridiculed a hundred years ago Symmes' Theory of the hollow earth, habitable within.

In a small park in Hamilton, Ohio, is a monument to Captain John Cleves Symmes, "originator of Symmes' Theory of Concentric Spheres and Polar Voids." It was erected over his grave by his son, Americus Symmes, when the park was a burial ground. It is topped by a hollow sphere, graphically giving Symmes' ideas. Hundreds pass it daily; few stop to recall the memory of one whose name was on the lips of the civilized world for many years.

Captain Symmes was a nephew of John Cleves Symmes, chief patentee of the Miami Lands, was born in New Jersey and entered the Federal Army when quite young. He served through the War of 1812 with considerable distinction and then retired to St. Louis, where he engaged in the fur business.

It was on April 10, 1818, that the nation was astonished by the promulgation of his theory, in the following:

"I declare the earth is hollow and habitable within: containing a number of solid concentric spheres, one within the other, and that it is open at the poles 12 or 16 degrees. I pledge my life in support of this truth, and am ready to explore the hollow if the world will support and aid me in the undertaking."

In a lengthy postcript, he said that his theory was the golden secret of Darwin, who had declared that discovery of the poles would yield great knowledge to mankind.

Copies of the circular were sent to every institution of learning in the United States and many to Europe. Others were sent to individuals. And for years, or until his death, Captain Symmes was the butt of jokes in newspapers and periodicals. These he did not seem to mind, for he kept steadily at his propaganda until illness forced his retirement.

One often hears today of "Symmes' Hole," but few realize that it kept a world in laughter for 10 years, and that its originator, firm in the belief that his theory was correct, underwent many hardships and poverty and found an early grave in support of it.

Missouri Officer Does His Duty, and Gets Fired

St. Louis Department Stores Prove More Powerful Than the Law

MISSOURI, long accustomed to government by political reward and its consequent audacities, just now is aghast at the most recent manifestation of officeholding brass. It has supinely watched administration of public welfare according to the whim of its servants until it expects little better.

But now comes an officeholder who has calmly tossed a state law reading clear as a primer into the discard on the ground that its enforcement violates "office policy."

The state has a statute that forbids sale of the plumage of any but game birds. The law was the reflection of the public repugnance that arose a few years ago against the custom of women to display the feathers and bodies of birds on their hats. The law has rested quiescent because public sentiment reformed fashion and women who unfeelingly and with no twinge of conscience had carted about the carcasses of sacrificed songsters, sought other foibles when fashion wrote *passé*. But reaction has set in. As they have sipped more frequently of cocktails in resentment to prohibition's "no," so now many have begun to cherish anew birds of paradise and aigrettes when they are told that they must not.

Encouraging this sly contempt of the law, St. Louis department stores recently have been exhibiting birds of paradise, and milady, glorying in perversity, has paid large sums for them. They again have come to wear the birds.

A humble deputy, with an amazing fidelity to his job, noted the reappearance of the forbidden birds and sought the source of supply. When he had found it, he seized all the birds, notified his superior, the State Game and Fish Commissioner, and went home to sleep in the consciousness of duty performed.

When he woke next morning he found that he had been "fired."

The State Food and Drug Commissioner told him that the law was not meant to be enforced and that he would not enforce it and would not brook enforcement by any of his subordinates. He ordered the birds restored to the department owners. But a deputy who had spunk to arrest large department-store owners could not be expected to bow thus meekly. He refused to return the birds.

Thereupon feathers began to fly, while the state interestedly looked on to learn if this was to be its emancipation from government by office rule rather than statute.

Seized in Big Stores

THE deputy is John P. Heller, of St. Louis. The stores in which he seized the feathers included the two largest department stores in the city—Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, in which he found two plumes valued at $125, and Stix, Baer & Fuller Dry Goods Company, in which he confiscated five plumes valued at $318. Other stores were Sonnenfeld's, four plumes valued at $214.50; Kline's, one plume valued at $65, and Bedell's, one plume valued at $124. The penalty for sale of prohibited feathers is $25 and $5 additional for each bird, a part of whose feathers are offered.

Heller was accompanied on his visits to the stores by United State Game Warden Barmeier, of St. Louis. Possession of birds of paradise is a presumption of violation of a United States act which forbids their importation. The birds do not exist in the United States.

When Heller heard from his chief, it was in the following language: "My position is this. If Mr. Barmeier did not see fit to seize the plumes under Federal regulations, it ill behooves our department to bull the market and attempt to prosecute in the name of the state. We are in possession of a ruling from the Federal Government to the effect that it will not prosecute in these cases. If it finds itself unable successfully to prosecute, we feel that we would simply be causing trouble to try to do so."

Deputy Heller replied that he didn t give a tinker's darn what the Federal statute was. He was sworn to enforce the state law, the state law was plain to him as forbidding women to display birds on their hats and, as far as he was concerned, they would not be permitted to do so.

Failing to budge his subordinate, the State Game and Fish Commissioner turned the matter over to his chief deputy, E. T. Grether. He wrote Deputy Heller a curt letter, asking for his badge, his commission and instructing him to return the birds instanter.

Heller felt that his fight would be a losing one single-handed and made public the State Game and Fish Commissioner's letter. The result was a pouring in of reinforcements. The Bird Club of St. Louis took the left wing, the Missouri Bureau of Conservation and Wild Life Protection took the right wing and the Audubon Society took its position on the center of the firing line.

The State Game and Fish Commissioner sent Chief Deputy Grether to St. Louis. Grether came down and poured a fusillade of abuse upon Deputy Heller, whereupon a half-dozen other organizations came to his support and he began to receive letters from organizations in other states to hold the fort. W. T. Hornaday, of the New York Zoo, wrote him to insist on enforcement. "The United States Millinery Chamber of Commerce is on record as opposing sale of birds of paradise and other similar plumage," he wrote. "Prosecute vigorously any violators of the Missouri law."

Deputy Heller's reinforcements sought the prosecuting attorney's office. They demanded the issuance of a warrant for the offending stores. The prosecuting attorney looked in the statute book, read the law and announced that warrants would be issued immediately.

A week passed. No warrants were issued. The prosecuting attorney was revisited. He was not so sure by now. The department stores were not supinely sitting by.

The prosecuting attorney looked at Deputy Rand and looked at the list of department stores. Then he announced that no warrant would be issued. However, he said, suavely, the department stores would be called in and he felt sure they would promise to sell no more plumes.

Thereupon the Women's Chamber of Commerce in St. Louis joined the fight and went to the prosecuting attorney. That official ponderously read the law again.

The clear intent of the law, he said, was to protect the birds of Missouri. The bird of paradise did not exist in Missouri. Ergo, the sale of birds of paradise was not to be prohibited.

"Read the law," the women said, and the prosecuting attorney read:

"No person shall within the state of Missouri kill or catch or have within his possession, living or dead, any wild bird, other than a game bird; or purchase, offer or expose for sale, transport or ship within or without the state, any such wild bird after it has been killed or caught, except as provided in this article.

"No part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by this section shall be sold or had in possession for sale, irrespective of whether said bird was captured or killed within or without the state. For the purposes of this article the following shall be considered game birds: (Here followed a long list in which the bird of paradise did not appear.)

"All other species of birds," the law continued, "either resident, migratory or IMPORTED shall be considered non-game birds. Nothing in this article shall be construed to prevent the possession of live canaries and parrots."

Deputy Heller pointed out that the statute protected the bird of paradise, a non-game bird, by its reference to "imported birds." And he explained why the United States Government could not proceed against the St. Louis shopkeepers. The Federal law affecting plumes of birds of paradise is in the tariff act of 1913, which prohibits the importation of feathers of any wild bird, and it is well known to those interested in the protection of wild life that bird of paradise plumage in this country, imported since 1913, is smuggled and that to "make a case" the Federal Government must prove that the feathers were smuggled, a difficult task.

"That is why the Federal Game Warden could not act and you have just learned why I could and did," Heller told the prosecuting attorney.

But that official still was dubious. "We must ask the attorney-general," he said. Now, the attorney-general of Missouri, Jesse W. Barrett, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator.

After a bit, Deputy Heller scored his first victory. The attorney-general ruled that the law meant what it said and was not to be superseded by any "office rule." The opinion was as follows:

"We are advised that ever since the passage of the Federal law upon the subject, the Missouri fish and game wardens have construed this section to permit the sale of bird of paradise plumage. This construction, which has been continued through several administrations, seems to have been based upon two points: First, it has been believed that the Missouri legislature did not intend to extend its protection to any species of birds whose habitat is entirely outside the United States; secondly, it has been believed that the Federal law was paramount as far as it concerned birds imported from other countries and which might be subject to interstate commerce. Acting in this belief the Game and Fish Commissioner has notified the St. Louis merchants that no effort would be made to stop their sale of bird of paradise plumage.

"Nevertheless, the section referred to is very specific and could hardly be made more so. It prohibits the catching, killing, or possession of any birds except game birds and proceeds to define game birds by setting out a detailed list of the species included in that class. To make the classification still more specific, the act says that all other species of birds, whether 'resident, migratory or imported,' shall be considered non-game birds. The bird of paradise is not listed among the game birds. The conclusion is unavoidable that the letter of the statute prohibits the possession of bird of paradise plumage.

"Whether the state has the power to enact such a law and whether it is a violation of any Federal law are questions for the defense, but need not be considered by the state at this time. We are bound to give a presumption of validity in favor of the statute and to assert the state's right until the action has been held invalid by the courts.

"It is our opinion, therefore, that the section in question prohibits the possession of bird of paradise plumage; at least the state should adopt that position until a contrary decision is rendered by a court of competent jurisdiction."

Test Case Suggested

THEN, addressing the prosecuting attorney, the attorney-general said: "Of course, this office is not empowered to advise you with respect to any particular prosecution, and can pass only upon the abstract question of the law. It is for you to decide whether the facts in the cases before you warrant a proceeding. If the persons involved have been acting in good faith upon the construction hitherto placed upon the law of Missouri authorities, you are, of course, reluctant to hold them criminally liable.

"I venture the suggestion that all practical purposes might be served by making one of the cases a test case under agreement with the St. Louis stores that no further sales be made until the matter is finally determined by the courts."

Again Deputy Heller and his ever-increasing cohorts visited the prosecuting attorney. That official's back was to the wall. He issued information against the five stores, but singled out only one for prosecution, that against the Kline store. The others will rest until a decision is had in the first.

Meanwhile, Deputy Heller still is without his job which he filled in his own peculiar, refreshing way for 14 years.

But he still has the bird of paradise plumes and what's more he intends to keep them. Meanwhile, no other plumes are on sale in St. Louis stores, not even the most powerful.

Price Paid Has Naught to Do With His Value

Concluded from page 10

with the veteran cabby. Each afternoon Lajoie was permitted to do the driving and Lajoie's skill with the reins was the cause of Philadelphia beating St. Louis regularly. Lajoie would speed up the four horses and tear through the streets, taking corners on two wheels, until by the time the players reached the ball park they were so filled with the spirit of the thing that beating them was beyond the possibilities of St. Louis. Stallings explained the success of his team against the St. Louis club by crediting it to Lajoie's driving skill.

Stallings purchased Phil Gaier at the same time that he got Lajoie. Gaier was stocky, bow-legged, a good hitter and he had a great throwing arm. Stallings still maintains that Gaier would have been the greatest outfielder of all time if he had been able to remain in baseball but his career ended before he could join the Phillies. While working in a steel mill after the season closed, a steel splinter entered Gaier's eye and destroyed the sight of the eye although surgeons succeeded in removing the splinter.

No one save Ty Cobb thought particularly well of Harry Heilmann's hitting ability. When Cobb became manager of the Detroit club he immediately set about to remedy one or two minor faults in Heilmann's batting and all Heilmann did as a result was win the batting championship of the American League. Heilmann was secured on the coast and his reputation was none better than that of a flock of other youngsters in the minors. He was a good prospect and nothing more. It took several years to bring him to the top.

But Detroit has always been noted for hard-hitting outfielders. Detroit manages to get them when others fail. Samuel Crawford was a barber in Wahoo, Nebraska. He tried to play ball and finally got a job with a Canadian team. Cincinnati signed him and let him go to Detroit after playing him a season. He became one of the best sluggers in the history of the league. Bobby Veach was a pitcher in Peoria, Illinois. He was shifted to the outfield. From Peoria to Indianapolis to Detroit was the trail of Veach and in Detroit he won glory as a hard hitter.

When the late William Yawkey was actively interested in the Detroit club as a financial backer, a friend of his wrote him about a pitcher in Weiser, Idaho. This pitcher was striking out 18 to 20 batsmen a game with regularity. Yawkey wanted his associates to buy the pitcher but they said the woods were full of the same kind of pitchers.

This player's reputation continued and one day Washington asked a scout to stop off there and look over this chap. The scout looked him over, stepped into a grocery store, got a piece of wrapping paper, had the player sign the contract that the scout wrote out on the wrapping paper and started him for Washington. He was a bit weak on bunts when he started his major league career but that fault was soon corrected and Walter Johnson was off on a meteoric career.

In the coal mines of Pennsylvania was a "mule" boy. There were a great many of his kind in the coal mines. The mules pulled the carts through the underground tunnels and it was the boys' job to walk behind the mule and keep the flies off the beast, for flies bother mules in coal mines and the mules, under the assault from the flies, are liable to become cantankerous and cause trouble.

Any time this particular boy got a chance he played baseball. He did well on the diamond and later on Louisville gave him a chance. He did not do so well there and became discouraged. But Harry Clay Pulliam was a sporting editor in Louisville at the time. He saw great possibilities in the lad, continually boosted him and became his personal friend, greatly encouraging him. It was Harry Clay Pulliam who enabled Hugh Ambrose Jennings to get a start in baseball. Jennings became a great shortstop, entered Cornell, graduated from that university and in 1907 he became manager of the Detroit Tigers and a fluent after-dinner speaker, also a lawyer.

So you see that the dollar sign really does not come before the man in baseball and that its history is studded with romance and color. The "greats" come gradually, from the far corners and unheralded. And, as history also proves, the price paid for a ball player has nothing to do with his value.

Herbert Quick—Bard of the Great Mid-west

Teacher, Lawyer, Editor and Novelist Who Depicts Hardship of Pioneers

By FRED L. HOLMES

THIS is the story of an American author, who, as a Red Cross representative when taken ill in far-off Siberia, drew his last will and testament and in it requested that his closest literary friend should complete the novel upon which he had himself spent his spare moments, for nearly 20 years. Forty years before, in boyhood, he had planned this task—then delayed its consummation from year to year. Strange legal document it was. It imposed on its main benefactor—not a gift, but a literary debt to humanity. The story was to be a heritage in fiction depicting the hardships of the caravan pioneers. The maker of the will was Herbert Quick. He lived to complete the novel. Otherwise, the burden under the document would have been shouldered by Judson C. Welliver, a well-known Washington editor and magazine writer.

That decade of history which deals with the courageous galaxy of pathfinders and pioneers, who subdued the prairies, has been neglected in fiction. Within a score of years those who had participated in those stirring days of land settlement west of the Mississippi would have passed into silence. Raised in Iowa, a youthful participant, a chronicler of many a historic episode he had learned at his mother's knee, Mr. Quick rose as a troubadour to sing the epic history of this dramatic period.

"Welliver and I have been warm friends since he came to Sioux City as a reporter when I was just beginning the practice of the law there," said Mr. Quick as he slid down in the same old office chair he had used when he worked with me as magazine editor back in Madison, Wisconsin, 12 years before. "I went to Siberia for the Red Cross two years ago, and while there became so very, very ill that nobody thought I could live. In fact, I had no idea of living myself. And the greatest load on my conscience—and that shows what kind of conscience I have—was the vision of 'Vandemark's Folly' lying half written in a drawer down here on the farm. So my dying request was a plea to Jud Welliver to finish it! This is deathbed repentance with the reverse English.

"It is only the middle portion of the history of the Middle West which has been neglected in fiction. When there were Indians and buffaloes and adventures of the more violent sort, it went into the works of the fiction-writers and fitted. What I have done is to use the material which lay all about me in my infancy. I took hold of the life which followed the expulsion of the Indian and the buffalo, in the state which had the most peaceful of histories—Iowa. I think it has been neglected because novelists did not see the wonders of it. To me it is the most marvelous episode of all history—the life of the people who made these rich prairies into the Heart of America."

"Why do you write mostly about the West now that you live in the East?" I interrupted, as this mountain of a man, with the frame of a blacksmith, moved restlessly in his chair.

"I do it because I like to do it," he continued as if my question had been an intrusion. "I feel that I understand the Mid-west. Anyhow, before I was grown I planned this history of these people in fiction form. It always seemed to me that there was a great story in it. For 40 years I thought about it. I have not told all of it. The portions I first planned are still to be written, if they are to be written by me. These people were my people, their home was my home, their problems my problems. My father drove across from Madison to Central Iowa just as Jacobus Vandemark did.

"Here we went, oxen, cows, mules, horses; coaches, carriages, blue jeans, corduroy, rags, tatters, silks, satins, caps, tall hats, poverty, riches; speculators, missionaries, land-hunters, merchants; criminals escaping from justice; couples fleeing from the law; families seeking homes; the wrecks of homes seeking secrecy; gold-seekers bearing southwest to the Overland Trail; politicians looking for places in which to win fame and fortune; editors hunting opportunities for founding newspapers; adventurers on their way to everywhere; lawyers with a few books; Abolitionists going to the Border War; innocent-looking outfits carrying fugitive slaves; officers hunting escaped Negroes; and most numerous of all, homeseekers 'hunting country'—a nation on wheels, an empire in the commotion and pangs of birth.

"In this story are the things I heard when I sat on my mother's lap. I did not feel that I could endure the thought of letting any longer time pass without writing it. I resigned five years of my term on the Federal Farm Loan Board just because I had to finish the book which lay half done in my desk. I wrote it because I couldn't help it."

"What is this lesson of the Mid-west?" was asked, as my mind pictured in panorama the replies that one might make from the stories of Hamlin Garland, of Wisconsin; John Neihardt, the Nebraska poet laureate; Zona Gale, the chronicler of village life, and Grant Showerman, the country school fictioner—all of the West.

"The great lesson of the Mid-west," came the reply without a moment's hesitation, "lies in its proof that all civilized humanity needs to build up a great society is free access to land by free men and women; and its future will be joyful or sad, as it solves the problem of giving men in a settled and civilized community the same liberty they had when land was free; joyful if it solves this problem, sad if it fails in the solution. But this is the problem of the ages for all peoples."

Before Herbert Quick, the novelist, was 40 years old he had won worldly distinction in two professions—education and law. Then almost in a day, at a time when most men believe it futile to begin a new career, Quick closed his busy law office, banished statutes and clients, and began to cultivate a boyhood ambition. He set out to be an author.

Born in Iowa in 1861, repeatedly denied a college education because of a succession of illnesses and misfortunes, this country boy of the prairies had read the limited books of every farmer's library within five miles of his father's home before he was nine years old. He was given a country school education; that completed his formal "schooling." Eight years a school teacher, it was during the last three spent as principal of a ward school at Mason City, that this omnivorous reader took the law office route to the legal profession. Although he ranked first at the examination in competition with the college students of the state, he lingered as a pedagogue for another year. In 1890 he began the practice of law.

"One day I became indignant at the way the county and the city were being robbed by their officials," says Mr. Quick, "so I joined one of those organizations of 'kickers,' unpopular people and business men—a citizens' committee seeking to revolutionize the order of things."

It seems that at that time every species of graft was practiced in Sioux City, by deputies, supervisors, and county officials. Within a short time these grafters had systematically plundered the city of $500,000. And then came Rudyard Kipling and called Sioux City one of the three most wicked cities on earth. That alone was enough to demand action.

Following a reorganization of the citizens' committee in 1894, Quick was appointed one of three to ascertain if graft actually did permeate Sioux City's officialdom. Here was an opportunity. A few days later he had enough affidavits to have imposed penitentiary sentences on three or four officials, if tried before most courts of law. Stimulated by the evidence which Quick had gathered, the committee retained him as an attorney to root out the grafters, and gathered a voluntary fund of $10,000, which was placed at his disposal for hiring detectives. Black-hand letters came; threats, ridicule—what not! Every effort was made to end the investigation. Quick retaliated with more evidence, trapping more people in the net. So completely were the grafters driven from public life that not one of the officials caught in the meshes has since raised his head as an aspirant for public office.

Then the reformers elected him as mayor of Sioux City and under his administration he placed the municipality, almost wrecked by the grafters, on a solid financial basis.

"I did not give up the law to go into magazine work," said Mr. Quick, "but because I had written a successful novel, 'Double Trouble,' and thought I could make a living by writing. Then after I had written another story, 'The Broken Lance,' a book worth a dozen 'Double Troubles,' and got very little out of it, save a bitter disappointment, I went into magazine work because Senator Robert M. La Follette, the publisher of a magazine in Wisconsin, wanted to do so. And I found myself so handy a man about a magazine that it was dreadfully difficult to withdraw from it to write novels. I liked the law, I liked teaching, I liked magazine work. I liked official life. My greatest trouble always lay in the fact that any sort of work was interesting and absorbing to me. That's why I waited so long before doing the thing I always planned to do—write fiction as a serious task."

Both physically and mentally, Quick is a giant. Light blue, twinkling, boyish eyes foretell a fund of stories, as many an enthusiastic audience may testify. None, having been within range of his genial presence, forgets the happy, wholesome face, the magnetism of his manner; the keenness of his wit; the independence of his thought. He is a polished orator and a charming conversationalist. But when writing he acts more like a man in a trance. Often he dictates. The thoughts and sentences falling fast, one after the other, strike harder and harder until the climax is reached.

It is on the farm that Mr. Quick finds the greatest enjoyment. Sitting in his study at "Coolfont," Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, he gazes out across the expanse. When literary tasks grow irksome, when his mind is barren of subjects upon which to write editorials for a syndicate of newspapers, he goes for a stroll through his orchard of 50 acres.

"I fondly hope that when I can't write any more these apple trees will support me," said Mr. Quick gazing down the long rows of evenly planted trees.

Then he turned and it was Farmer Quick who continued: "Unless railway rates go down this will probably be one of my wildest dreams."

The Plow Weds the Soil of Iowa Prairie

By HERBERT QUICK

THE next day was a wedding day—the marriage morning of the plow and the sod. It marked the beginning of the subdual of that wonderful wild prairie of Vandemark Township and the Vandemark farm in Iowa. No more fruitful espousal ever took place than that—when the polished steel of my new breaking plow was embraced by the black soil with its lovely fell of greenery. Up to that fateful moment, the prairie of the farm and of the township had been virgin sod; but now it bowed its neck to the yoke of wedlock. Nothing like it takes place any more; for the sod of the meadows and pastures is quite a different thing from the untouched skin of the original earth. Breaking prairie was the most beautiful, the most epochal, and most hopeful, and as I look back at it, in one way the most pathetic thing man ever did, for in it, one of the loveliest things ever created began to come to its predestined end.—"Vandemark's Folly."



HERBERT QUICK

Revealing the Tricks of the Art Swindlers

Methods Employed to Trick Collectors Often Brought to Light; Modern Synthetic Paints Not Difficult for Expert to Determine

By WILLIAM A. McGARRY

This is the second of two articles on the tricks of art swindlers.

A TRICK of art swindlers that worked without detection for more than a century, and then was discovered only by accident, is that of turning one old master into two. How often it has been done will probably never be known, but from the evidence found among the paintings known as primitives in one great American collection it is fair to assume that nearly all large buyers of that type of ancient art have been taken in. Two examples of the swindle were discovered in the collection of the late John G. Johnson.

One was bought as the work of a pupil of Gerard David, sixteenth-century Flemish master, and is entitled, "The Crucifixion." The other was purchased as the production of Dirk Bouts. It is called "The Adoration of the Child." Bouts was born in Holland about the year 1410, and is known as the founder of the Dutch school of painting. Both examples had been in the Johnson collection for some years when Mr. Johnson brought Professor Pasquale Farina from South America to go over his paintings to pick out the true from the false, and to restore the real masterpieces that needed attention.

A primitive, properly speaking, is the name given to a painting of or prior to the fifteenth century. Since most of the examples of that time were religious works and were on wooden panels instead of on canvas, art dealers and experts generally refer to all panel paintings as primitives when they are more than 200 or 300 years old. Among the panels in the Johnson collection Farina found the two named. Both were dark and foggy with the so-called patina or golden glow of age. Professor Farina knew, however, that that was only varnish put on by somebody who had something to hide. He cleaned the David panel first.

In so doing he made the startling discovery that two-thirds of the panel was genuine, while the other third was false. With the covering of gum and varnish removed, a slight crack became apparent. Someone had split the original panel, attached a new piece of wood treated with chemicals to give it the appearance of age, and had painted on it a clever replica of the painting on the section that had been removed.

The paint on the genuine section responded to the microscopic tests and to chemical analysis, when a bit of it was chipped off, as the elemental substances or natural earth colors used by the masters prior to the nineteenth century. But the paint on the small and newer section was synthetic and already had shown some signs of fading with the passage of but a few years in comparison with the other.

A search was then made through the entire collection by Professor Farina, and he discovered that the Bouts panel also had been partly faked. He made inquiries among confidential sources abroad and learned that the false work was a trick conceived by an art swindler searching for ancient panels. This man located many such panels in the homes of impoverished noblemen. They had sold many of their other paintings, but were retaining the primitives and could not be induced to part with them. So the forger suggested that each panel be divided in the manner described, thus producing two apparent old masters, each of which would be partly genuine. That enabled the owners to retain something that seemed to be the same old painting, to show their friends. And it made possible a profitable sale of another partly genuine to a rich American for anywhere from $3,000 to $5,000.

In each instance, after the new section of panels had been prepared and attached, heat was applied indirectly by an electric furnace, thus causing the paint to crack. It was the theory of the forger that no old painting should be without cracks, and, therefore, he always so supplied his output. But heat applied in such a manner causes a contraction of the filler, and the resultant cracks in the paint are turned inward. In the cracks caused by age the edges turn outward, which offered another proof that the two primitives had been tampered with. By the time the trick was discovered it was too late to do anything. Mr. Johnson had the fake sections removed and retained the originals in his collection, where they still are.

In connection with the foregoing it may be of interest to point out that when an old painting is badly cracked the expert restorer can eliminate the cracks by various processes. In some instances when a really ancient painting is brought to light the canvas is so badly rotted that the whole picture would fall apart if not supplied with a new canvas. That is done by placing the painting face downward on a table covered with tissue paper. The restorer then has methods of softening the paint so that it will stick to the paper. When that is accomplished he begins to remove the canvas, a square inch or less at a time. It is a slow and tedious operation, but eventually the entire canvas is taken away. Then a new canvas, properly treated with filler, is placed over the back of the painting and pressed down until the masterpiece sticks as tightly as it did originally to the old canvas. It is then a simple matter to wash off the tissue paper, meantime pressing out the cracks in the painting.



Photo of a supposed Van Dyke painting of Charles I. of England, purchased by the late John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia. Note how the line of a differently shaped collar is partly revealed under the lace.

Photo of original painting on which the fake Van Dyke was superimposed. Probably the likeness of a Spanish courtier, done by a pupil of the Flemish seventeenth century master.

Many of the finest collections in the country have been ruined by treatment by inexpert restorers, who really know only a little about cleaning. It is their custom to wash the painting with alcohol, a raw potato, or some other substance. Then they apply varnish, covering up the imperfections of their own retouching quite frequently with a dark varnish or wax.

The real restorer, however, must know how to draw and how to master the palette. He must have a knowledge of the anatomical structure of the human body, and be acquainted, if only in a general sense, with psychology and philosophy. He must have some knowledge of mythology, of sacred and legendary history and he must have read the general history of the world. He should be acquainted with social, political and religious events developed in a given period, their surrounding traditions, costumes and usages, in order to judge the time and place of a painting. He must by all means become familiar with the technique of each master of bygone times, with the basic characteristics of a certain group or of schools, and he must possess also fair knowledge of the chemistry of colors, to discern the permanent ones from those subject to chemical change.

"In painting, as in writing," says Professor Farina, "there are some determined touches or lines which will constantly be recognized as belonging to the individual characteristics of the one who paints or writes. The artist worthy the name can never avoid repeating himself in his different productions, in one way or another. He must and will lay down in almost every one of his pictures some note or color or detail that he has been fond of since first he began to paint. That happens more surely if the artist is working by inspiration. A forger, used to copying or imitating, might lose his own characteristics in an effort to make his copy a geometrical rather than an artistic work. But he will never make a copy or imitation so perfectly as to deceive an expert who has devoted himself to the peculiar manner and style of any school.

"A genuine picture is in relation to a forged one as a genuine diamond is in contrast with the chemical imitation. The laying of colors or tints, the stroke of the brush, is never, everywhere in a copy or imitation, given with absolute freedom. It is not possible for a copyist to get any such effects, especially in what are known as high lights, as the creator or originator of a picture obtained by a free, quick, spontaneous stroke of his brush, while he caught it at the instant of spontaneous inspiration. In the work of a copyist there will always be found a certain uncertainty of treatment which gives to the expert the suspicion that something is wrong. The copyist is compelled to go over and over again on certain spots to obtain the closest similarity to the effect obtained in the original, so that the quality of diaphaneity of tint and purity of tone is totally lost in the end."

It was that failure of a forger to develop a free stroke of his brush that led to the discovery of perhaps the most expensive fake in the entire Johnson collection. While Professor Farina was in South America, long before he had ever met the noted Philadelphia attorney, Mr. Johnson purchased at a high price a painting attested by various foreign and American "experts" as the work of Andrea del Sarto, an Italian master, whose period was from 1486 to 1531. It was entitled, "The Holy Family," and when Farina was put in charge of the collection it had been hanging in the Johnson home for many years. Under superficial observation it seemed to be a perfect example of Del Sarto's work. But two horizontal cracks had developed across the picture, just under the chin of the Madonna and across the face of the Child.

When the restorer expressed the opinion after microscopic examination that the painting was spurious, Mr. Johnson at first was loath to believe him. He said he had been told that the painting was of such extraordinary delicacy that he should never permit anyone to clean it, as any such attempt would be fatal to its flower-like beauty. But it happened that the group was painted on a wooden panel and the cracks were not with the grain of the wood, as is invariably the case in a genuine painting. It was finally made apparent to Mr. Johnson that something had been superimposed on the original. He sent the painting to the restorer's studio.

After a further examination that verified his original opinion, Farina cleaned off a bit of the modern, synthetic paint on the chin of the Madonna, revealing beneath it a much heavier and rather ugly chin done in the early elemental colors. Mr. Johnson then authorized the cleaning of the whole portrait, having been convinced that Del Sarto could not have painted the visible group. When all the modern paint was removed there was revealed a Holy Family group painted apparently by some fifteenth century art student of a different school. It was little more than a daub and had no artistic value save as a curiosity. Mr. Johnson thereupon destroyed the panel.

It must not be supposed, however, that every time a valuable painting is cleaned of the dust, varnish and wax, accumulated during the years, a fake is discovered. Quite often the contrary is the case, and beneath the dark and gloomy patina is revealed in all its original brilliance and purity of tone a real masterpiece.

Francis R. Welsh, a Philadelphia banker and broker, made such a fortunate purchase. Several years ago he bought at an art auction in New York a large canvas sold as a possible production of Titian, the Venetian, who is still considered in many respects the greatest painter of all time. Others have arisen with special attributes, but from the point of view of technique and the ability so to manipulate his paints as to present a pleasing composition devoid of defects, Titian is recognized as the greatest of the old masters. Therefore, his paintings are of extraordinary value. In this particular case, however, the work was so dull and covered with dirt that it was impossible to make out

any of the dim figures in the background. There was apparent only the nude figure of a woman half reclining on a couch. Various restorers had refused to attempt the task of cleaning it, mainly because there had been a controversy as to its authenticity and none wished to take the responsibility of revealing a fake.

The painting had been in the hands of Mr. Welsh for some years when he decided to send it to Farina. I had the privilege of watching some of the cleaning process. The restorer first removed all the dirt, varnish and wax from a panel down the center. The effect was startling. Shining out of the smoky background of the rest of the painting, the original colors and flesh tones literally glowed with living brilliance in comparison with the uncleaned portions. The work of cleaning the whole picture required many months, but when it was completed the owner would not have recognized it had not he, too, watched a great deal of the cleaning process. He had been permitted to see a real masterpiece emerge from the obscurity of years.

Prior to the cleaning, Dr. Osvald Siren, noted Swedish authority, was the only one of many art critics abroad who would say positively that the canvas was a Titian. Others refused to deny its authenticity, but doubted it. When the original, everlasting, fadeless colors were brought out in all their glory there was no longer the slightest question of its genuineness. None but Titian could have produced such a work. A survey then was made to determine its history. It was found that it came to the United States from the collection of Earl Dudley, of London, where it had been for many years. While there it was the subject of constant controversy, which is what determined the Earl to sell it.

The search disclosed that up to the time it was acquired by Earl Dudley it had never been doubted as the work of Titian. It was traced back to Manchester, England, where in 1857 it was among art treasures on exhibition. Again in 1871 it was exhibited at Burlington House. The Blakeslie gallery acquired it from Earl Dudley, and at Mr. Blakeslie's death it was sold with other valuable paintings. Quite recently it was estimated in New York by art dealers that the present value of the painting is not less than $150,000, but it is not for sale.

Other restorations of even greater importance have been made by Professor Farina in the Naples National Museum and in other great Italian galleries where the works of great masters had been untouched for centuries, so that the figures had become thoroughly obscured. Commendatore Spinazzola, director-general of the Naples Museum, called his work a "revelation and a revolution in art matters." More than a dozen of the finest paintings in the Italian galleries were brought to their original brilliance merely by the removal of the accumulated dirt of years. But perhaps

PASQUALE FARINA was born in Naples, and at the age of 17 was appointed assistant professor of chemistry in the Royal Hospice of that city. He had been interested in that science as a side issue to his study of the fine arts, which began in his early childhood. For some years he studied art, painting and sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts at Naples. He was given the degree of professor of lineal, ornamental and figure drawing by the Academy in 1885.



In 1887, he went to Buenos Aires and during the 13 years he remained in South America studied methods of restoring old masters. Professor Farina has made restorations of famous paintings by early American artists for many public galleries as well as for innumerable private collections.

of another painting beneath. With the zeal of the true antiquarian he decided to remove the work of Pontormo to reveal what was under it.

In the inner angle of the left elbow of the Madonna he first cleaned away a small portion of the last painting which brought to light an old man's head painted with miniature-like care—the head of St. Peter. When the entire painting had been cleaned he found on the wooden panel a well-executed painting of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, the work of an unknown artist, but at least a century older than the Pontormo. The photos reproduced herewith show the various stages of the cleaning process, the original Madonna and the more ancient painting on which it had been superimposed. Of course, there was no suggestion that the later Italian master had resorted to trickery. In his time there was not sufficient demand to make art forgery pay. He had simply grasped the nearest panel when seized with inspiration, and had used it as the foundation for his idea of the Madonna.

The foregoing incident is sufficient to show that every painting over an earlier one is not a fake. The practice of using studies and sketches on wood and canvas as the foundation for more finished work has been universal since men first learned to work in colors. It exists until this day. When an artist is in a hurry it saves time, as the first painting has primed the canvas. When the new paint is of the modern synthetic structure, however, and when the whole work is attributed to some artist who had never heard of such mixtures, it becomes obvious that trickery has been used.

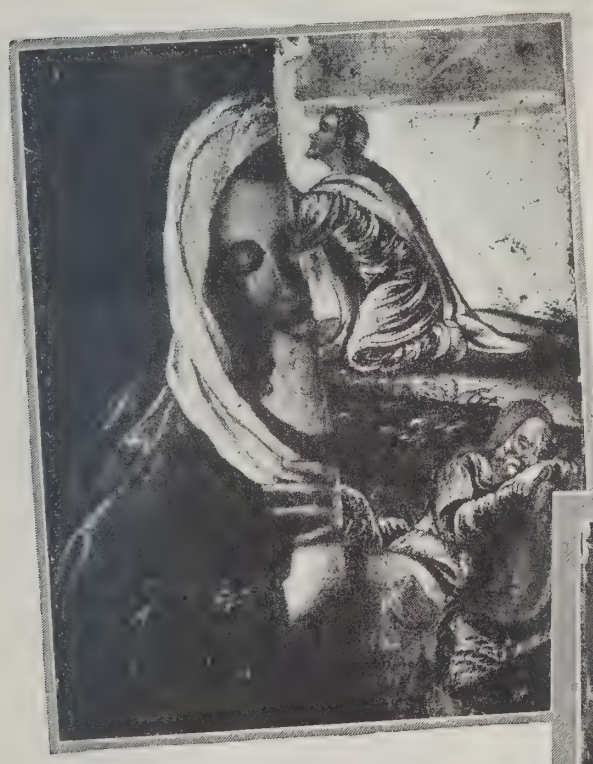
A few years ago Professor Farina was engaged to restore and clean the more valuable works of art in the Wilstach Collection, previously referred to as owned by the city of Philadelphia. Included in that collection as one of its most prized objects was a painting that had been tentatively labeled "Youth and Love" and that was unquestionably the work of Carlo Dolci, famous Florentine master, who rose to fame in the middle of the seventeenth century and died in the year 1686. Dolci is chiefly noted as the man who created a new school of painting in religious works to replace that of Correggio. It was a smoother, more pleasing form that still persists. The Wilstach example was one of the best of the school, but nowhere in the published lists of Dolci's work could any reference to it be found. The painting was described in the Wilstach catalog as follows:

"A charming picture, in which is shown a woman standing at a table, on which there is a great dish, filled with fruits of all kinds. Behind her is an attendant, and in the foreground is a delightful little cupid. The background is very dark, but the coloring is exceedingly rich in tone, and the picture is painted with a great wealth of detail and with the most exquisite charm and sweetness."

When Farina went to work to restore this painting he first examined it with the most minute care. And he became convinced, before he had made any analysis of the pigments, that there was something wrong with it. "No meaning can here be deduced from certain kinds of beautiful fruits, perfectly rendered, placed before a group of figures seemingly surrounded by a tragic atmosphere," he wrote in a preliminary report. "There is a standing figure, manifesting pride and a self-conscious sense of physical beauty, with a disdainful expression on her face. A maiden at her side with a very sad face inclines toward her while observing the contents of the silver dish filled with fruit and holding a pitcher with both hands. At the left-hand lower corner there is an angel, holding a garland of flowers. This forms a peculiar ensemble of conflicting persons, with things as accessories very far from according in symbolism with the individual meaning of each figure, and still less, therefore, with the large imaginative thought of the artist's conception."

On the basis of that report he was authorized to make a more detailed analysis. In so doing he discovered that the pigments of the fruit, the dish and the scroll held by the supposed cupid were all modern. Then, in the presence of the curator, he removed the paint from the center of a rosy-looking apple, and disclosed beneath it a human eye, closed. Removal of all the fruit revealed the head of John the Baptist, while the garland of flowers became a scroll containing the inscription "Parate viam Domini"—(prepare ye the way of the Lord). The paint of these objects, as of the rest of the composition, was in the everlasting primal colors used in the time of Dolci.

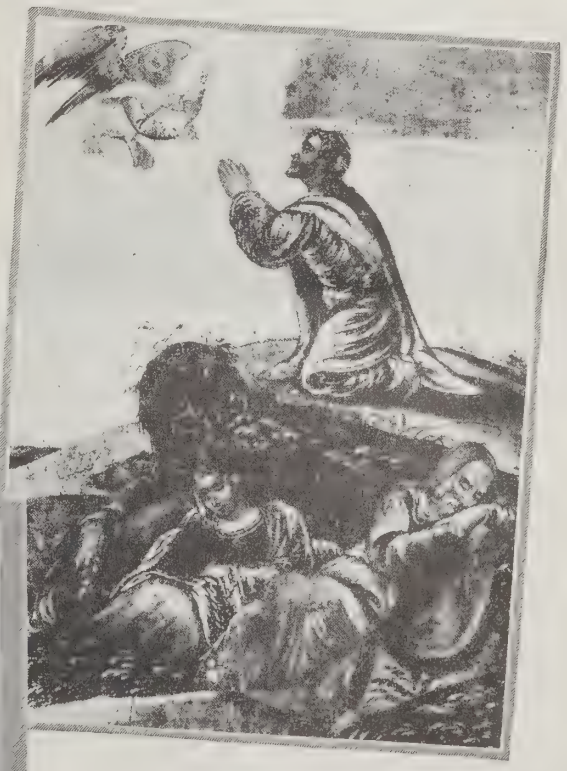
In many of the older catalogs of Dolci's work there is listed "Salome with the Head of John the Baptist." But for 200 years the masterpiece had been lost, and it had never occurred to anyone that the work was hidden merely by changing a head to a basket of fruit. What happened, in all probability, is that some art dealer sought to sell it to a rich patron years ago, and objections were made to the severed human head. So the artist covered it with a basket of fruit to be accommodating. The picture was bought for the Wilstach Collection by a committee headed by Mr. Johnson. It is far more valuable today than when the purchase was made.



The same painting as that shown below, partly cleaned, reveals beneath it a still more ancient masterpiece.



Photo of a Madonna by Pontormo, Italian master, purchased by Professor Farina.



Revealing the painting of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane which Pontormo used as the basis for his Madonna, disclosed beneath the Madonna shown below.

the greatest achievement in the restorer's record was his work on a large group of masterpieces owned by John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia. They were rescued from a burning building years ago, but had been so thoroughly blackened by smoke that it was thought they were ruined. There was no vestige of the coloring and the supposition was that the paint had been burned and the compositions lost. Professor Farina spent months in the cleaning process and found that the ancient paints were still intact. When the smoke was removed they were as good as when first painted.

Professor Farina was responsible for the destruction of a real masterpiece painted by Pontormo, the teacher of Il Bronzino and by far the greater master of the two. The subject was a Madonna. It was acquired by the restorer at Naples in 1910 from Chevalier Menuzzi. At that time the painting was so covered with the so-called "golden glow" that it was almost impossible to discern the features of the subject's face. It had been attributed to Pontormo, but no one could say for a certainty that the attribution was correct until the painting had been cleaned. In cleaning it Professor Farina discovered in one corner traces

BRIEFLY TOLD

The clang of the fire gong roused the chief of the Corvallis, Oregon, fire department, who was coming out from under the ether following an operation. Doctors, attendants and nurses in the hospital failed to hold him and, half dazed, he jumped in his car, dashed up the street and arrived at the fire in time to direct operations.

An extensive art fraud was made known recently when experts discovered many bogus antiquities in the Li Hung-Chang collection, purchased by a Swedish syndicate in 1919 for more than $250,000, from the son of Li Hung-Chang, deceased. According to the story published in Stockholm, Li Hung-Chang's son used a few pieces of his father's art treasures as the nucleus of a large collection which he purchased in Chinese shops for almost nothing and advertised as Li Hung-Chang's own collection of a lifetime. The Swedish syndicate bought the lot upon supposedly expert advice.

The Prince of Monaco has been awarded the Vega medal for his oceanographic research. This medal is regarded as a great distinction and has been awarded 20 times, the last three recipients being Sir Ernest Shackleton, Captain Roald Amundsen and Knud Rasmussen.

Fifteen per cent of all cloth manufactured in Germany is made of sweepings, rags, clippings and cotton waste.

The latest method of sinking concrete piles was recently demonstrated in Omaha, when four piles were sunk, the first, 40 feet long, in 90 seconds. One pile, weighing more than six tons, and 45 feet in length, was sunk to bedrock at a depth of 84 feet. Each pile carried a water pipe set in the reinforced concrete. Water is forced at a high pressure through this pipe, digging a hole as the pipe sinks by its own weight.

Nearly every Sunday afternoon a prominent Chicago business man takes a whistle and stands at an intersection of Sheridan road directing traffic for pleasure. At this point the pleasure traffic is so heavy that an average of 40 machines pass every minute in the afternoon hours.

A journalist in France, 101 years old, contributes an article every week to a French provincial newspaper.

The airplane thief is the latest type of criminal. In Spokane two men appropriated a Curtiss biplane, started the engine and ran the plane a quarter of a mile down the field wrecking it in a collision with a board fence. The damage amounted to $1,000, and the thieves escaped.

The United States spent $600,000,000 for roads during 1921.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

While the district attorney was making an impassioned appeal to the jury in The Dalles, Oregon, recently, "Indian Spencer," in from the Warm Springs reservation, stepped to the judge's rostrum, and, in tones audible in all parts of the crowded courtroom, asked the judge, an old friend for the loan of 50 cents. The district attorney paused, stammered, and joined in the laughter. The Indian got his 50 cents and departed, the judge's gavel pounded and the trial was resumed.

The reputed discoverer of the Klondike gold fields died in Vancouver, British Columbia, recently. He kept 22 nuggets from the first two pans of gold he washed on Bonanza Creek and had them made into a golden telegraph key which was presented to President Taft in 1909 and used by him in opening the Alaskan-Yukon Exposition in Seattle.

Ice cream was first made in Japan and reported by travelers to that country as early as the thirteenth century.

Radio compass stations on the Great Lakes will rob the "Graveyard of Ships" of its terrors. Stations are being opened at White Fish Point, Detour and Grand Marais and when they are in operation the passing ships will receive their locations from two of the stations, and plotting those two lines on the chart, the skipper will know his ship is at the point where the lines meet on the chart.

Mount Kenia, in Africa, is nearly three and one-half miles high and straddles the equator. The summit is always covered with snow and in climbing to the top one passes through all the climates known from the tropics to the arctic.

New York City has more than 500 women physicians and surgeons.

The brewery that made Milwaukee famous is now turning out chocolates by the ton and helping the candy industry to maintain its position of fifth place in the industries benefited by prohibition.

Seven trainmen were recently asphyxiated in a tunnel near Bourg, France, by the coal gas fumes from the engines.

The rainbow trout has been successfully introduced into the streams of Louisiana.

Not only is the Passion Play being presented at Oberammergau and Los Angeles, but a version of the life of Christ is to be played at Erl in the Tyrol. Like Oberammergau, the plays at Erl were originally performed in aid of the plague-stricken districts and date back to 1613, since when they have taken place every 10 years, all profits going to the church or charity.

Americans from many states paid tribute recently to Pocahontas, the Indian maiden who saved from death, famine and utter confusion the first struggling colony of white men of this nation, when they attended the unveiling ceremonies on the historic ground of Jamestown Island, Virginia.

Railroad crossings have killed an average of 18,000 persons annually for the past three years, according to the general safety agent of the New York Central Lines.

All staterooms on the liner Leviathan are to be equipped for radio receiving.

A new anti-bandit gun, shooting at the rate of 1,000 shots a minute, was recently demonstrated in New Jersey. It can change from .45 caliber steel jacketed bullets to fine birdshot. It weighs nine and one-half pounds and does not overheat during action.

Doctors and lawyers of Japan advertise extensively and it is not considered a violation of professional etiquette for them to do so.

The *Daily Berlin American*, a new English language paper, began publication in Berlin in March. This is the first daily in English language ever printed in that city. It is five marks a copy, about eight times more than that of the German dailies.

Germany launched more shipping during 1921 than in any previous year of her history.

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Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

"Hokum": The Tarnish on the Silver Screen

Poor Pictures Result of "Jazzing Up" to Bring Out "Heart Interest" Effects

ONE of the large number of publications, devoted exclusively to the motion picture industry, tells the reading world in general, across its cover page:

> "Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Motion Picture, determines the future—determines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of men."

The motion picture industry is only halfway like the hero of the musical comedy who "seen his duty and done it noble." The motion picture industry realizes that it has a duty to perform but how to perform it continues to be a matter much argued without any decision being arrived at.

The most powerful instrument in the United States is the daily newspaper and next in power is the motion picture. The motion picture is thought by many to be even more powerful than the newspaper. The human race has been reading for the last 200 years (reading was not much indulged in before that) but people have been looking at pictures ever since Adam and Eve looked upon the apple.

Pictures Hold Attention

ONE of America's most successful publishers built up a vast circulation for his papers by basing his operations upon this fact. He emphasized the value of illustrations and saw to it that his papers each day printed plenty of pictures. Along with the pictures he used large type. The pictures and type caught the eye and he knew that if he could get an attractive picture upon a page, that page was certain to be looked at. The first thing the reader does is to look at the picture. If the picture holds his attention he will let his gaze wander to the type that surrounds the picture. So this editor, making illustrations of paramount importance built up a mammoth circulation. It was more natural for people to look at pictures than at type, so he gave them pictures and by having them look at the pictures he got them to read the type later. That was his logic. To prove its value he shows you his circulation figures.

Since people will look at pictures before they will read, or since they would rather look at pictures than read, the silver screen has a greater drawing power than the public print and more power can be wielded by illustrations than by the printed word. So the motion picture industry has even greater possibilities than the newspaper.

That this power has been misguided and misused is generally charged. The layman says the motion picture business has failed utterly to take advantage of its remarkable opportunities. The student makes the same charge. And now comes the motion picture producer and admits it.

But, why? The reason for the failure is difficult to determine. The old excuse that it was the fault of the directors no longer holds good. The directors were long blamed. Then the performers drew the burden, then the producers. No one denies the failure but all deny being guilty.

During a conversation with a prominent motion picture director he admitted pictures were bad and most of them extremely bad. He said:

"I have never made just the kind of picture that I would like to make. I have never yet turned out what I would call a good picture. I hope to some day.

"I am a successful director, successful according to the standard by which success and failure are judged in the industry. I am successful because the pictures I produce are successful. They make money and since they make money my employers consider them successful.

People Like the "Hokum"

"I HAVE just left our manager's office. One of my pictures, released two months ago, is proving a remarkable success. Why? It has paid the company every nickel that was used in producing it. The picture is still running in first-class houses. It did not cost so much to produce it. It will run in this country for another year or so and it will be produced in many foreign countries.

"You have seen the picture and don't like it. Well, it isn't a good picture. But it draws. Our manager tells me it is the biggest money-maker of the year.

"Why does it draw? I will tell you why. It is filled with 'hokum.' I jammed it up with a lot of 'hokum,' the sort of stuff that you and I regard as silly trash. But the public eats it.

"Pictures are produced to make money. Remember that when you criticize them. I am not saying that they should not be criticized but when you ask me why we don't make better pictures all I can say is, it is because we cannot run the studio at a loss.

"A studio is just like a factory. It did not used to be that way but it is so now. Everything is done on a business basis. We have efficiency experts and all that sort of thing. Before I start 'shooting' a picture I have to submit all my plans to the business experts. They go over every scene and minutely figure out the cost. They know what the picture will cost before a camera crank is turned. They study the scenes carefully. If I am planning on a desert scene and want to use 30 camels, the efficiency expert will try to figure out how the same scene can be shot with five camels. Saving the hire of 25 camels reduces the price of the picture considerably. If I want to use 10 elephants, they will show me how I can get along just as well with two. If one of the important scenes of the picture calls for a mob of, say, 500 persons they will figure out some way in which that scene can be eliminated. They will change the story so that the scene will not be needed, if there is no other way to cut down the size of the crowd.

"I am just trying to show you how things are conducted. It is a business proposition, not art. A picture costs so much money and it must bring in so much money to pay for itself and so much more to provide a profit.

"It is aggravating, but those are the conditions and, from the standpoint of the men back of the company, the men whose income depends upon the profits, I suppose they are correct. No one can manufacture pictures and lose money on them, as a regular thing, any more than a man can manufacture matches and sell them below actual cost. Art comes secondary and if art in any way lessens the chance of profit, art is entirely eliminated.

"I have tried to show you that it is necessary to make money to continue making pictures. One cannot go without the other. To make money you have to make the kind of pictures that the public will pay to see and if you do not make the kind of pictures the public wants the public won't pay to see them.

"So, after all, it is the public that is to blame if the pictures are not what they should be. We have made money in the business by catering to the public taste and if we had not catered to the public taste we could not have built up this enormous industry.

"You may laugh at the pictures and I may laugh at them. I have told you why my latest picture is such a success—because I have filled it with a lot of 'hokum,' plain bunk. The public relishes that 'hokum.'

"During the army examinations, when soldiers were tested as to education, I believe the tests showed the average to be the same as the normal average intelligence of a 15-year-old boy. So, if the army conclusions are correct, the motion picture producers, to be successful, must produce pictures that will appeal to the intelligence of a 15-year-old child.

"That is nothing new or novel. One of the most successful theatrical producers this country has had is George M. Cohan. He made a fortune out of his productions. They were the biggest money-makers for successive seasons and when Cohan was asked for the secret of his success he replied that he employed only such things as would appeal to a boy of 14. His argument was that the same things that appeal to a boy of 14 will appeal to a man and woman of 40. And no one can deny that Cohan was not successful. He catered to the popular taste.

The Motion Picture Defense

"CONSIDER our daily newspapers. How often have you heard people remark that they are filled with trash? Maybe so, but the newspapers, like the motion pictures, are conducted to make money. The publisher watches his circulation as the picture producer watches the little pink slips that tell him the receipts. A paper's success depends upon circulation and to obtain circulation the newspaper aims to give the public not what the public should have but what it thinks the public wants and if the circulation rises then the paper is satisfied that the public is getting just what it wants and the public gets more of the same thing in the same columns.

"Mrs. Margot Asquith, giving her impressions of the United States after her recent lecture tour, devoted considerable space to telling what she thought of American newspapers and the shallowness of them. Her observations were correct, also her conclusions and her conclusions were that the papers fed the public exactly what the public wanted to be fed instead of what the public should be fed. Publishers and motion picture producers both must live. I have known both and have still to find a pure philanthropist among them."

That is the motion picture defense. The directors and producers say they will give the public anything it wants and it is up to the public. They will not give the public what the public will not buy for that would be creating financial disaster.

That it is impossible for the motion picture industry to make better pictures is not correct. They can be made. There have been several excellent pictures released. Every now and then the producers have experimented with pictures that lacked the 'hokum.' Each and everyone of these has proved a failure financially.

One producer pointed out to us, when we mentioned three pictures that were far above the average standard of motion pictures, that they were flat failures. We retorted that we had seen these pictures screened in three of the leading cities and that in all three cities the pictures were shown before packed houses.

"You are correct. You saw the pictures in three cities. They played before packed houses. But, these were what we call 'first run' houses. And, you can take all the 'first run' houses in the country and you will have a small percentage of the houses that we have to depend on for our profits. The pictures you mention did go remarkably well in the 'first run' houses. They packed them in there but, when these same pictures were shown in the 'second run' houses and in the theaters that come after the 'second runs' they did not draw at all and what we made on the 'first run' houses was all lost after the reels left there. Not one of the pictures you mention made a dime and all of them lost big sums of money for the producers."

There appeared in this country several German films, produced abroad. Featured in these films was an actress named Pola Negri, incidentally the best actress of the screen. One picture was released under the name of "Passion." Now, this picture called "Passion" was really "Du Barry." The film version was true to the stage play of that name. That is unusual, for when a stage play is adapted to the screen it is generally changed about, sometimes so much that one hardly recognizes the connections between the picture and the play. But this "Du Barry" of the screen was really better than the "Du Barry" of the stage, with every feature intact and pictures used to broaden the scenes and the story. The situations were not changed.

"Du Barry" was a remarkable picture, one of the best ever released. However, the purchasers of the rights to produce the film in America, were certain that the picture would never draw under its proper name so they called it "Passion," believing that noun much more powerful in attracting customers than the proper name of "Du Barry."

Since that time David Wark Griffith, generally regarded as the foremost producer and director in the country, produced a picture called "Orphans of the Storm," a film version of "The Two Orphans."

Griffith's "Hokum" Spoils Film

IN "ORPHANS of the Storm," as in "Du Barry," several of the situations dealt with the French Revolution. These situations called for the same scenes and here was an excellent opportunity to compare the work of one of the best European directors with that of the leading American film director. The difference was vast. The American picture was to the European film as musical comedy is to grand opera. Griffith, to put his picture on a successful basis, filled it with "hokum." He "jazzed it up," or "hopped it up," as the expressions go. He put in what the aforementioned Mr. Cohan would call "ten-twenty-thirty stuff," referring to the cheapest brand of melodrama. The Griffith production was maudlin. In many places it was stupid. It was a sort of vaudeville version of the French Revolution. In a pictorial way he introduced the sort of matter that the newspaper writers who are known in the profession as "sob sisters" write. He relieved the cold facts of history with up-to-date stage tricks, plain "hokum."

Griffith was making a picture that would make money for the men financially interested in the picture. Griffith was trying to create a popular seller and he undoubtedly did. But Griffith did not produce the kind of picture that Griffith would like to produce. Griffith is an able man, a good director but Griffith tried to make the kind of pictures that he thought the public should have. That is why Griffith today is producing pictures for other people instead of for himself. Griffith discovered that to make money it is necessary to give the public what the public will pay to see.

There are, in the motion picture industry, plenty of intelligent and intellectual men. In the leading studios there is equipment that would startle the average critic of pictures. With plenty of financial resources the producers are able to get the best literary talent in the world today. They have access to everything needed to make any sort of picture they want to make. In the studios are laboratories where constant experiments are made, experiments with light, photography, effects. Experiments in developing pictures, in screening them. High-paid scientists are at work every day trying to improve the pictures mechanically.

Actors Ofttimes Not Wanted

IN THE motion picture industry are many men and women who can act. Their talents have been declined in favor of men and women who cannot act. As long as the public prefers a pretty face and a shapely figure just so long will pretty faces and shapely bodies move in close-up procession upon the silver screen.

There have been few actors of talent on the legitimate stage in the last 10 years who have not had their fling at the motion picture game. Practically all of them, at some time or other, have tried it. But, there is really not one leading performer on the screen today who was, before entering the motion picture end of the entertainment field, a prominent headliner on the stage. It is true that nearly every prominent motion picture star of today had stage experience before entering the picture-making field, but not one of them stood out on the legitimate stage.

The motion picture business is something else again. What makes an actor successful on the stage does not make him successful on the screen. The theater-going public and the so-called "screen fans" have different tastes and although the producers have tried the choice of the theater taste on the motion picture patrons they failed to find it appealing.

Probably, when the picture-going public develops a preference for the same talents that make for success upon the legitimate speaking stage then will there be a different kind of pictures produced.

The motion picture industry cannot make a serious appeal to the public as long as the periodicals devoted to the industry follow their present policy. This includes the motion picture weeklies and monthlies. Of these there are an amazing number. The subject matter is handled in the same way as the articles that appear in the Sunday supplements of the so-called

(Concluded on page 13)

The Banking Myth Is Exploded by Engineers

Heart and Conscience Invade Profitably Sacred Finance Realm

By FRANK HILL

A "BANK with a soul" is the way Warren S. Stone describes the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Co-operative National Bank of Cleveland, Ohio, of which he is president. This institution is pointing the way to a new era in finance in which credit will be used exclusively for the production of wealth and not for the exploitation of the people. The Brotherhood Bank opened for business on November 1, 1920. May 5, 1922, it had nearly $15,000,000 in deposits, and money was still coming in from all over the United States.

During the first year, the bank earned expenses, paid the stockholders six per cent, set aside 20 per cent to be added to the surplus, and on November 1, 1921, issued the first dividend check ever paid by a national bank, paying more than five per cent on savings. This record is phenomenal, for a national bank is not expected to make more than expenses at the outset.

Mr. Stone, president, is Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and in telling how the bank came to be organized, said:

"Some of us had been thinking about starting a bank for a number of years, but we were restrained by the thought that the banking business was a great mystery, which could be understood only by the elect few. However, we decided to look about and find what the people were doing in other countries. A close study was made of the little co-operative banks of Europe. To our surprise and gratification, we found that they were being managed by ordinary people. There are 65,000 small banks or credit unions scattered over Europe and Asia. They did a business in 1918 of $7,000,000,000. Sixty per cent of the workers and farmers in charge of this business cannot read or write. Yet during the 70 years these banks have been in operation they have not lost a cent. We decided that if the illiterate working people of Europe could succeed as bankers, we might hope to do likewise. So we decided to make the venture.

"The proposition was laid before the International Convention of the Locomotive Engineers in Cleveland in 1918, and the advisory board of the 12 grand officers was given power to act. A capitalization of $1,000,000 was fixed, the stock to be held exclusively by members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. In the stock subscription blank, we inserted a provision that the maximum annual dividends should not exceed 10 per cent on the capital stock, and that any surplus may be distributed as the board of directors may decide in carrying out the co-operative purposes which underlie the organization. This is the big point in our institution. The average earnings on bank stock in the United States is 28 per cent, which goes to the stockholders. In the Brotherhood Bank, stockholders are restricted to 10 per cent, all over that amount being divided among savings depositors. We pay four per cent on savings accounts, compounded quarterly, in addition to which savings depositors share in the surplus savings. It is possible for depositors to receive as much in interest as the stockholders do in dividends.

"In July, 1920, we mailed stock subscriptions to the 90,000 members of the brotherhood. During July not a dollar was received. In the latter part of August, subscriptions began to come in with the cash, and, by November 1, we had received $1,300,000, an over-subscription of $300,000. Deposits have been made at the rate of $1,000,000 a month for 15 months. The stream of money is still flowing. Our depositors live all over the United States from California to Maine."

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is housed in its own 14-story office building in Cleveland, a short block north of the public square. The bank occupies a building on the opposite side also owned by the brotherhood.

The bank occupies the basement and first floor, while the upper floors are rented for offices. Eventually, this building will be removed and a 21-story office and bank building erected.

Undoubtedly a great deal of money that had been hidden in old tin cans has been called into activity by this bank. People who were not suspected of having a dollar have opened accounts. Numerous business and professional men, in no way identified with labor organizations, carry accounts with the Brotherhood Bank. The institution is open to all and does a business similar to that of any national bank.

One day, a queer specimen of humanity entered and began making inquiries. He was a typical tramp. His clothes were old and baggy. Hair stuck through holes in his hat, and his face was covered with bristles. Although he seemed a very unpromising prospect, Mr. Stone talked with him pleasantly, and answered his questions carefully. Finally he shot out the query, uppermost in his mind:

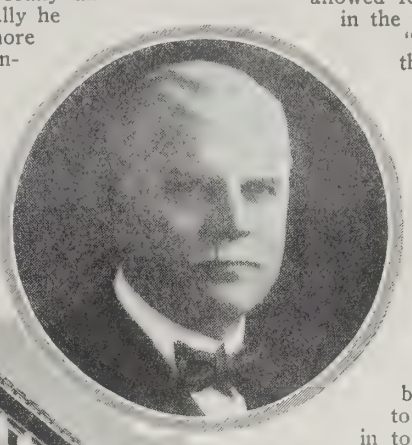
"Say, if I should put some money in this bank could I get it out again?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Stone with a smile, "you can get it out any time you want it."

"All right," was the response, "I guess I'll leave some with you."

He began pulling out bills. He had money hidden in every pocket, in his shoes, in the lining of his coat, and under his hatband. The bills were crumpled and wadded, and had to be carefully unfolded and smoothed. Finally he counted the pile. It was more than a foot high and contained $762 in one-dollar bills.

While the bank does a good local business, a feature is made of "banking by mail." The fact that a labor organization is back of the institution inspires confidence and brings deposits from all classes. Money is placed in small banks to aid wheat growers, stock raisers, fruit men, and others who have difficulty in getting credit. Co-operative elevator enterprises are often helped. In one instance, the Brotherhood Bank bought up an issue of school warrants in a Nebraska town, supplying cash to teachers who had not received pay for months.







The building shown above was erected by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. President Warren S. Stone (shown above) has plans completed for the banking and office building shown at the right.

A striking instance occurred recently. A customer approached Mr. Stone and said:

"I want to borrow $100,000 on an apartment house worth $250,000. It is a perfectly good loan as the property is now paying 12 per cent."

"What are you going to do after you get the $100,000?" inquired Mr. Stone.

"Oh, I'll raise the rent on the apartments $50 all around, and then the investment will bring 15 per cent."

"Your security is good," replied Mr. Stone, "but we don't care to make the loan."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the applicant, very much astonished.

"We refuse to loan to any man who is going to make living conditions harder, just as you propose to do by increasing your rents."

"Well, well," exclaimed the would-be borrower angrily, "if that is the way you intend to do business, you will soon be on the rocks." He walked out enraged.

Mr. Stone had not been in the banking business very long before he crossed the trail of the loan brokers, who make a living by charging a bonus for getting loans for clients. A loan had been granted to a widow, and when the final papers came to Mr. Stone he discovered that the note had been made out to draw 10 per cent interest in place of seven.

"How is this?" asked Mr. Stone. "This loan was allowed for seven per cent, but I see it is 10 per cent in the note."

"Oh," replied the broker who was handling the transaction, "the three per cent difference is my rake-off for getting the loan for her."

"That don't go in this bank," exclaimed Mr. Stone. "If this lady wants a loan she can get it in the regular way without paying anything to a broker."

"Why," exclaimed the broker, "there are 300 of us in Cleveland."

"I don't want any of them around here," said Mr. Stone.

Widows and orphans of locomotive engineers who belong to the brotherhood are the special care of the Brotherhood Bank. The brotherhood pays out between $2,500,000 and $3,000,000 a year in death benefits and many beneficiaries are not qualified to take care of the money. The bank steps in to safeguard the families from loss. Brotherhood men are being advised to make wills naming the bank as trustee so it can collect and manage insurance and other money that falls to the heirs and protect them from swindlers.

During an interview, Mr. Stone pulled a five-dollar bill from his pocket and held it up for inspection.

"I want to show you a curiosity," he remarked. "That is one of our first issue of currency, the first bank notes ever put into circulation by a labor organization bank anywhere in the history of the world. It is just as good as any other bank note. It was printed by the government and issued in the usual way. Our notes are in general circulation along with Federal Reserve notes and gold certificates."

The face of the note bore the inscription, "Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Co-operative Bank of Cleveland, will pay to the bearer on demand five dollars. Cleveland, Ohio, October 25, 1920. William B. Prenter, Cashier, Warren S. Stone, President."

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Building previously mentioned was erected without assessing the members of the organization. The brotherhood bought the land outright, and then erected the structure with borrowed money. Within 10 years the rentals had paid off the loan, and now the building stands free of debt. It cost $1,250,000. Recently the brotherhood rejected an offer of $3,000,000.

It was a long leap from the cab of an engine to the promoter of a $3,000,000 office building and the presidency of a $15,000,000 bank, but Mr. Stone made it. After serving as a fireman for five years, he ran an engine for 19 years and three months. In 1903 he became Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and has been re-elected to that office six times unanimously. His term expires in 1924.

There is no organic connection between the engineers and other railway brotherhoods, but they pull together on a co-operative basis. Mr. Stone does not have the authority to call a strike of engineers, that being decided by vote of the members, but he does have the power to stop one after it has been ordered. He exercised that power about a year ago, and halted a strike after 95 per cent of the men had voted to go out. In other labor organizations, officers can call a strike without submitting the question to a vote. Stone led in the fight for a Federal eight-hour law for railway men, and on his wall, neatly framed, hangs the pen held by President Wilson in signing this law.

In extending the co-operative banking system, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has recently acquired control of the Peoples' State Banking & Trust Company, of Hammond, Indiana, and of the Nottingham Banking & Trust Company, Nottingham, Ohio. Other co-operative banks have been or are being formed in Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Bernardino, Tucson, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Birmingham, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Denver, Seattle and Spokane.

"Labor organizations are just beginning to find out," said Mr. Stone, "that after all it is the money of the people that is being used by the bankers for their own profit. For every dollar invested in a bank by a so-called capitalist, the people put in $12. In place of paying big dividends to non-productive stockholders, they can limit the dividends and divide the surplus. There is an immense field in which the co-operative idea can expand in America."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 37, July 8, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Another Diagnosis by Mr. Hays

"THIS country must have its amusement or it will go red," says Will H. Hays, high priest of moviedom. That is what they said in ancient Rome. So they had their amusement, and Rome did not go red, but rotten. There was a money question in ancient Rome; the interest question was pressing hard as it is today; elemental human rights sacredly belonging to every individual were overlooked in the false glare of general success; politics became increasingly corrupt, and social life grew infamously loose—and whoever the Will H. Hays of the period was, he said that Rome had to have her amusements or she would go red, or whatever the ancient equivalent to "red" may have been.

Besides being as old as the declining period of Rome, Mr. Hays' remedy is also as recent as the late prohibition of liquor. The increased social agitation which has come up since men's minds have been de-alcoholized is blamed on the absence of the saloon. It is perhaps true that the stupefaction procurable in the corner saloon might have postponed the social awakening for some years, maybe a generation. But on the other hand, it is also likely to be true that it was the social awakening which is responsible for getting the saloon out of the way as a hindrance to straight social thinking. Anyway, the cry we hear now is that "Bolshevism and the Reds would not have had a chance if we had kept the saloon." It is just a paraphrase of Mr. Hays—"This country must have its liquor or it will go red."

This country is not going "red." And it will not be liquor nor amusements that will prevent it. The American spirit is going to shake off its attitude of cowed subservience, is going to look its problems in the face, is going to ask its self-appointed rulers to stand aside, and is going to put its life on a basis of justice and progress. That will not be revolution, but the liberation of the nation from all its unnatural and uneconomic bondage. Nothing will suffer but unjust systems which cause suffering. But as for amusements helping, there is this to say: most of the revolutionary and immoral ideas now current have come to the popular mind through the channels of its amusements. Amusement has been subsidized by the vilest forms of propaganda.

The Help the Farmer Really Needs

BILLS in aid of agriculture are as plentiful in Congress as mosquitoes in damp weather, and quite as annoying. While all of them seek to improve the present cumbersome plan, which finances bankers rather than farmers, and others seek the replacement of the War Finance Board with another of like powers under a different designation, all have the same indirect method of reaching the beneficiary.

Most of the bills seek to reorganize the farm loan system by creating a second Federal Reserve System, and widening the scope to include not only the actual producers of crops and breeders of live stock, but all engaged in the marketing of agricultural production. Thus, warehouse receipts would suffice for collateral for loans, enabling trading agencies to turn over their capital more frequently.

Like the immense profits of the Federal Reserve System, these added profits in any of the proposed Farm Loan systems must be paid by producer and consumer; by producer in lower crop prices, and by consumer in enhanced retail prices. They are the goats. The schemes all seem to increase the opportunities for tolling the grist.

Agriculture has just two paths to permanent prosperity. The first must come gradually, the second is within reach in the near future.

Path No. 1 is to get out of debt and stay out.

Path No. 2 is to insist on the refunding of all maturing obligations of the government into non-interest (or a very low interest) bearing bonds carrying the circulation privilege, sell them to any organized bank without reserve and issue Treasury Notes to the amount of bonds deposited.

The notes would be the only currency in circulation; the bank of issue would be under no obligation to ask a central bank to rediscount its collateral, and could not be squeezed at will by the Money Trust. The farmer would have his paper in hands acquainted with his circumstances.

From the date (Nov. 27, 1914) of the opening of the Federal Reserve banks for business until October 26, 1921, the aggregate capital stock of the 12 regional banks has increased from $18,050,000 to $103,007,000, the surplus fund from nothing ($15,000,000 being declared at the end of the first year) to $213,834,000. Total assets rose during the same period from $270,018,000 to $5,094,915,000.

It must be remembered that these profits, fabulous as they seem, are not complete, since the last dividend of last year had not been paid when the figures were compiled and the last addition to the surplus had not been announced. Also that during all the time the shareholding banks have been receiving cumulative interest at six per cent, while enormous salaries and extravagant building reservations had been approved, and $124,000,000 in round numbers had been awarded the United States Treasury.

The plan here suggested would save to the people this immense USURY charge, and what profit came to the system would be shared in by the people to the extent of the saving in interest of the refunded bonds.

It's Going to Turn Out All Right!

ANOTHER step toward the restoration of amicable diplomatic relations between the United States and Mexico has been taken after extensive conferences in Wall Street, New York. The first important move in that direction was made when mining properties and ranches owned by persons influential in this country were afforded safeguards by the Obregon government.

The Wall Street conferences were attended by Adolfo de la Huerta, Mexican finance minister, and by representatives of the powerful international banking firms of the United States, England, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland. Discussions were held over the payment of the Mexican debt with its back interest. A rapprochement satisfactory to all was reached, the international bankers laying down terms for the operation of Mexican railways and other internal affairs of the republic below the Rio Grande.

The early period of the conferences was characterized by some predictions of failure, and some of the scary speculators let loose of their Mexican securities. But persons close to the negotiating influences retained their confidence. The satisfactory conclusion of arrangements between the international committee and the Mexican finance minister was followed naturally by a sharp rise in Mexican stocks, and those who bet that way are happy over the result.

Gradually, the obstacles to pleasant relations between the neighbor republics are being removed. The Obregon government is determined that no properties of belligerent American newspaper owners shall be destroyed, and reciprocally, interventionist American editors are beginning to believe that Mexico can govern itself properly. The assurance that Wall Street influences have confidence in the stability of the Mexican government leaves only the farmers and laborers in the United States and the peons in Mexico in the way of the complete restoration of diplomatic relations. And they are too busy working to cause trouble.

Fair and Warmer

IT WOULD be unjust for this world to go on another day, without a word of appreciation being said for that sublime philanthropist, the inventor of the electric fan.

His name is unhonored and unsung, but his glory will last as long as the sun shines. Somewhere, perhaps in some dusty encyclopedia, in the dim recesses of the patent office, in Who's Who, his name may be known. But, thanks to the pleasant zone which his invention provides, it is beyond mortal courage to labor forth into hot libraries to determine the identity of him we honor.

There are many persons who have sought to bestow great favors upon humankind. Millions of dollars have been given. Monks have spent their lives in dismal cells, seeking bits of learning with which to enrich mankind. Explorers have dared the perils of unknown lands. Patriots have offered their lives for liberty. But in all coolness, who has done more to make pleasant the human pathway than the inventor of the electric fan?

In Civilized America, A. D. 1922

THE following extract is from the Associated Press account of the mine riots at Herrin, Illinois:

"Out in a road near the mine, six men, tied together and all wounded by bullets and blows, lay in a scorching sun, while hundreds of men and women laughed at their pleas for water.

"One of the men, his face bloody and one shoulder shot away, apparently was within a few minutes of death.

"'Please, boys, give me a drink,' he moaned.

"A laugh from the hundreds of spectators was the only reply.

"The correspondent rushed to a house for water and when he returned he was faced by a sword and quickly drawn pistols and told to keep away.

"When the man begged again for water, 'for God's sake,' a young woman with a baby in her arms placed her foot on the mangled body and said:

"'I'll see you in hell before you get any water.'

"The men apparently had been dragged down a rock road behind an automobile. Their clothes were torn and pieces of gravel were imbedded in their mangled flesh.

"A miner told the Associated Press correspondent that he had seen 15 bodies thrown into a pond with rocks around their necks, Thursday. About 20 imported workers are missing."

The Right Method

SUPPORTERS of Philippine independence are buoyed with warm hope that the realization of their desire is near. The average observer can see little perceptible change in the attitude of the United States Congress toward this 23-year-old issue.

But a little consideration will show that the Filipinos are not entirely without warrant in their hope.

They are going to establish a publicity agency in the United States.

Manuel Quezon, president of the Senate, and Sergio Osmena, speaker of the House, are in the United States with a mission, advocating independence. They were received courteously at the White House, in the Capitol, and at various places throughout the country. They will shortly return home.

But their announcement that they plan to leave a publicity agency behind affords abundant food for thought. Think of what it will mean to have such justifiable arguments for independence as they possess, garnished with the sentimentalist adverbs, argumentative adjectives and convincing nouns with which the facile publicity man puts across his hokum! The Filipinos had but to consider the number of times the American people have been "sold," to determine that a splendid indirect advertising campaign was just the thing they needed. And if, as is to be expected, they just pick the right kind of a glad-hand operator to mix with the Congressmen in Washington, perhaps their dream of independence may not be so far-fetched after all.

Unheralded Legislation

THE United States Senate has passed a bill extending the corporate life of national banks, so that a renewal of charter will be for 99 years instead of 20, the present limitation. It is significant that a measure of so great importance should be disposed of without arousing discussion or even causing a serious division in the body acting on it.

The passage of this bill seems a step toward fixing the bank monopoly on the country. No provision is made for the issue of a national bank currency. In fact, the design of the ruling class now is to retire the national bank currency as rapidly as possible. After that has been done, the retirement of the greenback will follow and the country be limited to the Federal Reserve issues.

Of an interest-bearing indebtedness of practically 24 billions of dollars, less than a billion ($793,116,930) is available for national bank circulation. Eighty per cent of the amount available is in consols, falling due in 1930. Except for obligations aggregating $181,489,900, falling due in 1925, there is no chance to refund.

Here is a problem that requires study. Why should the limit of national bank charters be extended to perpetuity at a time when the object of their incorporation, the issue of money, is about to be eliminated by the expiration of the debt on which that circulation is based?

There is a simple solution. It is the giving of the circulation privilege to every government obligation on terms that will indemnify the government in the matter of interest, stopping the issue of currency on commercial paper, and permit every bank to issue money as needed on deposit of the bonds. Then the local bank will be free from dictation from any source save the Federal Government, can handle its own customers, and can face competition if it enters any pool inimical to the interests of its community.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE world seems running over with knowledge, yet when you take it all and reduce it to its essence which is Wisdom, you discover that there is a great deal of refuse. As tons of roses produce but little attar, so oceans of fact and centuries of experience seem to produce only a few simple principles. To be born with power to see these principles, or to achieve a sight for them, is to have become wise.

The world is much wiser than it knows, for although it is keenly alive to its lack of knowledge in many things, it does possess certain principles by which every kind of fact it may discover, can be interpreted. How much of the essence of principle is distilled from experience, and how much of the essence of principle we innately possess to enable us to distill at all, forms an interesting subject for speculation. But it is always forced upon us that we are not quite new beginners where we seem visibly to begin, nor do we end where all trace of us seems to be lost. The chain of principle which binds us fast to Reality seems to span with one link the period of human experience, and stretch either way into distances that no one has measured.

At the end of a recent biography the subject tried to sum up what he had learned from life, and he was able to say it all in a half-dozen simple sentences. There was nothing startling in it. Nothing that would evoke a thrill. But anyone who knows the experience of *knowing* a simple truth, and *seeing* how the apparently simple thing runs regnantly through all the planes of life—anyone having this experience will know how thrillingly real such knowledge can be. It is not that the intellectual conception is new, but the realization is new and vivid. It is like old familiar things seen under a light that penetrates and glorifies them.

The purpose of life seems to be the accumulation of experience, and the greatest experience of all is to get vividly and realistically inside a principle.

Perhaps this explains why people, as a rule, are impatient of the things they are merely told. It may explain the half-contempt of the boy for his father's counsel. It is happening in the world every day that full-grown men are suddenly exclaiming: "My father used to tell me that! By George, the old man was right!" But the discovery is not made until the grown son has entered the serviceable temple of truth through the homely door of experience. And he will try in turn to tell his son, but his son may be stubborn, too, and have to learn in the same belated way.

Of course, some people do learn by merely being told. The instant they hear the principle proclaimed, they have no need of proof or any kind of confirmation, they just instantly *know* it is true. It is as if they had known it before, but had forgotten, and the spoken word called to life again an element that was already there.

This experience, too, has led men on many quests. How did we learn to know that was true which we only heard once with the ears? Whence came that inner recognition and full-fledged understanding on the instant of the message? Why were we able to "see" at once what others see with difficulty, and some seem never to see at all? Where did we originally learn that which we now suddenly recall? Such questions cannot be avoided. And once these are admitted, others thrust themselves up. Can a man receive the results of experience as a gift? Does the natively gifted mind realize without intermediary experience, what the other mind must receive through the sweat of grime of a lifetime of experience? Or have we a prenatal past?

However these problems may be regarded, it is certain that the world goes forward in proportion to the number of minds that "see." There is a constant urge that the people "think." Thinking becomes a grind unless there are facts to grind upon, or unless there is this background of principle through the medium of which all the elements of a problem can be related. "Thinking" may become a most desperate labor without the materials upon which thought can work. To "think" strenuously and never be able to "see" is but a process that wears down the resiliency of the mind. Until thought gets the wings of vision, it does treadmill work.

Progress, especially that kind of progress which depends on the agreement of the people on some forward-looking idea, does not come by the efforts of men but by the unfolding of that which seems to be dormant in the public mind. All of the arguments against slavery existed during the height of slavery, but the enlistment of the logical faculties was not enough, is never enough, to bring about a great change. "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." No man is convinced against his will—the old saying is in error that far—but many a man is convinced in his logical or rational nature, in his thinking apparatus, without being greatly affected as a whole. He will say "yes" and go on acting "no." His logical retreat has been cut off, but his moral or spiritual advance has not begun. That is the reason. Intellectual conviction need not enlist the whole life. Indeed, the highest motive power for progress has been known to come when a man "sees" first, and afterward puts logical foundations under that which he sees.

Now, in dealing with great masses of people, the logical framework of an idea of public advance is often very slight, just enough to satisfy the vigilant logical faculties that no fallacy is being introduced. But the tremendous support which is won for justice or progress comes, not because the people are laboriously convinced by argument, but because with swift and accurate insight they "see."

That is the danger in which systems of injustice stand in this land. They think they are securely defended behind the technical ignorance of the masses. They think they can work forever the sleight-of-hand trick by which a few mysterious words are shouted to the people to stupefy them again or make them timid. Systems of injustice are due to discover very soon that these defenses are insecure. For the people do not work to their conclusions by the pick-and-shovel method, wearily thinking out each step by itself; they arrive by the airplane route, going at once to their objective on the wings of clear "seeing." And when once the people "see," the game is over. Thereafter no argument, no pressure, no force can turn them back. The program of progress, in any special matter, is won the moment the people "see."

The systems of injustice, whose term is now very short in this country, are just bethinking themselves what they can say in their own defense, what arguments they can invent to turn the popular mind as a horse is turned by the bit in his mouth. But it is too late. The day of judgment is not a day of orations to the jury. The day of judgment is like the sorting of apples in harvest. The good ones go here, the bad ones go there. Argument has no place. What a thing *is* determines the case, and nothing else does. No argument can remove the character of injustice from the unjust system. Its fruits condemn it. And its fruits are such as people can "see."

That orchard figure explains it. Harvest is coming and harvest is revelation of the nature of the seed that has been planted. Moreover, harvest is inevitable. The ripening of the multitude of facts and experiences which the people have had is as inevitable as the dawn. And not only inevitable but irresistible.

THERE is harvest because all the crops ripen at the same season. There are great forward steps in the affairs of men because thought ripens into "seeing" at the same time. Little is immediately accomplished by the sowing of facts—facts at the best are only seeds, and only as they are facts can they grow as seeds. Little is immediately accomplished by argument—argument is but watering the sown seed. But there comes a time when the seed becomes something else, when knowledge becomes principle, when intellectual conviction becomes that deeper thing which we call "clear seeing," and upon the arrival at "seeing" by the people, old things pass away and better things are born. "Seeing" is the end of a process, and once it is attained, nothing can turn it back. We are nearing the time of a new harvest of "seeing."

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Beauties of Canada's National Playgrounds

Large Tracts in Dominion Reserved for Parks and Preserves

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

AS THE city park is to the urban dweller so is the national park to the people of a country. The one provides partial breathing spaces by means of which the individual may keep up that contact with nature which is so very essential until such time as it may be more effectually renewed by a sojourn in the other.

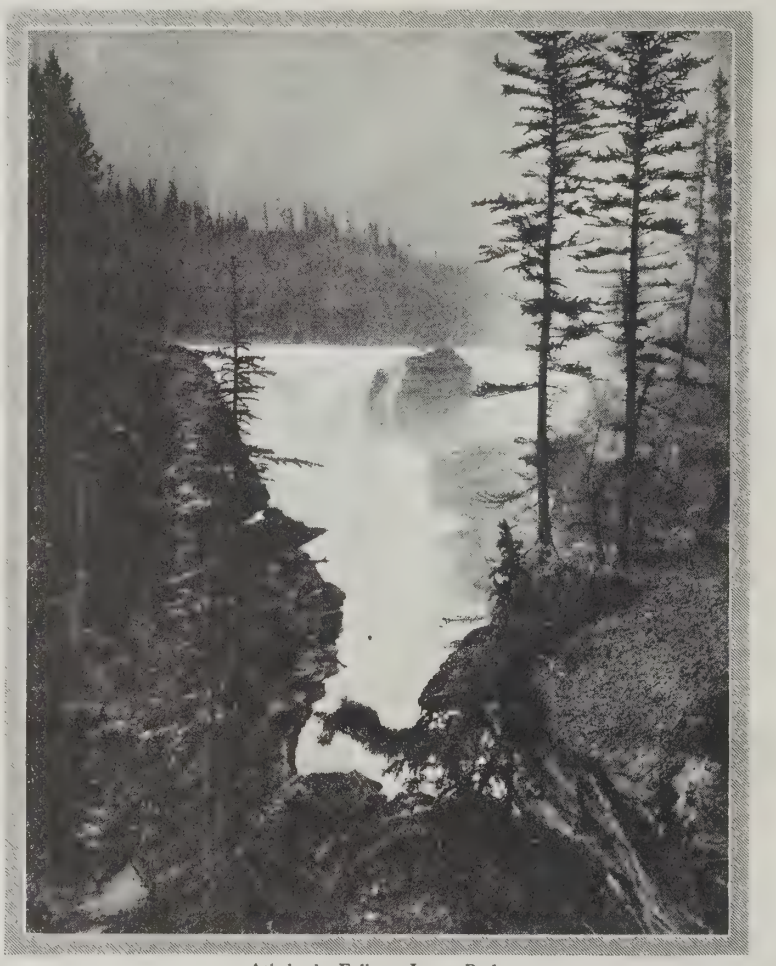
In these strenuous days there is a continual contest between the utilitarian and the esthetic. And, more often than not, what is termed the esthetic is found in the end to be much more utilitarian than a great deal that bears the latter stamp more obviously impressed upon it. There is, therefore, always a tendency—strenuously opposed by the relatively few of vision—to restrict the areas set aside or proposed for purposes of recreation and to devote them to more "productive" ends. But in Canada it is possible to combine this most utilitarian function with the pursuit of pleasure and health.

The great continental watershed is the Rocky Mountains. A number of the largest rivers in the Dominion flowing into the Pacific, the Arctic and Hudson Bay have their rise within a short distance of each other in the Rockies or the parallel Selkirk Range lying to the westward.

Owing to Canada's great territorial extent, its immense natural resources and its relatively sparse population there has been practically no opposition to the reservation of large tracts of territory for national parks and game preserves. Moreover, Canada's mountain area is so ruggedly beautiful and so obviously suited not only to provide a natural playground for many millions more than Canada is likely to possess for a long time to come but to supply the deficiency for the millions whose homes lie in lands not so fortunately circumstanced, that her failure to do so would be no less than a crime. Canada has been fortunate in having men at the head of her affairs, who, in this respect, at least, have not been lacking in vision. Hence, as a result, the Dominion today possesses a total of 9,384 square miles of national parks—an area somewhat in excess of the total extent of the national parks in the United States, exclusive of Alaska.

As long ago as 1885—before the Dominion of Canada, as such, had been 20 years in existence—the desirability of providing for the millions yet to come was recognized and a small area surrounding the since famous hot springs at Banff, in the Rocky Mountains, was set aside. The extent of this park has been increased from time to time until at the present moment it comprises 2,751 square miles. This is officially known as Rocky Mountains Park, but is popularly known as the Banff Park, because the town of that name forms its principal center. It lies on the eastern slope of the Rockies, with the continental divide as its western boundary, and is roughly wedge-shaped, being about 90 miles long by about 50 miles wide. The main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway cuts through it diagonally. Banff and Lake Louise, the latter farther west and at a greater altitude, are the two principal tourist resorts and contain probably the best and most extensive accommodation for travelers to be found in the Canadian parks.

Each year the Canadian Rockies are attracting a greater number of persons who love and appreciate the glories of mountain climbing. At Banff is the headquarters of the Canadian Alpine Club whose beautifully situated clubhouse is visited each summer by alpinists from far and near, including famous mountaineers who have served their apprenticeship in the Alps, Andes or Himalayas and amateurs who believe with Professor Coleman (professor of geology at Toronto University and an enthusiastic mountaineer) that mountains can only be seen from a mountain and cannot really be seen from the valley. For in the Canadian Rockies there are mountains to suit the taste and degree of dexterity of all classes of climbers from Mount Rundle right near Banff, which, although 9,665 feet in height, presents no difficulties to the amateur, to Mount Assiniboine (11,860), farther south, which has been termed the "Canadian Matterhorn," or to Mount Robson (13,700), in Jasper Park, neither of which is to be despised by the most expert climber. And there are dozens of other peaks still unclimbed and unnamed to tempt those who relish the opportunity to set foot where none but the eagle and the wild goat have trod. Occasionally, such aspirations end in disaster, as in the case of Dr. W. E. Stone, late president of Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana, who fell to his death after having scaled the virgin peak of Mount Eon in July, 1921. Newspaper readers will probably remember how Mrs. Stone, after seeing her husband go tumbling down the precipice, was forced to remain for six days and nights on a narrow ledge of rock high up on the mountain side whence she could neither advance nor retreat, during which time she was without food, her only sustenance being a faint trickle of water providing not more than a mouthful every four hours. But these contingencies only lend zest to the real mountaineer; and those who knew Dr. Stone well feel certain that had he been given his choice he would doubtless have preferred, with John Muir, death on some noble mountain or in the heart of a glacier to disease or some shabby lowland accident.



Athabaska Falls, at Jasper Park.

In addition to the joys of mountain climbing, the visitor to Banff may see quite an extensive area of mountain territory by motor, for nearly 200 miles of excellent motor roads have been constructed with Banff as the hub. In this manner beautiful lakes may be visited, splendid valleys traversed, and even elevations may be reached that in most regions would be considered mountains—all while bathed in the brilliant sunshine and breathing the invigorating air of the mountains rich with the odors of the pine and the spruce. Bathers may take their choice of hot or cold water, the former in the commodious baths provided by the government or by certain of the hotels, the latter in the waters of the Bow River fresh from the melting glaciers. Boating, fishing, horseback riding, golfing, and, in fact, practically all forms of recreation, except the killing of birds or animals, are possible at Banff under ideal conditions.

Crossing the Great Divide, one comes to Yoho National Park containing an area of 476 square miles lying along the western slope of the main chain of the Rockies. It, too, is cut by the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Field Station, its chief distributing point. Yoho Park has not yet accommodations to handle such crowds as visit Banff and Lake Louise each year, but the person who wishes to see exceptionally beautiful mountain scenery and who does not expect to view it merely from the seat of an observation car may find lakes, glaciers, waterfalls, canyons and mountain peaks probably not duplicated.

It is not that the mountains in the Canadian Rockies are extremely high as mountains go, for they are not so high as some of the peaks farther south in the United States, but they rise generally above comparatively low surrounding valleys, and thus appear higher to the person in the valley than do mountain peaks that rise from a high foundation of tableland. Moreover, the heavy precipitation and the lower snow-line of the more northerly latitude provide many peaks with a perpetual cap of snow, and consequently glaciers, that would in a more southerly latitude be bare of snow excepting in winter. These circumstances also result in a heavy growth of timber on the lower slopes with very dense vegetation in the valleys. The glaciers feed innumerable streams that tumble over precipices in dazzling cascades, or form wonderful jewels of lakes whose waters reflect in their depths the outlines of their mountain lords and which range in color from the deepest blue to the brightest emerald, hues peculiar to glacial waters that must be seen before their absolute beauty can be even faintly appreciated.

The Columbia River, which reaches the Pacific in the state of Oregon, rises in the western foothills of the Rockies near the southern boundary of British Columbia, flows northeast for about 150 miles, and, after making an abrupt bend, flows southward into the United States. Within this great elbow lies the massive Selkirk Range. Geologically, the Selkirks are older than the Rockies and consequently not quite so high, their highest peak, Mount Sir Sandford, being but 11,634 feet, and their average somewhat lower. From the standpoint of alpine scenery, however, they are in no way inferior. The warm humid breezes from the Pacific deposit most of their moisture in the Selkirks and as a result the latter lie under vast fields of snow and ice at altitudes and at seasons when corresponding peaks in the Rockies are bare. The effect of this greater precipitation is seen in the density and size of the timber that clothes their lower slopes and also in the almost tropical profusion of the undergrowth and vegetation in the valleys.

Forming an irregular rectangle containing 468 square miles, Glacier National Park lies atop the broad bulk of the Selkirks, having Rogers Pass, through which runs the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as its center, and cut on the western slope by the Illicilliwaet Valley. In addition to innumerable glaciers and snowfields, stupendous mountains, fairy waterfalls and gem-like lakes, the Nakimu Caves are perhaps most worthy of mention. This series of subterranean galleries and grottoes is to be found in the Cougar Valley about seven miles northwest of Glacier Station. Up to the present time these underground passages have been explored for about 2,000 feet. They are from 100 to 120 feet beneath the surface and have evidently been eroded by the Cougar River which can be heard reverberating in their dark recesses, still gouging them out to greater depths. Evidently, some convulsion of nature has caused the river to follow this subterranean course and in the ensuing ages it has, where the rock was softer, hollowed out these great caves, some of which are from 100 to 200 feet in length and from 20 to 50 feet high and from 10 to 30 feet in width. These larger chambers are connected by passages of varying heights and widths.

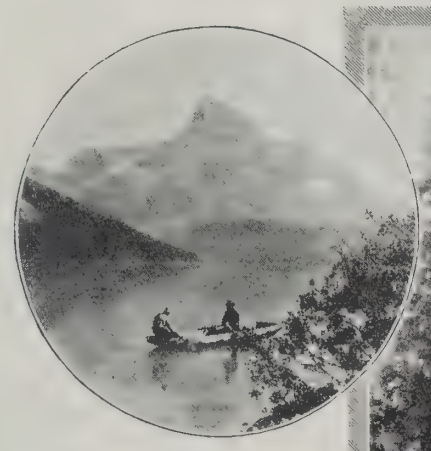
Continuing to the west, near Revelstoke, British Columbia, one comes to Revelstoke Park, which occupies the broad undulating summit of Mount Revelstoke, aggregating 95 square miles. This park is all above the 7,000-foot mark and affords a unique opportunity to secure a splendid view of alpine scenery, including the Columbia and Illicilliwaet valleys, from the clouds without any of the discomforts of climbing, as an excellent switchback motor road has been constructed from Revelstoke.

Canada's largest—and, until recently, least known—national park is Jasper, comprising 4,-

(Concluded on page 13)

Nature Prodigal With Beauty Spots in Canada

Photographs Afford an Idea of Scenic Grandeur Found in Dominion's West



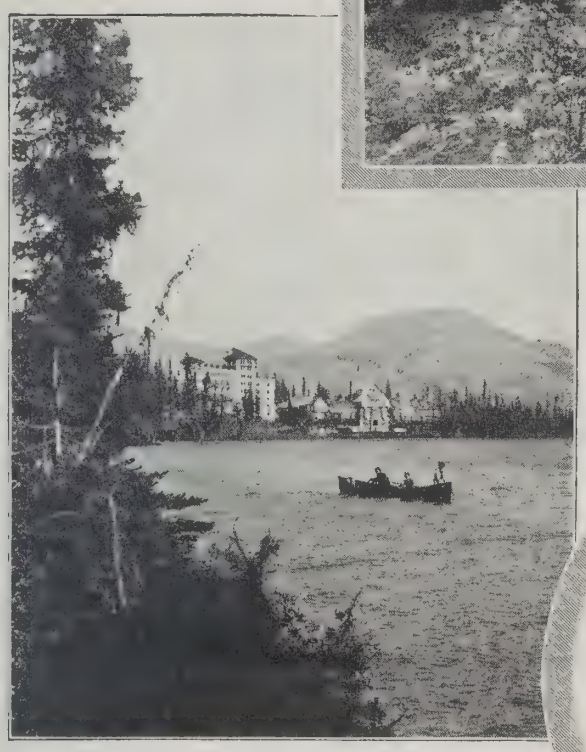
Maligne Lake, Jasper Park.



Mount Edith Cavell, Jasper Park, 1916.



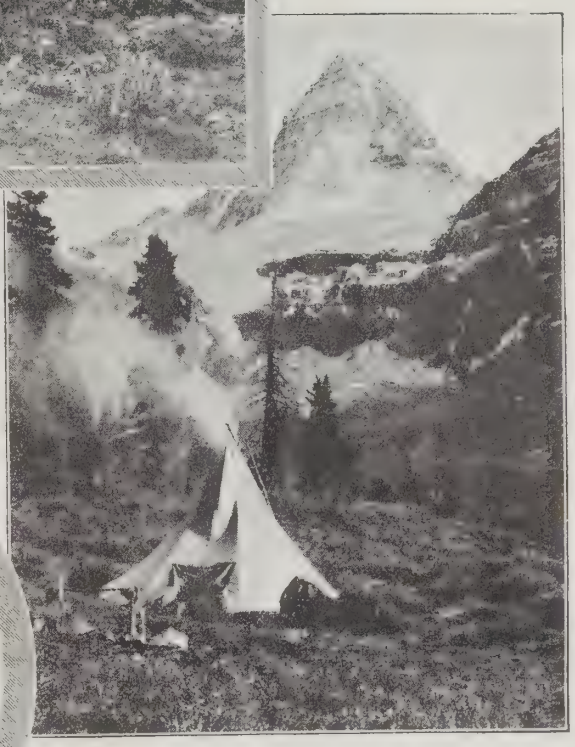
Mt. Eon, Rocky Mountains Park. (Where Dr. W. E. Stone met his death in July, 1921.)



Lake Louise and chateau, Rocky Mountains Park.

Buffaloes are protected at Wainwright, Alta.





Mt. Assiniboine, Rocky Mountains Park.



Lake Cavell.



Waterton Lake, Waterton Lakes Park.



The tented city at Lac Beauvert, Jasper Park.

Why You Have Lost Faith in Your Newspaper

Dependency on Advertising Receipts Costs Its Loyalty to Readers

By LEWIS HARPER

ARE the newspapers "controlled" by the department stores? It is time that this question should be frankly discussed, for it seems that nearly everybody believes it. There are just two classes, newspapermen and department store executives, who do not believe it, if the discussions that I have heard are any criterion, and I have heard it talked from coast to coast, bellowed from the soap box, and enunciated most nicely in Chautauqua and classroom. It is assumed as a social and political axiom by those laboring under the psychosis of "economic determinism."

And now the charge is a matter of official record. In discussing the tariff bill recently, Senator Porter J. McCumber, of North Dakota, said: "The policies of practically all the great metropolitan papers of the country are governed by the counting room. If the great department stores do not own stock in those papers, they are their customers, and through the advertising medium control the policy of these papers.

"From the time of the introduction of the great department stores of the country until the present, these papers have gradually become their mouthpieces in favor of practically free trade, or, at least, a very low tariff."

Now this quotation is not from the *Congressional Record* but from a dispatch printed in a Chicago newspaper—crowded from stem to stern with department store advertising.

To the average newspaperman that fact alone is sufficient answer to the charge of department store control. In truth, the charge of department store control has appeared so absurd to most newspaper executives that they have not usually deemed it worth refuting. So sure have they been of their position that they have allowed the charge to go practically unanswered for something like 20 years. From their silence, the inference seems to have been generally drawn that they either admit the charge or fear to discuss it.

There Have Been "Kept" Papers

ONE platitude of present-day radical propaganda is, "Why don't the newspapers sue Upton Sinclair for libel, if what he says in 'The Brass Check' isn't true?" It has never occurred to those who ask that Mr. Sinclair's long list of special instances of newspaper depravity as compiled and presented by himself does not make out a general case, even ex parte. Few such questioners have probably thought of the fact that newspaper publishers rarely resort to libel suits for the simple reason that they do not wish to encourage libel suits in any way. Most of them play down all news about libel suits to minimize the importance of the legal doctrine of libel and to avoid encouraging libel actions through the suggestive power of news. The newspapers have never thought it good policy, good business or good sense to give millions of dollars' worth of publicity to publications attacking them—such as the Sinclair "Brass Check." They have reasoned that to print editorial refutations of such charges would bring them to the attention of their 25,000,000 daily circulation. Otherwise, the charges would not reach over a few hundred thousand readers at the most—the bulk of these, with their minds already made up as to the iniquities of the "capitalist press."

The daily newspapers are, as a rule, self-supporting and profitable. Their circulation is voluntary. No one is compelled to pay for them, or to advertise in them. But it is precisely the self-supporting papers that are called the "kept press," by radical publications which live by frantic passing of the hat, or subscription to which is made compulsory on members of labor unions which have guaranteed the support of such papers. In the eyes of regular newspapermen it is only the "kept press" that denounces others as "kept."

However, there *have been* "kept" daily newspapers. In fact, it was only recently that two prominent Texas daily newspapers were caught taking money from the packers; so it is a question whether the newspapers have been wise in assuming that everyone else is as sure as they are themselves of their own honesty. Perhaps it would have been better to take the public into their confidence rather than to have assumed that everyone is aware of their honesty and economic independence.

Not Controlled by Stores

IT IS with this idea that I undertake this analysis of the charge of department store control, and if my conclusions do not agree either with the current newspaper conception or what I believe to be the incorrect popular view, it is hoped that at least the discussion will tend to clarify a situation that certainly needs more light.

I have never yet met a newspaper editor who ever received an order from a department store, directly or through the business office.

In seven years of editorial management I do not recall ever having received an "order" from a department store, and precious few requests, of any nature—certainly only one to color news, and that met with a refusal. The refusal resulted in an advertising boycott by the department stores, one of the very few ever attempted in America. It ended in increased advertising rates for repentant department stores.

In that case—one of perhaps two dozen in the history of American journalism—the department stores were under political and police pressure—not acting of their own volition. Incidentally, the newspaper was a small one, but that proved a source of strength instead of weakness, for our overhead was small, it was easy to cut our operating costs, and we went through the storm on the black side of the ledger, but with little profit.

Of course, newspapermen will admit that here and there a weak newspaper may allow itself to be coerced by big advertisers, usually department stores, but they say—and I believe justly—that such an instance would merely demonstrate the moral weakness of the newspaper owner, not a necessary result of the relation between the two institutions.

Against the instances that could be cited of weak newspapers submitting to department store dictation, there are probably just as many instances of strong and unscrupulous newspapers dealing ruthlessly with weak department stores—especially those whose owners have been socially indiscreet in cities where publishers are not overly nice about using the blackjack, and there are such cities and such publishers—not many but a few.

The public knows that the bulk of newspaper revenues comes from advertising, and that department stores are the biggest advertisers. After several decades of political mud slinging and journalistic muckraking, in which the debates of our democracy have degenerated into mutual recrimination based on charges of sinister motives and influence—it is perhaps not surprising that the people leap to the conclusion that the department stores run the newspapers. But with equal justice they might conclude that the Typographical Union dictates the policy of the papers its members print, for it is a fact that scarcely a dozen newspapers from Maine to California today could go to press if the printers said no.

The theory of department store "control" or "dictation" is one of those obvious guesses based on a half truth, with which our generation abounds. It is true that department stores influence the newspapers—in fact, all advertising influences them, but *not directly*. Advertising influences the newspapers because the newspapers' need for advertising has made *quantity* circulation the *be all and end all of newspaper policies.* The advertiser buys space on the basis of so much "per inch per thousand" newspaper readers. Thus the advertiser and the publisher have a common objective, to reach as many readers as possible.

The people have mistaken a *community of interest* between the newspapers and the department stores for the control of the one by the other. They have guessed correctly that there is something wrong with the newspapers but have failed to understand what it is. In this respect I believe that the majority of newspapermen are equally in the dark. There is today much searching of hearts in their ranks. The loss of public confidence which followed the censorship of wartime has been keenly felt by the newspapers. In politics it has been evidenced unmistakably by defeat after defeat administered to policies or candidates enjoying the bulk of newspaper support. In many cities "newspaper favor" is a death warrant for a political candidate. Nearly every recent proposed national policy which the *Literary Digest* has accredited with the majority newspaper support has been defeated.

The Public Is Dissatisfied

THE public is dissatisfied with the newspapers. It feels that it is not getting a genuine article, certainly not getting what it thinks it wants.

As usual, it will be found upon investigation that the reason the public is not getting what it thinks it is entitled to, is because it is not paying for it. It apparently was not, and is not willing to pay for it, so it is getting an inferior substitute. The newspaper buyer pays only two or three cents for his paper. It is safe to say that the production cost of few American newspapers is less than 10 cents a copy, most of them average higher, some a great deal higher. The newspaper receives only about 50 per cent of the purchase price, the rest goes to the distributor. So the newspaper reader is paying directly for only 10 per cent of the cost of the article he buys—often less than that.

Right here we come to the economic fallacy which is at once the cause of the newspaper's failure to function properly and the public's lack of faith in the newspaper's independence. Indirectly, as a member of the consuming public, the reader is paying for the newspaper's *by-product*—advertising. And, unlike nearly every other manufacturing industry, the newspaper business is living *mainly* on its *by-product.* This is the source of its weakness—the cause of its readers' uneasy distrust. The tax levied upon the public by the newspapers is deceptive like all other forms of indirect taxation.

Without realizing it, the public is paying an increased price for nearly everything it consumes because of advertising costs. Advertising constitutes from 75 to 90 per cent of newspaper earnings. The newspaper no longer owes its readers for its principal means of support. It is no longer under special obligations of loyalty to any reader clientele. It does not need loyal friends and believers in its veracity or its policies, as much as it needs advertising revenues. Advertising rates and revenues are based primarily on the *quantity* of circulation a newspaper has to sell. Hence, the main objective of the newspaper publisher is *mass circulation.* If that can be obtained by honesty, truth-telling and public service—well and good. But if there are any easier ways or short cuts, then the temptation to adopt them is great indeed.

On analysis, most of the complaints heard about the newspapers—sensationalism, sex psychosis, demagogy and the like—will be found to trace back to the quest for mass circulation, which is the basis of advertising sales value. This will also explain why the number of newspapers has so greatly diminished, and why there are no longer small groups of newspaper readers in every city or state who "swear by" this or that newspaper, or this or that editor. The quest for mass circulation also has resulted in the loss of that intimate touch between the editor and the reader which still remains the strength of small-town journalism. It has forced the newspapers to deal in generalities, to treat only of "big" events, "far-away stuff" or to descend to topics such as sex, which are capable of being understood by the largest numbers of people, without regard to their cultural status.

If readers were able to segregate themselves into classes and buy newspapers to meet their special wants, they could get quite excellent specialized journals for 10 cents and upward, but when they are compelled to buy in the mass, because advertising revenue is dependent on mass circulation, they are forced to pay for a whole lot of stuff they don't want, because the other fellow demands it.

The public demanded *cheap* newspapers and *good* newspapers. To supply them the publishers were compelled to develop their by-product of advertising, and to obtain advertising revenue they were forced to seek mass circulation. No more perfect illustration than the economic spiral can be found than this basic fact of publishing economics.

The quest for mass circulation, forced by the public demand for cheap papers of high quality, has finally reacted to produce cheap newspapers both in price and quality—using the word cheap not in its money sense—for it is a fact that some of the most expensive stuff published is the least intelligent, both in execution and in appeal.

Lives Upon Its By-Product

THE newspaper reader is now forced to buy a product appealing to every element of the community irrespective of what *he* wants to read. To obtain and hold a volume of circulation sufficient to command the advertising revenues, the newspaper has had to expand into fields formerly occupied by special publications.

Professional baseball, under suspicion, but supposed to hold the interest of at least 50 per cent of male readers, commands one or two pages in every newspaper. *The cost of this publicity probably far exceeds the total gate receipts at all the League Parks.* The lovelorn and frequently lachrymose ladies who write to Beatrice Fairfax or Cynthia Grey for advice and consolation must have a column or column and a half a day. The handbook suckers must read the racing entries and that calls for expensive special-wire service. The man who reads the pseudo science on the editorial feature page thus helps keep the breath of life in the tottering form of race-track gambling. Probably 20 per cent of the people read the editorials, and probably five per cent know that many of them are now canned products manufactured back East, and shipped out to the "provinces."

A small per cent of readers play the stock market. The 95 per cent who do not, pay for the special wires, special writers and white paper devoted to this daily form chart of the Wall Street gaming house.

There is an outstanding article of faith in newspaper shops that women read women's page features—probably 25 per cent of them do—but this means from one to four pages in the afternoon papers. Most of us enjoy the Gumps, Jiggs, and some still stand for Mutt and Jeff. To the esthetics they are outrages, but they help pay for them.

The quest for mass circulation made necessary by the fact that the newspapers must live upon their by-product—a fundamentally false basis both in morals and economics, and fraught with ultimate consequences of evil that are becoming more evident as the process goes on—leads to actual distortion of the news. It necessitates covering a wide extent of territory, multiplication of editions, and the moving up of press times until the date line of many newspapers is a falsehood.

What You Get for "News"

THERE are widely sold editions of "afternoon" newspapers in New York, the usual news "deadline" of which is midnight of the day before. Afternoon newspapers are compelled to print their main editions so early that what straight news they contain is rewritten from the morning papers. Naturally they do not like to play up the other fellow's news so they give it as scant treatment as possible. They are seldom able to handle anything that happens after noon on their day of publication, and as the great bulk of human transactions are completed after the midday meal, a great deal of important news never appears in the principal or home-delivered editions of the afternoon papers, or if it does appear, is not adequately treated.

The afternoon papers for a long time have been growing in comparison to the morning press, because advertisers prefer them, believing that women read them more than the morning papers. The result of these two tendencies is to impair the news service to a large and growing class of readers, who do not get either the late afternoon editions, or the morning papers.

The race against time to cover as much territory as possible has militated against accuracy in handling the news. It has made it necessary for the reporter in contact with actual happenings to telephone the news

(Concluded on page 15)

A Helping Hand for the Lonely Wayfarer

Travelers' Aid Society Does Much for Those Bewildered by Trips

By H. W. PATTON

TWO little children, a boy and girl, who appeared no more than six or seven years old, were traveling alone across the country in a railroad train. That they were not poor little rich youngsters was evident from their garments, which were clean, but cheap and obviously homemade. Besides they were in a day coach—further evidence that their parents were not oversupplied with this world's goods. Rich children do not ride in day coaches, especially at night. These more fortunate youngsters ride in Pullmans and are put to sleep in a comfortable berth. Children of the better class do not often travel alone, but they do sometimes, as will be shown.

To return to the type of youthful travelers with which this article begins, there are thousands of such travelers now, and no harm befalls them on their journeys, and they never fail to reach their destination, thanks to that little-known, but very useful organization, the Travelers' Aid Society, whose representatives look after their welfare along the way.



(C) Underwood & Underwood
A little girl and her dolly, just arrived from Europe alone, and she at once came under the protecting wing of the Travelers' Aid.

These children travel because some emergency has made it necessary. Perhaps their mother has died and the father is sending them to relatives in some other section of the country. He is unable to accompany them because of financial or other reasons, so the Travelers' Aid performs the service for him without cost.

In former days the Travelers' Aid tagged these youthful wayfarers, the tags bearing the names of the children and their destination. The tags made the little ones conspicuous, and they were the recipients of much attention from adult passengers on the trains. The passengers used to stuff the children with all sorts of goodies and actually made it so pleasant for them that they were loath to leave the trains when they reached their destinations. An official of the Travelers' Aid said that in most cases the adult passengers had no interest whatever in the children—they used to feed them good things just to amuse themselves or to relieve the monotony of traveling. Anyhow, children traveling alone under the protection of the Travelers' Aid no longer are tagged, and the only attention they receive on the road is from the conductors, who see that they are comfortable, for conductors heartily co-operate with the society in its work.

The children are put aboard trains in charge of conductors and the conductors see that they stay aboard until they reach their destination, or until their arrival at a point of change. In the latter cases, the conductors turn the children over to a Travelers' Aid at the changing point, and she puts them on the proper train. Many of these children are met by the aids by appointment; that is, a telegram precedes them, and if the children are too young to tell their names, a description of them is contained in the wire, so that the aid at their destination or point of change will know whom to look out for and protect. Many children of the rich now are in-



An immigrant mother and her baby, cared for by the Travelers' Aid on arrival at Ellis Island.

trusted to the care of the Travelers' Aid, too, but they ride in Pullmans and have comforts others cannot enjoy. These children are sent hundreds of miles to schools in different parts of the country. They are unaccompanied by parents or nurse, but no harm ever befalls them. They go back and forth between school and home at vacation time under the watchful eyes of the aids.

The work of the society is international in scope, and young children not only travel in safety and comfort all over the United States, but journey from one end of the world to the other and always reach their destinations.

Not long ago a Hungarian girl 11 years old, and speaking no English, started from Budapest alone for America. She was nearly three months making her way out of her native land and across the Atlantic. She was discharged to a Travelers' Aid at Ellis Island. Her passport stated that she was on her way to Monarch, New York. There is no such place, and after diligent effort, the society located her parents in Monarch, Wyoming, and the child was sent there, being looked after at points along the way by Travelers' Aid people.



(C) Underwood & Underwood
Five years old, and he came from Europe to America alone, where the Travelers' Aid saw to it that he reached his destination, a small inland town.



Sixteen-year-old Italian immigrant protected by Travelers' Aid. She was bound for a small Michigan town, but she had the wrong address. The Travelers' Aid finally straightened her out.

Two children, a boy and girl, both four years old, were discharged to the society at Ellis Island a month ago. One was an alien and the other had acquired citizenship through his mother marrying an American soldier. These toddlers had crossed the ocean alone, and were bound for North Carolina. They made the entire trip from New York to their destination alone, being met at all points of change by Travelers' Aid workers.

These are only examples of the helpful service performed by the society. It must not be taken for granted, however, that the work of the society is all in behalf of child travelers. On the other hand, this work is only a small part, though it perhaps is the most appealing.

Immigration inspectors at Ellis Island discharge to the society all women, girls and children who are eligible to be admitted to the United States, but who, in the opinion of the inspectors, need further care or assistance to their destination. These include all young women and girls coming to the United States to marry.

And there were 3,700 young women and girls entering Ellis Island last year who stated that their purpose in coming to America was to marry and who were discharged to the Travelers' Aid. Every one of these cases was investigated by the society, and the workers discovered that in many

(*Concluded on page 14*)

Ohio—A Paradise of the Money Lenders

Taxes for Interest Are Higher Than Taxes for City Expenses; Usurers' Joker Costs Citizens of the Buckeye State Dearly

By EMERSON ROBINSON

EXCITEMENT arose in Ohio a few months ago. "Only 25 per cent of the people think," a prominent state official was quoted as saying.

Ensued an immediate stampede of adults and near adults into the preferred class and just as they were resting happily in their intellectuality, the statement was denied.

It may be true that in other states only 25 per cent of the people think; it may even have been true in Ohio a few years ago, but it most assuredly is too low an estimate now.

Residents of the cities *are* thinking—thinking of the mountainous debts which have been pyramided upon them in the last eight years, and they are crying out aloud for relief from the over-burden of "interest" taxes and maturing obligations.

And the bond buyers and money lenders are enjoying these "interest" dollars wrung through a law from a legislature in which the Bill Smiths and the Sam Joneses had implicit confidence.

In 1910, Judson Harmon, lawyer, and former attorney-general of the United States, was elected governor. Sentiment for a taxation system to replace the archaic one then in force was almost universal. At that time it was customary to return property at a low value; the tax rate was very high.

Governor Harmon evolved a plan which he believed and which others believed and still believe, would have resulted in a solution; but it was only partially adopted —its teeth were left out.

The so-called Smith law was the result. It provided for a 100 per cent valuation of all property and a maximum tax rate of 10 mills, exclusive of a levy to take care of bonds voted by the people. Fine on the face of it but—

The Money Lenders' Joker

IT DID not contain any drastic provision to compel listing of all property at its true value! That was the money lenders' joker.

That it was engineered and forced through the legislature by the money lenders has been repeatedly charged throughout the state.

Idle money was plentiful in the state at that time. A number of representative money lenders got together. They argued that it was as essential to create a market for money as to create a market for anything else. A careful study of the finances of the cities and the school districts was made and the conclusion reached that one per cent would be about the right maximum tax rate for these districts for the reason that one per cent *would not bring in sufficient revenues to finance their affairs and they would have to borrow money, or issue bonds!*

The public, as is customary in such deals, was not taken into the confidence of the usurers but was led to believe that the appraisal of all property at its true value would result in a tax rate of less than one per cent, and that all intangible property voluntarily would be returned.

C. A. Dyer, overseer of the Ohio State Grange, has made these charges openly on the platform in all the large cities of the state, before bankers and others who should have known the truth or falsity of the statements. They have never to this date been challenged!

And the condition of the state is mute evidence of the success of the law and of the scheme of its inventors.

The bonded indebtedness of all the cities, schools, counties and townships in 1911 was about $187,000,000. On July 1, 1921, it was $607,899,000; today (the official figures will not be ready for several months) it is conservatively estimated at $700,000,000 on which the people are paying $36,000,000 in interest!

An increase of $513,000,000 indebtedness in 10 years!

A tribute of more than $100,000 a day interest charges on the people of Ohio!

What Interest Bill Would Do

THE interest bill alone would have paid all the expenses of the state and its various subdivisions 30 years ago! It would more than pay for the gigantic engineering project which is designed to prevent future floods in the Miami Valley! It would keep 30,000 families in comfort for a year!

Ohioans expected a taxpayers' millennium; instead they got a money lenders' paradise, made to order.

Within a year after the Smith law became effective, bonds began to be issued in greater sums than ever before and with the succeeding years they began to pile up at an alarming rate.

They were issued for the very smallest of improvements which ordinarily would have been taken care of by the current expense fund. Then they were issued to meet operating expenses—the full harvest of the money lenders was on.

And with the coming of the year 1922 you have this situation:

> In the 94 cities in the state (of 5,000 population and upward) *more than 52 per cent of all taxes and other revenues raised for city purposes is being paid out in interest and to retire bonds.* **Four of the cities are paying between 83 and 85 per cent for these purposes.** Many others are paying from 70 to 80 per cent; others 60 to 70 per cent; others, 50 to 60 per cent, and so on. A number of the smaller cities, however, are able to get along with a normal percentage for their sinking funds.

An Ohio legislator, recently seeking information on the debt situation, wrote to an official in New Jersey and asked what, in his opinion, was a fair proportion of income to be paid for interest and bonds. He got the answer that in that state if these requirements exceed 20 per cent, it's considered time to call out the riot squad, armed with machine guns and assisted by the fire department.

"Sinking Fund" is a correct phrase, as the people of Ohio are learning to their sorrow!

Bankruptcy Is Faced

JOSEPH B. TRACY, in his report for the year ending June 30, 1921, just issued, sounds this warning: That unless the political subdivisions of the state desire to escape bankruptcy, there will have to be a reduction of the ratio of debt to wealth. He shows the public debts increased $16.95 for every man, woman and child, while the wealth, as represented on the grand tax duplicate, increased only 10.6 per cent or $1,025,078,248.

The per capita debt a year ago was $142.06; now it is about $155.

Add to this the per capita debt of the nation, approximately $248, and you will see that Ohioans are up against a pretty stiff liability!

Further, for the year ending June 30, 1921, the city debt increased by more than $50,000,000 to $342,112,636 and the school debt by $40,000,000 to $133,029,406. Ohio is burning both ends of the candle against the middle with a tax increase of 35 per cent, a debt increase of more than 20 per cent and tax duplicate increase of only 10 per cent.

Did the money lenders figure well in 1910? Ask any taxpayer!

The original Smith law provided that the amount collected in 1911 should only exceed the amount collected in 1910 by six per cent, plus three per cent in 1912, plus three per cent in 1913. This schedule was repealed in 1913 and it was generally admitted at the time of its adoption that it was only temporary.

It became effective June 2, 1911, and in the first year of its operation, it failed, as the money lenders knew it would, to accomplish its publicly avowed purpose—to force personal property to bear an equitable share of the tax burden.

Various manipulations of the law followed, and members of the legislature evidently knew this would cripple activities in the cities and gave them, as a sop, permission to issue deficiency bonds for current expenses.

So deficiency bonds became popular in Ohio. They were issued in practically every one of the more important cities, millions and millions of them, and the people of 1930 and 1945 will be paying the wages and salaries and the current expenses of the cities in 1920 and 1921.

The people are paying interest on these bonds and will continue to pay interest on them, and on other bonds which were issued and the asset still unpaid for.

What Interest Did for Bellaire!

FOR instance, in Bellaire, Ohio, bonds were issued in 1879 for the construction of a waterworks plant. The cost was fixed at $100,000 and the issue was for that amount. The citizens there have paid out $249,000 in interest charges, but with all that effort they have been able to pay only $15,000 on the original bond issue. If the debt could be wiped off for cash today that plant would have cost Bellaire a total of $334,000. That is what interest does.

In 1878, Toledo got ambitious and bonded itself for $432,000 to buy a railroad. This road was sold years ago *but the people will not finish paying for the bonds until 1930.* Then again, the same city got more ambitious in 1889 and started in the oil and gas business. This did not meet with the approval of Mr. Rockefeller's company and competition started. The wells were pumped dry in a few years. The last bond was paid in 1919.

Portsmouth wanted a new bridge across the Sciota River in the days of long ago—too long to recall. Bonds, of course, were issued but they were not paid until 1920 or 40 years after the bridge had disappeared, probably washed out by a flood.

Butler County built a fine suspension bridge across the Miami River at Hamilton a good many years ago. The last of the bonds mature in 1924 but the bridge was removed from the bed of the river a couple of years ago when work was started to prevent a recurrence of the flood which took it away in 1913.

There are untold instances such as this throughout the state, according to the Ohio Institute for Public Efficiency, a private organization which was organized in 1914 with the view of helping to bring about efficiency and economy in public work.

Toledo, the third largest city in the state, has adopted a novel plan in handling its finances this year. All of the money derived from taxation was placed in one fund and the policy of first come, first served was put into execution. So officials face what they term an overdraft of $1,316,000 which includes appropriations for which there is no money, excess expenditures by departments over allowances, and bond issues whose funds have been spent but the improvements for which they were authorized never carried out. Sinking fund requirements this year total $1,387,560 and $400,000 more in 1923. *The interest charge alone this year is $709,746.*

In Cincinnati, about $6,000,000 has been issued in *deficiency bonds* and the city has been forced to levy an occupational tax to increase its current expense fund.

In 1915, Cincinnati received $3,070,091 for current expenses; this year it received from taxation $1,866,800, but if it had no interest charge, it could meet all of its expenses very nicely.

At the election last fall, the people refused to vote a special levy and when the first of the year came, George P. Carrel, who was elected mayor, faced the necessity of cutting down the city expenses. He used the pruning knife ruthlessly, policemen were laid off, fire houses closed, and much street cleaning stopped. And he took the vote of the people as a mandate that no more bonds should be issued. This had been his policy since his inauguration, but he's having a fight now. The majority in council has voted to issue bonds for $2,000,000 for various improvements. If they are issued, it will mean a further cutting of the city's current expense fund next year. Southern Ohio is watching this fight of the mayor.

Business Mayor in Hamilton

IN HAMILTON, Harry J. Koehler, Jr., who was elected mayor, has put every department on a business basis, forced economies and expects to operate the city for $100,000 less this year than last. No bonds are being issued for extensive improvements. He has notified property owners that if they want a street paved they will have to pay the entire cost. Heretofore, the intersections have been paid for by city bond issues.

Dayton has issued $1,500,000 in *deficiency bonds* which in the words of the director of finance was undoubtedly bad financial practice. Dayton, too, is paying in interest this year $247,400 and for bonds maturing only $12,100 more.

In Youngstown, they elected an unusual mayor last autumn, George E. Oles, a rather brusque and picturesque official, and he has been having one continual round of battle since his inauguration. He has forced certain economies and his latest was to force council to drop 25 policemen from the payroll. Under threat of a further curtailment, council issued bonds for money to meet the payroll of others. This is due to the fact *that 62 per cent of the city's income goes for interest and bonds,* helped along by the heydey of deficiency bonds when Youngstown needed cash to pay her bills and $1,755,577 of these bonds was put on the market.

The debt of Cuyahoga County, including cities, schools, and so on, is $154,532,785 and the debt of the cities alone, $97,134,472. All but a small percentage of this is against *Cleveland which is paying this year 38 per cent of her income for bonds and interest.*

What will the cities do next year and the next? What will many of them do the latter part of this year after they have used up all of their funds? They cannot issue deficiency bonds; it's now against the law. The officials, or many of them, are like the grasshopper which chirps happily along the summer without a thought of the winter.

Some of them may take advantage of an old law which permits issuing of bonds to pay policemen and firemen only after the service has been rendered and the salary made a lien against the city.

Some of the schools will reduce their school terms; some will ask for a special levy from the people.

"Pay-as-you-go" Law Passed

BUT none of these will effect a cure. They will only postpone the day of reckoning and give more tribute to the bondholders.

Taxing districts must be put on a business basis. And to aid in this the last legislature passed a "pay-as-you-go" law.

This provides that taxing districts cannot borrow money for current expenses and defines current expenses as any improvement the life of which is five years or less. It restricts the life of bonds to the probable life of the improvement. It makes compulsory retirement of bonds and forces the serial issue of these bonds. To give these taxing districts sufficient time to go on this new basis, a companion law gives the people power to lift all tax limitations by direct vote up to September, 1923.

The money lenders have had their inning in Ohio. It may last for a little while longer but it has passed its zenith.

And the official who was credited with saying that only 25 per cent of the people think, was wrong. Every taxpayer is thinking and kicking when he goes to the county treasurer's office twice a year to pay his taxes; and every tenant is thinking when he pays this tax, plus interest, to his landlord.

In the Populous Realm of Four-Flushing

Poseurs Make a Fine Art of the Masquerade of Wealth and Place

By EDWARD J. BECK

"EVEN lying fluctuates according to the season of the year; the imagination yields its rarest fruits of fancy in the summer," said an eminent psychologist in a lecture to a class of his summer students.

"In vacation time the inhibitions of the everyday environment are broken down. For several weeks the paltry details and limiting realities of daily life are cast aside. The ribbon clerk and stenographer pose in rôles that come nearest to expressing their secret aspirations. We must not judge the pretensions of the seashore too harshly, because the pretenders are merely succumbing to their daydreaming propensity. Because of the time and the place they dream out loud. Many an O. Henry story is re-enacted when the pseudo-broker discovers the pseudo-heiress to be a shop girl on leave and she finds her hastily netted catch to be an aspiring shipping clerk."

We toil and sweat and scheme for money because the size of our stack of chips is ocular proof of our superior playing ability in the game of life. Whatever our aim in life may be on the surface, when expressed in terms of its least common denominator, it is gratification of our self-esteem by winning the esteem or exciting the envy of our fellows.

We can attain the satisfaction of self-realization in three different ways. We can create and produce; we can "kid" ourselves; or we can four-flush.

We all harbor certain more or less grandiose illusions about ourselves. They give us a subjective satisfaction equivalent to that derived from having "the real goods" just as a miser might gloat over a hoard of money, part of which is counterfeit.

But, after all, our self-respect depends on the respect others have for us. Unless we are insane, our self-approbation must rest on at least a foundation of genuine social approval. The crazy man is happy in imagining he is Napoleon, J. P. Morgan or Henry Ward Beecher, but the normal person cannot satisfy his vanity by cherishing such extreme delusions. His nature demands applause from the galleries of the crowd instead of merely from the back-stage of his own mind.

Achievement is the royal road to eminence, but the four-flusher tries to reach that objective by a side-alley. The "have-nots" can go A. W. O. L. from the Coxey's army or nobodies and sneak over to the camp of the "Who's Who" crowd by the back-road of pretense.

The habitat of the four-flusher is the modern city. You will find him most numerous in the lobby of the large hotel. He is the product of our pecuniary standards of living. A *good* bluffer is entitled to some respect. He plays his game with finesse and skill. The four-flusher is merely an example of the vulgarization of our social ideals.

If there were a Nobel prize for four-flushing, I think I should nominate for the honor a drug clerk who dispenses pills and sodas in a pharmacy near Columbia University in New York. To his acquaintances the debonair clerk is known as "Count." There is no doubt of his aristocratic birth, because he can show envelopes addressed to him from Hungary which bear his title.

This is only one of his many exploits. Count had a park-bench acquaintance who was caretaker for a rich man's pleasure boat, which was anchored in the Hudson River, near Grant's Tomb. The owner was absent for some weeks and left orders that under no circumstances was the boat to be run while he was away. Count bribed the caretaker to let him bring an occasional friend aboard. Count was a lady killer par excellence. Whenever he scraped up an acquaintance with a typical Manhattan flapper he would begin by telling of his noble lineage, allude to his wealth and wind up with a mention of his yacht.

"Wouldn't you like to take a trip to Tarrytown in my yacht this afternoon?" was his supreme stroke. The maiden, finding the dreams founded on years of Sunday newspaper reading at last realized, of course, jumped at the chance.

They went down to the dock and first inspected the luxurious craft fore and aft. "George," the count would say to the caretaker, "I want you to run us up to Tarrytown this afternoon."

George would then shamefacedly reply: "Sir, I regret that the engine has not yet been repaired," just as he had been instructed in the rehearsal.

And then the count would express his disappointment at "his" menial's dilatoriness with a dramatic cussing-out.

He couldn't sail up the river, but he had by his dramatic stroke aviated to the loftiest pinnacle of the young lady's estimation. For every four-flusher there is a four-flushee—a person whose ratings of others are based on as vulgar and false standards as those of the perpetrator of the pretense.

In New York there are firms which specialize in lavishly furnishing a house for an evening party at so much per. Liveried servants are supplied, and all the appurtenances of affluence are rentable for the occasion.

Merchants are imposed on by the four-flusher out seeking distinction by spurious means. Two women walked into a store and one of them excited the envy of her companion by inspecting all the elaborate silver coffee urns in the department and then buying the most expensive one. She did not pay cash, but asked to have it sent out C. O. D. She never expected to accept or pay for the goods, but she could not resist the opportunity to impress her friend. It is a common trick to order merchandise from very expensive and exclusive stores so that the neighbors will be impressed when they see a truck and a liveried chauffeur from the high-class shop stop next door. Later, the goods are returned as unsatisfactory, or if the package is small and the customer has no charge account, they are refused at the door.

That there are various and devious ways of flattering one's self-importance is exemplified by the man who goes into an exclusive hotel and tips a bell hop to page himself. To hear the sound of his name reverberating through the gilded arches thrills him. Furthermore, it impresses anyone who may know him and who hears it. The clerks in some of the best hotels for a gratuity permit the four-flusher to receive his mail at that address. One fellow used to awe the clerk by registering and then pulling several packages of "money" out of a grip and asking him to put them in the safe. The packages were labeled "$3,000" on the outside; the inside was filled with newspaper. The four-flusher who regularly writes his letters on the stationery of an expensive hotel is a common pest whom the managers are trying to suppress.

A common trick is for a company which occupies a small office in a large building to put a picture of the structure on its letterhead with a large faked sign bearing its name emblazoned somewhere on it. Or a fellow by the name of Jones will move into the Skinner Building; find a poor fellow by the name of Skinner; give him a small sum for the use of his name and thus acquire the right to have the concern's mail addressed to the Skinner Company, Skinner Building, Chicago.

According to the accounts in the papers, some residences which have been burglarized must have been veritable treasure houses. According to the report given to the police, thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds and jewels have been taken. The victim who may have lost only a set of silverware couldn't resist the temptation to create a splurge by exaggerating his losses.

If you or I intended to make a splash, we'd try to do it in front of our friends so that our achievement would have permanence and follow-up results by being engraved on the tablets of memory of our associates. But the thirty-third degree four-flusher makes his grandest splurge in an alien environment. He likes to impress a strange crowd in a strange restaurant by his spendthrift performances. He wants subjective satisfaction from ostentatiously spending his money and seems to be able to get it even by playing before a strange audience.

The possession of a large and showy library is a favorite method of showing non-existent erudition. The president of a national trade association has for three years made a finely composed speech to the annual convention of the organization. I know the man who wrote them for him. This writer also wrote a pageant for the celebration of a missionary society which drew visitors from all over the country. A lumberman's wife was credited with the authorship in the program, and she beamed with pride when her friends showered her with congratulations for her hitherto undiscovered literary talent. Publishers get out books of happy phrases "to embellish conversation and correspondence," thus enabling a low brow to display a classic style. There are bureaus which prepare orations, college debates and essays at modest rates.

Harnessing Waters of the Upper Mississippi

By EARL CHRISTMAS

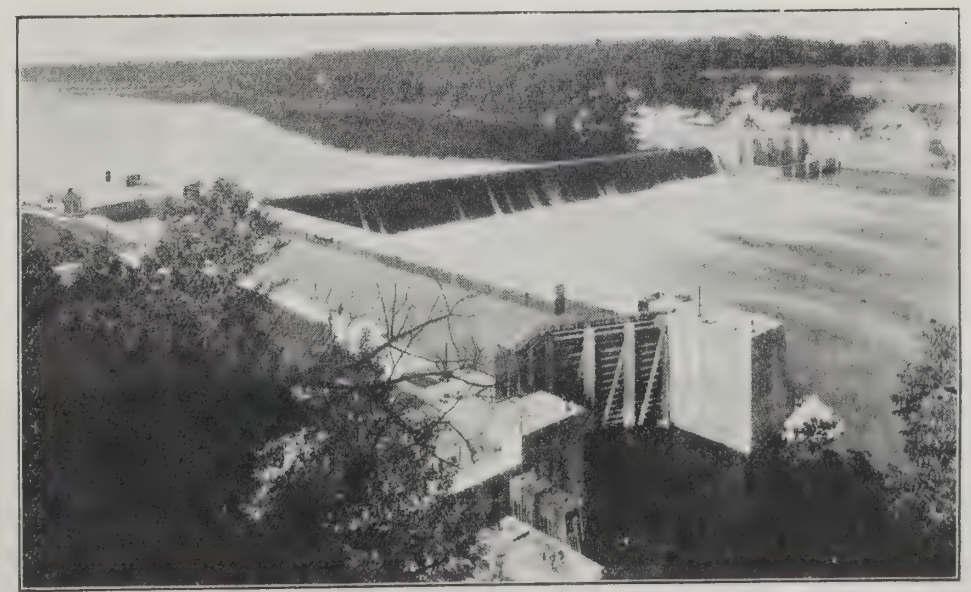
THE Upper Mississippi, fitting origin of the mighty Father of Waters, is to be harnessed by man. For more than four years, a big dam built across the river at the head of navigation at St. Paul has held undeveloped possibilities of an extensive water power project. For four years, great quantities of water have gone over the 700-foot apron of the high dam, wasted, unused.

Now, however, the water is to be turned to the use of man. The city of St. Paul already has asked formally for permission to use the power from the dam. The city of Minneapolis also plans to ask for a permit for the power. The dam, known locally as the government high dam, is located between St. Paul and Minneapolis. One private corporation also has asked for permit to use the power. Plans for utilization of the power are being prepared by engineers, and a formal hearing is to be held by the water power commission.

How the power is to be used has not been determined. One plan suggested is to lease the power to an industry. Another plan is for the city—provided St. Paul is given permit to use the power—to build a municipal plant at the dam. Engineers estimate that with an expenditure of $600,000, the city could develop 15,000 horse power.

In other words, 15,000 horse power, now going to waste over the dam, at the very door of the city, could be harnessed to generate 33,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity a year.

One plan under consideration is to lease the power, once the right is obtained by the city, to existing companies with equipment for distribution of the electricity. One company, engaged in the development and distribution of power, already has made application for the power. Officials of this company placed the amount of power that may be depended on from the dam at 4,000. Rather, this was the estimate of engineers of the company of the amount that may be counted on with certainty every day, allowing for periods of low water.



The $1,000,000 dam over the Mississippi at St. Paul, destined to furnish vast quantities of electricity for the city on its banks.

Other engineers, however, have held out greater possibilities in the power now being wasted at the dam. The dam was built primarily for navigation purposes, but apparently it soon will be performing another important function, the provision of electricity or power for one of the cities on the banks of the river. Originally, plans were made for utilization of the power by the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis and the University of Minnesota. A corporation was formed for this purpose, but difficulties in financing the project under the state laws necessitated the abandonment of that project. Now, both St. Paul and Minneapolis are applicants for the coveted power, to say nothing of a private corporation. Wasted for four years, the power suddenly becomes much sought.

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, visiting the dam not long ago, was moved to strong words at official delay and red tape that had prevented development of the project.

"It's a crime," he said. "Indeed, it is an outrage. Here is all this water. Think of its vast power as it sweeps over that dam. Yet, there it is going over the dam unused, wasted, gone to the sea forever without being used."

But the wasted water of the dam soon will be utilized, it appears. When the Water Power Commission can decide to whom it will grant a permit, the Upper Mississippi will be turning its power into the wheels of industry or providing light and power for a city.

Turn to the Left in Rome, to the Right Outside

In Which an American Traveler Jots Down What Interests Him

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

I SAW in Paris a taxicab in which hung brazenly a placard which read: "English spoken, American understood."

It is little trouble, I found, to get along with the one language in Paris. There is always somebody about who speaks English. And many Americans have high school French.

But Italy is largely a one-language country. Possession of a smattering of French does not help one much. Oddly, a bit of Spanish one may have picked up on the Mexican border is of great service. An Italian can "sabe Espanol." I was using a bit of this sort of Spanish on one of those gorgeous policemen with hats just like Napoleon, and how do you suppose he came back at me?

"Why don't you talk United States?" he said. He had grown up in Providence, Rhode Island.

Rome gives the impression of being much farther from the United States than is Paris or Geneva. In both of the latter cities, for instance, one sees American movies more than any other, and derives a good deal of amusement from trying to follow them with the interscripts in a language he cannot read. "Charlot," as Charlie Chaplin is billed, is very popular, as is Bill Hart, the two-gun man. But when one gets into Italy the American film disappears. One still gets American shoes, soap, talcum powders, but not much else.

In Rome, the vehicles all turn to the left; outside the city limits they turn to the right.

A guide at St. Peter's told me this—a guide with an instinct for the dramatic:

He had just shown me the bronze St. Peter of heroic proportions which stands at one side of the nave and which has received the worshipful caresses of devout pilgrims for 1,700 years. Two and one-half inches had been worn off the protruding bronze toe by those centuries of caresses. Think of the number of kisses necessary to wear away two and one-half inches of bronze!

The Low-Necked Hacks of Rome

THEY turn to the left in the streets of Rome—usually. It is the rule but there are no traffic regulations. Sometimes they turn to the right. They pass on the left or right. They wind in and out. They dodge about. They dash madly past street cars, trams I should say, that are disgorging passengers. They disport themselves in such a way as would get one arrested four times in a block in America.

All the time you are riding in a low-necked hack. Remember the low-necked hacks they used to have in America? Once in a long while in Washington you see an old couple drive out in one of them yet—a sentimental survival of a past generation. Well, do you know what became of those low-necked hacks? They have all been sent to Rome and are today being used to transport the gladiators' descendants and the tourists from one place to another about the Eternal City.

Three *lire* will take you a dozen blocks in one of these carriages, low and open and comfortable. Taxis, on the contrary, while they are to be had, cost twice as much as in America.

While there are taxicabs in the cities the absence of automobiles for other uses is one of the striking differences in Europe. One might ride on the train for an hour through the country and never see an automobile. And one never sees the black and friendly face of a Negro in Italy. And one rarely sees the face of a Jew.

"Jews seek out the country where money is plentiful," an Italian told me, "and congregate there. Italy is poor and has few Jews."

A *lire,* to be sure, is, to be exact, nearly six cents. In Paris there is the *franc,* similarly designated in Switzerland, the *mark* in Germany, but in Italy called the *lire,* pronounced "leree," with the *e* long. Before the war they all used to be worth about 20 cents. Now, however, the French franc is worth nine cents, the Italian lire six cents, the German mark almost nothing, while the Swiss franc still maintains par at 20. Currencies have been much mussed up since the war.

Where the exchange is most upset, there the tourist can tour cheapest and the buyer procure his greatest bargains. So it happens that the nation which has maintained its currency on the soundest basis is losing the trade and the travelers. The schools of Switzerland are without students and the hotels are empty and for the cruel reason that her currency is sound!

"America has never done Italy justice," a cultured lady of that country told me. "They regard us as a race of fruit peddlers. Look upon this city and conceive the character that a people must have had to build it."

"The people who built it did have character," an American friend afterward said to me, "but that people, the ancient Romans, is passed and gone. The Italians of today are different."

Which is a conclusion not at all just if one examines the facts. The Rome of the Caesars is gone, as a matter of fact. The ancient Forum is a pile of rubbish from which protrudes an occasional classic pillar. I hunted out the very spot where Mark Anthony stood when he requested his countrymen to lend him their ears. "Here mighty Caesar fell." Only the cement core of the ancient structure remains to mark the spot. A patch of corrugated roofing protects it from further decay. The ragged, circular walls of the Colosseum are in the background and the Palatine Hill, where the emperors dwelt, is just to the right, a mass of fallen walls. The Forum of ancient Rome lies buried in its narrow valley which Christian Rome made the dumping place for rubbish for a thousand years and has but of late been exhumed. The new Rome is more modern.

And wherever one goes about this Rome he finds evidences of the handiwork of a superior people. If he looks down from his hotel windows into a palace garden across the street he sees a formal arrangement of shrubs tucking away the classic marble figures that adorn it. If he looks out his back window the cornice of the adjoining building presents to him the stone-preserved figures of the classic muses. The ceiling of the bookstore he visits may be handpainted. Any vista down a narrow street may present a harmonized scheme of buildings, each so designed as to fit into the whole picture and make it worthy of the canvas of a master. There are no streets in Rome so bad as to approach the unattractiveness of the average side street in the business section of an American city. After some weeks in the presence of European streets that have grown like parkways in the hands of landscape gardeners, one shudders at the thought of ragged, chaotic Broadway. Surely, he says, America can be awakened to the fact that a street needs as much watching and direction in its growing as does a hedge.

But what I started out to say was that the magnificence of modern Rome is due to the character of the modern Roman, descendant from the time of Caesar and inheriting the instincts of his fathers. St. Peter's, greatest structure of the western world, is comparatively modern. The stupendous monument of Victor Emmanuel II, standing at the end of the Corso, Rome's main street, is not yet completed, although it has now been under way for 30 years. They have spent 100,000,000 lire on it, despite Italian poverty, which would have been $20,000,000 on the post-war basis. In America we have recently completed the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, at a cost of $4,000,000, and I have often heard it said that it is the greatest monument ever erected to any man. It would be lost, however, in a corner of the Victor Emmanuel monument. All of which does not prove that the latter is great art, it probably being too early for the verdict.

So these Italians must be pretty good people with something quite stern back of their pleasing exteriors. Italy as a nation was but lately formed by modern Italians out of a group of chaotic states.

"Roma," they call their Eternal City and I am entirely unable to follow the logic of outsiders who insist on calling it "Rome." This sort of thing is done quite regularly in Europe. When I went down to Genoa to the conference, for instance, I found that the dwellers in the home town of Christopher Columbus called it Genova, and the French, next-door neighbors, designated it as Genes. Now I think folks ought to know what the names of their own cities are and that we should accept them as authority.

Gets "Breaks" on an Omelet

MY WIFE went to Genoa with me. Why should one not take his wife to an economic conference?

The first morning we quite upset the ménage by insisting on an omelet for breakfast. Now, the continental breakfast is coffee, rolls and jam and there is consternation if one attempts to change it. But the best part of our insistence on omelet was this: When the waiter brought it he very painstakingly divided it, one portion, as nearly as I could make out, being two-fifths of the whole and the other being three-fifths. Then he gave the larger portion to me. It happens all the time here. Men are regarded as the more important element in the matrimonial couplet and are rationed accordingly.

We had eaten many Italian *table de hote* dinners in New York and I may say without fear of successful contradiction that they are the safest buy in that city for one with a good appetite and a limited purse. So in Genoa we began to look around for Italian *table de hotes* but in vain. Everything was short order. To be sure the waiter expected you to eat along certain conventional lines. You must have a large plate of either macaroni or rice with grated cheese over it for lunch, or a stupendous helping of soup with the whole vegetable garden in it for dinner. Then fish, then chicken, if you took the waiter's suggestion, for chickens grow freely, then cheese; then fruit. All the portions were much larger than those you got in America and you began to worry about your wife growing stout. The fruit course, for instance, consisted of nuts, dates, figs, pears and oranges, all heaped together, and eat all you want.

And wine, of course. The simplest of these was the "wine of the country" which New York used to call "red ink." It cost you two lire a bottle. If you failed to take wine the waiter was completely dazed. He did not understand. He groped back into his waiting past to 1903 and remembered a customer who had failed to take wine. I do not believe that "Pussyfoot" Johnson himself could long withstand the surprised pain that is inflicted on an Italian waiter when you decline wine. Though a prohibitionist for 20 years I have now drunk wine with my meals for weeks.

Well, in Genoa one goes around to see where Christopher Columbus was born and an odd and picturesque nook it is. Here is the financial section of the town with the new Bank of Italy standing out in modern magnificence. The ancient prison of Genoa was torn down to make a place for it. Two of the prison towers, however, more than a thousand years old, and a block of stone which represented two ancient rooms in the prison building, were left standing. It was in one of these towers that the father of Christopher Columbus spent his life as a watchman. It was in the two preserved rooms that he dwelt and that the son was born. The flagstones hereabout knew well the boyhood bare feet of him who was to discover America. How differently the history of a hemisphere might have shaped itself, one may wonder as he stands here, if the watchman's child had been a girl!

And back of the prison down Bricabrac street, or its equivalent in Italian, is the old town. There is a square mile of this old town running down to the harbor and St. George's Palace where Lloyd George tried heroically to jolly his unsympathetic associates into an attitude of harmony and accomplishment on that opening day of the conference. It occupies about all the level ground there is hereabouts. To me it is one of the most fascinating communities I ever saw. It is built solidly of large, thick-walled buildings of the tenement type, eight stories high. They have been there a thousand years and more, but are unaffected by time. They teem with a busy mass of humanity—the reservoir of this seafaring commercial people which has meant much to the world, a people of whose blood was not only Columbus but Napoleon, born on Corsica near by, and Garibaldi.

But the oddest part of this old town and its 200,000 people is the fact that a wagon never enters it. A wagon cannot. There are no streets wide enough to accommodate it. In many of its thoroughfares you can stand in the middle and touch both sides with your fingers. They are streets for foot passengers only. There are shops in here—baker shops, butcher shops, clothing shops, wine shops, goldsmith shops, all crowded little shops, for space is precious. All their stocks in trade come in on human backs or, sometimes in the broader streets, in pushcarts.

Genoa Climbs Up the Hills

AND up and down these narrow passageways, slits between high buildings with but slender strips of sky visible and with a ray of sunshine almost unknown, surge the modern-day descendants of the race of Columbus, little changed in a surrounding that is not changed at all—a pleasing, sturdy, half-blond race of North Italians, quite happy and prosperous.

But modern Genoa climbs up the hills. Precipitous as they are they have been terraced, and winding roadways have been cut into their sides. All over them have been built apartment houses. There are almost no individual residences in Genoa. You look across the valley at hillsides studded with these modern structures,—a patchwork of pink and yellow and brown, for these Latins have no Anglo-Saxon fear of the use of colors. And here again a whole hillside will present a harmony as an artistic whole that is without a jar. The instinct of a people working through building regulations has made every vista a picture.

One goes down to Piazza Deferrari in the middle of the town and here views a most remarkable accomplishment, the *Via Venti Settembre* or, in Americanese, Twentieth of September street. That is the name of a thoroughfare. And what I want to say right here is that the Twentieth of September street is the finest, completest and in every way most satisfactory thing by way of a street that I have ever seen in all the world.

This street again is evidence that this is a people of those fine sensibilities which are the proper measure of civilization and at the same time that they are the possessors of a practical competence to make their dreams come true.

Thirty or forty years ago Genoa decided to cut a new street out of Piazza Deferrari to relieve congestion. Since this street was to be laid down where none already existed, said the Genevese, why not make it all a street should be?

So a wide, noble thoroughfare was laid out. Then the building regulations were prescribed. The buildings all along should be of harmonious and imposing proportions, 10 stories high. But here was a difference. The builders might utilize the space to the very edge of the street and 10 stories above it. But beneath the portion of their buildings coming to the street line they should provide arcades in lieu of sidewalks. These arcades were to be constructed under prescribed regulations. They should be high-arched, splendidly columned, magnificently ornamented. Thus would they provide for this street wide sidewalks that were protected from rain and sun, that were a succession of vaulted domes, that looked out on the street through a series of classic arches, that made a superb setting for magnificent shop windows. Block after block these arcades span even the intervening streets so shoppers can pass dry shod however inclement the weather may be and untouched by the sun in the heated months. The whole scheme has been completed and is in every way gratifying. The Twentieth of September street beats them all.

Genoa abounds in the palaces of the merchant princes of her past. The hilltops of Italy are crowned by ancient castles surrounded by grim-fronted walls where robber barons used to dwell. Great battle-marked ramparts fallen into decay still girdle her modern cities. Here marched Hannibal, you are told. Caesar passed this way. Yonder building felt the touch of Michaelangelo. Here came the Byzantine artists to build their cathedrals, striped black and white in contrasting marbles. One such still stands across the way. And Milan, Florence, Venice! They are incomparable. There is nothing in all the world quite up to them.

"Hokum": the Tarnish on the Silver Screen

Concluded from page 2

"yellow" journals. The layman calls it "trash." In a field where so much serious matter could be written there is produced for publication in these weeklies and monthlies the back-fence gossip. Praise is always of the gushing, sloppy and nauseating variety. No intelligence is exercised in the policy of these publications, no attempt made to enlighten or inform, no effort to present any discussion that will tend to make better pictures or improve the performers or the audiences.

Charles Chaplin is the leading actor of the screen. He is the best-known screen performer in the world today. Chaplin is a genius. He is a student of economics and is a constant reader of economic subjects, also other subjects. He is a keen student of the drama and one of the most serious-minded men in the country. Chaplin, who makes the world laugh and cry, can play an organ, a piano or a violin. He paints pictures. He engages in sculpting and in esthetic dancing. There are few serious subjects that he cannot discuss with a surprising knowledge.

Chaplin does not grant interviews. The reason is that, after devoting more than an hour of his time, as a rule, discussing some serious topic and giving his views with an idea of helping some of the readers, Chaplin discovered that, instead of printing what he had said, the interviewers devoted the allotted space to silly dribble upon nothing in particular and credited the remarks to Chaplin. If Chaplin gave his views upon the future of Russia and his idea of solving the Russian problem, the interviewer was certain to print an article telling what Chaplin "said" about Russian "flappers" and attributing to him a series of remarks supposed to be funny, at least intended to be.

The intelligent people engaged in the making of pictures, admit that much of the harm that has come to the industry, has been the result of stupid publicity, the kind with which the weeklies and monthlies are filled. When the industry was younger (and it is really not more than 10 years old) the publicity agents decided that the one thing that would attract public attention quicker than anything else was the dollar mark. This is not new nor original with them. The dollar mark, long before the day of the motion picture press agent, was regarded as the one "sure fire hit." So the press agents began working on the dollar mark. They wrote long stories telling what this star and that star received. An actor probably would be drawing $200 a week, when he or she worked. The press agent by a simple tap of the typewriter added another "o" to the actual figure for the sake of publicity.

The method had a boomerang. The public finally tired of the publicity. The public became angry at the motion picture actors. Reading about the million dollar salaries, the million dollar mansions in which they lived, the $50,000 cars they drove, the $5,000 dogs that sat about them, the $10,000 overcoats they wore, the $2,500 gowns, the $100,000 garages, the imported food they ate, the imported wines they drank and the $2,000,000 productions they appeared in, the public grew jealous.

Consider the case frankly: Myrtle, youngest daughter of the Atkinson family, works in a factory. Her salary is $12 a week. Of this she spends 75 cents each week at a neighborhood motion picture house. Myrtle works eight hours a day for her $12 a week. Her brothers and her sisters work. They work as hard as Myrtle. They, too, spend part of their weekly earnings to see the motion pictures. They enjoy them. Then they read about the people they see upon the screen. They discover that all they do, according to the press agent, is to stroll before the camera a few afternoons each week and for this they get $1,000,000 a year. Why? Myrtle and her brothers and her sisters make that possible by paying their quarters. Myrtle rebels. Myrtle's brothers and sisters rebel and they are weaned away from the theater by this publicity instead of being attracted to it.

Now, as a matter of fact, there are a great many more persons in the motion picture business who get less than $100 a week than there are getting more than that. One of the best-known actresses of the screen, a girl who is a headliner and whose pictures are in great demand, gets $300 a week and the most popular male actor of the screen draws $1,500 a week, when he works. Those are actual salary figures.

Not alone in the matter of salary did the publicity departments err but in other departments of their work. The romance and glamour with which certain well-known screen performers were surrounded has soured the public on the industry to a certain extent.

Just a few instances can be set down here to illustrate this angle of motion picture publicity.

There was a popular screen actress of the vampire type. She acquired an enormous vogue. Much publicity was called forth in her behalf. She became a "character."

The press agent busied himself. He decided upon mystery. He sent out stories of how this "remarkable artist" was the most mysterious of women. She always arrived at the studio in a closed cab, curtains drawn. She departed in the same cab, curtains drawn. She denied herself to all interviewers. Her idle moments were spent studying the mystic arts.

Fine idea, so the press agent developed it. He finally found a reason for the mystery in his subject's make-up. He discovered that she was born in the shadow of the Sphinx while her father and mother, wealthy Europeans, were making a tour of the Far East. They pitched their tent hard by the well-known Sphinx and here, in the shadow of this famous and ancient masterpiece, the "great artist" first saw the light of the Far East sky.

So well, so good, but not for long. An enterprising reporter discovered that this "daughter of the Sphinx" was the daughter of a bartender, born over a saloon, where the owner of the place gave the father lodgings as part of his pay for serving drinks beneath the birth spot of this idol of the screen. From a room above a side-street saloon to a tent in the shadow of the Sphinx is a long, long cry.

And there was Roscoe Arbuckle, the Falstaff of the silver screen. Countless stories were printed about Arbuckle. He was graduated from one of the leading universities in the West. During his college days he was the idol of the campus, one of the greatest football players the West ever produced, a marvelous track and field athlete and what not.

Last September Arbuckle was arrested after a party in a hotel in San Francisco, a party that had a fatal ending. Reporters began delving into Arbuckle's past and they discovered that this hero of the campus was formerly a bar boy in a saloon that was not listed among "the best bars in town." Arbuckle spent his days manicuring the barroom floor during the time the press agent said he knocked the college athletic world all hollow with his feats.

Another instance is furnished by Miss Mabel Normand, one of the best-known screen actresses. Miss Normand was pictured as a student of psychology, as a philosopher and an ardent reader of philosophic literature.

One of the motion picture directors was mysteriously slain. It happened that Miss Normand was the last person to see him alive on the night before his death. In giving her testimony, Miss Normand said that she stopped her car at a corner, on her way to the director's home, to buy a bag of peanuts and the latest copy of the *Police Gazette*.

One of the male idols of the screen was a man who, according to the press agent, left his favorite hobby of studying Shakespeare and writing plays and painting pictures, to act upon the silent stage. He was a learned man, the press agent proclaimed to the world, and he proceeded to prepare for this man an astounding ancestry and endow him with a vast heritage.

One day the screen idol's wife sued him for divorce and in giving her evidence went into the unpleasant details of this actor's past. It seems he clerked in a store where imitation jewelry was the article carried and then he decided to develop himself physically, so he quit the clerk's job and took dumbbell exercise to develop his body. He exercised so much that he became sick and his wife had to take in washing to support herself, the ambitious husband and their several children.

These are but a few instances. Many others could be cited. The efforts of the publicity agents to create their subjects into supermen and superwomen have plenty of limitations and drawbacks. Exposes such as the few set down here, have created a situation difficult to handle. The wrong kind of publicity is responsible.

But publicity, as this article is meant to show, is not all that ails the motion picture industry at the present time. It is a many-sided ailment.

Beauties of Canada's National Playgrounds

Concluded from page 6

400 square miles on the eastern watershed of the Rockies in Northern Alberta and constituting the largest big-game sanctuary in the world. Entrance to Jasper Park is through the Athabaska Valley, the principal route of the fur-traders in the days before the railway was dreamed of. Here on the shores of a small tarn on the continental divide, the traders from Hudson Bay met the brigades from the Pacific Coast and exchanged their burdens. They gave to this lakelet the name, "Committee's Punchbowl," which it still retains. Before the builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway definitely chose the Kicking Horse Pass farther south, the line of the transcontinental had been located through Athabaska Pass, but after that location was abandoned the pass became deserted by all but the mountain goat, the grizzly and the mountain sheep—excepting for an occasional band of Indians attracted thither by the presence of game. When, however, Athabaska Pass was chosen by both the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern railways (both of which are now merged in the Canadian National System) as their main route through the mountains, the Canadian Government decided to reserve the territory adjacent to the railways on each side for the benefit of the people of Canada. But the railways had not long been completed before the war came on and consequently funds have not been available for the construction of roads, bridges, trails and hotels for tourist accommodation such as are provided in the older parks. Therefore, the person who prefers to breathe the mountain air from the balcony of a luxurious hotel or to view the scenery from the tonneau of a comfortable motor car had better wait awhile; but those who like to live in a tent for a change or in a log cabin, who like to tramp among the mountains—even though under the handicap of a pack—or those who wish to go for longer jaunts with saddle and pack horse, will find in Jasper Park natural beauty of every kind that will make a vacation spent within its borders a memorable event.



Tai Shan, or "Great Sacred Mount," is the highest peak in a range of mountains extending east and west through the Shantung promontory. It was a sacred spot more than 2,000 years B. C., and it remains today a national place of worship by followers of Buddha, although the temple itself has almost fallen into ruins.

Lake Louise in Rocky Mountains Park is said to be among the first seven most perfect natural landscapes in the world, but there are those who stoutly maintain that Maligne Lake in Jasper Park is its superior. At any rate, it has a beauty all its own, set as it is at the foot of great mountains that pierce the skies on all sides, their peaks and glaciers reflected on its placid surface. It is about 40 miles from the nearest railway point and is somewhat difficult of access, but as it is the culminating point of 40 miles of unsurpassed scenery the trip will repay in full measure the necessary difficulty and inconvenience.

Maligne Lake is drained by the river of the same name, but it is the river, not the lake, that has earned the rather sinister appellation. This is because of its rapid and treacherous current. A short distance above its discharge into the Athabaska River, the Maligne passes for about half a mile through a narrow and tortuous gorge, in places not more than 10 feet in width and more than 180 feet in depth.

About 20 miles above Jasper Station, the principal railway point within the park, the Athabaska River itself drops over a precipice and flows through a narrow canyon which is described by Stanley Washburn, in his book, "Trails, Trappers and Tenderfeet," as follows: "The river, peaceful and quiet as some great inland waterway, comes flowing around a curve at a width well on to 200 yards, and then suddenly the banks close in and the whole volume of water seems to leap suddenly forward over a ledge less than one-third that width, and fall into a chasm some 80 feet deep. The walls close in abruptly from both sides and the vast tumult of water goes surging through a gorge so narrow that a man could easily leap across from wall to wall. Far down in the depths is the white froth and resonant roaring of this vast stream, which is congested into such meager space that it seems as though the walls of stone could not withstand the fury with which it lashes at the rocky barriers that inclose it. A hundred feet above it, the noise and thunder created down in the depths are so great that only by shouting can one make his voice heard a foot away."

All the parks that have been referred to are in the mountains. And as they are bird and game sanctuaries as well there has been a material increase in the wild life in all of them, but there were animals more greatly in need of protection from the destructive hand of man than those that inhabit the high mountains, for the comparative inaccessibility of the retreat of the latter is in some measure a protection. But the former denizens of the plains, the buffalo and the antelope, or the moose and elk of the wooded valleys, were in much greater need of preservation. With the purchase by the Canadian Government in 1907 and 1909 of the herd of 709 head of buffaloes belonging to Michel Don Pablo, of Montana, practically the entire remnant of those vast bands of buffaloes which but a few years previously roamed the prairies came into the possession of the people of Canada. That they should live and multiply under conditions as nearly similar to their wild state as possible, a reservation of approximately 160 square miles was set aside at Wainwright, Alberta, and inclosed in a special wire fence 75 miles in length. The land here is light and not particularly suited to agriculture. Numerous old buffalo trails and wallows show that it was a favored spot in days gone by.

In addition to the sentimental value arising from the protection of the animals their rapid increase promises a considerable economic gain. At the present moment the buffalo increase is such that the parks department is finding it necessary to slaughter about 1,000 males, the meat of which will be placed on the market; and the same thing will probably be done later on with regard to some of the other game animals. Thus it is seen that in this respect also the policy of setting aside ample reservations for parks purposes has a solid utilitarian foundation.

Ethiopian Pyramids Give Up Ancient History

Records of Conquerors of Egypt Uncovered

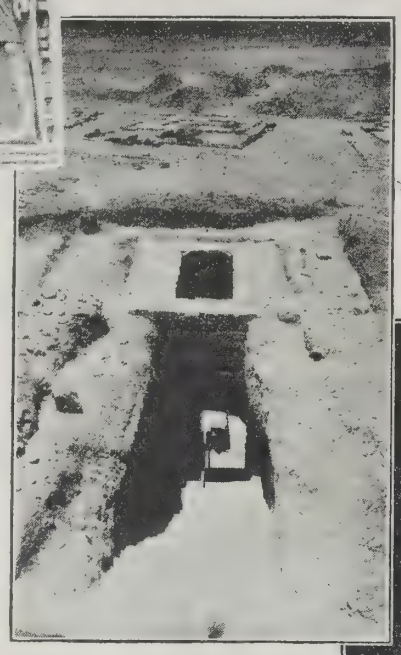
By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH



Hand-carved amulet plaque of blue faience from tomb of a queen of Piankhy one of twenty-fifth dynasty of Egyptian rulers.

A STORY of excavation and exploration covering a period of 10 years under the blazing sun in the midst of the desert of the Upper Nile, in the Sudan, is revealed in the Harvard report of Professor George A. Reisner regarding his expedition under the joint auspices of Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Dr. Reisner recently returned to America with priceless treasures, and data enough to keep Egyptologists busy for another 10 years.

The discovery of the tombs of 26 generations of Ethiopian kings, and the recovery from beneath the deeply drifted sands of material buried and forgotten for more than 2,000 years, makes it possible to write for the first time the history of Ethiopia and its lost civilization. These discoveries were made at Napata, the ancient capital of Ethiopia, but now called by the Arabs, Gebel Barkal. Napata lies in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, at the southern end of Dongola province, at the foot of the fourth cataract of the Nile, and the royal cemeteries were found outside of the ancient city, one on the north at the modern village of El Kur'uw and the other on the south at Nuri.



Stairway to the vaulted burial chamber of King Piankhy.

At the latter village the Egyptologists examined a group of pyramids which proved to be the tombs of the 26 kings and 55 queens of Ethiopia from 660 to 250 B. C., most of whose names had been lost to human knowledge. A few years earlier Professor Reisner's party had discovered in Ethiopia the pyramids of four kings of Egypt, Piankhy, or Pianchi, Shabaka, Shabataka and Tanutaman. They formed the Twenty-fifth Dynasty of Egypt, called Ethiopian by the ancient historians, because their home was at Napata, in Ethiopia. They were the ancestors of the kings buried at Nuri. This surprising discovery, the precursor of greater ones, was made in a field of small pyramids so ruined and so inconspicuous that Professor Reisner regarded them as the very last resort in the search for the tombs of the First Dynasty of Ethiopia.

Excavations gradually uncovered the burial chamber of Tirhaqua, the king of Ethiopia mentioned in the Book of Isaiah of the Bible, one of the five Ethiopian monarchs who ruled over Egypt. Then one by one were uncovered the tombs of other kings, queens, princes and princesses of Ethiopia for a period of more than four centuries, an interval as long as that between the discovery of America by Columbus and the present day.

After the excavations and discoveries at Nuri, four of the greatest kings of Ethiopia were still unaccounted for—kings who, like Tirhaqua, had ruled Egypt as well as Ethiopia. In the third year of search, tombs of these four kings with their queens, and indeed of six generations of their ancestors, were found at the second royal cemetery at El Kur'uw, north of Napata.

It was then learned that the royal family of Ethiopia had sprung from a tribe of Libyan nomads who had entered the province, then a part of Egypt, about 900 B. C., become Egyptianized, revolted from Egypt, and finally, under Piankhy, conquered the older country. From this sun-scorched place, five of the kings of Ethiopia had ruled Egypt and 2,000 miles of the Nile Valley, and had sent their ambassadors to the courts of Assyria and western Asia.



Above is shown the burial chamber of King Shabataka with a broken coffin bench in the center. Prof. GEORGE A. REISNER, of Harvard, whose expedition revealed a lost civilization.

Careful study of the objects and inscriptions found in these tombs has given the archeologists a full chronological list of the kings of Ethiopia during this period and a knowledge of the remarkable arts and crafts of the time. It is stated that the material discovered at Nuri and at El Kur'uw can never be duplicated.

The manner in which archeologists excavate a royal tomb is in itself interesting, and a lesson in the art of taking pains and looking carefully after details.

A gang of trained workmen was put to work to clear the stairway leading down into the tomb. This had been filled in after the funeral with the clean debris left from the excavation of the rock-cut chambers and the building of the pyramid. Looters at some time or other had dug holes in the clean filling of each stairway, which afterward was filled up again, partly with things the thieves threw away and partly with drift sand. The robbers, naturally, had been seeking gold and jewels.

It is easy to distinguish between the original filling and the debris of the thieves' tunnel. The objects found in the thieves' debris usually came from the royal burial chamber, and in the records of the expedition are distinguished carefully from other objects. When the doorway at the foot of the stairs was reached, the gang of workmen was then withdrawn and put to clearing the pyramid above or another stairway until the record of the door blocking and measurements of the stairs were made.

After that the sand which had washed into the burial chamber was removed, leaving only about eight inches of the floor debris intact. With the sand gone, then the serious and difficult work of examining and removing bit by bit the floor debris came and for this only the most skillful of the Egyptian workmen were used. This floor dirt is to the Egyptologist what pay dirt is to the gold miner.

Thus at El Kur'uw, the preliminary work was begun by attacking the stairway of a ruined pyramid which Professor Reisner numbered *Ku XV*. "To my surprise," reports Professor Reisner, "the stairway proved unusually large for the size of the pyramid, which was only 12 meters square. But our men had long practice. After three days, close to the doorway, a fragment of a blue faience figure was found on which, written in ink, I read: 'The king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Shabaka.'

"In amazement I suddenly realized that these poor ruined pyramids at El Kur'uw must be the tombs of the Twenty-fifth Dynasty of Egypt, the First Dynasty of Ethiopia. Seven days later *Ku XVIII* was identified, again by a broken shawwabti-figure, found in the thieves' tunnel, as the tomb of Shabataka, the son of Shabaka. Later another tomb was proved to be that of the long-sought Piankhy, and *Ku 16*, the tomb of Tanutaman. But the eighth was never identified by an inscription, and it was not until the end of the season that I realized it must be the burial place of King Kashta, the father of Piankhy.

"The identification of the tombs of four kings of Egypt in 15 days was one of the most amazing series of discoveries that has ever fallen to the lot of any expedition, and it gave us the distinction of having recovered the tombs of all the kings of Ethiopia from the founding of the monarchy until its power passed to the kingdom of Meroë, from 750 B. C. to about 250 B. C., a period of 500 years.

"All the works of the royal craftsmen which were placed in these tombs, in so far as preserved, have passed into the records of the expedition, and although

A Helping Hand for the Lonely Wayfarer

Concluded from page 9

cases the men they had come to marry already had wives.

Some of the girls, on their arrival, refused to marry the men to whom they had plighted their troth. Frequently, it was established, the girls knew the men only through correspondence or photograph, and one can well fancy the disillusionments that occur when meeting actually takes place. Most of the girls coming to America to marry are non-English speaking and have to be assimilated in a new community, as changing one's mind about marriage is not sufficient reason for deportation. How many of these young women and girls were saved through the Travelers' Aid can only be conjectured.

Another important work of the society in New York has to do with all manner of immigrants, and their exploitation is usually frustrated by the aids.

In the railroad stations throughout the country, the work of the Travelers' Aid is exceedingly varied. There all problems that can confront any human being are met. Much of the service performed by the aids in the stations is of a more or less minor character, but is not so minor when the need is emergent. Some of the problems met are destitution, desertion, delinquency, illness, blindness, old age, insanity, and so on, all of which come under the protection of the society's workers.

In the New York railroad stations alone, the society officials discover on an average of 90 runaway girls each month, and they never get beyond the stations. Of course, this applies to all railroad stations throughout the country, except to a smaller degree.

Miss Virginia M. Murray, general secretary of the New York Travelers' Aid Society, is authority for the statement that more old persons have been traveling around alone this year than ever before. These aged persons with which the society's workers have come in contact are helpless and unfitted to travel alone, she says, and that they are going from some one who did not want them at all to somebody else who wanted them less. In a single day the Travelers' Aid in New York stations cared for three such travelers who were all more than 80 years of age.

The services of the Travelers' Aid is extended only to travelers and does not invade any other field, thus avoiding all duplication of efforts. There perhaps is no other organization with the distinctly varied opportunities for human service. Most societies are organized to meet some special need, such as relief, child welfare, social hygiene, delinquency, and so on, while to an effectively functioning Travelers' Aid Society, at some time or other, there come all these problems, says Miss Murray.

Two hundred cities now have Travelers' Aid work. But an official of the society says that the very persons who should know the society—persons unaccustomed to travel and children—haven't heard much about it and the help it offers.

some pieces of sculpture may yet be found in Ethiopian temples, but very few of the fine products of the other crafts may be expected, those of the goldsmiths, the coppersmiths, the ivory-carvers, the makers of stone vessels, the faience workers and the amulet cutters. In other words, the expedition has established a practical monopoly of the royal works of Ethiopia."

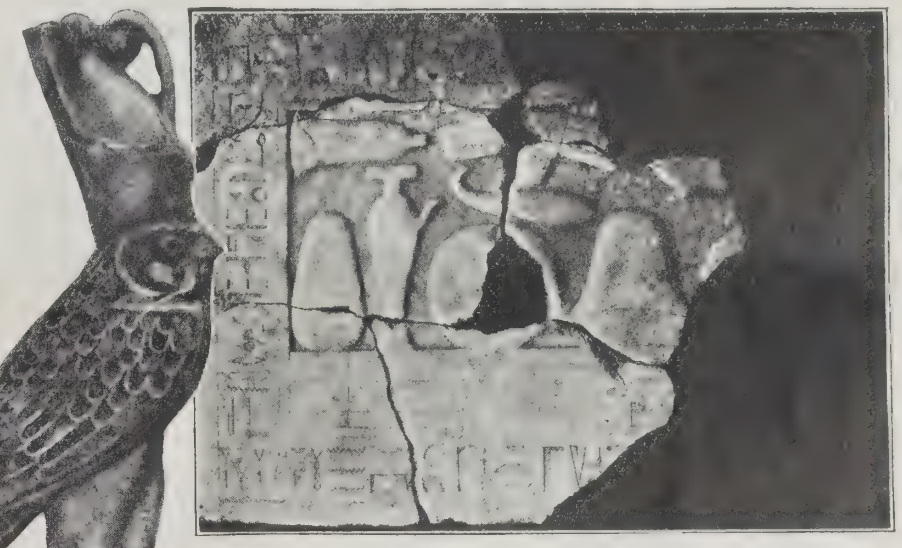
Egypto-Ethiopian antiquities and the historical material have opened up a new chapter in the history of the ancient world and revealed the story of a great family which began as a wandering tribe in the Libyan desert, established a kingdom in Ethiopia, conquered an empire in Egypt, and lost its empire but not its kingdom, to the greatest conquerors of antiquity, the Assyrians.

When one walks through the straggling modern village of El Kur'uw, stretching along the desert edge only 100 yards from the Nile, the rock-desert rises gently. On the highest knoll is the late pyramid halfway up the slope. The other pyramids are hardly visible from the village. But the summit of the knoll is crowned with a low heap of rubble, in which trained eyes see a tumulus-grave of the Nubian type. On each side of this tumulus and down the slope, stand five other tumuli-graves and then about halfway between the summit of the slope and the late-period pyramid, a row of eight square stone tombs, mastabas, or little pyramids. In front lie the remains of the pyramids of Piankhy, Shabaka, and Tanutaman, and behind the pyramid of Shabataka. To the north extends a row of five queens' tombs. Curiously enough this group is called at the present day, "Tombs of the daughters of the Sheikh," by the people of the village. On top of the pyramid of the late king stands a little rubble shrine with fluttering flags to which the native women make vows and bring small gifts, usually nickel coins, which they throw among the stones of the shrine.

"All the graves had suffered grievously at the hands of the spoilers," said Professor Reisner. "Not a name was found of any of the ancestors. But archeology is not helpless. The spoilers always dropped or overlooked something, and in the debris of the plundered grave of the first ancestor, we found a number of very fine flint and chalcedony arrow points and a number of heavy gold beads, equal to 38 English sovereigns in weight, besides fragments of pottery, alabaster and faience. These arrowheads were characteristic Libyan form, inconceivable in the tomb of an Egyptian. The first ancestor, therefore, came from a more primitive form of life than prevailed in Egypt, and from an area under Libyan influence. These and similar discoveries in tumuli of the first and second generations proved that the family was not far advanced from the primitive state.



The mastaba of King Shabataka is shown above. To the left is an alabaster Canopic head from the tomb of King Tanutaman.



The fragment above is from the alabaster altar of Queen Nenpery, discovered during the Reisner expedition. The amulet to the left, from the tomb of Queen Kashtaneferuwka, is a silver hawk with details in gold inlay.

"The original weight of gold found in these early tumuli must have been astonishingly large. Fragments of fine vessels of alabaster and decorated faience of Egyptian manufacture indicate access to Egyptian exports. The importance of Ethiopia in the Middle and New Empires of Egypt lay in the geographical situation of this barren land, which gave the ruling power the control over the exploitation of the gold fields of the eastern desert and over the trade routes between Egypt and Central Africa. It is the old story of a fresh and vigorous tribe gaining ascendancy over the resources of an ancient empire, softened by centuries of prosperity. Long before the Northern Libyans had pressed into lower Egypt and about 945 B. C., one of them had finally gained the Egyptian throne as Shesonq I. From the facts discovered at El Kur'uw, it was probably in the reign of this monarch that the Southern Libyans, the Temehuw, began to press into Ethiopia as their brethren had done in the north. While the northern Libyans were ruling Egypt as the kings of the twenty-second and twenty-third dynasties, the Southern Libyans, led by the chief first buried at El Kur'uw were consolidating their positions in Ethiopia and their control of the golf fields and the southern trade routes."

After two centuries, for reasons yet obscure, the Northern Libyans, the rulers of Egypt, declined in vigor and in unity. Egypt split into a number of small, practically independent, kingdoms, and in this time Kashta, or his immediate predecessor, also made himself practically independent. Certain it is that before he died Kashta had won the southern provinces of Egypt from his Libyan cousin and possessed enough power to force the adoption of his daughter Amenirdis by Shepenwepet I, as her heir and successor in the office of High Priestess of Amon at Karnak. Piankhy, the son of Kashta, claimed the sovereignty of Egypt, and enforced his claim by a military conquest, of which he has left a full account on a stela found 50 years ago at Barkal.

Thus it came about that Egypt passed from the hands of the Libyan Twenty-third Dynasty into those of the Libyan Twenty-fifth Dynasty, which was called Ethiopian by the ancients simply because it seized Egypt after having first established a monarchy in Ethiopia.

To one who has lived in the sun-baked district of Napata, with its hot spring winds, it is a continual source of wonder that a family bred in this desolation should have reached such a height of power, and still greater wonder that they preferred to inhabit this remote spot while governing the rich and pleasant land of Egypt. As the king of Egypt through a preceding age had administered Ethiopia through his viceroy, so now the king of Ethiopia ruled Egypt through his officers. The king's messengers went from Napata and traversed a thousand miles of the river valley before they reached the old capital at Memphis. The king of Ethiopia was known throughout the ancient world and his ambassadors passed safely under its protection to the powers of Western Asia.

The imperial period of the Ethiopian Libyans was short, only about 50 years in length, but the character of that great family was more clearly developed by adversity than by prosperity. For they held their Ethiopian kingdom for many generations after their defeat by the Assyrians, and passed their royal power to a line of kings who ruled Ethiopia and Meroë for eight centuries or more.

Why You Have Lost Faith in Your Newspaper

Concluded from page 8

into the rewrite man instead of coming in and writing his own story, as under the old régime. This has resulted probably in an improvement in the form and "dress" of news stories, but has lessened their reliability.

In addition to the unfavorable effect on news-content caused by the economic fallacy of living on their by-product, the newspapers are suffering from "entangling alliances"—largely with industries of a parasitic character—which results from their dependence on advertising.

The cost of overhead has leaped tremendously—probably far outstripping the advances in labor and paper cost and these have been terrific. The increased volume of circulation has led to enormous distribution charges and more overhead for that department. This has necessitated higher prices for advertising space and limited the possible number of advertisers. Newspaper men admit that this is an evil. A lawyer with few clients is naturally more closely affiliated with them than an attorney enjoying a general practice. So a newspaper with only a few advertising clients is more entangled with them than a paper with a wide variety of space buyers.

The game has become so fierce that hundreds of newspapers have perished or have been "consolidated" in the last five years. But this process means more expense. The surviving paper must make the effort to hold the circulation of the deceased or absorbed contemporary. This means an appeal to a different class of readers, the addition of new features and departments, employment of more special correspondents, and subscription to more special wire services, the number of which has increased recently despite the decrease in the number of newspapers.

Of the entangling alliances of the newspapers, their mutual interest with the department stores is, of course, the most conspicuous. Most publishers and department store managements understand that it would be possible after a fashion to print and publish a daily newspaper without department store advertising. In fact, the trick has been turned here and there, although, of course, such newspapers suffered a great curtailment in size and quality. But far-sighted merchants also understand that few department stores would be able to keep their stores open if it were not for advertising—and newspaper advertising at that. Their experiences years ago when printers' strikes suspended publication of the newspapers for a time in some cities have never been forgotten. The decrease in their sales was immediate. It grew steadily worse and soon reached the proportions of a menace to their whole system of merchandising.

The department store is no more the master of the newspaper than the newspaper is the master of the department store. As at present constituted, probably neither could exist without the other. The real evil of the relations between the department store and the newspaper is that they are partners in an economic abuse—beneficiaries of a frightful industrial waste. There is a third party to the partnership—the traction interest.

Every week day millions of buyers are hauled into the congested shopping centers of American cities and then hauled home. They are seeking the bargains which they have read about in the newspapers. Despite all the vaunted economies of department store distribution it is becoming apparent that their economies, if they exist, are offset by their overhead, high rentals and advertising expense, to say nothing of the cost of car fare to the buyer, and the boosting of rentals to other businesses forced to remain in the congested centers.

As the public becomes better informed, the neighborhood stores are bound to increase their business. There are signs here and there that the bargain day mania is playing out. The department stores are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs by their failure to reduce retail prices in accordance with the wholesale trend. To the credit of the newspapers, be it noted that they have printed without fear or favor the facts about the fall in wholesale prices, right along with the blatant advertising of the department stores which have betrayed to the really intelligent buyer the failure to disgorge war profits.

So much for the most conspicuous, but not the only, entangling alliance with which the newspapers are fettered because of their dependence on the sale of their by-product, advertising, rather than of their basic product, news, the product their readers are seeking.

It is unnecessary to speak of the other handicaps under which they labor because of their necessity of holding mass circulation. *The American people are now fully aware of the fact that there are some things about which they cannot always expect to get a full presentation of the news—they know that because of the polyglot racial character of the average newspaper's circulation it does not often tell the whole story about international relationships. They are aware that in discussing crime waves, or the flood of sexual delinquency they cannot find in the newspapers any reference to racial factors, which every police reporter knows—but no newspaper prints.*

All this does not mean that newspapers suppress news. It means that they do not borrow trouble by interpreting it fully, unless some great national emergency calls for the whole truth. In crises the newspapers tell it all, but in more normal times they soft-pedal. Yet it is precisely the silent currents of events that make history and really affect national destiny, rather than the spectacular flashes and flurries which make the front page.

BRIEFLY TOLD

A "Voice Museum" has been opened in Berlin. It records the voices of distinguished persons on phonograph records that have been surfaced with a special chemical substance which will preserve them for 10,000 years. The museum is to be international, and distinguished men who visit Berlin will be asked for "samples" of their voices, in addition to having their photographs taken.

If she is not married at 20 a Hindu girl is considered an old maid. A girl is expected to be married at about 18.

Eighty per cent of the 1,800,000 inhabitants of the Far Eastern Republic are peasants. The area of this republic equals the combined areas of the new republics of Central Europe—Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Austria and Hungary.

The historic shop in London, which shipped the tea to Boston that later was thrown into the harbor by the famous tea party, has restored the sign that hung over the shop in 1650.

Mexican peons are making sandals from discarded automobile casings. The larger sized truck tires are in great demand.

The old Quaker meetinghouse in Easton, Maryland, is standing just where it was built, without any change, additions or subtractions, since 1683.

A Jack London memorial in the form of a library of books dealing with the West is being sponsored by an Oakland, California, club. The building, built of stone and steel, will be located near London's ranch home at Glen Ellen, California.

A kerosene carburetor, which has been invented by a Danish bicycle maker, is used both on motor cars and airplanes. Less fuel is needed and there is no carbonization.

Skim milk, thickened with cocoanut oil, to replace the butterfat of which it has been robbed, is widely sold in condensed form, according to reports. This oil lacks the vitamines that the original cream possessed and results obtained from feeding it to growing children and babies are described as disastrous.

The total population of Australia is less than that of New York City.

Fossil remains of mammals and dinosaurs have been discovered in the Desert of Gobi, China, by the third Asiatic expedition. No dinosaurs had ever been found in Central Asia and very little is known concerning the fossil mammals of that region.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

The lettuce crop alone in the Imperial Valley of California, in 1922, brought the growers a gross income of $5,000,000.

The gypsies of Hungary, who have furnished Hungary its music and ballads for centuries, have organized to drive out the Negro jazz band artists of Budapest and other cities. They have issued a manifesto condemning the jazz music and the municipal councils of seven Hungarian towns have decreed that jazz must go.

A weevil has been discovered in Stone County, Mississippi, which is injurious to the tomato, potato and turnip. It is one-third of an inch long, dull gray in color and bears on the wing-covers a pale V-shaped mark. The larvae feed at night, hiding underground during the day.

Eleven per cent of the foreign-born white population of this country above the age of 10 years are unable to speak English.

Deep-sea crabs grow to a tremendous size along the coast of Alaska, many weighing 20 pounds each. Canneries are to be established there soon and clams and crabs will be put on the market. A great deal of the crab meat now being sold in cans in this country is imported from Japan and adorned with American labels.

One thousand, two hundred and sixty-two saloons are listed in the classified telephone directory of Brooklyn and Queens.

Seven hundred and eighty Japanese companies are engaged in business in Manchuria. This represents an aggregated capital equivalent to $478,000,000, of which more than 50 per cent is paid up.

The United States, under the international agreement for maintaining communication south of the Great Wall of China, is obligated to defend with force, against all comers, a section of the Peking-Mukden railway.

Paved steets in Chicago, if built in a straight line, would make a paved roadway 40 feet wide, reaching from Lake Michigan to Seattle.

In Maine, a constitutional amendment provides that a voter who has filed an application for an absent voting ballot with the clerk of the city or town in which he is registered, may vote by mailing or delivering the ballot to that official.

One-quarter of the wage-earners of the United States are women.

Farmers in the Tanana Valley, Alaska, produced, in 1921, 3,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000 bushels of oats, and nearly 1,000 bushels of barley. A field of wheat at the Matanuska Station yielded 40 bushels an acre. Most of the 3,500 bushels of spring wheat produced in the vicinity of the Fairbanks Station was ground into flour in a small mill there.

Chickens are vaccinated to make them immune from chicken pox in certain sections of California.

The River Ton-le-Sap in French Indo-China flows inland part of the year, and then turns and flows outward, in the opposite direction, for the remainder of the year. During the rainy season it flows inland with depth sufficient to float steamers. During dry weather it flows outward, completely draining a small lake forming part of the river bed except for a small trickle down the center.

The natives of Southeastern Asia have long known of the curative properties of Chaulmoogra oil in skin diseases, especially in leprosy. They use the oil both internally and externally.

Cowry shells are used as money in Siam, in the East Indies and on the west coast of Africa. Sperm whale teeth are used as a medium of exchange in Fiji. Among certain South Sea Islands red feathers and attractive kinds of stones pass as currency.

Ninety-seven per cent of the population of India live in the rural districts.

A new automatic shuttleless loom has been invented, which, it is believed, will revolutionize the cotton manufacturing industry. The loom is the invention of an Englishman and is said to give double production, plus automatic weaving.

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Wipe Out Mud Road Tax on the Farm

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Why You Pay What You Pay for Winter's Heat

Propaganda Bureaus Maintained by Operators Show Lack of Good Faith

By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

This is the first of four articles on the anthracite situation.

AMERICAN householders are spending three-quarters of a billion dollars every year for anthracite coal. That sum is nearly three times the cost to the ultimate consumer of the same amount of coal 10 to 15 years ago. Prices are so high that last winter thousands of poor families dependent on anthracite for fuel were unable to buy enough to keep them warm. In the so-called "stove flats" of New York, children were compelled to huddle together for warmth. In New England, relatively well-to-do citizens closed the upper floors of their homes so that they would have less area to heat. Even in some districts of the anthracite fields dwellings located literally over the mines were only partially heated because their occupants could not afford to pay the prices fixed and exacted by the groups of interests controlling the production, the transportation and the distribution of anthracite.

The foregoing is important to every American citizen, whether he lives in one of the 25 states in which hard coal is used, or in those states supplied by the bituminous fields. It is important in Florida and Southern California as well as in New England, for even the southern states are depending more and more on the industries for their prosperity. Those industries are now supplied by the great soft coal fields, and in many respects soft coal mining bears no relation to anthracite. But the citizen is affected in two ways: first, by the extent to which he must buy products of New England, New York and Pennsylvania where hard coal is in general use; and second, by the growing danger that the methods of anthracite may be applied to the soft coal industry, with consequent increase in price.

When those methods are thoroughly understood by citizens of all the states, and when the menace to prosperity which they constitute is generally recognized, it may be possible to halt the upward trend of prices and perhaps to force reductions that will bring the price to the consumer within reach of his pocketbook. The purpose of the series of articles of which this is the first is to assist toward that understanding by a revelation of how the control of anthracite is maintained. That can be shown by the official statements of the operators. From the same source it can be shown that while the large coal companies cry their poverty from the housetops, they are in reality making huge profits, the extent of which is only partially hidden by the familiar practice of pyramiding—the issuance of stock dividends.

Coal, meaning both the hard and soft varieties, might be likened to the oil industry. Hard coal or anthracite is to a large extent comparable to the huge profit makers of the Standard Oil groups. It is thoroughly organized and strongly held. About 80 per cent of the total output is from the groups known as the "railroad mines." Of the remaining "independent" production a large and constantly growing percentage is sold through the coal sales companies established by the railroad coal mining companies. In the past, various means were used to prevent the real independents cutting prices, in the few instances where that was attempted. As a rule it has not been attempted because the whole trend has been in the other direction. Until last winter the production of anthracite was never quite sufficient to meet the demand. Therefore, the independent was in a position to sell his coal often at a premium over the railroad list price, which is published every month by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company.

Insist There's No Price-fixing

THE coal barons insist in all their propaganda that there is no price-fixing. But year after year in monotonous succession the records show that approximately 80 per cent of the production is sold at the price named on the first of every month by the Philadelphia and Reading Company. That has enabled officials of the Reading to claim from time to time that their most valuable function is to keep down prices and to stabilize the industry. The flaw in their argument is that prices have not been kept down. By admission of the operators they are far too high. In former years it was the custom, after crowding on "all the traffic would bear," to attempt justification of the ultimate price by comparison with prices of other commodities. Now, however, even the operators admit that the cost of a ton of anthracite is above the economic buying power of the average householder.

It is not the intention here to go into the problems of soft coal. But to complete the comparison of the industry as a whole with the oils, it might be said that bituminous is comparable to the independent fields. In some instances the profits are just as high as when a good well is struck. In others, losses are sustained. There is much speculation. The field is overproduced, according to all authorities. Whereas the total production of anthracite is only approximately 80,000,000 tons a year, that of bituminous can be run above 600,000,000 tons. If all the mines now opened were worked anywhere near capacity with the 600,000 miners in the fields, the total could be vastly increased. When William G. McAdoo was Secretary of the Treasury, he asserted that some soft coal producers earn 2,000 per cent on their invested capital. Soft coal operators are forced to keep their prices down because of the competition, particularly that of the "snow birds" or wagon mines, the outcroppings in back yards and on farms, worked spasmodically by the farmers during the winter when there is enough demand to make it profitable.

In the hard coal fields it is estimated that there are now about 155,000 miners. That figure should be kept in mind in connection with some of the statements made by the operators, particularly the statement made originally last February by Samuel D. Warriner, president of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, and repeated since then at frequent intervals whenever it has been deemed expedient. The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company is one of the largest owners and operators of hard coal mines. But apart from the tonnage he controls directly by reason of his presidency of that company, Mr. Warriner looms large in the industry as chairman of the General Policies Committee, and as chairman of the General Committee of Anthracite Operators. The General Policies Committee represents the "companies" as they are known in the industry; otherwise, the railroad coal companies. There is also an Anthracite Operators' Association consisting of all the independents. The General Committee of Anthracite Operators is the group representing both railroad mines and independents, with which union leaders have been in conference off and on since March 15 over the question of a new wage scale. Mr. Warriner also is the chairman of that committee.

Late in February last, a meeting of operators was held in Atlantic City. After two days of closed sessions the meeting adjourned. Back in his Philadelphia office Mr. Warriner, as spokesman, announced for the first time that the operators considered the price of anthracite too high. He said it was too high in relation to the purchasing power of the people, and also in comparison with the prevailing prices of other commodities. As the first step toward reduction of prices, Mr. Warriner said the operators intended to meet with the mine union officials in New York on March 15, and insist on a reduction of wages. At that time he did not say how much of a reduction would be demanded. The Shamokin convention of the miners had gone on record earlier for an increase of 20 per cent for contract miners and $1 a day for day men. According to Mr. Warriner the $1 demand would affect about 100,000 men, whom he said were being paid $4.20 a day under the existing scale.

Want to Force Down Labor

NATURALLY, some questions were asked by the newspapermen. It was the first time in anthracite history that operators had made such an admission concerning the price of their commodity, and the reporters sought to find the reason. Mr. Warriner was asked concerning the amount of anthracite in storage—the surplus of production over demand. He said he could not give figures but admitted that it was large. He was asked also concerning other economies which he said the operators were making in their efforts to reduce the price of coal to the ultimate consumer. In answer he said that the cost of materials and equipment used in the mines was being reduced in line with the whole trend of deflation. But he was quick to point out that these total reductions amount to very little in comparison with the labor cost. He said that the operators could not reduce the price without a reduction in wages.

Again on March 15, when the opening session of the conference with the unions was held, Mr. Warriner repeated verbally the substance of the first part of his February statement. But when he came to the point of discussing reductions in the cost of timber, metal and other equipment, he took a new tack. Some of the newspapers had shown a marked desire to know why these reductions spoken of in February had not been passed along to the customer. So, in March, Mr. Warriner announced that the reductions had not yet reached the mines. Again he emphasized that all those items represent but a small percentage of the total cost of producing a ton of coal.

A few days later the position of the operators was set forth again, this time in answer to the 19 demands made by the miners. Operators were quite familiar with those demands. They were publicly announced early in the year after they had been formulated at the Shamokin convention. But, nevertheless, a week was consumed to prepare the answer. And when that answer came it proved to be in reality nothing more than the statement made by the operators following the Atlantic City conference in February. It was more specific in some particulars, but even then it did not contain the final demand of the operators for a wage cut of 20 per cent for contract miners, and $1 a day for day men. That demand was reserved for a later date, thus consuming more time, although everybody knew what it would be. For when the miners were in convention in Shamokin a publicity representative of the operators had made the announcement of the reduction his employers would demand. The operators decided that his statement was "premature" at that time.

Those who followed the slow pace of the conference in New York were forced to wonder if the operators really desired a settlement. That suspicion was fed by reports from the anthracite regions, where, according to general information, from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 tons of hard coal in prepared sizes was in storage when the miners quit work on April 1. Reports of the Federal Reserve banks and from other sources since then indicate very little demand. It is asserted by the miners that the operators are not anxious to reopen the mines until they have disposed of the huge surplus stocks, if possible at a premium. But so far, in spite of all their propaganda, in spite of the fact that the Warriner statement has been given to the public in various forms from three to five times, there has been no stampede to buy coal. The truth is that the apparently impossible happened. The public balked.

"The deflated pocketbook of the buyer cannot continue to pay the present prices," says the statement issued by the operators in New York on March 17. "Economy is being practiced by the consumer and various substitutes for anthracite are being used. But for the fear on the part of the public of a suspension April 1, the recent movement of anthracite would have been even less than it was, with the result of short-time employment throughout the region. The economic situation today not only forbids any increase in costs and prices, but compels a reduction.

But while repeating their demand for a reduction of wages as the only possible way to cut the cost of coal to the ultimate consumer, the operators have consistently ignored the demand of the miners that a commission be created to inquire into the costs of producing coal. Operators put forth their own figures of these costs. But they do not show what the costs contain. The miners say the price of coal could be reduced $5 a ton without taking a cent from wages, by the reduction of freight rates, the charges of coal sales companies, the profits of operators, jobbers and retailers, and the elimination of unnecessary expenses.

A lack of good faith is apparent in nearly everything put out by the propaganda bureaus maintained by the operators. The miners charge that the purpose of the publicity bureau is to "throw coal dust into the eyes of the public." Let the public judge. Within the last few months the publicity bureau put out a statement beginning, "A miner's annual earnings of $8,793.65 have been revealed by an inquiry into mine payrolls." The statement added that the 28-year-old Austrian miner referred to had not earned less than $7,000 a year in three years. But at the tail end of the statement it was pointed out that the man's work was driving tunnels through the rock, to connect gangways and veins of coal; also that earnings as large as $7,000 a year are not uncommon in that kind of work. In other words, he was not really a miner of coal, but an expert.

The same bureau put out a statement showing alleged costs of a large operating company for the first seven months of 1919. It claimed an average cost of $4.94 per ton against an average selling price of $4.69 per ton, and added, "there was consequently in the seven months a loss which averaged 24 cents a ton for each ton mined." The figures by months show the loss was 43 cents a ton in January, but there was a progressive decrease of loss until finally by July the company was making a profit of 19 cents a ton. There the statement stopped. Any reader would be naturally curious to know what profit was made in the remaining five months of the year. It is a fact that the company to which the figures referred did make a profit in that year, large enough to pay an eight per cent dividend and have a half million dollar surplus.

More Sold, Price Higher

IT HAS become almost a rule of American business that as volume of output reduces overhead, prices to the consumer should be reduced. Many huge industries have been built on the principle of reducing the price first to command the volume. In all such cases, the men back of those industries and the workers in the shops and factories are taking raw materials and turning them into finished products. Coal, on the other hand, is a natural resource. It is not to be overlooked that it must be cleaned and sized, and that those processes are expensive. But the same laws of multiple production applying to other industries should apply to coal, and the records of profits made out of the hard coal mines would seem to indicate that they do.

The ultimate consumer may well wonder what the end will be if instead of getting cheaper coal, the results of savings in operation are to be translated into an added burden to him. In the next article it will be shown that that is exactly and specifically what has happened over a period of the last 20 years in the mining of anthracite. To put it even more plainly, the reason why anthracite costs up to $16 a ton today within a day or two of the mines is because huge profits have been made in the past. The consumer who buys a ton of coal is paying not only an exorbitant return on the actual capital invested, but he is paying an equally exorbitant rate of interest on the past profits. If those profits had not been made in the past it is conceivable that it would be more difficult today for the operators to contend that they cannot afford to make reductions.

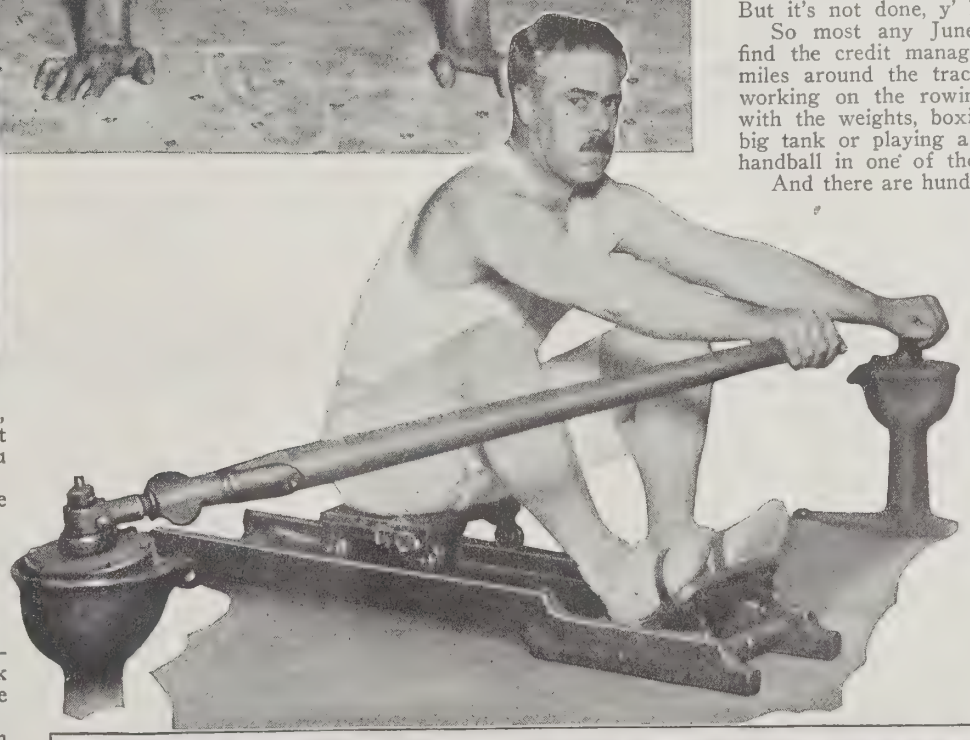
In succeeding articles it will be shown how six profits are paid by the ultimate consumer, including the wages of the miners. Profits of the big operating companies revealed in their annual reports will be set forth that the public may judge for itself what truth there is in the argument of the operators that they cannot reduce the price. It will be shown how the effort of the government, begun in 1902, to break up the so-called "coal trust" has resulted only in cementing the power of the group of bankers dominating anthracite from coal mine to coal bin, and has brought about a pyramiding of interest in distribution, each of which exacts its profit until the operators themselves are forced to admit that the final price is unbearable.

The Business Man Somersaults Into Health

Eternal Quest for Fountain of Youth Finds Way to Gymnasium

By GEORGE C. HENDERSON







"MARRY you? Why, you poor, bald-headed, flat-footed, rheumatic tin can. I wouldn't marry a wheezy old walrus like you if you were the last man on earth."

So spake the first stone-age stenographer to the stone-age business man as she hopped onto her dinosaur and headed for home and mama.

Thus began the initial search for the fountain of youth.

Impelled by the scorn of the forest maiden, the slightly shop-worn financier tightened the girth of his tunic, rubbed sheep-dip on the bald spots, discarded his comfortable sandals for tighter ones, took to deep breathing, regulated his diet to include more calories, and read up extensively on vitamines.

The search for the fountain of youth dates from when King Solomon installed massage baths and runs down through Ponce de Leon's famous hunt for the mystic waters on the American continent to the modern period of gland operations, serum injections and treatment at the hands of white Swamis.

The same fakir who flim-flammed Ponce de Leon by telling him that the Fountain of Youth bubbled ecstatically in the Florida swamps, is now at work on the gullible with his post-hypnotic suggestion, internal breathing, predigested diet, muscle-making, unconscious evolution and planetary influences on the epiglottis.

The wise man of old, who tried to rout poor hopeful Diogenes out of his tub by telling him that he was suffering from neurasthenia, is at work on Mr. Jones, the bookkeeper at the Bon Ton cutlery store, insisting that his salvation lies in horoscopic readings at $4 each.

About the time that Mr. Raleigh was laying down his cloak in the mud for Queen Elizabeth, most of the people on the globe believed that plagues and afflictions were brought by evil spirits, and witches were burned for practicing the "black art." The pest who, in ancient times, would have treated Demosthenes for contraction of the thorax, then appeared in the shape of a holy man or witch dispeller.

A little later we encounter what is known as the patent medicine era, when the land was flooded with sugar-and-water concoctions and pills. People bought these medicines, some of which contained narcotics and poisons, and consumed great quantities of the rot.

Today the "Fountain of Youth" purveyors do not give even a quart bottle and a cork to their patients. They have improved upon the system of the Middle Ages and the Cast-Iron Age of American development.

A small pamphlet, entitled "Life's Secrets Unfolded," brings the vigor of a giant to you, adds two feet to your height, removes a front porch or grows hair on a billiard ball.

Mr. Gulick, the well-known bootlegger, learns through occult manifestations that his stomach trouble is due to a short circuit of his invisible astral body with the earth stratum instead of the inordinate consumption of fusel oil and wood alcohol.

Pretty Miss Bennett pays $45 for 50 lessons in beauty culture and finds that the 50 cents' worth of mimeographed paper tells her to drink a lot of water, avoid sugars, fats and starches, quit eating the things she likes and take a run around the block every morning at six. She tries the running stunt once, bringing out the fire department, three policemen, a wagon from the emergency hospital and a guard from the insane asylum, all of whom have been called by the mystified neighbors.

We have with us the Science of Eating, the Science of Breathing, the Science of Mastication and innumerable other sciences dealing with the wiggling of the toes, simonizing the teeth and changing the aspect of the epidermis.

There are in the United States 1,299,377 persons who have the "master key" to health and are willing to make you a duplicate for anything from 25 cents to $500.

City life plays hob with a man's vitality, unless the said man keeps fit by muscular recreation. The late Colonel Theodore Roosevelt built himself up from a puny, myopic youth into a virile, dynamic superman through hunting, racing, walking, riding and prowling about the woods and open places. President Harding is a strong advocate of outdoor recreation and no week passes that he does not take a horseback ride or play a game of golf. Thomas A. Edison is an enthusiastic pedestrian.

What makes the tired business man tired is generally all work and no play. The lounger gets tired from all play and no work.

Take the credit manager for a big department store. Credit managing is not what one might term the strenuous life. If one could combine the credit job with that of a truckman, the balance between physical and mental exertion might be adjusted. But it's not done, y' know.

So most any June afternoon you can find the credit manager tearing off a few miles around the track at the gymnasium, working on the rowing machine, tinkering with the weights, boxing, swimming in the big tank or playing a momentous game of handball in one of the courts.

And there are hundreds of thousands like the chap just mentioned. The gymnasium idea has taken hold of the American business man in every city. A man who has made a success in life knows in his heart that there is no real cure for physical ills in nostrums and drugs. So he seeks in the athletic club that development which the outdoor man gets at his work.

When a Russian scientist announced recently that "long hair gives long life" and declared that the vital vibrations are absorbed through the hirsute growth, you might expect to find the bald heads making a path to the door of the hair tonic man. But not so. In fact, you are more likely to glimpse a glistening dome in a calisthenics class, doing flipflops over an iron bar, presenting a remarkable symphony of ripping biceps.

"As you think, so are you," says the modern

(Concluded on page 11)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 38, July 15, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Loose Them and Let Them Go

OVER and over again, in hope that the shame of it might burn, the insistent statement is made that the United States lags behind the whole world in giving amnesty to political prisoners. The enemy agents who blew up our factories and docks have been released. Military spies of the enemy, taken in the very act of espionage, have been released. Suspect aliens of every degree have been released. *But Americans whose chief fault was that they held a certain economic theory are still in jail.* Of all the nations joined in the war on either side, only Russia and the United States continue to use prisons for the punishment of differences of political opinion.

Since the facts have forced a public hearing it is no longer possible to quiet the conscience with the notion that our political prisoners are "reds" and are, therefore, just as well in jail as out. The facts are that the majority of these men are Americans, supposedly possessing the guaranties of American citizenship, and that in very many cases their arrest had nothing to do with the war at all, not even with the passions incident to war, but were victims of a plan, *proceeding under cover of the war excitement,* to terrorize certain labor movements.

Men were arrested, thrown into jail, railroaded to prison under long sentences, because they had ideas about industry with which others did not agree. Men were arrested because they had ideas about wages which were inconvenient at the moment, and the easiest way to suppress the idea was to have the man hauled off to jail. In no case was disloyalty proved; in many cases it was not even charged. Some of the men had not even expressed their distaste for war, a distaste shared by millions of us whom no government would dare touch.

But, aside from that, as political prisoners, they are entitled to the enlightened treatment which all the enlightened nations have meted out to their political prisoners, namely, release and liberty. Most of these men are actually entitled to governmental apology and reparation—but to suggest it would be millennial.

The friends of these men and the believers of liberty everywhere are making one last effort to get American decency into action. Their fear is that a few of the more favored men may be released as a sop to public opinion and the rest forgotten. The very possibility of such an occurrence, the very possibility of such a fear under any system of Justice, is significant in the extreme. If Justice has become subject to mass movements of opinion, it is because of the extreme possibilities for injustice in the hands of everybody, from town marshals upward, during the war. What the friends of the prisoners want is their liberty, but what we as citizens should also desire is an exposure of the methods by which these men lost their liberty.

We know of the great lawlessness which today characterizes official departments of the government. There is robbery of the United States mails; there is thievery among private papers; there is actual kidnaping of people by the agents of the Government—even now, in these post-armistice days! But even so, the official lawlessness of war days was greater in extent. Worst of all was the deliberate and diabolical use of the war-passion and the war-time power to satisfy private grudges. There is no doubt now that under cover of the war it was deliberately planned to use the confusion to strike down certain attempts at industrial independence; there is no doubt now that the program which began in wholesale arrests of certain classes of American workers, ended in the deflation of the currency which threw wages down and then brought unemployment.

Make no mistake, the powers of darkness have had their innings among us Americans, and the best we can now do is to do justice and release the political prisoners. Even where, as "political" prisoners their restraint may have seemed justified, as "political" prisoners they are now entitled to be free. This is granted in England, France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, Austria—everywhere; everywhere except the United States and Russia.

A giant petition is about to be presented to President Harding. Some of the most conservative men of the nation will assist at the presentation. The delay in action has been too long for Americans to take any pride or do any boasting should the petition be granted, but to delay action any longer would be a permanent stain.

Let the political prisoners go free.

Cut Down the Delays

THERE will be many new members in the next United States Senate. The personnel of the House of Representatives will also show changes. The results of the primary elections make these prophecies certain, although the extent of the revolt against the present Congress cannot be determined until the general election.

The early indications of changes are sufficient to make a discussion of the next Congress in order. And the policy which calls for the most radical change in the next Congress has to do with the methods by which that body conducts its business.

Legislative delays are the most fruitful subjects of criticism. The rules of the House and Senate are such that delay rather than dispatch is the ideal sought. In the present Congress, the length of time required for affirmative or negative action upon the soldiers' bonus, the tariff, and other important measures has been apparent to the entire country.

There are arguments in favor of deliberate judgment, and debate on important bills sufficient to enlighten the country on all controversial subjects. But there is no argument for the interminable dragging out of committee consideration and repetitious debate on the floors of the houses. The inauguration of the budget system should relieve members of Congress from much of the detail in connection with appropriation bills; the country will not be inclined to excuse such delay as grows from the logrolling in behalf of pork-barrel appropriations.

In the Senate, there is abundant opportunity for reform in the elaborate institution known as senatorial courtesy, and in the iron-clad insistence upon seniority rule.

Courtesy is a splendid thing. But it is puzzling to read of parliamentary debates in which partisan privilege permits the exchange of bitter insult, while senatorial courtesy requires the most profound obedience to peccadillo rules. Senatorial courtesy is often most discourteous to the country.

Respect for elders and regard for experience are attributes of virtue, but the Congressional seniority rules tend toward placing the country's most vital business in the hands of those whom age has enfeebled and made hesitant. The country is entitled to the leadership of its men of most alert mind and most unalloyed energy. Changes in senatorial rules may easily be formulated giving places of honor to aging statesmen, while permitting actual leadership to go to those whose abilities cast them for the part.

Congress has suffered much criticism during recent years. It lies with the next Congress to allay that criticism by speeding up its business to the highest pitch, commensurate with wise consideration of the measures before it.

Working While Waiting

THE miners of Boulder, Colorado, who are victims of a general strike, do not choose to remain idle simply because their chosen vocation is closed.

The foothills, the mountain streams and the dumps of abandoned mines are dotted with the tents of striking miners, busily panning gold and silver from the gravel or chipping tungsten from the broken boulders.

In many cases, the miners have taken their families, giving the adventure the semblance of a vacation outing. Others leave their dependents in the coal camps and return with their gains at the week-end.

What do they earn? That is immaterial, perhaps, but it is sufficient to carry them through the strike without calling for outside help, and to afford some assistance to those not so fortunate.

The example of these men should help others where gold and silver do not abound, for there are other means of tiding over bad times, even in localities where opportunities are few. Idleness is the worst enemy to citizenship; independence and self-reliance its characteristic.

A Drive to End "Drives"

COMMENDABLE progress has been made toward national deflation. Business enterprises have cut operating costs, and written off useless appendages. The government, under the praiseworthy impetus of General Charles A. Dawes' budget activities, has accomplished much. In both business and the government, of course, there is still a great deal to be done.

But there is one field of American money-spending, whose burden upon the general public has not been lessened appreciably.

That is the field occupied by the hosts of organizations, devoted to the noble purposes of uplifting, inspiring, directing, and otherwise saving mankind.

It is a wonderful field. There is scarcely a single organization encamped within its limits, which does not seek to confer some beatific gift upon our fellow men. Whether it be the Society for International Famine Prevention, the Association Opposed to Red Neckties or the Ladies Auxiliary Circle in favor of Artistic Igloos, there is doubtless something commendable about the object desired by each. And each, too, has as its inspiring genius some enthusiastic person of the utmost sincerity.

But the whole trouble is, we cannot afford them all. In the wake of the war, with its "drives," thousands upon thousands of organizations grew up, eager to alleviate human suffering, advance human government, elevate the human intellect. Each of these organizations had its officers, its offices, its committees, and its costly efficiency methods. And the public paid.

The feverish period which gave rise to them has passed, but the organizations remain. Although the deflation period was severe enough to compel the loosening of even such tight grips as politicians are able to fasten upon government jobs, it has not yet been strong enough to break the hold of uplift organizations. No such organization ever dissolves because it believes that it has ended its usefulness. None of the smiling, agreeable, platitudinous secretaries (office hours 9:30 to 3, lunch from 11:30 to 2) ever voluntarily relinquishes his glass-topped desk. The result is that the burden on the public, which, in the last analysis, must support them, is not lightened.

There must be a reduction in the number of these organizations, and a reduction in the cost of the overhead of those that remain. Otherwise, the really necessary campaigns for funds—and they are few—will suffer because of sheer public exhaustion from subscription drives and contribution drains.

When each individual returns to the realization that his important business is minding his own business, rather than that of the rest of the human race, perhaps the whole race will be found able to get along without the help these associations feel called upon to bestow.

Perhaps we shall be driven to organize the Society to Prevent the Extraction of Huge Sums for Unnecessary Purposes. A "drive," no doubt, would prove the popularity of such a movement.

Honesty and Their Policy

OH, FOR a man, whom the germ of politics has bitten, and who still will dare give expression to his real beliefs!

Look them all over from coast to coast. Congressmen, mayors, aldermen, governors, candidates, hopeful aspirants—and then try to name one whose utterance measures up to the standard of courage the country has the right to expect.

"I must not offend any man."

Such must be the motto, common to all who seek the favor of democratic government. A few there are, whose names have been linked with certain radical proposals, who attract the reasoning opposition of persons of contrary faith. And a few there are who, on original entrance into the field of political aspiration, come as clear-cut crusaders for the particular group whence their candidacy sprang.

But once started down the political track—how quickly radicalism feels the oil of tolerance! How soon are all men beloved! How rapidly do words and phrases melt unctuously into platitudes which can offend none and which roll mellifluously off the tongue!

The outspoken man, whom the world admires for the freedom of his statement—how soon does his outspokenness get edited by his editors, his personalities get sheered of their personal references by his secretaries, his wild radicalisms become tame under the suave ministrations of his managers!

Nominate the wildest tiger of Bengal for Congress, and we are willing to wager he will be making speeches in a month, in which he is expressing his high regard for the English, the Irish, the Italian, the German, the Swede, the Hottentot; shouting his strong conservative progressivism; and winding up with a peroration in which he pays tribute to Washington and Lincoln.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE country has learned to expect strikes and rumors of strikes whenever business picks up enough to give men confidence. For years past the strike disease has been chronic in certain industries. The strike, which a few years ago was a local shop matter, later developed into a wider trade movement, until now it has attained national dimensions and has attempted an offensive and defensive alliance among related trades.

This development of the strike would be awarded the unbiased verdict of being good strategy, if all the other elements were equal. That is to say, if you grant that the "class war" is here, it is excellent strategy to organize your whole class against the opposite class. Or, if it be true as some of the labor leaders teach, that in the hands of the employers are all the keys of prosperity and all the desirable gifts of life, if it is true that employers hold the fate of the world in their decision, then it is nothing but good strategy to compel them to release their grip and distribute these good gifts to all.

The "if" is a very big one and it is upon the consideration of it that the whole estimation of strike strategy must turn.

The strike itself has never won anything. It has been total loss to all concerned. At most it can be defended, if at all, only as an educational accessory. There have been benefits in the adjustment of working conditions following upon strikes, but close examination does not credit the strike with being the beneficial cause. Always there was the moral compulsion of Public Opinion which has said, "this demand is right!" and that has been the winner. Without this, nothing was attained. Even with it, there was staggering loss.

The two most significant developments in the strike situation have come within recent years: one has been the public apathy with regard to them. The people who can best be depended upon to catch the moral inwardness of a situation have ceased to be as sympathetic toward strikes as they once were. This cannot mean that they have ceased to feel with the worker, because *the Public is the Worker.* It means something which perhaps the Public would find it hard to put into words. The Public seems to get a sense of changing base before it gets the principles on which the change is based. Some have interpreted Public apathy to mean that the people are thinking that it is not wise to make things harder while everything remains hard enough for the people. But there is probably something deeper than that, though as yet inarticulate. There is probably a growing sense of the futility of fighting straw men, or of seeking benefits within a system which is constitutionally unsound.

OUR annual strike bill would feed the starving world for which we are now collecting millions of dollars. It represents far less than one-half of what we should gain if we were to go on a just economic basis. Some people oppose the implications of "economic justice" because they think it will mean a decrease in wealth, a diminishing return, everybody doing with less in order that the poor may have a little more. That is most absurd. Economic justice would bring such an increase of wealth that the economic problem would practically disappear as a sore and change into an avenue of greater progress. Our strike bill represents our fines and penalties before the Court of the Eternal Justice for not being fair and just. The measure of our economic injustice is the measure of our net loss.

The second development—a sinister one, but probably in the line of progress—has been the strategic use of the strike by unscrupulous employers to create conditions that serve them. Just as European monarchs once caused war to divert their people's minds from home problems, so have employers been known to throw out incitements to strikes for purposes of their own. Sometimes it was to ruin a competitor whose business would be involved in the strike. Sometimes it was to mislead their workmen so badly as to discredit them in the public estimation. Sometimes it was for the purpose of rousing the fear of hunger by bringing on battles marked by every brutality of which the lower forms of labor and the still lower forms of capital were capable.

In a hundred years it will be clearly seen that the strike was Justice—not the justice of employer or employe—but the Justice of natural law. The just due that you refuse to give one way, you will be compelled to give another way. That law is over all men and movements. It operates upon the man who stints at the job and it operates upon the man who stints at the pay envelope. Somehow both will pay up. What they gained by shaving the law of Justice they will lose to that very Law. Enough money is lost every year in strikes in the United States to feed the world. *More money is lost than would have to be given up to put our whole economic system on a just basis!*

The protest against all talk about a just economic order is rooted in the misconception of some that it will require them to sacrifice some of their wealth, that it will diminish their returns. The absurdity of this cannot easily be put into words. Why, the fact is that it is the present system which sacrifices wealth and lowers returns! Take the sum lost in strikes, lassitude, shop dissension, sabotage, "soldiering," cheating, a sum staggering to contemplate; a sum reaching billions!—well, that is the sum that would be added to wealth under a better system. Yes, and double: for we should then keep what we now lose, and the time we now spend in losing it would be used to create as much again.

There will be more wealth under a system of justice than there is now. Justice always pays better than injustice: we can see that even when our very best justice is rather pale: even then it is better than injustice. Beyond all its vagaries the chief fallacy of Socialism was that it encouraged the idea that social justice would mean a scaling down of wealth. It would mean nothing of the kind. As economic injustice has been steadily pushed back in this world—and it has been pushed a considerable distance in the last one hundred years—wealth has increased by leaps and bounds. What is lacking is the certainty of outlook which would allow men to get the best out of the material increase; and that certainty of mind must come through a deliberate effort on the part of men of all classes to get this national housekeeping system of ours into some kind of decent order.

As long as the employer withholds from his men, so long will he pay up to the Law, and he will pay a penalty along with what he withheld. As long as employes work along in the idea that their work is merely to get something out of the front office, something which must necessarily be in antagonism to the front office, so long they also will pay to the Law. And as long as the Public looks on, never sensing the moral issue involved, never considering the great challenge involved, that long will the Public go on bearing its large share of the cost.

Here we have been hearing the quarrels of two great services, railroads and mining. But more than strikes are involved. The worst thing is not the strike. The worst thing is the assumption by employers and employes that railroading as it is now will continue, and that mining as it is now will continue, and that the fight must be waged on the basis of present things. The most colossal piece of railroad mismanagement in a long history of mismanagement was the cut of the railroad men's wages. That is indefensible. The management that manages by taking operating expenses out of wage envelopes is already doomed. Mining is in the same case—most amazing, most stupid mismanagement, joined sometimes to a human callousness that is startling. But, have the only railroaders there are—the workers on the railroads; have the only miners there are—the delvers in the mines, ever come forward with more than a demand that the financial managers give up more? Must mining forever be the hard thing it now is? Must railroading always be the wasteful thing it now is? Has nobody thought further than the fight between factions in systems which progress has already doomed?

Some time sheer weariness of the recurring menaces and interruptions will rouse the Public to put its finger upon the real seat of the trouble, and when it does so, the great surgeon will operate quickly.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

With Country Banks on Strike, Could Wall St. Live?

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

LATE one November evening, chill, dark and unforgettable, I left the financial district of New York. In the skyscrapers looming upward, the windows seemed black and gaping holes. From the bay, a shuddering wind swept up Manhattan Island, that struck one to the bone. It was the kind of night when men raise the collars of their ulsters well above their ears and hurry homeward, grateful at the thought of warmth and comfort.

Attempting to cross Wall Street, I was stopped by a long line of men in single file. They stood there shivering, their haggard faces nipped with cold. Some sat on camp stools. A few were drinking coffee from bottles and munching sandwiches. They were about two hundred in number, some old and gray-haired, many young in years, down to the age of boyhood.

This file of humanity stretched from Broadway, opposite Trinity churchyard, along Wall Street to a point between the offices of J. P. Morgan & Company and the National City Bank. It ended before the doors of a large white building on the south side of the historic street.

It was then nearing eight o'clock. The people had been posted there since the close of banking hours that afternoon. With sullen determination, they were going to remain stationed on the sidewalks for the next 14 hours, sleepless in the terrible cold of that November night, so they could be the first in line when the doors of the Trust Company of America would open at 10 o'clock the following morning.

It was a night that had succeeded one of the grim days of the Rich Men's Panic. For weeks, dense crowds had filled Wall and Broad streets, nervous, curious and questioning. They had packed the high steps of the Sub-Treasury Building in their anxiety. The district had, in fact, been black with people eager to witness one of the most remarkable demonstrations of modern times—the greatest and longest bank run that has yet occurred in financial history.

Stretching patience and endurance to the breaking point, these night watchers were hoping to get back the money they had placed in a Wall Street institution.

They little knew that they were only the pawns of great financiers who had foreseen an emergency.

Few of them dreamed that the extraordinary scene in which they played their parts, had been staged within the walls of powerful banking houses.

For more than a year, a furious gamble had been in progress. Now the greatest of all the gamblers, the men who controlled Wall Street, were making the country pay the costs of all the dreadful hazards that had been taken.

The financial catastrophe had been precipitated by wealthy speculators. A crowd of copper men had attempted a disastrous corner in United Copper shares. As fast as they garnered the stock, they put it up as collateral for call loans in a chain of banks and trust companies identified with their operations. Another coterie of brokers had cornered the stock of the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company, in order to get control of this corporation, which was an iron, coal and steel property extending through Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia.

Speculation Ties People's Money

THE brokers succeeded in their corner in T. C. & I. But, instead of success, it spelt their ruin. In buying up all the stock in the market, they had run the price up to $166 a share. On this stock they had obtained from complaisant bankers loans of *public money* deposited in Wall Street institutions, aggregating $25,000,000. This immense loan was now a frozen credit. The brokers were unable to sell the Tennessee Company as they had planned. Neither could they pay back their loans. Nor could the banks get back their money. They did not dare to liquidate the collateral of Tennessee stock, for had they tried it, the price of T. C. & I. would have dropped to almost nothing, and dragged the stock market down with it. A deadlock now ensued in Wall Street—a period of uneasy waiting, punctuated by dismal forebodings.

In the process of building up corners in copper, coal, steel and steamship stocks, there had been a period of wild speculation. In the nine months since the beginning of the year, 156,791,047 shares of stock had been traded in on the New York Stock Exchange, which represented an actual outlay of $12,233,942,317. Most of these transactions had been carried on margins. In order to facilitate them, banks in the financial district had advanced 80 per cent of the money in the shape of call loans. *Country banks in every part of the Union had hundreds of millions in the shape of demand deposits in Wall Street institutions. And now Wall Street bankers had tied up the bulk of the country's money in stock gambling ventures.*

A money stringency asserted itself as demands arose for capital needed in legitimate business. The rates for call money jumped to eight and one-half per cent, to 10 per cent, and finally one day they advanced to the stupendous figure of 125 per cent. That meant that the broker was asked to pay an interest rate of $1.25 on every $1.00 that he was borrowing from his bank. This was more than the traffic could bear. The brokers could not pay off their loans. The banks began to throw the stock collateral upon the market for any price it might bring, and the Stock Exchange suddenly staggered under the greatest break in prices it had sustained for many years.

Desperate scenes now took place in the private offices of great banking houses. White-haired brokers wept and pleaded with bankers not to sell out their loans. For in the demoralized Street, the first blow fell upon the commission men who had been gambling in copper shares. Their firms went down like houses of cards. The Mercantile Trust Company, which had financed them, became embarrassed.

The public, calmed by reassuring statements, was as yet unsuspecting. The heads of the great National banks alone knew the danger of the situation. They held a secret meeting, at which they determined upon a plan to save their institutions at the cost of others, and sustain the corner in Tennessee Coal & Iron stock, from which the banking leaders hoped to profit.

In great cities, when a fire gets beyond control, it is the custom of firemen to bomb the intervening buildings with dynamite to stop the progress of the flames. The National banks that controlled the destinies of Wall Street, decided upon a similar step. They planned that the force of the panic should be directed against the trust companies, which in those days were not members of the New York Clearing House.

After banking hours that day, one of the largest National banks announced that it would refuse to clear for the Knickerbocker Trust Company. On the following morning there ensued a run on the Knickerbocker Trust, which, after paying out $8,000,000, closed its doors. The day before, its stock had been selling at $1,200 a share. This day its shares were not worth a dollar. Its president, Charles T. Barney, at once resigned. This immense failure shocked the world. It even became a feature of ribaldry in London music halls.

Punish Another, Save Selves

MR. BARNEY was a Sybarite. He had loved the beautiful things in life. He was never accused of wrongdoing, but he had made the mistake of having associated himself with one of the speculative groups. Only a short time before this, Mr. Barney had shown me some of the treasures which he had gathered in his splendid home. In his foyer was an antique Venetian ceiling. A green stone mantel, which he had imported from Italy, filled nearly the entire length of his great dining room. Two weeks after the bombing of his trust company, the banker was found lying dead beside this marvel of Italian Renaissance of the thirteenth century, a revolver in his hand and a bullet in his brain.

On the day when the Knickerbocker Trust closed its doors, Wall Street was filled with direful rumors. That night, the leaders of the Street held a meeting uptown in a private banker's library. The panic was still out of hand. They feared that there would be runs on all their banks next morning. All this while the newspapers had been true to the best traditions. They still reassured the public, and refrained from mentioning the name of a single institution against which a run might be precipitated.

But the suave and polished gentlemen who rule Wall Street can show themselves to be as hard and cruel as the scaly monsters of the Saurian age. *To safeguard their own banks, they decided to single out another trust company, and hurl upon it the full weight of the financial storm.* They adjourned that night from the banker's library to Sherry's, where, at one o'clock that morning, the leading partner in the foremost banking house called in the financial reporters and to them spoke the deadly words. He said that the subject of that night's conference had been the affairs of *the Trust Company of America.*

Even then, the New York press refused to name the ill-fated institution, with one exception—a Jewish-owned newspaper which enjoys the favor of the Street.

Early the next morning, Wall Street was packed with the desperate depositors of the Trust Company of America, an institution which boasted resources of $76,000,000. The company paid out $12,000,000 the first day, $9,000,000 the second day, and so continued paying daily for a period of some 45 days. As shown before, the depositors camped all night in the financial district, so as not to lose their places in line. The trust company was slowly bled white. Then the dictators of the Street compelled the associated trust companies to advance the unfortunate institution $25,000,000 of their own funds. The order was that the Trust Company of America *must not close down.* In all, $34,000,000 was withdrawn by depositors during a run unprecedented in the history of banking.

The president of the Trust Company of America was Oakleigh Thorne. He stuck to his post without a word, and paid out his millions until the run was ended. Then he continued the company, and paid off the $25,000,000 loan of the associated trust companies. He even brought his concern back to a point where it once more paid dividends upon its stock. But the harsh emperors of the Street's arena had turned down their thumbs. Their dictum was that Oakleigh Thorne must depart forever from Wall Street, with all who had been associated with him.

I did not see Mr. Thorne again until the day of his departure. When I called at his narrow office on the mezzanine floor of the Trust Company of America building, he was seated, smiling, before his desk, above which hung a sign: "Don't Worry." *His hair had turned absolutely white.*

New York Banks Were Saved by Withholding the People's Money. What If the Interior Banks Withheld Money From New York?

Thorne said to me: "When the storm broke, to my utter amazement, its chief force was directed against the Trust Company of America. It is idle now to discuss the reason why. I am going across the river. I have bought the Corporation Trust Company of New Jersey, to provide jobs for the boys who stood by me."

The National banks of Wall Street had saved themselves, and protected the great pool in Tennessee Coal & Iron stock. Now they exchanged $30,000,000 in United States Steel sinking fund five per cent bonds for the stock ownership of the T. C. & I., held as collateral under the $25,000,000 loans, and thus, without the expenditure of one dollar, the great Tennessee Coal & Iron property, whose corner had been the mainspring of the panic, fell into the possession of the United States Steel Corporation.

While these tragic events were transpiring in Wall Street, how fared it with the country? The banks of the interior—in other words, the country banks—had not been identified in any way with the "stock pools" and "stock corners" of Wall Street. The great bulk of the American people had not been gambling in the stock market, and, in fact, knew nothing of its speculative ventures. And when the approaching catastrophe engulfed them, it came like a bolt from the blue unknown.

Toward the end of October of that year, the country was in need of funds to move its crops. It owned an ample surplus of many hundreds of millions. Unfortunately, this money had been intrusted by its local banks to the New York National banks, in the shape of demand deposits.

Turn Down Country Banks

NOW the country banks called on Wall Street for the return of a certain amount of their funds. They little suspected that their millions had already been loaned out to stock gamblers and tied up in the form of frozen credits. *Their consternation may be imagined when the New York banks coolly replied that they were refusing to ship coin or currency against the deposit balances of their country correspondents.*

But it was true. The New York National banks, totally disregarding the country's rights and interests, closed their money vaults, refused to pay out funds, and kept business going between themselves by the interchange of Clearing House certificates. They bluntly refused to pay the cost of their mismanagement. They let the country pay.

Immediately, the panic, born in Wall Street, extended its ravages to the Middle West, the South and the West. Business men desperately offered high premiums for currency. Manufacturing concerns either closed down or reduced their pay rolls by discharging operatives and laborers. This was still in the month of October. Throughout the country, banks, finding that their demands for the return of their New York deposits fell on deaf ears, were forced to close their doors. They had no appeal from Wall Street's decision. First of all, the Bath Trust Company, of Bath, Maine, suspended; on the same day the Bankers Trust Company, of Kansas City, shut its doors, that day also witnessing the closing of the Dollar Savings Bank, of Akron, Ohio.

The action of New York caused bankers in Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Louisville, Columbus, Cincinnati, Des Moines, Detroit and other cities to suspend temporarily the payment of money on checks, certificates of deposit or drafts, and to furnish no money to bank correspondents.

No more vivid lesson was ever read to the country on the evils of margin gambling in Wall Street, the speculation by pools and the cornering of stocks, than the panic of 1907. The corner in T. C. & I., which made a great corporation richer without its having to expend a dollar, was atoned for by the unemployed western miner, the factory workman who lost his job, the small merchant whose business was sold under the hammer.

Long afterward, Alexander Gilbert, then president of the New York Clearing House, acknowledged the culpability of the New York banks in the Rich Men's Panic, in an address to the Denver Bankers' Convention. Mr. Gilbert freely admitted that the financial collapse was seriously aggravated by the extravagant speculation which had prevailed on the Stock Exchange

(Concluded on page 14)



VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

New Vistas in Exploration of Arctic Region

Stefansson Upset Theories of Scientists

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

"TODAY we add another to the long list of polar explorers, both north and south, whom our society has welcomed and to whom our members have listened with absorbing interest."

The speaker was Admiral Peary, the man whose name probably will be associated with polar exploration for as long as history endures. The occasion was the presentation of the Hubbard Gold Medal, the highest honor in the gift of the National Geographic Society, to another renowned polar explorer—Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

Among other things Admiral Peary said:

"What Stefansson stands for is this: he has grasped the meaning of polar work and has pursued his task in the Arctic regions section by section. He has profited by experience piled upon experience until he knows how to face and overcome every problem of the North. His method is to take the white man's brains and intelligence and the white man's persistence and will power into the Arctic and supplement these forces with the woodcraft, or, I should say, polarcraft, of the Eskimo—the ability to live off the land itself, the ability to use every one of the few possibilities of those frozen regions—and concentrate on his work."

Perhaps it is because Stefansson is an anthropologist, and first approached the Arctic through the study of its people, that he has come to understand the ways of the polar regions so well. After a postgraduate course at Harvard, and two summers spent in archeological research in Iceland, Stefansson's first visit to the Eskimos was in 1906, when he went north to act as ethnologist with the Leffingwell-Mikkelsen Arctic expedition. While ostensibly attached to that expedition, he never actually became a member of it.

The Lesson He Learned

AS STEFANSSON doubted that the party would reach its destination because he believed its ship, the Duchess of Bedford, to be not properly equipped to cope successfully with ice conditions along the Arctic coast, it was arranged that he should proceed overland by way of Edmonton and down the Mackenzie River to meet the expedition at Herschel Island—if the Duchess of Bedford should eventually reach there. He felt that should his predictions prove correct he need not lose any time, but could devote his intention immediately to a study of the little-known, scientifically, Mackenzie delta Eskimos. His surmise proved correct. The Duchess of Bedford met adverse ice conditions and was overtaken by winter at Flaxman Island, on the north coast of Alaska, some distance west of Herschel Island.

In the meantime, Stefansson had reached Herschel Island. His equipment was on board ship, so he found himself as he says, "set down 200 miles north of the polar circle, with a summer suit of clothing, a camera, some notebooks, a rifle and about 200 rounds of ammunition, facing an Arctic winter, where my only shelter would have to be the roof of some hospitable Eskimo house." But this was just what he wanted. He wished to study the Eskimos at first hand and wisely concluded that there was no better way to do so than by living with them as a member of the native community. This Stefansson did. He found "the people were agreeable."

It was really this winter's experience that laid the foundations of his later procedure in the North. He realized that these people were born, lived as little children and grew to manhood and old age under climatic conditions which were popularly believed by the world that he had recently left as particularly hostile to human life; and that they obtained fuel for heat and light, as well as food, from the resources of the country.

If with primitive weapons the Eskimos were able to obtain sufficient food (principally seals and caribou) to maintain themselves, why should not white men equipped with rifles do equally well at least? He could see no reason why they could not. Previous observers had approached the North with fixed preconceptions concerning the fundamental hostility of climatic conditions in the Arctic—and they generally found there that which they went to seek. Stefansson sought to understand the North; and, succeeding, discovered many of the "terrors" of the Arctic regions to be myths.

Much difference of opinion existed up to that time between various polar explorers as to whether certain parts of the mainland of North America east of the Mackenzie delta and west of Hudson Bay, and the islands lying directly north of that coast, were inhabited. Stefansson believed they were. He succeeded in interesting the American Museum of Natural History in his plans after returning from his first year's work among the Eskimos of the Mackenzie River delta. But funds were low and no expedition requiring the usual paraphernalia of Arctic exploration was possible. This was just what Stefansson did not require. Here was a chance to prove his theory regarding the ability of white men to live on the resources of the country. His plan was to start from a point known to be inhabited and work eastward into the territory believed by others to be uninhabited. Wherever Eskimos were living, Stefansson felt certain he could maintain himself.

He at first intended going alone, but finally arranged with Dr. R. M. Anderson, a former classmate in the University of Iowa, a naturalist, to accompany him. They set out for the Arctic by way of the Mackenzie River with probably the smallest outfit ever carried by explorers in polar regions.

How the Party Lived

THEY left for the North in April, 1908, and returned in the autumn of 1912, the four intervening years having been devoted to a study of the Eskimos on the northern coast of Canada eastward from the Mackenzie delta and on Victoria Island. Eskimos were found in practically all localities they visited.

The most momentous achievement of the four years, however, was the actual demonstration of the soundness of Stefansson's theory of "living off the country."

The expedition of 1908-12 was confined principally to the mainland. Stefansson and his parties had subsisted mainly on caribou killed inland and seals obtained on the sea ice. But Stefansson believed that what they had done on and near the mainland also could be done on the islands hundreds of miles north of the mainland and even out hundreds of miles from any land on the frozen surface of the sea.

In this respect it was conceded by explorers who had first differed with Stefansson in regard to the possibility of "living off the country" that if such a possibility existed on the mainland, where caribou are to be obtained, the same thing might be done to a limited extent on such of the islands as were known to contain caribou or polar cattle, commonly called "musk oxen." But when it came to the maintenance of life on the floes of Beaufort Sea, for instance, all polar opinion was against him. The authorities long considered the best on polar exploration were unanimous in the belief that the sea surrounding the Pole was devoid of life.

Peary had always provided himself with sufficient fuel and food to supply his party until it returned to its base.

Stefansson is persistent, if anything, and was not to be turned aside by a little thing such as the unanimous opinion of all the authorities. He was convinced that his theory was more sound than the opposing belief. He was successful again in interesting the American Museum of Natural History in his plans. Together with the National Geographic Society, that institution agreed to find funds for the financing of another expedition which should put Stefansson's theories to the test and complete also the studies commenced by Anderson and himself on their previous trip.

The amount of money at the disposal of these two institutions, however, proved to be inadequate; and as the territory to be explored was in Northern Canada, and the adjacent islands claimed also by Canada, Stefansson thought that perhaps the Canadian Government might be induced to join in the expense of the expedition. He accordingly approached Sir Robert Borden, then prime minister of Canada, with that end in view. Sir Robert appreciated the value to Canada of the undertaking. He accordingly suggested that the Canadian Government would be willing to finance the project in full if it could be arranged to have the expedition conducted entirely under the auspices of the government. This proposal appealed to Stefansson, as he is of Canadian birth, having been born in Southern Manitoba in 1879, of Icelandic parents, who subsequently moved across the line into North Dakota when he was a child. Thus it became known as the Canadian Arctic Expedition.

The Karluk, a 250-ton whaling vessel, which had been used for a number of years in the Arctic, had been purchased previous to the transfer of the expedition to the government and it also was transferred. On board was gathered a large staff of scientists drawn from several European countries, the United States and Canada and even as far away as Australia. Among them was Dr. Anderson, Stefansson's former companion, who was appointed second in command of the expedition. The Karluk sailed to Nome, Alaska, to take on final supplies and equipment. Here two smaller boats, the Alaska and the Mary Sachs, both of 30 tons, were purchased, as it was the intention to divide the expedition into two sections, one under Dr. Anderson in the Alaska to work in the vicinity of Coronation Gulf along the mainland; and the other under the direct command of Stefansson himself to proceed as far north as possible in the Karluk and carry out geographical exploration and the collection of scientific data in the great Arctic archipelago, and on the ice of Beaufort Sea. The Mary Sachs was to act as tender for both sections, but on leaving Nome late in July, 1913, both the smaller craft were used to transport the equipment belonging to the southern division, under the command of Dr. Anderson. This section proceeded in accordance with the program; but the Karluk was caught in the ice off Point Barrow, Alaska, the most northerly point of the North American continent, and finally carried by the current westward almost to Wrangel Island, off the north coast of Siberia, where she was finally crushed by the ice and sunk. The crew and members of the scientific staff who were on board succeeded in leaving the ship in safety, but more than half of them lost their lives crossing the ice to Wrangel Island, or died after their arrival there. Stefansson was not on the Karluk when she was carried offshore by the storm that set adrift the floes in which she was frozen. He had gone ashore with two companions to obtain fresh meat for the ship. The fate of the Karluk was not known for more than a year.

Such an untoward incident as the loss of the main ship of the enterprise, and particularly valuable and necessary equipment, at almost the outset, was a serious handicap to the success of the expedition. But Stefansson was not daunted. He decided that now was a good opportunity to put into execution his project for proving conclusively that life could be maintained by "living off the country" on the ice of Beaufort Sea. He had landed from the Karluk on the coast not far west of where Dr. Anderson's party was expected to winter. His plan was to take what equipment he required, consisting of dogs, sledges and scientific equipment, from Dr. Anderson's party which, with the addition of some supplies and equipment purchased from traders along the coast, would be sufficient for the trip he had in mind. It consisted of a sledge journey in the early spring, following, northward over the sea ice. If new land were discovered it would be roughly charted and the party would return to its starting point. If the land were extensive the party might remain on it for a year. If no land were discovered and ice travel continued good the party would, after having proceeded northward as far as considered practicable, turn eastward and attempt to land on the west coast of Banks Island or Prince Patrick Island.

Covers 100,000 Square Miles

BUT when Stefansson discussed his plans with Anderson, the latter declined to become a party to them, insisting that the scheme was foolhardy, and refused to give up the equipment under his charge. Besides Anderson's insubordination, another difficulty presented itself: the men also were thoroughly convinced of the foolhardiness of the undertaking and refused to go. Stefansson finally succeeded in winning over a number of them and hired two more men whom he had known on previous trips to the Arctic.

After experiencing considerable difficulty in obtaining suitable equipment, the ice party set out on a journey which most of those left behind expected would end in disaster if persisted in. After support parties had been sent back, the ice party consisted of two men besides Stefansson, with one sled pulled by six dogs. They had food for themselves and their dogs sufficient to last about 30 days. They found no new land, but arrived on the west coast of Banks Island on June 25, having been 93 days on the ice, and having traveled more than 500 miles, as shown on the map, but when counter-drift is considered, probably nearer 700 miles. They had not gone without a meal in all that time, but had been able to kill enough seals to supply them with food and fuel. Stefansson had demonstrated the truth of his theory!

During that summer they remained on Banks Island, killing sufficient caribou and seals to carry them through the dark period of the winter. The following spring they carried out another ice trip, farther north, on which new land was discovered. In all, more than 100,000 square miles of land and sea were withdrawn from the area previously marked "unknown" on the maps by Stefansson's explorations in these and succeeding years.

Stefansson has demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt the absolute feasibility of the theories which he had the courage to hold against all sorts of opposition and the faith to put to the test with his life as a forfeit in case of failure.

Across the Border to Intoxicating Liquors

American Unjustly Views Canada as Bar; Canadian Sees U. S. as Sponge

By A. R. PINCI

"YOU don't realize how lucky you are," said a Tulsa citizen to a Troy citizen in the smoking compartment of a Canada-bound limited train that had left Grand Central Station in New York at 7:45—12 hours from the nearest lawful drink.

"You fellows can satisfy your appetite over the week-end. Just cross the border and there you are. You may do it by motor or by train, but right next door—all you want!"

"Yes," said the New Yorker, "if money is no object."

"Is money any object in buying drinks nowadays?" retorted the Oklahoman. "I grant that railroad fares or tires and gas come high, but think, man, think! In the end it costs less than the stuff we buy in our part of the country. Men don't hesitate to peel off a ten-spot for a bottle of the-devil-knows-what, and you fellows kick because you can have the right drinks, no danger of prosecution, no fear of death, and a vacation on the side. You don't deserve the good luck."

It was a casual conversation carried on humorously, half comically, to kill time by discussing comparative geographical nearness to the intoxicating liquor border.

The chat was interesting and typical not for its immediate subject of discussion, but for its implication. It identified a suspicion, or a belief, or a persuasion, of those American localities that in actual miles are farthest from the nearest "wet" territory. On the other hand, even wet territory is considered from its standpoint of accessibility, and for this sole reason the bibulous inhabitant of Key West considers himself less fortunate than his fellow-citizen of Bisbee or San Diego, while the latter feels discriminated against because Mexico does not offer the same liquor stores that Eastern Canada offers to the inhabitants of Plattsburg, New York; St. Albans, Vermont, and Skinner, Maine.

Quebec Not a Storehouse

THAT Quebec is much of a storehouse for thirsty residents along or adjacent to the Canadian border is really a fiction. Except the skilled liquor-hunter, the average American might traverse a Quebec city or town and fail utterly to discover the envied emporiums. The visitor's eye might feast upon billboard advertisements of "Frontenac Ale," but a keen glance would be needed to detect signs announcing the sale of this or that drink within.

I walked a mile along St. Jean street before I could discover a place where I might have something to drink. That was in the city of Quebec, the heart of French Canada, in May, 1922. It was not much easier in Montreal, with its nearness to the American border, and consequent more Anglified (but not necessarily Americanized) atmosphere. St. Catherine street is the principal business and theater center, but hunting on it for a place to drink was no easy job.

The most conspicuous indication of these oases are those plate glass windows upon which in gilt letters are these words: *Commission des Liqueurs de Quebec.* They are the official stores, where one may lawfully buy one bottle at a time, to be consumed elsewhere. But externally these official stores—because they are managed by the province's authorities—offer no attractive effects. They look more like the average undertaker's windows than anything else I have ever seen. When the shades are drawn after 6 p. m., they look bare and unattractive; during the business day, windows at partitions remind one of an emergency post office. No high polish, no brass trimmings, no seats, no inviting surroundings. Just a few official notices hanging upon the walls. Everything is nicely calculated to speed the parting purchaser with his one bottle, although there is nothing to prevent him, if so inclined, from repeating the operation as often as his time and endurance permit, and his rotations remain undiscovered by the salesman.

Trying Government Control

THE picture of children flattening their noses against the windows of toyshops and candy stores as they contemplate the tempting stock on show is familiar, but in Quebec it seems necessary for the drink-hunter to flatten his nose against the windows of restaurants to find whether they are licensed to sell wines and ales. In certain places, the announcement is set forth in such small letters that hypermetropic individuals who left their glasses at home would be unable to read them.

The residents of Quebec are calm about the entire liquor question. Just now they are experimenting with governmental control of the sale of intoxicating liquors as well as light wines and beers. How they will vote at the next election is problematical.

The fact is that the Quebecans are not drinkers, as drinkers are understood in the United States. I have dined at public restaurants, at clubs, and in private, but during an entire week in the province, and in big cities at that, only one table was adorned with a huge glass of beer—and half of it was left untouched. Well-to-do as well as persons not especially prosperous seemed entirely satisfied to do without any of the probably 50 items on the wine list—from sparkling wine down to ale.

This attitude in public is the index of their attitude at home. Not being users of alcoholic beverages, regardless of intoxicating degree, they are necessarily not handlers of the stuff. Although the sale is not restricted, but only regulated, there seems to be little incentive for trafficking. It is not only unjust, but essentially uncomplimentary, and decidedly offensive, to regard our northern neighbors as the drink hosts of Americans, facetiously or otherwise.

Quebec just now is trying out a policy with regard to temperance that may or may not be continued. Quebec's present system is that province's medium between unlimited sale and absolute prohibition. To the American, Canada is the embodiment of a free country—that is, until he finds that while the drink is there, he is unable to indulge as freely as he likes. When it comes to quantity, his restrictions are no less severe than those in "dry" United States. The visitor (or even the citizen) looking for quantity, must have recourse to dark and devious methods. No sooner does drink become a sport rather than an article for the table than the bibulously inclined become outlaws.

Unfortunately, both for Canada and the United States, the bootleggers and other illegal traffickers in liquor have given a reputation to Canada that is undeserved. It is not the sort of feeling that should be permitted to continue between two congenial neighbors. The single act of a liquor contrabandist, with its trail of publicity and prosecution under the law and the resultant irritation of hasty prohibition critics, has far-reaching effects. It is these effects that lead the people in the United States to divide, roughly speaking, into two classes; those who want to go to Canada to drink and those who believe that Canada is conspiring to injure the United States by purveying intoxicating beverages.

But there is another side to this question. If the average American thinks of Canada in terms of a barroom, the average Canadian thinks of the United States as a sponge. Be it understood that this statement applies to the individual who has not traveled, who has not known of the truth of conditions, and whose opinion is the cynical feeling inspired by reading much of the popular bootlegging literature.

On my first visit to Ottawa the first offer made to me, after the preliminaries of introduction, was that in case I wanted *a bottle* it would be no trouble to show me how to obtain it. As a sign of hospitality and desire to please it was amusing, but it was also serious. Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada, is just across the Ottawa River from the province of Quebec. Being in Ontario, it is dry.

As a matter of fact, bottled (or package) goods of this kind come high in Canada. A certain well-known brand of Scotch whisky retails at $4.30 a quart, and a "short quart" at that. All others are in proportion. The least expensive table wine I found was labeled Chateau Richer, "eight per cent, made from raisins." It was the sole purchase of the kind I made, because I wished to taste wine of whose pedigree I was sure. So much is said about "wine from raisins" in New York, and so much of it floats around at $5 to $8 a gallon, that I wished to compare the two.

The Wine Costs Too Much

IT WAS good wine, perhaps too sweetish for the table, but quite too dear, merely on the strength of its worth. Moreover, the wine drinker is penalized or the beer drinker is favored. One may get a bottle of beer for 20 cents—it was 15 cents before the new budget went into effect late in May—but one may not get a bottle of wine, a short pint, for less than 75 cents, which is the price I paid.

The fact is that many a gourmet does not care for even a whole short pint at one meal. It is incredible, especially these days, but it's so, nevertheless. The diner must either pay for the full bottle he does not consume or consume more than he cares to drink. The New York family hotels some years ago, recognizing this situation, and refusing to go on the principle that the unaccompanied diner is a rarity, decided to establish small bottles known as "splits," which contained about two claret glasses. This gave the advantage of unopened bottles, unspilled glasses, and the label. This arrangement was limited to California wines and Médocs.

G. A. Sinnard, president of the Quebec Liquor Commission, upon his return from France, where he purchased the best liquors for distribution in the territory over which the commission has control, said that government regulation is an excellent system. "Our way of control has greatly helped temperance. It has discouraged the drinking of whiskies and rums and encouraged the use of wines and beer."

There are certain interesting phases that bear looking into. One is especially worthy of study. It has to do with a plebiscite while I was in Quebec. It happened in the municipality of the village of Templeton, Hull County, which includes the villages of East Templeton and Ste. Rose de Lima. In 1911 when the villages and parish formed but one municipality, the East Templeton Council, acting on a petition signed by more than 80 per cent of the electors, put prohibition into effect.

On May 26, 1922, a poll was held on the question of the issuance of tavern and hotel licenses by the Quebec Liquor Commission. Of the 125 electors in the municipality, only five turned up at the poll between the hours of 9 and 10:30, each voting in favor of wine and beer licenses. The poll was declared closed by Mr. H. B. Beauchamp, secretary-treasurer of the municipality, who acted as returning officer, after half an hour elapsed without a vote being recorded. The formality was governed by the provisions in the Municipal Code.

According to the Quebec Liquor Act, the Commission may grant licenses if the majority of the voters express a demand for the same at a regularly held poll. The size of the vote has nothing to do with the question, provided that there is a majority.

In this particular instance, however, there has arisen a technicality that may affect this particular quintuple vote. It is held by certain individuals that the poll should have been kept open until the regular closing time at six o'clock in the evening, and not closed—even if legally, because 30 minutes passed without a ballot. If no formal opposition is registered, the license will be granted.

As far as Quebec in general is concerned, the liquor issue will form the best part of the future provincial elections. It is not a question between prohibition and license, but rather as to method of governing the sale. It is the question of whether the present government liquor monopoly shall be continued or abolished, in the latter case reinstituting the old licensing system, subject to certain new restrictions. At present there is a government monopoly in "hard" liquors, private parties being licensed to sell only beers and wines.

The Conservative party in convention at Montreal declared for a licensing system which would permit hotels and other duly authorized vendors to dispense alcoholic drinks of all kinds.

Moonshine Stamped in Canada

CANADIANS I have talked with have no fault to find with the governmental vending arrangement, although a few joke about the "bottle a day" restriction, since one is at liberty to buy a bottle at each window and in every shop, if he is clever enough to conceal prior purchases. In fact, the government is popularizing the system as much as possible, and now supplies may be ordered by telephone, a nominal charge being made for the delivery service.

These stores, however, are not beyond the sphere of operations of burglars. Five men attempted to rob the Commission's store at St. Johns. They sped away in an automobile when surprised at their work, but were arrested a few hours later 33 miles away. Whether money or liquor, the government of Quebec is quite serious about apprehending criminals.

I have seen California wine in French ports ready to undergo certain occult transformations that in due time would see it reposing in America in dark green bottles dusted and labeled with some attractive French name, possibly within a few miles of the spot whence the original grapes came. But that being now a dead industry, another has taken its place.

Manufacturing bootleggers along the states bordering Quebec and the Great Lakes send their moonshine to Canada to be sealed, stamped and bonded, to bring it into the United States. On the other hand, little smuggling of real Canadian liquor was indulged in. These statements are on the authority of the Federal prohibition director of Michigan, who is seeking to obtain motor boats to patrol the Detroit River.

Liquor-running between Canada and the United States is serious business. It is as objectionable to the Canadian authorities as it is to the American. That Canadians consider our side of the case is proved by the decision last spring by Magistrate Jelfs at Hamilton, Ontario, when he ruled that transportation of liquor which was consigned to an American buyer was a "breach of international law." He cited a slave-running case of 1807 as precedent, the Amedic slave case.

In that case, an American slave runner, shipping slaves to the United States, was caught on the high seas by the British. English courts ruled that because both countries had laws against slave importation, the man was guilty of breaking international laws. Magistrate Jelfs accordingly held that, because Ontario and the United States both prohibited the importation and sale of liquor, the prisoner had committed "an act likely to endanger the peace between the countries."

May Patrol the Border

JUST now there is talk of establishing something akin to an armed force on the border east of Ontario, where no soldier has ever trod for a century, all because of the bootleggers.

Plans are being discussed to patrol the frontier by means of armored cars carrying machine guns. Fifty shots were fired at Rouse's Point and Malone, New York, last April, in an attempt to smuggle 5,688 bottles of whisky. Ten men were implicated and a current valuation of $50,000 was set upon the confiscated goods.

Another and more conspicuous instance was that involving the magic change, while being transferred from railroad terminal to ship, of 6,260 bottles of bonded famous Scotch whisky into strawberry and cream soda. The shipment, valued at $110,000, consisted of 175 barrels each containing 36 bottles, and was routed by way of New York to Cuba from Canada. Latest information is that several prohibition agents had been arrested in connection with this affair.

Now that the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that intoxicating liquors cannot be transshipped from this country or permitted to go through in bond, cases like the above are unlikely to happen again, and undoubtedly Cuba and other countries will now receive their liquor shipments directly and not by way of Canada. This in effect relieves pressure upon Canada and diminishes the grand total of Canadian importations, and accordingly restricts the field of operations of the bootlegger and liquor thief.

As far as Canada herself is concerned, there will be no worry over the consequent loss of freight rates, since the carrying of liquor has become a very expensive proposition, and the carriers desire to be relieved of their responsibility.

How Mud-Road Tax Is Being Eliminated

Improvement of Highways Is of the Greatest Benefit to Farmers

By J. H. WALTON

HAVE you ever considered to what extent every individual is dependent on the highway system of the country for the necessities of life? We are dependent alike on the super-highway with its smooth concrete surface that stretches between the larger cities, and the little mud road that lies back in an obscure farming section. The truth of this statement is evident in that practically everything we use at some time passes over the highways.

In working out a plan of highway improvement we must think in terms of the motor-driven vehicle. The growth of the automobile industry in the past few years has surpassed the dreams of the most visionary prognosticators of 20 years ago.

A study of the state highways of California, made by the United States Bureau of Public Roads, discloses the average week-day traffic units to be divided in the ratio of 97.3 per cent motor driven and 2.7 per cent horse drawn. In other words, of every 100 vehicles passing a given point on the road, 97 were automobiles and only three were horse drawn. There are enough automobiles in the United States for every one of the 105,000,000 inhabitants to ride in them at the same time; one motor vehicle for every 10 persons.

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce states that the most important use to which the automobile is put is in business. This includes the thousands of motor cars used to transport workers to and from their places of employment, as well as motor trucks used in commercialized business—regular motor truck freight delivery routes between cities, and bus lines for passenger service. The use of the motor car for pleasure is already of secondary importance, and such use will become less as time goes on.

There are 4,000 passenger motor buses operating in California alone. It is possible to travel from Los Angeles to the Oregon line by motor bus, changing at San Francisco. Through tickets are sold and are interchangeable in the same way as in railroad travel. Sixty-three companies in Connecticut specialize in passenger bus service.

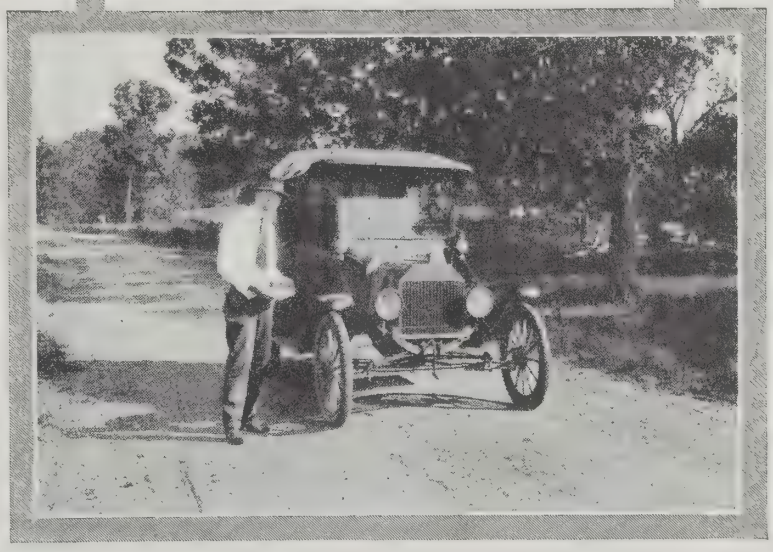
Regular freight motor truck routes have been established between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Large trucks make daily trips between these points, carrying many tons of foodstuffs and manufactured goods. Similar reports from other states indicate that this feature of the use of motor vehicles is growing to gigantic proportions, and schools are being organized to train men for positions as highway transport engineers. It has been predicted by authorities familiar with the situation, that highway transportation will eventually supplant railroad transportation for the short-haul traffic, both freight and passenger. There is even now a keen competition in some sections, and a few of the more progressive railroads have adopted gasoline-driven engines to run over their rails for use in short-haul business.

The good-roads question, while it is of the utmost importance to all, primarily concerns the farmer. The business of farming is essentially dependent on the condition of the roads, for whatever is not produced on the farm must be hauled to the farm, and many crops of the farm must be hauled away to the railroad stations and local markets.

When the farmer can use a motor truck to deliver his produce to market he saves time, thus being able to devote more time to his farm work with a resultant increase in crops. He can live farther away from the railroad or market, as a reduction in time is equivalent to a decrease of the distance. The reduction may be largely due to increased speed of hauling, to increased load, or to both.



Jefferson Highway near De Queen's, Arkansas, before improvement. The tax paid in increased maintenance cost, excessive use of gas and oil, repairs, tires, and so on, on this mud road greatly exceeds that paid to improve it.



The same highway, improved. Would you have been willing to pay as much for the farm shown in the picture before the road was improved as you would now?

To use motor trucks with a maximum of efficiency it is necessary to have good roads. In answer to a questionnaire sent out by the United States Bureau of Public Roads, to farmers having motor trucks, 73 per cent state that the principal disadvantage of the motor truck is poor roads. Eleven per cent say cost of operation, two per cent soft ground, two per cent mechanical trouble, and only 11 per cent say first cost of the truck. As cost of operation, soft ground and mechanical trouble are largely dependent on the condition of the road, it is safe to say that poor roads are by far the greatest disadvantage to the universal use of motor trucks on the farm.

For the farmer who does not have a motor truck, and who believes the first cost would prohibit his buying one even though he had good roads, and who must use teams exclusively, improved highways are proportionately as advantageous.

"To fix one's ideas on the reduction in the cost of hauling due to the improvement of roads," says an official of the Bureau of Public Roads, "the transportation of farm produce to market should be considered. The cost of this work in the United States at present is high and is done mainly to steep grades and yielding road surfaces on unimproved roads. It must always be remembered that the worst grade on any road tends to limit the load that can pass over the *entire* road." But, "the cost of hauling farm produce to market is probably not so much increased by the presence of excessive grades as it is by the bad conditions of road surfaces. There is no question that poor road surfaces cause an economic waste, of which the total in this country is startling."

In connection with this it is well to consider a few authentic instances of actual conditions. Before the road from Ben Hur to Jonesville, in Lee County, Virginia, was improved, merchants hauling goods from Ben Hur, the nearest railroad station to Jonesville, required a two-horse team for 2,500 pounds, when the roads were in ordinary condition. Since the road has been improved, these merchants haul 30 sacks of fertilizer, weighing 200 pounds each, and use two mules. They now make two trips a day instead of one. They can haul 80 bushels of coal to the load instead of from 30 to 35, which was the load on the unimproved road.

Another instance at Crosby, Texas, is significant. There a shell road was built for one mile out of town. A farmer four miles out came to town with a team of two mules and loaded on his wagon at the railroad station two tons of wire fencing. At the end of the improved shell road, on his return, the farmer was compelled to throw off 3,000 pounds of the wire. He then hitched two additional mules to haul the 1,000 pounds on the remaining three miles of unimproved road. This man then had to make three more trips for the remaining 3,000 pounds of wire, and it required his time for the four miles from 10 o'clock one morning until 11 o'clock the next morning to finish the hauling. If the improved road had extended four miles to the farm, the original team of two mules could have hauled the two tons of wire in two and one-half hours.

Innumerable instances of this kind could be cited, and every farmer who is dependent on bad roads knows from sad experience that poor roads mean poor business, and waste of time and money. The expense of poor roads is clearly shown by the following, taken from a bulletin prepared by the Bureau of Public Roads:

"In the cotton states of the South the average haul of cotton from farm to the shipping point is 11.8 miles. The average load is about 1,700 pounds—a little more than three bales—and the average cost of hauling is 80 cents a bale. The cost of marketing the 1911 crop of 16,250,276 bales was $13,000,220, if computed on the above basis. To each bale of cotton there is about half a ton of cotton seed, which was hauled from the farm to the gin, and then a large percentage of it hauled again to the shipping point. The average cost of hauling cotton seed in the United States is $3 a ton. The 1911 crop of seed, therefore, cost $24,375,414 to haul. The total cost of hauling the cotton crop in 1911, including the seed, was, therefore, $37,375,634. Any system of road improvement throughout this zone which would reduce the annual hauling charge five per cent would effect a saving of $1,868,781 a year."

Thus you see you pay for good roads whether you get them or not, and you pay more if you don't get them. The choice lies with you. You can pay for good roads by improving them, or you can pay for them by *not* improving them, and the cost is greater, in increased cost of products, in wear and tear on trucks, tires, increased cost of gas and oil, and, if you are a farmer using teams, in increased time spent on the road and in shortened life of your horses.

If you choose the first method and improve your highway you can see the result of your expenditures. You have an improved road—one you can depend on to stand up under the wear to which it is subjected, and one on which you can depend in the spring and autumn when it is needed the most.

If you choose the second method and do not improve your highway you do *not* see the result of your expenditures—and you do *not* have the improved roads. The cost is greater but because it is paid out a few cents here, a dollar there, you do not realize the gross amount.

Another way in which you pay for not having good roads is in the debit of unproductive back-lying lands. Thousands of acres of good fertile land are idle because of lack of adequate transportation facilities. Every acre of unused land is a distinct liability to the community in which it is located.

A farmer in Sullivan County, Tennessee, a few miles from Bristol, had 100 bushels of potatoes which he intended to market during the winter of 1907-8. Owing to bad roads he was unable to haul the potatoes at all and they rotted in the cellar. Nevertheless, the price of potatoes reached the peak for that year in the meantime. A Bristol merchant stated that during the winter as many as 10 carloads of farm produce, including wheat, potatoes, and other supplies, were daily shipped in to feed not only Bristol, but the adjacent territory. This section could no doubt have been self-supporting had they had adequate highway transportation.

To show clearly the inability of the farmer situated on a poor road to compete with a farmer situated on an improved road, it is only necessary, for the sake of example, to let it be supposed that two farmers living in separate counties, but at equal distances from the cotton market, learn by telephone that cotton has advanced in price $1 a bale. The farmer living on a bad road can immediately haul *one* bale of cotton, while the other farmer can haul *four* bales because he lives on a good road. The raise in price means a profit of $4 to the one man and only $1 to his neighbor.

In 1921, highway improvement cost the people of this country $600,000,000. Of this sum $120,000,000 was paid by automobile license fees, leaving $480,000,000 paid by the state and Federal taxes, road bonds, and so on.

Apportioning this equally among the 105,000,000 inhabitants we learn that good roads cost every man, woman and child one and one-quarter cents a day last year. Can anyone say he does not get the equivalent of his one and one-quarter cents in service? Can he say he is entirely independent of the highway system?

In order to obtain the best results it is necessary to take a state-wide view. What road would be of most benefit to the greatest number of people? That is the road which should be improved first.

What we really need is a *system* of improved roads that will accommodate everybody, and it is not to be expected that it will pass everyone's door. The railroads render a wonderful service, but we cannot go out to our front gate and board a train. It is hoped that eventually *all* roads will be improved, but it is necessary to make a beginning and advance along logical lines.

We must not improve one road here, another a hundred miles away which in no way supplements the entire system. Before deciding upon improving any road we should first determine whether that road is an artery in our transportation system, or only a tributary vein. If we improve the secondary roads and allow the primary roads to deteriorate they will not be able to accommodate the traffic flowing to them from the tributary roads.

Preventable Losses From Crimson Challenge

In Five Years the Death Toll Mounts to Thousands of Lives

By COURTENAY SAVAGE



(C) Int. F. S.

DURING the past five years the United States has suffered a money loss of $1,672,722,677, approximately 75,000 men, women and children have met violent deaths, while nearly 100,000 persons have been injured- -all through one cause. War is not the only form of destruction, for these tremendous losses of life and property were caused by the crimson destroyer that battles with forked tongues—*fire!*

Did you say, "too bad"? Yes, it is too bad, it is a crying shame, for 75 per cent of that loss was absolutely preventable, and if the facts could be obtained the percentage would probably be larger, many fire insurance authorities estimate as high as 95 per cent. Even more startling is the fact that of the killed and injured 82 per cent of the victims were mothers and children, which means that the majority of the fires in the United States occur in the homes. Just what that means can be better understood by examining the monthly fire report of a fair-sized community. If there were 20 fires during the month, an investigation would show that 16 of those 20 fires took place in private homes.

Fire has always held a fascination for man, and has always been one of his greatest enemies. The olden civilizations worshiped fire, not only because it gave heat, and helped them in the preparation of their foods, but because fire held terror—it was the swift destroyer that spared nothing. With the advancing ages, however, man realized that while fire was an enemy it could be checked, and the fire departments with their strong streams of water, and their chemicals, came into being. Then modern efficiency stepped in. It was not a case of checking a fire that had been started, but of preventing the start of the flame.

Fire prevention! The words have a familiar sound because it is a subject much talked about—and yet, for some unfathomable reason, the advice of how to prevent a fire is seldom followed.

As 80 per cent of the fires occur in private homes it is well to start any research into what the individual householder can do to prevent loss by fire in the home circle.

It is early morning! The family is just getting up. The kitchen fire is not burning well, and breakfast must be ready in a few minutes. Why not hasten the fire with a little kerosene? "Hasten the fire" is the correct expression to use. Of course, there are plenty of occasions when kerosene is used that the house does not burn down—but there are also numerous occasions when the house does burn, and when the person holding the kerosene can also is burned.

Perhaps you belong to a household where kerosene is never used—but—do you use an oil mop to wipe up the floors? You do? Well, it may be news to you, but $1,000,000 worth of fire loss a year can be traced to waste rags saturated with oil, and men and women alike are to blame. The man of the house goes to his garage, uses an oil rag on the car, and then throws the rag into the cupboard of the garage. The woman of the household uses her oil rag for the floors or the furniture—and then she, too, puts her oil rag in a cupboard. What happens next? You have heard, of course, of spontaneous combustion? Linseed oil is probably the greatest cause of spontaneous combustion, but there is still danger with less inflammable oils. It is just as well to burn an oil rag after you have finished with it, or at least to fold it tightly and put it away in a tin box. In the case of oil floor-mops put them outside if possible, but if not outside put the oil-soaked mop in a metal can. Most mops come in such a can. Never poke an oil rag or mop into an infrequently used cupboard filled with rubbish, old papers, rags, and so on, and then go away to forget all about it.

All this is not a preachment against the oil mop, but it does mean—don't shut an oil mop or rag into an almost air-tight closet where it may first spontaneously set fire to itself, and then ignite any "rubbish" that may have accumulated in the closet.

In the five years just ended it is estimated that the greatest fire loss was caused by matches and smoking, the amount having been estimated at more than $90,000,000. The two instigators of this tremendous loss are men who smoke and young children of less than school age.

Most men who smoke are constantly lighting a cigar, pipe, or cigaret, as the case may be, throwing down the match, and walking away. They do it many times and nothing happens, but perhaps there will be a time when somebody must send for the fire department!

See that a match is out before it leaves your fingers, or, if you throw it down, step on the flame. One great fire danger comes through smoking while lying down, either in bed or on a divan. The man lights his "smoke" and then either drops off to sleep, or becomes so engrossed in what he is reading that, before he realizes it, the bed, divan, or his clothing, is on fire.

A large portion of the loss under this particular heading comes from children playing with matches, and, incidentally, this practice is the cause of a major portion of the death loss through fire. Fire has always held great attraction for children, and while they seem instinctively to know that they must not play with matches they will sneak them away if possible. The little boy wants to play "smoke" with a piece of paper, the little girl wants to light her toy stove. The fall of the year, with its bonfires, always carries with it tragedies of children who take matches from the house to light the dried leaves.

Just how dangerous is this last-mentioned pastime can be imagined from the remark of a coroner of a small, mid-western community that he had been called to look into the deaths of 21 children who had been burned in 16 days. And in practically every case the mother was not at fault; it was just the fascination that fire held for the child. The chief cure for the "matches" habit in children is to keep the matches where the children cannot reach them, teach them the dangers of fire, and, as far as possible, use a "safety" match, which is not so easy to ignite as the common match.

Incidentally, the same coroner called attention to the fact that it is possible to fireproof children's play clothes, and that it is not an expensive or laborious job. Also such articles as draperies, lace mats used under candles, and so on, can be fireproofed.

The directions for fireproofing are simple. Dissolve one pound of ammonium sulphate in one gallon of water. The result will be a clear solution in which the fabric to be fireproofed should be thoroughly soaked, either immersed or sprinkled, and then allowed to dry slowly. The effect of the fireproofing lasts as long as the article is kept dry, and can only be thoroughly removed by soap and water. The chemical used in this fireproofing, ammonium sulphate, is a white crystalline powder, purchasable at any drug store for about 30 cents a pound. The solution does not de-





Photo by Social Press Association, New York.

Above—A city fire, terrible because it not only endangers lives and property but means loss of work for hundreds. Most of the fires in this country are preventable.

Center—A city fire, probably preventable, as are 95 per cent of the fires in this country. Such a fire as this is a grave menace to the community, and misery follows in its wake.

Below—The ruins of F. W. Woolworth's palatial home. Carelessness perhaps played its part in the fire, and yet the Woolworth chain of 5 and 10 cent stores is built on modern efficiency.

teriorate through standing, is not poisonous, and does no damage to the clothes. If you are skeptical, tear a piece of goods in two. Soak one piece in the solution, and when it is dry apply a match. The unfireproofed material will burn at once, but it will be some time before the edges of the fireproofed goods will blacken, and the material itself will not burn under ordinary conditions.

Such a solution is highly practical for children's play clothes, especially as there is a growing fondness for overalls in the form of "cowboy" and "Indian" suits. Used for children's theatricals, Christmas parties where there is a candle-lighted tree, and similar occasions, fireproofing would eliminate much of the danger.

Of the many causes that go to make up the national fire loss the average person, for some reason, decidedly underestimates the fact that electricity is far more dangerous than the open gas jet or the chemical gas plant found in the cellars of homes situated in rural districts. In five years, faulty electric wiring caused a loss of $85,735,168 and the electric iron was directly responsible for more than 40 per cent of these fires. It was not the iron itself that did the damage, but the careless use of it. Case after case has been recorded in which the woman went away, possibly to answer the doorbell, or the telephone, and left the iron turned on. The iron burned a hole in the ironing board—and then in the house.

The installation of electric wires in your home should be considered a most important item, for faulty wiring starts a fire between the walls which may smoulder for hours, and then burst forth, possibly at night. Not only make sure that your wires are properly protected, but be satisfied that they are inspected.

A twin fire cause with the faulty electric wiring is the open gas jet, and fire after fire has been caused by thoughtless folk who open a window and allow a curtain to fly on the wings of the wind against the open flame. Don't hang flowing curtains where they can blow against an open gas jet, and don't hang ornaments on a gas jet.

The open flame brings up the subject of escaping gas. Never go hunting any smell of gas with an open light, a match, a candle or lamp. More than one family has literally "hit the roof" because there was a gas leak in the cellar, and someone went down and struck a match to find the exact place where the gas was escaping.

The cellar in every home is practically synonymous with the furnace. Don't neglect the furnace! Keep a strict watch on all chimney and heating pipes, both those of the furnace and of any stoves you may use. Have all flues cleaned. Watch the drafts. If the house is to be left alone for an hour or so see that the drafts are in a condition to be left safely.

If you are building your own home insist on an eight-inch chimney wall, standing on its own foundation, and properly lined. In any home it is a serious mistake to allow a stove, a pipe that becomes heated, or the furnace to rest against wood. Take care of the fireplace; don't let the mantle extend far into the room, causing a decided overhang for the fireplace itself. Use a fire screen with an open fire, for both coal and wood crackle and may at any moment send out a shower of sparks.

Don't use a wooden box for hot ashes! Hot ashes may smoulder for hours before setting fire to the wood. Use a metal ash can. Disregard for just such points as these caused a fire loss of about $25,000,000 last year.





Above—A fire in the shops down by the railroad. It means temporary loss of work and spells tragedy to the poor folk in town.
Left—"The fire started in the chimney." And winter is an especially bad time for fires; the water is frozen, the engines are hampered by the snow, and the blaze gets a start. Too bad they didn't have the chimney cleaned.



Right — Somebody forgot to see that the camp fire was out, and but for the quick action of the fire-ranger a forest fire might have resulted.

A growing fire menace to the country comes from a very selfish source—the family picnic. The use of automobiles, and the growing love in this country for the out-of-doors has developed a number of persons who make a habit of camping out, either for one meal, or for several days. These picnickers usually build a fire, but unfortunately they do not always put out their fire, and the result is a burned-over patch of shrubbery, and occasionally the loss of a clump of fine trees. The trouble is that city people do not understand how to put out a camp fire. There is no flame that they can see, the ashes do not glow, so they go away. Never leave a camp fire until the embers have been scattered. Use a pail of water to dampen the embers, stamp them out, and scatter them with a stick. Then they cannot be fanned into flame by the wind.

The "don'ts" that go to make up fire protection make a lengthy list, but they are worthy of great consideration for they are truly of personal value. Unfortunately, most people know them, realize their worth, but in a careless moment "forget."

Don't keep kerosene in a warm room!

Don't fill a lamp, or an oil stove, after dark, or near a fire.

Don't use an inflammable cleaning fluid near an open flame.

Don't hang clothes to dry on a chair, or rack, before an open fire, and then go away!

In burning rubbish don't choose a windy day—and it is safer to use a metal incinerator!

Keep the cook stove clean—don't let grease gather, it may take fire!

Kill rats as soon as you hear them in the walls. Many fires have been caused by rats gnawing at match boxes—not for the matches themselves, but to get the paste on the boxes.

Don't get excited—if there is a small blaze (such as a curtain afire) use a wet broom and beat out the flame!

Fire prevention should not only be a part of the daily duty in the personal home life of the individual, but it is the individual's privilege to see that the public buildings of the community are following all the possible precautions to prevent fire. In the larger communities there is an official whose business it is to see that the schools, the motion picture theaters, churches, town hall, and so on, are kept from becoming fire traps. Each week carries its toll of lives lost in public buildings, and in the small town especially it is more or less of an individual problem. Be sure that your public buildings are provided with sufficient exits to make them safe; these exits must not be bunched at one end, but should be convenient to all parts of the building.

Each day Nature sends out her crimson challenge—fire! It is up to you whether you will take up this challenge and fight it—or if you will allow the terror to continue causing a loss of millions of dollars a year, and, at the same time, sacrificing thousands of lives to what is really nothing more than carelessness.

Such is the crimson challenge! What are you going to do about it?

The Business Man Somersaults into Health

Concluded from page 3

prophet, and when the great financier gets into a boxing contest with his commercial rival he thinks he is a youngster and is one.

Perfect health does not lie in great strength. A small man with very little muscle may outlive a giant.

The vital organs, stomach, heart, lungs and liver, are the important factors. If these organs function perfectly then you are just as healthy as the most rugged plainsman.

It is safe to say that 75 per cent of all human ills are traceable to the stomach. And it is to remedy this that the business man seeks the gymnasiums to add exercise to dietetics. Obesity, emaciation, flat feet, nervousness, lung trouble, impaired circulation of the blood and many other difficulties are aired while in scanty gymnasium attire.

At one time in his career the business man was a high school or college man and he harks back to the days when the school "gym," with its adjacent football field, baseball diamond and cinder path, was the central point of his interest. He remembers how well he felt after a play in the open and a hot shower followed by a cold one.

So it is only natural that the merchant and banker and professional man should turn to the athletic clubs, Young Men's Christian Association and other gymnasiums when the keen edge of health begins to wear away.

Here he finds there is no royal road back to youthful vigor. Physical directors tell of men who have passed the physical deadline and who at 60 are trying to regain the muscle, vigor, clear eye and attractive posture of youth. After he has lost his muscle tone and his bones have stiffened it is absurd for him to expect to "come back."

The secret of success of these gymnasiums lies not in the grinding drills and calisthenics but in the fact that gray-haired business men are being taught to play again.

Frowns of nervous irritation and worry disappear before the friendly banter in a baseball, basket ball or handball game, while frequently doctors, bankers, lawyers and merchants may be heard roaring with laughter while a minister of the gospel tries to duck a stock-broker in the swimming tank.

When the timid bank president first gets into his suit he is warned not to travel too fast. Once around the track, a few minutes of calisthenics or army "setting up" exercises, a swim the length of the tank and back and a good shower and rubdown will clear the brain and stimulate the body.

Two-thirds of the votaries at this shrine of youth are battling Old Man Avoirdupois. Some men have lost their activity, their ability to respond quickly, due to overweight. Not only is there a muscular sluggishness but the brain does not work so acutely.

The average business man takes his calisthenics in homeopathic doses after he has had his play on the handball courts, on the traveling rings, at basket ball or on the track. One person may have a hobby for developing the leg muscles while another does not go near the exercise room but swims a few hundred feet and calls it quits.

Swimming is one of the finest sports for the development of the body because it brings all the muscles into play and forces the swimmer to breathe deeply.

Deep breathing exercises should be practiced by any one trying to build up his body, to give the lungs plenty of work to do.

The American business man has started to strip off his waistline. And many have become near-youngsters again as they wage their daily fight against flabbiness, staleness, flat feet, stomach trouble and gout.

Still a Boy's Town: Being a Sequence of the Famous Narrative of William Dean Howells

By EMERSON ROBINSON

"A BOY'S TOWN" is still a boy's town, old friend of youth, and from your spirit residence you are perhaps today looking down upon the scenes of your happy childhood. But it is hardly the same scene; the same site would be a better phrase, for if you had visited the town of your urchin days before you started on your great adventure, you would have been as a stranger. Here and there you might have recognized a house, but even the old canal, from the banks of which you used to envy the lordly captain, as he directed his wonderful ship, has been abandoned and the wrecked hulls of later ships are strewn along the water.

I have a suspicion that your boy and my boy were very much the same—just boy, that's all, only of a different generation. Your boy had a feeling that the world moved and that its affairs were directed for his especial benefit; my boy knows it, for in this boy's town of Hamilton, Ohio, where your boy lived and where my boy lives, deference is paid to the boy. More organized effort is being put forth for his welfare and his happiness than in any other city in the country.

I have often wondered what your boy would do, were he suddenly transported through four-score years and more and be allowed to live with my boy in the town that boys love. How would you, old friend, knowing the ways of your youth, like to come back for awhile and live with me in the days of my youth?

Oh, for a Return to Youth

'TWOULD be a rare privilege, wouldn't it, a privilege sought by man since reason first flashed through his brain. Oh, for a return to youth with its joyful unresponsibility and its great big problems!

But your life has been full of service, old friend, and your reward will be in a boyhood of 80 years ago renewed and lived again with my boy of today.

* * *

Your boy arrived late one Friday night and went immediately to my boy's home. He deposited his bundle of clothing on the back steps and knocked, and when my boy's mother opened the door your boy was given his first surprise. He was dazzled by the brilliant light! Why, in the olden days, he had to read by a dim candle light! And when he was taken into another room, he saw a big case filled with books. When he wanted a book, just one, he had to borrow it! And your boy liked to read and to study and try his brain and hand at poetry, too!

When your boy looked at my boy he was disappointed. He expected to see some superior being; instead he found his counterpart.

Pretty soon my boy's mother took both boys upstairs and to bed; in a room with a heavy rug and into a bed with a thick mattress and springy springs. This seemed foolish to your boy, who slept just as soundly and as peacefully on a "straw tickin'" and in a room without a carpet.

And then your boy was disappointed again, for my boy's mother not only kissed her son good night but kissed him as well and gave him a gentle pat on the cheek and told him to say his prayers and sleep tight.

Your boy's mother used to do this very thing and somehow he expected something different from my boy's mother. He thought about this for a long time and then his boy brain evolved this wonderful truth: that the seasons change and the styles change and ideas change, but mothers and boys remain the same always.

Day Memorable to Visitor

YOUR boy and my boy really became acquainted after my boy's mother had turned out the lights and gone downstairs. And so your boy could better enjoy his return, my boy told him of the new lights which almost hurt his eyes, and of the automobiles and the street cars and the telephone, and the airplane and—yes, of the radio. He used many new terms but your boy soon understood them and when sleep finally came on, he dreamed, as boys and grown-ups will, that he was in an airplane and that it turned over and he was falling to the ground.

The next day was a memorable one for your boy and thoroughly enjoyed by my boy. They were called early in the morning to go on a treasure hunt. It was a mysterious name. Your boy had hunted for treasure when he was here ages before. He had always heard that there was buried treasure at some of these out-of-the-way places but had never been able to find any. So when he heard the news, he was all excitement. But my boy rolled over and attempted to go to sleep again, and did, but only for a few moments when, at second call, he got up. He knew how long he could play 'possum.

Your boy, after they had washed and dressed and had their breakfast, asked my boy when he was going to do the chores and my boy looked at him in amazement. Chores! a lost word for the boy of 1922. Cut the wood, carry in the water, and do a dozen and one or two other things designed especially by mothers to keep their boys busy. My boy complained when he had to go to the grocery. But chores? He had never heard it used.

The boys then left home for the treasure hunt and my boy led the way through a labyrinth of streets to the main street, now nicely paved and lined with stores and shops and fine homes, but a street your boy knew as an unusually muddy one with perhaps a sidewalk here and there. They saw in the distance a great crowd of boys, apparently about their own age; more boys than all the town had when your boy was here before.

One of the men called out an order and the boys automatically fell into lines of four each. The march started and kept up for hours over hills and, another wonder, good roads, and then your boy saw something he recognized—a reservoir; it was a big one and he looked around for the smaller one, but found that it had been filled up and near it stood a factory.

And still the march kept on, although your boy was getting a little tired. Suddenly there came from one of the men an order to stop and it was near the river and a grove of big trees. A number of the boys went out and got some wood and soon there was a great fire going and in a few minutes your boy enjoyed his first "weiner roast." He had never eaten food so good.

After the "roast" one of the men got the crowd of boys about him and told them a story, dealing with fair play in their games, and then shot an arrow. The treasure, he told them, was within a hundred feet of the line of the arrow. He gave the order to hunt and 400 wildly excited boys started a mad scramble for whatever the treasure might be. Your boy found a small piece of paper and, curious, opened it. 'Twas an order for one dollar on a local bank. ONE DOLLAR! Your boy had never had so much money in his life before and his joy knew no bounds. My boy was not so fortunate but a number of others found valuables and the hunt was at an end and a rest of an hour was ordered.

Rest—the Time to Play

REST! What does the word mean to a boy! It meant time to play and do as they pleased. And they played. Some wanted to go swimming but were told they'd have to wait until they got back to town. Here again your boy was mystified. When he was here before, even to go swimming in town meant that the constable would be on the lookout for you. But he held his curiosity and the march back was started.

In town again all the boys went to a big building and there, in groups of 60, half an hour for each group, every one had his swim in a pool. Your boy changed his mind about my boy not having a good time, that first day.

The next day being Sunday, both boys were allowed to sleep a little late and then got up and went to Sunday school.

Your boy met a gray-haired man and found he was just a big boy. Sure he ran a bank and had a big family of big boys, but he was just a boy himself. He asked your boy all about himself and what his father did and told him to come back.

On the way home, my boy told him more about the man. He would fight for a boy any time. Every boy knew him and every boy liked him. One time he had a party of some kind to give something to the boys and there were more than a thousand there. When the boys wanted baseballs or a place to play or anything, he always saw that they got it. Then that man became a great hero in your boy's eyes as he was a great hero in my boy's eyes. He's the friend of the boy, and he'll stop his business any day in the week to help a boy because he's making men.

Your boy was very lonesome the next day because my boy was in school. He played for awhile with my boy's dog and then started out to find some of the places where he used to play.

Surely the hydraulic where he used to fish for "peelers" would be there and the shops where he used to have his tops made. Instead he found a street paved and lined with automobile repair shops. And as he strolled on down toward the river, his heart suddenly leaped and the old fear of his former youth came back to him.

For there stood the dread academy in which he used to stand in deadly fear of the teacher. The same building, yes, but its uses have changed, and there have been thousands who have entered there since he was a boy, whose dread was more than his; who looked upon it with terror and who suffered there for days and nights, too, for sins committed against the law. It's the police station now, and the hopes and ambitions of many mothers have been blasted there, as the hopes and ambitions of your boy's mother, 80 years ago, rose with reports of his growing knowledge.

Your boy gazed at this building but a moment and, recalling more pleasant pastimes, turned toward the old covered bridge which spanned the placid Miami. It was gone, but in its stead there was, and is, a gigantic structure on which your boy walked to see the river of his youth. But even the river had changed and he saw gigantic shovels scoop dirt from its bed and great levees, paved with blocks, where the old tree-covered banks used to be.

Skating in the Evening

YOUR boy recalled the days when he used to stand by the old river and secretly hope that the flood which was coming on would take away the covered bridge. And that flood which he hoped for came a few years ago and it took several bridges with it, and if it had come when your boy wished it, it would have taken away his town and "A Boy's Town" would never have been written.

In the evening both boys took roller skates and went to a small park which lay between two wide, paved streets. There were hundreds of boys and girls there and your boy had another surprise. Policemen stood about and prevented automobiles or other vehicles entering the streets for three hours, then all skaters were told to go home. Your boy was told that this happened nearly every night during a certain season of the year and that there were never any accidents or fights and that the young people could skate to their hearts' content. And during the winter there is another street which is turned over to the boys for coasting when there is snow.

When the boys got home, they were tired, but instead of going to sleep at once, they made plans for the morrow. A great day! A circus coming to town! Your boy asked my boy if he was going out to meet it and told him that in the olden days all the boys used to walk way down the road to welcome the elephants and the men and then would try to find some work to do to get in for nothing. They'd work all day for this little reward and if they failed to get work would try to "sneak in," for the boy who "sneaked in" was the hero of the hour. Both boys got up with the first peep of dawn the following morning without being called and went down to "meet the circus." They found other boys there before them lined along the railroad tracks for a mile.

The boys followed the circus to the big commons and for hours watched the men drive the stakes and pitch the tents and some, yes, quite a few, made plans to run away. There never has come a circus to this boy's town but half the boys have not planned to run away with it.

In the Boy's Town of 1922

YOUR boy in the months that he was visiting my boy became a boy in a boy's town of 1922.

He learned to play baseball and of the thousands of boys here today there are not half a dozen who do not know the game. Many, yea, hundreds, are on league teams, for there are more than half a hundred of them and to be on one of these "nines" a boy not only has to be a boy but he has to have many of the attributes of a man. And the same holds for the hundreds of basket ball teams, hiking clubs, boy scouts and kindred boys' organizations.

And in addition to the organized play life of the boy there is his private play life when he spins his tops as your boy did in 1840, plays marbles, and works on his radio set.

Your boy became a modern boy in a model boy's town and he'll be the better man for it, for those who are working for your boy and my boy, and 80 per cent of the boys in a boy's town, are not limiting his play but directing it; and directing it physically, morally, mentally and spiritually, so that in the end my boy will be a better man than my dad's boy.

A boy, truly, is a boy in any town, but in this town, a man's a boy as well, for the man is the boy's pal.

A Newspaper's Headlines, Its Inviting Ads, And an Editorial of Much Interest to You

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT recently published an article, "Balkanized Chicago," in which the crime wave from which that city is suffering was analyzed. The article displeased an editorial writer on the staff of the lurid *Herald Examiner* of Chicago. We are reproducing the editorial in full below, as also we are reproducing the headlines from the first pages of the *Herald Examiner* from April 25 to May 27, during which time terrorism was at its height in the country's Second City. Without comment, we also reprint advertising taken from the *Herald Examiner* during the same period. We ask that you study the headlines, read the advertising, go through the editorial—and *form your own opinion*.



HERE IS THE EDITORIAL FROM THE PAPER THAT PUBLISHED THE HEADLINES AND ADS SHOWN ABOVE:

A WRITER in Mr. Ford's weekly has devoted several pages to a feverish account of what he calls "Balkanized Chicago."

Life in our city, according to his report, is little more than a nightmare of screaming headlines. Chicago has a "crazy-quilt population" that has become "a vast potpourri of tribes, nationalities, gangs, rings, sects and cults crystallized into various alliances and combinations for purposes of defense, control or plunder."

The city's chief product, in the eyes of this writer, seems to be "lurid news of crime, banditry, murder, bombing, degeneracy, graft and official corruption."

It is a city of "nightly black powder bombs," with its days punctuated by a "crackling of gangsters' gats on the West Side."

He revels in the description of "important labor unions controlled by convicts and professional criminals." "The Chicago labor leader of this type," declares this inspired penman, "always owns a high-powered car and spends from $50 to $100 a day on drinks in the cabarets and saloons, that still remain open in privileged parts of the city; a few of them keep scattered harems in true Balkan or Levantine style."

From this it is but a step to a description of the "vilest dens ever seen on the North American continent" and "orgiastic dances in all-night cabarets."

But why go on? There are pages of these alleged descriptions, until an outsider must wonder where Chicago finds time to run its factories, its banks, its great commercial houses, or how it finds employment for its millions, and feeds and clothes them as well as a large share of the surrounding world.

And why does Mr. Ford's contributor think it worth while putting all this on paper? Here is his answer:

"It is worth while for the American people to understand it. Not that they may point out Chicago as a pariah, but that they may consider carefully this prototype of what they themselves soon may be if they cling to the cult of the Melting Pot!"

The "Cult of the Melting Pot" has no more to do with banditry in Chicago than with the slums of London or the apaches of Paris. That is sure and flat.

Chicago is a great city—that is all.

With Country Banks on Strike, Could Wall St. Live?

Concluded from page 6

before that time. "Had it not been," he added, "for Stock Exchange demands previous to and during the panic, I doubt if money rates in the country would have at any time been much more than normal."

"But," observes the Wall Street banker of the present day, "all that sort of thing was ended 12 to 14 years ago. The Street has changed its methods since 1907, and its ethics today are high."

Do the facts prove this allegation? Let us see.

Has the outbreak of excessive speculation been modified or diminished or controlled, as the former head of the New York Clearing House had hoped?

No. Today it is estimated in most conservative circles that nearly one billion and a half dollars have been loaned out on call to brokers for speculative purposes.

The amount of stocks carried on margin, the number of pools in operation, and the actual money consumed in margin trading are three times larger than the figures that prevailed in the wild days preceding the panic of 1907.

The speculative hero of the Street today is a pool operator with a shady history—he was once a partner in a Boston bucket shop—who is openly conducting an enormous syndicate speculation in a western railway issue.

Market prices are being demoralized periodically by a reckless gamble in Mexican Petroleum, in which the bulls boast that they have trimmed the bears to the extent of more than two millions.

Are Wall Street bankers more discreet today in their ventures than they were in 1907?

Evidently less so. During the early half of last year the financial district was shaken to its foundations by the discovery that one of the largest trust companies had dropped some $50,000,000 in the unwise promotion of a shipping company and a banking house, organized to promote foreign trade. Both ventures, launched in untried fields, by inexperienced men, were proved economically unsound. The sole reason that this event failed to precipitate a financial catastrophe is the fact that Wall Street's resources have quintupled since the war, and the losses were adjusted in secret by the institutions involved.

It may be taken as an axiom that Wall Street never alters—it merely develops.

It is quite probable that a panic, such as that of 1907, is impossible of repetition, at least within our generation. But this probability is not based upon any amendment of Wall Street's methods. It is due to the creation of the Federal Reserve System as a result of the panic.

But the Reserve System is conducted through human agencies, and its merits or demerits are directly traceable to the sort of management it enjoys. The panic of 1907 was a wrong inflicted by Wall Street on the rest of the country. Has the Reserve System made such discrimination impossible in the future—has it nullified the power of New York's financial district to corner the country's money and use it to the detriment of its actual owners?

To find the answer, one has only to review the great crisis of 1920 in the agricultural districts when ruin overtook large numbers of farmers and ranchmen. At the hearing last year on this subject before the Joint Congressional Committee, the former controller of the currency testified to the big and general fact that the system had failed to function as it should have done, and that its failure had caused fearful losses and great suffering.

It was shown by official figures from the Federal Reserve bulletin that, at the end of October, 1920, the 12 Federal Reserve banks held a grand total of discounted and purchased paper amounting to $3,100,000,000, of which $299,000,000 consisted of "bankers' acceptances" mainly from New York City banks. But the "agricultural paper" and "live stock paper" held by the Federal Reserve banks amounted to but $240,000,000, or less than eight per cent of the total accommodations granted by the system. This eight per cent was very small in consideration of the fact that the farmers represent about 43 per cent of our population, and when the aggregate value of farm property, according to the last census, is about $77,000,000,000.

But toward all these questions the attitude of Wall Street is defiant and uncompromising. It feels—and perhaps this feeling is quite human—that while it remains the custodian of the country's surplus wealth, it may do as it wills with the sums intrusted to it. It is out of sympathy with the country, and its interests remain local and selfish. If, unfortunately, a schism should ever arise between the East and the West, it will be due to the cynical viewpoint of the Street.

The official reports of the controller of the currency show graphically in whose hands lies the control of the country's money power, if they will only attempt to assert it. The official report for 1921 shows that the total resources of the 8,155 National banks of the country, on September 6, of that year, aggregated $19,014,102,000.

1921

Total assets of the country National banks	$ 15,586,222,000
Total assets of the New York National banks	3,427,880,000
Preponderance of country banks over Wall Street banks	$ 12,158,342,000

Percentage of resources to the total:

Country National banks	82%
New York National banks	18%

Now let us see what proportion of their surplus funds the country banks keep on deposit with the New York National banks.

Report of the controller of the currency, as of January, 1920:

Thirty-one New York National banks had on deposit to the credit of their correspondent banks in all parts of the country, $896,351,000.

Report of the controller of the currency, as of September 6, 1921:

Thirty New York National banks had on deposit to the credit of their correspondent banks in all parts of the country, $685,989,000.

It may also be of interest to note how these hundreds of millions of demand deposits, lying in the Wall Street banks, are proportionated among the different sections of the country. In 1920, the New York National banks had on deposit to the credit of their correspondent banks in all parts of the country, the following sums:

Held for banks in

Western states	$ 36,358,000
Middle Western states	164,625,000
Southern states	159,024,000
Eastern states	299,618,000
New England states	44,400,000

If these figures teach anything, they teach the lesson that, while New York and the country are interdependent, *Wall Street needs the country more than the country needs Wall Street.* They show that *the country banks possess 82 per cent of the National banking resources of the United States,* and that they annually keep on deposit with the Wall Street banking institutions, sums ranging from $700,000,000 to $900,000,000.

The experience of 1907 has shown, as the conditions existing in Wall Street show today, that *the immense surplus funds deposited by the country in New York banks, are used almost exclusively by the latter in lending them out as call loans to members of the New York Stock Exchange.* The country could easily forego the returns it derives in interest from New York, and utilize its financial sinews in its own territory to far better advantage.

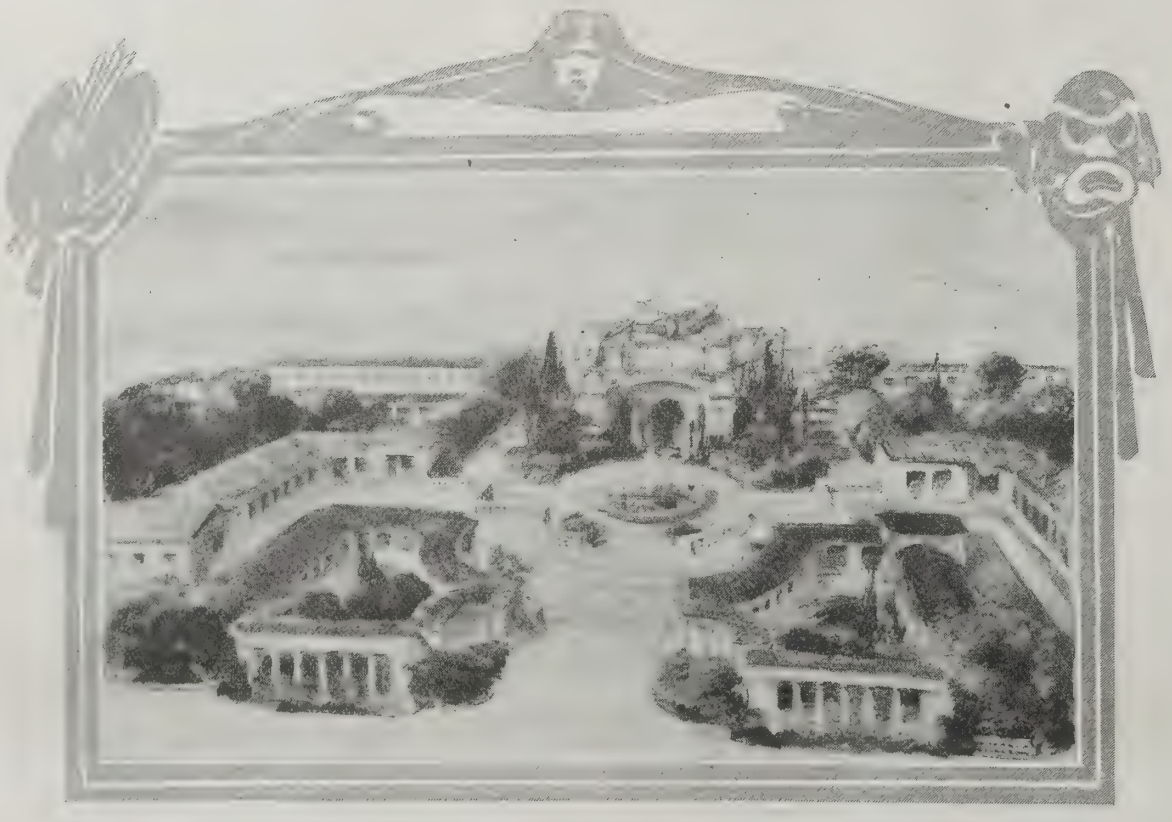
As long as Wall Street commits itself to huge gambling ventures, just that long are the wealth and well-being of the country in danger. But the country banks have it in their power any day to nip these wild speculative operations in the bud. This truth has just been graphically proved at the present writing. The call money rate in Wall Street, a day or so ago, ruled at two and three-fourths per cent. One "country institution" recalled $4,000,000, which had been on call in the Street for three or four weeks. This withdrawal was followed by several others. The absence of this western money was immediately felt in banking circles, and bankers began liberally to call brokers' loans. The call money rate jumped instantly by one-half points to five per cent.

At any time, a concerted movement of a similar nature on the part of the interior banks, could so deplete the floating supply of speculative funds in Wall Street, that they would swiftly prick the bubble of speculation, and convince the dominating powers of the Street that they must be compelled to give due consideration to the interests of those who hold in their hands the real and actual wealth of the Nation.

If the country banks went on strike, what would Wall Street do?

Planning a National Art and Music Center

AS A result of the three-day music festival given by California composers, musicians and singers, in the Greek Theater of the University of California, last autumn, the artistic, civic and commercial organizations of Berkeley have combined on a plan for a National Art and Music Center. Bernard Maybeck, one of the leading architects of California, has prepared the design, a photograph of which is shown herewith, and Charles Keeler, managing director of the Berkeley Chamber of Commerce, is at the head of the movement to place the art center there. The work is being carried on under the conditions imposed by the Fletcher Bill, creating a National Conservatory of Music and Art, now in committee of the National Congress. This measure provides for branches of the national conservatory in various states, of which California is one. Californians are ready with site and plans for immediate construction as soon as the national aid is extended.



Architect's drawing of art center proposed to be located on site adjacent to the University of California and overlooking the Golden Gate.

It is planned that the art center shall be both educational and productive; productive in that it shall furnish a permanent home and harmonious working conditions for creative artists in music, composition, painting, sculpture, the drama and literature; and educational, in that opportunity shall be given for the training, by these creative artists, of other and younger persons who show especial adaptability for any of the arts. The plans provide for from 125 to 150 studio-homes, or apartments, surrounded by spacious gardens, built in the Spanish type, so adaptable to California climatic conditions, and centering in a large plaza or central park, likewise beautified by lawns, gardens and statuary, and forming seating place for a large audience. At one side of this plaza will stand a large theater, with an auditorium capable of containing several hundred persons. This auditorium, fully equipped, would be used for the development of the dramatic art, and for lectures to students and workers in the conservatory. The back of the stage of this indoor theater is planned to open out onto the plaza, forming an outdoor stage. This would provide for constant use of the theater both in rainy and in clear weather. The studio-apartments are to be designed for the various uses of painters, sculptors, musicians, singers and writers, and rentals would be nominal, merely enough for actual expenses. For those artists who prefer to own their own homes, yet are not possessed of a great amount of money, arrangements are to be made for the establishment of a cooperative building and loan association, whereby such artists could purchase land in locations which pleased them, and have erected thereon the exact design of home they wished, paying for it in small monthly or annual payments, at a low rate of interest. Bankers and real estate men have agreed to give time and aid to it, with the view that such an opportunity will bring the leaders in art to Berkeley. They figure that it will be a good investment for them, even though they get no return from this particular project.

It should not be considered from this that all those attracted by painting, music, or the other arts, would be received as students. For every thousand aspiring, 100 would reach the final tests, and possibly only one eventually would be admitted. The plan is to make this art center to the art world what a great university is to other educational fields, so that only those of application, ability and serious thought would last. So far, no state aid has been asked, but it is understood that the state government is in a receptive mood toward the idea, and that the University of California will extend every aid in its power to its neighbor, which plans to become a veritable University of Art.

Evolution of Shipbuilding on Great Lakes

Oak Vessel of Years Gone By, Succeeded by Efficient Steel Freighter

By H. W. PATTON

IF IT were left to the railroads to transport all the freight that is carried in ships on the Great Lakes during the eight-months' navigation season they would find the task physically impossible. There is not enough railroad equipment in cars and tracks to do the business. In addition, lake vessels carry the goods cheaper than railroads could afford to do it. Therefore, the great inland bodies of water are an important factor in the economic affairs of America, or the world for that matter.

A Great Lakes freighter of the modern type carries a cargo of 10,000 tons of coal or iron ore, or 400,000 bushels of grain. The capacity of the average freight car is 50 tons, so that it would require a train of 300 cars to transport what one of the big lake ships can carry on a single trip. Railroads do not run trains of 300 cars.

Multiply this one cargo by thousands and it will be seen that millions of tons of commodities are carried by the hundreds of lake vessels. Billions of feet of lumber also are transported on the lakes each season. Most of the iron ore that is converted into steel in the United States and Canada is carried in these ships, as well as a vast amount of copper, grain from the West and Northwest, and flour in barrels and packages.

The fact that the lakes are closed to navigation during the winter months seems a handicap to commerce, but the boats make up for this in the open season. They carry enough iron ore down the lakes before navigation closes to run the furnaces all winter, and sufficient coal is transported up the lakes in these ships to carry the West and Northwest through the cold season.

In addition to the commodities mentioned, immense quantities of general merchandise are transported up and down the lakes. These goods are carried in what are known as package freighters. Ore, coal and grain are transported in bulk or coarse freighters.

Navigation on the Great Lakes is young compared to that on the oceans, but it has made wonderful strides. Something like 40 years ago there was launched on the St. Clair River the largest lake carrier up to that time. It was a tow barge, and its capacity was 1,600 tons. Marine men marveled and wondered where such a boat would ever find enough cargo to fill her hold. Now there is a steamer on the lakes with a capacity of 14,000 tons. It often has carried such a load, and could carry more if the channels of the lakes were deep enough. However, a ship with a capacity of 10,000 tons seems to be most popular with shippers and builders in this day.

The first ships on the Great Lakes were built of oak, the same material used in building ocean vessels in bygone days. But oak is scarce and has been for years. Even if it were plentiful, it is unlikely that many ships would be constructed of this material. During the war, when there was a constant cry for ships, fir trees were felled with which to build wooden ships, but the country knows that very few of these wooden ships ever turned a wheel.

Steel is the material that makes the best ships, and no other material has gone into ships built on the lakes for two decades or more.

Before oak became scarce, a few iron ships were built on the lakes, but this material, which shipbuilders call metal, did not come into popular use. Some of these early iron, or metal, ships are still in service, however. One of these is the United States gunboat, Wolverine, the only warship Uncle Sam maintains on the lakes. This craft is a venerable one, being about 70 years old.

But it is with freight vessels that this article deals. First came the old oak sailing vessel, with a capacity of a few hundred tons, which was followed by the wooden steamboat, and then there arrived the iron vessel, which was soon discarded for steel.

The first steel ships were built on the lakes in the late '80's, and some of the very first are still in service. Two early steel steamers were the Western Reserve and Gilcher. They were about 300 feet in length, with a carrying capacity of approximately 3,000 tons each. They were Leviathans in their day. These boats were lost. One disappeared with all hands and the cause of the disaster was never known. There was one survivor from the other, and he reported that the ship had broken in two. This was a lesson for builders, who began to build the ships stronger. Now one seldom hears of a Great Lakes steel ship breaking in two, except in striking a rock.

The Great Lakes whaleback must not be overlooked in the transition in lake ships. In the early '90's, Captain Alex. McDougall, of Duluth, dreamed of revolutionizing ship construction, and the whaleback was a child of that dream. McDougall was certain he could build a boat that couldn't be "drowned"; that is, lost by foundering, for less than the standard type of ship. The boat was cigar-shaped, and McDougall's idea was that the waves would wash completely over them without causing any damage to ship or cargo. In this he was right, but otherwise the boats were not glittering successes. It was difficult to unload them, and they were not huge carriers. However, perhaps 30 or 40 vessels of this type, including a big excursion steamer, were built. But none were built after the first batch. A few still ply the lakes. Some years ago a fleet of a dozen or more of the whalebacks were taken to the Atlantic for coast service, and whether they were "drowned" or not, nearly all are now out of service. Some were wrecked by running ashore and others met with mishaps.

Quick loading and unloading are big factors in the successful operation of lake freighters, and this, of course, keeps freight rates at a minimum. Huge machinery loads a 10,000 or 12,000 ton ship with iron ore in a few hours, and they are relieved of their cargoes at their destinations by similar machinery in a half day or so. This enables them to hurry to a coal-loading port, take on a cargo of coal and steam up the lakes with it. In the old days a vessel used to spend three or four days unloading. This meant expense, and higher freight.

All lake freighters are now built for dispatch in loading and unloading in view. All the machinery and boilers are in the stern, the remainder of the ship being utilized for cargo. There are no deckhouses nor cabins to obstruct the decks, which are covered with hatches; in fact, a freighter's deck is just one hatch after another. This is to permit the operation of the maximum number of unloading rigs. The large number of hatches serve the same purpose in loading, for at a coal or ore loading dock, a pocket is run into each hatchway, and the coal or ore flows into the hold.

Looking from the forward end of a 600-foot lake freighter, the vista reminds one of a two-block section of a city street. There is nothing in the way to obstruct traffic.

The placing of the machinery and boilers of a ship in the stern is an idea originated on the Great Lakes. Only in recent years has the plan come into use on the oceans. Even now it is not in extensive use on salt water, the number being confined to some tank steamers and colliers, and some lumber steamers on the Pacific.

At one time, before the advent of steel ships, there were several shipyards on the Detroit River, and about every port on the St. Clair River had its shipyard. Those were the days when oak was plentiful. There were millions of feet near Wallaceburg, Ontario. This was all cut down to put into ships at the yards mentioned. Now what little oak that is used in ships is only to repair the old wooden boats that are still in service. And this has to be brought from a distance. About all the old yards have disappeared. Detroit has two yards, but not a wooden ship has been built in either of them for 20 years. Everything turned out is steel.

There is some traffic between lake ports and Montreal now, but this is confined to ships of the smaller size, because of the Niagara River barrier. The Welland Canal locks of the canal do not permit a vessel of more than 260 feet to make the passage. Small cargoes do not pay and the freight movement over this route is light.

The big lake freighter may carry 400,000 bushels of grain destined to Europe, but it cannot pass Buffalo.

Some years ago a fleet of steel ships built at one of the famous yards on the Clyde in Scotland was brought to the Great Lakes and put into the coal and ore trade.

"No storm that ever swept the lakes will bother those ships," was the proud boast.

It was only a few years until one of these boats utterly vanished in Lake Superior. It was caught in a severe storm, and the only trace of it ever found was a life preserver bearing its name, Bannockburn.















Above—Early sailing vessels of about 200 tons; they are here seen racing. Below—A wooden freighter of a type built 40 years ago, carrying capacity of approximately 700 tons.

Above—Wood freighter of type in use in the '80's. Center—Early type of Great Lakes steel freighter, about 2,700 tons. Below—Type of 4,000 to 5,000 ton vessel which appeared on Great Lakes about 1900.

Above—The last word in Great Lakes shipping. This is a modern 600-foot freighter with a carrying capacity of 10,000 to 12,000 tons. Below—Whaleback vessel, designed to minimize foundering peril.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Theaters in Berlin have rooms for checking dogs of patrons.

A piano tuner at Wabash, Indiana, tuned a piano at South Bend, Indiana, 65 miles away, by telephone. The customer was told by the tuner how to change the tension as each note was sounded into the telephone.

A humane bullfight without bloodshed was recently witnessed in Los Angeles. Instead of sharp-pointed blades, blunt prods with a glue-coated base were used by the picadors. The adhesive base held the lances against the hide, giving the appearance of reality without hurting the animals in the least.

A white snake captured alive near Hallville, Texas, recently has been sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington for classification.

More than 40,000 school children in Hawaii are enrolled in garden work as a result of the efforts of the United States Department of Agriculture.

A footpad arrested in Buenos Aires must travel over a "Via Dolorosa" of 46 stations. This is done to give the police of all sections an opportunity of making the man's acquaintance. The prisoner is photographed, finger-printed and a careful biographical sketch made in addition to being placed "on view" at each station 12 hours.

Eighty-eight per cent of all the automobiles in the world are in the United States and Canada.

A great national park of 2,000,000 acres has been set aside by the government of Argentine. The park contains snow-capped mountains, glaciers, tumbling rivers, azure lakes and foaming cascades. It is situated on the Chilean border and takes in the foothills and mountains of the Andes. Fully one-third of the territory has never been explored.

A battery-driven clock, without mainspring and needing no winding, has been invented. It will run a year without attention.

A Delaware man has invented a trouser creaser of such efficiency that the customer can have the operation performed without taking the trouble to divest himself of his trousers. A modification of the device creases the arms of a coat, making it possible for a man to have his entire suit pressed on him.

Only 36 per cent of the homes in America are electrically wired.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

A scientist of the Smithsonian Institution has perfected a cooker to use the heat of the sun as fuel. The apparatus consists of a parabolic cylindrical mirror with polished aluminum surface which focuses the rays of the sun on a tube filled with mineral oil which in turn communicates with an iron reservoir in which are two baking ovens. The heated oil circulating produces a very high temperature in the ovens and it is possible to cook meat, vegetables, bread and other foodstuffs.

Aluminum films have been invented by a German. They will wear longer than the transparent cellulose film. They have the added advantage of being 40 per cent cheaper.

A ship 600 miles off the coast of Washington recently picked up a number of grasshoppers more than three inches long. Hundreds fell on the deck and the sea was dotted with them. It is presumed that they came from an island in the Pacific Ocean.

Asphalt deposits have been discovered near oil fields in the Argentine Republic. The deposits contain considerable quantities of vanadium.

Caterpillars interrupted operations on the Hetch Hetchy Railroad in California recently. The insects crawled along the rails, covering them for a mile and making them so slippery that the engines could not get traction up the grades. It was necessary for the crews to cut the engine from the trains and run over the caterpillar-covered rails and coat the rails with sand before the train could be moved.

Of the 36,691 convictions for crimes committed in New York State during 1921, the state troopers brought about 11,830.

Tailings recovered from lead and zinc mines are being used in Wisconsin for fertilizer. Four to five tons to the acre benefit clover and alfalfa crops.

Booth Tarkington again won the Pulitzer Prize of $1,000 for the American novel best presenting "the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standards of American manners and manhood," according to an announcement of Columbia University. The novel winning the prize was "Alice Adams." Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Collected Poems" won the $1,000 prize for the best volume of verse published during the year. Kirke L. Simpson was awarded the $1,000 prize for the best example of a reporter's work during the year.

The typewriter is the most deadly of all engines of warfare because it spreads the propaganda that causes war, according to Thomas R. Marshall, former Vice-President of the United States.

After serving 27 years as a school-teacher, Miss Mary E. Long, of Elgin, Illinois, committed suicide as a result of her being discharged by school trustees. Fourteen other teachers were dismissed at the same time but the dismissals were rescinded when the trustees were visited by a committee of citizens who demanded that the other teachers be reinstated at once.

There are now more than 1,500,000 radio receiving sets in the United States and the radio manufacturers in New York report more than $30,000,000 in unfilled orders.

For 12 years a Florida farmer has raised watermelons on 1,000 acres. In all that time he has never shipped a melon but let them spoil in the fields except those he and his neighbors eat. The melons are grown exclusively for their seed, which are sold to planters of Florida, Georgia and other southern states.

A 500-foot bridge across the Willamette River at Oregon City, Oregon, was built in 13 hours. Every part was built to the exact size and laid out on the river bank before any assembling was attempted.

The heavy steel doors of the Ohio penitentiary closed on a former chief justice of the municipal court of Cleveland, now a convicted perjurer serving a term of from 1 to 10 years. The former judge is now a comrade of thugs, crooks and gunmen, many of whom he himself sent to prison.

Eighty-one thousand six hundred and fifty-one tourists visited the Yellowstone National Park during 1921.

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The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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Woodrow Wilson, the Silent

Former President Carries On, Alone in S Street

Stock Issues and High Coal Prices

Consumers Pay Dividends On Capitalized Profits

Farm Loan, But No Farmer

Bureaucrats Block Obvious Intent of Congress

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

How Woodrow Wilson "Carries On" in S Street

Says Nothing of Administration, Holding Word Would Unite Republicans; Having Fewer Political Intimates Than Ever, Plays Lone and Silent Hand

By ROBERT KENTON

A MAN of wealth who has long been an admirer and supporter of Woodrow Wilson, when in Washington recently, told a friend he greatly would enjoy seeing the former President.

"Why don't you call on him?" the friend asked.

The visitor did so, and later that day called again on the friend.

"Did you enjoy your visit?" he was asked.

"Yes and no," he replied. "I found Mr. Wilson to be very agreeable and his mind is as quick and as certain in its operations as it ever was. But he gave me the mischief."

"What about?"

"He belabored me for not giving more of my time to public service. He said that many of the chief troubles with the country and the world at this time are owing to the fact that more men, like myself, who can afford to, are not cutting themselves loose from private affairs and devoting their time to the public."

To that visitor, as well as to others who have seen him lately, the former President, though still in an enfeebled physical state, showed all the fighting spirit of the days when he was at the height of vigor and power.

However, excepting an occasional spark drawn forth by the demands of specific cases—like the Senatorial fight in Missouri—there have been no public flashes of it. The former President has given to friends no indication of any early intention of breaking the silence and comparative retirement that have marked his life since he left the White House, a convalescing invalid, a year and a half ago.

He Has Not Been Idle

THAT year and a half probably has been the quietest Woodrow Wilson has known since, as a youth, he sat for nearly as long a time in a law office waiting for clients that didn't come. Again a law office has borne his name but he has visited it only a few times since it was opened.

Though quiet, it has not been an idle period with the man whose name a few years ago was on the lips of all the world. When he left the White House those responsible for his well-being thought their biggest job would be to keep him from giving way so completely to lassitude that the process of building up which had kept him going during his last year as President could not be carried on. So they conspired, against his intense longing for an uninterrupted rest and a human tendency, even when well, toward physical lethargy, to keep him busy.

"You must manage to keep occupied for at least two hours of every day," his physician told him. The patient was inclined to rebel, but appeal to the boy that was in him caused him reluctantly to obey.

The former President likes baseball and is an admirer of Walter Johnson, a pitcher on the Washington team.

"Suppose Johnson should keep his arm in a sling for three months, what would he then amount to as a pitcher?" Mr. Wilson was asked.

The illustration proved persuasive, but, as matters turned out, the fears of his friends were baseless. Circumstances have kept the former President occupied. He has improved steadily in health, but he still is not a strong man and never may be fully well again. He now can use the arm that for long was wholly helpless and, though he limps, can get about easily with the aid of a cane. He can alight from and enter an automobile without assistance and sometimes does so—when his attendants happen not to be looking.

He now attends to a large correspondence and sees many friends with whom he freely discusses public questions. But beyond a few letters, having to do with incidental matters of politics, no public expression has come from him since he left the Presidency.

There's No "Kitchen Cabinet"

A FEW months ago an old newspaperman friend saw him in his car which was standing by the curb in down-town Washington. He went over and shook hands with him. In the cordiality of the accidental meeting, the correspondent remarked: "It is an excellent time now, Mr. President, to say something on what is going on in national affairs."

"I couldn't render a better service to the party in power," he replied in effect. "I am probably the one person who can stop dissensions among them. A word of criticism from me would bring them together at once—and none would welcome such a word more than the leaders of the dominant party."

No "kitchen cabinet" functions at the S Street house; that has become a point of first interest in Washington because of its being the home of the former President. Rarely has Mr. Wilson seen a Washington correspondent since he retired from office, and perhaps not at all when the correspondent sought him on a professional errand. He has seen a few who called as friends and to one he talked quite freely but would not be quoted directly. Recently, one tried to get an added word from him on a subject on which he had expressed himself in a published letter to friends but he refused to be so much as seen. "Nothing to add," was the only word he could get from the Wilson home.

It is stated that innumerable efforts have been made to get interviews from him and offers of large sums of money have been made him for matter that he might write. One offer of a gigantic fee for a magazine article was declined on the ground that it was more than an article written by anyone was worth.

A group of leading Democrats recently formed a plan for operating a national Democratic newspaper with Woodrow Wilson as associate editor. They hoped that he would join in the scheme and support it with his name and at least one editorial leader a week. When it was first broached to him, it is said, he seemed sympathetic but when final and positive approval was sought he refused to consider taking part in the enterprise.

What his plans for the future are no one appears to know, even if he knows himself, beyond, of course, general intentions. It is known that he does not consider himself in permanent retirement. "And they will hear from me," a friend quotes him as saying recently upon declaring that the forces which seem to have subverted his political policies would not forever maintain ascendancy.

And it is known that he is writing something of a presumably permanent nature but what it is even those friends who are closest to him are not aware.

Even more pronouncedly than when he was the "lonely man" at the White House with few persons in his confidence and virtually none in the full enjoyment of it, does Woodrow Wilson now play a lone hand—and, so far, an almost silent one. Gossip around Washington credits only two persons, outside of his immediate family circle, with being truly close to him. They are United States Senator Carter Glass, a former Secretary of the Treasury in his cabinet, and Bernard Baruch, the financier who was chairman of the War Industries Board. Colonel Edward M. House, of once "assistant President" renown, has not seen him, friends say, since the return from Paris. Even Joseph Tumulty, his former Boswell, is now persona non grata because of the repudiated message the former secretary delivered to the Jefferson Day banqueters a few months ago.

People Go to His Home

"WITH increasing years, Mr. Wilson becomes more and more under the control of the Scotch-Irish trait that was a characteristic of his very able and strong-willed father." This is from one who sees him frequently. "It shows itself in a growing inability to get along harmoniously with individuals. Along with the evident revival of his popularity with the public there continues a falling off in close personal friendships. Always a lonely man, his strong-will traits that intensify with increasing years isolate him more and more from humankind, excepting *en masse*."

That with humankind *en masse* Woodrow Wilson has "come back" in a manner almost phenomenal is a fact no student of public opinion can deny. In fact, it is doubtful if there ever was the decline that the unusual election figures of 1920 indicated. For the contrary seemed to be evident immediately upon his becoming a private citizen. Washington, in whose cynical and suspicious atmosphere he, in his austerity, never seemed to inspire great enthusiasm (though there was no question about the respect he commanded), was astounded by the display of devotion made by his friends on the first day of his retirement. The crowds that moved almost wholly by spontaneous suggestion, gathered about his new home and swarmed the streets for blocks to give him momentary applause as he passed from official to private life, began a series of recurring demonstrations of a type new to Washington if not the country. In fact, the Wilson home in Washington has become a shrine of a new type, a place where the spirit of groups find singular expression. To the casual visitor it is one—though a prime one—of the "sights" of the national capital, to be pointed out to sight-seers by the spielers on "rubber-neck wagons." But to the crowds that go there for demonstration whenever occasion offers opportunity it is a place of high reverence.

Beyond a salute of acknowledgment and a word or so of appreciation, Mr. Wilson has never spoken in response to anyone of the several ovations that have been given him at his home. When women went there *en masse* not long ago, he merely repeated a favorite limerick about not minding his face "because he was behind it." On that occasion he tried, unsuccessfully, to dodge the camera-men.

Never while President did he receive a greater ovation than was given him on Armistice Day last November when he attended the burial of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery.

And one of the rare and regular events in Washington occurs on Saturday nights when he invariably attends a vaudeville theater. A crowd always gathers to see him arrive and depart, and when he enters the house and with his party goes to the rear seat he always occupies the audience stands and applauds vociferously. Vaudeville performers in Washington, and elsewhere, have found that when nothing else will arouse it a mere mention of Woodrow Wilson's name will bring down the house.

The unique position that he occupies in the life of the national capital finds correspondence in his relation to that political realm wherein he for a dozen years was a dominant performer.

While he sees old supporters and is said to talk freely with many of them, there is no evidence of his taking any hand in the big affairs of politics. Yet it seems clear that he considers himself the national leader of his party. "If you believe in my leadership," is a phrase he used in a letter of advice to a Missouri Democrat with reference to the Reed-Long contest for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in Missouri. His warring on Senator Reed is the result of an old and bitter political feud that verges on the personal. However, he has not hesitated to express himself regarding other internal party fights that involve questions having to do with his Presidential régime or his political tenets.

Believes Ideals Will Prevail

THAT the national and international ideals for which he stood will ultimately prevail, his friends say, is beyond all question of doubt in his mind. That he will again fight for them when it seems expedient for him to do so also is their belief. And they believe that he will do all that he can to hold the Democratic party to the unqualified support of them.

However, it is not believed that he longer entertains any personal political ambition, such as hoping again to be a candidate for President. The state of his health, together with his age, precludes that, though some persons who were close to him declare it their belief that deep in his heart he wanted and thought he should have received his party's nomination in 1920, despite his physical condition. But it is doubtful if he ever said a word or gave a positive intimation to that effect. At that time, they say, he showed no sympathy with the McAdoo boom but in all probability was opposed to it—not solely because of the family relation but also because of a coolness that then existed between the President and his former Secretary of the Treasury. That coolness passed and the two are now on the most cordial of terms. And the impression in Washington is that Mr. Wilson looks with more favor on the rather ill-defined branch of his party known as the McAdoo faction than he does upon the other ill-defined branch known as the Cox faction. This, if true, is not because of McAdoo but owing to the fact that Democrats who are enthusiastic Wilsonites are more prominent in that branch of the party.

If his health continues to improve, or even holds its own, most students of national politics agree that the former President will have to be reckoned with in future as an individual as well as a tradition and symbol. The potency of the latter aspects are recognized even by Democrats who have never been strong Wilsonites. But to date, Mr. Wilson has shown no disposition to take a hand in the management of the big national affairs of his party.

Mrs. Wilson and Grayson Aid

WHILE his health is such that he now can be rated only as a semi-invalid, Mr. Wilson's physical condition still is beset by uncertainties. Persons familiar with it say that he may be able to engage in fair activity for many years to come, but some unfortuitous accident, such even that would be of little danger to a strong man, at any time might possibly bring on another crisis.

His partial restoration is attributable largely to his will power, assisted, of course, by the care given to him by Mrs. Wilson and Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson, his physician.

Admiral Grayson's basic prescription for getting him on his feet again was substantially the same as the one he used in keeping him on them before the breakdown nearly three years ago. It is (1) system, (2) a sense of humor and (3) regular diversion.

Admiral Grayson warned him against the exertions that brought on the breakdown a year and a half before the end of Wilson's Presidential term.

When he planned the speaking trip through the country on behalf of the Paris treaty, his physician told him that the effort might cost him his life.

"I believe it my duty to take the risk," he said and went ahead.

He did not collapse completely until after, on the doctor's orders, he returned to Washington. For several days he was unconscious and for many weeks his life hung by a thread. Then came improvement, with steady but slow regaining of strength which has continued until the present.

Not once, except when it was obscured by unconsciousness, was there any weakening of the imperious will which next to his wonderfully well-ordered mind is the outstanding characteristic of the former President's personality.

And they say it is as virile today as it ever was.

Tea and Other Things With the Bally British

In Which Are Chronicled Sundry Tales of Bathtubs, Fresh Air and Sports

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

"IT IS perfectly all right in America," one Englishman was assuring another. "It used to give me a jolly strong jolt when I saw them biting the ends off their cigars. But I have noticed by the American films that it is quite generally done. Their very best people bite their cigars."

And to think that, out in St. Louis, when you see a man produce his pocket knife for the purpose of establishing a draft in his smoke you are sure to conclude that he has false teeth! And further to recall the fact that there are people who deny the educational possibilities of the movies.

What, I began to ask myself, would one do if he had misplaced his penknife, had a cigar in his pocket and was nervous for a smoke? It did not take long, by dint of careful observation, to encounter a case of just this sort. And the Englishman with the cigar pinched and otherwise abraised the end of it with his nail and soon the smoke rings were ascending. I now sometimes do this myself when in company, a bit self-consciously as yet. It is a good scheme.

Take your Englishman. He runs true to form, reacts in certain ways, wherever you see him. He can, I believe, be better judged here where there are contrasting types by which to measure him than he could at home. At home, for instance, you would never appreciate that odd mental slant which makes him regard himself, wherever he goes, as the native, and the people around him as foreigners. So I ask you to observe in mid-Europe some of the idiosyncracies of these, our first cousins, while they mingle with our other more distant kinsmen.

What! Go Without Tea?

WE HAD met a delightful Englishwoman coming up from Cherbourg to Paris, had ridden with her in one of those six-seat compartments that an American can never visualize until he actually travels by the boat train. It was 4:30 on the following afternoon in Paris, this lady met two little girls, daughters of the chance boat acquaintance.

"Have the little girls had tea?" she asked. "No? The poor dears. I will show you a jolly little tea room."

As a matter of fact the little girls had never had tea in all their lives except when they played going to tea in the basement with the neighbor's children. But to this Englishwoman an afternoon without tea was like a spring without flowers. Or was like a breakfast without eggs to us, the which we have been eating seven days a week since arriving here, for they give you nothing but coffee and jam and you are a blighter if you don't eat it in bed.

As a matter of fact the British have pinned this tea idea on all Europe. Out at the International Labor Office, in Geneva, there are people from 33 nationalities on the staff, all banded together for the accomplishment of a noble purpose. What do you think happens every afternoon at four o'clock? Give it up? Well, you stop your work right where you are, even though you be in the very midst of ridding the wool industry of anthrax, that burning death of the spores, or reducing the working hours of children under 6, to 14 hours down Ganges way. You knock off, for the tea girls have arrived. One bears a pot of that steaming beverage and the other a tray of cakes, all furnished by the common and benevolent employer. You are not asked will you have some. It is fixed right up for you. These girls have never seen anybody in the whole course of their frugal Swiss lives who declined tea. You haven't the heart to do it. In a month you are as confirmed in tea drinking as any Britisher.

And another odd thing. They knock off here at 12 o'clock and nothing more doing until two. Two hours for lunch. Banks closed. Stores closed. Everything.

But all the time I am watching these Englishmen. They are splendid, clean-living, soap-and-exercise-loving, rut-following creatures.

"I place no value on the things I earn," one of them will tell you. "The only things that are worth having are those that come to you of themselves without the necessity of your in any way deserving them. I would not give a fig for a thing that I had to earn."

Just "a Bit of a Place"

NOW that is an odd viewpoint to the American who desires above all else to hew his way through a forest of difficulties to his own personal success.

And you ask a bally Britisher what it is in this world that he most wants and he will set it down as a bit of a place in the country where he can live as a gentleman on his own acres and let the world go by. And both of these attitudes of his are sincere and yet they are in every way contradictory of his own record else how could he have been the world's greatest pioneer?

But for entertaining situations hereabout take an Englishman and his fresh air. Always he is pressed hard against the immovable in continental Europe. For windows, from the continental viewpoint, are for purposes of illuminating the domicile. They are good things because they let in the light. They have served their purpose when they have done so. The last time that a window was raised on the Continent was that time when Juliet unclasped hers for purposes of "sweet sorrow" and let the bat of tragedy fly in.

You should get the continental viewpoint. I got it from a novel of the people, done in French, which I was spelling out with the aid of a dictionary while trying to jolly myself into the belief that I was acquiring a language. In this book the noble heroine, all lost save honor, sought to destroy herself. And how do you suppose she proceeded to accomplish that dire end? Why, she falteringly approached her casement, tremblingly released its fastenings, flung it wide. Then from out there beyond the walls the free roving air blew in upon her bare breast. It was death.

I am sort of case-hardened because I grew up in the country where children never get any fresh air. But on this occasion when I was riding up from the Eternal City with a very noble and venerable Roman I approached perturbation. We shared a compartment, six feet long, three feet wide, airtight, he having the lower berth and I the upper. With an eye to convenience I retired first. I left it to the Roman to open the window, but, having already started on the road of international education, I stayed awake to see that he did it. And he didn't. I rang for the porter, demanded that he raise the window, executed a pantomime of suffocation.

"Es imposseeblee! Es imposseeblee!" he assured me, waving his arms. Then he motioned to the door, indicating the keyhole as far as I was able to make out, and assured me that the ventilation was adequate. I knew that there would be death in that compartment that night but grimly appraised the superior vigor of my physique over that of the white-haired Roman and gloated on my confidence that he would go first.

I once put two flies and a candle in a milk bottle, clamped on the lid and burned out the oxygen. These flies buzzed weakly, crept about inanely, for a surprising length of time. The spark of life is persistent. Both Garibaldi and I were alive in the morning but not peppish.

Now such experiences are bad enough for an American who has just a fair to middling liking for fresh air. But your Britisher may properly be put down as an ozone enthusiast. There are those who maintain that he goes to unwarranted extremes in insisting that a heavy gale blow across him all the time. Put a Britisher in the compartment of a day coach with a flock of Italians, French, Swiss, Germans, and the situation is sure to become trying.

I was in such a compartment with an Englishman and his wife and a Frenchman and his wife. The Englishman put the window clear down, seemed determined, I may say, to scoop in all the air, more or less freshish, in the Alps. The Frenchman shivered rattlingly, endured for a time, deferentially went over and closed it. The Englishman waited a bit, pulled at his collar, registered the agonies of suffocation, opened it again—not so much. The Frenchman agued, turned up his coat, put his wife's furs about her, waited a bit, closed the window again. The Britisher was sorely put to, wanted to be considerate but also wanted to live, fanned himself, looked anxiously to see if his wife still survived, compromised on the window three inches down from the top. The Frenchman cached his wife in the most remote corner, swaddled in her furs, hung a coat above her head in such a way that she could completely envelop that member in it, merely peeping out through a tiny crack to see if Alfonse survived. So did these representatives of allied nations pass the day in complete misery.

Oh, Yes! the Briton's Tub

WE WENT to dine at the apartment of an Englishman in Geneva. No heat. There is almost no central heating in Europe, even in England. It is a raw and melancholy climate over here, very much worse than Chicago. There may be a dinky little stove in a hall or a few pieces of wood in a grate. But the people are economical and coal is thirty dollars a ton. But at this dinner party our host started a fire. Cheerio! The room got almost comfortable. We were rapidly unbending. Then he went into the next room, opened the window—wide. Indirect ventilation. The wind was blowing in from the lake. Temperature 40. Gloom.

The next day another Englishman who had been present said it had been a satisfactory dinner party but the host had roasted us.

The British have a great deal of trouble about their baths in continental Europe but puzzle through in a typically British way, never yielding an inch. In Geneva, for instance, only the most modern houses have baths. The agents tell you about an apartment that can be rented. They call them flats which nomenclature, again, comes from the English. In America an apartment is much more upstage than a flat but in Europe it is just the other way. The working class lives in apartments. They are tenements. Well, this agent says that he has a modern flat with every convenience and luxury. It is complete, perfect.

"Has it a bath?" you ask.

His face falls. Of course not. It is not to be expected. I can't just make out whether they dab themselves with a sponge, utilize the washtub in the family kitchen, or let it go until summer. But certain it is that they cause the British who are indubitably inordinately given to bathing, a lot of trouble. They pronounce it that way, too. Bath—ing. Sometimes I think they carry it too far. The slightest thing they do as, for example, a bit of monocle juggling, which might induce the tiniest demonstration of perspiration, they must hurry away and take a bath. They give themselves an extraordinary amount of trouble that way, don't you know.

Well, when an Englishman rents a flat in Geneva, he forthwith buys himself a bathtub and installs it. When you see an Englishman moving his household effects, there is always a bathtub on top of the load. They carry them about the same as the easy chair.

The Swiss, it may be remarked in passing, do not welcome all the nations into their midst wholly under the inspiration of hospitality. They have been known to send strangers away with less money than they brought. I am told that it costs more to live in Constantinople than in Geneva, but, for a mild appearing people, the Swiss get theirs here. I came direct from Washington where things cost more than anywhere else in America and the prices here are 25 per cent higher than those in Washington.

But to return to the Englishman and his bathtub which needs one more touch. One of these gentlemen rented himself a flat. Then he bought a bathtub and installed it at an expense of five pounds. Thereupon this Jesse James-William Tell from whom he had rented notified him that his monthly stipend had been raised 20 francs, because, forsooth, he now occupied an apartment with bath.

Language is a strange thing, and we Americans are least given to acquiring it. The Englishman more readily tackles the job.

The American idea of language is, I think, less flexible than that of the British. In language the British yield a bit from the assumption that only that which is of their tight little island is worth while. The American is more dogmatic in insisting on one language. Among Americans there are two theories of how to get along with those who know not the great language which we have improved so much over beyond the water. There is one school which holds that, if you will say it very slowly and distinctly in English it will be understood. I heard the voice of a woman, genial and communicative, in the room next to mine the other day, talking to the French chambermaid.

Dashing Off the Memos

"I LIVE in Cleveland," she said. "I—live—in—Cleve—land."

"Oui, Madame," quoth the friendly maid.

"I will leave tomorrow," the voice from Ohio went on, rasping out its R's. "I—will—leave—to—mor-r-row." She was sociably happy in the consciousness of indulging in conversation.

Then the other view of it is a slight variance of this. It is held by the American who believes that English should be the universal language and has appointed himself a propagandist for this idea. Wherever he is he demands what he wants in English. He sticks to it, insists. A benighted world has got to understand English. Most of the important people in it already speak that language. He takes his stand. I have never yet seen him fail to get what he wanted.

I am working here at Geneva at the International Labor Office. You know that child of the Treaty of Versailles whose province it is to make the world a better place in which to live. This it proposes to do by improving the condition of those who work. Well, the British system of carrying on business pretty well prevails out there and I bumped into corners something awful until I found out how it works.

In the British civil service, if you have been talking to an American and have picked up a good idea that will save the nation, or if the house is on fire and you want to tell the big chief about it you write out a memorandum.

These memoranda soon began to come to my desk. I had lost the knack of reading writing from long residence in an atmosphere of typewriters. I hadn't the slightest idea who were the people back of these unreadable initials. Was I fired or was my salary raised? Well, pretty soon I got the hang of it and now I dash off a flock of memos the first thing every morning.

And I get along pretty well with them. One of these youngsters got to feeling friendly toward me not long ago and he decided that he would go all the way and make me entirely happy. He would let me in on a stupendous compliment that had been paid me. He had heard some one say that it was hardly noticeable that I was an American, that I might almost be taken for an Englishman. He was sure that he was sending me humming about my work for the whole day. There is a certain boyish simplicity in their belief in their superiority that is amusing if one has the sense of humor not to be offended with it.

Their Way—and Ours

AND they are a manly, upstanding sort of people, these British. One of the finest things about them is their enthusiasm over keeping fit. The Swiss and the French share their seriousness.

There are two or three Americans among us but our sporting manners are quite different. While we play we overflow with conversation. We talk a wonderful game, jolly our antagonists, chortle gleefully. We are a rollicking lot, the youngest, most playful people in the world.

"Return the ball and let them beat themselves," we admonish our partners. "They have lost their nerve. They are slipping. Too old. Too old. We'll pick this one out of your eye."

It is old stuff on any American court but an unknown method over here. Oddly, when this conversation is introduced into British circles they are delighted with it. They laugh their sides sore over it. But indulge in it? Well, it isn't done. The British mind is not built for it and besides, this business of getting one's exercise is a quite serious matter.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 39, July 22, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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"The Things That Are God's"

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is in receipt of a letter from S. G. Davis, of Hydaburg, Alaska. It reads as follows:

"I am an Indian fisherman. I am 55 years old.

"The best fish that swims in the waters of Alaska is the red salmon. Ever since the Indian came to Alaska, it has been his food. He has dried them and smoked them for winter use. But the salmon is a thing of the past in the rivers where he once caught them for his children to eat.

"The salmon are now caught in large traps before they go up the river to spawn. So the Indian must go hungry because the traps get the fish first. These traps are built so the salmon swim into a large pocket. They can swim in but they cannot swim out. There are times when the canneries cannot touch the fish for days, and the pockets get so full the fish kill each other for want of space. Salmon must be cleaned at once to be of any use; it cannot lie around. Trapping fish is not cheap; it only wastes them, and keeps them from the fishermen.

"I saw an article that President Harding has written asking that people be kind to animals. I wonder what President Harding would say if he saw all these fish penned up in these traps. I do believe President Harding has too much heart to see even fish suffer.

"Let me say a word about cannery managers in Alaska. In the eyes of the Indian fisherman these managers are mighty big men. The manager goes around in a fast power boat, and goes to the best hotel. If the truth is known, he has learned about fishing from the Indian fisherman.

"I often wish some kind gentlemen would come up to Alaska and start a Human Association, and have things so the Indian and the salmon would be treated right.

"If the Alaska salmon is going to be cleaned out by fish traps, what are the Indian and his children going to live on?

"The Alaska Indian must ask Congress, not for money, but to take the fish traps away from Alaska, so the Indians can get something to eat. It has gone so far that he has to battle for food with the fish trap owners.

"Let me ask you with lifted hand: Are you going to see children tugging at the empty breasts of starving mothers? Are you going to see men taking their lives that their families may live? The Stars and Stripes never teaches, let capital live, and let men and mothers and children die because they are poor.

"Are the people of the United States going to see the fish trap owners starve out the Alaska Indian and his children just because fish traps are easy methods of making money?

"We are not asking for something belonging to fish trap owners.

"We are asking for something belonging to God, who made it for all mankind."

The Conservative

ALWAYS has he been in evidence—since and before the war, in Roman times, and in the old Stone Age.

Left to his own initiative, he would still be making fire by rubbing together two sticks, or by striking iron with a flint—if, indeed, he had advanced that far; for it was no conservative who first struck fire.

His eyes are seemingly in the back of his head, for he has a much keener view for the past than for the future, being very much satisfied with the Golden Age of his own boyhood.

Sometime in early manhood his brain crystallized, and whatever knowledge has been developed in the world since that time is for him taboo.

If he acquired a medical education before the development of the science of bacteriology, he cannot speak in too much contempt of what he is pleased to call the "germ theory." If he could altogether discredit his senses, he might also refer to the typewriter, the automobile, the linotype, the airplane, and the wireless as "theories"; for they did not have these things when he was a boy.

He makes a constant and desperate effort to maintain the validity of his ideas, and to this end, he ignores much that has been learned later than his receptive period. The conservative in politics and in business is altogether of a different type. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and does not propose to let it escape his grasp.

He knows full well that it is better to be on the inside of the ring than on the outside, and he antagonizes every movement intended to give the common man a chance. He is strongly of the belief that privilege for the few is preferable to justice for all, for he happens to be one of the few.

In plain terms, his eye is on the buttered side of the bread.

Perhaps it is human nature for the man who has been raised with a silver or a golden spoon in his mouth to object to its removal. Occasionally, there is a man who, with opportunity to enjoy all the fruits of privilege, deliberately sets about to share it with those who are not so fortunate. Such a man has tapped the true source of happiness.

But he will never be understood by the conservative, who will be dead sure that either he is "weak in the upper story," or else he "has something up his sleeve." The conservative, whether in politics or in business, while sharp enough to look out for number one, has never acquired that broad vision of life that makes it a delight to help raise the weaker brother.

Should Supreme Court Judges Reign for Life?

DISCUSSION by the California *Christian Advocate* of the proposition to abolish the life tenure in office of the episcopacy in the Methodist Episcopal Church South brings out a thought that may as well be considered in the State as in the Church.

Introducing the subject, the *Advocate* says:

> "With the growth of democracy throughout the world there is a growing skepticism as to the wisdom of life tenure offices in either church or state that is world-wide. The recent war has increased this doubt to almost a conviction that men are not generally so constituted as to be safely given such a claim on any position in life within the gift of the people. Of course, all life tenure offices grow out of the autocratic doctrine of the divine right of kings, which saw its last expiring gasp in the dethronement of the Kaiser and the Czar."

The argument, of course, refers to the church polity. Reference to the question of political office is, however, so pointed, one can hardly escape conviction that the recent questioning of majority rulings by our high courts have caused a feeling, growing in intensity, that legislation by the judiciary is un-American and must be stopped.

It was intended in the outset that the United States Supreme Court should be so far removed from politics that its decisions should stand unquestioned by all the people, hence the justices were given a life tenure of the position. How absurd the idea was soon demonstrated. President Washington selected men of known ability without reference to their political opinions, but when President Adams had occasion to fill a vacancy, the bank charter was a vital issue and he selected Chief Justice John Marshall, a stronger Federalist than himself, who was certain to rule according to Adams' belief.

President Jackson, on the other hand, selected Chief Justice Taney, one of the most radical supporters not merely of the rights of states, but the duty of other states to support the laws of any one state. Neither Marshall nor Taney could have agreed had they been contemporaneous.

Nearly every appointment to the Supreme Bench, as far as recalled, has been affected by party expediency, however real the appointee's ability might be. In the case of the Tilden-Hayes contest, a vacancy was procured by inducing Justice Davis to resign, to give place to a partisan, who became the real deciding factor in the case. No man will deny that political considerations gave William Howard Taft the crowning ambition of his life. Whatever his personal or professional merit he would have carried his unfulfilled desire to the grave under other circumstances. Life tenure in office is a prerogative, not a democratic principle.

A Money-Broker Trick

IN DISCUSSING the Federal Reserve Bank System there is an impression, dishonestly encouraged by the Money Trust, that its opponents are attacking all banks. This is unwarranted. There is no fight against legitimate banking. In fact, if the indictment of the Reserve System is sustained, banking in general, including membership in the system, will be benefited.

Starting from the fact that at this time less than a fourth in number of the banking institutions in the United States are members of the system, and bearing in mind that of the membership at least four-fifths in number are members through compulsion, it will readily be seen that any criticism of the system must be confined to a very small part of the banking business, even if it included all the membership, which it does not.

The struggle for financial freedom is a battle for the small bank and for independent financial institutions, as well as for the people at large. Outside of the national banks, by law compelled to subscribe to the capital stock of the Federal Reserve banks or surrender their charters, the number of institutions electing to membership in the system at the close of 1921 was but 1,621, making the total membership less than 10,000.

That the Federal Reserve System has not been satisfactory to these outside members is evidenced by the liquidation of some, and the withdrawal of others. That it is not a guaranty to banking prosperity, but rather an encouragement to monopoly, is shown in the failure of many member banks and the practical bankruptcy of others saved from actual liquidation by absorption by rival institutions; for the mergers so frequently noted in large cities are really but a style of foreclosure on the properties.

The extent of the dissatisfaction of the national bank membership with the system cannot, of course, be gauged. That some exists is apparent from the growing interest in the subject manifested in all parts of the country. Many inquiries come from sources which surprise, since information is sought by bankers who might be supposed to know all there is to know of the matter. The fact that the member bank is no longer master of its local situation seems the one great fault found with the system. Under the National Bank Act the local bank of issue dealt directly with the government and the volume of its circulation was limited only by the aggregate that could find profitable investment. The currency issue, too, was based on long-term security, so that commercial business could be carried on without regard to frequency of liquidation. Under the Federal Reserve System, the member bank's judgment is subordinated to that of the Federal Reserve Bank, which can act only on the advice of the Federal Reserve Agent, and the permission of the Federal Reserve Board.

Instead of the independent national bank circulation, unless some early legislation provides another, the basis will have disappeared in 1930, and the Federal Bank note must be substituted for it.

Enough has been pointed out in this connection to convince the banking interests, those threatened with disaster, at any rate, that the cry that opponents of the Federal Reserve System are hostile to legitimate banking, is absolutely unwarranted. To the contrary, such opposition is founded in a desire to eliminate every wasteful element in our currency system, and extend the circulation privilege to the full need of the business of the country, retaining the only bases of security ever known to money, the faith and credit of the people. Faith and credit maintain the equilibrium in the bulky plan now operating and without faith and credit the business of the country would sustain a disaster the like of which the world has never seen.

Business Is Good—Why?

BUSINESS is good. What makes it good? Money is "easier," they say. It is the same money that was "tight" six months ago. What has made it "easier" now? Do you really want to know what has made it easier? Then here is the answer: A group of men wired and phoned to all Federal Reserve centers in the early part of May, 1920—"The tie-up comes on the 15th." That is exactly how "deflation" came, by the decision and order of a private group. It was not a "deflation of the currency" but a deflation of the people. These same men recently said, "Let's ease up a little; tell them to come in and borrow some money." And then, all of a sudden, "business is good." The business was always there—waiting. Men, materials, need, all there; but no money. The money all there, too, but not "easy."

Some people rub their heads when they try to understand the Money Question. Let them be warned: don't try to understand it; no one understands it; our present system is so irrational as to baffle rational minds; financiers themselves don't understand it, they only play it. If the Money Brokers can induce you to try to "understand" the Monetary System, then they have you tied up for the rest of your life.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS probably necessary that the froth and falsity which is called forth by a discussion of the Money System, should be first expressed and disposed of, that the way may be clear for sober thinking and planning. Six months ago, the utterance of a few plain words, which simply said what hundreds of thousands of men, bankers and farmers and mechanics, have been thinking for a long time, called forth a hailstorm of adverse articles which are running to this day, and which promise to continue until it becomes perfectly clear that the time for a certain kind of pro-capitalist special pleading is past forever.

The Money Question has been up before, but always in the worst possible connection—that of politics. This time it comes up when politics is a distant second, perhaps a third, in public interest and importance. Entrance of the Money Question into politics in previous years can be explained by two causes; once the beneficiaries of a privilege-breeding money system used politics to establish the system more firmly, and succeeded; and once the people had recourse to politics to liberate them from the money chains thus forged, and failed. Both experiences have discredited politics in this connection.

Now, some very plain statements have been made, and their effect has been entirely out of proportion to their novelty—except on the assumption that the unfair Money System feels that at last its day of judgment is dawning. It has only been said that a dollar is very seldom a dollar, that indeed it is oftener 60 cents than it is a dollar. It has only been said that by a trick long concealed the people have been obliged to pay 120 to 150 cents for 60 cent dollars, that is, to give one and a half commodity dollars for one-half of a money dollar. Our people are so discouraged by the deliberately mystifying methods of economic discussion that they have accepted even these plain statements as textbook controversy, until now: now they see that it is not a technical question, but a work question and a food question and a life question—since the commodity dollar is the one that is taken from them, and the banking dollar is the one that is given to them. That is the point of danger to the present money system; the people are learning what it means to them.

If the peck measure in which potatoes are measured, or the yardstick with which cloth is measured were tampered with to one-thousandth the extent that money is tampered with; if there was one-thousandth part of the uncertainty about weights and measures in general that there is about this measure called money, business would be impossible. The government has standardized everything but the dollar. And if the owners of weights and measures could determine day by day that now 30 inches would make a yard and now 28; that now 12 ounces would make a pound and now 10; it is easy to see how the owners and controllers of weights and measures—buying at standard and selling as they liked—would contrive to keep the under-standard system in vogue.

That is all that has been said about money, namely, that it is not the best money, that it is unfair money, that it discriminates against producers in favor of mere money-brokers, that the unjust powers which have illegally been given its controllers make for poverty and hindered development.

It has also been said that the Interest Burden of the United States, and of the world, is intolerable, that modern Interest is a tax that few ancient tyrants would have dared impose. Interest in actual modern practice is a contrivance whereby all production is taxed by parasites, and whereby money is given a supremacy over men, material and management which it cannot sustain. It is true that in theory something can be said in favor of interest, but only for legitimate interest, and legitimate interest is not a drop in the overflowing bucket of the world's interest woes.

One of the curious and stupid bits of propaganda sent out declares that those who ask the people to scrutinize their Money System are enemies of interest on saving deposits. Even a banker will laugh at the thought of anyone regarding such interest as of any moment whatever in the question of the Interest Burden now bearing down the shoulders of the world. Cutting interest to what the poor savers of money receive, would liberate the world. Or even giving exorbitant usury to the savers of money would liberate the world. They are not exploiters; they do not seek another's destruction.

It must be very significant in the minds of the chief beneficiaries of the present Money System that a few plain observations, which every banker knows, could have caused such unrest among the mighty. Have they a premonition of impending change? Or are they merely aware that when the public mind does grasp the simple elementary principles of the modern financial game, it will abruptly rule it out, as it ruled slavery out, as it will, after it has settled the money question, rule war out. And this, not because of any latent revolutionary tendencies in the people, but because of their unspoiled moral sense in public affairs. If it were merely a question of method, one were as good as another; but it is a question of morals, a question of justice, and it is the genius of our race that the system which fosters injustice cannot last long after its true character is understood.

One very encouraging sign of the times is that the main contentions are slowly being acknowledged by disputants of all shades of interest. There are six or seven facts which all intelligent men can take together in the study of this question and which really determine the whole matter. Bankers can take them, money-brokers can take them, economists hired to defend the present system can take them, socialists and students of every degree can take them; and once these steps are taken the question is solved. We shall then need the services of men who are naturally gifted in this department of work to build the system better and eliminate the leaks; to make money that is money; to return to the government the constitutional power over money which power the government has unconstitutionally turned over to a few private money merchants. Money is a government monopoly handed over to be a private monopoly for private benefit. And that is not right. Everyone knows, the moment it is stated, that it is not right. And that, finally, is going to settle the whole matter, when the public mind comes to the point where it can say, "this is not right."

No one knows what form the future currency system will take. It is quite idle to invent systems. The system of the future will be determined by events. The present system is probably the best that has been conceived up to this time. Any other of the thousand systems offered will work out well if everyone agreed. But men don't agree on such matters; the money question is 90 per cent human nature; destiny itself will mold our money system into the form which it shall take.

The only changes necessary are those that will prevent tampering with the people's money. The charge that money is to be "cheapened by the printing press," and all such silly stuff, cannot be true of an idea whose sole purpose is to make money worth more to the people who own it. Cheap money is a device of the speculative financiers; it is the very thing we are all trying to avoid.

Many of the political and social proposals of the day which seem dangerous, are merely defensive proposals, and will be forgotten when a sound money system removes the causes which inspired them.

SIX months ago a few plain words were said about Money: such things as that Money should be honest; that a dollar should always be a dollar, as a yard is always a yard, or a dozen a dozen; that Money is a government monopoly and should not be made a private brokers' monopoly; that gold cannot practically and really be the basis of our money because there is not enough of it; that we are sailing along under a number of assumptions which we know are untrue—these very plain things which everybody says and everybody knows, caused great unrest and uneasiness. Why this extreme anxiety, except it may be a guilty sense of discovery? Why should there be such agitation of spirit if nothing is wrong? What is dangerous about the demand that money be always honest money?

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

They Are Putting Wings on the Canadian Surveyor

Giant Planes Carry Engineers Over Mountains to Unexplored Spots

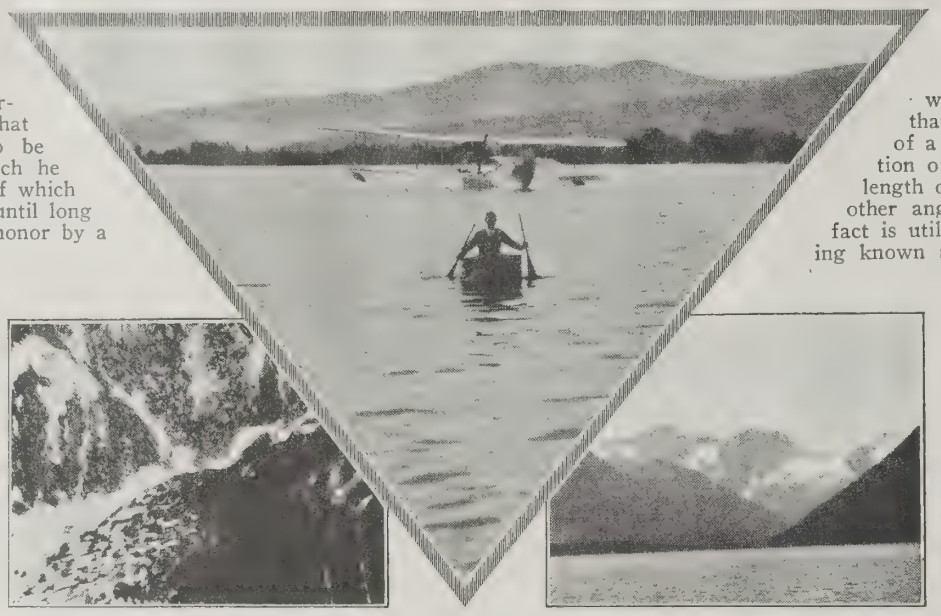
By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

IF THE spirits of the departed are permitted to look back upon this mundane sphere it is entirely likely that the wraiths of such men as Thompson, Palliser and other engineers whose duty it was to chart the trackless wildernesses of Western Canada must cast envious eyes upon their present-day successors who soar in giant hydroplanes serenely above such petty obstructions as the Rocky Mountains and across what was to them the almost limitless wastes of the prairies.

David Thompson was a surveyor in the employ of the North West Company who did much exploration work in the Rocky Mountain region during the closing years of the eighteenth, and the early years of the nineteenth, century. In those days information regarding the great West was very meager indeed. Among other things, Thompson was instructed by his company to explore the Rocky Mountains. He did his best; but, although he has been dead these many years, and engineers innumerable have devoted a great deal of time, off and on since then, to the same end, a very large extent of the Rocky Mountain area still remains to be explored.

Thompson, however, did explore the Columbia River from its source to its mouth; and his name might with a certain degree of fairness have been given to that stream; but it was fated to be otherwise. Another river which he never saw, and the existence of which he was probably in ignorance until long afterward, was named in his honor by a fellow explorer.

A difficulty with which the early explorers had to contend was the great distances to be traversed, not only to reach the scene of their labors but to cover the vast areas over which their work extended. Their principal means of travel was on foot, excepting where canoes could be employed; occasionally they had horses. In addition to this there was frequently the danger of attack by hostile Indians. Under these circumstances it will readily be realized that the work of the pioneer surveyor was, to say the very least, filled with interest and very often with danger.



Left—Mountain peaks taken from above. Center—Pilot paddles ashore in collapsible boat, when flying boat alights in Douglas Lake, B. C. Right—Jones Lake, 2,100 feet above sea in the Cascade Range of British Columbia.

The Canada Air Board has charge of aviation in Canada and is maintained by the government to supply flying men and equipment for whichever of the different public departments may require their services. This is in addition to possible naval or military necessity. Thus at times men and machines of the Air Board are employed in connection with Customs work in preventing smuggling or apprehending smugglers; or by the forestry service in the detection and extinguishing of forest fires and in combating tree-destroying insects; or by the Department of Mines in transporting surveyors and their equipment to distant points such as the recently discovered oil fields on the Mackenzie River in the Far North; or by the Geodetic Survey in connection with the linking up of the primary triangulation survey at present being undertaken in the mountainous regions of the West, the story of which is the purpose of this article.

Last summer, between May 29 and the end of August, Mr. H. F. Lambart, of the Geodetic Survey of Canada, conducted a reconnaissance by hydroplane extending from the islands of the Puget Sound archipelago to the Okanagan Valley, 300 miles in a direct line eastward from the British Columbia Coast. This required flights totaling more than 2,000 miles and resulted in information secured and work accomplished which without the aid of flying equipment would have taken at least three years. Some of this information could not otherwise have been obtained at all excepting by, in many cases, painful experience. Two planes were used at different times, an H. S. 2L. flying boat equipped with a 385 horse power Liberty engine; and an F. 3. flying boat having two Rolls Royce engines of 360 horse power each. The latter machine has a gross weight of more than 13,000 pounds and has a cruising radius of 8 to 10 hours. In addition to Mr. Lambart and his assistant, the machines carried a pilot and mechanician and complete camp equipment as well as a seven-foot collapsible boat.

Aside altogether from the scientific value of being able to obtain a survey of a desired area from the air, there is the thrill which must come to the engineer as he sees the landscape unfolding below him in its infinite variety of field, lake, stream, forest and mountain range. In no country in the world, it is probably quite safe to say, will scenery be found which surpasses that in the territory covered by Mr. Lambart's operations during the past summer, save perhaps that which lies ahead of him next season.

As the plane "takes off" from the slip of the Pacific station of the Air Board at Jericho Beach, Vancouver, one sees on the west the deep green waters of the ocean with Vancouver Island lying in the distance and the island-studded Gulf of Georgia in the foreground. A bit to the south is Puget Sound; and, standing out in bold relief against the southern sky, its crown covered with perpetual snow, rises the peak of Mount Baker. Immediately underneath, but momentarily growing smaller in the distance, spreads the city of Vancouver sloping back from the waters of its beautiful harbor sheltered by towering mountains. Away to the eastward winds the valley of the Fraser down which flows the drainage from a territory greater in extent than many empires of the past. The coast range is soon crossed; and almost before one realizes it, the Cascades are passing in rapid review beneath. Sharp, jagged peaks rise upward in serried array, here and there studded with lakes that sparkle like jewels in the sunlight. Down the valleys rush foaming streams to swell the mighty Fraser. On every side as far as the eye can reach are mountain tops, snowcapped and glistening. Covering the valleys and the lower slopes is a thick carpet of green forest, shading to purple in the shadows.

Later on, the earth's floor spreads out somewhat; the snowcaps become fewer and the forest green gives place to the grey of sagebrush; the hills become lower and more rounded; the lakes larger and more shallow. A closer inspection shows a great pasture country over which graze many thousands of cattle. But this, too, is soon left behind and more mountains rise to view—and back of them still more mountains, until, away in the distance toward tomorrow's sun, the massive peaks of the Rocky Mountains become faintly distinguishable from the clouds which crown their crest. It would be difficult to imagine a grander panorama; a more thrilling experience.

The function of the land surveyor is to define the boundaries of a given tract of land. It may be such a small plot as a city lot or a quarter-section homestead; again, it might be an international boundary. However large the tract, it must "tie on" to some point whose exact location with reference to other known points has previously been ascertained. So that it shall be possible to have all surveys in proper co-ordination, one with the other, and to make sure that they shall not overlap or be found otherwise to be at variance, a primary system of surveys covering the whole country is made by which the exact location of various prominent topographical features is determined and become matters of record available for future use by surveyors and engineers. This is the work of the Geodetic Survey—geodesy being the art of measurement as applied to the surface of the earth as a sphere. A section of land is said to be a mile square, but in reality its east and west lines are not strictly parallel, but tend to converge. The degree of convergence is very slight, of course, but if the lines were continued to the pole they would meet there in a common point. The earth being a theoretical sphere, these lines are also not straight in the sense of being in the horizontal plane, but are curved in conformity with the earth's curvature. In dealing with small parcels of land the amount of curvature is practically negligible; but when a country having such magnificent distances as Canada is taken into consideration, this factor can by no means be ignored. Thus the necessity for a comprehensive system of primary surveys.

Now the usual method of measuring land is by means of a steel tapeline, still referred to as a "chain," because the earlier unit of measurement was a chain. Dragging a chain over the ground is obviously a very slow and laborious process where long distances are concerned, and also subject to a large degree of error. It is here that the mathematician comes to the aid of the surveyor. It is a well-known geometrical rule that given the length of one side of a triangle and the exact inclination of two of the three angles, the length of the other two sides and the other angle may be determined. This fact is utilized in the method of surveying known as triangulation. A base line usually from 8 to 10 miles in length, is very carefully measured, remeasured and checked. Then from each end of this base line imaginary lines are run to some high point, such as a hilltop or mountain peak—or in flat countries, a church spire—so as to form a quadrilateral. Lines are then run diagonally in such manner as to describe eight triangles within this quadrilateral figure. Observers are then stationed at each of the angles. Sights are generally taken at night because the atmosphere is usually more favorable than in the daytime. Rays of light are directed along the imaginary lines from each observing station by means of high-power incandescent lamps fitted with parabolic reflectors. At a great distance, when viewed through the engineer's theodolite, these lights look like stars. At the point directly over which the instrument is placed a copper bolt is cemented or wedged into the solid rock. The observer then carefully measures the angle at which the ray of light from each of the other points is received by his instrument. The readings are usually repeated on several successive nights so as to reduce the possibility of error to the very lowest point. The Geodetic Survey of Canada is not satisfied with its work unless when after the calculations are made the angular closure shows an error of not more than one second. Some idea of the accuracy desired may be obtained when it is understood that the total of all the angles in the triangles within the quadrilateral should equal 360 degrees and there are 3,600 seconds in a degree.

Having thus determined the length of the other two sides of the triangle, these two lines in turn serve as bases for yet other figures, and so on, until the whole country is covered with a network of triangles, the apexes of each being permanently marked in the manner described. In addition to this, a secondary triangulation system is worked out by which the exact positions of prominent topographical features within the larger triangles are ascertained and placed on record for the use of local surveyors.

The Geodetic Survey of Canada is at present engaged in linking up the triangulation work which has been done in past decades in Eastern Canada with the Pacific Coast. At present the work is progressing along the forty-ninth parallel westward from the Great Lakes. This is prairie country, well provided with roads and railways and presents no particular difficulties. Towers are sometimes built to secure longer sights, but the flatness of the country makes it impossible to obtain readings at distances as great as in the mountains, although the ease with which it is possible to travel makes the greater number of observations not a serious obstacle.

The Perversion of the Farm Loan System

Co-operative Democracy Inverted into Bureaucratic Oligarchy

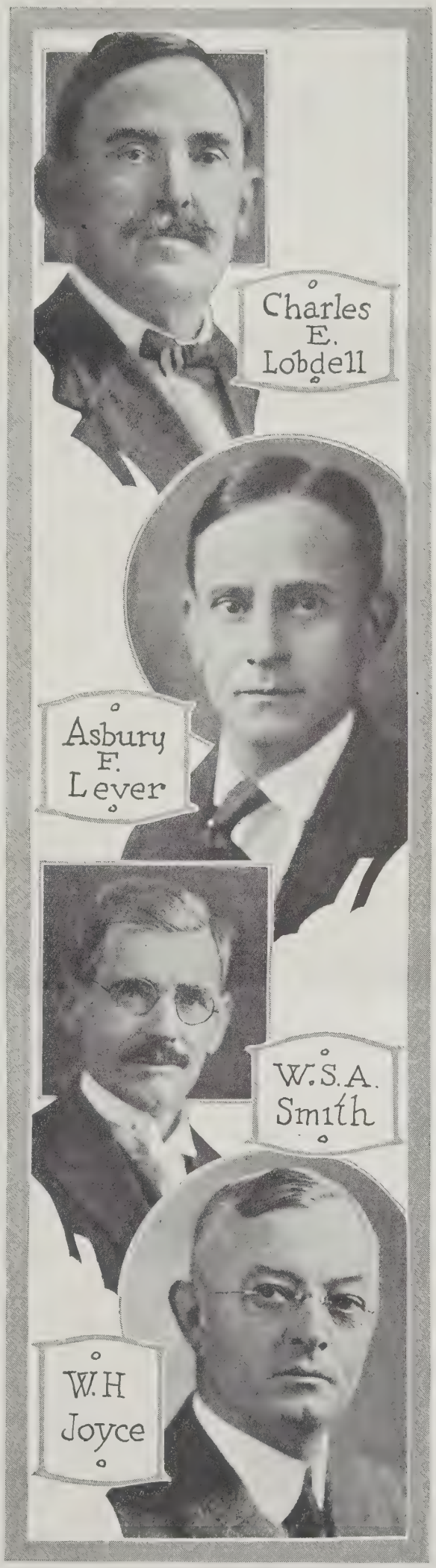
THE chief trouble with government is governors. Legislatures write laws but administrators work them, and often there is no trace of resemblance between the conception and the product. There is no better illustration of the grip bureaucracy has on law-making than the sad perversion that has overtaken the Federal Farm Loan System. Congress, five years ago, set up with government funds a co-operative farm loan system, which was intended to make it as easy for farmers to tap the great reservoirs of long-time investment capital as it was for industries to get at such capital. It was to be co-operative, democratic, extensive and the efficacious remedy for the ills of farm land financing. Congress turned the "baby" over to the Federal Farm Loan Bureau with instructions to get it on its feet at the earliest possible moment, to foster its growth, and keep an eye on it in the public interest after it had attained majority and independence, just as the controller of currency looks after the national banks.

Instead of obeying instructions, the Farm Loan Bureau made up its mind right away—and said so in its first annual report—that Congress was all wrong in trying to set up a co-operative farm loan system; and it has blocked and is today blocking every effort to get the Federal Land Banks on an independent basis under the *control* of their stockholders, like any other bank, subject to the *supervision* of the board. Every one of the 12 land banks, from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Berkeley, California, has long since qualified for independence under the chartering act, by having $100,000 worth of its stock subscribed by the Farm Loan Associations, but there isn't a single stockholder on the board of a single bank. The farmers have invested more than $30,000,000 in the stock of these banks and haven't a word to say about their management, though Congress directed that as soon as they had subscribed $100,000 of stock in a bank they should have six out of nine directors on the board of that bank. In the near future every cent of the $8,892,130 put into the banks by Congress as a starter will be paid back into the Federal Treasury. Notwithstanding these facts, now comes the Farm Loan Bureau and asks Congress to give it perpetual control of the banks. It proposes that each bank shall have only three farmers to four appointees of the bureau on its board of directors.

In other words, the bureau seeks to nullify the intent of Congress to create 12 farm loan banks owned and controlled by the farmers, and proposes to let the farmers own the banks while it runs them. In this way the Farm Loan Bureau will establish itself as the compact control of what is now rapidly growing into an enormous financial power and may become a tremendous political power. In the course of the next five years it is more than likely that the loans and bond issues of the Federal Land Banks will exceed $2,000,000,000 and that their borrowers will number around 500,000. Already, under a slow-coach, hampering policy the loans of the land banks exceed $500,000,000 to about 160,000 borrowers. Furthermore, the Farm Loan Bureau now proposes that the 12 banks be authorized to create a central body which shall handle permanently the sale and distribution of the bonds of the banks. As the board controls the banks now temporarily and will control them permanently, if Congress complies with its recommendations, it will through this bond-selling agency be able to determine not only what banks shall be allowed to issue bonds but what ones shall get the money. Thus it will be possible for four men—five, counting the Secretary of the Treasury, who is an ex officio member of the bureau—sitting in Washington remote from farms and farmers, entirely in sympathy with high finance and the party in power to dictate the loan and all other policies of the farmers' banks.

But as if this were not enough of usurpation and centralization, the bureau virtually proposes to do away with the National Farm Loan Associations which Congress designated as the foundations of the system. As the law stands a prospective borrower must join his local National Farm Loan Association and have his application for a loan approved by that association, each member of which thereby becomes sponsor and to a certain extent indorser of his mortgage note. As it passes each loan the association takes additional stock in its land bank to the extent of five per cent of the loan, and the borrowing member takes stock in the association to the same extent. Thus the associations are the sole stockholders in the banks. The Farm Loan Bureau now proposes that it shall be empowered to make loans directly to borrowers and also that associations may be voluntarily liquidated. Taken together, these two provisions mean that the further formation of associations will be discouraged and that eventually they will be eliminated. The banks will then be composed of non-voting individual stockholders and borrowers and there will be no co-operative organizations. The placing of loans will then become permanently a matter of discretion by the management of the bureau-controlled bank. That is, of course, the situation at present under the temporary organizations. Thus the plan of Congress to provide for co-operative financing of their needs by associations of farmers absolutely independent of outside control will be nullified. The determination of local loans will pass from a local co-operative body to a distant bank controlled from Washington, even though the farmers own all the stock in the banks—they already own 85 per cent—and are responsible for all the loans.

The way in which the Farm Loan Bureau has administered its absolute power of control up to the present time indicates how it will curb the expansion of the system in the future if control be perpetually vested in it. Instead of endeavoring to float bonds in proportion to the applications for loans, it has consistently adjusted the volume of loans to the amount of bonds it has seen fit to authorize from time to time. It was the provision of Congress that whenever a bank had accumulated $50,000 of mortgages it should issue bonds against them. In practice the bureau waits until a large number of mortgages have accumulated in the different banks and then it puts out a large bond issue which is distributed through a syndicate in financial centers. If the syndicate so approves, the individual banks have little or nothing to do with the sale of the bonds and the borrowers are not permitted to take bonds in lieu of cash, as the law provides. Moreover, it appears to have been the view of the bureau that about $150,000,000 of bonds a year was all the market would absorb, although under recent critical pressure and following a virtual suspension of its activities by reason of litigation affecting its constitutionality, it has easily floated $175,000,000 in nine months. The last issue of $75,000,000 was taken at a premium 102⅜ in three days.



Note—Mr. Lever resigned his membership in the Bureau to take up a connection with a banking institution in South Carolina.

Unless the rate of issuance of bonds is greatly speeded up the Federal Land Bank System will wholly fail to enable farmers to secure necessary loans at low rates of interest and for long periods. As at least a billion dollars in farm mortgages have to be renewed each year, the Federal Farm Loan System as now conducted will never begin to take care of renewals, to say nothing of original loans.

During 1921 there were applications for $296,000,000 in loans and only $73,000,000 was loaned. The applications would have totaled much more if the banks had not refused to accept applications. The year 1921 was the hardest year that farmers have known in a generation. It was the year when they had the most need of the Federal system. Thousands of farmers lost their farms on foreclosure, and the loan companies and other loan agencies reaped a harvest of bonuses and commissions and heavy interest rates. At the same time it was a year of plethora of money for bond investments. The financial market absorbed four and one-quarter billions of securities, of which less than two and one-half per cent was Federal Land Bank bonds. During the months of November and December, 1921, and January, 1922, the market took $1,366,146,175 of securities and during those three months the Farm Loan Board did not put out a single bond, although thousands of farmers were clamoring for loans, with the best security on earth.

It is little wonder that the Farm Loan Associations have lost interest and become disgusted. They are not permitted to function. Having reduced the associations to dependence and lifelessness the Farm Loan Bureau now complains to Congress that they neglect their business, don't function and are fifth wheels which should be dispensed with.

Just how far the backwardness of the Farm Loan Bureau is due to the innate conservatism of its members and fear of going too fast and how much it is due to the influence of the loan agency and investment banking interests which suffer through the extension of co-operative rural banking is not determined. But this much is certain, that if those interests had been in undisputed control of the bureau it would have followed precisely the policy it is following. Men opposed to the principle of the law have been put in control of its operation. They have consistently endeavored for five years to keep co-operative democracy out of the Federal Land Bank System, though that is just exactly what Congress intended. Even if they do not persuade Congress to act on their recommendations they may be in control for 18 years more. This comes about through the fact that in 1918 the Treasury Department was anxious to keep farm loan bonds from competing with government bonds and so asked authority from Congress to purchase $200,000,000 of Farm Loan bonds, with the proviso that the temporary bureau organization of the farm land banks should continue so long as the Treasury held any of those bonds. The bonds will not mature until 1938 and in the meantime the bureau can continue its rule by keeping all or part of them in the Treasury.

Most of the associations have been so intimidated that they have done nothing to assert themselves. However, a National Union of Farm Loan Associations has been formed of some four or five hundred of the more aggressive associations to emancipate themselves. The bureau refused to permit them to appropriate money from their local treasuries to pay dues in this union. Some lawyers, including Senators Fletcher, of Florida, and Walsh, of Montana, assert that it is proper for the associations to unite and use association funds for the expenses. But the financing of the union is now through individual contributions. The associations demand to be informed of what is going on in their banks and assert the right to criticize their policies and suggest changes therein.

"The amendments to the act proposed in the last annual report of the Farm Loan Bureau," says one association, "are strictly against the principle of co-operation and if enacted into law will simply put the farm loan act in the hands of a political machine which will destroy the principle of farm loan credit and put the old mortgage companies back in power to reign in glory as they did prior to the passage of the farm loan act."

"We would like to inquire under what theory," says another communication, "does the Farm Loan Bureau, having no financial interest, assume to be able better to select the executive management of the banks than the stockholders who have their capital at stake? The present personnel of the bureau is composed of the chief executive officer, a lawyer who has been a county judge with some experience as a country banker; an ex-Congressman who has studied law; a sea captain who has had some experience as a clerk in the Agricultural Department; and a department store official whose chief qualification is that he has had a short banking experience on the Pacific Coast. They are Charles E. Lobdell, Asbury F. Lever, W. S. A. Smith and W. H. Joyce. Are these four men better qualified by reason of their experience and attainments to select the directors of the several farm land banks located in the 12 districts than the respective owners of each bank, residents of the several districts?"

(*Concluded on page 15*)

People Pay for Interlocking in Anthracite

New Stock Issues Force Consumers to Pay Dividends on Additional Millions

By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

This is the second of four articles on the anthracite situation.

HOW anthracite operators have reversed the fundamental principle on which most of the great industries and public utilities of the United States are founded may be discovered by anyone who will study the annual reports of the large mining companies, or read the financial columns of the newspapers with particular attention to coal company and coal railroad earnings. It will be noted that for 20 years the so-called "railroad mines" have been capitalizing profits until in nearly every case the apparent investment is far above the actual cash put into the projects.

In itself, that practice may not be indefensible. It has been used in other industries besides anthracite. But in most cases it is accompanied by an increase in efficiency in manufacturing methods or in distribution that makes possible reduction of prices to the consumer and thus bring about increased volume. It is from that extra volume that the money is obtained to pay dividends on the new stock. "Quick sales and small profits" is a familiar phrase that describes the process. More and more American business has come to depend on what is known as the turnover to produce its dividends. Even in many public utilities dependence is placed on volume of business. That is particularly true of the telephone and the street car.

Read of the Lehigh Case

WHEN fares, during the war, went to six, seven and eight cents, the public protest was nation wide. Complaint also was made against increases in the price of anthracite, but it did little good. In some respects it was rather late. Perhaps the best indication that it is still possible to halt the upward trend of prices and to force some reductions is the fact that within the last two years public protest has brought about the creation by the operators of a propaganda bureau to disseminate "information" about their troubles and the tremendous expenses under which they are burdened. Nothing whatever is said by that bureau about stock and cash dividends. Since the operators assert that their sole purpose is to let the public know the truth, they can hardly object to the presentation here of facts taken from official summaries of their annual reports.

A beginning may be made with the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. It will be recalled that Samuel D. Warriner is president of that company. He is also chairman of the general policies committee, representing the so-called railroad mines that produce 80 per cent of all the anthracite, and he is chairman of the General Committee of Operators now engaged in trying to negotiate a new agreement with the miners. He is the spokesman of the anthracite operators. As such he has admitted that the price of coal is too high, beyond the power of the people to pay, and that it must be reduced. He has asserted also that it cannot be reduced unless the wages of miners are cut. Some of the facts in connection with wages will be set forth later. In the meantime, Mr. Warriner's contention that his company cannot afford to sell coal any cheaper warrants study.

The company was one of the first in the anthracite field. It owns the canal from Coalport, Pennsylvania, to Easton, Pennsylvania, and leases the Delaware Division Canal from that point. Originally it was mainly a navigation company. Then it got into the railroad field. It bought up the Lehigh and New England and several others. There were mergers and other deals into which it is not necessary to go. Finally, the company leased all its railroad lines to the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey for a rental of one-third the gross; which was later changed to a minimum rental of $1,414,400 and a maximum of $2,043,000 until all improvement costs are repaid.

Now Pay on Many More Millions

FROM its many anthracite mines the company produces an average of about 4,000,000 tons a year. It is estimated that its lands contain 500,000,000 tons of coal. A new $1,000,000 coal breaker has been built at Coaldale, Pennsylvania, so that the production of the company will be materially increased when the miners go back to work. The new breaker is said to be one of the finest ever built. Presumably, it contains every possible labor-saving device, and the most modern mechanical equipment.

Back in 1901, the stock of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company was a good investment. It paid six per cent. The next year it paid five per cent, plus a 10 per cent stock dividend. Since then, in addition to the regular annual dividends, there have been five more such stock dividends of 10 per cent each. The last, paid in 1917, brought the capital stock outstanding up to $29,243,000. By subtracting all of these stock dividends—paid in addition to the cash dividends that ran up to nine per cent a year—it will be seen that when the system of capitalizing profits was first launched back in 1902 the capitalization was approximately $16,000,000. The company has been paying out eight per cent in dividends every recent year. But that sum, now $2,333,916, is on the capitalization of $29,243,400, of which about $13,000,000 represents extra earnings of the years 1902, 1904, 1908, 1909, 1911 and 1917, the years in which the stock dividends were issued.

In other words, the same public which yielded extra profits, over and above a fair return, of $13,000,000 to the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company in those six years is now being compelled to pay eight per cent on the profits every year. The return exacted, however, is not limited by eight per cent. The annual report yields other information. *Poors Manual*, a standard financial work of unquestionable authority, shows that the company had a surplus, after the payment of dividends in 1920, for that year alone, of $1,711,137. The surplus for last year and for 1919 and 1918 averaged only about a half million dollars each, but in 1917, after the payment of the stock dividend, plus the eight per cent, it was $1,237,764. Last year was not a good year in the estimation of Mr. Warriner. After paying dividends on the inflated capitalization his company was only 12 or 15 cents a ton ahead, according to its own reports.

But there is more. The report for the year ending December 31, 1921, shows reserves of $11,731,347; unrealized surplus through appraisal of assets of $11,244,151, and profit and loss surplus of $8,075,352, not all amassed within that year, however. In view of these and the foregoing figures some of the statements made by the publicity bureau of the anthracite operators concerning the "losses" of that particular company are rather illuminating. Quite recently, on the very date that Mr. Warriner was issuing his latest demand for a wage decrease and reiterating the inability of the operators to cut the cost of coal without it, financial columns of Philadelphia and New York newspapers carried a report from the Street that the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company is preparing to issue another stock dividend.

The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, however, is not one of the *big* profit makers of the anthracite field. Its capitalization has not been increased through profits to anything like the same extent as other and larger companies. It is generally considered one of the railroad group. Yet in recent years it was sometimes listed among the so-called independents. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company furnishes even more amazing figures. Of course, the railroad is not now officially engaged in the business of mining coal. With other roads in the old coal trust based on the Temple Coal and Iron Company, it was ordered by the Supreme Court of the United States to separate itself from its coal properties. What appears to have been the final step in that "separation" took place by approval of the stockholders July 21, 1921, when the D. L. and W. Coal interests were "sold" to the Glen Alden Coal Company.

How the Dividends Pile Up!

THE Glen Alden Coal Company was organized in 1866. It was bought two years later by the D. L. and W. Railroad, along with all the mines that it had taken over. In August of 1909, the railroad organized a coal-selling division known as the D. L. and W. Coal Company. But that was not sufficient for the Supreme Court, which ordered complete severance. So when the time came to sell the coal mines, it was decided that considerable savings in taxes could be made by utilizing the old charter of the Glen Alden Coal Company. That company, owned by the D. L. and W. R. R., thereupon issued to the D. L. and W. R. R. $60,000,000 of four per cent bonds or notes in payment for the coal properties. And a month after that "sale" the railroad paid a stock dividend of 100 per cent to its stockholders.

In addition, the railroad paid a five per cent dividend in January of this year. From 1905, operating its own coal properties, until 1908, it paid 20 per cent annually in dividends. In 1909, it paid 70 per cent, including 15 per cent in stock. From 1910 to 1920 it paid 20 per cent, and prior to the 100 per cent dividend of last year it had disbursed 18 per cent. As in the case of most other divorces of mines from railroads, the change is merely one of title. There is no real change of ownership. The railroad will continue to draw profits from the earnings of the coal company, in the form of interest on its notes. It will also, if history offers any criterion, continue to haul most of the coal mined in the mines owned by the company it created and owns.

The Lehigh Valley Coal Sales Company is another of the large producers. It markets the coal of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company. It is perhaps the best illustration of the much criticized coal sales companies by which the operators exact extra profits. The company was created by the Lehigh Valley Railroad February 26, 1912, in line with the order of the Supreme Court for separation. Its capitalization was fixed at $6,060,800. To provide for that stock the railroad declared a 10 per cent cash dividend, and then notified stockholders they could use the money to buy the stock of the coal sales company. On January 17, 1914, the stockholders got a 25 per cent cash dividend from the coal sales company, with the same privilege of putting it into more stock. On June 1, 1917, they got 30 per cent in cash out of the surplus earnings, and bought more stock. By that time the stock outstanding had climbed to $9,801,435.

From October, 1912, to April, 1917, the stockholders drew, in addition, dividends of 10 per cent. From July of 1917 to April of 1921 they got only eight per cent, in cash. But on May 16, 1918, 10 per cent was paid in second Liberty Loan fours, and on June 16, 1918, five per cent more was paid in fourth Liberty Loan four and a quarters. Anyone anxious to know whether the Lehigh Valley Coal Sales Company can afford to reduce the price of its anthracite without any change in the wage rate may sit down with a pencil and paper and figure out the dividends on the initial dividend of 10 per cent—in itself a profit.

It would be possible to go on indefinitely. But another outstanding example of huge profits will suffice. The Central Railroad Company of New Jersey has just made public its report for 1921. It shows net revenue of $21,355,232. The non-operating revenue was $21,659,477, which was an increase of $13,701,065 over the preceding year. The reason for that showing was that the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company had a good year in the mining and sale of anthracite. It had such a good year that it paid 185 per cent in dividends on its stock, which is held in large blocks by the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey.

As a rule the coal sales companies perform only a book service. They buy the coal from the mining companies, on paper. Then they sell it to wholesalers or brokers, who sell in turn to retailers, by whom it is distributed to the general public. The miner gets his wage. Then the operating company must have a profit. After that comes a profit for the coal sales company. Then comes the railroad with freight rates admitted to be exorbitant for the type of traffic, all in solid trainloads. After that the broker, and then the retailer, six in all. Sometimes there is a wholesaler in addition to the broker. And bear in mind that operator, coal sales company, railroad and wholesaler are frequently one and the same; different companies owned by the same men or groups of men. It has been charged that some of the roads are interested in the retailers, whose margins of profits are now far above the level fixed as fair by Harry A. Garfield when he was Federal fuel administrator. Yet when that margin was fixed by Dr. Garfield it was also considerably above the prior average, and higher far than the retailers expected to get.

Miners Charge Extravagance

ALL the statistics that the operators are able to bring forth concerning rising costs of labor, timber, pumping, supplies and equipment, and all the furor about high royalties cannot obscure the final figures of the annual reports. Surplus profits cannot be concealed indefinitely. What has been shown of them here may give some inkling of the reasons actuating the operators in refusing to pay any attention to the demand of the miners for an impartial investigation of the costs of mining. For the miners back up that demand by charges of unnecessary waste and extravagance, of payrolls padded with relatives and of other questionable expenses that can be disproved only by a thorough investigation.

In early years, before the war, it was the practice of the operators to knock off 50 cents the ton on April 1 to induce the public to buy during the summer months, thus keeping the mines in operation and leveling off the peaks. That is a practice that has been dropped in recent years, due mainly to the fact that various coal shortage scares had the desired result. This year the operators recognized that the price was so far above the power of the buyer that a mere 50-cent reduction would not do. They have talked vaguely of a possible reduction in freight rates, and specifically of reductions in wages, but have given no promise in dollars and cents of how much they will take off the wholesale price in event the wages of miners are reduced.

Another occasional source of income to the operators is from coal taxes. Pennsylvania has made various efforts to collect a production tax. Ten cents a ton was ordered some years ago. The operators added it to their price. By the time the addition reached the consumer it had grown to 50 cents a ton. In due time, when it was estimated that the producing companies had gathered in about a million and a half, the tax was declared unconstitutional. But the difference never was returned to the buyers. Operators said it was impossible to distribute it. They might have reduced the price at the mines correspondingly, but apparently that idea did not appeal to them.

Unscrambled? Oh, No!

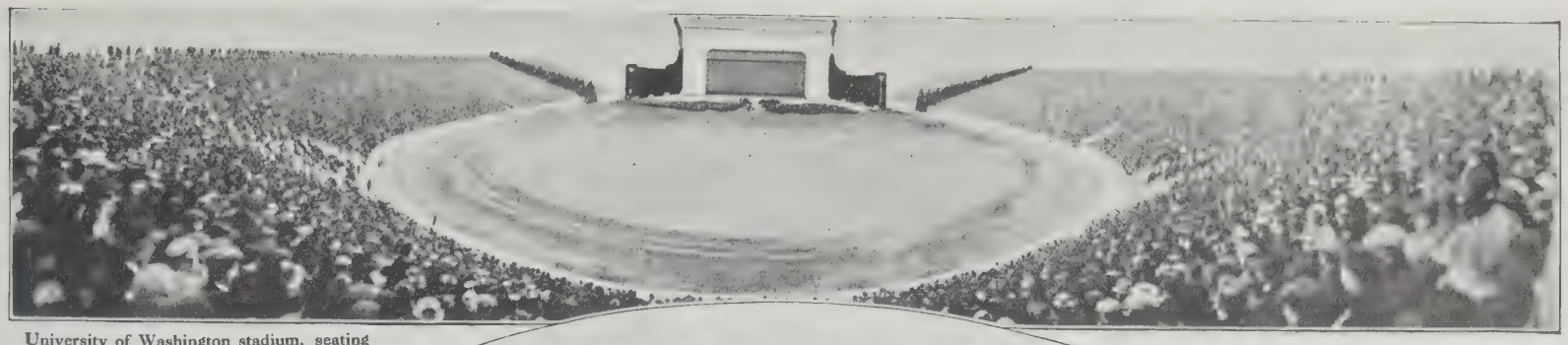
HOW anthracite interlocks is well illustrated by the figures of the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company, the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company and the Central Railroad Company of New Jersey. Lehigh Coal and Navigation has no apparent connection with Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre coal. Operators would repudiate such a suggestion. But Lehigh Coal and Navigation draws a fat rental for its railroads from Central Railroad. Central, in turn, draws heavy dividends from Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre. In effect, the companies are so linked that the mines of Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre are providing a guaranty of return to the railroad operators and the railroad owners.

It was to correct just that sort of condition, with its accompanying evils, that the government started its long fight to dissolve the so-called trust, 20 years ago. Yet today the same men who then ruled anthracite, or their descendants, are stronger than ever. Their control is more absolute. If profits at times seem less, it is because they are spread over stock representing earlier profits. It is also because the same group of men have broken up the one big source of profit into several companies, many of which might be eliminated without any disruption of distribution and with consequent reduction in the price of coal.

In another article a study will be made of the contention of miners that they are producing more coal per man now than in former years, through the use of improved machinery and mining methods. Figures also will be given of the hazards of the mining industry, and the wage rates, about which there is so much ado, will be described. The demand of the operators would bring about 100,000 day-men to a rate of $3 a day in an industry that has never known full working time save during the years of the war.

"America's Passion Play" to Be Given in West

Chorus of 4,000 and 3,000 Others Trained for Great Pageant in Seattle



University of Washington stadium, seating 30,000 and having the largest stage in the world, where The Wayfarer is produced.



"Good tidings of great joy" brought by the angel and celestial choir in The Wayfarer.



The two Marys find the Messiah's tomb sealed fast on that first Easter morn.



Photo by Asahel Curtis

The procession to Calvary as depicted in The Wayfarer.



Photos by Pierson

Triumphant entry into Jerusalem—a scene from The Wayfarer.

THE Pacific Northwest is uniting in an undertaking that it is expected will achieve fame in a way never before attempted. In Seattle, "America's Passion Play," The Wayfarer, will be produced this summer each evening, July 24 to 29, in the University of Washington stadium, seating 30,000 persons. Proceeds from the pageant will go toward clearing the debt against the stadium. As a tourist attraction, The Wayfarer will bring thousands to the summer playground again this season.

It was while a resident of Seattle that the Rev. Dr. James E. Crowther conceived and wrote this masterpiece. It was his wish that this city be made the permanent home of the pageant.

The Wayfarer was produced first in Columbus, Ohio, in 1919, and although 24 performances were given, almost as many persons as saw it sought in vain to obtain admission, so great were the throngs seeking entrance.

In New York, The Wayfarer ran five weeks at Madison Square Garden and still the crowds who struggled to obtain seats could not be accommodated. Vast numbers from all parts of the country came last summer to see the production in Seattle. Approximately 100,000 persons saw the pageant in that city.

Montgomery Lynch, who produced and directed the pageant in Seattle and Columbus, is now training a chorus of 4,000 for the 1922 pageant. In addition to the 4,000 singers there will be 3,000 other participants. In Columbus and New York the choruses contained only 2,500 voices, so Seattle's chorus is the largest ever assembled and trained to sing the music of the great masters. Mrs. Montgomery Lynch, who was the accompanist at Columbus, is also the organist at Seattle. A large orchestral band in addition to two grand pianos and an organ will be used. The band will be one of the largest ever assembled to render music of this character. Scenery and lighting effects cost $265,000.

The story of The Wayfarer is intensely religious and fascinating. Wayfarer is symbolic of doubting, wondering humanity. In a war-blasted village of Flanders, Wayfarer stands aghast, terrified by the destruction and death of battle.

"'Tis a gloomy day for Christian faith;
"I pray that God may understanding give,
"And lead me back to faith, and rest, and peace."

This is the cry of Wayfarer as he stands amid the ruins of the Flanders village. Then Understanding, a queenly woman, appears.

"O pilgrim of the toilsome road, cast not
"Thy faith away, nor be dismayed, hear thou
"My words, and let thy heart fresh courage take."

This is her reply as she explains to him how God's word is more than mere doctrine. Under her guidance, Wayfarer is permitted to see the living Christ among men of the world.

One episode of the pageant depicts the processional to Calvary.

The following episode of the Resurrection is declared to be one of the most powerful ever staged. The garden of Joseph of Arimathea in which the tomb of Christ is shown; Mary and Mary Magdalene arrive to anoint the body. The stone rolls away and the angel announces the Resurrection. The disciples arrive and the news spreads quickly, bringing a crowd of 1,000 persons on the stage.

In the epilogue, Wayfarer is shown the Golden Age, with a tableau in which 5,000 persons take part.

This briefly is the gigantic spectacle that will bring thousands of tourists to the Pacific Northwest during the week of July 24 to 29 this year.

He Takes a Flyer in "Salt Fish Preferred"

And Learns What the Lawyers Mean by "Conscious Suffering"

By MARK V. O'NEILL

I TOOK a flyer in the market a short while ago. I call it a flyer. My family insists that it was a header, but let that go. It was really no fault of my own. It is one of the many things that I have to thank Abbot for.

He, Abbot, has been playing the market for years, on and off. Never took a loss. No, sir. He has a motto. It is, "Buy them when they're sick." I have one, too. Mine is, "Buy them and then be sick."

My flyer did not cost me much. I mean much money. It cost me a lot in another way, though. The lawyer chaps have a term that they use in their trade when they are suing for recovery of damages, in personal injury cases. The term is, "Conscious suffering." So much for loss of limb, so much for loss of employment, and twice the whole amount for conscious suffering. That was what troubled me mostly during my market manipulations. Conscious suffering. That is to say, I was suffering and I was conscious of it. It would do me no good to sue the market, though. My case would be thrown out of court, and myself along with it. Even I know that much.

Abbot's office is in the same building with mine, and almost every day we go to lunch together. We always eat in the same place. Have for years. To reach it, we have to walk through the financial district. Abbot is right at home then. He always sees a lot of fellows that he knows, running in and out of buildings and knocking down women and children in their hurry. They call out to Abbot cheerily as they run by. They say, "Hello, Poison Ivy," or "Ah there, old Nickel Nurser." They all know Abbot. The reason is, he used to work on the Exchange. He was connected with some descendants of the late Ali Baba. They ran a bucket shop, I think. They were a jolly lot, Abbot tells me.

One day as we were coming back from lunch, Abbot asked me if I was interested in the stock market. I told him no, but that I sometimes thought I would like to be. So he took me into his broker's with him. He said he stopped in once a day *just to look the board over.*

There were a lot of men in the broker's office when we went in. They were sitting in front of a big blackboard, smoking and swearing. The place fascinated me. Every few minutes a boy would jump up on a stepladder and make some chalk marks on the board. This would be followed by cheers, groans, catcalls and whistles from the men who were sitting in front. Just like a melodrama. I was disappointed because there were no suicides while we were there. I spoke to Abbot about it. He said that was all nonsense. He said the men who played the market never committed suicide *in there.*

Talking in Code

JUST then Abbot's broker came running up. They had a few curt words together.

The broker said: "Aeroplane Consolidated is off this morning."

Abbot grunted. "How much?" he asked.

"About a half," said the broker.

"Buy me a thousand," replied Abbot, dreamily.

"At the market?"

"At the market."

"G. T. C.?"

"Yes," said Abbot.

Just like that.

We went out then.

The following day we stopped in as before.

The broker spotted us immediately, and nodded briskly.

He said to Abbot, "That Aero Consolidated. It's up a point."

"Sell it," said Abbot, breathing through his nose.

"At the market?"

"At the market."

"G. T. C.?"

"No," said Abbot. "Today only."

On the way back to the office Abbot said he had made nine hundred and twelve dollars and twenty-one cents on the Aeroplane Consolidated. I asked him how he knew it was going to go up. He laughed mysteriously. As he left me, he stopped a moment, gripped my hand and looked me straight in the eye. It was very impressive.

"Buy them when they're sick," he said, and turned abruptly away.

I thought a lot about the thing that night. It seemed very simple. You went to a broker and he told you some bad news about a stock. You bought some at once. The next day you went in and sold it and made around nine hundred dollars. For some reason, I was interested.

We went to lunch as usual the next day, and I told Abbot that I had made up my mind to take a little flyer. He said he was glad to hear it. He also said that he wanted it distinctly understood that I was not to throw it up to him later, and say it was his fault.

We stopped in at the broker's and Abbot introduced me.

He said that I was thinking of taking a little flyer.

The broker smiled and cocked a knowing eye at me.

He asked me what I fancied.

I asked him what was off.

He laughed heartily and said he could see I was an old hand.

Then he looked around nervously, leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Salt Fish Preferred slumped a point and a half at the opening today."

I did not like the name, but it was no time to hesitate.

"Buy me a thousand," I said.

"At the market?"

"At the market."

"G. T. C."

"No," I replied hoarsely, "C. O. D."

When we got outside, Abbot said that I should not have said C. O. D. He asked me what possessed me to do it. When the broker used the initials G. T. C., Abbot said, they stood for Good Till Cancelled. He said that I had made a fool of myself by saying C. O. D. He seemed quite upset about it.

From that moment my conscious suffering began. I had bought Salt Fish at one. The next morning it was up an eighth, and I wanted to sell. Abbot told me to forget it. He said I would not make enough to pay my broker's commissions if I sold at an eighth. This was the first I had heard of commissions and I felt hurt. Why should the broker charge me anything for buying, or selling either, for that matter? He had everything to do it with, and it could be no extra trouble to speak of to take care of my few transactions.

At any rate, Abbot would not hear of my selling at an eighth. Positively would not hear of it. We argued back and forth about it for some time until I saw that there was no moving him, so I gave it up. He said that I was to take a full point on Salt Fish, and no less. That would be little enough. I grumbled, but finally gave in and consented to take a full point. I had bought it at one, Abbot said. When it got to two, I was to dump it. Those were his very words. I asked him if there was any doubt about it going to two and he replied that there was none whatever. It was merely a matter of endurance on my part. It would go to two sooner or later. Then I was to sell, making a cool thousand, less commissions. Until that time I was to forget that I had bought it. That was the secret of success in the market. Buy them when they were sick and then forget them.

Living by the Ticker

I FOUND it difficult. The forgetting, I mean. I scanned the papers night and morning, and I subscribed to several of the heavier type of financial publications.

At home, we ate a lot of salt fish. It could not do any harm, and if we could eat enough of it I thought it might have a tendency to inflate the market. I still think this was a very subtle move on my part, although Abbot has always sneered at it. He says it is impossible to raise the market price of any stock by merely eating the product. However, it did us no harm, and I think we all felt better for it. We felt as though we were doing our bit. I have never had much appetite for salt fish since.

Shortly after I had got into the market, it seemed to have a sort of slump. Someone was sick at Washington. I think it was the President himself, although I am not sure. It may have been Bryan or Henry Cabot Lodge.

Whoever it was, it raised the deuce with Salt Fish Preferred. Overnight it went from one and an eighth to seven-eighths. I was frantic. Two or three times I called Abbot on the phone, but he was away on some fool business trip. Had the bottom fallen out of Salt Fish? Who was this man whose sickness could drive down the price of my stock? Was this man insured, and if so, could I collect anything if he died? If his mere sickness drove my stock down a quarter, what would his death do to it? These, and a thousand questions, hammered at my brain. I shuddered. Why had he picked out this time to be sick in, just when Abbot was away and everything? In a way, it seemed unfair. Salt Fish had been doing nicely until this illness came up. Now heaven alone knew where it would stop.

I groaned all night.

Abbot was back at his office in the morning. I could hardly wait until lunch time. While we were eating, I told him about what had happened to Salt Fish. He was very calm. He said it did not amount to anything. President Wilson was sick, he said, and prices were a trifle off on the whole list. It was what they called a technical market, Abbot explained, and had no significance whatever. As for Salt Fish, it would probably go still lower. I was not to be alarmed unless it went to nothing. Then, Abbot said, we would have to look sharp.

His language positively took away my appetite. We hurried to the broker's when we had finished lunch.

When we got there the boy was just in the act of marking up some figures opposite the name of my stock. There had been a lot of trading in Salt Fish during the morning, and the quotations had run way down the board and onto the space reserved for the other stocks. The first figure that caught my eye was a half. I almost swooned, and leaned against Abbot for support. I could see that he was moved, too, although he tried not to show it. He said it looked bad. There was a bear movement on, he thought. They were probably shaking out the shorts. There was only one thing to do. That was to buy another thousand at a half. This would average me up, so Abbot said. I did not like the idea. I did not want to be averaged up. I objected feebly, but Abbot had made up his mind about it. He ignored me and beckoned to the broker.

"My friend wants to buy another thousand Salt Fish," said Abbot, grimly.

The broker was all smiles.

"At the market?" he cooed, with his pencil poised.

"No," said Abbot. "At a half."

"G. T. C.?"

"P. N. O. X." snapped Abbot, and hurried me out.

I went home early that afternoon. Somehow, I could not keep my mind on business. During dinner I was preoccupied, and by nine o'clock I had a headache. They put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck. I went to bed and dreamed that I had fallen into a pit full of fish cakes and could not get out.

The next day things were a little better. The President had passed a comfortable night and Salt Fish was up a quarter. I felt much better. I was even inclined to be gay, until I saw Abbot at noon. He said it was only a flurry. Salt Fish might drop again at any minute. We could only watch it and hope for the best. It was a tricky market. Anything might happen. Fortunately, he did not have a thing himself. Something had warned him to keep out. He didn't say what it was.

Things were like this for a month. Salt Fish would soar to three-quarters and then sink back with a moan to three-eighths. I had lost quite a bit of weight and my eyes were giving out from reading market reports. My food was not agreeing with me and I practically never slept.

Finally, I went to see my doctor. I have known him for years, and we get along famously together. He asked me what the trouble was. I told him nothing much except that I could not eat or sleep.

He laughed gaily and struck me in the stomach with his fist. I was not expecting it, so it knocked the wind out of me for a minute and made the tears come to my eyes. The doctor said that this was a bad sign. It showed that I had a weak stomach, he said. Then he told me to undress and lie on my face on the couch. He took his shoes off and walked up and down on my back. Every few minutes he would kick my ribs with his stockinged feet. It did not hurt me much, and I think he was disappointed. He told me to stand up then and say "Ah" six times. Each time I said it, he slapped my face. My reaction to this test was normal. Then he asked me to lie over a chair with my face to the floor. He put a machine like a letter press over my back and began to turn a big wheel on the top of it. He said when it got too painful, I was to call out. I stood it until he had me squeezed pretty tight and then I screamed. He left me there while he went downstairs to find a pencil. While he was down there, the telephone rang, and he talked with another doctor for about 15 minutes. Then he came back and let me out of the machine. This test did not show up so well. I had screamed at 80 and the normal screaming point was 81.

He allowed me to dress. He said that I seemed to be run down. My powers of resistance were low, he said. If I should contract pneumonia while in this condition, he thought that I would be a sick man. I murmured that I thought it quite likely. He gave me a prescription or two.

The main thing, though, was rest and relaxation. I had better go away somewhere, he thought. It made no difference where. Any place would do, as long as it was away. The seashore or the country or the mountains would be best.

Second Guess on Diagnosis

THEN I told him about the Salt Fish. He was very mad, and wanted to know why I hadn't told him that in the first place. That was the trouble, he said. I had no business fussing with the stock market, he insisted. I had not the physique for it. Who had got me into it? What was I thinking of? Now, more than ever, I would have to go away. And it would have to be some place where there were no mails or newspapers or telegrams. I was to think no more about the market for a month. In a way, he talked like Abbot. He said I was to forget all about Salt Fish Preferred. While I was gone, he said he would keep in touch with Abbot and they would try to get me out of this mess I had got myself into. He would promise nothing, but they would do their best.

I rather resented this line of talk, especially the part about Abbot. It sounded too much like appointing a lunacy commission to take care of me. It is one thing to have a doctor advising you, but I couldn't see why Abbot should be brought into the matter.

To save further argument, I said that I would go away. I made no promise as to the length of time, but I did agree to go. I would take myself to some little town in the Berkshires and put up at a hotel or inn. Then I would recuperate. When I felt strong enough, I would return to the city and watch Salt Fish again. This was my plan.

That night I telephoned to Abbot and told him what I was going to do. He said that I was crazy. It was the worst possible time to go away. The market was apt to do anything, and at any time. Salt Fish, he said, was in no condition to be left. I told him what the doctor had said, and that made quite a difference. He said for me to go ahead and have a good time. As far as that was concerned, he thought he could do better with my stock if I were away than he could with me hanging around and bothering him. He would feel more free, he said. I was to mail a letter at once, addressed to our broker, instructing him to take orders from Abbot on my stock during my absence.

I left the city that night. At the station I bought a late paper and turned nervously to the financial page. Salt Fish had closed at one and a half! This was great news. I felt much improved in health, and slept peacefully during the entire journey.

(*Concluded on page 12*)

The Little Old Red Schoolhouse Up-to-date

Georgia Boys at Camp Dixie Happy Victims of Educational Experiment

By CLAIRE GILES



Getting a schooling in sunburn.

A MAN named Smith has written an unusual book. It is a forecast of the average youngster—his characteristics, capabilities, and habits—of the year 1950. He says: "Our people will have the habit of success, each in the range of his own possibilities, nor will those of superior ability be held back by those of lower caliber. Children's habits, characteristics, and emotions will be studied to avoid concealed weaknesses or festering hurts that may poison their lives. The school will have become a laboratory and workshop rather than a filing station for information. The school will go out into the world, and the world will be brought into the school, making use of any place as a classroom if it has developmental possibilities."

When one considers the strides made in education standards and methods in the past 30 years, he can well believe that such a forecast may be realized. Perhaps no other institution has undergone such a metamorphosis as the little red schoolhouse. Even to those of us who did not actually sit on its hard benches in mortal fear of the long hickory switch, laboriously and monotonously studying out loud the old blue-back speller, the picture has somehow appealed. Certain it is that the influence of the little red schoolhouse was with us all through the dreadful period of our own school days.

"Education," hung over us like a pall, a detested, intangible thing to be acquired at the threat of a "licking," and a thing as remote as possible from life. It does seem as if we were brought up in those days to believe that everything we liked was 'either indigestible or immoral.' Take camping, for instance. Whoever heard of a boys' camp in those good old days grown persons are always wishing they could live over again? To think about camping (a pursuit suitable only to robbers and pirates) was to confess to hidden and secret and villainous desires, acquired, most likely, through a surreptitious acquaintance with Jesse James and Nick Carter.

But education as a happy process—served up to the youngster on a silver platter—it is in the 1922 model.

It is not recorded who decided the best way to educate is to give the natural desires and tendencies of boys and girls a healthy, normal outlet. Most likely it was not discovered overnight. Many good things for young folks have resulted from the discovery, and not the least is the summer camp. In fact, the summer camp for boys and girls is now cataloged under "education," and if any victim of little red schoolhouse methods wants to be convinced that he has lived through a century of educational progress in 30 years, let him pay a visit to Camp Dixie in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Georgia.

If the summer camp idea has been slow in developing in the South, it has been thorough, for camps for boys and girls are not to be undertaken lightly. To be sane and healthy, and actually safe, a camp must have behind it a very definite purpose, and the means at hand for working it out. This means that back of a successful camp movement there must be men and women who are in the broadest sense educators—who have studied boys and girls, have worked out definite ideas as to their needs, and have the courage and capacity for providing for these.

At Camp Dixie, the specific things that make the camp stand out as a successful experiment in boy culture are:

1. Before a boy is admitted to camp, his parents are required to fill out a questionnaire in regard to his habits, health, temperament, weak and strong points, and so on.

2. Camp Dixie has a highly trained supervisory personnel. Yet it could be run on one-third the personnel, and its patrons would probably be none the wiser!

3. Boys at Camp Dixie are grouped with a view to the help and inspiration they may give each other. From old friends and acquaintances they have already received all that the contact would afford, hence need new influences to bring out the best that is in them.



Canoe-tilting before an enthusiastic audience. At the right you see the class in horticulture.

4. Camp Dixie is purposely isolated from the distracting influences of villages with their hotels, boarding houses, stores, and so on.

5. It is customary in most summer camps for the management to sell to the boys all sorts of knicknacks. The story is told of one camp that made $1,300 on its store in one season, and some of the boys spent as much as $20 a week on trash. Camp Dixie has no store, and parents are urged not to provide their boys with spending money.

6. At one camp 30 boxes of food were received in one afternoon. Camp Dixie prohibits this practice. There is plenty of food provided, and one of the rules of the camp is the habit of eating regularly.

7. Many summer camps include regular textbook instruction. The directors of Camp Dixie believe that the line should be definitely drawn between a camp and a summer school. Camp Dixie makes no effort to cater to the ambitious parent or to the parents of the dullard.

8. Boys do not go to "town," as is customary in most camps. The daily program is made attractive so that the boys do not care to leave camp. They are not kept in camp. They stay in.

9. Parents are not encouraged to visit camp. It interferes with the daily normal routine and discipline of the camp.

10. The age limit is from 11 to 16 years.

Camp Dixie got a good start from the men who took hold of it. The two men who started the camp had spent years in preparation. Willis A Sutton, superintendent of the Atlanta public schools, is nationally known for his views and experimentation in educational matters. Committees of national educators have come to Atlanta to consult him. He is chairman of the Boys' Work Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, superintendent of one of the largest Sunday schools in Atlanta, and an active worker in many civic organizations.

A. A. Jameson is nationally known as an expert in the training and handling of boys. He has had 28 years' camping experience as secretary of the Boys' Department, the Young Men's Christian Association in many cities, and is one of the pioneers in the Boy Scout movement, being at present Scout executive for Atlanta. He has made several trips abroad to study boy life. Associated with these two men are others of wide experience and a natural aptitude for working with boys.

Located on a 755-acre tract in the Tallulah Falls River and Rabun Gap country of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Georgia, 100 miles from Atlanta, eight miles from the nearest town and a mile from a flag station, on an elevation of 2,346 feet, the camp adjoins the Nantahala government reservation of many thousands of acres, in a region of wonderful scenic beauty.

The object of the camp is to foster courage, initiative, and enterprise. The simple working hypothesis is that no normal child needs or can take three months of "rest"—that he is a dynamo of energy, and is bound to use that energy. And that, whether thrown on his own unguided resources at home or left at the mercy of himself at a summer resort without any moral direction, or the proper provision made for his physical energies, he is in danger of moral disintegration.

The camp proclaims its aims are purity, safety, development of character, good manners, spiritual ideals. High-sounding phrases, you may say, but these men have set a goal that involves teaching the boys of the land, the forests, the mountains, the streams and rivers—the geology of the country.

And the beauty of it is that the system works—the boys like it, and come back year after year for more!

Starting as an experiment, with the idea of working out some new things in the education of boys, with *group* as opposed to individual competition, Mr. Sutton and Mr. Jameson have regarded Camp Dixie as a laboratory where they have successfully worked out certain theories about the education of boys many of which Mr. Sutton has put into practice in the Technological High School, and is now extending throughout the school system of Atlanta. Seven cardinal principles are:

First, physically robust; second, mentally strong; third, politically sound; fourth, domestically true; fifth, vocationally correct; sixth, morally brave; seventh, spiritually deep. Great importance is attached to the point of *direct contact* between each boy and his leader, teacher and student being together the entire 24 hours. Every boy is measured and weighed and tab kept on his physical condition. His mental and social habits are studied individually, and his vocational tendencies are given every opportunity to expand.

The campers are divided into groups of seven, each group being assigned to an older camper who is a leader. This leader, a man 20 to 25 years old, lives in a tentalow with his seven charges. There are at Camp Dixie 15 such groups.

Truly there is not a more ideal setting than the Blue Ridge Mountains, where, accessible to town and village, the boy is abiding in that enchanted solitude where "Those that live much in the open catch the mighty pulse-beat of God."

The City Editor—the Man of Many Tasks

But His Noblest Deed for the Public Is Repelling Propaganda

By One of Them

WHEN the city editor of a small-town newspaper gets to his office at 7 a. m., he throws off his coat, rolls up his sleeves, fills his pipe with his favorite brand of so-called tobacco, lights it, pulls a new pencil from a drawer, sharpens it and sits down.

Suddenly the telephone bell rings and he picks up the receiver. The voice of a woman on the other end of the wire indignantly wants to know why the item regarding the ice cream and strawberry social to be given by the Ladies' Hope Society of the Presbyterian church wasn't in the paper the night before. It was such an important item and so many friends of the church were looking for it. "Cancel my subscription."

"You'll find the item buried on page one, fourth column near the bottom of the page," replies the city editor and joshes the woman for overlooking it.

His day's work has begun. He's in his element. He's happy.

Some one, probably about the time when the earth was emerging from chaos to order, remarked that variety is the spice of life. He must have had in mind the city editor of the small-town daily newspaper. What variety is, he gets. No two 10-minute periods of a long working day are the same.

He's the buffer between the public and the publisher. He gets blamed for all errors—typographical, grammatical, fact; and if there's a suit for libel, he's the cause of it. He's got to know his town and what's more, know the people in it. He's got to know their characteristics, their likes and dislikes. He's got to know what to print and how much of it, and what not to print, and sometimes it's more important to know what not to print than what to print.

In the plant, he's panned by the circulation department, chided by the advertising department, lambasted by the composing room and cursed by the pressman. Even the newsboys take a kick at him. But they all love him and he loves them all. And his reporters, well, they'll fight for him.

A certain judge in a certain county was called to another county to try a case. On his return, a reporter, a new one on the staff, asked for the facts. A man had been hit by a train and a jury had returned a verdict for damages.

"What were his injuries?" inquired the reporter.

The judge was a jovial fellow, kindly disposed to all.

"Well," he replied, "the man's left arm was broken, his back wrenched, one ear partly cut off, his face lacerated, his left foot mashed, and his right leg cut off at the knee, but outside of that he was all right."

The reporter quoted the judge verbatim and was the city editor to blame because it appeared in the paper? Spend a day with him and judge for yourself.

In the first place he has from three to five reporters to whom he must give assignments for stories each day. This in addition to the routine of police, court and other news sources.

All in a Day's Work

WHEN these stories are put on his desk, he must read them for errors, errors of all kinds, including names. He must then write headlines suitable for each. And in these days a headline is supposed to sell the story.

This, in itself, seems enough for one man, but for the city editor of the small-town daily, it is a small task. He must answer the telephone and write items of news himself. He must act as copy boy and, on occasion, jump in to help out the composing room and "make up" a form, usually page one.

That isn't all.

His biggest job and one requiring the most tact is in dealing with those who want free advertising—propaganda it would be called in the larger cities, but in the smaller towns it is classed as news and in many places it makes up from one-third to one-half of all local matter carried in the columns.

The city editor is proud of his town and he boosts the town and every worthy organization in it and everything the worthy organization attempts to do.

For instance, the Old Order of Urchins decides that its hall needs repapering and that possibly a new carpet would improve its appearance. A benefit is decided upon. The city editor is called upon to give free advertising matter, not only the space in the paper, but in nine cases out of ten he has to write it. The Order will spend $2.78 for paid advertising and in return will receive $50 worth of free advertising, classed as news.

The senior class at the high school decides to present its annual play. Formal announcement is made and the city editor writes reams and reams about it.

Three girls in a small town conducted classes in dancing, reading, and so on. They decided to give a pageant. It was a grand success and, as the reviewer said, "a good time was had by all." The girls paid about $7 for advertising and received several columns of free publicity.

Every city has its booster organizations and the small town is no exception. Plans are advanced for this and that improvement; nearly all have more or less merit and nearly all would add to the beauty or dignity of the town. Civic centers were the rage a few years ago, but the craze, like jazz, has spent its force. They would have been a wonderful improvement for nearly every city.

But, and here's the rub, they cost a lot of money. It's easy to plan what should be done, but it's not so easy to get the money to do it.

Then also there are organizations in various parts of each town to boost a certain section. Parks, playgrounds, schools, better streets, all are wanted.

And every one of these projects is given unlimited space in the local newspaper. And they should be, for if all, or even one-tenth, of the plans were brought to fruition, it would be a big thing for the small town.

And the small-town folk are proud of their town and they like to read of these plans. They like to believe that some day their town will be a big town. They're boosters, one and all, and the city editor is their mouthpiece.

And he's a booster himself, because he believes in his town and its future and because he knows his circulation. He treats local propaganda as news because it is news in his town. He goes on the theory that an ice-cream social in the Presbyterian church is a good thing for the church. Its members are known all over the city. They live in all the wards. Therefore, if he doesn't boost their affairs, they won't boost his paper.

In the pageant given by the three girls, there may have been 100 other girls whose names could be used. These girls like to see their names in his paper. And he makes friends by putting them there—as long as they are spelled correctly.

Courtesy and an even temper in any one are admirable; to a successful city editor they are indispensable. But there are occasions when he loses his temper, and one of these is when an alleged friend will come in during his busiest time and insist on unloading a lot of gossip for an hour or more.

Six months ago a man entered the office of a city editor of a small-town newspaper and handed him a box of good cigars.

"What's the idea?" asked the man of many tasks.

"Oh, just a little appreciation of the help you gave us on our musicale," replied the man.

It is not recorded that the city editor ever revived. He seldom gets any thanks for his free publicity. He doesn't expect them.

That is about all the city editor of a daily in a small town has to do except—and this exception, if h is new to the task, proves his greatest burden.

The editor knows without going through it, that in all that mail there may be one or two letters worth reading; others represent efforts to work him and the paper he represents for free advertising or pleading for a cause in which the sender is interested but very few others.

Some one recently suggested that a "drive against drives" would meet with popular approval but *a society for the suppression of propaganda would meet with the unanimous support of every editor in the country.*

In America there seems to be a society for everything and another society to counteract everything. An organization for a high protective tariff will attempt to broadcast to the world, through the editor, that unless a wall is built about certain industries, they are doomed for the scrap heap, thousands of men will be thrown out of work and millions of capital will be sunk without a trace.

The editor, after being bombarded with these appeals for two or three weeks, will about be convinced that perhaps these industries should get protection and that something should be done to support them. He has almost made up his mind to write something about it when along come letters from another organization that these industries are overcapitalized, and their dividends huge.

To enumerate the propaganda which reaches the desk of the average editor would be an endless task. The public little realizes the tremendous lot of bunk that is carried in the mails. Very little of it gets into the columns of the papers. Some will, of course, for even the most hardened propaganda wrecker will sometimes let an item pass.

Recently, a letter came to the desk of a city editor in a peculiarly tinted envelope, plain. The editor opened it and started to read a very clever story. It carried on for two or three pages and the editor was congratulating himself on getting an unusually good feature. Then in the last paragraph and ingeniously phrased was a boost for a nationally advertised product. That editor watches for that tinted envelope and it's never opened.

Only recently there were "weeks" of observance for quite a few things. For instance, there was "smile" week and "be kind to animals" week. A few years ago these would have been given some publicity. But not this year. Hundreds of papers didn't even carry an item about them, although thousands and thousands of letters were sent out urging their observance. The editors know their readers have been "fed up" on that kind of stuff and won't fall for it. So, why print it?

Reads Through Envelope

IF AN editor attempted to read carefully all of the propaganda which came to his desk, he would do nothing else, the day would have to be lengthened and he'd have to forego eating and sleeping.

He can tell, almost by looking at the envelope, whether the letter contains an appeal for the famished of China, the starving of Poland, or describing the conditions in Armenia. And his press association carries all that his readers want to know about those conditions. His printing of additional information would not help to alleviate the suffering. If it would he'd print it and be glad of the opportunity.

An editor recently kept a record of letters of purely propaganda material coming to his desk. A very careful sifting left 147 pieces of mail in which the senders sought free advertising for some cause in which they were interested or some condition which they thought should be given publicity. And this was exclusive of that legitimate "free advertising" which is a concrete help to the newspaper and of interest to the readers.

The stamps, envelopes and printing of this propaganda easily cost $5.

And there are more than 2,600 daily newspapers in America, and nearly 16,000 weekly, and biweekly papers. Figure the cost.

Not one per cent of this propaganda reaches the public; probably less than five per cent gets even cursory examination by the editors, especially in the small towns.

He Takes a Flyer in "Salt Fish Preferred"

Concluded from page 10

I found a nice little hotel and settled myself down for a rest and complete relaxation. Everything was comfortable. There was a bath and a big, soft bed, with a fine view of the mountains from the window. I felt that I was really going to enjoy myself and recover from the doctor's examination. Perhaps I would stay the full month out, after all.

About nine thirty the next morning, while I was shaving, the telephone in my room began to ring like mad. I answered it, and it was Abbot, calling me on the long distance. His voice was very faint, and he spoke hurriedly, like a man under a fearful emotional strain.

He said I must return as soon as possible. I was to wait for nothing, not even breakfast. He had looked up the trains and he said there was one at ten fifteen that I ought to be able to make if I looked alive. I told him that I was shaving. He said never mind, to come just as I was. Then I tried to find out what the trouble was. It seemed it was Salt Fish. Abbot was phoning from the brokers. The market had not opened but he, Abbot, had been tipped off that there was to be a raid on Salt Fish at the opening.

I washed my face, dressed, paid my bill and left the hotel in a taxi. Just as the train was pulling out, I threw my grips onto the rear platform and dragged myself on after them. Some boys standing around the station thought I was making a motion picture, and they broke into a cheer. I had not had time to lace my shoes, and one of them fell off as I jumped for the train. Only one side of my face was shaved, and my ears were full of lather. I had some slippers in my grip, so I put one of them on. Then I wiped off the lather as well as I could with my handkerchief, and went into the rear coach and sat down.

It was a miserable trip. I thought the train would never get in.

The raid was on in full force when I got there. Abbot was waiting for me. He was pacing up and down, gnawing a dead cigar, just like a man in a problem play. For some reason he seemed very mad with me. He said I had got myself into a pretty mess.

They were hammering Salt Fish hard, he told me. They had started at the opening, and they had beat it down to three-eighths when I got there. The trading in it was brisk, and everyone in the place was watching it.

Abbot and I stood in front of the board. He was very taciturn. Every few minutes he would light his cigar, and absently pass me the burned match. I could not get a word out of him. The strain was awful.

Salt Fish acted like something insane. It would rise to one-half, hover there a moment and quiver a few times, and then dip gracefully to three-eighths again.

Our broker was nowhere to be seen. Once I saw him peeking at us around the water cooler, but the minute he caught my eye he dropped to his hands and knees, crawled into his office and shut the door.

About twelve-thirty, though, Salt Fish commenced to perk up. It staggered to five-eighths and held there, amid shrill cries of encouragement from Abbot and myself. Shortly it was marked up at three-quarters, and I broke down and had a good cry. I felt better then. Abbot was standing it like a veteran, and he patted my shoulder as I stood there weeping.

I rushed for the broker's office, shedded my slipper as I ran. He thought I had come to kill him, and he began to pray.

I grabbed him by the arm and told him to collect himself. Then I ordered him to sell two thousand Salt Fish at three-quarters. I told him to hurry before it was too late.

He got the sale through at three-quarters. It was close work, but he did it. He had scarcely sold my stock, when Salt Fish bounded to one and a half. I did not care, though. I had all I wanted. Of the market, I mean. I had quit even on my two thousand shares with the exception of the broker's commission, and I was happy. I wrung Abbot by the hand and hurried home. Then I shaved; changed my clothes, and had a combined breakfast and lunch that threw my family into a panic.

My health improved from that day on; and in another week I was back to normal.

I still think that the market is a good place for some people. The brokers, for instance.

For myself, I feel much better. I doubt if I will ever try it again. My physique is not adapted to conscious suffering.

First Prayer in Congress: How Times Change

Artist Who Did "Spirit of '76" Painted Scene as Continentals Bent Knees



"The First Prayer in Congress," painted by Tompkins Harrison Matteson. The numbers are used to identify the following:

1 Caesar Rodney, Del.
2 Edward Rutledge, S. C.
3 T. Cushing, Mass.
4 Ephilet Dyer, Conn.
5 Samuel Adams, Mass.
6 John Adams, Mass.
7 Patrick Henry, Va.
8 John Rutledge, S. C.
9 George Washington, Va.
10 Peyton Randolph, Va.
11 Col. N. Folsom, N. H.
12 Robt. Treat Paine, Mass.
13 George Read, Del.
14 Silas Dean, Conn.
15 Richard Smith, N. J.
16 Philip Livingston, N. Y.
17 Thomas Lynch, S. C.
18 Stephen Hopkins, R. I.
19 John Dehart, N. J.
20 William Livingston, N. J.
21 Thomas McKean, Del.
22 Roger Sherman, Conn.
23 William Paca, Md.
24 Rev. Mr. Duche, Pa.
25 Samuel Rhodes, Pa.
26 Col. William Floyd, N. Y.
27 Stephen Crane, N. J.
28 Samuel Chase, Md.
29 John Morton, Pa.
30 Thomas Mifflin, Pa.
31 Charles Thompson, Pa.
32 Richard Henry Lee, Va.
33 John Jay, N. Y.
34 Isaac Low, N. Y.
35 Benjamin Harrison, Va.
36 Samuel Ward, R. I.

PRAYING was considered a mighty serious and important function with public officials in the days of the Continental Congress.

The first session of that historical body was held in Carpenter's Hall at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. Its membership was composed of the greatest men of that period. Many of them will be outstanding figures in history as long as there is an American Republic. Among them were such staunch citizens as George Washington, Patrick Henry, John Adams, John Jay and Richard Henry Lee.

Those famous men who were willing to give up their lives and all they possessed in an effort to win independence for this land were not ashamed to get down on their knees in open Congress and reverently listen to an earnest appeal for Divine guidance.

How times have changed!

If a half-dozen members of the present Congress were to get down on their knees during the brief and perfunctory prayer of the chaplain, it would be so unusual and create such a nation-wide sensation, that the press of the country would front-page it with lavish photographic embellishment.

If one is to judge by the wonderful success of this country during and following the sessions of the Continental Congress, it is fair to assume that the praying of that period was worth while.

There is, however, this to say: the fact that the members of the Continental Congress got down on their knees does not by any means prove their devoutness. There is reason to believe that the Continental Congress was numerically stronger on the free-thinking side than on the orthodox side. French illuminism, which later had to be severely rebuked and driven out of the hiding places it had made for itself in this country, was strongly represented in some of the leading minds of the new Republic. It is a matter of history that in the Constitutional Convention, when Benjamin Franklin (himself by no means an orthodox believer) suggested that prayer be offered for Divine guidance, he was not able to find sufficient support to carry his proposal through. Religious people like to think that Franklin saw the use and place of prayer in national deliberation, but the fate of his motion shows to what extent the ruling classes of the time were devoid of personal belief in the central practices of their religion.

The famous painting which portrays the members of the Continental Congress on their knees may preserve accurately the posture adopted by the men during the ceremony of prayer; indeed, it is quite likely that it does, because in that time the church of most gentlemen was the Church of England, now known as the Protestant Episcopal Church, and as a consequence these men would be familiar from childhood with the kneeling posture at prayer.

Of foremost significance in the picture is the fact that the Congress of that period was made up of Americans of Christian inclination, who had some sense of the sanctity of the Christian tradition and some feeling of the continuity of racial obligations. The last act that could be expected of them would have been the condemnation of any of the practices which marked the ordered life of their times. Regardless of their private beliefs, they respected public prayer. They had no qualms, as many present-day "Americans" have, in hearing this described as a Christian Nation. Certainly they would have swept out of the bounds of respectability any who used his influence to destroy an old landmark of moral meaning.

Herein the Continental Congress was more American and far more Christian than the present Congress. It is almost impossible to recall a Representative who has had nerve enough to say on the floor of the House that this is a Christian Nation. There are too many anti-Christian orders, with representatives on the floor of the House, whose antagonism would be sharply felt.

As to this question of prayer at present, the Morning Prayer has been shoved off the Order of Business.

One morning, during a sparsely attended session, the anti-Christian, racially alien members of Congress, started the ball rolling. Prayer was to be given a jolt—to be insulted, if, indeed, not abolished altogether. Prayer, up to that time, was the first item on the day's order of business. A member objected that the point of "no quorum" should not be raised with regard to the Prayer, because it was a religious exercise and not a matter of business. On the spur of the moment, Speaker Gillette, as any American would do, overruled this revolutionary point of view. According to the rule, Prayer was to remain the first business of the day, and Members were expected to attend to make a quorum.

Later, however, for what reason has never been learned, Speaker Gillette reversed his decision. He ruled Prayer out of the Order of Business. True, prayers are still being offered, but only by courtesy of the Committee on Rules. When a sufficient number of anti-Christian alien members become members of the Committee on Rules, we may expect to see Prayer ostracised completely.

Anyway, the enemies of Christian America won their first battle. It is significant that the only story carried in American newspapers about this sudden change of the status of Prayer in Congress was written by a Jewish correspondent who has been for years the close personal friend of William Howard Taft.

The people of America are indebted to an artist named Tompkins Harrison Matteson for the painting entitled, "The First Prayer in Congress." In 1840, a beautiful steel engraving was made from this painting by H. S. Sadd, which was widely circulated at that time. Matteson also painted the "Spirit of '76," known to every school boy for many generations.

The career of this artist was typically American. He was born at Peterborough, New York, in 1813, and died at Sherbourne, New York, in 1884. His father, who was a well-known local politician, named him "Tompkins" in honor of a recently successful candidate for governor.

While the father was serving as deputy sheriff, young Matteson was permitted to make daily visits to the cell of an Indian who was imprisoned on a charge of murder. This Indian was known all over that section of New York for his clever drawings and carvings.

A strong attachment sprang up between boy and Indian. In exchange for certain crude art materials that he needed, the Indian taught the lad all that he knew about colors and painting. The boy was fired with ambition and was eager to devote all his time to studying. The need of bread and butter in the family home, however, made it necessary for him to work at something that would bring immediate returns. For a time he served as chore boy in a drug store, and then became apprentice to a tailor. During a lull in the work, or whenever the boss happened to be out for a moment, the boy would be drawing something on any blank space that happened to be handy. But the art bee was strongly intrenched and he could not be happy and contented mixing pills or making pants. Soon thereafter he got together a supply of colored crayons, and with knapsack on his shoulders started blithely forth toward Albany fully believing that he would make oodles of money drawing portraits and thus be able to live on the fat of the land, and send much money home, as he went from settlement to settlement. Fate ordained otherwise. The Dutchmen he encountered were more enamored of their money than of his proposed drawings. Much needed meals and greatly desired beds were not forthcoming. He was frequently obliged to go mealless and was often obliged to sleep in canal boats and haymows in wayside barns. He finally managed to get back to his home somewhat wiser as to human nature, but still determined to become a great artist. Finally, a kindly disposed citizen of Lenox who had faith in the young man's ability lent him sufficient money to go to New York and study. Upon reaching that city, Colonel Trumbull, the noted artist, gave him a discouraging lecture, which was followed, according to his usual custom, with words of encouragement and cheer. Soon Matteson opened a studio on Broadway and met with success. In 1839, he returned to Western New York where the Rev. Dr. Hale, of Hobart College, took a fancy to his work and assisted him for several years in keeping busy with portrait work. It was upon his return to New York that he produced his celebrated "Spirit of '76." Praise was accorded him from all sources and from that time on he met with fame and prosperity.

Matteson did not suffer from "artistic temperament." He was always so popular among the people of his home county in New York that in 1855 they nominated him for the state legislature and elected him by a handsome majority.

Steamboatland—Where the Past Lives On

Early Customs and Ancient Legends Persist on the Ohio River

By HARRY E. BARNET





Above—Constance, Kentucky, where the last mastodon leaped the Ohio. At the right—Viewing the river by moonlight from the Cincinnati shore.

YOU take a fling in an old-fashioned world when you range the Ohio River aboard a steamboat. The remote ancestor of Ohio River steamboats was the "New Orleans," built at Pittsburgh, in 1811, by Nicholas Roosevelt. She was owned by Fulton and Livingston. This pair had a scheme to monopolize steam transportation on the continent, and they sent the boat to New Orleans to further the scheme. On the way there she floated into the New Madrid, Missouri, earthquake which upset that part of the country. While the earth shuddered, it tossed the channel of the Mississippi River until that stream darted about like a snake with its tail tightly grasped in the pincers of a gigantic crab—the river even flowed backward for a spell. The "New Orleans" pushed through the ruckus, and reached her destination in 1812. This performance of the "New Orleans" showed that "steamboats can walk over any sort of water, untroubled or turbulent," and shortly after that time steamboats were the gentility of transportation. This importance, however, died down long ago. But the resemblance of Ohio River steamboats to their remotest ancestor keeps up. The "New Orleans" pushed herself with paddles nailed to a wheel. Your craft gets around now by doing the same thing. It has the general appearance of a headless goose, with outstretched neck, going elsewhere on a broad ribbon of blue. The protruding gangplank is the outstretched neck. All steamboats are painted white.



Steamboat "landing" as it was, as it is, and will be.

Of course, there are flecks of color about. Stateroom outside shutters are invariably green. Black letters, outlined with red—occasionally gilt letters—flaunt the name of the boat on both sides of the engine room and the pilot house. Usually, there is an old-style, glittering ensignia of the steamboat line, or an adornment, between the stacks, because something of the kind always has dangled there. Came a period when scrollwork was the craze—like the iron dogs eyeing iron rabbits across Indiana lawns a few decades back. Then steamboats were trimmed with lace effects. That was away back in history, but Ohio River steamboats still are bedecked with this finery. In short, a picture of the "New Orleans," and of a queen of the river in the late 1860's, laid alongside a picture of the boat in 1922, wouldn't show very many changes.

An Ohio River steamboat shows no move not sanctioned by long usage. You find that out before your craft swings to midstream. Customs and niceties of conduct that grew up long before Mark Twain's time are practiced still. You forget you are a passenger. You feel that you are a house guest of men who astonish you when they tell you how many years they've been "steamboatin'." Comparatively few are young men, but they do not show their age. There can be few places where men go to work younger, live longer, and stick closer to their job and its traditions than on an Ohio River steamboat. George Hamilton, his father, and his son, who lived in Gallipolis, up to a short time ago, were active pilots on different Ohio boats.

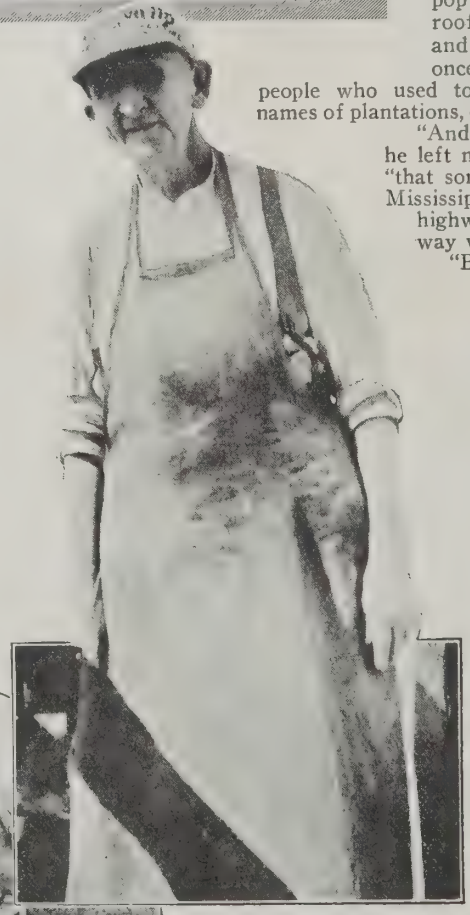
Yet, all steamboatmen have the same thing to say: "Next year I'm going to leave the river, and live on a farm the rest of my life." Never leave the river to spend the rest of their lives any place near it, "but on a farm, away back from the river."

"He'll never do it," Joe Smith says, when he hears the threat, "for steamboatin', it's a disease. You get away from it, for maybe five or six years, or maybe ten, and then you come back. And when a steamboatman goes away from the river, and comes back, the first thing he makes for is the coffee pot. It's the same 's whisky to a river man. He's got the craze for steamboat coffee."

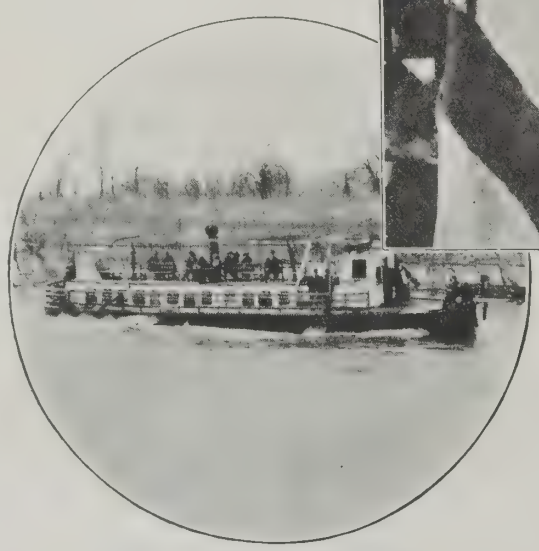
Joe Smith is "Gravy Joe," who has been a steamboat cook since—well, long enough to establish a reputation for being the best gravy maker in any steamboat cookhouse between Pittsburgh and Cairo. A tradition has grown up among steamboatmen that when Joe makes gravy, the smell of it floating to the shores stirs up all the dogs in the neighborhood. They come to the river bank on both sides, and follow the boat for miles, loping along, and whining and howling for a taste.

"I got to stay close to my cookhouse," Joe told me one Saturday evening, "because when I'm makin' gravy it sets the women to running after me, too, all the time."

"Why," he exclaimed, "they haunt me, tryin' to git me to let them come in the cookhouse to learn how to make gravy. That's the reason I never could get married."



"Gravy Joe" at the door of his cookhouse.



Gasoline packet in the "short-trip" trade.

When you go adventuring in the romantic realm of the Ohio River, the shank of what you see, and what you hear, is what Mark Twain saw and wrote about—that shank considerably brightened in spots, but even there the cajolery of it shows through the glint. An idle remark that Ohio River steamboats are arks of romance, carrying the customs of lang syne over the flood of extreme modernism, brought a look-in on the unfolding bud of "Life on the Mississippi."

"I entertained Mark Twain on my boat when he was writing that book," Captain Samuel Pennywitt said, as we floated beneath Suspension Bridge at Cincinnati, one warm April morning.

"He was making the route, from where he lived as a boy, to New Orleans on the short-trip boats," the captain continued. "That is, he'd take a boat that didn't go very far, and that stopped at nearly every landing, and did most of its work in the daytime. Then he'd change to another boat. I carried him from Natchez to Baton Rouge. My boat was the Stella Wilde. She was carrying the mail to all the landings between the two towns.

"The wharfmaster introduced me to Mark Twain, and asked me to give him the best room I had on my boat. So I gave him my own room on the texas, because there was so much noise downstairs. I put a big table and a couple of chairs in this room, and had his meals sent up there to him."

"Mark Twain was a peculiar looking man then," Captain Pennywitt mused. "I remember his hair and his eyes. It was yellow-colored, and hung down on his shoulders. His eyes were white-blue. He carried a shorthander with him—the first shorthand writer I ever saw—but no typewriter, because we didn't know about the machines in those days.

"Well, Mark Twain didn't bother anybody on the Stella Wilde. He'd walk like a hyena in a cage up and down on the roof of the boat for a while as we went along, and then he'd run into the room, and talk to the shorthand man. Then he'd pop out of the room, and onto the roof. He didn't talk to anybody, and nobody talked to him, unless, once in a while, when he'd ask about people who used to live along the river, or the names of plantations, or one thing like that or another."

"And, Mark Twain said to me when he left my boat," the captain concluded, "that some day the Ohio River, and the Mississippi River, would be the greatest highways in the world, when some way was found to control them.

"But I think you'll find most rivermen will tell you Mark Twain did more harm to river travel than he ever did good. He made people afraid of the rivers, because he talked so much about river disasters, and didn't explain enough.

"Big river disasters happened then, because nobody knew much about the use of steam. You take the idea of breaking up the furniture, and tearing out the woodwork for fuel, and throwing smoked meats and pitchy wood into the fire to get up a big head of steam, and then putting a darky on the safety valve to keep it from popping off when boats were running a race or trying to make a new speed record. That's all picturesque enough, but it was a fool's trick. When they quit doing that, steamboat disasters seldom happened, and now they're practically done away with. And, in those days, most of the travel was by river. Boats were crowded with passengers from everywhere. They didn't have very much that was exciting to talk about, and they made the most of the horrors."

Forasmuch as the world of steamboatmen on the Ohio River is an old-fashioned one, most of their talk is of legends and traditions. Talk that isn't just chatter when you hear it, because you're attuned to it—you have a feeling of aloofness from the everyday world the minute your boat leaves the shore. And steamboatmen have an abundance of leisure to sit around and talk.

Some of these legends and traditions you hear over and over, if you travel on the Ohio. Others are not so frequently mentioned. Among the latter is a legend that's been making the rounds since civilization was sappy. It declares Lilith was Adam's first wife, though:

"Not a drop of her blood was human . . . .
But she was made like a soft, sweet woman."

Before Eve came in sight, Lilith left, because she resented Adam's show of authority in his own house. What went with her isn't settled. Some say she turned into a screech owl. Others say she was the original vampire—took the shape of a hellhag, and at night roamed the world as a bonny woman in order to beguile and destroy. Goethe set her down as a witch. And there is the standing claim that she was transformed into a showy stream.

This belief is securely fastened on the Ohio. Steamboatmen say Lilith is that stream. If you're skeptical, talk immediately shifts to the beauty of the stream as proof, and some of its tricky ways are pointed out—moving along for months, as an example, like "a soft, sweet woman," then, suddenly, and in a tantrum, rising as much as 50 feet above low watermark. But no one says much about Ohio River floods . . . .

Be that as it may, when you're afloat upon it, the river gives you the comfortable feeling of being supported by something substantial. You have confidence. There are rocks and hills on either shore—massive rocks and sugar-loaf-like hills alone, in pairs, in threes and fours, and in whole companies in palisade formation. Between these hills are lowlands—away down toward the end of the Ohio River are some plantations. The look of these rocks and hills and lowlands inclines to take some stock in the claim that Lilith is the Ohio River.

Other streams seem to have spent all of their money for the dress of notoriety, and have nothing left to go on. Apparently all has been said about them that can be said. When you travel there, even on your first trip, you're navigating old waters. On the Ohio River there is virginity of scenery. Pomeroy, Ohio, for illustration, is almost crowded into the river by the hills behind it. It has two streets parallel with the river, and the hindermost street is overhung by bluffs that create the impression of block after block of windowless skyscrapers, built side by side, with no passageways between them.

Over these towns, tiny villages, and mere landings where there is no railroad, is an air, and the customs, of days gone by. Cities haven't altogether lost that look along their river fronts. The reason is, the Ohio was the main avenue of expansion toward the West. It gave these towns their life, and when the railroads overshadowed the river, the reaction hit these localities a terrific thump. Many places are memories, like Wilmington, eight miles above Paducah. This town started out brimful of ambition. Its site is now an open field, with a few rotting logs lying around. But whether your craft stops at a city, or at the merest landing on the beach, you find character there—but with traits that vary wherever you land between Pittsburgh and Cairo, so that your anticipation always is agog. The sides of the river were not settled at the same time. They were settled by different people—people unalike in temperament and training. This is reflected in the places they occupied. Portsmouth, Ohio, and South Portsmouth, Kentucky, are contrasts.

Legends of all sorts—particularly about snakes—come down from the time when the banks of the river were jungles—forests whose tree tops were matted solid with vines that shut off sunlight. Driftwood, piled there by floods, took the place of undergrowth. These piles were colonized by snakes, the only life along the shore, except parrots on the Kentucky side. Bird life generally did not appear until white men came and cleared out the snake harbors.

Snakes from these driftwood piles were horrors to the Indians. They had weird ceremonies to placate the reptiles. If you land at a few of the out-of-the-way places, and have time to look around on shore, you will come across an old-timer or two who likes snakes, and who follows a distorted form of the ancient Indian ritual. He does it as a sort of demonolatry. One of the most picturesque of these characters, who lived in a cave, died recently. His ritual was a mixture of stalking about his cave in a circle, gesticulating and shrieking, plus voodoo ceremonies of serpent worship, doubtless picked up from runaway slaves from the South, the performance winding up with a spectacular Eveless story of Genesis.

Constance, Kentucky, is a tiny village, whose site is said to have been the point of departure of the last mastodon from the Ohio Valley. "Many moons ago," as the story came from the Indians to the steamboatmen, "ere the white men came, and while the hunting was yet good, the elk, the buffalo and the deer, went often to the valley of springs to drink the smelling waters," the which are Big Bone Springs, located a short distance from the river, in Boone County, Kentucky, so named because of their medicinal waters, and the number of mastodon bones unearthed there in comparatively recent years.

"But many and mighty mammoths also came from afar to drink, and as the days went on they killed or frightened away the elk, the buffalo and the deer, so that the Indians could no longer hunt. An appeal was made to the Great Spirit. When he undertook to drive the mammoths away, they defied him. Then the Great Spirit was angry at the mammoths, and he came down from the sky, and from a high hill he hurled thunderbolts among the great animals within the valley.

"Mad with terror they tore through the pathways of the valley, and the deer and buffalo that remained fled into the forests, but the Great Spirit's thunderbolts were more terrible and more destructive to the mammoths than they were to the game. All save one was killed before they could rush from the valley. A great bull, father of the herd, had only his long tusks broken off by the lightning. He was old and cunning, and he fled screaming across the hills, sweeping trees out of his path as an Indian would a bit of grass, until he came to the great river. There he paused only long enough to gather himself for a great bound; then, leaping, he cleared the wide river, and tore through the forests to the Great Lakes, and across them into the cold Northeast. There he disappeared and was seen no more; and there he lives to this day, his tusks gone, but still terrible."

Well upstream, toward the mouth of the Big Kanawha River, is a sheer-sided hollow place, with a beach as smooth as a dance hall floor. It once supported "Hell's Half Acre," a bluff that was a pilot's landmark, topped with a saloon. This place was a favored gathering place for the "half-horse, half-alligator" clans, and there they fought among themselves every night in the week. A murder a day was the record.

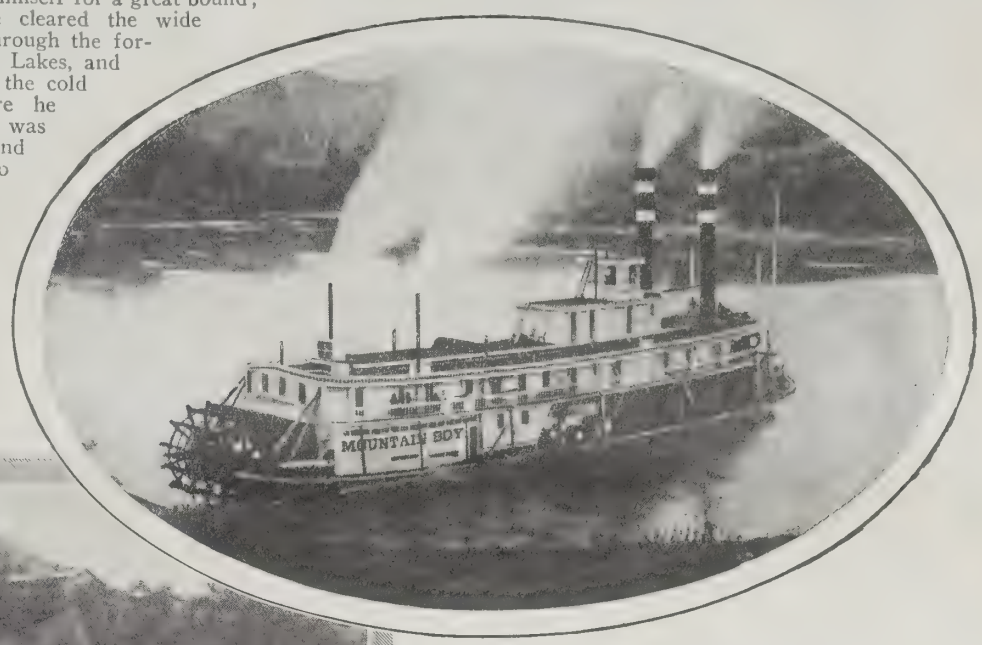
Years ago, on a clear night when there was a battle in progress, the Devil took his half-acre home with him. A hairy hand emerged from the middle of the river, old pilots say. The hand grasped a knife that was shaped like a scythe, and that was as long as three flatboats tied one behind another. "Hell's Half Acre" was carved level with the water's edge. The chunk of earth, rocks and trees, with the saloon and the brawlers in and around it, was balanced on the end of the knife and carefully lowered beneath the water.

When steamboats came, population increased 182 per cent in the Ohio Valley. Between 1810 and 1820, Indiana's population increased 500 per cent. Traditions of the river underwent a change.

Shantyboats cluttered the river. People who lived in them, as a general thing, were not overly energetic, and lived as easily as they could.

Through the windings of the Ohio there has been interwoven the romance of a legendary history of the days that are past. Its banks breathe of an age long gone, of an era less industrial, more human.

NOTE.—From time to time THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will publish equally interesting stories by Mr. Barnet having to do with lovable characters of the Unknown America that exists in the southern mountain region.

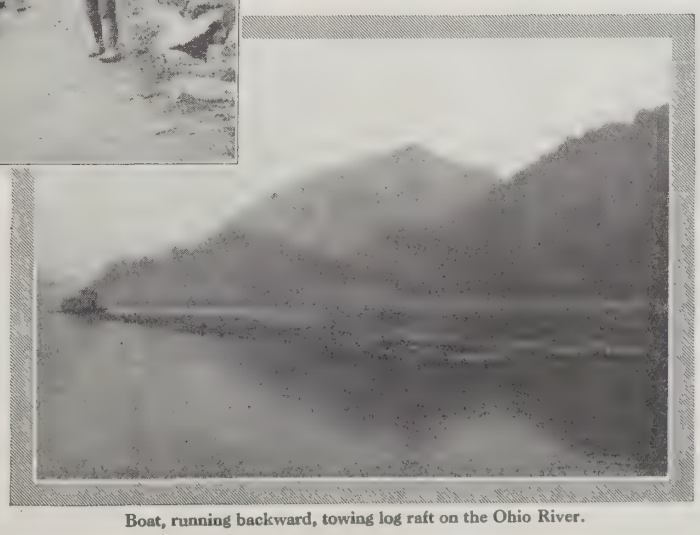


Ohio River steamboat, typical of its kind, built in 1869.





Above—Typical landing in Ohio. At the left—Familiar sight at small-town landing.



Boat, running backward, towing log raft on the Ohio River.

The Perversion of the Farm Loan System

(Concluded from page 7)

Other associations complain that it was impossible to purchase any of the recent $75,000,000 issue through the Federal Land Banks, although bond firms were advertising them extensively. Still another complaint is that individual subscriptions were limited to $2,500. It took three days, one of the union representatives points out, to dispose of the last issue at a premium of 102⅜ for which the bond houses received $750,000, or $250,000 a day. He maintains that if an effort were made to have the banks distribute their own bonds, the rural regions would take a large part of them.

Many vendors of lands would gladly accept bonds in place of cash, and mortgages could be financed locally throughout the country by the simple expedient of giving the local capitalist the bonds that the local borrower is behind. It is well known that a considerable volume of farm mortgages has always been held in the locality of the mortgaged lands. A Federal Land Bank bond is nothing but a farm mortgage cut up into standard units, and the local man who has been wont to lend the whole sum of a given mortgage, with all the details and costs that involves, would much prefer to take the farm bonds with their additional security, their tax exemption and their ready salability in small or large units. Nothing has been done to utilize this great home field of investment and keep in the rural regions the vast interest sums that will be paid on all the bonds in the course of the long amortization period. On the contrary, the whole bond distribution policy of the board is contributory to financial centralization.

The National Union of Farm Loan Associations hopes to secure the emancipation of the land banks and the associations from the domination of the Farm Loan Board by the instrumentality of a suit brought by the Brentwood, California, association, contesting the constitutionality of the law delaying permanent organization until all farm loan bonds are withdrawn from the Treasury. It takes the form of mandamus proceedings to compel the Berkeley Land Bank's organization in accordance with the original farm loan law. Should this suit fail, the union will take the fight into Congress; in fact, in response to a circular letter sent out on January 28 by the president, M. Elwood Gates, of Brentwood, members of Congress are receiving letters from associations demanding their rights and protesting against the "betrayal" of the co-operative principle.

"The National Farm Loan Association," says President Gates' letter, "is the corner stone of the whole co-operative theory. The law was based upon the principle that the borrowers in a community, knowing each other and knowing the value of each other's property, would, by co-operation, mutually guarantee the repayment of each other's loans through the Farm Loan Association's indorsement, and thus secure money more advantageously than could any one acting alone."

UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The famous Ferris wheel of Paris is being torn down to make way for a more profitable investment. The axle of the structure alone weighs 72,000 pounds, and is set at a distance of 164 feet from the ground. It was built in 1900, at the time of the Paris Exhibition, from plans of Ferris, an American engineer.

Luxuriant vegetation including ferns and palm-like plants once grew in Alaska which indicates that the climate there was very unlike that which prevails now. Coal beds disclose fossil remains of many tropical plants which grow only in a warm climate.

A bachelor hotel containing 750 rooms will be built on Michigan boulevard, Chicago, and opened in the spring of 1923.

A nest of six petrified eggs was discovered near Montesano, Washington, recently, when a workman blasted away part of a hillside. One egg, when broken, disclosed the color and formation of the yolk. The eggs are about the size of duck eggs.

A hydro-airplane is a motorboat and is therefore subject to a libel, according to a decision reached by a United States commissioner of Louisville, Kentucky. The Department of Commerce has ruled that flying water craft are motorboats while navigating streams and must follow marine regulations.

Filipinos have torn down and burned for fuel the house in which General Emilio Aguinaldo lived when he was captured by General Funston nearly 20 years ago. Only a few posts of the old structure are left standing, according to reports.

The most patient man is a resident of Buenos Aires. With only a file, he has worked 11 years in making a miniature locomotive of scrap iron. The locomotive can be operated under its own power by the use of compressed air. The iron was not heated in the making but was worked cold. A small coal tender and passenger coach were made at the same time and the whole thing is a little more than six feet in length and weighs 170 pounds. More than 1,300 screws and 2,000 rivets were used in the work. The train is complete to the last tiny detail and is built on the model of the equipment used on the British railroads of that country.

A new way of checking fire in mines is by means of fine rock dust placed in boxes and suspended across the roof of the tunnel. Explosion shocks cause the boxes to break away from their support and the finely divided dust falls into the passage preventing the flames from spreading.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

Strikes are not of recent origin. Tablets found in the ruins of Thebes show that 3,000 years ago a large number of workmen notified their employers they would discontinue work unless a new wage scale was arranged and back pay given them at the new rate.

The town of Navestock, England, for centuries has awarded a side of bacon, at the annual village fete, to the local married couple who have gone without a family quarrel for 12 months.

Abundant fossil flora found in rock beds in North Dakota shows that what is now a treeless plain was once covered with splendid forests of hardwoods, interspersed with conifers. Numerous and thick beds of lignite make it clear that in this region there were great swamps at one time. Fig trees and a fan palm with leaves six feet across indicate that the climate was as warm or warmer than that now prevailing on the South Atlantic slope of the United States.

During the 19 months that we were at war, 91,000 persons were killed on our highways—almost twice the number of Americans killed in battle or who died of wounds.

An imperfect copy of the first edition of Robert Burns' "Poems," 1787, containing the three poems with his autograph, "On Scaring Waterfowl in Loch Twist," "Written at the Fall of Fyers," and "Written in the Hermitage at Taymouth," sold for more than $1,500. Seven hundred dollars was paid for the autograph song, "O Wat Ye Whas in Yon Town."

The average discharge of water of the Ohio River is about 300,000 cubic feet a second, the maximum flow approximately 1,500,000 cubic feet a second or 30 times the minimum flow.

Twenty women in 11 states have announced themselves candidates for the National House of Representatives. Four women in as many different states have become candidates for the Senate.

A moving pavement under the Paris boulevards may soon be installed. If the plan goes through, a circular moving subway will pass by the Palais Royal, the Bourse, the Opera and the Place de la Republique. Passengers can get off and on at any point on its route and by means of frequent staircases reach streets above. The traveling platform will consist of three bands moving at progressive speeds to enable passengers to step from one to another without danger of falling. Ten miles an hour would be the speed of the fastest band.

Raising and holding at arm's length a full-grown person sitting in a chair proves that Brigadier General Charles Granville Bruce is a man of remarkable strength. Bruce is the leader of this year's ascent of Mount Everest.

The United States alone imports 10 times more crude opium than Germany, France and Italy together. It is estimated there are 5,000,000 drug addicts in this country today.

The finest of the African game is fast disappearing and many valuable species are threatened with extinction. Only about 30 specimens of the white rhinoceros are left and they are badly scattered in Zululand. Only 1,000 of the beautiful nyala, or native antelope, are left and the mountain zebra are reduced to but 400. The laws are far from adequate and such as exist are generally disregarded.

Three million tons of potential fuel in the form of soot, escapes into the atmosphere of London annually. This represents a direct waste of approximately $25,000,000, according to official reports.

California produces 8,600,000 boxes of navel oranges a year. This huge industry sprang from one little slip budded to a navel orange from Brazil 51 years ago. The original orange tree is still standing in the greenhouse of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C.

Travel by air has now reached the same luxurious standards as travel by land. Danger from fire and engine trouble has been reduced to a minimum by new inventions. One can travel through the air at a speed of 125 miles an hour with less discomfort than is experienced on trains. Hospital airplanes with operating rooms fully equipped are a practical reality. Stabilizing appliances permit the surgeon to operate while the machine is flying through space.

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CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Crime and the Failure of the American Bar

In Which Is Discussed the Menace That Crooked Lawyers Have Brought; American Bar Association Condemns Many Lawyers as Criminals

By JOHN B. WALLACE

This article is in two parts, and the second will appear in the next issue.

THE United States is today being swamped by the greatest crime wave in its history. Contempt for law by a portion of our population is only equaled by the indifference of the remainder. The average citizen peruses the daily record of assaults, robberies and murders in his newspaper to exclaim: "It is terrible. Something ought to be done about it." But he, himself, does nothing. Occasionally, in some of the southern and western states, citizens take the law into their own hands, and organizations such as the Ku Klux Klan spring up. Most of these attempts are so interwoven with religious prejudice that their effect is nullified.

Crime and criminals we have always had. There are men and women whose diseased minds cause them to prey upon society. But criminals in the past to a large extent were isolated, their crimes sporadic. Today there is an interwoven fabric of crime covering the continent. Crime has become a business. Its tentacles reach into every stratum of society. Crime has taken a leaf from the book of big business. In fact, it is now itself big business.

Crime, which itself is defined as any violation of human or divine law, can be roughly divided into crimes against property and crimes against man. These can be subdivided into crimes of guile and crimes of violence. Crimes of guile are compassed through trickery; crimes of violence by the application of force. The first almost invariably leads to the second. A brainy crook will seldom resort to violence, but for the crook of low mentality it is the only recourse. The success of master crooks inspires the lower criminals to emulation in the only manner of which they are capable.

High Finance and Crime

WHENEVER there is an era of what might be called "high-class" crime, sometimes sugar-coated by the term "high finance," by means of which crooks, whether in the guise of promoters, financiers or captains of industry, rob the public of its savings, it is followed by a wave of violent crimes.

The center of crime is, today, as it has always been, in the larger cities. In these congested centers of population, where no one knows his neighbor's business, the criminal can work to better advantage than in the country or smaller towns where all eyes are focused upon him. In the cities, criminals of all degrees have gravitated into organizations which have their ramifications extending into the very citadels of the officers whom society has chosen to defend it. It is this discovery by criminals of the value of organization together with the laxity and indifference of the general public that causes the "crime wave" of today to be of such potential menace to the nation.

From New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Seattle, New Orleans, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Kansas City and many other cities these rings of arch criminals radiate out to the surrounding country. Here we have rings of automobile thieves, bank robbers, bootleggers, white slavers, dope peddlers, burglars, bunco men, blackmailers and even murderers.

These rings, through liberal use of money and political influence, have corrupted members of the state, county and city police forces, have purchased the bar and often reached the bench itself until honest officials who really wish the law enforced find themselves helpless, their hands virtually tied. Thus the public is left defenseless, at the mercy of the enemies to society. The press, which should sound the alarm and awaken the lethargic public to its danger, usually expends its energies exploiting the results but ignoring the basic causes.

There is a remedy for this menacing state of affairs. It is an obvious remedy, and a simple one. If the members of the legal profession, if 50 per cent only of the members of the bar would forget their private interests and *devote themselves unreservedly to the public welfare,* the crime wave could be wiped out in six months and future crime reduced to a minimum.

Lawyers, Defend Yourselves

THE truth is that the bar upon which the public depends for the proper administration of justice and protection from those who flout the law is no longer either efficient or honest. Graft, mental and moral corruption, the greed for money and notoriety and the "Let George do it" spirit have brought it to a point where instead of acting as a crime deterrent it functions largely as a crime inciter.

Crime is not only defined as a violation of Divine or human laws but it is also defined as an omission of a duty commanded. It is the sworn duty of every lawyer to uphold the law. Failure to do so classes him with the criminals.

A few honest and courageous individuals in the legal ranks are battling bravely to overcome this inertia, this inefficiency, this disregarding of professional ethics and ideals, and downright dishonesty swamping their profession.

That the leaders of the bar have begun to realize this condition themselves is evidenced by the investigation now being conducted by the American Bar Association.

The report of the committee which is looking into the causes leading to the present crime wave gives five probable causes, three of which reflect directly upon the bar itself.

This committee consists of such eminent members of the profession as W. B. Swaney, of Chattanooga, Tennessee; Charles S. Whitman, former governor of New York; Judge Marcus A. Kavanaugh, of Chicago; Charles W. Farnham, of St. Paul and Wade H. Ellis, of Washington, D. C.

The five probable causes for the crime wave, which the committee discovered after taking testimony in the principal cities of the country, are as follows:

"First, that the crime wave is a natural outgrowth of the World War.

"Second, that the crime wave instead of being an outgrowth of the war is merely one of the causes that lead to the war and which is continuing in aggravated form since the war has ended.

"Third, a growing belief on the part of the masses throughout the country that the courts are only for the rich and that they deny justice to the poor with a resulting tendency on the part of the poor to take the law into their own hands.

"Fourth, that the trouble is largely WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE BAR THEMSELVES. Many men practicing law today (the committee has been told) ought to be in jail.

"Fifth, that conviction for crime in the courts is becoming increasingly difficult and that the criminal once convicted is not punished sufficiently to deter others from repeating his offense."

That the trouble may lie in all five is true, but for this article the first two causes may be dismissed. They were largely psychological. A few weak minds may have been influenced by war-induced hysteria and a sense of the injustice of the scheme of things to turn against their fellow men but it is difficult to convince a reasoning mind that the great mass of the men who went abroad to give their lives if necessary would so quickly reverse their convictions. Our excuse for going into the war was to preserve democracy and democracy does not mean anarchy and crime.

The High Cost of Justice

THE third cause given "that the courts are for the rich and deny justice to the poor" is not a new complaint. Here the trouble is not with the law itself which, in theory, places all upon the same plane, but with its practical administration.

Daily in every court is witnessed the man with money and influence escaping the penalty of his misdeeds whether on a murder charge or an arrest for speeding. Minor offenses, it is true, furnish a better example of this than graver charges where public attention is focused and the force of public opinion felt. In any case, the poor man without money to hire competent lawyers and without influential friends is handicapped. Except in cities where the office of public defender has been established he is forced to depend upon fledgling attorneys or those who, because of the small fee allowed by the court, devote not more than perfunctory attention to his case.

But it is not so much the system of determining the guilt or innocence of the accused, nor its administration, that is at fault. Despite its defects there are surprisingly few innocent persons convicted, whether rich or poor. It is conservatively estimated that for every innocent person wrongly convicted a thousand guilty ones escape. It is in the degree of the punishment wherein lies the injustice as between rich and poor.

Immediately upon conviction of a wealthy man, or one with political influence, the machinery is set in motion to obtain a pardon or a mitigation of sentence. The poor man stays in prison, forgotten by all except perhaps his immediate family. The penalty of poverty is also felt in the administration of the alternative of fine or imprisonment. The rich man pays his fine without suffering even temporary inconvenience. The poor man pays his debt to society with his body, by the sacrifice of his liberty.

The fourth reason given for the crime wave places the blame for it squarely on the shoulders of the bar itself. It should rest not only on those crooked members specified but also upon the other members whose lack of initiative and moral courage allows such conditions to exist.

Occasionally there is a lawyer who dares to speak out. Thomas Lee Woolwine is district attorney for Los Angeles County, which embraces a population of more than a million people and Mr. Woolwine is in a position to know whereof he speaks.

In a statement to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, Mr. Woolwine says:

"I am convinced after many years of experience that I am justified in the assertion that fully 75 per cent of the attorneys who make it their business to defend persons charged with crime are suborners of perjury and should be in the penitentiary themselves.

"There is no single force in the United States today that so menaces the lives and property of the people of this country as these crooked criminal lawyers. The stock in trade of these vultures is to suborn perjury by the wholesale, to terrify witnesses and by every villainous trick and device to discredit, if possible, the prosecution. As if this were not enough they glory in cheap tricks to create 'atmosphere' by all kinds of false pretenses and baseless arguments and motions. They do not hesitate to corrupt and terrify witnesses and in many instances to drive them from the jurisdiction of the courts of the state. In my own experience it has often been necessary to have armed guards accompany the witnesses for the people, to protect them night and day from the machinations of these scoundrels.

Sentimentalizing Over Criminals

"ALSO among the worst enemies of the people in the orderly administration of the criminal law is the lying, unscrupulous press.

"During the progress of the prosecution of notorious cases the representatives of these evil institutions are busy molding public sentiment to the belief that assassins and murderers are being terribly oppressed and, in fact, are heroes and heroines of the most admirable type. Long, slushy, oozing sob stories by sentimental misguided females envelope these criminals in an atmosphere of false romance and maudlin pity. These stories aided by ingenious innuendo deify the murderer and blacken the memory of the murdered dead."

This attitude of the bar, aided by the yellow press, the stage and the motion pictures, as Mr. Woolwine points out, has created a false sentimentality among the general public that handicaps and almost nullifies the efforts of those public officials who are conscientiously attempting to protect society from its enemies.

A few years ago novelists and playwrights, by harping upon certain undoubted abuses of their position by public prosecutors and police officers, were greatly instrumental in forming a prejudice in the public mind against officers of the law. This prejudice has never entirely died out and recently it has been awakened and fanned into flame by clever, unscrupulous lawyers, by the yellow press and by the motion pictures. A large alien element in our population, an element that is quick to cash in on sickly sentiment that disguises the acquisition of dirty dollars, is also a contributing factor.

There has been a great deal of mystery hedged about the law. The average citizen is prone to regard it as an intricate affair, something standing aloof and apart from him. Lawyers have done much to encourage this idea as it trebles their importance and enables them to collect fees not commensurate with the value of their services.

Yet law is or should be one of the simplest things in our daily experience. Law in its general sense is nothing but a rule of conduct. A few persons living off by themselves can get along without any laws except perhaps certain oral agreements. A person living entirely apart from his kind needs no law whatever. But as the size of a community increases, rules of conduct are necessary until, in the present complex stage of our civilization with nearly one-half of our population crowded into cities, so many rules or laws are required that one-tenth of the citizens are utilized to draw up, interpret and enforce the legislation laid down for our guidance.

The Producers of Law

THE politicians who make our laws, the lawyers who interpret them, and the peace officers who enforce them are fundamentally a parasitic class as they contribute nothing in an economic sense to society. Yet they constitute a vital part of our social structure. They might be said to be inflicted upon humanity because of its sins. With the Golden Rule followed to the letter, the necessity for lawyers and peace officers would vanish and with them would go the parasite of parasites, the professional politician.

The function of the law to society is as oil and grease are to machinery. It is supposed to lubricate the wheels of our social organization so that it will run smoothly with a minimum of friction. The law should adjust minor inequalities of temper and temperament, compromise in the clash of conflicting interests, bring order out of disorder through the strict application of the principle of justice; a most important function, one of inestimable service to humanity if the bench and bar had kept the faith. That it has failed and failed lamentably is shown by the condition of society today.

Instead of greasing the machinery of society the bar seemingly has delighted in throwing sand into its gears. Instead of compromising and reconciling, it has aggravated and irritated. In unholy alliance with the professional politician it has added to the rules of social conduct until by their very multiplicity they are practically nullified.

New Orleans Founded by Gallant Canadian

Son of French Innkeeper Who Emigrated Was Ever City's Champion

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

JEAN BAPTISTE LE MOYNE, Sieur de Bienville, who was in 1718 to lay the foundations of the city of New Orleans, and who for a quarter of a century thereafter, through adversity and the relatively infrequent periods of prosperity, was to be its builder and champion, was born February 23, 1680, at Ville Marie, now Montreal, Canada.

His father, Charles Le Moyne, was the son of a Dieppe innkeeper who had emigrated to New France at the age of 15 and had rapidly won for himself a name throughout the colony, not only as an Indian fighter, but more particularly as a negotiator of treaties with them. So great had been the services of Charles Le Moyne to the colony and to the king that he had been granted an estate and the distinction of a title of nobility as the Sieur de Longueuil — which was confirmed by the English conquerors after 1763 and has been borne by his descendants to the present day.

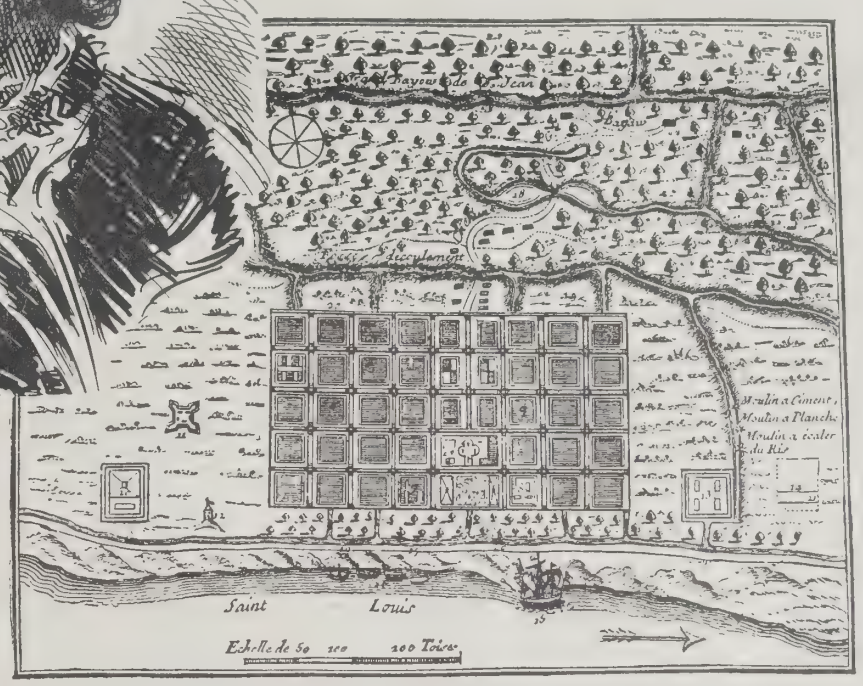


THE SIEUR DE BIENVILLE

To Charles Le Moyne and Catherine Primot, to whom he had been married in 1654, there were born two daughters and 12 sons, to each of the latter of whom was given at birth a surname as a mark of distinction. It is perhaps safe to say that not since then has Canada produced a family more uniformly imbued with the qualities of greatness. Of the 12 sons, three met early deaths in the wars with the Iroquois or the English, but not before they had shown themselves worthy members of this heroic family. The most famous was undoubtedly Pierre, surnamed d'Iberville, the third son, who, before his death from yellow fever at Havana in the prime of his life, had fought the great enemy of France, England, victoriously from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, thereby adding many of the most glorious pages to the history of France in the New World, and staking out for France an empire greater even than the dreams of her indolent kings had she but the will and the vision to retain it.

Jean Baptiste was the twelfth child. He was the second son to bear the surname, Bienville, the fifth son, Francoise de Bienville, having come to his death at the hands of the Iroquois. At the age of 16 the subject of this sketch first comes within the purview of history as a midshipman in the French navy, in which capacity he gained his first experience during the campaign in Newfoundland in the winter of 1696-7 when Iberville practically drove the English from the island. Late in the following autumn he was with Iberville on Hudson Bay when the latter, after the ships of his squadron had been dispersed by a fierce storm introducing an early winter, found himself with the guns of Fort Nelson before him and three British vessels, carrying a total of 114 guns and 350 men, approaching down the bay under full sail, against which he had but one ship carrying 50 guns and 150 men. It was a situation to daunt the staunchest heart, but it was the ability of the Le Moynes to rise superior to just such situations as this that had rendered their name a terror to the enemies of France, an emblem of pride to the inhabitants of New France and an increasing object of respect at the court of Versailles.

Stationing Bienville on the upper tier, Iberville took his position near the pilot where his commanding figure and mane of blond hair soon attracted the attention of the English who now had good reason to hope that at last this inveterate enemy of their race was at their mercy. But the odds only made Iberville more determined to win. Striving to keep the enemy apart and to fight each one separately, so able was his seamanship and so inspiring to his men were his courage and audacity that, in the short and sharp engagement which followed, one English ship was sunk with all hands, one was captured and the other compelled to take refuge in flight. Iberville's vessel was too badly battered to pursue. But now that he had conquered his human enemies, nature again took a hand, and a terrific storm, attended by a blizzard, set in which drove the remaining battered hulks aground on a sandbar. Iberville realized that the storm would very soon complete the destruction begun by the cannon fire of the enemy. As most of the boats had been shot away, he set all hands to work making rafts of the wreckage upon which to transport the wounded and some few effects to the shore which lay a few miles beyond. Swimming and wading, the dauntless crew succeeded in reaching land well-nigh exhausted after their twelve-hour battle with the enemy and the elements. They had no food, but had saved their arms and ammunition. Snow covered the ground to a considerable depth; and it was exceedingly cold. Without ships in which to depart, and stranded upon a hostile shore within two leagues of their enemies' stronghold, their condition had not been greatly bettered; but with characteristic audacity Iberville resolved to capture Fort Nelson, and sent a demand to the governor which was, of course, refused. Just at this juncture, however, the rest of Iberville's squadron, that had been dispersed by the first storm, appeared, and after a short resistance the fort capitulated.



Plan of New Orleans made by Le Blond de la Tour and Pauger (1718-1720).

The Treaty of Ryswick, signed even while Englishmen and Frenchmen were battling in Hudson Bay, released the energies of both France and England for the extension of their boundaries in the New World. At this time the English occupied a narrow strip along the Atlantic seaboard. The French, following the fur trade, had continued along the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes and had passed from thence to the Mississippi which La Salle had descended to its mouth in 1684. The Spaniards held all Mexico which included much more than its present territory, and had also gained a foothold in Florida at Pensacola. But so far no one had reached the mouth of the Mississippi by ship. Iberville dreamed of annexing the vast interior of the continent to the crown of France through the control of this great waterway. For this purpose it was necessary to locate its outlet and to confirm the claim established by La Salle, who had subsequently perished on the Texas plains after a fruitless effort to locate the mouth of his river from the sea. And no time must be lost, as the English also had their eyes turned in the same direction.

On his return to France, after the victorious expedition in Hudson Bay, Iberville was successful in inducing Pontchartrain, the minister of marine, to supply him with ships for a voyage to the Gulf of Mexico.

After some difficulty, the mouth of the Mississippi was located March 2, 1699, but no suitable site for the establishment of a colony was discovered on its banks for a considerable distance inland as the low-lying country through which it ran was subject to periodical inundation, and consequently Iberville chose a bay in the gulf some 60 miles to the eastward, named after the Indians found there, Biloxi. Later on another settlement was established at Mobile, which became the capital—such as it was—of Louisiana until it was removed some years later to New Orleans.



Ruins of the home of the Le Moynes at Longueuil, Quebec, which was finished in 1690.

Iberville died in 1706, the intervening years having been spent in bringing out colonists and supplies to his infant colony, in spurring up the flagging enthusiasm of the French court for a colonial enterprise that required so much outlay without any immediate promise of return, and also in stimulating the courage of settlers subjected to frequently recurring periods of famine and ravaged at all times by the incursions of tropical epidemics. During the first two years the colony had been under the charge of the Sieur de Sauvole, but after his death the command fell upon the shoulders of Bienville, just 21 years of age. Bienville seemed to have inherited the faculty possessed by his father of establishing friendly relations with the Indians. He had great facility in acquiring their dialects and so understood their nature and characteristics that he was able to gain great ascendancy over them.

The Continental War which broke out in 1703 once more diverted the fickle attention of the French court from projects of colonization; and had it not been for the determination and resource of the Le Moynes—Bienville and Iberville, until the latter's death, and two others who followed later, Joseph, de Sierigny and Antoine, de Chateauguay — the colony would have dwindled and died. As it was, the settlements numbered but 400 persons when Louisiana was handed over in 1712, according to universal colonial policy of the times, to a rich merchant of Paris, Sieur Antoine de Crozat, to whom was given a monopoly of trade for 15 years. Apparently the impression still prevailed that the New World was a vast mine of gold, silver and pearls which could be picked up without labor. Its wealth was in the ground, however, but before it would yield a return it must be cultivated. For this agriculturists were needed, but the imagination of princely speculators flew too high ever to come down to such prosaic measures as agriculture. In 1718 the first structures were erected on the site of the present city of New Orleans, named so in honor of the regent.

During the next few years the forest was cleared, streets were marked out and public buildings erected under the guiding hand of the Chevalier le Blond de la Tour, the engineer-in-chief to the colony, and his assistant, Pauger. Settlers poured into the country. During the month of August, 1718, alone, 800 persons arrived at Mobile and New Orleans. In 1722 the seat of government was transferred to New Orleans, thus bringing nearer the realization of Bienville's dream that his city should one day become the capital city of the Mississippi Valley.

Meanwhile, Bienville had been giving the best that was in him to the interests of the colony. But as population increased the need for governmental machinery of a more complicated nature arose and Bienville was compelled to share his authority with a succession of officials sent out from France. He was not always successful in maintaining amicable relations with these imported officials. They complained that the Le Moynes constituted a sort of family compact. Undoubtedly the Canadians were aggressive and direct and averse to sharing their responsibility. That they were using their position to advance their own personal fortunes, as charged, was not proved, but on the contrary the very existence of the colony had more than once depended upon personal loans made by the Le Moynes. At any rate, the newcomers had the ear of the authorities at home and in 1724 Bienville was recalled; he was deprived of his rank and his property was confiscated.

Once more does the gentle, kindly but firm figure of Bienville emerge from the obscurity of the oblivion to which he had retired in Paris. England had gradually forced France from North America. The Treaty of Paris in 1763 ceded all the territory of France in America to England, save Louisiana, which by a secret clause of the treaty was transferred to Spain. It was not until the next year that the people of Louisiana became aware that they had been handed over like so many chattels to the despised Spaniard—who had not even fought for his prize. Consternation mingled with indignation reigned in New Orleans.

Bienville, now in his eighty-sixth year, was besought to plead on behalf of the people who had come to know him as the "father of Louisiana"; but the effort was in vain. The exigencies of European politics were more important than the wishes of a few thousand devoted subjects. Bienville died in 1768; but of his tomb there is no record.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 40, July 29, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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3. Write clearly.

Alien Bloc Still Busy

THE attempt of the alien bloc to break down the all too few American immigration restriction laws has not stopped. The method merely has been changed.

For years the favorite method of fighting proper immigration safeguards was a resort to tearful pleas on behalf of the "oppressed and persecuted of foreign lands." Uncle Sam, being a person of large sympathy and ready trust, was long looked upon as an easy victim for this cajolery. But a number of things have happened during the last few years which have taught the United States that its sympathy has not always been well placed, and its trust has sometimes been abused.

The passage of the three-per-cent law, restricting alien immigration, brought loud wails on behalf of the "persecuted of other lands." But for the first time in American history, it failed of its effect, and Congress this year strengthened instead of weakened the law.

Whereupon, the alien bloc promptly abandoned its sentimentalist attitude, and sought a new weapon of offense. That weapon, the existence of which is just becoming widely apparent, is a more insidiously dangerous one than the worn-out wail of former years.

To wield this weapon, the alien bloc has ready at hand New York newspapers, always pliant, and chain-newspapers and magazines which cater to group disaffections, and anti-American propaganda.

Neither tears nor reasons enter into the propaganda of these interests for opening wide again the doors of the country to hordes of alien undesirables. The tears have been found ineffectual; the reasoning does not exist. The editors and writers of these pro-alien publications instead have adopted the expedient of *assuming that the mistake of enacting immigration laws has already has been proved,* and the only thing to do now is to hurry and repeal them.

"The immigration restriction laws, which, it is conceded, have gone too far—," reads a typical expression in this latest type of propaganda.

The only person who has done the conceding in the particular example cited is the particular editor who has done the writing, and who feels permitted to set forth his momentary policy, in terms of axioms.

The theory behind this propaganda is that children, if caught early enough, may be convinced that two and two make three—provided that the statement is pounded into their memory sufficiently often, and also provided that no concrete examples are set before their eyes to controvert the statement.

Authors of this type of propaganda feel—and perhaps they are right—that those who read *their* assertions are incapable of reasoning, and so with commendable charity, they furnish the conclusion, ready-made, with no bothersome logic attached.

Ridiculous as this alien propaganda may seem, there is no denying its powerful effect. It behooves persons concerned with the continued protection of the American standards, to be on the alert.

The Worm That Turned

OUT from the sweatshops of New York's East Side have come the vast majority of the soap-box orators who have gone up and down the country during recent years. Harsh, rasping voices, speaking in broken English, have uttered the most vehement denunciations of American industry as "wage slavery," and have coupled with these denunciations veiled attacks on American Government. It was this class that swarmed into Russia with Trotsky and forcibly prevented the formation of a government modeled after our Republic.

"Down with the capitalist," was the burden of their shout.

Now comes the news of the capitalistic enterprise of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America in Russia. They have organized the Russian-American Industrial Corporation, capital, one million dollars, to operate nine clothing factories which represent concessions from the Soviet government.

This grant to the labor union of the big Russian concession is no surprise to persons acquainted with the close relationship of blood and sympathies between the East Side garment workers and the individuals who hold the reins of rule in Russia.

The concession costs the Soviet nothing to give. The factories, built by individual capital during the Czaristic period, were to be had for the taking. For the alien-born garment workers who invest in the corporation, there are bright prospects for financial success. They are to receive for nothing factories worth $5,000,000. Stripped of the original capital costs, the money they raise will be necessary only for operating costs.

Viewed calmly from the financial end, it would look as if the garment workers have good chances of success. There is one thing only that worries them. They are concerned over the Russian labor problem. Whether they will be able to obtain Russian labor on the same sweatshop terms as they operate in New York is not such an easily determined problem as would be imagined.

However that may be, they will have to enact a rôle in Russia contrary to the vociferously enunciated principles in this country. They will be capitalists, "wringing their profits out of the labor of other human beings." But in view of the fact that the persons forced to do the labor in Russia now are not racially akin to the New York garment workers of today, perhaps the latter will be able to bear up despite the opprobrious title of capitalists.

But There Was No Panic

ONE of the tragedies of the Federal Reserve Board's deflation activities which cannot be estimated is revealed in the current statement of one of the largest mutual life insurance companies in the United States. The message is congratulatory, and shows a degree of growth that is pleasing to those who have been able to keep up their assessments, which are moderate. The tragedy is read between the lines, in that part of the statement dealing with lapses:

> "There has been a decided reduction in the high lapse ratio of recent months due to financial depression."

Life insurance is something no man will give up willingly. It is the protection of his dependents in case of his death, and often the only saving the wage earner has been able to set aside. It is not among the well-to-do these lapses have occurred, but among those thrown out of employment by the suspension of industry; among the elders who have for years been putting aside their little surplus, only to lose all because income was reduced so much that premiums could not be spared. There is not a community in the country which has not shared this loss; not a home in the land that has not felt the burden; not a family which is not a loser, save those who live by usury.

How much of mental suffering, to say nothing of physical want, has resulted from the calamity of the past two years no one may compute. But "there was no panic," and the profits of the Federal Reserve System piled up as never before.

Taking It Out of Wages

THE rights and wrongs of the railroad situation, whatever they may be, will all be tested sooner or later by this truth: *Competent management never draws its operating capital out of the pay-envelopes of its employes.* The very cheapest way and the most stupid way to make both ends meet is to cut wages. There is something so supremely futile about it that it is no wonder the railroad managers got the government to make it appear official by having a government department approve the cut. It was as unjust to the government as it was to the men and to railroading as a service. Railroading *as a service* would never have needed to cut wages. Railroading *as a service* would have been able to raise wages and reduce freight rates. It is not *railroading* that is responsible for what has been done; banker-management and stock-jobbing and wholesale dividend-driving are responsible. The strike that should have occurred long ago was the strike of real railroad managers against using railroad properties as the roulette wheels of the stock market. Such a strike would have prevented what has occurred the last 10 years, and would have saved our railroads. As it is now, they have lost their chance. Railroads now are not good enough even for Wall Street to take a chance on. Wall Street values the "movies" at a higher rate.

For the sake of the day's business, the strike ought to be settled now. For the sake of next winter's coal for the people, the strike ought to be settled now. But in the wider problem involved the strike means nothing and will settle nothing. Stronger forces than a strike are at work to abolish the basic irritant of the entire situation.

Meyer, Successor to Warburg

AT THIS writing "feelers" are appearing throughout the American press which indicate that Eugene Meyer, Jr., may be chosen to head the Federal Reserve Board. It is privately stated in Washington that President Harding will not reappoint W. P. G. Harding.

Eugene Meyer, Jr., is a member of District XII, the ruling group of the American Jewish Committee. This means that he is a member of the highest cabinet of the Jewish nation. He received his financial training in Europe, presumably in the international offices of his people. It is therefore fitting that he should be made ruler over the Federal Reserve Board, an institution which was shaped by Paul Warburg and in which Bernard M. Baruch exercised such great influence during the war.

There are apparently no financiers of Anglo-Saxon heritage who are capable of taking this place. With the Administration being advised on "publicity" matters by Mr. Lasker, another member of the American Jewish Committee, it might just as well be advised on financial matters by Mr. Meyer. Mr. Meyer's advice has been received, whether sought or not, at the White House of late. His most recent advice was a favorable report on the Grain Growers' Association, which is Barney Baruch's pet organization just now.

The underground publicity in Mr. Meyer's behalf has been most adroit. At first he was mentioned for Secretary of the Treasury. Even men not easily alarmed raised their eyebrows at this. Now the governorship of the Federal Reserve Board is mentioned as an alternative.

We should say, offhand, that it is too close a connection between the American Jewish Committee and the Government's chief financial instrument. We should say that the descent, from Warburg, through Baruch, to Meyer, is much too direct.

Savings Depositors

SPEAKING before a meeting of Colorado bankers recently, John H. Puelicher, a vice-president of the American Bankers' Association, complained of the small number of savings accounts in the United States compared with European countries. For instance, he indicated Switzerland, where he says 550 of every 1,000 are depositors, while in this country there are but 99.

Calling attention to the increase in farm tenancy in the last decade, the speaker made the point that indications were that bankers had a problem they must reckon with. Stability depends on home ownership and home ownership depends on general savings and gradual purchase, was the burden of the argument.

There are several reasons for the apparent lack of savings deposits in this country, aside from the American mode of life, which alone would account for some difference.

The chief factor is the administration of the country's finances by the authorities whom bankers as a class support. The years of 1920-1921 deprived millions of farmers and wage earners of the opportunity of earning a living, say nothing of laying aside anything for the future.

The spirit of American thrift is to make more money than will accrue from savings deposits in banks and the people are realizing that more can be had than banks will pay. This is true not only of sound investment. The glittering promises of self-evident frauds find victims eager to get rich quick.

The figures quoted are misleading since the census returns give us only bank depositors while in this country loan association competition is so keen it is a wonder banks can secure patrons at the low interest they pay. These competitors have so perfected their methods, too, that the convenience of withdrawal is precisely the same as the banks afford.

The banks themselves discredit the savings department by selling securities carrying an income return much larger. There is no occasion for the man who can spare a part of his income to accept a mere three or four per cent from a savings bank. He can purchase good securities which return 7 to 100 per cent better returns and are sound. Even higher rates can be had for money that can be hoarded for a long term.

There is another factor in the situation which promises an early appearance in the banking field, and one which present institutions will do well to give earnest thought. Co-operative banking is bound to revolutionize the present system, and the bank which first recognizes the fact and inaugurates a plan for dividing its profits with those who furnish the working capital—the savings depositors—will have a long start ahead of their rivals.

Mr. Ford's Page

IF IT IS difficult or impossible to learn during school hours what is wrong with our educational methods (and the educators are loudest in saying that much is wrong), it may be possible to learn during vacation time. What is concealed under school routine may be revealed in vacation freedom. The benefit of school discipline, if any, ought to be apparent when opportunity comes to use it.

The first thing that school vacations impress upon us is the helpless condition in which the schools leave most boys. They have learned nothing that they are eager to practice; they have studied nothing that they are eager to test. So far as their own feeling goes, there is a gulf between the interests of the classroom and the interests of the world at large. To the eyes of the boy, the school and the world are not engaged in the same things at all. His experience has not given him any practical hand-hold on the life that swirls about him. As a consequence, the vacation period is not nearly so pleasant for the boy as older folks think it is. It throws him out of the routine that exercised authority over him; it does not throw him into anything else but idleness. He is largely left to his own devices. He tries to "play," but it is harder for a boy to "play" in this mechanical age than it ever was before. After his temporary gladness because of his release from school, vacation becomes really a problem for the boy of energy.

Sometimes he tries to work, to get a job somewhere, but there are not many jobs for boys who can stay only two months: and so we learn another thing from vacations, namely, we have no place for our boys. We have not taken them into consideration. We have rid ourselves of them by placing them in school, that is, by placing them in the atmosphere and under the control of the most unpractical element of our population; and then we have forgotten them.

Time was when there was a place for the boy: he was his father's successor and it was never too early to begin to learn. The economic conditions of fathers were such that they could have their sons with them, learning and helping and growing up into the real life of their times. From generation to generation there was a bond of work as well as domestic ties running along in all families. Farming communities were like clans. In the towns it was common to see business signs like these: "John MacDonald and Sons," and then later, "MacDonald Brothers," and still later, "MacDonald Brothers and Sons." On the doctor's signs there were often two names: "Thomas Higgins Smith, M. D. & Dr. T. H. Smith, Jr." Families clung together because they had been brought up together and learned to work together. If a man had a farm, his boy was with him there. If he had a store, there was a place for his boy. If he was contractor in a small way, there was always something for his boy to do.

This has largely passed. Men go to their work in the morning; it is not their own place where they are free to have their boys; at night they are tired, or at least have little surplus enthusiasm for a boy-raising job. And so the head of the house goes one way, and the boys of the house their other ways. Less and less do boys follow the trade of their fathers. Boys formerly boasted that when they grew up they were going to be what their fathers were. That was when boys knew something about what their fathers did. But now they don't know. In many cases fathers don't want their boys to follow them in trades or business; in many cases boys think that progress consists in substituting white collars for their fathers' shop overalls. However it may be accounted for, there is the condition: *there is little place for the boy at the really formative period of his life.*

> *"THE dangerous age" for a boy is that period when the school is through with him, having told him everything but how to get a start in life, and practical life looks at him askance. The truth is, we have left no place for the boy. We have refused to give him a hand-hold on life at a time when his development urges him to get that hand-hold. We have forced him to pursue a course which if it does not unfit him for his part, at least does not fit him for it. The result is that, to many, study becomes abhorrent in youth, and work becomes abhorrent in maturity. Instincts thwarted at both periods become obstructions all the way through. Freedom is an essential element in life; freedom with discipline is consistent; freedom with repression is not.*

The school, of course, would fit triumphantly into this period if it were more of a character-training institution. There were a lot of educational fads we did *not* learn in the old McGuffey days, and there were a lot of facts that were *not* stuffed into our heads, but there was one thing we did learn and it was this: there is such a thing as *character*. As you turn over the school readers of the day, that note is lacking. They seem afraid of it. Our education has become morally colorless. The moral element has been smothered. This fact, of course, is the last indictment against the common run of schools. If the schools only turned out boys and girls, young men and women, strongly equipped with at least a sense of the ideals of *character*, all the rest could easily be cared for.

It is a lamentable fact that what the authorities call the "criminality" of the young begins at the period we are discussing. "Criminality" is too strong a word. A profession has grown up in this country whose sole business is to fasten "criminality" on everybody. It is a profession of exceedingly dangerous tendencies. It is always dangerous to make a profession dependent on the cataloging of defects: it usually winds up with a mass of imaginary defects charged up to men. Most of the "criminality" of boys could be more accurately termed "mischief," and appended thereto should be the note —"caused by neglect."

"Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do"—that is the explanation. Modern educators would doubtless object to the form of the statement, and in doing so would throw the whole truth overboard. But the truth is there. And if the world is fortunate, it will learn how to act upon this truth before long.

We may have to revise the notion that boys must go to school and do nothing else during the first conscious 15 or 20 years of their lives. The better way would be to have education free for the individual when he wants it. Many boys don't want it at 15, but keenly desire it at 30. We talk about education making a boy appreciate life; well, it works the other way too—life makes many a boy appreciate education. It may be that those years when the parental and civil authorities are absorbed in holding the boy at school, and while he is just as greatly absorbed in trying to get away, are the very years when it will be found better to let the boy follow his bent or judgment, even though it may be mistaken, relying on the fact that there is more educational value in a boy's discovery of his own faults of judgment than there ever can be in his constant doubt of his elders' judgment.

We may have to get entirely away from the notion that education consists only in book-work. We may even have to get away from the modern manual-training idea which has so much of the artificial about it. We may have to make a place for our boys in the industrial world—not an amateur place, not a manual-play place, not a charitable place, but such a place as they are entitled to in their character as our heirs and successors. Instead of work being the badge of a boy's poverty or his lack of opportunity, it ought to be made one of the marks of his freedom and one of the instruments of his development.

Not only is education at a wrong angle, but so is industry. As boys, we don't like the school; as men, we sometimes don't like the shop. The school seems to cut us off from life as it is; and then the shop seems to cut us off from life as the school taught us to regard it. Necessity in both instances does what spontaneous desire ought to do. In both instances we have somehow lost connection with life as it is lived. To remedy this, to make work educational, and education workable, and to keep both an integral part of a unified life, is a challenge to every lover of right conditions for mankind.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.



One of several fords which add charm to drives through capital parks.

The Why of Washington Parks

Capital's Beauty the Result of Century's Planning

By GEORGE HENRY HEALD, M. D.

IF A city begins to take on lines of beauty, its shacks and slums giving way to substantial, artistic, well-ordered buildings, tidy streets and trim parks, harmonizing with one another and with the surroundings, it has not "just growed" like Topsy, neither has it developed through the activities of chronic faultfinders. Every improvement appeared first in the brain of some person who, viewing sordid streets, shoddy shops and shambling shanties, and visioning the possibilities of a charming parkway or other beauty creation, was able to make valuable constructive criticism, and to inspire others with the idea of civic betterment. Civic beauty develops first in someone's mind.

The splendid architectural and landscape effects of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in 1893, conceived and executed by a body of America's greatest architects and artists, was an object lesson which stimulated civic consciousness in many American cities, and set the pace for a more artistic type of city. Previous to that exposition, civic pride—as related to beauty and harmony—was not sufficiently developed to produce the best results.

Born in a wilderness, obliged to develop its civilization right from the raw material, its rugged people too busy with problems of self-defense and securing the necessities of life to think much of luxuries, this nation developed a habit of mind which valued utility more highly than beauty. For the first century it was much like a small boy who has not learned to take pride in his appearance. To him finally comes a day when he blacks his shoes with scrupulous care, combs his hair with a nicety never manifested before, and in other ways shows a growing interest in his appearance. Such a time came to many of the American cities after the Columbian Exposition.

The influence of this exposition became manifest in Washington at the time of the centennial anniversary of the founding of the city, when the sentiment for a more beautiful city began to crystallize. The matter was taken up by Congress, and a Senate Park Commission was appointed, consisting of the architects, Daniel H. Burnham and Charles F. McKim; the sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens; and the landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmstead. The first three and the father of the fourth had helped create the Great White City in Chicago. Their report, submitted to Congress in 1901 by Senator McMillan, has since been known as the McMillan Plan. These eminent men, after careful study of the development of civic art in European capitals, decided that the plan of Major Pierre L'Enfant, prepared under the direction of Washington and Jefferson, could not in its general outlines be improved. Following its essentials, the commission developed it in accord with the needs of a greater Washington; and so well did they do their work that in 20 years no important change has been made, and with one or two exceptions, now generally recognized as unfortunate and costly mistakes, civic improvements have all been made in accordance with the plan.

That the government might have a permanent advisory body, Congress in 1910 created the Commission of Fine Arts, to consist of experts serving without pay.

The McMillan Plan includes, in addition to the Mall system, with its buildings, memorials and monuments, still in a more or less undeveloped state, a complete system of outer parks and boulevards which, when completed, will have few if any rivals.

Beginning at the Capitol grounds, and extending westward to the Potomac, the Mall is a park two blocks wide and approximately two miles long, having the Capitol at the east, and the Lincoln Memorial at the west, and containing a number of government buildings, including the Smithsonian and the agricultural groups. At right angles to the Mall is a park with a north-and-south axis, a little more than one mile long, having at its north end the White House group of buildings, and to have at the southern extremity a group to commemorate the founders of the nation. The square formed by the intersection of these parks, known as the "Monument Grounds," has the Washington monument, in its simple grandeur a fit emblem of our first President. The two parks form a sort of Roman cross. The avenues joining the extremities of the cross inclose a kite-shaped tract, now occupied by business blocks, but destined some day to be acquired by the government and included in the great civic center.

Belting the city, a chain of parks with connecting boulevards is in process of development. Along the river front is the Potomac park, destined to be one of the city's important playgrounds. Then north through the center of the district, occupying the picturesque Rock Creek gorge, are the Zoological Park and the Rock Creek Park; and skirting the Anacostia River on the east are the Anacostia parks, still undeveloped. Here many acres of unsightly marsh are being reclaimed.

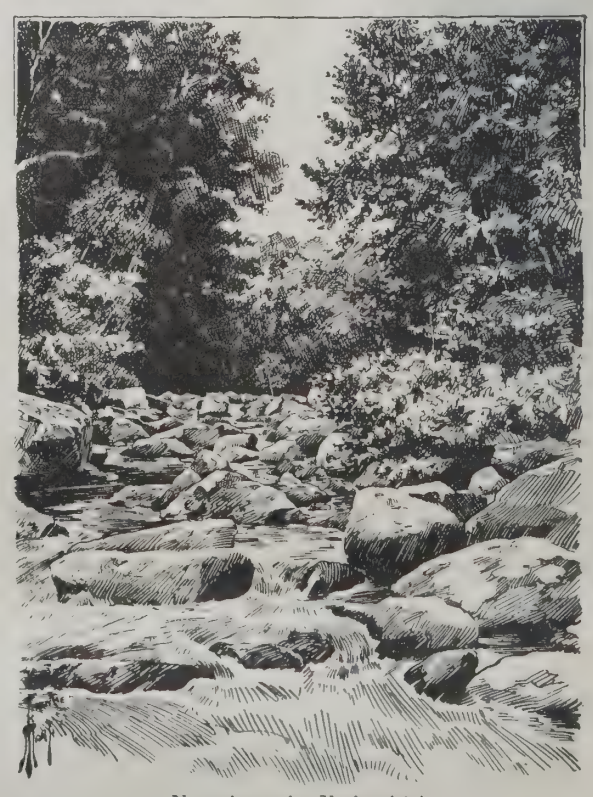
Among the Washington parks, Rock Creek Park and its continuation, the Zoological Park, easily take the precedence, both for size and for beauty and variety of scenery. As one rides down this gorge beside a stream foaming over large bowlders, it is hard to realize that just outside on either side is a busy city. It must be remembered that Rock Creek valley starts almost at the northern point of the District of Columbia and extends southward to the river. It is flanked on either side by city.

In the development the effort has been made to retain as far as possible the park's rugged beauty. Automobile roads, bridle paths, footpaths, footbridges and fords have been made with the slightest disturbance of natural conditions. Unfortunately, some failed to realize the historical and sentimental value of a number of old water mills that at one time furnished the flour for the capital. Of these mills, only one, the Pierce Mill, built in 1801, remains. It is now a refreshment house.

At the northern end of the park is another historic structure, the cabin that was once the dwelling of the poet, Joaquin Miller. The parks of the district if in one rectangular piece, a mile wide, would be six miles long; or if 300 feet wide, would be 100 miles long. The government owns the parks, the public reservations, and the sites occupied by buildings. Only those tracts reserved by the original owners are now owned by individuals. There is no parallel in any other American city.



Rock Creek Park where joy is unconfined.

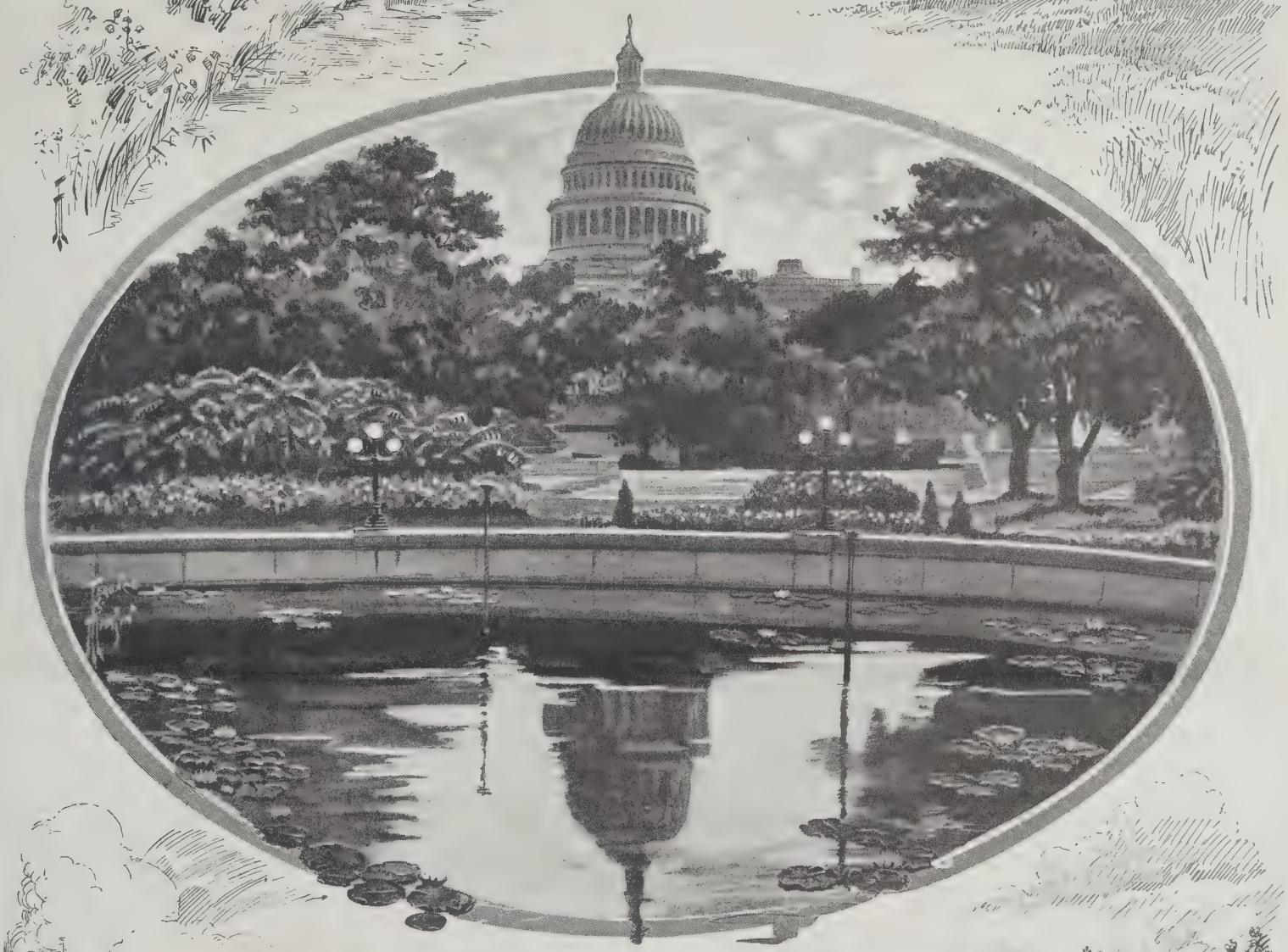


Name the creek. You're right!

Amid the Beauties of Rock Creek Park in the National Capital







One of the delights to visitors is the quaint bowlder bridge shown in the upper right-hand corner. Opposite is a cabin built by Joaquin Miller. The view in the center is the Capitol from the Botanical Gardens. In the lower left-hand corner is the old Pierce Mill, while in the lower right-hand corner is a picturesque rocky bluff.

Company Assessors Bring Light Coal Taxation

"Soft Jobs" Created for Public Officials Who Decide on Mine Values; Operators Deny Charge and Impartial Investigation Should Be Had

By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

This is the third of four articles on the anthracite situation.

MINERS who took part in the conferences with anthracite operators in New York to negotiate a new wage agreement asserted from time to time, without being able to produce statistical proof, that they are producing more coal per man now in the three great Pennsylvania hard coal fields than in prewar days. They say that is so in spite of alleged continued growth of what they call the family tree idea, under which nepotism—the employment of relatives—is said to be generally practiced.

According to the workers, costs are made to seem high in the figures put out by the operators, because of the prevalence of that practice, and others leading to the employment of more men than are actually necessary, generally in sinecures. As a rule, these time-servers are friends or relatives of superintendents and petty bosses. But it is also a widespread and undeniable practice in the coal fields to give easy jobs to public officeholders, particularly to the tax assessors.

For some years now a bitter political fight has been waged in Schuylkill County to bring about an increase of assessments on coal lands. The Schuylkill district is the largest of the three anthracite fields. Various efforts have been made to estimate the total amount of coal in its seams. Most experts are agreed that it is almost beyond computation. Yet assessments in that particular region are far below those applied in the Lehigh and Wyoming-Lackawanna districts. The reason for the low assessments becomes obvious when it is stated that the practice of hiring tax assessors is far more general in Schuylkill than in the other fields.

Statistics Puzzling

TO PROVE definitely, however, that pay rolls are padded would require an impartial investigation into mining. Operators naturally deny the charge. From time to time they have put out statements through their propaganda bureau designed to show a falling off in per capita production. But it is interesting to note that each such statement which has come to the attention of the writer is confined to a single mine, or group of mines. In such cases there is no additional information as to the conditions under which low production records are made.

Quite frequently the output of a mine will fall off because of purely local conditions. It may be one of the many "button strikes" by which the miners seek to keep the mine one hundred per cent unionized. It may be a sudden development of gas, entailing some change in the ventilation system. It may be a lack of cars. Sometimes a thick seam strikes a fault, and there is loss of time and production while new drifts are being cut to the new face of the coal seam. Or seams thin out to the point where miners working under contract are unable to earn enough to pay for their supplies. Operators seize on the final statistics of production in their effort to show that the miners are not doing as much work as in former years.

It happens, however, that in this instance, as in others, the operators have produced specific evidence which is of considerable interest, and which goes far toward proving the contention of the miners that per capita output has increased rather than diminished. Their evidence is taken as official. It is given to various statistical annuals, appearing in the *World Almanac*, among others. According to that source, the total production of anthracite coal in 1914 was 81,090,631 tons. It dropped to 79,459,876 tons in 1915 and to 78,195,083 tons in 1916, but in 1917, under the stimulus of the war demand, it climbed to the record-breaking figure of 88,939,117 tons. That record was almost equaled the succeeding year, 1918, when 88,237,575 tons was produced. In 1919 there was a slump; the same slump marked in all lines of industry after the winning of the war brought on a let-down of effort. The production fell to 78,501,931 tons, but in 1920 it got back to 80,032,175 tons.

Fewer Men, More Coal

NOW the value of all those figures lies in their relation to another set, the records of the number employed in anthracite mining. According to the *World Almanac*, the number varies. It was 180,000 in 1914, but by 1917 it had dwindled to 154,000. The *Almanac* does not give the number for each year. But the writer is in possession of a circular, dated Philadelphia, May 29, 1918, bearing the letterhead of the United States Fuel Administration, Anthracite Committee. Members of that committee, whose names appear in a corner of the circular, were Joseph B. Dickson, S. D. Warriner and W. J. Richards. The circular was addressed to the National Coal Association. After an introduction pointing out that the welfare of the American people and the nation's war requirements were involved in the distribution of anthracite, the circular continues:

"First, certain basic conditions must be correctly understood. They stand as stern facts. We are in war times. In consequence, anthracite and fuel of all kinds are in such demand as never before. There are new demands of imperative kind for anthracite. At the same time the war, directly through the army and in less direct but even larger ways, has drawn down the anthracite mine workers' army from 177,000 to now about 145,000 in number. There is going on a further reduction in the force which, already down to a point where it restricts the production of coal, is most threatening."

That was in 1918, in which year the miners made the second largest production record in anthracite history. At that time the shrinkage of labor in and about the mines was still going on. Statistics for the total number of men employed during 1919 are not available, but it is quite possible that with the lure of high wages, still in existence well into 1920, in some industries the drift away from the mines continued. Figures are not available for the number of men employed in 1920. But there are official estimates of the present number. Both operators and miners agree that the total is approximately 155,000. Samuel D. Warriner made that estimate last February. Yet with 25,000 fewer men than in 1914, the anthracite miners produced last year a total of 80,607,359.

Improved machinery had something to do with that increase of per capita production. Also, since 1914 the number of washeries has shown a marked increase, it is said. A washery is that branch of the industry that salvages coal thrown into the culm banks, in the early days of anthracite mining, as of no value. Washeries came into being with the introduction of pea coal as the "poor man's coal," as it was ten years before the operators got enough of a market to increase the price. Coal experts say that washery coal which has been exposed to the action of the elements for many years has less heating value than new coal. But the great evil of the washery is the extent to which it has led to the sale of slate and other non-combustible materials. Stories are told in the anthracite regions of washeries being established on dumps made within comparatively recent years, since the advent of modern machinery, for sorting out all the coal. Such dumps are considered so much waste material. But many of them are being washed to produce a small percentage of coal and a large percentage of dirt, for all of which the public pays. It would be wrong to say that the whole industry countenances such practices, but it cannot be denied that they exist.

The Casualties of Mining

AT THE wage conferences in New York both sides have presented masses of statistics. Operators produce figures from the company stores to show reductions in the cost of living. Miners have figures to show that there has been no reduction in some of the most populous mining districts. It is a fact that in March, when the rest of the country was suffering from a general business depression, conditions were almost booming in Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. By the same token prices there were as high as they had been in Philadelphia and New York back in 1920, for many commodities. But altogether apart from the question of those figures, the miners demanded an increase in wages on the ground that it is necessary to enable them to maintain an American standard of living.

One of the items that plays a tremendous part in the maintenance of such a standard is that of safety. Despite everything that has been done to protect the lives of workers—and much remains to be done—the hazards are still great. The miner is considered an extra hazard by the insurance companies, for good and sufficient reasons. Perhaps the best illustration of that reason is the evidence of the State Compensation Board of Pennsylvania. The Department of Labor and Industry has a complete system of accident reporting, but when its figures are used the operators say that every little scratch is listed, and that the figures have no value. That argument cannot be raised against the figures of the Compensation Board, which includes only the cases in which a man was killed, or so badly maimed as to be awarded compensation.

Those records show that every day the hard coal mines are operated, two men lose their lives. In the years from 1916 to 1921, inclusive, 3,785 miners were killed or died of injuries sustained at their work. In the same period mine workers lost 685 eyes, 58 arms, 154 hands, 89 legs, and 125 feet. The figures do not include cases still in controversy. They are only the cases for which payment has been or is being made by the operators. In view of those figures, the miner contends that he has a right to a saving wage, rather than a mere living wage. His argument is that since the risk is so great he should be paid enough to enable him to provide against the day when he may be brought home minus his sight, his arms, or his legs, or even killed. No one asserts that the compensation allowed by law is high enough really to compensate the widow and children or the maimed man for the loss of his productive capacity.

Yet with coal selling at approximately $8 a ton at the mines, operators demanded that the miner share virtually the whole brunt of the burden of reducing the price to the ultimate consumer. The miners want a 20 per cent increase for contract miners, and $1 a day for day men. Operators ask a 21 per cent decrease on the average, based on 18 per cent reduction of contract rates and reduction of the day scale from $4.20 to $3.00 a day. According to Mr. Warriner, about 100,000 men are listed as day men. The great majority of that number does not work underground. They are employed in the works above the surface. Contract miners, however, go down to the seams and take their own chances, some in mines 3,000 feet below the surface.

It is estimated that about 35,000 of the miners work under contract; in other words, by piece work. Perhaps 20,000 are "company miners" and are paid at the day rate. Some operators say they get $5.20 a day, but when he was talking of the so-called high wages, Mr. Warriner, spokesman for the operators, made no such claim. In the Lehigh and Wyoming-Lackawanna districts seams lie flat, and contract miners are paid by the carload of coal. In the Schuylkill district most of the seams pitch, and in most cases the piece rate pay is calculated on the running yard of coal dug.

Do Not Have Steady Work

UNQUESTIONABLY, the contract miner often earns high wages. Operators are fond of producing statistics of a single man or a group, men who have struck a thick seam of coal easy to mine, whose earnings run into several thousands of dollars every year. Naturally, the operators say nothing about the other extremes; the men up against difficulties that reduce their earnings to $1 a day and less. Miners say that for every case of a contract miner earning high wages they can produce another contract miner trying to get along on starvation earnings. Some years ago the Anthracite Board of Conciliation was established to make readjustments in such cases. Mine union officials say there are 200 cases now pending before that board of men not earning enough to pay their living expenses, because of changes in the seams or other conditions not existing when their piece rates were established. There are records on file of miners who worked two weeks and then owed money to the operator for supplies. What coal they had been able to dig was not enough to pay for the powder and tools used to cut it.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the miner does not have steady work. The average number of working days for the anthracite miner is given as from 230 to 300, but the latter figure is rarely achieved. Accepting 265 days as the average, the operators' new wage rate would yield annual earnings of $821.50 to the day man, or about $15.80 a week on which to support a family, pay extra hazard rates for insurance and attempt to save for a rainy day. Contrast that with coal retailing at $16 a ton and higher, and earnings enabling one large producing company to pay a dividend to its railroad owner of 185 per cent.

From what has been said heretofore it will be gathered that the powers controlling the output and distribution of anthracite never overlook anything that will cement and strengthen that control. Under normal conditions it would be useless to hope for a reduction in prices. But when the public strikes, as it did last winter, when coal piles up and fails to sell despite all sorts of propaganda about the menace of a possible shortage, there is a chance that something may be done. The operators themselves have pointed the way by their admission that substitutes for anthracite are coming into general use.

Soft Coal Overdeveloped

SUCH substitutes, it happens, are not many. There is always the danger in such action that the price of the substitute will be raised with the demand. But in the case of anthracite that does not apply, for the reason that the best and cheapest substitute is soft coal. It has many disadvantages for burning in furnaces built to use hard coal. But after all, hard coal is a luxury. Soft coal of some varieties will do just as well, with some grate construction changes. The capacity of the soft coal fields is so great that if all the anthracite mines were to go out of business the soft coal miners could take up the demand without opening any new mines. All authorities agree that the soft coal fields are over-developed, are far ahead of the country's capacity.

Any concerted movement in that direction will continue the process that the operators in hard coal experienced for the first time last winter. It will not be necessary to destroy their market utterly, even if that were possible. A drop of 10,000,000 tons in the demand would soon force down the prices to a level within the reach of the average householder. It might also have the effect of restoring some of the original prepared sizes, nearly all of which have suffered a shrinkage in size in recent years.

How the operators have turned to profit millions of tons of coal that formerly went to waste will be narrated in the next article. It will contain also a description of the almost immeasurable wealth of the anthracite fields as shown by "the richest township in the world" where the average citizen pays almost nothing in taxes.

Promising Jockey Ruined to Make a Senator

And Now Charles Curtis of Kansas Finds Weight No Handicap

By E. B. CHAPMAN

A SKILLED rider of running horses had turned 16. He had been riding since he was nine. In those seven years he had won many races. He expected to win many more. His employer owned two of the fastest horses of the time. The lad was paid $50 a month and 10 per cent of the winnings. It was a lot of money for those days. And the jockey, intimately acquainted with the distasteful side of poverty, already was saving some of his pay, which helped make him an unusual jockey.

His parents were dead. His mother had died when he was a baby and he still was a small boy when death relieved his father of a disease, dating from his service as a captain in the Civil War. The youngster then had gone to live with his grandparents.

As time for the racing season of 1876 approached, the jockey noted his grandfather studying him silently, several times. He didn't understand that, but gave the subject a little thought. A few days later the grandfather explained his actions.

"Charlie, you are getting big and fat," the grandparent said. "You can't ride many years longer. What are you going to do?"

The jockey didn't know just what he was going to do. It never had occurred to him he couldn't always ride.

"You've saved a little money," the grandfather suggested. "Why not go to school?"

The jockey thought it over. A day or two later he visited his employer. It was explained the boy wished to go to school.

"But I'm under contract to ride," he said. "I'd like to have you let me off. If you don't let me off, I'll ride, just as I agreed."

But the employer was more than that.

"If you'll go to school I'll do more than let you off," he said. "Here's $50. Use it to help in getting your education."

So a jockey entered high school. At Christmas another $50 came from the employer. In the meantime, an ancient cab had been found in a livery stable. The jockey made all the trains late in the day and until midnight. He went to school mornings and early afternoons. He studied between trips and as he had time, at school and at home. The cab receipts were divided with the livery man. The jockey's share provided enough to keep him in school.

A few weeks ago, after the death of Senator Knox, a new chairman of the rules committee, one of the important committees of that body, was sought. The Senator chosen to succeed to that chairmanship was Curtis, of Kansas. Curtis, of Kansas, was the jockey and cab driver of the seventies.

It is a long way from the chairmanship of the rules committee to the cab driver at the railroad stations of Topeka. But the mode of travel in making the journey is the same, virtually, at all stages. It is work. The cab driver worked his way through school. He studied lessons while waiting for the trains. Thus he graduated from the Topeka high school. But he did more than study the lessons in his books. He studied the people he hauled; he studied the men who were in the public eye. He made friends.

One of the two or three great lawyers of Kansas in those days was A. H. (Hib) Case. He appeared in virtually all of the higher courts of the Middle West, particularly in Kansas. He had known the cab-driving student when he was a jockey. Returning from journeys he usually rode with the young man. They became quite friendly. One day after graduation, young Curtis called at the office of his lawyer friend and expressed a desire to study law.

The older man pointed out the discouraging features of legal practice. The town was filled with poor lawyers who couldn't make a living. People didn't need lawyers as much as they formerly did. But the student wouldn't be discouraged. It finally was agreed he should sweep the office and combine other janitor duties with those of office boy in return for the privilege of reading Mr. Case's law books.

Again the former jockey went to work. His cab-driving days had taught him how to avoid the waste of time. His only interest was his work and two months after he began studying law he was taken to a justice court to assist Mr. Case in handling an action. Six months later he was doing all of that work for the older attorney. He was the firm's collector and in Topeka they still tell how Curtis would get money from tardy debtors.

A couple of years at that sort of thing and Curtis was admitted to the bar. It had been necessary, meanwhile, to have him declared a citizen. Indian blood inherited from his mother had given him a membership in the Kaw tribe.

Curtis became a member of a Republican Club, as his first dip into politics. He marched in the processions that were frequent in those days. He wasn't an orator but he had an all-absorbing interest in politics. He never wondered what his own precinct would do, he found out by a personal talk with most of the voters in it. After a while that knowledge of conditions was extended to include the ward. Of course, the next step was to ascertain conditions in the city.

That involved a tremendous amount of work. But work and the young lawyer were the closest friends. And Curtis even then had developed a characteristic that has been a big factor in keeping him in public life. He knew everyone of any consequence in town. And he knew a lot of people who were not of the consequential sort. As a jockey everyone had known him. He added to that acquaintance as a cab driver. His appearances in justice court added to his list of friends and even as a bill collector he met people who liked him. Not only did these people give him information but a surprisingly large number were fond of him. And so Curtis was equipped to keep close tab on the situation in the city, particularly as regarded politics.

Curtis was a delegate in the county convention in 1884, the year of the Blaine fight. He was the youngest delegate and was expected, along with most of the other delegates, to do as he was told. But Curtis, sure of his ground because of his perfect knowledge of conditions, jumped into the fight for Blaine. He wasn't



(C) Harris & Ewing

CHARLES CURTIS

an orator but when he concluded his speech that afternoon the convention instructed its delegates for Blaine.

That knowledge of political conditions long has been another of the Curtis characteristics. It alone saved him when enemy interests became so powerful, in late years, that they took away from him the district he had got in the habit of carrying in his race for Congress every two years and made his county a part of the district thickly inhabited by enemies.

But to go back to the convention. Curtis didn't upset the program at the convention without making enemies—and friends. On the advice of the later he decided to make the race for county attorney. He had, in the meantime, become a partner in the firm. In those days the liquor interests still were hoping to defeat prohibition in Kansas. Curtis's firm was retained by them at the rate of $500 a month, whether there were cases to try or not. And Curtis announced his candidacy on a platform that called for the resubmission of the dry amendment.

Five of the leading local attorneys were drafted by the prohibitionists to defeat Curtis. The most bitter campaign the county ever knew followed but Curtis was elected. He saw virtually every voter and so did his opponents. It was charged Curtis was a former cab driver and hadn't studied law regularly. As one resident of the town says of the campaign "all the hammers were worn out nailing lies." But Curtis was elected.

The new county attorney took office in January. He inherited 100 liquor cases from his predecessor in office. There were some 80 places carrying Federal liquor licenses. Curtis prepared to try one of the left-over liquor cases and half of the men accepted for jury service were known to be "drinkers." Curtis told them he didn't like the law but it wasn't up to him to say whether it was good or bad. He was sworn to enforce it. They were sworn as officers of the court to do their duty. He expected them to convict. And they did.

A month later there wasn't an open saloon in the county. In the four years Curtis served, a saloon operated four hours, one time, at a fair before the authorities learned of it. That is all. And the surprising part of it is that Curtis, the resubmissionist, never took a drink.

"I had no high-flown moral principles against drinking," he said, "but I had seen loafers and beggars who had been good husbands and fathers. I saw how liquor broke down men, took away their pride, made wrecks of them. I let it alone."

In his first term, Curtis prosecuted all the 100 left-over liquor cases, obtaining convictions in virtually all of them. He handled the other cases, too. That term he lost only five criminal cases. The next term he didn't lose one.

After he had cleaned up the city and county those who had opposed him accepted him. He was pointed out with pride. It was believed he had accomplished the ultimate. From a poor Indian boy to the county attorneyship of Kansas's second largest and most important county was some jump. He was pointed out to youths as a wonder.

But that was only the beginning for Curtis. He decided to make the race for Congress, from his district, the fourth. He was elected after a traitor in his ranks defeated him for the nomination the first time. He denounced the traitor, pledged his help and gave it in electing his opponent, and set to work to retire that individual at the end of two years. He did it.

After his first election it came to be just a matter of the lead each election would give him over his opponent. Kansas went to the Populists but Curtis returned to Congress. Then came the gerrymander, that masterpiece of political manipulation that was expected to end the career of the Indian, as his enemies scornfully called him. Shawnee County was taken out of the fourth district and attached to the first district where powerful men, each opposed to Curtis, controlled each of the counties with which Shawnee had been allied.

But work and Curtis had remained friends all through the years. And Curtis recognized early in his political career the importance of organization and personal acquaintance. So he accepted the challenge and went to work in the remodeled district.

Beginning early in the spring he visited every community in the district. It was said he shook hands and had a personal visit with some 9,000 voters in the campaign of that year. It was a battle. Each county had a candidate. The bitterness of the first campaign for county attorney seemed pleasant compared to the onslaught in the Congressional fight. But the "Congressman without a district," as he had been called, wouldn't give up. And on the 714th ballot he was nominated. He was elected. All told he spent 14 years in the House.

Meanwhile, the Curtis acquaintance had grown. His friends and enemies extended to every nook and corner of the state. The Congressman from the first district, more than half his mail came from other sections of Kansas. His old friends in the fourth district were taken care of just as when he depended on their votes for re-election. A letter from a man a hundred miles west of the district brought a response as quickly as one from one of the leaders at home. And eventually Curtis ran for the Senate.

It didn't seem possible Curtis could be a candidate in 1920. All was too serene in Kansas politics. There was no crowd out "after Curtis." It was too peaceful.

Senator Curtis and work still are good friends. He is about 60 years old but still he wastes no time, the plan which began with the lessons studied while waiting for trains still being the Curtis plan. He has a tremendous correspondence. Anyone in Kansas that desires anything writes to Curtis, it would seem from the sacks of mail that go to and from his office. No letter is unanswered. If the aspiring or requesting Kansan desires anything within reason, it is obtained for him. Pensions. In his "docket" are the names of more than 10,000 veterans for whom he obtained that aid. That is one of the reasons his enemies couldn't end the Topekan's political career. No matter what was the story the orders or the request carried to the family of an old soldier, if "Charley" had obtained the pension the efforts were useless. Often they were useless because of the knowledge of a friend who had been thus assisted. And the politicians point out, Curtis is a "handshaker." He is more. He has one of the most remarkable memories for faces and names of anyone in the West.

"I always associate some incident with a man's name and his face," he explained. "When I see him again it is easy to call him by name."

At one time or another he has had the opposition of every faction of his party but one. That is the Curtis faction. There are many factions in Kansas. From Boss Leland to William Allen White they all have fought the Senator. But he insists the people never indicated they wished to retire him. Even when he was defeated he could prove by the returns how the majority of the people really were for him.

Senator Curtis doesn't make a good speech as speeches by public men go. His tie is more likely to be out of plumb than in it. His trousers are as likely to be uncreased as creased. But he works all the time for Kansas and Kansans. He gets what he asks from the departments at Washington. He has been high in the councils of his party 30 years. Never a flashy legislator, he has been influential. He is said to be the first in the Senate as he was in the House on keeping his ear to the grass roots. He knows Kansas from the ground up, where to get anything any Kansan, black or white, Republican or Democrat, wants if it can be obtained and why it can't be obtained if it can't.

The Hague and the Consumers of America

National and World Welfare Dependent on Proper Credit Balances

By H. B. BROUGHAM

IT MIGHT seem absurd to say that the American coal strike which has brought 600,000 men to idleness has anything to do with the financial conference of the powers at The Hague. Or that the fact that five or six million men out of jobs in the United States points the same way. Or that the threat of a reactionary American tariff, raising the prices of everything, heads up there. Or that the record amount of business failures and amount of indebtedness as recorded this year of any four months in our national history, relates to The Hague. Or that the reduced purchasing power of so large an element of the American people has anything to do with it. Or that the sale of the crops of the United States for the coming year will be vitally affected by its outcome. Or that the motion picture shows and the proprietors of soda fountains have a profound interest, together with the sales girls in department stores and schoolma'ams and cattle raisers and fishhook vendors and college presidents and fathers and mothers and newborn babes—in the deliberations at which M. Barthou, of France, and Premier Lloyd George, of England, are presenting the views of the bankers of their respective nations, and of the rest of the 32 nations there represented, on the prostrate state of Europe.

The purpose of this article is to show that *neither Europe nor any other civilized grand division is in ruins, nor really poverty-stricken;* in fact, it is to show that *the world was never better off*—if it will but come to its senses and see plainly. Yet if Lloyd George struck the keynote of The Hague and the Genoa conferences in his speech in the House of Commons which won him that body's vote of confidence, the consumers of America will have cause to rue it. They will rue it in Lloyd George's hard phrases about establishing the "convertibility of liquid assets lodged in banks of a country maintaining a free gold market," and the "convertibility of currency into gold or its equivalent."

Wealth on Fire

UNDER cover of these and similar forms of words one of the most gigantic and momentous struggles in the world's history is being waged. It may result in an era wherein we shall behold the masses uplifted into wealth. It may result in the economic ruin of civilization as we know it.

For if Europe is again to go to the gold standard, which its powers wildly abandoned by the issuance of bogus currency notes by the billion, they will do more reckless things. They have already, Lloyd George declares—he uses downright phrases—virtually gathered together their mobile wealth into one pyramid and set it on fire. The British premier sees the world battered, bruised, crushed, its vital organs injured; a bomb, he says, has been thrown into the machine and has shattered it. Between certain countries commerce has gone back to where it was thousands of years ago, with primitive methods, methods of barter. In Europe, hordes of revolutionaries seem only to await the end to reduce its countries to the terrible condition of famine, pestilence, and dissolution which afflicts Russia—Russia, where is an impenetrable jungle; where the world cannot tell what terrible things are happening.

But is Europe really, or only seemingly, so prostrate?

She is starving with plenty. She groans under a glut of machines and goods.

Look at France. Except for the devastated area, France is today better equipped than ever for purposes of production. In England they are giving unemployment doles by hundreds of thousands. But with respect to England's present and pre-war wealth, a comparative study published in its engineering supplement by the *Times* of London, concludes: "After making allowance for all deterioration that has occurred, none of the firms reports that it has less plant than it had before the war, while four-fifths of them state that they have more, in some cases up to four times as much."

Sir Edgar Crammond, managing director of the British Shareholders' Trust, confirms this report. "Our industries," Sir Edgar declares, "have enormously developed on lines of standardization and mass production, and the productive capacity of Great Britain is now at least 50 per cent above the pre-war standard."

Production Increased

IF WE consider Germany and Austria, we find that these countries, which were not subject to invasion during the war, multiplied their productive capacity in like measure with that of England and France. Despite their losses in man power, there is some, though not much, complaint in any one of the lately warring countries that they lack operatives for their highly developed mechanisms.

In the United States, the farmers have produced foodstuffs to such an extent that the railroads, the markets, and the credit system—particularly the credit system—have failed to place them in the hands of consumers, while the supplies of coal and fuel, wood and metal products and fabrics are in excess of any available market.

It is untrue, then, to say that production is limited by the laziness or inefficiency of the workers, either here or abroad. Employers on both sides of the Atlantic are as enterprising as they were before the war. Of the workers it can be said that they not only provided for the support of their nations during the war, including millions of unproductive soldiers, but they performed the task of building up the producing plants of Europe and America to half again their former size.

If, then, there is more than enough to go round—if production and its tools and skills are at their height of potentiality—the real difficulty which has called the financial powers together lies in the world's system of distribution.

Now that which permits, or forbids, things to be distributed to large masses is price. Whenever the price of goods rises to any point higher than the buying power of the population, "effective demand" ceases and we have what is called over-production. When goods are unsold, producing plants shut down, and industry charges the upkeep of their idleness to the price of such goods as the community must have, pushing prices yet higher.

America's commerce with Europe fell off during 1921 by nearly one-half. "Last year," the British premier declared to the House of Commons, "our international trade was only 50 per cent of what it was before the war." So for all Europe. The foreign trade of every country was cut in half, or still further. It was this phenomenon which Lloyd George deplored. The cutting off of foreign markets, he remarked, "depresses the home market because the population have not the same means of purchasing goods if they are deprived of that great trade of buying and selling and carrying abroad."

But this begs the question. If the home market is healthy, if the people have the power to purchase the product which they make—and that will be the case if their financial system is right—they will have to build up no such great trade of buying and selling and carrying abroad.

How is it with our American people?

The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics reported to the United States Senate on August 12, 1921, that 5,735,000 workers of all kinds were then out of employment. During 1921, the steel mills in the Pittsburgh district ran at but 30 per cent of capacity, and machine shops at but 25 per cent to 45 per cent of capacity. Ohio and many states in the Union made similar reports of slowing down in the basic industries.

The reason for all this was a "glut of goods," not famine. But it has produced famine and need through unemployment, through the cutting off of purchasing power of the mass of consumers in the United States. The production engineers have for some time contended that we are producing but one-fourth or less of the real capacity of the industrial plant, and that the potentiality of the other three-fourths, unused and unavailable because the people cannot buy the goods, harbors vast credits that under a decent money system would yield a splendid livelihood to everybody.

Instead of letting these credits go to waste, as is the case today, why not prime the pump of business with them by awarding them to the consuming population in fresh buying power?

Magnified Buying Power

SUPPOSE it possible, by a sound method, to supply the population with four times its present buying power for goods at retail.

To assure that the power shall be wielded at the retail end, we will assume that the agents selected for amplifying the buying power of the people shall be the retail dealers in goods and services. Among such are included the railroad companies, in respect to passenger fares and the dispatch of commodities at retail; landlords who let private dwellings; telephone and telegraph and light and power companies in their charges for home consumption; theaters and other recreational agencies; colleges and other educational institutions in their tuition charges; and professional and all other agencies that cater to individuals for private consumption.

These agencies might be chosen without compulsion.

Suppose the government announces that the privilege of distributing to the public this fourfold purchasing power as it buys goods and services at retail, should go into the hands of only such agencies as would voluntarily sell at cost plus a fixed percentage of profit on investment, say eight per cent.

Suppose the public were notified that for every dollar of the present currency paid in to these selected agencies the retailer should be empowered through the banks to retire that dollar, receiving in a new series $4 in exchange, of which he must return $3 to the purchaser. Let this process go on until all the present legal tender money is exchanged for the new issue of fourfold volume.

One of the regulations for the retailers would be: When the public makes its heavy draft on their stocks, to stock up again only from such wholesalers and prime producers as also agree to receive only their costs plus a fixed return of eight per cent on their investment. Their inducement would be the privilege of benefiting by the broadened markets of the new system, and, upon throwing their books open to inspection, to have their investment, in turn, insured for eight per cent, which would be their fixed reward.

There would be for all industry, as it chooses to come in, a great insurance system, based upon a record of previous production in excess of national consumption, and determined by the ratio—in this case 75 per cent—between the two. Next year it might be whittled down to a much smaller percentage; but at the consumer end there would have been put into circulation a fourfold currency to balance the great current of hitherto unrealized production, and to let it loose and let it flow on as long as the new currency flows. The new discount based on a new high watermark of production in excess of the first year's consumption and depreciation would enable the insured retailers and wholesalers and prime producers to bring the custom continually their way, with fresh currency bonuses to the public as it comes to buy goods at retail.

Then the consumers would control credits and industry.

They would control them, not through a committee saying what should or should not be made, or which goods should be delivered first. They would control credits and industry merely through the weight of their effective buying power precipitated into those goods which they, as consumers, prefer.

Such goods—naturally, at first, food, clothing, rentable houses, and fuel; then comforts; then luxuries—would be the first to sell. No central "priority board" need be established to see that such goods for ultimate consumption should be made first; the new orders pouring into the factories and the farms would attend to the priority business. Money talks. Those goods would be made first which the consumer wishes first, and the supply would be suited to his multifarious orders.

With the consumers' purchasing power multiplied by four, fourfold the volume of goods for retail consumption would soon issue from the great producing industries. Farmers would increase their acreages. The steel industry would wake up and produce the framework of thousands of apartment houses needed. The building industry would resume at full blast. Cheap transportation—for railroad fares would go down three-fourths—would take populations out into the suburban districts and the country. The theaters and movies would run to capacity, and more of them would be built.

Tapping the Production Reservoir

THE net result would be re-employment of those out of work, to fill the nation's fourfold volume of orders, and the deflation of all speculative prices to the lower limit of price plus the insured investment return. These beneficial results would be attained by a system of inducements, not by legal compulsion, to profit by the vast reservoir of production credits now latent, inactive and unused because of a contracted and "cornered" money system.

Of course, we have now in America not only the spectacle of an unregulated and anarchistic gold "standard," but also of an unregulated paper currency based upon the shrinking values of current commerce, which acts through highly speculative prices to check the production of consumable goods and to produce surplus "plant." The financial system attempts to base its credits on currency and yet allows prices to rise with its issues of both. On this current of rising prices which chokes consumption and trade, we issue currency on commercial paper which depends on the sale of commodities to make it good. If they are not paid for, the banks must get additional interest and commissions to hold them, and as costs mount the volume of sales shrinks further.

The plight of consumers, which is exhibited in unexampled degree at the Genoa conference, is manifest through the operation of this crazy monetary system. The checking system of the banks is not yet for the masses. They depend almost wholly on legal-tender money for the purchase of all commodities for which industry really exists, namely, things to eat, to wear, for fuel, housing, and generally for use by individuals. Some method by which reserves of money can be done away with, the entire currency kept in circulation and buoyed up by a constant flow of productive values in excess of consumption and depreciation, would deliver America and the world of the hypocritical fetish of the gold standard. Credit would expand with production and contract with consumption, and money would act constantly as an accurate measure of values.

Control Is Automatic

THE method of "priming the pump" of industry proposed in this article, that of placing credit in the hands of the mass of consumers up to the productive capacity of producers, in order that the whole product may be bought and consumed, is subject to automatic control. If productive capacity is seen to exist far in excess of the goods actually delivered in response to existing purchasing power of the masses, then fresh issues of currency are warranted to cover the whole estimated productive capacity of the industrial machine. Provision, of course, may be made to retire such issues to the extent that this capacity is diminished from whatever cause.

Just now the American situation keeps pace with The Hague. Just now a restriction of European finance to the gold standard means the further restriction of our foreign trade, more unemployment here, the steady fixing of our standards to a meaner basis, the cramping of our industrial machine and of our life. But it is because, first of all, we have thought meanly of ourselves and have done our own domestic cramping. The solution of our difficulties is in our own hands. It is at home, and it lies with the credit of the American consumer. In this solution is an example for the world.

Call It the Lotus, and Sing of Gold and Jade

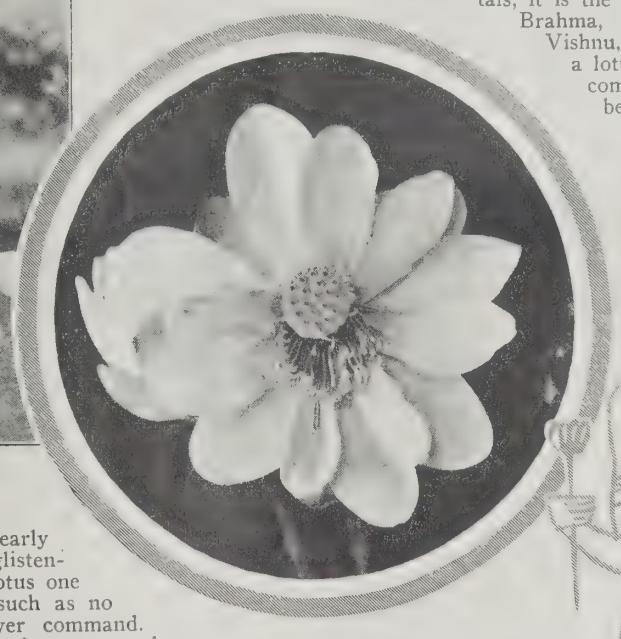
Or Name It Water Lily, and Slap the Romance of Mosquitoes

By WYMAN SMITH

THROUGHOUT America from Canada to Cuba grows a great wild water lily, its blossom poised on a single dull green stalk, its yellow-tinged petals facing the sun. It is the American lotus—largest of all wild flowers in the United States, surpassing all others in the gorgeous array of its gold and jade.



Leaf and flower of the American yellow lotus found in Iowa.



Single flower of the lotus.

Out in the sunshine of early morning with the light glistening across a pond of the lotus one may see a magic carpet such as no mortal monarch could ever command. Flat on the surface of the water, the smooth circular leaves rise and fall with the breath of any wind which passes, forming a veritable mat of the green pads; above them gleam the golden yellow flowers opening in the sun, flowers from five to 10 inches in diameter, so beautiful, so mystical they appear indeed to be jewels of a lost goddess. Boats approach closer, and the pads swish against the sides and part as best they can their one and two foot orbs. Rare, brilliant, elegant, the lotus flowers rise among them, and sprinkled between are the buds shaded in innumerable hues from the sepal green to the chrome of the finished bloom. All is a mosaic of olive and amber—flashing and dancing in the sunshine and cast as though to reflect from the earth, in a thousand variations, the sun ball of the sky.

Men from the cities have told me about some solitary field which they have discovered, so attractive and beautiful that they visit it every year. In one state a statute forbids even the cutting of the flowers, and, frequently enough, some hamlet boasts that in its vicinity is found one of the three lotus beds of the world.

Lotus—the very name itself breathes forth an aroma of legend, symbolism and romance older than history. In painting, sculpture, architecture, religion, may be found traces of the ancient esteem for this rare flower. Scarcely a single public building but does not have about it somewhere one or another of the symbols which 5,000 years ago represented to the early Egyptians the "bride of the Nile." From it, according to Goodyear, have been evolved the Ionic capital, the Greek fret or meander, and the swastika, earliest of symbols and ornaments found on pottery. The triangle of the lotus calyx has been given for explanation of the Trinity and it is even possible that the cornucopia, showering plenty upon the world, may have been suggested by the seed pods. It was a custom in those days also to inclose the seed in balls of clay so that they might be thrown into the water to start new plantations of the plants.

Charles Skinner wrote: "It is the representation of the sun and moon; the attribute of silence; the symbol of female beauty; the breath of gods; the source of nectar that gives eternal life; the cradle of Moses; the seat of Buddha; a memorial of the ark; the resting place of great spirits."

The Greek Pythagoras, believing that souls took up their habitation in the lotus, was one day pursued by enemies who drove him to a pond of the flowers. He accepted them as brothers, refused to hide among the leaves and consequently was killed by his pursuers.

Again, Mr. Skinner says: "Lakshmi, the Hindu goddess of love, is couched upon it, the fragrance of her body filling the heavens; Kamadiva, the Hindu Cupid, floats down the Ganges on this flower; the Japanese Fudo or Mercury, glides through the air on lotus sandals; the new-born Buddha in setting foot on earth caused a lotus to spring from it and in his first seven steps northward a lotus marks each footfall. With the Egyptians, it is the flower of Osiris, the sun god; and Horus, son of Osiris and god of silence, sits like Buddha on a lotus with finger on lip enjoining peace. This peace of eternity is expressed in the contemplative figure of Buddha which Japanese carvers have put into such exquisite form, and which represents the god as seated on an opened flower, ready to listen to the prayers of the faithful, 'Oh God, the jewel of the lotus.' In Greek legend, this 'bride of the Nile' is the body of a lovely nymph, who, deserted by Hercules, flung herself into the river and was drowned. But among the mystic Orientals, it is the emblem of the world, for Brahma, springing into life from Vishnu, the Absolute, alighted on a lotus, and from that rostrum commanded all worlds into being."

Thus for pages and pages, go on the legends and references to the lotus made by the sages of all countries from Egypt to Japan. The name has been broadened until it includes several of the finest water lilies. In the Orient, the "rose lotus" is meant, and only the Egyptian symbols, brought to them either by invading armies or by quiet merchant traders, remain identical with those of the true lotus. In America, what difference does it make that our queen of lilies is botanically a water lily! "Lotus" has grown into such common usage that no suggestions will change it.

But there is an interesting difference between the two flowers. The lotus of the Nile grows just upon the surface of the water, has a circular leaf slashed inward to the stem, is pale blue, pink or white, and has small delicate petals, while that of America and the East Asian countries is yellow or rose color, has an uncut leaf, carries the flower well above the surface of the water, and resembles a wide, open bowl in general form and spread of petals. Who named the lily in America may never be known, but the christening may have been suggested by the reference of Longfellow, in Evangeline:

"Resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen."

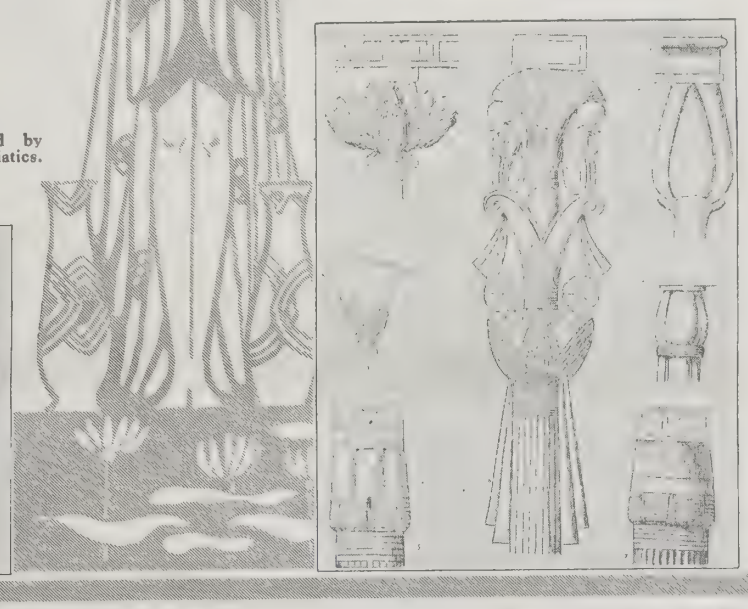
Or it may be the old myth of Ulysses, the hero of Troy, who came in his wandering to a country which he named "land of the lotus eaters." People ate the seed and bewitched travelers to partake of it also. There where sunshine and gorgeous glory succeeded each the other, men forgot all their previous existence. Wives, sweethearts, country, home, all were forgotten in that summer madness. When one observes a pond of the yellow beauties greeting the sun in their wilderness surroundings, he readily believes he could forget.

Queen though it may be, the lotus is less particular in many respects about its throne and its food. It thrives in ponds, lakes and river sloughs with clayey bottoms covered with marsh gumbo; it is generally surrounded by the white water lily, yellow cow lily, a host of grasses and plants of the marshy margins. While it grows in water from two to four feet deep it thrives also in some of the deeper places where the water is cleaner.

Several months of growth are required before the lotus blossoms—in Texas the flowers appear in June, in the northern states they unfold during August. Once in blossom, the delicate pale yellow flowers look as though they might have been cut from old ivory. It is found in 26 states, in Canada and in Cuba. It grows in the states just west of the length of the the Mississippi River except the Dakotas. It appears in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and has been artificially cultivated in Golden Gate Park, California, since 1863. Once established, it grows readily, but at present it is found in no state more than a score of times.



Lotus pods, relished by ducks and some Asiatics.



Egyptian lotus capitals, native to public buildings.



In the Lotus Lake on the Mississippi River at McGregor, Iowa.

With blossoming completed, the seeds appear in pods shaped like sprinkling can spouts—brown ocher in color with a lighter yellow blend on the stem. These pods remain above the ice in winter, or may be pulled down by ducks and other birds which relish the acorn-like seeds. The people of Northern Africa and Asia still use the seed for breadmaking.

Great yellow coral beauty in summer, graceful swaying seed pod in winter, the lotus earns its name and reigns as the rightful queen of inland waters. Food it was and still is, but as a cherished fragment of romance, it remains in America the most beautiful of all wild flowers. It is the lily of the sun, once seen, never forgotten.

The Small-town Newspaper in the Making

Where Personal Items Surpass World Events in "News" Interest

By EMERSON ROBINSON

IF THERE is a catastrophe on land or sea, in Ohio or in the Orient, the resident of the small town wants to know about it at once and if his newspaper doesn't get out an extra edition within half an hour after the first bulletins are flashed to the office, the editor hears about it. When the world's series games are being played, the fan in the small town loafs near the newspaper office and watches the contests play by play. If he is interested in a certain horse race or a prize fight, he calls up his newspaper. If he is a rabid fan, the chances are he'll make the editorial rooms his headquarters while the event is in progress.

The small-town resident of today expects his newspaper to give him all the information he wants on any subject and without delay. And the newspaper does so. But hear the small-town editor of 60 years ago:

"Yes, I remember very distinctly when Lincoln was assassinated. The town was all excited. Did we get out an extra edition? No! Why should we? Everybody knew about it. We figured that as the news was all over town, there was no use in us trying to sell papers.

"When Garfield was shot the first information we received was from a reporter. He heard the news on the street and brought it in. We didn't get out an extra because we were going to press the following day anyhow."

And the editor might have added that as news is scheduled today, the assassination of Lincoln and the shooting of Garfield would have been history by the time the extra was on the street.

What the People Want

TODAY the newspaper, large and small, is primarily a business proposition. A successful newspaper can serve the public, its advertisers and its subscribers best when it is successful from a financial standpoint. And too, no matter how much emphasis an editor puts on his special features, he knows that his live news, the happenings of the day, must be recorded. In the small town, it is the purely local items that are given preference. The editor knows that his subscribers will overlook the fact that he has failed to carry the news of the revolution in China or the agitation in Ireland but they will never forgive him for failing to print each day, the small and interesting little items in which they personally are interested.

How different from the small-town newspaper of 40, 50 or 60 years ago!

Politics was the rock on which many a small-town newspaper was founded and its success or failure depended largely on the personality of the editor and the cause which he espoused.

Rival factions in the same political party sometimes would start newspapers and when the purposes for which they were organized were accomplished, publication would be suspended. Usually they were not money makers and in many instances they were not expected to be. As an old printer put it they would "start out as dailies, then issue semiweekly, then weekly, then biweekly, then they would be too weak to issue at all."

The editors of those early days wielded a mean pen. They were not afraid to call a spade a spade. Their attacks were venomous and their shafts were intended to hurt, and they did hurt, and many a small-town editor has had to defend his editorial or his news with his fists.

In one of these small towns an editor used an item about one of the prominent citizens. No names were mentioned but every one knew to whom it referred. The following day, the man, a physician, accompanied by two friends, entered the editorial sanctum. They greeted the editor very friendly but formally and gradually surrounded him.

They laid him on a table and were preparing to pummel him in decorous and scientific style, when hardboiled compositors intervened in behalf of their chief. The intruders left the office quicker than they entered.

Time Not "News" Element

NEWS, as it is recognized in the modern small-town newspaper office, received scant attention in those early days. An attempt, of course, was made to print the principal happenings of the town; but if either in the daily or the weekly a story was overlooked, nothing was said, unless by chance it happened to relate to politics. Then there was a jacking-up all along the line.

As far as telegraph news was concerned, neither the editor nor the owners nor the subscribers seemed to think it worth while to get. There were telegraph offices in many of these towns but none of the newspapers knew what it was to get news there. They would subscribe for the metropolitan dailies, clip what matter they cared to print and call it a day. The fact that it was several days or several weeks, and in many cases several months late made no difference.

But as the success of the newspaper was built around the editor, it was only natural that his editorials should be given first rank. They were, and whether he wrote of politics or his hobby, if he happened to have one, it made the paper, no matter what the news of the day might be. They were proud of these editorials and would send them throughout the country. Some of these small-town editors had national reputations and their subscribers lived in many states.

It was no uncommon thing, an old editor recently remarked, for the news columns to be filled with a three or four-column editorial, a wedding, perhaps a local item and a discussion on the best method of cultivating strawberries.

There was a great agitation throughout the country 35 or 40 years ago. There was too much noise in the land! and the editors, both in the small towns and the great cities, were calling upon the proper officials to do something to curb the ringing of the bells and the blowing of the whistles. The people are being disturbed too much, they proclaimed.

"I wish some of my old colleagues could come back today," said the old-timer as he wistfully looked upon a heavy traffic street and the noise of the gas engine filled the air. "We thought we had noise in those days! What would those boys say if they were suddenly transported back to the present-day city!"

If there was a wedding, the proud and happy father would call on the editor and give him all of the details "just to mention." If he brought two jugs of whisky he expected and got a little "puff." Quite a lot of them brought the two jugs. "It was good stuff, too," whispered the old editor.

As the small-town newspaper developed with the passing years and new opportunities presented themselves, editors began giving their readers more news. In addition to carrying more local items they clipped more from other papers and later received from organizations, plate matter to fill their columns. This consisted of news, semi-news and features, set up in type in another city, a matrice made, the matrice cast and the resultant plate shipped daily or weekly to the small newspaper. Some of the smaller publications use this yet.

Organizations of news-gathering agencies placed at the disposal of the small-town editor, the happenings of the world, at small cost. In the beginning, only a few sheets of "flimsy" or telegraph news on very thin paper was received in skeletonized form.

Within the last decade only, have the small-town newspapers installed the leased wire service—that is, a wire in their own offices.

Today the reporter who writes with a pencil is a unique figure. He's of the old school. The new reporter, the cub, is told the first hour he starts work, to use a typewriter.

The Old Joke Stuff

COMPOSITORS who set the type in those early days were a happy, joyous, contented lot, from the devil to the oldest vet. The dictionary defines the devil as "a printer's apprentice." The origin is indefinite but the name is appropriate.

"I hadn't been in a composing room half an hour," said an old printer, reminiscently, the other day, "when one of the journeymen asked the workman next to him if he had a type stretcher. He hadn't, of course, and did not know where the one that belonged to the plant was. I was told to go over to our competitor and borrow one. I hustled out, glad of the opportunity. The foreman of the other shop knitted his brow for a moment as though in deep thought and then said that he believed he could let me have one if I'd promise to return it. He directed me to an iron bar which must have weighed close to a hundred pounds and I carried that thing three blocks to our plant. When I walked into the composing room—well, you can imagine the way those hardboiled printers razzed me.

"On another occasion a devil was sent out for some italic spaces. He went from one printshop to another, there were several small ones in the town, and finally was given a big package. When he returned he opened it. It was filled with ashes.

"Type lice was a great gag to work on those not familiar with a composing room. This went for old and young alike and it never failed to rouse the anger of the victim.

"In those days we used to wash off the type with lye water.

"The uninitiated would be asked to look between type in the form where there was some of this water and to watch closely and he would see the lice swimming about. At the proper instant, the joker would shove the type together and the dupe would receive the dirty water in his face. Of course, the printer would see that there was not enough lye to hurt the victim."

Put the modern printer in the composing room of 30 years ago, yes, less than 30 years ago, and he would be all but helpless.

Then all type was set by hand. Today, more than nine-tenths of the newspaper is set by machine.

Speed and More Speed

IN THOSE days, if a printer could set a column and a half of news matter by hand, he was considered an expert.

Today, if an operator, setting straight news matter on a small-town daily, doesn't get from 12 to 15 columns of type out of his machine, he is not classed as more than fair. If he turns out 20 columns, he's a wizard. But there are quite a few wizards.

Sixty years ago, the small-town daily or weekly might carry from three to five columns of editorial and news. Today, its successor will carry from 40 to 60 columns of editorial, news and features.

Fifty years ago, some of the advertisements would stand for months without a change. Today most of the advertisements are changed daily.

Then the paper would be printed by a press operated by hand, in some cases on one side only. It would take two hours to print a few hundred.

Today, the modern newspaper in the small town, with its up-to-date stereotyping outfit, and its electrically driven press will print 10,000 forty-page papers in half an hour and they will be distributed to every subscriber within the city limits in 40 minutes.

Two young reporters in a small town in Ohio in 1870 were idling some weary hours in the office, as reporters are apt to do.

"We need subscribers," said the editor. "Suppose you boys go out and get some."

They were willing, so they left the office and went fishing, as reporters in those days were prone to do.

Returning late in the afternoon, they passed a cemetery, entered and copied the names of their subscribers from the tombstones.

They were the first to work this stunt. How they placated the editor is not related. But they held their jobs—as reporters.

In Their Last Wills—By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

SOME years ago Adolph Metzer, a retired soap maker of Evansville, Indiana, wrote his name in the hall of fame by making a very curious will. He left $11,000 for the benefit of homeless cats and dogs. The money has been invested at compound interest and the will sealed in an airtight metal tube. Not a penny of this money is to be used to feed a hungry dog or cat until the year 2163. A human calculating machine has figured it out that eventually the beneficiaries will be entitled to $201,559,641.

It is a tradition of the legal profession that the "dead hand" provides many fat fees for the experts who know how to break wills. And such an expert must be quite proficient.

Some wills make painful reading. Spite, and a determination to provide for pet animals at the expense of relatives are sometimes the actuating motives.

Shakespeare cut his wife off in his will in this fashion: "I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture and nothing else." This line at least qualifies him to rank as a human being—just a mortal and nothing more.

Miss Susan L. Munro, of Fall River, Massachusetts, bequeathed $100,000 to her horse, Daisy. She says: "In case my horse Daisy survives me, I give her and all her belongings, carriages, harness, and so on, to my niece, Annie B. W. Munro, and I leave in trust my money in the Fall River Savings Bank, also my stocks, the income of all to be used for the care and support of said Daisy. In case Daisy becomes disabled and suffers from some incurable and painful affliction so that in the judgment of a good veterinarian it seems humane to kill her, I direct the said Annie to see that this is mercifully done, and that said Daisy be properly buried, the necessary expenses to be paid from the income. Daisy is 31 and apparently has many more years of life ahead of her. After the death of the said Daisy the income of this fund, or the proceeds thereof, is to be divided equally among the children of my brother, John H. and Josiah."

Dr. Zudzense, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, owned two monkeys that occupied a front room in his affections. He also had a farm valued at $3,000 and an old housekeeper. He provided in his will that the income from his farm should be used to maintain the monkeys and that the old housekeeper should be permitted to remain in the home so long as she took care of the pets.

George C. Watts, Board of Trade operator in Chicago, set aside $30,000 in his will to provide a home for his fox terrier, Bill, and his riding horse, King. Mrs. Corrine Snodgrass, of Lower Chanceford, near York, Pennsylvania, left $11,500 of which $10,000 was to be used in caring for her favorite horse, Betty.

Mrs. Mary B. Snow left $32,000 for the care of her horses, $1,000 for each of her ten dogs, and sympathy for her husband. Mrs. Ellen J. Kneweare, of La Salle, New York, willed $40,000 to her cats and dogs and cut a child off with $5,000.

The Emperor Maximilian I in his will decreed that his hair be shorn, his teeth brayed in a mortar and publicly burned in his chapel, and that his body be buried in a sack with quick lime.

Henry Green provided in his will that his sister, Catherine Green, should perform a very unusual service each year. She was directed to give four green waistcoats to four poor women in a green old age, such waistcoats to be lined with green galloon lace, and to be delivered to the women on or before December 21, yearly, so they might be worn on Christmas Day.

An Irishman who had suffered a great deal in crossing the plains in a prairie schooner in the pioneer days, later made a fortune and left it for the benefit of people who later might make the same journey. Meanwhile the development of railroads has completely altered conditions of travel. There is no need for the money.

The Chair of Creative Art in the University

Robert Frost, Fellow at Michigan, in New Educational Experiment

By J. M. SEABRIGHT

EDUCATION, a thing imposed by those who have gone before?
Or—
Education, something acquired by the seeker's own powers.

More and more institutions of learning are delving into the question of whether education may properly be considered simply the acceptance by the students of such information as the slow processes of the past have cataloged.

Of late, a new spirit has manifested itself in the great colleges and universities. It is the desire to capitalize the individual's natural power for acquisition of knowledge, his power to explore, to imagine, to initiate, finally, to create.

It is a revolutionary movement.

It has expressed itself in the establishment of what have been aptly termed "Fellowships in Creative Art." Their features are as refreshing as they are iconoclastic.

Can you imagine a scheme characterized by a teacher who conducts no classes, who delivers no lectures, who thumbscrews no students with examinations, who, in short, engages in no formal teaching? Quite a change from the old order, isn't it? Yet that summarizes the fellowship plan.

The University of Michigan is one of the few institutions where this novel plan is being tried out. Happy was the choice of incumbent there, the person so honored and so honoring being one of our foremost contemporary New England poets, Robert Frost.

Before viewing Mr. Frost's work and influence in his new field, consider for a moment the why and wherefore of the plan's adoption.

About two generations ago, James Russell Lowell, then occupying the chair of modern languages at Harvard, wrote these words: "Democracy must show its capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties, or it is a failure. No matter what it does for the body, if it does not in some sort satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure. Unless it knows how to make itself gracious and winning, it is a failure. Has it done this? Is it doing this? Or trying to do it?"

Many years passed before that expression of need found lodging in a receptive soul. President R. M. Hughes of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, in 1920 addressed the National Association of State Universities, at Washington, D. C., with an urgent appeal that "Fellowships in Creative Art" be created.

Among other things, on that occasion, he said: "I wish to suggest the advisability of the universities establishing fellowships in art—poetry, painting, sculpture, drama, music—open to creative artists of established reputation. History shows . . . . that the greatest artists have been under the patronage of the nobility, or of the rich, or, occasionally, of the state. It is certainly repugnant to the American spirit, either of the people or of the artist, to be under the patronage of individuals. It would seem to me, as our country is constituted, there is no institution more eminently fitted to be the patron of art than the universities and colleges. On the other hand, I believe nothing would do more today to leaven the increasing materialism of the American university than to have a great creative artist working on the campus."

The absence of a formal pedagogic program in the plan he explained as follows: "Such fellowships . . . . should be free from all academic duties; should be a frank recognition of return other than work in his chosen field. I believe that the establishment of a professorship would very largely defeat the purpose to which I am directing your attention, the development of American art. It is only as this would be developed freely without restriction as to hours or time that the greatest results could be gained."

In the same address, President Hughes suggested the names of representative leaders in the several branches of art, and among the poets he named Robert Frost. Through the generosity of ex-Governor Chase S. Osborn, the eminent poet was invited to Michigan for one year—the university year of 1921-1922.

Mr. Frost, while called a New England poet, was born in San Francisco in 1875. At the age of 11 years he moved to Lawrence, Massachusetts, after the death of his father, a journalist. In New England he grew to manhood, and there his mind retained those photographic images so faithfully reproduced in his verse. His college career was brief: he entered Dartmouth in 1892, but stayed only a few months; and he studied at Harvard in the years 1897 to 1899. For the next five years Mr. Frost engaged in the arduous duties falling to a New England farmer. He was, to use his own words, "a real farmer, but a bad one." How fruitful was that period was not to be realized until 1913, when his first book, "A Boy's Will," appeared, bearing the imprint of a London publisher. Its issuance from a foreign press casts no reflection upon the foresight of American publishers, for Frost was, at the time a resident of England. (Incidentally, *The New York Independent* lays claim to having "discovered" the poet, it having published one of his poems in the year 1894.) Two other volumes have flowed from his pen—"North of Boston," in 1914, and "Mountain Interval," two years later.

Though a critical estimate of Mr. Frost's verse is beyond the pale of this article, nevertheless, let it be said that in the works mentioned he has more adequately interpreted New England than any living poet. He is a plain man and, like Burns, he sings of plain things. He is the poet of neighborliness. He is, besides, an outdoor poet. What a graphic picture, for, example, does he limn of a country road in the pouring rain, where "the hoofprints vanish away"! One critic speaks of him as being "as indigenous and as American as Walt Whitman"; and Amy Lowell tells us that "Frost's is not the kindly New England of Whittier, nor the humorous and sensible one of Lowell; it is a latter-day New England, where a civilization is decaying to give place to another and very different one."

A writer in *The Michigan Alumnus* pictures the



ROBERT FROST

poet in this fashion: "Robert Frost, poet—plain, wholesome poet—has come to spend a year as Michigan's guest of literary honor. He is to do as he pleases, to live without the bother of classroom obligations, that we may find out how his presence will affect the academic atmosphere, and how the academic atmosphere will affect his poetry. After a most pleasant hour with Mr. Frost, the writer is of the opinion that the academic atmosphere is more likely to be changed than the poetry. Mr. Frost impresses me as being born that way. He is absolutely authentic."

In the same interview the poet aired his views on the training of writers. "He takes little stock in drilling students to distinguish among the categories of rhetoric. He himself, like most writers, does not consciously write description or narration or exposition or argument, but just writes down the best thoughts he can get hold of . . . . Every time he has written he has believed that he was producing literature. Of course, he smiled when he said that, and added that most of the time he was wrong, but that he had to find out his mistake later."

Intensely interesting and helpful is his philosophy contrasting the poet and the journalist. "Experience," says he, "should be gained in a perfectly natural and unconscious way. A youth need not worry about the acquiring of worldly knowledge. If he but holds his mind open and in a relaxed state of impressionability, the course of a lifetime is bound to bring him the rich experience which he desires. The would-be poet who seeks ideas to put into verse is placing the cart before the horse. Poetry is a product of mood rather than idea. When the poet finds himself in this creative mood, there often occurs to him a theme with which he has been unconsciously impressed during the course of past experiences, and which suggests itself at such a time."

"The journalist," he continued, "consciously seeks ideas in order that he may express them in writing. He must perpetually maintain 'a nose for news,' as it is his business to present timely ideas to the reading public. The poet is under no such obligation and should avoid this search for material. Not until late in life does the poet see a possibility of poetry in his experience, and then the beauty of them is often tainted by the thought. A definite purpose, like blinders on a horse, inevitably narrows its possessor's point of view. Worth-while poetry demands an unrestricted observation. For this reason, it is dangerous for one who aspires to write verse to chase copy too long."

The rationale of the doctrine is that he believes the poet should remain an amateur, using the term in its broadest sense. Mr. Frost would have the aspiring singer pursue some trade or profession as an insurance against material want.

Since Mr. Frost has no curricular loads to weight him down, what opportunity, one asks, has he to make contact with the students? First, consider his home. In a modest dwelling in the typical college town of Ann Arbor, the poet lives, surrounded by family, faculty and students, all of whom read "Welcome" on the doormat. His personality is unassuming but not shy and the visitor finds at once that he is in the presence of a friend, genial, gentlemanly, and wholesomely plain. Mr. Frost is ever in demand to address informally this organization or that. One evening his presence may be desired at a reception tendered by the student body; on another he may speak to a classical group; on a Sunday he may address a students' class in one of the local churches. Thus one can readily see that the opportunities for contact between fellow and students are not merely abundant; they teem with great possibilities, as well.

Until the inauguration of the fellowship plan such as the one here considered, the pattern for which was furnished President Hughes by the successful functioning of Edgar Stillman Kelley, the eminent American composer, in a somewhat similar composer's fellowship at Western College, Oxford, Ohio, our colleges concerned themselves almost wholly with the historical criticism or exposition of literature, poetry, drama and the other liberal arts. From now on, inspired by the success of the Kelley fellowship, by the incumbency of Percy Mackaye, dramatist and poet, at President Hughes' own Miami University, by the sure molding of the artistic tastes and ideas of student clay at Michigan by Mr. Frost—inspired by such examples, the colleges and universities of America see a new and decidedly important task before them.

Jenks Enters a Protest—By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

"I WISH some of these doggone newspaper men would quit insulting my intelligence." Jenks glared over the top of his Sunday paper at the Missus. "Listen to this, will you—" Then he read:

"'The residence of John J. Smith is a mass of smoldering embers this morning.'"

"Well, my dear," the Missus inquired sweetly, "what is there about that to make you feel so irritable?"

"Listen to this, then." Again Jenks glared and read:

"'As a result of painful injuries received in a motor car accident, Mrs. P. J. Dillpickle is suffering untold agonies on a cot in the Baptist Hospital this morning.'"

"Yes, dear. It's very sad. But why get yourself so worked up about it?"

"Don't you see? It's all a trick. Do they think they can fool me with a stall like that—sticking in the words 'today' or 'this morning' everywhere they can? Why the dickens don't they quit stalling around like that? Why don't they come out flat with it and say Smith's house burned down last night, and Mrs. Dillpickle got smashed up yesterday afternoon? It's just a trick, and easy as shooting fish. Anybody can do it. Listen—I'll give you an example:

"BAGDAD—and the date—(from our Special Correspondent with the British Army of Occupation)—Babylon, ancient and powerful city, capital of Babylonia and long famous the world over for its magnificence and luxury, is no more. Babylon, it was learned early this morning, has fallen.

"Travelers arriving today by river steamer up the Euphrates report to the British authorities here that the streets of Babylon are almost deserted, and that most of the city lies today in utter ruin, baking under a desert sun. These travelers gloomily predict, moreover, that it will be not a matter of days but perhaps of many years before Babylon will fully recover from the slump.

"In many quarters, the blame for this almost complete collapse is laid at the door of an over-fondness for luxury and vice.

"Then go on and rehash the old story of the fall of Babylon. And you could do the same thing with any story ever told."

"So that's what's been worrying you?" And the Missus sighed in deep relief. But she appeared not entirely convinced. "Could you do the same thing with Noah and the flood?"

"Simplest thing in the world," Jenks answered. "Here's how:

"WASHINGTON—and the date—A rumor, not yet confirmed, but undenied, is in circulation at the offices of the United States Shipping Board this morning that government naval experts are investigating a remarkable story concerned with the buoyancy and seaworthiness of gopher wood. As an immediate result of this rumor the price of yellowwood, sometimes popularly described as 'gopher wood,' and common to parts of Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, went soaring today to levels hitherto untouched.

"No official denial was forthcoming at the offices of the Shipping Board for a report that a well-known wooden ship expert is taking passage tonight on the Liquitania, headed for Ararat in Armenia, whence this account of a remarkable test of the virtues of gopher wood arrived early this morning by wireless to Arlington.

"This story has it that a ship constructed of so-called 'gopher wood' withstood in entirely satisfactory fashion a terrific storm of 40 days and 40 nights duration, heavily laden throughout the test not only with stores and provisions for the skipper and his crew, but also with a record-breaking menagerie cargo of animals and birds of every species."

"You win," the Missus agreed. "It's just a trick, and I wish they'd stop it. If a thing happened yesterday they ought to say so."

Uncle Sam Preserves His Only Living Volcano

Mount Lassen, More Than 10,000 Feet High, Only Active Peak in Country; Bowlders, Thrown High Into Air by Eruption, Imperil Forest Supervisors

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE United States Government has lately come into possession of the only real live, active volcano between the Canadian border and the Mexican line, and one of the two active peaks on the continent of North America, the other being Mount Colima, on the southwest coast of Mexico. Since Uncle Sam took over the American volcano, it has been costing him $5,000 a year to maintain it. Now, however, if the Senate approves a measure known as the Raker Bill, passed by the House of Representatives in March, the $5,000 limit will be taken off, and the volcano given support commensurate with its standing as the only thing of its kind within the continental area of the United States.

The volcano is Mount Lassen, in the southeastern part of Shasta County, in Northern California, about 200 miles, as the airplanes of the Forest Service Patrol fly, from San Francisco. The peak, which is 10,437 feet in height, is within, though on the western edge of Lassen Volcanic National Park, approximately 81,000 square miles in area, of which only about 800 acres are owned by parties other than the government. The whole of this park, which is filled with mud-springs, geysers, boiling lakes, as well as streams and lakes of cold water, cinder cones, burned-out craters and lava beds, lies above the 5,500-foot level, and presents a greater variety of manifestations of the activities of earth's internal fires than does the Yellowstone. Because of its comparative inaccessibility, and the lack of accommodations for tourists, sight-seers and campers, however, the wonders of the Lassen Park are virtually unknown to Americans. The Federal Department of National Parks, of which Stephen T. Mather is the head, and the United States Forest Service, which has charge of the Lassen National Forest, and of which C. E. Dunston is supervisor, are prepared to provide roads, camp sites and other needed improvements, as soon as the increased appropriation for the development of the volcanic area into a national park becomes available.

Though Mount Lassen broke out in active eruptions in 1914 and 1915, and showed strong symptoms of a return to its activity in 1921, the last real explosive outburst, and the last time at which lava was expelled from the crater, was approximately 200 years ago, according to geologists who have made extensive studies of this most interesting volcano. Since the eruption of 1914-15 consisted in the main of smoke, sand, ashes and bowlders, during which a new lava plug was forced up into the throat of the crater, students believe that it will be some time before there is another explosive eruption, for the lava plug has cracked, in cooling, leaving large and wide-open vents, through which the steam and gases from the interior escape with ease. Geologists hold that, until these vents are filled by the falling back of waste material, or by the forcing up of fresh streams of lava, it will be impossible for the gases and steam so to be confined that another eruption will take place, though it is believed that the volcano will continue smoking, and, occasionally, throwing out fine ash and sand.

Thus, if Uncle Sam has to wait 200 years for another exhibition on the part of his only volcano, meanwhile expending more than $5,000 a year for Lassen's upkeep, Mount Lassen may prove an expensive pet. One of the unusual features of the recent eruption of this volcano has been that no molten lava was seen by any observer, and that no unusual heat was noticed, except that of escaping steam. This lack of heat was particularly noted in the falling of the volcanic ash, and even bowlders in the snow. Instead of melting through this snow, the ash lay thickly on top of it, while the bowlders sank of their weight through the snow, and did not melt their way through. The source of the heat which caused the outbursts of 1914 and 1915, and of the smaller outbreak of 1921, is not definitely known by any of the geologists or seismologists who have studied Lassen, but the general belief among these men of science is that the forcing upward of a column of lava, from the depths of the earth, created sufficient heat in fissure or seepage waters in the old crater, to cause the explosions which tore out a new vent in one side of the old crater. This, however, is admittedly only a theory, for man knows less about volcanic activities than he does about earthquakes.

Mount Lassen marks, at least approximately, the southern end of the Cascade Range of mountains, and is a volcanic cone, in many ways similar to its kindred, but burned-out, peaks of Shasta, Adams, Hood, Mazama, Rainier, Pit and the Three Sisters. As the whole Cascade Range is volcanic, so all the area about Lassen is volcanic, while just across the gap made by the Feather River, lie the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which, according to geologists, owe their height to "uplift," rather than to eruption. There are a half-dozen other volcanic peaks within 50 miles of Lassen, largely to the northward, which in times past have spewed lava freely over the landscape, but are now silent beneath caps of snow which they lift to heights of 7,000 to 9,000 feet.

Within the Lassen Park, and about 10 miles distant from the mountain which gives this reservation its name, stands the largest of several cinder cones, known as the Cinder Cone, some hundreds of feet in height, composed of a solid mound of volcanic cinders. Some 28 years ago, J. S. Diller, investigating this region for the United States Geological Survey, wrote of Lassen and of this great cinder cone, one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world, as follows:

> "The volcanic action which has built up Lassen Peak with its many associative cones is comparatively recent. It began at the close of the Ione Epoch, and occurred most violently at the time the Sierra Nevada was upheaved, but it has continued spasmodically to the present time. * * * * The latest volcanic eruption in the Lassen Peak district, and possibly, the latest in the United States south of Alaska, occurred at the Cinder Cone about 200 years ago. Some of the trees killed at the time are still standing. The lava, though very viscous, spread more than a mile from the vent, and formed a huge tabular pile, which extends across a little valley. The lava dam thus formed developed Snag Lake, which contains stumps of some of the trees drowned at the time the lake originated.
>
> "That volcanic activity is not yet extinct in the Lassen Peak district is shown by the presence of numerous solfataras and hot springs. At Bumpas's Hell, near the southern base of the peak, there are boiling mud pools, and vigorous solfataric action. Near by, at the head of Mill Creek, the sulphur deposited by such action is so abundant that attempts have been made to mine it. Similar phenomena occur in Hot Springs Valley and at Lake Tartarus and the Geyser, near Willow Lake. The Geyser is much less vigorous than formerly, and now the column of water rises scarcely a foot above its pool."



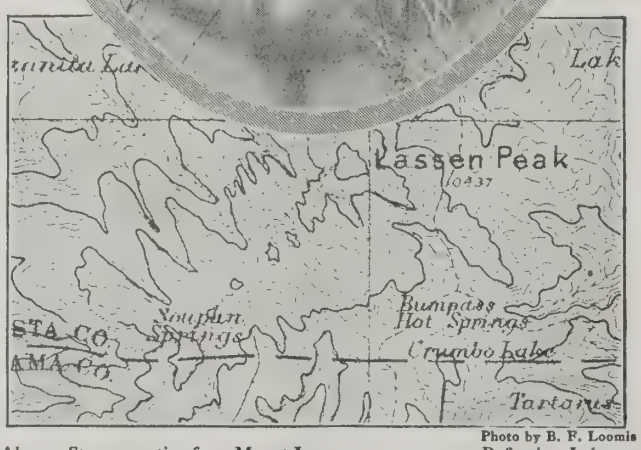


Photo by B. F. Loomis

Above—Steam eruption from Mount Lassen, as seen across Reflection Lake, a beautiful body of cold water within the Lassen Volcanic National Park. Below—Lassen Peak and vicinity, from U. S. geological survey of 1882-84, the latest obtainable.

Since the eruption of 1914-15, however, the Geyser has increased in height and volume, and is understood to be still gaining, probably because it is one of the outlets for heat, which otherwise would produce eruptions in the ancient crater of Lassen. Lake Tartarus, an interesting feature of the newest national park, is a pool of hot water, boiling over the vents from which it arises, and uncomfortably hot. From the great lava flow which came from the Cinder Cone so many years ago, today flow a number of streams of clear, ice-cold water, later uniting to form voluminous rivers.

The Cinder Cone itself—in fact, nearly all the cinder cones—are now covered with grass, some of them with small trees, and, in a few years, will be merely huge, rounded hills, whose source and character are known only to geologists. In the other mountains surrounding Lassen, but dwarfed to the size of foothills by comparison, are ancient craters, probably active before the Cinder Cone gave out its flood of molten lava, and none of them now showing signs of activity. With all these "infernal attractions," as one geologist said, within the area of the Lassen National Park, the peak, with its occasional wisps of smoke and steam, remains the center of interest. In other words, the park is the peak, and the peak is the park. In view of this, a description of the crater, by a member of the Forest Service, who actually looked down into the mysterious pit between eruptions, on June 4 and 5, 1914, is of unusual value. The United States Forest Service maintained, at the time of this eruption, and still maintains a fire lookout house almost on the summit of Mount Lassen, and the new vent, broken out from the old crater, burst forth about one-quarter of a mile from this lookout house, while Ben Macomber with two other foresters, Boerker and Abbey, remained in this flimsy shelter, almost on the rim of the crater, overnight. Here is Macomber's description:

"When I saw the crater on Lassen on June 4 and 5, the vent, by an engineer's tape, measured 275 feet long."

Imagine a man calmly measuring a volcano's mouth while the volcano was in eruption! But the forester continues:

"It (the crater) was then in one of the pauses between the heavy explosions. Thick volumes of steam, laden with sulphur smoke, were rising, and cracks were appearing in the ground. From three different places on the edge, I looked down into the crater. Sixty or 70 feet down, a pile of rocks was visible in the center of the vent, but at either end was a large dark hole from which the steam poured in clouds. The walls were absolutely perpendicular and around the top were *hung with icicles,* formed by the condensation of steam in the chill air of the peak.

"On the west side of the crater, everything was buried beneath a heavy fall of light gray ash, into which we sank over our boot tops. So light was this rock powder that it flew into the air at every step. On the east side, the same material seemed to have been thrown out in the form of mud, and lay frozen, hard as a rock. What little snow remained near the crater was buried under a layer of stones and bowlders. The larger bowlders had sunk down into the snow, creating many treacherous pits."

W. J. Rushing, then forest supervisor for the Lassen National Forest, bears witness to Macomber's feat when he says:

"At 8:05, June 1, 1914, a second outburst occurred, throwing out large quantities of sand, rocks and mud. Some bowlders weighing all of a ton were thrown out. The vent was enlarged (from 25x40 feet on May 30) to 60x275 feet. Boerker, Abbey and Macomber went up June 4, and remained on top in the lookout house overnight, and came back June 5."

Forest Ranger Abbey, on June 12, went back, with a party of five, when, "as we were climbing upward, half a mile from the crater, a mass of ashes and bowlders shot with a great roar into the sky above. Immediately, stones began to fall about us, and 300-pound bowlders began to drop a short distance above, bounding down the mountain side toward us." A motion-picture operator set up a camera and "took" the eruption.

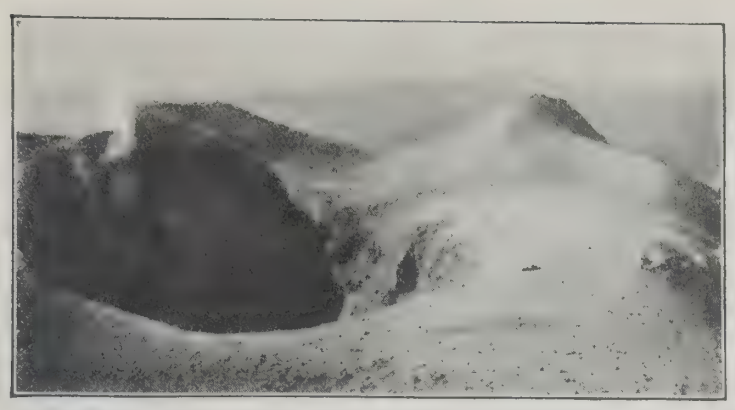


Photo by B. F. Loomis

View of the most recent crater on the cone of Mount Lassen, formed by the explosive eruption of 1915. This photo shows the mouth of the crater virtually as it is today.



Photo by Myers & Loomis

The Mushroom, the heaviest eruption of Mount Lassen since white men have known the peak. It occurred on May 22, 1915, and the photograph was made from Anderson, a town 50 miles from the crater of the volcano.

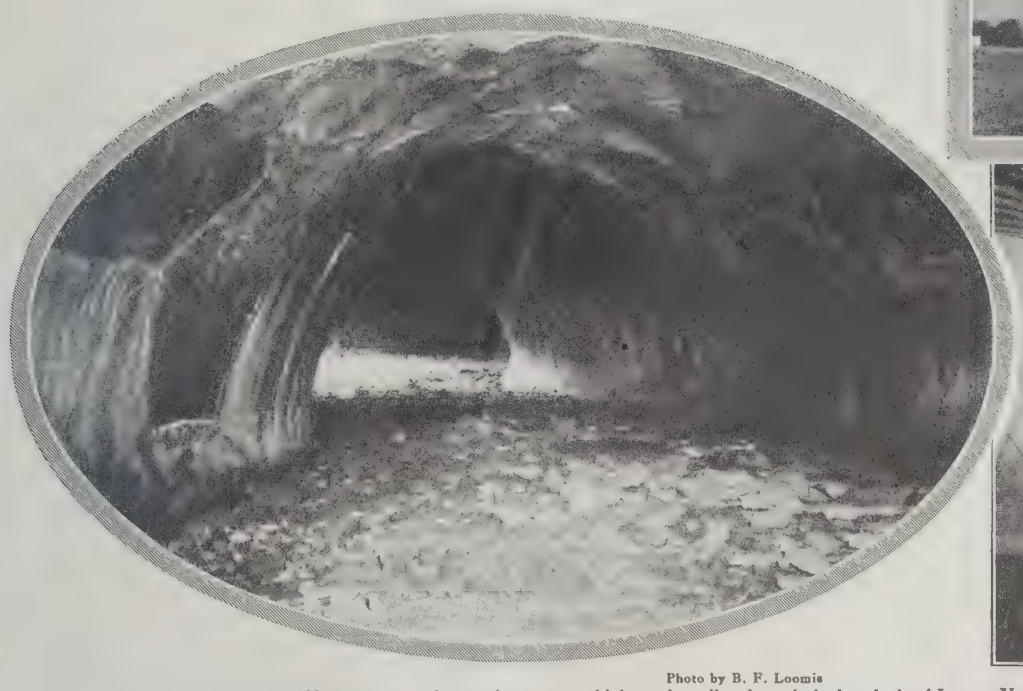


Photo by B. F. Loomis

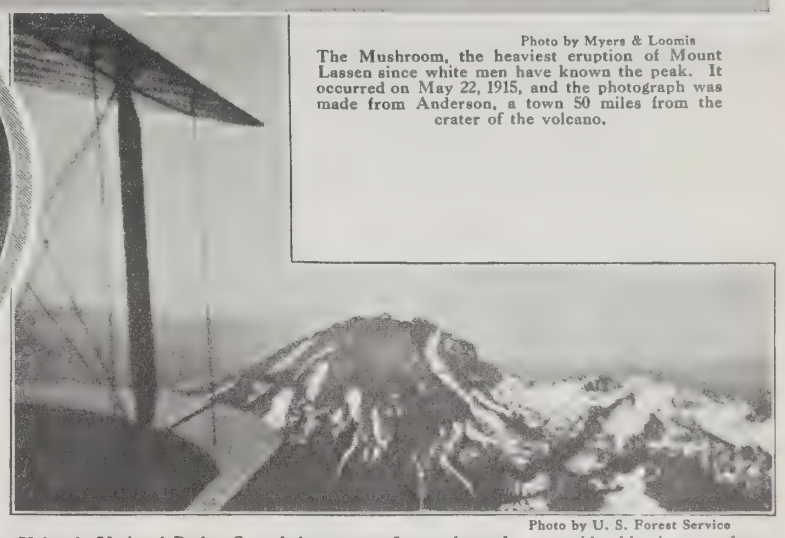


Photo by U. S. Forest Service

Above, left—One of more than 100 entrances to the vast lava caves which run for miles through the lava beds of Lassen Volcanic National Park. Out of these caves flow at least three considerable rivers, and the caves never have been explored. Indians in large numbers once lived in them, and they are now inhabited by mountain lions, wolves and bears. Above, right—Mount Lassen from an airplane of the U. S. Forest Service Patrol.

Writing a Tariff Bill

THE real story of how Congress writes a tariff bill into law is, or ought to be, interesting to every consumer, for every American, young or old, little or large, is a consumer, and every commodity of the many thousands that Americans eat, wear or consume in any way is touched by the tariff, that touch usually meaning an increase in its cost to the consumer.

Under the Constitution of the United States, all revenue measures—a tariff act is a revenue measure—must originate in the House of Representatives. Therefore, it was, of course, in the House of Representatives that the McCumber-Fordney bill, now before the United States Senate, had its origin.

The first stage of the enactment of the pending bill began on January 6, 1921, when the Ways and Means Committee of the House began open hearings preliminary to what was announced would be a "permanent revision" of the tariff. These hearings continued for about three weeks, during which several hundred—probably two thousand in all—interested persons were heard. Of course, each individual appearing had an axe to grind. He or she—for women were among those appearing—wanted either a high duty, a low duty or no duty at all on the particular commodity about which he or she appeared. Those who appeared journeyed from far and near, coming from every state and from some of the insular possessions as well as Cuba.

After the hearings had been completed and several thousand pages of their record had been printed, following the long-established custom, the minority members of the Ways and Means Committee—in this Congress they are the Democrats—were excluded, and the 17 majority, or Republican, members, headed by Representative Joseph W. Fordney, of Michigan, were divided into some half-dozen subcommittees. To each of these subcommittees was assigned the task of fixing the rates and writing the one or more of the 14 dutiable schedules, the free list and the administrative sections of the bill. One of these subcommittees, usually numbering three majority members of the committee, would write the wool schedule, another the metals schedule, and so on.

When the subcommittees had finished their tasks, the full majority membership was called together by the committee chairman, the subcommittees submitted their reports, and the bill was written. Maybe those who formed one of the subcommittees knew something about what was in the schedules the other subcommittees had written, and maybe they did not—often they did not.

Now to pass a measure of such importance and containing so many items as a tariff bill through the House under the ordinary rules of the House would require something like a short lifetime, so to expedite the bill's passage, the Rules Committee of the House was applied to for a special rule, suspending the regular rules of the House and permitting the bill to be put through under suspension of the rules, or a "gag" rule, as such a suspension of the rules is usually termed by those happening to be in the minority, and therefore the victims of such rule. In the case of the Fordney bill, as the pending measure was known as long as it was still in the House stage, only two weeks was allotted for consideration before it was put upon its final vote, and until amendments that had been referred to and reported out by the Ways and Means Committee were all disposed of, no amendments were allowed to be offered from the floor. The Ways and Means Committee majority saw to it that there were enough such committee amendments to consume the entire two weeks allowed for consideration of the bill. In fact, when the two weeks had lapsed and the final vote required under the "gag" rule was taken, there were committee amendments still pending, so that general discussion of the bill was never permitted, and no amendments that individual members of the House may have wished to offer were ever considered. In that way, the House passed and sent the bill to the Senate.

When the Fordney bill reached the Senate, it was referred to the Finance Committee, of which the late Senator Boise Penrose, of Pennsylvania, was then chairman. There the formality of open hearings was gone through just as it had been in the House Committee. These closed, again the minority members—still the Democrats—were excluded, and the majority, or Republican members, sat themselves down to write, or rather rewrite the bill. The only departure from the plan the House Committee adopted was that the majority members made themselves a single committee-of-the-whole instead of dividing into subcommittees, so that all of the schedules were considered, and rewritten, by the same committee. This accounts in some measure for the fact that it required the Senate Committee so much longer to rewrite the bill than it had required the House Committee to write it in the beginning. The sessions of the majority members of the Senate Committee at which rates were fixed and the House bill rewritten were supposed to be secret, and outsiders were supposed to be excluded, but as a matter of fact, scores, even hundreds, of persons who wished to be heard found their way into the committee room by one means or another, usually as a "courtesy" to the Senator whose constituent the person applying happened to be.

After months of work in committee, the bill was finally reported to the Senate by the Chairman of the Finance Committee, Senator McCumber, who succeeded to the important post of the late Senator Penrose, and it is still there. Supposedly, it is being delivered upon in the Senate chamber at this time, and it is being considered after a fashion. It is being debated anywhere from six to twelve hours daily, and is likely to be debated for many, many weeks, for under Senate rules, unlike those of the House, debate may not be limited save by a two-thirds vote, and that the majority can't muster. But regardless of the importance of the item under consideration, or how important the industry affected by the proposed rate of duty, it is an actual fact that there are seldom more than a dozen Senators on the floor during the debate, and, frequently, the number does not exceed a half-dozen. Chairman McCumber, in charge of the bill, and Senator Smoot, next ranking Republican member of the Finance Committee, who probably knows more about what is in the bill than anybody else in either House, may usually be counted upon to be in the chamber, while on the other side, Senator Simmons, ranking Democrat on the Finance Committee and leading the fight against the bill, is usually on hand, and present with him most of the time are Senators Jones, New Mexico, and Walsh, Massachusetts, other Democratic members of the Finance Committee, and King, of Utah. These Senators and Senator Curtis, Republican whip, whose duty it is to shoo Republican Senators in from the cloakrooms when a vote is about to be taken, are about the only Senators who are present during the major part of the time the bill is being debated. But when voting time comes and the bell is rung, in flock the Senators from the cloakrooms, the Republicans to vote as they are told to vote by Senator McCumber, or Senator Smoot or Senator Curtis, and the Democrats to vote as their leader, or leaders, tell them they should vote. Sometimes they know and understand what they are voting about, but more often they do not, or at least it is difficult to understand how they can or could know, because for the most part, the cloakroom is about as near as they get to the subject that is being debated until the bell rings and voting time arrives.

That is how it happens that a tariff bill is written by a few men, and is rewritten by an even fewer number. The Ways and Means Committee of the House, where the bill is written, numbers 25 members, of whom 17 are Republicans and eight are Democrats. Nine constitute a majority of the majority, and may dictate the bill. Under the House "gag" rule methods, what these nine say shall be in the bill is usually what is in it when it is passed. Then it goes to the Senate and there referred to the Finance Committee, which numbers 16 Senators, of whom 10 are Republicans and 6 Democrats. There, six are a majority of the majority. They write, or rather rewrite it, and it goes to the Senate. The bill is changed in the Senate and to adjust these differences, it is sent to conference. For the House, the three ranking majority and two ranking minority members of the Ways and Means Committee are named; on the part of the Senate, the relative ranking members of the Finance Committee are named. The six majority members of the two committees iron out the wrinkles and a party vote adopts it.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The cabrogoya, a huge lizard attaining a length of four and one-half feet, is found in Ceylon. It is beautifully marked and its skin when tanned affords a fine leather of excellent wearing quality and waterproof. It is used for making women's shoes.

A new rotary spray pump weighing but 59 pounds is expected to revolutionize orchard spraying. It is declared that the machine, running at normal speed, can deliver from 300 to 500 pounds pressure and will distribute from 20 to 35 gallons of material a minute.

A New York specialist on mental and moral disease, declares that "smoking for a woman is a sign of degeneration. It is a brand of moral instability."

There are 3,500 persons in the United States more than 100 years of age.

The American Bible Society, Astor Place and Fourth avenue, New York City, now publishes the Bible in more than 700 different languages and dialects. Where savages have no written language the missionaries hit on the scheme of "phoneticizing" the spoken language and then translating the Bible into this phonetic language.

The inhabitants of a vast region in the arid interior of Australia are still in the stone age and an effort is being made to keep them there. Sixty-five thousand square miles have been set apart as a sanctuary for the natives and no white men are allowed to enter the sanctuary. These natives fashion their rude weapons and implements of stone and wood, and are entirely ignorant of the use of metal. Cannibalism is still in full force among the natives of the Everard ranges and they have to be constantly on the march to obtain food.

Wireless telephone operation across the English Channel has made possible continuous communications between English shore stations and flying planes in the Brussels-Paris service, and is particularly helpful in heavy fogs, as orders or explanations of conditions at landing fields can be conveyed to pilots of aircraft.

The Boy Scout movement originated in England.

A new machine for reducing oil from shale rock is at work near Denver. The invention is a series of revolving retorts, heated by oil burners. The shale rock is dumped in the hopper and comes out at the rear of the machine as black dust made up of hydrocarbons of high commercial value. According to the president of the Colorado School of Mines, the invention will revolutionize the oil industry.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

A new aluminum alloy has been developed which is sold under the name "silumin." It is the invention of a German and contains 11 to 14 per cent of silicon and 86 to 89 per cent of aluminum. It is unaffected by wet steam and resists concentrated nitric acid better than aluminum. The alloy is made from its elements in the electric furnace or directly.

It is estimated that about $8,000,000 is invested in fox farming in the United States alone.

A prize of $5,000 has been offered by the city of Trujillo, Peru, for the best small model for a monument to Liberty, 60 feet high, to be erected in the principal square as a memorial signalizing the centenary of the declaration of Peruvian independence.

Sand dunes are forming over a large area north of Winnemucca, Nevada, and the vast field of dunes is slowly traveling eastward. In certain spots the telegraph poles have been buried so deep that they have had to be spliced to keep the wires above the sand.

A porpoise will devour its weight in fish every 48 hours.

Fires in the peat bogs of Minnesota continue the year around. Buried under the snow in winter, the fires smoulder, and in spring their presence is made known by the smoke which sifts through crevices in the baked soil.

A great white way between New York and Chicago is to be built to guide night fliers in the mail service. Great beacons are to be installed not more than 25 miles apart and at Chicago two immense fields suitable for night landing are to be built.

County agents of California have the rank of assistant professors in the university and are entitled to all the rights and privileges of the resident teaching force. One county agent who has served eight years has been granted sabbatical leave. He will travel in Europe studying rural co-operation.

Blast-furnace slag as a material for concrete road construction is to be tested by the Bureau of Public Roads. At various parts of the country great quantities of slag are to be found at blast furnaces and tests will be made for resistance to wear, water absorption, strength and general utility. Test roads built with slag as the coarse material will be built in various parts of the country and reports will furnish information which can be fully relied upon.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are investing $200,000,000 in West Virginia and Kentucky coal mines which have a capacity exceeding 6,000 tons a day. The Coal River Collieries is the new company and it is owned by hundreds of locomotive engineers throughout the country. They plan to retail the coal to railway men and other workers in the large cities throughout the United States. Miners will be paid adequate wages.

There are four mutual savings and loan associations engaged in co-operative banking in Spokane, with 12,000 depositors, and $6,000,000 in savings accounts. The dividend disbursements of July 1, were $135,000 or five per cent annually.

Alaska has 1,000 automobiles. Three years ago there were only 201.

For the first time in the history of the Vatican, the papal housekeeper is a woman. The present Pope brought his mother's old maid to the ancient buildings. The Cardinals protested. "I shall set a precedent for my successors," said Pius XI.

Albert D. Lasker, head of the United States Shipping Board, was born in Germany and is a member of the American Jewish Committee, the ruling body in American Jewry.

Food cards are to be distributed to children and women with babies in certain centers in West Virginia and Pennsylvania where industrial strife has brought misery. The food is to be distributed by the Quakers.

Two or three hundred farms containing 20 acres each are to be laid out in eastern North Carolina as Farm City. These farms are to be sold to men and women of means, who are weary of schoolroom and office and eager for an independent farm home.

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MONKEY TO MAN

What Does Science Teach?

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Monkey to Man!—Does Modern Science Hold It?

A Symposium on the Origin of Man in Which Students of Science and Religion in Representative Institutions of Learning Give Their Views

By A. S. GREGG

DID Man slowly evolve from the lower forms of animal life or was he created fully developed as he is now, by a direct act of God?

A good deal of ignorance, inaccuracy and bigotry has been displayed in this dispute, and for that reason the writer has undertaken to ascertain and set forth the conclusions of scientific leaders in a representative group of colleges and universities, for the benefit of the "man in the street."

Five questions were submitted. The replies given in this symposium are from students who have earnestly investigated evolution in the light of reason and revelation. They are truthseekers of the most advanced type, and are representative of the educators in denominational, state and private institutions who are shaping the thought life of coming leaders in industry, education and religion. What they say is entitled to the highest consideration.

The institutions represented in this inquiry include Boston University; New York University; Stanford University; St. Vincent's Archabby, Beatty, Pennsylvania; Temple University, Philadelphia; Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio; Arkansas Baptist College, Little Rock, Arkansas; University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan; Pennsylvania State College; Lynchburg College, Lynchburg, Virginia; University of Kentucky; University of Vermont; Nebraska Wesleyan University; University of Utah.

The Five Questions

1 As far as you have observed, do reputable scientific investigators hold that Evolution postulates the ascent of man from the ape (the sense in which "Evolution" is commonly conceived by the people)?

2 Did Darwin ever teach that, or did he merely advance it as a speculative hypothesis?

3 Has not post-Darwinian scientific research greatly modified the earliest Darwinian tendencies?

4 Has science ever found sufficient ground to declare that one species has become another species? Have not most of the advances in knowledge been made in the region of development of species within their natural limitations?

5 Are not Mr. Bryan and the clergy who are opposing him both wrong in so far as they confine their discussion to the Darwinism of 30 years ago?

ROBERT A. BUDINGTON,

Department of Zoology, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio

1. No one acquainted with the general field in which evolution has occurred postulates that present-day man has ascended from the present-day ape, or from any members of the Anthropoidea below the family Hominidae (men). Such a doctrine would assume that the apes have remained stationary during the age-long changes which man has experienced; the only reasonable supposition is that both have taken part in their wide diversion from the type of their common origin. That their origin was the same is wholly reasonable and probable.

2. Darwin did not teach that present-day man is a descendant of any present-day animals, which would thus be considered man's ancestors. He, of course, did teach a common ancestry of man and the other Primates—holding essentially the same view as is held by any evolutionist today. You ask, "Did he merely advance it as a speculative hypothesis?" to which one must always allow that the doctrine of evolution will always be a hypothesis, but with such a body of evidence in its favor as to make it as convincing as a fully known matter of fact.

3. Post-Darwinian scientific research has assuredly greatly modified the earliest Darwinian doctrines. (I am not sure what you mean by "Darwinian *tendencies*" in this third question.) The idea of evolution as a historic biological occurrence greatly antedated Darwin, of course; Darwin merely offered a big contribution to the answer to be given to the question—"What factors contributed to and brought about organic evolution?" It is true that some factors in this process, considered causal by Darwin, have now been largely discredited by recent scientific research; for example, his adherence to the so-called "pangenesis" theory of inheritance.

4. You ask—"Has science ever found sufficient ground to declare that one species has become another species?" I think there is abundant evidence that this has occurred, through mutation. In this connection one must guardedly refrain from confusing species with genera; and there is much danger of confusion due to essential disagreement as to a definition of the term "species." But in any case we know that numerous instances are well recognized of new types being derived from the same parent stock, each with its own characteristics and *breeding true,* without tendency to return to the parent type; such types maintain their identity even when cross-bred with the parent stock.

5. You ask, "Are not both Mr. Bryan and the clergy who are opposing him wrong in so far as they confine their discussion to the Darwinism of 30 years ago?"

Darwinism and evolution are not the same thing. The former is only a doctrine as to the factors which, by their actions and reactions on organic material, resulted in evolution; while the latter is the doctrine of descent of the "higher," more complex (anatomically, physiologically, mentally) organic forms from the "lower" and simpler forms—a theory entertained for centuries, at least since the time of Empedocles (495-435 B. C.). The evidence in favor of evolution is more abundant than ever today, and the acceptance of the idea is immeasurably more general, among thinking, informed people, than at any previous time.

Many of the contributions of Darwin are as credited today as ever; but some of his contentions as to the factors active in bringing about evolution are no longer tenable.

If I understand Mr. Bryan, he is not especially criticizing the teaching of Darwin, but rather he is taking leave of the whole idea of evolution so far as it involves man; I believe he is not specially offended by the contention that all other animals may have experienced a history involving progression, an evolution from good to better. Only in the case of man has there been an inhibition of improvement, imposed upon an unnatural origin.

I trust you have seen the excellent articles by Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, and by Professor Edwin Grant Conklin, of Princeton University, in the special feature section of the New York *Times,* for an early Sunday in March; I regret I cannot now give the exact date. They are replies to Mr. Bryan, and are worthy of wide reading.

HAROLD R. HAGAN,

Head of Zoology Department, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah

1. No.

2. Darwin did not teach that, nor advance it as an hypothesis.

3. Yes, Darwinian theory of evolution was based on natural selection. It is no longer believed that natural selection originated species but merely causes their survival.

4. In answer to this question may I earnestly request that you read the two following books:

"Readings in Evolution, Genetics and Eugenics"—by H. H. Newman, chapters I to XV.

"Theory of Evolution."

5. I have not yet received a verbatim copy of Mr. Bryan's opposition to the teaching of evolution, nor do I know the stand of the clergy. I do not see any reason why they should be incompatible or why there should be disharmony between religion and science.

C. L. BRISTOL,

Professor of Biology, New York University, New York, New York

1. No reputable investigator has held that Evolution postulates the ascent of man from the ape in the sense that the man in the street interprets Evolution.

2. So far as I know, Darwin did not teach it, nor did he advance it as a speculative hypothesis.

3. Recent research has modified some of the earliest notions of Darwin and most of the modifications have been constructive. It is an eloquent proof of the grand features of Darwin's theories, that advances in research have contributed to them instead of destroying them.

4. It has been urged that no change from one species to another has actually been observed. Read Huxley on this point. But, evidence is so abundant that this has been the ordinary process in times past, that we are forced to accept it. The nature of the evidence is unmistakable, though it is circumstantial, and not direct.

5. The sad thing about Mr. Bryan and his colleagues is that they have not kept up to the times in their discussions. My students have expressed themselves several times thus. If Mr. Bryan only knew this fact, would he take his present position?

I hope that you may be able to enlighten the man in the street of the present stand of science in this matter. You may be able to do it better than one of us.

STANTON C. CRAWFORD,

Department of Biology and Geology, Lynchburg College, Lynchburg, Virginia

As far as I have observed, reputable scientific investigators do not hold that Evolution postulates the ascent of man from the ape. Darwin was only offering a possible explanation when he spoke of this ancestry, and was wholly surprised at the attention given to his speculations. Post-Darwinian research has left the old "Darwinism" in the background, and modern "Evolution" is not Darwinism.

Our artificial method of designating "species" makes it possible to say that in a few famous cases under observation one species has become another species. But probably no change from one fundamental species to another has been observed among living forms. Indeed, it is not to be expected that such a change may be *observed,* so gradual are the transformations. The observed changes are among varieties, not species.

Those who oppose Evolution usually do so by railing against Darwinism, and in so doing, hit at a man of straw, for modern Evolution, as noted, is not Darwinism.

A. FRANKLIN SHULL,

Department of Zoology, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan

1. Reputable biologists hold that man has ascended or descended, whichever you prefer to say, from an animal that was near enough like both man and the anthropoid apes to be the ancestor of both of them. It is hardly correct to say that they hold man to have come from the apes for that would mean that the apes have remained unchanged while man had evolved from them.

2. Darwin advanced this idea as a hypothesis although at the same time I would be willing to say that he taught that doctrine. I cannot quite see the difference between teaching a thing and hypothecating it, for the advancement of a hypothesis is, in a sense, teaching.

3. A number of things that Darwin taught have been modified by subsequent research but this statement will mean nothing whatever unless it is specified what those things are. The principal fundamental tenet of evolution remains firmly established.

4. It would not be quite true to say that one species has become another species. Certain members of a species have become changed and their changed nature is transmitted to their descendants and subsequently it might happen that all of the old unchanged members of the species perish. This would leave the new species a successor of the old one without the old species having produced in its entirety the new species. The second part of your fourth question is not specific enough to mean anything to me.

5. I would not want to say that Mr. Bryan and the clergy are "wrong" by confining their discussions to the Darwinism of 30 years ago. It is their right to do so if they make it clear that that is what they are doing. Whether it is desirable to discuss Darwinism of that period without taking into account the modern work is another question. I do not think you are raising that question.

LEONA L. BURLINGAME,

Department of Botany, Stanford University

Stanford University, California

1. It was the view of Darwin, Huxley, and other earlier writers that the similarity of structure between man and the higher Primates shows a "community of descent." By this they had no intention of asserting that man has evolved from any living anthropoid but merely that apes and man trace back to a common ancestry.

2. Today scientific men interested in researches of this character recognize that more recent discoveries of fossil remains of man all tend to confirm this hypothesis. The question at issue is, of course, largely one of whether one may employ the same processes of reasoning concerning the origin of the human race as he uses concerning the lower animals and plants. It is today, as it always has been, a hypothesis or, perhaps, a theory to account for the *observed facts* that three or possibly more species of men have existed on this earth within recent geological time.

3. The answer to the third question as to whether we have evidence showing that one species has become another depends for its answer very largely on how one defines the term species. It is the everyday experience of the geneticist that he makes new combinations of hereditary characters. Sometimes he deals with those which in nature differentiate recognized species of the systematist and more frequently with those which belong to so-called varieties. In a few cases new "sorts" of animals or plants have been made by combining characters from different genera. One of the most noted and successful is that made by Dr. Orton, whom you may remember having been here a few days ago. He crossed a watermelon and a citron and from the offspring selected and established the plant which now produces the southern "watermelons" which are sold on the northern market. Many other illustrations of the same sort might be cited. Whether this is to be considered as the origin of one species from another obviously depends on the definition of species.

4. Whether Mr. Bryan and the clergy who oppose "evolution" are wrong or not depends on whether one regards a reasonable interpretation of facts more or less probable than the literal interpretation of the Old Testament. Practically all modern Biblical scholars reject such an interpretation of the Scriptures. It would seem therefore that the dispute is largely one between two schools of theology. The scientist regards evolution of organisms, including man, as more probable than special creation but he does not, so far as I know, teach it as anything other than a matter of logical probability.

L. H. MURLIN,

President of Boston University,

Boston, Massachusetts

1. No.
2. Purely a "speculative hypothesis."
3. It has.
4. The latter part of this paragraph is the correct answer to your question.
5. They are, absolutely.

There is not the slightest conflict between the Bible and the acceptance of theistic evolution. Darwin never pretended to be a philosopher nor a theologian. He advanced only a scientific hypothesis. Herbert Spencer based a little philosophy and much science on the Darwinian theory. Borden P. Bowne exploded the Spencerian philosophy 25 years ago.

Even the acceptance of the theistic theory of evolution is not final; it seems, however, to be a perfectly natural and reasonable exposition of the way in which the Divine activities have expressed themselves. Nor does it by any means mean that man came from the monkey instead of coming from the garden.

THADDEUS L. BOLTON,

Professor of Psychology, Temple University,

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

1. It is my opinion that the reputable biologists do not hold and never have held that man is a direct descendant of the apes. The prevailing opinion is that man and the apes can trace their ancestry back to a form of life much more primitive than either that was the common ancestor of both. The popular opinion that man is descended from the apes is attributable to aspersions that were cast against Darwin in the long religio-scientific controversy that went on in England before 1883.

2. My opinion is that Darwin taught that man and the apes had a very remote common ancestor. The apes and monkeys are rather degenerate representatives of this ancestor while man is a highly evolved creature belonging on a plane far above his remote ancestor or his distant relatives, the monkeys.

3. Post-Darwinism has modified very much the suggestions thrown out by Darwin himself. To use a common phrase, much water has run under the mill since his day. The modification is, however, strongly in the direction that there has been evolution. The problem is now to work out details showing directions of evolutionary change.

4. Some biologists hold that there is much ground for declaring that species are mutable and that one species has been shown to arise from another. Professor Bateson, of England, seems to hold that there is not sufficient ground for such claim. I myself have seen a salamander change sufficiently in one generation under experimental conditions to make the animal difficult to identify even by persons expert in their knowledge of this creature.

5. It seems to me that the discussion should cover only, at least especially, the position of biological science of today. Darwin should be read in his original books, and the writings of the great men of today—Osborn, Conklin, Thompson, Davenport, Haeckel, Wiedersheim, Brooks, Loeb, Wheeler, and so on—should be the basis of the discussion. Let Mr. Bryan and the clergy go into the laboratories, the experimental gardens and the breeding stations and spend months in close observance of what is being done. In that way they may know. Science is not a matter to be got by reading alone; it must be studied at first hand in the laboratory and the experiment station.

BARRY O'TOOLE, Ph. D., S. T. D.,

Professor of Theology at St. Vincent's Archabby, Beatty, Pennsylvania, and Professor of Biology at Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pennsylvania

1. To the best of my knowledge, all modern zoologists and anthropologists have completely abandoned the theory of Man's direct descent from the ape; but very many scientists still continue to uphold the so-called Theory of Indirect Descent. In other words, the modern theory regards man, not as a descendant of the monkey, but as the offspring of some undiscovered bestial ancestor of the Tertiary period, common to apes and men.

2. Charles Darwin categorically taught the descent of Man from the Monkey. To quote his own words from the second edition of the "Descent of Man": "The Simiadae then branched off into two great stems, the New World and the Old World monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the universe, proceeded." ("Descent of Man," 2nd edit., chap. vi, pp. 220, 221.) Note that he does not say "probably"; his language is not the language of hypothesis, but of unhesitating affirmation.

3. Post-Darwinian research has tended not so much to modify, as rather thoroughly to discredit classic Darwinism. It may now be regarded as an obsolete system, whose value is historic rather than scientific. To quote from William Bateson's presidential address of 1914: "For us that debate stands adjourned. We go to Darwin for his incomparable collection of facts. We would fain emulate his scholarship, his width, and his power of exposition, but to us he speaks no more with philosophical authority. We read his scheme of evolution as we would those of Lucretius and Lamarck, delighting in their simplicity and courage." (Heredity, Presid. Add. to British Assoc. for Advanc. of Science, cf. Smithson. Inst. Rpt. for 1915, p. 365).

4. Science has so far failed to unearth any experimental evidence of the origin of one species from another. The nearest approach to an experimental proof has been the observed origin of mutations, but these new mutant forms have proved to be new varieties, not new species. Moreover, none of the known mutant forms would be capable of survival in the wild state, and owe their preservation exclusively to artificial conditions. On the other hand, Comparative Anatomy and Paleontology appear to offer a considerable amount of inferential evidence in favor of evolution. But such evidence, however persuasive, can never become conclusive until supported by experimental proof. Besides, the cogency of the inferential argument, which deduces the common ancestry of forms from their resemblances, is greatly diminished by the counteractive force of a threefold objection: (a) the existence of numerous instances of convergence proving that resemblance is perfectly compatible with independent origin, and does not necessarily presuppose common ancestry; (b) the absence of intermediate species to bridge the gaps between the fossil genera; (c) the persistence, throughout enormous lapses of geological time, from the very earliest periods down to our own day, of unchanged forms, such as the horseshoe crab, the worm and the brachiopod lingula, which seems to be incompatible with a general law of evolution.

5. Mr. Bryan is right in his opposition to Evolution envisaged as an atheistic and materialistic philosophy, but like all ignorant defenders of a good cause, he is likely to do it more harm than good.

JOSEPH A. BOOKER,

President Arkansas Baptist College,

Little Rock, Arkansas

1. In one way or another, I have studied the doctrine of "Evolution" very earnestly and some times critically. I have not only studied Darwin, but Spencer as well, and have also studied Mother Nature and her children, and her workshop and methods. I am therefore giving you the positive "No" to the first question. I have always thought that even Darwin himself was misinterpreted by the ordinary reader,, and misrepresented by the careless reader. Darwin has never asserted that man originated from the monkey. He simply laid down such an hypothesis, which he confessed that he could not prove till he had found the "missing link" between man and the monkey. The last heard of Darwin was, he had failed to find that "missing link." Hence his hypothesis remained unproved.

3. As the second question is answered in the first answer given above I am dismissing number two and passing to the third. Post-Darwin scientific research *has greatly modified* the earliest supposed theory of Darwin. But there are very few real students found among the fighters on either side, hence the "war of words" has gone on apace for the past generation or more without real scientific results.

4. Science has never seemed to find sufficient grounds to set forth the doctrine that one species can become another species. And here is an important point which the ordinary debater on the subject seems to have overlooked. Furthermore, Spencer's doctrine of evolution gains its point right there. Spencer believes in the evolution of things from their own species; that all the progress of nature and of peoples is carried on in that manner. Perhaps Darwin believed the same, after he failed to find the "missing link"; but neither side has stopped, it seems, to "hear the conclusion of the whole matter" in Darwin's latter days.

5. I am very slow to pronounce anybody right or wrong on a question of hypothesis; even on a question of doctrine, wherein there may be proof very conclusive on both sides. But it does seem to me that a little more scientific toleration, like a little more religious toleration, would work wonders. It would be another illustration, that "politics (common belief in things) makes strange bedfellows." The truth is, very few of us "know" anything much about the world of nature around us; we are just beginning to get our eyes open upon the great and inexhaustible wealth of knowledge of nature and of science. We should rejoice to become fellow-students rather than fellow-soldiers, in our search for conclusive knowledge.

H. F. PERKINS,

Professor of Zoology, University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont

1. Yes. It should be understood that the ancestor of man was not necessarily very much like any existing species. Evolution has had a chance to work downhill or along parallel roads in the line from which man may have originated just as much as in an uphill direction with man himself.

2. Darwin believed and taught that an *ape-like* ancestor had given rise to the human race. It was more than a speculative hypothesis with him as with modern biologists.

3. Yes, but not particularly this human ancestry aspect of it.

4. Yes, many times. (b) Perhaps so, recently, at least.

5. Decidedly yes.

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS, Ph. D.,

President of Pennsylvania State College

1. The ape is a hazard and little concerns the great law of evolution.

2. An hypothesis. Only a possible link in the chain. Just as well say the amphibious animals or the primordial germ.

3. Naturally.

4. Evolution of a new species has been explained by many theories; none satisfactorily. Perhaps we shall never know. "For who by searching can find out God?"

5. Far be it from me to criticize either Mr. Bryan or the clergy (scientists?). I see no reason for any conflict. Granted that there be a law known as evolution, who made that law? Granted that there is a common origin in the primordial germ, who made the germ? A creating cause is inevitable to those who consent to read with their eyes and minds rather than their prejudices.

I. B. SCHRECKENGAST,

Chancellor, Nebraska Wesleyan University, University Place, Nebraska

1. So far as I know, no reputable scientist thinks that man is descended from the modern ape. The ape is himself a specialized development from certain simpler forms of life. Back somewhere nearer the trunk of the tree, the ape branched off. The relation of man to the ape would be like this—instead of going directly from the end of one limb to the top of the tree, you would go down the limb to the trunk and up the trunk to the top.

2. I am not a specialist on Mr. Darwin's teaching. I have read his book but his writings are very voluminous and I do not want to attempt to interpret him as a whole.

3. It is my understanding that modern evolutionists have abandoned much that Mr. Darwin suggested. His great contribution was a conception of evolution as a whole.

4. I do not know.

5. Without any doubt.

From my point of view, Mr. Bryan is very unreasonable in his suggestion that either evolution is wrong, or Christianity is wrong. The papers reported him in Lincoln as saying that if you accept evolution to eliminate the supernatural, you destroy the Bible and you destroy the deity of Christ. To my mind that is silly. Evolution is simply a mode of divine procedure and is just as dignified and worthy of our conception of God, as the special creation theory. From the Christian viewpoint, evolution brings God into the world instead of putting him out of it. I conceive of God as present in every step of the process. Evolution requires very little religious adjustment in our interpretation, even of the Bible, and how it can affect the divinity of Christ, is a mystery to me.

FRANK L. McVEY,

President, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky

1. Answer is No.
2. Answer is neither.
3. Great modifications have taken place.
4. Answer is No.
5. Answer is Yes.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 41, August 5, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Strikes and the Country

UP TO the moment this is written the country has never seen a menace of industrial breakdown so incompetently handled by the Federal Government, as are the twin strikes of the coal miners and the railway men. Hesitancy and uncertainty, contradictory attitudes, have marked every statement and every move, the Administration appearing to be swayed by any and every advisor that got its ear. At this writing Fuel Administrators have been appointed, which cannot be interpreted as anything but a surrender before a defeat. The American people must regard with chagrin the feeble hands that grope and fumble around the nation's helm.

The Government itself is "in wrong" to begin with. It was with Government approval that the railway workers' wages were lowered when it was absolutely certain that such an act would precipitate a strike and a tie-up. An agency of the Government undertook to do the dirty work of the railway owners, to give a corporation act the aspect of a Government edict, and now that the strike has come, there are United States officials silly enough to say it is a strike against the Government! Committed to the railway owners' side of the wage disputes, the Administration must back up its folly, or repent—and repentance is about the last thing to expect in affairs of this kind.

And not the Administration only, but the associated powers of wealth and exploitation must share the very serious responsibility. There is no doubt at all that this strike is part and parcel of the process of "deflating labor" which was begun so deliberately and carried on so heartlessly at the close of the war. It is even now being whispered across the country, as a kind of secret campaign argument, that manufacturers —especially manufacturers—must be patient with the present destructive situation because it is only part of "the program of putting labor where it belongs." It is openly charged in various reports in the hands of the President that these strikes were desired by the owners of railroads and mines. The strikes were desired by the railroad owners because they would encourage by fair means or foul the government purchase of the roads. And the strikes were desired by the mine owners because of an intolerable condition which has been fastened on coal mining. The railroads are so decrepit that even Wall Street has discarded them in favor of the movies, as investment propositions. Coal mining has been so separated from the public by a brokerage system that only drastic readjustment can be of any use.

In both of these instances, however, the Administration is not blameless. The time for a Government to act is before the catastrophe, to prevent it. The Administration had full knowledge and ample warning of what was to occur; it knew the protest of the railway workers uttered at the time a Government agency was busy slashing $600,000,000 off the workers' annual income; it knew the situation with regard to coal; yet not by one act of forethought or one step toward prevention did it seek to forestall what it clearly saw would occur, and what it must have known the enemies of labor dearly desired to occur. No amount of tardy bluster and fluster will make up for that.

In the railway matter the wages of the men must be put back. The strike is wrong, but the men are right. Railway management has made its last confession of absolute failure when it takes its working capital out of the pay envelopes of the men. The salvation of the railroads does not lie in that direction. Reduction of wages and increase of rates is certain suicide. Reduction of rates, increase in the quality of the service and higher wages are the guaranties of railroad prosperity. Minds of the old order cannot see that, but it is the truth of railroading.

And when the service is resumed, the Administration will have no right to light a cigar, sit back and congratulate itself. *Settling a strike* doesn't mean anything any more. Too many strikes have been settled without touching the sources of the strike. The annual chokings of the nation's life have been intended by certain concealed forces as rehearsals for a final choking which should inaugurate a national struggle for life. Strikes grow more numerous and threatening every year, not because labor grows more threatening or less American, but because each succeeding strike has a deeper alien fringe around it and is a signal for the activity of Bolshevik and anarchist groups that are not related to the strike at all. These latter come out under cover of the strike season and spread their poison. And each year they find their prospects better. The Administration has been so busy with Russia that it has had little time to give to America. Who is it, anyway, that is so interested in keeping our national eyes overseas when they should be scutinizing affairs at home?

As to the coal situation, the conditions of coal mining are and always have been a disgrace to a civilized people. We have enjoyed our coal at too great a cost of flesh and blood. We have permitted our public press to degrade the name of miner until it means little less than outlaw. We have forgotten that the best of the British stock comprise the bulk of our mining forces—Irish, Welsh and Scotch—men whose minds are fit soil for the seeds of liberty and Christian justice. We have thought, because they belong to one of the most ancient trades in the world, the trade of mining, that anything was good enough for them and that they must somehow be themselves to blame or they would not have so many sufferings. And that is about the total extent of the public's contribution of thought to the mining problem.

The mine owners want a strike because it will reduce stocks, make coal scarce and raise prices. There is colossal irony in the fact that the country faces a coal famine because there is too much coal. There is so much coal produced and so many mines running that, in spite of the high daily wages paid to miners, the days' work are so few that in West Virginia last year miners earned $500 and in Illinois $1,000—the lowest and highest figures for a year's income. And in earning that pittance, 2,500 were killed and 30,000 injured!

The miners produce coal at the highest cost of $2.91 a ton, often at a much lower cost. And that coal sells for $11 to $14. When the Federal Trade Commission tried to discover where the $8 and the $11 difference went, an injunction stopped them. The President knows all this—it is before him in reports!

And yet the owners of the mines do not get all this excessive profit. The owners and miners produce 700,000,000 tons of coal annually in a country needing only 500,000,000 tons. Fully 40 per cent of the coal mines are not needed. But they are all working. And the anxiety of mine owners to sell their coal is as great as the anxiety of consumers to get their winter's supply. What is the explanation of this strange state of affairs? The Man Between, the Broker, the Coal Speculator—he is the explanation. *It is the old story which* DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *readers know very well by this time: the breed of those who wedge themselves between the producer and the consumer, to make them both enemies, start them both fighting, and reap shameful profits from the struggle.* That is the heart of the coal strike. And the President knows this, too!

There is a philosophic view of all this chaos which is difficult to take when one considers the mental distress of the country and the colossal stupidity which causes it: yet the true American, retiring from the heat and anxiety of the present jumble of things, must reflect that perhaps all these things must come, and must grow increasingly worse, until the blindness of our people be broken through and until they see that they are not the helpless victims of universal law, but the sport of greedy men. These thoughts have been hushed of recent years because some have denounced them as bearing kinship to the "reds." Let all those who think to shelter greed behind the plea of loyalty, let all those who would cloak commercial sin in patriotic pleas, learn this, and learn it well: when the overturn comes which shall straighten up our country, and drive forth from its bounds all things that corrupt and strangle it, it will not come from the "reds." The "reds" never yet destroyed an evil, they have only increased the tale of evil. But when the overturning comes it will be due to the awakening of a Christian conscience in our people, a Christian conscience and nothing else, a conscience that will refuse to be the beneficiary of blood and tears wrung out of any race of men. That conscience has awakened before with swift and final judgment upon entrenched wrongs and bitterness; it will come again. Today it is the main hope of the nation.

The Lords' Rebuke

THE debut of Earl Balfour in the House of Lords was destined to be a sorry one, when he selected for the subject of his first extended address, a defense of the British mandate over Palestine. The new dispatches at the time of the incident simply chronicled the fact that the Lords had disapproved overwhelmingly of the mandate. The arrival in America of more extended explanations makes clear why the British peers exerted themselves so extraordinarily to attend the session, and rebuke Balfour and others recently raised to the peerage.

It develops that the chief feature of the Balfour address had to do with the Rutenberg concessions which he defended warmly. Pinchas Rutenberg, a Russian Jew, who was connected with the Kerensky administration, was the chief beneficiary in these. Rutenberg was given two immensely valuable concessions, which put in his power for 70 years the electric development and water supply in Palestine. The grant was made, of course, by Herbert Samuel to whom the British Government foolishly intrusted the rule over the ancient land.

Britons are notably unexcitable and reserved. British peers carry these traits of character to the extreme. The world has heard of the House of Lords as a legislative body only about once in a dozen years. But when Balfour's defense of the Palestine mandate was scheduled, it brought peers from all over the realm. Britons, peers and commons alike, are suddenly aware that an alien government has been erected over them and that their home liberties and colonial rights have been seized by the international race.

Then, too, even the British reserve was pierced by the calmly related details of the plan for damming the Sea of Galilee and diverting the River Jordan. From the Lake of Huleh, known to the Biblical world as the Waters of Merom where Joshua vanquished the Canaanites, to the Dead Sea, there is a fall of 1,300 feet. This fall of water the shrewd Mr. Rutenberg plans to utilize. But somehow the English lords could not bring themselves to approve of the scheme, involving as it does the making over of the spots viewed as sacred by those who love the stories of New Testament history. The English Jew Samuel, giving outright so valuable a concession to the Russian Jew Rutenberg, who in turn throws the machinery contract over to German Jews, and peddles out parts of the plum to American Jewish banking houses, is too bold a piece of procedure for even the phlegmatic lords.

Medals and Memory

THE action of the War Department in awarding a Distinguished Service Cross to Major Andrew Rowan for carrying the message to Garcia immediately after the Declaration of War against Spain in 1898 calls attention to the changed American policy in recognizing valor.

The practice of be-medaling is common to Continental countries and our Latin neighbors. But Anglo-Saxon peoples have been more reserved in their outward manifestations of appreciation for high courage. With persons of the stock from which real Americans come, appreciation is a deep emotion, rather than a surface demonstration. Who can measure the feeling that beats through American hearts at the name of Nathan Hale? Who can hear without a stirring of the blood, the story of Stephen Decatur's exploit at Tripoli? These deeds and a few others show above the high level of bravery set by rank and file of American arms in all wars. But it is the deeds, rather than the medals given for them, that are enshrined in memory.

Major Rowan's exploit was something similar. He entered Spanish lines in disguise, risking death as a spy. The inspiring story of the act flashed over the entire country. But it was the carrying of the message to Garcia rather than the name of Rowan which was made the subject. Thus his name did not receive the recognition to which it was entitled, and he escaped the fulsome adulation which marred the splendid deeds of Dewey at Manila and Hobson with the Merrimac. His recognition now is just.

In the World War our association with countries prone to bestow medals lavishly induced us to depart somewhat from our established policy of granting very few ribbons for valor. Many citations for gallantry were made. It should not be suggested that those awarded these tokens were other than abundantly deserving of recognition. But it is manifestly impossible to measure bravery, and there must have been thousands upon thousands of others whose exalted courage failed of recognition because they performed their exploits without the dash and verve which attracts attention, or performed them, unseen by the eyes of those empowered to recommend citations. That many of these unassuming soldiers should have gone without recognition while it was within the power of the Secretary of War to pin a medal upon himself is the flaw in the system of giving tangible rewards for duty.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS remarkable how fanatical the denouncers of "fanatics" can be. In any reasonable view it should be the worshippers of a fetish that best deserve the description of "fanatic" and not those who try to show that the fetish is a fetish. But in discussions of the monetary system it is always assumed that the fetish-worshippers are the normal minds, and the abnormal minds those who question the validity of the fetish.

Take the gold standard. Apart from the fact that it cannot be as "sound" as its supporters say that it is, else they would not be in such a fright for it, there is instruction to be had in the two positions held with reference to it.

As everyone knows, the gold standard was not handed down from heaven, nor was it established by natural law. Again, as everyone knows, gold was not always the standard, and has even at times been known to the financial world as "cheap money," much cheaper than silver, for example. It became a standard in parts of Europe because those who had it wished to make it so, and were powerful enough to make it so. It became a standard in the United States, at a comparatively recent date, because those same people in Europe wished it to be so and were able through their influence here to realize their desire. It became a standard by act of Congress, not by act of God or decree of nature. It was voted so, just as a tariff is voted, or a maximum man strength of the army, or anything else. And it can be reduced from being a standard in just the same way. Everyone knows that, and it would simplify matters if those who know it would candidly admit it once in a while.

The gold dollar is the standard, and there are some millions of people in the United States who never saw a gold dollar; mighty few gold dollars have ever been made.

All our money is supposed to be based on gold. That is to say, the assumption is that if it were necessary, the integrity of our money could be proved by converting it into gold at any time. Of course, that is only an assumption. Possessing the largest stock of gold in the world, through the misfortunes of the rest of the world (and our gold is nothing to boast about; it is more likely something of which to be ashamed), there is still not enough gold in the country to redeem the money that is supposed to be based on it. If one-quarter of the people tried to prove the gold standard tomorrow, there would be the greatest financial disillusionment that has ever occurred.

But nobody is going to test our money that way. By a true instinct the people don't care anything about the gold standard; the word of the United States and the wealth of the United States is good enough for them. It is, however, not good enough for some people, among whom are the International Financiers. No money is good enough for *them,* but their own, and their own is gold.

That is to say, gold does not matter, or rather it would not matter, but for one thing. There is not enough of it to carry on business. The people seldom see it any more. Business is carried on by what the gold fanatics call "printing press money," for that is what all our currency is, and that is what our silver and copper coins are. Business is still more largely carried on by money that is not even printed, it is only *written*—checks, notes, receipts—a sort of private currency circulating between business houses to facilitate trade. To facilitate trade is the only service that money has to perform.

We do get along without gold very nicely. Practically, the people are off the gold basis as clearly as if they had never been on it.

And so, to repeat, gold would not matter, but for one thing. There is a law which nails down gold as the standard. But the law is not operative except when it is invoked, and it is only invoked when the owners of gold wish to assert its supremacy again.

> *THE gold standard does not matter until you insist upon it, and nobody insists upon it except those who own the gold. If those who hold the Government's "printing press money" were to insist on the promised gold redemption, something would happen. But they don't. The insistence on gold is always from the other side, as against the people who hold mere "money." The gold standard is never insisted on by the holders of money—they don't care enough about it. Gold would not matter at all if it were not that the law gives power to its owners to destroy a large amount of wealth that is in excess of the artificial value of gold. That is the trouble: Gold is not much of a help, but it can be made a cruel and destructive hindrance.*

To explain: We have a Federal Reserve System whose advertised function was to expand the currency as business required; that is, to provide all the paper money necessary to carry trade. Paper money based on what? On the private wealth—the notes and other evidences of wealth—owned by the men who are in business. Federal Reserve currency was paper money, "printing press money," created at the will of financiers who are in the business, on the basis of the private holdings of the men who needed the currency in their business. The purpose of the System was also advertised to be to contract the currency as business contracted. The currency was to be "elastic," it was to meet the needs of the people, much or little. This, of course, is all that the wildest "fanatic" ever asked. The advertisement was good.

Now, *it has been possible to ignore the needs of business in the matter of currency,* and serve the gold owners. Gold owners said, "Here, our stuff is the standard and you are letting your currency get out of all proportion to it. We demand that you haul in your lines, draw tight your functions, and let the people understand that Gold and not Money is the main thing here." So that was done. They called it "deflation." As almost every one in the United States has been deflated, the process needs no description. When you "deflate," you deflate people, you don't deflate money.

Whenever the practical demands of business bring into existence a Federal Reserve System or any other that allows for an "elastic" currency, the tendency is practically to go off the gold basis, and of course in the eyes of the owners of gold this is a dangerous procedure. It lowers the price of their commodity. Gold as *money* is worth much more than gold as *gold.* So they prefer to tamper with the prices of food rather than risk a danger to their gold.

That is the only point where gold matters much—because, being set up by law as the standard, it is always possible in critical times to make all money bow to it, and the men who own the gold can thus make a bigger "corner" than ever was made on the stock exchange; they can literally corner the world, and they have cornered the world. And it is the worst thing they could have done. By overplaying their hand they have called attention to the very thing the people most dislike to think about, the inside workings of the money system. There are more people thinking and inquiring about it today than ever before, because they are determined to find out how all these things can come upon them from a clear sky.

Now, as to fanaticism, judge between these two attitudes. The first says, gold, gold, gold, there is no money but gold; to gold all other money must bow. The second says, keep gold if you want it; use it for all the superstitious financial practices you desire; hold as much as you please for the "psychological effect" on those who want to feel that their money is gold-based. But there isn't enough of that kind of money to carry business. It is like trying to float an ocean steamer on a country creek—the creek cannot carry the load. The true basis of money is not gold, anyway, but the usable wealth that can be exchanged between human beings. There is enough wealth to carry twenty times, fifty times, the money we need to support life with. Keep your gold if you want it, but make some arrangements by which things may flow to those who need them and who are able to exchange basis wealth for them. Don't dam up the stream of prosperity because your gold outlet is too small to let the stream run through. Make other openings.

Which attitude is the most "fanatical"? The fanatics are those who cannot see over their bags of bullion. They are worshipping a dead thing. They are placing their whole dependence on the most useless metal in the world. If that is not fanaticism, it would be impossible to describe what fanaticism is.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

In the Old Days Business Wasn't Impossible!

Industry and Commerce Staged Quick Come-back in War Ruins

BACK in Babylon—in the days when the center of the Roman Empire was a wilderness and Chicago's site had probably not emerged from the lake—it was the custom of the Federal Reserve officials to conduct business with one eye on the books and another on the plain just outside the city wall. When an enemy appeared with enough men to overcome the local standing army, the officials gathered up all the silver and gold and scuttled around to the temple, where the valuables were placed in the safe keeping of the great god Enlil. Then they either took to the hills, or settled down with folded arms to await developments.

If the conqueror happened to be a foreign monarch, those who waited were frequently out of luck. But if, as was more often the case, he was a native son out on a mere electioneering campaign to extend his dominions, the placid priests of Enlil knew that it was only a matter of a short time until business would be resumed as usual. Of course, it would be dusty for a spell, what with the minions of the new king industriously tearing down the walls and public buildings and destroying the inscriptions that told of the glory of the monarch dethroned. But in due time they knew that the parcel post system would start up again, trading would be resumed in the market places and caravans made up for the long journey to the Mediterranean.

Quite often, however, the invader was a foreigner; which means that his home town was so far away that as a matter of enlightened self-interest he had his soldiers smash everything in sight. Nobody knows how often this happened at Babylon, which was a sort of an upstart metropolis, anyhow. At Nippur, which is called Calneh, in the Bible, it happened at least 21 times in 4,000 years. That is to say, on 21 distinct occasions the city was taken, its wall was torn down, its temple wholly or partially destroyed, and the "tower of Babel" alongside demolished. At such times the population was disposed of by killing, capture or driving into the wilderness. Presently the dust and some of the soldiers settled down. Fugitives who had not found refuge in some other of the hundred walled cities that reared themselves above the Mesopotamian plain straggled cautiously back. Barter and trade were resumed. Custodians of the herds of goats and cattle who had escaped came into town to shop. Here and there a merchant began to accumulate enough profit to rebuild his house. He hired a man to level off the ruins of the old one, salvaging, perhaps, as many of the sun-dried bricks as he could. On top of this rose a new dwelling. Before long the construction industries were in full swing again. The temple grain elevators and warehouses were rebuilt and slowly refilled with merchandise. When it became necessary to move this, caravans were formed to trade with distant cities and countries.

So was business done in the dawn of civilization essentially as it is done today, yet under difficulties that would make the modern business man, grumbling over ephemeral problems that come under the head of depression, sit up and take notice. In Babylonia the merchant had no telephone, no railroads, no telegraph. His cart was primitive and his asses and oxen were slow. For a pen he had a sharpened stick of wood; for ledger and cash book, for letter and billhead, he had plain old-fashioned Babylonian mud. When a tablet of this dried it made a perfectly good record. More mud was fashioned into an envelope. Another lump made an address tag to be fastened on a basket or bale of merchandise. Checks, drafts and notes of hand were written on mud tablets, witnessed and sealed before a notary and deposited in the temple bank.

Consider, to be specific, the case of Murashu. He was born about 1500 years B. C. Unhappily, nobody ever took the trouble to write in detail the story of his life, but its outlines are left in his own records. Banking then, as earlier, was a temple prerogative. This grew out of the dictum laid down by every ruler that everything belonged to Enlil, or Bel, or Baal, to give him a few of his many names. Since the kings were finally committed to the divine right idea it followed as a matter of course that the king was custodian of everything in sight. Young America prates of customs that are not easily broken. But this had been a custom since the Flood, and the Babylonian stood ready to argue that 32,000 years had elapsed since that event, during all of which time it had been the established custom to let the king get away with the banking privilege, and more, as will be shown. Yet here was Murashu with a good banking mind, but presumably without the social position that would have given him the necessary prestige to be admitted into the priest school where higher education was kept from the minds of the mob.

Murashu was clearly up against an impossible proposition. His job was harder than that of a modern business man trying to sell in a stagnant market with millions of men out of work. There was not the shadow of a precedent for what he started out to do. It is not of record that he had any royal blood. But by some means he managed to squeeze his way into the banking game. It looked good to him. The rate of interest was generally 40 per cent, and never less than 20, so he cannot be blamed for this ambition. And after he got in he established a firm that still makes the Rothschilds look like beginners. In the face of war and devastation it continued doing business for more than 300 years. The records of its transactions remain to prove this. They show that Murashu Sons' influence spread all over the then known world.





Above—Clay tablet containing map of agricultural area around Nippur, 2,000 B. C. At right—A balance sheet of ancient Nippur. The smaller inscriptions on the margin are made with cylindrical stamps and correspond to an auditor's "O. K." today.

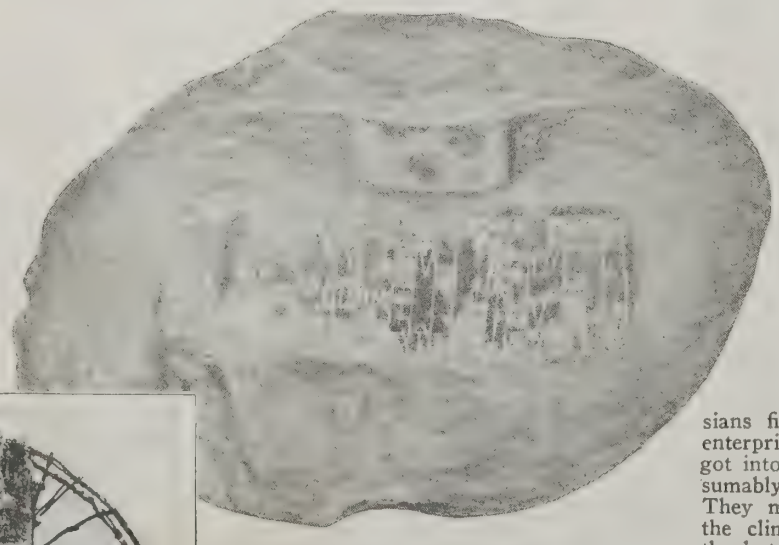
The private banker, or Damguru, operating under license of the king, was known, of course, before this time. One of them got so powerful that in 2400 B. C. King Ibi-Sin, whose seat was at Ur of the Chaldees—where Abraham was born some 400 years later—gave him an exquisitely carved seal that carried with it the franking privilege. The supposition is that Ibi-Sin was a weak ruler—he was the last of his dynasty—and that this particular banker was making a deal with another outside monarch. But the point is that for 3,500 years not one of these private bankers was able to set up a really big and lasting firm until Murashu came along.

In the history of all Babylonia, including its science, art, literature, religion and war, Murashu is only an incident. In the history of its business he is only a chapter. But for the modern business man he is by all odds the most important and valuable chapter, because he and his sons kept their mud index so completely and so thoroughly that thousands of their transactions have been preserved. The men who carried out these deals are dead and gone for 3,500 years. Nothing is left of them but dust. But now that it is all over, their books of dried mud show that it was possible to do business, and big business, in spite of conditions that would be considered impossible if the world was suddenly to revert to them today.

Banking then was less a matter of gold and silver and notes of hand than of grain, beef, mutton, hides, dates, wool, and other basic commodities. The records show that during the reign of Darius, the great Persian conqueror you read about in your history books at school while the explorers were just digging up the facts about Murashu, the latter had even taken over a slice of the beef trust, which had also been the temple's exclusive business. And the beef trust of Babylonia was a real trust; not a mere slaughtering and selling organization such as we know today. It owned the land, the herds, the packing houses, the warehouses and the side lines or by-products. It never overlooked a bet.

At a certain time every year the temple, and later Murashu, leased herds of sheep and goats to enterprising individuals for stock raising. The contracts specified the rate of return in offspring, wool and—in the event of death—hides and sinews. In some cases they called also for the return of the bones, but that seems to have been a temple habit which Murashu Sons did not insist on, indicating that the private bankers probably cut rates to get business. There is a contract preserved on clay in the buried ruins of Nippur for 3,500 years, and now in the possession of the University Museum at Philadelphia. It was made between Bel-supe-mukhur, an overseer for one Arsham, and Akhushunu, son of Bel-etir, for the hire of 375 sheep and goats, white and black, the property of Arsham. It specified the rental in offspring, wool, and butter; also the return of the hide and two and a half shekels of sinews for each one that died. Another, between Bel-nadin-shum, son of Murashu, and Jakhulunu, and his servant Na'id-shipaq, seems to have been more in the nature of a warning by the former to the latter of certain dire things to happen if they failed to patch up the bank of the canal Sin where it ran through their property. Akhushunu and his hired man assumed responsibility.

After Darius came hordes of rich Persians filled with the lore of Babylonia's wealth and enterprise, and anxious to see for themselves. They got into business on a large scale in Nippur, and presumably in other cities. Murashu Sons didn't mind. They merely waited, knowing a thing or two about the climate and its effect on invaders. In due time the hot spell arrived. The Persian nabobs longed for the coolness of the hills and the winds of the high places. Murashu Sons knew the time had come. At the psychological moment they sent around one of their bright young men with a proposition to have the banking firm act as agents. And as a rule they managed to sign up the prospect, handling his business while he spent the excess profits at a summer resort. Thousands of tablets recovered at Nippur attest that accounts were kept by Murashu Sons for wealthy men, and at times even for the crown.





Above—The door socket of Gimel-Sin, probably carried to Nippur by some early conqueror as proof that he had "destroyed the wall" of his enemy. At the left—A Naoura waterwheel at 'Anah on the Euphrates.

The bookkeeping system was simple, but exact. In-

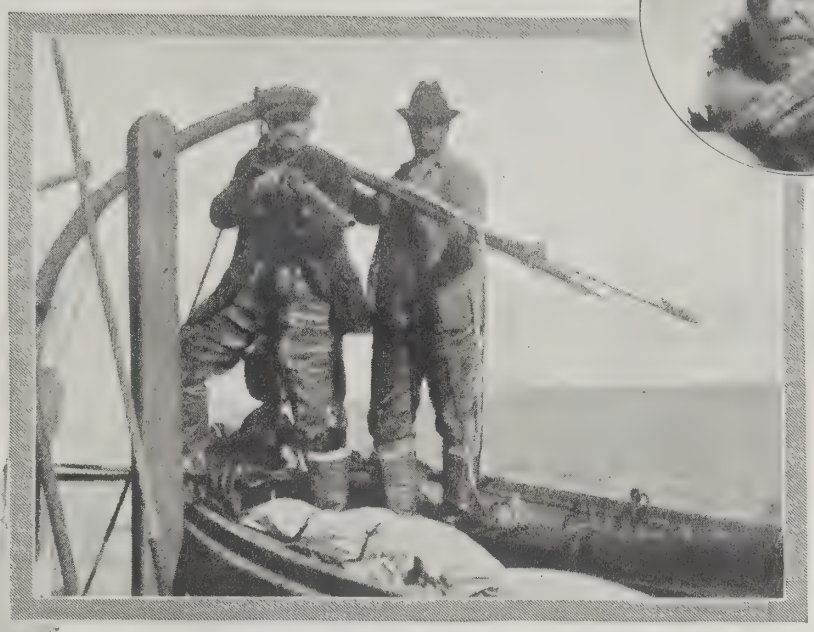
(Concluded on page 11)

A Landlubber on a Whale Hunt in the Arctic

The Thrills That Come to a "Greenhorn" in Capturing Giants of the Deep

By GEORGE C. HENDERSON





Above—Captain C. T. Pedersen, of the schooner *Herman*. Left—Bomb gunner. Right—harpooner.

"A BLOW! A blow!" cried the captain, pressing a push button and waving to the sailors on the deck of the *Herman* below us.

I stared down from the dizzy height of the crow's nest at the ice-specked waters of the Arctic Ocean on a surface that resembled an irregular checkerboard of black and white. The white was the ice and the black was the tarry, becalmed sea.

"Where's the whale?" I demanded.

Captain C. T. Pedersen glanced at his watch and pointed out across the frozen waste that seemed more desolate under the yellow glare of the midnight sun. It was 1 a. m.

A tiny wisp of vapor was visible. I could barely discern a huge black shape.

"He's sounding," said the captain. "That means he's blowing water out of his head. You see he sucks great volumes of water into his mouth as he moves along to get the small fish that are in his course and then he blows the water off. The fish catch in the branch-like stalks, called whalebone, which are located in his jaw."

I had climbed to the crow's nest up the rope ladder with fear and trepidation. A "tenderfoot" in the Arctic has his troubles. Now I was about to be rewarded by the sight of a whale.

Earlier in the day we had sailed into the far northern regions where breeds the bowhead whale, the only variety which pays in oil and bone for the killing. An "oil slick" on the water which the captain said was due to the presence of schools of jellyfish or "whale food" and the sight of "bowhead birds," reputed to be pilots of the whale, had informed the veteran whalers that they might expect a "blow" at any moment. This news had sent me to the crow's nest despite a trembling of limbs and dryness of the throat occasioned by the frail supports.



Natives in oomiak or skin sailboat.



On getting into the bowhead's grazing grounds the engines had been stilled and the sails hoisted. I could not account for this because it cut our speed in half.

"Engine noises scare the whales away," was the explanation. "The whale has very acute hearing and if we went through here under steam every bowhead in the country would leave."

Looking down from the crow's nest I expected to see the crew galvanized into action. Instead, they lounged about gazing out to sea. Why didn't they launch the boats and go after the whale?

The inevitable question of the "greenhorn" brought a reply. The explanation was simple enough. The captain wanted to wait to see whether the big fish was traveling. He knew that the second spout would show almost 20 minutes after the first one sighted. This is a peculiarity of this type of whale. It comes up for air, "blows" and then goes back down to come up in 20 minutes for air again. Mariners can set their watches by the whale's movements.

"If he comes up quite a distance from where we saw the first blow, then I'll know he's traveling and there's no use going after him," said Pedersen. "You see they go pretty fast and get under the ice. Boats can't catch them. But if he is loafing around we have a chance."

Pedersen snapped his watch shut.

"Twenty minutes," he said, adjusting his binoculars. "Keep your eyes pealed."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a tiny geyser seemed to shoot up from the sea not 100 yards from where we had first sighted the whale.

Quickly the captain pressed the button and waved to the crew. He had an electric bell system connecting the crow's nest with the deck.

"Better hurry and get down if you want to go out in a boat," he said.

Two boats were being launched when I reached the deck. I got in that of Jim Lee, the second mate.

In this whaleboat, large and well-built, were the second mate, three white sailors and Pete, the smelly, fat-faced, blubber-eating, skin-clad native boy.

Most conspicuous of the equipment was the bomb gun. It looked much like an enormous shotgun but is so heavy and kicks so hard that it requires a strong man to handle it. It expels an 18-inch-long brass bomb filled with tonite and is timed for six seconds. It has a range of 125 feet only and is thrown by the explosion of a 10-gauge shotgun shell. The six seconds permit it to enter far into the carcass of the whale before exploding.

The other weapon was the darting gun with harpoon. This is thrown into the whale at close range and when the harpoon has penetrated into the blubber far enough a trigger is sprung and a bomb set off which blows a big hole in the creature. To this harpoon is attached a line, gathered in buckets and which may be payed out for many fathoms.

Silence was the order of procedure. Not even oars were used. The sails on Lee's boat and on the other boat were raised and we set out on a noiseless chase. Only the creaking of the rigging broke the silence.

The second mate watched the crow's nest. Captain Pedersen was signalling directions to him. Both boats closed in on the spot where the whale had disappeared.

A dark shape like an emerging submarine came to the surface so near our boat that it almost upset us. The spray blew in our faces and wet me thoroughly as the bowhead spouted. The great shape was fully 90 feet long.

The helmsman drove the small whaleboat over the slimy black body. At the same instant the bomb gunner and harpooner fired. They both had aimed at the vital spot some four feet above the fin or "fluke."

The boat raised perilously as if we were on a bucking horse, perched for just a second on the whale's body and then turned over.

Ice-cold water swallowed me up. I could feel some force sucking me down into the deep. My lungs were bursting, my limbs numb. By swimming valiantly I struggled back out of the black depth. A hand gripped my hair and I was dragged bodily into the other whaleboat.

The phlegmatic whalers had righted our boat and the wet crew was loaded into it.

A pail was thrust into my hands and I bailed vigorously.

No one seemed to pay any attention to the ducking although I for one was frozen through and through. At least I thought I was frozen.

The whale had settled to the bottom of the ocean, apparently, and was lying still. The customary 20 minutes passed.

"Bye'n bye come up," growled the Eskimo, through chattering teeth.

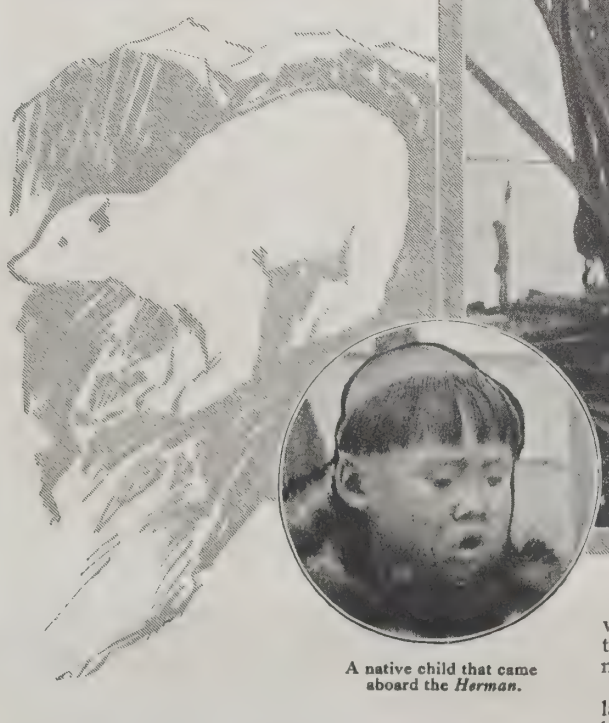
Thirty, forty minutes went by and members of the crew voiced the opinion that the whale was dead. They talked of sinking dynamite alongside and raising the body by concussion.

Fifty-five minutes after the harpoon had been launched the first mate's boat received a shock that knocked the rudder in the air and the whale spurted to the surface.

Before the creature became aware of the presence of the boat, the bomber and harpooner launched their missiles. The bomb gun kicked the gunner into the bottom of the boat with its recoil.

(*Concluded on page 13*)

Even the denizens of "farthest north" contribute to approaching gasoline famine.



A native child that came aboard the *Herman*.



The branch-like stalks are whalebone.

Coal Prices Raised When Operators Save

Consumers Only Hit the Harder When Culm Bank Waste Is Salvaged

By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

IN FOUR articles of which this is the last, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has set forth some of the phases in connection with the coal situation. They show the record of the development of the industry, disclosing a singular disregard for the interests of the consumer. Prices have gone up when the number of employes was reduced, when production was increased, when costs were cut, when waste was salvaged.

Independent concerns have been driven out of business. There have been charges that mining property is grossly under-assessed. Stock dividends have been repeatedly allowed, so that without an increase in invested capital, mine operators might take dividends from the public. The government has conducted a long war through the placid channels of the courts to prevent monopolies, rebates and interlocking relationships between mines and railroads, but today the men who ruled the coal industry 20 years ago still rule it.

Coal operators insist there is no price-fixing in the industry. But consumers the country over find little opportunity to "shop around" when buying.

The coal industry, as no other, seems to have defied the economic rules in creating labor and supply conditions, whereby are possible the highest profits. The industry, as no other, is tinged with the public interest. The solution of the coal strike should be reached with the public under first consideration, miners and operators second.

TEN or fifteen years ago artificial mountains were almost as plentiful in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania as the natural brown hills and ridges into which men drove tunnels to reach the seams of hard coal. In the parlance of the industry they were and are known as culm banks. At every breaker that reared its black bulk against the sky, one of these dumps was to be seen. Some of them stretched for a half mile or more. Into them went millions of tons of rock, slate and refuse, including coal dust and small sizes. For a half century the latter classification included the sizes now known as rice, barley, buckwheat Nos. 1 and 2, and some pea coal.

Statistics of the great coal-producing companies show that despite the tremendous waste represented by the culm banks the industry made huge profits. As far back as 20 years ago, the system of capitalizing profits was in operation. Yet at that time the only source of profit was from the sale of prepared sizes—chestnut, stove, egg and broken. The modern breaker, with its high efficiency machinery, was unknown. There was no such thing as an electrified mine. Methods of mining were archaic. Accidents were frequent. The system of ventilation was poor and the terrible mine gases took a large toll of victims.

A Reduction of Waste

MINING and combustion engineers had been aware for a long time that the coal in the culm banks would be of value some day. Their prophecies bore fruit when the washery idea previously confined to gold mining was adapted to the salvaging of the culm. At first, its use was spasmodic and uncertain. Its chief initial value lay in the fact that it demonstrated there was a market for pea coal. That meant that every coal mine was able to reduce the amount of material thrown into the dumps by the simple expedient of setting up a pea-coal screen. The pea coal of those days and even of years as recent as 1917, was a better coal than is now generally sold. Originally, it was almost as large as the stuff some dealers now sell for chestnut. The small size grew in popularity, mainly because it was cheap. It became known as the "poor man's coal." A ton of it could be bought for less than $2 in the anthracite regions. Today, it costs the consumer four times that price.

In any other business the discovery of a method of utilizing a waste product would have been followed eventually by a reduction of prices all along the line. But that has never been the policy of the anthracite interests. Pea coal rose in price as the distributors expanded their markets beyond the confines of near-by states in to New England and the Northwest. It continued to rise even when the washeries were perfected and increased in number, and new markets were discovered for still smaller sizes. Buckwheat was the first of these. It was never meant to be sold for household consumption. Operators put it on the market as a substitute for bituminous coal in industry, shading the price of soft coal to get the trade. In time, the business expanded to the point where buckwheat No. 2 was used. Then methods were found to fire boilers with even smaller sizes, rice and barley, which are really not much more than dust.

The average ton of coal contains the following percentages of the various sizes: Broken, 01.7; egg, 12.8; stove, 14.5; chestnut, 25.6; pea, 10.3; buckwheat No. 1, 13.3, No. 2, 11; barley, 09.2 and rice, 01.6. Pea coal and all smaller sizes represent no less than 45 per cent of the total salable production today. The market value of pea and all smaller sizes in a ton is $1.48. The total value of a ton at the operators' wholesale price is given as $5.84 and the production cost at $5.18, leaving a profit of 66 cents a ton. The figures are based on prices of $7.75 for broken and egg sizes, $8.10 for stove and chestnut, $6 for pea coal, $3.50 for buckwheat No. 1 and $2.50 for No. 2, $1.50 for barley and 75 cents for rice.

Prices and Production

IN THE days described previously, when pea coal and all smaller sizes represented waste and were thrown into the culm banks, prices were far below present ones. If the operators threw away those sizes today they would have left, according to their own figures, the average income of $4.36 a ton. Consider that in less than two decades their price at the mines has nearly tripled and then examine their own records of profits made in years when 45 per cent of the present production was an expensive waste. Then as now it was necessary to pay somebody to remove that 45 per cent, to separate it from the salable coal and to unload it on the culm banks. In other words: In the old days, for every one hundred tons now produced, the operator sold only 55 tons. By creating a market for the smaller sizes, he salvaged the 45 extra tons, thus increasing his production by approximately 83 per cent. His income was smaller, of course. But according to his own figures, based on present prices and assuming that the relation between the price of small and large sizes was the same, the sale of smaller sizes increased his income 30 per cent.

Despite these figures operators continually defend high prices of anthracite with the assertion that 60 per cent of the total production is in prepared sizes, pea and larger, and the rest is sold "below cost." Sometimes one of them admits that the yield of these sizes is really 70 per cent. On the basis of their own figures it is 65 per cent. In the figure of 55 given above, pea coal was not included. But because of its price of $6, it must now be so included. No matter how they may be juggled the figures prove that in the anthracite industry an increase of 83 per cent in production and 30 per cent in cash yield has been paralleled by a continuous process of price increase. Thus the American business principle of reducing prices with the increase of production and turnover has been reversed.

Coal From River Bottom

THERE is another phase of the calculation. Operators today mine relatively less coal than in former years to satisfy a given demand. The total production, of course, is larger. Also the cost of operating washeries to get the coal out of culm banks is generally considered negligible, in comparison to the mining cost. Nobody knows how many million tons mined in previous years have been taken out of the culm banks by the washery process in the last 10 to 15 years, and sold at exactly the same high price as the operators exact for freshly mined coal. The operators do not issue statistics on that point. They do not tell how many tons have been taken from the bed of the Susquehanna River. Twenty years ago the youngsters waded across that stream in the coal regions over vast deposits of culm. Today the river is navigable for small steamers, the culm having been salvaged. Dredges have worked on it as far down as Harrisburg. Mine union officials estimate that the average cost of producing a ton of washery coal is only 27 cents. Yet the consumer pays for it the same rate as for the coal freshly mined.

If the supply of anthracite was so small that the end of all available deposits could be expected during the present generation, the policies set forth in this and preceding articles might be justified. It might be argued that the producing companies were entitled to get all they could while the supply lasted. But the truth is that there is no possibility that the deposits will be exhausted for many years. Even the operators admit that with a continuance of the progressive increase in consumption, the fields will continue to yield for 200 to 400 years. Other authorities have asserted there is enough coal in the Pennsylvania beds to care for the natural demand for more than 1,000, and possibly for 2,000 years. Even at the lowest estimates, the value of the coal still to be mined runs into uncounted billions of dollars.

Reference was made in a previous article to Hanover Township, so-called "richest township in the world." Hanover is located within a short trolley ride of the city of Wilkes-Barre. According to mining engineers, there is 132 feet of minable coal under the township, which is 21 square miles in extent. That coal, of course, is in several seams. Several mines are operating in the area. Hanover is located in Luzerne County, where the voters have been more successful in forcing adequate assessments for taxation purposes than in Schuylkill County. Accordingly, Hanover's coal lands are assessed at $64,000,000. Of the total taxes paid within the township, it is estimated that 97 cents of every dollar is contributed by the companies owning the coal.

All deeds in the coal regions for building lots give title only to the surface of the land. Hanover is in many respects an ideal community. It contains some of the finest workingmen's homes in the world. It has 30 miles of road, of which 28 miles are of modern brick or concrete, all permanent construction. The roads are maintained out of the tax levies on the coal companies. A tax association is maintained by the operators and the work is done directly under that organization. There is not a frame school building in the township, which has a population of 15,000 persons.

Yet the tax rate and assessment in Hanover can be shown to be relatively low. Just on the outskirts of the city of Wilkes-Barre is Wilkes-Barre Township, one square mile in area. According to mining engineers, its veins of coal are no better than those of Hanover. Yet the single mile of Wilkes-Barre is assessed at seven million dollars. If the same rate were applied to Hanover the assessment would be $147,000,000 and Hanover would have more money than it could spend. The assessment of $7,000,000 for Wilkes-Barre is considered low in comparison to the real value of the coal under the township. Near by Wilkes-Barre and Hanover is the township of Newport, 13 square miles, and valued at $23,535,750 for purposes of taxation. Its roads are on a par with those of Hanover.

The miners' demand for a saving wage seems rather insignificant in the light of the total existing wealth of the anthracite regions, the total profits taken in the past and the existing prices of the commodity. There has been much argument of late as to whether or not mining is a young man's game. The miner says it is. He says old men, even middle-aged men, cannot stand the hardships of the industry and are forced to the surface after 10 or 15 years. Some of the operators contend that most of the contract miners are older men. The hazards of the industry, set forth in a previous article, cannot be denied.

Independents Driven Out

IT WOULD be futile to go into some of the court records of past practices in the anthracite industry; the "car shortage" by which independent operators were forced out of the business or into line with the railroads, the rebates and so on. As recently as 1920, the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company was fined $100,000 by the District United States Court of New Jersey for accepting rebates from the Central Railroad of New Jersey, to which it leases many lines of railroad. The decree was set aside by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals and a new trial awarded. Some of the operators now living have been under fire for the practices widely condemned. The reasons are all down in black and white on Federal Court records.

From time to time demands for an investigation of the anthracite industry with particular reference to actual costs have been answered by the assertion that the Federal Trade Commission has made such an investigation and has found the costs. It is rather interesting to note, however, that the only interest accepting those costs are the operators. Statisticians for the miners scoff at them. They assert that the figures were taken from the books of the operators, and that the Federal investigators did not even see all the books. Since then an effort to compel coal operators to prove costs has been blocked by the United States courts.

Anyone who has been in touch with the mine workers will have become impressed by the extent to which the campaign for Federal operation of the mines has made headway, not only as regards anthracite but also in the bituminous fields. Unquestionably the operators realize the peril of that movement. There are other business men utterly opposed to any such plan who recognize that it will grow in popular favor as long as the ultimate price of anthracite remains beyond the reach of a large number of its natural consumers. Pressure from that source on the operators has been particularly heavy since last winter.

Little Hope for Consumer

THE obvious objection to government ownership is the experiment with the railroads. But the miners answer that with the statement that everybody knows it was the railroad men who ran the roads though they were ostensibly under government control. They contend that the skilled railroad executives managed to run up costs to give the public a final dose of government ownership. Miners insist it would not be possible for the operators to do the same thing in the coal mines. Through their unions they say they could force the elimination of all useless workers. That, of course, is all in the field of speculation. But for those who are opposed to Federal operation the situation now existing should be worthy of careful study.

It is possible that by the time this article is published, an agreement will have been reached between miners and operators, and that anthracite mining will have been resumed. But unless there is a sharp change in sentiment among the miners there will be no agreement calling for a reduction in wage rates. Assuming that the mines are reopened on the basis of the existing schedule, as they might have been perhaps two months ago, any relief for the public must come through a reduction in the price at the mine charged by the operators, a reduction in freight rates and a reduction of the margin now charged by the retailer. After all, most of the small householders using anthracite are concerned first with the price. And most authorities outside the ranks of the operators are agreed that only a complete collapse of the demand for coal, or Federal intervention of some kind can bring about the reorganization of the industry, including elimination of coal sales companies that perform no service, without which the price will not be reduced by any important sum.

Colorful Radio Evenings Outdo Arabian Nights

Each American Home Entertainment Center Since Broadcasting Is Vogue

By J. OLIN HOWE

AT THE Army-Navy football game at the Polo Grounds in New York last fall the managing editor of a metropolitan newspaper, himself a former Cornell guard and an All-American selection, talked a graphic descriptive story of the game into a telephone transmitter and interested thousands, scattered all about the eastern part of the United States, and even into Canada, eagerly listened in. There is no knowing in how many households they laughed over his description of the raindrops falling upon the bald pate of Secretary of the Navy Denby as he uncovered in the presence of Marshal Foch. The phone into which he spoke had to do with but the first 10 miles of wire transmission. It was connected directly with WJZ, the powerful broadcasting station in Newark, where his words were sent to the four winds on the radio wave.

This was just at the beginning of the popularity of broadcasting by radio telephony. Not the beginning of broadcasting, but of its popularity, and certainly not of telephoning by means of the radio wave. But the phenomenal development in the use of the radio phone, this craze which has spread with such rapidity sweeping over the country, has all come in a few months since.

Estimates vary, but well-informed persons figure there will be a million and a half radio receiving sets in use in this country by the end of this year. Some authorities place the figure much higher. Manufacturers of radio apparatus have not yet been able to come up even with the demand, though scores of concerns have abandoned other business to make it. The brass industry has received a new lease of life from the sudden rush for small brass parts needed for radio. By the same token, no blue-sky law is strict enough to prevent an influx of radio securities. And there is no point in the 48 states where it is not possible to hear the broadcasting from one or more of the big stations on but an average set. Under favorable conditions San Francisco has heard WJZ and the Newark station's broadcasting has reached a ship 1,800 miles out in tones as clear as though but 20 miles away.

A bewildering variety these broadcasters offer. At any time of day there is something in the air. One has but to throw the switch and listen. In music, radio telephony carries the tones of the human voice with marvelous fidelity and even the finer instrumental tones astonishingly well. No Arabian nights could compare with the American evenings which have come in with radio.

Lectures, sermons, speeches, fairy stories for children, informative talks on matters of moment and readings by well-known authors vary the musical programs. There is general news—agricultural reports and other matter of interest to farmers, shipping news, weather forecasts, the baseball scores.

The United States Public Health Service is constantly sending matter of real import. The Industrial Conference Board sends a weekly review and other government departments have used the radio phone.

Among the special purposes to which it has not as yet been put—at least, to any extent—is advertising, though one might think the radio phone an ideal method of publicity. Yet how long would you listen at the wire telephone if the voice at the other end was extolling the virtues of a new shaving cream or crying a bargain in silk hosiery? Advertising will have to be heavily sugar-coated to gain the attention of the radio fan.

The radio dance has become popular. One was even held on shipboard several hundred miles at sea, all the music being furnished by radio from a New Jersey coast point. Many automobiles have been equipped. Radio telephony from ship to ship on the high seas and between ship and shore is an interesting development. In one test, President Thayer, of the Bell System, at home in New Canaan, Connecticut, talked with Captain Rind of the steamship *America*, 370 miles at sea. They could hear each other as well as though in adjacent houses.

A highly interesting use of radio is on airplanes. The wonderful airplane head set, whose transmitter and receiver keeps out noise of propeller, motor or rushing wind, enabling him to talk in his ordinary tones and be heard thousands of feet below and to hear as easily, is a wartime accomplishment. All landing stations of the air mail have been equipped with radio and broadcasting is done from many of them. The planes are being equipped.

Where it took the wire telephone years to reach popular recognition and come into general use it has taken the radio phone weeks—though it is only the receiving end of radio telephony which is in use in home or office or likely soon to be. What really has caught on with the public is broadcasting. Its popularity begins with the return to his job on the Newark *Call* of William F. B. McNeary from two or three years with the Army Intelligence Service in Europe. He had seen a bit of wireless and had an idea. A newspaper man's rapid investigation of the radio situation at home, which included all the government had done and knew, convinced him of its possibilities and McNeary presented his idea to the Westinghouse company in terms which induced it to put in a high-power sending station in Newark, the WJZ station already referred to, and his newspaper set out to exploit radio. Other newspapers followed suit.



A. W. STURR, of Belleville, New Jersey, who sent first radio message to Scotland in test for amateurs.

The world's series baseball games, between the two New York teams at the Polo Grounds, were selected for the initial broadcasting. Before the series was over the two electrical dealers in Newark who handled radio supplies in a small way on the third floor rear in side streets were seeking ground floor stores where they could make adequate attempt to meet the sudden demand.

Radio supply shops sprang up overnight and soon department stores had radio sections and even corner cigar stores were carrying the apparatus. The demand for radio receiving sets overwhelmed manufacturers. At the beginning of this year the Newark district was absorbing 80 per cent of the product, but that is far from the case now.

Next WJZ covered the big football games. From Mississippi Valley farms came word that listeners had learned of the Yale-Harvard game and its final score hours before the printed word. Sixteen hundred and forty miles at sea a ship operator heard the story of the Army-Navy game. General news broadcasting followed. The Newark paper was not first in this, though. Since the spring of 1921, the Detroit *News* has broadcasted special news bulletins. Then came children's story evenings twice a week, when the Man in the Moon would talk to the little tots and name a star after those who had written to him.

The first broadcasting, other than of phonograph music, was from a station erected in the spring of 1909 atop the Metropolitan Opera House in New York by Dr. Lee De Forest, inventor of the audion and oscillion which make possible the radio telephone of today. A microphone was placed on the Metropolitan's stage and Caruso as "Turiddu" in "Cavalleria Rusticana" was the first singer to have his notes broadcasted.

Dr. De Forest has long been an advocate of broadcasting and might have aroused more interest in it but for the war. In 1916 his company gave a regular nightly concert service from its radio station at the Highbridge plant, on the Bronx side of Harlem River in New York City. This music was frequently heard as far as Buffalo and Toronto. The first radio dance was held in Elizabeth, New Jersey, to music specially arranged for from Highbridge. Election news in 1916 was also broadcasted from there.

The Westinghouse company has a fourth station in Chicago, devoted mainly to opera music. The big naval station at Arlington, opposite Washington, sends much of the way around the world on a high wave length and the army has installed a powerful station on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor. Hartford, Connecticut; Atlanta, Cincinnati, Dallas and Austin, Texas; Madison, Wisconsin; Lincoln, Nebraska; Kansas City, Denver—all these have long-range stations for radio broadcasting; while on the Pacific coast the same is true of Los Angeles, San Jose, San Francisco and Seattle.

Clear, cool, crisp nights, with low humidity, are the times when radio is at its best; and, conversely, the heavy, soggy atmosphere of summer is a poor conductor. And always there are atmospheric disturbances to be reckoned with and holes in the air and static electricity, Old Man Static.

Popular broadcasting is mostly done on wave lengths around 360 meters, for a short wave length is best suited to the usual receiving set. The technical committee of Secretary Hoover's recent radio conference at Washington proposes the different wave lengths to various sending agencies and its table is taken as the standard, though Congress has not yet passed radio legislation. The wireless amateur is limited to waves between 150 and 275 meters long, sharing the last 75 meters with technical and training schools. Between 275 and 310 meters, the Hoover conference set aside for city and state public safety broadcasting. Private and toll broadcasting have reserved for them the waves between 310 and 435 meters in length. The Hartford station sends on 425. Aircraft are assigned exclusively wave lengths from 500 to 525, 850 to 950 and 1,500 to 1,550. Wave lengths of 750 to 850 meters are reserved for the radio compass, which is another story. Government and public broadcasting 700 miles inland may work on 700 to 750 meters, but on the coast these use the variations between 1,050 and 1,500, and the government may also broadcast on waves from 1,850 to 2,050 meters in length. Above that the table runs to 6,000 meters, mostly to be used later for public service broadcasting and the last lot between 5,000 and 6,000 for transoceanic work.

When the first long-distance wireless telephone experiment was made in 1915 and Arlington talked with the Eiffel tower in Paris, an operator in Honolulu, 'way 'round the other side of the earth, heard the conversation and came into it. This was the first conclusive experiment in long-distance telephoning by radio. The Navy's great station was linked with land wires so that President Vail and General Carty of the Bell company, the former at his country home in Vermont, and the latter in New York, listened in and then themselves talked with Paris.

In a proper world, radio telephony would have been discovered before wire telephony. Its principle is fundamental to the latter. Wire telephony is but directed wireless. Instead of being scattered to all points of the compass through the air, the ether impulse passes through an electrically charged wire, or along it.

One can buy a receiving set, with a crystal detector, for little more than an audion bulb costs, which will be perfectly efficient within a short distance of the broadcasting station. One can also well spend $250, but not more, on a vacuum tube set with different accessories dear to the heart of the radio fan. A first-rate set can be had for $75, which will deliver everything sent within 100 or 150 miles and sometimes, under just the right conditions, from a much greater distance. One can connect these better sets to the phonograph horn to make a loud speaker. Sending sets are another story. These cost from not less than $2,500 to several times that for a sending range worth while.

In broadcasting, radio telephony has a unique field peculiarly its own. Also as a supplement to the wire telephone—to leap across spaces where it is impossible or impracticable to build wire lines or lay cable—it has also already established itself.

Broadcasting's future is well worth considering. That now going on is largely a private affair, its primary purpose to sell apparatus. Inevitably it will, sooner or later, come to an end. It is only an expense. Nor do the newspapers which carry its programs find profit in it—beyond small increases in circulation and advertising patronage and a certain prestige.

There are those who hold that the government should take charge of all broadcasting, and something may be worked out along this line; but it is not so easy to visualize the Federal Government putting on musical concerts, vaudeville shows and lecture courses for the radio fans.



ROBERT F. GOWEN,

Who first talked a thousand miles by radio on a single kilowatt of electrical energy.

An inventor has recently come forward with a novel plan for illustrated lectures by radio. His service would include a small stereopticon, using a two-candle power incandescent lamp with its pictures not on slides but on a strip of film. At intervals the lecturer gives signals at which the possessors of the picture outfit throw on the home screen the picture which accompanies his words.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company (the Bell company) has erected on its building in New York the first public broadcasting station. The station is a powerful one, the steel towers supporting its antennae 100 feet high, and will furnish service for 200 miles. It can send several different wave lengths simultaneously. The company will furnish no program but will let the station to broadcast entertainment, news or other matter.

Crime and the Failure of the American Bar

Spirit of Commercialism Threatens the Law as It Menaces Press and Sports

By JOHN B. WALLACE

This is the second and concluding installment of Mr. Wallace's article, the first part having appeared in last week's issue.

THE more laws the more work for lawyers and the more work the more fees. The spirit of commercialism has invaded the bar as it has invaded the press, the pulpit and even penetrated our sports and games. It has caused the loss of those fine ideals, those higher spiritual qualities that once caused men to consider it a great honor to be a judge, an editor or a minister. The scholar has given place to the charlatan, the statesman to the demagogue and the sportsman to the sure-thing man.

Back of it all there is a sinister force, a force that the American people are just beginning to recognize and publicly to name.

This force was accurately described in a recent address by Bishop Adna W. Leonard, of the Methodist church.

"The Pilgrim Fathers came," he said, "with a government founded upon an open Bible, an open church and an open school. Their aims were idealistic.

"In the last 25 years, however, the entire complexion of the population influx has been changed. The greatest population movement of all times was completed with the immigration of 30,000,000 people who came to this country in the quarter century just preceding the war. The million Hebrews lead by Moses across the wilderness of Arabia have left their impress and their mark upon all the succeeding generations throughout the thousands of years. The movement of 30 times as many people in about half the time cannot fail to have some influence upon America and upon the world.

High Standards Once

"ALL these people have their racial characteristics, their beliefs and their creeds. They come from every nation and every race on earth and they bring with them all of their various ideas and ideals. But there is one outstanding idea back of this entire migration. The earlier immigrants came from religious motives while this immigration for the past 25 years came from materialistic motives almost entirely. They have threatened the government of this country by their doctrines of radicalism, atheism, Marxism, socialism and anarchism. Great groups came with a group psychology but no individual responsibility."

Bishop Leonard might have added with truth that one of these groups, the most materialistic of all, has grown to immense, almost preponderant power and has seized control of some of the most important sources of our culture—the press, the stage and the motion pictures. Neither the bench nor the bar has escaped its contamination and no little of the present decadence of the bar can be traced directly to the influence of its materialistic creed.

It was not always thus with our bar. There was a time when the majority of our lawyers stood for high ideals, when they looked upon their profession as something more than a vehicle to obtain money and notoriety. Then a man who indulged in the common practices of today was called a "shyster" and looked upon with scorn.

Now the situation is reversed and it is only the minority that dares to tell the truth, to call a spade a spade. It takes courage to brave the wrath of your compeers, and courage, the moral courage inspired by the aspiration to high ideals, is sadly lacking in the rank and file of the bar today.

Instead of little "shysters" we now have big "shysters," a difference in degree but not in kind. Local bar associations formed to maintain the standard of ethics are now mainly "whitewashing" organizations which lack the nerve to probe into the sore and, taking refuge in technicalities, content themselves with adopting resolutions of a general nature that sound grandiosely inspiring but mean nothing and get them nowhere.

A Man's Word Once Good

THE difficulty is that so many of the members have uneasy consciences themselves that they dare not attack lest the victim find ground for retaliation. Occasionally they disbar some attorney who happens to be very small fry indeed and whose offense is so flagrant that it cannot be camouflaged. Yet in many instances these very attorneys disbarred for acts which show their utter unfitness to be officers of the court—as all lawyers are—are, after a year or two, reinstated, having learned the lesson to be more careful about being "caught with the goods" next time.

The ethics of the majority of those who practice civil and commercial law are thin enough, so thin and elastic that they can be spread to cover nearly any case with money to be gained. The law to the majority of these civil practitioners is but a game in which justice plays but a minor part and in which the rules are so juggled and befogged that the average layman throws up the sponge in despair. Leaving out the vast horde of cheap lawyers who make a precarious living by chasing ambulances, inciting damage suits and fomenting family quarrels leading into the divorce and probate courts, the skirts of the big commercial lawyers are far from clear, considered from a strictly ethical standpoint.

There was once a time in our history when a man's word was good, if he was that kind of a man. Now even his written and signed contract is worthless if he chooses to repudiate it. A prominent and successful lawyer recently told the writer that there was never a contract drawn up that could not be broken by a skillful attorney.

It is the sole occupation of a certain class of lawyers practicing commercial law to draw up contracts that are supposedly unbreakable while another group spends its time devising methods to break them. It is remindful of the contest between the makers of armor plate to invent a shield that cannot be penetrated and gunmakers to fabricate a weapon that will hurl a projectile through it. These lawyers are men of high standing in their profession. They would be highly insulted at an insinuation that their methods are unethical. Yet what are they doing but aiding and abetting men to break that which should be held most sacred, their word of honor.

Civil law has come to be largely "dog eat dog." It is a matching of wits, of sharp practice against sharp practice. A code of simple honesty between man and man would leave our courts barren of cases and cause nine-tenths of the lawyers to turn their talents to productive lines. It is a safe prediction that 75 per cent of the disputes that congest the courts could be settled in a half-hour talk between the litigants if their lawyers would so advise them. But how few attorneys do this. It would mean the loss of the fat fees that, in prolonged litigation, eat up the property of the disputants.

It is not, however, in civil law that our present danger lies. Fools must pay for their folly and if neighbors will rush into court to settle their differences they must accept their portion of the blame. Lawyers who encourage such litigation are aiding in lowering the standards of civilization and humanity but their responsibility is light compared with that of the lawyers who practice criminal law.

Laws in restraint of crime are enacted to protect those who do the productive and constructive work of the world from those who would prey upon them. A criminal is one who will not play the game of life fairly. He is a person who lacks the moral stamina to endure himself the buffets of existence and who tries to take an unfair advantage of those who do.

Every criminal, whether of high or low degree, invariably has a tale of real or fancied injustice which he whines to excuse himself. The truth is that he is unable to stand the gaff. He wants the good things of life without paying the price of physical and mental toil.

Therefore, he takes what he wants from others either by guile and trickery or by force. There are exceptional cases when it almost seems that the criminal is justified but "two wrongs never make a right" and no individual or association of individuals can remedy an injustice by committing another one.

Lawyers or Actors?

IN THIS ceaseless war of society against its outlaws it would surely seem that society would be entitled to the protection of the legal profession, every member of which takes an oath to uphold the law and serve the ends of justice. How lightly this oath is regarded is seen in the previously quoted statement of Mr. Woolwine. Instead of aiding justice these crooked criminal lawyers, as Mr. Woolwine dubs them, do everything in their power to thwart it.

Taking example from the tactics of big business, the big criminal rings engage lawyers versed in every shady trick of their profession. This ring generally revolves around one big lawyer, a man of considerable standing in his profession, who seldom appears in court in behalf of his clients but who plans the campaign that his lesser associates carry out. One or two members of the ring are trial lawyers of repute, men possessing little legal knowledge but of histrionic talent who endeavor to sway the emotions of the jury by theatrical appeals to its sympathies and prejudices. These men are in reality not lawyers but actors with all an actor's mannerisms and studied eccentricities. No one better understands than they how "to tear a passion to tatters."

Then there are lesser attorneys who do the leg work, attend to bail matters, assist in locating and coaching witnesses. In addition, the ring, or rather its attorney, employs heelers recruited from the ranks of ex-police officers or detectives who have quit the force for good and sufficient reasons. If the lawyer does not maintain his own staff he is usually connected with some private detective agency which does this work for him.

The duty of these men is to shadow the prospective jurors and those selected, also to shadow witnesses for the prosecution. They make it a point to discover the affiliations, prejudices and weaknesses of these jurors and witnesses and then to play upon them for intimidation or bribery. In many cases they have caused witnesses to go upon the stand and repudiate the story they told the prosecutor, in other instances when this was impossible they paid witnesses to leave the jurisdiction of the court. Another duty is to provide alibi witnesses in desperate cases, men and women paid to go upon the stand and swear falsely that the defendant was in their company far from the scene of the crime when it was alleged to have been committed.

It is disconcerting and often fatal to the case of the prosecutor to have a witness go on the stand and tell a story differing from that he had previously told when the state was collecting its evidence. He may later be able to convict the witness of perjury but often too late to affect the case on trial. The disappearance of an important witness will also cause the case of the state to sag while alibi witnesses, the truth of whose stories the prosecution has not the time to investigate, interpose a fatal handicap in the administration of justice.

Coached and trained so well are these professional witnesses that they often cause the stumbling and halting stories of the witnesses for the state, who are really telling the truth, to appear as clumsy fabrications. The adage that "truth will prevail" is correct but the difficulty is that by the time the real truth is discovered the trial is over and the defendant has been freed.

The handicaps in a criminal trial are all imposed upon the prosecution. It must prove the man on trial to be guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. No juryman who is a normal human being desires to send a man to prison or mayhap the gallows or electric chair unless he is absolutely convinced of his guilt. These crooked lawyers take full advantage of this feeling. By placing a multitude of witnesses upon the stand, even when they know the jury will not believe them all, they hope to confuse the jurymen sufficiently so there may be that doubt that will incline them to free a possibly guilty man rather than to suffer the self-reproach of having voted to convict a man who might be innocent.

The "ace in the hole" of these gentry, however, is their ability to bribe a member of the jury. Through their secret force of ferrets they are able to discover the financial condition and the susceptibility to temptation of the members of the panel. A mistake in approaching the wrong man would be fatal to their case and such mistakes rarely happen. They know their man thoroughly before any overtures are made. But even though a mistake should be made the attorney has so covered his tracks that it is almost impossible to trace the offer back to him. Second, third and often fourth parties are used to cover up the transaction and when caught one of the tools is paid a large sum to be "the goat." If there are no witnesses—and usually good care is taken that there will be none—it is the case of one man's word against another and it is seldom that the briber fails to escape.

The Newspaper Sob Story

WITH one fixed juror the case for the defense is as good as won. He can hang the jury until doomsday and there is no requital. Not only that, if he happens to be a clever man with a gift of persuasion, he can often bring some of the other jurors around to his side. While a hung jury does not mean acquittal, by successively hanging a number of juries it is possible to discourage the prosecution, who, to save the taxpayers further expense, will dismiss the case. In this lies the secret of so many jury disagreements where the general public has fully made up its mind as to the guilt of the accused. If the prosecution refuses to dismiss the case entirely it will often compromise upon a light sentence after several disagreements of a jury.

Another favorite and probably unconscious ally of these crooked lawyers is the press, especially that portion of it that plays up news from a sensational angle. These attorneys make it a point to curry the favor of newspaper men and women. Women writers, who write the human-interest stuff, as it is called, and who are nicknamed "sob sisters" by the profession, assist them greatly in creating public sentiment in favor of the accused.

There is seldom a criminal so hardened but who has some human qualities and the "sob sisters" in discovering these good traits harp upon them until the public is convinced that the defendant is a poor victim of circumstances who is being cruelly persecuted by society. Popular sympathy is always with the underdog and often a public prosecutor through the dissemination of propaganda of this sort in the newspapers finds himself at the beginning of a trial confronted by a hostile atmosphere that renders his task even more difficult.

Sensations and Advertising

THESE columns of publicity are welcomed by criminal lawyers not only for the effect that it has upon a trial but also for the personal advertising and exploitation they get out of it. They stage many small sensations which have no effect upon the issue of the case simply to furnish their newspaper friends with something to write about, knowing that they will reap the benefit in notoriety and prestige as a smart lawyer.

Although usually liberal with cigars and other small favors they seldom attempt to bribe reporters. It is not necessary. The reporter holds his job through his ability to turn in good copy. It is but natural he should have an unconscious bias in favor of those who furnish him with live stories.

There was a time when these lawyers were satisfied simply to defend criminals after they were caught, but now they go further. They advise and often actively aid them in conspiring to break the law. Judges and the state's attorney in Chicago openly charge that the great criminal rings of that city are under the guidance of lawyers. Yet so powerful is the political influence of these arch-criminals and so great the timidity of their fellow members of the bar that they are seldom brought to book even before the bar associations which are organized for the purpose of maintaining a high standard of ethics in the profession.

The bar can only be cleaned up by its own members. As long as its members are content to allow crooks to besmirch its reputation they must expect to share the stigma. Those lawyers who have the courage occasionally to speak the truth about conditions fail to receive support from their associates.

On the contrary, they are made to feel the weight of their displeasure—socially and, when possible, politically. They are called radicals and hotheads and are ostracized by the profession.

Under present conditions there are only two classes

(Concluded on page 13)

City Asks Boycott to Protect Its Boulevards

By ORSON ANGELL



The corner of a Kansas City boulevard which the park board and property owners vainly attempted to protect.

Protests in Vain, Another Plan Is Employed

KANSAS CITY has resorted to boycott to protect its boulevards from the invasion of unsightly business houses. A few hours before a floral parade, one of the features of the city's recent celebration of the thirtieth birthday anniversary of its park and boulevard system, passed along Benton Boulevard, the sign shown at the right above was erected, by order of the park board.

The opposite face of the signboard bore an explanation:

NOTICE

These TWO LITTLE STORES were erected CONTRARY to the wishes of all the residents along this boulevard and contrary to the known policy of Kansas City, as declared in Ordinance No. 42796, constituting this a residential district. BY ORDER OF THE PARK BOARD.

The two stores are in a small, single-story, brick building, erected five months ago by Solomon Laner and Lewis Laner, brothers, who own several groceries over the city. The district is one of fine residences and small apartment buildings. A business center is only a block away and residents felt there was no call for the Laner brothers to spoil the beauty of the boulevard.

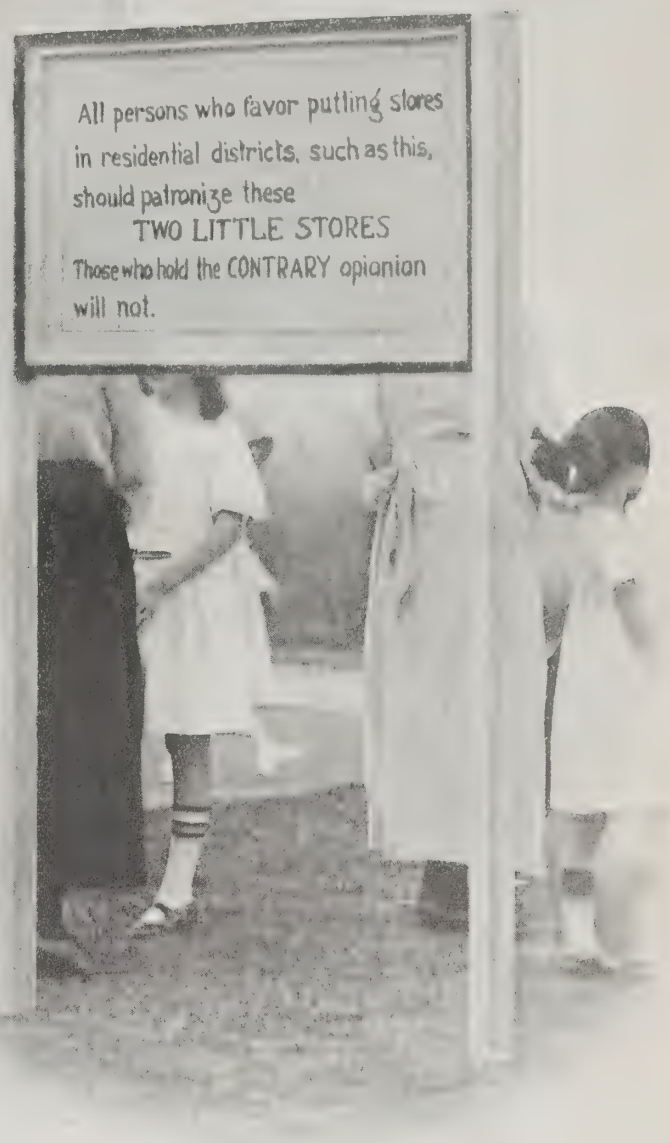
Houses in the block stand well back from the street and on a terrace, about five feet high, extending the entire length of the block.

The grocers purchased a residence, tore away its front porch, excavated the terrace and built their stores on the street level and flush with the sidewalk, making the brick structure a part of the once fashionable residence.

Neighbors knew nothing of the plans until work had begun. They remonstrated in vain, then called on the park board. There was no ordinance to prevent the work. The board filed condemnation proceedings, after property owners in the block had agreed to an assessment to pay the cost of condemning the lot.

Attorneys for the grocers filed an injunction, restraining the park board from proceeding with the condemnation measures. The building was finished. Laner brothers established a grocery in one room. The other was rented to a druggist.

The case still is in the courts. Attorneys for the Laner brothers advised them to tear down the sign, which is on park board property, alongside the stores, but they hesitated to do so, and it still stands. It was viewed, on the day erected, by several thousand persons.



The boycott sign which the Kansas City park board caused to be erected near two stores which were built on a boulevard against the wishes of property owners in the block.

In the Old Days Business Wasn't Impossible!

Concluded from page 6

terest was specified in the contract that governed each transaction and was signed at times by as many as 12 witnesses. But the payment of interest was not shown in the ledger account, which was made to balance exactly. This was kept on a separate tablet. The system might be popular in these days of income and excess profits taxes, and suspicious revenue officers. Murashu Sons and other business men long before them doubtless had their own bookkeepers; the matter of accounts was relatively simple. Contracts were not so easy. There was no regular form, and few men were sufficiently expert in the art of writing on soft clay with a sharp stick, in the peculiar wedge-shaped or cuneiform characters, to handle their own correspondence. A guild of notaries took care of this—the early public stenographers.

In other words, in addition to keeping a weather eye on the plain across which an invader might make his appearance, the business man had to carry the bulk of his transactions in his head. The contracts were on file, but looking them up called for a lot of work. Besides, they were difficult to read. Chinese is relatively simple in comparison with ancient Babylonian, and the still more ancient and obscure Sumerian. One sign or character in that writing may have as many as 30 different meanings, depending on the position and context. Knowing them all was an art that kept the highbrows forever on the jump. One expert has made a dictionary of 35,000 words.

But business was done in Babylonia—in the cities of Nippur, Lagash, Erech, Kish and Ur of the Chaldees, to mention but a few—for a known period of 5,000 years. The empire was overwhelmed by foreign conquerors and torn apart by civil war again and again, but it was not until the time of Alexander that it finally dissolved, three centuries B. C. Business was done until the walls of the cities began to shake under the missiles of the invader; it was taken up again when the tumult and the shouting died.

Wherever the land was level enough the Babylonians had canals. Their system in Mesopotamia was the largest and most intricate the world has ever known. It served alike commerce and agriculture, the one with means of transportation and the other with that and also with irrigation. Crops were raised that made the eyes of the cultured and scientific Greeks bulge with astonishment. This system was maintained in spite of civil war. In its early history the country was a region of independent cities, each with its own private and personal king. Quite often one of these kings became ambitious and set out to grab off an adjoining city, or two, or all of them. Since the imperial idea of the final crushing insult to a rival was to "tear down his temple and destroy his wall" all this was rather hard on the canals. But every time a temple was pushed into one of them the Babylonians dug it out again, leveled off the ruins and built a new one. The banks of these canals crisscross the swampy desert of Mesopotamia today. Most of them have been filled up for 2,000 years, but now the British are restoring some of them.

Carts drawn by oxen also were used for transport. Adventurous pioneers of trade made up caravans to go to Egypt, the Mediterranean, the Hellespont, perhaps eastward to China and India. They were to the land what the later Yankee captains of clipper ships became to the sea. Sometimes such an expedition would be gone a year. Records still preserved show that often the merchant made heavy loans from the temple bank or a Damguru, the member bank of the Federal Reserve System. For these he had to pay 40 per cent. Think what he must have charged to show a profit!

Palestine and Egypt were the nearest and, therefore, presumably, the best markets of the Babylonians. The route from Mesopotamia led through the valley of the Megiddah in Palestine. At the narrowest point of this valley the early inhabitants built the city of Beth Shan—now Beisan. If you have read your Bible you will recognize it as the site of King Saul's last battle; the fight in which he was overwhelmed by the Philistines, who nailed his body to the walls. No other spot in the world has known as many separate and distinct battles. The mount above the citadel was a coveted stronghold from the earliest days of military strategy—and the Babylonians knew a thing or two of that gentle art. Beth Shan was destroyed and rebuilt nine times. Its ruins are being excavated today.

At any rate, during the intervals between wars, the Babylonians trekked through this valley to Egypt with carts and chariots, of which the Egyptians were heavy buyers, leather goods, clothing, copper, implements, surgical instruments, jewelry, vanity boxes and hairpins. Any good archeological museum can show you samples, found in the tombs of Egyptian queens—and lesser ladies of greater charm. A tablet in Philadelphia, dated before Abraham, contains a drawing of a combination plow and seeder. It was invented by a Babylonian either as a labor-saving device or because the birds were eating up the seeds when the latter were planted by hand in an open furrow. This plow was made with a hollow post or tube running down to a point just back of the blade that turned the furrow. A man alongside poured the seed into a funnel, so that plowing and seeding were one operation.

It may be said boastfully by the harassed business man of today that the simple life of ancient Babylonia cannot be compared with the complex civilization of today. But was it simple? Not even the experts who have spent a lifetime in the work care to guess at its limits. Some of them have guessed as to its age. In the Bible it is set forth that the world was created in 4004 B. C. Careful computations made on the basis of contemporary records of clay have carried history back to beyond 5,000 B. C., at which time there was a high degree of culture that must have taken ages to develop. Scientists of climate say there are regions, such as that of Turkestan, where petrified forests have been found, that once may have supported human life.

One of the leading industries must have been the manufacture of millstones. Even in seasons of poor crops these came in handy to drape around the necks of bandits, murderers and other major criminals. The wearer of this quaint collar was then urged into a section of the canal that was over his head, and he became a good Indian. Lesser crimes were punished by mutilation. There is no mention of jails in any of these ancient records. The Babylonians were too busy to fool with prisons when they had canals. They were sticklers for law and order. The first part of that prescription as it is known to the world today came partly from the Mosaic Code. Archeologists find the forerunner of the Mosaic Code in the Code of Hammurabi, a Babylonian ruler of about 2200 B. C., and not long ago the famous Pere Scheil of the Sorbonne, Paris, poring over transcripts of some undeciphered tablets from the Nippur collection, discovered a Sumerian code a thousand years older. These laws protected human life and private property.

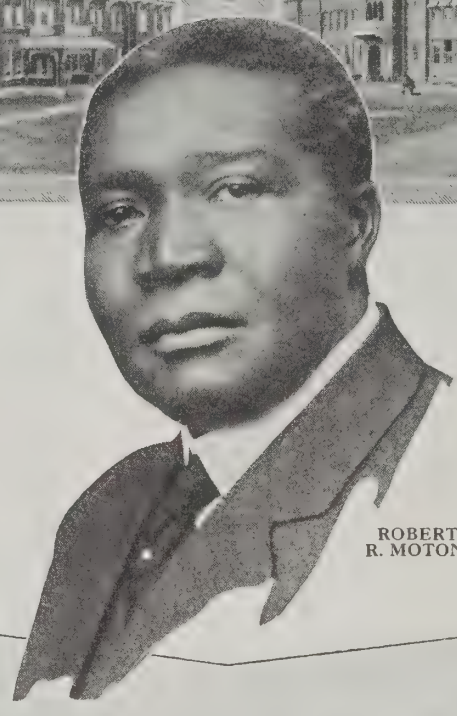
Tuskegee Institute Since Booker Washington

Better Understanding Sought by Founder of School Gradually Takes Form

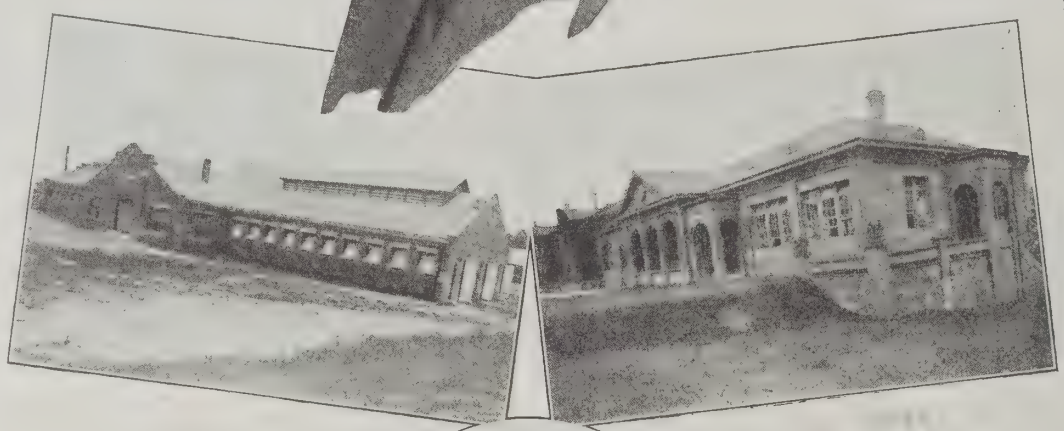


James Hall—girls' dormitory.

The new boys' trades building.



ROBERT R. MOTON



The dairy barn.

The laundry.



The new boys' trades building and the memorial monument to Booker Washington, recently unveiled, in the foreground.

By GUSTAVUS A. STEWARD

WHEN one hears the name of Tuskegee, instantly that other name, equally famous and almost synonymous with the great southern educational institution—the name of Booker Washington, comes to mind. So long was he identified with the school which he established that it is difficult to think of it as under the guidance of any other person. But for nearly seven years now Tuskegee Institute has been directed by Robert Russa Moton, a fellow alumnus and close associate of Booker Washington, both having graduated from Hampton.

As the world already knows what surprising progress the institute made under its founder, and what a powerful influence it exerted through his personality, not only on the South, but on the nation, it is natural that there should arise certain questions regarding the administration of his successor. How has the school developed since his death? How are his ideas being carried out? Is the institute increasing in prestige? Is it helping in the solution of the one great problem which harasses this country, and particularly the South? In short, is Dr. Moton's administration a success or a failure?

To step into the shoes of genius is a perilous venture, and while Dr. Moton undertook no light task when he assumed the principalship of Tuskegee Institute, it can be safely said that under his direction the school has gone steadily forward. This is evident in the progress made both in what may be called the "externals," that is, the plant, the equipment, the courses, and so on, and in the "internals," or the ideals of the institution.

When Dr. Washington died in 1915, he left a plant at Tuskegee unequaled for the purposes. Only those who had visited it could realize its magnitude. There were hundreds of acres of rolling land, whose natural beauty had been enhanced by intelligent landscaping. There were several modern dormitories, steam-heated and electric-lighted by the institute's own thoroughly equipped central power plant. There was a unique water system, supplied by a series of artesian wells. There was a well-lighted, well-ventilated recitation building, a boys' trades building somewhat outgrown, and a girls' trades building similarly crowded. A completely appointed hospital cared for the sick of the institute and of the neighborhood, while an extensive farm endeavored to supply the foodstuffs for the school community. In addition, there were teachers' homes, a large chapel, a huge structure housing two capacious dining rooms, a kitchen and a large auditorium, a primary school building, an administration building, storerooms, bathhouses, barns, mills—in fact, almost every sort of equipment a present-day settlement of about 2,000 souls would need. During the past six years, additional buildings have been erected and several improvements and enlargements of equipment made. The more important of the buildings are: James Hall, a dormitory for girls; a laundry, which has relieved the congestion in the girls' trades building where it was formerly located; the boys' trades building, which replaces the old building destroyed by fire, is complete in every detail, and provides space for the various shops; the dairy barn, sanitary and commodious, replacing an old frame structure that stood inconveniently near the hospital; a health station; and about seven teachers' cottages. Of improvements made, the two outstanding are the installation of automatic stokers in the power plant, which in the first year saved about $48,000 in the fuel bill, and the addition of several new artesian wells, made necessary by the increased consumption of the enlarged plant. The outlay in making these extensions has run close to $1,000,000 during the present administration. The result has been a practical doubling of the running expenses of the school in five years. Incidentally, more than $1,000,000 has been added to endowment.

In the matter of courses offered, many changes have been made, enriching, strengthening and advancing the curriculum. But before they are described, some idea of how Tuskegee's schedule operates is in order. Tuskegee is perhaps the only institution in the world that is four schools in one. Booker Washington's idea was that every boy and girl enrolling there should do some kind of work with the hands. And they all work, the entire 1,800 of them. They work everywhere—on the farm, in the kitchen, the laundry, the shops, the offices. And they do everything, from mending the linen on which they sleep to building the substantial dormitories in which they live. To carry out this everybody-work idea, a three-in-one school was at first adopted. The first school consists of those students who go to their academic classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, and to their work or trade classes on alternate days. The second school is made up of those who go to academic classes on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and to their work on alternate days. The third school includes all those students who, being without sufficient means to continue in school, are obliged to work all day every day and to attend academic classes at night, five nights a week. This was the system as it existed at the time of Dr. Washington's death. A fourth school has now been added and comprises all seniors, who attend academic classes five days in the week and work one day, Saturday. For all this work students are paid and their earnings credited toward their board and lodging and other expenses.

Formerly, the academic department which is the department which cares for all purely scholastic instruction, as distinct from the department of mechanical industries, which teaches the trades, consisted of three preparatory years and three advanced, or high-school years. As it then existed its highest class was just about equivalent to the eighth grade of a standard public school. Students completing this course and desiring to enter elsewhere to continue their education found themselves severely handicapped, and were obliged to spend very valuable time making up this deficiency. To meet this condition a fourth high-school year has been added, several required subjects introduced, other subjects given earlier in the course, while a liberal range of electives has been provided, including many of the pre-college studies. The course as it now stands compares favorably with the average high school, and graduates are entering colleges with less difficulty.

In the trades, which have always included practically all the usual mechanical and industrial crafts, the domestic arts and sciences, and farm industries, are now listed courses in auto-mechanics, architectural drawing, photography, business training, home economics, teacher training and nursing. The requirements for entering a trade vary in accordance with the trade selected. For example, a student may begin the study of carpentry with no more academic preparation than is essential to enroll as a student of the institution; to take up a course in printing he must be at least in the first year high-school course; in applied electricity he can enter if he is a student in the highest preparatory year; while in home economics, teacher training, nursing and business training—which embraces two "trades," (1) stenographer and typist and (2) bookkeeper—he must have completed the second year high school. Alabama now requires diplomas of nurses, so that they must have three full years of nurse training before they can graduate. Moreover, formerly a student could graduate from his trade before finishing his academic work, or vice versa. Now no student can get a diploma without finishing his entire course, trade and all. If, for example, he is so far advanced when he enters the institute that he is enrolled in the third or fourth high-school year, he must specialize in his trade until he has completed it up to the point at which he would have arrived had he been attending the institute from the first. This enables him to complete both academic work and trade at the same time and to receive his diploma.

So much for "externals." While these are important, for they furnish the mechanics by which thousands of young people have been and will be developed for useful living in this country, yet one likes to believe that it was the "internals," the spiritual side of Tuskegee which its founder considered transcendent, and which its present principal increasingly emphasizes and emulates.

Booker Washington had three compelling ideas. One was so to co-ordinate the individual—that is, place a trained mind and hand under direction of a sound moral discipline. The second was so to link up the trained individual with his community that the community would benefit by the union. The third was that self-helpful, community-building Negroes, scattered here and there, would belie the traditions of the South and bring about a closer mutual understanding between the races.

It is perhaps in the largest aspect of the Tuskegee idea, that is, in the effort to produce interracial good will, that the greatest, best and most helpful work is being done, and, paradoxically, it is precisely of this phase that the public knows the least. For it is a quiet process. It concerns itself with small groups of the South's better-minded men and women. It is a widespread and growing manifestation of the Tuskegee Spirit. In furthering it, Tuskegee and its principal take a leading part. Officially, it is called the Interracial Commission. It has organized groups in 800 southern counties and has frankly faced the primary cause of the South's trouble in a spirit of determination to cure it. It is succeeding in crystallizing sentiment against the worst evil this country endures, lynching, and no more telling blow has been dealt than that given by a group of southern women, in whose behalf the public has been led to believe mob violence necessary. Said they in their adopted address: "Lynching is the black spot on America's soul. So long as America holds the record for its illegal taking of life, so long as the headlines of foreign papers carry in large letters 'America burns another Negro,' just so long will her shame be world-wide. We have no security unless the law protects us. Mob violence knows no law. As women, as mothers of men, we protest. We condemn every violation of law in the taking of life, *no matter what the crime.*"

Aside from arousing a healthy public opinion, reports from local committees of this interracial commission show concrete achievements: lynchings have been prevented, legal redress for wronged Negroes has been secured, hospital privileges for black nurses granted, better schools planned, and many minor evils ameliorated. Tuskegee is justifying the millions invested there and warrants the thought and care expended upon it by those responsible for its ongoing. For in the more efficient, self-respecting lives it produces, in the interracial accord which it promotes, America is being incalculably enriched.

Smoothing the Rough Places for Aged Parents

By CHARLES HENRY LERRIGO, M. D.

YOU remember Wemmick, of "Great Expectations," who was a hard, stern man of the law in "the city" all day long, but in the evening, at Walworth, was the dutiful son of the Aged Parent. Dickens has presented few characters that draw our sympathy more keenly than Wemmick in his treatment of the deaf old father who "required as much watching as a powder mill." It is a fine thing that so many sons and daughters have this wish to make smooth the rough places in the rather uneven road that old age must travel.

"I wish you would tell me just what help can be given to a man of 80, who has no special ailment but is just losing his hold," writes an inquirer.

"Is it true that men do not live as long as women?" asks another. "I have heard and noticed that there are many more old women than old men and they seem more capable. What can be done to quicken a man 77?"

Yes, it is true that there are more women than men who look on the outbound side of the octogenarian milepost, which is now considered the sign of the old-age boundary. In the 1910 census there were about 30,000 more women than men in the 500,000 persons entitled to speak on "How I managed to pass the mellow age of 80." It is also true that women are generally more capable than men of like age. They simply outwear them, which, you will please note, is a very different thing from wearing them out.

Sometimes one wonders if the dependence of old age makes as strong an appeal to us as it should. It is natural that we should be charmed by the chubby, vacuous face of the tiny babe. But also let us see a charm in the wizened face and pointed chin of old age. There is no meanness of character thus depicted. It is a physiological change of contour due to loss of teeth and absorption of the alveolar process of the jaw, causing the chin to be raised higher in closing the mouth. And the mind may still be active and the heart may still be generous.

Pride Makes Them Silent

OLD age creeps with such stealth that it is often hard for the son or daughter to realize that the sturdy father or the ever-efficient mother has reached the stage of life in which the sturdiness has changed to weakness and the efficiency to dependence. Yet if the grown children are to show their anxiety for the old folks' welfare before the day comes when it is too late, they must be on the watch. Their help must be volunteered, not given on request. The baby who needs care will cry for it. The aged father and mother will not do that. Pride will not let them.

Have you noticed that father doesn't read as much as formerly? He complains that the type is not what it used to be. When he takes up his newspaper he holds it a long distance away. Or it may be held very close, the venerable head dipping down until almost buried.

"I expect I see as well as most people of my age," he replies to your inquiries. "If you do as well as I in your 70's you may be proud of yourself."

Very well. But don't let it stop at that. If you haven't first-class lights in the house, see that you get them. Then see that father's chair is placed so that he will receive the benefit. Don't let him go to a notion store and buy a pair of dollar spectacles. Make an appointment yourself with a first-class oculist and see that his eyes are really fitted.

And mother. She is eating very little. Her teeth are so troublesome. "I don't want any dentist excavating in my mouth," she objects.

Little Things That Mean So Much

SHE would rather carry on with her aching joints, and continue to starve on a half diet than go to a dentist. But it is your business to explain to her that nowadays dentists can do work really painlessly. They can give local anesthetics, they can deaden pain by nerve blocking, they have many devices to remove from dentistry the odium of the dent. But you will very likely have to make the appointment and then see that mother keeps it. Then too, there are excellent aids to hearing among the new inventions.

Food is as important to the old as to the young. The diet of the aged must not be hearty, but should be regular. It is a good thing to have them begin the day with a glass of hot water containing a pinch of salt. Graham gems are good for breakfast. Dairy food, milk, eggs and butter, will be prominent in it. On account of a deficiency of bile, fats are not very well borne, and butter is the most acceptable way to take fat. Meats are not well digested because there is often a deficiency of gastric juice. Coffee and tea should not be withheld if they are a long accustomed part of the diet, unless known to cause nervousness or increased blood pressure. Cocoa and malted milk are usually very acceptable drinks. Malted milk is especially helpful if given as a hot drink midway between meals. Fruits are good, but old persons should not take bulky foods like cabbage, lettuce and spinach, that give a lot of digestive work for very little nourishment.

Toilet becomes a great burden to the aged. One who is feeble should always have help in bathing. The skin becomes sensitive and is easily chafed, so no harsh soaps should be used. Help should always be given in getting in and out of the bath.

An old person's finger and toe nails become brittle and crack easily. A good way to take care of these cracks is to clip the nail evenly and cover the cracked surface with adhesive plaster.

Clothing is even more important to the aged than to the young, but they do not think so. They will makeshift from year to year with clothes that are worn and thin. It is especially important that old persons should have good, warm underclothing for winter. Their bodies generate so little heat that it becomes very important that none of it shall be wasted.

Shoes should be comfortable and roomy. Warm bed slippers should be provided. Rubber heels are helpful to take off the jar of the inelastic step. Very often weakfoot or broken arches cause much pain.

Night clothing and a warm bed both are important. While an old person should sleep in a well-ventilated room it should not be in a cold bed. If the room is cold the bed should always be warmed by artificial heat before use. These old persons do not find sleep such an easy matter. They have no heat to waste in warming up a mass of bedding. Let it be done for them before they go to bed.

"But father doesn't appreciate the things we do for him; he seems suspicious of anything we attempt, and of everyone who offers to do anything."

How to Be Real Sons and Daughters

YES, that may be true. It is one of the misfortunes of advancing age, in no few cases, that it seems to produce an atrophy of the emotions. There seems to be no interest in anything but their own petty affairs. After all, it is not surprising. Let the intellect slip even a little and self-interest may become all in all.

Yes, the aged parents may become suspicious, morose, jealous, unreasonable; and, therefore, if you permit it to be so, actually tiresome. Delusions that the whole world has turned against them are not uncommon. If you can still give cheerful support and comfort you are showing yourself to be a real son or daughter, for only the best stand such a test.

The best way to keep old persons young is to encourage them in enjoying such cheerful companionship and activities as are possible. To return to Wemmick for a moment: there is a rich lesson in the incident in which, with a houseful of company, he honors his old father by asking him to read the newspaper aloud to the assembly.

"I won't offer an apology," said Wemmick, "for he isn't capable of many pleasures—are you, Aged Parent?"

The secret of helping the infirmities of the aged often lies in this simple thing of studying their weaknesses and cultivating opportunities for the pleasures of which they are capable.

A Landlubber on a Whale Hunt in the Arctic

Concluded from page 7

Like a foundering ship the giant bowhead went down by the bow, the big 18-foot flukes narrowly missing the boat. The harpoon lines went out of the buckets as if they were attached to a speeding locomotive.

Then the whaleboat began to race through the water, dragged with her bow so far down that she began to ship brine. All at once the whaleboat stopped. A few seconds later a glistening yellow object floated inertly to the surface. It was the whale, belly upward, dead.

Chains were passed around the body and it was hauled alongside the *Herman* where the cutting stage had been lowered and the work of butchering began.

The head, which contains the whalebone, was cut off and the big strips of blubber chopped away with axes and hoisted on deck to be melted into oil in the "try works" or big boilers. The whale yielded 4,000 pounds of blubber and 2,500 pounds of bone.

Time was when the bone of a big whale was worth $10,000. Now there is little sale for it.

Some years ago Captain Pedersen was only one of the many daring Americans who followed the strange currents through the Bering Straits to the foot of the Aurora Borealis.

Today he is the lone wolf of the whaling pack. The low price of oil and bone has driven the others out but Pedersen combines his whale hunting with fur trading and thus makes a good income.

Early explorers who went through the Northwest passage tell of big whaling fleets anchored off Point Barrow and Herschel Island. Then the winter stillness of Alaskan, Siberian and Canadian Eskimo villages was transformed into the bedlam of an American frontier with lawlessness running rampant, with killings occurring daily and with carousals and whisky trading demoralizing the otherwise well-to-do natives.

But the bottom dropped out of the whalebone market and the historic old whalers became derelicts and their skippers and crews took to coastwise shipping.

Today Captain Pedersen alone yearly carries the American flag into the frigid seas, through the straits to the Arctic Ocean and between icebergs and "pressure ridges" to Point Barrow, Baillie Island, Coronation Gulf, the mouth of the Mackenzie and to Uncle Sam's mystery isle, Wrangel.

Down on the Oakland estuary in San Francisco Bay, where the tall masts of the Alaska packers fleet and the hulls of derelict craft give one the impression of being in a maritime graveyard, I found the *Herman*.

It was on a pleasant April morning that the motor of the schooner began to hum. An uneventful voyage of 2,100 miles brought us to Dutch Harbor and Unalaska where the whaler rigged up her cutting stage, tackle, special masts and whaling tackle.

Here we donned our arctic garb. Masinka boots of sealskin, waterproofed, the soles sewed and crimped by the teeth of native women, slipped over several pairs of socks, and the regular parka or reindeer skin jacket with wolverine hood were put on.

As we rode around the Alaskan peninsula the cold struck us like an icy blast. In June when New York and Chicago were sweltering, the rigging of the *Herman* in the Bering Sea was covered with ice that had to be knocked off.

Steering by the clouds, Captain Pedersen forced his way into several openings in the ice, only to find that they were "pockets" or dead ends. Each time he was compelled to turn back. Even when he put the prow of the motor schooner into a crack and gave it full steam, no headway was gained. He was determined to get through here as the clouds told him of a waterway just beyond.

Dynamite was attached to poles and thrust far under the obstructing cakes where it exploded and tore them into chunks. The sturdy whaler surged forward. If heavy winds had been blowing, blasting would have been impossible as the breach would have closed up instantly. When he stopped for the night, Captain Pedersen "hitched" his ship to an icy bowlder instead of anchoring.

It was off Pt. Hope, Demarcation Point, Herschel Island and the mouth of the Mackenzie River, that the whaler got two big bowheads, the capture of one of which I have already described.

The return trip which began in September was comparatively uneventful.

I left the *Herman* at Nome and returned to civilization by much speedier transportation than that furnished by a motorized whaling schooner.

I can still close my eyes and experience that plunge into the ice-cold ocean from the upset whaleboat.

Crime and the Failure of the American Bar

Concluded from page 10

of lawyers who dare to speak out. Those who have reached the highest eminence in the profession without furnishing their closets with too many skeletons and those who have failed to get anywhere in the law. The first are nearly all on the bench and have lost active contact with actual conditions and the second have no influence, their complaints being laid to envy and spleen.

A good example of the timidity of the bar associations is evidenced in a recent case. A district attorney who has ever been outspoken in his contempt for crooked lawyers, was prosecuting a murder case wherein a young and beautiful woman was being tried for the alleged murder of her lover. Attracted by the notoriety attached to the case, a Jewish lawyer went to the city with the announced intention of taking charge of the defense. The district attorney looked into the antecedents of this attorney and when the latter applied for permission to practice in the local courts the district attorney entered strenuous objection.

He charged that the lawyer in question had the reputation in his home city of being a suborner of perjury and a jury fixer. In support of his allegations he read telegrams and letters from attorneys, including one from the former state's attorney of the city in which the lawyer practiced.

The presiding judge referred the matter to a committee from the local bar association. It was first announced that the committee would hold a public hearing at which the district attorney was to submit his proofs that the applicant was unfit to practice. This public hearing was never held. The committee asked the advice of the local bar association to which the attorney belonged, but it declined to make any recommendation. Finally, the committee decided to admit the visitor under the rule of comity, a courtesy between states.

Although the attorney was admitted he had been unmasked and he threw up the case and left for home, breathing the usual threats of libel suits, which suits—needless to say—never materialized.

The action of the district attorney was a distinct innovation and created consternation among attorneys whose own skirts were not clear and who feared the effect of such a precedent.

That the failure of the bar is largely due to a lack of proper education and the influence of the materialistic spirit of the age is the belief of William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury.

In an interview for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT Mr. McAdoo, who is now practicing law, said:

"When I studied law in college in the South the law was looked upon as an honored profession which gave great opportunities for public service. We were taught that upon our shoulders was a great responsibility for the public welfare. Statesmanship was perhaps the most important part of our course. The ideals of the profession were as important as the inculcation of the technique of the law.

"Today with law schools turning out lawyers by the thousands much as a business college turns out bookkeepers and stenographers there is small opportunity for the student to imbibe the traditions and ideals that are so necessary to prevent him from becoming a mere money maker and notoriety seeker. A return to the old system of education when the student course embraced a wide range of cultural subjects as well as a thorough course in political history and science would do much to purge the bar of the spirit of materialism that is permeating it."

The Infant of Our Insular Possessions

Who Under a Palm Tree Cares If Virgin Islands' Industry Languishes?

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

DURING one of the voyages to the New World the caravels of Columbus discovered the West Indies, and more. They hove to at the island now known as St. Croix. There the explorer encountered a phenomenon that thrilled him. "I have seen many queer things," he reported to Ferdinand and Isabella, "but none stranger than a tree that bears oysters."

Now, after four and a quarter centuries, the lazy music-loving natives still gather at low tide the oysters from the roots of the mangrove trees, but all comprehend that the mollusks are parasites and not fruit. The explorer displayed an active imagination in the matter of naming the new Spanish possessions, for he called them the "Eleven Thousand Virgins." They had a checkered career. They were held at various times by Spain, England, France, Holland and Denmark. Until the United States bought them in 1917 they were regarded as a part of the West Indies; then, however, a sense of poetic justice led to the order that the "territory hereafter be known as the Virgin Islands."

The efforts of the United States to acquire St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John began in 1865 when Lincoln advocated such a move and Secretary Seward (who later put through the deal for Alaska) offered $5,000,000. Denmark asked 50 per cent additional for two of the islands, St. John and St. Thomas. The trade failed, as did the negotiations of 1901 and 1910; but in 1917 Secretary Lansing handed a treasury warrant for $25,000,000 to the Danish minister and the transfer was accomplished.

The Virgin Islands comprise a total area of 142 square miles. St. John is the smallest. St. Croix is the largest, wealthiest, most thickly populated and the farthest south. These possessions are in the path of vessels plying between the Atlantic ports of the two American continents. St. Thomas lies 1,444 miles south of New York and 480 miles north of the chief Venezuelan port. The group is the easternmost gateway to the Caribbean Sea.

The population of the islands has waned steadily since 1835 when a count showed 43,178 inhabitants. The number had decreased to 38,231 in 1860; by 1911 it fell to 27,086, and the census of 1920 disclosed a further loss of 1,000. Apparently the native blacks are remnants of a decadent, dying race.

Approximately three-fourths of the people are Negroes; out of the total population probably 20 per cent are of mixed blood. In St. Thomas is a colony of white farmers or "cha-chas" who migrated from the French and Dutch Leeward Islands. They live to themselves, do not intermarry, drink hard, raise cattle and travel in rudely fashioned canoes. They wear picturesque costumes of home-woven straw hats, skin-tight trousers and sky-blue shirts immaculately laundered.

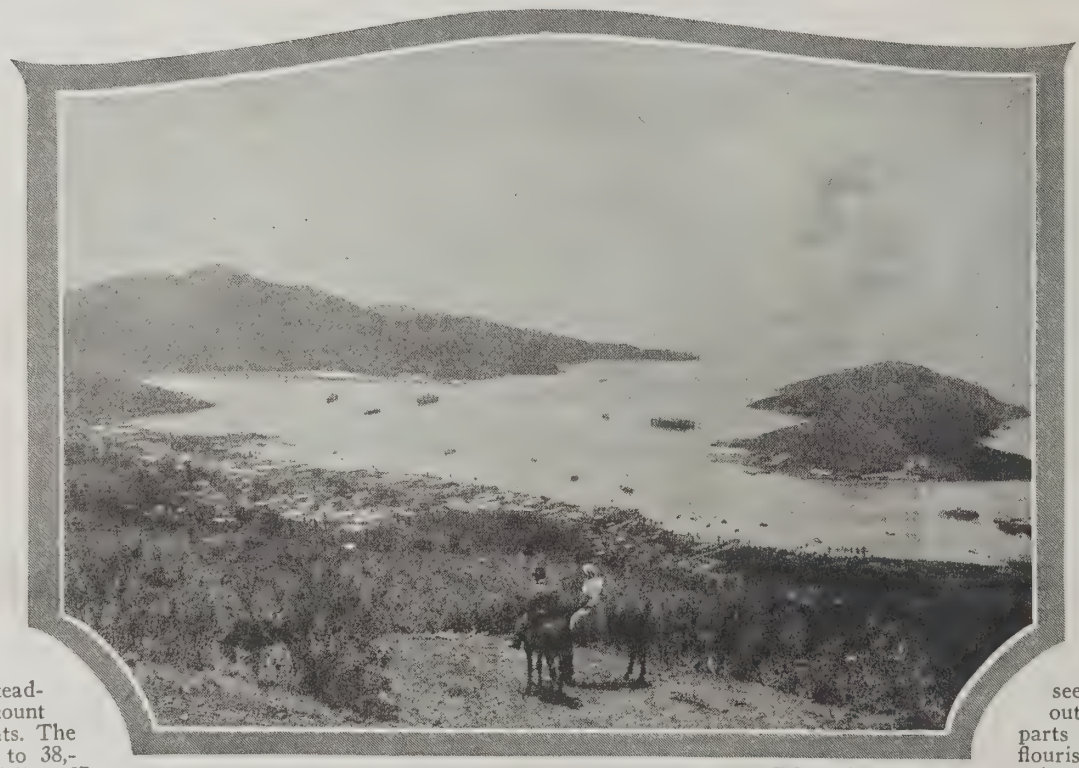
It is supposed that the islands were formerly occupied by the Caribs who made a desperate stand against the Spanish invaders and died rather than submit to their conquerors. At the western end of St. John is a large cliff from which the Caribs are said to have thrown themselves into the sea and suffered death from the fall or become food for the ravenous sharks. The cliff changes color at certain seasons of the year, and the superstitious natives believe it to be inhabited by the ghosts of the Caribs.

Evidences of the departed civilization may be discovered by sharp eyes. Tourists have picked up implements such as stone hatchets and knives, well shaped and bearing curious inscriptions. At the eastern end of St. John is a grotto with two large stone slabs that bear curious carvings. Archeologists have been unable to get any definite meanings from these signs or petroglyphs which the Caribs left behind.

According to current legend, St. Thomas was formerly a favorite abode of cutlass-swinging pirates of the Captain Kidd type. Above the town of Charlotte-Amalia the ruins of Blackbeard's castle may be seen. It is gray and dismal, a landmark of buccaneer days if one has more regard for romance than for truth. As a matter of fact, it was built in 1700 by the government and was named Frederik's Fort. Early in the nineteenth century it became a private residence.

The story of another castle, Blackbeard's, falls down before the truth. John Teach, a pirate, bore the nickname of Blackbeard; but he apparently never lived in the tower-like structure. A wealthy colonist erected it as a residence and thereby aroused the ire of Governor Iverson who protested on the ground that it was "not advantageous to the fort that Baggaert build his house so much higher than the fort, inasmuch as everyone who comes to see him can completely overlook it."

Charlotte-Amalia has the enviable distinction of being the only town on St. Thomas which leads its sister islands in commercial importance. It has a fine harbor, and in former years it was thronged with cargo-laden ships. In the stress of competition, however, the town has lost heavily to San Juan of Porto Rico; so now the glory of Charlotte-Amalia lies in the past rather than the present.



(C) Brown & Dawson

The harbor and city of Charlotte-Amalia, Virgin Islands.

Eighty per cent of the population of the island resides in the town. The inhabitants frequently look toward a signal station where a mast supports a semaphore and balls, for the arrival of every ship and the kind or nationality is thus announced. They gossip enthusiastically about the ships and hopefully speculate when the old days of bustling activity will return.

The traveler in St. Thomas is impressed by the politeness of the people; every other morning he is the recipient of a huge bouquet of exotic blossoms.

"The view from the deck as the ship creeps into the anchorage," one tourist wrote home after he had visited Charlotte-Amalia, "is the most charming in the West Indies. The bay lacks the great sweep of Algiers, but it has the same mountain background, the same glorious blue of sea and sky. The village, blue and orange and yellow and red, recalls some of the coast towns of Italy. The garden walls of the hillside villas shine out dazzlingly white against the luxurious green of the tropical foliage."

Picturesque hills flank the town on three sides. The harbor lies to the south and is guarded by two promontories topped with old forts. The red-tiled roofs of the residences and shops contrast vividly with the grass and the palms. "Magnificent, gem-like, glorious," one wishes to say of it all, but hesitates, fearful lest his enthusiasm make a fool of him.

Even the graves in the cemeteries just outside the town have a color due to the pink conch shells, the chief ornamentation. It is an odd custom made necessary because the rocks of the island are too soft to serve as tombstones. The St. Thomasians, being possessed of real resourcefulness, use the shells as substitutes.

The business of the Virgin Islands centers in Charlotte-Amalia. It may be likened to a big spider receiving products over its radiating web, or to a hub with the contributing industries as spokes of the wheel. Anyhow this triple possession of the United States would be utterly disorganized if the town should vanish overnight.

The commercial metropolis consumes an immense amount of milk and butter each year, also a large amount of beef. St. Croix supplies the bulk of this demand as it is the cattle-raising district of the islands; yet Charlotte-Amalia would go hungry if it depended entirely on home sources. St. Thomas itself has little pasturage.

The waters around St. John and adjacent to St. Thomas contain an abundance of fish. Here the tourist finds the bait lures the fish as soon as it hits the water. The native fishermen take their catch to the market at Charlotte-Amalia.

The manufacture of charcoal on St. John has become a thriving industry to which St. Thomas is a market. The climate gives an excess of heat with the temperature averaging 84 degrees. Consequently, coal-burning is out of favor and charcoal stoves are preferred. The smoke arising from the smouldering pits gives a touch of the picturesque to the St. John landscape, as most of the charcoal is made from the timber on its abandoned estates and carried to market in quaint little sailboats.

The natives fashion hats, mats and baskets from trailing vines found in the forests. They are well made and useful, but there is little sale to be found for them except during the tourist season.

Without doubt the biggest industry in St. John consists of the collecting and selling of bay leaves from the bay trees. If you transplant a bay tree, the chances are a thousand to one it will die. It grows only where it wills. It has not been artificially propagated; if the birds and winds did not distribute the seeds, the tree might die out entirely. On certain parts of St. John the bay tree flourishes, and on similar soil near by the plant is not seen; residents cannot explain why it is so markedly erratic. The amateur leaf-gatherer would pull the leaves directly from the stem. Instead, the natives of St. John break the twigs and later detach the leaves. By this method several sprouts spring up from each break; and the process increases the productiveness without harming the tree. Next the leaves are dumped into copper vats to obtain essential oil by distillation.

St. John does not complete the manufacture but sends the bay oil to St. Thomas, particularly Charlotte-Amalia. There one part of the oil and five hundred of white rum or alcohol are mixed together to form bay rum. A superior quality can be made by distilling the leaves directly in the rum, but this method is too slow and expensive. St. John supplies more than half of the bay rum that the world uses.

St. Croix is able to raise cane, and it does. Sugar is king and labor trouble not a rarity. The planters wish the cane harvested in the usual way but the laborers prefer to work in fields where a fire has damaged the cane. Why? If the burned-over crop is cut within three days most of the juice can be saved; after that time it ferments and becomes valueless. The men take advantage of the situation to demand more pay, and the owner usually complies rather than lose the whole crop.

Each of the three Virgins possesses its own specialty or individuality. St. Thomas has at Charlotte-Amalia one of the best harbors in all the West Indies. The verdant cane fields of St. Croix have made it famous as a sugar-growing land. St. John constitutes the home of the tree whose leaves supply the oil from which the finest bay rum in the world is produced.





A Virgin Island house, typical of the old Danish design, is shown in the oval above. The large picture shows the principal street of Frederiksted.



High-wheeled carts with mules or oxen are favored vehicles in the Virgin Islands.

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The cash-and-carry system of the native shopper of Charlotte-Amalia.



Palm trees give first impressions to arriving visitors in Virgin Islands.



Post office at Frederiksted was a former residence.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

A $3,000,000 temple is to be erected in Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec, to replace the one destroyed. A monastery costing $500,000 will also be built for the Redemptorist fathers.

New Jersey spends $2,000,000 a year keeping down its mosquitoes.

Bank messengers in Wall Street will be dressed in bright red coats, and have portable safes attached to padlocked belts around their waists. Under this system, it is believed the public will rush to the rescue of any red-coated messenger attacked by robbers.

Mining dumps of South Africa are being worked by improved machinery to recover metals discarded when the gold was being recovered.

The Bolshevik leaders have preserved the great Royal Palace of the Kremlin, of Moscow, almost without change, as a reminder of "the lavish wealth and the pomp and splendor of the old régime."

Gold is to be reduced from the smoke leaving the United States Assay Office in New York City. During the process of reduction much gold dust is lost through the chimney.

Fishermen off the Norwegian Coast are catching more mackerel than has ever been caught in that section. Fishing smacks are loaded to the water's edge with 10,000 mackerel each. They are retailing at two cents each, and in quantities for less than a cent. The fish are unusually large.

Ferrymetal is a new alloy of lead, calcium, barium and small amounts of other constituents. The alloy is practically unoxidizable.

A new copper process makes it possible to weld together iron and steel parts. The copper penetrates into the fine pores of the iron and forms a firm weld.

University professors of Princeton may retire hereafter on half-pay when they reach the age of 55 years. Professors can continue to teach, if they wish to do so, until they are 68 years of age, but after that they are to retire automatically.

Nearly 30,000,000 barrels of flour could be added to our annual output from wheat that pests and disease destroy.

A new gas has been developed for aerial navigation. It is called currenium and costs $100 a thousand cubic feet less than it costs to produce helium. It is non-inflammable and non-explosive and has a lift about the same as pure hydrogen.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

Wireless signals are most easily perceptible and loudest at that point on the earth farthest from the station sending the message.

Supporting piers are now being made of paper in California. These piles are not subject to attack by the teredo. They are 60 feet in length and from 18 to 30 inches in diameter. A square steel cap is fitted over the top to receive the shocks of the pile-driver.

An air-operated hand-pick for miners has been invented by a German. It is used in spaces too small for the swinging pick.

The smallest house in London is opposite Kensington Palace Gardens. It has a six-foot frontage and the ground floor apartment is used as a shop. A sitting room and bedroom are above and a basement kitchen below.

Soda fountains are becoming more popular in Great Britain. Until recently iced drinks and soda fountains were practically unknown outside of London, but they can now be found in most of the provincial cities of the Kingdom.

Smoking among the women of England has increased to such an extent that the railroads have provided special smokers.

Except for 100 miles there is now a paved highway from Los Angeles to Portland, Oregon, a distance of 1,200 miles. In less than three years the Pacific Highway will be completed from the Canadian line to the Mexican border.

Twenty-nine men were murdered last year in the half-mile between the Tombs Prison and police headquarters in New York City and only four men have been convicted for these crimes.

The United States consumes two-thirds of the world's rubber production.

Sea lions, marauders of salmon, are to be fought by the Canadian Government. A patrol steamer left recently from Vancouver, equipped with machine guns to be used against the lions.

The Hudson's Bay Company recently declared a dividend of 45 per cent. In its 252nd year the company pays dividends amounting to nearly half its capital stock. This company is one of the oldest trading corporations in the world.

Argentina beef can be placed on the American market for 12 cents a pound with a good profit to the dealer, according to a New York banker. They are killing cattle there for the sake of the hides and the best beef is selling for seven cents a pound. Cows bring $2 in American money and sheep sell for $1 a head.

Manufacturers in Sweden are making a new type of cut glass, cheaper than plain glass and more beautiful.

Archeologists have found bones believed to be those of Giovanni Boccaccio, the great Italian novelist and poet of the fourteenth century. The bones were found in the house at Certaldo in which he lived.

More than 17,000 school children in Harlem, a borough of New York, populated chiefly by aliens, are addicted to the use of drugs, according to police statistics.

Kenmore, the home of George Washington's sister, is to be preserved as a national shrine.

The recent attempt to scale Mt. Everest required 50 coolies and 350 yaks to carry climbing material.

The greatest food exhibit ever held in the West began recently at the Field Museum in Chicago. Members of the vegetable kingdom present numbered more than 250,000 items.

New Orleans will install the automatic phone system replacing the present manual system.

A dance hall is being erected in Charing Cross road, London, to accommodate 1,600 dancers and 1,000 spectators. Three bands will furnish music and 80 women and 25 men will be engaged to teach dancing.

Radio accessory factories of Canada are running under pressure, with three shifts for each 24 hours. Conditions prevail similar to that in the days of the war when factories were on munition work.

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Congress and the Cabinet

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Shall Cabinet Members Sit in Congress?

Profound Consequences Have Flown From Policy of Exclusion

By AARON HARDY ULM

"WORDS, words, words," muttered Hamlet in disgust.

If he spoke today he still might say the same about an old discussion recently revived by President Harding. It has to do with whether members of the President's cabinet shall have seats and the right to speak and be questioned on the floor of Congress. But if he knew the full story of that subject he wouldn't be so scornful of words.

Even Shakespeare probably could not have imagined history being much affected by the scratching out of the word "report" from a phrase and the writing into its place the word "prepare." Yet but for that little change President Harding probably would have had no occasion recently to renew the century-and-a-half-old contention that our cabinet ministers, like those of nearly all other countries, should have seats in the national legislative body.

It is an interesting and, I believe, an important story; interesting because it shows how little things can lead to big results and important because those results affect every taxpayer and every citizen who wants to see the government carried on efficiently and soundly.

It begins with the First Congress, though, as shall be seen, some phases of it reach much farther back. When our First Congress met in 1789 funds were the subject of its first thought, for there were none. So it began at once to set up the Treasury Department, which it decreed should be operated by a Secretary of the Treasury. His first duty, the bill said, would be "to digest and *report* plans" for raising public funds.

Constitution Silent

IMMEDIATELY there was objection to the word "report."

"It means," said those who thought there was great danger of somebody becoming the country's king, "that he will have the right to come here in person and make his recommendations. That will be dangerous. Congress must maintain its independence."

They harked back to Montesquieu, the French philosopher, who wrote "The Spirit of the Laws." Everybody then believed what that classical book set forth as the basic principle of the British scheme of representative government. It was the "division of powers" between and the independence of each other of the three basic departments of government, the executive, the legislative and the judicial. Modern students of political science say Montesquieu was wrong in his facts but what he said has had great sway over political thought ever since.

Our Constitution, under which the government was being organized, is silent on the subject of whether cabinet members should have seats in Congress. In fact it makes only passing reference to the heads of the executive departments. It did make a "division of powers" but not an absolute one.

Makers of the Constitution assumed and so wrote in *The Federalist* that members of the cabinet would have the right of the floor in Congress as like officials had had it in the Continental Congress.

However, members of the First Congress who believed in the complete separation and independence of the departments were strong enough to force a compromise on the issue when it first came up for action.

The word "report" was eliminated and when the bill became a law the phrase in which it had appeared read, "to digest and *prepare* plans."

That wasn't a final decision on the subject of whether members of the cabinet should have the privilege of the floor in Congress. In fact, the act in question conceded that right but limited it to the will of Congress. Further on in defining the general duties of the Secretary of the Treasury, the act, which is still the law of the land, said that he "shall make report and give information to either branch of the legislature in person or in writing, as may be required, respecting all matters that may be referred to him by the Senate or House of Representatives or which shall appertain to his office."

Thus when Hamilton became Secretary of the Treasury he felt certain that he would be permitted to appear personally in Congress to present and urge his views regarding the national finances.

Madison's Political Ruse

MEANTIME there had occurred a change in political line-up that was to lead to the change of words noted above, being made the pretext for fixing a precedent. James Madison had been allied with Hamilton; now he was opposed. When a motion was made to invite the Secretary of the Treasury to submit his report on finance, Madison, fearing the power of Hamilton's eloquence, had the motion amended so that the report would have to be submitted "in writing." Hamilton had prepared only notes for an address; but in the five days that were allowed him he drafted the famous long document known as his report on the public credit. Madison's move, according to historians, became the fixed precedent of Congress, despite the fact that it was made for mere strategical reasons.

Washington, accompanied by one of his ministers, appeared in Congress a few times for the purpose of taking part in discussions. And of course he and other Presidents, notably Woodrow Wilson and President Harding, have delivered messages in person to Congress. Occasionally Presidents, once even in Harding's case, have conferred with the Senate on matters like the confirmation of appointments and the ratification of treaties.

NO NEWSPAPER publishes a report of a session of Congress. All give snatches of Congressional news, mostly episodes of sensational type. None gives a daily review of what Congress says and does, such as papers in most cities give council sessions.

Rarely does any publication now present to its readers clear and impartial reviews of particular national questions even when they are prominently to the front. Take the soldiers' bonus bill. How many of our readers have seen more than a sketchy statement of what it contains or more than a partisan interpretation of its meaning? Or the pending tariff bill? Or the question of whether we should or must cancel the debts owed us by European governments? How many of our readers know the practical details of them sufficiently well to form sound opinions on the issues today? For you might be for a bonus per se and yet, if you knew of it in detail, be either for or against the bonus bill. You might favor protection as a principle and yet on full information be against the pending tariff bill. And yet when you look for the facts involved, you find it almost impossible to get them.

The limitations of periodical publication make it impossible for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to give detailed reports of the daily sessions of Congress. But it is not impossible for a publication like this to present the facts involved in important public questions of national import. We propose to attempt it and we should appreciate your telling us how well or how badly we succeed.

We have asked one of our Washington writers to prepare one article a week on some important national question of concern to all the country. His only instruction is to adhere to facts. It is difficult to give facts briefly and clearly without expressing some measure of opinion. But if the facts are set forth impartially that need not interfere with your forming a different opinion on the facts. We may not always agree with the writer's opinion. We believe that there will be no reason for questioning his facts. For his opinion or our opinion or your opinion we care little; what we wish to do is to present the facts.

But the rule made in the First Congress has continued to prevail with regard to cabinet members having anything like a general right to take part in debates on the floor of Congress or even to be questioned in open sessions of either House. All formal communications between them and Congress have been "in writing."

Off hand it would seem that that would be sufficient and that no great importance attached to the issue in question. But it has not been sufficient, as shown by the fact that formal communications have been and are of little consequence in the transactions carried on between Congress and the branches of the executive department.

Operations between them have been made possible rather by informal communications, usually more or less secretive interchanges between members of Congress and officials in the executive department.

If the true story of a typical piece of national legislation could be written the country would be startled by the disclosures made. For it would show that private dickering, jobbery, browbeating, log rolling and patronage figure in both its making and applying far more than do the things that are in the open and of record.

Much of it is owing to the fact that under the practice that has prevailed there is no way by which the legislative and executive departments can deal with each other intelligently and responsibly in the open.

A numbskull may be in the cabinet. All Congress may know it, and yet have no way of demonstrating the fact to the country. They call on him for information "in writing." He has time to let capable assistants prepare it or dodge giving it by evasive methods. He is brought before a Congressional committee; he is able to prepare for it in advance and by many ways dodge making a display of his incapacity.

"At present," Justice Story wrote in 1830, when governmental business was meager and simple, "gross incapacity may be concealed under official forms and ignorance silently escape by shifting labor upon the more intelligent subordinates in office."

Put him on the floor of Congress and make him subject to a battery of questions without notice, make it encumbent on him to defend his department verbally and under the white glare of full publicity and to advocate openly such aids as he may seek from Congress—and the country would know in a month whether the official is a capable one.

Thus those who argue that seats and voices in Congress for cabinet members would mean more to Congress than to the executive department have much of the logic of the proposal on their side. It was that more than anything else which brought about the supremacy of the British House of Commons.

It would tend to eliminate the back-door methods that even the best officials of the government have to resort to frequently to carry on the public business. It would give the floors of the House and Senate a meaning which they have lost. For, excepting recorded votes, no one now regards what happens on the floor of either house as of significance. For legislation is shaped and determined elsewhere, to a great extent in committees but to a greater extent in quarters lying outside the official machinery of law-making.

"No one who has occupied a seat on the floor of either House," wrote the late Senator George H. Pendleton in a report made on the subject in 1881, "no one of those who, year after year, so industriously and faithfully and correctly report the proceedings of the two houses, no frequenter of the lobby or gallery can have failed to discern the influence exerted upon legislation by the visits of the heads of departments to the floors of Congress and the visits of members of Congress to the offices of the departments. It is not necessary to say that influence is dishonest or corrupt, but it is illegitimate; it is exercised in secret by means which an honest public opinion cannot accurately discover and over which it therefore can exercise no just control."

Legislation or "Pork"

IN THE 40 years that have intervened since Senator Pendleton concluded his 20-year fight for a change, the evils he noted have increased even faster than have the volume and complexity of governmental affairs.

And along with that growth Congress has deteriorated both in character of personnel and in prestige, and in prestige regardless of personnel.

Despite Congress' insistence on the technical observance of the "division of powers" set forth in the Constitution, the country has all but ceased to look to Congress for legislation or to hold the law-making body responsible for laws that are passed. It looks to the President and holds him responsible. The public is coming more and more to look on members of Congress as *"getters"* and not *"doers,"* as *agents to rather than representatives in the government.* The writer knows of several Congressional campaigns now being made on the one issue "to get." You will find in copies of the *Congressional Record* of recent date several "Extensions of Remarks" that recite in detail what their authors "got" for their constituents. *In scarcely a single case does one contain any reference to what the member "did" for the country.* While the above may not be the rule, the symptoms they disclose are highly significant.

While the back-door system has exalted the prestige and increased the power of the executive department, it calls for the use of methods which are distasteful to high-minded or strong men. Officials of the executive department too frequently have to resort to lobbying, to dickering, to trading, to pacifying individuals instead of satisfying Congress as a whole, or, through it as a body, making appeal to the country, which they could do if they had seats and voices on the floors of the legislative body.

Thus President Harding and all of his cabinet, many of whom like himself have had long experience in Congress, favor the change. Several other Presidents have favored it. Taft recommended it. Woodrow Wilson, at least in the early days of his political studies, advocated it.

Degradation of House

MANY of our ablest students of political science, like Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell and Professor Henry Jones Ford, say the move would be one of the biggest steps that could be taken in the direction of better national government. In fact they contend that the exclusion of members of the cabinet from Congress, instead of being in harmony with it, really altered the constitutional scheme devised by the fathers. And from that alteration, says Professor Ford, there has flown profound consequences. To it he attributes the "singular degradation that has taken place in the position of the House of Representatives," and declares that the "whole constitutional scheme was turned awry by it."

Of course, members of the cabinet cannot be given votes in Congress nor can members of Congress while such serve in the cabinet, as is the rule in most of the world's governments, the majority of which are grounded in the principle of a "responsible ministry."

But there is no constitutional barrier in the way of giving them seats and voices on the two houses or in requiring their attendance and making them subject to examination in open sessions.

And when it is done you won't often find the floors of the two houses of Congress deserted by 90 per cent of their members as is the case now during perhaps 90 per cent of the time during sessions. Nor will you find the press galleries equally shy of correspondents as similarly is the case now. Nor will you find the newspapers confining their reports of what occurs on the floors of Congress largely to fights and near-homicides between militant members and only to those speeches that are sensational rather than important.

"Point With Pride"—But Don't Ignore Facts!

Money-lenders Have Mortgaged Cities of America for Ten Billions!

THE occasion was a civic celebration pulled off to give a community a chance to brag lustily of itself. After eloquent passages that included "God's Country" and the "Finest People on Earth," the orator of the day waved a hand loftily and exclaimed:

"Look upon these monuments of civic enterprise, these transcendant evidences of community progress!" meaning the city's fine streets, its parks, schools and public buildings.

As the crowd's applause died down a squeaky voice, in the telltale tone of a "crank," came from somewhere in the crowd:

"Yes, and monuments of debt."

Monuments of debt. That is what the average American municipality is as a governmental or business institution today. *There scarcely is one that owns more than an "equity" in the streets, the parks, the waterworks, even the schoolhouses and city halls themselves,* which are so often pointed to with pride. Ownership in greater part more often lies with money-lenders, usually money-lenders at the seats of big finance far away from those evidences of "progress," than with the citizenry that boasts of them.

The debts of villages, towns and cities in America total somewhere around the staggering sum of *ten billion dollars!*

City interest payments are seven times as large as city library costs. In 1919 the interest cost was more than one-third the school cost.

Those of only those municipalities of more than 30,000 population amount in the aggregate to more than *three billion dollars,* or about three times our national debt prior to our entering the recent war.

They have trebled in less than 20 years, during which time there has been an average annual growth of around 10 per cent. The growth during the last three years has been at a rate probably twice as high as the average between 1903-1919, and the rate of growth in the total of municipal debts evidently still is on the upgrade.

Today approximately 12 per cent of all net municipal revenues—that is legitimate city income, which is paid in, and not borrowed—goes for the payment of interest. *Interest now amounts to more than one-half* of the proportion of municipal revenues that are devoted to what the United States Census Bureau classes as "outlays," or investments in permanent improvements, such as paved streets, parks, waterworks and other city-owned enterprises.

Since 1903 the Census Bureau has collected data annually on the finances of all American cities of 30,000 or more population. When the work began there were 146 cities belonging to that class. When the last report was issued, being for 1919, there were 227 such cities.

In 1903 the net indebtedness of those cities was less than one billion dollars. In 1919 it was more than two and one-half billion dollars. Complete statistics would put it beyond three billion dollars.

In 1919, when the cities as a class made a much better than the average showing, *only 117 out of the 227 reported on by the Census Bureau, raised revenues sufficient to meet all governmental costs.*

Of those so far reported on for 1920 only 14 show surpluses.

Even in the good year of 1919 four American cities failed to raise revenues sufficient to meet ordinary running expenses and interest.

Of those so far reported on for 1920, 16 show the kind of deficits that violate a law treated as invincible by all accepted schools of political economy.

In fact, the American city as a government or a business long ago ceased to pay its way, and more and more is coming to lean on the extended arm of money-lenders.

Total municipal ownership concerns in the U. S. earn less than municipal interest amounts to.

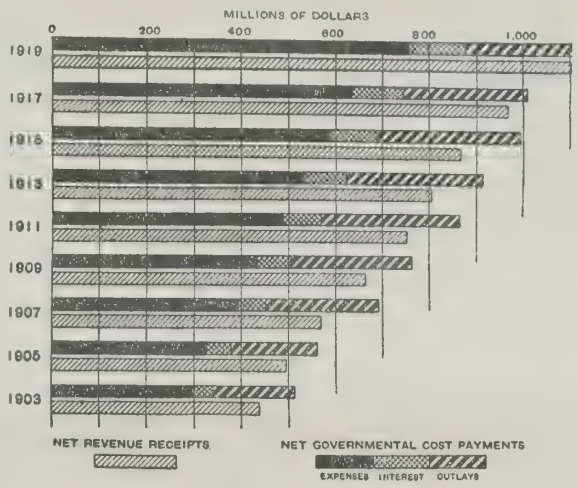
The underlying cause is the phenomenal and continued increase in the costs of municipal governmental operations. To say that such is all due to waste, or to graft, or to "politics" is to hit far wide of the mark. For the items of cost that have grown most have to do with enterprises of the most commendable kind, namely, sanitation and other protections of the public health, better parks and great extensions of paved streets, playgrounds, libraries and, above all, schools. Glancing over the most recent compilations of the Census Bureau one finds that per capita expenditures on the maintenance and operation of schools doubled—and in many cases more than doubled—in a majority of the cities between 1914 and 1920.

The truth perhaps lies in this: the average city public has been demanding more from its government than it was willing to pay for! And it has been getting it and is getting it now in increasing volume.

Consequently there has been an orgy of spending supported in great part by *the coupon-clipping class who in return get what is tantamount to perpetual liens on both the public and private property of cities.* For the tax-raising power of every city is put in pawn when it sells a bond.

This orgy of spending is proved by figures found in a bulletin, "The Financial Statistics of Cities for 1919," issued by the Bureau of the Census, being a compilation of reports received from all cities of more than 30,000 population, and by subsequent but not as inclusive data made public by the bureau.

The Money-lender's Margin



This graph (from the last U. S. Census Bureau bulletin on the finances of American cities) shows how the coupon clipper's grip is tightening on the average American city. The budget item for interest steadily increases and is now encroaching on that for "outlays" or permanent improvements, though running expenses grow at an increasing rate. The most interesting feature of the illustration, however, is the difference in the lengths of the parallel lines. It will be seen that the total of municipal governmental costs invariably outruns net revenue receipts for cities as a whole. The margin is absorbed by loans. The year 1919 made an unusually good showing for the cities. Since then the money-lender's margin has been growing much more rapidly than in the years prior to 1919.

When in 1903 this work was taken over by the Census Bureau the per capita governmental costs of the 146 cities then within the class that has been studied was $24.64. In 1919 they were $35.58 for the same cities, which shows an increase in costs far beyond growth in population. In 1915 the costs of the Federal Government were only $10.52 per capita and had grown and were growing under peace-time conditions at a much lower rate than those of cities.

The per capita indebtedness of those cities grew even faster than did per capita costs, rising from $44.71 in 1903 to $81.18 in 1919. It is now close to $100.

In 1903 the per capita indebtedness of the Federal Government was only $11.44, or only slightly more than one-fourth as much as that of 146 American cities.

Cities pay more to money-lenders than to teachers, librarians, doctors, engineers and other Workers.

Even though the war caused an increase of more than 2,000 per cent in it, the per capita national debt even now is not much more than twice that of the average American city. And one saving thing can be said about the national debt: it is being reduced.

But in spite of the universality of sinking fund operations only rarely does a city ever make real or permanent reduction in its indebtedness. As soon as one bond issue is amortized, larger ones are issued; alongside the sinking funds are deficits, that sooner or later have to be turned into funded debt.

Such is demonstrated by the increasing per capita burden of interest paid by American cities. In 1919 it was $3.89 against $2.06 in 1903. The 227 cities reported on by the Census Bureau paid out in 1919 the stupendous sum of $156,630,209 for interest alone.

The interest charge, of course, varies widely with different cities. In St. Louis, for example, it absorbed only 3.5 per cent of municipal revenues in 1919. But in *New Orleans 28.7 per cent* went for that purpose and in *New York 23 per cent.* Thus in some cities—and some of the largest and most "enterprising"—approximately one of every $4 of revenues goes to those who hold the "mortgages."

Now let us glance at some of the counter trends. In 1903 when fully 33.3 per cent of all municipal governmental costs were for "outlays," that is, permanent improvements, such as paved streets, school buildings, parks, waterworks, public service enterprise, only 8.3 per cent of revenues went for interest. As the debts grew the percentage of costs credited to "outlays" increased—for a while. Then as the debts became mountainous, the ratio of expenditure for permanent improvements began to decline. In 1919 "outlays" absorbed only 21.1 per cent of all costs, or not quite twice as much as were absorbed by interest.

Thus one may clearly vision the day when the average American city will be paying more to money-lenders than it will be putting into street paving, the erection of school buildings and all public improvements of a permanent nature.

One of the most creditable features of the orgy of spending that lately has characterized the operations of the American city is the increased expenditures on schools. Yet in 1919 the interest cost was more than one-third the school cost.

No recent development in the operations of the average city has been more gratifying to thoughtful people than the evolution of the public library—a product largely of the present century. Yet in 1919 the public libraries received only one-seventh as much of the average city's revenues as were going as interest to the average city's creditors.

The municipally owned public service enterprise is a recent development. It has been the pretext of excuse for contracting hundreds of millions of debt. Generally such enterprises are profitable, because, if for no other reason, they are monopolistic. Yet the total earnings of municipal ownership enterprises in 1919 were *less than the municipal interest bill.* The total of municipal debts is more than five times the value of municipal enterprises.

Of course the bulk of municipal debts are contracted for permanent improvements that generally pass along in some part to posterity, which is thus obligated for part of their costs. And a large portion of permanent improvements are paid for out of current revenues.

But there seems to be no deadline beyond which municipalities may go in contracting debts. And the curious feature of it is that despite the pyramiding of debt and the failure generally to balance budgets, there scarcely is record of a case of a municipality "going broke" or of one's bonds becoming worthless.

There have been a few cases of the fiscal affairs of cities being placed in something like receiverships to protect their creditors but there hardly has been a case of a municipal bond being repudiated. Hence those bonds have proved in fact to be better investments than even the bonds of the National Government; for municipal bonds are fully tax exempt, and they draw higher interest. Their exemption from taxation is one reason for their being in big demand during the last few years, which, in turn, is why they have been issued in larger quantities than ever before.

The total of municipal debts is more than five times the value of municipal enterprises. How much of your tax-money goes for interest?

One can only conjecture as to how the American city apparently can defy the accepted laws of political economy and get away with it—and one wonders how long it can continue and what the end may be.

If the fiscal affairs of the government in Washington followed the policies of the average city, every time a new post office building was erected, or a river dredged, or a harbor deepened some portion of the cost would be met by issuing long-running interest-bearing obligations. Instead of making annual decreases in the national debt—which has been the almost invariable peace-time rule since the government was established—the debt regularly would have grown in size, in peace-time as well as in war-time. The national debt today would probably be around $100,000,000,000 and our fiscal affairs would present a spectacle somewhat like that of the finances of Czecho-Slovakia and Yugo-Slavia. The Panama Canal would have been built with borrowed money alone and we would be paying in interest for it four times as much as we get back in tolls. Such policies when pursued regularly by a national government are pronounced by every political economist to be ruinous. Yet they in principle have been followed by many of the most "enterprising" cities. It isn't the slow-growing, lethargic municipality that has been the most conspicuous participant in the orgy of debt-making and spending which has characterized the conduct of American cities as a class during the last 20 years. The most conspicuous ones are those that have grown phenomenally in population and wealth.

That growth, however, as a rule has been too fast to be healthy either for the cities, as enduring institutions, or for the country which has to support them.

And the country as a whole has to support the cities which in many respects partake of the nature of public service corporations. Up to the point whereby the law of "diminishing returns" restrains them they can place almost any toll they may need to exact upon the general traffic.

Interest eats up one-half your city taxes, and principal eats up three-eighths of the remaining four-eighths.

Thus municipal debts are very much in the nature of national debts; up to limits that haven't been reached at least in many cases the burden entailed by them does not rest solely on the communities that benefit. They rest on all wherever they may be whose life economics are affected by the cities, and that means everybody.

Hence a thorough study of this subject might reveal a decided relation between the reckless spending of borrowed money by cities and the excess urbanization of the country as shown by the last several census reports. Anyway, the huge and growing debts of cities are of concern to people other than those who are members of the communities that "owe" them. This fact is recognized by those states which place limitations on those debts. And it is becoming a matter of tremendous importance, for the interest-bearing public debts of the country closely approach in size the national debt. It is believed that they have doubled since 1910 and the biggest single group of them are those incurred by municipalities. They have been increasing at the rate of about one billion dollars a year and perhaps half of the increase is in municipal debt.

If continued, the offending cities ultimately must meet with disaster or the rest of the country be put in bondage—as was attempted and in part made effective by the Roman Empire—for the support of the cities.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 42, August 12, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:
1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

People Are Still the Source of Power

WRITERS who cater to special interests are prone to see danger ahead for our institutions in the machinations of other special interests looking to changes in the laws or the Constitution of the United States.

Though the old "Ship of State" carries a score of patches on her hull already, it is all right as it stands, according to these chronic pharisees of the nation, and any change would be a sacrilege.

The question of Prohibition and its enforcement by no means furnishes all of the inspiration for predictions of dire disaster to follow some proposed change in the Constitution. Here is a wail from a representative of financial interests which offers a good example:

"Two events in the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor should give concern to the intelligent citizens of the United States. One was a speech by a United States Senator attacking decisions of the United States Supreme Court, and the other the enactment of resolutions looking to the amendment of the Constitution."

It does not matter so much what the resolution said. One demanded a national child labor law; another to prohibit legislative or judicial enactment of laws forbidding collective bargaining; the third provided that Congress might overrule a decision of the Supreme Court on a bill declared unconstitutional, on repassage by a two-thirds vote.

These propositions are denounced as an effort to overthrow fundamental principles of our government!

There is just one supreme power in the United States. It is the expressed will of the citizenship of the United States. It was by that will the Constitution became the "bulwark" we brag about, and in it provided the means of amendment. It is a right possessed by any citizen or group of citizens to propose any amendment, whatever its nature, and the man who denies that right or decries the proponents as hostile to the principles of democracy proves himself lacking in a fundamental element of citizenship as well as of common sense.

So far as criticism of Supreme Court decisions is concerned, one should read the philippic of Charles Sumner on the Dred Scott decision.

On the Propaganda Trail

LATE information is to the effect that A. D. Lasker, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, in his rôle of publicity agent for his ship subsidy program, is planning a lecture tour through the West. En tour, Mr. Lasker hopes to convince the farmers how vital it is to their welfare that fifty or seventy-five million dollars more be taken from the public treasury, and turned over to whomsoever the Shipping Board may delight to favor.

The chairman of the Shipping Board, who is an advertising agent by trade, had been quite confident up to a few weeks ago, that the elaborate press agenting of the subsidy would cause its adoption. His advertising program was based on the theory that the way to put over the subsidy was to arouse American patriotism on behalf of a merchant marine, which, in the language of a well-known present-day humorist, Mr. Lasker nicknamed the "American" merchant marine.

Mr. Lasker's publicity program went strong to heavy black-typed headlines setting forth platitudes and patriotic axioms to which everyone can agree. It was the spread-eagle type that might have gone well in the decade subsequent to the Civil War, and might well have carried a picture of Washington or Lincoln—like a five-cent cigar that uses the latter's picture as a guaranty of its worth.

But Mr. Lasker's advertising was singularly short on details. It did not tell just what interests would benefit through the subsidy. He also neglected to lay stress on the fact that the bill proposed in Congress was practically a blank check, authorizing Mr. Lasker and his associates to fill in any name for any sum of money that their little hearts might desire. Not that we are hinting that Mr. Lasker, in filling in those huge checks, would be guided by any except the most altruistic motives.

There was always a chance, however, that one or more of Lasker's friends or acquaintances might try to put something over on him, might try to get some of that easy money, by organizing a good paper ship corporation.

For some reason Congress and the country failed to "fall for" the subsidy advertising. Senator Borah denounced the program as a bonus for special interest. Other members of Congress, even though spurred on by the President's urgings, were reluctant openly to support the measure. A damper was put on the program and its advocates in Congress finally agreed to a postponement of action till a more propitious time.

The written propaganda on behalf of the ship subsidy having failed, what was more natural than that Mr. Lasker should decide that his superbly convincing personality needed but to be displayed widely before an admiring nation to become effective. It will be interesting to note just how he satisfies the curiosity of western farmers as to the identity of the men who will get the subsidy money. And the method whereby he explains to some bone-dry auditor, just why he felt called upon to nullify the Constitution of the United States, will also be worthy of consideration.

Enough Time for the Program?

CABBAGE week is over. Far and wide, no doubt, the great event was celebrated. The delicious incense from its shrine has floated forth upon many benighted mortals who might have passed unawares. The lovers of the toothsome morsel have had their fill.

In company with the dainty corn beef, in the briny ferment of sauerkraut, or in the mystery of the salad, the lordly cabbage has paraded for a whole week down the paths of boarding house menu. No unkind word has been allowed to mar its journey. It was Cabbage Week, so designated by those in the seats of the mighty. What epicurean soul would dare to shiver, what plebeian stomach to turn, at the thought of the splendid vegetable.

Smile week has gone, and we have to smile about it still. Gingham week is past, and sales may now begin. We have had home-coming week, and tree week, and flower week, and apple week, and paint week—in fact every little kind of a week that the advertising manager can think about, and induce a gullible mayor, or governor or somewhat higher to issue a proclamation about.

Nearly all the weeks are pretty well filled, but there should be one left. Just one for a grand dedication. Let's have one week, officially proclaimed, dedicated, consecrated, and set aside. Let's have a week for pure undiluted buncombe.

Here's to Bunk Week.

Nor Is It Over

THESE are bad times for those who follow the paths of regularity, the men who stay with the crowd, the politicians who wear the traces of partisanship easily.

The men nominated for office in the insurgent upsets in the primaries may not fulfill their constituents' dreams of obtaining better government. But they furnish abundant proof that the voters are demanding something new.

Two governors who have been removed from office, a half-dozen insurgents who would not have been allowed to enter the back door of the convention hall a few years ago, and others of non-regular stripe, have been successful.

Lynn W. Frazier, former Non-Partisan League governor who was recalled by the voters of North Dakota, is the regular Republican nominee for United States Senator, vice Porter J. McCumber, regular, defeated.

The Democrats of Texas must choose in a "run-off" primary whether James E. Ferguson, who was impeached and removed as governor, or Earle B. Mayfield, shall be the United States Senator. Mr. Mayfield, though not an avowed Ku Klux Klansman, has not denied affiliation with that organization. Surely those two candidacies furnish a problem for the staid Texans who supported Charles W. Culberson, the defeated Senator. Just to show that they did not care for any rules whatsoever, the Texas voters gave Representative Thomas L. Blanton, of Abilene, a big lead in the first primary, although Republicans and Democrats in the national house have frequently united in declaring Mr. Blanton anathema.

Brookhart, Pinchot, Howell, Beveridge furnish proof of the demand for change. What this galaxy of strangely discordant elements may do when the reins of government are touched by them, is another question. But there may be some new rules in national and state officialdom.

Figureheads and Rubber Stamps

SEVERAL months ago, the collector of the port of New York died. The vacancy has not been filled. The two men elected to perform the solemn duties imposed by the Constitution upon United States Senators have not agreed upon the man needed to handle Uncle Sam's business in the customs district which is the largest in the country in work done and revenue collected.

It is campaign year in New York; hosts of patriotic Republicans in New York feel that their services are just what the country needs: it therefore would be fatal to an ambitious candidate for re-election to pick the wrong man. In the absence of recommendation from the two United States Senators as to the most available, the most astute, the most deserving, and the most influential candidate for the job, the President has refrained from appointing a new collector.

But despite the grave political situation which makes it impossible for the greatest port in the world to have a collector, commerce continues. Vessels clear from New York, and vessels come into the harbor; millions of dollars in revenue are collected and forwarded to the United States Treasury; manifests, and appraisals and reports are made. Nobody outside the circle of pap-hungry aspirants knows there is a vacancy.

Government business goes on. It always does, vacancy or no vacancy, Republican or Democrat. If, tomorrow, the President and Congress should separate from the payroll, the titular head of every executive office under the government, the government business would not be slowed up a particle. But presidents and congressmen are not likely to commit such a political crime as that. When in the course of political events, it becomes wise, a collector will be appointed for the port of New York, but the deputy will go on, as now, doing the work.

Protect Farmers—It Is to Laugh!

THE attempt to make the farmer believe his produce can be increased in price by any tariff on competing imported products, is so shallow it is strange it is persisted in. Still, it must have some effect, or it would not be made the chief argument in support of the present effort by Congress to agree on a bill.

Agriculture produces in excess of home consumption, hence is dependent on the foreign markets for a price. For this reason no tariff can increase the price of farm products here.

On the contrary, tariff schedules as they stand now increase the cost of production, making it harder for the farmer. For instance, the American farmer uses 270,000 tons of potash annually. The total home production was 8,000 tons last year. The bill proposes a tariff of $50 a ton, increasing the cost by $14,000,000.

Again, a proposed tax of $5 a ton on sulphate of ammonia is estimated to cost the farmer another million, while Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, is insisting on a tariff of $30 a ton on all nitrogenous material manufactured from leather waste, to protect the shoe manufacturers in that by-product, at a further cost of $3,000,000 to agriculture. At the same time, Senator Lodge is insistent on keeping hides on the free list!

Why extend the list? The American farmer has the same competition under protection as under any other system. What he needs is a removal of the handicap of high prices for the things needed in his business.

A Splendid Record

MR. JOHN HOPE, member of Parliament from Berwick, seems to have a 20-year lead for the all-time, all-country parliamentary championship.

Mr. Hope has been a member of the British House of Commons for 22 years. He has been elected as the representative of three separate constituencies, and doubtless there are scores of other British boroughs which would be proud to have him as their representative. And there are more than 400 American Congressional districts, besides bailiwicks in France, Germany, Australia, South America, and elsewhere, whose electorates would like to have his services.

The member from Berwick is just an ordinary type of English citizen. His father was an agriculturist. He was educated at Edinburgh University. He is a member of the Edinburgh Stock Exchange. His recreation is shooting. He belongs to the Reform, National Liberal and Royal Automobile clubs. In every way except one he seems like the other members of Parliament. But his extraordinary difference is:

That in 22 years of service, he has not spoken a single word in parliamentary debate.

Mr. Hope holds to the quaint idea that he has more time to render his constituents service, and performs his parliamentary duties to his country better, through refraining from oratory. We may be doing some member of some far-off legislative body an injustice, in asserting that the Berwick member's record is unsurpassed. If so, we apologize and extend felicitations.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS pretty hard to get service out of a certain class of people, unless there is some kind of honor or notoriety that goes along with the service. This is often true in governmental matters. There is no special reason why the officeholding class should be holding office; that is to say, they are no better fitted, and are frequently less fitted than the ordinary run of men upon the street; they are in office because they want to be and enjoy being in office. Prominence is one of their appetites; publicity is one of their passions; they may know it in their hearts that they are inferior, yet they enjoy the feeling that the masses look up to them as superior beings. They like to keep themselves engaged in activities that will keep the gaze of the people toward them. For that reason, work of merit is often neglected; only the sensational and showy wins attention.

Take this principle as it applies to strikes. It does not require a long memory to recall the degrees of prominence and publicity and popularity which can be traced in the evolution of the strike period. It is not so many years ago that the man who was named on every tongue and pictured on every page was the man who had ordered the strike. He was a new appearance in our life. We pictured him as a born leader, as a sort of commander-in-chief of an industrial rebellion, or something of that kind. A halo of romance was round his head. He made speeches. He appeared here and there with surprising suddenness. He gave forth great platitudes. He uttered mighty prophecies and denunciations.

And then he began to fade. When the public discovered that it paid more to be a strike leader than a striker; that the strike leader never went hungry, nor did his wife and children feel any distress or insecurity; that, indeed, he was piling up a nice little pile and preparing to join the so-called "capitalistic" class—when the public discovered that, the strike leader ceased to charm. We had strikes and more of them. But the strike leader lost all his public prominence. If the reader of this will stop and try to recall who ordered the two strikes in progress at this writing, he will find confirmatory evidence of the above.

The personality *behind* the strike is now somewhat concealed. Personalities have worked rather badly in the propaganda for sympathy. You cannot work up much public enthusiasm by printing photographs of strike leaders. The public is too peevish about strikes, the public is becoming too impatient with the whole stupid system, to acclaim the leaders—whether on the side of the bosses or of the men. Both types of leaders are much in question.

So, with the fading out of the strike leader, a new figure rose into popularity—the Strike Settler. For a time in the United States it seemed almost as if a new industry had arisen in our midst—the industry of starting strikes in order to give somebody the chance to settle them. The Strike Starter was in the discard; the Strike Settler became the big sensation. If you wanted to run a man for governor or senator, get up a strike somewhere, and then call him in and let him settle it. You could arrange the strike beforehand, and you could arrange the settlement, too. All your Settler had to do was to walk through his piece, like a play on the stage. The main purpose of the strike was achieved, which is the main purpose of most strikes: to give the men a notion that their officers are alert and on the job; to give the employers an opportunity to maneuver the men into a compromising position with the public; to enable the exploiters to use the strike as an excuse to raise prices; to bring somebody into prominence as a Settler. These are the main purposes of a strike. Nobody really profits from them except the parties behind the scenes. And the American public doesn't like to be told who those people are behind the scenes. Truth is sometimes an unpleasant medicine; that is why the peddlers of sweet-flavored dope flourish in the land.

ONCE it was quite a big thing to start a strike. The hero of the hour was the Strike Starter. That sensation faded and it then became a big thing to "settle a strike." The Strike Settler was the great man. Strikes were even maneuvered that would-be officials could get a start toward fame by settling them. But even that game is now played out. Settling a strike doesn't mean anything; the strike does not remain settled; in the very settlement are often the seeds of a new outbreak. The new service that stands challenging us is the Prevention of Strikes and the Cure of their sources. This summer's strikes were perceived beforehand. They were deliberately permitted to come. Thus no glory will arise from their being settled. The whole question now has been shifted to another plane.

Well, it appears that the day of the Strike Settler is passing away, too. It must be one of the bitterest drops, in the increasing number of bitter drops that are falling into the Administration's cup, that even if it is successful in settling the present strikes, "it will not mean anything." The glory has departed from the Strike Settler, too. It was once possible to save an Administration by dramatically settling a strike; it is possible no longer. When these present strikes are "settled," the personalities involved in the settlement will receive as little attention as have those who "started" the strike. The public mind has spewed both types out.

For the first time in our history it is clear as crystal that we are suffering a condition that was deliberately foreseen and deliberately permitted to come because certain interests regarded it as the last stroke in the program of subjugation which has engaged them for the past five years. The people are as certain of that as they are of anything in their thoughts today. They themselves saw the two strikes coming, they saw the enlistment of a government agency on the employers' side in one of the principal points of controversy, they saw the utter neglect of the government to take any step whatever forestalling the threatened trouble. And it must be said that, having observed the government deliberately permitting the strikes to come, the people now observe without hope, without much interest, certainly with no expectation to applaud it, the feeble effort made at settlement. Even if the Administration should settle the strikes, the people know that it will not mean anything. If there is one thing that has at last seeped through the public mind, the common mind of the plain people, it is this: that nothing whatever is to be expected in these matters from men who know nothing about them at first hand, and who are forced to rely on counsel which is inherently bad.

With the Strike Starter and the Strike Settler worn out, with the impossibility of the selfish notoriety seekers finding any more applause in the old games, the field is open to those who can prevent the increasing trouble and heal the causes of it. There has never been a strike "settled" that way yet. And it is time to begin. The time to deal with any kind of trouble is when you see it a long way off, or when you first learn that it is working underground. The time to begin is even before that, when your own sense of justice and right tells you that *there* or *there* is a condition that should be straightened out before it makes difficulty. We should put our whole industrial system in the shop and overhaul it, part by part, so that it may go without breakdowns. We have had enough warnings to do that; as a matter of good industrial engineering we should have done it without any warning. To let an engine run until it breaks down in the most important time of the year and just at a period when the dependability of that engine is an essential factor in world restoration, is mighty poor intelligence.

The people are beginning to see this. The upheaval of strikes and the false sensationalism of settlements do not stir them at all. Their eyes are fixed on something still more desirable, still more sensible, still more practicable. They are looking for the idea, and for the servants of the idea, that can root out the causes of disaster. That is the period we are now entering through the doors of present strife.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

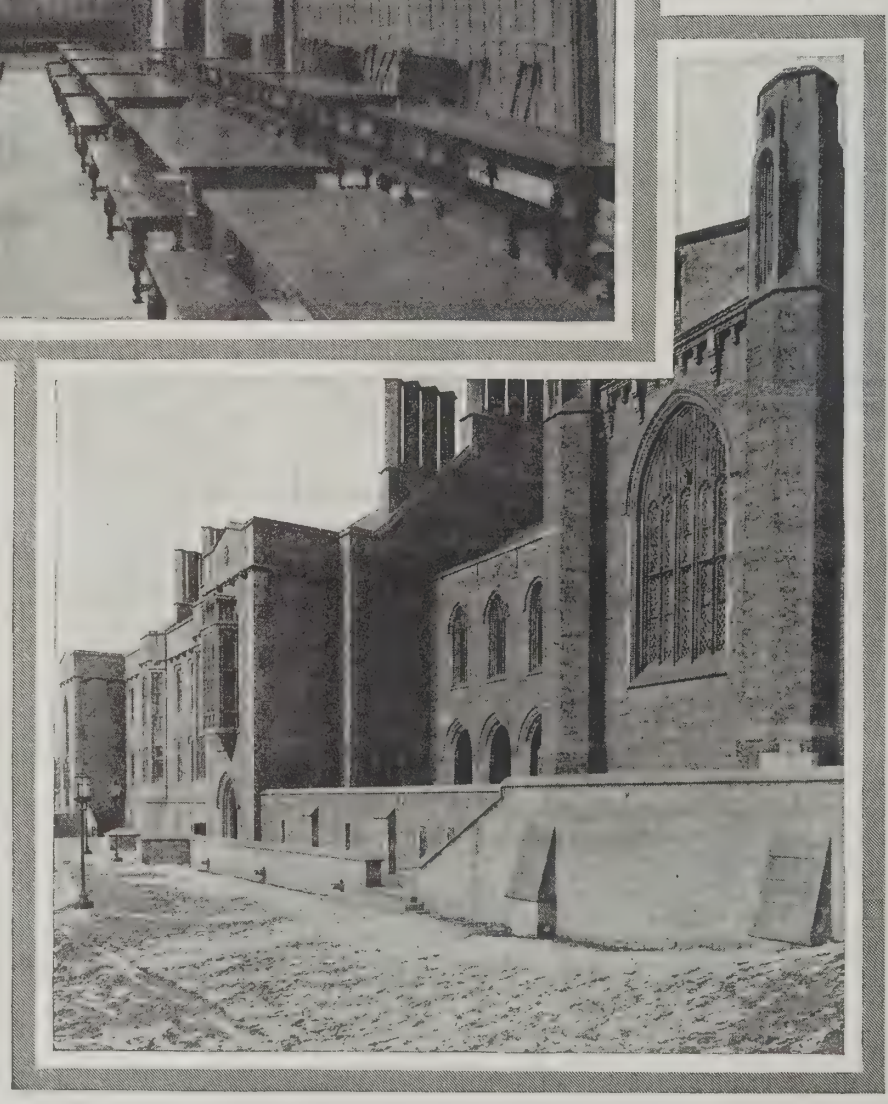
A Capital in the Realm of Higher Scholarship

Federation of Colleges Makes University of Toronto Unique on Continent;

Diverse Elements Find Common Meeting Ground in Great Institution



The Great Hall, Hart House, where University of Toronto students dine in Gothic splendor.



Hart House, the magnificent gift of the Massey Foundation to the University of Toronto.

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

WITHIN the past 30 years the city of Toronto has grown to be one of the great cities of the continent, a financial, manufacturing and trading center whose interests reach not only all over Canada but to many parts of both hemispheres. Of its material prosperity ample evidence exists in residential districts that for opulence and extent are excelled by no city of the half-million class; and this prosperity is a theme for eloquence whenever its public men are called upon to speak in other cities on both sides of the Atlantic.

But Toronto has one institution which seldom forms the theme of such oratory—an institution but indirectly connected with its latter-day prosperity, though it is a priceless possession—and that is its university.

Remove the university and the savor of individual life which Toronto possesses would largely disappear. For it would cease to be the city in which they have been reared. It has not the ancient traditions that envelop the historic universities of the motherland with a haze of romance; it does not go back so far as American universities like Harvard and Yale; but from the days when English-speaking Canada commenced to mean something to Canadians themselves, and to the world at large, it has been a fountain of intellectual aspiration, a civilizing influence, with an atmosphere all its own.

To define that atmosphere is not easy; but even the casual visitor who gets momentarily in touch with the social life of the city instinctively feels it; for whatever there is of distinction in that social life emanates from the university. Its influence makes itself felt in the minds of the industrial and financial leaders who have built up Toronto's prosperity and who feel it an honor to support the university. Though in later years it has by no means neglected those practical and scientific aspects of education, which are all important for a country in so early a stage of development as Canada, it also represents the spirit of education in its larger sense, as a means whereby the youth of today shall not be the empty-handed heir of the ages, but shall mingle, as it were, in the struggles and triumphs of the human spirit since the beginning of recorded history and poetic utterance.

The University of Toronto is still in its essence, what it was in its beginnings as a fountain of old-world culture and tradition set down on the fringe of a wilderness. When it first came into active being, conditions in many parts of the province of Upper Canada, as Ontario was known until 1867, were not unlike those of the state of Ohio as described in W. D. Howells' graphic novel, "The Leatherwood God"; and it has played a vital part in the development of Canada ever since. It is intimately bound up in the history of Toronto, and it is to the credit of the men who laid the foundations of British institutions in the country of the Great Lakes, and from thence by gradual steps in the vast prairie country of the Canadian West that from the outset they had the idea of establishing university culture in the new-tapped wilderness.

To define the tradition that lies back of the University of Toronto, it is necessary to touch briefly on the conditions under which the Province of Upper Canada, which for a brief period included much of what is now Michigan, came into being. The cession of Canada to Great Britain after Wolfe's victory at Quebec in 1759, brought with it vast and partly unexplored tracts of territory lying on both sides of the Great Lakes, and extending far down the Mississippi Valley. The actual ownership of these tracts was not really settled until many years later; for before Great Britain had really time to take cognizance of her heritage she was involved in the difficulties with the colonies.

The populated region to the east of Montreal then became the Province of Lower Canada and the unpopulated region lying north of the lower lakes became Upper Canada. There were old French trading posts on the Niagara River, the Detroit River and on the north shore of Lake Ontario. One of these posts was Fort Rouille, on the site where Toronto now stands. Because of its land-locked harbor, and easily defended position, it was selected as the seat of government in the new territory. The British Government gave little heed to this beautiful and fertile acquisition until the decade following the cessation of the Revolutionary War. It became necessary then to find homes for those American colonists who had sided with Great Britain and whom several of the states had driven out. In passing, it may be said that one reason the name of George Washington has been held in such high regard in Canada is that he did his best to prevent this policy of spoliation. The Federal power in the United States was at that time too weak to make his protests effective. The United Empire Loyalists, as they came to be known, were made up of business and professional classes of New England and New Jersey; and though the confiscatory policy left them despoiled it did not leave them helpless. New homesteads were found for some in the older colonies of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; but large numbers were given holdings in the new territory of Upper Canada. In the last decade of the eighteenth century, York, now Toronto, was to all intents and purposes a New England settlement, supplemented by British officials and by enterprising immigrants with a little capital, who presently began to arrive from the British Isles.

The newcomers at once began to organize the young colony in earnest, and it is evidence of their qualities that higher education was one of their first cares. As early as 1798, the British governor, General Simcoe, recommended, on the advice of his council, an educational plan to be sustained by vast grants of Crown lands in Upper Canada. It provided for the establishment of grammar schools at four points, at Sandwich on the Detroit River; at Newark (now Niagara), at Kingston near the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, and at Cornwall on the St. Lawrence River; and for a university at York (Toronto). The British Government assented to this recommendation in 1799, and thus the University of Toronto had its documentary beginnings.

Nevertheless, it took more than a governmental edict, even when supported by financial provisions, to make a university. Many events intervened to prevent immediate fruition. There were the Napoleonic wars in Europe which retarded colonization and which had an off-shoot in 1812 in renewed war between Great Britain and the United States, during which the fringe of settlements along the lower lakes became battle fields. The town of York was burned by American troops and in reprisal, British troops burned Washington. It was 1819 before York had risen from its ashes and the world had become so tranquilized that talk of

a university could be revived. Then ensued a different type of conflict to delay matters still further—religious differences.

At that time educational and religious interests coincided in nearly all countries; and the question as to which sect was to control the management of the proposed institution was important. There was a strong party which desired to see the Anglican or Episcopal church established in Canada as in England. This party held that the university should be an institution of the church controlled by the ecclesiastical authorities. On the other hand, the United Empire Loyalists who had come from the American colonies contained many Wesleyans and Baptists; while nonconformity was well represented in the more recent immigration from England, Scotland and Ireland.

The agitation for the abolition at Oxford of religious tests, which made all members of the student body compulsory members of the Church of England, had begun. The high churchmen in the young Canadian colony would have liked to see religious tests in the projected university; but the bulk of the population would have none of this. The savage parochial controversies of that day ended in a disintegration of forces and the establishment of a number of colleges or seminaries by various religious denominations, each drawing government funds. In later years nearly all these colleges have returned and now go to make up the federated colleges which comprise the University of Toronto.

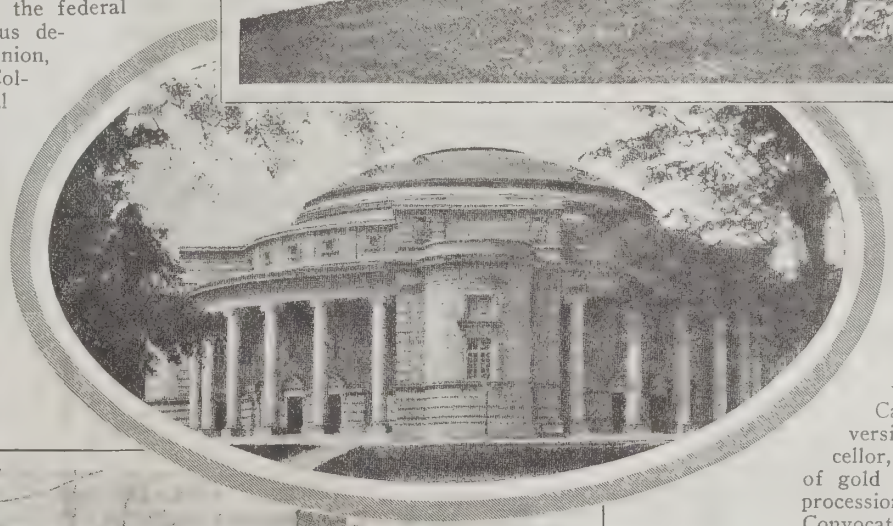
The advocates of a university which should be a home of humanistic education in which all religious differences could be sunk, with sadly diminished resources did succeed in 1827 in obtaining a charter for the "University of King's College," which has since been the pivotal point of the institution. To put an end to controversy, it was provided that no clergyman of any denomination should be eligible to act as a professor. Things moved slowly still; there was a rebellion in the Canadas in 1837 which resulted in a change from the advisory to the responsible form of government. It was 1843 before teaching actually began under the charter significantly enough within the halls of the legislature itself. In 1849, the name of the institution was changed to "The University of Toronto" and in subsequent years when the federal principle was adopted and the various denominational colleges came back into union, the parent stem became University College, operating under the original charter.

This charter retained the very interesting provision, designed to perpetuate University College as the linking and pivotal institution, from which all the affiliated colleges should radiate without compromising their special aims. No ordained clergyman of any denomination may hold a chair in its various faculties. It devotes itself to the teaching of the humanities and the abstract sciences like philosophy and mathematics. Thus it is possible for denominational colleges like St. Michael's, a Roman Catholic seminary; Victoria College, the chief educational institution of the Methodist church; Trinity College, originally a foundation of High Church Episcopalianism; Wycliffe College, devoted to the spread of Low Church ideas; Knox College, a Presbyterian theological establishment; and various other colleges to co-operate on the general lines of higher education. Co-ordination in lectures is attained thereby. In a sense, therefore, University College, housed in the beautiful Norman-Gothic building, erected in 1857, which overlooks what used to be a very large campus, is a clearing house of culture for the whole university. Symbolically, it occupies the central position in the group of affiliated colleges and special faculty buildings which have in the past 30 years grown up. Situated in the very heart of Toronto, they give an ornamental, old-world atmosphere which exercises a strong fascination over the minds of visitors to the city.

The special position of University College and the various denominational interests to be reconciled have led to the adoption of a dual system of government. It is presided over by a principal, the celebrated classical scholar, Professor Maurice Hutton, who holds prestige similar to that of Sir Robert Falconer, president of the federated university. Though an ordained clergyman is debarred from holding the post of principal of University College, the restriction does not apply to office of president of the university and Sir Robert was originally a Presbyterian clergyman. Owing to his tact and personality, he gets along with all the theological colleges with which he has to deal.

The dual system runs all through the system of government, and though it appears complicated and disputes are not unknown, the machinery runs smoothly. The university is both a state and a private institution. Its main factors are state-supported, but some affiliated colleges, like the Toronto Conservatory of Music, for instance, are private foundations. It has a senate which exercises control over the scholastic side of its activities and which is elected by the graduate body, with provision for the representation of every profession. It has also a board of governors, chosen by the government of the province of Ontario, which deals with the financial problems, and with other practical details of management. At one time it was feared that the university's position as a state institution militated against it as the recipient of those private gifts, which have been as vital to many of the great American universities of today as for Oxford in the Middle Ages. But of recent years the wealthy men of Ontario have come to a better realization of the situation and have been generous. The late Sir John Eaton, the great Canadian merchant-manufacturer, was princely in his gifts. A few years ago, Sir Joseph Flavelle and other wealthy philanthropists, built a great clinic institution, the Toronto General Hospital, to bring the medical faculty up to the highest world-status. The Massey Foundation, created by the founder of the greatest agricultural implement industry in Canada, has been lavish and discerning in its gifts; and quite recently the Rockefeller Foundation has come forward with the proffer of a grant—a compliment deeply appreciated by Canadians.





Above is shown a view of University College, central factor in the federated University of Toronto. The building has been in continuous use since 1857. To the left is Convocation Hall, where the important ceremonies of the institution are held.



Knox College, a Presbyterian Institution, affiliated with the University.

I should like to be able to say that all of the many buildings associated with the university are architecturally beautiful, but it would be an exaggeration. Many of the edifices are individually of rare artistic appeal; one or two are frankly ugly. But the incongruity of the general ensemble sometimes arouses hostile criticism. There has been no general plan either in the matter of design or material. Several schools of Gothic are represented, side by side with Grecian Romanesque, Renaissance, and modern American or Richardsonian architecture. There is almost as great a diversity in the matter of materials; contrasts which are especially marked in the newer buildings. Now the modern mind seems instinctively to tend toward uniformity; and we have esthetic critics in Canada who scoff at these contrasts and incongruities. The parent edifice, University College, hallowed by sentiment, is beautiful from every other point of view; and not far from it is Hart House, also in the Norman-Gothic style, an edifice but three or four years old, that is the envy of academicians from various parts of the world. It is the work of Henry Sproatt, an architect whose hand is seen in other university establishments. It was built by the Massey Foundation at lavish cost as a gift to the student body. Its "Great Hall" where the boys dine at low cost is an oak-beamed chamber in the Gothic style that is hardly surpassed for dignity and beauty of style anywhere; and the edifice includes sumptuous clubrooms, gymnasiums, a vast swimming pool and a most finely equipped "little theater." The scope of its activities even includes a printing shop for student publications.

Despite the thoroughly modern character of many of the offshoots that have grown up around the parent stem, the university still retains something of the scholastic atmosphere that gives an inner significance to the very word "university." Its professorial and lecturing body has grown in 30 years from about 80 to 800 or more; and many members of the various faculties come from Oxford and Cambridge and other famous European universities. The June convocation when the chancellor, Sir William Meredith, magnificent in robes of gold and black and attended by beadles, heads a procession across the campus from University College to Convocation Hall followed by scholars in the robes of many universities, is an unforgettable spectacle. I recall one convocation in June of 1917, when the Right Hon., now Earl, Balfour was to receive the honorary degree of LL.D. The sight of Balfour in the pink and scarlet of his office as chancellor of Cambridge University, exchanging scholastic jests with Principal Hutton, in the black and scarlet of Oxford, flanked by nearly 200 professors wearing the gowns and colors of a score or more universities, some crowned with mortar boards, some with the medieval scholar's caps of European colleges, was one never to be forgotten.

The real greatness of the institution lies not merely in the scholars it has sent forth, and they are many, for its sons figure on many a faculty in the United States, and in some of the universities of Great Britain; but in the part it has played as an illuminating factor in the country at large. It takes the boy from the village and the farm and places him in touch with the larger things of life. Nor does it destroy his aptitude for practical affairs, as Oxford and Cambridge are accused of doing. A surprisingly large number of the younger manufacturers and business men of Canada are graduates. Many leading public men of the Canadian Northwest provinces call it their alma mater. Its association with Canadian public life has indeed been long and continuous. The present prime minister of Canada, Hon. W. L. M. King, is one of the university's sons; as was his predecessor, Hon. Arthur Meighen. The best illustration of the close touch it holds with the life of the people, is that fully half of the farmers, who constitute the present provincial government of Ontario, call the university their alma mater.

In a sense, the University of Toronto furnishes a link between the systems of higher education in Europe and in the United States. A university in Great Britain or on the Continent is composed of colleges. In the United States a university is practically a large college, with various departments but a single entity. Toronto in its unique organization of federated and affiliated colleges occupies both sorts of relationships to the students. The adoption of the extension idea so widely used in the United States helps bring the benefits of the great institution home to persons through the Dominion of Canada, persons who otherwise would be denied its privileges entirely. Rural and urban residents alike share in these advantages, and the great university has been brought into intimate touch with phases of life throughout the province.

Prohibition—And the Cellars of Friends

A Tale of Washington Where the Constitution Hangs on the Wall; The Official Dryness Is Frequently Moistened by Private Stocks

By a Washington Observer

AT THE time of writing this article the Eighteenth Amendment has been effective for, exactly 30 months. Prior to that time Washington, D. C., the capital of the United States, had been experiencing a semi-dry, or, rather, a semi-wet régime for an almost equal period. As the chief legislative center of our country, therefore, the District of Columbia had a chance to prepare for prohibition after experiencing a state of conditional alcoholic aridity. This fact alone goes to prove that legislators knew what they were about when the constitutional amendment was submitted.

When it comes to alcoholic subjects, not Congress but many Congressmen are experts, although the same may not be said of their ability in politics. These Congressmen were not like so many babes in the wood, but they were, alcoholically in most cases and non-alcoholically in a few cases, veteran woodsmen, but as things stand today, they seem to be regretful that they ever endeavored to limit their appetites by legislative enactments. They may not say so but they act so. Nor are the Congressmen alone in that.

Virtually Washington is a wet city; a too-wet city; a discriminatorily-wet city. It is so privately and it is so officially. Washington is full of drink—and how it gets there may be no mystery but certainly it's there. Of late President Harding has added his authoritative voice to the singsong that "the law must be obeyed," but the fact is that, by and large, administrative and legislative—and not excluding all of judicial—Washington in general obeys the law and drinks at the "homes of friends."

Of such friends, there are countless ones in every social scale. The new cop will not hesitate to drop in on some one who has a cellar. Any and every household corner is a cellar, for the purpose of storage. To show that he is a good fellow he will invite, sometimes to the chagrin of the involuntary host, a detective to go along.

Taking the other end of the social scale we shall find the official who is willing to be led to alcoholic drink either by a dinner invitation to a home where the cup that cheers is passed around or by "dropping in" on some wealthy man whose stock seems to be everlasting.

These visits, which have an insidious habit of multiplying unexpectedly, are self-moistening, and in most cases are quite unilateral. They are not visits based upon the old-fashioned social code of call for call. The visitors are in the nature of human sponges, capacious or scant, who go about saturating themselves with anything from homemade beer to the rarest sparkling burgundies. The set in which they travel is what determines, generally, the beerage or vintage, as the case may be.

The law permits alcoholic beverages purchased and stocked within one's household prior to the date upon which they were officially outlawed to be served by the host to his friends. Fortunately for the host, the law does not provide that such liquid hospitality must be either preceded or accompanied by solid food, notwithstanding that as expense would go food is a relatively small item. Moreover, food might help to this extent—it would fill stomach space that otherwise would be occupied by John Barleycorn.

Diplomatists Punctilious

BE IT understood that nothing in this article should be taken to mean that every official and every administrative officer and every legislator and every guardian of the public peace belongs to this self-saturating army, but this army is numerous, and too numerous, and those who belong to it will easily recognize themselves. Thus we reach the crux of the argument—that while many officials are avowedly prohibitionists in a legislative sense, the city where they reside goes to some pains to make them forget that the country is dry.

The capital of the United States, therefore, harbors a group of paternalistic gentlemen who are doing their darnedest to protect humanity, within the confines of Continental United States if not beyond the three-mile oceanic limit, from the scourge of alcohol, but do not impose their rule upon themselves. Throughout the country, however, there has been a tendency to consider the diplomatic contingent as the source of liberal liquid hospitality of this kind, but such happens not to be the case. For one thing even imported and duty-free beverages of this kind, delivered within the immune precincts of diplomats, are an expensive item, and the diplomatist who could afford to be liberal in this matter is rare indeed—and moreover is apt to be too punctilious to turn his residence into a tavern. The other thing is that in general the diplomatic contingent has rather cultured drinking tastes and prefers light wines or fine liqueurs to the exclusion of high-kick and quick-acting spirits most in demand.

In general, however, the Washington official who technically obeys the Volstead Law can always irrigate his esophagus by being the friend of a "friend indeed." As there are a few such "friends indeed" that can be found at a time of a friend in need, although not enough to go round, the result is obvious. The legislator or administrative officer who suffers no aridity of the throat cannot be expected to give much thought to the consideration of prohibitory interpretations from a sound legalistic standpoint because, the inner man being satisfied, the urge to delve into delicate matters of this sort does not rouse him. There is no such urge

What does it avail to proclaim prohibition for the nation when a majority of officialdom, either thoughtlessly or with malice aforethought, is not aware that the country is dry because there are a few wealthy and influential friends who preside over cases. We have had, and may continue to have, the spectacle of official Washington—of course officials elsewhere within their respective spheres are not exempted—who solemnly exhort the people of the United States to obey the laws and all the laws. In the same breath they declare that the cynical way with which prominent citizens disregard the prohibition law is to foster contempt for all other laws. But has any such official ever been heard to say that this contempt will be fostered in minds other than those belonging to the common people?

Has there ever risen an authoritative individual in favor of an amendment of the Volstead Act which would prohibit men of wealth to stock up liquors to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars in each instance? In Washington there are said to be two such private stocks, and one of them a few months ago figured in the public press as having been tapped through steel doors by enterprising marauders.

Two years ago it was common gossip in certain circles that Washington's most aristocratic bank cleared two checks—each for more than a hundred thousand dollars—drawn to the order of wine agents. Rumors of this kind cannot be expected to instill into the popular mind anything except the suspicion that private stocks of this kind were neither the intent nor the purpose of the one loophole of the Volstead Law. It is preposterous to argue that any one family, no matter how rich, could in the course of a normal lifetime drink up from $200,000 to $500,000 worth of booze, even if it meant sparkling wines.

Not a Drop Except Champagne

IF ANTECEDENTS and precedents—speaking today with January 16, 1920, as the turning point—are a criterion, such a stock could not have lasted until this day, because current Washington reports, even with allowance for exaggeration, indicate voluminous use and regular use.

This story is given for what it is worth, but the writer feels his responsibility to the extent of reporting it here with assurance that the persons imparting the information are trustworthy and participants in the affair, and it has to do with a party given last New Year's eve at a certain house. The élite of Washington society was invited. Not all remained throughout the night. But at 5 a. m. "men and women were drowsing under tables, across chairs, lumbering about 'unvolsteadily,' frowsy and disheveled even beneath their exterior of aristocratic demeanor."

The orders of the lady of the house were that no "hard liquors" should be served at all during the evening. Sparkling wines only were *de rigeur*. At one point a man who felt that champagne was not swiftly effectual to suit him, called for whisky, only to be informed that the orders of the evening could not be transgressed. The butler knew the guest, and the latter was a frequent and popular visitor, so the more insistent the guest became the more smilingly adamantine was the domestic. Even a hint of drawing upon the latter's private stock did not fulfill the thirsty one's desire.

The joke of the thing is this—that inasmuch as guests knew that it would be a wet party none found it necessary to carry "anything on the hip," which in polite society today seems as necessary as one's visiting-card case. Therefore the whisky slave had no way of catering to his appetite. It is not clear if he ordered his automobile to go and fetch it for him at home or whether he actually left to have a whisky party, but in any case there seems no doubt that champagne flowed very freely.

Those who frequented that party may or may not be known. Among them there were dowagers who left the house before the "new year" dancing began after the midnight celebration, and most of those who did so merely carried away the recollection of a frothy entertainment—as all such parties are—after which the younger set held sway.

It requires no ingenuity or perspicacity to realize, irrespective of whether the company was of 40 or of 400, that these were guests outside the limit of the word "friends" as implied by the prohibitive laws. It goes without saying that there were officials or members of such officials' families present. This presence may be condoned, but the imbibing cannot.

So long as these private stocks, even though they come very near being public, after a fashion, continue to exist, a proportion of Washington's official contingent will gravitate toward them. They may mean nothing by becoming moths attracted to alcoholic flames and fumes, for both waft forth, but the official who voted "dry" and the administrative officer who enforces (?) dryness have no business at such gatherings if they partake of forbidden drinks. The utmost concession in this would be the customary wine at meals or the more spiritous drink where sanctioned by culinary habit, but culinary habit is a rank outsider at some of the parties that have been given.

One suspects, moreover, that many private stocks lawfully put away have long since been substituted with ostensibly unlawful stocks. And needless to say, there are homes in any and every big city—but especially in Washington—where the prohibition and police forces would not even dream of submitting to inquiry. There is such a thing as favoritism where there is not such a thing as disinterest.

Otherwise how could it be possible for a prominent official to stock into his house within a year or thereabouts several hundred cases of Scotch whiskies and Gordon gin? A friend of the family actually told the writer that ingress was obstructed by these pyramided cases of foreign importation. The information was vouchsafed by another that every visit meant "one bottle." Socially speaking, from a Washington standpoint, one bottle per visit is no inconsequential measure, because they may run into the score or even hundreds in a short time.

Perhaps related to these stocks of recent origin may be the official item that made its appearance in the newspapers a few months ago, where it died of innocuous desuetude, that customs officers of the United States had been permitting to clear the entry of imported alcoholic beverages of all kinds "upon payment of the legal duty thereon," because "Treasury Department officials never sent out the notice that with the Volstead Act going into effect the customs regulations" became null and void except and where applicable to such beverages lawfully imported for medicinal, industrial or religious purposes.

The writer was asked to participate in the purchase of a shipment of hard drinks in the autumn of 1920. The offer was for a few cases at something like $85 a case, and "several thousand cases were expected." So far as the circumstances indicated at the time, the shipment was essentially a private deal for the sole benefit of consumers—and the offer was made as of one friendly consumer to another. There was a hint about a flat fee of about $20 a case being conditional, and what became of this item, except to say that half of it went to the crew of the carrying ship, was not averred. What seemed evident, and as proved by the official admission later that the custom houses passed all such shipments as theretofore, was that it did not have to be smuggled at the port of entry. Treasury officials "forgot" that there was a Volstead Law and customs officers were not obliged to enforce laws which were not brought officially to their attention.

"What's in a name" was never truer of what a prominent or supposedly influential name means in respect to mysterious shipments addressed to it. It makes no difference how they are labeled as to contents—the only rule is to destroy all marks not countenanced by the prohibition laws. A shipment thus can go into any more or less prominent home—and the police force of the capital can tell some interesting tales about them. But how can a poor cop who has had a difficult time and at peril of his life to make sure of his ill-paid job nose about matters that are identified with a prominent name?

Guilty? Or Prominent?

IT HAS been said that the prohibition forces—that is, the investigating agents—have greater discretion and may with impunity uncover even a funeral casket if there be reason to believe that it contains the "living remains" of John Barleycorn, but somehow the line of least resistance appeals even to these forces and they let well enough alone.

It will be remembered that not very long ago a great fuss was made over the fact that a prominent couple was dining at the most prominent Washington hotel, when the man was arrested by a "lady cop" for pouring out a drink from a hip-flask. If the name was mentioned it was mentioned reverently, from police blotter to police court. No homily forthcame when the dispenser of justice rendered his decision, although the same judge never fails to preach sermons to lesser alcoholic luminaries who have the bad luck of standing before him as prisoners.

And that's just the whole trouble. The poor man's weakness is the rich man's joke. Presidents and attorneys-general and other officials may not realize it, but in whatever they have said so far there is carried the implication that the rich man's stock is being "legitimately" used by those who are privileged to partake of it, although no official, Federal or state or municipal, has thus far established to the satisfaction of the people that those stocks as of today are legitimate according to the strict interpretation of the laws involved. And the people more or less confusedly seem to be aware that something is wrong in all of this, that the laws are unequal, even though in general an attempt is being made to administer them impartially and against all odds.

A feeble voice has been raised two or three times in the House of Representatives against the hypocrisy of a certain official contingent, but the surprising thing is not so much that fellow members laughed the idea to oblivion, but that the Anti-Saloon League, or the organization that has taken its place, has not pounced upon the hint.

As a matter of fact, it is just as well to take cognizance of something here that has failed to be understood in its fullest purport. It has to do with the campaign of 1920. Although prohibition was a secondary issue, numerous voters changed party allegiance in November on the supposition or hope that their ticket would be "liberal" in the interpretation of what constitutes an intoxicating drink. Both presidential candidates straddled the issue, although both declared

(Concluded on page 10)

His Sermons in Stones, His Books in Brooks

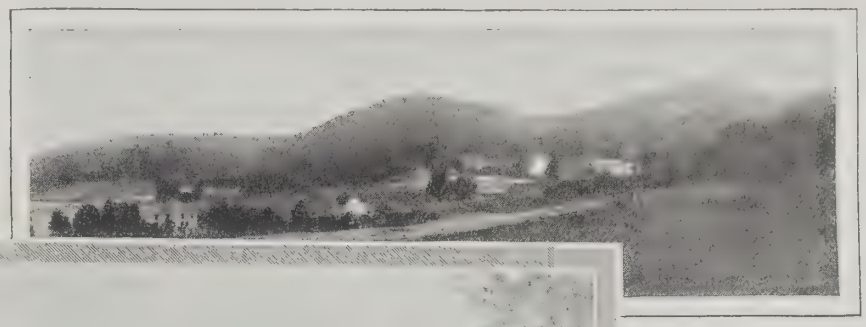
Charles D. Stewart, Author, Finds Material in Building a Home

By FRED L. HOLMES

"DON'T just read about nature. Go see for yourself. Investigate. That is how I started as a nature writer."

On a little peninsula of land in Pike Lake, Wisconsin, Charles D. Stewart, the author-naturalist who gave this advice, has pounded the hardheads brought down by the glaciers some 60,000 years ago into sizeable stones out of which a house has been builded. Here he does his writing. The morning sun glistens over the little lake and the afternoon breezes lend enchantment to the undulating fields along the drive. Miracle Hill, crowned by a church, dominates the country.

Pilgrims hustle along the weed-fringed roads on Sunday mornings to the shrine of the Carmelite fathers on the hill. The notes of their church bell chime sweet and clear from its summit some 300 feet above the roadside. Automobiles park in the blind valley at the foot of the huge tree-covered mound and through breaks in the foliage, the penitent can be seen making their ascent from one wayside shrine to the next, to the panoramic summit. Down roads, like the lanes of a pasture lot, I motored for a visit with the man who once swayed destinies in labor unions of Chicago, but who had forsaken the noisy city 16 years ago to try his hand at literature.



View of Kettle Country, with Miracle Hill, crowned by church of Carmelite fathers.



Above is the house which Charles D. Stewart, the author (right), built after breaking up 160 loads of stone.

"Do you get lonesome in the country?" I asked.

"There is as much doing on this peninsula of mine as there is in Chicago on its busiest corner," came the quick reply.

"You see more and more the longer you live here. You can hardly keep track of all that is going on. If you own a little piece of the outdoors, the trees are yours, the birds are yours, all the processes of nature taking place in a thousand forms are yours, and you find out that you are in partnership with God. Presently you become an active partner, and you take up a hoe and start to help the business along. After a while you receive dividends in health—and also mentality in a charitable and genial philosophy. You like your friends better.

"As for human association—and I am free to confess that the beauties of nature would be nothing without someone to talk the thing over with—the country contains plenty of interesting people. Gradually it is drawing to itself many of the most interesting minds—people who are too big for the city alone, who fill their place with distinction in the city and yet find their deeper nature calling for the country. A big man in the city, when you get to know him, is usually a man who has a good deal of his mind in the country. A mere agricultural state has societies which cover every sort of intellectual activity, and in the most unexpected places you find men of intellectual achievement who know, and are known to, other interesting men throughout the state. When you have once come in touch with it, you find yourself in what is, really, a large neighborhood of thoughtful and appreciative people; and living out in these small towns and amid these surroundings, they have time for the gift of neighborliness—even in science. A man is not a hermit simply because he lives far out in the country. I have been very lonesome amid the crowds of a city street."

"How do you spend your time?" I asked.

"As a matter of fact, my time spends me, and I am in favor of making the days longer," he replied, as if my question were a little facetious. "As soon as you have a place which you own, even a small place, with a garden and an orchard and an animal or two, there is no more problem as to how to spend your time. And if you have a fair complement of friends, and a few social duties, and a little politics and a number of correspondents, the question finally is, if you are a literary man, how you are even going to get the time to write what you have planned.

"Just now the garden has been waiting three days to have the cultivator run through it. And if it isn't spraying the horse to keep the flies away, it's the squash bugs, or the runners on the strawberries or something else, and all the while I have one or more articles or books under way. After all it is the rush and push that keeps the game interesting. Chicago rush wears you out and puts you into the hospital; but this sort of rush makes you simply tired at night, and continually growing tougher and stronger."

At the house we sat down in a cool room before a fireplace, the stones of which he had chipped and fashioned from the bowlders of the land. As I examined the stones of the hearth he began the story of how with a six-pound sledge and the long rows of stone hedges about his inclosure he had found the true key to science and health.

"I rolled off a rusty-black sort of a one from the fence ledge," he mused. "I worked it around into position for striking. The sledge simply rebounded. Nine, ten, eleven blows and then it fell in two, disclosing a black interior of beautiful mat texture. Diagonally across the face of it was a white stripe as wide as one's finger. And an inch and a half away was a contrasting stripe as straight and fine and parallel as if it had been made on a loom; it was like a gold design in French silk. With its slightly wedged shape,



Fireplace made of stone from glacial rift 60,000 years ago, chiseled into form by Mr. Stewart.

it looked all the world like a dashing four-in-hand tie. It had broken in just such a way as to make the key for the fireplace. Here, then, was good luck indeed — the very necktie of the house all done."

Out of his experiences in breaking stone have come one of the best of his articles and many of his novels have touches that take the reader back to this interesting chapter in Mr. Stewart's life.

"Such rock!" he exclaimed. "Rag-carpets woven in garnet and topaz; petrified oriental rugs; granites in endless designs of Scotch mixture, as if each bowlder were wearing the plaid of its clan; big, uncouth, scabiose, ignorant-looking hardheads that opened with the heart of rose—each one a separate album opening to a sample from a different quarry. I have seen cloven field-stone that deserved a hinge and a gold clasp; I have one in sight now which is such a delicate contrast of faintest rose and mere spiritual green that it is like the first blush of dawn. Imagine smiting a rock until the fragments sting you in the face, and seeing it calmly unfold the two wings of a moth. I have broken into a rock that pleased me so well that I held it in my mind in order to match it; but though I had the pick of 160 loads that summer, I never found another. There is 'individuality' for you."

Among the farmers of the community there was a vague rumor that their author-neighbor was once a labor leader. And sure enough I soon discovered that he had worked for years as a wood-carver, halftone engraver, helped to organize the International Engravers' Union, and for several years was its only paid official.

The business of receiving dues, managing strikes, visiting shops and settling difficulties for the organization did not appeal to him. His greatest interest was in his own craft. He liked the work as an engraver. Twice he tried to shift the office to another, but failed. Then came the Indianapolis meeting which proved the turning point in his life.

"The union had been growing stronger and bigger, when we met at Indianapolis in 1907," continued Mr. Stewart. "There I found a successor to myself who had received training and showed his qualities during the year, and I got him nominated.

"Now, it was just after that meeting when I had been having so much work and so many problems, that I first became a nature student. After that meeting I came home, fell into bed and was unconscious for 48 hours. My wife thought I was asleep; when I kept on sleeping and could not be awakened, she went for the doctor. All of the diseases that I had at that one time seemed difficult to untangle. The doctor said I had typhoid fever—but was suffering from overwork, but at the same time I had awful pains in my back when I breathed—and that was a touch of pleurisy. Whatever it all was, I had it; and thus I had several weeks vacation on my back. A friend in the local union carried on the business office evenings temporarily and they waited for me to get well.

"I became a nature student. I did not know I had an inclination in that direction. But there were spiders outside of the window where I was lying, weaving their webs anew every morning; and I fell to watching them. I suppose I was interested, because I was a mechanic; and a spider is a mechanic and a most ingenious and skilled worker. And so, with nothing else to while away the time, I kept watching and learning the spider's trade. As I grew stronger and could get nearer the window with a glass I went into the details and the secrets of their craft. I was now thoroughly interested in spiders and took notes."

Out of this sick-bed experience in 1907 he wrote an article on "Chicago Spiders," which attracted so much attention that it was later published in book form and is now to be issued in one of the volumes of the Atlantic classics for study in schools and colleges.

A number of articles on animal life followed in the past few years, overturning many of the theories held by naturalists as to the habits, characteristics and eccentricities of bugs and animals. One doctrine marks his investigation work. He is glad to read what others have written on the subject, but he refuses to write until he has made his own independent observations. Merely quoting authority does not suit in nature writing. There can be no advancement without independent investigations, which may result in overturning all previous theories.

The same theory is applied by him to his literary work. Discovery was made that there were approximately 40 allusions in Shakespeare which no writer had ever solved. Without reading the conjectures of other authors, but with the one idea of independent investigation, he set to the task. It was a question between Shakespeare's mind and his own, pure and simple. The book containing his solutions was published by the Yale University Press, under the auspices of the Elizabethan Club of Yale. This was considered a great honor, but still greater was the simultaneous publication of the volume by Oxford, where scholars ever since Shakespeare's time have studied these "cruixes" without final success. Solution came from this self-educated laboring man, who had taken a liking to literature, living on a little farm in a community far from big libraries and the contact with other students.

Born in Zanesville, Ohio, March 18, 1868, Mr. Stewart had a desire to settle in a rugged country. On discovery of the "Kettle Ranges" north of Milwaukee he decided in 1907 to settle there, picked out a location on Pike Lake, and began to break stone for the house.

Radio Through the Eyes of the Patent Office

Names and Incidents Important in Development of New Science

By S. R. WINTERS

WHEN any art or science has progressed with the surprising swiftness of radio-telephony and radio-telegraphy within recent months, it is proper to consider the personalities who have made remarkable achievement possible. The United States Patent Office, the one capable and unbiased authority on inventions and their intrinsic value, is the logical source to consult.

Hence, the title of this article. More than 1,000 letters of patents have been granted since Guglielmo Marconi first transmitted a commercial wireless message. Five names are inseparably identified with radio-communication. These are: Guglielmo Marconi, J. A. Fleming, Lee De Forest, Edwin H. Armstrong and Edwin H. Colpitts. Their respective contributions, in agreement with the order of their names just cited, were: The application of the first complete radio-telegraph set in the transmission of a message by electromagnetic waves; the vacuum-valve detector for receiving wireless communications; the audion tube or bulb for the reception of radio messages; the regenerative feed-back circuit for the audion receiver; and the audion oscillator for generating modulated high-frequency waves.

Of historical interest, and in respect to the claims of friends of the inventor, reference should be made to a patent granted Mahlon Loomis, a dentist of Washington, D. C., which bears the title "Improvement in Telegraphing." The date of its issuance was July 30, 1872—a half a century ago—or 25 years before Guglielmo Marconi accomplished the transmission of a communication in the absence of wires. Undoubtedly this was the earliest patent granted by the United States Patent Office regarding radio-communication. From the viewpoint of Uncle Sam's appraiser of inventions, however, the Loomis discovery was lacking in the essential high-frequency electromagnetic waves. Radio-signaling, obviously, involves the use of some system of generating the Hertzian waves, and for this reason writers of textbooks and radio engineers are prone to discount the invention as disclosed in the Loomis patent, No. 129971. His priority in the direction of radio-communication, however, merits consideration. The claim he advanced for his discovery was: "The utilization of natural electricity from elevated points by connecting the opposite polarity of the celestial and terrestrial bodies of electricity at different points by suitable conductors, and, for telegraphic purposes, relying upon the disturbance produced in the two electro-opposite bodies (of the earth and atmosphere) by an interruption of the continuity of one of the conductors from the electrical body being indicated upon its opposite or corresponding terminus, and thus producing a circuit or communication between the two without an artificial battery or the further use of wires or cables to connect the co-operating stations."

What Hertzian Wave Is

AMONG the earliest of experiments with electro-magnetic waves, without having established their identity, were those conducted in England in 1879, when a Professor Hughes employed a generator of sparks, the device taking the form of a trembler bell. By the use of a telephone receiver and a coil of wire acting as an antenna, he was enabled to produce sounds while pacing to and fro in front of his home. Ridicule of the friends invited to observe the experiments put a damper on his activities. Professor Joseph Henry, of Princeton University, in 1842, indicated that the discharge of a Leyden jar was, under certain conditions, capable of oscillating—that is, the current proceeded first one way and then the other over the circuit connecting the inner and outer coatings of the jar. Sir William Thompson, afterward Lord Kelvin, in 1853, demonstrated mathematically the soundness of this theory. The oscillations of the current from the Leyden jar bear similarity to those employed to produce electromagnetic waves used in radio-telegraphy and telephony. James Clerk-Maxwell, professor of physics at Edinburgh University, in 1865, was responsible for the expressed conclusion that electric oscillations in a circuit produce electric waves in the surrounding space which travel with the velocity of light.

It was, however, in 1888 that the notable scientific stroke of Professor Heinrich Hertz, of Karlsruhe, was accomplished, namely, establishment of the existence of these waves. Hence the use of the term "Hertzian waves," synonymous with "electromagnetic waves." He produced, detected, and measured them. Likewise he indicated that they were polarized and could, not unlike waves of light, be reflected and bent. The instrument employed has been since identified as the "Hertz oscillator." Structurally, it consisted of two flat metallic plates, 16 inches square, each connected to a rod approximately one foot in length and terminating in a small knob. These rods were buttressed end to end with the knobs adjacent and one-quarter of an inch apart. They were connected in a circuit with the secondary winding of an induction coil, thus making it necessary for the current to span this space between the knobs in order to complete the circuit. Within the primary of the coil was placed a make and break unit. Once the primary circuit was broken, these plates became charged and then they discharged back and forth across the gap between the knobs and produced sparks. Each of the latter dispatched a train of electromagnetic waves. The detector of these elusive particles was made possible by a so-called "resonator." This consisted of a metallic wire bent into a hoop, 14 inches in diameter, with its ends separated by a slight gap. The precise dimensions of this hoop-like apparatus, so that it would be in "tune" with the oscillator, was determined by prearranged tests. By installing a piece of sheet zinc, six feet wide and 12 feet high, as a reflector and causing the waves striking the latter to be forced back toward the oscillator in the path of fresh, oncoming, unreflected waves, reinforcing occurred at some points and interference at others. The effect was not dissimilar to the fact that sound waves reinforce or interfere. A shifting of this "resonator" to and fro between the oscillating device and the reflector made it possible to detect these points. The sparking across the tiny gap in the hoop-like device increased until it reached a maximum at the point of greatest reinforcement. Subsequently, the spark expired as the "resonator" attained the point of complete interference. Harmonizing with the modern conception, this German inventor indicated that electromagnetic waves advanced in ever-widening circles. The effect of a rock thrown on a pond of water is a favorite characterization. Similarly, he reasoned that they were capable of casting an electric shadow by a metal plate or screen, comparable to the ability of rays of light throwing a shadow by interposing an opaque object.

Before Marconi's Time

THAT loose iron filings, when subjected to an electric current, would cohere and their resistance fall to an extremely low value—only to have their original resistance restored instantly by tapping them—was a discovery of S. A. Varley, in 1866. He made a lightning arrester from iron filings. A scientist of the Catholic University of Paris inserted iron filings in a glass tube and placed a metal plug in each end, by which the device could be connected in a circuit. The filings would cohere when electric discharges were admitted passage in their neighborhood and the tapping of the tube restored the filings to their original condition. He called his device a "radio-conductor." Sir Oliver Lodge, at a later date, dubbed the invention a "coherer," and in 1893 linked it up with a battery and galvanometer. He was thus enabled to employ it as a detector of electric waves. Professor Popoff, of Kronstadt, in 1895, installed a real radio receiving system for detecting atmospheric electric disturbances. A rod was extended above the roof of a building and its other end connected through a coherer to the earth. The coherer had a relay and battery in its circuit, the former being energized whenever atmospheric discharges passed through the coherer. The relay closed the circuit of a tiny electric trembler bell the clapper of which, on being drawn up, struck the bell, to give a signal of disturbance, and when retracted tapped the coherer to restore it.

"The foregoing shows the preliminary work, the stage setting, for Marconi's masterly act," said Dr. W. A. Kinnan, first assistant commissioner of the United States Patent Office. "The materials with which he was to build had been created. The oscillator, including the key, the interrupter, the transformer, the spark gap apparatus, and the radiating plate; the receiver including the receiving plate, the coherer, the tapper, and galvanometer, had all been created and their use had been indicated. Clerk-Maxwell and Hartz had pointed the way, Branly, Lodge and Popoff had traveled in the direction thus indicated to them and were in 1896-7, standing in the wings of the stage. But the light never fell upon them until Marconi had given commercial telegraphy by Hertzian waves to the world. The glory is justly due this remarkable young Italian."

The patents granted Marconi both in the United States and Great Britain indicate that his first triumph of communicating by electromagnetic waves was accomplished by an arrangement of two metal plates, elevated on poles in the picturesque fashion common to country tavern signs, the transmitting plate being connected through a spark gap to earth. This device consisted of insulated balls that were divorced by small air spaces which could include a vacuum compressed air or gas, or a liquid. To the terminals of the gap the leads from the secondary of an induction coil were connected, the primary winding having the common battery, key and interrupter, connected in its circuit. The interrupter functioned in making and breaking the circuit 100 times a second. The receiving circuit passed from the plate, through the coherer, to the ground. The terminals of the coherer were connected to a relay which controlled the tapper, but in the absence of a bell, a sounder, in parallel to the tapper coil, was employed. Departing from the experience of the vanguard of scientists who supplied him with his working materials, Marconi placed the circuits vertically instead of horizontally, and employed longer waves, more energy, larger radiating and receiving antennas. He also designed an improved coherer. J. A. Fleming, a name that is indelibly written on the roster of names that have contributed substantially to the developments of radio-telegraphy and radio-telephony, discovered that rarified gas was an effective conductor of electric current. The United States Patent Office granted him protective rights to a device bearing striking similarity to an incandescent electric lamp. A metal cylinder surrounded the filament and the invention was employed in detecting wireless waves. He adapted this device to service by using the transformer coupling between the antenna and local circuit, connecting the metal cylinder to one terminal of the secondary winding and the filament to the other. Since, in the use of a device of this sort, the filament, when heated, gives off negative electrons which pass to the cylinder and act to render the space between the filament and the cylinder conductive, current can pass from the cylinder to the filament. The current will not readily pass the other way. Therefore, the Fleming progeny acts as a rectifier, and he dubbed it a "valve."

Audion Credited to De Forest

LEE De FOREST, in 1905, made a notable contribution by introducing the "audion." It is a rectifier and a sensitive detector. It is a modification of the Fleming "valve." A metal plate, placed at one side of the filament, was substituted for the Fleming cylinder, and a third electrode of a perforated or grid-like design placed between the filament and plate. The universal popularity of this device and the reams upon reams of paper already devoted to describing and expatiating the virtues of this rectifier and detector render superfluous any attempts of elaboration in this article. May it be said, however, the modified audion, sometimes styled the thermionic amplifier, is the "heart and soul" of the modern radio outfit.

Edwin H. Armstrong, and his regenerative feedback circuit for the audion receiver, and Edwin H. Colpitts, and his audion oscillator for generating modulated high frequency waves, are inventors of more recent years than the ones previously treated in this manuscript. Already, Armstrong is being heralded as the genius who made broadcasting of music and vocal speech by radio-telephone possible. The invention of Colpitts, for which a patent was granted in 1915, is designed to simplify the mechanism and strengthen the effectiveness of the apparatus required for the production of the modulated oscillations. The device consists of a repeater which acts as a generator of high-frequency oscillations and also modulates these oscillations in accordance with the low frequency signaling impulses to be transmitted.

Prohibition—And the Cellars of Friends

Concluded from page 8

in favor of "obedience to the law." But ask any experienced political necromancer and he will say that prohibition was, to many an individual voter, a much more vital issue than appeared on the surface—and that it will reveal the same tendencies two years hence.

Because of this, it is not too soon to put candidates of all types, parties, and grades on record. It is not a joke to agitate the necessity of making them obey not by indirection but by personal practice the laws that they have together enacted. Of course, there are prominent men in public life who were ever temperate or actually teetotalers, but there are many others—ostensibly too many—who should stand up and be counted in for the practicing of prohibition. Because misunderings are misunderstandings, it is not necessary to make such a law retroactive, and if any public officials failed in obeying the laws that they have enacted they may as well be given the benefit of the doubt, but the present condition of affairs should not be permitted to continue any longer.

But that is not all. Public officials may be friends in all that the word implies of wealthy men who practically have cornered the best available supply of intoxicating drinks, but the time has come when virtually disgraceful conditions should be done away with. For the law that winks at a man holding half a million dollars' worth of drinks that he cannot possibly drink himself is not a prohibition law. It is a license law that favors the rich man to the extent of and the degree to which his wealth, plus his personal habits and intentions, are concerned.

It seems that the time has arrived, now that prohibition has had a chance to work out and reveal its rough spots, that total prohibition should be total—and that it can no more be stretched in favor of the man of means than it can for a moribund merchant marine.

At Victoria, British Columbia, there is a shed which acts as the repository of alcoholic stocks of government ships being operated across the Pacific Ocean by the Admiral Line. Eastward the stock is unloaded, so that the ships proceed to their American destination actually dry, and reload on the westward voyage, with this difference, that between discharge and reloading there are costly losses, borne by American taxpayers, that are excused as breakage, but that are traceable to pilfering and other subtractive schemes of the sort.

Officialdom that connives at these things or that even permits their occurrence by a policy of *laissez faire* is the officialdom that must in turn be held strictly accountable for loose odds and ends of the kind within the shadow of Washington's monuments erected to men who stood for justice and equality and impartiality.

The Volstead Act may or may not be the best thing in the way of corrective laws, and it may or may not be amended or substituted. That is something apart. But the law, either as it stands or as it will be improved, must be incisive and comprehensive and binding—it must be a law and not "local rich man's option." It must provide for a full report, such as that adopted for the income tax, stating the exact amount of all beverages and their source or origin.

A law of this kind would be yielded by Congressmen with very bad grace, and it is for that sole reason that its need becomes intensified. Congress has an erubescent nose, and a fine sense of smell.

It is important, if the people must be convinced that the prohibition laws are sincere and intended as an effort to destroy the drink menace, that they shall realize that their governing and legislating representatives practice what they preach. Until this is the case it is futile to expect the people to take the law seriously, and unfortunately there is room for improvement. Begin with Washington, and let a good job be done of it.

Baldy of Nome "Mushes On" in Last Race

Great Alaskan Husky Most Famous of the Leaders of Dogs

By GEORGE C. HENDERSON

BALDY of Nome has run his last race. It was a race with death and for the first time in his life the great Alaskan sweepstakes racing dog ran "out of the money." The famous husky died the other day at the home of his trainer, Scotty Allan.

Baldy, the great Alaskan husky, famed in song, poetry and literature, was buried under a bench beneath a rose bower in the back yard of a Berkeley, California, home, where the afternoon sun casts long shadows over the green turf. No tombstone marks the place where Baldy finished his last race. No epitaph tells of the exploits of the lion-hearted malemute.

Baldy died of old age. On the day of his demise he appeared to be hungry for affection. He had been bashful and shy around women but on this day he followed Mrs. Allan around. When she stopped her work to stroke the dog's head, the brown eyes of the husky gazed wistfully at her. The stub of a tail wagged listlessly and he quivered like a playful puppy.

Baldy stood on the edge of the lawn like a statue, his muzzle raised, pleading for human comradeship. Vibrant youngsters gathered around, stroking the intelligent head and buffeting the broad shoulders where the thongs of the sled harness had developed muscles like corded steel.

Baldy had never played with children before. He did not know the ways of young America but he stood their rough treatment like a veteran house dog and merely wagged his tail. Scotty Allan came home from work. Baldy confronted him on the steps and growled, a deep-throated, scarcely audible rumble. Scotty cuffed him playfully on the side of the head, spoke to him kindly and walked into the house.

Baldy trotted around to the rear of the house and scratched on the screen, just like any puppy, until he was admitted. As if the husky were a child, Mrs. Allan scolded him but let him in. In the bathroom he found his master shaving. Here the dog crouched at his feet, groveling. Surprised, Scotty stooped and examined the malemute critically. No, Baldy was not ill. His eyes were clear and his breathing regular. Why was he acting so queerly? His old austerity and dignity were gone. At dinner the dog lay by his master's chair, muzzle tucked up against a trouser leg, head buried between forepaws. Nor would he eat the food they placed before him.

Later, Baldy found his master sitting before the fireplace reading. The husky placed his paws on Scotty's knee and tried to nose aside the cold white sheet that hid from him the warmth of kindly eyes.

"Go lie down," said Scotty.

This was the voice that Baldy always obeyed. He knew no other law but this one rule supreme. Listlessly he sprawled by the fireside inert. Night came and with it Baldy refused to move from the fireplace. Scotty bundled him off to the veterinary. The Klondiker stood by silently until his dog fell asleep. Then he went home.

That night Baldy of Nome died in his sleep.

After Scotty Allan had thrown the last shovel of dirt on the grave, he sat upon the steedless sled and for the first time told of how Baldy won the great 420-mile race of 1909 from Nome to Candle on the Arctic slope, getting an $8,000 prize.

It was in the second year of the classic malemute races. Fourteen teams were entered and Scotty prepared for the battle of his life. A big purse and plenty of glory awaited the winner.

For weeks Scotty fed his eight sled-dogs on fresh meat, mutton and eggs. The regular diet of fish, walrus, baluga whale and cereals had been changed for the time being. It cost money to feed dogs on eggs in Alaska but the Klondiker footed the bill without a murmur.

His highest hopes were placed in Baldy. He had a heart of steel, this husky. No finer dog could have been found to lead his team in the long trek from the Bering over the icebergs, through blizzards, in hip-deep snow, breaking trails in forests and in the deserts of ice.

Every morning Baldy led his team over the white wastes for a 30-mile tryout. The insistent voice of Scotty in his ear caused the great husky to exert himself to the utmost. He felt his responsibility and none disputed his leadership.

The 70-pound sled which the dogs dragged became heavier and heavier as the fast tryouts became longer. Some mornings Scotty drove them 50 miles and toward the end of the run he would stand on the runners instead of trotting behind. The dogs were making from eight to ten miles an hour and it was hard for a man to keep up this pace, even by holding to the sled handles. It seemed that Baldy's teammates traveled all too slow. Yet the whip of the kind-voiced Scotty never fell upon them.

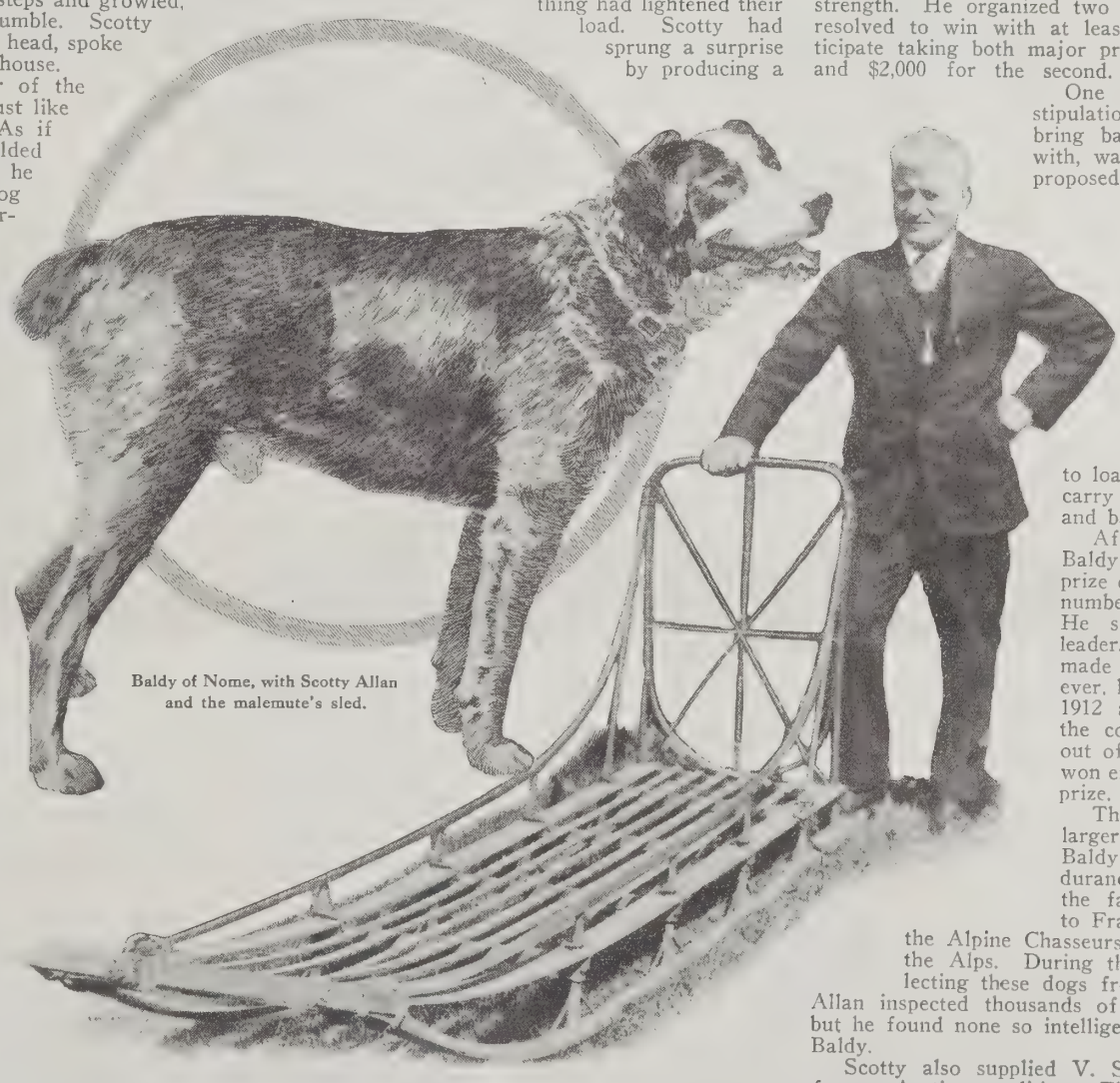
Then came the day of the race. The dogs were lined up, marked and photographed. As every entrant had to bring back the dogs with which he started, this precaution was taken to make sure that no fresh dogs were picked up along the line.

Fourteen entrants waited the crack of the pistol. It took some time to photograph all the teams. Although Scotty had tried to keep the performance of his team secret, the betting was in his favor.

A stiff breeze was blowing off the Bering Sea. The racer knew that a blizzard was at hand. In his heart he felt that it would be impossible to make headway in an Arctic blizzard, yet the races could not be called off. Although the boom days of the Klondike had faded, Nome was still the greatest metropolis of Western Alaska and thousands of people had thronged there for the races. To disappoint these people would not do.

A pistol cracked and his team was off, Baldy leading bravely. It was smooth going on the ice for a while. Sleet and snow then began to beat into the faces of the contestants. The route led up the coast for 47 miles, after which the teams would have to hit into the mountains where snowshoes would be needed.

The blizzard increased in intensity. Scotty could barely see his lead dog. Baldy was facing the blinding gale with shoulders squared and head down. The dogs knew that somehow, something had lightened their load. Scotty had sprung a surprise by producing a sled that weighed only 30 pounds as against the conventional 70-pound vehicle. They appreciated the lighter load by the way they responded to the whip that cracked over their heads but never stung them on the flanks. The advantage put heart into the malemutes.



Baldy of Nome, with Scotty Allan and the malemute's sled.

The roaring storm bore down upon them. Baldy was invisible. Scotty could barely see his wheel dogs. Phantom sleds passed by, indicating that the larger teams of dogs were making faster time against the gale. One by one they shot past and the Klondiker's heart sank.

Finally the gale became so bad that the dogs could barely crawl along. Scotty passed a big team that had given up. The drivers could not find their way in the intense gloom. A little farther on he passed another large outfit.

"I'll have to stop any minute," he thought.

But Baldy kept going on, confidently, without deviating from his course. Something of this certainty was conveyed to Scotty. They passed the last of the racers and had the field all to themselves. Baldy had been over this trail some time before and he never forgot a route over which he had once traveled. The lead dog knew where he was going.

Along the 47 miles of coast, through the soft snow and over jutting ice crags inland to the edge of the timber belt, the skill of the sled dog carried Scotty's sleigh. Scotty rested here for five hours, nursing the feet of his malemutes and regaining lost strength.

Forty-two hours had elapsed when Baldy made his victorious entry into Candle, on the Arctic slope. None of the other teams were in sight. Some time later Scotty's second team also came into Candle, having followed the trail broken by the lion-hearted lead dog. The return trip to Nome was much easier. It was a triumphal entry indeed. A blaring band and a shouting populace greeted the victors. Baldy was a hero. The winners came in 10 hours ahead of the second team.

Allan first saw Baldy when he was a pup, 14 months old. The intelligent eye, fine symmetry of the animal and the broad shoulders told him that here was a fine husky and he bought the dog. He was neither malemute nor husky in the strictest sense of the word. A malemute is the shaggy, wolf-like animal domesticated by the Eskimos. The husky is an Alaskan dog. Baldy had a malemute mother and a foxhound for a father.

It was in 1908 that Scotty bought him. He, together with other prominent men of Nome, had organized the Nome Kennel Club for the purpose of staging the big 400-mile races. These contests later became classic events.

There had been races weekly in Nome for years but never anything so momentous. In those days the sled driver from the Arctic regions was regarded with great interest and was indeed quite a hero.

Scotty began to groom Baldy for the leadership after he had taken second in the first race. Secretly he began work on a light sledge. By using second-growth hickory and rawhide thongs for binding the parts together, he attained elasticity without sacrificing strength. He organized two teams for the 1909 race, resolved to win with at least one. He did not anticipate taking both major prizes, $8,000 for the first and $2,000 for the second.

One of the reasons for the stipulation that each man must bring back the dogs he started with, was to thwart anyone who proposed to drive dogs cruelly, cutting out the exhausted ones from his string. This rule was made for the second race. It eliminated the advantage to the owner of big teams. The wise old heads of the game ran with as few dogs as possible. If a dog was clipped early in the race it was necessary to load him onto the sled and carry him to the Arctic slope and back.

After the 1909 race in which Baldy won so handsomely, the prize dog was victor in a large number of shorter contests. He seemed to be an ideal leader. In 1910 Scotty's team made but third place. However, he came back in 1911 and 1912 as victor again. In all the contests, Baldy never ran out of the money. He always won either first, second or third prize.

There were many stronger, larger and faster dogs than Baldy but none with his endurance and heart of oak. In the fall of 1915, Allan went to France to take 440 dogs to the Alpine Chasseurs to haul ammunition up the Alps. During the time that he was selecting these dogs from all the Arctic north, Allan inspected thousands of malemutes and huskies but he found none so intelligent and so courageous as Baldy.

Scotty also supplied V. Stefansson with 80 dogs for an Arctic expedition. The Klondiker sizes up a dog and passes his judgment on it by looking at the eyes, the feet, the character of the muzzle and above all the breadth of shoulders. Dogs that have been utilized for pulling sleds are overdeveloped in the chest, while their hindquarters are underdeveloped It is in the hindquarters that the husky first succumbs either to fatigue or disease.

"Common-sense methods must be used in training dogs," says Scotty. "You must show appreciation of work well done. You must never ask an animal to do an impossible thing but once you have demanded a reasonable task of it, you must insist upon its accomplishment. Once a husky or a malemute gets the better of you, you have lost your authority.

"Outlaws in a dog pack are known only in fiction. A man can conquer any animal and make him obey. I have never known a case when the dogs would fight among themselves in harness if properly trained and handled."

While Scotty was in France, Baldy remained at Nome. He made no friends but wandered about disconsolately, eating little.

Baldy's last long trek was made from Nome to Juneau, a distance of 1,300 miles, in 1917, after Scotty returned from France. The journey was the longest Mr. Allan ever attempted with a team of huskies.

Baldy was a one-man dog. He never knew any master except Scotty Allan. He obeyed no other voice. He would take food from no other hand.

Where Official Spotlight Misses the Real Actors

Little Known Men in Uncle Sam's Machine Perform Important Work

By J. H. WALTON

THERE has been a demand for "successful" business men in government service. One writer recently said:

"We find here and there men of large ability in governmental office. Our Presidents have mostly been able men and their cabinets have as a whole been well above the average. But when we get into Congress or into the departments of the government we find that the service is more apt to be to the job than to the people."

That statement is far too sweeping and does the real workers in the government service an injustice. Men devoting themselves to the service of the government in lines of special training, go through life without proper recognition or compensation.

It is true that the department and bureau heads, changed with each administration, ofttimes are prone to play politics at the expense of public service. Nevertheless, there is a tremendous amount of work that MUST be done.

A new secretary, appointed by a new President, must have the efficient, well-trained staff of WORKERS who have built up these various bureaus and divisions to look to do the actual work. These workers often leave the service of the country to accept private employment in similar lines at greatly increased compensation. Such men and women are worth even more to the government than they are to the private employer. We should keep them.

There are little known men and women who are "successful." There is not a millionaire among them. They are OUR employes. They work for US. Do we appreciate and understand what they are doing for us?



EARL B. SMITH

IN 1914 the Bureau of Public Roads brought to Washington Earl B. Smith, at that time engaged in testing and investigation work in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he was employed as erecting and testing engineer for the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company. Mr. Smith has had extensive experience in mechanical engineering and was for nine years assistant professor in charge of the mechanical, hydraulic and strength of materials engineering laboratories at Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. He graduated from the University of Missouri in 1903 with degree of B.S. in mechanical engineering, and in 1905 received the degree of mechanical engineer.

Mr. Smith is now in charge of one of the most important activities of the bureau, the research section. This section conducts all investigations relative to the design of roads and pavements. The major portion of this work is carried on at the experiment station, Arlington, Virginia, shown in the illustration. Many of the instruments and machines used for this particular line of investigation are designed by Mr. Smith and constructed under his personal direction, the latest of which is a photographic impact strain gage, used to determine the impact stress caused by a truck passing over a bridge, or any other compression or tension brought to bear on bridges.

This instrument consists of a metal box about 16 inches long and four inches square in cross-sections. At one end of the box is fixed a conical gage point. At the other end is a similar gage point carried on a rugged pivot, and this movable gage point acts as a lever to operate a very small mirror. Mountings for this mirror are very small and light and have very little inertia. From a small electric lamp contained in an apartment in the box, a beam of light passes through a lens and is focused on the small mirror which in turn reflects the beam of light to a moving photographic film. Any movement of the movable gage point is multiplied 500 to 1,000 times by a corresponding movement of the mirror. The movement thus multiplied is recorded on the photographic film, the latter being operated by means of a small electric motor in one end of the box. As there has as yet been no published description of the instrument nor any drawings or photographs prepared for publication it is impossible to give further details.

"One of our most interesting experiments," said Mr. Smith, speaking of the work being conducted at the Arlington Station, "is that to determine the extent of vertical movements of concrete slabs. The edges of such slabs have been found to curl up and down, depending upon the relative temperatures of their upper and lower surfaces. When the top surface is warmed the edges move downward; when the top surface cools the movement is in the opposite direction. We find that the motion is so responsive to the warmth of the sun that it is possible almost instantly to detect the effect of a passing cloud. The extreme movement observed thus far is about two-tenths of an inch."

In the illustration shown herewith may be seen a device for indicating the extent of the warping of these slabs. The instrument is regulated so that it registers the movement on a ratio of 10 to 1.

To determine the effect of impact forces on roads of different types and of different supporting strengths, Mr. Smith has designed a portable impact machine which, in action, simulates that of a motor truck. The accompanying figure shows the construction and principles of this machine. It consists essentially of a motor truck wheel which is carried on a heavy supporting frame, which in turn is carried on a heavy truck spring. This constitutes the unsprung weight and it is operated in a vertical motion by means of cams carried on the outside supporting angle-iron frame. The height of drop of the truck wheel may be regulated from 0 to about 6, and from 6 to 10 drops per minute may be obtained. The value of the spring pressure may be varied, and also the total value of the unsprung weight may be changed by the addition of suitable weights. Impacts may be obtained varying in value from 0 to that of a ten-ton truck. In use, this machine is mounted over a particular road surface or test slab to which impact forces are to be applied. The test is made by allowing the unsprung weight to fall a height of one-eighth of an inch 500 times, then raising it three-eighths of an inch more, and allowing the unsprung weight to fall a height of one-half inch for another 500 blows, and so on, increasing the height of fall three-eighths of an inch each time until failure occurs. Careful measurements of the settlement of the slab are taken after each 250 blows. This permits of the drawing of a curve showing the settlement of the slab, due to the different impact forces applied.

"We have constructed a series of 120 slabs," continued Mr. Smith. "These slabs are seven feet square and represent different types of construction, including plain concrete slabs varying in thickness from two to eight inches, and brick pavement construction on concrete bases of different thicknesses. The testing apparatus may be so operated as to reproduce the different loading and equipment conditions of a large variety of trucks. The slabs are hammered by means of this machine in the center, on the corners, and on the sides so as to obtain the relative strength under these different conditions."

The bureau, as well as private engineering concerns, has long felt the need of some means of determining the actual force of impact in pounds. When the truck wheel pounds down on the slab it simulates the action of a truck traveling over a road when it passes over such surface irregularities as waves, pot holes and joints. It has been impossible heretofore to determine with any reasonable degree of accuracy the actual force of this impact in pounds.

Mr. Smith has designed a delicate instrument to be used for this purpose called the decelerometer. It can be fitted to a truck wheel, a pile-driving hammer or any place where it is desired to determine the actual force of impact. "This little instrument is a great help to us in our experimental work," said Mr. Smith. "We can determine, with the aid of the decelerometer, whether the blow delivered is 10 pounds or 10,000 pounds, with an error of less than five per cent."

Another device used extensively by the bureau in connection with the experimental work is a soil-pressure cell which was designed by Mr. Smith. It has several uses, the principal ones being: 1—the determination of the distribution of concentrated loads through sand fills; 2—the measurement of pressure of concrete against forms; 3—the measurement of the pressures transmitted through road surfaces to subgrades; and 4—the measurement of pressures exerted upon retaining walls.

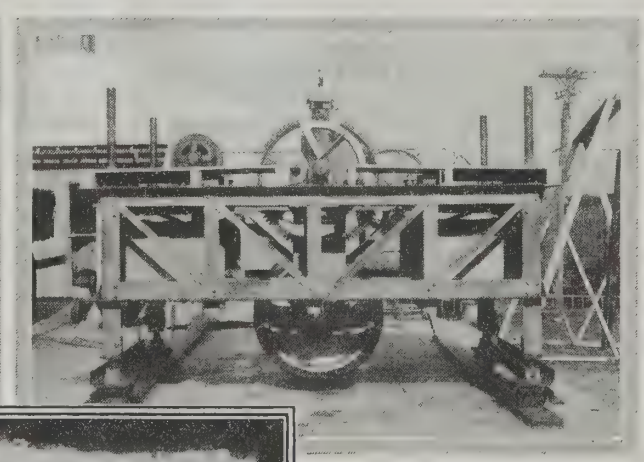
The measurement of pressures transmitted through granular materials has always been a difficult one, primarily due to the fact that the measuring instrument must be capable of indicating such pressures with but an infinitesimal movement of the instrument itself. The slightest motion of the weighing face disturbs the soil so that the pressure originally existing may be changed considerably at the instant the measurement is made. Any instrument to be successful for this purpose must be capable of measuring pressures with practically no motion and the soil-pressure cell designed by Mr. Smith fulfills this requirement.

"The results of test have convinced the officials of the bureau that the instrument gives thoroughly reliable results in granular materials, such as densely compacted sand, as well as in liquids and semi-liquids. It has also been demonstrated that it is sufficiently rugged to withstand field conditions and it might very readily be applied to obtain useful data on many types of construction," says Mr. Smith.

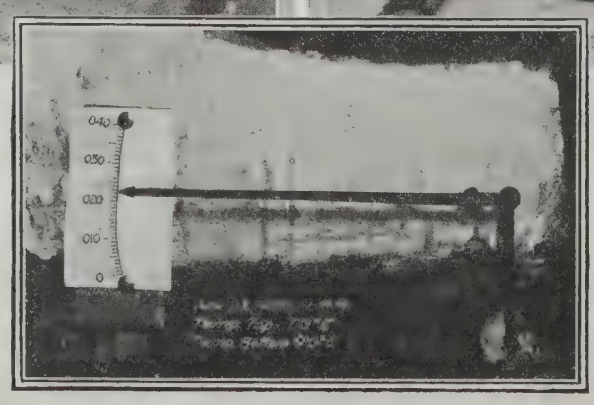
These are a few of the important instruments and machines Mr. Smith has developed. Can we not truthfully say that he is a "success"? I believe so!



Experimental section at Arlington, Va., where tests are made.



Portable road impact machine, designed by Mr. Smith.



Device for indicating warping of road slabs due to temperature changes.

Temple One Man Dreamed, One Other Built

All Architectures But No Architects Used in California Church

By JOHN L. VON BLON

AT THE foot of Mt. Wilson, on whose summit the world's greatest telescope reveals to mortal knowledge more and more of that which was believed to be the infinite, has been completed one of the most modern and distinctive of all houses of worship. It is Bethany Temple, interdenominational, in the picturesque little city of Sierra Madre, nestled against the mountains of the same name 20 miles north of Los Angeles.

With its sister Christian institutions of Southern California it seeks to augment the spiritual vision as the telescope has enlarged the physical. But, unlike so many others, Bethany is not prosaic. Its brief history is amazing—a story remaining untold because men who achieve such marvels as this sacred edifice are modest and shout not from the housetops of their works. It is an inspired sermon on faith writ in granite.



Auditorium of Bethany Temple, showing rostrum.

Up and down the earth as he went about preaching and teaching the Scriptures, an evangelist studied wayside sanctuaries and grand cathedrals, the while formulating his own ideal and dreaming of the time when he should be regularly conducting services in such a place. That minister was the Rev. Dr. William Henry Rawlings, LL.D., of England. Bethany Temple is his ideal realized, his dream come true. It is his conception, he its pastor. While it embodies the good features found elsewhere, the whole is strikingly original. It is not a copy in any part.

One man—L. D. Cornuelle, of Sierra Madre, a zealous member of the organization, personally placed virtually every bit of material employed, including the more than a thousand tons of rock and cement; and he designed as he went forward, carrying out the minister's suggestions, supplementing with his own, and using only his crude pencil preliminary sketch—no blueprints, no working plans, no specifications of any sort. He makes no pretense to being an architect or a mason, but is merely an ordinary carpenter. But for Mr. Cornuelle, who went to California from Cincinnati a number of years ago, there would be no Bethany Temple today. His labor of love, to which he devoted a year and eight months with a single helper, speaks eloquently. He reared not to make money but to do good.

Mr. Cornuelle's assistant was a worker, too. He made on the spot every concrete brick and hauled to the place all the cement and stones—the latter rolled down from the heights by mountain torrents, polished in the process and deposited in near-by washes. The sand required, of the finest quality, was scooped up in excavating for the basement.

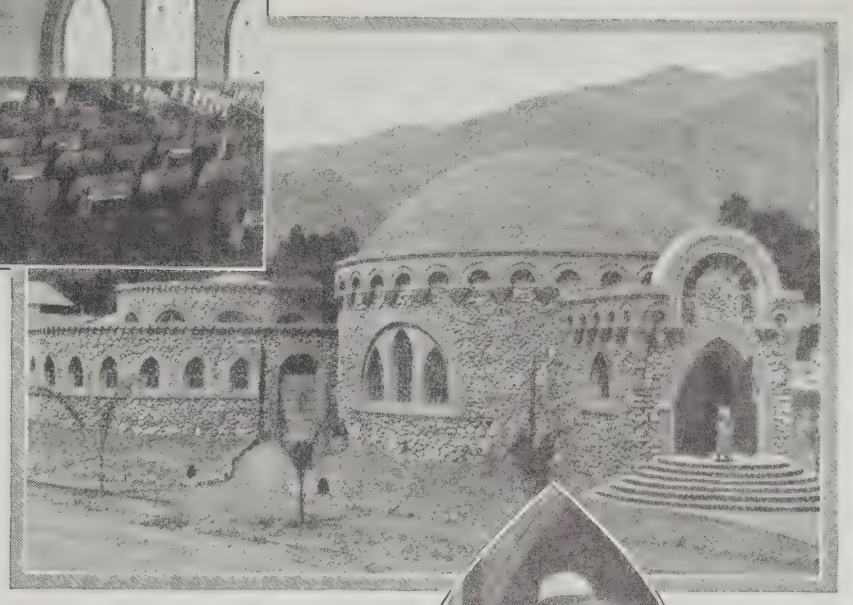
In lieu of the extensive and expensive scaffolding, an old spring wagon was pressed into extraordinary service. And the baptistry, unique as anything else about the "church that's all different," is beneath the pulpit, convenient when needed and out of sight when not in use.

The beginning was made a little more than three years ago. Nobody was asked to become a member or to contribute and no indebtedness was incurred. Thus, as announced in large letters of black concrete set in the gray of the approach, was "Built by Faith in the Living God" a church home that could not be duplicated for less than $50,000; and the adjoining lot has been purchased and a $10,000 parsonage in keeping with the group soon will be under way.

Bethany Temple is a combination of old Greek and Norman architecture, with every late adaptation for comfort. The Greek synagogues, always round, had a peculiarly strong appeal for Dr. Rawlings, as is here manifested. The imposing main entrance, square and charmingly inviting with its spacious vestibule, was inspired by the sixteenth century Palacio das Cortes, monastic, in Lisbon, as were the heavy outer cathedral doors, all iron-studded. The doors and windows throughout are Gothic, the former solid oak and the latter ecclesiastical in that each is a trinity. In the Orient, Dr. Rawlings was also impressed, as is evidenced by the touches throughout. Most notable is the huge, mosque-like dome reminiscent of India, an entrancing silhouette against the lofty purple background at sunset.

There are two connected circular main buildings. Principal is the temple proper, 52 feet in diameter, walls 22 feet to the roof with eight feet cove, making a height of 30 feet. The other is the rotunda Sunday school hall, 57 feet in diameter and 18 feet to the roof, with 16-inch cove. The temple walls are 18 inches thick and those of the rotunda a foot. They are really concrete, with practically the granite only facing, though deeply imbedded and tied to stand indefinitely. No broken rock is used for filling between the small bowlders.

The old wagon played its important part right here. Mr. Cornuelle was determined to eliminate extravagance and waste and figured in terms of pennies. He devised an astonishing economizer. He laid the walls as high as he conveniently could from the ground. Then he fetched the vehicle, made a light, simple portable wooden track in two sections to carry it, and ran the wagon around, putting up the masonry from it. Next came a small scaffold on the rig, from which another five-foot tier was laid; and so progress continued at a satisfactory rate until two more platforms had been superimposed and the job finished. Then the wagon was sold for $5, which forthwith went into the building fund! The scheme isn't patented.



Bethany Temple at Sierra Madre, Calif., in the foreground with rotunda; Sunday school hall to its left.



L. D. CORNUELLE, whose hands, with those of one assistant, built the temple, without aid of plans or blueprints.



DR. WILLIAM HENRY RAWLINGS, whose dream of an ideal house of worship came true.

Similar ingenuity was shown in other directions. When he came to the rostrum arch, in the temple, Mr. Cornuelle discovered that to conform to the general shape it must be curved outward toward the center of the ceiling at the top, 22 inches off plumb. Now anybody knows that a "leaning" arch with a 20-foot span and a heavy weight to support would be dangerously weak. The wise ones insisted that the canny builder was stumped. He smiled and didn't argue. He simply put in an arch from the rear to intersect the other at the center, providing an attractive half-domed alcove for the choir and at the same time making this one of the strongest parts of the structure. The principle is that of the three-legged stool, aptly applied in a new way.

The baptistry, directly under the rostrum, is connected with two dressing rooms, for men and women, respectively, by separate cement stairways. Candidates do not go in or out through the auditorium and the congregation cannot see them except during the rites. They step down the stairs, gradually enter the lukewarm font and move to the center, where the minister conducts the services. The chancel curtains are drawn aside and the baptistry is revealed on the floor level, the heads and shoulders of the candidates visible to the audience. All this innovation is made possible from the fact that the front third of the rostrum floor is easily removable, two men shifting it aside with ease in a minute or two and as readily replacing it.

The temple, seating 300 and utilized for general services, is illuminated from 30 semi-circular niches extending all the way around just below the ceiling, giving, with the stained-glass windows, a pleasing effect by day or by night. These niches are all practical ventilators, invisible flues from the floor to brick shutters which constitute the ornamentation of the cornice. This arrangement has attracted the attention of experts. The air in the temple changes constantly. Heating, when necessary, is by gas radiators connected with the same flues.

There is neither post, pillar nor column in the interior to interfere with seating, view or hearing. Such are the acoustic properties that every word spoken in ordinary conversational tone from the rostrum can be clearly understood in any pew. There is no obstruction and no variation, sound being as evenly distributed as air.

The rotunda Sunday school hall, in which prayer meetings and Bible gatherings are held, is 30 feet in diameter and surrounded by 10 classrooms, the pastor's vestry, a well-appointed kitchen for the benefit of social affairs, and other facilities. Each classroom is open to the center. The wide interior span is supported by a series of 12 arches carried from piers two and a half feet thick, steel re-enforced. Every pier has a flue reaching above the roof to carry out vitiated air or for connection with a heater. For day lighting there are a dozen colored-glass windows in arches of five feet, half-circle radius, concealing electric globes for night use. The rotunda wall extends eight feet above the classrooms. In this hall, as well as in the temple, there is no woodwork, mold and floors being of concrete. There is no fire hazard.

The temple dome alone is of wood, supported by two scissors trusses crossing each other. It is 50 feet across. The rafters were not sawed but bent to form, and each is composed of three one-by-three's nailed together after shaping. One of these staunch rafters is placed every two feet. The dome is covered with asbestos paper, coated with lead, and sanded to match the concrete and stone.

Notice of the art world has been attracted with the result that appropriate decorative treatment of a high order is assured. In the semi-circular pulpit alcove Leonard Borman, Sierra Madre mural artist, will portray the Annunciation—the text "Glory to God in the Highest" outstanding over the soft-tinted setting of the birth of the Christ.

Born in Norfolk but recognized as a Londoner, Dr. Rawlings was educated and ordained at Oxford and has had a broad, active career. With the late Dwight L. Moody, in his day the foremost of evangelists, he preached in nearly every country, and was associated in similar endeavor with the late Lord Redstock. In the Metropolitan, London, he had a congregation of 5,000 and other thousands heard him in Edinburgh Castle. He was rector of West London Tabernacle, was responsible for Farnbrook Tabernacle, and built Mytchett Tabernacle and Cove Chapel. In addition he is author of many theological works and founder of the London *Vanguard* and the *Gospel Witness*. During the war the clergyman worked among British soldiers, looking after the spiritual welfare of thousands, always in close touch with his friend, Marshal Haig. In 1918 he broke down from the nervous strain and came to America and Southern California. A little more than three years ago, at the solicitation of the Los Angeles Bible Institute and request of a number of Sierra Madre people, he went there. A Bible reading and other meetings followed. Dr. and Mrs. Rawlings remained and the religious planting bore fruit—which is Bethany Temple.

"Welcome" is the word on the entrance step of the temple, which always is open to those seeking quiet and rest and prayer. It has become a tourist objective.

This is the story of the granite pile built up from an old spring wagon—conceived by one man and created by another.

From Wheelbarrow to Parliament to Prison

Or the Rise and Fall of Horatio Bottomley, Publisher of "John Bull"; Golden Idol of the Middle Class Talked Beer, But Drank Champagne

By an English Journalist

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, under sentence of seven years' penal servitude for "converting" trust funds to his own uses and who is appealing against the sentence to the Court of Criminal Appeal, is one of the most remarkable personalities in English public life. We have had our share of notorious offenders who cut a large figure on the national stage owing to the scale of their depredations, the magnificence of their living or the special methods of their crookedness. Such were Whitaker Wright, who 20 years ago committed suicide by taking poison immediately after sentence had been passed on him—the court and police authorities, by the way, have taken and are taking special precautions lest Bottomley should try to follow that example; Jabez Balfour, of the "Liberator" frauds, who ruined many guileless families in the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion; and E. T. Hooley, who is now in prison.

But Bottomley is different. He has been for some years a truly national figure. He has had a greater personal "public" than any single man in this country except Lloyd George. He, the prisoner with a seven years' sentence, won the reputation with masses of English men and English women of being the watchdog of public honesty, and accordingly they intrusted him with many hundreds of thousands of pounds of money.

The Gullible Public

EVEN during the early stages of his recent trial there was always a crowd about the doors of the court to welcome "Good old Bottomley." Some said he paid the crowd, but the suspicion was unnecessary. He is the supreme instance in our history of capacity to gull the English public and of the illimitable capacity of the public to be gulled. For the exposure of his previous misdoings was without effect. The public memory was short and generous and he traded on the fact. He had more lives, in this sense, than the proverbial cat and he clearly does not believe that his career is even yet at an end. To a newspaperman who has interviewed him in prison he said with characteristic unctuousness "I have things yet to do for my country," and it would be rash to say that even now, were he released, he would be unable to find a certain public credulous enough to trust him.

Bottomley's career has fallen into certain distinct periods. He began life in a humble way, pushing a street barrow, it is said. Thence he went into the printing trade but found his first congenial province in company-promoting. He was associated with a long line of companies which, one after another, went into voluntary liquidation. The failure of one seemed to be no barrier to the obtaining of more capital for the next, and when finally this stage of Bottomley's life came to an end the capital which had been subscribed by the public to these highly unfortunate companies is said to have been 18,000,000 pounds sterling. As early as 1893 he had been accused in courts of conspiracy to defraud but was acquitted. In 1906 he was declared by one of the judges of the high court to have been guilty of a breach of trust. He was twice adjudged bankrupt (the second time in 1912). In almost all legal proceedings he was his own counsel.

In law, Bottomley was not a particularly brilliant advocate. He knew the passions and prejudices on which he played, but that was about all. He sometimes obtained real legal assistance in the preparation of cases, in which he cornered the limelight of court advocacy. But all in all he was not very efficient, although he sometimes got the credit for efficiency. On his first appearance in court for his own defense he had been complimented by Mr. Justice Hawkins on his ability. When Mr. Justice Salter sentenced him to seven years' imprisonment, he, too, referred to the skill which he had shown as advocate.

A Race-Track Devotee

WHEN Bottomley's company-promoting ended in bankruptcy in 1906 he forsook the financial operations of "the City" and became the editor and chief writer in the weekly paper, *John Bull*. He not only edited and wrote in this paper; he *was* "John Bull" and his personality soon acquired for it a very large circulation. He had various qualities which have always appealed to the masses of the English people, and others he simulated. He shared, or affected to share, their tastes and prejudices. As has been said of him, *he talked beer though he drank champagne*. He was a devotee of the turf, a sport which has deep roots in the English race, and he could speak with authority, for he owned and ran horses.

In his paper he was always the bluff, outspoken, and strong man seeking to expose wrong and protect the simple and weak against the crookedness of an evil world. And this went down very well, even before the war. "Have you seen what *John Bull* says about it?" was a frequent question when there was scent of some new scandal. When the war came, it was an opportunity for the honest *John Bull*, personified in Bottomley, to help his brothers through the great ordeal. He made the most of it and asked for their confidence first and their money afterward. He got both, too, in abundant measure.

Bottomley was super-patriotic. He helped the recruiting cause with religious fervor, speaking continually all over the country and filling the largest halls with ease. He wrote in his paper in the pontifical style which with a certain public passes for authority and knowledge. He would write: "I give Mr. Asquith seven days" to carry out some *John Bull* policy, and on another occasion, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying to me, 'write!'" In the days of a great war there is mismanagement in plenty and there is always, and with a certain amount of popular ground, suspicion of the fumbling and inefficiency of those in authority, the politicians and, still more, the lawyer-politicians.

The men in the trenches and their families at home were ready enough with criticism of the blunders they knew of and the others they suspected. It was Bottomley's cue to exploit all the prevailing prejudices and suspicions to the utmost.

He did some useful work undoubtedly and the "dear lads" in the trenches, as he called them to the last, read *John Bull* freely and readily accepted Bottomley for the honest, blunt, business-man critic and guide that he proclaimed himself to be. After he had been sent to prison he asserted that Earl Haig had once asked him to "take the salute" when he paid one of his visits to the front. Certainly there was a feeling among masses of people that Bottomley, whatever his dubious past, had got hold of the stick by the right end in matters concerning the management of the war. He was in Parliament at the time and even succeeded in forming a little "Independent" party of his own. He wrote articles couched in the loftiest moral tone for the Sunday press and it was said that he was paid 250 pounds an article.

Patriotism for Revenue

BUT Bottomley could not long be satisfied with the pure milk of patriotism. He longed to be again at financial enterprises, rendered more exciting both for himself and for the British public which he knew so well by the spice of gambling which he introduced into his new ventures. He, therefore, devised a series of Bond clubs, War Loan, Victory Bond and Thrift Prize Bond clubs. His readers were invited to put their money into government securities with the chance also of drawing a prize. He cunningly played on the double inducement of patriotic service and the gambling instinct.

When the English law interfered with his operations as being a lottery, he transferred his dealings into French war bonds and at the same time the books of the clubs were transferred to Paris. More than 500,000 pounds sterling were subscribed and went into Bottomley's hands. He had the sole charge and control of the money; unfortunately for him the courts declared that he was in the position of a trustee and bound, therefore, by all the legal obligations of trusteeship, which are extremely strict and the violation of which is severely punishable in law. It is for the misappropriations of these funds that he has received his sentence of seven years.

It was only four years ago that Bottomley was in the heydey of his popularity. The King received him at Buckingham Palace, an event which was reported and commented upon in the press. He went to the front, and addressed the soldiers, being escorted from place to place by high ranking generals. He was invited by the government to address the munition workers at Glasgow. At the time of demobilization, when unrest was rife among the returned soldiers, Bottomley was called upon to save the day by addressing the malcontents, and induce them to follow the ways of peace.

A situation which was, indeed, curious occurred early in 1919 when Bottomley was asked to serve on the Court Martial Commission. This was presided over by Mr. Justice Darling who as judge had tried the case of Bottomley against Greaney, and had sat in two other court proceedings when the evidence was all unfavorable to the editor. Another prominent member of the Court Martial Commission was Lord Hugh Cecil, an aristocrat of the first water and one of the few leaders of British politics against whom almost nothing is said. At this period Bottomley claims to have been offered a privy councilorship.

The fatal error which Bottomley made seems to have been a criticism of Lord Alverstone, long Lord Chief Justice of England, after the latter's death. The article which stirred the deep resentment of Lord Alverstone's friends was published in 1921. It charged Lord Alverstone had been involved in a motor accident, and had ignored the claim of the poor victims for damages. The victims wrote Bottomley and he sought to get the Lord Chief Justice to make some settlement. An item of five pounds in the claim was denied by Lord Alverstone and paid by Bottomley, for which subsequently Bottomley received a check from the jurist. Bottomley, declaiming on Lord Alverstone's meanness, swore to keep the check uncashed, and later reproduced it. The particular incident which gave rise to the Alverstone article had happened years previous to 1921, and Bottomley claimed that a hostile charge given by Alverstone in a case against him (Bottomley) in a subsequent case, was due to this fight for the poor people. Bottomley's knowledge or suspicions regarding corruption in high places during the war, and his attack on Alverstone, occasioned general belief that he was planning similar assaults on the reputations of other prominent British statesmen, living and dead. Fear may have had a bit to do with the determination to prosecute Bottomley after these many years.

Framed Bogus Action

OTHER very serious charges had been made against him during recent court proceedings when he prosecuted for criminal libel one of his former assistants, Bigland. Bigland, who was acquitted, asserted that when an action was brought which might have proved that one of Bottomley's prize competitions was fraudulent, Bottomley induced him to bribe the principal witness to disappear from the case. Bottomley did not go into the witness box to deny this.

Bottomley brought suit against a man named Greaney, a suit which he prosecuted with the utmost seriousness. He charged the defendant with being the publisher of a pamphlet issued some time previously, entitled "Horatio Bottomley Exposed." Greaney humbly "confessed," and Bottomley magnanimously agreed to a nominal judgment of 500 pounds.

The fact of the matter was that the alleged libel for which Bottomley had sued, had been published by another person altogether. This publication was simply copied, Greaney's name placed upon it, and Greaney was sued in the bogus case. Subsequently Bigland testified that Bottomley had paid him to introduce Greaney, with whom for a consideration he framed the fake action. The purpose was to induce the public to believe that the original exposure was false. Bottomley, according to Bigland, paid the entire expenses of the case, and paid Greaney in addition for sitting in as dummy defendant.

Bottomley did not deny this accusation either. He had long proceeded on the principle that it was most profitable to ignore the charges made against him as much as possible. But the attacks of Bigland and journals like *Truth* (on which he served over a dozen writs for libel) finally drove him into the courts—a fatal step, for once he was in the courts the truth began to come out and he could not escape.

Middle Class Always

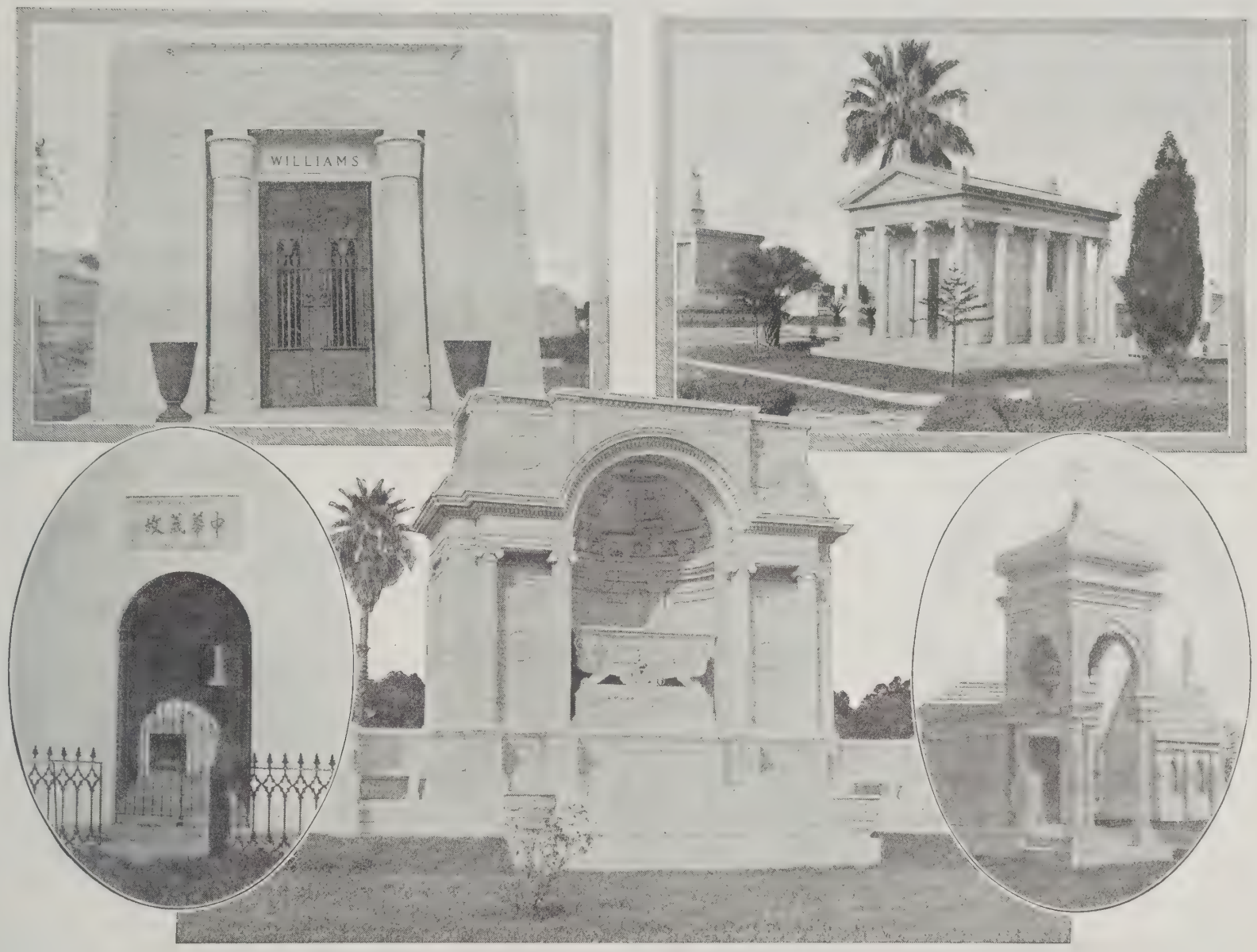
WHAT was the secret of Bottomley? He had considerable ability, he was a good speaker and he could furnish a plausible presentment of the bluff frank Englishman who is grateful to those who distrust cleverness and rhetoric in high places. He was a gambler and knew how much a "chance" appeals to the average man. Above all, he had colossal self-assurance, which was fairly justified. He had a tremendous belief in the short memory and the simple trustfulness of the public and was confident that by means of unlimited audacity and persistent indifference to exposure he could always find a great public that would accept him and his schemes.

No estimate of Bottomley is possible except for a person who understands the middle-class Briton. Bottomley was middle class. But *he also understood the middle-class Briton*. He understood the credulity, the cupidity, the ignorance, the prejudice, which animate his fellows. He had the enthusiasm of middle classism, for persecuting the unpopular, for assailing the minority. When pacifism was unpopular, Bottomley's inveighings were the bitterest; when a wave of fear and hatred for Mormonism swept the narrow confines of Britain, Bottomley was the loudest in denunciation; conscientious objectors, irresponsible persons who committed disgusting crimes, unnamed profits—these and countless others who could not defend themselves, he assailed with the wildest vituperation.

No one ever had so profound a contempt for the intelligence of the people, witness the smug hypocrisy of the interview that he gave in prison, which nevertheless, as he knows, may find a sympathetic audience. "It is only their kindness that wounds," said Bottomley of the prison officials, who "kept their eyes averted" because "they did not want to look on me and my misery." Bottomley is "fortified by the faith that he will regain the paradise of honor and love in the public mind." He has done too much injury to wish that he had the chance again.

Ornate Cemetery Where Horses Once Raced

Pique Over Club Affront Gave New Orleans Place for Handsome Tombs



Examples of architecture in various New Orleans cemeteries, famed for the handsomely designed tombs. Egyptian, Roman, Renaissance, Chinese and Gothic are among the designs borrowed from.

By FRANK LAWRASON

CURIOSITY, springing from a variety of causes, sends thousands of tourists annually to visit the famous tombs of New Orleans. Some are drawn by the desire to study the quaint architecture, borrowed from all periods of history. But more have their interest aroused by the story of the impulse that caused the laying out of the newest and handsomest of all the city's cemeteries.

Metairie Cemetery is famed throughout the studious portion of the world for the tombs of Egyptian, Greek, Renaissance and Mooresque types. But idle curiosity is more easily stirred by the fact that this ornate burying ground owes its existence to the fact that a certain little group of rich men, who once ran the famous Louisiana Lottery, were denied membership to Jockey Club. The cemetery is built on a plan that follows the curve of a half-mile track where the great horses of the decade following the Civil War battled for supremacy.

There are many unusual tombs in this cemetery, but none more so than a small replica of the main hall of an Irish Castle. Here, too, is the quaintly designed tomb of the Chinese, officially known as Cypress Grove No. 1, but always called "The Firemen's Cemetery."

In the years following the war when there was enough recovery from its effects to give the people leisure for sports, the Metairie Jockey Club established its track on the outskirts of the city. It was the gathering place for sportsmen from all over the South and occasionally horses were brought from the East to compete for the heavy purses. While admittance to the races was in no way limited, admission to the jockey club was a wholly different matter.

The Orleanians who operated the Louisiana Lottery were the wealthiest, the most powerful politically, and the most prominent socially in the city, though their number included some who never attained any great general popularity. The lottery itself was so conducted that no question of the honesty of its drawings was ever raised, despite the fact that from its first day it had strong opposition. One of the men directly concerned in its operation suggested to members of the Metairie Jockey Club that he would appreciate election to the club. The answer was not to his liking. While not generally popular, he had so many good qualities that his friends were as brothers.

The rejected citizen gathered his friends together and they made an agreement to turn the Metairie Race Track into a cemetery. Whenever a share of stock was for sale, they bought it. When they had a majority, about 40 years ago, they organized the present Metairie Cemetery Association, wrecked the race track and erected their family tombs in the new burial ground. All that is left of the famous race track, where Lexington and Lecompte fought out the great match race of the past generation, is the curves that suggest it.

The Metairie is the newest of the New Orleans cemeteries and perhaps for that reason attracts most attention from visitors. It is immediately across a road from the country club golf links. Near by are others as interesting to persons who care to walk through them. "Cypress Grove No. 1," the Firemen's Cemetery, with its many handsome tombs is the best known of these.

Guests of the New Orleans Country Club who go to play on the golf links hardly ever fail to become interested in Metairie, which is just across the road from the links. Having seen it, their interest in New Orleans cemeteries usually suggests a visit to the firemen's "Cypress Grove No. 1." There are thousands of persons in New Orleans who know this burial ground only as "the Firemen's" and some who identify it among the seven with entrances within 1,000 feet as "the one with the Chinese tomb."

In the almost forgotten days when the volunteer firemen's association was a powerful political force and some of its companies were social clubs, the association established this burial ground. But for the rejection of the lottery king's application for membership in the jockey club this and not the Metairie would be the chief center of interest in the vicinity. While all creeds are represented in the Christian cemeteries of New Orleans, only one of them has a Chinese tomb and that is the Firemen's.

The Chinese do not bury their dead in foreign countries as do the other residents. Their tomb is a temporary resting place for bodies that are sent to China at regular intervals. The interior of the tomb duplicates the form of tomb known as "the ovens," which name comes from the suggestion of the individual resting places to the closed doorways of the bakers' oven. The fireplace in the tomb is used to burn prayers written on red paper. The small chambers in which the dead Chinese rest for a while bear no names. They are merely numbered for identification. At the close of the brief ceremonies, a relative or a close friend of the departed hands each person present a piece of maple sugar and several coins, wrapped together in red paper.

An interesting detail of the cemeteries is the number of iron tombs. Built of pure metal, they last as long as stone and marble. Far down in the Belize, an abandoned settlement on the Mississippi River that was once the pilot's village, an iron tomb stands undamaged by the dampness despite the wreck wrought by dynamite when thieves sought the gold ornaments of men and women long dead.

Only the Jews in New Orleans have cemeteries restricted to persons of one religious faith. They are recognized at once by their fixed form of entrance, a small building with double doors. With this exception, no distinctions are made as to the faith of families who seek to buy plots for their family tombs. The Jews bury in the ground, as do a few Christians; but the raised tomb or a place in the tiers known locally as "the ovens" is the usual thing for an Orleanian. This preference of a majority of the Jews is a tradition from centuries when they were excluded from the Christian burial places. They are not excluded in New Orleans and have not been for at least two generations.

Orleanians do not look upon their cemeteries as some others do their churchyards. They visit them frequently in good weather. Iron chairs and benches are provided for the older members of the family.

BRIEFLY TOLD

In 60 years Negroes in the United States have acquired 22,000,000 acres of land, as working farmers, and not as speculators. They own 600,000 homes and 45,000 churches and operate 78 banks, 100 insurance companies, besides 70,000 business enterprises of various kinds, with a capital of $150,000,000. Illiteracy has been reduced to 26 per cent, due to the fact that there are more than 400 normal schools and colleges for Negro teachers.

Savannah, Georgia, lays claim to the youngest woman—or girl—lawyer in the United States. She has just passed her seventeenth birthday and but recently passed the state bar examination and was admitted to practice. Under the laws of Georgia there is no age limit for persons admitted to the practice of law.

The alleged sale of titles and honors is being discussed by the British House of Commons. For a long time Lloyd George has been charged with exchanging titles for large contributions to party funds.

New York City has formed a "Welcome Stranger Committee," to assist visitors in seeing the city and to dispel the rumor that the metropolis is reserved and cold toward newcomers.

One of the largest men alive recently left Hungary for his fatherland, Siberia, to assist his parents in farm work. He is 34 years of age, nine feet three inches tall and weighs 458 pounds. He consumes more than four times as much food as the average person.

A new invention in the shape of an electric bundle tier has just appeared that will speed up parcel departments. The machine ties a strong square knot, cuts the cord and throws the bundle to one side.

The cast-off horns of deer, elk and moose which annually fall off are gathered in the forests of the Northwest and manufactured into napkin rings, umbrella and knife handles.

Ladybugs congregate after the first frost in the Rocky Mountains, entering rocky crevasses where they become dormant. The bugs are then gathered and put into boxes until early spring, when they are sold to orchardists to prey upon aphis and other plant life.

A new anti-bandit gun weighs nine and one-half pounds. It fires 1,000 shells a minute and has an accurate range of 1,500 feet.

A new airplane muffler has been perfected in Europe which does not reduce the efficiency of the motor. Silent flying has now become a fact after 18 years of effort by engineers.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

The director of the mint has been authorized to coin one hundred thousand 50-cent pieces in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of President Rutherford B. Hayes.

Orange groves in California are protected from the frosts by operating large fans on 20-foot towers.

Plastic wood is a collodion preparation made with very fine wood meal and of the consistency of putty. It is claimed to be waterproof, will set hard and can be turned with a lathe. Nails can be driven into the dried material without cracking it.

The Canton Christian College of South China is importing American domestic animals and numerous plants and fruit and nut trees in an effort to improve the agricultural situation in that section.

Boston has the largest pier in the world devoted exclusively to the fish business. It is 1,200 feet long, 300 feet wide, and is paved with brick and concrete in such a manner that it can be cleaned easily by flushing with water. It cost $3,000,000 and 80 vessels can discharge their cargoes at once.

The Bubonic plague which usually breaks out in China during June, made its appearance in April this year. Thousands in the interior districts have died.

What is believed to be the thickest seam of black coal discovered in the world is being exploited in Queensland, Australia. The seam is entirely free from clay bands and is 93 feet thick in places. The mine is 280 miles from the nearest seaport.

The sting of a bee caused the driver of an automobile near Cincinnati to lose control of the car with the result that it plunged over an eight-foot embankment and overturned, pinning its occupants underneath. One woman died.

A Nevada aviator, en route from Buffalo, New York, to Nome, Alaska, was forced to land at Niggerhead Flat, on Seven-mile River, 75 miles from Dawson, because of engine trouble. His airplane descended into the midst of a herd of caribou, one of which the aviator killed for food. The plane, partially wrecked, was abandoned, the aviator proceeding by steamer to Fairbanks.

The inhabitants of Gomera, one of the Canary Islands, use a system of whistling signals for conveying bits of news and information over considerable distances with great rapidity. According to reports this system dates back hundreds of years.

Several cities in Norway own and operate their film theaters and devote the profits to cultural enterprises for the people's enjoyment and benefit. Christiania's profit from this source for 1921 was $350,000 and this sum has been allotted to a studio building, a people's theater, a concert hall, a music pavilion and to the advancement of natural sciences.

At an auction sale President Harding's picture brought $46 against $26 for that of former President Wilson. The sale was held in Staunton, Virginia, the birthplace of Mr. Wilson.

The population of France is dwindling at the rate of 200,000 yearly.

Australian states are opening millions of acres to settlers. Victoria proposes to throw open 1,250,000 acres of northwestern land. At the same time railway extensions in progress in the state will make provision for 500 other farms. Queensland will open up 1,000,000 acres of crown land and construct the Dawson River irrigation works which will be one of the largest in the world.

Special delivery stamps in use in the United States are to be made in a new design which will substitute a motor cycle for the bicycle at present in the design.

Legacies amounting to 5,000,000 francs were left to various French scientific organizations by the will of the late Prince Albert of Monaco. Among them were the following: A million francs each to the French Academy of Science, the Academy of Medicine, the Institute of Paleontology in Paris and the Oceanographical Institute. A million francs was also left to the Oceanographical Museum at Monaco.

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IN THIS ISSUE

Where Eliza Caught the Underground Railroad

The Golden Dam to the Stream of Prosperity

Voices Divine, Old-Time Tunes and Broadway

Highbrows of American Mills and Factories

Something About New York's "Water Cure"

Emerson Hough — Historian of the Far West

A Mountain Memorial to Theodore Roosevelt

How Wall Street Feeds on the Country Banks

"He's Great," Children Say of Art Director

Taking the Bitterness Out of Our Coffee

The Golden Dam to the Stream of Prosperity

Money Standard Descends From Barbarian Fetish for Yellow Metal



By J. V. NASH

LAST summer I received in the mail one morning a copy of a beautifully illustrated periodical containing many interesting articles intended to "boost" the industries of Chicago. The magazine, it seemed, was published by a large downtown bank, through its publicity department, headed by a well-known local advertising man. My attention was particularly arrested by a statement of the purposes which it was stated the magazine was working to achieve. Prominent among these purposes was, so it said, the establishment of habits of Thrift, "as one of the most important lessons taught by the war."

Now, I happened to know that the bank which was financing this house organ made a specialty of underwriting industrial and commercial enterprises. In the circumstances, I could not but wonder how a bank with such a clientele could benefit itself or its customers by crying up the desirability of "thrift," the ultimate result of which would be to curtail demand for the products of the enterprises which it was financing.

I contemplated writing a letter to the heads of the bank, pointing out the fallacy of this thrift propaganda, but fearing that it might be regarded as gratuitous meddling in the bank's affairs, I hesitated. Meanwhile, apparently, the thrift propaganda was doing its deadly work. One morning last January, when the bank employes reported for duty after the New Year's holiday, they found the heavy iron doors closed, placards posted up, and policemen stationed outside. This bank, for more than 35 years counted among the leading financial institutions in the city, had been forced out of business by the insolvency of some of the commercial enterprises which it was backing and whose "paper" had become a liability.

So, then, it is very evident that "thrift" is not the cure for the economic disease which is afflicting this country.

Although the area of the United States is 30 times greater than that of the British Isles, the population of the United States is only a little more than twice the population of those Isles. If the United States were as well populated as these two small islands (which are by no means crowded) it would have more than ONE BILLION AND A THIRD inhabitants! Texas alone, with only 4,000,000, contains more than twice the area of the United Kingdom. It will therefore be seen that Texas could support the entire present population of the United States without undue crowding.

Something surely must be radically wrong when only 105,000,000 of us, scattered through 48 great states, find it so difficult to get enough to eat, and we have so many millions of unemployed headed toward pauperism, that Congress has been compelled to put up the bars against further immigration from abroad.

If we ask our professional economists the reason for this anomalous state of affairs, they shake their heads and talk learnedly about the law of supply and demand, about business cycles, about the balance of trade, about foreign markets, and about the disturbed conditions in Russia and the Near East! But none of these explains the fact that men are unable to earn a livelihood in a country which has a physical and economic capacity for the support of 30 times its present population, and, with intensive cultivation, perhaps one hundred times.

Last year we had the greatest corn and wheat crop on record; in many of the western states the farmers were obliged to burn their corn for fuel, because they could not sell it. In near-by cities thousands of needy families were suffering want, yet they could not buy the corn and the wheat because they had no money. Great stocks of manufactured products likewise have lain rotting in warehouses. The stocks could not be sold, because there was a scarcity of money among the consumers.

It would appear, then, to one who has not acquired mental strabismus by poring over books of economic theory, that the simple reason for the industrial stagnation, for the unemployment, and for the damming up of the stream of wealth which should flow unhampered from producer to consumer and from consumer back to producer (for everyone is a producer in one place and a consumer in another) is LACK OF MONEY; that is, the want of an adequate supply of a medium of exchange.

The key to the whole situation seems to lie in the fact that in this, the third decade of the twentieth century, we still insist that there shall be no lawfully recognized basis for our medium of exchange except a certain metal of little intrinsic worth, valued chiefly because of its gaudy yellow color (a blind man could not distinguish it from copper or tin) which made it attractive to primitive man back in the days of barbarism. When civilization began, there being but small use for money, gold admirably served the needs of the ancient community as a circulating medium. In small circular disks these coins passed from hand to hand, just as among the Indians wampum, among African tribes strings of glass beads, and among the South Sea Islanders pretty sea-shells have been and in some places still are used as a medium of exchange.

The other day I happened to be visiting a great museum of natural history. In the section devoted to exhibits illustrating the life of savage tribes in the South Sea Islands, I noticed some necklaces. One of them was of particular interest. Strung together on a string, which evidently had been worn around the neck of some cannibal chief, there were sea-shells, colored beads, and two or three United States five-dollar gold pieces, bearing dates of half a century ago. It was a distinct shock to see coins bearing the proud inscription "United States of America" in so debased an environment, and with a feeling of humiliation and disgust I turned away from the exhibit. But, after all, strung around the neck of a naked savage, American gold coins perform a real and tangible service by giving esthetic satisfaction to the wearer and the beholders. In our more enlightened and civilized country they are hidden away in the safety vaults of banks, and when they change owners they are transported in strong boxes by armed guards from place to place, and never see the light of day except when being furtively counted behind locks and bolts!

As the division of labor and the growing complexity of our industrial organization have rendered barter obsolete, a medium of exchange in adequate quantities, representing a real value, becomes more and more imperative. Yet we still cling like savages to our little disks of glittering metal, or bits of paper which give title to them. This we call "the gold standard," a term which has acquired a very solemn and portentous importance in all our economic and political discussions. We are assured that "the gold standard" is the foundation of our prosperity, and that if we let go of it for an instant we would all be plunged into the depths of economic anarchy.

The constantly increasing inadequacy of gold as the basis of our medium of exchange lies in the fact that the supply of it is limited and is incapable of multiplication. Modern physical science, however, through its discovery of the electronic basis of matter, with the hydrogen atom as the parent of all the elements, may yet lead to the artificial production of gold. But if gold could be manufactured in unlimited quantities, its value would vanish, since it serves none of the elemental needs of society.

The scarcity of gold is, then, the determining factor in its value. *Only while it remains scarce will it retain sufficient value to make its use as a medium of exchange possible, and conversely, while it retains its usefulness as a medium of exchange there will never be enough of it to go round.* This is a vicious circle from which there is no escape!

If gold becomes more plentiful, its value declines; therefore it takes more of it to buy a bushel of wheat, and we say that prices have gone up! Yet since we have more gold, we think that we must be more prosperous. The fact that we overlook is that gold does not and cannot have an independent value. The value of gold is fundamentally a barter value like that of any other commodity. To be valuable it must be extremely s c a r c e, much scarcer than wheat or corn, and then it is so scarce that there is not enough to exchange for all the wheat and corn; so the grain is burned on the farms and the children starve in the cities.

If the amount of gold expanded in an even ratio with the increase of population, its value should remain constant, because the supply would maintain the same relativity to the demand. But as a matter of fact, the world's supply of gold is constantly becoming relatively less. *The supply of gold is constantly diminishing in relation to the population.* When the ore once has been extracted from the mine, the mine is exhausted and has to be abandoned. The famous Cripple Creek mine in Colorado, once one of the chief sources of the world's gold supply, is now largely a memory. The great gold mines of the ancient world, likewise, have been barren for centuries. Their very location is now a matter of conjecture. In 1849-50 the greatest gold deposits known to recent history were uncovered in California and Australia; there was a mad rush to both countries—thousands of adventurers perishing en route—and the richest portions of the fields were soon stripped bare.

But even the vast quantities of gold taken from California and Australia served but as a temporary stop-gap in the growing demand for gold, which soon became more pressing than before. The most remote and desolate recesses of the earth's surface have been combed by prospectors and geologists in the search for new deposits. In 1897 gold was discovered in the frozen wilds of Alaska, just beneath the arctic circle. Again there was a frenzied rush, with great loss of life, to the gold fields, and in a few years the bulk of the deposits had been carted away on dog sleds. In the 25 years since then, no new fields of any great importance have been discovered.

The world's stock of gold suffers a constant diminution by loss and attrition. Coins passing from hand to hand and in counting are gradually worn thin by abrasion, and after they have lost a certain weight no longer pass current. Ships carrying cargoes of bullion are lost at sea. Again, gold is constantly being used in the arts for gilding and plating; the gilding and plating are eventually rubbed away by handling and the gold is dissipated beyond any possibility of recovery.

When speaking reverentially of "the gold standard," it is well to remember that there is nothing intrinsically sacrosanct about gold. It is by no means the rarest, nor in the opinion of many, the most beautiful of the metals. The exquisite metal known as platinum, which is much more highly prized in the arts and sciences than gold, is also of considerably greater scarcity. But because its discovery has been subsequent to the development of civilization, and it was unknown to primitive barbarism, platinum has not become an economic fetish and we have had no agitation for a "platinum standard" as the basis of a sound currency.

According to a recent estimate, the world's gold supply is valued at about $9,000,000,000. The total yield of the mines of the United States, from the first records of 1792 to the close of the year 1916, has been 185,226,085 fine ounces, valued at $3,828,957,200. In 1916 the output was 4,479,056 ounces, valued at $92,950,300. In 1920 the value of the output amounted to only $49,509,400.

On December 31, 1919, the amount of money in the United States was as follows: gold, $2.708,862,000; silver, $543,510,000; paper, $4,377,057,000; total, $7,629,429,000. The per capita distribution was thus: gold, $25.01; silver, $5.02; paper, $40.42; total, $70.45.

In other words, if the entire stock of lawful money in the United States were distributed equally among the population, each individual would be worth only $70.45. Of course, it is not so distributed.

The figures for the world on the same date were as follows: Gold, $7,594,557,000; silver, $1,335,233,000; paper, $51,415,440,000; total, $60,345,230,000. And the per capita distribution: Gold, $4.75; silver, .78; paper, $32.20; total, $37.53.

On the other hand, the total *wealth* of the United States was estimated in 1912 at $187.739 000,000, or a per capita of $1,965. It is therefore evident that only *one-thirtieth of the wealth of the country could be liquidated in money* at any given time, even if none of the money was hoarded in stockings and strong boxes and it all was in circulation. Is it any wonder that we suffer periodically from the nightmare of panics

(Concluded on page 14)

Where Eliza Caught the Underground Railroad

Ripley, Ohio, Haunted by Stories of Days of the Runaway Slaves

By HARRY E. BARNET



TALK in Ripley, Ohio, turns naturally to the Underground Railroad because the town was one of the chief terminals. This system aided and transported fugitive slaves through free territory, and into Canada. It had in it all of the fascinating features of picturesque outlawry—the matching wits with crafty and rapacious man trackers, for instance; the appeal of piracy, and the lure of smuggling—since its business was carried on in violation of laws, and in defiance of enforcement agencies. Patrols pursued fugitive convoys, and frequently battled for the fugitives before they reached foreign soil.

General traffic was established about the time of the Revolutionary War. It was developed to huge proportions, and the system continued to the outbreak of the Civil War. Sincere Abolitionists, men and women, considered slavery unjust and oppressive and the Underground Railroad was their method of combat. It afforded an emotional outlet, a philanthropic undertaking, under the glamour of what was considered by the Abolitionists to be a sort of a humane and holy insurrection, and by the slave owners to be an invasion of vested and property rights.

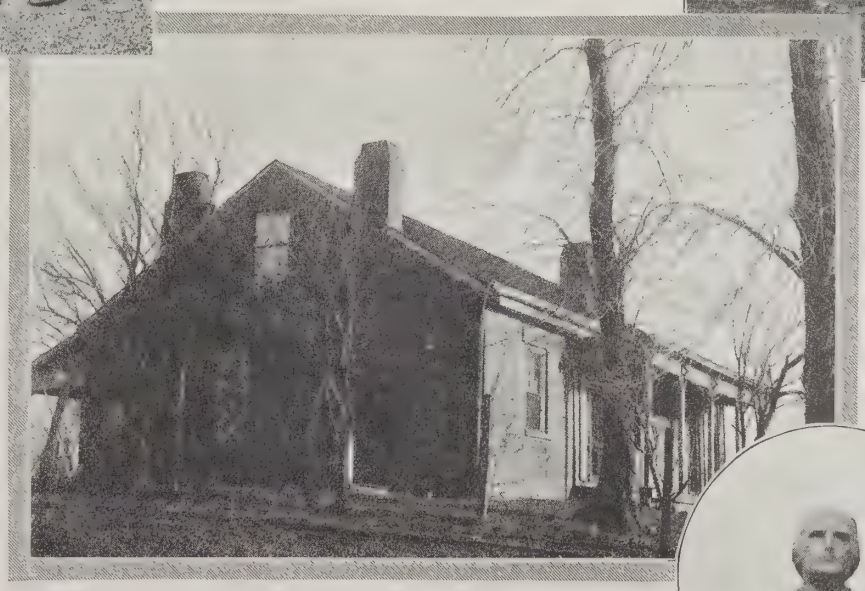
The Underground Railroad was characteristic of small communities and sparsely settled localities. Ripley is a small town on the north bank of the Ohio River, about 40 miles upstream from Cincinnati. The Ohio and Kentucky shores form rugged highlands and they were heavily timbered. Forests on the broken surface were reasonably safe fugitive coverts. The Ohio River was a comparatively safe route for fugitives from the southeast, who reached the stream above Ripley, if they floated by night, and hid in the shore growth by day. A gap in the hills behind the town is a gateway to the north.

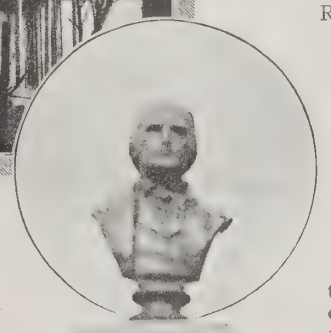
About 1803, Abolitionists commenced to settle amid these natural advantages. Ripley became the objective for fleeing slaves. There was spectacular preaching of Abolitionist principles. This culminated in a split in the most prominent church, and the erection of a second church by members who withdrew. The roar and bitterness divided the community for years. The upshot was intense resentment on the south side of the river. Attempts were made to burn Ripley; there were scores of invasions, and countless affrays.

Some persons who witnessed this commotion when children still live there. Bronze tablets commemorating particular events, and a monument overlooking the river landing, are prods to recollections. Consequently, talk is mainly of the Underground Railroad.

Until 1831 the Underground Railroad was nameless. Then Tice Davids, a slave, made a dash out of Kentucky. He was followed by one of the patrols. When he reached the river opposite Ripley, the patrol was at his heels. Davids plunged into the stream and began to swim. The patrol was delayed hunting a skiff. But he did not lose sight of the fugitive. The latter landed a few minutes ahead of his pursuer, ran through the town to a hill immediately back of it, and disappeared in a thicket halfway up the slope. He was picked up and forwarded to Canada. The patrol failed to find a trace of him.

"That Negro must have gone off on an underground railroad," he said.





Above—One of the "originals" of Uncle Tom. Below—The Rankin House, where Harriet Beecher Stowe is said to have gathered material for the Eliza story. To the right, a reproduction of a bronze bust of John Rankin.

This remark stuck. Later came the common misapprehension that the Underground Railroad was a series of tunnels or underground passageways. As a matter of fact, the majority of its routes, from Ripley to the lakes, were zigzag and secluded byways. Some use was made of open roads. Between 1840 and 1850, when traffic was heaviest, fugitives with light-colored skins were occasionally blackened with burned cork, provided with forged slave passes, and forwarded on steam lines. But for the most part, transportation was by wagons, covered with canvas over hickory bows. The ends were pulled together in the center with cords. Fugitives sat on straw in this moving shelter. Some wagon beds were made with false bottoms, and with drawers along the sides and ends, in which fugitives were stretched full length. Tinware and peddlers' plunder were piled over these hiding places. Loads of hay sometimes concealed eight and ten black men, women and children. Stations were isolated homes, and homes in small communities, where "passengers" were cared for and hidden from pursuing patrols until they could be transferred to another "conductor."

Secrecy was the important thing. Laws were drastic, and pursuers were ruthless. While Abolitionists sometimes let their judgment slip in trying to make converts, it was seldom that men and women actually operating the Underground Railroad were known outside their own neighborhoods. Even there a good many of them were unsuspected. Their comings and goings were almost entirely at night. The amount of sleep lost by these people during the life of the system aggregates millions of hours. They had to earn their living, and contribute toward the expenses of the enterprise—there were no wages paid. By day, "passengers" were concealed in caves, thickets, and strawstacks, and in holes about the size of a coffin, built alongside chimneys, for instance, in homes, and in cupboards with false backs, because fugitive slave-hunting patrols frequently searched all the houses in a neighborhood over the protests of those who lived in them. Laws prohibited giving shelter or aid of any kind to a fugitive. Of late years it is a common occurrence for these hiding places to be discovered when old houses along the routes are razed.

The story of this system is the vaguest chapter in American history. Prior to 1850, some records were kept, but the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law became so drastic that practically every record was destroyed. No others were made. They would have been incriminating evidence. Reminiscences, about all there is to go on, are few. Those who operated the Underground Railroad were taciturn. Even after the system was discontinued they had little to say. With some exceptions, men who knew most about it died before historians began to inquire.

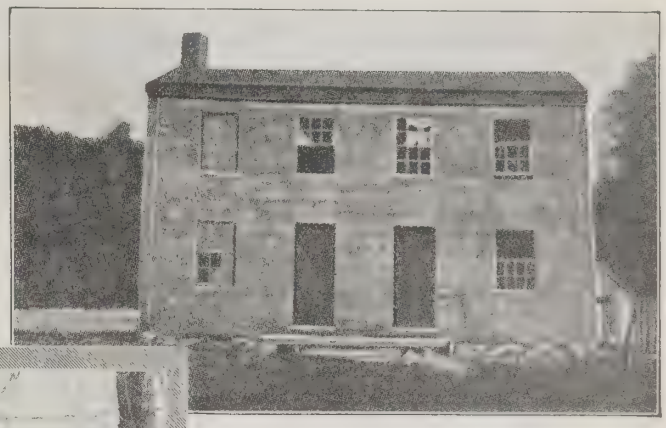
This vagueness, however, has the most spectacular, and probably the best-known heroine in American historical fiction—Eliza, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"No one knows her real name, and no one knows exactly where she came from," is the story in Ripley. "But along in the '40's—no one knows even a closer date—Eliza escaped one night with her child from somewhere back in the Kentucky hills. Possibly not very far back, because she couldn't run any great distance with a child in her arms. Eliza came to a house on the Kentucky side of the river, just above Ripley, near Stony Point. The people in this house were not anti-slavery people, but they took her in.

"It was winter, and there was deep snow on the ground. There had been a season of very cold weather before that, and the Ohio River had been solidly frozen over. That night a thaw set in, with a light rain. The river was rising. Over the ice was an inch or more of water.

"Pursuers were close behind. They searched the houses in that locality and finally came to the one she was in. The people of the house were frightened. If she were found it meant a fight, or entanglement with the law. Eliza and her child were pushed out of the back door before the pursuers entered the front one.

"She struck for the river shore, and took a rail off of the fence with her. The ice was rotten, and about to break up, but she started across with her child in her arms. She broke through several times, but saved herself by throwing the rail across the hole as she went down, and pulling herself out of the water. She landed exhausted on the Ohio side, at the upper part of Ripley. But she made her way to the Rankin house on the hill, where she was cared for, and taken away that night. Nothing was ever heard about her after that time.



Eliza House, South Ripley, Ohio.

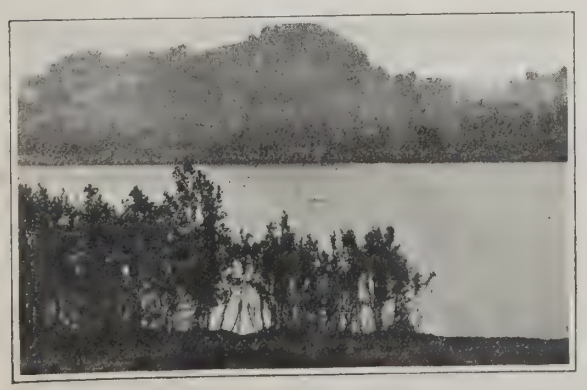
"The pursuers spent the night on the Kentucky shore. Before morning the river broke, and it was filled with floating cakes of ice. At daylight, Eliza was tracked from the house to the river bank by her footprints in the snow. The pursuers secured a skiff, and crossed to Ripley to look for her. They were standing at the corner of Front and Main streets, when a man who lived on the river bank in the upper part of Ripley came by, carrying a child's red woolen hood in his hand. Some inquiry was made of him, and he said he found the hood on the river bank. One of the pursuers, probably a member of the family from which Eliza escaped, identified the hood as belonging to a child of his family—Eliza had taken it for her child, and lost it. They decided that she crossed on the floating ice and that was the beginning of the myth about Eliza crossing on heaving chunks of ice."

When Harriet Beecher Stowe was collecting material for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she visited Ripley, and the Rankins. She heard the "Eliza story," with the addition of the details of the slave girl's condition when she reached the house. It was the base for the thrilling description in the book. A part was written in the Rankin parlor.

But there were 23 ports of entry for fugitive slaves along the Ohio River. When the stream was frozen over, hundreds of slaves escaped by crossing on the ice. Consequently, each of these ports of entry had a "crossing the ice" story, and after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared some of them claimed their stories furnished the base of the "Eliza" episode.

John Rankin is one of the outstanding figures in the general history of the Underground Railroad. He

(*Concluded on page 14*)



Where Eliza crossed the ice; looking across the Ohio River toward Kentucky shore at point where escaped slaves entered free territory.



Looking from the Rankin house, down the gap which began the Underground Railroad; thousands of slaves took this route to liberty.

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 43, August 19, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies. Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy. Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Here Is Some Sound Money Sense

THOMAS R. MARSHALL, who retained his good humor through eight years as Vice-President, has recently returned from a tour of Europe. In Washington, he called at the White House and told of his trip.

In his stories there is ground for reflection by the American public.

For one thing, Mr. Marshall said that he had just received a report of the last year's operations of his 100-acre farm in Indiana. His net profit was $2.36.

The former Vice-President was at a loss to understand the financial tangle in Europe. The people were working and there was plenty of crops, but money was a mystery. Mr. Marshall went to the bank to cash a check; the cashier had not heard the exchange rate for an hour and called on the telephone to get it; Mr. Marshall made 50 marks by the precaution. Mr. Marshall contracted one day for an umbrella at 60,000 kronen or $2.50. He returned two days later, and found that meantime the article had fallen to a value equivalent to $1.83.

From Mr. Marshall's 100 acres in Indiana to the printing press money of Europe seems a long way but there is something that bridges it. That is the plenitude of crops, with the futility of money to exchange them. Presumably, Mr. Marshall's farm was planted in a reasonable manner, yet it failed of a profit. In Europe, Mr. Marshall reports plenty but it fails of distribution sufficiently to provide for the wants of all.

We hear despairing pleas for help for Europe. From Wall Street, learned financiers give out statement after statement to show that we must go to the aid of Europe. Earl Balfour recently invited a rebuff from this country by a suggestion of cancellation of the war debts owed to us. France is constantly suggesting, almost demanding, debt cancellation. Russia wants financial aid.

Except for a comparatively few pleas for real help for remote impoverished districts, these pleas from and on behalf of Europe are purely *financial pleas*. Europe, already gorged to its fill with its excess supply of so-called money, wants more of our kind of money, *the supply of which is too limited here to permit adequate returns to agricultural enterprises.* Wall Street financial interests, bubbling over with sympathy for stricken Europe, would like to take over the proposition of marketing debt refunding bonds, on which they would collect a handsome commission, and which the public would "absorb."

Financial systems in Europe and in the United States are inadequate. In lands of plenty there is want. For production there is little return. *Financial interests profit hugely by the inadequacy of money, and fight bitterly any attempt to disturb the financial currents.* It lies with those who do not profit from the money-tangle, the producers and the consumers, to compel the revision of the money system.

Three Per Cent Clause on Theaters

NEWS dispatches chronicle an understanding between the Shubert and Erlanger theater interests to bar from the stage all objectionable racial jests. Offensive racial references in stories, dialogs, jokes or songs will hereafter be forbidden.

Under the "offensive racial reference" ban, the Irishman will hear no more of Paddy's pig. The proud descendants of Roman patricians will no longer be shamed by references to the Black Hand. Presumably the sensibilities of Russian Bolsheviki will not be wounded by having their principles masked behind untrimmed beards. Jewish demands to ban allusions to fire insurance and pawnbroking are to be acquiesced in. Ole, the Swede, and Kaiser Bill jests will be barred in deference to the Scandinavian and German objections.

Thus far the theater operators have shown no desire to put an end to portrayals of members of the Protestant clergy as sanctimonious hypocrites. Nor is there interdict against continued ridicule of domestic virtue nor of the prohibition clause of the Constitution of the United States.

Some eastern correspondents, in sending forth the information relative to the Shubert-Erlanger agreement, suggested that perhaps a better stage might be constituted, if actors were chosen according to racial extraction. Instead of being 90 per cent New York East Side, they suggest that the actors be divided as are immigrants under the three per cent immigration law. Much good would doubtless be done were this idea carried out, but it won't be. The influences in control of the theater will continue to foist alien actors and alien ideas on the country.

The Crazy-Quilt Tariff

WE ARE going to have a new tariff law. Just when we shall have it is doubtful. Passage of the measure by both houses of Congress by no means presages its early operation.

The bill must be considered in conference, and conference promises to be a long-drawn-out affair.

Purely for political reasons, the Democratic members of Congress are eager that the law become effective soon. They reason that it will be unpopular and will react in their favor at the November election.

Similarly, for political reasons only, the Republican members are eager to have passage assured early enough to permit the special interests favored by the tariff to express their approval in November. But the Republicans are also determined that this passage shall not be so soon, that the general consumer public will have an opportunity to pass judgment at the same election. The Republicans know that the early operation of a tariff law is almost certain to be irritating.

The matter of the date of final passage, therefore, becomes of supreme political importance. Whatever doubt may be entertained on the efforts of Congress to frame tariff rates scientifically, there can be none regarding the determination of the political leaders to fix scientifically a date of final passage which will afford the maximum political advantage.

In many ways the 1922 tariff law will be the most remarkable ever passed—remarkable in that scarcely anyone endeavors to excuse it to the American people. Politicians know that the reasons they formerly gave for high tariff votes have lost their force. Considered calmly, the tariff law which will govern the country is nothing more nor less than a crazy-quilt. It is a shameless repayment of political debts to special interests. Bad as previous tariffs have been, this latest is a brazen defiance of even political expediency. It is a nail in the coffin of the administration and the party and the whole political system under which such things are possible. Maybe that is why the tariff is coming now—to hasten the end of all such farces.

Start Growing Trees

SEVERAL states have made commendable progress on reforestation plans. But the country as a whole is laggard on this fundamentally wise project. There is also too little co-ordination and collaboration between the states on scientific reforestation.

The practical denuding of the north central states of the great forests which covered them a century ago was an offense against real economy which cannot be forgiven. But it is within the power of the nation to restore forests sufficiently to avert the tree famine which threatens the country. Within a comparatively few years, continental United States will be almost timberless.

The vandalism with which lumbering operations were carried on a half century ago prevented the natural growth of the young trees, which, useless for timber then, would have afforded a continuing supply thereafter. But it is too late to regret the waste and cruelty of those days. The necessity now is for positive action toward a general reforestation plan.

Some states continue the stupid policy of taxing standing timber upon the same basis as growing yearly crops, thereby placing a penalty upon the public-spirited landowner who attempts reforestation on his own initiative. A sane co-operation between the states upon taxation and practical reforestation problems would seem of such patent necessity, that the wonder is that nothing along that line has been done.

Reforestation, purely as an antidote to a timber famine, would afford ample grounds for national action on a large scale. But reforestation means more. In the upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys, the re-establishment of the forests would lessen the flood hazard vastly. The saving in flood losses within a score of years would practically cover the cost of reforestation. Longer delay in this fundamental proposition should not be tolerated.

A Hughes Doctrine?

NEARLY 100 years ago, John Quincy Adams, as Secretary of State, penned the document which as the Monroe Doctrine has exercised a lasting effect on world affairs.

Now as Secretary of State, under the present administration, Charles Evans Hughes is to represent the United States as visitor-extraordinary at the Brazil Centennial.

The country has warm confidence in Mr. Hughes' ability to felicitate our neighbor republic. But there is opportunity for even more than the formal phrases of diplomacy. There is opportunity for enunciation of such a doctrine of good will as may tranquilize permanently the relations between us and our southern neighbors.

North Americans have always been serenely self-satisfied over the benevolence of their attitude toward South Americans. We are so certain that there is nothing selfish in our aims toward the South American republics, that it never enters our heads that other ideas may be entertained by the objects of our benevolence.

But it is becoming apparent that our complacent views are not always accepted at face value. Even from Cuba and Porto Rico have come murmurings of discontent over our patronage and our rule. The efforts of our bankers to get the finances of other countries in their palms have afforded fruitful sources of irritation.

But most aggravating of all to our neighbors has been our attitude. We have tried to be Big Brothers, and complacently dole out from our wisdom bits of unsought advice. Little Brothers are notably resentful of the condescension of their elders. Nations, like individuals, are intolerant of unsought advice, and abundantly confident of their own ability to regulate their affairs.

If we can convince our southern neighbors of the real unselfishness of our aims, if we can prohibit our bankers from meddling with their ticklish finances, and if most of all we can replace the Big and Little Brother attitude by that of Friend, perhaps our relations with other republics will approach the correct one.

Mr. Hughes has a wonderful opportunity to establish once for all a diplomatic relationship, based upon the cordial, smiling, open-minded handshake of friend with friend. It is as equals that we must seek the good will of our friends to the south. The slightest touch of patronage would be fatal.

The Secretary of State demonstrated his qualities in the Armament Conference. He gained the good will of South Americans in the Tacna-Arica negotiations. The country will await with hope the result of his mission to Brazil. Perhaps we may have a Hughes doctrine.

The Rise of Czars in the U. S.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned American insistence on democracy, on the right and ability of the many to govern themselves? It was not more than a few score years ago that the very terms king, emperor and czar were anathema.

And now we have Czar Landis of baseball, Czar Hays of the movies, and Czar Thomas of the theaters, and the end is not yet. As far as Judge Landis is concerned, there seems to be no doubt that he czars with vengeance. There is some question whether Will H. Hays' czardom is vocal or operative, and considerable doubt whether Mr. Thomas will be able to inflict much absolutism upon the theater men. But the power of these new czars is beside the question; the point is this: the name is popular and the prerogatives the "czar" would perform if he performed them are popular.

Real Americans are not prone to favor absolutism. They have abundant though unassuming confidence in their ability to govern themselves and conduct themselves decently while they are governing. That confidence existed in 1776. It existed even comparatively recently. But now persons living in America are submitting without protest, even eagerly, to the absolute decrees of one man.

The only explanation is that the populace has become adulterated. Today's residents in America include the old stock who knew they could govern themselves fairly and honestly, and a newer stock that can't. The old and dominant stock has been roused as never before by the trend of affairs in this country. They have demanded reform so loudly that their representatives have been placed in charge of reform. Landis, Hays and Thomas are of the old straight stock and they have been called in to control the movies, the theater and baseball, three fields which a certain other stock conspicuously befouled. It remains to be seen whether these men are reformers or "fronts." The American will submit to dictation as long as he is the dictator, but dictators for concealed groups will be found to be the last phase of those groups' will to power.

Mr. Ford's Page

IN READING the European press we frequently come upon the headlines, "Our Debt to America," "What We Owe to America," and similar titles. The first reaction on seeing these words is a wisp of grateful feeling. To think that anywhere in the world there are those who esteem us highly enough to consider themselves in our debt, is very pleasant. We ourselves are conscious of an unexpressed feeling among us that we have not been regarded with special admiration or gratitude by our sister nations. The headlines, therefore, at first sight, give us a pleasurable half moment.

But upon reading further we find that Europe has no thought of a sentimental debt, and certainly no thought of welling gratitude toward us—much as the official speeches of calculating statesmen would try to give the contrary opinion. Every newspaper article headed as above, discusses money, nothing but money. As we read the articles we learn that America—that is, the United States—is seen in the rôle of a troublesome creditor, concerning whom the general attitude is anything but pleasant, and hardly respectful.

In common with the rest of the world, our American people are kept in a constant state of misinformation concerning their own business. A part of their business is their relationship with their nation-neighbors on either side of the sea; yet it is most conservatively true that we are allowed to know less about those relations than anything else. We are told, of course (as all the nations are told), that we are fully informed. But now that they know how they were treated even worse than the Germans in the matter of information during the war, now that they know how they were victimized by concealment and propagandized by manufactured falsehoods from beginning to end of the war, the people have reluctantly found it necessary to look for confirmation before they accept public announcements.

The fact is, we are badly regarded abroad. But on this page that statement is not made with the usual purpose. The purpose is not to give information, nor to stir resentment against those whom we may think ought to be "grateful": the first is the purpose of the publicist and the second is the purpose of the agents of hostility.

To tell Americans that their name and their nation are disliked abroad is not enough; to tell only that much of the truth is as bad as to tell an untruth. The fact itself rouses resentment and imperceptibly enlarges the ground for future misunderstanding and grudges. What ought to be told is the *why* of the dislike and *who* caused it.

WHEN nations dislike each other, as more and more the recently allied nations are doing now, it is not due to anything the people have done or planned; it is due to something that has been done in their name by men who had no orders to do it. Between the nations are the internationalists. Contrary to the indication of their name, they are not engaged in cementing the nations together but in driving them farther apart. They have stolen a name that enables them to operate under false pretenses. They are the sowers of misunderstanding and dissension. They are the explanation of all that confuses and surprises the plain people of all the countries. Once they are seen and understood in a world-wide understanding, the time of trouble is past. The people shall know the truth then, and the truth shall make them free.

The common people of all the nations awake in wonder when they hear how they are regarded abroad. What have they done to merit dislike? What have they done to rouse hatred? What have they done to cause suspicion? They ask themselves these questions and their conscience absolves them. They have done nothing amiss. They have conspired against no one. But tempers can be roused in them and things can be done in their name that portend disaster.

What the people do not understand is that, for the groups behind the governments, the last war was a business matter. People resented being told that, because they knew that they regarded the war as an infinitely higher experience than a mere business matter. And for them it was. The spirituality of the principles at stake rose to such a height of power that it would have destroyed the cunning behind the war if it had been permitted to grow; but it was nipped just as it became threatening to the forces of darkness, and was forced back into a bitter reaction. That is the cause of the sense of futility that holds the minds of the people today. But the fact that the war was a business matter led to transactions which the people would never have approved. It led to terms that the generosity of the plain man's mind would have scorned. The plain man could fight in the name of his country, but he could have no control whatever over the other things that were done in his name. When he emerged from the war he found himself compromised, nationally, in a hundred ways, and out of the stupid mess all that he can see is misunderstanding and possible future struggles.

That is how it was done—not by the people, but in the name of the people, by groups who knew exactly what they wanted and what they were doing to get it. The people are thus blamed not only for something that they did not do, but for something that they would not do, for something that entirely misrepresents what they think ought to be done. And when the misunderstandings thus created grow strong enough to break out into war again, the men who caused the misunderstanding will simply step aside and let the people fight it out. Thus, in their innocence, in their simple-hearted belief that official men are good men and that official intentions are good intentions, the people are led from pillar to post. They are made responsible for attitudes that they have never dreamed of, and they are made to bear the blame for actions which they cannot even understand. It is a fearful network of evil that has been spun around the people by the weavers of darkness, and the rending of it will be light work when once the people clearly perceive.

There are men abroad now in the name of the United States proposing, without any authority from the government or people of the United States, things which the people would never perform if they could prevent them. These men are financiers. They are not statesmen (save as statesmanship has become a clerkship in international finance), they are not humanists, they are not even nationalists. They love no country. One of them has borne citizenship in at least three countries in his lifetime. They have nothing to stand upon but money, they have nothing to recommend them but money, they have nothing to work with but money. And even this money is not their own, it is the money focused upon them by the big banks and the small banks all over the world, the money of the people themselves. That is the indictment that condemns the present international financial system, that it uses the money of the people to bind the people.

Without love, without pity, even without responsibility, these influences shuttle back and forth across the world, spawning their tricks, using the press, dominating parliaments and privy counsels, getting the heirs of thrones into their debt, even fastening superstitious beliefs upon the church to further their ends, suppressing and destroying the men who have eyes to see and hearts courageous enough to speak, and setting nation against nation. There are men who hope for wrecks at sea that they might enrich themselves with the water-soaked spoil. It is hard for the honest hearts of the common people to believe it, and perhaps their knowledge of it or belief is not necessary to its correction—but there are men who hope for national wrecks and world wrecks too that they may enrich themselves with the blood-stained spoils.

In every nation the propaganda of international distrust is now being worked. It is true that the peoples are being estranged from each other, it is true that they are becoming suspicious of each other. Let each nation, let Americans, too, acknowledge that they are disliked. But let us ask who made us disliked, who did the things that made us disliked. Let every nation make similar examination in its own race, and then the secrets not only of war but the secret of peace also will be out.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Voices Divine, Old-Time Tunes and Broadway

Sweet Singers of Minnesota Enter Wilderness of Jazz, and Behold!

By EARL CHRISTMAS



The building above is St. Olaf College's Conservatory of Music.

FROM a small college out in the Northwest, there has come a benison of song. New York music critics spoke of the St. Olaf Choir when it made its first appearance there two years ago. To New York, the music center of the country, had come a revelation in the art of choral singing, and from a little Minnesota town!

This year the choir made another visit to New York, and the music lovers came out in numbers. The Metropolitan Opera House was filled. Again, if we are to believe the critics, the concert was an artistic triumph. Said H. E. Krehbiel, of the New York *Tribune*: "We shall enjoy no such choral treat till the choir comes to us again." Deems Taylor of the *World* wrote, "The only criticism heard during the evening was voiced by a neighbor who thought they were too perfect to be human."

Everywhere, during a tour of some 30 cities in the East, the choir met with the same reception. Three thousand persons heard the concert at Toledo. The number was as great at many of the other concerts. In virtually every city the choir found a capacity house. On a tour of five weeks, it sang before 60,000 persons.

And it sang only sacred music, chiefly Lutheran. It sang the old chorals, songs dating back, some of them, to the fourteenth century, stirring hymns of the Reformation, and the music of Bach, Peter Schren and Gretchaninoff. In these days of jazz music, it is worth while to note that large crowds will buy tickets to hear from a choir the hymns of Luther to the music of Mendelssohn and Grieg.

The St. Olaf Choir sings without accompaniment and from memory. It uses not even a tuning fork. With no cue for the pitch, it starts with a full, clear chord, exactly on the pitch, and never deviates from it in the least. How it gets the key, is always a marvel to the audiences.

The freshness of the blended voices, the beauty of tone and the spiritual feeling expressed by the youthful singers invariably are noted by musical authorities. Only the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto and the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, among recent organizations, have been compared with it. Some critics have declared it without an equal.

The Allentown, Pennsylvania, papers report an interesting incident of the recent tour of the St. Olaf Choir. After the concert at that place, Dr. J. Fred Wolle, leader of the justly famous Bach Choir, met F. Melius Christiansen, the director of the St. Olaf Choir, and in his enthusiasm said:

"I have never heard nor read of a choir that can do what this choir does. It goes so far beyond all others, it leaves one speechless. Its precision, and unanimity, intonation and freshness are overwhelming."

Yet the members of this choir are only ordinary young men and women. Before going to St. Olaf they had little or no voice training. Many are not specializing in music at all and have had no training except that of the rehearsals.

In fact, St. Olaf College is not a musical school at all. It is a liberal arts college, supported by the Norwegian Lutheran Church. True, it has a department of music, but this represents only a small part of the work of the college.

Indeed, if you were to journey out to Northfield, Minnesota, and ask to see the conservatory of music at St. Olaf College, as many do after hearing its choir, some one would point out a small, two-story, frame building which looks like a residence of 40 years ago.

"There it is," you would be told. Jocularly, the students call it "Agony Hall." This building, the oldest on the campus, is the only music building St. Olaf College possesses. The choir rehearses in the chapel.

Not more than 60 or 70 students major in music. There are only 880 students in the whole college. Perhaps not more than 200 take any music instruction, even as a side line.

Every year the choir loses from 30 to 40 per cent of its members through graduation and other causes. New voices must be found to fill the ranks. Yet year after year, out in this average middle-western college, the director is able to turn out a choir of uniform excellence, a choir that has won national recognition.



The St. Olaf Choir, whose triumphs are proof that there still is hope for the things that are fine. To the right is F. Melius Christiansen, the man responsible for the choir's remarkable achievements.

For 20 years, the St. Olaf Choir has been giving concerts through the Middle West, reviving interest in the fine old chorals of the early Protestant church. In 1915 it went to Norway, sang before the King and Queen, made a long tour of the Scandinavian countries, and came back showered with praise. Two years ago, it made the first extended trip to the East, and there was hailed by many as "a benediction in song."





The St. Olaf College Band and Dr. Lars W. Boe, president of the college.

Now, when the sons and daughters of farmers, of small-town merchants —just the average American folk—can be welded into an organization which sings like that, it is worthy of note. Indeed, St. Olaf College has done a significant thing. In a remarkable degree it has developed music as a means of the spiritual expression of its students. Meanwhile, it has revealed that splendid artistic results may be obtained from a gruop of average young folks.

In another respect, St. Olaf's experience is significant. It has shown that the people appreciate the better class of music. That may sound unusual in these days, but when 60 000 people pay to hear concerts of sacred music in a brief tour of five weeks, there yet is hope.

When a tour of the East was suggested two years ago, there was doubt about the wisdom of the undertaking. However, a group of men who believed in the work of the choir agreed to act as guarantors. The trip cost the guarantors just $10,000. But they were not alarmed.

On the second tour of the East this year, the choir not only made enough to pay back the $10,000 but put $12.000 in a building fund for a music hall.

Dr. Lars W. Boe, president of St. Olaf College, drew this interesting conclusion from the success of the choir:

"It has been said that the public is crazy about jazz music. The last few years have been filled with froth and jazz. But in spite of all this, the response we have obtained with the choir shows that the people appreciate the better things when they get a chance to hear them.

"Right down at the bottom, there is a demand among the American people for the best. They want the real thing. They have put up with the jazz entertainment only because no one has had the courage to give them something better. The reception accorded the choir is a standing protest to jazz.

"You know, we have been accustomed to look to New York for our music and entertainment. Yet there are latent possibilities in every community that are simply astounding if any man of courage and vision will go out and develop them. There are tremendous possibilities in our people all over the country. Invariably, they respond to the better things.

"The choir shows too the possibilities in our young people. The members are only such as you might find in any college or almost any community. It shows what can be done if there is a concentration of mind and a leader with vision.

"There has been a tendency of college singing organizations to appeal to the public on the basis of jazz. Now many are going over to classical and religious music. In other words, they are taking the glee out of the college glee club.

"Jazz is being carried along now only on its own inertia. It seems that the war produced a kind of froth on the surface that found expressions in this great craze for jazz music. But there is a decided reaction, and in a few years I expect to see it all gone."

Credit for the choir's accomplishments President Boe gives largely to Professor Christiansen, whose personality and musical talents fit him well for the task of directing the choir. Besides conducting the choir, he is a composer of note.

Members of the choir usually all are of Norwegian descent and of the same religious faith. Virile, vigorous singing of the old Lutheran hymns is a tradition at St. Olaf. All these things help the director in getting united effort. But Professor Christiansen insists such a choir could be developed in any college or any group of young people of average attainments.

Many have asked how Professor Christiansen obtains his unusual results. The answer, of course, is Christiansen. But one thing does stand out. He insists that his students must live the things they sing. If they can't live them, they can't sing them. He keeps pounding away at that. Your song must be the expression of your own inner life.



President Boe explained the purpose of this teaching and the place of music at St. Olaf.

"We have not cultivated singing as an art, but as a means of spiritual and intellectual expression," he said. "Art, in its highest conception, after all, must have a purpose outside of itself.

"The thing that makes the life of the average man so poor is that he has so few means of expressing himself. Every man has dreams and as-

(Concluded on page 15)

Highbrows of Our Mills and Factories

Bryn Mawr's Summer-School Plans Work Out Successfully

By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

WHEN Kipling wrote that "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin," he was thinking, doubtless, of social distinctions swept aside in moments of intense human emotion. In that event the aphorism was intended to puncture the pretense that claims superiority over the common people for those born to wealth and luxury. It had no reference to the greater gulf between mental workers and the men and women who live by the labor of their hands. But leaders of a certain section of America's "intellectual aristocracy" are now demonstrating that it applies there, too, and with equal force.

In the classic halls of Bryn Mawr College working women are studying psychology, economics, music, literature and other so-called highbrow subjects. These same women are those who have toiled in sweatshops and telephone exchanges, in paper mills and laundries, in soap and cigaret and automobile factories. At the end of the summer they will be back at their machines and desks and work benches, living, some of them, in dingy boarding houses, but "sisters under the skin" nevertheless, of girls born to wealth and social position, sisters in the sense that much of the class hostility due to misunderstanding will have disappeared.

Nowhere else is there a school where the students are more eager to learn than at Bryn Mawr, the summer school for women workers in industry. The teachers, most of whom have had classes in other great American colleges, are the authority for that statement. It is a thirst for knowledge, too, that works both ways, for the women know from personal and intimate experience conditions in a dozen industries that teachers know only from books and surveys. The result is that nowhere else can a teacher get so much first-hand, practical information from his pupils.

If Bryn Mawr graduates and teachers who organized the school believed that they were doing a favor for working women and getting nothing in return but the warm glow of philanthrophy, experience has changed it. Bryn Mawr has learned as much as the workers. Women of the shops and factories are showing that they can think, and that even those who have been deprived of the advantage of early education are doing things to solve industrial and social problems that are well worth the study of the educators.

The school was started in 1921 by Miss M. Carey Thomas, now president emeritus of Bryn Mawr College. It was the result of a life given to the study of higher education for women. The college administration, the faculty and the alumnae joined. They sought the aid of Miss Mary Anderson, director of the Women's Bureau of the Federal Department of Labor, who furnished a list of names of women workers in industry from which appointments were made to a joint administrative committee.

When the school opened the college administration was in control of the joint committee. Everyone interested in the project knew that the experiment would be regarded by organized labor as a test of organized education's sincerity. How that test was met is explained by a description of the present controlling organization, and the changes that have taken place in it. The worker-students today have virtually equal voice with the college on any question that may be brought up. They have equal representation on the joint administrative committee, strong representation on the council, which meets once a week, and their own system of student self-government.

The spirit of co-operation thus brought about is the real foundation of the summer school. It permeates all the activities of the students. In the opinion of educators and of the workers it is essential to the success of the movement to give working people access to the heavily endowed colleges and universities. Radicals among labor leaders, and even some of the conservatives, have criticized colleges, calling them centers of propaganda for the rich. It happens that education is an expensive commodity, the rate of cost increasing with the progress of the student. Somebody had to pay for the great expansion of colleges in recent years, and since the government failed to do so the funds came from wealthy men. That fact made plausible to some minds the charge of the radicals that the colleges were "subsidized" to present nothing but the arguments of the employer, and unquestionably that was true in some cases The public has been made familiar with them by the disputes between professors and trustees aired in the newspapers. Occasionally the argument over academic freedom has penetrated even to politics.

Outwardly, Bryn Mawr was open to that form of criticism. It is a college for "highbrows" and generally they have been the daughters of men of some wealth. Learning has been the great requirement, rather than social position. Bryn Mawr has been called "the last stronghold of pure scholarship." But the mere fact that it is heavily endowed from privately contributed funds made it only natural that organized labor should be suspicious when the plan for the summer school was announced, and should scrutinize the administration. The contention was to be expected that the whole purpose of the school was to furnish counter propaganda against labor doctrines.

Knowing that, Bryn Mawr took steps in the very beginning to prevent it by removing from the minds of workers the last vestige of doubt as to any suggestion of control by wealth. The original organization was set up merely to put the project into operation. Even in that form it was so successful that had no changes been made it could have gone on. Students and outside union leaders represented on the joint committee were consulted from time to time, and as a result the present form of organization was established for the present year.

As it stands now the joint committee consists of eight representatives of the college, appointed by the directors; eight representatives of women in industry, elected by the first-year graduates of the summer school; seven representatives of the Bryn Mawr Alumnae Association, graduates of the regular school year; seven representatives of the summer school alumnae; two members of the summer school faculty, and one Bryn Mawr undergraduate.





Above—Industrial workers' group. Below—Telephone operators' group studying at the summer school.

The function of that committee is to represent the board of directors of Bryn Mawr College. At the beginning of this summer's term the committee turned the ground and buildings over to the council, an organization formed to direct the actual operation of the school. The council has 15 members. Six are students of the summer school, two are tutors and two are instructors, all elected by the students. The five others are named by the joint committee. They consist of the director, the assistant director, who is a labor representative; the executive secretary, the social adviser and the publicity secretary. Thus it will be seen that the students have direct control. It is limited only by the fact in event of a disagreement the director may suspend action of the council until the matter is submitted to the joint committee.

But even the representation on those bodies does not measure the full extent of student control. The women also elect their representatives to the committees on health, hall management and social activities. Last year they had representatives sitting with the faculty to consider purely academic questions. It should be said that the regular Bryn Mawr faculty decided it would be better to bring in outside teachers for the summer school, and they are recruited from other colleges. Most of them have had previous experience in adult education.

The same democratic ideas were carried out in the selection of students. There was no effort to pick women who had had unusual advantages. Entrance requirements were and are a common school education or its equivalent, ability to read and write English, good health and a sound physical condition. The students were selected by district committees composed of Bryn Mawr graduates and women workers, from among "women working with the tools of their trade, and not in any supervisory capacity." The purpose of the school was outlined as follows:

"The object of the school is to offer young women of character and ability a fuller special education and an opportunity to study liberal subjects in order that they may widen their influence in the industrial world, help in the social reconstruction and increase the happiness and usefulness of their own lives."

In its first year the school had 82 students, including a leaders' group of 10 women who had had supervisory experience in industry. This year 100 students were admitted, of whom 13 comprise the leaders' group. Eleven nationalities are represented and 21 distinct industries, with a preponderance of textile and garment workers. The age limits for admission are 18 to 35 years. Some of the women started working when mere children, and all have put more time into work than they were able to devote to school.

None of the students had had experience in an institution of collegiate standing, although most of them had made various efforts to educate themselves. Therefore, they had no idea of how much time should be devoted to study when all of one's time is available for that purpose. In industry many had worked the 12-hour day in the years prior to the inauguration of the eight-hour standard now recognized by most industries. They learned with some surprise that the Bryn Mawr limit for students of the regular college year is 15 hours of classroom work in any one week. That standard has been fixed as a result of long experience, and compares with similar standards in other colleges. It seemed ridiculously inadequate to the women workers. They had not learned that after a lecture or discussion the most brilliant mind needs a little time to digest the information obtained.

As a result instructors and teachers are kept on the jump. When one for any reason fails to keep a lecture appointment he is likely to find the group of workers sitting on his doorstep, waiting to find out why, when he returns. No matter what the hour, they are then ready to go on with the prescribed study. The normal college student accepts such an accident as a welcome and unexpected vacation, and as a rule the burden of making up any lost time is left as far as may be to the instructor. But the summer-school women take their studies seriously.

At almost any hour of the day the visitor to Bryn Mawr may find groups of students gathered in shady corners of the campus, in animated discussion. Generally there is an instructor present. Always there is a tutor and one or more college girls, undergraduates of the regular school year. So thoroughly have these children of wealth gained the confidence of the working women that class consciousness and suspicion have disappeared. Lectures are discussed quite frankly from the points of view of the worker and of the employer. There is no talk of radicalism. Both sides have developed a tolerance for the opinions of others that is perhaps the greatest achievement of the summer school. All that is particularly valuable since in the nature of things the women of both regular and summer-school courses are potential group leaders. The working women will play active parts in trade unions and in politics, and what they have learned will be of inestimable value to them and to their associates.

Bryn Mawr summarizes the results as follows:

"Viewed from every angle, it is agreed by all who participated in it that the first summer of the school was a success. The undoubted intellectual development of the students during the two months in itself would have made the experiment worth while. Added to this, an asset almost equal in importance from the students' point of view, was the contact between different groups and the broadening of mental horizons."

Something About New York's "Water Cure"

Search for Unconstitutional Liquor a Disappointing Errand

By a Metropolitan Observer

ONE of the stock phrases about prohibition and New York is that the average New Yorker refused to take the then impending law seriously because "it could not be done."

That is not true. New York City is about as dry as any other community of the United States. But this must be understood to mean the New York of the real New Yorkers, those who have their homes in this huge city and are not sojourning for indefinite periods for the sake of merely being identified with its life.

The New Yorkers' New York is a magic city. It exists even though it is difficult to describe. There has gone forth to a credulous world that New York means the Great White Way, now a misnomer, or some of those numbered streets evasively classified as Thirties, Forties and Fifties, or both. The New Yorkers' New York is alike unto the Parisians' Paris. In either case these real cities are discoverable only by the serious traveler and the thoughtful passer-by.

There are many unrelated hodgepodge districts within the city proper that are commonly considered New York when they are not New York at all. For what happens in these respective districts New York takes the blame or praise, but as there is more of the former than of the latter, the layman draws conclusions that are off-color. One hears of "wet Broadway" and of "humid Sixth avenue" and of "dewy Forty-second street." One hears about the barrels of "religious wine" flowing around Hester street, or the beer that can be found in Teutonic neighborhoods on Second and Third avenues, or the alleged Chianti of Mulberry street or the imitation St. Julien to be had at French restaurants just as one hears about the "perfect coffee" that one may obtain at Brazilian coffee houses run by Greeks, perhaps, who know nothing about South American geography.

The Eyewink Fiction

THERE is a fiction abroad in the land that the mere eyewink, if accompanied by the *savoir faire* that characterizes the man about town and which stewards and waiters regard as the *sine qua non* of safety, Volsteadily speaking, will be the magic wand that produces any and every drink, but the fact is that in real New York one can wink until doomsday and fail to get anything more than Croton water. Water is the regulation metropolitan drink; it is the American drink of the average American. In this respect New York is United States.

The wink, of course, is metaphorical. No such thing is needed. No honest-to-goodness waiter would know what to do with it. He might think that the patron's eye suffered from a turned eyelash. At such places where drinks are purveyed one must ask what is wanted even if it is not seen anywhere around. Whether it will forthcome depends upon the impression that the patron created upon taking his place. And after that he will be sold, if the sale follows, what is called a drink, under many guises and disguises. These transactions—which take place daily by the hundred thousand—are like art purchases; the price may be too high or fraud may be practiced.

Such transactions, however, are really not intended to transfer good and rare intoxicating beverages to the first caller therefor, no matter the consideration involved, but rather to produce "local color." The gay dog and the chap who likes to appear as the experienced and blasé man about town would be disappointed if he did not get this mental prismatic effect, especially if he wishes to show off, as usually happens to be the case. It is either the friend from the "old home town" or it is the girl of the hour. In any event he likes to expand with the consciousness of being a superior person, who knows the ropes, who snaps his fingers at the idea that there is such a thing as forbidden fruit.

Advertising the Trade

NEW YORK being a commercial town, New York sells this local color to all comers, indiscriminately. It may be color with a kick, but it is not the sort of drink that a sensible man would care to have after having tasted it once. The method may vary—and the methods are innumerable. It may be a "confidential" address; it may be a password; it may be the introduction to a "waiter with a mole under his left eye" who answers to the name of Antoine and "controls his own special supply"; it may be a signed card by a known patron. In general, however, it's a most ridiculous sort of interchange, in which the bibulous one cuts the most ridiculous figure.

"Booze must be sold or there wouldn't be so many arrests every day," a citizen of a near-by state was observing recently.

Booze *is* sold, no one can deny that. One cannot sell booze these hectic days and then palm off colored water. Man's nefarious ingenuity has devised various ways of extracting ethyl alcohol from all kinds of substances, even methyl alcohol, and it is this raw and sometimes dangerous stuff that is supposed to be the cornerstone of New York's current metropolitan life. As a matter of fact, every arrest of the kind for violation of the prohibition laws, being duly recorded in the newspapers, is merely a free advertisement, and a valuable advertisement, because usually it is accompanied by such valuable analytical information that the fluid —whatever it might be—was "real stuff." It has to be or the charge would not hold.

So that is exploding theory No. 1, that to get a drink in New York one must be an elect of the elect. The chief morning newspaper gives this information to 500,000 persons daily. Every such address and name is a source of future supply for those who desire to be supplied.

The real New Yorker, however, fails to get in on the ground floor of these ventures, and, to be just, it is doubted if any New Yorker worthy of the name is even identified with the sale of this booze. He may be irritated because of the bad name that is given to his home town, but in the end if he has a sense of humor he must laugh. It's what makes his city what it is.

The real New Yorker, moreover, has no need to go to the theaters and other places of entertainment—not often. So the constant plaint about the high cost of first nights and the like is of no consequence to him. By walking from Fiftieth street at Broadway, then turning westward at Forty-second street as far as Eighth avenue, or even a wee bit farther, he can get all the free entertainment he can stand. If he feels like more, however, he can extend his pilgrimage as far as Thirty-seventh street around Broadway, and he has covered about all of "wild" New York there is.

Of course, there is the quarter—the "naughty" quarter, blandly known as the Village, prefixed by Greenwich, but this is another bit of local color that is an imitation of the neighborhood of Boulevard Sebastopol and Boulevard St. Michel, the main arteries of the once flourishing but now decadent Latin Quarter of the French capital. The Village is a fraud through and through in the sense of naughtiness, but the fraud is aided by the premeditated "artistic effects" of candlelight or shaded incandescents of low wattage, for the Village thrives upon such pallid effects as the White Way thrives upon the glaring, chromatogenous and often inharmonious illumination. So the diner after sensations gets something served on a coffee-and-ash-stained cover that is dubbed a tablecloth, marks left thereon by the geniuses that are supposed to frequent those eating places.

But be it the Great White Way or the Village, one cannot be insensible to the almost painful exertions of otherwise sane human beings—sane when they left their home town—to appear as mysterious revelers in the forbidden pastimes. One may go into an ornate but harmless soda emporium on the east side of Broadway between Thirty-ninth and Forty-second street to see what? An able-bodied man acting as host to a pair of noisy flappers, he drinking or eating, or drink-eating, rather, a concoction before which he would have paused, with all of youth's carelessness and courage, some 40 years before, and actually appear to be enjoying it. It isn't the drink—it's the vicinage that counts. It's Broadway.

Telling the Folks at Home

TO THE folks back home he will afterward speak about "drinks" and "the life," and thus aid his listeners to formulate wrong deductions. It's the sort of tale that foolish tourists take back.

As a rule, however, the places that are truly the ones where high-life abounds are very few indeed; they are fewer by many than the number that existed 10 years ago, before the Becker-Rosenthal affair snuffed out the rough spots, and even then these places were anything but numerous. With an average of 300,000 visitors every day, and if only one in a hundred had a penchant for wild oats, it would mean 3,000—and New York today has no organized facilities to cater to that many peccable-minded. The latter must do their share in attaining their object, and if this is done New York will furnish little more in the way of diversion than any other town.

What the metropolis will furnish that no other city in the country can furnish is a greater variety of anything. And because it furnishes variety it also furnishes good quality as well as bad. The traveler who cheerfully permitted himself to be robbed by Parisians on the supposition that he was having a good time is the prototype of the American who cheerfully pays all that New York asks of the visitor, for after all New York can sell no local color to the New Yorker. The New Yorker will in turn permit himself to be robbed in Paris, but not by a New Yorker in his native habitat. The New Yorker at home is like any other townsman at home. He is wise; he is careful; he is good.

With an unusually large proportion of very rich or very well-to-do inhabitants the metropolis is, inevitably, doing what all other towns are trying to do about the booze traffic. For every conviction there are two home-brewers. In the main, the municipality does not regard the prohibition law seriously. It goes through all the motions but the results are infinitesimal.

With Canada to the north 12 hours, with Cuba or the Bahamas away a hundred hours, and with England five days away, and trains and ships arriving every day from those points, it goes without saying that contraband booze should form a principal item of illegitimate business. One can get it anywhere. But to repeat, it is not the New Yorker who predominates in demanding such booze, but the visitor or the alleged New Yorker.

A visiting newspaperman from Ohio wrote a story some time ago in which he alleged that Fifth Avenue was the principal consumer of high-priced liquor. By Fifth Avenue he meant, naturally, the residents of the million-dollar mansions that line that famous thoroughfare north of Fifty-seventh street. But those homes in truth do not figure in the defeat of the Volstead law. In the most cases, to begin with, they are monuments to the success of past generations of hard-working Americans, and in most cases, too, they are literally mausoleums, since they are boarded up. The only vestige of life is the caretaker's dog. The owners, quite likely, are aging or aged survivors of the New York of a generation ago, and one cannot blame them if they cannot bring themselves to live in the city that, outwardly, bears little resemblance to the town of the late nineties.

Those homes, therefore, have become houses. They disappear one by one. They have no relation to the life of today, and therefore are not involved in bootlegging transactions. In every probability every such home has a cellar—the kind of cellar that cultured families knew how to maintain—retaining their liquid stocks as they were left in years gone by.

Where these families of yesteryear are represented by the so-called younger generation the picture is different. New York is no longer the social center that it was once, since most of the social duties are discharged in hotels and restaurants, and if they are inhabited at all, they are "estate" homes that have little in common with the predilections of their present owners.

The wealthy booze-buying element of New York does not linger in the city. It retains a residence here, whether it be a small apartment or a 50-room house, but the real habitat is somewhere out in the country, usually up the Hudson somewhere. But as gregariousness in the country is prevented by the distance between homes, club life settles all problems and eliminates all difficulties. Thus the clubs of this kind are those that may provide responsible bootleggers a stupendous profit in return for services, but the most liberal estimate would hardly justify the assertion that New York's rich people are the chief consumers.

Among the Needleworkers

IN FACT, more booze is being dealt with in the so-called neighborhoods where a certain type of sleek needle-trades manufacturers abide than is purveyed elsewhere. The men who are identified with banking in Wall Street, in the same measure, are much more dry than are the stockbrokers. It is a problem in relativity, not in comparisons.

In May, Scotch whisky, which somehow seems to be the whisky most in demand, was quoted in New York City at much lower prices than in Washington and in Albany. Supply exceeded the demand. A number of reasons contributed to this sluggishness, the chief of which was that quality had dwindled, and any price was too high for colored water. Thus the New Yorker of means, being on the defensive, refused to buy booze that was sold at local-color prices. And when the gratuitous critic from out of town says of the New Yorkers that they are the most credulous and gullible people on earth he has in mind the resident who passes as a New Yorker but is not one. The New Yorker is about as foolish as the Chicagoan and the San Franciscan, and that said all is said.

Sherry at $10 a gallon in tins, 12 per cent claret at $5 a gallon, imported Italian vermouth at $3 a bottle (not the dealcoholized kind) and a good cognac at $9 a "fifth"—those are some of the items that the experienced purchaser will pay for genuine products. But it goes without saying that a 300 to 400 per cent increase involved in those prices since 1918 is something that causes any sane man to pause. The stuff at those prices is not worth it. It is not worth it even as medicine.

Oiling Wheels of Commerce

SOCIABILITY, therefore, is not alcoholic—not in New York. If it is, it is so on about the ratio of Denver or Cleveland. In only one sense New York draws upon the booze supply to a greater extent, and that happens in the commercial world, where purchases or sales depend upon the final touch, as it were, at the end of a perfect business day. Yet it is not because the New Yorker is anxious to bestow booze that this happens, but the out-of-town visitor rather expects it. It's second nature to arrive from anywhere and expect the first New Yorker you meet to set them up. In fact, a buyer from one of the big southern department stores said that the New Yorker who hasn't got a bottle is shy on something, and accordingly his goods must suffer equally. It's an extreme opinion—but it has been voiced. And this being so the New Yorker must protect himself.

It's the same thing when the New Yorker goes a-visiting. Unless he is sure of calling upon persons who don't give a picayune if booze keeps or not, he must fortify himself with a supply—no matter how infinitesimal—just for moral effect. What? Just arrived from the "big burg" and nothing on the hip? It would be tantamount to having left his samples behind. "The wettest town" in the States and not a drop? It would be unthinkable. That's what outside public opinion thinks of New York. But to repeat—that outside opinion-holding public pays for it in ratio to its New York purchases.

If New York is not dry it is wet for these reasons. The marvel is that it is not wetter.

Let's tour the town to see what it yields.

One stops at a prominent hotel. The guest has registered from Missoula. He lingers as he fusses about the change for the bellboy, but he hearkens, too. There is tension on the former's part and there is a

(Concluded on page 15)

Emerson Hough—Historian of the Far West

A Case Where Discharge From Job Spelled Success

By FRED L. HOLMES

IF THERE was ever a man who learned the literary art in the school of hard knocks, it was Emerson Hough, of Chicago, now nationally known as an author and novelist. His father wanted him to be a lawyer and educated him for the profession. He went to New Mexico and located 80 miles west of Socorro in the mountain region between the Rio Grande and the Pecos rivers. His father failed in business and with the absence of an income at law Mr. Hough went to writing. When an offer came to represent a publication and write out-of-door stories at $15 a week, minus the office rent, he felt that at last he had "arrived."

At the age of 40 years he was discharged from his job. That made him a success. Now he has 29 books to his record, some ranking among the best sellers. He believes that if he had been cashiered 10 years earlier he would have done still better. His out-of-door writings have made him an authority on wild life in America.

"Sometimes I wonder if I ever slept under one roof 30 nights consecutively," he remarked recently. Then a smile, reminiscent, triumphant, wreathed his face.

"My story is one of many disappointments and discouragements," he added. "I have received $1,000 for a story no longer than an article I once wrote for $10."

Emerson Hough is today 66 years of age. He is of medium height, his hair and mustache white, features regular, broad of shoulder and big of torso. One can easily visualize the man who years ago hunted big game in the remote corners of America. His hobby is the out-of-doors and wild life.

"Twenty years from now the wild life will be practically exterminated east of the Mississippi River," said Mr. Hough. "The frontiers have been pushed back until today there are few remote spots in America and wild life has few refuges. Every movement to save wild life and wild-life refuges, to save striking beauty spots for state and national parks has been fought by greed. Greed is still wolfishly watching its opportunities to commercialize these beauty spots. Witness the recent effort to erect a big dam adjacent to Yellowstone Park and to ruin one of the most beautiful sections of that park. We must be on our guard to conserve the national parks already created, and we must establish as parks other beautiful spots that are in danger of being destroyed. We must establish wild life refuges throughout the country. If we do not, the wild life of today will meet the fate of the pigeon and the buffalo."

It was the picture of the West when he was a young lawyer in a half cow town and half mining camp that has filled his mind with historic pageants from which many of his novels have come. In the rough, pioneer life of New Mexico he received his most vivid impressions.

"It was then I began to love and understand the great West properly," he said. "We had a rough little town where we always went armed. My law practice did not amount to very much—I was always going bear-hunting instead of reading law—but I really was admitted to the bar at Lincoln, the county seat of Lincoln County, New Mexico, under old Judge Warren Bristol, who was then holding the first court of Lincoln County. "I could write a volume about the curious incidents of those old days of law on the frontier. I was then located on the field of the activities of the bandit, Billy the Kid, and his gang. Pat Garrett, the sheriff, who killed the Kid, was a great friend of mine. Twenty-three years after I had left White Oaks, New Mexico, I went down to El Paso, and Pat Garrett and I got a rig and traveled over the old scenes. We stood at the grave of Billy the Kid at Fort Sumner, and saw the ruins of the old adobe house in which Pat killed the Kid.



EMERSON HOUGH,
Captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

"Many and many a tale of actual desperadoism I could tell from personal experiences. At the time I was practicing law, I was all the time trying to break into print. The old *American Field,* printed by Dr. N. Rowe, published a series of stories of mine called 'Southwestern Sketches.' I suppose this was the first literary work with which I really can be credited, except a little sporting sketch for *Forest and Stream* in 1881."

Mr. Hough worked on a "society journal" in Des Moines, Iowa, at one time. Again he did odds and ends and collected bad debts on the Sandusky *Register,* Sandusky, Ohio. These were bitter, unremunerative days. Then he tried to do some work for the sporting papers. In 1889, he took the Chicago office for *Field and Stream,* of New York, at a salary of $15 a week. Meantime he was supporting his family in Iowa. Sometimes he was able to eat two meals a day, often only one. He sent his salary home to his people one week and kept it the next, "and never was in debt and always had a dime or so in my pocket." Later this office salary was doubled and things came a little easier.

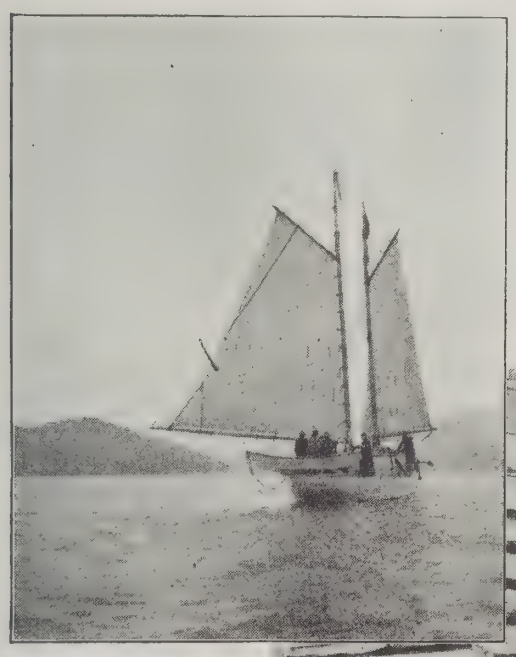
"I began to do special work for the daily papers now and more or less regularly wrote for the old McClure-Phillips Syndicate," he said. "These boys were pretty much broke all the time. They paid me $5 a column—when they paid it—which was always 90 days or so overdue.

"As I knew a good deal about sporting matters, I began to be considered somewhat of an authority on field sports in the West. For the McClure Syndicate I did humorous stuff, at a time when I was sadder than I have ever been since in my life. Thus I broke into the game little by little, and with the hardest of hard knocks, without any training."

An intimate knowledge of the newspaper office in these trying days is disclaimed by Mr. Hough. He declares he knew nothing about the inside of a newspaper until he was 50 years old. He has always been a special writer. He pictures himself as starting life with "very small equipment—a university education perfectly good and perfectly worthless."

Supplementing the special articles, he wrote a book, "The Singing Mouse," published in 1895, and then the "Story of the Cowboy," which was really his first success as a book author. The cowboy story struck the fancy of Theo-

(Concluded on page 14)



Schooner chartered by Emerson Hough for Alaskan bear-hunt.



Aleut Indians, friends of Mr. Hough, photographed by him in Northwest Alaska.



Bear camp with some of Mr. Hough's trophies in grizzly hides.



One of Mr. Hough's bear camps at Kodiak Island.

Making Canada Safe for the Canadians

Dominion Needs Population But Is Sensible Enough to Select Its Immigrants

By A. R. PINCI

CANADA is a country that has learned her patriotic A B C's at the beginning of her normal national greatness. Pretty as such phrases must sound for publicity purposes, making "Canada safe for democracy" or making "Canada safe for the world," they would be discordant in the Dominion as they are discordant in the United States. Canada wants to make herself safe for the Canadians.

Canada needs an increase of population. But Canada seems to have made up her mind that she is not a refuge, not an asylum, not a place to "hang one's hat." She is combating, even before it has started, but not any sooner than it seemed necessary, the idea that Canada indiscriminately owes the world a living. As a nation that has had to pay dearly of her treasure and her blood to maintain her independence in the face of militarism, she is now ready to sacrifice maximum national growth, measured in terms of numerical citizenship, by denying hospitality to overwilling guests. In other words, Canada has nipped in the bud that tendency that based once upon the generously logical has developed into the maudlin sentimental.

To do so the Canadian people—because it is the voice of the Canadians that is being heard upon the subject—the Dominion has frowned upon individuals or organizations whose favorite singsong is to keep open house. As a result it is a rare thing indeed to hear anywhere in Canada the kind of suggestions that one hears so insistently in the United States—that it is un-Canadian to be selective.

All this, too, in spite of the tremendous need of adding to the population—a population that numerically small is performing economic miracles for the sake of a posterity that is imperiled at this time by the backwash of the recent war.

Desire American Immigrants

SO PARTICULAR is Canada about the kind of settlers she wants that efforts are actually being made to induce residents and even citizens of the United States to emigrate there. Colonel J. S. Dennis, chief commissioner of the department of colonization and development of the Canadian Pacific Railway, whose efforts are said to be the model of those adopted by the federal department of immigration and colonization at Ottawa, said: "We must, naturally, look for the larger proportion of our agricultural colonists from the United States, where there is a large agricultural population, and draw from where the conditions of climate, agricultural methods, currency, weights and measures and other conditions are similar to those existing in Canada, and where, under existing conditions today, prices for farm lands being high, and the value of the farm products being low, there is a marked disposition on the part of the people, particularly in the Middle West, to emigrate."

Canada is handling the immigration problem seriously, and it is the purpose of this article to show how seriously. The government of Quebec recently announced an aggressive campaign to "attract colonists from the New England states." An agent has been sent, or will be sent, to deliver lectures and try to persuade French-Canadians, of whom there are thousands upon thousands in those states, to return to their native province and take up farms.

The provincial government intends to adopt an attractive and liberal policy to aid these settlers. On each lot settled by a colonist the government will clear 15 acres of land and provide a house and barn. While such a policy would be decried in the United States as petty graft on a large scale, no matter upon how sound an economic structure the plan were based, the Canadian idea is to impress upon desirable settlers that they are going "home." Canada somehow seems to have sensed what has not been so thoroughly appreciated in the United States—that there is a vast difference between the immigrant who thinks of North America as a place to live, or as *home*.

Minds and Bodies

THE Dominion, of course, needs the body of the settler and needs the physical body in its best sense, but the Canadian captains of industry and progressive government officials realize it is well-nigh useless to make a collection of mere bodies without their accompanying minds. That is why so much stress is laid on the matter of home and homesteading. That is why the Ottawa authorities are so distinctly pleased because the interesting sequel to the movement some time ago of Mennonite settlers from Western Canada to the United States has occurred in the form of an appeal to enable those prodigal children to return to Saskatchewan. The appeal was received during the middle of June at the Department of Immigration and Colonization from a former settler at Ernfold, who wrote from Millry, Alabama. He said in part:

"We would like to hear from you if it would be possible for your government to help us out here; I mean if it would be possible to loan us money to get back to our farms again. We cannot stay here as we are in such a bad shape now that we do not know what will become of us, so I pray you to help us out. My intentions never were to leave Canada, but I was talked up to do so and I am very sorry that I did."

Needless to say, there has been an attempt to read in Canada's desire to recruit immigration from points in the United States as an "unfriendly" policy, especially at a time when this country is anxious to retain the best alien population and at the same time prevent undesirables from coming here. Looked at from its best sociological aspect, however, the Canadian attitude leaves nothing to desire. At the present time, for instance, there are 600 United States factories that have full branch establishments in Canada, representing a capital investment of more than $400,000,000 and providing employment for 87,000 persons.

American farmers emigrating to Canada are, to all intents and purposes, so many "branch establishments" of American agriculture. As, to a certain extent, it is easier for the United States than for Canada to attract expert agriculturists, the loss of such settlers is not permanent, and moreover their settling in Canada merely assures the development of a nearly perfect nation to the north; perfect economically as well as politically, a no mean outlook for the time that the two countries may have cause to look to each other for their mutual extrication from the world's troubles.

Take the case of Mr. C. R. Asay. He belonged in Iowa. He is now a resident of Hanley, Saskatchewan. Iowa is one of the American states that is noted for its level-headed productive citizens. I don't know what caused Mr. Asay to move to Canada, but undoubtedly his must have been good reasons, and in saying this I mean in no sense uncomplimentary to the country he left behind. It would be within reason to assume that regarding himself in the same light of any other business man, he moved his business to a place where it would yield greater profit.

Well, Hanley is nearer to Minneapolis than is Washington, D. C. A sovereign hard-fisted Iowan transplanted to Saskatchewan can be a good example of Americanism, especially at a time when North Americanism seems much more plausible and certainly much more dependable than the unfruitful Pan-Americanism. One nice thing about Mr. Asay is that he believes in defending his good judgment, and he believes in doing so in black and white. So no sooner had he arrived at his new home than he wrote to Mr. A. E. Pilkie, Dominion government agent at Des Moines, as follows:

"We have arrived at Hanley all O. K. The car came through from Des Moines in four days. You must have done something to rush it along as it arrived two days before we expected it.

"Everything is in fine shape. We have had four inches of rain this week. How is that for a dry climate?"

One can appreciate Mr. Asay's pleasure at getting his household goods so promptly. Not only does it make him realize that the combined interest of the Canadian authorities and transportation systems are with him to make him feel at home, but that after all he is within four days' freight distance from his old home. And to appreciate what this means it is well to ask any New Yorker moving from Greenwich Village to Yorkville or Harlem if he can get his household goods moved in four days without getting something like an act of Congress and a dozen official introductions to the expressman.

Becoming Canadians

THE departure of the Iowan from the United States may be, in a way, a loss, but who can foretell what such emigration will mean 50 or 100 years hence, when the infusion of this new blood throughout Canada shall have accomplished its scope? At this time his appearance into Canada means a greater gain than his disappearance from Iowa is a loss, because the economic value of countless Asays in their new abode to those in America who have taken their place is beyond computation. In this respect Canada's policy can be better understood in its potential North American aspect—and that is why it is just as well to be shy of inspired criticisms that are purely detrimental without being logical or constructive.

Reduced to three words, Canada's urgent need today is "Colonize and Develop." Canada is awakening to the fact, however, that a policy of colonization may be unsatisfactory unless by colonization is meant something more than the mere forming of centers of population. As the editor of a Halifax newspaper stated, "the agitation in favor of registering all persons born in Canada as Canadians rather than as of the nationality of their parents is growing in power and favor. There is nothing very convincing in the argument that English, Scotch, Welsh and Irish descendants would not want to lose the distinction of their origin. There is, in fact, no census record that could make that clear unless the different groups married only in their own race. The moment they begin to intermarry their progeny ceases to be English, Scottish, Welsh or Irish, and becomes British. Their children, if born in this country, are properly Canadians."

The perpetuation of native distinctions is a continual source of trouble, misunderstanding and irritation. There is really no reason why Quebec should be considered a French-Canadian province, when it is inherently Canadian and nothing but Canadian. The French language is about the only remaining characteristic bequeathed by the forefathers that were the original settlers from France, and it looks as if the overwhelming potency of English as the North American common tongue will in due time smother the other, since it seems that no nation can be bilingual.

Quebecans point with pride to their French lineage, and they have every reason to be proud of it, yet it is clear that their French quality would become secondary as soon as they emigrated from France. In this case they have become Canadians, the more so because they have been obliged to learn English by the exigencies of their new environment. Hyphenation of language, therefore, is something that time itself will adjust, but officially hyphenation of nativity is a bad custom. It emphasizes distinctions that do not belong there.

The Canadian policy in behalf of immigration is essentially Canadian, and every emigrant to Canada virtually abandons there and then, upon admission, all previous distinctions and qualifications. That clinging to one's native traits is not conducive to the highest type of adopted citizenship is well proved in the United States in the case of certain nationalities that fail to attain it successfully until the second or third generation and those that racially fail to attain it at all, regardless of dissembling names and habits.

Canada's authorities are well aware that these have been and still are painful incidents in the national life of the United States and are, therefore, endeavoring to avoid them. So far, of course, hyphenation has been no trouble to Canada, but a weak or unsound immigration policy would easily lead to the disaster that could not happen as things are now.

As part of the British nation, not so much politically as ethnically, Canada's goal is to acquire the greatest possible number of new residents from England and Ireland. On the other hand, only about one in 12 British citizens can be classified as agricultural, and Canada is not ready to take over any unusual number of even British citizens without some knowledge of agriculture. The war has had the effect of diminishing the number of men and women that once would have normally gravitated into domestic service, for which the demand is greater than the supply, and this, too, at a time when England is about to look forward to the emigration of a few millions of her people.

Seek Agriculturists

HERE we have an unusual picture. It is well to comprehend its scope. For it means that Canada, a vast and wealthy nation, in a sense a colony of the kingdom, actually closes her doors to citizens who may be industrially unassimilable, and this is quite a commentary upon the manner in which our northern neighbor regards her duty in comparison to the still free and easy, if presently numerically restricted, policy of the United States.

When Canada actually agitates the point of cooperative action between Ottawa and London to evolve some scheme under which prospective young emigrants of non-rural type shall be fitted for agricultural life in Canada by some preliminary training at home, together with final assistance to enable them to establish themselves as farmers after this training has been obtained, it is impossible to doubt that the Dominion's plans and policies in the matter are far stricter than is imagined.

The dominion officials have realized, however, that it is very easy to misunderstand or to be misunderstood in applying restrictions of any sort, at destination more so than at the source, and in order to preclude annoyance many plans have been decided upon to obtain maximum results in minimum time.

What and how Canada does this, despite the limited means at her disposal as compared to the United States, is interesting to learn.

Canada maintains several emigration offices abroad, the chief one being located in London. The superintendent of emigration for Canada, J. Obed Smith, stated in the latest report to the minister of immigration and colonization at Ottawa, that intending emigrants, by their more intelligent and exhaustive inquiries, reveal a greater acceptability for the Dominion, and because of that the questioning habit of intending emigrants is cultivated to the utmost so that no one "shall go to Canada without being fully advised on all details."

Restricting and Soliciting

INQUIRIES in France and Switzerland are within the jurisdiction of the general commissioner for Canada in Paris, subject to review by the London office, if necessary, but all other correspondence from all continental countries, allied, neutral, is dealt with at first hand in London. The very necessary inspection of continental emigrants at the ports of Antwerp and Havre alone "have disclosed," Superintendent Smith declares, "conditions which in my various reports to the department make it clear that this operation has resulted in preventing very large numbers of undesirable continentals from taking passage to Canada with a mere chance of being admitted."

Yet it would be senseless to restrict without a corresponding activity to solicit, and Canada is doing both. For instance, under the jurisdiction of the London office, a large exhibition motor-wagon was constructed and placed on the road, to travel along the agricultural areas of England. It is in charge of an officer of Canadian residence and experience, travels from village to village and from school to school, and even stops at the hedgeways *to discuss Canada with men at work in the fields.* "We are carrying Canada to the classes Canada calls for." Trailing a man to his lair and then talking to him, in terms that he can understand, of a better lair is unquestionably a better system than that of waiting for men to call on their own account, for the simple reason that it is one thing to find a desirable prospect at work and talk to him sympathetically then, and another to talk to a man who *says he works.* To understand what this means it is merely necessary to realize that men who are planning to emigrate to Canada or the United States claim vocations that are not their true ones.

Special agents are employed for the purpose of interviewing, especially in provincial towns, booking agents, and these visits are not intended as investigations but

(Concluded on page 15)

A Mountain Memorial to Theodore Roosevelt

Thousands of Miles of Nature to Be Dedicated to Nature-lover

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE United States Government, at the suggestion of one of the states, is preparing to establish one of the most magnificent, if not, indeed, the grandest, monuments ever set up to the memory of any man. By a bill which has been passed by the Senate, and which is now in the House of Representatives, there is to be set apart forever as a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, more than 1,000 square miles of the loftiest mountain peaks, the headwaters of five of the most beautiful rivers, nearly 90 per cent of all the oldest and largest trees that remain on this earth, and the greatest and most varied wild-flower gardens ever planted by the hand of Nature.



Mount Whitney, highest mountain in United States outside of Alaska, 14,501 feet high.

This tract, which lies almost on the crest of the New World, is located on the summit and the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, in California, about 100 miles southeast of Yosemite National Park, and 150 miles south and east of San Francisco. It takes the form of an expansion of the present Sequoia National Park, established in 1891. Motor stage lines to Visalia make access to the new Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park, as the memorial is to be called, comparatively easy. In this area, covering a space equal to that occupied by 35 townships, there will be no roads, according to present plans, and no hotels, save such as are already established in the forest of the largest redwoods in the world, some of them 3,000 years old, in the original Sequoia National Park. Trails will be constructed throughout the Roosevelt monument. The man or woman who goes to see its beauties must travel on horseback and must camp out when night falls. In other words, this section of the "Alps of America" is to be kept in its pristine loveliness and its primeval wildness, for the edification and education of those to whom the original beauties of America appeal as they did to Theodore Roosevelt.

The new park was first suggested by John Muir in 1901. The park lies along the crest of the Sierra Nevada for a distance of approximately 60 miles. Its width ranges from 15 to 40 miles.

Within its boundaries it contains 10 of the higher peaks of the United States, all more than 14,000 feet in height, and one, Mount Whitney, 14,501 feet high, the loftiest mountain top in the continent, with the exception of Alaska. It contains the headwaters of the Middle and South Forks of the Kings River, one of whose valleys is as beautiful as that of the Merced River, better known as Yosemite Valley, and of the two forks of the Kaweah River, as well as of the Kern River. Into these streams flow, through the park, a dozen tributaries, each one with its own canyons, valleys and meadows, while the Kern River dashes through a stone-walled gorge which has many of the beauties of the Grand Canyon in miniature.

Lakes dot this mountain fastness thickly; wild animal and bird life is abundant, and in the waters of the upper Kern lives the golden trout, native to these streams, and found nowhere else in the world. In one meadow, on the South Fork of the Kings River, botanical experts have found growing one of the greatest collections of wild blossoming plants ever assembled.

Francis P. Farquhar, of San Francisco, who has walked alone and with companions from end to end of this great tract, who has climbed many of the peaks within it, and who acts as spokesman for the Sierra Club in meetings with officials of the government seeking to fix the boundaries and arrange for the opening of this memorial park, gave me the following description of this reservation:

"The proposed Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park is an enlargement of the existing Sequoia Park, to include 1,000 square miles additional. The Sequoia National Park was established in 1890 to preserve the magnificent forest, containing the giant sequoias, sugar pines and firs.

Thanks to the foresight of the nation, that forest now stands safe for future generations. But it is apparent that not enough has been set aside, and for many years the idea has been urged that the boundaries be enlarged. The act of enlargement has, for one reason or another, been deferred in Congress. The way now seems clear.

"The general appearance of this wonderful country has been so well described that there is scarcely necessity to more than refer. John Muir's portraits of the lakes of the high Sierra, the splendid coniferous forests, and, above all, the ice-wrought cirques, gorges and canyons, are masterpieces of outdoor literature. Altitude is always a matter of first concern wherever one may go throughout this region. Within the boundaries of the Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park there is an extreme range of altitude of 12,000 feet, extending from about 2,500 feet above sea level, to the summit of Mount Whitney, at 14,501 feet. The larger part of the area is in the higher altitude.

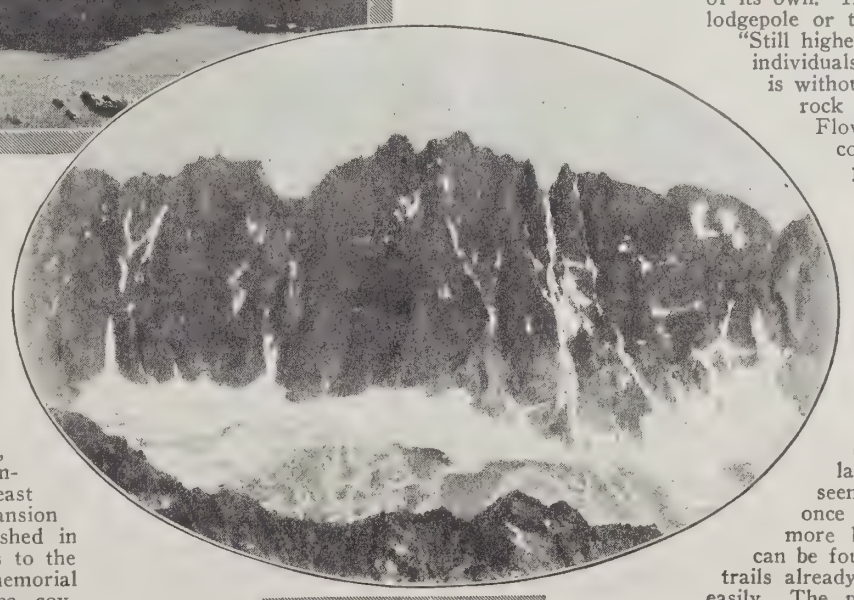
"Lowest is the sub-forest area, where dense chaparral covers the steep slopes of the canyons. There is only a little of this type within the park boundaries. It is not attractive to camp in, but is an excellent winter range for deer, and is important as a border protection. A little higher are found the bottoms of the great canyons of the main rivers. The floor of the South Fork of Kings River Canyon indeed greatly resembles the Yosemite Valley. The canyon of the Middle Fork of Kings River, however, is not so level and is narrower. The Kern River Canyon is long and narrow, and has but a few wide-open spaces.

"Next in altitude lies the main forest belt. This is acknowledged to be the most splendid coniferous forest in the world. Here stand the sequoia, the sugar pine, largest of all pine trees; the red fir, and many others of both pine and fir families. The boundaries of the new park extend into this great forest belt at two points. Above the main forest belt are the high forested plateaus, where the timber is distinctly inferior in size and proportions, but not without a rugged charm of its own. Here flourish the western white pine, the lodgepole or tamarack pine and the foxtail pines.

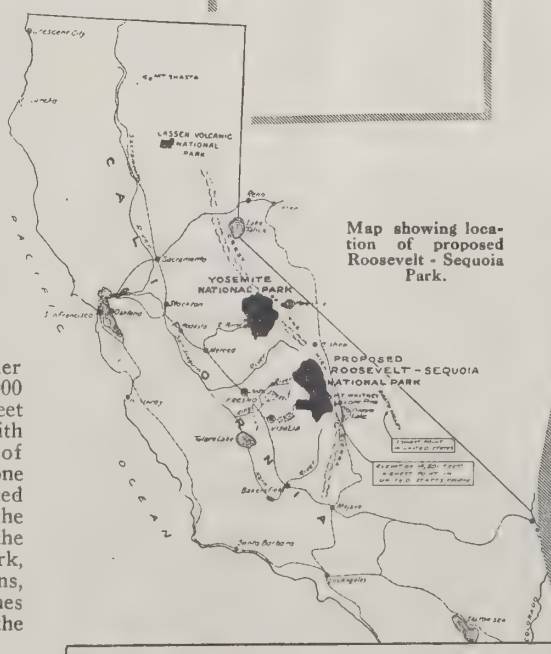
"Still higher lies a region where trees are scattered individuals. For the most part, this high country is without timber and is characterized by granite rock and alpine meadows of tufted grass. Flowers grow profusely in the meadows, conies and marmots whistle from the rock-piles, and butterflies float gently in the all-pervading light from the blue Sierra sky. Up through this high meadow land, one comes upon a little chain of lakes, and finds in the early season that the upper ones are still frozen, or covered with snow. Beyond, stand the high walls of cirques, or the ridges of the divides; while still above, tower the granite peaks, whose fluted sides, jagged buttresses, and glistening snowfields crown the Sierra.

"It is not a region for automobile or wagon roads; it is not a region for large hotels or crowded camps; it can be seen and enjoyed only on its own terms, but once these terms are accepted, no happier or more beautifully interesting camping grounds can be found. Throughout most of its area, good trails already extend, and others can be added very easily. The park is conveniently reached from the main highways, but inside travel in true Sierra fashion is by horses, mules and burros.

"Nowhere is there better trout fishing, but comparatively little game. Deer frequent the lower forests and the meadows, and there are a few bears, an abundance of the smaller mammals, especially rodents, and a number of interesting birds, including the tiny leucosticte, which nests as high as 14,000 feet, and the water ouzel, made famous by John Muir.



North Palisade, at very crest of Sierra.



Map showing location of proposed Roosevelt - Sequoia Park.



Cloudy Canyon in the valley of Roaring River. To the left is shown Simpson Meadow in the Middle Fork of the Kings River in the proposed Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park.



"Mount Whitney is easily climbed and has been ascended even by women and children. Near by, however, are peaks which try the most experienced mountaineer. More than 14,000 are North Palisade, Mount Russell, Mount Sill, Split Mountain, Middle Palisade, Mount Langley, Mount Muir, Mount Tyndall and Mount Barnard.

How Wall Street Feeds on Country Banks

Manufactured "Securities" Exchanged for Trust and Savings Funds

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

FREDERICK D. UNDERWOOD, president of the Erie Railroad, is a man of powerful physique. He has a bluff, hearty manner, and among railway men he is probably the most popular executive in the United States.

"F. D.," as he is more generally known, one day experienced the most unpleasant shock of his life. The bankers for the Erie, without consulting him, had spent $12,000,000 of the road's money in buying and loading upon the Erie the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, a railroad combination 3,689 miles in extent, which represented a mileage greater than that of the entire Erie system.

I happened to be the bearer of this unexpected news to the president of the Erie. He could not conceal his consternation and chagrin. Pacing his office floor for a few moments, he then exclaimed: "Well, I'm not going to say anything about it. No, I'll have nothing to say." But his tone implied that he was going to have a lot to say. And as the end will show, he did.

But the bankers for the Erie dominated the Erie board, and their action was merely another example of the small consideration given by Wall Street financiers to their railroad executives.

The "C. H. & D." had been bought from a financial group known as the Hollins Syndicate, the head of which was Harry B. Hollins. Associated with him was Eugene Zimmerman, better known from the fact that his daughter married the Duke of Manchester. Among other members of the coterie were the heads of several bond houses, and some experts in coal and railway enterprises in the Middle West. These men, in gaining control of a group of transportation lines, merely intended to make money, and that was all there was to it, so far as their intentions were concerned.

Securities But Not Secure

THE Hollins Syndicate is one of the classic examples illustrating *how Wall Street financiers produce the goods they sell.* For it shows that *one of the chief industries in Wall Street's banking parlors is the manufacture of institutional securities*—that is, *stock* and *bond* issues intended to be exchanged for the *cash deposited by the public in savings banks* and trust companies. The variety of such securities is legion, and they are made attractive by all kinds of speculative inducements. They may consist of common, preferred or prior preferred stocks, short-term notes, debenture, collateral trust, income, consolidated or convertible bonds.

Once having sponsored such issues, the banks and bond houses send out their forces of expert salesmen to dispose of the bulk of the securities to the "country banks," for whose benefit they were manufactured. For it is a significant fact that New York savings banks are not permitted to invest in collateral of the above-mentioned nature. The savings bank laws of New York, because of past experiences with Wall Street securities, have been made more restrictive than those of most other states.

Wall Street financiers, when they start out upon a campaign such as I am about to describe, generally seize upon a property of genuine merit, around which they then weave a deceptive financial web of elaborate proportions. The property selected in this instance was a small but important railway of great value. This short line had already been the prey of two financiers of a previous generation known as Ives and Stayner, of almost forgotten memory. Their financial operations had landed "Napoleon" Ives and his partner in prison.

The Hollins Syndicate, then, having acquired control of the road, a second syndicate was formed to buy up six subsidiary lines, whose securities were guaranteed by the C. H. & D. A third syndicate was now organized to buy the Pere Marquette Railroad, commanding the territory from Bay View, Michigan, to Detroit, and from Grand Rapids to Buffalo. This road was at once leased for 999 years to the C. H. & D., which was made to guarantee dividends on $16,000,000 common and $12,000,000 preferred stocks of the Pere Marquette. A fourth syndicate acquired the Toledo Railway & Terminal Company, a belt line railway, and its $3,650,000 bonds were guaranteed jointly by the C. H. & D. and Pere Marquette. A fifth syndicate was then formed for the purchase of the Chicago, Cincinnati & Louisville, a 264-mile line from Cincinnati to Hammond, Indiana. This was a newly constructed road, with wooden bridges and an unseasoned roadbed. It was sold to the Pere Marquette, and the $3,500,000 bonds representing its purchase price were guaranteed jointly by the latter road and the C. H. & D. A sixth and a seventh syndicate were created for the purchase of supplies and equipment.

A railroad combination had thus been created, extending over 3,698 miles, reaching from the Great Lakes to Cincinnati, touching Buffalo on the east, Detroit and Bay City to the north, and Springfield, Illinois, Chicago and Milwaukee on the west. The Great Central Route, as its organizers now called it, was a formidable and imposing proposition on paper, but physically, it was a weak and purposeless jumble of unimportant railroads.

The guaranties to which the Pere Marquette and C. H. & D. had been committed, were burdensome and a menace to their solvency. Hugely inflated bond issues had been authorized. The C. H. & D. had issued one for $25,000,000, followed by another for $50,000,000. On behalf of the Pere Marquette, a refunding mortgage for $60,000,000 had been authorized. Fifteen million dollars in collateral gold notes were also put out.

The collateral trust issues were of a most insecure and dangerous character. They were in effect, bonds secured only by deposits of stocks of the various lines. The stock capitalization and bonded debt of the Great Central Route, assumed by this time the inflated figure of more than $183,000,000 in outstanding obligations.

However, so complicated had been the ramifications of the Hollins Syndicate, that the unsound nature of the security issues was not at that time discernible. A great selling campaign was begun by the C. H. & D. financiers, who cleverly circulated confidential tips to the effect that all the stocks, notes and bonds would soon enhance greatly in value because a secret contract existed whereby the Erie Railroad System had pledged itself to buy the Great Central Route.

The collateral gold notes became especially popular in Wall Street among investors. One half of this issue was sold abroad, and a large amount of the notes was disposed of to members of the British royal family by an international Wall Street bond house. The collateral trust, consolidated and refunding bonds were less favorably regarded. But expert bond salesmen, trained in the plausible ways of their craft, were started through New England and the Middle West to unload the securities on country financial institutions. A large proportion of the bonds was disposed of, therefore, to savings banks, trust companies and individuals known to be in possession of funds for investment.

The profits of the members of the C. H. & D. ring were enormous. Every syndicate participant became a millionaire. One Middle West railway expert for the first time in his career a massed $1,500,000. A banker, interested in some of the underwritings, said to this man: "My dear sir, no man living deserves to make a million and a half dollars as quickly as you did. Get out of the game while you're ahead of it. Quit business, go to Europe, enjoy yourself for the rest of your life."

But the railway expert refused to listen to this well-meant advice. Bitten by the fever of high finance, he opened a bond house in the financial district, and joined in the profitable game of selling C. H. & D. securities to country banks.

While passing through Broad street one day, I met an elated C. H. & D. financier, who confided to me that the Hollins Syndicate had just concluded its final deal with the firm of J. P. Morgan & Company for the sale of the Great Central Route to the Erie Railroad for $12,000,000. It was this information, as mentioned before, that I carried to Mr. Underwood, president of the Erie, who at that time was totally unaware of the transaction.

The first action of the Erie directors was to send Mr. Underwood with his official staff, over the lines of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton combination, on a tour of inspection. He was to report on the nature of his observations at the succeeding board meeting.

The momentous day of the meeting arrived, and the Erie directors assembled in the board room. There were at that time on the Erie directorate, two figures eminently prominent in the life of Wall Street. One was the elder Morgan, always a domineering personality in finance; the other was Edward H. Harriman, head of the Union Pacific, keen in mind and wit.

A Man's Wrath

MR. UNDERWOOD presented the report on his survey of the C. H. & D. He pointed out the weaknesses of the various lines, the ruinous nature of their contracts and guaranties, and their tremendous over-capitalization. He showed that while the funded debt of the C. H. & D. had been increased more than $25,000,000, without an increase in actual values, and the fixed charges had been raised more than $1,578,000 annually, the cash assets of the C. H. & D. and the Pere Marquette amounted to only $100,000. He stated it bluntly as his opinion, that the acquisition of the Great Central Route would prove a calamity to the Erie System.

F. D.'s words fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of the assembled directors. A silence ensued for a few moments. It was broken by the incisive words of Mr. Harriman, who instantly supported the attitude of Mr. Underwood. He unhesitatingly stated his belief that misrepresentations must have been made with regard to the true conditions of the C. H. & D. property, and sarcastically referred to the large commission which the Morgan firm was making out of the deal.

The elder Morgan's temper always had been an uncertain quantity, and Harriman's caustic words stung him into instant fury. He struck the board table with his fist, and rose from his chair. "All right, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "there's been enough criticism. I'll dispense with my so-called 'immense commission.' We'll call this transaction off. I'll annul the deal, and take the C. H. & D. off the Erie's hands myself. I'll personally assume the $12,000,000 obligations."

So saying, the great financier stalked from the board room in a towering rage.

Morgan was always bold, resourceful, never at a loss or afraid to face a situation. His action in personally assuming the tremendous dangers and burdens of the C. H. & D. lines was, to say the least, magnificent. The sensational episode won him still greater popularity in the Street. In fact, it was generally understood that he had been led into the deal merely through his friendship for Harry B. Hollins.

But Mr. Morgan was no philanthropist. He had no intention of expiating the speculative crimes of others. His wrath fell upon the syndicate managers of the C., H. & D. Exactly four days later, he threw the 3,698 miles of railroad into bankruptcy.

The unscrambling of this great railroad omelet proved a disastrous affair to all concerned. Morgan placed his own men in charge of affairs. They repudiated every contract and guaranty that had been made by the syndicate rings. They notified the C. H. & D. interests that they had violated the Ohio state laws in leasing the Pere Marquette, and promptly broke the 999-year lease. They notified the Pere Marquette group that their acquisition of the Chicago, Cincinnati & Louisville had been contrary to law, and cancelled its purchase. They rescinded and renounced every agreement that had been made.

Eventually the interest was defaulted on the once popular collateral gold notes, the collateral trust, consolidated and refunding bonds. Now ensued a series of those depressing scenes which occur periodically in Wall Street when bond issues are defaulted. Protective committees were organized, ostensibly to protect the investors. Delegations of disturbed representatives of savings banks and trust companies in New England and the Middle West traveled to Wall Street to discuss the situation. To their consternation, they found that the best that could be done for them and their discredited bond investments was *to reduce the collateral to possession.* That ominous phrase meant, in other words, that instead of being owners of bonds, they owned stocks in a variety of smaller railway lines whose value at that period was a matter for serious concern.

Some of the security issues of the C. H. & D. Syndicate were rendered entirely valueless. Several bond and stock brokerage concerns, which had participated in the numerous syndicates, went bankrupt. Among them was that of the Middle West railway expert, who had refused to travel abroad with his $1,500,000 profits. His bones were picked clean by the harpies of the Street. *But the real and actual loss of this financial debauch fell upon the persons who had deposited their money in the country institutions that had been unwise enough to invest in the speculative securities of a Wall Street gamble.* In other words, the public paid the cost.

Safeguarding Savings

SUCH was the history of Wall Street's management of corporate enterprises at that time and period. And such is its history today, despite all the changes the years have brought.

That the country is awakening to a realization of the danger in reckless investments of savings bank funds, is proved by recent amendments to the savings bank laws of many states. During the last few years, banking institutions, in New England especially, have suffered unfortunate experiences through having invested large amounts of their depositors' funds in railroad and industrial stocks of little value, from which they derived no income.

Maine, for instance, permits the investment of savings bank funds in railroad stocks within certain limits. New Hampshire permits such investments in "the dividend-paying capital stock of steam railroads which, in each of the five years preceding such investment shall have paid dividends at the rate of not less than four per cent per annum on the class of stock in question, and all other classes of stock of prior preference." This state, however, altered its savings bank investment laws in 1921, by reducing the amount of railroad, public utility and industrial stocks that a savings bank may hold, *from 25 per cent to 10 per cent.* In Rhode Island, also, public savings may be placed in stocks, with certain restrictions. It is noticeable that many of the western states, including Iowa and North Dakota, very sensibly prohibit such investments.

A compilation made of the stock investments of the country's savings banks and trust companies, reveals a remarkable state of affairs, and discloses the extent to which Wall Street feeds upon the deposits in such institutions. Close upon $45,000,000 of *public savings in so-called country institutions,* are at present invested in stocks of steam railroads, industrial and public utility companies. Some of these stocks are of excellent character. They represent the capital of well-managed corporations, and have long dividend-paying records.

But by far the greater part of country bank investments in New York have been placed in shares which are merely the playthings of speculators on the New York Stock Exchange. Large numbers of these stocks have no investment value whatever. The equities behind them are of a most uncertain character. Many have never paid dividends, and never will. The money that injudiciously has been placed in securities of this class is dead capital, and earns not a penny for its depositors.

The following table shows the results of the compilation:

Stocks in Savings Banks		
Railroad issues	$15,134,800	
Industrial & public utility	5,166,700	
Total in savings banks		$20,301,500
Stocks in Trust Companies		
Railroad issues	$14,942,300	
Industrial and public utility	9,203,400	
Total in trust companies		$24,145,700
Total in country savings banks and trust companies		$44,447,200

(Concluded on page 14)

"He's Great," Children Say of Art Director

By GRACE E. POLK



DUDLEY CRAFTS WATSON

DUDLEY CRAFTS WATSON is director of the Milwaukee Art Institute. He is also head of the extension department of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. He has sketched over half of Europe and won awards with the results of his sketching. He has taken classes into Southern Spain and into Northern Africa. He lectures with equal facility on home furnishing and Greek sculptures; on the Gothic period and Roman architecture; on water color and batiking; on anything that has a connection, near or remote, with the field of Art; and half the towns of the Midwest, whose Main streets have had uneasy stirrings toward an appreciation of the beautiful, have listened gleefully to Mr. Watson, laughed at him and "tea-ed" him.

For all these things Dudley Crafts Watson is known up and down the states which the Mississippi calls its own. But when the recording angel takes out the Doomsday Book to write briefly the final epitome—not of these things will it be written. In that final catalog of achievement may be expected something like this: here is the man who started 500,000 children to liking art.

Everyone knows that an art museum is scarcely a favorite stamping ground for children. With the cosmopolitan curiosity characteristic of childhood, they do look in on picture galleries now and then, but with that tendency of theirs, equally characteristic, of seeing all things and holding fast by the bad, if left to their own devices, they shortly hurry away from Art to a wild movie, or a wilder vaudeville. Since Dudley Crafts Watson began to talk to Minneapolis school children about Art, a new thing has been noted. Half the people who come to the Institute of Arts on Saturdays and other days that are not holidays are children. They come alone, and they really look at things. The school children of Minneapolis, the youngsters of a dozen nationalities and all walks of life have suddenly become interested in "pictures and things."

Of course, the significant thing about this is that these very children who are swarming the galleries today will be, in 20 or 30 years from now, the men and women who will determine what the civic life of Minneapolis shall be. Repeat this in Milwaukee, where it has long been going on, and in a score of other towns and cities of the Mid-west and the influence that it may have on the future of American art becomes apparent. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." If they do depart from it, 50, 75, even 90 per cent, there is still a valuable residue left with which to combat what has long been one of Europe's most bitter criticisms of America that "in getting and spending we lay waste our lives" and the finer things of life find little sympathy with us.

Just why Art, as administered by Dudley Crafts Watson, becomes so interesting to children it would be hard to say. Perhaps it is because he encourages individuality. "Do you like Mr. Watson?" one clear-eyed high-school student was asked. "Oh, you bet," he answered. "He's great every minute." "And what do you get from him that you never got from anyone else?"

"He put up a model for us, and he told us to draw it, any way at all, just go ahead and draw, and we did. And then he came around and showed each one of us how the way we had handled the lines reflected our personality—you know, showed our individuality. Nobody ever did just that before, and it started us to thinking." Perhaps his hold on the children is because he's such a good show in himself. The old "ten-twenty-thirts" have nothing on Dudley Crafts Watson in holding an audience of children. He can come into a room where they are waiting their fate with bored resignation, and five minutes later every child in the room is on tiptoe with excitement. He isn't a dreamy, "highbrow" lecturer. With him art ties itself up with things modern and commonplace. He may begin his art talk with an illustrated dissertation on milking machines; the slang of the day has a firm advocate in him, and when he mysteriously whisks out yard after yard of batiked (self-batiked) silks from his pockets, the thought comes naturally that if Art ever failed, conjuring might afford him an equally profitable career. But with all these "stunts" he eventually gets back to Art, and always leaves something that was not a part of the children when they came.

Whether any of these thousands ever become artists, is a different thing. It doesn't matter. What we do need is an appreciation of art by all, to make more possible its creation by the talented few.



Mr. Watson talking to Minneapolis school children at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

Making Canada Safe for the Canadians

Concluded from page 10

rather as mutual talks. As Mr. Smith says, "when decisions are difficult for those of us who are constantly in touch with changing conditions and changing regulations, it is not surprising that the difficulty is much enlarged for booking agents who have to rely upon periodical circulars without the added advantage of other detailed information that becomes available to departmental officials between the publication of one circular and another. Booking agents being undoubtedly of great value and the constant allies of this emigration service, it is our bounden duty to assist them in their work in every way possible.

"No service of the Canadian Government can begin to produce anything like the results in the building up of information of the huge natural resources that would follow the work of this department if an extension of its propaganda materialized. In other words, if Canada wants to settle the Dominion with a large number of desirable people she must give more attention to that branch of public work than to any other."

Canada believes in advertising, but advertising that is explicit and to the point. All of her activities of this kind are based upon an adequate use of space in periodicals best adapted for the purpose. Canada advertises fertile lands and maximum comfort and independence as would a real estate company, with this exception, that Canada's endorsement is a bond. Canada is not looking for profits but for results, even though the latter may imply, and should imply, the former, too.

The Canadian theory, and I believe it is our theory too, is that every settler is worth $1,000 to the country.

The American emigrants to Canada last year were chiefly those who were going upon land which they had purchased or proposed to buy. It was found that the number of those desiring to buy was greatly increased over previous years.

According to figures which I obtained at Ottawa recently, 29,345 persons emigrated to Canada from the United States during the fiscal year ending March 31, 1922. The highest number was in 1913, when 139,009 went to Canada. About 26 per cent of American immigrants made entry for homesteads in Western Canada. From July 1, 1900 to March 31, 1922, Canada absorbed 1,396,853 immigrants from the United States. Within an almost corresponding period (July 1, 1899 to June 30, 1921) British North America—as classified by the United States Immigration Service—yielded 995,446 persons.

It will be seen that in a generation Canada actually absorbed 401,407 American immigrants, a quota that certainly need not be alarming and that, in fact, does not indicate any unusual migratory current. Nor is that all. American residents of Canada, whether or not they intend to naturalize themselves, are consumers of American products, whether manufactured in the United States or by Canadian branches of American houses. In this respect, therefore, inter-North American migration does not represent gains and losses such as we are wont to associate with movements of this sort under the general category of immigration.

This fact alone justifies the suggestion advanced in a recent article that Canada and the United States should pool, so to speak, their immigration policies and to that extent obliterate the boundary. There can be no such thing as an unassimilable American citizen in Canada or an unassimilable Canadian citizen in the United States. But presuming that there might be, the exceptions would be so few as certainly to warrant the deflection of countless inspectors of both countries to more vital ports of entry.

One of Canada's interesting and undoubtedly successful endeavors, from an advertising standpoint, is that known as the Exhibition Branch, actively engaged in the preparation and installation of exhibits in numerous centers in the United States and Great Britain. In this country exhibits were installed at 24 state fairs, lasting from 12 to 21 days. The maximum attendance was 1,150,000 at the Texas State Fair in Dallas and the smallest of 65,000 at the Missouri State Fair held in Sedalia. In England many exhibits have been placed, with more being planned as conditions warrant.

There has been a report that no less than 10,000 demobilized war-service women were anxious to go to Canada to enter housework. These hostels, in addition to being reception homes for girls arriving in Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Vancouver, serve also as clubhouses and homes. The placing of such women as went to the hostels is done in co-operation with the women's division of the employment service of Canada.

The latter division suggested a system of emigration permits to be granted to all unaccompanied women desirous of going to Canada, upon assurance of good health and satisfactory purpose. Under this system, 7,724 women went to Canada; 4,169 went to join relatives or to be married; 2,459 went to assured positions in factory work or housework, and the others were actually houseworkers. There is a card record of these girls, and fully 90 per cent are said to be satisfactory in every way.

Naturally the movement of women by the hundreds every month meant the devising of new plans for their care in transit. Until August, 1920, women not accompanied by their families went to Canada in charge of Dominion government women officers. But to supply such officers permanently for all vessels traveling between Canada and England was impossible, and so the steamship companies decided upon "ship's conductresses." The Canadian Pacific Ocean Services have women of high character and ability for the purpose, while the Cunard and White Star lines use chief stewardesses.

Last, but not least, in this connection, is Canada's special attention to juvenile immigration. More than 50 years have passed since the necessity for effort on behalf of the thousands of poor and neglected children of the British kingdom claimed the attention of well-disposed and worthy individuals to attempt by some action the reclamation and salvation of the thousands who should grow up in surroundings and under conditions that tended to foster and develop many of the worst forms of depravity.

The first organized party of juveniles arrived at Quebec in 1869, and since that remote day parties have been brought to Canada almost without interruption, to settle in the agricultural districts of the older provinces.

The children undergo special training and instruction in such subjects as are essential to qualify them for respectable citizenship and useful service abroad. Besides their elementary schooling, there is instruction in useful trades for the boys and girls. The course of training embraces periods of from one to five years. In certain institutions migration "is held before the children as a certificate of their personal merit and health."

Where Eliza Caught the Underground Railroad

Concluded from page 3

was a Tennessee minister, who preached Abolitionism in and around his home there, until, in the early 1830's he was forced to move. He wound up in Ripley, and began preaching. In a short time he was manager of the system. Rankin was a dictatorial and aggressive man. He never lost a fugitive. His forcefulness is clear enough on the face of the bronze bust of the man, which surmounts his grave in the Ripley cemetery.

The "Rankin house," known the world over, is a two-story brick structure, in excellent condition, built on the sheer edge of a hill, 400 feet above low water mark in the Ohio River. To the left is the deep gap that is the northern gateway through the hills. Behind and to the right of the house is a rolling plateau. Before is the town, the river, and the Kentucky hills, whose tops are about on a level with the Rankin house. Nine miles of the twists and turns of the river are in plain view, as well as several miles of the country, back in Kentucky.

This was the objective of escaping slaves from and through Kentucky. Few fugitives from Louisiana and the Far South came this way. The majority of them went to Mexico, and into the Florida and Louisiana swamps. Dismal Swamp, was a favored retreat. Several generations of fugitives were born, lived, and died in it; patrols systematically hunted Negroes there. By day the Rankin House was in plain sight of fugitives concealed in the Kentucky hills. When they came down to the river to cross it at night they were guided by a brilliant light from the window on the second floor. This light burned from sundown to dawn every night.

For years a steady stream of fugitives—house servants and field hands, the docile and the unruly—was brought across the river in skiffs, and landed at night on the Ripley shore. Hundreds came alone. The most of them were armed with long knives, used for cutting corn—they could get hold of few other weapons. But the knives were effective enough in hand-to-hand fighting, and the fugitives were desperate. Practically all were destitute. The men of Ripley were constantly paying for quantities of cloth; the women were kept busy cutting it, and making it into clothing.

From the river, the fugitives were taken to the Rankin house, clothed and fed, and generally sent on without delay. It was too prominent a station to risk holding them long. While Rankin was at the head of the Underground Railroad there were plenty of clashes with pursuing patrols, but no serious affrays. When the risk was too great to send fugitives from the house, they were hidden in a closet. Rankin was an experimenter. At one time his experiments were with bees, hived in this closet. There is no way to estimate the number of fugitives who for several days at a time shared it with the bees.

There were other men, white and colored, prominent with Rankin in the operation of the Ripley station. John Parker was one of them, and a romantic figure. He was a very light-colored slave, who secreted himself in the hull of an upriver steamboat at New Orleans. During the trip he was without food. The boat's wheel splashed water against the end of the craft. Occasionally it trickled through, and by lying on his back with his mouth open to catch the drops, Parker managed to keep alive. He left the boat at Louisville, where he passed as a bearded Cuban, and made money enough there to start a foundry at Ripley. He was one of the town's successful business men. Probably the last man living of the Rankin group is Lindsey Jackson. He was born free in Ripley, and was closely associated with his leader.

The organization, however, was not a formal one. Its operations were necessarily and purposely mysterious. There were no titles until steam railroads were built, when their terminology was used—president, station keepers, conductors—to mystify the public.

How Wall Street Feeds on Country Banks

Concluded from page 12

Many millions of these stocks have value only to their owners as representing the controlling ownership of corporations. As investments they are meaningless. Scores of these railroad and industrial issues are at the present time being manipulated on the Stock Exchange by gambling pools. It is of great advantage to these speculators to have large amounts of such shares lying in the vaults of savings banks and trust companies, for it means that so much stock has been taken out of the market, and the lessened floating supply in Wall Street enables the gamblers the more easily to swing the quotations up or down.

Savings banks and trust companies outside of New York have placed millions in shares of the Boston & Maine Railroad, whose affairs became tangled up in the old New Haven scandal. Dividends on all its stock issues were passed in 1921, and on the common stock none have been paid since 1913. These institutions have placed their depositors' money in shares of the Erie, which has never paid a common stock dividend, and its huge burden of bonded debt holds out no promise of such payment in the near future; in shares of the Maine Central, which road has earned deficits since 1918. Country banks have invested in Wabash shares, which has never paid dividends on the common, and none on the preferred, since 1918; in Chicago & Great Western shares, which has never paid any return on the common and none on its preferred for the last few years; in shares of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, which has paid no dividends since 1913.

The first or even second mortgage bonds of the roads just mentioned would seem to be suitable investments for savings institutions. Most of these roads are important arteries of commerce, and deserving of financial backing. But the placing of public savings in their stocks, is of no benefit to the roads in question, impoverishes bank funds, and encourages the mania for stock gambling in the financial district.

Month after month, state and municipal bond issues from all sections of the country are being underwritten and sold by Wall Street banks and bond houses. They are a medium by which wealthy men invest their surplus funds and escape the payment of taxes. *Yet the states, counties and municipalities throughout the country could easily save the expensive underwriting commissions they pay Wall Street in this manner.*

A previous article has shown that the major wealth of the United States rests in the control of its country banking institutions. The country national banks show resources aggregating 82 per cent of the national banking assets of the United States. Yet these country banks deposit many hundreds of millions of their surplus funds annually with Wall Street banks. Now as we have seen, the savings banks and trust companies of the country invest further millions of their surplus funds in stocks of Wall Street corporations, many of which are dead investments, and earn no return on their capital.

The surplus funds which the national banks of the country deposit in Wall Street, are almost wholly utilized in making call loans to speculative brokers. The country savings banks and trust companies, which tie up their funds in stocks of little value, merely facilitate the gambling operations.

It is evident that the country does not have to go to Wall Street to borrow money on its state, municipal, school district or drainage bonds. Its banking institutions may soon realize that they can find better use for their surplus money in home industries, the development of their own localities, the investment in farm loan bonds, and the like.

And if the country banks went on strike, the activities of the rings, pools and syndicates, whose unhealthy effects are periodically felt country-wide, would soon be suspended for lack of surplus money with which to carry on the game.

The Golden Dam to the Stream of Prosperity

Concluded from page 2

and insolvency when the amount of money in proportion to the amount of wealth stands in the ratio of 1 to 30?

The rapid increase in the real wealth, as distinguished from the money in the country, is strikingly illustrated by the following figures:

Year	Population (In Millions)	Wealth (In Millions of Dollars)
1890	63.1	65,037
1900	77.3	88,517
1904	83.8	107,104
1912	96.9	187,739

Between 1890 and 1912 the total wealth of the country increased threefold. *But there was no proportionate increase in the amount of gold.* It is true that since the war a great deal of foreign gold has accumulated in the United States, but in the 10 years since 1912 the wealth of the country has taken another enormous stride, thus more than offsetting this increase in the gold supply.

Bearing in mind the slender gold supply upon which we are struggling to conduct our domestic business and our foreign commerce, let us glance at the production of 10 staple crops for a single year. *When we realize that these crops cannot be moved without money, it will begin to be clear why the farmers burn their corn and the planters in the South cannot sell their cotton, while thousands of men, women and children in our great cities are hungry and scantily clad:*

Crop	1920 Harvest	Value
Corn, bushels	3,232,367,000	$2,189,721,000
Wheat, bushels	787,128,000	1,135,806,000
Oats, bushels	1,526,065,000	719,782,000
Cotton, bales	12,987,000	914,590,000
Hay, tons	91,193,000	1,613,896,000
Rye, bushels	69,318,000	88,609,000
Barley, bushels	202,024,000	142,931,000
Buckwheat, bushels	13,789,000	17,797,000
Potatoes, bushels	430,458,000	500,974,000
Tobacco, pounds	1,508,064,000	318,359,000

The enormous volume of foreign trade is indicated by the figures on exports and imports, which for the United States in 1920 were as follows: Imports, $5,279,398,211; exports, $8,228,759,748.

Yet the United States, the greatest business nation in the world, still clings, with an almost religious devotion, to "the gold standard," and endeavors to handle this stupendous commerce through a medium of exchange whose scarcity insures stagnation at the outset.

Of course, this business simply could not be carried by the small stock of gold in actual existence, and so we have the enormous fabrication of paper money and credit, a sort of ghostly gold, supposedly redeemable in the metal, but which is issued in quantities many times in excess of the gold reserves. Then, when a time of general liquidation arrives and business men seek to redeem this artificial money and to convert real wealth into its equivalent in money, there is not enough gold to go round. The bubble is pricked, a great financial "crash" occurs, hard times descend upon the country, business enterprises go bankrupt (there were 22,000 commercial failures in the United States in 1921), and millions of able-bodied men are unemployed and starving in a country teeming with real wealth but financially "broke."

The stream of prosperity is dammed by this sinister bar of gold, and until this bar is broken down we shall continue to have hard times, bankruptcies, and unemployment, with the grim specter of starvation stalking through the land while crops sufficient to feed the whole world lie rotting on the ground.

How long will the American people allow this scandalous and inexcusable condition to continue? But continue it will, and become increasingly unbearable, so long as we bow down to this fetish of "the gold standard." Surely the time must come soon when the American people will refuse to remain longer in this hideous bondage, when they will rise in their might and overthrow this idol of economic superstition. Then the golden dam will disappear as by magic and the river of national wealth will flow unhampered through the parched fields, hard times and unemployment will disappear, and the country will become, as it should be, the happy home of fifty—yea, one hundred—times its present population.

And it can be done.

Emerson Hough—Historian of the Far West

Concluded from page 9

dore Roosevelt and he wrote to the author an exuberant letter of praise saying, "I always wanted to write this book myself. Now, thank God, it's done, better than I could have done it." Mr. Hough says that this is the first praise he had ever received in his life and he treasures this letter above all of his other possessions.

"My first novel was 'The Girl of the Halfway House,'" said Mr. Hough. "It did not go very well, although it had a modest sale. Then my taste for historical subjects began to push me."

Dictating direct to the machine in his office during the daytime, or penciling it after 10 o'clock at night, Mr. Hough wrote "The Mississippi Bubble" which brought national recognition. He had five copies of the manuscript made and sent them out to the leading publishers. To his consternation, two replied by telegraph and the others accepted by letter. One company offered $5,000 advance against royalties and got the contract.

"Of course this was more money than there was in the whole world, and more than I had ever seen," he interpolated. "It seems quite natural that I took that offer in preference to any of the others.

"When I was working on 'The Mississippi Bubble' I was still engaged by *Forest and Stream*. When the book began to attract attention they figured out that I certainly could not be a good newspaperman, or I could not have written 'The Mississippi Bubble.' So they fired me. I presume I was the worst scared man in the world at the time, married, and with no visible means of support beyond that ancient ambition to write. Now I can truthfully say that I wish the *Forest and Stream* had fired me 10 years earlier. I could have paid them three times the salary they ever paid me.

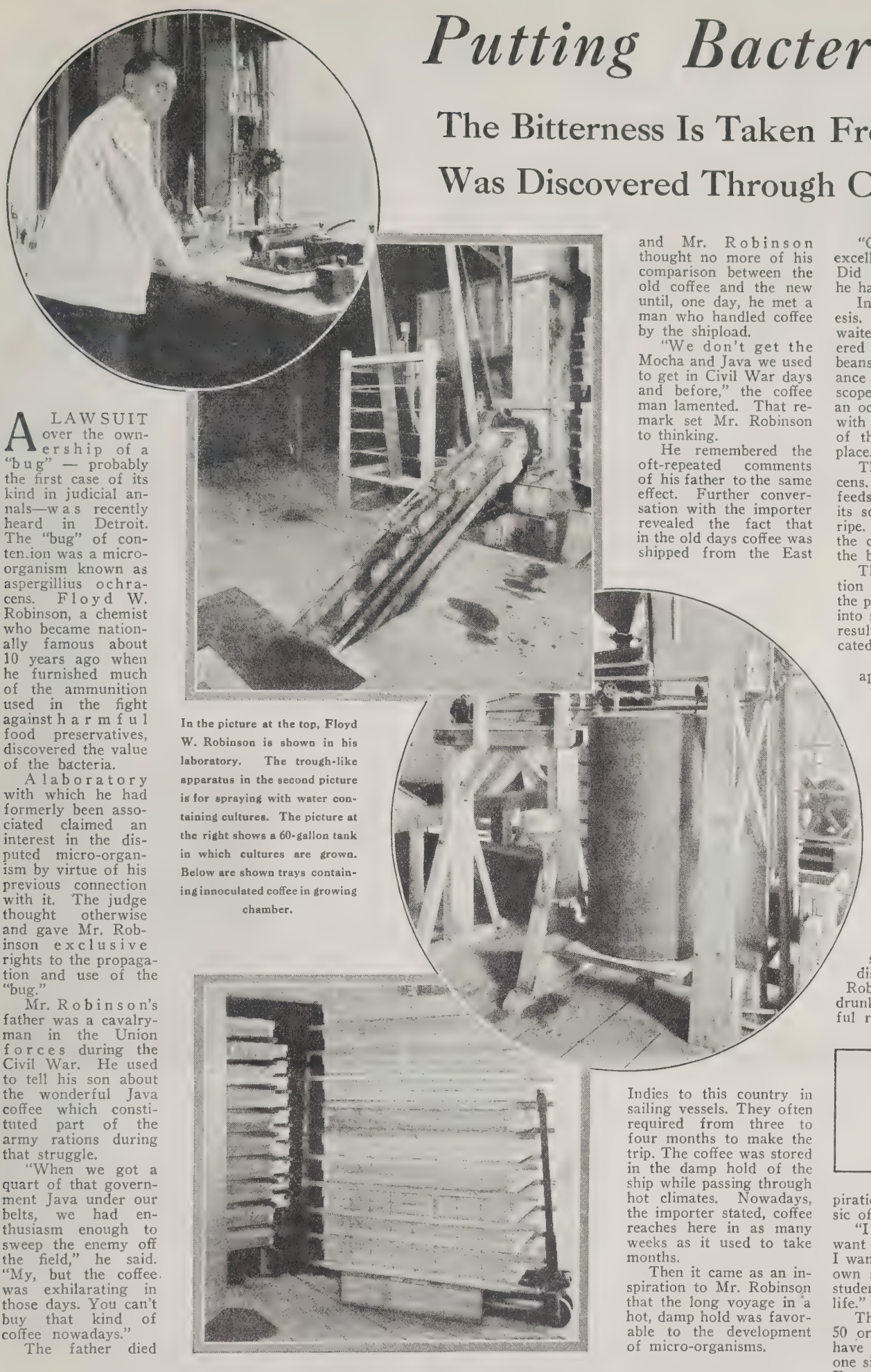
"Well, now, I began to write in earnest and to my surprise to make a very good living at it. Magazines began to take my stories. I began to sell short stories, then serials.

"Books grow by themselves. I don't know that I ever had one experience alone which caused me to write a book, unless it was my meeting James Alexander Burns, a Cumberland Highlander of Kentucky, who was founding a Baptist college, in Clay County, in the feud district. Around him and his life I wrote my novel, 'The Way Out.' A strange people, and the only Americans we have now in America, one might say. Of course, when we write fiction we do not draw actually from life. I wrote one story for the *American Magazine* on those people. It brought Oneida Baptist Institute more than $45,000 in contributions."

The workshop of Mr. Hough at Chicago is a mixture of modern business appliances, Indian junk and out-of-door curios. The latter have been gathered in travels from one end of the continent to the other.

Putting Bacteria to Work

The Bitterness Is Taken From Coffee by "Bugs"; Was Discovered Through Chemist's Experiments



In the picture at the top, Floyd W. Robinson is shown in his laboratory. The trough-like apparatus in the second picture is for spraying with water containing cultures. The picture at the right shows a 60-gallon tank in which cultures are grown. Below are shown trays containing innoculated coffee in growing chamber.

A LAWSUIT over the ownership of a "bug" — probably the first case of its kind in judicial annals—was recently heard in Detroit. The "bug" of contention was a micro-organism known as aspergillius ochracens. Floyd W. Robinson, a chemist who became nationally famous about 10 years ago when he furnished much of the ammunition used in the fight against harmful food preservatives, discovered the value of the bacteria.

A laboratory with which he had formerly been associated claimed an interest in the disputed micro-organism by virtue of his previous connection with it. The judge thought otherwise and gave Mr. Robinson exclusive rights to the propagation and use of the "bug."

Mr. Robinson's father was a cavalryman in the Union forces during the Civil War. He used to tell his son about the wonderful Java coffee which constituted part of the army rations during that struggle.

"When we got a quart of that government Java under our belts, we had enthusiasm enough to sweep the enemy off the field," he said. "My, but the coffee was exhilarating in those days. You can't buy that kind of coffee nowadays."

The father died and Mr. Robinson thought no more of his comparison between the old coffee and the new until, one day, he met a man who handled coffee by the shipload.

"We don't get the Mocha and Java we used to get in Civil War days and before," the coffee man lamented. That remark set Mr. Robinson to thinking.

He remembered the oft-repeated comments of his father to the same effect. Further conversation with the importer revealed the fact that in the old days coffee was shipped from the East Indies to this country in sailing vessels. They often required from three to four months to make the trip. The coffee was stored in the damp hold of the ship while passing through hot climates. Nowadays, the importer stated, coffee reaches here in as many weeks as it used to take months.

Then it came as an inspiration to Mr. Robinson that the long voyage in a hot, damp hold was favorable to the development of micro-organisms.

"Can it be that bacteria were responsible for the excellencies of old-fashioned Java?" he asked himself. Did micro-organisms impart to it the peculiar flavor he had heard so highly praised?

In 1917, Mr. Robinson began to work on this hypothesis. He placed coffee in a warm, damp room and waited for developments. In several days, he discovered a covering of minute-stemmed moss on the green beans. The eye could detect no change in the appearance of the coffee but when examined under the microscope, it was seen that the coffee was overgrown with an ocher-colored vegetation. It looked like hedge-balls with long, single roots. A musty odor and a softening of the bean also indicated that a change was taking place.

The "bug" was identified as the aspergillius ochracens. It digs its roots deep into the coffee bean and feeds upon the tannic acid which gives the coffee bean its sour or bitter taste. Coffee when imported is not ripe. The bacteria, it was found, artificially ripened the coffee, broke down the hard cellulose, and fed on the bitter acids.

The caffeine which produces the harmless exhilaration derived from drinking coffee was left intact by the process then worked out. The starch was converted into sugar, the harmful elements were eaten up and the results obtained 50 years ago by accident were duplicated with scientific exactitude.

When Mr. Robinson was sure of his ground, he applied for a patent. The claims allowed him cover the application of micro-organisms for the improvement of food products, very broad claims indeed. But Mr. Robinson says he is interested only in exploiting the micro-organic world in connection with coffee and is ready to encourage any other investigator who cares to apply the theory to other things.

"By harnessing bacteria, as it were, we shall be able to ripen fruit artificially," explained Mr. Robinson. "The grower could ship green grapes to the market centers, for example, and they would be ripened in the warehouses, as needed, by my method. The sourness would be turned into sweet sugar and the flavor would be made equal to that of naturally ripened fruit."

Coffee which has been cultured possesses a heavier body because the bacteria make it more soluble. The fibrous parts are transformed so they dissolve readily in water. Cultured coffee, says Mr. Robinson, will again be like the thick, oily beverage drunk in Civil War days to give "pep" without a harmful reaction.

Voices Divine, Old-Time Tunes and Broadway

Concluded from page 6

pirations, but too often no way to express them. Music offers one opportunity.

"I don't want St. Olaf to be a music school. I want just enough music to give color to college life. I want a student to have appreciation of music for his own satisfaction. I'd like to arrange it so that every student would get enough music to express his own life."

The students of St. Olaf College sing, not just the 50 or 60 in the choir. From the earliest days there have been singing organizations in the college. Every one sings. Perhaps it is a chapel service, or the annual Foundation Day program. Every soul joins in the full force of song that goes up from Manitou Heights.

Then there is a St. Olaf Band. As long ago as 1906, it made a tour of Norway. Before and since that time it has made many tours of the West. Indeed, for most of the 47 years of its existence, St. Olaf has been spreading the gospel of good music through its surrounding territory.

Every spring there is a festival of music. Many come from other states, and large numbers from the Twin Cities. There for two days they listen to the St. Olaf singers. No newfangled songs, just the old hymns that come from the heart.

"One farmer this year drove all the way from Eastern Wisconsin," President Boe said. "He said he wanted to hear the old hymns, sung as they should be. Many of the old hymns have become almost a part of life. You haven't an idea what an appeal they have until you see the people at these festivals.

"The public will respond to these things. We give a Shakespeare play every spring, make our own costumes and everything. We charge just enough to cover the expense. Now, they say that the people will not stand for Shakespeare. Yet we had an attendance of 2,000 for the 'Merchant of Venice' this year.

St. Olaf College has a small endowment, but draws its chief support from a yearly appropriation from the Norwegian Lutheran Church of America. It is located on a beautiful natural site on a hill overlooking the town of Northfield and the Cannon River. Perhaps the location has been conducive to song. Anyhow, the St. Olaf choristers have sung their way into the hearts of the public.

Something About New York's "Water Cure"

Concluded from page 8

cynical apathy on the latter's part that is not effaced by the courteous smile. The guest is disappointed because the departed one suggested no drink. The scene is repeated later in the dining room.

Of course, if one bellboy or one waiter or one taxi driver has favored guest, patron and fare, it is taken for granted that every bellboy and every waiter and every taxi driver is a bootlegger. Bootlegging is one of the evils of the hotel business today, but it is not a serious evil. Sooner or later it comes home to roost, and hotel managers ferret out the contrabandists.

But the Missoula man is not satisfied. He goes into one of the formerly famous restaurants near Times Square. It's a 50 to one chance that he finds a waiter who can "produce" or who will. As happened to the writer in most cases while investigating this, what the unsuspecting patron usually gets is what he doesn't want; that is, an unending tirade against the prohibition laws, until in self-defense he must pay the check and leave.

The next day the visitor, dryer than ever, and by now utterly convinced that New York is the most overadvertised place in all the world, sees a foreign restaurant. The Missoula man gets down to the business of dining. Coffee? He shakes his head at every suggestion of the waiter, who hovers over him. Tea? Milk? Near bear? Ginger ale? The Montana visitor feels hopeless and looks it. But in due time a telepathic sense acquaints him of the fact that the glazed brown teapot at the adjoining table exhales a peculiar odor—an un-tea-like odor, and avid nostrils proceed to analyze it. He looks up and the waiter beams eloquently.

"What is *that?*" asks the diner.

"Er—a specialty of the house, sir, yes, sir. Er—"

"Bring me some."

What does it mean? It means that he is served with a short pint of homemade wine, called claret by some and white wine by others, of a hybrid color and an even more hybrid taste, both of which lose, from a palatable standpoint, by having to be the taken from a thick coffee cup—and if there's anything more unpalatable than wine, even bad wine, from a vessel that bears a close resemblance to a shaving mug, it has not been found. For this he is charged $1,25 or even $1.50.

Two or three experiences of this sort will cure any man of the drinking habit. He begins to realize that it's one thing to want a drink but it's wholly another to be made a fool of. So he passes by, as he is about to depart, the opportunity of buying some "real old Sherwood" for the insignificant price of $11. He goes back to Missoula feeling that the drink game at present is like loaded dice.

Somewhere in New York City there are undoubtedly caches where once legitimate booze is safely concealed, but in the same measure there are, at various places on the continent, gold and petroleum deposits. It is, therefore, safer to stick to the home town. New York is impossible.

BRIEFLY TOLD

An edict forbidding the reading of all Anatole France's works by adherents of the Catholic church has been issued by the congregation of the Holy Office of Rome.

California has the record ratio of 4.61 persons per motor vehicle.

Snake-bite is now treated with a serum similar to the anti-tetanus serum. A snake farm in operation in Brazil furnishes the poison or venom which is diluted with sugar of milk and injected into mules and other animals. The vaccine obtained from the treated animal is said to be an absolute antidote against the poison of the particular snake from which the venom was drawn.

The blue whale is the largest creature alive today.

In all Great Britain during 1921 the right of naturalization was extended to only 1,053 persons. The right was revoked in the cases of 16 persons, one of whom was the former knight, Edgar Speyer, now of New York.

A London newspaper states that analyses of the prohibition violations in New York City showed 75 per cent of the violators to be foreign-born. Native-born and Anglo-Saxons were found to be law-abiding.

"Speckboom" is an African plant with large, succulent leaves which has been transplanted with success to the waste lands of California to provide pastures for cattle and sheep.

Every foreign tourist putting up for 24 hours in Munich, Germany, is taxed 750 marks. A week's stay costs 1,250 marks and the tax for a month is 2,000 marks.

The unusual and unprecedented coolness of Alaska's big volcanoes is puzzling scientists, who fear the quiet may be the forerunner of a tremendous eruption such as blew off the entire peak of Mount Katmai eight years ago.

A musical burglar has been looting the homes of exclusive Chicago residences of thousands of dollars' worth of jewels and money, after first lulling the suspicions of neighbors by his rare piano playing. A score from "Rigoletto" at one place, and pleasing portion from "La Traviata" and "Il Trovatore," marked the thefts.

Hollywood, California, has a community chorus. More than 1,500 persons gather weekly for group singing and to hear in short programs the great artists and musicians of the country. Hollywood has a philharmonic orchestra playing six nights out of the seven in the Bowl, a natural amphitheater in the hills.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

After printing a weekly serial from the Bible for three months, the Topeka *State Journal* finds this to be the most successful feature the paper has ever published. Inquiries and comment concerning it have come to the editors from every state in the Union, and from numerous foreign countries. Following the lead of the *Journal*, several other Kansas papers are also publishing the Bible. Publication of the Bible by the *Journal* was undertaken at the suggestion of Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps." Each installment consists of about 3,000 words, the Weymouth text of the New Testament being used.

Larkspur is a poisonous plant often causing sudden death to cattle, but horses eat it with no resultant illness. The owners of grazing herds in the National Forest Reserves of Washington must take this into consideration when accept[ing] allotments for the year's grazing.

Ysleta, Texas, is the oldest town in the Un[ited] States, according to tradition. It is believed [the] town was founded in 1540 by Don Franc[isco] Vasquez Coronado, a Spanish explorer. [This] would make it 25 years older than St. August[ine], Florida, the oldest town of authentic record.

In 1877, Thomas A. Edison spoke into [the] first model phonograph speaking mouthp[iece] "Mary had a little lamb—." Upon examinat[ion] he found indentations on the tinfoil record. [He] replaced the record, turned the crank and [then] from the cylinder came a thin voice but w[ith] a word of the recitation missing. Thus w[as] the phonograph.

Records at Genoa and the diary of [Columbus] indicate that the entire cost of discoverin[g] ica was only $7,250.

Pupils of the Lewis Peak school, 25 miles east of Walla Walla, Washington, are studying hard while most school children of the country are enjoying their vacation. The weather is so cold and the snow so deep in winter that school is not feasible in that district and it is then that the children have their vacation, which they spend at hunting and trapping in a region infested with deer, bear and coyotes.

More than six million families own their homes in the United States.

A movie of the capture of a sperm whale has been taken. The whaling vessel not only put irons into a dozen, all of which was filmed, but incidentally dispatched a 100-barrel whale. A replica of the films is to be preserved in the archives of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society of Massachusetts.

The coldest spot in the world is in Washington, D. C., where 515 degrees below zero was registered in the laboratory of the Bureau of Mines where scientists are trying to liquify helium gas.

The New York Public Library is experimenting with a method to preserve newspaper files for future use in centuries to come. Japanese paper, which is transparent, is pasted on every page, rendering the page impervious to the agencies that destroy newsprint. Thus protected they will last indefinitely and constant handling gives no evidence of wear.

The new gold rush to Oatman, Arizona, discloses the fact that the old-time prospector and his burro have disappeared to be replaced by miners in automobiles bringing their families with them. They stake their claims, harness the engine of the auto up to a diamond drill and proceed to prove up the property.

Boy Scouts in the United States now number nearly a half million, and during the past year more than 18,000 new members have been added. Nearly 600 boys have become "Eagle Scouts," the high rank of scoutdom.

The hurdy-gurdy grinders of New York City rent their pianos by the day. These pianos are stored in a warehouse and the people who rent them are up at dawn, for the first to arrive are the first to be permitted to get the best instruments, and the latest tunes. They rarely make more than $3 a day and must pay $2 a day rental for the instrument.

A machine has recently been invented that automatically cuts and dips ice cream bars. The machine has a capacity of nearly 12,000 bars in eight hours.

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MUST WE LEARN BY ANOTHER WAR?

A Face-to-Face, Fearless,

Straight and Informed

Judgment of Present

Condition of Affairs

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Honestly!—Must We Learn by Another War?

Here Is an Essay Without Bunk—a Face-to-Face Fearless, Straight and Informed Judgment of the Present State of Affairs

A few governments are trying to go back to normalcy, but they aren't making any noticeable progress?
In some respects, our own is taking the lead. We have already given birth to a coal war and a railroad war with the usual result: nobody in the country has reaped the slightest benefit.
We have lowered wages and then wondered why the workers didn't buy our goods. By concerted effort we have "brought labor to its knees," utterly ignoring the fact that it is an impossible position in which to do any work. Pretty soon we hope to erect such a tariff wall that all competing nations will be kept as poor as we can keep them: then we shall send our salesmen abroad to tempt them to buy our goods with the money which they haven't got.
Altogether it looks as if the world were in for quite a spell of poverty and peace: but if by some miracle, it can get on its feet, then we shall have prosperity and war.

By CHARLES W. WOOD

MR. LLOYD GEORGE recently burst forth with a new idea. He made an appeal to the churches to prevent another war. The governments, he implied, have about reached their limit in this respect: it is up to the churches now. But just how he expects the churches to go about the job of abolishing war he did not quite make clear. It seems to be up to me to explain that.

It's just like this. The governments, having failed, appeal to the churches. If the churches get sufficiently stirred up on the matter, they will appeal to the governments. That ought to keep England at peace for weeks and weeks; and Mr. Lloyd George might be re-elected on the slogan that "He kept us out of war."

The only thing that might possibly be trumped up in objection is that war isn't prevented that way. That, of course, is splitting hairs. It is as though we were aboard a train for San Francisco and we all appealed to the conductor to let us off at New York. The conductor, if he were a good fellow, would surely aim to please. He couldn't exactly guarantee to get us to New York; for the train, he knows, is going in the other direction: but if we would all get together and pray and agitate, don't you think he would sympathize with us? There's nothing like harmony in these matters. It would be a good idea to hold a convention at Denver and give him a vote of confidence for keeping us out of San Francisco.

Nobody Wants It—Everybody Gets It

ANOTHER idea would be to take a train going the other way: but that again would be splitting hairs. To be very, very serious about it, which way is the world going today—toward war or peace? I am not asking which way we want to go, but which way are we going? And if we are headed toward war, should we hold a meeting and pass resolutions, or should we get aboard another train?

Which way are *you* headed? Once again, I know you *want* peace: but I am not asking about your wishes, I am asking about your position. Nobody wants war, not even the munition manufacturers. They will be content if there is only sufficient danger of war at every moment so that everybody can be depended upon to arm to the teeth. A few wild men in officers' regalia here and there may believe that humanity was created for them to butcher; but most of the military men know that war is hell. The main difference between them and us is that they don't just see how it can be avoided, and hence, accept it more or less cynically, while we don't see how it can be avoided but shrink from it more or less hysterically.

If we once understood what war is, it ought to help us some in solving the problem. At any rate, it ought not to hurt us. And war is not at all the thing we have been thinking it was. Wars are born, not made. War is not an Act of Congress. Congress *declares* war much as the county clerk registers a birth certificate; but every one knows that there is a vast difference between writing out a birth certificate and bringing forth a child. Society gives birth to war because society is pregnant with war. And as long as the conditions which breed war obtain, anything we say, even to the extent of declaring the child illegitimate, isn't going to make any very important difference.

"Prosperity" Plus "Peace" Equals War

IF WE once understand this, it might be possible to get some data as to whether we are doing anything to prevent war. Out of what conditions was the Great War bred? It happened that an old paranoiac named William Hohenzollern registered its birth in a more or less insane ecstasy; but it is endowing him with powers which no individual ever possessed to say that he made the war.

The war came because the conditions that obtained prior to 1914 were conditions that breed war. They were not necessarily conditions that made people think they wanted war. They were, however, conditions that made war inevitable. When war is inevitable, it comes: you can't get around that. And when it comes, those who didn't want it are apt to be the hardest fighters.

What were the conditions? In the first place, there was a degree of material prosperity which the nations had never attained before. Prosperity doesn't necessarily breed war but it is one of the conditions which are generally considered necessary before the most efficient fighting can be done. The nations aren't fighting to any great extent just now. They can't. They are worn out, sick, prostrated with poverty. But with the hatred that exists throughout Europe today, such peace as there is seems to depend very much upon this prostration. If Germany were prosperous and powerful, does anybody believe that she would not strike back at France? If France were prosperous and powerful, does anybody believe that she would not use that power to render Germany helpless? This is a condition which may be called Peace: but add prosperity to it and its name is War.

This was the "Peace and Prosperity" which obtained throughout the world in 1914. It was war in disguise. To return to that condition would be to resume war: and, since we have learned infinitely more about killing now than we knew in 1918, to an infinitely more horrible war than the one we thought we ended then.

But prosperity alone does not produce war. If war were simply a matter of stirring up bad feeling, prosperity would have a tendency to prevent it. A man who is hungry is much more apt to fight than one who is well fed. The fact remains, however, that we must have wealth to have modern war. Hunger and poverty produce distemper but distemper alone hasn't much fighting power. Distemper, of course, is needed in war: but once get a war and we can depend upon it that we won't run short of distemper.

What, then, besides prosperity, is needed to give birth to war? One might answer a number of things, but they can all be lumped in one. Greed, selfishness, ignorance—they are all admissible terms but too frequently used to have any definite meaning. The one thing needful to produce war is the idea that it would be to our advantage to hinder the progress of some competitor.

Practically everybody held that idea prior to 1914. The Socialists got around it by saying that we should have no competitors, and the Christians got around it by saying that we ought to be good to them. International socialism, therefore, and the world-wide Church of Christ, the Prince of Peace, were regarded quite generally as mighty bulwarks against war. The way they both fell down was simply a fright. Everybody seems to have noticed it except Lloyd George.

But they didn't want war. Get that straight. A few were willing to go to prison to declare their opposition to it. But the war didn't mind. As long as there was a general belief that one competitor might get ahead by ruining another, war was only a matter of when we could get prepared for it.

Has that belief changed? Are we not still riding on the same train, regardless of our hopes and prayers that we won't reach our destination?

From Tariff Wars to Poison Gas

"MY IDEA of honesty," a famous American once said to me, "is not the usual idea. I claim that you are never thoroughly honest until you know that you can't put anything crooked across."

I confess it astonished me. The more I thought about it, the more I realized how psychologically correct he was. Let us once imagine that the crooked way is best, if we were not too saintly to take it, and our subconscious will soon be conspiring with our optic nerves to make crooked things look straight. The world has suffered mightily from the communion of such saints. Only when we thoroughly understand that salvation depends on seeing things straight, are we apt to quit the job of kidding ourselves. We may have the best intentions in the world, but only when we know that we can't go to New York on the train for San Francisco will we run a ghost of a show of arriving in New York. Only when we know that we can't get ahead by injuring a competitor will we take the first step toward preventing war.

Germany, England, France, Italy and the United States were all prosperous in 1914. But each nation was suspicious of every other nation's prosperity and we did what we could, through tariffs and trade agreements and alliances, to defend ourselves from the prosperity of any particularly dangerous competitor. It was only a step from those weapons to guns and poison gas. All the competitors are crippled now and nobody is prospering because of it. To be sure, we got the bulk of the world's gold; but for some reason or other, the cursed stuff isn't making us rich. If we could only see the point, we might get on the other train and ride toward peace. But what are we trying to do instead?

"Back to normalcy!" Back to the conditions that produced the war! Back to Bunk! Back to the good old recipes for success! Back to the idea that we can get ahead by crippling the other fellow!

Strange, by the way, that this is called "competition"; and if anybody opposes it, he is told that the instinct to compete is deep in the human soul—what about competitive athletics and all that? Yes, what about it? What about an athletic hero who supposed the way to win was to bang the other runner in the shins? He wouldn't have to do it, mind you. Let him only suppose that that is the way to win the race, let him adjust his training to that idea, and what kind of a runner would he make?

As an answer to the question where are we going now, I should say that we don't seem to be going anywhere very fast. A few governments are trying to go back to normalcy, but they aren't making any noticeable progress. In some respects, our own is taking the lead. We have already given birth to a coal war and a railroad war with the usual result: nobody in the country has reaped the slightest benefit. We have lowered wages and then wondered why the workers didn't buy our goods. By concerted effort we have "brought labor to its knees," utterly ignoring the fact that that is an impossible position in which to do any work. Pretty soon we hope to erect such a tariff wall that all competing nations will be kept as poor as we can keep them: then we shall send our salesmen abroad to tempt them to buy our goods with the money which they haven't got. Altogether it looks as if the world were in for quite a spell of poverty and peace: but if by some miracle, it can get on its feet, then we shall have prosperity and war.

The last war was not so successful as to make this prospect alluring. It hardly made good on its platform pledges. It didn't preserve civilization. It didn't end war. It didn't make the world safe for democracy. It did, in a way, bring about the freedom of the seas—for our merchant marine is largely in harbor and the seas can do as they please for all of that—but all in all, considering the trouble and expense involved, the war wasn't a huge success.

The "Class Struggle" Nonsense

UNLESS it has taught us this one lesson: that it is impossible to succeed by stopping the other fellow. The governments haven't learned it, but that should not make us pessimistic: government is about the last thing on earth to learn anything. A few employers in America have learned it: and they are the only employers in the country today whose success is notable. A great many workers have learned it: and there is a strong tendency on the part of the workers, in the unions and out, to realize that they have much more important work to do than simply fighting their employers. Even "seizing the means of production" is not so alluring as it was once. The Communists did that in Russia and they are now doing their best to pass them back: not because they have lost their belief in Communism but because they couldn't operate the equipment which they seized.

American engineers are certainly getting the New Idea fast. I personally know scores of them who have quit thinking in the old terms altogether. The one purpose of industry, they are now saying, is service: and many of them are working with the labor movement to build up the industrial structures for the greatest possible service all around, to build industry on practical, industrial lines, instead of depending upon the "class struggle" as the motive power of the labor movement.

Dimly the Dawn Appears

MOST interesting to me is the situation in China; not that superficial, so-called modern China, where officials are forever leading armies against each other to accomplish God knows what, but the great, calm, cultured and thinking China which few foreigners except the missionaries ever really see. In this China, the World War is largely looked upon as the collapse of Western Civilization—a demonstration that society cannot progress perpetually along those lines without coming to catastrophe. They, too, are calling for American engineers to come over and build a better society—not the machinery of exploitation which business has brought to the coast cities so far, but a high-power, scientific, industrial system whose sole motive shall be service.

These things are not apparent on the surface as yet. Superficially the world is in the old order still. Examine the governments and the international conferences, and the official conventions of labor, capital and the church, and you will look in vain for evidence that the New Order is here. But a lot of people, individually and in little groups, are beginning to see: and as they see, they act. They are beginning to pile on to the other train. It is too early, it seems to me, to say whether we will have to have another war to make the demonstration general, but the very presence of this New Idea makes pessimism impossible. There is more light on earth today than there ever was before. In a little while we shall know the truth, and the truth shall set us free.

Five-Minute Test to Shatter Einstein Claim?

Scientists, on Australian Beach, Will Do Much Toward Ending Dispute

TRAVELING by steamer nearly a third of the way around the world, and then back again, for a five-minute look at the sun and at the stars beyond it, astronomers of the University of California are preparing to subject the "Einstein Theory" to its most severe test. On this five minutes of rapid work with telescopes and stellar cameras, will depend their faith in the theory of relativity, propounded by earlier scientists and given to the world by Einstein. This is the most important attempt to explore the physical organization of the universe. When these astronomers, under the direction of Dr. W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory of the University of California, at Mt. Hamilton, finish their observations, their photographs and their calculations, astronomers believe that we shall be appreciably nearer to understanding the universe.

The test will be made September 21, at Ninety-Mile Beach, an isolated spot, on the northwestern coast of Australia, the place in all the world at which there are the fewest clouds, the least rain and the clearest atmosphere during September. The occasion is a total eclipse of the sun on that date, an eclipse whose narrow path begins to be visible in Abyssinia, extends easterly across the Maldive Islands, over Christmas Island, across Australia, and ends in New Zealand. The duration of the total eclipse will be longest at this point. Even there it will last only five minutes and 18 seconds. The altitude of the sun at this point will be the highest, approximately 58 degrees, and the weather for more than a score of Septembers has been rainless and cloudless. A British party, bent on the same investigation, is to go to Christmas Island, where weather conditions are not so favorable, because it considered Ninety-Mile Beach "hopelessly inaccessible."

The only way in which Ninety-Mile Beach ordinarily could be reached is by steamer from San Francisco to Perth-Freemantle, on the southwest corner of Australia, thence by a small coasting steamer of uncertain schedule some hundreds of miles to Broome, on the northwest coast, and thence by chartered launch or schooner, 200 miles farther to the desert destination chosen for the observation. Australian astronomers, however, as soon as Dr. Campbell communicated regarding the University of California expedition, obtained from the Australian Government a naval vessel which will meet the American astronomers at Perth-Freemantle, convey them to Ninety-Mile Beach, wait for their experiments, and bring them back to the port. With this transportation at their command, the university authorities organized the largest and most completely equipped astronomical expedition which ever left the United States.

It was found that a series of night observations of certain very distant stars, the positions of all of which are obscured by the sun in the daytime, was necessary. Accordingly, Dr. R. J. Trumpler, assistant astronomer at Lick Observatory, with the first section of the expedition, left San Francisco March 31 for Tahiti, to remain for nine weeks, making night observations and photographs, Tahiti being in very nearly the same latitude as Ninety-Mile Beach.

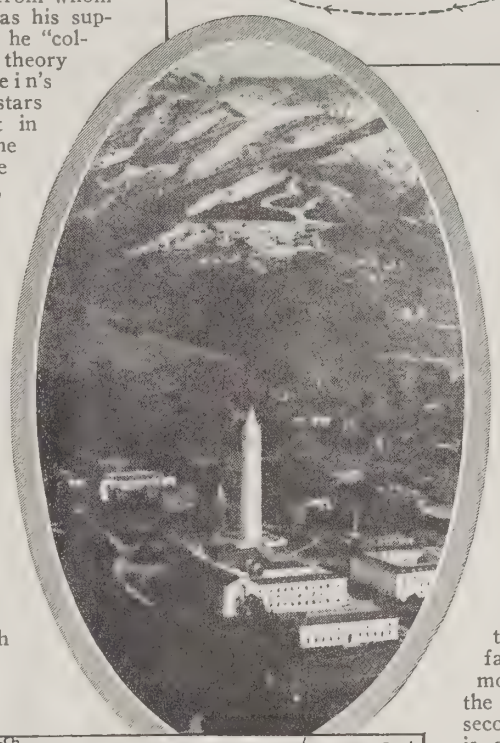
The last section of the expedition sailed on the steamer *Tahiti* from San Francisco July 7. In the party were Dr. W. W. Campbell, director of Lick Observatory, who heads the expedition; Mrs. Campbell, and Dr. Joseph H. Moore, associate astronomer at Lick Observatory. The second section, consisting of seven tons of instruments and supplies, left San Francisco for Sydney, Australia, June 13. The first and second sections united at Sydney late in July, and proceeded to Perth-Freemantle. In addition to the observers from the University of California Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, the government astronomer of New Zealand, Dr. Adams; Professor Ross, of the University of Southern Australia, and Astronomer Hosking, of the Melbourne Observatory, will accompany the party.

Messages from Dr. Trumpler indicate that his photography of the Einstein group of stars has been a complete success and that all material necessary for comparisons and comparative measurements has been obtained. Dr. Campbell, prior to his departure from San Francisco, stated that about four months would be required in calculations, after the return of the expedition, before any accurate or detailed results could be announced.

The expedition will observe the very minute displacement of certain stars predicted by Einstein, and, before him, by the men from whom he took his theory—or, as his supporters say, from whom he "collected and collated the theory of relativity." Einstein's claim is that several stars located near that point in the sky occupied by the sun at the time of the coming total eclipse, will appear not to be exactly in their normal places, but will seem to be moved away from the sun, as if they had been repelled by it. The amount of this displacement, according to Einstein, will be 1.7 seconds, so minute a distance that, were the sides of an angle of this size extended for two miles, they would be only approximately one-half an inch apart at that point. Observations, to be of value, of course, must be much more accurate.



Outline map of Australia, showing point from which truth about Einstein theory is to be sought in stars. Dotted line shows route astronomers will take to reach this point. To the left is a view of the University of California after the first fall of snow in 20 years.





Map of route taken by University of California astronomers who will observe total eclipse of the sun.



Lick Observatory of the University of California.

The idea of the displacement of these stars is closely connected with the law of gravity, and the known corollary that a dropped body falls 16 feet the first second, 48 feet the next second, 80 feet the third second, and so on, increasing its speed by 32 feet each succeeding second, until it hits the earth. This law is true whether the body be a bullet dropped from a height, or fired from the highest-powered rifle. Leaving the muzzle of the rifle, the bullet immediately begins to fall 16 feet in the first second, and continues dropping with the 32-foot increase every second. The greater speed of the fired rifle ball, of course, keeps it in the air longer. This result is allowed for in the sighting of rifles, and the law can be exemplified on rifle ranges because their distances are within the measuring power of man.

Inasmuch as all objects, of whatever material known to man, "fall" to the earth unless supported by some sustaining influence, the relativity theory holds rays of light similarly are attracted to bodies of greater mass, such as the sun, the earth or the planets, and thus "bent" out of their true courses. That is to say, the theory of relativity likens the ray of light to a bullet, fired at tremendous speed from a rifle, and claims that if we throw a ray of light, no matter how small or how large, in any direction, that light falls to the earth at the same speed with which the celebrated apple fell on Sir Isaac Newton's distinguished head. If this is true, the rays of light from the stars, directed toward the earth and passing the sun, are deflected by the sun, in proportion to its mass.

The question which arises is, how to measure the alleged falling of these rays of light, since light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. In other words, a ray of light starting from the earth would travel three-quarters of the distance to the moon before it had fallen 16 feet. It would be far beyond the moon before it had fallen the 48 feet which the theory of relativity says it falls, in the second second of its journey. If this theory is proved true, down on the lonely desert beach in Northwestern Australia, we shall know—for the first time—that light has weight.

The old axiom that "weight is a measure of gravity" enters into this theory, and into this investigation. What we weigh depends not only on our own size and mass, but on the mass of the body on which we are. The object which weighs, say 300 pounds, on earth, would weigh only 50 pounds, or one-sixth as much, on the moon, that planet having only one-sixth the mass of our earth. The 200-pound man, though he appears to be a "big fellow" to most of us, is a mere Tom Thumb in weight on this earth, compared to what he would weigh on the sun, which has 27 times the mass of the earth. If this 200-pound man could be transported to the sun, he probably could not stand erect, quite probably, indeed, his limbs would not support him, since he would weigh, measured by our scales, 5,400 pounds, or more than two and one-half tons.

Now, by the same law of gravitation, the apple which fell 16 feet in the first second, would fall only one-sixth as far on the moon, or less than three feet. But the man who wanted to drop an apple so that it should be in the air one second on the sun, would have to ride in a balloon, or airplane, 432 feet above the surface of the sun. If he wanted it to remain in the air two seconds he would have to increase this distance by 1,296 feet, so that he would need to rise to a height of nearly a third of a mile. The theory, then, is that rays of light emanating from luminous bodies beyond the sun, and passing the sun on their way to the earth, are attracted by the sun, bent out of their true courses, as it were. To test this theory it is necessary to do two things: First, to obtain the exact position of such a luminous body, or of several of them, beyond the sun, when the sun is in another part of the heavens, as at night; and, second, to take their positions again, when the sun is in front of them. The first thing can be done on almost any clear night. Dr. Trumpler has gone to Tahiti, as reported above, to make these observations and records at the same latitude as the one at which the second thing will be done.

But that second observation can be made only when the sun is in its position in front of these luminous bodies, and when the light of the sun is not shining, else the light of the other stars cannot be seen by man. Hence, the observation must be made when the sun is in total eclipse. To minimize the chance of error, the observing will be done with cameras attached to the telescopes. The same cameras and the same telescopes which Dr. Trumpler used at Tahiti will be used again at Ninety-Mile Beach. The plates after development will be studied under powerful microscopes.

The Ford International Weekly
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.
Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 44, August 26, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS
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The Bugaboo of Seniority

AT THIS writing the settlement of the railway strike seems to hinge on "seniority." In railway circles this term describes the system by which men advance according to their time in service. The next oldest man, in point of employment, is promoted to a desirable vacancy. The next oldest man is not always the best fitted, and thus railroading has suffered from a system which was originally intended to bring about fairness in such matters.

In the strike, however, it takes on a new meaning. Railway managers decreed that strikers lost all their rights; if they returned to work they should return as new employes. Managers said it was not fair to discharge or supersede men who had come in to help in an emergency. The strikers, on their side, said they would never return until the rule of seniority was restored giving all the strikers all of their previous rights. Each side stood stubbornly for its respective contention until President Harding asked them to settle the strike, leaving the matter of seniority in abeyance for the present.

The fair mind will see the force of both positions, because the fair mind will assume that everything is straight all down the line. But the facts dispose of seniority as a strike problem. The so-called strike breakers brought in by the railroads are not mechanics and quit their jobs as soon as peace is declared. The railroads are paying more than twice the usual wages to their strike breakers. Any railroad manager will tell you that he has more trouble with his strike breakers than with his regular men. One railroad has had two strikes among its strike breakers—but it was not reported in the newspapers.

When the strike is settled, wages will go back to the previous scale. That is, the strike breakers will be cut from the $10 they are now receiving, to about $4. Of course, they will not stand for it. They are not seeking steady jobs. They are not, as a rule, of the class that has families to support. They are the mercenary troops, so to speak, the mobile army of labor trouble, and most of them are in the employ of agencies that are in that kind of business.

It is quite plain, therefore, that once the regular men go back to work the problem of seniority is automatically solved, as far as the strike breakers are concerned. They are not interested in orderly industrial procedure. They will not be there to contest their "rights." They will be scattered among their various tenderloins waiting for the next strike to break out, and some of them will be employed as agents in various industries to provoke strikes and thus make business for the strike-breaking agencies.

But, even so, the real problem of seniority will remain. And it is this problem which will continue to face the railroad men until it is settled right. It can only be settled right where the basic wage is just, where men can earn a decent livelihood whatever their degree of employment. Which is only to say once more that all our industrial difficulties are patiently waiting their solution in an order of justice and humanity which shall permeate every kind of work.

Mr. Henning Is Right

HAVING failed to break down the too few immigration restrictions with pleas to sympathy, the time-worn appeal to selfish interest is being attempted through powerful business institutions.

The increase in production has brought a scarcity of labor in some quarters, and corresponding demands for higher wages. The suggestion therefore is made to repeal the three per cent law to permit the hordes from Southeastern Europe to enter.

The interests constantly at work on behalf of the undesirable aliens believe that powerful manufacturers have more influence with Congress than have the great mass of real Americans who are seldom aroused from their state of inarticulate unobtrusiveness. They hope by waving the flag of cheap labor before influential manufacturers that Congress may be induced to open wide again the doors.

E. J. Henning, assistant secretary of commerce, who has been most active in safeguarding the country against the undesirables, in an address in New York, gave voice to some facts regarding the cheap labor fallacy which deserve general attention.

"If you have labor that will do fairly well for a year or two or five, but thereafter goes on the shelf, into the poorhouse, the home for feeble-minded, the jail, the cost of that individual to the community will be greater than any asset he may have produced," said Mr. Henning. "When you talk of filling the country with cheap labor, largely because it is mentally not capable of reaching a high stage, you are overloading your business, you are putting on an overhead that you cannot shake off for centuries to come, because the same people will reproduce their like.

"The cheapest labor in the world is the labor that is educated to the equivalent of a high school, has learned a trade, that is patriotic, and that has citizenship in the country. The man who is married and owns a home and is rearing a family, and who takes an active part in government, will ultimately be your cheapest labor, instead of the ignorant, illiterate labor which big business often says we need in this country to compete with the world."

Days That Are Gone Forever

WHEN you read or hear of the return in time to the standards of 1914, or any other date prior to the World War, set the man down as a tool or a fool. The standard then prevailing cannot come again without the greatest loss ever suffered by the American people, and the American people have suffered and are suffering beyond all precedent.

Wages and prices in 1914 were higher than in any preceding year. They were at the peak of peace-time progress from the time of the last previous deflation period, and but for the great European conflict that evolution would have continued until the rise in wages and price had made further production of gold unprofitable. This climax was hastened by the war, which had carried the standard of prices to a figure more than double that of 1914 when the peak was reached.

The attempt to force a return to "normalcy," to the pre-war basis, resulted in a most disastrous business depression. It is criminal to consider any further attempt in that direction. Hence the bald statement that he who urges it by tongue or pen is either tool or fool.

Every debt in the United States, national, state, city, township, village, school district or special assessment district, every private debt, every purchase of real property, has been contracted for in the period of highest wages and prices. Taxes of all kinds have been levied on the same standard. These debts and taxes were to be paid in dollars worth less in purchasing power than at any time in the history of the country. These debts represented but one-half the number of days' work, one-half the given measure of production, the same number of dollars would have represented in 1914. They should be paid in dollars bought by production and days' work, hence if it were possible to return, or go in that direction, the debts and taxes would be increased in the only means of payment—the product of field, factory and human toil.

This is exactly the object of the International Money Trust, represented openly in this country by the Federal Reserve System. This is the object of the drive to lower wages among industries organized to resist, for, with these broken down, industrial slavery is accomplished to a greater degree than has ever been before possible. Agriculture was hit first, because it was unorganized, and had accepted the "easy way" of borrowing. Forced liquidation wiped agriculture from the resisting force and weakened industry and commerce, which are dependent on agriculture as a basic industry. The forcing down of wages in the face of a continuous rise in foodstuff prices for a year, brought about the industrial contests now made an excuse for squeezing the public, and every line of causation may be traced to the same vicious Money Trust.

The economist who realizes this, and every thorough student, must be forced to the same conclusion, is a tool, while the man who carries the same idea into publicity without intent is a fool.

The standards of 1914 are gone forever; just as each succeeding standard has taken the place of a former one since the world began. Another standard will succeed the present, but should not, in equity, until present obligations are redeemed.

Credit had usurped the place of money in business transactions, and the country was in a fair way of clearing away the brush of money debt when credit and money both were deflated in 1920. We must remove the power of the Trust and the temptation to use it.

The Refreshment of Honest Print

HERE in the United States, Bolshevism has been traced directly to the door of certain bankers, who are either buying immunity from assassins, or financing for racial or business reasons the downfall of huge sections of humanity. The facts are well enough known, as is also the capitalistic control of nation-wide strikes. But a new birth of honor will have to come to the American Nation before facts can find publicity through the ordinary channels. We are at a loss in this country, first for an investigating press, and then for a press honest enough to print the results of investigation. Our so-called "liberal" press in the United States is a blind. Most of the "liberal" magazines are financed by the class they are supposed to be attacking. A threatened lawsuit against a very "liberal" New York magazine disclosed that one of its financial backers was a Jewish capitalist who has since been mentioned for the control of the Federal financial system. This man smoothed the trouble over and prevented exposure to himself.

Knowing the backing of the "liberal" magazines, it is impossible to recommend most of them. But it is hoped that through them the people may be given an answer to the enigma of an alien capitalistic class financing what seems to be a revolt against the capitalistic class. The answer is, of course, that it is not *their* capital that is jeopardized; *their* capital is rather enhanced by revolt.

In Great Britain they are more fortunate. Gilbert K. Chesterton edits an honest magazine, *The New Witness*. In England, as here, "Liberal" is only a party name used by paid partisans. Truth-tellers are still another class. The distinction is made vivid by acquaintance with Chesterton's little weekly, *The New Witness*. Another London weekly, *The New Age*, is entitled to praise for honesty. Here is part of a recent editorial from *The New Age*:

> ". . . . France cannot, without changing her financial system, avoid bankruptcy. At the same time she cannot change her financial system, because the international financial dictatorship will not let her. Here we have the key to the situation, not only of France, but of all the world that accepts a financial system imposed on it by the ring of private financiers. *Actually* there is no bankruptcy, in the strict economic sense, in France or, for the matter of that, in Germany either. *Actually*, equally, neither England nor America is poor or unable to forego or to pay debts. The *actual* wealth of all these countries is immeasurable. But owing to the idiocy which allows this actual wealth to be measured by money *over which a few private individuals have complete control*, any one of these countries, though actually wealthy, can be declared and made bankrupt at the discretion of Wall Street, Threadneedle Street, and the Banks of France and Germany. But so long as this 'super-Communist' dictatorship of the civilized world continues, anarchy is always next door to us; not a single nation can do as its people please; and one is no more responsible for any given situation than another. We agree that the French policy appears to be that of a lunatic; so, too, do the policies of the other countries of Europe and America. But the initial cause lies not in the details, but in the plan; and the plan, we repeat, is imposed by the existing financial system which itself is the work of arch-lunatics."

If you don't get that the first time, read it again; it has a world of good sense in it.

Get Your Hair Nets Early

THE snip-snip-snipping in ten thousand shops has come to an end.

We are just in receipt of an official fashion-communique in which it is formally stated that the tresses but a few weeks ago so proudly shorn are to be permitted to straggle untrimmed in the months to come.

Fashion's edicts (those made known, we suppose, by the arbiters of Lower Broadway) decree the return of skirts lowered to within two inches of the ground. The incongruity of short locks and long dresses being so manifest, and nearly every retailer being stocked up, yuh know Mawruss, with knee-length styles, why, of course, the hair must come down along with what is known in Brooklyn and the Bronx as the "skoit."

When Lower Broadway gets back from Atlantic City, and the nation's barbers have returned, their aching arms relieved by a month in a rest-camp on the slopes of the Adirondacks, the good work of mulcting American men and American women through the cry, "It's the style this season!" no doubt will proceed apace. Certainly nothing we can write is going to have any effect, we'll concede.

But—think of the horror of the transition period. It will be Woman's Clowning Glory this Autumn.

Mr. Ford's Page

A CASUAL remark on this page, to the effect that "seeing through" a wrong thing was equivalent to boring it through with holes and destroying it, has brought inquiries as to just how that could be. People want to know how "seeing through" a wrong thing destroys it. They want to know what the actual act of "seeing through" has to do with the thing itself. The inquirers were asking what power is exerted for the destruction of a wrong, by the fact that at last it is seen through.

What irks people nowadays is the apparent slowness with which reforms come. Men say, "They tell us we are on the eve of this or that: how long does this eve last, anyway?" They expect to wake up in a new world next morning. Well, they do, and they will continue to. We have been living since 1914 amid colossal changes, but how few have gained a perspective, a point of sufficient detachment, to see how colossal it all is! Worlds are being switched out from under us every little while, and new worlds switched in, and when all the transfers are made we shall find that—in say a period of 20 years—we have packed a transformation that ordinarily would have consumed five centuries. We move faster nowadays. Ideas and principles mature faster. Action follows more rapidly upon enlightenment. Progress is just gaining its first momentum.

All this is proved by the very impatience of those who complain that we are kept too long "on the eve" of change. Their very protest testifies to a feeling that the good *could* be brought along with greater speed. Men are conscious that things now can happen within a lifetime that ordinarily would have had to span half a dozen generations. That feeling is of itself significant.

There are two other elements to be considered alongside what has just been said. First, this sense of expectancy has been created by those who have "seen through" the things that must go. It is a compelling fact that when one once "sees through" a principle of good, it is like seeing one of the ribs of the universe—one instinctively knows that it is eternal. We never really know what good is, we never really believe in good, we never really get faith in the reality of goodness, until we see how absolutely it belongs to the whole natural fiber of things—until we see it as the Law, and not as some unnatural exterior morality imposed arbitrarily. When one thus "sees through" the good, one simply knows with invincible knowledge that the good is the thing that will remain.

And, contrariwise, when one "sees through" any evil system, one is immediately conscious that *that thing is doomed.* Its end is marked on it for any eye to see. And it is going soon, for the act of "seeing through" a wrong thing by any considerable number of people is prophetic of its destruction. People who "see" know that the end is near, and they occasionally say so, and thus others, who but dimly see, take hope again, and it is these who ask, "how soon?"

Then, the second element to be noticed is this: just about the time that wrong things are being "seen through," they seem to take on new life. It is not always possible to be exactly accurate about this, but the truth is somewhere between these two points (a) that to the newly understanding and appraising mind, the activity of evil systems may seem to be greater than before because they are only now being clearly seen, or (b) that evil systems actually do take on feverish life just before their destined fall. There is probably a great deal in the second suggestion. An evil system is usually extremely successful and dominant and insolent just before it falls. All its poison is heading up in the fever of death, and this fever is mistaken for vitality and power. Evil always ripens strikingly before it rots. The ripening is preparation for the decay.

NO BAD system can survive the process known as "seeing through it." To do this to it is like putting a hole through it. Honest understanding eyes bore through a wrong system like hot irons, honeycombing it with weakening tunnels. To "see through" anything is to let light and lightning into it: the action of insight is inevitably destructive of evil systems. What hidden and mysterious force may be connected with the process of "seeing through" a thing, we do not know, but it is beyond question that penetration by the understanding mind sounds the doom of all dishonest or distress-causing systems. People want to fight against them, make speeches against them, vote against them, but the most destructive work that can be wrought upon evil systems is just to "see through" them—understand them.

But it is this appearance that weighs hard on the hope and patience of those who are looking for a change. You attack and expose an evil group of men and you see them immediately afterward more successful in grabbing place and power than apparently they were before. You think, therefore, that evil is entrenched. Oh, no. Place and power are the gallows and the rope by which that gang is to be destroyed. You see an evil system pursued by a few poor honest men who "see through" it, and you see that system turn and crush them and even make the people laugh at them and regard them as ridiculous dupes. "What hope is there," you cry, "for truth?" Wait!—that evil system never was in such danger as when it attacked and drove out the truth-seers. It was the first break, the first fissure, the forerunner of collapse. Even an evil system might live longer if it at least showed common civility to its opponents; but it never conceives that policy; its arrogance is roused, and that stirs up the long accumulating poison within its system, and its end is near. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Thus there are three elements existing at once: the certainty of those who "see through" the evil thing that it is doomed; the anxious expectancy of those who look for the doom to fall, and, with both of these, the apparent increase in the evil thing itself. These are all parts of the same moral situation, all aspects of the same process of change.

But the "seeing through" an evil thing is the most potent factor in its destruction. Every time anyone "sees through" it, it receives a wound. Whatever the system may be, it is established either in knowledge or ignorance. It is obvious that a good system can only exist on a foundation of knowledge; the people who establish it must know its goodness. It is equally obvious that an evil system can only exist on ignorance. Faulty as all of us are as individuals, readily as most of us would yield to the temptation of partaking of the benefits of an evil system (as participants in the profits of a usurious bank, for example—if the people mulcted were business men!) it is yet true that, collectively, we are against any system which works hardship or any form of injustice upon the people. If it exists and flourishes, it is because we have not yet "seen through it."

Now, because it is upon such a basis that an evil system exists, it is easy to see how the very act of "seeing through" riddles the basis. The more people "see through" it, the more it is riddled. Teach a thousand people a day to see through it, and you have made 365,000 such holes in it in a year. One by one men withdraw their moral support. One by one they take out of the evil system their belief in it.

And when the time comes that the people say with one voice, *"This is wrong!"* the end is come. The shout itself is mingled with the crash of the falling edifice. Things occur in this world as simply as that.

If anyone wants to help, let him "see through." Many people are lazy, they will not think, and evil systems prey on that laziness. It is ground for suspicion when any system discourages the people from trying to understand it. A man can help his generation by trying to understand things. He should try to understand money. He should try to understand the solemn farce of politics. Every time he understands a greedy or a tricky thing, he shoots a hole through it: nothing is so destructive of evil as the boring eyes that "see through." We know that things are wrong, we should try to understand where they are wrong. It is the hardest work we can do—this trying to understand matters—and that is why so few do it; but it is the most rewarding work after all.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Finishing What Jackson Began 105 Years Ago

Most Historic Highway to Connect Great Lakes Region With Central South

By LITTELL MCCLUNG

IF THE spirits of those who have passed on find any interest and satisfaction in earthly progress and accomplishment, then the soul of General Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory," must glow in pride of fulfillment—after long waiting—on looking down upon the new visible line of communication between Chicago and New Orleans. Nearing completion is the Jackson Highway, a road-building project begun by General Jackson more than a century ago.

It seems strange—among a people boasting rapid development—that a helpful, needed highway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf region, the southern reaches of which were started in 1816, should not be finished in 1922. But such is a fact. Yet all along the 1,100-mile route interest has been stimulated and work has progressed to a point from which completion within the coming year is an easy possibility. Bearing the name of the patriot who projected it, and leading to and through the scenes of his efforts to develop virgin territory and his vigorous and victorious exploits—first against the Indians and later against a foreign foe—it will be the most historic, and, mayhap, the most useful highway in America.

The real beginning of the Jackson Highway took place in 1805 by means of a treaty between the United States and the Cherokee Indians. In those days of unsurveyed forests and dense undergrowth, traffic necessarily was carried on the rivers; the streams were the lines of communication for the delivery of supplies from established white settlements to the more precarious abodes of the pioneers who had pushed farther south and southwest through the forests. The great Tennessee River on the north and the smaller Tombigbee in Mississippi and Alabama to the southwest were two such streams. And the Indian treaty of 1805 resulted in blazing a trail from the Harpeth River, near Nashville, Tennessee, straight across the Tennessee River and Valley and on to the Tombigbee River at Columbus, Mississippi. This direct from-river-to-river route, through vast hardwood forests and down almost into the long-leaf yellow pine region, was opened in 1808. Along it went supplies and troops for the Indian wars in lower Alabama and Northern Florida. Several years later General Jackson was pushing westward from Florida to meet the British at Mobile and New Orleans. The trail then proved invaluable because ammunition and equipment were carried to him down the Tombigbee River from Columbus, Mississippi.

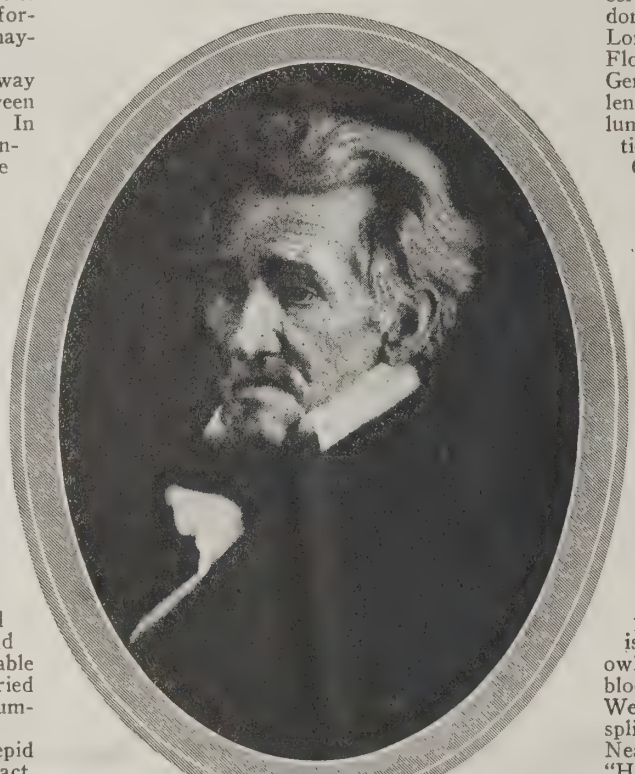
Although known in history as an intrepid fighter, General Jackson, at heart and in fact, was a constructionist, a developer. Roads, bridges, homes—he wanted to see them built through the wilderness, and he helped to build them. And when he returned from the Battle of New Orleans to his native Tennessee he asked the War Department to construct a permanent road over the Indian Wars trail and to project it to within reach of New Orleans.

So in 1816 Congress appropriated $10,000 to start the work. It was "Old Hickory's" belief that soldiers, when not engaged in fighting, should be employed in useful work. And so this road-building was done largely by troops. It began in 1817 and was completed in 1820. It was necessarily a crude, although direct, road from Madisonville, Louisiana, on Lake Pontchartrain north of New Orleans, to Columbia, Tennessee. (A road already had been established between Columbia and Nashville.) This interesting short account of the work was given in the Louisiana *Advertiser* in 1824:

"There were on an average 300 men continuously employed on the work, including sawyers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and so on, who were amply furnished with oxen, traveling forges and all tools and implements necessary to its perfect execution. Thirty-five neat and substantial bridges, each measuring from 60 to 200 feet, were erected, and 2,000 feet of causeway laid. On a calculation of the pay, provisions and clothing for the soldiery thus engaged, and making a moderate allowance for the deterioration and loss of public property, we find that the general government disbursed on this occasion $300,000."

The era of early wars having ended and white settlements having gained an independent foothold in Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, but little record is kept of the subsequent value of this long-distance route. Later came the railways and the non-use of dirt thoroughfares for long journeys.

The Jackson Highway might have passed into history and even oblivion had it not been for Dr. James Milner, of Florence, Alabama. General Jackson had helped to lay out Florence, founded in 1818 contemporaneously with the building of the road, and which became the home of General John Coffee, who, as second in command, shared the glories of victory with "Old Hickory." Dr. Milner is somewhat of an historian and about 10 years ago he started talking of a new Jackson Highway, connecting the Great Lakes and the Gulf Coast and taking, from Nashville south, the original route so that it would be a permanent memorial to Jackson's services to his country. But while the sentiment of memorial aroused the first response in the Tennessee Valley, Dr. Milner's purpose was also practical and utilitarian. He felt that the Central South should be opened up and revealed to the Central West by direct line and that the old



"OLD HICKORY"

Jackson Road was the line. He believed that northern people should know and see something of the but-little-developed mineral resources of Tennessee and Northern Alabama and the solid, splendid agricultural possibilities of Mississippi and Louisiana. It was his contention also that such a highway, while bringing in new people and new capital, would be a chain to which counties all along could attach links, thus bringing permanent highway facilities to many isolated rural sections.

Other citizens of Florence took a hand and this interest spread through Alabama and Tennessee and then farther south into Mississippi and Louisiana and northward through Western Kentucky and into Indiana and Illinois. There was considerable controversy over the route, some maintaining it should deviate from the original direct survey so as to include more towns and cities. But the originators of the project held to the plan of making it a memorial in fact as well as in name and bringing benefits to remote rural regions rather than to a few towns. Their arguments finally prevailed.

The northern section—that between Nashville and Chicago—is, of course, without historical significance so far as the name of Jackson is concerned. Not a great deal of work remains to be done either north or south of the Ohio River. Long ago the Tennessee River was bridged at Florence—just a short distance east of where General Jackson's horses once swam this turbulent stream. The Tombigbee is bridged at Columbus, Mississippi, and the Leaf River at Hattiesburg. The Pearl River, northeast of New Orleans, is a water barrier yet to be overcome.

One of the most important, and possibly the most interesting link in the entire route is now being hard-surfaced—that across the famed Muscle Shoals District. Here the highway crosses Florence bridge over the Tennessee River. But there will also be a loop of several miles, going east from Florence and over the top of the to-be-completed Wilson Dam—at a somewhat dizzy height above the river-bed. The driveway atop the dam and beside the giant power house on the south bank of the river will be about 40 feet wide.

Through Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, the Jackson Highway will present an almost complete panorama of the life and agrarian activities and possibilities of America. Coming south and out of a section of the Corn Belt, the traveler will enter the blue-grass pastures of Western Kentucky where the eye is charmed by inviting rural homes, deep meadowlands, purebred Herefords and Shorthorns, and blooded horses. Then—into the hill country of Western Tennessee, with its cotton and corn, the split-bottom chair and the "kivvered" wagon. Near Nashville he will see the wonderfully lovely "Hermitage," resting place of "Old Hickory." Thence to Columbia, old home of President Polk, and then through the rich phosphate fields around Mt. Pleasant, Tennessee. From here into Northern Alabama and the Muscle Shoals District where the past is revealed in remarkable contrast to the present—old homes and plantations in proximity to vast potential hydro-electric power and coming electro-chemical industries; the home and burial place of General Coffee almost under high-tension transmission lines; the Indian Mound at Florence, that was ancient before the time of Columbus, and just opposite a great plant for the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen! The courthouse at Florence marks the intersection of the Jackson Highway and the Lee Highway—a transcontinental route swinging into Northern Alabama from Virginia and Eastern Tennessee and going westward along the north bank of the Tennessee River and on to the Pacific Coast.

At Russellville, just south of the Tennessee River, the visitor will pass through the richest brown hematite ore region in the South. Through Central Mississippi he will see the Old South merging into the New—large cotton plantations turning in marked measure to diversified farming; alfalfa and lespedeza pastures supporting dairy cows, beef cattle and hogs.

The Jackson Highway passes through the territory over which Union and Confederate soldiers battled during the four years of the war between the states. Forces of Grant and Sherman, Albert Sidney Johnson and Beauregard clashed repeatedly throughout Kentucky and Tennessee. Scenes of historic battles dot the highway. On the last lap of the journey the tourist or home-seeker will pass through the wonderful long-leaf yellow pine region of the Gulf Coast—great trees straight as arrows in deep, open forests into which one can look for considerable distances. Here the atmosphere is laden with lung-clearing, health-gaining ozone from numberless evergreen needles of the forest; here, as in Jackson's time, the winds play in strange, perpetual symphonies through the pines.

Line of the Jackson Highway

FROM Chicago down the South Side boulevards to Hammond, Indiana; to Crown Point, Rensselaer, Lafayette, Frankfort, Lebanon, Indianapolis, Franklin, Edinburg, Columbus, Seymour, Brownstown, Salem, New Albany;

Across the Ohio River and into Kentucky at Louisville; thence to Bardstown, Hogenville, Glasgow (a few miles southeast of Mammoth Cave), Scottsville;

Into Tennessee to Gallatin, Nashville, Franklin, Columbia, Mt. Pleasant, Lawrenceburg;

Into Alabama to Florence, Sheffield and Tuscumbia (the Tri-Cities), to Russellville, Hamilton;

Into Mississippi to Columbus, Brookville, Macon, Meridian, Laurel, Ellisville, Hattiesburg, Poplarville;

Into Louisiana to Covington, slightly north of Lake Pontchartrain; thence southeastward around the lake to the Mobile-New Orleans Highway (the ancient Indian and Spanish Trail); thence across the Rigolets (arm of the lake) into New Orleans. Or, directly across the lake by ferryboat from just below Covington. Total length of the Jackson Highway nearly 1,100 miles.

From Lakes to Heart of Dixie Thro' Historic Spots

Jackson Highway, Affording Splendid Route Into Central South, to Be Finished in 1923



Above—Close view of "The Hermitage," last abode and resting place of "Old Hickory." Circle—Cedar drive into "The Hermitage," near Nashville; last home of General Andrew Jackson. The cedars leading to the home and completely surrounding it make a driveway the exact form of a violin; the soul of the designer was attuned to the harmonies of the woodlands. Below—Courthouse at Florence, Alabama, at the intersection of the transcontinental Lee Highway and the Jackson Highway.





Oval—Log cabin near Nashville in which "Old Hickory" lived for some time after his return to Tennessee from the Battle of New Orleans. Below—Florence bridge over the Tennessee River just east of where General Jackson's horses once swam the stream. The near end of the bridge is close to a counterfeiters' cave used by lawless coin-makers upward of a century ago. The far end is about one-half a mile from an ancient Indian mound.





America Once More Is About to Pack Up

That Bugaboo—Moving—Which Takes Hold Annually in Every City

By THOMAS J. MALONE

ITINERANT America will soon take the road for its September turnover. In every town and city, families will gather their household possessions and move—move from one tenement, flat building, apartment house, hotel, duplex or single dwelling to another tenement, flat building, apartment house, hotel, duplex or single dwelling.

There will be foreboding, dread, loathing, worry, work, weariness, alarm, chagrin, disappointment, connected with the process. Supplies of newspaper, excelsior, burlap and cord must be assembled, fragile goods must be protected, heavy weights shifted. Furniture will be scuffed and dishes broken. Tempers will be strained, bitter words spoken, tears shed. Muscles will ache. Nails and knuckles will suffer. Many a housewife, having directed the moving, will be laid up for a week or more afterward.

But there is a brighter aspect of the picture. The business of moving household goods has been developed, particularly in the larger cities, to such an extent that danger of damage to the goods has been largely reduced and the horrors of the actual moving, as affecting owners, ameliorated.

For years it has been customary for newspapers and magazines to break out in spring and fall with articles on moving in which the man who does the job—loads, hauls and unloads, and often packs the goods at the beginning—is the butt of joke and barb and satire. To be funny at his expense has been quite the thing—at his obtuseness, ignorance, perverseness, his profound aptitude for bungling and general all-round cussedness. Nearly all these articles have told the story from the point of view of a family being moved, tending, for the most part, to give the moving man a bad name.

The Van Man's Story

ARE van men always late? The customary magazine article says so. Are they all heavy-footed, double-thumbed burlies who see no difference between a clothes wringer and a porcelain vase? You would think so from what you find in print.

Yet throughout the country, in every community that has men definitely engaged in the household goods "transfer" industry, the transfer man will be found earnestly striving to give what customers ask and pay for, and proud of his service. Let a representative moving man speak for himself and his fellows.

This man might be one you know in Yonkers, Terre Haute or Wichita. It happens that he lives in a Middle Western city of 400,000. He has worked up in 30 years from teamster on a van to owner of a half-million-dollar business; his men call him "Sam." His hobby is the theater and he knows Shakespeare by the yard.

"I am a mover, storer and shipper of household goods," Sam Hodson began, when invited to represent. "I may be the man who put the dent in your mahogany table-top, dropped your prized mirror or contributed the indelible heel mark to your costly rug. You see I'm honest about this but, unlike Othello, who persisted in speaking of 'most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field,' not boastful.

"On the other hand, I am more probably the man—give my due—who moved you in a time of stress, of unusual excitement and concern, with smoothness and dispatch, without damage to goods, and with a forethought that made things lighter for you, minimized the bugaboo of moving and led you to say to the main office the next time you ordered a van, 'Be sure to send that man with the red hair.'

"The men with the vans are the ones that most people come in touch with, so it is they who do most toward giving the business its reputation, good or bad. No doubt some van men are slow in showing up at the place expecting them and are in too much of a hurry after they arrive; are inconsiderate, impatient of direction, surly, boorish, unpleasant, bungling. But there are few such, comparatively, and they do not last long in the business. They never get beyond the initial or 'helper' stage. You never find a man sent out in charge of a van to be that kind of fellow. If a 'helper' proves unduly nervous or careless, given to doing damage, he is let go or assigned to less important work.

Men Are All Skilled

"IN THE larger organizations, at least, where system prevails and men are picked and trained, the men who go to your house—and I ask you to measure this against your own experience—do not, on the whole, do the numskull thing, but sincerely aim to oblige, give real service, have a feeling for what they handle, realizing its significance to the family, and enter into the spirit of the undertaking."

Why do folks move? To answer this, the moving man drew on a fund of intimate knowledge of the reasons actuating the nomads, for they often talk freely to the van men during the process, telling details of family motives and history.

Also, how does the moving industry today differ from that of a generation or so ago, and just how is moving done these days?

"Why do folks move? It's in the blood," said the spokesman of the industry. "Man's a natural mover, with spring and fall his times of greatest unrest; still there's a good deal of moving in a large city all the year round. Of course, the country over, mostly, September 1 and May 1 are the 'moving days,' though the week before and the week after each date figure up strong because it's impossible to move in a single day all the families that want to be moved.

"The September moving is always heavier than the May, as much as 15 to 20 per cent, we find. Yet I'm going to predict right now that next September 1 will be an unusually light moving day throughout the United States. No, I've no way of knowing that there'll be bad weather that day to slow up operations nor that a large number of vans or of van men will be laid up for repairs. It won't be a Sunday, either. I simply state a fact, though.

"And why so sure about it? Look at your calendar. You've guessed it already. September 1 will be a Friday, and folks are superstitious. Experience of transfer men everywhere in this land that admits it is the home of the brave discloses the same story—many people will not move on Friday.

"But to go back to the specific reasons that lead folks to move. There's the chronic flat dweller, for instance. Some will live only in new buildings, in apartments not occupied before. They change every year or two, preferring the upheaval of moving to the inconvenience of living through a repair and redecorating ordeal where they are.

"This kind prepares to flit just as soon as the blue tint in the bathroom becomes sooted, the floor leaves the baseboards in the living room, the plaster begins to sift from the cracked ceiling over the wall bed or roaches show up in the cupboards. I don't blame them, for one. If folks must live in apartments, they're entitled to have them fresh and clean. It's different in your own home, for there you can become attached even to cracks and discolorations, if not to roaches; they're yours, anyhow.

"While changes in size of families, increases or decreases, have much to do with it, a sober aspiration or pet whim is often at the bottom of the moving. People want a larger living room, or a better arrangement of rooms, or better light, or a sleeping porch, or a sun parlor, or a fireplace. Or they want a choicer neighborhood, or to be near friends, or away from friends, or near church or school, or to get away from dogs or cats or parrots or barns or automobiles. Or—well, there are scores of other reasons, I dare say valid enough, and most of them illustrating that characteristic hankering of the American people to better their condition.

"Again, there are cases, sometimes pathetic ones, where the move, because of a reverse in fortune, is due to necessity of curtailment and represents a backward step.

"Then, too, in a class by themselves, are the adventure-loving folk who enjoy moving for its own sake, find a thrill in it, like new faces, new surroundings, new contacts, reactions, complications. It provides them a new crop of listeners for their favorite stories, with whom to go over, as new, their ills, burdens, prejudices, preferences and hopes."

Industry Is Motorized

WE ARE so much used to covered vans, rubber-tired and motor-driven, with padded sides, side pockets for mirrors and pictures, paper and cloth slip-covers, burlap and other protectives, that the evolution of the moving industry from casual beginnings may have missed many of us. We are likely to forget how a man with a dray and team moved us in the eighties, putting the goods on just as he found them and giving scant attention to such details as draping a blanket over the center table or chugging folded newspapers between the kitchen stove and parts of the best room bedstead. As for assuming any responsibility for the condition of the goods when delivered, that was something seldom if ever thought of. Folks moved distinctly at their own risk in those days. Any man who started in the business 30 years ago and stuck to it, like Sam Hodson, has seen all the changes. His story ran on.

"When I began, any one with a wagon and a team would move household goods. If running a regular dray business, he might take a house goods job as an incident in the day's work, not making a specialty of it. If he needed a helper, he'd pick up the first husky at a street corner—'anybody with a broad back.' Few men actively in the business then had more than a few thousands invested in it, anywhere in the country. Today there are concerns in our largest centers with a million or more in plant and equipment.

"The most notable advance in the industry in recent years has been the replacing of the horse-drawn by motorized equipment. Teams are still used, and are often more economical for the customer for short hauls, but, even so, people more and more ask for the auto van. Perhaps they feel there is more 'class' in being moved by automobile and that it has a certain value in introducing them to the new neighborhood. Besides, it may be expressive of the prevailing demand for speed regardless of cost.

"Airplane service will be the next step. I expect to see the day, and that not so far off, when loaded vans and even freight cars will be transported by air. Chicago to San Francisco service will be as ordinary as a milk delivery. When that time comes, we shall have to do something to discourage, at the take-off, the small boy who now runs alongside the van with his inevitable 'Give me a ride, Mister?'"

This was getting around to the actual how of moving as seen through the eyes of the van boss.

While most transfer companies employ expert packers who will go to the customer's address and prepare goods for hauling, in lieu of this, which costs money, careful packing by the home folks is welcomed by van men. It makes goods easier to handle and reduces the likelihood of complaints. There are, however, careless, shiftless families who make no preparation for moving. The van arrives to find them still in bed, or at breakfast. Beds and bedding are taken out, "as is," and dishes go into the van unwashed.

Owners often decline to intrust prized belongings to the van and carry them themselves—afoot, in street car, by automobile. One may see Jennie with the shade of the floor lamp, dad with the bird cage, Ben with the goldfish, though the van men will say, if asked, that there is no need of that. With proper pride in their adequacy, intrepid vansters will take on many things that may require special looking after, as dogs, cats and plants. A well-filled goldfish bowl the driver will put on the cab floor between his feet, thus having a sort of spirit level to warn him when the going is too rough.

According to the moving man, the human element is the most important factor in building up a transfer business.

"I've come to believe," he went on, "that we get in this world, no matter what we do for a living or with whom we associate, about the kind of treatment that we invite. I have said that we usually send a reliable type of man to customers' homes. Now our men are instructed to be polite and considerate at all times, in all circumstances, regardless of what provocation to be otherwise. Yet, being human, they sometimes fall short of that high standard, I suppose. On the other hand, if the family they serve is not haughty, domineering, super-critical, suspicious of their every move, as some families are, but treats them as human beings, they will respond in kind. The lamb loved Mary so because Mary loved the lamb, you know—though I'm not saying that the average van man is so very lamblike."

Just One Right Way to Load

IT SEEMS there is one right way and there are a dozen and more wrong ways for loading a van. Your trained van captain knows the right way, though it may differ with every new assortment of goods. The van is more or less standardized in America, as to both shape and capacity, and perhaps three-fourths of the possessions of the average family of five or six persons can be anticipated. Yet no two lots will be put into the van alike. The old-timer had something to say on this, too.

"The man in charge of the van always walks through the house or apartment, sizing up the goods, before he starts to load. He then knows what he has to deal with and determines in what order to handle it with a view to economy of space, riding of the load, and so on. Practice has made him somewhat of an expert in solid geometry, and his offhand estimates of cubic contents are surprisingly accurate.

"Lots of folks try to tell the men how to load, what piece to put in here and what there. That's a mistake. Getting the goods of a six-room house or flat into a van, and placing them so they will haul right, is a problem for an expert.

Sometimes, though, things go wrong in the moving; dishes are broken or the day bed butts the newel post. Then come complaints and claims. The wise company is said to invite them, to do its utmost to satisfy the complaining customer.

In every transfer office one may gather tales of typical complaints. Some of the complaints are justified, some are not. There's the one of the missing casters. A woman's voice is on the telephone and from its tone one knows there is blood in her eye.

Of Course, the Casters Are Found!

"I AM Mrs. Cranberry," she says. "You moved me this morning to 1325 Buell street. I want to tell you that the casters of my four-poster are missing, and I know one of the van men has them. I saw him put them in his pocket. Seems to me you could get honest men to work for you—and what he'd want with the casters alone, I can't see. Or maybe he means to come back for the bed."

"Have you searched carefully?" she is asked. "Are you sure they are missing?"

"Of course I have," witheringly. "You don't suppose I'd be calling you if I wasn't sure?"

Mrs. Cranberry is told that a check will be made with the men when they come in at the close of the day, and she will be called.

It is so made.

"Sure, I remember it," says Hank, the coal stove balancer. "I did put them casters in my pocket; always do when I find they've been left on the bed legs. Later I got some string and tied them to one of the slats of that same bed. Tell her to look for them there."

Mrs. Cranberry finds the casters.

All sorts of things are reported "lost" in the same way—rugs, cutlery, pictures, garden tools, what not.

As far as possible, according to testimony when they get together in such conventions as that of the American Warehousemen's Association, transfer men strive to satisfy customers who claim damages, by replacing or restoring rather than by cash payments. They replace casters and screws, have new legs or rungs milled and scratched surfaces scraped, filled and repolished. Many of them employ expert finishers whom they send out to the homes to fix up damaged furniture "good as new." A finisher often goes further, resurfacing some piece not complained about but needing it, doing it for good measure and to show the company's attitude. This is an insidious way of winning feminine approval.

"Despite all this," says Sam Hodson, "the average housewife, when moving day dawns, is in the mood to say, with Brutus at Philippi:

"'O! that a man might know the end of this day's business, ere it come.'"

Impatient With Those Who "Find No Time"

Sinclair Lewis Has Written His Novels in Ordinarily "Wasted" Hours

By FRED L. HOLMES

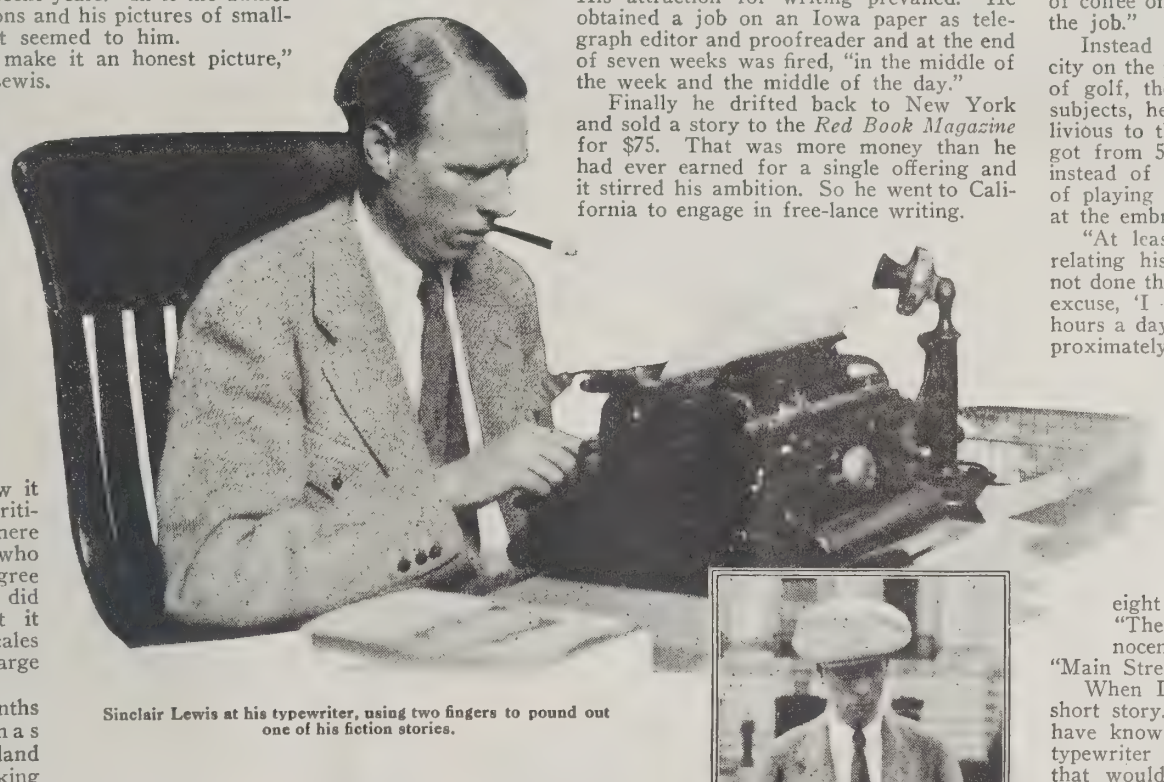
"IT TAKES hard work, native ability and a little luck thrown in to make a man particularly successful in any undertaking. There is an element of 'luck' in everything we do. You may write something that is behind the time. It is not a success because it is old. You may write something that is so far ahead of the time that people will think you are a fanatic. If you have the luck to have the right idea at the right time you make a success."

Sinclair Lewis, noted author of "Main Street" which for 12 months stood at the top of the list of best sellers, was moralizing on the successes of the world. This tall, angular young man—37 years old—who looks more like the sporting writer on a metropolitan paper than he does like one of the heralded present-day authors, believes that with every success in the world hard work and luck are two elements that are inseparable. "Main Street" was one of the marked literary successes of recent years. In it the author gave his reactions and his pictures of small-town life as it seemed to him.

"I tried to make it an honest picture," declared Mr. Lewis.

"Did you think when you wrote the book that it would be such a success?" I asked as I looked over a statement from publishers which showed that nearly 400,000 had been sold.

"Hardly," came the reply with a smile. "I knew it would evoke criticism. I knew there were many who would disagree with me, but I did not think that it would tip the scales with such large sales."



Sinclair Lewis at his typewriter, using two fingers to pound out one of his fiction stories.

For 18 months Mr. Lewis has been in England and Italy working on a new book. He likes a change of environment and generally rents a house in some city which strikes his fancy and settles down to his writing.

"I like to get on neighborly terms with people," continued Mr. Lewis. "I like to be real sociable and know even the man in the corner grocery store well. Life in a hotel for more than a few days has few attractions. You have to live in a town awhile, buy groceries and milk and have a butcher bill to have some sense of feeling for it. In the past eight years I have made my home in Minneapolis, St. Paul, New York, California, Cape Cod, South Cornwall, England, and now in Madison, Wisconsin."

Mr. Lewis is intensely American. A friend of his tells the story that while he was in Cornwall, a conjurer was giving an entertainment and the rabbit was somewhat slow in coming out of his hat, whereupon the conjurer remarked:

"She's rather late, as America was in coming into the war."

The laughter of the audience over this barbed jest brought Mr. Lewis to his feet and the audience was told at some length why America was late in coming into the war, but what she accomplished once she entered. Before Mr. Lewis had finished, the conjurer looked as scared as the rabbit and the audience learned that the American viewpoint of the war could not be juggled with the British viewpoint. All of which shows that one of the characteristics of the author is his positiveness, anywhere and any time.

Unlike "Main Street," which pictured Gopher Prairie, the new novel, "Babbitt," is the story of a man—rather than a city or a town—an ordinary, nice sort of a fellow, what he does and what he thinks, in a city of 300,000 inhabitants.

According to Mr. Lewis there is no mysticism about writing novels. It takes hard work, ability and the right theme. Seven books by the same author had been published before he struck on "Main Street." Neither was there anything peculiar to his environment that would spell literary success.

"I was born in Sauk Center, a Minnesota village," continued Mr. Lewis, "a genuine prairie town, ringed round with wheat fields broken by slough and oak-rimmed lakes, with the autumn flight of ducks from Canada as its most exotic feature. My boyhood was alarmingly normal, mid-western, American—my father the prosperous pioneer doctor, whose diversions were hunting and travel; my school, the public school, with no peculiarly inspired teachers; my sports, aside from huge amounts of totally unsystemized reading of everything from dime novels and Ned books and casual sentimental novels to translations of Homer, were the typical occupations of such a boy; swimming in the creek, hunting rabbits, playing pom-pom-pullaway under the arc light in the evening. There was not much work—a few evening chores, of the wood-box filling sort."

When there was nothing else to do as a boy he hung around the country newspaper office at Sauk Center, now a town of some 3,000 inhabitants situated on the shores of Sauk Lake, Minnesota, and finally he obtained a job while still in high school—sticking type, reporting, cleaning type, folding newspapers and sometimes helping in making the deliveries.

"I don't know how I got the inspiration to go East and become irregular, abnormal, happy and otherwise literary," he commented.

At Yale, where he graduated in 1907, he wrote for the students' literary magazine and worked for a time on the New Haven *Courier and Journal.*

After graduation he wavered as to whether he should continue in the newspaper field or become a teacher. His attraction for writing prevailed. He obtained a job on an Iowa paper as telegraph editor and proofreader and at the end of seven weeks was fired, "in the middle of the week and the middle of the day."

Finally he drifted back to New York and sold a story to the *Red Book Magazine* for $75. That was more money than he had ever earned for a single offering and it stirred his ambition. So he went to California to engage in free-lance writing.

"I did get in a few savingly unliterary hikes, however," he declared half - reminiscently. "During college I made two cattle-boat trips to England; on one of them I landed in England with only 15 cents and stayed alive by borrowing $3 from a fellow cattleman, which lasted until the boat returned. Again I wandered down to Panama, going steerage, returning stowaway, and in between failing to get a job on the Panama railroad. A year and a half I spent in California, part of it reporting, part trying vainly to free lance, sharing a bungalow at Carmel with William Rose Benet, now a noted editor and author of that charming novel, 'First Person Singular.'



The author of "Main Street," which has sold to 360,000 copies, motors over the United States to get a look at each state's scenery.

"We had three rooms in a portable cottage and swept the floors if we did not scrub them. I tried to write short stories but after finding myself in debt for $400 I went to San Francisco and got a job on the *Bulletin* which I held for three months. Then I was fired. I got a job on the Associated Press which I held for two months and was again fired for incompetency. There are most uninteresting reasons for firing a man. But all of the men who have fired me have since become my close personal friends. No longer do I look upon them as the 'big boss' of the office."

Out of a job, Sinclair Lewis drifted back to Washington, D. C., where he became "managing editor, office boy and circulation manager" of a magazine for teaching the deaf. He smilingly commented that there was only one other employe, the editor, "who acted as my associate."

Later he obtained a job in New York for $12.50 a week, was promoted after three months to $15 a week, and at the end of a year to $17.50 a week. He became the assistant editor on *Adventure* and later went with the *Publishers' Newspaper Syndicate.*

For two years he was on the editorial staff of George H. Doran, book publishers. When he tired of this routine life he went back to his old vocation as a free-lance writer.

With those who prattle with such excuses, "I can't find time" or "I am too tired," Mr. Lewis has no patience. He found time to write one of his novels while riding on New York railroad trains, after allowing eight minutes every morning for the reading of the daily newspaper. One hour a day will produce results.

"I decided I would not have time for being tired, instead of not having time for writing," Mr. Lewis declared. "I wrote practically all of a novel on trains, and the rest of it I wrote at times when I didn't have time to write. In the morning, after the furnace had been fed, but the kitchen stove was warm, I got in most of an hour of writing—with the drain board of the kitchen as my desk. Between adjectives I made a cup of coffee on the gas range. I wanted to concentrate on the job."

Instead of talking with fellow passengers into the city on the prospects of the weather, the wholesomeness of golf, the power of Tammany, and a dozen other subjects, he pulled out a roll of copy paper and oblivious to the crowding and pushing in the jolting car got from 50 to 500 words done. When he felt tired, instead of loafing in the evening, he worked; instead of playing golf Saturday afternoon, he scribbled away at the embryo novel.

"At least I have learned this," he commented in relating his time-saving experiments. "When I have not done the things I wanted to do, I may not use as an excuse, 'I can't find time.' I have and you have 24 hours a day. And that is, as far as I can find out, approximately the same amount of daily time that was granted to Michaelangelo, Pasteur, Shakespeare and Ty Cobb."

Then, like Arthur Brisbane, who is always preaching how every one can get a liberal education on the time that each person wastes, Mr. Lewis pointed out that if a man found time to write only 25 words a day and kept it up, in 12 years he would have written a full-length novel.

Scores of short stories have followed as the result in the past eight years. His eight best-known books are: "Our Mr. Wrenn," "The Trail of the Hawk," "The Job," "The Innocents," "Free Air," "Hike and the Aeroplane," "Main Street" and "Babbitt."

When I called upon Mr. Lewis he was busy at a short story. Like 90 per cent of the newspapermen I have known, he sat at a desk hammering away at a typewriter using just two fingers and going at a rate that would do credit to some of the touch system stenographers.

"Do you do all your writing with a typewriter?" was asked.

"Never use a pencil," came the reply between puffs on a cigaret. "I have been using a typewriter this way for more than 20 years. But the method you use to write, whether by pencil, pen or typewriter, has nothing to do with a person's ability to produce fiction, any more than the color of the paper or the size of the desk. There are no rules for writing except work.

"I have no patience with many intelligent people who complain because their writings do not sell. I had less sympathy for them after I had worked as an editor of a magazine for a time than I had before. I try to discourage every young author, and if he refuses to be discouraged there probably is something in him.

"There are many people in the world who can write good waybills, or good business letters. They think the world is against them because after three or four months of practice they do not become a success as fictionists. It takes practice, application, and ability to become a writer. Some people will work three or four hours a day on literature and at the end of the year complain if they are not reaping rewards.

"There is no other profession in the world where amateurs hope to attain the heights so quickly as in writing. Take a boy who wants to become a physician. He will spend four years in college and two years additional in a medical school, one year as an interne in a hospital and then he is lucky after he has been out 10 years if he has a sufficient practice to be self-supporting and successful.

"Yet some clerk spending a few hours a day for a year complains when he is not successful at writing, when in most other professions it takes years. It even takes more than a year to become a good shoemaker.

"Just because a man can whittle a stick well is no reason to think he would be a good surgeon. Writing is a profession which takes years and much practice, even if you have the innate ability. A man may be a good mathematician and would never be an author any more than a good astronomer might be a good surgeon. You must be fitted for the profession by instincts and inherent ability."

There is a breeziness and swinging mid-western attitude about Sinclair Lewis. He boasts with Thomas Jefferson the possession of red hair. Tall, almost ungainly, but a pleasant, jovial, humorous fellow, he settles back in the chair back of his desk, curling one of his spider-like legs in the braces of the furniture, and starts a fund of stories and experiences that would delight an audience anywhere.

"All fiction is based on an experience in one's life carried on imaginatively," declared Mr. Lewis. "I never go searching for plots. I settle down in some quiet city and start to work. Soon I find I have more ideas than I can write; more work than I can do. Then I am happy."

The "Age of Water" Follows the Age of Wine

How the Waterworks Engineer Is Responsible for Prohibition

By MORGAN D. E. HITE

IN THE course of an intensive study covering the general development of the dwelling house all over the world, I have had occasion to observe the particular phases connected with the supply of water for human consumption. Seeing therein that the matter has a bearing on the momentous prohibition question which agitates the minds of good people and others in America, and thinking that perhaps a presentation of an underlying truth may be of some help both to those who oppose prohibition and those who seek to enforce the law, I have asked THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to publish this brief historical study of the matter.

On all public questions there is much nonsense printed on all sides, due to lack of knowledge by spokesmen for and against. If the historical basis for some of our revolutionary issues were comprehended there would be less irresponsible talk and more specific attacks or defenses made. There are very good reasons for everything that happens, if we did but know.

Briefly stated, the question goes back to water supply for human use. In ancient times, and as far back as history records, the juice of the grape (as Omar phrases it) has been the chief liquid nourishment of human beings. In modern times, especially in America, the juice of the grape reached a decadent period, and has descended to playing the part of a mere beverage. From being the necessary liquid nourishment of the human race, wine and allied products finally declined to a point where they were partaken of by mankind as a pleasure and form of entertainment rather than as a vitally necessary food. Water—pure water—was the usurper that had displaced the juice of the grape from its original high position.

Plenty of Water—But Unsafe!

HOW did this happen? And where was all the pure water before man discovered it? Is it possible that wine was the only drinkable in those far-off times? Yes, that is it exactly. Wine was the only *safe* drinkable. There was plenty of water always, as there is now, but much of it was unsafe to drink, and the human race had recourse to grapes and other fruits and their juices. The discovery of wine-making and the later discovery of ale and beer-making solved the problem of a permanent liquid supply wherein the juices of the vine could be put in storage for consumption as needed. Because death lurked in some of the water deposited by nature, the ancient races of people in their ignorance and fear of the unknown turned to the wild grapes for their juices instead, and to fruits and herbs.

The cultivation of wine grapes flourishes best in certain parts of the globe, for the grape does not grow luxuriantly everywhere, and it is among the races and nations located in the vineyards of the world that the development of wines has reached its highest point. Among the peoples situated in parts of the world where vineyards were not practicable the invention of a substitute was necessary, and thus from cereals was evolved beer and ale, and no doubt in the course of this evolution whisky came out of the process one day instead of the expected lighter product. Whisky then took its place along with the others, but not being a necessary part of man's nourishment it has never occupied as important a place as wines and beers. In the earlier times, in proportion as the water supply of a country was inferior, scarce or polluted, as in the desert regions and the southerly parts of the world, the use of wine as the daily liquid refreshment was greater, while in the countries and among the peoples of more northerly climes and where the water supply was purer and less deadly and more certain in all seasons, as among the Teutonic races and the American Indians, the manufacture of wine was less frequent, and more water was used. Thus the world in its early history was divided by natural means into two kinds of people, just as is modern America today: those who prefer wine and those who prefer water.

Where Water Is Frowned on

THE old quips concerning the "Kentucky Colonels" who knew of no use for water were therefore not altogether figments of imagination. They had millions of prototypes. Even today there are many parts of Europe where water is almost never partaken of, and wines or cereal liquids are used as the common drink for all, with perhaps goat's milk (and sometimes donkey's milk) for babies.

This condition is found largely in those parts of the globe classed by us Americans as "backward" in sanitary science, and among people who have little knowledge or regard for sanitation in the "American" sense. The two things, as I will show, go hand in hand—*the less sanitation among people the more wine they consume.* I am referring, of course, not to America but to those "backward" races and nations where because of lack of adequate sanitary safeguards the water supply is still unsafe for drinking purposes and the product of the vine is the common beverage. Great, sanitary America has advanced far beyond that stage of civilization, and water is safe here for anybody to drink, so that it was but natural that as water increased in cheapness and purity it became a greater necessity than its wine and beer substitutes, or, in other words, wine and beer became less necessary and have consequently taken a secondary position in relation to water.

This is true perhaps of but one nation in the world, and the cause of it lies largely with the waterworks engineer. Every great good carries some compensating evil in its train, and as water became safe for human consumption at all times and places in the United States, the law has made it unsafe for products of the grape and the cornfield. Had we not thought so much of personal hygiene and sanitation and municipal water supply, perhaps we would yet be a nation free of that Prohibition Amendment to our Constitution.

It is only Americans, in consequence, who through familiarity with the good qualities of water, have a natural respect for water as a drink. The grape was not very prevalent in nor indigenous to this country, which somewhat prevented the wine habit from fastening itself firmly on the first colonials. Particularly true is this absence of the grape in the section now called the Middle West, and particularly true is it that prohibition as an ideal has had its greatest force in and from that part of the United States. In the grape-growing states, as California, Ohio and New York and the parts of the nation touched in early days by the Spanish and the French, the influence of vintages is still pronounced, and in Latin Louisiana wine was until recent years almost the sole liquid refreshment among the Creole families. Red "Claret" was consumed by Creole and American families in enormous quantities, and this condition in New Orleans was very pronounced until the year 1909 when the first filtered and purified water was turned into the city water mains, on the completion of a great filtration and water purification plant in that city. The decline of claret consumption was remarkable after that event, for pure and crystal clear water was to be had freely and in any quantity by all.

The material advancement of New Orleans city has been co-ordinate with the installation of a pure water supply. Its former record for "backwardness," insanitation and pestilence—which go hand in hand with lack of water supply—was coincident with its great period of wine and vintage consumption. The writer as a boy remembers the horrid taste, the discoloration and green slime left in a cup by the unfiltered, unpurified river water furnished by the ancient water monopoly. To drink river water—and water from the great Mississippi at that—was something for even a child to rebel at and something to nauseate the strongest stomach, so the real drinking water supply was obtained from wooden tanks called cisterns attached to each house and which received the rain water from the roofs.

Good Water—Wine Unsought

IN FACT this water was collected as much for cooking purposes and as a "soft" water for washing women's hair and for face washing, as for drinking purposes. Baths were taken in the "city water," a liquid mud that discouraged rather than encouraged baths, and when a real quenching of thirst was desired it was wine from one of the *two thousand* corner stores, or beer, that was used instead of water. The milk supply was as poor as the water supply, and as hazardous, and babies and children partook freely of beer and claret wine; in addition, large quantities of coffee were consumed. Of all drinkables water was of the least consequence to New Orleans, and this condition saw no amelioration until the water supply was put on a safe basis.

As to which is the best for human consumption, the most nourishing and quenching for human thirst, water or wine, I leave to others to determine. I am only showing the connection between absence of a good water supply and wine drinking, and why when a community or nation has so ordered its affairs as to make sure of an adequate and perfectly pure and safe supply of water, it ceases thereupon to be primarily a wine or beer-drinking community or nation, and thenceforth water takes a paramount position. And where the evils which go in the train of wine and beer and whisky drinking theretofore may have been deemed inevitable consequences, and concomitant with the necessity of the use of wine for liquid nourishment and daily use by the people, these evils take on a different aspect when once it has been demonstrated that wine is not essential and that water has come to take its place. The evils which had before been tolerated as necessary are now looked upon critically and with growing disapprobation, until in time the evils appear to outweigh the good of the wine, so that it and all similar substances are abolished or restricted by law.

Whisky Habit-Forming

THIS has been the sequence of events in America, and made easier because, except in a few places touched by wine-drinking peoples, America had no wine tradition behind it, and as a new country was less in thrall to artificial liquid products, except whisky, than any other nation.

The reasons for the great American predilection for whisky may be readily found in the logical statement which has preceded this. America already, and always, had a plentiful supply of wholesome water, and neither wine nor beer were indigenous or essential, and therefore had not become habitual; but whisky is a habit-forming substance and the Americans took to it much as the Chinese took to opium, an alien product to them as whisky was to America in its beginning. New Orleans and other wine-drinking communities, on the other hand, never took to whisky drinking to the extent that it existed elsewhere. The scientist and sanitarian and the waterworks engineer have taken water and made it available for 10 cents a thousand gallons! Wine, beer, whisky, have gone the road of bankruptcy (official if not actual) because of the cheap competition of water for public favor. But this only in enlightened America. In France, in Italy, in the Near East, in the Mediterranean countries, and among "backward" peoples where the sanitarian and the waterworks engineer are unheard of, water is still of inferior grade and of fearsome memory with the inhabitants, and safety for them lies in their pure, unsullied juice of the grape.

It is surprising that even with all the favorable environment here stated, Americans so readily and so soon decided to make water the sole official liquid nourishment of their country. This is more surprising than the vast amount of opposition which has arisen in this country to the prohibition act and the widespread violations of the law and tolerant attitude of public, police, enforcement officers and judges toward alleged violators. This opposition is the result of ingrained inheritance and disinclination for water. It is not a moral question at all. It is a biological question, and it has become an issue in the United States because the conditions were right for a test of water as the principal liquid diet, through the fact that the United States was the first nation to bring the development of its water supply to a high and thorough degree of perfection and plenitude.

His Idea of "Personal Liberty"

IN OTHER words, the nation with the best water supply would, according to the laws of logic, be the first nation to reduce the drinking of wine to a secondary position. But in spite of this there remains a portion of the population hollerin' for relief from prohibitory laws. They are not ready, according to their inherited instincts, to look upon water as the sole drinkable. They crave the liquid diet of their ancestors. It is too soon for a people so briefly removed from their wine-drinking progenitors to consider water in the same light as does the sanitarian and waterworks engineer. These latter are products of the present day. But the Middle West population takes readily to prohibition because they have always been water drinkers, that is, the preponderance of liquid diet consumed by them for generations has of necessity been water, and they no doubt have grown accustomed to it and look upon water as a matter of course.

The irreconcilables have not yet learned the lesson of modern science, that water in this country has been decreed safe for internal use, and in abundance at give-away prices. And it is going to be only as the distrust and distaste of water subsides and fear gives away to appreciation of what pure water means, that other substitutes upon which mankind has for so long depended will cease to be or seem to be so necessary to the human system or to "personal liberty."

This question of personal liberty as it is heard from the lips of the average American is no more than a rudimentary survival of the feeling anciently held in the breast of humans that if they were barred from drinking wine or beer they would die a fearful death from drinking water, more often than not polluted. But this feeling today is cloaked behind the words "personal liberty," and has no more reality than the rudimentary tail at the base of the spine of each man has a reality or similarity to the tail which early mankind is said to have had.

Course Held Inevitable

IT IS feared that wines must go from each blessed land that the sanitary engineer shall invade, and that as the waterworks engineer gets a foothold in some benighted part of the world he will do so at the expense of the local drinkables. To this extent Americans are to be congratulated, that they have done their prohibition early, faced it, and fought it out, more or less scientifically. And though there has been a lot of nonsense and some criminality, we have the consolation of knowing that other countries have yet to face their music—when the waterworks man comes to them. But until he does come to them, they should and will stick to wine and other such admirable substitutes for water.

For wine is a substitute and nothing more. Thus and no faster will scientific prohibition spread over the globe, just so fast and no faster can prohibition in its varying degrees of strictness be applied either in the United States or in other countries. Any program that does not take the scientific basis of the use of wine and water into consideration cannot make headway, and useless strife will be the only outcome.

Nature must take its course. It has taken a natural course in the United States, an inevitable course, and prohibition is not only a fact but a scientific evolution behind which there is no going. But the extent of its realization is limited by the further detailed scientific considerations which have been sketched here.

We are entering the first stages of what in the further annals of the human race when they come to be written will be called the Age of Water, just as we have heretofore had the Ages of Stone, Bronze and Iron. We of today may have the thrill of observing a great epochal movement of the human race, as it now enters definitely into a new stage of its evolution, marking for our generation to see one of the great periodic permanent steps of the race as it grows, another of the irretrievable advances made by human intelligence in its inexorable conquest of nature, in this case the assuring for mankind of a pure water supply, as vital and as necessary as it has been little thought of, and marking the end of the vine and the cereal as the source of man's liquid diet.

Facts! Facts! Facts—Where Can We Get Them?

Propaganda—Distortion, Suppression. Falsification—Imperils Country

Why Were the Facts on the Sinking of the Lusitania Suppressed?

By A. C. LAUT

This is the first of two articles.

SHORTLY after the termination of the war, the New York editor of a newspaper, which had been a consistent backer of the Wilson Administration throughout the eight years of that régime, made a powerful plea in a public address for the unshackling of the press from propaganda, whether that invisible propaganda were in the suppression of facts, the distortion of facts, or the deliberate dispersion of falsehoods.

And with the fervor of an old-time revival meeting all the press of America uttered a loud amen.

The readers remarked cynically: "Didn't we tell you all news had been doped for these last years? You can't believe a word you read nowadays in the papers."

Within one month, both President Harding and Secretary Hughes voiced the popular demand for freedom from propaganda in our thinking. Mr. Hughes pointed out to a graduating class in a university that while a sense of responsibility and reticence in regard to the national feelings of other countries must be observed in international negotiations, a representative government can function only when the voters, who elect that government, are in possession of the facts of the case. He did not, though he might well, add that the facts *must not* be colored by foreign propaganda, and the medium through which they pass to the public must not be "doped" by political considerations.

The President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and a foremost New York editor—all saying the same thing; and the public acclaiming agreement. What does it imply?

And Magazines Are Suffering

"WHERE are the magazines and famous writers of yesteryear?" asked an editor of a famous magazine, who had come back from war work. "Twenty years ago and down to 10 years ago, the magazines of the United States were in the heyday of their glory. Writers' names were household words. Why are those writers not writing today? Why have they taken to the more strenuous and less remunerative work of the lecture platform? Where are they?"

"They are—not," answered one of the newer editors. "You can't get them. They are not writing any more—."

"And yet they are not dead," persisted the former editor. "Why aren't they writing as they did 10 years ago, and 20 years ago?"

"Because," spoke up a writer, who used to receive $1,000 an article and is now receiving $1,000 a lecture, "because the writer, with any ethical regard for facts, objects to the tail wagging the dog. First, it was the advertiser. We must not offend him. Then, it was the fool censorship of the war—we must suppress this, blue pencil that, exaggerate and throw into the limelight some other feature. Then, it was a censorship that advanced progressively from suppressing facts to issuing lies till every little ring-tail monkey of a foreign nation thought all it had to do was to unload its woes, its debts, its political plots on Uncle Sam; and the tragedy is—they got away with it till the writers, who had any regard for self-respect, took to book work, or history, or war work, or lecture platform, or a straight out-and-out commission in the economic department of some big institution, or big industry."

"And the results," added the former editor, "are the worst financial losses the magazine world has known in its history; a slump of circulation among the dailies because the public no longer believes the printed word."

"Well," asked the business manager, "what are you going to do about it? The root of the trouble was subscription at less than costs. Advertising had to be got by increasing circulation; and to get it, circulation was sold far below costs; and right there—the tail began to wag the dog."

Here again you have in absolute agreement an old-time editor, whose magazine's name was a household word; a writer, who is part shareholder in one of the most popular new-style monthlies, that sells big subscription at a terrific deficit; and the business manager of a big weekly, that had just expired.

Censorship Brought Evils

THE indictment is a terrific one. Is it true?

Undoubtedly, if the advertising tail, or the political tail, were wagging the dog, the publication with the biggest circulation at a deficit was hit hardest when the panic of 1920-21 knocked off the advertising; so New York witnessed the sudden decrease of three publications with circulation between 600,000 and 1,000,000 in as many months, one a woman's magazine, one a monthly, one a weekly, not to mention numerous minor sheets like church organs, which were reorganized or merged, and purely trade organs. The first year of the war, when advertising fell off with the same slump as in 1920-21, witnessed an almost similar casualty list—an old weekly went suddenly to the wall. A home magazine telling people what to eat—600,000 subscribers it had on its diet list—stopped suddenly and left the people to fend for their own fare, and a dozen minor monthlies expired without a gasp. When the tail ceased wagging, the dog ceased running.

The bright side of the picture in the same period is that of the steadiest old monthlies, who had never depended on advertising and raised their subscription price to cover costs as costs mounted, the one that showed the biggest profits in this era was the one that had never depended on its advertising revenue—even its revenue to advertise its own books—but had shoved up its subscription charges as mechanical and paper costs went up, on the supposition the public would pay for the real stuff if it got undiluted literature and history and economics. One hardly needs to add this old monthly had its habitat in Boston; and its editor had passed through the other phases of meretricious journalism to know the perils, when he came to the monthly and piloted it through the perilous era unscathed.

There was no editor, much less was there any correspondent, who did not feel the heavy and foolish hand of the censorship during the war. Great Britain led the way in the suppression of facts. Ireland played first base in distortion of facts; and Germany certainly won every home run for the deliberate dissemination of news that was not fact at all.

One has but to recall how Northcliffe blew the lid off the censorship by telling the English in the early days that they were being licked, when they thought they were winning. And though in so doing Northcliffe's services are recognized today as having aroused the whole British Empire from false security, one must also recall that in the face of the general policy of suppression, he was branded as a traitor and burned in effigy from the Thames to the Forth.

Until the 1916 elections, there was more truth published about the war by the American press than all the press of Europe or Canada, with the result that an American paper going into these countries—whether by mail, or sent by hand of friends— was ruthlessly "scissored" before being admitted.

From 1916, to get the facts, readers had to take a paper of one political stripe in the morning and another political stripe in the evening and then strike an average in their own minds concerning the truth. This was up to 1917. From the time of the United States going into the war the same heavy hand of foolish and false censorship was laid on the freedom of the American press. Results—the people did not know what to believe. Sentiment was divided, and instead of waiting lines of eager volunteers at the recruiting stations as in the Spanish War, we had to have the draft, which was a polite name for conscription.

The Facts on the Lusitania

HUNDREDS of examples of this could be given. Take the sinking of the Lusitania!

The Lusitania was sunk in May. By Thanksgiving of the same year, every fact of the sinking of the Lusitania, who sent the message, how the wireless operators were deceived through the enemy getting the secret Admiralty Code, how the ship on her previous voyage had been pursued by submarines and only escaped them by superior speed, and how she was finally lured between two submarines waiting for her in broad daylight off the charted route, where a British convoy waited to pick her up—was known to the British Government. Why these facts were not published is one of the stupidities of the war yet unexplained. Probably because *it would have led to a tracing of who betrayed the secret Admiralty Code*, which was immediately changed all over the world. Anyway, the facts were sent to Canada and the United States. The British officer, who gave these facts to an American writer, concluded his exhibit of proofs with these words: "Now in the name of God, don't let anyone know I showed you these cables! If it is traced back to me, I'll have to lie out of it, and leave you unsupported to defend yourself. We can't do anything that has the remotest resemblance to forcing the United States' hand in the game. You can get the facts confirmed by So and So and So."

The facts were confirmed; for though wireless operators and ship officers and the secret service set to watch them are bound to inviolate silence, even operators and secret service men and ship officers have wives and brothers and sisters; and secrets sometimes talk in their sleep. Dates and names were easily dovetailed into a fabric without a weakness in its proof. Yet the facts were never published in a single paper in either England or the United States. Why? The editors said frankly they were not looking for trouble, or disbarment from the mails. Later, when the real culprit guilty of the Lusitania plot and the execution of it was sent back by the British Government on another charge to the United States, he was tried and sentenced on that lighter charge. Then his sentence was remitted and he was shipped back to Germany. Not a whisper of the awful infamy of the Lusitania was uttered in the court, or in the press, or on his release from Atlanta prison. Each of the two big governments passed "the buck" of responsibility; and the press was muzzled.

Practically the same story could be told of the sinking of the Ancona in the Mediterranean, or of two other ships off the West Coast of Ireland. The American people were told to be patient—patient as the proverbial ass—to wait for proofs that these ships had not struck a mine; and commissions were appointed to investigate, which have not to this day reported. Yet I personally helped to decode cables, which proved in two of these cases merchant ships had come on the scene a few hours after the sinkings, caught the submarines, shot the "sub" officers and bundled them down the ladder of their own death trap, which was at once disabled and sunk. Yet two days after these cables were in the hands of the American and Canadian governments, I heard the officials of these governments come out and tell the press no facts had been ascertained to prove the sinkings had resulted from submarines.

What was gained by such censorship?

A story is told of one of the famous peace demonstrations in Madison Gardens; but in this case the "biter" was "bitten" in one of the most comical episodes of the war. Labor's co-operation in a demonstration against war was desperately needed. The organizer—a well-known operator of Wall Street, who has since served in Atlanta on another score—represented to his paymaster that labor delegates were poor men. He would need $1,000 each to pay their expenses to and from all parts of the continent. He was given a fund of $250,000. The labor delegates came all right and in good faith. The peace demonstration went off with a bang; but the Wall Street operator pocketed the whole $250,000; and his backers could not sue; so when he fell afoul of the law on another score, they let him take his medicine and go to prison. The press knew this but did not expose it.

The "Black Troops on the Rhine"

OF LIKE character was a demonstration against Black Troops on the Rhine. Now as every war correspondent, who cared to know, could know, the Black Troops of France were not massed on the Rhine. They were held in reserve in thousands in secrecy in the Pyrenees far from the Rhine; but if a correspondent had issued that fact, he would have been contradicted by another French Bureau of Misinformation, buttressed by another German Bureau of Misinformation; so the fake demonstration was held in the Madison Gardens against Black Troops on the Rhine; and from pure lack of facts on the part of the public, ended in a riot between Legion boys and New York police.

Great are the virtues of a censorship, which first suppresses, then colors, then distorts, then falsifies facts; and facts are what the public wants.

It was no doubt wise, with the United States on the verge of a European War, that inflamed public opinion should not force another distracting war with Mexico; but that hardly justified the suppression of facts on Mexico to such an extent that with hundreds of thousands of propaganda money on tap, which the Mexican press openly discussed and advocated, Mexico in the name of "independencia" and at the beck of factions fighting for power, should deluge the American press with contradictory statements and play the two great branches of the American church—Catholic and Protestant—against each other in a paid campaign of propaganda. It was not publicity. It was colored and often patently false propaganda. The Catholic party had suffered unspeakably in the 12 years of revolution succeeding revolution; but always when their petitions were forwarded to Washington with affidavits of priests and nuns, who had been subjected to torture, that would have caused shame in the Middle Ages—an unseen hand stifled these facts coming out to the public.

Propaganda from Mexico

NOR did war expediency justify such neglect of American life and property that Americans involved in losses in Mexico were forced to form an American Protective Association to get their own publicity out. Nor did it justify that American Protective Association being bled for money to get their statement of the case before the public. Cases are on record where correspondents of international fame came and offered their services to the Americans in Mexico, were rejected because of their unreliability, and immediately went over to the Mexican side of the contest and deluged the American press with Mexican propaganda. Some of these correspondents have since sued the Mexican Government for their services. The examples are too many to be given of entirely honest correspondents being subtly misled on excursions conducted by the faction in power; so that they came back and reported Mexico "peaceful and prosperous" to the American press within a week of the time Carranza was overthrown and assassinated with the connivance of his own generals.

It is a disarmament of propaganda we need in the United States today, from labor to bank, and from "red" to reactionary, quite as much as a disarmament of fighting weapons, to get back to sane thinking based on facts, and wise decisions from these facts laid openly on the table. Can anyone conceive for a moment that our tariff squabble would have dragged on a weary year; or the coal strike have kept 600,000 men idle for almost half a year; or the rail strike have hung like a sword above the public's head—if the facts on both sides had been plainly laid on the table in simple terms without preamble or argument?

Give the public the facts. It will do its own arguing and its own deciding.

Meet Mr. Peebles, You've Met Him Before!

Dynamic, Upstanding Sort of a Fellow, You Must Know Him; Has Done Everything First, Let Him Tell It, or Try to Stop Him

By MARK V. O'NEILL

WE HAD some friends to dinner the other night, John Walter Peebles and his wife. Fine couple. Wonderful talkers. Absolutely wonderful. Especially Peebles. He is what the ad writers call a dynamic type. Gets the floor and holds it in spite of everything. He will talk about any subject you like, so long as it concerns himself.

Peebles' vocation is, as far as I know, unique. He is consulting psychologist for the Sharpe Barbed Wire Fence Company. Everything to do with the psychology of barbed wire comes under his personal supervision. No detail is too small for his attention, provided it is psychological. He trains the salesmen, and after a while they get to be super-salesmen. He confers daily with the executives of the company and they eventually become super-executives. Every Saturday night the salesmen are all herded together in the shipping room and Peebles lectures to them about psychology. There are 30 of them and Peebles says it is an inspiring thing to see them all gathered there, fresh from a hard week's work on the road, eager to learn all about psychology. Peebles says that this is the part of his work that he loves most of all, and as you listen to him you can't help but believe it.

Right at Home

AFTER dinner we went into the living room and somehow the talk got around to psychology and its relation to salesmanship. Naturally Peebles happened to be right at home on this subject, and he told us some of his own experiences. I am anxious to stress this point a little. I mean about these experiences actually having been those of Peebles himself. There was nothing secondhand about them. These were not things that had happened to a friend of one of his friends and had been passed along to him. Not a bit of it. Not only was he, Peebles, on the spot when they happened, but he was the chief actor in every one of them.

First of all he told us about a thing that had happened out in Chicago. He had called on the purchasing agent of one of the rendering companies, he said, to get a large barbed wire order from him. It was either a million feet or a million carloads, I've forgotten which. The purchasing agent was located on the tenth floor of the building, and his desk was in one corner of an enormous room filled with stenographers and bookkeepers. Peebles said he thought there were between 700 and 800 clerks in the room. When he said this, he waved his arms vaguely to indicate vast space. Just inside the door was a little railed inclosure for callers. A boy came to the railing and Peebles gave him his card and told him to take it to Carter, the purchasing agent.

High Power Stuff

HE, THAT is, Peebles, could see the boy weaving his way in and out among the bookkeepers and stenographers until at last he reached Carter's desk, way over in the corner. In the distance, Peebles could see Carter look at his card, throw it impatiently on his desk and say something to the boy. The boy came back and said that Mr. Carter was not interested in any barbed wire that morning. Now, any ordinary man would consider himself licked under these conditions. Apparently there was nothing for it but to leave. Carter did not want any barbed wire. He said so himself. But Peebles was not discouraged. He was not even surprised. He had anticipated just such a move. He called the boy back to him, pulled out another card and wrote on the back of it, "Give me 30 seconds. No more, no less." Peebles said that this was a sure-fire trick. He said that no man alive would refuse 30 seconds. In this particular case, he said, he needed only 15 seconds, but he asked for 30 just the same. Presently he saw Carter coming across the room. This was where the psychology of the thing came in. As Peebles watched this man walking toward him, he sized him up. The minute that Carter got to the railing, Peebles pushed an order blank and a fountain pen into his hands. As he did so, he told Carter to sign it on the last line but one. He said that he did not raise his voice but spoke in a low, firm tone. He made no reference whatever to barbed wire. This, Peebles said, would have been fatal. Just the command, and the suggestion created by the fountain pen. It seems there is some sort of a signing impulse present in everyone. If you give a man a pen and paper he at once wants to sign his name. As Carter walked across the room Peebles had snapshotted him as belonging to the suggestible type. The pen and paper, plus the command, were all that was needed. Carter looked around the room in a dazed, helpless way for a moment and then took the paper to a near-by desk and signed it. Peebles put it in his pocket, shook Carter by the hand, and walked out. The interesting part of it was that Peebles had made Carter sign an order in blank! When he got back to his hotel Peebles filled it in himself for all the wire they had on hand at the factory. Fact.

Of course, we were all very much impressed by this story. I said that I thought it would be only a question of time before purchasing agents would be protected by law from psychologists. Peebles said by no means. It was fair, open warfare he said, with the battle going to the stronger man.

"Peebles" by Peebles

SEVERAL more stories followed, but they were all more or less like the Carter case. They all had to do with Peebles making other men do things that they did not want to do. Sometimes it would be bank presidents and then again it would be policemen or head waiters. It made no difference: the results were always the same. The method never failed. You had only to look at your man, size him up, and attack him where he was weakest. The thing was almost absurd, it was so simple.

Then some one said something about mental telepathy.

This set Peebles off on a new tack. He was the original mental telepathy man. It made him mad, he said, to hear people trying to account for mental telepathy and insist on treating it as some sort of an occult thing. There was nothing occult about it. Whenever you thought about anything, you set up a commotion in the air just like sound waves. They were vibrations, or brain impulses. They traveled around the room and could be taken in and interpreted by any other human brain within their range. Nothing uncanny about it. Not at all. Just a natural, physical phenomenon. He, Peebles, could read the thoughts of other people practically at will. He had done it scores of times. He assured us that there was nothing mysterious about it.

He Becomes a Mystic

AT PEEBLES' suggestion we tried an experiment. I was selected as the agent, or sender, and Peebles was to be the recipient. He told me just what to do. I was to pick out some episode in my past life. Preferably something that had made a very vivid impression on me at the time. Then I was to think about it. Not painfully, or with too much concentration; but just to keep it in my mind. We were to go right on talking. No lowered lights or tense silences with Peebles. All at once, he said, he would begin to get my thought, and then he would call it out to us exactly as it came into his mind.

Here was something real, and we were all excited and interested. I had often read and heard of this sort of thing, but had always connected it with Indian swami and astral bells. Now we were going to see it right under our noses, in our own houses, and beyond all suspicion of fraud. The thing gripped me, and I began to think of something that had happened in my childhood. It was long before I had known Peebles, and I felt that I was taking a mean advantage of him, but he had said emphatically that I was to pick out anything that I liked and just think about it with as little effort as possible. We talked along about indifferent topics for five minutes or so, when suddenly Peebles gave a little start and held up his hand for silence. It was positively thrilling, and we all looked toward him expectantly.

He began speaking in an ordinary tone of voice. He said that the first thing he got was a swimming pool. It seemed to be in Ohio. There were several boys, about 10 of them, running up and down the banks of the pool and chasing one another. None of them had any clothes on. He could see me clearly, he said, and I was being pursued by a boy much larger than myself. Suddenly, at the edge of the bank, I stopped abruptly in my flight and fell down on all fours. The boy who was chasing me sprawled across my body and went headfirst into the water. All the other boys laughed and capered with joy. The big boy, Peebles said, seemed to be a sort of bully and very unpopular. He said he couldn't be sure of it, but he seemed to get the feeling that the big boy had grown up to be a well-known public man. Then Peebles said that the picture was getting fainter; and a moment later he said that it had completely faded out.

He Does Some Sensing

IT WAS really very impressive.

Then we tried it again. I was to think of a person; preferably some one whom Peebles had never seen or known, or even heard of.

This time he seemed to get me much quicker.

We had hardly started when he began to tell what he sensed. He talked much faster and seemed very sure of his ground.

He sensed a woman. She was about five feet four or four and a half. The half inch bothered him, he said, and he could not be positive about it. She was plump, jolly, and had fuzzy blond hair and blue eyes. Her hands were especially noticeable: dimpled, small, and covered with rings. She was dressed in the style of about 25 years ago. Some sort of a silk waist with a lace yoke in it. Very full-bosomed woman. Seemed to be very fond of me. She was speaking and Peebles said he could hear her voice plainly. She was calling to me and addressing me by some nickname that was known only to her and me.

Was it Gilly? Silly? Billy? That was it. Billy. She had always called me Billy when I was alone with her, although it was not my real name. She seemed to be trying to send me a message, but Peebles could not for the life of him make out what the message was. We all urged him to try and finally he said that it was something to do with my heart or my shirt: he could not be certain which. She began to fade out then, just like the swimming pool in Ohio; and in another second she was gone.

Unimportant Details

WE HAD to stop then. The effort Peebles had made to get the message had tired him a little, and shortly afterward he and Mrs. Peebles said good night and went home.

I thought it had been a very jolly and instructive evening.

There was, however, one thing that bothered me a quite a bit, and I could not seem to get it out of my mind.

While Peebles had been sensing the swimming pool, I had been thinking of a sleigh ride. I was about 14 years old and had fallen out of the back end of the sleigh just after we had started for home. I had not been missed for almost half an hour; and the walk through the snow after the departed sleigh had made a very vivid impression on my mind at the time. It was impossible for me to see how Peebles could have so misunderstood me, unless he had done it purposely.

There was a similar peculiarity about the woman who called me Billy. I had really been thinking about an uncle on my mother's side. Uncle Angus. He was anything but full bosomed.

Noisy Minorities Viewed as Nation's Peril

Oklahoma's Congresswoman Also Speaks of the Woman Lobby at Washington

By AARON HARDY ULM

THERE is one member of Congress who smiles when "the most powerful lobby in Washington" cracks its whip. The lobby that has been so designated by friendly eulogists is the one which promotes Congressional measures sponsored by the women's organizations of the pro-suffrage type. It functions through the headquarters of the National League of Women Voters. The member, and almost the only member who smiles openly at its performances and occasionally talks back when the lobby becomes too pertinacious, is Miss Alice Robertson, of Oklahoma, the only woman who has a seat in Congress.

Miss Robertson, however she may "defy" the Washington spokeswomen of the organized women voters, is all woman—an outstanding type of woman who speaks mildly, very little and with a sense of humor. The printed speeches of no other member are so interspersed with the reportorial notation "(laughter)," but her humor always is kindly and her satire gentle.

She fought the so-called maternity bill, which headed the list of national measures put forward on behalf of the "new woman voter," and she has not shown great enthusiasm for what she calls other "hyphenated" bills on the list. Her term "hyphenated" has to do with the fact that the bills usually bear the names of their joint introducers in the House and Senate, as in the case of the Sheppard-Towner Bill, which was the maternity bill.

Why has the only woman member of the present Congress set herself in opposition to most of what has been proposed by leaders of organized women as demands of the "new woman voter"?

That question was put to "Miss Alice," as she is known throughout Oklahoma, at her office the other day.

"It is not pleasing to be accused of being a traitor to your sex," she replied, "and I don't think I can be so accused properly. Of course, the maternity bill now is water that has gone over the dam, and it is useless to stir the embers of an old fire. I opposed it, not as a woman but as a member of Congress who was elected to the House first as a citizen and next as a Republican and in no sense as a woman. I wasn't a woman's candidate and should not have been elected had I been, just as no man who is a man's candidate should be elected.

"I opposed the maternity bill because I believed it to be harmful. Furthermore, I doubt if women as a whole wanted it, and I doubt if they want many of the other measures being proposed on their behalf.

"Do you think the women who dominate what has been called 'the most powerful lobby in Washington' actually speak for the women of the country?" she was asked.

Miss Robertson smiled.

"Was it so demonstrated in the last election?" she asked. "In fact, it looks as if the women resented this more or less self-appointed leadership.

"Whenever the suffrage has been extended, there have been hordes of ambitious persons ready to exploit the new voters by flattery and by boasts of power, claim of wrong, and by pretense of accomplishment.

"You know what happened in the South after the Civil War led to the enfranchisement of the Negroes. They were told from a thousand stumps that each household was to get 40 acres and a mule. The poor Negroes believed it and have suffered ever since.

"Now I'll be taken to task for comparing the new woman voters to the Negroes when freed from chattel slavery. I am doing no such thing. What I want to do is to defend them against such comparisons which their so-called leaders constantly are making at least by inference.

"I once wrote of myself as 'one of the millions of conservative home-loving women who never asked to vote, who dread new and heavy responsibilities, but God, in infinite wisdom, placed upon us the burden of suffrage.' One of the ardent proponents of the maternity bill in a newspaper article exclaimed in reply: 'Can this be possible? That after centuries of treatment as a chattel or a slave any woman should now discuss her enfranchisement as a "burden of suffrage."'

"There is no comparison between the new women voter and other new voters to whom the franchise has been extended in the past. Therefore, they can't be exploited as other new voters have been.

"Suffrage, like fighting when need arises, is a duty, one that is still dodged by many on whom it has been imposed. It is a duty imposed more than a right extended.

"There are just as many women informed about politics as there are men so informed. They have gone to school and colleges like men, read the same newspapers, listened to and taken part in the same conversations.

"And don't let persons get the idea that women think along lines differing from those of men. If you want to see the proof, look up election figures. Women divide on public questions, almost identically as the men divide. If there is any difference, it probably is due to the fact that women are less radical than men, less given to making wild experiments. This is because of natural law. Women, by nature, are more cautious than men.

"When women vote as men do, it isn't because the men control the women. The rule holds in those communities where women have voted for generations. Women will vote their men folks for their candidates, as often as the contrary takes place. Women influenced the voting of men before they were enfranchised.



Scene at the National Press Club when Lady Astor, only woman member of the House of Commons, was photographed with the lady from Oklahoma, Miss Alice Robertson, shown at the right.

(C) Harris & Ewing

"Many measures, aimed to catch the woman vote, have the opposite effect. Such measures generally are made to appear to be what they are not, and are supported with arguments that are fallacious or overdrawn.

"Take the recent maternity bill. For the state of Oklahoma it provides the magnificent sum of $18,679, or $242 for each county. Now how much do you imagine that will allow for each mother and each infant, particularly after overhead administration is taken off? Not enough to be noticeable.

"The measure, while it takes a large sum from the United States Treasury which taxpayers must supply and authorizes a pernicious form of official meddling with intimate affairs of the home, doesn't pretend to provide a single bottle of medicine for a stricken woman or a single pint of milk for a hungry child. All that it calls for is instruction and undefined instruction at that. I wonder how the women who led the fight for it would like to have an official instructor come around to their homes and tell them how to bear and rear babies! If they wouldn't like it why impose it on other women? Because, some say, other women are ignorant. I suppose they mean the working class and farm women. Yet you will find that Sir Arthur Newsholme, the greatest living authority on the subject, says that 'there is little reason to believe that the average ignorance in matters of health among the working-class mothers is greater than among the mothers in other classes of society.'

"What the mother and infant need is not 'instruction' but real brotherly and sisterly aid, the kind that can be and should be and often is rendered by individuals more favored with this world's goods and by the communities in which they live. When the measure was up for debate, Congress was accused of actually murdering thousands and thousands of mothers and babies through failure to pass the maternity bill. What were these individuals who made such absurd statements doing about it as Christians, charged with being their brother's keeper? If thousands of mothers and infants were dying for lack of attention, these people, who could do far more by way of relief than Congress, were indifferent to the simplest obligations to humanity.

"The great danger of such a venture as the maternity bill is that when the National Government takes over the obligation of caring for mothers and babies, the individual and the local community may assume that if Congress does anything it should do all. They will be inclined to dismiss the matter as attended to and while Congress might do something, it can do only a little of what must be done. The main obligation must still rest on the individual and the community.

"The habit of looking to Washington for what the local community or the individual should do, isn't to be recommended for either men or women. President Harding in his Plymouther address called it 'the one outstanding danger of today.'

"It is coming to the point where every person with big ambitions buys public favor by getting something or pretending to get something for large groups out of the National Government. If a magazine wants to build up its circulation, it starts a fight for a large appropriation out of the Federal Treasury for some new-fangled scheme. The next most popular venture is to carry on a campaign of education for the new woman voter. Why don't they educate the man voter, too? Ambitious women come forward with demands for appropriations or doubtful legislation for the hundreds of thousands of women for whom they claim to speak. Frequently, I get orders based on figures in which I am counted several times, for I belong to four women's organizations. Even admitting that the woman's lobby represents 10,000,000 organized women as it claims, there are left more than 40,000,000 women they do not represent. And those women should be considered just as much as the others.

"What I should say is the most threatening danger of the times is the inclination of many persons in office to accept the demands of vociferous minorities as coming from the majority. Minority rule leads to officious meddling, with attempts to run before the walking stage is reached, to the accepting of appearance for realities, to all kinds of dangerous experimenting. A minority of women have no more right to make demands for all women than a minority of men has the right to give orders on behalf of all men.

"Women are the supreme individualists. They exalt the word 'my.' With them it is 'my child,' 'my husband,' 'my home,' 'my duty,' 'my burden.'

"I wasn't a suffragist but now that the 'burden of suffrage' has been put upon us I believe that we women should vote and take due part in public affairs. And if women as a class add anything to the political virtues of the times, I believe their greatest contribution will be along lines of true conservatism, to their standing up for the sacred rights of the individual and insisting on the keeping of the sacred obligations of the individual.

"Women know that when the family funds are frittered away on illusory experiments or ill-advised investments that they and their children suffer most. The government is merely the head of a big family of more than 100,000,000 persons. If it is wasteful, all who provide it with means must suffer.

"If I oppose wasteful appropriations, I am only doing for the national family what every prudent housewife does for her family.

"Now I believe women, the women in the homes and on the farms and in the offices, understand all that as well or better than men. I don't believe that those of one sex can be helped without those of the other sex being helped just as much."

"Selling" the State's University to Its People

New Chancellor of Kansas Institution Makes the Public Like to Pay Taxes

By FRANK M. CHASE

WHEN Kansas hired a new chancellor for its state university two years ago, it was felt that the institution should enter upon a new era. Since it had been founded, in 1863, it had laid a solid foundation, and the time was at hand to engage in the larger function for which it had been preparing so long. What was this function to be? The new chancellor was expected to re-define the purpose of the university, and he has done so. His definition is summed up in one word—service.

"The ideals for the university which the chancellor expounded last night were ideals of service—service to Kansas," William Allen White wrote in the Emporia *Gazette*. "He feels that the university should connect itself with every citizen of the state in some way. He desires a sufficient force to make the university serve the cities of the state, the health of the people, the welfare of the farmer and the business man each in his own place of business. The chancellor would make the university more than a schoolhouse; he would make it the super-servant of the people, a place of research, of advice, of information, of expert and technical knowledge. A fine ideal that—but realizable . . . . Only an idealist can make dreams come true. And the new chancellor of the university is an incorrigible idealist, with a great and profitable dream."

Six years ago Ernest Hiram Lindley was a professor of psychology at the University of Indiana, and content with his job. As he hoed in his garden one evening he received a telegram calling him to the West. Though the position he was asked to occupy was a minor one and temporary, necessitating only a few months' leave of absence, it was significant because it was eventually to bring him to his present place.

After delivering a highly successful series of extension lectures to the business workers of Portland, for Reed College, he was invited to spend some time with Washington State College, as visiting professor. The work afforded him a welcome change and rest from more than 10 years of continuous classroom service.

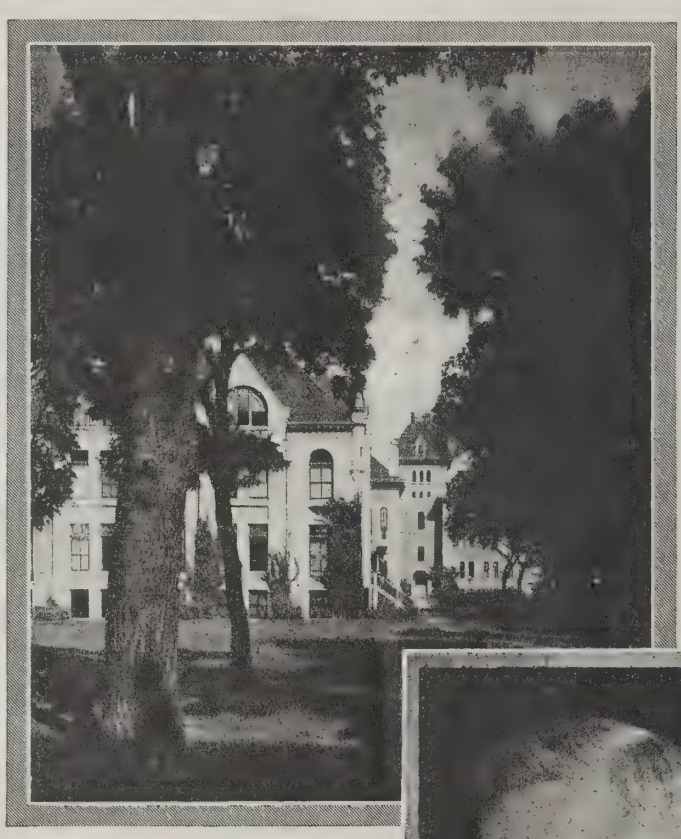
Over in Idaho just at this time a serious educational row was in progress; the culmination being a clash between the governor and the president of the state university, followed by the resignation of the latter and the commissioner of education. Before a new university head was named, E. A. Bryan, brother of President William L. Bryan, of the University of Indiana and a friend of Lindley, became commissioner.

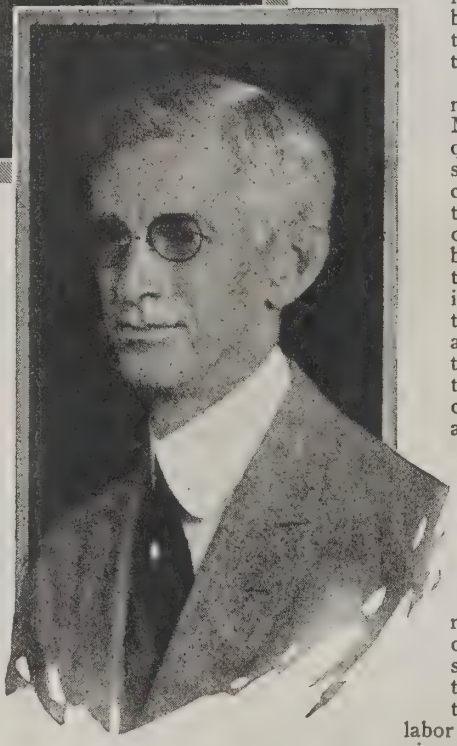
The new commissioner, familiar with Lindley's scholarship, as well as with the rapid growth of his popularity in the Northwest, believed he was of university president caliber, and with Doctor Bryan's recommendation, Dr. Lindley was selected.

Upon his entrance into the educational affairs of Idaho, the troubles of the state university disappeared. As soon as he could conveniently do so after assuming his office, he called upon the governor. The governor's old hostility to the university melted before Doctor Lindley's resourcefulness and highly companionable nature, and he received the executive's promise of unrestricted co-operation. Other public men pledged their help, and so began a program to establish the university firmly and definitely in the life of the state. He also took his case to the people, showing them how a great university could serve them and interesting them in its adequate support. "You can't build a great state," he said to them, "without a great university."

During the World War he made the situation an opportunity. As a member of the State Council of Defense he assisted in organizing many county councils, thus bringing the university to the further attention of the people; while by its remarkable work in directing wartime crop production, resulting in the best record of any state in the Northwest, confidence in the institution was built anew. As a result, Doctor Lindley's presidency of the university was a period of unusual growth, both in material expansion and in the place it came to occupy in the minds of the people. Doctor Lindley's administration continued three years. During the last of these, Kansas was searching the country for the "right man" to head its own state university. Attracted by the rapid upbuilding of the University of Idaho, those in charge of the selection carefully studied the man responsible for the achievement, deciding that he was needed in the Sunflower state. Dr. Lindley accepted the chancellorship of the University of Kansas, taking up its duties July 15, 1920.

His arrival was the signal for a great quickening of the state's interest in educational matters. He was flooded with requests to speak in many parts of the state. He conceived his duty to be to awaken them to the untouched possibilities in this field. His job, as one editor very aptly put it, was to "sell" the state on education; and he has proved an adept at doing so.





Fraser Hall, the oldest building at the University of Kansas. To the right, Ernest Hiram Lindley, chancellor of the University.

Though many of those first invitations to speak emanated from simple curiosity and a desire to appraise the new chancellor, his reputation as a speaker quickly spread, only to increase his popularity. Well over six feet tall, and rather slender, his lean, boyish face topped by a mass of silver hair, he makes an interesting figure on the platform.

"Show me a great state," he said as he crossed and recrossed the prairies of Kansas, "and I will prove to you that its greatness was brought about directly or indirectly by a great university in that state. The university is a producer of wealth which yields the state more than it costs. It is not a tax-eater, but a tax-earner; the modern university adds more to the wealth of the state than any other agency the state has. If you don't pay for a greater university, you will eventually pay more; nothing is so expensive as ignorance.

The effectiveness of the chancellor's tactics was soon to be tested, for the legislature met within six months after his arrival in Kansas. The cry for economy was loud. Most of the appropriations were considerably lower than the amounts asked by the various departments, and it was freely predicted that the state university would fare similarly. Chancellor Lindley and his associates, however, were as awake to the situation in the state as the legislators, and made their budget accordingly. After whittling down their requests to the lowest point commensurate with the actual demands of the state, they asked the legislature for an appropriation of more than five million dollars for the succeeding biennium. The usual attempt to reduce the appropriation was made. Doctor Lindley was permitted to defend his budget.

"Gentlemen," he said to the committee considering the matter, "this budget was not built to be cut. We have already done all the cutting that is consistent with the temper of Kansas in educational matters. We understand that you, the people, are poor. But your children keep on growing, and you continue to send them to school. You believe in democracy, and in equal rights. Then should not the thirty-nine hundredth child who comes to your state university have equal rights with the first? But if you insist on cutting our budget, as some have suggested, we shall have to stop the line when only 2,500, or possibly fewer, children have entered."

The upshot was that, without lobbying, he won for the university much larger appropriations than it had ever had.

Chancellor Lindley suffers nothing from an intimate view. He is a most gracious and congenial host. Of ready wit and an able phrase-maker, he is a conversationalist after the heart of Stevenson. There is nothing aloof about him either. Professors warm chairs outside his office door while he chats with a freshman. On one occasion he headed the students' nightshirt parade.

After spending almost a year in Kansas, Chancellor Lindley said:

"The most baleful dualism that has afflicted the minds of man is the separation of thinker from worker, of leisure from labor, of culture from utility, of art from industry, of ideal from actual. Such separations may have been necessary in the evolution of primitive social groups, but it ignored the ultimate law that 'the strength of the wolf is the pack.'

"William Morris set up a humanistic standard for vocations. Man's work should possess four qualifications: each should be self-chosen, health-giving, educative, and a source of satisfaction and happiness. Most children choose their occupations blindly. When it is understood that three-fourths of the men in industry today are badly placed, the importance of discovery of aptitude will be seen; and when through right vocational guidance the youth is assisted in the wise choice of a career there will be a huge addition to production and to human happiness.

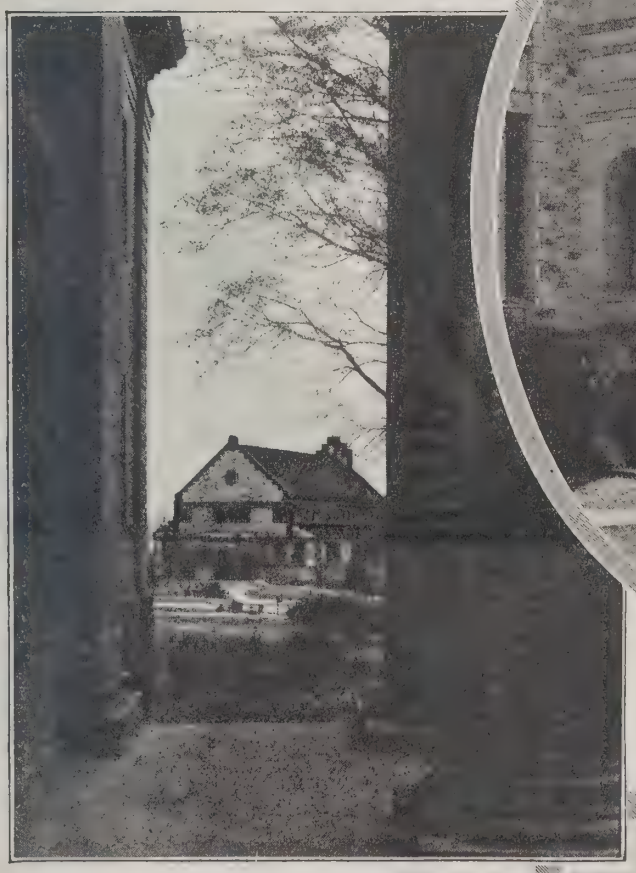
"When one gives most of his daylight hours to work, that work should, if possible, not destroy the sources of the worker's health. Society in self-defense must see to it that the man power of the world is not sacrificed to material production. One's employment, too, should be of such a character as to enrich rather than impoverish the personal life. The division of labor in the modern industrial plant gives little scope for enlargement of experience. It dooms men to become mere appendages of the machine. Rotation of work and frequent rest and leisure must compensate for routine. The satisfaction and happiness will come through adjustment of task to aptitude.

"The most tragic waste among civilized men is the waste of leisure. America does not know how to play. The arts of enjoyment and appreciation lag far behind the arts of production. The pursuit of pleasure, however, consumes vast sums of money."

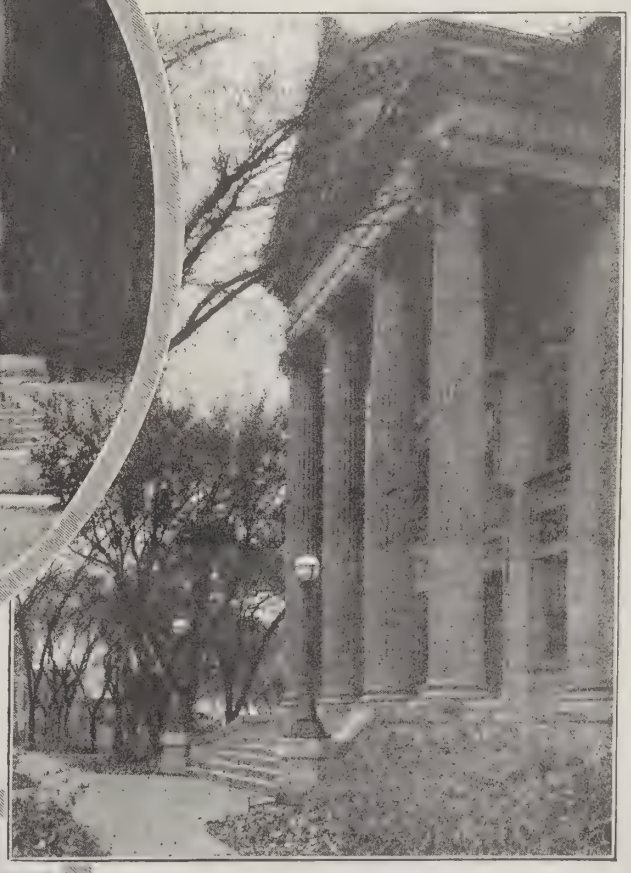
Dr. Lindley has been engaged in humanization work for industrial establishments, but practically his entire life has been in the shadow of a university. His great grandfather, a Quaker Abolitionist, freed his slaves and led the first migration out of North Carolina to Indiana. The chancellor was born at Paoli, Indiana, October 2, 1869. His great grandfather had helped to lay out the University of Indiana at Bloomington.

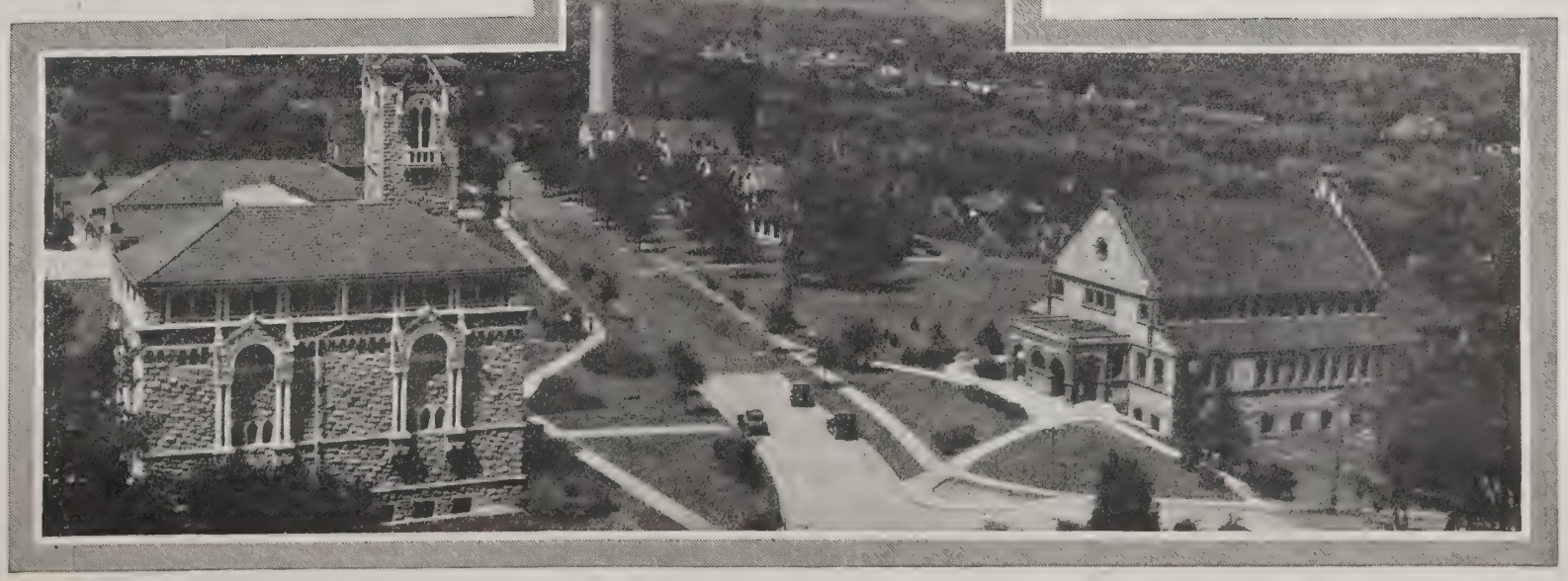
Dr. Lindley became an instructor in philosophy and psychology at Indiana, continuing as professor until made president of the University of Idaho in 1917.











The photograph at the top of the page is of the new administration building of the University of Kansas. In the left center is Spooner Library. The right center picture is of Green Hall, the law school home. The oval shows the entrance to Snow Hall, and the lower picture is of the chief entrance to the university grounds with Dyche Museum of Natural History at the left and Spooner Library at the right.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Thousands of magnificent bull elk have been slaughtered illegally in the Yellowstone Park region for the two teeth that may be obtained from each and sold to be worn as ornaments. Among the Indians the braves decorated themselves with necklaces made of grizzly bears and only the squaws wore elk teeth as decorations and they used only those from the animals killed for clothing and food.

The Forest Products Laboratory of the Forest Service has evolved a type of crate that will carry in an aircraft 1,300-pound bombs.

A freight car fumigating house with a capacity of 14 railway cars at a time, has been put into operation by the Federal Horticultural Board. It is one of several such houses maintained to prevent the pink bollworm from entering this country.

It is customary in England to enter a boy's name for Eton College as soon as he is born. All vacancies are now filled until 1932.

Motorists entering Southern California are warned not to pick the yucca blossoms found along the highways. They are protected by an ordinance passed by Los Angeles County. The yuccas were in danger of extermination because tourists could not resist the temptation to pick them.

More than one and a half million bales of cotton were stored in warehouses licensed by the United States Department of Agriculture during the year ending May 31.

A junior church, with membership limited to persons between 6 and 16 years of age, is being successfully operated in Indianapolis. There are 60 children members of the organization. They have a room to themselves for services, which are of 30 minutes' duration.

Jazz music will not be permitted in the public parks of Toronto. Community singing will take its place.

If a young artist of Iceland shows marked ability, the government pays him a yearly allowance, believing that if a man devotes his time to art, without worrying as to living expenses, he is able to do better work.

Blacksnakes are the most efficient natural enemy of the ground mole. For this reason they are used on the golf greens of Pennsylvania and are never disturbed. The snakes work only at night, are harmless to mankind and do not hesitate to go into the mole's borings to discourage that animal's operations.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

One-third of the attendance at the American library in Paris is French. This library has 30,000 American volumes on its shelves and its tables are covered with American magazines and newspapers. The library is used by the best-known literary, scientific and professional men of France.

Federal game wardens have found carcasses of scores of pronghorn antelopes on the shores of lakes in Lake County, Oregon, the only region where they are now found in numbers Foreign-born sheep men have been slaughtering the antelope to enlarge the sheep ranges and to do away with the need for a reservation, according to reports. There are about 300 foreign-born sheep men in that vicinity.

Seventy-two per cent of the earners of income in America receive less than $1,500 a year. Fourteen per cent more earn less than $2,000.

Aklavick, a trading post on the delta at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, is the most northerly post office in Canada. Two mails leave the new post office by steamer during the open season and one by dog team during the winter, the latter being the most lonely as well as the longest postal route on the continent.

More than 300 tons of soot falls every year on each square mile of London. This is enough to build a pyramid four times as high as the famous clock tower over the Houses of Parliament.

A stork caught at Lieskau, Germany, was found to be carrying a small leather bag containing the following message: "Greetings to my German home! Willi Bucha, farmer in Nowa on Victoria Lake (East Africa). Born February 12, 1897, in Gerdauen, East Prussia."

Between $15,000,000 and $18,000,000 was spent in moving Hibbing, Minnesota, off the iron ore bed it had grown upon. The town now stands two miles distant from the 40,000,000 tons of ore it had locked up.

Costumes of men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have been found in an ancient burial ground in the southwestern part of Greenland by a Danish scientist. They are the only existing specimens in the world of garments worn in that period. The temperature of the frozen earth for the past 600 years has preserved them from destruction by age and moths. Several wooden crosses found bear inscriptions in the Gothic rune script and are considered to be of great historic value.

Electric light bulbs are now being manufactured with a perfectly smooth surface without the exposed tip. The tip at one time was necessary as the air was exhausted at this point through a tube which was pinched off, causing the tip. This tip was the bulb's weakest point and easily broken off.

Reports from Russia indicate that the grain crops are good and promise to yield sufficient to feed that country, if properly distributed. This in spite of the fact that during the year of famine a large proportion of the working cattle and other stock must have been eaten and the energies of the population greatly impaired by under-nourishment.

Ninety-six per cent of the population of Los Angeles is made up of residents formerly living in states other than California.

A prohibition campaign has been started in Germany by the "Committee for the Introduction of Prohibition in Germany." This committee comprises a number of academic, political and labor leaders and professional men and women from all sections of Germany. Straw votes will be taken in various cities to sound public sentiment.

Nine thousand, one hundred and ninety-four immigrants entered Palestine during 1921.

The annual fixed charges against the United States Treasury on account of the public debt are $41,300,000,000. Of this amount $975,000,000 is for direct interest payment, $284,000,000 for sinking fund and the balance for redemption of savings certificates, Liberty bonds, and certificates of indebtedness. The actual interest cost exceeds a billion a year.

In the first 12 days of 1922, 103 persons in the United States died of liquor poisoning.

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After reading this copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT you will have observed that the information it contains is based on fact. There is no room for half-truths and misinformation in this publication. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT believes that the people of this country prefer facts to buncombe, substantial information and wholesome ideas rather than sensational appeals to the emotions. If you are not yet a subscriber, become one today. If you are, do a good turn by urging your friends to subscribe and become readers of America's foremost non-fiction weekly. Any Ford dealer will gladly take your subscription or you may send it direct to us by using this blank.

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The Bonus:

Bribe—Gold Brick—Which?

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

He Roves the Valley of Dry Bones

Will Irwin—Ace Among Writers

What a French Girl Thinks of Us

Reparations and the Next War

Cy's Elbow Twitched—Ty Stole

What the "Ship Subsidy" Means

Solution of Crime: Prevention

Human Facts and Human Fiction

The Bonus:—Debt, Gold-brick, Bribe—Which?

Cash Payment—Which Congress Does Not Entertain—Would Cost Far Less Than Deferred Certificate That Gives Veterans Little, Bankers Much

By AARON HARDY ULM

IN THE spring of 1918 a passer-by in an automobile picked me up on a street in a city that was highly congested on account of war activities.

"This is my last week," he said as he drove along. "On Monday I go to camp and enter the employ of Uncle Sam at a wage of $30 a month. I am now earning $1,000 a month. But it's a part of the game."

A few days later I ran into an old acquaintance who came from a cotton mill village in the South. He was in uniform—better clothed than ever before in his life. The food he was getting in camp was better and ampler. The medical attention and physical training he had received accounted for several pounds of solid muscle that had been added to his physique. There was a new vim in his eye and a noticeable pep in his movements. He had more spending money than ever before.

The man of the automobile made a big economic sacrifice when he entered the service; the youngster from the cotton mill village undoubtedly was the gainer economically. The country is indebted to both for the service rendered.

These two classes, as extremes, and all varieties between, come to mind when the bonus question is discussed.

There are nearly 4,000,000 ex-service men who are rated as entitled to "adjusted compensation" as defined by the Fordney-McCumber bill.

On entering the military service they averaged slightly less than 25 years of age. The bulk of them had not reached high earning stations in life. They came from all occupations and all classes. The psychological examinations that were made of them show that at least 47 per cent were not equipped for high-earning positions, as positions go.

One-third Made Allotments

IT WOULD be safe to say that the *average* earnings were under $100 a month; they probably did not average $75 a month. The average pay of all railway employes in 1919 was only a little more than $100 a month and the average wage for that class of workers then showed an increase of more than 50 per cent over 1916.

The bulk of the service men were without dependents; to so select them was one of the purposes of the draft act. Only one-third of the enlisted personnel in all the forces made allotments to dependents, even though the government duplicated and more all that were made. Scarcely one-fourth of them were married and only a small percentage of those had children.

One of the first things Congress did on declaring war was to double the base pay of men in the military, naval and like forces. That pay was made twice what it was in the Spanish War and more than twice what it was during the Civil War. It was $30 a month for service within the country and $33 for service abroad. Only those of the lowest rank, perhaps two-thirds of all, received no more than base pay.

The pay was above all living expenses, food, clothing, medical attention, and so on. Both the government and outside agencies supplied more for the soldiers of the World War than for those of any other war in which we have been engaged. In the Spanish War, for example, butter was an unknown article of army food, except when purchased by the men themselves or out of "company funds" which they supplied. A ration of chocolate would have caused a riot in those days.

Indeed, the average per man cost of our soldiers in the World War averaged more than twice that of other countries in the recent war or of our own country in other war experiences.

In addition to allowances for dependents where there were any the most liberal provision ever known to any country at any time was made for compensation or pensions and the rehabilitation when possible of the disabled. That feature of recompense is now costing more than $1,000,000 a day, several times what it cost four years after the Civil War, a four-year affair of constant battle action.

Peak in Wages in 1920

OF COURSE, allotments made by the men themselves to dependents were deducted from their pay, as well as premiums on insurance sold to them then and still offered to them on terms involving large expenditures out of taxpayers' funds. Deductions also were made for Liberty bonds when purchased, and purchases were general; which things were in the nature of accumulated savings.

Of course, many men at the end of each month had little left for spending money and only those in the higher ranks ever had much. On the other hand, they didn't have anything like the need that the civilian, who had to pay rent, buy food and meet doctor bills and all the other running expenses of life, had for spending money.

While all comparisons of the kind are more or less odious and unsatisfactory, there is no correct analogy between what the service man received and the wages paid in civil life even during the same period.

Though wages went up while the war was on, it is a statistical fact that the general wage level during the war never kept up with the increase in cost of living. Most of the general war prosperity, as many have learned, was illusory. Even those branches of agriculture that seemed to profit hugely from high prices have since suffered as large or larger losses from post-war depression.

There were manifold exceptions. Profiteers in business and industry no doubt took a toll of many millions.

Another statistical fact not generally noted in discussions of the subject is that *the peak of high wages was not reached until the summer of 1920, after all the service men had been discharged.*

The average period of time served in the forces was slightly less than 400 days, or about a year and a month. Only about one out of two men served abroad and only slightly more than one out of three was in action.

Averages, however, are dangerous and rarely express even tolerable truth; neither do statistics.

While the country was never more liberal in the matter of pay and allowances and protections given the men while in service, it did not keep all of its expressed or implied promises made to them.

Land Program Was Killed

THE raising of every big army entails disabilities that cannot be computed in medical or monetary terms. These are caused by the disruptions, dislocations and general disturbances incident to taking large numbers of men out of their normal routine of life and placing them into a kind of life foreign to their experience and essentially artificial.

Thus from every large army there comes many you might term invisibly disabled by the service, whether or not it entailed fighting or caused visible physical harm. They are the ones who are made dissatisfied with former environments and occupations, the ones who haven't the push to get back snugly into old environments and occupations, and the thousands who pass through many and subtle psychical and physical changes. They are the ones from whom come much of the "restlessness" that follows most wars. They need radical readjustment just as the physically and mentally disabled need rehabilitation.

Following other big wars, the government provided some means by which such men on leaving the service would be aided in making readjustments. Generally they have been favored in distributing public lands. It was the restless energy of the Civil War veteran who was dislocated more than injured by war experience which largely built up the West.

But for such veterans of the last war nothing has been done. Yet the subject was taken up immediately upon our entering the war. A program, apparently very satisfactory to the service men (nearly 200,000 while in uniform wrote to Washington to ask about it), was evolved. It revolved around land. Nothing was to be given any non-disabled veteran, but those who needed readjustment were to be offered assistance that not only would make their way easy but be constructively helpful to all the country.

The program got caught in a jam of Congressional politics and was killed by inaction.

Congress "Pets" Veterans

SINCE then Congress has talked. A few "petting" measures applying to all veterans have been passed. One gives them a five per cent preference in the classified civil service and another gives them first choice of such public land as may be opened for settlement. Neither measure is of any value to the bulk of the more than 3,000,000 men, or the average of them, who have claimed no physical or mental, that is to say, visible disability resulting from war service. For them as a class there has been done NOTHING. Even the $60 bonus, given in lieu of the two months extra pay allowed after all other wars, was withheld until thousands had been discharged almost penniless, even the service clothes on their backs being theirs by "loan" only.

After the Revolutionary and Civil wars the government said to the dissatisfied or dislocated ex-service man:

"Here's land, lots of it; take it and it's yours."

Thus there was something that any veteran could get.

But in the case of the veterans of the last war there has been nothing that was offered to the veterans as a whole or that any veteran might get.

The result was that a great many ex-service men soon began to demand that something be not only offered but provided for all veterans. Naturally they demanded that this something be cash. They justified it on the ground of economic sacrifice, claiming substantially that as service men they were underpaid.

So the question is quite an involved one and any clear answer is subject to so many exceptions and qualifications that it would be difficult to make it stand up against attack.

But the problem is no more involved than the solution which Congress proposes to offer for it.

The pending solution is a bill that has passed the House of Representatives, been favorably reported by the Senate Finance Committee, is next on the calendar for voting with a majority of Senators pledged to support it. Unless the intimation of a probable presidential veto prevents it ever coming to vote, it will be passed.

The bill accepts the contention that a monetary debt is due the ex-service men, practically as a whole. It fixes that debt at $1 a day for all time served within the country and $1.25 a day for service abroad. It limits "compensation" to those of and below the rank of captain and to those who performed real military services. To pay the "debt" as defined in the bill would call for a cash expenditure of between one and a half and two billion dollars. But there is provided a roundabout way of payment by which the ultimate cost to the taxpayer will be at least $4,000,000,000 and very probably as much as $5,000,000,000. That is to say, the soldiers will get about $15 per capita from the people, but it will cost the people from $40 to $50 per capita to give it. That is the difference between principal and interest. If the soldiers only got the interest, they would get more.

Only those with claims of less than $50 will get cash in hand. Most of the others are expected to accept what is known as the "certificate plan." It provides for payment of the "compensation" in 1942 with 25 per cent increase and four and one-half per cent interest compounded annually on the whole. It is payable earlier in case of his death to the beneficiary's heirs or estate.

May "Borrow" on Certificate

IF THE service man who takes a "certificate" should need some of his compensation before 1925 he may borrow up to 50 per cent of its face value from any bank that will make loans upon it at an interest rate two per cent above the discount rate of the Federal Reserve banks. If he fails to pay the loan by late 1925, the government pays it for him and then remits to him about one-half as much as he would receive for the balance of his "certificate" if held to maturity. If he doesn't borrow from the banks or pays back the loan, he may after 1925 borrow from the United States Treasury 85 per cent of the base value of his certificate; after 1928 he may borrow 70 per cent of the full value at that time.

A very complicated arrangement. The lowest estimate of administration cost is $4,000,000 a year for the "certificate plan" alone. It should be noted that only a comparatively few veterans will get cash, and only in small sums, from the government. Until 1928 the bulk of the veterans can get cash on their claims only by borrowing it from private agencies.

There are three other options which the bill allows the veterans. They may take it in the form of pay while attending a vocational school, or in home or farm, of land settlement aid. The latter two are attenuated relics of the program of veteran aid that was evolved while the war was on and never put into effect. The bill provides machinery where the claimant may get his money in the form of part payments on a home or farm or assistance in homesteading on public lands to be provided presumably through reclamation. Costly and involved administration is made necessary by the vague and complicated way in which those offers are proposed. Even if the bill were passed right away it would be several years before any large number of veterans could avail themselves of those options. Indeed, the bill provides considerably greater aid for those who wait several years before accepting those options, thus penalizing the ones who may manage to realize on them while their need presumably is severest.

Knows No Way to Get Money

IN MANY ways the "adjusted compensation" bill provides most for those who least need the aid.

This is due to the fact that while it would place an obligation of between four and five billion dollars on the government, it is so designed that it will call for no large expenditures right away. That's how the problem of raising the funds is met—and solved by being passed on in fourfold form. Every part of the bill having to do with raising the money has been omitted.

Congress confesses that it knows of no way for getting the money out from the money profiteers. Ultimately, if expended, it must come from the people generally, veterans as well as non-veterans, persons who did not enjoy high war wages as well as those who did.

In fact, it can be shown how the burden of taxes entailed in the measure will exceed in many hundreds of thousands of cases of the veterans themselves, the "compensation" that will be received should the bill as it stands be enacted into law.

French Girl's Frank Opinion of America

Her Mind Mirrors the Funny Foreigners Called Americans; Trained in the Sorbonne, She Lands Heavily on Our Foibles



"Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also."—Henry D. Thoreau.

The Editor asked one of the French exchange students at an American college to lay aside her politeness and tell us just how we appear to her—tell us just as plainly as she will tell her people in France, where she has now gone. The result is this keen and revealing article.

THE soft blue night over Paris; the mist of the river slowly blurring the façades of the palaces, the impressive dignity of the old towers watching the island of Saint Louis enrobed in the dark; the magic power of things we call dead but which are in truth tremendously alive when we deign to listen to them: they were all talking to me on the night I went to bid them goodby. And the concert of their voices floating toward me, and their beauty, which they knew I adored, tried to lure me from my decision to go to America.

"Art is ignored over there," said the Holy Chapel, "nowhere will you see the radiant rainbow of my stained windows." "But there is Liberty, is there not?" I returned.

On my right the prison of the Conciergerie, which knows the secrets of the Revolutionary days, answered, "Yes."

Then spoke Lolli, my friend, who had accompanied me on this pilgrimage, Lolli who shared my room under the roof but near the sky in the Latin Quarter. She warned me:

"Americans are a queer race; those who don't think only about drinking and the *Folies Bergieres* are unceasingly preaching and want you to enlist in the Salvation Army. As to the girls, you know how stiff and ungraceful the Y. W. C. A. girls look with their long skirts, flat heels and high collars. I wish you a good time among this prudish Puritan people, but I am afraid you won't have it."

I left France thoroughly believing that I was going to find America a country with no Art, plenty of Liberty and a people leading as a whole a Puritan life.

"Hardly Anybody Walks in the Streets"

WITH my two years of America as a background I may now sort right from wrong among my preconceived ideas. Although I think Art is not completely missing in America, it is not to be found where European people are accustomed to look for it. They may miss stained windows, haughty spires, magnificent old buildings, but the real reason for the absence of art is the uniformity, the general standardization of things and people. No doubt New York contains beautiful paintings in her museums, beautiful houses along some of her streets, but her museums are too conservative and her streets too straight. Should the palaces of Venice, the chateaux of France, the ruins of Rome be gathered in New York, what would become of their character if they had to be divided in square "blocks" by numbered streets?

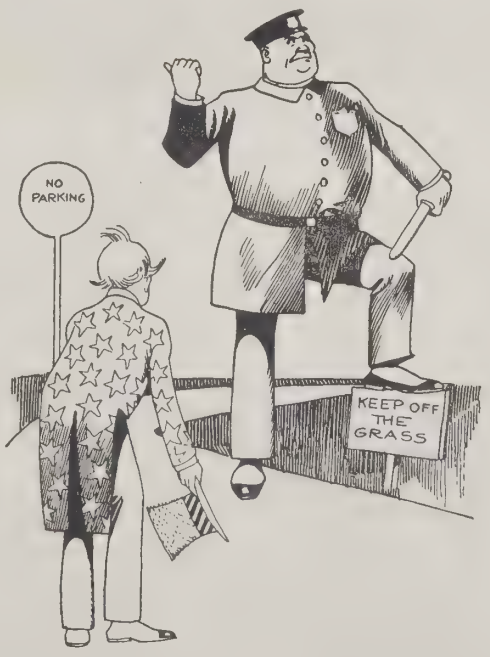
Something which struck me in New York and the other big cities I had the opportunity to visit is that hardly anybody walks in the streets. One of the charms of Paris is the pleasure one has in loafing along, just loafing for the pleasure of it, enjoying the lively incidents of the street and the originality of each window display. A surprise awaits you at each turn of the capricious sidewalks. You change direction and you are in a different world. Houses, stores, displays have a character which is their own and cannot be found anywhere else but in that street. Here, in America, during my wandering along blocks, I admired some dainty houses cosily nestled behind trees on the deep green lawns; but on the opposite row were houses just as dainty, with trees and lawns just as green. The scenery was alike, houses of all the colors of the rainbow. So were the streets on the right and the streets on the left. As to the so-called main streets, their blood-red brick houses and the standardization of their drug stores, ice cream parlors and movie theaters, the intricate net of wires overhead, amaze a European not familiar with the principle of concentration.

The American village is better than the city, a fact not true of the French village. The French village shelters a race unknown in America, the peasants who don't understand comfort, even spurn it for the sake of their ancestors' customs.

How is it that in a certain mining country in Europe, no more than 60 years old, there is no such uniformity? How is it that villages only 10 miles apart differ entirely in style of construction and in the way of living of their inhabitants? No, it is not because the buildings are new, that cities and villages are so monotonously alike in America. Their uniformity takes its source in the uniform minds and tastes of the builders. They use ready-made plans for ready-made houses in ready-made streets. The sidewalk is built before the site is chosen. And inside their houses they place ready-made furniture—and this is not the housekeeper's fault, for she has the instinct common to all womanhood to feather her home in an attractive way; but she has no choice, the American furniture is machine-made and floods the stores in series. In France, crafts are still intensively alive and skilful artisans, patronized by the love of the race for distinction, chisel on their work their own originality.

Uniformity is also striking in clothing. As soon as a certain kind of dress or shoes or hat becomes the style, hundreds of duplicates swarm with the crowd. In France women adopt merely the outline of a style, that is, the principles without which they would be out of fashion. But from these principles, each draws an original model so as to be as little as possible the "copy" of anyone. Flappers are unknown over there for the reason that no girl would willingly wear the flapper's "uniform"; bobbed hair, plucked eyebrows, rouged cheeks and the special suit or dress which altogether constitute a "type."

Although this general uniformity is smothering art wherever it might have a chance to manifest itself, American people know art and, I believe, know the theory of it more thoroughly than the average European. They study history of art in high schools and colleges, they put the old masters and modern classics on the programs of their clubs and literary societies. Yes, they will seldom make a mistake when in a conversation they are able to use their knowledge. It is stylish to know what Corregio painted, what Beethoven composed. But whenever I entered a museum, I found it deserted,



whenever I went to a real concert, the crowd was strikingly a composite of all foreign elements, shouting for "encores" in Babel. There is the big American mistake; Art does not want to be possessed as an encyclopedia possesses rosaries of words. Art wants to be felt. Art does not consist in the acquisition of worthy masterpieces in front of which the crowd will bow because of the signature; it consists in the creation of things of beauty to enlighten the paths of life. Art is not a theory; it is an unceasing modeling of details. It is a touch of Art which requires the body of our French locomotives to be made of bright yellow copper, shining in the sun, and kept as smooth as a mirror—to the amazement of the A. E. F. men. It is a feeling of Art which made so happy the girls of the very strictly conservative school of the Legion of Honor when they heard that, for the reception given by the President of the Republic, although the style of their clothes—fixed by Napoleon!—could not be changed, nor the material, all the seams were going to be sewed with silk instead of thread and—hand-made!

It is a lack of Art which makes the natural wonder of some roads along Minnesota hills a perfect horror; the romantic groves and silvery lakes try vainly to peep above or glitter through six-foot billboards which explain to travelers that the individual painted without



economy of color will "walk a mile for a Camel" and that "Quaker ice cream" is worth spending a quarter in the next ice cream parlor.

"But there is liberty in America?" did I ask of the prison in Paris—and the prison answered "Yes." So would have answered anything or anybody to whom I might have directed the question for, over there, liberty belongs to America as style belongs to France and music to Italy.

"We want the freedom of the American worker!" was shouted among strikers of the first of May, 1919.

No, my friend, you don't really want this kind of freedom; you would not like it. You want to be free as an individual; he is satisfied to be free as a crowd. You want your personality to act as a unit; he believes in acting "en masse." You demand the right to bark at the "boss" when you feel like it without the "boss" having the autocracy to make you stop. The American worker will also bark, perhaps, but far from the boss's hearing—and should the boss hear him, the barker's carrier has 99 chances in 100 to stop short. Over here (in America) they will perhaps range you in the Bolshevik class, although you are not one, and you will perhaps call them "yellow," which they are not either. Your liberty is based on the need for a free expression of personality; their liberty is ruled by discipline. Discipline! that is the golden principle which is blindly followed in America and that I sometimes admire but know you will never admit, oh my fellow countrymen!

Discipline makes possible the "follow-the-white-lines" and "turn at the corner," the "please" on the new lawn, the hundreds of "don'ts" which, though negligible, would unnerve you like mosquito bites. Discipline allows the bossing of more or less well intentioned you-are-not-supposed-to-do-that which you resent because you believe yourself to be sufficiently grown up to dispense with a preceptor. In America policemen are kings and strictly obeyed. In France they are a joke, and ridiculed. The difference is striking even in the army; and French officers know that; had they talked to their men the way the American officers talked to theirs, they would have "started a row" with the poilus.

Our Degenerate Species of Liberty

YES, there is liberty in America. See the schools, for example. Schools of all teachings, all creeds, all ideals. Schools which don't have to worry too much about the supervision of the state. It is somewhat of a puzzle to think that, in the country which seems to have the "Americanization bug," some schools may teach American citizens in a language which does not echo the national tongue—and get away with it! These citizens are from a newly arrived stock, born abroad, yes; but why don't they talk their native idiom at home and learn the language of their new country in school?

And then the colleges. There is plenty of liberty in colleges as to the curriculum; there is plenty of liberty as to the choice made by students among courses offered, for the required subjects are limited to a few. I once discovered with great amazement that a great many among seniors ready to graduate from college never had to study any physics, nor anatomy, nor drawing, even in high school, while the French students are required to take every subject on the class program, whether they like it or not. That is why the French curriculum, alike for all colleges all over France, does not leave much time for athletics nor social activities. That is why French students cannot work their way through; during the school year they don't have time to work; during the vacations they don't have the strength. Should you wonder why July sees them exhausted, open the program of examinations for the *Brevet Superieur* or *Baccalaureat* for instance, which requires a terrible strain on the memory, for the examination covers the work, not of a semester but of three years' study. Then you will wonder how in the world they can ever pass it! That is why French students are exclusively students, students right through.

(Concluded on page 13)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 45, September 2, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Moving From N. Y. to the U. S.

SECRETARY OF WAR WEEKS sees the country yelling for booze. The use of the word "sees" in that connection is unintentionally correct: Secretary Weeks does not hear the country, he only "sees" it through the pictures that are drawn for him by gentlemen who know exactly what they want him to see.

It isn't prohibition nor beer that is discussed here: it is the inability of publicists and officials to see the United States straight. Here is a New York editor, for example: maybe the editor of a "liberal" magazine supported by some International Financier. This editor lives in the midst of hip flasks and boozy humor: he dawdles and games and violates the Constitution in a club where all the club members assure him over and over again that the country is simply yelling its head off for booze and that unless something is done to suppress the "blue law tyrants" that are overriding the country we shall have a revolution here, man—a revolution here, man, sure as shootin'.

Clubs are poor places to hear the country think; you cannot gauge public sentiment by hip pockets, simply because these things prevent editors seeing straight the things that they ought to see straight. And they prevent officials, too.

One much needed reform is to take New York and strip it of editorial offices, transporting the editorial staffs to the United States and setting them down in the midst of the nation, where the voice of the American people will reach them. The same should be done with Washington officials. Men who have oscillated between New York and Washington all their lives, who think according to the interests of those places, are foreign-minded men and cannot help being foreign-minded. They represent a state of mind that has always been resistant of the mind of the United States. It is too bad that we cannot arrange branch capitals throughout the country, so that the government might ride circuit, as the older courts once did, and thus come in contact with all parts of the country, not on the rare occasions of public celebrations, but in common ways and as integral parts of our plain population.

It cannot be assuredly said that this would be of very great use to the country, but it certainly would be most valuable to the editors and the officials, and not only on the prohibition question, either. There isn't any prohibition question—in the United States! There may be in New York and in Washington.

Forgive Us Our Debts

AROUND the world resounds the cry to cancel debts. In tones varying from the plaintive to the belligerent, the nations are demanding that the obligations they owe be ended.

Russia says she can do nothing until her debts are waived. Germany's industrial future, it is said by Germans, is black with the clouds of indemnities which the Versailles Treaty imposed upon it. England, speaking through the mouth of Earl Balfour, demands the cancellation of debts. France is astounded that the United States fails to implore the privilege of marking paid on the bills which that imperial republic owes us.

"Forgive us our debts," pray and demand the nations of the world, but they somehow fail to add, "as we forgive our debtors."

The nations are correct in ascribing their governmental ills to their debts. Debts impose upon individuals and countries alike a financial and mental depression, which dulls ambition, discourages enterprise, and halts progress. Interest and usury are self-rising burdens.

Each nation desires to have its own debts written off. But it shows no signs of writing off those owed to it. The wise financiers in the United States reason that the opportunity for American business in Europe would be immeasurably increased if the debt burden were lifted from the governments of those nations, which in turn would then lift the taxation burden from the struggling peoples. But those same financiers make no suggestion of wiping clean the slate of war profits still owed to them.

The United States owes the persons who hold its war obligations something more than twenty billion dollars. The United States holds obligations of foreign governments for something less than half of that amount. How willing the United States Government would be to forgive the debts owed it, if by the same token the holders of all the United States bonds should simultaneously send them to the Treasury Department marked paid! And how willing, too, would be the majority of the individual holders of Liberty bonds and other government obligations to cancel them, if in turn their own several private debts were canceled.

Public and private debts, the world around, if it were possible to set them off against each other, would cancel with comparatively little inequity. But for the United States to cancel its credits and retain its debts is so palpably unfair that the wonder is any nation would dare suggest it. For a holder of a government bond to cancel that credit, and still be obligated for debts he has incurred, brings the chain of inequity right down to the individual. Were cancellation of all debts in the world possible, it would bring a year of jubilee. But for the United States Government to cancel the debts of a European power, debts which in the last analysis are owed to each person in the United States, offends all sense of fairness.

Where It Originated

THOSE who don't care for *Life*, or Charlie Chaplin, but who subscribe to the *Congressional Record* for their entertainment, doubtless oftimes have paused seriously to puzzle their minds as to the origin of one of our most expressive Americanisms—"bunk."

Back in 1830 a member of Congress from the sovereign commonwealth of North Carolina arose on the floor of the House and as he cleared his throat many of his fellow-members left the house to retire to the cloakroom. Whereupon the North Carolina member advised those who remained that he planned to speak for a long time, and that he would not be offended if they too left, for he was only talking for *Buncombe*. *Buncombe* was his home county. The newspapers gave wide circulation to his statement and "buncombe" became "bunkum," later to be curtailed to just plain, simple "bunk."

Members of Congress today are not so frank as was the gentleman from North Carolina in 1830.

The "Corner" in Gold

THE Federal Reserve Board reports an increase of more than $20,000,000 in gold reserves, "principally as a result of payment by England and other European countries to the United States on account of interest on debts owed this country."

Note the source of this addition to the cash reserves of the Federal Reserve System. Such is the stranglehold that this private banking corporation has on every ounce of gold coming into this country. The method of its transfer to the Federal Reserve cash holdings is unimportant, but doubtless is brought about by redemption of outstanding currency.

The gold reserve held by this financial institution is now the greatest in history and Reserve banks have practically dollar for dollar for all outstanding notes. Its volume of resources then is composed of credits extended; the profits enjoyed are from capitalizing the indorsement of the United States.

How long the people will be content with paying toll on their own wealth is a question.

Harmony—or Lethargy?

A SPECIAL political writer for a great New York daily has spent a week or ten days in a state and gathered a thorough knowledge of the struggles of the aspirants by barnyard rules as political headquarters, where men earn their living by their unbounded optimism for the party.

These persons emblazoned with incredible memories of vital statistics and the influences governing public thought are syndicated to all parts of the country and form a basis of speculation on the part of readers who desire to make wagers on their knowledge of the trend of campaigns. Sometimes they guess right, sometimes wrong, but always they are subject to self-deception in relying too strongly on these "staff" correspondents, because the latter must furnish the story, no matter how meager the information on which it is based.

In this particular series of tips from the field there is a strange harmony of "signs of a split" of a coming "revival of progressivism," and so on, in the Republican party, and of a "feeling of confidence" and a "remarkable harmony" among the Democrats which warrants the statement of the situation as one of cheer to the opponents of the present administration.

The results of the Republican primaries have been proof of an active revolt in that party, but are not proof that there will be any important defection in November. Success of the Old Guard might have alienated some of the other factions, but the Old Guard is composed of more political material. The Old Guard will not bolt, but make the nominees believe election, if it comes, is due to "us" and that means—disappointment for whatever group undertook to reform the party from without.

But why is there no harmony in the Democratic party—or is there? The all-seeing eye of the political seer discerns nothing but HARMONY, a cloudless sky, especially within the borders, which seems to comprise merely those states which normally vote nothing simply the party choice, the Republican ticket.

But is that bright sky indicative of harmony? Is it not possible it may be the lethargy of a sleeping giant to be awakened when Democratic factions come to grips at very, did only a quarter of a century ago, when Big Business went too far? There are indications of approaching storms likely to dash the hopes of Democratic leaders. A few more successes for the Progressives in Republican primaries and "organization Democrats" will have cause to seek safety themselves.

The same writer would probably simply reverse his picture in visiting the naturally Democratic states, for there is a primary battle worth seeing. In Texas the first round ended in a knockout of the organization candidate, but the fight was between a half-dozen, and the leader is yet to be chosen. In Missouri the anti-organization candidate for Senator won. These two cases point to a division in the Democratic party that may be as pronounced in the states where harmony seems to prevail.

It's Who Does It

INTO the souls of the high baseball moguls recently there came again a vast shame. There was much shaking of heads. There were smug interviews from baseball owners, decrying a blot on the game. There was a final, awful decree of banishment forever from organized baseball.

A player, nationally known, had fallen. He had offered to desert his team for gain, and thus further the chances of a rival pennant contender.

No words could express the horror of the baseball magnates for this treason to baseball *by an individual*. The great national game perilled by an attempt of one player to sell a little of a part of a chance for pennant—it was terrible.

But a few weeks and months before, without a protest, those same owners had witnessed, even consented to, an attempt by baseball club owners to buy the pennant. Club owners, eager to get the pennant for their team, purchased from another team the contracts of their most valuable players. By so doing they enhanced their team's chances for the highest honors, and eliminated the selling club's chances for any honors. It was never denied that the purchasing club owners possessed a hold upon the selling club owners.

Professional baseball is a private enterprise. But it is the public that supports it. Any other industry would realize the duty it owed to the supporting public. But owners of baseball clubs see nothing wrong in bartering their public's rights to the best possible in playing. Yet, they relegate to the regions of the lost, an individual employe who does a moiety of what they do openly. The system operating major league baseball under those now controlling it seems to believe in wholesale rather than retail buying.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT IS perhaps a blessing, one of the pleasant compensations of life, that the people live largely in unconsciousness of what is purposed against them. They do not know the deep-laid plans to bind and rob them and use them forever as the working army which shall fulfill a few private ambitions. They do not know the actual immorality of some of the systems under which they now work and live, and up to which they look as to worthy creations. They do not sense the movements beneath the surface of society, some of them emerging with the brazen lie of "popular welfare movements." They do not know that in written program, and financed by men whose inspiration is of the pit, there are schedules of destruction and damnation that would make even a decent devil hesitate.

Now and again the muckrakers, so-called, have lifted a corner of the veil which hides this underworld of evil from the common gaze. The people have looked, have passed a moral judgment on the thing, have seemed to accept the sop of corrective laws—and have gone on living their life.

Indeed, there are two points to be observed in all the attempts to rouse the people to a retaliatory pitch by exposures of rottenness beneath the respectable surface of things. "Big Business" has been repeatedly proved to be in very small business, such as using trick weights and measures. Very dignified and respectable branches of commerce have been shown to exist by a system of bribery. That is, the exposures have not been such as might be credited to the very bigness of a movement, but they have been such as can only be credited to mean, rat-like, cruel and criminal cunning—such actions as would make even a tramp blush.

And the first point is this: the exposures have meant nothing to the people exposed—for it was not only a system that was exposed, but people, persons, men of position, whose position is entirely dependent for its worth on the esteem of the people. The student who seeks to write the philosophy of our times will seriously fail if he overlooks this fact: that the policy of evil men under exposure is to persist in their evil. Formerly, and even now among normal people, when a wrong is discovered and exposed, it is over. Exposure is the end. Not so in corporate wrong. Exposure is only the end of the concealed phase. Next ensues the open phase. It is a recognized policy among corporations, old-guard groups of politicians, any group which is controlled by the new unmoral type of mind that has come up, that the game is to keep on, don't stop, don't bat an eyebrow, keep on and let them do their worst—but keep on! And they do keep on. It is clear as anything that this policy becomes superior to the policies thus far used in exposures, for the evils exposed are mostly in existence now, just as they were before. This point is worth knowing. It will help keep many a head cool, and many a heart free from the agony of helplessness, which grows from our normal moral feeling that, of course, of course! as soon as an evil is exposed it will be stopped for very shame. It isn't stopped, and here is the policy which explains the fact.

"Then," says someone, "it simply shows the stupidity of the people."

Well, that too will bear examination. It is worth considering sometimes that the silence and apparent apathy of the people may be only a deeper wisdom. It is true, beyond doubt or argument, that the masses of the people are better, morally, intellectually, physically, than the classes. So much will have to be conceded. This world exists for the multitudes who do the work of the world and rear the children of the world and who themselves are the fruitful soil for all the ideas of liberty that have enlightened the world. There is no doubting that.

PEOPLE are never so likely to be wrong as when they are organized. And they never have so little freedom. Perhaps that is why the people at large keep their freedom. People can be manipulated only when they are organized. The most closely organized groups and movements in the world are those which have been least friendly to the people's progress and liberty. Think that over! Every evil overthrown has been organized up to the hilt. The safety of the people today, in spite of systems organized to undermine it, consists in this fact, that the people are unorganized and therefore cannot be trapped. Sometimes we protest that the people ought to organize and do this or that, but the unconscious wisdom of the people tells them better.

And what if their silence should be an unconscious wisdom, the heritage of the plain people from of old? That's the question. Small predatory groups think they are "putting it over" on the people, think that their schemes in comparison with popular apathy show the superiority of the schemers. Suppose that it is the other way around?

You look at the reformers and their plans to redeem the people. They want the people to organize against this, against that, against the other thing. Organize, Organize, Organize is the constant cry. Some people cannot see anything else but organization. And yet it remains true that about the only unorganized mass on earth is the people, while every possible menace to the people *is* organized. That ought to give pause to thoughtful minds. Every predatory, destructive, mind-enslaving, world-snatching movement is organized, organized, organized. That is to say, they have forms in which they hold the persons they seize, hold them by fear, by hate, by false loyalties, by false principles. If you will look abroad upon the world and count the most closely organized of its institutions, those institutions where authority is by threat and menace and not by light shed abroad and service done, you will find an object lesson illustrating what is said here. Think of the evils recently overthrown in this country, think of the evils now in judgment, are they not all contained within the most closely and securely organized groups? Is not the principal fear they exercise the fear of their all-encompassing organizations?

Well, the people are unorganized, and therein is their strength. They are free. They can range. They are slave to no mere "anti" idea. They are open and pervious to the inspirations of the new era which they test by the principle of freedom. They would not bind themselves, nor enslave themselves, nor surrender their God-given rights to any organization; they remain as they were created, in that natural organism—a living organism, not an artificial organization—the Race.

The poetry and music, the prophecy and religion of the world, were free, they were not the products of organizations. Men taught or sung or suggested laws as they were moved by the free spirit of light. And something always went out of these things, something hard and hardening came in, when organization came. It has come to be that progress consists in breaking the shells of organizations that have encrusted themselves around men—and the only reason these shells could ever be broken is that the mass of the people were outside of them.

The safety of the people has seemed ever to be in just this habit of theirs, of going on about their business. Are the government taxes too high? Then the government that taxes too high will receive less of a total tax. The people seem to know that. Is the money system a private juggling game? Then presently coins will come to mean nothing, while the staples of the people will retain the quality of wealth.

Are there schemes to undermine the people, in favor of this class or that race? How can they undermine an unorganized mass? How can they enslave those who will not enslave themselves? If the people were organized, and bound tightly to the organization, then false leaders could betray them as often as required. But what can you do with what you can't control? You can only betray your own falsity. And the people seem to know this, too. No weapon formed against them can prosper—this seems to have been whispered in the people's innermost ear. Their very safety, their very power, their very triumph seems to be due in their double freedom—freedom from the fear that evil systems can last very long, and freedom from the bondage to organizations. Organizations too soon cease to be servants and seek to become masters.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Will Irwin—Ace Among Writers of Fact and Fiction

Personal Role of Press Bureau During San Francisco Earthquake Most Interesting Experience

By FRED L. HOLMES



WILL IRWIN

He claims the world record for producing the largest volume of copy in the shortest time.

WILL IRWIN made his first big hit in journalism on a job from which he had already resigned. Out of the West had come this husky reporter who knew more about the haunts of San Francisco than the police detectives of the Golden Gate city; knew the people of the mining camps and the life in the melting pot familiar on the Pacific Coast. For a time, he was on the staff of the New York *Sun*. Then came the offer of the managing editorship of the *McClure's Magazine*.

It was a hot, sultry day in summer. Sixteen years had passed since that editorship was offered him and we sat in a stuffy little office recounting newspaper experiences. The man was on his way to the West. This time he was going back to gather the threads and weave in fiction form the story of a once great mining camp on the Continental Divide.

"What was your most interesting newspaper assignment?" I asked, expecting to get some story of the World War where he served as a special writer and chief of the foreign department on public information. He paused for a moment trying to remember a date. It was April 18, 1906.

"My most interesting newspaper experience?" he repeated my question, as if his mind were shifting the scenery back into the past.

"It consisted in sitting at a desk and writing all the time for eight days," he continued. "I had been for two years a sort of star reporter of the New York *Sun* and had just resigned to become editor of *McClure's Magazine*. I was in the office of *McClure's*, giving the job a preliminary overlook when the news came that San Francisco had been shaken down by an earthquake. I knew San Francisco. I rushed down to the office of the *Sun* and found that for the first time in 25 years they were holding an editorial council in the morning. The situation was desperate. The *Sun* was conducting a press bureau independent of the Associated Press. They had only one correspondent in San Francisco. If anything happened to him, it seemed likely that they would be scooped on the biggest news story since the Civil War. As it turned out later, the correspondent, the late George Hamlin Fitch, did not come to time through no fault of his own. He had on his hands his own burning newspaper and he had turned our job over to an assistant who faithfully filed copy for eight days, but neglected to inform the telegraph office that the *Sun* was "press bureau." The operators had established the rule of throwing all copy on the floor except press bureau stuff.

"I wanted to go to San Francisco but they decided I was needed in New York. On the suggestion of Mr. Lord, the famous old managing editor of the *Sun*, I telegraphed to friends and acquaintances and newspapermen whom I knew all over the Pacific Coast, offering them any price to send us such news as they could pick up. From then on, I sat there for eight days and did the running story of the disaster.

"The first night I turned out by typewriter and dictation 14 columns and on no night did I do less than eight columns. This is said to be a record for production of copy. On about the third afternoon when the story had died down a little the city editor suggested that I put in the afternoon writing an account of San Francisco. At that moment, the city was still being troubled with settling shocks, and it was uncertain whether it would all be destroyed. Moreover, the fire was not yet checked. I wrote, I remember, with considerable emotion, the copy boy taking away the sheets as I finished. The late Franklin Mathews, then a copy reader on the *Sun*, took a phrase from the story and headed it, "The City That Was." It was not until after the smoke of the disaster cleared away that I realized that this copy had made a hit. It was afterward published in book form and is selling yet.

"However, the most interesting thing to me about this adventure was its mental effect. I was working not only under a nervous strain but under an emotional strain for I was uncertain until late in the day about the fate of my friends and family in San Francisco. I probably averaged no more than two hours sleep a night during the entire period. At the end of the second day, I was so tired that I thought I could not go on. Then suddenly I seemed to get my second wind. I felt no fatigue at all. I felt capable of going on forever.

"It was long years after that I read in William James' paper, 'Powers of Men,' of that reserve of consciousness upon which men draw when under exceptional strain. I am sure I had drawn on that. Mr. James said that when this happens one feels no reaction after he has finished. That was exactly my experience. On the ninth day, I took a day off, went to a large party with friends and sat out half the night talking and listening to the music.

"Another curious mental phenomenon manifested itself and I have never heard anyone record a similar experience. Memory suddenly arose to the 'nth' power. It would have been impossible for me when I lived in San Francisco to go down Mission street between Third and Fourth streets and enumerate from memory every building in it. It would have been equally impossible two days after I finished this job. But in the heat of this work, I could do that—I could take almost any familiar street in San Francisco and project in my mind a mental program of every house and every business establishment.

"I have covered strikes, conventions, shipwrecks, revolutions, and quite a sizeable war. I have been shot at, shipwrecked myself, buried under a falling building—the experiences of a man who has been a reporter for 20 years. But this last melodramatic event, I consider my most momentous experience in reporting."

For more than 20 years Will Irwin—William Henry Irwin was the name recorded in the old family Bible—has been a newspaper correspondent, varying his assignments with fiction stories and novels. Within the decade he has builded a reputation for carefully surveying a situation and accurately depicting it. He has written the requiem for falling empires and stood an onlooker at the birth of new republics.

"Reporting is fun," he declared. "It takes you out among people, gives you adventure, but on the other hand, the actual writing of fiction is more fun and you consciously get farther, for you create something out of yourself."

A life crowded with experiences — actor, elevator boy, clerk in a railway office, cowboy, invalid in a tuberculosis camp, reporter, editor and author—and he is now 49 years old. Will Irwin spent his early life in Leadville, Colorado, then a roistering mining town. Entering Leland Stanford University at 21, he was a freshman when Herbert Hoover was a senior. There sprang up an early friendship, which 20 years later found one the great American war correspondent and the other head of the commission for the relief of Belgium.

Within three days after the Germans had laid siege to Liege, Will Irwin was on his way to Europe, representing two large magazines. He was on all fronts, with all of the armies.

Irwin's memorable story of the battle of Ypres was called by the *Literary Digest* the greatest literary masterpiece of the war and was published in several languages. It almost ended his career, however, for the English War Department blacklisted him for it. He was not allowed to approach any of the army headquarters or to have any communication with officers or soldiers of the British army. He went to the French army and there found the same baffling condition. Then he went to see Lloyd George and after 10 minutes' talk with him—his rights were restored.

After the war, Mr. Irwin again toured the allied countries and made a long visit to Germany. He was just in time to cover the Ruhr rebellion.

The war, with its attendant horrors made a pacifist of Will Irwin.

"War today is a wholesale slaughterhouse instead of the highly romantic struggle that it used to be," declared Mr. Irwin. "Unless we wish to exterminate the human race, we must stop wars. War up to the present time has been fought under much simpler and less inhuman conditions, but nations have begun to put brains and energy into war. Professional patriotism is one of the worst enemies the world has. This extreme nationalism, national conceits, and all that sort of thing, is what is tearing the world to pieces. Our Canadian border is protected by three revenue cutters which would be of no value as far as military service is concerned, but we do not need any more protection because we do not have a hatred for Canada. If a European nation had such a border they would fortify it immediately. It is these fortifications, large armies and other symptoms of preparedness that precipitate wars. We must do away with them.

"This practice of financial imperialism and this jockeying for new fields of commercial conquest are the very things that will bring on another war."

Writing seems to be kin to Will Irwin. His wife, Inez Haynes Gillmore-Irwin is the author of a dozen novels. His brother, Wallace I., has written nearly a score of volumes. His niece, Phyllis Duganne, had a story accepted by one of the large magazines before she was 17 and at 21 was the author of a novel, "Prologue."

"I have typewriter batteries to the right of me and to the left of me," playfully remarked Mr. Irwin.

Shortly before the war, Mr. Irwin had decided to give up reporting and devote himself to fiction. Now that the war is over, he is bending to his former decision.

"Fiction in one way is the very reverse from reporting," comments Mr. Irwin, in explaining his desire and method of producing fiction. "I went through the whole war and I conceived only two short stories. The thing itself was too tremendous for fiction."

Correspondence has given Mr. Irwin a national acquaintance with men and women of affairs, leaders in political and economic thought, and authors.

Most of his writing in summer is done at his home in Scituate, Massachusetts. During the winter he lives in New York. His summer vacations are spent with his wife traveling from city to city; from mining camp to mountain peak in search of "color" for his stories. Those rough mining days of Colorado, 50 years ago, are now the focus of his studies for future literature.

Gigantic Hogback Mountains

By WILL IRWIN

MOUNTAINS are mountains; but the Alps are more abrupt, altogether more perilous in every aspect, than any range we North Americans know. They do not rise gently, slope after slope, like our own Rockies or our Sierras. They shoot up in gigantic hogbacks and walls and pinnacles. It is all very well to say that Mount Massive, of the Rockies, is some 14,000 feet above sea level, and the more famous peaks of the Alps only 1,000 feet or so higher; the comparison is not fair to the Alps. The peaks shoot up from low valleys, not from wide high plateaus. That same Mount Massive is 14,400 feet high, but the city of Leadville, at its base, is more than 10,000 feet high. Here, Mount Adamello, king-peak in one of the highest Alpine glaciers, had been peeping at us all day through the rifts of the valleys; and yet we had started that morning at a scant 2,000 feet. As a mountain-bred child, I had been hurt in my patriotism to hear a European say that there was no real mountaineering in the Alps of America; that climbing the Rockies was merely a matter of walking. I looked about me now, and understood. To the left and right shot up great ridges, bristling with straight firs, dusted now with snow. Behind these ridges rose white precipices; behind them pinnacles of gray rock so abrupt that the snow clung only to the clefts; and farther up . . . . but that was lost in the whirling snow-mists.—*"The Latin at War."*

A Chap Who Roves the Valley of Dry Bones

Story of Charles W. Gilmore, Uncle Sam's Hunter of Prehistoric Animals

By J. H. WALTON

This is one of a series of several articles dealing with important United States officials who are unknown to the general public.

EVERY normal boy at some time in his life has had his "menagerie" or museum. Especially after the circus has been to town, a close examination of almost any boy's collection of valuables will disclose at least one frog, a garter snake, a lizard, several beetles, and perhaps a leech.

Probably every man remembers how, in the halcyon days of his youth, he collected curios, the loss of which, through accident or design on the part of parents who did not appreciate the real value of the collection, was a tragedy.

After a time this "mania for collecting junk," as our parents often called it, was supplanted by new interests, and we apparently "outgrew" the disease. But this collection "bug" never deserts us entirely—witness stamp and post card collectors, antique and period furniture addicts, and hosts of other examples.

In many men this instinct for collecting curios, and seeking information about them, predominates throughout their lifetime. They never allow any other interest to overshadow this inborn impulse to learn the secrets of nature's handiwork. Among these are our great scientists of today.

One of the foremost in the field of paleontology—that branch of scientific research which treats of the ancient life of the earth, particularly of fossils which are remains of such life—is Mr. Charles W. Gilmore, associate curator of the United States National Museum, Washington, D. C.

At the age of six years, Mr. Gilmore, accompanied by an aunt, visited Ward's National Science Establishment at Rochester, New York, and immediately thereafter started collections of birds' eggs, rocks, and so on.

"My time there was devoted to visiting the various buildings of the establishment," relates Mr. Gilmore, "and especially the taxidermy shop, where a number of men were engaged in 'stuffing'—for they did stuff in those days—all kinds of birds and mammals. Among these men were several who have since become prominently identified with their chosen or allied professions. I refer to Dr. W. T. Hornaday, Dr. F. A. Lucas, Dr. A. B. Baker, the late Nelson Wood, and others.

"Upon my return home the museum bug had been firmly implanted, for immediately collections were started of rocks, birds' eggs, insects, stamps, and fossil shells. Taxidermy, as a matter of course, having seen the work under way, had priority of interest over all others of my private museum activities. I well remember a perfectly good cloth elephant stuffed with bran, that was slit open, restuffed and sewed up time after time, until the poor thing lost all resemblance to its original form.

"That was when the idea of following museum work as a life profession was implanted, an idea that never deserted me though many years intervened before the work was seriously begun. This postponement was due to the necessity of obtaining an education, and to the lack of information of how to get in contact with those carrying on museum work."

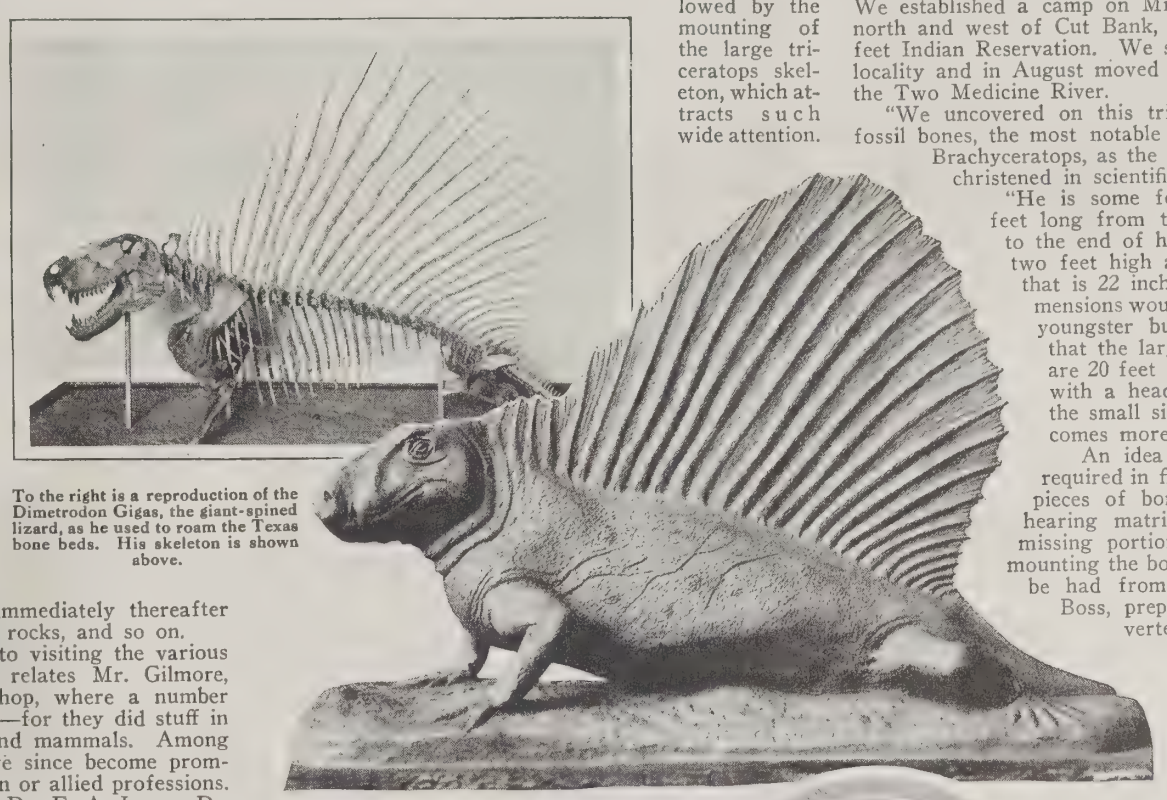
His father a farmer, Mr. Gilmore had to struggle for an education. He persisted, and at 21 graduated from high school, and the year following went to Laramie, Wyoming. In 1895 he entered the University of Wyoming, where, after working his way. through, he graduated in 1901, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Science.

"Upon entering the University of Wyoming," said Mr. Gilmore, "the idea was still fixed in my mind of preparing myself for some line of museum endeavor, though the particular branch was somewhat vague at that time. There was always an inclination toward the biologic end. A collection of dinosaur specimens in the university attracted my attention, and from then until graduation all my spare time was devoted to the study and collection of fossil specimens."

In 1900 Mr. Gilmore was engaged by the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, as a field collector of fossil specimens, and after graduation he remained with the institution nearly three years in that capacity, collecting for six months of the year in the fossil fields of Wyoming and Kansas, and working the remainder of the year at the museum in Pittsburgh, helping prepare the specimens for exhibition and in scientific study.

In the autumn of 1903 he accepted a position in the United States National Museum, and it is here that his most notable work has been done. His work has been duly appreciated by those in authority, and he has been successively promoted through the grades of skilled laborer, preparator, custodian, assistant curator, to associate curator in charge of the laboratory and exhibition collection, which position he still holds.

"My first piece of work," said Mr. Gilmore, "was the preparation of a skull of one of the large horned dinosaurs, followed by the mounting of the large triceratops skeleton, which attracts such wide attention.



To the right is a reproduction of the Dimetrodon Gigas, the giant-spined lizard, as he used to roam the Texas bone beds. His skeleton is shown above.

Other skeletons have been added from time to time so that the two articulated skeletons on exhibition at the time I came to the museum, have now been increased to more than 40.

"One of our most interesting exhibits, and one which attracts a great deal of attention from the visitors, is the Dimetrodon Gigas, a giant-spined lizard from the Texas bone beds. This new and imposing mount forms a noteworthy and important addition to the constantly growing collection of extinct animal life, which now fills one of the larger halls of the museum, and to which a young lady visitor flippantly referred as the 'dead circus.'

"The most striking feature of this peculiar animal is the high dorsal fin. This ranges in length from six inches on the neck, to more than three and one-half feet above the center of the back. In trying to account for some practical use for this unusual appendage it has been suggested that it may have resembled some vegetation which existed in the same period and thus served to conceal the animal as it lay in wait for its prey, or for better concealment from its enemies."

Mr. Gilmore spent many months devoted to critical study in working out difficult problems in connection with the proper pose and articulation of the bones of this specimen, and has also prepared a model restoration one-sixth natural size of Dimetrodon based on the mounted skeleton, which depicts his conception of the probable appearance of this creature in the flesh. A picture of both the skeleton and the model are shown herewith.

Mr. Gilmore has on several occasions participated in the field work for the museum, excavating the fossil remains of many curious and important extinct reptiles. The most significant example which he personally assisted in uncovering, is the skeleton of a baby dinosaur. Of this expedition Mr. Gilmore said:

"During the summer of 1913 I headed an expedition under the United States Geological Survey, to obtain a representative collection from Northwestern Montana. We established a camp on Milk River, some 35 miles north and west of Cut Bank, Montana, on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation. We spent four weeks in that locality and in August moved camp 50 miles south on the Two Medicine River.

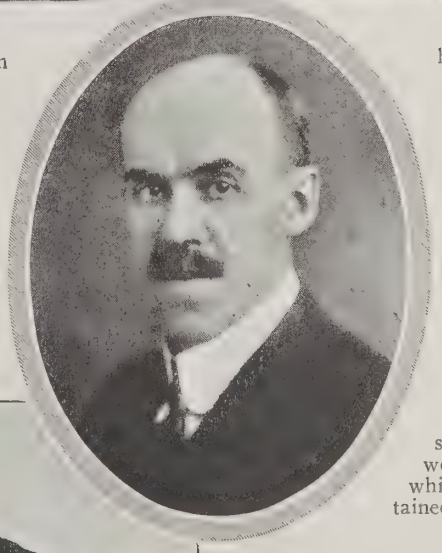
"We uncovered on this trip between 500 and 600 fossil bones, the most notable of which were those of Brachyceratops, as the infant dinosaur has been christened in scientific circles.

"He is some few inches less than six feet long from the tip of his baby nose to the end of his tail, and stands about two feet high at the hips, with a head that is 22 inches in length. These dimensions would indicate quite a sizeable youngster but when it is explained that the larger members of the race are 20 feet long, eight feet high, and with a head six or more feet long, the small size of Brachyceratops becomes more apparent."

An idea of the painstaking care required in fitting together the broken pieces of bone, cleaning off the adhearing matrix (stone), restoring of missing portions, and articulating and mounting the bones of this skeleton, may be had from the fact that Norman Boss, preparator in the section of vertebrate paleontology, who has so skillfully done all of this work, spent 345 days, or nearly a year in preparing this unique specimen for exhibition to the public.

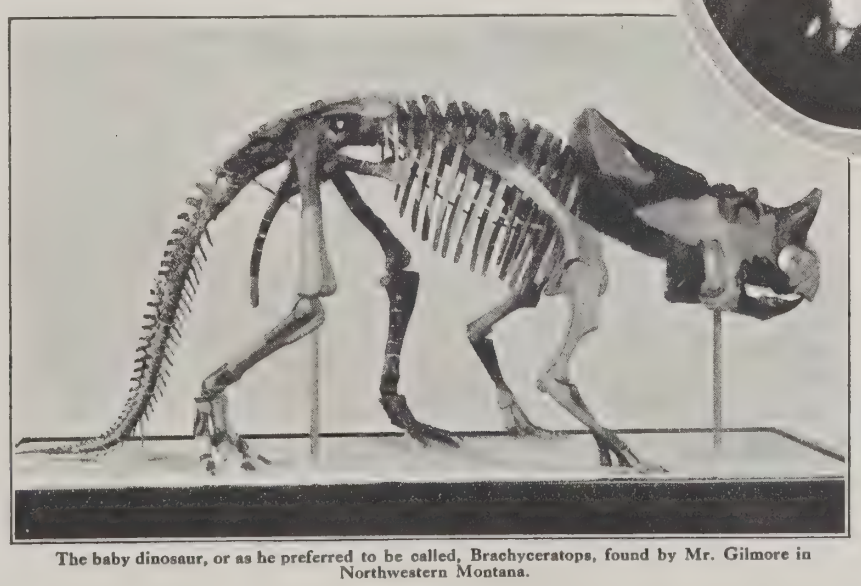
Another interesting specimen on exhibition at the National Museum is a mastodon found encased in the ice in Siberia, of which portions of flesh, skin, hair and stomach have been preserved. From the contents of the stomach scientists have been able to determine, not only the geological period of its life, but, within two weeks of the time of year the animal died. This is known because of the undigested plants and flowers found in the stomach.

When going through any museum certain exhibits are sure to be uninteresting and tiresome to some people, but if more were known about the way in which these specimens were obtained, the work required to prepare them for exhibit, and the wonderful advance in a scientific way that the discovery of these relics of bygone days have made possible, they would take on an added interest to the casual observer. The human element must be considered in this as in all of our relations. Old dried-up bones of some little-known animal that lived thousands, perhaps millions, of years ago, may have very little interest for us as such. It is the work, the human effort expended in recreating the animal as it once was that generally arouses our interest. We perhaps do not realize the fact, but when we admire some particularly fine specimen on exhibition, we are really paying our respects to the scientist who discovered the bones, the curator who made the articulation and pose possible, and the preparator who assembled the jumbled mass.



(C) Harris & Ewing

CHARLES W. GILMORE, associate curator of the National Museum.



The baby dinosaur, or as he preferred to be called, Brachyceratops, found by Mr. Gilmore in Northwestern Montana.

The work of preparing these prehistoric fossils for exhibition requires great skill and patience. Very delicate tools are used with the greatest of care to guard against injuring the bones which come encased in large slabs of rock, as many as 100 bones to the slab. The bones are usually softer than the rock. It often takes several hours to remove one six-inch bone.

Owing to the highly specialized character of the work, skilled preparators are always in demand, and the supply falls far short of the need. The work is very interesting, and one needs but to imagine the feelings of a workman who is gradually uncovering the bones of some prehistoric monster, knowing that he is the first human being to view those bones, to know something of the thrills which accompany such work.

Milliards for Reparations and the Next War

Germany as She Is Today, Feasting, Starving, Working

By PAUL TYNER

WHAT is the truth in regard to Germany's ability to pay the indemnity of $33,000,000,000 in gold demanded by the Allies and which she pledged herself to pay in signing the Treaty of Versailles?

This question is at the base of any reasonable hope of an early re-establishment of economic equilibrium in Europe or the world. This has been said so often that it has perhaps become trite; but it is a truth, it seems to me, that calls for even "damnable iteration," if that is necessary, for people on either side of the Atlantic to awaken to a clear realization of its truth. Upon careful observation of the present world situation, I am convinced that it is not merely the restoration of industrial and commercial prosperity that depends on the early settlement of the reparations problem; but that in the absence of such a settlement a new war will be inevitable. And a new war will unquestionably draw all the nations of the world into its maelstrom.

The Germans are busy and hard at work—strikingly so. In the fields and the workshops, and in stores and offices, they start the work of the day about two hours earlier than the workday begins in France or in Britain; and they continue work nearly two hours later. And when they work they work. With evident pride and satisfaction in their accomplishment, they pile up production. The workers do not act as if they were driven. Rather they seem to drive themselves. They are remarkably cheerful at their work, and no people seem to practice better than the Germans the art of relaxation and enjoyment. Saturday afternoons and Sundays they get out into the country, or into the big city parks and gardens. They eat and drink with enjoyment, and they listen to good music. These summer evenings, the sidewalk or terrace tables of the restaurants and cafés are much favored. But there is no evidence of prodigality or waste except among the German profiteers and foreign visitors. The mark is worth only about one-third of an American cent, measured by the present rate of exchange; but it is wonderful how far the average German *hausfrau* can make that little third-of-a-cent mark go when it comes to buying things to eat and the material for clothes to wear! Wages and salaries are low—lower even than they were before the war, judged by the foreign exchange measure of values. But judged by present purchasing power of the mark in Germany, wages and salaries are high.

The Temptation to Over-spend

BUSINESS is brisk. Not only is there plenty of money, but it is in active circulation. People have money to spend, and are spending it. The cost of living is undoubtedly high—measured in marks; but there has been at least a corresponding increase in the number of marks in circulation. High prices do not worry us when we "have the price." And the German workingman and working woman in these days undoubtedly have the price.

Perhaps the worst thing about cheap and plentiful money is that it is a temptation to over-spend. The sense that one's pocketful of paper marks may suffer a depreciation tomorrow or next week is not conducive to saving. So people spend while the spending is good. A typical incident is that told of a man who walked into a shop in Berlin and ordered 1,000 electric light bulbs. He was asked why he wanted so many and replied: "I don't really want any at all; but I could not spend all my marks at the shop opposite, because it is sold out. Then I saw this shop and bought bulbs, simply because I would rather have bulbs than marks!"

Usually, it may be taken for granted that when the masses are steadily and productively employed, earning good wages and spending their earnings freely, the country must be enjoying business prosperity. Lord Northcliffe, in the first chapters of an interrupted serial account of a recent visit to Germany "incognito," declared himself convinced by his observations that "Germany is prospering remarkably because there was undeniable evidence of a high birth rate and of activity in the building trade." Precisely the evidence he cited might be cited by any observer in France.

As usual, the truth lies between extremes. Although (as the French never tire of pointing out) German territory was preserved from the destruction and devastation of invading forces and her industrial equipment practically preserved intact, the traveler in Germany today—especially in the Rhine provinces—would be blind and deaf indeed if he remained incognizant of the plain evidences of war exhaustion on every hand. How could it be otherwise when it is remembered that Germany sustained the brunt of the most exhausting and destructive conflict in the world's history practically unaided against a coalition of 17 nations, including the richest and most vigorous, through nearly five long years of herculean struggle. France lost nearly two million men in killed and about twice as many crippled, and Britain, including the Overseas Dominions, about half that number; but the German loss of man power was more than both France and Britain.

Common sense would suggest that if the Germans have come out of the war, so fresh and vigorous and wealthy that within three years of the signing of peace they are able to shoulder the payment of a war indemnity on top of the mountain of internal and external debts, public and private, contracted for the waging of the war, to say nothing of Germany's huge pre-war debt, imperial, state, municipal and corporation—*then the Germans must indeed be a race of supermen!*

The Germans have become tremendously serious. The old-time hilarity of the Teuton is rarely in evidence. On a train out of Cologne, I got into conversation with a well-set-up middle-aged man who proved to be a manufacturer of cotton goods. Through some change in time-tables, I had boarded a train that did not stop at Nurnberg. He very amiably fished a railway guide out of his bag and helped me about finding a connection. Discovering that my French was better than my German, he readily resorted to the late enemy tongue which he spoke fluently. I asked where he had learned his French.

"I lived three years in France," he replied, "as a prisoner of war."

Then followed some rather bitter reflections on French treatment of war prisoners. It sounded very much like the sort of thing of which the Germans were so freely accused in England and in America during the conflict.

"Personally," he went on, "I had little to complain of. The French seemed to make it a point of pride to accord decent treatment to German officers; but that meted out to our unfortunate private soldiers was simply brutal."

"All war is brutal," I remarked. "We had apparently well-authenticated reports of German cruelty to prisoners. Perhaps there was lack of kindly consideration on both sides."

"Working for Reparations"

"WE DID not want the war, and we want no more of it," he rejoined. "War is as foolish as it is inhuman. And probably it is waste of time now to discuss who was responsible for starting it, or which side was the more ruthless and cruel in its prosecution. But I am certain that the Germans did not allow their wounded and sick prisoners to drag out days and weeks in pain and wretchedness, and often to die for lack of surgical or medical attention, as too often happened in the frightful prison camps of France. Enemy wounded received as skilled and careful attention in the German hospitals and camps as did our own boys. The experience of our men who fell into the hands of the English or the Americans was very different. They cannot praise too highly the kind treatment accorded to them.

I remarked on the very evident industrial activity I had found in Germany. My acquaintance smiled bitterly.

"It is true we are working hard," he said, "but what use is it for us to work hard and produce, when all we produce has to be handed over for *reparations?*"

The last word was pronounced with a rather cynical emphasis, which caused me to exclaim: "We Americans who have traveled over the devastated regions of France and Belgium certainly feel that fair reparation for the havoc wrought there is justly due from Germany. Besides, you know, Germany set an example in that line when she exacted the milliards from France after the war of 1870-1."

"Do not mistake me," rejoined the manufacturer. "We quite expected and were entirely willing to make fair and reasonable reparation as part of the price of our defeat. Certainly, the facts show that. Although we lost the better part of our merchant shipping to America and Britain, our entire navy and the destruction of our air force equipment; despite the loss of our colonial empire in Africa and the Pacific, of Alsace-Lorraine and Prussian Poland; despite the fact that the turning over to France and Belgium of thousands of locomotives and railway cars immediately after the armistice left our own transportation system crippled and the thousands of milch cows exacted from us left our own children without milk; despite the deprivation of three-fifths of our mineral resources and the support of nearly half a million foreign soldiers quartered on our soil, and despite two revolutions that meant serious national upheaval, we have paid very nearly one billion dollars in gold on account of reparations up to March 1. Nor must it be forgotten that we have several times offered to make actual reparations in the devastated districts with German labor and German material.

Not Dishonest, He Says

"SURELY these facts are abundant proof that we are far from any dishonest evasion of our fair and just obligations! The truth is that it is not any objection to reparations as such that hurts and discourages us. It is the spirit shown by France that takes the heart of all hope from us. True, Germany exacted an indemnity of 20 milliards in 1871—but most Germans long ago conceded that in that matter Bismarck was guilty of a cruelly severe exaction from a fallen foe. As a matter of fact, we helped France to pay the indemnity by subscribing for nearly one-third of the loan which she so easily raised and out of the proceeds of which—not out of the woolen stockings of her thrifty peasantry as the tradition would have it—the indemnity was actually paid. No; we cannot avoid the conviction that the figure of 132 milliards of gold marks (more than six times the indemnity exacted by Bismarck) now demanded under the peace treaty, and so stubbornly insisted upon by France, has no right relation to the question of just reparations.

"It is insisted upon *because* it is impossible, and France knows that it is impossible, despite the flouting of every economic fact by her statesmen in their speeches. It is insisted upon because it is desired to use it as a pretext for the further crushing of the German people; as pretext for further invasion and annexation, and for the utter draining of German economic vitality."

"That would not do France any good," I suggested. "Surely she must realize that a crushed and impoverished population would be in no position to pay even half the milliards demanded. Was it not the French Lafontaine that pointed out the folly of killing the hen that laid the golden eggs? And was it not one of the wisest of the French kings, Henry IV., that summed up the wisdom of the art of government as seeing to it that every peasant had a fowl in the pot for his Sunday dinner?"

"We are convinced that France wants our milliards not for reparations; but for our destruction," was the reply. "That is the secret of Briand's refusal at Washington even to consider a proposition for any reduction of France's land armament in proportion to the reduction of sea armament agreed to by America, Britain, Italy and Japan. It is the secret of the even more militaristic attitude adopted by his successor in the French premiership.

"The outlook for Germany is a gloomy one. Should we simply throw up the sponge and admit our utter inability to pay the 132 milliards, France will march a million men into our country, seizing the Ruhr Valley and perhaps the entire Rhineland, placing her officials at our custom houses and in charge of all our finances, virtually reducing us to the condition of a subject colony. Should we strive to comply with the impossible demand that we make bricks without straw and labor to the point of exhaustion that France shall have her pound of flesh, we are still doomed to a slavery of the worst sort. You have probably heard some talk of a third alternative. There are hot-heads, both Monarchist and Socialist, who talk of armed resistance to such a French invasion. To those who point out the obvious fact that a war-torn, exhausted and bankrupt Germany would be utterly incapable of offering serious resistance to a strong, well-armed French army still flushed with victory, it is rejoined that however hopeless such a struggle might be materially, fortune favors the brave, and it would be better to go down fighting for the Fatherland than to submit supinely to enslavement.

"The German people do not want war; they are sick of war. They want to go to work; to work hard and steadily and to enjoy the fruits of their labor in peace and in friendly relations with all the world. But it cannot be concealed that Monarchist plotters are making effective use of the arguments I have mentioned. Our one great hope lies in the fact that the working masses are now busily employed at good wages and dead against any avoidable disturbance of that happy state of things.

Two Classes Prosperous

"THEN Germany is enjoying an era of business prosperity?"

"Yes and no. Times are prosperous for two classes: One, the wealthy war profiteers who are taking advantage of our depreciated currency to get the farms and factories into their hands and to obtain a first mortgage on its land and other real wealth, mines and public utilities; the other class is the working people, who are enjoying a fool's paradise without regard for the morrow. For the manufacturer, the jobber, the wholesaler (and often for the retailer), there is little profit in this terrific activity. Profits that should go into extensions and improvements of plant and equipment are ruthlessly absorbed by taxes exacted in the endeavor to pay the reparations bill. What surplus we are able to export must be disposed of at ruinously low prices.

"Our effort to recapture our foreign trade handicapped by the 26 per cent export tax included in the reparations exaction, and by the French, English and Italian import tariffs of from 30 to 80 per cent, which are levied by those countries in order to 'protect' their own home industries. So only the barest shadow of a margin of profit is left to us. For those manufacturers who are dependent on supplies of raw materials from other countries, the depreciated and fluctuating mark is a serious drawback. Realize what it means to pay from 1,200 to 1,400 marks for the pound sterling which normally exchanged for 20 marks; 300 marks for the American dollar that four marks bought before the war. The French franc today commands only about 50 per cent of what it commanded in pounds or dollars before the war; but it buys nearly 35 times as many marks as it did normally. All the expert economists and financiers predict that the continuing inflation of our currency must sooner or later lead to a crash in which the bottom will be knocked from under our whole industrial and commercial system. The big exploiters, like Stinnes and the Jewish bankers, money lenders and speculators, are making big money and find the very inflation and fluctuation of which the economists complain to be very advantageous to their pockets. But the real producers, the manufacturers and the wholesale distributors, are not prospering. They do well to keep their heads above water."

From all this, it will be seen that the average business man in Germany, as in America and in Britain, accepts the delusory reasoning that the evils of an inflated and depreciating currency are due in some way to a departure from the gold basis. They fail to see that all these countries still hold to the gold basis in theory, and that it is the gold basis fiction that really constitutes the disturbing factor.

Woman M. P. Pleads for Canadian Farmers

Country School Teacher First to Sit in Commons' Historic Green Room

By HOLLAND COX

WHEN Canada's fourteenth Parliament convened it brought with it a peculiar condition of things: a good-sized Liberal government, a small Conservative opposition and a larger third party which lies between the other two politically—a solid mass of farmers who call themselves Progressives. There are "also among those present" a Labor party of two; a perfectly good Independent party of one—and he's a party more than 6 feet, 3 inches tall, named Neill, a canny Scot from British Columbia—and, what has carried consternation to the hearts of the Quebec Liberals who insist upon keeping their womenfolk unspotted from the world and upon a pedestal (from which they show violent symptoms of stepping down)—a woman member! She is the first of a throng which these gallant gentlemen fear will soon be ousting them from the prerogatives and constituencies which have been regarded heretofore as belonging peculiarly to the male.

Now, Miss Agnes Macphail, Canada's first woman to sit in the sacred green chamber, was a country school teacher living not so very far from the United States border in a little village called Flesherton, near Owen Sound. The farm where her family lives is so poor that the family could not get along on its products, so Agnes, one of three daughters, taught for about eight years in the public schools of Ontario. She is now only about 30—though I was too polite to ask her exact age, since it isn't done any more in the best circles—and her funny bone must have atrophied when she was teaching the young idea how to shoot, for her sense of humor, as far as I could see, is very little in evidence. To her life is very serious. She has never cared for—and probably has never had much chance to get—the pleasures and dissipations which attract most young girls. Her tastes were always for what she would call the worth-while things of existence. She has a passion for civics and political economy; and if she doesn't end up in the Senate (where the solid old British North America Act, unchangeable as anything British can possibly be, in effect says no woman may desecrate its holy calm) she may become a professor of her pet subjects. The rôle would suit her.

The day Parliament opened, the new M. P. was its most interesting exhibit, vieing even with the recently imported governor-general, Byng of Vimy, and the women were agog with curiosity to see her and pass judgment on her appearance. They got something of a shock, for she is the quietest creature in the House one could imagine. Her taste is for simplicity in clothing, as in everything else, and she has worn all session but two colors that I have seen—a henna silk blouse under navy blue jumper dress, and a sand-colored silk sweater with navy skirt—and this latter was the costume she wore when she met me in the corridor back of the green chamber and invited me to her den. Her room is on the sixth floor of the new building which replaces the old stone Gothic structure destroyed during the war, and differs in no way from the offices of the other members of the Commons. It is plainly furnished with a workmanlike flat-top desk, filing cabinet and reference table, a couch and two or three chairs. A fern and some small potted plants lined the windowsill, and there were a couple of tiny framed watercolors on the wall over her desk. Here she spends most of her time when not in the Commons chamber.

Having been brought up in the country and knowing the problems which beset the farmers of her district, Miss Macphail is intensely interested in that class of worker. Long before she became a candidate she saw the hard lot of the men and women who try to scratch along on their little acreages without the education and comforts which make the existence of a city dweller shine so by contrast. That people should work so hard and get so little seemed unjust, and she began to study the reason why of it all. Her job as their representative came about as a natural sequence of this interest, and her training as a teacher helped to develop the poise and directness which were natural to her.

She uses no feminine wiles—somehow one can hardly visualize her powdering or using rouge; and her directness is more manlike than one usually finds in woman. She has little of the tact and *savoir faire* of the typical politician—and she isn't one, though she calls herself a propagandist, and she is, if giving expression to her views on the farmers' problems in the press and at any gatherings which may be handy constitutes that. Picnics are her specialty—and as June is the month of picnics, she is in great demand. Most of her utterances at these festive affairs have been reported, some probably garbled, for she denies some of the things that have been attributed to her. She is learning that silence is golden—but then, what's a lady to do when she is being urged and coaxed to talk, and it is represented to her that she is losing a great opportunity to help on the Progressive movement if she refuses?

While we were talking the phone rang and I heard her side of the conversation that ensued: "At 8:30? Oh, that's awful! We've been sitting so late for several nights . . . . That would make it 9:30 daylight saving time— well— Oh can't you get along without me?—I am very tired. . . . All right, then, I'll go," she ended resignedly. "Another picnic" was her explanation. "I've been trying to beg off, but it won't work."

She is about 5 feet 6 inches tall, I should judge, with fairly full figure, hazel eyes guarded by horn-rimmed glasses, and wears her brown hair ordinarily in a psyche knot, brushed straight off her forehead. If she had an atom of the vanity which is commonly supposed to lurk in woman's nature, she would study her dress and appearance with an idea of enhancing it. But that isn't her way. She is a bit of a fanatic, this young legislator, her Scotch forbears having probably bequeathed this along with other characteristics which



MISS AGNES MACPHAIL

make for solidity of character and oneness of purpose. She will never in the world make a great statesman—or should it be "stateswoman"?—or even a politician of note. She is too direct, too abrupt, not suave enough. She sees an object before her and, as though she had blinders on, cannot see, or refuses to see anything but the goal ahead. She came from Southeast Grey with an idea that government was taking the best from a collection of viewpoints and that to obtain justice—which is what she calls the farmers' objective—one had but to state the case and presto! behold a new order of things. She has become disillusioned. One can see it plainly now, and to those who have watched her daily in the House it has been a gradual but sure change.

As a speaker Miss Macphail talks plainly and clearly—an example which could be copied with advantage by many of her male co-workers. She addresses the House pretty much as she has been accustomed to address her classes, and it must be admitted that while her words may not go ringing down the ages, she is listened to with respect and interest.

"I have so much to learn!" she exclaimed, "and I seem to be able to learn only by butting my head against a wall continually in my work. I am so anxious to make good, not only for my people in Southeast Grey who elected me, but because I am the first woman here, and though I don't represent the women of Canada in any way—except those in my constituency—I feel sure that anything I may say or do which will not be wise will be used as a horrible example of the effects of equal suffrage."

"But surely that would be unjust," I exclaimed.

"True, but natural, too. As far as the members in the House are concerned, I must say that I have been taken in on a good-fellowship basis and treated as one of them, and have had every courtesy and kindness possible from them all. They make no difference on account of sex. All the same, I'll be glad when there are more women elected," and this she confidently expects will be the case before long.

"What do you think of the job of M. P. for a woman?"

"It's not an enviable one for the man or woman who really tries to do faithful duty. It's slavery at times . . . . And it's not because I'm a woman that I'm here"—harking back to her words of a few moments before—"but in spite of it. When more women get into politics it will make for better political conditions. Not that I believe for one moment that women are going to do anything spectacular; but when they vote they take a deeper interest in the affairs of government, and thinking women will not become inert or parasitic. Women have a place in public life—they are part of the human family and not mere fillers-in any more than men; but they won't be able to make the world a paradise by any means, though they have a tendency toward social reform, and as they do not approve of the double standard of morals they will try to better conditions along that line. As women are so will the race become, and if they fail in their duty, the men of tomorrow will have lower ideals."

"This farmer movement—where is it to lead?" I asked, for there have been a great many people on the anxious seats during the past few months since the agrarians have become a vocal class. The movement is growing, and although at present the Progressive party in the House seems to be headed in the direction of free trade all round, there are some in its ranks who would see that theory applied to every industry but the ones in which they themselves happen to be engaged. The leader, Tom A. Crerar, is a consistent free trader, but some of his followers would like to sneak a little protection in on the side, as it were.

"Where has any other movement led? This one started in the west and is coming east. We are in a transition period. Go back in history and you will find that every movement which upset existing conditions produced chaos for a while, and then settled down into different channels and its success came."

"But I mean—where is it to end? We have grown used to the two-party system. Won't this triangular business end in the Progressives who believe in a tariff no matter how low, going into the ranks of the Conservatives or Liberals; and the free traders in the Liberal cross into the Progressive ranks—and by and by we will have two parties again?"

"I don't care which side they go to, or how many parties there are: what does the name of a party matter? We are out to get our ideals realized."

"And they are?—"

"Well, personally, I stand on a straight U. F. O. (United Farmers of Ontario) platform. We believe that farming is the great basic industry of the Dominion. It supplies 50 per cent of our export trade. Fishing, farming, lumbering and mining—these are the great industries. They must prosper if the country is to prosper."

"Granted."

"We would change from indirect to direct taxation, and make an immediate and substantial all-round reduction in the customs tariff by increasing British preference to one-half of the general tariff. Then, too, we would impose a direct tax on land values; have a graduated income tax on the profits of corporations; and give full publicity to all campaign fund contributions, how raised and how spent. But these are only some of our planks."

"What about reciprocity?"

"In 1911 we had a golden opportunity to embrace reciprocity with the United States. The moneyed interests killed it with propaganda. I don't know whether we'll have such an opportunity again; but it would be the best possible thing for both countries."

"And the St. Lawrence Ship Canal?"

"Well, you know our party is out for reductions all round in expenditures. It might be a very good thing—I don't know. I haven't studied the question enough to say: but I do know that we are staggering along at present under a terrible burden of debt because of our overbuilt transportation systems. Why add to an already intolerable taxation? It will have to stand in abeyance; it is not practicable at present. What farmer would be so unwise as to mortgage his place to put up another barn when he still had more barn room than he could possibly use? Foolishness."

"I will say this for the Conservatives," she said. "They are wrong of course in desiring high protection, but they are consistent. I can't say that much for the government: it is all split up."

"Our good old neighbor next door is the most highly protected country in the world and is building a spiked railing along the top of the tariff wall right this minute," I commented. "And the farmers have asked for protection as well as the rest of the folks there."

"And it will be the destruction of them," she answered gravely. "For protection produces a false inflation of values. The farmers will suffer more than any in the end. They produce more than enough for home consumption and when they go out of the United States they must compete in the markets of the world. It is all wrong."

"It is difficult to speak before the Commons," she went on, "but it is different when I go to talk to the farmers. We understand each other, the farmers and I; I talk their language, and understand their needs. I always feel nervous about addressing them, but when I look into their poor, patient faces and their tired eyes where so many hopes seem to lie buried—I forget to be nervous and say the things they ought to hear."

It was the one touch of imagination which she had voiced during the interview—the farmers and the dead hopes she could see in their tired eyes.

A Twitch of Cy Young's Elbow—and Ty Stole

Tales of Baseball Finesse in the Days of the Stolen Base; Tobin's Traitorous Right Foot and Walsh's Unseen Balk

By H. G. SALSINGER

THERE is no doubt but that much of the finesse of ball playing, as it is done in the two major leagues, has been lost in the last two years, or temporarily abandoned.

Various causes are suggested for the loss of some of the fine points of play. Some blame it on a livelier ball, others on the lack of good pitching; some say it is because of the home run craze that seems to have swept the big circuits.

In the last two years all the rage has been long-distance hitting. In 1920 a swarthy giant named George Herman Ruth and known to the profession and its followers by the odd name of Babe or The Bambino, began to monopolize attention of the baseball public by his home run hitting. Ruth, in less than a year of terrific slugging, established himself as the super-swatter of all baseball history. His salary became the largest paid to any man that ever played the game and his name a household word.

With the stupendous success that Ruth achieved and its development in the season that followed, home run hitting became all the rage in baseball. Co-incident with Ruth's record-smashing performances last year, there appeared in the major leagues a baseball that was much livelier than any that had been used regularly before. Batsmen who formerly were happy enough to hit .250 suddenly began batting for averages above .300 and home runs became ordinary.

Home Runs Now Feature Game

WITH the home run craze sweeping both major loops, base stealing, one of the spectacular features of the attack, became comparatively a lost art. In place of base stealing the hit and run play was substituted.

A noticeable feature of the batting averages today is that the home run total of most clubs is larger than the total of stolen bases. This means that more home runs are being hit than there are bases stolen. Most of the bases that are stolen this year are not stolen intentionally but come as the result of failure of the hit and run play to go through. The batter signals the runner that he intends to hit the next pitched ball. As the pitcher releases the ball the runner is on his way. The batsman misses the ball and the runner reaches the base safely. He is credited with a stolen base but he had no intention of stealing. It was the failure of the batsman to hit the ball that made the stolen base possible.

Ball teams concluded early last season that there was more advantage in hitting and running than in stealing. A glance at the batting averages is convincing. Five times as many .300 hitters as formerly top off the batting lists published weekly in the newspapers. Where there were usually from 10 to 14 in this list it grew to a number that exceeded the total of players carried by any two major league teams. More than one-fourth the players in each major league batted .300 or better.

The hit and run play, once much of a risk and demanding clever batsmen and base-runners to make it succeed, no longer carried the extreme chance. Since so many batsmen were able to hit through and since pitching had unquestionably vastly deteriorated, the attack changed by rapid choice. Teams refused to steal and preferred to hit and run.

Figured on a mathematical basis the hit and run was the preferable play. For instance, with runners on first and third, two out and a weak batter up: This was the situation for the double steal under the system of a few years ago. With the hit column swelling so rapidly it became apparent soon that the double steal was more or less baseball nonsense so the hit and run play was substituted. It was far easier for the batsman to hit safely than for the runner to steal.

Signals of the Infield

SINCE so many hits are made and since any man in the line-up is liable to hit the ball safely, runners no longer tried to steal. It was far safer policy to wait for the hit. Day after day the wisdom of this policy received fresh evidence. Consider one game last July: Philadelphia was opposing St. Louis in the National League. Jimmy Ring was pitching for Philadelphia. Jimmy Ring was the poorest batsman in the league. He had an average of less than .050. This game was a pitching duel with the score tied at two. Late in the game Ring, who had made but one hit previously during the season, drove the ball out of the playing area for a home run, incidentally for the winning run of the game. Many similar incidents have occurred within the last two years.

But baseball retains its signals. The substitution of the hit and run has not destroyed inside play. The steal was a matter of individual undertaking but the hit and run concerns at least two, batsman and baserunner. On the steal the runner "plays" the pitcher, while on the hit and run the batter, second baseman and shortstop, as well as the pitcher, must be considered.

Success of the play depends on discovering whether the shortstop or second baseman will cover second base and ability to hit through the opening the infielder leaves when he starts for the bag. That knowledge must be had by the batsman. The runner must discover when the pitcher is liable to throw the ball to the base he is occupying and when the pitcher will throw to the plate.

Second baseman and shortstop do not both cover second; only one goes to the bag, the other remains in position. But, which one covers? With a runner on first, the shortstop or second baseman will invariably take two or three steps in the direction of second. The fielder that moves is the fielder that will cover. Clever second-base combinations, like Tinker and Evers of the Cubs' machine of bygone days, or Collins and Baker of Connie Mack's world champions, circumvented this by both stepping closer to the bag, thus making it impossible to tell who intended covering. This necessitated a risk by the offense. The runner would make a false start for second and, as he did, either second baseman or shortstop would move toward the bag. At times it would be merely a jerk of the shoulder, or the knee, but it was enough to inform the batsman where to place the ball.

With a "dead" left or right field hitter up the thing becomes less complicated. There is quite a number of ball players, and good batsmen, too, who hit almost exclusively to one field, either to left or right, and rarely in any other direction. Against a "left field hitter" the shortstop naturally does not cover second but, instead, moves closer to third. The second baseman moves nearer to second and gets into better position to take a throw from the catcher. Also, in better position for a double play or to field the ball himself. Against a "right field hitter" the shortstop moves nearer to second and the second baseman shifts toward first. However, left or right field hitters are rarely successful in hitting and running.

The infielders are watched carefully by clever batsmen even when bases are empty. The infielders frequently tell the batsman what kind of ball the pitcher intends to deliver. Second basemen and shortstops move in certain directions on curve balls, slow balls, fast balls. Many times the men around second base tell the batsman whether the ball is to be outside or inside, by their movements. When the catcher gives the signal the shortstop, if he is capable, will be nearer second base to discover what the catcher is signalling for. He will shift accordingly. His position in the field, and the position of all infielders for that matter, should depend upon the batsman and the kind of ball about to be delivered.

For instance, Dave Bancroft, of the New York Nationals, goes a few steps nearer second base when Art Nehf is pitching a curve ball to a left-handed batsman and goes in the opposite direction, a few steps nearer third base, when Nehf is pitching a fast ball to a left-handed batter. A number of batsmen this year outguessed Nehf by watching Bancroft's movements.

On Discovering Ruth's "Weakness"

KNOWLEDGE of systems of play also can guide a batsman. John J. McGraw, undoubtedly the greatest manager in the game today, plays a system. The New York Nationals, under McGraw, use a systematic defense as well as a systematic attack. This season McGraw's pitchers have been under instructions to use curve balls on batsmen whenever the team opposing New York has men in scoring positions and so, with a runner on second, or on third, or with both bases occupied, the man at bat can expect the New York pitcher to curve the ball. The reason for this system is simple enough as a curve ball is much more difficult to hit than a fast or slow ball.

While the batsmen study the pitchers and infielders, they in turn study the batsmen. There are some batsmen who always take the first one, in other words, never offer at the first ball the pitcher serves them. Many others prefer not to offer at the first one and rarely do. Others there are who like to hit at the first ball. The likes and dislikes of the batsmen soon become known to the pitchers and fielders. Those that do not care about offering at the first ball are quite certain to hear the first strike called many times while the comparatively few that go after the first pitched ball will rarely find a good ball coming to the plate on the first serve.

Pitchers, by studying the batsmen, can quite often tell when the batter is set to hit. He knows by the batsman's attitude, by the position at the plate and by the manner in which he holds the bat, that he has his mind fully made up to hit at the next pitched ball and the pitcher immediately tries to throw a ball that the batsman cannot hit.

With an average hitter a pitcher, wise in the ways of batsmen, soon discovers what kind of ball the batsman does not like. Few, indeed, have been the players in the history of organized baseball that did not have some weakness at bat. There is the old story of the two pitchers exchanging secrets and one telling the other that he had discovered the batting weakness of Napoleon Lajoie and the other eagerly asking for the information and the first pitcher replying, "A base on balls." A good story, as baseball stories go, but even Lajoie, whom many still regard as the greatest natural hitter the game ever produced, could tell you of one certain delivery that he preferred not to see when at bat.

Since Babe Ruth started on his meteoric home run hitting career, many claimed that they discovered his weakness at bat. The majority of guesses were a slow curve ball, inside and above the knee, which means that the ball curved just above Ruth's knees and over the inside corner of the plate. This conclusion later found some evidence when Pruett, a recruit from a Missouri university, pitching for the St. Louis Americans, held Ruth hitless the first 10 times he batted against him and struck out Ruth seven times in those 10 opportunities. Pruett used a slow curve, a fade-away, delivered just above Ruth's knees and winding over the inside corner of the plate. *But, there never was a man who went to bat, who liked to hit a slow curve ball at that spot.*

Certain batsmen have some peculiar movement which gives away their intentions. There is Johnny Tobin, right fielder for the St. Louis Americans and leading off the batting order. Tobin is probably the most expert batsman the American League has produced when it comes to bunting or "dragging" the ball. The public does not recognize the "drag," classing it with the bunt, but there is a difference between the two. When a batsman bunts he has both feet firmly on the ground. The bunt is generally used to sacrifice a base runner. The "drag" is intended to produce an infield single. When a batsman drags the ball he meets it while in motion, meeting the ball as he breaks from the plate. He holds the bat stiff and directs the ball on a line, or as near as he can to a line, between the pitcher's box and first base, shoving the ball past the pitcher and forcing the second baseman to come in so far that it will be impossible for him to make a play at first base.

Tobin's Telltale Foot

NOW, Tobin's ability either to bunt or drag is uncanny. By using these two methods at bat he should be able to hit .300 without ever driving a ball to a safe or unoccupied spot in the outfield. He is one of the fastest men in the majors getting down to first and few men ever broke away from the plate as fast as Tobin. But, he is thrown out many times each year because of a movement that gives away his intentions. Every time Tobin is set to bunt or plans to drag the ball, he raises his right foot. Pitcher, second, first and third basemen, watch Tobin's right foot and every time it comes up they come in toward the plate with the pitch. Had Tobin cured himself of this defect he would give anyone a hard fight for the batting championship of the American League. As it is, with the defect, he still manages to be among the leaders at bat. In 1921, Tobin set a new American League record by hitting 179 singles. Had he kept his right foot on the ground he would have made more than 200 singles. He batted .352 and the difference between that figure and a possible .400 average was a right foot in the air.

Some pitchers master batsmen by pitching to their strength, or, "shoving the ball into their grooves." Pitching into a batter's groove is pitching the kind of ball that he likes best and placing it where it is easiest for him to hit it. Some batters prefer to hit a high ball, others like them low and on the outside, others waist-high and outside and quite a few prefer to have the ball pitched inside. These imaginary lanes are the so-called grooves.

Harry Heilmann, champion batsman of the American League and one of the hardest hitters that ever stepped to a plate in either major league, made few hits in Washington although the pitchers constantly pitched into his groove. Washington has the largest playing field in the league. It is a long way from the home plate to the left and center field fences. With Heilmann at bat the outfielders would move 40 feet or so farther back, the pitcher would give Heilmann the kind of ball he likes best in the spot where he finds them easiest and Heilmann would "hit it a mile," high and far, and when the ball descended an outfielder would be waiting under it.

Base Distances Never Changed

BEFORE base stealing became a neglected art, the leading base stealers established their records because of their ability to analyze the style and system of the pitcher rather than because of their superior speed. The chap who decided that 90 feet was the proper distance between bases reached a decision that no baseball court has ever seen fit to change. Baseball has made many remarkable changes but with the advancement in play, with the change in style of attack and defense, with the scientific discoveries in batting, pitching and fielding, there has been nothing added to the game that created either desire or necessity to change the distance between bases and the home plate. This span of 90 feet has probably had more to do with the success of baseball than any other feature. The pitching distance has been changed and catchers, as well as pitchers and fielders, play their positions differently than pitchers and catchers and fielders used to. Batting has changed, the rules have been changed but 90 feet has continued to be the distance between bases and the home plate and undoubtedly always will be.

Ninety feet is the solution to the problem of play and to arrive at this decision, pitching, batting and throwing ability had to be considered. Much science was involved and the fact that it has remained 90 feet through more than 50 years of unchecked activity elevates the inventor to the list of leading scientists.

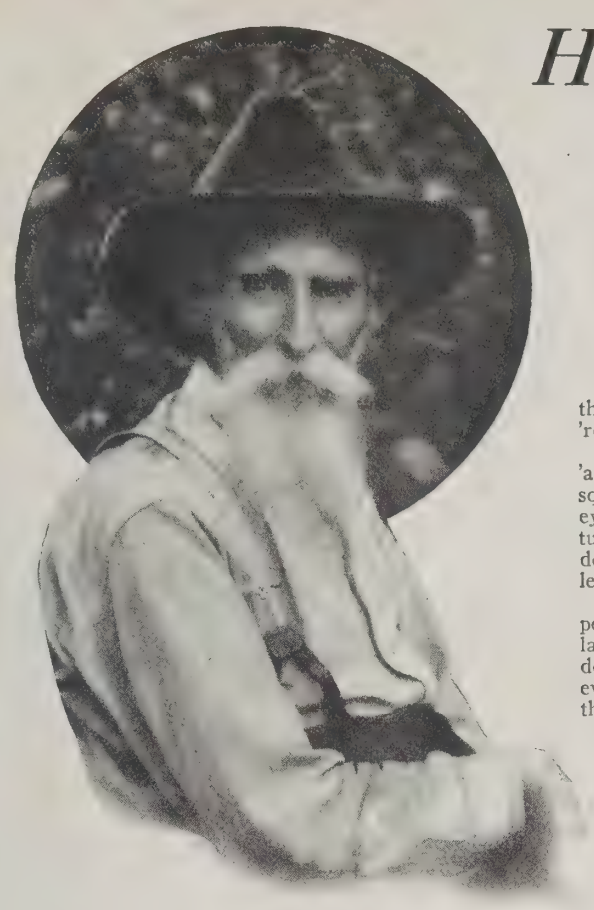
It is impossible for any runner, touching first base, to run from first to second, starting with the departure of the ball from the pitcher's hand and reach that bag before the catcher, receiving the ball, can get it into

(Concluded on page 12)

Human Facts vs. Human Fiction in Mountain-Land

Stories of Unknown America Ofttimes Distorted

By HARRY E. BARNET



He lives in Unknown and Unspoiled America.

YOU change your mind about southern mountaineers when you explore Unknown America—the country that centers hundreds of square miles of barbaric beauty near the headwaters of New River, in North-Central Tennessee. Much fancy has been set afloat about this part of the United States, and its people. Consequently, the wrong notion passes on the outside as the truth about them.

Mountaineers know this, especially Jim Allread. He is a lawyer, whose strongest hold on success is mixing homely stories with a stinger in them among his arguments to juries—it's his best method for reaching men to whom reading is a mystery. And, Jim carries his jury manner into his everyday life, so that sometimes his talk is a string of tales, holding a world of the mountaineer philosophy of life.

"My pappy, he war a fox hunter, he war, an' a likely nuf man, too, he war," Jim drawled one morning. "But fox hunters I've knowed down hyar, they don't seem t' 'cumulate nothin' much, 'ceptin' hit is dawgs an' bratzes—young'uns, y' know.

"Pappy, he had a pow'r uv dawgs. 'Mongst 'em, ole Big Red. An' I had a leetle ole fice dawg, I called Trip. One evenin', which hit war a-lackin' 'bout two hours uv sundown, me an' Trip, we tuk out over that 'ar ole ridge thar, a-squirr'l huntin'. In a leetle while, ole Big Red, he come a-runnin'. Now, that 'ar ole dawg, he war never knowed t' run nothin', 'ceptin' hit war t' skeer hit back int' hits hole, an' me an' Trip, we tried t' make him go home. But ole Big Red, he tuk in a circle, an' he went 'round, an' int' th' woods.

"So, me an' Trip, we war discouraged, a-thinkin' ole Big Red, he'd run all th' squirr'ls int' the'r holes, so we tuk out after a rabbit. 'Bout that 'ar time, ole Big Red, he opened up. He war 'way up on top uv that 'ar ole ridge 'cross th' holler thar, an' he war a-bellerin', 'twoo-oo-oo coons; two coo-oo-oons, soft an' slowlike, y' know. When Trip, he heerd hit, he wanted t' go, an' I didn't want him to, fer I thought that 'ar ole Big Red, dawg, he war a-lyin'.

"But Trip, he got away, an' up that 'ar ole ridge he went, a-never a-sayin' a word.

"Trip, he gits thar, an' he opens up, a-yelpin', hits a fac', hit's a fac', sharp an' fastlike, y' know. Well, I hain't never knowed that 'ar leetle ole fice dawg t' lie, so I started up. All th' time, Trip he war a-yelpin' 'bout hit a-bein' a fac', an' I most knowed hit war so. An' when I got clost nuf t' see 'em, thar war ole Big Red, a-standin' at th' foot uv a big ole hick'ry nut tree, a-bellerin', an' Trip, a-sittin' on his hams, a-yelpin'. When they seed me a-comin', them 'ar ole dawgs, they c'menced a-prancin' 'round that 'ar ole tree like they war bewitched."

"I got thar," Jim said disgustedly, "an' that 'ar ole Big Red dawg, he'd treed two leetle cat squirr'ls. But I shot 'em, right through the'r eyes. An' when Trip, he seed 'em fall, he tucked his tail atwixt his laigs, an' he made off down that 'ar ridge fer home. He never follered ole Big Red no more.

"But hain't that th' way, now, 'ith a lot uv people? Because somebody says somethin' outlandish 'bout th' people down hyar, they'll set down, an' say hit's a fac' fer all uv 'em, 'thout ever a-knowin' no more 'bout hit, er a-usin' th'r own jedgment 'bout hit. An' they don't seem t' learn nothin' more 'bout hit, like Trip he learnt hit, fer they keep hit up all the'r lives."

The complaint is general, and it is very old. The average mountaineer puts the gist of Jim's story in a sentence: "We bin missionaried t' death." The meaning is that the bulk of hill country literature is lurid, and that for years Unknown America has been overrun by a type of religious exploiter, and "reformed" this and that. They make an easy living—mountaineers are intensely religious. An immense amount of unhealthy excitement has been stirred up by these exploiters, who use it to get away with a lot of rascality. Two of them, as an example, were holding meetings in an isolated region. One exploiter disappeared, and was gone for a week. He returned about sundown.

"Brother Highflyer is exhausted," was the announcement by his smiling co-worker that night. "He has been to a far-distant city for a week, wrestling with the devil, who tried to stop him from carrying the word of the Lord to you in these mountains. But the Lord was with our brother, and he won after a terrible battle. Tomorrow, by the Lord's mercy, he will be refreshed, and will preach a red-hot sermon against tobacco and whisky.

"Just to show you how hard he fought," were the last words, "Brother Highflyer will step on the platform, but he will not talk."

The brother had a hard time crawling onto the platform, and lurched his way to the center of it. He stood there with a maudlin smile on his face. His hair was in a fumble; his eyes were bloodshot; cigaret stains yellowed the first and second fingers of his right hand, his clothing had the look of something badly worried by playful dogs. The brother did not talk, because he was too drunk. But he made a favorable impression on a good many of his audience. Religion is reality with the rind on in Unknown America. From afar the brother was pitied and heroed, "fer hit's plain nuf, hit is, that he war a-wras'lin', shore nuf, fer pore souls 'ith that 'ar ole devil."

The fact was that collections at this series of meetings were better than expected. Brother Highflyer took them to Knoxville, and went on a debauch. And, these are not rare and extreme incidents. "Missionaries" of the type are scampish. In the mountains they heartlessly take the last penny of scanty and hard-earned money their smooth tongues can decoy into the collection pans. When they come out of the mountains after a "campaign," they tell audiences wild tales about the hundreds of thousands of people there, who are on a level with savages. Once again they're believed and heroed. This time by people who do not stop to think twice about the matter, but admire the courage of men who take chances among such people. Moreover, they meet occasionally to compare notes about the easiness of plucking this mountain community and that, and lay out campaigns and routes that will not conflict.

In no way is this element to be confused with constructive missionaries. They establish churches and schools and settlements, where the crafts are taught—they are religious and practical missionaries, badly needed, asked for, and welcomed in that country. When they state conditions they do it honestly, and sympathetically—a few of them are overcome by their zeal, but they are not self-seekers.

Of course, if it's your first visit in the mountains, you're likely to think for a while that the wrong notion is the correct one. For the most part, the mountaineers are descendants of Dutch and Spanish and English, Irish and Scotch settlers, who brought into Unknown America the customs and folklores of their home countries. The latter and the bloods are mixed. They flower a type of people, with a philosophy of life, and ways of living strange to outsiders. Add to this decades of isolation, and you have a high percentage of peculiar human outcrops.

To illustrate: on a high and narrow ridge, overlooking the Big South Fork of the Cumberland River, is an ark. In it an illiterate old man and woman await the coming of a second universal flood. For years they lived in a cave, near the river. From the destructive type of missionary—whose vocabularies takes in the majority of the terrifying words in the language—the old couple heard a distorted story about Noah, and they mixed it with a mountain Indian legend, of the creation, which states that the earth is held above an expanse of water by slender cords.

"An' hit hain't a-goin' t' be long afore this hyar ole worl', hit's a-goin' t' slide under that 'ar water, hit is, an' ther' hain't a-goin' t' be no more worl', ther' hain't," they announced one day. "Fer hain't them 'ar ole cords, they're a-slippin', they are, fer hain't that 'ar river, hit a-risin'? We hain't a-goin' t' be ketched in no ole cave, we hain't."

They built the ark. It is a log cabin. The cracks are chinked with mud. Each end rests on a squared log, "so hit'll float easy, when them waters, they come." Planks, cut with an adz from logs, are the floor. Between the planks are wide cracks. The roof is of clapboards. In one end is a monstrous fireplace. A lean-to is the summer kitchen. It rests lightly against the side of the cabin, where it will not interfere with the departure of the ark when the waters creep up.

Heroism and individuality are mountaineer characteristics. Their spirit leads to queer doings. A bulldog in a Tennessee settlement was a terror to the whole community. A young mountaineer was passing a yard when the dog, with a tremendous bark, came bouncing out at him.

(*Concluded on page 13*)



"Pa" Brown at his well.



On a Saturday afternoon, in a hitching yard of a mountain settlement.

What "Ship Subsidy" Means

Proposed to Pour Out Hundreds of Millions More

By RUFUS HARDY
CONGRESSMAN FROM TEXAS

WITHIN the last five years the government has spent, all told, nearly four billions of dollars—taxpayers' dollars—on our merchant marine. Three billions went for the construction of ships primarily for war need and almost another billion has gone for losses and overhead and other expenses connected with the ships. It is the most gigantic *subsidy* ever given, exceeding all other subsidies by all other governments and our own for all history.

Yet we haven't secured a well-established merchant marine. We have ships, about 2,000 of them, and good ships, most of them tied up at anchor. About one-third of our tonnage is being operated at considerable loss to the government, the loss being *another subsidy* which according to the Shipping Board at present amounts to about $50,000,000 a year.

We are told that we can get a securely established merchant marine only by providing more subsidies and subsidies that will be guaranteed by contracts for a long period of years.

The plan is embodied in the Ship Subsidy Bill now pending in Congress. It is known as the Lasker Bill because its chief promoter is the Chicago advertising man who is chairman of the United States Shipping Board.

Under the Lasker plan, the Shipping Board would be authorized to sell, on terms almost equivalent to gift, the fleet of nearly 2,000 vessels now in the possession of the government. It can sell to American citizens only and to any it may choose. Of course, the vessels never will be worth their war-time cost of construction but in time they will be worth much more than they would bring now, especially if their sale is limited to selected Americans only. It is reasonable to conjecture that in time they will be salable for $600,000,000 instead of the $200,000,000 that is expected to be received for them under the Lasker plan. *There is no restriction on resale,* except that they will be transferable only to American citizens.

The greatly reduced prices that will be received for them *will not be cash down nor when received will it go into the Treasury.* The Shipping Board is authorized to sell the vessels on terms of annual payments of installments spread over *a period of from 10 to 15 years, or the approximate life periods of the ships. Deferred payments*—and all payments may be deferred—may bear only four per cent interest and *need be no more*—and not necessarily that much—*than the depreciation of the vessels.* Thus the ships may be disposed of on the basis of rental at four per cent on a valuation far below their actual worth. At any time they may be sold at a profit by original purchasers, who may not have to venture a dollar of their own money.

What is collected, along with some other revenues, will go into a revolving fund of $125,000,000, which may be increased, to be loaned at two per cent interest, for ship construction. This will involve a loss, *in the form of interest alone,* of at least $3,250,000, in case the fund is kept loaned.

Those who purchase vessels from the government *may escape income taxes* by putting profits from operation into new construction. If operation is successful this means an indirect aid amounting to possibly $25,000,000 a year. They also are *relieved of all income taxes* on profits from resales of ships built prior to 1914, which includes all the ships we took over from Germany. They also are *allowed special deductions* from income for exceptional decreases in value since the date of purchase. This permits owners who bought at war prices to deduct the difference between that and post-war prices from their net income, although through the exorbitant freight rates of several years ago the ships may have paid for themselves and more.

Some Figures That Amaze

THE ships are to be sold on terms that amount to giving them away and, under the Lasker plan, are to be operated on terms that amount to paying favored operators to take the ships off the government's hands.

The plan of proposed operation involves paying out the largest direct and indirect subsidies ever given a merchant marine by any country.

The most important indirect subsidy is tantamount to a discrimination in the matter of tariff duties, except that it is worse than the discrimination that once prevailed and, but for treaty obstacles, would now prevail. It permits importers and exporters to *deduct from their income taxes* five per cent of all money paid in freight to American ships. Estimating those freight payments at $750,000,000 a year, which by all available data is a conservative estimate for normal times, the drawback will amount to not less than $18,750,000 if as much as 50 per cent of our exports and imports are carried in our own bottoms. Railroads are permitted also to *grant preferential rates* to freight handled by our ships as against foreign ships. Both provisos inevitably will bring about retaliatory measures by other governments and merely lead to unnecessary burdens being put upon our foreign commerce.

The direct subsidy consists chiefly of 10 per cent of all tariff duties collected on imports, which will amount to at least $35,000,000 a year in normal times. Other revenues will be added. The subsidy allowed a vessel will be governed, basically, by tonnage, distance and speed. The highest payments will go to the largest and fastest boats. Under the rate set forth in the bill, the *Leviathan,* for example, may receive a subsidy of more than $1,000,000 a year. On the basis of one-half of our foreign commerce being handled in vessels of American registry *the direct subsidy will total, in normal times, not less than $50,000,000 a year. But the Shipping Board would have power to double the subsidy* in any or all cases, or to reduce or withhold it in any case.

It provides for turning over the army and navy shipping, now handled chiefly by government transports, to the private shipping companies, and requires all government officials when traveling via the ocean to use American ships.

All told, the direct and indirect subsidies, outside of all benefits derived from the terms of sale, will amount to not less than $110,000,000 a year. The sales terms will involve a loss to the public of at least $400,000,000. Thus the 10-year program contemplated by the bill will cost the taxpayers not less than $1,500,000,000 by way of direct or indirect assessments.

While contracts between the government and the ship owners are to be for periods of 10 years, many of those contracts will not be entered into until several years after the act, if passed, becomes effective. This means that the government will be bound to a subsidy program that will run over a period of from 12 to 15 years.

The cost, however, is not the most objectionable feature of the Lasker plan for ship subsidy. A worse feature is the tremendous power it places in the Shipping Board. The bill makes it possible to favor anyone or any group. No one will be able to operate ships under American registry without permission of the Shipping Board. *It may force shipping into one port to that port's great profit, or, by withholding shipping, crush another port.*

The government reserves no authority to pass on or limit rates. The preference allowed in the matter of land rates gives the transcontinental railroad lines power to develop their own ship lines at the cost of other lines and to exercise a most dangerous control over the movements of large exports, such as cotton and grain products, which are dependent on those lines for transportation to ports.

Subsidy a False Move

THE bill will encourage a tendency long under way to put all ocean transportation under the sway of a gigantic combine. Already, before the war, ocean freight rates were fixed in great measure through understandings between the big shipping companies of all countries. It was stated at the hearings on the Lasker Bill that there have been several movements in the direction of a big banking combine to take over the Shipping Board ships, as a whole. Of course, they would distribute them, and control their operations. The Lasker Bill tends to encourage the formation of big syndicates with that end in view. In that direction it even goes so far as to provide subsidies for those ship lines operated solely or chiefly for handling the business of their owners, such as those of the Standard Oil Company, the United States and Bethlehem Steel companies and the United Fruit Company.

It will not lead to the development of a safe and secure merchant marine.

If the history of the subject proves anything, it is that the subsidy route, even at its best, is a false route toward such an achievement. This is proved nowhere better than in the historical summary prepared for the Shipping Board by Professor Broshaw of Yale and made public by Chairman Lasker himself.

The only countries that have earnestly tried to breathe life into the corpses of their merchant marines by any general subsidies are France and Italy and they have utterly and completely failed.

Our own experience with ship subsidies of various kinds have been very much the same. We made our greatest advance and reached our highest point of supremacy in ocean shipping during the period—roughly from 1815 to 1845—when the oceans were the freest they have ever been and when virtually no favors were given our own shipping. The same is true of the British merchant marine which for long has dominated world shipping. While, since 1845, the British have granted subventions, chiefly in the form of high pay for carrying the mails and construction loans at low interest for ships desirable for other than purely commercial use, "all writers seem to agree that the growth of the British merchant marine is in no sense due to the small subsidy paid." The words quoted are from Professor Broshaw's study as published by the Shipping Board.

The trouble with American shipping lies elsewhere than in costs.

The chief difficulty is due to the fact that, while affecting to pamper, we have unduly restricted our ship owners. We haven't allowed them to buy ships abroad for American registry. The result was that at the beginning of the World War *Americans probably owned more shipping in the over-sea trade that was under foreign than under American registry.* We killed our shipbuilding by putting what amounted to a prohibitory tariff on iron and steel products needed in construction. This burden was removed in 1914 but it is to be restored by the new tariff bill. We make an invincible American monopoly of our coastal shipping and propose under the Lasker plan to extend it to include the Philippines—against the unanimous opposition of the Filipino people.

All that Americans need to put and hold the United States in its rightful place is a free and unhampered field of operation.

A Twitch of Cy Young's Elbow —and Ty Stole

Concluded from page 10

the hands of the fielder covering second base. Not unless the ball is fumbled by the catcher or the fielder at second. Even then, a fast man leaving first base, would have difficulty reaching second, unless the ball rolled out of reach of either defensive player after being fumbled. In order to go from one base to another the base runner must have a lead, must break fast, run fast and slide well. And he must do more than that; he must watch the pitcher and discover when he is liable to throw to the plate and when he is liable to throw to the bag. If the runner takes too long a lead the pitcher's throw will enable the fielder to tag him out and if his lead is not long enough he will be tagged out at the next base for he loses a few steps needed to beat the throw.

This does not hold so firm when the hit and run play is about to be executed, for, with the hit and run signal given, the runner's immediate object is to break fast. He also needs a good lead. No play will be made for him at second unless the batter missed the ball or the pitcher happens purposely to pitch wide of the plate, what players refer to as "pitch out." Pitchers often pitch wide of the plate purposely to give the catcher an opportunity to throw out the base-runner, preventing the batsman from hitting the ball.

The runner must watch the pitcher. Every pitcher is taught a move to first, or develops one. Some pitchers are more expert at this than others. Some have achieved fame because of their ability to catch runners off base. Many pitchers have a certain movement of the head, knee, elbow or shoulder by which a base-runner can tell when the pitcher intends throwing the ball to first.

Tyrus Raymond Cobb is the greatest base-runner of the modern game. Cobb holds the base-stealing record. When Cobb was establishing his record Denton (Cy) Young was still a great pitcher. Base runners found a terror in Young. He was a finished pitcher and he had a good move to first. He threw out many runners, off first and second. If he did not throw them out he came so close to doing it that the runners did not dare take a lead long enough to make it possible to steal. Cobb suddenly began stealing bases on Young but other players did not. They attributed Cobb's success to his superior speed but it was not a matter of speed but one of elbows, for Cobb had discovered something about Young's elbows. Young had a characteristic pose in the box. He stood with one foot well extended and his body back. While Young was planning to throw to a base the elbows would be held off a few inches but when Young was decided to pitch the ball to the batsman he would pull the elbows in and start winding up. Young never threw the ball to a base to catch a runner after his elbows touched his chest. Cobb alone had discovered this. Young probably was never aware of it himself but Cobb stole bases on Young by watching the position of the elbows and continued stealing them until Young quit the major leagues. Any time the elbows touched the chest Cobb started his sprint.

How "Big Ed." Nipped Runners

WHEN big Ed. Walsh was the king of spit ball pitchers, he was famous for his ability to nip base-runners. Walsh had a fast throw, following a quick turn. He always caused a great deal of argument by his throwing to bases as opposing teams claimed he made a balk nearly every time he threw to catch a runner. But Walsh got away with it.

With a runner on first the umpire naturally moves behind the pitcher to be in position to watch the play at second or third. Walsh took advantage of the position of the umpire. With the judge of play behind him Walsh, after probably a few efforts to get the runners off first, would jerk his shoulder toward the plate. The umpire, standing a safe distance behind Walsh, would not see this move because of the relative positions of Walsh and himself but the move was distinct to the runner on first, who was watching Walsh from an angle. It was a conscious move and Walsh had developed it for the benefit of the runner. The runner apparently concluded that Walsh was starting his delivery, exactly what Walsh wanted him to think. Seeing this move the runner broke for second, the thing that Walsh wanted him to do. Immediately Walsh whirled and threw to the first baseman. The runner was either tagged out trying to slide back into first, or he was caught between bases.

When Cicotte was the leading pitcher of the American League, he caused runners to break by leaning toward the plate. Cicotte, like Walsh, took advantage of the position of the umpire. The leaning was not apparent to the umpire but plain to the runner. It was evidently the start of Cicotte's windup and the runner was off. So was Cicotte, but not toward the plate; his attention was turned to the base runner.

Some pitchers are in the habit of lobbing the ball to first base or throwing it with moderate speed. They do this two or three times. The runner, beating the throw easily each time, becomes more daring and increases his lead. Then comes a fast, snap throw from the pitcher and he is caught. Certain pitchers will throw only a certain number of times to a base, two or three times and never more, before delivering the ball to the plate. Each has a certain peculiarity.

Clever catchers are the most important cog of a team's defense. Good catchers often outguess the batsman and base runner on hit and run plays.

Baseball is a game of batting, fielding and base-running, a game of pitching, and in all of these things the movements of the head, arms, shoulders, fingers, legs and feet play a most important part.

French Girl's Frank Opinion of America

Concluded from page 3

In America they perform many functions besides. I once asked a future junior about the subjects he was going to take. He answered very seriously, "I am going to play football." Another had already registered to be a waiter. It is very fine indeed to like athletics and to worship labor, but there are certainly so many places more appropriate than colleges to play football or wait on table. Why cheat study hours?

To an American student, French colleges must look like "cramming houses," although French students take a great deal of enjoyment from this "cramming system." To a French student, American colleges look like personified calendars of social functions, a place to form friendships and get some kind of a "shine" before commencing real life. Should the college years be the apprenticeship for the years to follow, it is perhaps wiser to enjoy them, leading community life, than to spend them with books as companions in a somewhat secluded manner. When Time has blotted overloaded brains, the teaspoonful of general knowledge which is left seems not to be worth the work required at the starting.

If the American has liberty in the choice of his studies he does not have it in the choice of his reading. Everything which is believed could "hurt him" is carefully "pruned" from the library. Hence he is obliged to furnish his mind not with his own selections but with somebody's who may have opposite likings. I am aware that all books are not good to read, but many among those universally recognized as good are taboo for the American student.

This is true outside colleges. Americans don't read enough and the atom they are permitted to read lacks variety in opinions. A book need not emit too much of a radical vapor to be ostracized as "Bolshevik." The result is docility of mind, fear of struggling with ideas which scarcely leads the American people outside the Republico-Democratic duality, while in Europe ideas and ideals spring forth every day with new parties or the splitting of ancient ones. The accepted lectures, somewhat strained, don't raise too much controversy; part of the audience is there by snobbery, and does not desire a too strenuous discussion afterward. The chosen speaker—by the mere fact that he has been chosen—is supposed to be good, so his ideas are readily accepted.

Once I tried to bring up at dinner the subject of a lecture we had attended in the morning, and after some "positively wonderful," "wasn't he a peach!" "his voice did not carry far enough," someone said: "For heaven's sake, time is up for the lecture. What are you raving about? Let's eat!" Which we did without further comment.

When I stepped from the Pullman from New York, the first person I saw was a girl. There was nothing particular about her but the fact that it was 8 o'clock in the morning and that the girl was wearing a silk dress, was "dolled up." The wandering night of farewell through Paris with Lolli as companion adviser came to my memory. Well, Lolli, my friend, I had in mind the description you gave me of an American girl, so I thought the girl I just met was an exception and I continued to look for the real one: long skirt, flat heels and high collar. That morning I did not meet her; you were wrong, Lolli, for although the skirts I saw were somewhat longer than mine they were of a more expensive make and certainly more fancy and low-necked than any dress you may see on a working girl in France—at 8 o'clock in the morning! Later I searched for her among students; it amused me very much to think what the expression on the face of French professors would be like if they should happen to see, entering their classrooms, silk, transparent organdie, bright-colored dresses. The doors would be closed and the girls asked to go home and don the black aprons which the dignity of study requires them to wear. You would not imagine yourself appearing at a dance, Lolli, in decolleté, and usurp the privilege of married women in wearing jewels. Here I saw 15-year-old girls from the same class of society as yours, wearing low-necked party dresses and also a little more powder and rouge than you would be allowed to use. As to stiffness, good gracious, Lolli, I never heard such frank, loud laughs, I never witnessed such juvenile games, I never saw so many broad smiles as among the American society people. And even to my taste, laughs are a little too loud, games are too childish, considering the age of the respectable people who really enjoy playing them, and smiles are too mechanical. Those smiles are deceiving. Wherever you go a smile greets you and makes you feel like having entered the smiling greeter's friendship. Wait and observe; the next in line will get just as nice a smile as you. Smiles don't select you in the crowd, they are for everybody, exchanged by anybody; they are a little sparkle of hypocrisy thrown at rivals or even enemies, who return them.

I have often been asked if I shared the opinion of foreigners about the American's love for the "Almighty



dollar." I don't. Americans have to run after dollars for dollars are running away from them. It is a fact that the average American woman needs and spends more money than a French woman of the corresponding class. I often imagined the home improvements a French mother could afford with the spending money of an American school girl. Americans do not know how to play the game of poverty and enjoy it, they do not know how to dispense with comfort. I tenderly remember the ivory letter opener, with my initials in gold, which for two years was the only piece of elegance my Latin Quarter room ever saw. There the radiator was an ice box and the easy chairs the floor, but no merrier laughter ever echoed in the living room of any clubhouse than that which sprang from between the light gray walls. An American boy could not be accepted socially if he too often offered "walks" to the girl he called upon; the American girl wants to be taken to the "show."

From this race for dollars comes what is labelled American lack of taste: the appreciation of things and persons in terms of money. Listen to the American tourists abroad:

"Notice this chateau, sonny. It cost one million dollars!"

"Isn't this painting a wonder? You could not get it for 800,000 bucks!"

And over here:

"My dear, your dress is a beauty? How much did you pay for it?"

It would be well for the American reputation if tourists, before leaving the gangplank of some Mauretania, were aware of the fact that, in Europe, money cannot be used to measure beauty, appreciate styles or praise an individual. Furthermore, the American tourists who "make" Europe in two months bring back home some of the queerest ideas about over-sea people. I sometimes got the surprise of my life hearing about the way of living of the French people reported by such tourists who were listened to with remarkable attention. How can these whirlwinds "know" anything about the real French life, especially after haunting places from which French are generally absent? As a contrast to the American family who lives in a transparent "glass house," the French family is closed to the eyes of foreigners. Nobody but accepted friends can penetrate the intimacy of the French home, jealously kept from public interference, as the house and garden are walled in from neighbors' curiosity.

It always puzzled me to notice how the American family dismembered itself when it comes to the matter of distractions. When calling on friends on evenings I very often found but "Grandma" watching the fireplace. "Pa" was out at a party; "Ma" had a club meeting; Willie had taken his girl friend to the movies and his sister was attending a dance. This, I believe, is a consequence of the general craze for a "good time" which does not affect France so much. Over there the whole family moves together, be it for a walk or the theater. Women don't believe in clubs or card parties for the good reasons that their husbands won't believe in canned goods; the canning factories make little profit in France.

During my two years of voluntary exile, there is something I found among American people which is all to the credit of the race: their hospitality. Helped by the relative easiness of life, they are generous, familiar, friendly to strangers; they open their houses to them and admit them into the family circle. It may be the subconscious influence of the Mayflower experience, it may be the normal influence of foreigners' tide which transplanted to the New World the open-house custom of ancient Greece. This hospitable tendency, together with the fundamental Christianity of the race, makes possible the perpetual campaigns for funds to be used in far-away lands. It makes possible the particular kind of "ambassadors" whom America sends to China, Armenia, Russia or wherever there is a need to be filled, a wound to be nursed. Those "ambassadors" have the faith of apostles, although their joviality, sense of humor and love of life are characteristically American. The world may overlook what it calls the "business mind" of America, for America has also the soul of a missionary; she need not fear.

Human Facts vs. Human Fiction in Mountain-Land

Concluded from page 11

The mountaineer's first impulse was to run. But if he did, he thought it would shadow his courage. Turning, he faced the beast, and caught it by the head as the dog snapped at him. Grasping each jaw, the mountaineer lifted the dog off the ground, seized its nose with his teeth, and bit and shook the beast until its nose was almost bitten off. When it began to yelp from pain and terror, the mountaineer dropped the dog. It stuck its tail between its legs, laid its ears back on its neck, and with the whites showing in its eyes, the dog ran back in the yard, and under the house. The mountaineer went on his way—he had whipped the dog in a fair fight, and his reputation for courage remained clear.

Queer characters go into the mountains to live there. Years ago, a city clergyman with an enviable reputation throughout the South withdrew to the mountains to be a practical missionary. His object was to teach fruit growing, and advocate the utilization of browsing goats to clear the land of underbrush. Raising goats, by the way, is successfully being tried out. They return immense profits.

This clergyman located in the heart of Unknown America. His family refused to follow him, and for several years he lived alone in a cave. He went about, preaching the word of the Lord, and with it the practical use of miles of idle land.

Mountaineers of the South are not dullards; they are not hopelessly set in uncouth ways. Clannishness, they inherited. A mountaineer is related to one clan or another by blood or marriage. He is their man, which explains feuds as closely as the romance of them can ever be explained to an outsider. Moreover, these people are not murderers, marauders and moonshiners. Peace, law and order are their distinguishing characteristics.

Mention of mountaineers suggests whisky to the outsider. Making it is an old industry, for whisky always has been an important part of life in Unknown America. But thousands of mountaineers do not know the taste of it; comparatively few mountaineers have used it to excess. In the old days you were offered a drink when you entered a home, and that ended the drinking.

Resourcefulness is the most remarkable characteristic you find in Unknown America. For generations these people depended upon themselves. This developed their brains to the point where with reasonable opportunities the rapidity with which they learn is amazing. Power of memory is most noticeable. Families purchase merchandise at settlement stores and keep an account running for a year. When settlement day comes their mental account and the book account of the storekeeper will not vary five cents.

Displays of constructive genius are familiar. An itinerant singing master wandered deep into the heart of Unknown America. One evening, in the midst of his instructions, he broke his tuning fork. The loss was serious, because the distance to the "outside," where it could be repaired, was great. The musician was bewailing the accident.

"I kin make ye a tuner," drawled the musician's host.

"Nonsense," was the reply. "You can't do that. Tuning forks have to be made just right."

"Hit's all right," persisted the mountaineer. "I kin make hit, an' whut's more, I kin make a pianner."

And he did make a serviceable tuning fork from a horseshoe, which he melted in a crude furnace, and hammered into shape.

Horseshoes are valuable. Many of the best shooting rifles in Unknown America were made from horseshoes, melted in furnaces, and patiently worked into rods, which were afterward bored and rifled with exactness. All of this was done with crude, homemade appliances. With any of these rifles a mountaineer can knock out an eye at 150 yards.

An illustration of what mountaineers do if they have the advantage of technical schools is the case of Charles Dyer. Without education or training he came from among the high peaks of the Smoky Mountains to work in a sawmill. Within eight months after he saw a Corliss engine, he constructed a miniature duplicate of the main engine of the mills from scrap tin and refuse material. The engine is perfect in every detail, runs with precision, and develops power in proportion to its size.

Resourcefulness is not confined to the men. For generations mountain women were looked upon as a combination necessity and luxury. Yet, they paid attention to adornment. They painted their cheeks with red ooze from oak balls, and do still in isolated places. Moreover, they do such an artistic job that you wonder whether blushes are natural or artificial.

Yes, they're wiser than some think, those southern mountaineers.

At Last—Crime's Solution Discovered: Prevention

"Train Up a Child in the Way He Should Go," Said Solomon, the Wise; "And When He Is Old He Will Not Depart From It," Say 1922 Police

Punishment Costs More Than Prevention

A REPORT to the Committee on Criminal Investigation, at the meeting of the world's police chiefs in San Francisco, read:

"It cost the city of San Francisco more than $8,000 to take care of Lottie G., a criminally minded girl, during a period of 10 years. One-fiftieth of this sum, applied in proper medical attention to Lottie when she was a child, would have prevented all this waste.

"We checked up on the life history of this woman, who is now dead. She was always ailing when she was a child; in fact, at the time we took her in charge, she had the mind of a child of eight years, though she was then 30 years of age.

"It is far cheaper to have plenty of playgrounds and clinics than it is to neglect these factors and incur heavy expense later in arresting, convicting and confining these unfortunates."

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE beginning of crime is in the beginning of life. If every boy and girl could be taught the proper path; if the health of every boy and girl could be protected until he or she is "grown up"; if every boy and girl could be given, through education, the habit of industry—then we should have no more crime in the world. The prevention of crime lies in education, and the police forces must become educators as well as punitive agents.

This was the idea developed at the convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police in San Francisco a few weeks ago. It came from men engaged in police work in every quarter of the globe. It presages the passing—and the police chiefs admit it—of the old type of policemen, and of the old kind of police officials, whose only object was to "get the guy," "get him quick," and "send him over the road." It means that police forces are becoming, slowly but nevertheless surely, educational forces; that they are seeking to prevent crime rather than to punish the criminal.

Men who have grown gray in the business of catching and convicting violators of the laws said in no uncertain terms that, as deterrents of crime the warrant, the prison cell, the gallows and the electric chair had failed; that the punishment of one criminal seldom checks the criminal tendencies of another; and that the education of all youth alone is the solution of the problem.

But by education was not meant exclusively that which can be taught from the books of the schools. The education of the youth was divided into three branches.

First: The establishment and maintenance of good health in all children, through free medical clinics; free public playgrounds; and such laws as may be necessary to allow the child to develop physically before he or she is placed at work.

Second: The study of the mind of the child, so that the education which is given to that child may be absorbed and understood, to prevent the man or woman coming to maturity with undeveloped mind. Records were adduced to show that the mind of the average convicted criminal is that of a child of 10 years or less.

Third: The retention of the child in schools until he or she has learned that there is a vast world of wonder and enjoyment outside the pleasures of play or sport or work, a world of books and reading, for, according to these police chiefs, idleness of mind and body is responsible for more crime than any other single factor. Lack of "something to do" causes, for example, the formation of neighborhood "gangs," whose first objective, the attainment of amusement, may be harmless in itself, but soon develops into massed crime.

Study of school children, based on previous investigation of arrested criminals, of whose "guilt" there is no doubt, was recommended as a preventive of crime, by August Vollmer, police chief of Berkeley, California, and retiring president of the International Association of Police Chiefs.

"In spite of the 500,000 criminals in the jails of this country," said Mr. Vollmer, "and in spite of the improved and increased work of the police departments, crime continues to increase. It is estimated that for every criminal in jail, there is another still operating.

"It is obvious then, that we have not arrived at the causes of crime, nor have we removed them. Criminal tendencies are a defect in character, due to environment, heredity, or early lack of mental or physical training, and the police have arrived at the point where they are asking the help of all citizens to correct them. We must make an intensive study of all men and women who are arrested, and then send psychiatrists, psychoanalysts and psychologists to study the children in the schools, to get at the root of conditions, and to aid in the eradication of evil tendencies at their source."

Investigations made by world police departments show that the average age of the criminal of today is less than it was 10, or even 5 years ago. This criminal age is constantly decreasing, and the police chiefs hold that this decrease in age, this entry of youths—both boys and girls—into ways of wrong, is due to lack of proper training by our educational system, and failure of the authorities to compel the giving of proper medical attention to children. The necessity of the age, in this direction, is prompt action to combat the tendency to criminality among boys and girls, rather than the development of better methods for detecting and punishing crime.



The International Association of Chiefs of Police in session in the St. Francis Hotel at San Francisco, with August Vollmer, chief of police of Berkeley, the president presiding.

A. C. Keane, probation officer, of San Francisco, who has been studying the inmates of San Quentin Prison, California, in the course of his address, said:

"Of a population of 2,532 in San Quentin on May 1, 1922, more than half, or 1,390, were 30 years old, or younger; 953 were 25 years old, or younger, and 357 were 21 years old, or younger. If the average criminal age is growing younger, and if crime is on the increase among our youth, we may well fear for our institutions, and even for our civilization. Undoubtedly the war with its influences was responsible for some of those who returned committing crimes.

"But more serious was the influence upon the boys who remained at home. During the war, they obtained unusual employment at abnormally high wages. Their labor was for war needs, and not of a kind tending to fit them for trades or industries on a peace basis. With high wages came indulgences and extravagant living, that could not be sustained in more moderate times. Peace arrived, and these boys, grown somewhat older, were thrown on the community without trades, without any sense of self-discipline, without habits of industry and frugality, and with appetites for indulgences which they cannot now satisfy with the returns from honest labor. This probably has been the most serious factor in creating unrest and in contributing to the recent criminal activity of young men. But we must educate the coming generation, the boys and girls of today, so that they will not be confronted with the same problems which met the young men and women at the end of the recent World War.

"If our boys and girls could be educated toward home-making, toward early marriage as one of the concomitants of a full life, a great deal of the opportunity for the sowing of criminal ideas, and, hence, the seeds of crime would be eliminated. The tendency of present-day young men and women is to marry later in life, frequently not until after 30; if for this idea could be substituted marriage—in a majority of cases—at an age of 21 to 25 for the man, and the responsibilities of home and family thereupon taken up, the community would be far better off."

The great trend of opinion in the convention, as expressed by police chiefs, detectives, policewomen, probation officers, psychoanalysts and juvenile court officials, is that crime, in a preponderance of cases, has its inception in physical sources—illness either of the body or of the brain. Generally speaking the criminal is a sick man or woman, either mentally or physically sick. Dr. Eva Charlotte Reid, psychiatrist of the University of California, holds the ductless glands responsible for much crime, a career of which could be checked before started, by proper medical attention in the schools. The thyroid gland was selected as an example, by Dr. Reid, who showed by a number of cases, that an undue amount of acidity in that gland had led many a man first to acts of violence and then to a life of crime.

"Each criminal case," said Dr. Joseph Cattan, of Leland Stanford, Junior, University, at Palo Alto, "should be studied exactly and exclusively on its own merits and specialists should apply themselves to physical, psychological and historical background of every man and woman convicted. Only thus can the criminal himself be healed and returned to the world a useful citizen; only thus can complete and strict justice be done, and only thus can we learn the causes of crime to such detail that we may be able to prevent them by education of the young.

"In every crime there are two features: the outward act, and the state of mind. One is the corollary of the other. No serious effort is being made today to cure men of their criminal tendencies while they are in prison, or to so train boys and girls that they never will accept criminal tendencies, either from their surroundings or from other persons. This must be done.

Less stress is being laid on the matter of catching the man who commits his first crime, and more and more importance put on so educating that man that he will not commit a first crime or, having committed the first, may be so "cured" that he never will commit the second. President Vollmer of the association laid the foundation for this sort of change in police systems, when said:

"Our duties have been drafted by lawmakers and theorists without seeking aid from expert po-



The Canadian delegation to the 1922 convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police in San Francisco.



From left to right—William J. Pinkerton; Mrs. Mina C. Van Winkle, policewoman of Washington, D. C., and Daniel J. O'Brien, Chief of Police of San Francisco.



August Vollmer, Chief of Police of Berkeley, California.



George W. Blum, official photographer of San Francisco Police Department, showing new fingerprint camera to High Sheriff Rose of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

licemen, primarily because the policeman himself never has been altogether clear on the subject. The time is now ripe to prepare plans which shall not only aid the legislators in passings laws in the future, but the people in keeping those laws, as well. Police schools are highly essential, and, if the policemen are to become teachers, as they should be, men and women from the highest walks of life should be enlisted for police work. Modern equipment, such as gas bombs, machine guns, motorcycles, automobiles, speedboats, radio and all other mechanical equipment are necessary to outwit the man or woman already a criminal, but we must prevent the young man and young woman, the boy and girl, from becoming criminal, and the greater our success along these lines, the fewer the arrests we shall have to make.

"Blindly following the old trail in worn-out shoes is foolish economy, makes the policeman ridiculous in the eyes of the criminal and provides excellent material for the motion pictures and the comic sheets. We must be prepared, first, to prevent crime, and then to meet the criminal with better tools and better brain, and better training, than he possesses, if we hope to accomplish our utmost and to command the respect of the community which we serve. Every department of the municipal government will profit if the police organization devotes some of its time to the solution of the important police problems, such, for example, as the corruption of the police, erring women, gambling, illicit use and sale of drugs, traffic and the prevention of traffic accidents, the elimination of dishonest judges, lawyers and bail-bond brokers, education of the youth, medical care of the youth in schools, and, last, but by no means least, the education of the people, especially parents, in what constitutes the proper training of boys and girls to keep them away from criminal associates, and, consequently, away from lives of crime.

"These problems are common to every municipality and town in the world. The public should be honestly informed, and the information should come from the police. Uniform national and international laws, uniform classification of crimes, simplified court procedure, better methods of selecting and promoting trained jurists, are among the most important of modern requirements, and deserve much thought and deep study by the police of every city and every country. There should be commenced at once a campaign of education to bring about these reforms."

It should not be understood from these expressions that the police chiefs, either in general or singly, were or are in favor of abandoning the idea of punishment for convicted criminals, or for leniency to men and women who have embarked on lives of crime. On the other hand, they are in favor of much more severe sentences, with the proviso that the convicted criminal is to be treated as a sick person, and cured of his criminal malady. The present generation of criminals—it was held—must be prevented from further crime by confinement, and their criminal tendencies removed during that confinement, if possible. But it is the coming generation which can and should be prevented from starting on the way of the wrongdoer by proper training, education and medical care. The next generation of policemen, too, should be educators, in the belief of the police chiefs, and, if the tendency to crime is reduced, or eliminated, in the next generation, then the police will have the time to be of real help to the people.

In line with plans for the detection of crime and the capture and cure of criminals, the foundation was laid for an international police station, probably located in Washington, equipped with radio, and with a fingerprint bureau which shall contain the means of identification of every convicted criminal, man or woman, in the world. That is, the highways and byways of the world are to be brought into such small and compact area, from the viewpoint of the police, that the world will be too small to hide any crook who is wanted by any police force. At the head of this world police station, will be an international police chief, and a search for a man to fill this position is now going on, means for financing it having been found. The convention also voted to turn over to the United States Department of Justice the present National Bureau of Criminal Identification as the first step in the formation of this international police station. Three members of the International Association of Police Chiefs will act as an advisory board to the department of justice in the use of this bureau and its tremendous mass of data.

Recommendations of the convention included the following:

The establishment under Federal control at Washington of a bureau of criminal investigation and statistics.

The installation of radio equipment in every police department.

A continuous campaign of public education and information on vehicular traffic; co-operation of automobile associations and civic bodies; a uniform, nation-wide system of street signs.

Increased employment of policewomen in specialized fields.

Co-operation of the police with the department of labor in the education of the foreign-born and unnaturalized foreigners.

Organization of police departments on the basic principle of divorcing them from "all influences."

An international law forbidding the purchase, owning or carrying of a weapon without permit; records to be kept by dealers of all sales of such weapons; control over the importation of all firearms.

Heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment for vendors of narcotics; confinement in each case to be for a period long enough to permit a cure.

Use of bombs, gas and signal systems to controvert the efforts of safe breakers and burglars.

Prison terms for automobile thieves without parole or probation; that probation and parole also be denied to vendors of drugs.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The sculptured head of the Egyptian king, Amenemmes III, who lived about 3,000 B. C., was sold at Sotheby's in London, for not less than 10,000 pounds. The sculptor is unknown but the work is beautiful, a little bust barely more than six inches high, carved out of one of the hardest of stones, obsidian, a masterpiece that has not been surpassed by any sculptor of any country or age, according to experts.

I. B. Good is a Mennonite preacher in Pennsylvania. His precepts do not belie his name, for that sect believes in nonresistance.

One of the most famous trees in the United States, Richard Oak, near Rising Sun, Maryland, recently had a tablet placed upon it giving the part it has played in American history. It is estimated that the tree is 600 years old. It is 70 feet high and spreads its branches over a circle 105 feet in diameter.

Public debt maturities to March 15, 1926, aggregate $6,900,453,475, of which $4,867,962,203 mature in the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1923.

The southern pine forests since 1900 have supplied more than 50 per cent of the soft wood used in America, also nearly all the turpentine and resin. Only one-fifth of the original yellow pine forests remain but if reforesting is begun at once on the proper scale the South can supply America for all time.

The largest turtle ever imported to London from India was killed recently for soup. Its weight was 450 pounds.

The use of electricity is increasing everywhere, according to the United States Geological Survey report for May. Forty-two and eight-tenths per cent of all power generated was by water as compared with 35.2 per cent in January, 1922. The consumption increase for the month was 2.1 per cent.

Wall paper was not used in the United States until after 1725 and then was ordered specially from Europe. It was not carried in stock until 1745 but by 1750 it had come into general use.

The Reformed Jewish Church has made a ruling allowing women to become rabbis. Orthodox Jews have not made this ruling and in congregations of Russian and Austrian lineage, women are not allowed during worship to occupy the same seats with the men or listen to the same service except through screens.

The mother of Marconi, the wireless inventor, was Irish.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

When lightning struck the city hall clock in Philadelphia recently two employes divided the time into shifts and started turning the clock by hand. The hour hands weigh 175 pounds and the minute hands 225 pounds. The clock has four faces.

Moonshine stills are responsible for not less than 25 per cent of the fires in the forests of the Pacific Northwest, according to reports. These stills are usually located in inaccessible places in the woods, where the dry timber and brush will take fire from the smallest spark and get beyond control before the fire-fighting forces discover the smoke. Unmistakable evidence of moonshining has been found in the newly burned areas.

Twenty-five per cent of the coal mines, employing 60 per cent of the workers on full time, can produce all the coal we can use in the United States, according to the commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics.

California officers killed an automobile driver recently by firing at the tires of his machine because they thought he was a fugitive from justice. The tourist thought the officers were hold-up men on a lonely road and as a result did not stop at the command to halt.

The Jews that have emigrated to the northern provinces of China have adopted queues and bound the feet of their women but have kept all their racial and religious characteristics.

Spurious gems are being fabricated in England to such an extent that the position of many genuine diamond mines and miners has become a problem. Various stones have been treated to produce sufficient brilliancy to be passed off as diamonds.

The cost of warming the famous zoo, established by the kaiser in Berlin, is too expensive and unless private funds are forthcoming it will close on October 1. This zoo is regarded as the best in the world. It once contained 1,500 species of animals.

Professor Dallas L. Sharpe, of Boston University, will enter the race in Massachusetts for the United States Senate in September. He has declared himself out and out for the Eighteenth Amendment and opposed to light wines and beer. He believes that great moral issues belong to no party and that Christian men must come out and be willing to stand up for what the church advocates.

The American ambassador to England has given up his privately rented house in Chesham Place and will occupy the residence in the Prince's Gate, donated to the American Government by J. P. Morgan.

Each citizen of the United States should receive an average of 112 letters each year, according to the post office officials.

China plans to adopt a constitution similar to that of the United States. Each province is to maintain its own assembly which will comply with the demands of the southern provinces for provincial autonomy.

Millions of grasshoppers recently passed over Sheridan, Wyoming, in such a dense mass that when seen against the sun they looked like a mass of cotton. For over three hours they clouded the sky.

Near the Yukon border, in a valley in far northern British Columbia, a mining engineer has discovered the remains of mastodons that once roamed Northern Canada. This valley is north and west of the headwaters of the Findlay River and is not marked on the maps. Footprints of a three-toed animal are imprinted in the sandstone. The bones are not fossilized but are in an excellent state of preservation. Only dog teams are used in that section and it requires a year to make the journey.

Orphan cats, dogs and horses, and those deserted because of old age, will live in peace and plenty on a 150-acre national farm for homeless and aged animals that is to be established near Washington, according to the Humane Education Association.

While other cities are putting on anti-rat drives, New Orleans is raising $40,000 to be used in exterminating the Argentine ant which is the greatest pest in that section of the country.

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After reading this copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT you will have observed that the information it contains is based on fact. There is no room for half-truths and misinformation in this publication. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT believes that the people of this country prefer facts to buncombe, substantial information and wholesome ideas rather than sensational appeals to the emotions. If you are not yet a subscriber, become one today. If you are, do a good turn by urging your friends to subscribe and become readers of America's foremost non-fiction weekly. Any Ford dealer will gladly take your subscription or you may send it direct to us by using this blank.

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Fly-by-Night Promoters and Their Swindlers

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Swindles of the Fly-by-Night Promoter

Bucket Shop Crookedness Far Outdone by Dishonest Schemers Who Float Fake Industrial Issues to Trap Ignorant and Gullible

By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

This is the first of several articles by Mr. McGarry, in which will be related some of the many forms of crookedness in which the public suffers.

WHOLESALE swindling of the poor is going on without interruption in the United States while newspapers and public men rail about bucket shops and other forms of fraud, fattening, as a rule, on those who can afford to lose. Commissions are being formed right and left to protect those who take their money to the brokers. But nothing of any real value is being done for the wage earner whose savings are literally at the mercy of the meanest type of crook the world knows.

In virtually everything that has been printed during the last year concerning the operations of bucket shops and the swindling promoters using such institutions to sell their worthless paper, the attack has been directed toward the salesman catering to persons earning $2,000 a year or more. Apparently even public officials are unaware in many of the large cities where swindling of the poor is most open and flagrant that the brokerage end of the stock-cheating business is literally only a drop in the bucket.

For every dollar lost in or through a bucket shop promotion, anywhere from ten to one hundred dollars is lost by wage earners. For every bucket shop operating in the big cities, there are scores of promotions capitalized as high as one million dollars each that are utterly unknown to Wall Street. As a rule there is some semblance of productive activity back of the average bucket shop promotion. Most of the recent big failures in that line have been due to juggling of some industry inherently sound, on which basis had been built a top-heavy pyramid of over-capitalization. But that is not true of the fly-by-night promotions designed to swindle the wage earner.

Bucket shop methods of operation have been so thoroughly described that the process is now widely understood by the public. The method used by the other type of promoter will be instantly recognized by millions of his victims when it is described. The trouble is that in nearly every case the victim thinks that what happened to him was an accident. And therein lies the greatest menace of the fly-by-night promoter. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred he leaves his customers full of hope that some day the fish-catching machine or the turbine gas motor in which he has sold them stock will be placed on the market and make them all independently rich.

He Damns Wall Street

THE fly-by-night promoter makes an almost complete reversal of the method used by the bucket shop proprietor. In all bucket shops there are tipsters scattered all around the office. Every salesman is a tipster, for that matter. His business, after getting the ear of the sucker, is to convince him that he has inside information on all kinds of stocks. He is forever talking about "making a killing in the street." He refers to well-known millionaires by their first names. According to his account, the biggest men in the street spend most of their time running around telling other people about the pools and syndicates they are planning to swing in certain stocks. Wall Street is painted as a place of genial personages, each anxious to help the newcomer make a fortune.

But the promoter who takes his fat living from the lean savings of the poor tells a different story. He trades on an alleged hatred of Wall Street and "the interests." According to him, the poor man never gets a chance in the most substantial brokerage office, or even in a bank. He knows that it is human nature to be afraid of that which is mysterious. So he tells weird stories of Wall Street and its stock manipulations. He comes to the worker often in the guise of a wage earner giving good advice. Earnestly and at great length he urges his fellows to stay away from the bankers and the brokers. By way of illustration, he has a fund of specific instances, 99 per cent fake, to show how some poor inventor was swindled by the wealthy out of the product of his genius.

Uses Records of Earnings

ON THAT foundation of mistrust and suspicion the promoter builds his sales. He has at his tongue's end the records of earnings in a dozen or more of the phenomenal American industrial developments of the last half century. Generally he has the list printed on one of his circulars. There is never any basic variation. The method is always the same. The list shows what $100 earned in each of the many industries. Of course, the salesman is careful to explain that each example is one in which the inventor or the originator of the idea was too clever to take his plan to the bankers and brokers. Instead, he took it direct to the wage-earning public and let them all in "on the ground floor."

That is what the fly-by-night promoter offers to do. He does not offer a speculation. It is always a sure thing. Unlike the bucket shopper, he does not recommend buying the stock for a rise. His promise of profit is in dividends that never materialize. Experts among the breed protect themselves from prosecution at every turn. They take relatively small sums, averaging perhaps not more than $100 from each customer, and rarely exceeding $300. Anybody who has had any court experience will realize that it is generally not worth while to bring suit for the recovery of such sums. And even before making the sale the promoter and his associates impress on the buyer that if he takes some of the stock he ought to hold it for a year or two anyhow before attempting to sell it.

Scores of deliberate swindlers now doing business in various parts of the country even go to the length of buying back stock they have sold to suckers, to prevent having their scheme fall under suspicion. That is done, of course, only while the selling campaign is in full swing—generally for a period not exceeding three months from its opening. After that the promoter jumps to another city, charters another scheme and starts in on a new batch of victims. If he has been careful he will have no trouble whatever. Certainly if he has had any experience in the swindling business he will not have used the mails for the distribution of any of his literature. And when he deserts a town after a clean-up he never leaves a mailing address. Even if he did it would amount to nothing, for most of the skillful promoters change their names every time they change their schemes.

Mails Are Not Used

BANKERS, brokers, detectives and government secret service men with whom I have talked are almost completely ignorant of the extent of these swindles. The Federal Postal Inspectors have some knowledge of the business, but they are powerless to do anything unless the promoter uses the mails. Police hear of a swindle now and then, but always long after it has been perpetrated, when it is too late for them to do anything. In most cases they could do nothing even if they knew where to find the swindler. At the first sign of real danger the latter makes restitution and the prosecutor drops out of sight, glad to get his money back.

But the fact that the authorities do not realize how widespread is the business of cheating the wage earners does not lessen its extent. In five years' experience running down just that type of crook I have been offered stock in fish-catching machines, airplanes which were to rise straight up in the air and hang suspended over any chosen point, gold mines mapped by spiritualists, motion picture plays, bungalow lots with oil "rights," to say nothing of paint and mineral deposits thrown in; patent bricks, rotary automobile motors, fly catchers, perpetual motion machines under other names, banking schemes designed to put a bank on every corner, pig farms, oil from shale rock, Mexican plantations, and so many others that the list would be tiresome. Not one of those propositions has been developed. In not a single instance has any honest attempt been made to develop anything. The schemes were deliberate, cold-blooded swindles.

Oil Pipe the Only Gusher

A FEW instances will suffice. Take the record of the bungalow-oil-paint-quarry combination. I am still at a loss to know just which of three companies made the actual sale to the victims. The lots were located on an old pleasure park in Eastern Pennsylvania, far distant from the oil fields. Various attempts had been made to operate this place at a profit and all had failed. One of the promoters got hold of the site and tried to sell the lots for mere home-building purposes. The place was so far from easy transportation that he had no success. Then he "discovered oil." Small patches of the stuff appeared on a creek running through the property. Since he was familiar with the entire tract it is quite likely he knew there was a Standard Oil pipe line crossing the property, part of which was densely wooded. But he said nothing about that.

Instead he brought in two other groups of promoters, one to act as "fiscal agents"—whatever that meant—and another as selling agents. A plan of operation was drawn up that was seemingly airtight and law proof. Agreements of sale bound the promoters to sell a building lot 20 by 100 feet for $1,000 each. The actual land value was perhaps $10 or $15. With each lot went all "rights" to oil, senna, ocher, and conglomerate rock found on the property. There were several large deposits of the senna and ocher, which are used in making paints, but they had been known for years, had been examined by expert paint makers and had been rejected as of no commercial value. The same was true of the conglomerate rock.

A drilling machine was brought in and an "oil well" was started. When it had gone down 30 or 40 feet another tower was put up. In the meantime a campaign of sales was launched through advertising in questionable publications. And when the time seemed ripe arrangements were made for a free excursion. Each stockholder was asked to bring all his friends and relatives. More than 300 prospective suckers were taken along. They were shown the patches of oil. They looked into the black depths of the 40-foot hole. And nearly all of them signed up for the stock.

In that particular instance most of the "investors" were not swindled, merely because the writer and another newspaperman happened to be on the excursion, which took place on a Sunday. Few victims had enough money with them to buy lots. They signed agreements to come in and pay the next day. But on Monday morning the truth about the proposition was published in two newspapers and the promoters made no attempt to collect on the agreements. The whole scheme was dropped without any further effort to sell lots, oil, paint or conglomerate rock.

From the point of view of the promoter, however, that job was botched. As a rule the swindler does not lay himself open to public attack as easily as in that case. His work is done without publicity, well under cover. One victim thoroughly "sold" brings in many others. The "invention" or idea, whatever it may be, is displayed in a store window or a prominent city street. Exhibits include scores of photostat copies of letters from all sorts of bankers, millionaires and public officials. A member of the presidential cabinet appeared in one of the most notorious swindles years ago. Senators and Congressmen are common tools of the swindlers. The trick is to get the governor of a state, or the Senator or Congressman, interested in some local development and then put him on the board of directors. Then the scheme is incorporated and the stock is sold by the blue-sky method in a distant part of the country. As a rule the official is as gullible as the rest of the victims. There are exceptions, of course.

Profits Tremendously High

THE profits to the promoter are inconceivably high. In most cases he has nothing to pay but the sales expense, since he produces nothing. In the bucket shop promotions the public has read of commissions paid to salesmen ranging from 40 to 60 per cent. But in the rare instances when the other type of promoter makes some bluff at producing the thing back of his stock the commissions run as high as 90 per cent. In other words, the industry or whatever it is that he is promoting gets 10 cents out of each dollar and is then expected to pay for the entire dollar in dividends.

Within a comparatively recent time motion picture stock swindles were common. One of them was driven out of Chicago after selling several hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock. The promoters were fined $1.000 for the violation of the blue-sky law and forbidden to sell any more stock. They promptly shifted headquarters to a large eastern city. A bold bluff was decided on. Advertising men of all the newspapers were invited to a luncheon. They were shown a few hundred feet of film and given the usual "sucker talk" about the profits made by great motion picture successes. They were told that the promoter intended to produce the film in that city and that he would spend $150,000 in advertising. I happened to represent a newspaper that made a specialty of exposing stock swindles. The atmosphere of genial good humor permeating the luncheon suddenly evaporated when I asked what commission was being paid the stock salesmen and the selling agents.

Can Be Driven Out Easily

TWO or three stories drove the promoters out of town. But a few weeks later one of the men who had been most active in the swindle started another one. In the effort to divert attention from his new scheme he confessed to me that the first corporation made a deal by which the promoter sold the stock in the beginning at $10 a share, retaining $6 for himself. His contract provided that the corporation which was to but never did produce the picture was to get $4 from each share, no matter if the price obtainable from the suckers went to $100. As a matter of fact the price did go to $20 for a time, thus giving the promoter a commission of 70 per cent. The same gang controlled both the corporation and the selling agency, of course, so that in reality they got it all and gave nothing.

It is generally agreed by experts that the finest blue-sky law that can be devised will not protect the public. The answer is education. But so far I have not met a single expert who seems aware of the vital point on which education is necessary. That point is the matter of commissions. Any man can protect himself from the swindler merely by demanding documentary evidence as to the amount being paid in commissions out of each dollar taken in. If the proposition is legitimate there can be no valid objection to the production of such evidence. But if, as nearly always happens in a case of fake promotions, the salesman bristles up and becomes indignant when the question is put to him, the prospective buyer of his stock is justified in refusing to do business on the ground that he has a right to know just what is to be done with his money.

In another article a detailed explanation will be given of how to detect a stock swindle, and what to do about it in the way of getting one's money back. The only way to fight the crook in court is to use his own weapon—bluff. If the promoter is really crooked he will not dare to fight.

At Society's Throat: The Legalized Pistol

Crimes of Violence Laid at Door of Revolver Manufacturing Industry; Comes the Question: Shall We Prohibit Making and Selling of Weapons?

By J. M. SEABRIGHT

IT STARED at you like the eye of a Cyclops, did an unusual advertisement, from its ink-and-paper socket in a page of a great daily newspaper one morning about a year ago. This was the wording:

"I will pay $1,000 to anyone who will give one good reason why the revolver manufacturing industry should be allowed to exist in America and enjoy the facilities of the mails."

The advertisement was signed by John R. Thompson, of Chicago.

Already I can hear your inquiry, "Who received the reward?" The answer is this: no one received it, for no one earned it. Not a single person gave one valid reason for the present indiscriminate sale of small firearms to the public.

Note that Mr. Thompson referred, not to firearms generally, but to *small* firearms of the pistol type. To overlook this qualifying factor is to miss the point of this article; to understand its significance is to comprehend the process of reasoning by which Mr. Thompson reached the conclusion that the annihilation of the revolver industry would restrict—even eliminate—violent crimes.

His reasoning can best be shown by quoting from a letter written by him to one of the many contestants. Mr. Thompson says:

"The revolver is made to be concealed. No honest citizen or honest purpose requires a concealed weapon. Therefore, no good reason exists for its manufacture or sale.

"The rifle and shotgun have good uses and they meet all legitimate requirements for firearms.

"The public disarmed, our police can have no use for the revolver. Had the assassins of our three martyred Presidents carried rifles their murderous intent would have been discovered—the crimes prevented.

"The revolver creates the professional criminal, the thug, the footpad, the burglar, the murderer. And yet the manufacturers of revolvers enjoy the facilities of the United States mails and every protection given to honest business.

"I have challenged the manufacturers who have made tremendous fortunes out of the manufacture and sale of revolvers, to give one good reason for their use. They have not done so, and they cannot, and this branch of their industry should not be permitted to continue.

"The definite purpose of this publicity is to stop by legislative enactment the manufacture, importation, sale and use of the revolver; is to arouse a tremendous public sentiment that will back up our legislative bodies in putting through the necessary legislation. National disarmament would be a great blessing. The disarmament of our citizens would be a blessing to the home, and would bring safety and security into our everyday life."

Before we examine further Mr. Thompson's plan, pause for a moment and consider the reasons serving for its foundation. In other words, is his denunciation of small firearms justifiable? Is it based upon experience and common sense?

Such queries must be answered in the affirmative in spite of one or two seemingly meritorious arguments to the contrary.

Perhaps the most thorough discussion of the subject, one pregnant with logic and judicial restraint, is that of Judge George C. Holt, embraced in a paper which he read in 1910 before the Wisconsin State Bar Association (subsequently appearing in the New York *Independent*) on "Unpunished Crime in the United States." After mentioning the many violent crimes then lately committed, he continued:

"The question naturally arises, What should be done to put a stop to such a condition of crime and disorder in American society? In the first place, the use of the instrumentalities by which most of these crimes are committed should be restricted by law. The repeating pistol is the greatest nuisance in modern life. . . . . Nineteen-twentieths of all crimes of violence that are committed are effected by its use . . . No one should be permitted to carry abroad such a dangerous weapon, in view of the constant possibility of its being used for trivial causes. Wherever men meet there is always the liability of quarrels arising, and always, in the world, until the invention of the modern revolver, when a quarrel arose serious enough to lead to personal assaults, the attack was made by blows with the fist, or with a stick, or, at the worst, with a knife or sword. Even when the latter formidable instrument was used, there was an opportunity for the man attacked to escape, and in most cases of fights and assaults, there was little danger of serious permanent injuries or death. But as soon as a pistol is drawn there is always that danger, and therefore the right to have or to use a revolver should be under rigid public control."

The learned jurist follows up what has just been recited with advice as to what the householder ought to use for a firearm as the watchdog of his home. He says: "An ordinary breech-loading shotgun is a far safer weapon, and if it is actually necessary, for purposes of home defense, to use any such weapon, it is far more efficient and desirable." As a supplement to his argument, let it be said that in all probability—nay, even as an inevitable consequence—when the present unrestricted sales of small firearms come to a halt, then there will be that much less need of firearms of any sort for home protection. In other words, disarm the potential burglar, and burglary, along with other offenses of violence, will die a-borning.

But Judge Holt did not content himself with simply pointing out the cause of the then present rent in the social fabric. He went farther: he outlined a program of reform, a plan bottomed on sound sense and practicability.

On that phase of the question he declared: "There are in some states statutes and in most cities ordinances prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons, and requiring licenses for the carrying of pistols. But these statutes and ordinances are not by any means universal. They are not usually made effective by serious penalties, and they are to a very large extent disregarded throughout the country. It would, in my opinion, be entirely justifiable for the government to prohibit the manufacture or sale of any pistols in this country except in national armies, for the use of the military and police. Such a law is probably impracticable, but it ought to be possible to have laws passed which shall provide that all persons manufacturing or selling or purchasing and using revolvers should be licensed by a responsible board, established for that purpose. At the present time anybody can engage in the business of manufacturing pistols who sees fit to do so. They can be sold to anybody who wishes to purchase them. Shops exist in every city where anybody can buy a pistol at any time, many of them at so cheap a price that the poorest persons can get them. Every person engaging in the business of selling revolvers should be licensed, and every person who wishes to obtain a revolver should be required first to obtain a license."

Judge Holt's views were propounded more than a decade ago. Do they coincide with those of our judges of today, when violent crimes seem veritably to be damming the stream of an orderly society? Or have present-day jurists and criminologists found a different solution, a new remedy?

The answers to these questions one finds in a recital of the recent activities of representative men of the city of Chicago. Their program, adopted as a means of stemming the crime tide, proves that Judge Holt's views bulged with truth. Among them were virtually all the municipal and county judges, the chief of police, the state's attorney, a number of leading bankers and lawyers, and prominent laymen interested in the rigid enforcement of the law. They held a series of mass meetings in the early part of February of the present year. This is a resolution they adopted:

"After a careful consideration of the subject we are of the opinion that the great cause of crimes of violence, such as murders, holdups, robberies, burglaries, bank robberies, and the like, is the promiscuous carrying of such concealable weapons as pistols and revolvers.

"We are also of the opinion that the clogging of the criminal court calendars and the overcrowding of the jails and penitentiaries directly result from the carrying of pistols and revolvers. And it is our conviction that the only feasible way to accomplish any permanent relief is by the suppression of the manufacture and sale of pistols and revolvers, except such for proper public officials.

"Therefore, be it resolved that a representative committee of citizens . . . . be appointed . . . . and that it be and it hereby is directed to take such steps as said committee may deem advisable to bring about such legislation as may be required to suppress the manufacture and sale of pistols, revolvers, and other concealable weapons."

But I hear some zealot shout: "What about the Second Amendment to the Constitution? Do you seek to take away my constitutional rights?"

Let us see. That amendment is in these words:

"A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

The amendment is self-explanatory. It is the militia system which it protects, and the militia is not carrying concealable pistols. Moreover, the Constitution does not say that the citizen may keep his arms hidden in a pocket. It is the same moth-eaten contention of the pre-Volsteadian liquor interests who continually harped on "personal liberty." Time after time the highest courts of the several states, and the United States Supreme Court as well, have held that under the broad, though nebulous, police power those agencies which tend to undermine the public morals, the public health, or the public safety can be not only regulated but even abolished; and that in such cases there is no legal taking of private property without due process of law. Paring the objection down to its framework, it is difficult for one to detect any difference between a liquid which destroys lives and a specially designed instrument of steel whose use leads inevitably to the same result. These agencies of ill are equally reprehensible. One is already outlawed. Why not outlaw the other?

Senator Shields, of Tennessee, has introduced a bill to suppress the sale of such firearms as we are here discussing. In a nutshell the bill makes it unlawful to deposit any such arms in the United States mails, or to ship the same in interstate commerce, to sell, except those used by the army and navy. The second section forbids the acceptance of such articles by common carriers for shipment in interstate commerce, and Section 3 provides for a fine of from $100 to $500 for each violation and, if the offender be a person, imprisonment of from one to six months.

In the writer's opinion Senator Shields' bill is a sound piece of legislation. It deserves to pass—but will it? "Aye, there's the rub." For it happens that the bill is now being considered by a sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee. A bitter opposition, fostered by the powerful firearms industry of Connecticut and Massachusetts, has transformed the committee room almost into a chamber of repose. In fact at this writing it looks as if those apostles of greed might succeed in keeping it dormant for a long period. But before they can embalm the bill, it behooves each one of us to see that those few do not make a success of obstructing a piece of legislation which will foster the common good.

Needless to add, such a bill as Senator Shields', if it becomes a law, will not of itself correct the existing evils. In addition, police officials throughout the land must make a concerted effort, and a determined one, to seize all concealed weapons. But the passage of the bill is the first important step. It can eventually pass.

SPECIAL CUT PRICE OFFER



25 Calibre Regulation Blue Steel Automatic Revolvers $7.95 Reduced to

Regular price $22.50

Most sensational cut price sale ever made. We are making this sacrifice because we are closing out the pistol department and have only a limited quantity on hand. Take advantage of this offer while our stock lasts. Save yourself the difference. Every revolver guaranteed perfectly new and dependable. They are made of handsome blue steel, gunmetal finish, accurate aim, perfect grip, safety lever to prevent accidents, small, compact; does not bulge in pocket. SHOOTS THE STANDARD AUTOMATIC CARTRIDGES.

32 calibre Automatic Revolver..... $8.85

Regular price $25.00.

SEND NO MONEY

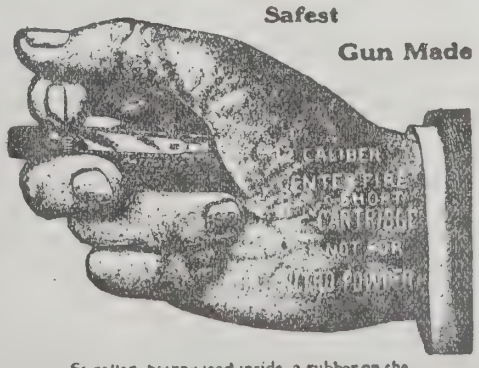
Order one of these revolvers now. Don't put it off. Protect yourself and your home. Our prices are the lowest, and the revolver one of the best there is in the market. Pay postman plus postage on arrival. Money back if not satisfied.

Note special price appeal.

The New Pencil Pistol



The Smallest. Safest Gun Made



So called having lead inside, a rubber on the end, and makes its mark when required to No. X-6. The most unique weapon for self-defense ever invented. Observe its insignificant appearance. Blue-black finish. Concealed in the hand or pocket. Safety cock, sure shot, 32 calibre. Doesn't hurt the hand inexpensive and lasting all steel except the rubber butt.

Special Price, Only $2.95

"Concealed in hand or pocket."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 46, September 9, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

To receive your copy without interruption, please observe the following:

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance.
2. Give both *old* and *new* address.
3. Write clearly.

Co-operative Banking

THE *Western Banker,* of Omaha, has two noteworthy editorials, the first in discouragement of the establishment of small banks, the second in opposition to the co-operative system of banking. In each editorial it applauds the action of various banking commissioners in refusing charters for applicants from towns "sufficiently supplied" with banks.

Before passing to the propriety of co-operative banks, it may be proper to enter a protest against the assumption of judicial power by bank commissioners. The only basis for rejecting an application should be failure to comply with the law. Whether there is need for an other bank in a place is none of his business. As well might the state stop a man from selling groceries because the town already has a sufficient number to supply its needs. There may be too many banks in a town, but that is a matter purely resting with the judgment of those interested, as long as the laws are complied with.

As to co-operative banks—what difference does that feature make? In a sense all banks are co-operative. The stockholders are the equal beneficiaries on their investment, and it is usual for banks to rely upon as broad a distribution of stock as possible to popularize the institution. In so far as one owns shares in a bank, he participates in the profits. Naturally, his business is given his own bank, and his deposits form a part of the working capital. On time deposits he receives the same interest rate given a depositor who has no stock, and in that respect the two are equal.

The mutual, or real co-operative bank, does business under the same regulations governing the ordinary bank, *except that every depositor shares in the profits.* That is, instead of being a mere depositor, his money is carried to capital account. Ordinarily, he has no stated income from his deposit, and in case of failure to earn would receive nothing; but if business is profitable, his return must of necessity exceed any stated rate a savings bank could offer.

As far as co-operative banking is concerned, it is uniformly successful where carried on under state supervision. One bank in New England added a half million to its capital stock in the six months ended June 30, and now has a capitalization of four and a half millions. Heretofore it has not sold part paid shares on a participating basis, giving only a low interest until the shares are fully paid, but it now announces a guaranty of seven per cent on part paid balances, with full participation when shares are delivered on final payment. This indicates a better ratio of profit at that time.

The argument of the *Western Banker* against the plan marks the recognition of the banking business that collective banking is a menace to the old idea. Collective banking is only another step forward.

Another Inside Story

PLEASANT news for those persons who like to get the straight of the matter comes in the announcement from London that Premier Lloyd George is preparing to unloosen upon the world a nice set of personal memoirs, syndicate and book rights contracted for and motion picture rights reserved in the British Empire, Germany, United States and Latvia.

If there is anything we like to have it is the truth about everything. And coming first-hand from Mr. Lloyd George, who has been in a position to know so much about so many things for so many years, the information is certain to be worth the price—especially if the binding is good!

We have had the inside stories of a great many things during the last few years. Mr. Tumulty has told us all about the way we won the war and why. Mr. Frederick William Hohenzollern, crown prince sans empire, has given the real inside story of the war. Count William Hohenzollern, formerly of Potsdam, has figured much in the public prints, anent the bidding for his memoirs. Mr. Ludendorff, Mme. Calve, Mr. Kohlsaat, M. Rosen, Mr. Babe Ruth, Mr. Lansing, Mr. Chaplin and others have written indelibly upon the pages of world history the true stories of the stirring events in recent history in which they severally have played parts.

It would be difficult to withhold from Mr. Lloyd George a tribute to his courage in announcing his memoirs. There is so much that he can say. And if he tells it all, it is difficult to understand how he will retain the friendship of all the personages and elements which combine to enable him to hold his precarious tenure of the premiership. If he tells too little, his book won't sell. In the interest of accuracy, it is well to note that Mr. Asquith is in writing mood, M. Clemenceau has returned from his tiger-hunt, and former President Wilson is able to write notes. So there need be little fear that Lloyd George's book will, with temerity, trespass upon the facts.

Pity the Poor Adjective

THESE words and phrases were contained in one paragraph of a recent advertisement:

"Great; mighty; greatest; greatest and strangest; elegances and excesses; portrait of soul; ever-changing and ever unchanged; Babel with a thousand towers; wares and weaknesses of the earth; builder of palaces and wrecker of hopes; philanthropist; regilding her gauds; painting her old toys afresh; worshiped their glamour."

The particular advertisement dealt with the product of one of the writers of erotic novels of the era. It could as well have dealt with grand pianos or paving blocks.

The public is naturally depressed regarding the situation. It is not so much the nausea from seeing the superlative used so often; rather despondency that the writers are so old-fashioned. The superlative craze which hit our literature in the early days of the war is officially over. Even the writers of scenario titles realized that fact a year or more ago. But in advertising the users of superlatives still reign.

We read of the finest cloth, the most beautiful hats, the noblest charity, the purest distilled water. In New York theaters there are at least 25 shows playing, each of which is "the best show in town."

Not for the moment does the writer believe his superlatives convince the buying public of the superlative merit of the commodity he advertises. The only person he strives to impress is the head of his advertising department. The buying public long since became disgusted at adjectival abstractions; advertising departments still follow the vogue of 1917.

Too Good to Be True

AT LAST, Joe Miller's joke-book is officially to be banned from the American stage. Comes the management of a vaudeville circuit with the enheartening announcement that prohibition jests are out.

The vaudeville management took occasion to deny that this is any surrender to American sentiment for the serious treatment of a serious law. Rather, the management insists, it was merely that the prohibition jokes were more than three years old, and were getting a bit stale.

In view of the fact that there wasn't much of a laugh in them to start with, the management may be permitted to offer whatever reason it desires. As long as they are gone, the public will be satisfied. Theater men in connection with the demise of the prohibition joke also made it clear that they thought three years was long enough for any joke anyhow. In that period, there is plenty of time for a person to hear a joke, to re-hear it, to get the point, to tell it, to tell it again, and to get tired of it.

If theater managements can really enforce their pronunciamiento, we will get rid of the so-called joke altogether and may get a chance for a little real humor on the stage. But few will be hopeful of oslerizing the joke at three; most of us would be content if some of those of 300 are eliminated.

Strikes

FEW realize the full extent of the strikes and walkouts, hence the universality of labor disaffection in this country. The Department of Labor estimates that more than a million and a quarter of wage earners are idle in protest against wage cuts, and that more will soon be out unless the program is altered.

Public attention has been centered on the troubles in mining and transportation industries, but these comprise but a small proportion, a little more than half, of the entire number of toilers who will not work. The army of the unemployed is unable to supply the places of the strikers, chiefly because the latter are generally skilled in their lines.

It will not do simply to accept the statement of propaganda of the employers' organizations as to the causes of so much disaffection. The time was chosen by them to force labor to accept reduced wages and the campaign is a development of two or three years. Taking advantage of economic conditions following the industrial paralysis, due to money manipulation by the same leaders, the attempt has been made to make labor compete against itself in the employment market. Divested of all the camouflage of the divine right of men to seek employment as individuals, the whole scheme has been to degrade labor and make its compensation such that it will be impossible to gain more than a mere existence.

All the talk of liberty and freedom is for the ear, not for the reason. The horse is used until age makes it worthless. It is then mercifully put to death, unless the owner cares to realize a few dollars by selling it to some one who will drive it until it drops. The inspirers of industrial trouble, the kings of capital, would put the wage earner in the horse class.

Mothers and Babies

FROM the beginning of the habitable world, mothers and babies have been; as long as creation endures, mothers and babies will be, yet it has taken a good many hundred years for us to realize that mothers and babies, between them, hold in their hands most of the great questions of the day, and that when we get ready to make the world really safe for these two classes of the population, it will be a quite desirable place in which to live.

We were singularly stupid about this, for the reasoning is as plain and simple as that two and two make four: A happy, healthy mother usually produces a happy, healthy baby; a happy, healthy baby ought to and can, if it has half a chance, grow into a sound, normal child; a sound, normal child ought to, and will, if it has half a chance, grow into an efficient desirable citizen. Reverse the reasoning, and you see that the time to begin to make efficient and useful men and women is before they are born. Oliver Wendell Holmes told us this a long time ago, and other great men have said the same thing a great many times. Yet we are only beginning to get some idea of the profundity of this truth.

In the United States we did not bother much about mothers and babies until after the twentieth century was well under way. Then some few people began to get uneasy about our losing countless hundreds of babies every year in the hot summer months, and began to disturb themselves about the quality of the milk supply, and to talk and write a little about the significance of a high infant mortality rate. But most of the things that were done were in the nature of humanitarian efforts to relieve a present and intolerable condition. The idea of preventing unnecessary loss of life by preventing illness was hardly yet born in the public mind. The medieval notion that mothers must enter the valley of the shadow alone and with little hope, still prevailed long after the leading physicians had reduced their maternal deaths to one or two per cent. It was not considered to be a public disgrace to doom a baby to life-long blindness from *ophthalmia neonatorum,* even though Crede's discovery of the efficiency of a certain treatment had been public property for 40 years.

We are all slow and stupid, as well as poor miserable sinners! But we can and do learn. Whether we shall protect our mothers and babies from unnecessary death, illness and suffering by public or private means, by national or state agencies, they are bound hereafter to be somehow protected. A return to the old era of blindness and stupidity with its hideous cruelties and immeasurable sufferings, is unthinkable. Rather, we shall go on to demand more and better conditions for those with whom all the hope of the world rests—mothers and babies!

Mr. Ford's Page

THE coal strike was started and continued because speculation in coal is more profitable than mining it. It has come to be a part of the business of coal-selling to start some kind of annual scare which shall serve to stimulate a panicky feeling among the people and form the excuse for increased coal prices during the winter.

There is plenty of coal. Our annual production exceeds our needs. The coal supply is so plentiful that mine operators are always confronted by a full market when they try to sell. There is never a coal shortage—an actual shortage of coal: but there is often a threat of a coal shortage. The surplus stocks are always sufficiently large to supply a feverish country after it has been thoroughly frightened into a willingness to pay big prices.

To say this is equivalent to drawing a criminal indictment. To say that in this country there are men who can deliberately juggle with the coal supply and by fictitious scares draw millions from the people who buy their coal by ton and half-ton lots, is to describe something which belongs to an uncivilized, an enormously cruel and unorganized state of society. Yet it is all done under the protection of the laws which are supposed to exist for the protection of the rights of all.

Human cruelty goes this far: human greed thus deliberately precipitates widespread mental distress caused by fear of future physical suffering: human cupidity thus puts money above everything else. Perhaps it is intelligible in a world that so lately used a terrible war as a camouflage for the most horrible forms of profiteering. We shall have to accept the fact that there are human jackals in our midst who will do this thing whenever they can. But how long shall we leave our affairs so that they can? How long shall we be content to let Government be but an onlooker when these things are done? How long shall we regard these organizers of fictitious famines, these profiteers, as clever business men who are entitled to their gains, and to their freedom, even though they have thrown the country back five years by their action? We know how bad it is: how much longer shall we allow them to enjoy their game? There are men in jail for long terms whose only offense was a spoken word which was judged to be contrary to the welfare of the country during war time. For ten words some men received 20 years in jail. Yet these coal profiteers, who do more real damage to our nation than many an invading army could do—these men are allowed to pursue their game and enjoy the prestige of their money. Our complacency toward them is as immoral as their actions toward the country.

FUEL Control, as practiced by the men who are in charge of it, proceeds on the wrong principle. It accepts as a fixed fact the diminished supply, and doles out coal in driblets, when it should make its principal problem increased production. A Coal Control with no coal to control is an absurd spectacle. The profiteering brokers have plenty of coal. There are mountains of coal above ground, but it is in control of rascals whom the Fuel Control doesn't seem able to control. That is, we are witnessing a display of government with absolute power over the people, and no power at all over the groups that have forced all sorts of distress upon the people. This year everything seems to be "essential" except employment. Every kind of interest has been cared for except the interest of men who make their living by daily toil.

It is evident to all who have watched the proceedings of recent weeks that we have at last reached the place where strikes have ceased to revolve around questions of wages and working conditions, and have become a problem of national life. Both the unions and the managers in every field of labor involved have had ample time to demonstrate their ability to organize their several industries on the basis of justice, but all they have succeeded in evolving are more potent forms of interfering with the nation and giving ever wider and richer scope to that species of economic ghoul which we know as the profiteer.

Nor does this exhibition of helplessness remain only with the direct participants in the strike—it also spreads to the Administration. One must here carefully distinguish; one must not say that the Government is helpless: the Government has all power in these matters, but the Administration has not seen fit to use that power. There has been a too ready disposition to rely on words instead of acts. But worse than that, there has been a too ready disposition to think of "acts" only in terms of military force. If an Administration can only think of the army when it thinks of actually "doing" something in such a crisis, it is much better off "doing" nothing. We must credit the Administration with a sound instinct when it preferred doing nothing, to doing what some of its advisors understood by "action."

There were two things to do—either of which would have been sufficient. The Government could have invited all the parties to the strike to divest themselves temporarily of their characters as belligerents and resume their characters as American citizens for a national emergency, and take up their work until the country as a whole was safely provided for and until a tribunal of citizens could place the coal and railroad business on such a basis as would settle this strike not only, but absolutely destroy the fruitful sources of all strikes as they now exist in those two businesses. It can be done and it can be done easily, but it cannot be done either by professional capitalists or professional politicians. This, however, is dependent entirely on the wisdom of an Administration, and may be passed by if necessary.

But the second thing cannot be passed by, for it rests neither on the wisdom nor the discretion of an Administration, but on its plain duty: coal profiteering should not have been permitted even to begin. It was allowed to begin and to continue in spite of the oracular "statements" from Washington that it had been officially forbidden. There never has been such a flood of coal all year as has been offered to manufacturers since the strike began. The profiteers were all prepared for it, and the wires and mails have been burdened with their offers for weeks. It only needs an hour in any big factory office to see the wholesale robbery in operation throughout the country. Whatever may be right in the whole strike situation, this is wrong. Nobody has to debate about its wrongness. It is a case for police power executed upon men in upholstered offices. But, though it continues daily, has any profiteer been made afraid? Not one. The strike continued because it was profitable. Plans of settlement were frustrated because there was profit in unsettlement.

It was absurd to begin at the rationing end instead of at the supply end. And the absurdity was deepened by the kind of rationing and the sort of priorities decreed. Under the present rulings it is more necessary to supply gas to a theater and electric lights to thousands of glaring advertising signs, than to supply coal to industries. Just now, the giving of employment to wage earners is our most essential industry, and nothing can be more stupid, officially or privately, than to interfere with that.

The question is Coal, and Control of Coal. Efforts directed at getting coal would have rendered unnecessary the efforts expended in rationing coal. We have a great army of coal-rationing officers, and none at all of coal-producing officers. Why? Because politicians are more accustomed to accepting failure than to defeating failure by producing results. The place to attack the coal problem is not at the point of distribution, but at the point of production. Furnaces cannot be kept going on telegrams and announcements from Washington. We have a class of men trained in cutting down the people's supply but with no experience in maintaining that supply or increasing it. And they are in control of the present situation. Every conceivable mistake has been made and every possible evidence of bewilderment has been given. It seems as if a deadly gas had seized upon "our best minds," drugging them, incapacitating them to do the simple things which are so obvious to common sense.

But it is probably part of our emancipation that all kinds of mistakes should be made at once. A mixture of wisdom with the mistakes would prolong this era of mistakes a little longer. As it is, it is being exhibited without mitigation to the whole people.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Canada's Growing Problems of Immigration

Dominion's Alien Difficulties Similar to Those of the United States

By A. R. PINCI

TO OBTAIN a trustworthy mental bird's-eye view of the Dominion of Canada in relation to population it is imperative that either observer or critic be thoroughly imbued with two outstanding facts—the extent of its territory and the contrasting fewness of inhabitants. Without a clear conception of these two salient subjects it would be preposterous—and that is why so much sociological discussion of the kind at this time is preposterous—to indulge in any study about immigrations, kind, quantity and quality.

The Canadian immigration problems are essentially the problems of the United States, stated previously, and their solution should be impartially but jointly reached, both for the good of American and Canadian residents and to the detriment of no foreign peoples. In given circumstances there might be some difference of opinion and perhaps of application, but if variations were beyond the ability of either and both governments to adjust, then all other attempts to adopt selective policies would be necessarily inelastic and faulty.

Canada, fortunately, does not seem to be suffering from what is the most serious immigration-problem evil in the United States; that of well-financed, well-organized, subtle or vociferous pro-alien propaganda. Here and there exist evidences of agitating in favor of this or that emigrant-producing country, but it does not make much headway because, unlike the United States, Canada is nationally very young, and with the exception of French-Canadians all the others are families that boast, in a Canadian sense, genealogical trees that do not exceed two generations.

For this reason, as well as the fact that they are nicely scattered across hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory, it is quite impossible to start any campaign or movement that those responsible for it can finish. The two-generation Canadian, having had in general no opportunity to lose his identity through the atrophying influence of overpopulation, is not only a virtually recent citizen, but he has not forgotten that he had to roughhew his future endowed with little more than determination and an unerring home-building instinct; money itself, unaccompanied by those virtues, being a mockery.

That possession of money is no sign of a good immigrant has been realized by the Canadian authorities, and, happily, even by authorities in the United States. As a legal requirement, it was theoretically a very attractive proposition to provide that aliens should possess $250 or more, according to the number of relatives forming each family group, but there are too many individuals today who are little better than paupers and parasites who on the day of arrival were well-staked financially. In other words, a conditional capital of this sort is futile so long as it enables its possessor merely to defer, and not wholly to prevent, hoboism.

Now this hoboism, from which the United States is especially suffering at this time, is not the kind that is externally recognizable, as to dress, type, character and habits, but it is a sort of mental vagrancy that sooner or later degenerates into a moral vagrancy out of which grows that unhealthy civic unrest that during the last three years, for instance, has surpassed in destructiveness all the forces of the World War itself. It is understood, of course, that this analysis is not aimed at, and cannot possibly include, the immigrants that, staked or not, ready and willing, have not been successful in carving out for themselves a niche in either country, because in their case it is one of phys ical and personal discomfort but in no wise debilitating their sound principle of self-help.

The Parasitic Alien

SO FAR pro-immigration in the sense of a wide-open Canada has been without effect, but the movement has been started. It has failed, and will fail as far as the bulk of scattered inhabitants and citizens are themselves concerned, but it is not failing in those eastern centers where the population becomes more urban.

East of Windsor, and increasingly more manifest after striking Toronto, there are evidences comparable to those notable on the American side of the border not so much of unassimilable elements, but particularly of undesirable tendencies. Said in a few words, one begins to sense the sort of heterogeneous population that thrives upon speculative idleness, even though it is cloaked beneath apparently harmless commercial pursuits, that feasts upon the labor and effort of self-effacing individuals that stud the surface of the Dominion—especially to the westward.

One is not aware of this parasitism so long as one remains within the limits of this essentially artificial population. During a visit from Windsor to Quebec I was not aware of any unusual condition, of any conspicuous abnormality, for there are thousands of similar scenes in the United States, but as I began to wend my way northward, and especially after leaving the twin cities of Fort William and Port Arthur behind, Canada's foremost problem began to formulate itself in other terms.

This problem became more obvious as one traversed the territory from Winnipeg, in Manitoba, through Saskatchewan, up to Edmonton, Alberta, than may be the case farther to the south, especially where Canadian territory parallels our states of Washington, Idaho, Montana and North Dakota.

From a comfortable seat upon the rear observation platform one is apt to miss or ignore details that are vital in questions of this sort. The most suggestive and perhaps poignant of these were the alkaline splotches of white upon land that man has conquered against nature herself—splotches that look as if they might be caused by scattered artificial fertilizer but that instead are desiccating and corrosive.

Now these daubs of nature would mean nothing unless the eye at the same time sees hermit-like refuges along the horizon, sometimes many miles apart, but each and all remote from the world that we are accustomed to—and each representing the home of humble and patient settlers who are well-nigh feeding a fair proportion of individuals on this earth.

Canada, in this respect, represents the picture of the United States half a century ago, and thus what we refer to, in connection with immigration and population, as past history as of the United States, is vital and current history as of Canada. It is the eternal struggle between consumers and producers, or rather, an unhealthy disproportion of consumers against producers.

In the United States the struggle has long since been ended, and the consumers—that is to say, the speculators—have done their worst and are doing it yet, to the irritation of the Federal and state governments, that are forever enacting restrictive and regulatory laws to minimize the ill effects of the situation. In Canada, instead, this struggle has begun, but just now is almost at a standstill.

With Canada, the immigration question resolves itself to this—that the free or almost free asylum of present-day emigrating classes would add to the speculative and not productive elements of population. The Canadian citizenry of self-exported type, in contradistinction to the imported type, is that which glues itself eastward of Windsor, Ontario, with an eye to both the south and the north. This citizenry, mainly of Papadopouloses and Blattsteins, to use patronymical differentiation, has done the very best it could to preempt all such activities that will give them all of the fat of Canadian land for the least possible individual effort and discomfort.

Junk Dealers Thrive

NOW this is not my own opinion, but merely my interpretation of collective Canadian national opinion. I have not limited myself to the well-to-do and sometimes selfishly oversensitive classes that one may meet in parlor cars, in luxurious hotels, in idling hours. Rather, I have sought the views of the submerged citizen, the fellow that ordinarily has a vast amount of common sense but whose opinions rarely drift to public attention.

In a preceding article I have stated that Canada's immigration problems are so alike unto those of the United States that it is difficult to separate the two, except officially. What is said about Canada, therefore, is essentially an analysis of Canadian problems, but effect, if not always cause, is the same in both countries, and perhaps simultaneously so. In reading of and about Canada in this respect it should be borne in mind that whatever is not applicable to the United States conveys a moral for the latter's citizens.

National irritation exists throughout Canada with the semi-Slavic and semi-Ottoman elements.

In Canada the Greeks run all the middle-class, and, therefore, most important, aggregate business. The Slavic element runs all that is invisible but indubitably the most vital. Montreal, a Montrealer told me, "is owned by Jews and sold at retail by foreigners." Foreigners means aliens that are unassimilable even though they are naturalized citizens. Montreal is the chief city and commercial metropolis of the Dominion. One can walk for an hour along Craig street west and see "stores" that tell a tale that certainly is not in keeping with the traditions of ancient Hochelaga.

Why do they thrive? One of the "props" told me.

"There is always somebody who has something to sell; we manage to buy and resell it a few times."

That is an excellent principle, so long as there is demand for supplies. But it is difficult to conceive how a few hundred junk stores of this sort manage to fatten their sarcastic and surly proprietors simply upon the normal turnover of such merchandise, some of which is there, I suspect, for effect and not for business. One may observe such discrepancies as new cotton gloves for 30 cents a pair that can be purchased on the chief business streets at a chain store for half the price, but the latter of course are not shopworn and are not sold "at a second-hand price" because it is a second-hand store. But the most engrossing, compelling, provoking and even harrowing picture—told without words—is to see the collection of mementoes that bear a predominantly military or naval ownership or source; medals of honor, lockets of sentiment, gifts tragically personal.

Yet your everyday, garden variety of Canadian feels quite helpless, and he will tell you so. He will tell you that the newspapers refrain from comments that may displease or offend those persons that pull the strings in this sort of immigration game. Thus the subject is handled gingerly by the press. At Ottawa officials whisper with the same hesitancy and ominousness that would mark any traitor's intrigue.

Between Calgary and Vancouver there exists the same subjugation of private opinion, although in the territory between those two prosperous cities one hears much vociferating against the Oriental, notwithstanding that Canadian farmers tell their own story—or two or three such representative farmers have told it to me frankly—so plausibly as to show that though there may be honest differences of opinion about the pros and cons, there is a striking sense of favoritism toward "softer" alien types. I have been for the first time the listener of a story that throws a different light upon a phase of Oriental immigration that bears studying out.

A farmer of rough hands, negligently prosperous if somewhat rurally garbed, boarded the train at Wetaskiwin, on his way to Bowden. As I was traveling from Edmonton to Calgary I had an excellent opportunity to chat with him, and he spoke to me as a "writer from the States just looking around." I did not say at any time to any chance acquaintance that I was interested in any subject because I did not wish to be the recipient of pet theories, and in this instance his conversation was as natural as gravity itself.

He wanted to know about Wilson, about New York, about Congress, about labor, about business conditions, about radio, and from the diversity of topics it was obvious that without being highly educated he was well posted. The sight of a Chinese lolling at the door of a cabin set between stations, come there probably to obtain the only excitement of the day—a passing train—led me to say something about the Celestial.

"We haven't enough of that kind," said my traveling companion.

I was surprised. "Not enough?" I repeated. "Aren't you Canadians against Oriental immigration?"

"Against immigrants, to be sure, but not against workers. A pair of hands is a pair of hands. What they turn out, and the way they turn it out, is what counts. That's the way I tell if a man is a good worker or not. And just now we need a few thousand more Chinese than anything else, and I am not talking about Chinese people, I am talking about Chinese workers—their hands and nothing more.

"The trouble is that in all this worry about Chinese labor we have plumb forgotten that it's all wrong to reject workingmen by the job lot when our idea in the whole thing is that of protecting our people. But just now we have gone so far protecting Canadians from Orientals that bless me if they are not doing the contrary.

"What I want and what every man who has work to be done wants is somebody to do that work, and I agree with you that I mean work that does the whole country some good. If the work has to be done let's do it. Just now we are doing little of it, and less every year.

"I am not speaking for myself because I am on the other side of 50 and have enough to live on and work for, but I know what the job is and I know of farmer after farmer that is up against it. He has the land—and he has it just as it was created that third day of Genesis. Do you know what it costs to clear an acre of land down where the timber grows? No? Well, the farmer is lucky if he can do it for $500. That means a hole in his pocket and most of them can't stand it. They go broke, and they sell. They sell cheap—they don't get even 60 per cent of expenses of clearing, to say nothing of the land. Somebody profits shamelessly somewhere, and the worker of that land has to pay the way.

"You say you thought that we here in Canada kick against the Chinese? Well, in a way we do, but don't forget that we kick against them going to the towns and doing the work that white men, and natives at that, are doing. Down your way they went in for washing, I read somewhere, and cut prices. Well, that's a legitimate kick. But is it right to kick when they are willing to do the work, and doing it right and for fair pay, that no other mother's son is going to do unless he breaks you, if he isn't yellow-bodied?

Chinese Desirable (Immigrants)

"WAIT; there's more. It's a good argument, but nobody wants to start it. The Chinese don't come here to raise families. We can find fault with the way they live, but it's a good quiet life. They raise what they eat. They live in houses that they build. They give a sight more than they take.

"See that piece of land?" My interlocutor pointed out a bit of sparsely timbered land. "There is nothing on there—bare as bare can be. Give me 10 Chinese, and in a week they'll have a house, a vegetable garden started, and be working away to produce. They aim to go back to China and die anyhow, but if they don't we might fix it so as to make sure that too many of them don't stick around, but what's the good of perpetuating this wilderness?

"That's Canada today for you, and I have seen a bit of this place. Land and more land. Somebody must work it. There are not enough Canadians to do it, and the young ones who started wrong in the towns can't be taught new farming tricks now. They don't count. This back to the farm movement doesn't mean much. Few of those that try it stick because it isn't in their brains. And we can't stand that sort of thinking work.

"I don't care how it's fixed, but I do say that the Chinese are mighty good workers and we need them badly. They'll take a piece of raw land and don't ask your blood as the price to fix it up for you. They'll take reasonable pay—and we believe in paying what all work is worth. I can take 500 acres and start them going if it won't cost me more than $2 a head for men—but $5 or $6, and all fixings too? It can't be done.

"And, don't forget this—what there is to Canada today, farming, railroading, irrigation, and all hard work like that, is because somebody started it on fair and not fancy wages. Now that the fair wages are

(Concluded on page 14)

Great Detective Stories That Are Never Told

Secret Service Archives Conceal Mysteries, Crimes and Captures

By GEORGE H. DACY



Chemical laboratory of Internal Revenue Department, where whisky of "bottled-in-bond" type is tested.



Office of Controller where $250,000,000 in national bank notes are stored.

DURING one of Woodrow Wilson's visits to the National Press Club where news writers and editors from all parts of the world get together, some one asked what kind of reading he liked the best. Smiling rather apologetically, Mr. Wilson replied that he realized the greatest enjoyment from reading a rattling good detective story—not a trashy dime novel but a complex-plotted, exciting, interest-stirring production such as the true stories about the activities of the United States Secret Service and other plain-clothes men who ferret out involved national and international mysteries.

One of the leaders of this service remarked during a visit I made to his office in quest of information, "How long do you suppose this Service would be secret if we told the press all about what we are doing?" The policy is to shun publicity. It is as easy to talk to the Sphinx of Egypt as it is to obtain a sanctioned and official interview with the leaders of Uncle Sam's detective service.

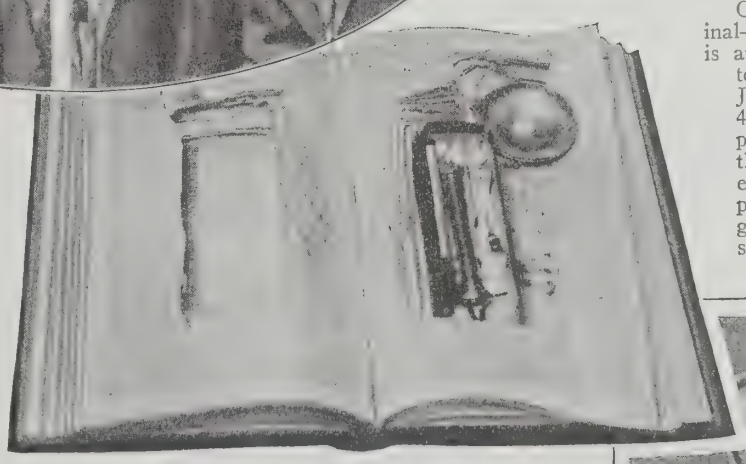
It is a catch-as-catch-can proposition as to how many members there are at present in the Secret Service. Ask the officials and they will reply that their oath of office prevents their giving out such information. Suffice it to say that last year there were enough Federal detectives to make 1,025 arrests—this is 100 more captures than ever previously have been consummated in a single year. Three hundred and twenty-four note raisers and 259 check forgers were included in this total, indicating continued activity among these classes of offenders. Twenty-eight new counterfeit note issues were discovered in circulation but, for the most part, they were crude imitations and were detected readily by the national sleuths. Many spurious specimens were received in remittances from European countries, indicating that the counterfeiting of our obligations and securities is more or less prevalent abroad.

Secret Service operatives have had to cope recently with a new crime which has followed prohibition. It features the counterfeiting of internal revenue strip stamps on bottles of "bottled-in-bond" liquor. Last year, Secret Service agents arrested 96 persons and seized many truckloads of labels of popular brands of whiskies and gins. In many instances these counterfeit stamps were being used on poisonous concoctions.

Counterfeit notes aggregating $196,993 were seized or captured as well as $12,239.33 in counterfeit coins, 171 counterfeit note plates, 14 engraved dies and 48½ sets of molds for coin counterfeiting, together with a large quantity of miscellaneous tools and materials intended for use in counterfeiting operations. The year's accomplishments also included the investigation of 3,500 forged check cases, 1,250 altered and forged Liberty bond cases and 560 altered and stolen war-savings stamp cases. Although only 259 arrests were made in the forged check cases, nevertheless, the Secret Service agents were successful in nearly all the cases assigned to them in discovering the forger, but a majority of these cases presented circumstances sufficiently extenuating to warrant the United States attorneys in dismissing the cases after restitution was made. In the altered and forged bond cases, approximately $750,000 in stolen and forged bonds was recovered to the government and banks during the year. In co-operation with the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, the Division of Loans and Currency and the Registrar's and Treasurer's offices, the Secret Service has also rendered valuable service in safeguarding the obligations and securities of Uncle Sam.

The same fear which is engendered among thieves and criminals in the British Isles by the mention of Scotland Yard now develops among the underworld denizens of the United States when they learn that agents of the United States Secret Service are on their trail. The government plain-clothes men have won the reputation of sticking to the trail until they get their men. If the inside story of Secret Service could be made public, the vast majority of our American homes would be burning midnight oil night after night while their occupants read the most thrilling tales of crime, chase and capture that were ever printed.

Did you ever hear about the criminal who planned on stealing the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, of spiriting it overseas and of holding it in concealment in Europe until Uncle Sam paid more than $2,000,000 for its safe return? This particular lawbreaker was successful in locating a confederate in a government position in the State, War and Navy Building in Washington where the precious document was then on display. Secret Service agents who at the most unexpected times bob up and frustrate the best-laid plans of clever crooks got wind of the proposed robbery and prevented it.



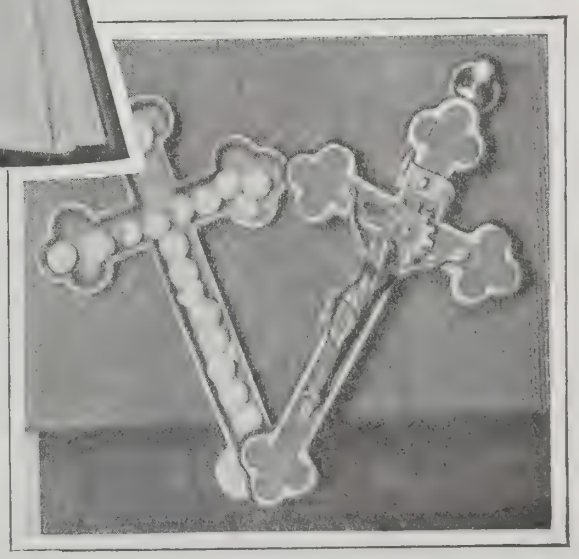
Above—Two Government detectives with a "Mexican Negro" they arrested for setting fire to Veterans' Bureau building. Below—The drug peddler knows no fear or sense of sacrilege. Here is a Bible hollowed out to conceal narcotics. To the right is a hollow crucifix used for similar purposes.

A certain prohibition enforcement agent in New York City has won countrywide publicity because he dresses and acts a hundred different rôles. The majority of our expert agents of Secret Service are more skillful. The difference is that the public rarely hears about the many and varied disguises which the government detectives can and do don. For example, one of the worst moonshine stills in Kentucky was raided and razed to the ground as a result of a Secret Service agent disguising himself as an escaped convict and seeking refuge at the cabin of the ringleader of this gang. After several months, the agent was treated almost like a member of the family. Finally, by keeping tab on the movements of the mountaineer, who occasionally stole away from the cabin in the middle of the night, the Federal representative located the still. Thereupon he communicated with his associates who raided, wrecked and ruined the plant where the illicit corn whisky was being made.

All the government departments and bureaus in the national capital are provided with skilled and expert detective service. The United States Secret Service is an important branch of the Treasury Department. The Department of Justice has a special Bureau of Investigation which was reorganized recently and placed under the directorship of William J. Burns.

One of the most interesting features is a training school for Department of Justice agents where the novitiates are instructed in the rudiments of crime study and criminal detection. The school is in charge of experienced and expert investigators. Henceforth, relatively "green" men can rub off the rough edges and acquire proficiency in the fundamentals of sleuthing under the supervision of practical teachers instead of having to obtain this knowledge under field conditions at heavy expense to the government. The detective college will be able to turn out enough graduates so that Uncle Sam can assign trained investigators to all cases of violations of the Federal statutes.

One of the most interesting files of criminal—and near-criminal—histories in the world is at present maintained by the General Intelligence Division of the Department of Justice. Index cards to the number of 450,000 containing brief histories of suspects, organizations and societies are in the government archives as well as many exhibits, photographs and descriptions of persons engaged in activities against the government. That national crimes are still an important factor in the evil deeds of the world is evidenced by the fact that more than 1,500 new photographs have been added to the "rogues' gallery" of the Department of Justice during the last 12 months. Complete data is kept on the purposes, plans and ideals of all associations, clubs and societies that are organized in the United States. During a recent year, 446 aliens have been deported under the anarchy provisions of the deportation law. During the last year, the activities of foreign propagandists in this



(*Concluded on page 14*)

The Golden Mistake That Won a World Series

Stories of Brainy, Inside Baseball—and the "Breaks of the Game"

By H. G. SALSINGER

GEORGE BURNS, first baseman of the Cleveland Americans, was sitting on the edge of the dugout in the Brooklyn ball park, watching the infielders as the third game of the world series of 1920 was drawing to a close. Burns suddenly became more alert, gazed intently for several minutes and then, turning to Manager Tris Speaker, remarked:

"I think I got 'em."

"Who's giving 'em?"

"Kilduff—there at second. Watch him!"

Pete Kilduff, Brooklyn's second baseman, was bending low as the catcher signalled the pitcher before the delivery. Then, when the pitcher prepared to wind up, Kilduff picked up a few pebbles of dirt. At times he tossed the dirt ahead of him; at other times he tossed it behind him, his bared hand and arm swinging at his side or between his legs.

"Notice him?" asked Burns after Speaker had watched Kilduff on several pitched balls.

"Looks like it. We'll try him out," replied Speaker.

Calling the next batsman to his side, Speaker gave the player implicit instructions. He was to wait the pitcher out and he was to watch every pitched ball closely and discover what it was.

From the dugout Burns and Speaker watched Kilduff and when the batsman returned to the bench they had the key to the Brooklyn signal code. They knew then that whenever Kilduff tossed dirt in front of him the pitcher was about to deliver a fast ball and whenever he threw the dirt behind, it was a spit ball or a curve. The same signal was used for any ball other than a fast ball.

The discovery came too late in the game. Cleveland was beaten. Cleveland had been beaten on the previous day. The first game of the series was a Cleveland victory.

Signals and a Fast Field

BROOKLYN won its way through the National League chiefly because of a superior pitching staff. Grimes, Mamaux, Cadore, Marquard, Pfeffer and Smith were among the pitchers that had landed a league championship for Brooklyn and these twirlers were expected to win the world's title. The first game had been lost but in the next two they delivered. For 18 innings in the last two games at Brooklyn, Cleveland scored but one run and with the second defeat the Cleveland hopes sagged badly.

From Brooklyn the teams moved to Cleveland to continue the series on the American League grounds. In the coach carrying the Cleveland players out of New York that night there was an air of confidence not shared by the followers of the team.

"Little old New York, it's the last we'll see of you until next May for we're not coming back again this year," promised Joe Wood looking out at the disappearing landscape. To end the series in Cleveland the American League champions would have to win four games in succession.

"Four in a row for us when we get home," agreed O'Neill, the catcher. "When those infielders hit that Cleveland diamond they'll think they have been playing in a minor league."

"And when we start hittin' those pitchers they'll think their curvers has suddenly got paralysis of the throwin' arm," came a voice from the rear end of the coach.

A moving arm and a new supply of dirt were the foundation for this supreme confidence. Cleveland had solved the Brooklyn signal system and Cleveland, before this discovery, had decided that the Brooklyn defense could be upset by shifting to a faster diamond.

There is a difference in infields. There is individuality to infields. Different soil is used and in nearly all the soil is also used differently. Some infields are constructed so they are faster than others. A batted ball rolls more swiftly on one infield than on another, although not batted with any more force. Cleveland discovered, in the first game at Brooklyn, that the Brooklyn infield was unusually slow, slower than any infield in the American League. The home infield of the Cleveland club is fast, a great deal faster than Brooklyn's, and on the night of the first game instructions were wired to the groundkeeper in Cleveland to "speed up" the infield. For two days and two nights, workmen had been busy putting new soil into the Cleveland infield to make it even faster than before. Changing from the slow infield, to which they were accustomed, to this unusually fast infield, the Brooklyn players would be at a marked disadvantage.

"That's Funny"—But for Whom?

THE scene shifted to Cleveland and after one day of rest the series was resumed. The Cleveland players took the field with instructions to watch Kilduff. They were to set themselves and prepare to meet a fast ball whenever Kilduff tossed the dirt in front of him, the signal for a fast one. They were to ignore the delivery whenever Kilduff tossed dirt behind him.

The mastery of the Brooklyn pitchers disappeared in that game. Cleveland won, scoring five runs and five runs was more than their total in the first three games. The next day they scored eight, including a home run with the bases filled. They knocked out Grimes, leading pitcher of the National League and a spit ball pitcher. Grimes wondered why they swung only at his fast ball and ignored his spit ball. This baseball rout marked the turning point in the series. With Grimes knocked out of the box, with no pitcher able to stop Cleveland, the issue was all but completely decided and Cleveland achieved a complete victory in the next two days, winning each day and landing the championship, five games to two. The series, as Wood had predicted, ended in Cleveland.

Several months later, one bleak winter day, McAllister, the Cleveland coach, met Kilduff on the street in Columbus, Ohio. The world series was introduced into the conversation.

"I've never been able to understand how you fellows got on to our pitchers all of a sudden. The way you looked those two days in Brooklyn I thought you'd never be able to hit them," observed Kilduff.

"Oh, it isn't so funny," replied McAllister. "Not funny at all if you'd been where I was, on the Cleveland bench."

"I don't understand."

"I know, but if I were you, I'd get a different set of signals for next season. It's all over now and it makes no difference to us and that's my friendly advice to you."

"What do you mean? I don't need any advice. What have I got to do with a change in signal system?"

McAllister told Kilduff in detail how Cleveland had discovered the key to the Brooklyn signal code by watching him and how the batsmen, by observing the movement of his arm, had been able to know whenever a fast ball was coming up and bat accordingly.

As McAllister finished Kilduff laughed. "Yes, that is funny and you don't know how funny it is for I didn't give a signal all through the series. It wasn't me but Ivy Olson, our shortstop, who was signalling the outfielders on every pitched ball."

In baseball many movements of the fielders have meaning for the batsmen. Careful observance of these movements is among the first requisites for success. As soon as a new pitcher appears in the major leagues, seven teams begin watching his delivery, studying every movement carefully. Few pitchers can completely hide and deceive their delivery. Few can pitch without some telltale movement.

Not alone are the pitchers watched, but the infielders and the catcher. It is the duty of the catcher to signal the pitcher. Generally, by the use of the fingers, he tells the pitcher what kind of ball to throw. Then he signals the infield what kind of ball is to be thrown, curve, fast ball or slow ball. Spit balls, fadeaways and various other kinds of curve balls are all known under the general name of curve. Different pitchers use different kinds of curves. One of the infielders, second baseman or shortstop, signals the outfielders, giving them an opportunity to shift with the pitch.

If a team cannot find a flaw in the pitcher's movement it watches the catcher or the infielder that gives the signals to the outfielders.

Cleveland, being unable to detect a movement in the delivery of the Brooklyn pitchers, turned to the catcher and infielders. Then came Burns' discovery and the turning point in a world series.

A Home-Run Orgy

THE strange revelation, months later, that Kilduff did not give any signal, does not destroy the value his movements had for the Cleveland batsmen. Kilduff unconsciously went through a certain motion when a fast ball was about to be pitched and through another motion when a curve ball was asked for. Ball players frequently do that.

There was a memorable game in Philadelphia one day last season. Detroit was opposing the Athletics on Connie Mack's own grounds. "Dutch" Leonard for Detroit, and Edwin Rommel for Philadelphia, two of the best pitchers in the league, were in the box that day. The catchers were Johnny Bassler for Detroit, and "Cy" Perkins for Philadelphia. Few catchers as good as this pair have worn mask and chest protector in the major leagues in the last 10 years.

With two remarkably good pitchers and two crack catchers working, that game produced what the reporters described the following day as a "cloud-burst of hits." Philadelphia made two home runs off Leonard in the first inning and, before the game ended, Philadelphia had made six more, a total of eight home runs in one afternoon. Detroit, although getting but one home run, was making singles, two-baggers and three-base hits in batches.

Both pitchers were relieved early in the game, naturally, but their successors were given the same treatment. Each team felt certain the other team had its signals. Early in the game the infielders quit giving the signals to eliminate that possible source. But the hitting continued. Then each team felt certain that the pitcher had some telltale movement that was informing the batsman what kind of ball was about to be delivered. Both were sure the signals were not being "snatched" from the catcher for each catcher was a master, polished, finished, "sign proof."

Catchers have given away their signals by dropping their hands to the ground with the batsman "on deck," by moving to a position behind the catcher, noting the signal. Bassler and Perkins, as the heavy hitting continued, took constantly better precautions to hide the signals and they covered them so well that it was with difficulty that the pitchers got them.

There was much discussion after the game. It was a mystery. The mystery grew deeper in the remaining games of the series when pitcher after pitcher was badly battered. All explanations fell flat. It was months later that the cause was discovered. Each catcher unconsciously tipped off the delivery while giving the signal. Perkins had a curious habit of moving out his knees fast whenever he signalled for a fast ball. The movement of the knees had nothing to do with the sign. Perkins was unconscious of it and his pitchers and team mates had never noticed it but the opposing team had. Careful checking up of Perkins' movements disclosed the fact that every time the knees jerked sideways a fast ball was delivered to him. The coachers on first and third watched Perkins' knees and every time the movement occurred they would yell "Come on, Boy," to the batsman, who would set himself and "step into" the fast ball. Bassler also had an unconscious movement. Whenever Bassler signalled for a curve ball he brought his elbows forward but when he asked for a fast ball the elbows remained close to his side.

Had the Brooklyn players closely observed Steve O'Neill, the Cleveland catcher, during the world series of 1920, Stanley Coveleskie would not have had such remarkable success against them. Coveleskie, a spit ball pitcher, defeated Brooklyn in three of the five games that Cleveland won. Coveleskie himself is not a sign-proof pitcher because he does not always handle the ball before delivering a fast ball the same way he does when preparing to throw a spit ball. Every spit ball pitcher naturally bluffs throwing the spit ball many times more than he actually throws it, for the spit ball wears out a pitching arm faster than any other delivery with the exception of the fadeaway. When Coveleskie prepares for a spit ball delivery he "smears" the ball well, twirling it behind his gloved hand before winding up, but when he bluffs the spit ball he often forgets to twirl the ball the same number of times that he does for the real spitter.

His Tongue in His Cheek—Wham!

THERE was a more certain method of finding out when the spit ball was coming. O'Neill, after signalling the pitcher, always let the fingers of his bare hand touch the dirt. Whenever he signalled for a spit ball he would pick up some dirt and let it sift through his fingers. He did this to enable him better to grip the ball when it was delivered. He never picked up the dirt unless a spit ball was coming.

Jimmy Lavender was one of the best spit ball pitchers the National League produced. When Lavender was in his prime he could not defeat the Brooklyn club. Brooklyn batsmen ignored his spit ball and hit his fast one. Lavender never understood why. He finally decided they could see how he held the ball so the next time he pitched against Brooklyn, Lavender wore the largest glove that probably any pitcher ever carried to the pitching mound. Lavender had decided the large glove would completely mask his delivery. He started with a new confidence but before the third inning ended Lavender discovered that he was fooling Brooklyn no more than he ever did, so he scratched Brooklyn off his list.

Lavender had an unconscious habit of shoving his tongue against his cheek every time he expectorated upon the ball. Whenever the cheek bulged out the batsman could be certain that Lavender would throw a spit ball. For that reason Brooklyn batsmen never offered at his spit ball. Lavender's motion for his fast ball was the same with the exception that the cheek would not protrude.

When Walter Johnson, of Washington, was establishing his reputation as the greatest fast ball pitcher of all time, batsmen always knew what was coming. The delivery would be fast, or faster, but Johnson's fast ball was so fast and carried such a sharp, zipping break, that the batsmen were powerless even though they knew what every pitched ball would be. Later on Johnson developed a curve ball but his remarkable record was made on a single delivery and he is the only pitcher in history that ever reached the top on only one delivery.

Matty's Mighty Threat

CHRISTY MATHEWSON was one pitcher without a flaw. Mathewson was to pitchers what Valasquez was to painters. He had poise, technique, control. In the language of the sport "he had everything." Mathewson's control was uncanny. He had a remarkably fast ball, a sharp curve and a slow-breaking curve. He had a slow ball. He knew when to use them. His fadeaway was probably the most tantalizing delivery that ever broke over a home plate. It was a curve ball that dropped in, toward the right-handed batsman and away from the left-handed batsman. Mathewson pitched with system. He pitched practically the same way to all right-handed batsmen when he was ahead of them, that is, when the count of balls and strikes was in favor of the pitcher. He invariably pitched the first ball over for a strike, establishing an advantage. When ahead of a right-handed batsman he kept the curve ball to the outside of the plate, pulled in his right fielder and challenged the batsman to hit. On left-handed batsmen, Mathewson used the fast ball and a knee-high curve and sometimes the fadeaway.

The fadeaway was Mathewson's big threat. He never threw more than 12 in a game, rarely ever that many. It was too great a tax on his strength. Sometimes he did not throw any. After he established the reputation of the fadeaway Mathewson did not have to use it often. The fact that he was likely to throw it at any time created a mental hazard with the batsman that gave Mathewson the desired advantage. It was not the first fadeaway ever brought into the majors, for "Buttons" Briggs, who pitched for Cleveland and Chicago, had a similar delivery although it was not

(*Concluded on page 15*)

Germany, Prey of Alien, Faces Complete Ruin

Condition of Country, and Especially of Capital, Steadily Grows Worse



Berlin yesterday and today. Unter den Linden when the kaiser ruled, and the same thoroughfare under the republic.





Circle—Slavic types in Berlin. Below—Residential and business scenes in the German capital.

By WALTER M. WOLFF

This is one of several varying views recently published by The Dearborn Independent that our readers may obtain an insigh into conditions in Central Europe. This writer, an American resident in Berlin, expresses little hope for Germany's future

FIVE years ago Berlin fairly bristled and glistened with steel helmets and sabers; never a day passed without the dress parade on Unter den Linden; and the kaiser in all pomp and glory journeyed down from Potsdam. Today a few ordinary traffic cops and Schutzpolizei (security police) grace the streets in their black helmets. Added to this, one occasionally meets a few of Germany's new standing army of 100,000 men, who look more like National Guard recruits than veterans of a world war. But there is no music—no pomp—no goose-step parade—nothing! Berlin, once the mecca in the world of militarism, now stands like a disgraced officer from whom all chevrons, medals, and buttons—even the uniform itself—have been torn away.

It may be said in good faith that Berlin has fallen prey to the foreigner. Before the war Berlin had a large foreign population, but today statistics show that every twelfth person in the city is a foreigner. When one remembers that Berlin comprises a population of 3,200,000, it is easy to see that the proportion of foreigners is very large. There are today perhaps more than 2,000 Americans living in Berlin, which means that the American is finding Berlin to his liking. In the first place, he can spend a very comfortable, enjoyable and profitable year in Berlin for a few hundred dollars (which translated into German means many thousands of marks). Of course, he must not mind a little inconvenience—or even excitement—now and then, if a general strike or revolution breaks out at more or less regular intervals. While Berlin itself may have good intentions, the general atmosphere in Germany today is, as yet, far from clear.

It may be of interest to Americans not in Berlin to know just how Americans in Berlin enjoy themselves now that the *dollar* has become the true Almighty Currency. Hotels, pensions and furnished rooms are fully as numerous as saloons used to be on the Barbary Coast, but if one succeeds in locating something unoccupied, he can well feel prouder than the luckiest Klondike aspirant for gold. Furthermore, the Germans (especially the Berliners) know exactly how much money an American *ought* to have, and they cannot forget that the dollar once stood at 325. It is, then, no wonder that one pays all the way from ridiculous to exorbitant prices for everything—and still lives many times cheaper than in the days of greatest prosperity at home. If I should tell you that an American who lived in a little back room for $8 a week at home has now engaged a beautiful apartment with maid service and all for *$5 a month*, in Berlin you would cry, "Preposterous!" but it is, nevertheless, true.

How you have often wished you might hear the finest grand opera, or attend a masterful performance of "Faust," or "Peer Gynt"—but remained at home because you hated to spend at least $3 for a seat. If, however, you were in Berlin and found that you could obtain the best seat in the house for 60 cents (including war tax), you might go and take a friend along for company. The finest recitals, concerts, and every form of entertainment and amusement can be had for but a few cents. Also, you need not bother to wait for a street car after the performance; there are plenty of taxicabs to take you all over the city for a dollar, and taxi drivers have been allowed to multiply fares *twentyfold* over the pre-war rates.

There are also other peoples who seem to be finding Berlin an ideal haven. These are Poles, Czechs and Russians, of whom there are fully 300,000 altogether. They seem to eke out some kind of an existence at various occupations, and live in the very poorest sections of Berlin. Most of this type have no passports and are refugees from Russia and Poland. If it were not for the fact that Socialists and the Communists are very strong in Germany—especially so in Berlin—race antipathy would be quite as strong as in California against the Japanese. The average German has long realized that the sooner these elements of agitation are forever dispelled, the sooner will Germany find herself on the road to a complete and healthy recovery. While the American comes to Berlin with his optimism and friendliness and desire for co-operation (as well as with a most varied assortment of negotiable credit instruments), the undesirable foreigner comes almost at the risk of his life, for if he is caught without proper credentials, he is expected to be on his way eastward or southward within 24 hours. However, Germany is to blame for a very poor enforcement of this rule, and the undesirables are losing no time making the best of their nefarious opportunities.

A conspicuous inhabitant of Berlin is the omnipresent Jew. The fact that Berlin has a very large Jewish population is ample proof that at least one city in Germany need not fear economic chaos or bankruptcy. Judging from the Jew alone, Berlin should be the wealthiest metropolis on earth, for there is not a Jew here who could not buy out the city many times over during the day and then sell it again at "sacrifice" the next morning. The best food in Berlin, the most luxurious apartments, the finest automobiles, and the biggest bank rolls belong *not* to the American but to the sons of Israel! Every bank, department store, clothing store, and source of big profits in general, is owned, rented, presided over, or controlled by the Jew; even the Reichstag itself is almost a German B'nai B'rith.

But the legitimate inhabitant of Berlin—what becomes of him? Is the ordinary man and the average German who calls Berlin his birthplace finding his home town any better off than it was in 1914? The truth of the matter is that the middle classes in Germany are far worse off than at any time in the history of the country. A well-paid clerk or government employe earns not more than 4,000 marks a month (at the time this was written 4,000 marks amounted to $11; since then German money has depreciated even more). If he is a single man he may be able to save a few hundred marks each month by strict economy, but the married man cannot afford meat more than once a week, and he *must* be content with oleomargarine and coffee without cream or sugar. Living costs in Berlin are increasing daily and are far higher than in any other city of Germany, mainly because of the ever-increasing influx of foreigners who momentarily benefit from the fluctuations in foreign exchange. I have read that this year several thousand new bank accounts have been opened up in Berlin banks by Americans; it is needless to say that a far greater number of German accounts have ceased because the average German, and especially the average Berliner, has been forced to draw on his savings to keep going in face of tremendous increases in prices. It is impossible for a German to save money on the salary he makes, because he never knows tomorrow what he will have to pay for food, clothing, rent, and all other expenses. While prices are showing strong inclinations in other countries of falling back to some kind of pre-war level once more, aspects in Germany are assuming more and more of the hopelessness that long ago prevailed in Austria, Poland and Russia.

(Concluded on page 11)

Remaking the Disabled Veterans of the War

More Than 100,000 Soldiers Have Entered Training for New Work

By J. H. WALTON

This is one of a series of several articles dealing with important United States officials who are unknown to the general public.

AMONG the first volunteers immediately after the declaration of war, in April, 1917, was H. H. Milks, a young lawyer from the state of New York. Although married and beyond the draft age, he answered the call. Military training at Cornell University, and experience as a member of the national guard, qualified him for an officer's training camp, and he received a commission as lieutenant.

Lieutenant Milks was stationed at Camp Dix, New Jersey, training "rookies," until his discharge. In November, 1917, he met with an accident while riding which incapacitated him for further military duty, and he was honorably discharged. He felt, however, that he still owed a duty, and when the director of the newly organized Bureau of War Risk Insurance issued a call for lawyers to assist in this work, Milks again volunteered.

He was employed as an examiner on December 3, 1917, but his application to the work was soon rewarded by a promotion to reviewer, and two years later he was chosen from among 30-odd fellow workers and made chief reviewer, in direct charge of all the examiners and reviewers in the bureau. In October, 1921, there were 315 examiners and 60 reviewers, all lawyers, whose duty it was to assemble all the evidence and adjudicate the cases of claimants for disability compensation, death compensation, disability insurance, contract term and government insurance, reimbursement for medical treatment, rehabilitation training and so on.

When, at the request of the American Legion, the bureau was divided into 14 districts, Mr. Milks selected the reviewers and examiners sent to these districts, 250 in all. He now drafts all instructions to examiners and reviewers in the central office, in Washington, D. C., and in the field.



H. H. MILKS, chief reviewer, claims division, United States Veterans' Bureau.

He is responsible for the adjudication of all claims. All doubtful cases are passed upon by him personally, his judgment being subject to change only by the board of appeals or the director of the bureau.

The Veterans' Bureau, since its incorporation with the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, has a wonderful system for caring for our disabled soldiers. Much confusion had been caused by the overlapping of work; many times it was found that ex-soldiers were drawing compensation from both sources. Many were referred back and forth from one to the other for several months until they despaired of ever having their cases settled. Now, however, if a claimant has a clear-cut case, and presents all the evidence required with form 526 (application for compensation and vocational training), it is possible to adjudicate his claim in 10 days to two weeks.

The bureau is divided into seven divisions, namely: claims, medical, insurance, rehabilitation, legal, finance, and personnel, with approximately 30,000 employes throughout the country. While the chief function of the bureau is to provide rehabilitation, medical treatment and financial relief to disabled ex-service men and their dependents, it does not stop at that. Employment is found for thousands every year.

To provide for the rehabilitation of ex-service men the bureau has established a system of vocational training, whereby they are placed in a position to return to industry and become self-supporting. This training covers every conceivable branch of trade or industry.

Men are permitted to choose the trade or profession in which they are to receive training whenever their choices and the result of investigation warrant it. Naturally, if a man receives training in a trade or profession in which he is interested the chances of early success are much greater than if he were trying to learn something with which he is not in sympathy. But, there are times when requests for training in some particular branch cannot be granted.

"When a disabled soldier applies for vocational training," said Mr. Milks, "the main things to be considered are his previous occupational history, and his educational qualifications. We always comply with an applicant's request if his record indicates that there is a possible chance of his succeeding in mastering the trade or profession desired. We are spending the people's money and, while our first consideration is for the boys relegated to our care by the hardships of war, we do not feel justified in squandering money.

"Often it is necessary to refuse training in one line and offer it in another. Take for example a case a few days ago. This boy, before he entered the service, was employed as a stevedore. While in France, it was necessary to amputate an arm above the elbow. He has a vocational handicap and is eligible for training in some line of work which can be performed with one arm. He expressed a desire to study law. We found that he had gone to public school intermittently until he was 14 years old, receiving the equivalent of about five full years of schooling. He can read fairly well, but writes with difficulty. It was impossible for us to recommend training in law. He never could have mastered it, at least not for many years. His educational limitations, and his physical handicap, restrict the list of occupations he can fulfill to very narrow confines. The probabilities are that the bureau will obtain him a position such as feeding newspapers into a folding machine, which can be done with one hand, and does not require an education.

"A similar case, as far as physical disability is concerned, is that of a violinist who had his left arm shattered. His previous educational history and mental rating warrant our recommending him for training in medicine or law if he so desires, but we would question his ability to master the mechanical trades. It is necessary to use the utmost discretion in considering a man's fitness for various kinds of training.

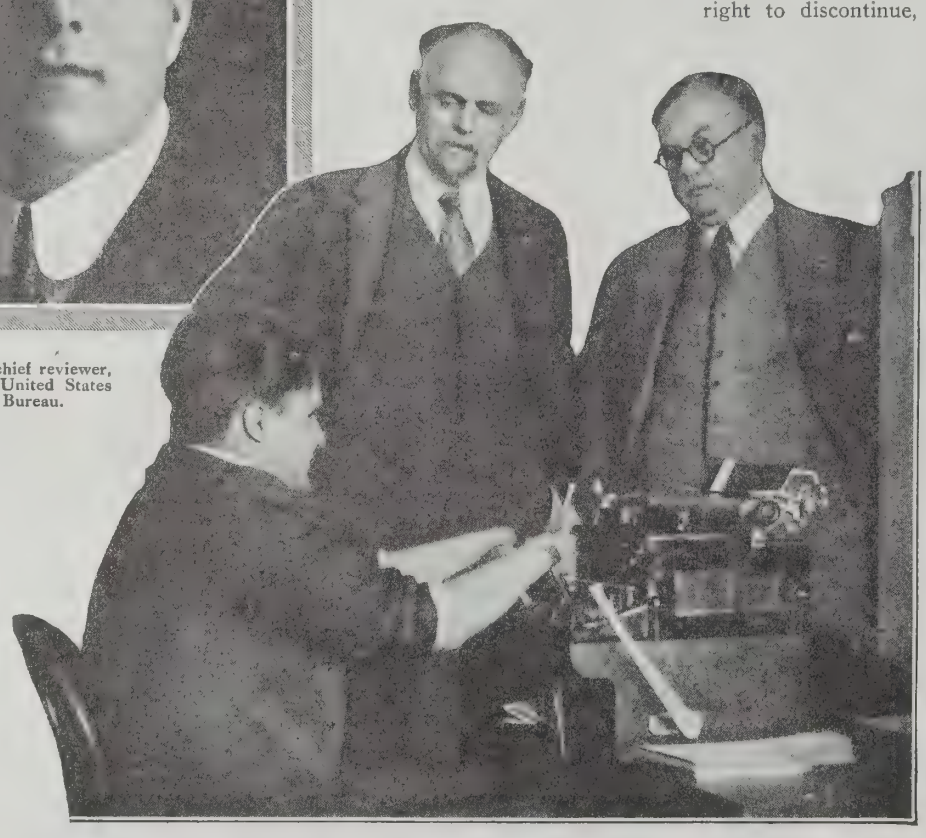
"A boy filed a claim for compensation in August, 1920, at Denver, Colorado. We requested an examination of his physical condition, sending him the proper form. He filled the form out himself, with forged signatures, went to the local Red Cross, showed them our letter, together with the filled-in medical report, and borrowed money, promising to return it when he received his compensation. He did not send the form to us, and the next we heard from him was several months later when he filed another from Kansas City, Missouri. We sent him another medical form, not knowing the use to which he had put the other, and he repeated the operation. In fact, we found out later that he worked the trick successfully for more than a year, traveling from city to city, borrowing money from the Red Cross and others at each place. When his case was adjudicated it was found that he was not entitled to compensation, and his only reason for filing claims was to use the forms as a basis for borrowing money.

"One of the chief difficulties encountered, and probably the cause of 75 to 80 per cent of the delay in adjudicating cases, is with 'floaters'—men who move from place to place, and especially those who fail to notify the bureau of the change of address.

"The country is divided into districts, and the case of a man living in Denver, Colorado, is adjudicated in one district, while that of a man living in Richmond, Virginia, we will say, is handled by another. When a man moves from one district to another his case must be transferred, and a new staff of clerks, examiners and reviewers must go over the entire case and familiarize themselves with it. All this requires time.

"Here is a fair example of why men have trouble in getting their claims adjudicated: This case may seem far-fetched but we have thousands of just such cases. This boy filed his claim in May, 1921, at Jacksonville, Florida. We sent him a medical form and the letter was returned to the district office unclaimed. The district manager then wrote to the postmaster at Jacksonville, requesting him to send us the boy's address. We finally located him in January, 1922, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His case was transferred to that district, and he underwent a medical examination there. When next we heard from him he was in Nashville, Tennessee. Before we could make final arrangements to pay compensation he moved back to Philadelphia, then back to Nashville, and then to Roanoke, Virginia, where he borrowed money from the Red Cross. We are now trying to get him to remain in one place long enough for us to dispose of his case.

"Most of the men who were actually disabled while on active duty have been taken care of, and are now receiving compensation or vocational training. The majority of cases handled now are those in which it is claimed that disability, although not having developed until some time after discharge from service, is the direct result of injury incurred while in service. It is sometimes hard to determine positively whether a disability is really a result of injuries incurred in line of duty and not the result of the man's own misconduct, or whether the disability is due to some illness or accident since his discharge. However, if there is a doubt as to a boy being entitled to compensation or training, we decide the case in his favor. Of course, we cannot pay out the people's money when it is not legally due, the law prevents that, and the bureau always reserves the right to discontinue, reduce, or increase payments at any time if new evidence is presented."



CARL BRONNER, blind and with both hands blown off by a grenade, demonstrating to COLONEL FORBES, director Veterans' Bureau (right) and MAJOR ARTHUR DEAN, assistant, how he is able to use a typewriter. He received training at the School for the Blind at Evergreen, Maryland.

Some idea of the volume of work of the claims division may be had when it is understood that approximately 1,250,000 cases are on file in the office. One case may involve from one to five or more claims. For example, a service man is disabled. He files a claim for compensation and medical treatment. He dies while in the hospital, leaving a wife and a dependent mother. The wife files a claim for compensation. The mother files a claim for compensation. If he carried government insurance the beneficiary files a claim. It is safe to say that the 1,250,000 cases involve at least an additional 1,250,000 claims, or 2,500,000 in all.

The total death and disability compensation paid to ex-service men and their dependents, on May 1, 1922, was $329,820,736.72. The number of men receiving compensation is 348,889, including 11,406, permanently and totally disabled. There are also 58,529 dependents of these men receiving compensation.

There have been 196,564 men declared elegible for vocational training, of which number 132,601 have entered into training, leaving 63,963 unassigned and in process of induction.

There are now in training 97,509 men. Those who have completed training number 11,360. There have been 3,071 deaths of men who had entered training, while 20,661 have discontinued training, a total of 132,601 men who have ever entered training.

This system of vocational training is turning out men capable of doing constructive work; men who never expected to be able to earn a dollar are now supporting themselves and families.

A noteworthy example of the results achieved by this system of rehabilitation is the case of Carl Bronner. While at the front, Bronner was wounded with a hand grenade resulting in the loss of both eyes and both hands. When he was visited in May, 1920, by the supervisor for the blind, of the Veterans' Bureau, he was helpless, unable even to dress or feed himself.

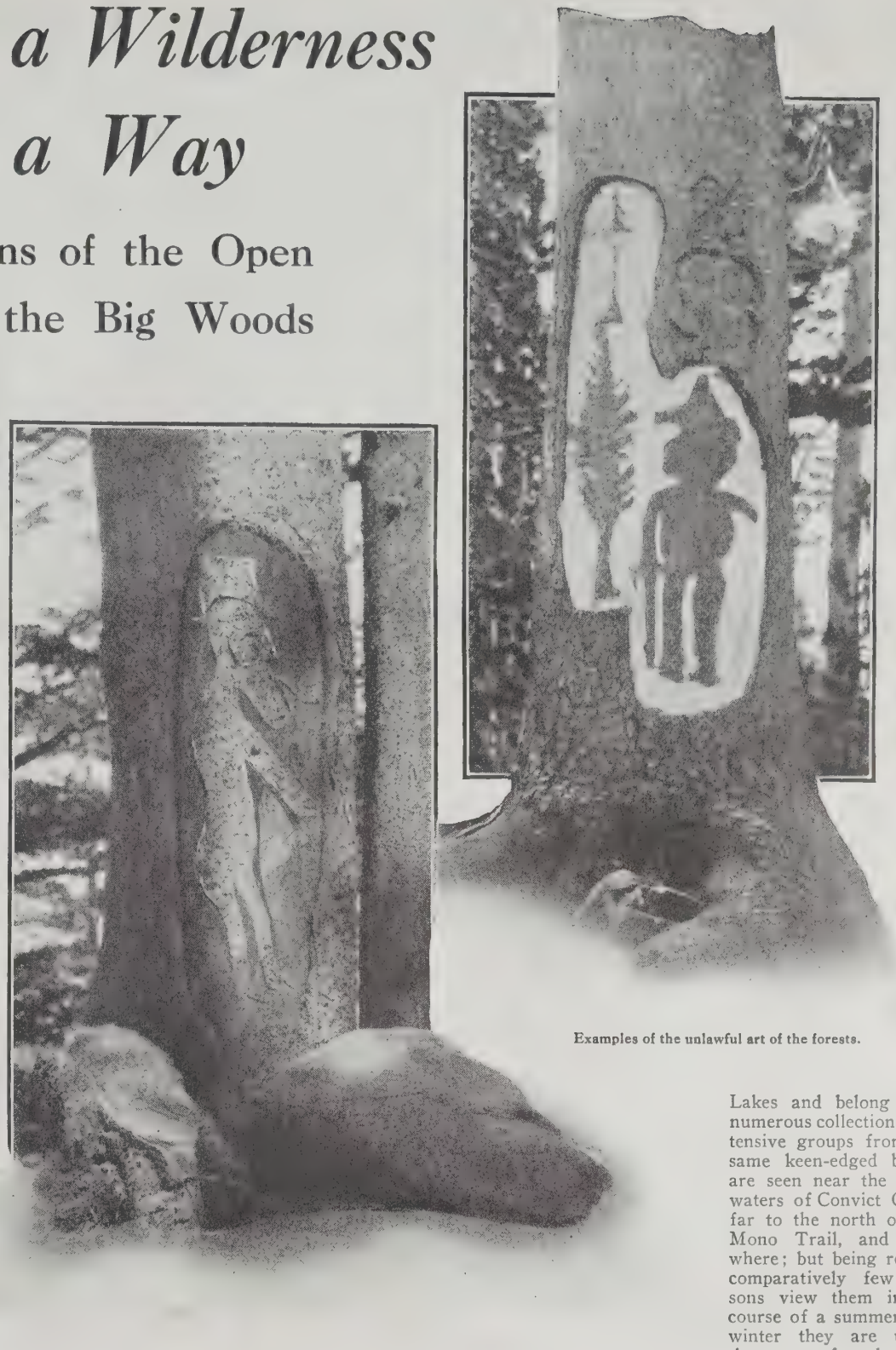
The bureau secured the services of a special instructor, who had lost one arm and one hand and had overcome his handicap, to tutor Bronner. No one present at the first lesson can ever forget the boy's delight to comb his own hair for the first time after his accident. After his discharge, Bronner was sent to the Red Cross School for the Blind, at Evergreen, Maryland, to which the bureau sends its blind veterans. The tuition of $100 a month and the salary of the special instructor was paid by the bureau.

Bronner is today, after two short years of training, a happy, self-reliant young fellow, with abundant confidence in himself and his ability to carry on. He is entirely independent and goes about constantly without a guide, dances, writes on both the Braille writer and typewriter, has finished his preliminary education, and will enter Johns Hopkins University to take up the study of law in September. No one who sees Bronner can ever doubt the worth-whileness of the government's efforts to rehabilitate its disabled heroes.

In the Heart of a Wilderness Art Finds a Way

Lonely, Untutored Sons of the Open Carve Lawlessly in the Big Woods

By JOHN L. VON BLON



Examples of the unlawful art of the forests.

ART will not be denied. It breaks out in unexpected forms and places and has recognized no barriers, since mortal made his first scratch on a rock. It is encouraged by repression and flourishes the more. One of its most extraordinary manifestations is in the Inyo National Forest, California, where the living timber is utilized for mysterious pictorial purposes despite the Federal Government's stern disapproval. There, carved on the boles of giant trees by adept hands, is an exhibit probably unique in the world. The secret of its existence is not yet fully cleared up, and inquiry continues.

Hundreds of human figures, life-size and skillfully, painstakingly executed, constitute this novel display in the high Sierra Nevada a few hundred miles north of Los Angeles. They range all the way from the sacred to the sacrilegious, from the pleasing to the shockingly ugly, and from ludicrous caricatures to serious and really attractive delineations. It's a versatile layout, to say the least. Cutting away of the bark leaves every one standing out in bold relief against the lighter background, as on a huge plaque.

Characters of every sort are faithfully depicted, though without sacrifice of imaginative qualities—women in evening gowns and in wrappers and sunbonnets; men in full dress, swallowtail coats and every detail; others in grotesque attitudes with various implements in their hands, formidable pipes in their mouths, and long beards monopolizing a lot of space.

There are happy, grinning faces and sad ones that reveal the touch of genius in their skulking creators. Heads and busts of a fine type occasionally are found, and a few dogs and other animals. The cross, symbol of Christianity, is impressively employed in a few instances, together with trees and flowers, but the story sought to be conveyed is somewhat obscure. Heraldic trappings, too, make their appearance. Every period from the Stone Age to the present may be glimpsed, and their treatment of the subjects indicates a knowledge of history and science as well as more than rudimentary art on the part of the authors, who may be termed experts in their freaky line. Not two of the "sketches" are similar. Whatever their failings in other respects they had not the glaring ones of repetition and imitation. Their "canvases" are original.

These remarkable pictoglyphs (some of them are colored) are in evidence throughout a region of about 1,000 square miles, generally in groups, and are startling when first encountered. The particular specimens herewith illustrated are on Tamarack Flats along a road that leads from the Owens River Valley to Rockcreek Lakes and belong to a numerous collection. Extensive groups from the same keen-edged blades are seen near the headwaters of Convict Creek, far to the north on the Mono Trail, and elsewhere; but being remote comparatively few persons view them in the course of a summer. In winter they are under the snow, for the altitude is 9,000 feet. Making their figures large and sometimes encircling a trunk with two or three hand-in-hand, the over-zealous despoilers naturally selected the choicest trees, six, eight or even ten feet in diameter for their operations—usually yellow or bull pine. These have thick, tough bark and the self-imposed task of removing such an immense amount with the utmost care was prodigious, and the time devoted to it and the patience required appalling. It is bad business for a tree to be peeled all the way around, or any part of the way, and none knows this better or resents it more than the United States Forest Service, which sought out the perpetrators. They got away with it several years but the constant investigation finally narrowed to definite suspicion directed toward—lowly sheep herders! It proved well grounded.

The lonely life of these men, mainly foreigners, without companionship months upon months save that of their bleating charges, dogs and burros, turns many "queer" in the head. That is the only plausible explanation of the graphic activities of the desecrating decorators of the big woods, and they are watched accordingly. Every spring after the snows have sufficiently melted to make the journey possible, tens of thousands of sheep are driven from the lower levels to the upper valleys for summer grazing, and returned in the autumn. It is hundreds of miles and there can be no hurrying. For days and weeks while the weary flocks rest and feed on lush meadows en route their tenders have only to guard and wait. Near Tamarack Flats is such a meadow, and there they halt; and so where other pictorial groups appear.

It is apparent by their peculiar characteristics that the tree carvings are the efforts of but two men. One, perhaps with a fair smattering of education, disclosed a degree of high-mindedness in all his "studies."

The remaining suspect now seldom makes his mark and evidences none of his former enthusiasm, probably fearing the prosecution and imprisonment which discovery surely would mean for him. The officers of the preserve, one of the largest, most picturesque and valuable and best managed in the country, believe they know his identity. So it is likely that the amazing "gallery" in the Inyo National Forest will not receive further additions. Eventually a new growth of bark will close it permanently—another lost art!

Germany, Prey of Alien Horde, Faces Complete Ruin

Concluded from page 9

Even as I am writing, butter has advanced another *20 marks* a pound; salaries *may* go up again *in six months!* Is it any wonder that the German dog can't catch his tail?

And, while the foreigners are besieging Berlin from all sides, the German resident is preparing for the worst. He sees himself becoming gradually locked out of all pursuits and enterprises, and he does not intend holding out much longer. If Germany declares bankruptcy in the immediate future, it will be only the natural sequence of events; and the rope is bound to snap sooner or later, but *snap it will beyond doubt.*

In America where the value remains stable, it is difficult for the people to realize the remarkable conditions prevailing in a nation of depreciated currency where, on account of the fluctuating exchange, one never knows today what his money may be worth tomorrow.

Recently thousands of foreign speculators in Berlin have become so frightened by the political and financial outlook that they are selling their paper marks for almost anything they will bring in foreign currency. They would rather run the risk of losing money than of holding German paper marks as their last financial reserve. The imports a thousand marks will buy today are *less than a third* what they would buy six months ago.

Hence the maintenance of stocks of raw materials becomes a critical problem, ever more serious to German industry.

The situation is well illustrated in the story I recently heard of a merchant who had 10 barrels of oil for sale. When he had disposed of them at the regular market price, the currency had so depreciated that, with the proceeds from the sale of the 10 barrels, he was able to restock only eight barrels. These he sold at a much higher market price, but in the meantime the value had again depreciated to such an extent that withal he had only enough to repurchase six barrels.

And so he kept on selling at still higher market prices, and the value kept on falling to still lower levels until finally he found himself with *no oil at all*, but with a lot of paper money which was not enough to buy *even one* barrel of oil.

But, in spite of all, Germany seems to keep going and the American continues to enjoy himself in Berlin, where he will always do so as long as the paper mark has any value left at all. When the paper mark has ceased being worth anything, it will be time enough for *exeunt Americani.* Coblenz will soon miss the Dollar Yank, and Berlin is not over-anxious to lose her American population (of which there is at present no danger).

Berlin is no longer the city of military pomp that she was in 1914, but among other dangers confronting her existence as a future European metropolis is the danger, not so much of the restoration of a monarchy, as of falling into the hands of the Jewish "conquerors"! And when this time comes to pass even the American will vacate his apartments in Berlin, and come back home where he must assume the rôle of a "regular fellow" again, but where he knows he will find the skies a bit bluer and the air a bit more comfortable.

If Humor Tipped the Reformer's Lance—

Then Might the Modern Don Quixote Fight On to Victory—Or Something

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

"YOU would pluck out the heart of my mystery," says Hamlet to Guildenstern who has had a long line of descendants engaged in the same work. No less a number of critics and interpreters have devoted themselves to the work of distilling the pure milk of the gospel of cheer in Cervantes' immortal masterpiece, Don Quixote. It has long since been conceded that while it may not have been the conscious purpose of the author, Don Quixote is more than a mere caricature of the extravagances of knight errantry. The novel would have died with knight errantry if that had been its sole content. Nietzsche's brilliant observation that Don Quixote is a profoundly pessimistic satire on all idealistic endeavor displays the abnormality of judgment which later culminated in complete and hopeless insanity.

The sanest and most helpful interpretation of Don Quixote is probably to be found in Professor Santayana's study, who writes:

"If we could have asked Cervantes what the moral of Don Quixote was, to his own mind, he would have told us, perhaps, that it was this: that the force of idealism is wasted if it does not recognize the reality of things. Neglect of the facts of daily life made the absurdities of the romances of chivalry and of the enterprises of Don Quixote. What is needed is not, of course, that idealism should be surrendered, either in literature or life, but that in both it should be made efficacious by a better adjustment to the reality it would transform."

"Don Quixote," continues Professor Santayana, "appears at first to the reader, and probably appears to the author as well, as primarily a madman, a thin and gaunt old village squire, whose brain has been turned by the nonsense he has read and taken for gospel truth, and who is punished for his ridiculous mania by an uninterrupted series of beatings, falls, indignities and insults. But the hero and the author, together with the ingenuity proper to madness and the inevitableness proper to genius, soon begin to disclose the fund of intelligence and ideal passion which underlies the superficial insanity. We see that Don Quixote is only mad north-north-west, when the wind blows from the quarter of his chivalrous preoccupation. At other times he shows himself a man of great goodness and fineness of wit, virtuous, courageous, courteous and generous and, in fact, the perfect ideal of a gentleman. When he takes, for instance, a handful of acorns from the goatherd's table and begins a grandiloquent discourse upon the Golden Age, we feel how cultivated the man is, how easily the little things of life suggest to him the great things, and with what delight he dwells on what is beautiful and happy. The truth and pathos of the character become all the more compelling when we consider how naturally the hero's madness and calamities flow from this same exquisite sense of what is good. Don Quixote is the eternal type, in fiction, of those seeking not gain but good."

It has been well said that adversity makes the small soul bitter while it makes the noble soul nobler. In truth, Cervantes had fought every inch of the long march which took him to the heights of spiritual serenity and joy where he dwelt in unassailable peace. "In perils oft," he might say with the Apostle; five years a prisoner in a foreign land; his left hand maimed ("for the greater glory of the right," as the indomitable soul cheerfully remarked) in the battle of Lepanto; in poverty always, Cervantes always seemed to say, "These minor afflictions which are but for a moment worketh in us a far more exceeding weight of glory." If sorrow alone has a right to prescribe for sorrow, then Cervantes had assuredly earned a right to the sacred office of tendering sympathy to all the afflicted.

There is a lesson of supreme importance which the reformer can learn if he will sit at the feet of Cervantes—he will be able to acquire or broaden his sense of humor, may we not say, his sense of humanity. The man who prayed, "Give, O Lord, thy Reformers a saving sense of humor" was well inspired. No class of people need this sense of humor more than the reformers; it "wad from many a blunder free them." The writer once asked that brilliant journalist and reformer, William Marion Reedy, if he were a Single Taxer. He replied, "Yes, I am, but with a saving sense of humor." Reedy, in a life devoted to reform, had realized that the average reformer is all too prone to narrow his perspective till he can see but one needed reform which to him is the comprehensive cure-all. A sense of humor would save him from such a pitfall. Lord Morley remarks that it is the fanatics of our own cause who fill us with despair. But a keen sense of humor is sworn foe to fanaticism. Hawthorne tells us that the reformer who does not now and then leave his special work and go out among the people will become unbalanced. We must take our bearings from time to time; we must "recognize the reality of things," otherwise we are trying to solve a problem while blissfully ignorant of the factors involved. Again and again the Don's fanaticism is wrecked on the rocks of Sancho Panza's ridicule and the extremist who is not instructed and ultimately saved by such a refreshing spectacle is surely sans help, sans hope.

How often we have felt the embarrassment of the extremists in our own camp, the earnest and worthy people who make no allowance for differences in experience and inherited traits. Such people would never have understood Solon when he replied to those who asked if his laws were the best that he could devise, "No; but the best that the people would accept." Aristotle said, "All extremes are wrong" and this is the burden of the prophet of humor, Cervantes. We cannot hope to attain our fullest possible strength till, like the hero of mythology, we build upon the solid earth of reality.

Who has a better right to unbend, to lighten his load betimes, than the reformer who is engaged in a very serious and responsible task? Nay, it is more than a right; by all the gods of sane living and serene reason it is a duty. Send thy Reformers, O Lord, a sense of humor and save them from intolerance, irrationality and selfishness—from the crime of taking themselves too seriously and wilfully living in sadness.

The scriptures of the East tell us that there are two spirits at work in the world. There is a spirit which pursues virtue and truth—this is the principle of light and salvation. There is also the spirit which seeks merely worldly gain and this is the spirit of darkness and damnation. History presents an eternal duel between these two spirits. Society, as now constituted, admittedly encourages the lower spirit and has built up a spider-civilization based on the acquisitive instincts. It is well that we have a great genius, an uncorrupted and incorruptible spirit, who presents in engaging and unforgetable colors the type which is verily the opposite spirit and is in eternal conflict with the spirit which seeks gain merely. He who has made the quest of good rather than gain the predominant motive of his life will betimes have need of all the lofty examples, both sacred and profane, which have been given to us for our inspiration and our consolation. He who seeks the good of his fellows above all else, who seeks to lessen the sum of human wretchedness, may at times think he is forsaken of God; he may at times say, "Is not the price of ideal endeavor too great?" The battlefield is strewn with the wrecks of many prophets—of those who gave all to the vision. Defeated, impoverished though they be, they will not be cast down if they can emulate the matchless pride of Don Quixote who, disdaining filthy lucre, cried, "I am second to none—in misfortune"—a bravely ironic boast which was echoed by his squire who, when he climbed the hill that stood above his native village, on his final return home, said, "We have come home, if not rich, at least well-whipped."

Per Cent Takers Now Ready to "Save" Russia

But Does That Country of Vast Resources Need So-Called Help?

IN A recent letter to the press, Dr. E. Dana Durand makes the statement that Russia sadly needs the help of the foreign investor; in fact, that she cannot possibly stand on her feet till she has aroused the interest and commanded the confidence of the "investing classes." This is an interesting statement and certainly most agreeable—to the "investing classes." As Dr. Durand is a high official in the Department of Commerce his statement may be accepted as the opinion of Secretary Hoover and, hence, a reflection of the official attitude of the American Government.

But the American Government has not always been so faithful a mirror of Wall Street sentiment. If Dr. Durand is correct, then he would have given the same advice to President Lincoln in the dark days of our Civil War. He would have said in effect, "The republic is doomed, Mr. Lincoln, unless you can secure the assistance of the investing classes." By the way, it is alleged that President Lincoln, in a fine outburst of patriotic indignation, once said of the "investing classes," who were holding up the government for 37 and 50 per cent on loans, "they ought to have their heads shot off."

If Russia had had a Lincoln instead of a Lenin, we know very well what would have occurred. Lenin would have said: "We have one-seventh of the land area of the globe—more than 8,500,000 square miles—and our undeveloped resources are beyond computation; we have 165 millions of people—one-ninth of the population of the globe: with this enormous extent of territory, with our wonderful resources, we have no need to borrow from anybody. If the people, in their sovereign capacity, through the government and under constitutional and legal forms, can lay under contribution the whole property and the services of every citizen, in protecting the lives and property of all, they certainly can issue tokens of this undoubted fact, in the shape of 'legal tenders'; and these become, by this act of sovereignty, the money of the country, the measure and the means of exchanges. The people who give them in their sovereign capacity, must take them in their private capacity, and again receive them, in their sovereign capacity as the government, for taxes. This makes their circulation and their use. The significance of these 'legal tenders' is that they are tokens of such service or material rendered to the government; and they are also promises to render an equal amount of money, service, or useful material in exchange, to the holder, by the government. If a private note of hand or a bank note is 'good' in proportion to the known credit and resources of the individual or the bank, so is that of the government, and in a superior degree, as the government has a larger credit and more resources than an individual or a bank. An individual or a bank pays its debts by means of its credits, or the valid claims either may have on others; so does the government; and the valid claims of government are all represented in rightful taxes imposed for its proper functions and employment. Government, on one side, is the giver of sound credit, represented by its paper; the validity and redeeming basis of this paper is in the fact that the community is indebted to the government in the shape of taxes for so much service and material as may be necessary to carry on its proper function and pay its officers for services rendered to the public; this creates an obligation on the part of the public to receive government money for 'value received.' Thus the circulation is complete."

It is unfortunately true that after the creation of the nation-saving Greenbacks, Lincoln was forced to compromise with the devil and it is equally true that this was due to the cowardice and incapacity of the legislative branch of the government; if every member of the House and Senate had been endowed with the courage and intellect of Thaddeus Stevens, no such compromise would have been necessary.

Dr. Durand's exertions as a special pleader for the investing classes, when viewed in the light of cold fact, appear to lead to a perfect *reductio ad absurdum*. Is it not a comedy of the first magnitude for the nation that numbers 165 millions, after driving off, by force of arms, a half-dozen invading armies, so far to forget the prodigies of valor which it has performed as to address the very foreigners it has conquered in terms such as these: "Emissaries of foreign tyrants, we have expelled you from the sacred limits of the fatherland, but we beg you to return and save us: you must return with bonds to bless us: the national integrity which we vindicated on the field of battle must inevitably perish unless you accord us your cash and your credit: we proved that we could live without the aid of your generals but we admit we cannot live without the assistance of your money-lenders. Unless your money-lords will be so good as to take over a mortgage on our victorious country, we must cease to function as a nation."

Is it possible that Dr. Durand and his chief, Secretary Hoover, have never read the history of our Civil War and of the French Revolution? The French Revolutionists had little use for Dr. Durand's counsel of despair—they could not have practised it if they would have done so for the all-sufficient reason that the foreign investors had covered their land with invading hosts. With her own self-created currency, in establishing which she did not say to foreign investors, "By your leave, gentlemen," though beset by armed foes without and traitors at home, France triumphed so absolutely over all her foes that the coldest narration of it thrills like a romance. "She saved herself by her energy and Humanity by her example." In spite of all the internal dissensions she maintained 13 armies in the field, compromising over one million men, and single-handed, defeated the allied armies of five European nations, all of whom were on the soil of France at the same time. She proved, as the sister republic of the West proved later, that a non-interest-bearing national currency is liberty's own ensign—the greatest champion that nations struggling to be free have ever found. Would that Russia might profit by their example.

There is no hope for Russia till she has a government open-minded enough to read and digest this lesson writ large on the page of history, a lesson now known wherever lips can lisp the sacred syllables, liberty. Lenin, mistaught, misdirected by the greatest enemy of progress that ever lived, Karl Marx, accepting with the faith of a little child Marx's *ipse dixit* that there is nothing in the money question, sought to debase the currency of the Czarist régime to the lowest depths of worthlessness, by incredible over-issues, and made no provision for a national currency to take its place, for he wished to do away with all money systems. Hence the inevitable epitaph: "BUT YESTERDAY THE MIGHT OF RUSSIA MIGHT HAVE STOOD AGAINST THE WORLD: NOW LIES SHE THERE AND NONE SO POOR TO DO HER REVERENCE."

The lesson of the sister republics grappling with the cobras of tyranny that sought to strangle young liberty is Greek, no less to Mr. Hoover than to Lenin. Hoover may protest that he, at least, was not misled by Marx; certainly not, but as if to prove that our Jewish friends will have their monopoly, if it is only a monopoly of error, Mr. Hoover was misled by Rothschild.



J. H. MC CALLUM,
President Board of State Harbor Commissioners,
San Francisco, Calif.

MISS HILDA GOHRMAN,
Secretary Board of State Harbor Commissioners,
San Francisco, Calif.

Frisco's Port, Owned by People, Returns Handsome Annual Profit

Forty Piers Provided to Care for World's Freightage

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE port of San Francisco, which is owned, controlled and operated in perpetuity by and for the people of California, made a gross profit of $665,782.07 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921. For the fiscal year just closed, the financial report will show a gross profit of very nearly the same sum. The average annual revenue of the port is $2,500,000. The gross profit remaining is applied to payment on bonds, interest, and addition of improvements and facilities.

The port is self-supporting. Its facilities never have cost the people one cent in taxation. It has issued bonds but these bonds are paid out of the income, and all that the port uses from the state is the authorization for issuance of bonds. The total bonded indebtedness of the port whose frontage, wharves and other facilities are valued at more than $50,000,000, is $13,000,000.

This is probably the largest, most successful and most complicated example of public ownership and operation of a utility in the United States. San Francisco, as a port, is to the western half of North America what New York is to the eastern half. It is the focal point of rail lines from within the United States, and of steamship lines, not alone from all lands on the Pacific Ocean, but eastward, through the Panama Canal to the Atlantic seaboard, and even to European ports.

All the port facilities on the entire San Francisco waterfront are owned by the state, and managed by the California board of state harbor commissioners, consisting of three members, appointed by the governor. It is the only port where all the activities are co-ordinated and harmonized under one single control. The harbor charges are the lowest, another powerful commentary on the benefit of public ownership of such utilities when properly managed. The present board of harbor commissioners consists of John H. McCallum, president; Harry H. Cosgriff and Frederick S. Moody.

The waterfront lies eight and one-half miles along the bay, and this improved frontage can be extended indefinitely. There is a completed sea wall 18,000 feet long. The jurisdiction of the active waterfront extends from the Golden Gate to the San Mateo County line, the city and county of San Francisco being co-lineal as to area and boundaries. The title is vested in the state and, under the broad powers given the board, the harbor—without taxation, and without contribution—has been equipped with the following facilities for which it has paid, or is paying, from its own earnings: Forty piers, from 125 to 200 feet wide, and 600 to 1,200 feet long, which provide a cargo area equivalent to 135 city blocks, and sufficient to take care of about 1,500,000 tons of cargo per month. Slip space ranges from 200 to 300 feet, allowing water space for lighters, or ship-to-ship transfer of export or import cargo.

Fifteen miles of berthing space, sufficient to accommodate more than 250 deep-sea steamships.

Sufficient depth of water so that a vessel can dock under its own steam at any stage of tide.

Fifty-four miles of Belt Railroad trackage, also owned by the state and operated by the harbor commissioners, connecting all piers with the railroads, and with many industries in the manufacturing district.

Full electric wiring and equipment for tractors, cranes, stacking machines and other labor-saving devices reducing the stay of a ship to the minimum. Floating and stationary derricks for loading, unloading or coaling in midstream.

The Embarcadero, San Francisco's waterfront street, 200 feet wide, running the entire waterfront, and paved its full length. This highway belongs to the state.

An oil terminal fully equipped to handle the large traffic in vegetable oils brought in from the Orient.

A new six-story concrete and steel warehouse, and concrete wharf, the latter 1,000 feet long, on the China Basin. The incidental filling in of an area behind the sea wall created a new state-owned industrial block of 105,000 square feet of land, available for industrial plants on long-time leases. A ferry building to and from which ply all the ferries and through which annually pass more than 50,000,000 passengers.

From President McCallum, of the board, I have received the following discussion of this great public utility:

"Last year, when every great port showed a decrease in earnings, and while all our rivals on the Pacific Coast showed a deficit, San Francisco Harbor made $665,000, which will be used in providing additional harbor facilities. Success in the management of San Francisco Harbor can be expressed in one word—'co-operation'—not only is there co-operation within the organization, but the board by appointing an advisory committee of 20 members, representing every interest using the port, has been able to co-operate with and harmonize every interest for the benefit of the port.

"The board is endeavoring to obtain the establishment of a refrigerated ship service between San Francisco and the Atlantic Coast, and Europe. It is to the mutual advantage of the port and the state and of all the people in the state to encourage such a service, for, if successfully maintained, it will greatly expand the markets for products of California.

"The history of San Francisco Bay as a port goes back to August 5, 1775, when the first ship, the packet "San Carlos," under command of Lieutenant Ayala, passed in through the Golden Gate and dropped anchor off what is now the presidio. With the American occupation and the rush for gold in 1849, however, the port witnessed its first development. The puebla of Yerba Buena—as San Francisco was first known—lay on the shores of a cove now filled in and part of the business section of modern San Francisco. This cove afforded a good anchorage, and Clark's Point, which is now Broadway and Front streets, served as the first landing place, and later became the site of the first wharf.

"With the establishment of municipal government at San Francisco, the city assumed control of the waterfront, and turned it over to private interests to develop. The wharf companies, however, were permitted to charge exorbitant rates, and, greedy for profits, they made no improvements in the port facilities. The result of this period of private control was that in the early '60's replacements became necessary, and a sea wall and fill were needed to furnish more waterfront land. The city was financially unable to undertake this work, and the wharf companies demanded long-term, exclusive franchises that would give them a monopoly of the waterfrontage. The city appealed to the state, and, in April, 1863, the legislature passed the act creating the Board of State Harbor Commissioners, to consist of three members appointed by the governor. Since that time, the waterfront of San Francisco has been developed under the control and jurisdiction of that body, its ownership having passed to the state when the latter undertook its development.

"Obstructive tactics at first made development and improvement slow, but finally this opposition was crushed in the courts, and a general scheme of permanent and steadily increasing development was outlined and development along rational lines followed. When the way for state control became cleared, the harbor began to prosper. It became self-supporting, even though tolls were reduced again and again, and further accommodations provided for the increase of shipping. In the meantime, of course, the city of San Francisco grew to be the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and the leading financial, manufacturing, export and import and jobbing center of the West.

To provide rail connections between the railroad companies and the steamship lines, the Board of State Harbor Commissioners, in 1891, began the construction of the Belt Railroad, as authorized by the act of 1889. Operation of this line was delayed by opposition on the part of drayage and other interests, and, for a time, the operation of the Belt was confined to the hours between 10 p. m., and 6 a. m. but this was overcome, until today the Belt Railroad connects every pier, running to shipside on the majority of the piers, with every railroad entering San Francisco, and with the industrial plants in the business section, and each pier with every other pier.

Here, then, we have a public utility, representing a valuation of rather more than $50,000,000 with a gross annual revenue of $2,500,000, owned by the people, operated by the people, and presenting the people with more than half a million dollars profit every year—a net income of considerably more than 10 per cent—which is reinvested in this public utility for its development.

Facilities of the Port of San Francisco, Owned and Operated by the State

THE people of California own and operate the harbor facilities of San Francisco, which is to the western half of the United States what New York is to the eastern half. The facilities of the port consist of:

Forty modern piers, providing 15 miles of berthing space; 5,000,000 square feet of cargo area; room and equipment to dock 250 average-size deep-sea vessels at one time, and to accommodate 1,200,000 tons of cargo a month.

A belt railroad connecting all railroads with every pier and with adjacent industrial plants.

A paved avenue, 200 feet wide, running the length of the waterfront.

The Ferry Building.

The China Basin Transit Warehouse and Terminal, new this year, with a wharf 990 feet long and a six-story warehouse with 516,000 square feet of floor space.

This harbor is and always has been self-supporting; its charges are the lowest of any port in the United States; its assets are valued at $50,000,000, and its average annual revenue is $2,500,000, of which $665,782.07 was profit in 1920-21, and almost an equal amount will be profit for 1921-22, all of which is put back in the form of improvements for the people of the state of California, to be owned by them forever.

The World Court of Social Justice at Geneva

International Labor Office, Twin of League of Nations, at Work

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

ONE is likely to arrive at Geneva, the gateway of Switzerland, with a vague recollection of that city as the birthplace of Calvinism, as the home of that world-flung organization, the Red Cross, and with a consciousness that it is the cradle of that child of the Versailles Conference, the League of Nations—a child sufficiently articulate to keep the international household constantly aware of its existence.

But at Geneva one finds another offspring of Versailles, perhaps to his surprise, for he may have forgotten that twin international organizations were born to this mother conference. The League of Nations and the International Labor Office came into the world at the same moment.

Down on the lake front, toward the end of that promenade which compares with the Board Walk of Atlantic City, the League of Nations has found itself a home, has acquired by purchase what was once a popular resort hotel. There its staff of more than 300 workers is busy on the task of making it accomplish its purpose.

A mile away, on the crest of a wooded hill, its twin, the International Labor Office, has found itself a home in a building which was once a school. There it has grown as lustily as has the League of Nations, is as large in its physical proportions, employs in fact a more numerous personnel, represents a greater number of nations. Yet withal, the purposes of this world agency, being non-political, humane, industrial, investigational, it has developed into its tasks somewhat quietly. Though it is the biggest, the most far-flung official organization in the world, it is far from being the best known.

Part XIII of the Treaty of Versailles created the International Labor Office. It is there set forth that the purpose of the League of Nations, the establishment of universal peace, must be based upon "social justice." The rôle of this second organization is to act as a clearing house among the nations in establishing social justice. A social injustice in one nation, for instance, may be impossible of cure unless its neighbor also acts. "The failure of any nation to adopt humane conditions of labor," says the preamble, "is an obstacle in the way of other nations, which desire to improve the conditions in their own countries."

Here is an example of a social injustice which the world had been attempting to remedy for two decades before this treaty was written. The use of yellow phosphorus in the manufacture of matches gave the workers a frightful and mutilating disease known as "phossy-jaw." It was proposed that the use of yellow phosphorous in match making be prohibited. Good matches could be made of other substances but the processes were a bit more expensive. If one nation gave up the use of yellow phosphorous and another continued its use, the latter, obviously, would be able to undersell the former, and would get all the business. No good could be accomplished unless they worked together. There should be an international agreement to discontinue the use of phosphorous in match making.

After five years of agitation, an international technical conference was convened which drafted the necessary regulations. A second conference was finally called which wrote them into a treaty. Then the nations forgot to ratify the treaty. There was no agency in existence to remind them of their duty, to exert pressure. Nothing happened. Yet this was the nearest approach that the nations ever made toward co-operation in correcting a social injustice.

Now the International Labor Office can very handily take care of just such situations. Primarily, all members of the League of Nations are members of the International Labor Office. A nation which is not a member of the League may, however, come into the International Labor Office. Germany has done so. The United States might do so. Argentine, which withdrew from the League, did not withdraw from the International Labor Office. There are now 54 member nations.

Once each year an International Labor Conference is held. It is attended by accredited representatives of the member nations and lays out the scheme for all that the organization does. Each nation may send four delegates and certain technical advisers. One of these delegates shall be a representative of the employers, one of the workers and two of the government, the public. So the meetings cannot be dominated by any particular element.

This conference deals with an agenda which has been drawn up under conditions which safeguard it from becoming merely a forum for the discussion of wildcat schemes, and may adopt draft conventions or recommendations with relation to it. Such conventions must carry by a two-thirds vote.

This action does not bind a government to ratify these conventions. It merely binds its representatives to submit them to the proper agency for action.

The International Labor Office at Geneva is the permanent secretariat of this annual conference. When a convention has been adopted it is filed at the International Labor Office. That office follows it up, and reminds the government of member countries of their obligation to give it consideration. Nations are not bound to act favorably on a convention, but they are bound to consider it and this office insists on that consideration.

Conventions have been adopted, for instance, prohibiting the use of white lead (which is poisonous) in the painting of the interior of buildings; prescribing the age at which children may be employed in industry; the employment of women and children in dangerous work; of women near the time of childbirth. These fifty-four nations have singled out these and other social injustices for cure and are proceeding methodically. As the years pass, one accomplishment may follow another. There is a world agency to handle such matters. If it finds a way to help a boy in a foundry out in Youngstown, Ohio, that same benefit, through it, may be carried to every such boy in all the world.

"In no case," says the treaty which creates this organization, "shall any member be asked or required, as the result of the adoption of any recommendation, or draft convention by the conference, to lessen the protection afforded by its existing legislation to the workers concerned."

In this way it becomes obvious that the real purpose of the organization is to improve conditions in backward countries, to bring them up more nearly to the level of those in progressive countries. An advanced nation like the United States, for instance, would not be likely to be affected much by regulations to improve the conditions under which its people work. A backward country, on the contrary, might be required to shorten hours, introduce sanitary regulations, make better living possible to the worker.

Provisions that better the conditions of the worker are likely to cost the employer money. The employer in progressive nations, therefore, must place a heavier charge against the labor item in production than does the employer in a backward country. This is a handicap which he must carry.

Now every step toward bringing working conditions in the backward country up to standard relieves the employer in the progressive country. The activities of the International Labor Office will be of greatest benefit to workers in the backward countries and to employers in the progressive countries.

Canada's Growing Problems of Immigration

Concluded from page 6

over and nothing but the fancy ones will do (and there are little of these) we are standing still. I am willing to trade every idle white hand in this country today for the same number of yellow hands, or black, blue, green, red, if they'll start things going again."

Here was some new and sound immigration philosophy. The same problem may not exist in the United States, or if it exists it may vary in its aspects, and for this reason will make its comprehensibility a little more complex. But taken from the standpoint of Canada the idea seems tenable. It becomes especially so as one rides along the sylvan, cespitose, bosky, and sometimes unfriendly, land toward the Pacific Coast. There are vast timber-working operations going on, and there is not a stream worth the name whose surface is logless, but, on the other hand, one may note abandoned attempts at land clearing. It is good land; it is valuable land because roads and railroads twain it, but it is forsaken land. "No money" is the excuse that alternates with the more eloquent one of "gone broke."

In undertaking any fair analysis of this subject it is important to avoid generalities, such as that embodied in the category of "Orientals." Racially, of course, the classification is just; for all other purposes it is not. That is why in connection with immigration it would be manifestly unfair to mix Chinese and Japanese under a single standard of acceptability or unacceptability. Much is feasible by co-operation with the Chinese that is not possible with the Japanese. The Caucasian can establish a degree of friendliness and contact with the Chinese worker in the latter's adopted home that will never be experienced with the Japanese.

In fact, a high Canadian official brought to my attention a simile that is pointed, and I refer to it for what it is worth—that as an immigrant the Japanese is as perilous to North American standards as the Jew.

"They have the common standard of segregation; they shift; they are protean; they are imitative in a curiously superior and disdainful manner; they are around but none knows what they do; it may be money, nationality or religion but in behalf of any of these things they will do whatever it suits them best, openly or covertly; they seem always bent upon biding their time for the sake of some ulterior purpose, not necessarily inimical to us but not always to our liking even though at our expense; and when it comes to a showdown we seem utterly helpless."

In California we have Japanese colonies of agriculturists of whose existence the average American citizen has learned through state, national and international controversies that sometimes became alarming. This is their utmost concession in the field of hard labor. If they are found in other difficult tasks out in the open air, where the Chinese sometimes shine, it is the exception. The Japanese prefer and quite easily gravitate into pursuits where one directs and orders—a rather notable Hebraic trait, if one stops to consider.

Officially, Canada is shutting the door to all Orientals, notwithstanding, too, that also officially the Dominion's attitude toward Japan and the Japanese is much more humble than that toward China and the Chinese. Whether this is due to the influence of London and the latter government's intimacy with Tokyo I am not prepared to state now, but I shall say this much—that the average Canadian of the Far West is ready to welcome Chinese laborers, whereas he is not ready to welcome the Japanese at all. For cause or not, the Canadians of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia are dead set against the Japanese in the same measure that their eastern compatriots of Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec are set against the Slavic breeds. In either case there is no compromise of either thought or purpose.

The Canadian problem is inherently as follows:

Shall future immigration consist mainly of half-smart and inexperienced urban denizens or shall it consist of rural or semi-rural hard workers?

A rather insistent multitude of amateur sociologists and welfare workers, now overrunning the United States are laying plans to transfer their energies to Canada. When the American Federation of Labor, at Cincinnati, went on record against "free" immigration over the protest of easily identified doctrinaires who harped upon the words "asylum for the oppressed," it made the necessity of new fields to conquer more imperative than ever. The organizations interested in immigration look to Canada as the field worth exploiting, and the Canadians fear their influence upon an already silent press. I suspect that there is a co-ordinate if not preconcerted attitude on the part of great Canadian employers to make no unusual demands for "new blood." In other words, it looks as if no opportunity will be granted by these responsible citizens that officials might construe as a sign to let down the bars. Canada can do this where the United States as a nation cannot do it for the reason that, million by million, there are proportionately more people *of* Canada than there are people *of* the United States. Immigration is one of those national problems that seems to be the concern of more persons *in* than *of* the United States.

The United States found that the sources of desirable immigration were fast being dried up by political unrest, false doctrines, the get-rich-quick tendency, and if the United States, much more advanced industrially and commercially, suffered from the growing shortage of select immigrants, Canada perforce must feel the same drawback more intensively.

All that is necessary is to know if the immigrant settles down as a future North American. Canada's methods and laws to guarantee the best migratory stock are quite excellent, and it will be interesting to note in detail just how they work out.

Great Detective Stories That Are Never Told

Concluded from page 7

country have been particularly noticeable and special attention has been devoted to the investigation of all such pernicious operations. Four hundred and forty-seven propagandists and couriers have passed through our ports from over-sea points. The movements, the nature and the compass of their activities have been under the intimate scrutiny of Federal agents. Every effort is exerted to prevent the development of movements designed and perfected for purposes obnoxious to the government.

To the most of us, it is news that a form of slavery is still existent in some of the states. Peonage is still practiced, county officers conspiring with employers to secure permanent and cheap labor supplies. The victims of the system are poor, illiterate mountaineers and country folk. Uncle Sam is doing his best to ferret out all such violations.

One of the most popular and famous government detectives is Mr. M. P. McInerney, chief of detectives of the Veterans' Bureau. Mr. McInerney was one of the two Federal agents, who captured "Pat" Crowe, abductor of Charles Cudahy. Recently, someone tried to burn the Veterans' Bureau, one of the largest office buildings in the world. Mr. McInerney tracked and captured the miscreant by means of a gasoline can which he left near the scene of the incendiarism. Making a round of all the service stations in the vicinity, Mr. McInerney finally found one that had sold gas to a man who looked like a Mexican. The government detective then studied the Veterans' Bureau records and finally found the case of an ex-soldier who had passed as a Mexican while on the border in 1916. This man was enraged because the government had refused to pay him a ridiculous compensation. The national sleuth finally discovered his whereabouts, obtained a confession from him and ended the case.

The Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the Department of Justice during the last year has received 74,491 criminal measurements of which 68,838 were fingerprint records and 5,653 anthropometric or Bertillon records. There are at present on file in that bureau 82,773 Bertillon photographs and records, 390,931 fingerprint records and 600,000 criminal index cards. During the last 12 months, 19,365 identifications were made, of which 18,848 were by the fingerprint system and 517 by the Bertillon system. This bureau fills an important function not only in the Department of Justice but in the interest of society generally by its valuable aid in the detection of crime and the apprehension of offenders.

Adds a Billion to the Wealth of the South

Texas Farmer, by Evolving New Cotton Variety, Aids Growers

By WILL G. CALDWELL

ONE afternoon in the early eighties a Texas farmer went into his cotton fields to determine the damage wrought by a violent rain and windstorm. Over the state other farmers did the same. Many, no doubt, cursed their "hard luck." None did anything about it except this one man. While examining and estimating the damage, an idea came to him that has since been conservatively estimated to have saved the southern farmers more than a billion dollars—rather, it has added more than a billion dollars to their income.

That man was A. D. Mebane, of Lockhart, Texas, now famous over the cotton-growing country as the originator of Mebane Triumph Cotton, a variety of cotton that produces an unusually large percentage of lint. More than that it is known as a cotton that will withstand a drouth longer than others, as well as stand up under violent winds, when other varieties are practically ruined by windstorms.

On that stormy afternoon Mebane was inspired to believe that he could improve cotton by using the age-old theory of the survival of the fittest. With him, to think meant to act, so he made a thorough examination of the stalks of cotton that appeared to have suffered the least damage from the rain and wind. This examination revealed the fact that the lint in some of the open bolls had scarcely been disturbed, while on other stalks the lint had been blown out over the fields, and ruined. He proceeded to collect all stalks that withstood the damage.

That night he started writing a description of the hardiest plants. A minute description of every boll, or pod, was written. Cotton when ready to be gathered is found hanging loosely in the bolls or pods, which are divided into four or five partitions, or locks, as the cotton men speak of them. In those days practically all the bolls had but four locks. Some few of the larger bolls had five locks, all full of fluffy, white clusters of the seed and lint.

Mebane found that some plants were shorter, stockier, and tougher than others. As a rule the plants of those days were tall, slender, frail, with a vast amount of leaves which shaded the bolls from the sun. Strange to say the roots were short—so short in fact that they were inadequate to sustain the plant through dry spells, so common during the summer months in the South.

In his mind he pictured an ideal plant—with long roots, sinking deep into the ground, so as to suck in the moisture beneath the surface of the hard, baked, dry fields; next in importance was the plant itself. He pictured a short, stocky plant, with tough joints, and few leaves. His ideal plant was one that would devote all its growing power to the fruit, or cotton, rather than to the plant itself.

Selecting the plants which came nearest to reaching his ideal he carefully preserved the seed from them for planting the coming season. Day after day he roamed through his extensive plantation searching carefully for the plants that most nearly approached his mental picture of an ideal plant. Alone and unaided he carried out his work, often laughed at by his neighbors who were unable to comprehend or understand his tenacity and painstaking care in finding the best plants.

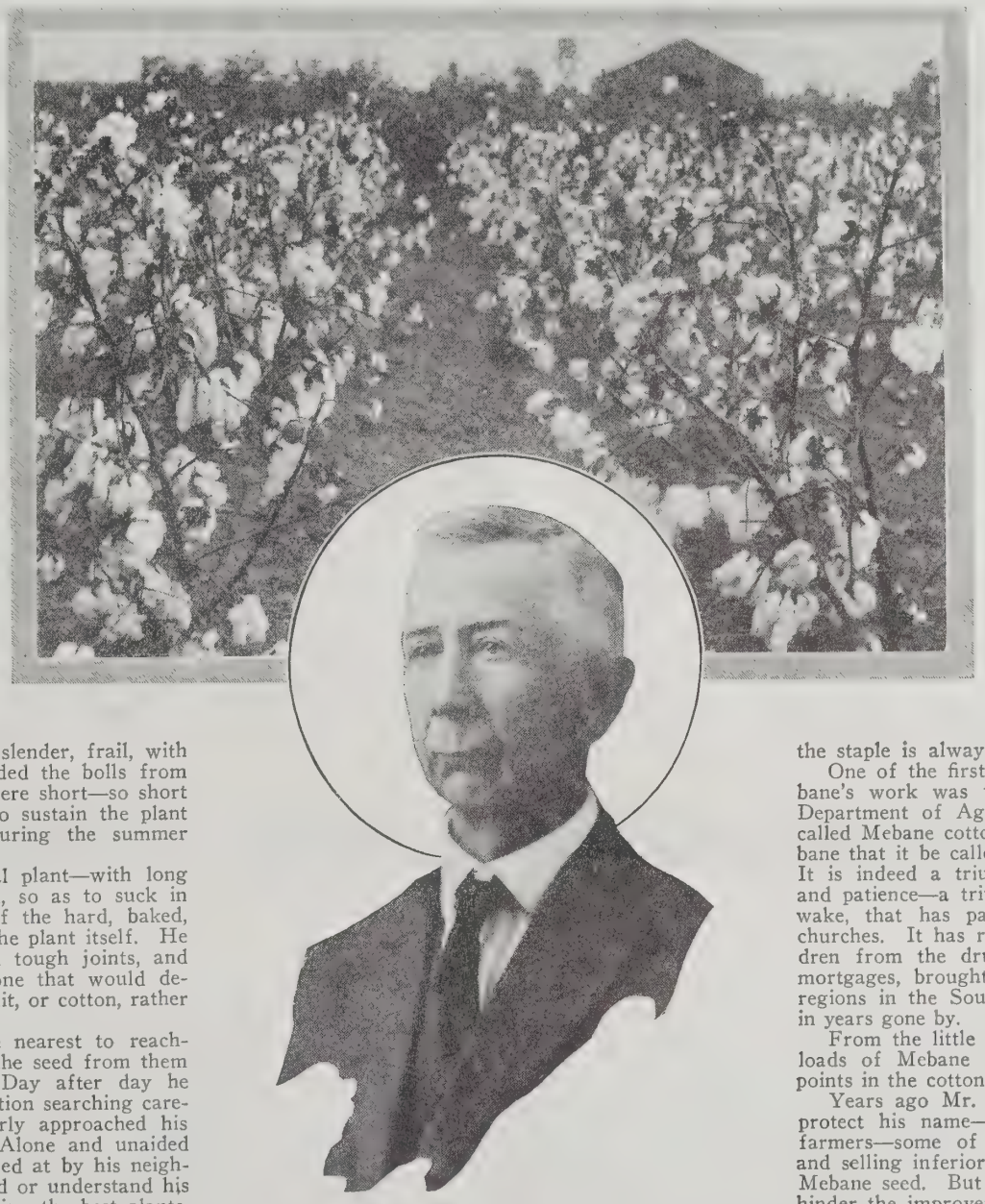
The lint in one of the average cotton bolls weighs approximately one-tenth of an ounce. Thousands upon thousands of these bolls were gathered, weighed, and examined with minute care. An accurate record of the weight, percentage of cotton, and percentage of seed was kept for each boll that was above the average in size, or that in any way excelled other bolls.

Every plant that was selected as being in some way better than the average was carefully described in a written record. Every detail of the plant—roots, joints, branches, leaves, and fruit—was noted in detail in the record.

When Mebane began to select and record the facts it was necessary for a farmer to bring 1,800 to 2,000 pounds of the seed cotton to the gin to obtain a 500-pound bale of lint. The cotton as picked from the fields contains the seed. The seeds are removed in the ginning process. At that time the seeds were worthless except as a feed for cattle. Millions of tons of them were destroyed every year. Laws were enacted to prevent farmers from dumping them into streams or otherwise disposing of them so as to injure others. They had not even thought of using the seed as fertilizer.

After several years of work Mr. Mebane successfully concluded the experiments which have brought a billion dollars to cotton growers. Mebane for years sought to increase the amount of cotton, and decrease the amount of seed. The contents of a boll or pod of cotton were but 25 to 30 per cent cotton, the balance seed. Today there is an average of 42 per cent lint. This makes a difference of $5 to $15 a bale in the value of the crop.

To select the bolls that contained the highest percentage of lint, Mebane weighed on apothecary scales thousands of bolls of cotton. He computed the exact percentage of lint to the minutest fraction of an ounce. Year after year he selected and planted the seed from the bolls that contained the most lint. It was an endless task—thankless, and seemingly hopeless for several years, as the progress was slow. Infinite patience was required for the tedious work of going over, weighing, recording, and describing the characteristics of thousands of bolls each year. But finally an improvement was noted. Year by year the percentage of lint increased. Year by year the stalks of cotton gradually grew smaller, the roots increased in length, and the joints were stockier and tougher. His work was beginning to show results. Neighbors began to marvel at his cotton, and to inquire into his methods.



A. D. MEBANE,

And the Mebane Triumph variety of cotton.

In 1900, after more than 15 years of ceaseless labor, his fame began to spread. The United States Government sent its agents to learn his methods. Farmers began paying a premium for planting seed grown by Mr. Mebane. Mebane cotton was taking hold. He started exhibiting his cotton at fairs. The skeptics were slowly admitting that Mebane was right, and that his cotton was better than the average.

By 1900 his cotton had been developed to where it "turned out" about one-third lint, and two-thirds seed. This was considered marvelous by the cotton growers at the time. But today the lint "turn-out" is from 40 to 42 per cent. Although the seed is no longer destroyed, the lint remains by long odds as the most valuable portion of the crop. Today a cotton plant is considered extremely large when it is waist high. When he started his work the average man could hide standing up in a cotton field. Instead of raising large plants the farmer of today raises cotton and cotton seed, thanks to this man Mebane.

To the farmer this means a plant that will not whip in the wind, or throw the cotton out in the fields to fall and rot. The Mebane Triumph has long roots, that sink themselves deep, fortifying itself against protracted drouths. These benefits, however, are but incidental. The big value of Mebane's work comes in the increase of lint production.

The farmer who formerly took 1,800 to 2,000 pounds of seed cotton to the gin and came away with only 500 pounds of lint, may now take but 1,200 pounds of seed cotton to the gin and still come away with a 500-pound bale of lint.

Yet with all these benefits Mebane does not consider his work done. Visit his plantation today and you will find him at work among his cotton stalks.

Vast plots, each containing a slightly different variety of cotton, are scattered over his fields. The main fields are, of course, planted each year from seed from the best of the preceding year's crop, but not content to rest, Mebane gathers each year the bolls that seem to have in some way departed from the original. These are planted for experimentation. They are carefully watched for any new characteristics. He is always looking for the unusual, an improvement, or a change.

For several years Mebane has devoted considerable time and thought to increasing the length of the cotton fiber. Length of the staple is always a factor in determining the price.

One of the first to recognize the value of Mr. Mebane's work was the late Dr. S. A. Knapp, of the Department of Agriculture. It was Knapp who first called Mebane cotton a triumph. He suggested to Mebane that it be called Mebane Triumph—and so it was. It is indeed a triumph—a triumph of work, thought and patience—a triumph that has left prosperity in its wake, that has paved roads, built schoolhouses and churches. It has rescued millions of women and children from the drudgery of farm work, it has paid mortgages, brought automobiles and electric lights to regions in the South where prosperity was a stranger in years gone by.

From the little town of Lockhart hundreds of carloads of Mebane seed are shipped every year to all points in the cotton-growing regions.

Years ago Mr. Mebane was urged to take steps to protect his name—to do something to prevent other farmers—some of them unscrupulous—from growing and selling inferior seeds and passing them off as pure Mebane seed. But rather than do anything that might hinder the improvement of cotton he hesitated, only to see thousands of tons of seed sold each year to farmers as genuine Mebane cotton seed, but which is not.

Others have perhaps profited as much or more in dollars and cents from Mebane's work than he has himself, but Mebane is the type of man that works for an ideal rather than for gain. Rich in the esteem of his fellow townsmen, loved, honored and looked up to by them, he is content to search for still better methods of growing and improving cotton, rather than search for more dollars, or more acres of land.

The Golden Mistake That Won a World Series

Concluded from page 8

quite so good as the Mathewson fadeaway. It was what Mathewson used with the fadeaway, or without it, that made him the greatest pitcher.

Outguessing Mathewson was next to impossible. He had perfect deception. It is possible to discover what a great many pitchers are about to deliver by the way they hold the ball. Most pitchers hold it in front of them. They take a peculiar hold for a curve ball, another distinctive grip for a fast one. Mathewson held the ball in his hands behind his head. The batsmen never knew what kind of grip he was taking.

Next to Mathewson, Grover Cleveland Alexander, of Philadelphia, and now with Chicago, was the best pitcher the National League produced. In the early years of his professional career Alexander was buffeted about and passed by generally. He had a fast ball but was wild and he did not have a curve. He developed a curve ball and learned to control his delivery. Johnson achieved pitching greatness on one delivery, Alexander climbed to the heights by the use of a fast ball and curve. Alexander had a side-arm delivery and that is a hard one for a right-handed batsman to get away from. With Alexander pitching, batsmen did not take what the players refer to as a "toe hold," that is, set themselves. They would have to be off balance to shift quickly, for, if they took a "toe hold," the fast ball was likely to hit the batsman instead of the bat and there were many more pleasant things a batsman could think of than being hit by Alexander's fast ball.

Alexander, like Mathewson, masked his delivery perfectly. Also, like the peerless Mathewson, he always tried to get ahead of the batsman. If you study the methods of the leading pitchers you will notice that all of them try for this. Alexander succeeded.

It is almost always possible to tell when a curve ball is to be pitched by watching the catcher. As the pitcher winds up to deliver a curve ball the catcher moves back and spreads his legs. By doing this the catcher gets into position to catch the ball after it breaks. There are many angles to baseball's attack and defense, but from the home plate to the rubber runs the main artery of our national pastime.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The pearl button was first manufactured in Illinois in 1887 and has been developed until now the bulk of buttons are manufactured from mussel shells. Other buttons are made from nuts, potatoes, horns, hoofs, blood, porcelain, skim milk, glass, metals and seaweed. The total button sales each year in America alone are more than $32,000,000.

A new film corporation has been formed whose mission will be to make features for children, in which they will use child players.

One hundred and thirty-six thousand, four hundred and forty-one boys and girls were enrolled in agricultural extension clubs in 1921 for training in various phases of live-stock work. Last year these boys and girls owned 76,148 head of farm animals and 554,286 fowls, representing a total value of $3,605,176.

The "Bone Dry Federation" of California has just completed the making of a great campaign picture entitled, "Wake Up, Wash Your Hands." It is a six-reel picture carrying with it a tremendous appeal for the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

Pine, poplar, and other ordinary soft woods can be converted into hard wood comparable in all respects to mahogany, ebony and the like, under a new German invention, it is said. The device consists of an apparatus, hydraulic in nature, which compresses the wood to the point where it is so heavy it will sink in water.

Deer from the mountains recently raided hay fields and gardens in Skamania County, Washington. The hot, dry weather in the mountains caused the feeding grounds to be deserted and the animals swarmed to the valleys for food. Entire crops were ruined by the invasion.

Baseball and tennis are the national sports of Japan.

Only 18,500,000 of more than 313,000,000 inhabitants of India can read and write, and even these few are disproportionately of the higher castes.

A world's record for continuous speed in a passenger steamship was made recently by the White Star liner *Olympic* when she maintained for several hours a speed of 27.81 knots.

Ninety per cent of all the motion picture films shown in Australia are United States productions.

The Post Office Department spends approximately $160,000 every summer delivering mail to resorts by means of the "summer service."

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

The airplane has made possible the delivery in Paris at five o'clock of mail posted in London at nearly 11 o'clock. Mail posted in the ordinary way would require two or three days in transit.

About 60 years ago 300 feudal lords were in possession of all the land of Japan. The abolition of the feudal system placed the cultivators themselves in possession. Now these landowners have quit farming themselves and are leading luxurious lives on what they exact from poor tenant-farmers who toil day and night on the farms.

Every Sunday newspaper in London is owned by a peer.

The chauffeur of Prince Hirohito, regent of Japan, committed hara-kiri recently because of a tire puncture while his royal master was riding in his machine. Hara-kiri is a method of suicide sometimes practiced in Japan when any happening which in any way inconveniences any of the imperial family, is caused by the person in control of that portion of the royal entourage in which it occurs.

Peddlers outside the subway stations in the Bronx, Manhattan and Brooklyn recently drove a thriving traffic in German five-pfennig pieces about the same in size and appearance as an American nickel. They sold them at 500 for $1. The coins work subway gates the same as a nickel.

Divers have disclosed a Spanish Armada galleon under 10 feet of mud in 60 feet of water in Tobermory Bay, Scotland. The treasure consists of richly engraved silver plate of Elizabethan design, bronze bells and other valuables. The greater part of the galleon is still buried.

Members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies will not be permitted to carry their guns during sessions but must deposit them outside in lockers, specially designed for the purpose, in the cloakroom. The new ruling grew out of the threat of a Fascista deputy to draw his revolver against a Communist deputy.

A Japanese syndicate has acquired large estates in the far interior of Peru and is manufacturing, on a huge scale, cocaine and other alkaloids which it ships from the obscure port of Eten after packing the drug over mountain ranges instead of using the more accessible port of Callao. The natives of Peru chew the cocoa leaf as a stimulant to such an extent that they have become degraded to a plane slightly above that of animals, while in Chile, where the drug is unknown, the Araucanian tribe is a strong virile race that the white armies have never conquered.

A will, written on a telegraph blank in shorthand, has been admitted to probate in regular manner, in London, its validity being upheld by the probate court of England. It was written by a man who adopted phonetic writing as the quickest means of expressing his wishes regarding the disposition of his worldly goods when informed by his doctor that he had only a few hours to live.

Celery was once a fall and winter luxury associated with turkey and cranberry sauce but now it is eaten during the entire year. The celery industry in the last few years has grown from a novelty crop to a business of 17,000,000 crates in a year.

At an Episcopalian convention in Chicago recently, a report of a social and economic life said in part: "A fundamental change in the spirit and working of our social and industrial life is necessary to restore the world to peace and order. The fundamental change can be effected only by accepting on the basis of all our relations the principle of co-operation in service for the common good, in place of unrestricted competition for private or sectional good."

Certain railroad trains in Rumania are so crowded with the roving populace that the conductors cannot collect fares. There are not enough passenger coaches to handle the throngs of people who want to travel and the passengers are forced to ride on the roofs, running boards, bumpers and undertrucks of the coaches. Fights and altercations and accidents, fatal and otherwise, are of frequent occurrence.

Of the 737 members of the House of Lords, no fewer than 120 have not troubled to take their seats in the present Parliament.

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After reading this copy of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT you will have observed that the information it contains is based on fact. There is no room for half-truths and misinformation in this publication. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT believes that the people of this country prefer facts to buncombe, substantial information and wholesome ideas rather than sensational appeals to the emotions. If you are not yet a subscriber, become one today. If you are, do a good turn by urging your friends to subscribe and become readers of America's foremost non-fiction weekly. Any Ford dealer will gladly take your subscription or you may send it direct to us by using this blank.

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BANKS MULTIPLY DOLLAR BY TEN!

Congressional Generosity Permits the Pyramiding of Dollars, Fosters Monopoly

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

How the Banks Multiply the Dollar by Ten

Congressional Generosity Permits Dollar-pyramiding, Fosters Monopoly

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

This is the first of three articles by Mr. Howe; the second will appear in an early issue.

DURING the last few years the bankers and bankers' associations of the country have been carrying on a quiet, nation-wide propaganda to obtain the passage of laws to make it difficult for new banks to be organized, especially banks organized by groups not already in the banking business. They have done this by legislation conferring authority upon state superintendents of banking to decide whether there is need for more banks in a given community. The superintendent is also authorized to decide as to whether the persons applying for a charter are of such a character as to inspire confidence in their ability to carry on the banking business.

As the superintendent of banking is almost always a banker and as he expects to graduate from office into a distinguished banking position, he is very likely to accept the opinions of existing bankers as to whether there is need for another bank in their community.

The legislature of Iowa recently passed a law prohibiting the organization of any new banks at all for two years. In other states, banking superintendents have denied charters for new banks petitioned for by farmers and workers. The present United States Controller of the Currency has publicly announced that he would not grant any charters for national banks that are organized on the co-operative basis. He has refused a number of applications of thoroughly reputable men interested in the co-operative movement who had applied for national bank charters. The Controller has recently stated very emphatically that we already have too many banks.

Coming: Banking Monopoly

THE bankers are doing everything they can to make banking an exclusive business and to give the banks already in existence something like a monopoly. If the bankers succeed in this policy, the rule of the banking business is to be "ONLY BANKERS MAY ORGANIZE NEW BANKS. FARMERS, WORKERS, AND CO-OPERATORS NEED NOT APPLY."

For nearly 100 years we have had the principle of free banking in this country. Any one could organize a bank, just as he could organize any other corporation. This right, however, is coming to an end. Banking is being made a closed monopoly.

WHY THIS EXCLUSIVE POLICY?

There are a number of reasons for this policy—a policy as instinctive as it is nation-wide. It arose out of the big profits in banking; the many special privileges that the bankers enjoy and the fear that, if the people should learn of the profits and power of banking through state-owned banks, like the Bank of North Dakota or through co-operative banks, such as prevail all over Europe, they will want to go into the business themselves.

Now the first, and in many respects the most valuable privilege the people have conferred upon the banks is the privilege of lending about 10 times as much money as they have on hand. They have given them the right to lend far more money than they could possibly have, if they had all the money in the country in their possession. From the report of the United States Controller of the Currency for the year 1920 (page 760) we find that the loans and discounts of the 8,025 national banks amount to $12,393,357,000 and that the "legal reserve" held by these banks amounted to $1,245,233,000 or about 10 per cent of the loans and discounts. In other words, the banks had loaned 10 times as much money as an individual could have loaned and 10 times as much as they actually had on hand. The people have authorized the bank to expand its dollar to $10 and *to collect interest on each one of these phantom dollars that the bankers have so created.*

The Phantom Deposits

IT IS possible for the banks to lend twelve billion dollars when they only have one billion of reserve for two reasons. In the first place money is relatively obsolete in the modern world. We pay our bills and carry on our business with checks. The banks in turn carry on their business with checks. In the second place, the banker no longer lends money as he did in early days. He lends "bank credits." These bank credits are phantom money. They are created by phantom deposits in the form of entries made in passbooks given to borrowers when they make a loan. Bank deposits and bank loans are largely bookkeeping entries.

As the bankers discovered that they only needed a small amount of actual cash to meet the demands of depositors, they developed the idea of banking reserve; that is, the amount of actual cash "reserved" out of deposits to meet the current demands of depositors. For many years the banker himself decided how much cash he should keep on hand to meet these demands. If he kept too little and a run occurred, the bank had to close its doors. Some bankers did not keep sufficient reserves. There were bank failures. So the government began to fix the reserves that should be held. As time went on and checks supplanted cash transactions, this reserve was reduced. As the reserve was reduced the loans that could be made were increased. For the loans that the bank makes are made out of deposits, and the deposits in turn come from the loans to customers.

The Federal Reserve Act of 1914 did a remarkable thing for the banks. It cut the reserve required in two. It made the banker's dollar twice as valuable as it had been before. It increased the amount of loans and investments the bank could make by 100 per cent. The reserve required of national banks now averages 9.7 per cent. The reserves of state banks are fixed by state laws. They vary in different states.

The generosity of your government to the national banks is indicated by a comparison of the reserve required under the laws prevailing prior to 1914 and the provisions of the Federal Reserve Act.

The cash reserve required of national banks before and after the passage of the Federal Reserve Act are as follows:

Cash reserves required prior to 1914 for demand deposits under National Bank Act	Cash reserves required for demand deposits under Federal Reserve Act of 1914
In three central reserve cities banks required to keep 25 per cent of deposits in cash	In central reserve cities banks required to keep 13 per cent of deposits
In 51 reserve cities banks required to keep 25 per cent of deposits in cash, one-half of which might be in central reserve cities.	In 12 reserve cities all banks required to keep 10 per cent of deposits
All other national banks required to keep 15 per cent of their deposits as reserve.	All other banks (called country banks) required to keep 7 per cent of their deposits. Only 3 per cent is required for savings or time deposits.

By a half-dozen lines put into a law by Congress *the bankers' dollar has been doubled in value. It now carries ten dollars in bank credits where it only carried five dollars before.* The loans that can be made were increased, as were the earnings of the bank. It is doubtful if Congress ever made such a generous gift to any group or class in the nation as it conferred on the 8,025 banks of the country by the Federal Reserve Bank Act.

A Colossal Gift

THE Controller of the Currency himself discloses how fabulously valuable this gift has been.

From his 1920 report we find that the assets of all the national banks in 1913 amounted to only $11,381,558,000. This was the year before the Federal Reserve Act went into operation. Seven years later these assets had increased to $23,175,784,000, or an increase of more than 100 per cent. *The Controller himself says that this was a greater gain than had been made by the national banks in the previous 50 years of their existence.*

The claimed value of the railroads is less than $20,000,000,000. For a generation we have been struggling to stop the watering of railroad stock. Yet entirely unnoticed by the press and the public, in fact, heralded by the press and the public as a wise piece of legislation, Congress gave the national banks a sum equal to 60 per cent of the claimed value of the railroads of the country, or a sum equal to the total resources the national banks had built up in the 50 years since the Civil War.

Now a bank is like any other business. Its earning power is largely determined by the resources at its command. If its assets are doubled, its earnings are likely to be doubled as well. If we examine the reports of the Controller of the Currency we find that the banks have profited by the Federal Reserve Act by a colossal sum. In 1914, the net earnings of the national banks amounted to $149,270,000. In 1916 they had increased to $157,543,547. In 1918, they had grown to $212,332,000. In 1920, they leaped up to $282,083,000, or an increase of nearly 100 per cent in six years' time. The amount of capital invested in the banks increased only from $1,059,403,000 in 1913 to $1,248,271,000 in 1920, or only $188,868,000. But during these years their earnings had doubled.

This increase in net earnings was largely a gift by Congress to 8,025 banks by the reduction in the amount of cash reserve required.

The loans and investments of the banks increased as did the earnings. As one dollar would now support twice as much in deposits as it did before, it would support twice as much in loans as well.

That this is true is also shown by the reports of the Controller of the Currency for 1920.

Year	Capital Stock	Loans and Discounts	All Assets or Resources	Deposits
1913	$1,059,403,000	$ 6,288,338,000	$11,301,558,000	$ 8,346,011,000
1920	1,248,271,000	13,723,611,000	23,175,784,000	16,751,956,000
Increase	$ 188,868,000	$ 7,435,273,000	$11,874,226,000	$ 8,405,945,000

This reduction in the amount of cash reserve required of a bank is not in itself an evil. It enables an immense amount of work to be done by a small amount of money. It permits us to cancel debts by bookkeeping entries. Even more important, it permits the volume of credit to be greatly increased, and through this increase more wealth can be created.

One of the reasons urged for this reduction in the reserve was that it would reduce interest rates. If the volume of credit could be doubled without any additional investment, credit, it was said, should be so abundant that it would be cheap. The bankers, it was claimed, could afford to reduce interest rates. Competition would bring this about and the people would benefit by reason of it. In other words, the gains to the banks through the increase in their lending power would be passed on to the borrowers, who would be the real beneficiaries under the act.

This pyramiding of deposits and loans on a small amount of reserves is not ordinarily a source of danger. The depositor is perfectly safe, provided the investments and loans of the bank are safe. In case of bank trouble or a run that exhausts its cash, the bank calls in its loans or sells its securities and converts them into cash. It compels borrowers to pay up. Under the Federal Reserve System it can take certain kinds of securities to the Federal Reserve bank and convert them immediately into Federal Reserve notes. It rediscounts them through the act of the government. If it is not a member of the Federal Reserve System it takes its securities to another bank and borrows money on them. In other words, it rediscounts the notes and bills that it holds and secures actual cash with which to pay depositors.

A Privilege to Be Kept

THIS is one of the great advantages of the Federal Reserve System. It provides a market with almost unlimited resources to which the banker can go and secure money with which to meet his needs. If the assets of the banks are equal to the deposits the bank has no reason to fear a run, it has no fear of insolvency. The depositors are just as safe as though there were actual money in the bank to pay their deposits. For we now have a system by which securities can at any time be converted into money to meet a bank run, to relieve a credit stringency and to shift the monetary resources of one part of the country to the relief of another.

The bank depositor has no reason to fear the smallness of the cash reserve; his only concern is as to the investments and loans which the bank has made with his money. And these are reasonably well protected by bank examinations and in some states, notably North Dakota, Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Washington, South Dakota and Missouri, by bank guaranty laws that insure the depositors against the possibility of loss.

In this valuable privilege of expanding the dollar into ten dollars, we find one of the reasons the banks do not want outsiders to break into the banking business. For this is a most valuable privilege. It is probably the most valuable privilege ever conferred upon any group of men in the history of the world. It has given colossal and unprecedented power to those who benefit by it. And the bankers do not want to share this privilege with others; especially they do not want to share it with co-operative banks, which would pass the promised advantage of reduced interest rates on to the consumer. They do not want to share it with state banks, like the State Bank of North Dakota, which would disclose to the people how valuable this banking privilege is. For, if the people generally knew that a dollar could be increased to ten dollars merely by taking out a bank charter, the people would take steps to magnify their own dollar as they have magnified the bankers' dollar. They would do this through co-operative banks or through state-owned banks. They would start a mint of their own for the issuance of phantom dollars based upon "cash reserve" as do the private bankers. They would collect interest not on the one dollar that they loan, but on the ten dollars that they could loan did they use for themselves the privileges which they have so generously given away.

"Money" and Prices

"AN ANALYSIS of the combined figures of the 'Ten Great' Banks reveals, but only to the instructed, the interesting fact that the ratio of bank-manufactured Credit (operating as money all the same) to real Money or Legal tender, which itself is only fractionally gold in substance, is somewhere about 15 to 1. Deposits, which obviously are a liability, since the Banks 'owe' them to their customers, amount roughly to 1,800 millions. 'Advances' (another liability) amount to about 750 millions. Bills discounted—still another liability—amount to 350 millions. And 'short money' or money on loan (again a liability) amounts to 120 millions. In sum, the liabilities of the Banks, expressed in terms of legal tender, which constitutes their sole trading-stock, amount to something like 3,000 million pounds. Against this liability to supply legal tender on demand, the same Banks have, we are told, only 200 millions in actual cash, of which 200 millions a considerable part is paper and the major part is on deposit at the Bank of England. In other words, fourteen-fifteenths of the 'money' held by the Banks is pure inflation of the legal currency, and is the express manufacture of the banks themselves without the yea or nay of the community as a whole. In view of the well-known rule that fixes prices, namely, the ratio of Money to Goods, it will be seen (perhaps) what an astonishing power the Banks wield in their ability to manufacture Money at discretion. No matter what the amounts of Goods may be, more or less of Money in circulation will determine their price; and since, as is obvious, the Banks can determine the quantity of Money in circulation, they can, it is no less obvious, determine prices. We need not stress the fact that prices govern the lives of every one of us. The important practical fact is that the Banks govern prices. Until the community that creates Goods controls Money and Prices, there can be no reform with the name."—*New Age,* London.

The Rising Tide of Autocracy in the U. S.

Government by People No Longer Exists With Bureaus Reaching Out for Control of the Individual, the Home and the School

By AARON HARDY ULM

"HE HAS erected a multitude of new offices and sent thither swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out our substance." Thus was George III indicted in the immortal Declaration of Independence.

King George's "multitude of new offices" and "swarms of officers" were not as 1 to 100 compared with those now functioning in, through or from Washington "to harass our people and eat out our substance."

While such figures tell only a part of the story, some appreciation of the expansion of the Federal Government may be had from statistics bearing on the growth of what is known as its "civil establishment."

In 1819 the services of only 6,327 persons were needed for carrying on the civil affairs of the Federal Government. That is to say only about 1 out of every 1,500 of the population was a Federal official or employe.

In 1861 only 53,900 persons were on the civil payroll of the government. Ten years later there were 107,000 persons on that payroll, the big increase being largely a result of the Civil War. Thirty years later the number had grown to 256,000. Then began the big jumps. In two years, from 1901 to 1903, the "civil establishment" increased by nearly 50,000. Then there were average annual increases of 5,000 to 10,000 until our entrance into the World War sent the total number to practically 1,000,000. Since the war, of course, there have been declines, which have now about ceased. On June 30, 1922, there were 560,863 persons in the "civil establishment" as salaried or wage employes of the government. This represented an increase of 120,000 over the pre-war number. There are many thousands who are paid in part by the Federal Government but are not carried on its official payrolls, such, for example, as county agents employed under the Smith-Lever Act.

One Per Cent Overlords

IT IS reasonable to estimate that today at least 1 out of every 150 of the country's population is an official or employe of the Federal Government. This estimate omits all in the army and navy, who, if concluded, would make it *at least 1 out of every 100 of the population.*

The figures show how the activities of the Federal Government have grown out of all ratio to growth in population. Growth of activities has been accompanied by expansion of authority and power to even greater degree.

That expansion has been going on, with only incidental and temporary checks, since the government was established. Virtually all of it is traceable to a dozen simple, harmless appearing words in the Federal Constitution, to wit: "general welfare," "lay and collect taxes," and "regulate commerce among the several states."

It was contended for nearly a hundred years by many able men that the "general welfare" phrase in the Constitution did not authorize Congress to raise and spend public funds even on such things as post office buildings and the improvement of rivers and harbors. As late as 1845 President Polk vetoed a rivers and harbors appropriation bill on that ground. It is now an accepted practice that, by reason of those two words, Congress can raise and spend money on virtually anything.

The Tax Bludgeon

IT ALSO now is the accepted practice that Congress can use its taxing power for many purposes other than the raising of taxes. *It was employed only a few years ago to crush an undesirable industrial activity* and by every tariff bill it is employed in giving indirect subsidies to a wide range of industries.

It also is the practice for Congress to use its power to "regulate commerce among the several states" for the achievement of purposes having little if anything to do with commerce.

Nearly every expansion of Federal authority and activity calls for the expenditure of more money by the Federal Treasury. This fact until recent years had a severely restraining influence on the tendency of expansion, if not centralization.

For Congress's fund-raising power was limited practically to excise taxes and import duties. If the tax on tobacco, for example, reached a certain high point it would cease to yield revenues; likewise in the matter of imports when the tariff was excessive. Thus the traffic that could be taxed would bear only so much by way of levies.

This restraint was removed very largely when Congress was empowered by amendment to the Constitution to levy income taxes. *Under its present taxing power there scarcely is any limit to what Congress may raise. The difficulty of getting funds is no longer an important restraining influence on the expanding tendencies of the Federal Government. The income tax makes it possible for Congress to raise virtually any amount.*

It does not change materially the seeming fact that the burden of taxes is carried by a comparatively few. In the one city of New York, for example, more than one-fourth of Federal taxes are collected. Superficially it would appear that a majority of the states regularly get much more out of the United States Treasury than they pay into it, and that nearly every general appropriation adds to that excess. But *the higher the burden of Federal taxes the richer the wealthy centers like New York seem to become.* The reason is that *the big taxpayers are in great part mere tax collectors who pass the burden, usually augmented, on to the general population.*

Implicit Trust in Government

THAT, however, is not the sole incentive to Federal expansion. Another important one is *the very extended belief that the Federal Government can do everything governmental better than any other governmental unit.* Many who hold to that belief also insist that government can do virtually anything better than anyone else. They see no truth in Goldsmith's lines:

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which kings or laws can cause or cure."

If a "wrong" exists anywhere they insist that the Federal Government correct it, regardless of whether the method of correction in the end would not be worse than the wrong.

Thus the Federal Government steadily has been induced to reach out and exercise jurisdiction over matters that its founders held belonged solely to state or local governments, and possibly over matters which properly belong to no governmental jurisdiction.

Some of those ventures have been all but absolute failures—as with the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Federal Constitution. The first was to give national protection to the Negroes in the enjoyment of their freedom. *Of the several thousand cases that have gone to the United States Supreme Court under the fourteenth amendment, fewer than 50 have had to do at all with the Negro, and only a half-dozen of those were decided in his favor.* All others involved limitations on the powers of the states over other matters entirely, in the main corporations. And the fifteenth amendment for years has been virtually a dead letter.

But most of those ventures have continued to operate and be enlarged upon, and new ones constantly are undertaken.

The result is more than a governmental change—it borders on revolution.

Even as recently as, say, 1910, after Federal expansion had gone on for a decade at a pace never before known in peace-time, the average American's virtually only regular touch with the Federal Government was through the postal service. Now, only 12 years later, there is scarcely a moment in his waking life when he is not conscious of Uncle Sam, figuratively speaking, standing at his elbow and exercising a measure of jurisdiction over most of his acts and, to a degree, his thoughts, too. *The interstate commerce clause of the Constitution has been made to cover even purely mental operations.* A person may be prosecuted under an act passed by virtue of it for *only expressing the intention* of committing an act that belongs to the realm of personal morals and has no more than the moon to do with interstate commerce.

Where Absolutism Reigns

THESE expansions of Federal activity function through an increasing number of governmental agencies, which are only remotely within the area of public control as exercised at the ballot box.

For example, the power of life and death over transportation within the country and our own facilities for foreign transportation lies with *two boards that are outside of the responsible departments of the government.* They are the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Shipping Board. They are continuous and excepting in so far as not modified by law they go on just the same regardless of the result of elections.

The entire monetary system of the country is within the absolute control of the seven men who constitute the Federal Reserve Board. Though the Secretary of the Treasury and one other Treasury official have membership on it, that board is independent and *is not at all directly subject to restraint or change via the ballot box.*

It is a truism that nine parts of a law is its administration. Thus not only are Federal laws being multiplied but their administration in many cases is being put beyond the realm of direct responsibility.

Even the law, as well as the rule of administration, is making, openly, another departure that is of significance.

The application of many Federal laws now are removed, calculatedly, from all local influence, even when the application has to do with exclusively local problems. There was a time when a great rumpus would have been raised in any community to which rank outsiders were sent to enforce a Federal law in a local matter. Every community has insisted that it supply its own postmaster, its own United States marshall, its own Federal district attorney.

Now "flying squadrons" are maintained for activity on behalf of Federal laws in communities to which the members of those squadrons are strangers. This is the way despotic rulers govern unruly provinces.

The change has been characterized by a tremendous growth of Federal Government activity of the "secret service" kind. The old, romantic "secret service" branch of the Treasury Department—the business of which is to look after counterfeiting—is now insignificant in comparison to all the "secret service" agencies that operate on behalf of the Federal Government. They are known usually as investigators or intelligence collectors but in every real sense they are "secret service." The Department of Justice has a "secret service" department, directed by William J. Burns, the well-known head of a private detective bureau. It contains several hundred operators. The Internal Revenue Bureau has several groups of the "secret service" type of operators to look after tax matters or prohibition.

Spread of Secret Agencies

THUS the expansion of the Federal Government takes on aspects peculiar to governments of the autocratic sort. Agencies removed from direct public responsibility are intrusted with the enforcing of many laws, and *vast secretive agencies that are laws more or less unto themselves are established for the purpose of exercising a surveillance over what often are private affairs.*

These and other factors might not be of any great danger so long as the Federal Government deals chiefly with things, as was the case until recent years.

Steadily has it gone beyond *things* to *persons.* It is not satisfied with regulating the conduct of business and gradually is coming to regulate the conduct of individuals.

The tendrils of centralized government are reaching out for the home, the school, the community.

And, unless public opinion on the subject changes, there is no telling how far the government may go. The late war—as did the Civil War for that period—demonstrated how far under necessity or compulsion the national government may go toward controlling activity and even thought.

Straws of Change

"CONGRESS has already gone far," wrote Henry Litchfield West only a few years ago, "but judging the future from the past it has only touched the edges of the great domain wherein Federal power may be exerted."

"The public mind has become completely saturated with a feeling of absolute faith in the efficiency of Federal power," he added.

Recently, however, there occurred two events which may indicate that a reaction still is possible.

One is the renomination, after a bitter contest, of one of the only two or three present United States Senators who persistently have opposed the rampage of federalization that has been on for the last several years. He was attacked chiefly for that opposition.

The other is the action of the Massachusetts legislature directing the state's attorney-general to attack the constitutionality of a Congressional measure offering the states donations from the United States Treasury on condition that certain work having intimately to do with the home be carried on under Federal supervision. Four other states have rejected the donations, which are proffered under the so-called maternity bill.

Another occurrence that may be of significance is the decision of the Supreme Court to the effect that there are limitations on Congress's right to use its taxing power to accomplish social reforms belonging within the jurisdiction of the states. Already it had held that like limitations are on its right to "regulate interstate commerce" for the same indirect purpose.

These may be "straws" showing a changing of the winds of public opinion but it will take much more to offset the insidious influences that are working for the complete federalization of the country.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 47, September 16, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Stockholders and Employes

A FALLACIOUS idea in modern industrialism is that wages are in any sense to be compared with stock dividends. Yet the argument is often made that the employe is enjoying a greater benefit than the owner of the industry.

Such an instance of comparison is the presentation of the records of the Pennsylvania Railway system, which has many shareholders, and to the casual reader the argument may seem pertinent. However, it falls far short of dismissing the case, for it neither admits a difference in status nor shows why the alleged investment of the shareholder is not profitable.

The statement is made that while wages paid employes now have gained in purchasing power as compared with 1914, stock dividends have lost; that the owner is not receiving his share of the profits of the business. Hence, wages should be reduced.

There is no relation between the wages paid employes and the dividend returns. The wage is a stated sum, not to be increased if the profits are increased, and forms a fixed charge, as the cost of equipment, maintenance and fuel. The employe is not a shareholder and should not be asked to participate in business losses. He would not share in profits.

But is the stockholder the owner? How many of the 140,000 shareholders in the Pennsylvania system have an active voice in its business management?

The shareholder has probably paid less than face value for his stock, perhaps not more than 50 per cent, hence a small dividend may really be a very fair return on the money actually invested. If he has had larger returns, he was receiving more than money invested should earn, perhaps.

But here is the real point. *The shareholder has mortgaged his property to the bondholder,* and really does not own it at all. Foreclosure would cut off his income entirely and cost him his investment. The three classes of bonds of the Pennsylvania system outstanding are active on the market at from 96 cents to $1.10. No information is given on aggregate indebtedness or the actual value of the system, but it is safe to say the physical worth is less than the bonded debt; the real security of the bonds is the earning power.

The difference between the employe and the stockholder is simply that the one is selling his services, expending his capital, for a fixed return, while the shareholder is speculating on his capital, permitting it to earn for him. The employe risks life and limb, physical energy and health; the shareholder risks money only.

No man with common sense has charged the shareholder with getting rich from his investment. He is not the target for the criticism. It is the real ownership, the manipulators of the system who have burdened the organization with debt until it would be difficult to tell how much is real and how much water.

Facing Austria

SHALL Austria become a deserted land?
Shall Vienna become a city of the dead?

The proudest monarchy of the Middle Ages with the gayest capital of the world a few years back, has come to the end of the road. Perhaps we should not deplore the falls of the mighty; some stern law of nature seems to balance the great with the small, the heights of happiness with the depths of despair.

But the world cannot be forgiven the economic loss it causes, if it idly permits some principle of retribution to destroy the productive possibilities of a nation. Thousands of years have passed since Babylon fell to decay but the world still yearns for its glories. Vienna's evils have been many, but the world cannot afford to lose her art, her music, her culture.

Austria, stripped of her vast dominions and merely a shadow of the Holy Roman Empire that was, has pleaded, argued, reasoned with the European powers in an effort to obtain some relief from the problems that doom her. France, whose fear that Austria's union with Germany would raise again the menace of the mailed fist, has vetoed that suggestion. Italy, eager to establish a protectorate over Austria, has come forward with no suggestion for her aid. England has all that she can take care of at home.

In the meantime, Austria, economically ruined, has been rushing on toward political dissolution. In the one month of July, the circulation of printing-press money rose from 439,000,000,000 to 618,000,000,000 kronen, an increase of 40 per cent. The krone, now circulating by the billion, worth in American money something like one one-hundred-and-fiftieth of its pre-war value, and fluctuating wildly, has long since ceased to resemble a medium of exchange. Grocers or meat dealers, selling a few thousand kronen worth of food in the morning, may have to pay hundreds of thousands more for the same commodity at night. With such conditions, it is impossible to expect persons to labor for hire—their pay is worthless when they get it.

They are talking openly in Austria of the "crash." They expect foreign bourses to cease to accept the kronen at any exchange. The great tourist agencies already refuse to exchange kronen into other money, on the return of travelers from sojourns in Austria.

The "crash" does not mean state bankruptcy when applied to Austria. Portugal, Greece and South American states have become involved and repudiated their state debts. In Austria, everybody long since wrote the state debt off as unimportant. It is the *buying power* that the "crash" applies to. Austria must have clothing and food from foreign countries. If the markets are closed to her through the debacle in kronen, it means she must become a subject of wholesale world-wide charity, or else her inhabitants to the last man must make their separate ways across the borders.

Business of Yawning

LORD LEVERHULME, who possesses a vast fortune made in the soap industry, made a speech recently in which he sought to arouse the ambition of England's younger generation. He discussed America's vast wealth.

"America's great wealth," said the British peer, "lies not in possessing three-quarters of the gold of the world, but in the Yankee habit of early rising."

This theory would indicate that America's wealth has declined rather than increased with the rise in population. It would indicate that New York instead of being the wealthiest city is actually the poorest city. It would rate the pioneers of the country as far richer than the men of today.

But paradoxical as it may seem there is no doubt of the accuracy of the Leverhulme assertion. Wealth is the product of the physical and mental energy of men superimposed upon the material and intangible possibilities of the country. The simplest of reasoning would show that early rising with its consequent alertness would be reflected in the product of labor.

As nations pass from barbarism to civilization, to decadence, it is a cycle in which the wealth of early rising and the poverty of late hours play parts. America is at a crucial point. If the decadent tendencies of the pleasure-seekers can be arrested, and the productivity of early rising can be restored, we may hope to escape the fate which overtook Greece, Rome and other nations which fell.

Mencken and England

IT IS to be hoped that Great Britain will not accept the visit of H. L. Mencken as a bit of studied revenge on the part of the United States. It is true we are glad to have him in England, but the pleasure is not in any way malicious, though the British might be justified in jumping to that conclusion.

The British know that Americans were getting pretty resentful over the repeated visits of English instructors. We were compelled to preserve the serious mien while Mrs. Asquith was here. We looked credulous when Sir A. Conan Doyle lectured, and we pleased Lady Astor by heartily agreeing that she is English through and through. Writers, lecturers, statesmen have condescended to visit us at so much per lecture, and have freely told America what is wrong with us. With all due humility, it must be confessed that we had got pretty sick of the whole business.

And then came the visit of Mr. Mencken, self-confessed leader of intellectual thought in America, to *our* mother (it may be *his* stepmother?) country. Mr. Mencken has been giving the English first-hand assertions that America is a country of boobs. But we are willing to let him do that, confident that before he is finished England will have its fill. But there is nothing nationally malicious about the visit—we never would have been able to think it up so beautifully.

Begin Nearer Home

PEACE between nations goes on apace, however much industrial, political and social warfare continues within the limits of individual nations.

On an American cruiser, three miles off the shore of Central America, the presidents of Nicaragua, Honduras and Salvador signed a treaty of peace and amity. The treaty was concluded in the presence of the American ministers and under American inspiration. The aim of maintaining peace between the principal Central American countries is stressed in the document, which takes care to define satisfactorily points of controversy between the republics.

The United States takes a natural pride in being instrumental in restoring good feeling between other nations. The good offices of this country were responsible for the settlement of the long-standing differences between Peru and Chile. South and Central America were for many years the hotbeds of revolutions and wars, but due largely to the influence of this country the differences have been rendered insignificant.

When nations are in controversy, it is the United States which most frequently is called upon to give diplomatic first aid. We have the distant perspective which enables us to establish, most nearly, justice. And despite frequent aspersions regarding our selfish aims, other nations seem to have considerable confidence in us.

With the remarkable success which has attended our individual efforts on behalf of international peace, it is a wonder, indeed, that we are so far from success in maintaining peace within our own borders. We have been suffering from the railroad war and the coal mine war. The coal strike was not settled; it settled itself after exhaustion had hit the combatant forces. In Porto Rico, our wards have manifested great discontent. In Cuba, the American orders as to how much sugar shall be produced, and how finance shall be regulated, has actually stirred up an agitation for Spanish sovereignty, which the island threw off after a half century of struggle. In Haiti and San Domingo, the bitterness over our financial and military overlordship is deep.

The United States seems to possess abundant faculties for settling troubles which do not intimately concern her. Would that she was able to handle as well her own exclusive business!

It Must Go On

ONE of the great faults of Americans is lack of stick-to-it-ive-ness. We mean well most of the time; and we mean well actively and enthusiastically for a brief period; but gradually our intense excitement wanes and we begin to mean well passively, finally winding up with a mere mental state of meaning well.

Nowhere is this characteristic more thoroughly exemplified than in our recent governmental history. We have had vehement crusades against monopolies, feverish conservation of our natural resources, intense peacefulness and intense warlikeness. And then we have cooled down. But instead of cooling down to the desirable state of comfortable warmth, we have cooled down to lukewarmness, cold or absolute frigidity.

A dozen or more years ago, irrigation of arid lands and drainage of marshlands engaged the thoughtful attention of the entire country. Indeed, the pure reasonableness of the propositions appealed so strongly to the imaginations of everybody that we were surfeited with talk, writing and agitation upon the subject. And now it would be a marvelous personality who could succeed in arousing more than passing interest on the subject.

Yet, it remains as vitally an important problem as ever. According to the president of the National Drainage Congress, there are 75,000,000 acres in the United States that can be reclaimed. The tremendous waste is patent. The population of this country is going to grow. Its growth calls for more productive land.

The reclamation of arid or marshlands will increase values of those lands. In many instances land formerly worth $15 to $20 an acre has been increased in value from $200 to $300 an acre by the process.

There has been considerable individual reclamation work, and some vast governmental irrigation projects. But for the most part the great field of reclamation is untouched. The tremendous cost of a complete reclamation program makes it impossible for the government to finance it. The inequity of piecemeal reclamation by the government is manifest when one considers how quickly political demands would result in the bestowal of reclamation patronage upon favored interests. Reclamation should be a private project, under a general government supervision and in accordance with comprehensive plans of the government.

There is little controversy over the points involved. But for good to come, we must begin to transform our good intentions into constant, unremitting accomplishment.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE strikes which have marked this year have been of a new and startling character. That is, they would be startling if we did not know the mental reactions of the American people. The really impressive mark of the strikes has been the feeling of apathy that has pervaded both strikes and public. The combatant spirit has been almost entirely lacking. The zest of contest did not even spring up to die down again. The bad temper which certain types of men find it their highest pleasure to indulge has hardly appeared anywhere. The character of the strikes is more that of a slump than that of a struggle.

This may be full of meaning for the future. In another people it would mean the first inroads of a despair which would permit all kinds of social despoilers to get in their work. In some European nations this apathy would be fatal. In Russia, for example, it would most certainly spell a long period of lethargy on the part of the public mind, with consequent destruction by the enemies of government and law and order. And it would mean the same thing here but for a combination of racial elements.

Citizens should know—and many of them do know—that the revolutionary forces, the forces of darkness and disorder, have made the world their stage. The fact has been stated many times, but usually in a way that conveyed an essential untruth with it. The truth is this: that plans for world upheaval have been laid in every land. The untruth is this: that the plans will be equally successful in all lands.

Look first at the revolutionary plans as revealed in the present strike situation. These plans first involve the employers, the so-called capitalists, who are usually not capitalists at all, but dependents on capitalists. What a mistake to call a manufacturer a "capitalist" when he must borrow his very working capital from the capitalists! If industry were free of the grip of international capitalism, industrial disputes would disappear, because it is the pressure of capitalists upon both managers and men that provokes most of the conditions which result in strikes. But even so, managers have been so organized, employers have been so unionized, that they constitute a dangerous mental condition in this strike. There is more hate, more criminal disregard for fundamental human rights, among the employing class today than among the employes. That is, the old brutality that used to mark the labor leader, now marks the other side. The employers have been as strongly propagandized against labor, as labor was formerly propagandized against capital. The forces that make for destruction have carried out this part of their plan beautifully, and the pity of it all is that the business men of our country cannot see it. Business men and manufacturers have been so tightly tied into unions and employers' associations, that they are just as much shorn of independence, just as much at the mercy of *their* leaders, as are the innocent duespayers who think their walking delegate is a god.

That is what happened in other countries—in Russia and Germany, for example: the so-called upper classes were organized. Now, under such conditions, this can be accomplished only by making the members of this class believe that they are *organized against* something. That is the motive that is used to bring them together. But the real motive, the concealed motive behind their being brought together, is that still another power might handle them. If you want to handle the workingman, organize him into unions or any other group, then by the motive of loyalty to his own group you can swing him any way you choose. Men are never so much like a herd as when they are organized. When they are free to go afoot and alone and across lots, they are intelligent individuals. There is enough individuality in the average labor union to revise every strike policy of every labor leader, but that individuality is suppressed by the pressure of group loyalty.

What has been done to the workingman has also been done for his employers—both have been organized that they might be more easily handled by those who pull the strings above them. Both are dupes. And they are the most hopeless kind of dupes—the kind that laughs when they are told that they are dupes.

The stage has thus been set. The forces of production have been divided. Managers and men have been made to believe that they are enemies. The machinery of revolt has been perfected to such a degree that it has been made easier for managers to use the ultimatum and easier for the men to use the strike, than for either of them to make a move to get together as co-partners and find a solution. The ways have been greased so that both of them just naturally slide into a situation that deals a heavy blow at the stability of the United States. And this has occurred so often of late years, and with such fatal ease, that now that the slump is deeper than ever before, and the element of hopelessness and futility more apparent, a spirit of dejection has seized upon both parties. It is just at such a juncture that the destructive forces get their opportunity. And they would have made this year their opportunity but for one hindering fact, namely, the vast majority of the American people have an inkling of what is afoot; their racial instincts, their sense of self-preservation warn them.

What is going to happen? This will happen: it has already occurred within recent weeks wherever men of the contending groups have come in contact with each other: They are going to look at each other and make a discovery, and the discovery was actually voiced in these words: "Why, we are fighting our own people!"

Men get the idea that there is a difference between the two groups: as a matter of fact they are mostly the same. The miners, for example, are mostly members of the dominant races in this country, not the newcomers, but sons of the fathers who gave America its destructive character. It isn't a struggle like that between the Jew and the Slav in Russia, nor like that between the Armenian and the Mohammedan in Turkey: it is a struggle between men whose greatest genius has been their ability to find a working basis beneath each disagreement. And when men like these discover that they are alike, and that the influences which have worked for their separation and enmity are alien in blood and spirit—then reunion and readjustment are coming.

The contestants are not happy in this contest. They are not thirsting for deeper upheaval. Their very unhappiness is the protest of their common humanity against this fraticidal struggle. It is in their very dislike of the means they have used and the situation they have brought about that you can see the evidence that the world program for civilization's overthrow is not going to succeed in this country. Our racial and spiritual soil is not hospitable to such seed. Some peoples are slow to realize the insidious influences in their midst: our nation is alert and quick in this regard. Our dejection over the pit into which we have fallen, our hopelessness of ever finding a solution by the methods we have chosen, our disgust at the by-products of criminal greed and selfishness which the industrial dislocation has disclosed, are all indications that we are seeing one more phase of the old era coming to a finish.

THE Conscience of America is a more powerful force than any program of disorder. The hopes of those who desired the strikes to usher in the complete downfall of American institutions, are not destined to be realized. While it is true that the tactics which resulted in disaster overseas have been tried here, and while it is true that some of the preliminary manifestations of revolution have appeared, it is not true that these are signs of a baneful success. It takes a certain receptivity to lawlessness, or a certain lack of national initiative to accomplish a subversive program, and these cannot be found in our country. The necessary racial soil is not here. The air of this nation neutralizes alien plans of disorder. Our people are entering a frame of mind which portends ill for all the sources of economic discord.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Communism—With Uncle Sam Standing Guard

In Samoa Where Every Prospect Pleases, Even Man Is Kind

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

DID you ever see a fish farm where the catch from the ocean is placed in fenced sections of a lagoon, fattened carefully and then turned into an at-home fry or carried to market? We have nothing of the sort except gold fish farms and the hatcheries maintained by the government; but in the middle of the Pacific lies one of our island possessions where fish farms are common.

In this colorful insular group with a climate described as the "most pleasant in the tropics," if you relish wetness to the extent of 195.5 inches of rainfall a year, you will like Samoa. Evidently Robert Louis Stevenson, who gave us "Treasure Island" and other gripping fiction, loved the palm-fringed spot; for there he lived and there he died while the natives wailed their grief, built huge beacon fires on the hills and spread the sad news by means of weird, mournful-sounding drums.

Samoa is frankly communistic. Back in the long ago when Captain John Smith ruled the first colonial settlement in Virginia he set forth that "those who will not work cannot eat." That principle is followed by the village chiefs, "pulenuu," i our far-away land of the South Seas; and the heads of the families, "matais," act as able lieutenants for the enforcement of it. For example, the fish farms are owned by the villages and subdivided to the families: the Samoan is lazy by nature but he will assist in the catching and fattening of the sea denizens rather than forego the food.

We speak of Russia in hushed words as rabidly communistic. Uncle Sam scores Russia as a veritable devil while at the same time he humors his own baby, likewise communistic, and pursues his policy of democracy with non-interference. "The child," he smiles, "will not harm itself."

"By the simple communistic system under which the Samoans live," says Captain Waldo Evans who served as governor from November 11, 1920, to March 1, 1922, "each person contributes the profits of his industry to the family fund. There is no incentive for one person to work harder than his fellow laborer. Energy and ambition must be manifested in the head of the family to produce any increase in prosperity."

Suffrage is restricted to heads of families or "matais" because in the Samoan scheme of things the individual as the unit of society has been replaced by the family. These "matais" constitute the village councils. From their number the various parts or communities select delegates to attend the "fono" or general meeting held toward the end of each year. This "fono" is the Samoan legislature rather markedly like the system of campfire councils employed by the American Indian before the white man fashioned reservations for him; for at this general meeting petitions are presented, laws are changed and new ones adopted.

Incidentally some of the laws are remarkably wise. Those on marriage require the publication of a notice of intention two weeks before the ceremony is scheduled to occur. If a foreigner wishes to marry he must obtain from the governor a certificate showing that he is free to wed; then either a clergyman or a district judge may "tie the knot." There is no polygamy. The child of the unmarried mother does not live under the disadvantages found in the United States; the family forgives her, likewise the community, and her reputation is not regarded as sufficiently besmirched to make of her a social outcast or pariah. Though certainly not encouraged, most sins are pardoned in Samoa and the offender is given a chance to rise after falling; in fact, the people of that land seem kinder than the haughty boastful civilizations of today.

Apparently Uncle Sam does not wish his child to be too far-reaching. Does he think he may be playing with fire? The natives are allowed to own neither rifles nor revolvers; they may have shotguns for sporting purposes but these are carefully restricted in number according to the density of population.

There, as in our own country, the manufacture of intoxicating liquors is prohibited. The Sunday "blue laws" are enforced so strictly that nobody works then unless his labor can be classed as indispensable. This rule suits the Samoan who ever loves to lay off and be as irresponsible as the boy in Riley's "Knee Deep in June."

Vaccination has been made compulsory. In the matter of health measures Uncle Sam conscientiously provides for the well-being of his Polynesian baby. When the scourge of influenza ran riotously elsewhere and islands within eyesight of Samoa lost 19 per cent of their population, this land of ours in the South Seas had not a single case. In 1921 "Sanitary Instructions for the People of American Samoa" was issued in the native language and distributed to the families, rather the heads of the families, and the village chiefs required to make enforcement a fact and not a mere name.

There is an almost indistinguishable mixture of communism and paternalism. There are no civilian physicians and only one medicine man; his name is Dr. Uncle Sam. He treats the native population without cost in a hospital at the naval station in Pago Pago, branch dispensaries on the other islands, a corps of visiting nurses, a daily clinic at the government school in Pago Pago, a sanitary inspector who makes periodic trips to the villages and a surgeon who on two days of each week gives the natives dental treatment free.



(C) Keystone
The village belle, posing with a menacing big stick.



(C) International News reel
Navy coaling station at Pago Pago.

(C) Keystone
The natives of Samoa have co-operative fish farms in which they fence sections of a lagoon and stock them with various kinds of fish; when properly fattened they are carried to the market and sold.

Uncle Sam is very thoughtful, almost more thoughtful of his foreign people than of those at home. He does not attempt to impose an overdose of Americanism. "The Samoan Hospital" is the official name of the institution at Pago Pago, and the wards consist of large Samoan houses. Why? Well, the houses are cool, they supply an environment to which the natives are utterly accustomed and give the maximum amount of ventilation. All in all the sick individual has little to worry about; consequently he has the content which makes quick recovery possible.

Samoa can be properly called a land of queer trees. The au'auli provides a vegetable caustic as potent as nitrate of silver. The breadfruit provides the staple food of these Samoans. From the fetau wood for canoes, a medicinal oil and an aromatic gum are obtained. The ifi gives a fruit edible when cooked and its wood is used for burning lime. The lagaali and the mosoo'i supply a perfume the latter of which is known as "Ylang-Ylang." The burned nuts of the lama deposit a carbon much employed as a color in tattooing; and the o'a furnishes a reddish pink dye.

The native houses resemble gigantic mushrooms. There is a rock base, a multiplicity of supporting posts and a conical thatched roof. The structure is round or egg-shaped. There are no walls; when rain or wind comes reed curtains or "pola" are let down as a protection. Small pieces of smooth coral from the beach form an excellent floor; if guests arrive the Samoan displays his pleasure by overlaying this floor with woven mats.

You will find fields of sugar cane in Samoa but no sugar mills and no native sugar. It is grown for the sake of its broad leaves which form the best type of thatch to cover the houses and keep the rain out. Without this thatch the houses would be cool but certainly less clean and probably not water-tight.

A few years ago the wealth of a Samoan family was calculated upon the basis of the "fine mats" it owned. These were woven by the women from the "lau ie," a species of the pandanu tree. After the leaves had been sun-dried they were carefully scraped and cut into strips with mussel shells serving as knives. Sometimes the "sega" bird's red feathers would be worked into the fringe; such mats were choice presents to be bestowed on the occasion of births, marriages, deaths and functions of great importance. When offered for sale the "sega" mats with historical significance or embodying family traditions have been purchased at a cost approximating $200.

"Fine mats" are worn as clothing on special occasions; but ordinarily the dress of the men consists of a loin cloth or "lavalava" with the women wearing both a waist and a loose skirt. When they go to church or receive foreigners the men add a shirt or coat or both to their attire. At home the women discard all but the "lavalava" but do not appear thus before guests; the one exception, however, comes when the native girls present the "siva," the national dance which would be farcical with an array of clothing.

Though prohibited in the Manua group of the islands, tattooing is a general custom in Tutuila where a young man without such adornment ranks as an inferior sort of person. The process is so extremely painful that the subject becomes incapacitated throughout many weeks. Ordinarily the women are not tattooed at all but some of them wear small designs on the legs and hands.

A Samoan has black hair usually soft but seldom wavy. His color may be described as copper or reddish-brown. They are of an athletic type with a straight nose, firm chin, high forehead, prominent cheek bones, an absence of fat, a striking height and a proudness of bearing. The girls have beautiful figures which they lose after reaching womanhood. The Samoans, however, are often pointed out by anthropological authorities as the finest physical specimens of the Polynesian race. A native girl becomes a bride at an early age. The children are many and the families are large. Uncle Sam has owned the islands since 1900. In that interval of only 22 years the population has been increased by one-half.

Intensely religious are these Samoans, though some of them do not go to church. They scrupulously put aside Sunday as a day of rest; each morning and evening they have family prayers. Practically all can read and write. They read the Bible punctiliously; it is, in fact, their only textbook and they are more familiar with it than is the average citizen of the United States.

Pago Pago Bay ranks as the safest and best harbor in the South Seas. Formed in a volcanic crater it nearly cuts the island of Tutuila in two parts. It has the shape of a stocking foot with the naval station at the instep. The most important village of the island bears the same name and sits on the stocking toe. The harbor, however, qualifies as the wettest spot of Samoa, as Mount Peoa or the "Rainmaker" on its east side bursts every cloud that dares to approach.

The naval station, as the name implies, serves as a supply base only to vessels of our navy; yet in emergencies the merchant ships of any nation may obtain coal in a sufficient amount to make the nearest port. Water either for drinking or for use in the boilers is free to everybody and every ship at any season. The

(Concluded on page 9)

The Country Bank's Case Against Wall Street

Reckless Loans Made to Big Gamblers; Funds Scarce for Farmers

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

THERE are about 32,000 banks in the United States, but some 30 national banks in Wall Street control the greater part of their surplus funds. So there is a great concentration of money in New York, with the eloquent inconsistency between the dearth of ready money in the large farming communities, where the wealth of the country is produced, and the superabundance of funds in the non-productive region of Wall Street.

Wall Street, as the country's fiscal agent, fulfills a useful purpose, but its management of the surplus money intrusted to its hands has always been open to criticism, and may best be illustrated by an affair of very recent occurrence.

The son of a wealthy and influential financier several years ago embarked upon a spectacular career as a Stock Exchange speculator. He organized a chain of corporations, and began manipulating their securities in the market. Soon he made himself a reputation as a talented "pool operator." The successful gambler is Wall Street's god. He was quickly surrounded by an admiring throng of speculators, who followed in the wake of his operations, buying when he bought, and selling when he sold.

Had it been another man who was engaged in these activities, the banks would have frowned upon him, and probably checked his operations. But, being the son of his father, the most powerful banking institutions in the Street liberally advanced him all the funds and credits he asked for.

The operator reached the apex of his career in the fall of 1919, at which time he was managing three successful pools in the stock market. One day, having been unusually lucky in his manipulations, he telephoned to a prominent banker, who had been helpful to him in many large loans, and invited him to motor uptown.

"Do you know what I'm worth tonight?" he observed to his companion, when they were on their way. "I thought you'd like to know. I had my bookkeepers make up the accounts, and here are their figures."

Killing the Goose

THE short, typewritten statement which he handed to his friend showed that the assets owned that day by the speculator, personally, including cash in the bank, stocks, bonds and other securities, aggregated $30,000,000. This was the high-water mark of a fortune made in about six years, on an initial capital not particularly imposing.

Several months later, in the early part of 1920, the speculator began to corner the stock of one of the companies in which he was interested. He and his associates owned 80 per cent of the outstanding shares, and it was therefore an easy matter for the insiders to run up the price of the 20 per cent of the company's stock that was floating about the Street. They put it up from $100 a share to $134, and then ran it up still further, to $245 a share.

The stock was now selling far out of line with its real value, and that was the design of the group of insiders—to make it appear a tempting object for a bear attack. The shorts, believing that the stock was vulnerable, began to sell it heavily. Now the stock gamblers put over a trick that has been a favorite one with their fraternity since the days of the Civil War. They declared a dividend of 85 per cent, payable not in money, but in new stock. This nearly doubled the amount of shares outstanding, and jumped the price to $391. The bears were thunderstruck, caught in a trap, and deprived of any further hope of depressing the price of the stock.

But the corner, so flagrantly conducted, had by this time become an open scandal in the Street. The Stock Exchange felt that it dared no longer countenance the gamble, and, as a punitive measure, suspended all further trading in the shares. A fierce controversy now arose between the speculator and the officials of the Exchange. He alleged that he had been trying merely to defend his property against a bear attack by prominent members of the Exchange, who were now trying to save themselves from loss by striking his stock from the list. In the end he resigned from the big board, and his Exchange seat was offered for sale.

But the financial glory of the speculator was dimmed the moment when he was deprived of a market in which to sell his high-priced shares. However, he had trimmed his enemies, the shorts. He demanded the stock which they had sold, they were unable to make deliveries, and a settlement was concluded on April 24th, according to the established rules of the Street, by which the bears paid him $550 a share, which represented a price of $425 a share, plus $85 a share in payment of the stock dividend, and an additional cost of $2 a day, the premium demanded on each share of stock under the short contracts.

The profits of the manipulator of the corner amounted to a good many million dollars. But suddenly all these gambling profits were swept away like dust. As a direct result of the action of the Stock Exchange, terrific declines occurred in all the shares of companies with which he had been actively identified. His financial circumstances became straitened. The banks which had aided him, now became aware that his collateral for their loans was not so good as they had imagined. They demanded cash or further collateral, and he could give them neither.

The speculator, who had won Wall Street's admiration through his stock corner and his pool manipulations, now scored distinction of a less enviable kind. On July 21, of this year, it was announced that he had filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, with liabilities estimated at from $18,000,000 to more than $32,000,000, and assets of only $643,533. It was the biggest personal failure in New York in recent years, and one of the biggest on record.

The principal creditors were the financial institutions which had taken over the management of his affairs to protect his loans after his pyrrhic victory in the famous corner which had resulted in his ruin. It was now found that the collateral for the loans was very much less than the amount of the loans. The collateral loans were bad enough, but the unsecured claims amounted to more than $4,000,000.

The loans disclosed the extent to which leading Wall Street banking concerns had aided and encouraged a great Stock Exchange speculator. The schedules filed with the clerk of the United States District Court with the bankruptcy petition gave them in part as follows:

	Loans	Collateral Value
Guaranty Trust Company, Trustee	$8,660,445	$1,776,989
Chase National Bank	3,456,429	667,756
Mechanics & Metals National Bank	1,402,963	258,500
First National Bank	53,067	Unknown
Lawyers Title & Trust Company	389,089	Unknown
Empire Trust Company	166,705	13,000

The last act in this latest of Wall Street scandals was staged in an auction room in Vesey street, August 2, when virtually all that remained of the speculator's fortune, which only two years before had been estimated at from $30,000,000 to $35,000,000, was sold to the highest bidders for the sum of $3,615,791. That represented the proceeds from the sale of the securities which had been pledged under his bank loans. The stock of the company that had been "cornered," and which sold at $391 a share at the time when trading in the issue was suspended on the Exchange, brought $20 a share at the public auction. This represented a decline of $371 a share, or more than $47,000,000 on the block of 134,414 shares that were bid in that day.

The principal loss from this great failure fell upon the banks that had made the injudicious loans. The managing heads of these institutions feature as the economic leaders of Wall Street. They preach the doctrine of high banking ethics. Without their aid and encouragement, the disastrous corner and the unscrupulous pool manipulations would have been made impossible.

Having witnessed an example of the present-day methods of the great underwriting banks of Wall Street, we will turn to the problems confronting the small bank in the rural districts. There are in the United States 15,000 such banks, having a capital of $50,000 or less and deposits of $300,000 or less. They are mostly located in villages whose population does not approximate 2,000. In championing the cause of these country banks, at the American Bankers' Convention in Los Angeles last October, Guy Huston, a banker from Blandinsville, Illinois, presented a graphic picture of the "Farmers' State Bank on Main Street."

"It makes no difference," said Mr. Huston, "whether you have in mind a village in New York state, Ohio, Iowa, Texas or California. Their problems are all the same, and anything that gives relief to one, will give relief to all. But in drawing this picture, I will have in mind the typical small town bank of the corn belt, as it is with the corn belt banker and his business that I am most familiar.

Farmers Own Bank Stock

"PICTURE a one-story brick building on the corner of Main street. Building and fixtures, and entire equipment probably represent an investment of less than $5,000. The elm-shaded streets are lined with the comfortable homes of retired farmers. The capital of the bank is $30,000 and the deposits are, say, $300,000. Its stock is owned by the banker and the leading farmers of the county. Seventy-five per cent of the stock of all the Iowa banks is owned by farmers.

"Banker Brown is the leading citizen of the community, and he is in daily contact with all its members. From his savings department, he sends greetings and a pass book, upon arrival, to every new member of the families of his clients. His maximum legal loan is only $3,000, and yet the state authorities, recognizing that there are legitimate borrowers in that community whose seasonable needs are in no wise met by the maximum authorized loan of the bank, have laid down rules under which he can greatly exceed that.

"There are not more than enough surplus funds in the community, if they are all on deposit in bank, to finance the legitimate needs of the farmers. To the farm hand who has saved a few hundred dollars, this banker loans money to buy his first farm equipment. He prevails upon some landowner to rent the man a piece of land. The banker carries him through the crop season, and if the young tenant is a good manager, in an average period of five years he will be able to pay off his bank loans and own his live stock and implements clear of debt. Within another period of from five to ten years, this tenant farmer will have accumulated surplus funds, and will want to buy a farm.

"In the corn belt an economic unit of land, with implements, necessary tools and live stock, for profitable operation, is worth at least $50,000. Now it is a more or less precarious undertaking for a bank to attempt to finance several hundred such units, in each of which the investment is larger than the capital stock of the bank, and yet three-fourths of the state banks in the United States and about one-third of the national banks are operating under these conditions.

"If this farmer were banking with a bank of $500,000 capital, then his note for $50,000, which is perfectly good, would be readily discounted by the Federal Reserve Bank, and yet, since he is banking with a bank of only $30,000 capital, the bank cannot rediscount the note should his aggregate loan amount to $3,500, for the Federal Reserve Bank will not accept, for rediscount, notes where the borrower owes the bank more than 10 per cent of its capital.

"This ruling is the reason why more small state banks have not gone into the Federal Reserve System, and also explains why, in the period of greatest stringency ever known in the rural districts, the Federal Reserve System, with its six billions of assets, held less than four per cent in agricultural and live stock paper. Now it is said that 54 per cent of the total deposits of the country originate in these small rural banks. On that basis they should be entitled to at least one-half of the loanable funds of the Federal Reserve, or three billion instead of $230,000,000 of live stock and agricultural paper held by Federal Reserve banks on July 31, 1921, and based on a proportionate part of the wealth of the nation, they would be entitled to more than two billions of credit.

"Banker Brown is, of course, unable to finance the purchase of lands. He has no acquaintanceship, no direct connection with outside capital, and he can only send his clients to the mortgage lender at the county seat. During the past two years, practically all of the country banks suffered greatly from withdrawals of funds loaned to farmers to pay maturing mortgages that could not be renewed. Many banks have had their deposits reduced one-half in the past six months. This condition still prevails and is growing more acute daily.

Where the Pinch Is Felt

"RECENTLY a banker called me by phone and asked me to negotiate a $50,000 loan for him immediately. He stated that a quarter section of land in his community had been purchased by two of his clients for $44,000, and that they had been unable to obtain a mortgage loan, although they had 800 acres of land worth $200,000 clear of encumbrance and had been compelled to borrow money of their friends and relatives, all of which had come out of his bank. His was a good bank, with a good record, and I was able to get him the money. I urged him to collect enough to make a substantial payment on his loan. He asked each of his heaviest borrowers to pay him $1,000, which they did, but they raised the money by selling immature farm stock to their neighbors and borrowed from friends, which meant only a shifting of credit in bank, and did not bring in any outside money. He said that was the fourth time such an occurrence had happened to him this year, and it had reduced his deposits by one-half. We have a list now of more than 200 bankers who tell, with slight variations, the same story."

Such are some of the tribulations of country banks. The American farmer feeds the United States and a large part of the world. He is the basic producer of the country's prosperity, but there is scant regard shown for his needs in the banking system that has been imposed upon the nation by the lords of Wall Street's finance, although we have seen with what lavish hands they extend credit to their friends, the stock gamblers.

The Federal Farm Loan Act provided for the organization of Joint Stock Land Banks. This was the opportunity that Banker Brown had been looking for. He immediately took up the matter with other country banks located in borrowing communities and organized a Joint Stock Land Bank. By this means he was able to make farm mortgages on the amortization plan, permanently financing his clients. He converted them into bonds, issued under government supervision, running for a period of years, that made them marketable in money centers on terms and denominations to suit investors.

But at once, Wall Street, which thought that this plan interfered with its underwriting schemes, began a campaign to destroy its advantages to the farmer. The Joint Stock Land Bank bonds are tax-exempt. This exemption must be removed.

It was this species of agitation that caused Mr. Huston to champion the cause of the corn belt banks. "For 60 years," he said, "the Federal Government has in various ways encouraged business and commerce. There have been tariffs for manufacturers; land grants and subsidies for railroads. These have even been given the right of eminent domain, and our cities have been built by employing certain forms of special privilege in issuing tax-exempt bonds. But in the doing of these great things, we have neglected agriculture. Indeed, some of these things have been done at the expense of the farmers of America.

"Only recently, we approved for the railroads, an average increase in freight and passenger rates of approximately 33 1-3 per cent, in order that the railroads could pay their owners 5 1-2 to 6 per cent on their investment above the cost of operation. The farmers are not asking that they be guaranteed fair wages and 5 1-2 to 6 per cent of their investment. They only ask to be able to obtain long-time credit on just and equitable terms, and they are warranted in demanding that their representatives in Congress shall defend the Federal Farm Loan Act tax exemption, with all the logic and vigor with which they have defended the special privileges they have extended to manufacturers, transportation and mining interests.

"On the same day that the last general offering of $15,000,000 joint stock bonds was made to the public, the City of New York offered $60,000,000 bonds for

(Concluded on page 9)

Steel Plows From Battle-Scarred War Craft

Activities of Graveyard of Ships Result From Disarmament Decision

STEEL plows made of battleship armor that stood between the guns of German submarines and the freight and transport ships of the United States will be turning furrows on American farms before another season rolls around. Some of the insides of trim little destroyers already have found their way into automobiles and are now rolling over peaceful American roads, as a result of the Disarmament Conference and the activities of the largest junk yard in the world—the graveyard of ships.

In recent years that graveyard has been filling up. It is now busier than ever before in its maritime department. It is operated by Henry A. Hitner's Sons Company on the Delaware River at Philadelphia, just around the bend and a few miles upstream from the League Island Navy Yard. In the backwaters of the Navy Yard dozens of famous sea fighters and scores of destroyers marked for ultimate destruction lie cheek by jowl, packed in like sardines, awaiting their turn to be towed to the Hitner plant.



The end of United States steamship destroyer Paul Jones.

That turn will come when the oxy-acetylene torches and the automatic chisels and the 10-ton crocodile shears have finished the job of chewing up the battleships *Wisconsin, Missouri* and *Maine,* the cruisers *Columbia, Raleigh* and *Detroit,* the destroyers *Stewart, Perry, Bainbridge, Barry, Dale, Paul Jones, Hull, Lawrence, Preble, Smith* and *Decatur,* and the monitors *Tonopah, Monterey, Ozark, Canonicus, Manhattan, Mahopac, Catskill, Jason, Ajax, Nahant, Miantanomah* and *Puritan,* now in the junk yard in process of demolition.

In former years it was the custom to park retired fighting vessels in the back channel of the League Island and other yards, there to lie and rust, sometimes for years. As a rule these ships were wholly or partially dismantled, but they were never damaged. There was no reason why they could not have been put back in service in event of an emergency. In the present era of wholesale reduction of naval fighting forces, however, America has left no doubt of her intentions.

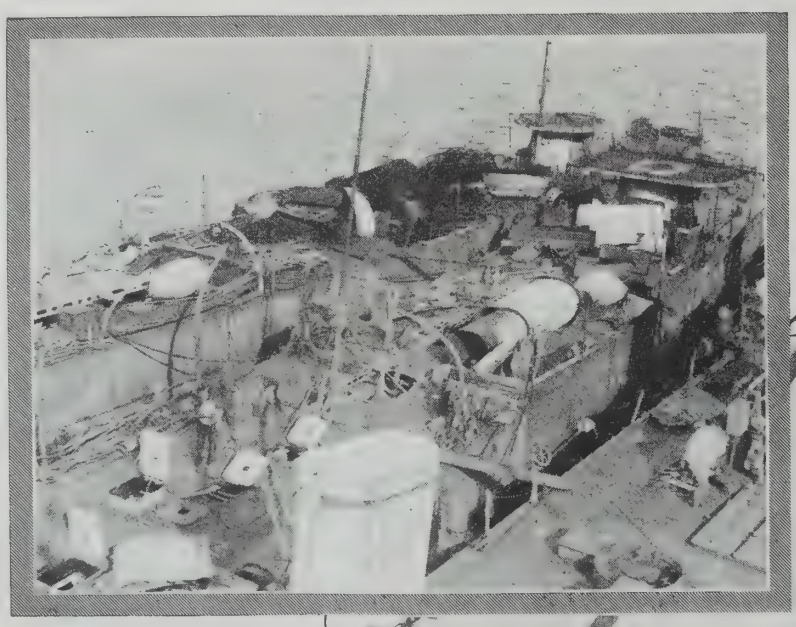
Months ago crews of bluejackets swarmed over the dismal gray hulks of the fighting ships, armed with oxy-acetylene torches. Navigating and other instruments, including the secret range-finding devices, previously had been removed. The sailors went to work on each big rifle. A hole was cut in the barrel in such a manner that none of the big weapons can ever be fired again. And then, with true naval thoroughness, the sailors filled up the holes with putty, thus protecting the interior of the rifles from the action of the elements.

Some of the adherents of disarmament have clamored loudly for the sinking of the discarded vessels in the ocean, or for blowing them up, on the theory that the resultant publicity would be of far-reaching value in the cause of peace. They argue that the destruction of a navy of more than 800,000 tons is being carried on in such a way that it furnishes no object lesson, since the public does not visualize it. But the fact is that the huge basin of silent ships at League Island is its own advertisement of what may be accomplished when nations come together in good will to lift unnecessary burdens.

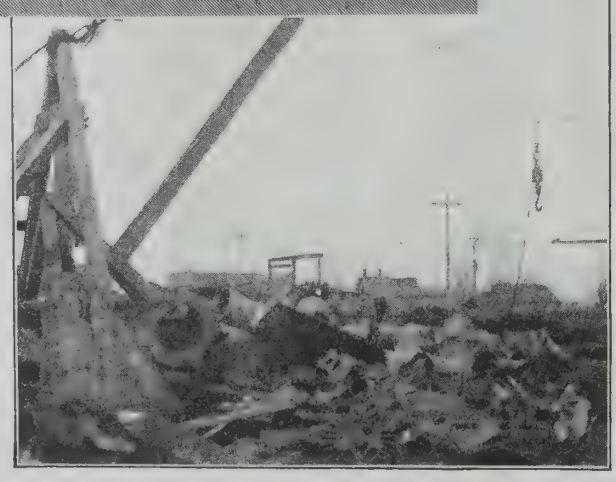
The story of how the ships are junked and what happens to them after being cut apart contains the elements of a new romance of American industry. It is not so many years since many naval experts said that it would be impossible to make anything useful out of a discarded battleship. They said the steel was too hard to work and the process of tearing them apart would be too expensive. But when the Navy put its 845,000 tons on the market for sale the predictions that there would be no bidders fell flat. The Hitner Company put in bids for all sorts of fighting ships. And it has already demonstrated that although the process is expensive, every pound of metal in these floating fortresses can be put back into commercial use.

The custom at the huge junk yard is to run the nose of the vessel to be destroyed into the mud of the river bank. Then sections of armor plate are removed and swung by derrick to the shore, where they are laid flat and cut by torches into sizes small enough to be placed in open-hearth furnaces. That lightens the vessel considerably. Then all the machinery is removed; everything in the interior, in fact, except the hull. By that time the once squat battleship is riding high. Workmen then start in on the superstructure. The problem then is no different than that offered by any other of the numerous commercial vessels junked in the yard.

Various markets offer for all of the scrap. As a rule, however, the armor plate is sold to makers of automobiles and automobile parts. The machinery is sold to foundries where it is mixed with new ore and used for the making of agricultural appliances, among other uses. All sorts of special metals are removed and are sold to specific industries, of course. There is nothing out of the ordinary in handling them. Large, structural sections of relatively light metal are lifted out of the hulls by derricks, swung ashore and carried to the maw of the crocodile shears. They are fed into these shears by workmen as they swing from derricks, and thus cut up into sections small enough for a single man to handle.



Above—Stripping off everything above decks.



Right—After the weight drops. How machinery is broken up in junk yards.

It is possible that before all the vessels now consigned to the Hitner yard have been destroyed some of the material will have found its way into foreign lands, and into some strange markets. Since much of the junk that comes into the yard is of a special metal composition, it has been necessary to scour the world to find places where it might be used over again without extra trouble. In that way the Hitner Company has built up quite a business in the sale of American worn-out horseshoes to the village blacksmiths of China, who make them into knives and trinkets of various kinds on their ancient hand forges.

Not all the destroyers now in the yard are to be torn apart and remelted. When the first batch of these little ships was bought, long before the Disarmament Conference, it occurred to the head of the junk firm that they could be put to some use if remodeled. After some study he hit on the idea of using them in the coastwise fruit trade, and he had little difficulty finding customers once the idea was put to shippers. When big vessels are used to transport fruit it is necessary to use lighters from the plantations, the ship lying offshore or out in the channel of a stream. But the destroyers, relieved of their heavy machinery, are of such light draft that they can penetrate into small streams and tie up at the banks. Oil-burning engines are installed in place of the high-speed power machines. Even with that equipment the little boats are remarkably fast and it is not necessary to install the costly refrigerating machinery in them.

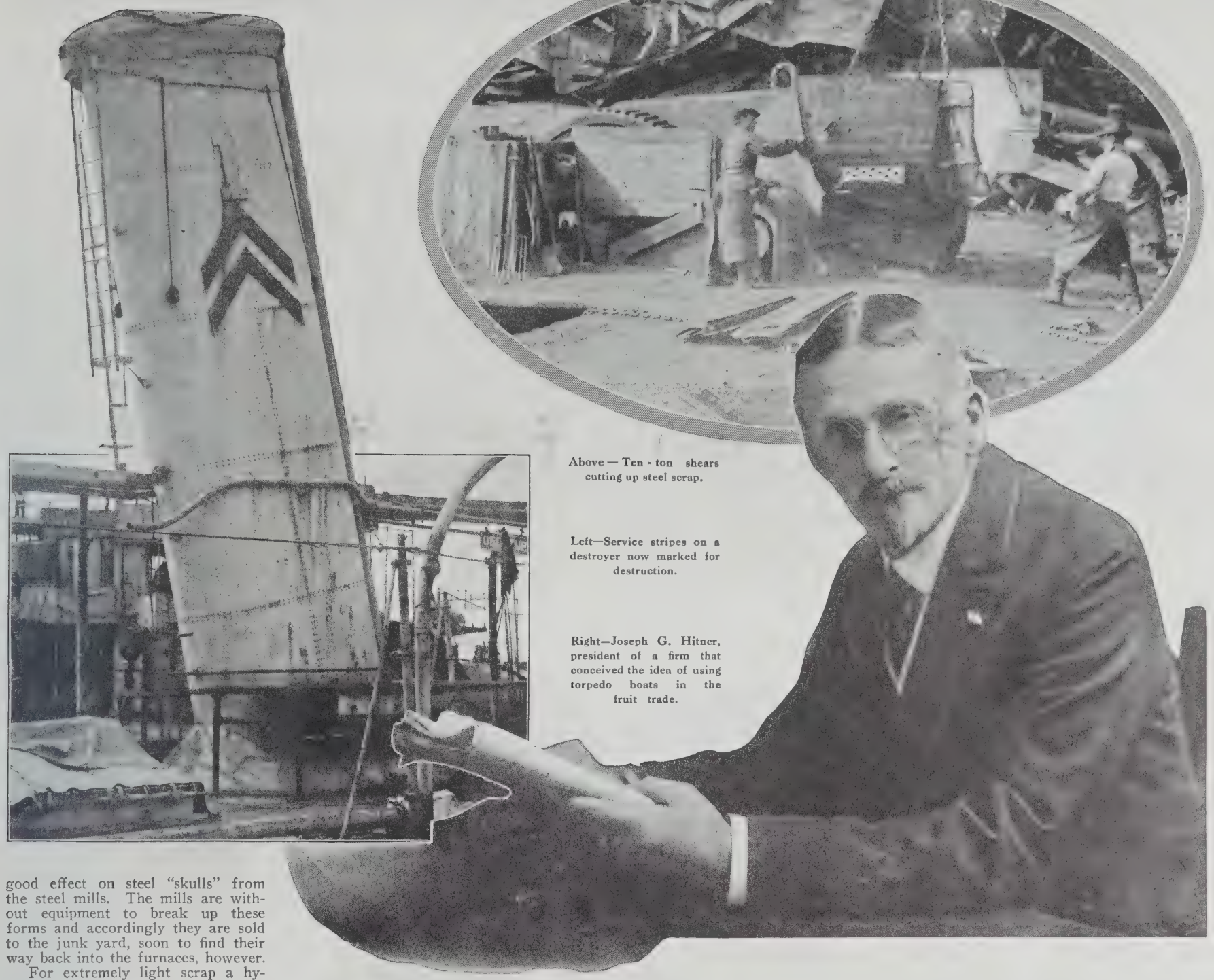
Nowhere is it possible to get a better idea of the extent to which metal is used than in the huge junk yard. Along the river front, in addition to the fighting ships named, are the hulls of the British troopships *Malabar* and *Hotspur.* The *Malabar* was once used as a prison ship. It was sunk for nearly 30 years before being bought by the Hitner Company. But the company's purchases are not confined to marine equipment.

Into its yards comes every possible variety of machinery. Twice the company has bought electric railroads, lock, stock, and barrel, that had been found unprofitable to operate. The roads were dismantled, tracks taken up and trolley wires taken down. One of the ancient summer cars is still in use in the yard, hauling any oxy-acetylene outfit to whatever part of the plant it may be needed. Locomotives without number have been scrapped by the company. One of the largest phases of the business is the purchase of contractor's equipment. Quite often such machinery is capable of further service after being repaired and a machine shop is operated for that purpose. The company also is a large producer of washers, made from various kinds of metal plate.

One of the first large vessels handled at the yard was the cruiser *Detroit,* which had a proud history in the American Navy. Its armor was removed, together with the excess machinery. And for some years it has been giving good service in the transportation of bulk molasses between New Orleans and New York. Just before America got into the World War the Hitner Company bought the famous old frigate *Franklin,* built of wood but riveted with copper. It was estimated that the ship contained one hundred tons of that metal, which was extremely valuable for use in shell making. The company made a clear profit of $20,000 by the rise in the price of copper before any move had been made to get the metal out of the ship. The *Franklin* was burned to get at the metal.

Removal of smokestacks is another activity of the firm. When stacks become rusted and in danger of falling it is sometimes difficult to find men capable of removing them. Hitner employes have become as expert in felling stacks as lumberjacks are in cutting down trees. They undermine one side of the foundation, shore it up with wood, and then blow it out with a light charge of explosive. The company also has junked abandoned railroad bridges. It maintains several other yards along the Atlantic Coast.

A great deal of the large scrap is broken up by means of a five-ton weight attached to a cable. It is drawn to the top of a 90-foot mast and then dropped, with devastating results. That method is used with



Above — Ten-ton shears cutting up steel scrap.

Left—Service stripes on a destroyer now marked for destruction.

Right—Joseph G. Hitner, president of a firm that conceived the idea of using torpedo boats in the fruit trade.

good effect on steel "skulls" from the steel mills. The mills are without equipment to break up these forms and accordingly they are sold to the junk yard, soon to find their way back into the furnaces, however.

For extremely light scrap a hydraulic press is used, and the stuff is compressed into bales. In previous years such light tin scrap was all waste, and troublesome to get rid of. Nobody wanted it even on a dump. Then the Hitner Company devised the press and now the stuff is easily sold for remelting. The company boasts it will tackle any sort of a dismantling job anywhere.

The Country Bank's Case Against Wall Street

Concluded from page 7

wharf and dockage purposes. The tax-exempt New York bonds were immediately oversubscribed; not a single bond was offered to the public through the medium of newspaper advertisements or the usual channels for marketing securities, and not a voice was raised against the issue. But millions of dollars in newspaper space, and hundreds of speakers, at bankers' meetings and elsewhere, have raved for two years about the injustice of joint stock tax-exempt bonds."

Year after year, at bankers' conventions, protests become more numerous against the unjust dictation of the large Wall Street institutions, in trying to impose their will upon the interior banks. Wall Street assumes the right to compel country banks to refrain from making an exchange charge, although many of the smaller institutions depend upon the proceeds from exchange for paying their overhead or the salaries of their employes.

But what the country banks regard as the greatest menace to their future existence, is the continued attempt by the great national banks to gain the right to establish branches. They demand that any national bank, with a capital of one million or more, located in a city of more than 100,000 inhabitants, should have the privilege of establishing branches within corporate limits, and that any national bank, located in any other place, should have the right, with the approval of the Federal Reserve Board, of establishing branches within the limits of its county or within a radius of 25 miles of its banking house, irrespective of county lines. While Congress refused to authorize the measure as proposed, the national banks of Wall Street are still continuing a forceful campaign toward the object they have in view.

One of the chief opponents to this form of branch banking is Andrew Jay Frame, president of the Waukesha National Bank, of Waukesha, Wisconsin. "The granting of such rights," says Mr. Frame, "would be signally destructive and also would be a stepping-stone to a general monopolistic branch banking system, which would practically destroy the 25,000 to 30,000 independent banks of the United States. It would revolutionize and monopolize the banking business of the country, and substitute 100 or 200 great central banks, with 25,000 to 30,000 tails to their big kites, thus destroying our independent banking system. It would skim the cream from the country, to enrich the exchequers of the great central banks and increase the people's tax burden.

"More than 86 per cent of the banking power of Great Britain is monopolistic. France has a few great central banks, and Germany likewise. In both of these countries the central banks practically dominate the commercial banking business. In London, Paris and other large cities, wherein branch banks are authorized, the central banks throw out their arms all over those cities, overthrowing any independent banks.

"If Congress should ever authorize branch banking in the United States, will not the great central banks, in competing for the business of city and county, openly or tacitly say to the state as well as to the national independent banks: 'Sell out to us, or we will establish a branch bank near yours.' The result would be a fight to the finish. And if local bankers would not sell, what would become of the investments of more than a million stockholders who now own the local banks of the country?"

When the resolution was again brought up at the meeting of the National Bank Division of the American Bankers' Association last October, that it was the duty of Congress to amend the National Bank Act, so as to enable national banks to establish branches, it was vigorously opposed by the independent bankers.

"This plan," said Mr. Frame, "will bring about a condition of affairs similar to that prevailing in Canada, where there are 17 central banks, which have more than 4,000 branches. These central banks have deadened human progress in the Dominion. So far as the Waukesha National Bank is concerned, I want to say right here—now I do not like to make a comment of this character, but I will say—that any bank with which we have deposits that begins to run a branch banking proposition will lose our account immediately."

Banker Brown, president of the Farmers' State Bank on Main street, is accustomed to keep a balance on deposit with the bank over at the county seat. That institution deposits a portion of its accumulated balances with the national bank in the nearest large city. The national bank, in turn, passes on its surplus funds to one of the large Wall Street banks. But Banker Brown has the situation in his hands, for he controls 54 per cent of the total bank deposits of the country. Some day he may awake to the fact that it is to his best interest to keep his balances on deposit where they will do him the most good.

Communism—With Uncle Sam Standing Guard

Concluded from page 6

station functions as a storehouse, but it has a limited equipment for repairing such of our ships as may be in need of attention.

The nearest cable lands at Suva, Fiji, 600 miles southwest. Pago Pago remains in touch with the outside world not by the cumbersome means of going to Suva and there using the cable but by employing its own radio which can communicate with all stations in the Pacific and maintains fast schedules to Australia and to San Francisco. Though under governmental control the plant may be used for commercial business.

One of the oddest sights Samoa has to entertain the tourist consists of its imitation geysers invariably near the sea. The water tunnels into the lava bed that forms the coast and at certain points makes comparatively small openings in the crust. Then the rising of the tide compresses the air and forces the water out through these "blowholes." On stormy days these fake geysers stage a show of such surpassing weirdness as to delight the eyes of the most critical artist.

Of all the trees the cocoanut has the greatest importance. Its fruit provides both meat and drink while its leaves share with those of the sugar cane the honor of giving shelter. The leaves are also used for making rough baskets, crude brooms, and as torches. The men plait the fiber from the husk of the nut into sennit straw with which they fasten together the parts of their canoes and the framework of their huts.

Practically the only export from American Samoa is copra, the dried kernel of the ripened cocoanut. Its marketing entails a combination of communism and paternalism. Every year at the "fono," or, general meeting of the natives, the marketing question is discussed and every year the "fono" after its deliberations requests the government to act as agent; whereat Uncle Sam invariably consents.

After trying many places, Robert Louis Stevenson settled in Samoa because no other land had so many virtues with so few vices.

Galveston, the Leading Wheat and Cotton Port

Hurricane the Turning Point in Development of Great Harbor



View along the Galveston wharves, showing fishing schooners at left, one of the city's large elevators in the center.



Slip system at Galveston which permits more than 100 vessels to be accommodated at one time.





Above—View along Galveston's famous seawall.

At right—Arched construction of the gigantic concrete causeway at Galveston.

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

SINCE 1906, Galveston, Texas, has been the world's greatest cotton port, the number of bales passing through the port in 1921 reaching 3 020,560, as against 1,037,979 for its nearest competitor. But not content with this record it went after and captured premier honors in the export of wheat last year, approximately 75,000,000 bushels being handled. Galveston also leads the world in a number of other enterprises, notably in the handling of crude oil.

War conditions brought about a clearer conception of the functions of water terminals, and the principal fallacy disposed of was the idea that the commerce of the United States could be forced through one or two ports. War-time necessities showed clearly that the nation was only as big as its commerce, and measures were set afoot to expand and enlarge the existing system of terminals. Galveston benefited by this expansion program in several ways. The principal one was that sufficient ships were allocated to the port to take care of the tonnage voluntarily proffered, and coming from the logical trade territory of the port.

Little aid was needed to make the port of Galveston one of the first class. The facilities were there, and all that was necessary was the allocation of ships to handle the tonnage, and the conversion of the shipping public to the idea that shipments could be handled with less delay and at a less expense through this than through any other port along the Gulf or Atlantic seaboard. Galveston was fortunate, too, in possessing not only unequaled facilities, ideal geographical location and the natural surroundings which go to make up a port of the highest efficiency, but a citizenship willing to cooperate in any effort to better conditions, or to overcome obstacles which had long seemed insurmountable.

Galveston is the logical port of entry or outlet for that section of the United States lying on and west of the Mississippi River and west of the Indiana-Illinois state line, which area comprises the largest producing field for raw material in the whole of the United States. By far the greater portion of the grain grown in the United States originates there, and from one-third to one-half of the country's total cotton crop is grown in Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Western Louisiana. To all this section Galveston offers the best of transportation facilities, the most reasonable handling charges and as high efficiency as any other port in the country. Economy of car equipment calls for the shipments to be transported over the shortest possible route to the sea, and Galveston furnishes that by reason of the fact that the lines serving the port and touching the trade territory mentioned are "north and south lines" and as such serve only the one port. They are accordingly rendering service of the highest efficiency in order to foster additional traffic to the only major port served by them.

The first business conducted through the port of Galveston was a purely coastwise trade, through the medium of light draft-sailing craft, operating regularly between New Orleans and Galveston. The natural result of this pioneer movement was that the trading later shifted to New York and continued to grow with rapid strides after the steamships began to supersede the sailing craft. At the present, Galveston is the greatest coastwise port on the Gulf coast, handling large quantities of miscellaneous merchandise during each shipping season.

The early navigation to the port was attended by innumerable difficulties, not the least of which was lack of sufficient water over the bars at the entrance of the harbor. The natural depth of water over the outer bar then was about 12 feet, while the depth over the inner bar was only about nine and one-half feet. The result was that it was necessary to lighter all cargoes except those of the smallest vessels. Many are the interesting facts that are told by old mariners concerning the difficulties encountered in those days.

The first development of the harbor took place in 1869, when the citizenship demonstrated interest by constructing a pile jetty extending more than a mile into the Gulf from "Fort Point." The object of this first step was to deepen the channel over the so-called inner bar. The Federal Government was appealed to and an appropriation amounting to $30,000 for the improvement of Galveston Harbor was made that year. In the following two years additional appropriations amounting to $51,000 were made. The first real building came in 1874. Then engineers began to deepen the channel to a depth of 18 feet by the construction of jetties. The work was continued for a period of several years, but the desired results were not obtained, and the plan was finally modified into the present system. With the partial failure of the initial plan, a board of engineers worked out a project to provide 25 feet of water over the outer bar, and the following two years found the government making appropriations amounting to $825,000.

Between 1883 and 1889 considerable progress was made in the development of the harbor notwithstanding difficulties. But it was in 1889 that Galveston really began to see visions of becoming one of the leading ports of the country. In that year a board of engineers authorized by Congress to designate the most eligible port west of the Mississippi River for harbor development settled on Galveston. The board reported that additional appropriations amounting to $6,200,000 would be necessary to complete the project, and they recommended that Congress appropriate that sum. In 1890 Congress authorized that appropriation and still other appropriations were made until the completion of the jetties in 1896. The construction of the jetties was a remarkable engineering feat in itself. The rocks used were taken from Granite Mountain, Texas.

Altogether it has cost the United States Government nearly $20,000,000 and more than 40 years to develop the port. But the result is a harbor which is undoubtedly the most perfectly arranged on the entire Gulf coast, with facilities not surpassed by any in the country. The length of the improved channel from the Gulf to its westerly or northerly limit is about 10 miles, its average width 1,200 feet, with a minimum depth of 31 feet at all points and a minimum of 35 feet over the outer bar, offering refuge to the largest and heaviest craft afloat. Galveston is the port of quickest dispatch in the United States. The average car detention on export shipments through the port is one and one-half days per car, while the average detention of all cars, export, coastwise, and for local consumption, taken for a period of one year, is only three days per car. The turn around of ships is equally as quick as freight cars in proportion. The fact that the docks are only one hour from the open sea, yet amply protected from storm damage, assures excellent dispatch.

Galveston owes its position as the greatest cotton port in the world not alone to its favorable location, but also to its splendid warehouses, numerous compresses, and labor skilled in the handling of cotton in all its phases. The storing and handling of cotton has been developed to a fine art, and nowhere more efficiently or economically than at Galveston. The storage facilities are capable of handling 1,329,000 bales of cotton without resorting to tiering as in other ports. If tiering were employed the entire cotton crops of Texas and Oklahoma for the year 1921, about 4,000,000 bales, could have been stored in Galveston's warehouses without difficulty. Incidentally, Galveston is believed to hold the world's record for loading cotton in a ship, the steamship *Daniel Webster,* owned by the United States Shipping Board, loading out 33,120 bales. Seldom does it require more than six days to load a ship, and there are instances of cargoes taken in less than three days.

The process of "jamming" cotton was started at Galveston for the purpose of obtaining maximum use of the cargo space and has proved so successful that many of the ships are using this method, which serves to increase the load and consequently swells the revenues. Much of the cotton passing through Galveston in the past had been handled directly from car to ship, but the demand for high-density cotton has grown in recent years so that many of the compresses have installed the necessary equipment for handling. The question of responsibility by rail and water carriers became so pronounced, however, that six shipside high-density presses have been installed at the port. Now the interior shipper can have his cotton routed on a through bill of lading and still have his cotton pressed to high density before being loaded aboard ship, thus effecting a material saving in time, money, and valuable storage and cargo space. All handling processes at

(Concluded on page 11)

Tories Would "Reform" Lords to Curb Labor

Old Question of Part Peers Are to Play in Government Up in England

By W. P. CROZIER

MOST people outside England must suppose that the question of the House of Lords is dead and buried. Many people in England think the same. But it is not and it is to enter once more upon the public stage. Lord Curzon, the British foreign minister, is to propose in the Lords certain "resolutions" announcing the forthcoming "reform" and reconstruction of the House into a second chamber more in keeping with the times and more like those enjoyed by other democratic countries such as the United States or France or Norway.

The proposal is to come up first in the Lords because theirs is the house that is to be "reformed" and it is being brought up by Lord Curzon not only because he is "Leader of the House" but because he is known to have given great thought and study to the question of second chambers. But it is a curious choice, all the same, because a few years ago Lord Curzon was the strongest champion in the country of the hereditary principle. He used to explain how he had been Viceroy of India and had seen a particular trade or occupation handed down from generation to generation and the system, he thought, worked pretty well—why should it not be good also for the British people to be ruled by peers simply because they were their fathers' sons?

"Reform" Not by Reformers

LORD CURZON must have modified his views since then or else he will presumably conceal them, for their day is past. But his part in this revival of old controversy makes the honest democrat suspicious. What do Lord Curzon and his fellows mean by "reform" of the House of Lords? What are they after? Do they want to undo the Parliament Act of 1911 which put a bit in the mouth of the hereditary peers and made the Commons ultimately supreme? Do they want a grip over the Commons before the advent of the labor ministry which they anticipate and fear? Is that why so many of the Unionist leaders insist, in season and out of season, that before the next general election in England the House of Lords must at all costs be "reformed"?

When at the beginning of this year Mr. Lloyd George had, as there is reason to believe, decided to hold a general election, Sir George Younger, the chief Tory organizer, interposed with a plain veto; no general election, he said, until the House of Lords had been reconstructed. For it is now or never with the Tories. They have a majority in both Houses of Parliament and regard themselves, therefore, as having the actual physical power to remake the constitution as they choose. And they foresee the likelihood of a Labor ministry which, under the protection of the Parliament Act, will put into force all kinds of socialistic schemes, including the nationalization of the mines, the railways and no man knows what else. The Parliament Act, therefore, is their enemy and their plan is to get around it.

Under the Parliament Act, if the House of Lords three times in successive sessions rejects or modifies, in a way which the House of Commons will not accept, a bill passed and sent up to the Commons, then the bill automatically becomes law. The government having a majority in the Commons has only to sit tight and refuse to accept any changes in its bill and at the third time of asking the opposition of the Lords is simply overruled and set aside. Suppose that in 1923 a Labor government were in office, and that it passed through the lower house a measure nationalizing the railways and the mines. Later in the same year the Lords would certainly reject it. In 1924 the Commons would send it up again and the Lords would once more throw it out. In 1925 the Commons would return it, the Lords would reject it for the third time and the King would at once under the Parliament Act give his formal assent to the bill and it would become statute law.

Labor Government Bogy

OF COURSE, the delay interposed by the Lords gives opportunity for debate and criticism in the country, with the possible result that a government which had no strong majority might be seriously weakened and even compelled to withdraw the measure altogether. Also, a government which was losing popular favor might be disposed on substantial details to come to a compromise with the Lords. But on vital principles, no. A labor government, as long as it retained its majority in the Commons, would never yield on a principle like nationalization. It would put the measure through. That is why the Tories are never tired of declaring that under the Parliament Act the English are really subject to single-chamber government (like the Greeks). There are really two questions to be settled:

Is it or is it not intended that where the country at a general election deliberately puts a certain party in power, knowing well its policy and program, that party should be free to carry out the essentials of that program?

What the Tories who would abolish the Parliament Act and set up a strong second chamber really mean to do is to prevent any party whose program is objectionable to them personally from carrying it into execution, even when the country has returned it to office and the House of Commons gives it a steady majority.

Is it practicable to devise a second chamber to take the place of the present impossible House of Lords which will nevertheless not be so powerful as to diminish the authority of the House of Commons? It should on the one hand act as a true "revising" chamber in the interests of sober, balanced national development and on the other it should possess no power to stand out permanently against the will of the Commons as expressed even by a small but steady majority of the house.

The present arrangement is, of course, illogical and undemocratic. The hereditary principle, in which no intelligent person now believes, is absolutely maintained. Whatever the powers left to the House of Lords by the Parliament Act may be, they are wielded by a body of men who for the most part are where they are and possess the authority they do because they are the sons of their fathers and for no better reason. It makes no substantial difference that a few of the peers are Law Lords, who hold office for life and do not pass on their seats in the house to their sons; or that the same is true of the bishops; or that a good many of the peers are the first holders of their titles; or that the actual work is mostly done by a small nucleus of peers who in experience and judgment far surpass the average member of the House of Commons. These men's services could, and, of course, should, be made available under a different system of election, but well on into the twentieth century we are still maintaining a second chamber based on an indefensible principle. The House of Lords is like the human appendix: it is an organ which has lost its usefulness in political society.

The Parliament Act was not intended to be a final settlement. The "preamble" to it itself indicates that it is to be followed by a "reform" of the Lords, and Mr. Asquith, who was then Prime Minister, spoke of reform as a "debt of honor" that must be paid. So the Lords must some day be reconstructed. But how? That is the rub. So many men, so many views. There is no agreement about the method, though there is a general agreement about the result. Liberals would like a second chamber that would reflect their views rather less than a Liberal House of Commons, but would still reflect them. Tories would like a House that would be nicely Tory in sentiment.

Many Schemes Proposed

THERE are all manner of schemes for choosing a new house. Some of them retain the hereditary element in an indirect form. That is, they would allow the present peers to choose a small portion of their number (a hundred, fifty or thirty) to sit in the new body, arguing that in this way we should maintain continuity with the historic past—the House of Lords is a more ancient body than the Commons—and also obtain the best of the brains which the House of Lords contains. But this latter we could obtain just as easily in many other ways and the objection still remains that we should be allowed hereditary peers, simply because they are hereditary, to exercise an important share in government.

Others would have the new chamber chosen directly by the same electorate which chooses the Commons, only at different times and with much larger constituencies. An important committee presided over a year or two ago by Lord Bryce proposed that the members of the Commons should be grouped into geographical areas (such as London, Yorkshire, Lancashire) and should then elect their quotas of members to the upper house. Others, again, suggest that the Commons should elect by proportional representation or that the selecting bodies should be the organs of local government—the county and borough councils. Some of the schemes provide for the selection of representatives of clergy and distinguished representative men of various kinds. All propose that members of the upper house should sit for a period of years, so that only a part of the house would be elected at any one time and its constitution would tend, therefore, to be somewhat different from that of a newly elected Commons. It would therefore be detached and impartial in its function as "reviser" of Commons legislation, which is, in theory, what a second chamber would be. But what is to happen when it comes into conflict with the Commons?

Looking Far Ahead

THAT is a wholly unsolved difficulty. The desire of English Tories is that when such a conflict took place the government (Liberal or Labor on this hypothesis) should be forced to "go to the country—hold a general election." That is a settlement which Liberals and Labor men will not tolerate, for it means simply the destruction of the Parliament Act and the restoration of the unlimited veto of the upper house.

The best solution would seem to be that the second chamber should be kept small in numbers, that it should be chosen in sections at intervals of four or five years, and that if a serious deadlock with the Commons arose, the two houses should meet in joint session. The House of Commons has about 700 members. If an upper house of about 100 members were established and if it were chosen as suggested, it is very unlikely that there would be a party majority in it at any time of much more than a score or so of votes. No government can survive in the House of Commons which has not a normal working majority of about 40 or 50 and this, therefore, in joint session would always be able to override a small opposing majority among the members of the upper house.

But this is looking rather far ahead. The latest news is that the situation is pretty much what it has always been. The Coalition Government is agreed that the House of Lords must be reformed but it is hopelessly divided on the question of what to put in its place. If Tory ministers insist on restoring the House of Lords Act against the House of Commons, the ministry will break up.

Galveston, the Leading Wheat and Cotton Port

Concluded from page 10

Galveston have long since passed through the experimental stage and only the tried and thoroughly modern devices are now used. Formerly a mule, a Negro, and a dray were used to convey three or four bales to the wharf, but now electrically driven saddle trucks move noiselessly through the streets with a load of 25 bales.

The grain season, ending June 30, 1921, was epoch-making. Many times the port interests were much concerned because of the enormous amount of business offered and the corresponding lack of railway equipment. Galveston, however, did much toward relieving the car shortage by promptly returning to the interior cars unloaded there. Galveston has storage room for 3,750,000 bushels of grain, and within the current year will increase this capacity to 5.150.000. These elevators can load ships at the rate of 40,000 bushels an hour.

The growth of Galveston's coastwise trade has gone hand in hand with the development of the territory contiguous to the port, and has attained such vast proportions that it is now estimated it ranks second only to New York. The trade does not represent a sudden growth, but a gradual development. In pre-railway days Galveston was the western terminus of only two steamship lines. Today 67 regular steamship lines ply to and from this port, in addition to hundreds of "tramp" steamships, taking varied and costly cargoes to the four quarters of the world. During the past calendar year 1,731 ships cleared from Galveston.

These ships were enabled to receive coal or oil bunkers at any of the 32 piers while loading or discharging cargo, thus saving valuable time and money for owners and operators. The wharves are miles and miles of deep-water slips, concrete and other fireproof warehouses of huge proportions, shipside delivery of all commodities, immediate rail connections at all docks, ample room for maneuvering of vessels, and berthing space for 100 ships at the same time. Across the channel is Pelican Island, with electric light, telephone and fresh-water service. On Pelican Island is also a 10,000,-ton dry-dock which is capable of making any sort of repairs quickly on both small and large ships.

The building of the causeway connecting Galveston Island with the mainland, the building of the great sea wall and the extension thereof and the raising of the grade of a large part of the city are three achievements of which the city is proud. It was on September 8, 1900, that Galveston was visited by a West Indian hurricane which did much damage to property and caused great loss of life. To guard against any such disaster in the future the city government procured the services of an engineering board to prepare plans looking to the protection of the city against storm damage. The county of Galveston, assisted by the railroads, constructed the great causeway, which is 10,685 feet long and spanned with 107 arches, 63 feet wide, and has an immense lift bridge. Its cost was $3,700,000.

The county constructed the sea wall and the Federal Government extended the same in front of its own property. This remarkable structure is 17,593 feet long, 16 feet wide at the base and 17 feet high. The total cost of the sea wall and raising the grade of the city was approximately $5,000,000, while the cost of raising 2,156 buildings amounted to another million. The plan adopted in raising the grade of the city was not only remarkable in itself, but one that called for the highest patriotism on the part of the people of Galveston, involving as it did the excavation of a canal two and one-half miles long, 300 feet wide and 20 feet deep from Galveston Bay right through the residence section of the city. The people, for the mere payment of taxes, leased their lots to the city, and improvements were moved to vacant lots. Five self-loading, self-propelling and self-discharging hopper dredges were employed on the job.

Sand was sucked from the bottom of the bay and brought in through the canal and discharged through pipe lines, the water draining back into the canal. The work completed, the canal was refilled and the houses that had been moved put back in their original places. The sea wall and grade raising have rendered Galveston safe from serious damage and the wall affords a favorite promenade and automobile drive for the residents of the city.

That Galveston will maintain her position as a port of the first magnitude can hardly be doubted in the light of her past achievements, and in view of the fact that the resources of the country served by the port have barely been tapped.

Percentages of the Promoters Tell Stock Story

Deep Gouges in Investor's Capital Before Actual Investment; More There Is for the Glib Seller the Less Chance You Have

By WILLIAM A. MCGARRY

This is the second of several articles by Mr. McGarry, in which will be related some of the many forms of crookedness in which the public suffers.

"DON'T buy stock from strangers," is the common advice of experts in the wave of propaganda against crooks now sweeping the country as a result of the many failures of bucket shops. But as far as the wage earner is concerned it would be better to advise him not to buy stock from friends—especially new friends who seem to know all about the intricacies of finance and are anxious to let him in on a good thing. Even old friends who have fallen for the lure of some stock salesman are dangerous. Before following their example it is a good idea to find out what they know of financial methods, and just what specific information they have concerning the proposition being offered.

Assertions made by stock salesmen are not information. They should be checked up. The first and most essential step in checking them is to find out what commission the salesman gets, what commission goes to his employer, and what amount of stock has been issued to the sales promoter by the parent company. *By all odds the best mark of a swindle is the amount of indignation shown by the salesman when the prospective buyer of his stock asks him questions designed to elicit the foregoing information.* If the proposition is legitimate any of those questions will be answered without a trace of doubt. Often the underwriting cost of a promotion is made public when the stock is offered for sale, in advertisements.

De-capitalized Capital

THE reason the commission paid is important ought to be self-evident. Every cent taken out of the investor's dollar puts more burden on the amount left, which is supposed to be put into production of something or other. When the amount taken out ranges from 25 to 70 per cent it is clear that the investor's chance of ever getting a dividend is extraordinarily slim. In the class of frauds under discussion here the investor has no chance whatever, for the simple reason that in a large majority of the stock propositions offered through the store window method the promoters take every cent and invest nothing. Their sole purpose is to make a killing quickly and safely.

Doubtless there is on sale now in several parts of the country stock in a group of shale oil enterprises. The stock is based on alleged ownership of oil-bearing shale rock, found in various parts of the Rocky Mountains. Every oil man knows that those deposits are of tremendous future value. But he knows also that it may be many years before the production of oil from such sources will reach any figure of commercial importance. That will not be until the gushers are beginning to show signs of exhaustion, and the price of oil is consequently higher. It may not be for scores of years.

But the promoter doesn't let that worry him. Not long ago an office was opened on the principal thoroughfare of a large eastern city for the sale of stock in one of the shale oil companies. The selling agents were men who had previously been driven out of several other lines of stock selling, none of which ever was developed. One of them had been in an insurance scheme that was taken over by the Pennsylvania Insurance Department. A small retort was set up in the window to show how the oil is extracted by heat from the shale rock. Then the sale of stock started.

A Subject for Secrecy

BARKERS were employed to stand in the doorway and solicit passers-by. Thousands of men passing the store every day stopped to look at the exhibit. The barkers tried to get them inside. Then other and more expert stock peddlers got to work on them, exhibiting photographs of the property and much literature, including magazine articles on the future possibilities of shale oil. Hundreds of visitors bought the stock without having the least definite idea of what was done with their money.

When I went to that office to ask for information I met the usual bluff of indignation. The salesman tried to argue that to ask him what commission he was getting was like asking a fellow worker the amount of his salary. It was explained what he already knew—that there is no analogy because the salesman is trying to get some of the prospective buyer's money, and the latter has a right to know what is done with it. After much argument the salesman admitted that he got 15 per cent. Then one of the promoters was approached. He asserted that the total commission paid by the corporation that was expected to produce the oil was 25 per cent. The figure looked suspiciously low for a promotion of that type.

Further inquiry was made. The promoter soon discovered that his record was being revealed. He sent for me to explain that he had misunderstood my questions, and that in reality his firm drew a total of 50 per cent. An attempt was made to justify that commission on the ground that promotion costs were high. The promoter even made the amazing statement that the Federal Trade Commission had ruled that a commission of 50 per cent was not too high for the sale of the first $100,000 of stock in a $1,000,000 corporation. The particular corporation whose stock was then on sale was incorporated for a million dollars. It was planned to operate under a holding syndicate.

By dint of continued inquiry I learned from the promoter that he and his associates had hit on a novel scheme to draw big commissions. Instead of selling stock in the holding syndicate, they incorporated a half-dozen leasing companies, to each of which was allotted part of the shale rock territory. Each was incorporated at one million dollars. But the promoter and his friends sold only the first hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock, retaining for themselves $50,000. When they had sold that amount in one corporation they took up another, moving to another city.

Of course, the Federal Trade Commission never made any such ruling. But by the time the letter making denial had reached me the promoter had moved, taking along the "investments" of hundreds of stock purchasers. And that case is typical of the ease with which such operators work. Police and other legal authorities rarely act until they get a complaint. The buyer is told not to expect profits for at least a year. Long before he has time to discover that he has been hoaxed into buying a lot of worthless paper, the promoter is gone, never to return under his old name.

Commissioning Themselves

MANY promoters use what might be called a progressive or pyramidal system, to take advantage of every legal technicality to protect themselves. Some times a half-dozen corporations are formed. By the time each gets its "expenses" and commissions, there is nothing left for production purposes. It is customary for the original incorporators to make a contract with themselves as selling agents to dispose of the stock. A fat commission is provided for in the contract. But if there is any real tangible value back of the stock the selling agents also give themselves a big block of it. The method of operation there is that followed in most of the promotions sold through bucket shops. A market is worked up for the stock. The promoters then sell their own stock and pocket all the money, leaving the corporation's stock in the treasury. When the promoters have sold all their own stock they simply move on to another proposition, and the stockholders are "holding the bag."

In schemes where there is no tangible value it is not necessary to take such precautions. Corporation charters may be obtained in Delaware at ten cents a thousand dollars of capitalization. A description of the charter will be given in another article. Sometimes the crooks do not even take the trouble to get a new charter. Old ones may be found in certain places where men make a business of supplying them. The crook needs only the corporation seal. He can order all the stock he wants from the nearest printer and sell it right and left—always in small lots.

The building-lot scheme is one that is worked all over the country with little interference from the authorities. Most of them that have come to my attention have used swamp land for sale to the victims. Several variations of the swindle are in use, but for the most part they all follow the general line of seeming to give the buyer a lot for nothing but the expenses of conveyancing. In many cities small neighborhood motion picture houses are used to get the names of the victims.

Too Free to Be Free

THE promoter pays the proprietor of the motion picture house a small sum for the privilege of running a screen announcing a "free drawing" for lots. If the promoter is particularly glib he may talk the motion picture man into doing his share for nothing on the argument that it is free advertising. Every person entering the theater on a given night is presented with a ticket on which he or she is asked to write his name and address. The tickets are put into a box provided by the promoter as the patrons leave. Customers are informed that they will be notified later if they are "lucky."

Next morning a staff of "hustlers" is sent out. Every name and address put into the box is visited. Each person is told that he or she has "won" a $500 building lot at Swampoodle-on-the-Sea, or some such place. The lot is described in glowing terms. It is explained that the cost of conveyancing will be anywhere from $14.69 to $31.72—whatever the traffic in that particular locality will bear, taking into account the nature of the homes and the evident earning power of its occupants. Often the man of the house is not home. His wife is told that he has won a nice building lot. If she demurs about paying, the agent insists that the company reserves the right to cancel any winning unless the costs are paid. Quite often the "winner" becomes excited and wants to know all about the lot. Then the agent trots out a map showing more desirable locations that may be had for a few hundred dollars extra. The actual value of the land is rarely more than a few dollars for any purpose, and as a rule it is useless for home-building purposes. Yet, in three months, a promoter can clean up from $20,000 to $25,000 by such a scheme, operating at the lowest possible figure.

Fake spiritualists have invaded the get-rich-quick stock business in recent years in large numbers. One—with a jail term in the Atlanta Penitentiary in his record—has built up quite a large fraternal organization, mainly to sell stock. He holds meetings of the society at which little groups are told of the wonderful work of two mediums. Some highly intelligent citizens have bought stock in the various enterprises operated by that particular promoter. Among them are physicians and lawyers. Yet there is nothing back of any of the deals but hope, and a thin hope at that.

P. T. Barnum Was Right

ONE glaring example of the fake spiritualist method of operation was in the sale of stock in a certain "gold mine" near Washington, D. C. That is perhaps the most heavily sold, overcapitalized mine in the world. To the best of my knowledge nobody ever got any gold out of it in commercial quantities. There is gold in the mine, just as there is gold under the streets of Chicago and New York—almost anywhere, in fact. But when the cost of extracting $3 worth of gold runs from $20 to $1,000, mining men do not call the earth gold bearing. The mine at Washington is one of that type.

In the case in question a spiritualistic medium got a number of his visitors interested in the mine. One of his associates had served time for another swindle of gigantic proportions. The visitors were induced to come to the medium's home. There his wife went into a "trance" during which she was asked questions concerning the possibility of getting rich from the mine. She described exactly what work must be done to succeed. She even explained that when certain tunnels were dug the diggers would come upon a pocket of gold worth $50,000. And then she drew a map to prove it.

All that may sound ridiculous. But there are court records to prove that by means of the mine and certain large promises the spiritualistic promoter induced an insurance agent and his wife to yield all their savings, amounting to about $1,200. Not only that, but the promoter took extraordinary precautions to protect himself from legal consequences. He drew up an elaborate receipt for the money in which it was agreed that his responsibility ended if he pumped the water out of the mine, which was full of it. The receipt was signed by the victims.

Just Waiting to Be Sold

A COPY of that receipt was turned over to me by the investor and published in a newspaper article. The article did not reveal the source of the receipt. As a result of the publicity the victim brought suit against the promoter. The latter was advised by the court that if he could prove that the victim agreed to the form of receipt and understood it at the time it was signed, there would be no judgment. Agents of the promoter promptly sought me as a witness. I agreed to testify if subpoenaed and to tell "the whole truth." But the promoter was taking no chances. He wanted a signed statement of what my testimony would be, and, of course, I refused to make any such statement. As a result, judgment was entered against him and he served time when it was proved that he was hiding assets.

Some experts try to explain stock swindles by asserting that the man of small means is gullible. It is a fact that as a rule he knows nothing about promotion and banking methods. But the same is true of many wealthy men. Physicians offer the easiest target. Their names are on every "sucker list." Lawyers and judges are taken in. In every big city there is a hotel or other rendezvous for stock salesmen of the fly-by-night type. They sit around waiting for work. Every few days a promoter turns up with a list of names and some "gilt-edged proposition." A certain nationally known surgeon was visited by a total stranger a few weeks ago, and within 15 minutes had signed a check for $2,000. He got a batch of stock certificates the next day, by mail. And a week later the promoter himself came around, got a check for $5,000 and disappeared.

The reason the wage earner, the small merchant and the ordinary citizen offer such fair game to stock swindlers will be explained in the next article. It has nothing whatever to do with gullibility. Promoters can swindle banking experts when it is worth while. The fact is that legitimate investment interests completely overlook a market far bigger than the one they cater to.

When the Storm King Sweeps the Great Lakes

Great Disasters, Unsolved Mysteries, Dot Pages of Navigation Records

MILLIONS of persons who do not live near the Great Lakes are of the opinion that these great bodies of fresh water are tranquil seas, free from peril to navigators and travelers. This is true only for a few months each year, during the summer season, but the lakes are navigated eight months or more each year, and it is in the spring and fall when danger besets ships and men. The lakes are not terrors to navigators, but neither are they without risks.

At the fore and tail end of the season, boats have severe storms to contend with; and often heavy fogs envelop the lakes, causing the danger of collision or running ashore. Many staunch ships have gone to their doom in storms or through collisions in fogs. Lake seamen fear the fall storms more than fogs.

Fire, too, used to claim many ships and lives on the lakes, but with the passing of the wood and the coming of steel, such disasters have almost disappeared. There isn't much on a steel freight vessel to burn, and passenger vessel sides and hulls are of steel, and about the only wooden work is the interior of the cabins.

As a rule, passenger ships on the lakes are not operated in the late fall, and they are not subject to the severe storms. The few lines that do operate their ships late use their best boats, and no serious accident has befallen them in late years.



Wreck of the Monarch, driven ashore on Isle Royale, Lake Superior.



Steamer Mataafa being pounded by waves while thousands of Duluth residents looked on, November 28, 1905.



Steamer Elwood making Duluth harbor after storm of November 28, 1905. She later sank from leaks suffered in that gale.

Excursion steamers are operated out of all ports, but the season is short—three months—and they do not make long runs.

The worst disaster that ever befell a Great Lakes excursion steamer was that of the *Eastland*. This fine steel ship was moored to a Chicago dock one bright summer morning in 1915, taking on a load of excursionists, when, without warning, it turned over on its side. More than 800 men, women and children lost their lives, in spite of the fact that the boat was tied to a dock in a narrow stream that was alive with traffic. The human cargo was caught in the ship and perished. The cause of this disaster was never fully determined. One theory was that the boat was top-heavy. But the question arose as to why the vessel did not capsize on any one of its hundreds of excursions that it carried previous to the accident. The *Eastland* excursion route was on open Lake Michigan, yet it met no accident until it tipped over at its dock.

The government investigated the disaster, but no body could be held responsible. The boat was raised, but it carried no other excursion.

Another terrible disaster was the burning of the steamer *Phoenix* on Lake Michigan, November 21, 1847. Passengers and crew to the number of 240 lost their lives.

Three years later, on June 17, 1850, the steamer *Lady Elgin,* bound across the lake from Milwaukee, collided with a schooner and went down with a loss of 287 lives. The schooner, a much smaller craft, remained afloat.

These disasters took the heaviest toll in number of lives lost in proportion to the number of vessels involved, but there have been hundreds of other disasters in which hundreds of lives and millions in property were lost.

In the fall of 1914, for instance, a sudden storm of hurricanic force swept the lower end of Lake Huron, and sent nearly 30 freight vessels to the bottom. Upward of 200 sailors lost their lives in this one storm.



Freak wreck of the Crescent City, blown ashore at Duluth in a gale a few years ago.



Stern view of Steamer Mataafa after having been wrecked and broken in two.



Steamer Umbria, safe in Duluth harbor after a 48-hour battle with the gale of November 28, 1905.

Some of the ships that were caught out in the storm disappeared without leaving a trace, while others were piled up on the shore and dashed to pieces. One freighter, the *Charles S. Price,* 500 feet in length, was found bottom up after the storm abated. There was no sign of the crew of about 30 men, all having perished. This was the first instance on record of a modern Great Lakes freight vessel capsizing. It is probable that its cargo of iron shifted during the pounding from which the boat suffered.

The overturned hull of the great ship was visible in the lake for months after it capsized, but all attempts to right the boat and float it were unavailing. It gradually sank into the bed of the lake, and now ships steam over the spot at will.

Of course, storm warnings are displayed on the lake during the fall storm season, but this particular storm came so suddenly and unaccountably there was no way of warning the ships that were out in the lake. It may be mentioned here that very few freighters of the lakes are equipped with wireless.

As a matter of fact, up to this time masters of the larger freight vessels paid little attention to storm warnings, believing that their ships would "stand up" under any kind of a blow. Vessel owners, insurance companies and masters took a lesson from this storm and began paying strict attention to governmental warnings.

The disaster that overtook the passenger steamer *Algomah* a number of years ago was a sample of the faith captains had in their ships. The *Algomah* left port in a storm, and was making heavy weather. Some passengers beseeched the captain to turn back, but he said no storm could wreck his boat. The *Algomah* finally was blown on the rocky shore of Isle Royale, in Lake Superior, and about 50 persons, including a number of passengers, lost their lives. The *Algomah* was a steel vessel, built in Scotland, for service on the Great Lakes. It was necessary to cut her in two after she reached this side of the Atlantic to permit her passage to the upper lakes. The two parts were joined after the boat passed through the Welland Canal, which connects Lakes Erie and Ontario. This operation did not weaken the vessel. Many boats on the lakes today were treated the same way without apparently weakening them. The storm simply tossed the *Algomah* out of her course and against the rocks.

Rocky shores are what Great Lakes navigators always are looking out for. No matter how severe the storm they may be caught in, they feel safer away out in the open lake, provided they cannot make a harbor.

A striking illustration of this is found in the wreck of the steel freighter *Mataafa* outside of the harbor of Duluth in the fall of 1905. The *Mataafa,* a fairly large vessel, was out in a terrific gale and was heading for Duluth. To reach that harbor, vessels must enter between piers. Waves were washing over the piers, making it difficult for ships to enter. The *Mataafa* missed the entrance and struck the end of the piers. The captain decided the landing hopeless and turned the boat around to head for the open lake, to get away from the piers and shore. As the vessel was turning, it struck the rocky bottom and stranded. It was helpless and the pounding of the seas soon broke it in two.

Duluth is built on a hillside, and the entire town turned out to see the struggles of the ship. It was tragic, for the townspeople were helpless, as was the coast guard, which had gone as near the scene as possible. All night long the seas pounded and broke over the *Mataafa.* In the morning, when the storm abated, the coast guard hurried to the ship's side and found nine dead sailors in the stern section, which had become submerged. To escape from the flooded quarters below decks in the stern, several of the sailors crawled up through the ventilators, and their lifeless bodies were found there.

The men in the forward end of the ship were saved, but they were nearly frozen when rescued, because there was no heat aboard after the water had put out the fires in the vessel's boilers. If the men in the after section could have reached the forward end they would have been saved, too, but it was impossible for them to leave their end of the ship.

This disaster led the government to promulgate a rule requiring all freight vessels to be equipped with a breeches buoy arrangement, whereby it is possible to carry a person from one end of a large freighter to another, even if it is broken in two and its deck is being washed by the waves. If there had been such an attachment on the *Mataafa,* all hands could have been saved.

Two other steamers were caught like the *Mataafa,* but they succeeded in getting into Duluth. One of them was so badly battered by the storm, however, that it sank inside the harbor.

The question often is asked as to why vessels are lost in lake storms; that is, those that disappear entirely. It is a difficult one to answer, especially when there are no survivors to tell the tale. Undoubtedly, many disasters have been caused by hatches giving way under pounding of the waves. Lake freighters, when loaded, do not have as much "side" out as ocean vessels. By this is meant that the loaded lake freighter does not stand as high out of the water as the ocean freighter. In a gale, waves wash completely over the hatch deck of a lake freighter, and if the hatches are not securely fastened, the water gets into the hold, and if it continues to pour in, the ship must founder. For that reason great care is taken in securing hatches before a freighter sails, especially in the fall.

If a ship is blown ashore in a storm, the wreckage, of course, tells the story. Leaks were often responsible for vessel losses in former days, but these are not so

(Concluded on page 15)

The World's Trees Gathered in 240 Acres

Wilderness of Natural Beauty Created by Man's Hand in Boston; Cedars of Lebanon, Shrubs From Himalayas, in Arnold Arboretum

By E. I. FARRINGTON

SOME years ago a Chinese young man, a student of forestry, aspired to write a book on the trees of China. It was to be a very complete textbook. To get the material, the young man journeyed all the way from China to Boston, Massachusetts, that he might study in the Arnold Arboretum. "Why," he said to a friend, "should I travel all over China when I can find here in the Arboretum grounds every tree which grows in my native land, from the Himalayas to Manchuria?"

This is an illustration of the completeness of the collection in the Arboretum, which has come to be known as a museum of living trees and shrubs. Established in 1872, it is the youngest of the great botanical institutions of the world, and yet it is one of the most widely known. It is a remarkable institution in many ways. While it is directed by Harvard University, it is a part of the public park system of Boston, and is open to the public from sunrise to sunset every day in the year. The contract between the college and the city is a most unusual one, providing that the Arboretum shall be perpetuated under the present arrangements for a thousand years, and then for another thousand years, and so on, forever.

Although spoken of as a museum, there is nothing artificial about the Arboretum. The trees and shrubs are not planted in straight and labeled rows, like specimens on exhibition tables. On the contrary, all the planting has been made to look as natural as possible. The ground under the trees is not bare or covered with closely cropped grass, as in English arboretums, but is filled with underbrush of many kinds, such as would naturally be found in the woods. There are little ponds here and there, with wild flowers growing on their banks. There is a meadow through which a brook quietly ambles, and a great hill covered with native hemlocks growing among the rocks, forming a retreat which is welcomed by hundreds of people during the summer months. Here one can imagine himself in a distant wilderness, although actually within a mile or two of the state capitol. In many ways the Arnold Arboretum is a remarkable example of landscape architecture. It illustrates the use of native plants in a way which has proved an inspiration to many gardeners. Instead of being left bare and forbidding, the stone walls are hidden under draperies formed by grape vines, bittersweet, Virginia creeper and other plants of the same nature.

Forming as it does a wonderful pleasure park for those who love nature at its best, the Arnold Arboretum is visited by multitudes of people from the city, especially at seasons when there is a great display of bloom. On Lilac Sunday, in May, for example, from 10,000 to 20,000 persons walk up and down the paths, rejoicing in the beauty of the 220 different kinds of lilacs planted on the sides of Bussey Hill. The flowering cherries, the crabapples, the rhododendrons and the mountain laurel all draw crowds of people.

While the lilacs make the biggest show at the present time, they will eventually be eclipsed by the azaleas, as hundreds of plants grown from seed are being set out each year. In time there will be 300,000 azaleas on the slope which drops to the meadow, making a collection without a rival in all the world. Already the hill is crowned with azaleas, many of them brilliant species from the Orient, and when they are seen from a distance through vistas in the trees, the hilltop seems ablaze.

Although the Arboretum is thus made an unsurpassed beauty spot, it has a more serious purpose than merely to delight the eye. It is intended to serve as a natural textbook for students of botany and of forestry. To make this possible all the trees and shrubs are arranged in families and in groups. You pass from one group to another through the botanical variations that separate them, and you find every specimen properly labeled. It is a part of the contract by which the Arboretum was established that every tree and shrub the world around which will grow in the climate of New England shall be planted there. To make this possible it has been necessary to send plant scouts to many distant parts of the globe. Oftentimes they have penetrated to places never before trodden by the foot of a white man. They have undergone great hardships and faced many dangers in their efforts to search out new plants which would prove of value to America. As a result thousands of trees and shrubs which naturally grow in China, Japan, Siberia, Korea and other lands are found within the confines of the Arboretum walls. In addition there are, of course, all the native American trees and shrubs which can endure New England's rigorous winters.



Administration Building of Arnold Arboretum in Boston.

Some of the plant immigrants have made themselves very much at home in New England. Others pine for their native land, apparently, and can barely be kept alive. The Arboretum is a testing ground for these new introductions, and those which prove worthy are distributed among the nurserymen through whom they eventually find a place in private gardens. Several well-known plants now in commerce came to America in this way. The best known is probably the Japanese barberry, Berberis Thunbergi, which is without question our most valuable shrub for making hedges.

The best known plant scout of the Arnold Arboretum is Ernest H. Wilson, now the assistant director, who has just returned from a two-year trip to Australia and India. Mr. Wilson has made six expeditions to China and Japan. He has traveled much in Korea and has spent weeks among the head hunters of Formosa. On one occasion while descending a mountain in Western China he was overtaken by a huge rock which broke his leg. He lay in a native hut until he recovered, but later went back and obtained bulbs of what is known now as the Regal lily, one of the handsomest garden plants in commerce.

The Arnold Arboretum had its inception in the generosity of James Arnold, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, who left $100,000 for horticultural purposes. His trustees turned over this money to Harvard College, which decided to use it for an arboretum bearing Mr. Arnold's name, and chose for its location a farm in Jamaica Plain, a Boston suburb, which the college owned. The original farm has been added to from time to time until now there are 240 acres of hill and valley and meadow. In some ways it is the most valuable 240 acres in the world, for it would be almost impossible, at any expense, to replace the plant specimens which it contains.

Shortly after its establishment, Professor C. S. Sargent, then at the Botanical Garden in Cambridge, was made director, a position which he still occupies, although now well advanced in years. The success of the Arboretum is due in large measure to his efforts and his great knowledge. It is said he knows more about the trees and shrubs of New England than any other living man. At the same time he is a man of wealth, and has many wealthy associates so that he has been able to secure large sums of money from private sources to aid in the institution's development.

The Arnold Arboretum is a great monument to the industry and capacity of Professor Sargent. He has made the Arboretum so well known abroad that it is among the first spots to be visited by naturalists, botanists and plant lovers from across the water when they reach the shores of America. Indeed, it has sometimes been said that the Arboretum is better known in London and Paris than it is in the United States, although this, of course, is an exaggeration. It is a fact, though, that the Arboretum has contributed much to the advancement of horticultural interests in other lands, for it has been very generous in sending to other institutions and to private gardens specimens of plants which have been introduced from the Far East. It is looked upon not as a New England but as an international institution. Some of the best things which Mr. Wilson has found in his travels have not been hardy enough for the northern climate. They, however, have been distributed through the South and the West, where they will thrive.

When Professor Sargent first took charge of the new-born Arboretum his first care was to map out the plan of the future tree garden in company with the eminent landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmstead. From the first, nothing was left to chance, but it has been no slight task to develop this straggling and neglected property into a seemly and beautiful garden, with comparatively small funds. At first there was no enthusiasm among horticulturists in regard to the project. In fact, the lack of sympathy and of support made Professor Sargent's task doubly hard. Now, of course, all this has been changed, and horticulturists of America look upon the Arnold Arboretum with the greatest pride. Even in the early days there were a few friends who stood by and could be depended upon in any emergency. One of them was H. H. Hunnewell, whose wonderful estate at Wellesley, Massachusetts, is known far and wide. Mr. Hunnewell contributed the money for the Administration Building which now houses not only the office but also a huge collection of plant specimens mounted and filed away in fireproof cabinets. Here also are specimens of different woods from all parts of the country, as well as cones from every cone-bearing tree.

One of the wide driveways in the Arboretum leads to the summit of a hill from which there is a commanding view of the whole surrounding country. On one side of this hill is a special collection of Chinese plants, largely those brought back by Mr. Wilson. Here, too, are the Cedars of Lebanon, which attract special attention from visitors. These cedars have proved remarkably hardy and have grown faster than any other evergreens in the grounds. Years ago Professor Sargent secured seeds from Syria, but when the trees grew they proved too tender for New England. Then the director sent a representative to a mountainous region several hundred miles farther north where exactly the same trees grew, but



Mountain laurel in the Arnold Arboretum.



A road where the mountain laurel blooms.

under different conditions. Seeds from these trees were planted, and it is from them that the group now growing was raised.

Less than 20 years ago it was believed that there were only 16 different species of hawthorns in the United States. Now, through the investigations of the Arboretum, it has been learned that there are fully 700 distinct species on the North American continent. More than 400 of these species have been grown from seeds to blossoming size and have been named. This in itself has been a tremendous task. It has been necessary to visit the trees when they were in bloom and mark them, and to visit them again when the fruit had formed to secure the seed. The seed itself requires two years to sprout, being kept in boxes of earth in a cellar or buried in sand for that length of time. Then the young plants have to be nursed along until they are large enough to place in their permanent locations.

The Arboretum now has a project for a great rose garden, the greatest garden of the kind in the world, and one which shall include every rose that will stand the New England climate, including all the native species of foreign lands. The mayor of Boston is deeply interested in this project, but believes that it will be necessary for some wealthy man to help finance it. The man who is generous enough to make the establishment of such a garden possible will undoubtedly have it named in his honor, and such an honor is well worth coveting.



A thorn apple tree from the Middle West.

The real story of the Arnold Arboretum cannot be told in words. The printed page cannot convey its meaning. One must see the Arboretum in its springtime splendor when the rising tide of life bursts through the bonds of winter; one must watch the procession of summer shrubs, rejoice in the golden glory of autumn and stand in awe before winter's majesty to really know it. For the beauty of one season is not the beauty of another. Yet together they constitute nature's ever-changing pageant.

Appreciative persons have spent weeks in the Arboretum. No available time is adequate to enjoy the wonders of the 240 acres in which are gathered the trees of the world. Surely it is a matter for congratulation that such an institution is to continue, "for a thousand years, and then for another thousand years, and so on, forever."

When the Storm King Sweeps the Great Lakes

Concluded from page 13

common now, because a steel vessel will not spring a leak as quickly as a wooden ship, no matter how badly it is pounded. Losses through collision are generally explainable, for seldom do both ships sink.

How can ships and men disappear without leaving a trace is another question often asked about disasters on the Great Lakes. Well, Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world and its greatest depth is 700 feet. If a ship goes down in that depth nothing is ever seen of it again, and if the crew goes down with it, the men stay there, because the water is so cold at all seasons their bodies do not come to the surface.

Lakes Michigan and Huron also are very deep in spots, but not many ships have disappeared utterly in those bodies of water. Both lakes have claimed their share of lives and ships, but usually there is some trace—bits of wreckage, an empty lifeboat bearing a vessel's name or something that tells a ship has been lost. The same applies to Lakes Erie and Ontario.

Another element with which vessels on the lakes must contend is a short-choppy sea. The lakes do not compare with the oceans in depth. On the oceans, during storms, the waves run high, but they are longer and easier for a ship to ride. The short, sharp waves on the lakes pound the boats severely, run high, too, in a heavy gale; the difference in length causes the hazard.

In the late autumn the lake freighters have ice to contend with and must fight their way out of jams. The boats are not built for ice-crushing and such battles invariably damage them.

Winter navigation probably will never become a practical fact on the lakes. A few steamers try to run on Lake Michigan the year round, but a cold winter plays hob with their schedules.

Winter navigation on this lake has not been without misfortune, for several boats and a number of lives have been lost in the business. The most notable of the ice disasters happened a number of years ago, when the steamer *Chicora* left Chicago for a Michigan port across the lake, some 85 miles distant. The *Chicora* vanished with all on board—some 50 persons. It was supposed that she was crushed between the floes and went down.

Insurance companies will not take a risk on vessels leaving port after December 1, and many of them manage to get out with a cargo just before midnight on that date. If the boat is out four or five days and is lost, the insurance company pays. The attitude of the insurance companies illustrates what they think of winter navigation on the inland seas. In late years quite a number of vessels have left ports with cargoes after December 1. Of course, they were not insured, and if they met with misfortune the owners stood to lose big sums. There never is any trouble getting full crews. The sailors say it's all in the game, and what is one more trip, anyway. If they can leave the ship in time to reach home for Christmas they are satisfied.

BRIEFLY TOLD

The Prince of Wales was considerably out of pocket as a result of his recent extensive trip to the East even though Parliament granted certain sums for the tour.

In the United States Senate, from noon on April 20 to 2:50 p. m. on August 2 constituted but a single legislative day of 2,475 hours without opening prayers by the chaplain.

The Cape Peninsular Road encircles the whole peninsula of South Africa, skirting the entire rock-bound coast for 125 miles. It is believed to be the finest marine drive in the world, even surpassing the famous Corniche Road in Southern France.

The farm population of the United States is 31,614,269, or 29.9 per cent.

The new U. S. ZRI airship now being constructed requires a section of the intestine from more than 2,000,000 cattle. Only a small piece of this tough skin, known as "gold beater skin," can be obtained from each animal. After the skins are cemented together the fabric is varnished.

The will of a veteran of the Union Army of the Civil War provides for a monument to be erected in Washington, D. C., in memory of General Robert E. Lee.

There are now approximately 4,000 buffaloes in the United States and 6,000 in Canada.

A volume of the first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" recently sold at auction in London for $10,000.

The centenary of the decipherer of the Rosetta stone is being commemorated in Paris. The Rosetta stone contains the key to the ancient writing of the Egyptians and was discovered by a French officer in 1799, at Rosetta, near Alexandria. Champollion, the French Egyptologist, found the key to the writing after eight years' labor. He was only 11 years of age when he started deciphering the hieroglyphics on the stone.

Hailstones large enough to burst watermelons wide open fell in the Piedmont section of North Carolina recently.

Norway has reduced taxes of foreigners owning property in that country from one to one-half per cent of the value of the property.

Members of the British Expedition to Mount Everest managed to reach a record height of 27,300 feet, more than half a mile higher than man ever scaled mountain heights before.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

There are 50,000 Jews in Italy and the Italian colonies, of whom 12,000 are resident in Rome.

Negroes own and direct 113 newspapers and 14 magazines in the United States. Nearly 1,300 employes, of whom 61 are white workers, manage the publications. The papers include 96 secular, 23 religious and eight fraternal papers.

The Leather Bottle Inn, immortalized by Dickens in "Pickwick Papers," is for sale.

Colorado has a mountain area six times as great as Switzerland, with 42 peaks exceeding 14,000 feet altitude as against eight such giants in the Swiss Alps. It has 36 mountains higher than Mount Fuesteraahorn, the highest peak in Switzerland.

Unsightly black patches, which mar the appearance of concrete roads after repair work has been done, will be avoided by the use of a material for the purpose developed by the Department of Agriculture. It has the same color as concrete and consists of 12 parts rosin and one part crude rubber, with sufficient barium sulphate to give the desired color.

Indian trappers of the Lake Athabasca post are using gas engines in canoes instead of the paddle.

Ex-kaiser William's memoirs in book form will sell in Germany in October for 15 cents a copy. Among the headings, as shown by the prospectus, are the following: "My Attitude Toward the Church," "The Outbreak of the War," "The End of the War," "The Pope and the Peace," "Friendly and Neutral Powers," "The Destruction and Germany's Future."

Aristide Briand, seven times premier of France, was arrested as a chicken thief by an ambitious gendarme near Rouen, France. The gendarme had been instructed to be on the lookout for suspicious characters and to demand their papers of identity. M. Briand had forgotten his papers and was going fishing a few miles from his summer home. The gendarme walked his prisoner two miles to the police station before he learned his identity.

The original hero of Owen Wister's novel, "The Virginian," recently dropped dead in Los Angeles. The man, who had been a guide in Yellowstone Park 35 years, punched cattle with Buffalo Bill and had many exciting experiences in the days of the old West, died eating an ice cream cone.

William Allen White has removed his name from the editorial staff of *Judge*.

The Harvard Board of Admission met early in August and elected a Jewish professor as chairman.

A unique feature in the ventilating system in the council chamber of the London County Council's palace at Westminster is that each member is able to control his own immediate atmosphere. A control button below his desk feeds cold or warm air from a maze of pipes beneath the floor which lead to noiseless fans, water sprays, thermometers, dynamos and a network of brass pipes. A sudden change in the outside temperature is automatically conveyed to sensitive instruments so that they promptly adjust their efforts toward maintaining an even temperature inside.

Northwestern University no longer will employ married instructors, because the cost of living and social demands are excessive in Evanston. Married instructors employed at present can remain.

The largest collection of fingerprints of criminals in America is that belonging to the Leavenworth, Kansas, penitentiary. Long-term prisoners arrange and classify the 250,000 prints that bring them more cell mates.

The salvation of mankind from war is the only thing worth writing about, says H. G. Wells.

Pope Pius is to have the first pontifical automobile. The people of Milan have presented him with a machine of the latest Italian model. It is mauve colored and bears the papal coat of arms, surmounted by the triple crown and the pontifical keys. Vatican officials have remarked the change from relatively recent times when ecclesiastics were forbidden to ride bicycles.

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Those Competent, Inconspicuous, Gray Swiss

They Don't Know Their President's Name and They Wear Suspenders

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

THE Simplon Tunnel runs under the Alps, there on the boundary between Switzerland and Italy. It is the longest tunnel in the world, the schoolbooks used to tell us, twelve and one-half miles in all. At one point there is a roof of rock a mile and a half thick. In digging it, two decades ago, these Europeans deprived us, as Americans, of one opportunity to indulge in our favorite diversion of using superlatives. We cannot say that we have the longest tunnel.

You plunge into this tunnel, say, from the south. You have come up from the Lombardy plain, past the Italian lakes, have climbed that mountain rampart which through the ages has presented its incalculable difficulties to the peoples who have surged back and forth in the making of those events that are the historical background of Europe. Hannibal, Caesar, the Goths, the Huns, the Germans, fought these Alps.

You have been fascinated by the colorful Italian landscape. Each village has been like the riot of color on the canvas of an impressionistic artist. Solemn fortresses of the Middle Ages have looked down from the hilltops. A teeming, peasant population has filled the fields, the villages—an attractively ill-dressed population, poor, not over-tidy nor over-clean—a population with an air of vagabondage about it, with always a splash of color in its dress, its habitation, a people that places shrines along the roadside.

And the town at the Italian end of the tunnel is called Iselle di Trosquera, pronounced to music. You ride 23 minutes under the mountain and when you emerge the name of the place is Brig. It is an omen.

Busy People, Immaculate Gardens

YOU look at this town of Brig. It is made up of rows of well-built, gray, stone houses. They are good, utilitarian houses. One would feel secure for the winter in them. But how could one choose for himself a place to live? None stands out from the other so there is no choice. They are placed conveniently along immaculate streets, well-paved, well-sidewalked, clean-swept, gray.

Figures move about these streets but do not congregate nor loiter. They likewise are gray and inconspicuous. You would hardly have noticed them. They fit into the ensemble, fade into it as the color of a jungle creature loses it among the leaves.

Yet this is a busy people. Everywhere is evidence of their industry. You note the immaculate and weedless gardens, the prim flower beds. The wood for next winter's fires is already sawed and piled in a circular figure like the turret of a battleship, buts out. The trees along the streets are wide and flat-topped like so many circular, giant one-legged, green-painted tables set out for summer refreshments. They are carefully trimmed into just this form. Thus they give more and denser shade and thus they yield every season a crop of twigs for the quick cooking of peasant meals. It is efficiency.

This, of course, is Switzerland. On this side of the mountain is a people as unlike that which you have left as a robin redbreast is unlike a gray Jennie wren or as the poinsetta is unlike the practical cauliflower. These are the gray Swiss.

We are riding down the valley of the Rhone. Matterhorn is there on the left, Mont Blanc a little further on, the lesser ranges running down into the valleys. On our right is the most striking demonstration of intensive farming I have ever seen. The mountain side is a series of terraces rising one above the other, a stone parapet at the foot of each, communication from one to the other being by means of ladders, all overrun by a luxuriance of vines of the grape. The mountain side is as well tended as a pansy bed in a town garden. Strangely, the opposite side of the valley is unused. As a matter of fact it is the slope of this ground, its pitch to catch the perpendicular rays of the sun and therefore extract more heat from them, that makes this hillside a reservoir of wine for which the seasons turn the spigot.

In the Center of Art, Utility

"THE thoroughness of these Swiss is incomparable," I said to my companions in the smoker. "I have never before seen a country so well-kept. This is surely a remarkable people."

"Competent," commented the man in the corner with convincing finality. "Competent expresses the Swiss. But they never produced a cathedral, a painting or a book worth remembering. I will wager that there stands out in your mind the name of but one Swiss, William Tell, and he was a myth."

Since then I have traveled over most of Switzerland and viewed it critically. I have looked for some building that deserved attention, that was not merely drab and gray and conventional, but I have never found it. Geneva on her magnificent lake with Mont Blanc in the background, has only plain utilitarian rows of stone buildings and drab, solemn museums, this people having a strong predilection for putting specimens in museums. Zurich, over at the German end, has her so-called cathedrals, the Grossmunster and the Fraumunster, that date back a thousand years, but they are without an artistic touch. Yet they came into being at the time when Notre Dame and the cathedrals at Milan and Frankfort were being given to the world.

There is only the chalet, with its overhanging eaves, that is in any way distinctive to the Swiss and it is but a bit of a lumber cottage. Yet Italy, greatest of builders, is on one side; France, mother of Gothic magnificence, on the other; and Southern Germany which contributed a splendid architecture though now lost to that nation of otherwise merely imitative builders, is on the other. Surrounded thus by architectural splendor Switzerland has made no single contribution. Odd.

You look out the window and chuckle, for yonder is a lady scarecrow. You have never seen this guardian of the fields of this sex before. When you come to think of it the presence of this lady scarecrow carries with it a peculiar significance. It means that it is the members of this sex whom the birds are accustomed to see in the fields, by whom they are used to being scared away. Women, in fact, work in the fields of Switzerland. Look out your train window to see. I did so and grinned, surreptitiously and behind my hand, not daring to let my wife catch me at it. I had been thinking of the idle spinsters and barren wives who sit through the decades on the benches in front of the apartment houses in which people of my class live in America, and do nothing to justify their existence. I had pictured a flock of them in these Swiss vineyards.

There are many things different in Switzerland, some better. There is, for instance, a map of the road you are traveling nailed right up there in the car. That is handy. On the contrary there is no drinking water. It is usually impossible to get plain water to drink while in transit and quite an effort in the restaurants. You are forced by necessity to buy your drinking water and at that you must take mineral or carbonated water, 25 cents a bottle, whether you like it or not. Plain, thirst-quenching water out of the hydrant you cannot get.

There is no porter on the train which is variously regarded as a blessing or deprivation. And here is an interesting thing! Across the platform in the station in which you have stopped is another train. There is on it a large party of young men, apparently just out of college and going home. It is warm and they are taking off their coats. And every mother's son of them is wearing those old-fashioned suspenders that, 20 years ago, used to be part of the wardrobe of Americans. Strange how universally the belt has supplanted them in America. But throughout Europe, including England, everybody wears them. They are not called suspenders or galluses as in the United States. Suspenders, if you take the British as your authority, are the appliances which hold up your socks. These are braces. Such is the proper European nomenclature. The continental clings to his braces.

Cleanly, Formal, Well-kept

HERE is another thing. If you speak of your vest in Europe you must call it your waistcoat. One's vest over here is his undershirt. And listen, girls. There isn't a single corset in all Europe which laces down the front.

But one more thing about the Swiss railway train before we leave it. The windows. The windows along the sides are five feet wide. There is an unbroken expanse of scape like that through which you can look right out upon the passing landscape. It runs all the way up to the top of the car. You don't have to hunch down and peep through a stingy little pane of glass like you do at home at all. There are no up and down and crossbars that bisect and mutilate your view. You can look right out and see what there is to see. Why not? You can even look across the car and out the big window on the other side. These big windows have a comfortable hand hold at the top and almost anybody can reach right up and pull them down without breaking a single finger nail. And there is a soft, comfortable strap at the bottom and all you have to do to put them up again is to pull the strap and you can stop anywhere you like. I will here and now promise my patronage, when I get back, to any American road, other things being equal, that will install these windows.

But to get back to these hard-working, gray Swiss. You stop for a week in Basel or Berne or Zurich or Geneva. These towns all have the same monotone of color, the same formal appearance, the same cleanly well-keptness. Here in this riot of mountains which is Switzerland they are as conventional as the settee in mother's parlor back in Podunk. But when you get into one of them you begin to notice conditions different from those back home. There are, for instance, few automobiles and almost no trucks. You get this idea and so you conclude that things must be moved hereabouts by horse power and begin to look for the horses. Then you find that there are even fewer of them than of trucks. How, you ask yourself, do they deliver the groceries and bring your trunk down from the station?

Everybody on Bicycle

JUST as you find in Rome that the low-necked hacks in which the past generation of Americans rode had been shipped to that historic city and were being utilized in showing its wonders to the tourists, so you discover that the bicycle of yesteryear has been shipped to Switzerland. And in Switzerland it is blooming into a usefulness which the manufacturer's press agent dreamed not of.

Men, women and children are awheel. The bicycle is the passenger conveyance of the average citizen and they are all average. It is the delivery wagon of the small shop and they are mostly small. There goes the grocery boy. He has on his back a basket as big as an ash can. One side of it is flat for purposes of fitting on the back and to this side are attached straps through which his arms pass He puts the basket on as he would his coat. It may have a hundred pounds of packages in it. He mounts his wheel and rides away. He defies the world to show a more economical delivery system

Or, maybe, he is the boy from the milliner's. His packages are lighter and so he may carry a greater bulk. He has on his back a rack five or six feet long which looks like a ladder. There is a base to it like the seat of a chair. Upon that base he starts to build and erect an imposing structure. It looks like an amateur haystack constituted of bread boxes. They are all bound to the ladder. Being a Swiss he goes carefully, encounters no accidents, introduces no comedy, accomplishes his mission.

I have been expecting to see a man awheel delivering a piano but times are hard and no pianos are changing hands.

The porter resorts to a pushcart. He comes down from the station with four trunks and thirteen bags. Why maintain a horse and wagon? The porter moved all my family effects on his pushcart and felt rich when I gave him five francs. The mass of all the business of these cities of 100,000 and more is done on bicycles and pushcarts. Man power is more plentiful and cheaper than oats or gasoline.

Every one of them tones into the buff gray of the streets and buildings. They have lightish hair, sallow complexions, wear drab-colored clothes, are smallish, inconspicuous, in every way self-obliterating. There are few of them on the streets. When darkness comes they disappear. In Genoa the twilight draws the whole population into the streets which become ateem with life. In Geneva it drives the last of them into the unknown. Such is the outward manifestation of a difference of temperament.

Beautiful Women? Well

CRIME here is almost unknown, demonstrations, disturbances, curbstone Johnnies The last man to speak on a street corner was John Calvin, 300 years ago. This straight-laced reformer, daddy of the Puritans, got his start in Geneva. His little church still stands and his influence is still felt. If you own an automobile and drive it out on Sunday you get arrested.

Then, that I might make my report complete. If you will pardon a bit of self-revelation I may say that I am of the South. I, therefore, hesitate to give voice to a sentiment that might cause other than the flush of pleasure to mount to the cheek of women. But I am sure that what I write to America will never get itself translated and reprinted in Switzerlad. Further than this I owe the truth to my own people. My profession calls for truth-telling. And the truth is that these are the homeliest darn women in the world. They have us again there in superlatives. They are just plain ugly—squat, slab-faced, sallow, colorless. Any American woman who has a Lothario husband who troubles her can find a surcease by settling him in Switzerland. It is strange that a country that is so beautiful should be full of people who are so plain.

There are three races in Europe, as Professor Madison Grant so lucidly explained: the tall, blond, fighting Nordics from the north; the artistic, temperamental Mediterraneans from the south; and the Alpine peoples of Slavic origin who project themselves through Switzerland, furnish the bulk of the blood of Germany, and drive a wedge into France. These are the Alpines, sturdy, round-headed peasants. They are frugal, productive, competent. They are the best hotel keepers in the world. But adventurers, artists, philosophers, chorus girls. No.

"Who is president of Switzerland?" I asked an average citizen.

Real Democracy, Real Government

HE DID not know. This was not because he was ignorant nor uneducated, for he was neither, but because of the talent of this people for taking the flare out of things. A man may be president inconspicuously in this country. The legislature appoints heads of departments and the chairman of these is president. The post sort of rotates and a man occupies it only a year. The Swiss genius for obscurity has taken all the zip out of it.

Yet what a government it is! There is probab'y not a more efficient, nor a more democratic, in the world. Little Switzerland has had a wonderful influence upon the development of model governmental institutions. It is doubtful if any other country has done more to demonstrate the possibility of evading war. The Swiss took their stand and refused to resort to this national hara-kiri. Though entirely surrounded by the great turmoil they had the sturdy determination and stability to stick to the path of peace.

But they will not open the windows in their street cars. They are against ventilation. I was riding over to the Lindenhof, in Zurich, that hill now covered with the most magnificent grove of lime trees in Europe, upon which the prehistoric lake dwellers built their first fortress when they emerged from their water-protected homes. It was a hot summer day. Every window was down. The car was full, the front platform crowded. But there was a little slot in the front door through which he might collect the platform fares without opening that door. He got all the fares without letting in the least bit of air. They are thorough, these gray Swiss.

Regimenting the American Home a la Prussia

Fifty-Fifty Method, Whereby State and Nation Exploit Taxpayer; Subsidies Keep Pace With Trend Toward "One Big Government"

The course we are now pursuing will prove in the long run more dangerous to our government than a foreign foe. A proud, strong nation may suffer a reverse in arms, but time fights on their side to final victory. But a nation whose citizenship has been drugged and debauched by subsidies and gratuities and bonuses, who has surrendered to the excesses of a treasury orgy, has taken the road over which no nation has ever yet been able to effect a successful retreat.—Senator William E. Borah

By AARON HARDY ULM

"EVEN in this comparatively new land of ours we have reached already the era of embargoes, subsidies, gratuities, bonuses, and finally that sinister invention of American politics—50-50 between the states and the government—that is, *the states will exploit the taxpayer for 50 per cent and the government for the other 50 per cent,* thus dividing responsibility and augmenting extravagance, unmindful, apparently, that while the taxing power is two, the taxpayer in both instances is one and the same."

Thus spoke Senator William E. Borah in Congress recently.

"That sinister invention of American politics" he mentions accounts for more far-reaching expansion of Federal Government than does any other incidental factor entering into the trend of centralization toward One Big Government all supreme in this country.

While it has been most exploited during recent years, it is not a new invention. It was first proposed in the late fifties. It was originated by the late Senator Morrill. It grew out of a very wise forethought on the part of Thomas Jefferson.

When the western lands were opened up for settlement, Jefferson suggested and Congress provided that certain portions should be reserved in perpetuity for the support of public schools and universities in the states that were thus to be brought into being. The plan had much to do with the quick development of educational facilities in the new communities of the West.

Later, as the West developed, Senator Morrill advanced the contention that eastern states had a property interest in the public lands, for which they had fought and paid. He urged his famous bill for distributing among eastern states certain proportions of funds coming from the sale of public lands in the West. That was the beginning of the 50-50 "invention of American politics." President Buchanan vetoed the bill in 1859, but in the midst of Civil War it was approved by President Lincoln. Later, in lieu of what was received from land sales, a direct appropriation from the Treasury was made. It is a perpetual appropriation, being increased in 1890. It now amounts to $50,000 for each state. In 1887 the same device was used in the Hatch Act setting up agricultural experiment stations in the various states.

But it was not until 1914, after a Constitutional amendment made it possible for Congress to raise any amount of money it might desire to appropriate, that any extravagant use was made of the device.

In that year, Congress passed the Smith-Lever Act, whereby appropriations, now totaling $4,580,000 a year, were made in perpetuity to the states for agricultural extension and home economics. *That virtually was the first link in a chain which connects the Federal Government intimately with the citizen's ordinary life, his occupation and his home.* Under the act a majority of counties now have what are known as "county agents" who, while technically state officials, are in great part representatives of the national government among the farmers. A large number also have home economics demonstrators who, while on the pay rolls of the states, are agents of the Federal Government directly to homes in rural communities.

The Smith-Lever Act was followed in 1917 by the Smith-Hughes Act by which $7,000,000 annually is now distributed among the states on a "50-50" basis for the promotion of vocational education. The expenditure of both the Federal and state governments' parts are supervised by a Vocational Education Board in Washington.

For several years Congress has been on the verge of making a similar appropriation to the states for the vocational rehabilitation of persons injured in industry —"industry" being made to include every form of activity, even that of a hobo beating his way on a freight train.

The greatest "50-50" venture yet made is that having to do with roads. It was initiated in 1915 when a modest appropriation of $500,000 was provided. That act didn't get very far, as it required the states to put up at least three times as much as the Federal Government. It was buttressed in 1916 by an amendment making the Federal appropriation $25,000,000. The present Congress has increased it to $50,000,000 for the coming year, $65,000,000 for the next and $75,000,000 for the following year. The states are required only to duplicate. While construction of roads under the act is left to the states, supervisory power over it is in the hands of the Bureau of Public Roads in Washington. This means that the improved public roadways of the country will be national highways; already they are called "Federal aid" highways.

The culmination, so far, of the "50-50" device is the so-called maternity bill, which passed last year and only recently was put into effect. It appropriates $1,240,000 to the states for the promotion of the "welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy."

It, like most of the others, was the outgrowth of innocent-appearing and, as far as they went, harmless Federal ventures of an advisory kind that preceded them.

The Children's Bureau, for example, was created a dozen years ago, for the purpose of setting up a Federal agency of investigation and advice of and on matters having to do with children. As with like undertakings that preceded it, the bureau hardly started operating before it began to demand wider authority and ampler funds.

It found that the infant death rate and maternal mortality vary widely in this country and are higher on the whole than in some other countries. It is a very subtle problem, with much contradictory evidence as to actual facts, causes and possible cures. But it is one highly charged with sentiment. The leaders of women's organizations became interested and generally concurred in the bureau claim that the solution lay with Congress. After equal suffrage was granted by Congress, those who had led the fight for it determined to make the maternity bill the first object for the display of the new power represented by the "woman vote."

Senator James A. Reed on the Federal Maternity Bill:

There are some who believe in this sort of thing, who think the government should regulate everything. They believe that if Congress were to pass a bill directing all men to be happy, every human face would thereafter wear a smile of perpetual joy. These enthusiasts seem to believe we can disregard human nature, the experience of the ages, the environment of life, the conditions under which God Almighty planted human beings on this earth, and that all we have to do is to pass a bill, and all will be serene and lovely. Unhappily the epitaph on all such ventures is failure! failure! failure!

In the past at least the authority of the government stopped at the threshold of the home. An officer could enter only when armed with a warrant of law issued by the court. . . .

Now the thin edge of socialism is to be introduced, the home is to be invaded, and a band of spinsters will be appointed to take charge of the mothers who have always so tenderly, so devotedly, and so well, reared the children of America. It will end in failure; let us hope it will not bring disaster.

(In his race recently for renomination to the Senate, Senator Reed was attacked violently for his opposition to federalization measures, chiefly the maternity bill. He won.)

Agitation for that bill brought a new and insidious appeal for the expansion of Federal activities. It is the "If-for-hogs-why-not-for-anything?" appeal.

Long ago the Federal Government brought the welfare of hogs more or less within its jurisdiction, as it did virtually all other domestic animals and plants. The theory was that any measures tending to the production of better and cheaper animal and plant life would conserve the interests of humans who are dependent on them for food, and thereby life.

It was left for the supporters of the maternity bill to class babies with hogs grown for food. But the comparison had tremendous effect—and is being used in agitating for further and much more far-reaching federalization than comprised in any of the "50-50" measures yet passed.

A reluctant Congress passed the maternity bill, which brings within the jurisdiction of bureau officials in Washington, the most sacred events and affairs of domestic life. It was so reluctant that the appropriations were made for only five years and not—as yet—in perpetuity as in the case of most other "50-50" measures. Congressional reluctance is now finding repetition among governors and state legislatures, several of whom have refused to accept the terms of the bill.

The jurisdiction of the Federal Government over motherhood and babyhood as established by the maternity bill is, as in the case of other like measures, very velvety. It comprises only what would seem a last-resort supervision over the way the funds are spent.

But in all such undertakings there is a progressive tendency toward complete Federal jurisdiction. This was indicated not long ago by Dr. Samuel Paul Capen regarding the proposed national education bill:

"The government establishments for the promotion of child welfare, for the improvement of individuals, for scientific research and for education have all started off in the same way. Originally, all were designed to secure information to serve as foci for leadership and mold great national interests by the authority of facts and ideas. Generally these original purposes have been overlaid by a group of administrative functions involving the enforcement of laws or implying the control that inevitably follows Federal subsidies."

In line with that, it is common belief that it is almost if not quite impossible to find in Washington a single bureau which is satisfied with its authority or the funds allowed it for the enforcement of its power. And it will be almost as difficult to find one that will hesitate to use power and funds for the augmentation of both.

And as the bureau in Washington becomes more assertive, which it generally does, the co-operative agencies supplied by the states becomes less so.

The "50-50" way of extending Federal aid amounts substantially to subtle bribing of the states, local governments and the apparently benefiting groups and classes for the surrender of power to the national government.

"Bureaucracy at Washington is always alert to extend its power," declared former Governor Lowden, of Illinois, recently. ". . . . Hitherto it has found the states jealous of their rights and capable of resisting this tendency. So the bureaucracies now seek to gain by bribes what they failed to gain by other means . . . . They seek to salve the wounded pride of the states by large Federal appropriations. Propaganda is being carried on day by day, under the guise of liberal contributions to the states, which will result in taking from the Treasury hundreds of millions of dollars for objects which must remain in the care of the state if the state is to remain an entity in our system."

It is doubtful if any propaganda of that kind has been put forth more insidiously than that for the so-called national education bill. That measure with one swoop would take $100,000,000 a year out of the Federal Treasury for distribution among the states. Openly and candidly it dangles before the people of a majority of the states the deceptive lure summed up in the following taken from a specimen of that propaganda: "The wealthier sections of the country would pay more than they would receive and less wealthy sections would receive more than they would pay."

The bill proposes to set up a Department of Education headed by a minister of cabinet rank.

No less an authority than President Hadley, of Yale, has denounced the proposal "as a long step in *the Prussianizing of American education.*"

Yet it is supported by a score or more of the strongest organizations of the country, led by the big National Education Association.

Throughout their propaganda runs the thought and frequently the words, "think nationally." Though the bill lines with velvet the Federal jurisdiction it would establish, the venture clearly would lead to an agency whereby, as was demonstrated by certain war activities, in a little while *a few officials in Washington could press a figurative button and make the country think, not temporarily but permanently, anything they might want it to think.*

And the propaganda for the education bill frequently makes use of the "If-for-hogs-why-not-for-anything?" appeal.

Thus because government scientists evolved a hog-cholera preventive, it is contended by even thoughtful people that there should be virtually no limit on federalization.

They naturally find support in Washington because it means more jobs and more power for those already there. They get support from big elements of the general public because of the bulging Federal Treasury and the way its funds are collected.

"The great task of legislation today," said Senator Borah, one of the few men in national life who fights most proposals of Federal expansion, "is to ascertain how one class may benefit at the expense of another class—the taxpayer always the victim."

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 48, September 23, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Why Silver Is Retained as Money

NOMINALLY upon the single gold standard, the United States still retains silver as a standard basis of value. The reason is not generally known, nor is the fact that the illusion of ultimate redemption, that myth which leads many to hesitate to follow their conviction as to the real function of money, does not apply to silver, which is its own redemption and also the redemption of every dollar of paper money in the hands of the people. Only the gold certificate and obligations expressly specifying gold redemption are redeemable in gold at the option of the holder, redeeming agencies retaining the option of using silver or lawful money in all other cases.

There is no question of the utility of silver in our currency system; if the fiction that a commodity redemption is necessary continues to obtain, silver is the only metal which can supply a currency of proper denominations for popular service; and as long as silver and gold were coined on the same basis, the elasticity of the money volume was more accurate than it has been under the various laws provided to bring about that capacity of automatic expansion and contraction deemed necessary for equitable performance of contracts. Argument on this point is useless. Economists, whether supporting monometalism, bimetalism, or no-metalism, are agreed on it.

The difference since demonetization of silver is that only gold is a metal privileged to free coinage, or coinage on private account. The government owns no gold, buys none; but owners of gold are privileged to deposit the same with the government and take in return gold coins or their representatives (certificates), the government stamp merely certifying the fineness and weight of the metal disc. The real issuer of gold money is not the government, but the owner of the gold. If he takes the certificate, the government merely stores the metal free of charge for him. What makes the gold dollar money is not the stamp, but the law which makes it the unit.

Bimetalism as a theory proposed to make a double unit of value, by restoring to silver the privilege of free coinage, or coinage on individual account. This system began with the fiscal history of the government, and obtained until demonetization.

Demonetization was palpably the result of a corrupt influence of the money lenders; it inured to their financial benefit and to the injury of all others. It aroused universal indignation and its perpetrators sought to, and did, evade the impending storm by a makeshift which pacified the people but played into the hands of the usurers. Coinage of silver on government account furnished the so-called silver ring—really the advocates of gold—a market for the metal without investing it with any benefit to the people as a whole.

This makeshift was wiped out under President Cleveland, the first occupant of the White House with the courage to do it. However much we may believe him to have been in the wrong, or to have broken his platform pledges, Grover Cleveland carried his convictions to the extent even of wrecking his party.

During the World War the United States aided England, threatened with an Indian uprising because Germany had shut off her supply of silver, by selling the silver coins in the treasury. There was something like $300,000,000. It did not belong to the government to sell. It was private property, owned by holders of silver certificates and stored for them. It might have been a serious matter but for one thing: silver had been made available for cash-bank reserves, and the notes in circulation were quietly absorbed for that purpose. Then came the Pittman Act, to restore the metal dollars required for certificate redemption.

Here is where the fine hand of the mine owners again came in, and when mine owners are referred to, it might as well be understood the manipulators of our fiscal laws are the mine owners: Silver in the market at the time of the enactment of the Pittman law was worth as a commodity less than 60 cents an ounce; foreign silver now is around 65. The Pittman law provides that the government buy domestic silver at one dollar an ounce and proceed to coin silver dollars until the amount sold England shall have been replaced. Thus the money kings are given a subsidy on their metal while pretending to satisfy the people, who are not benefited because there is no added volume of money in circulation.

At the present rate of purchase and coinage (the authority quoted should be noted—N. H. Lowrie, managing director of the American Gold and Silver Institute), it is estimated that the silver dollars will have been replaced by November of next year, when the Pittman Act is to expire if not renewed. "To protect their interests," Mr. Lowrie says, "silver producers should be guided in their operations and plans for the future marketing of silver by the minimum life of the Pittman Act."

All of which is illuminating, *both as to the class legislation by which the country has paid tribute to the Money Trust, and to the general public when approached to invest in silver mining.*

Plucking

SLOWLY the army plucking board is accomplishing its mission. Twenty-five hundred officers must be stricken from the active list in obedience to the hit-and-miss economy program of the present Congress.

The members of the board selected for the unpleasant task of dismissing from service their brother officers are endeavoring to clothe it with as much of mercy as possible. High-ranking officers have volunteered to retire prior to the date on which they reach the age limit. A few free-will resignations have aided. But for the most part, the board must proceed coldly, ruthlessly, relentlessly, to do the duty which each member in his heart abhors.

Two courses lay before the board, to drop the officers lowest in rank, and reduce the others by the number of grades necessary, or to pick by the merit plan the officers to remain in the army. The first method would have been the less harsh, the second was the one which plain military efficiency demanded. It was the latter which was adopted.

The army, the clergy, and medicine are three professions whose members are not well paid. There is little opportunity for the average army officer, clergyman, or general practitioner to save money sufficient that, at middle age, he may retire and live in comfort. Each is a life work, and the training for each is of a specialized character. The hardship faced by officers thrown out of their places can readily be appreciated.

But the saddest thing is the humiliation they must bear. No man can face with equanimity the decree that he is wanting in the qualifications necessary for a place in his chosen life work. It will be difficult for the officers retired to face with heads up the task of seeking new jobs.

Congress, in making haste to economy, could have manifested a little more wise consideration. It could have cost only a little more to have enacted the army appropriation bill in such a manner that gradual reduction in the number of officers would have been possible. But the harm has been done. It remains only for the army board to temper its hard task with the maximum of kindness.

Just Doesn't Fit In

THE United States Supreme Court should be one place in which mystery does not abide. It is the theory that the justices of the highest tribunal in the world are selected because of their unsullied probity, their clear intellects, their deep legal learning, their breadth of understanding, and their purity of patriotism.

Their opinions and utterances are supposed to be the lucid interpretations of the matters before them. Ulterior motives and hidden meanings are not looked for in their words.

Therefore, the circumstances of the resignation of Justice John H. Clarke are peculiarly disappointing to the country. The resignation was announced with a suddenness that startled the country. But there must have been prior knowledge in the White House, as the announcement of the resignation was coincident with the naming of Justice Clarke's successor.

There have been various published hints as to the reasons which inspired the resignation. The retiring Justice in his letter explained broadly his desire to assist his neighbors in some public enterprises. There was a news dispatch from his home town, intimating that he desired to work in behalf of the League of Nations cause, and Washington correspondents filled in a dull day by suggesting him for the presidency. None of the reasons advanced is wholly satisfactory. There seemed to be an absence of the frankness the country has the right to expect in the retirement of a member of its most important court. It is a law of human nature that those things which are not clearly explained furnish the ground for the widest speculation. Speculation on such a subject as a Supreme Court resignation gives rise to rumors and gossip not consonant with the well-being of that great tribunal. It is to be hoped that candor will surround similar events in the future.

And Who Rule Russia?

ALMOST incredible are the official Bolshevist reports of the number of persons put to death in the name of liberty. Dispatches to the London *Times* from Riga indicate that the total number of those executed by the orders of the Cheka is 1,766,118.

In the French Revolution the number of executions totaled 17,000, only one per cent of the number of lives those now in control of Russia have exacted. The possession of brains is a major crime under Soviet rule, if the circumstantial reports of the slaughter are to be believed. Professors put to death numbered 6,775, and priests to the number of 1,243 were killed. Recently has come the announcement of the banishment to lonely islands of the Arctic of more hundreds of those whose only crime is intellectuality. Doctors killed in Russia were 8,800 while under the cold listing of "other intellectuals" were 355,520. The other executions by the Cheka included 54,650 officers, 260,000 soldiers, 12,950 landowners, 192,350 workmen and 815,100 peasants.

There has been some attempt at criticism of the failure of the United States to assume diplomatic relations with Russia. In the light of the cold record of official massacre, it is difficult to understand how this agitation can continue, as long as the present influences control Russia.

Poor Judgment

THE United States gained an unenviable distinction when it declined to ratify the St. Germain Convention for the private traffic in arms and ammunition. The decision of this country was the chief influence in making a dead letter of a proposal of the League of Nations to safeguard life.

China, Chile, Brazil, Finland, Guatemala, Greece, Haiti, Peru, Siam and Venezuela had ratified the convention. But as none of these countries manufacture arms in large quantities, their ratification was immaterial. Other countries, including Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Poland, Canada and Czecho-Slovakia had notified the secretariat of the League of Nations of their readiness to ratify the compact when the Allied and Associated Powers had assented.

The United States is not a part of the League of Nations, and presumably there could be no binding force in a compact of that organization. But that gives us no ground for declining to assent to the wisdom of wise proposals of the League. We need not assent as a constituent part, but we may approve as a nation friendly with the particular aims expressed.

However, there was a more potent influence in our refusal to ratify the convention than the fact that we are not in the League of Nations. There are powerful and influential interests in the United States engaged in making money out of the manufacture and sale of arms and munitions. Until the country is aroused to the peril the business presents, there can be no consideration of the purely academic issues involved in whether or not we are in the League.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE contrast that exists, especially at this season of the year, between the world of men and the simpler world of nature, is very suggestive. When man was given the measure of freedom which he has, it was consequent upon a certain regularity of nature. Seed time and harvest are not subject to Congress or committees. Resolutions neither hasten nor retard the productive processes of the soil. Turning away from the world of men, snarled as it is into a thousand tangles, we behold another world that seems to rebuke us for our childish ignorance and temper. Morning and night, sun and rain, frost and heat, come in their turn regularly without any thought of lockouts or strikes.

Were it not for this constancy of the natural world, man's experience of inconstancy would be impossible. It is because the planet is steady that man's unsteadiness falls short of destruction. Even the most frightful war of history did not suffice to make this globe miss half a minute of its destined work. There is great uncertainty about everything with which mankind has to do, but the earth that holds us all is trustworthy.

One has only to think what it would mean if man's temper could be transferred to nature, to see what fools we mortals are, and how the consequences of our folly are tempered for us. Here we are, common heirs of the riches of this fruitful earth. We have nothing that did not come to us from the common soil. Take an automobile or an airplane—not a single element of their make-up that did not come from the soil. Take the substance of the finest book the scholar holds, the finest canvas the artist admires, the jewels on the bosom of beauty—all metals, all woods, all fabrics; all colors, all finishes, all propulsive powers—they come from out of the earth, as corn comes or wheat. We discover generation by generation yet richer stores of wealth ready to our hand. We have never seen the beginning of exhaustion in any of the precious substances necessary to happy and prosperous lives. Nature has never threatened mankind with rationed supplies. Nothing that the impudence and stupidity of man can devise, can for a moment swerve abounding nature from her free-handed mood. The universe is fool-proof—all but the little circle where man is free to impose his own will.

Turn to the world of men and what a different temper confronts us! Here are groups organized to hinder and interrupt as far as possible the orderly course of supply. Men have taken it upon themselves to decree that the flow of food and fuel and communication shall not be free. Men have set themselves up as gods to turn natural results back upon themselves. In this most prolific world, nations face hunger. In a land richly stored with defense against winter, nations face the peril of cold. If for one moment of illumination the eyes of mankind could be opened to see the figure it cuts in the face of the provision made for it, what a mess organized society would present—what a horrible, irrational mess!

What is lacking? What has caused this state of affairs? While harvests pour their riches upon the world and the work of nature proceeds unhindered by human blunders, what occurs to cheat men of the progressive life that might be theirs?

More men are asking this question today than ever before, and answering it in various ways. Some of the answers are as artificial as the condition they seek to explain. Of course, the system under which we live is wrong, but who made it wrong? Of course, the money system is more a device of restraint than of uberation, but who first assented to it? Of course, there is a ruthless profiteering class who control the means of compelling multitudes to be their victims, but who first allowed them to practice their stranglehold on humanity? The answers usually given are themselves in need of an explanation that goes still further back.

NATURE has endowed mankind richly with all material blessings. But Nature did not choose for man, leadership. Everything of which man makes use, everything to which he applies his mental and physical energies, is Nature's product. But man must pick his own way toward the goal of complete understanding of the ways to use these material favors which are at his hand. With all the wealth of the world at hand, there are human beings who hunger, whole nations who suffer cold. The judgment for this condition, for misusing Nature's gifts, is the judgment upon man's failure, man's unsteadiness. Leadership is the thing. The mass of the people have not been able to do for themselves the things that should be done. But the people can effectuate their impulses. Small groups of men still control the world's doings. But the people will control, and control wisely.

It is ultimately futile to blame classes. When all are analyzed all are found to be victims of the same fear. Those whom we call the beneficiaries of the present system are no more emancipated than the others: indeed there are strong indications that the beneficiaries are more deeply enslaved by the wrong than are those whom we call the victims. To know that a system is wrong and to be afraid that it will change to better, is a terrible form of bondage. If we were to dispense pity instead of assessing blame, the result would be very different from what we casually suppose. But if we limit ourselves to blame, then assuredly those are most to blame who form the class called victims. There are no slave-owners save where human beings are capable of being slaves. There are no stock swindles save where human beings are greedy and dishonest enough to be swindled. No evil can flourish without those upon whom it flourishes giving it the opportunity. There are no vultures gathered save where there is carrion.

The great lack, of course, is the social sense among those who have been given the talent to organize life. Perhaps the plain people are most vivid in their joy in the thought of everybody prospering. But most of the organizing, the planning minds of the past have not put themselves out to the service of those who cannot plan for themselves. The helplessness of the people as sheep without a shepherd has aroused more of the wolf instinct of exploitation, than the shepherd spirit of service.

If we took our cue from the bounty and impartiality of nature, we should see that the whole right to direct rests on the ability and the practice of doing for people, in their best interests, what they cannot do for themselves. Any aristocracy, any royalty, any managing mind, any magnetic leadership that has not laid itself out to be a road-builder for the plain people, has met its day of judgment: it has fallen because it has not magnified the high place of Servant.

It is almost heresy to say so, but the experience of mankind seems to indicate that the mass of the people, as such, have not been able to do for themselves what ought to be done. The people have this sacred distinction—they know what is right, their innate faithfulness enables them to fall in with what is right, and their judgment upon a leadership or a system as "not right" is final. It is just there pre-eminently that "the voice of the people is the voice of God." They are custodians of the mass moral instinct by which all things stand or fall. The responsibility is not entirely with the people, for while they are the depository of power, they have not been the depository of leadership: that has been given to individuals: and it is upon individuals gifted to serve the people, but using their gifts to fleece the people, that the judgment falls.

Slowly mankind is learning. Any one 50 years old can see the fruitage of experience in the world. It seems a slow process; with a little more alertness in the common mind, with even a little exercise of primitive intelligence, some of the more bitter details of experience might have been rendered unnecessary. But the fact is what it is.

The world has just witnessed the slaughter of millions, yet the people of France and England and Germany and Russia and Mexico and the United States are just as far apart as they ever were. A small group of men, all of whom could be contained in one moderate-sized room, still hold the fate of nations in their hands. Could that condition exist if the people themselves were ready to take over that task? And does not the fact of their failure to do it, argue their inability to do it? But by the same token, does not their recent bitter experience tell us plainly that they are traveling to the place where they can do it? It is coming, but mankind travels slowly. The best of all is, it travels.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

The Eternal Eloquence of the Mighty Dead

In Silent, Beautiful Arlington Hovers the Dauntless Spirit of America

By STEPHEN S. POOLE

ACROSS the Potomac, upon the heights, reposes beautiful Arlington—the resting place of America's heroic dead! From the parapet of the dome of the Capitol, westward in a straight line, one sees the imposing Grant Memorial; next, the stately simplicity of the Washington obelisk; farther on, the magnificent Lincoln Memorial and, beyond the river, Arlington. As in no other place in the land, the spirit of a great country unites in Arlington. In the last camp of our martial heroes there is "No North, no South, no East, no West!" Men who fell in the Revolutionary War; patriots of the struggle in 1812; brothers - in - conflict in the war between the States; soldiers of humanity in the war with Spain; and those stalwart sons of liberty who fought on the fields of Flanders — sounding names on the pages of history, and multitudes of the unknown—all rest in the sacred soil of Arlington, as a constant reminder that the tissues and sinews of a great nation have been reunited in the hearts of our people!

Standing in the midst of this white forest of memorial stones, which bear the names of our illustrious dead, one feels what James A. Garfield meant on the occasion of the first Memorial Day, May 30, 1868. As he stood on the portico of the old Arlington mansion, surrounded by 54 little orphan children whose fathers had sacrificed their lives in the war, and these in turn surrounded by such illustrious personages as Grant, Hancock, Howard, Emery, Porter, Babcock and their staffs, he uttered this great truth:

"If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of 15,000 men whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung."

There were 15,000 then: the ranks have since increased until, in last July, there were buried in Arlington 32,964, out of which number 4,220 were of those who died overseas in the late World War. From the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are found the homes and relatives of those who have found sepulture at Arlington.

The history of Arlington is a most fascinating page in our American chronicle. On October 21, 1669, Sir William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, granted to Robert Howsen 6,000 acres of land in Alexandria County, Virginia, which included all of the present Arlington tract. This grant was in consideration of the services which Howsen rendered the state by bringing a number of settlers into the colony. Howsen soon sold the estate, however, to John Alexander and was paid in colonial money the sum of six hogsheads of tobacco. The Alexander family possessed the property until December 25, 1778, when Gerald Alexander sold the Arlington portion, of approximately 1,100 acres, to John Parke Custis, who paid for it in Virginia currency the sum of £11,000. It remained in the possession of the Custis family until taken over by the United States Government during the early days of the Civil War.

The first member of the Custis family to occupy Arlington was George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted step-grandson of George Washington. Upon the death of his grandmother, Martha Washington, in 1802, he moved from Mount Vernon to Arlington and began the erection of the splendid old mansion that stands upon the heights. It was modeled after either the Temple of Theseus at Athens or the Temple of Paestum near Naples, and was completed in 1803. He married a descendant of the Randolphs of Virginia, Mary Lee Fitzhugh, and lived a beautiful life of a real Virginia gentleman. He was famed for his hospitality and his spacious home was often filled with guests. The patriotic influence of Washington, who had reared him, was manifest throughout his life. Upon their death, Custis and his wife were buried upon the estate in the grove near the mansion.





Sarcophagus erected over tomb of 2,111 unknown soldiers who fell all the way from Bull Run to the Rappahannock.

Shaft erected to General Joseph Wheeler, with Sheridan monument in the background.

At right—Confederate Memorial erected in center of Jackson Circle, the Confederate section of Arlington Cemetery.

The Arlington estate then passed on to the only child of Mr. Custis, Mrs. Robert E. Lee, wife of the illustrious general of the Confederacy, and for 30 years they made it their home. An interesting story is told of the marriage of General Lee. The drawing room at Arlington was the scene of the celebration. Lee had just been graduated from West Point, and six of his young friends, lieutenants in the army, were the groomsmen. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Meade, of the Episcopal Church. It is said that the Reverend Mr. Meade was late in arriving for the ceremony, due to a heavy rain storm, which had thoroughly drenched him. The bridal party waited while he hastily sought for a dry change of clothing. He was given a suit of clothes belonging to Mr. Custis, the master of the house, who was short and stout. The parson, however, was a tall and slender man, and when dressed in the clothes of Mr. Custis he presented far from an elegant appearance. Feasting and dancing, in which the slaves joyfully participated, followed the ceremony.

The story of how the property came into the possession of the government is told in these few official words:

"By an executive order by the President of the United States dated January 6, 1864, the entire tract of 1,100 acres, more or less, was 'selected for government use for war, military, charitable, and educational purposes,' under the provisions of the Acts of Congress of June 7, 1862, and February 6, 1863. By the same order it was directed that the property be sold to meet the payment of $92.07, direct taxes due thereon. This was done January 11, 1864, and the property was bid in for the United States for the sum of $26,800. Mrs. Lee having died in 1873, legal proceedings contesting the legality of the tax sale were instituted by George Washington Custis Lee, as heir under the will of his grandfather (the property having gone to his mother for her life, and then to him in fee), George Washington Parke Custis. The cause was heard in the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Virginia, and verdict rendered in his favor, which, upon appeal, was affirmed by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, December 4, 1882.

"Congress, by Act of March 3, 1883, appropriated the sum of $150,000 for the purchase of this property and on March 31, 1883, George Washington Custis Lee conveyed to the United States by deed the title to the property in question for the sum appropriated."

How did Arlington come to be selected as the burial grounds for the nation's dead?

A chain of events and circumstances brought about the selection, the first of which was probably the recognition by General Scott of the strategic importance of Arlington Heights in the defense of Washington. Orders were issued on May 3, 1861, to seize and fortify Arlington Heights. The order was fulfilled May 24, when the advance into Virginia was begun.

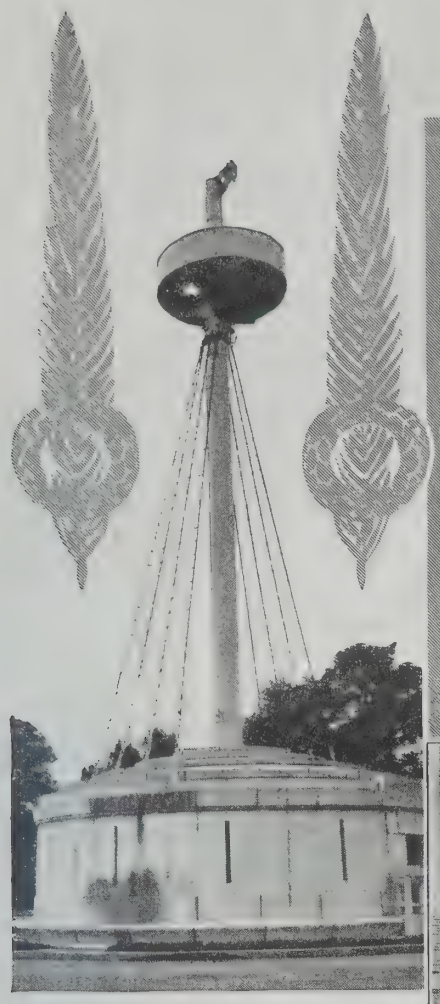
Arlington next became a point of interest after the defeat of the Union forces at Bull Run and their precipitate retreat upon Washington. The fleeing army reached Arlington and there entrenched upon the heights. On July 23, 1861, President Lincoln went across the river to encourage the troops. Arlington was made an armed camp. A chain of forts was erected, one of which, Fort McPherson, still remains within the boundaries of the cemetery. The Lee mansion became the officers' headquarters, and during the whole of the war Arlington remained an armed camp and a hospital base.

The war wore on and many bloody battles were fought. Camps and hospitals sprang up all around Washington and the dead and dying mounted into the thousands. The burial ground at the Soldiers' Home was selected as the appropriate and logical place for their interment. However, by 1864 there was little space left there, and deaths were increasing rapidly. Army officers made a careful examination of all the eligible sites near Washington and decided that Arlington was the most desirable.

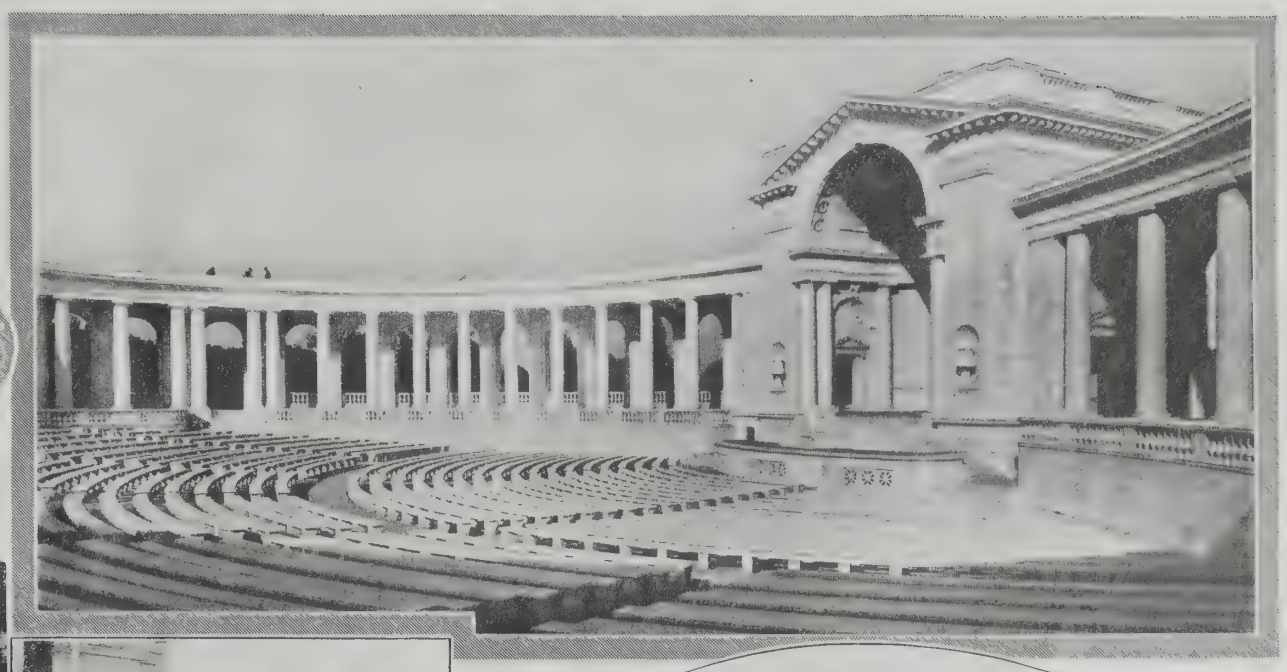
General Montgomery C. Meigs, quartermaster-gen-



An Arlington funeral for a World War veteran. Funerals such as these were held about once a week, while the bodies were being brought home.



"Remembering the Maine" memorial to those who lost their lives when the battleship was blown up. It is surmounted by one of the masts of the ship.





Tomb of the Unknown Soldier of the World War, to the east of the amphitheater.



All photos (C) Harris & Ewing

The view above is of the Arlington Amphitheater where the great memorial exercises are held. In the oval is shown the burial place of L'Enfant. General Sheridan is buried at one side of the flagpole, Admiral Porter is buried an equal distance away at the other side.

eral of the Army, realized that something had to be done, so he assumed the responsibility for the first interments at Arlington. The story is told that it happened this way: On May 13, 1864, General Meigs was accompanied by President Lincoln in a drive through Arlington when they came upon a squad of soldiers carrying some dead bodies on stretchers to another part of the grounds, there to await transfer to the burial grounds at the Soldiers' Home. He stopped them and inquired as to how many men were awaiting burial. The reply was that there was a dozen. He commanded them to set down the stretchers. He turned to a commissioned officer and ordered him to have a burial squad brought out "and see that all the bodies at Arlington are buried on the place at once." The order was promptly carried out.

The same authority states that the first body to be interred was that of L. Reinhardt, a Confederate prisoner of war, of the Twenty-Third North Carolina Regiment. His body was subsequently removed.

All of Arlington, with its gentle slopes of green, is a place of beauty. Great oaks of forest growth stand everywhere as silent sentinels over the dead. There are, however, spots of particular interest.

Just to the right of the mansion is the beautiful flower garden, and in the center of this garden is the Temple of Fame. The stone pillars which support the temple were taken from the Patent Office after that building's destruction by fire in 1877. Just to the west of the Temple of Fame is the tomb of the Unknown Soldiers whose remains were gathered from the battlefields of Bull Run and on the route to the Rappahannock. This tomb was constructed by digging a circular pit about 20 feet deep and 20 feet in diameter, which was lined with cement and divided into compartments. The fragments of all the bodies were then placed and covered up. A large, but simple, granite sarcophagus was mounted over the pit. It bears these words:

Beneath this Stone Repose the Bones of Two Thousand One Hundred and Eleven Unknown Soldiers Gathered After the War from the Fields of Bull Run and the Route to the Rappahannock.
Their Remains could not be Identified, but their Names and Deaths are Recorded in the Archives of their Country; and its Grateful Citizens Honor them as of their Noble Army of Martyrs.
May they Rest in Peace!
September, A. D. 1866.

There are only three vaults in the entire cemetery, those of Dewey, Miles and O'Sullivan. The Dewey Mausoleum was built by Mrs. Dewey after the death of the Admiral. While it was being built his remains rested in the receiving vault built as a memorial to the heroes who lost their lives on the battleship *Maine*. The Dewey Mausoleum contains two crypts, in one of which the body of the Admiral is placed, and the other is intended for Mrs. Dewey.

The receiving vault, erected in memory of the men who lost their lives in Havana Harbor when the *Maine* was blown up, is built of marble in the shape of a turret. Mounted upon it is one of the masts of the old *Maine*, and the names of the heroes are engraved around its walls. When the *Maine* was finally raised from her berth of mud, the mast was brought to Washington and thus erected as a token of remembrance.

Another point of interest is that portion of the cemetery known as "The Field of the Dead." Jackson Circle, the Confederate section, lies over on the western side of the cemetery, next to Fort Meyer. In it are buried the bodies of Confederate soldiers, most of whom died in Federal prisons situated in the environs of Washington. There has been erected therein one of the most imposing of all the monuments in Arlington. It was designed by the artist, Moses Ezekiel, who based his design on the idea conveyed in that scripture in Isaiah which says: "They have beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks." The artist died in Rome, and his body was brought back to America and laid to rest at the east side of his masterpiece—the Confederate Memorial. On the north side of the Memorial is found this touching inscription:

"Not for fame or reward:
Not for place or rank:
Not lured by ambition,
Or goaded by necessity;
But in simple
Obedience to duty,
As they understood it,
These men suffered all,
Sacrificed all,
Dared all—and died."

As you stand on these slopes, memorial stones in every direction inform you of the presence of the great soldiers of our history. Near by is the tall shaft to the memory of General Joseph Wheeler. To the right is the simple monument to General Phil. Sheridan.

Just in front of the mansion, in the center, near the flagpole, are buried the remains of L'Enfant—the French surveyor and friend of Washington who designed the "magnificent distances" of the city of Washington—and whose plans are preserved in the growth of the city—adorning the National Capitol in artistic beauty. Near by is the resting place of Admiral David Dixon Porter.

The memorial amphitheater, a vast marble structure of indescribable grace and dignity, is now the dominating creation at Arlington. Last Armistice Day was the occasion for its first use in a large way. A chapel is built beneath the structure, and has been used as a receiving room for the bodies of the over-sea soldiers while they were awaiting burial. These burials were held once a week, usually on Thursdays. At the east side of the amphitheater is buried the Unknown Soldier.

Leaving the bustle and politics and intrigue, the enthroned greed and selfishness, which honeycombs Washington today, the visitor who makes his way to the slopes of Arlington finds again his contact with the Spirit of the Nation. A nation grows great, not by men who fatten off its privileges and power, but by citizens who live, and who, if necessary, will die for the invisible glory of the American Destiny.

Rushing Headlong Into Bond Issues

TEN years ago Michigan was without public debt. This was recently acknowledged by Representative George Lord, of Detroit. Today the interest on the public debt of Michigan is nearly equal to the total cost of government in Michigan 20 years ago. It is self-evident that the voters of Michigan have adopted a policy of contracting public debts that is contrariwise to that of the voters of the preceding generation. Mr. Lord is quoted as stating the essential features of this new policy with regard to bonding the commonwealth. "It's a favorite plan," he says, "to issue bonds to keep the tax rate down."

It is the favorite plan of the office seekers. The voters have been found pliant to the extreme, under the persuasive rhetoric and oratory of the "public servants" who are responsible for Michigan's debts. "I sometimes think," Mr. Lord says, "we have gone wild in Michigan about bond issues." This does not mean that Mr. Lord is in favor of putting an end to the bond issues. "Many bond issues are necessary and proper," he contends.

What troubles the representative, who is at present chairman of the committee that is studying the subject of taxation, is the fact that taxes have increased 156 per cent in Michigan in five years. In other words, the day of reckoning with the voters is at hand. At least promise of the day looms large on the horizon. "There must be money some time from taxes," Mr. Lord even warns, "to retire all these bonds."

But the upshot of the matter is, that the taxes are now running out of bounds, because the drag of interest-payments is telling heavily upon the people long before the job of retiring the bonds is tackled. City taxes, Mr. Lord himself finds, and acknowledges publicly (that the figures may go before the commonwealth), have increased quite 300 per cent in 10 years—this since the adoption, 10 years ago, of the plan "to issue bonds to keep the tax rate down!"

Under the circumstances, Michigan gives signs of casting grave thought on the play of interest upon the mounting tax rates. When Mr. Lord, after 30 years in political service, points the issue as follows, the people are almost ready to take things into their own hands. Mr. Lord says:

"You can't have economy without efficient service and the average man is too busy to go to the polls primary day. And the very men and women who do not go to the polls are the ones that howl about high taxes."

The fact that the "howling" has begun, however, and with reason, is a sonorous word-picture of Michigan's dawning enlightenment.

Small-town Politics of Yesterday and Today

Grafting Largely Gone and Service Is Attempted by Those Seeking Office; The Saloon, the Gambler, Patronage, Vote-Buying, Superseded by Efficiency

By an Observer

SMALL-TOWN politics is personal politics. There the candidate is known for his true worth. His private life sometimes has more to do with his success in seeking public favor than his ability to hold the office. It is practically impossible for a man with a stain on his private career to be elected to any position of trust; fortunately few attempt it.

Small-town politics is changing—and for the better. The politician of today may be the same man as 10, 15 or 20 years ago but he is a different politician and he has adopted new tactics to keep pace with the changing sentiment of his clientele and with the new army of women voters.

A dozen years ago the campaign in the small town revolved about the saloon. It was the hub of the wheel and every candidate relied upon the so-called saloon vote to win for him the nomination, if there was a primary, and the election. The church vote, or reform vote as it was sometimes called, was all but ignored. The candidate visited every saloon in his territory several times during the progress of the campaign and, each time, every one got free beer and free cigars. And if a voter had a party at his home all he had to do was to notify a candidate and he would have the brewery send down a keg, free of charge.

But those days have gone and with their passing the candidate takes on a new coat. He will go before the brotherhoods and organizations of the different churches and appeal for their support. He will appear before the women's city club or other organization and before the different community centers and improvement associations and tell them what he will do or attempt to do if elected. He invites questions and makes an honest effort to answer them. He promises as much as did the candidate of years ago, but unlike the old-time nominee, he attempts to keep his promises.

When Factions Warred

A MUNICIPAL election or campaign, in which only the mayor and other officials are to be chosen, is of far greater moment in the lives of the people of the small town than the state or national election. What these officials do affects them directly. Their property values, tax rate, and to a certain extent the public morals depend upon the local officials.

Factional wars play no inconsiderable part in the politics of a small town. This is especially true where one party has an overwhelming majority and where there is a constant fight for jobs.

In a small town in Ohio, one party had, a number of years ago, so much preponderancy in the vote that the opposition would not nominate for a local election. This caused the major party to split into two factions and the result in the elections has not always been happy.

For instance, some 15 years ago, there was a fight on for city council. One faction, at the general election, obtained a majority of one. All seemed well until the new council was to take office, when the bomb fell. The rival faction had, in some way, obtained information that one of the councilmen, a merchant, had sold something to the value of $2 to the city. The city paid the bill. It is against the law in that state for a city official to sell anything to the city. On the night of organization, the stage was set and a resolution to oust the councilman was introduced. The decisive vote was up to the vice-mayor and he favored the resolution. The case reached the courts and it was a year before there was a decision without an appeal.

The result was that municipal activities were curtailed and only necessary business transacted. The people suffered because one faction sought to control the purse strings of the town and a few jobs. There may have been a few contracts involved but this did not come out at any of the hearings.

In a municipal campaign a year ago leaders of one party were gathered together in a small room discussing the two mayoral candidates. In the group were a judge, a financier and one or two professional politicians. After reaching a decision they sent for the candidate they had decided to support.

Defying the "Pap" Custom

WHEN he arrived he greeted all of the men pleasantly; he knew them and they knew him. The chairman told him of the decision of the organization, and he replied that he would be glad to have its support.

"Of course," said the chairman, "we will expect that you will permit us to name all appointees."

"Of course," answered the candidate, "I will not let you do any such thing."

There was considerable confusion among the leaders. They had always been permitted to make appointments for their successful candidates and they could hardly believe that the young man to whom they were offering their aid would refuse them this privilege. But he stood firm and told them that he would listen to their recommendations as he would listen to the recommendations of any other group of men.

He was a strong candidate and eventually was voted the support of the organization by the membership and not by its leaders. He knew the value of the organization and knew that he could hardly hope to win without its active help but he was not ready to mortgage his administration to them.

Twenty years ago, a candidate had to beg for the support of the organization and was tormented to torture for jobs and favors if elected. The job craze, however, hasn't abated much for there are always many eager to attach themselves to the city pay roll.

Each faction or party in the campaigns of yesterday had tremendous campaign funds. These were obtained in devious ways. School teachers would give a certain percentage of their salaries to help elect men as members of the board of education, an office that paid no salary at all. City employes were required to contribute, candidates gave liberally to the organization backing them, besides spending large sums individually. Many a local scandal has developed from these campaign funds. Many a candidate has faced bankruptcy after the election. He had expected victory (they all do) and with victory recuperation of his finances. With defeat came loss of prestige and a hard time of it. More than one candidate has charged that he contributed large sums to the "gang" and that at the last moment he had been "thrown" in a certain deal and his money used against him at the polls.

The Day of the Paid Voter

SAMPLE ballots would be marked and distributed by the workers. The usual procedure for this on election day was for the worker to give the voter a marked ballot, watch him go to the polls and when he came out hand him two or three dollars. Sometimes the voter would demand his pay before going to the polls. This was invariably the case with "floaters" or men brought in from other cities especially for the election. They would be herded in certain precincts. They would register at three or four precincts and cast as many votes during the day. Buying votes was common practice in those days; today one seldom hears of it in the small town.

State laws now require that candidates and political organizations file expense accounts. It is even against the law to give away a cigar. But campaign funds are raised in much the same way. There is no levy made against school teachers because the schools have in many states been taken out of politics. The members are elected on a non-partisan ballot.

Candidates contribute to the support of the organization and make individual expenditures. They are limited in this but they do not always keep within the limit and there is no way to check them up, provided any one had the desire to do so.

Prior to an election now workers take a house-to-house poll of each precinct and make every effort to get out a full vote, provided, of course, they believe the voter will support their candidate. There are some cases, too, where if a voter is required to lose time from his work to get to the polls he will be reimbursed. This is an exception, and the "gangster" who would offer outright to buy the vote of a resident of a small town would likely find a fight on his hands. So they don't try it. They try argument instead.

Advertising vs. the Saloon

THE candidate and the politician seek today also to reach the people through advertising, mostly in newspapers. For weeks prior to the election, columns upon columns are devoted to the praise of the "ticket." This is proving of far more value to the candidate than the time and money spent in the saloon.

Recently a candidate at a local election was discussing the campaign of today with a candidate of 15 years ago.

"Practically every cent that I spent went into newspaper advertising," he said. "The policies for which I stood were not very well known. The fact that I stood second in the count and only a few votes behind the winner who had the support of the 'organization' proves to me the worth of printer's ink when properly used."

The old-time candidate agreed with him.

"But in those days," he answered, "we visited the saloon and thought we didn't have a chance unless we got the so-called saloon vote. I spent enough in one campaign to pay the mortgage on my home and yet I lost. After all these years I have come to the conclusion that the saloon vote was not worth the effort put forth to get it."

Politicians of the olden days in the small town built their organization on promise. The politician of today is trying to strengthen his organization on performance.

About two years ago there was named as head of an important department in a certain small town a professional politician. He had held other appointive offices and had never made much of an impression.

The official making the appointment was condemned from all sources. Even members of his own party believed that it was a poor political move, while members of the opposition seized upon it as the great opportunity for the following election, a few months away. They admitted that the politician was shrewd but they did not believe that he was industrious or had the necessary business experience to conduct the department.

Within a month all criticism had stopped. The politician was too good a politician for all of them. He got on the job at or before seven a. m. and he worked long hours. Complaints of taxpayers received prompt attention. Petitions for improvements were given consideration at once. Every one was treated courteously. His department became a department of service in the true sense of the word and while he has played politics he has played it in its broader meaning.

He probably knows that he could not be elected to an office; but he also knows that he can be kept in office by appointment if his organization backs the right candidates and meets the new conditions.

He typifies the new idea of the modern small-town politician. He plays politics, of course, and when it comes to filling positions his political friends are favored and if he can force a few jobs for them he will do so, but when it comes to real public service, he knows no political distinction.

Graft, jobs, and an unusual personality were the strong features of the small-town politician of 15 years ago.

Their organization was built upon them. They collected funds without regard to their source and expended them with due consideration to the effect it would have upon the election. Many kept considerable of the money turned in and are now quite wealthy.

But they were all generous and kind-hearted—if and when it paid them to be. If a politician heard that a family was in destitute circumstances, he would send out a load of coal or some groceries or clothing. Then he would see that the news was properly disseminated throughout the city. It was good advertising. It helped him politically.

When his candidates were elected to office, he was happy in the award of huge contracts and the expenditures of large sums of money. It helped the city, of course, but the taxpayer probably was paying $2 for $1 worth of work. His successor delights to spend money, but the taxpayer is getting more for the dollar he pays into the treasury.

The Bootleg Disease

SMALL towns must not be held up as paragons of virtue—not yet. The bootleg germ permeates it as it does the great city. Protection is paid for, and thousands upon thousands of dollars are being collected by enforcement officials monthly. There is plenty of rumor in every small town but there is little actual evidence. People generally have taken the attitude that all dry officers are crooked. Some are but most of them are straight.

One, just a few weeks ago, was called to the office of a very prominent lawyer. He was informed that a certain sum was being collected from the bootleggers every week. He himself kept a third. Another third was offered to the officer. He, the lawyer, took it for granted that the dry man was crooked and when the offer was spurned, he found himself in an embarrassing position. But there was no evidence of an attempt to bribe and he was safe. The offer would have netted the prohibition officer close to $10,000 a year had it been accepted and it was only for affording protection to bootleggers in one small town! If this holds good in other small towns, one can easily figure that it would not require long for a crooked officer to become wealthy.

This evil, however, is gradually being eliminated in small-town police departments. It was no uncommon report a year or two ago of policemen being in league with Volstead violators. It was for months taken as a matter of course. Police even were sent to guard bootleg stores and the police patrol was often used to deliver whisky to bootleggers' customers. Policemen, many of them, began to sport big diamonds and drive high-priced automobiles. As a result all policemen were condemned.

Purifying Police Departments

CONDITIONS reached a climax when the orgy of crime swept over the country and small towns were the scenes of daring holdups and raids. Policemen under suspicion gradually were dropped from the rolls, and greater care was used in appointing their successors.

This is attributed largely to the new view of the politician, who has an eye on the women's vote. He knows that he cannot get this vote unless faulty conditions are corrected. He does not seek a blue-law town, but neither does he seek the ire of a public which wields a powerful influence and whose chief interest is in a "clean" town, with the proper safeguards for their sons and daughters.

Small-town politics always has been and always will be interesting and fascinating. Graft in the award of public contracts practically has been eliminated as a source of revenue for the politician; bribery and paid protection for illegal activities soon will pass, and service, without fear or favor, is near for the long-suffering and over-burdened taxpayer.

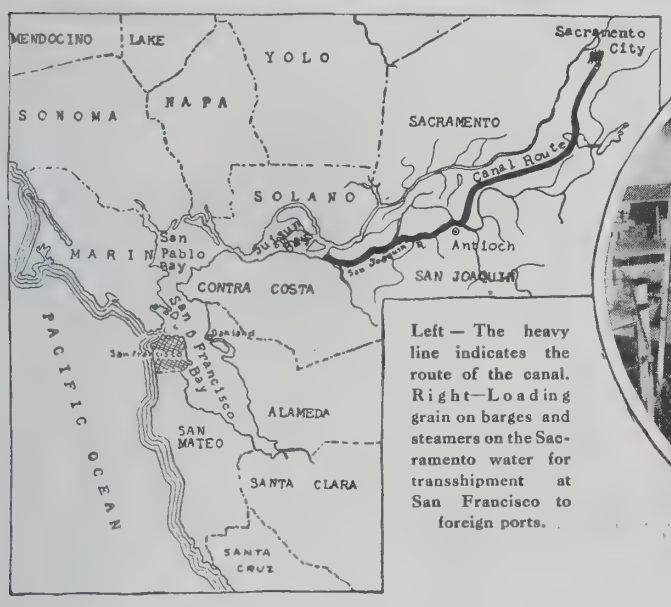
Trust the small-town politician to know his people; trust him to know that it's time to call a halt on vague and meaningless promises and start the performance; trust him, too, to know that it's time to stop unnecessary expenditures; and trust him soon to learn that the women will not vote men in office who wink their eye at resorts, gambling and violation of the protective codes.

Capital of California to Be a Deep-Sea Port

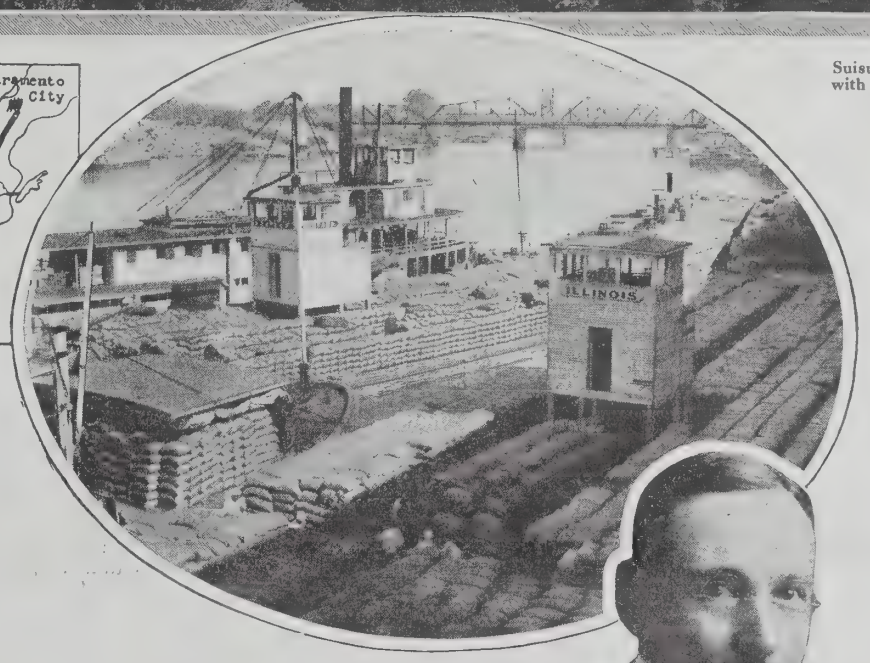
Public Construction, Ownership and Operation of Canal Planned



Suisun Bay, an arm of San Francisco Bay, with very deep water, into which the ship canal from Sacramento would run.



Left — The heavy line indicates the route of the canal. Right—Loading grain on barges and steamers on the Sacramento water for transshipment at San Francisco to foreign ports.





HERMAN DAVIS,
Chairman of the Ship Canal Committee of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, the prime mover in the project for the canal.

By HARRY H. DUNN

SACRAMENTO, capital of California, located on the Sacramento River, about 90 miles from San Francisco, has completed surveys and estimates for the conversion of its river port into a deep-sea port, to which steamers of draft up to 27 feet can come for cargoes directly through the Golden Gate. Sacramento will construct a canal which will give direct connection, by means of 35 miles of new channel, with the deep salt-water of Suisun, San Pablo and San Francisco bays.

Surveys and estimates made under direction of Herman Davis, chairman of the Ship Canal Committee of the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce, which has the project in hand to present to the Federal Government, show that there are no difficult engineering problems; that water is assured from near-by and connecting rivers and streams; that the silt-bearing sloughs and streams can be cut off, so that dredging will be virtually eliminated, and that the water-borne traffic of the Sacramento Valley—already the largest of any river of similar size in the world—will be practically doubled by the direct shipment of freight to outside markets, made possible by the bringing of deep-water vessels to Sacramento's wharves.

Northern—and, to some extent, Central—California counties, to the number of 29, are giving all support to the project, because it will enable them to get their products into Pacific Coast, South American, Oriental, Atlantic Coast, and even European markets several days ahead of the time required for such shipments at present, by eliminating transshipment from barges and river steamers to ocean-going vessels at San Francisco. The expense of such transshipment also will be removed, and it is believed that this cutting down of transportation costs will be sufficient to pay for the canal in 10 years.

The new Sacramento Ship Canal will be constructed with public funds, except for such aid, if any, as given by the Federal Government; will be publicly owned for all time, and publicly operated. The western railroads are interested because it creates a deep-water port 90 miles nearer the sources of the Pacific and Orient-bound traffic. The department dealing with highways is interested in the canal, because it will make Sacramento the natural terminus of any transcontinental highway at this latitude. The Vancouver-San Diego Highway passes through Sacramento, connecting all points of importance north and south on the Pacific Coast, and the junction point of these roads becomes the center of national highway interest. The advantages of the proposed port for embarkation point of ocean-going transports in the service of the War and Navy Departments also is being emphasized in applying to the Federal Government for aid.

A report made by Major Paul M. Norboe, of the state engineering department, describes the course of the ship canal as follows:

"A consideration of topographical conditions leads to the conclusion that a ship canal should start at the southern part of Sacramento City, follow substantially the line of the city drainage canal to Snodgrass Slough, thence down the latter channel to a point near its junction with Mokelumne River; thence it should cut through into Georgiana Slough, which stream would be utilized by shortening bends and otherwise straightening it until near its junction with the Mokelumne. At this point the natural channel should be abandoned, and a straight cut made south to a junction with the San Joaquin River."

This is virtually the course decided upon by the city of Sacramento, and is clearly shown on the accompanying map. The low water depth in the San Joaquin River at the point of entry of the canal is 31 feet, and all the way down to Antioch this depth is maintained, though much of the water is 60 to 80 feet deep. The depth at Antioch—which will become an important port on the canal—is 54 feet, but a short distance below this place, the channel divides, and the smaller channels shoal to an average of about 18 feet, though the southernmost branch, called New York Channel, varies from nine to 48 feet of water, the greater part of its length being more than the required 30 feet of depth. The other two branches bear to the northwest and unite with the Sacramento near Collinsville. Both will be important "feeders" to the canal at Antioch, as they are now to the river traffic on the San Joaquin.

The length of the Sacramento Ship Canal, starting at the corporate limits of Sacramento, is to be 35 miles, divided approximately as follows:

Section 1—Sacramento to Snodgrass Slough	17 miles.
Section 2—In Snodgrass Slough	5 miles.
Section 3—Cut to Georgiana Slough	2 miles.
Section 4—In Georgiana Slough	9 miles.
Section 5—Cut to San Joaquin River	2 miles.
Total, Sacramento to San Joaquin River,	35 miles.

The great majority of the ports of the world have less than 30 feet of water at their wharves at mean low tide, less at low tide, and more at high tide, but it is believed by maritime authorities and experts that the port which can offer a minimum water level of 30 feet can handle traffic for virtually all ports and on practically all steamship lines for the next 25 years.

Within a 50-mile circle around Sacramento are produced rather more than 80 per cent of the deciduous fruits grown in California, and approximately 85 per cent of these fruits are sold in markets outside California.

Comparative Sizes of Some of the World's Great Canals

Canal	Length miles	Width at bottom feet	Width at Surface feet	Depth feet
Suez	100	108	254	36
Manchester	35½	104	220	28
North Sea	60	164	394	32
Kaiser Wilhelm	61	144	361	35
Welland	22	150	275	25
Sacramento	35	150	350	30

Swindlers Bait Traps for Small Investors

Legitimate Investment Leaves Wage Earner Prey to the Sharkers; Rich Pickings Left for Crook After Business Canvasses the Wealthy

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

This is the third of several articles by Mr. M'Garry, in which will be related some of the many forms of crookedness in which the public suffers.

WHEN bankers and brokers in the legitimate fields of investment are led into discussion of the legalized stock swindles that take millions of dollars every year from wage earners, clerks, merchants and professional men, they are fond of explaining the whole phenomenon by quoting P. T. Barnum's famous saying, "There's one born every minute." Doubtless it is true that the proportion of "suckers" in the population is tremendous, and certainly it is not confined to any one class. The rate is just as high among millionaires and bank presidents, executives and engineers, as it is among boilermakers and plumbers. Therefore, it becomes obvious that if other classes are swindled to a less degree than wage earners, there must be some other reason than the cynically superficial one given by financial experts.

A great philosopher with a deep knowledge of human nature once remarked that "man is eternally gullible." He did not refer to workingmen alone. Other writers and thinkers have gone beyond that to assert, indirectly at least, that man is inert until he finds Opportunity. Biographies of great men in all nations are filled with references to repeated failures made before the turning point was reached. The man with the largest number of failures in his record might be looked on as an outstanding example of ambition in that he was constantly trying, instead of playing always safe. Relatively few men achieve success by simply sitting down and waiting for it. They must take chances.

Rich Alone Protected

ONE of the advantages of civilization is the supposed protection it gives against loss from taking chances. In some phases of life that protection is quite complete. It is no longer necessary for man to risk his life in combat with other men and with wild animals to obtain food. He has reduced to a minimum the dangers of travel on the water. Regulation has gone far toward assuring the worker steady employment. But in the field of finance everything that has been done in the way of setting up safeguards to protect the investor has been done only for those capable of investing from $1,000 up at one time. In other words, it has been done, generally speaking, only for that class of Americans whose incomes are $5,000 a year and up. Many members of that class have been swindled by bucket shops and dishonest promoters, but the proportion of the total is not nearly so large as the proportion of wage earners cheated out of their savings, and the victims suffer less by reason of their losses than does the workingman who loses a few hundred dollars.

The reason is quite plain, once stated, but even the financial experts rarely think of it. One of America's leading authorities on stock swindles, Einar Barfod, formerly a newspaper reporter and now head of the Investors' Protective Service, Incorporated—which is not a stock-selling organization—has stated that reason. A little summary of Barfod's remarkable career may be of interest. In 20 years devoted to running down fake promoters he has yet to fail to prove his case. One of his first triumphs was over the old International Lumber and Development Company, a six million dollar swindle. He sent the promoters to jail. To do it he made an exposure that resulted in a house cleaning in the postal inspection service. Certain officials of that service refused to act against the promoters. He broke up also the Story Cotton Swindle, sending a half-dozen men to jail.

The Investment Classes

BARFOD'S headquarters have been in Philadelphia, but the range of his operations has been the country. If you happen to be approached by a man selling stock in a patent fish-catching machine in Bangor, Maine, in Tucson, on the Pacific Coast or even in Alaska, ask him if he knows Einar Barfod and if he is a professional of any experience his answer will be in the affirmative, provided he does not lie. Crooks that have never seen the nemesis of dishonest promoters know him by reputation. The wisest of the swindlers quit cold when they learn he is on the trail of one of their promotions, for Barfod's record shows that he never quits. I have known him personally for ten years, and during half of that period covered the same line of work. From contact with stock swindlers, I know that Barfod could be worth millions if he had been willing to drop some of the cases he has prosecuted, but he is relatively a poor man.

Here, then, is what Barfod says of the wholesale swindling of wage earners to whom he refers as "little investors":

"To say that the American public wants to be swindled and is the most gullible public in the world is the most popular explanation for the stock swindles which take hundreds of millions from little American investors every year. But this popular explanation is not true and readily is dissipated by an examination of a few statistics bearing on American investments. The figures used in these statistics are those of normal America before the war.

"The total incomes of all Americans then amounted to fifty-three billion dollars a year. This total was divided into three main groups, as follows:

Incomes over $5,000 a year totaled $7,000,000,000
Less than $5,000 but over $2,000, totaled 6,000,000,000
Less than $2,000 a year, totaled 40,000,000,000

"In general, with due allowance for exceptions, the last forty billion dollar group with annual incomes of less than $2,000 each is not an investment group, but a savings fund group. The second group is our middle class of small merchants and professional men and should be a strong factor in the legitimate investment field. But as a group, this middle class is no factor whatever in American investments. There is a reason for this.

"Legitimate American investments are sold on a commission of not more than three per cent. The American salesman of legitimate investment securities, therefore, aims to sell not less than one thousand dollars' worth of securities a day. In order to do this, he cultivates the acquaintanceship and trade of people with incomes of more than five thousand a year. He joins clubs and societies which put him in touch with these desirable prospects and can manage generally to put his proposition before five or six of them a day. He has no time whatever for the smaller investors because to sell them one thousand dollars' worth of securities a day, he would have to solicit fifteen or twenty of them, a physical impossibility.

"The legitimate investment field is thus left almost exclusively for the upper seven billion dollar earning class of incomes, more than $5,000 a year each, and for the ordinary investment purposes of the country, this one class has been sufficient."

Bear in mind that Mr. Barfod refers in the above only to legitimate investments. The type of security offer to the type of buyer he describes is a safe, sound investment 99 times out of 100. Thus the man who has money to invest and could afford to lose is protected in that the opportunities brought to him are virtually all good ones in which he cannot lose more than a small proportion of the funds he may invest. There is rarely any danger that he will lose the entire investment.

Where Big Commissions Lie

"THE fraudulent stock salesman, however, does not work on a three per cent commission," says Barfod. "Illegitimate securities are sold on commissions running as high as 60 per cent. When the fraudulent stock salesman, therefore, sells one hundred dollars' worth of his securities, his commission is twice as large as that obtained by the legitimate salesman selling one thousand dollars' worth of good securities. The fraudulent stock salesman, therefore, does not have to limit himself to the upper seven billion dollar class of incomes more than five thousand dollars a year. He can well afford to canvass the second or middle class of six billion dollars with incomes between five thousand and two thousand dollars a year.

"That is the real American sucker class, not by choice, not by inclination, not because it is more gullible than investors in other countries, but because it is practically abandoned by the legitimate investment business for the exclusive exploitation of the frauds. In no other country is there an upper class with the enormous annual income of seven billion dollars or with an income sufficient to absorb all ordinary investment securities. In other countries the investment bankers have always been obliged to reach into the lower classes for the smaller investors. We were obliged to do that in this country, too, during the war when the government alone needed $14,000,000,000 a year. We did it then by selling bonds in denominations of $50 and $100 and accepting monthly installments of as little as $5. That is no more than other countries do right along, to lead the little investors into good investments instead of abandoning them to the exploitations of frauds.

Governmental Guides

"IN FRANCE and England, machinery for little investors not only conserves his capital but gives the little investor an interest in the business of the country which makes him part of the solid, substantial, middle class balance. To put a stop to the American stock swindles which mulct the little investors in this country for hundreds of millions of dollars each year, it is not enough to expose and prosecute them. They will continue until some machinery is provided, a mutual investment company or something of the sort, for taking care of the little investors, canvassing them, soliciting them and selling them good securities. That is all that is needed, an active, aggressive competitor for the millions of investment funds that are wasted on frauds every year because nobody but the frauds makes any bid for it."

It will be noted that Mr. Barfod refers only to the second class of wage earners, generally the victims of bucket shops, or of salesmen operating in conjunction with promoters using bucket shops as the main outlets for their fraudulent stocks. What he says, however, applies with even greater force to the wage earner drawing $2,000 a year or less. A glance at the figures he gives of total earnings by the various classes is enough to show where the real wealth of the country lies. More money is earned and spent by wage earners than by all other classes, which include the country's multi-millionaires. It is true that the margin of funds left over after paying living expenses is smaller in the case of the wage earner, but when it is considered that total earnings of that class are three times more than the aggregate earnings of the two other classes, it is evident that the funds available for the house-to-house swindler, the bulk window operator and the ballyhoo crook run into the richest pickings known.

All that is hard on the wage earner. The banker and broker shrug their shoulders and deplore his losses, completely overlooking another factor of vital importance to themselves and to American industry. They say they would like to help if they could, but they cannot quite see their way clear to do it. The fact is that the day is coming when it will be necessary for them to get into active competition with the crooks, not only to get the investments of the wage earner, but to curb the animosity to business which they find in so many places and which is so surprising to them. Here is how Mr. Barfod explains that animosity.

Must Popularize Business

"HERE in America it sounds almost like an attack to say that a government is friendly to business. Unfriendliness to business is popular in America because business has not been popularized. Anybody here may propose confiscation of any private corporation's property without arousing any popular protest. Nobody is directly concerned except that over-solicited, over-invested, upper class of big investors with incomes over five thousand dollars a year. And all the time, the more numerous class of little investors with incomes of from five thousand to two thousand dollars a year is entirely ignored by the legitimate investment houses, exploited by crooks only, given no direct, financial interest in the business securities of the country, and, therefore, constitutes no strong, well-balanced conservative middle class in America as in England and France. And the same is true to an even greater degree of the wage earner drawing less than $2,000 a year."

The problem more and more engages attention of sound business men. One thing that has helped is the movement among various great industries to permit employes to buy stock on installment payments, and under such safeguards as to make it increasingly difficult for the crooked promoters to get that stock away from them. In that connection it may be noted that millions of wage earners who bought Liberty bonds lost them to the thieves. Those that have held out so far are still listed as possible victims in the files of the promoters. When some of the bond issues were selling around $90, crooks were willing to accept them at par in payment for their useless oil, gold mine and invention stocks.

Should Limit Speculation

CERTAIN forms of investment trusts have been suggested, and will be described in the article to follow. Legislatures can help by passing blue-sky laws, but mainly by checking up on their own laws governing the incorporation of new companies, and the operation of corporations chartered in other states. It will not help to perfect home laws so long as the outsiders are permitted to do business under charters giving them wide latitude, such as those issued in the East in Delaware and in the West in Arizona. Delaware's corporation mill will be described in the article following. It constitutes an amazing story of the fortunes to be made in legalized swindling.

One of the things that every wage earner should remember at all times, when he is asked to invest and is told of the fortunes to be made by taking a chance, is that the big investor never risks more than a small part of his income in speculations. A flier of two or three hundred dollars may represent all the savings of a working man. It should be kept in the savings bank, or in some standard bond passed on by the bank officials. Speculation should be avoided. Few wage earners, heads of families, would think of throwing all their earnings into a chance game of dice, on a single throw. But the possibility of winning is considerably greater in such a game than it is in buying stocks based on a phantom hope. If the wage earners of the country can be taught to limit their speculative investments as rich men do, the business of getting the money will be made more difficult for the crooks. The real solution, however, is for industry and finance to take a definite hand in offering protected securities to the small wage earner.

Wreckage on the Seashore Now Reclaimed

A Cast-off Builds Flotsam Castle and Makes New Man of Himself

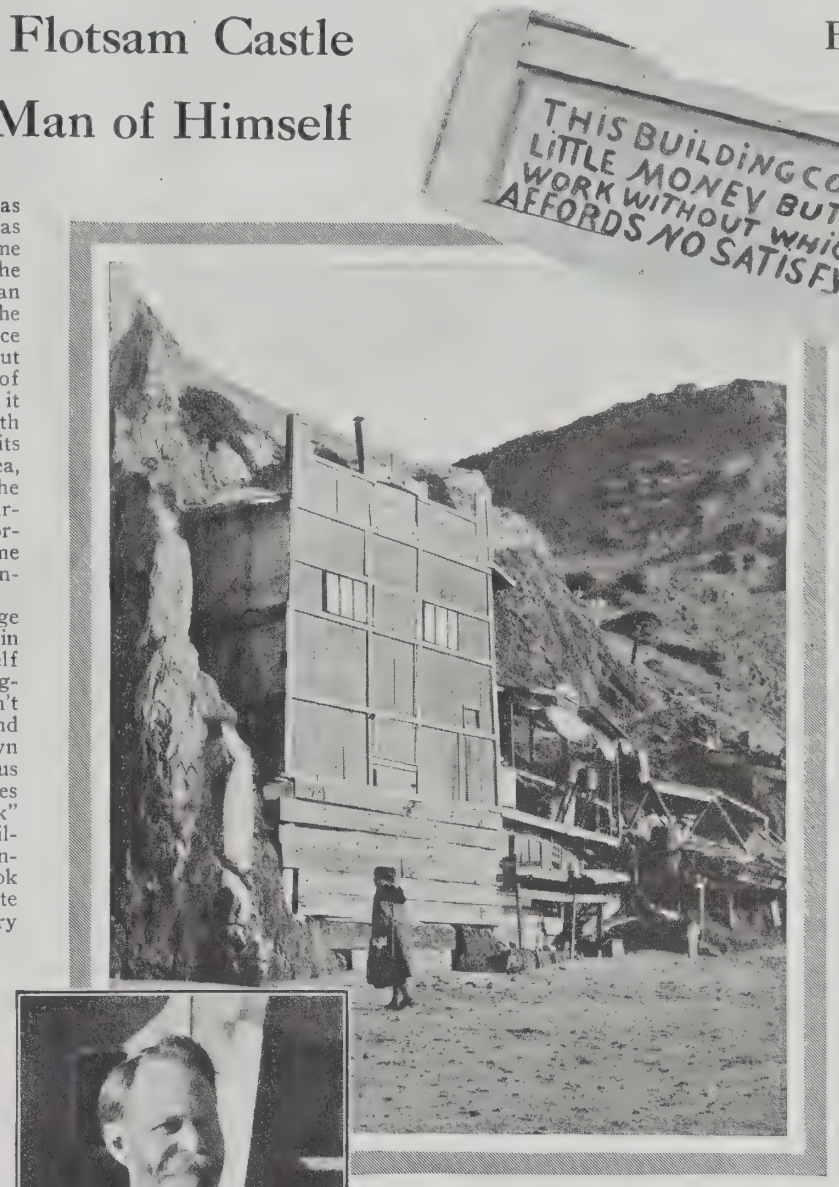
By JOHN L. VON BLON

THE cost of building, high or low, has no significance to Louis Dart. He has demonstrated that it can be overcome though material men boost prices to the limit. At the edge of the Pacific Ocean above Redondo Beach, near Los Angeles, he has reared himself a towering citadel, thrice reconstructed and enlarged it, and laid out but 20 cents in actual money! Because of the character of its composition he calls it Flotsam Castle and it carries the name with dignity. Everything that entered into its make-up he culled from the booming sea, and the same element cast up not only the exterior trimmings but all the interior furnishings. It afforded Mr. Dart the opportunity to prove the adage, "All things come to him who waits." His evidence is conclusive.

Not only did Mr. Dart acquire a strange but comfortable driftwood domicile but in the course of its assembling he built himself up from a physical wreck to a man so vigorously healthy that he avers he "couldn't be killed with an ax." His health shattered and his savings in doctors' pockets, he lay down to die in the very cove where his amphibious home now is nestled by the rock buttresses of a lofty sand-hill shore. He "came back" and likes to relate this experience to the pilgrims seeking his door. It has been an inspiration to many; and his visitors' book shows that they have come from every state in the Union except South Carolina, every great city of the world, and various remote countries—for through the tourists the fame of the bizarre castle and its philosophical laird was swiftly spread afar. Pie had something to do with it, too, that being the hermit's specialty.

Louis Dart, graduate of an Iowa law college, practiced his profession in Nebraska and the Middle West until he fell ill, lost his voice through weakness, and no longer was able to plead before the bar. Then the doctors had their inning for years, he says. They told him he had Bright's disease and gave him up when his funds were exhausted. He drifted farther west, cooked in mining and construction camps when able, even serving the army in this capacity at Camp Funston, and finally going to work on a great Southern California rancho. There, on the sands near Redondo Beach, came his crisis when unable to toil longer. Hopeless and "broke," barely able to stand, an old Spanish woman looking for clams found him on the beach. Pointing to a little spring that gushes out of the rock she told him to drink plenty and he would get well.

He decided to try this simple treatment, found a shabby tent somewhere, pitched it near the spring, drank often and ate nothing—because he had no food.



LOUIS DART and Flotsam Castle.

He lived a month on spring water and sea air, his system got a housecleaning, and the sickness disappeared. Goaded by a fierce appetite he found strength to climb the bluff, came upon some ripe tomatoes growing wild in a grain field, and physical salvation! He ate his fill, then and many times afterward, and soon was sound from head to feet. That was three years ago, but he's still at the wonderful spring. He determined that it should be his home, and there he built his house. The breakers brought the lumber free for the taking—free as the air-lanes followed by the pelicans winging their way with ponderous dignity as they pass and repass before the structure that soon arose; first as a rather tiny habitation reminiscent of a Sicilian peasant's precipice-hung hut but since expanded into a four-story pile. Lithe, upstanding, muscular and powerful, Mr. Dart labored with prodigious energy from dawn until night, placing even the heaviest timbers alone.

Coastwise vessels pass in numbers about 10 miles out, and many lumber carriers dock at Redondo Beach, but when it came to furnishing the picturesque castle there was dearth of flotsam that would serve the purpose. About this time the 45-foot yacht *Genevieve* of Los Angeles, a fine craft well equipped, was wrecked a few hundred yards offshore from the Dart house, and a wealth of necessaries virtually was tossed into his arms. In the debris—and this appealed to him particularly—was the frame of a small stove from the galley. Piece by piece the various parts rose from the ocean's bed, but a patient wait of nearly two years ensued before an extremely high tide rolled up the last lid, rusty but serviceable. Neptune's "white horses" laid it at his very steps.

Because beach strollers, and there are hundreds, pass the castle, of necessity it soon attracted much interest. The Boy Scouts, always climbing and signaling alongshore, made it their rendezvous. Artists came to paint it. They wanted something to eat. Mr. Dart, being a cook, began to make and serve pies, "for a fellow has to make a living," he remarked. The pies "took." He has baked nearly 8,000, three at a time, in that one little galley stove. Of these he admits he has himself consumed 500 and not only survived but thrived, hence they must be good. He serves them on huge circular tables made of the four ends of two cable spools still bearing the stamps of ports on all the oceans, and which were washed up just when most needed. And so with everything, from paint to window glass, stairs to stools—even canvas for awnings. The 20 cents expended on the castle was for shingle nails, needed in a hurry to roof some exposed portion when rain threatened. The billows brought all the other spikes and nails requisite for solid construction.

Flotsam Castle boasts a comfortable living room on the second floor, where the laird oft sits at his window to enjoy the organ-roll of curving waves and restless tides, watch the sun sink in a cauldron of molten gold or see the sails of a distant boat flash silver in the quivering moonlight. Under this window is a homemade, homely sign that reads: "This building cost but little money but much work, without which life affords no satisfying kick." It is a typical bit of Dart philosophy. His only home companions are a large gray cat, ever ready to unsheath ugly claws, and a smart, friendly guinea pig. A sign introduces these to visitors thus:

"My family—
Outside its appetite—
Is not so very big.
Just a brindle Thomas cat
And a black-nosed guinea pig."

The hermit of Flotsam Castle thinks of many things, as his placards indicate. Conspicuously displayed in the "dining room" is a print of a pretty, laughing mother fondling her babe, and in a corner of the rude frame, in Mr. Dart's bold handwriting, these lines:

"Parenthood is a physical thing;
Motherhood a state of mind.
There are but few mothers these days."

This appealed so forcefully to a prominent California club leader that she expressed the wish that every woman in the world could read it.

"Don't pay someone else to do your thinking," was Louis Dart's advice to a group of his Boy Scout friends. "Do it yourself. You have been provided with a brain. Develop it and you will command all the forces of nature. Don't be a mental clam and close up at every approach. Think! And life for you will be one long, drawn-out joy. Think for yourself and think of the other fellow—not for him."

Fear often has been expressed that Flotsam Castle and its doughty master would sometime be swept out to sea but he is unafraid, and it has withstood the severest buffetings without a tremor. When storms come the water swirls about its foundations and the spray flies over the roof, but it is so substantially set between the rocks and so strongly re-enforced at the base that the ocean cannot well reach behind it. "The sea can't hurt me no matter how far it comes," says Dart. "The waves would simply push me up against the rocks, and there would be no danger of drifting away." Serene and snug he dwells beside the Pacific, believing, like the crippled but splendidly virile poet. Henley,

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Things in the Making
SILK

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

SILK is the product of a little caterpillar, being the substance of which the cocoon is formed, in which it reposes in its chrysalis state.

The moth of the silkworm is a quiet grayish moth, with no beauty to recommend it, its sole business appearing to be to lay the eggs which are to furnish the next crop of spinners. These eggs are about the size of a grain of mustard seed, and care has to be exerted in hot climates to see that they do not hatch before the time when their natural food is ready for them.

The silkworm in its wild state feeds only on the leaves of the mulberry tree.

In hatching eggs on a large scale, for silk manufacture, they are placed in a room, the temperature of which is gradually raised, until the tenth day, when it reaches 82 degrees. When the eggs turn whitish it is a sign that they are nearly ready to be hatched. Sheets of perforated paper, or pieces of clear muslin are placed over the eggs, and the little worms as they come out of their shells climb through the upper surface of the paper or muslin.

Small twigs of mulberry are placed on the paper, and as the worms climb on to them they are carried away to the rearing house, and other twigs are laid on.

Little artificial hedges of twigs are formed on the shelves on which the worms are fed, and when they are quite ready and have no longer any inclination to eat, they climb among the twigs and seek a convenient place for forming their cocoons.

They first spin thin, loose threads and inside of these they form a hollow ball, firm and elastic, which can be unraveled into one continuous thread, varying in length from 300 to 600 yeards.

The emission of all this silk, which has been secreted in two spiral vessels contained in the stomach of the worm, greatly reduces its size, and when, at the end of three or four days, the cocoon is completed, it rests for a while. Then it changes its last caterpillar skin for the chrysalis form and would, if undisturbed, emerge in about 15 or 20 days, a moth.

To reel the silk a little machine turned by hand is employed, which contains a large reel to form the skein of silk. This is usually about one yard in circumference, with a wheel which guides the thread to and fro in the same manner in which sewing cotton is wound on reels. Attached to this is a small boiler, about eighteen inches long and six inches deep, under which there is a small charcoal fire. Into this boiler the cocoons are thrown when the water is nearly boiling, and after a few minutes their gum is sufficiently softened for the loose filaments to float off.

The reeler takes four or more of these in her hand and twisting them together they adhere by means of the softened gum, and when attached to the reel, are wound off as one thread. By this means their strength is greatly increased. When the thread from one cocoon breaks it is not necessary to tie a knot, the stickiness of the silk being sufficient to unite the ends.

After reeling, the silk is sent to a mill where it is worked.

How the Banks Multiply the Dollar by Twenty

People Finance Agents and Latter Take Peoples' Money From Them; The Public Furnishes Fourteen-fifteenths of All Bank Resources

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

This is the second of three articles by Mr. Howe; the third will appear in an early issue.

IN A previous article we showed how the banker multiplies the dollar by ten through provisions of the banking laws that permit the banker to lend ten times as much money as he keeps on hand as a "legal reserve."

We will now approach banking from another point of view; we will discuss it as a business proposition, much as a promoter might discuss it, who was seeking to interest men in a new banking proposition. We will show, as a promoter might show, that the banker multiplies the dollar that he invests by 20 by the use of other people's money. For the banker gets most of his capital from the people. He gathers in the savings, the wages and the profits of 105,000,000 people and then uses them. For every dollar that the banker invests the people invest $13.90, which he uses as though they were his own.

The following table has been compiled from the report of the Controller of the Currency for the year 1920: (page 251)

Type of Bank	Number of	Capital Stock	Surplus Fund	Other Undivided Profits	All Deposits	All Loans	All Resources
State and private banks	22,109	$1,478,473,000	$1,423,962,000	$429,473,000	$23,664,753,000	$17,171,091,000	$29,667,055,000
National banks	8,030	1,224,166,000	986,384,000	546,788,000	14,018,810,000	14,085,056,000	23,411,253,000
Total	30,139	$2,702,639,000	$2,410,346,000	$976,261,000	$37,683,563,000	$31,256,147,000	$53,079,108,000

Let us see what this table tells us. There is startling information in this group of figures.

(1) The total capital stock of the 30,139 national and state banks of the country amounts to $2,702,639,000. This is the money *invested by the stockholders* in the banking business. It is the same as an investment made in any other business.

(2) The surplus fund appearing in column three amounts to $2,410,346,000. This surplus is made up in two ways. A part of it, but not a very large part, has been paid in by the stockholders at the time of the organization of the bank to create a surplus for organization expenses, for building, fixtures, and so on, so that the bank may start as a strong institution. Should any losses occur, they could be paid out of this surplus and not impair the capital stock of the corporation. The great bulk of the surplus, however, has been accumulated out of earnings. It is profits that were made but not distributed to the shareholders as dividends. In the case of the national banks, the surplus amounts to about 75 per cent of the total capital paid in. This surplus belongs to the stockholders. It could be distributed in dividends if the stockholders so desired.

(3) In the fourth column, other undivided profits appear. They amount to $976,261,000. These, too, are earnings that have not been distributed in dividends. They, too, are owned by the stockholders. They, too, can be paid out in dividends if the stockholders so desire.

People's Share, 37 Billions

HERE, then, we have capital, surplus, and other undivided profits amounting to $6,089,246,000, which is the property of the owners of the banks. Of this sum $3,386,607,000 has been contributed by the people in the form of earnings which are now the property of the stockholders.

(4) We now come to the individual deposits—to "other people's money" placed in the banks as savings, as trust funds, or as commercial deposits. These deposits represent the combined contributions of the entire population. They amount to $37,683,563,000. They are the wages, savings, and currently created wealth of 105,000,000 people. The universality of these deposits is indicated by the fact that in 1920 there were 20,520,177 depositors in the national banks alone. This is approximately one depositor for every five persons. The number of depositors has increased rapidly in recent years. The number has grown by 11,439,374 since 1910. Quite obviously, the average deposits are not large. These deposits are owned by the entire population of the country. Almost every family is represented in the deposits of the national banks alone. The depositors in the state banks, savings banks and trust companies are probably in excess of 20,000,000 more or 40,000,000 in all.

(5) The loans and discounts of the banks amount to $31,256,147,000. This is the money that is out on interest, on promissory notes, bills of exchange, mortgages, and so on. It is made up of capital, surplus and deposits.

(6) The thing that stands out in this table is the fact that for every dollar invested by the stockholders of the banks, the people of the country have invested $13.90 in the banks. Thirty-seven billions of banking resources belong to the people. In other words, the bankers use not only their own money but the money of the people, in a ratio of 1 to 14. In no other business is this true. In no other industry of any kind do the owners have at their disposal at no interest, or at a low rate of interest, 14 times as much capital as they themselves invest.

In the national banks, the percentage of resources owned by the people is even higher. And it has been growing with great rapidity.

In 1899 the deposits in the national banks were 5.71 times the capital stock. In 1914 deposits were 7.72 times the amount of capital stock. In 1919 the deposits were 15.14 times the capital stock. In recent years, owing to the consolidation of banks and other causes, deposits have increased much faster than in any previous time in the history of our country.

Herein is one explanation of the economic power of the banks and of the profitable nature of the business. Whereas other business men pay from six per cent to eight per cent for their money, bankers pay nothing for commercial deposits, and two per cent, three per cent or three and one-half per cent for time or savings deposits. Controlling the situation as they do through clearing house associations, and so on, they fix without appeal the interest they pay to others, and in turn fix the interest which all other persons shall pay to them. The thrift, the savings, the sacrifices of the people are remunerated by a small return, while the bankers double and treble the interest they receive at no sacrifice or manifestation of thrift on their part. The difference between the interest paid by the bankers and the interest received is one source of the bankers' earnings. It is a wholly arbitrary profit. It is not regulated by law. It is not regulated by state banking commissioners. The usury laws are ignored in many parts of the country, while a great part of the deposits and savings of the people are, as will be shown later, used against the people.

Why Deposits Are Sought

NO OTHER business gets its working capital at so low a cost as does the bank. It gets it on its own terms. This is why bankers struggle for deposits. The earnings they make are the difference between what they pay the depositors and what they collect from those to whom they make loans.

Were banking organized as it should be, those who invest 14/15 of the resources of the bank would be treated as partners. They would have some control over their own money. They would share in the management of the bank as they do in the co-operative banks of Europe, as they did in the mutual savings banks of New England, where all the earnings go back to the depositors. More than this, if they shared in the control, they would decrease interest rates. They would increase the returns paid to depositors. But what is far more important, they would dedicate their own money to their own needs, rather than permit it to be used against them, as it frequently is today.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Co-operative Bank of Cleveland recognizes this principle. It is the only bank in the country that does. It limits the dividends to stockholders to 10 per cent; it pays four per cent interest to depositors, and at the end of the year it distributes a consumers' dividend to the depositors out of the net earnings.

If we think of this a moment, we will see why the people have a right to be interested in banking; why they have a right to protest against many banking practices. For it is their money that the bankers use. For this reason the deflation of the farmer with the farmer's own money is particularly reprehensible. For this reason the use of the people's money for speculation and stock jobbing, rather than for production, is particularly censurable. For this reason the conspiracy by the bankers to break up organized labor and crush unionism and to reduce the standards of living of labor by the use of labor's own money is especially indefensible.

There are many strange things in the world in which we live, but that the people should turn over their money to agents that they themselves have permitted to exist; that they should permit these agents to use the people's money to take their own property from them, to throw them out of employment, and even to bankrupt them is the strangest fact of all.

The people have forged tools in the form of banking credit to build a wonderful civilization. They have created an agency of wonderful possibilities. Having done this they have turned these agencies over to private individuals, and permitted them to use them as they will. And they have gone so far in recent years that they have reduced hundreds of thousands of persons to poverty; they have made millions of men walk the streets needlessly, and in the industrial regions they have reduced men to personal slavery. For the miners of West Virginia, the steel mill workers of Pennsylvania, the tenants on the farms of the great West have little more freedom than had their forefathers in Europe a century and a half ago. And the servitude under which these classes are suffering in America is the product of a credit power, created by the people for their own well-being, but used by the bankers for their own private gain.

The Pyramiding Marvel

THE loans and discounts of the banks are not their only assets. On examining the table referred to, we find that the total resources or assets of the banks in 1920 amounted to $53,079,108,000. This is the total credit resources with which the banks do business. It consists of loans and discounts, and also of stocks, bonds, and other securities and properties owned by the banks. The grand total amounts to approximately 20 times the capital stock of the banks. In other words, for every dollar invested by the banker he has $20 of property working for him.

If other business men were able to pyramid their investments as the banker is able to pyramid his, a man with $10,000 invested in a farm would have assets of $200,000 to work with. The man who invested $5,000 in a store would have $100,000 of resources to work with; the worker with $1,000 invested in a truck would have $20,000 to work with; the tenant farmer with $500 of tools would have $10,000 of assets to work with. In no other business do men get control of such a colossal working capital as do the bankers. In no other business do they get their working resources on such easy terms.

Here is a second reason why the bankers are opposed to co-operative banks and the organization of more banks. Here is another reason why Wall Street has made such bitter attacks upon the State Bank of North Dakota. It has been subjected to every conceivable assault by the bankers and by the press. Yet it has withstood them all. The State Bank of North Dakota threatened to disclose to the farmers of the West not only the wonders of credit when dedicated to service, but the power which can be wielded for the betterment of the people, when the people control their own banking agencies.

Great Inventions

IT CAN be said that the invention which has done more than any other to revolutionize the practice of the business world, is the typewriting machine. Less than a century ago all documents, letters, the daily correspondence of great business firms, were written by hand with a pen.

Looking backward on this method of inscribing, it appears almost a primitive one, now that the typewriter has come into daily use.

The first attempt on record to produce a mechanical writing machine appears to be a patent issued in England in 1714. No model of the machine was submitted, however, only a drawing, and there is no record that the machine was ever constructed.

In 1829, an American, W. A. Burt, obtained a patent on a small machine which he called a "typographer," while in 1833 a typewriter was patented in France, which had a separate key lever for each letter.

During the years 1844 to 1846 several machines were invented in England, which were designed primarily for the use of the blind and produced embossed characters.

In 1843, Charles Thurber, an American, got out a machine which had a set of type bars placed in a vertical position around a horizontal brass wheel. This wheel revolved about a central post, the characters being brought into position by hand from either direction. The lower end of the type bars were fitted with ordinary type.

In 1856, A. E. Beach took out a patent for a machine intended to print embossed letters for the blind. The principle of this machine was destined to become that of the modern typewriter, that is, a basket of levers arranged in a circle.

S. W. Francis some years later added to this circle of type bars an action of keys similar to that of the piano.

About 1867, Charles L. Sholes, Samuel W. Soule and Carlos Glidden, of Milwaukee, began to experiment in making models of typewriters. A year later they obtained the financial aid of James Densmore, who purchased an interest in the machines, and continued the experiments.

In 1873, the gun manufacturers, E. Remington & Son, of Ilion, New York, became interested in the machine and, after a year's work by their skilled mechanics, produced a model which they put on the market in 1874. This model retained only the principles of the original construction.

From that time down to the present, improvements in typewriter machines have been varied and numerous. All sorts of attachments have been added; the backspacer, the tabulator, the two-color ribbon attachment, a subtracter, an adder, and many others.

The Figure at Labor's Crossroad: the Alien

One View of the Crisis Which the Strikes of 1922 Have Brought; Must Organized Labor Become Reorganized Labor? Is the Inquiry

By LEWIS HARPER

THE strike summer of 1922 may mark a turning point in the history of the American labor movement. Organized labor must become reorganized labor—but who is going to reorganize it?

Ignoring the labels, tags and shibboleths, the two forces now contending for the mastery of the labor movement are fundamentally racial in character. They represent ideals which grow out of different sorts of race consciousness and traditions. It is one of fate's subtle ironies that Samuel Gompers, a man of another stock, is the titular and actual leader of the forces within organized labor, which correspond to the North European racial strains, and their ideals of social and political action. It is also true that the leaders of the other tendency—the revolutionary, disruptive and internationalist faction—are quite frequently of old American breed.

But history takes little account of the geographical origin of formulas and creeds, and less of the accidental roles of individuals who may be cast in dramas out of joint with their genealogy. Essentially the old line leaders of organized labor today are dominated by the social and moral conceptions of North European civilization. The other faction is nothing more nor less than the successors of the leaders of the countless but futile servile insurrections which have rocked the Mediterranean world from prehistoric time. That the division between these forces is on the lines indicated is proved by their antagonistic attitude on the subject of immigration restriction. This is the unfailing reagent which will precipitate the different elements in any mixture of labor factions. Their REAL attitude on this very practical and concrete issue is the key that reveals their opposed philosophies in their entirety. It is in regard to immigration that the revolutionist, the syndicalist and the internationalist will always be found to be in irreconcilable opposition to laborites of the other school, no matter how radical the latter may think themselves to be.

America's Debt to Leaders

THE psychology of this is interesting and inevitable. One cannot be a genuine disciple of socialism, syndicalism or any other form of the servile cults which underlie the alien labor movement, without repudiating utterly the very existence of superior biological values. The belief in such values is the death of equalitarian theories, but it is this very belief, long since confirmed by science, that gives validity to the American purpose which has so long demanded immigration restriction, and has at last succeeded in achieving a considerable measure of it.

It is well worth noting by the American people that this issue, which divides the forces at present contending for the control of the American labor movement, is the issue which organized labor long ago made its very own. The long fight of organized labor for immigration restriction is its greatest service to America —even to all humanity when the ultimate issues are considered. If the fight is crowned with final success, America will literally owe its future to the pioneer work for race preservation done by the leaders of her workingmen. Even today the West owes the fact that it is American and not Chinese to humble agitators of the San Francisco sand lots, especially to Denis Kearney. This fact was recognized as long ago as 1897 by Theodore Roosevelt, but even at that late date he was practically the only "intellectual" to appraise the true value of that service. The "educated" classes, immersed in the false equalitarian metaphysics and the grad grind economies of the period, heaped contumely on the heads of the humble men who halted the yellow tide and made of American unionism something more than the "rear guard on the march to cooliedom."

From all this, the reader may be inclined to think that the writer is a "friend of labor." In the ancient meaning of the phrase the writer would be glad to claim the distinction, but in view of its abuse, must repudiate it. *It has come to pass that "friends of labor" are the only enemies that labor need fear today.*

The Poison Within

THE "friends of labor" appear to be increasing their deadly work. More and more labor leaders are being inculcated with the poisonous futilisms of our "kept liberals." The alien hordes, whose admission labor has always fought, are no longer accepting the leadership of the native leaders after they become organized over here, but are forming their own units and are industriously preparing to wrest the leadership from the men who have heretofore guided the movement.

The "friend of labor" today is too often the man who will not tell labor the truth. The political demagogue and the newspaper publisher frantically seeking mass circulation to sell to department stores, now as never before, are telling workingmen what they think they like to hear. They are not only misrepresenting present conditions, but trying to falsify recent history. They are even trying to make labor ashamed of the fact that it was patriotic and supported its government in the war.

Point and effectiveness has, of course, been given to all these wiles of the "friends of labor" by the senseless and indiscriminating abuse of unionism by professional labor baiters such as the financial press and some eastern newspapers. The immigration question will soon be the keynote of the whole fight for control of the labor movement. The radical element is appealing more and more to the alien rank and file of many unions to throw off their old leaders and is using the sympathy of the aliens for their compatriots back home as a wedge to drive in their ideas of world revolution, international class struggle and proletarian dictatorship.

Aliens on Free List

THE history of the American labor movement has been one of constant effort to keep up American standards against alien armies imported by employers blind to everything except immediate profit. Big business and much of little business has been more international in its attitude than Marx or Lenin, when it comes to the free movement of labor. *In the days of the highest tariffs, aliens were on the free list. Americans were driven not only out of whole industries but out of whole areas. In Western Pennsylvania, once the home of workingmen descended from a stalwart Scotch-Irish pioneer breed, who made the steel industry, they were driven not only out of the mills but out of the country. The American miner first, and after him his first supplanters, the Welsh and Cornishmen, were driven westward by fresh alien hordes imported to break down decent standards as soon as they were set up. The successive strikes in the coal industry up to John Mitchell's time were desperate rear guard actions fought in the westward retreat of the American miner from Pennsylvania to Oklahoma.* The war is still on in West Virginia, and is bound to take on an even deeper racial tinge as the resistance of the mountain folk stiffens year by year.

After each importation of aliens in any industry the leaders of organized labor have sought to retrieve their losses by organizing the newcomers and affiliating them with the remnants of their old forces. Their success in this line is a tribute to their remarkable ability. To this day the leadership in many of the most polyglot unions is the same as it was when the rank and file of those unions were English speaking.

The writer recalls one night in the National Hotel at Washington when all the district leaders of the United Mine Workers of America were present. Although the bulk of the miners today are Slav or Mediterranean, and interpreters speaking over a dozen languages are sometimes necessary in a single mining county, nearly all of these district leaders were Irish, Scotch or American.

The Strike Cause

BUT there is a limit even to all this resourcefulness and ability. The old-time labor leaders are finding it hard to keep the movement on American lines. Slowly they are altering their tactics. For a long time the railroad unions were the most conservative in America, and they are today less alienized than any. Proportionally, there are far more Americans working on railroads than can be found in business on city streets. But the rail unions are beginning to change their attitude. They are going in for political action and political propaganda, and more and more this propaganda tends to take on a syndicalist or soviet hue, largely because of the fact that the unions have hired corps of "publicity" men, "experts," "economists" and "social workers" who are fresh from the most fetid and fecund breeding grounds of socialism—the universities and the social settlements. These are beginning to exert a tremendous influence on union labor and have, in fact, radically altered the tone of the labor press in the last year or two The older labor ideals are going to the pot fast.

Several recent strikes, which have intensely irritated the consuming public, were partially if not wholly due to internal conditions wrought by these new men and new ideas. The public is beginning to realize that *strikes are often the outgrowth of internal union politics. Sometimes a labor leader is driven to a strike just as a monarch used to be driven to declare war to avert revolution. The coal strike of 1919 was partially due to an internal struggle between the radical and conservative forces, both being also somewhat under the sinister influence of groups of unscrupulous operators who had their own ends to serve by the strike.* The steel strike of 1919 was partly an effort of the radicals to unhorse the Gompers faction and partly an attempt to stage a revolutionary strike on the European model. This phase of the struggle was, however, unknown to the majority of the men, *certain groups of aliens only were let in on this plan and many of the leaders knew little or nothing of it.*

Labor Asks Social Reconstruction

ANOTHER factor that complicates the problem for the leaders who are trying to keep the labor movement on its old lines, is the obsolescence of many of the old forms and weapons of agitation. Formerly the appeal to the worker was very simple. He was told that his demands could be paid out of the boss's profits. When a demand was won, of course, the boss passed the cost on to the public—of which the men were a part. As long as organized labor consisted of a very small minority, usually of skilled specialists, it was possible for the organized groups to make great gains, while the cost was spread out over a large number of consumers. But as unions have grown, the fact that wages are paid out of production, and that one man's wage raise comes out of some other workingman's pocket, has become increasingly apparent to the leaders, however little the rank and file may have yet begun to realize it.

Recent statistical studies of national income, which have shown that *capital takes only about 30 per cent of production for profits, rent and interest, out of which the replacement and expansion of the nation's industrial plant must come,* have had a disturbing effect on many labor leaders. In Britain, as is well known, these facts, knocked into the workers' consciousness in the coal and rail strikes, have profoundly altered the course of the labor movement there. They have had no such effect here as yet, but that the limitations of what may be achieved by the labor movement under its old system of tactics, which involved demands as to distribution only and ignored the productive side, are beginning to be realized by labor leaders may be seen in the argument to the Railroad Labor Board made by the striking shop crafts before the recent wage cut. In that remarkable document the labor leaders went on record as recognizing that the industry could not pay what they believed they were entitled to demand, and frankly avowed that they now favored a complete reconstruction of industrial society.

Immigration Crucial Thing

OF COURSE, labor was bound sooner or later to reach the stage where it would have to consider the reorganization of the movement with a view of adjusting itself to some plan for increasing production to maintain and enhance the living standards of its members. It is now approaching that point in the midst of a struggle for control which will turn the whole movement either toward plans for industrial co-operation with capital or toward the revolutionary gold of syndicalism and "seizure of the means of production." Let no one deceive himself into believing that the Russian disaster has proved a deterrent to the radicals. Sovietism is a cult, not a scheme for industrial management. Like all other fanaticisms like Mohammedanism, witch-doctoring or any other brain paralyzing creed, facts will have no effect on its course. If there is anything certain in human affairs this is, and students of mass psychology have demonstrated that no race, clime or country is immune from such waves.

The immigration question will probably prove to be the point upon which the struggle will turn. Organized labor has long shared with Professor Williford I. King, and other economists, the belief that, with immigration shut off, the American living standard may be raised until poverty is practically eliminated. But the restrictions on immigration are the most terrible form of sacrilege to those who believe Marx gospel.

When organized labor wavers on the immigration issue, Americans may just as well make up their minds that the revolutionary idea has triumphed in American unionism, and that the movement is no longer one of men who draw their inspiration from Plymouth Rock and Runnymede.

Sargent's Latest Paintings in Boston Museum

Five Years' Work Expressed in Wonderful Decorations of Dome of Rotunda

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

THERE have recently been unveiled in the dome of the rotunda at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, at the head of the main staircase, the latest works of John Singer Sargent, the wonderful decorations in combined painting and sculpture, on which the artist has been at work for five years. At the unveiling they were viewed by a throng of citizens, in that sort of hushed silence which is the first tribute of intelligent appreciation. Those privileged to see the decorations first were the subscribers to and supporters of the Museum.

There is nothing sensational about these Sargent works—nor is there, for that matter, about any of Sargent's work—no confusion of the mind or sense in looking at them; nothing hectic or bizarre; nothing meretricious or modern. Nothing except beauty of line or color, of form and of composition such as one gets from a beautiful flower, a face or a vista that stirs the imagination. And like all beautiful things in which the parts balance and harmonize, it does not lend itself to sudden or superficial analysis. The work is so beautiful that it commands silence.

While the world is more or less familiar with the Sargent decorations in the Boston Public Library, about one of which, entitled "The Synagogue," there has been so much recent controversy, naturally one would look for something reminiscent of these. But no. There is little in common between them, except that both are the creation and work of the same master—the same superb, versatile genius. The library decorations take one through the confusion and terror of the regions of the ancient world up to the calm faith of mediæval Christianity on the one hand and up to the Hebraic vision of an ultimate, fuller life on the other. But the Museum decorations all suggest or give expression of the beauty, the dignity and repose, and breadth of understanding with which the Fine Arts have suffused the imagination of all the ages since man began to think and to create things of beauty.

Mr. Sargent has been working for five years on these decorations although not constantly. He has done an immense amount of other work in the meantime, but this particular work has been on his mind all the while, whether he was sketching at the front during the war, or resting and sketching out in the Canadian Rockies. He was told to take his time on this work, and he did. One feels the calm of thought in every line of the work.

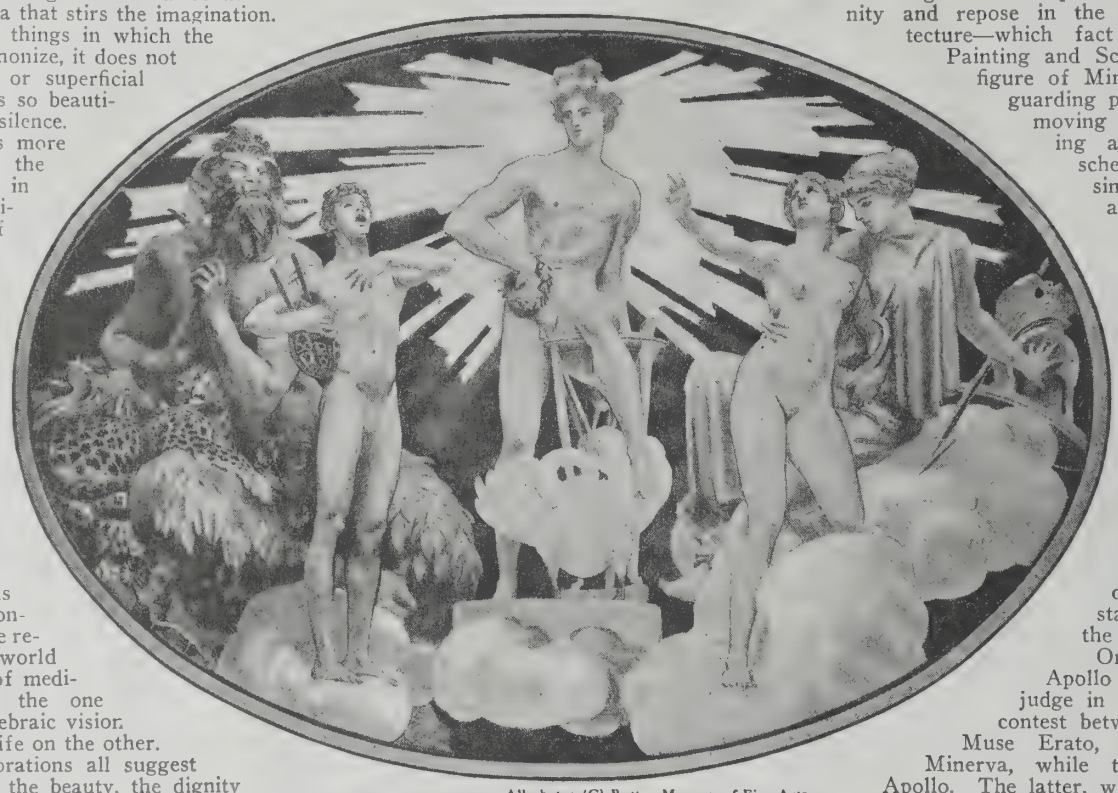
And it was work that required calm thought, much study and much preliminary sketching. The rotunda is in plan, an ellipse with its major axis in the line of approach from the main staircase. The dome is suspended on four piers separated by arches, three of which open into rectangular recesses containing galleries on columns. The surface of the dome is divided into four main sections by ribs, each section containing a large elliptical canvas by Sargent above the arch. Each rib displays three different subjects. Just beyond the rotunda in the tapestry room is a model of the inside of the dome, one-eighth size, on which Sargent planned out every bit of the work he did in the larger dome. On this model he experimented and it will be noted that here four larger paintings were worked out in low relief. At first he thought he would make four compositions in relief with a colored background, but he changed his mind and decided to paint these and carry out a scheme of relief decorations in other parts of the whole design. There are 16 pieces in the whole decoration.

And it is unique in that it actually shows more relief of sculpture than painting. In these decorations Sargent demonstrated that he is a great sculptor as well as painter. What is more, he changed the interior architecture of the dome to meet the requirements of his decorative scheme. Every bit of molding, tracery or framework is as much his as the paintings and the sculptures.

The predominant color of the figures is a golden tone against a blue background. Although the brilliant coloring first attracts the eye and enlivens the somewhat austere surroundings of the Museum, the great feature of the decorations is the successful use of this bas-relief. It has been said that here he composed a symphony of the three arts—Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. With all the brilliancy of the work, there is no attempt at over-emphasis of color in his paintings. In fact, the color scheme, when studied, is found to be very chaste and simple, with only an occasional blend of warmer colors with the blue, white and gold. He pleased himself and was fancy free in this work.

He did not work out a theme. Rather he expressed some thoughts and feelings regarding art. As the visitor mounts the staircase, the subject of the large oval before him represents Architecture, Painting and Sculpture protected by Athena from the ravages of Time. The painting on the right shows a group that personifies Classical and Romantic Art—in the center, Apollo; on the left, Pan and Orpheus and on the right Erato and Minerva. The painting on the left shows Apollo surrounded by the Nine Muses and the painting over the stairway entrance is called the Chimera and the Sphinx, showing a winged nude female figure descending and as if about to kiss the lips of an inscrutable Egyptian Sphinx. In many ways this is the most enigmatic and remarkable of the four large paintings.

Then there are four smaller circular paintings depicting Music, Astronomy, Prometheus attacked by a vulture sent by Zeus, and Ganymede carried off by Zeus in the form of an eagle. Above these are four relief sculptures, framed—Cupid and Venus; the Three Graces; Venus and Psyche and the Three Dancers. There are also four unframed relief sculptures showing the education of Achilles by the Centaur Chiron; Amphion, one of the twin sons of Zeus, who became a great musician; Satyr and Maenad, and Fame. Besides these there are four open lunettes in the dome, each of which is treated in such a way as to fall into the general decorative scheme. Other subjects treated are: Astronomy; Amphion, the great poet and musician, rescued by a dolphin; Aphrodite and Eros.



All photos (C) Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Pan, Apollo and Orpheus. Sargent's group personifying Classical and Romantic Art.

In the group of the Arts, the three main figures make a stunning composition. The make figure, typifying Sculpture, showing a nude torso, is both graceful and powerful. There is fine dignity and repose in the central figure, Architecture—which fact also embraces both Painting and Sculpture. The helmeted figure of Minerva in watchful and guarding pose contrasts with the moving figure of Time swinging a scythe. The color scheme in this group is simple, but very effective and harmonious.

There is a wonderful circular sweep in the group which shows Apollo and the Nine Muses, all Greek in line and character. The draperies on the Nine Muses are well managed and the heads, arms and hands are in just harmony with the rhythmic movements of the figures. The statuesque figure of Apollo with the lyre stands in the center of the moving group.

One painting shows Apollo acting as a sort of judge in a singing and musical contest between Orpheus and the Muse Erato, who is guarded by Minerva, while the god Pan guards Apollo. The latter, with the shafts of light radiating behind him, is partially seated on the prophetic tripod with a swan in front of him instead of a snake—holding a wreath in his right hand, which is resting on his hip as he gazes at Orpheus, who is singing. Even Pan, the greatest Pan ever painted, seems to be spellbound by the singer, and the Muse Erato on the other side, holding a lyre in one arm and lightly embraced by Minerva, seems to be overcome by the Orphic voice, Sargent calls this Classical and Romantic Music.

But the strangest fancy of all is expressed by the painting which is entitled "Chimera and the Sphinx." This has aroused a great deal of curiosity. Whether it is a mere whim of Sargent's or whether it has some deep, symbolical meaning, is a question that the artist alone can answer. He has said very little to anyone about the significance of these various groups of paintings and sculptures. In this particular group is the nude figure of a winged woman, her face hovering over the stone face of the Sphinx as if about to ask the question which only the Sphinx can answer.

The Chimera to the ancients was at first an unsightly figure with the head of a lion, the body of the goat and the tail of a serpent. Sometimes it was pictured with three heads—that of a lion, a goat and a bear. But in Roman times the Chimera—a figment of the imagination—took on the form of a voluptuous female. Says one critic: "It may be that this imaginative figure of a winged female expresses Sargent's idea of the modern woman who has broken the golden shackles that held her and flies freely about the world, only to be arrested in her flight by one great question which the Sphinx suggests: 'What does it all mean?'"

Two of the larger paintings are in the form of upright ovals; the other two larger ones are horizontal ovals. The smaller paintings are circular, with the sculptures in the ribs or space between the four larger paintings. The sculptures at the top are in much higher relief than those at the bottom. It was originally intended to have three large lunette paintings, but a study of the problem convinced Mr. Sargent that this was impossible because of the shadows thrown. He then turned his attention to the surfaces of the dome itself, but this involved a



Medallion representing "Music."



Above, left—Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, with helmeted figure of Minerva and Father Time with his scythe. Center—Medallion representing Astronomy. Right—Chimera and the Sphinx. Below—Apollo and the Nine Muses.

very different treatment of the decoration, and some semi-structural changes. Finally it was decided to adopt a rib treatment as being of a constructive character. In the four large paintings it was necessary to meet, in the drawing and painting, the requirements of a curved surface seen at a considerable height from the floor. So well did the artist meet this requirement, that one is not conscious either of the curve or of the height.

The work was done in three periods. First the scheme was developed by Mr. Sargent on the model and the building made ready for the application of the reliefs, molding and the decoration; second, all the reliefs, moldings and enrichments were made and applied. Third, all paintings, the large oval canvases and the medallions were put in place and the finishing touches applied by Mr. Sargent. It is of great interest that not only the paintings, but all the reliefs and even the moldings have been done by the artist's own hand. He made several hundred charcoal drawings for preliminary work on the paintings before he started work on the final composition.

Why Man Chooses His Particular Job

WHAT makes a man choose one calling in preference to another?

Is money the chief consideration? Or is it natural interest, a feeling of special fitness, or a love of humanity?

Joseph K. Folson, a graduate student of Columbia University, has attempted to answer these questions by a statistical investigation. He selected the names of 206 distinguished Americans from "Who's Who" and prevailed on them to reveal their vocational motives. Then he made similar inquiries of the juniors and seniors of an eastern college. Altogether 423 questionnaires were filled out and the results probably are typical enough to warrant the attaching of some importance to the conclusions.

The eminent men who responded were identified with all the principal professions. Preachers, doctors, lawyers, editors, actors, teachers, chemists, architects, engineers, musicians and artists were represented. The students expressed preferences for some occupations besides these.

About one-half of both the distinguished men and the students indicated that *intrinsic interest* in a particular line bore the greatest weight with them. In other words, men most often choose the line which they think will give them the largest amount of personal satisfaction. One significant thing about the answers was that the results from both groups tallied pretty closely.

Natural liking for their actual or intended occupation or the prospect of deriving satisfaction from it was most numerously indicated as a motive by farmers, musicians and artists. Musicians do not play for money nor do artists paint for dollars primarily; 90 per cent of them are dominated by sheer love of their work. Sixty per cent of the technical men also were predisposed to their callings by interest.

It is only the rare individual who chooses his work because he displays an outstanding fitness for it. Only two per cent of the "Who's Who" crowd and seven per cent of the students indicated this as a reason for their choice.

Money was the first consideration with eight per cent of the eminent men and five per cent of the students. Perhaps the difference between the two groups on this point shows that older men are more practical and frank than their juniors. Youths are more often given to idealistic impulses.

The opportunity motive, "there's a big field for this work today," was strongest in evidence with technical men.

"Like father, like son," did not seem to be borne out strongly by the investigation. Doctors' sons seemed more inclined to follow in their fathers' footsteps than was true in any other profession.

The results are indicated in the following table. Altruistic ideals and the spirit of service are called Moral Motives below; pressure by parents or relatives is referred to as influence or tradition; where there is a lack of interest in any one thing or an occupation is the last resort, the term elimination is used. Figures are in terms of percentages.

Motives	Eminent Men	Students
Intrinsic interest	47.3	45.9
Satisfaction not intrinsic	13.1	18.4
Moral motives	8.6	9.2
Fitness	2.1	7.1
Opportunity	7.1	8.5
Money	8.2	5.4
Influence or tradition	5.6	4.3
Elimination	8.0	1.2

BRIEFLY TOLD

The ice bill of the people of the United States is about $1,000,000 a day, the northern lakes furnishing one-fourth of the total production of the country.

An automobile, packed in knocked-down form, was shipped from Detroit to Cleveland by aerial freight.

Work has begun on the first of a chain of 20 hotels for motorists, extending from Vancouver, British Columbia, through Washington, Oregon, California and Nevada. These hotels will be one day's automobile run apart and will be constructed on the unit plan. They will provide the motorist with comfortable quarters and food supplies, auto equipment and repair shops.

During the 10 years' life of the treaty for the limitation of armaments, the United States, the British Empire and Japan will realize savings of from $500,000,000 to $800,000,000 a year.

The editor of the Boston *News Bureau* writes of "the failure of our public school system to give proper education as to money and the functions of money."

A project is on foot to rebuild the Bank of England because the old buildings are hopelessly inadequate to hold the enormous staff which it now needs and which is scattered about the city of London. The project is meeting with much opposition from sentimentalists who view the move as sacrilegious.

A plant has been discovered in India which is an effective remedy for malaria and blackwater fever.

Latvia has decided to give her printing presses a rest, retire her paper rubles, and establish a new unit of currency with a gold basis—to have the same value as the franc and to be known as the lat.

Cannon balls, abandoned by General John C. Fremont in his expedition to California in 1844, were uncovered recently by a prospector searching for gold in a small ravine not far from Fales Hot Springs in Mono County, California. Fremont's diary records that on January 28, 1844, he was obliged to leave his howitzer at a point in Deep Creek. This is eight miles north of where the cannon balls were discovered. It is supposed General Fremont abandoned his howitzer ammunition as of no further use.

Fully two-thirds of the 45,000,000 inhabitants of Bengal have hookworm and more than one-half of the 300,000,000 inhabitants of India are victims of the disease.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

A young German engineering student experimenting with motorless airplanes rose to a height of 600 feet, remained in the air more than two hours and sailed six miles in a straight line.

"There will one day spring from the brain of science a machine or force so terrible in its potentialities, so absolutely terrifying, that even man, the fighter, who will dare torture and death in order to inflict it, will be appalled, and so will abandon war forever," said Thomas A. Edison in a recent interview.

Every new book issued in Great Britain has to be sent to the university libraries of Oxford and Cambridge and Dublin, to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and the Welsh National Library at Aberystwith.

A colossal statue of a Franciscan father which would eclipse the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor is to be erected on Yerba Buena Island, facing the Golden Gate, if the proposal of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce carries. It is believed that such a statue, built by small popular subscriptions, would dominate the imagination of every person in the San Francisco Bay region and invest the bay itself with an outstanding characteristic.

The Savannah River is carrying 135 carloads of Georgia farm land into the ocean daily, because the wanton destruction of forests has given the heavy rainfall a better chance to do its work.

Only 16 out of 142 institutions in the United States formerly known as "drink cures" are now conducting a business similar to that which they pursued before the advent of national prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Aroostook County wants to sever connections with the state of Maine and become the seventh New England state. The county is located in the northeastern part of the state and occupies about a third of the state's area. The county has grown more than 30 per cent in population since 1900 and 300 per cent in valuation.

The fashion of plucking the eyebrows has long been popular with the Araucanian Indian women of South America.

Agriculture constitutes the chief source of the power and wealth of the Japanese people in spite of the rapid strides made recently in the manufacturing and mining industries. Sixty per cent of the population of Japan is rural.

Gold bars to the amount of $31,780,000 have been received from abroad by Kuhn, Loeb & Company, New York, this year.

In Sandhurst, Bendigo, Australia, it is not uncommon to see old prospectors and tramps prospecting "for a color" after a heavy rainstorm. Gold is found by road menders and a barrow load of this storm-sluiced sand has been known to yield half an ounce of fine gold.

The interest rate in Russia is now 12 per cent a month or 72 per cent a year. The Soviet government pays 36 per cent a year on foreign funds. These facts have a bearing on the propaganda of money for Russia.

The ancestral home of Miles Standish is to be brought to America. Within six months the four rooms of the Standish home, now located in the parish of Standish, near Wigan, Lancashire, England, will be fitted into the house for some American whose family history in this country goes back to *Mayflower* days. The Standish house has been occupied by the Standish family since the Norman Conquest.

The full amount of the national debt is approximately $23,000,000,000. The annual fixed charges against the United States Treasury on account of the public debt are $1,300,000,000 and not $41,300,000,000 as has been stated.

The average life of a $5 bill is 10 months through the country as a whole, and but eight months in dense centers of population.

In Jerusalem, within 100 yards of the grave in the garden where the Saviour of the world lay after His crucifixion, there is a movie showing revolting and sensual pictures of American life, according to a report from a missionary.

Within a few years the all-rail route from Cairo to the Cape will be completed.

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How Banks Multiply the Dollar by Fifty

The Bookkeeping That Has Done Away With the Use of Money

Chronicler of the Neglected Truth

Are You Bidding the Housebreaker Welcome?

Light, Noise, a Little Care and You Will Insure Your Belongings

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

IF YOU were to walk up to an acquaintance and ask him if he made a practice of welcoming burglars, he would probably smile and say, "Go on, I'll bite, what's the joke?" Convinced you were quite serious, he would indignantly assert, "Of course not, who ever heard of welcoming a burglar?"

Many persons, not consciously, but by one careless method or another, invite burglars in. The result is the loss by burglary in the United States of millions of dollars each year. Burglary insurance paid out in 1920 totaled $10,189,853—a figure that represents only a small part of the total loss, for the average household is not insured against the thief.

Too bad, did you say? Yes, it is too bad, for fully 95 per cent of that loss was preventable, and occurred because carelessness caused the "welcome-to-the-burglar" sign to be hung out.

The average person will decide that he has never welcomed a burglar. Such decision is arrived at because the precautions that keep the burglar away are so common that they are not considered important. In what condition, for instance, are the hinges on your back door? And in what condition do you leave your house when you go out for the evening? Do you know anything about the chatty man you met at the paper store? You, lady of the house, what do you know about the woman you so frequently meet at the market—that nice woman who wears such a good-looking tan suit? You don't know her name, but you have gossiped with her on several occasions. Such matters as these may not seem to have any connection with welcoming a burglar—but in reality they have.

How have they? It is because the burglar deals in trifles in gathering information and in watching for the weak spot in your home. Why the burglar is successful is one of the most interesting of studies. The burglar is not an individual of great brains, but he *uses* his intellect, while you, who may be far more clever, do not bother to use yours.

When you picked up your paper you probably noticed the report that the Smith family, on Elm Place, went to a church bazaar, and returned to discover that the house had been robbed of nearly $5,000 worth of silver, jewelry, and wearing apparel. The newspaper report had a sentence, "The burglar gained entrance through a cellar window."

A cellar window! Nearly every home has a cellar or porch window that is easily reached, and might be pried open—or left unfastened, as is so often the case. There are simple precautions that will guard a home during the absence of the family. One of these is a dog—*but far more effective are two or three lights!*

Light and noise! They are the two things of which a burglar is really afraid. You may not own a dog, some families do not like dogs, but you can leave a few lights going, and a burglar will hesitate long before entering. Lights puzzle and frighten the crook. Any type of a light means that someone is awake, and moving about. It is exceedingly rare that a night prowler will force his way into a house that shows signs of occupancy. He prefers the dark house.

It will cost you only a few cents, to leave your house lighted while you are away for an evening, but you will be more than repaid if it insures your belongings. The dark house is not the only way in which you welcome the burglar. Your milk bottles tell him to come in. So do your daily newspapers, the mail, ice, and so on. Such signs are visible when the family is away for a couple of days, and no one has taken the trouble to stop deliveries. The paper boy leaves the evening news-sheet on the front porch, and the milkman delivers the milk—and they are not taken in. The burglar, with a mind trained to notice trifles, reads "family away—good chance." Make it your business to stop deliveries, or ask a neighbor to care for them.

What about your hinges? Did you put a good lock on the door at the top of the cellar stairs? Cellar windows are easy to reach, and the burglar who crouches in the shadow of the house has time to work. It is almost impossible to prevent a burglar from cutting the glass from a cellar window. Even if you cover the windows with a wire mesh the burglar can cut it. Glass, reinforced with wire, is the best preventative, for it is hard to cut, and will probably take more time than the thief cares to give to a job. Burglary is a nervous profession—if it takes time to rob, the crook becomes frightened, and leaves without completing the job.

There is more than one police record of burglary where a hundred dollars had been spent on the bolts on the doors and windows, but only a few dollars on hinges. Most persons think that as long as the door swings that is all that is necessary. Yet the average cheap hinge is the burglar's joy. All he needs is a good screw driver, and he can take the back door right off. If the hinges are on the outside, he just unscrews them, and if they are of the common kind, fastened with an iron pin that holds the two parts of the hinge together, he uses his screw driver to lift the pin.

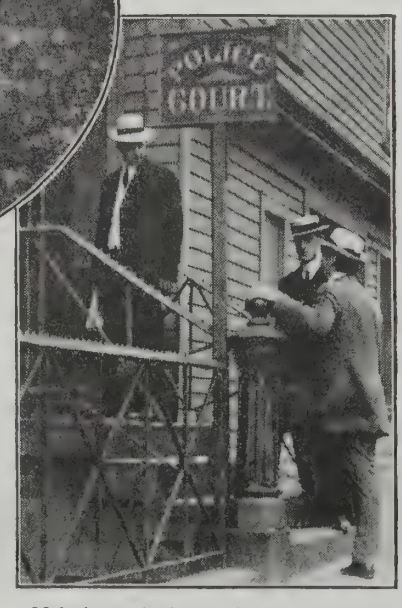
The burglar seldom needs resort to lifting the door hinges. We are careless, nearly always in a hurry. The average family leaves home in a flurry. It may be a short vacation, an evening's entertainment, or for weeks, but at the last minute there is a rush. In the turmoil no one examines the kitchen window.



Such a dwelling as this affords easy access to the burglar. He can swing himself from the porch to the second story.



The loss from burglary is such that many cities are forced to train bloodhounds for the steady warfare against the crooks.



Make it your business to know the quickest way to reach the police station.

However, there are many occasions when the burglar is clever. The house burglar, or "prowler," as he is known to the police and among his own profession, generally works with a confederate, frequently a woman. They go from one small city to another, settling in places where there are many comfortable private homes, and possibly a number of prosperous-appearing two and three family apartment houses. They don't look like crooks—that is one of the disarming qualities of the modern criminal. The modern burglar wears a dark suit, and a soft white shirt with a neat tie.

Well, the crook and his confederate settle and start to study the various neighborhoods. The woman makes friends, and by gossip soon finds out the people who have money, jewelry, and fine silver. The butcher and baker unconsciously help her, so does the nursemaid, and the woman of the house, for as she stops to say "how-do" to the children of the family the woman-crook skillfully gathers facts regarding the family's habits.

Don't tell your business to strangers. The efficient crook is an adept at minding other people's business, and if you are not careful you will soon be offering him such valuable data as the names of your best friends, when the servants are out, when your husband will be away, or how, now that the family is out of town, you spend your evenings at the club, leaving the house alone.

As an example of how the criminal world gathers information a series of robberies on Long Island can be mentioned. During a single month about 15 homes were entered, always at night, by two men, who would set to work systematically to rob the home of all its valuables. In a great many cases the people robbed were elderly couples, or women whose husbands were not at home that night, and in several instances, the robbers woke their victims, poked a pistol in their faces, and threatened them with death if they did not disclose the hiding place of their valuables.

One night the police were attracted to a certain section of Flushing, Long Island, by the cries of a woman. It turned out that she was a patient at a sanitarium, who had got away from her nurse and was wandering about the grounds, but when they went there, they saw a man slinking along in the shadows. They watched a minute, and discovered he had a companion. The men started to run, but one was captured. Under severe questioning he disclosed their hiding place, and his confederate was arrested. Under further examination both men admitted that they had been aided in their robberies by a painter—a man who as he worked in various houses made it his business to learn the plan of the homes, and the wealth of those who lived there.

All the information that the burglar gathers about you is valuable for another method of robbery—and that is by the use of the fake telephone call.

Not so long ago a police commissioner of a prosperous manufacturing city, a bachelor of considerable private income, and known to be fond of jewelry, was summoned to headquarters one night by being told that an important criminal had been captured. This police commissioner lived in an apartment house, and had one personal servant. The servant was out for the night. When the message arrived the commissioner went at once to headquarters. There, to his astonishment, he found that he had not been called. Something was wrong. He went home again. His apartment had been robbed of nearly $20,000 worth of his belongings, the thieves coming down the back fire escapes, cutting away a window, and leaving in the same way.

Never answer a hasty summons unless you make sure that the summons is genuine. It is very easy for the clever crook to call you up from a telephone booth, and say that he is an attendant at a hospital or police station, inform you of an accident to some member of the family or close friend, and ask you to come right over. The natural inclination is to rush right out. Don't do it. Wait a minute, and then call back the police station or hospital—and learn if there really has been an emergency call for you.

Such incidents as the use of the "fake call," and a careful study of your home, show intelligence—but when you display money, or jewelry, you invite someone to take it away. And he will.

The two great foes of the burglar are light and noise. Get acquainted with the policeman on your beat—and know your way to the police station.

Home protection really resolves itself down to this: *Don't bid the burglar welcome!*

How the Banks Multiply the Dollar by Fifty

The Bookkeeping in Banking That Does Away With Use of Money

By FREDERIC C. HOWE

This is the third and last article by Mr. Howe.

IN THE preceding articles we have shown three things from the reports of the Controller of the Currency. These things are:

(1) That the laws of the land make it possible for the banker to lend ten times as much money or credit as the banker has money or "legal reserve" on hand.

(2) That the people invest $13.90 in deposits to every dollar invested by the stockholders of the bank. The people contribute $37,683,563,000 in deposits while the bankers contribute only $2,702,639,000 in capital stock.

(3) Finally, the bankers are able to accumulate $53,079,108,000 of assets or resources as against their $2,702,639,000 of capital stock, and in addition are able to lend and invest this colossal sum with only $1,076,378,000 of actual cash on hand. In other words, the bankers have 50 times as great resources as they have actual money with which to do a banking business, which we assume to be the business of lending money. And they have 20 times as much in assets as they themselves have invested as stockholders in the business.

The bankers enjoy many other privileges, but these are the privileges that give them power, for this pyramiding of business resources on a small amount of investment and a small amount of cash is authorized by law. The people themselves have conferred these rights upon the bankers.

This pyramiding of banking resources is possible because money plays a very small role in modern life. Credit has taken its place.

Two centuries ago the banker was a money merchant. He was literally a "money lender." He received actual money and loaned actual money. Today the banker usually gives the borrower credit on his books. When he receives a deposit the deposit is usually the same credit that he has just given to the borrower. The banker has become a bookkeeper. He swaps bookkeeping entries most often on his own books, but also on the books of other banks, clearing house associations, and now on the Federal Reserve banks. Literally hundreds of billions of dollars' worth of transactions are carried on by bookkeeping entries.

To make this as clear as possible, we will follow the pyramiding of bank loans and bank deposits as they take place in the daily transactions of the bank.

Let us assume that John Smith has $10,000 that he wants to lend. He finds a borrower. He takes a promissory note and receives $600 a year interest upon it. He has now lost control of the money.

What Happens on Loans

BUT suppose John Smith has heard of the profits of banking and wants to enjoy the social position and power that only the banker enjoys. He decides to organize a bank. He secures a charter from the state superintendent of banking or from the Controller of the Currency at Washington and opens his doors for business. He becomes the John Smith Bank.

John Doe appears and asks for a loan of $10,000. The credit of Doe is good. He has a reputation for honesty. His business standing is of the best. The bank makes the loan.

Doe is told, however, that the bank makes loans only to its customers. It expects a borrower to keep a balance with the bank of at least 20 per cent of the amount of the loan. As this is customary John Doe agrees to it, so that he gets the continuous use of only $8,000 although he pays interest on $10,000.

Now the cashier does not hand $10,000 of cash over the counter. Instead he makes out a pass book in the name of John Doe and enters in it a deposit of $10,000 to his credit. In the evening the bookkeeper makes four entries in the bank ledger. He first credits the bank with the loan; he then debits John Doe with the amount of the loan. He then passes to the opposite side of the ledger and credits John Doe with a deposit of $10,000 and charges or debits the bank with its receipt.

No money has left the bank. At the end of the day the accounts of the bank show $10,000 of loans and $10,000 of deposits. The only thing that has happened is that John Doe is now paying from $600 to $800 a year interest for money that he has never received and in nine cases out of ten never will see.

Any banker will admit that this is true. It is being done by thousands of banks every day all over the country.

But the creation of phantom money has only begun. The next day Richard Roe asks for and receives a loan of $10,000. He, too, is advised of the rules of the bank. He, too, signs a note; he, too, receives a pass book; he, too, agrees to pay from $600 to $800 a year interest. At the end of the second day the accounts of the bank show $20,000 of loans and $20,000 of deposits. Still no money has left the bank.

The following day Peter Robinson borrows $10,000. He also gives a note and receives a pass book. At the end of the day the bookkeeper makes the same entries. The accounts of the bank show $30,000 of loans and $30,000 added to the deposits. Still no money has left the bank. Twelve bookkeeping entries have been made and that is all.

These loans and deposits may have taken place during the same day or the same hour. They may continue and do in fact continue until different persons have secured loans in a total sum of from $60,000 to $100,000 and have deposited from $60,000 to $100,000 in the bank. Each one of them has in effect borrowed the same $10,000 with which the bank began business.

Day by day the deposits and the loans balance each other or nearly so. Neither the one nor the other is money. We talk about a loan of money but in reality we receive a loan of credit. And the deposit that we make is the same credit that we have just borrowed. The reports of the banks show that this is true. On June 30, 1920, the deposits of the 8,030 national banks of the country amounted to $14,018,810,000 and the loans and discounts on the same day amounted to $14,085,147. THE BANKERS REALLY LEND OTHER PEOPLE'S CREDIT.

But it will be asked, Suppose these borrowers should demand actual cash? They have a right to do so. But if a borrower went to a cashier and told him that he wanted money over the counter for his loan or if he withdrew actual money as soon as he had made the loan he would probably have difficulty with his next loan. For the withdrawal of actual money immediately reduces the bank's reserve. It impairs its ability to make loans.

The bank expects the borrower to keep a substantial balance in the bank. It expects him to draw checks against his loan, but it does not expect him to call for actual cash. There is *only a billion dollars of cash in the banks,* and *only $6,087,555,087 of money in circulation* in the entire country. Yet the 31,000 banks, state as well as national, have *more than $37,000,000,000 of deposits.*

The Bookkeeping Processes

ONE of the largest of the New York banks recently described the banker as "a bookkeeper, and a settling agent for the community in its relation with the outside world."

Let us follow the bookkeeping processes as they are carried on behind the grill work that separates us from the banker. We will use the characters with which we are already familiar.

John Doe, the first borrower, begins to check against his loan of $10,000. He pays for labor, he buys supplies. If there is only one bank in the town, and the men who receive the checks all live in the town, these checks are redeposited in the bank on which they were drawn. In the evening the bookkeeper charges the account of John Doe with the amount of the checks he has drawn and credits the accounts of the other depositors with the checks they have deposited. See how simple the situation is if all of our banking was done through a single bank and all of our transactions were confined within the same community. No money need leave the bank at all, except small change for our daily transactions. John Doe would have reduced his loan account by a certain sum, but other accounts would be increased by a like sum. There is just as much money in the bank as there was before. All that has happened is that a number of bookkeeping entries has been made shifting the debits and credits from one merchant to another. The bank has some actual cash, it is true, that passes back and forth over the counter. But an examination of the reports of the bank from day to day shows that very little actual money leaves the bank.

But there may be a half-dozen banks in the town. Surely money has to be carried back and forth to settle the hundreds, maybe thousands of checks that are depoisted each day in the banks. Not at all. Each day the bookkeeper of the bank makes up a deposit slip just like those made by the individual depositor. A messenger carries the checks which the bank has received as deposits to the bank on which they are drawn and gets credit at that bank for the same. Each bank has a deposit account with the other banks. The accounts of the two banks are balanced. The creditor bank may receive actual cash for the balance due it or it may leave the account open and draw interest on the balance as it often does. Or the bookkeepers of two banks may get together and debit and credit one another with their respective checks and settle the balance in cash or by check. This is the procedure followed in a small town where there are only a few banks.

What the Clearing House Is

IN THE larger cities, which contain a great many banks, the clearing house has been organized to obviate the necessity of carrying checks from one bank to another. The clearing house is a bookkeeper for all the banks, just as a single bank is a bookkeeper for all of its customers. The clearing house is a voluntary organization. It is usually a partnership. A fee is charged for membership. Frequently the clearing house makes rules, *which rules are often for the purpose of compelling the banks to pay as low a rate of interest as possible to depositors;* to keep open only a certain number of hours in the day; and otherwise to prevent competition among the banks. But the clearing house performs a very useful function. Every day, every bank that is a member makes out a deposit slip containing the checks which have been deposited with it on other banks in the city. These checks are totaled. Between twelve and one o'clock a clerk from the bank takes these checks with the deposit slip to the clearing house. There the checks are deposited, the same as in a bank, and the bank is credited with the total amount of the checks drawn on other banks which it has received the previous day. But other banks have checks drawn on this bank. They, too, bring them in with deposit slips, and receive a credit on the books of the clearing house. The checks in favor of and against each individual bank are totaled and the balance is struck. It may be only a few hundred dollars. It may run into thousands. But whatever the balance, it is settled on the books of the clearing house by a cash or check payment by the representatives of the various banks who are present at the clearing house for this purpose.

In actual practice the credits and debits nearly wash one another. The cash balances to be paid are very small. Each bank keeps its cash unimpaired. For just as only a certain amount of cash is needed as a bank reserve, so experience has demonstrated that the credit and debit checks of a bank balance each other. Only a small amount of money is needed to balance the daily transactions.

But the shifting of money by check does not end with the clearing house of the local city. Out-of-town checks are cleared or canceled in the same way. Every bank in a small town has a correspondent bank in a larger city. It keeps a deposit with it on which it receives interest. This correspondent bank in turn has a correspondent bank in Chicago and New York, and keeps a deposit with it. The small-town bank in Nebraska which receives a check on a bank in some other town sends it to an Omaha bank, which gives the small-town bank credit for it. The Omaha bank then sends the check to its correspondent bank in Chicago, which bank sends the check to the clearing house along with its own checks. When the check has been paid, it credits the Omaha bank with the checks sent to it and the Omaha bank in turn credits the country bank. Many bookkeeping entries have been made but no money has passed from bank to bank or from town to town. Items have been entered on the debit and credit side of the ledger. Such bookkeeping entries may run to New York, they may and often do run to London or Paris. But even in international exchange the process is as simple as the process performed in the John Smith bank which swapped debits and credits at the end of the day.

Banking is bookkeeping. It is for the most part very simple bookkeeping. And this bookkeeping structure is the same in the complicated transactions of today as that followed by the storekeeper when in colonial times he credited the neighbor who brought in money as if he brought in eggs, and charged the neighbor with money which he withdrew just as though he had bought sugar, potatoes, or any other merchandise.

Billion in Cash; 50 Billions of "Money"

THE New York Clearing House does the bookkeeping for 31,000 banks all over America and thousands of banks all over the world. Its "clearances" amounted to $252,333,249,466 in the year 1920. They were the debits and credits of individuals and banks all over the world. Yet the total amount of balance differences between all the banks that cleared through it was only 9.99 per cent of the total. The great bulk of the transactions washed one another, and these balances were practically all paid by checks on the Federal Reserve bank. But very little money passed from bank to bank. For practical purposes the vaults of the average bank might almost be sealed up from one end of the year to another. Money is needed only for small change. The bank makes bookkeeping entries for the community.

In these transactions, the loans which the bank makes are assets. The deposits which it receives are liabilities. Neither one nor the other is money. They are merely bookkeeping entries made from day to day by thousands of bookkeepers and cashiers all over the country. The John Smith bank, however, is collecting interest not on $10,000 but possibly on $100,000. In addition it often requires the borrower to keep a balance of from 20 per cent to 25 per cent against the money borrowed. So that even where no commission is charged for the loan the borrower gets only $8,000, but he pays interest on $10,000.

These bookkeeping devices, the clearing house, and the Federal Reserve banking system perform most useful services. The world would stand still if these bookkeeping entries were to stop. The world would collapse if its credit structures were forced back to a money basis. The evil is not in pyramiding credits, it is not in the struggle of banks for money, the evil lies in the way these colossal powers are being used, and the unnecessary tribute which the banks are permitted to take for doing the bookkeeping of the country. For the processes described are simple. They are performed for the most part by underpaid clerks. They make entries such as they would make in a shop or a store. Yet they enable the country to do business running into the hundreds of billions of dollars without the necessity of handling much money at all. The cash in the community remains the same from day to day. It remains untouched from month to month.

Herein is the explanation of the fact that *the banks have been able to erect a pyramid of fifty billions of money on one billion of actual cash.* This is how they have multiplied the dollar by fifty. And while each one of these fifty billions of dollars is not earning money every minute of the day, still there are very few banking transactions that do not take some tribute from the public. There are no holidays for the banker's dollar. It works in bad times as well as in good. It is not laid off by strikes or lockouts. It does not lay by for repairs or inventory. When the community gave these privileges to the banks, it took back no guaranty that its credit resources would be properly used, or that the gains that come from this wonderful organism should redound to those whose credit resources are being used.

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 49, September 30, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Massachusetts' Blow at Bureaucracy

FROM the Old Bay State, where the Boston Tea Party, Lexington, and Bunker Hill once testified to Massachusetts' firm stand for human liberty, comes the move to halt the onrushing sweep of Federal bureaucracy.

Massachusetts has filed a petition in the United States Supreme Court, asking permission to begin suit to restrain those charged with enforcement of the Sheppard-Towner maternity law. This law was passed at the present session of Congress, because of the vehement emotional support of a group of professional women's organizations, because of the subservience of political-minded Congressmen to that sort of group agitation, and finally because of the absolute apathy of the general public in face of the legislation designed to limit liberty and pile up taxes.

Massachusetts in her petition to the Supreme Court contends that the Sheppard-Towner Act would impair and violate her sovereign rights and the sovereign rights of her citizens.

"Congress," asserts the petition, "in enacting this legislation unlawfully assumed a power not delegated to it but reserved to the states by the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution."

Massachusetts points out that to participate in the apportionment of funds, a state must accept the provisions of the law and submit plans for carrying them out, and must appropriate amounts equal to those contributed by the Federal Government.

"Federal aid," says the Massachusetts petition, "or the appropriation of funds by Congress for objects which are not national but local, is believed to be an effective means of inducing states to yield a portion of their sovereign powers for *a consideration offered.*"

Other bills of similar nature, pending or proposed, include the Sterling-Towner bill to create a department of education, and a bill to create a department of public welfare.

"Unless checked by this court," the petition asserts, "on the ground of unconstitutionality, no limit can be foreseen to the amounts which may be thus expended for matters of local concern, by statutes providing for the establishment of large Federal bureaus with many officers for the performance of duties which are entirely beyond any authority conferred upon the United States by the Constitution."

Forty states have already submitted to the Children's Bureau detailed plans for carrying into effect the provisions of the Sheppard-Towner law. But that weight of numbers does not in any degree detract from the wisdom of the cause being fought so courageously by Massachusetts. There are some persons who may argue sincerely on behalf of the particular object sought by the maternity bill; there is none who can reason long in support of the general proposition of vastly enlarging the Federal bureaucratization. The "fifty-fifty" method of taxation whereby state feelings have been anesthetized while state powers have been extracted is a national drug which the Supreme Court can well deny to the country.

Massachusetts has taken the case to the court. But the country's trouble cannot be settled until a united public opinion stiffens the backbone of Congress against the group influences, ever demanding more bureaucracy.

Non-partisan Nonsense

THERE is much discussion among financial publications, and some by the news press, of the matter of appointments to the Federal Reserve Board, and the composition of the appointive commissions and courts vacancies in which the President is called on to fill. The discussion is as to whether the selections be made from the ranks of the dominant political party, or the semblance of non-partisanship be kept up by appointment of nominal Democrats where the vacancy occurs by resignation or expiration of terms of office, when the retiring incumbent has been a supporter of the last administration.

Based as it is on party lines, as parties now are organized and controlled, the discussion is nonsensical. The real test of non-partisanship should be on principles in which the present major political parties are in neither case a unit. In every case the dividing line really is between the people and the interests. Where courts, commissions and boards are composed of men of different parties, care is taken that they be a unit for the interests, who care nothing about party affiliation, but seek control of both parties, that none but their own supporters shall serve. No one would be so foolish as to deem it possible that a Progressive leader, although a Republican, could by any chance be acceptable to represent that party in an executive capacity. Indeed, in every case, administration influence has gone the limit to defeat such men for renomination to offices bestowed on them by the people. In appointments, repudiated leaders have been named and will be named, if followers of the interests.

In the matter of a successor to Governor Harding, of the Federal Reserve Board, the President is apparently halting between two opinions, and the interested publicists are engaged in a sham battle as to whether the pretense of non-partisanship shall be retained or the appointee be a partisan.

The careful observer will note, however, that none but active partisans of the Federal Reserve System are mentioned on either side. It is a question of policy entirely. Will the appointment of the individual strengthen or weaken the President and his party at the polls? As far as the administration of the system is concerned, there will be no change whether the Republicans or Democrats predominate.

What does it matter to the people whether it is Harding or Glass, for instance, or Meyer or Crissinger, who will be governor of the Federal Reserve Board? It would not matter to the interests, and it could not to the people, for the identical policies of the original board, appointed by a Democratic President, have been followed under a Republican President, and will continue until a clean sweep is made. This will not come from any purely party change, but from a realignment of the electorate.

That such a result is possible is a fact; but its probability is not so certain. That the electorate is ready for such a change is indicated by primary returns throughout the country; but here there is also great danger. How much of the feeling between those who favor the change is fomented by the interests; how many leaders of the revolt may be the tools of the interests, can be ascertained only by actual test. Some who are now in favor of those interests may deem it wise from a selfish point of view to recant—the size of the victory may determine that—but most of them will prefer the fruits of servile action to martyrdom for principle.

The battle, except for office, is not between the Republicans and Democrats as parties. The real struggle is between the Progressives and the Reactionaries in both parties. The bellwethers of both parties are selected by the interests, and the sheep are expected to follow as they are branded. All are shorn alike, and the big interests take the wool.

The Veneers That Crack

AMERICANS are accustomed to criticize countries in which bullfights are permitted. The cruelty of the days of the Roman Empire when gladiators fought, and lions devoured prisoners before vast audiences, is a thing which we have smugly relegated to dim history.

Yet, Belvin W. Maynard, widely known as the "Flying Parson," died a few weeks ago that American citizens might have a Roman holiday. Before 30,000 spectators at the fair grounds in Rutland, Vermont, he gave his life. A few hours later, a parachute jumper fell to his death before the same crowd.

It is probable that not one of that crowd consciously wished to witness a human sacrifice. Yet they had been brought to the fair grounds by appeals, one of which was aimed at their desire to witness death-defying aerial stunts. Lieutenant Maynard was doing what is known in aviation as stunt-flying, the manipulation of the airplane in such a manner that its gyrations in the sky would afford the maximum of interest to the spectators on the ground, while they simultaneously afforded the flyer the maximum of peril.

Flying is a science, the mastering of which has cost many lives. Loss of life is accepted as in some degree necessary to scientific advance. But human sacrifice in purely foolhardy stunts for amusement of amusement-seeking crowds is inexcusable. The governmental agencies permitting such events deserve censure, and little is to be said in favor of persons who give their implied approval by attendance at such exhibitions.

Judge Gary's New Degree

ALBERT H. GARY, head of the United States Steel Corporation, was voted an honorary degree by Northwestern University after his address at the annual commencement of that institution. The address was along political lines and has been printed and widely distributed since delivery. It is not likely the complimentary honor was bestowed with any thought of endorsing Judge Gary's views, but the presentation has aroused a strong feeling of protest among the clergy and laity of the Methodist Episcopal church on that ground, and on the further ground that a representative college should not seem to take sides on disputed issues.

The impropriety of the university's action is demonstrated in the claim by one of the bishops of the church "that in no sense does it represent the feelings of the church membership generally."

It may be said the act has been productive of good, since, had it not been taken, the sentiment against Judge Gary's position might have remained dormant. As it is, the church membership has been aroused, which is worth while.

Wanted—an Author

AN ARTICLE syndicated through American newspapers, purporting to give an interview with Rudyard Kipling, contained the following quotation:

"Before 1860, America was a nation. But at that time Abraham Lincoln went into a war to determine whether the Negro should be worked or not, and lost 2,000,000 of the best citizens. They were of the pick of Europe. They were people whose ancestors had braved the long journey in sailing ships. They represented the courageous and the strong. After the war, steamships were invented and instead of 80 immigrants, 800 come in every ship and in more ships. America was flooded with aliens of the wrong type. America—the real America—died in 1860."

Mr. Kipling quickly denied authorship or authorization of the interview, which contained also a criticism of the part played by the United States in the World War.

The copyright being off, there is opportunity for any person to apply for credit for the thoughts expressed. No person hampered by diplomatic or political considerations need apply, but if any other is intrigued, he may acquire title to a Kiplingesque statement, un-Kiplinged. It would be unfortunate if the utterance passed into oblivion through anonymity. It has all the courageousness of a Kenneth Roberts' paragraph in "Why Europe Leaves Home."

Reduce the Overhead

THERE is a world of wisdom in the simple recipe for reduction of taxation in the two words: "Cut expense." The trouble with almost every proposition for public improvement is not the actual cost of the project, but the extra cost for interest and upkeep, to which may be added sometimes an additional outlay to make old things correspond with the new.

Another cause for high taxes is the expense of administration of public affairs. No successful private business is conducted with so great an "overhead" as is public service. Employing more help at higher wages than the private business, there are few official departments which could not give as efficient service at half the current expense; yet ever we hear the call for more machinery in government, more help, and higher salaries.

A paper in Boulder, Colorado, uses its cover page as an editorial megaphone, printing its leader in large type. It has recently elaborated on the theme of "Cut the Overhead" by illustrating public expense from its poor fund, an insignificant amount, but in which the cost of distribution was $2 for every dollar of relief extended. It also gave comparisons which indicated a very large percentage of waste in all public activities.

The lessons, however, seem hard for the people to learn. Even actual demonstration fails to last long in the public mind.

More than 30 years ago a party of enthusiasts determined to break up a political ring in a Northern Michigan county and succeeded in getting control of the principal offices. The budget was reduced to half its previous total, and every phase of government was cared for more efficiently. One would naturally expect such a record would be appreciated by the taxpayers, but it was not. True, the ring was broken and its members scattered over the country, but partisanship ruled the next election and since then the former offices have been rotating with little show of change, save as Father Time has removed one occasionally. Of course, taxation again has reached new records.

Taxes will never be reduced by adding to the machinery of government.

Mr. Ford's Page

BY THIS time the country has grown rather tired of the attempts of certain classes to ignore the Constitution of the United States. There has never been a time when the attitude of disrespect to our fundamental law has been so widely encouraged among people who should know better, than since the amendment which removed the government from partnership in the commercialized liquor traffic.

There is need today for a careful distinction between the question of prohibition and the dignity of the Constitution of the United States. Attempts have been made to draw a still finer distinction between the Constitution and the Volstead law. Endless propaganda of lies, and appeals to scornfulness of men against right conditions, have marked every hour of the period since the people by a most decisive and unmistakable action and in concert with their governmental agencies abolished the alliance between booze and Uncle Sam. And the treasonableness of this propaganda lies in the fact that its purpose has been a wholesale and public contempt for the Constitution.

It needs someone to make clear at once several points which have been badly handled by the enemies of the Constitution. First, the action of the American people in destroying the artificial legal character of the liquor traffic, was a deliberate action. It was not undertaken hastily nor under stress of emotion. It was not "put over" by a lot of anemic saints while all the red-blooded men were fighting in France—as a certain argument to the returned soldier would have us believe. (The soldier knows that the government put him under prohibition before the rest of the country got it.) The enactment of the prohibitory amendment was the culmination of 75 years' agitation and deliberation on the part of the American people. If the War between the States had not intervened, the liquor traffic would have been de-legalized 50 years ago. But the Civil War came, setting aside the growing national sentiment against liquor. And then the hold of liquor was greatly strengthened by the taxing of it—the so-called "licensing" of it—a shrewd move which made it one of the pillars of government support, and harder than ever to throw down. So that, the action of this people in acting after a discussion lasting 75 years, ranging all the way from the moral to the economic aspects of the question, can hardly be said to have been hasty or inconsiderate. Neither can it be said to be the imposition of a minority opinion upon the majority. Prohibition came by the votes of people who took a drink when they wanted it. The liquor business alienated its own customers. There were not enough teetotalers in our citizenship nor in our legislative bodies to vote prohibition merely on the ground of personal aversion. The nation was set in its mind to do what it did, and it is done. It was the majority opinion that carried.

Another point to make clear is that the thing which was done has a certain element of finality about it. That point is not clear to many professional agitators as yet, but it will become so. What was done was done. It will remain as long as the present agitation against it remains. That is not to say, however, that the present form of prohibition is final. It is even possible to think that prohibition itself is an artificial thing made necessary by an artificial condition. That is to say, in the commercialized liquor traffic with its politico-saloon combination, there arose in this country a situation so monstrous that it required an equally monstrous antidote. The thing that had grown up in this country had to be destroyed. It required heroic measures to destroy it. But to constitute the destructive measures a permanent fixture does not logically nor wisely follow. However, to forestall any possible chance of interpreting that statement as a support to the present "wet" agitation, let it be repeated that what was done in the prohibitory act was done with finality; it will stand; there will be no modification; "wet" agitation will only serve to make prohibition stronger; the present system of prohibition will endure until the last vestige of the old liquor system has vanished. Then, if any change takes place, it will come not in response to a "wet" propaganda, not with any reference to the commercialized liquor system which has been abolished—it will come as a new and sane use of the natural laws of fermentation. Those who have spent their lives bringing about the freedom of the country from the bane of bad liquor and worse liquor-places may not be ready to visualize the situation which shall succeed a universally accepted and universally triumphant prohibition; but they may have this fact to comfort them, that whatever does succeed will not in any way be a surrender to any demand, or any part of any demand, made by the "wet" agitators.

> *WHETHER prohibition in its present form is final or not, what it did is final. It abolished a commercialized liquor traffic that lined up with a commercialized political traffic, and those two evils have gone beyond hope of return. The evil was monstrous, and it may be that the remedy was monstrous too, but it was sufficient; it will hold until the last remnant of the old system is dead. The best thing to do, therefore, is to respect the Constitution of the United States. The prohibition amendment was the result of 75 years' deliberation on the part of the American people. The "silly season" with regard to the new order of things is past. It is time to insist that the fundamental law of the land be accepted as such.*

Upon the clear understanding of these two points depends obedience to the law. It was but natural that the adventure of breaking the law with a drink should appeal to many of the reckless classes. It was to be expected that the liquor brokers—most of them aliens, all of them kin to the International Financiers—should exploit the appetites of the weak and reap a grand harvest from the remaining stock which a complaisant government so considerately left in their possession. It was quite in line with the rest of the situation that professional secretaries should organize associations for "personal liberty" and the like and flaunt certain well-known names as sponsors of booze in the post-booze era. And it was necessary to the completion of the picture that all the forces of darkness should combine and use all their engines—theaters, press and business—to make war on the so-called Blue Laws which had destroyed "personal liberty" in this enlightened twentieth century! They have all been marched out one by one and paraded with due ceremony. The home-brew outfit and the home "still" and their various poisonous products have had their day, and are gradually disappearing. The recess period is over. The "silly season" is past. The time has come when people with sense ought to frown upon all attempts to make the Constitution a joke and ought to withdraw from those public functions which get their whole zest by surreptitious lawbreaking under the table.

It has been unfortunate that the enforcement of the law has sometimes been intrusted to opponents of the law. But even that has served to uncover the essential lawlessness of the thing which the prohibitory act has outlawed. It was just as lawless in the days of its power; it was just as contemptuous toward the laws that gave it its life as it now is toward the law that decreed its death. Enforcement of the law is not alone an official matter; it is a duty of the individual citizen. And the first element of enforcement is observance. There is now offered for sale no alcoholic beverage which anyone can with safety drink. It is becoming a duty in industry, in the public health service, in every department of public safety, to prevent the poisoner's profit which is taken at the cost of the buyer's character or life. Employers can do a great deal, and ought to do a great deal, to stiffen their men's backbone with regard to the dignity of the Constitution of the United States. The devices of the exploiters and poisoners ought to be exposed that every dupe may see. This whole conspiracy to make money out of the breakdown of law and the victimizing of the people should be shown up, and in the showing up every American citizen of self-respect should lend his aid.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Mobile's Industrial Dreams Are Coming True

Port Improvements Made, Shipping Interests See Splendid Future

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

FOR many years the dream of Mobile shipping interests was a million tons a year. In July, 1920, the dream was realized, the total tonnage for the year, dating from July, 1919, reaching 1,173,874 tons, with a total of 843 vessels entering the port. The high mark for Mobile, however, was reached in 1921, when approximately 1,500,000 net tons of freight passed over the docks, piers and wharves in Mobile harbor, while ships sailed from the port for the West Indies, the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Japan, Honduras and Guatemala, exclusive of the coastwise shipping to points on both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Probably nothing else so forcefully stresses the growing importance of Mobile as a seaport as these items. As a matter of fact, shipping interests of Mobile believe that the port is now well started upon a growth which ultimately will give the city rank among the first ports, not only of the South, but the entire country. With the improvements recently made, including the construction of coaling terminals and much-needed additional dockage room, and with others either in the building or planning, the future of the port of Mobile looks extremely bright.

Barges that floated downstream on the Alabama, Tombigbee, the Black Warrior and the Tenesaw rivers brought Mobile its first commerce and its first real prosperity more than a hundred years ago, the preceding century of the city's existence having been spent as a colonial step-child of France, England and Spain. Barges that travel under their own power from the coal, iron and manufacturing fields of the Birmingham district, down through a complete system of locks and dams, by way of the Warrior and the Tombigbee rivers to Mobile are the bearers of the new and greater prosperity for Alabama's only seaport.

The canalization of the inland waterways of Alabama was the keystone which made solid its structure of commercial prosperity. From the Birmingham district to Mobile the Tombigbee-Warrior river system is navigable for 452 miles, said to be the longest canalized river in the United States. The government has been almost half a century building the lock and dam system on these rivers and has expended approximately $13,000,000 on their construction and on the maintenance of the locks and dams.

When Alabama's rivers and seaport afforded the only means of transportation for the state's cotton and other products destined for the world, no man thought or contended that port development was a local question. The subject was not then and is not now of greater importance to Mobile than to the rest of the state. It was in recognition of this fact that the Alabama legislature of 1915 created the state harbor commission, which took over the duties that before had devolved upon a local board. New and greater powers were given the commission, and the act provided that several of its members should be appointed by the governor from interior counties. Since that time, more rational systems for adjusting freight rates having been devised, the shippers of the state, great and small, have been made to realize the practical benefit to themselves from the development of the Warrior River and the port of Mobile.

The first direct result of the completion of the Warrior River system, giving slack-water navigation from Mobile to the mineral district, was to make Mobile the greatest shipbuilding port of the Gulf and South Atlantic states. In October, 1917, work was started on the clearing of the swamp from a tract of 13,000 acres, just north of Mobile and along Chickasabouge Creek, preparatory to the construction of the plant of the Chickasaw shipbuilding plant.

The land along the banks of the creek was as wild as when viewed by Bienville's explorers, 208 years before. A morass of scrub growth, palmetto and swamp cane grew to the water's edge. The dredging of the creek from its junction with the Mobile River to the ship site necessitated the removal of 1,500,000 cubic yards of sand and earth. Six miles of canal was dredged to drain the swamp area, 20 miles of railroad track was constructed, and permanent housing provided for an army of workers.

In March, 1919, 18 months after the work on the plant was started, the first keel was laid, although this was not done until the shipbuilding berths, permanent structures within which to house the power plant, gas plant, the various shops, mound loft, rigging and sail loft, and numerous storerooms, had been completed. On December 29, 1919, the first steamship, Chickasaw City, of 9,000 tons, was launched amid scenes of greatest rejoicing. Mobile knew that her great day had arrived, by the barge route, for the greatest part of the steel from which this and the succeeding vessels constructed by the Chickasaw plant were fabricated came down the river. Altogether, 18 vessels ranging from 9,600 to 10,000 tons, and valued at more than $1,500,000 each, had been launched by this plant up to the time that the government ended its shipbuilding program.

An important factor which helps Mobile to retain its position or pre-eminence as a ship-repair port is a 10,000-ton drydock of the most modern construction. The capacity of this dock is really 12,000 tons, and it is the largest on the Atlantic coast south of Newport as well as the largest on the Gulf of Mexico. The dock has played a conspicuous part in attracting vessels to Mobile for repairs. It will lift any vessel that can negotiate the 30-foot channel at Mobile. It has a length of 480 feet, a width of 116 feet and a clear width between the wings of 90 feet. There are 10 pontoons, each 116 feet long, 41 feet wide, and 13 feet deep.





Above—Steamship loading full cargo of grain for Europe at Mobile. In oval—Barge "Birmingham" of the Mississippi-Warrior Service loaded with government coal for Mobile.

A feature of the dock is that it can be used as two separate floating docks for smaller ships, being divided into two sections of equal length. By adding two additional pontoons the lifting power can be increased to 12,000 tons. Submergence of the dock is accomplished by pumping water into the ballast tanks placed in the wings of the submerged water line of the dock which, being built entirely of wood and therefore lighter than water, would not otherwise sink. Five pumps on each side of each section, the pumps being 12 by 12 inches, are used. Each group is driven by an electric motor of 150 horse power, the distribution of the power being made through horizontal and vertical shafting. Approximately 45 minutes is required to pump the dock for a full lift.

A practical illustration of this shipbuilding and repair plant is shown by the varied work turned out during the war. Boats of the Ferris type were built for the government; mine sweepers complete, including propelling machinery, deck fittings and riggings, and radio installations; the building of 7,500-ton steel barges for the Panama Canal; and the construction of the 10,000-ton drydock for the Shipping Board.

Another shipbuilding plant, operated by private interests and which has played a conspicuous part in the growth of Mobile during the past few years, built a dozen 5,000-ton steel steamships for the Emergency Fleet Corporation during the war, eight being launched within one year. These vessels, all oil-burning and each provided with 10 tanks of a combined capacity of 330,000 gallons of fuel oil, were sent to all parts of the world, causing a new page to be written in the history of industrial Mobile.

As a great first step toward guarding the terminals at Mobile against private or corporate monopoly and control, the city has acquired water-front property, built docks of steel and concrete, and is now engaged in constructing an immense quay and breakwater, known as the Arlington Docks, at the southern extremity of the harbor. The acquisition by the municipality of water-front property began more than 50 years ago, and the wisdom of this course has been amply justified, both by the good accomplished at Mobile and the evils that have arisen at other ports by reason of their failure to protect their harbor and marine trade against the manipulations of private interests.

The city has purchased all the wharves that could be obtained and has acquired 1,500 feet in the heart of the business section of the city besides some scattering lots. Upon this central property has been constructed a steel shed with concrete floor 1,250 feet in length by 100 feet clear span and 15 feet overhang, covering 142,000 square feet immediately adjacent to the quay line, which lies about 15 feet outside the shed. The aggregate berthing space under corporate or private ownership in Mobile harbor is approximately 15,000 lineal feet. Owing, however, to the increased length and number of ships entering the port since the channel to the Gulf was deepened to 30 feet, additional berthing and warehousing facilities will soon have to be provided.

The Arlington mole, or pier, is below the mouth of the Mobile River and is protected on the north and east by a chain of islands created by the dredging and straightening of the main channel. A $600,000 bond issue was provided for this work which, when completed, will consist of a railway-served pier and dyke, projected eastwardly into the bay 8,300 feet, with a width of 300 feet, and a quay line on the northern or protected side of 5,800 feet. In addition, there is a quay of 1,400 feet at right angles with the northern quay line, the two together giving a berthing space of 7,200 lineal feet in a protected haven, all immediately reached by rails.

This project is one of the most ambitious that has been essayed along the entire Gulf Coast.

Mobile's new ship channel, of sufficient depth for ships of the largest tonnage, is one of the best and deepest channels on the gulf coast and a most valuable asset to the port of Mobile. The present channel is thirty-three and one-half miles in length and extends from the outer bar to a point five miles up the river from Mobile. It has a depth of 30 feet and is 225 feet in width. This 30-foot channel project was adopted by the rivers and harbor committee in August, 1918, and work started a month later. The channel was completed June 12, 1920, after a struggle of 94 years with the sands at the bottom of the bay. The United States Government has expended approximately $9,000,000 on this project.

As evidence of the progressive spirit of the people of Mobile, it is worthy of note that about a year and a half ago citizens of the city, acting through the Mobile Chamber of Commerce, purchased for $37,500 and turned over to the War Department Inland Waterways Division, the site on Blakeley Island which later was used in the construction of the government's coal terminals.

This plant, which has a dock frontage of 500 feet and storage capacity for 40,000 tons of coal or ore, was officially tested and accepted May 11, of the present year. It can handle from barge to storage, or from

(Concluded on page 13)

McDonogh—Or the Miser's Philanthropy

All He Gave Was Happiness, Comfort, Good Name, for Posterity

By GEORGE E. BRYAN

IN THE late forties of the nineteenth century a visitor to New Orleans might have noticed upon the streets of that city an elderly man of an uncommon appearance. If that visitor were superficially curious, he would remark the tall figure, spare and straight; the neat but well-worn clothing of a bygone mode; the hair brushed at the back to a kind of queue; the old umbrella of blue silk. If, however, he were truly an observer, he would especially regard the strong, sharply carved features; the austere expression; the striking brilliance of the brown eyes, which seemed fixed not so much on an immediate destination as on some distant and mysterious goal.

Had the visitor inquired of a casual native who the distinguished looking elderly gentleman might be, the answer would probably have been, "Why, that's John McDonogh, the miser." Then might have followed an instance or two of John McDonogh's reputed meanness: how he was never known to buy a newspaper; how little he spent in the market, and that for soup-bones and potatoes; how, in order to save the ferry-toll of five cents, for more than a quarter century, in all seasons, on fair days or ill—save only once, during a violent storm—he had crossed the Mississippi between the city and his plantation on the west bank in an open skiff rowed by one of his slaves. It was thus that most men spoke of John McDonogh in those days. Yet New Orleans had once spoken otherwise, and New Orleans speaks otherwise now.

A singular story is that of John McDonogh—even for a town that has been the scene of so much that is romantic and strange. Born in Baltimore in 1779, in the home of a well-to-do brick manufacturer, McDonogh received a good education of the common school sort, and when not more than 17 entered the employ of William Taylor, whose large mercantile business maintained a fleet of vessels trading with the West Indies, Spanish-America, and Europe. In 1800 we find him at New Orleans as Taylor's agent—a sufficient testimony to the confidence placed in his ability and character. At that time commercial routes in the United States were, of course, chiefly water routes. With no rival for the trade of the Mississippi basin, New Orleans had, so many thought, a business future more promising than that of any other American city. So, apparently, thought John McDonogh.

Having quickly adapted himself to the climate, he became a Spanish subject. He managed Taylor's affairs with rare good judgment during that difficult period of shifting political relations and of commercial risks when Louisiana was transferred from Spain to France, from France to the United States, and when two wars between France and Great Britain occurred in swift succession. In 1803 he went into business on his own account; and with the expansion of trade that followed the Louisiana Purchase, he greatly prospered. He became one of the prominent merchants of the place, and in 1805 a director of the Louisiana Bank. It was also in 1803 that he made the first of those investments in land that, continued for nearly 50 years, placed him in possession of the most extensive private holdings in the United States, if not in the world. By 1806 he had so prospered that he retired from active mercantile life and gave his entire time to the management of his increasing property.



The McDonogh Monument, Lafayette Square, New Orleans, unveiled in 1898.



"Jane Bay Cottage" in which pupils of McDonogh School live.



The Main Building of McDonogh School, McDonogh, Maryland.



One of the 34 McDonogh school buildings in New Orleans.

John McDonogh was a man of culture. He acquired a good working knowledge of Spanish and French, and used both readily in his correspondence. Preserved among his papers was the list of a consignment of books sent to him in 1806, including such titles as the works of Burns, Dryden, Pope, and Young; Plutarch's "Lives" and other volumes of biography; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"; William Robertson's "History of America"; and even selected drama. The text of his letters, as published, reveals a clear, vigorous, expressive English style. Imposing in presence and polished in manner; handsome, refined, and respected—such was John McDonogh then. Being such, and being also a man of worldly position before he was 30, he was naturally welcomed to the conservative yet colorful social life of New Orleans. He seemed to have had quite an ample establishment of his own, and to have entertained generously.

In after years, legends came to be woven about this portion of his life. It was said, for example, that, having fallen in love with the daughter of Don Pedro Almonastre y Roxas, he sought the lady's hand, but failed to win it by reason of religious differences—he being a strict Protestant, the lady as strictly a Roman Catholic. Or it was said that about 1814 he paid his addresses to a Miss Johnson, who would have accepted them, but her Romanist father vainly demanded a change of faith on the part of the Presbyterian lover. Thereupon Miss Johnson entered an Ursuline convent, and McDonogh abandoned his town house forever. Thirty years passed, and the lady became the superior of the convent, with the privilege of receiving visitors. Then, every New Year's Day John McDonogh called to pay his respects; it being noted, as one writer has recorded the story, "that he dressed carefully and appeared not at all the old man he was, but the old man that his youth had promised to become."

Such legends were of the nature of elder New Orleans, and they are told there to this day. To verify them, Colonel William Allan, painstakingly collecting the facts about John McDonogh, found nothing in McDonogh's letters and memoranda; and all the ancient beaux who might have thrown light on the matter, had long since departed. Certain it is that the daughter of Don Pedro Almonastre became the Baroness de Pontalba; that John McDonogh was a marvellously reticent man and continued a bachelor; and also—Colonel Allan admits it—that among John McDonogh's effects was found after his death a woman's faded slipper, though none could rightly say whose.

McDonogh assisted in the measures taken for the defense of New Orleans against the British, and in the battle of Chalmette (January 8, 1815) he was a member of Beale's company of volunteer rifles. In June, 1817, his friends realized that a change had come upon the spirit of his life; for it was then that he removed from the city to his plantation in Jefferson parish, on the opposite side of the river. There for the rest of his years he dwelt in a small, simply furnished house, frugally but not meanly, as folk said, in comfort, and cared for by faithful servants chosen from his numerous slaves. He forsook all social gayeties; he entertained no more. It is not altogether surprising that in those rather lavish times New Orleans, intolerant of simplicity in its citizens of wealth, grew to misunderstand and misrepresent him.

For 33 years he went his way. Naturally reserved, he kept his own counsel and had no confidants. Blessed, as he once wrote, "with spirits of great elasticity"; capable of vast labor; systematic, exact, clear-thinking, he moved through the world of men as if he were hardly of it, making no explanations. With ever-waxing ardor he collected acres—acres, as has been said, "sufficient to have made a duchy or a kingdom"; particularly suburban and waste acres—lands around growing towns and villages, back-lands of river plantations on whose frontage improvements were being made. His purchases in the vicinity of New Orleans at last entirely surrounded the city on the land side. Those who in the course of his affairs caught glimpses of him, beheld a man precise and rigorous, toiling 18 hours a day over vouchers, accounts, deeds, legal documents, and correspondence with lawyers and overseers. They beheld a man insistent on his rights, involved in lawsuits, seemingly little interested in current charities. As for the multitude, it saw John McDonogh naught but a symbol of avarice.

His method of dealing with his slaves was set forth by him in 1842, in a lengthy letter to the New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin*. The Negroes were well lodged, fed, and clothed. Offenders were tried by a jury of their peers. For approximately 20 years their overseers and foremen were selected from their own number. Not only that, but (he stated) Negroes "were my clerks, transacted all my affairs, made purchases of materials, collected my rents, leased my houses, took care of my property and effects of every kind," with an honesty and fidelity that won his admiration. He arranged a plan by which they might through their own labor purchase their freedom and that of their families; and in June, 1842, a shipload of 80 persons, thus set free, sailed for Liberia. During the closing years of his life, McDonogh urged a scheme that contemplated the purchase of slaves from their owners by the United States Government and the transportation of the freedmen to Africa; believing that thus a way might be opened to the permanent, peaceable settlement of the slavery question.

On October 24, 1850, befell an event so out of the ordinary that passers-by stopped to gaze, and the press made report of it. The tall, old gentleman with the blue-silk umbrella paused on Canal street, hesitated, entered an omnibus. It was declared to be the first time that he had ridden in an omnibus within the limit of the general memory. The rattling omnibus halted; the old gentleman alighted and disappeared in the courthouse. Whatever may have been his business there, it was his last. Gossip learned that because of faintness he had taken the omnibus; and soon, that he had passed away.

When his will had been probated, gossip learned more—much more. It was a long will, perhaps among the longest ever drawn up; yet there were five scripts of it in McDonogh's handwriting—one kept by himself, while the other four had been intrusted to as many different depositaries, from each of whom he had taken a triplicate receipt. It was a will that set New Orleans agog; yet between its lines it carried a peculiar pathos. It devised the bulk of his estate—about $1,500,000—in equal parts to the cities of New Orleans and Baltimore for the establishment of free schools for the education of the poor. In it he directed that his funeral be "plain, without parade, and with the least possible expense," and asked that "it may be permitted annually to the children of the free schools (situate the nearest to the place of my interment) to plant and water a few flowers round my grave." In memoranda attached to the will he mentions his especial indebtedness to his parents for "the care they took in instructing me and having me instructed in music"; and of his devotion to investments in land, he says: "For the basis of a permanent revenue . . . . I have preferred the earth, a part of the solid globe. One thing is certain, it will not take wings and fly away as silver and gold, government and bank stocks often do." He likewise declares: "I have much, very much, to complain of the world, rich as well as poor. It has harassed me in a thousand different ways. Suits at law, of great injustice, have been carried on and instituted against me, to deprive and take from me property honestly acquired (for I have none, nor ever would have any, that was not acquired by honest industry and the sweat of my brow); and when obliged to seek justice through courts of law, it has often and often been refused me."

(Concluded on page 13)

Etchings Are All the Vogue in Art Today

Yesterday It Was Steel Engravings, Tomorrow Woodcuts May Be Fashion

By H. G. SALSINGER

FASHIONS change in art as well as in dress. In art the change is not so sudden but still it cannot be described as gradual. The style shifts rather rapidly at times.

Some of the changes in styles of art are natural, others are forced. As there are dictators of fashions in dress so we find dictators in the matter of taste in art.

Women wore dresses short last year; they are wearing them long this year. A certain artist's work was the rage last year, another's has the call now.

If women wore the same style of dress two years in succession, less dresses would be sold and if the same style continued in art, the market would suffer.

In art there is a powerful commercial factor. And there is advertising, a most vital factor in commerce.

An art dealer acquires a large output of the work of one man. He places the output on the market. By liberal advertising and lavish publicity he creates a vogue for that particular work of art. There may be one or two or even three dozen artists as good and some better but the advertising for one will carry his work above the others in popular recognition.

In the commercial field art is a gamble. What is regarded as great today will probably be called ordinary in the light of future reasoning, study and development, and work that is overlooked today will be in demand in years to come.

Millet, painter of peasants, sold some of his best works for the equivalent of $2 and $3 of our present currency. Millet also etched. One might even say that Millet was first an etcher and second a painter; he painted after his etchings. Millet's etchings are in greater demand today than they were 10 and 20 years ago. They have grown steadily in value.

Not long ago steel engravings were in vogue. These were generally large pictures and you still see many of them. Some were landscapes but the most popular were those of animals. You may find prints showing a stag at bay, two stallions engaged in a fight, dogs in the field, horse drinking water, a mule munching hay, dogs resting, a black and a white horse, rearing, registering fright because of lightning that is forking from black clouds in the background, a team of horses being led to the auction block.

These subjects sold. Some of them brought $200 and more, while $90 was considered a moderate price. An art dealer told me recently that he had bought steel-engraving prints for $90, confident that if he held on to them long enough they would bring anywhere from $500 to $1,000. He cannot get $10 for them today and most of them cannot be given away.

Prints of steel engravings are still sold. These sales are rare. Engravings of historical subjects find occasional sales. Educational institutions and museums buy them and, on rare occasions, individuals want them as matters of curiosity or record, but the general public will have none of them.

At the time that the subjects, steel engraved, were selling for more than $100 wholesale, it was possible to buy etchings of Rembrandt, Millet, Whistler and others for considerably less, but few availed themselves of the opportunity.

In prints there are, besides engravings, etchings, aquatints, dry-points, mezzotints, wood engravings, lithographs. Most popular among them today is the etching.

At the important summer auction sales in the East, the call was for etchings. In the list of art objects offered for sale, etchings brought the highest prices and some of the rarer prints offered went under the hammer at new record prices, something remarkable at auction sales. No bargains were secured in etchings of the better class.

To illustrate the difference between prints this explanation is offered:

Etchings—These are made, nearly always, on a copper plate. First the plate is heated and then a composition, chiefly of wax, is melted upon it, smoothed and cooled. After it hardens it is smoked, by holding it over a candle. The surface is blackened. The etcher draws upon this blackened surface with an instrument known as an etching needle. He uses it as he would a lead pencil or pen. The needle cuts through the thin, blackened surface into the copper beneath. When the drawing is completed, the plate is placed into an acid solution. The acid eats into the copper, where the needle has exposed it.

Dry-Points—Made by digging into the bare copper, using a sharp-pointed instrument like in etching. The copper is not covered and no acid is used. The pointed tool throws up the copper on the sides of the lines. It holds the ink in printing.

Aquatints—The covering of the plate is of a sandy nature and unlike the wax surface of the etchings. In aquatints the acid is laid on with a brush, the artist working as he would in making a wash drawing. When the covering is removed and the plate printed it gives the impression of a drawing made upon paper with brush and ink.

Mezzotints—The copper plate for this process is first prepared with an instrument that has a curved edge, and fine teeth. It is known as a mezzotint rocker. It is run over the surface of the plate until a mass of dots is formed and a uniform black surface would result if the plate were printed. The artist then uses a scraper and scrapes away part of the surface. The part scraped will print lighter and the more he scrapes the lighter it will print. In etchings the artist works from white to black, in mezzotints from black to white.

Lithography—In its ordinary form a crayon drawing on stone. It is practically the same as crayon drawing on paper. The crayon sinks into the stone. After the drawing is finished the surface of the stone is covered with acid. The acid fixes the drawing so that it resists well in printing.

Wood Engravings—A hard and close-grained wood block is used. The engraver cuts away all parts of the block that are not to be printed from. In cutting he may use any sharp instrument, including a knife, any instrument, in fact, that will cut into the surface of the wood.

Color Printing—When color prints are made from wood engravings or lithographs a number of blocks or stones are used. Each stone or block has that part of the drawing that is to be printed in a particular color. The sheet is run through the presses as many times as there are colors in the picture. The stones or blocks are changed each time. Some artists make color prints from one plate. If this is done the artist must apply the color with a brush and paint the same picture upon the plate each time.

You have often heard these names used in describing pictures and comparatively few people know how to differentiate; therefore, the explanation given briefly above. Books have been written upon each subject and each process but here brevity is necessary and the object is to give a general idea.

Modern science has helped modern art. Years ago the artists who etched often had reverses. Some really great etchers were poor printers. They spoiled many prints. There was also the plate; they became useless often after only a few prints had been made.

Years ago the matter of printing was provided with a solution when professional printers did the work. Nearly all the artists, instead of printing from their own plates, took the plates to a professional printer and had him do the work.

The science part in the matter of prints is not among the ancient things. Steel has been the saving help of many fine plates. Nearly all etchings now are steel-faced. It is possible today to print 1,000 copies from an etching that is steel-faced. Without the steel facing an artist would be lucky to get 200 good prints, frequently not that many.

Many great dry-point etchings were lost. The dry-point was the most delicate of all plates and the lines often crumbled after two or three prints had been made. Often a dry-point plate "fell to pieces" on the first impression. All dry-points are steel-faced and have been for several years.

Steel engravings used to be the thing, but, as remarked earlier in this article, they passed from vogue. So, in the matter of prints, it is possible not alone for the artist to go out of style but likewise his method of portrayal. Historical subjects still sell but they have historical value while the steel engravings "after paintings" are valueless.

Etchings that were passed by during the rage of the steel engraving are commanding high figures today. Millet's, as pointed out, are selling for larger sums than ever before. One of the leading art dealers in the country told me, "Millet is just catching on." Why should Millet be just catching on today when his paintings have brought fabulous prices for years?

The price of a print depends on several things. The fame of the artist, the condition of the print, the rarity of the print, its value from the standpoint of workmanship, its artistic merit. A good copy of Whistler's *Nocturne* has sold for $3,900; a copy of the same artist's *Garden* brought $2,300; Cameron's *Five Sisters* sold for $2,300; good prints by Rembrandt have sold at prices ranging from $6,000 to $8,000; Dürer's best prints sell from $3,000 to $7,000. Dürer, the Bavarian, engraved upon copper but two of his etchings were made on zinc. The old masters who etched preferred copper. They got more delicate lines and the copper was easier to cut into.

When working into zinc a broad, deep line can easily be secured. The acid eats into zinc much faster than into copper but in copper it is possible to secure anything from the finest hairbreadth line to a strong stroke.

The price of a print is also determined by its state. An artist makes an etching. He gives it the acid bath and makes a few prints. It is not satisfactory. He decides to take out some lines and add new ones. He fills the lines he wants to remove and works in new lines. Then he prints again. He may want to make further alterations. He will probably make several more. Each time he makes alterations the etching is in a state.

The etching, *Peasants Going to Work,* passed through 10 states before it was finally finished. You conclude that the finished state is the only one of value but the reverse is true. The first state sells for $970; that is what the last sale brought; while prints from the plate in its final state sell for $70. In the first state only three or four prints were made while in the last state more than 350 prints "rolled" off the presses, or were lifted off the presses, for in making prints from plates, hand presses with flat "beds" are used.

The first impressions are generally the best, for the line wears down with each successive print or impression. The brilliancy of the line is lost. The prints become fuzzy and mussy. The ink smears because the surface of the plate is worn.

Before the steel facing was used plates were a long gamble. A plate would collapse at a most unexpected moment. This collapse, however, kept the production low and low production of good prints means high prices.

Prices change rapidly in etchings. Today the vogue is in etchings and certain etchers have the call over others. Among the old masters the works of Rembrandt, one of the greatest painters of all time, still bring fabulous sums and unquestionably always will. Millet, peasant painter and painter of peasants, is in greater demand than ever before; Whistler, classed among the modern painters, is sought after or, rather, his work; Dürer etchings are precious.

Among the etchers of our own generation a greater demand exists. Pennell, one of the best etchers, is in vogue. His work finds probably the greatest demand today. In the last two years the prices of Pennell etchings have doubled.

A few years ago etchings and lithographs by Brangwyn were much in demand but this demand has greatly decreased. Etchings by Zorn are still sought after but not so much as a year ago. Recently a print by Meryon, considered by some to be the greatest of all architectural etchers or etchers on architectural subjects, sold for $2,000. Works by McBey, Cameron and Bohn are being pushed. Francis Seymour Haden, one of the leading etchers of modern times, did some fine work but there is not the demand for Hadens today that there was a year ago.

There have been hundreds of artists who made etchings and dry-points, mezzotints and aquatints, woodcuts and lithographs. Thousands and thousands of such prints have been offered on the market. Some of them (and the percentage is astonishingly small) have become popular but hundreds of others, splendid works, never became well known, because of lack of publicity.

Prints of etchings used to be sold in Europe as picture post cards are sold today. When you travel today (as many people do) you are apt to send post cards to the folks at home, bearing a photographic impression of some point of interest in the spot you are visiting. A great many people keep albums and collect these post cards. In Europe they used to send etchings in the same way, as souvenirs of a visit and, instead of a post card album, people kept portfolios for their etchings. Some of the highest-priced etchings today have come out of the portfolios kept in some European homes.

Again, a great many etchings sold today, came off a modern printing press. We have seen counterfeit Zorns, Millets and Rembrandts that would fool even some experts. It is easier, it seems, to duplicate an etching than to fake a painting. Printing has made it easy.

An expert on paintings said once that he would never buy a painting unless he watched the artist paint it. He admitted that he had been fooled by fakes on several occasions. There is also the chap who said that Corot, one of the greatest landscape painters of all time, had painted not more than 10,000 canvases during his lifetime and that of these 30,000 were hanging in American homes, art galleries and picture shops.

Relating just a few of the facts among the thousands that can be told in connection with the art:

One hundred years ago the European etchers were all going in for landscape subjects. Before that they were doing portraits. Landscapes are a drug on the market today. The style constantly changes.

Twenty years ago color prints were much in demand; today, it is the black and white etching that is asked for.

Artists, whose work brought large prices 10 years ago, are forgotten today. There are a few exceptions and we have named practically all of those who are exceptions. The works of Rembrandt, Dürer, Millet and a few others will continue in demand, undoubtedly.

In a few years mezzotints, woodcuts or lithographs may be the style. Lambs may be lions; lions, lambs.

Across the Lake From Zorn to MasOlle

IN THE last few years there sprang up a craze for etchings by Anders Zorn, the Swedish master. Zorn passed to the beyond. His etchings continued selling, bringing larger prices than ever. But now there come the stories of one greater than Zorn. His name is Helmer MasOlle who, like Zorn, is a Swedish peasant. Zorn and MasOlle were born on opposite shores of the Siljan Lake. They painted the same people but in slightly different manner.

Here, in the most recent instance, the style swung from one side of a lake to the other and where yesterday Zorn had the call of the public, it is now being turned to MasOlle. And, tomorrow, who?

Etching Style Does Not Mean High Prices

WHEN etchings are mentioned the layman has visions of prices in three and four figures, chiefly the latter. This due to the reported sales of some rare prints. But, original etchings can be bought for prices as low as 25 cents. The curator of one of the largest and most important museums in the country, has a large collection of etchings. Some of them are regarded as valuable; all are good. This collector has never paid more than $1 for an etching for his collection. When he started collecting etchings he set the limit of any one print on a single dollar and by adhering to this limit he has still been able to purchase an immense number of prints.

Biographies of the Letters of Our Alphabet

Did You Know That "A" Was Once an Ox-head, That "N" Was a Fish?

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

EVERY day we read and write A, B and C and all the rest. We use them automatically. We use them because our forefathers handed them down to us. But what is the meaning behind the letters? Why are they drawn so? Whence did they come? How long have they been employed by man for communication?

The alphabet developed in a haphazard fashion. Consequently some of our letters are of little use. K may be substituted for C without disturbing the pronunciation. Neither Q nor X are of more service to us than they were to the Romans. Though we have 26 in the alphabet, only 23 letters really work; and these have the heavy task of handling 32 sounds.

Did you ever see a slim man wearing a fat fellow's suit? The vaudeville character was no more ridiculous in his ill-fitting garment than we are with our cumbersome mechanism for writing and speaking. Perhaps you can visualize what a building would be like if it were made by Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans and Anglo-Saxons each with their own ideas of architecture and of construction. Well, that's our alphabet.

When Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was asked about her birth she gave the information, "I s'pect I grow'd." She knew nothing of her origin. We know more, of course, concerning the alphabet; yet we have little knowledge on the subject that can be called absolutely right. In a rough sense the Phoenicians contributed 19 letters; the Greeks, four; the Romans, two; and the Anglo-Saxons, one. We commonly ascribe the origin of our alphabet to the Phoenicians, but they may have copied from the Egyptians who had a system of their own.

The Egyptians adored birds; in fact, they worshiped them and therefore used them in their pictorial writing. A was represented by a rude drawing of an eagle, B was a crane and C was the throne of a king. The human hand, mouth, lion, sieve, shutter and lasso were some of the other symbols.

Whenever a native of Egypt wished to record the sound of M he scratched on a slab of stone a frontal picture of an owl. The sons became careless and left off a part of the outline; their sons became even more careless, and eventually with the coming and passing of the generations only the ears of the poor old owl were used. Face an owl and draw his ears with a touch of exaggeration. Do you see the resemblance to M? Some philologists tell this story of the letter's origin.

But there is another story. The Phoenicians were a seafaring people and therefore the ocean figured prominently in their thoughts. Their character, *Mem,* was a series of lines connected to represent a cross section of the waves; it looked much like our M that we use today. The story is logical, as the Mediterranean constituted that ancient nation's highway of trade. The Greeks and Romans accepted both the form and sound of the letter; thus they jointly transmitted it to us.

Until very recently the hieroglyphic writing of the Egyptians was considered to be the parent of all the alphabets in the world. In a general sense, it may be; but with 19 letters rather definitely traced to the Phoenician system of writing it must truly be regarded as the daddy of ours. If the Phoenicians borrowed the idea, they probably got it from the Egyptians.

Phoenicia was a nation of traders whom Huxley called "colossal peddlers of the ancient world." They had little creative ability but they manufactured and sold their wares in many countries. A people so commercially active needed some method for recording their transactions. There were contracts to be made and receipts to be issued. For a long time they cut notches in sticks for numbering their articles, and they marked their prices with various symbols or pictures. With the continued growth of their industries something better was demanded. Out of the need there developed a system of communicating thought silently.

Did some Yankee of the ancient East invent the Phoenician alphabet in its entirety and hand it ready-made to his fellow citizens? Or was it a slow progression to which many scholars contributed? Certainly the 22 pictures of familiar objects was a workable alphabet defective only in its scarcity of vowel sounds. Certainly the complicated system of their African neighbors with probably 15 times as many signs or symbols thrown together in a deplorable mix-up could by no means be considered really workable.

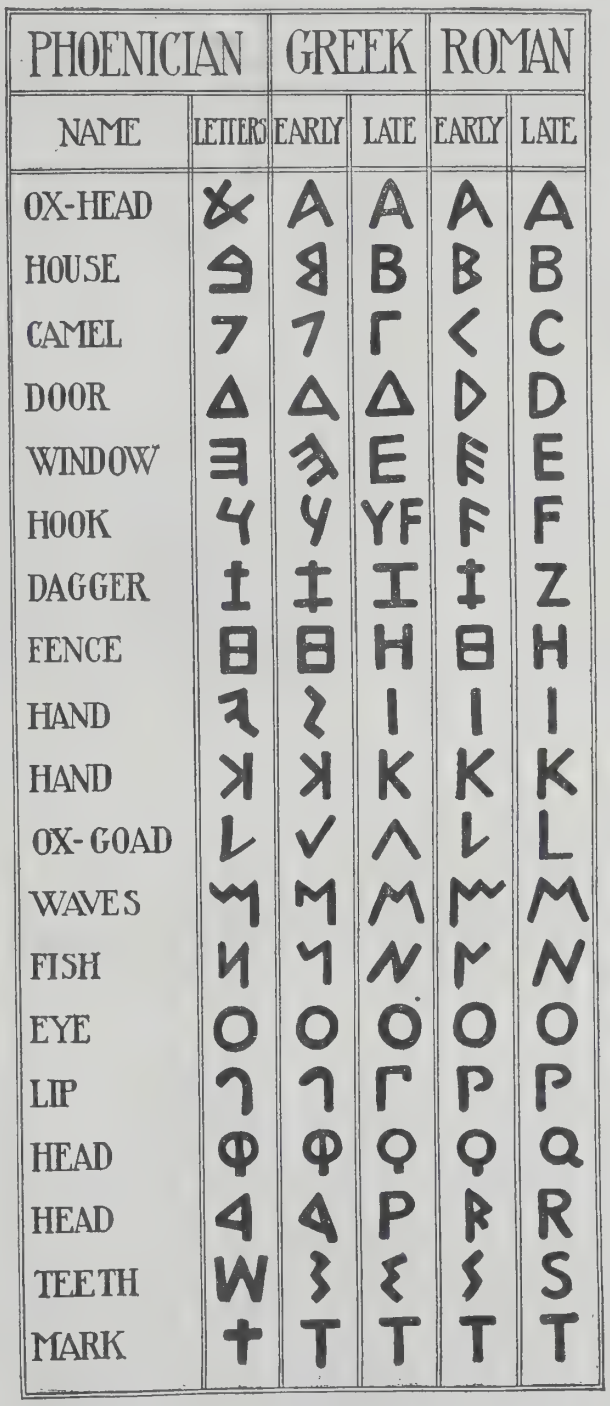
Little is known of the origin of the Phoenicians and their primitive migrations. Herodotus said they were a Semitic race "dwelling upon the Erythrean Sea" which apparently was the ancient name for the Red Sea or the Persian Gulf. He said also that some of them "passed over and dwelt in the country along the sea-coast of Syria." Then he explained that this section of Syria "and all as far as Egypt" was "called Palestine."

Other authorities agree that these ancient sea rovers sold their products in Egypt where a crude system of keeping records was used. It is reasonable to suppose that the crafty traders took the general idea. The mass of evidence, though largely circumstantial, indicates that they discarded the crude Egyptian symbols for others more intimately connected to their own home life.

"The Phoenicians," Eusebius asserted, "did not claim to be the inventors of the art of writing but admitted it was obtained by them from Egypt." The same tradition is current in the classical works from Plato to Tacitus. The credit for the invention of the alphabet should not be given wholly to either nation: The Egyptians made a bad start and nothing more, but the Phoenicians assimilated the idea and developed a concise system far better than the sign-symbol chaos.

Perhaps it was about 1500 B. C. that these traders of the Mediterranean brought into Greece their merchandise. Some of the newcomers settled in the new land. The Greeks acquired alphabetic writing. There is a story to the effect that Cadmus, the Greek hero, brought the precious characters into the country of his birth; but little credence is attached to it now.

"The fall of Mycenae gave to Phoenicia her opportunity," declared one historian. "She was quick to seize it by establishing depots throughout the Aegean and by securing the overlordship of the Mediterranean. But through her lack of political unity and her dependence on mercenary aid when troubles came, finally she succumbed to the strong arm of the reinvigorated Greek. Between their rise and decline the Phoenicians had put the alphabet into its present form and secured its adoption by the Greeks."



This tablet indicates the evolution of the 19 letters derived from the Phoenician.

At first the Greeks used only 15 letters but later they took others and added some of their own designing. They made some changes in the form of the letters. The greatest change of all, however, came when they ceased writing from the right to the left and adopted the left-to-right style which we employ today. They clearly evinced a preference for angles and straight lines to curves.

The Roman Empire obtained the alphabet from the Greeks but made it over into two kinds of characters, the capital and cursive. The capitals we have today; we use them, as the Romans did, for inscriptions and other writing demanding prominence. The cursive or running characters, prototypes of our present small letters, were employed for correspondence or where rapidity of writing was essential. The Romans substituted curves for many of the Greek angles.

There are teeth in our alphabet. Perhaps you never thought it had this savage aspect. The word "possess" has a goodly number of teeth and "scissors" also has an ample sufficiency; really there are eight in each. The mystery disappears before explanation. The S of the Phoenicians looked like our W, represented two front teeth and was called Shin. It resembled saw teeth.

The evolution of the apparent W into S closely illustrates the Greek and Roman peculiarities. The Greeks turned it on its side and elongated it; then they reversed it when the direction of writing changed. The early Romans cut off the bottom line, thus creating an angular S. The Romans of a later period modified it by making it in the form of a continuous in-and-out curve.

In this age a man or woman who cannot write, makes a mark. Invariably it is an X. In the days of old the cross served as the sign of identification. The Phoenicians made it as we make our plus symbol in mathematical calculations, but the horizontal line was elevated above the middle of the perpendicular. It was the last letter in their alphabet. They called it Tav. From it the Greeks derived their Tau; when the Romans received it they gave it the name of T. The raising of the crossbar to the top of the perpendicular has been the only alteration the letter underwent.

Presumably the Greeks added a flock of four letters to those they obtained from the traders on the Mediterranean. These are U, V, X and Y; amplified from the parent character they designated Upsilon; this in turn had developed from Ayin, the Phoenician word for the eye.

Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher and geometrician, drew a moral from Y which received the name of the "Samian letter" because he was born on the isle of Samos. He told his pupils that Y represented the parting of the ways inasmuch as it began with a straight line which diverged both to the right and the left at a point comparable to the time in life when the choices of a career and of conduct are to be made. In making the letter it is manifestly impossible for the pencil or pen to proceed continuously along both lines of divergence; one must be chosen and the other abandoned for the moment. Wherever the student beheld Y it put up to him the moral question, "What choice are you making in life?"

The earliest friend of man among the brutes was selected as a symbol of the first letter in the alphabet. The ox was harnessed to the plow centuries before the horse became domesticated. His body supplied strength-giving meat, and the cow contributed the inestimable boon of milk. With the aid of the ox, man subdued the wilderness. The beef, dairy and leather industries were made possible by this animal.

Aleph was the name of the ox, also of A which pictured the head. Turn the modern A upside down and let the bar project beyond the triangular sides. The top ends are the horns, the sides are the ears and the pocket comprises the remainder of the head with the nose at the point. Careless scribes gradually turned the character around, shortened the ears until they disappeared and sharpened the nose.

When the Greeks made this letter they called it Alpha instead of Aleph. The Phoenicians pronounced it much like Eleph which must have been the word for a gigantic ox; with this as a root or stem some people added three letters to obtain our modern designation for the largest animal the world knows.

The outline of the eye constituted O. The ancient alphabet-makers gave it the name of Ayin; if you drop the latter syllable you will notice how closely it approximates our word eye. It may have contained a central point to represent the pupil, but that has not come down to us. From it the Greeks got two letters, Omicron, little O, and Omega, great O. The Greeks of a later period shifted great O down to the end of their alphabet so that "Alpha and Omega" has ever afterward signified "the beginning and the end."

Do you see any connection between P and the pouting lower lip of a pretty girl? Note the profile from the point where it touches the teeth to the point where it begins to recede. Then remember that with the change in the direction of writing consummated by the Greeks they reversed the character. The Phoenicians called it Pi but pronounced it as we do today. Every time you see the letter you look at the symbol of that feature of the human face which ranks next to the eyes in expressiveness; the eyes are first, the lips second.

Q is the back of the human head together with the neck. The inventors of the symbol let the line bisect the circle so that one gets the uncomfortable feeling that the neck is a driven nail. The Greeks ceased to draw it in that style, eliminated the bisecting part of the line and retained only the tip as an appendage. The early Romans accepted Q as the Greeks gave it to them, but those of a later era pushed the tail over to the lower right of the circle.

Resh, the Phoenician term for R, is a profile of the head. The face looks to the left, but nobody knows whether the one big angle represents the nose or the chin. Apparently the head has no back and none of the usual rounding out that characterizes the cranium. The Greeks flopped the letter over and curved its projecting part. The Romans added a short diagonal at the point where the curved line strikes the perpendicular; later this mark was doubled in length.

(Concluded on page 13)

The Thanks of the Country After 25 Years

Code Word, Forever Secret, Sent Lieutenant Rowan on With Message to Garcia

By HARRY H. DUNN

OUT in a high frame house, perched on the summit of Russian Hill, lighted at dawn by the sun's first rays pearling across the summits of the distant Sierra, and bathed in gold by the last rays of the setting sun laying a lane of liquid fire through the Golden Gate, lives a man who waited nearly 25 years for the thanks of the United States Government for a deed of heroism performed in war. His name and the tale of his deed have been placed in the hands of more than 40,000,000 young Americans.

He is Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Rowan, U.S.A., retired. He was Lieutenant A. S. Rowan, U.S.A., attached to the Bureau of Information at Washington, when, in August, 1898, he carried a message—since become world-famous—to a sandal-shod, machete-armed Indian named Garcia, hidden in the jungles of the Pearl of the Antilles. Lieutenant Rowan set out on his errand through the deadly Spanish lines as a matter of duty; when he returned he had united the insurrectos of Cuba with the army and navy of the United States for the final blow at the power of Spain in the New World. He did that which he did because it was to be done; he did not expect any thanks for the doing of his duty, and he received none. He did not expect any thanks at this late date, but his friends thought that this republic should give to him some mark of recognition—even though after a delay of 24 years—and they moved swivel-chair Washington to award Colonel A. S. Rowan, retired, a special Congressional medal, since no medals were regularly authorized at that time.

Elbert Hubbard welded Rowan and Garcia and Cuba into a short book—"A Message to Garcia"—which thousands of corporations, firms, commercial and civic organizations and individual employers placed in the hands of millions of workers throughout the United States, the idea being, "if you have a deed to do, do it now!" Most employers today will agree that, whatever may have been the condition in 1898, there are very few Rowans left in the world to carry messages to Garcia, or to anyone else. Yet Colonel Rowan, as we sat in the tall house on the top of Russian Hill, out beside the Golden Gate, the other day, impressed me as still being well able to seek, aye, to find another Garcia in another Cuba, and deliver to him any sort of message that it might be necessary to deliver.

Indeed, Colonel Rowan, though he has had a third of a lifetime in which to consider it, holds that what he brought back from Cuba was far more valuable than the message he took with him.

"We might have got along very well without Garcia," he says, "and it is possible that Garcia might have won out without us, in a long time, but we could not have done what we did without the information, the maps, the data on the Spanish forces, which the revolutionary leaders gave to me, and which I carried back to Washington. It was the 'come-back,' not the 'go-in,' that was valuable."

Straight, rather tall, with a silvered thatch of hair, and still in the pink of health, Colonel Rowan, to all appearances, is still the army officer on the job. Sitting straight like an arrow in one of his high-backed chairs, this most celebrated of all messengers told me, with remarkable memory for men and places and times, the story of the bearing of the message to Garcia; more than this, he told me just what that message was, how and where it was delivered, how he made his way through the Spanish lines, in and out, and why he did it. To me, the most remarkable feature of the entire story was the fact that the then Lieutenant Rowan did not ask a question from the time he was instructed to find Garcia, until, after delivering his message to the revolutionary chief, he said:

"Where are the Spaniards?"

He had traveled more than 2,000 miles on a mission of which only three men in the world knew, with a memorized message that only three men knew, and his first question was one to which the whole American nation wanted the answer. But, here is Colonel Rowan's story, briefly told:

"When Colonel Arthur L. Wagner, who was in charge of the Bureau of Information of the War Department in Washington, informed me that I had been selected to find General Calixto Garcia, chief of the Cuban insurrectos, and say to him:

"'The United States has decided to declare war on Spain,' he warned me to remember the fate of Nathan Hale in the Revolution, and of Lieutenant Richey in the Mexican War, but the method of my finding Garcia was left to me; I was told to find him. I decided to take no papers of identification with me; indeed, to carry no documents of any kind, since, as I had previously learned the Spanish language while engaged in map-making in Central America, I believed I could persuade Garcia of my identity as a representative of the United States Government, and could compel the belief that my message was official.

"Leaving Washington ostensibly on a vacation, I went quietly to New York, and there took steamer for Kingston, Jamaica, where I confided my desire to see Garcia to the American consul. I did not tell him of the official nature of my errand, or of the message I carried filed in one of the 'pigeonholes' of my mind. I believe he thought me to be an American soldier of fortune, seeking to join the Cuban insurrectos, and, as his sympathies apparently were with the revolutionists, he asked no questions and I told him no lies. Kingston, as well as all Jamaica, was literally alive with spies for both sides in the Cuban conflict, and my greatest necessity was secrecy, for it was as dangerous that I be revealed to the agents of the Cubans, as that the Spaniards learn my purposes. To be seen with the Cubans would have meant that I was an enemy of Spain, and to be seen with the Spaniards would have marked me for the bullet or knife of some fanatic revoltoso. And that was the hardest job I had on the whole trip—keeping clear of everybody but the American consul in Kingston.

"Then, after four or five days in the Jamaican capital, waiting for word that President McKinley was ready to let loose the army and navy, I received a cablegram containing one code word. I shall never forget that word; neither shall I tell you what it was. It was and is enough that I received it in time. Hiring a carriage, with a driver recommended by the American consul, and dressed in linen suit and straw hat, such as that affected by prosperous planters, I drove slowly northward, out of Kingston. On my person there was not a card, letter, tag on clothing, or other mark by which I could be identified. If I met death in the Cuban jungle, at the hands of the Spaniards, or under the muzzles of the rifles of over-hasty Cubans, I would be listed as 'missing,' and that would be the end of my story.

"We drove northward, across Jamaica, sufficient funds having been supplied to silence the loquacious lips of a Latin-American driver. When we reached the northern coast, I instructed the driver to wait at the side of the road for me for one hour; at which time, if I did not return, he was to go back and report my 'disappearance' to the American consul at Kingston. I may say, in passing, that, though I never returned to the 'coche,' the cochero likewise never reported me as missing to the consul. If he had so reported, he would have received another ten dollars, so I considered his inaction merely his own loss, and, possibly, my gain.

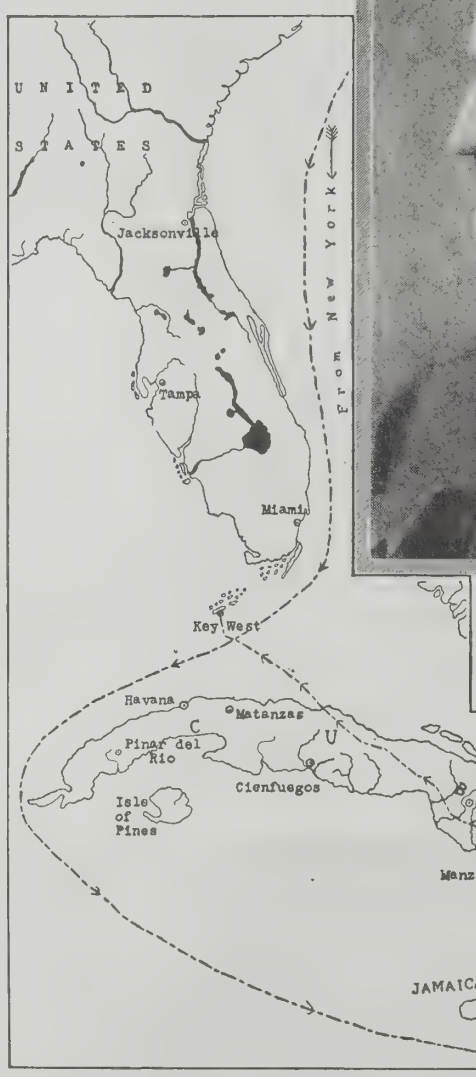
"Unarmed, save for money, and a small pocketknife, a pipe and tobacco, I slipped into the jungle, found a thick tangle against a tree, and rested there until I heard the coachman starting back to Kingston. Then I took to the road again, and loafed along carelessly into a small fishing village, whose whereabouts had been fixed in my mind by maps in the consul's office. There, after careless questioning of the natives, I found a boatman whose main source of revenue was the carrying of adventurous spirits across the channel between the northern shore of Jamaica and the southern coast of Cuba. He guaranteed no deliveries on land; one waded ashore into Cuba from his boat, anchored out as far as the wading was good, but his name—which I shall never forget—was Xavasio Sabio, and he lived up to the last word of that name, in silence at least, for it means 'Wise Man,' or 'Wise One.'

"We embarked in a 20-foot boat, with one small mast, and two other men as sailors, with no conversation except as to destination and price, purpose being left out of the discussion. Both being agreed on, we left, nominally on a fishing trip, late one afternoon, and, the following afternoon, I saw about one hundred yards from the boat, a broad strip of sandy beach, backed by a solid green wall of jungle, the southern shore of Cuba. I waded to land, waved my hand to the boatman, who already was coming about to return to Jamaica, and slipped under cover of the jungle, to watch the beach, for I had been informed that through this section of coast, the revolutionists were receiving arms and ammunition.

"If I remember correctly, I waited about an hour, when an unarmed man slipped out of the jungle, walked up and down the beach a few minutes, and signaled with his hand back into the forest, from which almost immediately emerged some 30 other dark-skinned individuals, all armed with several varieties of rifles, machetes and knives. I walked out on the beach and was instantly covered by half a dozen rifles, but, seeing that I was unarmed, and an American, or an Englishman, they allowed me to approach, soon lowered their rifles, and, after hearing my story, took me to their camp and to a *teniente*, or

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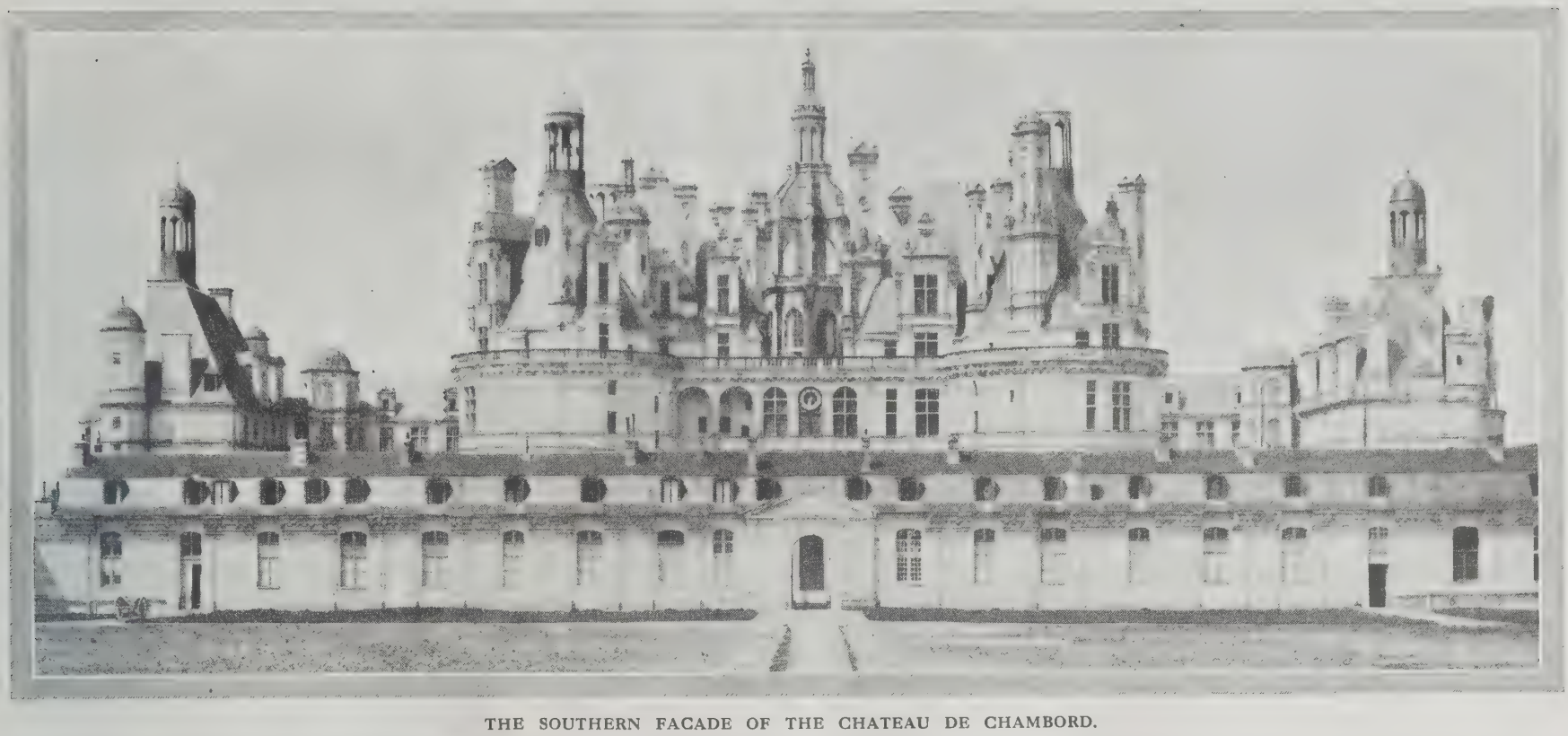




Lieutenant Colonel A. S. Rowan, with (left) map of his 4,500-mile course with the message to General Garcia.

Bourbon Prince's Chateau Forfeited to France

Chambord Possesses Rare Architectural and Historical Attractions



THE SOUTHERN FACADE OF THE CHATEAU DE CHAMBORD.

By ADRIENNE RICHARD

ROMANCE, linking the far-off days of Francis the Magnificent and the Field of the Cloth of Gold with prosaic police investigation of a present-day attempted burglary, gives vivid contemporaneous human interest to a description of that splendid reminder of royalty in France's Golden Age, the Chateau de Chambord in Touraine.

Until a few years ago, the Chateau was the unquestioned property of Prince Elie of Bourbon-Parma, a cousin of the Duke de Orleans, whom thousands of French people regard as the rightful King of France. Prince Elie, however, having married an archduchess of the Austrian blood-royal, adopted his wife's nationality. He was given a captaincy in the Austrian army at the outbreak of the war and promoted to colonel at its close. Soon after these facts were brought to the attention of the French government, and an order was issued by the court sequestrating the Chateau and its extensive landed appanage. This sequestration was sustained by a ruling of the First Chamber of the Court of Orleans on an appeal by Prince Elie from the order of the court at Blois refusing his request for the removal of the sequestration. But Prince Elie has again appealed, this time to the Court of Cassation (or last resort) at Orleans. This appeal is still pending, the trial having been several times postponed through the activity of the Prince's very able lawyers who claim to have discovered important new evidence bearing on the actual national status of the appellant. The case has been a bit complicated by the intervention of the Princes Sixte and Xavier of Bourbon-Parma, half brothers of Prince Elie and brothers of the Queen of the Belgians and of the ex-Empress Zita of Austria. This Prince Sixte, it will be remembered, played an important part in the secret negotiations with the Allies in Switzerland in 1917 for a separate peace with Austria, the prince at that time serving as an officer in the Belgian army.

All this, of course, has sharpened speculation and gossip over an alleged attempt to burglarize the Prince's apartment. Possibly, it was only an ordinary attempt of a second-story man to make a haul of loose silver; but many are inclined to link it up with a daringly dramatic attempt to obtain or to destroy important evidence in this celebrated case. Altogether, the incident sharply emphasizes the successive steps in a historic contest over a historic castle that might well provide thrills for "movie" audiences—a contest which may have grave political consequences.

On the final decision of the Court of Cassation hangs the future fate of the Chateau: Whether it shall belong to Prince Elie, to the Princes Sixte and Xavier, or—and this is the big question—whether it shall remain permanently sequestrated by the state in conformity with the Treaty of Versailles, to be liquidated for account of the reparations due by Austria. In this last case the masses would see in the event the exemplification of a tardy justice that should long ago have restored to the nation this ancient and historic royal palace making it public property as are the palaces of Versailles, the Tuilleries, Fontainebleau, Saint Germain and St.-Cloud.

To understand the present legal status of the dispute, we must go back to the year 1907, when its then owner, Robert, Duke of Parma, died in Vienna, leaving his estate to his 18 children by two marriages. The Princess Zita, later Empress of Austria, and Prince Elie were children of the first marriage. The matter of a partition of the estate was brought before the Grand Marshalate of the Court of Vienna, which tribunal, under the inspiration, it is said, of the old Emperor Franz-Josef, awarded to Prince Elie, as the eldest son, almost one-half the entire heritage, including the Chateau de Chambord. Although the final settlement was not made definite by court order until 1916, Prince Elie, before the outbreak of the war, had boasted of his exclusive rights of proprietorship. But in 1915 the president of the Tribunal of Blois put the Chambord estate under a writ of sequestration, at the same time making express reservations as to such rights of succession as might later appear. As a matter of fact, no public record was made of the sequestration at that time.

During the war, however, Prince Elie re-affirmed his Austrian nationality, while his two half brothers, the Princes Sixte and Xavier, domiciled in Paris, enrolled themselves in the Belgian army, their royal blood barring them from obtaining commissions in the French army. Among other decorations, however, they gained the French *croix de guerre*. It is to be noted further that the Princes Sixte and Xavier never accepted the regulation to the succession to their father's estate fixed by the Austrian court. Resting their claims on French law, they put in a claim before the court at Blois that the Chateau should remain the undivided property of all the heirs of Duke Robert. Prince Elie, who within the past year has become a naturalized Spaniard as a descendant of Philip V and cousin of the reigning sovereign, opposed this claim of his brothers, at the same time objecting to the competency of the Blois court's jurisdiction.



The private office of Francis the First in the Chateau.

As early as the twelfth century, the counts of Blois were lords of a sort of manor in the Chambord country which they used as a hunting rendezvous. About this manor hang legends stranger and more numerous than facts genuinely historic. But it is known that King Francis I chose the spot for the site of one of the most magnificent edifices that could be planned, even in an epoch in which architectural luxury in both construction and embellishment knew no limits. For hundreds of years, the Chateau de Chambord has remained one of the most beautiful monuments of the French Renaissance.

When the construction of the Chateau was begun under Francis I, no fewer than 1,800 skilled and unskilled workers were employed upon it under two "Masters of the Works," Messieurs Pierre Nepveu or Trinqueau and Jacques Coqueau, also called Coquereau. The work was continued throughout the reigns of several of his successors, but it was not until after Louis XIV, *le grand Monarque,* came to the throne that the edifice received its finishing touches. The historians generally assume that the "Masters of the Works" were also the architects who designed the building, although this point is not undisputed. Its importance lies in the fact that they bore undeniably French names, so lending force to the affirmation that Italian art did not figure in the design. One thing certain is that Chambord stands out quite distinctly in its differences of architectural style from that of the many edifices erected during the prevalence of the taste for the Italian Renaissance, its entire plan recalling rather the touch of Gothic in the French castles of the Middle Ages.

The plan of the Chateau is substantially a parallelogram in which the four corners are each flanked by a round tower, on one side of which leans a construction equally rectangular also flanked by a round turret. The mass of this auxiliary construction, in fact, constitutes the donjon which forms so important a feature of all the old French fortresses. This donjon is really the principal part of the whole edifice; that to which the architect has given the greatest care and elaboration of detail.

The most striking feature or the interior is a massive stone staircase occupying its center and giving access to the four wings of this immense fortified palace. It is approached from four spacious halls or corridors, *the salles des gardes,* arranged in the form of a cross. This stairway is so wide that two persons may ascend and descend it side by side simultaneously without touching each other.

The body of the main building is surrounded on three sides by constructions which originally were not uniformly elevated above the first story, but which were

(Concluded on page 13)

Delaware, Where Corporations Are Unconfined

Ten Cents a Thousand Brings a Charter, Then Let the Buyer Beware; Revenue From Incorporation Amounts to Half Million Dollars Annually

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY

This is the fourth of several articles by Mr. M'Garry, in which will be related some of the many forms of crookedness in which the public suffers.

A STATE in which ex-convicts jailed for stock-promotion swindles can obtain legal authority to unload more worthless stock on the public for the ridiculously small fee of 10 cents a thousand dollars is largely responsible for the flood of frauds that has inundated the United States, and that is still engulfing the savings of working men in every other state in the union. That state is Delaware, the second smallest commonwealth in the entire 48.

Since 1899, Delaware has been in the business of giving legal sanction to frauds. Profits to the state are so large that in recent years nearly one-half of the revenue accruing to the general fund of the commonwealth have come in the form of fees or franchise taxes on corporations. Back in 1902 the business was already showing signs of growth. In that year Delaware incorporated 1,407 new companies at its bargain-counter rate of 10 cents a thousand dollars, or one hundred dollars for the right to sell a million dollars' worth of stock. By 1919 the number of companies incorporated had grown to 4,776, and that average has been maintained ever since, despite deflation, hard times and the closing down of industries. Last year 4,568 charters were granted.

Too Busy to Renew Charter

THE very fact that the number of charters has not increased during the last few years is also significant. Many of the promoters doing business in store windows, in house-to-house canvasses and in factories and mills employing large numbers of workingmen are still operating on the old charters. They have found it so easy to get the money and the risk of arrest so negligible that as soon as the entire million dollars' worth of stock is sold for the first time, they move on to another part of the country, get another batch of stock printed and go right on selling it in small lots; in amounts so small that it will not be worth while for the victim to pay the expenses of hiring a lawyer and going into court to collect. Others, more careful, make provision in the initial charter for total stock issues of five to ten million dollars. Then all that is necessary when the first million dollars' worth is sold is to vote authority to issue another million, and keep on selling.

Statistics of Delaware's income from her legalization of all sorts of fly-by-night promotions offer still another interesting new development. In addition to the initial fee for the issuance of the charter, Delaware has an annual franchise tax of $50 for the first million dollars of stock, and $25 for each additional million. The franchise tax is not collected in the year the charter is issued. Heretofore there were hundreds of corporations that had simply disappeared by the time the franchise tax was due. That was fairly good evidence that such corporations were in the fraud class in their origin. In recent years the death rate of the frauds has grown less. Promoters have discovered that it is safer to keep their charters alive, and that discovery has meant a tremendous increase in the revenue to Delaware from the franchise tax.

Despite that relatively new trend the official records of the corporation death rate offer the best possible proof of the kind of business Delaware is doing. Those records are rather hard to get at for recent years, due to a change in the bookkeeping system. But it is possible to get enough of them to show what is being done. Some years ago a group of citizens got together in Delaware to establish what they called "The Clearing House of the Delaware State Program." All of those associated in the movement were civic leaders and big business men. They issued a booklet entitled, "What Delaware Makes and Spends," and in it appeared the following:

For Revenue Only

"NO OTHER source of the state's revenue has been so critically discussed, inside the state and outside, as the corporation revenue. Favorable provisions of the corporation law of Delaware result in the incorporation here of many new companies representing interests outside the state. Although the number varies from year to year, still, as the revenue shows, the tendency has been indubitably toward increase, both in the number of corporations and in the amount of capital.

"'But each year also,' the state treasurer pointed out in 1906, 'A number of corporations allow their charters to become forfeited, many without making a single payment upon the annual franchise assessed against them.' Those that do not pay for two years are 'proclaimed' out of existence by the governor. There were approximately 1,550 corporations whose charters became void in March, 1919. That is the largest annual total to date, but the total for some years past has frequently exceeded 1,000.

"This means that in the case of every corporation whose charter is voided there has been a two years' loss to the state, if only the revenue feature of the situation is considered."

Note the point of view. Those Delaware citizens knew that the jailbirds flocked to Dover for their charters and that many of the corporations created there were frauds. They knew, or should have known, that failure of the promoter to return to pay his franchise tax was partial evidence that he had sold all his stock and was through, and that the victims were left "holding the bag." Yet they are concerned mainly with the "revenue feature of the situation." They are mourning the loss of, say, $75,000 to $100,000 in franchise taxes that might have been paid by those 1,500 corporations. But what of the millions of wage earners who paid several hundred million dollars for the stock of that same group of companies, and got nothing?

It might be argued that Delaware takes official recognition of the kind of business it is doing. Read this from the same booklet: "The attorney-general is empowered to recover from proclaimed corporations their arrears of taxes, and many appoint for this purpose special deputies who receive thirty-three and one-third per cent of the amount of taxes collected by them. Probably in most cases the thirty-three and one-third per cent is not easily earned, when it is earned at all."

In other words, Delaware pays a blue-sky rate of commission for the collection of its franchise tax.

"Governors and other public servants have had a good deal to say from year to year about the precariousness of the corporation revenue and the folly of counting too largely upon it," the booklet adds. "'Careful legislators will recognize,' the governor's inaugural message of 1909 points out, 'that the large sums we are now receiving annually from corporations may not be permanent. If many states should enact a law similar to ours, it would mean a great reduction in the revenue received by us.'"

Corporation Death Rate

AUTHORITIES are agreed that the amount of money lost by little American investors every year in fake stock promotions runs above three hundred million dollars. It has been my opinion for some years that the amount is really very much greater. Take the Delaware charter record of 1921. In that year the state received in initial fees $585,932.82. At the rate of 10 cents a thousand dollars that sum indicates that Delaware authorized total capitalizations for all those companies of $5,859,000,000. The death rate for the year is not at hand. But the figures for earlier years show that corporate mortalities run up to a billion dollars a year, and higher. In some years 90 per cent of that amount is dead loss to wage earners who have been induced to buy fake stocks with nothing back of them.

At that rate the small investor could take over the Steel Trust in a year or two if some method could be devised of stamping out the promoter and putting the funds he is getting into steel stock. And that brings up the question of what is to be done about it. Various financial authorities have devised schemes to let the little investor into the legitimate investment field. It was explained in the previous article why it is not worth while for the legitimate security salesman to attempt to sell direct to the wage earner. He could not reach enough men in a day or make enough sales to pay his expenses, when the rate of commission is the legitimate three per cent. Obviously, the answer is some form of group security buying, and in every plan that has come to my attention that idea is used in some form or another.

It is not my purpose to advertise any broker's pet scheme. Without being laid open to that charge, however, I can point out some of the possibilities of group buying. Every wage earner knows how the group idea has been applied to insurance. Nearly every modern industrial plant carries it in some form. The public is familiar also with the movement to permit employes to buy stock in the corporations for which they work. As a rule that buying is done individually, and the aggregate power of the market is not brought home to the attention of the wage earner.

Mr. Mitten's Idea

THE Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company handled the idea differently. Rather it was the workers of that company. A fight developed in the board of directors for control. Thomas E. Mitten, president of the company, had a co-operative agreement with his men. Through their co-operative association they sold government bonds to the value of $240,000, the savings of several years, and bought 10,000 shares of the company's stock. That gives them the largest single block of the security. They got the stock at $24 and since then it has climbed to $32, giving the co-operative association a net profit of more than $80,000. In addition, it is estimated that fully 20,000 shares were bought individually by the workers, so that their total profits are more than a quarter of a million dollars. What is more, from their point of view, is that they now have representation on the board of directors.

The problem can hardly be solved, however, by individual corporations. Bankers must take an interest. All authorities are agreed that an era of great industrial expansion is ahead, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that if the country is to develop as it should the present class of protected investors will not have sufficient funds to supply the nation's needs. Then it will become imperative for the bankers and brokers, the Federal Government and the governments of all the states to furnish protection and guidance for the small investors in exactly the same degree as they are furnished to the man with plenty of money. Various forms of trust agreements have been suggested and there should be no particular difficulty in working out a safe and practical plan. The wage earners may be reached in groups through their employers, as they are by group insurance.

Federal Incorporation

BEFORE that can be done it will be necessary to curb Delaware. That part of the problem can be solved by each state for its own citizens. It is simply a matter of passing laws that will take into consideration the tremendous risks inherent under the Delaware system, and that will make it too expensive for the promoter to operate. Of course, there are legitimate corporations doing business under Delaware charters. Some of them may object to the passage of protective laws in other states, but their interests cannot stand against those of the whole public. And for that matter it should be simple enough to make exceptions for the legitimate companies that are really producing something. Many authorities believe the easiest solution is a Federal incorporation law, and Delaware officials themselves have said that such a law would end their monopoly of blue-sky charters.

Just why Delaware is chosen by the promoters is partly a matter of price, but not altogether. The more cautious of the dishonest promoters would be quite willing to pay higher rates if they could get any more latitude than Delaware allows them, or more chance to get away. It goes without saying that since most of them choose Delaware it must be that Delaware offers the best terms available. That could be proved, but it would require a long and tedious comparison of Delaware's corporation laws with those of other states. One thing, however, is easily explained. That is the matter of the annual meeting. In virtually all other states it is required that the meeting of stockholders shall take place in the state of incorporation. Delaware permits its promoters to call a meeting anywhere they choose.

That means that if any of the actions of the promoters are questioned they can send out notices of a stockholders' meeting to be held in San Francisco. The session can be held quite in accordance with law and the chances are one in a thousand that enough of the stockholders will turn up to interfere with anything the promoters may want to do. Such precautions are quite unnecessary in most of the blue-sky promotions because after the stock is sold no attempt is made to do anything but get away. The promoter follows the usual method of selling in small lots and making quick sales, which are virtually all profit.

Safe in Delaware

WISE promoters do not attempt to sell much of their stock in Delaware, for the reason that the state has provisions in its corporation laws to protect its own citizens. A few months ago I attended a meeting of stockholders at Wilmington in a concern referred to in a previous article in this series, operated by a promoter who has built up a fraternal organization to help him sell stock in his schemes. It did not take long for the authorities to get an injunction against him in Delaware and in other states to prevent him disposing of any of the property of the corporation.

That happened to be one of the few cases in which there was any real value back of the stock. Judging from what had taken place, the promoter did not think he had anything in the way of real value, at the outset. His stock in trade was an oil lease. He had also some hopes of natural gas. Perfunctory efforts were made to produce, and much to his astonishment a regular flow of both gas and oil was obtained from the wells. At that point the promoter started to do some jockeying to get the leaseholds away from the corporation in which he had been selling stock, and into the hands of another one in which he held the stock control. A few of the stockholders happened to have enough means and time to look into the matter. They discovered what was going on and blocked him.

Wage earners solicited by stock salesmen might bear that case in mind. The chances always are in the case of such promotions that there is no real value. If value should unexpectedly develop it is quite within the bounds of probability that the greedy promoter will try to shift ownership, perhaps by a perfectly legal sale for a purely nominal sum, and nine times out of ten he will get away with it and the investor will be cheated just as though there was nothing back of his stock.

Mobile's Industrial Dreams Come True

Concluded from page 6



The municipal grain elevator at Mobile.

storage to ship, 400 tons of coal per hour. A creosoted timber wharf, on pile foundation, 33 feet wide and 500 feet long, extends the entire length of the plant. A structural steel unloading bridge travels the length of the wharf and operates a four-ton coal or ore bucket. A structural steel reloader also travels the length of the wharf, being able to pass under the unloading bridge and work on either side of that structure. The storage floor, which is parallel to and in the rear of the wharf, is 80 feet wide and 500 feet long.

The unloader, which removes the coal from the Warrior River barges, operating the four-ton bucket, transports the coal to the storage in the rear. In transferring coal to ships for bunker or cargo the process is reversed. The unloader bridge bucket lifts the coal from the storage pile and deposits it in a bin on the bridge pier. There it passes through an automatic weighing device, thence to a belt conveyor paralleling the wharf, and so to the waiting ships on which it is loaded through telescopic chutes.

Admiral W. S. Benson, who visited Mobile with two other members of the Shipping Board, thus estimated the situation from Mobile's commercial and strategical point of vantage:

"Alabama's river system, leading into the northern section of the state with its iron and coal and steel, and developments yet to come, necessarily means that this business will pass through the port of Mobile. From Mobile it is a straight run through the Yucatan channel to the Far East, to the west coast of South America and to the islands of the Pacific. Then commerce bound for other points can be handled from Mobile direct through the Panama Canal.

"In view of these facts, I am impressed with the tremendous development made and would strongly urge every effort for a continuance of the work already begun and that it be carried out with a view of meeting the demands that I believe the future will make on the ports and to take advantage of the natural geographical position of Mobile as a port. This refers not only to the channel, but to warehouses, cargo-handling facilities, and ship-repair facilities, to care for present trade and for the tremendous demand that may rise."

And Mobile, proud and happy in this expression of opinion from the Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, is girding herself to the task of providing all the facilities needed to make her one of the chief seaports of the country.

McDonogh—Or the Miser's Philanthropy

Concluded from page 7

The will solved the secret of McDonogh, the miser. He had come to look upon himself as but a steward of "the little riches of this world" which Providence had been pleased to confide to him for a high and beneficent purpose. It was in the execution of that purpose that he had been so frugal, so consistently and unsparingly zealous and absorbed. Because he had regarded it as a duty to keep intact the wealth consecrated to that purpose, he had stood without compromise for his rights in the courts. That he might not be diverted from this central aim, he had held less strong the claim of many other worthy benevolences. Gradually it was brought to light, however, that for years he had been giving time, money, and intelligent thought to the education of many protégés—brothers, a sister, nephews, nieces, white orphans, Negro youth.

In spite of judicial contests, natural depreciation, costs of administration, and the havoc of war, the two cities had in 1886, according to Colonel Allan, a larger amount of valuable property than John McDonogh left. Baltimore's share has been applied to the establishment and development of the finely housed and well-equipped McDonogh School, at McDonogh, 12 miles northwest of Baltimore. There, on an estate of 835 acres, in a beautiful region, poor boys of Baltimore may receive instruction in English, geography, history and mathematics; business practice (with office work); farming and gardening, woodworking and printing. Adequate preparation for entrance to college is also provided for such boys as "show the ability and ambition necessary for one who must make his own way in obtaining higher education." "Boys admitted on the foundation," says the catalog, "have no fees of any kind to pay, the entire expense of their maintenance and education being borne by the school as long as they are connected with it." New Orleans' share was used for public school buildings; up to May, 1922, so Superintendent Gwinn informed me, no less than *thirty-four* such buildings had been erected, either wholly or in part, from the McDonogh fund—thirty in Orleans parish, four in Jefferson. About $200,000 remained, administered by a McDonogh commission. For a time, at least, the fund was drawn upon not only for building, but also for furniture and repairs.

"McDonogh, the miser"—it was, after all, a mistaken by-name! Exacting and rigid he indeed was, but no misanthrope. It may have been that he was eccentric; that (as Severn Wallis suggested) his mind hovered "perilously near the point at which men mistake their desires and convictions for direct and divine inspiration" . . . . But he was neither a speculator, nor a usurer, nor a profiteer. Strangely grim his life had been; but at the end its meaning burst forth like sunshine after a clouded day. Men who would not choose the path he trod, may join to honor the work he wrought.

Bourbon Prince's Chateau Forfeited to France

Concluded from page 11

topped by mansards in the seventeenth century. This addition has the defect of masking the graceful outlines of the façades, so allowing only the campaniles of the stairways to be perceived from the outside.

The Chateau contains 440 rooms, every room being provided with a chimney and fireplace, while 13 wide stairways run from the ground floor to the roof. It is to be noted that none of these rooms were furnished in the old days. According to the custom of the time, when the king decided to pass a few days or weeks at the Chateau, he had a crew of carpet and tapestry workers sent on ahead to furnish the apartment chosen for occupation by the court.

Not until the arrival of Louis XIV on the scene do we come to the most important chapter in the annals of the Chateau de Chambord. And this importance, for the modern mind, is due less to the presence of the king than to the fact that Chambord became the scene of two celebrated *premières* given there by Moliére and his company: the first representations of "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac" in September, 1669, and of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" in October, 1670.

Following the Revolution, the first republic confiscated the Chateau and made it a national domain, seeking (but failing) to find a purchaser willing to pay a price that would substantially replenish the national treasury. So it came about that one of the first acts of Napoleon after he was crowned Emperor was to bestow Chambord on his favorite, Marshal Berthiér, Prince de Wagram, with an annual income of 500,000 francs. On the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy, Louis XVIII having suppressed this Napoleonic pension, the widow of Berthiér obtained, as a favor, the right to sell the domain, as its upkeep constituted a burden too onerous for her to sustain.

So it came about that in 1820 Adrian de Calonne, an ardent royalist, conceived the idea of raising by popular subscription a fund for the purchase of Chambord that it might be offered as a residence to the newly born son of the Duc de Berri, and named Duc de Bordeaux. Despite the protests that arose on many sides against this idea, the subscriptions to the fund amounted to 1,542,000 francs, which sum was deemed sufficient for the redemption of the estate. Thereafter, the Chateau belonged during half-a-century to the Comte de Chambord, Legitimist claimant to the throne of France. On his death in 1883, he bequeathed the domain to two foreign princes belonging to the House of Bourbon; Robert, Duke of Parma, already mentioned, and his brother, the Duc de Bardi. In France, this bequest was severely criticized by an almost unanimous public opinion.

Biographies of the Letters of Our Alphabet

Concluded from page 9

From the hand we have derived three letters. I is the profile of the open palm, and J is the same with the fingers moved a third of the way toward the palm. K represents the profile with two fingers bent at a right angle to each other. The Phoenicians called it Kaph. The Greeks christened it Kappa, and finally reversed it. Since that time it is practically unchanged.

Which of our letters symbolizes a fish? You might guess a long time without hitting upon the correct answer. The ancient sea traders gave it the name of Nun. It is N. Originally the back and open mouth of the fish was suggested by the lines, and apparently no dot was ever used to represent the eye. The character went through a succession of changes but it is made now almost as it was at the beginning.

Lamed was the goad or whip which these merchants of old used to accelerate the movement of their oxen. The symbol started as an upright line with another thrust upward from the base to the right. It experienced some ups and downs as did N, but today it is the same as at first with the exception that the base line forms an angle of 90 degrees with the other. Have you guessed this one? Half of "well" consists of ox goads, but "parallel" contains three.

The famous "ship of the desert" holds the third place in the alphabet. The camel was the favorite animal of the ancient world. The Phoenicians employed great caravans of them in their business on land. They gave to the valuable beast of burden the name of Gamel or Gimel which the Greeks corrupted into Gamma. At first the letter was merely a silhouette of the animal's head and neck; then it had the appearance of our 7.

Nearly every letter of the alphabet has much interesting lore and legend in its history. E is no exception to this general rule. At least one of these bits should be quoted inasmuch as it cleverly describes the fifth character as

"The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end
And the end of every place."

The windows of the ancients were closed with a lattice; glass was not then used in them. These openings played an important part in the home life of the people. Backyard gossip had not come into style; so the city residents exchanged confidences from the vantage point of the latticed space. The letter was originally made with the left side of the window off; the only change of any consequence came with its reversal. That's the story of our most-used symbol.

Pioneers of writing drew H much like E. They probably left the side off the representation of the window in order that it might not be confused with the other sign; they were similar with that exception. H pictured a section of a fence comprising two posts linked together by three horizontal boards. It was called Cheth. The Greeks designated it Eta, retained the original form at first, then omitted the upper and lower boards. When the Romans borrowed it they gave it the sound it possesses today.

There are hooks in our alphabet. "Fife" has two of them. These hooks or nails with a hooked top may be taken as the symbol of architecture or of shipbuilding to which they were indispensable. F differed slightly from E only by a base line.

A weapon graces our alphabet but was nearly crowded out of it. This is the dagger or short sword which the Phoenicians manufactured in large quantities from bronze and sold to the nations with which they had commercial relations. A Phoenician blade was considered the best obtainable; it bore the name of Zayin.

The Greeks made use of Zayin but rechristened it Zeta. For some reason the Romans moved it along to the end of the alphabet where we keep it still. Nothing more than the handle was pictured. In order to trace the letter rapidly without lifting the brush the Romans employed a diagonal line to connect the two bars; they first made it in its present form.

The houses of the ancient traders were open in front and closed only by curtains, if at all. They made a cross section of the house for their second letter. It received the name of Beth, their word for house. It has survived in a modified form as "booth," a curtained flimsy structure for voting or used in street fairs. So the word has come down to us with some of its ancient meaning. The Greeks transformed Beth to Beta; later they combined it with Alpha, the first letter and thus created "alphabet." Literally "alphabet" is the head of an ox and a house; probably in those days the oxen were stabled in a section of the human habitation.

The Phoenicians chose Daleth, door, for their fourth letter. They drew it as an equilateral triangle. It may have represented the entrance to the tents of the caravans that traded with them; or it may have been derived from the openings in their own houses, as these had a triangular shape since the curtains were partially pinned back except during stormy weather. There are these two similar theories regarding the birth of D.

For some reason the Greeks prolonged one side of the triangle; the later Greeks, however, restored D to the form given it by its inventors. The Romans tilted it so that its left side was perpendicular; later generations preferred curves to angles, so they smoothed its right into a semicircle. Thus we have it today.

Many interesting facts and side lights may be found in the history of the alphabet; there is room here only for two. The twenty-first verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters in the alphabet except J; it is therefore known as the Bible's "alphabetical verse." Eighteen or twenty words of the English language contain all of the vowels; but there are just two, "abstemious" and "facetious," that have them in their proper order of A, E, I, O and U.

In the Land of Lightning and the Chickadee

Of the Lying Titmouse and Old Doc Thunder, Indians and Rattlesnakes



Where "water cannibals" lurked on top of Lookout Mountain.



Grand canyon of the Tennessee River near "The Suck."



Looking down at the haunt of "Brass."

By HARRY E. BARNET

THOUSANDS of automobile tourists traveling north and south know "The Suck," near Moccasin Bend in the Tennessee River at Chattanooga. It is the most picturesque highland section along the unbroken highway between Mackinac and Miami, and probably it is the section on which the most sensational engineering work was done. These aspects of it create curiosity, so that, "Why do you call it 'The Suck'?" ask the tourists. So far this question never has been answered. Here is practically all there is to be said:

Peaks and valleys of the Blue Ridge, the Indians said, were ranged by a woman monster. Because her skin was as hard as rock, and no weapon could dent it, she was known as "Stone Dress." No one knew her real appearance. She could assume any shape as quick as a flash, and the one that helped her most at the time was the shape in which she showed herself. Usually, she was a very old squaw.

But "Stone Dress" had strength enough to tear cliffs in two and to carry the pieces wherever she wanted to take them. If she struck two rocks together, the blow cemented them. To get over the rough country between "Tree Rock" and Whiteside Mountain without climbing steep hills and wading streams, she gathered immense bowlders, and undertook to build a bridge across the space with them. It was a solid structure as far as it went, for "Stone Dress" pushed each piece of it in place with a bang, and it stuck there like a leech. Lightning struck and shattered the bridge, however, when it stuck out like a spur from "Tree Rock" halfway to Whiteside. The fragments still cover a ridge in that neighborhood.

Human livers were the food of this monster, and she got them by stabbing Indians with the forefinger on her right hand. It was very long, commenced at her wrist, and was shaped like a spear. Hunters made themselves scarce when they saw a beautiful young squaw going through the woods, singing:

"Uwe la na tsiku. Su sa sai.
"Liver, I eat it. Su sa sai."

The song was tuneful, and the sight was pleasing, but whoever saw the girl knew she was "Stone Dress" on the hunt for food. In defense against her, it was decided to trap her in a pitfall, where all the warriors of the mountains could attack her at once, and be safe from the thrusts of her spearfinger.

Now while "Stone Dress" roamed everywhere in the Blue Ridge, she spent most of her time at the headwaters of streams, and in dark passes. Her favorite haunt was in the neighborhood of a gap on a trail at the foot of Chilowee Mountain. A huge hole was dug across the trail there, and artfully covered with grass and twigs. Near it, the Indians built a big brush fire, and hid themselves among some laurel bushes. Presently, the hidden warriors saw an old woman approaching. She looked like a squaw who was well known in that part of the mountains—but she had her right hand concealed beneath her blanket. "Stone Dress" kept her right hand out of sight to hide the spearfinger. On that account, a few of the old warriors wanted to shoot the woman as she neared them. Younger warriors interfered.

While the Indians were arguing, the old woman stepped on the pitfall, broke through it, and fell into the hole. Instantly the feeble squaw was "Stone Dress" in a rage, thrusting her spearfinger in every direction like a lance. The warriors rushed out of the laurels, and surrounded the pit. They shot from every direction, but when their arrows struck the skin of the monster they splintered, and fell at her feet. The monster taunted her enemies, and tried to climb out to get at them. She was unsuccessful, and the Indians were wasting their arrows.

A little titmouse perched on the limb of a tree overhanging the pit when the battle commenced.

"Un, un, un," it shrilled.

The Indians thought the bird was attempting to say "unahu," (heart), and to tell them to shoot at the heart of "Stone Dress." They shot their arrows where her heart should be, but the shafts and flint points were shattered as before. This angered the warriors. They stopped the battle, climbed the tree and caught the titmouse. When they got it to the ground they cut off its tongue, and turned it loose. Since then, it is said in the mountains that the titmouse is the liar among birds.

Later, a chickadee flew down, and alighted on the right hand of "Stone Dress." The warriors took this to be a marker, and they shot there. The monster doubled her hands into fists, and with the spearfinger held before her, she rushed furiously about the pit. Suddenly, she made an upward leap and opened her hands to grasp it. An arrow struck where the spearfinger joined at her wrist. The monster dropped back dead; her heart was there. The chickadee won, therefore, a reputation for truth-telling that still exists.

News of the death of "Stone Dress" traveled over the mountains, and Indians came from everywhere to look at her body as it lay in the pitfall. Even Thunder came to look down at the dead monster, and he lived for a while with the Indians in the neighborhood. Soon after he left there a child was born, and the



In the weird stories of Indian mythology, cannibals lived in the river bottoms, where modernized life looks like this.

Indians said he was the son of Thunder. When the boy was a stripling, sores appeared on his body.

"Your father, Thunder, is a great doctor," the boy's mother told him. "He lives far to the west, but if you can find him he will cure you."

The boy set out on the trail. At Moccasin Bend he came to the home of "Brass," reputed to have been the greatest gambler of that time, and the inventor of the Indian game that was played with a stone wheel and a stick. "Brass" challenged every traveler who passed his home to play against him. But he was tricky, and won the majority of the games, so that he had his cabin filled with furs and beads, and chunks of gold he won from Indians who lived in Georgia. Occasionally, "Brass" lost, and then he would bet everything he owned, even his life. But the winner had no chance to collect—"Brass" was a magician, and he could take on different forms.

"Stop and play with me a while," said "Brass" to the boy.

"I'm looking for Thunder," was the reply, "and I haven't time to stop."

"Why, he lives only eight miles down the river," said "Brass," with a smile. "You can hear him rumbling down there all the time, so we might as well play a game or two before you go on."

"But I've nothing to bet," argued the boy.

"That doesn't matter," replied "Brass" reassuringly. "We'll play for your pretty spots."

The boy refused, and went on. At Thunder's cabin he asked Thunder's wife for his father.

"Come in, and we'll soon know about it," said Thunder, who overheard the conversation. "I have traveled in many lands, and I have many children."

The boy entered the cabin, and Thunder told him to sit on a blanket. Under the eastern half of it were long, sharp thorns of the honey locust, points upward. The boy sat on them without knowing they were there.

"You're my son," said Thunder. "If you weren't, the thorns would stick you. Now, why did you come to me?"

"I have sores all over my body," was the reply. "My mother told me you were my father, and a great doctor, and you would cure me."

"Yes," Thunder said, "I am a great doctor, and I'll soon fix you up."

A large pot stood in a corner of the cabin. Thunder told his wife to fill it with water, and put it on the fire. When the water boiled, Thunder put some roots in the pot, and threw the boy in after them. The water boiled for hours.

"Now, take the pot and throw it in the river, boy and all," commanded Thunder, and his wife obeyed. The river surged and tumbled. At that spot it never has been quiet since the pot started the commotion. Indians named the place "Pot-in-the-water," because the surface of the river resembles boiling water in a pot. The whites renamed it "The Suck," because they found it to be a place of dangerous whirlpools. The vicinity was given the same name.

Steam came in a great cloud from the river. Where it touched trees and bushes on the bank it left them blotched and streaked. Thunder's wife peered over the edge of the bank when the cloud lifted, and saw the boy clinging to the roots of a tree that hung in the water. His skin was clean.

"When we go in the cabin," she said to the boy, after she helped him to the top of the bank, "your father will give you some new clothes. But when he opens the box, and tells you to pick out your ornaments, be sure to take them from the very bottom.

"Then he will send for his other sons to play ball against you," she concluded. "There is a honey locust tree in front of the cabin. When you get tired, strike the tree, and your father will stop the play, because he doesn't want to lose it."

Thunder spread a buckskin suit, a belt, and a headdress on the box. The boy put them on. Thunder opened the box. It was filled with every variety of mountain snakes.

"Pick out your necklace and bracelets," Thunder said. The boy plunged his hand to the bottom and pulled out a huge rattlesnake, which he wrapped about his neck. He twisted four copperheads about his wrists and ankles. Thunder gave him a war club.

"I'll send for your elder brothers," Thunder remarked. "You must play with them."

Thunder intended the game to be a fight for life. His brothers were older and stronger. The contest took place in the picturesque section called "The Suck." Thunder rolled, and the young Thunders kept pace. Lightning zigzagged at every movement of the boy—he was then a young Lightning. When he was tired carrying on the battle alone, and against the two, he aimed a blow at the honey locust tree. Thunder stopped the fight.

"You are brave and strong," was Thunder's comment.

Then Lightning told Thunder of the offer of "Brass" to play for the spots on his skin.

"Yes," Thunder responded, "he is a great gambler. But I'll see that you win."

He brought out a small gourd with a hole bored through the neck of it and tied it to the boy's wrist. A string of beads was inside the gourd. One end hung out of the hole; and there was no other end to the string.

"When 'Brass' sees you he will want to play for the beads. He will lose every game. When he stops to drink, strike a rock with your war club, and water will come. He will play until he bets his life. Then send for your brothers to kill him."

When "Brass" saw the beaded string he wanted to play for it. Lightning drew out enough of it to surround the playground.

"Brass" lost the game. He was astonished and proposed another. Play continued until noon. "Brass" lost steadily, and was discouraged.

"I'm thirsty," he said. "Let's get a drink."

Lightning struck a rock. Water gushed out, and they had a drink there.

When "Brass" lost his buckskins and beaded work, his eagle feathers and ornaments, he bet his wife, and lost her.

"I'll bet my life," he said.

Lightning won.

"Let me tell my wife," said "Brass," "then you may kill me."

He went into his cabin, then out through a rear door. Young Thunders were summoned, and they brought a horned green beetle. "Brass" assumed many shapes, but each time the beetle knew him. He was finally captured at the edge of the sea.

The brothers carried him far out. They drove a stake through his breast, and posted two crows as guards. But "Brass" never died. He cannot die until the end of the world.



She looks placid, but she can make your hair stand on end with stories of capers and spooks.



"Gran-pappy" is willing to let his primitive mill grind its grist while he regales the visitors with stories of ghosts and "sich like."

The Thanks of the Country After 25 Years

Concluded from page 10

capitan, who, after close questioning, led me through the mountains and valleys—having provided me with a mule to ride—for much of that night and the next day, to the camp of Calixto Garcia, the man I sought.

"My 'captor' marched me directly to Garcia, and told in a few words the story of his men's 'capture' of me.

"Garcia, a rather slender, light-skinned man, evidently a competent soldier, looked me straight in the eye for a moment, and said:

"'Well, what is it that you wish?'

"I replied: 'The United States has decided to declare war on Spain.'

"Though this meant success or failure, the freedom or the enslavement of his country, and, quite probably, his own life or death, Garcia did not show by so much as the movement of an eyelash, the effect of my words.

"'How do you know this?' he asked.

"Then I gave him my word as a man that what I had told him was the truth; explained to him my position with the Information Bureau, and verbally identified myself. He believed me, took me into his confidence, gave me information as to the size and armament of his own forces and of the Spaniards, the location of the troops on both sides, and furnished me with maps of nearly three-quarters of Cuba. He then supplied me, after we had discussed the situation for two days, with a horse, two guides, and a small guard of experienced men, sending as the guides two of his most valued officers, who later gave good service to the United States by guiding the American troops in Cuba.

"The ability of Garcia came home to me with renewed force when I found that he had arranged for a boat—though an even smaller boat than that in which I had crossed from Jamaica—to be waiting for me on the northeastern shore of Cuba, to carry me to Key West. In the Florida channel, one of the roughest bits of water in the world, we were wrecked, and, fortunately, picked up by Florida sponge-fishers, who took us to Tampa, Florida, whence I returned to Washington and presented the information collected in Cuba, virtually all of which proved, afterward, to have been correct, so thoroughly was Garcia informed of conditions in both armed camps."

Lieutenant Rowan was promoted in rank in the army, and was commended by President McKinley for his work, but it was not until July 21, 1922, that the War Department awarded to Colonel Rowan a distinguished service cross, in recognition of the service he rendered to the United States. The citation says:

"He secured secret information relative to existing military conditions in the region that was of such great value that it had an important bearing on the quick ending of the struggle and the complete success of the American Army."

In addition to this award of the distinguished service cross, the War Department, at the same time, also awarded Colonel Rowan a silver star, with citation for gallantry in action on Hudlon Mountain, the Philippine Islands, during the Filipino insurrection of 1900. The then Major Rowan placed and operated a field gun on this mountain under hazardous conditions.

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BRIEFLY TOLD

The Order of Railway Telegraphers will establish in St. Louis a mutual bank capitalized at $500,000.

Mrs. Mabel McKinley Baer, favorite niece of President McKinley, is an "insurgent" Republican candidate for the assembly in Westchester County, New York.

Without preliminary manifestations, a quiet pool, near the head of Obsidian Creek, in Yellowstone National Park, erupted recently and sent a column of hot mud and rocks 300 feet, inundating the automobile road between Mammoth Hot Springs and Norris Geyser Basin.

Indian girls picking huckleberries in the Cascade Mountains wear silk dresses, rolled-down socks, fancy lingerie, bobbed hair, short skirts, no corsets and use up-to-date flapper language. They do not, however, discard the primitive tribal mantle of an Indian blanket thrown over the shoulder, shawl fashion.

Anilin dye inserted at roots of living trees of a certain species completely and permanently colors the whole tree from the roots to the topmost leaf, within 48 hours after application. Two Dresden, Germany, firms have undertaken to exploit the patent. Cigaret cases, penholders, furniture and other articles are to be put on the market all made up in the new colored wood. Imitation of certain natural woods is declared possible.

What is believed to be the largest camera in the world is owned by a scientist in Chicago. The camera body is 9 feet, 4 inches wide, 20 feet long, when fully extended, and 6 feet high. The lens cost $1,500 and is 12 inches in diameter. All moving parts run on roller bearings. The plate weighs nearly 500 pounds when loaded and a derrick is used to put it into the camera. The plates are 8 feet long by 4 feet, 8 inches wide and weigh more than 200 pounds. A man enters the camera to dust the plates.

The first known advertisement appeared in a Greco-Roman drinking cup, it is said. It bears the inscription, "Made by Ennion. Let the buyer remember."

A vote was recently taken on the wet and dry question among the inmates of the prisons in the United States. More than 133,000 voted dry and only 909 voted wet, which shows that even the lawbreaker is capable of right thinking and dreads the results of drink.

The production of more than 6,000,000 bales of cotton was prevented by the boll weevil last year.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

A unique device has just been brought out that registers the amount of air pressure in each tire on separate dials mounted on the dash of an automobile. This allows the motorist to know the correct pressure whether the car is running or standing still.

To convey the size of the new *Majestic*, the largest ship in the world, the following statistics are given. Its tonnage equals that of the entire Spanish Armada which attempted to conquer England in 1588; the interior space equals that of 400 eight-room houses.

There are 95 million acres of land that can be reclaimed. They are swamp, periodically swamp or overflowed lands and tidal marsh. Rapid strides are being made in reclaiming, and, according to the United States Road Bureau, more than 54 million acres were reclaimed up to 1920.

The Duke of York is the patron of a boys' camp at New Romney. Half of the boys are apprentices and young operatives in mills, mines and workshops and half are from the public schools of England.

A New York physician reports a perfect case of a Negro who has turned completely white in the past three years. This uncommon disease rarely covers the entire body, but appears usually in spots. It is not annoying to the patient, nor is it contagious or infectious.

Mules that have remained in the mines far underground for 20 years without seeing daylight retain their eyesight when brought to the surface. This is vouched for by veterinarians in the anthracite region in Pennsylvania.

The first woman to be chief of a tribe of North American Indians, according to Indian historians, is Mrs. Alice B. Davis, of Wewoka, Oklahoma, chief of the Seminoles.

The coal fields of Pennsylvania contain 43,830,800,000 short tons of recoverable coal—sufficient to meet the demands of the next 290 years at the present rate of consumption.

The office of a gasoline service station is located where a storehouse of military supplies and a magazine existed when Bedford, Pennsylvania, was a frontier post in the eighteenth century. It is a little stone house almost hidden among several low, rambling frame sheds. During the Whisky Rebellion in 1794 more than 5,000 troops were quartered on the grounds adjoining it and President Washington and his first cabinet were once established a block away. The old house was also used as a detention place for escaped slaves who were caught on the underground railway.

A sealed copy of the 15-reel motion picture of the life and time of Abraham Lincoln has been offered to the United States Government and the National Lincoln Memorial Commission for deposit in Washington until the 300th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, February 12, 2109. With the film is offered a motion-projection machine, with full instructions how to operate it, the entire gift to be sealed in a steel vault. Directions are necessary because of the changes certain to come in projection practice.

To make children familiar with the basis of all real and incontestable prosperity, the city of Wichita, Kansas, is establishing, in its environs, a 30-acre farm, on which high school pupils will be instructed in agriculture.

In importations of pure-bred animals, by the United States, during the last fiscal year, foxes stood at the top in numbers, with dairy cattle and dogs next in order. Of a total of 2,639, there were 967 foxes, all from Canada.

A termite is causing serious damage to lead-covered cable at the locks of the Panama Canal. These termites work through the lead causing large openings. They then travel between the two wires of the duplex cable, eating the lead insulation.

With a frost-free period of only 95 days, a barley hybrid, produced in Alaska, matured in 80 days from seed. The new grain has stiff straw, long beardless head, hull-less grain, yields well and seems well adapted to the more extreme northern latitudes.

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Facts Gone Wrong

It's Riley Day

The Real Turk

Coils That Choke

Why You Think the Turk Is "Unspeakable"

And the Turk as He Really Is to a Careful American Observer

By PAUL BOWERMAN

"SO YOU have been in Turkey! Are they really as terrible as one hears?"

I have answered this unvarying formula at least once a day since my return from the Near East. Without exception my questioners have entertained an identical opinion of the peoples among whom I was thrown: that the Greeks are an enterprising and worthy people, that the great majority of Armenians have been massacred, and that the Turks are the most villainous and detestable race on the face of the earth. The unanimity of belief would be almost incredible if I did not keep in mind that my own opinion was similar to theirs prior to the day that I disembarked at Constantinople. My change of viewpoint had begun even a few days earlier, for I had been reading Pierre Loti's "The Disenchanted" on the boat.

There was plenty of time and opportunity to puzzle over this after I had gone through my own "disenchantment," and the reasons were not difficult to discover. Very few Americans ever find their way to Turkey except as passing tourists, and those few are principally engaged in missionary work. Our information, then, comes from the following sources: from the English, who are intensely concerned, politically and commercially, in getting control of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, and who, for that reason, have supported the Greeks on every possible occasion, and who have lost no opportunity to justify their action by placing the Turkish people in an unfavorable light before the world; from our own missionaries who are often prejudiced in their ideas regarding religious differences, since their life work is devoted to the spreading of Christianity; from traveling correspondents who seldom spend more than a week in "getting up" their articles and who depend upon a dozen hurried interviews for their information; and, lastly, from the tens of thousands of Greeks and Armenians in our own country, there being practically no Turks to defend themselves by counter-propaganda. It is easy to see from this that whether the information is correct or incorrect, it comes from only one side of the fence and that is dangerous and unfair.

Conscious and Unconscious Dishonesty

THERE is no better way of setting forth the truth of the matter as I saw it than by recalling in succession the various reactions I experienced in and around Constantinople.

As an instructor in an American college, whose students were drawn from the wealthiest and most respected families, I was particularly fortunate in coming into close and intimate contact with young Levantines of every nationality. It was not surprising to find them almost universally dishonest, for here was the Oriental and semi-Oriental mind confronted by the incongruous ideals and austerity of our Occidental civilization. They all cheated flagrantly.

Little by little I began to discover that dishonesty could be separated into two different categories—conscious and unconscious dishonesty. Into the first category fell the Greeks, Bulgarians, and Armenians—all those, in fact, who lived nominally in the western fashion, who were Christians, and who claimed to despise the Mohammedan faith and civilization. These boys knew well enough the difference between right and wrong as we understand it, and deliberately chose the wrong. They would never admit cheating, even though I had caught them red-handed. One day an Armenian showed me a watch his father had given him for completing his studies, adding that his father had praised his cleverness in escaping detection during the examinations. Such instances were the rule rather than the exception. This, I decided, was conscious dishonesty.

The Turkish boys, on the other hand, were a novel experience. Quite as dishonest as the others, they could see no good reason for being otherwise, and were therefore quite free to acknowledge their guilt. They were openly amused at my attempts to inculcate in them the principles of personal honor. It was as if they were listening to a language which had no meaning for them. And, indeed, it had little. I was dealing with the Oriental mind, about which I knew nothing at the time. To them, I was a foreigner, a "Frank," a person who worshiped a strange God. To them, life was easy-going, a thing to be enjoyed with as little self-sacrifice and self-denial as possible. I had come from a distant and unknown country to speak about the delights of hard work, of clear thinking, of businesslike devotion to strange ideals. I might just as well have talked about the fourth dimension. This was unconscious dishonesty.

The Greeks and Armenians far outstripped the Turks in aptitude and adroitness. Very few of the latter were really good students. The former learned to speak English with astonishing rapidity; they absorbed elementary mathematics with avidity, for there they learned the essentials of business, which is their forte. The Turks were indifferent to commerce, preferring those studies which appealed to their emotion and imagination. Money was the unconscious prompter in the minds of the Greeks and Armenians; beauty was the inspiration of the Turks.

At my hand was the most fascinating and bewildering of cities, a seething caldron of racial hatred, the battleground of a dozen centuries, and the depositary of some of the most magnificent monuments which have come down to us from antiquity. Of the three smaller cities which make up Constantinople, I went first to Pera, the European quarter.

Pera is in the hands of the western peoples who have raised it in the likeness of their own cities, with department stores, hotels, women's shops, and all the other appurtenances of our mode of living. During the day it is banal and harmless enough. Under the cloak of evening, however, it is transformed into a riot of drunkenness and vice. Vicious cabarets and foul drinking dens appear in the dim-lighted streets, taking possession of Pera like a swarm of nocturnal harpies. Then it is that one sees brawling crowds fighting in side alleys, intoxicated women in the last stage of abandonment, and men knived or murdered by unseen hands.

Our much-vaunted modernity and progressiveness are found in Pera, but our weaknesses are still more apparent. And this is what we have brought to Constantinople, for the Turks are conspicuously absent from the activities of Pera.

Down the hill is Galata, the shipping quarter, inhabited principally by Greeks. There are no words adequate to picture Galata in the hideousness of its depravity. It is a festering breeding-place of white slavery, disease and opium dens. The worst of it has sprung up since the Allies took the control of the city out of the hands of the Turkish authorities. Before the war it was no worse than any seaport of the Mediterranean. Now it stands a terrible charge against the West—for in Galata the Turks are as little in evidence as in Pera.

The city of Stamboul presents a striking contrast to the two European quarters. The Turks have kept it much as it has been for centuries. Broad, shaded avenues lead to the magnificent mosques and monuments, many of which were erected before the discovery of America. The narrow side streets are humming with the noises of the shops and bazaars—the noise of industry rather than the noise of rioting. Here one sees the coppersmiths and carpenters and rug-weavers busy with their quaint tools, producing articles that delight the tourist by their fineness and delicacy. Here coffee shops take the place of beer halls, for the Mohammedan is forbidden by the Koran to indulge in intoxicating drink. It is a glimpse into a colorful life that has no counterpart in our civilization. Over everything hovers a delightful sense of well-being, contentment, happiness, and honest endeavor. No flaming cabarets jingling with cheap music, no street-women clutching at the sleeves of passing men, no brawling in obscure cafés. When night steals over Stamboul, the streets are deserted, and an unattended woman might walk in safety from one end of the marvelous old city to the other.

Now that I have left them behind, the three cities assume distinct personalities in the calmness of recollection. Pera brings to mind a picture of wealth, fast living, and gilded vice; Galata still provokes a shudder, and a sense of nausea sweeps over me as I recall scenes of depravity that are stamped on my memory; Stamboul returns like a soothing balm, a precious fragment of beauty atoning for the ugliness of the others, one arresting gesture in a mad plunge toward perdition. And Stamboul belongs to the Turks—the unspeakable Turks.

Their Pounds of Flesh

IN THE autumn of 1920 more than a hundred thousand Russian refugees descended upon Constantinople without warning, for the most part penniless, and suffering for want of food and drink. Fearing an epidemic, the Allied Control refused to allow them to land for several days, and the dirty crowded ships lay at anchor in the bay. Every effort was made to keep them alive by taking out bread and water, but the city was already overrun with refugees, making the task of adequate relief almost impossible.

One storming night I went out in a small skiff with a Russian boy who was searching for the ship that contained his family. We took with us as much bread as the skiff would hold. It was an unforgettable scene. In the blackness of the night one could hear the moaning and sobbing on every side from the dark unlighted ships that heaved at their anchors like looming ghosts. We discovered the water to be swarming with little boats similar to ours, and likewise crammed with bread and water. We came upon a dozen of them clustered about the lowered gangway of a refugee ship. We heard the voices of the boatmen and the hysterical shouting of the starving people on board. Then we discovered that the mysterious boatmen were bargaining with the Russians, offering bread and water in exchange for jewelry and gold—and the Russians, jammed in so tightly that they could not even sit down, frantic for a drop of water, crazed with hunger, were giving their last possessions, all that stood between them and starvation, if they should ever reach the shore.

The boatmen were Levantines, hybrid Greek and Armenian merchants. There was not a Turk among them. For hours we rowed about in search of the ship and came upon a dozen replicas of the same horrible scene. The fact was known the next day throughout the city, but the press, effectively muzzled by the Allied Control, made no mention of it. At that moment the British Government was interested in stirring up approval for another loan to Greece.

The European Powers have been meddling with Turkey for the past hundred years. Their battleships have been anchored in the Golden Horn, their diplomats have been weaving webs of intrigue under the very nose of the Turkish throne, and their peoples have been systematically fed with propaganda. And all because Constantinople and the Dardanelles are the key to Eastern Europe and the Near East. Jealousy and fear have been the motives.

They have looked longingly at the fertile fields and oil wells of Anatolia. They have watched each other like preying vultures, covering their greed under the cloak of the Christian banner. Colonies of Greeks have settled the seacoast with no intent to remain there as Turkish subjects, but with the idea of becoming powerful and rich enough some day to claim the country for Greece. It is as if France should suddenly lay claim to Quebec and Louisiana, or Spain to Florida.

It is easy for us to overlook the fact that Turkey is not a savage country. It is older than we are. It has a rich civilization behind it, a background of stirring history. Turkey is Oriental and indifferent to progress. They are skeptical of the blessings of our modern complicated system, and point to the many sore spots of our existence. If they do not have railroads and typewriters, neither do they have strikes and insane asylums and social evils.

They have maintained their empire for 500 years with fewer changes and less internal strife than any other country in modern times. It is their right to live as they see fit, to worship God through the word of Mohammed rather than through the word of Christ if it is more to their liking. The important thing is that they keep the faith as they see it. It is my belief that they are more devout than we—their mosques are full every day, while our churches are empty save on Sunday. The throngs of worshipers of the great Mosque of Suleiman during the holy month of Ramazan is one of the most inspiring things I have ever seen. Few people know that Christ is worshiped in the Mohammedan church as a minor prophet, as is Moses. They prefer to assign the rôle of chief prophet to Mohammed because he dictated his book in person. Our ignorance of the Koran leads us to unfounded prejudices against it; a study of it would reveal its greatness and a striking similarity to the Bible in many respects. It lacks the lofty ideality and sublimity of the latter, but the Turks claim that it is beyond possibility to attain the Christian ideal, and that the Koran, by emphasizing the same practical virtues without insisting upon the heights of self-sacrifice, is within the reach of those who lead the good life.

The Turk—Charming

THE Turk of the educated class is a charming and delightful person, a consummate master of the social graces which we associate with the status of a gentleman. His home life is quiet and retired, and in social intercourse he is noted for his invariable kindness and courtesy. Harems are practically a thing of the past, for the Turkish law requires a substantial property settlement on each wife. The unsettled conditions since the war have impoverished them to such a degree that but very few have the means to support more than one wife, even should they desire such.

But it is also true that the educated class is a very small fraction of the Turkish people. There is no middle class devoted to commerce and shopkeeping. The bulk of the people are artisans and farmers. Their education is slight, their mode of life simple and unostentatious, and their needs few. As I have brought out before, they have little aptitude for business and the small commerce of the country is in the hands of the Greeks and Armenians.

They are frugal, hard-working, and honest, according to their light. Until Asia Minor was stirred up by the intrigues of the European Powers, it was as peaceable and orderly a country as any in Europe. Unattended women used to make long journeys by caravan into the very heart of Anatolia, and were everywhere received with the most scrupulous hospitality by the wealthiest households in the village, where money was always refused for their lodging and where they always received a cordial invitation to return. The Turkish people of the interior have the guilelessness and simplicity of peasant-folk the world over.

The years of meddling by the European Powers have exasperated the Turks, at intervals, to the point of ferocity. It was an unequal struggle, for the Turk was baffled by clever diplomacy and unscrupulous bargaining for concessions. He saw his words twisted into unheard-of promises, he saw the battleships cleared for action in his harbor and ready to enforce the edicts that issued from the Allied embassies, and he suffered the helpless rage of one who knows he has been cheated and can see no means of redress. The Christian nations, carefully fed by propaganda, displayed a solid front against him, and, like an animal at bay, he sprang out in his wrath at whatever lay within his reach. The Armenian massacres were inexcusable, but the world does not know that equal excesses were committed on both sides, that one Turk has been victimized for every Greek or Armenian. That fact has been carefully suppressed by those who are interested in showing up the worst side of the Turk. I have seen countless photographs of Turkish men and women beheaded and piled in heaps. I have seen tens of thousands of Turkish refugees driven out of Thrace and Smyrna by the Treaty of Sevres which gave that territory to Greece, and I have listened to the ghastly story of their eviction. That, too, has been suppressed.

The Turk is no more perfect than the rest of us, but, like most of us, he is good enough when left alone. That is all he wants. Mustapha Kemal, directing an ill-organized and ill-fed army has been victorious over the trained troops of Greece that were equipped by the money obtained from Great Britain, and he has driven them from Turkey. The ragged Turkish army fought doggedly and courageously because they were fighting for their own land.

Meanwhile the Powers lie in wait raising the old hue and cry. It is the hands of the Allied Control that are bright with the blood of the innocent victims of their ambition and avarice.

"The Frost Is on the Punkin"; It's Riley Day

All Indiana Pays Its Tribute to Poet Who Made Boydom Immortal

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

OCTOBER seventh is Riley Day in Indiana and in many other states. It's the day of all the year when the school children remember with readings and songs the departed poet of Hoosierland. But this year, 1922, the anniversary of his birth falls on Saturday when the teacher and pupils rest; so with the children, Friday afternoon was fixed as the time when "Little Orphant Annie" and the host of sweet simple characters will live again.

Perhaps the spirit of the bard, our Burns, will come back and listen in at the exercises. Who can know beyond the shadow of a doubt?

Friday afternoon happens to be particularly appropriate. In his school days, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were to him only the preliminaries to the latter part of the school week's last day. Then it was that songs were sung and pieces spoken, that the boy with the poet's soul reveled like a pig in clover.

Why, years afterward, he looked back upon his school days and wrote a poem entitled, "Friday Afternoons." He dedicated it to his old pal, William Morris Pierson, who played with him as a boy and swapped stories with him as a man. He told how on Friday afternoon the "murmured hum of learning" subsided to be replaced by such melodies as "Good News From Home" and "Scotland's Burning." Then "elocutionary science" made vivid "The Speech of Logan," "The Old Arm Chair," "Cataline's Defiance" and "The Banner of the Free." There were comic pieces with the hennery "Cock-a-doodle-doo" and another with the refrain of "Does Your Mother Know You're Out?" Ah, it's a dear gem of pathos breathing fragrant memories.

His teachers, practically all of them passed on now, have told me of his avidity for the coming of each Friday afternoon. He was a real boy, yet markedly unlike other boys. From 1859 to 1861, the Rev. J. H. Stevenson was principal of the Greenfield Academy while the youth, James Whitcomb, attended that institution.

"The Friday afternoon literary exercises," the principal told me, "were Riley's delight. He was always prepared and eager to be called. His recitations were either pathetic or humorous, and were invariably anticipated with pleasure by both pupils and visitors. His keen appreciation of the sentiment of all his selections and his unfailing success in pleasing his audiences were foregleams of the genius that has made him 'the best loved American poet.' There was little else to show it."

This schoolmaster of the long, long ago then proceeded to draw me a picture of the quick-witted, good-natured, jolly, fun-loving, pudgy, yellow-haired little fellow who was a universal favorite with both the old and the young. His older brother, John, wanted to win high grades as a student; but James seemed averse to hard study as to all exertion either physical or mental. This disinclination to earnest, persistent, purposeful study, that led him in later years to refuse the college education which his father desired to give him, began to manifest itself early.

"When a boy of 12 years," the gray-haired man explained, "his predominant and distinguishing characteristic was to have a good, easy time. He was not a bad boy; but not being studious and being full of animal spirits, he needed watching. Yet withal his teachers liked him, for he was so full of innocent fun and so smart that they could not help it."

Even in his primary school days it became most evident to another instructor, Mrs. David Ulrey, that he could not confine himself to the regular routine. He kept the McGuffey second and third readers open on his desk while he perused his choice selections until he absolutely absorbed the thought and sentiment of them. He would take no interest in arithmetic and geography.

As a child he was sympathetic and emotional. He won Mrs. Ulrey so that she became lenient toward him and did not enforce perfect recitations. He would often bring a book to her and then would ask her to read his favorites. At the end of the reading he would frequently comment, "Ain't that purty!" On one occasion she gave Bryant's "Death of the Flowers," looked at the lad and observed tears running down his cheeks.

The poet possessed the deepest kind of real emotion. When he had become established, when Howells and Twain had acknowledged his genius, a woman told him that she had cried when she read about the little cripple who had "curvature of the spine." He answered, "You should have heard me bawl as I wrote it."

According to Mrs. Ulrey's account of the days when she instructed the budding poet, jingles were ever in his mind and he could express them easily. During the general exercises of Friday afternoons he usually had original verse. Once, however, Riley failed. When his name was called he remained silent though all were supposed to take part. Can you imagine the punishment meted out to him? He was required to come up Monday morning and do his bit; the alternative consisted of the fact that Dr. Montford would settle the matter with him if he did not. This gentleman probably had a beech gad concealed somewhere in the schoolroom. Anyhow the young Mr. Riley meekly came forward Monday morning and delivered this specimen of eloquence:

"You would scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage:
If I should chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Why, then I'll quit and say,
'Guess I ate too much yesterday.'"

The bad boy played a prank by reciting a verse from a book on elocution. He had, however, discarded the original final couplet, "Don't view me with a critic's eye but pass my imperfections by," and substituted one of his own. This cleverness caused Dr. Montford to spare the rod; and if he thereby spoiled the child, he certainly was helping in the making of a poet.



Above—Mr. Riley loved children, and children loved Mr. Riley. Below—The Riley homestead, West Main street, Greenfield, Indiana, where the poet spent his youth.

Lee O. Harris, a later teacher of Riley's, was himself a poet. He soon recognized the boy's rhyming ability and made a companion of him. There were no disagreements of any consequence; instead, the strong bond of sympathy between them allowed the lad to develop largely in his own way. Certainly this friendship of teacher and pupil, poet and poet, was a beneficial thing that came at the time it could do the greatest good; for there is a time, that of boyhood verging into manhood, when the right touch places one firmly on the high road to accomplishment. Harris may have contributed this precise touch. Anyhow, when he died the former pupil penciled a sweet and tender poem in memory of him.

"He seemed to understand him thoroughly," Mrs. Ulrey remarked to me about Harris and the verse-writing lad. "He told me that it was useless to teach Riley in the ordinary method; he was far beyond that. But I thought that after awhile he would become interested and would obtain an education. His mind must have been already full, but filled with Greenfield, her country byways, the orchard lands of long ago and other images far from the schoolroom."

Riley had bad-boy tendencies. He read novels that cost a dime apiece; you know the kind, sometimes called yellowbacks, always sensational, with the villain the darkest ever and the hero the pink of perfection. His last teacher captured the flaming literature. Then he substituted Cooper, Irving, Scott and Dickens. Riley admitted afterward that to this man he owed "possibly the first gratitude of my heart and soul."

The average kid, boy, I mean, will tease the girls with water snakes, baby mice and fishworms. He will show ridicule by twisting his face into queer shapes. He will fight, and he will fish, and he will swim. The towheaded Riley was that kind of a youngster. If any of these words should be placed in italic type, it is "swim." Riley could dive like a wild duck and shoot through the water like a fish. Swimming was his specialty though it may have been secondary to the writing of his jingles and rhymes. In fact, I am inclined to think that swimming held first place in his affections while the rhymes occupied third position.

He was your real boy. Nothing ranked next to swimming. Later as a man of 33 he paid a tribute to the fondest recreation of his boyhood by producing "The Old Swimmin' Hole." He located it "whare the crick so still and deep looked like a baby river." Those were the happy days when he "ust to lean above it on the old sickamore" while "it made me love myself" as he glimpsed "my shadder smilin' up at me with sich tenderness."

Three years more and the poet gave expression to his second choice in that nature classic of "Knee-Deep in June." He liked to "jes' git out and rest and not work at nothin' else." In June time "Plague! ef they ain't somepin' in work 'at kind o' goes ag'in' my convictions!" There he struck a universal note. Who has never had precisely that sort of a feeling? The poet's own laziness was intensified by the ardor of the "sapsucks gittin' down to biz weedin' out the lonesomeness" while the bluejay "in them baseball clothes o' his" acted "like he owned the premises." But if Riley could have his way he would lie in the orchard flat on his back "stiddy fer a year or two."

The real boy had become a man of 45 before he penned his famous fishing classic of "Up and Down Old Brandywine." I know well how happy he must have been as "with a dad-burn hook-and-line and a saplin'-pole" he swung along, for often I have walked the banks of the same stream while I carried my Isaak Walton paraphernalia. His mates would souse him and his "new straw hat off the foot-log" or "spill my fishin'-worms" and "steal my best goggle-eye"; but he would give most anything to be a boy again "up and down old Brandywine." Coming home the piratical crew swiped "wortermelons," some "pop-paws" and "jes' gorges o' wild plums."

Riley, the youth, was constitutionally opposed to labor. He "played hooky" from school, principally for two reasons I believe: these were arithmetic and geography for which he substituted swimming in season, fishing, if the water was too cold, and skating when ice had formed.

Dr. Pierson, to whom "Friday Afternoons" was dedicated, and Riley were playmates for years in Greenfield, Indiana. The family homesteads were not far apart. The boys co-operated in performing their various tasks. Before his death the physician loved to tell the story of how the pair of them went after a sleigh his father had bought in the country. They helped each other one Saturday morning to prepare enough cooking and heating wood to last each family through the week. They speeded up this usual week-end work and then threw the harness on an old gray mare the Piersons owned. The road was hard-surfaced with packed snow; so the boys put on their skates, Pierson hung onto the lines and Riley hung onto his friend's coat-tail. Can you picture this tandem performance? Anyhow, they got the sleigh and had a ripping time doing it. Furthermore, it was a typical stunt of James Whitcomb Riley's boyhood.

Ah, yes, if the bard could be transported back to his beloved Hoosierland to hear the schoolboy and the schoolgirl of 1922 honor him in these memorial exercises and he should be asked to name the poems of his to be read or recited, which of them all would he name? Perhaps "Friday Afternoons" would be one and "The Raggedy Man" another. The list would probably include "The Old Swimmin' Hole," "Up and Down Old Brandywine," "Knee-Deep in June," "When the Frost Is on the Punkin," "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," "The Little Town o' Tailholt," "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," "There Is Ever a Song Somewhere," "Leonainie" and "Lockerbie Street."

Riley had ample reasons for gratitude toward the homely "When the Frost Is on the Punkin." Once it saved him and then it made him, at Indianapolis and New York, respectively; a job lost was recovered, and a comparatively unknown became known far and wide.

When a new managing editor for the Indianapolis *Journal* decided to pare expenses, he looked about him, saw a reporter hanging around and straightway proceeded to fire him. That gentleman was James Whitcomb Riley, the budding poet whose "When the Frost Is on the Punkin" had recently appeared in print. The blow was a hard one for him. However, a few days later a nominee at the state political convention acceded to the chorus of "Speech! Speech!" and unwit-

(Concluded on page 14)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.
C. J. FORD, Vice-President.
E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.
W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 50, October 7, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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The Collapse of the Coal Combine

FOR the present, industry seems to have put a crimp into the plans of the coal controllers for a wholesale looting of the public. A single protest brought the unholy edifice of price exploitation tumbling about the profiteers' heads. The protest was, as must always be expected, viciously misinterpreted. The sob cry was diligently persisted in by the capitalistic organs until it became positively nauseating. Interests, that had deliberately arranged to wring the last dollar out of the families of America by maintaining all through the winter the menace of empty bins and fireless homes, were suddenly consumed with sympathy for the poor workingman when industries closed down in protest rather than submit to the unspeakably wicked robbery which had been designed upon the American people. Interests that would have kept the country on curbed fires and would have made fuel the biggest item in this winter's family budget, pretended to be melted into pity for the poor employes who sacrificed $25 in wages to save $150 on their coal bill. It is the typical old bunk, but this year it was very badly stage-managed, in that it was directed against the wrong target.

The effect of the industrial protest was immediately felt. At the time the warning was given that in three weeks a mammoth industry would have to close unless coal conditions improved, coal was selling to manufacturers at as high as $9 a ton. When the announcement was made, the price wavered a little. Then came the cry that it was only "bluff," a cry which arose in the same quarters whence the "sympathy" cry afterward came, and for the moment the high coal price was strengthened again. Then, as the earnestness of the protest became apparent (nothing is harder for the exploiters to understand than a straightforward honest statement) a break became noticeable. Coal climbed down to $8 and $7. The Saturday of the shutdown it reached $6.50. On Monday, it was $5.50. On Tuesday it was $4.50. A week later, at this writing, it is offered at $3. If bought on contract (which also plays into the hands of the profiteers) it can be had at $2.50. And mountains of coal at that.

This rapid collapse of prices shows the artificial nature of the whole situation. There was always plenty of coal. The scarcity was make-believe. The only dangerous moment came when the government created a real scarcity by announcing "control" of distribution. The coal problem then became an acute transportation problem. When, as a further result of the industrial protest, the government took its hand off and ceased creating a situation which best suited the gougers' desires, the retreat became a rout, the decline became a collapse.

There still remains the domestic situation. Big Business could, of course, see that the domestic consumer gets just as immediate an advantage as industry has gained. It is hoped that coal dealers' associations will see the handwriting on the wall and not lean too trustfully on the helplessness of the unorganized and leaderless public. There is a way to make Big Business the friend of the householder in this situation, and if it is once necessary to do so, it will be goodby to some things that now exist.

The Twenty-four New Judges

AT NO time has a President faced a peace-time duty, requiring greater care, than in the practically simultaneous selections of 24 additional Federal judges. And at no time has the Senate's power of confirmation of appointments called for closer public scrutiny.

Congress would have shown wisdom if it had provided for each of the additional judgeships by separate act. Then each nomination could have been considered upon its merits. Only a few of the members of the Senate, who are charged with the duty of advising and consenting to the President's nominations, would then have been directly concerned with each nomination.

But with omnibus appointment, as with omnibus legislation, there comes inevitably the question of trading. This is said in no sense of criticism of the motives which will inspire the Senators in the confirmation of the judicial appointments. It may be granted that the members of the Senate, with almost no exception, are eager to select men of the highest qualifications for places on the bench. But the plain facts are that a Senator will be most vitally interested in the judge who will preside over his particular district. In the nature of things, the Senator's enthusiasm and interest in his particular district must detract from his attention to the qualifications of the other 23 nominations before the Senate. It may not be an actual trading of votes that will result, but the practical effect will be the same.

Nominations before the Senate should be considered on their several merits. The situation in connection with the judicial appointments precludes this possibility. There is left the opportunity of the Senate to consider the nominations in public rather than in executive session. The executive session has been the custom. The reason assigned for this is that a man's personal affairs might be aired, without good accruing to the public. But it would seem patent that in judicial nominations at least, the man chosen for confirmation should be above the shadow of any suspicion. It would be far better that a breath of scandal should injure an innocent individual, than that by any mischance an improper selection be made for a place of such vast power.

It is a tremendous responsibility that lies upon the President and the Senate. The choice of one member of the Supreme Court is frequently of a nature that precludes more than a half-dozen persons being considered. Their reputations are national, and the judgment of their qualifications is such that there is slight chance of confirming a dangerous nominee. But with sectional appointments of Federal judges, the situation is different. And in the last analysis these appointments may be considered more vital than the Supreme Court designations, because they are the judges who apply the laws the Supreme Court has interpreted; comparatively few of the cases heard before the trial judges reach the highest tribunal for review, and the litigants therefore must rely on the district court.

Public attention should be focused upon the judicial appointments. The tenure of office is for life, and the decisions of the 24 men chosen will exercise an almost incalculable influence upon the course of the Republic during the next half century. The public is entitled to know all about the nominees.

Bookkeeping in Savings

HAD the Treasury Department, early in July, chosen the honest part, and made no claim to the reduction of the national debt and the showing of a surplus for the fiscal year just closed, it would have avoided the criticism justly applied, now that President Harding has been compelled, in justification of his veto of the bonus bill, to disclose the fact that there was then really a deficit for that year and that it will be added to in the current year. That is, in cold figures, receipts for 1921-2 fell short of meeting expenses by a hundred millions, and will not meet appropriations for this year by $650,000,000, making a total deficit of three-quarters of a billion June 30, next. Even this, it is hinted, is too conservative an estimate, one Senator predicting the billion mark will be passed.

To make the favorable report of last year, funds were juggled to the limit, every dollar possible being drawn from funds created for current expenses and added to that "available for reduction of the public debt." That means of hiding the truth was exhausted at that time, and the Controller of the Currency naïvely admitted that unless in some way the actual revenues could be increased there was a prospect of a shortage of a third of a billion, and that three-fourths of the maturing obligations must be refunded.

With the degree of expertness in bookkeeping at the command of the United States Treasury, it is no wonder that the country was able to show a paper saving any time it was desired to transfer figures from one column of the ledger to the other. But such "savings" ultimately must be known by their true name. The country's pleasure at being told that "more than one billion dollars had been paid on the public debt and that there was a good surplus of revenue above expenditure," only made the shock greater when the announcement came regarding the deficit.

Neither public nor private business can survive the juggling of figures to show fictitious profits, and those who permit such juggling must pay the price in the diminished confidence they enjoy.

A Dangerous Financial Imperialism

IMPERIALISM is an institution which Americans have been taught to abhor. The very word is propagandic enough to stir our resentment against any nation whose policies are said to be imperialistic. In theory, we are ready always to lend our aid to any little nation, struggling under the strong arm of a powerful nation's imperialism.

Yet, all unwittingly, the hundred million and more freedom-loving Americans have now been placed in the position of imperialists.

We are financial suzerains over Hayti, San Domingo, Panama, Liberia, Bolivia, Nicaragua, Panama and Peru. This will be news to most persons in the country, to whom the vague memory of the political cry of imperialism back in 1900 conveys a suggestion merely of our colonial policy of expansion. But the fact is that without the approval or even knowledge of the vast majority of Americans, their country's future good will has been mortgaged that a few financiers might be made great. The power of the American people, without their knowledge or consent, is being used for private purposes, with possible consequences of colossal public ill.

American bankers have floated loans for the needy republics. The terms of the loans may have been harsh or liberal, according to financial ethics, whatever that is, but the security that was taken was always iron-bound and copper-riveted. American bankers handle the revenues of Hayti and San Domingo, and are therefore the real agencies which levy the taxes the residents of those dependencies must pay. In the recent debate in the Senate on the proposed Liberian loan, it was made clear that the grant would be dependent on American supervision of customs and business. Nicaragua's financing is under the control of American banks, and Paraguay and Peru each have financial advisers recommended by the State Department of the United States. Bolivia's revenue is controlled by a commission of three, of whom two are Americans.

The so-called freedom of Cuba has called for a great deal of supervision by the United States, and one of the powerful Wall Street banks is recognized as the practical dictator of that Republic's sugar crops, loans and other business affairs.

Nearly all of these relations which call for American overlords over high-strung peoples are financial, *and purely financial.* It bears no relation to the internal development of the country nor the real welfare of the peoples involved.

But despite the small number of these *interested* persons, *every American is affected.* The American marines who enforce our obligations with their lives in Hayti and San Domingo are Americans from all over the United States. It is all the United States which must bear the resentment when these dependent republics are called upon to pay the loans to the few bondholders.

Fragmentary reports demonstrate how deeply Haytians, Dominicans, Panamans, Porto Ricans and Cubans feel the injustice of taxation without representation. The record is less clear regarding the feeling among our other financial vassals, but it cannot be doubted that their faith in Uncle Sam as an altruistic individual is somewhat dimmed.

Polonius suggested that the loan oft lost both itself and friend. It seems clear that the United States is losing its friends, though the financiers have made certain that they don't lose the loans.

Potatoes or Kronen?

THOSE pessimistic persons who read the financial quotations and get the idea that the world is going to the dogs because it takes a lot of kronen or marks to make a dollar should learn to read another wealth barometer.

In Poland, which is in the center of those shaking European countries, approximately 5,400,000 acres of potatoes will be harvested this year. This is approximately 93 per cent of the pre-war area devoted to that product, and is 10 per cent in excess of last year's planting. The estimated production of the Polish potato crop this year will be 230,000 carloads in excess of last year's production of 1,680,000 carloads.

Poland consumed last year only 75 per cent of the quantity of potatoes consumed prior to the war, but this does not indicate an impoverishment of the country. Rather, it is stated, the Poles have eaten in greater quantities of other foods, such as meat, eggs and dairy products.

The country expects to export 225,000 carloads of potatoes as against 3,000 exported last year. These exports will be traded or used in other forms of barter.

The inhabitants of Poland seem to be getting along very well despite the fact the article called money is somewhat unstable throughout Europe.

Mr. Ford's Page

IT HAS been disclosed by recent events that the heart of the coal question is the separation of the consumer from the source of supply for the purpose of compelling him to pay more and ever more to the financial controllers of that supply. That is, the coal business no longer centers around coal, but around money. Money has not been regarded as a means of getting coal to the people, but coal and the necessity for coal and the distress which follows a lack of coal has been used as a triple bludgeon to get money out of the people. The natural course has been reversed, and what we have just witnessed in this country is the consequence.

This is not to blame the men at the mines, the owners of the mines and the workers in the pits. If the public were able to deal more directly with the men actually engaged in coal mining, the situation would be much better. And the reason it would be much better is not that middlemen are necessarily a useless group, but that the coal middlemen have been functioning as obstacles and not as aids. When a middleman assists in moving the commodity to the consumer, and his assistance is a convenience both to the producer and the consumer, then he justifies his place. But when he is a menace both to producer and consumer it is only a matter of time when they will both agree to get rid of him. Now, the legitimate middlemen in the coal business will admit that in the recent dislocation of coal service, the tactics of the profiteering middlemen constituted the only dangerous element in the situation—aside, of course, from the unwarranted government interference which served the profiteer's purpose better than could anything else.

The curious fact about the scare of a coal shortage was that it occurred when the country was full of coal. That fact alone indicates what fools the people of this country are considered to be. It shows how little real publicity there is as to the actual situation. When a whole people can be thrown into a panic and robbed by a mere statement that is untrue, but which is given a semblance of truth by newspaper and official action, it shows that we have trusted ourselves to agencies that have left us in a rather helpless state. The *fact shortage* was never more acute than during the alleged coal shortage.

The question now is, what is to be done about it? There is every kind of talk going around, much of it relating to "government control." We have just had a taste of "government control" and there is not a manufacturer nor a board of commerce in the country that has not formed a very strong opinion about it. One gain which the country has made is to get rid of some of the magic which centers around that term "government control." A government rises no higher than the experience and ability and moral courage of the men who comprise it. In the coal emergency the "control" most in evidence was the control exercised upon the government by the profiteering interests. All that a government in these big matters can do is to issue prohibitory laws upon the insistent complaint of the people. When it enters upon positive control and direction it can only go as far as its knowledge extends. Theoretically, the government ought to know everything. Practically, it knows only what the politicians and speech-makers and lawyers who comprise it know—and what they do not know about the economic affairs of this country is quite a considerable amount.

It is doubtful if "government control" is the place to begin. Merely the introduction of good business methods would correct most of the evils which have appeared in such startling form recently. When you consider the coal business you can see how it has enjoyed a monopoly and a rapidly expanding market ever since coal began to be used as fuel; you can see how its interior financial organization has grown greater and greater until it has become a power in the land; but you will search in vain to find an increase in service and a decrease in cost anywhere in the history of the business. Take such public services as the supply of water or oil—they all show vast increase in quality and service, together with a decrease in price. On the contrary the history of coal has been a decrease in service and an increase in cost. Because of the monopoly and the increasing market the managers of coal have not been driven to give their thought to anything beyond a higher profit from the people. And the worst of it is, it is doubtful if they have even got the profit they have aimed at. Their kind of method doesn't yield a big profit. They succeed in gouging the consumer without doing a great deal for the producer.

If they would turn around, change their tactics and for five years adopt the policy of making coal a drug on the market, enabling the householder to burn all the coal he needs and to burn it generously; if they would make coal easy to get so that everyone could always afford to keep ample stocks on hand, they would discover that they could not only enjoy public esteem but also make a clear profit above what their present tactics yield them. The people will pay for service, but if you give them service—if you make that your principal aim—you can always do so for even less than they are willing to pay.

THE coal business can be reformed by business methods. In progressive business increased service follows decreased cost to the public. The history of the coal business is an unbroken increase of cost to the public with a distressful decrease in service. To save itself the coal business has got to make coal a drug on the market—make it the cheapest, as it is the most plentiful, of all our natural products. The business ought to be put on a basis which would keep it busy trying to sell coal. It doesn't have to sell it now. It is too busy devising new methods to gouge people clamorous to buy. The business is doomed unless modern methods are adopted at once. Profits made out of the distress of the people are always much smaller than profits made out of the most lavish service of the people at the lowest prices that competent management can make possible.

Now this has nothing of "government control" about it, nor any other special "cure all"; it deals simply with the man who owns coal and wants to sell it to the best advantage to himself. He can do it by selling more coal at lower prices. With our coal stocks as Nature has bountifully stored them for us, no home in these United States should have to skimp on fuel. The whole winter long they should be radiant with light and heat. There is enough and to spare, more than enough, even if we were extravagant. And it is a pity that the coal owners cannot understand the a b c of business. The principle of highest service for lowest prices works in other lines. Coal is not an exception. Indeed, there are some circumstances that would make it easier to do this with coal than with some other commodities.

Suppose the coal industry were to turn its attention to making coal easy to get; suppose it should use its ingenuity to have everybody always keep a full coal bin; suppose it should set as a goal to eliminate every source of national worry about coal; suppose there should be such an extraordinary thing as a "Fill Your Bin Week." Other things would follow naturally: they could raise wages, they could install every safety device; they could raise the work of coal mining to the esteem it ought to have; and they could have more profit than would ever be possible under the old system. What the business of coal mining needs is to become modernized and progressive.

It may be, however, that, having failed in its duty so long, the coal business is to undergo severe discipline. It has been made so difficult for the people to secure coal that scientific men have been stimulated to discover ways of doing without coal. That is a natural reaction from the methods of the profiteer. You can take a profit so high as to kill the business. "All that the traffic will bear" is more than the traffic *can* bear. The time may come when coal will not be taken from the mines at all but burned underground and the power transmitted long distances. The time is already here when heat and light and power are being drawn from water. If coal is refused to warm the people's homes, the water power of the country may be widely utilized to supply the heat. Even Nature hates a profiteer who proves a hindrance to progress.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Facts Gone Wrong—Publicity vs. Propaganda

Great Movements Fail When Propagandists Lead Truth Astray

By A. C. LAUT

This is the second of two articles on propaganda.

IT WAS about 10 to 15 years ago that the writers on economic and industrial problems became subtly aware that an invisible hand was playing the game with marked cards below the table. A writer on oils, on water power, on tariffs, on fake patent medicines, on wool, on transportation, would issue an article. The name of the writer would be known to the editor as a specialist of exactitude and authority on his or her own special field. Immediately, the editor would be deluged with letters of protest, or statements of alleged facts proving the figures of the writer utterly wrong.

Now there is no human being so absorbingly busy with office routine as the editor of a big magazine, or a big daily. Routine duties, such as mail, or assigning writers to their special work, or meeting the public, who call and waste hours in long-winded talk, usually fill the office hours and overflow.

To high-grade editors, fake letters of protest are a joke, duly and politely answered, with corrections in subsequent issues if small errors have been proved; but to other editors these floods of letters of protest, bearing all the earmarks of independent origin, proved a nuisance and confusion. The subject would be investigated; but the investigation took time; and time was money. The editor with financial backing behind him usually pushed the probe all the more vigorously and relegated the protests to the waste paper basket as "masked propaganda." The editor without time, or financial backing for investigation to first sources, became gun-shy of controversial topics; and "when the salt has lost its savor," the magazine has lost its flavor, which was probably what the writer of the protests posted from a dozen different centers designed.

"We'll give them a run for their money, anyway," one such propagandist once remarked to me.

This curious phase of *sub rosa* journalism had its origin soon after the "muckraking" period of 15 to 20 years ago. One recalls how such great leaders as Roosevelt and Wilson gave their support to the probing of crooked business, when the movement began and was in the hands of responsible journalists and editors; but when muckraking degenerated into commercialized blackmail to swell circulation, to swell in turn the advertising sold on a purely circulation basis, those very leaders uttered warning against muckraking as insincere and dangerous.

We are largely paying for that illegitimate muckraking today in class antagonisms, which this country never knew before and which have no place in the structure of a pure democracy. When people speak of labor as "serfs" in a country where labor's earnings exceed the incomes of European princelings and aristocrats, or of "plutocrats" and "robber barons" of men, who were in their shirt sleeves 10 years ago—which applies to half the oil and rail executives in the United States; not to mention steel men, who began their careers in blue overalls 20 and 30 years ago—it is transferring the terms of the ignorant ghettos of darkest Europe to a democracy, whose history is not yet 150 years old.

At First, Legitimate

UNDOUBTEDLY, the business propaganda came into existence in the first place as a defense against aggressive and often unscrupulous muckraking.

The prober of industrial crookedness and the muckraker out for circulation or blackmail had insisted—and were right in insisting—that companies, which drew their capital from public savings and existed by virtue of public charter, ought not to conceal their operations in a mask of perpetual secrecy. That was selling stocks like "a pig in a poke." It too often led to swindles in which the inside circle got the profits and the outside investor took the losses. Oil stocks galore, old rail companies not a few, traction interests too numerous to be named, were conspicuous examples of this 15 and 20 years ago. One hardly needs to give the cases. They became household words for loss of hard-earned savings; so the legitimate big interests appointed to their staffs' publicity departments, whose duty it was to prepare and give out to the public accurate data on the number of shareholders in their concerns, the values which their properties represented, the cost of operation, the salaries paid to executives, the selling price to the public, and the exact profit on cash investment.

All this was good and a splendid move in the right direction. We all recall the electrification of Newspaper Row, when editors like Clarke and Lee and Guard and a dozen others were snapped up by the big corporations to take charge of their publicity departments in oils and steels and even grand opera.

If this course of open publicity had been followed far earlier, much of the probing and subsequent muckraking run wild would never have taken place. The facts on the table beforehand would have disproved many so-called revelations drawn from bills of complaint rather than the court's final findings. Oil is an example of this; so is Labor.

There probably never was a movement that enlisted the enthusiasm of the younger generation of journalists so whole-heartedly as Conservation. Roosevelt was the father of it; Pinchot, the directing hand, when Roosevelt went to Africa. All the younger journalists jumped into the fray, lance in hand, to defend Conservation as the *use*, not the *suppression*, of natural resources—gas, coal, oil, water power, irrigation waters, timber; but the young cohorts had not gone very far in their crusade when they discovered everything they wrote was being subjected to widespread attack from two flanks—(1) misusers of resources, and (2) the users of Conservation to make political hot stuff. The enemy was upon their flanks and sometimes a knife was in their ribs from the hands of their friends—the Conservationists. Irrigation land companies, selling so-called irrigation lands to eastern investors, who could not investigate for themselves, often in areas where the lands lay far above the possibility of getting water from the valley below, poured broadsides of contradiction into the magazines publishing the articles and in some cases instituted libel suits, which were never continued. On the other hand, the Conservation backers wanted eliminated out of copy all that reflected on their side politically, and wanted played up in the limelight all that hurt their political foes. It took the Conservation fighters at least six months of wasted, non-pay time to collect from government engineers proofs of the facts they had issued. In the interval, the biggest of the fake irrigation and land-selling companies had failed, and Conservation had degenerated into the sport of such petty politics that the young enthusiasts quit cold. They realized that the issue was being used to boom grooming candidates for the next elections; and that much of the so-called Conservation was being used as a club to lock up resources and not to develop them. Hydroelectric development stopped with a bang. Irrigation got a terrible setback. Lumber soared in prices. The same story could be told of Alaskan development. Alaskan development simply stopped, and population poured away from Alaska as fast as it had poured in, though the forests remained just as valuable, and the coal areas intact that should have been supplying cheap fuel to the Pacific states.

"Back to the Land"

IN THIS case, it was the invisible hand of the business propagandist and the party propagandist that confused the editors, disillusioned the enthusiasts and wounded a great movement almost to a dead issue. Needless to add, the threatened libel suits never came off. The propagandist did his assassin work well.

Or take the back-to-the-land movement, really fathered by Hill of the Great Northern. Hill foresaw that western railroads could not expand, could not lower rates to prosper the producer, unless there were greater traffic receipts, which meant more producers on the land. He also foresaw, as he told me shortly before he died, that a nation, with more than two-thirds of its people not producing food and less than a third producing food, was in danger of getting top-heavy industrially and upsetting its own system of civilization.

So the back-to-the-land movement was launched. Publicity made the welkin ring with "little success stories" that never happened on earth or sea, land or air. Land values soared—out of all proportion to the percentage of profits that could be made on costs. When apple lands soared to $2,000 an acre, six per cent on $2,000 an acre meant $120 an acre profit, independent of rain, winds that shook the fruit down, frosts that caught the blossoms, labor that raised the cost of barrels and boxes, gluts that drove prices down below the cost of freight. Land fakirs, irrigation fakirs, fruit fakirs, shoe-string real estate companies sprang up like mushrooms; and their propaganda writers—some conscious of the fraud, some unconscious, one who manufactured his book lying on a bed in a hospital and never saw a farm—let the reins loose on flights of fancy and sent thousands of townfolk with flabby muscles and no knowledge and less than no capital (usually debt) back to the land, which was to drop food in their mouths without the lifting of a hand, or an implement. All they had to do was to drive round in rubber-tired cars, or two wheelers, or ride on horseback, directing operations of which they knew nothing.

Of course, Mr. Hill saw the slimy trail of the propagandist serpent on the path of his own publicity and issued warning after warning against the folly. If all the fruit lands came into bearing, there would not be cars enough in America to carry the output to market; but the movement died aborning, I am sorry to say, and not a painless death. The back-to-the-landers came back to town richer in experience but lighter in worldly goods. The propagandists did their work so well that they will never be able to do it again; and the fake promoters got away with the profits. The leaders of the Farmers' Bloc exposed this kind of thing for all time by putting down in Congressional Reports an exact scientific tabulation of land values and land earnings from 1839 to 1921.

The Facts Wanted

OR TAKE the tariff fight on dyes and wools dragging its weary length through the Senate in futile bickerings and arguments. The Farmers' Bloc is composed of loyal Americans, though some of the foolish arguments would prove they are both un-American and blockheads. If the farmers were convinced a tariff would help either the wool industry, or the dye interests, and not add to the cost of living, they would stand for a tariff; but instead of facts, they are deluged with contradictory arguments and special pleadings, for condemnation or commendation. Here is what the farmer wants to know.

If I vote for a tariff on dyes, will I increase the cost of my clothing and building paint? Give him the facts; not propaganda argument.

As to the wool tariff, give him the facts as to why when the United States produces only one-third of the wool it uses, wool at 20 cents a pound in the West comes back in $75 wool suits. Trace the wool from the sheep's back to the man's back and show him, in facts, where the increment of cost comes, and he will do his own arguing for himself; but while the publicity agent deals in facts, the propaganda agent deals in fiction and arguments; but each publicity agent is afraid to throw his propaganda agent off and to depend on the reporter's naked facts, for fear his rival in the game will not do likewise; so the bloodsucker, blackmail game goes on, to the curse of the editor and the cost of the business paying the colossal bill.

Practically the same story could be told of the perennial controversies between beef grower and packer, dairyman and milk company, implement buyer and implement seller. The publicity agent, or the independent reporter, getting the facts first-hand and setting them forth without argument or preamble, could have settled every controversy and allayed the bitterness that has divided producer and distributor into two hostile camps. The consumer must get his food products cheap enough to buy liberally of all the farmer produces, but he doesn't buy liberally when milk goes above 17 cents a quart, and beef above 40 cents a pound, and apples above $10 a barrel. The farmer could sell, at a profit to himself, milk at 7 to 10 cents, beef at 15 to 20 cents, apples at $3 to $6; but he doesn't get those prices. He has no objection to the middleman getting 100 per cent profit if he can, provided he, the farmer, gets a living return for what he sells; for the farmer knows if the middleman's profits go beyond a certain line the state will take 64 per cent of those profits in taxes; but here the publicity fact man again becomes a special pleader as a propagandist. There is a cloud of arguments, scarcely a raindrop of facts; and the controversy has now come to the point where the farmers of the nation have organized a bloc, not to club legislation by wielding a minority power, but to save themselves from financial bankruptcy. The farmer is not an advertiser; neither is he a shareholder in food products companies. He felt he could never get his case before the public when he was in the thick of a fight. After he had won his battles, help and commendation came to him in a deluge; but that was too late. Hence the farmers have formed their solid and often hostile bloc in the United States, in Great Britain, in France, in Italy, in Belgium.

Here the propagandists did their subtle work so well it defeated its own ends, and unified the opposition in an obstructive force. Again the old-time independent reportorial investigator could have put the facts before the public and averted controversy.

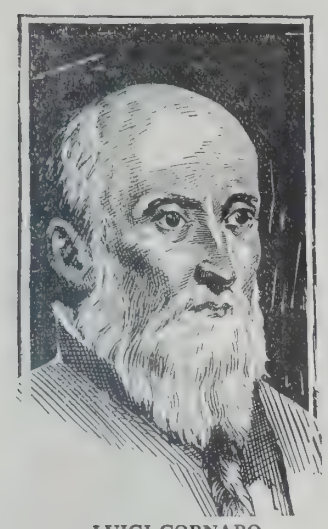
Wall Street's Misuse

WHEN we come to the story of stock raids on Wall Street and "bulling favorites," it would require a book of many chapters by itself. It is a more sinister story than the Bolshevik propaganda of Mexico, or Russia, which at most has never spent more than a few millions in its underground work. Here was irresistible temptation to the honest publicity man, who believed in his venture, to pay big money to the propaganda boomster; and I could tell of many cases, where it has been paid in cash up to $20,000 a year, with side tips that ran into the hundreds of thousands; but the trouble was he who secretly "boomed" today might as secretly "bang" tomorrow, of which Lefevre has given countless examples in his thinly veiled fiction stories. From paying for "boomsters," big business often found itself having to hold "boomsters" to keep them from becoming blackmailers. The drain became a curse from which the majority of the big companies are today shying off, particularly as since 1910, the majority of the big industrial concerns from oil to steel are three-fourths owned by the general public, and big money has taken to the more stable investments of tax-exempt bonds.

That we are swinging back to a more legitimate journalism based on facts is amply evidenced by many signs besides the public announcements of President Harding and Secretary Hughes. In the leading newspapers today all articles are signed by a real name or a nom de plume, that is a trade-mark of reliability. All financial articles are now verified by a corps of expert readers, and controversial articles always have the documents with the proofs accompanying the article. Too much space is still given to irresponsible charges on the floor of the House and Senate uttered with privilege in the form of questions or insinuations without proofs; but editorials usually discount these party fulminations and fireworks for cheap votes. As for freedom of dependence on advertising for revenue in the face of mounting costs in mechanics and paper, the trend is too self-apparent to be ignored. The newspaper in New York which today has the largest circulation—it is by no means the best news medium but it shows the trend of independence from advertising control—is the one, where mechanical costs have been reduced below sales returns. The print paper is of execrable quality; but it represents less cost than returns. Costs must come down, or subscription prices go up; and the various sections of the public will support both moves that will give them independent, undiluted news. The labor journals show the extreme of one trend—cheap costs. The financial journals show the extreme of the other trend—subscription $18 a year. Both spell independence of propaganda, of subsidy, of party, of advertising. Ten years ago, I took one daily at $8 a year. Today, I take two of different political stripe and policy, one at $12 a year, another at $18. I would gladly take one forever at $15 if I were sure of getting facts, not arguments, nor propaganda; and it seems to me those are the two ways out of the maze of propaganda that has hampered and muzzled and hurt the press in the last decade.

The Literature of Health and Optimism

Healthful Diet for One Person Declared Likely Not to Aid Another



LUIGI CORNARO

A FEW DON'TS

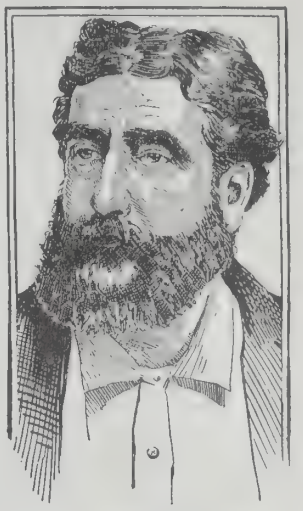
DON'T accept at face value all the old or new health advice that you may hear or read. Test all advice by a little common sense and then by carefully observed experiment.

Don't take it for granted that because one person regained his health on a certain regime you would have the same result.

Don't imagine that by Deweyizing your diet program, Fletcherizing your food, and Macfaddenizing your muscles you will necessarily accomplish what someone else is reputed to have done. Otherwise you may be disappointed.

On the other hand—

Don't get the idea that you can live in "any old way" and "get by with it." If you do, the foolkiller will be on your track.



MORTIMER COLLINS

By GEORGE HENRY HEALD, M. D.

PAUL'S statement, "We know in part and we prophesy in part," is as applicable in our day as in his. Our knowledge is punctuated with many guesses, and our insight is often hindsight. This is the thought that comes to one who has spent some time browsing over shelves of ancient and modern volumes —several hundred of them—all teaching how to be healthy and live long, and no two of them teaching exactly the same thing.

Many of these books seem to consist largely of compilation. Each author appropriates generously from his predecessors, and adds a little of his own.

Other books have been written from the personal experience of the authors, who have made the generalization that what has seemed to promote their own health and longevity ought to be good for everyone. Some writers explain how they have rejuvenated themselves, making themselves young at 60 after having been old at 40, or some similar stunt. They all accomplished this miracle of re-creation by exercise. One exercised his muscles in bed, another after rising; another exercised his jaws to the limit during meals; another exercised self-control in the use of whisky and tobacco, or in the amount of food intake, or in the character of the food; still another exercised his faith and optimism. But they all exercised, and to that extent they agree. Meantime, thousands who have exercised one or more of these virtues are wondering why they do not have better health. It is all a mystery, is it not?

Someone has said that the literature of optimism is the literature of self-deception. I do not know that I subscribe to that statement. It may be true. But what would we do without the books of hope that encourage us to look forward to a longer and happier life?

The writer is well aware that he is not likely to qualify for membership in the Centenarians' Club, and so the perusal of some of these books makes him feel the disgrace it will be to die before reaching the century mark. Yet since he has learned the age of some of these apostles of a long life, he realizes that he is in good company. Some of the authors are still alive, and no doubt are making strenuous efforts to prevent their obituary following too closely the publication of their book on longevity. Following are the instances in which I have been able to learn how near an apostle of a long life has approached the hundred mark. Possibly the first on the list, a translation from the German, does not belong to this class, for the author is dealing with treatment as much as with personal hygiene.

Christian Augustus Struve, M.D., who wrote "Asthenology: or the art of preserving feeble life; and of supporting the constitution under the influence of incurable diseases," died in 1807, aged 40 years.

In 1871, "The Secret of a Long Life" appeared anonymously. It was afterward learned that the author was Mortimer Collins, who died five years after the publication of the book, at 49. He was not more than 44 when he divulged that epochal information. Possibly it was remorse for having disclosed so profound a secret that caused his early demise.

"Long Life and How to Reach It" appeared in 1879. Seven years later, the author, Dr. Joseph G. Richardson, Professor of Hygiene, University of Pennsylvania, died at 50.

Robert James Culverwell, author of "The Art of Longevity: how to live a hundred years," died in 1852, aged 50 years.

Dr. John Brown Hamilton, Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service, was 37 when he issued his "Lessons on Longevity: paragraphs on home hygiene and the art of prolonging life." Dr. Hamilton died in 1898, aged 51.

"The Old Man's Guide to Health and Longer Life," was written by John Hill, M.D., who was 59 when he died in 1775.

William Whitty Hall, A.M., M.D., who wrote "How to Live Long," died in 1876 when he was 66 years old.

Elie Metchnikoff, or Mechnokov, the great Russian bacteriologist and scientist, successor to Pasteur, and author of "The Prolongation of Life," who believed that by peopling the large intestine with friendly germs, a man might live to be 200, died in 1916, aged 71 years.

Christoph Wilhelm Hufeland, author of "The Art of Prolonging Life," another translation from the German, died in 1836 at 74 years.

John Gardner, M.D., author of "Longevity: the means of prolonging life after middle age," died in 1880 at the age of 76.

Sir John Sinclair, author of "The Code of Health and Longevity," published in 1807 in four volumes, died in 1835 at the age of 81.

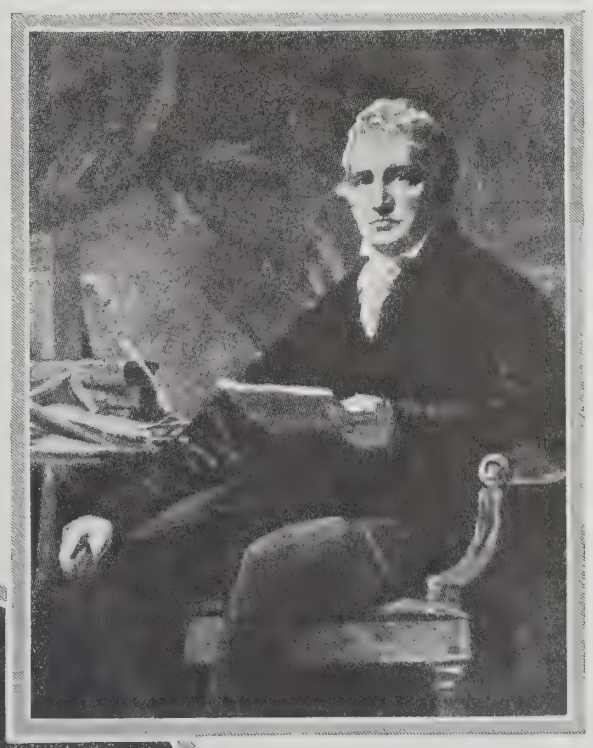
Richard Henry Clarke, LL.D., who in 1887 at 60 issued his "Hints for Prolonging Life," lived to 1911.

Bernard Christoph Faust, who wrote "Laws of Health for the Use of Schools and Self-instruction," reached 87, dying in 1842. His was also a German work translated into English.

Luigi Cornaro, contemporary of Christopher Columbus, and the classical example of the attainment of old age through a change of life habits, was a physical wreck at 40. Adopting a simple regimen, he lived to be more than 100.

There were two Grahams, contemporary, who did much to encourage the practice of personal hygiene. Sylvester Graham, from whom we derive the name Graham bread, and whose influence was widely felt in this country, was born in 1794; and Dr. Thomas John Graham, of England, author of "Sure Methods of Improving Health," was born a year later. Sylvester died in 1851, aged 57. Dr. Thomas Graham lived a quarter of a century longer, dying in 1876. Doubtless Sylvester was as conscientious in his observance of health principles as was Thomas. The following quotation from Sylvester Graham's "Lectures on the Science of Human Life," page 468, paragraph 669, shows his strong faith in the hundred-year idea:

"Now, therefore, if individuals can be found at the present time, who are a hundred years old, the fact may be adduced as a demonstration that the human constitution has vital power enough to resist the causes which induce death, and to sustain health for a hundred years under whatever disadvantages may exist at the present period of the world, distinct from the agency of man. But we know that there are many individuals now living and enjoying good health in different sections of our country who are a hundred years old: and, therefore, it may with perfect accuracy be affirmed that the human species in the United States of America may average a hundred years of life." Unfortunately he did not reach much more than one-half of the average.



SIR JOHN SINCLAIR



PROFESSOR ELIE METCHNIKOFF

With the exception of Cornaro, I have found no person who has written a treatise on how to live long and himself lived to be more than 87. Those who live to be a hundred do not write about it. Doubtless in most cases they are as far from knowing why their funeral has been postponed as we are.

If asked what has kept them in the harness for so long, many of them will volunteer some answer. It may be simple diet, life in the open air, a care-free life, the habit of taking life with a smile, avoidance of excesses, abstinence from alcohol and tobacco—any one or more of these. The fact is, there is scarcely a thing that one can select as characteristic of those who live to a great age that may not be found in those who die younger—unless it be heredity. Doubtless many persons have followed Cornaro's régime and yet have not lived more than 60 or 70 years. On the other hand, those who have lived to be 100 have followed all sorts of régimes—or none at all.

W. W. Hall, in his "Health Maxims," published in 1875, displays keen insight when he says: "In looking over the habits of old people for the purpose of ascertaining the secret of their longevity, only one element is always present—a long-lived ancestry, and next to that, in frequency, is uneventful lives, involving moderation, uniformity, quietude."

Alexander Graham Bell, many-sided scientist, and inventor of the telephone, made an extended study of the Hyde genealogical records, including 8,797 names; from this, he showed a definite relation between the ages of the parents and the ages of the children.

The father's age has more influence than the age of the mother.

Professor John Bell, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Philadelphia, in his book "On Regimen and Longevity," has recognized that longevity is largely a matter of heredity, but not altogether so. He says health and strength will be readily lost by vice and idleness and that physical efficiency and longevity do not necessarily go together. The very active, strenuous life is usually a comparatively short life. But a man with an active brain and body would rather have 15 years of real life than 50 years of vegetation. Few who arrived at a great age were ever remarkable for Herculean frame or great bodily prowess. The car that runs 5,000 miles a year will last much longer, other things being equal, than the one that is run 20,000 miles a year.



Looking down the hills toward Frankfort. In spring these hills are ablaze with beautiful flowers and shrubs.

Kentucky's Westminster Abbey

State Cemetery at Frankfort a Show Place

By HARRY E. BARNET

"HAVE you been to the state cemetery?"

It is a strange question, almost a gruesome one. You scarcely expect it as a banality of early conversation, especially in the courteous South. Yet, in Frankfort, Kentucky, it is almost certain to occur soon after a native meets a visitor. And it implies nothing discourteous; rather it is a means of calling attention to the city's greatest show place.

Unique, indeed, is this solemnly beautiful place. Here lie the remains of the commonwealth's most distinguished dead—soldiers, statesmen, private citizens. Behind the idea of the establishment of the cemetery lay something of the thought that makes Westminster Abbey such a place of honor in England. In the Frankfort State Cemetery it was intended to bury those to whose memory the state desired to pay highest honors.

The original state cemetery is a mound, in the center of Frankfort cemetery, atop the highest hill on the edge of the city. It was chosen in 1847, and named "State Mound," by a legislative committee, appointed to select the location for a public burying ground, and the most fitting place for a monument to its soldiers of all wars. The mound was given outright to Kentucky by the trustees of Frankfort cemetery.

What is considered the finest monumental marble ever brought to the United States was imported from the Carrara quarries in Italy for the column erected on State Mound in 1849. Most of the carving was done in Italy, the remainder in New York. The monument is weather-worn, and stained with rust from the dowel pins which hold the blocks together. When it was put in position its color was uniform, and it was without a blemish. It was transported with great care. From New York it went to New Orleans by sea. A special barge was built and sent to New Orleans. The column blocks and carved parts were unloaded from the ocean-going vessel directly on the barge, and delivery was made by water.

Surmounting the column is a statue of Victory. It is guarded by four eagles. Bands encircle the column, and below them are panels. The principal battles and campaigns are inscribed on the bands, and beneath them are the names of the officers who fell. The names of her soldiers who died for their country are too numerous to be inscribed on any column. Kentucky acknowledges "gratitude equally to her officers and soldiers," and shows the coat of arms and state motto, as well as the date of erection of this "military monument." Names of 22 battles and campaigns are carved, with the names of 84 officers killed in action. Four cannons guard the monument. Two of them were spiked by the enemy before they were captured at Buena Vista.

Graves of soldiers surround the monument.

Captain Bacon was killed by General Bedford Forrest in a hand-to-hand fight at Sacramento, Kentucky, early in the war between the states. Lieutenant O'Banion led the charge under Captain Eaton, who was killed, when 15 Algerian pirate ships were captured. The lieutenant was 20 years old, and was serving under Commodore Decatur on the Algerian Coast. He was the first to go ashore, where he pulled down the enemy colors, and hoisted the American flag. Philadelphia gave him a gold-mounted saddle, and the women of the city embroidered a white satin cover for it, when he came back. Congress had his picture painted, and gave him a jeweled sword.

"Unknown Soldier" lies in an unmarked grave. He was a Shelby County boy, who was rejected on account of his age when Captain Benjamin Cave Milam was organizing a company of cavalry in Frankfort for service in the Mexican War. A few days later the boy appeared with his mother, who was a widow, and renewed his application. Mother and son pleaded with Captain Milam, and the boy was enlisted. He did a man's work in the campaign. At Buena Vista, the Frankfort cavalry was ordered to charge the Mexican Lancers. Captain Milam told the boy to stay behind, but he went forward with the company, "because I'll be called a coward if I don't." At the end of the battle his body was found, pierced by a lance. When the remains of Kentuckians killed in the Mexican War were brought to the state cemetery, and buried in the mound, the grave of this lad was overlooked, and it was unmarked for so many years that no one knows his name.



Daniel Boone, from a painting in the old State House.

Shortly after the arrival of these bodies, "State Mound" was renamed "Bivouac of the Dead—" the title of the poem written by Major Theodore O'Hara for that occasion, and embodying in it the greater part of the sentiment that is the reason of being of the state cemetery:

". . . Came down the serried foe;
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

"Sons of our consecrated ground
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

"So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield,
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here;
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulcher."

No other poem so thoroughly arouses the martial spirit of Kentuckians. Major O'Hara is buried in the mound the name of which was changed to the title of his poem. He was a veteran of the Mexican War, and a member of the staffs of General Breckinridge and General Johnson. Confederate and Federal lie side by side in the "Bivouac of the Dead."

Six lots were added to the state cemetery in 1851. In them are buried "Kentucky's illustrious dead," not strictly military. Among them are the remains of Richard M. Johnson, a vice-president of the United States. He slew Chief Tecumseh. A carving on the south side of his monument pictures this exploit. An inscription also states he was the author of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt in Kentucky, and in the United States. Thirteen governors of Kentucky, seven ministers to foreign countries, 11 Secretaries of State, and 12 United States Senators are buried in these lots. In addition there are hosts of attorneys-general,



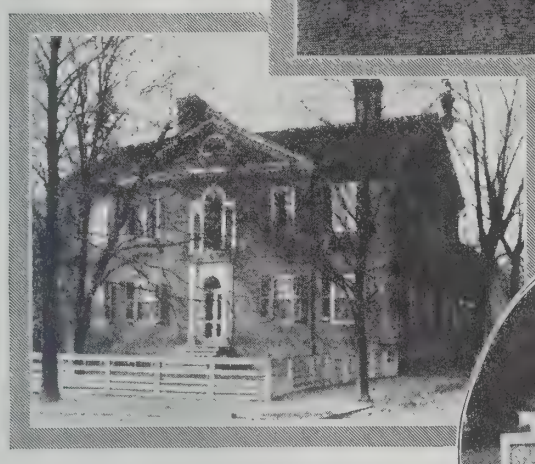
Rebecca and Daniel Boone monument.



Main street, Frankfort, Kentucky.



Monument to the author of "Bivouac of the Dead."



Type of residence in old Frankfort.





Log raft (of the type described in the John Fox stories) passing Frankfort.
Left—Monument to Joel T. Hart, painter and sculptor.

chief justices of the state, librarians, and adjutant generals, as well as historians, editors and inventors. Above a great many of the graves the state has erected monuments, one of them to Beverly L. Clark. He died in the city of Guatemala while minister to Central America. His remains were brought to the state cemetery at public expense. A small stone marks the grave of Governor James T. Morehead, of Kentucky.

Joel T. Hart, sculptor and poet, made the busts of Cassius M. Clay, Andrew Jackson, John J. Crittenden, and Henry Clay. His fame, however, came from his works of ideality—"Venus de Medici," for instance, and "Triumph of Chastity," which required 20 years to finish. Frankfort claims that it was the finest piece of statuary ever seen in the United States. It was destroyed in a courthouse fire in Lexington.

And the grave of Robert Burns Wilson, the poet, recalls his "Beside the Stream." A quotation from it exactly fits the state cemetery:

"The breath of fields—the song of birds,
The lifting leaf, the dancing beam,
The landscape wide, the grazing herds,
The moving music of the stream,
These do not call for wasted words;
These shall enfold me in their dreams."

Above the figures "30," a telegraph instrument, with a hand operating it, is carved on the east face of the monument of James Francis Leonard. Various inscriptions state that he was "born in Frankfort, Kentucky, September 8, 1834, Died at Columbus, Mississippi, July 29, 1862, Called home by the Grand Chief Operator to work the eternal circuit above, His comrades, the Old Time Telegraphers, have caused his remains to be brought back to his 'Old Kentucky Home,' and erected this monument to his memory, Ablaze with genius, and aflame with zeal, he caught the spirit of the electric force, The first sound reader, he interpreted the telegraphic alphabet of Morse."

Near the Leonard grave is the monument of Captain John Cannon, for a while the most famous man in America. He was the owner, and in charge of the steamboat *Robert E. Lee* during the race with the *Natchez*. Probably no other race created more interest throughout the world.

The course was from New Orleans to St. Louis. The start was at 4:59 p. m., June 30, 1870. By day the banks of the Mississippi River were crowded with people. By night the boats raced through a lane of glory from camp fires of spectators along the shore. Millions of dollars were bet—a man in Natchez bet his home and all of his cash against $30,000 on the boat of the same name. The *Lee* reached St. Louis in three days, 18 hours, and 27 minutes. The *Natchez* was three hours and 31 minutes behind her opponent.

"They sleep. What need the question now if they be right or wrong? They know ere this whose cause was just in God's, the Father's, sight. They wield no warlike weapons now, return no foeman's thrust. Who but a coward would revile the honored soldiers' dust?" is the inscription on the Confederate monument, erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy in 1892. Sixty-eight Confederate graves surround this monument.

In a quarter-acre lot, on the brow of the hill overlooking Frankfort and the Kentucky River, Daniel Boone, and his wife, Rebecca, are buried.

The legislature appropriated the funds to bring the bodies from Missouri, and they were re-interred in one grave, September 13, 1845. Thousands of people witnessed the ceremonies. At the conclusion, hundreds passed the grave, and each one of them threw a handful of earth down upon the caskets. The Boone Monument, erected by the commonwealth in 1860, was partially destroyed by relic hunters. In 1906 the state appropriated $2,000, and the Daughters of the American Revolution raised the remainder of a fund with which the monument was rebuilt, and the panels duplicated.

Georgia granite is the base of the monument. The stone is from Boonesboro. Rebecca Boone milking a cow is the subject of the east panel. On the south Boone is shown ending a fight with two Indians, one of whom has fallen while the other grasps his war club. Boone is shown, one foot on the dead Indian, and ready to strike the living one with his knife. The west panel shows Boone seated in front of his cabin, a slaughtered deer at his feet, while the north face of the monument pictures him in conversation with a boy.

Sixty-two varieties of trees shade the burial grounds, and many varieties of birds live in these trees.

Frankfort is the largest untouched bit of old Kentucky you'll find anywhere. High hills on all sides of the city shut it off from the world. In the spring, these hills are ablaze with redbud, and white blossoms of dogwood. With the blue of the sky above it, Frankfort nests in the national colors. At other seasons it is cupped now in emerald, then in the dazzlement of Nature's autumnal showing-off, and later in the evergreen-and-white of winter. You can enter Frankfort in no other way, except over pikes that wriggle down from slopes, from the east through a railroad tunnel, from the west across a railroad bridge, butt-joined to a deep cut through the hills, or lastly, on the river that comes out of a gorge.

And, for a city so often mentioned, Frankfort is another surprise. You expect to see a larger city, and a livelier one. Three blocks on two streets one way, and one block on one street the other way, is the business district. Crowded upon it is the residential section. The living and dead populations are each between 10,000 and 12,000. The railroad is in the center of the street in front of the old capitol buildings. Old Frankfort is north of the Kentucky River; south of the stream are the new capitol buildings, and the newer residential section. Frankfort is very quiet, though it has a record of repeated invasions by armed men. A few years ago a small army entered, prepared to start Civil War if necessary. Probably no other capital city had half the number of men killed in political fights, for Kentuckians work harder at politics than they do at any other pursuit. These affairs have been widely heralded, so that if it is your first visit, you're prepared to see picturesque fighters at every turn, to hear of street battles, and visualize dead men, crumpled and lying around. These sights, however, are mere cases of political delirium tremens. Frankfort is a peaceful city.

Curse of Midas Fatal to Mightiest Empires

On the Trail of the Golden Serpent—Egypt, Babylon, Greece, Rome, Spain; And Now America Embraces the Coils of Gold Which Strangle Industry

By J. V. NASH

PROBABLY everyone has heard in childhood days the story of Midas, the Phrygian king, who, as a reward for a service rendered to the god Dionysus, was granted the power of transforming everything he touched into gold. To the simple mind of the ancient king, such a gift seemed the most wondrous and blessed that the gods could possibly bestow upon a mortal. He hastened to put the gift to the test, and sure enough, it was true—chairs, tables, couches, humble pots and kettles in the kitchen, all were changed at a touch of the finger into dazzling, gleaming gold. In a few moments he found himself, as he thought, wealthy beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. Surely he, Midas, was the most fortunate of mortals.

At last, tired of touching innumerable objects in the palace and watching their marvelous transmutation, Midas called for his dinner. His faithful slaves laid before him golden trays loaded with steaming dishes. But lo, the appetizing viands, as they touched his lips, became indigestible yellow metal; so likewise the sparkling wine which he fain would quaff to quench his burning thirst. Then at last the horror of his predicament impressed itself upon Midas' mind. Surrounded by a bewildering profusion of gold, the specter of death—death by the slow torture of starvation and thirst—laughed ironically in his blanched and terror-stricken face. Rushing in desperation to the temple of Dionysus, Midas fell upon his knees and besought the god to take back the fatal gift.

A Timely Allegory

SURELY the wise old author of the tale of Midas meant to teach a lesson to men. The great truth to which the allegory points is the folly of looking upon gold as wealth and of seeking to transform nature's varied bounty into the treacherous metal.

But although generation after generation of mankind has heard the story of Midas, the world seems to have profited little by the lesson. As we look back over the long course of history, it is easy to perceive the sinister influence of gold in the corruption and overthrow of the mightiest empires of the past. Starting with the days of the Pharaohs we can follow the trail of the golden serpent and note how it poisoned and strangled, one after another, great civilizations built up through centuries of toil and patriotic devotion.

Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, grew up from small beginnings into strong and prosperous nations through the development of agriculture, industry and trade. Then the lust for gold seized upon the rulers, who made war upon neighboring countries, dissipating thereby the national resources, in order to enrich the royal treasuries with stores of glittering gold seized as booty or levied as indemnities and reparations. And so, when the people, bending over the plow, saw the ox-carts laden with golden treasure wending their way to the palace vaults, they imagined that the king had acquired for himself and his people wealth in a permanent form, which would obviate the necessity of hard work in future. Hence, agriculture was abandoned, industry languished, and commerce dwindled away. From now on, the people would live on gold, like the king and his court, for was not the country rich in gold and the royal bounty inexhaustible?

Then followed a period of idleness and sloth, of luxuriousness and riotous living, accompanied by the decay of all the virile virtues which had made the nation great and strong. Eventually the population sank to such a depth of degeneracy that the country could no longer be defended from foes without, and submitted helplessly to invasion and subjugation by some young and hardy people from beyond its borders who had never fallen under the spell of the golden serpent.

The Long Sad Roll of the Lost

IT WAS thus that decadent Egypt passed beneath the yoke of the Hyksos or shepherd kings, hardy Bedouins from the Arabian desert. So Assyria fell before the pastoral Medes from the Iranian uplands and its opulent cities were destroyed so utterly that the ruins of the magnificent palace of Sargon II. have but recently been located and uncovered in the midst of a howling wilderness. So Babylonia, which had developed a civilization which is today the wonder of archeologists, expired wretchedly beneath the lash of Cyrus and the rising power of Aryan Persia.

Then Persia itself felt the sting of the serpent. With the inheritance of the gold of Babylonia, to which they became the residuary legatee, the Persians rapidly degenerated and in two or three centuries the great Persian empire was swept away by Alexander's army of young Macedonians. Alexander's empire in turn waxed rich in gold, lapsed into decay and corruption, and its dismembered fragments finally were absorbed into the great world-wide dominion of Rome.

The Roman people had risen to greatness through the exercise of those rugged virtues which had made the very name of *Roman* synonymous with integrity, self-denial, character and discipline. It was Republican Rome, whose only money was copper until after the Punic War—the Rome of stern and frugal old Cato—which gathered up the remains of the gold-wrecked empires of the Mediterranean.

So long as Rome spurned the gold of the effete East, she grew in strength and prosperity, bringing order and justice to all the lands under her tutelage, and under the *Pax Romana* a war-weary world enjoyed for the first time an era of genuine peace.

But the trail of the serpent—the shadow of the fatal curse of Midas—slowly began to creep upon Rome. Great stores of gold in the shape of tribute from the eastern provinces drifted to the city on the Tiber, and the corruption of the Roman people, once started, went on apace. The small farmers of the Italian countryside, who had been the backbone of the Roman commonwealth, flocked to the capital, where, with swarms of freedom and adventurers, they lived a hand-to-mouth existence with no visible means of support. It was the old story. Why should they work? Were they not the children of Rome, the proud mistress to which the whole East paid its tribute of gold? So agriculture, industry and trade were abandoned. The products of the whole known world streamed daily along the great Roman roads into the Imperial City, which sent back nothing in return but carts loaded with dung.

Thus the Roman mob, constantly recruited from without, grew in numbers from year to year and finally became so powerful that it dominated the government of the empire. The emperor could remain in power only by flattering and contenting the fickle mob which lived in idleness. *Panem et circenses!* (Bread and circuses!) was the daily cry of the populace, and the government kept it pacified from day to day by free distribution of grain and spectacular contests in the Colosseum—graced by the emperor's presence—in which gladiators and wild animals were butchered amid hoarse shouts of delight from the surging multitudes.

So Rome went the way of Egypt, of Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, and the empire of Alexander. Rotten to the core through the corrupting influence of gold, the great empire of the Caesars fell apart and its fairest provinces were overrun by the fierce Teutonic barbarians from the northern forests. Rome itself was given over to sack and pillage. The long night of the Dark Ages settled down upon the world and civilization was set back a thousand years.

Gradually the barbarian invaders of the empire settled down and, under the guidance of the church, began to acquire the rudiments of culture and the practice of the arts of civilized life. Out of the ruins of the ancient Roman provinces—Gaul and Spain and Britain—new nations began to emerge.

Then came the discovery of America. The gold mines of the Old World had been exhausted for centuries and the stock of gold in Europe had dwindled to small proportions. But in the New World—in Mexico and Peru—the Spanish conquerors discovered huge stores of gold and silver as well as mines of unprecedented richness.

Spain's Golden Fall

SPAIN, at this period, was the leading power of Europe. Her empire embraced the fairest provinces of Western Europe, from the Netherlands in the north to Sicily in the south; in addition, she now held, by right of discovery and colonization, the greater portion of the New World, and in Asia the Philippine Archipelago, to which were added later the valuable trading ports of Portugal in Africa, China, and India.

The trail of the serpent was now about to make a new twist. At the very time that we are now describing there was growing up in Europe a theory of economics known as the Mercantile System. The Mercantile System was adopted and upheld by practically all the European nations at this period, but by none more firmly than by Spain. Despite the plainest lessons of history, the sophistry of the Mercantile System was not only accepted by the economists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but still has its passionate supporters in our own day.

The Mercantile System would have appealed strongly to old Midas before his disillusionment. In short, it held wealth and gold to be identical. Its supporters believed that the wealth of the country depended upon the amount of precious metal which it possessed. Accordingly, it was considered to the interest of national prosperity to obtain from other nations as large a quantity of gold (and also silver) as possible, and, when once secured, to keep it at home! To accomplish this, it was necessary that there should be a maximum of exports and a minimum of imports, pay for the surplus of exports being taken in gold. This was called "the balance of trade," and it was religiously believed that no nation could long endure unless it maintained a balance of trade that was "favorable," that is, that brought gold into the country.

It was on the rock of the Mercantile System—the theory that gold and its satellite, silver, constitute the national wealth—that the great Spanish Empire went to pieces. The story is graphically told by the eminent English historian:

"To state this doctrine (the Mercantile System) in its simplest form, it was believed that all wealth consisted of the precious metals, and that therefore a country was necessarily impoverished by every transaction which diminished its metallic riches, no matter how much it may have added to its other possessions . . . .

"FROM THESE PRINCIPLES THREE IMPORTANT PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCES WERE DRAWN WHICH CONTRIBUTED GREATLY TO THE DOWNFALL OF SPAIN. In the first place, the whole energy both of the government and people (of Spain) was concentrated upon the gold mines, and manufactures and almost all forms of industry sank into neglect. In the next place, the colonies were speedily ruined by an elaborate system of commercial restrictions and monopolies, devised with the vain hope of enriching the mother country, and some of them were at length goaded into successful rebellion. In the last place, an undue amount of gold was introduced into Spain, which had the very natural, but, to the Spaniards, the very astonishing effect of convulsing the whole financial system of the country. For the value of gold, like the value of other commodities, is governed by the law of supply and demand; and the fact that this metal has been selected as the general instrument of exchange, while it makes any sudden alteration in its value peculiarly dangerous, does not in any degree remove it from the law. When it suddenly becomes too common, its value—that is to say, its purchasing power—is depreciated; or, in other words, the price of all other articles is raised . . . .

Industrial Paralysis

"THE stream of gold that was directed to Spain after the discovery of America produced nearly the full measure of evil, while the economic error of the age deprived the Spaniards of nearly all the good that might have been expected. The temporary evil of a violent change in prices could only have been abated, and the permanent evil of the decay of national industry could only have been in some degree compensated, by the free employment of American gold to purchase the industry of foreign nations; but this would involve the export of the precious metals, which the government under the severest penalties prohibited. It is true that, as no prohibition can finally arrest the natural flow of affairs, the gold did issue forth, but it was in the manner that was least advantageous to Spain. Charles V. and Philip II. employed it in their wars . . . . The only other mode of egress was by infringing the law.

"After a few years the full effects of this policy were manifested. Manufactures had languished. Prices were immensely raised. Confusion and insecurity characterized every financial undertaking. The Spaniards, to adopt the image of a great political economist, realizing the curse of Midas, found all the necessaries of life transmuted into gold, while, to crown all, the government prohibited its export under pain of death!"

So it was that, through the old Midas-like lust for gold, disguised now in the habiliments of an economic theory, Spain became hopelessly enmeshed in the coils of the glittering serpent. Industrial paralysis crept over the nation. No less than 17 branches of industry, which were the real source of Spain's wealth, were killed or driven out of the country. One by one she lost her great provinces in the Old World, and her richest possessions in the New, until the close of the nineteenth century saw her stripped of the last remnants of her empire, East and West, bankrupt at home, and reduced to the status of an insignificant second-rate power.

During the past year or two we have witnessed in America a recrudescence of the discredited Mercantile System which bankrupted Spain. We have cornered the world's gold supply, and now we are going to keep it here by putting up a high tariff wall around the country to kill off foreign trade, meanwhile keeping our currency on a strictly gold basis. The latest champion of the Mercantile System seems to be none other than the Federal Reserve Board. This board was created for the express purpose of giving elasticity to our currency. But in the face of the growing prosperity of the wage earners of the country through that expansion of the currency which the Federal Reserve Board itself had made possible, the board, in unaccountable alarm, announced that a policy of "deflation" must be put into effect; in other words, that THERE IS NO REAL WEALTH EXCEPT GOLD, and that our currency must be strapped down tightly to a gold basis. In short, the people must remain in bondage to the gold kings of Wall Street!

And Now America

MEANWHILE, the importation of gold into the United States was increased to fairly staggering proportions. According to the recently published International Year Book covering 1921, the production of gold in this country during 1921 amounted to $49,105,500. But in the same year there was shipped into the United States from abroad total imports of gold to the amount of $691,267,448, whereas the total amount of gold exported last year was only $23,680,043. This represented an excess of gold imports over exports to the tune of $667,587,405 in 12 months. Spain, in the palmiest days of the Mercantile System, was a piker by comparison.

For the preceding year (1920), toward the close of which the present economic debacle overtook us, the ratio of exports and imports of gold shows a striking difference:

Imports	$417,068,273
Exports	322,091,208

This reveals an excess of gold imports amounting to only $94,977,065.

The year before that—1919—was one of the most prosperous in our history. Industry was booming, there was no unemployment, and labor was receiving unprecedentedly high wages. Yet in that year, according

(Concluded on page 14)

Carpets and Quilts and Pillow Tops and Batik

Old-fashioned Woman and New-fashioned Woman Hold to Arts of Needle

By WYMAN SMITH

ALL our pewter ware has been sent to the museums or to the chimney corner, all our three-legged stools have been abolished, and crewel work no longer decks the window sashes, the counterpanes or the chair backs, but here and there in America still lingers the touch of handicraft which woman throughout the centuries has employed to create her home. She may purchase all those articles of refinement which she adores at the shops on the avenue or on Main street, but she still insists that the work she does herself is better and more beautiful for both her person and her home.

Some woman said philosophically: "I can think better when my hands are busy," but whether that is the reason or not, in the summer cottages on some inland lake, in the mezzanine of the hotels, in quiet home living rooms or on the veranda, on observation car and on shipboard one may see still the faint hints of woman's creative instinct for beautifying her surroundings. Very leisurely and with no ostentation she attends to her embroidery, her crocheting or her knitting, and sometimes if you ask her she will say, "Oh, daughter is going to school in the fall and she'll need this new sweater," or, "I am making this for my son's wife—she liked mine so much last year." Nor is this the "old-fashioned woman," but rather the one who will talk politics, literature, art, travel or what you please and will astonish you with her intimate knowledge of those things which constitute education.

This is the woman who can appreciate both the art and labor of a Chinese rug, or the delicate expression of a Beauvais tapestry, for by her own contrivances she has learned their innermost meaning and intuitively understands the will and effort of the artist she has never seen. She herself is an artist and were she to count her followers she would find a great army of women who are preserving handicraft in all its rare designs and with all its marvelous influences.



This quilt sewed by hand and covered the best bed in a log house 75 years ago, yet its colors last.

Sample from art class. Batik is very popular nowadays.

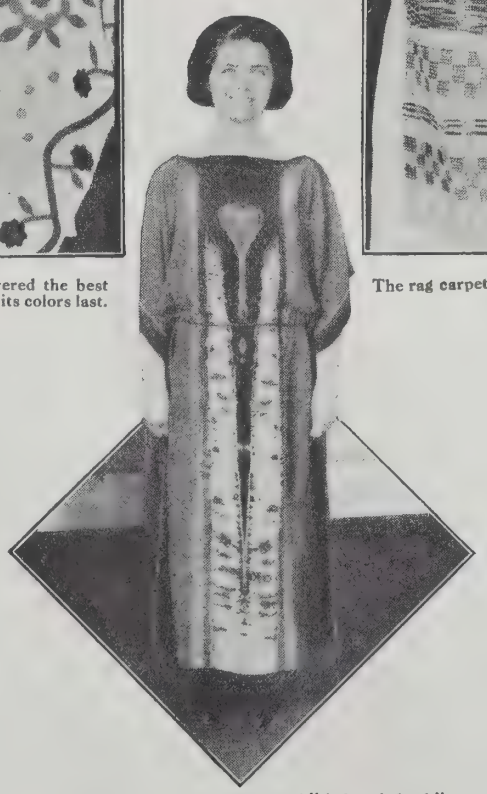
The rag carpet still is popular in these days of a million machines.

Machinery has done much to make life more livable and it will continue to do so, but woman endows her handiwork with part of herself, with a portion of her aura, and thus she encourages in herself and in her children that careful fineness which can be expressed only in handicraft. Machinery has removed the drudgery and much of the inconvenience, but woman still perpetuates the creative desire of the human race in her furnishings and in her own dresses. And even though she does not succeed in exerting a great art influence, she herself gains, from the employment of her fingers, self-expression. Who knows just how many of our artists have learned their color values from their mother's home, and from watching the painstaking deftness of their mother's fingers, the carefulness and thoroughness which makes them a genius?

Nor is it only the mothers who are working but the daughters have learned also the methods of crocheting, knitting and embroidery. Sometimes they wear their handiwork. On the street corner, I watched two men pause to observe the neckties in a window display. One asked the other: "Where did you buy that corking necktie you are wearing these days?" The other blushed and finally stammered, "I didn't buy it——. My fiancée crocheted it for me."

Not an important university or college in America but has introduced courses in art and design when the value of color harmony, batik, and "tied and dyed" handiwork is being taught.

"Our classes in art and design," says the chairman of a course in one of the middle western universities, "are increasing in size every year, and besides the regular students in home economics who are electing the course, many others from other colleges come to our department for training. Our graduates are introducing courses in high schools and are meeting with unusual success, and many of them also are using their knowledge to decorate their own homes or to assist friends in working out delightful patterns. I know of no university which does not have classes similar to ours and hundreds of high schools throughout the country are introducing the simple methods among their students. The wonderful effects obtainable with batik and with "tied and dyed" are perhaps responsible for the increasing interest but all the various lines of handiwork are becoming more and more popular."



She makes her own silk gowns of "tied and dyed."

So popular indeed are these two methods that they promise to become a fad before they become a substantial addition to the art resources of women. "The word 'batik,'" according to Gertrude Lewis, of Lindbloom High School, Chicago, "is Javanese and means to paint or draw or design with wax on textiles so that when placed in the dye the wax prevents the part covered from taking the color. The wax is then removed by hot water or gasoline, leaving the parts thus covered of the original color. From early times these designs have been made. But the process reached its highest development in its application to woven fabrics. Wax seems to have been used thus in Southern India and probably in some other parts of Southeastern Asia for centuries. Buddist books of the ninth or tenth century refer to a wax-painting process, and there are preserved in Japan ancient Indian cloths, colored in this manner. This process of wax-painting, however, reached its highest development in Java, where it was introduced about the twelfth century. The work was done by men, and plant and animal motives were largely used in the designs. After Mohammedanism spread over the island, the industry developed rapidly and many new and original patterns were added.

"The highest development was in Central Java where the work was carried on by women, especially those of the leisure classes who could give time and care necessary to the production of the finest work. Some designs were so elaborate and difficult that only the nobility could afford them and a few designs were reserved for the use of royalty.

"Tied and dyed" work is found among many primitive peoples. In old Colonial days our grandmothers made their shaded wool by this method. They wrapped their skeins of woolen thread with corn husks and wound these round tightly with cord to give the necessary pressure. The portions covered with husks remained the original color of the wool while those exposed became the color of the dye bath. Legend even credits the ancient Greeks with tying the borders of their robes to produce waving lines.

"Two main methods in tie-dyeing are either to develop the pattern by tying the threads of warp or woof, or both, before weaving or to tie the goods before dyeing in such a way as to protect spots of the cloth from the action of the dyes. The first method is found in ancient Peruvian work, in Central India, and in parts of the Philippines, and the second method is used to a large extent in Central India and a few examples are also known from Peru."

But however promising these new lines of endeavor may be, back in the small villages and towns still thrives the old-fashioned art of making rag carpets and patchwork quilts. A delightful old lady, one of those I saw making rag carpets, showed me all the workings of a loom which had often intrigued me by its effectiveness and its simplicity. She was more than 60, and although there was no reason why she should make rag carpets for the entire village, so enjoyable has she found the making that she still continues to oblige her friends. By varying the color of the warp, and by clever manipulating, she introduces such a multitude of patterns that no two rugs are ever the same, unless some special order asks for duplication. From a heap of old rags she will make a marvelous carpet of pinks and white, or blue and gray.

And in another corner of another village I found an old woman who sat piecing together bits of cloth which her neighbors brought her.

As I went from village to village I found more signs of a returning interest in handiwork, and then fearful that I had overestimated the importance and had seen only exceptional towns and people I decided to test my conclusions. It was several days afterward before the opportunity presented itself, but one day on the interurban a woman entered who wore a lace network so delicately woven and so minutely perfect I thought it time for a question and asked her, after I had explained my purpose, if her lace had been crocheted or if she had purchased it. Undiplomatic as the question might have seemed to her she understood my purpose and answered, "Why, yes, I made it because I have always liked to crochet and I have time to do it in odd moments."

Handicraft in all its refinement and beauty is being revived by the gentle artistic taste of woman.

An American Kimberly? Down in Arkansas

Real Diamonds Mined in Pike County Where the Slow Trains Run



Washing peridotite into sluices in which the earth and rough diamonds are separated and the stones picked out.

By C. E. COLLINS and T. A. WRIGHT

COMPARATIVELY few persons know that diamonds of pure water are mined in Arkansas. When the American Legion annual convention was held in Kansas City and the newly elected commander, Hanford MacNider, was presented with an "Arkansas diamond" by former Governor Charles H. Brough, of Arkansas, many of the delegates imagined it was all a joke and one newspaper ridiculed the idea that real diamonds were found in Arkansas. But the diamond that was given to Commander MacNider equals in color, brilliancy and hardness any diamond that comes from the great mines of South Africa. And it was mined in Pike County, Arkansas.

It is related that the children of early Dutch settlers in South Africa played with diamonds as they might have done with valueless pretty bright stones before the first diamond was identified as such in 1869. The discovery that the "pretty stones" really were diamonds was made by accident. In like manner, the first diamond found in Arkansas 15 years ago was picked up and kept merely as a "pretty stone."

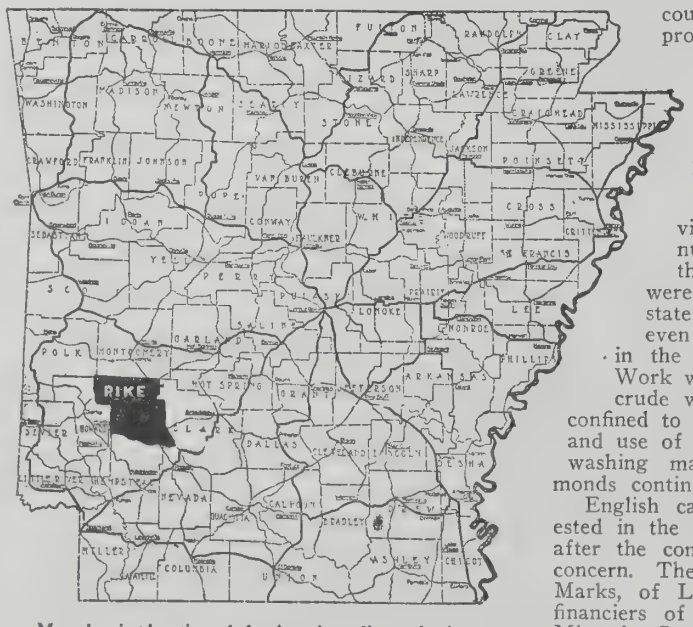
John W. Huddlestone, a farmer, made the find. He picked up a stone in his field one day but had no idea of its worth. He had formed a habit of collecting odd crystals and various specimens of minerals with which the neighborhood abounds. But the stone that he found on this particular occasion was so different from any he ever had seen and gave such sharp glints of light that he decided to take it to Murfreesboro the next time he went to see if someone there could identify it. Several days later, riding toward Murfreesboro on a mule, he noticed another stone alongside the road which appeared much like the one he had in his pocket. He dismounted and picked it up. With the toe of his boot, he kicked at a small pile of pebbles and uncovered another one. He took the three to a bank in Murfreesboro. None of the officials knew what the stones were although one of the men did admire the larger one enough that he offered Huddlestone 50 cents for it. Huddlestone declined to part with it, saying he would rather break it up and see if he could not identify it. Standing in the little group of men in the bank that day was Judge J. C. Pinnix, circuit judge in the district of which Pike County is a part.

"Why don't you send them to a good jeweler and see what he says about them?" suggested Judge Pinnix.

So Huddlestone proceeded at once to wrap up the stones and send them to Charles S. Stifft in Little Rock.

The three stones were immediately recognized as diamonds by Mr. Stifft. But to get other opinions, he forwarded the specimen to a firm of diamond importers of New York, had them inspected by Dr. George F. Kunz, recognized as one of the authorities in America on precious stones, vice-president and diamond expert for Tiffany's and also gem expert for the United States Geological Survey. The stones were pronounced diamonds and the experts declared that they appeared to be as hard and as brilliant as the average African diamond in the rough.

Dr. Kunz was not especially moved by the news of the discovery. He pointed out that diamonds had been found in several states in America, by single stones, and these were accounted for as "stray stones," the theory being that they had been left after the shifting of glaciers thousands of years ago. He so informed the Little Rock jeweler, discouraging any extravagant hopes until a thorough investigation might be made. On learning, however, that the stones had been found in ground apparently of volcanic origin or nature, Dr. Kunz made a special trip to the Arkansas field and was greatly impressed with the fact that it appeared to have diamonds "in place" in their native peridotite.



Map showing location of the American diamond mines in Arkansas.

It was explained that diamonds were found in two locales, those of volcanic origin being found only in a blue earth called peridotite. Carbon at intense heat, it is supposed, is subjected to tremendous pressure and suddenly cooled by the influx of water, probably in volcanic upheaval. The other locale of diamonds in quantity are certain river beds but it never has been definitely determined just how they got there.

The search for information that might throw light on the Arkansas field brought out the fact that many years before, State Geologist Branner, in an official report, had called attention to the presence in Pike County of peridotite similar to that found in the South African diamond fields. But while diamonds "in place" always are found in this volcanic peridotite, it does not follow that all peridotite contains diamonds. The contrary is the rule, more volcanic "pipes" containing non-diamond peridotite than otherwise. In any event, the Branner report did not create any interest and no one ever thought of prospecting for diamonds there, although many prospected for asphaltum, silver and other minerals in that region.

Meanwhile, additional finds of diamonds were being reported and the experts were convinced that Pike County contained a real diamond "pipe." There was no way of determining if the stones existed in paying quantities except by developing the field, and mining, under the conditions, was an expensive undertaking. With the prospects seemingly very good, however, a small company with $25,000 capital was organized under the name, "The Arkansas Diamond Mining Company." In it were Mr. Stifft, the Little Rock jeweler; Sam W. Rayburn, then president of a bank in Little Rock but now general manager of Lord and Taylor in New York; A. D. Cohn, department store owner in Little Rock, and J. C. Pinnix, the circuit judge of Pike County.

The little company gave Farmer Huddlestone $35,000 for his farm—much more than its ordinary worth—after informing Huddlestone of plans which entailed the prospective sinking of a considerable sum of money with the chance of no returns. Huddlestone relinquished ownership with the understanding that he could remain upon the property and that he would be given employment with the company.

Progress in development of the property was very slow. It was almost impossible to convince even a limited number of Arkansans that real diamonds were to be found in the state and that there were even remote possibilities in the Pike County field. Work was undertaken in a crude way, however, being confined to "surface scratching" and use of the crudest sort of washing machines. And diamonds continued to be found.

English capital became interested in the "find" a short time after the company was a going concern. The firm of Lewis and Marks, of London, owners and financiers of the Roberts-Victor Mine in South Africa, also of the Veerspoed Mine which afterward was sold to the DeBeers syndicate, sent representatives to America to investigate and make a report dealing with the new field. Harry D. Lewis, son of the head of the firm, and B. Oppenheimer, their diamond expert, who afterward was created a baronet by the British Government, were selected for the mission.

The two men visited Arkansas and were so impressed with conditions as they found them that they expressed a wish to take half the capital stock of the company, which at that time had increased its capital to $1,000,000. The prospects gave the company renewed hope and the capitalization was further increased to $1,250,000. It was arranged that representatives should go to England for a conference with the English syndicate and Messrs. Stifft, Rayburn and Cohn were soon afterward in London. It was impossible to close a deal, however. The London concern insisted upon a controlling interest in the company which the Arkansans declined to give and the three officials returned empty-handed.

Lacking the capital for the purchase of adequate machinery and rapid development work, the project went along with little change for several years. Two years ago, eastern capital became interested, and a holding company for the "Arkansas Diamond Corporation" was formed. It became possible then to buy machinery. The making of this, linked with the difficulties of getting materials to the new field, then almost in the wilds of Arkansas, held up operations until last fall, when the new machines finally were in place, and operations were begun under modern methods.

Much of the work now being done in the Arkansas field, aside from the mere recovery of the gems, is of a test nature. As yet it is not known how many carats per load nor what the exact cost of getting stones will be. It is not possible to ascertain until later the average cost per carat nor the average size, color and value of them. It has been determined, however, that the field in Pike County embraces 62 acres. Compared with the Premier field of 80 acres in Africa, the Arkansas "pipe" is the second largest in the world.

In the matter of quality, the Arkansas diamonds are said to average, in the higher grades, even better than the output of most of the South African mines. The first lot sold brought an average of $120 per carat, a much better price than those not familiar with the handling of diamonds might understand. The low-grade stones used for manufacturing and mechanical purposes range as low as $4 a carat at the mine and from that low figure diamonds range upward in worth according to color, hardness, and perfection. There is, however, a large margin between the mine value and the retail value, or between the rough diamond and the cut gem, but it is easily accounted for.

A diamond in the rough may lose two-thirds in cutting. A six-carat stone in the rough may not produce more than a two-carat cut diamond. The cost of cutting and polishing is one big additional charge in getting the final marketable gem.

South African diamonds in the rough are subjected to a tax that ranges from 36 to 60 per cent. The rough stones are sent to London where the great diamond syndicate handles them. There is a charge for sorting and selling. The stones are divided into "parcels" in London and are sold to the cutters, only a selected few of whom are allowed to buy. The syndicate needs no salesmen. The cutters in Amsterdam, Antwerp and New York are notified by telegraph or cable that parcels of diamonds await them. The buyer goes to the seller—not the seller to the buyer. The buyer cannot haggle over prices. Nor can he pick and choose. He cannot reject some of the stones in a parcel and have them replaced with others. He must take the parcel allotted to him or go without. It may be, and usually so happens, that all diamonds in a given package or parcel are not suitable to the buyer's trade. He must take them nevertheless, and sell what he does not want to other cutters, not on the syndicate's list of buyers.

The buyers of the parcels almost invariably are cutters who make a business of converting the rough stones into cut and polished gems. The stones which are brought into America bear a duty of 10 per cent, if in the rough, or 20 per cent if cut and polished. From the cutter, they go to the broker and the jobber, then to the manufacturing jeweler and from him to the wholesaler or the retailer and then to the individual. From the time the diamond leaves the mine in Africa until it gets to the buyer, whether by way of London and Antwerp or Amsterdam or New York, every process and every change in hands entails added costs and profits so that the mine value of the stones is but a small portion of the eventual price paid for them.

The Arkansas mine now has a capacity of from 300 to 500 loads a day, this to be increased gradually to 5,000 loads a day, if present work is satisfactory. The results in handling the peridotite already disintegrated have proved very satisfactory but in a measure they are aside from what is expected in the hard peridotite. Up to the time the new machinery was installed, the Arkansas field had yielded 2,000 good diamonds.

American Gold Standard at British Mercy

Free Market, Hinted by Chancellor, Would Destroy Gold's Value; Tourists Exploiting European Currencies While Inhabitants Pinch

By A. R. PINCI

A VISIT just concluded in 10 representative European countries, where I handled as many differing currencies for the purchase of such commonplace commodities as lodgings, food, transportation and newspapers, each and all without frills or trimmings, has justified the arguments and conclusions anent the gold fiction of the gold standard threshed out in these columns. What determines the value of money in all of those European countries is not the artificial price of gold, but the value of any commodity. This value reveals certain discrepancies when compared to the American dollar, but in relation to the monetary unit of the country where it is either manufactured or purveyed it obeys the law of supply and demand.

Russia has been excluded from the sphere of these observations for the reason that the strife-ridden former empire not only has no economic stability at this moment, but because it lacks, in reasonable quantities, the very commodities that determine values and prices. A billion Russian rubles, series 1922, may mean something and may mean nothing. The ratio of face value has attained comical aspects—and money at this time is too serious a subject to be considered on the basis of ruble levity.

In my recent experience, the high and low moneys handled were represented by Swiss francs in the one case and Austrian kronen in the other case. In effect, however, the price I paid for what I required remained about the same. It was only the face value of the money handled that differed. And this difference proves one thing—that the face value of a bill or a metal token is as artificial as the gold standard.

Tourists Dodge Switzerland

ONE of the first things one hears in Central Europe is that "few Americans and English travelers" are visiting Switzerland because the Swiss franc is "so high." So these tourists prefer Germany or Austria where they can deal in thousands or tens of thousands of marks or kronen, respectively. In the end, however, the purchasing value of the pound sterling or dollar remains the same. If they can buy more for the latter it is not because of devalued money but for no other reason than 10 years ago, with money at par—which means on a gold basis—European economic standards meant lower prices. Gold had nothing to do with it; it has nothing to do with it today. It is the modern banking theory that would have us believe otherwise.

Quite recently a prominent official representing an important American banking association made a speech in the course of which he referred to the "worthless" money of certain countries that had nothing else to show for their money units because they are without gold to cover their paper issues. Such ambiguities on the part of supposedly intelligent persons are amazing, and one may account for them as due to a desire to protect the banking trade, unaware that today the United States is virtually helpless with the billions of gold reposing within American strong boxes, because England still dictates international values and has it in her power to destroy American gold prosperity through the simple expedient of establishing a free gold market. This expedient, obviously to save England's interests, and collaterally Continental Europe's, would proportionately lower our own gold wealth.

That the value of foreign moneys has nothing to do with the value of commodities, except theoretically, is proved by the case of the French franc. The French franc is quoted today at less than eight cents. Its true value should be about half, and I have heard a banker abroad say that it ought to be even less. It is pegged up where it is by some sort of international manipulation that is banking upon a false hope—that Germany's reparations and indemnities, if settled in accordance with wishes of a calculating few, will save it from a fall that, in truth, is expected. In other words, the French franc is an unsound monetary unit today because it is artificially pegged up, with the French Government, meanwhile, adopting tactics that will win only so long as London will acquiesce. The Austrian krone may be worth no more than its current quotation, a difficult thing to believe, but at all events it is not sailing under false colors, and that is the case of the mark, too.

Speculating in Money

I HAVE seen Americans in Vienna and in Berlin and in Rome feverishly wanting to exchange their dollars for what their bankers back at home call worthless or nearly worthless money. What will the bankers say to that? How will they explain it? Now these Americans, or, to be more exact, these owners of American currency, are not investing in the money of this or that nation, but in the goods or services that can be bought with said money—and each country places a value upon either commodity that has nothing to do with the gold standard. A few are buying such money for speculative purposes—but thousands and thousands are daily buying stocks and bonds with the same object in view.

There have been reports of exasperated Americans who have strenuously objected to the German export tax and permit regulations. Has the American banker who vociferates for the gold standard realized what a sorry figure his fellow citizens are cutting when they write letters to the American newspapers that are being published abroad, protesting against the German's idea of self-protection? What does the German export tax—aimed, I admit, against Americans at first and now against the French especially—mean except that Germany is endeavoring to establish values in accordance with the gold standard? The average American tourist considers it good sport to enter a hat shop and buy an all-wool cap for 100 marks—at this day about six cents—that he would consider a bargain at $2 in his own country, but because German authorities deem such exports devitalizing to the nation, and correct it by compensating duties, the purchaser proceeds to acclaim the government officials as robbers. And that is the sample of anti-German propaganda that Americans circulate, unaware that the American-valuation tariff idea which was long pressed at home, sprang from the same motive.

I stopped at three places in Switzerland for a hurried glance about—Americans were scarce indeed. Train conductors, cab drivers and innkeepers blamed high Swiss money for their absence. The very persons whose bankers hanker for the gold standard and warn that the world cannot live without it turn their backs upon the one European country that at this time goes the American dollar almost one better. It looks to me as if this means that this gold standard is an excellent thing in America so long as it is advantageous to Americans and a thing to get angry about if it protects the foreigner.

This problem of values is exceedingly serious, because it conceals perils that might well mean another war, and to expose its truth the best method is to set forth its amusing sides. Take so simple a thing as taxicabs. In Rome you pay what the meter reads; in Vienna you multiply by five thousand; in Berlin only by fifty. The number of ciphers on a bill mean nothing. Of course, they have a one-sided mesmerizing effect. The tourist likes to receive but he is not so willing to give.

He goes to great pains to show that a thousand marks, for instance, happen to be less than a dime, and regards the crepe-like bill with smug disdain, but he is very careful in subdividing it, mentally, because he reasons that it is a great deal of money for a German. A lira? That's a nickel—and this modest coin seems to have been eliminated from the traveling American's mind.

"I have had, finally," said an American to me at Brünn, "the pleasure of being for once a millionaire and lighting my cigaret with money. I used a ten thousand kronen bill just like that!"

This American realized his ambition, futile as it seems, but did he ever stop to think that he could have made the armless veteran asking alms along Karntnerring quite happy with half that sum—all of 15 cents?

Cheap or Dear?

TAKE a look at the menu of the Grand Hotel, Vienna. Half fried-chicken, 15,000 kronen. The day I was there this amounted to about 22 cents, and I leave it to the tender imagination of the reader as to how much fried chicken can be purchased for the latter sum in one of the leading hotels of Washington, D. C. Yet that is not a fair comparison. The number of Americans who can afford the time and money to go to Vienna are not many, although at this time there are entirely too many. The true comparison is to determine what 15,000 kronen mean to the average Austrian wage earner. And if we do this then we can realize that 15,000 kronen of chicken in one of Vienna's leading hotels looks to him as a $3 steak looks to the average American wage earner.

But that is not the only difficulty. There is another, which proves that this money problem is regarded unilaterally.

I went to Vienna from Rome. In the latter city I obtained slightly more than 22 lire for a dollar. The average Italian resents the lira being so low or the dollar so high and will not forego an opportunity to let the dollar-owner understand what his feelings are in the matter. Yet the Venice-Vienna train was occupied to standing room only all of the way, a run of 36 hours. All Italians were going to Austria to spend lire—and what Italian could resist the temptation of getting 2,800 kronen for a lira? You cannot eat a meal in Italy for a lira but you can get one in Austria for 2,000 kronen, if you know how. Thus the Italian who dislikes the dollar's supremacy has no feelings when it comes to letting the Austrian know that a lira is a lira and kronen "mean nothing" in his young life.

It requires courage and self-control to withstand deals of this kind—and it is only just and proper that both the Austrians and the Germans, respectively, should be given credit for maximum equanimity, courtesy and resignation in the face of countless unethical deals that are daily perpetrated in the name of the gold standard.

France is circulating tokens of a brass alloy that resemble pallid gold coins, issued by the Chamber of Commerce, and "good for" one franc, or more or less. Italy is doing the same thing. They are not money; they are evidences of money—media of exchange, accepted and paid out solely because they can be converted into commodity on demand—and one commodity that is not in demand is gold. France says so, because her only need of gold at this time is to repay her foreign debts in gold. If France knew how to be self-sustaining she would have no use for gold—and probably she will not have it anyhow.

Last spring secret consternation reigned in New York banking circles because Sir Robert Horne, British Chancellor of the Exchequer, hinted at the advisability and possibility of establishing a free gold market. Within 24 hours this official tempered his statement somewhat and Wall Street breathed more easily, but I found in London that the idea looks more and more attractive—and England is known occasionally to move swiftly.

The Americans who are lulled into a sense of security by their gold hoards should know just what it really means. The mint value of gold is $20.67 per ounce; it is fixed value—so long as England in turn retains a corresponding fixed value. The moment gold is placed in the open market and the Bank of England gives whatever it is worth from day to day, the American mint value would have to break. There are bankers who believe that gold would drop within a year to 25 per cent of its present market value.

This would mean that by refusing to buy gold except at a much lower price than now prevails, England would force the value down and down by merely boycotting it. What would be the feelings of American international bankers who manipulate gold if they found their three billions of today shrinking to a paltry 750 millions?

Such an occurrence, however, would be more serious for the bankers themselves who have speculated in gold than for the country at large, whether it be England or the United States. It would destroy the so-called gold wealth but it would not destroy any other kind of wealth, although it goes without saying that such a devaluation of gold would be accompanied by more or less panicky conditions.

At Odds With Nature

ONE can go from London to Warsaw, from Vienna to Copenhagen, which means roughly about all that there is to Europe today, industrially, and what moral can one draw from the experience? Certainly not that which the banking world would have us believe and that it catechizes us about. One can play statistics in every conceivable manner and attempt to prove that each country's standing is in relation to its gold supply, but the fact is that that standing, instead, is in relation to self-sustenance and hardly any country is self-sustaining, theoretically or actually.

In Germany one may denote a tendency of the men to want to take up farming. But such is the joke of nature that Germany's farm lands are inconsequential, with most of the ground unfit for agricultural development. In Italy, where nature intended that agriculture should be the mainstay of the land, a faulty taxation system plus absentee feudal landlordism caused a growing exodus that today has denuded, so to speak, the country of all its farm workers. Nearly every country, in some way, is working at cross-purposes with its natural trend, destiny and resources. To the extent that this contradiction continues, the financial and industrial weakness of a given nation must continue. Gold does not figure at all.

There is a belief, especially in New York, that England's financial supremacy is on the decline because her gold stocks are almost down to nothing. The average individual is hardly aware with what constancy England is exporting gold to the United States. This apparent indifference to gold bullion is beginning to alarm a certain group of financiers who profess to see in it sinister motives, and attempt to couple it with that country's hope that all debts arising out of the late war should be cancelled. But what is most disturbing, at least in the gold-standard school of thought, is that, despite this uniform diminution of English gold stocks, the pound sterling should continue to remain the prime international bill of exchange. Here and there one notes dollar exchange quotations, but the London bill of exchange is still the bill of exchange *par excellence*.

London Keeps Its Head

IF THE world truly hankered for the gold standard, and if gold were the prime commodity that is alleged, every business man the world over would clamor for gold, and as it is evident that London has no gold, the dollar should be the substitute. But no such thing has happened. Wall Street has waited three years for this miracle, which is just as far away as ever. And what does it mean?

Merely that London sells service and not gold; that before the war the word gold, so far as London was concerned, was a synonym for service as it is today. New York, on the other hand, attempts to sell gold and very little service. England's financial task today is to rehabilitate Germany, but only recently has it dawned upon certain governing officials that the last thing that Germany needs is the very thing that they have wondered how to get for her—that is to say, gold. Goldless England and goldless Germany, once come to an understanding, would be no economic cripples. They remain just what they were before the war—predominantly the financial and productive nations of Europe. The one obstacle just now is that the United States expects Great Britain to repay several billions of dollars in gold and France expects Germany to do the same thing, in either case this being an impossibility, since there is no such available amount of metal available. Is it any wonder, therefore, that England is considering the one alternative, for the sake of England and Europe, of bringing gold down to its true value once

(Concluded on page 14)

"The Frost Is on the Punkin"; It's Riley Day

Concluded from page 3

tingly aided the reporter with this telling response:

"Gentlemen, I thank you for this nomination. I can't make a speech, but I can tell you one thing, the ticket you've nominated today is goin' to win 'when the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.'"

A thunder of applause swept over the house. The speech became the talk of the capital, and it was evident that the majority of the people had read young Riley's poem. The managing editor then wisely reached the decision to keep the reporter who wrote rhymes that attracted such attention among his subscribers.

Now let's shift the scene to the city of New York after Riley and Bill Nye, the humorous philosopher, had discovered their common yearnings to themselves. Nye asked Riley to accompany him to an entertainment given by and for the authors of the nation. All the notables were there at the Academy of Music. Bill Nye appeared and made a hit as usual; then both Nye and Riley responded to the encore with a sketch. More applause, and Riley came back alone. He gave, "When the Frost Is on the Punkin."

Never was a Riley poem recited by Riley in a half-hearted fashion. He was a consummate actor. Always a victim of stage fright before treading the stage, he was master of himself when his feet touched the floor. On this occasion he faced an audience of blasé, surfeited men; harsh, severe critics they were. But they saw the art of his rendition and, heartily welcomed the newcomer who could thrill them; and thrill them the Hoosier did.

"Who is that wonderful young man?" James Russell Lowell eagerly asked of William Dean Howells.

"That," came the reply, "is James Whitcomb Riley, of Indiana."

"Now," Lowell fervently declared, "I know the name of the greatest poet in America."

After that night Riley ceased being a localism. His opportunity had come, and he had taken advantage of it. Then the famous partnership of Nye and Riley toured the country, gave their inimitable readings and dialog sketches and gathered more renown.

Riley's greatest hit on the platform with Nye was the hoariest joke he had ever heard, that of the soldier with his head shot off. The poet, always full of deviltry, told it first to Nye who straightway persuaded the poet to add it to his repertory of jokes.

The chestnut depicts a soldier carrying a wounded comrade to the hospital after the fallen man had requested aid. While returning to the rear a shell decapitates the wounded man, but the carrier remains blissfully unaware. The colonel stops him.

"Where are you going with that?" he asks.

"To the hospital," he informs the officer. "His leg's shot off."

"His leg!" the astounded superior exclaimed. "Man, his head's shot off."

"But he told me it was his leg."

The Hoosier had the natural story-telling gift. He never narrated this particular bit the same way twice. Each time he developed a new angle, and nobody ever grew tired.

In 1877 Riley was versifying and reporting on the Anderson, Indiana, *Democrat*. The rival paper took great pleasure in belittling the alleged amateur writer. Finally the real boy, then 28, conceived a bit of business that would force the editor of the Anderson *Herald* to eat his own words. The poet resolved to show him that familiarity should not necessarily breed contempt.

"Leonainie" was written in the style of Poe. The poet took it to his friend, J. Oscar Henderson, who published the Kokomo *Dispatch*. He plotted with him a plausible story of how the work had been discovered on the flyleaf of an old book brought from Richmond, Virginia. The rival Anderson editor swallowed it without reserve. He praised the piece as Poe's own, and editors all over the country agreed to its genuineness. People came to the *Dispatch* office to see the book. Riley procured a musty volume, imitated Poe's hand and inscribed the lines on the flyleaf.

Henderson and Riley continued the hoax until they heard that the rival editor had got wise; when the *Dispatch* barely had time to prick its own bubble by revealing the plot. But the authorities would not believe Riley's claim to authorship.

"The memory of that time," he said afterward, "still stands out as one of the saddest experiences in my life, and one that I can never outlive. There is nothing for me to do but to acknowledge that I wrote it, as I do; yet that does not stand, as I once denied being the author. I wrote it, but I did not; I did not write it, but I did, and I am a liar any way you put it."

Two years before "Leonainie," Riley was living in Greenfield and supposedly studying law in his father's office. But when the father was away the boy would play; he would pull a manuscript out of a drawer in the desk and work upon it. It was "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" which in various editions brought in a greater total income a word than any poem ever written.

It was a wonderful poem from the depths of the poet's heart. Great works do not come secondhand, and this is certainly a great work; yet Riley insisted that the verses were the result of his fancy and that he had no particular persons in mind. Some few writers, William Allen White, for example, maintained that Riley had a sweetheart; no evidence can be found to support this claim. As you read it you see the "face of lily beauty," "smiling features" and "form of airy grace." You thrill along with the poet "beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes." You can see the "pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress she wore when first I kissed her" and you can feel the "pressure of her slender little hand." You know they would be "so happy that when either's lips were dumb they would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come."

"Why," Riley was once asked, "did you never marry?"

"I never felt," he answered, "that I could make a woman happy."

It is entirely likely that the poet was wedded to his art. Full well he knew that art is a jealous mistress; if he had a wife, either she or his art would probably be neglected. His name was coupled with that of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess; according to the story, he had vowed a life of celibacy when in his early manhood he failed to win her.

"Very interesting," he commented when it was told to him, "but I never saw the lady."

William Allen White pictured him as a "poet come out of Tailholt," but Riley never lived in that village situated seven miles southwest of Greenfield. He knew the place that had "but one post office and a womern keepin' hit." When loss of the post office appeared possible he contributed his bit with, "The Little Town of Tailholt" which seemed "good enough fer me," and he thereby saved it; yet some of the residents scoffed at him and his ways.

Riley spent his last years at the home of Major Charles Holstein on Lockerbie street, Indianapolis. He penned a poem about this block-long street; though I have walked its length most searchingly, I never could see the beauties he saw there. The children of the neighborhood were frequent callers to hear him tell how "the Gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out." Wherever Riley stopped, children were sure to come.

He would have been great as a story writer even if he had never produced a line of poetry. Have you ever read "The Nest Egg"? It has the clarity of Maupassant, the realism of Stevenson and the sincerity of Dickens.

The twenty-second of July, 1916, marked his passing at the age of 67. I was in "The Little Town o' Tailholt" shortly afterward. The whole town knew.

"Wal, I reckon," one of the old residents said to me, "Jim's up there with the angels now."

"What!" exclaimed a woman who had overheard. "The likes o' him in Heaven! How be it you could ever think so of him? Why, Jim Riley, he chewed and he drank and he swore."

American Gold Standard at British Mercy

Concluded from page 13

it has been established that its current value is inexact, illogical and unscientific?

At some point between nothing an ounce and the present mint value, gold must have a definite economic value. That value remains to be determined by supply and demand, not by Congress or the Bank of England. If the latter institution brings about the free gold market idea, the United States would be helpless in keeping the present mint value. The fall would continue until countless buyers the world over found it profitable to buy it at their prices. Yet who can deny that once England took such a step it would mean that gold would lose the one merit that now makes it so costly?

Thus, unknown to the world at large, Wall Street is preparing for a blow that it is still hoped will not be dealt. This explains why, in accord with England in about everything else, the United States seems so sympathetic toward France's requirements, and why certain newspapers, as organs of the banking world that holds mortgages on them, pretend to see humble justice in the French idea of breaking Germany—and why England is pro-German. American gold supremacy will depend upon France having her own way under the various peace documents drafted in 1919 and 1920, while England's salvation is coupled with Germany's.

If Germany falls, England must fall with Germany.

But to return to the problem of values. Switzerland has been overlooked by the average tourist because Swiss money is not low. A tourist can live in a big Swiss city for less than $3 a day. But because he does not get "thousand-something" bills for a dollar he goes elsewhere to get bills that look valuable. It is not the value of it that appeals to such a tourist, but the looks of it. That "10,000" has a peculiar effect upon him.

Switzerland, of course, can draw such tourists by thousands with new series of bills, reading a hundred times their actual value, marking up everything a hundred and twenty-five times.

I paid much more in Paris for lodgings and food than I paid at Berne, and both my room and my dinners in the French capital left much to be desired in comparison to the latter place. In Holland, for four guilders—$1.50—they gave me a room with three beds in it—and the room was big enough to house, in an emergency, half a dozen persons with little discomfort. Yet Dutch money is at nearly par and a thousand German marks "feel" as if they were more than two-and-half Dutch florins.

Just now the huge army of American tourists in certain European countries is the worst possible advertisement for the common sense of the United States. They may not mean it, but it certainly looks as if they were abroad to get something for almost nothing—and then they squeal if they are unable to cart it away.

England controls the destiny of the world's currencies. The United States has hardly a look-in. And there is a growing disposition in England to dislike cordially certain well-defined groups of what may be termed business men, for the lack of a more exact definition, that have thrived upon British sacrifices.

Some time ago I suggested in these columns the incongruity of demanding of the European allies payment of their debt on an exchange basis that differed from that under which the debts were incurred. A prominent banker a block away from Trinity Church has written to me, in connection with my suggestion, that the debts were "contracted in dollars" and must be repaid accordingly, and that it is none of the business of the United States if dollars cost more (mind, he did not write are worth more) now than when borrowed. The question of who profits by the huge difference is an epic in itself, but it seems that London is solving this problem in another way; to bring down the gold value of the dollar by practically demonetizing gold.

One knows that the English cannot be hurried, for even during the war it was some time before they moved quickly, and I respectfully wish to remind my American readers that the British temper just now is one of profound study, and that the free gold market idea is the object of their greatest attention. Then the professional bankers will sing a different tune.

Curse of Midas Fatal to Mightiest Empires

Concluded from page 10

to the figures of the authoritative International Year Book, the "balance of trade," in gold, was on the other side of the ledger. Five times as much gold left the country as entered it. The following figures tell the story:

Gold exports, 1919	$368,185,248
Gold imports, 1919	76,534,046
Excess of exports	291,651,202

A comparison of these figures shows that our excess of gold imports in 1921 was about SEVEN TIMES that of the preceding year, and the year 1921 (when we had more gold in the country than ever before in our history) was marked by the worst industrial slump on record! Factories were shut down and from five to six million able-bodied men were idle throughout the year, involving an economic waste of BILLIONS through lost wages alone.

THE WAGES LOST THROUGH UNEMPLOYMENT DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS HAVE EQUALED AN AMOUNT SUFFICIENT TO PAY THE SOLDIERS' BONUS SEVERAL TIMES OVER.

In some instances, in the Middle West, industrial cities were practically paralyzed, without a wheel turning in any of the numerous factories. The population of a great rubber and tire center in Ohio, which the writer visited during the prosperous days of 1920 and found a hive of industry, was almost cut in half through the exodus of unemployed workers in the spring of 1921, following the action of the Federal Reserve Board in refusing to permit the banks to continue to discount the "paper" of the automobile accessory dealers throughout the country.

According to Bradstreet's reports, there were 22,000 commercial failures in the United States last year—the largest number of bankruptcies in any one year since the Bankruptcy Act went into effect!

Such was the "prosperity" brought to us by the more than HALF A BILLION DOLLARS excess of gold imports brought into the country by the gold kings, with the permission of a complaisant government, and the putting of our commerce and industry back upon a gold basis by the Federal Reserve Board, in 1921.

It is said that Bismarck, noticing with wonder the phenomenal industrial prosperity of France after she had delivered to Germany the five billions of gold francs exacted as "reparations" after the Franco-Prussian War in 1871, remarked, in a spirit of grim humor, that it might have been better for his country if she, instead of France, had paid the gold indemnity.

Today the situation is reversed. Germany is paying huge "reparations" in gold, and her industries are thriving as never before—German cutlery and other manufactured articles are already competing in our domestic markets—while the countries into which the gold is flowing are suffering from industrial paralysis.

Stephen Graham, an English author, investigating conditions in Germany last year, writes of Berlin:

"Everyone is employed. More are employed than before. The leisured class is smaller. All the workshops and factories and offices are full. The shops display as many wares. There is evidence of an enormous overflowing productivity."

When will the world learn that it is not the amount of gold in a country which determines the degree of its prosperity? The true index of prosperity is the amount of goods and service which the community can offer in trade, and the multiplicity of the economic wants of the people. By the interaction of these two forces production and consumption are equally stimulated, and the equilibrium of supply and demand maintained.

A sudden access of gold upsets this equilibrium, dislocates prices, makes all values unstable, and brings industry to stagnation. It is the old curse of Midas, the trail of the golden serpent, which we have traced down through the long, winding avenue of history.

Our country must be delivered from the menace!

A Vast Treasure House of Rare First Editions

Magnificent Gift to Public Which Opens Way for Great Cultural Center

By JOHN B. WALLACE

THERE is being established in Southern California a wonderful treasure house of priceless things. Rare first editions of the great works of literature, paintings by the great masters, historical documents of the highest importance, have been gathered, placed in a setting of unsurpassable beauty, and made the heritage of the public for all time.

The way has been opened for a great center, where American culture, the finest inherited expression of music, poetry, art and literature of all lands and ages, may live forever.

Between the cities of Pasadena and Los Angeles in Southern California lies the great estate of Henry Edwards Huntington, the railway and traction magnate, consisting of 500 acres of fruit, flowers, trees and lawn. Crowning it all at the apex of a sloping green hillside is the beautiful white mansion of the owner, with its famous art collection containing more than 100 works of the great English and American painters.

To the left of the house, just beyond the Grecian gardens, stands the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery. In this building is housed one of the finest collections of original editions in English literature, American history and literature and early history of California, in the world. Some of its gems are priceless. For those who reckon values in money it may be said that the estate with all it contains is said to be worth nearly $75,000,000.

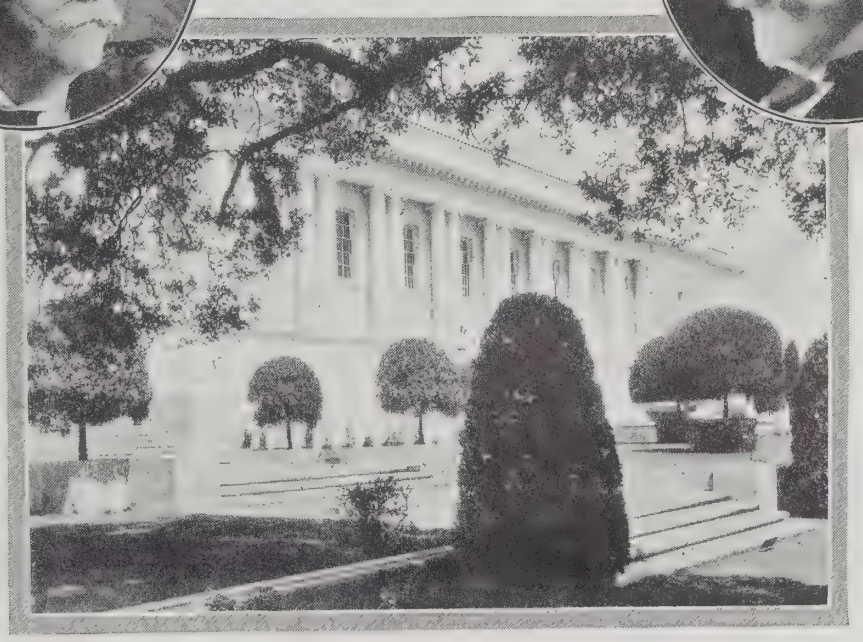


Henry E. Huntington

Early last spring Mr. Huntington donated this entire property to the public, retaining only a life interest for his wife and himself. There are no strings to the gift. He has provided for the maintenance of the library, galleries and grounds and they will be open to the scholars and art lovers of the world. The property will be in charge of a self-perpetuating board of trustees.

Mr. Huntington, the donor, was born in Oneonta, New York, in 1850. His first venture was in the hardware business. Afterward he became a lumberman, then superintendent of railway construction, superintendent and general manager of eastern railways and finally first vice-president of the Southern Pacific of which his uncle, Collis P. Huntington, was the directing genius. From his uncle Mr. Huntington inherited vast wealth and the directorship of dozens of large corporations. In Los Angeles he owned the street railway system.

Mr. Huntington began collecting about 15 years ago. He devoted himself to this pursuit with ardor. Mr. Huntington has another purpose than the indiscriminate purchase of ancient books, manuscripts and paintings for mere pride of possession. He is deeply interested in the beginnings of English and American history and all of his purchases both in books and paintings have been to provide a complete chain linking the history of the Anglo-Saxon race from its beginnings down to the present.



Front facade of the Huntington Library.

Starting with the earliest English poets and dramatists he brings the student down to the moderns through thousands of originals both in books and manuscripts. In American history and letters the collection begins with four editions in Latin of the letter of Columbus announcing the discovery of the New World.

A full line of the Americus Vespucius letters, as given in the "Mundus Novus" (New World), and the first editions in Spanish and Latin of the four letters of Cortez's "Conquest of Mexico" start the scholar out in American historical research work. The history of the western states has been an especial hobby of Mr. Huntington and his collection in this respect is probably unequaled. Books, pamphlets and documents relating to the history of California are rivaled only by the collection of the University of California. It would be impractical to list the books and manuscripts in this mammoth collection.

Among the gems of the English collection is Caxton's first printed book in English; the Perkin's copy of the Gutenberg Bible, which was the first book printed in movable type and for which Mr. Huntington paid $50,000; a full line of originals in English literature prior to 1641, consisting of nearly 8,000 volumes. This is about as many as are contained in the University library at Cambridge but the Huntington collection is without doubt its superior both in quality of authorship and rarity.

The Shakespeare collection is one of the best known, being better even than that of the British Museum. It contains the first editions of all the poet's plays except one, "Titus Andronicus" which was discovered in Sweden and is now owned by H. C. Folger, of Brooklyn, New York.

The collection of English dramatists is also equal to that of the British Museum for some periods, although, of course, not so extensive in scope. The basis for this collection was the famous Kemble-Devonshire collection purchased by Mr. Huntington from the Duke of Devonshire. An interesting item in the English collection is the Ellesmere copy of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," a manuscript written in 1405.

Then there is the Chester cycle of miracle plays, the earliest of five known manuscripts, and the Towneley manuscript of miracle plays, the only copy in existence.

Out of the 387 books (which are recorded in Miss Henrietta C. Bartlett's "Mr. William Shakespeare," a book recently published), written by or attributed to Shakespeare, contemporary notices of his plays or himself and sources from which he drew his material, the Huntington collection has 287.

The library, while not specializing in Bibles, has a fair representation, possessing some 500 of historic interest. Most of these came in collections which Mr. Huntington purchased and were only incidental in his general plan.

Another interesting feature is a collection of some 4,000 original manuscripts of plays submitted to the London inspector of plays, John Sarpent, and his predecessors. Mr. Huntington's collection of English poetry of the Elizabethan period embraces original editions of the fifteenth and sixteenth century poets.

Among the interesting exhibits in early American history are nine tracts of Las Casas, the apostle to the Indians, and a full line of books upon America as known to the Spaniards. In the library are also the original editions of Champlain's voyages and those of Cartier.

Of absorbing concern are the so-called Jesuit Relations, being accounts and reports of the Jesuit priests who came to Canada to Christianize the Indians during the period from 1634 to 1670. These narrations were printed in Paris and were as eagerly read in those days as our best sellers are today.

A complete line of pamphlets from the early presses of Cambridge, Boston, New York and Philadelphia relate the exploration and settlement of the United States.

One of the prizes of the collection is a copy of the Bay Psalm book, the first book printed in English-American. Another is the sole copy in existence of the earliest-known Massachusetts laws published in 1648. Dr. Cole, the Huntington librarian, relates with some amusement how when he was visiting the Massachusetts state library, he asked to see a copy of these statutes and with great pride and ceremony the attendant brought forth from a locked safe a photostatic copy made from the Huntington print

There are also two copies in the Huntington library of Bradford's New York laws of 1694.

A full line of Revolutionary War pamphlets, printed both in England and America, is on file, together with a nice collection concerning the history of the naval war of 1812.

Coming down to the Civil War the library possesses thousands of photographs and autograph letters of officers on both sides in the conflict. Mr. Huntington already had a fine collection of Washington letters and a recent purchase places it among the foremost in the country. His Lincoln collection is acknowledged to be one of the finest.

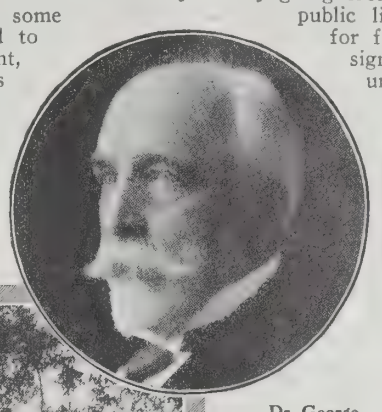
Poets, writers and dramatists of America are well represented and the library is now buying first editions of all British and American authors so as to keep the collection up-to-date.

A feature of the western section is a large collection of the original editions and manuscripts of Brete Harte.

There are only a few of the 125,000 rare and curious books, manuscripts and pamphlets which will be open for study to the scholars of the world. Many thousands of the books are yet in New York; the basement of the library building is filled with immense cases of books yet unpacked and there are at present some 30,000 or 40,000 books and manuscripts cataloged and upon the shelves.

The library building is complete as to the exterior but only one wing of the interior is finished. Steel cases to hold more than 250,000 books are being rapidly installed. These are protected from fire and theft by glass interwoven with wire, the breaking of which sets in motion automatic alarms. However, there is little fear of thieves as practically all of the books and paintings are so well known that no thief could dispose of them.

Mr. Huntington was assisted at the start of his collecting by the late George D. Smith. Later this work has been in charge of Dr. George Watson Cole, a noted bibliographer and librarian, who was graduated from the Columbia library school in 1888. For three years following his graduation Dr. Cole was with the Newberry library going from there to the Jersey City public library where he remained for four years. In 1895 he resigned and traveled abroad until 1901 when he returned to New York and spent seven and one-half years in cataloging the library of the late E. Dwight Church. He finished this work in 1909 and came to California for the first time where he became intensely interested in the study of the old California missions. Mr. Huntington bought the church library and in 1915 engaged Dr. Cole as his librarian, a position he has held ever since.



Dr. George Watson Cole

Dr. Cole has brought together a staff of the most expert catalogers and librarians in the United States who are now at work. It is estimated that it will be at least two years before it will be open to the public. In the meantime, all scholars and students are being given access to the books already upon the shelves for research.

The art collection, with the exception of a few paintings and busts in the private office of Mr. Huntington in the library building, is housed in the Huntington residence where Mr. Huntington wishes it to remain. Perhaps the two most noted paintings in this collection are Gainsborough's famous *Blue Boy* and his portrait of Mrs. Siddons as *The Tragic Muse*. The collection contains approximately 40 of the finest examples from the brushes of Gainsborough, Reynolds, Reyburn, Romney, Lawrence and other of the greatest of English portrait painters. Sixty other famous originals of English and American artists hang on the walls of the Huntington mansion.

Another feature of inestimable benefit to scholars is its photostat plant in which at a nominal cost copies can be made of original manuscripts. This will make the treasures of the Huntington library accessible to those unable to visit California. The wonders of this magnificent gift to the public, however, are not all in the library and home. The 500 acres comprise a park whose beauty can only be expressed in superlatives. Winding driveways nearly 10 miles in length run through a park in which is every variety of tree, shrub and plant that can be made to grow in Southern California.

A fernery contains specimens of every known fern. In the rose garden are thousands of varieties of choice roses, the special hobby of Mrs. Huntington. Leading from this garden to the Japanese garden is a beautiful walk shaded by arbors of vine and grape. The Japanese garden, with its houses, temples, gongs, bridges and ponds, is a section of old Japan.

After emerging from a wooded extent you come upon a typical stretch of desert. This is the famous cactus garden. Then comes a little lake where among the lilies and rare water plants swim beautiful black swans and many other rare waterfowl.

Mr. Huntington is a great lover of birds and his aviary contains hundreds of specimens ranging from huge parrots to the tiny canaries. One of these parrots is reputed to be more than 200 years old, its mate, the only other of its species in captivity, being owned by the Queen of England. Its plumage is of indescribable beauty being white with delicate shadings in pastel of orange and yellow but it talks with a marked cockney accent.

The immense porch of the Huntington residence overlooks 20 acres of velvety lawns dotted with live oaks. Every direction in which the eye turns it encounters some treasure in art or statuary. Nothing could be more effective in its native beauty than the Grecian garden with its border of palms and its background of pines and deodars. Among the thousands of glossy shrubs with which it is fringed are set rows of imported Italian statuary dating back many centuries. Its masterpiece is an ancient fountain antedating the discovery of America by many years.

U OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BRIEFLY TOLD

The Soviet government has revived exile to Siberia as a method of meting out punishment.

It is just 50 years since America's national park policy was inaugurated. Half a century ago Congress voted that an immense tract of land in Wyoming, since called Yellowstone Park, should be dedicated as a "public pleasure ground and a game preserve." Today there are 19 national park reservations in the United States, covering a total area of considerably more than 10,000 square miles.

Premier Lloyd George will receive 90,000 pounds for his memoirs.

Nearly 14 per cent of the quail's food for the year consists of animal matter, such as insects and their allies. The quail has no superior as a weed destroyer. It is a good ranger and will patrol every day all the fields in its vicinity in search of food.

In order to keep American exchange stable, England is calling in all the gold hoarded by individuals during the war. It is estimated that $15,000,000 worth of gold is held by 2,000,000 persons in England. Gold is being shipped to New York at intervals.

The brass-bound mahogany table desk belonging to Sir Walter Scott recently sold for $132. At this desk, "The Lady of the Lake," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion" were written. "Walter Scott of Abbotsford" is inscribed on the brass border of the desk.

A Minnesota man has visited the State Fair at St. Paul every year since 1870. It's getting to be a habit with him.

The manufacture of antiques is carried forward on such an extensive scale in Egypt that many collectors are unwilling to risk buying them, and market for the genuine article has become practically ruined.

A locomotive engine recently completed 12 years of service, covering 662,000 miles without extensive repairs.

White huckleberries are being raised by H. A. Weaver, of Cloe, Pennsylvania. The berry bush is large and the berries almost transparent. The berries are large and of excellent flavor. This bush is the only bush bearing white berries, though Mr. Weaver has picked 2,000 quarts this season on his farm.

The major portion of the population of Brazil is Portuguese and Portuguese is the official language of that country.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

It is reported that an inventor after 13 years of experimenting has succeeded in producing unbreakable glass. Some of the tests are throwing plates from a height of 12 feet to the ground, standing a temperature of 750 degrees and driving a nail into wood with a cup. This means the saving of thousands of dollars each year in hotel equipment.

Squirrels are considered a fire menace in some cities and are being killed. They place their nests in remote parts of buildings and the nests are made of materials that have a low kindling point.

A St. Paul man is the owner of a King James Bible, written in old E.glish style, which has been used since 1612.

The largest fish pier in the world is located at Boston where 80 vessels can discharge their cargoes at once. The shiploads of fish are sold at public auction to wholesale dealers.

Loaves of bread are baked in France and Italy up to six feet in length.

Motion pictures showing the processes and steps of manufacture of various American products are to be shown in practically all the important trading centers of the world through the United States Department of Commerce.

An Indian treaty bowl was recently found in British Columbia which was more than 15 feet long and weighed 600 pounds.

German dealers have been able to place Chinese rice in the markets of Columbia, South America, at a lower price than the American dealers.

"Family accommodation" cars, seven rooms to each car, each room accommodating five persons, will be placed in the Chicago-California service of the Santa Fe railway for fall and winter travel, according to recent announcements. There will be 18 cars of the new style. Each room will contain upper and lower double berths, a day lounge and bed, with lavatory and toilet equipment.

Out of 2,608 prisoners at Leavenworth more than 900 are narcotic cases.

A hole 70 feet in diameter and 226 feet deep suddenly appeared in a wheat field of a farmer living near Bland, Missouri. Water to a depth of 112 feet promptly filled the hole. Many scientists have visited the hole. Those who have descended to water level report no apparent inlet or outlet.

The highest point of Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe, is in France. It has an altitude of 15,700 feet.

One hundred children from the American School for the Blind in Kharput arrived in Aleppo, Syria, after a 500-mile hike across Asia Minor. It took them a month to make the journey during which time they passed through mountains and over long deserts. Camels carried food and water for the wanderers. The children were Armenian orphans and their pilgrimage is part of the plan of the Near East Relief to remove several thousand of them from Asiatic Turkey.

Sweden has placed a $2,000,000 contract in the United States for a radio plant of "tremendous power" near Gothenburg, on the west coast.

One hundred thousand pounds must be obtained in the next few years to preserve St. Paul's Cathedral from decay, if not from absolute collapse. St. Paul's is known as "The Parish Church of the British Empire."

In the early eighties at a charity bazaar in Baltimore, patrons were allowed to talk over Mr. Bell's telephone for 10 cents. Only $10 was realized, however, as most people ridiculed the invention.

A discussion over the number of Jews who should be permitted to enter Hungarian colleges recently reached a climax with a challenge for a duel between two educational dignitaries—Dr. Meny, rector of Szegedin and Dr. Barsony, rector of Budapest University.

More than 60 per cent of the population of Glasgow is housed in fewer than two rooms. This, quite irrespective of the size of families.

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Your Yearly Billions!

Where They Go

Debts and Pensions Take Half of Budget
Super-Overhead Adds to Tax Burden

Why Canada Turned Down the Waterway Plan

Where Traditions and Ideals of Another Day Cling

American Lights Gleam on London's Hungry

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Uncle Sam's Yearly Billions! Where They Go

Debts and Pensions Take More Than Half Annual Government Budget: Ever-increasing Super-overhead Helps Add to the Tax Burden

By AARON HARDY ULM

THE largest single business establishment in the world is a co-operative enterprise. It is owned by more than 105,000,000 persons who are both its supporters and its patrons. The business in question is the United States Government.

It now takes approximately $4,000,000,000 (four billions of dollars!) a year to run that enterprise. That is to say, you and I and all others who make up the country's population have to contribute that much out of what are or might be our earnings in return for what is received by way of services from that business.

Whatever is contributed by anyone of us goes to somebody; whatever is received, via government, comes from somebody either now or in the future—but generally now.

Estimating the national income at $50,000,000,000 a year or about $500 per capita, it takes about eight per cent of all the country's production, or about $50 from the average individual's annual earnings, to run that enterprise. This means that the operation of the National Government entails a direct charge of about $250 a year on the average American family of five. The indirect cost is for many nearly or quite as great. Where, for example, the tariff bill enacted by the present Congress will yield about $330,000,000 a year in revenues, its protective features will levy a toll of between $500,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 which will never see the Treasury. It will be taken from consumers and given to those producers or manufacturers who are held to be in need of "protection." It will be collected through additions to prices made possible by the tariff bill, which in only a secondary sense is a revenue bill. Many other taxes cost the public much more than the Treasury receives.

Dollar a Day a Family

ALL told, the full cost of the Federal Government approximates not less than $1 a day for the average family. State and local governments take a toll nearly or quite as large.

If some agent of government went around to each household every day and collected from $1.50 to $2, or every month and collected $75 to $100, or every autumn and demanded $500 to $1,000, or its value in, say, corn or cotton or wheat produced by members of the household, the average individual would exercise a much livelier interest than is now evident in what is done with the money. An article like this one, dealing with its distribution, would not be dismissed with a glance that showed it to be "statistical." Yet something like those sums are paid by the average family, regardless of what its tax receipts may show. For, at best, only mildly have methods been employed whereby may be truly applied the rule that those shall pay most who have the most to pay with. A wealthy New York publisher had sound warrant for his statement when, in referring to the soldiers' bonus, he said: "Fifty bonuses might be paid to soldiers and it wouldn't affect me personally." Virtually any tax can be evaded, legally and in a way honestly, by big wealth. It can be added to interest charges, as has been done quite extensively in recent years, or to profits, or be escaped by wealth being deflected into tax-free investments, which in late times has been indulged in on a scale amounting to an orgy, both of tax evasion and public debt-making.

Thus it may be assumed that, whatever the books superficially indicate, the public generally pays the taxes as well as the many other burdens imposed through the employment of taxes to help some at the expense of others. The burden no doubt is imposed unevenly—to the extent, in fact, that millions who are conscious of paying least actually pay most in comparison with what they have to pay from.

It may be assumed also that the public generally never "gets something for nothing" out of government.

Savings? Economies?

NOW let's see what it pays for in the case of the Federal Government. During the last year and a half there has been much talk about "savings," "economies" and "reductions" accomplished by the new Budget Bureau and others, including Congress. Some of them no doubt are real, others merely are apparent. Giving to them their fullest possible value, all the "savings" and "economies" to date don't amount to one per cent of the cost of the Federal Government, and "reductions"—that is, cessation or reduced appropriations—do not amount to much more. And unless cuts are made in the very vitals of the government as now permanently conducted, there is no hope that either process for lowering the governmental burden ever will accomplish much more. But the operation of the budget and other forces has tended to clarify and reduce to some measure of intelligent system the spending done by the National Government. It still is so confused, however, that, even though no further appropriations be made, no accountant could tell positively within $200,000,000 what the cost during the present fiscal year will be. But one can now tell how those costs are distributed.

One-third of all is absorbed by one item, which no budgetary or congressional economy can affect. It is the national debt. On it there will be expended during this fiscal year a total of approximately $1,375,000,000, nearly one billion going for interest alone, the balance for retirement of principal. And, though the debt be not increased, the present generation of Americans will see no big reduction in that item of government cost.

Nearly one-half as much goes for what is treated as an additional national debt, that is to say, for pensions, or what is tantamount thereto, for ex-service men. That item is in two parts, one of which is decreasing and the other increasing. Pensions for veterans of wars other than the last one will cost $252,000,000 this year, which is about ten millions less than they cost last year. The Veterans' Bureau, which looks after World War Veterans, has an appropriation of $418,000,000 for the present year. Unless there is a change in policy there will be steady and rapid increase in that item. It is freely predicted that it will call for not less than a billion within less than 10 years.

Two Items=Two Billions

THUS two items of National Government cost—one of which cannot be affected by budgetary or congressional economy and the other isn't likely to be affected—call for a total of $2,045,000,000, or more than one-half of all expenditures on the existing basis of operations. Incidentally, those items, of which all but $252,000,000 going for pensions and a negligible amount of interest are new and the consequence of the last war, now call for twice the expenditures the entire National Government made as recently as six years ago.

With those out of the way there still is nearly $2,000,000,000 to be accounted for. According to the general appropriation bills it is only $1,747,035,382.64. Incidentally it is about $150,000,000 less than it would be had the Budget Bureau's estimates been accepted as presented—but as to that more later.

Since the general appropriation bills were passed, Congress already has added to the sum, notably in the amount of $50,000,000 additional, appropriated to the states for roads construction on a "fifty-fifty" basis of cost. Other appropriations, in addition to deficiency appropriations of the usual kind, undoubtedly will be made before the year ends. Of course, all which is appropriated doesn't have to be spent and some of it won't be spent during the fiscal year. However, the total of the year's expenditures in all likelihood will be close to $4,000,000,000, and *unless radical cut is made in governmental activity they never will be less than that sum during any succeeding year.*

But for safety's sake we'll say that for this fiscal year the Federal Government will cost $1,750,000,000 over and above the $2,045,000,000 that goes to the account of debt and the claims of ex-service men. That is $750,000,000, approximately, more than all the government cost in 1915.

Army and Navy Costs

THE more or less self-sustaining Postal Service accounts for $584,000,000 of it. That still leaves $1,166,000,000, or more than all operations of the National Government cost in 1915, to be accounted for.

The next two largest items are accreditable to the War and Navy departments. The first has appropriations for military activities amounting to $257,500,000. The Navy Department may spend approximately $298,000,000 for like activities. Thus "military activities," at the least, will cost during this fiscal year a total of $555,000,000, or more than three times as much as six years ago.

In addition, the War Department has an appropriation of nearly $75,000,000 for non-military activities, chiefly rivers and harbors improvements. Incidentally, it is worth while noting that Congress boosted the Budget Bureau's estimate for that smelly, "porky" item in the amount of $15,180,401.

Thus, debt, pensions or veterans' welfare, the Postal Service and Army and Navy operations account for all but $550,000,000 of a minimum total of $3,750,000,000 which the Federal Government will expend this year.

Of the balance, more than $100,000,000 will go to the states and for supervision of work carried on on a "fifty-fifty" basis co-operatively with the states—road building, so-called maternal welfare, agriculture and vocational education, and so on.

The remaining balance of about $450,000,000 is widely distributed. The largest single item is accredited to the Shipping Board, which has an appropriation of $100,459,000 for this fiscal year's operations.

One hears much of Congress and the White House, but, comparatively speaking, neither is of consequential direct cost to the taxpayers. All activities, classed as legislative, will cost only $17,000,000. And in that classification there, strangely, is included the Government Printing Office, the Library of Congress and the Botanic Gardens.

The appropriation for the White House, including the Vice-President's as well as President's salary and upkeep of building and grounds, is $331,645.

Many of the departments of which one hears much cost little as compared to the expenses of the Army and Navy organizations. The entire operations of the State Department, including diplomatic and consular agencies abroad and such undertakings as relief and protection of American seamen, will cost this fiscal year only a little more than $10,000,000.

The Treasury Department, once operated at a cost of a few million dollars, has become, largely because of the augmented fiscal affairs of the government, one of the costliest branches of administration. The cost of operating it and the numerous bureaus under it this year will be approximately $119,000,000. It will expend nearly $10,000,000 additional on construction projects, such as new post office buildings. The Interior Department, outside of pensions which it handles, now has an appropriation of nearly $75,000,000, more than $10,000,000 of which is for the Indian Bureau alone. The regular operations of the Agricultural Department, with all of its big and numerous scientific bureaus, are supported by an appropriation of $36,763,868. The Commerce Department will cost $21,345,495.75, if all its appropriation is used during the present fiscal year. The Labor Department will get along on a little less than $8,000,000, while the Department of Justice, which includes the Federal judiciary, is now authorized to spend nearly $20,000,000.

Costs of the Boards

APPROXIMATELY $75,000,000 remains to be accounted for. It is covered by a large number of appropriations to independent and miscellaneous governmental enterprises that operate outside of the regular departments.

The District of Columbia gets an appropriation of about $26,000,000, of which property owners there pay 60 per cent in the form of taxes.

An appropriation of $35,000,000 is required for meeting the high-cost-of-living bonus paid all civil employes of the government.

The Interstate Commerce Commission costs about $5,000,000, and the Federal Trade Commission about $1,000,000. The Civil Service Commission, which merely selects employes for the government, now costs nearly $600,000.

The growing volume and complexity of National Government operations have brought into existence several super-overhead establishments like the Civil Service Commission. Their business is to facilitate the operation of the gigantic governmental machinery. The Bureau of Efficiency, which checks up what other establishments do and how, now has an appropriation of $170,500, and the Budget Bureau, whose appropriation comes through the Treasury Department, is costing around $150,000 a year. The Smithsonian Institution and National Museum get along with not quite $600,000. There are perhaps a dozen other establishments or temporary ventures that have appropriations of from a few to several hundred thousand dollars.

Governmental undertakings have become so numerous that the constant addition of new ones doesn't stand out as in the days when all of them could be named on a few pages of the *Congressional Directory. The country's first budget, submitted to Congress by George Washington, was detailed in about 30 lines of writing. The last one, submitted by General Dawes, fills more than 900 printed pages that weigh about 10 pounds.*

When Cost Proportions Dwindled

THERE lies a danger not generally recognized in this super-growth of governmental operations and costs. Additions and increases are often thought of in comparative terms. A few thousand more names on a government pay roll already containing, for both civil and military employes, more than 800,000 names doesn't seem nearly so important as when the pay roll contained only a hundred thousand or so. Likewise as to new expenditures. Six years ago a new appropriation of $100,000,000 meant an increase of about 10 per cent in National Government expenditures. It couldn't be taken care of long by artful bookkeeping. Now it means an increase of only two and one-half per cent in total expenditures, which are so huge that such an addition ordinarily can be handled for a year or two without adding to the taxes, that is, by "kiting."

Increase in National Government activities and costs often lead to like increases in state and local governments. Such are made necessary by the "fifty-fifty" appropriations but in any event such usually follows, as has been the case during the last several years. The National Government not only is capable of setting those "model examples" that have led to much of its expansion but it also in great measure "sets the pace" followed by state and other auxiliary governmental units in matters of waste and of hasty and costly adventures into experimental fields.

Where Traditions and Ideals of Another Day Cling

Hurried Stream of Life Passes by Secluded Boston Spots Unheeded, Unmissed

By MAY B. WHITING

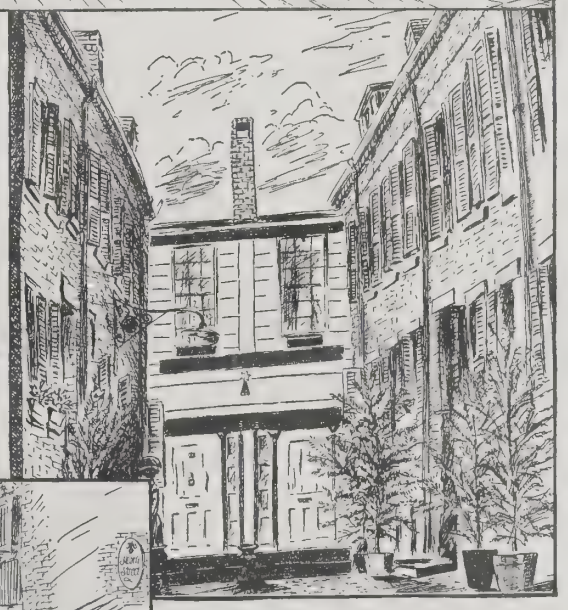
WHAT makes a village? Is it narrow lanes and dooryard gardens, a babbling stream and a country store? Or is it a conscious feeling of "home" for a very small area, a certain unconcern about the rest of the world, and a lively interest in the neighbors of that area?

If the spirit is more potent than the place, there is on Beacon Hill, in Boston, a village as authentic as any that clusters along its Main Street and dwindles into scattered houses beside the turnpike. And, when you come to know it well, the village under the gilded dome of the State House has most of the outward signs, too.

Take the matter of narrow lanes. They wind and crisscross into all sorts of unexpected corners. There are Cedarway Lane and Acorn street, with the sign of the three gilded acorns at its start, its toy houses, each with entrance of approved colonial style, and, in the late afternoon, a *Transcript* lying at each door. For Acorn street is a secluded abode for real Bostonians, the slim, erect kind, for its thread of a sidewalk would offer no safety zone should a taxi attempt to pass. It is thrilling enough to watch a roadster get through. You fairly hold your breath lest it take the street with it, and drag it along at the hind wheels.



The Town Room.



Sentry Hill Place.



Acorn Street.

And what village could offer more charming retreats than the courts, the home of artists and writers and all sorts of "intellectuals"? You come up the aristocratic West Cedar street, cross the stately Mount Vernon and the non-committal Pinckney; then the village begins to slide downhill, both literally and figuratively. At Myrtle you can see the change, at Revere you are about to say "how horrid" and turn on your heel, when your glance falls on one of the little courts, say Sentry Hill Place, and you pause in amazement. There are flower boxes in all the windows and potted trees line both sides of the way. If you cross the paved yard and go through the narrow passage to the rear, you will find a whole row of tiny gardens where pansies, radishes, Swiss chard and hollyhocks grow in bewildering cubist design. There is an undeniable "tone" about it all. That, and the good company, make compensation for the more bourgeois comforts of Back Bay. At Christmas the courtyards are ablaze with candles, at Thanksgiving, corn hangs on the doors, and, from the street, the unkempt children of Solomon and Giuseppe peer curiously in and wonder what strange race of people have settled in their midst.

Beyond Revere, the change is most alarming. Go down a little farther and turn into a side street and you might fancy that you were in Paris, on Montmartre. There are hucksters with their wares of every description displayed on carts, and old women crouched on the curbing, selling ladlefuls of beans, all soaking and ready for the fire. But then, there never was a village without its "sprouts" or "flats" or "over the river" places to be ignored or mentioned only in apologetic whispers.

So we turn and climb the Hill again until we find ourselves in Louisburg Square, slumberous in the sunlight. There is too much red brick, you say, and cobblestones, and, while the green is pretty enough, it is fenced in, and, for a village, that is hardly fair. Just cross the little park and look down Mount Vernon. There, just below you, the Charles flows, shimmering and beautiful, with the broad lawns of the Esplanade beside it. Or go up in the other direction a few minutes until you come to Anderson street, and you will find one of the most delightful vistas imaginable. The old Massachusetts General Hospital, with its green and its classic Bulfinch front, seems like a Grecian temple miraculously transported to what was called a modern Athens.

No doubt, after so much tramping, you are ready to dine. Right beside you, on Anderson street, is The Hole in the Wall, a queer little box of a place with shelves scrubbed a creamy white on three sides. At the fourth stands a woman who, with smile and bearing in which there is no trace of the plebian, serves baked beans and brown bread as if she were dispensing ambrosia to the gods.

But if you feel a bit more expansive, climb the Hill toward the State House and stop at the Cupboard on Hancock street. There you will find real comfort. If the day is chilly, a fire burns in the open grate and there are rocking chairs set before it. The tables are spotless with china of quaint design, the candlesticks are stately affairs of brass (one always dines by candlelight on Beacon Hill) and there is an antique sideboard set with luster ware and pewter. In such surroundings it is easy to fancy one's self back a hundred years or so when life held more of dignity and ease.

But if you would like to see something more, say piquant, retrace your steps to Myrtle, even if the prospect does not seem inviting. If you look sharp you will see a sign from Alice in Wonderland. Go down a few steps and you will find yourself in The March Hare. To be sure, there isn't much to see. In fact, there isn't anything, except bare painted walls and chairs that once were painted, too. But soon the habitues begin to drift in, and, through a mist of smoke wreaths and candlelight, you catch a confused picture of long-haired men and short-haired women, of horn glasses, smocks, soft collars and flowing ties. Perhaps you recognize here an etcher, there a playwright, and, in a corner, playing chess with a deadly serious air, a cartoonist and a poet of the *vers libre* order. But who is the little woman in shabby, genteel black, listening so intently to the others? That is a Beacon Hill spinster, shut in the house all day, but who, just for one hour at night, mingles with the world which she loves, to keep her soul from starving. It never occurs to her, or to any one else for that matter, that she is an incongruous, fantastic figure in Bohemia. They are all neighbors on the Hill, and among neighbors one always is at home.

Perhaps you are in more rollicking humor. Then go down toward the river to Cedarway Lane and visit The Green Shutters. That is quite a different story. The windows are hung with draperies of yellow satin, and the walls are gay with batiks in futurist design, very modern and difficult to understand. In a corner sits an enormous white cockatoo in his cage, and, on a perch opposite, a gorgeous red and green macaw, complaining, between his naps, that the customers are slow in coming. But when the tables begin to fill up he really begins to live. From one guest's shoulder to another he flops, graciously accepting titbits from the meal, and joining his clatter in the general din of laughter and conversation.

There is nothing subdued or formal about The Green Shutters. It was started in the friendliest sort of a way and still reflects that spirit. During the war a lad of a Cedar street family became chums with a boy who unexpectedly was without means to continue his education, and, to make it worse, had no experience in earning his living. When released from service, he was made welcome at the Cedar street home, but could find no work to pay for his schooling. So the two put their heads together. A few hundred dollars was borrowed from the family treasury and the venture launched. From the first it prospered. It put the young man through college, established him in a useful business career, and at the same time made itself a host of friends who would not hear of The Green Shutters being definitely closed.

Like all villages, Beacon Hill has its show places. There are the fine Bulfinch houses on Beacon and Mount Vernon streets, Ford Hall, which saw the beginning of the Forum movement and whose audiences are reputed the most wonderful in the world, the Athenaeum, that most unusual of libraries, besides a wealth of literary landmarks. But if you want to see the village spirit at its best, you must go to number 4 Joy street and visit the Town Room.

This unique institution was established by Joseph Lee, of one of Boston's oldest families. Mr. Lee is called "the father of the playground

(Concluded on page 15)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.

C. J. FORD, Vice-President.

E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 51, October 14, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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If Not the Bonus, Why the Subsidy?

PRESIDENT HARDING is reported to be considering calling a special session of Congress to pass a ship subsidy bill. In the face of the reason given for the veto of the bonus act, it is difficult to find an excuse for urging legislation of this kind even were the measure defensible on its merits. It is subject to attack as graft, pure and simple, of no value to the public which bears the burden of expense.

J. J. Hill, in his day a great financier and rail king, said of a similar effort to pass a subsidy: *"A ship which cannot run profitably without a subsidy will make a mighty lean run with one."*

Robert Dollar, economist, in an article in *Nation's Business* for June, said: "I have always felt that a shipowner who must have 'pay' from the government does not deserve to be in the business. We do not need any advantage over the other fellow; we can take care of ourselves."

In view of the condition of the nation's finances, what excuse can be made for the proposed step?

Overdoing It on the Ocean

A BLOW was struck at the influences which have permitted the sale of liquor on United States Shipping Board vessels, when a high official of the British-owned White Star Line announced a pronounced falling off in bar sales.

The ocean-going public has shown a clear change of attitude on the liquor problem. Formerly the tourists adopted a continental tolerance of the use of wines and spirits. Since the adoption of prohibition, however, ocean liners have been inflicted with a small but noisy clientele of bibulous persons whose conduct has been as offensive as their mouthing of "personal liberty" protests. The natural result has been a falling off of the popularity of the bar among the more contained travelers.

English shipping men report that since the enactment of the Volstead Act, bar receipts have sharply declined, despite the fact that the bulk of the passengers are Americans, supposedly eager to make the most of their rare opportunities to obtain prohibited beverages.

There are, of course, a few tourists to whom liquor is the chief motive of travel. The disgust which these tourists have caused is producing a reaction which should have a strong influence in compelling the United States Shipping Board to do something the Constitution seems powerless to effectuate, stop the illegal traffic on government ships.

Immigration

AS SO often happens, it has been necessary for the government to adopt negative measures as a prelude to positive measures in the problem of Immigration. The only justification for placing restrictions on immigration was that the restrictions should lead up to a selective process. This country needs immigrants; it needs the hardy pioneer stock which aided in building up the country. But it does not need the riffraff, and it will no longer take the riffraff of Europe and the Orient. The instance is well-known of a certain European community, unable financially to build an addition to its prison, deciding that it would be more feasible to present the criminal population with tickets to America—which was done. That is the sort of thing which has been in some degree stopped, though not entirely. The dead load of mental incompetents, physical wrecks and criminal parasites, which this country is already carrying, has overreached the limits of absorption. Not only must this kind of immigration be entirely restricted, but a deportation movement should be commenced in possibly 200,000 instances of persons now in the country illegally. And then, by wise selective means, let us invite the good people of all lands, the workers and producers of all races, to come here and learn Americanism and help build up here the vision of life which visited our fathers. Good people, willing workers, those who passionately desire industrial opportunity and civic freedom—to these people America will never permanently refuse a welcome. Let selection, under the wisest methods and checks, follow upon restriction.

Germany Has Credit

THE future historian will be compelled to disregard much of the wisdom exhibited in this and other countries regarding the financial record being made by Germany. Much has been made of "the falling mark," but business seems to be going on where the mark circulates, while poor Czecho-Slovakia and other countries are experiencing the natural distress all countries do under a forced resumption of the gold basis.

Wiseacres tell of the danger of "cheap money," the crime of semi-repudiation, the sanctity of the dollar. They forget the inequity of increasing the purchasing power of the dollar. They seem to think a debt contracted when a dollar was worth only a half bushel of wheat has increased if at maturity it is worth a bushel. If they would appreciate the fact that money s not a measure of value, but an index of relative values, they would see the necessity for maintaining the dollar at as near a stable proportion of all values as possible.

But is Germany bankrupt? Need we shed tears for her, when her industries flourish while the factories of the world are idle? She is burdened, of course, but in production of values, of real wealth, and so far as her productive resources are concerned she is leading the world. Only her money is quoted as almost worthless in the world's exchange. But it is good in Germany, and is freely spent there, because rising prices make it a loss to hoard it.

But Germany has credit. She recently succeeded in arranging with the Bank of England, in conjunction with the Bank of Holland, to back an issue of treasury notes in lieu of paying out the gold marks demanded by Belgium in settlement of reparations interest to a total of 100,000,000 marks on a gold basis—in other words, securing bank endorsement for a note issue equaling in value at present exchange rates more than ten billions of the paper marks which have furnished Germany the means of keeping alive her industries since the war.

There is food for thought in this bit of diplomacy on the part of the English and Dutch bankers in aiding Germany, for it was good diplomacy as well as safe business.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for October 1, 1922, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware, Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; C. J. Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. B. Ford, Detroit, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1922.

[SEAL] J. EMMET HALL,
(My Commission expires September 29, 1924)

Prodigies and Dullards

THE head of Dartmouth College is reported as being of opinion that there is a great waste in attempting to educate dull students, and that institutions of higher learning should aim to receive only the most promising applicants for admission. He believes in mental quality rather than great numbers as the goal for college work. There is a sense in which this attitude is wise, but another aspect is in danger of being overlooked.

Of course, in the stress for athletic supremacy many are admitted to first year work who are not fitted by taste or training for intellectual pursuits. Collegiate rivalry in beef and brawn works disastrously on entrance regulations where a crack center, a fleet runner or a miracle pitcher is the matriculant. But it is not with these that the head of Dartmouth deals.

The rejection of dullards would spell the doom of many colleges. Any man of experience knows that the "bright" student rarely rises above his fellows in business life or public career. On the contrary, the dullard, who must study hard to learn, acquires an intellectual discipline and a permanent knowledge which serves him well in practical life. Of the many illustrious sons who constitute Dartmouth's justifiable boast, it is safe to say nine-tenths were of the plodding kind, while a majority of those who seemed most promising settled into prosaic lives where success depended on retentiveness rather than on creative acquisitiveness.

The fellow, whose lessons are learned without digging, has in consequence a leisure which is excessive, while his slower classmate finds it necessary to forego everything but the grind of study. The one learns his lessons; the other learns the secret of persistent labor, which is the best lesson of all. The teacher who wants only "bright" students under him lacks somewhat in perception.

The First Woman Senator

THE president of the United States Senate must hereafter, for a time at least, have heed in his recognition of a Senator seeking an audience, and the members of that body must also be ready to use some variation of the conventional reference to colleagues. "The gentleman from" hereafter cannot always apply. Whether the new style will be "the lady" or "the Senator from" has not been decided, but a woman will sit in place of the late Tom Watson, representing the state of Georgia. Governor Hardwick has appointed Mrs. W. H. Felton, the "grand old woman of Georgia," to fill the vacancy caused by Senator Watson's death. In response to a popular sentiment the position was proffered the widow of the deceased Senator, but she declined, and the decision was quickly made to send Mrs. Felton. This gives the lady the distinction of being the first woman to be United States Senator.

The new Senator from Georgia is a native of the state and has always resided there. Her family, the Latimers, have always been prominent. She herself has been identified with philanthropic and other public welfare work, served as a commissioner from her state at the Chicago Columbian Exposition, and was one of the leaders among the women opposed to the suffrage movement. In her letter accepting the appointment, Mrs. Felton spoke highly of her predecessor, and thanked the governor for having offered the place to Mrs. Watson.

The appointment is but a temporary one, however, as a successor to Senator Watson must be elected in November for the unexpired term, who will of necessity assume the toga next March. Governor Hardwick himself is a candidate for nomination to the position.

A Congressman's Verdict

"CONTRARY to popular belief, Congress has ceased to be a legislative body. Bills are brought in under special rule, which altogether shuts off debate and the right of amendment, or confines such action to those selected by the 'leaders.'"

The statement above is not the attack of partisans eager to change the majority of Congress. It is merely the judgment of Charles L. Knight, member of Congress from the Fourteenth Ohio District who recently quit the national legislative body because he declared he was out of harmony with the spirit and purpose at Washington.

Mr. Knight declared that "a half a dozen politicians do the legislating for the nation."

Mr. Knight's indictment of the course of legislation in the national house would not be a severe one if it was *leadership* he charged. Since the days of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, each Congress has furnished only a small quota of outstanding figures. But former congresses were notable for the strength of leadership these few members furnished. Recent ones have been notable for the efficiency with which a few men control the machinery of legislation.

Mr. Ford's Page

THE overthrow of Money from the place it now holds in our system of life is so certain that it is amazing that more intelligent men do not see it. Class hatred among the so-called "radicals," ignorance of the complexity of modern economic requirements, and sheer greed to divide what appears to be "the wealth of the world" have been so apparent in all the discussions of the matter, that people of common sense have taken the easy-going attitude that it is all talk. Talk about money is hard to understand anyway; figures are "dry reading"; and so a large section of the people, who ought to be awake, are wholly unconscious of the change which is coming just as surely as winter is coming.

This does not mean that money is to be abolished. Nor does it mean that the soundness of money is to be tampered with. Money is a wonderful piece of machinery for facilitating the business of the world. To tamper with it would be to destroy its great usefulness as a part of the machinery of life. Nothing is justified except that which would make money still sounder. Just now money is not so sound as many think it is. Public confidence and public ignorance—the ignorance no less than the confidence—are the principal bases of our money today. The United States dollar is no more a dollar than the German mark is a mark—so far as its buying power goes. In buying power the dollar is now about 50 cents in some lines of trade. It is not so bad for those who deal merely in coin, but it is rather bad for those who deal in wealth, that is, goods.

The overthrow of money will consist in this, that people will see what has been done to them by exalting money to the place of rulership, and when they see this they will reduce it to a place of servantship. That will constitute the most drastic overthrow of money since its evil cult began.

Of course, there have been many idealistic attempts toward this end ever since the beginning of the Christian Era. Not very long ago the country was saturated with a kind of preaching that put money down in the servant class. Men were exhorted to use their money for good, to use it to help the unfortunate. Very good and eloquent men preached what was called "idealism in life." It was very pretty, and true enough, but it never bit very deep. The men who preached it were exalting an emotion, they were talking out of the sheltered corners of their own literary lives, and while everyone recognized that there was something in what they said, the instinct of the people told them that there was also something omitted. What the individual may do with his wages, in the sense of using them unselfishly and idealistically, may have a very profound affect on his own character and may support certain activities without which the community would be very sordid, indeed, but all his individual idealism would not be sufficient to affect in the slightest degree the system which makes him its victim.

For example, and it is a very simple example: Go out into the country and see the great apple crop largely going to waste. And then go into the city of Washington, say, and see apples selling for 10 cents each. If you are a normal person, and have the means, your first impulse would be to get Nature's apple bounty to the cities. You would say to yourself, "Why all that is needed to supply every child with all the health-giving apples it can eat is just to get this wonderful apple crop sent to the cities!" That would be your impulse. It would probably be the impulse of the majority of the plain people. (This statement is important to remember, that it would probably be the impulse of a majority of the plain people.)

But suppose you try to move the apple crop into the cities. You encounter a close association of business men, engaged in that business, who don't want their city to have all the apples it could use. A city plentifully supplied with apples would mean a lower price for apples. These men, in association, would rather sell a few apples at 10 cents each than many carloads of apples at 10 cents a peck. The work is less and the profit is greater. That is to say, in your innocent assumption that the only thing to be done is to offer the apple supply to the city, you would meet with an utterly sordid arrangement which cares neither for apples nor public but for "the price level."

And if in righteous anger you try to break this state of affairs, you will find that your cars of apples are shunted about on the tracks interminably (if you have been able to get cars at all) and that you are utterly unable to get a single one of the distribution agencies to take your supply and make it available to the city. There is no treason to the "association" that is considered so vile as the increase of supply and the consequent decrease of price to the people. Supply and service are secondary, price is paramount.

Now, it doesn't matter how idealistic the apple-eating families may be with their money. Indeed, they may gladly pay their 10 cents apiece for apples just for old-time sentiment's sake. But that makes no impact whatever on the system that balks nature, robs the people, enthrones money as the greatest good, and subtly plants within the public mind the constant thought of scarcity—scarcity. That system which is impoverishing the life and the thought of the people still flourishes. Apples are still left scarce and costly, and millions of people are being daily trained in the thought of scarcity—scarcity.

The overthrow of money as the chief objective in business will occur just as soon as the people learn the tricks that are being played upon them in the name of business. Because the majority of the plain people are so constructed, are yet so wholesome and well-intentioned, that when they see that the only scarce thing in the world is the scarcity of the idea of service in our public service activities, the effect of their seeing will be quick and radical. Not destructive—why, it is the present system that is destructive! Nine-tenths of our economic trouble is due to the fact that we are busy thwarting the natural supply, in the interest of money! The true economic practice is to utilize money in the interest of a full supply.

One could wish that business were not so fascinated by the glitter of coin, that it might see this. For it is the most unbusinesslike thing about business that it takes the very course which stifles its development. As well might a manufacturer contemplate the wheels of his machinery, and consider those wheels to be the main object for which the industry is operated, as for him to consider money, and only money, and always money, blind to the truth that money is but a sign of something else. It is absolutely demonstrable that if the "association" gathered up all the apples of all the orchards and made the cities redolent with the smell of apples and sold barrels and barrels of apples where they now sell a pitiful few, their profits would be larger because their service has been larger, and more than that, the people would lose their pinched view of "scarcity" and would buy and buy of everything, until the stream of busy prosperity had reached all round the circle and benefited everybody and then had started round again to benefit everybody some more. It is a moral, a social and an economic crime to thwart natural circulation anywhere, and this is what is always done when Money is made the chief objective.

IT IS a most unbusinesslike thing to strangle business, as many business practices do. The manipulation of supply to maintain an artificial price level is strangulation which affects the whole economic body. Specific instances may illustrate the practice, but do not show the cause. The cause is the exaltation of money as the objective of business, instead of its proper valuation as one of the tools of business. The overthrow of money as the be-all and end-all of business is absolutely essential to the continuance of business. That is the point that is missed in all the talk on the subject: this reform is essential for the salvation of business. It is business that is suffering from stupidity. The people suffer, too, but they can out-suffer business.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles, under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

Why Canada Turned Down Waterway Plan

Facts Propagandists Do Not Print; an Illustration of Neglected Truth

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THE plan for an international ship canal on the Upper St. Lawrence, which would provide deep waterways for ocean vessels from far-away Lake Superior ports, like Duluth, Minnesota and Port Arthur, Canada—not to mention intermediate cities—is indefinitely postponed. There is reason to hope that at some distant day Canadians and Americans alike may see such a canal in active and flourishing operation; but by that time a majority of its present advocates in both countries will be in their graves. To some this may seem an over-candid expression of opinion, but it is just as well to look the facts in the face. Canada's national debt is approximately two billions, four hundred millions of dollars ($2,400,000,000), a heavy burden for a country so sparsely populated in comparison with her vast domain; and there is a large body of conservative opinion which is resolved that no more enterprises shall be embarked upon which will increase Canada's financial obligations. But back of the whole question lies the warfare of opinion as to the merits and demerits of public ownership of public utilities which is being waged in many parts of this continent.

It should be understood that Canada has not definitely rejected the plan. Its prime minister, Honorable William Lyon Mackenzie King, has merely refused to commit himself and taken refuge in the statement that "the time is not opportune." But the private political reasons which have actuated him and his colleagues in taking a non-committal position are well-known to those acquainted with the curious ramifications of Canadian politics. His course, if not a reversal of, is a retreat from, the Canadian official position of last year. The Union-Conservative government of Honorable Arthur Meighen, which was defeated at the polls last December, favored the project, nominally at least. But unfortunately even the Conservative party which first set the project afloat (as far as Canada is concerned) is not unanimous on the subject. The dominating elements of the Liberal party, which on a very narrow tenure holds power at Ottawa, are strongly opposed to it. The Progressive or Farmers' party, numerically strong enough to hold the balance of power at Ottawa, is almost exclusively a prairie delegation in the House of Commons. Unlike the farmers of the American West they are indifferent, and in some instances opposed. With them the argument that all the expenditures of public money involved would be spent in the East has even aroused a certain measure of antagonism. Thus there is little to spur the government to a candid declaration of policy.

Prime Minister Noncommittal

ON MAY 28, Rodolphe Boudeau, clerk of the privy council of Canada, forwarded to Sir Auckland Geddes, British ambassador at Washington, a minute of that body expressing acquiescence in publication of a statement as desired by the President and the following paragraph was appended explaining the official attitude of the Canadian Government:

"His Excellency's advisers have not thus far had opportunity to give to the report of the International Joint Commission and the accompanying report of the board of engineers appointed to examine the subject, the careful consideration which their importance merits, and, moreover, having regard to the magnitude of the project and the very large outlay of public money involved, the government is of opinion that it would not appear to be expedient to deal with this matter at the present time."

Beyond that statement, Honorable W. L. M. King has refused to go. On June 1, Mr. T. L. Church, M. P., who represents one of the Toronto constituencies in the House of Commons and is a prominent member of the harbor commission of that city, tried to elicit a fuller statement from the prime minister.

"Do I understand rightly," asked Mr. Church, "in view of the reply given to the Government of the United States, that no further action on the findings of this report is contemplated by the Canadian Government?"

To which the prime minister responded: "I think my honorable friend is as well able to read the reply already given as I am to interpret it. That reply stated that the government did not think it advisable to take up the matter at this time; it did not go beyond that."

Supporters of the St. Lawrence improvement scheme may take a little satisfaction from the fact that Canada, as Mr. King's words show, has not absolutely slammed the door in the face of the United States' advocates of the project.

Canadian parliamentary practice in some degree reverses that which prevails at Washington. There the Senate is the more important body; but in Canada initiative on matters demanding financial outlay lies exclusively with the House of Commons. The prime minister is also leader of the House of Commons during his tenure of office and his refusal to countenance a measure puts it beyond hope of practical accomplishment, for that session at least. The Canadian Senate on the other hand, though it cannot initiate measures involving public expenditures, has certain powers of criticism and revision and frequently constitutes itself a debating society for the untrammelled expression of opinion on public issues. Thus, there has been much more candid and illuminating discussion on the St. Lawrence improvements in the "upper chamber" than in the Commons; and the cleavage between the supporters of public and private ownership has been made clear.

For the sake of clarity the details of the plan as recommended by the International Commission and embodied in Secretary Charles E. Hughes' memorandum to Sir Auckland Geddes, may be briefly summarized. They call for an arrangement by treaty to carry out a scheme of improvement of the St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Lake Ontario under the direction of an International Board, such improvements to consist of "navigation" works and "power" works. The cost of "navigation" works is to be apportioned between the two countries on the basis of the benefits each will receive from the new waterway, to be determined by certain known factors which need not be enlarged upon here. The "power" works are to be built, installed and operated by and at the expense of the country in which they are located. Secretary Hughes made no reference to total costs; but these are estimated in the report of the engineers as $252,000,000. Another important proviso in the Hughes memo is that the new Welland ship canal across the Niagara peninsula shall be proceeded with by Canada, and "embodied in said scheme and treated as part thereof." This is of significance since it is taken to mean that the United States will participate in the cost of this work, to which Canada is already committed. Therefore, opponents of the general plan are trying to minimize this concession and represent that the United States has not definitely recognized the Welland improvements as part of the project. The suggested treaty would also call for a slight readjustment of the international boundary; and there have been and will continue to be appeals to prejudice on this point; but the triviality of such carping is clear from the text of the memorandum dealing with boundaries.

To make clear where the strength of the opposition lies it is necessary to elucidate some of the complexities of the Canadian political situation. The International Commission during its sittings in Canada, in the 23 months which elapsed between its creation in January, 1920, and the submission of its report and recommendations in December, 1921, took evidence from public bodies as far west as Calgary, Alberta, and as far east as the Atlantic ports. In the three great grain-growing provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, it encountered complete indifference. The prairie farmer at present pins his faith to a scheme of transportation by the Hudson Bay route. Undoubtedly this latter route is much shorter, but weather conditions make it hazardous and insurance charges would make transportation costs prohibitive.

Eastern Canada is the only section of the country where the St. Lawrence improvements are a live issue as yet, and even from this statement we must exclude the maritime provinces which have their own ports on the seaboard. These are not affected by the plan, one way or another; but are not likely to give a very warm support to any project involving large expenditures in the interior. In fact, it is a standing grievance down by the sea that their interests are ignored by the great populous and wealthy provinces of Ontario and Quebec which continue to dominate Canadian politics.

The real cleavage lies between Ontario and Quebec opinion, and in the alignment of interests the subject of water power plays a more important part than the navigation phase. Geographically, Ontario covers the entire lake region and the part of the St. Lawrence Valley where the proposed improvements would take place. It is whole-heartedly friendly to the plan. Its government, which is at present in control of the Farmers' party, has declared itself in favor of the project, and in this it has the support of the Liberal, the Conservative and the Labor parties alike. Boards of trade in nearly all the leading towns and cities have also put themselves on record, and the only vestige of opposition comes from certain private power interests who carry no weight with public opinion.

Public Ownership in Ontario

ONE of the reasons Ontario so strongly favors the St. Lawrence improvements is that for nearly two decades the province has been engaged in the development and distribution of electrical power, on the Niagara River and latterly on less important waterways in various parts of the province, as a public enterprise. The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, with its subsidiary municipal commissions, constitutes by far the largest electrical development enterprise in the world. Under the Federal constitution, and by provincial enactment, the Hydro Commission has control over the power rights in all navigable waters within the boundaries of Ontario. If the St. Lawrence project were carried out, this commission would automatically be in charge of the entire power development on the Canadian side of the canal. When the work was completed Ontario would have additional resources in electrical energy totaling 1,464,000 horse power, according to present estimates. Provided a market could be found for this vast accretion of power resources, this would mean an immense additional revenue.

The total cost of the proposed developments, part of which would be borne by the United States, is estimated at $252,000,000. Leaving out of consideration the stimulus to navigation and taking into consideration the equally vast power development that could be obtained on the American side of the canal, it will be seen that the project offers a development of electrical energy at amazingly low cost that would in time revolutionize industry on both sides of the boundary, and solve any anxieties on the subject of soft coal supplies for manufacturing purposes. But it should be borne in mind that this is all a matter for the future. The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission has recently completed at enormous expense the Chippewa power canal on the Niagara peninsula, and has as yet found no markets for the greater part of the power that is available from that source, although it proposes to sell very extensively to the United States.

If the St. Lawrence improvements are ever carried out it will be necessary for financial reasons to pool the Canadian development at this point with the Niagara development, else the one would cut the throat of the other. For these reasons even the strongest Ontario supporters of the St. Lawrence plan are in no hurry.

Though Ontario is definitely wedded to power development under the public ownership system, the province of Quebec—or at any rate the interests which control her destinies—are as strongly wedded to power development by private capital. According to information in the hands of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission, the interests which exercise most power in New York State are almost as strongly in favor of private ownership as those of Quebec. Periodically for the past 10 years, the establishment of a New York State Hydro-Electric Commission on the lines of the Ontario enterprise has been advocated at Albany but has been defeated. The vast power resources of the province of Quebec—particularly those adjacent to Montreal—are in the hands of a group of capitalists who have very sympathetic relations with the New York interests opposed to the construction of the St. Lawrence canal. From the outset of the agitation the bourses of Montreal and New York have acted in common in opposing the scheme. At the present time the Montreal group is able to exercise far more political power than their New York friends.

The opponents of the St. Lawrence plan do not talk to the public at large about the menace of cheap power. But they have seriously alarmed the cities of Montreal and Quebec with the idea that deep-sea navigation from Lake Superior to Liverpool would mean commercial disaster. Montreal is the present head of ocean navigation in Canada, and Quebec is a tidewater port. Quebec fears that it would become almost negligible and Montreal assumes that it would lose all the business that arises from the transshipment of grain during the seven months—nominally May 1 to December 1—when navigation is open on the lower St. Lawrence. The city of Montreal, during the recent session of Parliament, sent out a great deal of literature protesting against the St. Lawrence project in which that city's present pre-eminence as a grain-shipping port was presented. The figures show that during 1921, despite the fact that navigation was but of seven months duration, Montreal shipped 138,453,980 bushels of grain; Galveston, Texas, 94,000,000 bushels; New York City, 84,698,000 bushels; New Orleans, 73,689,000 bushels and Baltimore, 55,314,000 bushels. This pre-eminence is due to distance. It is 2,773 miles from Montreal to Liverpool; 2,810 miles from Boston to the same port and 3,010 miles from New York. This argument was urged:

Montreal's Shipping Problem

"THE port of Montreal, being nearer Europe than any other large Atlantic seaport, offers superior advantages not only to her immediate hinterland, but also to American states bordering on the Great Lakes"; and it was prophesied that St. Lawrence development would rob her of this advantage.

Senator Reid takes the view that Montreal is needlessly alarmed as to the future of her harbor interests. He believes that vessels of large tonnage will travel between Port Arthur and Montreal where they will transship to ocean vessels. This could be done at very small expense—from one-quarter to one-third of a cent a bushel—and instead of hurting Montreal the St. Lawrence improvements would bring more traffic to its harbor. Since an ocean-going vessel costs about five times the sum to build as a lake freighter of similar dimensions this argument seems reasonable.

During the sittings of the International Commission the fact that the Canadian canal route is open only from about May 1 until, approximately, December 1, was taken under consideration; but I have reason to believe that this condition is not fully grasped in some parts of the United States. It is a demerit of the project from certain standpoints, but as has been demonstrated by the Montreal statistics, quoted above, it has not prevented Montreal taking a first position among the grain-shipping ports of North America.

To come back to the political aspect of the case; Honorable Mr. King, the Canadian prime minister, is helpless under the present alignment of parties in the House of Commons. He is carrying on government with a bare semblance of a majority. His Liberal followers number less than 120 in a total membership of 235. More than half of his supporters, 65 in all, represent the Province of Quebec and are to a man opposed to the project. There is also a solid delegation of 16 from Nova Scotia, who are indifferent, if not hostile. To have come out in support of the St. Lawrence improvements would have meant Mr. King's political destruction, for the time being, at least. The most powerful member of his cabinet is Sir Lomer Gouin, who holds the entire Quebec delegation in the hollow of his hand, and is identified with the Montreal power group which is determined to defeat St. Lawrence improvements, as far as they involve power development, at all costs. To imagine an analogous situation, suppose the support of the Republican party at Washington came exclusively from Atlantic seaboard states which imagined they would be detrimentally affected by the construction of the canal. How far would the proposal have got under those circumstances?

Restoring What Man Destroyed—Silver Foxes

Great Industry in Breeding of Animals Trappers Once Slaughtered



The incorporated city of the silver black fox. Left—Snow Flake, first prize winner, Boston, 1920. Right—Major, first prize winner at Montreal and Muskegon, 1920.

By R. D. COLQUHOUN

THE fact that Nature will preserve her more perfect species, against all handicaps, is exemplified in the case of the silver black fox. This animal at one time roamed the forests of America in considerable numbers, and constituted a true species, superior in size, coloring and quality of fur to the common red fox of that day and this. Indeed, it was the wondrous beauty of the silver black fox fur that became the principal obstacle to its existence, for we may suppose that even primitive man recognized the superior beauty of this pelt. Consequently, the animal was diligently hunted to the point of extinction as a separate and distinct species.

It was at this point apparently that Nature intervened and by causing the silver black to mate with his humbler cousin of the red coat prevented the breed being entirely wiped out. The strain has persisted through unknown generations and *to this day in the wild state silver black whelps are found in litters of the red fox.*

The earliest fur traders in America knew and valued above all others the pelts of this wonderful little animal. Trappers and hunters were ever keen to obtain even a single specimen. To do so gave a mark of distinction. A single black pelt would give him sufficient credit at the fur post to render work unnecessary for many months thereafter. Little wonder, then, that the taking of silver black fox pelts was looked upon in that circumscribed world as the event of a lifetime.

Some 35 years ago, in Prince Edward Island, a trapper discovered a den containing silver black whelps. He conceived the idea of raising and mating these and thereby insuring himself a steady income from the sale of pelts. With two of his closest friends he determined to keep the secret, even from members of their immediate families. They intended to use this secret source for supplying the pelt market, and did not realize the fact that by giving the news to the world they would reap a much greater reward through the sale of the animals for breeding purposes.

The secret finally leaked out. This one was disclosed by the sudden abnormal prosperity of the three friends. The drafts received from the London fur brokers became too large to be handled by the local banker, a fact which aroused a lively curiosity. Their struggle to guard their hidden source of wealth from possible competitors makes a story by itself, of long journeys to distant points to mail small packets of furs, and various wily stratagems to defeat the curiosity and suspicion of their native community. Finally, the knowledge was shared and three backwoodsmen became millionaires, fathers of a new industry. The demand for foxes as breeders became acute. Prices went from $5,000 to as high as $40,000 for one pair of breeding animals.

These were boom days when owners of one pair of foxes could form a company, capitalizing the pair for $200,000 or more and have the stock oversubscribed in a few hours. Many such companies were launched, some survived, but others smashed when the prices suddenly declined.

Following the break in the original combine the business of breeding grew steadily on Prince Edward Island. At present there are more than 300 ranches in the province. Persons employed number about 9,000. During 1921 pelts sold for the aggregate sum of $1,240,000. This is in addition to the value of the animals sold for breeding stock for which the figures are not available. The industry spread until "fox ranching" exists in nearly all the provinces of Canada, and in the United States is found in practically every state north of the Mason and Dixon Line.

The fox-breeding industry at the present time is at the point of becoming of general interest rather than being confined to localities. Closer co-ordination of the larger producing ranches in the opening of new producing points will within the next few years so increase the producing facilities that the enormous demand for these pelts can be met from the yearly increase without the danger of depleting the breeding stock. At the present time there are not enough ranch-bred foxes in the country to supply a fraction of one year's demand. Raw pelts of high grade sell in the fur auctions at from $500 to $600 dollars each, with extra fine specimens commanding still higher prices, and high-grade registered stock can be purchased at approximately $2,000 a pair.

The most significant angle of the story of the rise of fox farming to the position of a profitable industry of national scope is that it heralds the return to this country of one of America's chief sources of wealth, furs. Furs were wealth. Furs were money. Furs were credit. Furs were commerce. But ruthless exploitation combined with the rapid settlement of the country practically eliminated the wild fur bearer, and now comes a newer generation to foster and restore another of America's natural resources.

Instead of the picturesque frontiersman in fringed buckskin whose pitfall, trap and gun, respected neither time nor season, but killed when opportunity offered, we now have mating on scientific lines, trained veterinarians and attendants, feeding schedules, stud books, and careful registration. Instead of pelts taken during mating season or when a denned litter of sucklings were sacrificed with the death of the parent animals we now have furs taken at the very prime condition from animals killed quickly and painlessly.

The ranch fox is a likeable little chap. His conduct of family affairs and social relationships might well serve an example to the human family. Added to the ordinary fox psychology, developed in wild environment, the ranch-bred animal has a new set of impulses resulting from association with man. He still distrusts and fears mankind in general but is quick to respond to care and attention from the individual.

Foxes are mated in pairs. Mating usually endures for the lifetime of the animals. Each pair occupies a space about 30 feet square inclosed by a special woven wire fence. The inclosure has a woven wire partition, shutting off about one-third the area of the pen when occasion demands. A concrete foundation for the pen walls is sunk to about 30 inches below the ground to circumvent the fox's desire to dig himself out. Where the soil demands, a piece of woven wire about 18 inches wide is laid flat below the surface of the pen floor just inside the walls as an added precaution. The fox starts operations close to the obstruction. His engineering does not quite run to starting a few feet back.

The mating season is in January, and 51 days later the young are born. During this time the fox and his mate, particularly the latter, exhibit those traits of character which in human beings are placed under the head of temperament. Tempers are short, and trifling annoyances become causes of prolonged irritableness, while fear may easily become panic. Visitors are excluded from January until early summer.

As their main residence, the pair select the largest den. This is a two-roomed affair, the inner sleeping chamber being double-walled with a packing of sawdust or ground cork between the walls to insure the litter against cold. The outer or living room has a single wall only but is weather-tight, as are all the dens. Some ingenuity is required to devise ingress and exit. The fox idea requires that the real entrance to his living quarters be placed as far as possible from the dwelling itself and with no apparent relationship between the front door and the dwelling. To humor this idiosyncrasy, ranchers have reproduced as nearly as possible the hollow log which the wild fox finds so convenient for disguising the entrance to his den.

Once settled, the fox and vixen find it ample for a home. The other two dens are used only for lounging. Near the time of maternity, the nervousness and anxiety of the parents is evidenced by quarrels of high frequency and tension. It is frequently necessary to isolate the fox. He is driven into the partitioned-off space. All openings are closed and father fox spends several weeks of enforced bachelorhood. The vixen left alone finds solitude more or less sedative. She is constantly under observation by the caretaker guardian in the watch tower, and when she emerges from the den exhibiting nervous excitement he knows that a new family has arrived. He knows, too, just what will serve to calm her excitement and as quickly as possible he gets a live chicken or pigeon, wrings its neck and tosses it to the vixen. The rending of warm flesh affords an outlet for the vixen's irritableness and quiets the nervous condition, so that she can give attention to the puppies. In a few days the closed runways are opened and the fox family circle restored. From then on the fox and vixen find their time fully and joyfully occupied.

After the birth of the litter, the need for the third den becomes apparent. As soon as possible, the caretaker lifts the top of the large den to count the litter and to put the den in a sanitary condition. This act arouses the suspicion of the vixen. She seems to feel that the entire world has been let in on the secret of the location of her wonderful new family and decides to hide them anew. The third den offers a convenient hiding place. Without it, the vixen would undoubtedly attempt to dig out a den for hiding her puppies which might result in the death of some from exposure.

Foxes are fed chiefly with cereals and milk, the old ones receiving meat twice daily. The meat, chiefly beef, with occasional allowances of poultry, is fed clean and sweet though mostly a little tough, and at no time are scraps and remnants allowed to remain about the pen. The eating and drinking vessels for the foxes are kept immaculately clean and every precaution taken to keep the living quarters sanitary. The silver black will eat almost anything and thrive under any conditions but modern ranchers whose stock consists of pure bred animals take every precaution.

American Lights Gleam on London's Hungry

It's Broadway's Glitter, But There's a Different Kind of Britisher

By an American Observer

TWENTY-FOUR hours of London; it is a job if one attempts to "do" the city à la Cook's tourist style, but not much to pick out the high lights of this centuries-old capital whose name figures in the news of the day more often, probably, than any other name. This city is the capital of Europe, and within a short distance from where these lines are written, that place often referred to as Downing Street is endeavoring to solve the riddles of the world.

Within an hour after arriving at Waterloo Station the writer stood on that corner of the Strand and Trafalgar Square, City of Westminster, upon which stands the building of the Union of South Africa, which in turn, on the Strand side, houses a busy postal station.

Not many years ago a popular melodrama was entitled, "When London Sleeps." The writer was awake last night when most of London was asleep. London sleeps, but it sleeps differently. And if the sleep is different it must be because London is awake in a manner that bears no comparison to the waking hours of a decade ago. One cannot call every passer-by who speaks the English language a Londoner but each and all make the city what we see it.

It used to be the fashion of writers to say of every Englishman that he was phlegmatic and bored. Some writers persist in characterizing them thus unto this day. But he who knows an Englishman when he sees one, and has seen him at his bored best, could not say the same thing of him today. Piccadilly, Oxford, The Strand, Whitechapel—on the streets, in the buses, afoot, or leaning against a friendly cane—there is little of the phlegmatic in him now. It is no longer too much trouble to look round and about, and there are fewer monocles to adjust in nervous eyes.

Much may be lost to the glance during the few moments required to put the single glass into position, and as these are days when things move quickly, the time-losing optical adornment has been laid aside. The Englishman wants to see, and he wants to see quickly. He is an adept at it even though he shows traces of being a graduate, but when he has learned how to look quickly and see things—see the very things that he is looking at—then he will understand better his brothers in North America, from Hudson Bay to the Rio Grande.

We will just take the month of August, and summer is supposed to be doing its best, or its worst, so far as life in a great city goes, but is summer in London now what it used to be? No, it is not. It is not so "dead" as it used to be, nor is this from an amusement standpoint in particular. There are shows going on whose titles are gracing or may grace New York City electric signs sooner or later—titles that are suggestive, such as Husbands are a Problem, The Naughty Wife, Decameron Nights, If Four Walls Told, and even such an old friend as The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. Sally is trying to steal a march on Broadway by being advertised in multicolored lights symbolizing a dancing girl pirouetting some 70 feet on a roof sign near Trafalgar Square, while Charles Hawtrey's successful Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure has been repeated several hundred times successively.

Bus Ride Best Amusement

THERE are kinema theaters—the British names for our "movie houses"—advertising local productions and a few ancient American ones; then there are the Midnight Follies, at the Metropole, for one-pound admission, except on gala nights with its extension "until 2 a. m.," tickets for which cost 30 shillings. Yet the best amusement is a sixpenny ride atop a bus, and by careful selection of routes for four or five shillings one may see something of real London.

The real Londoner is not attending these theaters and amusements. The over-advertised ones are for the rich visitor, the person with nothing to do, and the latter description does not apply to the Londonese, not just now. Later on, in a Lyon's restaurant, which is quite an improvement over certain American chain lunch rooms, both for better food and lower prices, the discussion was continued with four taking part; a manager from Manchester, a "clark" of Bond Street and one who did not identify his status, but very likely was a mercantile man. The three agreed that they did not attend the London theaters, although their reasons differed. Amusement in the heart of London, when paid for at box-office prices, is quite too costly for the average Londonese purse. Its slimness is another thing that keeps the Britons awake.

There are a few flighty ones who make a brave attempt at being wide-openly amused. The grills are well filled, and so are a host of other similar places, where music is an important part of the pastime, but the proportion of Londonese is very small. The managers say so. Faces and mannerisms and dress rather supports this view. What of London is laughing is not London, but its crust.

Along the darkened passage known as Northumberland street, within a stone's throw either way of Nelson's Column and the Savoy Hotel, young men indulge in personal horseplay or are in eloquent and not always silent confabs with flirtatious young women. Two of them were good-naturedly struggling for her smile, while an even more smiling taxi driver was counting the clicks of the meter. The usual type of unattended women, young or old or ageless, seen about boulevards like The Strand, are there, but few and far between, not easy to detect unless one actually looks for them, and outwardly they offer no problem. If they do, it is not in the bright-light district.

There are, according to official statistics, more women than men in this city, but in the streets one sees more men than women. One sees fewer silk stockings than in New York, and imitation silk almost not at all. Young women will reveal ankles clad in cotton, lisle or wool without concern, and this is in their favor. They are the young women that are a part of the population. They are not the women who loaf about places like the Strand Grand grill, where they smoke excessively, to the point, it is said, that small pipes of rich briar and meerschaum have been fashioned for their especial benefit, as has tobacco flavored with exotic perfumes.

One sees many such women unaccompanied by men, because it is quite obvious that the London man is not minded to become frivolous, even though he may have the Paris habit, so-called. He has given up his monocle, to repeat, but he has not oscillated to the other extreme. And to prove this there is something else. Only recently permission was granted by the authorities whereby sports are allowed on Sunday in London parks. It was expected that there would be a rush to take advantage of this new opportunity. Tennis, boating and bowling attracted a few players, but quoits, net ball and Badminton did not.

If it is borne in mind that the Britisher was the sportsman of Europe only a decade ago, he who set the fashions and the pace, one may better understand what this negative attitude means. It is a key attitude because it was to operate the collective attitude of male London, and his did not respond. Nor is the Britisher flabbier or lazier, hardly. He is exercising his mind more than ever. He needs that more than his muscles just now. And there are too many, many too many, who have been eliminated from all muscular activities by the war.

The streets are full of men who limp, who walk with difficulty, who are ruddy of countenance but cough, of men who are maimed or otherwise invalided. To engage in sports implies having a well-filled stomach, good clothing, and few cares. In other words, it means having a job.

The Poor They Have Always

IT IS incompatible with British sensitiveness to play about, especially out in the open, when the percentage of spectators would be in favor of war veterans with nothing excepting medals to show for their sacrifice. And the truth to tell, it is not possible to yield to the vanity of a superficial sportsmanship, granting that there are those who would like to engage in it, under the scrutiny of maimed and hungry men. For poverty is increasing; even the latest official figures show that the number of persons receiving poor relief in England and Wales is now about double the number of those who received such aid in 1914, and 124 per cent above the number last year. Yet, fortunately, the people are not declining; excepting that divorces are increasing alarmingly, there continues a high birth rate and a low death rate—the lowest since 1862.

This time it was another eating place, a few doors away, known as Lockhart's. It is an inexpensive eating place. The writer idled a bit before entering, studied the menu pasted against the plate glass window minutely, watched the patrons that came and went in the course of a few minutes.

A three-quarter mutton chop, grilled, chips (fried potatoes likewise grilled) 20 cents, bread two cents, milk four cents, a sugared bun, two cents. A chop that at any American hotel could not be had at any price and at the leading London hotels for probably "three and six"—roughly 85 cents—forming the *pièce de rèsistance* of virtually the cheapest dinner to be purchased in London city.

Yet it was not until later that it became painfully obvious that this was quite a course dinner, as dinners at the adjoining tables went. Imagine a middle-aged man, with a frock coat whose braided edges were frowzy, whose worn striped worsted trousers were carefully brushed, whose well-worn shoes, topped by a thick pair of socks, were dully polished, feasting upon a cup of cocoa, two slices of buttered bread and a piece of cake—the whole amounting to about nine cents! Yet he was oblivious to the fact that it was meager, and as he made the best of his bread and cake he perused a lengthy and evidently ancient letter that to him must have meant a great deal. There was tragedy sitting at the table behind—tragedy personified in a man whose facial delineaments were of the well-bred individual, bravely hanging on to the last shreds—shreds in more ways than literally—of gentility and convention, whose luncheons and breakfasts could hardly be any more opulent.

But what is a single specimen of tragedy? The unknown aged one could not demand much of one's thoughts when others were coming in. For next to the table sat a one-legged veteran, carrying what looked like a shoe box containing matches that he was peddling. Matches, he was selling, he whose three medals of valor and distinction occupied a place over his heart, pinned over his waistcoat, where they would not be too obvious, too intrusive, reminders of flames and fire of another kind. He, too, ordered a sumptuous dinner.

"Tea, unbuttered bread, more unbuttered bread." About four cents' worth. So the hero of yesteryear was now having the time of his life, chatting with another fellow across the table, until a woman came in and sat by his side. She arranged the boxes of matches for him, talked to him awhile, and then they went out together. His sister? His wife? Who knows?

Opposite to me came a man in uniform. He was a fireman. But to make conversation the meaning of a ribbon representing four orders or decorations was inquired after, with not much success. "It's a mystery," he said, with a dry voice, "and it means lots o' things."

He was substituted by a young fellow, 26 or 28 years of age, very rosy cheeks, a clean-cut profile, a strong and lithe body, a bright eye—all that goes to make a real man. Coughing occasionally he sat down waiting for his order. He pretended to read a newspaper, whose soiled edges and raggedy folds showed its probable origin, and looked at his vis-a-vis (this being the observer) trying to do justice to the chop, that was, judging by American standards, about the size of a small club steak, and this is only a slight exaggeration.

There are ways and ways of looking around and about, and I believe I have tested all of them, and so I became conscious of a peculiar scrutiny in turn. What could it mean? If such a young man, drinking coffee and eating bread and butter—less than a nickel's worth—looked at you, diffidently, nervously, anxiously, and you were aware that he was all that has been said of him, and in addition that he coughed incessantly, that a service pin adorned a lapel that was as old as the rest of his suit, that his collar was quite dirty, that his face and hands revealed ablutions probably at a public drinking fountain—what would be your answer? There are hoboes and idlers and bums, under appropriate names in the several languages, in any country, and as for the United States, they look just about what this chap seemed to look like. Yet his eyes were disconcerting.

A copious draft of hot coffee, a brave resolution, and he said:

"That feels good; it's the first thing I have had to drink or eat since last night."

The situation was delicate.

"Out of work?" It was the best question, after all, I could submit.

"Six months, and the worst is yet to come." Then he added, upon further questioning, that he was a mechanic, that he had worked in a high-class automobile factory that is suffering from slack business, that he lost a brother in the war who had been working an allotment of Canadian land which he lost by abandoning it for over-sea duty with no one to leave it to, that he was merely one of thousands of other service men, most of them invalids in one way or another—his own cough was due to being gassed—who refused to stand together after a few "parades of unemployed" and all of them without aid, he said, from the government at this time.

This chap was a genuinely hungry man, for upon being invited to order something to keep me company, he called for a chop, bread, hot tea and stopped there.

Too Weak to Eat

"MY STOMACH is weak because fed too irregularly," he said, "and I don't want any more just now than is good for me."

One might add to the picture, because Lockhart's, in the heart of London, almost in sight of Parliament buildings and Buckingham Palace, is the refuge of just such men, either itinerant street merchants or unemployed or, undoubtedly, a few grafters, but the grafters cannot be too many when the city is so full of men who are in the throes of hard luck.

These men, and perhaps their women, too, because not all are orphans like the dinner companion, are everywhere. They watch you as you meander along if you bear any evidence of time-killing, like a camera, for instance. It is not a glance of disapproval, but it seems to some to be a reminder, and very likely it is a reminder of better days.

It is just these men and these women who are down, but not quite out, who live on from day to day, thinking and causing others to think, except perhaps the government, and all this thought is leading to the change of London's psychology.

This very moment three ragged little girls are peering at me through the iron fence that guards the basement across what is virtually a moat and call to me for change. They smile; a tot of about three years of age is sending me a smile that ought to be worth millions to any father or mother, and the tots that can smile like that are solid children of solid people. It may be that the grown-ups of the present generation may not care to smile much or again in this London town, but it is essential that young London smiles shall be preserved for the future.

The kodak has been called into aid to carry a sample of this smile to the United States, a smile owned by two boys that look like ragamuffins and would have been so scarcely a decade ago, but just now it is dangerous to make such distinctions because more likely than not they are apt to be wrong.

London is full of the new poor, the white-collared class. But they are more thrifty and less self-conscious about it. Men wear suits of three different patterns and think nothing of showing to an indifferent world that they are last remnants of as many suits or that separate garments have been purchased as need arose. Some odd color combinations are met with, but withal there is always the sense of orderliness, of propriety, of convention. The cane is ever present. Spats are frequently seen. Toppers—two gallon and two and-a-half-gallon—are commonplace, except that they look ludicrous over a tuxedo coat.

Another thing one sees is a vast number of what are known as attaché cases, leather affairs that resemble a suit case range in size from a woman's large pocket book to a miniature trunk. One wonders where so many "attachés" are going, and what they are attached to. They cannot all be diplomatists of junior rank, and the best explanation I can think of is that the "clark" of other days are now dubbing themselves by the new name. There is a similar disease in the

(Concluded on page 10)

Blind—But She Can Read Human Character

Remarkable Faculties of Girl Stenographer of Sightless Eyes; Voice, Touch, Handshake, Assist in Her Analysis of Persons

By GEORGE C. HENDERSON

"THAT man is dishonest!"
Although the speaker was blind, she did not hesitate to pronounce her judgment.

"But you cannot see him," I protested. "What makes you think he is crooked?"

As a matter of fact the man to whom I had introduced her had been a yeggman and was then a lecturer on criminology at the university.

"I can see," she said, raising her sightless eyes. "My ears and fingers see. My whole body sees. One does not need the eyes to read character."

The little blond girl was Miss Mathilda Allison, blind stenographer, commercial college lecturer on "Business Opportunities," a graduate of high school and two technical colleges and at present history clerk and dictaphone operator at the Sonoma, California, State Home.

Although physically in total darkness, her mind reaches out toward the sun. She can see opportunities, not only for business but for big humanitarian achievements. By passing the highest in civil service examination, she caused the commission to abolish blindness as a disability and opened up the field to other sightless unfortunates. Thus she performed a service for that portion of humanity.

Miss Allison is the first blind person in America to pass a state civil service examination.

Each week this girl makes a journey at her own expense to the State Veterans' Home and teaches blind soldiers to read with their fingers in big books of raised letters.

"The voice is the chief index of character after all," said she of the long shapely fingers and the sightless eyes as she sat at her desk and rapidly thumbed through manuscripts. In some miraculous way she found the letters that she desired and handed them to her assistant.

"That man's voice was repellent, shifty. It had an insincere timbre," she continued as she rapidly typed a card and put it away in a labeled filing cabinet.

How could this woman see to pound the keys of a typewriter when she was blind? How could she sort papers and bring order out of a chaotic mess? There was something bewildering about the way those long fingers traveled unerringly over her desk and through the cases filled with correspondence.

"When the fellow shook hands with me, this sense of untrustworthiness increased," said Miss Allison.

"It is a bit difficult to analyze my sensations. You, who can see, often have met persons whose voices sounded insincere. I cannot see. I must rely upon my sense of hearing 10 times more than you. Therefore, I have trained my ears to do the work of a pair of eyes. You *see* a sneering or dishonest light in a man's eyes. I *hear* it in his voice.

"The successful man has a crisp, decisive tone that is pleasant to hear. The failure is betrayed by a wavering, vacillating tone."

The most marvelous achievement of the blind girl stenographer was that of saving a chum from marrying a crook. It was not until then that she recognized her own powers. When introduced to the young fellow she immediately pronounced him a crook. Her antipathy increased so with each meeting that her chum finally put off a marriage on the strength of it. Two months later the youth was apprehended as an embezzler and it was found that he had a penitentiary record.

"In analyzing my own feelings, I found that my character reading is made up of nine parts of observation and one part intuition. By intuition I mean that sense which causes us to dislike or like a person instinctively.

"The young man whom I condemned so quickly had a firm handshake," she admitted, "but even that was not wholesome. He was too caressing, shifty. I cannot convey the subtle distinction to you. One must be blind to understand.

"And then there was his manner of walking. I did not like the sound of his footsteps."

Here was a strange creature indeed! What possible bearing could a man's footsteps have upon his character.

"One man shuffles his feet," she explained. "Another steps out with a sharp quick tread. Weak character and loose morals go with a shuffling gait. This fellow did not walk honestly. He dragged his feet. His voice alternated between the domineering and servile.

"I have trained myself to read men's minds for self-protection. I could not do business unless I understood them."

Miss Allison has classified voices not only as to character but as to stature as well. She says there are short voices and tall voices that go with short and tall men and that there are fat, lean and medium tones. She recognized the sloppy voice of the careless person, the whine of the failure and the singsong monotone of the shiftless and lazy.

"Weak persons inevitably finish up a statement in an uncertain diffident manner," said the sightless stenographer. "They may begin quite vigorously and deceive you for a minute but they trail off into indecision before completing what they set out to do or say. This shows an incapability of sustained effort.

"A handshake speaks volumes. The warm-muscled grip of a person who is well and strong is in strange contrast to the cold, clammy touch of one who is ill or weak. The flabby hand indicates to me a flabbiness of character and physique. When I feel the grip of long, strong fingers I am inspired with an added sense of confidence.

"The general demeanor of a person is a good criterion. You wonder how I can distinguish demeanor?

"Well your crook friend kept moving around. He was shifting first one way and another. I could hear him putting his hands in his pockets, sighing, jingling keys, snapping his fingers, scuffing with his feet."

The blind girl contends that breathing also is a character index. "Seeing" people rely upon it as well as do the sightless. A puffing, wheezy person leaves a disagreeable impression. She is conscious that such a one is not physically well, and, of course, physical disability is a drain on character.

The blind girl explained the mystery of her use of the filing system by showing how she marked each folio with a Braille machine which writes in raised letters. Thus with a couple punches on the Braille she marks letters so that she can find them by the feel in going through her files.

We were going along one of the graveled walks of the Sonoma Home. Directly in the path stood an automobile. No noise was issuing from it. I waited to see how this girl would avoid it. I expected her to reach out her hands and touch it before passing, as other blind people do. But she went around it as easily as a "seeing" person.



MISS MATHILDA ALLISON

"How did you do that?" I asked. "You didn't touch the car. How did you know it was there?"

"Simplest thing in the world," she explained. "My nose warned me. It was the smell of oil, rubber and gasoline. I try not to feel my way through life."

Miss Allison makes very close "guesses" as to the size and appearance of people whom she meets but cannot see. I asked her about one stranger who had been introduced and had transacted some business.

"I thought of him as short, slight of build, about 5 feet 6 inches tall, clean-shaven, brunette and of a strong but not a dominant personality," she told me. "Now how far did I miss it?"

"Wrong as to complexion," I said. "He was a blond, not a brunette. How did you do it?"

"Well," she began slowly, "he had what I call a short man's voice. He did not talk down to me. The sound of his voice came from a point directly on a line with my own face. This indicated that he was not much taller than myself. When he shook hands I knew positively that he was not a big man. His hand was small and slender and from the angle at which he extended his arm to me, I knew he was not reaching down.

"The matter of complexion and clean-shavenness was purely an impression, conjecture. When one hears a man discussed, one immediately forms a mental vision of him. I did that."

"But what was the key to his character?" I asked.

"First the way he knocked at the door," she answered. "There was no hesitancy about it. Then his step as he entered the room; he did not mince along or shuffle his feet but walked firmly, quickly.

"Then his voice, of course. While there was nothing dominant about his tones, he addressed me by name after the introduction, showing that he had the faculty of giving attention.

"Do you know why so many people forget names after they are introduced to persons? Simply because they become confused. In reality they do not hear even the name spoken. They are thinking of their own embarrassment, about the impression they are going to make or they are forming some complimentary or uncomplimentary opinion of you. Such inability to concentrate indicates a character weakness.

"This young man shook hands easily. His fingers were long, strong and warm. He launched into his business without hesitation.

"As to knowing that his character was not dominant, this was a matter of instinctive feeling. When you meet a strong character you feel the subtle, magnetic quality which is called personality."

On one occasion Miss Allison had an opportunity to demonstrate her ability to find her way about. Her friends tried to lose her while out walking in a meadow. Then they challenged her to find her way back to the institution alone.

Without hesitancy she followed a path that led her back to the state home. The laugh was on the jokesters who insisted that she explain how she did it.

First, she had located the highway that ran past the home by the noise of the heavy traffic that distinguished it from other roads. This gave her the general direction. She walked across the meadow until she hit a path. As she proceeded she listened for the familiar noises that came from the various buildings. The blind girl had long been accustomed to identifying the various structures on the big farm by the sounds that emanated from them. She could tell even the time of day by the nature of these sounds and by the character of the traffic passing on the boulevard.

Some have eyes and see not.

This blind girl stenographer has no eyes, yet she sees all.

It was from the old blind soldiers at the Veterans' Home in Sonoma County that I first heard of the sightless girl who came to visit them weekly, like an invisible fairy, bringing laughter, happiness and cheer.

Mathilda Allison! The name caused their faces to light up and their sightless eyes probed the eternal darkness futilely to locate the speaker.

"She is a wonderful girl," they said. "She comes and reads to us each week."

There are 20 of them, blind soldiers of American wars. They cannot see the strongest light of the sun. The honeysuckle vine trailing over the hospital wall to them is but a beautiful odor.

They turn their faces up to the blue sky but they do not see. A beneficent solar glow enfolds the broad prairie land and daubs verdant masterpieces over nature's landscape canvas. Polychromatic wonders spring from the soil, filling the world with a symphony of marvelous tints. Even at night the scintillant firmament cannot be entirely obscured by darkness.

But to the 20 blind soldiers, all is black. They hear the tolling of the cowbells but they cannot see the cattle lowing on the hillside, outlined against the ruins of an adobe house. They sense the laughter in the voices of fortunate people with good eyes but the smiles are invisible to them.

But Mathilda Allison, she is the miracle worker. She brings the light and sparkle of girlish youth into their lives. Her deft fingers trail over the raised letters of the blind books and she reads to them rapidly from the tomes of all times and ages.

So say the blind soldiers of the Veterans' Home. She came out of the nowhere, it seemed. She had just been certified by the United States Army to teach blind soldiers in France and was awaiting the call to go overseas. Miss Allison was blinded when seven years old by a splinter which flew into the left eye. Her father was chopping wood. She lost the sight in both eyes.

By dint of hard work she graduated from a high school for the blind, working her way through. She then took a year's college course and attended two different business colleges, getting a diploma of graduation from each. She found that she was receiving less pay than a "seeing" person for doing the same work and this so goaded her pride that she insisted on taking the civil service examination. A special ruling was made in her favor and she passed with such a high grade that she was immediately certified by the Civil Service Commission and made history clerk of the Sonoma Home. It is from this place that she makes her regular visits to the Veterans' Home.

"Most blind people fail because they let others belittle them into thinking that they are disabled," says Miss Allison. "I refuse to believe that blindness is a disability at all.

"I refuse to feel my way through life."

A Plan for the Rehabilitation of Agriculture

Co-operative Marketing and Revitalization of U. S. Bureaus Suggested

By GEORGE H. STEVENSON

THE question, "What has modern civilization done to the American farmer?" was answered to the best of my ability in the article appearing in the May 27th issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. A friend remarked, "Everything you state is absolutely true, but terribly destructive." If telling the truth is destructive of that erroneous impression which many people still hold concerning the status of agriculture, then it was intended that that article should be destructive. In this article, however, it is my desire to present a constructive plan for the rehabilitation of agriculture. Agriculture is the basic industry, and if civilization is to endure agriculture must prosper.

In the first place, the field of agriculture falls logically into three divisions: first, economic; second, social; and third, political. I am convinced, however, that the social and political life of the rural community is determined by its economic success. Therefore, the problem of agriculture is essentially a matter of earnings and profits. The improved and modern schools, churches and social organizations of the average rural community, may be considered an accurate index of the "dollars and cents" *borrowing* capacity of the community. Rural pride, however, cannot thrive on husks alone. Far too many rural communities find themselves today mere shells of their former selves, disheartened and impotent.

It is not within the scope of this article to discuss in any detail the intricacies of the organization of the Department of Agriculture, nor of the state institutions. It is my intention, however, to emphasize the recognized fact that the Department of Agriculture has become top-heavy in the administration of regulatory functions; and that it has made available more material along scientific and investigational lines pertaining to the production of farm crops than agriculture, in its present economic plight, is able to make use of.

The Demonstration or Extension organization, consisting of some four thousand county agents, men and women, is the great constructive force, which will prove a vital factor in the readjustment and reconstruction of agriculture. The county agent has the opportunity to become the adviser, confidant and friend of his constituents. He should and does know the problems of the farmer. *Today, however, the county agent, instead of being looked upon as the emissary of the farmer, has become, because of pressure of his superiors, primarily the emissary of a multiplicity of scientific and semi-scientific bureaus desiring to exploit the results of their research, and ofttimes their theories, at the expense of the farmer.*

Too much stress is laid upon increased production, but the alert county agent knows, as does the farmer, that the problem of agriculture is not now a question of increased production, but rather a question of marketing at a profit the crops now being produced; likewise, that too often the application of science to farming is not practicable. Science generally increases cost of production, and the market value of an increased quantity does not justify the increased cost.

Too Much Specialist

SCIENCE dictates that liberal applications of phosphate rock shall be applied to the soil. No one will dispute that increased production follows, but to make the application requires an expenditure of from $10 to $20 an acre. The average farmer is not in position, being already heavily burdened with debt, to assume this new obligation. The Demonstration or Extension Service is the medium through which the Department of Agriculture and state institutions are dishing out to the farmer large quantities of rich dessert, when, as a matter of fact, the "average farmer" is starving for substantial food. It is a case of "too much" specialist, and not enough constructive, practical, nation-wide vision.

An analysis of the last annual appropriation for the Extension Service will show that the Department of Agriculture is spending more on overhead and specialists than it is on county agents, both men and women. The total allotment of all extension funds for the current year was $18,497,360, including appropriations from the Federal Government, state governments and from county authorities. When the county wants an agent it is required to put up at least half the money. The salaries and the expenses of the more than 4,000 county agents total $11,740,657, of which one-half is provided by the Federal and state governments.

When the Bureau of Markets of the Department of Agriculture was established nine years ago, it was hoped that the bureau would work out a constructive national marketing policy. But no comprehensive program has been evolved.

The farmers' isolation, the necessity for independent or family unit production, the wide variety of products grown upon the average farm, the seasonable production and marketing of staple crops, resulting in market gluts, and the uncertainty of income, are the factors, taken together, which constitute the inherent weakness of agriculture.

Generally speaking, I do not advocate the entrance of government into private business. In agriculture, I believe that the time has come when the government should provide machinery on a nation-wide scale, through which farmer co-operative marketing associations may organize and function.

Taken through a series of years, the American farmer does not, and need not fear the normal functioning of the law of supply and demand, but for many years this law has not been permitted to function normally. The more compact and cohesive tendencies of urban peoples has made possible a system of middlemen, so thoroughly intrenched that they now maintain themselves in open defiance of the laws of supply and demand.

It would seem on its face, that the carrying out of a program of sufficient magnitude to effect the results I suggest would prove a tremendous undertaking. It would impose the test of sincerity and statesmanship upon Congress. However, I am convinced that the most drastic action is justified.

The principal points of my plan involve:

1. A reorganization of the Federal and state co-operative demonstration service, affecting principally the character of work expected of the county agent. (The Extension Service should in its entirety be administered directly by an assistant secretary of agriculture.)

2. A reorganization of the Bureau of Economics (formerly the Bureau of Markets), leaving a portion of the work in the present organization under the Department of Agriculture, placing the balance under the control and direction of an independent board to be known as the "Federal Board of Co-operative Farm Marketing and Finance."

The reorganization suggested will be more particularly a matter of revitalizing the organization, and directing its course back into the channels originally outlined by its founder, the late Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, to wit:

(a) Economic production.
(b) Standardization of products.
(c) Stimulating of co-operative effort among farmers.
(d) Application of demonstration principles to rural homes.
(e) And of vital importance, encouraging the production upon the farm of as much as may be possible of the food consumed thereon.

Following the above general outline, assuming that it would be administered with due regard to varying conditions, the personnel of this organization, if once more imbued with the idealism and inspiration of the original workers when headed by Dr. Knapp, will accomplish their full part.

County Agents Hampered

IT SHOULD be said for the Co-operative Demonstration Service, as now constituted, that it is doing much in an unofficial way to aid the farmers in their attempts at organization along co-operative marketing lines. The county agent in extending this aid, however, is placed in a class with the "lawbreaker," for he is under instructions from headquarters not to participate actively in this work, as it is contrary to the interpretation given the organic law establishing the Demonstration Service. I would recommend the establishment of this new agency under the name of the "Federal Board of Co-operative Farm Marketing and Finance," under a board of practical men, representing the marketing interests of co-operative associations, organized along commodity lines, two representatives for each group, namely: grains, cotton, tobacco, live stock, dairy products and perishables, with the Secretaries of Agriculture and Commerce members ex officio of the board.

I would suggest that all market work, together with the administration of the Warehouse Act be transferred to the board as above outlined, leaving in the present Bureau of Economics all economic investigations, and crop and live stock statistical work. A part of the regulatory work since the first of July of this year has been placed directly under the Secretary of Agriculture, and should remain there.

The Bureau of Economics would remain under the administration of the Department of Agriculture, classed as a scientific division or bureau, continuing its economic studies into the subject of marketing, farm finance, and general agricultural statistics. The highest standard should be maintained in the personnel of this organization.

The functions of the Federal Board of Co-operative Farm Marketing and Finance should be separated into two divisions—first, the Division of Co-operative Farm Organizations, and second, the Division of Finance. The Division of Co-operative Farm Organizations would be that constructive force in the organization and operation of farm organizations.

The Financing Plan

UNDER the Finance Division would be established a corporation, the operating capital to be provided from the Federal Treasury, through the issuance of long-term government bonds, these bonds to be sold, in so far as may be practical, in the rural sections. The sale of these bonds should be made through national farm loan associations, country banks and farm organizations. This corporation should be empowered with the authority to purchase, build, lease or license warehouses, elevators and cold storage plants in all primary and export centers where available facilities are either inadequate or controlled by interests which operate same on a basis discriminatory to the co-operative commodity associations seeking to do business with them. Warehouse receipts should be issued for produce stored as provided for under the Warehouse Act, said certificates to be acceptable as collateral security for advances to the co-operative association controlling the product for which the certificate is issued. It is contemplated that a large part of the capital of the finance corporation would be available as a revolving fund which may be supplemented by collateral loans from the Federal Reserve System. In fact, the finance corporation should be a member of the Reserve System, authorized by law to do business direct with any one of the 12 Reserve banks Be it understood, that the finance corporation should seek in every way possible, through cash advances and the providing of storage facilities, to bring about an orderly marketing of crops, seeking by these means to maintain prices against the serious and ofttimes ruinous breaks resulting under the present system from the periodical market gluts and from market manipulation.

The country as a whole has come to recognize that the complexities of the present-day civilization, considering the interdependent relationship existing as between industries, render it unthinkable for our government to permit the disintegration and failure of any fundamental industry. I insist that the plight of agriculture is the concern of the whole nation, and that action along fundamental lines is justified and imperative.

American Lights Gleam on London's Hungry Concluded from page 8

United States where brief cases are now carried by everybody except the iceman.

The old faithful stick is doing overtime, in every conceivable manner of carrying, from the debonair to the measured pounding with each step. It is carried under the armpit and it is held across one's shoulder blades or held tightly in the hand. They are generally old sticks—boon company of other days—and often the only relic remaining of past prosperity, because in such cases the stick reveals costliness and elegance that belies the present state of its owner.

But these owners, one and all, may be poor but they are not miserable. They are sitting tight. They are self-centered. For this reason editorials in newspapers, finding fault with stolid ones who do not uncover their heads as they pass the Whitehall Cenotaph, or when the band plays "God Save the King," fail to realize that the Britisher who a few years ago had nothing to think about except how to be extremely conventional is now suffering from absent-mindedness, and in the whole for a good purpose. It is better that he should be thinking to the point of self-effacement than to have nothing to think about except to be overpolite.

Thus there is little to London of the old London, regarded from its human equation. A false note was struck in Kingsway, along that spot that might seem a bit of the United States, for one meets such names as the General Electric Company, Kodak, Dictaphone, Ingersoll, International Correspondence Schools, Armour and Woolworth's. At that corner, illuminated in emerald green that houses the Ford agency, there passed a drunken elderly woman who was waving and gabbing at the passers-by.

This is London today. It is a city—

Through the open window of my Upper Bedford place, Russell Square, hotel, strains of music reach my ears. It is dusk and there are intermittent showers. I hear an excellent baritone voice singing Gounod's Ave Maria, to the accompaniment of an organ and a violin. They are three itinerant musicians giving forth a music the like of which I have never heard before in any streets, not even Piedigrotta during the song festivals, because this is much deeper than anything the Neapolitan town stands for. I shut my eyes, my typewriter is stilled, and I think of a church service; this is the best compliment I can think of. For the street is very quiet, although it is twilight in the heart of London, and such music is carried to working chaps like me, to solitary individuals inhabiting the countless rooms hereabouts, perchance to welcome it . . . . And now starts Mendelssohn's Spring Song, which in turn is followed by Raff's Cavatina. They are old friends, and such a concert is worth two dollars of anybody's money. We pay more for much less.

I have just returned from a chat with one of them. The singer, who excused himself for hoarseness, is an ex-service man, English through and through; so are his two companions, he told me. It is the best way out of their economic difficulty, and to be frank they collect liberally, but this means that their auditors are pleased. That is an unusual compliment in the case of street music.

But music of this kind, and of variety, seems to be gripping London. For this morning a group of brass players, four of them, I believe, were playing beautifully, and cornets and trombones synchronized so well is no mean feat. Later a duet, an ex-service man playing a one-string fiddle, and his wife singing while playing a melodeon, came along and gave me a picture of himself as a memento.

Three teams, as it were, that would grace any vaudeville theater now overburdened with jazz and related atrocities, and, mark you, real London—the London away from the rich foreigners' habitats—enjoying it. Then there are the church bells, mostly chiming Westminster quarters, or scattered clocks in houses hereabouts striking to the accompaniment of varied melodies on tubes, rods and bells.

As long as London has and can enjoy this music, in the streets, England is all right. As long as England is all right all will be well with the world.

The Royal Gift of a Royal Dancing Master

"Old Masters" Testify to Louis Philippe's Gratitude to Kentucky City

By ROBBIE TRENT

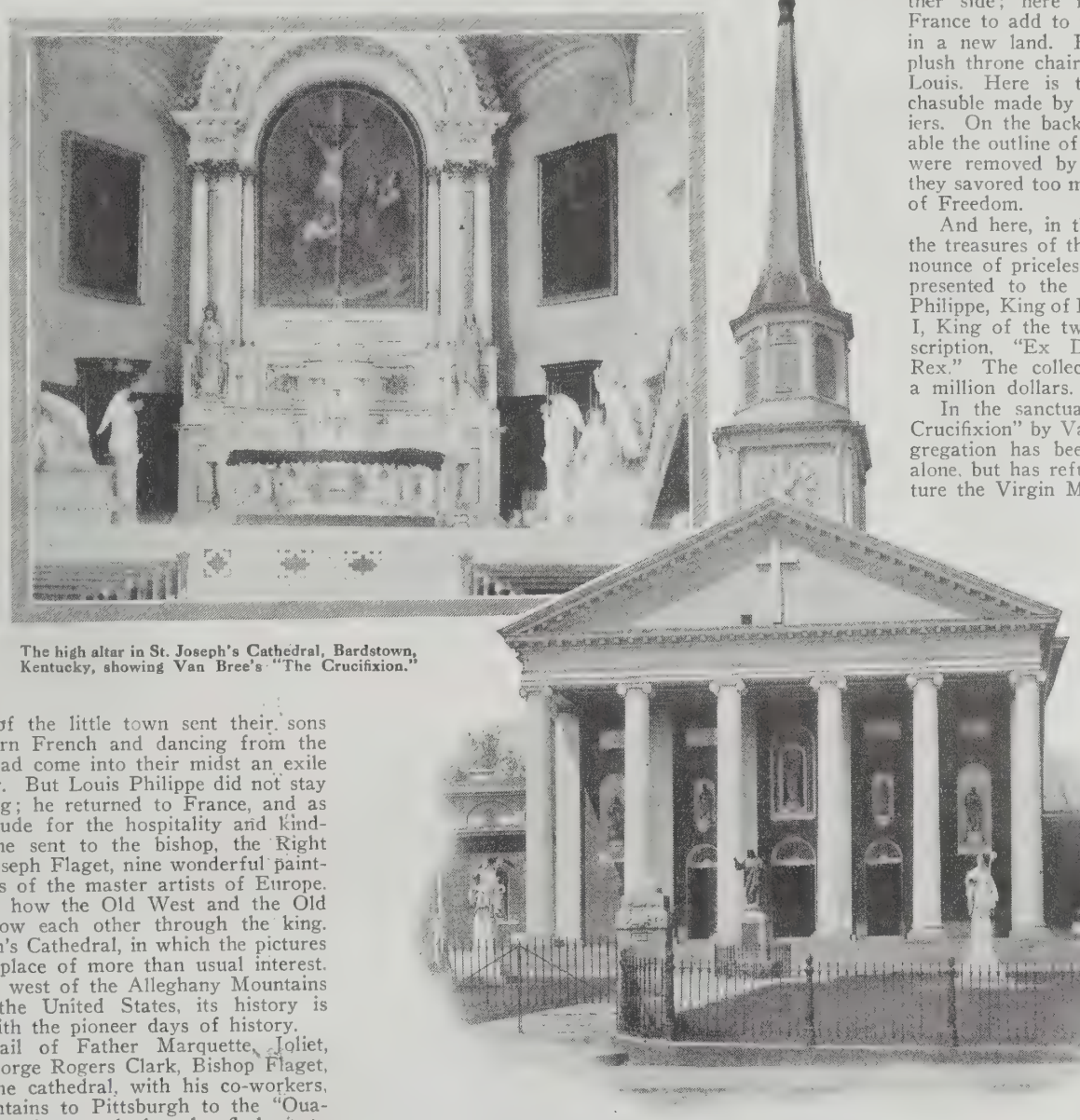
THIS is the true story of the Old West, a King and the Old Masters. The king is mentioned second because it was through him that the Old West and the Old Masters came together.

The Old West! What a name it is for conjuring. Under its magic spell, one can hear, if he listens carefully, the tramp, tramp of the adventuring footsteps of the pioneer settlers over mountains and untrod hills to valleys rich in the promise of fruitage and the music of falling waters.

There were men of many minds in these expeditions; men who came lured by the call of a new land, and men who came to escape the problems and obligations of life in their own land. There were men who sought the wealth of the soil and others who found in the vast reaches of the great forests a hope which filled them with joyous abandon.

"Once upon a time" is the proper way to begin, so, "Once upon a time, long, long ago," so the story goes, "a king came riding by," a ragged, hungry and discouraged monarch, but a king nevertheless. From across the seas he came, through the cities of the East and over the mountains, into the hills of Kentucky, to the little village of Bardstown.

And because the king was hungry, and the good bishop of Bardstown had admonished his flock that they must "be not forgetful to entertain strangers," the pioneer settlers of the little town sent their sons and daughters to learn French and dancing from the youthful ruler who had come into their midst an exile from his own country. But Louis Philippe did not stay in the little town long; he returned to France, and as a token of his gratitude for the hospitality and kindnesses shown him, he sent to the bishop, the Right Reverend Benedict Joseph Flaget, nine wonderful paintings from the brushes of the master artists of Europe. That is the story of how the Old West and the Old Masters came to know each other through the king.



The high altar in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Bardstown, Kentucky, showing Van Bree's "The Crucifixion."

The old St. Joseph's Cathedral, in which the pictures are hung, is itself a place of more than usual interest. As the first cathedral west of the Alleghany Mountains and the second in the United States, its history is closely interwoven with the pioneer days of history.

Following the trail of Father Marquette, Joliet, Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark, Bishop Flaget, the first pastor of the cathedral, with his co-workers, journeyed over mountains to Pittsburgh to the "Ouabouskigin," the Ohio River, and then by flatboat to Louisville, which was reached on June 4, 1811. From Louisville to Bardstown the journey must be made by land, and the new bishop labored part of the way on foot. Some of the extracts from an account of the journey give a glimpse of a few of the frontiersman's difficulties of travel.

In a letter of July 2, 1817, Bishop Flaget says: "While we were there (in Louisville), the faithful of my episcopal city put themselves in motion to receive me in a manner conformable to my dignity. They dispatched for my use a fine equipage drawn by two horses; and a son of one among the principal inhabitants considered himself honored in being the driver. Horses were furnished to all those who accompanied me, and four wagons transported our baggage . . . . The roads were so detestable, that, in spite of my beautiful chargers and my excellent driver, I was obliged to perform part of the journey on foot; and I should have so traveled the entire way, had not one of my young seminarians dismounted and presented me his horse."

In this manner the first bishop of the West came unto his diocese, which at that time was three times larger than all of France, embracing what is now included in the states of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Wisconsin and Iowa. With a parish whose area extended over 10 states and included frontiersmen, Negroes and Indians, the bishop indeed had a wide scope for his work.

The "episcopal palace" of this diocese consisted of two log huts, 16 feet square, and there the bishop and his companions lived, carried on the services of the church and conducted a seminary for the young men who had come with them. It was this crude seminary which became the cradle of the old College of St. Joseph which opened her doors in 1819 as one of the pioneer educational institutions of the frontier.

The original brick building is still in use today, the old walls standing as solid and strong as ever. The concrete dormitory dates back to the days of the Jesuits. On the campus is a weather-stained handball wall, a silent testimony to the fact that the educators of 1819 believed in vigorous outdoor recreation for the youth under their care.

It is interesting to note, in the entrance hall, a time-yellowed paper which gives the expense of the college course of a century ago:

"Tuition alone in higher branches $40 in Kentucky paper.

"Tuition alone in common branches $28 in Kentucky paper. Board and tuition, including washing and mending $125 specie."



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St. Joseph's Cathedral, Bardstown, Kentucky.

At the entrance of the grounds is a great iron gate with heavy knocker. On either side of the gate is a small brick lodge house, where the watchful porter waited to answer the calls of long ago. The porters are gone now and the lodge houses are empty, but the old St. Joseph's College still opens its doors to the youths who come to learn of its wisdom.

It was early in the heart of Bishop Flaget to build a house of worship, and on June 16, 1816, the corner stone of St. Joseph's Cathedral was laid.

Amid the lofty trees of the forests, then practically untouched, there arose another temple in the wilderness, a temple which is today considered, by those capable of judging, one of the most beautiful examples of religious architecture in this part of the world.

Outside, the Greek style predominates. The walls which are three feet thick are made of brick manufactured in the inclosed yard. The building is 150 feet long, 74 feet wide and 60 feet high. Across the front is a portico with six great Ionic columns. Each of these columns is a monument to the patience and painstaking genius of the pioneer builders who hewed, sawed and shaped the massive supports without the aid of modern machinery. They are tributes also to the one-time grandeur of the forests of the Old West, for each pillar, "shining and tall and fair and straight," is the trunk of a great walnut tree from the wooded hills of Kentucky.

A most unusual feature of the exterior of the building is the row of 10 white tablets, one above each window. On each of the gleaming stones is inscribed one of the commandments from the tablets of Sinai.

The slender spire, crowned by a cross, rests upon a square tower in which there was for nearly a century a wooden clock brought from Ninove, Belgium. This clock was used until 1915, when the silver-toned bells ceased to ring and a new timepiece replaced the old one.

The old bell is one of the most prized possessions of the cathedral. Made at Alost, in Belgium, for the Monastery of Ninove, it for years called pious monks to prayers. From France it was sent by Louis Philippe as a gift to Bishop Flaget, and for almost a century now, it has been sounding forth to the little town the message of the Old Cathedral. The original bell was cracked some years ago, but it was recast and is still in use today.

The woodwork of the interior of the cathedral is of solid walnut. The arrangement and decorations are such as to give the impression of Roman architecture. Here again are great columns flanking the nave on either side; here is the deep-toned organ sent from France to add to the beauty and dignity of the church in a new land. Here is the bishop's throne and the plush throne chair presented to Bishop Flaget by King Louis. Here is the wondrously wrought red velvet chasuble made by the Queen of France and her courtiers. On the back of this vestment there is still traceable the outline of the French royal coat of arms, which were removed by Bishop Flaget because he felt that they savored too much of autocracy for use in the Land of Freedom.

And here, in the dim light of hallowed tapers, are the treasures of the East, treasures that art critics pronounce of priceless value. These are the nine paintings presented to the first bishop of Bardstown by Louis Philippe, King of France, and his brother-in-law, Francis I, King of the two Sicilies. On each frame is the inscription, "Ex Dono Franciscus Lutriusque Sicilae Rex." The collection has been valued at more than a million dollars.

In the sanctuary over the high altar hangs "The Crucifixion" by Van Brée, the Flemish artist. The congregation has been offered $100,000 for this painting alone, but has refused to sell at any price. In this picture the Virgin Mother and John, the beloved disciple, are standing gazing at the figure on the Cross, while the weeping Magdalene clasps the feet of the dying Christ.

On the wall of the right aisle nearest the altar is Rubens' "The Flaying of St. Bartholomew." This is considered the most valuable painting of the collection. The shadows on the picture are heavy, and only when the western sun lights up the rich colorings of the artist's brush can the vividness of the scene be to any degree comprehended. But it is worth waiting for the light to get a glimpse of the figures.

On the left is Murillo's "Crowning of the Blessed Virgin." This is a more pleasing picture, resembling to a marked degree the "Immaculate Conception." The cherub faces are very similar, and the soft clouds and subdued radiance are the same. The other paintings are: "The Winged St. Mark" by Van Dyck, "St. Peter in Chains" by Van Dyck, "St. John the Baptist" by Van Dyck; "The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin" and "The Descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost," thought to have been painted by Van Eyck, and "St. Aloysius Teaching the Youths" by an unknown artist.

These are the treasures of the Old Cathedral, and it is a treasure house indeed. It is a wonderful thing to find a gem of such symmetry and beauty in the crude setting of a little town not far from the Kentucky mountain district.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Outside a soft snow had fallen, wrapping the last barren twig in a garment of whiteness and splendor. The wind was silent and the stars were shining as brightly as they did a century ago on the unbroken forests. Inside, the deep-toned organ was pealing forth notes of challenge, of strength and of hope. And the song was the song of strong men who fight and weak men who win, the song of those who see visions and dream dreams—the song of the Pioneers.

"We, detachments steady throwing
Down the edges through the passes up the mountains steep;
Conquering, holding, daring,
Venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers—O Pioneers!"

And the song was a song of gladness because of the Old West, a King and the Old Masters.

Where Motor Stages Are Superseding Railroads

A Transportation War in Which the People Win Better Service

By JOHN ANSON FORD

ONE of the most significant revolutions in transportation is taking place on the Pacific Coast, particularly in California, as a result of the introduction of the "motor stage" as a competitor of the steam and electric lines. During the past year more than 13,000,000 passengers traveled in these gasoline-driven, rubber-tired common carriers in California. The social and economic results from this change are marked. Communities that were considered forever off "the beaten track" have found new life. The motor buses have made every farmer's gateway a stopping point comparable to a street corner on a city car line. The rail lines, steam and electric, have awakened to the fact that they face a competitor who can give a service they cannot give.

There are 260 motor stage routes in California with a total mileage of 11,162 miles. Twenty-two routes are more than 100 miles in length. Two of them connect Los Angeles and San Francisco, serving different territory, each over 450 miles long. Over these two latter routes passengers travel daily, making the trip in 16 to 17½ hours, without change of cars. The buses, or stages, as westerners prefer to call them, are provided with especially built bodies. The fares average less than the railway fares and the time is comparable to that of interurban lines. The two long runs furnish successful competition to steam trains. In mountainous regions, inaccessible to the railways, the buses necessarily make slower time and the fare rates are higher. The total income last year from motor transport lines, including freight carriers in California, was $14,831,895. About $1,000,000 was derived from handling mail.



Most of the stages are of pay-as-you-enter type.

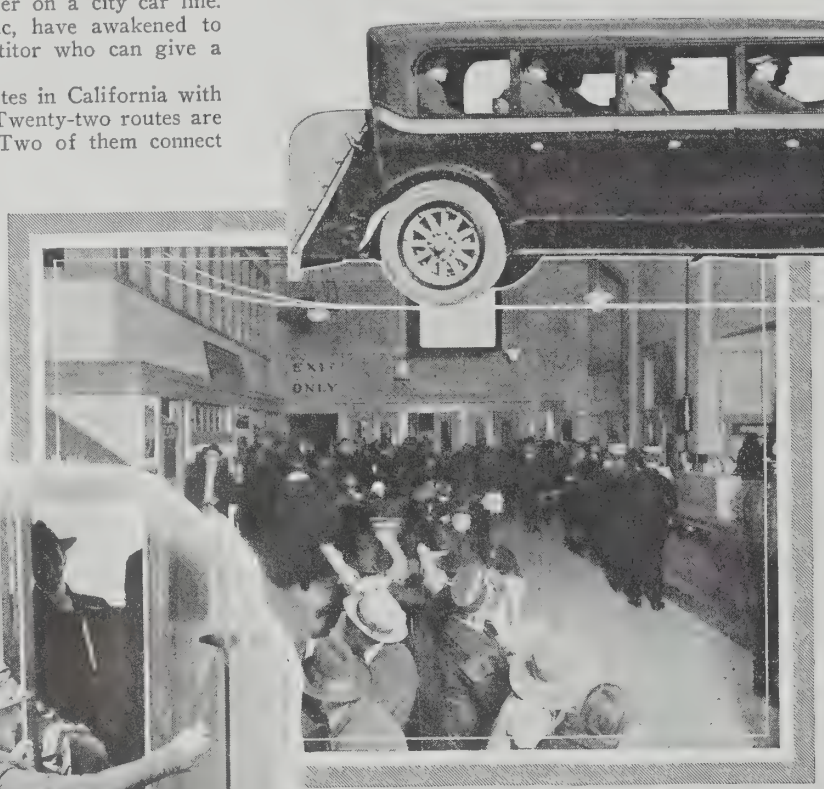
But the whole story is not of receipts and passengers. A thousand remote communities and thousands upon thousands of ranches and farms have been given daily contact with the outside world. Out on the Mohave Desert, for example, a few miles from the town of Victorville is an orchard settlement called Adelanto. There men are reclaiming the desert. Next to the automobile and the telephone is the motor stage as a factor in keeping this settlement in touch with the rest of the world. No railway or electric line could afford to build a branch to Adelanto, but a motor line, for freight and passengers, is wholly practical.

In Northern California there have been vast sections that had no common-carrier service until the motor stages entered the field.

The complete equipment which these stages now possess is a matter of astonishment to visitors. Every large city in the state has its stage depot, many of them being "union depots," maintained jointly by several stage lines. The Union Stage Depot in Los Angeles is conveniently located with respect to the retail district. This stage depot handles more than 3,000,000 passengers annually.

It has been contended that stage lines are practicable only in a mild climate where there is no snow and little severe temperature. This argument has been shown incorrect. From Los Angeles to Bakersfield, a distance of 113 miles, is a road paved with concrete, popularly known as the "Ridge Route" which was one of the most difficult roads in point of engineering to be found in this country. For more than half its length it follows the ridge of a mountain range, rising to elevations of more than 4,000 feet. The winter climate on this "Ridge" is as severe as in Wisconsin, Michigan, or New York. But despite cold and snow, motor buses running over this route maintain their schedules winter as well as summer.

Each year sees improvement in the design of these motor stages. The seating capacity varies from 8 and 12 to 20 and even 30, depending on the density of traffic. In traveling something more than 1,000 miles on various lines in the state the writer found that the stages did not exceed 35 miles an hour, the legal limit. And yet so consistently do the trained drivers keep a steady near-maximum of speed that they pass more than 95 per cent of the vehicles on the road. Like trolley cars, the buses always come to a dead stop at all rail crossings.



View of the Los Angeles Union Stage Depot which handled 3,000,000 persons last year.



Interior view of typical motor stage showing commodious seating arrangement.

Most of the stages are of the pay-as-you-enter type, the driver taking care of tickets and change except at the large stations where gatemen are provided. The seats in the buses are placed crosswise and usually there is an aisle running down the center. As little glass as possible is used in the special bodies, but the curtains at each seat end, which are of the tight-fitting, windproof kind, are provided with celluloid "windows."

This big transportation service was inaugurated less than a decade ago with the widespread introduction of "jitneys." Through lack of regulation and fixed responsibility many of the "jitneys" went out of business, but the idea survived. Like the early history of steam roads and electric roads, many short lines competed and overlapped in motor-stage development. Indeed, the fact that there are 260 stage lines in California at the present time, shows that this period has not yet passed. However, considerable consolidation has already taken place but there remains enough competition among the stage lines themselves as well as with the rail lines to give that "spice" which is said to be the life of trade. A large proportion of this stage business is now controlled by four concerns, whose financial resources are such that they can keep a large number of vehicles on the road and can maintain suitable stations.

Steam and electric railways feel that the millions of dollars taken in by the stages have been taken away from them. The stage men are emphatic in their declaration that fully half of their business is patronage which the rail lines never did get and which, by reason of less frequent stops, they never can get. For example, stage lines, trolley lines and steam lines run between Riverside and Los Angeles, a distance of slightly more than 50 miles. The bulk of the travel between these points is by trolley. Steam rates are too high and trains too infrequent. Stage lines have built up a very profitable Los Angeles-Riverside business, 14 round trips being made daily.



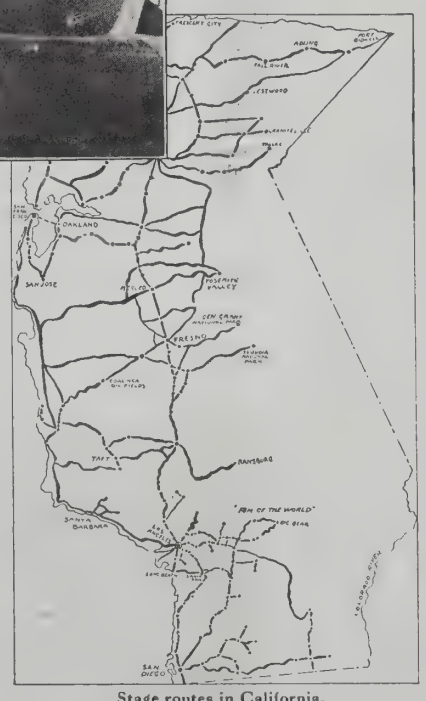
One of the smaller stages which make daily trips from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

But a study of this traffic shows that an average of only two or three persons in each stage load are "through passengers." The majority are bound for intermediate points—and these intermediate stops are not merely the half-dozen towns in between but every crossroad and ranch gate. Therein lies the secret of stages—they give a roadside service. It may be remarked that city service and service to suburban communities immediately adjoining such cities as Los Angeles and Oakland is practically monopolized by the interurban lines, due to their franchises. But for these factors the stage lines undoubtedly would have invaded and successfully served much residential territory contiguous to the principal centers of population.

There are other cities which find in the motor stages a better long-distance service than that given by the trains and it is that fact which makes the rail lines particularly hostile to the new competitors. Bakersfield at the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley, and 122 miles from Los Angeles, is an example. Connecting the two cities are the Southern Pacific Railway and the Motor Transit Company, one of the largest of the stage concerns.

The stages travel over the "Ridge Route." The stages, it is estimated, carry twice as many passengers as does the steam line. The Southern Pacific Railway has five trains daily from Los Angeles to Bakersfield, some of them of the slow traveling "local" type, and the average running time is seven hours. The bus, or stage line has seven cars running to Bakersfield, making the trip in five hours and charging only $5.50 for a one-way ticket and $9 for the round trip. The steam line charges $6.68, one way, and no reduction for a round trip.

"Volume" is the key to the common-carrier business. Heavy rails, big locomotives and heavy passenger and Pullman cars are profitable only where thousands are traveling a given route each month. Lighter rails, one and two-car trolley trains and electric power houses are profitable where hundreds are carried in place of thousands. But the stage lines, with still smaller investment and no right of way to maintain, can operate with profit where there are tens instead of hundreds of passengers. The older transportation agencies are face to face with an immutable economic law. They have a competitor who enjoys greater simplicity of organization, lower operating costs and greater adaptability.



Stage routes in California.

It is on this point of difference in investment that the present controversy in California hinges. "Of course, the stages can beat us," declare rail officials in effect, "they use the public rights of way which our taxes help to maintain."

However, that statement, while true, does not cover the case, which is rather complicated. Technically, the stage lines of California pay no taxes. They do pay taxes to counties and municipalities, however. On the other hand, the rail lines, together with other public utilities like light and power companies, pay a direct tax to the state in lieu of all other taxes. Even the automobiles of these concerns are exempt from license fees. The steam railways are now required to pay to the state seven per cent of their gross receipts. The electric lines pay five and one-fourth per cent of their gross receipts.

It is claimed that the percentage of gross receipts is a mathematical convenience for levying the tax. It cannot rightly be called the *basis* of the tax. Computed on recent earnings and valuations, the taxes paid by some of the leading California steam roads are *less than two per cent* of the investment. (*Concluded on page 15*)

How a Cable End Ended Cable Monopolies

Single Shot Fired at Miami Bids Fair to Have Far-reaching Consequences; The Complications That Arose From Government Interest in Business

By THEODORE M. KNAPPEN

THE shot that was fired at Miami didn't resound round the world, but it did reverberate as far as London and clean around the whole continent of South America and back to New York and Washington. It was some shot as single shots go; it was just a sort of a popgun, blank-cartridge affair fired by a drab little sub-chaser, but it revolutionized communications between the North and South American continents.

Said shot off Miami in late 1919 was in the nature of a command to a Western Union cable ship to stop, desist and otherwise cease from trying to tie a cable to the United States. Scores of cables had been dragged out of the oceans and attached to North America with no more fuss than when a fishline is pulled in. The Western Union, being a corporation that pays its taxes on time, was dumbfounded. The stolid British Western Telegraph Company was apopleptic. The All-America Cable Company, which by means of a flea introduced into an official Washington ear, had procured the firing of the shot, was not exactly downhearted; and the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company felt better than it had for some time.

Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union, broadcast a series of hot press releases and hastened to Washington to protest. Washington was greatly disconcerted—for it feared that it had done something without a precedent; the Wilson Administration on its State Department side disliked being caught without a precedent. After some days a precedent was found that fitted like a glove.

Back in President Grant's time the French Cable Company wanted to land a cable in the United States. Now, in France you never do anything without a permit, and so it never occurred to this French company that it was the free-and-easy custom to land cables anywhere in the United States without asking permission. Its representatives respectfully solicited permission. Nobody in the State Department knew how to issue such a permit, or thought one necessary. But the Frenchmen insisted that it was patently impossible to land a cable without a permit, and that if they couldn't get one they would have to take their cable to Canada or Mexico or somewhere. So the unprecedented request was referred to President Grant, who being disinclined to disappoint the polite and considerate Frenchmen referred the matter in the interrogative affirmative to the Attorney-General of that day. The Attorney-General looked in the Constitution and under it and also in the amendments but couldn't find anything about cables. He rendered an opinion, however, that this was manifestly a question of foreign relations, which were the prerogative of the President, whenever the Senate wasn't interfering.

They Were So Polite

ACCORDINGLY, President Grant instructed the State Department to issue a beautiful permit, ribbons, seals, engrossment and all.

Then the meticulous Frenchmen produced their charter from France to prove their identity, right to be on the premises, bona fides and general good character. Nobody in the State Department wanted to read the document, the same being in French anyway; but the Frenchmen were so obviously hurt by this indifference to their fundamental document that some underling was finally instructed to read it so carefully that he could remember it backward, in case the Frenchmen should casually mention Paragraph 6 of Section VII, for instance. He went to his appointed task with great conscientiousness and discovered that the French company was vouchsafed a monopoly of all cable landings in France. Here was a great to-do. The French company wanted to connect up a cable with the United States, but no American company could get within three miles of French soil with its cable! Gallic propriety had overreached itself. The determination of the Frenchmen to have a permit made it necessary for the company to denounce its French territory monopoly. So there was the precedent.

The Western Union said the foregoing constituted not much of a precedent. The British Western Telegraph Company was laying a cable from Brazil to connect at Barbadoes with the Western Union's cable. So the W. U. betook itself to the courts, pointing out that all kinds of cables had been landed in the United States since the French cable without permits.

The retort was that nobody but the Frenchmen had ever asked for a permit, and the government hadn't officially had its attention directed to other cable landings until the intended one at Miami—and history bristles with proof that no self-respecting, correct government ever knows anything unless it knows it officially. The courts decided that the whole affair was none of their business. In the meantime, Senator Kellogg, of Minnesota, introduced and procured the passage by Congress of a bill requiring cable companies to obtain permission from the President before landing cables. Incidentally, it was retroactive, and all cable companies were directed to obtain permits for all cable landings since submarine cables began.

Cable prospects at Miami now began to look up, and the Western Union, with the Western Telegraph Company hovering in the offing, applied for its permit as made and provided by law—but the Navy still remained on guard at Miami and the Barbadoes cable lay impotently on the bottom of the ocean, with nothing but a buoy to betray its presence.

In the meantime, the Wilson Administration had gone out and the Harding Administration had come in with its penchant for taking the government out of business, which supposedly included the cable business. Of course, it was only a matter of formality now—getting the permit. But the unexpected always happens. Harding O. K.'d Wilson. The State Department officials had been looking into the whole question of South American cables, not entirely without the aid and consent of the All-America Cable Company, and these are some of the things they discovered:

The Western Cable Company of England had a 60-year cable concession from Brazil with seven or eight years yet to run, giving it what amounted to a monopoly of all Brazilian intra-coastal cable rights. The All-America Company has one cable from Buenos Aires to Santos, in Brazil, and another from Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro. The Western's monopoly kept the American company from laying a cable between Santos and Rio, so that it had to lay two cables of great length, where one with a comparatively short extension would have done. It could, at that, handle nothing but terminal business in Brazil.

Competitive Cross-currents

THE Western had also monopolistic rights in Uruguay and the lion's share of rights in Argentine, including a monopoly of all cable business originating on land wires. The All-America Company was in Buenos Aires by means of a telegraph connection across the continent from its west coast cable terminal at Valparaiso, but it had to content itself with Argentine business originating at Buenos Aires except what the Western suffered it to have to non-competitive points on the west coast. But when it came to cablegrams to the United States there was nothing stirring unless the message was handed in at the All-America's Buenos Aires office, as the Western could route such business via Brazil and England.

However, Santos and Rio de Janeiro are most of Brazil in a foreign cabling business way and Buenos Aires is about 90 per cent of the Argentine in the same sense. The All-America cables could shoot messages across South America, up the west coast to Panama and across the Caribbean and the Gulf to the United States points about twice as rapidly as the Western Telegraph Company could relay them via England—and it was getting about two-thirds of the cable business.

In these circumstances the Western Cable Company decided that it must have a direct line to the United States. It proceeded to lay a cable from Brazil to the British Island of Barbadoes, in the Antilles, and arranged with the Western Union Telegraph Company, which had long longed for a piece of the South American business, to lay a connecting cable from Barbadoes to Miami. This greatly aggrieved the All-America Company, which complained that it had been baffled by the Western Cable's monopoly in an attempt of its own to lay a cable to the United States from some point in Brazil where, it contended, the Western's concession did not apply. The All-America Company protested the granting of a permit for the Miami landing, on the ground that it would be playing into the hands of a British cable monopoly that had the whole eastern coast of South America tied up more or less tightly. On the other hand, the State Department found that in effect the All-America cables had a good working monopoly, taking all its concessions together of all the cable business down the western coast of South America in Colombia, Ecuador and Peru; Chile being free to all comers. Of course, an American company, with foreign concessions, doesn't look just the same as a British company with foreign concessions, especially when the latter is trying to get into American business; so the All-America people had a good deal of sympathy around the State Department whenever they bawled piteously about the designing and monopolistic Western Cable Company and the deep dark meaning of the Miami contact.

But the Western Union kept on shaking its tax receipts and demanding its permit according to law. Finally it got it, but it was a conditional permit with U. S. A. blown in the bottle, in accordance with the policy of Charles Evans Hughes to put into foreign business all the government had taken out of domestic business. This permit without naming names stipulated in effect that the Western Union could land its cable at Miami, provided a certain circumlocutionarily described British cable company surrendered all its privileges and concessions as against all other American and British cable companies, and, also, provided that the All-America Company divested itself of all its octopian tentacles, in so far as they interfered with cable freedom of other American or British companies. Having done this the State Department let the two competing companies settle their differences in any way they saw fit, not mentioning the fact that there was only one way. Both companies are led by able men with good eyesight. Accordingly, they shook off their business bellicosity and agreed to renounce all their respective special cable privileges up and down the coasts of South America, east and west. So once again the Western Union reached out for the permit.

"But wait," says the State Department, "it is not enough for you two companies to say that your respective contracts with South American governments are no longer binding. It takes two to make a contract and also two to unmake one. You must get the South American governments to give up their ends of the documents."

Snags in Argentine

BUT by this time, the permit having begun to look like an inevitable cinch, the Western Union had sent a cable steamer down to grapple the Miami cable end, and it had been picked up. Picking up a cable from the bottom of the deep sea, blue or otherwise, even when buoyed, is not like picking up a fallen telegraph wire; and once again the Western Union had a cable up with no place to put it, and a mean-looking United States fighting craft sticking around just the same as if the permit weren't a cinch. The All-America Company quickly lined up its west coast governments and the Western Cable Company soon made satisfactory self-denying pacts with Brazil and Uruguay, but it struck a time-killing snag in the Argentine. The principle is all right there and the outcome is certain but the concession tangle has to be untangled in a slow and devious procedure that may delight international lawyers and professional diplomats but that causes business men to look favorably upon expletives.

All this time the Western Union cable layer was hanging on to the Miami end of the Barbadoes-Brazil cable and doing nothing else but hanging. Then came a hurry-up call for a cable job at Halifax. "Have a heart," said the Western Union in meaning, if not in words, to the State Department. "Don't compel us to throw this darned cable end overboard again and come back fishing for it."

And the State Department had a heart.

If you will go down to Miami you can see that famous cable end on shore; but there is a big gob sitting on it, equipped with all the personal armament that any one American gob has when cleared for action. One of these days when the final formal diplomatic deliverance shall be delivered from Buenos Aires, the gob will hop off.

When he does you will see the ripe fruit of the new American diplomacy in foreign business, as instanced in South American cables. There will be no more British monopoly in those parts—nor even American monopoly—and American business men will have a double and competitive service to all points south. It is even in the gossip that the Western Union will soon festoon the western coast of the southern continent with loops of cable at the same time that the All-America cables are likewise decorating the coasts of Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil and laying an Atlantic cable to Miami or some other convenient home town.

From the Veranda of "The Hermitage"



Albert H. Abernathy, who reads The Dearborn Independent, recently enjoyed the story and photographs having to do with the construction of the highway that passes before "The Hermitage," the historic home of "Old Hickory," Gen. Andrew Jackson. He forwarded a view of the grounds stretching from the veranda and it is here reproduced.

70 Miles of Books Are Placed at Your Disposal

Congressional Library, Beautiful Home of Uncle Sam's 3,000,000 Volumes

By GEORGE H. DACY

IF A veritable bookworm essayed the stupendous assignment of reading all the books in the Congressional Library—the most beautiful edifice of its kind and the third largest—it would take him 2,000 years to finish the job if he read three books a week. Uncle Sam's huge reference library is replete in practically everything that is readable. Its hundreds of thousands of volumes—it takes 102 miles of bookshelves to accommodate them—represent 80 different languages and more than 100 distinct and separate dialects. No matter what question may arise, be it an intricate engineering enigma or a simple problem of household management, some of the reference books in the spacious Federal book plant will contain the answer.

If the reference books were placed in a pile flat side up—the average thickness of the volumes is one and one-half inches—they would tower to a height of 71 miles. There are several little books of the Tom Thumb type which are about the size of a silver nickel. An edition of the New Testament published by a book firm of Scotland is one such, while a translation of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat is another. The giant among the government reference books is an American bird book by Audubon. It consists of four volumes of 100 centimeters. And interspersed between these are several million medium-sized books which contain complete information about everything that the human mind can comprehend. The oldest volume in the library was published in 1459.

In addition to the multitudinous stacks of books, the Congressional Library is also a clearing house for all sorts of rare and valuable prints and maps. At present, there are more than 2,000,000 articles of this description in the big building located directly opposite the National Capitol. During the last decade more than 1,185,000 copyrights have been issued. The newspaper and periodical division of the National Library is extremely interesting because it is a rendezvous for government employes and tourists who are regular visitors to scan the news in the latest editions of their home town papers. Files are kept of all the leading newspapers, magazines, trade papers, technical publications and scientific treatises, and constitute the most popular reading material available. At present, 629 American and 117 foreign papers are received daily.



The Congressional Library covers three and one-half acres, houses 3,000,000 books on 102 miles of shelves. It is the third largest and the most beautiful building of its type in the world.

Our national lawmakers depend on the Congressional Library for reference material. Every week during the sessions of Congress thousands of books are speeded on the underground electric railroad from the Federal Library to the House Office and Senate Office buildings several blocks away. The little electric car carries 25 books to a trip and makes about 50 trips a day. When a Senator or Congressman wants a reference book all he does is to telephone the library and four minutes later the desired volume is delivered at his desk. This remarkable system of dispatching books to the Federal legislators speeds up the preparation of important bills and measures. It is only because of the truly marvelous system of indexing and cataloging the books at Uncle Sam's mammoth library that such expedition in locating and circulating the books is possible. Library experts have repeatedly complimented the card indexing method of book identification installed at the Congressional Library as the best of its kind in use.

Several million persons a year visit the Congressional Library to admire its architecture and to exclaim over its matchless resources in the book line. No tourist ever visits Washington without making a tour of this resplendent building. To inspect the library building thoroughly is considerable of a trip, for it covers three and one-half acres, being 470 feet long and 340 feet wide. The structure is somewhat like a wheel with its central rotunda as the hub and the radiating galleries as the spokes. The walls are built of New Hampshire granite. The rotunda dome is made of black copper with an ornamental overcoating of gold leaf. This roof has proved very practical and economical aside from the high initial cost. Artists say it is the most beautiful dome in creation. At the peak of the dome almost 200 feet from the floor is a lantern which typifies the sempiternal torch of science. A famous bronze fountain called "The Court of Neptune" is one of the exterior artistic features. The building is one of the best lighted that has been built. It has 2,100 large windows and is illuminated at night by 11,500 incandescent lamps.

The bronze doors in the library represent Printing, Writing and Tradition. Nine colossal portraits in granite are memorials to leading men of art and literature, including Macaulay, Hawthorne, Irving, Scott, Emerson, Goethe and Dante. Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, is also eulogized in bronze. The Italian marble of the entrance hall is beautiful, the ornamental pillars extending 72 feet above the floor. Twenty-six small marble figures venerate sculpture and the various arts and sciences. Comedy, Tragedy, Poetry, Music, Medicine, Electricity, Telephony and Astronomy also are represented among the ornamental scrolls. The balustrade figures are Painting, Architecture and Sculpture. History, Mythology, Art, Science and Literature have all contributed their share toward making the interior ornamental decorations of the Library of Congress most impressive and beautiful.

The traveler who plans on visiting the gigantic book headquarters of Uncle Sam should train by going to the circus and trying to watch all that goes on simultaneously in the six rings. One must be gifted with the eyes of a pathfinder to appreciate the fractional part of what there is to see. If a visitor attempted to inspect all the old prints and art treasures in the many arcades and galleries, he would have to double up on his annual vacation and spend all the time—night and day—looking at the pictures. Just to see the long rows of cabinets which accommodate the index cards—each of the 3,000,000 volumes has a special card—is the best mental measure which one can find to estimate the vast amounts of printed matter which are stored in the Library of Congress archives.

Babel and confusion are as foreign to the rooms and corridors of this huge book depository as are ice cream cones to the jungles of Guiana. Large signs throughout the building command "Silence" and everybody—over-awed, perhaps, by the magnitude and splendor of our champion library—walks about on tiptoe and speaks in faint whispers. It is one of the last places in the world where lovers or honeymooning couples should go. Investigation has developed the fact that they are about the only ones who do not temporarily lose the use of their tongues when looking at the wonders of the Congressional Library. This building is one of the few government structures which does not observe the "blue laws" of the District of Columbia and close on the Sabbath. The National Library is open from 9 a. m. until 10 p. m. every day in the year except Christmas and the Fourth of July. On Sundays the building opens its doors at 2 p. m. and admits visitors until 10. This divergence from the customary hours results because patrons of the library like to read Sundays and evenings while many are able to visit the building only on those occasions.

Practically all the Presidents are represented at the Federal Library by important pamphlets, treatises, bulletins or books which they wrote. With the exception of the two Adams—John and John Quincy—the chief executives have left manuscript collections at the big bookery. Such leaders as Cleveland, Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft, were productive in handling pen and manuscript, and have written many magazine articles, books and political treatises, copies of which are kept on file in the Library of Congress. It is difficult to estimate the value of this big book depository and its contents. The building itself cost more than $6,000,000, while the books are worth at least double or even treble that figure.

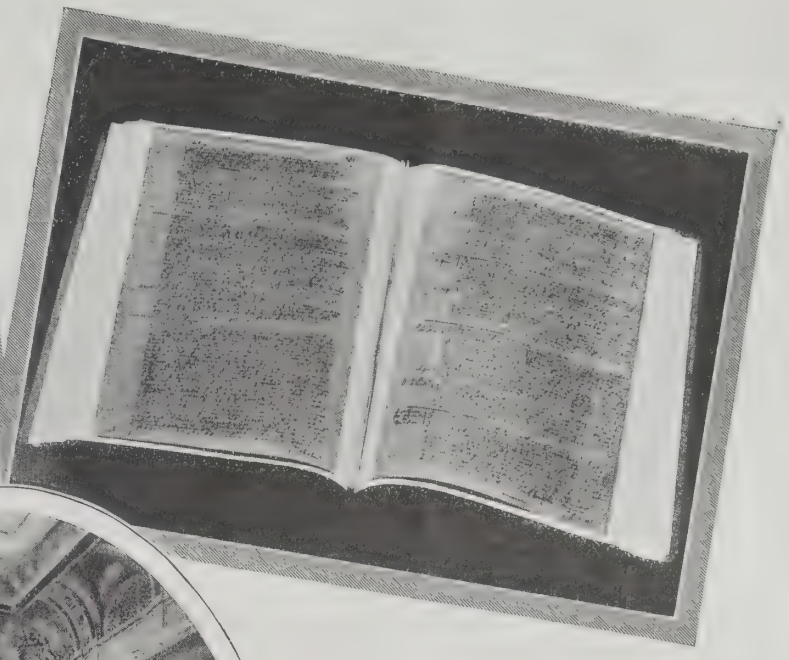
The division for the blind is an extremely interesting feature of the Library of Congress. Books and magazines for those who cannot see are circulated to all parts of the United States from the Washington headquarters. There are 1,400 blind persons who are regular patrons of this novel service and between 2,000 and 2,500 books are circulated every month. The books are sent out and returned under government frank. The person to whom the books are loaned can keep them two months with the privilege of renewing the loan for a third month. Altogether there are 9,547 books for the blind in the Congressional Library. They are set up in English and American Braille and moon type. Braille is a system of dots and dashes embossed on paper which the blind read with the fingertips.

Fiction books are most popular among the blind who borrow books from Uncle Sam with biographies, history, geography and mythology ranking next in order of importance. Many of the fiction stories and popular novels are reproduced by embossing the subject matter on brass plates from which paper impressions are made subsequently with a printing press. It costs $5 a thousand words to stereotype the metal plates with additional costs for embossing the paper sheets and binding them together in book form. "Penrod" by Booth Tarkington was Brailled at an expense of $300. The cost of embossing "Love Stories" by Mary Roberts Rhinehart was about $400. In both cases the authors themselves financed the work. A large number of hand-copy Braille books are also made each year by volunteer Red Cross workers and presented to the Library of Congress for circulation among the blind. Generally the books for the blind last about 20 years. The paper ordinarily gives out before the dots wear down. Usually the books have to be rebound after about 10 years of service.

Probably the most curious feature of the Library of Congress is the book hospital where multilated, damaged and worn-out volumes are repaired and restored. Mr. A. R. Kimball, chief of the bookbinding and salvage division, reports that during his 23 years of service as a government book doctor he has reclaimed and made over more than 1,250,000 books. The bookbinding and printing section of the Congressional Library is really a branch station of the Government Printing Office. Thousands of missing pages of multilated books are printed at the library printing shop, sewed into place and rebound in their original position. Last year, in addition to the book repair work, in excess of 2,000 volumes of newspapers and 3,900 volumes of other periodicals were bound. George Suter, the chief carpenter and cabinetmaker who runs the woodworking shop in the basement of the government library is 88 years old yet he still insists on putting in a full day's work 300 days in the year. He has been on the pay roll of the Library of Congress for 60 years but refuses to be pensioned.



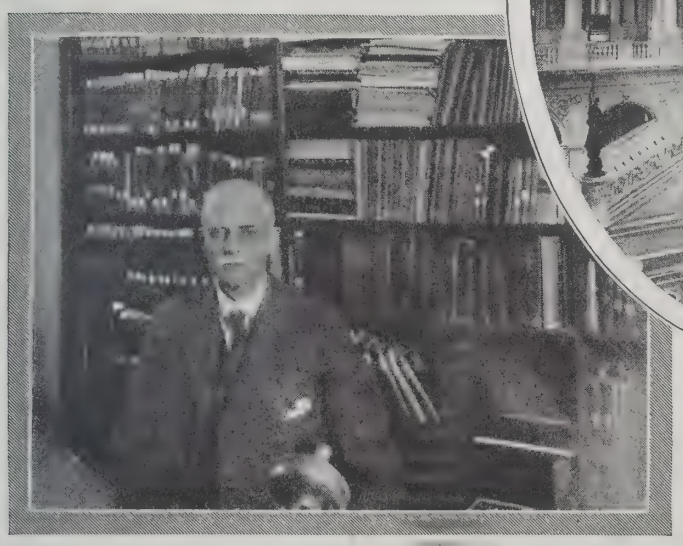
This valuable and rare old deed book was received at the Library of Congress in a badly mutilated condition. It was consigned to the book hospital for repairs.



This is the way the mutilated deed book at the left looked after the government experts had reclaimed it. The bookbindery and repair shop of the Congressional Library is a branch of the Government Printing Office. It works near-miracles in salvaging old books.



The Library of Congress is the most beautiful structure of its kind. The dome which is made of black copper coated with gold is 200 feet above the floor at its peak.



Two copies of every copyrighted book in the United States must be filed at the Library of Congress. The 3,000,000 books there cover 80 different languages and more than 100 different dialects.



Sewing room in the Congressional Library where books are stripped of their worn and injured covers preparatory to providing them with new bindings.

Where Traditions and Ideals of Another Day Cling

Concluded from page 3

movement in America," but no name has been found to symbolize his vision in supplying a clearing house for all sorts of village problems.

The Town Room is situated in the upper story of the old Alpheus Hardy mansion. The attic floor has been removed, leaving bare the rafters and great beams with their wooden pegs. There is a high wainscoting of cypress and above that, the undressed brick, so that the whole is very much in the style of an ancient guildhall. On one side is a great fireplace, and opposite, a narrow stair leads up to the gallery where the more bulky part of the library is kept. For the library of the Town Room is not a mere collection of books, but it contains maps, photographs, lantern slides, designs for costumes for amateur theatricals, anything that can meet a village need.

Suppose, for instance, that you live in Pine Hollow, and the village, by careful planning, has set aside money for new lamp posts. Now the chairman of the village improvement society has a notion—though where in tunket she got it the First Selectman is at a loss to know—that there are lamp posts and lamp posts. To be sure, her ideas are vague, and she hasn't much to go by except a picture of the Great White Way in the Sunday supplement and she feels sure that the assessor wouldn't consider that an instant. But if she will call at the Town Room, she will find a whole array of monographs on lamp posts, with drawings and approximate cost, and everything complete. Result, the First Selectman is put in his proper place, and Pine Hollow is beautified, not disfigured, by its outlay.

Of course, all the villages you ever knew had a country store and so does Beacon Hill, on Saturdays, at number 3 Joy street. There are bedspreads and pickles, pine cones and driftwood for the fireplace. There are bayberry candles, honey, and toasting forks with long handles, wrought by some rural artist at his blacksmith forge. There are vegetables in season, spruce gum and slippery elm, and rarest of all, linen woven by the women of Saint Albans, as beautiful and fine as any that Italy can produce.

There is a ready sale, too, for the treasures of the old-fashioned garden, cockscomb, sweet William, and mignonette, for Beacon Hill is a flower-loving village and in all seasons its windows are gay with blossoms. It is a lovely, mellow, peaceful neighborhood, free from street cars and department stores, and, by its traditions and ideals, holding fast to much of the good in life.

Where Motor Stages Are Superseding Railroads

Concluded from page 12

The Motor Transit Company's total tax bill for 1920 was $11,932.56 and was made up of real and personal property tax of $1,733.89; franchise fees, $2,019; city and county licenses, $8,179.67. In addition there was a Federal tax of $1,806. The tax total (exclusive of Federal taxes) is 34 per cent of the assessed value of the company's property.

California has spent millions on its highways and now, 10 years after the beginning of the movement for paved thoroughfares, many of the roads are giving way under the heavy traffic. In the minds of a good many people the ever-busy stages are held largely responsible for this and so the sentiment in favor of taxing the stage lines is being reinforced. But what really is taking place in California has been repeated elsewhere or will be, within a few years, namely, on the one hand, motor traffic in general has increased vastly, there now being one motor vehicle for every 4.61 persons in the state. At the same time the science of road building has made important advance in the last decade, revealing the deficiencies of earlier construction.

The problem of highway maintenance is fast assuming a character totally different from what it was in the old days when each man worked out his poll tax with a pick and shovel and kept the dirt and gravel roads passable 10 months in the year. New methods must be devised for financing these vital public improvements and if possible a way must be found to tax in proportion to the use made by individual citizens.

But in spite of the many perplexing problems that remain to be solved the motor stages have won a secure place in our system of land transportation. The steam and electric lines may temporarily curb or handicap these vigorous young competitors but the latter have on their side the unfailing economic law that he who serves best and most economically will survive. They also have a large measure of public support, for hundreds of communities and rural districts which have grown dependent on the stage lines could not now afford to do without them.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Military maneuvers of the largest army in Europe, conducted on a huge scale, recently included a three-day sham battle with artillery, airplanes and tanks in the rocky, broken country near Rennes, France.

Seventy-nine per cent of the growing cotton in the United States last year was destroyed by the boll weevil.

Lunacy all around was really responsible for the World War, according to Dean W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral. "The Germans were more or less honestly persuaded that similar abstractions, called Russia, France and England, were the criminals. Now it seems to most of us that we were all stark mad together," says Dean Inge.

In Manheim, Pennsylvania, there is a church known as the Red Rose Church. It is leased to the community on the annual payment of one "red rose" to the family of William Henry Speigel by each member of the church's congregation.

The high school graduating class of Bledsoe County, Tennessee, was awarded certificates of excellence in Bible study at the recent commencement.

Indians of the Acoma pueblo, near Albuquerque, have consented to the filming of a religious ceremonial dance.

Laminated baseball bats built up of short pieces of ash joined with the waterproof glue used in airplane propellers are said to be as resilient, durable and satisfactory as the one-piece kind.

A new device, consisting of conductor wires submerged in the channels of New York Harbor, enables liners to guide themselves safely through to port. Sensitive wires slung over the vessel's side and trailed below the surface, serve to communicate a buzzing sound to the bridge when the vessel is safely in mid-channel.

Motion picture men were denied permission to film the interior of the Canadian House of Commons because it was felt that such a procedure would not be in keeping with the dignity of the Parliament.

More than $15,000,000 is collected annually by professional alms-seekers in Greater New York.

Horses work up to their necks in the waters of the lower Columbia River, Oregon, drawing the great seines with the catches of tons of salmon. Many of the animals have little hair left. Immersion in salt water seems to kill it.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

The body of Enos A. Mills, widely known naturalist and author, lies in the shadow of Long's Peak, where he spent 36 years of his life. Funeral services were conducted by Judge Ben B. Lindsey. Mills worked unceasingly in the interests of the Rocky Mountain National Park. He was a friend of John Muir, the famous naturalist of California.

A hydroelectric plant with a capacity of 84,000 kilowatts, operating a 200-mile line will be constructed on the Shinano River in Japan.

Governor McCray, of Indiana, proposes to honor Paul Dresser, writer of the Indiana State song, "On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away," by establishing a Dresser state park somewhere along the Wabash, with a monument to the memory of Dresser. The governor learned that Dresser's body lies in a neglected grave in St. Boniface Roman Catholic Cemetery, Chicago, and proposed that it be reinterred in the new park.

Hindus are vegetarians and regard the cow as a sacred animal; in their eyes to kill a cow is a greater sin than to kill a man.

In 1916 the total daily attendance at motion picture shows in the United States was 20,000,000. This year the daily attendance has dropped to 10,000,000 to the great alarm of the motion picture controllers.

There are from 100,000 to 300,000 aliens in the country who were smuggled in, according to the Secretary of Labor. The Department of Labor also believes there are 60,000 Chinese in Cuba, watching their chance to reach the Gulf Coast. It is argued that registration of aliens would halt smuggling.

The wood duck, threatened with extinction, is now protected by the Federal migratory bird act. These birds may not be killed anywhere in the United States.

"The League of Nations is a Jewish idea, and Jerusalem some day will become the capital of the world's peace," says Dr. Nahum Sokolow, the Zionist Jew. The statement is interesting in view of the fervid denials of last year.

The first scientific information on agriculture to Russia from America since 1914 was literature recently sent by the United States Department of Agriculture.

General Grant, more than 40 years ago, regarded as a grave danger the heavy immigration of foreigners into this country. He stated that he feared the time would come when the South, with its Anglo-Saxonism, could alone be depended upon to save the nation from ruin by the influence of an alien population. North Carolina, with only seven-tenths of one per cent of foreign stock, is spending $20,000,000 in a building campaign. It is putting $50,000,000 into highway improvements and is expanding its hydroelectric development and cotton mill interests.

More than 60 per cent of the population of New England is of foreign stock.

Germany is now a country of extremes. There are those who nearly starve and there are others living in luxury. The German government has now decreed that high taxes shall be paid by those who partake of the revelries in the Berlin restaurants. The revenues proceeding from this tax will be turned over to the committee for the feeding of the needy.

It is estimated that 20,000 natives of India are killed each year by cobras, one of the deadliest of snakes.

A tunnel more than six miles long will be built through the Continental Divide in Colorado. This will shorten the distance between Salt Lake City and Denver 173 miles and shorten time on passenger trains between the two points six hours.

There are only 180 whites on the Samoa Islands. The entire population is 8,058. The purchase of land by whites is forbidden.

The Jews of Toronto, Canada, combined in a movement to prevent Paderewski giving a recital in that city. When Paderewski was president of Poland he took certain defensive measures which his enemies label "anti-Semitic" but which were only the plain common sense of a difficult situation.

DEPENDABLE INFORMATION

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THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

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The Lost Army of the Russian Revolution

Uncle Sam's Billions! Whence They Come

Boring From Within: Foster's Fosterism

Nation's Automotive Salesman at Large

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

Uncle Sam's Billions! Whence They Come

Where the "Taxpayer" Is Really the Tax-Gatherer, and at a Profit; Income and Profits Taxes Raise One-half of Government Revenue

By AARON HARDY ULM

HOW many persons know from whence comes the $3,885,000,000 of receipts which the Federal Government handles during a fiscal year? This estimate of the revenues is that of the United States Treasury Department.

The story of the sources of government revenues is, on the whole, a long one; yet for the greater part of them a short one. In its short form the story is told in one word, *taxes*. For from taxes, the government realizes during this fiscal year revenues approximating $3,000,000,000. Of the balance, about $555,000,000 is covered by postal revenues. The remainder, about $330,000,000, comes from numerous sources, many being of a mere bookkeeping nature.

A brief narration of the sources from which comes that balance not derived from taxes or postal charges may be worth while, because of the insight it will give into the expanding tendencies of the national governmental establishment. For to that $330,000,000 will come contributions incident to activities which include almost every kind known to modern society. Aside from public land dealings, the National Government, for example, is a big operator in real estate, as buyer, seller and rentee. It operates hotels. It manufactures several different products. It conducts the world's biggest fur seal farm, realizing therefrom a gross income of about one million dollars a year. It sells as well as buys a wide variety and a large number of things.

In fact, while the Treasury Department is the revenues-raising branch of the government and does collect all the taxes, every department of the government, and most of the bureaus, contribute to the total of government receipts.

The State Department, for instance, will take in in a year almost as much as required for its operations, its estimated receipts being nearly $10,000,000. These come chiefly from consular and passport fees. But about $100,000 comes from miscellaneous sources, such as gain by exchange, itself a $20,000 item, return of relief money furnished American citizens abroad and the sale of property it no longer needs, like office material.

The Treasury Department raises considerable revenue outside of taxes. Its collections in various forms of interest are expected to total $27,407,325, and in fees, fines and penalties not less than $35,000,000. Its sales of government property are expected to yield not less than a million. Profits on coinage (the making of metal money is one of Uncle Sam's most profitable manufacturing enterprises) and bullion deposits will total twelve and a half million dollars. Even the War and Navy departments take in as well as expend considerable money.

The receipts of the first are expected to be this year not less than $113,000,000. Much of it will be mere reimbursements, such as the cost of maintaining American troops in Germany, and $100,000,000 of it is expected to come from the sale of war materials. But the War Department collects more than $3,000,000 from revenues-producing enterprises. They are operated mostly for the army itself, as in the case of its laundry and dry-cleaning establishments. But some are used by the public, as with certain telegraph lines it operates.

Sources of Revenue

THE Panama Canal is expected to yield revenues in the amount of $13,315,000, which will be nearly double the appropriation made for its operation.

The Navy Department will turn into the Treasury more than $5,000,000, outside of what may be derived from the scrapping of vessels on account of reduction of armament. It will come from numerous sources.

The Department of the Interior, because of its control of public lands and Indian funds, handles big receipts. They will total this year nearly $37,000,000, of which the public domain, by way of sales, leases, fees, and so on, will account for nearly $10,000,000. The Department of Agriculture will take in nearly $7,000,000, the biggest part of which will come from the operations of the Forest Service.

The Department of Commerce is expected to take in not less than $5,500,000, nearly a million of which will come from the sale of sealskins harvested on the government's big fur seal farm on the Pribilof Islands, Alaska. The Department of Labor will collect more than $5,000,000, the bulk of which will be yielded by the immigration head tax and naturalization fees. The United States courts will collect in the form of fees, fines, costs, and so on, not less than $7,700,000.

The government's Housing Corporation, a product of the war, is expected to realize about three and one-half millions from sales and operation of property consisting of general real estate.

Governmental revenues from sources like those described above, while in the aggregate large, are small in comparison to the total of funds used in maintaining the national establishment. Even those revenues, in greater part, come ultimately from the general public.

Of the other and larger revenues the public generally supplies all, though they are raised, in the main, by such indirect methods, that most persons who make up the public are conscious of supplying either none or very little.

The tax burden for this year will be considerably less than for last, and, of course, very far below the peak period of war taxes. However, it is several times its pre-war size.

Reductions claimed by the present Congress total $818,000,000. They were achieved through the elimination of some taxes, like the so-called "nuisance" and the transportation taxes, and by the reduction of others, as in the case of some of the income taxes.

Fewer Taxpayers This Year

THESE facts, however, should not be overlooked: *There was a much greater reduction in the number of direct taxpayers than in taxes.* Thus the elimination of the "nuisance" taxes, which caused everyone when buying a soft drink or any one of numerous articles of merchandise to be reminded of the fact that the National Government took money from his or her pocket, relieved several million persons of all consciousness of paying Federal taxes. Yet the total burden was thus reduced by only $72,000,000.

Slight increase in the exemptions allowed persons who pay on incomes of $5,000 or less bring about an apparent reduction of several dollars in the taxes paid directly by each of a million or more persons. Yet those persons, though constituting nearly 90 per cent of those who pay taxes on personal incomes, actually pay, directly, less than 10 per cent of the funds derived from that source.

"A large class of people—a very large class—seems to assume that if the Government does it or builds it or buys it or pays for it that it costs nothing. They seem to think that Government money grows on bushes, to be gathered at will or is provided by the good Lord in the shape of manna from heaven."

—Representative Guy U. Hardy, of Colorado.

The repeal of the transportation taxes reduced the total tax burden about $350,000,000. While this is substantial, there is little doubt that the motive which moved Congress was more the desire to remove the annoying reminder of the tremendous cost of government, than to cut the tax burden for repealing those taxes.

Thus taxpayers have been relieved of small and annoying reminders to a much greater extent than taxes actually have been reduced. To a greater extent than it has been reduced, the tax burden has been made to appear that it lies less heavily on the many and heavier, or at least not materially lightened, on the few. This applies both as to individuals and communities.

It is well to go back and see just how the $3,000,000,000 coming from taxes is raised. Tariff duties, which certainly are paid by consumers, yield about $330,000,000. But the money will be paid over and the receipts taken from importers who will add the tax—and in many cases more—to the prices charged for the products thus taxed. The remainder will come from internal revenue taxes. They broadly are of two kinds, income and profits taxes and miscellaneous. The last will yield, it is estimated, about $900,000,000.

Fifty Millions From Spirits

A FAIR conception of the sources of the miscellaneous internal revenue taxes may be given by reviewing collections under that heading in July last.

First comes the estates, or inheritance taxes. They yielded for that month a little more than $4,000,000. It is one of only a very few taxes which tax authorities say cannot be passed on to others than those who get the receipts.

Next comes distilled spirits, from which, despite prohibition, Uncle Sam still collects $50,000,000 or more a year. In July they yielded nearly $3,000,000.

From tobacco in various forms there was collected more than $26,000,000, primarily from the manufactures but ultimately from the consumers of tobacco products.

From various kinds of excise taxes, such as stamps on real estate deeds, levies on telegraph and telephone messages, sales of jewelry, corporation capital stock tax, admissions to theaters, and a 10 per cent toll on dues paid by members of clubs, there was collected about $43,500,000. Then from such things as adulterated flour and oleomargarine the Treasury procured nearly $1,000,000.

The taxes on automobiles and parts, cameras, candy, firearms and various other goods presumably within the luxury class—the taxes being paid in some cases by consumers directly and in others by dealers—brought in more than $8,500,000.

Various beverages, still permissible and taxable, yielded more than $1,000,000.

Though the $330,000,000 customs taxes and the nearly $900,000,000 miscellaneous internal revenue taxes are paid admittedly by consumers, only a very small proportion of all is so levied that the consumer at best is more than vaguely conscious of paying them. Inasmuch as they are added to the prices charged for things sold, it is made to *seem* that others pay the bulk of them. On the contrary, the consumer pays not only the taxes but the cost to the manufacturer or retailer of collecting many of them—and often with a profit added.

More than one-half of the tax revenues to be raised this year will come from income and profits taxes. That the bulk of them are passed on to others than those who get the receipts is now admitted by most sound students of economics. But the contrary *seems* to be the fact.

Though millions make income tax returns, the bulk of revenues realized from that source come, nominally, from a comparative few. In 1919 when more than 5,000,000 individuals made personal income tax returns, 18,741 persons, who paid on incomes of $50,000 or more, took receipts for 54.82 per cent of the $1,269,630,104 collected from that source that year. Did their returns show that this small number of the more than 5,000,000 who made returns had more than 50 per cent of all income reported? Not at all. They had only 7.86 per cent of all. There is nothing to indicate that, with the average of them, what they had left after all taxes were paid was any less than usually enjoyed before the taxes were levied. In fact, there is much to indicate that it was considerably more—not because of the taxes but in no respect in despite of them. As a rule they were mere tax-gatherers and paid themselves handsomely for the trouble. If they found it unprofitable to be tax-gatherers they sought refuge in tax-free securities.

An analysis of income and profits taxes paid by corporations yield results similar to that of personal income taxes; that is to say, the bulk of them were paid by large corporations, which, so far as noticeable, were still able to pay the usual or higher dividends.

Analyzed as to communities and sections, even more surprising facts stand out. For example, more than 50 per cent of all personal and corporation income and profits taxes are collected in four states of the Union—New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. From citizens of and corporations resident in New York State alone are more than one-fourth of them collected. Likewise the bulk of tariff duties on imports are collected in New York.

The Taxation Center

IT IS probable that at least one-half of all Federal taxes are collected in the half-dozen largest cities of the country. That those cities actually and truly pay such a proportion of Federal taxes isn't and can't be a fact. It is equally true that the fewer than 50,000 persons and corporations who get receipts for probably more than one-half of all Federal taxes paid do not actually contribute those taxes, excepting, of course, the exceptional instance.

But it *seems* that they do, which is the most important factor in the situation. Inasmuch as it is made to *seem* that the bulk of government money comes from a small portion of territory and also a comparatively small number of persons and organizations, there naturally follows the *seeming* truth that the more the government collects and spends the better it is for most of the country's territory and population.

Machiavelli long ago pointed out that it was much more expedient for a ruler to seem to be generous, economical or just than actually to possess and apply those virtues.

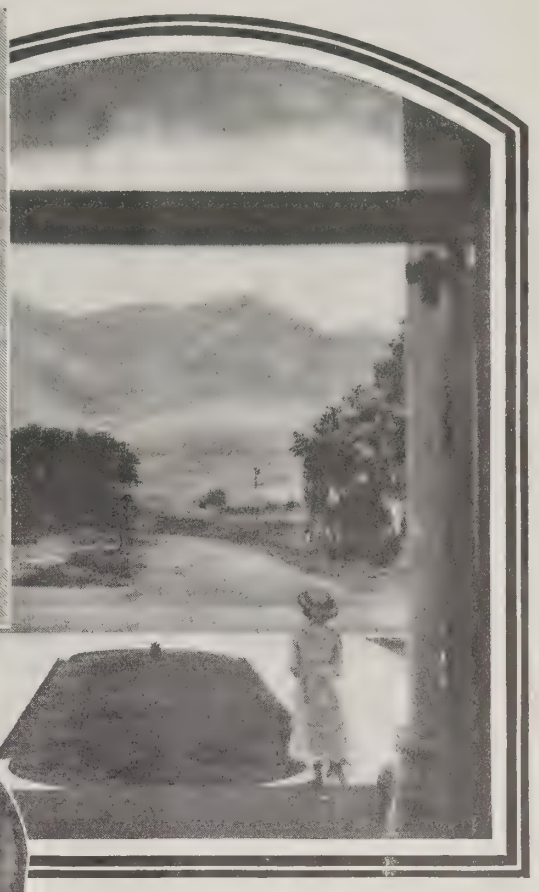
Because it is made to seem that most of the country, measured by both territory and population, gets "something for nothing" out of the United States Treasury, taxes, on the whole, increase; the cost of government goes up; and, perhaps worst of all, government steadily expands and increases its activities.

Such is the vicious result of indirect taxation.

A Debtless County and a Paid-for Courthouse

In Which California Becomes Famous for Something Besides Climate









In the upper left-hand corner is Inyo County's paid-for courthouse, while at the right is a view from the courthouse steps. In striking contrast to the courthouse is Uncle Sam's post office in the lower left-hand corner. The other photograph is the official siren of the county seat, the pet coyote that makes Independence sound like an industrial center.

By JOHN L. VON BLON

AN UNMORTGAGED, debtless California county, Inyo, has just erected a $250,000 courthouse—*and paid for it.* It is patterned somewhat after the White House at Washington and is well-nigh faultless in its lines, quite unlike the average public building of "original" design. *And, wonder of wonders, it was put up without a bond issue,* so it will not be a devouring white elephant to be fed by the community with endless interest. Surplus money and a special tax levy of but 10 cents per $100 made the achievement possible, and this in a county of only $10,000,000 assessed valuation and about 7,000 inhabitants in its 10,156 square miles. Here is the exception to the rule of flagrant financial mismanagement in political offices. Nobody can deny that it is refreshing and encouraging.

From Sacramento came $100,000 as reimbursement for loss of revenue from 1910 to 1918 on account of the state taking over the taxing of operative public service properties, and the board of supervisors provided the remainder of the building fund. These supervisors are business men. Their names deserve record: George W. Naylor (chairman), Charles A. Partridge, Thomas Thomson, Jr., Amos P. Hancock and W. V. Butler. Instead of letting the county's money lie in vaults or lending it to banks at a paltry two per cent, perhaps to be reloaned to its real owners, the taxpayers, at 8 or 10, they put it out at the very best rate obtainable. Most of it has been bringing four and one-half and four and three-quarters per cent on government certificates and other securities, netting $42,000 in the past two years. That's why Inyo has a handsome new courthouse, no bonded indebtedness, the fourth lowest tax rate of any California county, pays everything the day it is due, and has not in 30 years registered a single warrant for lack of funds. To the credit of the Golden State are 14 other unbonded counties but none has made such a showing.

Picturesque and historic Independence, population 300 or thereabout, is the county seat, so it happens that the magnificent classical edifice stands in a village much too small to be incorporated, though undoubtedly the finest structure of its kind in the country so located. Almost at its front door towers Mt. Williamson, 14,384 feet, fourth highest peak in the continental United States. The building is colossal—considered in relation to the few occupants and the comparatively light volume of business—a hall of silence. None enters or leaves for hours at a time. The promising future was kept in mind. On the night of dedication, when everybody who could get there turned out, a ball was scheduled on the walk and lawn. The weather suddenly turned cold, the band was taken inside, and the entire assemblage found ample dancing space in the corridors. The building is of concrete and steel with pure white exterior, massive bronze doors, and much of the same metal conspicuous within. Flood lights bring it out in bold relief by night.

By way of contrast, on the opposite side of the road, in the next block, is the post office, so tiny that the biggest citizen always sends in a boy to get his mail, declaring he's afraid of getting stuck, should he enter. There is a false front projecting above the single story to make it look more imposing. Uncle Sam's business has the place of honor and the capable postmistress and her family live in the rear. In the back yard is kept a playful but snarling coyote.

There are two ancient little hotels, one of which has been under the same proprietorship more than 50 years. At mealtime the manager dashes out in the highway and vigorously rings a handbell. When this tocsin clangs its clarion call under the energetic manipulation of mine host, something else breaks loose—a wild, weird, screeching uproar like a dozen cracked sirens. I heard it unexpectedly, imagined myself in an industrial center, and looked about for the factories and whistles. None in sight. Only the burg's champion noisemaker, the post office coyote, was getting busy. It never fails when the bellman starts his gyrations, and so regular is he that the baying is accepted as official time. Everybody within miles knows when it's 7 or 12 or 6 o'clock. It would make a startling curfew should Independence need one. Steam's always up.

Unique interest attaches to the diminutive county seat because in it were stationed the only soldiers of the United States Army who ever mutinied and got away with it—Company E, Second California Cavalry, composed of Tuolumne County volunteers for the Civil War. Like other similar organizations it had been allowed to select its own officers and had chosen D. B. Akey, miner and Mexican War veteran, as captain. Instead of being sent to the battlefields of the South the company was kept in Northern California to subjugate hostile Indians. Discontent ensued.

Akey proved a veritable tyrant and finally, in the summer of 1862, the entire unit agreed that on a certain date not a man should obey any order given by him, though all were willing to serve under any other officer. He learned of this decision and went to San Francisco, presumably to consider it. The company was removed from Fort Humboldt to Red Bluff, whither Akey followed. When he appeared, the orderly sergeant drew the company up in line. Then came a tense, dramatic scene, of which American history records no parallel.

Standing before his men the captain said: "All those who intend to refuse to obey my commands as their superior officer step two paces to the front."

Though sworn to ignore his orders, they obeyed this command with alacrity, every man, save two who had been attached subsequent to the compact, taking two steps forward.

Captain Akey stood in silence a full minute, glanced up and down the row of stern faces, then turned on his heel and walked from the presence of his company forever. He resigned his commission some months later.

Under the Articles of War the men were amenable to the death penalty but the department, after weighing the case for months, decided to muster them out without pay and in dishonor. Governor Stanford, of California, interceded, the finding was revoked, and the organization retained and sent under a new leader to Fort Independence, where a permanent military camp already had been established, to fight the warring Piutes. Company E was held there for years, virtually forgotten. Historians overlooked this odd chapter, too, until the recent publication of "The Story of Inyo" by W. A. Chalfant, of Bishop.

The motion picture companies go from Hollywood to Inyo County because in the Sierra Nevadas they can find Alaskan winter; along the countryside, typical New England homes and scenes, and at Independence real early California settings. At that particular spot the Old West,

(Concluded on page 15)

The Ford International Weekly

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office.

Published by

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

Dearborn, Michigan

HENRY FORD, President.

C. J. FORD, Vice-President.

E. B. FORD, Secretary-Treasurer.

W. J. CAMERON, Editor.

Twenty-second Year, Number 52, October 21, 1922.

The subscription price in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba, Mexico and Canada is $1.50 a year; foreign countries, subscription rates on request. Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Michigan, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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A Friendly Word to the Legion

THE American Legion, throughout its young and vigorous life, has been the objective of designing men and movements who have sought the influence and carrying power of its name to "put across" matters foreign to its purpose. Of course, the number of such attempts that are thwarted is rather large, and the public seldom hears about them, but a sufficient number has reached public attention to give a very definite impression that one of the Legion's problems just now is to prevent itself being used for unscrupulous public purposes.

The name of the Legion is everywhere, and what the most obscure Post does is considered worthy of public notice. These facts have not escaped the "publicity hounds" and the "resolution ranters." Thus we see the American Legion advertised as denouncing or approving a bewildering assortment of things, when as a matter of fact some local Post, out of good nature to the proposer of a resolution, has simply permitted him to get it off his chest. Of late, however, a certain element in the Legion, which will never be of any use to the Legion, which will commit the Legion on every possible angle of a certain question, and which in the end will leave the Legion to care for the unwelcome consequences, has been more than active in a scheme which can hardly be characterized as American and which involves the denunciation of persons who are rather entitled to approval, and of movements which perhaps have not been studied sufficiently to warrant an expression of opinion. The unfortunate result is that in some quarters the Legion has been misjudged as being immature and misinformed, when, as a matter of fact, it has only been too good-natured in allowing the "resolution ranters" to use the Legion's name to gain them a hearing and to give the public the impression that they are speaking the mind of the American Legion, which in many cases they are not.

When this good nature of the local Post is abused to publish a piece of personal prejudice, or to give the impression that the Legion has pronounced judgment against certain efforts to arouse the American people to a realization of the influences that are operating among them, the result is lamentable, mostly for the Legion.

This is a friendly word to call wider attention within the Legion to a fact which has already become apparent to thousands of Legionnaires, and which will doubtless be corrected by the common sense and fairness of the majority.

The Alien Assault

WHAT the few Americans thought and said would be worth knowing. English, however, must have been lost in the strident screeching of an alien gutter invective.

The reference, of course, is to the treatment accorded Kenesaw Mountain Landis, styled by some the "Czar of Baseball," and brought into the professional game to save it from disgrace and (of more importance to the owners) from complete financial disaster. It was at the conclusion of the second game of the World Series, an American institution now tarnished, that 5,000 thoroughly un-American and completely unsportsmanlike creatures swirled around the box, in which the white-haired American jurist and his wife sat at the Polo Grounds in New York, and screamed their East Side street-filth into the ears of the venerable couple. William Slavens McNutt says that for clean courage in the face of a dangerous mob, Judge Landis' march across the field was a splendid exhibition of character, and that the action of the mob was the most vicious exhibition of hoodlumism he had seen in a wide reportorial experience.

The whole incident once more calls attention to the fact that we have in America a violent alien element capable of acting together without provocation, and selecting as their target the most representative things in American civilization. Is professional baseball worth saving, either from or for the persons who composed that mob?

It Doesn't Mean Anything

SENATOR SMOOT, of Utah, made a splendid start toward the purification of the *Congressional Record* the other day, in announcing that henceforward he would refuse unanimous consent for the printing of political speeches made outside the Senate. Mr. Smoot is in charge of the *Congressional Record* and, as such, custodian of the *Record*.

The Senator wisely refrained from stating that he would refuse consent to political speeches *in the Senate*. Such refusal would, of course, have compelled the discontinuance of large sections of the *Congressional Record*.

The adjournment of Congress shortly after Senator Smoot's epoch-making stand insures members of Congress against any practical loss from it this year, and they hope that two years hence he will have forgotten his decision.

Bond Prices and the Money Market

JOE K. BILLINGSLEY, financial expert of Boston, describes conditions affecting the market value of government bonds. Asked whether to hold the Liberty issues, he declines to decide as an authority, but says if he had any he would sell; that present market conditions indicate they have reached the highest point possible before maturity; that a tightening money market must surely depreciate their market value.

As to the causes of fluctuating market prices, his article may be summarized as follows: What determines the price of Liberty bonds? (1) The financial condition of government; (2) the trend of the public debt; (3) condition of the budget; (4) government's revenues as compared with expenditures; (5) social, political and economic conditions; (6) the money market.

Mr. Billingsley casts aside the first five reasons as unimportant, and places the money market as the sole arbiter of the price of a bond for which its face price was paid as a patriotic duty and which of a certainty will be redeemed in full.

It would be interesting to know what would have been the price in the market of Liberty bonds but for the manipulation of the issue and the market by those who control both. Back of all the conditions he mentions is the manipulation of the country's fiscal policies which renders the natural laws of business inoperative.

Two per cent consols of 1930, netting a half of one per cent less when used as a basis of bank circulation, have never been affected by market conditions. They have stood above par since issue and until recently have led even the four per cents as to premium offered. The circulation privilege is expressly denied the Liberty issues. Why? Netting more than twice the interest return of the consols forming a circulation base, they fell to a discount of 15 cents on the dollar, when the Money Trust had forced their holders to sacrifice their savings by closing opportunity for employment and shutting off the incomes of the classes who had been induced to invest. Is it reasonable, then, or not, to insist that the restriction was part of a plan to manipulate the market and make speculation profitable?

With the experiment of these same consols, our fiscal masters have the example of a means of refunding every maturing obligation, yet they do not apply it. Instead, the refunding operations are conducted by reissues bearing more than twice the interest cost of the consols.

Even the deposits in the postal system are used for direct official business, favored banks paying a small rate on balances, and lending the money back to the government for high-priced temporary loans.

Mr. Billingsley will forgive us for the remark that all of his basic conditions are of vast importance; that private business conducted in the same manner would soon exhaust its own credit; and that the emancipation of legitimate market values from trust control is more imperative than watching the market for indications of securities prices.

Whatever Steps Are Needed

"NONSENSORSHIP" is a volume in which are published the opinions of some 12 or 15 of our younger so-called literati on a suggestion put forth in New York that a committee be named to examine such manuscripts that might conceivably be sufficiently of the mold of "Jurgen" and "Gargoyles" to warrant the deletions considered necessary to maintain standards of common decency.

There has been no effort made to sustain "Puritanism" in the sense which those in the "show business" and the "film game" would have us believe is being attempted. The entire controversy, in books, in drama, in pictures, in art, does not hinge upon Puritanism. It simply revolves upon the desire of the white people who inhabit this country to protect their own against the alien, roundhead infiltration.

Among those who say their say in "Nonsensorship" is Ben Hecht, a late addition to the ranks of the young intellectuals, who, in "Gargoyles," his publishers say, has written a "devastating novel."

"Puritanism," contributes Mr. Hecht, "beaten to a pulp by an ever-increasing herd of first, second, third and fourth-rate iconoclasts, has triumphed completely in the legislatures of the country."

And from the Chicago *Tribune* the following is clipped:

> Ben Hecht, a reporter, and Wallace Smith, an illustrator, were named in Federal warrants charging them with conspiracy to circulate obscene matter by means of interstate common carriers.
>
> Charges against the two men are an outgrowth of the publication and distribution of "Fantazius Mallare," written by Hecht and illustrated by Smith . . . .
>
> "'Fantazius Mallare' is one of the most filthy, inexcusable assortments of rubbish that has come to the attention of government officials in 10 years," said First Assistant United States District Attorney Robert A. Milroy, who with Inspector D. F. Angier conducted the inquiry which resulted in action against the book producers."

Reports that the tide of erotic slop was receding and that the flapper "novelists" were on the wane are not confirmed if the fall printings are examined closely. The bulk of the fiction and the plays on which the American public of today is supposed to feed is being produced by a strange "he-flapper" type of creature which a sterner civilization would have ruthlessly eliminated or suppressed. It cannot be, however, that healthy men and women would be any more capable of reading habitually the line of pornography that is being merchandised today in the name of literature than normal man would be capable of writing it.

But let this be understood. If non-censorship is to mean the pruriency of the alien roundhead, by all means let us have whatever "Puritanism" we may need to keep this country fit to live in.

Adulterating Union Principles

THERE is going on in Union Labor a contest for control of the organization that does not alone interest those who are doing the fighting. The entire country should know what the situation is. That those outside the American Federation of Labor may have the same grasp of what threatens in the country, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in this issue presents a review of the "Boring-from-within" tactics of William Z. Foster, the syndicalist, who is proponent of the Industrial Union idea, or Sovietism, or Dictatorship of the Proletariat, or whatever you may desire to call that which he seeks to bring about. The article is written by E. J. Costello, who is conversant with his subject.

This paragraph in Mr. Costello's treatment of the situation that exists in the fight between Gomperism and Fosterism is significant:

"Let me repeat. Whether we like it or not, the fact stands out that this (Foster's) propaganda has sunk deep into the very vitals of the whole labor movement."

On October 5, in Detroit, at the triennial convention of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employes and Railway Shop Laborers, one of the conservative group stated on the convention floor:

"Emissaries of Soviet Russia or of the I. W. W. are secretly sitting in this hall, disguised as loyal union men, and this convention needs no further proof that the affairs of this body, for the time being at least, are under the influence of William Z. Foster, known wherever labor is organized, as ultra-radical."

The gentleman in question is the same William Z. Foster who came into notoriety during the days of the steel strike, at which time it was charged that revolution by the steel workers of the Pennsylvania and Ohio districts was the objective sought.

Mr. Ford's Page

SOME people are only discovering that there is a race question in this country. Of course they are making a fuss about it, indulging in hysterics and oratory to a large extent, and calling committee meetings to see what can be done about it. The professional "reformers" already sniff soft jobs with organizations that are sure to spring up as the self-constituted saviors of the country. All the accessories of the question are certain to receive more attention than the question itself. People will become very much concerned with their own emotions and fears; prophets and seers will foretell disaster or decent settlement. Everything will be done save look the question in the face.

A race question bears some resemblance to a strike, in that it is usually agitated for profit. Most of the agitation today, except for constructive ends, is paid for. There is a definite organized business of destructive agitation. Much of it sounds like the voice of righteous indignation; most of it is really the voice of a larger income than honest work could bring. Ask who is profiting by the agitation, then what methods they use, and you will learn something about the race question. The worst form which any race question can assume is where one race stimulates another race to violent resentment, for the sake of the use the inciting race may make of the other's indignation.

Here in the United States people are becoming agitated because of what they call a rising Negro question. Now it is true that people of color have been giving strong indications of a revival of race consciousness. But race consciousness is not to be deplored. Why should it be? Mankind was cast into various races with distinct qualities and natural bounds; the races were visibly marked and distinguished in every possible way to keep mankind aware of racial differences; so that there is not, there cannot be anything necessarily alarming in race consciousness. But there may be something alarming in the method which is used to stimulate it. There is the educational, developmental method, and there is the incendiary method. The difficulty with the incendiary method is that it does not rouse race consciousness, but race hatred.

There are certain broad principles which ought to be inculcated by the leaders of all races, and as regards the white and colored races in America one of the principles is this: The history of the colored race would indicate that its future is to be closely connected with the white man. Some destiny seems to have bound them together. Though it appears that the institution of slavery was the device by which this swarming of the colored race began to the lands of the white people, and though measured by the standards of today chattel slavery has nothing to recommend it, still it is a fact which the Anglo-Saxon-Celtic peoples have to their credit, that the emancipation of the Negro from slavery all over the world was the act of the white man, at great cost of blood and treasure.

It is a fact not sufficiently measured. It has not been allowed its full weight. The emphasis has been placed upon the fact that once the white man enslaved the Negro. But here is a greater fact than that: the white man emancipated himself from his error and the Negro from his bondage. One political party has lived on that fact for a long time, and lived unworthily, but that does not alter the value of the fact for those who seek to understand the strange weaving of the loom of destiny. The races are now together in what seems to be a providential arrangement, and the one thing lacking seems to be a knowledge of their duty one to another.

When one stops to think that the migrations of the Negro were not toward the other colored peoples of the East, but toward the lands dominated by British and American civilization, the insistent sense of a meaning in it all is hard to dismiss. And when one considers that slavery at least proved the ability of both these races to live in the same community on understanding terms, it is hard to believe that this ability to live in the same community is devoid of meaning for the future.

There is leadership growing up among the Negroes, as it does in every race, and it is to be hoped that through this leadership race consciousness will lead to race understanding, and not to race boastfulness, to false dreams of race domination and to outbursts of race hatred.

If one were asked what to say to the Negro on this matter, one would advise the Negro to beware of those who pretend to be his friends for the sake of arousing his ire against others. There is an influence in America which has insidiously worked with the Negro to stir him against the majority in America. Indeed, this has been done by a minority which ranks in numbers below the Negro population of the United States. Let the man of color distrust those false friends who mingle with him to get his money, who seek an alliance with him on the alleged common ground of "oppression," and who expose their whole hand when they urge him to that kind of Bolshevism found only in Moscow and on the East Side of New York. The Negro has a better right in America and a deeper stake in the welfare of the country than have many of those who have appointed themselves his friends and guardians. It is a great pity that some of the best and most sincere Negro writers have been unknowingly poisoned by this subtle thing which hates America.

There is something to say to the white man, too. The race that calls itself superior can only prove its superiority by superior ability to help the others, and can only retain its superiority by actually fulfilling its racial destiny as helper of the others. The Negro is a human being, capable of integrity, loyalty and domestic peace and prosperity, and as a human being he is entitled to opportunities to develop and exhibit those qualities and to enjoy his natural human rights. Where the Negro has been given opportunity he has proved a community asset; his labor and his contribution to the development of the country are capable of being increased. Race correction by education is always the superior way, and not coercion. The Negro should be given a chance, and should be regarded with full humanity and treated with entire justice.

To both may be repeated what was said above, that both are here by an apparently purposeful destiny, and the thing to do is to identify and nullify the common enemies of both, and tackle the question upon the principal basis offered this generation, namely, the industrial basis.

When there are enough jobs to go around in this country, when every man shall have opportunity to go forth in the morning to perform the work he is best fitted to do, and to receive a wage which means a secure family life, there will be no race question. The Negro question is largely one of unemployment and of inexperience in handling the rewards of labor. The Negro needs a job, he needs a sense of industrially "belonging," and this it ought to be the desire of our industrial engineers to supply. In the South where the Negro is most at home, where he is best understood and most intelligently appreciated, there ought to be an industrial development that will absorb the Negro population, render it self-sustaining and hold before it the promise of a contented future. Indeed, if the South were given her share in the industrial opportunity of this generation, if Money were not so sectional in its favor, the life of this nation, economically and racially, would be much better balanced. The root of the race question may be found in duty ignored and in public-spirited enterprise suppressed. In duty done and opportunity developed, many difficulties will simply vanish.

THERE is no need of race hatred in America, even though there is a race question. A race question is primarily a question for the race that is being complained against. The complainant has no way of settling it, else it would not have stopped to complain. The question between the white and the colored races in our country is primarily a question for the white race. It is a question for the Negro, too, in so far as he ought to identify the enemy of both the colored man and the white man, the common enemy that is trying to stir hatred between them. Destiny has placed these two races together. Our modern industrialism, changed to motives of public service, will provide means to remove every injustice that gives soil for prejudice.

A volume of 346 pages, durably bound, containing 98 of these articles under the title of "Ford Ideals," will be sent postpaid for $1.00.

The Lost Army of the Russian Revolution

Kappel's 10,000 Peasants Forced Across 6,000 Miles of Snow and Waste

By H. G. SMITH and WYMAN SMITH



Japanese tanks in Vladivostok.

WHEN the revolution of October, 1917, overthrew the government of Czar Nicholas, Russia and Siberia were reckoned by the world as only immense and vague generalities. But who could have prophesied that an army of 10,000 men would roam through that great region, homeless and friendless, for nearly three years? Even today those 10,000 are 6,000 miles from home, dare not return, and through anxious days are awaiting the time when they may cease strife and resume the tillage of their little farms in the valley of the Volga. And, sorry but true, they are the victims not so much of the revolutionary spirit as they are of a great love for their homeland. They can only wait and wait—constructive action is denied them.

Were Russia and Siberia less vast, and did they not include one-seventh of the land area of the world or 9,000,000 square miles and a population of 150,000,000, perhaps the revolution had been ended earlier. Had that empire been smaller, however, it is undoubtedly true that an army would not have been lost for nearly three years; it would have been either exterminated or captured. In any other country of the globe an independent army of 10,000 could not exist, but when the Kappel army, one of the queer outgrowths of the revolution, started under its banner of a "peasant democracy" in 1919, it faced only the possibilities and opportunities of Russia and Siberia. It marched through a multitude of peasants who have been land hungry for years, who have lived in poverty and misery in straw-thatched huts where a single window beckoned to the daylight, and who tilled land which they did not own but tilled as members of a *commune* or *mir*.

A country, suddenly plunged into revolutionary strife, heard the news that it had been freed, and that all Russia and Siberia were to become a great commonwealth, a world-nation under a rule of the people with the talisman of "Democracy." From such a great seething mass of humanity then came the dreamers, the idealists, the thinkers, many of them wise with a true knowledge of freedom many of them unwise and failing to comprehend the task they were undertaking. From Northern Russia arose the forces and with them the doctrine of the Bolsheviki, across the line in Southern Siberia moved another doctrinist, Kolchak, with his definition of freedom, and between the two in the valley of the Volga appeared yet a smaller group in the autumn of 1919 under the leadership of Kappel, a colonel of the old régime, with his theory and his promise of a peasant government.

It is with this army that we shall travel through nearly three years of Russian history, through bloodshed, pillage, victory, defeat, and new victory in tragedy which has driven that small army across Siberia, or more than twice the distance from New York to San Francisco. Perhaps Kappel's dream was wild, perhaps it might have come true, for, after all, he proposed nothing so very new or so very radical to any except the people of Russia; he hoped to adopt in Russia a constitutional monarchy patterned after that of England, and upon that dream he expected to establish a calm and successful government for his beloved country. He wanted to solve the ever-present land problem of the peasants, release them from their economic servitude by constitutional assembly and by ownership of the land. Through such means he promised the peasants he would solve their difficulties, and expected in return that they would join his army in ever-increasing numbers until the small stone (his 10,000 men who themselves had been peasants) rolling onward would accumulate a momentum which nothing could stop and would thereby become powerful enough to control the destiny of Russia and obtain for the people their earnest desire. But then occurred the first of a long series of distressing events. Pushed east by the Bolsheviki who controlled European Russia and crowded northward by the forces of Kolchak who held the territory along the Trans-Siberian Railroad, this army wandered into Siberia expecting to receive help and rallying regiments from the peasantry. However, the peasants had already experienced the promises of Kolchak. Kolchak had promised a constituent assembly and fair treatment, but the assembly had never been called and the government of Kolchak had pillaged their villages, killed their people, taken their property, and had given them not a single ruble in return. Thus when Kappel came with this new appeal, the peasants merely watched his movements calmly and said: "You promise only what Kolchak has promised. Why should we have faith in you; you will give us nothing. Surely, the Bolsheviki can treat us no worse than you or Kolchak do." Onward then along the old routes traveled by the exiles of the old régime, marched the army of Kappel, still hopeful, still ambitious, still trusting that the people would understand and eventually follow its standard.

Nor was it a dream so wild but that it should have obtained more support than it did. It was the third attempt in Russian history to obtain freedom in like manner—a small army pressing toward an indefinite goal and enlisting the distressed workers as it marched forward. In 1725, Stenkaraszin, the Cossack chieftain, started in the Volga Valley and captured nearly all that territory of Southern Russia (his name still rings throughout the folklore and the songs of the realm); in 1825, Pugachev, another general, set up his banner in like manner and won a partial success. Their defeats were due, not so much to the passivity of the peasants, as to the overwhelming forces of the empire sent against them. Why then should not Kappel have right to expect a victory at so propitious a time?

Kappel, however, obtained even less support than his two predecessors, for, harrassed as he was on both sides by enemies, and compelled to seek refuge toward the east, he was forced to commandeer even the food he required for his troops. Thus he experienced not only the passive resistance of the peasants but the secret, hidden antagonism to his work which eventually forced him into the vicinity of Irkutsk in February, 1920, nearly five months after his army had departed from the Volga. Nor was it through any especial desire of his own that he sought refuge in that interior city, for it was within the territory which Kolchak presumed to control, being a segment along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.



Part of the Kappel army entering Vladivostok in 1921.

Kolchak forces drilling in Irkutsk.



Kolchak forces attacking the railroad station in the Geida revolution



Over the snow-clad roofs of Vladivostok.

No better place, however, could have been chosen for the base of operations than Irkutsk. At one time it had been a city of more than 60,000 population; it was the center of the stage routes which before the railroad had connected the Pacific provinces with European Russia; in its markets was transacted the great fur business of Siberia; through it flows the rapid Angara and on the east shines the crystal blue waters of Lake Baikal. Calm and peaceful is the Angara with its swift 16-mile an hour current scarcely perceptible; serene and rarely tinged is the basin of Lake Baikal which has its source 600 miles northward at the melting, breaking terminus of a glacier. Those who lived in Irkutsk before the revolution spent their summers in country homes on the shores of Lake Baikal, and their winters in the city where the social life was interspersed by plays, musical entertainments and operas. Whether he breakfasts on bread and tea in the morning, or on eggs, meat cakes, bread, jam and tea in the evening, the Russian never neglects the art of living gracefully. In earlier days students were sent to the gymnasiums to learn appreciation for music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and when they finished at the age of 19 years, they had read 1,000 books of the world's best literature.

Towering above the walls and dwellings of the inland city rose the glittering domes of 19 Greek churches; evening basked their western sides in the vivid colors of a Siberian sunset, and set their long globular shadows majestically across the quiet city below.

Thus was Irkutsk in former days, but when Kappel's army arrived, peacefulness had been replaced by tumult and upheaval. Kolchak's power had crumbled, he was being held prisoner even then by his own troops and additional revolutionists from the surrounding country. The new revolutionists, working as another branch of the Bolsheviki, held him prisoner from January 25 until instructions from the eastern headquarters could arrive. Orders placed Kolchak's fate in the hands of a military tribunal, he was tried for treason, not against the Bolsheviki, but against Russia, convicted and shot by a firing squad.

Even during the trial, Kappel was forcing his way into the city, but before he could obtain complete control, reinforcements came to the revolutionists which

enabled them to drive him out and retain possession. Again Kappel's army was forced eastward, from the city which had only a few weeks before appeared as a refuge for the winter, and with only one possible destination remaining—Vladivostok, 1,500 miles away. To insure safety, the army was compelled to march the 60 miles across Lake Baikal, then covered with ice to the depth of several feet, but far too clean a playground for the storms of winter. All the sufferings that an army has ever endured had been summarized in those brief terrible months which succeeded the march from the Volga, and experienced by that moneyless, starving, drifting army.

And the crossing of Lake Baikal proved the supreme test of endurance. On foot, on horseback, scantily clad and weary, they stopped once to rest until they could brew their cups of tea, and then marched on lest pursuit annihilate them. Among the wounded and sick who were being carried along on sledges was Kappel himself. When he was taken ill with pneumonia in Irkutsk he had no other hospital than a sledge and on the march he remained in the sledge until he died while crossing the lake. With a temperature of 60 degrees below zero, it became necessary to leave him, just as others of the sick and wounded were left, buried in the ice and with the cold snow for a winding sheet, while the forlorn, aimless march continued.

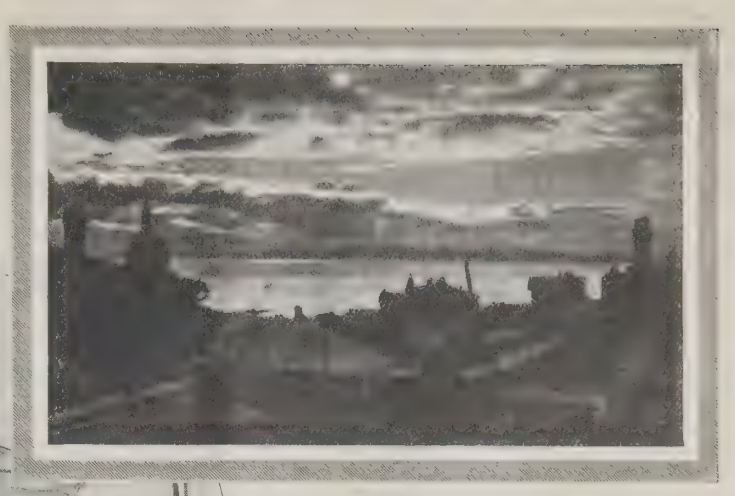
That army could not stop, for to do so would mean death from the Bolsheviki, its leader remained only a corpse on Lake Baikal; its claim to a wise knowledge of freedom for Russia had been denied. Insurmountable obstacles lay before.

One incident will partially typify the tragedy of the lost army, an interview with a Russian officer who eventually reached Vladivostok.

"We had enlisted together," he told me, "a friend of mine whom I had known in the Volga. We came with the army, of course, all those intolerable miles of tramping. Our clothes were negligible, food was scarce. At times we were near to starvation, and it was only through the hospitality and friendliness which one Russian has for another that we were enabled to live. We might have won at Irkutsk had it not been for the revolution. Even when we began the march on Lake Baikal I thought we were safe at last, but then Leoniff, my long and faithful friend, was taken sick. I could not stay to watch him, I could not help him, the sledges were more than full—we had to leave him there on the ice and snow."

That was one incident, but in the faces of other men, I read many another like it or even worse, but of which they in their reluctance did not speak or only vaguely suggested. They did not care to relive such intense and long-continued suffering.

Crippled and disillusioned, the troops arrived at Vladivostok, some earlier than others, but all by May 1, 1921. Not more than 8,000 remained after the 6,000-mile march, but that remnant seemed for a time contented. On foot, horseback, on trains, when they could obtain them, or by any other means of conveyance or travel, the army reached the city and for a time at least was assured of bodily warmth and food.



The harbor of Vladivostok, Golden Horn Bay.



Kolchak's prison at Irkutsk.



At left—He waits for peace.



Below—A peasant home in Siberia.



Celebrating the Bolshevik revolution of March, 1918, in Vladivostok.

At the time, indeed, Vladivostok was under the régime of the Far Eastern Republic, which had been established at Chita, and although in partial alliance with the Bolsheviki, was still very young and unstable. Its main opposition had originated in Vladivostok, and had it been an older government it might have watched more closely the army of Kappel. But it was too busy establishing a permanent form of government which was based upon five fundamental principles:

1. Rights of private property.
2. Freedom of the press.
3. Suffrage for both sexes of 18 years or over.
4. Control of natural resources by the government.
5. A government conducted by the people.

The republic retained a small army but was not so much interested in fighting as in returning to such a definite economic status that Eastern Siberia at least could re-establish its industry and commerce. Antoneff (named in Siberia, Krasnochekoff), who had been a lawyer in Chicago for 15 years, was elected first president by the delegates to the first congress chosen at popular election by the provinces of the Far Eastern Republic. Concessions on natural resources were being made and industry promised to recontinue; the peasants believed at last in the established government, and that spring began the planting of crops and the tillage of their farms with a new vigor and a fresh hope.

"It is the first time since the revolution of 1917, the first time in four years," said a mujik, "that we have faith in a government. We are ready to stop fighting, we want a peaceful condition of the country, we want to stop the banditry which has been going on among the villages and on the railroads. If you come into our village now, even though you are a stranger, you will be welcomed as a friend for we believe the time for fighting is over. Before this we have not worked, for our crops would have been taken from us, but now we have returned to our fields again. We are ready for peace."

In the city, bankers, merchants, business men of all sorts were also beginning the restoration. "It is the first time in five years," they said, "that we note improvement in our business because people are buying again." It was the first time that the railroads had paid expenses, and thus in the short four months which had elapsed since the meeting of the first congress, Eastern Siberia experienced a new faith and began the work of reconstruction. In the schools also the courses were being arranged to teach not only cultural studies, but to supply training in various vocations. Dressmaking, hat-making, shoemaking, modern methods of farming, and many other subjects which would help future citizens to learn a useful trade and become of greater service to the community, were being taught. All included, it was a large and extensive program, but if time had been given it might have made the necessary adaptations.

The government which everyone had feared would be Bolshevik at its beginning was showing itself very democratic.

Vladivostok awoke as from a horrible dream, for peace had come and with it the glorious month of May.

Let us climb the 500-foot Viokie Gorie (High Hill) to observe better the scene and the surroundings of this terminal of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. Below the hill cluster the homes of 200,000 people interrupted by lumber mills, car shops, manufacturing establishments, several engineering and technical schools, a naval school, high schools and a university of 2,000 students. The city is admirably situated, for less than 40 miles away are the richest coal mines of the East and only four miles away is the ocean opening to Golden Horn Bay, through which ocean vessels may come to anchor at the very wharves. This is the second best natural harbor in the world, and although it is crowded with ice in the winter, ice-breakers keep the channel open.

Beyond the bay is an archipelago formed by Russian Island, Sckaploff Island and three or four smaller land points. On Russian Island one may go to picnic on fine days, and although the ocean washes its sides, the billows have already been subdued by Peter the Great and Amur bays which are the more formal entrances to Golden Horn Bay. Just as one may observe remnants of the fortifications which were to make Vladivostok second only to Gibraltar in impregnability, so may these deserted structures be found also on Russian Island; but all about is an abundance of flowering plants and grasses, so varied and so numerous that a story has originated regarding the island. "When God had completed the planting of the earth, he discovered that Russian Island had been neglected. Accordingly, he took seeds from all the plants of the torrid and temperate zones and endowed Russian Island as the botanical garden of the world."

As the eye wanders entranced over the criss-crossing streets and avenues of the hill slopes, it senses the kindly hospitality and friendliness of the Siberian city. Vladivostok is certainly young as cities are known, for even its great limestone cathedral was built only 50 years ago. It was founded slightly more than 70 years ago, and old residents still relate incidents of the time when tigers were caught just outside the city; today an occasional unfortunate peasant will come in with a story of a tiger which has killed one of his best horses. Vladivostok is still a young and eager city and its great period of accomplishment lies in the future.

But with the passing of the May month came the approach of another Doomsday. For several weeks rumors regarding a new revolution were about in the city, yet folks refused to believe that a city which had already undergone five revolutions could have another. Five revolutions there had been; the first followed the death of the Czar in 1917, the second came during the Bolshevik upheaval, the third was the revolution directed by General Geida (former general with Kolchak but a rebel because of the farmers' poor management and methods) against Kolchak which had failed; fourth, the overthrow of Kolchak by the revolutionists who had assisted Geida and waited until they could become stronger; fifth, the taking of the city by the Japanese in 1920 which, turned back to the provisional government, was eventually to become a part of the Far Eastern Republic.

After all that, Vladivostok was not to rest. On May 26, 1921, came another revolution, this time by the remnants of the old régime who proposed to re-establish monarchistic government in Russia. Under the leadership of the Markuloff brothers, two men who had been members of the Black Hundred (secret organization of the Czar), one an editor of a monarchistic paper, the other a commercial man, the revolution was hurried on its way. On that morning soldiers of the Far Eastern Republic were conducting a group of Kappel officers under guard through the streets of the city. Permission was given one of the men to telephone from a Japanese headquarters, on personal matters, but instead he sounded the alarm and in a short time men were rushing from their stations to take part in a new fight. All those who were in any way discontented with the Far Eastern Republic joined the ranks; they had scarcely any reason except that revolt would bring them change. With this group were also the remnants of the Kappel army who were supplied with ammunition, grenades, rifles, under no particular effort at concealment, by the Japanese forces still in the city. Thus a new army paraded the streets of Vladivostok and a new government was thrust upon the people.

This government did nothing except hold its ground and maintain smugly: "We oppose Bolshevism and we want the old monarchy again." If the Japanese forces were withdrawn, the government would have crumbled before the power of the Far Eastern Republic, and its strength was maintained only in those areas where Japanese forces hold the ground.

Meanwhile at Chita, 1,500 miles away, the Far Eastern Republic struggled to obtain an agreement with the Japanese for evacuation, and with the Markuloff brothers for reinstatement of the republic. While waiting, the lost, homeless Kappel army, for want of other occupation, acted as the militia and police force of the Markuloff government. They served only because they must live, because they believed in Russia and because they are still 6,000 miles from a home to which they dare not return. They marched to seek freedom and democracy, and their search has thus far been fruitless. The service rendered by the Kappel army, unrecorded and little understood, has had its purpose, no doubt, and marks the end of the third and last dream of a "peasant democracy."

Bees Make Him Known All Over the Land

"Grand Old Man" of Medina, Ohio, Has Led Active and Purposeful Life

By FRANK HILL

A. I. ROOT, "grand old man" of Medina, Ohio, is still quite a youth at 82. His intellect is keen and alert, and his gaze is constantly fixed on the advancing frontiers of knowledge, science and invention. He is continually peering to discover what is going to happen next. If he ever thinks of death he does not allow it to disturb him in the least. He lives just as if he expected to go right on living on this earth for another 82 years.

Although not rugged physically, he is in good health, and is very active. He gets around easily and is always eager to "go somewhere and investigate something."

The writer was with him and some friends when he visited a great factory where he saw "acres of men and machinery" at work. He noted the processes of manufacture carefully, observed that the men were not discontented, and that none were "loafing on the job."

Later, while inspecting the grounds of our host, we discovered that Mr. Root had disappeared.

"You probably will find him in the automobile taking a nap," suggested a member of the party.

Sure enough that is exactly where we found him. He had made a pillow out of a blanket, and curled up on the back seat, where he was sleeping peacefully and soundly. Our steps must have aroused him. He awakened as we approached, rubbed his eyes, and crawled out of the machine very much refreshed.

"That's the way I keep ahead of the undertaker," he explained. "My fountain of youth is to eat sparingly and take a nap whenever I feel like it. Years ago a doctor told me a great deal about the value of sleep, and I attribute my long life and vigor to the fact that I keep slept up to date. If you expect to live long and retain your strength of mind and body you must keep your battery charged all the time. The brain constitutes the battery of the human machine, and nature recharges it while you are asleep. Many nervous breakdowns in middle age result from late hours as much as any other one thing. If a man is prematurely old you can generally trace it back to loss of sleep and dissipation. Proper diet, sleep and exercise are the essentials of health and strength, and they are within reach of everybody."

A. I. Root is known in 15 languages as "Root, the Bee Man." He has built up the largest concern in the world for handling bees and making bee equipment. His activities cover the earth, and his foreign correspondence is so extensive that he is obliged to maintain a special translating department so each correspondent can be answered in his own tongue.

In his youthful days Mr. Root was looked upon as a "joke" by the neighbors in Medina because he was constantly making experiments. Now at 82 he still bubbles with enthusiasm and new ideas and an insatiable desire to "see the wheels go round."

As a youth he was much like Edison in one respect at least. He loved to tinker with electricity and chemistry. Before electric motors came into use Root operated a small motor which he had built out of crude materials with a file, a wire cutter, a drill and a jackknife. One day he developed a great idea, and invited other members of the household to see him try out his discovery. He announced that he was going to explode gas with an electric spark. Nobody objected and he went on with the show. He put gas into a bottle, ran electric wires in through a cork, and turned on the juice. The resulting explosion blew the bottle into fragments, and one of the pieces hit a girl on the arm. Thereafter young Root's contraptions were excluded from the family circle, and whenever he announced that he had developed a new invention he was advised to keep it in the woodshed, and not bring it into the parlor. When he set off the gas with an electric spark and shattered the bottle, Root used the basic principle by which all gasoline motors are operated today in running airplanes and automobiles.

At 25 he was in business as a manufacturing jeweler. A swarm of bees flew over the town one day and attracted his attention. Just as a challange he offered an employe a dollar if he would catch the bees. The proposition was accepted and in due time the bees were delivered. Root began to study them. He read books, questioned farmers, made experiments, learned how to handle bees, and in a few years gave up making jewelry, and devoted all of his time to raising bees, and making equipment for bee raisers.

He began with a silver dollar and has developed a business rated at a million.

When he erected his first brick factory, Mr. Root put over the main entrance the words, "In God We Trust," carved in stone. It is there to this day and always attracts attention. That slogan is the keynote to the life, activities and character of this unusual old man.

He discusses religion just as naturally as other folks talk about the weather. In his younger days he was a "follower of Bob Ingersoll," but he finally became a Christian, and at once started in to tell the world all about his new faith. He has contributed considerable money in the last 25 years to promote various religious and humanitarian undertakings.

His world-wide business resulted from a bit of generosity that most "hard-boiled" business men would have considered the height of folly. And yet in the last analysis what he did proved to be the very best kind of business sagacity.

One Sunday Mr. Root went to his church to listen to a sermon, but a stranger was in the pulpit. He told about the heathen and their need of Bibles and teachers, and wound up by asking for donations. Mr. Root was deeply impressed, and much disturbed. He felt that he ought to do something, but he did not see how he could spare any money. Finally a bright idea shot into his mind. Going up to the speaker after the service Mr. Root exclaimed:

"That was a great talk you gave us, and everybody ought to help. I want to do something, but I have little to give. But I tell you what I'll do. Mail me a list of missionaries in foreign countries, and I'll send them my little magazine, *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, free."

"All right, I'll do it," responded the speaker.

In due time Mr. Root received a long list of men and women who were preaching and teaching in foreign lands.

He slowly scanned the names, estimated the number and computed the postage he would have to pay. The grand total was rather forbidding, much larger than he expected.

"I didn't know there were so many missionaries in the whole world," he commented, shaking his head. "But I'll have to go through with it in some way."

Again he was laughed at by his associates, but that did not stop him. When the first mailing time came his secretary exclaimed in dismay:

"Why, Mr. Root, it will cost 24 cents for postage on a lot of these names, and some will take even 48 cents. Where are we going to get the money for the stamps?" Mr. Root could not say much just then but he did not flinch. "Don't worry," he calmly replied. "The Great Father above will furnish the stamps to send *Gleanings* to the missionaries."

Somehow the cash was always in hand for stamps when needed and the magazines were sent out regularly. It did not enter Mr. Root's mind that he would ever get any business from the missionaries or their people. He was not sending *Gleanings* to them for that purpose. But here is what happened:

The missionaries in the list given to Mr. Root were located in South Africa, the northern part of South America and points in the Orient, where the climate is warm and nectar-producing flowers and blossoms are abundant. In short, the heathen occupied an ideal bee country, where bees lived in hollow trees and were hard to reach. The missionaries saw an opportunity to use Mr. Root's beehives, smokers and honey extractors to both win and help the natives. First, they wanted to demonstrate that the white man's religion was the best in the world by putting bees in hives so they could be controlled, and by showing the people how to do it themselves. Furthermore, they needed the honey for food. In a few months Mr. Root began to get orders from the missionaries. The foreign market thus started grew until it became a very important part of the business.

For a long time Mr. Root exhibited a large collection of envelopes addressed to him bearing foreign stamps and postmarks to show that his trade extended to the ends of the earth. These envelopes were mounted on a piece of cardboard two by three feet in size, and hung on the wall near the front door of his office.

This foreign trade could not have been obtained in any other way. It is a strange story which can be explained only in the language of Mr. Root: "It was the Lord's doings. I cast my bread upon the waters and it returned to me after many days with a hundredfold increase."

On another occasion Mr. Root had a singular deliverance from a business difficulty that is worth relating. While he was erecting his first factory building, he ran short of cash and became seriously embarrassed. The contractor wanted his money and Mr. Root did not know which way to turn to get it. In telling the story Mr. Root says:

> "I could not see my way so I took the matter to the Lord. After I had prayed a while I got an assurance in my heart that the money would come all right. Several days later a stranger called and asked me to show him how to transfer bees from one hive to another. He was very friendly and during his visit he asked if I was in difficulty of any kind. So I told him about the demands of the brick contractor, and to my surprise and relief he said he had some money that I could have if I would take it. A few days after he left, a draft came from Quebec for $500, and with that I paid the contractor. My credit was re-established and I had no more trouble. The man was an utter stranger. He did not even want to take my note except as a memorandum. Of course, the Lord sent him."

When Mr. Root started his magazine, *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, he established a department called "Home Talks," in which he discussed religion in a matter-of-fact way just as others talk about the weather, crops and the price of hogs. It was an unheard-of thing for an industrial journal to have a department devoted to that subject. Several subscribers quit when it was first started, but for every one who quit for that reason dozens subscribed. Mr. Root's "Home Talks" have become so popular that they have a vital bearing on the circulation of the magazine. In view of his advancing years, Mr. Root has prepared material for his "Home Talks" that will last for five years after he is no longer able to write.

In the ordinary course of business Mr. Root ordered a supply of small tin pans and pails from an eastern concern for use in handling honey. He wanted *dozen* lots, but the order was filled in *gross* lots. There was a lively exchange of letters thereafter, and at length the manufacturer agreed to have the excess shipped back at their expense.

Then Mr. Root had a brilliant idea. Why not take the surplus tinware to the approaching county fair and dispose of it at a special sale that would net a little profit? That would save the situation for all concerned.

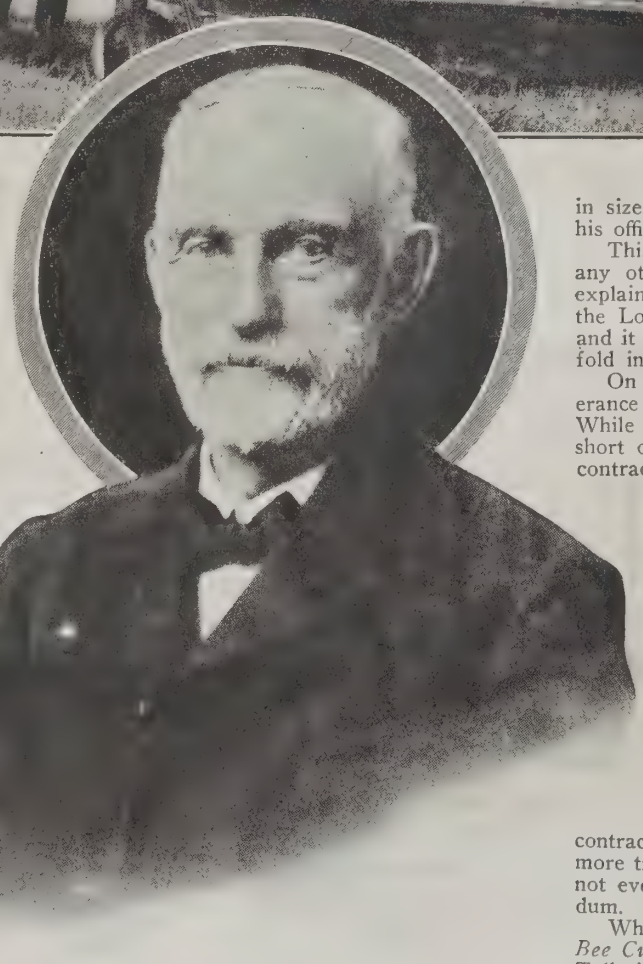
Of course, the manufacturer consented. Mr. Root set up a booth at the fairgrounds, put the tin pans on sale and had a happy time disposing of them personally. He offered them at bargain prices and soon cleaned out the entire stock. When he forwarded a check to the concern for the bill he received a very unusual letter from the manager:

"We have heard that you were a crank on religion, but we are very much pleased with the way in which you show it. We sincerely hope a lot of other people will do likewise."

Prohibitionists probably do not know how much

(Concluded on page 10)





A. I. ROOT, the Bee Man

Above—Mr. Root in the forward seat of an airplane enjoying a trip at 82.

Mexico Claims 11 Isles Under American Flag

Famous Catalina Among Those Sought by Southern Neighbor

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE United States of Mexico is claimant indirectly, as a result of a war waged three-quarters of a century ago, to 11 islands, now flying the Stars and Stripes. The islands stretch from the Mexican border to the Golden Gate and include a valuable, as well as popular, summer resort. There are 13 or 14 islands, but only 11 are habitable, the remainder being merely rocks. They include also the famous Farallon Islands, guardians of the Golden Gate, whose lofty lighthouse has pointed the way home to thousands of American vessels. In the diplomatic claim which has been drawn up by the attorneys for the Mexican Government, Santa Catalina, San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, San Nicolas, San Clemente, Santa Barbara, Anacapa and the Farallones are mentioned. There being two Farallon islands, this accounts for 10, while a large rock projecting from the sea northeast of San Miguel Island, and known by several names, is the eleventh. There are a number of other such projections, but they are not included. The Mexican Government first turned its attention to these islands early in the administration of Alvaro Obregon. Attempts had been made to bring up the matter as far back as 1909, when Porfirio Diaz was president, and the writer of this article was living in Mexico City. Diaz refused to present the claim to the United States because of the effort he was making to induce the Washington Government to prevent the fomenting along the Texas-Mexico border of revolutions against the Mexican Government. Ramon Corral, then vice-president of Mexico, was an active mover for the claim. When Francisco I. Madero came into power, succeeding Diaz, he pledged himself to press the claim for these islands, but was overthrown and killed. The claim and its proponents then slumbered through the administrations of Victoriano Huerta and Venustiano Carranza, but shortly after the inauguration of President Obregon, he commissioned General Amado Aguirre, then sub-secretary of agriculture, as the head of a committee to investigate and present a report.



The hotel and bathing beach on Catalina Island, which, if the Mexican Government makes good its claims, will be flying the red, white and green *bandera* of Mexico.



The beautiful arch on Santa Cruz Island, one of the most rugged, and the finest scenically, of all the Channel Islands. Several spots on this island have been used extensively for motion picture stage settings and the island is very popular with vacationists and campers who know how to live away from the telephone.



The lighthouse and the United States Government Lighthouse Service Station on one of the Farallon Islands, the rocky group which stands some 30 miles out in the Pacific Ocean, almost directly in front of the Golden Gate entrance to San Francisco Harbor.



Islands off the California coast at one time owned by Mexico, now American possessions, are claimed by our Southern neighbors.

The report presented, President Obregon has decided to forward it diplomatically to Washington, and the writer has been privileged to see its text. In part, it says:

"Those pieces of land known as 'the Channel Islands,' and the other and smaller group, known as 'the Farallones,' lying farther north along the coast of California, of right belong to the United States of Mexico. The United States of America is not occupying them by right of discovery, because they were discovered—with the exception of the Farallones—in the sixteenth century, by the Spanish navigator Cabrillo, who gave them the names they now bear. They were well known as the property of Mexico when the United States took possession of the territory ceded to it by Mexico in the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

"These islands are not occupied by right of purchase, since Mexico never has sold them to any state or nation.

"They are not occupied by right of conquest, since they never have been conquered, other than the peaceful conquest of the Indians, then occupying them, by Cabrillo, more than three centuries ago.

"They are not occupied by right of territorial jurisdiction, because the international code to which the United States of America adheres sets the principle that the territorial jurisdiction of a nation cannot extend farther than a league from shore, and the islands in question are at a greater distance from the coast line of the United States.

"The international code to which the United States adheres rejects the right of conquest by stating that not all territory conquered belongs to the conqueror, but only that part assigned by definite stipulations of duly authorized treaties. No mention of these islands, or of any of them, is made in any of the treaties between Mexico and the United States of America, including the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

"Further proof of the justice of the claim of Mexico to the islands is given in the decree of the Queen of Spain, issued in 1836, declaring that, in the future, all possessions of the kingdom of New Spain belong to the Republic of Mexico, thereby recognizing Mexico as a sovereign nation. For many years Mexico exercised control and government over these islands and the Indians then living on them, without dispute from any other power.

"In substantiation of this occupation, control and government, reference is made to a decree issued by General Anastasio Bustamente, then president of Mexico, on June 20, 1838, authorizing the then governor of California to make grants of any parts of these islands to settlers, but limiting the grantees by stating that such gifts of land should be made to Mexicans only and for purposes of actual settlement and development of the islands.

"Titles to parts of these islands, granted to Castillero and Carriol, in 1839 and 1841, respectively, were afterward nullified by decree of President Santa Anna, in November, 1853; by President Alvarez in July, 1854, and by President Comonfort, March 10, 1857, all three of these latter dates having been since the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo."

It is further contended in this report, which follows a personal visit to all the islands, search of old records in California, in Mexico City and in Spain by General Aguirre, that when the Republic of Mexico surrendered the vast empire of the west of the United States of America, no mention whatever was made of these islands, nor of their inhabitants, then estimated to number several thousand Indians, many of whom had fled to the islands from the mainland because they did not wish to work on the mission farms. Though the islands are beyond the three-mile limit of the coast of the United States, they are under the government of California.

Attorneys who are interested on the California side have gone over the original draft, in Spanish, of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, dated February 2, 1846, and under which Mexico ceded California, with other territory, to the United States. These attorneys say that Mexico in that treaty relinquished all right and title to "all territory west of the present boundary line between the two countries at San Diego, California," and that Mexico has no ground for her claim.

These attorneys add that "if Mexico had made her claim immediately after the signing of the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, she, probably, could have established a valid claim," but that 70 years' delay, with the consequent long period of uninterrupted occupation of these islands by citizens of the United States, practically conceded present ownership—whatever may have been the status in the past—to the United States.

The intrinsic value of the islands, with the exception of three of them, is not great. Santa Catalina, better known merely as "Catalina Island," contains one of the largest, best known and most popular summer resorts on both shores of the Pacific Ocean. There is a considerable town, Avalon, and thousands have their summer homes on the island. The island was purchased a few years ago by an eastern millionaire from the Banning Brothers, who, in turn, got it from the original Spanish grantees, by the simple process of marrying into the family. Considerable money has been expended by the new owner on the development of the island, and Los Angeles real estate experts estimate its value at about $7,000,000. Allowing for the excess of enthusiasm and imagination possessed by the average owners of Southern California real estate, it would seem reasonable to say that the island is actually worth about $2,000,000. As a piece of property, it is undoubtedly more valuable than all the other southern islands put together, but in utility and real value to mankind, it is worth far less than one of the Farallones which bears the light pointing the way for Pacific shipping to the Golden Gate entrance of San Francisco Harbor.

Should the Farallones fall to the hands of Mexico, the certainty with which mariners have been guided by this light for many years would be endangered, if not lost, for the lighthouses on the Mexican coasts function when the keepers are disposed to operate them, rather than certainly and continuously. San Clemente Island also is occupied, being leased by a sheep-raising

(Concluded on page 12)

North and South Florida Drifting Apart?

Separate Governments for Sections Is Held as Solution of Grievances

By FRANK B. STONEMAN

Editor-in-chief of the Miami *Herald*.

THERE are two distinct Floridas, North Florida and South Florida, quite evenly divided as to territory, population, but widely divided by interest, occupation, soil conditions, industry, and ideas of progressiveness.

A line drawn across the state at about latitude 29 degrees north, at the narrowest part of the peninsula, approximately divides the two sections. To the north of this line lies old Florida with all its ancient traditions. To the south, is that portion of the state, the new Florida, bursting with energy, enterprising and progressive and with a great vision of the splendid empire it is rapidly creating.

Agitation for state division of Florida has been more or less sporadic for a number of years, but it has only been within the last two or three years that there has been any serious consideration of the subject.

One has only to turn the map of Florida upside down to notice its close resemblance to an old-fashioned boot. Away out, in the western end of the boot, there is that section of the state that joins on to Alabama. In that section there has been from time to time demands for state division, a division that would permit the people of that West Florida to attach their territory to the state of Alabama.

The urge has occasionally come from the state of Alabama itself, for that state would very much like to have a section that would give it a few more towns and cities and more gulf coast. The legislature of that state is said at one time to have made an appropriation to purchase the coveted territory from Florida, but nothing has ever come of the movement.

Railroads Develop South

SOUTH Florida was practically an unknown land previous to the beginnings of the development undertaken by Henry B. Plant and Henry M. Flagler, the one creating a railroad system that reached down into the southwest section of the state to Tampa and farther on, and the other building down the east coast of the state to Miami and finally to Key West. When it is said that Florida was an unknown section of the country before the great empire builders began their work, it is not meant that state history had not been made. Immigration from the northern states had begun long before the admission of the state in 1845, and there were many good, old-time towns and cities in North Florida before the Civil War.

But Florida began to be widely known when railroads pushed their enterprising way into South Florida. Then it was that the tide of tourists set in, first in driblets and then in the mighty flood that now marks every Florida winter. Northern capital was chary of entering Florida until the railroads showed the way, and then northern men with money, attracted by the possibilities of profit in citrous fruit culture, began to flock into that section.

Progress was slow; the fateful years of 1894-5 seemed to end it forever in disastrous freezes that wiped out the entire citrous fruit industry and ruined thousands who had put their all of years, money and life into their ventures.

But the "great freeze," as it is still referred to by old-time residents, was a blessing, although heavily disguised. Men sought other sections where frost and cold could not come, and they found it or thought they found it in the extreme southern end of the state. With the gradual recovery from the freeze there came a most wonderful development of the entire southern section of the state, and with it a new birth to the section that had been so badly used by the frost.

After the year 1900, the people of the North discovered that there were great possibilities in the soil of South Florida and from that time to this there has been a steadily increasing stream of immigrants who have settled on the rich lands of the southern portion of the state. They have built up magnificent towns and cities, they have covered the section with hard-surfaced roads, they have acquired groves and gardens and ranches; in brief, they have created an empire.

How It Would Be Cut Up

IF GENERAL consent should ultimately be given to the division of the state at about the line suggested, North Florida would retain 35 counties, with a population of about 550,000; while South Florida would have a state composed, as at present, of 26 counties with a population approximating 400,000. Both states would have about the same area after such a division as is suggested.

The present assessed valuation of North Florida is somewhat in excess of the valuation of the other part of the state, but the difference is rapidly being made up by the growth of South Florida. There are in North Florida 26 national banks, with $80,000,000 of resources; while in South Florida there are 28 national banks, with resources of $70,000,000 in round numbers. In North Florida there are 86 state banks and trust companies, with resources of $35,209,867; in South Florida one hundred and twenty-seven such institutions with resources of $78,295,728.

In North Florida there are nine daily newspapers, with a combined circulation of 75,000. In South Florida there are 20 daily newspapers, with a circulation of nearly 100,000. In North Florida there are 80 publications of all kinds including dailies; while in South Florida there are 99.

The growing demands for state division may be attributed to the uneven political development of the state and the consequent retention of power by a few of the northern countries over the rest.

Paired with Iowa, as a slave state, Florida was admitted to the Union in 1845. There were 42 counties, 29 of which were in the section which in this article has been designated as North Florida, while there were 16 counties in the southern portion of the state. The latter were all very much larger than the counties in the north and were practically unsettled.

Under the constitution adopted in 1885 the 29 northern counties had a representation, in the house of representatives of the legislature, of 48. The other 16 counties were given a representation of 23. In the senate the 29 northern counties had 22 senators; and the other 16 had 10.

The constitution of 1885 provided, among other things, that "The legislature that shall meet in 1887, and those that shall meet every 10 years thereafter, shall apportion their representation in the senate, the whole number of senators not to exceed 32 members; and at the same time shall apportion the representation in the house of representatives, the whole number not to exceed 68. The representation in the house of representatives shall be apportioned among the several counties as nearly as possible according to the population; provided each county shall have one representative at large in the house of representatives, and no county shall have more than three representatives."

This provision was amended in 1900 to permit new counties to have one representative, despite the prohibition as to the number that should compose the house.

That provision in the constitution provided a reasonably fair and equitable apportionment of the representation of the state, and everybody was satisfied, for the time being.

The legislature that met in 1897 quietly ignored the mandate of the constitution and adjourned without obeying its injunction to reapportion representation in the legislature. This neglect caused some talk and much dissatisfaction was expressed at the failure of the legislature to perform its plain duty.

When that body met in 1899, again there was talk of reapportionment, but it was urged that the constitution provided that reapportionment should only take place every 10 years after 1887. This argument was sufficient to postpone any action.

And then came other 10-year periods in 1907 and 1917, but the legislatures positively refused to take any steps toward reapportioning the state as required by the constitution.

Southern Districts Growing

MEANTIME, the southern portion of Florida had been growing. The vast majority of people from other states who went into Florida settled in South Florida. Despite its political handicaps, that section of the state developed marvelously.

The effects of the constant refusal of the legislature to re-apportion the state has been to center the political power in the few counties in the extreme northern and western parts of the state. With the 32 members of the senate, 17 senators coming from counties lying in the northern part of the state and despite the creation of new counties in the southern part of the state, each one having one representative, the north still holds a majority in the house.

Hence, South Florida's claim is that it does not enjoy equal political rights with the north, and it points to the fact that in the distribution of state institutions North Florida has received all the benefits while South Florida is compelled to pay the greater part of the taxes for their maintenance. The state capital is located at Tallahassee, in the northern part of the state. The state asylum for the insane is in the same section as are the state college for women, the state university, the state normal school for Negroes, the industrial school for boys, the state prison farm, the school for delinquent girls, the school for the blind and deaf, while in South Florida there is not a state institution except a small laboratory at West Palm Beach and a small agricultural experiment station in the same county.

Another cause for complaint has been that the southern counties have always been advocates of good roads and they have constructed hundreds of miles of hard-surfaced highways comparable with any in the whole country, and have paid for them by taxing themselves. The northern counties, until quite recently, have been very backward in respecting good roads. They have very generally refused to bond themselves for the construction of highways and even to this day many of them are content with the dirt roads of last century.

Statistics Are Brought In

BUT within recent years, there has been something of a change of view and there have come movements through which the state, by levying a tax on gasoline, on automobiles and other sources of income has raised a fund for road building. This is being augmented by funds from counties that consent to bond themselves and from Federal aid.

Developments show, it is strenuously claimed by South Florida people, that while the southern portion of the state pays 75 per cent of these and other taxes, 90 per cent of the resulting fund is being expended in the northern portion of the state and in exactly those counties, according to the contention, that have always refused to join in the good-roads movement, until they were assured of state aid, which aid, so South Florida claims, comes from South Florida.

This, according to the southern view, furnishes argument for state division.

The attitude of many of the people in the northern section of the state toward state division is one of good-natured tolerance. They do not see how division can be put over and they are not much agitated over it.

Opposition is invariably expressed on the sentimental ground that the "good old state ought not to be divided; that things are going on all right as they are and that, anyhow, it can't be done."

It must not be understood that there is in Florida any great agitation on the question of state division. Just at this time it is more an academic subject of conversation than a deliberate political plan. But it may be said that if the legislature does not show some disposition to obey the constitution and give the southern portion of the state its fair and just proportion of political rights and power, the question of state division will become acute with every prospect that South Florida will ultimately succeed in creating a state for itself.

Bees Make Him Known All Over the Land

Concluded from page 8

they owe to A. I. Root for helping to start the Anti-Saloon League, the fighting organization which dug the grave of John Barleycorn. Dr. Howard Russell, a young preacher, who had also studied and practiced law, conceived the idea that the saloon could be driven out under local option, and took steps to form an organization for that purpose. Churches were so conservative in those days that Russell was obliged to rehearse his speech to the church boards before he was permitted to occupy the pulpits. He was doing pioneer work, and naturally suffered all the hardships of a pioneer. He was out of money most of the time and financed his work with great difficulty. A. I. Root and a man by the name of Metcalf in Oberlin became deeply interested, and during the early years of the Anti-Saloon League these two men furnished most of the money to keep Dr. Russell going. Thus the Roots and the Metcalfs builded better than they knew. Russell led in a movement which later became nation-wide, gripped every voting precinct in the United States, and is now a terror to "wet" evildoers everywhere. Ever since that time the Roots have been active in the fight against booze, cigarets and vice.

After A. I. Root had turned the active management of his bee business over to his sons and sons-in-law, he began to experiment with chickens, and is now having a jolly time raising fancy chickens and garden truck. If he had another life to live he would probably become the greatest hen raiser in the world. He knows all about hens, and it is amusing to hear him talk about bees, hens, war, religion, garden truck, flowers and windmills all in the same breath.

In his youth he was the first person in Medina to own and ride a velocipede, and when the automobile came on the market he soon bought one. When the Wrights were experimenting with their airplane at Dayton, Mr. Root went down to see how it worked. He got there just in time to witness a successful try-out. He rode around the course in an automobile with Miss Wright, sister of the Wright Brothers, congratulated them on their success, and was among the first to recognize what they had achieved.

Just now Mr. Root's big hobby is to harness the wind for the benefit of mankind. At his winter home near Bradentown, Florida, Mr. Root has put up a windmill with which he generates electricity for lighting the house, operating small machines and charging his automobile. This wind motor is of metal, 14 feet across, and is hung on delicately adjusted roller bearings. A belt around the outer rim of the wheel turns a dynamo four inches in diameter! The generator is so attached that it swings with the wheels when it turns to face the wind. Wires carry the electricity to storage batteries in a room below. A very slight breeze will cause the motor to revolve, and yet a heavy storm will not drive it faster than 20 revolutions a minute.

Mr. Root is quite unconventional. He wears an ordinary suit, with a cap on his head, and half the time the cap is down over one ear. On one occasion he got caught in Columbus without baggage and when he went to a hotel and registered he was required to pay in advance for a 50-cent room. He merely laughed when a friend in the lobby came forward, and introduced him to the embarrassed clerk.

When I asked him what would be the next great industrial development he replied:

"Wind power," he replied promptly. "We are going to harness wind and generate electricity for all power purposes. Fuel is becoming a serious problem. Our coal will eventually become exhausted, and natural gas will be no more. Of course, water can be used, but water-power sites are not always within reach. But we can always find wind. I put up my wind motor in Florida more to show what could be done than for any other purpose. For a few hundred dollars a man can erect a windmill that will generate electricity to charge automobiles, grind corn, run a churn, a washing machine, or a shop, light the house and furnish heat. By using a storage battery a fairly steady supply can be maintained for all purposes."

The Nation's Automotive Salesman at Large

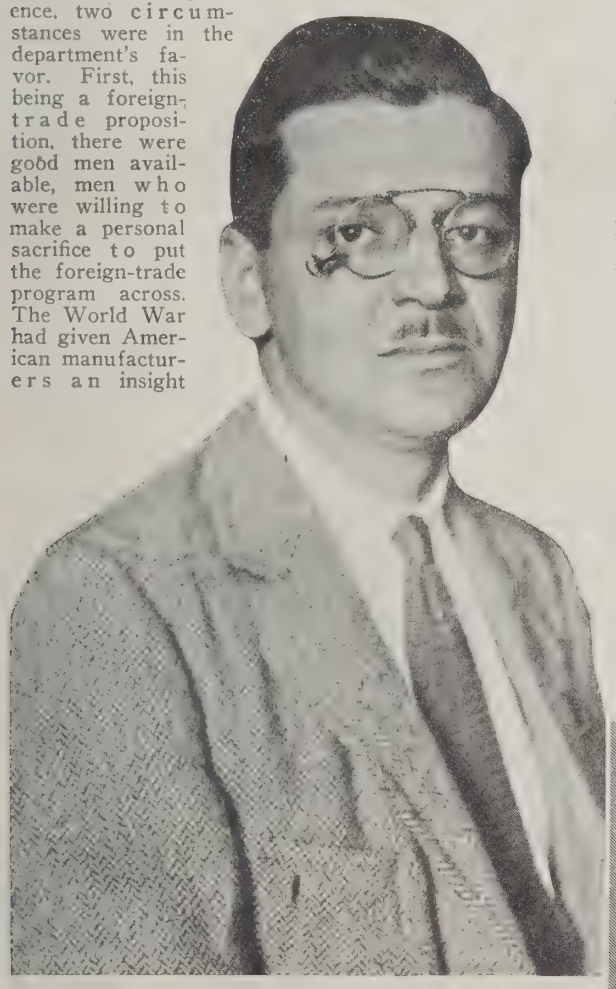
A Story of Gordon Lee Who Manipulates the Lever of Foreign Trade

By J. H. WALTON

This is one of a series of several articles dealing with important United States officials who are unknown to the general public.

WHEN, in the spring of 1921, the Department of Commerce reorganized the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, instituting 12 commodity divisions, the finding of just the right men to be chiefs of these divisions was an especially difficult task.

In selecting these men there were two problems to face—one, the inadequacy of government salaries as an inducement to men of special fitness and training, and, second, the general feeling that there is no opportunity for initiative in the government service; things must be done in the same old way and bound up in red tape. It was, therefore, clearly a case of the job hunting the man and not the man hunting the job, as is too often the case. In the quest of business experts who had some foreign-trade experience, two circumstances were in the department's favor. First, this being a foreign-trade proposition, there were good men available, men who were willing to make a personal sacrifice to put the foreign-trade program across. The World War had given American manufacturers an insight into world markets. Second, some of the best experts in the country were eager to have a part in getting a big thing done. The men who finally came to the department were chosen from large groups of possibilities, and selected for their fitness for the work.



GORDON LEE,

Chief of the Automotive Division of the Department of Commerce. At the right, he is shown on his own two-wheeled "automobile."

Naturally, because of the great strides already made in the international field by the American automobile, one of the new divisions concerns itself with automotive products.

Out of 66 candidates under consideration for the position of Chief of the Automotive Division, Gordon Lee was chosen by a committee named by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Lee has been associated with the automotive industry since the earliest days, having worked upon experimental models of the "horseless carriage."

Aside from an extensive domestic experience in the manufacture, distribution and sale of motor cars, trucks and farm tractors, he has spent considerable time in over-sea markets as automotive trade analyst in Europe and the Far East.

Mr. Lee graduated from East High School, Rochester, New York, in 1907; entered Union University, Department of Law, and graduated in 1910. This was followed by one year of private tuition and travel, as secretary to the late W. H. Brady, of New York.

Contact with the manufacturers of auto trucks, and their problems, coupled with his experience as an actual distributor, both wholesale and retail, of cars, trucks and tractors, gives Mr. Lee a viewpoint and insight into the problems of these divisions of the industry, so that he has a knowledge of both foreign and domestic markets as manufacturer, dealer and distributor.

Since his appointment to the Automotive Division, in July, 1921, Mr. Lee has made various trips to the automotive centers, and is keeping in close touch with developments in the domestic field as well as making an exhaustive survey of the international markets.

When I called on Mr. Lee he was engaged in conversation.

"You want a tractor," said Mr. Lee. "Naturally you want one which will stand up under the hard usage to which it will be subjected over the rough roads of your country, Poland. The war has set your country back many years, unfortunately, and you have not been able to improve your roads. Your country will find it worth while to take advantage of the production facilities which have been so highly developed in this country during the last 10 years.

"Here we have listed the various kinds of tractors manufactured in America. You can see that the majority are of light construction, a necessary requisite for travel over your mud roads. Here is one that sells for—(quoting price) one-third the price of the German tractor you spoke of. You can buy three of these and have more hauling power, your weight distributed—an important factor on soft ground—and further, if one should become mired in the mud you can attach a log chain to one of the others and pull it out. If you buy the *one* big tractor and it gets stuck, what can you do?

"You cannot buy a tractor as light as these American-made ones, that have anywhere near the power they have, in any other country. Nowhere else are produced the automobiles, trucks and tractors, regardless of price, class, quality, durability or finish, that will compare favorably with the American output, and these American-made products are called upon to fill the transportation needs of practically every territory."

Mr. Lee then gave instructions to his stenographer to write letters of introduction to dealers in tractors. I had heard one of the most important selling talks ever given: Selling America to Europe! for that is practically what it amounts to. Every good salesman knows that he must sell his house before he can sell his goods.

Mr. Lee may not be the "Division" but he is certainly a large portion of it. He puts life and vitality into it. He is just bubbling over with exuberance. His enthusiasm when talking "shop" is contagious, and before he had talked five minutes I was sold on the fact that America must control the World's Automotive Trade.

"The question is not so much as to the value of international trade but as to how it may be obtained," continued Mr. Lee. "That is the real purpose of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, organized under the Department of Commerce to aid in the enlargement of international sales of American-made products.



"The object of the bureau is to collect and disseminate information on the various markets and to lend every hand in the promoting of commercial relations between this and other countries. Previously, the bureau consisted only of regional, technical and service divisions, but, in 1921, to these older divisions were added an additional 12, this division being one of that number.

"Under this division fall passenger cars, motor trucks, motorcycles, marine engines and motor boats, airplanes and aircraft, with, of course, the parts, units, accessories and service equipment that go with them. These products constitute the automotive industry and it is the development of their use for which the Automotive Division is working.

"Much of the information collected by us is distributed to the various manufacturers through the associations of which they are members, and by the automotive business papers. We receive a vast amount of material from unofficial sources, such as business publications and daily newspapers published in foreign countries, and from travelers and visitors who come in contact with our representatives, either at home or abroad.

"Statistical information is supplied regarding registration, importation, exportation; and other reports, frequently by cablegram, are regularly received regarding current market conditions, significant developments and trade opportunities. This material is transmitted to us either automatically and at stated intervals or upon special occasions.

"When a tender is offered, for instance, for motor trucks in Brazil, Spain or Japan, or for motorized fire-fighting equipment or airplanes in Bombay, Buenos Aires or Capetown, full information concerning it is sent here, either by mail, or, if the time is short, by cable and is then supplied at once to manufacturers and distributors in this country. We receive dozens of such inquiries each week from numerous countries covering all automotive products, ranging from aircraft to accessories and service equipment.

"America has a duty and an opportunity. It is her commercial destiny not merely to export American-made automotive vehicles and equipment, but to bring to the entire world the benefits of efficient transportation on the road, in the water and through the air. The world is in great need of American automotive equipment. The passenger car and motor truck and other equipment that has negotiated the roads of Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Iowa or Nebraska, is likewise the vehicle best suited to overcome similar conditions and to give the maximum of service in Mexico, Patagonia, South Africa, India and other countries.

"Each company and each firm, no matter how large or small, should investigate the possibilities for the use and sale of its products in these other countries. Some companies, it may be found, have products unsuitable for export trade and will do well to make a thorough investigation before undertaking any extensive sales campaigns. But to numerous others a definite volume of international sales seems assured if they will but make an honest and careful campaign to obtain it."

Money in Circulation

A READER of The Dearborn Independent calls attention to a summary of the report of the United States Treasury, in which the total stock of money in the country is put at $8,303,549,241, usually accompanied by no explanation as to its disposition, leaving the reader to the natural conclusion that there is a larger quantity in circulation than is really available.

Beginning July 1 of the present year the form of Treasury statement was changed and analysis of its items is different than before. It was explained at the time that the change was for the purpose of making the statement more intelligible to the layman, but in summarizing it is as easy to hide a fact as formerly, while the same difficulty in arriving at an estimate of the idle money remains in the detailed figures. Evidently our correspondent has seen only the summary.

Of the above total of money, $3,858,543,202 is in gold coin and bullion. The two items are united, and as bullion is not money at all, and as none of the bullion or gold is government owned, it is difficult to see what part it has in a financial statement of the country's resources. It is known that much of the gold coinage has been decoined by its holders in the past, and it is doubtful if even the government has any means of arriving at the exact or an approximate value of the gold in the country. It can tell the coinage value of the metal in the treasury, represented in circulation by gold certificates, and the amount held by the Federal Reserve banks as cash reserve, and that may be presumed to be the amount reported.

Of Standard Silver Dollars $394,444,404 are given as the total, but no indication is given as to whether any of these are in active circulation. These, as well as gold certificates and various other forms of currency, being available for reserve use, it is safe to say the actual circulation is confined to the Federal Reserve notes, the general notes aggregating $2,603,730,960, and the Federal Reserve Bank issues $69,737,400, or less than three billions of dollars. The subsidary coinage amounts to $270,701,710, greenbacks to $346,681,016, and the National Bank notes to $739,705,549.

According to the report, $3,591,881,552 is held in the Treasury, leaving $5,720,316,896 held outside. From this latter amount, $1,326,809,969 held by Federal Reserve banks and agents must be taken, leaving the circulation statement standing at $4,393,506,927. And there the report leaves us.

Each of the more than 30,000 banks in the United States carries its own reserves to an amount at least of 15 per cent of its deposits, while many industries keep on hand large items of cash. Hoarders are many, and much of this estimated free money available for business is inert. To estimate the amount is only guesswork and serves no useful purpose, but one would be safe in asserting that if everything were accounted for the circulation would shrink.

The criticism due any statistics of the kind is that they are really not informative. It would be impossible to learn the cash balances or the distribution of money in circulation. If held by a few, and wage earners are idle, a circulation 10 times as large would not make prosperity. Idle money earns nothing.

"Boring" From Within: Foster's "Fosterism"

Syndicalist's Propaganda Widely Distributed Among Organized Labor

By E. J. COSTELLO

Mr. Costello is the founder of The Federated Press, the trade union news agency, and, until September 1, was its managing editor. This article presents an interesting and informative study of union labor as viewed by one thoroughly in touch with all the activities of the government.

THE late Theodore Roosevelt used to tell a story about a bootblacking experience that came to him while living on a ranch in the old-time cattle country, where everybody worked. One day, during a lull in outdoor tasks, with an enthusiasm which outran his judgment, he blacked the boots of all the cowpunchers and other occupants of the ranch house. He coated them with a thick paste which afterward left its mark on everything they touched, and as a result he lost not merely the respect but the affection of the wearers. This was not, however, because Mr. Roosevelt had blacked the boots, but because he had blacked them badly.

The strike of the railway shopmen is over. It has been settled on a compromise basis. The men on the majority of the roads are returning to their jobs, or such jobs as they can obtain, there to think on the events of the weeks since they walked out with such unanimity. And particularly they are going to think about those individuals who brought about the events—the men who led them into collective idleness upon the promise that all demands would certainly be conceded by the railway executives before they went back to repairing locomotives and rolling stock so that the transportation systems of the United States could operate with customary efficiency.

And then, in another year, perhaps, or months, they are going out again. But they will be under a new leadership, and a stronger purpose will dominate them—will point the goal. They are blaming their present leaders already, not so much for having induced them to quit their jobs, but for having made what to them actually amounts to a bungle of the walkout just ended. Those leaders are going to lose not merely the respect but the affection of the rank and file of railroad workers, not because they called the strike, but because they handled the strike badly. The executive paste these leaders have used is likely to leave its mark on the lives of the rail workers for a long time to come.

From the standpoint of the general public it is, indeed, fortunate that a truce has been patched up, but the public ought to understand that it is only a truce. The public ought to realize that the general conditions which prompted the recent strike have in nowise been changed, and particularly it ought to take cognizance of certain factors in the industrial situation, as it affects the railroads, which point to that now seemingly improbable development—the general strike of all railroad employes, from the locomotive engineers and conductors on down to the humblest section hand and trackwalker.

Students of American manifestations of industrial unrest are convinced of that one outstanding fact. It is the knowledge of what is actually happening behind the scenes which convinces them. They have laid aside their personal prejudices for or against those who constitute the factors, in order to understand. So must the public lay aside its prejudices in order to understand.

Over the State Line

THE noonday sun beat down upon a highway a few miles out of Torrington, Wyoming, recently, as a chauffeur brought a big automobile to a sudden stop in a cloud of dust, finishing a ride of more than a hundred miles that had started at Denver. A sheriff, wiping the perspiration from his face, turned to a prisoner at his side.

"This is where you get out," he commanded.

The prisoner was dazed. "What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means that we are at the boundary line and you are in tough luck. You've got to walk the rest of the way. You were deported by the Denver authorities, and we don't want you in our state. The station in Nebraska is down the road. Get out!"

The prisoner got out, and his baggage followed. In another moment the car had turned and was speeding back in the direction whence it came.

William Z. Foster, head of the Trade Union Educational League of America, idol of thousands of trade unionists, and hated and feared alike by regular union officialdom and Organized Industry, stood in the middle of the road with a heavy suitcase in each hand and watched the automobile until it disappeared. Then he trudged into town and caught a train for Chicago. A few days later he was arrested for alleged violation of the anti-syndicalism law of the state of Michigan.

It is not the purpose of the present writer to discuss the merits or demerits of the philosophy of Foster, nor to comment upon the justice or injustice of the legal procedure against him. But it is the intent to portray as clearly as possible just what he has accomplished to date in the American labor movement, and particularly among railroad workers, to the end that it may be understood why the general strike of railway workers is forecast.

"Fosterism" is without doubt the greatest issue in the American organized labor movement today. By "Fosterism" is meant the carefully developed program for the amalgamation of existing craft unions into industrial units. Nothing in the history of trades unionism in this country has ever brought about so fierce a controversy. The man and his movement are being attacked from several quarters, with a vindictiveness unparalleled.

In the boldness of Foster's speech and the menace of his program for intrenched labor officialdom may be found the reason for the bitter antagonism of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. For Foster says the purpose of his League is "to develop trade unions from the present antiquated and stagnant condition into modern and powerful labor organizations capable of waging successful warfare against Capital. To this end it is working to revamp and remodel from top to bottom their theories, tactics, structure and leadership."

It is not strange that Gompers, the ardent exponent of craft unionism in America, should oppose Foster, because, if the "boring from within" program prevails, all the great Gompers machine is bound to crumble to earth. It is the probability that it will prevail that causes the veteran leader to fight with his back to the wall.

The opposition of Organized Industry has a slightly different, but none the less important, basis. It comes as the result of such statements as these:

His Program Takes Hold

"INSTEAD of advocating the prevailing shameful and demoralizing nonsense about harmonizing the interests of Capital and Labor," says Foster, "it (the League) is firing the workers' imaginations and releasing their wonderful idealism and energy by propagating the inspiring goal of the abolition of Capitalism and the establishment of a Workers' Republic. The League aggressively favors organization by industry instead of by crafts. Although the craft form of union served a useful purpose in the early days of Capitalism, it is now entirely out of date. In the face of the great consolidation of the employers, the workers must also close up their ranks or be crushed. The multitude of craft unions must be amalgamated into a series of industrial unions—one each for the metal trades, railroad trades, clothing trades, building trades, and so on, even as they have been in other countries. The League also aims to put the workers of America in co-operation with the fighting trade unionists of the rest of the world. It is flatly opposed to our present pitiful policy of isolation, and it advocates affiliation with the militant international trade union movement, known as the Red Trade Union International."

Fundamentally Foster may be all wrong, and in the estimation of many capable orthodox economists he is, but the fact remains that his program has already taken a powerful hold on the imaginations of the rank and file of the workers. When he began developing his League a little more than a year ago, he was careful to select trustworthy lieutenants in all the principal industrial centers throughout the country, and to concentrate upon a single industry at a time.

Foster began with the railroad workers, and here is what he told them:

"In every important railroad center there will be educational groups of railroad men, not of single crafts, but of the whole 16 in the industry. These local groups will co-operate nationally through a secretary. (Foster is the secretary.) A national program will be adopted, and a great drive instituted to combine the 16 squabbling groups into one solid body. Amalgamation will be made the burning issue all over the country, wherever railroad men meet and talk. From the live wire section man in San Diego, California, to the rebel engineer in Portland, Maine, the whole body of railroad militants will move unitedly and irresistibly to the accomplishment of their task, the erection of a great and powerful industrial union of railroad workers, by the amalgamation and invigoration of the sixteen craft unions. The union leaders refuse to carry out this absolutely indispensable project, so it is up to the rank and file militants to do it themselves."

Foster's movement is still young, but the shopmen's strike was in itself an exemplification of the success so far achieved. Of course, amalgamation had not yet been effected, but there were ample surface indications of Trade Union Educational League activity. The sporadic strikes of Brotherhood men at Joliet, Illinois, and at other points throughout the country, had their origin in the Foster propaganda.

It was no secret that the radicals were a difficult problem for the leaders in charge of the strike to handle. It was the radicals as organized in the Foster groups who were directly responsible for the action of the Brotherhood chiefs in their attempt to bring about the strike settlement. So many of the Brotherhood men themselves had come under the influence of Foster that the officials speedily saw that a shopmen's strike of long duration could have but one result—a general strike. And they were not prepared for that. The statements from the White House, and the injunction program of the Attorney-General were immediately capitalized against the officials by the League agents.

Just how active these agents were everywhere during the strike, and are now, has been developed in the last few weeks. The recent conference of the League in Chicago, which was broken up by a police raid, disclosed the information that there are literally thousands of these militant groups in all the principal industrial centers of the country.

Perhaps one of the most illuminating proofs of the general trend toward amalgamation and consolidation in the labor movement is the fact that the shopmen's strike was conducted by the Federated Shops Crafts of the American Federation of Labor. The department is the embodiment of the recognition of the common industrial interests of the crafts forming it. True, its present conservative leadership is in the nature of a drag on the impulses of those who respond readily to revolutionary propaganda, but the department is a decided step in the direction of Foster's goal, which he and his militants are quick to take advantage of in their campaign.

Foster Program Appeals

FOSTER is in trouble with the authorities, but his pamphlets have already been circulated by the tens of thousands. He has thoroughly planted the idea of amalgamation within the American Federation of Labor, and the opposition of orthodox leaders is only helping the growth of that idea. Foster has told the rank and file that one of the latest and greatest achievements of working-class thinking is a clear understanding of the fundamental proposition that the fate of all labor organization in every country depends primarily upon the activities of a minute minority of clear-sighted, enthusiastic militants scattered throughout the "great organized mass of sluggish workers."

These live spirits, he tells them, are the natural leaders of the working class, the driving force of the labor movement.

Let me repeat. Whether we like it or not, the fact stands out that this propaganda has sunk deep into the very vitals of the whole labor movement. It has already done much to destroy the dual unionism that has tended to break the ranks of the workers, Foster and his lieutenants being bitterly opposed to dual unionism. That's why the League finds vicious enemies in the I. W. W. and the Canadian One Big Union, both of which for years have been fighting craft unionism as represented in the American Federation of Labor.

The men who have gone back to work in the railroad shops are not going to find conditions anywhere near what they were led to expect. It is merely a truce that has been patched up. The seniority and other problems are a long way from being settled, the promises of Bert Jewell and the other leaders to the contrary notwithstanding. Resentment of the men over the loss of good time and good money, in what many of them are already calling the recent fiasco, is going to make for the Foster movement, the present aim of which, as far as the railroads are concerned, is the general strike. And, of course, the ultimate aim of Foster is the Workers' Republic, but that is a long time off.

Mexico Claims 11 Isles Under American Flag

Concluded from page 9

company which has introduced the Karakul sheep from Afghanistan, a breed noted for the fineness and value of the wool of the young lambs. Success has followed its efforts and now the island is well covered with the herds of these valuable animals. Anacapa, one of the smallest of the islands, is beloved of fishermen, because of the deep water off its shores, the presence of fresh water on the island, and the level banks in the ocean floor, which attract both food and game fishes. Next to Catalina Island, it offers the best fishing, both for sport and for the market, of any of the islands.

Santa Cruz is the most beautiful with a number of tidal caves, a high arch cut in the solid rock by erosion and rolling hills. It has been used extensively in filming motion pictures, especially those involving pirate lairs, fugitives from justice, Indian scenes, and naval battles. Probably more boys have thrilled to the scenes enacted for the screen on Santa Cruz and in its adjacent waters than to those from any other island in the world. San Nicolas is the most valuable ethnologically of all these islands for it contains the oldest Indian burial mounds, kitchen middens, caves once inhabited by Indians who occupied it long before the Spaniards came, and who were of a different tribe from those on the mainland. The other islands, for the most part, are merely blocks of land some 30 or 40 miles off the California coast, seldom visited save by ornithologists or ethnologists, or fishermen blown from their usual fishing grounds.

While California contests the claim of Mexico on these islands, there is a growing feeling that the move has a motive not revealed. Legal circles familiar with Latin-American methods feel that Mexico will drop her claim, if through its presentation, she can open an easier path to financial assistance. Recognition would solve both problems, it is hinted, for it would open money in Mexico, and, thereby, would accomplish what Mexico seeks to accomplish by demanding the lowering of the American flag over these islands.

The Coronado Islands, which lie just across the international boundary, south of San Diego, California, belong to Mexico, which also owns several small islands farther south, both on the Pacific Coast and in the Gulf of California, among the latter the famous Tiburon Island, long reputed to be the haunt of the last cannibals of the New World, but, as a matter of fact, inhabited by a handful of miserable aborigines, still living in the Stone Age, or not far removed from it. It is 60 or 70 miles north and west from the Coronado Islands, Mexico's most northerly island possessions, to San Clemente Island, the most southerly of the islands on the Pacific Coast of the United States. Grouped near San Clemente are San Nicolas, Santa Barbara and Santa Catalina islands, lying off the coast of Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego counties. From 50 to 60 miles farther northwest lie San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and Anacapa islands, off Santa Barbara and Ventura counties.

Wall Street's Dictatorship of Rails Is Absolute

Analysis of Directorships of 70 Per Cent of Mileage Reveals Financial Rule

By CHARLES ALBERT COLLMAN

IT IS one of the truisms of railroad history that all of America's trunk lines have been built. The days of railroad pioneering have passed forever. With few exceptions, the master builders of our great transportation lines have vanished from the stage. This transition has taken place quietly, and almost without comment.

It might be said that the era of great railroad builders ended with the death of James J. Hill. Hill was a man of wonderful persuasive power, and this rugged son of the Northwest had few peers as a railroad economist, financier and constructor. Edward H. Harriman, Hill's rival in his later years, was less of a railroad builder than a financier. However, he was also active in vast extensions of the Southern Pacific system, especially in California, and down along the west coast of Mexico.

George J. Gould, 18 years ago, bore the promise of becoming the greatest railroad man in American history in heading a real transcontinental system, large portions of which he built in the face of tremendous obstacles and opposition. It was old Jim Hill's theory that a transcontinental line in this country was an impossibility. "Traffic changes ownership at Chicago," was his saying. At one time Gould threatened to disprove this theory. Beginning with the Western Maryland, on the Atlantic Coast, linking it up with the Wabash and Missouri Pacific, he planned to reach the Pacific Coast over the lines of the Denver & Rio Grande and Western Pacific, and gaining an entrance into Mexico over the International & Great Northern and affiliated lines. But the great Gould transcontinental crumpled up on the Atlantic long before the Western Pacific reached California. Hill's prediction came true. Gould's railroad career has ended, he has made his home abroad, leaving the impression that he may never return.

Hoover's Secret Meeting

BENJAMIN F. YOAKUM, creator of the Brownsville road, and pioneer railroad builder of the Southwest, for years has no longer been actively identified with railway construction. Neither has Edward T. Jeffery, builder of the Western Pacific, the last of American trunk lines. Joseph Ramsey, Jr., who carried the Wabash system into Pittsburgh, after one of the hardest-fought railroad battles in American history, during which he built the Wabash-Pittsburgh Terminal at a cost of a million dollars a mile, is no more. One might also mention the late Henry H. Rogers, who won distinction by constructing his Virginian Railway entirely at his own expense, and without borrowing a dollar.

The pioneers of American railroad life, the men who planned or built the great transportation arteries, are either vanished or retired. The ownership of the country's railroads has passed into the hands of men other than those who built them. This ownership is vested in financiers, bankers and underwriters. It is one of the misfortunes of the country that, with some notable exceptions, most of the great railroads are in control of those who have little sympathy with public interest and public needs.

Quite recently this question of American railroad ownership came very prominently to the fore.

> Last August, the country being threatened with a railroad strike, Herbert C. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, went to New York, where he had summoned a group of Wall Street financiers to meet him at the Equitable Building. *The call for this secret meeting was issued to approximately 15 heads of national banks, private banks and trust companies in the financial district.* Among the latter were the National City Bank, J. P. Morgan & Company, Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the National Bank of Commerce, Seligman & Company, the Bankers' Trust Company, the First National Bank and the Chase National Bank.
>
> Mr. Hoover, speaking on behalf of the Administration, stated that *as railroad presidents were compelled to look to their bankers for advice and counsel,* he urged the assembled financiers to use their influence to have the railway executives meet their striking employes halfway.

The bankers received this suggestion with an outburst of indignation. The proposal, they said, was one that they could not listen to. Labor readjustment was a problem for railroad presidents, and they never interfered with railway heads! Indeed, for them to do so would only spread abroad an impression that most of the country's railroads were controlled by Wall Street! Nothing, they added, was further from the truth than that Wall Street banks controlled America's railways.

As a matter of fact, the monthly circulars of most of the above-mentioned banking institutions, had for more than a year previous, been preaching the necessity for *liquidating labor—which is the financial phrase for cutting wages.*

Now it was quite human for the bankers to wish to avoid having responsibility for the railroad strike placed upon their shoulders. But it is an undeniable fact in Wall Street's history, since its earliest days, that its bankers have always controlled American transportation lines, and that the railroad president who would dare oppose the dictates of his finance committee, or his executive committee, would soon be out of his job. For generations, important groups of railroads truthfully have been known in the Street as the "Vanderbilt," the "Morgan," the "Gould," the "Kuhn-Loeb," and the "Speyer" roads.

A railroad company, like any other corporation, is managed, dominated and controlled by its board of directors. The board, in turn, is ruled by its own executive or finance committee, as the case may be. The president is an executive official, who is bound to obey the orders of his board. There have been presidents, such as Hill or Harriman, who managed independently the properties of which they were the heads, but their day has long since passed.

The general run of stockholders in a railroad have very little to say in its management. The directors and financiers must have "majority control," or it would be in the power of a dissatisfied minority at any time to oust them from the management. Majority control, however, means, as a rule, possession of only 35 to 40 per cent of the stock. For in the case of a contest, it is then always possible for the financiers to buy up in the market sufficient stock to give them the necessary 51 per cent to outvote their opponents.

Such being the case, it would appear that Wall Street's disclaimer to the charge of controlling the country's railroads could easily be proved or disproved by a scrutiny of the interests represented on the railway board.

The Erie Railroad, once known in financial history as the "Scarlet Woman of Wall Street," has for at least two generations been recognized as a Morgan road. From that period to the present day, J. P. Morgan & Company have financed the needs of the company, and the banking house is the road's official transfer office. Morgan bankers have always managed the Erie. As was shown in a previous article, the elder Morgan located five to six floors of Erie offices in the Hudson Terminal buildings, at an expensive rental, against the plans of its president, and without the knowledge of its stockholders. Again, it was the elder Morgan who personally bought the inflated Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railway combination, and loaded it upon the Erie against the advice of its president. It was the same financier who, some years ago, decided that the Erie should be thrown into bankruptcy. This calamity was averted by E. H. Harriman, then a member of the board, who came to the rescue of the road with a personal loan of more than $5,000,000. "The Erie can't afford a receivership," said Harriman. This was his fling against the Morgan firm, which had charged the road $1,000,000 as the cost of a previous receivership and reorganization. At the present time eight of the Erie directors are prominent Wall Street men, officers, partners or directors of banking institutions. Among them may be mentioned Edward J. Berwind, of the Guaranty Trust; George F. Baker, chairman of the First National Bank; Arthur M. Anderson, of J. P. Morgan & Company; Grenville Kane, of the banking house of Tailer & Company; George G. Mason, of the Southern Utilities Company; Julius Kruttschnitt, of the Harriman National Bank, and Leonor F. Loree, of the Mechanics & Metals National Bank.

Let Independents Try

LET some group of independent stockholders combine to seek representation on the Erie board, and they will soon be made to realize the impossibility of breaking through the banking ring that commands this property.

The two former Harriman systems, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific, which are financed by Kuhn, Loeb & Company, are both dominated in their boards of directors and executive committees by Wall Street bankers. Nine of the managing directors of the Union Pacific are either members of large banks or directors of Wall Street banking institutions. Among them are Paul M. Warburg, of the National Acceptance Bank, who, with Newcomb Carlton, was recently elected to succeed respectively Mortimer L. Schiff and Otto H. Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Company; Robert Walton Goelet, Frank A. Vanderlip, Charles A. Peabody and others. Of these, two are directors of the Guaranty Trust Company, two of the National City Bank, the others being directors or trustees of similar banks.

The managing directors on the board or executive committee of the Southern Pacific include 10 well-known Wall Street bankers, of whom two are directors of the Central Union Trust, two of the Equitable Trust, two of the United States Trust and one of the National City Bank. These include Robert Goelet, James N. Jarvie, E. P. Swenson, Ogden Mills, J. Horace Harding and Henry W. De Forest.

Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination can anyone assert that the two one-time Harriman systems are not controlled by Wall Street bankers.

Eight Wall Street financiers are the managing directors of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad. They include John W. Platten, who is chairman of the board, and president of the United States Mortgage & Trust Company; Henry Evans, of the Central Union Trust; Edward Shearson, of the Chatham & Phenix National Bank; John J. Pulleyn, of the Irving National; F. J. Lisman, of the banking house of F. J. Lisman & Company and George W. Murray, of the Equitable Trust.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway is dominated by three Wall Street bankers on its finance committee. These are Charles Hayden, of Hayden, Stone & Company; James Speyer, of Speyer & Company and Henry V. Bruere, of the Franklin Trust.

Eight Wall Street bankers control the affairs of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway, the chairman of whose board is Henry Ruhlender, formerly of Speyer & Company, now a director of the Central Savings Bank. Other directors are De Witt Milhauser, of Speyer & Company; Alvin W. Krech, president of the Equitable Trust; Stuyvesant Fish, of the National Park Bank; Edward R. Tinker, of the Chase National Bank and Andrew J. Miller, of Boissevain & Company. The financial affairs of this road are completely in the hands of Speyer & Company, Seligman & Company and Hallgarten & Company.

It has been previously related how several trust companies in the financial district of New York threw the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad into bankruptcy, wiped out the equities of the stockholders and of a large proportion of the bondholders, and linked up the property with the Western Pacific. These trust companies represented two groups of Wall Street financiers, the Rockefellers and Blair & Company. It is this Rockefeller-Blair group of financiers which now controls and manages the Western Pacific-Denver & Rio Grande Western system. Five members of the board represent the controlling interest, and of these, three are directors of the Equitable Trust Company, a Rockefeller institution. The managing directors are Alvin W. Krech, president of the Equitable Trust; John B. Dennis, of Blair & Company; Richard B. Young, of E. H. Rollins & Company; George W. Murray, of the Equitable Trust and Lyman Rhoades, of the Equitable Trust. The Western Pacific is one of the most eloquent examples of a Wall Street controlled railway.

The New York Central system is a Vanderbilt property, being completely under the management of eight prominent financiers: George F. Baker, of the First National Bank; Robert S. Lovett, of the National City Bank; William K. Vanderbilt, Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Ogden Mills, of the United States Trust Company; Edward S. Harkness, Chauncey M. Depew and Bertram Cutler, of the Equitable Trust.

70 Per Cent of Mileage

THE Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is under the management of seven Wall Street financiers; the Baltimore & Ohio under five financiers; the St. Louis & San Francisco under five financiers; the Illinois Central system under seven such financiers; the Atchison under six financiers, and the Northern Pacific under six financiers, all of these gentlemen being prominent in New York's financial district.

On the board of directors of the New Haven are four Wall Street bankers; on that of the Pennsylvania Railroad, three; on that of the International & Great Northern, three, the financial affairs of this road also being under the control of Speyer & Company and J. & W. Seligman & Company. Wall Street control manifests itself also in the Great Northern Railroad, the Chicago Great Western Railroad and the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, which is another Vanderbilt property, whose directorate is dominated by Chauncey M. Depew, William K. Vanderbilt and Frederick W. Vanderbilt.

Above has been given a list of 20 American railroads, including the largest transportation companies in the country. They represent a mileage of 174,690, which is 70 per cent of the total railroad mileage of the United States, the total being 253,152.

On the directorates of these 20 railroads, there are to be found 114 Wall Street financiers, who, as said before, are either partners in large banking houses, or directors or trustees of powerful financial institutions, most of whom issue and underwrite the securities of these properties. It might be added that the railways of Mexico are similarly dominated and controlled by Wall Street bankers, the affairs of the National Railways of Mexico, the Mexican International, the Pan American and the Mexican Central being in the hands of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the Central Union Trust Company, Speyer & Company, Hallgarten & Company, the National City Bank, Ladenburg, Thalmann & Company, the Guaranty Trust Company and the Chase National Bank.

It would seem that the foregoing analysis of American railroad directorates gives proof positive and incontrovertible that the transportation system of the country is completely in the power of Wall Street bankers. It is difficult to conceive any reason for a denial of this fact. Yet for some reason, best known to themselves, the bankers of the financial district, for the last year and more, have been protesting the truth of the matter in a most vehement fashion. Only recently, on their authority, Robert S. Binkerd, assistant to the chairman of the Association of Railway Executives, challenged a public statement made that the railroads of the country are under Wall Street banking control.

There certainly is no harm in an acknowledgment of the truth. A large number of the directors whose names have just been mentioned, have every possible right to direct the management of properties in which their fortunes are invested. Some of them have devoted their entire lives to railroad operation and railroad finance, and they have shown themselves to be thorough, capable and conscientious railway managers. With such men, certainly, the American public has no quarrel.

What Wall Street never seems to understand is the public attitude. It has no criticism to make of the fact that men in the financial district are active factors in railroad life, but it bitterly resents the mismanagement, the rapacity, the absolute disregard to national interest that Wall Street bankers and operators display.

Wall Street cannot escape its responsibility by evasions, but its attempt to disclaim dominance over the railroads is being propagated for some specific reason. It has often been said, more or less jestingly, that speech was given bankers to conceal their thoughts.

The Land of the Rich Port Is One of Contrasts

Streets of San Juan Present Strange Sights to Visitors to Tropic Island

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

COME and go with me through the streets of San Juan. You will see the stone homes of the wealthy, and you will see tenements. An imported motor car flashes past a bullock cart. Ragged mendicants beg at the street corners, while pampered sons with twirling canes stage an impromptu style show. You will see wealth and poverty, health, disease and death. A man walks along with a rude coffin balanced on his head; really, it is a common sight in our richest possession.

The very name of Porto Rico means "Rich Port." For many years it was possessed by the capital; then it was applied to the whole island and the city became San Juan. Columbus discovered the island on the sixteenth of November, 1493. It was rich and fertile then, but if the explorer could come back now he would be utterly amazed at the extent of its products, which include sugar, tobacco, coffee, pineapples, oranges, cotton and hats.

Poverty should have no place in Porto Rico, but it is there in its most hideous form. This garden spot of the Great Antilles, sometimes referred to as the garden spot of the world, is a paradox. It will grow virtually anything indigenous to the tropics; yet not enough food is produced on the island for its inhabitants. In 1920 the total imports reached a value of nearly $100,000,000, while the exports exceeded this amount by 50 per cent. Apparently I am not proving my case. But, listen: the bulk of the exports consists of sugar, tobacco and coffee. Neither the natives nor we can live on these products which are not truly foods.

One of the richest spots in the world is Porto Rico; likewise it is one of the poorest places for a day laborer supporting a family. There are too many mouths, too many appetites, too much of the land given over to the production of luxuries, not enough to necessities. Try living on sugar, coffee and tobacco with oranges and pineapples thrown in. They do not build up the human body; they are mighty nice to have for those that like them but they should not be depended upon as substantials.

"Kick a bush," it is said of the island, "and a Porto Rican will jump out." The truth of this statement outweighs any fictive element. Consider the size, 95 miles long by 35 wide. Consider the population, nearly one and a third millions, of which a large majority dwell in the country. The area of Porto Rico is one-thousandth of the United States, the population one-hundredth. We now average 33 persons to the square mile, but if we had Porto Rico's 330 we would be almost one solid town from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Canadian border. Only one country in the world, little Belgium, has a denser population; but there intensive methods of agriculture are used and the land is not devoted to the production of non-substantials as in Porto Rico.

Limitation of families is utterly unknown; those of largest sizes may be found among the peons, the smallest among the wealthy. Overpopulation continues, wages remain down, more mouths to feed, less to feed them, because the earning power and the buying power of the head of the family has not kept pace with the needs.

At the present time the little island is a veritable tempest in a teapot. Perhaps the agitation in the Philippines for independence has had much to do with this movement in our West Indian garden spot, but certainly it has sprung primarily from the wretched economic conditions prevailing there. The natives have never been truly satisfied with our government. Only recently grand jury charges were preferred against the governor-general. In fact, neither house of the Porto Rican legislature has indorsed or sympathized with our policy there. It is a case of the Anglo-Saxon branch of the white race trying to enforce laws on those of Latin blood. Oil and water do not mix better than the racial elements I have just mentioned.

"The Porto Ricans are not capable of governing themselves," a missionary told me, "but I wonder what can be their mental state when we are continually dinging that fact into their ears. They think they can. We know they cannot. There will be no satisfaction, however, until they have tried."

How would you like to work on a sugar plantation for $1 a day? You would feel rather hopeless and decidedly down in the mouth. You would not be able to see much of a future. With the burden of a large family depending on you for support you would realize how poverty can grind. The old philosophy of "grin and bear it" would serve as a sop for a time, but sooner or later you would wake up and begin to ask what can be done to alleviate the conditions. The peons are asking that now.

The big sugar companies could raise the wage if they would. They refuse to pay more, insisting the natives will not work if they have money ahead; so these corporations ingenuously manage to have an army of day laborers in virtual slavery. There is a story going the rounds of the vaudeville stage now which mirrors the specious assumption of these employers; according to it, a Negro was offered a quarter to do an errand but declined it by saying, "No, sir, boss, I'se got a quarter."



Docks at the Porto Rican capital.

Thus it is that the laborers are kept despicably low. There is no future, nothing to look forward to but death. They live from day to day in miserable hovels of one or two rooms for the entire family. There is no privacy. They cannot acquire a competence. They cannot meet the proverbial rainy day. Sickness finds them utterly unprepared. They do not live; they merely exist as beasts of burden, machines and slaves.

Before we acquired Porto Rico the land was largely owned by small farmers who tilled it themselves. The settlement of the Spanish-American War gave us the island. Soon American-owned companies invaded the garden spot, bought up the most fertile of the acres, formed huge plantations, and employed the quondam owners, practically all of whom had squandered the money they had received. The owners were thus dispossessed and forced into the slavery that $1 a day means. The land was changed from a producer of foods to a producer of luxuries. The remainder of the land is far less fertile and incapable of growing enough to keep hunger out of the over-populated huts. In this garden spot the merciless efficiency of big business is demonstrated every hour and minute.

More than half of the population or approximately 800,000 suffer from under-nourishment. Most of these are seriously affected. Many have the hookworm disease caused by a parasite which enters through the bare feet of the workers on the sugar plantations. If there were sanitary facilities the hookworm would not play the part it does. The Presbyterian hospital, built at a cost of $200,000, is doing much to alleviate suffering and diminish disease on the island.

Tuberculosis is rampant. When you see a man carrying a coffin from the maker's shop to a home, you can safely guess the victim's death to have been caused by the white plague or the hookworm. The people sleep with the windows tightly closed and the house unventilated because they think the night air will give them colds. The open sewage, mosquitoes and utter lack of screens combine to introduce malaria, another ogre of disease.

Two-thirds of all Porto Ricans are illiterate. This lack of education accounts largely for the prevalence of disease which goes hand-in-hand with ignorance. Only 41 per cent of the children of school age are in school. This condition seems bad enough now, but under Spanish rule it was worse yet, with 83 per cent of illiteracy throughout the island. The Spanish influence remains a potent factor, for most of the people have Spanish blood in their veins. The language is spoken everywhere and taught in the schools along with English; store clerks must be able to converse in either.

Ignorance cuts the income of the peon and small tradesman or peddler class. For example, an egg-vender from the country came into town with a basket of eggs, but like his fellows he could not qualify as a mathematical expert—far from it he was. He had a scale of prices: one egg for a nickel, 11 for 50 cents and a dozen for 60 cents. The man who told me the story laughed at the way he had beaten the peddler by buying 11 eggs, then one, thus saving five cents from the dozen price.

Thoroughbred hogs were sent to a high school class studying agriculture and animal husbandry. The students and their parents lacked interest in the project of establishing better breeds on the island. They had always raised the "razorback" type, sometimes adjacent to the house but often under it; when marketing time came, the animals were caught, roped and carried away under the arms of the owners. Now roast pig happens to be a favorite dish, even more so on feast days; so the hogs were butchered and served up at a fiesta. They had cost a lot of money, but the Porto Ricans did not care.

Hand labor is considered despicable; every person that can avoids it. When the educated Spanish or Latin-American buys a hat, paper of pins, tennis balls, cigars or anything whatsoever, he will have them delivered or carried home by his own servant. According to his philosophy he would be lowering himself if he carried his purchases. This reluctance for hand labor is shared by other classes; it may have been largely responsible for the butchering of the imported hogs by the high school students of agriculture.

The University of Porto Rico at Rio Pedras, eight miles southeast of San Juan, affords a vivid contrast to the woeful state of illiteracy. It is now drawing many young men from the Latin countries of South America. It has a great growth before it as it will very likely become the great Latin-American educational institution of the Western Hemisphere. The establishment in the United States of such a university failed. Porto Rico, however, seems ideal as a bridging point where the American and Latin civilizations may meet and the best of each be thus made obtainable.

The rich have fine homes in San Juan, Ponce and others of the leading cities. They are built of stone with elegant roofs of red tile, or they may be fashioned in stucco. Inside may be found the patio or courtyard redolent with luxurious flowers and providing a cool retreat from the sun's rays.

The homes of the peons are one or two-room affairs that squat on posts above the damp ground. Most of the population dwells in these miserable hovels. From the artist's viewpoint they must be rated as picturesque; but close inspection will prove to the usual tourist the greater pleasure of seeing them from a distance, in perspective, as it were. They really do seem charming in a setting of mountains or pretty landscapes.

Casinos, dance or club halls provide amuse-





An old type of a church.

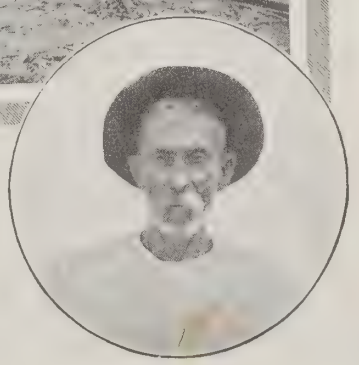
All photos by courtesy Bureau of Insular Affairs.



Above—New public school building, San Juan. Below—Drying sheds on a tobacco plantation.



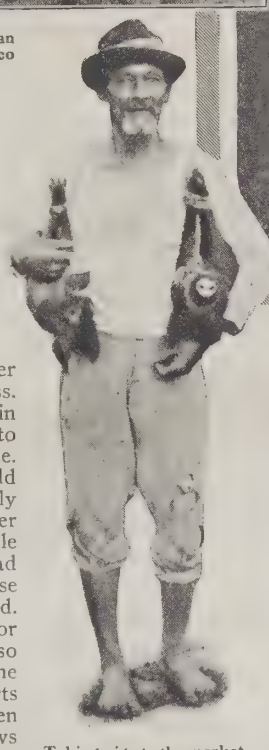
A sugar cane train.



A sugar cane worker.

ment for the wealthy. The poor see Bill Hart at the movies or watch a cockfight; if the latter they bet everything on the result, then go home ridiculously happy or utterly miserable. Our government has officially abolished this amusement because the gambling fever demoralizes the men to such an extent that the families suffer from the general recklessness. However, it is abolished only in name; thus a person wishing to see a cockfight can always see one.

Chickens are invariably sold alive, as ice can be obtained only in the big cities. A fish vender carries his catch strung on a pole over his shoulders. The bread man walks from house to house with an open basket on his head. The milkman brings his goat or cow around to his customers so they can see that he delivers the food strictly fresh. In many parts of the country cows or oxen placidly draw old-fashioned plows made of wood.



Taking pigs to the market.

Though Porto Rico has a thousand rivers, many of the poor people do not have wells or live near a stream; so the tourist may see them carrying water in five-gallon cans that once contained motor oil. Incidentally, there are many good auto roads on the island. The old Spanish military road bisecting our possession from San Juan to Ponce has a fine hard surface, is rather too narrow and too full of curves. If you ask the why of the curves you will be told that the Spanish government so shaped the road that none of the beautiful mountain vistas will be missed by the traveler.

Royal palms are everywhere. The natives make crude tubs from the bark and wash clothes in them. There are other picturesque means of cleansing garments. Sometimes an entire community forms a washing center in the shallow parts of a river. They wet the clothes, spread them on the rocks and beat them; this treatment is probably no worse than that accorded by our laundries.

The women are quite proficient in crocheting, embroidering, knitting and making lace. They work a whole day to make a yard of lace and receive 10 or 15 cents for it. In New York it sells at a profit of 500 or 1,000 per cent. Why? This is just another sample of the way Porto Rico has been and still is exploited for gain, but not the gain of the residents.

The tobacco fields make a delightful picture when a vast area of cheesecloth protects the tender plants and gives the appearance of snow on the ground though one knows well it is far too hot for snow there. The cloth stands six feet above the plants so the laborers will not have to stoop when they cultivate them with hoes.

The pineapple plantations please the eye, but the long rows of the growing fruit are treacherous. Try to walk through them without wearing leather leggings if you dare to risk leaving your suit on the thorns and emerging in dishabille. Strolling in a coffee plantation does not entail any such disagreeable features.

Ponce, second city in importance in Porto Rico, ranks first in population. To it also belongs the distinction of being the chief port for the exportation of sugar. This fact does not impinge itself upon the traveler inasmuch as the docks are two miles outside the city and linked to it by a railroad. Many of the streets are too narrow for comfort, likewise the sidewalks on which a person carrying an open umbrella cannot meet another similarly equipped unless one of them closes his rain protector.

The island contains more than 1,000 miles of railroad but only one interurban or trolley line. It runs from San Juan to Rio Pedras and thence south to Caguas. A sense of the violent contrasts characterizing the island comes to a passenger when he looks out of the car window and possibly sees a sick man or woman in an improvised ambulance of a blanket fastened to poles and carried across the shoulders of natives.

In San Juan, the capital, a babel of noise greets the tourist. Venders, jangling bells of street cars and the unrestricted mufflers of automobiles make a sonorous mixture of ancient and modern. The snowy walls of the house Ponce de Leon built gleam in the sunlight. The skyscrapers cast long shadows. Through it all, however, one wonders when the tempest now merely bubbling in the teapot will boil over.

A Debtless County and a Paid-for Courthouse

Concluded from page 3

making its last stand, is slowly, surely succumbing to the new order. Sometimes, while a film is in the making, almost the whole town, from staid county officials to Piute papooses, is on the pay roll for weeks. Last summer a director wanted to make an improvised episode more exciting and offered $5 to anyone who would fall into the creek—ice water direct from the snowy heights. So many tumbled in at once that most of the water was splashed out on the banks. That director, so the story goes, hasn't yet squared himself with the treasurer of his outfit.

Just across the way from the courthouse is a weekly paper still printed on one of the first Washington hand presses, though set up on a modern linotype. Bishop, Eastern California's only city, has this press.

The somnolent village has no police force and no need of any, but a proposed volunteer fire department is the topic of the hour. Old Piute squaws, "mahalas" in their language and so called by all the whites, squat on the benches outside the stores. Not always radiantly immaculate, they are picturesque. The Indians of today are dangerous only to those who get in the path of their high-powered automobiles. Dogs and pet sheep and cows dispute pedestrians' right-of-way on the dusty, locust-lined "main street" but make room for motor vehicles. The people can afford their cars, too. There is $175,000 on deposit in the bank. Authentic records show that in this ten-million-dollar county more than one million dollars a year is expended for automobiles, accessories, gasoline and oil—in excess of $3,000 a day—indicating the affluence of the comparatively few inhabitants. The low total assessment is due to the fact that while the county is nearly one-fifth the size of Michigan and larger than Massachusetts, New Hampshire or Maryland, it contains but several hundred thousand acres of agricultural land, lying in the fertile Owen's River Valley. The remainder consists of rugged mountains and desert, including Death Valley, rich in potential mineral wealth.

Independence suddenly finds itself imbued with the spirit of progress. The village is growing, but it will have to hustle to catch up with that courthouse.

BRIEFLY TOLD

Creeping Bent Grass in pure strains makes the best golf green, according to experiments made by the United States Department of Agriculture. This variety of grass is uniform in color and texture and stands wear well.

Oat stalks, six feet one inch in height, were grown by a rancher near Port Arthur, Canada.

Ruins identified as those of Nendrum Monastery, one of the earliest Christian monasteries in Ireland, have been found at Mahee Island, Strangford Lough, near Belfast. Extensive excavations have revealed valuable material. Writings, believed to be of Danish origin, have been unearthed.

A 12-year-old girl of Salem, Oregon, recently climbed Mount Rainier. She is the youngest person recorded as having reached the summit of the mountain.

Buffaloes at the Canadian federal game park at Wainwright, Alberta, have increased in such numbers that government officials state the vast tract of land set aside for them is insufficient to accommodate them. A number of the older animals are to be slaughtered, the carcasses to be sold to northern trading companies to be made into pemmican. The government will retain the hides.

Medical treatment in Germany costs 20 times as much as before the war.

Citizens of Harrah, Oklahoma, protest the ringing of the 9 o'clock curfew, because it interrupts their slumbers. Every night after the village has settled down for a good rest and the lights are turned out, the clanging of the curfew rouses the citizenry from its slumbers and the situation is becoming well-nigh unbearable, according to the delegation that registered a complaint with the county attorney.

Fully one-eighth of all the inhabitants of the world live along the banks of the Yangtze River, or its tributaries.

A small, uninhabited island off the South American coast has been purchased from Ecuador by a dozen students of Loughborough College, England. They raised $25,000 and purchased a 90-ton boat and their island, on which they hope to make a good living growing fruit and raising cattle.

A chemical, colorless, odorless and one which can be absorbed by wool in small amounts giving it the property of being uneatable by the moth worm without injuring the wool, has been invented by a German.

"Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States," Volume IV in the series on "The International Jew," comprises a fourth selection of articles on the Jewish Question, and is now off the press. It contains 246 pages, and will be sent for the cost of printing and mailing, which is 25 cents.

"The International Jew," Volume I, "Jewish Activities in the United States," Volume II, and "Jewish Influence on American Life," Volume III, 235, 256 and 256 pages respectively, sent for 25 cents each. The complete set is one dollar.

All property in Fiji is owned in common. No man there labors as an individual but the work is done in common and the result divided equally among all. If a man's home is destroyed he reports to his chief that he needs a new one, and a certain number of men are assigned to build it.

More wood is used for shipbuilding today than when wooden vessels were the only ones afloat.

During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1922, exports from this country totaled in value $3,770,000,000, as against the $6,516,000,000 value of exports in the previous fiscal year. During the same period imports totaled in value $2,608,000,000, as against the $3,654,000,000 value of imports in the previous fiscal year.

A process has been developed in Hungary for treating corn straw in such a manner that it will produce 40 pounds of cellulose, 40 pounds of molasses and 5 pounds of artificial fertilizer from every 100 pounds of straw.

Seventy-five years ago, a New Hampshire-born man, Horace Greeley, gave the advice, "Go West, young man." Today, New Hampshire is saying to young westerners, "Come East, young man." A board of publicity, serving without pay, is endeavoring to place before young western farmers, of American type, the advantages of New Hampshire. This attempt to reverse the course of American emigration is almost revolutionary and is confined wholly to those already farmers and to those of the Nordic stock.

The game of polo originated in Persia, and from that country it spread over the East, taking root in India and in Constantinople under the Byzantine emperors.

Chile has decided to electrify her railroads by means of the abundant water power to be derived from the mountain streams.

A road, a quarter of a mile long laid down in the shape of a race track at Pittsburg, California, is constructed of 13 sections, each section of a different type of concrete pavement. Forty motor trucks travel continuously over its surface. The problem is to find out which type will last the longest. It is hoped that the information obtained will more than offset the cost of the experiment.

Pure-bred live stock will replace the scrub stock of South Africa soon, if plans of the secretary of agriculture of Rhodesia mature.

The inhabitants of the island of Marken in the Zuider Zee wear the quaintest of Dutch costumes. Girls and boys up to the age of seven years are all dressed exactly alike, in girl's attire. Not till the boys reach the age of 10 do they blossom forth into full masculine clothing. The change is gradual.

The average woman of means in Burma wears about 50 pounds of brass jewelry.

The American embassy, at Buenos Aires, is to be moved from over the old mattress shop, which quarters it has occupied for years, and will be installed in the new headquarters consisting of an entire house comparing favorably with the embassies and legations of eight other nations.

The old-time cowboy used the handkerchief which encircled his neck, but not as an ornament. As the cowboy rode behind a bunch of moving cattle, the still knotted handkerchief's broadest part was drawn up over the wearer's mouth and nose excluding the suffocating dust and making breathing possible.

As a result of a crop failure in Japan last year, that country imported 59,213,900 pounds of rice from California alone during the first five months of 1922.

Two motor truck loads of human bones, the remains of several hundred early settlers of New York, were unceremoniously dumped into the ocean recently in New York City from a rubbish scow, according to a news dispatch from that city. Workmen dug up an ancient churchyard with old brownstone tombstones containing names and dates, the latest of which was 1820. Records indicate the old graveyard was undoubtedly connected with two prominent Manhattan churches of the early nineteenth century, and no doubt contained the bodies of heroes of the American Revolution and the War of 1812.

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10-21-22

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